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**Poems On Several Occasions**

**Gay, John**

**London, 1745**

The Fan. A Poem. In three Books.

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THE  
F A N.  
A  
P O E M.  
IN THREE BOOKS.

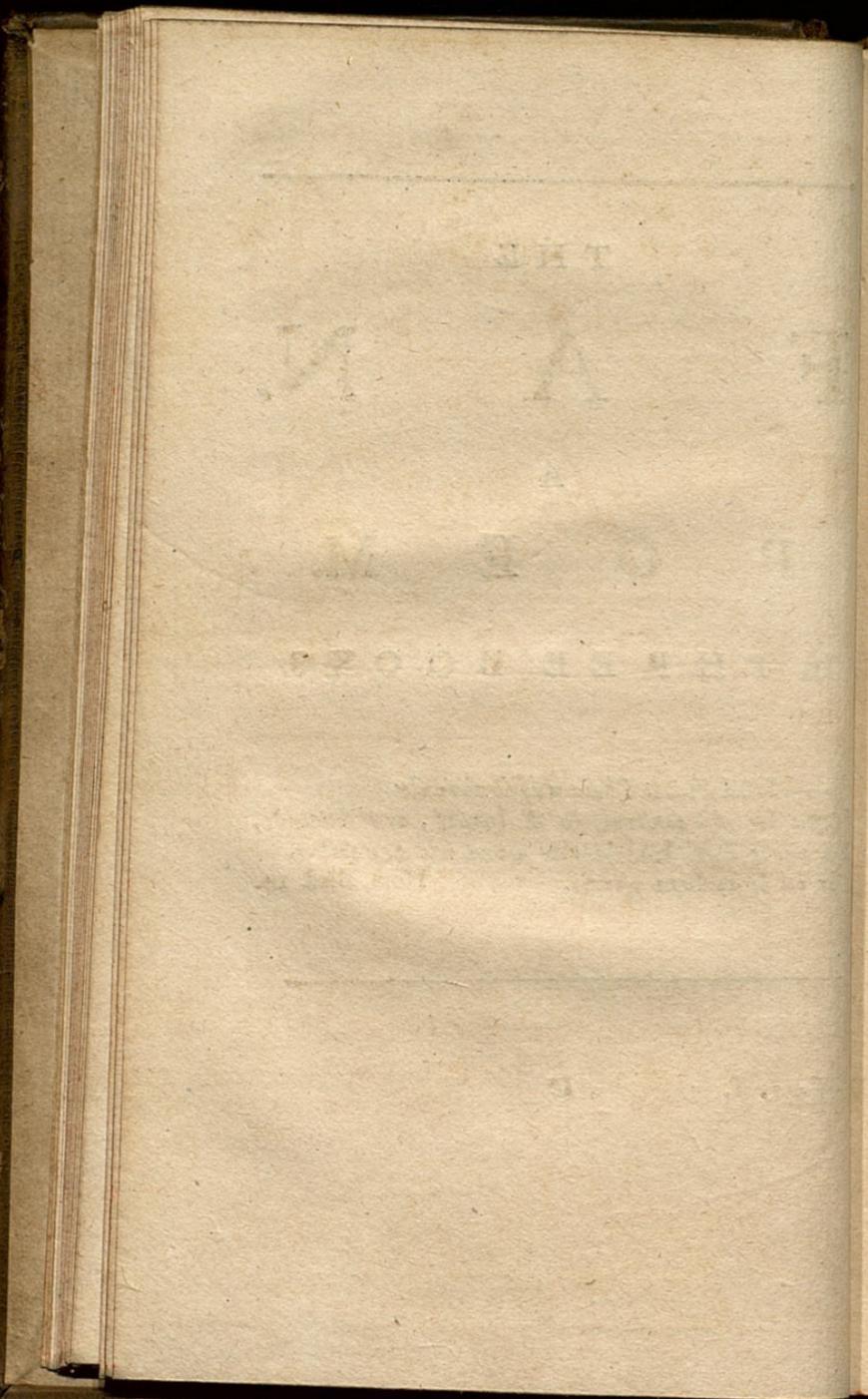
— Ἐνθά δὲ θελήσεια πάντα τέτυκτο  
"Ἐνθα ἐνὶ μῶ φίλοτης, ἐν δ' ἡμερῶ, ἐν δ' ἄδειυός;  
Πάρφασις ἢ τ' ἔκλεψε νόον πάντα περ φρονέουσιν.  
Τὸν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσίν. Hom. Iliad. 14.

