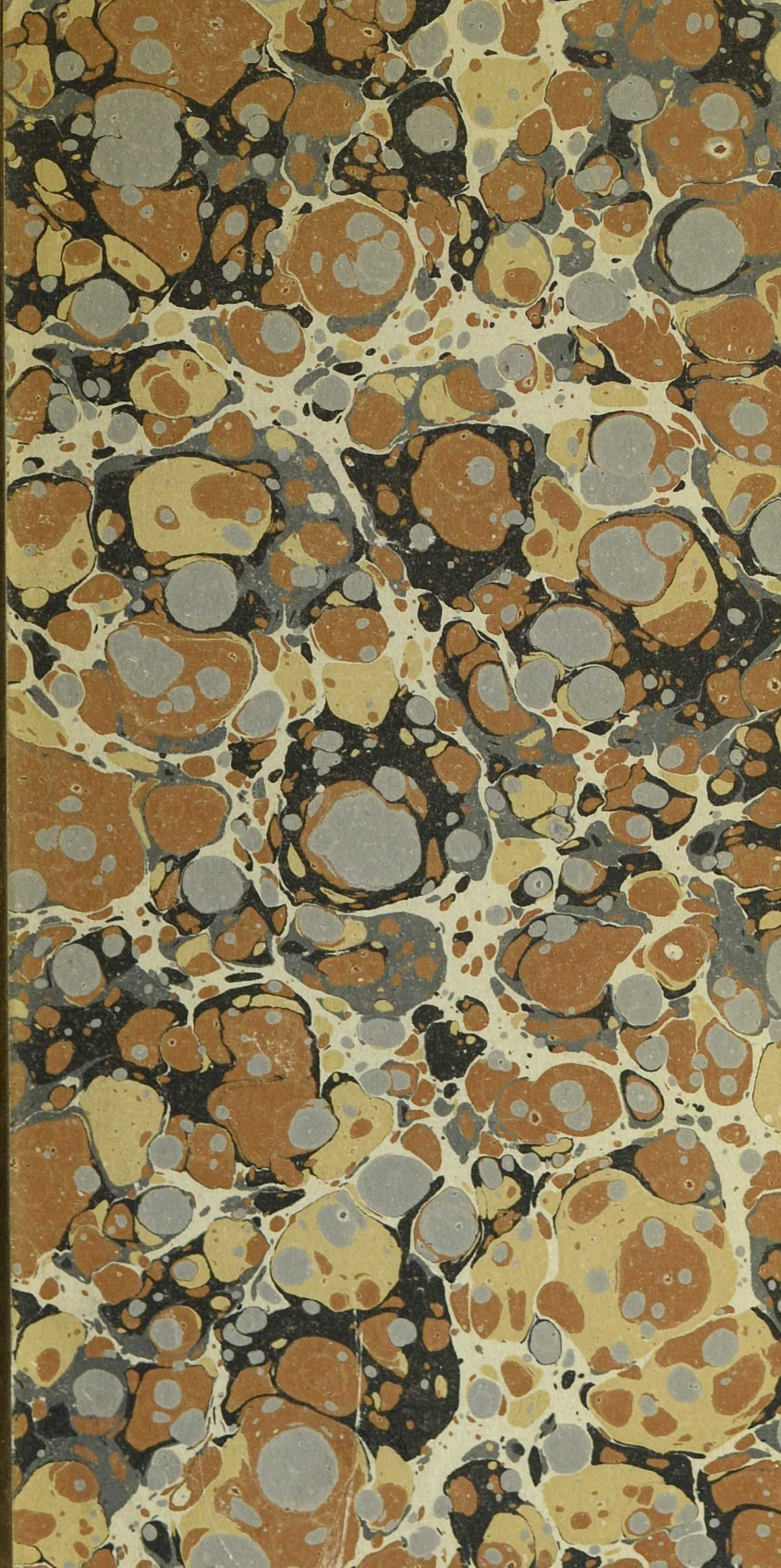

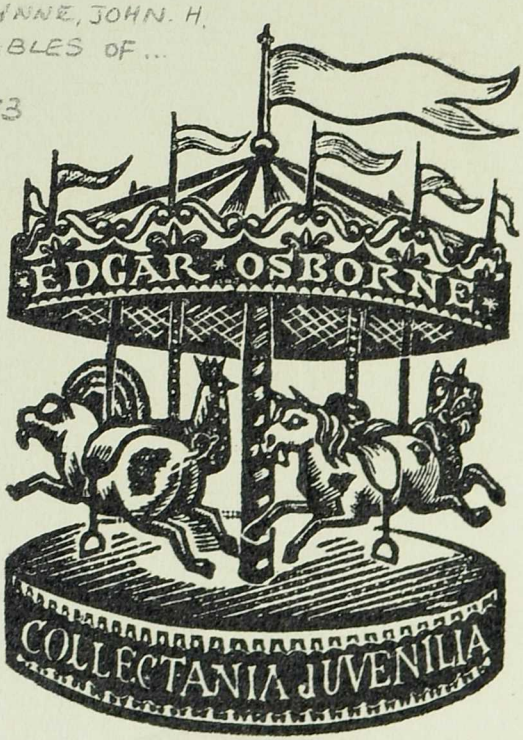

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THE

FOUR SEASONS.

A POEM.

FABLES
OF
FLOWERS,
FOR
THE FEMALE SEX.

WITH

ZEPHYRUS AND FLORA,
A VISION.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF
HER HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CHOICE EMBLEMS, &c. &c.

NATURE here
Wantons as in her prime, and plays at will
Her virgin fancies.

MILTON.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR GEORGE RILEY, BOOKSELLER,
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JOHN WILKIE, ST. PAUL'S-CHURCH-YARD.
MDCCLXXIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY CHARLOTTE FINCH,

THESE NEW FABLES

WRITTEN FOR THE AMUSEMENT

OF

HER HIGHNESS,

CHARLOTTE,

PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

ARE MOST HUMBLY DEDICATED BY

HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST HUMBLE

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

WHEN I ſurvey the divine ſimplicity and blooming attractions, that are diſplayed amongſt the variegated tribes of the vegetable creation, I ceaſe to wonder, that *Queens forego, for a while, the compliments of a nation, or withdraw from the glitter of a* COURT, *to be attended with the more ſplendid* EQUIPAGE *of a* BED *of* FLOWERS; where nothing ſeems wanting but the power of *ſpeech*, to make

make them become the moſt pleaſing Monitors.

How far the Author of the following Fables, written for the amuſement of an exalted Perſonage, may have ſucceeded, in deſcriptive fancy, as a poet: it is hoped, that, the moral and refined admonitions which may be found to breathe, from the fragrant boſom of a ſilver-robed Lily, or a blooming Jonquil, will throw a veil over any poetical inaccuracies; *for who can paint like Nature?*

As to the novelty of the plan, I cannot but hold myſelf, in a great meaſure,

meaſure, indebted to an ingenious Lady *, well known in the literary world. And can only ſay, that I have found both health and recreation in the completion of it; by ſharing ſome of the ſweeteſt hours of contemplation, among the lovely ſubjects of the following pages.

THE AUTHOR.

* The author of The Vizirs: or Enchanted Labyrinth; an Oriental Tale, 3 Vols.----Wherein ſhe deſcribes with great taſte and fancy, the different paſſions that are ſubject to miſguide the warm and expanded imagination, of Youth by the Flowers they make choice of in the Labyrinth.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ZEPHYRUS

AND

FLORA:

A VISION.

ZEPHYRUS AND FLORA.

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.

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.

And wide around me wound the fertile vale [a],
Fit theme and ſubject of the poet's ſong;
Whoſe num'rous beauties load the paſſing gale,
Whoſe breath repeats them, as it glides along.

VI.

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

[a] The Vale of Cluyd.

Amid

VII.

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

VIII.

Here, while the landſcape faded on my ſight,
Wild Fancy's eye ſtill brighter ſcenes ſupply'd;
I view'd not the laſt track of parting light,
Nor mark'd the fanning breezes as they dy'd.

IX.

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

X.

Methought I ſtood amidſt a garden fair,
Whoſe bounds no ſight of mortal eye could trace,
Situate mid-way, betwixt earth, ſeas, and air,
Unmark'd by Time, uncircumſcrib'd by Space.

XI.

Not half ſo ſweet was that delightſome dale,
Which to my waking view appear'd ſo bright;
For *here* did never-ceaſing ſuns prevail,
With mildeſt ſweetneſs temp'ring heav'nly light.

XII.

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.

XIII.

Serene the heav'ns, ſave where a cloudy ſhrine,
Big with cœleſtial plenty, ſail'd on high,
Show'r'd Spring's own roſes from her ſeat divine,
And drew a purple radiance o'er the ſky.

XIV.

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 liſt'ning ear.

And

XV.

And ſtill the while, with voices loud and ſweet,
The warbling birds in dulcet concert join'd,
The waters murm'ring flow with cadence meet,
"Low anſwer'd by the gently whiſp'ring wind."

XVI.

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:

XVII.

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:"

XVIII.

Elſe, were in vain theſe ſoft melodious ſtrains,
Which the whole ſoul of harmony inſpir'd,
Pour'd to the wild woods and the lonely plains,
Though worthieſt ſtill by all to be admir'd.

XIX.

Such were creation's firſt imperfect hours,
When the gay heav'ns in early beauty ſhone,
And earth, bedeck'd with beaſts, birds, plants, and flow'rs,
Spread all her boſom to the genial ſun;

XX.

Unfiniſh'd ſtill the mighty work appear'd,
Till Man, the lord of all, was bid to riſe;
With open brow his face divine who rear'd,
And ſought with upright look his native ſkies.

XXI.

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.

XXII.

Then, by ſome magic pow'r ſwift ſnatch'd away,
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.

But

XXIII.

But far above all theſe a ſeat 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.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

A ſight more beauteous ne'er did eye behold,
Than theſe bright tribes that glitter'd on the day;
And, rich in purple dyes and flaming gold.
Did their bright boſoms to the ſun diſplay.

XXVI.

Such was the throne;—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!

XXVII.

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:

XXVIII.

Theſe when he ſpreads, reviving Nature pours
Her copious treaſures of immortal bloom;
Whilſt through vaſt realms he ſcatters vernal ſtores,
And from his downy pinions ſhakes perfume.

XXIX.

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;

XXX.

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

Her

XXXI.

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.

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

Firſt came the SPRING, led 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.

XXXIV.

Next SUMMER came; 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.

XXXV.

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.

XXXVI.

Laſt WINTER comes, 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.

XXXVII.

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.

XXXVIII.

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.

But

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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.

XLI.

All claim'd preferment, and each one could boaſt
Of ſome bright beauty or perfection dear,
Which ſhould induce mankind to prize *her* moſt,
And to preferment make her title clear.

XLII.

And ſome, 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.

The

XLIII.

The Crown Imperial, and the ſpurious Flow'r
Which boaſts of royal arms and royal mien [a];
The warlike Plant that claims immortal pow'r [b],
And that gay lady call'd the Meadow's Queen.

XLIV.

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.

XLV.

Others again for *beauty's* meed contend,
Chief amidſt whom appear'd the Tulip race;
A painted tribe, born only to contend
For praiſe, where *all* is giv'n external grace.

XLVI.

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

[a] Iris, or Fleur de lis. [b] Larkſpur. [c] The Hollyhock.
[d] Anemone, or Wind Flower. [e] Narciſſus.

The

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

The judges ſat, each ſep'rate claim was heard,
While ſome for *rule*, and ſome for *praiſes*, ſought;
And ſome had been diſgrac'd, and ſome preferr'd,
As in the goddeſs' mind their various pleadings wrought

L.

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?"

[a] Bell Flower, Corn Violet, or Venus's Looking Glaſs.
[b] Clytie, or the Sun Flower.

How

LI.

How many abſent now, more fair than theſe,
With greater fragrance in lone valleys blow?
Or, if the garden's flow'ry tribe more pleaſe,
Where do the Roſe and lovely Vi'let glow?

LII.

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?

LIII.

For ſure, of all who feel my genial gale,
Or to the ſun their fragrant breaſts unfold,
The beſt and ſweeteſt that on earth prevail,
Yet do I not in this fair court behold."

LIV.

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

LV.

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:

LVI.

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 seclude.

LVII.

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 prolong.

LVIII.

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:

"Genii

LIX.

"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?

LX.

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.

LXI.

So *all* the glories of my reign ſhall ſhare,
So *all* be ſtill in poets ſongs renown'd,
So ſhall my ZEPHYR ſtill with gentleſt air,
Wave o'er your beds, with bloom eternal crown'd.

LXII.

And *you*, who not for pow'r, but beauty's charms,
For gaudy tints, ſtill fiercely would contend;
What envious fire ſuch gentle boſoms warms?
And where, alas! muſt the mad conteſt end?

Each

LXIII.

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.

LXIV.

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.

LXV.

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.

LXVI.

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

She

LXVII.

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 mortal bloom.

LXVIII.

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.

LXIX.

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.

LXX.

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:

"And

LXXI.

"And ſeeſt 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.

LXXII.

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?

LXXIII.

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.

LXXIV.

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."

He

LXXV.

He ceas'd; and well I mark'd the prudent lore,
And much revolv'd his ſaying in my mind;
Bent all the myſtic moral to explore,
By this romantic, ſplendid ſcene deſign'd.

LXXVI.

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.

LXXVII.

