

It is in vain that you decide:  
Death claims you as his destined bride.



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She saw that, in  
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### The Courtship.

**BELINDA**, what few Women prove,  
Was a Philosopher in Love :  
She saw that, in the world, the Passion  
Was something like a dress in fashion ;  
Not made for any lasting uses,  
But to put on as Fancy chuses ;  
And to put off with equal ease  
As the prevailing whimsies please.  
Fondness and Rapture, and all that  
Were words employ'd in common chat,  
Which did no solid meaning bear,  
But told to ev'ry list'ning fair,  
Who chose to hear what Foplings say  
And court the Flattery of the day ;  
Which, 'ere 'tis spoke, has ta'en its flight,  
And never lasts from noon till night :

While for that self-same thing call'd Love,  
 What do its best professors prove,  
 But that its Hopes, and Fears, and Sighs,  
 Are Phantoms or Non-Entities;  
 And, in the wise man's volume found,  
 As nought but an unmeaning sound.

Thus would the fair BELINDA reason,  
 As she denied that it was treason  
 For Females to employ their mind  
 On subjects of an higher kind.  
 Authors who on those subjects wrote,  
 She oft had studied and could quote.  
 She knew grave men had oft disputed,  
 Though none appear'd to be confuted;  
 As none had e'er presum'd to prove  
 Where is the real seat of Love.  
 Some did the fine opinion start,  
 That it took place within the *Heart*;  
 Others, the mark for Cupid's Quiver,  
 Would boldly argue was the *Liver*;



But still the best could only doubt,  
As none of them had found it out.  
Thus, as she thought, she us'd to flout it,  
And look'd to find a Mate without it;  
To go with Hymen to the Altar,  
But threatning Cupid with a Halter,  
If the insulting Urchin dare  
To make his sly appearance there.  
But still she never fail'd to own  
It was not good to live alone:  
That Nature had by certain Laws,  
Of which she well could trace the cause,  
To carry on the scheme of Life,  
Ordain'd the tie of Man and Wife;  
And Wife she was resolv'd to be,  
When, grac'd with stern fidelity  
And manly virtue she could find  
A Suitor fashion'd to her mind;  
Whose Thoughts obey'd the moral sense,  
Whose heart possess'd Benevolence;  
But whose Philosophy would prove  
Superior to the SYREN LOVE.

He might a tender Father be,  
And deal forth deeds of Charity;  
In the strait Line of Duty move,  
But, never, never be in Love.

BELINDA was both rich and fair,  
Of hoarded Wealth the only Heir;  
And with such precious virtues fraught,  
No wonder she was fondly sought  
By many, anxious to receive  
The Happiness which she could give.  
A COLONEL for her FAVOUR sued,  
A LAWYER too the Maiden woo'd;  
A PARSON hop'd the Prize to get,  
While a proud, well-bred Baronet,  
Who many a year had pass'd his heigh-day  
Wish'd much to make the Miss a Lady;  
A QUAKER likewise came to try  
His Plainness and Simplicity:  
He knew she was a Girl of Whim,  
And thought that she might fancy him.  
A DOCTOR also join'd the Tribe,  
And he had ventur'd to prescribe

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VOL. II.

Something that might his Patient suit,  
A Licence, and a Ring to boot.

BELINDA, all in silence heard,  
As each his diff'rent claim preferr'd :  
No look or word or smile had given  
The Hope of matrimonial Heav'n :  
The Lady's Philosophic sense  
Had not felt any Preference ;  
And, on revolving many a scheme  
By which to wake and fix esteem,  
She thought it might be better done  
By personal Comparison.  
Hence she resolv'd to bring them all  
Before her, in her spacious Hall,  
And, to th' assembled groupe, relate  
Her notions of the Nuptial State ;  
When each, as it might best beseem,  
Would gravely treat the solemn Theme ;  
And, in the others presence, tell  
The points in which each might excel.



—The plan once form'd, her resolution  
Brought it to instant execution.

The Parties met, th' important Fair  
With grave demeanour, took the Chair,  
And to the wond'ring Folk address'd  
The secret Counsels of her Breast.