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VOL. I.

C







THE  
FAN.  
A  
POEM.

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BOOK I.

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Sing that graceful toy, whose waving play  
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day,  
Not the wide fan by *Persian* dames display'd,  
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful  
Nor that long known in *China's* artful land, [shade;  
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:

C 2

Nor

Nor shall the muse in *Asian* climates rove,  
 To seek in *Indoſtan* ſome ſpicy grove,  
 Where ſtretch'd at eaſe the panting lady lies,  
 To ſhun the fervor of meridian ſkies, 10  
 While ſweating ſlaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,  
 And with wide-ſpreading fans reſreſh the fair;  
 No buſy gnats her pleaſing dreams moleſt,  
 Inſlame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breaſt,  
 But artificial Zephyrs round her fly, 15  
 And mitigate the fever of the ſky.

Nor ſhall *Bermudas* long the Muſe detain,  
 Whoſe fragrant foreſts bloom in *Waller's* ſtrain,  
 Where breathing ſweets from ev'ry field aſcend,  
 And the wild woods with golden apples bend; 20  
 Yet let me in ſome od'rous ſhade reſoſe,  
 Whiſt in my verſe the fair *Palmetto* grows:  
 Like the tall pine it ſhoots its ſtately head,  
 From the broad top depending branches ſpread;  
 No knotty limbs the taper Body bears, 25  
 Hung on each bough a ſingle leaf appears,  
 Which ſhrivell'd in its infancy remains,  
 Like a clos'd fan, nor ſtretches wide its veins,

But

But as the seasons in their circle run,  
 Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun : 30  
 Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,  
 Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wand'ring Muse, nor rove in foreign climes,  
 To thy own native Shore confine thy rhimes.  
 Assist, ye Nine, your loftiest notes employ, 35  
 Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy ;  
 Say how this instrument of Love began,  
 And in immortal strains display the Fan.

*Strepson* had long confess'd his am'rous pain,  
 Which gay *Corinna* rally'd with disdain : 40  
 Sometimes in broken Words he sigh'd his care,  
 Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair ;  
 With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,  
 He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhim'd, he danc'd :  
 Now call'd more powerful presents to his aid, 45  
 And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid ;  
 Smooth flatt'ry in her softer hours apply'd,  
 The surest charm to bind the force of pride :  
 But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,  
 Insults her captive, and derides his flame. 50

C 3

When



When *Strepbon* saw his vows dispers'd in air,  
 He fought in solitude to lose his care;  
 Relief in solitude he fought in vain,  
 It serv'd, like Musick, but to feed his pain.  
 To *Venus* now the slighted Boy complains, 55  
 And calls the Goddess in these tender strains.

O potent Queen, from *Neptune's* empire sprung,  
 Whose glorious birth admiring *Nereids* sung,  
 Who 'midst the fragrant plains of *Cyprus* rove,  
 Whose radiant presence gilds the *Paphian* grove, 60  
 Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,  
 And curling clouds of incense hide the skies:  
 O beauteous Goddess, teach me how to move,  
 Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.  
 If lost *Adonis* e'er thy bosom warm'd, 65  
 If e'er his eyes, or godlike figure charm'd,  
 Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,  
 Think on the restless fever of thy heart;  
 Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain;  
 By those uneasy minutes know my pain. 70  
 Ev'n while *Cydippe* to *Diana* bows,  
 And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,