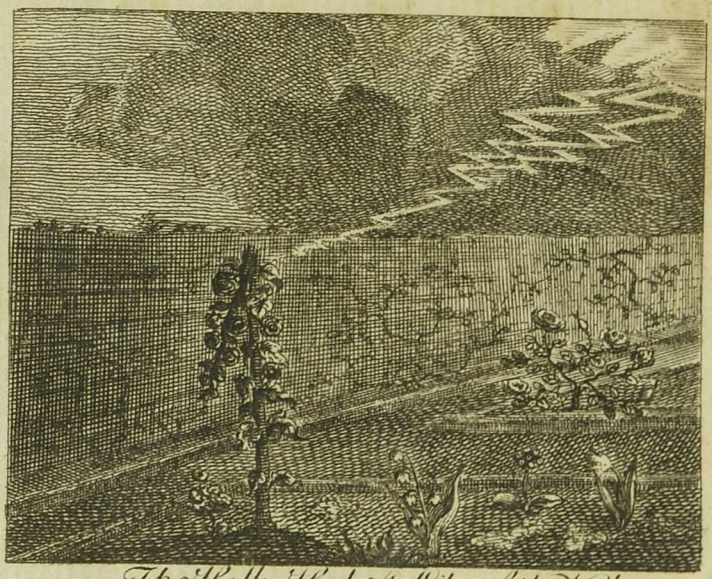
No longer now near FLORA's bow'r I ſtood,
But view'd with op'ning eyes the riſing day;
Then down the Valley fair my path purſu'd,
And homeward took my ſolitary way.

F A B L E S

OF

F L O W E R S.

Fab. I



The Holly Hock & Lily of the Vaily

Fab. II.

The Aloe in Blossom

F A B L E S

O F

F L O W E R S.

FABLE I.

The HOLLYHOCK and the LILY of the VALE.

I.

'TWAS early morn, Sol's radiant beams
Illum'd the landſcape round.
The dew-drops glitter'd on the day,
And gem-like deck'd the ground.

II.

Within the garden's cultur'd walks
A Hollyhock there grew;
And there the Lily of the Vale
Kept humble diſtance due.

Elate

III.

Elate with pride, the gaudy flow'r
Expands its ſwelling breaſt;
And, joying in the vernal ſcene,
The LILY thus addreſs'd:

IV.

"What doſt thou here, mean paltry thing,
"Go blow in yonder field;
"Nor thus diſgrace fair FLORA's tribes,
"That heav'nly beauties yield.

V.

"Go, with thy faint and ſickly hue,
"Some cheatleſs vale adorn;
"But here intrude not on our reign,
"Nor drink the dew of morn.

VI.

"Whilſt I with heighten'd colours glow,
"In Summer's liv'ry gay;
"Imbibe the ſofteſt tints of light,
"And glitter on the day.

"Me

VII.

"Me yonder golden ſun ſhall warm,
"At morn and noon-tide hour;
"And me his ev'ning beams attend,
"Like his own fav'rite flow'r.

VIII.

"Nor yonder Roſe, nor Bacchus' Plant,
"Which twining near me grows,
"Can boaſt more excellence than me,
"Or brighter dyes diſcloſe.

IX.

"Hence thou! nor this fair ſpot profane,
"Where fairer flow'rets blow;
"Return again to ſhades obſcure,
"And there neglected grow."

X.

The LILY heard, with decent grace,
That ſcorn'd the boaſter's pride;
Then from her lone, unenvy'd bed
She thus in brief reply'd;

XI.

" From vaunting loud what fame is gain'd,
" To raiſe the boaſter's name;
" Or might not yonder bluſhing Roſe
" Exert a fairer claim?

XII.

" And many a flow'r that round thee blows,
" In the bright garb of Spring;
" Or, rich in elegant perfumes,
" That ſcent the Zephyr's wing.

XIII.

" The vine, with purple cluſters deck'd,
" Shall ſoon rich ſweets beſtow;
" Whilſt thou, a barren flow'r at beſt,
" Art only made for ſhow.

XIV.

" For ME;—what Nature form'd, I am;
" I envy not thy pride;
" Nor ſeek to raiſe a greater boaſt,
" By Providence deny'd.

" Yet

XV.

" Yet in ſome dark and dang'rous hour,
" When tempeſts rude aſſail;
" Ev'n thou may'ſt wiſh the humbler ſtate
" Of LILY OF THE VALE."

XVI.

Safe from her humble ſpot ſhe ſaid,
And view'd the changing ſky;
From op'ning clouds the thunders break,
The livid lightnings fly.

XVII.

Full on the garden's lofty wall,
The flow'rs exalted place,
The fires æthereal ſwiftly fall,
And rend its ſolid baſe.

XVIII.

And now the boaſter's truſt and pride
Aſſur'd her overthrow;
Her glories buried in the duſt,
By one deſtructive blow.

XIX.

The LILY view'd the ruin'd flow'r,
And ſtrait this Moral drew;
Beauty and Pride are idly vain,
But Praiſe is Merit's due.

XX.

Daughters of Albion, timely wiſe,
Attend the moral tale;
And imitate with prudent care
THE LILY OF THE VALE.

FABLE

FABLE II.

The ALOE in Blossom.

I.

"FROM warmer climates early borne,
"Where beams the god of light;
"How gaily blooms yon lofty plant,
"In native colours bright!

II.

"The root, the plant, the leaf, the flow'r,
"Alike our wonder raise;
"And all confess the fragrant stock,
"Renown'd in ancient days.

III.

"Some say, but one revolving age
"Beholds thy beauties spread;
"And rear aloft to genial suns
"Its highly blooming head.

IV.

" But thou, like Merit, kindly nurs'd,
" An early ſpring wilt know;
" While, check'd by rigid, frowning ſkies,
" Thy gems forget to glow.

V.

" Emblem of Genius rarely known,
" And ſtill more rarely giv'n;
" To reap the good itſelf imparts,
" And ſhare the gifts of Heav'n.

VI.

" Say, glorious ſtranger, rear'd erewhile
" In diſtant, ſunny lands;
" Can either India more beſtow,
" Than Albion's iſle commands?

VII.

" In weſtern and in ſouthern climes
" Too long haſt thou been plac'd;
" And India's ſands, and Afric's wilds,
" Thy beauteous preſence grac'd.

" Deign

VIII.

"Deign then, O ſov'reign plant, thy balm,
"On this our land beſtow;
"And give thy flow'rs in all their grace
"And luſtre here to blow."—

IX.

The Guardian Sylph, that watch'd the flow'r,
Confeſs'd before me ſtood;
And ſhook his bright and ſunny locks,
And thus my ſuit withſtood:

X.

"Ceaſe, ceaſe, he cry'd, ſuch boons to aſk,
"As ſcarce deſerve a name;
"While Albion, favour'd from above,
"Can greater bleſſings claim.

XI.

"Still, ſtill, their gems and ſpicy ſtore,
"Let either India boaſt;
"And Afric vaunt the precious ſands,
"That glitter on her coaſt.

XII.

" Not theſe, nor all the hidden wealth,
" That earth or ſea poſſeſs;
" Can match thoſe richer gifts of heav'n,
" Which fair Britannia bleſs.

XIII.

" Peace, Freedom, Wealth from fartheſt ſhores,
" By golden commerce brought;
" All theſe are hers, and ev'ry good,
" By happieſt nations ſought.

XVII.

" Nor *this* alone; here Genius blooms,
" A *Flow'r* excelling *mine*.
" Nor aſks a whole revolving age,
" In glories to refine.

XVIII.

" Here too the Fair, with beauty bright,
" The hearts of heroes warm;
" Thoſe *human bloſſoms* genial blow,
" And put forth ev'ry charm.

" Ceaſe

XIX.

"Ceaſe then, *nor envy other climes*
"*Their beauties thinly ſtrewn;*
"*But learn with decent pride to prize*
"*The bleſſings of your own.*"

Fab. III.

The Rose & Hornet

Fab. IIII.

The Sensitive Plant

FABLE III.

The ROSE and the HORNET.

I.

DEEP in a lone ſequeſter'd vale,
Where many' a ſtreamlet flows;
And nurs'd by many' a gentle gale,
Soft bloom'd a damaſk Roſe.

II.

The Summer's ſuns, the Zephyrs bland,
All own'd her peerleſs queen;
The honey'd Bee, Spring's ſweeteſt child,
Oft' ſought her breaſt ſerene.

III.

Her beauties op'ning on the day,
With ev'ry grace were crown'd;
Imbib'd the golden ſolar beam,
And deck'd the deſart ground.

Daughter

IV.

Daughter of Nature, ſtill ſhe blow'd,
Where human face ne'er ſhone;
And ſpread her bloſſoms to the view
But of the Sun alone.

V.

Pride of the Eaſt, a brighter glow,
Beyond our garden's bloom,
Bade her with heighten'd beauty bluſh,
And ſcatter rich perfume.

VI.

Her rudely ruſhing through the air
An angry HORNET 'ſpy'd;
Vow'd to enjoy the heav'nly flow'r,
In all her blooming pride.

VII.

Bold ſon of heat, with rudeſt haſte,
His courſe he ſtrait addreſs'd;
To rifle all her charms in ſpite,
And riot on her breaſt.

He

VIII.

He ſearch'd each leaf, each bloſſom wounds
With rude unhallow'd rage;
Yet nothing could his ſearch explore,
His paſſion to aſſuage.

IX.

The beauteous flow'r, though wildly rent,
No ſweetneſs would afford;
But hurt by many a vengeful thorn,
His raſhneſs he deplor'd.

X.

At length, thus baffled and deceiv'd,
Enrag'd, he ſilence broke;
And now of ev'ry hope bereft,
He thus inſulting ſpoke;

XI.

" Vain gaudy flow'r, they term thy breaſt
" Engaging, bright, and fair;
" Who ſeek thy boſom, ne'er ſhall find
" Or joy or ſweetneſs there.

" The

XII.

"The Bee indeed, thy fav'rite, ſtill
"Says, Honey ſprings from thee;
"Yet nought but trouble, care, and pain,
"Haſt thou beſtow'd on me.

XIII.

"Then boaſt no more thy beauteous form
"That ſtill excites deſire;
"Since *Thorns* alone thou canſt beſtow,
"To quench a lover's fire."

XIV.

Then thus the Roſe,—"Intruder vile!
"Who thus would'ſt force employ;
"Though arm'd with pow'r; know 'tis not thine
"To taſte ſubſtantial joy.

XV.

"The Bee, who ſips each ſweet that glows
"In lawn or ſhady bow'r,
"Taſtes all the honey as he flies,
"But never wounds the flow'r.

"Whilſt

XVI.

" Whilst thou, both impious and unwise,
" Of all our tribes the scorn;
" For ev'ry violated sweet
" Shalt always meet a thorn."

FABLE IV.

The SENSITIVE PLANT.

I.

RARE plant, or flow'r, or nymph-like tree,
With human ſenſe endu'd;
Why doſt thou ſhrink beneath the touch,
And bear but to be *view'd?*

II.

Say does ſome Hamadryad chuſe
In that green ſtem to live?
And to her highly favour'd ſhrine
This ſtrong ſenſation give?

III.

Well for thy ſake their ancient oaks
The wood-nymphs might forſake;
And in thy purer boſom wiſh
Their lov'd abodes to make.

Yet

IV.

Yet why indignant from each hand
  Alike doſt thou retire?
Does ev'ry touch, replete with ill,
  Alike thy hate inſpire?

V.

Too cautious nymph! well might'ſt thou deign
  To ſome thy breaſt unfold;
Sure thoſe would *worſhip* at the *touch*,
  Who *love* when they *behold*.

VI.

Shrunk in herſelf, with modeſt grace
  The Plant thus fair reply'd,
" Whate'er my ſource, my maiden ſtate
  " But ill agrees with pride[a].

VII.

" In purity alone I joy;
  " I ſeek no other fame,
" But that which from chaſte wiſhes grows,
  " And ſuits a virgin's name.

[a] This flower is encompaſſed with thorns, and its root is ſaid to have a poiſonous quality.

"Nymphs

VIII.

" Nymphs of the woods, the groves, and ſtreams,
" Too oft have found the ſmart
" Of looſer fires, which, once indulg'd,
" Will rankle in the heart.

IX.

" Me no rude touch ſhall e'er profane;
" That guard, if once I leave,
" Of ev'ry virtue well I know
" Mankind would me bereave.

X.

" Nor this alone, know, curious youth,
" A thorny mail I own;
" Foe to the raſh unthinking hand
" That violates my throne.

XI.

" And ev'n within this ſpotleſs breaſt
" Does deadly venom ſpring;
" So he that raviſhes the ſweets,
" May meet the mortal ſting.

" Go

XII.

" Go then, and range from flow'r to flow'r,
" Amidſt the gaudy train:
" But ſacred be my homely plant,
" To bright-hair'd Veſta's reign.

XIII.

" She ceas'd; nor I the flow'r profan'd,
" To chaſtity devote;
" But on the ſand with ruſtic pen,
" This ſacred moral wrote:

XIV.

The Nymph who ſlights ſtrict virtue's guard,
Shall quickly meet a ſnare;
And Pleaſures, rais'd on Virtue's bane,
Are fatal, as they're fair.

XII.

"Go then, and range from flow'r to flow'r,
"Amidst the gaudy train:
"But sacred be my homely plant,
"To bright-hair'd Vesta's reign.

XIII.

