

Classic Poetry Series

Mary Barber
- poems -

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Mary Barber(1690-1757)

A Letter For My Son To One Of His School--Fellows, Son To Henry Rose, Esq;

Dear Rose, as I lately was writing some Verse,
Which I next Day intended in School to rehearse,
My Mother came in, and I thought she'd run wild:
` ` This Mr. Macmullen has ruin'd my Child:
` ` He uses me ill, and the World shall know it;
` ` I sent you to Latin, he makes you a Poet:
` ` A fine Way of training a Shop keeper's Son!
` ` 'Twould better become him to teach you to dun:
` ` Let him teach both his Wit, and his Rhyming, to Rose;
` ` And give you some Lessons, to help to sell Cloaths:
` ` He'll have an Estate, and 'twill do very well,
` ` That he, like his Father, in Arts should excel;
` ` But for you, if your Father will take my Advice,
` ` He'll send you no more, till he lowers his Price:
` ` A Guinea a Quarter! 'tis monstrously dear!--
` ` You might learn to dance for four Guineas a Year:
` ` Then, Sir, 'tell your Master, That these are hard Times;
` ` And Paper's too dear to be wasted in Rhymes:
` ` I'll teach you a Way of employing it better;
` ` As, July the fifteenth, Lord Levington Debtor:
` ` You may rhyme till you're blind, what arises from thence?
` ` But Debtor and Creditor brings in the Pence:
` ` Those beggarly Muses but come for a Curse;
` ` But give me the Wit, that puts Gold in the Purse."

From what she then told me, I plainly discern,
What different Lessons we Scholars must learn.
You're happy, dear Rose; for, as far as I find,
You've nothing to do, but embellish your Mind.
What different Tasks are assign'd us by Fate!
'Tis yours to become, mine to get an Estate.
Then, Rose, mind your Learning, whatever you do;
For I have the easier Task of the two.

Mary Barber

A Letter Sent To Mrs. Barber

Thou glorious Ruler of the beauteous Day!
Have sev'nteen Years so swiftly roll'd away?
Hast thou so oft the heav'nly Circle run,
When scarce I thought thy radiant Course begun?
Never shall I my fleeting Time renew?
Must it all perish in one transient View?
I wish--Alas! my Wishes are in vain:
Those flying Years they never can regain:
With rapid Haste Old Time the Moments drives;
And scarce a Trace of Youth in Age survives:
So, when the weary'd Mortal sinks to Rest,
And ev'ry Tumult ceases in his Breast;
Imagin'd Scenes, and wish'd--for Views arise;
Anew Creation feeds his wond'ring Eyeo;
Till Phoebus, rising o'er the spangled Plain,
Recalls him from the bright, delusive Scene;
With Grief he then perceives th' enchanting Sight,
The fleeting Creature of oblivious Night.

When some fine Voice delights the raptur'd Heart,
By Nature pleasing, yet improv'd by Art;
Tho' trembling each Seraphic Sound decay,
And with melodious Cadence melt away;
The faithful Echo still revives the Strain,
And sweetly charms the list'ning Ear again:
But Life, once vanish'd, will return no more;
No mimic Thought its Presence can restore.

Say then, my Soul, how must I now survey
So many Years, so quickly snatch'd away?
Awake, my Muse! Thou only canst impart
Ease to my Griefs, and heal the wounded Heart:
What Theme shall now employ my youthful Lays?
Say! Next to Heav'n, what Subject claims my Praise?
O impious Question! Dare I ask the Theme,
When a lov'd Parent does that Duty claim?
The Infant Tree, that, with judicious Care,
Some Hand defended from the piercing Air,
With cooling Streams reliev'd the burning Root,

Or lopp'd, with tender Skill, each sickly Shoot,
Soon as it learns the Tempest to despise,
And with diffusive Branches hide the Skies,
Gladly rewards the weary'd Peasant's Pains,
And loads the Parent Hand with annual Gains.

Haste then, my Muse; Sapphira is the Theme;
O strive, tho' vainly, to enhance her Fame:
Her Guardian Care did all my Grievs assuage,
Those sure Attendants of an Infant Age!
By her conducted to the Light of Truth,
I sail, unshipwreck'd, thro' the Storm of Youth:
The heav'nly Influence of her sage Advice
Points from afar the dang'rous Rocks of Vice;
Shews, with discerning Eye, the blissful Plains,
Where Peace, eternal, with fair Virtue reigns.

O Thou, whom ev'ry Grace and Worth attends,
Thou best of Mothers, and thou best of Friends,
Indulgently accept these filial Lays;
Accept thy Son's inartificial Praise:
May Heav'n restore thee to these Eyes again,
And safely waft thee o'er th' Iernian Main:
O quickly to my longing Eyes repair,
And ever bless me with thy Guardian Cate!

Mary Barber

A Letter To A Friend,

As in some wealthy, trading Town,
Where Riches raise to fure Renown,
The Man, with ample Sums in Store,
More than enough, yet wanting more,
Bent on Abundance, first secures
His Rails, his Windows, and his Doors,
With many a Chain, and Bolt, and Pin.
To keep Rogues out, and Riches in;
Ranges his Iron Chests in View,
And paints his Window Bars with Blue;
Discounts your Notes, receives your Rents,
A Banker now, to all Intentions.

Suppose his more successful Labours
Should raise him high above his Neighbours:
As sure, as if Apollo said it,
They'll all combine to blast his Credit:
But if, in solid Wealth secure,
Their vain Assaults he can endure;
Their Malice but augments his Gain,
And swells the Store it meant to drain.

The Case in ev'ry Point's the same,
In Funds of Wealth, and Funds of Fame:
Tho' you're secur'd by ev'ry Fence
Of solid Worth, and Wit, and Sense;
In vain are all your utmost Pains,
Your Virtue's Bars, and Wisdom's Chains;
Nor Worth, nor Wit, nor Sense, combin'd,
Can bar the Malice of the Mind.

The firmest, and the fairest Fame
Is ever Envy's surest Aim:
But if it stand her Rage, unmov'd,
Like Gold, in fiery Furnace prov'd;
Unbiass'd Truth, your Virtues Friend,
Will more exalt you in the End.

A Letter Written For My Daughter To A Lady, Who Had Presented Her With A Cap.

Your late kind Gift let me restore;
For I must never wear it more.
My Mother cries, ``What's here to do?
``A Crimson Velvet Cap for you!
``If to these Heights so soon you climb,
``You'll wear a Coachman's Cap in time:
``Perhaps on Palfry pace along,
``With ruffled Shirt, and Tete--Moutton;
``Banish the Woman from your Face,
``And let the Rake supply the Place;
``Delighted see the People stare,
``And ask each other what you are?

If she goes on to this dull Tune,
Poor I must be a Quaker soon.
She'll scarcely let me wear a Knot;
But keeps me like a Hottentot;
Says, Dressing plain, at small Expence,
Shews better Taste, and better Sense.
I'd take her Judgment, I confess,
Sooner in any Thing, than Dress;
A Science, which she little knows,
Who only huddles on her Cloaths.

This Day, to please my Brother Con.
She let me put your Present on;
And when she saw me very glad,
Cry'd out, She looks like one that's mad!
``Know, Girl, (says she) that Affectation
``Suits only those in higher Station;
``Who plead Prescription for their Rule,
``Whene'er they please to play the Fool:
``But that it best becomes us Cits,
``To dress like People in their Wits."

Mary Barber

A Letter Written For My Son To A Young Gentleman

Dear Jack, whilst you thro' Flanders roam,
Can you forget your Friends at Home?
Say, will your Tutors give you Time
To write to Hereticks in Rhyme?
A Name they brand us with, dear Youth,
And we affirm they injure Truth.
The sacred Page before us lies,
Which you lock up from vulgar Eyes.
In vain to Men a Light is giv'n,
To point them out the Path to Heav'n;
If, lest their Sight should make them stray,
Their Guides alone must see the Way.

I fancy now you answer thus:
Lord! what's Divinity to us?
This serious Subject is unfit.
To exercise a School--boy's Wit;
Then talk of other Matters, Con.
Inform me how your Class goes on:
Are you, poor Boys! at School To--day,
Whilst others are allow'd to play?

Dear Jack, that is our Case, 'tls true;
We envy them, and envy you;
You, who may ramble from your Book,
To view the Towns Eugenio took;
Ev'n now, perhaps, attend the Story,
How Marlbro' won immortal Glory;
page
Whilst he, who tells the wondrous Tale,
At ev'ry Period turning pale,
Still fancies Vengeance o'er his Head,
And asks you--Are you sure He's dead?

P.S.

I just heard happy News, dear Boy;
And Friendship bids me share the Joy:
Hibernia has not pray'd in vain;
Cyrus will visit her again;

Cyrus, long train'd in Wisdom's School,
And by Mandana form'd for Rule.
Ramsay, we find from whence you drew
Those Characters admir'd in you:
We Cassendana's Virtues trace,
And lovely Form in Weymouth's Race.

O would Mandana cross the Seas,
And hear a People speak her Praise,
With Britain vie to hail the Dame,
Who, Granville, could exalt thy Name,
Transmitting down thy Fame with Care,
And double Lustre, in her Heir!

Mary Barber

A Letter Written From London To Mrs. Strangeways Hornet

Say, my Hortensia, in this silent Hour,
When the pale Queen of Night exerts her Pow'r,
What Guardian--Angels on thy Slumbers wait,
To paint the Glories of thy future State;
To shew what Mansions, in the Realms divine,
Are set apart for Souls, refin'd as thine?
Tho' thither, wing'd with Hope, thy Virtues soar,
Late, very late, may'st thou those Realms explore!

Adas! I left thee sick: O Shame to tell!
I should have staid to see Hortensia well:
But dire Necessity, relentless, sway'd;
She, stern, enjoin'd, unwilling I obey'd.
Torn from thy Sight, how have I dragg'd the Day'
Which, in thy Presence, flew too swift away!
How shall I pass the melancholy Night?
When will the Post arrive, and give Delight?
Of thy returning Health when shall I hear?
Fain would I hope, tho' quite depress'd with Fear.

O Pow'r supreme! yet, yet, Hortensia spare;
The Stranger, and the Wretched, are her Care:
Snatch her not hence; we cannot let her go;
Still let her be thy Substitute below,
To raise the sinking Heart, to heal Distress;
To Her was giv'n the Will and Pow'r to bless.

O would Heav'n grant me, ere I cross the Main,
To see thy Face, Hortensia, once again!
But I must hasten to Hibernia's Shore;
And never, never, shall behold thee more.

Mary Barber

A True Tale

A mother, who vast Pleasure finds
In modelling her Childrens Minds;
With whom, in exquisite Delight,
She passes many a Winter Night;
Mingles in ev'ry Play, to find
What Byass Nature gave the Mind;
Resolving thence to take her Aim,
To guide them to the Realms of Fame;
And wisely make those Realms their Way
To Regions of eternal Day;
Each boist'rous Passion to controul,
And early humanize the Soul;
In simple Tales, beside the Fire,
The noblest Notions would inspire:
Her Children, conscious of her Care,
Transported, hung around her Chair.

Of Scripture--Heroes she would tell,
Whose Names they lisp'd, ere they could spell:
The Mother then, delighted, smiles;
And shews the Story on the Tiles.

At other Times, her Themes would be
The Sages of Antiquity;
Who left immortal Names behind,
By proving Blessings to their Kind.
Again, she takes another Scope,
And tells of Addison, and Pope.

Studios to let her Children know
The various Turns of Things below;--
How Virtue here was oft oppress'd,
To shine more glorious with the Bless'd;
Told Tully's and the Gracchi's Doom,
The Patriots, and the Pride of Rome.
Then bless'd the Drapier's happier Fate,
Who sav'd, and lives to guard the State.

Some Comedies gave great Delight,

And entertain'd them many a Night:
Others could no Admittance find,
Forbid, as Poison to the Mind:
Those Authors Wit and Sense, said she,
But heighten their Impiety.

This happy Mother met, one Day,
The Book of Fables, writ by Gay;
And told her Children, Here's a Treasure,
A Fund of Wisdom, and of Pleasure!
Such Morals, and so finely writ;
Such Decency, good Sense, and Wit!
Well has the Poet found the Art,
To raise the Mind, and mend the Heart.

Her fav'rite Son the Volume seiz'd;
And, as he read, seem'd highly pleas'd;
Made such Reflections ev'ry Page;
The Mother thought above his Age;
Delighted read, but scarce was able
To finish the concluding Fable.

What ails my Child? the Mother cries:
Whose Sorrows now have fill'd your Eyes?
O dear Mamma, can he want Friends,
Who writes for such exalted Ends?
O base, degen'rate human Kind!
Had I a Fortune to my Mind,
Should Gay complain? But now, alas!
Thro' what a World am I to pass?
Where Friendship is an empty Name,
And Merit scarcely paid in Fame?

Resolv'd to lull his Woes to Rest,
She tells him, He should hope the best:
This has been yet Gay's Case, I own;
But now his Merit's amply known.
Content that tender Heart of thine:
He'll be the Care of Caroline.
Who thus instructs the royal Race,
Must have a Pension, or a Place.

Mamma, if you were Queen, says he,
And such a Book were writ for me,
I find 'tis so much to your Taste,
That Gay would keep his Coach at least.

My Son, what you suppose, is true:
I see its Excellence in you.
Poets who write to mend the Mind,
A royal Recompence should find.
But I am barr'd by Fortune's Frowns,
From the best Privilege of Crowns;
The glorious, godlike Pow'r to bless,
And raise up Merit in Distress.

But, dear Mamma, I long to know,
Were you the Queen, what you'd bestow.

What I'd bestow, says she, my Dear?
At least, a thousand Pounds a Year.

Mary Barber

Advice To The Ladies At Bath. Written By A Lady.

Ye heedless Fair, who trifle Life away,
Let either Brownlow set your Notions right:
Be, like the Daughter, innocently gay;
Or, like the Mother, prudent and polite.

Mary Barber

An Apology For My Son To His Master, For Not Bringing An Exercise On The Coronation Day.

Why are we Scholars plagu'd to write,
On Days devoted to Delight?
In Honour of the King, I'd play
Upon his Coronation Day:
But as for Loyalty in Rhyme,
Defer that to another Time.

Now to excuse this to my Master--
(This Want of Rhyme's a sad Disaster)
Sir, we confess you take great Pains,
And break your own, to mend our Brains.
You strive to make us learn'd, and wise;
But to what End? -- We shall not rise:
In vain should at Preferment aim,
Whilst Strangers make their happier Claim.
Why should we labour to excel,
Doom'd in Obscurity to dwell?
Then, since our Welfare gives you Pain,
(And yet your Toil may prove in vain)
I wish, for your, and for our Ease,
That all were Coronation Days.

Mary Barber

An Apology For The Clergy,

How well these Laymen love to gibe,
And throw their Jest on Levi's Tribe!
Must One be toil'd to Death, they cry,
Whilst other Priests are yawning by?
Forgetful that He reaps the Gain,
Why should They waste their Lungs in vain?

When Men were weak enough to prize
The Christian Scheme, as good and wise,
To think there was an Heav'n and Hell;
To pray and preach did very well:
When Mortals look'd beyond the Grave,
A Priest, for Conscience sake, might slave:
But in this learned Realm and Age,
Where Faith is beaten off the Stage;
This happy Realm, where Reason reigns,
And scorns to drag Religion's Chains;
Where free--born Britons, ev'ry Day,
Sit down to feast, and rise to play;
And, since their Money buys their Meat,
Won't thank their God for what they eat;
Where e'vn some Chaplains fill their Place
Politely, without saying Grace:

If here, (where Reason swells so high,
It dares all other Pow'rs defy)
The Priests are, like the Laymen, wise,
Nor hope Reversions in the Skies;
Why should they deign to preach, or pray,
For any View -- but present Pay?

Mary Barber

An Apology To Dr. Clayton, Bishop Of Killala, And His Lady

My Lord of Killala, I find to my Sorrow,
I can't have the Honour I hop'd for, Tomorrow.
But why I'm so wretched, my Friend must rehearse;
For I never can write my Vexations in Verse.
Disappointments are sent to poor Mortals to show,
'Tis in vain to expect to be happy below.
Yet you've a fair Prospect, it must be confess'd,
Who with Fortune, and Station, and Delia are bless'd;
With Delia, whose Soul is so fitted for you,
Who shares, with such Pleasure, the Good which you do;
Who visits your See with far other Designs,
Than conning your Rent--rolls, and raising your Fines.

No longer let Rome her old Argument boast,
That by Marriage the End of the Priesthood is lost;
That, toil'd and entangled in Family Cares,
The Clergy forget their celestial Affairs:
For, had she known Delia, she must have confess'd,
That the Church, in the Marriage of Prelates, was bless'd.

Mary Barber

An Apology To The Earl Of Orrery

Not Persia's Monarch could, unmov'd, survey
Those num'rous Hosts, which Time must sweep away:
He wept Misfortunes of a distant Date;
I mourn the Rigour of my instant Fate:
The dreaded Hour approaching fast I see,
When you, alas! will all be dead to me.
Then cease to wonder, if my Bosom rise,
And Tears, unbidden, rush into my Eyes;
'Tis thus, and only thus, a grateful Breast
Pours out those Thanks, which cannot be express'd:
For, O Hibernia! when I quit thy Coast,
Such Friends I leave, as few could ever boast.

