Alexander Brander

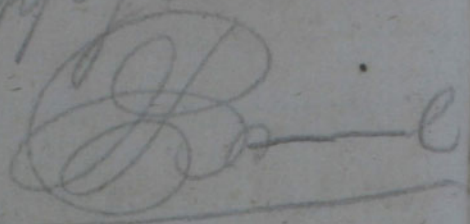
THE

POETICAL WORKS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M---y W---y M------e.

My Angel is
If you are pleased —
I am Happy ——



THE

POETICAL WORKS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M—y W—y M—ontagu—e.

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TOWN ECLOGUES.

MONDAY.

ROXANA, or, the *Drawing-Room.*

TOWN ECLOGUES.

MONDAY.

ROXANA, or, the *Drawing-Room.*

ROXANA from the Court retiring late,
Sigh'd her ſoft ſorrows at *St. James*'s gate.
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breaſt,
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppreſs'd;
They

---

* Of theſe ſix Eclogues, four only were written by Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Thurſday the BASSETTE TABLE, and Friday the TOILETTE, being the Productions of Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay.

They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear;
She in theſe gentle ſounds expreſs'd her care.

" Was it for this, that I theſe roſes wear
" For this new-ſet the jewels for my hair?
" Ah! princeſs! with what zeal have I purſu'd!
" Almoſt forgot the duty of a prude.
" Thinking I never could attend too ſoon,
" I've miſs'd my prayers, to get me dreſs'd by noon.
" For thee, ah! what for thee did I reſign?
" My pleaſures, paſſions, all that e'er was mine.
" I ſacrific'd both modeſty and eaſe,
" Left operas, and went to filthy plays;
" Double entendres ſhock'd my tender ear,
" Yet even this for thee I choſe to bear.
" In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
" And every joy of life before me lay,
" By honour prompted, and by pride reſtrain'd,
" The pleaſures of the young my ſoul diſdain'd:

" Sermon

" Sermons I ſought, and with a mien ſevere
" Cenſur'd my neighbours, and ſaid daily pray'r.

" Alas! how chang'd!--with the ſame ſermon-mien
" That once I pray'd, the *What d'ye call't* * I've ſeen.
" Ah! cruel princeſs, for thy ſake I've loſt
" That reputation which ſo dear had coſt:
" I, who avoided every publick place,
" When bloom and beauty bade me ſhow my face;
" Now near thee conſtant every night abide
" With never-failing duty by thy ſide,
" Myſelf and daughters ſtanding on a row,
" To all the foreigners a goodly ſhow!
" Oft had your drawing room been ſadly thin,
" And merchants' wives cloſe by the chair been ſeen;
" Had not I amply fill'd the empty ſpace,
" And ſav'd your highneſs from the dire diſgrace.

" Yet

---

* A Farce, by Mr. Gay.

" Yet *Coquetilla*'s artifice prevails,
" When all my merit and my duty fails :
" That *Coquetilla*, whoſe deluding airs
" Corrupts our virgins, and our youth enſnares ;
" So ſunk her character, ſo loſt her fame,
" Scarce viſited before your highneſs came :
" Yet for the bed chamber 'tis her you chuſe,
" When Zeal and Fame and Virtue you refuſe.
" Ah ! worthy choice ! not one of all your train
" Whom cenſure blaſts not, and diſhonours ſtain.
" Let the nice hind now ſuckle dirty pigs,
" And the proud pea-hen hatch the cuckoo's eggs!
" Let *Iris* leave her paint and own her age,
" And grave *Suffolka* wed a giddy page !
" A greater miracle is daily view'd,
" A virtuous princeſs with a court ſo lewd.

" I know thee, Court ! with all thy treach'rous
" wiles,
" Thy falſe careſſes and undoing ſmiles !

" Ah!

TUESDAY.

St. JAMES's Coffee-House.

Flee for the rain

TUESDAY.

St. James's Coffee-House.

SILLIANDER and PATCH.

THOU, who ſo many favours haſt receiv'd,
Wond'rous to tell, and hard to be believ'd,
Oh! *H——d*, to my lays attention lend,
Hear how two lovers boaſtingly contend:
Like thee ſucceſsful, ſuch their bloomy youth,
Renown'd alike for gallantry and truth.

St. James's bell had toll'd ſome wretches in,
(As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could ſin)
The happier ſinners now their charms put out,
And to their manteaus their complexion ſuit;
The opera queens had finiſh'd half their faces,
And city dames already taken places;

Fops of all kinds, to ſee the Lion, run ;
The beauties ſtay till the firſt act's begun,
And beaux ſtep home to put freſh linen on.
No well-dreſs'd youth in coffee houſe remain'd,
But penſive *Patch*, who on the window lean'd ;
And *Silliander*, that alert and gay,
Firſt pick'd his teeth, and then began to ſay.

SILLIANDER.

Why all theſe ſighs ; ah ! why ſo penſive grown?
Some cauſe there is why thus you ſit alone.
Does hapleſs paſſion all this ſorrow move ?
Or doſt thou envy where the ladies love ?

PATCH.

If, whom they love, my envy muſt purſue,
'Tis true, at leaſt, I never envy you.

SILLIANDER.

No, I'm unhappy—you are in the right—
'Tis you they favour, and 'tis me they ſlight.

Yet

Yet I could tell, but that I hate to boaſt,
A club of ladies where 'tis me they toaſt.

PATCH.

Toaſting does ſeldom any favour prove;
Like us, they never toaſt the thing they love.
A certain duke one night my health begun;
With chearful pledges round the room it run,
'Till the young *Silvia*, preſs'd to drink it too,
Started and vow'd ſhe knew not what to do:
What, drink a fellow's health! ſhe dy'd with ſhame:
Yet bluſh'd whenever ſhe pronounc'd my name.

SILLIANDER.

Ill fates purſue me, may I never find
The dice propitious, or the ladies kind,
If fair Miſs *Flippy*'s fan I did not tear,
And one from me ſhe condeſcends to wear.

PATCH.

PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive ;
'Tis then a favour when the ſex will give.
A lad (but ſhe is too great to name)
Beauteous in perſon, ſpotleſs in her fame,
With gentle ſtrugglings let me force this ring ;
Another day may give another thing.

SILLIANDER.

I could ſay ſomething—ſee this billet-doux——
And as for preſents—look upon my ſhoe——
Theſe buckles were not forc'd, nor half a theft,
But a young counteſs fondly made the gift.

PATCH.

My counteſs is more nice, more artful too,
Affects to fly, that I may fierce purſue :
This ſnuff-box which I begg'd, ſhe ſtill deny'd,
And when I ſtrove to ſnatch it, ſeem'd to hide ;

She

She laugh'd and fled, and as I ſought to ſeize,
With affectation cram'd it down her ſtays;
Yet hop'd ſhe did not place it there unſeen,
I preſs'd her breaſts, and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER.

Laſt night, as I ſtood ogling of her grace,
Drinking delicious poiſon from her face,
The ſoft enchantreſs did that face decline,
Nor ever rais'd her eyes to meet with mine;
With ſudden art ſome ſecret did pretend,
Lean'd croſs two chairs to whiſper to a friend,
While the ſtiff whalebone with the motion roſe,
And thouſand beauties to my ſight expoſe.

PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was aſk'd to come)
I drank bohea in *Celia*'s dreſſing-room:
Warm from her bed, to me alone within,
Her night-gown faſten'd with a ſingle pin;

Her

Her night-cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs grace,
And her bright hair play'd careleſs round her face;
Reaching the kettle made her gown unpin,
She wore no waiſtcoat, and her ſhift was thin.

SILLIANDER.

See *Titiana* driving to the park!
Hark! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark:
In her all beauties of the ſpring are ſeen,
Her cheeks are roſy, and her mantle green.

PATCH.

See *Tintoretta* to the opera goes!
Haſte, or the crowd will not permit our bows;
In her the glory of the heav'ns we view,
Her eyes are ſtar-like, and her mantle blue.

SILLIANDER.

What colour does in *Celia*'s ſtockings ſhine?
Reveal that ſecret, and the prize is thine.

PATCH.

PATCH.

What are her garters? tell me if you can;
I'll freely own thee far the happier man.

Thus *Patch* continued his heroic ſtrain,
While *Silliander* but contends in vain,
After a conqueſt ſo important gain'd,
Unrival'd *Patch* in every ruelle reign'd.

WEDNESDAY.

WEDNESDAY.

The Tete a Tete.

O fatal night when first I saw him com

WEDNESDAY.

The Tete a Tete.

DANCINDA.

"NO fair *Dancinda*, no; you ſtrive in vain
"To calm my care, and mitigate my pain;
"If all my ſighs, my cares, can fail to move,
"Ah! ſoothe me not with fruitleſs vows of love."
Thus *Strephon* ſpoke. *Dancinda* thus reply'd:
What muſt I do to gratify your pride?
Too well you know (ungrateful as thou art)
How much you triumph in this tender heart:
What proof of love remains for me to grant?
Yet ſtill you teaze me with ſome new complaint.
Oh! would to heaven!—but the fond wiſh is vain—
Too many favours had not made it plain!

But ſuch a paſſion breaks through all diſguiſe,
Love reddens on my cheek, and wiſhes in my eyes.
Is't not enough (inhuman and unkind!)
I own the ſecret conflict of my mind;
You cannot know what ſecret pain I prove,
When I with burning bluſhes own I love.
You ſee my artleſs joy at your approach,
I ſigh, I faint, I tremble at your touch;
And in your abſence all the world I ſhun;
I hate mankind, and curſe the chearing ſun.
Still as I fly, ten thouſand ſwains purſue;
Ten thouſand ſwains I ſacrifice to you.
I ſhew you all my heart without diſguiſe:
But theſe are tender proofs that you deſpiſe——
I ſee too well what wiſhes you purſue;
You would not only conquer, but undo:
You, cruel victor, weary of your flame,
Would ſeek a cure in my eternal ſhame;
And not content my honour to ſubdue,
Now ſtrive to triumph o'er my virtue too.

Oh!

Oh! *Love*, a God indeed to womankind,
Whoſe arrows burn me, and whoſe fetters bind,
Avenge thy altars, vindicate thy fame,
And blaſt theſe traitors that profane thy name;
Who by pretending to thy ſacred fire,
Raiſe curſed trophies to impure deſire.

Have you forgot with what enſnaring art
You firſt ſeduc'd this fond uncautious heart?
Then as I fled, did you not kneeling cry,
"Turn, cruel beauty; whither would you fly?
"Why all theſe doubts? why this diſtruſtful fear?
"No impious wiſhes ſhall offend your ear:
"Nor ever ſhall my boldeſt hopes pretend
"Above the title of a tender friend;
"Bleſt, if my lovely goddeſs will permit
"My humble vows thus ſighing at her feet.
"The tyrant love that in my boſom reigns,
"The god himſelf ſubmits to wear your chains:

" You ſhall direct his courſe, his ardor tame,
" And check the fury of his wildeſt flame."

Unpractic'd youth is eaſily deceiv'd;
Sooth'd by ſuch ſounds, I liſten'd and believ'd:
Now, quite forgot that ſoft ſubmiſſive fear,
You dare to aſk what I muſt bluſh to hear.

Could I forget the honour of my race,
And meet your wiſhes, fearleſs of diſgrace;
Could paſſion o'er my tender youth prevail,
And all my mother's pious maxims fail;
Yet to preſerve your heart (which ſtill muſt be,
Falſe as it is, for ever dear to me)
This fatal proof of love I would not give,
Which you'd contemn the moment you receive.
The wretched ſhe, who yields to guilty joys,
A man may pity, but he muſt deſpiſe.
Your ardour ceas'd, I then ſhould ſee you ſhun
The wretched victim by your arts undone.

Yet if I could that cold indifference bear,
What more would ſtrike me with the laſt deſpair,
With this reflection would my ſoul be torn,
To know I merited your cruel ſcorn.

