

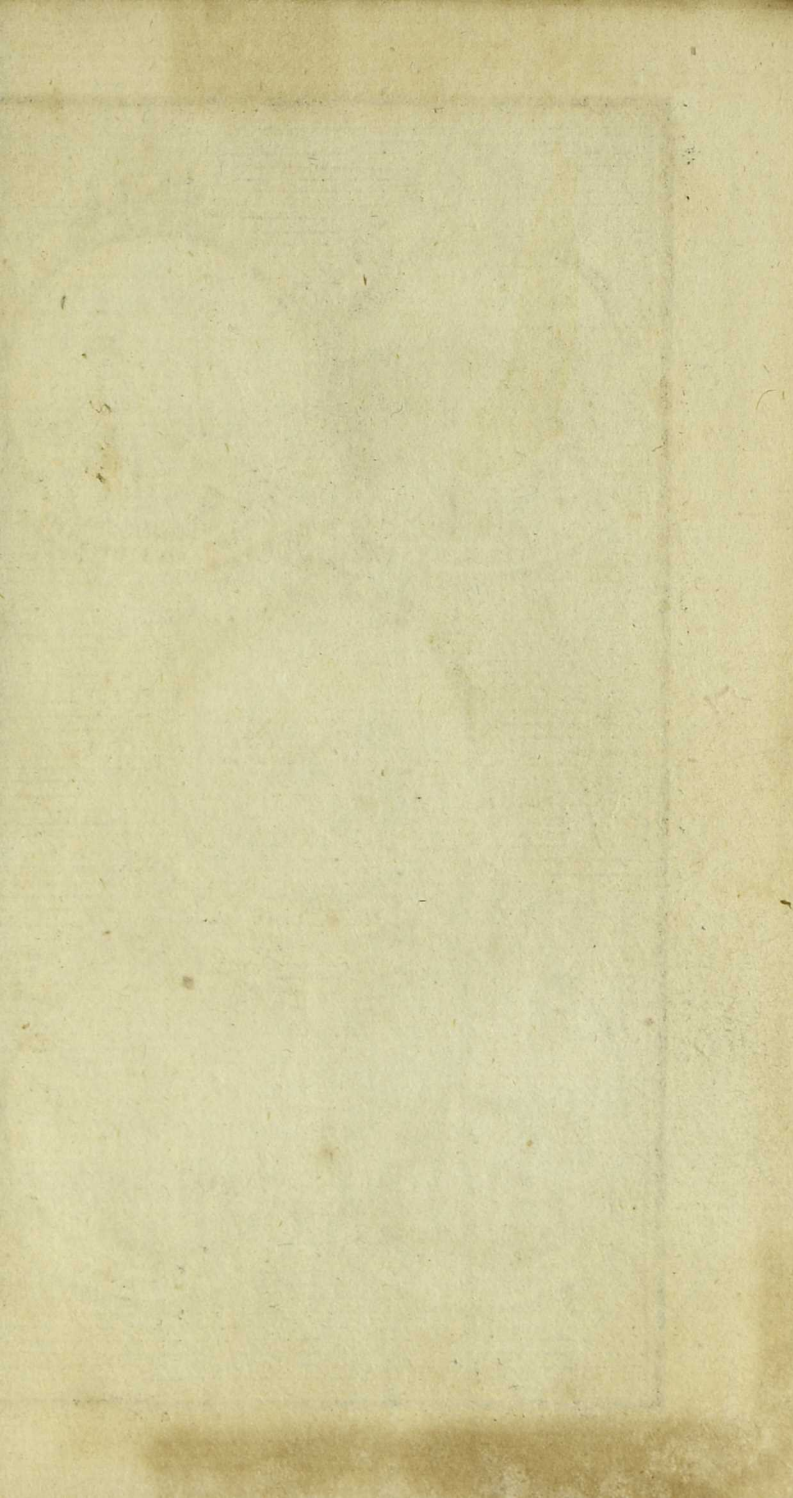
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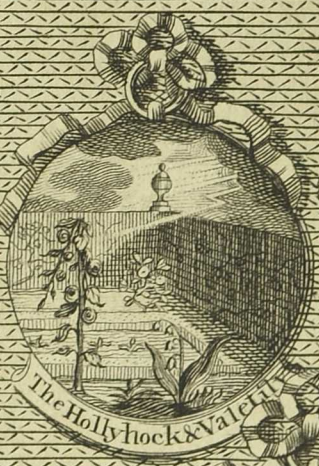


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III

J. L. L. L.





F A B L E S
O F
F L O W E R S,
F O R
T H E F E M A L E S E X.
W I T H
Z E P H Y R U S A N D F L O R A,
A V I S I O N.

By the Author of CHOICE EMBLEMS
for YOUTH.

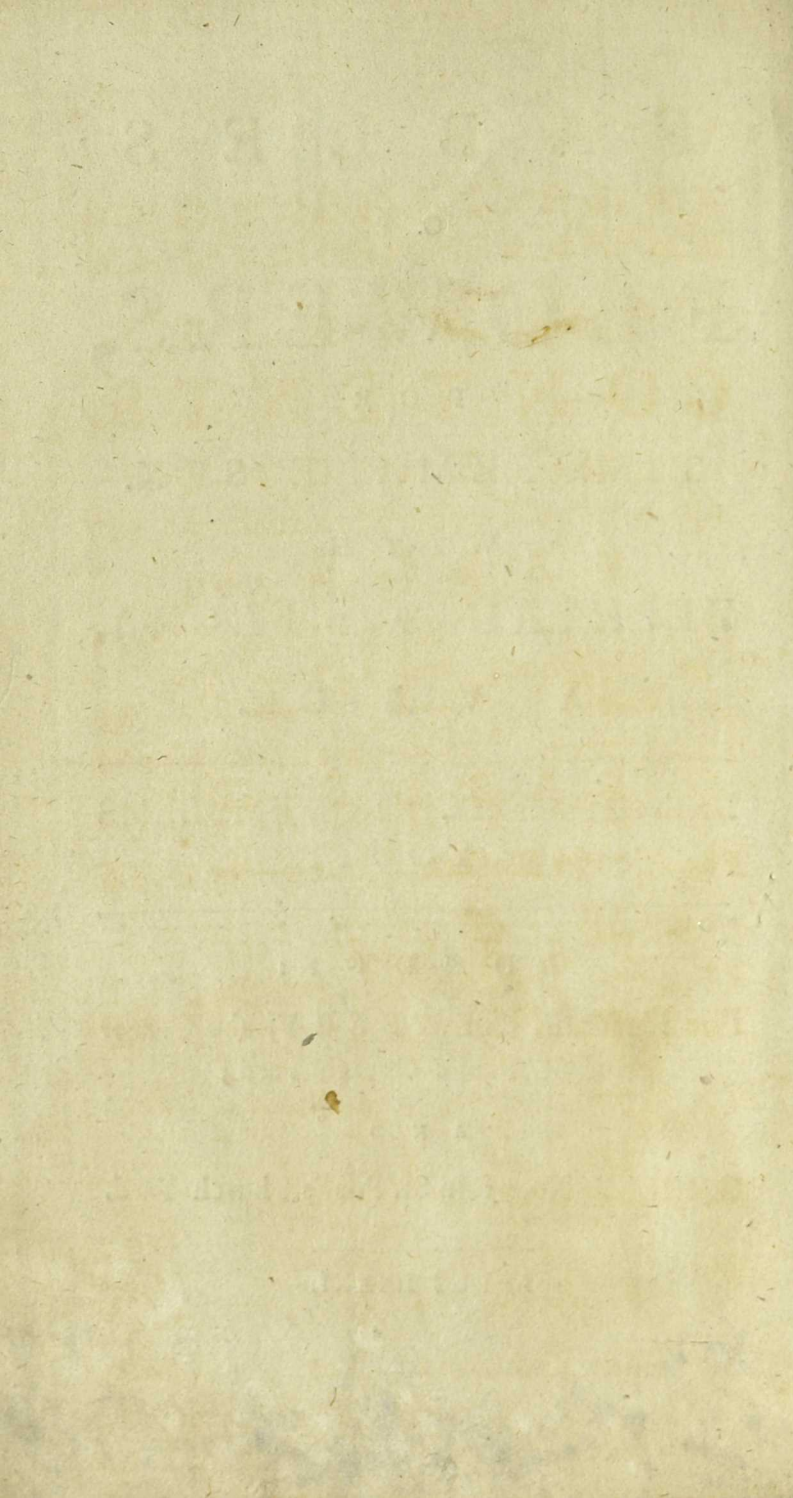
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P R E F A C E.

WHEN we address ourselves to females, there is a certain delicate manner which ought to be adopted; and a particular mode of instruction adhered to, which is peculiarly calculated for the improvement of the sex.

THIS performance is intended for the use of the Ladies, and the
Author

Author has endeavoured to chuse such subjects as are best adapted for their entertainment. Flowers are generally familiar to young people, more especially to females. If those, according to the licence of fable, can be made to speak the language of instruction ; it is likely, that the delightful lessons they deliver will prevail, and thus FLORA, in her simple garb, may inculcate those morals which Pallas might approve, though in a less severe manner, and cloathed in a more delightful dress. A young lady can scarcely take a walk in the garden, or select a nosegay for
an

P R E F A C E. vii

an ornament, without beholding some of those flowers whose various qualities are here described, and whose beauties they cannot be ignorant.

It would be needless to enlarge upon this subject. It remains only to observe, that these Fables which have been generally well received, are now revised, corrected, and rendered more harmonious in the measure, as well as more concise in the narration; whereby they may become more grateful to the ear, and be more likely to make a lasting impression upon the memory.

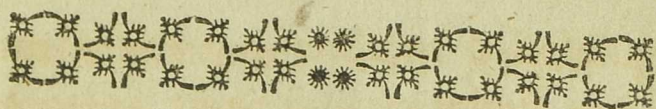
WITH

WITH these little alterations and amendments, the work is humbly recommended to Parents, Guardians, and the Teachers of Schools, where young ladies are educated, and is submitted to the candour of the PUBLIC in general,

By

their most obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.



ZEPHYRUS AND FLORA;

A V I S I O N.

I.

AS late I wander'd o'er the flow'ry plain,
Where Cambrian Cluyd pours his silver
tide,
Amidst the pleasures of fair Plenty's reign,
And blushing flow'rs and fruits on ev'ry side:

II.

Soft sigh'd the west winds, murm'ring o'er the
dale,
Whose ev'ry charm rose fresher from the
breeze;
The lofty hills more boldly kiss'd the gale,
Which skimm'd their tops, and shook the
wavy trees.

A

The

III.

The sun descending, shot his golden beams
Askance, with many a cloud his ev'ning
throne
Adorn'd ; while mountains, woods, and lucent
streams,
With the last blushes of his radiance shone.

IV.

Far stretching hence, Cambria's rough heights
I view,
Where Liberty long since forlorn retir'd,
Left fairer climes, and skies of brighter hue,
And, but at last, triumphantly expir'd :

V.

Bright Phœbus sunk, dim twilight now suc-
ceeds,
Yet gleaming dubious with uncertain ray,
While tremblingly among the vocal reeds
The ev'ning breezes still more faintly play.
Amid

VI.

Amid this beauteous, soft, and flow'ry scene,
On a high bank, all littlest, I reclin'd ;
Whose shelving sides were crown'd with lively
green,
By tufted trees and bord'ring flow'rs confin'd.

VII.

At length, Imagination, roving maid,
When gentle sleep had fetter'd all my pow'rs
In golden chains, my busy mind convey'd
To other landscapes and immortal bow'r's.

VIII.

Methought I stood amidst a garden fair,
Whose bounds no sight of mortal eye could
trace,
Situate mid-way, betwixt earth, seas, and air,
Not mark'd by Time, nor circumscrib'd by
Space.

6 ZEPHYRUS AND FLORA;

IX.

SPRING breath'd eternal glories o'er the land :
And gentlest winds, o'er fragrant lawns that
 blow,
Nurs'd beauteous buds unset by mortal hand,
And op'ning flow'rs that without planting
 grow.

X.

Meanwhile, soft music echoing from each grove,
Tun'd to enchanting notes most soft and
 clear,
That breath'd the soul of harmony and love,
Thrill'd the rapt breast, and charm'd the
 lift'ning ear.

XI.

These themes of wonder silent I survey'd,
Attentive hanging on each dying sound ;
Pleas'd with the glories which I saw display'd,
And scenes of joy and pleasure op'ning
 round :

Yet

XII.

Yet still methought a certain want appear'd,
Of some to own this spot, so heav'nly fair,
Else were each charming flow'ret vainly rear'd,
"To bloom unnotic'd to the desert air."

XIII.

Thus as I paus'd, still louder swell'd the notes,
From ev'ry bush, and brake, and echoing
hill;
While choirs cœlestial seem'd to tune their
throats,
And with glad voice the chearful chorus fill.

XIV.

Then, by some magic Pow'r swift snatch'd a-
way,
Ev'n to the midst of that delightful land,
I view'd at once all clad in bright array,
A thousand Genii of the Gardens stand.

8 ZEPHYRUS AND FLORA;

XV.

But far above all these a feat was plac'd,
Dress'd with each flow'r that ev'ry season
knows,
Whose vary'd tints, in gem-like order, grac'd
The rural theatre which gradual rose.

XVI.

For lo! the Genius of each blooming flow'r
Brought his own fav'rite with peculiar care,
To deck the arch of this enchanted bow'r,
And, bowing at the throne, he plac'd it
there.

XVII.

Bright was the scenes ;—but oh ! what pen can
trace
The heav'nly beauties of the matchless Two,
Who, glowing with each bright cœlestial grace,
Sat there aloft, conspicuous to the view !
The

XVIII.

The first, a youth of sweet and gentle mien,
With many a wreath and knotted garland
crown'd ;
Whose beauteous visage glow'd with charms
serene,
And on whose shoulders purple wings were
bound :

XIX.

His name was ZEPHYRUS ; and next him sat
The beauteous goddess of the blooming year,
The constant partner of his rural state,
To heav'n and earth, to gods and mortals
dear ;

XX.

FLORA, bright pow'r, who sheds unnumber'd
sweets
O'er thousand lands, what time her gifts ap-
pear,
What time her consort with his kisses greets
Her coral lips, and wakes the rising year.

XXI.

Her beauteous face was deck'd with youthful
pride

Her graceful form in flamy robes was dress'd,
And ev'ry charm wild Nature could provide,
Adorn'd her head, and beam'd upon her
breast,

XXII.

Beside the throne, rang'd in fair order, stood
The various Seasons of the rolling year !
By all their train of months, weeks, days, pur-
su'd :
And all their various symbols flourish'd here.

XXIII.

