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Poems

Poems on several occasions

Gay, John

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The fan. A poem. In three books

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Visual Library

THE FAN,

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

——ἔνθά δὲ θελκτήρια παντα τέτυκτο.
Ενθα ἔνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἵμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς,
Πάρφασις ἥ τ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων.
Τὸν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσίν. HOM. ILIAD. 14.

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THE FAN,

A POEM.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whoſe waving play
With gentle gales relieves the ſultry day;
Not the wide fan by Perſian dames diſplay'd,
Which o'er their beauty caſts a grateful ſhade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor ſhall the Muſe in Aſian climates rove,
To ſeek in Indoſtan ſome ſpicy grove,
Where ſtretch'd at eaſe the panting lady lies,
To ſhun the fervor of meridian ſkies,
While ſweating ſlaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,
And with wide-ſpreading fans refreſh the fair;
No buſy gnats her pleaſing dreams moleſt,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breaſt;
But artificial Zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the ſky.

Nor ſhall Bermudas long the Muſe detain,
Whoſe fragrant foreſts bloom in Waller's ſtrain,
Where breathing ſweets from ev'ry field aſcend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend;
Yet let me in ſome od'rous ſhade repoſe,
Whilſt in my verſe the fair Palmetto grows:

Like the tall pine it ſhoots its ſtately head,
From the broad top depending branches ſpread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears,
Hung on each bough a ſingle leaf appears,
Which ſhrivell'd in its infancy remains,
Like a clos'd fan, nor ſtretches wide its veins,
But, as the ſeaſons in their circles run,
Opes its ribb'd ſurface to the nearer ſun:
Beneath this ſhade the weary peaſant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes riſe.
Stay, wand'ring Muſe, nor rove in foreign climes,
To thy own native ſhore confine thy rhimes.
Aſſiſt, ye Nine, your loftieſt notes employ,
Say what celeſtial ſkill contriv'd the toy:
Say how this inſtrument of love began,
And in immortal ſtrains diſplay the Fan.
Strephon had long confeſs'd his am'rous pain,
Which gay Corinna rally'd with diſdain:
Sometimes in broken words he ſigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dreſs'd, he laugh'd, he ſung, he rhim'd, he dance'd:
Now call'd more pow'rful preſents to his aid,
And, to ſeduce the miſtreſs, brib'd the maid;
Smooth flatt'ry in her ſofter hours apply'd,
The ſureſt charm to bend the force of pride:
But ſtill unmov'd remains the ſcornful dame,
Inſults her captive, and derides his flame.
When Strephon ſaw his vows diſpers'd in air,
He ſought in ſolitude to loſe his care;

Relief in ſolitude he ſought in vain,
It ſerv'd, like muſic, but to feed his pain.
To Venus now the ſlighted boy complains,
And calls the goddeſs in theſe tender ſtrains.

O potent queen! from Neptune's empire ſprung,
Whoſe glorious birth admiring Nereids ſung,
Who 'midſt the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whoſe radiant preſence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thouſand altars riſe,
And curling clouds of incenſe hide the ſkies:
O beauteous goddeſs, teach me how to move,
Inſpire my tongue with eloquence of love,
If loſt Adonis e'er thy boſom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes, or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on thoſe hours when firſt you felt the dart,
Think on the reſtleſs fever of thy heart;
Think how you pin'd in abſence of the ſwain:
By thoſe uneaſy minutes know my pain.
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her ſhrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame:
Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove,
May Venus dictate, and reward my love.
When crouds of ſuitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;
Each daring lover with adventrous pace
Purſu'd his wiſhes in the dang'rous race;
Like the ſwift hind, the bounding damſel flies,
Strains to the goal, the diſtanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
You taught the ſwain to ſtay the flying fair;

Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes,
She stoops: He rushes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?
If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend her flight.
Thus the desponding youth his flame declares:
The goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the God of Love;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
Here Nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends;
The rugged stone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;
All share the toil; while some the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel;
Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill.