Has love no pleaſures free from guilt or fear?
Pleaſures leſs fierce, more laſting, more ſincere?
Thus let us gently kiſs and fondly gaze,
Love is a child, and like a child it plays.

O *Strephon*, if you would continue juſt,
If love be ſomething more than brutal luſt,
Forbear to aſk what I muſt ſtill deny,
This bitter pleaſure, this deſtructive joy,
So cloſely followed by the diſmal train
Of cutting ſhame, and guilt's heart-piercing pain.

She paus'd; and fix'd her eyes upon her fan;
He took a pinch of ſnuff, and thus began;
Madam, if love—but he could ſay no more,
For Mademoiſelle came rapping at the door.

The

The dangerous moments no adieus afford;
—Begone, ſhe cries, I'm ſure I hear my lord.
The lover ſtarts from his unfiniſh'd loves,
To ſnatch his hat, and ſeek his ſcatter'd gloves:
The ſighing dame to meet her dear prepares,
While *Strephon* curſing ſlips down the back-ſtairs.

THURSDAY.

The BASSETTE-TABLE.

THURSDAY.

The BASSETTE-TABLE*.

SMILINDA and CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Baſſette-table* ſpread, the Tallier come;
Why ſtays *Smilinda* in her dreſſing-room?

Riſe,

---

* Only this, of all the Town Eclogues, was Mr. Pope's, and is here printed from a Copy corrected by his own hand. The humour of it lies in this happy circumſtance, that the one is in love with the Game, and the other with the Sharper.

Riſe, penſive nymph! the tallier waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah! madam, ſince my *Sharper* is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd *alpieu*.
I ſaw him ſtand behind *Ombrelia*'s chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſighs, which cheat the liſt'ning fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavier heart ſuſtains.
As you by Love, ſo I by Fortune croſs'd;
One, one bad *deal* three *ſeptleva*'s have loſt.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief which you compare with mine!
With eaſe the ſmiles of Fortune I reſign:

Wou

Would all my gold in one bad *deal* were gone;
Were lovely *Sharper* mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover loſt is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs againſt that change prepare.
The knave of clubs thrice loſt: oh! who could gueſs
This fatal ſtroke! this unforeſeen diſtreſs?

SMILINDA.

See! *Betty Loveit* very *a propos*,
She all the care of *love* and *play* does know;
Dear *Betty* ſhall th' important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By *cards' ill uſage*, or by *lovers loſt*.

LOVEIT.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Though time is precious, and I want ſome tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great pen'orth!) bought.
See on the tooth-pick, *Mars* and *Cupid* ſtrive;
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.
Upon the bottom ſhines the queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble caſe.
Jove, *Jove* himſelf, does on the ſciſſars ſhine;
The metal, and the workmanſhip divine!

SMILINDA.

This *ſnuff-box*, once the pledge of *Sharper*'s love,
When rival beauties for the preſent ſtrove;
At *Corticelli*'s he the raffle won;
Then firſt his paſſion was in public ſhown:
Hazardia bluſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *ſnuff box*—on the hinge ſee brilliants ſhine:
This *ſnuff-box* will I ſtake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far leſſer loſſes than I bear,
Have made a ſoldier ſigh, a lover ſwear.
And oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaiſance, I took the *queen* he gave;
Though my own ſecret wiſh was for the knave.
The *knave* won *Sonica* which I had choſe;
And the next *pull* my *ſeptleva* I loſe.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing ſmart,
The cruel thought that ſtabs me to the heart;
This curs'd *Ombrelia*, this undoing fair,
By whoſe vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms ſhe wears:
An awkward thing when firſt ſhe came to town;
Her ſhape unfaſhion'd, and her face unknown:

She was my friend, I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her ſallow cheeks enlivening red.
I introduc'd her to the Park and plays;
And by my int'reſt *Coſins* made her ſtays.
Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my favourite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I ſwore,
When *Winnall* tallied, I would *punt* no more?
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And ſee the folly, which I cannot ſhun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have *Sharper*'s vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known falſhoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on *Baſſette*, and remain unwarm'd?
When *kings*, *queens*, *knaves*, are ſet in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the ſhining train;
The winner's pleaſure and the loſer's gain:
In bright confuſion open *rouleaus* lie,
They ſtrike the ſoul, and glitter in the eye,
Fir'd by the ſight, all reaſon I diſdain;
My paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein.
Look on *Baſſette*, you who reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if reaſon muſt not *there* be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that heart compoſe,
Can hearken coldly to my *Sharper*'s vows?
Then when he trembles, when his bluſhes riſe,
When aweful love ſeems melting in his eyes;

With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves :
He loves, I whiſper to myſelf, *he loves!*
Such unfeign'd paſſion in his looks appears,
I loſe all mem'ry of my former fears :
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms :
Think of that moment, you who prudence boaſt ;
For ſuch a moment, prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the *groom-porters*, batter'd bullies play,
Some *dukes* at Marybone bowl time away.
But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares
To *Baſſette*'s heavenly joys, and pleaſing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft *Simplicetta* doats upon a beau ;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at ſhow.
Their ſeveral graces in my *Sharper* meet ;
Strong as the footman, as the maſter ſweet.

LOVE IT.

LOVE IT.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The *equipage* ſhall grace *Smilinda*'s ſide:
The ſnuff-box to *Cardelia* I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your *tea*.

FRIDAY.

FRIDAY.

The TOILETTE.

FRIDAY.

The TOILETTE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty ſprings had cloath'd the park with green,
Since *Lydia* knew the bloſſoms of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours moleſt;
And catch her at her toilette half undreſt.
The thund'ring knocker wakes the ſtreet no more,
Nor chairs, nor coaches croud the ſilent door;
Nor at the window all her mornings paſs,
Or at the dumb devotion of her glaſs:
Reclin'd upon her arm ſhe penſive ſate,
And curs'd th' inconſtancy of man too late.