First was the SPRING, let by the rosy Hours,
With all the Loves and Graces in her train ;
Deck'd with her wreath of never-fading flow'rs,
Diffusing odours o'er the smiling plain.

Next

XXIV.

Next SUMMER stood ; his cheeks with ardour
fir'd,
With his own blushing fruits and harvests
crown'd ;
Before whose face the infant Spring retir'd,
And with her roses strew'd the russet ground.

XXV.

Stain'd with the grape's press'd juice, with steadier
pace,
Still looking backward on preceding time,
Ripe AUTUMN next succeeded in his place ;
Scatt'ring rich fruits, the growth of ev'ry
clime.

XXVI.

Last WINTER came, with heavy step and slow,
A hoary captive bound in icy chains ;
With haggard eyes, and mantle dipp'd in snow,
Who still of cold in Spring's own realms
complains.

XXVII.

Not one of these, but from their various store
 Some off'ring meet to lovely Flora pay ;
 Not one of these, but wish that off'ring more,
 And her soft reign most willingly obey.

XXVIII.

Ev'n WINTER's self, with look averted, throws,
 His thin-strewn flow'rets on the goddess'
 shrine ;
 Ev'n *his* cold bosom for a moment glows,
 When he beholds her radiant form divine.

XXIX.

But now the Genii of each plant and flow'r,
 Rang'd in fair order, wait her high com-
 mands :
 And each, approaching her delicious bow'r,
 In expectation of her verdict stands.

For

XXX.

For many of the *garden's* painted race,
And some that with their colours deck the
field,
Rivals in wealth, in beauty, and in grace,
Had wag'd high wars, unknowing how to
yield.

XXXI.

And more, of empty shew and titles vain ;
Alas ! that Pride so many should deceive !
Claim'd o'er their kindred plants and flow'rs to
reign :
And of their birthright others would bereave.

XXXII.

The Crown Imperial, and the spurious Flow'r
Which boasts of royal arms and splended
mien* ;
The warlike Plant that claims immortal
pow'r †,
And that gay lady call'd the Meadows Queen.

* Iris, or Fleur de lis. † Larkspur.

XXXIII.

All these, and more, that scorn'd a subject state,
 Rose to the claim of high imperial sway :
 Forgetting—to be *good* was to be *great*---
 They rose to rule, unpractis'd to obey.

XXXIV.

Alcæa proud † ; and lovely Venus' joy,
 That does from adverse winds its title claim;
 The once conceited, self-admiring Boy,
 Whose love prepost'rous gave a flow'r a
 name.

XXXV.

The gay Carnation dipp'd in brightest dyes,
 Who still with thirst of praise and glory
 burns ;
 With her whose mirrour cheats deluded eyes * ,
 And she that still to her lov'd Phœbus turns † .

† The Hollyhock. * Bell Flower, Corn Violet, or
 Venus's Looking Glass. † Clytie or the Sun Flower.

These

XXXVI.

These, with their num'rous chiefs of diff'rent
hues,
The painted Cock's Comb, and his lofty
train,
Their beauties vaunting, with the rest refuse
To share the glories of their gaudy reign---

XXXVII.

The judges sat, each sep'rate claim was heard,
While some for *rule*, and some for *praises*,
fought ;
And some had been disgrac'd, and some pre-
ferr'd,
As in the goddess' mind their various plead-
ings wrought.

XXXVIII.

But her lov'd consort, gently whisp'ring, said :
“ What means my Queen, on these to cast
her sight,
Who have but pride or lust of sway display'd,
Nor brought their real worth or virtues to the
light ?”

How

XXXIX.

“ How many absent fairer far than these,
 With greater fragrance in lone valleys blow ?
 Or, if the Gardens flow’ry tribe more please,
 Where do the Rose and fragrant Vi’let glow ?

XL.

“ The Lily where, and all that num’rous host,
 Who claim true praise to innate virtue due ?
 Or do they *merit least* who *loudest boast*,
 And with false glare impose upon the view ?”

XLI.

He said ; and FLORA, rising from her throne.
 Bade present search for ev’ry one be made :
 Who, though their off’rings on her altar shone,
 Their modest haste had from the court convey’d.

Strait

XLII.

Strait they return'd :—The lovely blushing
Rose,
The Lily ever chaste and ever fair,
The Vi'let sweet with purple tints that glows,
And Myrtle green, that scents the ambient
air :

XLIII.

With many more, grateful to sight and smell,
By bounteous Heav'n with matchless charms
endu'd ;
That in the fragrant meads or gardens dwell,
Or which wild wastes from human eyes se-
clude.

XLIV.

These by their Genii now in modest guise,
Excus'd from pleading 'midst the mingled
throng,
Claim'd but the tribute all allow'd their prize,
Nor sought their own just praises to pro-
long.

Yet

XLV.

Yet, *these* once seen, abash'd their rivals stand;
 And would have fled, but FLORA this deny'd;
 Who rising graceful, with her out-stretch'd
 hand,
 Thus briefly to th' assembled Pow'rs apply'd:

XLVI.

“ Genii of gardens, meads, and sylvan scenes,
 Attendant still in FLORA's vernal train,
 Say what this ardent, fond contention means,
 Why strive you thus for pow'r, and strive in
 vain ?

XLVII.

“ Are you not all beneath our sceptre blest ;
 Say, do not all confess our gentle sway ?
 Then seek not one to triumph o'er the rest,
 But each in peaceful order still obey.

Each

XLVIII.

“ Each has her charms, and each peculiar worth,
To all in various portions duly giv’n,
By secret Nature working at its birth,
The lavish bounty of indulgent Heav’n.

XLIX.

“ Each has her charms:--but view the blushing
Rose,
Behold the beauties of the Lily fair ;
Few boast of equal excellence to those,
Yet with their modest merit none compare.

L.

“ These, therefore, we prefer ; and though no
Queen
Besides Ourselves we will to hold the reign ;
Yet, for their true desert conspicuous seen,
We rank them foremost on the flow’ry
plain.

Hear,

LI.

Hear, and obey ; and if ought else abide,
 To raise dispute among your orders bright ;
 Still by true merit let the cause be try'd,
 And specious *show* yield to more solid *right*."

LII.

She spoke ;---the Seasons, and the winged
 Hours,
 Confirm'd her voice ; then breath'd a rich
 perfume,
 Which ZEPHYR scatter'd wide o'er all the
 flow'rs,
 And deck'd their leaves with more than mor-
 tal bloom.

LIII.

Then, his lov'd consort straining in his arms,
 With gentlest touch salutes her swelling
 breast ;
 Who strait shone forth in more refulgent charms,
 As JUNO when by vernal JOVE caress'd:
 And

LIV.

And sudden joining in a mazy dance,
The airy phantoms of the scene appear'd ;
Some to the sprightly timbrel did advance,
While some their clear harmonious voices
rear'd.

LV.

But One among the rest, who view'd me stand
Intent, and gazing on the prospect near,
Came forth, and gently touch'd my trembling
hand,
And bade me mark his words, and nothing
fear :

LVI.

“ And see'st thou not (said he) these vary'd
flow'rs,
Contending still for beauty or for sway ?
Such are the contests which employ man's
hours,
In life's short, busy, transitory day.

For

LVII.

“ For what is gaudy beauty’s short-liv’d bloom,
 The pomp of pow’r, of riches, or of pride ;
 Soon bury’d in the undistinguish’d tomb,
 Which all their boasted pomp at once must
 hide ?

LVIII.

“ VIRTUE alone survives, immortal maid !
 Her truly amaranthine flow’r shall blow,
 When all the rest are wrapt in dusky shade,
 And laid in dark and dusty ruins low.

LIX.

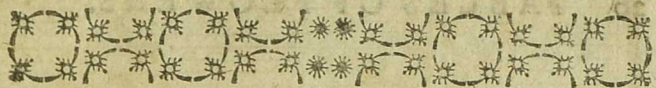
“ Hear, and attend !—improve the moral strain,
 So may’st thou sail safe through life’s dang-
 ’rous sea ;
 So from these scenes thou wisdom may’st attain,
 And FLORA prove MINERVA’s self to thee.”
 But

LX.

But, the full concert swelling on my ear,
The bands of sleep dissolv'd, away he flies ;
At once the train of phantoms disappear,
And on my waking sight the Vision dies.

LXI.

No longer now near FLORA's flow'r I stood,
But view'd with op'ning eyes the rising day;
Then down the Valley fair my path pursu'd,
And homeward, penfive, took my lonely way.



F A B L E S

O F

F L O W E R S.

F A B L E I.

The HOLLYHOCK and LILY
of the VALE.

I.

TWAS orient morn;—the solar ray
Illum'd the bright'ning landscaperound;
The dew-drops glitter'd on the day,
And gem-like deck'd the verdant ground.

II.

Within the cultur'd garden's pale
The HOLLYHOCK aspiring grew;
And there the LILLY OF THE VALE
Spread her mild beauties to the view.

III.

Elate with pride, the gaudy flow'r
To the bright Sun expands her breast,
And, glorying in the vernal hour,
The humbler Lily thus address'd.

B

“What

IV.

What dost thou here, mean, poultry thing ?
 Go seek a place in yonder field,
 Nor thus disgrace the tribes of Spring,
 Which now their choicest beauties yield.

V.

Whilst I with vivid colours bright,
 In Summer's lovely liv'ry gay,
 Imbibe the glowing tints of light,
 And glitter on the face of day !

VI.

How dar'st thou this fair spot profane,
 Where richer flow'rets deign to blow ?
 Retire to shades obscure again,
 And there, unpriz'd, neglected grow !.

VII.

The Lily heard : with modest grace
 That scorn'd the lofty boaster's pride,
 She, from her 'lone, unenvy'd place,
 With decent firmness, thus reply'd.

From

VIII.

From vaunting what advantage flows?
 Wouldst thou by this exalt thy name?
 Or may not yonder blushing rose
 Exert a fairer, juster claim.

IX.

So may the vine, with clusters drest,
 Which shall the richest sweets bestow;
 While thou, a barren flow'r at best,
 Art only made for empty show.

X.

For ME — what nature form'd, I am
 I scorn the foolish boast of pride;
 Nor seek to raise a higher name,
 By Heav'n and Providence deny'd.

XI.

Yet in some adverse hour of fate,
 When gloomy tempests rude assail,
 Ev'n *thou* may'st with *my* humbler state,
 Nor scorn THE LILY OF THE VALE.

XII.

Safe from her humble spot she spoke,
 While lour'd from far the changing sky,
 From clashing clouds while thunders broke,
 With light'nings glaring from on high,

XIII.

Full on the garden's lofty wall
 The haughty boaster's pride and trust,
 The blasting fires æthereal fall,
 And level all her hopes in dust.

XIV.

The Lily view'd the ruin'd flow'r,
 Nor vain exulted in its fate ;
 But grateful, bless'd the fav'ring pow'r
 That plac'd her in an humbler state.

XV.

*Daughters of Albion, wise as fair,
 Attend the moral of the tale,
 And imitate with prudent care,
 The gentle LILY OF THE VALE.*

FABLE

FABLE II.

The ALOE in BLOSSOM.

I.

IN warmer climes where Phœbus glows
 In pomp of all enliv'ning light
 This plant first to perfection rose;
 There nurtur'd, charm'd the wond'ring sight.

II.

But once in each revolving age,
 Fair plant, they say, thy blossoms blow:
 And where our rougher tempests rage,
 Thy choicest gems forget to glow.

III.

Like Genius thou can'st bloom alone
 When gently nurs'd by fav'ring skies:
 And here our rigid Northern Zone
 Forbids thy op'ning flow'rs to rise.

IV.

In climes remote, in Pagan lands
 Too long alas ! hast thou been plac'd,
 And Indian wilds and Afric's sands,
 Thy beauteous, partial presence grac'd.

V.

Yet deign at last, O precious flow'r,
 To deck the bosom of our isle ;
 Where on the genial, vernal hour
 Thy own lov'd Phœbus oft' will smile.

VI.

I said :—the guardian Sylph appear'd,
 Who made the guardian balmy plant her care
 Her shining front she graceful rear'd,
 And bade me my vain suit forbear.

VII.

Cease, cease, she cry'd the fruitless task !—
 To raise thy Albion's honour'd name
 What can the first of Patriots ask—
 Which is not granted to her fame !

The

VIII.

The gold wide scatter'd on their shore
 Let Ind' or Afric proud display,
 Their flow'rs, their plants, their spicey store,
 And gems that glitter on the day.

IX.

Not these ; nor all that here 'tis giv'n
 To happiest nations to possess,
 Exceed those gifts with which high Heav'n
 Thy favour'd, native land will bless.

X.

Here Freedom reigns ; from farthest seas
 Is wealth by golden commerce brought,
 Health, shed by ev'ry gentle breeze,
 And beauty to perfection wrought.

XI.

For here the fair transcendant glow
 And Britons hearts with ardour warm
 Those human blossoms genial blow
 And put forth ev'ry native charm.

XII.

Here Genius can the heart engage,
A flow'r by far excelling mine,
That asks not a revolving age
In all its choicest bloom to shine.

XIII.

Cease then ! nor look with longing eyes
For foreign good, to climes unknown ;
*But learn with decent pride to prize
The certain blessings of your own.*

FABLE III.

The ROSE and the HORNET.

I.

DEEP in a lone sequester'd vale
Where many'a wand'ring streamlet flows,
And nurs'd by Zephyr's mildest gale,
In secret bloom'd a fragrant Rose.

II.

Daughter of Nature, *there* she bloom'd
Where human face had never shone;
And all the ambient air perfum'd,
Survey'd by Phœbus' eye alone.

III.

Pride of the East; a brighter glow
Than e'er our richest gardens crown'd,
Bade her in heighten'd beauty blow,
Queen of th' enamel'd sylvan bound.

IV.

To her, swift rushing thro' the air,
 A rude impetuous Hornet hied,
 And vow'd t' enjoy the heav'nly fair,
 In all her bloom of beauty's pride.

V.

The fragrant flow'r, tho' wildly torn,
 To him no sweetness could afford,
 But struck by many' a vengeful thorn
 At length his rashness he deplor'd.

VI.

Enrag'd th' insulted Rose he left.
 And from her bosom as he broke
 Of ev'ry idle hope bereft,
 In height of anger thus he spoke:

VII.

Vain, barren flow'r! they deem thy breast
 Inchanting, lovely, sweet, and fair;
 But those who seek it ne'er shall taste
 Or love, or joy, or sweetness there.

The

VIII.

The BEE indeed, thy fav'rite vain,
 Says, sweetest honey springs from thee
 Yet naught but trouble, care, and pain,
 Have all thy charms conferr'd on me.

IX.

