



*The Speech of CUPID, upon Seeing himself
painted by the Honourable Miss Carteret,
(now Countess of Dysert) on a Fan.*

Written by Mrs. Grierfon.

IN various Forms have I been shown,

Tho' little yet to Mortals known;

In antient Temples painted blind,

Nor less imperfect in my Mind :

Abroad I threw my random Darts,

And, spiteful, pierc'd ill-suited Hearts :

The steady Patriot, wife and brave,

Is to some giddy Jilt a Slave ;

The thoughtful Sage oft weds a Shrew ;

And Vestals languish for a Beau :

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The fiery Youth's unguided Rage;
The childish Dotages of Age;
These, and ten thousand Follies more,
Are plac'd to injur'd CUPID'S Score.
As such, is LOVE by Realms ador'd,
As such, his giddy Aid implor'd:
Tho' oft the thoughtless Nymph, and Swain,
That su'd me thus, have su'd in vain.

YET, long insulted by Mankind,

Who from false Figures judg'd my Mind;
And on me all the Faults have thrown,
They were themselves asham'd to own;
I from this Picture plainly see,
A Mortal can be just to me;
That awful Sweetness can display,
With which Angelic Minds I sway;
With which I rule the Good on Earth,
And give exalted Passions Birth:

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The Form of LOVE, so long unknown,
 At last by bright CHARISSA'S shown :
 Her Hand does ev'ry Beauty trace,
 That can adorn a heav'nly Face ;
 And of my Graces more unfold,
 Than ever Paint, or Verse, of old.

Now hear the God, whom Worlds revere,
 What He decrees for Her, declare.

THOU, lovely Nymph ! shalt shortly prove
 Those Sweets, thou paint'st so well in Love :
 Thou soon that charming Swain shalt see,
 Whom Fate and I design for Thee ;
 His Head adorn'd with ev'ry Art ;
 With ev'ry Grace his glowing Heart,
 That throbs with ev'ry fond Desire,
 Thy Charms can raise, or LOVE inspire.
 You from each other shall receive
 The highest Joys I know to give :

(Tho' to thy Parents, long before,
I thought I empty'd all my Store)
While your exalted Lives shall show
A Sketch of heav'nly Blifs below;
The Blifs of ev'ry god-like Mind,
Beneficent to human Kind;
And I to Mortals shine confes'd,
Both in your *Paint*, and in your *Breast*.