“ The reason why I call'd you here,  
“ My worthy Friends, will soon appear;  
“ Nor shall I words and time employ  
“ Your friendly patience to annoy.  
“ The suit which each of you preferr'd  
“ I have, with due attention, heard,  
“ As each, in secret and alone,  
“ Express'd a wish to make it known:  
“ But Suitors' vows when they are made,  
“ In quiet room or bowery shade,  
“ Are seldom with discretion weigh'd,  
“ And oft are fashion'd to deceive  
“ The Maid who ought to disbelieve.  
“ Thus I've determin'd to resort  
“ To something like an open Court,

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—The Lawyer,

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- “ Where no one, sure, will dare to tell  
“ What watchful rivals may repel ;  
“ Or hide, by base, sophistic art,  
“ The real dictates of the heart.  
“ Thus I shall hear, what Female Youth  
“ So seldom hears—th’ unvarnish’d Truth.  
“ —Know then, that I, who here preside,  
“ The Tenour of your thoughts to guide,  
“ Shall draw a strong and certain Line,  
“ Which must your varying thoughts confine  
“ Within the limits I ordain  
“ The several Claimants to maintain.”
- “ You all of you have sought to prove  
“ That I’m an object of your Love.  
“ The Colonel, by his am’rous story,  
“ Loves me far more than martial Glory ;  
“ And, call’d to witness all the Stars,  
“ That CUPID oft has vanquish’d MARS.  
“ —The Lawyer, in more formal way,  
“ With this I swear, and this I say,



" I who ne'er yet have made a flaw  
 " In any Instrument of Law—  
 " I, who from my earliest youth  
 " Ne'er sinn'd against the rigid truth,  
 " Declare 'tis not for house or land,  
 " That thus I ask your wedded hand ;— }  
 " 'Tis honest Love makes the demand.  
 " —The Rector, with uplifted eyes  
 " Offer'd of Love the sacrifice :  
 " With chaste desire and passion pure  
 " Which should for evermore endure.  
 " —The Knight said, I was sweeter far  
 " Than roses or than vi'lets are,  
 " Then told the passion I inspir'd,  
 " And flames with which his heart was fir'd.  
 " —The Quaker said, the Spirit mov'd him,  
 " And that he spoke as it behov'd him,  
 " To tell me he was nothing loth  
 " To love a Maid of comely growth ;  
 " That he believ'd my inward Grace  
 " Equal'd the bloom upon my Face,

- “ And that he no more wish'd to say  
“ Than Yea was Yea—and Nay was Nay.  
“ —The Doctor made me a Petition  
“ That I would prove his kind Physician.  
“ He said his Med'cines fruitless prove  
“ To cure him of the pains of Love.  
“ And then with sighs the learned Elf,  
“ Implor'd me to prescribe HIMSELF.  
“ —But this same thing, which you call LOVE,  
“ Is what I wholly disapprove ;  
“ And thus my purpose I reveal :—  
“ The Man who doth this passion feel,  
“ Shall never with BELINDA wed,  
“ Or share with her the Marriage Bed.  
“ Poets and graver Prosemen tell us,  
“ 'Tis apt to make a Husband jealous ;  
“ Warms a fond Lover to be bold,  
“ And in a married man grows cold.  
“ —I, as a Wife, hope to possess  
“ That tranquil, temp'rate Happiness,  
“ Whose current may serenely flow,  
“ Nor rise too high, nor sink too low.



" In Nuptial bands, my wishes tend  
 " To meet a kind and faithful friend,  
 " Regard that glows, his heart may move,  
 " But he must never think of LOVE."  
 " Thus, as you sit in sightly row,  
 " You each may the pretensions shew,  
 " By which my fav'ring choice you seek :—  
 " Colonel, I call you first to speak."