Mary Barber

An Apology Written For My Son To His Master

I beg your Scholar you'll excuse,
Who dares no more debase the Muse.
My Mother says, If e'er she hears,
I write again on worthless Peers,
Whether they're living Lords, or dead,
She'll box the Muse from out my Head.

Sir, let me have no more, she cry'd,
Of Panegyrics, ill apply'd:
For Praise, ill--plac'd, adds no more Grace,
Than Jewels to Samantha's Face;
Whose Lustre serves to let us see
Both Folly, and Deformity.

Mary Barber

An Apology Written For My Son To The Reverend Mr. Sampson,

With Joy your Summons we obey,
And come to celebrate this Day.
Yet I, alas! despair to please;
For you require exalted Lays:
And, let me write whate'er I will,
You'll think my Verse deficient still;
Altho' the Task I now decline,
Asks no Assistance from the Nine;
For Nature, better far than Art,
Can paint the honest, grateful Heart.

Heav'n knows how much I rack'd my Head,
(For beaten Paths I scorn to tread)
To tell the Vice--Roy something new,
Who graciously distinguish'd you;
Who had your Merit in his Eye,
When Prelates often pass'd it by.
What Blessings must the People share,
Where Virtue is the Ruler's Care!

Some Lines I wrote; which seem'd so fine,
My Mother cry'd, ``They can't be thine:
(Alas! there needs but little Care
In Sons, to please a Mother's Ear)
`` Maro might own such Lines as these,
`` Nor with more Elegance could praise:
`` This is the true poetic Fire:
`` But such a Subject must inspire:
`` What beauteous Images are here!
`` Constantia help'd you now, I fear:
`` It must be so; you are not able--
Then I by Chance upon the Table
The Birth of manly Virtue spy'd;
So threw my useless Pen aside.
And set my Verses in a Flame,
Nor dar'd to touch the hallow'd Theme:
For there the God his Pow'r displays,

And leaves no Room for mortal Praise.

Mary Barber

An Epigram On The Same Occasion.

So little giv'n at Chapel Door!--
This People doubtless must be poor:
So much at Gaming thrown away!--
No Nation sure so rich as they.
Britons, 'twere greatly for your Glory,
Should those, who shall transmit your Story,
Their Notions of your Grandeur frame,
Not as you give, but as you game.

Mary Barber

An Epigram. Since Milo Rallies Sacred Writ

Since Milo rallies sacred Writ,
To win the Title of a Wit;
'Tis pity but he shou'd obtain it,
Who bravely pays his Soul to gain it.

Mary Barber

An Epitaph On The Late Lord Mount--Cashel.

Children are snatch'd away sometimes,
To punish Parents for their Crimes.
Thy Mother's Merit was so great,
Heav'n hasten'd thy untimely Fate,
To make her Character complete.
Tho' many Virtues fill'd her Breast,
'Twas Resignation crown'd the rest.

Mary Barber

An Hymn To Sleep.

Written when the Author was sick.

Somnus, pow'rful Deity,
Mortals owe their Bliss to thee.
How long shall I thy Absence mourn,
And when be bless'd in thy Return?
Relentless God! why will you flee,
And take Delight to torture me:
Or do you kindly flight my Pray'r,
To make me for my Change prepare?
'Tis well this Happiness remains;
When you refuse to ease our Pains,
Your Brother Death your Place supplies,
And kindly seals the Wretch's Eyes.

Mary Barber

An Invitation To Edward Walpole, Esq.

When I heard you were landed, I flew to the Nine,
Intreating their Aid to invite you to dine.
They told me, I came on that Errand too late;
For you were engag'd by the Rich, and the Great.
Already! said I; they were speedy indeed:
However I'll try, and I hope to succeed.
Those Creatures of Power, who your Levee attend,
If your Father were out, their Conge's would end:
Tho' your personal Merit is great, 'tis allow'd;
'Tis the Son of the Statesman, that weighs with the Croud.
I expect not a Place, nor hope for a Pension,
The Love of the Muse is my only Pretension.
I hate to abuse--and I never can flatter:
I write for no Party, nor either bespatter.

From the Lands of Parnassus the Rents are ill--paid,
And England has cruelly cramp'd us in Trade:
So look not for China, or Service of Plate,
Or ought that is costly, to tempt you to eat.
Yet a Way to engage you I think I have hit on:
I mean, to remember our Friends in Great--Britain.
Two Bottles of Wine, and two Dishes I'll give:
Then fly from the Crouds that oppress you--and live.

The first Glass shall welcome you, Sir, to our Coast;
And dear Lady Conway shall be my next Toast.
With Mirth, and good Humour, I'll make up the Treat;
I know you're too wise, to love dining in State.

Mary Barber

An Unanswerable Apology For The Rich.

All--bounteous Heav'n, Castalio cries,
With bended Knees, and lifted Eyes,
When shall I have the Pow'r to bless,
And raise up Merit in Distress?

How do our Hearts deceive us here!
He gets ten thousand Pounds a Year.
With this the pious Youth is able
To build, and plant, and keep a Table.
But then the Poor he must not treat:
Who asks the Wretch, that wants to eat?
Alas! to ease their Woes he wishes;
But cannot live without Ten Dishes:
Tho' Six would serve as well, 'tis true;
But one must live, as others do.
He now feels Wants unknown before,
Wants still increasing with his Store.
The good Castalio must provide
Brocade, and Jewels, for his Bride.
Her Toilet shines with Plate emboss'd;
What Sums her Lace and Linen cost!
The Cloaths that must his Person grace,
Shine with Embroidery, and Lace.
The costly Pride of Persian Looms,
And Guido's Paintings, grace his Rooms.
His Wealth Castalio will not waste;
But must have ev'ry thing in Taste.
He's an OEconomist confest;
But what he buys, must be the best:
For common Use a Set of Plate;
Old China, when he dines in State;
A Coach and Six, to take the Air;
Besides a Chariot, and a Chair.
All these important Calls supply'd,
Calls of Necessity, not Pride,
His Income's regularly spent;
He scarcely saves to pay his Rent.
No Man alive would do more Good,
Or give more freely, if he cou'd.

He grieves, whene'er the Wretched sue;
But what can poor Castalio do?

Would Heav'n but send ten thousand more,
He'd give--just as he did before.

Mary Barber

Apollo's Edict.

Ierne's now our royal Care:
We lately fix'd our Vice--roy there.
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious Love inspir'd her Son!
What cannot our Vice--gerent do,
As Poet, and as Patriot too?
Let his Success our Subjects sway,
Our Inspirations to obey:
Let beaten Paths no more be trac'd;
But study to correct your Taste.

No Simile shall be begun
With rising, or with setting Sun;
And let the secret Head of Nile
Be ever banish'd from your Isle.

When wretched Lovers live on Air,
In Pity the Chameleon spare!
And when you'd make a Hero grander,
Forget he's like a Salamander.

No Son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd in the Day.

You all agree, I make no Doubt,
The Prophet's Mantle's quite worn out.

The Bird of Fove shall toil no more,
To teach the humble Wren to soar.

Your tragic Heroes shall not rant,
Nor Shepherds use poetic Cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The Manners of the rural Race.

When Damon's Soul shall take its Flight,
(Tho' Poets have the second Sight)
No Trail of Light shall upwards rise,
Nor a new Star adorn the Skies:

For who can hope to place one there,
So glorious as Belinda's Hair?
Yet, if his Name you eternize,
And must exalt him to the Skies;
Without a Star it may be done--
So Tickell mourn'd his Addison.

If Anna's happy Reign you praise,
Say not a Word of Halcyon--Days:
Nor let my Vot'ries shew their Skill,
In apeing Lines from Cooper's--Hill;
For know, I cannot bear to hear
The Mimickry of deep, yet clear.

Whene'er my Vice--roy is address'd,
Against the Phoenix I protest.

When Kelly's Beauties you survey,
Forget they're like the Milky Way.

When Poets soar in youthful Strains,
No Phaeton to hold the Reins.

CUPID shall ne'er mistake another,
Not ev'n Eliza, for his Mother;
Nor shall his Darts at Random fly,
From Magazines in Rochford's Eye.

When Boyle's exalted Genius shines,
Distinguish'd in your noblest Lines;
With his own Worth your Patron grace,
And let Maecenas sleep in Peace.

When you describe a lovely Girl,
No Coral Lips, or Teeth of Pearl.

With Women Compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign Aid what need they roam,
Whom Fate hath amply bless'd at Home?
Unerring Heav'n, with bounteous Hand,
Has form'd a Model for your Land;

Whom Fove endow'd with ev'ry Grace,
The Glory of the Granard Race;
Now destin'd by the Pow'rs divine,
The Blessing of another Line.
Then would you paint a matchless Dame,
And raise her to immortal Fame;
Invoke not Cytherea's Aid,
Nor borrow from the Blue--ey'd Maid,
Nor need you on the Graces call;
Take Qualities from Donegal.

Mary Barber

By A Person Of Quality.

Remote from Strife, from urban Throngs, and Noise.
Here dwells my Soul amidst domestic Joys:
No ratling Coaches serious Thoughts annoy;
Nor busy prating Fools my Peace destroy:
Wrapt up in all the Sweets of rural Ease,
My great Creator's Works my Senses please.
The Mind, in peaceful Solitude, has Room
To range in Thought, and ramble far from home,
Others may court the Joys which Princes give,
Whilst I, in sacred Silence, truly live.

Mary Barber

Conclusion Of A Letter To The Rev. Mr. C---.

'Tis Time to conclude; for I make it a Rule,
To leave off all Writing, when Con. comes from School.
He dislikes what I've written, and says, I had better
To send what he calls a poetical Letter.

To this I reply'd, You are out of your Wits;
A Letter in Verse would put him in Fits:
He thinks it a Crime in a Woman to read--
Then, what would he say, should your Counsel succeed?

I pity poor Barber, his Wife's so romantick:
A Letter in Rhyme!--Why, the Woman is frantick!
This Reading the Poets has quite turn'd her Head!
On my Life, she should have a dark Room, and Straw Bed.
I often heard say, that St. Patrick took care,
No poisonous Creature should live in this Air:
He only regarded the Body, I find;
But Plato consider'd who poison'd the Mind.
Would they'd follow his Precepts, who sit at the Helm,
And drive Poetasters from out of the Realm!

Her Husband has surely a terrible Life;
There's nothing I dread, like a verse--writing Wife:
Defend me, ye Powers, from that fatal Curse;
Which must heighten the Plagues of for better for worse!

May I have a Wife, that will dust her own Floor;
And not the fine Minx, recommended by More.
(That he was a Dotard, is granted, I hope,
Who dy'd for asserting the Rights of the Pope.)
If ever I marry, I'll chuse me a Spouse,
That shall serve and obey, as she's bound by her Vows;
That shall, when I'm dressing, attend like a Valet;
Then go to the Kitchen, and study my Palate.
She has Wisdom enough, that keeps out of the Dirt,
And can make a good Pudding, and cut out a Shirt.
What Good's in a Dame, that will pore on a Book?
No!--Give me the Wife, that shall save me a Cook.

Thus far I had written--Then turn'd to my Son,
To give him Advice, ere my Letter was done.
My Son, should you marry, look out for a Wife,
That's fitted to lighten the Labours of Life.
Be sure, wed a Woman you thoroughly know,
And shun, above all Things, a housewifely Shrew;
That would fly to your Study, with Fire in her Looks,
And ask what you got by your poring on Books;
Think Dressing of Dinner the Height of all Science,
And to Peace, and good Humour bid open Defiance.

Avoid the fine Lady, whose Beauty's her Care;
Who sets a high Price on her Shape, and her Air;
Who in Dress, and in Visits, employs the whole Day;
And longs for the Ev'ning, to sit down to play.

Chuse a Woman of Wisdom, as well as good Breeding,
With a Turn, at least no Aversion, to Reading:
In the Care of her Person, exact and refin'd;
Yet still, let her principal Care be her Mind:
Who can, when her Family Cares give her Leisure,
Without the dear Cards, pass an Ev'ning with Pleasure;
In forming her Children to Virtue and Knowledge,
Nor trust, for that Care, to a School, or a College:
By Learning made humble, not thence taking Airs,
To despise, or neglect, her domestick Affairs:
Nor think her less fitted for doing her Duty,
By knowing its Reasons, its Use, and its Beauty.

When you gain her Affection, take care to preserve it,
Lest others persuade her, you do not deserve it.
Still study to heighten the Joys of her Life;
Nor treat her the worse, for her being your Wife.
If in Judgment she errs, set her right, without Pride:
'Tis the Province of insolent Fools, to deride.
A Husband's first praise, is a Friend and Protector:
Then change not these Titles, for Tyrant and Hector.
Let your Person be neat, unaffectedly clean,
Tho' alone with your Wife the whole Day you remain.
Chuse Books, for her Study, to fashion her Mind,
To emulate those who excell'd of her Kind.
Be Religion the principal Care of your Life,

As you hope to be blest in your Children and Wife:
So you, in your Marriage, shall gain its true End;
And find, in your Wife, a Companion and Friend.

Mary Barber

Epilogue To A Comedy Acted At Bath,

Ladies, this Entertainment we have shown,
Has not been rightly suited, I must own.
Heroic Virtue should have been display'd,
And Homage to heroic Virtue paid.
Low Comedy supplies but mean Delight;
Some Heroine should have grac'd our Scenes Tonight,
First Fortune's Favours, then her Frowns to feel,
Unmov'd, unshaken, on her tott'ring Wheel;
With Wisdom blest by Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Too great to be elated, or despair;
A lovely Form, and an excelling Mind,
To all that Providence ordains, resign'd;
Rever'd by All, Delight of ev'ry Eye,
Humane and humble, when exalted high;
From Princes sprung, and gloriously ally'd,
At once her Sex's, and her Country's Pride;
Whose Soul, superior to all earthly State,
Shines with new Lustre 'midst the Storms of Fate.

Then had the Audience wept her Woes anew,
And own'd the Poet was prophetic too;
Foresaw Plantagenet's imperial Race
Would such a Heroine give us, in Your Grace.

Mary Barber

Jupiter And Fortune.

Once Jupiter, from out the Skies,
Beheld a thousand Temples rise;
The Goddess Fortune all invok'd,
To Jove an Altar seldom smok'd:
The God resolv'd to make Inspection,
What had occasion'd this Defection;
And bid the Goddess tell the Arts,
By which she won deluded Hearts.

My Arts! (says she) Great Jove, you know,
That I do ev'ry Thing below:
I make my Vot'ries dine on Plate;
I give the gilded Coach of State;
Bestow the glitt'ring Gems, that deck
The fair Lavinia's lovely Neck;
I make Novella Nature's Boast,
And raise Valeria to a Toast;
'Tis I, who give the Stupid, Taste,
(Or make the Poets lie, at least);
My fav'rite Sons, whene'er they please,
Can Palaces in Desarts raise,
Cut out Canals, make Fountains play,
And make the dreary Waste look gay;
Ev'n Vice seems Virtue by my Smiles;
I gild the Villain's gloomy Wiles,
Nay, almost raise him to a God,
While crowded Levees wait his Nod.

Enough--the Thunderer reply'd;
But say, whom have you satisfy'd?
These boasted Gifts are thine, I own;
But know, Content is mine alone.

Mary Barber

Newsffrom St. James's.

A courtier, summon'd hence of late,
Was call'd to Minos' Judgment Seat.

The Cretan Sage began the Charge,
Recounted all his Crimes at large;
His Insincerity, and Pride,
His Hundred evil Arts beside;
Arts, thinly veil'd with Virtue's Guise,
The modern Statesmens Scheme to rise.

He, cringing, owns his Guilt, with Shame;
Yet from himself would shift the Blame;
Insists, that since the World began,
Kings seldom rais'd the virtuous Man:
(Some Instances must be allow'd,
Tho' almost lost in such a Croud)
That Courts were other Things of late,
Than when he rul'd the Cretan State:
That those who breathe in them, will find,
The tainted Air corrupts the Mind.

Courtier, the Judge reply'd, beware--
Theander has resided there;
The third of an accomplish'd Race,
Who fill'd successively one Place:
Yet see the Stream of Virtue run,
Untainted down from Sire to Son:
Humane their Hearts, enlarg'd, refin'd,
With ev'ry Gift to bless their Kind;
In Friendship's noblest Zeal sincere;
In Honour amiably severe;
Steady to Faith, and Truth, and Right;
With open Honesty, polite;
With no Disguise in Sptech, or Spirit,
But Modesty, the Mask of Merit.

True, Minos--yet you must agree,
These Instances conclude for me.
They uncorrupt have brearh'd that Air;

But how have they succeeded there?

Mary Barber

Occasion'D By Reading The Memoirs Of Anne Of Austria

Ye heedless Fair, who pass the live--long Day,
In Dress and Scandal, Gallantry and Play;
Who thro' new Scenes of Pleasure hourly run,
Whilst Life's important Business is undone;
Look here, when guilty Conquests make you vain,
And see, how sad Remorse shuts up the Scene.

