

Guard your own breasts, and be the bulwark there,
 To know no envy, and no malice fear.
 At last you'll find, thus stoic-like prepar'd,
 That verse and virtue are their own reward.



THE ELM AND VINE.

A F A B L E.

Inscribed to a LADY who expressed a great aversion to
 MARRIAGE.

IN Æsop's days, when trees cou'd speak,
 And talk in Hebrew, Latin, Greek,
 An elm and vine, by chance near neighbours,
 Tho' separate, each pursu'd their labours;
 The vine, with native sweetness fraught,
 For man prepar'd the chearing draught;
 Her tendrils curl'd along the plain,
 And ruddy clusters swell'd amain.
 The tow'ring elm could little boast,
 But leaves ——— a barren shade at most;
 Save when by woodman's sturdy stroke
 Cut down to make a chair, or spoke;
 Yet tho' but small his claim to merit,
 Not wholly void of sense or spirit,
 His neighbour's worth he view'd with smiles,
 And long'd to share her useful toils.

For, " O! said he, were we but one,
 " Sure blifs would enter here alone ;
 " For I by you encircled high,
 " Should scorn the oak's proud majesty,
 " While your rich fruit time might mature
 " From storms and savage beasts secure ;
 " Our mutual help would soothe our care,
 " And heav'n approve the happy pair."
 " Forbear, fir elm, the vine reply'd,
 " Nor wonder if your suit's deny'd.
 " Shall I give up my independence,
 " On your caprice to dance attendance ?
 " Must I, or nod, or bend, or twine,
 " Just as your worship shall incline ?
 " Or shall my charms, which all admire,
 " Become a barren tree's attire ?
 " No—seek more suitable alliance——
 " I to all danger bid defiance.
 " Here, unconfi'd, I range my fill ;
 " And bounteous nature waits my will."

At this the modest elm struck mute,
 Forbore to urge his friendly suit :
 But, sorely griev'd to meet disdain,
 A tender sigh express'd his pain.

When, lo! thick darkness veils the pole,
 Dread lightnings flash, loud thunders roll ;
 Impetuous rains in floods descend,
 And trembling nature fears an end.
 The vine, faint, spiritless, forlorn,
 Now seeks the succour late her scorn :

Creeps feebly to the elm's embrace ;
 And in his arms finds sweet solace ;
 United thus they storms defy,
 And mutual grace and aid supply.



P R O L O G U E
 T O T H E
 ENGLISHMAN AT BOURDEAUX.

Performed since the conclusion of the peace, with universal
 applause, at PARIS.

TOO long by some fatality misled,
 From pride resulting, or from folly bred ;
 Each clime to all the virtues lays a claim,
 And soars, self-flatter'd, to the top of fame ;
 Confines each merit to itself alone,
 Or thinks no other equal to its own :
 E'en the pale Russian shiv'ring as he lies,
 Beneath the horror of his bitterest skies,
 While the loud tempest rattles o'er his head,
 Or bursts all dreadful on his tott'ring shed,
 Hugs a soft something closely to his soul,
 That soothes the cutting sharpness of the pole,
 Elates his bosom with a conscious pride,
 And smiles contempt on all the world beside.