## THE COLONEL.

" Madam, e'en from my youthful day,  
 " I've learn'd the Lesson to obey,—  
 " And now I pay submission due,  
 " Proud that Command proceeds from You :  
 " But Honour is the Soldier's boast,  
 " He sinks to nought when that is lost :  
 " For Truth and Honour are the same—  
 " They only differ in the name.  
 " The Man, who breaks his plighted word,  
 " Ought not to wear his Country's sword,  
 " And that which now bedecks my side,  
 " Has ever been my darling pride :

- " Nor shall a word of mine defame  
 " The Honour of a Soldier's name.  
 " I shall not then with falsehood sue  
 " Not e'en to be possess'd of You:—  
 " I said I lov'd—and told you true.  
 " And if my passion you reward,  
 " This weapon shall your Beauty guard:  
 " I'll crown you with a Soldier's wreath,  
 " And fond and faithful prove till death.  
 " But if my Love you should decline,  
 " BELINDA never can be mine."

### The Lawyer.

- " As you instruct me not to Love,  
 " And the *Proceeding* disapprove,  
 " As, Lady, you exclaim, O fye on't,—  
 " I'll act as if you were my Client,  
 " And will, to my profession true,  
 " A writ of *Utlegatum* sue,  
 " And then, with all its Paramours,  
 " Drive this same Passion out of doors:—



“ Thus, I presume, my Lady fair,  
 “ I shall by your *Assignment* share  
 “ The various *Assets* you possess ;  
 “ And, if you crown my Happiness,  
 “ I’ll bind your Lands in strict *Entail*,  
 “ Upon our Lawful *Issue Male* ;  
 “ And will contrive to fence them round,  
 “ As safe as beast within a pound ;  
 “ While no *Replevin’s* busy rout  
 “ Shall e’er contrive to get them out.  
 “ But, if no *Issue Male* should prove  
 “ The Offspring of our mutual *Love*,—  
 “ —Curse on the word,—how could I make  
 “ Such an infernal, gross mistake !  
 “ The Devil himself must have unstrung  
 “ The practis’d caution of my tongue :  
 “ But think not I could e’er intend  
 “ To use a word that must offend ;  
 “ Or that precise expression put,  
 “ Which you’ve thought wisely to *rebut*.  
 “ ’Tis a *Misnomer*, I declare it,  
 “ And will not only say, but swear it.

" I therefore hope, my Lady Judge,  
 " You will not in your wisdom grudge  
 " To let me thus amend my statement,  
 " By instant arguing in *abatement* ;  
 " For LOVE was never seen or meant  
 " In any *Marriage Settlement*  
 " That I've been ever call'd to draw,  
 " Nor is there such a word in LAW.  
 " It ne'er was found in all my reading,  
 " Nor is it known in *Special Pleading*.  
 " —Nay, when I mention'd it before,  
 " Sitting beside your Green-house door,  
 " I truly, Madam, meant no more  
 " Than the affection and regard  
 " Which are of Marriage the *Award*,  
 " And, by fair, mutual *Arbitration*,  
 " Prevent domestic *Litigation*.  
 " And now, I trust, in time and place,  
 " You'll be convinc'd I've prov'd my *case* ;  
 " No more my *Title* will dispute,  
 " But tell me I have gain'd my *Suit*."



## THE RECTOR.

“ My much belov’d Parishioner,  
 “ I’ve heard the doctrines you prefer ;  
 “ And scarcely think that you can wish  
 “ Thus to prepare the Nuptial dish,  
 “ Without th’ ingredient, whose fine Zest  
 “ Gives such a relish to Life’s Feast :  
 “ It almost makes me melancholy,  
 “ That any fine-drawn scheme of Folly  
 “ Should, by its influence, degrade  
 “ A mind for higher objects made ;  
 “ And, by its whimsies strange, impair  
 “ Th’ Attractions of a form so fair.  
 “ —Love is a pure, a sacred fire,  
 “ Not a mere sensual desire,  
 “ But, true to Virtue’s calm controul,  
 “ Courts the best impulse of the soul ;  
 “ A foe to all domestic strife,  
 “ And gilds the Charities of Life ;  
 “ Divides each anxious, gloomy care,  
 “ And doubles ev’ry Joy we share,

While Laws, both hum  
 To sanction all its rite  
 Whose first parents tw  
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 had no more certain s  
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 Beauty to your dea  
 To form for Man an e  
 But when an Angel’s  
 Such, Madam, as we  
 We ask an Angel’s vi