Then boast no more that beauteous glow
 Which thus excites to soft desire
 Since *thorns* alone thou can'st bestow
 To quench the ardent lover's fire.

X.

Then thus the Rose:—"Dost thou complain
 Thou, who hast dar'd rude force t'employ
 Though arm'd with pow'r, thou striv'st in vain
 To taste of true, substantial joy.

XI.

The Bee who sips the sweets that rise
 In op'ning lawn, or sylvan bow'r
 Tastes all the honey ere he flies,
 Yet never wounds the tender flow'r.

XII.

But impious thou as indiscreet,
 Of all our tribes the hate and scorn
 For ev'ry violated sweet,
 Shalt ever meet a poignant thorn.

XIII.

*Thus they who yield to wild desires,
 And madly think to grasp at joy,
 Shall find at last that guilty fires
 The object which they seek, destroy.*

FABLE IV.

The PRIMROSE and the
HAWTHORN.

I.

BENEATH the Hawthorn's rustic shade
Hid from the prying, curious view,
When May her brightest morns display'd,
A lovely blooming Primrose grew.

II.

The spreading thorn she pining sees,
And view'd its blossoms still with pain,
Nor deem'd her cares would ever cease
Till her fair rival press'd the plain.

III.

At length " Ah Thorn that wound't my peace
Bane of my full-blown hopes (she cries)
Still must I view thy bloom increase,
While all unknown my beauty dies:

IV.

IV.

I, who long since, in happy state,
 Had else been by some Nymph carefs'd,
 Had drank the radiance of her eye
 Or panted on her lovely breast.

V.

Thy subject, wretched, must I live?
 Hard fate that humble merit meets
 And tyrant, what hast thou to give
 To those who lose my world of sweets?

VI.

The Hawthorn thus reply'd, sedate,
 Fond child of Nature's sportive hour,
 Envy'st thou then, my tranquil state,
 Nurs'd in the shadow of my pow'r?

VII.

Or know'st thou not but for that shade
 Thy boasted bloom had all been vain,
 For thee the grazing cattle's tread
 Had levell'd with the dusty plain.

Or

VIII.

Or if by Nymph or Swain admir'd,
 Short had thy pageant-reign been found
 Thy beauty once so much desir'd
 Enjoy'd, had perish'd the ground.

IX.

Not idly I *these weapons* bear,
 Nor idle is my vernal bloom :
 One arms for thee my guardian care,
 The other sheds a rich perfume.

X.

And oft ! as springs soft warmth display'd
 Renews the vigor of the Year,
 In rural dance beneath my shade
 The nymphs and village swains appear.

XI.

Me the fleet Hare and Fawn distrust
 Seek ever at their greatest need ;
 Beneath my shade secure they rest,
 And oft times by my bounty feed.

Sacred

XII.

Sacred to Flora, of her train,
 Altho' no flow'r confest, am I,
 And still shall flourish on the plain,
 Where thou shalt fade and die.

XIII.

Cease then, nor envy thou the pow'r
 Which best thy weakness can defend;
 The *Thorns* I bear shall save thy flow'r,
 And prove thy firmest, surest friend.

XIV.

She said—*Then wise in time, let Youth still fear
 To trust to their own semblance fair,
 Nor think the moral too severe,
 That marks the friend's or parent's care,*

FABLE V.

The WHITE ROSE and the RED.

I.

CONTENDING beauties, whom the doom
Of adverse fate has full assign'd
Two fragrant, rival flow'rs to bloom
And sent the gently passing wind ;

II.

The WHITE ROSE and the BLUSHING RED
Each one the cultur'd garden's pride
With equal grace their leaves display'd
And flourish'd by each other's side.

III.

The *first* of spotless beauty vain,
Which sudden caught the gazer's eye ;
The *last*, attentive praise to gain
From her more bold and crimson dye.

Of

IV.

Of sov'reign virtue *both* well known,
Both favour'd by the pow'rs above
Both emblems to adorn a throne ;
Both favour'd by the Queen of Love.

V.

Yet still their stock wild feuds sustain'd
 Which work'd them long and lasting woe,
 Each of the other still complain'd,
 And fought her rival's overthrow.

VI.

Shame, said the RED on that pale hue,
 That best can speak the wearer's heart
 Which to the sense or curious view
 Nor grace nor colour can impart.

VII.

Unlike the blushes that adorn
 My breast which drinks the light :
 AURORA's, when she wakes the morn
 Appear not half so bright".—

Nay,

VIII.

Nay, shame on thee, the WHITE then said
 Whose crimson blush by guilt was giv'n
 Ev'n by the blood of VENUS* shed,
 Our patroness divine in Heav'n.

IX.

This, and much more she angry spoke ;
 But strait great Jove's immortal flow'r
 Their ill-meant conversation broket,
 With gentle, soft, persuasive pow'r.

X.

Long was the strife your ancient hale
 In Britain's hapless land pursu'd
 Which for a whole revolving age
 Drench'd either Rose in kindred blood †

Long

* According to the old Fable, the Rose was originally White, till Venus pursuing Adonis scratched herself with its thorns, and stained it with cœlestial blood.

† The AMARANTH, or FLOWER GENTLE.

‡ Alluding to the Civil Wars of the Houses of York and Lancaſter, in which the White Rose and the

XI.

Ev'n now behold, in western climes
 Diffention rears her baleful head
 And feuds, like yours in hapless times
 Horror and civil discord spread.

XII.

But still may all this truth attend
 In spite of ev'ry selfish view,
Who gain by means like those their end,
Shall surely gain dishonour too.

the Red were adopted as tokens or devices by the
 contending parties.

FABLE VI.

The CROCUS.

I.

SAY beauteous flow'r whose burnish'd hues
 With spring's own native liv'ry glow
 In these bleak months why dost thou chuse
 T' adorn a barren waste of snow.

II.

Say, envy'st thou to Summer skies
 That lively glow divinely bright,
 Or do thy beauties clearer rise
 Thro' this transparent robe of white.

III.

The snow-drop thy companion fair
 As well thy proper foil might prove :
 And both might brighter seasons share
 And far from wintry scenes remove.

IV.

IV.

I said :---The lovely smiling flow'r
 The pride and beauty of its race,
 That cheer'd the Winter's lonely hour,
 Reply'd with sober, decent grace,

V.

Nature's great book before thee laid,
 She blames thee not, if wise, to scan
 Her works on ev'ry side display'd,
 Confest the fit employ of man.

VI.

When Spring and Summer glad the plain,
 Unbidden flow'rs will beauteous bloom ;
 Nor yet in Winter's gloomy reign
 All share alike one common tomb.

VII.

For soon as to the watry signs
 The glorious God of light returns
 My flamy dyes be then refines
 My flow'r like his own radiance burns.

And

VIII.

And the rich Year when Autumn sways,
 At length my kindred flower's * rise
 In forms which heav'nly pow'rs might praise,
 Which grateful scent the ambient skies.

IX.

Mean while, my early station here,
(Health's glad some harbinger) I keep
 To glad the cloudy days severe.
 When the gay SPRING's soft Zephyrs sleep.

X.

So in the Winter of his age,
 O mortal ! cheer thy drooping friend !
 His sorrows soothe ; his griefs assuage,
 And gen'rous, prompt assistance lend.

* The autumnal Crocus is the Saffron-Flower.

XI.

The moral just and well design'd,
 I gather'd from the beauteous flow'r
 I mark'd the lore with heedful mind,
 And own'd the force of FRIENDSHIP's pow'r.

F A B L E VII.

The A N E M O N E and
P A S S I O N - F L O W E R.

I.

BRIGHT flow'r renown'd in ancient days
Amidst the sacred Cyprian shades,
The theme of wonder and of praise,
To Tyrian and Sidonian maids.

II.

Rich are thy blossoms in each hue
That can inchant the gazer's sight,
And strike at once the ravish'd view
With trembling wonder and delight.

III.

Hail sacred plant ! born but to shew
The bright ADONIS' yearly wound*,
By gentle VENUS taught to blow,
And with eternal beauties crown'd".

I said :

* Adonis, beloved by Venus, was said to be slain
by a boar that Mars sent against him.—The Ty-

IV.

I said :---When lo a wond'rous flow'r
 Upon my solemn orgies broke,
 And like some bright cœlestial pow'r
 In awful, lofty accents spoke.

V.

Hence ! thou profane ! nor wound heav'n's ear
 With thy unhallow'd, idle song,
 But turn, and see who blossoms here,
 To whom of right thy strains belong.

VI.

The Tyrian Boy fair VENUS' boast
 Before my face divine shall fly,
 His beauty gone, his lustre lost,
 And all his charms shall fade and die.

VII.

The purple ring the bloody crown,
 The piercing nails the thrilling spear,
 That flew the lord of life are shown
 Pourtray'd in my symbolic sphere.

rians mourned for him annually, under the name of
 THAMMUZ, supposing him to be yearly wounded.

Then

VIII.

Then here let all their rev'rence pay,
 And bow as at an holy shrine
 Where Angel hosts themselves might pray
 And humbly offer rites divine.

IX.

ADONIS' flow'ret bow'd its head
 As if to some superior pow'r,
 My conscious heart was struck with dread
 Before the emblematic flow'r.

X.

Day clos'd---no more these signs I view'd
 Which had before my rev'rence drawn *
 For ever clos'd the mirrour stood
 No more to open on the lawn.

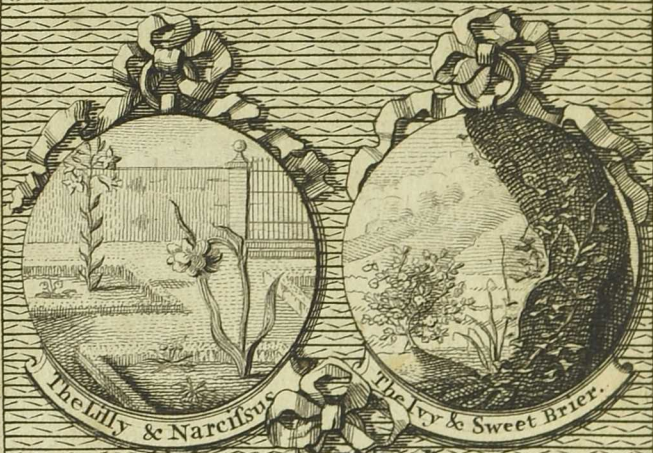
* This flower opens in the morning, and fading
 in the evening closes up, never to unfold itself again.

XI.

A while I gaz'd---At length I said,
 And art thou then but mortal too
 Are all those sacred glories fled
 And will that form no more renew ?

XII.

*Vain then is all the awe exprest
 Which outward Images impart,
 And HE who reigns above is best,
 Recorded in the pious heart.*



F A B L E VIII.

The LILY and NARCISSUS.

I.

AH! hapless discontented flow'r,
That drooping yellow leaves adorn;
Who once in life's gay vernal hour
The brightest of the nymphs could'ft scorn.

II.

Hard was thy lot, and short thy date,
By flattering form too fair undone;
Thou met'ft, alas! a timeless fate,
Ere yet one half thy course was run.

III.

Unhappy, self-admiring boy
A striking lesson thou shalt prove;
T' avoid vain pride, that idle toy,
And wisely shun prepost'rous love.

IV.

Fair when a boy, now chang'd, no more
 Those glowing beauties can'st thou boast :
 But ever sadly may'st deplore
 In vain those high-priz'd beauties lost.

V.

View yonder Lily, child of light,
 Sprung from a progeny divine * ;
 Then own how much her beauty bright,
 Fond, idle flow'r, out-rivals thine !

VI.

The Lily, bowing from her place
 The decent honours of her head ;
 Smil'd with a sweet and winning grace,
 And thus in strains instructive said :

* According to the Old Fable, Jupiter being willing to make Hercules immortal, caused him to suck Juno while she was asleep ; when some of the Milk being spilt upon the sky, made the galaxy or milky way, while the rest falling to the earth, gave birth to the White Lily.

Well

VII.

- “ Well may they droop, to whom high heav’n,
 – “ With splendid form divinely fair,
 “ No other, better boon has giv’n
 “ To make that matchless beauty dear.

VIII.

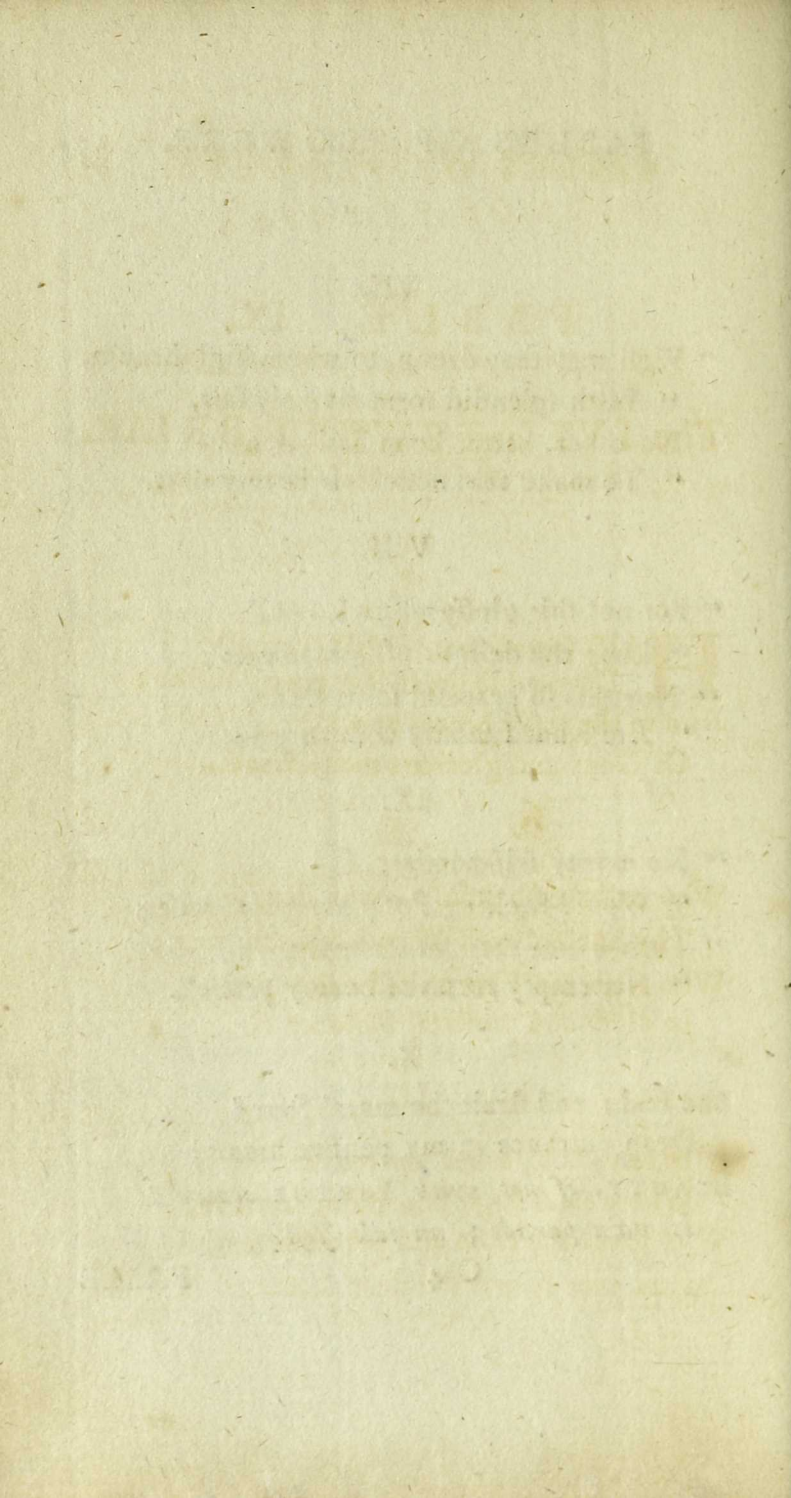
- “ For not this glossy white I own,
 “ Long the delight of human eyes ;
 “ Nor this so graceful form alone,
 “ Are what I mostly wish to prize.

