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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



*Happy the Youth who are betimes set right,
 And taught the Rules of Virtue with delight,
 By soft Endearments Generous Minds are won,
 By rigid Doctrines very few or none,
 The Cynic Tutor fruitless Lectures reads,
 He who gilds o'er his Precepts best succeeds.*

THE
Young Clerk's
Assistant;
OR
PENMANSHIP
Made easy,
Instructive and Entertaining:
Being a Compleat
POCKET-COPY-BOOK,
Neatly Engrav'd
For the PRACTICE of YOUTH in the
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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Directions

3

for

Young Practitioners

by Way of

Introduction.

Writing will never look Ornamental without a due proportion of the Characters throughout the Whole, a just Distance between the Letters themselves as well as the Words, a Natural inclination of one Letter to another, & a Smooth Stroke perform'd with boldness & freedom.

Directions for Learners

4

The proportion of Letters is regulated by the O & N; therefore practise them first in a large Character.

Make All Your Body-Strokes with the Stull, & all Hair-Strokes with the corner of Your Pen.

Never turn Your Pen, nor alter the Position of Your hand.

Let Your hair-Strokes be proportion'd to Your Body-Strokes & answer one another.

Your Letters without Stems must be even at top & bottom.

Let Your Stems above be equal in length to l (t only excepted)

Your Stems below must be equal in length to j.

Let Your Capitals be equal in height

Directions for Learners

5

to l, & a little Stronger.

Set Your Words stand twice y^e distance of Letters, & y^r Lines twice the length of l, that no Stems may interfere.

Hold Your Pen between the two fore-fingers extended almost strait, & the Thumb bending outward, with y^e hollow downwards, & the Nib flat.

Set Your Paper lie directly before you, & your Hand rest only on y^e top of y^r little Finger.

Rest Your Arm lightly between the Wrist & the Elbow.

Keep Your Body upright, and your Elbow almost close to your Side.

Rest Your Body on your left Arm, & keep your Paper down with your left Hand.

Never lean hard on your Pen.

Directions for Learners

*In Order to Write expeditiously in time.
Write slow at first.*

*Make the Nib of your Pen for the
Round & Round-Text Hands the breadth
of the full Stroke, & that part lying next y^e
Hand something shorter & narrower.*

*For the Italian Hand make the Nib
something finer, & the Slit longer.*

*Note In Writing where Figures are
intermix'd, they must always Slope.*

*Your Figures likewise must be larger
than Your Writing.*

*When Your Figures are rang'd in
Columns, make them upright.*

*I shall close these Useful Hints with M^r. Motteux's
Encomium on the Pen, & humbly hope, twill meet with a
favourable Reception, not only as an agreeable amusem^t,
but as a suitable Dedication to an Undertaking of this Nature.*

THE 7.
Dedication
TO THE
YOUNG CLERKS
of
Great Britain.

*Ye British Youth, Our Ages hope & Care;
You, whom the Next may polish or impair,
Learn by the Pen those Talents to insure,
That far ev'n Fortune, & from Want Secure.
You, with a Dash, in time may drain a Mine,
And deal the Fate of Empires in a Line.
For Ease & Wealth, for Honour & Delight,
Your Hands Your Warrant, if you well can*
write.

Vive la Plume.

TO THE
YOUNG LADIES
of
Great-Britain.

*Ye Charming Fair, whom gentle Minds incline
To all that's curious, innocent and fine!
With Admiration in your Works are read
The various Textures of the twining Thread:
Then let the Fingers, whose unrival'd Skill
Exalts the Needle, grace the Noble Quill.
An artless Scrawl the blushing Scribler Shames;
All should be fair that beauteous Woman frames
Strive to excel, with ease the Pen will move,
And pretty Lines add charms to Infant Love.*



To learn round Hand⁸

without a MASTER.

