

No doubt to genius some reward is due,
 (Excluding that were satirizing you):
 But yet believe thy undefining friend,
 When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
 Tho' both have weight, when in the balance cast,
 Let probity be first, and parts the last.

On these foundations if thou dar'st be great,
 And check the growth of folly and deceit,
 When party rage shall drop thro' length of days,
 And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
 Then future times shall to thy worth allow
 That fame, which envy wou'd call flattery now.

Thus far my zeal, tho' for the task unfit,
 Has pointed out the rocks where others split:
 By that inspir'd, tho' stranger to the Nine,
 And negligent of any fame but thine,
 I take that friendly, but superfluous part,
 That acts from nature what I teach from art.

To a LADY on a LANDSCAPE of her Drawing.

By Mr. PARRAT.

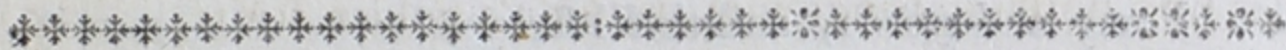
BEHOLD the magic of Theresa's hand!
 A new creation blooms at her command.
 Touch'd into life the vivid colours glow,
 Catch the warm stream, and quicken as they flow.

The ravish'd sight the pleasing landscape fills,
 Here sink the vallies, and there rise the hills.
 Not with more horror nods bleak Calpe's height,
 Than here the pictur'd rock astounds the sight.
 Not Thames more devious-winding leaves his source,
 Than here the wand'ring rivers shape their course.
 Obliquely lab'ring runs the gurgling rill ;
 Still murm'ring runs, or seems to murmur still.
 An aged oak, with hoary moss o'erspread,
 Here lifts aloft its venerable head ;
 There overshadowing hangs a sacred wood,
 And nods inverted in the neighb'ring flood.
 Each tree as in its native forest shoots,
 And blushing bends with Autumn's golden fruits,
 Thy pencil lends the rose a lovelier hue,
 And gives the lily fairer to our view.
 Here fruits and flow'rs adorn the varied year,
 And paradise with all its sweets is here.
 There stooping to its fall a tow'r appears,
 With tempests shaken, and a weight of years.
 The daised meadow, and the woodland green,
 In order rise, and fill the various scene.

Some parts, in light magnificently dress'd,
 Obtrusive enter, and stand all confes'd ;
 Whilst others decently in shades are thrown,
 And by concealing make their beauties known,
 Alternate thus, and mutual is their aid,
 The lights owe half their lustre to the shade,

So the bright fires that light the milky way,
 Lost and extinguish'd in the solar ray ;
 In the sun's absence pour a flood of light,
 And borrow all their brightness from the night.

To cheat our eyes how well dost thou contrive !
 Each object here seems real and alive.
 Not more resembling life the figures stand,
 Form'd by Lyfippus, or by Phidias' hand.
 Unnumber'd beauties in the piece unite ;
 Rush on the eye, and crowd upon the sight,
 At once our wonder and delight you raise,
 We view with pleasure, and with rapture praise.



ODE TO CUPID ON VALENTINE'S Day.

By the Same.

C O M E thou rosy-dimpled boy,
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
 Leave the blisful bow'rs awhile,
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle :
 Visit Britain's rocky shore,
 Britons too thy pow'r adore.
 Britons hardy, bold, and free,
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee.
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
 Come thou rosy-dimpled boy.

Haft