IX.

- “ No empty self-admirer, I
 “ Would swelling Folly’s trophies raise ;
 “ Such *virtue* then let all apply,
 “ Nor empty forms of beauty praise”.

X.

She said ; and strait the moral found
 Deep entrance in my pensive breast ;
 BEAUTY, if not with VIRTUE crown’d
 Is vain parade ; an idle Jest.



FABLE IX.

The IVY and SWEET BRIAR.

I.

HAIL sacred IVY ! Hail (I cried)
 Devoted to great BACCHUS' thrine ;
 And to the lofty brows apply'd
 Of Gods and glorious men divine.

II.

Why call thee baleful ?—why despise
 Thy ancient well-known friendly race ;
 Who with the Elm united rise,
 In close and mystical embrace ?

III.

MINERVA's bird has her retreat
 Where thou high flourishing art seen,
 Who loves the calm and peaceful seat,
 And ever courts the deep serene.

IV.

Thou, like the Vine, which Bacchus charms,
 Thy nurture always wilt receive,
 And, twining close with friendly arms,
 Wilt friendly still supported live.

V.

I said ; and lo ! the Winds combine,
 To scatter wide a rich perfume,
 From thickets, where sweet Eglantine
 Appear'd in all its vernal bloom.

VI.

Thence a mild voice broke on my ear
 Which softly thus complaining said,
 What does in yonder weed appear,
 To which thou hast such honour's paid.

VII.

The Vine that *weds* her Elm, will *grace*,
 “ But view the worthy dow’r she brings !
 “ From yonder steril, forc’d embrace
 “ Alas ! what real profit springs ?

Like

VIII.

- “ Like a false friend, too sure, her will,
 “ Is her supporter to destroy ;
 “ As Jealousy, Love’s offspring, still
 “ Impoisons all Love’s purest joy.

IX.

- “ Poor is the worth that seeks the gloom
 “ Of dismal solitude for aid !
 “ As weak that wisdom, which can bloom
 “ Alone in night’s uncertain shade !

X.

- “ And what though godlike men indeed
 “ Their victors brows have often bound
 “ With ivy’d wreaths ; is then the weed
 “ For this, the gift of chance, renown’d ?

XI.

- “ Say rather in that purer age,
 “ When spotless, rigid honour reign’d ;
 “ The chief who could for fame engage,
 “ Well pleas’d, a worthless crown obtain’d.

“ *Nor*

XII.

*Nor high descent, a lofty name,
Are real honour's well-earn'd meed;
But they are truly GREAT, whose fame
Springs only from THEIR OWN fair deed.*



FABLE X.

The VIOLET TRANSPLANTED.

I.

WHERE field-flowers sweet, spread far and
 wide,
 Drink deep the balmy morning dew;
 Close by a murm'ring riv'let's side
 A lovely, humble Vi'let grew.

II.

To her the cultur'd spot unknown,
 She bloom'd content in her retreat;
 There she in native fragrance shone,
 And thence dispens'd a world of sweet.

III.

But yet not undisturb'd her lot
 By Providence at first was cast;
 For off' the herds approach'd the spot
 And, grazing, laid the meadow waste.

And

IV.

And oft' the trav'ler's carelefs tread
 Had laid her level with the plain ;
 Yet, by the living streamlet fed,
 She soon reviv'd, and rose again.

V.

At length a curious Florist ey'd,
 The sweetly blooming fragrant flow'r ;
 Call'd her the field's and garden's pride,
 And joyful plac'd her in his bow'r.

VI.

Here, with a thousand beauties plac'd,
 Her elegance was quickly lost ;
 No more the cultur'd spot she grac'd ;
 No more was she fair FLORA's boast.

VII.

Abandon'd by his hand, who late
 Her rising charms with pleasure view'd ;
 She in her change beheld her fate,
 As now she all neglected stood.

She

VIII.

She droop'd, the pin'd ; the richer spot
 No proper nurture could afford ;
 And oft' in vain her humbler lot
 The sad and fading flow'r deplor'd.

IX.

The Sun from Cancer shot his beam
 The thirsty earth her moisture drank ;
 In vain she wish'd the lucent stream,
 Or the cool shade of osiers dank.

X.

Oppress'd, at length she hung her head,
 As almost ready to expire ;
 Her bosom unresisting spread
 To cloudless Sol's consuming fire.

XI.

When lo ! from heav'n a gentle show'r
 Cool'd that too fervid, piercing ray ;
 And soon reviv'd the beauteous flow'r,
 Which grateful glow'd upon the day.

Her

XII.

Her bloom restor'd, reliev'd her care ;
 Her lord well pleas'd, again attends ;
 And midst the fairest of the fair,
 She numbers now her former friends.

XIII.

Yet struck with long remember'd woes,
 An humble flow'ret now she blooms ;
 No pride that lovely bosom knows,
 Whence ZEPHYR steals his rich perfumes ;

XIV.

And to the Fair this useful lore,
 This much-neglected truth reveals,
That she best knows her beauty's pow'r,
Who wisely, modestly conceals.

FABLE XI.

The TULIP and the AMARANTH.

I.

WHERE Nature's beauties mingled rise,
 All grateful to the ravish'd view;
 Deck'd with a thousand various dyes,
 A rich and gaudy tulip grew.

II.

Its leaves with flamy splendour glow,
 Mix'd with a chearful vivid green;
 And all the tints that deck heav'n's bow
 Upon the rising flow'r are seen.

III.

The gently passing vernal wind,
 The young and beauteous plant caress'd;
 And ZEPHYR ever pleas'd reclin'd
 Upon the lovely charmer's breast.

While

IV.

While near at hand the GENTLE FLOW'r,
 Call'd AMARANTH by men below
 The blooming guest of Jove's own bow'r,
 Deign'd in her brightest prime to grow.

V.

Yet she with hairs for blossoms crown'd,
 Unlike the gandy Tulip race,
 Is not among the flow'r'ets found,
 Whose various colours mark their grace.

VI.

Her painted rival rear'd her head,
 And always, vain of empty shew ;
 The Amaranth askance she ey'd,
 And thus at length contemptuous said ;

VII.

“ Of all the flow'rs that deck the earth,
 “ The glorious progeny of Spring ;
 “ And all that of maturer birth
 “ The late autumnal seasons bring :

Behold

VIII.

- “ Behold Me, first and fairest seen,
 “ Still highly lov’d and valu’d most ;
 “ Soft daughter of the hour serene,
 “ The highly cultur’d garden’s boast.

IX.

- “ Why deign I meanly then with these
 “ To dwell so long without reserve ;
 “ That scarce, though vulgar eyes they please,
 “ The honour’d name of FLOW’R deserve?”

X.

The blooming Amaranth, unmov’d,
 Repress’d at once her forward pride ;
 The boaster’s arrogance reprov’d
 And calm, tho’ sharply, thus reply’d ;

XI.

- “ Yes, gaudy thing ! thy hues so bright
 “ Are fine indeed and idly gay ;
 “ Glaring thou glitter’st on the sight,
 “ And flaunt’st it in the face of day.
- “ No

XII.

- “ No flow’r around more bright can spring,
 “ In rising beauty more mature !
 “ But tell me, false, frail, giddy thing,
 “ How long shall all this pride endure ?

XIII.

- “ Me, not the least of FLORA’S train,
 “ Me thou hast proudly laugh’d to scorn,
 “ And deem’d my claim to beauty vain,
 “ Altho’ I am cœlestial born.

XIV.

- “ Eternal is the race I bring,
 “ No mortal, frail decay they know ;
 “ But, emblem of the first great Spring,
 “ For ever still they bloom below.

XV.

- “ While thou ! the pageant of a day,
 “ Too quickly, proud one ! shalt deplore
 “ Those beauties with’ring all away,
 “ Which fade alas ! to charm no more.
 “ *Thou,*

XVI.

- “ *Thou, wretch ! no second Spring shalt see,*
 “ *To renovate thy wasted bloom ;*
 “ *Whilst I survive thy race and thee,*
 “ *And greatly triumph o’er thy tomb.*

XVII.

- “ *Cease then thy boast ! in Wisdom’s school*
 “ *Go learn at first thyself to know ;*
 “ *And by her never-failing rule*
 “ *Judge still of all things here below”.*

XVIII.

A fleeting joy, a fading flow’r,
May vainly charm the ravish’d sight ;
But VIRTUE boasts immortal Pow’r ;
Her bloom is lasting, as ’tis bright.

XVI

The world is a stage
And every man a player
Who has his entrance, exit,
And some of them speak many lines.

XVII

Gods, then my power, in wisdom's school
I have been taught to know
That I am but a shadow
And that I must be so.

XVIII

I have been taught to know
That I am but a shadow
And that I must be so
And that I must be so.

FABLE XII.

The HONEYSUCKLE.

I.

AT height of noon, a youth was laid;
 Beneath a lofty woodbine bow'r;
 Defended by whose thick'ning shade,
 He calmly pass'd the sultry hour.

II

But when at last a western wind,
 And length'ning shadows gently rose;
 He scann'd with philosophic mind
 The former place of his repose.

III.

High over-head the twining leaves,
 Where thousand beauteous blossoms glow.
 Of ev'ry beam of light bereave
 The spacious, cool alcove below,

Ah!

IV.

- “ Ah ! (said the youth) ungrateful flow’r,
 “ And is it thus that you re pay
 “ The bounties of that glorious pow’r,
 “ Who first awak’d you into day ?

V.

- “ While HE in his meridian course
 “ Illumines wide the ambient sky ;
 “ Dost thou, O wretch, resist his force,
 “ And all his beams thus proud defy ?

VI.

- “ Unlike to thee (ungrateful) view,
 “ The Sun-flow’r everdrinks his light ;
 “ Lives, to his radiance ever true,
 “ And with him constant sinks to night.

VII.

- “ A lesson in this low abode,
 “ With careful, scanty hand to pour
 “ Those blessings, which, when once bestow’d,
 “ Shall ne’er alas ! be thought of more !”

The

VIII.

The woodbines blossoms sweeter glow,
While, gently nodding from on high,
She shook the honours of her brow,
As thus she made her just reply :

IX.

“ Vain is the hypocritic art
“ That ever gilds the selfish end ;
“ And base the poor unfeeling heart
“ That ill repays a bounteous friend.

X.

“ For *me*, not such my ill-plac'd care ;—
“ My blessings all still unconfin'd,
“ I give each gentle breathing air,
“ And scatter widely to the wind”

XI.

“ What if my leaves exclude that God,
“ By whom thou say'st alone, I live ;
“ He sees me still from my abode,
“ A sweet and grateful tribute give.

D

My

XII.

- “ My fragrance, nay, that friendly shade,
 “ Which you are now so prompt to blame,
 “ Are off’rings still to PHOEBUS paid,
 “ Who nurs’d them mildly with his flame.

XIII.

- “ He, for the use of base mankind,
 “ Bade me all these at large dispense :
 “ For whom I scent the passing wind,
 “ And with my fragrance charm the sense.

XIV.

- “ Content my shadow thou hast view’d,
 “ Could’st pass the idle hours at ease :
 “ *Then*, what is *now* ingratitude,
 “ Thy selfish, narrow mind could please.

XV.

- “ Take back the charge ; thy maxim too ;
 “ With thee let others cease to use :---
 “ KEEP THOU this moral in thy mind,
 “ *Still to enjoy, but not abuse.*

FABLE

FABLE XIII.

THE BLUE-BELL; or,
VENUS'S LOOKING-GLASS.

I.

O'E R verdant lawn, and dappled green,
The young BELINDA careless stray'd;
On trees and flowers, in order seen,
Philosophis'd the pensive maid.

II.

The Cowslip, and the Primrose bright,
Had oft-times been her fav'rite theme;
And Crocus that drinks deep the light,
Had frequent ting'd her waking dream.

III.

For, roving o'er the pathless glade,
Or through the lonely, woodland wild;
She oft with contemplation stray'd
Bright Fancy's dearest, sweetest child.

IV.

'Twas smiling May ; each lawn and bow'r
 With ev'ry vernal grace was crown'd ;
 And ev'ry plant, and ev'ry flow'r,
 Diffus'd a grateful fragrance round.

V.

To court her touch in fairest guise,
 Each beauteous field-flow'r eager prefs'd ;
 To bask beneath her sunny eyes,
 Or, haply, kiss her snowy breast.

VI.

Amongst the crowd, a flow'r she 'spy'd,
 Long since well known to common fame ;
 Of VENUS' *Looking-glass* whose pride
 Assum'd the high and pompous name.

VII.

“ And what ! she cry'd, can'st thou disclose,
 “ To captivate th' attentive sight,
 “ More than the stream, which yonder shows
 “ Its glassy mirror bright ?

“ She

VIII.

- “ She fought in vain ; a bell shap’d flow’r,
 “ With Vi’let blossoms only crown’d :
 “ Grew near an over-hanging bow’r,
 “ And purpled o’er th’ enamel’d ground.

IX.

- “ She plucks, but strait away she heaves
 “ The idle, vain pretender far ;
 “ Which, angry, ruffled all its leaves,
 “ Proclaiming vegetable war :

X.

- “ What had bright VENUS’ flow’r betray’d,
 “ Thus to be scornful cast aside ?
 “ Or how (she said) could VENUS’ Maid
 “ The heav’nly Goddess’ gift deride ?” —

XI.

