

ART met her sister NATURE late,  
And seeing her at ease,  
Invited her to take a seat  
At her Androides;

Dame NATURE went—was pleas'd at first,  
And warmly praised her sister;  
Then laughing, till she nearly burst,  
In seeming rapture kiss'd her.

But as the wond'rous figures work'd  
She look'd a little serious,  
whilst envy in her bosom lurk'd  
Her brow became imperious.

"How's this!" to ART she loudly said,  
"How's this! ungrateful creature!  
Profanely thou hast dar'd to tread  
Thus in the walks of NATURE.

"I prithee, base, usurping wench,  
No more these freedoms take;  
If thus my province thou intrench—  
Thou'lt men and women make."

Anonymous poem published in the *Bath Herald*, Saturday,  
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