

MISCELLANY
POEMS,
ON
Several Occasions.
Written by a LADY.

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Excerpt
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THE
BOOKSELLER

To the
READER.

The Town having already done Justice to the Ode on the SPLEEN, and some few Pieces in this Volume, when scattered in other Miscellanies: I think it will be sufficient (now that Permission is at last obtained for the Printing this Collection) to acquaint the Reader, that they are of the same Hand; which I doubt not will render this Miscellany an acceptable Present to the Publick.

*Mercury and the Elephant*MERCURY *and the* ELEPHANT.
A Prefatory FABLE.

As Merc'ry travell'd thro' a Wood,
(Whose Errands are more Fleet than Good)
An Elephant before him lay,
That much encumber'd had the Way:
The Messenger, who's still in haste, 5
Wou'd fain have bow'd, and so have past;
When up arose th' unweildy Brute,
And wou'd repeat a late Dispute,
In which (he said) he'd gain'd the Prize
From a wild Boar of monstrous Size: 10
But Fame (quoth he) with all her Tongues,
Who Lawyers, Ladies, Soldiers wrongs,
Has, to my Disadvantage, told
An Action throughly Bright and Bold;
Has said, that I foul Play had us'd, 15
And with my Weight th' Opposer bruis'd;
Had laid my Trunk about his Brawn,
Before his Tushes cou'd be drawn;
Had stunn'd him with a hideous Roar,
And twenty-thousand Scandals more: 20
But I defy the Talk of Men,
Or Voice of Brutes in ev'ry Den;
Th' impartial Skies are all my Care,
And how it stands Recorded there.
Amongst you Gods, pray, What is thought? 25
Quoth Mercury—Then have you Fought!

Solicitous thus shou'd I be
For what's said of my Verse and Me;

Miscellany Poems, on Several Occasions

Or shou'd my Friends Excuses frame,
And beg the Criticks not to blame } 30
(Since from a Female Hand it came)
Defects in Judgment, or in Wit;
They'd but reply—Then has she Writ!

Our Vanity we more betray,
In asking what the World will say, 35
Than if, in trivial Things like these,
We wait on the Event with ease;
Nor make long Prefaces, to show

What Men are not concern'd to know:
For still untouch'd how we succeed, 40
'Tis for themselves, not us, they Read;
Whilst that proceeding to requite,
We own (who in the Muse delight) }

'Tis for our Selves, not them, we Write. }
Betray'd by Solitude to try 45
Amusements, which the Prosp'rous fly;
And only to the Press repair,
To fix our scatter'd Papers there;
Tho' whilst our Labours are preserv'd,
The Printers may, indeed, be starv'd. 50

The Prevalence of Custom.

A Female, to a Drunkard marry'd,
 When all her other Arts miscarry'd,
 Had yet one Stratagem to prove him,
 And from good Fellowship remove him;
 Finding him overcome with Tipple, 5
 And weak, as Infant at the Nipple,
 She to a Vault transports the Lumber,

The Prevalence of Custom

And *there expects* his breaking Slumber.
 A Table she with Meat provided,
 And rob'd in Black, stood just beside it; 10
 Seen only, by one glim'ring Taper,
 That blewly burnt thro' misty Vapor.
 At length he wakes, his Wine digested,
 And of her Phantomship requested,
 To learn the Name of that close Dwelling, 15
 And what offends his Sight and Smelling;
 And of what Land she was the Creature,
 With outspread Hair, and ghastly Feature?
 Mortal, quoth she, (to Darkness hurry'd)
 Know, that thou art both Dead and Bury'd; 20
 Convey'd, last Night, from noisie Tavern,
 To this thy still, and dreary Cavern.
 What strikes thy Nose, springs from the Shatters
 Of Bodies kill'd with Cordial Waters,
 Stronger than other Scents and quicker, 25
 As urg'd by more spirituouse Liquor.
 My self attend on the Deceas'd,
 When all their Earthly Train's releas'd;
 And in this Place of endless Quiet,
 My Bus'ness is, to find them Diet; 30
 To shew all sorts of Meats, and Salades,
 Till I'm acquainted with their Palates;
 But that once known, then less suffices.
 Quoth he (and on his Crupper rises)
 Thou Guardian of these lower Regions, 35
 Thou Providor for countless Legions,
 Thou dark, but charitable Crony,
 Far kinder than my *Tisiphony*,
 Who of our Victuals thus art Thinking,
 If thou hast Care too of our Drinking, 40

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A *Bumper* fetch: Quoth she, a *Halter*,
 Since nothing less thy *Tone* can alter,
 Or break this *Habit* thou'st been getting,
 To keep thy *Throat* in constant wetting.

THE
 Mussulman's Dream
 OF THE
VIZIER and *DERVIS*.

Where is that World, to which the Fancy flies,
 When Sleep excludes the Present from our Eyes;
 Whose Map no Voyager cou'd e'er design,
 Nor to Description its wild Parts confine?
 Yet such a Land of Dreams We must allow, 5
 Who nightly trace it, tho' we know not how:
 Unfetter'd by the Days obtruded Rules,
 We All enjoy that Paradise of Fools;
 And find a Sorrow, in resuming Sense,
 Which breaks some free Delight, and snatches us from 10
 thence.

Thus! in a Dream, a *Mussulman* was shown
 A *Vizir*, whom he formerly had known,
 When at the *Port* he bore deputed Sway,
 And made the Nations with a Nod obey.
 Now all serene, and splendid was his Brow, 15
 Whilst ready Waiters to his Orders bow;
 His Residence, an artful Garden seem'd,
 Adorn'd with all, that pleasant he esteem'd;
 Full of Reward, his glorious Lot appear'd,
 As with the Sight, our Dreamer's Mind was chear'd; 20
 But turning, next he saw a dreadful Sight,