- “ Peace ! angry thing ! BELINDA says,
 “ Not pow’rful VENUS I despise ;
 “ But *you*, who by your own false glass
 “ Would cheat the fond, deluded eyes,

XII.

- “ Go to yon *real* mirrour fair !
 “ There view the form which you possess ;
 “ Then speak but what you *really* are ;
 “ And be your empty boasting less.

XIII.

- “ A Blue-bell of the brightest strain,
 “ You well indeed may be allow’d ;
 “ But VENUS’ *Looking-glass*, in vain
 “ Would strive to cheat a giddy crowd.”

XIV.

The flow’r soon found her boasting fail.
 Attend, ye worthy, British fair :
Let not appearances prevail ;
Be real worth your only care.

XV.

And know, whoe’er with fictitious lore
Shall others falsely seek to blind ;
Must stand abash’d, when brought before,
The faithful MIRROR OF THE MIND.

FABLE

FABLE XIV.

The LARKSPUR and the
MYRTLE.

I.

FAV'RITE of MARS, amidst the train
That on bright FLORA constant wait,
And swell the glories of her reign
With more than pompous, regal state ;

II.

The Larkspur, plant of ancient name,
Advanc'd his haughty ensign high ;
And claim'd th' immortal wreath of fame,
Such as became a deity.

III.

Like some bold warrior's is his guise,
Helmet and Knightly spurs he wears ;
And on his coat of vary'd dyes
Each splendid blazon still he bears.

IV.

Proud of his form, and of the Pow'r *
 That from his former contact sprung ;
 Exalted above every flow'r,
 Thus swelling Pride inspir'd his tongue ;

V.

“ Ye painted, puling race, away !
 “ To greater merit humbly yield ;
 “ Forego the honours of the day,
 “ When I dispute with you the field.

VI.

“ Emblem of thund'ring MARS I shine,
 “ My boast and glorious offspring too ;
 “ Then own the progeny divine,
 “ And pay at once the tribute due.”

VI.

The Myrtle heard ;—fair VENUS' flow'r,
 Reply'd (with peaceful honours crown'd ;
 The glory of the genial hour,
 (By constant lovers still renown'd.)

* Juno is said to have conceived Mars by only touching the flower called Larkspur,

“ And

VIII.

“ And how ! said she, redoubted knight,
 “ Would’st thou indeed with us engage ?
 “ Did ever MARS, in all his might,
 “ Rough wars with gentle VENUS wage ?”

IX.

Her flow’r I am ; *her* name I bear,
 Who can with ease mankind subdue ;
 And by a gentler method far
 Than any ever known to you.

X.

“ Say, boaster, what are realms undone,
 “ What all the glories of the field ;
 “ When desp’rate battles, bravely won,
 “ A dreadful, bloody harvest yield ?

XI.

“ Can these atone the dreadful harms
 “ That wasteful wars will still supply ;
 “ When from the horrid din of arms
 “ The Loves and Graces frightened fly ?

XII.

“ Remember, when the blue-ey’d Maid
 “ With powr’ful NEPTUNE did contend :
 “ Say, who the greatest pow’r display’d ?
 “ And let our contest quickly end.”

XIII.

The Palm to PALLAS was decreed,
 Who nam’d renowned ATHENS there,
 Great NEPTUNE’s boast, the warlike steed,
 Yields to the pow’rful Olive fair.

XIV.

Then thou, proud Knight, thy boasting cease,
 And learn to drop thy haughty crest ;
 Give honour due to meek-ey’d Peace,
 And Love, her gentle genial guest.

XV.

*Let thus great MARS his Trophies yield
 To brighter VENUS’ gen’rous fame ;
 And quit the glories of the field.
 When mightier LOVE disputes claim.*

FABLE.



FABLE XV.

The POPPY and the SUN-
FLOWER.

I.

TRANSPLANTED from the neighb'ring
mead,

Which long her beaut'ous presence grac'd :
The crimson POPPY rear'd her head,
In the rich, cultur'd garden plac'd.

II.

'Twas noon : Depriv'd of cooling shade,
The flow'rs all droop'd around.---
CLYTIE, bright PHOEBUS' love-sick maid,
With all *his* radiant glories crown'd,

III.

Still turning to his orb her face,
Survey'd with ire, th' intruding guest ;
And, foe to all the sleepy race,
The wond'ring stranger thus address'd ;
“ Long

IV.

- “ Long have we seen each field-flow’r here,
 “ Our rich and cultur’d gardens shame :
 “ Which, hither brought, triumphant rear,
 “ Their heads, and share our nobler fame :

V.

- “ But think not Thou, insulting weed!
 “ (Fair CERES’ constant hate and bane)
 “ Thy drowsy magic shall succeed,
 “ And thus blot out *our* brighter reign.

VI.

- “ Go, seek thy fields ; with noxious herbs,
 “ Divide thy foul detested sway :
 “ Or, where thy slumbers nought disturbs,
 “ Shun the glad face of chearful day.

VII.

- “ Whilst I to PHOEBUS ever true,
 “ Rejoicing in his glorious light ;
 “ To the great God pay tribute due,
 “ And check the drowsy Pow’rs of Night.

She

VIII.

She spoke ;—The nodding POPPY then,

Serene at last, made this reply :

“ Proud flow’r, I envy not thy reign,

“ Nor boasted coat of richest dye.

IX.

“ What talk’st thou of *his* genial pow’r,

“ Who flighted all thy vaunted charms ;

“ And, in thy beauty’s brightest flow’r,

“ Fled from Thee to another’s arms ?

X.

“ How far did thy revenge extend ?

“ LEUCOTHOE * still speaks thy crime ;

“ Whose odours now to Heav’n ascend,

“ And shall ascend, to latest time.

* Apollo having forsaken Clytie for this Nymph; the former, in return, informed Leucothoe’s father of his daughter’s amour with Phœbus. He thereupon buried his daughter alive; but Phœbus changed her into a Frankincense Tree ; and after this, Clytie being discarded by the God, who was beyond measure offended with her, she pined away, and was changed into a Sun-Flower.

“ No

XI.

- “ Not *Love*, but *Pity*, mov’d the Pow’rs
 “ At length to make thee what thou art,
 “ And place amidst the blooming flow’rs
 “ A Nymph like thee with broken heart.

XII.

- “ Me CERES *hates not*; but my seed
 “ Great Nature ever near her sows;
 “ Where, far unlike a noxious weed,
 “ My beauteous, useful flow’ret blows.

XIII.

- “ Sleep, gentle God, the ease of grief,
 “ To sick and weary man I bring;
 “ From care and pain the sure relief,
 “ Of pure and vig’rous health the spring.

XIV.

- “ I to the wretched prove a friend,
 “ The mourning captive still I aid;
 “ My succour to the poor extend,
 “ And oft’times ease the love-sick maid.

Then

XV.

“ Then what Heav’n order’d for the best,
 “ Do thou no longer idly blame :
 “ Revere *me* as old MORPHEUS’ guest,
 “ Joy *thou* alone in PHOEBUS’ flame.

XVI.

“ More need I add ?—Search earth around,
 “ And thou at last shalt truly say,
 “ *More Virtues in Life’s shade are found,*
 “ *Than in her glaring blaze of day.*”

F A B L E XVI.

The LAPLAND ROSE.

I.

A Wand'ring youth, by Fortune led
To bleakest northern shores,
Beyond the track of Russian wilds,
Where Lapland's tempest roars ;

II.

Who twice the Arctic circle pass'd,
And view'd bright HECLA's * flame ;
At length, through many a waste of snow,
To fair NIEMI † came.

* A Volcano in the North, whose sides are covered with Snow.

† The Mountains of NIEMI are in the neighbourhood of a lake of the same name, which is said by the inhabitants to be frequented by the immortal Genii.

And

III.

And thence where TENGLIO* rolls his stream,
Survey'd the prospect round ;
Beheld its banks with verdure deck'd,
And blushing roses crown'd.

IV.

Yet, as he view'd the stranger flow'r,
He deeply musing cries,
“ How strange that beauty such as thine
“ ’ Midst climes like these should rise !

V.

“ Thee no bright youth nor gentle fair
“ Alas ! shall e'er carefs ;
“ Nor splendid southern suns shall warm,
“ Nor genial gales shall blefs !”

VI.

On hollow winds, o'er distant plains,
The murm'ring accents flew ;
NIEMI's mountain caught the sound,
Which from the lake his shadows drew.—

* This River is bordered with Roses of as fine a bloom as those which grow in our gardens.

And

VII.

And now before the Youth confess'd
 The Genius of the clime
 Appear'd ; who thus instructive spoke,
 In awful strains, sublime ;

VIII.

“ Fond youth, who view’st that beauteous flower,
 “ So luckless in thy fight !
 “ Forbear to mourn her lonely state,
 “ Whom these rude climes delight.

IX.

“ Unrival’d here she sweetly blooms,
 “ And scents the ambient air ;
 “ Nor deems her brightest beauties lost,
 “ While foster’d by *my* care.

X.

“ The child of bounteous Nature ! here
 “ She bids her bloom dispense
 “ Fresh sweets, the trav’ler’s soul to chear,
 “ And glad his weary’d sense.

“ Her

XI.

- “ Her no bright youth nor gaudy fair
 “ Shall COURT—*but to DESTROY* ;
 “ But Lapland’s simple swains shall view,
 “ With *unaffected* Joy ;

XII.

- “ And, oft’ as yon’ returning Sun
 “ Illumes our northern sphere,
 “ Well pleas’d shall trace these flow’ry banks,
 “ And pay their homage *here*.

XIII.

- “ The gracious Pow’R who rules on high,
 “ Bids ALL his blessings share ;
 “ And *ev’ry* creature of his hand
 “ Is govern’d by his care.

XIV.

- “ Convinc’d that Providence will thus
 “ For ALL alike provide ;
 “ *Learn to restrain Affliction’s tears,*
 “ *And check the boast of Pride.*”

FABLE

FABLE XVII.

The DEADLY NIGHTSHADE *.

I.

“ **D**ETESTED weed, enrag’d, I cried,
 “ That spread’st thy poison’d train
 “ In this fair land, in all their pride,
 “ Where beauteous flow’rets grace the plain !

II.

“ Thy baleful roots most surely rise,
 “ From dismal, deep Tartarean shade ;
 “ By Dæmons nurs’d in nether skies,
 “ In horrid Stygian gloom array’d.

* The juice of this weed was generally supposed to be used in Enchantments—There are however several sorts of it, *all* of which are not esteemed deadly ; but only this mentioned here, the juice of whose berries so intoxicated the soldiers of Sweno, the Danish King, being mixed in their liquor, that they became an easy prey to the Scotch army, which surprised and cut most of them to pieces.

“ Thee

III.

- “ Thee CIRCE, and MEDÆA too,
 “ In blackest dire, enchantment us’d;
 “ And from thy pois’nous influence drew
 “ Those curses which high Heav’n refus’d.

IV.

- “ Say, fell Enchantress of the place,
 “ The foe profest of human-kind?
 “ Say for what crimes man’s hapless race
 “ From thee such num’rous evils find!

V.

- “ Oh! quit the woods, the plains, the fields,
 “ Where health and plenty genial bloom:
 “ Retire to rocks and desert-wilds,
 “ Or shade the Murd’rer’s horrid tomb!

VI.

- “ But *here* may ev’ry healing flow’r
 “ In all the prime of beauty bloom:
 “ Restoring HEALTH with genial pow’r,
 “ And ever shedding rich perfume!”

I ceas’d—

VII.

I ceas'd—The Flow'r indignant heard ;
 And all its leaves display'd
 A deep'ning gloom, and strait appear'd
A double NIGHT OF dismal SHADE.

VIII.

“ Insulting Man ! the trembling cries,
 “ Of all the creatures most unjust ;
 “ Prompt to tax Heav'n with Ills that rise,
 “ From *his* own wild and evil lust.

IX.

“ Go, ask of genial BACCHUS' vine,
 “ Where beauteous purple clusters glow ;
 “ (Whose juice produces gen'rous wine,
 “ The boasted balm of human woe.)

X.

“ Go, ask what various ill's succeed,
 “ That sweet and precious balm's abuse :
 “ Ills that too surely ev'n exceed
 “ Those of *my* sad and baneful juice.
 “ Yet

XI.

- “ Yet baneful *where?* when *misapply'd*
 “ So is each high priz'd blessing too
 “ This lesson learn ! Repress thy pride,
 “ Nor seek to rob *me* of my due !

XII.

- “ Know the same Pow'r that bade me grow,
 “ Gave ev'ry flow'r to bloom,
 “ To whom as sweet my blossoms glow,
 “ As those which shed perfume.

XIII.

- “ Let MAN his passions wild command,
 “ And hush them wisely into Peace ;
 “ For CIRCE's cup, MEDÆA's wand,
 “ Were innocent compar'd to *these*.

XIV.

- “ For ME, great Nature's will display'd ;
 “ Contented I shall here fulfil ;
 “ Nor dream that aught which SHE has made,
 “ Should ever be accounted *ill*.”

XV.

*Go thou, fond youth, and VIRTUE'S Pow'r
With equal care and joy obey :
Then ev'ry Weed shall prove a Flow'r,
To strew, through Life, thy destin'd Way.*

FABLE

FABLE XVIII.

The FUNERAL FLOWERS.

I.

AS, lonely walking o'er the plain,
With solemn step and slow
A hapless swain, at midnight hour,
Went forth to vent his woe ;

II.

His hand the sweetest flow'rets fill'd
That glow'd with beauty's bloom ;
Now destin'd with their richest tints
T' adorn his **LAURA**'s tomb.

III.

Lo ! there each mournful plant he strew'd
Which vernal **FLORA** bears ;
With frequent sighs dispers'd them round,
And water'd them with tears.

E

There

IV.

There was the VI'LET's purple hue,
 And HYACINTHUS seen :
 The leaves with monarch's names inscrib'd,
 And plaintive notes between.

V.

Sweet ROSEMARY, and many a plant
 In Eastern gardens known :
 And Lover's MYRTLE, which the Queen
 Of Beauty deigns to own.

VI.

A Sage, who wander'd there alone
 In the dank dews of night,
 To gather plants of mystic pow'r,
 Beneath the moon's pale light.

VII.

With scornful smile, and eye askance,
 The hapless youth survey'd ;
 Who paid the last sad tribute there
 To the departed maid.

“ And,

FABLES OF FLOWERS. 99

VIII.

- “ And, what ! (said he) shall those sweet flow’rs,
“ Which sinking life can save,
“ And plants of aromatic scent,
“ Adorn a dreary grave ?”

IX.

- “ For shame, fond youth ! learn Nature’s gifts
“ With better skill to prize.
“ Attend her precepts ;—read them here :
“ Be *frugal*, and be *wise*.”

