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Christopher Anstey,  
The villa was Mr. Muller's.  
84

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P O E T I C A L  
A M U S E M E N T S

A T A

V I L L A

N E A R

*B A T H.*

V O L U M E I.

THE SECOND EDITION.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for EDWARD and CHARLES DILLY.

And sold by

W. FREDERICK at Bath.

M D C C L X X V I.





P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Editor of this little volume thinks it necessary to inform the Reader, that the present publication consists of several poetical contributions of a Society of friends, of whom the greater number visited weekly, upon a fixed day, at a *VILLA* within a small distance of the city of Bath.

Here it was imagined, as an additional source of amusement, to naturalize a little *Gallic* Institution, which has been productive of much wit and pleasantry to that light and sprightly nation.—Words were given out that rhymed to each other, by the French called *Bouts Rimées*, (to be filled up in metre) for the following Friday; to which was afterwards added, a *Subject* at large, for those who should prefer unshackled numbers.



The candid Reader will please to recollect, whilst he turns over these pages, that they were frequently the production of a few days,—most of them of as many hours:—That they originated amidst the hurry of plays, balls, public breakfasts, and concerts, and all the dissipations of a full *Bath Season*—alike unfriendly to Contemplation and the Muses:—That their authors did not foresee their appearance under their present form, and had for the most part little leisure to improve or to correct them.

In regard to the Bouts Rimées, the Editor wishes the Reader (if he has not already made the experiment) to cover over any one of these little pieces to the rhyming ends; and when he has filled it up to his own satisfaction, he may then be allowed a competent judge of the merit and difficulty of this species of composition.

The Editor does not apprehend private confidence wounded in the present publication, as the greater  
part

part of these poems were acknowledged by their Authors in numerous assemblies, and with their approbation copied and dispersed through every quarter of England. Many of the best of them have suffered considerably by a negligent or faulty transcription. *Such* are here restored from their originals; — and not a few have made their appearance to which carelessness had denied that share of correction which their authors were so capable of giving them. *Those* it has been our endeavour to suppress.

Should politeness to the Institution and Institutors be found to occupy too large a portion of these sheets, the Editor must rest his justification upon the exclusion of many elegant and ingenious little pieces, (from a mere motive of delicacy) that would have done equal honour to the authors, as to the person and subject of their address.

No partiality to subjects or persons has directed our choice in the present selection: Such preference would

have been as inconsistent with that degree of cordiality and good-will to each other, originating from the like liberal pursuits and intercourse amongst its members, as with the *present* success of our institution, which *still* subsists.

Should the novelty of this publication so far excite curiosity as to *encourage* a considerable demand for these Poems, the Charitable and Humane will with pleasure reflect, that any little profit arising from its sale (the reasonable expences of printing, &c. first defrayed) is destined to the assistance of one of the most deserving and importunate Charitable Establishments \* with which this country is acquainted.

*Happy,*

\* The PAUPER-SCHEME is a Charity of some years establishment, endowed, however, with no fund but such as arises from casual annual subscriptions, or from the benefactions of the company who occasionally resort to this place. It was instituted for the benefit and relief of poor labourers, and other indigent persons, who are afflicted with diseases, or have met with accidents, and are too far distant from their own parochial habitations, or who have no settlement from  
which

*Happy*, under any treatment reserved for us by the Critics, should we succeed in making our innocent and liberal Amusements in any degree *tributary* to the *great work* of CHARITY.

*N. B.* The Vase, and Sprigs of Bay or Myrtle, frequently alluded to in the following Poems, are not emblematical, but real : Of the former of which, there is a tolerable representation in the Frontispiece, with its decorations of Laurel Branches, &c. upon its present modern altar. This Vase was found by a labouring man in 1769 at Frescati, near the spot where is supposed formerly to have stood the Tusculanum of Cicero, and by its workmanship seems not unworthy of such an owner. It is at present the receptacle of all the contending

which they can either expect or hope for any assistance. It is computed, upon an average, that advice and medicines are yearly administered, gratis, to twelve hundred patients, and upwards, who (without such a resource as this) must inevitably perish in the public streets.—An establishment of such universal benevolence, has, nevertheless, lately languished and fallen off, and therefore now calls for universal protection.

poetical morfels which every other Thursday (formerly Friday) are drawn out of it indiscriminately, and read aloud by the Gentlemen present, each in his turn. Their particular merits are afterwards difcuffed by them, and prizes affigned to three out of the whole that appear to be the moft deferving. Their authors are then, and not before, called for, who feldom fail to be *announced* either by themfelves, or, if abfent, by their friends: Then the prize poems are read a fecond time to the company, each by its author, if prefent, if not, by other Gentlemen, and wreaths of Myrtle prefented publicly by the Inffitutrefs to each fucceffful writer.



POETICAL AMUSEMENTS, &c.

---

Bouts Rimées.

*Hon. Mr. PH—PS.*

**H**ARD to my muse it is, I must confess,  
In fix fix'd rhymes aught witty to express;  
Why did I mix with Wits? who must detest  
And crush my follies, which their sense molest.  
Thus the poor mole, who rises into light,  
Dies when he meets the sun's refulgent might.

W. C—CH,

W. C—CH, *Esq.*

IN a beautiful woman, you all must confess,  
There is something more charming than words  
can express;  
But if me this same beauty should chance to detest,  
No fright upon earth has such power to molest:  
Of her taste and her judgment I then should  
think light,  
And I would be reveng'd on her charms—if I might.

---

No. I.

E N I G M A\*. Mrs. M—LL—R.

CRUSH'D by oppression's weight, thou shalt confess,  
The woes I feel my fury can't express;  
Straggling and choak'd, how can I but detest  
The tyrant's gripe, who would my soul molest:

\* An explanation of the Enigmas is subjoined to the work.

E'en

E'en in that moment forc'd to jig it      light,  
Tho' beaten—wounded—dance with all my      might.

---

Bouts Rimées.

*On Miss M—N—LL.*

READ in her eyes her gentle      heart ;  
But, O ! beware the fatal      dart !  
Her eyes have wond'rous power to      bind,  
As those who gaze too quickly      find :  
Then will you seek the shades of      night,  
And shun, like me, the hated      light,  
To higher joys I'll ne'er      aspire  
Than to her voice to tune my      lyre.



To C H L O E.

M—Q—SS of C—M—R—N.

WHEN every virtue which adorns the heart  
Unite, and add new force to beauty's dart,  
Hard were the task, a worthy bard to find,  
To sing the chains thy happy captive bind.  
Mortals in vain to lays divine aspire,  
When heav'n is sung, Phœbus must tune the lyre.

---

To an ABSENT FRIEND.

Miss EL—K—R.

ACCEPT these lays, the dictates of a heart,  
Who felt thy parting like the keenest dart:  
May friendship pure our souls for ever bind;  
May'st thou no sorrow, no affliction, find;  
May

May angels guard thee thro' the vale of night;  
May blessings wait thee at the dawn of light;  
To all that's great and good may'ft thou aspire;  
In gayer moments tune th' harmonic lyre!

---

Bouts Rimées.

AS the bee toils for honey, the bard toils for fame,  
Whilst the queen on her throne orders all  
in her name;  
On Mount Hybla each Friday to swarm, and  
there strive  
The drones, their grave judges, of gall to deprive.  
But the sweetest of honey an acid may prove,  
And the bee when he hums, sting his Queen  
in sheer love.

G. P—TT,

G. P—TT, *Esq.*

APOLLO of late, in defence of his fame,  
 Convok'd to his temple each muse by her name ;  
 Your *Batheaston Rivals* let's haste to deprive  
 Of their talents, he cry'd, ere for conquest  
     they strive ;  
 Should Parnassus with Ida combine, *they* may prove  
 Too potent in song, when thus aided by love.

---

ACROSTIC, *By the same.*

MISTAKEN man ! to court an empty name ;  
 I n toil and carnage lies the road to fame !  
 L et others, 'midst the thorns of glory strive ;  
 L et them the soul of its first joys deprive :  
 E nthron'd in bliss, be thine these joys to prove,—  
 R ead these initials,—gaze, admire, and love.

I

*By*

*By the same.*

A DAMSEL's hard by, as fair as her fame,  
(She hears, and would blush did I utter her name)  
Who against each soft impulse can warily strive,  
While each swain of his heart she is sure to deprive,  
Grant me to this rule an exception to prove,  
Ere I die at her feet, may she pity, and love.

---

No. II.

ENIGMA. *Sir C—s S—D—Y, Bart.*

I'm a little black gentleman, ladies, of fame,  
Not handsome, but civil, if call'd by my name;  
To play sily with me you most artfully strive,  
For my sake of cotillions your partners deprive;  
Take me in, if you can, for faithful I'll prove,  
Turn me up, and I'll rival the king in your love.

G. P—TT,

G. P—TT, *Esq.*

WHO, bartering sentiment for love of fame,  
Can steel his heart to dignify his name;  
Can 'gainst the gentle tide of passion strive,  
And of its choicest bliss his soul deprive;  
May he the wrath of slighted Venus prove,  
The dire pangs of unsuccessful love.

---

Bouts Rimées.

L A U R A.

JUST are the praises given your calm retreat;  
Blest scenes! (here Genius' native offspring meet)  
That grace soft Avon's silver streams below,  
Which, by your verse inspir'd, more softly flow;  
Where you, all pleasing, thro' the early day,  
Sweetly encharm, are innocently gay;  
Whose

Whose taste the furliest cynic must approve,  
 And feel his passion thawing into love.

---

No. III.

## E N I G M A.

FOND youth, who tread'ft bright beauty's ground,  
 Trust not the eye, but watch my rifing found ;  
 Tho' long conceal'd among the young and gay,  
 And almost ftifled at the ball and play ;  
 My soothing breath fhall make the lover fing,  
 And to his ardent vows the fair-one bring ;  
 Yet oft I wander plaintive thro' the grove,  
 The sad companion of forsaken love.

---

Bouts Rimées.

A C R O S T I C.

**M**ALGRE weather and dirt, with each

foot in a pattin,

I with pleasure wou'd walk, tho' deck'd

out in my fattin,

L ike a high-pamper'd cit, to regale on an oglio :—

L et me have good eating,—give students

their folio.

E ngag'd, a repast so delicious to feast on,

R espectful I'd pay my devoirs at Batheaston.

---

*Her Gr—e the D—fs of N—M—R—D.*

**T**HE pen, which I now take and brandish,

Has long lain usefess in my standish.

Know, ev'ry maid, from her in pattin,

To her who shines in glossy fattin,

That

That could they now prepare an	oglio
From best receipt of book in	folio,
Ever so fine, for all their	puffing,
I should prefer a butter'd	muffin.
A muffin, Jove himself might	feast on,
If eat with Miller at	Batheaston.

<b>H</b> AD I but strength a sword to	brandish,
I'd call him out who wrote down	standish.
I ride in coach, so need no	pattin ;
I'm also sometimes dress'd in	fattin.
The epicures may write a	folio
In commendation of an	oglio,
And may, perhaps, extol a	puffing,
Yet I to each prefer a	muffin ;—
But what is it we do not	feast on
When we assemble at	Batheaston ?



<b>A</b> WEEK before, all hands do	brandish
Pens, pencils, paper, ink, and	standish ;
Tho' none admitted in a	pattin,
But all, if dress'd in filk and	fattin ;
Provided they've compos'd an	oglio,—
Most are in luck, 'tis not a	folio.
From fright can't eat a bit of	muffin,
Or e'en so much as think on	puffing.
Who would not go two miles to	feast on
The wit abounding at	Batheaston ?

---

### Bouts Rimées.

*Lord Visc. P—M—T—N.*

**W**HILE Flora's sweet treasures enamel the ground,  
And the woodlands and hedges with music resound,

In

In crowds on the green see the villagers          gay,  
 For a garland contend in their innocent      play :  
 But taught, my dear girl, by the birds as they sing,  
 What softer enjoyments the season can          bring,  
 We'll shun the loud tumult, and steal to the grove,  
 Where the prize shall be beauty, the sport  
                 shall be    love.

*Par Mons. du TEMS.*

*La Belle Assemblée au Chateau de Batheaston,*

**D**ANS ce séjour agréable,  
 Sous les auspices de Climene,  
 Chacun tache de se rendre aimable,  
 Et conte avec ardeur ses peines.

