

These were the Natives of this happy Land,  
The Sight of whom so fill'd my glowing Breast  
With Ecstasy that I awoke : And thus  
Their Glories vanish'd, and were seen no more.



*The* LIBYAN HUNTER, *a* FABLE.

*Inscrib'd to the Memory of a late admir'd Author.*

WHEN Merit rises like the Prince of Day,  
Pale Envy turns her aking Eyes away ;  
Then fallow Cheeks with Rage are taught to glow,  
And narrow Souls to bloated Furies grow.

Old Story tells us, on an earthly Plain  
Once *Jove* descended wrap'd in golden Rain :  
Now Fate permits no such familiar Powers,  
But Shoals of Criticks fall in leaden Showers :  
These gaze at Wit, as Owls behold the Sun,  
And curse the Lustre which they fain wou'd shun ;  
These Beasts of Prey no living worth endure,  
Nor are the Regions of the Dead secure ;

Yet



Yet shall the Worthy o'er their Spite prevail ;  
Here lies the Moral—— follows next the Tale.

Once on a time on *Libya's* thirsty Land,  
Where Showers seldom wet the burning Sand,  
Liv'd happy *Sylvius* as the Morning gay,  
A well-known Fav'rite of the Prince of Day ;  
Whose Hand, unerring, to the Mark in view  
Sent the swift Arrow from the twanging Yew :  
The trembling Panthers from his Fury fly,  
When the keen Jav'lin hiss'd along the Sky ;  
Fierce were his Eyes, and dazzling as the Sun ;  
His raven Looks in mazy Ringlets run,  
A well-stor'd Quiver at his Back was ty'd,  
A shining Spear his better Hand supply'd :  
Thus rudely charming, he was sure to please  
With graceful Negligence and careless Ease :  
He breath'd soft Musick from his tuneful Tongue,  
And the wild Tiger listen'd to his Song :  
The woodland Nymphs their dusky Shades forego,  
And the blue *Naiads* left the Deeps below :

None



None guard the Flocks, nor hunt the flying Prey,  
Till he had finish'd the enchanting Lay :  
Then Sylvan Dames with Wreaths of Laurel bound,  
His chearful Temples and with Roses crown'd,  
But grudging Envy heard the just Applause,  
And the pale Phantom writh'd her haggard Jaws ;  
Now swell'd the Bosoms of repining Swains,  
And hissing Scandals flew across the Plains.

At length his Fame the wondring Sky invades,  
And reach'd the Muses in their sacred Shades ;  
Bright *Thalia* view'd him with an envious Eye,  
And thus address'd her Partners of the Sky :  
' Ye tuneful Maids, give o'er the labour'd Song,  
' Small are the Praises to our share belong ;  
' Look down and see on yonder sultry Plain,  
' Our Voices equal'd by a *Libyan* Swain ;  
' Give o'er the Lay, ye too officious Fair,  
' Lay down the Lyre and fruitless Hymns forbear,  
' Nor hope to charm the partial Prince of Day,  
' While heav'nly Accents breathe from mortal Clay :

' In



‘ In vain we keep our radiant Seats on high,  
‘ If rural Swains shall with our Musick vie :’  
She said : And Rage possess’d the beauteous Ring,  
Some curse the Youth and some their partial King.  
The Dame who saw th’ infectious Murmurs run,  
Roll’d her blue Eyes, and thus afresh begun :  
‘ No more the Bays shall to our Share belong,  
‘ Nor charm’d Celestials shall attend our Song :  
‘ But all to *Sylvius* shall their Off’rings pay ;  
‘ To *Sylvius* favour’d by the Prince of Day,  
‘ Shall he exceed the Muses sacred Choir :  
‘ Not while Revenge shall injur’d Bosoms fire.

‘ But see, my Sisters : On the Plains below  
‘ Swift *Cynthia*’s Hounds pursue the flying Doe :  
‘ Be mine the Task to bear a fraudulent Tale,  
‘ To the swift Hunters in the *Libyan* Vale :  
‘ As how her Herds in vain from *Sylvius* fly ;  
‘ His Darts pursue them, and the Victims die :  
‘ So *Delia*’s Rage shall stop his tuneful Tongue,  
‘ And we no more shall dread the rival Song.

Here



Here ceas'd the Dame — the smiling Sisters join :  
Their loud Applauses to her fly Design.

Now had the Sun withdrawn his piercing Eye,  
And Night assum'd the Empire of the Sky :  
Lull'd in her Lap reposing Nature lay,  
And Swains forgot the Labours of the Day :  
The Winds were hush'd, the Ocean ceas'd to roar,  
And softly murmur'd by the sandy Shore,  
When from *Parnassus* flew the envious Maid,  
To seek the Huntress of the lonely Shade :  
The fierce *Virago* on a verdant Plain,  
She found, encircl'd by her sleeping Train ;  
Where a cool River blest the fertile Ground,  
Its Bank with Trees and bending Osier's crown'd :  
Beneath a Shade the lovely *Dian* stood  
With down-cast Eyes, and view'd the rolling Flood ;  
Whose Waves were bright with the reflected Beams  
Of her own Orb that sparkl'd on the Streams.