If future Bliss, or Misery, must flow
From what the Heart delights in here below,
Think how these Habits, rooted in the Breast,
Will fit you for a Commerce with the Blest.

Ye Politicians, who, in Courts to shine,
Study the Maxims of the Florentine;
Who, void of Virtue, anxious to be great,
Would rise, tho' on the Ruins of the State;
See how delusive are Ambition's Dreams,
See Providence defeating all your Schemes:
The Hand divine the well--laid Plot prevents,
And dashes all with unforeseen Events.
Yet the short--sighted Atheist dares advance,
These wondrous Changes are the Work of Chance.
Not so this pious, penetrating Dame,
Who to the sacred Fountain trac'd the Stream:
Like lovely Hertford, who her Hours employs,
To form her Mind for never--fading Joys.

Excelling Fair! whom All so justly prize;
Who, in a Court, find Leisure to be wise;
Humane and humble, pious and sincere;
Who walk, untainted, thro' infectious Air;
Thou Honour to thy Sex! may I pursue
The Paths of Wisdom, early trod by you!
I, who am destin'd to a low Estate,
Free from the Vanities that vex the Great;
Blest with a Happiness to Courts unknown;
For I, thank Heav'n, may call my Hours my own:

O may I pass those Hours in such a Way,
As may prepare me for the last, great Day!
That I may, unappall'd, lift up my Head,
When the Arch--Angel calls--Arise, ye Dead.
When all the haughty, pompous Sons of Dust,
Who here in fleeting Treasures plac'd their Trust;
Who here, to their Confusion largely quaff'd
Prosperity's intoxicating Draught;
Till drunk with Blessings, they despis'd their God,
Arraign'd his Wifdom, and defy'd his Rod;
Too late shall find, that Arm they durst oppose,
Can pour eternal Vengeance on his Foes.

Reflect, my Soul, that Day is drawing near;
And timely think, what was thy Business here.
O Thou, whose Arm, reach'd down from Heav'n to save,
So lately snatch'd me from the op'ning Grave;
Who bow'd thine Ear, nor let me sue in vain,
Reliev'd my Sickness, and remov'd my Pain;
In hallow'd Strains, O, teach my Soul to soar,
To celebrate the Mercies I adore!
To Thee alone to dedicate my Lays,
Who heard my Vows, and added to my Days!
Watch o'er my Heart, fix ev'ry Duty there,
And make Eternity my only Care.

Mary Barber

Occasion'D By Seeing Some Verses Written By Mrs. Constantia Grierson, Upon The Death Of Her Son.

This mourning Mother can with Ease explore
The Arts of Latium, and the Grecian Store:
Was early learn'd, nay more, was early wise;
And knew the Pride of Science to despise;
Left Men to take assuming Airs from thence;
And seem'd unconscious of superior Sense.
Yet, ah! how vain to guard the Soul, we see,
Are the best Precepts of Philosophy!
See Nature triumph o'er the boasted Art,
Ev'n in a Solon's, and Constantia's Heart.
See how she mourns her Son's untimely Doom,
And pours her Woes o'er the relentless Tomb.

Soften, kind Heav'n, her seeming rigid Fate,
With frequent Visions of his blissful State:
Oft let the Guardian Angel of her Son
Tell her in faithful Dreams, His Task is done;
Shew, how he kindly led her lovely Boy
To Realms of Peace, and never--fading Joy.

Then, for a while, reverse his happy Fate;
Shew him still here, still in this wretched State:
Shew the false World, seducing him from Truth;
And paint the slipp'ry, dang'rous Paths of Youth:
Shew him, in riper Years, beset with Snares,
Weary'd with struggling thro' unnumber'd Cares:
Convey him thence to Life's remotest Stage,
To feel the dire Calamities of Age;
Oppress'd with Sorrows, with Distempers torn,
Or rack'd with Guilt, much harder to be borne.
Raise the Distress; and let her darling Care,
Distracted in the Horrors of Despair,
The dreadful Scene of Judgment op'ning see,
And, trembling, plunge into Eternity.

Then ask her, Would she call him down from Bliss,
To hazard such a dismal Doom as this?

That she may learn to be resign'd from thence,
And bless the Guardian Hand, that snatch'd him hence.

Mary Barber

Occasion'D By Seeing The Honourable --- Treat A Person Of Merit With Insolence

Contented in my humble State,
I look with Pity on the Great;
Who only Birth, or Wealth, respect,
And treat true Merit with neglect.

O Pow'r supreme! let me implore
Some Little from thy boundless Store!
Give me a constant, small Support,
Without the Plague of paying Court!
Let none but Fools, who pine to rise,
Be curs'd to bow, where they despise.

Mary Barber

On Imagining A Friend Had Treated The Author With Indifference.

Go, Jealousy, Tormentress dire;
On Lovers only seize:
In Love, like Winds, you fan the Fire,
And make it higher blaze.

But Friendship's calmer, purer Joy
Thou dost not heighten, but destroy.

Mary Barber

On Leaving Bath.

The Britons, in their Nature shy,
View Strangers with a distant Eye:
We think them partial and severe;
And judge their Manners by their Air:
Are undeceiv'd by Time alone;
Their Value rises, as they're known.

Here many a worthy Mind I found,
With Sense and Taste, by Virtue crown'd,
At once so truly good and great,
They knew to bear a prosp'rous State.

Few take from noble Blood Pretence
To act or look with Insolence:
Veins, with the richest Purple dy'd,
But seldom swell the Heart with Pride,
So, tho' the River--Gods, from high,
With plenteous Urns the Streams supply,
Which still enlarge, as they descend,
Roll down, and in the Ocean end,
Thro' Ages pour'd; yet, to our Eyes,
Old Ocean is too great to rise.

The gen'rous Treatment I have met,
Hath run me deep in Albion's Debt:
And, could my artless Lines impart
The grateful Dictates of my Heart,
Latest Posterity should know
The Sense I have of what I owe.

Dear Bath, a long, a last Adieu!
Since I no more shall visit you;
Nor fix'd by Choice, but barr'd by Fate,
From a Felicity so great.
O may thy Waters ever be
Healthful to others, as to me!
Had Ovid, with prophetic View,
Beheld the Wonders wrought by you,
Medea's Arts he might have spar'd,

And Life by thee alone repair'd.

Mary Barber

On Seeing An Officer's Widow Distracted

O wretch! hath Madness cur'd thy dire Despair?
Yes--All thy Sorrows now are light as Air:
No more you mourn your once lov'd Husband's Fate,
Who bravely perish'd for a thankless State.
For rolling Years thy Piety prevail'd;
At length, quite sunk--thy Hope, thy Patience fail'd:
Distracted now you tread on Life's last Stage,
Nor feel the Weight of Poverty and Age:
How blest in this, compar'd with those, whose Lot
Dooms them to Miseries, by you forgot!

Now, wild as Winds, you from your Off--spring fly,
Or fright them from you with distracted Eye;
Rove thro' the Streets; or sing, devoid of Care,
With ratter'd Garments, and dishevell'd Hair;
By hooting Boys to higher Phrenzy fir'd,
At length you fink, by cruel Treatment tir'd,
Sink into Sleep, an Emblem of the Dead,
A Stone thy Pillow, the cold Earth thy Bed.

O tell it not; let none the Story hear,
Lest Britain's Martial Sons should learn to fear:
And when they next the hostile Wall attack,
Feel the Heart fail, the lifted Arm grow slack;
And pausing cry--Tho' Death we scorn to dread,
Our Orphan Off--spring, must they pine for Bread?
See their lov'd Mothers into Prisons thrown;
And, unreliev'd, in iron Bondage groan?

BRITAIN, for this impending Ruin dread;
Their Woes call loud for Vengeance on thy Head:
Nor wonder, if Disasters wait your Fleets;
Nor wonder at Complainings in your Streets:
Be timely wise; arrest th' uplifted Hand,
Ere Pestilence or Famine sweep the Land.

Mary Barber

On Seeing The Captives, Lately Redeem'D From Barbary By His Majesty.

A sight like this, who can unmov'd survey?
Impartial Muse, can'st thou with--hold thy Lay?
See the freed Captives hail their native Shore,
And tread the Land of Liberty once more:
See, as they pass, the crouding People press,
Joy in their Joy, and their Dellv'rer bless.

Now, Slavery! no more thy rigid Hand
Shall drag the Trader to thy fatal Strand:
No more in Iron Bonds the Wretched groan;
Secur'd, Britannia, by thy Guardian Throne.

Say, mighty Prince! can Empire boast a Bliss,
Amidst its radiant Pomp, that equals this?

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To see the Captives by thy Pow'r set free,
Their Supplications raise to Heav'n for Thee!

The god like Bounty scatters Blessings round;
As flowing Urns enrich the distant Ground:
No more shall Woes the fainting Heart destroy;
The House of Mourning now is turn'd to Joy:
See Arms in Grief long folded up, extend,
To clasp a Husband, Brother, Kinsman, Friend:
See hoary Parents, tott'ring o'er the Grave,
A Son long--wail'd, to prop their Age, receive:
And, Have we liv'd to see thy Face? they cry;
O! 'tis enough--We now in Peace shall die:
O bless'd be Heaven! and bless'd, while Life remains.
Shall be the Hand, that has unbound thy Chains!

Forbear, my Muse; know Art attempts in
What Nature pictures to the Breast humane.

To Wager turn; for Wager raise thy Voice;

To feed the Hungry, long has been his Choice,
And make the Heart, born down by Care, rejoice.

Say, ye Luxurious, who indulge your Taste,
And, by one Riot, might a Thousand feast;
Do you not blush to see his Care to feed
The Captives by your Monarch's Bounty freed?

The bitter Cup of Slavery is past;
But pining Penury approaches fast.

And shall the Royal Rage alone bestow?
Shall not Compassion from the Subject flow?
Shall not each free--born Briton's Bosom melt,
To make the Joys of Liberty more felt?
So, Albion, be it ever giv'n to thee,
To break the Bonds, and set the Pris'ners free

Mary Barber

On Sending My Son, As A Present, To Dr. Swift, Dean Of St. Patrick's, On His Birth--Day.

A Curious Statue, we are told,
Is priz'd above its Weight in Gold;
If the fair Form the Hand confess
Of Phidias, or Praxiteles:
But if the Artist could inspire
The smallest Spark of heav'nly Fire,
Tho' but enough to make it walk,
Salute the Company, or talk;
This would advance the Price so high,
What Prince were rich enough to buy?
Such if Hibernia could obtain,
She sure would give it to the Dean:
So to her Patriot should she pay
Her Thanks upon his natal Day.

A richer Present I design,
A finish'd Form, of Work divine,
Surpassing all the Power of Art,
A thinking Head, and grateful Heart,
An Heart, that hopes, one Day, to show
How much we to the Drapier owe.

Kings could not send a nobler Gift;
A meaner were unworthy Swift.

Mary Barber

On The Dutchess Of Newcastle's Picture.

Say, Worsdcal, where you learn'd the Art
To paint the Goodness of the Heart
The flatt'ring Teint let others prize;
You call the Soul into the Eyes:
There we the various Virtues trace
Of Churchill's, and Godolphin's Race.
Thrice happy Pelham, to whose Arms
Were destin'd never--fading Charms!

Mary Barber

On The Earl Of Oxford And Mortimer's Giving His Daughter In Marriage In Oxford--Chapel.

See, in the Temple rais'd by Harley's Hand,
His beauteous Off--spring at the Altar stand:
There Mortimer resigns his darling Care;
To happy Portland gives the blooming Fair.

Where had the Parent's Pray'r like Favour found?
Where soar'd so high, as from that sacred Ground?
What Bosom, but Devotion's Ardor feels,
When, at the Shrine he hallow'd, Harley kneels?
At such a Sight superior Beings pleas'd,
To higher Notes their Hallelujahs rais'd.

Mary Barber

Sent As From A School--Fellow To My Son

I grieve to see you waste your Time,
And turn your Thoughts so much to Rhyme,
Be wise--your useless Views resign,
And fly the fair, delusive Nine.

I know, they try their wonted Art,
To win your easy, youthful Heart;
They talk of an immortal Name,
And promise you the Realms of Fame:
A mighty Empire, Con. 'tis true,
But wondrous small the Revenue!

They'll tell you too, to gain their Ends,
That Verse will raise you pow'rful Friends.
Believe me, Youth, this is not true:
The Great think ev'ry Thing their Due.

Mary Barber

Sincerity

Sincerity, what are thy Views;
No more my Breast attend.
By thee, alas! we often lose,
But seldom gain a Friend.

No more with dang'rous Zeal presume
To warn whom you esteem:
Be wise, or I foresee your Doom;
Impertinence you'll seem.

A thousand Ills from thee I've found;
A thousand more I fear.
In Worlds like this, should you abound?
What Bus'ness have you here?

But if you still must haunt my Breast,
To Desarts we'll repair;
Or seek the Mansions of the Blest;
They know your Value there.

Mary Barber

Spoken Extempore, To The Right Honourable The Lady Barbara North

This Present from a lovely Dame,
Fair and unsully'd, as her Fame,
Shall to Hibernia be convey'd,
Where once, rever'd, her Father sway'd;
And taught the drooping Arts to smile,
And with his Virtues bless'd our Isle.

Mary Barber

Stella And Flavia.

Stella and Flavia, ev'ry Hour,
Unnumber'd Hearts surprize:
In Stella's Soul lies all her Pow'r,
And Flavia's, in her Eyes.

More boundless Flavia's Conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd:
All can discern a Face that's fair,
But few a lovely Mind.

Stella, like Britain's Monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated Lands;
Like Eastern Tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your Face,
Your Beauty's only Store:
Your Charms will ev'ry Day decrease,
Each Day gives Stella more.

Mary Barber

The Oak And Its Branches.

An Oak, with spreading Branches crown'd,
Beheld an Ivy on the Ground,
Expos'd to ev'ry trampling Beast,
That roam'd around the dreary Waste.
The Tree of Jove, in all his State,
With Pity view'd the Ivy's Fate;
And kindly told her, She should find
Security around his Rind:
Nor was that only his Intent,
But to bestow some Nourishment.

The Branches saw, and griev'd to see
Some Juices taken from the Tree.
Parent, say they, in angry Tone,
Your Sap should nourish us alone:
Why should you nurse this Stranger Plant,
With what your Sons, in time, may want;
May want, to raise us high in Air,
And make us more distinguish'd there.

'Tis well -- the Parent--Tree reply'd;
Must I, to gratify your Pride,
Act only with a narrow View
Of doing Good to none but you?
Know, Sons, tho' Jove hath made me great,
I am not safe from Storms of Fate.
Is it not prudent then, I pray,
To guard against another Day?
Whilst I'm alive, You crown my Head;
This graces me alive, and dead.

Mary Barber

The Peacock.

Once Juno's Bird (as Authors say)
Was seiz'd on by some Birds of Prey:
They pluck'd his Feathers, one by one,
Till all his useful Plumes were gone;
Stript him of ev'ry thing beside;
But left his Train, to please his Pride.

Some other Birds admir'd to see,
He tamely bore such Injury;
And often on his Patience jok'd--
He cry'd--They must not be provok'd:
I'm in their Pow'r, nor shall debate,
But yield to my unhappy Fate.

Yet in this Plight would he resort,
To where the Eagle kept his Court:
For, tho' oppress'd, he still was proud
To make his Bows among the Croud.

The Eagle, gracious, saw him there;
Which envious Courtiers could not bear,
Well knowing, should he tread that Soil,
He would in time put in for Spoil.

As Tameness Injuries provokes,
In Birds, as well as mortal Folks;
The Peacock they assault again,
And strip him of his glitt'ring Train.

Enrag'd at this, he stamp'd and tore,
And quoted Precedents a Score,
That Peacocks ever were allow'd
To shew their Beauty to the Croud.

At this the haughty Courtiers sneer,
And cry, What Bus'ness have you here?
He had a Right, they plainly saw;
But let him know, That Pow'r is Law.

At length a Pheasant standing by,
Beheld him with a pitying Eye:
And said, You now begin too late
To stem the Torrent of your Fate:
Yet are you not of all bereft;
For still a fair Retreat is left:
Why will you here neglected roam,
When you might be rever'd at home?

Mary Barber

The Prodigy.

Tho' Rhyme serves the Thoughts of great Poets to fetter,
It sets off the Sense of small Poets the better.
When I've written in Prose, I often have found,
That my Sense, in a Jumble of Words, was quite drown'd.
In Verse, as in Armies, that march o'er the Plain,
The least Man among them is seen without Pain.
This they owe to good Order, it must be allow'd;
Else Men that are little, are lost in a Croud.

So much for Simile: Now, to be brief,
The following Lines come to tell you my Grief.
'Tis well I can write; for I scarcely can speak,
I'm so plagu'd with my Teeth, which eternally ake.
When the Wind's in the Point which opposes the south,
For Fear of the Cold, I can't open my Mouth:
And you know, to the Sex it must be a Heart--breaking,
To have any Distemper, that keeps them from speaking.