The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;  
 She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame:  
 Oh, may my flame, like thine, *Acontius*, prove, 75  
 May *Venus* dictate, and reward my love,  
 When crowds of suitors *Atalanta* try'd,  
 She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;  
 Each daring lover with advent'rous pace  
 Pursu'd his wishes in the dang'rous race; 80  
 Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,  
 Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.  
*Hippomenes*, O *Venus*, was thy care,  
 You taught the swain to stay the flying fair,  
 Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes, 85  
 She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.  
 Say, *Cyprian* Deity, what gift, what art,  
 Shall humble into love *Corinna's* heart;  
 If only some bright toy can charm her sight,  
 Teach me what present may suspend her flight. 90  
 Thus the desponding youth his flame declares.  
 The Goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in *Cythera* stands a spacious grove,  
 Sacred to *Venus* and the God of love;



Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head. . 95  
 Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread ;  
 Here nature all her sweets profusely pours,  
 And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs ;  
 Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,  
 Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends, 100  
 The rugged stone is cloath'd with mantling vines,  
 And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy *Cupids*, with pernicious art,  
 Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart ;  
 All share the toil ; while some the bellows ply, 105  
 Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly :  
 Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,  
 Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel ;  
 Some point their arrows, with the nicest skill,  
 And with the warlike store their quivers fill. 110

A different toil another forge employs ;  
 Here the loud hammer fashions female toys,  
 Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,  
 Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride ;  
 Each trinket that adorns the modern dame, 115  
 First to these little artists ow'd its frame.

Here

Here an unfinish'd di'mond croslet lay,  
 To which soft lovers adoration pay ;  
 There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,  
 That with quick Scents revives the modish spleen: 120  
 Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,  
 Which serves the rally'd fop for smart replies ;  
 There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,  
 The future records of the lover's flames ;  
 Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found, 125  
 And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground.  
 There stands the *Toilette*, nursery of charms,  
 Compleatly furnish'd with bright beauty's arms ;  
 The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,  
 Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs. 130

The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour sive,  
 Some work the file, and some the graver guide ;  
 From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,  
 And their rais'd arms, descend in tuneful sounds.  
 Thus when *Semiramis*, in ancient days, 135  
 Bade *Babylon* her mighty bulwarks raise ;  
 A swarm of lab'ers diff'rent tasks attend :  
 Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend,



With echoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,  
 While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones ; 140  
 The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,  
 'Till the proud battlements her tow'rs inclose.

Now *Venus* mounts her car, she shakes the reins,  
 And steers her turtles to *Cythera's* plains ;  
 Straight to the grot with graceful step she goes, 145  
 Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows :  
 The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,  
 All drop their silent hammers on the floor ;  
 In deep suspence the mighty labour stands,  
 While thus the Goddess spoke her mild commands. 150

Industrious *Loves*, your present toils forbear,  
 A more important task demands your care ;  
 Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful Mind,  
 By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.  
 That glorious bird have ye not often seen 155  
 Who draws the car of the celestial Queen ?  
 Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,  
 His tail all gilded o'er with *Argus' eyes* ?  
 Have ye not seen him in a sunny day  
 Unfurle his plumes, and all his pride display, 160  
 Then

Then suddenly contract his dazling train,  
 And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?  
 Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art;  
 Thin taper sticks must from one center part:  
 Let these into the quadrant's form divide, 165  
 The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide:  
 Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,  
 And make a miniature creation grow.  
 Let the machine in equal foldings close,  
 And now its plaited surface wide dispose. 170  
 So shall the fair her idle hand employ,  
 And grace each motion with the restless toy,  
 With various play bid grateful *Zephyrs* rise,  
 While love in ev'ry grateful *Zephyr* flies.

The master *Cupid* traces out the lines, 175  
 And with judicious hand the draught designs,  
 Th' expecting *Loves* with joy the model view,  
 And the joint labour eagerly pursue.  
 Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,  
 And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart; 180  
 The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,  
 Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;

Their

Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,  
 And founding hammers break its barbed frame ;  
 Of this, the little pin they neatly mold, 185  
 From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold ;  
 In equal plaits they now the paper bend,  
 And at just distance the wide ribs extend,  
 Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,  
 And finish instantly the new machine. 190

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

Unhappy lovers, how will you withstand, 195  
 When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand ?  
 In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,  
 When eyes were artless, and the look demure,  
 When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck inclos'd,  
 And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd, 200  
 When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,  
 Ere black-lead combs difown'd the virgin's hair ;  
 Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,  
 Nor taught the fan in fickle forms to play.