‘ Hail, *Delia*, Hail, (began the artful Dame)  
‘ Lives there a Wretch who owns not *Delia*'s Name ?  
‘ Lives



' Lives there a Slave whose daring Hand defies  
 ' The awful Empress of the nightly Skies?  
 ' Yes, haughty *Sylvius* triumphs o'er the Plain,  
 ' Tho' thy choice Herds are by his Arrows slain;  
 ' The frightened Fauns his wanton Rage wou'd fly,  
 ' But the keen Dart o'ertakes 'em, and they die.  
 ' His shining Spear arrests the trembling Doe,  
 ' And groaning Stags the deadly Weapon know:  
 ' But if fair *Delia* to the *Libyan* Swain  
 ' Refigns the Freedom of her sacred Plain,  
 ' Let none dispute the Licence of her Will,  
 ' And I retire to our tuneful Hill.'

With flushing Features and disorder'd Charms  
 The angry Goddess seiz'd her deathful Arms;  
 ' Shall Man with me dispute the Plain (she cries,  
 While kindling Rage inflam'd her rolling Eyes)  
 ' This Hand shall well revenge my slaughter'd Deer:  
 She said: And furious grasp'd the dreadful Spear,  
 And o'er her Shoulder flung the shining Bow,  
 Then breathing Vengeance fought her guiltless Foe.



The Youth beneath a dusky Shade she found,  
Thoughtless of Ill and sleeping on the Ground;  
A deadly Shaft deluded *Cynthia* drew,  
And to his Heart the feather'd Vengeance flew;  
The reaking Blood came bubbling through the Wound,  
Pour'd o'er his Bosom and distain'd the Ground;  
Then the freed Spirit took her airy Way,  
To Fields of Pleasure and of endless Day.

The red-cheek'd Morning had now chas'd away  
Night's sable Curtain — and the dawning Day  
Call'd forth abroad the trusty Bands — Again  
To chase the Tiger o'er the Desert Plain;  
To search the Caves where kingly Lions roar,  
And from thick Shades dislodge the bristled Boar:  
*Sylvius* they want, for him they search, they call,  
They search the Shades where crystal Waters fall,  
His wonted Haunts: Then ev'ry Voice they try:  
In vain they call, for none, alas! reply:  
Hear, *Sylvius*, hear, they cry, and all around;  
Hear, *Sylvius*, hear, the hollow Rocks resound.

At



At length a Crew, the basest of the Plain,  
Approach'd, the Covert of the slaughter'd Swain :  
Glad they beheld him breathless on the Ground,  
And gaz'd with Rapture on the purple Wound,  
When one began — Now bless the friendly Hand,  
That swept off *Sylvius* from the gazing Land :  
Behold the Day so oft by us desir'd,  
Here lies the Swain whom lately all admir'd.

This *Phæbus* saw, as from his blazing Wheels,  
With his broad Eye he view'd the glitt'ring Fields.  
Behold the Youth whom he had taught to throw  
The feather'd Arrow from the bounding Bow,  
Beheld his *Sylvius*, to whose artful Tongue  
He taught the Numbers of enchanting Song.  
Now cold and breathless on the dewy Plain,  
And his worst Foes insulting o'er the Slain :  
Then rag'd the God that wears the silver Bow,  
And his broad Eyes with sparkling Fury glow,  
Descended *Phæbus* in a burning Ray,  
His beamy Locks declares the Prince of Day,  
And flashing Glories round his Temples play,

Each



Each on his Face the trembling Victims fall,  
 Their stammering Tongues wou'd fain for Mercy call ;  
 But as all grov'ling on the Dust they lie,  
 His Shafts dispatch them to the darker Sky :  
 Learn hence (he cry'd) ye impious Men, to know,  
 And dread the Pow'r that wears the mortal Bow :  
 For while I rule the blazing Throne of Day,  
 None wrong my Servants but shall find their Pay ;  
 He said — and rais'd his Fav'rite from the Ground,  
 Then smil'd the Features : And the gaping Wound  
 Was seen no more. The glowing Cheeks revive,  
 Shake off the Stamp of Death, and seem alive ;  
 Instead of Cypress and a mournful Shroud,  
*Apollo* wrap'd him in a golden Cloud,  
 And bore him thence : But where, there's none can say,  
 Unless to his own Regions of the Day.

And from the Ground where *Sylvius* late was seen,  
 Where the warm Gore had stain'd the thirsty Green ;  
 A pleasing Tree arose with slender Stems,  
 That breath'd *Ambrosia* from its op'ning Gems :

M

Those



Those op'ning Gems the Virgins us'd to wear  
On their fair Bosoms, and their shining Hair :  
Now the gay Shrub each happy Climate knows,  
By all admir'd, and 'tis call'd the Rose.



*The* TEMPLE of LOVE.

WHEN lonely Night compos'd the drowsy  
Mind,  
And hush'd the Bosom of the weary Hind,  
Pleas'd with plain Nature and with simple Life,  
I read the Scenes of *Shore's* deluded Wife,  
Till my faint Spirits sought the silent Bed,  
And on its Pillow drop'd my aking Head ;  
Then Fancy ever to her *Mira* kind,  
Prepar'd her Phantoms for the roving Mind.

Behold a Fabrick rising from the Ground,  
To the soft Timbrel and the Cittern's Sound :  
*Corinthian* Pillars the vast Building hold,  
Of polish'd Silver and *Peruvian* Gold ;