MERCURY and *CUPID.*

IN ſullen Humour one Day JOVE
Sent HERMES down to IDA's Grove,
Commanding CUPID to deliver
His Store of Darts, his total Quiver;
That HERMES ſhou'd the Weapons break,
Or throw 'em into LETHE' Lake.

HERMES, You know, muſt do his Errand:
He found his Man, produc'd his Warrant:
CUPID, your Darts——this very Hour——
There's no contending againſt Power.

How ſullen JUPITER, juſt now
I think I ſaid: and You'll allow,
That CUPID was as bad as He:
Hear but the Youngſter's Repartée.

Come Kinſman (ſaid the little God)
Put off your Wings; lay by your Rod;
Retire with Me to yonder Bower;
And reſt your ſelf for half an Hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heav'n:
And You fly faſt: and 'tis but Seven.
We'll take one cooling Cup of Nectar;
And drink to this Celeſtial Hector——

He break my Darts, or hurt my Pow'r!
He, LEDA's Swan, and DANAE's Show'r!
Go, bid him his Wife's Tongue reſtrain;
And mind his Thunder, and his Rain.——
My Darts? O certainly I'll give 'em:
From CLOE's Eyes He ſhall receive 'em.
There's One, the Beſt in all my Quiver,
Twang! thro' his very Heart and Liver.
He then ſhall Pine, and Sigh, and Rave:
Good Lord! what Buſtle ſhall We have!
NEPTUNE muſt ſtraight be ſent to Sea;
And FLORA ſummon'd twice a-day:
One muſt find Shells, and t'other Flow'rs,
For cooling Grotts, and fragrant Bow'rs,
That CLOE may be ſerv'd in State:
The HOURS muſt at Her Toilet wait:
Whilſt all the reaſoning Fools below,
Wonder their Watches go too ſlow.
LYBS muſt fly South, and EURUS Eaſt,
For Jewels for Her Hair and Breaſt:
No Matter tho' their cruel Haſte
Sink Cities, and lay Forreſts waſte.
No Matter tho' This Fleet be loſt;
Or That lie wind-bound on the Coaſt.
What whis'pring in my Mother's Ear!
What Care, that JUNO ſhou'd not hear!
What Work among You Scholar Gods!
PHOEBUS muſt write Him am'rous Odes:

And Thou, poor Couſin, muſt compoſe
His Letters in ſubmiſſive Proſe:
Whilſt haught y CLOE, to ſuſtain
The Honour of My myſtic Reign,
Shall all his Gifts and Vows diſdain;
And laugh at your Old Bully's Pain.

Dear Couz, ſaid HERMES in a Fright,
For Heav'n ſake keep Your Darts: Good Night.

On *BEAUTY.*
A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE Me, CLOE, what is THIS:
Or forfeit me One precious Kiſs.
'Tis the firſt Off-ſpring of the Graces;
Bears diff'rent Forms in diff'rent Places;
Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld;
Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd.
'Twas FLORA's Wealth, and CIRCE's Charm;
PANDORA's Box of Good and Harm:
'Twas MARS's Wiſh, ENDYMION's Dream;
APELLES' Draught, and OVID's Theme.
THIS guided THESEUS thro' the Maze;
And ſent Him home with Life and Praiſe.
But THIS undid the PHRYGIAN Boy;
And blew the Flames that ruin'd TROY.

THIS