

Again fair virtue loves to dwell

In your engaging form;

As pure as *Eve* before she fell,

As free from inward storm.

Keen satire now, with soften'd gaze,

Unbends her wrinkled brow;

And looks serenely gen'rous praise,

Who never prais'd till now.

E L E G Y,

On a favourite DOG, suppos'd to be poison'd.

To Miss MOLLY CLAYTON.

O All ye spotted brutes that guard the Fair,
 Lie on their laps, or wait upon their chair;
 Ye *Cupids*, *Cloes*, *Pballis*'s, or *Sbocks*,
 Ye who defend the household, or the flocks:
 But chiefly ye in ladies' chambers nurst,
 Who leap at sweetmeats, sniffing at a crust,
 Come and bemoan poor *Spar'ky*'s poison'd dust.

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LLY CLAYTON.

grutes that guard the Fair,

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s, sniffing at a crust,

r *Sparky's* poison'd dust.

Hither

Hither your little whim'ring offspring lead,

And join the dismal howl, to wail him dead.

Shame on the wretch, who dealt the deadly
draught!

Thou human brute! whose very name's a blot.

O that kind fate would poison all thy life

With some smart vixen, very much a Wife!

And when the end of thy chastisement's near,

May'st thou want ratbane then — to poison Her.

Whilst the cold drug was struggling hard with
life,

And sense awhile maintain'd the doubtful strife;

With much of gratitude and sorrow mix'd,

On me his scarce-perceiving eyes he fixt:

Then to these arms with stagg'ring steps did haste,

There, where he oft had slept, to sleep his last.

The tear was vain; nor will I blush to own

A heart of softer workmanship than stone:

Yet lest the wife my weakness should reprove,

The tear I dropt to gratitude, and love.

I

Now

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

Now die, O *Tabby*! all ye fav'rites fall!
 Dogs, parrots, squirrels, monkeys, beaus and all!
 For thou wert all those tender names in one;
 That thou could'st yet survive! — but thou art gone.

Ah! what avails thy honours now to trace!
 Thy high descent, thy ancient royal race!
 Thy length of ears proclaim'd the gen'rous seed,
 Hereditary heir of *Charles's* breed;
 And had not *William* chang'd the face of things,
 Mightst still have bark'd beneath the throne of kings.

No more shalt thou, with each revolving day,
 Expect the warm repast of milk and tea;
 Nor when the balmy slumber I prolong,
 Ascend the stairs, and wake me with thy tongue:
 No more shall thy discerning nose decry
 The fav'ry steams, that speak the dinner nigh.
 Soon didst thou wake, and ev'ry cat assail,
 Then, strutting, shake the honours of thy tail.
 With look importunate, and begging face,
 Scarce could he wait the tediousness of grace:

But

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L A N I E S.

All ye fav'rites fall!
Monkeys, beaus and all!
Under names in one;
I live! — but thou art gone.

Honours now to trace!
Ancient royal race!
I'm'd the gen'rous feed,
Les's breed;
I'm'd the face of things,
Beneath the throne of kings,
With each revolving day,
Of milk and tea;
Lumber I prolong,
I ke me with thy tongue:
My nose descry
I speak the dinner nigh,
And ev'ry cat assail,
The honours of thy tail,
And begging face,
Tedioufness of grace: But

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

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But that perform'd, he barks exulting round;
The cats are scar'd, the neighb'ring roofs resound.

Whether by instinct, or by reason taught,
His just conclusions spoke the use of thought.
When smart toupée exhal'd the soft perfume,
He smelt a Beau, and sullen left the room.
Or when the ruddy 'Squire grew loud and vain,
And practis'd all the noises of the plain;
With sneaking step, at distance he'd retire,
Then mount his tail, and ev'n out-bark the well-
mouth'd 'Squire.

But most the Fool was his invet'rate foe,
That thing all over talk, all over beau:
Well he distinguish'd 'twixt brocade and sence,
And growl'd contempt beneath the sev'n-fold fence.

O ever-watchful! ever-faithful guard!
No more shall I thy gratitude reward.
That cream, that bread and butter soak'd in tea,
Is now lapp'd up as puss's lawful fee:

I 2

While

While she, proud vixen! often seems to say,
 "Peace to his shade!—each dog must have his day."

Yet *Thou*, his mistress once, and late his friend,
 Awhile the softly-falling *tear* suspend:
 And think, whene'er your Lark shall be no more,
 How vain are tears, since *Spark* was wept before,
 Or rather, how uncertain life's short date,
 Since ev'n your fav'rites must submit to fate.
 But could your *smile*, which sure gives life to all,
 Back from the grave his much-lov'd form recal;
 Then should these hands the welcome office pay,
 To wipe the dust from his reviving clay:
 With pleasure guard him from a world of ill,
 And aid his vengeance at the pois'ner's heel—
 Ah! smile then; try, exert your saving pow'r!
 Be *Spark* your present now, as once before.



Rhymes,

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