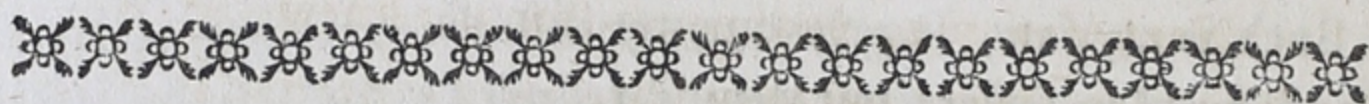


Alas ! how fruitless is the idle pray'r !
 The joy's imagin'd, real the despair.
 Like Adam forc'd his Eden to forego,
 I lose my only paradise below,
 And dread the prospect of succeeding woe.



GENIUS, VIRTUE, and REPUTATION.

A F A B L E.

From Mons. DE LA MOTTE, Book v. Fable 6.

AS GENIUS, VIRTUE, REPUTATION,
 Three worthy friends, o'er all the nation
 Agreed to roam ; then pass the seas,
 And visit Italy and Greece :
 By travel to improve their parts,
 And learn the languages and arts ;
 Not like our modern fops and beaux,
 T' improve the pattern of their cloaths :

Thus GENIUS said ;—“ Companions dear,
 “ To what I speak, incline an ear.
 “ Some chance, perhaps, may us divide :
 “ Let us against the worst provide,
 “ And give some sign by which to find
 “ A friend thus lost, or left behind.

“ For me, if cruel fate should ever
 “ Me and my dear companions sever,
 “ Go, seek me ’midst the walls of Rome,
 “ At Angelo’s or Raphael’s tomb ;
 “ Or else at Virgil’s sacred shrine,
 “ Lamenting with the mournful Nine.”

Next VIRTUE, pausing;—(for she knew
 The places were but very few,
 Where she could fairly hope to stay
 Till her companions came that way ;)

“ Pass by (she cry’d) the court, the ball,
 “ The masquerade and carnival,
 “ Where all in false disguise appear,
 “ But Vice, whose face is ever bare ;
 “ ’Tis ten to one, I am not there.

“ CÆLIA, the loveliest maid on earth !
 “ I’ve been her friend, e’er since her birth ;
 “ Perfection in her person charms,
 “ And virtue all her bosom warms ;
 “ A matchless pattern for the fair :
 “ Her dwelling seek, you’ll find me there.”

Cry’d REPUTATION, “ I, like you,
 “ Had once a soft companion too :
 “ As fair her person, and her fame,
 “ And COQUETTISA was her name.
 “ Ten thousand lovers swell’d her train ;
 “ Ten thousand lovers sigh’d in vain :

Where

" Where-e'er she went, the danglers came ;
 " Yet still I was her favourite flame,
 " Till once, — ('twas at the public show)
 " The play being done, we rose to go ;
 " A thing, who long had ey'd the fair,
 " His neck stiff yok'd in solitaire,
 " With clean white gloves first made approach,
 " Then begg'd to lead her to her coach :
 " She smil'd, and gave her lilly hand ;
 " Away they trip it to the Strand :
 " A hackney-coach receive the pair,
 " They went to ——— but, I won't tell where.
 " Then lost she Reputation quite,
 " Friends take example from that night,
 " And never leave me from your sight.
 " For oh ! if cruel fate intends
 " Ever to part me from my friends,
 " Think that I'm dead ; my death deplore,
 " But never hope to see me more !
 " In vain you'll search the world around ;
 " Lost Reputation's never to be found."