When first I was silent a Day and a Night,
The Women were all in a terrible Fright.
Supplications to Jove, in an Instant, they make--
` ` Avert the Portent--a Woman not speak!
` ` Since Poets are Prophets, and often have sung,
` ` The last Thing that dies in a Woman's her Tongue;
` ` O Jove, for what Crime is Sapphira thus curst?
` ` 'Tis plain by her Breathing, her Tongue has dy'd first.
` ` Ye Powers celestial, tell Mortals, what Cause
` ` Occasions Dame nature to break her own Laws?
` ` Did the Preacher live now, from his Text he must run;
` ` And own there was something new under the Sun.
` ` O Jove, for the future this Punishment spare;
` ` And all other Evils we'll willingly bear."

Then they throng to my House, and my Maid they beseech,
To say, if her Mistress had quite lost her Speech.
Nell readily own'd, what they heard was too true;
That To--day I was dumb, give the Devil his Due:
And frankly confess'd, were it always the Case,
No Servant could e'er have a happier Place.

When they found it was Fact, they began all to fear me;
And, dreading Infection, would scarcely come near me:
Till a Neighbour of mine, who was famous for Speeching,
Bid them be of good Cheer, the Difease was not catching;
And offer'd to prove, from Authors good Store,
That the like Case with this never happen'd before;
And if Ages to come should resemble the past,
As 'twas the first Instance, it would be the last.
Yet against this Disorder we all ought to strive:
Were I in her Case, I'd been bury'd alive.
Were I one Moment silent, except in my Bed,
My good natur'd Husband would swear I was dead.

The next said, her Tongue was so much in her Pow'r,
She was sullenly silent almost--half an Hour:
That, to vex her good Man, she took this Way to
But soon left it off, when she found it would please him:
And vow'd, for the future, she'd make the Housering;
For when she was dumb, he did nothing but sing.

Quite tir'd with their Talking, I held down my Head:
So she who sat next me, cry'd out, I was dead.
They call'd for cold Water to throw in my Face:
Give her Air, give her Air--and cut open her Lace.
Says good Neighbour Nevil, You're out of your Wits;
She oft, to my Knowledge, has these sullen Fits:
Let her Husband come in, and make one Step that's wrong,
My Life for't, the Woman will soon find her Tongue.
You'll soon be convinc'd--O' my Conscience, he's here--
Why what's all this Rout?--Are you sullen, my Dear?

This struck them all silent; which gave me some Ease.
And made them imagine they'd got my Disease.
So they hasted away in a terrible Fright;
And left me, in Silence, to pass the long Night.

Not the Women alone were scar'd at my Fate;
'Twas reckon'd of dreadful Portent to the State.
When the Governors heard it, they greatly were troubled;
And, whilst I was silent, the Guards were all doubled:
The Militia Drums beat a perpetual Alarm,

To rouse up the Sons of the City to arm.
A Story was rumour'd about from Lambey,
Of a powerful Fleet, that was seen off at Sea.
With Horror all list to the terrible Tale;
The Barristers tremble, the Judges grow pale;
To the Castle the frighted Nobility fly;
And the Council were summon'd, they could not tell why;
The Clergy in Crouds to the Churches repair;
And Armies, embattled, were seen in the Air.

Why they were in this Fright, I have lately been told,
It seems, it was sung by a Druid of old,
That the Hanover Race to Great--Britain should come;
And sit on the Throne, till a Woman grew dumb.

As soon as this Prophecy reach'd the Pretender,
He cry'd out, My Claim to the Crown I surrender.

Mary Barber

The Recantation: To The Same Lady

For give me, fair One, nor resent
The Lines to you I lately sent.
They seem, as if your Form you priz'd,
And ev'ry other Gift despis'd:
When a discerning Eye may find,
Your greatest Beauty's in your Mind.

Mary Barber

The Resolution

The Favours of Fortune I once hop'd to gain,
And often invok'd her, but ever in vain.
She despis'd my Addresses, which gave me such Grief,
I flew to the Muses, in Hopes of Relief.
Ah Wretch that I was! I might very well know,
'Twas the Method to make her for ever my Foe.
They laugh'd at the Goddess, and bid me despise her;
But Time and Experience have made me grow wiser.
This unhappy Mistake I resolve to repair.
O Fortune! thy Votaries must persevere.

Mary Barber

The Reverend Dr. L---.

In vain you shew a happy Nation,
The Gospel's gracious Dispensation;
And plead from thence, to bring up Youth
To early Piety and Truth.
To unattentive Ears you preach,
What Miseries alone can teach.

'Tis said, Hibernia boasts a Flood,
Famous for petrefying Wood:
Tunbridge, thy Min'ral Streams, we know,
A stranger Transformation show:
Their dire Effects the Wretched feel:
Thy Waters turn the Heart to Steel.

Mary Barber

The Widow Gordon's Petition

To the Right Hon. the Lady Carteret.

Weary'd with long Attendance on the Court,
You, Madam, are the Wretch's last Resort.
Eternal King! if here in vain I cry,
Where shall the Fatherless and Widow fly?

How blest are they, who sleep among the Dead,
Nor hear their Childrens piercing Cries for Bread!

When your lov'd Off--spring gives your Soul Delight,
Reflect how mine are irksome to my Sight:
O think, how must a wretched Mother grieve,
Who hears the Want she never can relieve!

An Evil preys upon my helpless Son,
(How many Ways the Wretched are undone!)
Cruel Distemper! to assault his Sight,
And rob him of his only Joy, the Light!
His Anguish makes my weary'd Eyes o'erflow,
And loads me with unutterable Woe.

No friendly Voice my lonely Mansion cheers;
All fly th' Infection of the Widow's Tears:
Ev'n those, whose Pity eas'd my Wants with Bread,
Are now, O sad Reverse! my greatest Dread.
My mournful Story will no more prevail,
And ev'ry Hour I dread a dismal Jail:
I start at each imaginary Sound,
And Horrors have encompass'd me around.

Tremble, ye Daughters, who at Ease recline,
Lest you should know a Misery like mine.
Ye now, unmov'd, can hear the Wretched moan;
And feel no Wants, yourselves oppress'd by none;
Fly from the Sight of Woes ye will not share,
And leave the helpless Orphan to despair.
But know, that dreadful Hour is drawing near,
When you'll be treated, as you've acted here:

To you no more the Wretched shall complain;
'Twill be your Turn to weep, and sue in vain.

Not so the Fair, with godlike Mercy blest,
Who feels another's Anguish in her Breast;
Who never hears the Wretched sigh in vain,
Herself distress'd till she relieves their Pain.

This Fame reports, fair Carteret, of you;
This blest Report encourag'd me to sue.
O Angel--Goodness, hear, and ease my Moan,
Nor let your Mercy fail in me alone!
So at the last Tribunal will I stand,
With my poor Orphans, plac'd on either Hand;
There, with my Cries, my Saviour I'll assail;
(For at His Bar the Widow's Tears prevail)
That she, who made the Fatherless her Care,
The Fulness of celestial Joys may share;
That she a Crown of Glory may receive,
Who snatch'd me from Destruction, and the Grave.

Mary Barber

To A Gentleman

I hope, Sir, by this you have found your Account,
In visiting Airy, and seeing his Mount:
If Froth can delight you, you're wonderous happy;
And we know it gives Joy on a Bottle of Nappy.
Your Friend would be very much mended, in troth,
Should Airy bestow him a Dash of his Froth:
To keep up the Metaphor, 'twould make him mellow,
And of a sour Stoic, a pleasant young Fellow;
And Airy be recompens'd well for that Favour,
If your Friend, in Return, should make him grow graver.
This Exchange should they make, it would set 'em both right;
Since one is too solid, and t'other too light.

Mary Barber

To A Gentleman, Who Had Abus'D Waller.

I grieve to think that Waller's blam'd,
Waller, so long, so justly, fam'd.
Then own your Verses writ in Haste,
Or I shall say, you've lost your Taste.

Perhaps your loyal Heart disdains
A Poet, who could take such Pains,
To tune his sweet, immortal Lays
To an usurping Tyrant's Praise:
And, where you hate the Man, I see,
You never like his Poetry.
The Truth of this your Verse discovers;
So you abus'd the Conscious Lovers.

Tho' in your Principles you glory,
The Muses are nor Whig nor Tory:
So from your Sentence they appeal,
Nor will be judg'd by Party Zeal.
Whene'er a Poet's to be try'd,
Let Pope hereafter be your Guide.
`` Survey the Whole, nor seek slight Faults to find,
`` Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the Mind.

Mary Barber

To A Gentleman, Who Shew'D A Fine Poem As His Own.

No more at Criticks, Ned, repine,
Who say those Numbers are not thine.
I own I was suspicious too,
And thought the Verse too good for You:
But since you say those Lines you writ,
The Proof is full, and I submit.

So, if Thaumantia should profess,
She owes Herself her glorious Dress;
And Cynthia, Empress of the Night,
Declare she shines by native Light;
(Tho' envious Criticks vent their Gall,)
I'd equally believe you all.

Mary Barber

To A Lady

WELL you Sincerity display,
A virtue wond'rous rare !
Nor value, tho' the world should say,
You're rude, so you're sincere.
To be sincere, then, give me leave ;
And I will frankly own,
Since you but this one virtue have,
'Twere better you had none.

Mary Barber

To A Lady In The Spleen

Why, lovely Lelia, so depress'd?
With wonted Smiles your Eyes adorn;
Drive gloomy Sorrow from your Breast,
And shine out, beauteous, as the Morn.

The fair Pendarvis bid me try,
For you to tune my Lyre again;
To your lov'd Presence instant fly,
And sooth you with some joyous Strain.

But if Pendarvis, born to please,
Does in her native Province fail,
Nor can your anxious Bosom ease;
Alas! how should my Muse prevail?

Shall Heav'n, that form'd thee wond'rous fair,
Behold thee thus repining lie?
Dependent on that Guardian Care,
To blissful Prospects turn your Eye.

Lelia, thy lovely Form survey;
Let blooming Beauty plead her Cause:
Her pow'rful Empire fleets away
Too soon, alas! by Nature's Laws.

Mary Barber

To A Lady Who Commanded Me To Send Her An Account In Verse

How I succeed, you kindly ask;
Yet set me on a grievous Task,
When you oblige me to rehearse,
The Censures past upon my Verse.

Tho' I with Pleasure may relate,
That many, truly good, and great,
With candid Eye my Lines survey,
And smile upon the artless Lay;
To those with grateful Heart I bend --
But your Commands I must attend.

SERVILLA cries, I hate a Wit;
Women should to their Fate submit,
Should in the Needle take Delight;
'Tis out of Character to write:
She may succeed among the Men;
They tell me, Swift subscribes for Ten;
And some say, Dorset does the same;
But she shall never have my Name:
Her Poetry has cost me dear;
When Lady Carteret was here,
The Widow Gordon got my Guinea;
For which I own myself a Ninny.

OLIVIA loses oft at Play;
So will not throw her Gold away.

Thus Silvia, of the haughty Tribe:
She never ask'd me to subscribe,
Nor ever wrote a Line on me,
I was no Theme for Poetry!
She rightly judg'd; I have no Taste --
For Womens Poetry, at least.

Then Fulvia made this sage Reply;
(And look'd with self--sufficient Eye

I oft have said, and say again,
Verses are only writ by Men;
I know a Woman cannot write;
I do not say this out of Spite;
Nor shall be thought, by those who know me,
To envy one so much below me.

SABINA, fam'd in Wisdom's School,
Allows I write--but am a Fool:
` ` What!--must our Sons be form'd by Rhyme?
` ` A fine Way to employ one's Time!"

ALBINO has no gold to waste,
Far gone in the Italian Taste:
He vows he must subscribe this Year,
To keep dear Carestini here;
Not from a narrow Party View;
He doats on Senesino too;
By Turns their Int'rest he'll espouse;
He's for the public Good, he vows;
A gen'rous Ardor fires his Breast.
Hail, Britain, in such Patriots blest!

Says Belvidera, Since a Wit
Or Friend or Foe alike will hit,
Deliver me from Wits, I say;
Grant Heav'n, they ne'er may cross my Way!
Besides, I oft have heard it hinted,
Her Poems never will be printed:
Her Sickness is a Feint, no doubt,
To keep her Book from coming out.

Of Wit, says Celia, I'll acquit her;
Then archly fell into a Titter.

A Female Bard! Pulvillio cries;
'Tis possible she may be wise;
But I could never find it yet,
Tho' oft in Company we met:
She talks just in the common Way:
Sure Wits their Talents should display;
Their Language surely should be bright,

Before they should pretend to write:
I'll ne'er subscribe for Books, says he;
'Fore Gad, it looks like Pedantry.

High--born Belinda loves to blame;
On Criticism founds her Fame:
When--e'er she thinks a Fault she spies
How Pleasure sparkles in her Eyes!
Call it not Poetry, she says;
No -- Call it Rhyming, if you please:
Her Numbers might adorn a Ring,
Or serve along the Streets to sing:
Stella and Flavia's well enough;
What else I saw, was stupid Stuff;
Nor Love nor Satire in her Lays,
Inspid! neither pain nor please:
I promis'd once to patronize her;
But on Reflection, I was wiser:
Yet I subscrib'd among the rest;
I love to carry on a Jest.

BELINDA thus her Anger shows,
Nor tells the World, from whence it flows:
With more Success to wound my Lays,
She gilds the Dart with other Praise:
To her own Breast I leave the Fair
Convinc'd I stand acquitted there.

AMANDA, your Commands, you see,
Tho' grievous, are obey'd by me.
What my Friends told me had been said,
Just as it came into my Head,
No matter for the Place or Time,
To shew your Pow'r, I tag with Rhyme.

Now let some News salute your Ear,
Tho' I have weary'd you, I fear:
Know, --- has Vengeance vow'd,
And in the Furies Temple bow'd:
He but suspends his Wrath, he says,
Till he can criticise my Lays.
Malice, thy Rancour I expect,

And shall return it--with Neglect:
Go on, display your treasur'd Rage;
Invectives shall not blot my Page:
What real Faults you note, I'll mend:
Proceed, your Efforts I attend;
Taught early, Dryden, by thy Song,
They ne'er forgive, who do the Wrong.

Now to the Muse I bid Adieu;
Nor rail at her, as Poets do:
Protected by the Good and Great,
I'll not repine, but bless my Fate.

You, Madam, who your Sex adorn,
Who Malice and Detraction scorn,
Who with superior Sense are bless'd,
Of ev'ry real Worth possess'd;
With Eye indulgent view my Lays:
You know to blame, but love to praise:
You know my Faults, and know beside,
I want not to be mortify'd.
One Merit I presume to boast,
And dare to plead but one at most:
The Muse I never have debas'd;
My Lays are innocent at least;
Were ever ardently design'd
To mend and to enlarge the Mind.
This must be own'd a virtuous Aim.
The Praise of Wit--let others claim.

Mary Barber

To A Lady Who Was Libell'D.

When Cynthia, Regent of the Tides,
Pale in meridian Pride presides;
A Sov'reign Pow'r the Goddess claims
O'er Seas, and Sea--supplying Streams;
The River of the richest Source
With Ease she turns, and checks his Course;
His crystal Clearness can defile
With ev'ry Filth, and Salt as vile;
However strong, and smooth, and pure,
Her Tyranny he must endure;
Till, her Dominion in the Wain,
He clears, and is himself again.

Thus, over black, benighted Brains,
Fell Envy, baleful Goddess, reigns;
O'er mortal Passions, pale, presides;
Passions, the Soul's tumultuous Tides;
Which, in their fierce, resistless Sway,
Invade all Merit in their Way;
With Ease the clearest Truths confute,
With Ease the purest Worth pollute;
Check ev'ry Virtue in its Course,
And taint, impetuous, to its Source,
The Current of the fairest Fame,
By forcing Filth into the Stream.

So are you sully'd for a Season,
Till Rage recoils, and yields to Reason:
Then turns the Tide--your Credit clears,
And all your real Worth appears.

Mary Barber

To A Lady, Who Invited The Author Into The Country.

How gladly, Madam, would I go,
To see your Gardens, and Chateau;
From thence the fine Improvements view,
Or walk your verdant Avenue;
Delighted, hear the Thrushes sing,
Or listen to some bubbling Spring;
If Fate had giv'n me Leave to roam!
But Citizens must stay at Home.

We're lonesome since you went away,
And should be dead--but for our Tea;
That Helicon of female Wits,
Which fills their Heads with rhyming Fits!
This Liquor seldom heats the Brain,
But turns it oft, and makes us vain;
With Fumes supplies Imagination,
Which we mistake for Inspiration.
This makes us cramp our Sense in Fetters,
And tease our Friends with chiming Letters.

I grieve your Brother has the Gout;
Tho' he's so stoically stout,
I've heard him mourn his Loss of Pain,
And wish it in his Feet again.
What Woe poor Mortals must endure,
When Anguish is their only Cure!

STREPHON is ill; and I perceive
His lov'd Elvira grows so grave,
I fear, like Niobe, her Moan
Will turn herself and me to Stone.
Have I not cause to dread this Fate,
Who scarce so much as smile of late?