C'est ici que nous voyons renaitre,  
 Le temps des jeux et des ris,

Et Climene en en faisant paroître,  
Nous donne à chacun de l'esprit,

---

*By the same.*

*L'Amour jouant au Piquet avec Glycère,*

TO Mrs. MILLER,

AU piquet avec ma Glycère

L'amour jouoit un jour aux baisers, et perdit ;  
Il paye, et met son arc, ses flèches, ma bergère  
Le fait capot et gagne ; Amour plein de dépit  
Risque les effets de sa mère,  
Ses Colombes, ses tourtereaux  
Son attelage de moineaux,  
Et sa ceinture séduisante ;  
Perd tout cela, de sa bouche charmante

Il joue ensuite le corail,  
L'albatre de son front, l'émail  
De son tein de lis et de roses,  
La fossette de son menton  
Et mille autres beautés nouvellement ecloses.  
Le jeu s'échauffe, et le petit fripon  
Sans ressource, et tout en furie,  
Contre mes yeux, *va le tout*, il s'écrie !  
Glycère gagne et l'amour consterné  
Se lève aveugle et ruiné.  
Amour ! de l'insensible est-ce donc là l'ouvrage ?  
Helas, pour moi quel funeste présage !

---

*Receipt to make a Boutes Rimés.*

G. P—TT, *Esq.*

**T**AKE of jest and of humour, an ounce at a time,  
Mix the flowers of fancy, and tincture of rhyme ;

B 4

To

To some smart repartees, add the essence of bays,  
With the sugar of sense, just to sweeten your lays ;  
Then quick lively ideas throw in at your pleasure,  
Of the spirit of wit add some drops at your leisure.

---

**S**AYS my Muse, now this time  
Shew your talent for rhyme,  
And let Miller inspire your lays ;  
Then conceive with what pleasure  
I've employ'd all my leisure,  
To receive from her fair hand the bays.

---

**L**ET catgut musicians dispute about time,  
And poor garret poets get dinners by rhyme ;  
Let Garrick amuse you in Lear, or in Bayes,  
And lawyers torment you by tedious de- lays ;  
My

My time shall be wholly devoted to pleasure,  
I'll be gay while I'm young, and repent at my leisure.

---

No. IV.

E N I G M A.

**I** TRACE my pedigree from early time,  
Confin'd, I travel fast, with prose, and rhyme;  
I spread the heroe's fame, increase his bays,  
And though 'tis I rehearse your lover's lays,  
You break my arms, e'er I can give you pleasure,  
And burn me, cruel ladies, at your leisure.

---

No. V.

E N I G M A. *Mrs. M—LL—R.*

**E**VER brilliant, ever charming, I defy the  
power of time  
To deprive me of adorers, tho' oft I'm pur-  
chas'd by a rhyme;  
To

To possess my glowing beauties, poets would  
          reign the                                 bays ;  
Court and senate, still contending, sing my  
          praise in various                     lays :  
Midnight ball, nor opera, glitt'ring, without  
          me afford no                         pleasure ;  
Yet joyless pass his anxious moments, who  
          to me devotes his                    leisure.

---

---

OH! stay thy flight, good Father         Time,  
Whilst I petition thee in                 rhyme ;  
Grant me for once a crown of             bays,  
Else there's an end of all my           lays.  
Without reward, who'd toil with         pleasure ?  
Time crossly answer'd, " Drones, at     leisure."

---

---

A GROUP

A GROUP of wits, upon a time,  
Assembled, each to shew their rhyme;  
And never doubted but the bays  
Must crown the merit of their lays:  
When Judgment, with exulting pleasure,  
Laugh'd at six lines, from six days leisure.

---

*Mrs. L—R—CHE.*

TO visit fair Miller, I grudge not my time,  
And wish I could say all I think in good rhyme.  
I rose very early, for fear of de-lays,  
And set off for Batheaston, with four nimble bays:  
So I hope she'll accept of my visit with pleasure,  
And return me the compliment, when at her leisure.

---

'TIS



'TIS in vain, my good friend, quoth A-

pollo to

Time,

That you sharpen your scythe 'gainst us deal-

ers in

rhyme ;

Still green on our foreheads shall flourish our bays,

Whilst Miller encourages us, and our lays.

Ever more at Batheaston we'll revel in pleasure,

While you your dull weapon may whet at your leisure.

---

IF, to devote my life and

time,

To sing your praise in every

rhyme ;

If, to desire no other

bays

Than your approving of my

lays,

Can give my fair a moment's

pleasure,

Reward me with a smile at

leisure.

ON

**O**N the road to Batheaston I overtook Time,  
 And wish'd him much joy on his wedding with rhyme ;  
 I told him some nymphs were preparing the bays,  
 For those on his nuptials who sung the best lays.  
 Is it so, quoth the sage, if in matching they've pleasure,  
 I desire for themselves they'll provide, at their leisure.

---

### Bouts Rimées.

*On Miss P—TT. By Mrs. R—s.*

<b>M</b> ARCIA has a snowy	breast ;
Marcia smiles, her heart's at	rest ;
Marcia's fair, amongst the	fair ;
Marcia is the Muse's	care ;
Marcia's sweet as blooming	May ;
Marcia's bright as summer's	day ;
Marcia thinks not of	hereafter ;
Marcia thinks of joy and	laughter.

ENIGMA.

No. VI.

ENIGMA. E—D D—X, *Esq.*

A FEMALE once had me lock'd up in her breast ;

But I rumbled, and tumbled, and gave her no rest ;

Just ready to burst, the delicate fair

Seem'd vastly oppress'd with cholic and care :

Then she'd fidget about, in hopes that she may

Give me vent in a corner, and let me see day.

But I'm not what I seem—so, ladies, hereafter,

I hope, when you know me, 'twill occasion

some laughter.

---

YOUR beauty such havock has made in my breast,

Since Friday I ha'n't had a moment of rest :

The Graces, and Loves, when they made

you so fair,

For the ease of us, mortals, forgot all their care :

At

At the VILLA you shone, like the queen of  
the May,  
Like a star in the night, or the sun at noon day;  
Then let your poor bard be rewarded hereafter  
With a smile, and he's paid, fully paid, by  
your laughter.

---

**T**HE sight of dear Silvia has robb'd me of rest;  
So gentle, so charming, so lovely, her breast;  
I could feast on her smiles and her dimples all day,  
She is sweeter by far than the flowers in May:  
Than the Goddess of Love more blooming  
and fair,  
She still doth enchant me, in spite of my care:  
I try all I can to divert her with laughter,  
In hopes she'll reward me with blisses hereafter.

**YE**

**Y**E writers for nosegays, ye young, and ye fair,  
Accept my advice, and of envy take care;  
It's a weed that will poison, and rob you of rest,  
It will spoil your complexion, and trouble  
your breast;  
It makes you say things, that you must see hereafter,  
In a more serious light, tho' they now afford laughter:  
Your theme might as well have been Flow-  
ers, or May,  
For you bark'd, without biting, the last gala day.

---

Bouts Rimées.

M—Q—SS of C—M—R—N.

**P**HŒBUS, 'tis said, from Delphos took his flight,  
To find a seat that could his taste delight:  
But

You'll say, perhaps, 'twas some sequester'd bower,  
Where this bright God display'd his artless power :  
But, no—in other scenes his numbers glow—  
Thine chief, BATHEASTON, whence those  
numbers flow.

---

*By the same.*

TO Avon's banks the muse once took her flight,  
No longer finding town afford delight,  
When on a rising ground she spied a bower,  
Where Wit and Beauty share each other's power ;  
Where sacred plants with freshest verdure glow,  
To grace those numbers which from beauty flow.

---

'TIS droll to observe, with what whimsical flight  
Each fancy's inspir'd for the muse's delight ;

Love, marriage, and ghosts, have all enter'd  
the bower,  
And every invention has shewn its full power ;  
For fame ev'ry heart in this circle must glow ;  
But, ye wits, and ye judges, on me let it flow.

---

**F**ROM Bath to Easton haste your flight,  
Prepare for scenes of sweet delight :  
MILLER, to please, exerts her power,  
And asks you to her charming bower,  
Where Nature joins, in concert meet,  
With Taste, to make the place complete :  
May joy and mirth there ever glow,  
As long as Avon's streams shall flow.

---

## Bouts Rimées.

**L**AST week my poor heart took a sudden alarm,  
 From a fair one, possess'd of full many a charm ;  
 But a fairer than she has since happen'd to fall  
 In my way, as I danc'd at Cornelly's last ball :  
 And yet a *still fairer* appear'd on the stage—  
 The others I lov'd, but for this I've a rage :  
 All the joy that men know is in changing their state,  
 And blindly believe that their folly's their fate.

---

 No. VII.

E N I G M A. Mrs. M—LL—R.

**T**HE breast of a goddess I once did alarm ;  
 With my beauty and voice she fear'd I should charm  
 Her slumbering swain,—so determin'd my fall,  
 And diminish'd my figure ;—yet I at a ball



Am brisk, nimble, and airy—sometimes on the stage,  
I've startled the heroes, augmenting their rage ;  
Tho' the Grand Turk were present, unaw'd  
by his state,  
On his Fatima's lips I'd again tempt my fate.

---

---

No. VIII.

E N I G M A.

I'M a thing which too often occasions alarm,  
But if known when I'm seen I more frequently charm ;  
To a bush I stick fast, for fear of a fall ;  
At midnight I'm bright as a beau at a ball ;  
My brethren and I could enlighten the stage,  
Allowing full scope for the actors to rage ;  
Of my kindred you'll find some in every state,  
Who in gloom, or in splendor, submit to their fate.

WHERE

WHERE critic smiles the trembling bard alarm,  
And belles have satire ambush'd in each charm,  
I can no more expect to 'scape a fall,  
Than if the boards were butter'd at the ball :  
Or if I should attempt Batheaston's stage,  
With smiling prologue, or with tragic rage,  
Yawns would pronounce my comic-power's fate,  
And stifled smiles destroy my tragic state.

---

*To the Gentlemen who are to determine the Merit  
of the Verses at Batheaston Villa.*

DID you know, sirs, what fears my poor  
bosom alarm,  
How ambitious I am that my verses may charm ;

How I puzzled my brains to get in the word fall,  
(For I thought on nought else all last night at  
the ball ;)  
Then rummag'd and search'd all the plays on  
the stage,  
For some furious idea to tally with rage ;  
You surely would pity my sorrowful state,  
And a sweet sprig of myrtle would fettle my fate.

---

The Author humbly desires the Reader will be so good as  
to begin at the last Line.

No. IX.

E N I G M A. *Ad—l K—P—L.*

I HAVE often been heard to found an alarm ;  
When first I'm beheld, I most certainly charm ;  
I'm surely destroy'd if ever I fall ;  
Few people without me e'er go to a ball.

Tho'

Tho' my motions are good, I'm not fit for the stage ;  
Many times do I strike,—but never in rage ;  
Many thousands are offer'd to perfect my state ;  
To fail round the world has long been my fate.

---

*Address'd to C. A—TY, Esq, from Batheaston Villa.*

Occasioned by his elegant STANZAS, which appeared  
in the Bath Journal of the 7th of March,

J. M—LL—R, Esq.

GUARDIAN of genius, and of truth,

Protector of aspiring youth,

Still condescend to be :

Oh ! still approve our artless strains,

Our rural shades, and classic themes,

So sweetly sung by thee.

Thy muse in vain would rest conceal'd,

By ev'ry thought and word reveal'd

That can her truth ensure;

Full well, I ween, thy sacred wand,

\* That *Angel's* spear is in thy hand,

Which falsehood can't endure.

† Avon, no more thy Shakespeare grieve,

His favourite son, from ‡ Cam receive,

Thy triumphs to prolong:

Again we hear his long-lost notes,

Their sound re-echoed sweetly floats

Thy verdant banks along.

\* Ithuriel. Vide Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Book iv. l. 810.

† Shakespeare was born at Stratford upon Avon.

‡ The river Cam. Mr. A——sty was born in Cambridgeshire, and educated at the University of Cambridge.