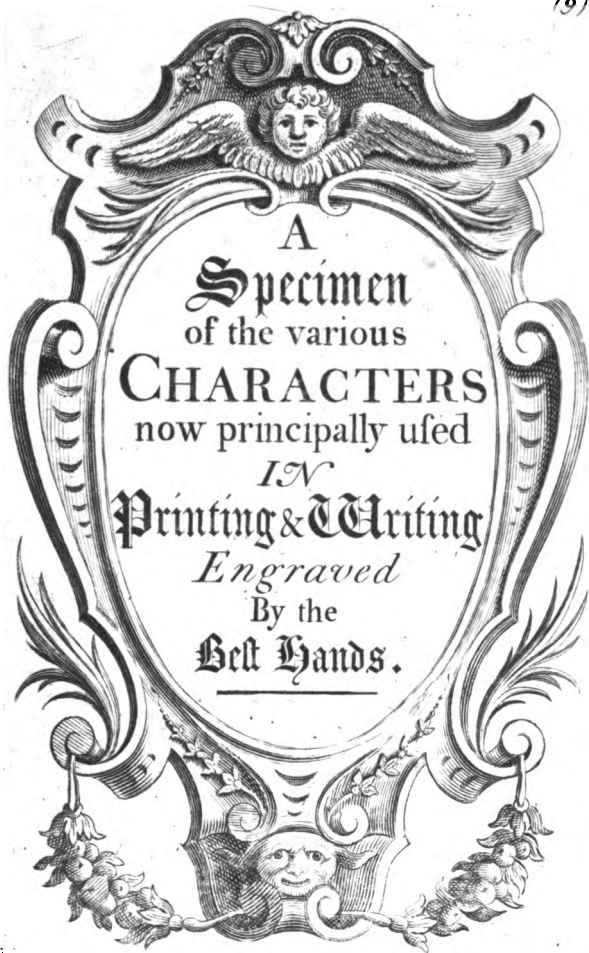
Write each Article on this and the following
page forty times over in a Copy Book ruled
with double Lines.

i l o c a d g j e g l b h
r f k n m s s t u v
p w x x y y z z & ff

am bm cm dm em
fm gm hm im km
lm nm om pm qm
rm sm tm um
wm xm ym zm &c.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.

absent banker consul⁹
deceit enjoy forget
garter happy infant
jewel kennel legal
metal nothing organ
palate quaker royal
sailor tower virtue
uncle wanton xerxes
yesterday zealous
A B C D E F G
H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z.



102

THE Alphabet *in the* Old English CHARACTER.

N ^o	Form	Power & Measure	N ^o	Form	Power & Measure
1	A a	ā	14	N n	ēn
2	B b	bē	15	O o	ō
3	C c	fēe	16	P p	pēe
4	D d	dēe	17	Q q	cū
5	E e	ē	18	R r	ār
6	F f	ēf	19	S s	ēs
7	G g	gēe	20	T t	tēe
8	H h	at̄ch	21	U u	yū ^{or} ū
9	I i	ī	22	V v	vāu
10	J j	jōd ^{or} jāy	23	W w	dou ^{ble} .yū
11	K k	kā	24	X x	ēx
12	L l	ēl	25	Y y	wy
13	M m	ēm	26	Z z	zed ^{or} ēz

11.

THE
 Alphabet,
in the
 ROMAN and ITALIC
 Characters.

N ^o	Roman	Italic.	N ^o	Roman	Italic.
I	A a	A a	XIV	N n	N n
II	B b	B b	XV	O o	O o
III	C c	C c	XVI	P p	P p
IV	D d	D d	XVII	Q q	Q q
V	E e	E e	XVIII	R r	R r
VI	F f	F f	XIX	S s	S s
VII	G g	G g	XX	T t	T t
VIII	H h	H h	XXI	U u	U u
IX	I i	I i	XXII	V v	V v
X	J j	J j	XXIII	W w	W w
XI	K k	K k	XXIV	X x	X x
XII	L l	L l	XXV	Y y	Y y
XIII	M m	M m	XXVI	Z z	Z z

THE Alphabet

in the

Round-hand and Italian.

N ^o	Round-hand	Italian	N ^o	Round-hand	Italian
1	Aaa	Aaa	14	Nnn	Nnn
2	Bbb	Bbb	15	Oooo	Oooo
3	Cccc	Cccc	16	Ppp	Ppp
4	Ddd	Ddd	17	Qqq	Qqq
5	Eeee	Eeee	18	Rrrr	Rrrr
6	Ffff	Ffff	19	Sss	Sss
7	Ggg	Ggg	20	Ttt	Ttt
8	Hhh	Hhh	21	Uuu	Uuu
9	Iii	Iii	22	Vvv	Vvv
10	Jjj	Jjj	23	Ww	Ww
11	Kkk	Kkk	24	Xxx	Xxx
12	Lll	Lll	25	Yyy	Yyy
13	Mmm	Mmm	26	Zzz	Zzz

A B C

D E F

G H I

K L M



MINUMS

In Round-hand and Italian.