Whilst lovely Landscapes you survey,
And peaceful pass your Hours away,
Refresh'd with various blooming Sweets;
I'm sick of Smells and dirty Streets,
Stifl'd with Smoke, and stunn'd with Noise

Of ev'ry Thing--but my own Boys;
Thro' Rounds of plodding doom'd to run,
And very seldom see the Sun:
Yet sometimes pow'rful Fancy reigns,
And glads my Eyes with sylvan Scenes;
Where Time, enamour'd, slacks his Pace,
Enchanted by the warbling Race;
And, in Atonement for his Stay,
Thro' Cities hurries on the Day.

O! would kind Heav'n reverse my Fate,
Give me to quit a Life I hate,
To flow'ry Fields I soon would fly:
Let others stay--to cheat and lye.
There, in some blissful Solitude,
Where eating Care should ne'er intrude,
The Muse should do the Country Right,
And paint the glorious Scenes you slight.

Mary Barber

To Alexander Pope, Esq.

Shall for the Man of Ross thy Lyre be strung,
And sleeps illustrious Thanet yet unsung?
Since to distinguish Merit is thy Care,
Let Thanet in thy deathless Praises share:
Let me, unequal to the Task, excite
Thy matchless Muse, to do his Merit Right.
Numbers, like thine, should call his Virtues forth;
Poetic Mirrors should be true to Worth;
Disdaining to reflect those glitt'ring Rays,
Which flow from Pomp, or from Ambition's Blaze.

From Scenes of Woe, unmov'd, whilst Others fly,
And turn from Anguish the unmelting Eye;
Thanet pursues the Footsteps of the Poor,
And silent enters thro' the lonely Door;
Fair Plenty in his Train, and Joy, and Health,
Seeking Distress, as Others seek for Wealth;
With God like Pity ev'ry Pray'r receives,
Each Wish fulfils, and ev'ry Want relieves:
Where Sickness reigns, he, to his utmost Pow'r,
Softens the Anguish of each dismal Hour:
He smooths the rugged Brow of anxious Care,
And gilds the gloomy Prospect of Despair:
Whilst Libertines on Vice their Wealth employ,
He makes the Widow's Heart to sing for Joy:
Orphans no more their Parents lost complain;
In Thanet's Bounty they revive again.
Nor for this Life alone would he provide;
To Life eternal Thanet was their Guide:
Nor on Morality alone depends;
But to the noblest Heights of Faith ascends:
Devotion's heav'nly Flame inspir'd his Breast;
Still in the Temple were his Vows address'd:
Tho' he in Virtue's Paths, delighted, trod,
Studious to please, and imitate his God;
The hallow'd Altar, grateful, he survey'd,
And there his lowly Adoration paid.

See the pale, childless Miser hoard up Wealth,

And, trembling, snatch an anxious View by Stealth;
Amass the shining Ore with guilty Care,
To aggrandize some distant, worthless Heir;
Who longs, impatient, for the solemn Toll,
Which, slow, proclaims the sad--departed Soul;
Then eyes with Joy the care--collected Hoard,
And spends, profuse, what Avarice had stor'd;
By Fortune's sudden Smiles to Madness fir'd,
He wastes on ev'ry Vice, what Guilt acquir'd.

So dwells on Mountain--Tops the Northern Snow,
Congeal'd by Frosts, for Years untaught to flow;
Till hotter Suns more vig'rous Beams display;
The Mass relents, the glitt'ring Piles decay;
Sudden, from high, resounding Torrents flow,
Impetuous rushing on the Vales below;
O'erwhelm the Harvest of the pining Swain,
And curse with Floods, which should have bless'd the Plain.

On Thanet Heav'n its happier Influence shed;
A num'rous Off--spring grac'd his nuptial Bed:
And yet those Motives to paternal Care
Steel'd not his Breast against the Suppliant's Pray'r.
Studious to draw down Blessings on his Race,
His Bountics with his Progeny increase.
Like Egypt's Flood, beneficent he rose;
Silent, tho' vast, his well--judg'd Bounty flows;
O'er the parch'd Earth it spreads its ample Course,
Profuse of Good, but, modest, hides its Source.
Ask not, to what his Charities amount;
So many Myriads swell the vast Account.

Ye vain Pretenders to superior Sense,
Ye empty Boasters of Beneficence,
Who in the Scorners Seat, exulting, sit,
And vaunt your impious Raillery for Wit,
The Gospel--Rule defective you pretend,
When you the social Duties recommend;
In Thanet see them heighten'd and refin'd;
In Thanet see the Friend of human Kind;
Heighten'd by Faith, see ev'ry Virtue's Force;
By Faith, their surest Sanction, noblest Source.

Loudly ye boast a more than Christian Zeal,
For Virtue's Int'rest, and the public Weal;
Best by Effects are Boastings understood;
Come, prove your Ardor for the public Good!
The mighty Heroes of your Tribe survey,
Their ev'ry hidden Excellence display;
Or dead, or living, set their Virtues forth;
Let all, united, vie with Thanet's Worth;
Free--thinkers, Moralists, on you I call,
Can Thanet's Worth be equall'd by you all?

Accept, illustrious Shade! these artless Lays;
My Soul this Homage, to thy Virtue pays:
Led by that sacred Light, a Stranger--Muse
Attempts those Paths, which abler Feet refuse;
In distant Climes thy Virtue she admires,
In distant Climes thy Worth her Strain inspires.

Long to thy Tomb the Wretched shall repair,
And to thy Ashes pay a silent Tear;
Shall to the Traveller thy Worth relate,
And Emulation thro' the World create:
Ages to come shall celebrate thy Fame,
And Orphans, yet unborn, shall bless thy Name.

When the firm Basis of the Earth gives Way,
And Nature's Self shall feel her last Decay;
When those, who from the Wretched turn'd their Eye.
Too late relenting, shall for Mercy cry;
The Thousands thou hast fed, shall, in thy Praise,
Their loud Hosanna's to JEHOVAH raise;
Thy modest Worth shall veil itself no more;
Angels shall tell what Thanet hid before.

Mary Barber

To Dr. Mead, On His Cape Wine.

Your Wine, by Southern Suns refin'd,
Is a just Emblem of your Mind:
Like You, the gen'rous Juice displays
Its Influence a thousand Ways;
Like You, it raises sinking Hearts,
Inspiring, and rewarding Arts;
Dispels the Spleen, and conquers Pain,
Calls back departing Life again.

Mary Barber

To Dr. Richard Helsham Upon My Recovery From A Dangerous Fit Of Sickness.

For fleeting Life recall'd, for Health restor'd,
Be first the God of Life and Health ador'd;
Whose boundless Mercy claims this Tribute due:
And next to Heav'n, I owe my Thanks to you;
To you, who feel the Ease your Med'cines give,
And, in reviving Patients, doubly live;
You, who from Nature's Dictates never stray;
But wisely wait, till she points out the Way:
Where--e'er she leads, unerring, you pursue
Her mazy System, op'ning to your View.

In you reviv'd we Ratcliff's Genius see,
Heighten'd by Learning and Humanity.
With Ease all Nature's Secrets you explore,
And to the noblest Heights of Science soar.
Your Thoughts, unbounded, travel with the Sun;
And see attendant Worlds around him run;
Which trace their distant Courses thro' the Sky,
Nor fly his Throne too far, nor press too nigh.
The wise and wond'rous Laws you clearly know,
Which rule those Worlds above, and this below.
The World of Life, which we obscurely see,
In all its Wonders, is survey'd by thee:
And thou in ev'ry Part canst something find,
To praise thy Maker, and to bless thy Kind:
Quick to discern, judicious to apply,
Your Judgment clear, and piercing, as your Eye:
Ev'n Med'cines, in your wise Prescriptions, please;
And are no more the Patient's worst Disease.
Goodness, and Skill, and Learning less than thine,
Rais'd Æsculapius to the Realms divine.

Mary Barber

To Her Grace The Dutchess Of Manchester, And Lady Diana Spencer

Madam, I hear, and hear with Sorrow,
That we're to lose Your Grace To--morrow;
Nor you alone, but Lady Di.
Where, thus deserted, shall I fly?
Am I condemn'd to live in Pain,
Till distant Autumn comes again?
Till Time, in Pity to my Grief,
Shall bring you back to my Relief?

Do not, relentless, let me moan;
O take me, Ladies, as your own!
Tho' Thousands have your Rigour felt,
Let me your lovely Bosoms melt:
Since you to win my Heart have deign'd,
Quit not the Conquest you have gain'd:
Nor Marlbro's glorious Footsteps shun;
He always kept the Field he won.

Mary Barber

To Her Grace The Dutchess Of Portland

'Tis theirs, who but to please aspire,
On Fiction to employ the Lyre;
Make Gods and Goddesses display
The Splendor of the Nuptial Day.

To paint thee at the hallow'd Shrine,
A solemn, glorious Scene! be Mine;
Now lightly touch'd--Some other Hour,
(If e'er the Cloud--dispelling Pow'r
Remove the Damps, that chill my Vein)
I'll trace the slight--drawn Lines again;
Warm Col'ring on the Piece bestow,
Till Life shall from the Pencil flow.

Lovely Bride! with Bliss be crown'd,
Diffusing Happiness around:
Beneficent, like Harley, shine;
Like Henrietta, grace your Line.

Mary Barber

To His Excellency The Lord Carteret.

The Picture strikes--'tis drawn with won d'rous Art;
Well has the Poet play'd the Painter's Part.
Tho' 'tis your Glory, yet, my Lord, I own,
I grieve the Features fit yourself alone.
But know, tho' All agree the Picture's yours,
'Tis Steadiness alone your Claim secures.
With Pleasure now your Image you furvey;
But should you from the Rules of Virtue stray,
Should e'er degrading Vice deform your Frame,
You'd start, like Io from the crystal Stream.

When Kneller has display'd, with matchless Grace,
The fleeting Glories of Clarinda's Face;
She sighs, to think how Time will soon devour
The lovely Bloom, which gives her now such Pow'r:
But yours, a Likeness of a nobler Kind,
Displays the deathless Beauties of the Mind:
Be it your Glory to surpass the Paint,
And make the finish'd Picture look too faint.

Why is he hid, who, with such matchloss Art,
Calls forth the Graces that adorn your Heart?
True Poets in their deathless Lays should live,
And share that Immortality they give.

Mary Barber

To His Grace The Duke Of Buckingham And Normanby, At The Camp Before Philipsburgh.

Return, brave Youth! suspend thy Martial Fire,
Nor, like great Berwick, in the Field expire.

Illustrious Exile! thou art gone at last;
Thy Toils, and various Dangers now are past:
The royal Blood, which flow'd in Berwick's Veins,
Is now pour'd out on hostile German Plains:
But tho' in Dust thy mortal Part be laid,
Yet shall thy dear--bought Laurels never fade:
Tho' to a foreign Prince's Service ty'd,
You liv'd with Glory, and with Glory dy'd.

MUSE, look not back, nor vainly mourn the Fate,
Which robb'd Britannia of an Arm so great.
On the sad Scene may Princes turn their Eye;
And from Oppression's fatal Footsteps fly;
Of arbitrary Pow'r the Danger see,
To British Monarchs the forbidden Tree;
Which, like the first, forbid by Pow'r divine,
Hurts not themselves alone, but taints their Line.

SHEFFIELD, since martial Ardor fires your Breast,
Make Albion only in that Ardor blest;
Nor yet by War alone exalt thy Name;
Give Science her hereditary Claim:
Return, brave Youth! your longing Country grace;
Think what you owe Britannia, and your Race.

Mary Barber

To His Grace The Duke Of Chandos.

Were Princes grac'd with Souls like thine,
Princes had still been deem'd divine.
Such Merit as we find in thee,
First introduc'd Idolatry;
When an excelling Form and Mind,
Delighting, had misled Mankind;
Inspiring with an awful Sense
Of infinite Beneficence.

Were Kings elective, Realms would sue,
Contending to be sway'd by you.
Yet, tho' no regal Throne is thine,
Thou hast no Reason to repine;
Since Heav'n, that gave the Monarch's Heart,
Bestow'd thee far the nobler Part.

Mary Barber

To Lady H---R,

Tell me, my Patroness, and Friend,
Can Age Parnassian Heights ascend?
Sweet Poesy's light Footsteps trace?
Ah no! I must give up the Chace:
When Time the Head hath silver'd o'er,
The dear Delusion charms no more.

But why hast thou, with Taste endow'd,
At Phoebus' Altar never bow'd?
Shall Books engross thee all the Day?
When, lo! he waits to grace thy Lay.

Mary Barber

To Mr. Rose;

Believe me, Rose, howe'er this Con. may please,
With flowing Numbers, and an easy Phrase;
With Wit, with Humour, and with ev'ry Art,
That steals the Ear, and ravishes the Heart;
Howe'er his Verses are with Rapture read,
They ne'er could spring from his poor Baby Head.
No, no, dear Rose, his Tricks are too well known;
They are his Mother's Verses, not his own.

Presumptuous Youth! this dang'rous Art forbear;
Nor tempt a Character beyond thy Sphere.
Let meaner Flames thy tender Breast inspire;
Touch not a Beam of hers--'Tis sacred Fire!
Phoebus might trust thy Mother with his Sun;
But you, fond Boy, may prove a Phaeton.

Mary Barber

To Mrs. ---

Celia, when you oblige again.
Subdue that haughty Eye:
Rather than Insolence fustain,
Who would not wish to die?
A grateful Heart will own the Debt,
But, O! must feel it with Regret.

Mary Barber

To Mrs. Anne Donnellan, With The Fourth Essay On Man

Dear Philomela, oft you condescend,
With Notes seraphic, to transport your Friend:
Then in Return, let Verse your Soul rejoice,
Wise, as your Converse, rapt'rous, as your Voice.

Mary Barber

To Mrs. Armine Cartwright, At Bath.

Lovely Armina, o'er her Books reclin'd,
Impairs her Body, to improve her Mind:
Of Wisdom fond, as others are of Wealth,
In that Pursuit will sacrifice her Health:
Then, Miser--like, when she has gain'd the Prize,
Hides both Herself, and Treasure, from our Eyes.
In this alone, Armina, you're to blame,
Regardless of your Health, or Friendship's Claim:
A giddy, thoughtless World your Aid require;
And Ignorance prevails, when You retire.
Why, Form'd to please! and why, Improv'd with Care!
Is there no End, in being Wise, and Fair?

Mary Barber

To Mrs. Barber

See, the bright Sun renews his annual Course,
Each Beam re--tinges, and revives its Force,
By Years uninjur'd; so may'st thou remain,
Not Time from thee, but thou from Time may'st gain:
O might the Fates thy vital Thread prolong,
And make thy Life immortal, as thy Song!

Less Lustre waits the God, when he refines
The rip'ning Metal in Peruvian Mines;
Brightens the Crystal with transparent Day,
Or points the Di'mond with its sparkling Ray;
Than when, delighted, he thy Soul inspires,
Informs thy Judgment, and thy Fancy fires;
Assists thee striking out some bold Design,
And breathes immortal Honours on each Line:
In common as His Rays on all descend,
So You the Great delight, the Poor befriend:
As Heat productive His bright Beams bestow,
So, warm with Life, your pow'rful Numbers flow:
As He from Clouds bursts forth divinely bright,
So Envy sets You in a fairer Light:
Yet, tho' thus far Similitude we see,
One Thing disturbs the wond'rous Harmony;
With faded Light the Winter Sun appears,
Whilst You shine brighter in Decline of Years.

Mary Barber

To Mrs. Caesar, At The Speaker's Lodgings At Bath.

When lately you acquitted me,
With Carteret I din'd;
And, in Return, (tho' grievous) thee
To Onslow I resign'd.

'Tis wise the happy Hour to seize;
For, search the Nation round,
Such Peers, or Commoners, as these,
Where are they to be found?

Our Situation's chang'd you see:
(How Pleasures fleet away!)
But Yesterday you envy'd me;
I envy you To--day.

Mary Barber

To Mrs. Frances--Arabella Kelly, With A Present Of Fruit.

Tho' the Plumb, and the Peach, with Apollo conspire,
To present you their Softness, and Sweetness, and Fire;
Their Aid is in vain; for what can they do,
But blush, and confess them selves vanquish'd by you?
Where Virtue and Wit with such Qualities blend,
What Mortal, what Goddess, would dare to contend?

Mary Barber

To Mrs. Frances--Arabella Kelly.

To Day, as at my Glass I stood,
To set my Head--cloaths, and my Hood;
I saw my grizzled Locks with Dread,
And call'd to mind the Gorgon's Head.

Thought I, whate'er the Poets say,
Medusa's Hair was only gray:
Tho' Ovid, who the Story told,
Was too well--bred to call her old;
But, what amounted to the same,
He made her an immortal Dame.

Yet now, whene'er a Matron sage
Hath felt the rugged Hand of Age,
You hear out witty Coxcombs cry,
Rot that old Witch--she'll never die.
Tho', had they but a little Reading,
Ovid would teach them better Breeding.

I fancy now, I hear you say,
Grant Heav'n, my Locks may ne'er be gray!
Why am I told this frightful Story?
To Beauty a Memento mori.