"She cease'd; nor I the flow'r profan'd,
"To chastity devote;
"But on the land with tuftic pen,
"This sacred moral wrote:

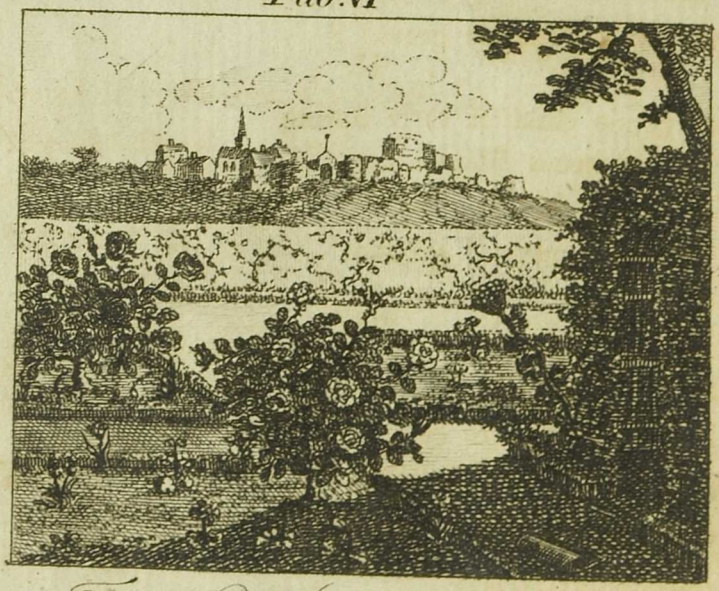
XIV.

"The Nymph who flights Hesh nurture's swain,
"Shall quickly turn a flower;
"And blooming, wait on Venus's train,
"Yet fruitless as thy've been.

Fab. V

The Hawthorn & Primrose

Fab. VI



The White Rose & Red

FABLE V.

The HAWTHORN and the PRIMROSE.

I.

BENEATH a wild and ruſtic ſhade,
Impervious to the view;
In the ſweet-ſmiling month of May,
A lovely Primroſe grew.

II.

The gentle child of early Spring
By bounteous FLORA crown'd;
With vernal beauties born to deck
The unfrequented ground.

III.

The brighteſt dye, the ſweeteſt ſcent,
Her yellow leaves could yield;
Were ſpent upon the empty air,
Nor e'er adorn'd the field.

For

IV.

For round her grew a bushy brake,
With many' a thorn beset;
And many' a weed obscene and foul
Deform'd the green retreat.

V.

But high above the rest advanc'd
A spreading Hawthorn rose;
Whose lengthen'd branches overhung
The seat of her repose.

VI.

Her gem-like blossoms wide display'd
The darkling dell adorn;
With grateful fragrance kiss the wind,
And drink the dew of morn'.

VII.

Her the lone Rose in mournful guise
Full many a day had ey'd;
And thus at length one summer's eve
She all impatient cry'd.

"Ah

VIII.

" Ah Thorn! the bane of all my hopes!
" Ah Thorn! that wound'ſt my peace!
" Still muſt I view thy branches ſpread,
" And ſtill my woes increaſe:

IX.

" I who long ſince had, happier far,
" Been by ſome fair careſs'd;
" Had drunk the radiance of her eye,
" And panted on her breaſt?

X.

" What have I done, O wretch! that ſtill
" This evil treatment meets;
" Or haſt thou aught in lieu to give
" To thoſe who loſe my ſweets?"

XI.

She ſaid:—the Hawthorn thus reply'd,
" Fond pageant of an hour!
" Art *thou* diſpleas'd becauſe *I* bloom,
" Though ſhelter'd by my pow'r?

XII.

"And know'ſt thou not that but for *me*
"Thy boaſted bloom were vain;
"By grazing herds trod under foot,
"And level'd with the plain?

XIII.

"*Thee* I protect; *myſelf* am known
"Among the warlike race;
"Whom Nature arms with prompt defence
"Of moſt excelling grace.

XIV.

"Nor idly I theſe weapons wear,
"Nor idle is my bloom;
"One arms me for myſelf and thee;
"The other ſheds perfume.

XV.

"And oft as this returning month
"Adds vigour to the year;
"Crown'd with my gems in ruſtic dance
"The nymphs and ſwains appear.

"Me

XVI.

"Me the fleet hare, and tim'rous fawn,
"Seek at their greateſt need;
"They reſt ſecure beneath my ſhade,
"And on my bounty feed.

XVII.

"But moſt the plaintive Philomel,
"Sweet warbler of the grove,
"Joys 'midſt my branches to repoſe,
"And ſing her hapleſs love.

XVIII.

"Againſt my thorns her boſom plac'd,
"She ſtrains her tuneful throat;
"And by my uſeful aid exalts
"Each ſweetly trilling note.

XIX.

"Sacred to FLORA, of her train
"Although no flow'r am I;
"And born to flouriſh many a moon,
"When thou ſhalt fade and die."

XX.

"Ceaſe then, nor envy this my ſtate,
"Which muſt *thy own* defend;
"The thorns I bear ſhall ſave thy flow'r,
"And prove thy ſureſt friend."

XXI.

So ſpake the HAWTHORN, juſtly wiſe;
The ROSE unanſw'ring heard:
I caught the Moral, as it roſe;
And thus its ſenſe appear'd:

XXII.

Life's humble vale is moſt ſecure;
Cares on th' exalted wait:
Yet thoſe who well the weak protect
Deſerve UNENVY'D STATE.

FABLE

FABLE VI.

The WHITE ROSE and the RED.

I.

CONTENDING beauties, whom the doom
Of Fate has ſtill aſſign'd
Two fragrant rival flow'rs to blow,
And ſcent the weſtern wind;

II.

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

III.

The *firſt* of ſpotleſs beauty vain
That ſudden caught the eye,
The *laſt* attentive praiſe to gain
From her more ſanguine dye.

IV.

Of ſov'reign virtue both well known,
Both favour'd from above:
Still full of glory roſe each flow'r,
Emblems of gentle Love.

V.

Yet 'twixt their ſtocks wild feuds ſubſiſt,
To work them laſting woe;
Whilſt each of other ſtill complain'd,
And ſtrove her overthrow.

VI.

"Shame, ſaid the RED, on that pale hue,
"Which ſpeaks the wearer's heart;
"That, void of virtue as of grace,
"No colour can impart.

VII.

"Unlike the bluſhes that adorn
"My flow'r with colour meet,
"AURORA's, when ſhe wakes the day,
"Appear not half ſo ſweet."

"Nay!

VIII.

"Nay! Shame on thee, the White reply'd,
"Whose blush by *guilt* was giv'n:
"Ev'n by the blood of VENUS shed,
"Our patroness in Heav'n [a].

IX.

"Till then like me all Roses were,
"Whose ancient stock I claim;
"And, void of crime, still reprobate
"Their colour with their name."

X.

"This and much more she angry said:
"But JOVE's immortal flow'r [b]
"Their ill-meant conversation broke,
"With soft, persuasive pow'r.

[a] According to the old Fable, the Rose was at first always white, till Venus, while she was pursuing Adonis, scratched herself with its thorns, and thereby stained it with her cœlestial blood.

[b] The Amaranth.

XI.

" Forbear, ſhe cry'd, in haughty guiſe,
" Reproachful to contend:
" Whoe'er the victrix, ſmall her gain,
" That thus can loſe a friend.

XII.

" Ally'd by Nature in your kind,
" And diff'ring but in Hue:
" You both poſſeſs intrinſic worth,
" And outward beauty too.

XIII.

" Long was the ſtrife your [a] ancient ſtate,
" In this our iſle purſu'd;
" Which many a year drench'd either Roſe,
" In ſeas of kindred blood.

XIV.

" Oh! may no more ſuch horrors riſe,
" Within our Garden's pale:
" But all with emulation ſtrive,
" That concord may prevail!

[a] Alluding to the Civil Wars of York and Lancaſter, in which the White Roſe and the Red were adopted as tokens or devices by their different partiſans.

" May

XV.

" May civil feuds and ranc'rous hate
" From hence be baniſh'd far;
" Foul is that ſtrife, where friends conteſt,
" And wage inhuman war.

XVI.

" Then to this ſolemn truth give ear;
" *Where trifles thus are priz'd,*
" *If two for victory contend;*
" *They both will be deſpis'd.*"

Fab. VII.

The Crocus

Fab. VIII

Anemone & Passion Flower

FABLE VII.

The CROCUS.

I.

"SAY, beauteous flow'r, whose burnish'd leaves
"With Spring's own livery glow:
"In these bleak months, why dost thou chuse
"T' adorn a waste of snow?

II.

"Say, dost thou grudge to summer-skies,
"That bloom divinely bright:
"Or, are thy beauties clearer seen,
"Through this thin Robe of White?

III.

"The Snow-drop, thy companion fair,
"As well thy foil might prove,
"And both might bloom in seasons sweet,
"And far from hence remove.

IV.

" To Summer's gayer months benign;
" Should'ſt thou transfer thy reign,
" Thy beauties ſtill would brighter glow,
" And doubly grace the plain.—"

V.

I ſaid:—the lovely ſmiling flow'r,
The beauty of its race;
And friendly to the ſons of men,
Reply'd with decent grace:

VI.

" Nature's great book before thee ſet:
" She blames thee not to ſcan
" Her works on every ſide diſplay'd,
" The fit employ of man.

VII.

" When Spring and Summer glad the earth,
" Ten thouſand beauties bloom;
" And various flow'rs of brighteſt hue,
" Diffuſe a rich perfume.

" Autumn

VIII.

" Autumn of fruits her tribute brings,
" With yellow harvests crown'd;
" Then laugh the hills and vales, and meads
" With richest plenty crown'd.

IX.

" Winter, at length, with gloomy brow,
" Comes on to close the year;
" When flow'rs and fruits, and all their race,
" Almost extinct appear.

X.

" Yet still some few the gracious Pow'rs
" Permit of these to bloom:
" Nor heap alike all FLORA's race,
" In one remorseless tomb.

XI.

" And soon as to the wat'ry Signs,
" The Sun retreats again;
" Then she my flamy dyes awakes,
" And bids me deck the plain.

Nor

XII.

" Nor leſs my worth becauſe 'midſt ſnows,
" My head I early rear;
" My flow'r ſtill freſh and lively blooms,
" As at the cloſing year.

XIII.

" And know, when Autumn's Sun prevails,
" My kindred flow'rs ariſe;
" In forms which heav'nly pow'rs might praiſe,
" And ſcent the ambient ſkies [a].

XIV.

" Theſe ev'ry diſmal gloom diſpel;
" Which mis'ry can impart,
" And joy and gladneſs ſtill inſpire,
" And harmonize the heart.

XV.

" Meanwhile my earlier ſtation here,
" (Health's harbinger) I keep,
" To glad the ſad and cloudy days;
" When Spring's ſoft Zephyrs ſleep.

[a] It is here to be noted that the autumnal Crocus is the Saffron Flower, ſo famous in Medicine.

" So

XVI.

" So, in the Winter of his days,
" Chear thou thy drooping friend;
" His ſorrows ſooth, his griefs aſſuage,
" And prompt aſſiſtance lend.

XVII.

" So, when his fate and fortune lour,
" Thy better aid impart;
" And with thy fortune's warmer ray,
" Revive his dying heart.

XVIII.

She ſaid;—the moral well became
The ſweet, propitious flow'r;
I mark'd the lore with heedful mind,
And own'd fair FRIENDSHIP'S pow'r.

FABLE

FABLE VIII.

The ANEMONE and the PASSION FLOWER.

I.

"BRIGHT flow'r, renown'd in ancient times,
"Amidſt the Cyprian ſhades;
"The theme of wonder and of praiſe
"To ſoft Sidonian maids.

II.

"Hail! Goddeſs-born! hail! thou produc'd
"From the bright mingled flood
"Of VENUS' tears, as bards have ſung,
"And her ADONIS' blood.

III.

"Rich are thy bloſſoms in each hue
"That can inchant the ſight;
"And ſtrike at once the raviſh'd eye
"With wonder and delight.

"Hail!

IV.

" Hail! ſacred Plant, born but to ſhew
" ADONIS' yearly wound;
" By gentle VENUS taught to bloom,
" With heav'nly beauties crown'd."

V.

I ſaid; when lo; an awful form
Upon my orgies broke;
And, like ſome bright cœleſtial pow'r,
In lofty accents ſpoke:

VI.

" Hence, thou profane; nor wound me thus
" With thy unhallow'd ſong;
" But turn, and ſee, who bloſſoms here,
" To whom thy ſtrains belong.

VII.

" The Tyrian Boy, and VENUS' ſelf,
" Before my face ſhall fly;
" Their beauty gone, their luſtre loſt,
" And all their charms ſhall die.

" I am

VIII.

" I am the only flow'r on earth,
" With ſigns divine adorn'd;
" By me, of Heav'n thus favour'd high,
" All Pagan Gods are ſcorn'd.

IX.

" The purple ring, the bloody crown,
" The nails, and guilty ſpear,
" That ſlew the Lord of Life, behold
" In my ſymbolic ſphere.

X.

" Deep to Lethéan ſhades my root
" Still downward ſeems to tend;
" As from the Croſs's ſacred baſe,
" To Hell it would deſcend.

XI.

" Then here thy miſ-plac'd rev'rence ſhew,
" And bow before this ſhrine;
" Where Angel Hoſts themſelves might pray,
" And own the Plant divine."

XII.

She ſaid; ADONIS' flow'ret bow'd,
As to ſuperior pow'r;
My conſcious heart was ſtruck with dread;
Before the wond'rous flow'r.