Round-hand.	Italian.	Round-hand	Italian.
<i>Aama</i>	<i>Aama</i>	<i>Nnm</i>	<i>Nnmn</i>
<i>Bbmb</i>	<i>Bbmb</i>	<i>Oomo</i>	<i>Oomooo</i>
<i>Ccmcc</i>	<i>Ccmcc</i>	<i>Ppmp</i>	<i>Ppmppp</i>
<i>Ddmd</i>	<i>Ddmd</i>	<i>Qqmq</i>	<i>Qqmqe</i>
<i>Eemee</i>	<i>Eemee</i>	<i>Rrmr</i>	<i>Rrmr</i>
<i>Ffmff</i>	<i>Ffmff</i>	<i>Ssmfs</i>	<i>Ssmfs</i>
<i>Ggmgi</i>	<i>Ggmgi</i>	<i>Ttmitt</i>	<i>Ttmitt</i>
<i>Hhnh</i>	<i>Hhnh</i>	<i>UuVvi</i>	<i>UuVvm</i>
<i>Iimij</i>	<i>Iimiji</i>	<i>Wnm</i>	<i>Wnmw</i>
<i>Kkmk</i>	<i>Kkmk</i>	<i>Xxmæ</i>	<i>Xxmæ</i>
<i>Llmll</i>	<i>Llmll</i>	<i>Yymy</i>	<i>Yymy.</i>
<i>Mmm</i>	<i>Mmm</i>	<i>Zzzm.</i>	<i>Zzmm.</i>

1234567890. 1234567890.

1234567890.

THE

Alphabet in Single Copies

*Prize exquisite workmanship, & be
carefully diligent.*

*Knowledge shall be promoted by
frequent exercise.*

*Quicksighted men by exercise will
gain Perfection.*

*Happy hours are quickly followed by
amazing recitations.*

Moral Maxims

Alphabetically digested

17

for the Practice of Youth in the Round-hand.

Art polishes and improves nature.

Beauty's a fair but fading flower.

Content alone is true happiness.

Delays often ruin the best designs.

Encouragement's the life of action.

Fortune's a fair but fickle mistress.

Grandeur is no true happiness.

Health is life's choicest blessing.

Indolence is an inlet to every vice.

Knowledge is a godlike attribute.

Liberty is an invaluable blessing.

Modest merit finds but few admirers.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

One bad Sheep infects a whole flock.

Pride is a passion not made for man.

Quick resentments prove often fatal.

Riches are precarious blessings.

Self-love is the bane of Society.

The hope of reward sweetens labour.

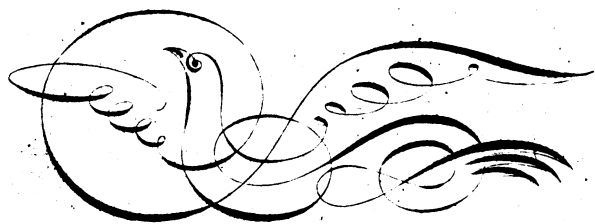
Variety is the beauty of the world.

Writing is a fine accomplishment.

Excess kills more than the Sword.

Yesterday mispent can't be recall'd.

Zeal misapply'd is pious phrenzy.



Moral Maxims

Alphabetically digested.

FOR THE
Practice of the Ladies in
The ITALIAN HAND.

Affectation ruins the finest face.

Beauties very Seldom hear the Truth.

Conscious Virtue is its own Reward.

Dreams are the Pastimes of Fancy.

Envy too often attends true Merit.

Fame once lost can never be regain'd.

Good-humour has everlasting Graces.

Humility adds charms to Beauty.

Innocence is ever gay and chearful.

Knowledge procures general Esteem.

Love hides a Multitude of Faults.

Modesty charms more than Beauty.

Nothing is more valuable than Time.

Order makes Trifles appear graceful.

Praise is grateful to human Nature.

Quick Promisers are slow Performers.

Recreations, if innocent, are lawful.

Shame attends unlawful Pleasures.

Truth needs no disguise or Ornament.

Vanity makes Beauty contemptible.

