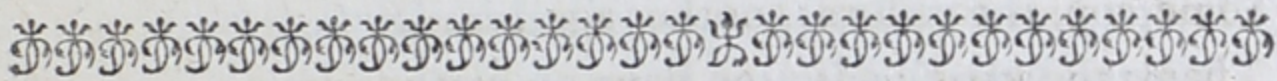


Under his sliding course of hours and days
 The artist's labour mellows or decays.
 Then, let me see, what my fond wish bespoke,
 The lively colouring, and manly stroke.
 Is there the sweetness, easiness, and grace,
 Maternal beauties, shed upon his face?
 Is there the frank benevolence; the fire
 Sincere and gen'rous, darted from his fire?
 The judging Muse, where lines like these must strike,
 Will eye the copy,---own,---'tis very like:
 Point out each virtue, each resemblance tell
 Pleas'd, that the parents drew themselves so well.



On two FRIENDS born on the same Day.

By the Same.

THERE are it seems who think the natal star
 Softens to peace, or animates to war;
 That yon bright orbs, as in their course they roll,
 Dart their strong influence on the dawning soul;
 Whether to empire led by shining *Jove*,
 Or lull'd to pleasure by the queen of love:
 Whether *Mercurius* gently wave his hand;
 And point to arts and sciences the wand;

Or

Or angry *Mars* inspiring warlike heat,
Alarm the pulse, and at the bosom beat.

If so: then why the Muse a contrast finds
In *Palamon's* and *Arcite's* various minds?
The one of nature easy and compos'd,
Untoss'd by passion, and in arts repos'd;
T' other of eager and impetuous soul,
Starting in Honour's race, and stretching to the goal.
One calm, like *Theodosius*, to desire;
The other glowing with *Varanes'* fire:
This pleas'd to wander in *Pierian* glades,
Where the rill murmurs, and the laurel shades;
That warm'd and rous'd by what his soul approves,
The sport, the mistress, or the friend he loves.

Yet the same sun saluted them on earth,
Yet the same planets glitter'd at their birth,
The same soft gale, or whisper'd in the wood,
Or the same tempest discompos'd the flood.
It is enough, that harmony appears,
And friendship reconciles, where nature jars;
For whatsoever the scheme of dreamers be,
Their stars may differ, since their lives agree.