XIII.

But whilſt intent my rev'rence there
With honour due to pay;
The heav'ns withdrew their uſeful light,
And clos'd the hours of day.

XIV.

I look'd;—no more thoſe ſigns I ſaw,
Which had my rev'rence drawn:
For ever ſhut the mirrour ſtood [a],
Which thus had grac'd the lawn.

XV.

A while I gaz'd; at length I cry'd,
And art THOU mortal too?
Are all THY ſacred beauties fled,
Or faded on the view?

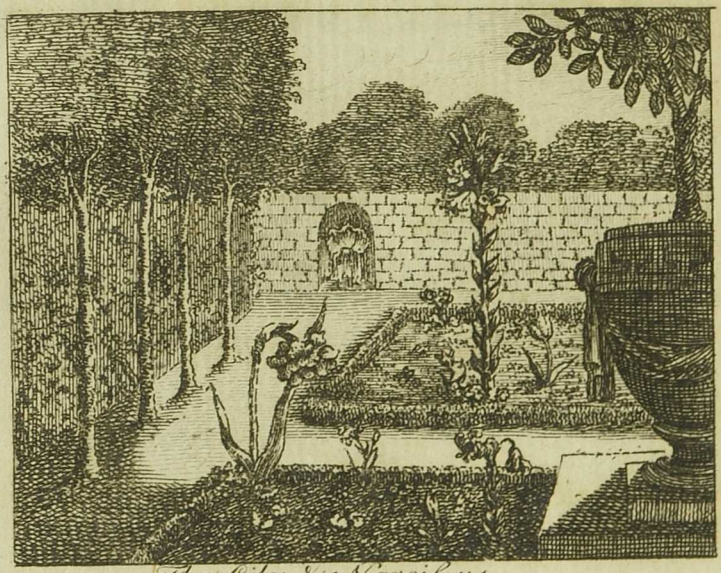
[a] This flower opens in the morning, and fades away in the evening, cloſing up, and never opening again.

Vain

XVI.

Vain then is all external awe,
That images impart;
And HE *that rules above is best*
Recorded in the HEART.

Fab. IX.



The Lily & Narcissus

Fab. X.

The Ivy & Sweet Briar

FABLE IX.

The LILY and NARCISSUS.

I.

" AH! haplefs difcontented flow'r,
" That yellow leaves adorn;
" Who once in life's gay vernal pride
" The brighteft nymphs could'ft fcorn.

II.

" Hard was thy lot, and fhort thy date,
" By form too fair undone;
" Thou met'ft, alas! a timelefs doom,
" Ere half thy courfe was run.

III.

" Unhappy, felf-admiring youth,
" A leffon thou fhalt prove;
" T' avoid vain pride, that idle toy,
" And fhun prepoft'rous love.

" Fair,

IV.

"Fair when a boy, now chang'd, no more
"Thoſe beauties can'ſt thou boaſt;
"But ever ſadly may'ſt repent
"In vain thoſe beauties loſt.

V.

"View yonder Lily's ſnowy pride,
"Sprung from a ſeed divine;
"Then own how much her beauty bright,
"Fond flow'r, out-rivals thine!"

VI.

With modeſt grace the Lily bow'd
The honours of her head;
Then, with a ſweet and modeſt grace,
She thus inſtructive ſaid:

VII.

"Well may they droop, to whom their fate,
"With form divinely fair,
"No other, better boon has giv'n
"To make that beauty dear.

"For

VIII.

"For not this gloſſy white I bear,
"Delight of human eyes;
"Nor this ſo graceful form admir'd,
"Are what I wiſh to prize.

IX.

"From heav'nly ſtrain [a] I firſt aroſe,
"Emblem of chaſte deſires;
"And ſtill that chaſtity retain,
"And check unhallow'd fires.

X.

"No empty ſelf-admirer, I
"Would Folly's trophies raiſe;
"Such *virtue* then let all applaud,
"Not empty *beauty* praiſe."

a According to the Old Fable, Jupiter being willing to make Hercules immortal, cauſed him to ſuck Juno while ſhe was aſleep; when the milk guſhing out into a great quantity, ſome of it being ſpilt upon the ſky, made the galaxy or milky way there, while the reſt falling to the earth, gave birth to the White Lily.

She

XI.

She ſaid; and ſtrait the moral found
Deep entrance in my breaſt;
BEAUTY, *if not with* VIRTUE *join'd,*
Is but an idle jeſt.

FABLE X.

The IVY and SWEET BRIAR.

I.

"HAIL, ſacred IVY! hail," I ſaid,
"Devote to BACCHUS' ſhrine;
"Parent of wreaths, which deck the brows
"Of Gods and men divine.

II.

"Why call thee baleful, why deſpiſe
"Thy ancient friendly race;
"Who claſp the Elm and ſturdy Oak
"In myſtical embrace.

III.

"MINERVA's bird too deigns to dwell
"Where thou art frequent ſeen;
"Who loves the calm and peaceful hour,
"And courts the deep ſerene.

IV.

" Thou, like the Vine, thy patron's joy,
" Thy nurture wilt receive,
" And, twining close with friendly arms,
" Wilt still supported live.

V.

" With PHOEBUS' laurel justly thou
" May'st hold divided claim;
" The crown of glorious conquerors,
" And meed of deathless fame."

VI.

Thus whilst I spoke, the West wind rose,
And scatter'd rich perfume,
From thickets, where sweet Eglantine
Appear'd in vernal bloom.

VII.

Thence a soft voice salutes my ear,
Which thus complaining said;
" Fond youth, to yonder noxious weed
" Why all these honours paid?

" The

VIII.

" The Vine, 'tis true, will wed her Elm;
" But view the dow'r ſhe brings!
" From yonder ſteril, forc'd embrace
" Alas! what profit ſprings?

IX.

" Like a falſe friend, too ſure, ſhe twines,
" Intent but to deſtroy;
" As Jealouſy, Love's offspring, ſtill
" Impoiſons all Love's joy.

X.

" How poor that *virtue*, which retires
" To ſolitude for aid!
" *How weak that wiſdom*, which can ſhine
" Alone in night's dun ſhade!

XI.

" And what, though gods and godlike men
" Their victor brows have bound
" With ivy'd wreaths; is then the weed
" For that alone renown'd?

XII.

" Say rather, in that purer age,
" When ſpotleſs honour reign'd;
" The victor, ſeeking only fame,
" A worthleſs crown obtain'd.

XIII.

" Hence Ivy, Parſley, Oaken Boughs,
" Their labour well repaid,
" Who not for gain, but glory's charms,
" Their gen'rous ſtrength diſplay'd.

XIV.

" But thou, regardful of fair truth,
" And glory juſtly gain'd;
" Scorn the frail claim of upſtarts baſe,
" By ſuch falſe means obtain'd.

XV.

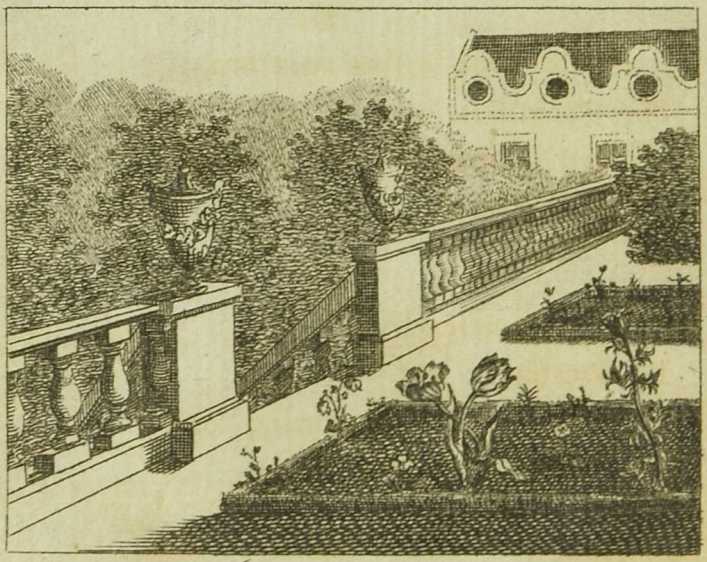
" *Not borrow'd names from high deſcent,*
" *Are real honour's meed;*
" *But they alone are* GREAT, *whoſe fame*
" *Springs from* THEIR OWN *fair deed.*"

FABLE

Fab. XI.

The Violet Transplanted

Fab. XII.



The Tulip & Amaranth

FABLE XI.

The VIOLET TRANSPLANTED.

I.

WHERE fragrant field-flow'rs, gaily ſpread,
Drink deep the morning dew;
Cloſe by a murm'ring riv'let's ſide
An humble Vi'let grew.

II.

To her the cultur'd ſpot unknown,
She bloom'd in her retreat;
And there in native fragrance bleſs'd,
Diſpers'd a world of ſweet.

III.

But yet not undiſturb'd her lot
By Providence was caſt;
For oft' the herds went grazing forth
And laid the meadow waſte.

IV.

And oft' the trav'ler's careleſs ſtep
Had laid her on the plain;
Yet, by the living ſtreamlet fed,
She ſoon reviv'd again.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

Abandon'd by his hand, who firſt
Her charms with pleaſure view'd;
She in her riſe beheld her fate,
And now neglected ſtood.

She

VIII.

She droop'd, ſhe pin'd; the richer ſoil
No nurture could afford;
And oft' in vain her humbler lot
The fading ſlow'r deplor'd.

IX.

The happier tribes that flouriſh'd round
Did each her ſtate deride;
Rejoicing that ſhe paid ſo dear
For what they deem'd her pride.

X.

The Sun in Cancer flam'd aloft
Dry thirſt her moiſture drank;
In vain ſhe wiſh'd the lucent flood,
Or ſhade of oſiers dank.

XI.

Oppreſs'd at length ſhe drooping fell,
As ready to expire;
Her boſom unreſiſting ſpread
To Sol's conſuming fire.

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

Yet, deeply ſtruck with former ills,
An humble flow'r ſhe blooms;
No pride that lovely boſom knows,
Whence ZEPHYR ſteals perfumes;

XV.

And to the Fair this uſeful truth
She evermore reveals;
That ſhe beſt knows her Beauty's force,
Who modeſtly conceals.

FABLE

FABLE XII.

The TULIP and the AMARANTH.

I.

WHERE various beauties mingled rise,
All grateful to the view;
With variegated beauties bright,
A gaudy TULIP grew.

II.

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

III.

The gently passing vernal air
The beauteous plant caress'd;
And ZEPHYR ever pleas'd reclin'd
Upon the charmer's breast.

IV.

While near at hand the GENTLE FLOW'R,
Call'd AMARANTH, below
The blooming gueſt of JOVE's own ſeats,
Deign'd in her prime to grow.

V.

Yet ſhe with hairs uncouthly deck'd,
Unlike the Tulip race,
Is not among the flowr'ets found,
Whoſe colours mark their grace.

VI.

This ſwell'd her rival's empty pride,
And, vain of empty ſhew;
The Amaranth aſkance ſhe ey'd,
And thus contemptuous ſpoke;

VII.

" Of all the flow'rs that deck the lawn,
" The progeny of Spring;
" And all that of maturer birth
" The later ſeaſons bring:

" Of

VIII.

" Of all that for their fairer forms
" May raiſe the juſteſt claim;
" Of all that men for beauty prize,
" Or from perfection name:

IX.

" Behold me, firſt and faireſt known,
" Still lov'd and valu'd moſt;
" Soft daughter of the vernal hour,
" The cultur'd garden's boaſt.

X.

" Why deign I then ſo long with *theſe*
" To dwell without reſerve;
" That ſcarce, though vulgar eyes they charm,
" The name of FLOW'R deſerve?"

XI.

The blooming Amaranth, unmov'd,
Repreſs'd her forward pride;
The boaſter's arrogance deſpis'd,
And wiſely thus reply'd;

XII.

" Yes, gaudy thing; thy various hues
" Are fine indeed and gay;
" Glaring thou glitter'ſt on the ſight,
" And flaunt'ſt it to the day!

XIII.

" No flow'r around more bright can blow,
" In beauty more mature!
" But tell me, falſe, frail, giddy thing,
" How long ſhall that endure?

XIV.

" Me, not the leaſt of FLORA's tribe,
" Me thou haſt laugh'd to ſcorn,
" And deem'd my claim to beauty vain,
" Although cœleſtial born.

XV.

" For know, though ſcarce allow'd by thee
" To rank among the flow'rs;
" From Heav'n I draw my high deſcent,
" And bloom'd in Eden's bow'rs.

XVI.

" And ſtill eternal is my race,
" No frail decay I know;
" But, emblem of the firſt great Spring,
" For ever bloom below.

XVII.

" But thou! the pageant of an hour,
" Too quickly ſhalt deplore
" Thoſe beauties with'ring all away,
" Which fade, to charm no more.

XVIII.

" *Thou*, wretch! no ſecond Spring ſhalt ſee,
" To renovate thy bloom;
" Whilſt *I* ſurvive the ſtroke of fate,
" And triumph o'er the tomb.

XIX.

" Ceaſe then thy boaſt! in Wiſdom's lore
" Go learn thyſelf to know;
" And by *her* never-failing rule
" Judge all things here below.