" While Laws, both human and divine,  
 " To sanction all its rites combine.  
 " Of our first parents 'twas the boast  
 " Before their Innocence was lost,  
 " And no more certain safeguard's known,  
 " In mortal Life, to keep our own.  
 " Most sacred are the Nuptial bands,  
 " Which Heaven, in Holy writ, commands ;  
 " And Heaven, we're told, will ne'er approve  
 " Of Marriage unrefin'd by Love.  
 " Nor is Man more distinguish'd seen  
 " From any Beast that treads the green,  
 " From flying bird or creeping worm,  
 " By speech, by reason, or in form,  
 " Than by the secret springs which move  
 " And wake his Heart to virtuous Love.  
 " Beauty to your dear Sex was given  
 " To form for Man an earthly Heaven :  
 " But when an Angel's charms we view,  
 " Such, Madam, as we see in you,  
 " We ask an Angel's virtues too.



" Yet, Beauty's but a fading flower,  
 " That pleases only for an hour :  
 " 'Tis Virtue's Office to impart  
 " Affection to the faithful heart,  
 " Which, when the day of Youth is past,  
 " Till the Knell tolls, will love and last :—  
 " But, if the Fair that charms the sight  
 " Should prove a treach'rous Hypocrite ;  
 " If the sweet Form so lovely seen  
 " Should entertain a Devil within,  
 " And such things, it is said, have been,  
 " She, as some hapless men may tell,  
 " Will turn the hop'd-for Heaven to Hell.  
  
 " You smile,—though 'tis not to divert you  
 " I speak my thoughts,—but to convert you,  
 " And change your fancies, which are treason  
 " Against Religion, Truth and Reason,  
 " To those sound tenets which will prove  
 " How weak to quarrel thus with Love.  
 " O let me, let me then impart  
 " The feelings of a tender heart ;

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" O let me, the Physician be  
 " To cure you of your Heresy.  
 " The Church, enamour'd of your charms,  
 " To you displays its longing arms,  
 " And I, its Minister attend,  
 " My fond, and pious aid to lend,  
 " To lead you to the sacred spot,  
 " Where Holy rites may tie the Knot,  
 " With chaste desire and passion pure  
 " Which shall throughout our lives endure.  
 " Thus, with a renovatèd mind,  
 " And your false notions left behind,  
 " With me true happiness you'll prove,  
 " And your whole Life be Joy and Love."

## THE BARONET.

" Madam, a faithful Knight you see,  
 " But who disdains Knight Errantry :—  
 " That stuff and nonsense is no more,  
 " The day of Chivalry is o'er.  
 " I would not my fore-finger move  
 " To mark the least respect for LOVE,  
 " Since you the passion disapprove ;—

}



“ Though I ne’er fail to pay my Duty  
 “ To such a sov’reign good as Beauty;  
 “ Believe me then, when I impart  
 “ That Love is banish’d from my heart;  
 “ That I’m prepar’d to pass my Life  
 “ In rend’ring you a happy Wife,  
 “ By those wise rules you’ve given to guide  
 “ Their claims who seek you for a Bride.  
 “ I’ll take you from the Sylvan plain,  
 “ And place you where you’re form’d to reign,  
 “ Where your superior Heart will prove  
 “ The seat of Honour, not of Love;  
 “ Where all those higher joys will wait,  
 “ Attendant on your crowded gate,  
 “ Which Heaven in its indulgence pours,  
 “ To suit a noble mind like yours.  
 “ —The moment you assume my name,  
 “ You will become a titled Dame,  
 “ And those obeisances receive  
 “ Which Birth alone knows how to give,  
 “ In all due fashion and degree,  
 “ To dignified Philosophy.

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 In his retreat no longer  
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 To Country clowns and  
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 There, in whatever po  
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- " O with what splendour you'll appear,  
 " When seated in your proper sphere:  
 " Come then, and let me place you there.  
 " In this retreat no longer stay,  
 " But to enjoy the Nuptial Day.  
 " Leave Cupid, and his boasted slaughters,  
 " To Country clowns and Farmers' daughters;  
 " And haste to the delights of Town,  
 " Where the sly Rascal's scarcely known.  
 " There, in whatever point you move,  
 " You'll never see the Dæmon Love,  
 " But as he may peep from a Carriage,  
 " A week before, or after Marriage;  
 " And of such short-liv'd humour savours,  
 " As scarce out-lasts the marriage favours:  
 " Ne'er will He your attention gain,  
 " But to confirm your just disdain.  
 " —When to the Circle you resort,  
 " Be sure, you'll find no Love at Court:  
 " If you pop forth to breathe the air,  
 " In a Balcony in a Square,