X.

- He ceas’d ; the sighing youth reply’d,
“ To LAURA’s shade I give,
“ Unblam’d, each emblematic flow’r,
“ Which *she* first taught to live.

XI.

- “ And frequent here fair FLORA’s train
“ Uncull’d by ME shall bloom ;
“ And, nurs’d by bright AURORA’s tears,
“ Diffuse their rich perfume.

XII.

“ Then urge me not, with narrow mind,
 “ To wrong the dust below ;
 “ But rather THOU expand thy heart,
 “ And gen’rous tears bestow.”

XIII.

Thus as he spoke, the REDBREAST mild,
 The friend of human-kind,
 Scatter’d with leaves the humble mound,
 And on the turf reclin’d.

XIV.

While PHILOMEL with plaintive notes
 Sweet funeral dirges sung
 O’er LAURA’S tomb, who oft’ in life
 Had mourn’d *her* ravish’d young.

XV.

“ And vain (she sang) was Wisdom’s lore,
 “ That taught the heart to hide ;
 “ And vain the empty idle boast
 “ Of Philosophic Pride.”

The

XVI.

The flow'rs more sweetly seem'd to smile
 Reviving at her lay;
 And sweeter scent, and fresher green,
 The smelling leaves display.

XVII.

The Sage stood check'd, the solemn song
 Such virtue could impart;
 He dropp'd a tear, to pity due,
 That humaniz'd the heart.

XVIII.

The "graceful softness of the soul!"
 He learn'd thenceforth to prize;
 And own'd, *where NATURE touch'd the Heart,*
'Twas FOLLY to be WISE.

FABLE XIX.

The FIELD and GARDEN
DAISY.

I.

IN fields, where Thames her silver stream
Translucent, gently pours along ;
Where scenes illum'd by Phœbus' beam
Inspire the lofty poet's song ;

II.

A mead endow'd with rich perfume,
Extends its spacious verdant bed ;
Where fragrant Field-flow'rs wildly bloom,
In sweet confusion widely spread.

III.

It chanc'd a youth had there in sport
A choice priz'd GARDEN DAISY rear'd,
Which 'midst the tribe of wilder sort
Full haughtily at first appear'd.

“ Away !

IV.

- “ Away ! (she cried) plants of an hour,
 “ Whose leaves no real culture know ;
 “ Respect the Cultivated Flower,
 “ That *deigns* in common fields to grow !

V.

- And chiefly *thou* that boast’st *my* name,
 “ Though surely *not* to *me* ally’d ;
 “ With native weeds thy kindred claim,
 “ Nor think to flourish by *my* side !

VI.

- I know thee not ;---thy form disdain :
 “ In native splendour ever bright
 “ IRIS has dipp’d my painted train,
 “ All beauteous to th’ admiring sight.

VII.

- “ Whilst THOU !---But vainly spent the hours,
 “ On such a flow’r as *thee* bestow’d ;
 “ Disdain’d by all the fragrant flow’rs,
 “ That deck my late, belov’d abode.

VIII.

- " Know ME your queen, no more presume !
 " Humbly confess superior sway ;
 " Nor longer in my presence bloom,
 " But learn to tremble, and obey.

IX.

- " To foul reproach (the DAISY cries)
 " What proper answer can we yield,
 " When *cultivated flow'rs* despise
 " The simple natives of the field ?

X

- " Yet what art THOU ? proud child of earth,
 " Descended surely but from me,
 " Who mourn too late I e'er gave birth
 " To such absurd Ingrates as thee ;

XI.

- " But here, alas ! short is thy date,
 " Soon shall the soil deny thee room ;
 " This spot where now thou hold'st thy state,
 " Will shortly proud one ! prove thy tomb."

Th^e

XII.

The Sun gaz'd hot, the foreign bed
No useful moisture would supply;
Soon did the boaster hang her head,
And drooping wither, fade, and die.

XIII.

What need I more?—The village swain;
While on the verdant sod reclin'd,
Feels the plain Moral of our strain
Deep graven on his artless mind.

FABLE XX.

The IRIS, or FLOWER-DE-
LUCE, and the ROSE.

I.

YES ! There are some who vainly proud,
Will boast of what is others' due,
With empty titles cheat the crowd,
And, shameless, set false shows to view.

II.

Such always ancient worth disgrace
Such make the noblest titles scorn'd ;
But by bright honour's genuine race
Those splendid titles are adorn'd.

III.

The fairest of sweet FLORA's train
Boast not the highest proudest name;
Nor men of their distinctions vain,
Prove truest votaries of fame.

What

IV.

What is this bold and spreading flow'r
That calls a royal race her own,
Fit for a Prince's splendid bow'r
And claims a pageant throne.,

V.

“ Genius of Nations, (said the flow'r)
“ You still on lofty monarchs wait,
“ And will protect with all your pow'r
“ The emblem of a mighty state.

VI.

“ And, Goddess of the painted bow !
“ To thee I still prove true ;
“ With all thy tints and purple glow,
“ I boast thy name and beauties too.

VII.

This mark'd the Rose, a modest plant,
In native maiden blushes bright
Who vex'd to hear the boaster's vaunt
Mildly asserts her native right.

VIII.

- “ What are (said she) thy titles vain
 “ That boldly claim’st superior sway,
 “ Or why should FLORA’s num’rous train
 “ Be forc’d to own thy Tyrant sway ?

IX.

- “ False is thy boast so ill display’d
 “ Ev’n haughty GALLIA’s self shall own
 “ Her *real* Lilies droop and fade
 “ Where’er my brighter flow’rs are known.

X.

- “ Why Iris ?—’Tis a FLAG I see :
 “ With LILIES ever I contend
 “ But flow’rs (if such they are) like thee
 “ Indiff’rent view as foe or friend.”

XI.

- “ The vain pretender heard and bow’d
 “ Confus’d, ashamed, her drooping head ;
 “ But to the Sun with bright’ning glow
 “ The ROSE her leaves all fragrant spread.”

To

XII.

To HER the valu'd meed was giv'n,
 FLORA confirm'd her modest reign :--
Thus real worth confirm'd by Heav'n
Heav'n will from Age to Age maintain.

FABLE XXI.

The CROWN IMPERIAL and
HEART'S-EASE.

I.

“ **L**O! Where from realms of rising light,
“ From ancient BACTNA's well
known land,
“ With interwoven people bright
“ The haughty ensign of command.

II.

The CROWN IMPERIAL rearing high
His regal rich and gorgeous head,
And to the distant lofty sky,
His idle pageant vainly spread.

III.

Beneath in humble station near
The lovely fair VIOLA grew
Whose flow'rs the name of *Heart's-Ease* bear,
Which can our mortal cares subdue.

The



The Crown-Imperial & Heart's-ease



The Deadly-Nightshade



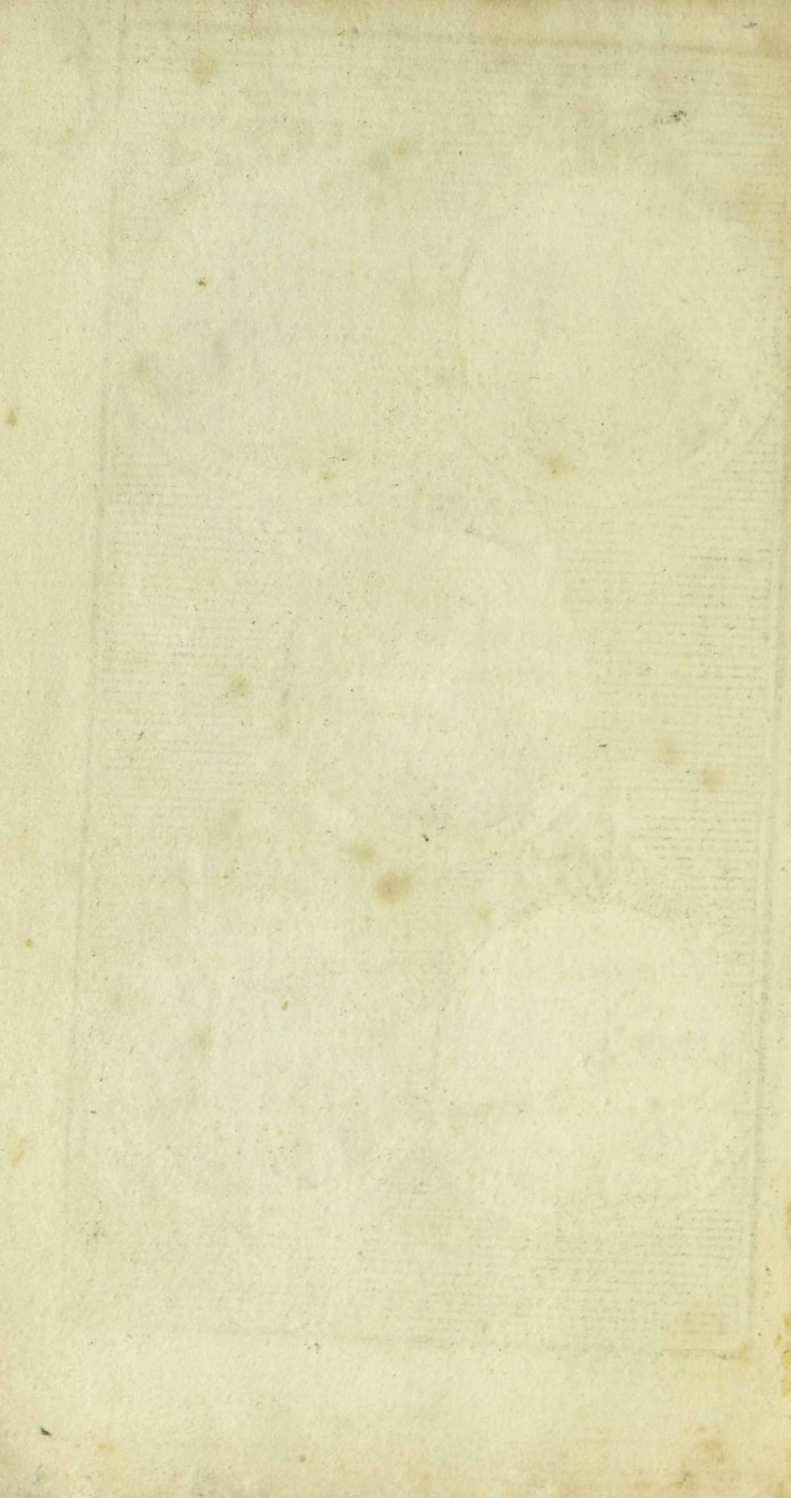
The Water-Lily



The Field & Garden Daily



The Funeral Flowers



IV.

The purple monarch swell'd with pride
 Her blooming beauties to behold,
 To see her flourish near his side,
 And thus his swelling, anger told.

V.

“ Seest thou not here the glorious pow’r
 “ The Fields and Gardens mighty King,
 “ Th’ imperial crown that decks my flow’r
 “ And glittering gems that round me spring ?

VI.

“ Go, thou base daughter of low earth,
 “ And near to some vile cottage grow,
 “ Nor let thy paltry race have birth
 “ Where my superior blossoms glow !”

VII.

The sweet VIOLA inly mourn’d
 The lofty boaster’s ill-plac’d pride,
 And while this answer she return’d,
 Th’ insulting flow’r with pity ey’d.

“ Thee

VIII.

- “ Thee purple tints (said she) adorn,
 “ Thy leaves indeed with splendour shine ;
 “ But to breath fragrance on the morn,
 “ Proud, gaudy flow’r ! was never thine.

IX.

- “ That I am stranger to thy train
 “ The cause is easy sure to tell ;
 “ For when did HEART’S-EASE ever deign
 “ With lofty, proud *crown’d heads* to dwell.

X.

- “ But ME in Life’s sequester’d vale
 “ Most surely may you ever find ;
 “ There still *my* simple sweets prevail,
 “ Where partial Fortune proves least kind.
 “ Not

XI.

*“ Not wealth nor all the pomp of state
 “ Can peace or happiness bestow :
 “ On sweet content alone await
 “ All bliss, all happiness we find below.”*

I.

II.

III.

FABLE

FABLE XXII.

The NASTERTIUM and the
WALL-FLOWER.

I.

A GAINST a funny fence below,
The fair Nasturtium fitly plac'd ;
Observ'd how with a bright'ning glow
Its top the fragrant Wall-Flower grac'd.

II.

Without some kind, supporting pow'r
Unable of herself to live,
Ill could she bear another flow'r
An equal succour should receive.

III.

At length, one sultry summer day,
When Phœbus in his radiance shone
On both alike with heating ray,
In envious guise she thus begun.

“ Could

IV.

- “ Could I like Thee, perfume the skies
 “ Would I a place remote assume,
 “ On yonder peak unnotic’d rise
 “ And idly waste my richest bloom ?

V.

- “ Oh ! yield to those of humbler seed,
 “ That strange uncouth ignoble place,
 “ Nor, like some noxious worthless weed,
 “ Nurse there thy sweet and beauteous race.

VI.

- She spoke—The Wall-flow’r made reply,
 “ Ambition’s madness ne’er was mine ;
 “ This place can all *my* wants supply,
 “ Do thou be satisfy’d with *thine*.

VII.

- “ Full well can I thy drift perceive,
 “ Who, meanly envious of my lot,
 “ Would’st me of every aid bereave,
 “ Drawn from my much-lov’d, native spot.
 “ Yet

VIII.

- “ Yet yonder genial source of fire,
 “ Suffices *both* at once to warm :
 “ Then thou forego the bad desire
 “ That prompts to seek thy neighbour’s harm.

IX.

- “ But what if I should be betray’d,
 “ To quit this envy’d height sublime ;
 “ Nay, were I low in ashes laid,
 “ Couldst Thou ere hope the height to climb.

X.

- “ Ah no !—Where envy spreads her train
 “ Peace, Love and Joy must all retire.
 “ Her vot’ries feel eternal pain,
 “ Unpity’d burn in ceaseless fires.
 “ *Felicity*

XI.

- “ Felicity with concord lives,
“ Delighting in the bond of peace,
“ While Heav’n its bliss still bounteous gives,
“ And, smiling, blesses the increase.*

F A B L E XXIII.

The W A T E R L I L Y.

I.

WITHIN a crystal riv'let bright,
 The sides with lively verdure crown'd,
 Whose surface ting'd with orient light,
 Reflected wide the landscape round.

II.

A WATER LILY graceful rear'd
 Above the silver stream her head,
 In vegetable pride appear'd,
 Whilst o'er the wave her leaves were spread.

III.

Thence she beheld the banks with flow'rs
 Of various kinds and hues array'd,
 And beauteous overhanging bow'rs
 That cast a pleasing length of shade.

