

ing in bondage kept,  
 w'n by strangers wept,  
 in chains of gold,  
 resentment bold:  
 d, of soul sincere,  
 th'd his bed of care,  
 eful sense remains,  
 im, forgets his chains.  
 hat honours can atone  
 H thy spirit gone!  
 to foes at large,  
 portant charge! —  
 tes, of ghastly shape,  
 and look sad in crape;  
 r adorn thy hearse,  
 r, Fame and Verse:  
 ee with their earliest bloom,  
 n on thy tomb.  
*Philomel* complain,  
 isting notes remain;  
 " Beneath

" Beneath in silence sleeps, and ceas'd his song,  
 " The *Farinelli* of the feather'd throng:  
 " Of manners simple, uncorrupt of life,  
 " A friend to harmony, a foe to strife.  
 " This turf his Mistress to his mem'ry ow'd,  
 " And for his songs the gen'rous tear bestow'd."

HOLT WATERS. A Tale.

Extracted from the *Natural History of Berkshire.*

**T**WO Nymphs of chaste *Diana's* train,  
 Both fair, and tolerably vain,

One morning early left their beds,  
 And said their pray'rs, and drest their heads.  
 The coach was order'd, in they step,  
 Not well awake, nor quite asleep:  
 Of well-dress'd Beaus a brace they chuse,  
 At once for ornament, and use.

Their conversation need I tell?  
 Or who spoke most, or which spoke well?

Or

Or how it ran of various things,  
 Of Queens and grottos, wars and Kings,  
 Of fortune-tellers, or the fashion,  
 Of marriage, or predestination—?  
 In short, they settled all the nation.

Not many miles the Nymphs were come,

Ere *Cloe* wish'd she'd stay'd at home,

Her lively colour comes and goes,

The lilly struggled, and the rose.

“ I wish!” — Wish on, thou gentle maid;

Of Wishes need one be afraid?

“ Why then” — and whisper'd something low;

But what, or when, or where, or how,

None but the Muse shall ever know.

Yet trust me, Prudes, it was no more,

Than you or I have wish'd before:

Bright EMILY, of royal race,

Might wish the same in such a case.

In short,—the lady — but no matter:

I'll never tell one earthly creature,

For

For why should  
 Unveil what  
 But left the  
 Should hear,  
 On each she  
 And thus the

“ What va

“ Does *Jove*

“ Poor *Kitty*

“ Was all fo

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but no matter:

creature,

For

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

For why should I, in lays forbidden,

Unveil what *Custom* would have hidden?

But lest the Beaus, for Beaus might blame,

Should hear, and after hurt her fame,

On each she cast a languid look,

And thus the Heroes twain bespoke.

“ What vast variety of woe

“ Does *Jove* let fall on folks below!

“ Poor *Kitty*, who but yesterday

“ Was all so giggling, and so gay,

“ Is pouring now the frantic tear,

“ And bares her breast, and beats the air;

“ All comfort from her bosom's fled,

“ For ah! her Parroquet is dead.

“ Now 'tis but civil, as I guess,

“ To visit people in distress;

“ If not for love, in spite, or joke,

“ To see how horridly they look:

“ For grief the fairest cheek will stain,

“ And make folks look extremely plain.

“ Then

- “ Then wonder not, if I alight,  
 “ To do what’s decent, and what’s right;  
 “ To visit first the hapless maid,  
 “ Then pay the rite to *Polly’s* shade:  
 “ Whose grave I’ll sprinkle — with my tears,  
 “ And mix my friendly drops with hers.  
 “ Excuse me then — I can no more —  
 “ Here, *Thomas*, stop; undo the door.”

*Tom* stops, and *Cloe* soon alights,  
 Looks pleas’d, but full of fears and frights.  
 Sir *Fopling* he must needs attend her,  
 And, with a speech, his hand will lend her:  
 “ O no, Sir *Fopling*! — You’ll excuse it;  
 “ Time’s precious, and we must not lose it.”

Away she flies, as swift as wind,  
 And leaves the lover far behind.  
 At length a little farm she sees,  
 Surrounded by a clump of trees;  
 No yelping Cur was heard from far,  
 The door had neither bolt nor bar:

M I  
 So in she goes  
 But no expedient  
 What shall she  
 And speedily  
 In haste she  
 In hopes to find  
 But not a living  
 Nor cat to fright  
 In short, the  
 Time to confound

The cream  
 Fit for the  
 Nay *Yove* himself  
 Would call for  
 So, in a grove  
 Some river g  
 Pour all her  
 Hence plente  
 And *Ceres* la  
 A pan of m  
 Did next rec

not, if I alight,  
 cent, and what's right;  
 hapless maid,

to *Polly's* shade:

sprinkle — with my tears;  
 ndly drops with hers.

