



INSCRIPTION UNDER THE SHADE OF A LADY,
GIVEN BY HER TO THE AUTHOR.

BY THE SAME.

INVENTIVE Love, parent of every art,

By thee courts the fancy, or that wins the heart,

With tenderest arrow from thy sacred store,

Each pain to sooth, and joys o'erpast renew,

Her parting lover's shadowy semblance drew :

Hence sprung Design ; and Paint its aid combin'd,

To inform the outline with the speaking mind.

But thou, blest maid, canst baffle all their boast,

Their powers would all, tho' REYNOLDS strove, be lost !

What stroke could make thy comely tresses flow

With native grace ? What hue could teach to glow

Thy mild sweet blushes ? or, attemper'd, break,

With purest white, their softening on thy cheek ?

Aught less than power divine might hope in vain,

The dewy lustrings of thine eye to feign ;

Or fix the timid swellings of that breast,

Which may, kind heaven, no care but Love's molest !

Each

Each charm shall Memory in this shade supply,
 Braid the soft hair, and languish in the eye,
 Bid the fair cheek bloom in its native hue,
 The dove-like bosom's gentlest swell renew;
 Sweet Fancy every attitude restore,
 And give each varying grace to enchant the more.



T O C C O L O N E L R S.

B Y S — . B — . E S Q.

ER E this can drown the tenderest husband's eyes,
 And rend the fondest lover's heart with sighs,
 No more shall those dear names my rapture move,
 Low in the grave, and deaf to thee and Love.
 Firm in thy country's cause, thy king's defence,
 When Honour call'd thy patriot virtues hence;
 The slow disease which tainted then my blood,
 In vain by all the powers of art withstood,
 Aided by grief more deadly, creeps at length
 Thro' every vein, and undermines my strength.
 Already Death hath summon'd me away,
 And Love, fond Love, scarce gains an hour's delay.
 Yet without dread Death's awful call I hear,
 No dark presages chill my soul with fear.

BY,
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Each