How

How are the Sex improv'd in am'rous arts, 205  
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!

When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,  
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,  
At first, the brandish'd arm the jav'lin threw,  
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew; 210  
In the bright air the dreadful fauchon shone,  
Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.  
Now men those less destructive arms despise,  
Wide-waistful death from thundring cannon flies,  
One hour with more battalions strows the plain, 215  
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.  
So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,  
Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.  
The bosom now its panting beauties shows,  
Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws; 220  
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,  
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;  
The fickle head-dress sinks and now aspires  
A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires.  
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows, 225  
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How

How shall I soar, and on unwearied wing  
 Trace varying habits upward to their spring !  
 What force of thought, what numbers can express,  
 Th' inconstant equipage of female dress? 230  
 How the strait stays the slender waste constrain,  
 How to adjust the manteau's sweeping train ?  
 What fancy can the petticoat furround,  
 With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound ?  
 But stay, presumptuous Muse, nor boldly dare 235  
 The *Toilette's* sacred mysteries declare ;  
 Let a just distance be to beauty paid ;  
 None here must enter but the trusty maid.  
 Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,  
 And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse ; 240  
 Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,  
 Where rising flow'rs grow stiff with frosted gold,  
 The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,  
 And in a maze of fashions lose her way.



THE



THE  
F A N.  
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BOOK II.

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*LYMPUS*' gates unfold; in heav'ns high  
towers  
Appear in council all th' immortal Powers;  
Great *Jove* above the rest exalted fate,  
And in his mind revolvy'd succeeding fate,

His

His awful eye with ray superior shone, 5  
 The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne ;  
 On silver clouds the great assembly laid,  
 The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see, fair *Venus* comes in all her state,  
 The wanton *Loves* and *Graces* round her wait ; 10  
 With her loose robe officious *Zephyrs* play,  
 And strow with odoriferous flowers the way,  
 In her right-hand she waves the flutt'ring fan,  
 And thus in melting sounds her speech began.

Assembled Powers, who fickle mortals guide, 15  
 Who o'er the sea, the skies and earth preside,  
 Ye fountains whence all human blessings flow,  
 Who pour your bounties on the world below ?  
*Bacchus* first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,  
 And taught the grape to stream with gen'rous wine ; 20  
 Industrious *Ceres* tam'd the savage ground,  
 And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd :  
*Flora* with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,  
 And fruitful autumn in *Pomona's* care.  
 I first taught women to subdue mankind, 25  
 And all her native charms with dress refin'd :

Celestial

Celestial Synod, this machine survey,  
 That shades the face, or bids cool *Zephyrs* play;  
 If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,  
 With this she veils them from her lover's eyes; 30  
 No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,  
 From the fan's ambush she directs the dart.  
 The royal scepter shines in *Juno's* hand,  
 And twisted thunder speaks great *Jove's* command;  
 On *Pallas'* arm the *Gorgon* shield appears, 35  
 And *Neptune's* mighty grasp the trident bears:  
*Ceres* is with the bending fickle seen,  
 And the strung bow points out the *Cynthia* Queen;  
 Henceforth the waving fan my hands shall grace,  
 The waving fan supply the scepter's place. 40  
 Who shall, ye Powers, the forming pencil hold?  
 What story shall the wide machine unfold?  
 Let *Loves* and *Graces* lead the dance around,  
 With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd;  
 Let *Cupid's* arrows strow the smiling plains 45  
 With unresisting nymphs, and am'rous swains:  
 May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,  
 To melt slow virgins with the warm design.

*Diana* rose; with silver crescent crown'd,  
 And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground; 50  
 Then

Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,  
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said.

Has woman then forgot all former wiles,  
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?  
Does man against her charms too pow'rful prove, 55  
Or are the sex grown novices in love?  
Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,  
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprize?  
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,  
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows; 60  
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,  
Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?  
Let *Cupid* rather give up his command,  
And trust his arrows in a female hand.  
Have not the Gods already cherish'd pride, 65  
And women with destructive arms supply'd?  
*Neptune* on her bestows his choicest stores,  
For her the chambers of the deep explores;  
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,  
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines: 70  
*Plutus* for her bids earth its wealth unfold,  
Where the warm oar is ripen'd into gold;

Or

Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,  
 Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.  
 Does not the di'mond sparkle in her ear, 75  
 Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?  
 From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,  
 And imitates the lightning of her eyes.  
 But yet if *Venus*' wishes must succeed,  
 And this fantastick engine be decreed, 80  
 May some chaste story from the pencil flow,  
 To speak the virgin's joy, and *Hymen*'s woe.