Wisdom is more valuable than Riches.

X Examples sway more than Precepts.

Youth, like Beauty, very soon decays.

Zeal warms, and enlivens Devotion.



Moral Distichs

in

Round-hand & Italian.

*Devotion is the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue is its own reward.*

*From science only true content can flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.*

*Beauties, like princes, from their very youth,
Are perfect strangers to the voice of truth.*

*In beauty, the least faults conspicuous grow,
Each speck, at the first glance, is seen on snow.*

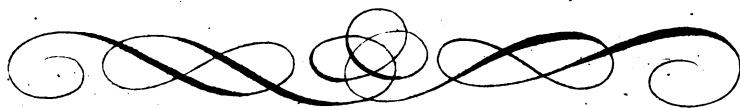


Advice
to
Young Gentlemen

*At every Trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shews great pride, or little sense.
Good nature, and good sense must ever joyn;
To err is human, to forgive divine.*

Advice to the Ladies

*Trust not too much your now resistless charms;
Those, age or sickness soon or late disarms:
Good humour only teaches charms to last;
Still makes new conquests, & maintains y^e past.*



Advice to Young Gentlemen.

*Can suits avoid with as much studious Care,
As you would Dens, where hungry Lions are;
And rather put up Injuries, than be
A Plague to Him, who'd be a Plague to Thee:
Value your Quiet at a Price too great
For a revenge, to give so dear a Rate.*

Advice to the Ladies.

*Tho' Lovers oft extol your Beauty's Power,
And in celestial Similies adore;
Tho' from your Features Cupid borrow's Arms,
And Goddesses confess inferiour Charms,
Do not vain Maid the flattering Tale believe;
Alike thy Lovers, and thy Glass, deceive.*



Envy

*always pursues,
True Merit.*

*Envy will merit as its shade pursue;
But like a shadow proves y^e substance true.
For enviy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.*



On the particular
Advantages
 arising from
Epistolary Writing.

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.
 They live, they speak, they breath wth love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart.
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

On the
 General Advantages
 of
 Reading & Writing.

'Tis to the press and pen we mortals owe
 All we believe, and almost all we know.
 All hail! ye great preservers of those arts,
 That raise our thoughts, & cultivate our parts.
 Had your assistance been to man deny'd,
 All wit alas! in oral sounds had dy'd.
 You bring past wonders to our present view;
 Homer and Virgil live alone in you.
 Their tuneful numbers had long since decay'd,
 And lost their native charms without y^e Aid.

The Days of the Week

<i>Round Text.</i>	<i>Italian Text.</i>
<i>Sunday.</i>	<i>Sunday.</i>
<i>Monday.</i>	<i>Monday.</i>
<i>Tuesday.</i>	<i>Tuesday.</i>
<i>Wednesday.</i>	<i>Wednesday.</i>
<i>Thursday.</i>	<i>Thursday.</i>
<i>Fryday.</i>	<i>Fryday.</i>
<i>Saturday.</i>	<i>Saturday.</i>

London. Anno Dom. 1775.

The
Months in the Year
In Round Text.

	Days		Days
<i>January.</i>	31	<i>July.....</i>	31
<i>February.</i>	28	<i>August..</i>	31
<i>March.</i>	31	<i>Septem^r..</i>	30
<i>April...</i>	30	<i>October..</i>	31
<i>May....</i>	31	<i>Novem^r...</i>	30
<i>June.....</i>	30	<i>Decem^r...</i>	31

*Thirty Days hath September
 April June and November.
 And all the rest have Thirty one,
 Save February, which alone
 Has Twenty Eight; and one Day more
 Is added to't One Year in four: —*

Christian Names in Round-Hand.

Alexander.	Matthew.
Benjamin.	Nathaniel.
Christopher.	Obadiah.
Daniel.	Philip.
Edmund.	Quintilian.
Frederick.	Richard.
George.	Samuel.
Henry.	Thomas.
Joseph.	Vincent.
Kenric.	William.
Leonard.	Zachary.

Christian Names, in the Italian-hand.

Arabella	Martha
Beatrice	Nichola
Charlotte	Olivia
Dorothy	Priscilla
Elizabeth	Quintiliana
Frances	Rachel
Grace	Susanna
Hannah	Theodosia
Joanna	Ursula
Katharine	Winifred
Louisa	Lenobia

The *ALPHABET* in the 33 SQUARE HANDS.