Forfaken

Forfaken Cam ! thy fate we mourn,  
Thy faireft flower unkindly torn,  
    To grace proud Avon's fhore :  
Thy Naids lament, with plaintive fighs,  
Dishevel'd hair, and ftreaming eyes,  
    Since A—TY's thine no more.

Sweet bard ! who can thy fame rehearfe ?  
Thy blamelefs manners, or thy verfe ?  
    Above all pride and praife !  
Thy sportive mufe, *for ever new*,  
Some *tracklefs path* doth ftill purfue,  
    And ftill our wonder raife.

---

SUBJECTS GIVEN.

*The Power of Love.* \*\*\*\* ST—LY, Esq.

TELL me, ye fair ones, tell me, pray,

What man was e'er so stupid

As to deny th' extensive sway,

And wond'rous power, of Cupid?

'Tis Love that looses Scandal's tongue,

And sets old hags a prating :

Love flutters round the convent wall,

And darts in through the grating,

The haughty Tyrant, fear'd by all,

Though fierce as Kalmuck Tartar,

Will stoop upon his bended knee,

To tie a damsel's garter.

The

The Trojan Chief, (if Fame says true)  
Who fear'd not blood or thunder,  
When in the cave he met the Queen,  
To Dido's charms knock'd under.

The fierce Achilles, of whose feats  
Old Homer makes a pother,  
When from the tent his girl they took,  
He cry'd, and told his mother.

The charms of Omphale appear'd  
To Hercules so winning,  
The hero's club was thrown aside  
T' assist the Queen in spinning.

E'en Jove himself, whom Gods adore,  
That Lord of the Creation,  
Has oft times deign'd with mortal maids  
To steal a fly flirtation.



**As** Bathsheba, one evening late,  
Was dabling in the water,  
**King** David cast his eyes that way,  
And in the action caught her :

**Then** thus the Prince, in plaintive mood,  
Bespoke the good Uriah,  
**Love** triumphs o'er the mighty king  
Who slew the great Goliah.

**Though** hard and bold as Charles the Swede,  
And though like Broughton bony,  
**Love** makes us all as meek and tame  
As gentle Macaroni.

---

*The* P O W E R *of* M U S I C.

**O**RPHEUS, one day, having nicely compar'd  
The sweets and the sorrows of life,

Down

Down to the mansions of Pluto descended,  
And beg'd he'd restore him his wife.

Though Pluto was struck with silent amaze,  
And star'd at so strange a demand,  
Yet without much intreaty he granted his pray'r,  
And deliver'd her into his hand.

Orpheus immediately struck up his lyre,  
With joy and with gratitude fir'd;  
The spectres around gave ear to his lays,  
Whilst he sung what the muses inspir'd.

Grim Pluto was charm'd, and swore by the Styx,  
Himself to the bard thus addressing,  
“ That short-sighted mortals often implore  
“ A curse instead of a blessing.

“ Once

“ Once more then I’ll take your Eurydice back,

“ In reward for your playing so well,

“ And free you for ever from petticoat sway,

“ Such charms has your music in hell.”

---

On L O V E.

W I T H bow unstrung, and arrows broke,

Young Cupid to his mother ran,

And tears fast gushing as he spoke,

He thus his sad complaint began :

“ Ah ! where is now that boasted pow’r,

“ Which kings and heroes once confests’d ?

“ I try my arrows o’er and o’er,

“ But find they cannot reach the breast.

“ I seek

- “ I seek the rooms, the play, the ball,  
    “ Where beauty spreads her brightest charm ;  
“ But lost in crowds, my arrows fall,  
    “ And pleasure scorns my feeble arms.  
  
“ Yet real pleasure is not there,  
    “ The phantom still eludes their aim ;  
“ In dissipation’s careless air  
    “ They seek her charms,—but seek in vain.  
  
“ Here pride essays my dart to throw,  
    “ But from her hand they ne’er can harm,  
“ For still she turns aside the blow—  
    “ Not beauty’s self with pride can charm.  
  
“ Coquetry here, with roving eyes,  
    “ Quick darts a thousand arrows round ;  
“ She thinks to conquer by surprize,  
    “ But, ah ! those arrows never wound.

- “ Here cunning boasts to guide their course,  
    “ With cautious aim, and fly design ;  
“ But still she checks her native force,  
    “ Touch’d by her hand, they drop from mine.
- “ Here affectation taints the smile,  
    “ Which else had darted love around ;  
“ The charms of art can ne’er beguile,—  
    “ But where shall nature’s charms be found ?
- “ While these their various arts essay,  
    “ And vainly strive to gain the heart,  
“ Good-sense disdainful turns away,  
    “ And reason scorns my pointless dart.
- “ Yet they to Love were once ally’d,—  
    “ For Love could every joy dispense ;  
“ Sweet Pleasure smil’d by Virtue’s side,  
    “ And Love was pair’d with Innocence.”

Fair Venus clasp'd her darling child,

And gently footh'd his anxious breast :—

“ Resume thy darts, she said, and smil'd,

“ Thy wrongs shall quickly be redress'd.

“ With artless blush, and gentle mien,

“ With charms, unknowing art or care,

“ With all the Graces in her train,

“ The lovely ANNA \* shall appear.

“ Go then, my boy, to earth again,

“ Once more assume despotic pow'r :

“ For Modesty with her shall reign,

“ And Sense and Reason must adore.”

\* Miss A. MEYNELL.

Bouts Rimées.

*Invocation on the Death of Mr. HANDEL.*

COME, sweet Musæus, (angels weep thy stay)  
Join kindred strains, and bend this blissful way ;  
Come, sweet Musæus, aid our pure design ;  
Thy heav'nly tributes due, proud earth, resign.  
When prostrate fairs thy songs, enraptur'd, tender,  
When burning seraphs loud hosannas render,  
Th' angelic host shall feel new joys abound,  
Hush their own harps, and shout, " let his resound."

---

No. X.

ENIGMA. \*\*\*\* A—K—N, *Esq.*

IN dancing, from time should you happen to stray,  
Attend to my voice, and you'll soon find the way :

To

To inspire mirth and joy is my greatest design,  
Though sometimes to sorrow, my pow'rs I resign.  
My person is small, and my frame is but tender,  
Yet my neck to men's hands I freely surrender ;  
And with talents so rare does my nature abound,  
That in places most sacred I sometimes resound.

---

## A N E W B A L L A D.

To the Tune of *Nancy Dawson*.

**Y**E belles, ye beaux, ye wits, and all,  
From concert, cotillon, and ball,  
Come, come with me, attend the call  
Of Miller, at Batheaston.

No roof on earth with her's can vie  
For mirth, and easy pleasantry ;  
Come, feast your ear, and please your eye,  
With Miller, at Batheaston.



Amelia's rising charms you'll see,  
And hear the notes of S—, A—, B—,  
Rehears'd in sweetest melody

By Miller, at Bathaston.

Sweet Pitt, and Meynell, lovely pair !  
And Johnston, too, will sure be there ;  
Selected all with greatest care

By Miller, at Bathaston.

Old Tully's vase you there will find,  
Replete with verse of every kind,  
To form a wreath, the brow to bind

Of Miller, at Bathaston.

Haste, haste then all, to celebrate,  
With jocund mirth and joy elate,  
The easy pomp and happy state

Of Miller, at Bathaston.

Pale Envy, keep thou far away,—  
In town thou'lt find sufficient prey ;—  
Nor near the festive bower stray  
Of Miller, at Batheaston.

But hither, pr'ythee hither flee,  
Ye Muses nine, and Graces three,  
And follow, follow, follow me  
To Miller, at Batheaston.

---

---

Bouts Rimées.

A W I S H.

WHENE'ER my lot in life is fix'd by chance,  
Far be it mov'd from Envy's prying glance ;  
Where I may wander free each rising morn,  
When pearly dew-drops Nature's charms adorn :

Near to the covert of some woody hill,  
Whose side is water'd by a purling rill ;  
There, as I stray, some pleasing subject chuse,  
And in sweet solitude invoke a muse.

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S U B J E C T. F A S H I O N.

\*\*\*\* K—N—N.

**F**ROM Fashion's sons, whose minds are  
form'd on chance,  
Whose lives are but a whim, and thought a glance,  
Far thence remov'd, let me, each rising morn,  
The Fashions watch that Nature's scenes adorn ;  
Bend o'er the landscape from some cloud-top'd hill,  
Or deep in shady woods admire the rill :  
Thus, by Love's magic guarded, would I chuse,  
To court religion, science, and the muse.

SUBJECT.

SUBJECT. *The Month of April.*

C. W. B—F—LD, *Esq.*

COME, April, month of various kinds,  
With Summer's fun, and Winter's winds,  
Whose varied clime, and lengthen'd day,  
Blend show'ry March with blooming May;  
Capricious month! who oft can shew  
A vi'let in a bed of snow,  
Mourning its wafed ill-plac'd charms,  
Like beauteous youth in age's arms.

Come,—but preserve thy softer grace,  
And wear thy younger spring-time face;  
Such as, in mild Arcadian bowers,  
The shepherds view thee crown'd with flowers;  
When many a youthful swain is seen  
Weaving gay chaplets on the green,

To deck the nymph, whose laughing eye,  
In dalliance mocks his tender sigh;  
Though pleas'd to see his constant flame,  
Come Spring, come Winter, still the same.

But hide, oh! hide thy brow severe,  
Stern remnant of past seasons drear!  
The bleak east wind, the rattling hail,  
That sweeping down th' affrighted dale,  
Blight the young king-cups in their bed,  
And bruise the early cowslip's head;  
Whilst the young swallow's eager haste  
Is check'd by many a wintry blast,  
Who mourns the treach'rous smiles of Spring,  
And, drooping, hangs her lifeless wing.

Alas, poor bird! thy source of woe  
The giant sons of reason know;

Their

Their brightest prospects as they rise  
Are clouded o'er like April skies :  
And Hope, whose sweetly-tempting ray  
First led them on their vent'rous way,  
Leaves them, dejected and forlorn,  
To lose the rose, and grasp the thorn.  
Fate's adverse storms that gather round,  
Deforming all their fairest ground,  
Prove the sad maxim but too true,  
That they, alas ! as well as you,  
Trusting too far an April sun,  
Droop, disappointed and undone.

---

*Same Subject.* J. G—CH, Esq.

**C**APRICIOUS April ! like the smiling fair,  
Blooming with charms, inconstant as the air,

Produces

Produces changes in the youthful heart,  
Too prone to take the light and fickle part,  
The tender youth now feels the power of love ;  
Now the coy nymph has April showers to move ;  
Capricious Love in various shapes appears,  
All heat and ardour, or all storms and tears ;  
The hopeless passion, Winter long conceal'd,  
Shall, with success, in April be reveal'd.  
*That* genial warmth, which has inspir'd the youth,  
Shall teach the fair one to believe his truth ;  
And the same sun which softens female hearts,  
To Nature's bosom boundless gifts imparts.  
April unlocks the frozen breast of earth,  
And gives the flowers, to deck her bosom, birth ;  
The golden crocus blazons Nature's Spring,  
With mild gradations does her work begin ;

The

The white-rob'd snow-drop, with retiring grace,  
Like virgin modesty, conceals her face :  
All vegetation now exerts her power,  
And life and strength receives from every shower ;  
Progressive charms in April daily shines,  
But yet *Perfection* she to May resigns :  
For still the contest 'twixt the heat and cold  
Makes bursting plants so cautiously unfold  
Those timid charms, which youth should always boast,  
Unkindly dealt with may be ever lost.  
So gentle April shall subdue at last  
The nipping frost, and cruel northern blast.

Yet, if the fates have determin'd right,  
That joys in prospect give us most delight ;  
That human nature, never finding rest,  
Still think the distant object always best ;

Sure



Sure April, then, has this peculiar power,—  
Gay Hope attends the sun-shine and the shower ;  
Bright Hope in April gilds the length'ning day,  
For April leads old Time to jocund May :  
And April shall that pleasing dream bestow,  
That whispers, Summer shall with joy o'erflow :—  
Yet, when indulgent Fancy's dream is o'er,  
We find that happiness still flies before.  
Thus April fools begin again the year,  
And court delusion, though it costs us dear.

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S U B J E C T. B E A U T Y.

