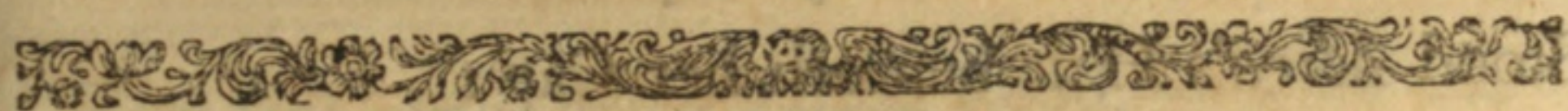


‘ But, *Mira*, these are dang’rous Times,
 ‘ I’d have you fasten up your Rhymes;
 ‘ And ’tis the best thing you can do,
 ‘ To nail up Pens and Paper too:
 ‘ Do this and get thee gone to spinning,
 ‘ Or wisely dearn your Father’s Linen.”

This said ---- a Cart with rumbling Sound
 Came by, and shook the trembling Ground;
 The Vision vanish’d from her Sight,
 And *Mira* waken’d in a Fright.



The GENIUS *in* DISGUISE.

AS I *Fidelia* and my Sire,
 Sat musing o’er a smoky Fire,
 We heard a Knocking at the Door,
 Rise, something is the Matter sure.
 The little Turret seem’d to quake,
 The Shelves, the Chairs and Tables shake;
Fidelia cries, O, what’s the Matter?
 And *Mira*’s Teeth began to chatter:

The frighted Door (as what could choofe)
 Flew open (pray believe the Mufe)
 A hollow Voice for Entrance calls,
 And foon — Although the dirty Walls
 Were ftain'd with Ignorance and Sin,
 Yet *Mira's Genius* ventur'd in,
 Not in a Cherub's Form enshrin'd,
 Nor in the fhape of human kind :
 But Locks and Hinges round him glow,
 In Figure like a neat Buroe ;
 Like Brambles in a thorny Gap
 Stood *Mira's* Hair beneath her Cap :
 Her frighted Senses gone aftray,
 She bent her Knees in act to pray ;
 But the prefuming Priest drew near,
 As void of Piety as Fear,
 And by its Side undaunted ftood,
 And wou'd perfuade us it was Wood :
 With Rev'rence then we did presume
 To place him in the little Room ;
 The Priest excluded with the reft,
 The Stranger *Mira* thus addrefs'd,
(Tho'

(Tho' shaking with Surprise and Fear)

- ' O say what Power sent thee here,
- ' Not Fortune, for I ne'er cou'd see
- ' As yet her Favours bent on me :
- ' Nor Chance although we often find
- ' She governs most of human kind ;
- ' Or can, against the Maid's Desire,
- ' Throw Madam's Caudle in the Fire ;
- ' Can light a Candle, or can miss,
- ' She never brought a thing like this.

This said, pale *Mira* gazing stood,
And thus reply'd the seeming Wood ;

- ' Canst thou behold me and not find
- ' The Picture of the Giver's Mind ?
- ' Behold the Lock and shining Key,
- ' That ne'er its Mistress shall betray,
- ' Not blemish'd with a Spot of Rust,
- ' And always faithful to its Trust.

' The rest may be to you consign'd,
For in this narrow Space you'll find

‘ No Emblem large enough to fit
‘ Her Bounty, Judgment, and her Wit.

‘ But, *Mira*, since I have begun,
‘ The Thread of my Discourse shall run,
‘ Explaining how I am to you
‘ A Monitor and Table too.
‘ My hollow Spaces you may fill
‘ With all your Verses good and ill ;
‘ One small one for your Wit may do,
‘ But then your Faults will take up two.
‘ And from the rest I pray exclude
‘ One sacred Place for Gratitude :
‘ And what our Patron yours and mine
‘ Shall to my trusty Care consign,
‘ For those lov’d Strangers I’ll secure
‘ The Closet with its tiny Door,

‘ And now I’ve prattl’d long, my Dear,
‘ Yet you are list’ning still to hear,
‘ Expecting that I shou’d supply
‘ At once Advice and Prophecy ;

‘ But

‘ But that’s not right for me nor you
‘ To dive so deeply — tho’, ’tis true,
‘ Without Divining I can see
‘ You’ll ne’er deserve the Gift of me :
‘ More wou’d you know — why, may be then
‘ Within these Mornings nine or ten,
‘ Propitious Jet may trudge before,
‘ And lead his Mistress to your Door ;
‘ And when the Sun (whose distant Wheels
‘ But faintly warm the icy Fields)
‘ Shall gild your Cot with brighter Ray,
‘ I hope to see her ev’ry Day.

‘ But turn away thy steadfast Eyes,
‘ That stare so ghastly with Surprise :
‘ Go seek your Pillow and be still,
‘ And dream of me or what you will.

‘ This said (which *Mira* hop’d was true)
‘ The Lid shut up, and cries Adieu.”

Then gave a Crack, and spoke no more,
And all was silent as before.