For

IV.

For there the lofty POPLAR grew
Alternate mingling white with green,
And there the rustling Aspin too
With ever trembling leaves was seen.

V.

The WILLOW bending from the land,
Drinks deeply of the stream below,
COWSLIP and PRIMROSE near at hand,
And purple Iris brightly glow.

VI.

The Lily view'd the scene around
And thus in plaintive accents cry'd :
While gentle Zephyrs caught the sound,
And bore it strait from side to side.

VII.

“ Ah ! hapless case, ah ! cruel state !
“ Whilst others bloom on yonder shore,
“ Amongst their kindred tribes my fate,
“ All lonely I must still deplore.
“ Condemn'd

VIII.

- “ Condemn’d within this watry waste,
“ For ever hopeless to remain,
“ Nor know the joys which others taste,
“ On yonder happy, flow’ry plain.

IX.

- The GENIUS of the WATER sigh’d,
And passion touch’d her heart,
“ How dar’st thou these offend (she cried)
“ The bounteous Pow’r by which thou ART.

X.

- “ Those other plants you must perceive,
“ All sprung from bounteous mother earth,
“ And grateful tribute still they give
“ To HER who nurs’d and gave them birth.

XI.

- “ While Thou alas ! should I restrain
“ The least of my imparted store,
“ Might’st call on *other* pow’rs in vain,
“ And certain fall to rise no more.

“ Happy

XII.

- “ Happy thou art ; in beauty drest,
“ Lay not improper blame on ME ;
“ That which makes other flow’rets blest,
“ Would prove a certain bane to *thee*.

XIII.

- “ But of this maxim still secure,
“ From discontented thoughts refrain,
“ *What Heav’n ordains is best be sure,*
“ *All other fancy’d good is vain.”*

FABLE XXIV.

The PINKS and ARBUTUS.

I.

VIRTUE our strict regard commands,
 Alike should be by all rever'd ;
 Whether the growth of foreign lands,
 Or in our native country rear'd.

II.

Rome, the great mistress of the Earth,
 Such heights sublime had ne'er attain'd ;
 From other climes the train of worth,
 Had her brave sons, too proud, disdain'd.

III.

From foreign arts and arms she found,
 Her greatest pride and splendour rose ; —
 Those glories which her natives crown'd
 She borrow'd from surrounding foes.

IV.

Vain is the haughty selfish mind
 Which deems no real worth is found,
 But in the narrow sphere confin'd,
 Of our own much-lov'd native ground.

V.

Though not to every strange abode,
 We need for worth or fame to roam;
 Yet real Virtue nurs'd abroad,
 Deserves our cherishing at home.

VI.

'Twas on the border of that stream, *
 Where thousand various beauties rise;
 Of high-brow'd cliffs, gilt with SOL's beam,
 Woods, lawns, and distant misty skies.

* The Lake of Killarney, most romantically situated in the county of Kerry, in Ireland, where the *Arbutus* tree is found, which bears a most beautiful blossom, and a fruit sometimes used for food, and which is supposed to have been transplanted thither from Italy.

'Twas

VII.

On fair IERNE's sweetest spot
 A lofty green ARBUTUS plac'd,
 Bloom'd near a highly cultur'd spot,
 With glowing Pinks unnumber'd grac'd.

VIII.

SELINA, from her native bow'rs,
 The foreign tree with ire survey'd ;
 And, bloom'ft thou near IERNE's flow'rs,
 Exclaim'd th' impatient, redd'ning Maid,

IX.

“ Oh could these hands thy root displace !
 “ But since alas ! that cannot be,
 “ Far I'll remove our fragrant race,
 “ Which long have rose too near to Thee”.

X.

She said, when to her view appear'd
 An ancient Hermit, wise and grave ;
 With silver'd locks and streaming beard,
 The Tenant of the lonely Cave.

XI.

Her rashness mildly he reprov'd,
 " Lo ! these thy highly favour'd flow'rs
 " Will fade and die (said he) remov'd
 " From yonder native well known bow'rs.

XII.

" What tho' th' Arbutus shall presume
 " To flourish lofty in thy land,
 " Do not his flow'rs which shed perfume,
 " As fair a lot at least demand ?

XIII.

" Know that thy country's wealth must rise
 " Not merely from herself alone,
 " But from each fav'ring hand that tries
 " With her to fix fair Freedom's throne.

XIV.

" To blooming plants from other bow'rs
 " Deny not here a fost'ring place,
 " When those fair plants, or useful flow'rs,
 " Bring health or profit, sweet, or grace.
 " The

XV.

- “ The idle weed alone reject ?
 “ That blooms the flow’rets to destroy,
 “ The rest which *merit* your respect,
 “ Still cultivate with care and joy.”

XVI.

The fair one heard, from passion free,
 And suffer’d friendly still to bloom :
 The fragrant flow’rs and beauteous tree,
 Whence vernal Zephyrs steal perfume.

FABLE XXV.

The COCK's COMB and SWEET
WILLIAM.

I.

HIGH rose the Sun, the fleeting hours
 Verg'd tow'rd its full meridian light,
 And all around the neighb'ring bow'rs
 Were crown'd with dazzling rays of light.

II.

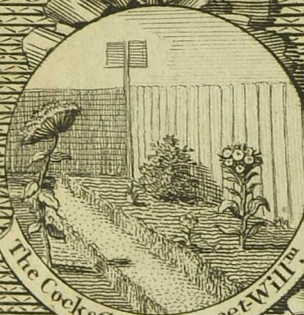
Near where a verdant cluster grew,
 At this serene, irradiate hour,
 The sweet *Dianthus* * humbly blew.
 A beauteous, solitary Flow'r.

III.

But where bright FLORA's mingled train
 Diffus'd a native rich perfume ;
 The gaudy Cock's COMB, idly vain,
 Appear'd in all its vernal bloom.

* Another name for Sweet William.

And



The Cocks Comb & Sweet-Will^m.



The Pinks & Arbutus



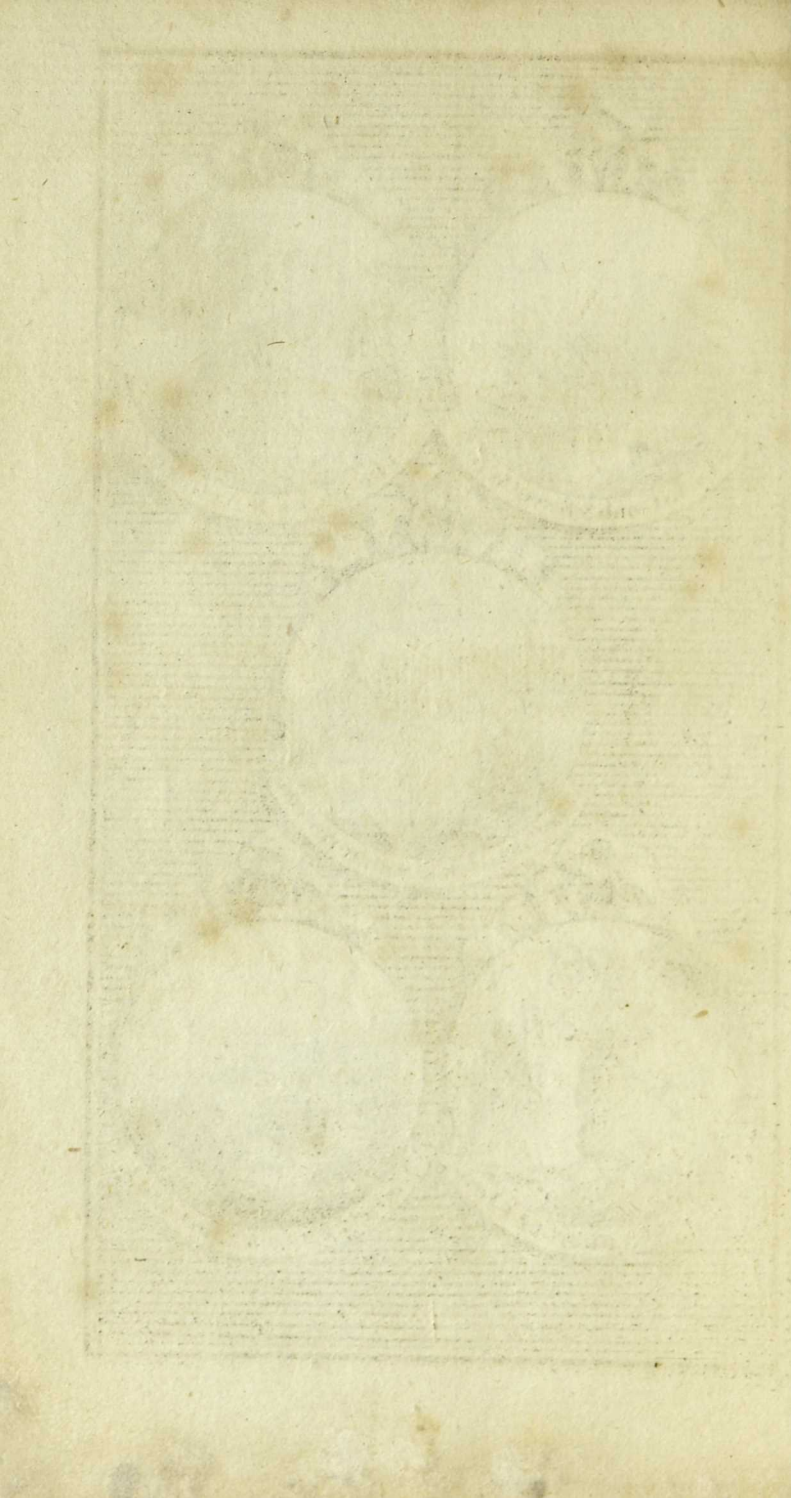
The Carnation & Southernwood



The Judgement of Flowers



The Field-Flower & Rosemary



IV.

And, "Matchless excellence !" (he says)

"With ME what flow'ret can compare ?

"The sweetest of the vernal race,

"Were surely never half so fair.

V.

"My crested head erect I rear,

"And constant bloom in matchless grace ;

"With brightest hue my leaves appear,

"Of all the garden's fragrant race.

VI.

"Transplanted from celestial bow'rs,

"Descent from Heav'n I rightly claim * ;

"And from eternal-blooming flow'rs

"Derive my ancient honour'd name.'

* This is a kind of Bastard Amaranth.

VII.

- “ Sweet tribes that FLORA’S care employ,
 “ (He sang) what beauties you display!—
 “ My breast expands with social joy
 “ Hence to behold your bright array.

VIII.

- “ To *me*, the last of flow’rs, bequeath
 “ Within the cultur’d pale to grow :
 “ And give the west winds gentle breath
 “ O’er this my lonely bed to blow.”

IX.

Smit with the fragrance which afar
 The passing winds rejoicing bore ;
 I own’d that flow’r deserv’d my care,
 Whose empty rival charm’d no more †.

* The Cock’s Comb being a gaudy Flower, without any agreeable smell to recommend it.

Ye

X.

Ye Fair can you the Moral view,
 In easy Fable thinly drest ?
 It is but this—*To Merit true,*
Throw boastful Conceits from your breast,

I.

II.

FABLE XXVI.

The JASMINE and HEMLOCK.

I.

TOW'RING aloft, a JASMINE fair
In a rich beauteous garden stood ;
And thence, nurs'd by wild Nature's care,
The neighb'ring HEMLOCK angry view'd.

II.

High o'er the pale the haughty flow'r
Was, angry seen to rear her head,
And, glowing in her vernal bow'r
She thus in lofty accents said :

“ While

III.

- “ While Phœbus darts his genial ray !
 “ How dar’st thou boldly here to grow ?
 “ And thy detested head to raise,
 “ Near where my fragrant blossoms blow !”

IV.

- The HEMLOCK stait in wrath reply’d,
 “ Thou idle proud insulting thing !
 “ Vain is alas thy swelling pride,
 “ Though deck’d in all the garb of Spring.

V.

- “ Thou, in the garden fair display’d,
 “ May’st please indeed the roving eye.
 “ I in some field or secret shade
 “ My useful succours still supply.
 “ Me

VI.

“ Me the grave Leech, who in his seat,
 “ Turns Nature’s useful volume o’er,
 “ Oft snatches from my low estate,
 “ And places in his precious store.

VII.

“ There, amongst health-bestowing flow’rs,
 “ He wisely ranks my honour’d name ;
 “ And, whilst he all employs *my* powr’s,
 “ Exalts *himself* to endless fame.

VIII.

“ Thus death and life alike I claim,
 “ But neither can to *thee* belong :
 “ Though oft by poets rais’d to fame,
 “ The theme of many a tuneful song.”

But

IX.

But still behold with candour due,
Those gifts thou canst not hope to share.
And keep this maxim in thy view,
The USEFUL far excells the FAIR.

F A B L E XXVII.

The CARNATION and SOUTHERNWOOD.

I.

RICH in each splendid various dye,
The beauteous sweet CARNATION
stood ;

While with a proud disdainful eye
The humble SOUTHERNWOOD she view'd.

II.

“ What vanity has plac'd thy seat,
“ (She strait exclaim'd) so near my side ;
“ For ev'n to grow in this retreat,
“ Argues alone thy matchless pride.

III.

“ Say, what art thou, thyself no flow'r,
“ That dar'st intrude thy presence here ;
“ 'Midst plants fit for a prince's bow'r,
“ Flow'rs fit for glorious kings to wear ?
“ Whate'er

IV.

- “ Whate’er I am,” the plant then said,
 “ My post ’tis sure I well maintain ;
 “ And chearful lend my needful aid,
 “ Where thine, alas ! were idly vain.

V.

- “ Say, could thy flow’rs of brightest hue
 “ Dreadful *Infection*’s force withstand ?
 “ Ah ! what could all thy beauties do,
 “ If spotted plagues laid waste the land ?

VI.

- “ Mean as I am, the task is mine,
 “ To purge the foul, unwholesome air ;
 “ To clear the brain, the blood refine,
 “ And seat the fair *HYGEIA* * there.

VII.

- “ Nay, farther still ;—thyself shalt own
 “ How oft when aptly join’d with thee ;
 “ Thy blossoms still have brighter shone,
 “ Their beauties all inhanc’d by *me*.

* The Goddess of Health.

“ Say,

VIII.

- " Say, if each warbler of the grove
 " Should constant chuse the self-same strain ;
 " Would the tir'd ear such music love,
 " Or could it wish to hear again ?

IX.

- " Nature, who made us what we are,
 " To each did different gifts impart ;
 " And gave to all their portion fair,
 " Dealt freely by her plastic art.

X.

