

'Twas patience ! heav'n-descended maid,
 Implor'd, flew swiftly to my aid,
 And lent her soft'ring breast ;
 Watch'd my sad hours with parent care,
 Repell'd the approaches of despair,
 And sooth'd my soul to rest.

Say, when dis sever'd from his side,
 My friend, protector, and my guide,
 When my prophetic soul,
 Anticipating all the storm,
 Saw danger in its direst form,
 What could my fears controul ?

Oh, patience, gentle goddess, hear,
 Be ever to thy suppliant near,
 Nor let one murmur rise ;
 Since still some mighty joys are given,
 Dear to her soul, the gifts of heaven,
 The sweet domestic ties.

B A L L A D.

THE sun was hot ; the hay grew dry ;
 All gaily smil'd the work :
 The ruddy damsel ply'd the rake,
 The sturdy hind the fork.

When underneath a spreading oak
 Colin and Sylvia sat,
 View'd in repose the rural toil,
 And join'd in am'rous chat.

Oft had the youth his suit preferr'd,
 The maid as oft denied :
 A virgin's wishes rul'd her heart,
 Her tongue a virgin's pride.

Colin observed her eyes, and then
 Still unremitting strove ;
 'Twas there he saw, or else he thought
 He saw some signs of love.

How sweetly, softly sing, he cries,
 The birds on ev'ry tree ;
 All nature frowns, if I meet not
 Returns of love from thee.

My off'ring is a faithful heart ;
 A richer can I make ?
 If love can ask, can wish for more,
 That richer off'ring take.

These milk-white flocks, these lowing
 herds ;
 All, all, I have is thine ;
 Much more than these should I possess,
 If I could call thee mine.

Cease to be cruel, stubborn maid ;
 Hear and reward my truth.
 Cease thus to tease me she reply'd ;
 Cease foolish, foolish youth.

If nought but these complaining tales
 We virgins hear from men ;
 'Tis better e'en to wed at once,
 Than hear them o'er again.

TO ALL LADIES OPPRESSED WITH IR-
RESISTIBLE GENIUS. 1

FORBEAR ye studious nymphs, for-
 bear
 To let improvement be your care,
 At least improvement of the mind ;
 To read and write, and taste acquire,
 Perhaps to feel the muses fire,
 Is not for female souls design'd.

Hapless the maid, whose genius strong,
 Breaks thro' restraint and glows in song,
 As some ill-fated fair ones do,
 Who blush to own the atrocious crime,
 Yet can't forbear to write in rhyme,
 And learning's lofty flight pursue.

To such I sing, and earnest pray,
 That such will listen to my lay ;
 No selfish interest prompts my verse,
 I seek not praise, nor envy fear,
 But love my sex with zeal sincere,
 And only fatal truth rehearse.

That tho' they chuse their subjects well,
 Tho' nervous sense, their numbers swell,
 And modesty attends their pen,
 Yet will the world no censures spare,
 For witty ladies who can bear ?
 Genius and wit belongs to men.

Tho' since poetic fire divine
 Is vested in the immortal nine,
 Nine modest virgins learn'd and chaste,
 They'll often chuse their sex to teach
 Parnassus steep ascent to reach ;
 The spring of Helicon to taste.

Alas, they wist not they're unkind,
 When they enrich the female mind,
 With gifts men oft desire in vain.
 Then be advis'd ye fair and young,
 And never learn the muses song,
 But shun their dear delusive train.

Oh dread the skill of writing well,
 For fear you should the men excel,
 Who will such excellence despise ;
 1 P 2 Who