

To Lady FANE on her Grotto at Basilden. 1746.

By Mr. GRAVES.

GLIDE smoothly on, thou silver Thames,
Where FANE has fix'd her calm retreat;

Go pour thy tributary streams,

To lave imperial Thetis' feet.

There when in flow'ry pride you come

Amid the courtiers of the main,

And join within the mossy dome

Old Tiber, Arno, or the Seine;

When each ambitious stream shall boast

The glories of its flatter'd lords;

What pomp adorns the Gallic coast,

What Rome, or Tuscany affords.

Then shalt thou speak, (and sure thy tale

Must check each partial torrent's pride,)

What scenes adorn this flow'ry vale,

Thro' which thy happier currents glide.

But when thy fond description tells

The beauties of this grott divine:

What miracles are wrought by shells,

Where nicest taste and fancy join:

Thy story shall the goddess move,

To quit her empire of the main,

Her throne of pearls, her coral grove,

And live retir'd with Thee and FANE.

The I N V I S I B L E. By the Same.

WHAT mortal burns not with the love of fame?

Some write, some fight, some eat themselves a name.

For some beau Frightful haunts each public place,

And grows conspicuous for — his ugly face.

Laura, the rural circle's constant boast,
Sighs for the Mall, nor sleeps till she's a toast.
The priestling, proud of doctrine not his own,
Usurps a scarf, and longs to preach in town.
Ev'n Westley's saints, whose cant has fill'd the nation,
Toil more for fame, I trow, than reformation.

B —, tho' blest with learning, sense and wit,
Yet prides himself in never shewing it.
Safe in his cell, he shuns the staring crowd,
And inward shines, like Sol behind a cloud.
For fame let fops to distant regions roam,
Lo! here's the man—*who never stirs from home!*
That unseen wight, whom all men wish to see,
Illustrious grown—by mere obscurity.

The Pepper-box and Salt-seller. A FABLE.

To * * * * * Esq; By the same.

THE 'squire had din'd alone one day,
And Tom was call'd to take away:

Tom clear'd the board with dextrous art:
But, willing to secure a tart,
The liquorish youth had made an halt;
And left the pepper-box and salt
Alone, upon the marble table:
Who thus, like men, were heard to squabble.

Pepper began, "Pray, Sir, says he,
What business have you here with me?
Is't fit that spices of my birth
Should rank with thee, thou scum of earth?
I'd have you know, Sir, I've a spirit
Suited to my superior merit——"