<i>Square Text.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Square Text.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>
Aaa	Aaa	Nn	Nnn
Bbb	Bbb	Ooo	Ooo
Cccc	Ctt	Ppp	Ppp
Ddd	Ddd	Qqq	Qqq
Eeee	Eeee	Rrr	Rrr
Ffff	Ffff	Sss	Sss
Ggg	Ggg	Ttt	Ttt
Hhh	Hhh	Vv	Vv
Iii	Iii	Ww	Ww
Kkk	Kkk	Xxx	Xxx
Lll	Lll	Vyy	Vyy
Mmm	Mmm	zzz.	zzz.

THE 34
Form of a Will

*In the Name of God
Amen.*

I Thomas Johnson Glover
of the Parish of Christ Church
London being mindful of
the frailty and Mortality of
human Nature and that it is
appointed for all men once to
die but considering the uncer-
tainty of the time thereof being
of sound Mind Memory and
Understanding Do therefore. &c.

A
Specimen
of the
Square Text

Prize exquisite
workmanship and be
carefully diligent.

Knowledge
shall be promoted by
frequent exercise.

German Text ^{36.}

A b c d e f f g h i j k l m
n o p q r r s t t u v w x y z.

A B C D E F G H
I J K L M N O P Q
R S T U V W X Y Z.

Variety is the
Beauty of the World.

FINIS.



Here YOUTH may Profit, and Diversion find,
Amuse their Fancy, and improve their Mind. —
Here's no Loose Thought the Virtuous to displease,
Or the Least Blush in the Most Modest raise. —
OUR MUSE is Studious to Avoid Offence,
And builds her Merit on her INNOCENCE. —

THE
Virgin Muse;
OR
SELECT POEMS
ON
Several Occasions
Moral and Divine:
ENGRAV'D
For the particular
PRACTICE and AMUSEMENT
OF THE
FAIR SEX,

Immodest Verse admits of no Defence
For Want of Decency is Want of Sense. Rosc.

THE
Governess;
 OR,
 INNOCENCE SECUR'D.

A SIMILE.

*As when blith Lambs their Vernal Revels keep,
 Bound from the Turf, & o'er the Hillocks leap;
 Now harmless try to butt, then run away;
 Now weary'd feed, and thus consume y' day;
 Th' indulgent Shepherdess attentive lies,
 Lest from y' Woods some sudden Soe should rise,
 And, as they play, her harmless Flock surprize.* }
*So, the Sage Governess, whose constant care,
 By Wisdom's dictates forms y' tender Fair,
 When her gay Female Throng, to Sport inclin'd,
 Suspend the Nobler Pleasures of the Mind;
 With jealous Eyes each motion does Survey,
 Lest they should swerve from Virtue in their Play.*

Art improves Nature;
 OR, THE
Force of Education.

*How fair & sweet the planted Rose,
 Beyond the wild in Hedges grows!
 For without Art the Noblest Seeds
 Of Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds. ~*
*How dull & rugged e'er tis ground
 And polish'd, looks a Diamond! ~*
Tho Paradise was e'er so fair, ~
It was'nt kept so without Care. ~
*The whole World, without Art & Dress,
 Would be but one great Wilderness;
 And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
 For all that Nature has confer'd; ~*
*She does but rough hew and design,
 Leaves Art to polish and refine. ~*



EUDOSIA;

OR, THE

Accomplish'd Virgin.

*From guiltless Dreams prepar'd to pray,
The Virtuous Maid prevents the Day;
Aurora blushes when She Sees
The earlier Virgin on her Knees.*

*Now to her Morning Task She flies,
Which Pallas views with envious Eyes,
And forms in Wax so gay a Feast,
That Jove himself might long to taste.*

*Her glaring Tent next, Strikes our Eyes
With an Agreeable Surprise;
Where the bold Figures seem to live,
And whilst they charm, instruction give.
Some Story's told in every Thread,
And in each Stitch some Moral's read.*



Content alone is true happiness; ⁴³

OR, THE
Country Lass.