"Oh youth! O ſpring of life for ever loſt!
"No more my name ſhall reign the fav'rite toaſt:

"On

" On glaſs no more the diamond graves my name,
" And lines miſ-ſpelt record my lover's flame:
" Nor ſhall ſide boxes watch my wand'ring eyes,
" And, as they catch the glance, in rows ariſe
" With humble bows; nor white glov'd beaus en-
" croach
" In crouds behind, to guard me to my coach.

" What ſhall I do to ſpend the hateful day?
" At chapel ſhall I wear the morn away?
" Who there appears at theſe unmodiſh hours,
" But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,
" And grey religious maids? my preſence there
" Amidſt that ſober train, would own deſpair;
" Nor am I yet ſo old, nor is my glance
" As yet fix'd wholly on devotion's trance.
" Strait then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted range
" Through India ſhops, to Motteux's, or the Change,
" Where the tall jar erects its ſtately pride,
" With antic ſhapes in China's azure dy'd;

" There

" There careleſs lies a rich brocade unroll'd,
" Here ſhines a cabinet with burniſh'd gold.
" But then, alas! I muſt be forc'd to pay,
" And bring no penn'orths, not a fan away!

" How am I curs'd, unhappy and forlorn!
" My lover's triumph, and my ſex's ſcorn!
" Falſe is the pompous grief of youthful heirs;
" Falſe are the looſe coquet's inveigling airs;
" Falſe is the crafty courtier's plighted word;
" Falſe are the dice when gameſters ſtamp the board;
" Falſe is the ſprightly widow's public tear;
" Yet theſe to *Damon*'s oaths are all ſincere.

" For what young flirt, baſe man, am I abus'd?
" To pleaſe your wife am I unkindly us'd?
" Tis true her face may boaſt the peach's bloom;
" But does her nearer whiſper breathe perfume?
" I own her taper ſhape is form'd to pleaſe;
" But don't you ſee her unconfin'd by ſtays?

" She doubly to fifteen may claim pretence;
" Alike we read it in her face and ſenſe.
" Inſipid, ſervile thing! whom I diſdain!
" Her phlegm can beſt ſupport the marriage chain.
" Damon is practis'd in the modiſh life;
" Can hate, and yet be civil to his wife;
" He games, he drinks, he ſwears, he fights, he roves;
" Yet *Cloe* can believe he fondly loves.
" Miſtreſs and wife by turns ſupply his need;
" A miſs for pleaſure, and a wife for breed.
" Powder'd with diamonds, free from ſpleen or care,
" She can a ſullen huſband's humour bear;
" Her credulous friendſhip, and her ſtupid eaſe,
" Have often been my jeſt in happier days;
" Now *Cloe* boaſts and triumphs in my pains;
" To her he's faithful; 'tis to me he feigns.
" Am I that ſtupid thing to bear neglect,
" And force a ſmile, not daring to ſuſpect?
" No, perjur'd man! a wife may be content,
" But you ſhall find a miſtreſs can reſent."

Thus

Thus love-ſick *Lydia* rav'd; her maid appears,
And in her faithful hand the band-box bears;
(The Ceſtos that reform'd inconſtant *Jove*
Not better fill'd with what allur'd to love)
"How well this ribband's gloſs becomes your face!
She cries in rapture; "then, ſo ſweet a lace!
"How charmingly you look! ſo bright! ſo fair!
"'Tis to your eyes the head-dreſs owes its air!"
Strait *Lydia* ſmil'd; the comb adjuſts her locks;
And at the Play-houſe, *Harry* keeps her box.

SATURDAY.

The SMALL-POX.

SATURDAY.

The SMALL-POX.

FLAVIA.

THE wretched *Flavia* on her couch reclin'd,
Thus breath'd the anguiſh of a wounded mind,
A glaſs revers'd in her right hand ſhe bore,
For now ſhe ſhun'd the face ſhe ſought before.

" How am I chang'd! alas! how am I grown
" A frightful ſpectre, to myſelf unknown!
" Where's my complexion? where my radiant
" bloom,
" That promis'd happineſs for years to come?
" Then with what pleaſure I this face ſurvey'd!
" To look once more, my viſits oft delay'd!

" Charm'd

" Charm'd with the view, a freſher red would riſe,
" And a new life ſhot ſparkling from my eyes!

" Ah! faithleſs glaſs, my wonted bloom reſtore;
" Alas! I rave, that bloom is now no more!
" The greateſt good the gods on men beſtow,
" Ev'n youth itſelf to me is uſeleſs now.
" There was a time (oh! that I could forget!)
" When opera-tickets pour'd before my feet;
" And at the ring, where brighteſt beauties ſhine,
" The earlieſt cherries of the ſpring were mine.
" Witneſs, O Lilly; and thou, Motteux, tell,
" How much japan theſe eyes have made ye ſell.
" With what comtempt ye ſaw me oft deſpiſe
" The humble offer of the raffled prize;
" For at the raffle ſtill each prize I bore,
" With ſcorn rejected, or with triumph wore!
" Now beauty's fled, and preſents are no more!

" For me the Patriot has the houſe forſook,
" And left debates to catch a paſſing look:

" For

" For me the ſoldier has ſoft verſes writ:
" For me the beau has aim'd to be a wit.
" For me the Wit to nonſenſe was betrayed;
" The Gameſter has for me his dun delay'd,
" And overſeen the card he would have play'd.
" The bold and haughty by ſucceſs made vain,
" Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain:
" The baſhful 'Squire touch'd by a wiſh unknown,
" Has dar'd to ſpeak with ſpirit not his own:
" Fir'd by one wiſh, all did alike adore;
" Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more!

" As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
" New unaffected ſcenes of ſorrow riſe.
" Far from my ſight that killing picture bear,
" The face disfigure, and the canvaſs tear:
" That picture which with pride I us'd to ſhow,
" The loſt reſemblance but upbraids me now.
" And thou, my toilette! where I oft have ſate,
" While hours unheeded paſs'd in deep debate,

" How

" How curls ſhould fall, or where a patch to place;
" If blue or ſcarlet beſt became my face:
" Now on ſome happier nymph your aid beſtow;
" On fairer heads, ye uſeleſs jewels glow!
" No borrowed luſtre can my charms reſtore;
" Beauty is fled, and dreſs is now no more!

" Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye ſhine;
" Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine:
" But 'midſt your triumphs with confuſion know,
" 'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.
" Would pitying heav'n reſtore my wonted mien,
" Ye ſtill might move unthought of and unſeen:
" But oh, how vain, how wretched is the boaſt
" Of beauty faded, and of empire loſt!
" What now is left but weeping, to deplore
" My beauty fled, and empire now no more?

" Ye cruel chymiſts, what withheld your aid!
" Could no pomatums ſave a trembling maid?

" How

" How falſe and trifling is that art ye boaſt!
" No art can give me back my beauty loſt.
" In tears ſurrounded by my friends I lay
" Maſk'd o'er, and trembled at the ſight of day;
" *Mirmillio* came my fortune to deplore,
" (A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)
" Cordials, he cry'd, my ſpirits muſt reſtore!
" Beauty is fled, and ſpirit is no more!

" *Galen*, the grave; officious *Squirt*, was there,
" With fruitleſs grief and unavailing care:
" *Machaon* too, the great *Machaon*, known
" By his red cloak and his ſuperior frown;
" And why, he cry'd, this grief and this deſpair,
" You ſhall again be well, again be fair;
" Believe my oath; (with that an oath he ſwore)
" Falſe was his oath; my beauty was no more!

" Ceaſe, hapleſs maid, no more thy tale purſue.
" Forſake mankind, and bid the world adieu!

" Monarchs

" Monarchs and beauties rule with equal ſway ;
" All ſtrive to ſerve, and glory to obey :
" Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow—
" Men mock the idol of their former vow.

" Adieu ! ye parks !—in ſome obſcure receſs,
" Where gentle ſtreams will weep at my diſtreſs,
" Where no falſe friend will in my grief take part,
" And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart ;
" There let me live in ſome deſerted place,
" There hide in ſhades this loſt inglorious face.
" Plays, operas, circles, I no more muſt view !
" My toilette, patches, all the world adieu !"

VERSES

Addreſſed to the

IMITATOR

Of the FIRST SATIRE of the

SECOND BOOK of *HORACE.*

VERSES*

Addreſſed to the

IMITATOR

Of the FIRST SATIRE of the

SECOND BOOK of *HORACE.*

IN two large columns on thy motly page
Where Roman wit is ſtripe'd with Engliſh rage;
Where ribaldry to ſatire makes pretence;
And modern ſcandal rolls with ancient ſenſe:

* Theſe ſevere Verſes owe their birth to two lines in the firſt Satire of the Second Book of Horace, imitated by Mr. Pope, which were ſuppoſed to point at Lady Mary Wortley Montague, under the name

Whilſt on one ſide we ſee how Horace thought;
And on the other how he never wrote:

Who

of Sappho. We find by the letters of Mr. Pope, vol. 7. and thoſe of Lady Mary Wortley Montague lately publiſhed, that a friendly correſpondence once ſubſiſted between theſe two Wits, which probably did not continue much later than her ladyſhip's return into England in the year 1718. But the exact time when the quarrel between them commenced, and the circumſtances relating to it, are not eaſy, at this diſtance of time, to diſcover. It is ſaid in Mr. Pope's Life, (Biographia Britannica, vol. 5. p. 3413) that he was charged with propagating a ſcandalous report concerning her ladyſhip, which, it is added, perhaps he was not quite clear of. The note to that life in which this charge on the poet is to be found, has the name of Dr. Warburton annexed to it, and therefore, on his authority, may well be ſuppoſed not without foundation. If a conjecture may be allowed, it is not improbable that this was the occaſion of their difference. With reſpect to the lines which produced theſe verſes, Mr. Pope, in his letter to Lord Hervey, vol. 8. p. 196. abſolutely diſclaims any intention of applying them to Lady Montague. "In "regard (ſays he) to the right honourable Lady, "your Lordſhip's friend, I was ſo far from deſign-

Who can believe, who view the bad and good,
That the dull copi'ſt better underſtood

" ing a perſon of her condition by a name ſo dero-
" gatory to her as that of Sappho, a name proſti-
" tuted to every infamous creature that ever wrote
" verſe or novels. I proteſt I never applied that
" name to her in any verſe of mine, publick or pri-
" vate, and (I firmly believe) not in any letter or
" converſation." What degree of credit this aſſeve-
ration deſerves muſt be left to the reader's determi-
nation, only obſerving, that Mr. Pope was not very
ſcrupulous in diſowning a character when the opi-
nion of the Publick was not in his favour. With e-
qual, or more earneſtneſs, he denied that the deſcrip-
tion of Timon's Villa was deſigned to expoſe that of
a certain nobleman. In which particular, he has
been unwarily given up by his Commentator, who,
in the following note on theſe lines in the edition of
1751, ſeems to acknowledge the fact.

Another age ſhall ſee the golden car
Imbrown the ſlope, and nod on the parterre;
Deep harveſts bury all his pride had plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.
MORAL EPISTLES IV. Verſe 172.

" Had the poet lived but three years longer, he

That Spirit, he pretends to imitate,
Than heretofore that Greek he did tranſlate?

Thine is juſt ſuch an image of *his* pen,
As thou thyſelf art of the ſons of men:
Where our own ſpecies in burleſque we trace,
A ſign-poſt likeneſs of the human race;
That is at once reſemblance and diſgrace.

Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear;
You only coarſely rail, or darkly ſneer:

Hs

"had ſeen this prophecy fulfilled." It is to be remembered, that Canons were ſold about the time here fixed upon, and therefore this queſtion will naturally ariſe, What prophecy was fulfilled, if Mr. Pope had not that place in his mind while he was writing the before-mentioned Epiſtle? The Editor of his works, as if conſcious that he had done no ſervice to Mr. Pope's moral character, by the above note, has ſince altered it in the following manner: "Had the poet lived three years longer he had ſeen "his *general* prophecy *againſt all ill-judged magnificence* "*fulfilled in a very particular inſtance.*"

His ſtyle is elegant, his diction pure,
Whilſt none thy crabbed numbers can endure;
Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obſcure.