And, as along the Room you pass,
Casting your Eye upon the Glass,
Surely, say you, this lovely Face
Will never suffer such Disgrace:
The Bloom, that on my Cheek appears,
Will never be impair'd by Years.
Her Envy, now, I plainly see,
Makes her inscribe those Lines to me.
These Beldams, who were born before me,
Are griev'd to see the Men adore me:
Their snaky Locks freeze up the Blood;
My Tresses fire the purple Flood.

Unnumber'd Slaves around me wait,
And from my Eyes expect their Fate:

I own, of Conquest I am vain,
Tho' I despise the Slaves I gain.
Heav'n gave me Charms, and destin'd me
For universal Tyranny.

Mary Barber

To Mrs. Mary Caesar

I read in your delighted Face,
The Nuptial Bands are ty'd:
From me congratulate her Grace,
Young Portland's lovely Bride.

Tell her, an humble, artless Muse
Would hail the happy Pair;
But that, like Flow'rs by deadly Dews,
Her Strains are damp'd by Care.

Those whom the tuneful Nine inspire,
Have now a spacious Field:
To them I must resign the Lyre,
To none in Wishes yield.

May Prudence still the Fair attend,
Who, with distinguish'd Taste,
In Caesar early chose a Friend,
With ev'ry Virtue grac'd:

Who back a thousand Years may trace,
And her Descent maintain,
From Ademar's illustrious Race,
Ally'd to Charlemain.

Mary Barber

To Mrs. Newans

You say 'tis hard to copy well,
Where Nature does herself excel.
Allow'd -- yet still let me advise:
Near as you can, to Nature rise;
Nor Time, nor Colours will be lost;
The Draught will more than pay the Cost.
Then dare to draw that Angel Face;
The Pencil may the Features trace;
And, should her Air thy Art defeat,
Add Wings, the Piece will be complete.

Mary Barber

To Mrs. Putland.

Uncommon Charms, I plainly see,
Compleat the Fair for Tyranny.
Then, lest your Form should make you vain
Of Conquest, and of giving Pain,
Those, whom your Beauties have enslav'd,
By me shall now be undeceiv'd.

Long was I Fool enough to view
Thy rapt'rous Shape, and thought it new;
Till lately reading Waller o'er,
I found 'twas Amoret's before.

Mary Barber

To Mrs. S---. Written In My Sickness.

Dear Psyche, come, with chearful Face,
And bless this desolated Place.
O come! my sickly Couch attend,
And ease the Anguish of your Friend.
Thy Soul, with ev'ry Grace supply'd,
Thy gen'rous Soul, in Friendship try'd,
With Wit, and nervous Sense delights;
And steals away the tardy Nights.
Whilst others to Diversions fly,
You watch the Sleep--forsaken Eye:
To Thee was giv'n the won'drous Pow'r,
To gild the melancholy Hour,
To sooth the long--distracted Brain,
And conquer ev'n the Tyrant Pain.

Mary Barber

To Mrs. Strangeways Horner, With A Letter From My Son;

O thou, with ev'ry Virtue grac'd,
Adorn'd with Wit, and Sense, and Taste;
Who, with a Goodness unconfin'd,
Delight'st in blessing human Kind,
Whose Woes so oft thy Peace destroy;
'Tis just, thou shouldst partake their Joy:
Then in my Transport deign to share;
Behold this Letter from my Heir:
There see the Picture of a Mind,
In Duty, as in Arts, refin'd;
Who, in full Triumph, could submit
His Trophies at his Parent's Feet.
So he, in Roman Story fam'd,
Who from Corioli was nam'd,
With Joy engag'd in glorious Toils,
To glad his Mother with the Spoils:
Her Son, by Roman Arms, o'ercame;
By Roman Arts, mine soars to Fame.

Methinks, I see your Friendship rise,
And sparkle in your lovely Eyes.
Your Heir! (I hear you now repeat)
I long to know of your Estate.
Say--Is it an Hibernian Bog,
Where Phoebus seldom shines for Fog?

HORTENSIA, there he sometimes shines;
But oft'ner hides his Head, and pines,
On happier Climes to look, nor see
Such dismal Scenes of Poverty;
Nor see an Isle, by Nature bless'd,
By ill--judg'd Policy oppress'd;
Her Trade usurp'd by foreign Lands,
Whilst Albion fast ties up her Hands:
Nor see her Sons in Science skill'd,
And yet her Posts by Strangers fill'd.

But, since of my Estate you ask,
The Answer is no easy Task,
Criticks, not Lawyers, are to show,
Whether my Title's good, or no.
Ovid has long ago defin'd,
What Lands are to the Muse assign'd:
'Tis but a barren Soil, 'tis true,
Not such as Heav'n bestow'd on You;
(Yet, Miser--like, our Lands you seize,
And win, but will not wear, the Bays
A steep, a slipp'ry, dang'rous Hill,
Which we, alas! are climbing still;
Still think there's better Land up higher,
Which all would gain, but few acquire.
If low or beaten Paths we trace,
We're deem'd an abject, grov'ling Race:
And oft, when we attempt to soar,
We miss our Aim, and fall the lower:
Tho' some by magic Numbers found
The Art to gain the highest Ground;
Yet most of those, alas! we know,
Had Cause to wish they'd stay'd below;
Rather than be exalted there,
To starve in pure poetic Air;
Whilst tasteless Wights, in Valleys fed,
Despise the Wits in Want of Bread.

Yet sometimes we in Story find
An Instance of a noble Mind,
That made Apollo's Shrine its Care,
And bless'd the Tribe that worshipp'd there.
High in the deathless Lists of Fame,
Revere the godlike Sidney's Name:
There Dorset, and Southampton, view;
And there the Poets Montagu.
Eliza paid her Spencer's Toil
With Acres of Hibernian Soil:
And now illustrious Caroline
Resolves to raise the drooping Nine;
With Pleasure saw the lab'ring Hind
Studious to cultivate his Mind;
And deign'd to smile on rural Lines,

Where so much native Beauty shines.

HORTENSIA, I revere your Friend:
May Blessings on her Head descend,
Who made a Peasant's Merit known,
And plac'd the Poor before the Throne:
Thus imitates the Pow'r Divine,
And proves her Soul ally'd to thine.

Mary Barber

To Mrs. Ward. By The Same.

O thou, my beauteous, ever tender Friend,
Thou, on whom all my worldly Joys depend,
Accept these Numbers; and with Pleasure hear
Unstudy'd Truth, which few, alas! can bear;
While conscious Virtue takes the Muse's Part,
Glows on thy Cheek, and warms thy gen'rous Heart.

Let Birth--day Suits be thoughtless Celas Cure;
And Rows of Di'monds recommend the Fair;
While gazing Crouds around the Pageant press,
Charm'd with her Pride, and Luxury of Dress:
Far other Joys thy just Ambition move,
To cherish and reward a Husband's Love;
To slight vain Titles, in Retreat to shine,
Shun public Praise, and call a Poet thine.
And know, ye Fair, a Poet can supply,
What Wealth, and Pow'r, and Equipage deny.
When the vain Bus'ness of your Lives is o'er,
And the Glass frightens, whom it charm'd before;
When not a Trace remains of what you were,
And not a Compliment salutes your Ear;
Without one Virtue, to redeem Respect,
Without one Beauty, to sorbid Neglect;
With Tears unpity'd, you may then lament
The gloomy Setting of a Life mis--spent;
Nor Delia's Choice with witty Malice blame,
Who gave up Show for Happiness and Fame.

O! If the Muse, not uninspir'd, divine,
Thy bright Example shall for ever shine;
Teach the wise Virgin, where to fix her Choice,
And weigh no Marriage by the common Voice;
To yield with Dignity, reject with Grace;
Nor tire the Lover with a tedious Chace:
With Ease to conquer, and with Ease retain,
Brighten Prosperity, or soften Pain:
Know Woman's Glory, and her proper End;
Live to her Husband, Family, and Friend:
Thro' varying Life her various Virtues prove,

Honour her Portion here, and Bliss above.

Say, What Persuasion, or what Arts of mine,
Could gain a Passage to a Soul like thine?
Where Female Softness, Strength of Reason meet,
A piercing Judgment, and a Wit discreet;
Where ev'ry Passion, ev'ry Duty, knows
Its proper Bounds, and not unlicens'd flows.
Say, for thou know'st, my ever ablest Guide,
(One doubtful Act remains unjustify'd)
On Me, on Me, thy choicest Favours fell;
Could You so err, or I deserve so well?
Instruct me thou the happy Art to steer,
And still with Modesty thy Conduct clear;
So in thy Praises may the World agree;
Nor load with Vanity the Muse and Me.

With Song still usher'd shall the Morn arise,
That shew'd thee first, all--charming, to my Eyes:
I gaz'd with Rapture, yet chastiz'd with Awe:
So the First Man descending Angels saw.
Speaking, or silent, O! secure to charm,
To win with Wisdom, or with Beauty warm:
The Graces unobserv'd, with easy Care,
Form thy soft Accents, and compose thy Air.
I saw, and heard; nor heard, nor saw, unmov'd,
Unknowing, or I durst not know, I lov'd.
What thence I suffer'd, let high Heav'n declare,
Pitying my Grief, propitious to my Pray'r.
Heav'n try'd my Passion, and pronounc'd it true:
Hence I embolden'd, and hence softer You.
Yet oft with--held, and falt'ring oft with Pain,
My Tongue half utters, what my Eyes explain,
Nor prone to flatter, nor to Virtue blind;
Not void of Knowledge, and to learn inclin'd;
Nor sprung from noble, nor ungen'rous Blood;
Boasting a Father honest, wise, and good;
Such long observ'd, and by long Converse shown,
My Temper, Manners, and my Failings known:
You trust my Vows, and pity Love sincere;
Haste to relieve, and smile away my Fear;
Give all you can, and all the rest forsake,

The noblest Sacrifice, that Love could make!
Of what Avail the Use of Wealth to Thee?
Or what the Blessing, if unshar'd with Me?
O doubly honour'd by the grateful Mind,
For what you bring, and what you leave behind!

Is there a Man in Science not unread,
In simple Neatness elegantly bred,
Of what or Health or Nature asks, possess'd,
Receiv'd by all, and by his Friends caress'd,
False and insidious can the Fair pursue,
And look on Beauty with a Miser's View?
Taught by the Muse such abject Souls to hate,
And hope sweet Converse from the Marriage--State,
I place my Triumphs in a matchless Wife,
Nor seek superfluous Vanities of Life:
Thus, unobnoxious to Detraction's Aim,
Nor base Suspicion can attain my Fame.

Degen'rate Thought! Let sland'rous Tongues assail;
Spread all their Poison, all their Rage prevail;
So gracious Heav'n restore thee, to enjoy
What Love could leave, but Wisdom could employ.

Mean--while my Delia manifests her Worth;
The Loss of Riches calls her Prudence forth:
Behold her now with Dignity descend;
And low, but necessary, Cares attend;
Chearful, what Fortune not allows, resign;
And, harder still, her Charities confine:
But Heav'n in secret sees the kind Intent,
Each Act of Pity, or of Bounty, meant;
Heav'n sees in secret; but in open Day
Will crown thy Merit, and thy Praise display.
Tho' small thy Store, not Millions could suffice,
To furnish all thy lib'ral Thought supplies.
How oft thy lov'd Sapphira melts thy Breast,
Obscur'd her Worth, her Genius half depress'd!
How oft thy Fancy helps Old--Age along!
Or hears the Widow's, and the Orphau's Song!
Now visionary Temples rise around;
And half thy Empire, GEORGE, is sacred Ground.

From Thee, my Delia, from thy watchful Care,
My Little lasts; my Little, Friends can share:
Nor Debts distract, nor Usuries devour;
Poor if I am, within my Fortune poor.
Smile on, my Fair, tho' cautious, void of Fear,
Wise to shun Sorrows, or prepar'd to bear.
Who copies Thee, shall never fail to find,
'Midst Clouds and Storms, the Sun--shine of the Mind:
For Piety (whatever Ill impends)
Omniscience guides, Omnipotence defends.

Bless'd in Retirement, Competence, and Love,
Below all Envy, and all Vice above,
Crown'd with Content, I only burn to show,
(Hopeless to recompense) how much I owe.
O born with Genius, and with Learning fill'd,
In ev'ry Rule of happy Writings skill'd;
Whom Beauties strike, false Ornaments offend;
Who weigh with Care each Author's Scope and End;
Know why Pope slackens, or augments his Fire;
And oft, where others damn, the most admire;
(So shallow Wits, with bolder Folly, blame,
From Parts, the faultless Universal Frame:
But Newton's Genius could the Whole explore,
See All was good, and Wisdom's Hand adore.)
This Verse (you know me free from faulty Pride)
Or kindly authorize, or kindly hide:
Approve; and Fame shall sanctify my Lays:
Suppress; yet Love my grateful Labour pays.

Mary Barber

To Novella

An Epigram

You cry, She's bred in the Old Way;
Then into Laughter fall:
Were she as just to you, she'd say,
You are not bred at all.

Mary Barber

To Robert Barber Esq; Deputy To The Treasurer's Remembrancer In The Court Of Exchequer

Whilst Gay's unhappy Fate thy Ear attends,
Thy Heart, indignant, scorns his faithless Friends;
Thy gen'rous Heart, which never learnt the Way,
A Friend or to deceive, or to betray:
With Honour and Integrity so blest,
Not Law, infectious, can pollute thy Breast:
With Justice and Humanity endow'd,
You shine, distinguish'd, 'midst a venal Croud.

Mary Barber

To Sophronia.

Sophronia, all the World agree,
The Soul of Friendship dwells in Thee:
Let Envy other Gifts dispute,
Since here the Fury must be mute.
Without one vain, one venal View,
The Muse inscribes these Lines to you.
Tho' I thy Favour shall not share,
Thy Worth I'm destin'd to revere;
And in Sophronia must commend
The firm, disinterested Friend:
To Virtue I this Homage pay,
Rewarded, tho' you slight the Lay.

Those who thy Favour once obtain,
Need not sollicit thee again;
Nor ever at Neglect repine:
Their Wishes and their Cares are thine:
Nor at the Grave thy Friendship ends;
But to Posterity descends.

Hail, sacred Friendship! seldom found,
Tho' sought for all the World around:
Say, Blessing of the peaceful Cell!
How cam'st thou in a Court to dwell?

Mary Barber

To The Honble. Miss Carteret, Now Countess Of Dysert.

Fair Innocence, the Muses lovelicst
On Acts of Mercy sound thy rising Fame.
Let others from frail Beauty hope Applause:
Plead thou the Fatherless, and Widow's Cause.
Fly to your Mother; let each winning Grace
Engage Compassion for my helpless Race.
So shall the wond'ring World be taught from thence,
Beauty is but your second Excellence.

Mary Barber

To The Honourable Mrs. Percival.

And will your Goodness never have an End?
And will you still persist to be my Friend?
To meet me still with that engaging Air,
Still open, ardent, gen'rous, and sincere;
Still to advise, to aid, to cheer, to bless;
Still to prevent, or to dispel, Distress;
Sollicit for me with unweary'd Zeal,
Pleas'd to succeed, nor slacken'd when you fail;
Point out each Path to good Success from far;
And guide me by thy Light, my happier Star!

When of ungen'rous Minds I Favours ask,
And sink, oppress'd beneath the grievous Task;
Hear the false Promise, or the feign'd Excuse,
In Words that mean but more refin'd Abuse;
Full in my View thy nobler Soul appears,
And swells my Heart, and fills my Eyes with Tears;
Whilst, to prevent my Wish, your Goodness flies,
Nor one kind Look deceives me, from your Eyes.

Then let good Heav'n withhold, or grant Success,
Add to a Weight of Cares, or make it less;
By you protected, I no more repine:
How few can boast an Happiness like mine!
A Bliss so great can Wealth, or Pow'r, impart,
As one fix'd Friend, with such a Head, and Heart?

Mary Barber

To The Honourable Mrs. Spencer, On Her Removing From Windsor To Rookly In Hampshire.

Where--e'er you go, some Actions still we hear,
Which make the Goodness of your Mind appear.
Hibernia early saw those Seeds of Worth,
In your fair Breast, which now shoot nobly forth;
Foresaw the Hopes you gave, matur'd by Time,
And griev'd to yield you to a happier Clime.
Tho' to the Height of all your Wishes bless'd,
Yet still your Sighs can rise for the Distress'd:
So young, so good! Georgina, 'tis thy Fate,
To be admir'd, and lov'd in ev'ry State.

How does thy Manner to thy Words impart
Some won'drous Pow'r to gain upon the Heart,
Engaging All!--Beneficence we see,
Tho' fair Herself, yet owing Charms to Thee:
O fitted Thou for Spencer's Race, who scorn
To think they only for Themselves were born!

Mary Barber

To The Reverend Mr. Mabell, Of Cambridge

Tho' great Longinus claims thy aiding Hand,
And hopes, thro' thee, t'instruct a barb'rous Land,
Where vile Conceits the Pow'r of Wit confound,
And true Sublimity is lost in Sound;
Where Folly, dress'd ten thousand various Ways,
The Bar, the Play--house, and the Pulpit sways;
Yet to my Verse thy kind Attention lend;
Pardon the Poet, and indulge the Friend.