What happiness the rural Maid attends —
In chearful Labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in Poverty, enjoys Content. —
She never feels y^e Spleen's imagin'd Pains;
Nor Melancholy stagnates in her Veins;
She never loses Life in thoughtless Ease, —
Nor on the velvet Couch invites disease; —
Her home-spun Dress in simple Nature lies,
And for no glaring Equipage she sighs: —
Her Reputation which is all her Boast, —
In a malicious Visit ne'er was lost. —
No midnight-Masquerade her Beauty wears,
And Health, not Paint, y^e fading Bloom repairs.

43.

THE
Fair Architect:
 OR THE
ARTIFICIAL GROVE.

- I. *What hand, Florella, or what Art
 Is equal to thy Thought?
 What Grove before was ever seen
 So exquisitely wrought?*
- II. *Thy chequer'd Stones, thy glittering Sells
 In such proportion rise:
 Like Piles by incantation rais'd,
 They captivate our Eyes.*
- III. *The Stones which Thebes' famed walls compos'd,
 Tho' rais'd by Art divine,
 Were not so curious, so compleat,
 So well dispos'd as Thine.*
- IV. *Not Iris, when her painted Bow
 Adorns the watry Skies,
 Can boast those Particolour'd Charms,
 Which in thy Grotto rise.*
- V. *For Ages past his Eden lost,
 In vain has Man deplor'd:
 But now we see thy magic hand
 His Paradise restor'd.*

Wealth without Content;
OR, THE
Unhappy Marriage.

*The Gods to curse Pamela with her prayers,
 Gave the gilt Coach, & dappled Flanders Mares,
 The Shining Robes, rich Jewels, Beds of State,
 And to compleat her Bliss, a Fool for Mate.
 She glares in Balls, Front-Boxes, & the Ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched Thing.
 Pride, Pomp & State but reach her outward part,
 She sighs, and is no Dutchess at her heart.*



45

THE
INCONSTANT.

*A
Simile*

*In a dull Stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the Current flow;
If a Small Breeze obstructs the Course,
It whirls about for want of Force;
And in its narrow Circle gathers—
Nothing but Chaff, & Straw, & Feathers.
The Current of a Female's Mind—
Stops thus, and turns with every wind:
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, Japs & Rakes, for Chaff' & Straws.*



46

Sympathetic Love;
OR,
Fancy surpasses Beauty.

*Who e'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a Hero in our Eyes. —
Each Girl, when pleas'd wth what is taught,
Will have the Teacher in her Thought.
When Miss delights in her Spinnet,
A Fidler may a Fortune get. —
A Blockhead, with melodious Voice,
In Boarding-Schools can have his choice;
And oft the Dancing-Master's Art
Climbs from y^e Toe to reach the Heart.
In Learning let the Nymph delight,
The Pedant gets a Mistress by't. —*

47

THE
Happy Beau;
OR, THE
Ladies Favourite.

*How happy lives y^e Man, how sure to charm,
Whose Knot embroider'd flutters down his Arm!
On him the Ladies cast the Yielding Glance,
Sigh in his Song, & languish in his Dance:
While wretched is y^e Wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whose gummy Hat no scarlet Plumes adorn.
What tho' Apollo dictates from his Tongue,
No Lady's Favour on his Sword is hung.
His Wit is Spiritless, and void of Grace, —
Who wants th' assurance of Brocade & Lace.
While the gay Fop genteely talks of weather,
The Fair in raptures doat upon his Feather.
He dresses, fences; — What avails to know?
For Women chuse their Men, like Silks, for show.*

*Beauty's a fair but fading flower;*⁴⁸

OR, THE
R O S E.

I.

*Go, lovely Rose, —
Tell her that wastes her Time and me,
That now she knows, —
When I resemble her to Thee, —
How Sweet and fair she seems to be.*

II.

*Tell her that's Young, —
And Thuns to have her Graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In Desarts where no Men abide, —
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.*

III.

*Small is the worth —
Of Beauty from the Light retir'd; —
Bid her come forth, —
Suffer herself to be desir'd, —
And not blush so to be admir'd. —*

IV.

*Then die, that She —
The common Fate of all Things rare,
May read in Thee; —
How small a part of Time they share,
Who are so wondrous sweet and fair.*

An Idea of Wedlock Antient & Modern.

*In antient times (as Poets Sing)
 Love was a great, a glorious Thing;
 A Fire Celestial & refined,
 That warm'd with chaste desires y^e Mind;
 But now-a-days no female Heart
 Is Captivated by Desert; ———
 The wealthy Fool, in gaudy Dress,
 Alone can hope to find Success.
 Love-Vows are now all Cant & Jargon,
 And Wedlock grown a Smithfield Bargain.*

ADVICE to the LADIES.