A diff'rent toil another forge employs;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys:
Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,
Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride;

Each trinket that adorns a modern dame,
First to these little artists ow'd its frame.
Here an unfinish'd diamond crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen:
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the railly'd fop for smart replies;
There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames;
Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground.
There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,
Compleatly furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flatt'ring glass, and black lead-combs.
The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide,
Some work the file, and some the graver guide;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise;
A swarm of lab'rers diff'rent tasks attend!
Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend,
With echoing strokes the craggy quarry groans;
While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones;
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her tow'rs inclose.
Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins,
And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains;

Strait to the grot with graceful ſtep ſhe goes,
Her looſe ambroſial hair behind her flows:
The ſwelling bellows heave for breath no more,
All drop their ſilent hammers on the floor;
In deep ſuſpenſe the mighty labour ſtands,
While thus the goddeſs ſpoke her mild commands.
Induſtrious Loves, your preſent toils forbear,
A more important taſk demands your care;
Long has the ſcheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often ſeen
Who draws the car of the celeſtial queen?
Have ye not oft ſurvey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not ſeen him in the ſunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride diſplay,
Then ſuddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers ſweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this inſtruct your art;
Thin taper ſticks muſt form one center part:
Let theſe into the quadrant's form divide,
The ſpreading ribs with ſnowy paper hide;
Here ſhall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.
Let the machine in equal foldings cloſe,
And now its plaited ſurface wide diſpoſe.
So ſhall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the reſtleſs toy,
With various play bid grateful Zephyrs riſe,
While love in ev'ry grateful Zephyr flies.
The Maſter Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught deſigns;

Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly purſue.
Some ſlit their arrows with the niceſt art,
And into ſticks convert the ſhiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the ſleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the ſparks aſpire;
Their arrow's point they ſoften in the flame,
And ſounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this, the little pin they neatly mold,
From whence their arms the ſpreading ſticks unfold:
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at juſt diſtance the wide ribs extend,
Then on the frame they mount the limber ſkreen,
And finiſh inſtantly the new machine.

The goddeſs pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light fan ſhe moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.

Unhappy lovers, how will you withſtand,
When theſe new arms ſhall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artleſs, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck inclos'd,
And heaving breaſts within the ſtays repos'd,
When the cloſe hood conceal'd the modeſt ear,
Ere black lead-combs diſown'd the virgin's hair;
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the fan in fickle forms to play.

How are the ſex improv'd in am'rous arts,
What new-found ſnares they bait for human hearts!

When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirſty plains with human gore,
At firſt, the brandiſh'd arm the jav'lin threw,
Or ſent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful faulchion ſhone,
Or whiſtling ſlings diſmiſs'd th' uncertain ſtone.
Now men thoſe leſs deſtructive arms deſpiſe,
Wide-waſteful death from thund'ring cannon flies;
One hour with more battalions ſtrows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles ſlain.
So love with fatal airs the nymph ſupplies,
Her dreſs diſpoſes, and directs her eyes.
The boſom now its panting beauties ſhews,
Th' experienc'd eye reſiſtleſs glances throws;
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And ſtrike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dreſs ſinks, and now aſpires
A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires.
The curbing hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How ſhall I ſoar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their ſpring!
What force of thought, what numbers can expreſs
Th' inconſtant equipage of female dreſs?
How the ſtrait ſtays the ſlender waiſt conſtrain?
How to adjuſt the mantua's ſweeping train?
What fancy can the petticoat ſurround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?
But ſtay, preſumptuous Muſe, nor boldly dare
The toilette's ſacred myſteries declare;
Let a juſt diſtance be to beauty paid;
None here muſt enter but the truſty maid.

Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearſe,
And gloſſy mantuas ruſtle in my verſe;
Should you the rich brocaded ſuit unfold,
Where riſing flow'rs grow ſtiff with froſted gold,
The dazzled Muſe would from her ſubject ſtray,
And in a maze of faſhions loſe her way.

THE FAN.

BOOK II.

OLympus' gates unfold; in heav'n's high tow'rs
Appear in council all th' immortal pow'rs;
Great Jove above the reſt exalted ſate,
And in his mind revolv'd ſucceeding fate;
His awful eye with ray ſuperior ſhone,
The thunder-graſping eagle guards his throne;
On ſilver clouds the great aſſembly laid,
The whole creation at one view ſurvey'd.
But, ſee! fair Venus comes in all her ſtate,
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her looſe robe officious Zephyrs play,
And ſtrow with odoriferous flowers the way;
In her right hand ſhe waves the flutt'ring fan,
And thus in melting ſounds her ſpeech began.
Aſſembled powers, who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the ſea, the ſkies, and earth preſide,
Ye fountains whence all human bleſſings flow;
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus firſt rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to ſtream with gen'rous wine;
Induſtrious Ceres tam'd the ſavage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harveſts crown'd;

