

Whether for Love or Int'rest, every Sect
Of all the savage Nation shew'd respect.
The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the Herd;
The more the Company, the less they fear'd.
The surly *Wolf* with secret envy burst,
Yet cou'd not howl; the *Hind* had seen him first:
But what he durst not speak, the *Panther* durst.

For when the Herd, suffic'd, did late repair
To Ferney Heaths, and to their Forest Lare,
She made a mannerly Excuse to stay,
Proff'ring the *Hind* to wait her half the way:
That, since the Sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious Walk.
With much Good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their Adventures pass'd:
Nor had the grateful *Hind* so soon forgot
Her Friend and Fellow-suff'rer in the Plot.
Yet wondring how of late she grew estrang'd,
Her Forehead cloudy, and her Count'nance chang'd,
She thought this Hour th' occasion would present
To learn her secret Cause of Discontent,
Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd,
Considering her a well-bred civil Beast,
And more a Gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common Talk what rumours ran,
The Lady of the spotted-muff began.

The SECOND PART.

DAME, said the *Panther*, times are mended well,
Since late among the *Philistines* you fell.
The Toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of Ground
With expert Huntsmen was encompass'd round;