*Learn how to value Merit; tho' in Rags, —
And scorn the proud, ill-manner'd, Fool in Office.*

*Virgins should value nothing less —
Than Titles, Figures, Shape and Dress. —
Merit should be forever plac'd —
In Judgment, Knowledge, Wit & Taste,
For these 'tis own'd, without dispute, —
Alone distinguish Man from Brute —
A Wealthy, gawdy Fool can pass —
At best, but for a Golden Ass. —*

All habits are hard to be remov'd;
 OR THE
Prejudice of Education;
 A SIMILE.

*As Plants, whilst tender, bend which way we please,
 And are, tho' crooked first, made strait with ease;
 Yet, if those Plants to their full Stature grow —
 Irregular, they'l break before they'l bow: —
 Thus Youth, set right at first, with Ease go on,
 And each new Task is with new Pleasure done;
 But, if neglected till they grow in Years, —
 And each fond Mother her dear Darling Spares,
 Error becomes habitual, and we find —
 'Tis then, hard Labour to reform the Mind. —*

Young Ladies Address to Piety.

Hail, 'gentle Piety,' unmingled joy:—
Whose fulness Satisfies, but ne'er can cloy;
Spread thy soft Wings o'er my devoted Breast,
And settle there an everlasting Guest!—

Not cooling breezes to the languid Swain,
To Winter Sun-shine, or to Summer Rain,
To sinking Mariners the friendly hand;
That bears them up, & guides 'em safe to Land,
Bring half the Comfort, or the welcome find,
As thy Accesses to a Shipwreck'd Mind.~

On the POSSIBILITY of the 53
Salvation of the Heathens

God's boundless Goodness, boundless Mercy may —
Find ev'n for these bewild'rd Souls a Way: —
If from his Nature's *Ties* may Liberty claim,
Much more may Strangers who ne'er heard his ^{Name},
And tho' no Way be for Salvation known, —
But that of his Eternal Son alone, —
Who knows how far transcendent Goodness can
Extend the Merits of that Son to Man? —
Who knows what Reasons may his Mercy lead,
And Ignorance invincible may plead? —
Not only Charity bids hope the best; —
But more the great Apostle has express'd: —
To Nature's plain Indictments they shall please,
And by their Conscience be condemn'd or freed.
Most righteous Deem.' because a Rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it is conceal'd. —
Then those, who follow'd Nature's Dictates right,
Liv'd up, & lifted high their Nat'ral Light, —
With Socrates may see their Maker's Face,
Whilst thousand Rubric-Martyrs want a place.

ON THE
REDEMPTION of MANKIND,
by our ever blest

54

Lord and Saviour,
Jesus Christ

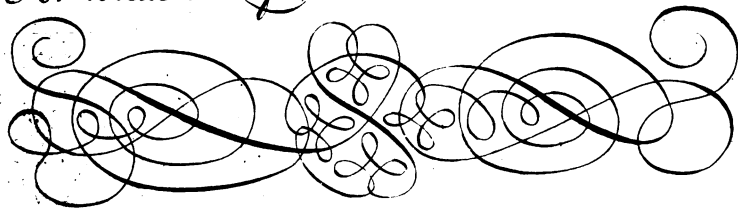
When in old Times th' Almighty Father sat
In Council to redeem our ruin'd State, —
Millions of Millions at a distance round
Silent the Sacred Consistory Crown'd, —
To hear what Mercy mixt with Justice could, ^{Propound} }
All prompt with eager Lity to fulfil —
The full Extent of their Creator's will: —
But when the Stern Conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whisper thro' y^e Host was heard;
And y^e whole Hierarchy with Heads hung down,
Submissively declin'd y^e pondrous, proffer'd, ^{Crown} }
Then, not till then, th' Eternal Son from high
Rose in the strength of all the Deity: —
Stood forth to accept the Terms, & underwent
A Weight, which all y^e Trume of Heaven had bent.
Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent

NYMPH'S COMPLAINT:

OR, THE.