*Lord Visc. P—M—T—N.*

**E**NCHANTING nymph ! of heav'nly birth !  
Celestial Beauty ! sent on earth

To

To sooth our toils, our cares, our strife,  
And gild the glooms that sadden life :  
Thine empire countless millions own,  
And every clime reveres thy throne.  
Whate'er pursuits mankind engage,  
From frolic youth to serious age, |  
To thy resistless power they bow,  
While Nature prompts the artless vow.

Lur'd by the hopes thy smiles can give,  
For thee the Wretch endures to live :  
To gain thy praise, his valour's meed,  
For thee the Hero dares to bleed :  
Entic'd by thee to happier dreams,  
Ambition drops his airy schemes :  
To purchase thee, from caverns deep  
The Miser brings his treasur'd heap :

The

The Sage, with Reason's boasted arms,  
A-while may combat Beauty's charms ;  
But soon a bursting sigh will prove  
That reason never conquer'd love.

If e'er I bow'd before thy shrine,  
And hail'd thy power with rites divine,  
O blest Enchantress ! deign to tell  
In what consists thy magic spell :—  
Is it an eye, whose sparkling rays  
Eclipse the di'mond's fainter blaze ?  
A cheek, that flames the vernal rose ?  
A breast, that vies with mountain snows ?  
A mouth, that smiles with matchless grace,  
Like pearls within a ruby case ?  
A form, like that which once was seen  
On Ida, when the Cyprian Queen

Disclos'd

Disclos'd her charms to mortal eyes,  
Contending for the golden prize?—  
These may our warmest passions fire,  
And kindle every fierce desire ;  
But Love, upheld by these alone,  
Must soon resign his tott'ring throne,  
And hold a poor precarious sway,  
The short-liv'd tyrant of a day !

Or e'en to form a nymph complete,  
If all the various charms could meet  
That each divided bosom warm,  
And every throbbing pulse alarm ;  
When Johnston, Meynell, Pitt, advance,  
And Wroughton joins the sprightly dance,  
And lovely Spencer, mild and fair,  
Comes blushing forth with Hebe's air ;

Yet

Yet these were vain, unless to these  
Was join'd that secret power—to please !  
That nameless something—undefin'd—  
That soft effusion of the mind !  
Which sweetly smiles in every face,  
To every motion lends a grace ;  
And when their Beauty points a dart,  
Impels, and guides it to the heart.

In vain the stealing hand of Time  
May pluck the blossoms of their prime :  
Envy may talk, of bloom decay'd,  
How lilies droop, and roses fade ;  
But Constancy's unalter'd truth,  
Regardful of the vows of youth ;  
Affection, that recalls the past,  
And bids the pleasing influence last,

Shall

Shall still preserve the lover's flame,  
In every scene of life the same :  
And still with fond endearment blend  
The wife, the mistress, and the friend.

---

---

Bouts Rimées.

<b>B</b> LEST is the man who sees the coming	Spring
Its beauties open, and its treasures	bring :
Who views the gladsome bloom on every	tree,
And, like the season, feels his bosom	free ;
To him in choicest guise the sun and	rain
Shed their alternate influence on the	plain ;
And pleas'd he roams the yet uncertain	field,
Who lets his soul to just contentment	yield.

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SUBJECT: *The Month of April.*

*Rev. Mr. JENNER.*

COME, thou harbinger of pleasure,

Gentle daughter of the Spring,

All thy stores in countless measure,

Mingling fragrance, with thee bring.

Torpid nature now renewing,

Laughing, shews on every tree,

How thy breath the clouds pursuing,

Broke their bonds, and set her free.

Waft thy gifts in southern showers,

Sunshine now, and genial rain ;

At thy call unnumber'd flowers

Starting forth, shall strew the plain.

Thus

Thus led on, in smiles contending,  
    Summer sees each striving                   field ;  
(Joy to swains, and vigour lending)  
    An exuberant harvest                   yield.

---

*To Mrs. MILLER.*

**T**O the gay lawn, or softly-murm'ring           spring,  
Why should the muse her votive tribute       bring ?  
The humble shrub, the loftier tow'ring       tree,  
Her verse shall scorn, in native dalliance   free,  
And sing Thee mistress of that vocal       plain,  
Where wit descends, like mild refreshing     rain ;  
In Thee we find for praise the amplest     field,  
To Thee the laurel and the bays we       yield.

---



*Lord Visc. P—M—T—N, upon Batheaston Villa.*

**H**ERE, the fair season of returning                   Spring  
 The earliest tribute of the year shall                   bring ;  
 With the first honours cloathe each spreading tree,  
 And the pent flowers from earth's cold prison free.  
 Here then, my Muse, if e'er Elyfian                   plain  
 Can wake thy voice, and prompt th' harmonious strain,  
 With rival bards advent'rous take the                   field,  
 Nor the bright palm without a contest                   yield.

---

*Hon. Master FIELDING, second Son to the Earl of  
 DENBIGH, eleven Years old.*

**H**AIL, blooming Goddess! welcome, genial Spring!  
 Accept the flow'ry chaplet that I                   bring !  
 Now rural swains recline beneath the                   tree,  
 From care malignant, and ambition,                   free.  
 Now

Now lively green adorns the neighb'ring plain,  
Moisten'd by showers of descending rain ;  
The gay parterre, the garden, and the field,  
Sweet fruit, sweet herbs, and sweeter flowers yield.

---

---

*Lord Visc. P—M—T—N. To the Spring.*

**T**O hail thy wish'd return, delightful Spring!  
Behold how fair a train their chaplets bring !  
Blythe as the feather'd songsters, warbling free,  
Who own thy genial power on every tree ;  
Soft as thy zephyr's wings, when balmy rains  
Have scatter'd fragrance o'er the smiling plains ;  
Oh ! ne'er while these adorn the grove and field,  
Shall fair BATHEASTON to Arcadia yield.

---

---

Bouts Rimées.

*The Lover's Invitation on MAY-DAY.*

*By the same.*

WHILE Nature's warblers fill the trees,  
And zephyr wakes his gentlest breeze,  
Come forth, my Fair, to hail the day,  
That ushers in the sprightly May:  
Let's twine a wreath with vi'lets blue,  
Sweet emblem of affection true!  
Come forth, my Fair, nor thus employ,  
In fruitless dreams, the hour of joy.

---

*By the same.*

COME, vernal zephyrs, and with gentle breeze,  
Tempt my fair Delia to yon shady grove,  
Where

Where birds in rival notes salute the trees,  
And chaunt the blessings of contented love.

Let me, my Delia, thro' life's busy May,  
When youth with beauty's aid can sweetly charm,  
With love adorn the summer's live-long day,  
For wint'ry cold must ev'ry pow'r difarm.

Now heav'n, propitious, smiles serenely blue,  
Haste thee, fair Delia, to my longing sight;  
And when thy shepherd ceases to be true,  
Oh! wrap my falsehood in eternal night.

Increasing bliss shall every hour employ;  
Of Delia's charms the echoing vale shall ring:  
The neighb'ring swains, tho' envious of my joy,  
With ceaseless note our mutual loves shall sing.

S U B J E C T, B E A U T Y.

**W**HILST Maro in lofty heroics delights,  
To sing the great deeds which ambition excites,  
A theme more exalted inspires my lay,  
For Beauty invites, and with joy I obey.  
Instructed by Cupid, tho' humble my song,  
Undaunted I join the poetical throng ;  
And, pleas'd with the subject, attempt to rehearse  
The charms of my Chloe, in plain artless verse.

Milder than the summer's	breeze,
Tender as the budding	trees,
Blooming as the flow'ry	May,
Cheerful as the brightest	day,
Sweeter than the vi'let	blue,
As the turtle fond and	true ;

Be

Be thy beauty ever                    verdant,  
And my passion ever                  ardent.

But ah ! my dear Chloe, how feeble, how faint,  
Is language, thy various beauties to paint !  
In vain do I strive thus, by words, to impart  
The pleasing ideas impress'd on my heart ;  
For know, lovely nymph, the soft pains that I feel,  
A flame sympathetic alone can reveal ;  
And still may that passion, which can't be express'd,  
For ever remain unimpair'd in thy breast.

---

Double Bouts Rimées.

**I**N silken garments, flutt'ring at the            breeze,  
The sprightly Laura beckons to yon            trees ;  
Calls me with her to grace the festal            day,  
And join in honours to the coming            May ;  
To

To deck her altar with a ribbon      blue,  
The sacred token of a passion      true ;  
With her a-while the happy hour      employ,  
And raise a trophy to the Queen of      Joy.

But I no longer feel the genial      breeze,  
Fall'n are my roses, wither'd are my      trees ;  
I know no hope from the returning      May,  
Nor beats my bosom for the festal      day :  
No garland decks my head with ribbons      blue,  
Or anxious damsel doubts my passion      true ;  
Yet, to the last, I will my verse      employ,  
And praise the beauty that once gave me      joy.

---

J. M—LL—R, *Esq.*

**M**Y Laura's fair amongst the fair,  
Her breath is sweet as southern      breeze,  
Wafted

Wafted from Arabia's, trees,

And graceful is her air.

The artless nymph each heart beguiles,

When playful as the jocund May,

She blushes like the infant day,

Just soft'ning into smiles.

Of heaven's kind gifts she's sure the choice,

Her speaking eye is azure blue :

She's fair, she's innocent, she's true,

And music's in her voice.

Wouldst thou but kind, my Laura, prove,

With thee I'd every hour employ

In some new bliss, or some new joy,

Thou endless source of love !

WHAT



**W**HAT is Beauty ?—'tis a flower,  
Blown and wither'd in an hour ;  
'Tis a transient sunshine gleam  
Playing on the wanton stream ;  
'Tis a gift that heav'n bestows,  
Fatal oft to man's repose !  
'Tis a charm, in various kind,  
Binding fast the willing mind :  
Sparkles bright in MEYNELL's eyes,  
Source of vows and tender sighs ;  
Gives to ASGYLL power to move  
Each obdurate heart to love ;  
Sheds on SPENCER brightest day ;  
Gives to JOHNSTONE boundless sway :  
'Tis a power that all subdues ;  
'Tis the idol of the muse !

When

When to sense and virtue join'd,  
'Tis the boast of woman-kind ;  
'Tis, without them, but a name,  
'Tis a bauble, 'tis a dream,  
'Tis the source of woe and shame.

---

*To Mrs. MILLER.*

DEAR Madam ! befriend  
These verses I send,  
From you a protection they pray ;  
My ambition is checkt,  
Should they meet with neglect,  
Or should you prove unkind to my lay.

The clarion of fame  
Aloud doth proclaim  
The inhabitant fair of BATHEASTON ;

And

And the Goddeſſes Nine  
Bow down to your ſhrine,  
And joyous your goodneſs oft feaſt on.

From Ierne's ſam'd ſhore  
I am juſt waſted o'er,  
Old Lud's town demands my attention ;  
Or bold I'd aſpire  
To ſtrike Clio's lyre,  
And for you rack my thoughts and invention.

I'd try to excel  
Each beau and each belle,  
The ſam'd SPRIG from your hand to obtain ;  
No honour ſo bright  
E'er adorn'd a bold Knight,  
Or Cræſus' wealth equall'd the gain.

In Beauty's sweet praise  
I'd attune my fond lays,—  
No subject so pleasing, and fine ;  
Each female possessing  
This wonderful blessing,  
From mortal is rais'd to divine.

---

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S U B J E C T. B E A U T Y.

\*\*\*\* K—N—N, *Esq.*

**C**OME all ye fair females, of every station,  
Who a proverb of fame have bestow'd on the nation,  
Attend to my ditty, to Beauty design'd,  
For Beauty to age nor degree is confin'd.

*Derry down.*

But chief to the praise I aspire in my song,  
Of the Beauties old Avon's green meadows among,

That

That circle so favour'd, who, pleasure to seek,  
Asssemble round Miller's fam'd vase once a week.

*Derry down.*

From Beauty our richest enjoyments all spring,—  
The cobbler has felt it, and so has the king :  
Its effects are the same, whether real 'tis found,  
Or only existing on ideal ground.

*Derry down.*

The sportsman who eagerly drives o'er the plain,  
The hounds all his music, and labour his gain,  
Would find his rough joys want their crown of delight,  
If Beauty came not with a welcome at night.

