

Dumb silence grew upon the hour ;  
 A browner night involv'd the bower :  
 When issuing from the inmost wood,  
 Appear'd fair Freedom's GENIUS good.  
 O Freedom! sovereign boon of heaven ;  
 Great Charter, with our being given ;  
 For which the patriot, and the sage,  
 Have plan'd, have bled thro' every age!  
 High privilege of human race,  
 Beyond a mortal monarch's grace :  
 Who could not give, nor can reclaim,  
 What but from God immediate came !

\* \* \* \*



## ZEPHIR: or, the STRATAGEM.

BY THE SAME.

*Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,  
 Una dolo Divûm si Foemina victa duorum est.* VIRG.

### THE ARGUMENT.

A certain young lady was surprized, on horse-back, by a violent storm of wind and rain from the SOUTH-WEST: which made her dismount, somewhat precipitately.

**T**HE God, in whose gay train appear  
 Those gales that wake the purple year ;  
 Who lights up health and bloom and grace  
 In NATURE's, and in MIRA's face ;

To speak more plain, the western wind,  
 Had seen this brightest of her kind :  
 Had seen her oft with fresh surprize !  
 And ever with desiring eyes !  
 Much, by her shape, her look, her air,  
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar fair ;  
 More, by the meaning soul that shines  
 Thro' all her charms, and all refines.  
 Born to command, yet turn'd to please,  
 Her form is dignity, with ease :  
 Then—such a hand, and such an arm,  
 As age or impotence might warm !  
 Just such a leg too, ZEPHIR knows,  
 The Medicéan VENUS shows !

So far he sees ; so far admires.  
 Each charm is fewel to his fires :  
 But other charms, and those of price,  
 That form the bounds of PARADISE,  
 Can those an equal praise command ;  
 All turn'd by Nature's finest hand ?  
 Is all the consecrated ground  
 With plumpness, firm, with smoothness, round ?  
 The world, but once, one ZEUXIS saw,  
 A faultless form who dar'd to draw :  
 And then, that all might perfect be,  
 All rounded off in due degree,  
 To furnish out the matchless piece,  
 Were rifled half the toasts of GREECE.  
 'Twas PITT's white neck, 'twas DELIA's thigh ;  
 'Twas WALDEGRAVE's sweetly-brilliant eye ;

'Twas gentle PEMBROKE's ease and grace,  
 And HERVEY lent her maiden-face.  
 But dares he hope, on BRITISH ground,  
 That these may all, in one, be found ?  
 These chiefly that still shun his eye ?  
 He knows not ; but he means to try.  
 AURORA rising, fresh and gay,  
 Gave promise of a golden day,  
 Up, with her sister, MIRA rose,  
 Four hours before our London beaux ;  
 For these are still asleep and dead,  
 Save ARTHUR's sons—not yet in bed.  
 A rose, impearl'd with orient dew,  
 Had caught the passing fair one's view ;  
 To pluck the bud he saw her stoop,  
 And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop :  
 Then, while across the daisy'd lawn  
 She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,  
 Due westward as her steps she bore,  
 Would swell her petticoat, before ;  
 Would subtly steal his face between,  
 To see—what never yet was seen !  
 “ And sure, to fan it with his wing,  
 No nine-month symptom e'er can bring :  
 His aim is but the nymph to please,  
 Who daily courts his cooling breeze.”

But listen, fond believing maid :  
 When Love, soft traitor, would persuade,  
 With all the moving skill and grace  
 Of practis'd passion in his face,

Dread his approach, distrust your power——

For oh ! there is one shepherd's hour :

And tho' he long, his aim to cover,

May, with the friend, disguise the lover,

The sense, or nonsense, of his wooing

Will but adore you into ruin.

But, for those butterflies, the beaux,

Who buzz around in tinsel-rows,

Shake, shake them off, with quick disdain :

Where insects settle, they will stain.

Thus, ZEPHIR oft the nymph assail'd,

As oft his little arts had fail'd :

The folds of silk, the ribs of whale,

Resisted still his feeble gale.

With these repulses vex'd at heart,

Poor ZEPHIR has recourse to art :

And his own weakness to supply,

Calls in a brother of the sky,

The rude South-West ; whose mildest play

Is war, mere war, the Russian way :

A tempest-maker by his trade,

Who knows to ravish, not persuade.

The terms of their aëreal league,

How first to harrafs and fatigue,

Then, found on some remoter plain,

To ply her close with wind and rain ;

These terms, writ fair and seal'd and sign'd

Should WEB or STUKELY wish to find,

Wise antiquaries, who explore

All that has ever pass'd—and more ;

Tho' here too tedious to be told,  
 Are yonder in some cloud enroll'd,  
 Those floating registers in air :  
 So let them mount, and read 'em there.