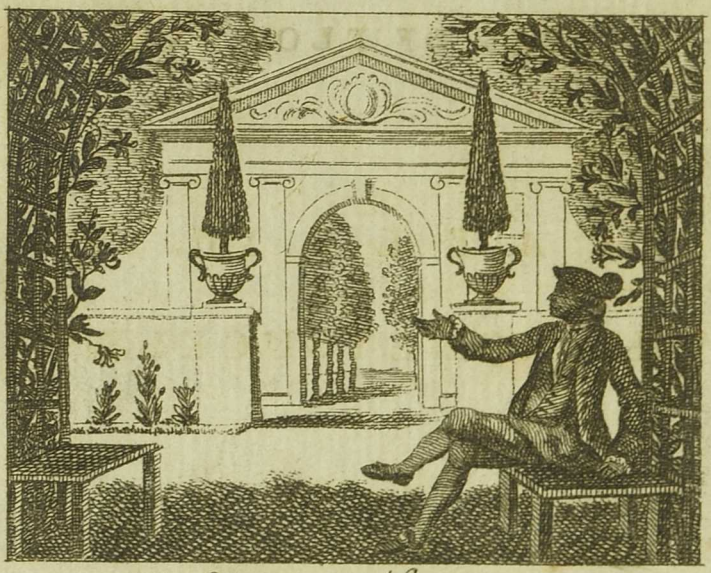
" *A fleeting*

XX.

" *A fleeting joy, a fading bloom,*
" *May charm the ravish'd sight;*
" *That only which is truly good,*
" *Is lasting, as 'tis bright.*"

FABLE

Fab. XIII.



The Youth & Honeysuckle

Fab. XIIII.

Belinda & the Bluebell or Venus's Looking Glass

FABLE XIII.

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

I.

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

II.

But when mild breezes cool'd the air,
And length'ning ſhadows roſe;
He ſcann'd with philoſophic mind
The place of his repoſe.

III.

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

"Ah!

IV.

" Ah! (ſaid the youth) ungrateful ſtill!
" And doſt thou thus repay
" The bounties of that glorious God,
" Who wak'd thee into day?

V.

" While he in his meridian courſe
" Illumines wide the ſky;
" Doſt thou, O wretch, reſiſt his pow'r,
" And all his beams defy?

VI.

" Unlike to thee, ingrate, behold
" The Sun-flow'r drinks his light;
" Lives, to his radiance ever true,
" And with him ſinks to night.

VII.

" But like ſome faithleſs fav'rite you,
" Or ſome more faithleſs fair;
" Spurn at the very pow'r that grac'd,
" And made you what you are.

" Oh!

VIII.

" Oh! uſeful leſſon to be learn'd,
" With ſcanty hand to pour
" Thoſe bleſſings, which, when once conferr'd,
" Shall ne'er be thought on more!"

IX.

Unmov'd the beauteous Woodbine heard,
Then, nodding from on high,
Shook the green honours of her brow,
As thus ſhe made reply:

X.

" Vain is the hypocritic plea
" That gilds the ſelfiſh end;
" And baſe the poor unfeeling heart
" That ill repays a friend.

XI.

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

" What

XII.

" What if my leaves exclude that Pow'r
" By whom thou ſay'ſt I live;
" Yet He beholds me, while I bloom,
" A grateful tribute give.

XIII.

" My fragrance, nay, that friendly ſhade,
" Which you ungrateful blame,
" Are off'rings ſtill to PHOEBUS' ſelf,
" Who nurs'd them with his flame.

XIV.

" He, for the uſe of baſe mankind,
" Bade me all theſe diſpenſe:
" For whom I ſpread theſe vernal charms,
" So pleaſing to the ſenſe.

XV.

" Ungrateful THOU, thy ill-meant charge
" Take back, ſo miſ-apply'd:
" And fairly reaſon with thy heart,
" And check thy ſelfiſh pride.

" Thou,

XVI.

" Thou, in my ſhadows late reclin'd,
" Could'ſt paſs the hours at eaſe;
" *Then*, what is *now* ingratitude,
" Thy narrow mind could pleaſe.

XVII.

" Take back the charge; thy maxim too;
" With thee let others uſe:—
" Keep THOU this moral in thy mind,
" *T' enjoy, but not abuſe.*"

FABLE XIV.

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

I.

O'ER verdant lawns, and dappled meads,
The young BELINDA ſtray'd;
On ev'ry tree, on ev'ry flow'r,
Philoſophis'd the maid.

II.

The Cowſlip, and the Primroſe too,
Had oft-times been her theme;
And yellow Crocus' flaming dyes
Had ting'd her waking dream.

III.

For, roving o'er the pathleſs graſs,
Or through the woodland wild;
She oft with Contemplation walk'd
Bright Fancy's ſweeteſt child.

Abſorb'd

IV.

Abſorb'd and loſt in Nature's maze,
Then rapt from earth ſhe ſtood;
And, pleas'd, in all his various works,
The great Creator view'd.

V.

'Twas ſmiling May; the op'ning year
With vernal grace was crown'd;
And ev'ry plant, and ev'ry flow'r,
Diffus'd freſh fragrance round.

VI.

From cultur'd gardens far remote
The beauteous charmer rov'd;
And liſten'd to the birds wild notes,
And rang'd thoſe meads ſhe lov'd.

VII.

To court the touch of her fair hand,
Each field-flow'r eager preſs'd;
To baſk beneath her ſunny eyes,
And kiſs her ſnowy breaſt.

Amongſt

VIII.

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

IX.

" And how! ſhe cry'd, can'ſt thou diſplay,
" To captivate the ſight,
" More than the ſtream, which yonder rolls
" Its glaſſy mirrour bright?"

X.

She ſought in vain; a bell-ſhap'd flow'r,
With Vi'let bloſſoms crown'd:
Diffus'd itſelf with mingled corn,
And purpled o'er the ground.

XI.

She pluck'd, but ſtrait away ſhe caſt
The vain pretender far;
Which angry ruffled all its flow'rs,
In vegetable war:

" What

XII.

"What had bright VENUS' mirrour done,
"Thus to be caſt aſide?
"Or how (ſhe ſaid) could VENUS' Nymph
"The Goddeſs' gift deride?"

XIII.

"Peace! angry thing! BELINDA ſaid;
"Not VENUS I deſpiſe;
"But *you*, who by your own falſe glaſs
"Would cheat deluded eyes.

XIV.

"What boots it thus your high deſcent,
"As Goddeſs-born, to claim;
"If not one ſmalleſt trace appear
"Of your exalted name?

XV.

"Go! in yon' *real* mirrour view
"The form which you poſſeſs;
"Then ſpeak but what you *really are*;
"And be your boaſting leſs.

"A Blue-bell

XVI.

" A Blue-bell of the fineſt dye,
" You well may be allow'd;
" But *Venus' Looking-glaſs* in vain
" Would cheat a giddy crowd."

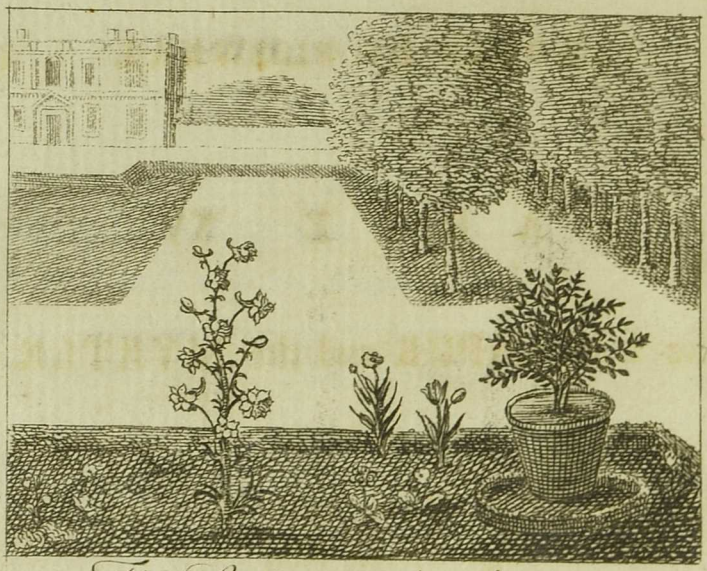
XVII.

The haughty flow'r corrected ſtood.—
Attend, ye Britiſh fair:
Let not appearances *prevail*;
Be real worth *your care.*

XVIII.

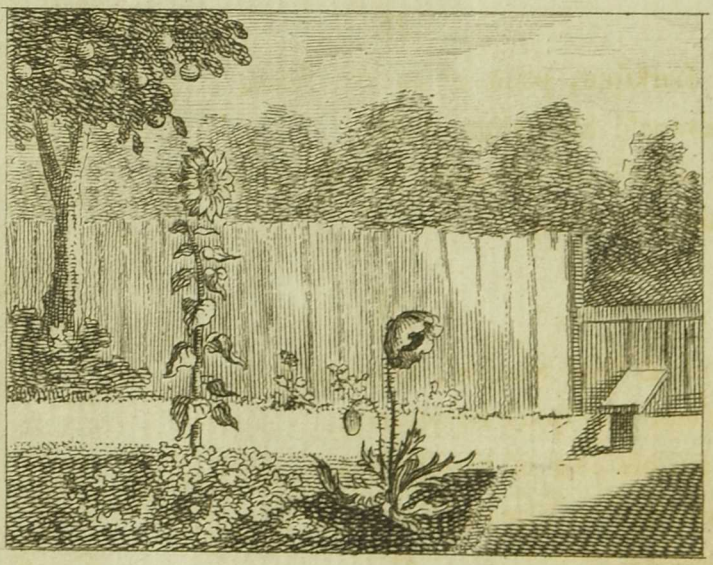
And know, whoe'er by vain pretence
Shall others ſeek to blind;
Muſt ſtand abaſh'd, when brought before
The MIRROUR OF THE MIND.

Fab. XV.



The Larkspur & Myrtle

Fab. XVI.



The Poppy & Sun Flower

FABLE XV.

The LARKSPUR and the MYRTLE.

I.

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

II.

The Larkſpur, plant of ancient ſtock,
Advanc'd his enſign high;
And claim'd th' immortal wreath of fame,
Due to a Deity.

III.

Like ſome bold warrior's is his mien;
Helmet and ſpurs he wears;
And on his coat of vary'd dyes
Each warlike blazon bears.

IV.

Proud of his form, and of the [a] Pow'r
That from his contact ſprung;
Exalted above all his peers,
Thus Pride inſpir'd his tongue:

V.

"Ye painted, puling race, avaunt!
"To greater merit yield;
"Forego the honours of the day,
"When I diſpute the field.

VI.

"Far hence your tinſel trappings bear
"To ſome luxuriant bed,
"Where, nurs'd by ZEPHYR's wanton gales,
"Their idle bloom may ſpread!

VII.

"In ME behold the warrior's grace,
"And monarch's pow'r diſplay'd;
"In me, to Heav'n itſelf ally'd,
"In martial pomp array'd.

a Juno is ſaid to have conceived Mars by only touching the flower called Larkſpur.

"Emblem

VIII.

"Emblem of thund'ring MARS I rise,
"My boast and offspring too;
"Then own the progeny divine,
"And pay the tribute due."

IX.

The Myrtle heard;—fair VENUS' care,
With peaceful honours crown'd;
The glory of the genial hour,
By lovers still renown'd.

X.

"And how! said she, redoubted knight,
"Would'st thou with us engage?
"Did ever MARS, of glory vain,
"Rough wars with VENUS wage?

XI.

"*Her* flow'r I am; *her* name I boast,
"Who can mankind subdue;
"And by a gentler method far
"Than any known to you.

XII.

" Say, boaſter, what are realms deſtroy'd
" By many a foughten field;
" When deſp'rate battles, bravely won,
" A bloody harveſt yield?

XIII.

" Can theſe atone the dreadful ills
" That waſteful wars ſupply;
" When from the horrid din of arms
" The Loves and Graces fly?

XIV.

" Remember, when the blue-ey'd Maid
" With NEPTUNE did contend:
" Say, who the greateſt gift produc'd;
" And let our conteſt end.

XV.

" The Palm to PALLAS was decreed,
" Who nam'd fair ATHENS; there
" The warlike ſteed, great NEPTUNE's boaſt,
" Yields to the Olive fair.

" Then

XVI.

"Then thou, proud Knight, exult no more,
"Abaſe thy haughty creſt;
"Give honour due to meek-ey'd Peace,
"And Love, her genial gueſt."

XVII.

Let then great MARS *his Pow'r reſign*
To brighter VENUS' *fame;*
And quit the glories of the field,
When LOVE *diſputes the claim.*

FABLE XVI.

The POPPY and the SUN-FLOWER.

I.

TRANSPLANTED from the neighb'ring mead,
Which long her preſence grac'd;
The crimſon POPPY rear'd her head,
In the rich garden plac'd.

II.

Thence, fann'd by many a gentle gale,
Full oft her ſcent is borne;
Both when the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
And at the riſe of morn.

III.

At noon, when ev'n without *her* aid
The flow'rs all droop'd around;
CLYTIE, bright PHOEBUS' love-ſick maid,
With all *his* glories crown'd,

Still

IV.

Still turning to his orb her face,
Survey'd th' intruding gueſt;
And, foe to ev'ry ſleepy pow'r,
The ſtranger thus addreſs'd;

V.

"Long have we ſeen each field-flow'r bloom
"Our cultur'd gardens ſhame:
"Which, hither brought, triumphant riſe,
"And ſhare our nobler fame:

VI.

"Thou, drowſy POPPY, too, at laſt,
"Our rival doſt appear,
"Replete with drugs, whoſe pois'nous ſtrength
"Corrupts the ambient air.

VII.