*Derry down.*

The soldier, his sword when for honour he draws,  
His heart beating high in his country's dear cause,

Feels

Feels pleasure extatic ; tho' wounded, he bleeds,  
If Beauty should hear, and approve of his deeds.

*Derry down.*

And when to his home he returns from the war,  
All cover'd with laurels, and many a scar,  
The prize he most values on earth, is the smile  
Of Beauty, which far overpays all his toil.

*Derry down.*

The hard-hearted Miser, whose life is his wealth,  
Neglectful alike of fame, quiet, and health,  
Tho' his hand from distress can a farthing withhold,  
Yet Beauty shall tip all his fingers with gold.

*Derry down.*

Thus Beauty is found o'er the world to preside,  
The great spring of actions, of councils the guide ;

The madness of youth, and the warmth of old age,  
Gives wit to a fool, and makes fools of the sage.

*Derry down.*

This blessing, my fair ones, if well understood,  
To make you all charming, must make you all good :  
That maid we'll distinguish, as first of her kind,  
Whose beauty is less in her face than her mind.

*Derry down.*

---

SUBJECT, *The Pleasures of the Chase.*

AURORA spread her graces o'er the lawn,  
And modest Twilight shun'd th' approaching dawn.  
When, light as air, Diana left her bed,  
A silver crescent's beams adorn'd her head ;  
Her golden locks in waving ringlets hung,  
A well-stor'd quiver o'er her back was slung ;

With

With nicest touch her fingers press the bow ;  
In graceful folds her azure vestments flow.

Array'd, in chearful haste she call'd around,  
Her Nymphs, as quick as thought, obey the sound ;  
With courteous speech each Nymph she then address'd,  
Her eyes betoken'd what her tongue express'd :  
Then, smiling round,—“ This day pursue the chase,  
“ And Cla'rton's Down shall be th' appointed place.”  
Each Nymph obedient to her office fled—  
Her train, with graceful steps, the Goddess led.

Alarm'd, up flew in haste the spotted deer,  
And, trembling, saw his death approaching near ;  
Then pours his airy soul in winged speed,  
And bounds exulting o'er the turfy mead.  
Some aim the winged dart with skilful hand,  
While some let loose the greyhound from his band ;



Then full and bold the jocund horns resound ;  
The hills, rejoicing, echo back the found :  
Now down direct the sun had shot his ray,  
When conquest crown'd the labours of the day.

The chace thus o'er, each beauteous Nymph reclin'd  
Around the Goddess, who, with accent mild,  
“ Let us, says she, refresh our wearied powers,  
“ Not far from hence are many friendly bowers ;  
“ Of one I know—Apollo often talks,  
“ 'Tis that he visits in his morning walks :”  
She spoke—up rose, attentive all her train,  
The Zephyrs fann'd them as they trod the plain.

Now, full in view, a graceful Villa rose,  
Its polish'd sides the neighb'ring oaks enclose ;  
Below, in circles falls a rough cascade ;  
A dusty mill adorns the willows' shade.

To

To This, at length, the blooming Goddess came,  
Invited by its hospitable name,  
When, strange to tell ; within she met her BROTHER ;—  
 Astonish'd both, they gaz'd upon each other :  
When thus Apollo:—“ Joyfully I greet  
“ Your first arrival at my fav'rite seat ;  
“ For you, as well as I, have here a place,  
“ My wit best prospers in your modest grace.  
“ Not e'en at Ephesus your silver shrine  
“ Receiv'd more honours, nor at Delos mine.”  
The Goddess smiling, granted his request,—  
BATHEASTON VILLA doubly thus was blest'd,  
By Beauty grac'd, by attic Wit carest'd.

BEAUTY, *and the* PLEASURES *of the* CHACE.

OH, ye Nimrods in green,  
Who delight in the scene  
Of fox-hounds and harriers,  
And curs, you call tarriers,  
Who o'er files, gates, and ditches,  
In your tight doe-skin breeches,  
Endanger your necks for a name :  
Tho' a hunter, like you,  
Finer sport I pursue ;  
Hark away, to my hollow,  
To BATHEASTON all follow,  
Beauty there, with her Graces,  
The high prize of the Chace is,  
And HARRIOT \*, dear HARRIOT, 's my game.

\* Miss M—N—LL.

*The*

*The* POWERS of IMAGINATION.

LINES upon seeing a very fine PICTURE,  
*representing a* TEMPEST.

J. M—LL—R, *Esq;*

THE storm is up, the driving rain  
Sweeps along th' affrighted plain ;  
Deep thunders roll, the lightnings play,  
And darkness veils the face of day ;  
The clouds dissolv'd, come pouring down,  
And all the peasants' labours drown ;  
The hapless peasants speed their flight  
Thro' unknown paths, involv'd in night,  
Nor shelter find ;—their friendless flocks  
Dash wildly o'er the hanging rocks,  
Now scramble up the tott'ring steep,  
Now down the headlong vallies sweep.

Thro' lab'ring clouds, a shooting ray  
Reveals the terrors of the day;  
The warring wind's resistless stroke  
Beats to the ground the stubborn oak;  
The tower, the castle, form'd for strength,  
To their wild fury yield at length:  
Prostrate the aged ruins lie,  
Aloft in air the fragments fly;  
Dangers abroad, and rage, and sound,  
And stench, and horrors, all around.

Am I deceiv'd, or do I dream?  
Things are not what to me they seem;  
For Phœbus now, with brightest ray,  
Adds splendor to the soft'ning day:  
'Tis brilliant all, and scarce a breeze  
Is heard to whisper thro' the trees;

Some

Some wayward power with magic wiles,  
Or Merlin, sure, my sense beguiles :  
Can Art fair Nature thus deform ?  
Yes,—BAMPFYLDE's pencil gave the Storm \*.

\* C. W. BAMPFYLDE, Esq.

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No. XI.

E N I G M A.

I LIVE in the breeze,  
I sleep in the trees,  
In blossoms of May  
I gambol all day ;  
O'er red, green, and blue,  
I wander, 'tis true ;  
Yet sweet's my employ  
To give you all joy.

SUBJECT.

S U B J E C T. D A N C I N G.

*Mrs. M—LL—R,*

**T**HE Muses are Ladies so bashful and shy,  
When I ask'd their assistance, they all cry'd—O fie !  
Tho' Helicon rings with our music and prattle,  
To a ball we prefer the din of a battle ;  
So making my curt'sey, I soon took my leave  
From a circle so pradisht—you all may believe.  
Thus left in the lurch, I implore *your* compassion,  
If I fail in relating the different fashion,  
The rise and the progress of Jigging, and Prancing,  
From times most remote, to French Opera Dancing.

From Castor and Pollux, those twins of renown,  
Arose the great dance taught at Lacedæmon ;

Then

Then a son of Achilles, with a barbarous name \*,  
Taught his soldiers to dance—those Cretans of fame.  
Wise Philosopher Socrates also would know,  
From Aspasia the Fair, how to well point a toe.  
Pompous nuptials and feasts—e'en the grave Funeral  
Was danc'd at by princes, priests, people, and all.  
In these later days, an old king of France †,  
To augment the Caroufal, caus'd horses to dance ;  
What bounding, curveting, what neighing, and kicking!  
Sure this sight far surpass'd a Newmarket meeting.  
At this horse-ball don't wonder—for, without any trope,  
Grave Pliny says, elephants danc'd on a rope ‡.

\* Neoptolemus.

† Louis the XIIIth of France caused a dance of horses to be exhibited at a Grand Caroufal.

‡ Pliny asserts this, book the 8th, chap. the 2d.—Also Suetonius and Seneca.

But



But 'twould take too much time was I to rehearse  
The dances of brutes and of trees in my verse \* :  
And I'm sure I should tire you if I was to tell  
Of *Francis*, of *Harry*, up to *Philip the Bel* †,  
What great monarchs have strove in the dance to excel. }  
Now suffice it to all, that one *Thoinot Arbeau*,  
To the great joy of France a system did shew,  
Where all movements and steps for the dance are wrote  
down,

'Tis not many years since, as the *Opera* will own,—

*That Opera*, whose grandeur exceeds all compare !

There Olympus descends with the *Pleasures* in rear ‡.

\* The author refers to the fable of Orpheus.

† Kings of France, all famous for dancing.

‡ In the Opera of Castor and Pollux (as represented on the Theatre in the Palais Royale at Paris) the whole Court of Olympus descends with the Pleasures, (represented by beautiful young girls,) who form a ballette.—Madamoiselle Guimard is famous in a ballette, called Armida; as is Madamoiselle Allard in another, called Athletic Sports.—The two dancers, called Gardel and Vestris, are the most esteemed in Europe, and are rivals in the art.

See

See what heroes and heroines in triumph advance,  
 Nodding plumes, brilliant diadems, join in the dance;  
 See the arts of *Armida*, combin'd in *Guimard*,  
 In the *Athletic games* behold vig'rous *Allard*;  
 For *Gardel* and *Vestris* whole armies divide,  
 But I can't on *their merits* pretend to decide.  
 So adieu, my dear friends, for I've led you a dance—  
 If you want to know more, I shall wish you in France.

---

No. XII.

Enigma, and Bouts Rimées.

E——D D—X, *Esq.*

THOUGH dull as a post, I frequently	shine,
For the wittiest things that are wrote now, are	mine;
Though older than Paul's, still pleasure I	give,
And shall be admir'd as long as I	live;
	From

From my musty old corpse, fair offsprings still rise,  
And I now teem with one that will bear off the prize.

---

**A** RICHER jewel than the gems that shine,  
In the rich bosom of Potosi's mine,  
This VASE contains : Its magic pow'r shall give,  
The works of Genius through an age to live ;  
Bid them to Envy's blast superior rise,  
And earn from MILLER's hand the laurel'd prize.

---

R. S—M—G, *Esq.*

**Y**E bards again with wonted lustre shine,  
The Muse once more, the fav'rite Muse, is mine ;  
This day return'd, must pleasing transport give ;  
So MILLER speaks, and all the Muses live.  
At emulation's call new bards shall rise,  
And they who best deserve, receive the prize.  
**FAIR**

<b>F</b> AIR MILLER's splendid talents	shine,
Like brilliant gems from Indian	mine ;
Mines of gems I'd freely	give
With her to converse while I	live ;
Phœbus each morn would envious	rise,
To see me blest with such a	prize.

---

G—E OGLE, *Esq.*

<b>R</b> ICH must each gem in native lustre	shine,
That ripens in the Muse's sacred	mine ;
To each bright drop the beams of Phœbus	give
Creative warmth, and bid the diamond	live :
Thus from the holy vase shall genius	rise ;
Thus MILLER's smiles confirm, and dignify the	prize.

---

YE

**Y**E tuneful Nine ! forsake the Aonian grove,  
And, by Apollo's order, hither move ;  
Let the three Graces aid the tuneful Nine,  
To twine a garland round fair MILLER's shrine.  
VENUS, with silken reins, shall guide her doves  
To MILLER's feat attended by the Loves.  
TULLY himself shall plead each fair-one's cause,  
And, as a pledge, has hither sent this Vase.



---

☛ A particular Wreath was given to THIS ;—it being  
the Production of

*Miss \*\*\*\* BURGESS, at ten Years old.*

**D**IRECT me, Phœbus, how to shine,  
And let the Poet's prize be mine.  
So shall I grateful offerings give ;  
So shall my name for ever live.

To

To thee shall clouds of incense                      rise,  
If I can gain bright MILLER'S                      prize.

---

LET loud ambition in the Senate                      shine,  
Love, and the rural Muse, in peace, be                      mine !  
*Here*, where congenial souls united                      live,  
'Midst all that Taste and Elegance can                      give !  
To Phœbus *here* such incense shall                      arise,  
That e'en Castalia's \* springs must yield the                      prize.

\* The Muses used to frequent the waters of Castalia, as our British Ladies do those of Bath : They were singular inspiratives of Wit and Festivity.

---

SUBJECT, *The second Time of opening of the  
Tusculum Vase, at Batheaston Villa.*

\*\*\*\* B—R—SS, *Esq.*

HENCE, each frown, and wrinkled care,  
To your dark abode repair !