If *he* has thorns, they all on roſes grow;
Thine like rude thiſtles, and mean brambles ſhow;
With this exception, that tho' rank the ſoil,
Weeds as they are they ſeem produc'd by toil.
Satire ſhould, like a poliſh'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch, that's ſcarcely felt or ſeen.
Thine is an oyſter-knife, that hacks and hews;
The rage, but not the talent to abuſe:
And is in *hate*, what *love* is in the ſtews.
'Tis the groſs *luſt* of hate, that ſtill annoys,
Without diſtinction, as groſs love enjoys:
Neither to folly, nor to vice confin'd;
The object of thy ſpleen is human kind:
It preys on all, who yield or who reſiſt;
To thee 'tis provocation to exiſt.

But

But if thou ſeeſt * a great and generous heart,
Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart.
Nor dignity nor innocence is ſpar'd,
Nor age, nor ſex, nor thrones, nor graves rever'd.
Nor only juſtice vainly we demand,
But even benefits can't rein thy hand;
To this or that alike in vain we truſt,
Nor find thee leſs ungrateful than unjuſt.

Not even youth and beauty can controul
The univerſal rancour of thy ſoul;
Charms that might ſoften ſuperſtition's rage,
Might humble pride, or thaw the ice of age.
But how ſhould'ſt thou by beauty's force be mov'd,
No more for loving made than to be lov'd?
It was the equity of righteous heav'n,
That ſuch a ſoul to ſuch a form was giv'n;

And

* See TASTE, an Epiſtle.

And ſhews the uniformity of fate,
That one ſo odious ſhould be born to hate.

When God created thee, one would believe,
He ſaid the ſame as to the ſnake of *Eve*;
To human race antipathy declare,
'Twixt them and thee be everlaſting war.
But oh! the ſequel of the ſentence dread,
And whilſt you *bruiſe their heel*, beware your head.

Nor think thy weakneſs ſhall be thy defence,
The female ſcold's protection in offence.
Sure 'tis as fair to beat who cannot fight,
As 'tis to libel thoſe who cannot write.
And if thou draw'ſt thy pen to aid the law,
Others a cudgel, or a rod, may draw.
If none with vengeance yet thy crimes purſue,
Or give thy manifold affronts their due;

If

If limbs unbroken, ſkin without a ſtain,
Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkick'd, unſlain;
That wretched little carcaſe you retain:
The reaſon is, not that the world wants eyes;
But thou'rt ſo mean, they ſee, and they deſpiſe:
When fretful *porcupine*, with rancorous will,
From mounted back ſhoots forth a harmleſs quill,
Cool the ſpectators ſtand; and all the while,
Upon the angry little monſter ſmile.
Thus 'tis with thee:—while impotently ſafe,
You ſtrike unwounding, we unhurt can laugh.
Who but muſt laugh, this bully when he ſees,
A puny inſect ſhiv'ring at a breeze?
One over-match'd by ev'ry blaſt of wind,
Inſulting and provoking all mankind.

Is this the *thing* to keep mankind in awe,
To make theſe tremble who eſcape the law?
Is this *the ridicule* to live ſo long,
The deathleſs ſatire, and *immortal Song?*

No:

No: like the ſelf-blown praiſe, thy ſcandal flies;
And, as we're told of waſps, it ſtings and dies.

If one do yet return th' intended blow,
You all your ſafety to your dullneſs owe:
But whilſt that armour thy poor corps defends,
'Twill make thy readers few, as are thy friends;
Thoſe, who thy nature loath'd, yet lov'd thy art,
Who lik'd thy head, and yet abhor'd thy heart;
Choſe thee, to read, but never to converſe,
And ſcorn'd in proſe, him whom they priz'd in verſe.
Even they ſhall now their partial error ſee,
Shall ſhun thy writings like thy company;
And to thy books ſhall ope their eyes no more,
Than to thy perſon they wou'd do their door.

Nor thou the juſtice of the world diſown,
That leaves thee thus an out-caſt, and alone;
For tho' in law, to murder be to kill,
In equity the murder's in the will:

Then

Then whilſt with coward hand you ſtab a name,
And try at leaſt t'aſſaſſinate our fame;
Like the firſt bold aſſaſſins be thy lot,
Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven, or forgot;
But as thou hat'ſt, be hated by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind,
Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
Wander, like him, accurſed through the land.

AN

AN

EPISTLE

TO

LORD B---.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

LORD B----.

HOW happy you! who varied joys purſue;
And every hour preſents you ſomething new!
Plans, ſchemes, and models, all Palladio's art,
For ſix long months have gain'd upon your heart;
Of colonnades, of corridores you talk,
The winding ſtair-caſe and the cover'd walk;
You blend the orders with Vitruvian toil,
And raiſe with wond'rous joy the fancy'd pile:

But the dull workman's ſlow performing hand
But coldly executes his lord's command.
With dirt and mortar ſoon you grow diſpleas'd,
Planting ſucceeds, and avenues are rais'd,
Canals are cut, and mountains level made;
Bowers of retreat, and galleries of ſhade;
The ſhaven turf preſents a lively green;
The bordering flowers in myſtic knots are ſeen:
With ſtudied art on nature you refine——
The ſpring beheld you warm in this deſign,
But ſcarce the cold attacks your fav'rite trees,
Your inclination fails, and wiſhes freeze:
You quit the grove ſo lately you admir'd;
With other views your eager hopes are fir'd,
Poſt to the city you direct your way;
Not blooming paradiſe could bribe your ſtay:
Ambition ſhews you power's brighteſt ſide,
'Tis meanly poor in ſolitude to hide:
Though certain pains attend the cares of ſtate,
A good man owes his country to be great;