"But think not here, inſulting weed!
"(Fair CERES' hate and bane)
"Thy drowſy magic ſhall prevail,
"To blot our brighter reign.

VIII.

" Go, ſeek thy fields; with noxious weeds
" Divide deteſted ſway:
" Or, where thy ſlumbers nought diſturb,
" Shun the glad face of day.

IX.

" Whilſt I, to PHOEBUS ever true,
" Rejoicing in his light;
" To the great God his tribute pay,
" And check the pow'rs of Night."

X.

She ſpoke;—The nodding POPPY then,
Serene, made this reply:
" Proud flow'r, I envy not thy ſtate,
" Nor coat of richeſt dye.

XI.

" What boaſt'ſt thou of his genial pow'r,
" Who ſlighted all thy charms;
" And, in thy beauty's brighteſt noon,
" Fled to another's arms?

" How

XII.

" How didſt thou mourn, and how revenge?
" LEUCOTHOE [a] ſpeaks thy crime;
" Whoſe odours ſtill to Heav'n aſcend,
" And ſhall to lateſt time.

XIII.

" Not *Love*, but *Pity*, mov'd high Heav'n
" To make thee what thou art;
" And place amidſt the blooming flow'rs
" A Nymph with broken heart.

XIV.

" Ceaſe then to vaunt thy heav'nly love,
" Nor me ſo much deſpiſe;
" Full plain th' advantages appear,
" Which from my pow'r ariſe.

[a] 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 Leucothoe 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.

XV.

" Me CERES *hates not*; but my ſeed
" Great Nature near her ſows;
" Where, far unlike a noxious weed,
" The beauteous flow'ret blows.

XVI.

" Sleep, gentle God, the eaſe of grief,
" To weary man I bring;
" From care and pain the ſweeteſt balm,
" Of vig'rous health the ſpring.

XVII.

" I, to the wretched friendly ſtill,
" The mourning captives aid;
" My ſuccour to the poor extend,
" And eaſe the love-ſick maid.

XVIII.

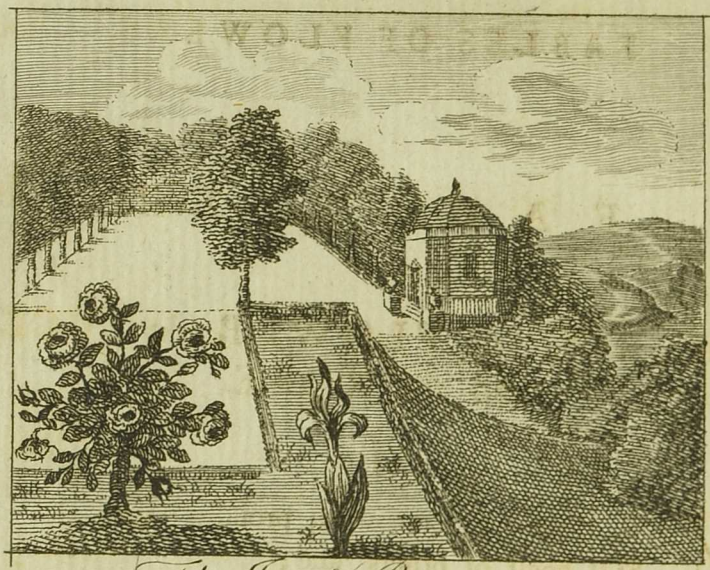
" Then what Heav'n order'd for the beſt,
" Do thou no longer blame:
" Let *me* old MORPHEUS' honours ſhare,
" Joy *thou* in PHOEBUS' flame.

" More

XIX.

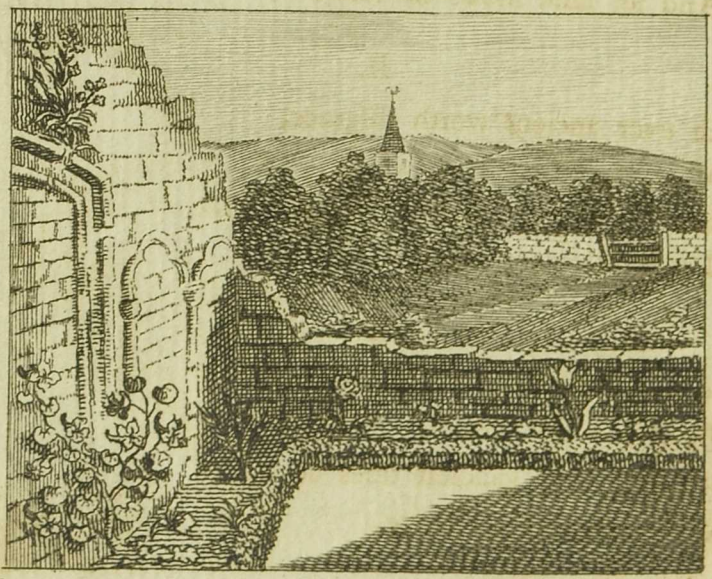
" More need I add?—Search Earth around,
" And thou ſhalt truly ſay,
" *More Virtues in Life's ſhade will bloom,*
" *Than in her blaze of day.*"

Fab. XVII.



The Iris & Rose

Fab. XVIII



The Nasturtium & Wall flower

FABLE XVII.

The IRIS, or FLOWER de LUCE, and the ROSE.

I.

YES, there are ſome who, proudly vain
Still boaſt of others' due;
With empty titles cheat the crowd,
And ſet falſe ſhows to view.

II.

Such ever ancient worth diſgrace,
Make real titles ſcorn'd;
While by bright Honour's genuine race
Thoſe titles are adorn'd.

III.

The faireſt of ſweet FLORA's tribe
Boaſt not the proudeſt name;
Nor men, with gaudieſt titles deck'd,
Are trueſt ſons of Fame.

What

IV.

What art thou, bold and ſpreading flow'r,
In fields and gardens known;
That ſtill aſſum'ſt a Monarch's grace,
And claim'ſt a Pageant throne?

V.

" Genius of nations, guardian pow'rs,
" That ſtill on Monarchs wait!
" You your own plant ſhall ſtill protect,
" An emblem of your ſtate.

VI.

" And, Goddeſs of the painted Bow!
" Still to thy flow'r prove true;
" Ally'd to thee, I juſtly claim
" Thy name and colours too[a].

VII.

" Which then of all the painted train
" That ſwell this garden's pride,
" Shall with my honour'd name compare,
" Or ſway with me divide?"

[a] Iris being the name given to the Rainbow.

This

VIII.

This mark'd the ROSE, a modeſt flow'r,
With maiden bluſhes bright;
Who, vex'd to hear the boaſter's vaunt,
Aſſerts her native right.

IX.

"What are thy titles vain, ſhe ſaid,
"That claim ſuperior ſway?
"Or why ſhould all fair FLORA's tribes
"A rule like thine obey?

X.

"Falſe is thy boaſt; thy title vain
"Not Gallia's ſelf will own;
"Whoſe *real* LILIES droop and fade,
"Where-e'er my flow'rs are known.

XI.

"Why IRIS?—Why by Heav'n's own bow
"Would'ſt thou thus climb to fame?
"Or cannot many a vary'd flow'r
"Exert a fairer claim?

"Plain

XII.

"Plain FLAG thou art;—let that ſuffice;
"With LILIES I contend;
"But flow'rs like thine I ſtill regard,
"Alike as foe or friend."

XIII.

The vain pretender heard, abaſh'd,
And hung her drooping head;
While to the genial ſun her leaves
The ROSE expanding ſpread.

XIV.

Her odour ſtrait proclaim'd her queen
Of all the ſmiling flow'rs;
While the Bee ſought the fragrant breaſt,
And left his honey'd bow'rs.

XV.

Thus to the ROSE the meed was giv'n;
FLORA confirm'd her reign;
And worth, like her's, approv'd by Heav'n,
Shall Heav'n itſelf maintain.

FABLE

FABLE XVIII.

The NASTURTIUM and the WALL-FLOWER.

I.

AGAINST a ſunny fence below
The fair NASTURTIUM plac'd,
Beheld how well its higheſt tops
The fragrant WALL-FLOW'R grac'd.

II.

Without ſome uſeful kind ſupport
Unable to ſurvive;
Ill could ſhe bear another flow'r
By the ſame means ſhould thrive.

III.

At length, one ſultry ſummer's noon,
When radiant PHOEBUS ſhone
On both alike with chearing ray,
She envious thus begun:

"Had

IV.

" Had I the WALL-FLOW'R's fragrant ſcent,
" Would I alone thus bloom;
" On yonder peak obſcurely dwell,
" And waſte my rich perfume!

V.

" For ſhame, yield to inferior flow'rs
" That ſtrange and uncouth place;
" Nor, like ſome noxious worthleſs weed,
" Nurſe there thy beauteous race.

VI.

" Beſides, *I* claim the humbler boon,
" Againſt this fence to blow;
" While thee the more indulgent Heav'n
" May ſafely place below."

VII.

She ſpoke;—the WALL-FLOW'R thus reply'd,
" Ambition is not mine;
" My native place is ſtill my joy:
" Do thou delight in thine.

" Full

VIII.

" Full well I know that perils ſtill
" On frequent change attend:
" And they oft ſpoil their preſent ſtate,
" Who haſty ſtrive to mend.

IX.

" Nor leſs can I *thy* drift obſerve,
" Who, envious of my lot,
" Would'ſt me of ev'ry help bereave,
" Drawn from my native ſpot.

X.

" Too ſelfiſh flow'r, who vainly thus
" Would'ſt me of life deprive;
" And by my downfall think'ſt to riſe,
" And on my ruin thrive.

XI.

" Know, that th' all-chearing lamp of day
" On both alike beſtows
" His ſov'reign gifts; for All his light
" Without diſtinction glows.

" In

XII.

" Is not that ſource of genial fire
" Sufficient *both* to warm,
" That thou ſhould'ſt thus unkindly ſeek
" Thy quiet neighbour's harm?

XIII.

" And what if I conſenting give,
" Ambitious! thy deſire?
" Were I now low in aſhes laid,
" Say, could'ſt thou climb the higher?

XIV.

" For ſhame, th' ungen'rous wiſh forego,
" Rejoice in others' joy;
" And lengthen'd ſcenes of double bliſs
" Shall all thy hours employ.

XV.

" For know, where Envy's pow'r prevails,
" Peace, Love, and Joy, retire:
" Her vot'ries feel eternal pains,
" And burn with ceaſeleſs fire."

Felicity

XVI.

Felicity with Concord dwells;
And ev'ry joy of peace
Heav'n's sacred hand still bounteous gives,
And blesses the increase.

FABLE

Fab. XIX.

The Lapland Rose.

Fab. XX.

The Deadly Nightshade.

FABLE XIX.

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 [a] flame;
At length, through many a waſte of ſnow,
To fair NIEMI came.

a A Volcano in the North, whoſe ſides are covered with ſnow.

b 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 [a] rolls his ſtream,
Survey'd the proſpect round;
Beheld its banks with verdure deck'd,
And bluſhing roſes crown'd.

IV.

Struck with the ſcene, a while he paus'd,
As loſt in ſweet delight;
And ey'd the faireſt of the train
In native beauty bright.

V.

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

VI.

" Thee no bright youth nor gentle fair
" Alas! ſhall e'er careſs;
" Nor ſplendid ſouthern ſuns ſhall warm,
" Nor genial gales ſhall bleſs!"

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

"Fond youth, who view'ſt that beauteous flow'r,
"So luckleſs in thy ſight!
"Forbear to mourn her lonely ſtate,
"Whom theſe rude climes delight.

X.

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

XI.

" Nor envies ſhe the gaudy tribe
" Beneath the ſouthern ſkies,
" That bloom in ſome luxurious bow'rs,
" Where mingled ſweets ariſe.

XII.

" 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.

XIII.

" Her no bright youth nor gaudy fair
" Shall COURT *but to* DESTROY;
" But Lapland's ſimple ſwains ſhall view,
" With *unaffected joy*;

XIV.

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

" Let

XV.

" Let *others* ſeek where ſpacious meads,
" Or painted gardens glow;
" Deſpiſe *my* ſolitary flow'rs,
" And live the ſlaves of ſhow.

XVI.

" But know, high Heav'n in deſart waſtes
" Can bid rich Spring to bloom;
" And waken Nature into life,
" From Winter's dreary tomb.

XVII.

" 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.

XVIII.

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

FABLE XX.

The DEADLY NIGHTSHADE[a].

I.

"DETESTED weed, enrag'd, I said,
"That spread'st thy poison'd train
"In this fair land, midst blooming flow'rs,
"Which grace the happy plain!

II.

"Thy baleful root most surely springs
"From deep Tartarean shade;
"By envious Dæmons nurs'd below,
"In Stygian gloom array'd.

[a] 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 army of Sweno the Danish King, being mixed in their liquor, that they became an easy prey to the Scotch army, which surprized and cut most of them to pieces.

III.

" Thee CIRCE, and MEDÆA too,
" In black enchantment us'd;
" With baneful plants most fitly mix'd,
" In hellish steams suffus'd.

IV.

" Ah! why does Parent NATURE form,
" Such works, *her* works to spoil;
" And by *her own hand* teach mankind,
" Infernal arts and guile?

V.

" Say, fell Enchantress of the plain,
" The foe of human-kind?
" Say for what crimes man's hapless race
" From thee such evils find!

VI.

" Oh! quit the woods, the plains, the fields,
" Where health and plenty bloom:
" Retire to rocks and desart-wilds,
" Or shade the Murd'rer's tomb.

