



H E S I O D :

O R, T H E

Rise of W O M A N.



DOUBLEDAY

OF THE

NEW YORK

1910



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Rise of W O M A N.

W H A T antient Times (those Times we
fancy wise)

Have left on long Record of *Woman's* Rise,

What Morals teach it, and what Fables hide,

What Author wrote it, how that Author dy'd,

B

ALL

All these I sing. In *Greece* they fram'd the Tale
 (In *Greece*, 'twas thought, a *Woman* might be frail)
 Ye modern Beauties! where the Poet drew
 His softest Pencil, think he dreamt of you;
 And warn'd by him, ye wanton Pens, beware
 How Heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the Fair.
 The Case was *Hesiod's*; he the Fable writ;
 Some think with Meaning, some with idle Wit:
 Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies please;
 I wave the Contest, and commence the Lays.

In days of yore, (no matter where or when,
 'Twas e're the low Creation swarm'd with Men)
 That one *Prometheus*, sprung of heav'nly Birth,
 (Our Author's Song can witness) liv'd on Earth.
 He carv'd the Turf to mold a manly Frame,
 And stole from *Jove* his animating Flame.

The fly Contrivance o'er *Olympus* ran,
When thus the Monarch of the Stars began.

Oh vers'd in Arts! whose daring Thoughts aspire
To kindle Clay with never-dying Fire!
Enjoy thy Glory past, That Gift was thine;
The next thy Creature meets, be fairly mine:
And such a Gift, a Vengeance so design'd,
As suits the Counsel of a God to find;
A pleasing Bosom-cheat, a specious Ill,
Which felt they curse, yet covet still to feel.

He said, and *Vulcan* strait the Sire commands,
To temper Mortar with etherial Hands;
In such a Shape to mold a rising Fair,
As Virgin-goddeses are proud to wear;
To make her Eyes with Diamond-water shine,
And form her Organs for a Voice divine.

'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd ; the Pow'r obey'd ;
 And work'd, and wonder'd at the Work he made ;
 The fairest, softest, sweetest Frame beneath,
 Now made to seem, now more than seem, to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the chearful *Queen of Charms*
 Clasp'd the new-panting Creature in her Arms ;
 From that Embrace a fine Complexion spread,
 Where mingled Whiteness glow'd with softer red.
 Then in a Kiss she breath'd her various Arts,
 Of trifling prettily with wounded Hearts ;
 A Mind for Love, but still a changing Mind ;
 The Lips affected, and the Glance design'd ;
 The sweet confusing Blush, the secret Wink,
 The gentle-swimming Walk, the courteous Sink,
 The Stare for Strangeness fit, for Scorn the Frown,
 For decent yielding Looks declining down,

The practis'd Languish, where well-feign'd Desire
 Wou'd own its melting in a mutual Fire;
 Gay Smiles to comfort; *April* Show'rs to move;
 And all the Nature, all the Art, of Love.

Gold-scepter'd *Juno* next exalts the Fair;
 Her Touch endows her with imperious Air,
 Self-valuing Fancy, highly-crested Pride,
 Strong sov'reign Will, and *some* Desire to chide:
 For which, an Eloquence, that aims to vex,
 With native Tropes of Anger, arms the Sex.

Minerva (skillful Goddess) train'd the Maid
 To twirl the Spindle by the twisting Thread,
 To fix the Loom, instruct the Reeds to part,
 Cross the long West, and close the Web with Art,

An useful Gift; but what profuse Expence,
 What world of Fashions, took its Rise from hence!

Young *Hermes* next, a close-contriving God,
 Her Brows encircled with his Serpent Rod:
 Then Plots and fair Excuses, fill'd her Brain,
 The Views of breaking am'rous Vows for Gain,
 The Price of Favours; the designing Arts
 That aim at Riches in Contempt of Hearts;
 And for a Comfort in the Marriage Life,
 The little, pilf'ring Temper of a *Wife*.

Full on the Fair his Beams *Apollo* flung,
 And fond Persuasion tip'd her easy Tongue;
 He gave her Words, where oylly Flatt'ry lays
 The pleasing Colours of the Art of Praise;
 And Wit, to Scandal exquisitely prone,
 Which frets another's Spleen to cure its own.