Flora with bloomy ſweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.
I firſt taught woman to ſubdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dreſs refin'd:
Celeſtial ſynod, this machine ſurvey,
That ſhades the face, or bids cool Zephyrs play;
If conſcious bluſhes on her cheek ariſe,
With this ſhe veils them from her lover's eyes;
No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,
From the fan's ambuſh ſhe directs the dart.
The royal ſceptre ſhines in Juno's hand,
And twiſted thunder ſpeaks great Jove's command;
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon ſhield appears,
And Neptune's mighty graſp the trident bears:
Ceres is with the bending ſickle ſeen,
And the ſtrung bow points out the Cynthian queen;
Henceforth the waving fan my hands ſhall grace,
The waving fan ſupply the ſceptre's place.
Who ſhall, ye pow'rs, the forming pencil hold?
What ſtory ſhall the wide machine unfold?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreathes and flow'ry chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrow ſtrow the ſmiling plains
With unreſiſting nymphs, and am'rous ſwains:
May glowing picture o'er the ſurface ſhine,
To melt ſlow virgins with the warm deſign.
Diana roſe; with ſilver creſcent crown'd,
And fix'd her modeſt eyes upon the ground:
Then with becoming mien ſhe rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin ſaid.
Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and deluſive ſmiles?

Does man againſt her charms too pow'rful prove,
Or are the ſex grown novices in love?
Why then theſe arms? or why ſhould artful eyes,
From this ſlight ambuſh, conquer by ſurpriſe?
No guilty thought the ſpotleſs virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conſcious crimſon glows;
Since bluſhes then from ſhame alone ariſe,
Why ſhould we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And truſt his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the gods already cheriſh'd pride,
And woman with deſtructive arms ſupply'd?
Neptune on her beſtows his choiceſt ſtores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping ſhell its pearly charge reſigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the ſoil,
Where the green em'rald pays the ſearcher's toil.
Does not the diamond ſparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing luſtre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet if Venus' wiſhes muſt ſucceed,
And this fantaſtic engine be decreed,
May ſome chaſte ſtory from the pencil flow,
To ſpeak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's wo.
Here let the wretched Ariadne ſtand,
Seduc'd by Theſeus to ſome deſart land,
Her locks diſhevell'd waving in the wind,
The cryſtal tears confeſs her tortur'd mind;

The perjur'd youth unfurls his treach'rous ſails,
And their white boſoms catch the ſwelling gales.
Be ſtill, ye winds, ſhe cries, ſtay, Theſeus, ſtay;
But faithleſs Theſeus hears no more than they.
All deſp'rate, to ſome craggy cliff ſhe flies,
And ſpreads a well-known ſignal in the ſkies;
His leſs'ning veſſel plows the foamy main,
She ſighs, ſhe calls, ſhe waves the ſign in vain.
Paint Dido there amidſt her laſt diſtreſs,
Pale cheeks and blood-ſhot eyes her grief expreſs:
Deep in her breaſt the reeking ſword is drown'd,
And guſhing blood ſtreams purple from the wound:
Her ſiſter Anna hov'ring o'er her ſtands,
Accuſes heav'n with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curſes with her broken ſighs.
View this, ye maids; and then each ſwain believe,
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.
Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris firſt betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on ev'ry bough,
Which the falſe youth wove for Oenone's brow,
The garlands loſe their ſweets, their pride is ſhed;
And like their odours all his vows are fled;
On her fair arm her penſive head ſhe lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful look ſurveys;
That flood which witneſs'd his inconſtant flame,
When thus he ſwore, and won the yielding dame:
"Theſe ſtreams ſhall ſooner to their fountain move
"Than I forget my dear Oenone's love."
Roll back, ye ſtreams, back to your fountain run,
Paris is falſe, Oenone is undone.

Ah wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this curs'd paſſion knew,
When groves could pleaſe, and when you lov'd the plain,
Without the preſence of your perjur'd ſwain.
Thus may the nymph, whene'er ſhe ſpreads the fan,
In his true colours view perfidious man,
Pleas'd with her virgin ſtate in foreſts rove,
And never truſt the dang'rous hopes of love.
The goddeſs ended, merry Momus roſe,
With ſmiles and grins he waggiſh glances throws,
Then with a noiſy laugh foreſtalls his joke,
Mirth flaſhes from his eyes, while thus he ſpoke.
Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,
And by your own example teach the fair.
Let chaſte Diana on the piece be ſeen,
And the bright creſcent own the Cynthian Queen;
On Latmos' top ſee young Endymion lies,
Feign'd ſleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes:
See, to his ſoft embraces how ſhe ſteals,
And on his lips her warm careſſes ſeals;
No more her hand the glitt'ring jav'lin holds,
But round his neck her eager arm ſhe folds.
Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown?
Virgins are virgins ſtill—while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on ſome flow'ry bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful ſhade,
Her naked boſom wanton treſſes grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face,
O'er her fair limbs a thin looſe veil is ſpread;
Stand off, ye ſhepherds; fear Actaeon's head;