Nor trespass on the sacred rites  
To which fair MILLER's voice invites.  
But come each gay, each winning Smile,  
And Jest, which labour can beguile ;  
Complacency, and pleasing Joy,  
With Mirth that knows not of alloy.  
Hither haste each gentle swain,  
Seek BATHEASTON's shades again ;  
Each with his Fair-one in his hand,  
Whose eyes no mortal hearts withstand :  
Tis MILLER bids, the call obey,  
To pleasure dedicate the day.

Approach with a respectful eye,  
And view the sacred vase on high :  
Ah ! far beyond all vases blest,  
The first of all antiques confess !

Happy,

Happy, thrice happy, was its doom,  
When, in the envied days of Rome,  
At *Tusculum* it grac'd the board,  
And boasted TULLY for its Lord.  
What mirth convivial then it saw !  
When those who gave to worlds the law,  
Who honours shar'd, almost divine,  
Together quaff'd the gen'rous wine.  
But honours greater still await,  
Provided by auspicious fate ;  
See, now on MILLER's board it stands,  
And courts a treat from Beauty's hands.  
With emulation fir'd, the Fair  
The choicest, purest gifts prepare ;  
Around it croud the great, the gay,  
The tribute of a verse to pay :



While smiling belles, and happy beaux,  
The variegated prospect close.

Quick the happy minute seize ;  
Write with transport and with ease ;  
Careless let your verses roll ;  
Breathe th' effusions of the soul.  
We want no borrowed aid of art  
Whenever HARDINGE warms the heart ;  
Love alone the bard inspires,  
When his breast fair DUTTON fires.  
PITT and DIGBYS', lovely pair !  
Claim the poet's choicest care ;  
And others, whom surrounding sighs  
Upbraid with wounds of murd'rous eyes.

But, alas ! my aching sight  
Bears no more th' assemblage bright :

Ye belles ! my feeble lines forgive,  
Ah ! sweetly smile, and let them live.  
But hold—fond hopes invade my mind,  
Blest immortality to find !  
Verse shuns the fate of mortal things,  
While it Worth and Beauty sings ;  
Ne'er can die the happy lines  
Where fair PRATT unrival'd shines ;  
This preserves the poet's name,  
This insures an endless fame.

---

*On the same. Mrs. M—LL—R.*

ASSIST me, Muse, to hail this sacred morn,  
So may the verdant wreath my brows adorn.

And O ! thou hallow'd shade \*, be ever near,  
Protect thy urn, and hear a votary's pray'r :

\* The shade of CICERO.

Inspire these rival bards with powers to shine  
Sublime in thought, to elevate each line :  
Or teach with eloquence, like thine, to move  
Th' obdurate breast, and soften into love.  
And though they strive each other to excel,  
May never rancour in their bosoms dwell.  
The scowling eye, the smother'd laugh, portend  
That satire lurks beneath the vale of friend :  
Nor let pale Envy ever enter here,  
That foe to beauty, source of endless care.

Assist me, Muse, to hail this sacred morn,  
So may the verdant wreath my brows adorn.

Ye Nymphs, who kindly leave Bath's giddy round,  
And seek these shades, to tread poetic ground,  
Whilst virtue, modesty, discretion, join,  
And candour from your eyes shed rays benign,

The

The Graces always near you shall appear,  
O'er your soft cheeks the rose shall bloom each year ;  
Immortal verse shall lend her heav'nly aid,  
Nor time, nor wint'ry blasts, those charms shall fade.

May each revolving sun, that gilds the skies,  
Still see the attic fire of TULLY rise :  
As the bright Phoenix, springing from the flame  
Of her enliven'd ashes, mounts to fame.

---

\*\*\*\* H—P—T—N, *Esq.* *On the same.*

SEE, MILLER, on man's various breast  
What different nature is imprest !  
How distant the eccentric flight  
Of madd'ning fancy's tow'ring height,  
Which oft perverts by mere excess  
To evil, what was meant to bless.

From those dull elves, who, though they live,  
Scarce their existence can perceive ;  
But, stupid as the earth they plough,  
Still thoughtless whistle as they go.  
Say, therefore, which should be prefer'd ?  
Reason (if Reason's voice be heard)  
Will tell us, neither is the state  
Mark'd out for happiness by fate :  
That, though all bliss, as well as woe,  
Imagination can bestow,  
Too much or little will destroy,  
Or deaden every seed of joy.  
Then, of this dangerous gift, good heaven !  
To me be such a portion given,  
As may suffice for mis'ry near,  
To raise the sympathetic tear ;

Or,

Or, at a friend's sad tale of woe,  
To teach compassion's flame to glow ;  
To paint more bright a summer's sky,  
And gild the moments as they fly :  
Grant me but this, ye powers divine !  
And peace and happiness are mine.

---

*On omitting the ASSEMBLY at BATHEASTON  
VILLA on GOOD-FRIDAY.*

*Rev. Mr. G—VES.*

[In Answer to an Epigram in the Bath Chronicle, and some  
Acrostics in the same Style.]

**I**F “ want of decency (as Pope  
Once taught) is want of sense,”  
*Regard* to decency, I'd hope,  
Gives none but fools offence :

Whose

Whose spleen polite assemblies move ;

For which their ill-bred wit,  
Their flimsy, dull acrostics prove  
Themselves not quite so fit.

Though bent in Nature's spight, to shine,  
Their envious rhymes obtruded  
But prove that they at joys repine,  
From which they are excluded.

Let such, retir'd with birds of night,  
Their gloomy fancies feast on,  
Nor persevere to vent their spight  
On innocent BATHEASTON.

Their company will ne'er be mis'd,  
Unless a place to fill  
With Invalids at drowsy Whist  
Or Three-penny Quadrille.

SUBJECT,

SUBJECT, *The Month of M A Y.*

DRYDEN, Milton, Pope, and Gay,  
All have cull'd the sweets of May ;  
Teach me, Clio, then to say  
Something that is new on May :  
Phœbus shoot your mildest ray  
To bring forth the flowers of May ;  
Philomela, from the spray,  
Chaunt the pleasures of the May ;  
GOOCHE's thousand charms survey,  
She's in life's delightful May.  
Why is Lady Crow-foot grey ?  
She has past her Month of May.  
MEYNELL can her hundreds slay,  
Breathing forth the sweets of May ;



—the fang that spightful lay,  
When she mis'd her jocund May :  
Zephyrs, blow that wasp away  
From the guileless breast of May.  
Blooming HEBE, tell me, pray,  
Is not That the Queen of May ?  
Fragrant as the new-mown hay,  
Call her Goddess of the May ;  
With conscious worth she'll bound away,  
Sweeter and lovelier than May.  
Ye Fair-ones then no longer stay,  
Come the blythe, the young, the gay ;  
White-rob'd virgins haste away ;  
Come, ye sportive lambs, and play ;  
Let each fairy, and each fay,  
Sing a blithsome roundelay :

Pluck

Pluck the rose, without delay,  
Pluck the myrtle, and the bay,  
Weave a flow'ry wreath this day,  
To welcome in this Queen of May.

---

S A M E S U B J E C T.

**H**APPY Month ! to whom belong  
Chearful dance, and sportive song ;  
Deck'd in gaudy colours gay,  
Hither come, delightful May !  
Hither come, and with thee bring  
Every flower that loves the Spring ;  
Whether in fantastick vest  
Thou delight'ft to grace our feast,  
With mutter'd pray'rs, and tinkling sound,  
Haunting the city's busy round ;

Or

Or replete with every charm,  
Every Grace, our hearts to warm ;  
Of all loveliness possess'd,  
In SPENCER'S \* form thou stand'st confest,  
Adding brightness to the day,  
Hither come, delightful May !  
And far behind thee bid retire  
The fullen Winter's gloomy fire,  
The piercing wind, and rattling hail,  
And snows that drive before the gale.  
What, tho' the midnight masquerade  
At thy approach begins to fade :  
Tho' luxury, with envious eye,  
Beholds the pleasing triumphs nigh,  
And revels wild that shun the day,  
When thou appearest, die away.

\* Now Dutchess of Devonshire.

For ever be their mem'ry lost !  
Far greater pleasures thou canst boast :  
Their tasteless joys I glad resign,  
For true delight alone is thine.

---

SUBJECT, *On* SOCIETY.

WERE my days again to pass,  
Trickling thro' the sandy glass ;  
And again to undergo  
Varied scenes of joy and woe ;  
Happy now in prosp'rous love,  
Now by scorn to madness drove ;  
With ambition now along  
Riding thro' the servile throng ;  
Now with kings in splendor seated,  
Now disgrac'd, undone, and cheated ;

Transient

Transient rays of vision vain ;  
Who for these would live again ?

Yet of folly's train bereft,  
Social life has pleasures left ;  
In mild Virtue's soft discourse,  
And in manly Wisdom's force ;  
In the Wife we love, and trust,  
In the Friend that's true and just ;  
In the Son's atchievement keen,  
In the Daughter's modest mien ;  
Such GEORGINA \* as we see,  
Unaffected shines in thee ;  
These to social life remain,  
And for these I'd live again.

\* Lady Georgina Spencer, now Duchess of Devonshire.

SUBJECT,

SUBJECT, FIRST *of* MAY.

*Mrs. G—V—L.*

**P**ALE April, with her childish eye,  
Alike prepar'd to laugh or cry,  
All unlamented hies away,  
And leaves the world to Love and May.

MAIA comes ! fair Queen of Blooms,  
Scattering round her choice perfumes :  
Lo, she comes ! and leads her train  
With songs and dances o'er the plain.

Cupid there, the wanton boy !  
With every Grace, and every Joy ;  
And rosy Youth, and gay Desire,  
And Zephyrs, breathing amorous fire ;

See, they frolic,—hark ! they say,  
“ Mortals, mortals, hail the May !”

Time and pleasures fly too fast,  
Catch the blessings whilst they last ;  
MAIA soon shall quit the plain,  
Winter soon resume his reign.  
Alas ! when once you leave the May,  
All the sweets of life decay.

But see ! no more, no more complain,  
HYMEN comes to join our train ;  
The God descends,—sweet sounds declare  
The God of heart-felt bliss is there.

HYMEN hail ! celestial boy !  
Source of every virtuous joy ;  
Life and Love, by heaven's decree,  
Owe their choicest charms to thee.

Thou,

Thou, for such thy pow'r divine!  
Can't every earthly bliss refine;  
Improve the pleasures that are past,  
And, by reflection, make them last.

SPENCER, DEVON, join the song,  
To you these rapturous truths belong;  
Your hearts shall feel, your tongues shall say,  
That henceforth every month is May.

---

*Address'd to the Right Hon. Lady Georgina Spencer.*

J. MILLER, Esq.

WELCOME, SPENCER, lovely maid!  
Welcome to this happy shade;  
For happy shade it sure must be,  
When blest'd with Beauty, blest with Thee.



Could I, like TEMPLE \*, tune my voice,  
(TEMPLE, the Muses' fav'rite choice !)  
With notes as sweet, thy charms I'd raise,  
And fill the world with SPENCER's praise.

SPENCER, no less the poet's theme  
Than the fond painter's road to fame :  
Whatever RAPHAEL has exprefs'd,  
Improv'd—thou stamp'ft on every breast.  
Thou'ft stole from GUIDO each soft grace,  
All that divinity of face  
Which CARLO gave, does in thee *shine*,  
And TITIAN's *glow* is *cold* to thine.

Oh ! blest beyond compare, is He,  
The Youth whom Fortune marks for Thee !  
That Youth †, whose merit we confess  
Just title to all happiness ;

\* Lord Viscount PALMERSTON.

† His Grace the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE.

Which

Which kindly Fate ordains to prove  
In SPENCER's charms, in SPENCER's love.

---

SUBJECT, PAINTING. A DREAM.

*Mrs. M—LL—R.*

REFULGENT, thro' the shades of night,  
Bright Cynthia rose, and shed her silver light  
Thro' parting clouds, which o'er the dusky glade  
Guided my steps to seek the peaceful shade  
Where Philomela, on the flowery thorn,  
Prolongs her plaintive song 'till rising morn !  
But ere her love-lorn tale she could disclose,  
Sleep o'er my listless limbs her poppies throws :—  
Bright to my fancy rose the ELYSIAN plains,  
Where faithful shades, with amaranthine chains,

Bind their chaste loves—who never more feel care ;  
(Eternal pleasures wait the constant Fair,)  
There, Poets gain the never-fading wreaths ;  
There, Heroes from the toils of war find ease ;  
And there, the Sons of Science joy to find  
Their due reward——of knowledge unconfin'd.

