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UPON

*A YOUNG LADY'S*

BREAKING A LOOKING-GLASS.

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**A**S round the room, with tentless speed,  
Young Delia tripp'd it finely,  
A looking-glass, so Fate decreed,  
She broke, but not design'dly.

A looking-glass of ancient date,  
Its fall the belles lamented;  
But all their sorrow prov'd too late,  
Its ruin none prevented.

When Anne the British sceptre sway'd,  
'Twas plac'd in firm position;  
Nor did a forward chamber-maid  
E'er alter its condition.

No mirror better could descry  
Th' embrio of a pimple ;  
The rheum on a neglected eye ;  
The hoary hair or wrinkle.

Long time it did the chimney grace,  
So awkward now and empty ;  
Its with a vengeance chang'd its place,  
And broke in pieces twenty.

O Delia ! mourn thy direful fate,  
A thousand ills portending !  
Black omens now thy stars await,  
'Gainst which there's no defending.

Poor Delia now, bedew'd with tears  
And piti'd by acquaintance,  
Resolv'd to spend full fifteen years,  
In doleful, deep repentance.

Do tears these lovely cheeks distain,  
By thousand charms furrounded !  
These eyes from weeping do refrain ;  
Their glance have many wounded.

T' adorn thy more accomplish'd mind,  
Each radiant grace conspires:  
Hence dread thou not their dark design,  
Though rage each demon fires.

Let hope diffuse a gentle ray,  
These magic spells defying:  
Let prudence Delia's footsteps sway,  
On virtue still relying.

But know the rake's alluring smile,  
The heedless fair bewitches:  
Let no fond youth your heart beguile,  
By soft enticing speeches.

And if good counsel aught avail,  
Attend Diana's classes:  
For mind our sex is ever frail,  
And brittle as our glasses.