" No symptoms of the tender passion " O "  
 " Will you perceive,—'tis not the Fashion."  
 " If to the Opera you repair, " Come then "  
 " And help to form the Splendour there, " "  
 " Mention but Love, they all will flout it, "  
 " Though *Catalani* sings about it. "  
 " Then we will wed, if you approve, " "  
 " Without one common type of Love: " "  
 " No bells shall ring, no gaudy flower " "  
 " Shall idly deck the solemn hour, " "  
 " But we will instantly appear, " "  
 " As married folks of half a year; " "  
 " Nay, while I live, you may depend " "  
 " Love shall not on our steps attend; " }  
 " For to your ev'ry wish I'd bend;— " }  
 " Not PLATO'S self would prove more true " "  
 " To your Philosophy,—and You." "

THE QUAKER.

" The SPIRIT moves me to declare, " "  
 " I think thee Friend, exceeding fair. " "

" Thou'rt of good liking "  
 " And the fresh bloom c "  
 " Nature has made thy f "  
 " And thou art modest i "  
 " But though thou'rt ple "  
 " I will not please by fla "  
 " But think the good ole "  
 " Of handsome they wh "  
 " I upstarts from my ea "  
 " How thought it right t "  
 " She ever will my mind "  
 " In some, I see,—by te "  
 " —The Man of War, I "  
 " Make his respectful wi "  
 " In me, if I can clearl "  
 " Who would prove true "  
 " But, if thou wilt from "  
 " Who wilt not thy F "  
 " No man of tenderness "  
 " Will e'er give thee th "  
 " And it will be thy go "  
 " That with an Husban

- " Thou'rt of good liking, I confess,  
 " And the fresh bloom of Youth possess.  
 " Nature has made thy figure strait,  
 " And thou art modest in thy gait.  
 " But though thou'rt pleasing to the eye,  
 " I will not please by flattery ;  
 " But think the good old adage true  
 " Of—*handsome they who handsome do.*  
 " I upwards from my earliest youth  
 " Have thought it right to speak the truth,  
 " Nor ever will my mind disguise,  
 " As some, I see,—by telling Lies.  
 " —The *Man of War*, I'm feign to own,  
 " Made his respectful wishes known,  
 " As one, if I can clearly see,  
 " Who would prove true to Love and thee :  
 " But, if thou wilt from Reason range,  
 " If thou wilt not thy Fancies change,  
 " No man of tenderness and sense  
 " Will e'er give thee the preference ;  
 " And it will be thy gold alone  
 " That with an Husband makes thee one.



" —I say no more than I pretend ;  
 " Mine is the Language of a Friend ;  
 " Untaught by Fashion or by Art,  
 " I speak the dictates of the heart.  
 " Yes, I could love thee, to be free,  
 " In truth, and in simplicity ;  
 " But then thou must the vow maintain,  
 " That I should be belov'd again :  
 " The Woman who should scoff at Love,  
 " Will ne'er, I'm sure, my Spirit move.  
 " Thou talk'st with great disdain about it,  
 " But what's a Husband's heart without it?—  
 " Without it, I should think a wife  
 " Would only be a plague for Life ;—  
 " She should not have my nuptial vow,  
 " Though she were twice as rich as thou.  
 " —The *Man of War*, I'm free to own,  
 " Made his respectful offers known  
 " As truth his wishes did impart,  
 " Warm and ingenuous from the heart ;  
 " And, if I may his notions trust,  
 " For I would feign to all be just,

" Thy wealth will temp  
 " His spear in Philosop  
 " Deck'd with plants  
 " And where the Laure  
 " Thus, the brave Ma  
 " Doth with the Man  
 " In all things that rel  
 " His high is girt with  
 " My weapon is the y  
 " But still our though  
 " Though in a diff're  
 " —Decided, calm ar  
 " My friend the Rect  
 " Love was the Ther  
 " That we are told,  
 " It wher seem'd to  
 " O' the sly sinner t  
 " But as the learnec  
 " Had it not been s  
 " With a rich, spic  
 " It might be said—