From Noise, and Nonsense, and vain Laughte free,
I steal a thoughtful Hour, and give to thee;
To thee, Conductor of my heedless Youth,
Who taught me first to rev'rence Sense, and Truth;
Virtue to praise; and boldly Vice deride,
With all the Pomp of Fashion on her Side.

Behold the Scene a motley Tribe compose,
Wives, Widows, Maids, and intermingled Beaux,
All Orders, Ages, in one League unite,
And to dear Passage consecrate the Night!
Now the Dice rattle in the sounding Box;
Now groans the Table with repeated Knocks;
(Delightful Musick to the Gamester's Ear!)
While ev'ry Bosom beats with Hope or Fear.
A Pass resounds--What wond'rous Transports rise
In Celia's Breast, and lighten in her Eyes!
She sweeps the Board--The Fop, with ardent Gaze,
Admires the Beauty that her Arm displays.

But who, unmov'd, can bear the piteous Sight,
While Cynthia frets and raves at Fortune's Spite?
Fled from her Cheek are ev'ry Love and Grace,
And all the Fury threatens in her Face:
Distracted, lost, with Grief and Rage o'ercome,
She quits the Dice, and flies to storm at home.
When I a Curse implore, may courteous Fate
With such a Consort curse the Man I hate!
But is there One amongst the Many found,
Adorn'd with Modesty, with Reason crown'd;

Who treads the slipp'ry Paths of Youth with Care,
And uninfected breathes in tainted Air?
If such there be, kind Heav'n, afford thy Aid,
And soften to my Wish the virtuous Maid!

See the Belle flutter with the sprightly Beau!
They trip it on the light, fantastic Toe:
Nor Words, nor Sighs, their am'rous Thoughts impart;
They dance, and glitter at each other's Heart!
With honest Scorn survey yon various Croud,
Of supple Slaves, or Lords of Titles proud!
Stiff--nodding Fools! a Mob in Masquerade!
Whom Honours brand, and Dignities upbraid.

Yet some there are, with Worth and Wisdom blest.
A noble Few! who satirize the rest;
Who scorn to boast their great Fore--father's Rays,
Shine of themselves, and mingle Blaze with Blaze.
And such is Orrery; whose gen'rous Mind,
Still prone to Pity, feels for human Kind.
A Zeal for Piety inflames his Breast,
Temper'd with Charity, in Meekness dress'd:
Grandeur and Ease his ev'ry Action guide;
He nor assumes, nor condescends in Pride:
Add sprightly Wit, by prudent Laws confin'd,
A Judgment sober, and by Books refin'd:
Add that the Muses ev'ry Charm dispense,
To tune his Voice, and beautify the Sense.

This to my Friend: And, O! may this inspite
Love of fair Fame, and fan the sacred Fire!
Dare to have Taste, and urge thy glorious Toil,
To teach th' Unknowing, and to please a Boyle.

Mary Barber

To The Right Hon. The Earl Of Orrery, On His Promise To Sup With The Author.

Tho' the Muse had deny'd me so often before,
I ventur'd this Day to invoke her once more.
She ask'd what I wanted; I said, with Delight,
Your Lordship had promis'd to sup here To--night;
That on an Occasion so much to my Honour,
I hop'd she'd excuse me for calling upon her.

To this she reply'd, with Disdain in her Looks:
If that be the Case, go summon your Cooks.
I told her in Answer, How little you eat;
That in vain I should hope to regale you with Meat;
That she knew, Wit and Humour to you were a Feast,
Who had, tho' no Stomach, an excellent Taste.

This calm'd her Resentment; she paus'd for a while--
Then the Goddess, propitious, reply'd with a Smile:
If with Humour and Wit you would have him delighted.
What need I be call'd?--Let the Dean be invited.
The Bus'ness is done, if with him you prevail;
For a Boyle, and a Swift, will each other regale.

Mary Barber

To The Right Honble. The Lady Dowager Torrington,

When you command, the Muse obeys,
Proud to present her humble Lays.
Of writing I'll no more repent,
Nor think my Time unwisely spent;
If Verse the Happiness procures
Of pleasing such a Soul as yours.

Endless Anxiety, I find,
Hath dire Effects upon the Mind:
A Life of unsuccessful Care
Too often sinks us to Despair.
From such a Life as this, I chuse
To snatch some Moments for the Muse;
To slight Mortality, and soar
To Worlds where Anguish is no more;
Forget Ierne's wretched State,
Tho' doom'd to share her cruel Fate;
Destin'd to pass my joyless Days,
Where Poverty, relentless, preys;
And form'd, unhappily, to grieve
For Miseries I can't relieve.

From giving Wealth my Hands are ty'd;
That great Felicity's deny'd.
Yet have I sometimes the Delight,
To help a Wretch by what I write;
To make some happier Bosoms melt;
And heal the Woes they never felt.

To Torrington, whose gen'rous Breast
Delights in raising the Distress'd,
Adding new Honour to her Blood,
By all the Ways of doing Good,
How needless is the Poet's Art;
Since He, that made, enlarg'd her Heart?

Mary Barber

To The Right Honourable John Barber, Esq; Lord Mayor Of London, On Committing One Of My Sons To His Care.

To the late King of Britain a Savage was brought,
Which wild in the Woods of Germania was caught.
This Present so princely was train'd up with Care;
And knew how to eat, and to jump, and to stare;
The Beaux, and the Belles, beheld it with Joy;
And at Court the high Mode was to see the Wild Boy.

Reflecting on this, with a politic View,
I determin'd to send such a Present to You.
In the Wilds of Hibernia this Boy was beset,
And caught (as the Natives are there) in a Net:
The Creature has Sense, and, in my Eyes, is pretty,
With Talents to make a good Man in the City;
Industrious, and orderly, prudent, and smart,
And not too much Conscience, nor too little Art;
Not scrup'lous, but honest, a Heart set on Gain,
Whose highest Ambition is fix'd on the Chain.

From You may he copy to wear it with Glory;
Like You, in Return--be honour'd in Story.

Mary Barber

To The Right Honourable John Earl Of Orrery, At Bath, After The Death Of The Late Earl.

'Tis said, for ev'ry common Grief
The Muses can afford Relief:
And, surely, on that heav'nly Train
A Boyle can never call in vain.
Then strait invoke the sacred Nine,
Nor impious slight their Gifts divine;
Dispel those Clouds, which damp your Fire;
Shew, Bath, like

The Earl's Answer,
written extempore.
Nor Bath, nor Tunbridge, can my Lays inspire;
Nor radiant Beauty make me strike the Lyre:
Far from the busy Croud I sit, forlorn;
And sigh in secret, and in Silence mourn:
Nor can my Anguish ever find an End;
I weep a Father, and have lost a Friend.

Reply to the foregoing Verses.
Why did I hope to make your Anguish less?
I try'd to cure, and I have caught, Distress.
Suppress your Sighs, dry up your Tears; 'tis Time:
Excess of Virtue may become a Crime.
You lost, you say, a Friend, and Father too;
But know, Mankind would lose a Friend in you.

Mary Barber

To The Right Honourable The Earl Of Orrery In Dublin

Let Others speak your Titles, and your Blood;
Accept from Me the glorious Name of Good.
This Honour only from fair Virtue springs,
Ennobles Slaves, adds Dignity to Kings.

O Born to shew Nobility design'd
Not to insult, but to protect Mankind!
Well you discern to spare, or to bestow;
Nor waste in Riot, what to Worth you owe.
Judgment your Bounty guides; and all agree,
'Tis Praise, 'tis Glory, to receive from Thee.
Gen'rous thy Gifts; but more thy matchless Art,
To spare the Blush, and doubly bind the Heart.

Tho' Fortune place me in a distant Scene;
And Mountains rise, and Oceans roll between;
O'er Mountains, Oceans, Gratitude conveys
The good Man's Act, and wide extends his Praise.
Strange! that your Judgment errs in this alone;
Barber you bless, yet hope your Gifts unknown.
'Tis Hers to bring each lovely Deed to Light,
And force unwilling Virtue to the Sight:
'Tis Hers, and 'tis Her Muse's greatest Pride,
A Favour never to forget, or hide.

Illustrious Youth! and let me style you Friend,
O look with Candor on the Lines I send!
Warm from the Heart my artless Numbers fall;
Nor wait Correctness, when your Virtues call.
Here, bless'd with all that human Life requires,
Superior to vain Fears, or low Desires;
In chearful Solitude, in studious Ease;
Careful my Conscience, and my God, to please;
I think on Thee, when Want, or Worth, implore;
And unrepining share my little Store.
So Stars attend the beauteous Queen of Night;
And faintly shine, not emulate her Light.

Mary Barber

To The Right Honourable The Earl Of Thomond, At Bath

Obrian, were in Story told,
Thy Ancestors wore Crowns of old:
In fair Hibernia's Isle they reign'd;
A Country, by their Sons disdain'd!
Too apt to charge their Native Isle
With ev'ry Vice of Speech and Style:
Yet thy Eliza, great and good,
Of Seymour's, and of Piercy's Blood,
(Whose Ancestors, to Fame well known,
When injur'd, shook the British Throne
Will not thy native Isle deride,
Tho' to an higher Crown ally'd.
And shall Hibernia fear Disgrace,
From Thomond, of Milesian Race?
It ill becomes thee thus to treat
Thy Family's Imperial Seat.

Great Boiroimke! look down and see
This Change in thy Posterity;
Who quit all Titles to thy Throne,
But Hospitality alone.

Mary Barber

To The Right Honourable The Lady Elizabeth Boyle On Her Birth—day

May each new Year some new Perfection give,
Till all the Mother in the Daughter live!
May'st Thou her Virtues to the World restore!
And be what Henrietta was before!
And when revolving Years mature thy Charms,
When Pride of Conquest thy fair Bosom warms,
May some great Youth, for ev'ry Grace renown'd,
With Taste and Science bless'd, by Virtue crown'd;
By Virtue guarded from Ambition's Wiles,
Superior both to Fortune's Frowns and Smiles;
Who wears the Honours of a glorious Name,
Yet to Distinction bears a nobler Claim;
Like a new Star, in native Lustre bright,
That boasts no Radiance from reflected Light:
Allow'd the rising Genius of his Age;
By ev'ry Excellence thy Heart engage;
Like Him who bless'd thy Mother's Nuptial State;
But O! may Heav'n give Thine a longer Date.

Mary Barber

To The Right Honourable The Lady Elizabeth Brownlow,

Who can the hardest Task refuse,
When lovely Lady Betty sues?
If her Requests Resistance find,
It must be from the Deaf and Blind.

Mary Barber

To The Right Honourable The Lady Kilmorey

Start not, nor tremble at the Sight of this;
It comes not written from the Realms of Bliss:
'Tis true, you see, your once--lov'd Roydon's Hand;
Thence may conclude from Heav'n some high Command;
Conscious perhaps of your celestial Frame,
You think you're call'd to Worlds from whence you came.
Not so--but ere her Soul began its Flight,
She thought of you, and staid a--while to write;
Kindly for me her dying Suit address'd:
Then view it, Madam, as her last Request.

Mary Barber

To The Right Honourable The Lady Sarah Cowper.

Let me the Honour soon obtain,
For which I long have hop'd in vain;
Since I, alas! am now confin'd,
Your Visit would be doubly kind.

What Sorrows have I not to fear,
Ty'd to the Bed of Sickness here?
When all that's human, quits the Place,
And Winter shews his horrid Face;
Whilst Desolation proudly stalks
Along the dull, deserted Walks.
Methinks the Skies already lour;
Loud, from the Hills, the Torrents pour;
The Shops are shut; the Days are dark;
And scarce a Dog is left to bark.
O, shield me from the dreadful Storms,
Which my distemper'd Fancy forms!

The thoughtless Fair the Toilet prize,
There practise Smiles, and point their Eyes:
But Cowper, negligent of Art,
Chose, early wise, the better Part.
Yet from your Mind some Moments spare;
The Stranger be a--while your Care,
Who now beneath Affliction bends,
Far from her Country, and her Friends.
Come, and my anxious Heart relieve:
For in your Presence who could grieve?

Mary Barber

To The Rt. Hon. Charlotte Lady Conway, On Her Resolving To Leave Bath.

O Charlotte, truly pious, early wise!
The Pleasures sought by others, you despise:
Nor Bath, nor Bath's Allurements thee detain;
Unmov'd, you quit them to the Gay and Vain.
But tho' nor Health, nor Pleasure will prevail;
The Happiness you give, should turn the Scale.
O stay, and teach the Virtues of thy Breast:
Thousands by thy Example may be blest:
A Mind so humble, and so truly great,
So fitted to oblige in ev'ry State;
A Manner, so engaging and discrete,
A Manner, so inimitably sweet!
These, and thy thousand Charms, who can express?
Seymour, how vast a Treasure you possess!

Mary Barber

Totthe Right Honourable The Lady Elizabeth Germain, Upon Seeing Her Do A Generous Action.

When Ruin threaten'd me of late,
With all its ghastly Train;
Some Pow'r, in Pity to my Fate,
Sent bountiful Germain,

Her Soul is mov'd with my Distress,
And kind Compassion shows;
That gen'rous Hand, long us'd to bless,
Quick mitigates my Woes.

Thrice happy Fair! indulgent Heav'n
To Thee was doubly kind:
To others only Hearts are giv'n;
Thy Fortune suits thy Mind.

Mary Barber

Upon Seeing A Raffle For Addison's Works Unfill'D.

Ye gentle Beaux, and thoughtless Belles,
Who gaily rove at Tunbridge--Wells,
With Pockets full; and empty Looks,
Raffling for ev'ry Toy--but Books:
Should Addison's immortal Page
(The Glory of his Land and Age)
Want two Subscriptions to be full,
The World will dare pronounce you dull.

Be wise--subscribe--and shew, at least;
That you have one Pretence to Taste.

Mary Barber

Verses Occasion'D By The Sickness Of Mrs. Anne Donnellan.

Goddess of Health, where--e'er you dwell,
To Philomela fly;
O hasten from your rural Cell,
Nor let the Fair one die.

Again her Voice divine restore,
And give her Eyes their Fire;
So shall a World thy Pow'r adore,
And raise thy Altars higher.

Mary Barber

Verses Sent To A Lady, Who Took Delight In Ridiculing A Person

Should you employ your Ridicule,
On those who Pity claim?
Think, Birtha, is the native Fool
For Wit a proper Theme?

On Vice your hum'rous Vein display;
'Tis meritorious there;
Or tow'ring Vanity allay;
But, O! Misfortune spare.

With Wisdom who endows the Brain,
To thy Remembrance call;
Nor, while the Wretched you sustain,
Tincture their Cup with Gall.

Mary Barber

Verses Ty'D About A Fawn's Neck

As thro' this sylvan Scene I stray'd,
I saw and lov'd the Iv'ry Maid:
And hearing that she fled from Man,
I begg'd this Form of mighty Pan;
To try, by ev'ry winning Art,
To gain Possession of her Heart;
When raging Tempests cloud the Sky,
Transported at her Feet to lie;
When Phoebus brightens up the Weather,
To trip it o'er the Lawns together.

Mary Barber

Written At Bath To A Young Lady

You us'd me ill, and I withdrew,
Intent on satirizing you.
The Muses to my Aid I call;
They came; and told me, one and all,
That I mistook their Province quite,
They never sully'd what was bright;
And said, If Satire was my Aim,
I ought to chuse another Theme.

I heard with Anger, and Surprize;
Begg'd they'd inspire, and not advise.
In vain I begg'd--they all withdrew;
When to my Aid a Phantom flew,
And vow'd she'd give my Satire Stings,
And whisper'd some resentful Things--
Said, You delighted, all your Days,
To torture her a thousand Ways:
Bid me revenge her Cause, and mine,
And blacken you in ev'ry Line.

This I resolv'd; but still in vain--
We both must unreveng'd remain:
For I, alas! remember now,
I long ago had made a Vow,
That, should the Nine their Aid refuse,
Envy should never be my Muse.

Mary Barber

Written At Camberwell, Near London, In The Study Of Mr. Wainwright

Whilst happily I pass my Hours
In Camberwell's delightful Bow'rs;
From thence the beauteous Walks survey;
Or thro' the fragrant Mazes stray;
Or o'er the Study cast my Eye,
Where Virgil, Coke, and Horace lie,
Just Emblem of a Bosom grac'd
With Law, and Elegance of Taste;
Apollo I invoke in vain,
Apollo answers with Disdain:

` ` Mortal, you're here allow'd to roam.
` ` And bid to think yourself at home:
` ` O'er the Domesticks then preside;
` ` Let that content your Female Pride;
` ` In vain you call on me To--day;
` ` Here Wainwright only I obey.

Mary Barber

Written At Dr. Mead's House In Ormond--Street, To Mrs. Mead.

Books, Pictures, Statues, here we find,
And each excelling in their Kind.
Mead's Taste in ev'ry Thing we view;
But chiefly in his Choice of You.

Mary Barber

Written At Tunbridge--Wells

These Plains, so joyous once to me,
Now sadly chang'd appear:
Hortensia I no more can see,
Who patroniz'd me here.

Fair Excellence, where--e'er you go,
May Kindred Angels wait,
To guard you thro' this Vale of Woe,
To your celestial Seat.

