The SPIDER.

The sun had left the western road,
And drove his feet to rest.
When Charlie on her bed was laid,
With downy sleep oppress'd.

Full o'er her head a Spider dwell'd,
Secure from bruth or broom,
By heedless Sarah undercry'd,
Where'er the swept the room.

This Spider's citadel was large;
And cunningly contriv'd,
To entwine the heedless wandering fly's;
Upon whose spoils he divered.

Now beat on prey, one luckless night,
This bloody-minded wretch,
Peep'd from his battlements above,
Nor dream'd—Horn catch, barn catch.

He
He chariot'd full afloat asleep,
Her milk-white bosom o'er-spread her cheek,
And lonely fell her hair.

Charm'd with the sight, his bowels yearn;
From whence he spins a thread,
On which he glides as swift as thought.

So grandfire joy, transport'd much,
By some fair mortal's charms,
Defended on a fun-beam down.

And now he travels o'er her breast,
With wonder and delight,
And funk into her arms.

Snug was the word, and up he rolls
His carcase full of ill,
So round and black, she might have took
His worship for a pill.

At length, they
Lye there, or
Yet, ere I
That fraud,
May it!
MISCELLANIES

73

But now the nymph begins to wake, And lift her radiant eyes; How great was her surprise, Nor can I here in language paint. But this I will affirm, had she
An armed Man eftsoons there. 'Twould not have feared her half so much
In short, she shrieked, and Sarah ran
Impatient to her aid;

She likewise was dismayed. At length, with equal courage amid,
They daft'd him on the floor;

Yet, ere I take thy forfeit life, This full conviction gains,
That fraud, and guile, and cobweb art, May flourish long in vain.

Nor let the mere world,

MOONSHINES,

The useful and heathern skill,

She might have took
74 MISELLANIES.

The sage advice the Spider heard,  
As on the floor he lay;
But just as Sarah reach'd the tongs,  
He wildly—march'd away.

HEAVEN.

To STELLA.

Occasion'd by the wishes of an Author, whom her confined in,  
As she was-viewing the prospect from Cooper's Hill.

Some in a Spotted coat,  
To be gay and fine;
Not, we, the Stella's,  
To be gay and fine.

Then the Stella's,  
To be gay and fine.

As other fobes.

STELLA.

L'ET LERN'D DIVINES, to whom'tis giv'n  
To search the mysteries of Heav'n.

Say, if their science can devise  
Where this thrice happy region lies:

Say, what the sacred books declare  
Of joys unknown to eye or ear;

Strives fully to explore—in vain,  
This awful theme, 'tis theirs to teach:

(O may we treasure what they teach!)  
The Heaven of a harmless maid.