Methought I wander'd thro' these sacred groves,  
When sudden to my view a temple rose,  
Majestic columns (in fair order plac'd)  
Sustain'd the dome, with verdant chaplets grac'd ;  
Within the walls, I found my ravish'd sight  
Surrounded with the works of each fam'd wight ;  
From him who costly Egypt once adorn'd,  
And Isis and Osiris rudely form'd,  
Down to those later times, when Europe caught  
The mimic art, and to perfection brought.

There,

There, fam'd *Apelles* shew'd to wond'ring Greece  
 All beauty's charms collected in one piece.  
 In after ages, *Michael* \* form'd that school  
 Which Florence boasts, for just design the rule :  
 At Rome great *Raphael* toil'd—in him we see  
 Elegant forms, noble simplicity !  
 Then Milan own'd a *Leonardo's* † fame—  
 Fair sculpture, music, painting, grac'd his name.  
 The glow of nature *Titian's* nymphs confess,  
 Aurora's charms their golden locks express.  
 For grace and ease, *Guido* with all may vie,—  
 Correct his groupes, and cloath'd with dignity.  
 On *Carrach*, *Guercin*, and *Correggio* great,  
 Were fix'd my gazing eyes :—when, wond'rous to relate,  
 A heav'nly form, array'd in azure bright,—  
*Radiant Britannia!* stood before my sight :

\* MICHAEL ANGELO.

† LEONARDO DA VINCI.

“ Hasten, she cry’d, and seek my happy isles,  
“ Where *Royal Bounty* \* on fair Genius smiles :  
“ There *Nature* on the canvas starts to view,  
“ With each revolving year their labours they renew :  
“ Thus emulous to rival Greece, and Rome,  
“ In a long line of artists yet to come.”—  
Sudden I wak’d—a ray of Phœbus’ light  
Shot thro’ the grove—Elysium fled my sight.

\* The Author refers to the Royal Academy instituted for the encouragement of Painting.

---

### Bouts Rimées.

MILLER, thy attic scenes	prolong,
The Sons of Harmony	among ;
Where candour, elegance, and	truth,
Charm serious age, and sprightly	youth.
	Far,

Far, far from Flatt'ry's arts	remote,
To thee my strains I here	devote ;
Those whom the myrtle wreath	surround,
Are, more than laureat bards,	renown'd.

---

*On the closing of the V A S E for this Season.*

<b>T</b> HE glory of this V A S E may time	prolong,
Of Greece and Rome the classic names	among ;
No panegyric here can reach the	truth,
Where wit and beauty charm th' enamour'd	youth.
Ye Muses, soon from MILLER's groves	remote,
To plaintive elegy your strains	devote :
Ye dying Swans, the closing V A S E	surround,
And sweetly sing its life, and death	renown'd.

*To Mrs. MILLER. By the Hon. Mrs. G—V—L.*

**L**ED by a Sister of the tuneful Nine,  
To pay devotion at Apollo's shrine,  
Like Gallus, wandering to the gate, I come,  
And supplicate to view the Muses' dome ;  
Fearful, like him, ascend Parnassus' steep,  
Nor dare approach, unask'd, the sacred keep,  
Till You, who nearest to the God preside,  
Who rule his councils, and his favours guide,  
Vouchsafe to smile, and call me to his side.

---

*On the Pleasures of Society at Bathaston Villa.*

*Mrs. M—LL—R.*

**O**N the fair summit of a verdant lawn,  
Which Phœbus silvers with his earliest dawn,

There

There stands a Bower, inclos'd in lofty shade,  
Save where it overlooks the fertile glade :—  
What, though the front no stately columns boast,  
Of costly marble, brought from Afric's coast ;  
Nor swelling portico, with Grecian pride,  
And sculptur'd pomp, advance its polish'd side ;  
Yet blushing roses, wove with eglantine,  
In sportive garlands round the portal twine :  
There, sacred laurels spread their branches round,  
There, aged rocks with hoary moss are crown'd ;  
There the clear fountains in the sun-beams play,  
Invite repose, and mitigate the day :  
There, Flora paints the ground with fragrant flowers,  
And the kind Spring bestows refreshing showers,  
Teaching luxuriant branches how to shoot,  
Their produce vying with th' Hesperian fruit :

There,



There, fertile fields the wealthy loads sustain,  
CERES' rich blessings rip'ning o'er the plain :—  
Oft to these shades a sprightly train repair,  
With song and dance the festive hours to wear ;  
And oft, resigning such tumultuous joys,  
Poetic themes the fleeting morn employs.  
THALIA, invok'd, shall hear the Poet's pray'r,  
And modest merit from oblivion spare.  
When *Taste* and *Wit* compose the polish'd line,  
And Fancy's flights within just bounds confine,  
With attic *elegance*, and *native ease*,  
The flowing verse can never fail to please.

Rivals in verse, and emulous for fame,  
With candour judge——be cautious how you blame.  
The liberal heart ne'er seeks to criticise,  
But joys to see the sparks of genius rise ;

The

The warm effusions of a generous breast :

(Such fire celestial ne'er should be suppress'd !)

From various genius, various numbers flow,

When social mirth in all their bosoms glow ;

For them the Muse shall strip th' Idalian groves

Of myrtle wreaths, to grace the Bard she loves.

Like a May morn, unclouded, and serene,

In whose mild beams the promis'd day is seen,

This fair Assembly shall more bright appear,

Their wit more brilliant with the growing year :

In Friendship's sacred bands may they still live,

And TULLY'S VASE again their lays receive.

*The* BEAUTIES *of* NATURE  
*compared with those of* ART.

NO more of trivial ART,

By Fashion nourish'd, and from Folly born!

Your feeble aid I scorn :

What can your pow'r to scenes like this impart ?

Dwell in mechanic's brain ;

And ladies fond, with gaudy shapes possess,

As thick and numberless

As the gay crowds which people this fair scene.

But come, sweet Nymph, from yonder shade,

In all thy native charms array'd.

(Not such as vainly strive to grace

The borrow'd shape, or wrinkled face,

Of that proud Maid, whom courts might prize,  
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes ;)  
But, 'midst these lawns and vallies train'd,  
Artless, free, and unconstrain'd.  
Though not in gorgeous splendor drest,  
With blazing gems, or painted vest,  
Or costly buskins wrought in gold,  
Thy robes with ermine rich enroll'd :  
A stole across thy shoulders bound,  
Lightly trailing on the ground ;  
With thy auburn tresses flowing.  
To the gale, (which gently blowing,  
Seems with eager joy to sip  
Hyblæan honey from thy lip,)  
In greater splendor art thou seen  
Than the great enthroned Queen.

Let us, (shunning mortal fight)  
Together climb the mountain's height ;  
And, seated on the topmast row,  
Mark the various scenes below :  
Or teach me, Nymph, with thee to rove  
Through vale, or lawn, or shady grove ;  
And, as o'er NATURE's works we run,  
Teach me delusive ART to shun ;  
Teach me how She, divinely bright,  
Shines with a fix'd and steady light,  
Whilst Art, attempting Nature's ways,  
Reflects a faint, unsettled blaze.—  
Sweet warbler of the neighb'ring grove,  
Whose wild notes soothe the pangs of love,  
Who breathing forth thy nightly tale,  
Canst oft enchant the pleasing gale ;

Which quickly catching sounds so clear,  
 Wafts the soft notes to Damon's ear ;  
 Whilst he, perhaps, in some alcove,  
 Tunes his rustic pipe to love,  
 Which strives, in vain, with thine t' agree,  
 To sympathize, sweet Bird, with thee.  
 Let Damon's pipe a-while be mute,  
 The mellow warbling of the lute,  
 Yea, all the sounds which Art can give,  
 While thy sweet notes, alone, shall live.  
 And every Nymph, with transport, tell,  
 Of sweetly-pleasing Philomel,  
 Till morn, in golden beauty drest,  
 Shall rise resplendent from the East,  
 And with his light the shepherd swain  
 Resume his daily task again.

Where now has ART conceal'd her head ?  
To courts, perchance, or cities fled ;  
There sleeps absorb'd in pomp and pride,  
While pageantry attends her side,  
With tinsel'd forms of mimic state,  
And round the couch in order wait.  
Thou ne'er shalt rule in this gay scene,—  
'Tis NATURE's work, and *She* is Queen ;  
Who scorns to mix her pow'r, divine,  
With such rude workmanship as thine,  
Can NATURE then such transport give ?  
No more with ART I mean to live.

---

SAME

S A M E S U B J E C T.

*The* D E C I S I O N. *A* T A L E.

A S N A T U R E and A R T

Were walking apart,

They chanc'd for to meet at a Villa ;

With pleasure they gaz'd,

Each beauty they prais'd,

And found it belong'd to fair MILLER.

“ I pray you,” says A R T,

“ Make haste to depart,

“ This circle will N A T U R E disdain ;

“ Your rustic attire

“ They cannot admire,

“ 'Tis too vulgar, too simple, and plain.



“ The elegant Belle,  
“ Who means to excel,  
“ Attends to my manner of pleasing ;  
“ Will dress out her hair,  
“ Sigh, ogle, and stare,  
“ And learn the right method of teasing.”

But NATURE, who knew,  
Though lik'd but by few,  
She was sure to be countenanc'd here ;  
Replied, “ Indeed, ART,  
“ 'Tis you should depart,  
“ For, believe me, I've nothing to fear.

“ Though simple and plain,  
“ I yet am so vain,  
“ To hope I shall now be admitted ;

“ These Judges, you’ll find,  
“ To NATURE are kind,  
“ By them I shall soon be acquitted.”

Cried ART, in a rage,  
“ If you dare to engage,  
“ We’ll apply to the Ladies, within ;  
“ I’ll tell them the case,  
“ And then your disgrace,  
“ I am sure, cannot fail to begin.—

“ Pray, Ladies, (says she)  
“ But listen to me,  
“ And your voices, I know, I shall gain :  
“ Plain NATURE pretends  
“ You all are her friends,  
“ But I the reverse do maintain.”

Bright MILLER reply'd,  
Your case shall be try'd,  
By all These whom BATHEASTON adorn:  
They soon were agreed,  
For *Nature* DECREED,  
And *Art* was—rejected with scorn.

---

S A M E S U B J E C T.

*Master S—H—B—G, sixteen Years old.*

I.

**N**ATURE and ART, if we compare,

The difference we see :—

**N**ATURE is ever young and fair,

**A**RT—only in degree.

Behold

II.

Behold the purple clouds which streak  
The morning's dappled grey :—  
Does the faint rose on Delia's cheek  
Aurora's blush display ?

III.

View all Creation round, and then  
Revolving thoughts pursue ;  
Who was it form'd this mighty plan ?  
And that——from nothing too !

IV.

Mis-shapen Chaos hid her head,  
And, awe-struck at his nod,  
Down to the dark, deep centre fled,  
Confess'd the power of GOD.

V.

From where His Throne, immensely bright,  
On Heaven's high pillars rais'd,  
He call'd the glorious orbs of light,—  
And forth the radiance blaz'd.

VI.

As with a span he measur'd space,  
Earth trembled, Ocean roar'd ;—  
And shall weak man presume to trace  
Those worlds yet unexplor'd ?

VII.

Our knowledge circumscrib'd, in vain  
Would *Nature's* secrets know :  
Alas ! we scarcely can explain  
The things we see below.

Can

VIII.

Can all Golconda's precious mines  
    (Come—bring it to the proof—)  
Vie with one single star which shines  
    In yon blue vaulted roof ?

IX.

Or can the Lapidary's art,  
    To gems of weaker rays,  
The di'mond's brilliancy impart,  
    Or give so strong a blaze ?

X.

With that Carnation as it blows  
    In yonder gay parterre,  
Where every rich profusion glows,  
    Can TITIAN's tints compare ?

See,

XI.

See, where between the nodding boughs,  
The Birds their nests prepare ;  
Can human *Art* contrive a house  
So elegant or fair ?