Let vig'rous Pan th' unguarded minute ſeize,
And in a ſhaggy goat the virgin pleaſe.
Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown?
Virgins are virgins ſtill—while 'tis unknown.
There with juſt warmth Aurora's paſſion trace,
Let ſpreading crimſon ſtain her virgin face;
See Cephalus her wanton airs deſpiſe,
While ſhe provokes him with deſiring eyes;
To raiſe his paſſion ſhe diſplays her charms,
His modeſt hand upon her boſom warms;
Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force his heart perſuade,
But with diſdain he quits the roſy maid.
Here let diſſolving Laeda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breaſts reveal her joy;
Beneath the preſſing ſwan ſhe pants for air,
While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conqu'ring gold exert its pow'r,
And ſoften Danae in a glitt'ring ſhow'r.
Would you warn beauty not to cheriſh pride,
Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,
On the machine the ſage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wiſdom mark her face;
See, where ſhe lies near ſome tranſparent flood,
And with her pipe chears the reſounding wood:
Her image in the floating glaſs ſhe ſpies,
Her bloted cheeks, worn lips, and ſhrivell'd eyes;
She breaks the guiltleſs pipe, and with diſdain
Its ſhatter'd ruins flings upon the plain.
With the loud reed no more her cheek ſhall ſwell,
What, ſpoil her face! no; warbling ſtrains farewel.
Shall arts—ſhall ſciences employ the fair?
Thoſe trifles are beneath Minerva's care.

From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye ſparkle with the glowing flame;
The god of war within her clinging arms,
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a huſband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a cloſe embrace.
Let theſe amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be ſeen;
So ſhall the fair, as long as fans ſhall laſt,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaſte.

THE FAN.

BOOK III.

THUS Momus ſpoke. When ſage Minerva roſe;
From her ſweet lips ſmooth elocution flows;
Her ſkilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,
Where ſhining colours were in order plac'd:
As gods are bleſs'd with a ſuperior ſkill,
And, ſwift as mortal thought, perform their will,
Strait ſhe propoſes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint expreſs her great deſign.
Th' aſſembled pow'rs conſent. She now began,
And her creating pencil ſtain'd the fan.

O'er the fair field, trees ſpread, and rivers flow,
Tow'rs rear their heads, and diſtant mountains grow;
Life ſeems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face ſome lively paſſion reigns.
Thus have I ſeen woods, hills, and dales appear;
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the ſilent air
In darken'd rooms, where light can only paſs
Through the ſmall circle of a convex glaſs;
On the white ſheet the moving figures riſe,
The foreſt waves, clouds float along the ſkies.

She various fables on the piece design'd,
That ſpoke the follies of the female kind,
The fate of pride in Niobe ſhe drew;
Be wiſe, ye nymphs, that ſcornful vice ſubdue:
In a wide plain th' imperious mother ſtood,
Whoſe diſtant bounds roſe in a winding wood;
Upon her ſhoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
A purple robe behind her ſweeps the ground,
Whoſe ſpacious border golden flow'rs ſurround:
She made Latona's altars ceaſe to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her ſacred name;
To her own charms ſhe bade freſh incenſe riſe,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Sev'n graceful ſons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant diſdain,
Were by Latona's double offſpring ſlain.
Here Phoebus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his riſing ſteed her firſt-born threw;
His op'ning fingers drop the ſlacken'd rein,
And the pale corſe falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wreſtlers bend,
See, to the graſp their ſwelling nerves diſtend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a ſtrict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain;
When heav'n purſues, we ſhun the ſtroke in vain.
This lifts his ſupplicating hands and eyes,
And, 'midſt his humble adoration dies.
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A ſurer weapon ſtrikes his throbbing heart:

