These were the Natives of this happy Land,
The Sight of whom so fill'd my glowing Breast
With Ecstasy that I awoke: And thus
Their Glories vanish'd, and were seen no more.

The Libyan Hunter, a Fable.

Inscrib'd to the Memory of a late admir'd Author.

When Merit rises like the Prince of Day,
Pale Envy turns her asking Eyes away;
Then sallow Cheeks with Rage are taught to glow,
And narrow Souls to bloated Furies grow.

Old Story tells us, on an earthly Plain
Once Jove descend'd wrap'd in golden Rain:
Now Fate permits no such familiar Powers,
But Shoals of Criticks fall in leaden Showers:
These gaze at Wit, as Owls behold the Sun,
And curse the Lufter which they fain would shun;
These Beasts of Prey no living worth endure,
Nor are the Regions of the Dead secure;

Yet
Yet shall the Worthy o'er their Spite prevail;
Here lies the Moral—— follows next the Tale.

Once on a time on Libya's thirsty Land,
Where Showers seldom wet the burning Sand,
Liv'd happy Sylvius as the Morning gay,
A well-known Fav'rite of the Prince of Day;
Whose Hand, unerring, to the Mark in view
Sent the swift Arrow from the twangling Yew:
The trembling Panthers from his Fury fly,
When the keen Jav'lin his'd along the Sky;
Fierce were his Eyes, and dazzling as the Sun;
His raven Looks in mazy Ringlets run,
A well-flor'd Quiver at his Back was ty'd,
A shining Spear his better Hand supply'd:
Thus rudely charming, he was sure to please
With graceful Negligence and careless Ease:
He breath'd soft Musick from his tuneful Tongue,
And the wild Tiger listen'd to his Song:
The woodland Nymphs their dusky Shades forego,
And the blue Naiads left the Deeps below:

None
None guard the Flocks, nor hunt the flying Prey,  
Till he had finish'd the enchanting Lay:  
Then Sylvan Dames with Wreaths of Laurel bound,  
His cheerful Temples and with Roses crown'd,  
But grudging Envy heard the just Applause,  
And the pale Phantom writh'd her hagard Jaws;  
Now swell'd the Bosoms of repining Swains,  
And hissing Scandals flew across the Plains.

At length his Fame the wondring Sky invades,  
And reach'd the Muses in their sacred Shades;  
Bright Thalia view'd him with an envious Eye,  
And thus address'd her Partners of the Sky:  
Ye tuneful Maids, give o'er the labour'd Song,  
Small are the Praisès to our share belong;  
Look down and see on yonder fultry Plain,  
Our Voices equal'd by a Libyan Swain;  
Give o'er the Lay, ye too officious Fair,  
Lay down the Lyre and fruitless Hymns forbear,  
Nor hope to charm the partial Prince of Day,  
While heav'nly Accents breathe from mortal Clay:

In
In vain we keep our radiant Seats on high,
If rural Swains shall with our Musick vie:
She said: And Rage possest the beauteous Ring,
Some curse the Youth and some their partial King.
The Dame who saw th' infectious Murmurs run,
Roll'd her blue Eyes, and thus afresh begun:
No more the Bays shall to our Share belong,
Nor charm'd Celestials shall attend our Song:
But all to Sylvius shall their Off' rings pay;
To Sylvius favour'd by the Prince of Day,
Shall he exceed the Muses sacred Choir:
Not while Revenge shall injur'd Bosoms fire.

But see, my Sisters: On the Plains below
Swift Cynthia's Hounds pursue the flying Doe:
Be mine the Task to bear a fraudful Tale,
To the swift Hunters in the Libyan Vale:
As how her Herds in vain from Sylvius fly;
His Darts pursue them, and the Victims die:
So Delia's Rage shall stop his tuneful Tongue,
And we no more shall dread the rival Song.
Here ceas'd the Dame — the smiling Sisters join:
Their loud Applauses to her fly Design.

Now had the Sun withdrawn his piercing Eye,
And Night assum'd the Empire of the Sky:
Lull'd in her Lap reposeing Nature lay,
And Swains forgot the Labours of the Day:
The Winds were hush'd, the Ocean ceas'd to roar,
And softly murmur'd by the sandy Shore,
When from Parnassus flew the envious Maid,
To seek the Huntress of the lonely Shade:
The fierce Virago on a verdant Plain,
She found, encircled by her sleeping Train;
Where a cool River blest the fertile Ground,
Its Bank with Trees and bending O'er's crown'd:
Beneath a Shade the lovely Dian stood
With down-cast Eyes, and view'd the rolling Flood;
Whose Waves were bright with the reflected Beams
Of her own Orb that sparkl'd on the Streams,

"Hail, Delia, Hail, (began the artful Dame)"
"Lives there a Wretch who owns not Delia's Name?"
"Lives
Lives there a Slave whose daring Hand defies
The awful Emprefs of the nightly Skies?
Yes, haughty Sylvius triumphs o'er the Plain,
Tho' thy choice Herds are by his Arrows slain;
The frighted Fauns his wanton Rage wou'd fly,
But the keen Dart o'ertakes 'em, and they die.
His shining Spear arrests the trembling Doe,
And groaning Stags the deadly Weapon know:
But if fair Delia to the Libyan Swain
Resigns the Freedom of her sacred Plain,
Let none dispute the Licence of her Will,
And I retire to our tuneful Hill.'