Here let the wretched *Ariadne* stand,  
 Seduc'd by *Theseus* to some desert land.  
 Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind, 85  
 The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind;  
 The perjurd youth unfurls his treach'rous sails,  
 And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.  
 Be still, ye winds, she cries, stay, *Theseus*, stay;  
 But faithless *Theseus* hears no more than they. 90  
 All desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,  
 And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;  
 His les'ning vessel plows the foamy main,  
 She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint



Paint *Dido* there amidst her last distress, 95  
 Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express ;  
 Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd ;  
 And gushing blood streams purple from the wound :  
 Her sister *Anna* hov'ring o'er her stands,  
 Accuses heav'n with lifted eyes and hands, 100  
 Upbraids the *Trojan* with repeated cries,  
 And mixes curses with her broken sighs.  
 View this, ye maids ; and then each swain believe ;  
 They're *Trojans* all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw *OEnone* in the lonely grove, 105  
 Where *Paris* first betray'd her into love ;  
 Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,  
 Which the false youth wove for *OEnone's* brow,  
 The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,  
 And like their odours all his vows are fled ; 110  
 On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,  
 And *Xanthus'* waves with mournful look surveys ;  
 That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,  
 When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame :  
 These streams shall sooner to their fountain move, 115  
 Than I forget my dear *OEnone's* love.

Roll back, ye streams, back to your fountain run,  
*Paris* is false, *O Enone* is undone.  
 Ah wretched maid! think how the moments flew,  
 Ere you the pangs of this curs'd passion knew, 120  
 When groves could please, and when you lov'd the plain,  
 Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.

Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the fan,  
 In his true colours view perfidious man,  
 Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove, 125  
 And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love.

The Goddess ended. Merry *Momus* rose,  
 With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,  
 Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke,  
 Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke. 130

Rather let heavenly deeds be painted there,  
 And by your own examples teach the fair.  
 Let chaste *Diana* on the piece be seen,  
 And the bright crescent own the *Cynthian* Queen;  
 On *Latmos*' top see young *Endymion* lies, 135  
 Feign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes,

See,

See, to his soft embraces how she steals,  
 And on his lips her warm careſſes ſeals ;  
 No more her hand the glitt'ring Jav'lin holds,  
 But round his neck her eager arms ſhe folds. 140  
 Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown ?  
 Virgins are virgins ſtill---while 'tis unknown.  
 Here let her on ſome flow'ry bank be laid,  
 Where meeting beeches weave a grateful ſhade,  
 Her naked boſom wanton trefſes grace, 145  
 And glowing expectation paints her face,  
 O'er her fair limbs a thin looſe veil is ſpread,  
 Stand off, ye ſhepherds ; fear *Actæon's* head ;  
 Let vig'rous *Pan* th' unguarded minute ſeize,  
 And in a ſhaggy goat the virgin pleaſe. 150  
 Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown ?  
 Virgins are virgins ſtill---while 'tis unknown.

There with juſt warmth *Aurora's* paſſion trace,  
 Let ſpreading crimſon ſtain her virgin face ;  
 See *Cephalus* her wanton airs deſpiſe, 155  
 While ſhe provokes him with deſiring eyes ;  
 To raiſe his paſſion ſhe diſplays her charms,  
 His modeſt hand upon her boſom warms ;

Nor

Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force his heart persuade,  
But with disdain he quits the rosy maid. 160

Here let dissolving *Leda* grace the toy,  
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;  
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,  
While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.  
There let all-conquering gold exert its pow'r, 165  
And soften *Danae* in a glitt'ring show'r.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,  
Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,  
On the machine the sage *Minerva* place,  
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face; 170  
See, where she lies near some transparent flood,  
And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood:  
Her image in the floating glass she spies,  
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes;  
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain 175  
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain.

