



C E L A D O N to M I R A.

TO thee, O *Mira*, I these Lines commend,
 These from thy gentle and immortal Friend,
 Tho' not to thee my airy Form appears,
 Yet I've been oft a Witness to thy Tears,
 (At Night when, lonely by the Taper's Flame,
 In a still Whisper thou hast breath'd my Name)
 And in thy Eyes beheld the rising Woe;
 (Ah simple Sorrows when for me they flow!)

Think not, O *Mira*, not in me to find
 A Friend like *Vido*, or like *Rosalind*,
 Or like *Courtine* to cheat thy dazzl'd Eye,
 And sooth thy Weakness with a well-bred Lye:
 These are (as thou wilt by the Sequel find)
 Below a Spirit of the blissful kind:
 And was thy Form, as wanton *Helen* gay,
 Or did thy Eyes outshine the Lamp of Day,

These

These please not me — Bright Eyes in vain may roll,
I read no Charms but in the purer Soul.

By thy chang'd Features I too often find
The wild Ideas of thy restless Mind ;
All serious now abstracted from the Crew,
No prudent Stoick more serene than you,
Till in your Brain some gaudy Pictures spring,
All gay and careless, then you laugh and sing :
These vanish like a painted Cloud — and now
Pale Discontent o'er-shades thy mournful Brow :
You form dark Visions and at Phantoms start,
These Woes proceed from an ill-govern'd Heart,
From a too thoughtless or too roving Mind ;
For these are Strangers to a Soul resign'd.

Canst thou presume thy little Bark may steer
From Griefs black Eddy and the Gulphs of Fear ?
Or canst thou hope to scape the gloomy Land,
Where Disappointments crowd the rocky Strand ?
Not so — nor let thy Vanity pretend
To hope for more than ever blest thy Friend ;

In

In Life I shone conspicuous o'er the rest,
 While the pure Beams malignant Eyes oppress;
 Sound Judgment, Learning, Wisdom, too was mine,
 And piercing Wit superior far to thine;
 Yet gaping Rage stood ready to devour,
 And Dulness rain'd on me a leaden Shower:
 Now stung with Scoffs, and now with Flatt'ry tir'd,
 Defam'd, applauded, envy'd, and admir'd:
 This Fate was mine — to hope canst thou presume
 A milder Passage and more easy Doom?
 Deluded Girl! let not a Thought so vain
 Elate thy Spirits, nor ascend thy Brain.

But hear, O *Mira*, nor too late be wise,
 From painted Trifles turn thy longing Eyes;
 Ask not for what will make thy Pray'r offend,
 But ask Content, a Parent and a Friend;
 Ask Bread and Peace, 'tis all that Nature craves,
 This Kings acknowledge, when they find their Graves.

Say, why thy Features lose their healthful Dye,
 And the Tears tremble in the languid Eye?

The

The mighty Conflict I with pity see,
 When thy rude Passions struggle to be free,
 And rack thy Breast — the incoherent Stage,
 Where grave and comick jar like Youth and Age;
 Now Death appears all horrible and grim:
 But the next Moment none so fair as him,
 And now you sigh — Ah, let me calmly die:
 Then shrinking, trembling from the Grave you fly,
 Such jarring Tumults in your Bosom roll;
 (Ah, what so various as a Woman's Soul!)
 But thou, beware, and if thy Fate has join'd
 A sickly Body to a roving Mind;
 Be calm nor mourn at the Supreme Decree,
 Nor think the Mandate shall be chang'd for thee,
 But meet with Patience what thou canst not flee.

Wou'dst thou repine to see thy Form decay,
 When *Spio's* Eye-lids are forbid the Day!
 Might'st thou with us unbodied Spirits fly,
 From Sphere to Sphere and trace the boundless Sky?
 Then wou'd the Lives of little Mortals shew,
 Like empty Bubbles rais'd of Morning Dew:

All

All seem as Trifles, whether we behold
 A Monarch banish'd, or a Sparrow fold;
 A thoughtless Insect trampled in the Mire,
 Or a proud Beauty in her Bloom expire.
 More noble Scenes enraptur'd Spirits view,
 But the grand Prospect is too large for you:
 A closer Bound best suits thy narrow Mind,
 A few Examples of thy fading kind.

Hast thou forgot the soft *Iphenia's* Name,
 Whose smiling Face not Spleen itself could blame;
 Scarce nineteen Years her dawning Beauties knew,
 E'er the young Roses bid her Cheeks adieu;
 Yet blest'd with all, cou'd please a Woman's Pride:
 In this gay Bloom the bright *Iphenia* dy'd;
 Her Sire lifts to Heav'n his mournful Eyes,
 And her sad Brother fills the Air with Cries:
 Her Brother *Clodius*, who to Grief resign'd
 To fruitless Passion all his manly Mind.
 What simple Sorrow to the dead you pay,
 Who soon must follow the same dusky Way.

For

For e'er the Transport of his Grief was o'er,
Fate gave the Sign and *Clodius* was no more.
Still *Pero* liv'd a yet surviving Son,
A little Space and *Pero's* Race was done :
Death's icy Hand his youthful Limbs invades,
And bids him mingle with his kindred Shades.

So quickly *Pero* and *Narcissa* fell,
Scarce looking round them e'er they bid farewell :
Yet dang'rous 'tis to wander here too long ;
These went more willing as they fell more young ;
But *Laura's* Name demands thy flowing Tears,
Whose Doubts increas'ing with her lengthen'd Years,
Serv'd not to clear but cloud the dusky Way,
And gave new Terrors to her final Day :
The dreadful Moment wou'd have past as well,
At sixteen Years had weeping *Laura* fell.

Let this, O *Mira*, chear thy drooping Mind,
To bear the Sentence past on all Mankind :
I bore the same, whose Life was more desir'd,
More lov'd, more known, and justly more admir'd :

Yet

Yet this grand Fear is wove with Nature's Laws ;
 Is sometimes right, and sometimes has no Cause :
 Repent and mend — these Vapours then will fly,
 And the Clouds brighten to a purer Sky ;
 Still look to Heav'n and its Laws attend,
 And next the Lines of thy aerial Friend.



On Mr. POPE's Universal PRAYER.

AH Thou! whom Nature and thy Stars design'd,
 At once the Joy and Envy of Mankind,
 To thy lov'd Memory this Sigh I send ;
 To thee a Stranger, to thy Lines a Friend :
 How blest the Muse cou'd she like thine aspire,
 So smooth her Accent, and sublime her Fire ;
 With bright Description make the Bosom glow,
 Charm like thy Sense, and like thy Numbers flow :
 O teach my Soul to reach the Seats divine,
 And praise her Maker in a Strain like thine.

Ye careless Ones, who never thought before,
 Read this grand Verse, then tremble and adore :

Let