Those

Those sacred *Virgins* whom the Bards revere,
 Tun'd all her Voice, and shed a Sweetness there,
 To make her Sense with double Charms abound,
 Or make her lively Nonsense please by Sound.

To dress the Maid, the decent *Graces* brought
 A Robe in all the Dies of Beauty wrought,
 And plac'd their Boxes o'er a rich Brocade
 Where pictur'd *Loves* on ev'ry cover plaid;
 Then spread those Implements that *Vulcan's* Art
 Had fram'd to merit *Cytherea's* Heart;
 The Wire to curl, the close-indent'd Comb
 To call the Locks that lightly wander, home;
 And chief, the Mirrour, where the ravish'd Maid
 Beholds and loves her own reflected Shade.

Fair *Flora* lent her Stores, the purpled *Hours*
 Confin'd her Tresses with a Wreath of Flow'rs;

Within the Wreath arose a radiant Crown;
 A Veil pellucid hung depending down;
 Back roll'd her azure Veil with Serpent fold,
 The puffed Border deck'd the Floor with Gold,
 Her Robe (which closely by the Girdle brac't
 Reveal'd the Beauties of a slender Waste)
 Flow'd to the Feet; to copy *Venus* Air,
 When *Venus*'s Statues have a Robe to wear.

The new sprung Creature finish'd thus for Harms,
 Adjusts her Habit, practises her Charms,
 With Blushes glows, or shines with lively Smiles,
 Confirms her Will, or recollects her Wiles:
 Then conscious of her Worth, with easy Pace
 Glides by the Glass, and turning views her Face.

A finer Flax than what they wrought before,
 Thro' Time's deep Cave the *Sister Fates* explore,

Then

Then fix the Loom, their Fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their Toil prophetick Songs deceive.

Flow from the Rock my Flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy Thread; the Spindle runs below.
A Creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The Creature *Woman*, rises now to reign.
New Beauty blooms, a Beauty form'd to fly;
New Love begins, a Love produc'd to dye;
New Parts distress the troubled Scenes of Life,
The fondling Mistress, and the ruling Wife.

Men, born to Labour, all with Pains provide;
Women have Time, to sacrifice to Pride:
They want the Care of Man, their Want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring Show,
The Show prevailing, for the Sway contend,
And make a Servant where they meet a Friend.

Thus

Thus in a thousand wax-erected Forts
A loytering Race the painful Bee supports,
From Sun to Sun, from Bank to Bank he flies,
With Honey loads his Bag, with Wax his Thighs,
Fly where he will, at home the Race remain,
Prune the silk Dress, and murm'ring eat the Gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle Bride,
Whose Temper betters by the Father's side;
Unlike the rest that double humane Care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:
Happy the Man whom thus his Stars advance!
The Curse is gen'ral, but the Blessing Chance.

Thus sung the *Sisters*, while the Gods admire
Their beauteous Creature, made for Man in Ire;

The

The young *Pandora* she, whom all contend
 To make too perfect not to gain her End:
 Then bid the Winds that fly to breath the Spring,
 Return to bear her on a gentle Wing ;
 With wafting Airs the Winds obsequious blow,
 And land the shining Vengeance safe below.
 A golden Coffer in her Hand she bore,
 (The Present treach'rous, but the Bearer more)
 'Twas fraught with Pangs; for *Jove* ordain'd above,
 That Gold shou'd aid, and Pangs attend on Love.

Her gay Descent the Man perceiv'd afar,
 Wond'ring he run to catch the falling Star ;
 But so surpriz'd, as none but he can tell,
 Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.
 O'er all his Veins the wand'ring Passion burns,
 He calls her Nymph, and ev'ry Nymph by turns.

Her Form to lovely *Venus* he prefers,
 Or swears that *Venus* must be such as hers.
 She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teize,
 Neglects his Offers while her Airs she plays,
 Shoots scornful Glances from the bended Frown,
 In brisk Disorder trips it up and down ,
 Then hums a careless Tune to lay the Storm,
 And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in *Form*.