With a loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,  
What, spoil her face! no. Warbling strains farewell.  
Shall arts, shall sciences employ the fair?  
Those trifles are beneath *Minerva's* care. 180  
From

From *Venus* let her learn the married life,  
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.  
Here on a couch extend the *Cyprian* dame,  
Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame ;  
The God of war within her clinging arms, 185  
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.  
Paint limping *Vulcan* with a husband's care,  
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear ;  
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,  
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace. 190  
Let these amours adorn the new machine,  
And female nature on the piece be seen ;  
So shall the fair, as long as fans shall last,  
Learn from your bright examples to be chaf.



THE



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P O E M.

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BOOK III.

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HUS *Momus* spoke. When sage *Minerva*  
rose,  
From her sweet lips smooth elocution  
flows,

Her skilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,  
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.

VOL. I.

D

A

As Gods are blest'd with a superior skill,  
 And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will,  
 Straight she proposes, by her art divine,  
 To bid the paint express her great design.  
 Th' assembled Pow'rs consent. She now began,  
 And her creating pencil stain'd the fan.

5

10

O'er the fair field, trees spread, and rivers flow,  
 Tow'rs rear their heads, and distant mountains grow ;  
 Life seems to move within the glowing veins,  
 And in each face some lively passion reigns.  
 Thus have I seen woods, hills and dales appear, 15  
 Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air  
 In darken'd Rooms, where light can only pass  
 Thro' the small circle of a convex glass ;  
 On the white sheet the moving figures rise,  
 The forest waves, clouds float along the skies. 20

She various Fables on the piece design'd,  
 That spoke the follies of the female kind.

The fate of Pride in *Niobe* she drew :  
 Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue :

In

In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood, 25  
 Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood ;  
 Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,  
 Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air ;  
 A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,  
 Whose spacious border golden flow'rs surround : 30  
 She made *Latona's* altars cease to flame,  
 And of due honours robb'd her sacred name,  
 To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,  
 And adoration own her brighter eyes.  
 Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loyns were born, 35  
 Sev'n graceful Sons her nuptial bed adorn,  
 Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,  
 Were by *Latona's* double offspring slain.  
 Here *Phæbus* his unerring arrow drew,  
 And from his rising steed her first-born threw, 40  
 His opening fingers drop the slacken'd rein,  
 And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.  
 Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,  
 See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,  
*Diana's* arrow joins them face to face, 45  
 And death unites them in a strict embrace.  
 Another here flies trembling o'er the plain ;  
 When heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.



This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,  
 And 'midst his humble adoration dies. 50  
 As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,  
 A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart :  
 While that to raise his wounded brother tries,  
 Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.  
 The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear, 55  
 With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,  
 And o'er their grasping brothers weeping flood ;  
 Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood,  
 They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,  
 And in the pious action share their fate. 60  
 Now the proud dame o'ercome by trembling fear,  
 With her wide robe protects her only care ;  
 To save her only care in vain she tries,  
 Close at her feet the latest victim dies.  
 Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows, 65  
 Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose,  
 Fixt in astonishment she weeping flood,  
 The plain all purple with her children's blood ;  
 She stiffens with her woes ; no more her hair  
 In easy ringlets wantons in the air ; 70  
 Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,  
 And beat no longer with the sanguine tide ;

All

All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,  
Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted fans display, 75  
And the just fate of lofty pride survey;  
Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,  
And in celestial similies adore,  
Though from your features *Cupid* borrows arms,  
And Goddesses confess inferior charms, 80  
Do not, vain Maid, the flatt'ring tale believe,  
Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours *Procris'* passion tell,  
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.  
Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife, 85  
Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;  
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,  
And purple gore her snowy bosom dies.  
What guilt, what horror, on his face appears!  
See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears, 90  
With agony his wringing hands he strains,  
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives; bid vain suspicion cease,  
Lose not in sullen discontent your peace.



