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In Graceful DOVER's calm auspicious Face,
The worth of her great Ancestors we trace,
Their ev'ry Virtue, Hospitallity,
Establif't *Wisdom*, and true *Piety* :
When *Angels* in Seraphic Blifs rejoyce,
Such is their Mein, such is their Heavenly Voicè.
With fuch benignity on all She Smiles,
Our Pleasure heightens, and our Grief beguiles ;
Disperſing round an univerſal Joy,
In Beams that friendly ſparkle not annoy.
Thus the Bright *Luna* gilds the *Hemifphere*,
Whilst glittering *Stars* in Cluſters do appear,
And at her Pleaſure twinkle here and there.
But *Orbs* more fixt a greater force retain,
Like English Commoners recoil again,
And Liberty and Property maintain.
As thus Ingenious HIGGINS long has ſtood,
On Privileges that her Senſe makes good,
Gentle and Courteous EVERS too extall,
With well-bred, and obliging WHETENHALL.
But SMYTH ſo many *Graces* recommends,
The beſt of Wives, of Mothers, and of Friends ;
With ſo much real Worth, and *Virtue* fraught,
Deſerves all good that can be ſaid or thought.
Though I this rapture ſhou'd confine to Bounds,
Where Echo her indearing Name Refounds.

But ſee illuſtrious EFFINGHAM appear,
Like Bright *Minerva* in her Radiant Sphere,
From whom Ten Thouſand Glories do ariſe,
With ſparkling *Wit* Triumphant in her *Eyes* :
Whilst the vaſt *Empire* She does bravely ſway,
With Reverence we our juſt Allegiance Pay,
Own the transcendant *Power* of her *Eyes* ;
Her Charming Eloquent and quick Replies,
Her Solid Judgment and Capacious Mind,
Her every Thought and Faculty refin'd.
With ſuch engaging Courteſy She moves,
So Kindly Cenſures, and ſo Juſt Approves ;
That every one with Pleaſure muſt ſubmit
To the unqueſtion'd *Standard* of her *Wit*.
Oh wondrous Excellence ! let me among
Th' Admiring World that liſten to thy Tongue,
By that *Extatick Muſic* Tune my *Lyre*,
And as the Accents ceaſe with them expire.

F I N I S.

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