Should

Should act abroad the high-distinguish'd part,
Or shew at least the purpose of his heart.
With thoughts like these the shining courts you seek;
Full of new projects for almost a week:
You then despise the tinsel glittering snare;
Think vile mankind below a serious care.
Life is too short for any distant aim;
And cold the dull reward of future fame:
Be happy then, while yet you have to live;
And love is all the blessing heav'n can give.
Fir'd by new passion you address the fair;
Survey the opera as a gay parterre:
Young Cloe's bloom had made you certain prize,
But for a side-long glance from Celia's eyes:
Your beating heart acknowledges her power;
Your eager eyes her lovely form devour;
You feel the poison swelling in your breast,
And all your soul by fond desire possess'd.
In dying sighs a long three hours are past;
To some assembly with impatient haste,

With trembling hope, and doubtful fear you move,
Reſolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your love:
But there Belinda meets you on the ſtairs,
Eaſy her ſhape, attracting all her airs;
A ſmile ſhe gives, and with a ſmile can wound;
Her melting voice has muſic in the ſound;
Her every motion wears reſiſtleſs grace;
Wit in her mien, and pleaſure in her face:
Here while you vow eternity of love,
Cloe and Celia unregarded move.

Thus on the ſands of Afric's burning plains,
However deeply made, no long impreſs remains;
The ſlighteſt leaf can leave its figure there;
The ſtrongeſt form is ſcattered by the air.
So yielding the warm temper of your mind,
So touch'd by every eye, ſo toſs'd by wind;
Oh! how unlike the heav'n my ſoul deſign'd!
Unſeen, unheard, the throng around me move;
Not wiſhing praiſe, inſenſible of love:

No

No whiſpers ſoften, nor no beauties fire ;
Careleſs I ſee the dance, and coldly hear the lyre.

So num'rous herds are driv'n o'er the rock ;
No print is left of all the paſſing flock :
So ſings the wind around the ſolid ſtone :
So vainly beat the waves with fruitleſs moan.
Tedious the toil, and great the workman's care,
Who dare attempt to fix impreſſions there :
But ſhould ſome ſwain more ſkilful than the reſt,
Engrave his name upon this marble breaſt,
Not rolling ages could deface that name ;
Thro' all the ſtorms of life 'tis ſtill the ſame :
Tho' length of years with moſs may ſhade the ground,
Deep, though unſeen, remains the ſecret wound.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

FROM

ARTHUR GREY, the Footman,

After his Condemnation for attempting a RAPE.

EPISTLE

FROM

ARTHUR GREY, the Footman †.

After his Condemnation for attempting a RAPE.

READ, lovely nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wiſh, nor you to dread:
I aſk not life, for life to me were vain,
And death a refuge from ſeverer pain.

My

† This man was footman to a gentleman, whoſe daughter, a married lady, he attempted to raviſh. It appears by his trial, that he went into her room

My only hope in theſe laſt lines I try;
I would be pitied, and I then would die.

Long had I liv'd as ſordid as my fate,
Nor curs'd the deſtiny that made me wait
A ſervile ſlave: content with homely food,
The groſs inſtinct of happineſs purſu'd:
Youth gave me ſleep at night, and warmth of blood.

Ambition

about four o'clock in the morning, armed with a piſtol in one hand, and a drawn ſword in the other; and advancing to the bed-ſide, threatned to murder her if ſhe made any noiſe. Upon aſking him what he meant by coming into her chamber in ſuch a manner, he replied, that he intended to raviſh her, for that he had entertained a violent love for her a long time, but as there was ſo great a difference between their fortunes, he deſpaired of enjoying his wiſhes by any means but force. After ſome reſiſtance, the lady wrenched the piſtol from his hand, (he having laid down the ſword) and rung the bell; upon which he ran away. He was indicted and convicted of a burglary, at the Old Bailey, in December 1721, but the ſentence was not executed, for he was reprieved, and afterwards tranſported.

Ambition yet had never touch'd my breaſt;
My lordly maſter knew no ſounder reſt;
With labour healthy, in obedience bleſt.
But when I ſaw——oh! had I never ſeen
That wounding ſoftneſs, that engaging mien!
The miſt of wretched education flies,
Shame, fear, deſire, deſpair and love ariſe,
The new creation of thoſe beauteous eyes.
But yet that love purſu'd no guilty aim,
Deep in my heart I hid the ſecret flame.
I never hop'd my fond deſire to tell,
And all my wiſhes were to ſerve you well.
Heav'ns! how I flew, when wing'd by your command,
And kiſs'd the letters giv'n me by your hand.
How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
Preſent the ſparkling wine, or change the plate!
How when you ſung my ſoul devour'd the ſound,
And ev'ry ſenſe was in the rapture drown'd!
Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move;
——You knew not that ſtupidity was love!

But oh! the torment not to be expreſs'd,
The grief, the rage, the hell that fir'd this breaſt,
When my great rivals, in embroid'ry gay,
Sate by your ſide, or led you from the play!
I ſtill contriv'd near as I could to ſtand,
(The flambeau trembling in my ſhaking hand)
I ſaw, or thought I ſaw, thoſe fingers preſs'd,
For thus their paſſion by my own I gueſs'd,
And jealous fury all my ſoul poſſeſs'd.
Like torrents, love and indignation meet,
And madneſs would have thrown me at your feet.

Turn, lovely nymph (for ſo I would have ſaid)
Turn from thoſe triflers who make love a trade;
This is true paſſion in my eyes you ſee;
They cannot, no——they cannot love like me.
Frequent debauch has pall'd their ſickly taſte,
Faint their deſire, and in a moment paſt:
They ſigh not from the heart, but from the brain;
Vapours of vanity, and ſtrong champagne.

Too dull to feel what forms, like yours, inſpire,
After long talking of their painted fire,
To ſome lewd brothel they at night retire;
There pleas'd with fancy'd quality and charms,
Enjoy your beauties in a ſtrumpet's arms.
Such are the joys thoſe toaſters have in view,
And ſuch the wit and pleaſure they purſue:
——And is this love that ought to merit you?
Each opera-night a new addreſs begun,
They ſwear to thouſands what they ſwear to one.
Not thus I ſigh—but all my ſighs are vain—
Die, wretched *Arthur*, and conceal thy pain:
'Tis impudence to wiſh, and madneſs to complain.

