

The sage advice the Spider heard,

As on the floor he lay;

But just as *Sarah* reach'd the tongs,

He wisely — march'd away.

HEAVEN.

TO STELLA.

Occasion'd by her asking the Author what *hers* consisted in,
as they were viewing the prospect from *Cooper's Hill*.

LET learn'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;
Joys, which the busy mind of man
Strives fully to explore — in vain.
This awful theme 'tis theirs to preach,
(O may we treasure what they teach!)
My muse shall sing in *Windfor's* shade,
The Heaven of a harmless maid,

Stella

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L A N I E S.

Spider heard,
He lay;
He'd the tongs,
He'd away.

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E L L A.

Author what *hers* consisted in,
The prospect from *Cooper's* Hill.

Yes, to whom 'tis giv'n

Mysteries of Heav'n,

He devise

Any region lies:

Books declare

Eye or ear;

Mind of man

—in vain.

Theirs to preach,

That they teach!

Windsor's shade,

Helpless maid,

Stella

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

75

Stella describe the pleasing scene,
And shew me where your joys begin.

Has Love e'er touch'd your tender heart?

In *Damon's* pains have you no part?

Has no unguarded look betray'd

That *Stella* is a mortal Maid?

Did ne'er that thing call'd female pride

Conceal, what 'twas a pain to hide?

If not, we safely may aver,

That *Stella's* Heaven is not here.

Some in ambition place their bliss,

And to be great — is happiness.

Ambition, luxury and pride,

Could ne'er in *Stella's* heart reside.

And yet she loves a little state;

A coach and fix she does not hate:

But never falls into a swoon,

When awkward *Betty* pins her gown.

Can dine extremely well at two,

As other fober people do;

L 2

But

But yet, for reasons good, can wait
The modish hours of sev'n or eight.

Does not directly hate quadrille;

But likes to play, or to sit still,

Just as the Beaus and Ladies will.

At church can pass an hour or two,

With much good breeding in her pew;

Altho' the op'ra does not fill,

And side boxes are empty still.

Hence some have thought, when *Stella* there

Has lifted up her eyes in pray'r,

(Have thought indeed! at six and sev'n)

That 'mongst the stars lay *Stella's* Heav'n;

But folks may think what e'er they will,

None but the Muse, I'm sure, can tell.

You know what flatt'ring bards devise

About the Heav'n, that's in your eyes;

And likewise how they call your breast

The blissful feat of joy and rest:

Your looks, say they, are all divine,

Immortal pleasures round you shine;

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Believe me, *Stel*

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The muse bids

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To *Windsor's* sh

LANIES.

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in pray'r,
at fix and sev'n)

lay *Stella's* Heav'n;

what e'er they will,

'm sure, can tell.

tt'ring bards devise

at's in your eyes;

call your breast

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are all divine,

and you shine;

And

MISCELLANIES.

77

And having o'er your beauties run,
They make their rhyme, and so have done.

Now, as concerning this your breast—

These truths in metaphor exprest,

Believe me, *Stella*, are no jest.

For, to be serious, after all,

Whatever mortals pleasure call,

Whatever happiness we know,

To our own hearts alone we owe.

Your easy wit, and chearful air

A harmony within declare;

Which to a gen'rous nature join'd,

Brings sweet content, and peace of mind.

In vain thro' various scenes we roam,

The muse bids *Stella* look at home:

And let her wander where she will,

Her Heav'n she'll bear about her still,

To *Windsor's* shades, or *Cooper's Hill*.

To