- " Me let *thy* sweetest fragrance grace,
 " Ev'n from the early bloom of May ;
 " And *thee* will *I* and all thy race
 " With constant sov'reign balm repay."

XI.

Prudent she said ;—her rival, now
 Adopts the healthful smelling green ;
 And one for *Use*, and one for *Show*,
 Together still are always seen.

Learn

XII.

Learn hence, *That various talents giv'n*
Mean variously the world to bless :
And thus on MUTUAL WANTS kind Heav'n
Builds all our MUTUAL HAPPINESS.

FABLE

FABLE XXVIII.

The ROSEMARY and FIELD-
FLOWER.

I.

UPON the fam'd HYPANIS' banks,
By chance, in days of yore,
A tuft of Rosemary there grew,
Which scented all the shore.

II.

And near at hand a field-flow'r rais'd
Its variegated head ;
And view'd full many a spacious track,
With dreary desarts spread.

III.

But where the river roll'd its stream,
Unnumber'd insects swarm'd ;
Which rose in myriads into life,
By PHOEBUS' influence warm'd *.

* On the banks of the river Hypanis, there is a sort of insect, whose life is said to extend only from the rising to the setting of the sun.

The

IV.

The same revolving day that saw
 Their scene of life begun,
 Beheld them sink to dust again,
 With the declining sun.

V.

And one of these, at noontide hour,
 (The hardiest of his race)
 Urg'd to the Field-flow'r bright and gay
 His quick and eager pace.

VI.

But when no fragrant scent he found
 In that same flow'r so bright ;
 He to the sweeter Rosemary
 Directed strait his flight.

VII.

The *lasting* aromatic plant,
 His speed with wonder view'd ;
 Advis'd him other flow'rs to seek,
 Nor on her spot intrude.

“ And

VIII.

- “ And how can I for *thee* (she said)
“ My happier pow’rs display,
“ Or with my lasting flow’r support
“ The insect of a day ?

IX.

- “ Sure Nature form’d you but in sport,
“ Continual to destroy ;
“ Nor ever meant your race to know
“ One pure, substantial joy.”

X.

- “ Not so,” the wiser Insect cry’d,
“ My high descent I claim
“ From PHOEBUS’ self—you cannot *more*,
“ Nor wish a higher name.

XI.

- “ What if to me a shorter date
“ By Natures’ law is giv’n ;
“ Each moment that I live, *it*’ enjoy,
“ Is all I ask of Heav’n.

“ Beneath

XII.

- “ Under the Mushroom’s spacious shade,
“ Or in the mossy bow’r,
“ Or still at noon as *now* reclin’d,
“ Beneath some fragrant flow’r.

XIII.

- “ Know, that as much of life I trace
“ In one revolving fun ;
“ As yonder herds, whose destin’d course
“ Full many an age has run.

XIV.

- “ For equal are great Nature’s gifts,
“ And but an idle dream ;
“ The boast of TIME, which glides away
“ Swift as the passing stream.

XV.

- “ Well to employ the present hour,
“ Sweet plant, be ever thine ;
“ LIFE’s little day, *when once elaps’d,*
“ *Shall seem as short as MINE.*”

FABLE

FABLE XXIX.

The JUDGEMENT of the
FLOWERS.

I.

FAR from the busy haunts of men,
 Far from the glaring eye of day ;
 Still Fancy paints, with Nature's pen,
 Such tints as never can decay.—

II.

Near Avon's banks, a cultur'd spot,
 With many a tuft of flow'rs adorn'd,
 Was once an aged shepherd's lot,
 Who scenes of greater splendour scorn'd.

III.

Three beauteous daughters bless'd his bed,
 Who made the little plat their care ;
 And ev'ry sweet by FLORA spread
 Attentive still, they planted there.

Once

IV.

Once, when still ev'ning veil'd the sky,
 The fire walk'd forth, and fought the bow'r;
 And bade the lovely maids draw nigh,
 And each select some favour'd flow'r.

V.

The first, with radiant splendor charm'd,
 A variegated Tulip chose:
 The next, with love of beauty warm'd,
 Preferr'd the sweetly-blushing Rose.

VI.

The third, who mark'd, with depth of thought,
 How those bright Flow'rs must droop away,
 An Ev'ning Primrose only brought,
 Which opens with the closing day.

VII.

The sage a while in silence view'd
 The various choice of flow'rs display'd;
 And then (with wisdom's gift endu'd)
 Address'd each beauteous list'ning maid!

G

“ Who

VIII.

- " Who chose the Tulip's splendid dyes,
 " Shall own, too late, when that decays,
 " That vainly proud, not greatly wise,
 " She only caught a short liv'd blaze.

IX.

- " The Rose, though beauteous leaves and sweet
 " Its glorious vernal pride adorn :
 " Let her who chose beware to meet
 " The biting sharpness of its thorn.

X.

- " But *she*, who to fair day-light's train
 " The Ev'ning flow'r more just preferr'd ;
 " Chose real worth, nor chose in vain
 " The one great object of regard.

XI.

- " Ambitious *thou* ! the Tulip race
 " Make not, in life's short course, thy care :
 " Caught with sweet pleasure's rosy grace,
 " Do *thou* its sharper thorns beware.

" *Thou*

XII.

“ *Thou* prudent still to Virtue’s lore,
 “ Attend, and mark her counsels sage !
 “ She like *thy flow’r* has sweets in store,
 “ To soothe the ev’ning of thine age.”

XIII.

He ceas’d—attend the moral strain,
 The friendly Muse enlighten’d pours ;
 Nor let her pencil trace in vain
 The simple Judgment of the flow’rs.

XII.

" Fair presence fill to / my vision,
" Friend, and make her countenance
" She the only one I have known in flower
" To look like a ring of blue eyes."

XIII.

It was a—around the moon light,
The friendly light of the night
Not let her reach such in vain
The happy judgment of the heart

THE
BOUQUET,
OR, A
POSSY
OF
WILD FLOWERS.

The VIOLET.

SWEET tenant of the peaceful dell,
Thou brightest flow'r in Flora's wreath;
Such fragrance yields thy little cell,
As *Arno's smiling vallies breath.

'Soon as the Swallow seeks our sky,
Dost thou, reclus'd, by mossy springs,
Invite the roving Butterfly,
To bathe in dew his silver wings.

* The Valleys bordering on the river Arno in
Italy, are remarkable for their flow'ry productions.

Sequester'd sweet ! whilst Summer reigns,
 From empty noise and business free,
 I love to haunt the checquer'd plains,
 With sober Solitude, and Thee.

Whilst others seek the downy bed,
 I oft' at noon by thee recline,
 And whilst thy seat bears up my head,
 Enraptur'd, dream of things divine.

Come from that seat, thou vernal boon,
 Well pleas'd I'll bear thee thro' the grove,
 (Where birds are sweetly wrapt in tune)
 To grace the breast of her I love.

The HAWTHORN BLOOM.

PROLIFIC Nature now behold,
 Grown lavish of her sweets ;
 She deals them out an hundred fold,
 To ev'ry Bee she meets ;
 Ten thousand beauties give delight,
 And note their rich perfume ;
 But nothing sure can charm the sight,
 Like yonder Hawthorn Bloom.

O ! come my Phœbe let us haste,
 To yon' gay vale below ;
 The pleasure there my love shall taste,
 Which cities can't bestow :
 I'll single out the broadest tree,
 And underneath its gloom ;
 I'll sing the newest songs to thee,
 Amidst the Hawthorn Bloom.
 I'll sing of all our pleasures past,
 Our infant hopes and fears ;
 And thou shalt wish the theme to last,
 Till grey-ey'd eve appears.
 Just where that wanton Butterfly,
 Expands his golden plume,
 We'll sit (for sure no harm is nigh)
 And breathe the Hawthorn Bloom.

Then ! haste my love, for ah ! too soon
 Old Winter will be here ;
 To rob us of the Throffle's tune,
 And ev'ry scene that's dear ;
 O ! haste and make a swain sincere,
 Acquainted with his doom ;
 For that's the most I wish to hear,
 Beneath the Hawthorn Bloom.

The PRIMROSE.

PALE trifle of the milder glade,
A fav'rite with my gentle maid ;

'Tis you foretel the rising Spring,
And warn the forward Thrush to sing.

Short, very short, is Winter's reign,
Sweet flow'r, when you return again.

Fair harbinger of mirth, with you
The concerts of the groves renew ;

'Tis you inspire the tender Dove,
And bid the Black-bird woe his love.
Short, &c.

At thy approach, the Woodcock flies,
To frozen Lapland's darker skies ;
While * Progne comes to rear her cell,
And greet her sister Philomel.
Short, &c.

* The Daughter of Pandion, King of Athens,
was turned into a Swallow, according to the Fable.

See Ovid.

At thy approach, to welcome May,
 The shepherd makes his liv'ry gay ;
 His pipe that long had useless lain,
 Now wakes to sports the drowsy plain !

Short, &c.

When thou appear'st—ah ! wond'rous plan,]
 As when creation first began ;
 Kind nature opens to our sight,
 A fund of profit and delight.

Short, &c.

The FURZE BLOOM.

IF you would deal delight immense
 To ev'ry softer, finer sense,
 Straight from the dusky city fly,
 And breathe beneath a clearer sky,
 The sweets the blooming Furzes yield,
 On Andred's ancient, famous weald.

Where, whilst I drink the balmy breeze,
 Pluck'd from the banks of rushy * Teise ;
 I hold the Furze's golden bloom,
 Not India boasts of such perfume ;
 Nor doth the cultur'd garden yield
 A brighter flow'r, nor doth the field.

In Spring the Linnet thinks it best,
 In Furzy brake to build her nest ;
 Where while she broods, her gentle mate
 (Ah ! what a tranquil happy state)
 Warbling will sit the live-long day,
 Whilst all his care's to make her gay.

• A Rivulet near the Weald of Kent.

O come my love and make me blest,
 While yet the Furze Bloom shields the nest,
 And like the Linnet all the day,
 I'll sing to you my blithest lay ;
 O haste, while all is mirth around,
 And hills and vales with blifs abound:

The *WILD ROSE.

WHERE in the vale the Hawthorn blows,
 I pluck'd this faintly blushing Rose ;
 I wove it careful with the rest,
 And fixt the posy on my breast ;
 Then, to employ the leisure hour,
 I thus address'd the hedge-blown flow'r.

Hail ! thou who once wast dignify'd,
 More than all other flow'rs beside,
 When civil discord brav'd the field,
 To grace the banner and the shield ;
 Ah ! hapless days of heartfelt pain,
 May we ne'er know the like again.

Hail ! pretty bloom that hast been seen,
 T' adorn the bosom of a queen ;
 Till by the artists wond'rous care,
 Th' exotic grac'd the gay parterre ;
 Forsaken now and hardly known,
 In thorny brake you bloom alone.

* The Standards of the Houses of York and Lancaster, were charged with the English or Wild Rose. That the Wild Rose was the common bearing, appears from the coin of those days.

Such

Such is our fickle state on earth,
 We scorn what once we thought of worth;
 Ev'n him, the friend we thought most true,
 Is slighted oft' for one that's new;
 To conquer this, tho' casuists strive,
 Our dispositions still survive.

The D A F F O D I L:

IN regal pomp by fountain's brim,
(No bloom bedighted half so trim)

This Daffodil, at earliest day,
I broke in twain and bore away;
And as I trac'd the verdant plain,
I carroll'd thus the Doric strain.

O brilliant type of human fate,
As thine, is our uncertain state;
Like you from bud to bloom we run,
And gaily brave the summer's sun;
Like you (so hapless is our lot)
In bloom we're cropp'd and soon forgot.

You, still recluse by woodland side,
Bud, bloom, and wither, undescri'd;
So in the humble vale of life,
Unknown to riot, foe to strife;
The sober rustic spends his day,
And finds a gradual, calm decay.

May

May Phœbe, now in virgin bloom,
 Escape till age the common doom,
 Unruffled by the cares of life,
 O may she live a charming wife;
 As halefome and as blooming still,
 As is this golden Daffodil.

W I L D - T H Y M E.

ON yonder hill where kine appear,
 And small birds sing their loves sincere;
 I cull'd this blooming sprig of Thyme,
 And thus I sang in rustic rhyme;
 Great Nature's wond'rous art we see,
 Thou pretty flow'r, portray'd in thee;
 Thy purple dye, thy fragrant smell,
 Sure no sweet blossom can excel.
 O! how my flocks of Romney breed,
 Delight at morn, on thee to feed;
 I've seen them, when a downy gale,
 Has borne thy balm from Horsted vale,
 Regardless of the noon-tide sun,
 Break thro' the Hawthorn hedge and run,
 (When I'd not choose to interpose)
 To revel where the Wild Thyme blows.
 Attracted by the chearing scent,
 Oft' up the lorty hills of Kent,
 Have I, and Phœbe, blithly stray'd;
 Where, in some cool and quiet shade,
 Whilst busy Neptune roll'd along,
 We've listen'd to the Reed-bird's song;
 Or told our loves, and nothing fear'd,
 Until the lamp of night appear'd.

THE

The H A R E - B E L L.

THIS verdant stem of azure bells,
 Which boasts no culture, yet excels
 (When first 'tis water'd by the show'r)
 Full many a fav'rite garden flow'r ;
 A balsam we from this derive,
 That's yearly treasur'd in the hive.
 By Birchen Shaw, or clover meed,
 Where shepherd lads their cattle feed ;
 I often rove at rising day,
 To cull the Hare-bell fresh and gay ;
 And then, exulting, I repair,
 To weave it in my charmer's hair.
 How sweet at sunny noon to rove,
 Around the margin of the grove ;
 Just when the Hare-bell, fresh in bloom,
 Spreads far and wide its rich perfume :
 Alluring wand'ring bees to sip,
 Rich honey from its juicy lip.
 There, whilst these flow'rs their sweets diffuse,
 I often court the rural muse ;
 For there intrusion can't annoy,
 There the sweet maid is seldom coy ;
 But with her dimpled visage gay,
 Grants all my suit, and fires my lay
 F I N I S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY CHARLOTTE FINCH,

THESE NEW FABLES

WRITTEN FOR THE AMUSEMENT

O F

H E R H I G H N E S S

C H A R L O T T E,

PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

ARE MOST HUMBL Y DEDICATED BY

H E R L A D Y S H I P ' S

M O S T H U M B L E

A N D O B E D I E N T S E R V A N T,

T H E A U T H O R.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY CHARLOTTE FINCH,
THREE NEW TABLES
WRITTEN FOR THE AMUSEMENT

OF
HER HIGHNESS
CHARLOTTE
PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND
AND MOST HUMBLY DEDICATED BY

HER LAZARUS
MOST HUMBLE
AND OBLIGED SERVANT
THE AUTHOR