The grand alliance thus agreed,  
 To instant action they proceed ;  
 For 'tis in war a maxim known,  
 As PRUSSIA's monarch well has shown,  
 To break, at once, upon your foe,  
 And strike the first preventive blow.  
 With TORO's lungs, in TORO's form,  
 Whose very how-d'ye is a storm,  
 The dread South-West his part begun.  
 Thick clouds, extinguishing the sun,  
 At his command, from pole to pole  
 Dark-spreading, o'er the fair one roll ;  
 Who, pressing now her favourite steed,  
 Adorn'd the pomp she deigns to lead.

O MIRA ! to the future blind,  
 Th' insidious foe is close behind :  
 Guard, guard your treasure, while you can ;  
 Unless this God should be the man.  
 For lo ! the clouds, at his known call,  
 Are closing round—they burst ! they fall !  
 While at the charmer, all-aghast,  
 He pours whole winter in a blast :  
 Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,  
 If navies foundered on the flood ;

If BRITAIN's coast be left as bare \*  
 As he resolves to leave the fair.  
 Here, Gods resemble human breed ;  
 The world be damn'd—so they succeed.

Pale, trembling, from her steed she fled,  
 With silk, lawn, linen, round her head ;  
 And, to the fawns who fed above,  
 Unveil'd the last recess of love.  
 Each wondering fawn was seen to bound †,  
 Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,  
 At sight of that sequester'd glade,  
 In all its light, in all its shade,  
 Which rises there for wisest ends,  
 To deck the temple it defends.

Lo ! gentle tenants of the grove,  
 For what a thousand heroes strove,  
 When EUROPE, ASIA, both in arms,  
 Disputed one fair lady's charms.  
 The war pretended HELEN's eyes † ;  
 But this, believe it, was the prize.  
 This rous'd ACHILLES' mortal ire,  
 This strung his HOMER's epic lyre ;  
 Gave to the world LA MANCHA's knight,  
 And still makes bulls and heroes fight.

Yet, tho' the distant conscious muse  
 This airy rape delighted views ;

\* The very day on which the fleet under admiral HAWKE was blown into TORBAY.

† Immemor herbarum quos est mirata Juvenca. VIRG.

‡ Et fuit ante HELENAM, &c. HOR.

Yet she, for honour guides her lays,  
 Enjoying it, disdains to praise,  
 If Frenchmen always fight with odds,  
 Are they a pattern for the gods ?  
 Can Russia, can th' Hungarian vampire \*,  
 With whom cast in the SWEDES and empire,  
 Can four such powers, who one assail,  
 Deserve our praise, should they prevail ?  
 O mighty triumph ! high renown !  
 Two gods have brought one mortal down ;  
 Have club'd their forces in a storm,  
 To strip one helpless female form !  
 Strip her stark naked ; yet confess,  
 Such charms are Beauty's fairest dress !

But, all-insensible to blame,  
 The sky-born ravishers on flame  
 Enchanted at the prospect stood,  
 And kiss'd with rapture what they view'd.  
 Sleek S \* \* R too had done no less ?  
 Would parsons here the truth confess :  
 Nay, one brisk PEER, yet all-alive,  
 Would do the same, at eighty-five †.

But how, in colours softly-bright,  
 Where strength and harmony unite,  
 To paint the limbs, that fairer show  
 Than MESSALINA's borrow'd snow ;

\* A certain mischievous demon that delights much in human blood ; of whom there are many stories told in Hungary.

† We believe there is a mistake in this reading ; for the person best informed and most concerned assures, that it should be only *seventy-five*.

To paint the rose, that, thro' its shade,  
 With theirs, one human eye survey'd ;  
 Would gracious PHOEBUS tell me how,  
 Would he the genuine draught avow,  
 The muse, a second TITIAN then,  
 To fame might consecrate her pen !

That TITIAN, Nature gave of old  
 The queen of beauty to behold,  
 Like MIRA unadorn'd by dress,  
 But all-complete in nakedness :  
 Then bade his emulating art  
 Those wonders to the world impart.  
 Around the ready graces stand,  
 His tints to blend, to guide his hand.  
 Each heightening stroke, each happy line,  
 Awakes to life the form divine ;  
 Till rais'd and rounded every charm,  
 And all with youth immortal warm,  
 He sees, scarce crediting his eyes,  
 He sees a brighter VENUS rise !  
 But, to the gentle reader's cost,  
 His pencil with his life, was lost :  
 And MIRA must contented be,  
 To live by RAMSAY, and by ME.