Fix'd on this view, my only hope of eaſe,
I waited not the aid of ſlow diſeaſe:
The keeneſt inſtruments of death I ſought,
And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.
This all the night—when I remember well,
The charming tinkle of your morning bell!

Fir'd by the ſound, I haſten'd with your tea,
With one laſt look to ſmooth the darkſome way.—
But oh! how dear that fatal look has coſt!
In that fond moment my reſolves were loſt.
Hence all my guilt, and all your ſorrows riſe—
I ſaw the languid ſoftneſs of your eyes;
I ſaw the dear diſorder of your bed;
Your cheeks all glowing with a tempting red;
Your night-cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs grace;
Your flowing hair play'd careleſs down your face,
Your night-gown faſten'd with a ſingle pin;
—Fancy improv'd the wond'rous charms within!
I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breaſt,
And hardly, hardly I forbore the reſt;
Eager to gaze, unſatisfy'd with ſight,
My head grew giddy with the near delight!
—Too well you know the fatal following night!
Th' extremeſt proof of my deſire I give,
And ſince you will not love, I will not live.

Condemn'd

Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
Careleſs and fearleſs of the woes to come.
But when you ſee me waver in the wind,
My guilty flame extinct, my ſoul reſign'd,
Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
The cruel conſequence of furious love.
Think the bold wretch, that could ſo greatly dare,
Was tender, faithful, ardent, and ſincere:
Think when I held the piſtol to your breaſt,
Had I been of the world's large rule poſſeſs'd,
That world had then been yours, and I been bleſt!
Think that my life was quite below my care,
Nor fear'd I any hell beyond deſpair.——

If theſe reflections, though they ſeize you late,
Give ſome compaſſion for your *Arthur*'s fate:
Enough you give, nor ought I to complain;
You pay my pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain.

AN

ANSWER

TO A

LOVE-LETTER.

AN

ANSWER

TO A

LOVE-LETTER.

IS it to me, this ſad lamenting ſtrain?
Are heaven's choiceſt gifts beſtow'd in vain?
A plenteous fortune, and a beauteous bride,
Your love rewarded, gratify'd your pride:
Yet leaving her——'tis me that you purſue
Without one ſingle charm, but being new.
How vile is man! how I deteſt their ways
Of artful falſhood, and deſigning praiſe!

Taſteleſs,

Taſteleſs, an eaſy happineſs you ſlight,
Ruin your joy, and miſchief your delight,
Why ſhould poor pug (the mimic of your kind)
Wear a rough chain, and be to box confin'd?
Some cup, perhaps, he breaks, or tears a fan,——
While roves unpuniſh'd the deſtroyer, man.
Not bound by vows, and unreſtrain'd by ſhame,
In ſport you break the heart, and rend the fame.
Not that your art can be ſucceſsful here,
Th' already plunder'd need no robber fear:
Nor ſighs, nor charms, nor flatteries can move,
Too well ſecur'd againſt a ſecond love.
Once, and but once, that devil charm'd my mind;
To reaſon deaf, to obſervation blind;
I idly hop'd (what cannot love perſuade!)
My fondneſs equal'd, and my love repay'd;
Slow to diſtruſt, and willing to believe,
Long huſh'd my doubts, and did myſelf deceive:
But oh! too ſoon——this tale would ever laſt;
Sleep, ſleep my wrongs, and let me think 'em paſt.

For

For you, who mourn with counterfeited grief,
And aſk ſo boldly like a begging thief,
May ſoon ſome other nymph inflict the pain,
You know ſo well with cruel art to feign.
Tho' long you ſported have with Cupid's dart,
You may ſee eyes, and you may feel a heart.
So the briſk wits, who ſtop the evening coach,
Laugh at the fear which follows their approach;
With idle mirth, and haughty ſcorn deſpiſe
The paſſenger's pale cheek, and ſtaring eyes:
But ſeiz'd by juſtice, find a fright no jeſt,
And all the terror doubled in their breaſt.

AN

AN

ELEGY

ON

Mrs. THOMPSON.

AN

ELEGY

ON

Mrs. THOMPSON.

UNHAPPY fair! by fatal love betray'd!
Muſt then thy beauties thus untimely fade?
And all thy blooming, ſoft, inſpiring charms,
Become a prey to death's deſtructive arms?
Tho' ſhort thy day, and tranſient like the wind,
How far more bleſt than thoſe yet left behind!
Safe in the grave, thy griefs with thee remain;
And life's tempeſtuous billows break in vain.

Ye tender nymphs in lawleſs paſtimes gay,
Who heedleſs down the paths of pleaſure ſtray;
Tho' long ſecure, with bliſsful joy elate,
Yet pauſe, and think of Arabella's fate:
For ſuch may be your unexpected doom,
And your next pleaſures lull you in the tomb.
But let it be the muſe's gentle care
To ſhield from envy's rage the mould'ring fair:
To draw a veil o'er faults ſhe can't defend;
And what prudes have devour'd, leave time to end:
Be it her part to drop a pitying tear,
And mourning ſigh around thy ſable bier.
Nor ſhall thy woes long glad th' ill natur'd croud,
Silent to praiſe, and in detraction loud:
When ſcandal, that thro' life each worth deſtroys,
And malice that imbitters all our joys,
Shall in ſome ill ſtarr'd wretch find later ſtains;
And let thine reſt, forgot as thy remains.

IN

IN ANSWER

TO A LADY,

WHO ADVISED RETIREMENT.

IN ANSWER

TO A LADY,

WHO ADVISED RETIREMENT.

YOU little know the heart that you adviſe;
I view this various ſcene with equal eyes:
In crowded courts I find myſelf alone,
And pay my worſhip to a nobler throne.
Long ſince the value of this world I know
Pity the madneſs, and deſpiſe the ſhow:
Well as I can my tedious part I bear,
And wait for my diſmiſſion without fear.

Seldom