XII.

Cou'd great Palladio build as well,  
With like instinctive art,  
As where the Beaver loves to dwell——  
Design——in every part ?

XIII.

The bees' industrious care attend !  
Their labour how refin'd !  
Their policy——one noble end——  
Instruction to mankind !

XIV.

NATURE is unconfin'd, and bold,  
Graceful are all her ways ;—  
But ART, by wanton whim controul'd,  
Charms, not her own, displays.

XV.

Know this great truth :—Say what you will,  
NATURE her work compleats ;  
But ART is *Nature's shadow still,*  
And as a shadow fleets.

---



S A M E S U B J E C T.

*Miss D—s.*

DAME NATURE once, by Frolic led,  
Forsook her native straw-built shed,  
Her hills, and verdant greens,  
To see the Town ;—for passing Fame  
Had told her wonders of the same,  
And gaily drew the scenes.

Arriv'd,—astonish'd she appear'd ;  
The sights she saw, the sounds she heard,  
Were wond'rous strange, she found ;  
She call'd on *Modesty*,—but *She*,  
With her sweet friend, *Simplicity*,  
Were both gone out of Town.

As there, unknown, the pensive stray'd,  
She *Fashion* met,—fantastic maid!—

And throwing forms aside,  
She told her family, and name,  
Her bus'ness there, from whence she came,  
And beg'd she'd be her guide.

Says *Fashion*,—“ Yes;—but first, my dear,  
“ To form your shape, and dress your hair,  
“ I'll lead you to the *Graces*;  
“ And then your *Chaprone* I'll be,  
“ Each curiosity to see  
“ In all the public places.”—

Almack's, Soho, the Ball, the Play,  
The Masque by night, the Park by day,—  
Each various charm was try'd:

But

But NATURE, sick of Folly's scenes,

Sigh'd for her native homely greens,

And, parting, thus she cry'd :—

“ Oh ! race, to every beauty blind,

“ What fascination cheats the mind !

“ What more than magic shades !

“ What ! leave my lawns, by *Flora* drest,

“ My groves, where peace has built her nest,

“ My grottoes, and my glades !

“ Forego to hear the tutor'd note,

“ My Philomela's tuneful throat,

“ Whose note mellifluous flows !

“ Can ART, with all her faint perfume,

“ Or brightest colours, e'er perfume

“ To emulate my Rose ?

“ But

“ But since so far from me *She* strays,

“ (As is the *ton* of present days)

“ I feel a just disdain :

“ *Genius* and *Taste* with *me* shall rove

“ To seek sweet MILLER's shady grove,

“ And there we'll fix our reign.”

---

Bouts Rimées.

G—— H—T, *Esq.*

*An INVOCATION to MERCURY, as God of Peace,  
upon the present Dissensions at BATH.*

**I**MPERIAL Messenger of Jove,

Quick from the realms of day,

From Gods and Goddesses above,

To AVON haste away.

With olive crown'd, bid Discord cease,

Contending parties join ;

Thy *Caduceus* may to peace

Each tender breast incline.

But should our Youth, as some have said,

Reject both You, and Me,

May Beaux ne'er wed, and ev'ry Maid

Lead apes——by Jove's decree.

---

**I**MPATIENT, on this long-expected day,  
When hastes each Muse, at MILLER's voice, away ;  
Round TULLY's Urn in jocund band we join.  
And ye, heav'n-lov'd, whom happy stars incline  
To court the yielding Muse, Oh ! bend with me  
To beauteous MILLER's unarraign'd decree.

THE

**T**HE beauteous Flower my *Chloe* pluck'd to-day,  
To-morrow, wither'd, she will cast away ;  
But she herself can Art to Nature join,  
Bloom through all ages, still to love incline  
Our hearts.—O ! may she ever smile on me,  
No more I ask, nor more can Fate decree.

---

---

No. XIII.

Enigma, and Bouts Rimées.

**T**HOUGH choice as the day,  
Some throw me away,  
And others to waste me incline ;  
But, in pity to me,  
'Tis fair MILLER'S decree,  
T'improve me, this party should join.

G—E OGLE, *Esq.*

**A**RT, at **BATHEASTON**, on a certain day,  
Met **NATURE**, and thus vaunting talk'd away :—  
“ I smooth'd that slope, I led these views to join,  
“ I bade these waters fall, that hill incline.”  
‘ True (replied **NATURE**) thus, by following **ME**,  
‘ You'll ever please——still bow to my decree.’

---

*To the BEAUX ESPRITS of BATH.*

**I**, **PHOEBUS** the Fidler, and King of the day,  
Who drive the dark clouds of thick dulness away,  
By consent of each Muse on Parnassus, enjoin,  
That whene'er your great souls to poetics incline,  
Your toils you submit to fair **MILLER**, and **ME**,  
And bow, unrepining, to what **We** decree.

**ODE**

ODE *to the* ELEGIAC MUSE.

\*\*\*\* C—SS—NS, *Esq.*

I.

QUEEN of the mournful song !

Far from the gay and giddy throng,

The sons of dissonance and noise,

I seek your sober, pleasing joys !

Oh ! let me woo thee, pensive maid,

Where the tall cypress casts a solemn shade ;

Where the pale poplar whispers to the wind !——

Or if beside the Hero's urn reclin'd,

Or where my Delia's ashes rest, you deign

To breathe the Elegiac strain,—

Assist me, while with you I mourn

Beside my Delia's grave,—or o'er the Hero's urn !



II.

What stately form attracts my wondering eye,  
That wrapt in stole of purple hue,  
With step majestic, passes by?  
A dagger in her hand she bears,  
Wet with blood, and wet with tears ;—  
My wondering eyes the stately form pursue :  
Now, erect she points to heaven,  
Now, bending o'er the earth, she seems to view  
Some horrid image to her fancy given—  
She starts, she trembles,—and, in wild despair,  
Rents her robe, and tears her hair :—  
And now, as if by every woe oppress'd,  
She sheaths the pointed dagger in her breast.  
—In haste I leave the tragic form, to mourn  
Beside my DELIA'S grave,—or o'er the Hero's urn.

III. COMUS,

III.

COMUS, be gone, with all thy noisy crew !  
To your delusive joys I bid adieu !  
And though THALIA join your train,  
With nimble step, and mimic grace,  
With laughter bursting on her face,  
I feel that all your joys are pain,  
While breathing forth the melancholy strain,  
In sadly-pleasing notes, I mourn  
Beside my DELIA's grave,—or o'er the Hero's urn.

IV.

Queen of the mournful song !  
Inspir'd by thee, I tune the pensive lay,  
The verdant meads and flowery vales among.  
——How sweet at evening hour to stray,  
When the sun lingers on the distant hill,

To where the woodbine blows :  
And listening to the murmuring rill,  
Enjoy a pleasing, calm repose,  
Which festive pleasure never knows :—  
While, borne upon the rising gale,  
The knell resounds along the vale :—  
But oh ! 'tis sweeter far with thee to mourn,  
Beside my DELIA's grave,—or o'er the Hero's urn.

---

E P I T A P H.

I.

**SWEET** as the rose was DELIA's early bloom !  
With every grace and every virtue blest !  
Fate bore my DELIA to the silent tomb ;—  
Beneath this stone her sacred ashes rest.

II. And

II.

And near at hand, the sculptur'd arms declare  
The heroic worth of him who sleeps below !—  
Amid the dangers and the din of war,  
Death, haughty victor, gave th' untimely blow.

III.

Beauty and Valour dead demand our woe !—  
To them, the weeping Muse her trophy rears !  
Delia forgive,—if, as my sorrows flow,  
I mix the *Patriot's* with the *Lover's* tears !

---

ODE to Mrs. MILLER,

*Under the Name of MYRA.*

VENUS, in vain the *Paphian* Nymphs

With busy care thy groves attend ;

In vain distill'd from copious urns  
Refresh'ing dews each eve descend ;

Let *Phœbus*, and his laurell'd train,  
Be witness, with the tuneful *Nine*,  
The Sprig, from *Myra's* myrtle cropt,  
Shines brighter far, nor fades like thine.

The Garland, wrought by *Myra's* hand,  
Fair meed of worth ! with wondrous charms  
Adds strength to Fancy's tow'ring wing,  
The heart with nobler ardour warms.

The Golden Bough *Æneas* led  
Down to the *Stygian* realms of night ;  
Her soaring dove to kindred skies  
Directs the raptur'd poet's flight.

Like

Like Fate, her Urn each lot contains,  
Not Chance, but Judgment gives the prize ;  
Nor sinks the vanquish'd bard dismay'd,  
By bright examples taught to rise.

Ye Fair, whom sportive *Naiads* deck,  
With roses fresh in *Bladud's* vale ;  
Ye aged Sires, whose youth restor'd,  
Lends truth to *Æsop's* fabled tale ;

\* With smiles the coming *Muses* greet,  
To *Myra's* chaplets join your praise ;  
Whilst Fame with trumpet loud proclaims,  
And echoing *Nymphs* resound their lays.

\* These lines refer to the present Collection, then in the Press for publication.

ODE to the NEW YEAR, 1775.

**H**AIL the year, and hail the morn,

That MILLER bids my verse adorn!—

MILLER, whose taste refin'd, and classic sway,

The Baian Muses willingly obey;—

MILLER, whose voice can crown the Poet's name

With Merit's best reward, immortal FAME!

Sing we then the early year,

Its chilly blasts, its prospect drear,

The mountains white with frozen snow,

The far-extended vale below

Sheeted with ice, the forest wide

Bereft of all its leafy pride;

Such scenes might daunt the Muse,—yet scenes like these

MILLER, who guides our verse, can teach to please;

Her

Her genial smiles perpetual warmth inspire,  
And animate our breasts with unconfuming fire.

Soon shall Zephyr waft his gales  
O'er the hills and o'er the vales,  
Shedding vernal sweets around,  
Painting o'er th' enamel'd ground ;  
Nature feels new life,—new love  
Echoes thro' each tuneful grove.

MAIA, creative nymph ! Love's pleasing dart,  
Wing'd by thy breath, unerring wounds the heart ;  
Say, shall BATHEASTON own the influence dear,  
Where Wit, as well as Love, conducts the rolling year?

Mark the glowing God of day  
Darting down his fiercest ray  
From burning *Cancer* :—Labour droops  
Beneath his beam, and slowly troops



The panting herd, to seek the shade  
Of hanging rock or wat'ry glade.

But far more potent blazes *Beauty's* sun ;  
Those beams, alas ! we strive in vain to shun :  
Love's raging tyranny reigns unconfin'd,  
And with resistless passion desolates the mind.

Now the scales of *Libra* high  
Speak the fruit of culture nigh ;  
Rich the harvest of the fields,  
Rich the juice the vintage yields ;  
Nature pours her large increase,  
Crown'd with plenty, health, and peace.

Thus Labour thrives in every clime and soil,  
Nor shall the Muse lament a barren toil,  
When *MILLER* calls the favour'd Poet forth,  
Her envied wreath rewards and consecrates his worth.

Cease

Cease, my Muse, thy task is done,  
From Winter's frost to Autumn's sun ;  
Thro' the year thy verse has run.  
Cease, my Muse, the task is done.

---

The following Lines are an Extract from a little Poem,  
wrote immediately before the publication of this small  
Collection.

SUBJECT, *The* BEAUTIES of NATURE,  
*compared with those of* ART.

J. M—LL—R, *Esq;*

COU'D all Pygmalion's plastic art,  
Strike the *eye*, or touch the *heart*,  
Turn the limbs, or give an air  
So divinely soft and fair,

( 150 )

So replete with every *Grace*,

As DIEDEN's \* form, as DIEDEN's face?

\* Madame LA BARONNE DIEDE, wife to his Excellency the Baron  
DIEDE, Envoy Extraordinary, &c. &c. from the King of Denmark.

F I N I S.

# I N D E X;

O R,

## Explanation to the ENIGMAS.

I. A Shoe.

II. Pam.

III. A Sigh.

IV. A Letter.

V. Gold.

VI. A Secret.

VII. A Fly.

VIII. A Glow-Worm.

IX. A Watch.

X. A Violin.

XI. A Bee.

XII. The Vase.

XIII. Time.