With flushing Features and disorder'd Charms
The angry Goddess seiz'd her deathful Arms;
Shall Man with me dispute the Plain (the cries,
While kindling Rage inflam'd her rolling Eyes)
This Hand shall well revenge my slaughter'd Deer:
She said: And furious grasp'd the dreadful Spear,
And o'er her Shoulder flung the shining Bow,
Then breathing Vengeance sought her guiltless Foe.
The Youth beneath a dusky Shade she found,
Thoughtless of Ill and sleeping on the Ground;
A deadly Shaft deluded Cynthia drew,
And to his Heart the feather'd Vengeance flew;
The reaking Blood came bubbling through the Wound,
Pour'd o'er his Bosom and distain'd the Ground;
Then the freed Spirit took her airy Way,
To Fields of Pleasure and of endless Day.

The red-cheek'd Morning had now chas'd away
Night's sable Curtain — and the dawning Day
Call'd forth abroad the trusty Bands — Again
To chase the Tiger o'er the Desert Plain;
To search the Caves where kingly Lions roar,
And from thick Shades dislodge the bristled Boar:
Sylvius they want, for him they search, they call,
They search the Shades where crystal Waters fall,
His wonted Haunts: Then ev'ry Voice they try:
In vain they call, for none, alas! reply:
Hear, Sylvius, hear, they cry, and all around;
Hear, Sylvius, hear, the hollow Rocks resound.

At
At length a Crew, the basest of the Plain,
Approach'd, the Covert of the slaughter'd Swain:
Glad they beheld him breathless on the Ground,
And gaz'd with Rapture on the purple Wound,
When one began— Now bless the friendly Hand,
That swept off Sylvius from the gazing Land:
Behold the Day so oft by us desir'd,
Here lies the Swain whom lately all admir'd.

This Phæbus saw, as from his blazing Wheels,
With his broad Eye he view'd the glitt'ring Fields.
Behold the Youth whom he had taught to throw
The feather'd Arrow from the bounding Bow,
Beheld his Sylvius, to whose artful Tongue
He taught the Numbers of enchanting Song.
Now cold and breathless on the dewy Plain,
And his worst Foes insulting o'er the Slain:
Then rag'd the God that wears the silver Bow,
And his broad Eyes with sparkling Fury glow,
Descended Phæbus in a burning Ray,
His beamy Locks declares the Prince of Day,
And flashing Glories round his Temples play,
Each on his Face the trembling Victims fall,
Their slumbering Tongues would fain for Mercy call;
But as all groveling on the Dust they lie,
His Shafts dispatch them to the darker Sky:
Learn hence (he cry'd) ye impious Men, to know,
And dread the Pow'r that wears the mortal Bow:
For while I rule the blazing Throne of Day,
None wrong my Servants but shall find their Pay;
He said—and rais'd his Fav'rite from the Ground,
Then smil'd the Features: And the gaping Wound
Was seen no more. The glowing Cheeks revive,
Shake off the Stamp of Death, and seem alive;
Instead of Cypress and a mournful Shroud,
Apollon wrap'd him in a golden Cloud,
And bore him thence: But where, there's none can say,
Unless to his own Regions of the Day.

And from the Ground where Sylvus late was seen,
Where the warm Gore had stain'd the thirsty Green;
A pleasing Tree arose with slender Stems,
That breath'd Ambrosia from its op'ning Gems.
Those op'ning Gems the Virgins us'd to wear
On their fair Bosoms, and their shining Hair:
Now the gay Shrub each happy Climate knows,
By all admir'd, and 'tis call'd the Rose.

The Temple of Love.

WHEN lonely Night compos'd the drowsy Mind,
And hush'd the Bosom of the weary Hind,
Pleas'd with plain Nature and with simple Life,
I read the Scenes of Shore's deluded Wife,
Till my faint Spirits sought the silent Bed,
And on its Pillow drop'd my aking Head;
Then Fancy ever to her Mira kind,
Prepar'd her Phantoms for the roving Mind.

Behold a Fabrick rising from the Ground,
To the soft Timbrel and the Cittern's Sound:
Corinthian Pillars the vast Building hold,
Of polish'd Silver and Peruvian Gold;