

A T A L E.

BY THE SAME.

ER E Saturn's fons were yet disgrac'd,
And heathen gods were all the taste,
Full oft (we read) 'twas Jove's high will
To take the air on Ida's hill.

It chanc'd, as once with serious ken
He view'd from thence the ways of men,
He saw (and pity touch'd his breast)

The world by three foul fiends possess'd.
Pale Discord there, and Folly vain,
With haggard Vice, upheld their reign.

Then forth he sent his summons high,

And call'd a senate of the sky.

Round as the winged orders prest,

Jove thus his sacred mind exprest :

" Say, which of all this shining train

" Will Virtue's conflict hard sustain ?

" For see ! she drooping takes her flight,

" While not a God supports her right."

He paus'd—when from amidst the sky,

Wit, Innocence, and Harmony,

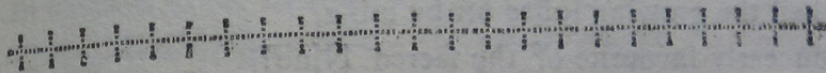
With one united zeal arose,
 The triple tyrants to oppose.
 That instant from the realms of day,
 With generous speed, they took their way :
 To Britain's isle direct their car,
 And enter'd with the evening star.

Befide the road a mansion stood,
 Defended by a circling wood.
 Hither, disguis'd, their steps they bend,
 In hopes, perchance, to find a friend.
 Nor vain their hope ; for records say,
 Worth ne'er from thence was turn'd away.
 They urge the traveller's common chance,
 And every piteous plea advance :
 The artful tale that Wit had feign'd,
 Admittance easy soon obtain'd.

The dame who own'd, adorn'd the place :
 Three blooming daughters added grace.
 The first, with gentlest manners blest
 And temper sweet, each heart possess't ;
 Who view'd her, catch'd the tender flame :
 And soft Amasia was her name.
 In sprightly sense and polish'd air,
 What maid with Mira might compare ?
 While Lucia's eyes, and Lucia's lyre,
 Did unresist'd love inspire.

Imagine now the table clear,
 And mirth in every face appear :

The song, the tale, the jest went round,
The riddle dark, the trick profound.
Thus each admiring and admir'd,
The hosts and guests at length retir'd ;
When Wit thus spake her sifter-train :
“ Faith, friends, our errand is but vain—
“ Quick let us measure back the sky ;
“ These nymphs alone may well supply
“ Wit, Innocence, and Harmony.”



EPISTLE TO SAPPHO^k.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE yet no amorous youths around thee bow,
Nor flattering verse convey the faithless vow ;
To graver notes will Sappho's soul attend,
And ere she hears the lover, hear the friend ?
Let maids less blest employ their meaner arts
To reign proud tyrants o'er unnumber'd hearts ;
May Sappho learn (for nobler triumphs born)
Those little conquests of her sex to scorn.
To form thy bosom to each generous deed ;
To plant thy mind with every useful seed ;

^k A young lady of thirteen years of age.