“ Now take what *Jove* design'd (she softly cry'd)
 “ This box thy Portion, and my self thy Bride :”
 Fir'd with the Prospect of the double Charms,
 He snatch'd the Box, and Bride, with eager Arms.

Unhappy Man ! to whom so bright she shone,
 The fatal Gift, her tempting self, unknown !
 The Winds were silent, all the Waves asleep,
 And Heav'n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring Deep ;

But

But whilst he looks unmindful of a Storm,
 And thinks the Water wears a stable Form,
 What dreadful Din around his Ears shall rise!
 What Frowns confuse his Picture of the Skies!

At first the Creature Man was fram'd alone,
 Lord of himself, and all the World his own.
 For him the Nymphs in green forsook the Woods,
 For him the Nymphs in blue forsook the Floods,
 In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
 They bore him Heroes in the secret Cave.
 No Care destroy'd, no sick Disorder prey'd,
 No bending Age his sprightly Form decay'd,
 No Wars were known, no Females heard to rage,
 And Poets tell us, 'twas a golden Age.

When *Woman* came, those Ills the Box confin'd
 Burst furious out, and poison'd all the Wind,

From

From Point to Point, from Pole to Pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the Progress grew:
The Nymphs regretting left the mortal Race,
And alt'ring Nature wore a sickly Face:
New Terms of Folly rose, new States of Care;
New Plagues, to suffer, and to please, the Fair!
The Days of whining, and of wild Intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the Breach of Leagues;
The mean Designs of well-dissembled Love;
The sordid Matches never joyn'd above;
Abroad, the Labour, and at home the Noise,
(Man's double Suff'rings for domestick Joys)
The Curse of Jealousy; Expence, and Strife;
Divorce, the publick Brand of shameful Life;
The Rival's Sword; the Qualm that takes the Fair;
Disdain for Passion, Passion in Despair—
These, and a thousand, yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah fear the thousand, yet unnam'd behind!

Thus

THUS on *Parnassus* tuneful *Hesiod* sung,
 The Mountain echo'd, and the Valley rung,
 The sacred Groves a fix'd Attention show,
 The chrystal *Helicon* forbore to flow,
 The Sky grew bright, and (if his Verse be true)
 The *Muses* came to give the Laurel too.
 But what avail'd the verdant Prize of Wit,
 If *Love* swore Vengeance for the Tales he writ?
 Ye fair offended, hear your Friend relate
 What heavy Judgment prov'd the Writer's Fate,
 Tho' *when* it happen'd, no Relation clears,
 'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty Years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted Shade
 The neighb'ring Woods a native Arbour made,
 There oft a tender Pair for am'rous Play
 Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd Hours away;

A *Locrian* Youth, the gentle *Troilus* he,
 A fair *Milesian*, kind *Evanthe* she;
 But swelling Nature in a fatal Hour
 Betray'd the Secrets of the conscious Bow'r;
 The dire Disgrace her Brothers count their own,
 And track her Steps, to make its Author known.

It chanc'd one Evening, ('twas the Lover's Day)
 Conceal'd in Brakes the jealous Kindred lay;
 When *Hesiod* wand'ring, mus'd along the Plain,
 And fix'd his Seat where Love had fix'd the Scene:
 A strong Suspicion strait possess'd their Mind,
 (For Poets ever were a gentle kind.)
 But when *Evanthe* near the Passage stood,
 Flung back a doubtful Look, and shot the Wood,
 "Now take, (at once they cry) thy due Reward,"
 And urg'd with erring Rage, assault the Bard.

*

His

His Corps the Sea receiv'd. The Dolphins bore
 ('Twas all the Gods would do) the Corps to Shore.

Methinks I view the Dead with pitying Eyes,
 And see the Dreams of antient Wisdom rise;
 I see the *Muses* round the Body cry,
 But hear a *Cupid* loudly laughing by;
 He wheels his Arrow with insulting Hand,
 And thus inscribes the Moral on the Sand.

“ Here *Hesiod* lies: Ye future Bards, beware
 “ How far your Moral Tales incense the Fair:
 “ Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his Fate to bleed;
 “ Without his Quiver *Cupid* caus'd the Deed:
 “ He judg'd this Turn of Malice justly due,
 “ And *Hesiod* dy'd for Joys he never knew.