

On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd ;
 Then with acknowledgments her self she charg'd ;
 For Friendship, of it self an holy tie,
 Is made more sacred by adversity.
 Now should they part, malicious Tongues wou'd say,
 They met like chance Companions on the way,
 Whom mutual Fear of Robbers had possess'd ;
 While danger lasted, kindness was profess'd ;
 But, that once o'er, the short-liv'd Union ends :
 The Road divides, and there divide the Friends.

The *Panther* nodded when her Speech was done,
 And thank'd her coldly in a hollow Tone :
 But said, her Gratitude had gone too far
 For common Offices of Christian Care.
 If to the lawful Heir she had been true,
 She paid but *Cæsar* what was *Cæsar's* due.
 I might, she added, with like praise describe
 Your suff'ring Sons, and so return your Bribe :
 But Incense from my Hands is poorly priz'd ;
 For Gifts are scorn'd where Givers are despis'd.
 I serv'd a Turn, and then was cast away ;
 You, like the gawdy Fly, your Wings display,
 And sip the Sweets, and bask in your Great Patron's Day. }

This heard, the *Matron* was not slow to find
 What sort of Malady had seiz'd her Mind :
 Disdain, with gnawing Envy, fell Despight,
 And canker'd Malice, stood in open fight :
 Ambition, Int'rest, Pride without controul,
 And Jealousy, the Jaundice of the Soul ;
 Revenge, the bloody Minister of Ill,
 With all the lean Tormenters of the Will.
 'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
 Her new-made Union with her ancient Foes,
 Her forc'd Civilities, her faint Embrace,
 Affected Kindness with an alter'd Face :