- " Thy wealth will tempt him not to wield  
 " His spear in Philosophic Field,  
 " Darken'd with plants of dismal hue,  
 " And where the Laurel never grew.  
 " Thus, the brave *Man of War*, we see,  
 " Doth with the *Man of Peace* agree,  
 " In all things that relate to thee.  
 " His thigh is girt with hostile sword,  
 " My weapon is the peaceful word ;  
 " But still our thoughts appear the same,  
 " Though in a diff'rent form and name.  
 " —Decided, calm and unperplex'd,  
 " My friend the *Rector* took his Text :  
 " Love was the Theme, but not the Love,  
 " That we are told, comes from above :  
 " It rather seem'd to have a taint  
 " Of the sly sinner than the Saint ;  
 " But as the learned Doctor reason'd,  
 " Had it not been so highly season'd  
 " With a rich, spicy, flattering spell,  
 " It might be said—He reason'd well.



“ —My friend the *Knight*, I do confess  
 “ Talk’d much of Joy and Happiness ;  
 “ But would it not be well to know  
 “ How far his promises may go ?  
 “ For I have read as well as heard,  
 “ That on a Courtier’s flowery word,  
 “ It is not prudence to rely  
 “ Without some good Security.  
 “ It now doth seem, that he doth see  
 “ All right which doth proceed from thee.  
 “ The notions in thy thoughts combin’d  
 “ Are strait reflected to his mind :  
 “ He bows to all that thou may’st say ;  
 “ Thy *Yea*’s his *Yea*,—thy *Nay*’s his *Nay*.  
 “ Say that the Sun runs round the Moon,  
 “ Or midnight Stars shine bright at Noon,  
 “ He will, with some fine Compliment,  
 “ As to unerring truths assent.  
 “ But when the Wedding ring has bound,  
 “ With Magic power the finger round,  
 “ And when thou’st said the word *obey*,  
 “ Tell me what will thy Champion say ;

- " Or, to employ a term more true,  
 " Tell me what will thy Champion do.  
 " Think then, I pray thee, and attend  
 " To the kind counsels of a Friend,  
 " And if thy Fancy still commands  
 " Love's absence from the Nuptial Bands,  
 " Contrive that Prudence be thy guide  
 " When thou resolv'st to be a Bride.  
 " But if no reas'ning can remove  
 " This strange antipathy to Love  
 " E'en take th' *Attorney* for thy mate,  
 " And thou may'st quickly learn to *hate*.  
 " —My Friend the *Doctor* is preparing,  
 " As I perceive, to gain a hearing :  
 " Whether it be his skilful aim  
 " Thy whims and follies to inflame,  
 " Or, by some lulling, opiate draught,  
 " To still thy fond, prevailing thought ;  
 " Or to prescribe a yielding *Yea*,  
 " And take thy Fortune for a *Fee*,  
 " I cannot tell ;—but this I say,  
 " In my plain, honest, simple way,



" A better fate he would ensure thee, "   
 " If he would either kill or cure thee. "   
 " —Thus, having closed what I begun, "   
 " The *Spirit* moves me to have done." "

He spoke, the *Doctor* to the ear "   
 Of the attentive Maid drew near, "   
 With due respect, to give the potion "   
 Of grave submission and devotion, "   
 When DEATH was seen, with stately air, "   
 To stand behind BELINDA'S Chair. "   
 He look'd, or seem'd to look, around, "   
 And cloth'd his words in hollow sound. — "   
 " You may depart, the Contest's o'er; "   
 " Your rivalry exists no more : "   
 " She is not fit, strange Maid, to wed "   
 " With living wight, but with the dead : "   
 " I, therefore, seize her as my Bride." — "   
 BELINDA trembled, gasp'd,—and died. "

DANCE OF DEATH.

would ensure thee,  
er kill or cure thee.  
closed what I begun  
es me to have done."

*Doctor* to the ear  
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to give the potion  
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BELINDA'S Chair.

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