For when fierce love to jealousy ferments, 95  
 A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents,  
 No more the days in pleasing converse flow,  
 And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the *Volscian* Queen expir'd,  
 The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd ; 100  
 Gay *Chlorens'* arms attract her longing eyes,  
 And for the painted plume and helm she sighs ;  
 Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,  
 Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way ;  
 Down drops the martial maid ; the bloody ground, 105  
 Floats with a torrent from the purple wound.  
 The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,  
 And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,  
 Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays ; 110  
 His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,  
 And his bright sword-knot lure her wandering eyes ;  
 Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,  
 Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young *Narcissus* o'er the fountain stood, 115  
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood ; The

The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,  
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.  
 No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,  
*Eccho* in vain the flying boy pursu'd, 120  
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,  
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires :  
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,  
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,  
 Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,  
 And in a short-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows. 126

Let vain *Narcissus* warn each female breast,  
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.  
 Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,  
 And age like winter robs the blooming fair. 130  
 Oh *Araminta*, cease thy wonted pride,  
 No longer in thy faithless charms confide ;  
 E'en while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,  
 Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies ! 135

Thus on the fan the breathing figures shine,  
 And all the pow'rs applaud the wise design.

The *Cyprian* Queen the painted gift receives,  
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves,

To the low World she bends her steepy way  
 Where *Strephon* pass'd the solitary day; 140  
 She found him in a melancholy grove,  
 His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love,  
 The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,  
 And ev'ry tree bore false *Corinna's* name;  
 In a cool shade he lay with folded Arms, 145  
 Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,  
 When *Venus* to his wondring eyes appears,  
 And with these words relieves his am'rous cares.

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,  
 Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway, 150  
 This present shall thy cruel charmer move,  
 And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,  
 And various fashions learn from various lands.  
 For this, shall elephants their ivory shed; 155  
 And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread:  
 His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,  
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine.  
 On this shall *Indians* all their art employ,  
 And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy; 160  
 Their

Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,  
 Their dress, their customs, their religion show,  
 So shall the *British* fair their minds improve,  
 And on the fan to distant climates rove.  
 Here *China's* ladies shall their pride display, 165  
 And silver figures gild their loose array ;  
 This boasts her little feet and winking eyes ;  
 That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies :  
 Here cross-leg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,  
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine. 170  
 The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,  
 Through which unseen the female ogle flies ;  
 This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,  
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.  
 Gay *France* shall make the fan her artist's care, 175  
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.  
 As learned orators that touch the heart,  
 With various action raise their soothing art,  
 Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,  
 And humour each expression of the tongue. 180  
 So shall each passion by the fan be seen,  
 From noisy anger to the sullen spleen.

While *Venus* spoke, joy shone in *Strephon's* eyes,  
 Proud of the gift, he to *Corinna* flies.

D 5

But

But *Cupid* (who delights in am'rous ill, 185  
 Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)  
 With certain aim a golden arrow drew,  
 Which to *Leander's* panting bosom flew:  
*Leander* lov'd; and to the sprightly dame  
 In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame; 190  
 Sweet smiles *Corinna* to his sighs returns,  
 And for the sop in equal passion burns.

Lo *Strephon* comes! and with a suppliant bow,  
 Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of *Niobe* beheld, 195  
 Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?  
 She sighing cry'd: Disdain forsook her breast,  
 And *Strephon* now was thought a worthy guest.

In *Procris's* bosom when she saw the dart;  
 She justly blames her own suspicious heart, 200  
 Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,  
 And knows her *Strephon's* constancy sincere.

When on *Camilla's* fate her eye she turns,  
 No more for show and equipage she burns;  
 She

She learns *Leander's* passion to despise,  
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

205

*Narcissus'* change to the vain virgin shows,  
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.  
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies,  
Love then, ye virgins, ere the blossom dies.

210

Thus *Pallas* taught her! *Strepbon* weds the dame,  
And *Hymen's* torch diffus'd the brightest flame.



THE

20

And look on me, with differing eyes,  
The former looks, and smiles to see

How often change to the vain wife is shown,  
Who trusts to beauty, with the fading of  
Whom time has spent, with youth her beauty flies,  
How often ye waning out the bloom of days

Thus Falter taught her, how to wear the down,  
And youth's torch kindled the bright flame.

T H D