VII.

" Or rather haſte to PLUTO's realm;
" *There* hide thy hated head,
" And flouriſh ſtill unrival'd there;
" Where Styx' nine ſtreams are ſpread.

VIII.

" But *here* may ev'ry healing flow'r
" In prime of beauty bloom:
" To ſick'ning Man reſtoring health,
" And ſhedding rich perfume!"

IX.

I ceas'd — The Flow'r indignant heard;
And all its leaves diſplay'd
A deep'ning gloom, which flung around
A double NIGHT OF SHADE.

X.

" Inſulting Man! ſhe trembling cry'd,
" Of creatures moſt unjuſt;
" Still taxing Nature with thoſe faults,
" Sprung from *his* evil luſt.

" The

XI.

"The poiſon'd Snake, the noxious Weed,
"Earth's venom'd juices drain;
"And, more than all yon' fragrant flow'rs,
"Enrich with health the plain.

XII.

"Nay of *my race* grows many a plant,
"Which, of rich gifts poſſeſt,
"The ſage Phyſician culls with care,
"To eaſe the Patient's breaſt.

XIII.

"Let Man his own wild paſſions tame,
"And huſh them into Peace;
"MEDÆA's wand, and CIRCE's cup,
"Were innocent to *theſe*.

XIV.

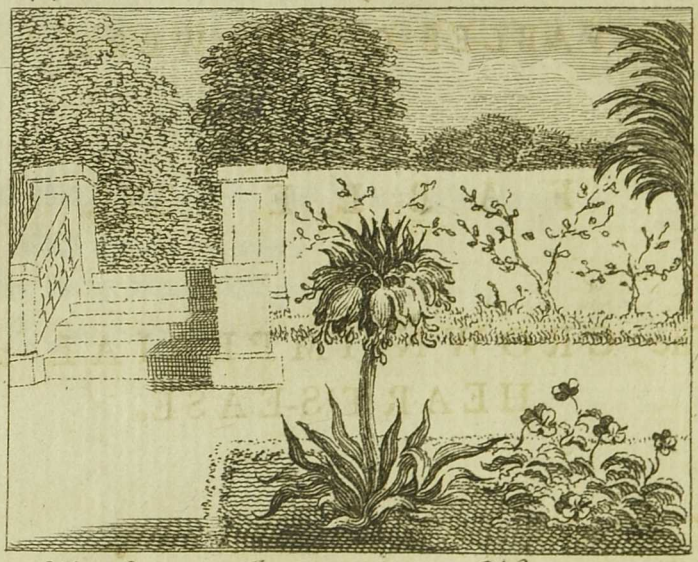
"For ME, great Nature's high beheſt;
"Contented I fulfil;
"Nor dream that aught by *her* ordain'd,
"Can ever end in *ill*.

XV.

" *Go thou, fond youth, and* VIRTUE's *charge*
" *With equal care obey:*
" *Then ev'ry Weed shall prove a Flow'r,*
" *To strew thy destin'd way.*"

FABLE

Tab. XXI.



The Crown Imperial and Heartsease.

Tab. XXII.

The Water Lily.

FABLE XXI.

The CROWN IMPERIAL and HEART'S-EASE.

I.

LO! where from Persia's warmer clime,
And ancient Bactria's land;
With interwoven purple wrought,
The ensign of command,

II.

The CROWN IMPERIAL rears aloft
His rich and gorgeous head,
And, pointing to the distant sky,
Bids all his glories spread.

III.

Beneath, in humbler station plac'd,
The fair VIOLA grew,
Which the lov'd name of *Heart's-Ease* bears,
Whose pow'r can Care subdue.

IV.

The purple monarch ſwell'd with ire,
Indignant to behold
The flow'ret blooming near his ſide,
And thus his anger told;

V.

"Raſh flow'r, ſeeſt thou my aweful ſtate,
"That ſpeaks the garden's king?
"See'ſt thou th' Imperial Crown that decks,
"And gems that round me ſpring.

VI.

"I from the Eaſt my lineage draw,
"Where chief of flow'rs I riſe;
"And amidſt thouſands raiſe my fame,
"Ev'n to the ſtarry ſkies.

VII.

"Go then, baſe daughter of the earth!
"Near ſome vile cottage grow;
"Nor give thy paltry race to riſe
"Where my bright bloſſoms blow!"

The

VIII.

The ſweet VIOLA inly mourn'd
The boaſter's ill-plac'd pride;
And, while this anſwer ſhe return'd,
The flow'r with pity ey'd:

IX.

"Great is the boaſt, I own, ſhe ſaid,
"Of pomp and ſcepter'd pow'r;
"But *greater* are the bleſſings found
"In life's ſerener hour.

X.

"*Thee* purple honours ſtill adorn,
"Which teach thy leaves to ſhine;
"But to breathe fragrance on the day,
"Proud plant! was never *thine*.

XI.

"That *I* am ſtranger to thy race,
"The cauſe is plain to tell;
"For when did *Heart's-Eaſe* ever deign
"With *crowned heads* to dwell?

IV.

For there the loſty Poplar grew,
Still mingling white with green;
And there the ruſtling Aſpin too
With trembling leaves was ſeen.

V.

The Willow, nodding o'er the brook,
Drinks deep the ſtream below;
Cowſlip and Primroſe near at hand,
And purple Iris glow.

VI.

The LILY ſaw, and to the lake
Thus ſoft-complaining cry'd,
While gentle ZEPHYRS bore the ſound,
Which ſpread from ſide to ſide:

VII.

" Ah hapleſs lot! while *others* bloom
" On yonder happy ſhore,
" Amongſt their kindred tribes—*my* fate
" Here lonely I deplore.

" Condemn'd

VIII.

" Condemn'd amid this watry waſte
" For ever to remain;
" Nor taſte the joys which *others* know
" On yonder flow'ry plain."

IX.

The GODDESS OF THE WATER heard,
And Anger mov'd her heart;
" How dar'ſt thou thus affront (ſhe ſaid)
" The Pow'r by which thou ART?

X.

" Thoſe other trees and flow'rs thou ſee'ſt,
" ALL ſprang from Mother Earth:
" And grateful tribute ALL return
" To Her who gave them birth.

XI.

" While *thou*, alas! ſhould *I* withdraw
" The leaſt of this my ſtore;
" Shalt call on *other* Pow'rs in vain,
" And ſink, to riſe no more.

" Beauteous

XII.

"Beauteous thou art, nor meanly priz'd:
"Then lay no blame on me;
"Nor ſeek what, though it *others* bleſs,
"Muſt ſurely ruin *thee*.

XIII.

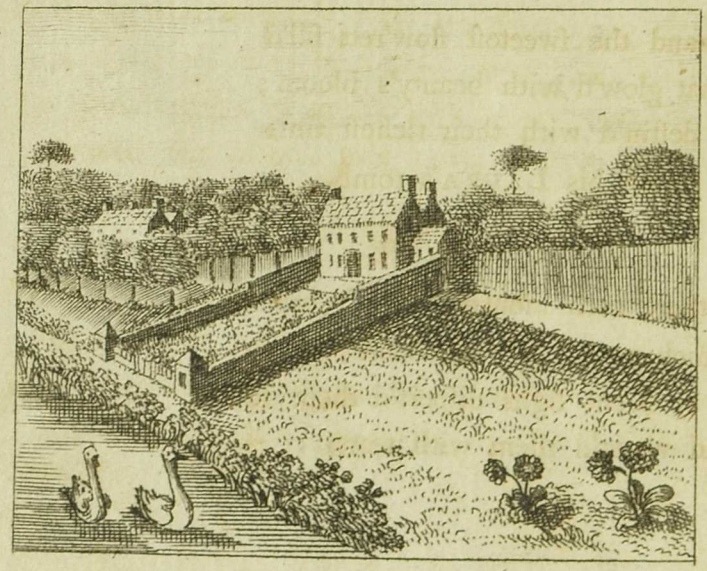
"But ſtill revere this ſacred truth,
"*Whatever may betide*;
"*What Heav'n decrees is always* BEST,
"*And all is* BAD *beſide*."

FABLE

Fab. XXIII.

The Lover & Funeral Flowers

Fab. XXIIII.



The Field & Garden Daisey

FABLE XXIII.

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 flow'r he ſtrew'd,
Which vernal FLORA bears;
With frequent ſighs diſpers'd them round,
And water'd them with tears.

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

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.

" Then

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,
Wide ſcatter'd leaves o'er the low mound,
And on the turf reclin'd.

XIV.

While PHILOMEL with plaintive notes
Funereal 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 ſwelling 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

FABLE XXIV.

The FIELD and GARDEN DAISY.

I.

IN fields, where Thames her ſwelling wave
Tranſlucent pours along;
Where many a blooming green retreat
Inſpires the poet's ſong;

II.

A mead with native beauty crown'd,
Extends its verdant bed;
Where fragrant Field-flow'rs wildly bloom,
In ſweet confuſion ſpread.

III.

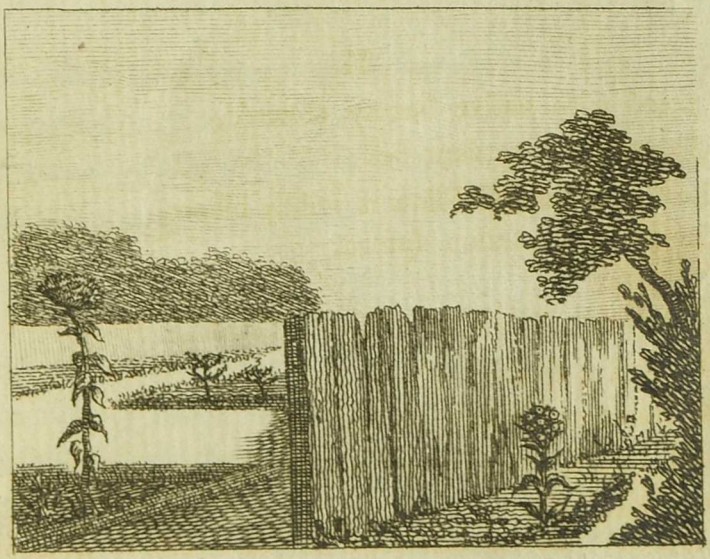
It chanc'd a ſportive youth had there
A GARDEN DAISY rear'd,
Which 'midſt the tribe of wilder ſort
Full haughtily appear'd.

"Away!

Fab. XXV.

The Pinks and Arbutus.

Fab. XXVI.



The Cockscomb & Sweetwilliam.

IV.

" Away! (ſhe cry'd) ye meaner train,
" Whoſe leaves no culture know;
" Reſpect the Cultivated Flower,
" That *deigns* in fields to grow!

V.

" And chiefly *thou* that boaſt'ſt *my* name,
" Though ſurely *not ally'd*;
" Claim kindred with thy native weeds,
" Nor flouriſh by *my* ſide!

VI.

" I know thee not;—thy form I ſcorn:
" In native ſplendour bright
" IRIS has dipp'd my painted leaves,
" All beauteous to the ſight.

VII.

" Whilſt THOU!—but vainly ſpent the time,
" On ſuch a flow'r beſtow'd:
" Diſdain'd by all the Garden's tribes,
" *My* late belov'd abode.

 " Know

VIII.

"Know ME your queen, ye low-born race,
"Confess superior sway;
"Nor longer in my presence bloom,
"But tremble, and obey."

IX.

"To foul reproach (the DAISY said)
"What answer can we yield,
"When *cultivated flow'rs* insult
"The natives of the field?

X.

"Yet what art THOU? proud gaudy toy,
"Descended but from me,
"Who mourn too late I e'er gave birth
"To such Ingrates as thee!

XI.

"I have my use, and oft' am seen
"The village maids t' adorn:
"Go prouder *thou*, in gardens bloom,
"And be the great-ones scorn.

"But

XII.

"But here, proud flow'r, thy date is ſhort,
"The ſoil denies thee room;
"And ev'n this ſpot, where now thou ſwell'ſt,
"Shall ſhortly prove thy tomb."

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

FABLE XXV.

The PINKS and ARBUTUS.

I.

VIRTUE, the growth of ev'ry clime,
Alike ſhould be rever'd;
Whether from diſtant regions brought,
Or in *our* country rear'd.

II.

Rome, the great miſtreſs of the world,
Such height had ne'er attain'd;
The train of worth in ev'ry land
Had her proud ſons diſdain'd.

III.

From *foreign* arms, from *foreign* arts,
Her *native* glory roſe;
And more than half her boaſted ſtate
She borrow'd from her foes.

IV.

Vain is that boaſt of ſelfiſh pride,
Which deems no worth is found,
But in the narrow ſphere confin'd
Of its own native ground.

V.

Though not to foreign lands, untaught,
We need for Virtue roam;
Yet real Virtue, nurs'd abroad,
Should be rever'd at home.—

VI.

On fair Ierne's happy ſhore
A tall ARBUTUS plac'd,
Bloom'd near a ſweetly-cultur'd ſpot,
By PINKS unnumber'd grac'd,

VII.

'Twas on the border of that lake[a],
Where vary'd proſpects riſe,
Of ſunny hills, o'er-hanging rocks,
And low'ring miſty ſkies;

[a] 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.

SELINA

VIII.

SELINA, wand'ring near the Lake,
The foreign tree ſurvey'd;
" And bloom'ſt thou 'midſt our native Flow'rs?"
Exclaim'd the redd'ning maid—

IX.

