
ANOTHER

EPISTLE TO NELL.

WHILE Phœbus did our summer ar-
bours cheer,
And joys Autumnal crown'd our circling
year;
Even then my thoughts to you excursions
made,
And ardently the bypast scenes survey'd;
Where oft we met in Eccles' peaceful bow'rs,
While social pleasure mark'd the passing hours.
From these sweet scenes I found myself re-
mov'd,
I fear'd no more remember'd or belov'd.

Forgot by Nell, whose friendship seem'd sincere,
cere,

Such cold neglect, who undisturb'd could
bear?

Mild Autumn now resigns to rougher skies,
And frightful storms, in wild commotion,
rise.

The tempest howls, while dark December
reigns,

And scatters desolation o'er the plains.

Just as the sun bursts from the wintry cloud,
Which oft does now his native glory shroud,
Your welcome letter cheers my anxious soul;
For humour, wit, and friendship grace the
whole.

Well pleas'd I find you on Parnassus' hill;
The more I read, the more I prize your skill.
The Muses coy, you seem to catch with ease,
And unfatigu'd attain the art to please.

Go on, dear Nell, the laureate-wreath pursue,
In time perhaps you may receive your due.

We'll beat the bushes for the rustic muse,
Where ev'ry dunce her inspiration fues.

'Mongst the vast crowd, let you and I aspire
To share a little of Apollo's fire.

If Fortune prove, like Cupid, ever blind,

We may perhaps some petty favour find ;

But if no more we gain by these our lays,

We'll please ourselves with one another's
praise.