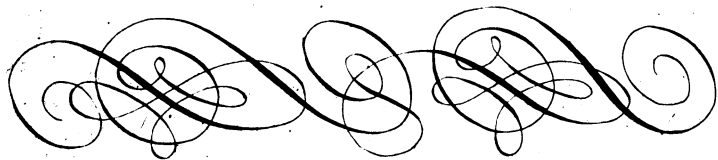
Imprecation.

Why does the Sun dart forth his chearful Rays:
 Why do the Woods resound with warbling Lays:
 Why does the Rose her grateful Fragrance yield,
 And Yellow Cowslips paint the Smiling Field:
 Why do the Streams with murmuring Musick flow:
 And why do Groves their friendly Shades bestow:
 Let Sable Clouds the chearful Sun deface:
 Let mournful Silence seize the feather'd Race:
 No more, Ye Roses, grateful Fragrance Yield:
 Droop, droop, ye Cowslips in the blasted Field;
 No more, Ye Streams with murmuring Musick flow,
 And let not Groves a friendly Shade bestow:
 Die, die Panthea, fly this hateful Grove,
 For what is Life, without the Swain I love:



Magick of Flattery:
OR, THE
Agreeable Imposition.

*Nothing So much intoxicates the Brain,
As Flattery's Smooth, insinuating Bane.
She on the unguarded Ear employs her Art,
While vain Self-Love unlocks the yielding Heart;
And Reason oft submits when both invade;
Without assaulted, and within betrayd,
When Flattery's Magic Mists Suffuse the sight,
The DON is active, and the BOOR polite.
Her Mirror Shews perfection thro' the Whole,
And neer reflects a Wrinkle or a Mote.
Each Character in gay confusion lies,
And all alike are Virtuous, brave & wise.
Nor fail her fussy Arts to sooth our Pride;
Tho' Praise to Venom turns, if wrong applyd.*



FELICIA: ^{57.}

OR THE

Happy Virgin.

i

HER Life alone is greatly blest,
Whom no intruding Griefs annoy;
Who smiles each happy Day, possess
Of chearful Ease, and guiltless Joy:
Nor sadly soothing her own Cares,
Augments herself the Weight she bears.

ij

Pleas'd with a few selecte Friends,
She views each smiling Ev'ning close;
While each succeeding Morn ascends,
Charg'd with Delights, unmixt with Moes:
In Pleasures innocently gay,
Wears her Remains of Life away.

ROSE.

By Mr. GAY

I

GO, *Rose*, my *CHLOE*'s Bosom grace ;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd Place
With never-fading Love !
There, *Phœnix*-like, beneath her Eye,
Involv'd in Fragrance, burn and dye !

II

Know, hapless *Flower*, that thou shalt find
More fragrant *Roses* there ;
I see thy with'ring Head reclin'd
With Envy and Despair !
One common Fate we both must prove ;
You dye with *Envy*, I with *Love*.

Young Lady's F A N.

By Dr. A T T E R B U R Y, Late
Bishop of Rochester

FLAVIA, *the least and lightest* T O Y,
Can with *resistless* Art employ.
This FAN, in *meaner* Hands, would prove
An ENGINE of *small* Force in Love;
Yet SHE, with *graceful* Air and Mien,
(*Not to be told or safely seen*)
Directs its *wanton* Motions so,
That it wounds more than CUPID's Bow;
Gives Coolness to the *matchless* DAME,
To every other Breast — a FLAME.

THE
Invocation;
 OR, THE
Morning Sacrifice.

- I. O God! my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent —
 Its thankful Tribute to present; —
 And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise
 To thee, my God, in Songs of Praise. —
- II. Awake, my Glory, Harp, and Lute; —
 No longer let your Strings be mute;
 And I, my tuneful Lute to take, —
 Will with the early Dawn awake.
- III. Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound,
 To all the listening Nations round:
 Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends;
 Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
- IV. Bethou, O God! exalted high; —
 And as thy Glory fills the Sky, —
 So let it be on Earth display'd, —
 Till thou art here, as there obey'd. —

THE
Thanksgiving,
 OR, THE
Evening Sacrifice.

I.
Through every Period of my Life—
Thy Goodness, I'll pursue,
And after Death, in distant Worlds,
The glorious Theme renew.

II.
When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever-grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy shall adore.

III.
Through all Eternity to Thee,
A joyful Song, I'll raise;
For O! Eternity's too Short
To utter all thy Praise.

FINIS.

acp

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