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s swift as wind,

er far behind.

arm she fees,

hump of trees;

as heard from fat;

her bolt nor bar:

So in she goes, and looks around,

But no expedient's to be found.

What shall she do? Her wants are pressing,

And speedily require redressing.

In haste she trips it to the dairy,

In hopes to find or *Nan* or *Mary*;

But not a living soul was there,

Nor cat to squall, nor mouse to stir.

In short, the bus'ness must be done;

Time to consider there was none.

The cream-pot first she fill'd with liquor,

Fit for the thorax of the Vicar.

Nay *Jove* himself, the skies protector,

Would call such liquor heav'nly Nectar.

So, in a grot, I've seen enthron'd

Some river goddess, osier-crown'd,

Pour all her copious urns around.

Hence plenteous crops our harvests yield,

And *Ceres* laughs thro' all the field.

A pan of milk, unskimm'd its cream,

Did next receive the bounteous stream;

The

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

The bounteous stream in bubbles breaks,  
 And many a curious eddy makes.  
 O stop, dear nymph; alack! forbear;  
 Spoil not our cheese! our butter spare!  
 What will poor Goody *Baucis* say,  
 To see her milk all turn'd to whey?  
 The nymph was deaf, the noise was loud,  
 And who hear less than those that shou'd?  
 So in an aqueduct I've stood,  
 And heard aghast the headlong flood:  
 What tho' with *Stentor's* lungs you call,  
 I hear you not, I'm deafness all.

The rite perform'd, herself much eas'd,  
 And *Polly's* gentle shade appears'd,  
 Back to her company she flies,  
 Quite unobserv'd by vulgar eyes.  
 The muse indeed behind her stood,  
 And heard the noise, and saw the flood.

But when poor *Baucis* from the field  
 Return'd, and saw her vessels fill'd;

How

How did she li  
 And cry'd —  
 " I left this m  
 " And saw no  
 " My cream-po  
 " But now it o  
 " Yet no diforc  
 " No fix-pence  
 " My pewter o  
 " The house to  
 " Well; guard  
 " For mighty v

A large brow  
 The reservoir of  
 The liquor pure  
 But stock'd with  
 Now *Baucis*, wh  
 Was very dry, I  
 One draught, cry  
 I'm thirsty, and  
 Let's see what H

How did she lift her hands, and stare!

And cry'd — "What Fairy has been here?"

"I left this milk-pan yet to skim,

"And saw no bubbles on the brim!

"My cream-pot too was hardly full,

"But now it over-flows the bowl!

"Yet no disorder I can view,

"No fix-pence left in *Kattern's* shoe:

"My pewter on the shelves have slept,

"The house too's neither brusht nor swept,

"Well; guard us all, I say, from evil!

"For mighty watchful is the Devil."

A large brown jugg stood there apart,

The reservoir of near a quart;

The liquor pure, as amber fine,

But stock'd with particles saline,

Now *Baucis*, who came hot from work,

Was very dry, her dinner pork;

One draught, cry'd she, of good sound beer!

I'm thirsty, and no creature near —

Let's see what Heav'n has sent us here.

She

100 MISCELLANIES.

She smelt it, and no full-blown rose  
Sent half the fragrance to her nose.  
It looks, thinks she, like cowslip wine,  
And if not sweet, I'm sure 'tis fine:  
However, 'tis a sin to waste it,

I'll e'en take heart o' grace, and taste it—

She drank, and down the liquor went;

“ A little, and therewith content,

“ We learn, says she, from good St. Paul;

“ And sure Content is all in all!

“ Our beer is dead, but no great matter,

“ 'Tis better still than *common* water.

“ We poor folks must make shift, 'tis true;

“ Howe'er, to give the dev'l his due,

“ E'en let him bake, but never brew.”

SOLILOQUY, on an empty PURSE.

LAS! my Purse! how lean and low!

My silken Purse! what art thou now!

Once I beheld— but stocks will fall—

When *both* thy Ends had *reberewitbal*.

When

M I S

When I with  
My fortune pl  
A Poet's fortun  
Yet, mixt with  
Chink to the

Canst thou

I saw thee flu

And took thee

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