Sage Boerhaave! now exert your Art,
New Medicines explore:
A purer, or a nobler Heart,
Ne'er sought thy Aid before.

Your choicest Springs, Germana, give:
Goddess of Health, attend:
Long, long, and happy may she live,
The lonely Stranger's Friend.

Mary Barber

Written At Tunbridge—wells, To The Right Honourable The Lady Barbara North

Faint--Fair, and act a Play.

In some few Hours we must repair,
To act, like Thespis, in the Fair:
And, as our Stage is of a Piece
With that transmitted down from Greece,
Some Pow'r celestial must unfold
Our Fable, too obscurely told:
And, since it helps the Poet's Art,
When Actors speak and look their Part;
Wonder not, fair One, that we sue,
The Goddess may be play'd by you.

Mary Barber

Written For A Gentlewoman In Distress, To Her Grace Adelida, Dutchess Of Shrewsbury.

Might I inquire the Reasons of my Fate,
Or with my Maker dare expostulate;
Did I, in prosp'rous Days, despise the Poor,
Or drive the friendless Stranger from my Door?
Was not my Soul pour'd out for the Distress'd?
Did I not vindicate the Poor oppress'd?
Did not the Orphan's Cry with me prevail?
Did I not weep the Woes I could not heal?
Why then, Thou gracious, Thou all--pow'rful God,
Why do I feel th' Oppressor's Iron Rod?
Why thus the Scorners cruel Taunts endure,
Who basely fret the Wounds, they will not cure?
O Thou, whose Mercy does to All extend,
Say, shall my Sorrows never, never, end?
Let not my Tears for ever, fruitless, flow;
Commiserate a Wretch, o'erwhelm'd with Woe;
No longer let Distress my Bosom tear:
O shield me from the Horrors of Despair!

Forgive me, Madam, that I thus impart
The Throbs, the Anguish, of a breaking Heart.
Oft, when my weary'd Eyes can weep no more,
To sooth my Woes, I read your Letters o'er.
Goodness, and Wit, and Humour, there I find;
And view with Joy those Pictures of your Mind;
With Pleasure on the lov'd Resemblance gaze,
Till peaceful Slumbers on my Eye--lids seize.
Then, then, Imagination glads my Sight
With transient Images of past Delight;
My aking Heart of ev'ry Care beguiles;
Then Talbot lives, and Adelida smiles.

Delightful Forms! why will you fleet away,
And leave me to the Terrors of the Day?
In vain from Reason I expect Relief;
For sad Reflection doubles ev'ry Grief.
Some of my Friends in Death's cold Arms I see;

Others, tho, living, yet are dead to me?
Of Friends, and Children both, I am bereft,
And soon must lose the only Blessing left;
A Husband form'd for Tenderness and Truth,
The lov'd, the kind Companion of my Youth;
With him, thro' various Storms of Fate I pass'd;
Relentless Fate!--And must we part at last?
O King of Terrors, I invoke thy Pow'r;
Oh! stand between me and that dreadful Hour;
From that sad Hour thy wretched Suppliant save;
Oh! shield me from it!--Hide me in the Grave!

Mary Barber

Written For My Son

When Athens was for Arts and Arms renown'd,
Olympic Wreaths uncommon Merit crown'd.
These slight Distinctions from the Learn'd and Wise,
Convey'd eternal Honour with the Prize:
'Twas this, the gen'rous Love of Fame inspir'd,
And Grecian Breasts with noblest Ardor fir'd.

For like Rewards like Judges we implore:
Immortal Fame, with Grecian Arts, restore:
Our growing Merit with Indulgence view;
And sure you'll favour what distinguish'd you.

Leave Ignorance and Sloth to Scorn and Shame;
But crown the Worthy with immortal Fame;
And Fame, conferr'd by you, can never fail:
What Men have purchas'd, they of Right entail.

Mary Barber

Written For My Son ... At His First Putting On Breeches

WHAT is it our mamma's bewitches,
To plague us little boys with breeches ?
To tyrant Custom we must yield,
Whilst vanquish'd Reason flies the field.
Our legs must suffer by ligation,
To keep the blood from circulation ;
And then our feet, tho' young and tender,
We to the shoemaker's surrender ;
Who often makes our shoes so strait,
Our growing feet they cramp and fret ;
Whilst, with contrivance most profound,
Across our insteps we are bound ;
Which is the cause, I make no doubt,
Why thousands suffer in the gout.
Our wiser ancestors wore brogues,
Before the surgeons brib'd these rogues,
With narrow toes, and heels like pegs,

To help to make us break our legs.
Then, ere we know to use our fists,
Our mothers closely bind our wrists ;
And never think our cloaths are neat,
Till they're so tight we cannot eat.
And, to increase our other pains,
The hatband helps to cramp our brains.
The cravat finishes the work,
Like bowstring sent from the Grand Turk.
Thus dress, that should prolong our date,
Is made to hasten on our fate.
Fair privilege of nobler natures,
To be more plagu'd than other creatures !
The wild inhabitants of air
Are cloath'd by heav'n with wondrous care :
Their beauteous, well-compacted feathers
Are coats of mail against all weathers ;
Enamell'd, to delight the eye ;
Gay as the bow that decks the sky.

The beasts are cloath'd with beauteous skins :
The fishes arm'd with scales and fins ;
Whose lustre lends the sailor light,
When all the stars are hid in night.

O were our dress contriv'd like these,
For use, for ornament, and ease !
Man only seems to sorrow born,
Naked, defenceless, and forlorn.

Yet we have Reason to supply
What nature did to man deny :
Weak Viceroy ! Who thy pow'r will own,
When Custom has usurp'd thy throne ?
In vain did I appeal to thee,
Ere I would wear his livery ;
Who, in defiance of thy rules,
Delights to make us act like fools.
O'er human race the tyrant reigns,
And binds them in eternal chains.
We yield to his despotic sway,
The only monarch all obey.

Mary Barber

Written For My Son ... Upon His Master's First Bringing In A Rod

OUR master, in a fatal hour,
Brought in this Rod, to shew his pow'r.
O dreadful birch ! O baleful tree !
Thou instrument of tyranny !
Thou deadly damp to youthful joys !
The sight of thee our peace destroys.
Not Damocles, with greater dread,
Beheld the weapon o'er his head.

That sage was surely more discerning,
Who taught to play us into learning,
By graving letters on the dice :
May heav'n reward the kind device,
And crown him with immortal fame,
Who taught at once to read and game !

Take my advice ; pursue that rule ;
You'll make a fortune by your school.
You'll soon have all the elder brothers,
And be the darling of the mothers.

O may I live to hail the day,
When boys shall go to school to play !
To grammar rules we'll bid defiance ;
For play will then become a science.

Mary Barber

Written For My Son In His Sickness, To One Of His School Fellows.

I little thought that honest Dick
Would slight me so, when I was sick.
Is he a Friend, who only stays,
Whilst Health and Pleasure gild our Days;
Flies, when Disease our Temper sours,
Nor helps to pass the gloomy Hours?

Says my Mamma, who loves to make
Reflections for her Childrens sake;
You see how mortal Friendship ends--
My Child, secure celestial Friends:
Make Heav'n your chief, your early Care;
You'll meet no Disappointment there.
Build not on Length of Days, my Son;
Life's longest Race is quickly run.
Lay hold on ev'ry coming Hour;
Do all the Good that's in your Pow'r:
This will the sinking Heart sustain,
When Cordials are dispens'd in vain;
Asswage the racking Pains, that seize
On Limbs devoted to Disease;
The Place of fleeting Friends supply;
Pour balmy Slumbers on thine Eye;
Shield thee from Terrors of the Night,
And wing thy Pray'rs to Realms of Light;
Thy ev'ry painful Care dismiss,
And crown thee with eternal Bliss.

Mary Barber

Written For My Son To His Master, On The Anniversary Of The Battle Of The Boyne.

Is what we owe great William then
Forgotten by ungrateful Men?
And has His Fame run out its Date,
Who snatch'd us from the Brink of Fate?
Else, why should Scholars, Sir, I pray,
Be Prisners on this glorious Day;
When Nassau's Arms, by Heav'n's Decree,
Devoted it to Liberty?

Mary Barber

Written For My Son, And Spoken By Him, At A Public Examination For Victors.

To you, Athenians, we again submit;
Reward, or punish us, as you think fit.
Let Idleness, unpity'd, meet Disgrace;
For Idleness, this Year, is doubly base.
This is the Æra, this the destin'd Year,
For Arts and Sciences to flourish here.
The Muses, exil'd long, to Court repair;
And--strange to think! are all the Fashion there.

Who feels not now a gen'rous Emulation,
When Merit raises to the highest Station?
Scholars may surely hope a better Fate,
Whilst Carteret directs the Helm of State.
O would he govern here by Grecian Rules,
And chuse a Senate, to preside o'er Schools;
Honour, alone, to pay the glorious Task,
(A Recompence no Foreigner would ask!)
Then kind Britannia, doubtless, would consent,
Hibernia should supply a President.

Too oft, alas! are Talents misapply'd,
By Parents Fondness, Ignorance, and Pride.
This Grievance then would cease, and we should be
Regarded, as the Publick's Property:
Genius alone would be consulted then,
(The only Way to make us useful Men)
And each would have his sev'ral Task assign'd,
As Nature gave the Biass to his Mind.

Boys of a brutal, cruel Disposition,
Should go to Spain, to serve the Inquisition.
O what a Change in Landlords would appear!
Next Age, not one would rack his Tenants here.

The Lads, who study but to dress and dance,
Should cultivate their Worthlessness in France.

Those who love Liberty, to Albion roam;
But, could they bear Oppression,--stay at home.

Then glorious Ancestors would cease to be
Degraded by a worthless Progeny.
None should from noble Blood their Lineage trace,
Unless they added Lustre to their Race.
That the degen'rate Off--spring of the Great
Might be no more a Burden to the State;
The Sons of Peers, with mean, ignoble Hearts,
In Holland should be taught mechanic Arts;
And Boys of Genius to those Honours soar,
Which high--born Dunces but disgrac'd before:
See Nature, thus, the gen'rous Juice divide;
The Spirit rises, and the Dregs subside.

Thus modell'd, we may hope for happier Times;
Our Isle will be rever'd by distant Climes:
And, lest Posterity should think us rude,
And lost, at once, to Shame and Gratitude;
A Patriot Race shall sing the Drapier's Praise,
And civic Crowns shall mingle with His Bays:
Nor shall His Works alone His Worth proclaim,
(Tho' none, like those, can eternize His Name)
His Statue shall be rais'd in ev'ry Street,
With proud Oppression, writhing at His Feet;
At his Right--hand fair Liberty shall smile,
Protected by the Guardian of our Isle;
On t'other Side, the Goddess Fame shall stand,
With His immortal Labours in her Hand:
Then shall each gen'rous Youth, who passes by,
And sees the Patriot's Image, plac'd on high,
With Emulation feel his Bosom fir'd,
And thus break forth, by Gratitude inspir'd.

` ` O Thou, whose Genius rose, to save the State,
` ` And snatch Thy Country from the Brink of Fate!
` ` When for Thy Life Hibernia sues in vain,
` ` And Heav'n no longer will Thy Crown detain;
` ` Her grateful Sons, already rob'd in White,
` ` Shall hail Thee, glorious, in the Realms of Light.

Mary Barber

Written For My Son, In A Bible Which Was Presented To Him.

Welcome, thou sacred, solemn Guest,
Who com'st to guide me to the Blest.
O Fountain of eternal Truth,
Thou gracious Guardian of my Youth!
True Wisdom to my Soul dispense,
That I may learn thy Will from hence:
Still let me make thy Word my Rule,
And still despise the scorning Fool.
Inspir'd from thence, my Verse shall soar,
Till Time itself shall be no more.
Alas, my Soul! and whar is great,
In Glory of a mortal Date?
Henceforth this vain Ambition spare,
And be Eternity thy Care.

Mary Barber

Written For My Son, To Mr. Barry;

Since Phoebus makes your Verse divine,
Since the God glows in ev'ry Line;
Why should you think, but I, with Ease,
Might write my native, artless Lays?

My Mother told me many a Time,
That Double--dealing was a Crime:
Alas! and is it only so,
In us, whose Birth and Fortune's low?
For you, tho' nobly born, descend
To injure, yet appear a Friend;
And seem to make my Praise your Aim,
With more Success to wound my Fame.

So your Apollo's Priests, of old,
(As by his Poets we are told)
With glorious Wreaths the Victim drest;
Then plung'd the Poniard in his Breast.

Mary Barber

Written For My Son, To Some Of The Fellows Of The College,

We of late had a terrible Rout in our House;
If I happen'd to speak, I was sure of a Souse.
My Mamma had the Tooth--ach, and I felt the Smart--
O Steel, I for ever will yalue thy Art:
Both Children, and Servants, to thee are beholden;
Let them do what they would, they were sure of a Scolding.
Athenians, I humbly beseech you, explain,
Why the Tongue cannot rest, when the Teeth are in Pain.

Mary Barber

Written For My Son, Upon Lady Santry's Coming To School, To See Her Son, And Getting The Scholars A Play--Day.

So Ceres, lovely and divine,
Eager to see her Proserpine,
Blessing the Nations as she pass'd,
Reach'd the fell Tyrant's Court at last;
Around her shot a Gleam of Light,
Diffusing Joy, dispelling Night;
And, whilst she gilds the dismal Gloom,
The Damn'd a--while forget their Doom;
The Danaids no longer fill;
And Sisyphus's Stone stood still;
Ixion wonders why he strove,
With impious Arts, to rival Fove;
Grim Pluto smil'd; all Hell look'd gay;
Happy, as we were Yesterday.

Mary Barber

Written From Dublin, To A Lady In The Country.

A wretch, in smoaky Dublin pent,
Who rarely sees the Firmament,
You graciously invite, to view
The Sun's enliv'ning Rays with you;
To change the Town for flow'ry Meads,
And sing beneath the sylvan Shades.

You're kind in vain -- It will not be --
Retirement was deny'd to me;
Doom'd by inexorable Fate,
To pass thro' crouded Scenes I hate.
O with what Joy could I survey
The rising, glorious Source of Day!

Attend the Shepherd's fleecy Care,
Transported with the vernal Air;
Behold the Meadow's painted Pride,
Or see the limpid Waters glide;
Survey the distant, shaded Hills,
And, pensive, hear the murm'ring Rills.

Thro' your Versailles with Pleasure rove,
Admire the Gardens, and the Grove;
See Nature's bounteous Hand adorn
The blushing Peach, and blooming Thorn;
Beheld the Birds distend their Throats,
And hear their wild, melodious Notes.

Delighted, thro' your Pastures roam,
Or see the Kine come lowing home;
Whose od'rous Breaths a Joy impart,
That soothes the Sense, and glads the Heart;
With Pleasure view the frothing Pails,
And silent hear the creaking Rails;
See whistling Hinds attend their Ploughs,
Who never hear of broken Vows;
Where no Ambition to be great,
E'er taught the Nymph, or Swain, Deccit.

Thus thro' the Day, delighted, run;
Then raptur'd view the setting Sun;
The rich, diffusive God behold,
On distant Mountains pouring Gold,
Gilding the beauteous, rising Spire,
While Crystal Windows glow with Fire;
Gaze, till he quit the Western Skies,
And long to see his Sister rise;
Prefer the silent, Silver Moon
To the too radiant, noisy Noon.

Or Northward turn, with new Delight,
To mark what Triumphs wait the Night;
When Shepherds think the Heav'ns foreshow
Some dire Commotions here below;
When Light the human Form assumes,
And Champions meet with nodding Plumes,
With Silver Streamers, wide unfurl'd,
And gleaming Spears amaze the World.

Thence to the higher Heav'ns I soar,
And the great Architect adore;
Behold what Worlds are hung in Air,
And view ten thousand Empires there;
Then prostrate to Jehovah fall,
Who into Being spake them all.

Mary Barber

Written In The Conclusion Of A Letter To Mr. Tickel,

Eternal King, is there one Hour,
To make me greatly bless'd?
When shall I have it in my Pow'r
To succour the Distress'd?

In vain, alas! my Heart o'erflows
With useless Tenderness;
Why must I feel Another's Woes,
And cannot make them less?

Yet I this Torture must endure;
'Tis not reserv'd for me
To ease the Sighing of the Poor,
Or set the Pris'ners free.

Mary Barber

Written Upon The Rocks At Tunbridge,

Hither, amongst the Clouds, that shun
The smoaky Town, and sultry Sun,
In cooling Springs to seek for Health,
Or throw away superfluous Wealth,
A Native of Hibernia came,
Thus writ her Thoughts, but not her Name.

Hither the Britons, void of Care,
A happy, free--born Race, repair:
Whilst I, who feel a diff'rent Fate,
Lament my Country's wretched State;
The pitying Rocks return my Lays,
Just Emblem of the barren Bays.

Thus far -- When, lo! the God of Wit,
Who slightly glanc'd on what was writ,
Suspend, he cries, thy Cares a--while;
My Sackville soon shall bless your Isle:
No longer talk of barren Bays;
Remember, 'tis a Dorset sways.

Mary Barber