" O could theſe hands thy root remove!
" But ſince that may not be,
" Far I'll tranſplant my fragrant Race,
" Now plac'd too near to thee."

X.

She ſaid—when ſtrait before her ſtood
An ancient Hermit grave;
With ſilver'd locks and ſtreaming beard,
The tenant of the cave;

XI.

" Deſiſt, fond maid! the Hermit cry'd,
" Leſt theſe thy favour'd flow'rs
" Should die, if haſtily remov'd
" From theſe their well-known bow'rs;

XII.

" What if the tall ARBUTUS ſhare
" Th' indulgence of thy land;
" Do not his ſweetly fragrant flow'rs
" As fair a lot demand?

XIII.

" Nor let IERNE's children grieve,
" Where foreign worth is ſhown;
" But learn with cultivating care
" To make that worth *their own.*

XIV.

" For thee, fair maid—the patriot flame
" Still nouriſh in thy breaſt:
" But let that flame by Reaſon's rules
" Be modell'd and repreſs'd.

XV.

" Know that thy country's weal depends
" Not on *herſelf* alone;
" But each aſſiſting hand that ſtrives
" To fix fair Freedom's throne.

" Commerce

XVI.

"Commerce and Stores from other lands
"Your glories ſtill increaſe;
"Encourage then the golden ſtream,
"And ev'ry art of peace.

XVII.

"Nor foreign Flow'rs, nor foreign Plants,
"Deny a foſt'ring place;
"When thoſe fair Plants or blooming Flow'rs
"Bring Profit, Sweet, or Grace.

XVIII.

"Reject alone the idle weed,
"That blooms but to deſtroy;
"To cultivate the reſt with care
"Your utmoſt ſkill employ."

XIX.

He ceas'd;—the Nymph her taſk forſook,
And ſtill together bloom
The beautous Tree, and fragrant Flow'rs,
Whence ZEPHYRS ſteal perfume.

FABLE XXVI.

The COCK'S COMB and SWEET WILLIAM.

I.

HIGH rose the Sun, the fleeting hours
Verg'd tow'rds meridian height,
And all around the glitt'ring scene
Was lost in floods of light.

II.

The flocks and herds, that graz'd awhile,
Now left the sunny glade;
And in the stream their fervour cool'd,
Or sought the shelt'ring shade.

III.

Beneath a high projected fence,
At this irradiate hour,
The sweet [a] *Dianthus* humbly blew,
A solitary Flow'r.

[a] Another name for Sweet William.

But

IV.

But where a thouſand mingling ſweets
Diffus'd a rich perfume;
The gaudy Cock's Comb, idly vain,
Appear'd in all its bloom.

V.

And "Matchleſs excellence!" he cry'd,
"With me what can compare?
"The ſweeteſt of the vernal train
"Were never half ſo fair.

VI.

"My creſted head erect I rear,
"And bloom with matchleſs grace;
"The brighteſt hue my leaves adorns,
"Of all the flow'ry race.

VII.

"Nay, to immortal pow'rs a-kin,
"Deſcent from Heav'n I claim [a];
"And from eternal-blooming Flow'rs
"Derive my honour'd name."

[a] This Flower is a kind of Baſtard Amaranth.

VIII.

I view'd the Plant, its form admir'd;
When a more modeſt Flow'r
Engag'd my eye, where ſoft it roſe
Within its lonely bow'r.

IX.

"Sweet tribes, (he ſang,) fair FLORA's care,
"What beauties you diſplay!
"My breaſt expands with ſocial joy
"To ſee your bright array.

X.

"To *me*, the laſt of flow'rets, give,
"Within this pale to grow:
"And give the weſt winds gentle breath
"O'er this my bed to blow."

XI.

He ſpoke—the pow'rs indulgent heard,
Soft ZEPHYRS fann'd the trees;
And o'er his humble earthy bed
Diffus'd a gentle breeze.

Smit

XII.

Smit with the fragrance of the ſcent
The winds rejoicing bore;
I own'd the pow'r of modeſt worth,
Whoſe rival charm'd no more [a].

XIII.

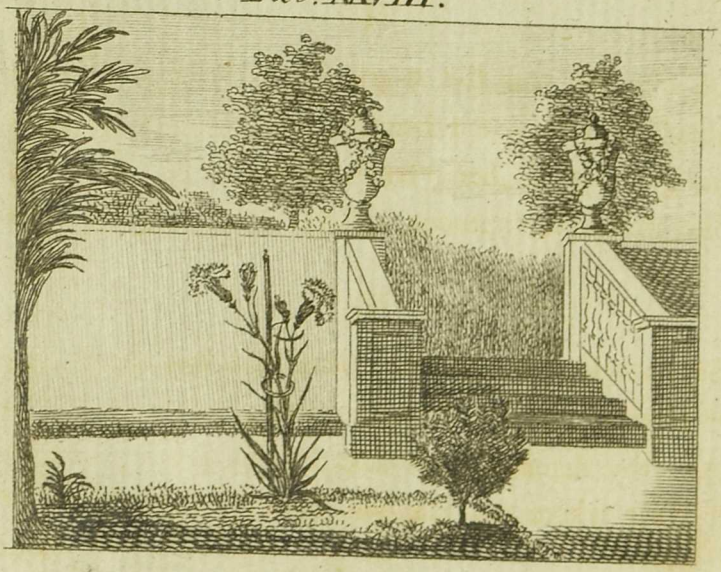
Say, Fair-ones, is the Moral plain,
In eaſy Fable dreſt?
It is but this—*To Merit true,*
Throw Coxcombs from your breaſt.

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

Tab. XXVII.

The Jessamine and Hemlock.

Tab. XXVIII.



The Carnation and Southernwood.

FABLE XXVII.

The JASMINE and HEMLOCK.

I.

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

II.

High o'er the pale the angry flow'r
Rear'd her affronted head;
And, glowing in her vernal bloom,
She thus contemptuous said:

III.

"Say, worse than Aconite, pernicious weed!
"How dar'st thou here to grow;
"And thy detested head advance,
"Near where my blossoms blow?"

IV.

The angry HEMLOCK ſtrait reply'd,
" Thou proud inſulting thing!
" Vain is thy pride, and vain thy boaſt,
" Though deck'd by gaudy Spring.

V.

" Thou, in the blooming garden plac'd,
" May'ſt pleaſe the roving eye.
" I in ſome field or ſecret ſhade
" My uſeful aid ſupply.

VI.

" Nay, ſcornful flow'r! what I declare,
" Great Nature's ſelf will own:
" Ordaining all things fair and good,
" When once their uſe is known.

VII.

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

" Go

VIII.

" Go aſk what various ills attend,
" That precious balm's abuſe:
" Ills that too ſurely ev'n exceed
" Thoſe of my baneful juice.

IX.

" Yet baneful *where?* when *miſapply'd*;
" So is each bleſſing too.
" This leſſon learn, and know thyſelf;
" Nor rob me of my due.

X.

" Me the grave Leech, who, greatly wiſe,
" Turns Nature's volume o'er,
" Oft ſnatches from my low abode,
" And places in his ſtore.

XI.

" There, amongſt health-beſtowing plants,
" He ranks my honour'd name;
" And, whilſt he well employs *my* pow'rs,
" Exalts *himſelf* to fame.

XII.

"Thus death and life alike are *mine*,
" Neither to *thee* belong:
" Though oft' by poets moſt admir'd,
" The theme of idle ſong.

XIII.

" Be thou ſo ſtill; but ne'er deſpiſe
" Thoſe gifts thou canſt not ſhare:
" But keep this maxim in thy heart,
" *The* USEFUL *is the* FAIR."

XIV.

She ſaid—abaſh'd the JASMINE heard,
And hung her drooping head;
She ſaw, *That* NATURE'S *works were good*,
And all her Boaſting fled.

FABLE

FABLE XXVIII.

The CARNATION and SOUTHERNWOOD.

I.

RICH in a thouſand beauteous dyes,
The ſweet CARNATION ſtood;
While with a proud diſdainful eye
The SOUTHERNWOOD ſhe view'd.

II.

"Great is thy Pride," the flow'r exclaim'd,
"To place thee near my ſide;
"For ev'n to grow in this retreat,
"Argues thy matchleſs pride.

III.

"Say, what art thou, thyſelf no flow'r,
"That dar'ſt intrude thee here;
"'Midſt plants fit for a prince's bow'r,
"Flow'rs fit for kings to wear?

"Whate'er

IV.

" Whate'er I am," the Plant reply'd,
" My poſt I well maintain;
" And chearful lend my needful aid,
" Where thine, alas! were vain.

V.

" Say, could thy flow'rs of brighteſt dye
" *Infection's* force withſtand?
" Ah! what could all thy beauties do,
" If plagues laid waſte the land?

VI.

" Mean as I am, the taſk is mine,
" To purge th' unwholeſome air;
" To clear the brain, the blood refine,
" And ſeat HYGEIA[a] there.

VII.

" Nay farther ſtill;—thyſelf ſhalt own
" How oft' I'm join'd with thee;
" And thy bright bloſſoms brighter bloom,
" Becauſe they're plac'd by me.

[a] The Goddeſs of Health.

" Are

VIII.

" Are not the *various tints*, which deck
" This ſcene, the Floriſt's pride?
" Me then, imperious! venerate
" For pow'rs to thee deny'd.—

IX.

" Say, if each warbler of the grove
" Should chuſe the ſelf-ſame ſtrain;
" Would the tir'd ear the concert pleaſe,
" Or wiſh to hear again?

X.

" Nature, who made us what we are,
" Did diff'rent gifts impart;
" And gave to all their portion due
" Of her all-plaſtic art.

XI.

" Contented then in diff'rent ſpheres
" Unenvying let us move:
" For this muſt ſtill moſt grateful be
" To THOSE who rule above.

" M

XII.

"*Me* let *thy* ſweeteſt fragrance grace,
"Ev'n from the early May;
"And *thee* will *I* in gardens fair
"With ſov'reign balm repay.

XIII.

"For, thus united while we ſtand,
"We need to aſk no more;
"While mutually we take and give,
"We double all our *ſtore*."

XIV.

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

XV.

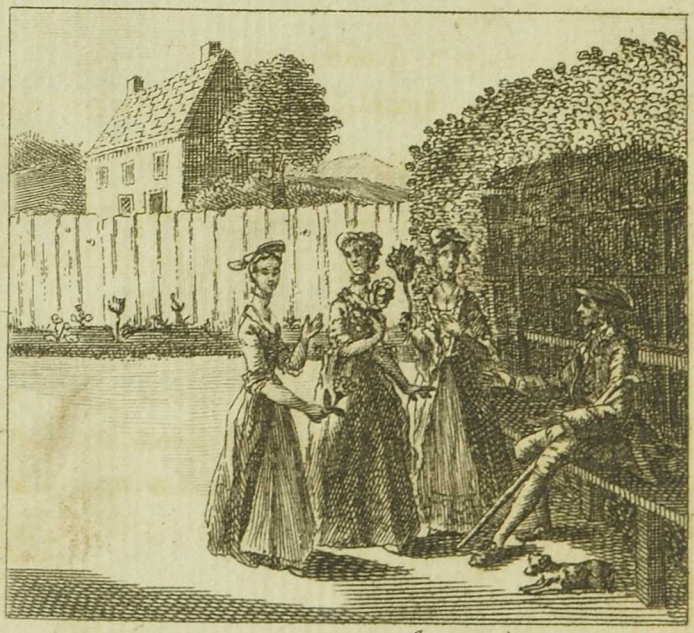
Learn hence, *That various talents giv'n*
Mean variouſly to bleſs:
And thus on mutual wants kind Heav'n
Builds mutual Happineſs.

FABLE

Fab XXIX

Field Flower & Rosemary

Fab XXX



Judgment of the Flowers

FABLE XXIX.

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 rear'd
Its variegated head;
And view'd full many a spacious track,
With dreary deserts 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 [b].

[b] On the banks of the river Hypanis, there is a sort of insect, whose life is said only to extend 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
Immediate urg'd 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.

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 thy race in ſport,
" Continual to deſtroy;
" Nor ever meant thy race to taſte
" 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 Nature's law is giv'n;
" Each moment that I live, *t' enjoy*,
" Is all I aſk of Heav'n.

" Beneath

XII.

" Beneath 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 ſun;
" 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 XXX.

The JUDGEMENT of 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.

Haſt thou not ſeen, at ev'ning hour,
When PHOEBUS ſunk beneath the main,
Reclin'd in ſome ſequeſter'd bow'r,
The village maid, or ſhepherd ſwain?

III.

Haſt thou not mark'd them cull with care
Some favour'd flow'ret from the reſt,
To deck the breaſt, or bind the hair,
Of thoſe they priz'd and lov'd the beſt?

IV.

And ſtill expreſſive of the mind
The emblematic gift was found;
Whether to mournful thought inclin'd,
Or with triumphant gladneſs crown'd.—

V.

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 ſplendor ſcorn'd.

VI.

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.

VII.

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

The

VIII.

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

IX.

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.

X.

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!

XI.

"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.

XII.

" 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.

XIII.

" 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.

XIV.

" Ambitious *thou!* the Tulip race
" In all life's vary'd courſe beware:
" Caught with ſweet Pleaſure's roſy grace,
" Do *thou* its ſharper thorns beware.

XV.

" *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."

He

XVI.

He ceas'd—attend the moral ſtrain,
The Muſe enlighten'd pours;
Nor let her pencil trace in vain
The Judgement of the Flow'rs.

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