While that to raiſe his wounded brother tries,
Death blaſts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
The tender ſiſters bath'd in grief appear,
With ſable garments and diſhevell'd hair,
And o'er their gaſping brothers weeping ſtood;
Some with their treſſes ſtopt the guſhing blood,
They ſtrive to ſtay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action ſhare their fate.
Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To ſave her only care in vain ſhe tries,
Cloſe at her feet the lateſt victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling ſorrow flows,
Like dewy ſpangles on the bluſhing roſe;
Fix'd in aſtoniſhment ſhe weeping ſtood,
The plain all purple with her childrens blood;
She ſtiffens with her woes: No more her hair
In eaſy ringlets wantons in the air;
Motion forſakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,
And beat no longer with the ſanguine tide;
All life is fled, firm marble now ſhe grows,
Which ſtill in tears the mother's anguiſh ſhows.
Ye haughty fair, your painted fans diſplay,
And the juſt fate of lofty pride ſurvey:
Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celeſtial ſimilies adore,
Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And goddeſſes confeſs inferior charms,
Do not, vain maid, the flatt'ring tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glaſs deceive.
Here lively colours Procris' paſſion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.

Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes:
What guilt, what horror on his face appears!
See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears,
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain suspicion cease,
Lose not, in sullen discontent, your peace.
For when fierce love to jealousy ferments,
A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents:
No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volscian queen expir'd,
The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd;
Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound.
The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays;
His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,
And his bright sword-knot lure her wand'ring eyes;
Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And view'd his image in the crystal flood,

The cryſtal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image ſtrives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienc'd breaſt ſubdu'd,
Echo in vain the flying boy purſu'd;
Himſelf alone the fooliſh youth admires,
And with fond look the ſmiling ſhade deſires:
O'er the ſmooth lake with fruitleſs tears he grieves,
His ſpreading fingers ſhoot in verdant leaves,
Through his pale veins green ſap now gently flows,
And in a ſhort-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows.

Let vain Narciſſus warn each female breaſt,
That beauty's but a tranſient good at beſt.
Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,
And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.
Oh Araminta! ceaſe thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithleſs charms confide;
Ev'n while the glaſs reflects thy ſparkling eyes,
Their luſtre and thy roſy colour flies!

Thus on the fan the breathing figures ſhine,
And all the powers applaud the wiſe deſign.

The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the ſynod leaves.
To the low world ſhe bends her ſteepy way,
Where Strephon paſs'd the ſolitary day;
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His downcaſt eyes betray'd deſponding love,
The wounded bark confeſs'd his ſlighted flame,
And ev'ry tree bore falſe Corinna's name;
In a cool ſhade he lay with folded arms,
Curſes his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
When Venus to his wond'ring eyes appears,
And with theſe words relieves his am'rous cares.

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,
Whose ratt'ling sticks my busy fingers sway;
This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle bosom kindle love.
The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands.
For this shall elephants their iv'ry shed;
And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread:
His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
On this shall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy;
Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
Their dress, their customs, their religion show;
So shall the British fair their minds improve,
And on the fan to distant climates rove.
Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
And silver figures gild their loose array;
This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;
That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies:
Here cross-legg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.
The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,
Through which unseen the female ogle flies;
This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
Gay France shall make the fan her artists care,
And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
As learned orators that touch the heart,
With various action raise their soothing art,
Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,
And humour each expression of the tongue:

So ſhall each paſſion by the fan be ſeen,
From noiſy anger to the ſullen ſpleen.
While Venus ſpoke, joy ſhone in Strephon's eyes,
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies.
But Cupid (who delights in am'rous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting boſom flew;
Leander lov'd; and to the ſprightly dame
In gentle ſighs reveal'd his growing flame;
Sweet ſmiles Corinna to his ſighs returns,
And for the fop in equal paſſion burns.
Lo Strephon comes! and with a ſuppliant bow,
Offers the preſent, and renews his vow.
When ſhe the fate of Niobe beheld,
Why has my pride againſt my heart rebell'd?
She ſighing cry'd: Diſdain forſook her breaſt,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy gueſt.
In Procris' boſom when ſhe ſaw the dart,
She juſtly blames her own ſuſpicious heart,
Imputes her diſcontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's conſtancy ſincere.
When on Camilla's fate her eye ſhe turns,
No more for ſhow and equipage ſhe burns;
She learns Leander's paſſion to deſpiſe,
And looks on merit with diſcerning eyes.
Narciſſus' change to the vain virgin ſhows
Who truſts to beauty, truſts the fading roſe.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies:
Love then, ye virgins, ere the bloſſom dies.
Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brighteſt flame.

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