



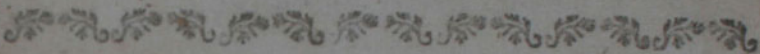


Alexander

~~Branch~~



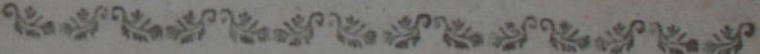
*C. Hope* *Mrs. M. M. M.*



THE  
POETICAL WORKS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

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



My Angel is

If you are pleased -  
I am Happy

Paul

---

THE  
POETICAL WORKS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M-y W-y M<sup>ontagu</sup>-e.

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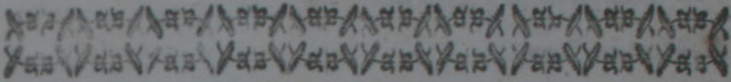
L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON, J. HODGES,  
J. WREN, and A. MILLAR.

M.D.C.C.LXXXI.







## C O N T E N T S.

TOWN Eclogues

Verfes addressed to the Imitator of the first  
Satire of the Second Book of Horace

An Epistle to Lord B——

Epistle from Arthur Grey the Footman

An Answer to a Love-Letter

An Elegy on Mrs. Thompson

Answer to a Lady, who advised Retirement

On the Death of Mrs. Bowes

Verfes written in a Garden

A Hymn to the Moon

Epilogue to Mary Queen of Scots.

A Ballad

The Lover, a Ballad

The Lady's Resolve

The Gentleman's Answer

A Man in Love

A Receipt to cure the Vapours

The Fifth Ode of Horace imitated

Farewell to Bath

To Clio

A Caveat to the Fair Sex

Verses written in the Chiafk at Pera, overlooking

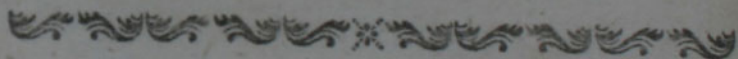
Constantinople, Dec. 26. 1718.



TOWN ECLOGUES.

M O N D A Y.

ROXANA, or, the *Drawing-Room.*



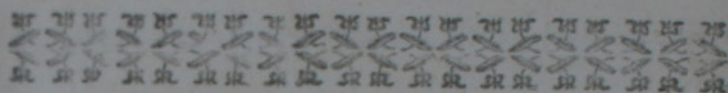
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

TOWNE ELECTRIC

NEW YORK

1900

CHICAGO



# TOWN ECLOGUES.

M O N D A Y.

ROXANA, or, the *Drawing-Room*.

**R**OXANA 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 fought, and with a mien fevere  
“ 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.

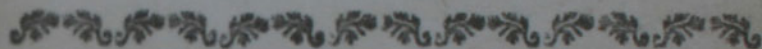
" Yet *Coquetilla's* artifice prevails,  
 " When all my merit and my duty fails :  
 " That *Coquetilla*, whose deluding airs  
 " Corrupts our virgins, and our youth ensnares ;  
 " So sunk her character, so lost her fame,  
 " Scarce visited before your highness came :  
 " Yet for the bed-chamber '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 careffes and undoing smiles !

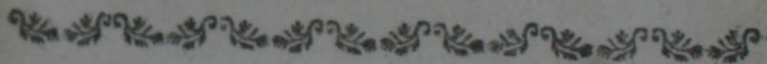
" Ah !





TUESDAY.

St. JAMES'S Coffee-House.



*Hennis*

The for the main



T U E S D A Y.

St. JAMES'S Coffee-House.

S I L L I A N D E R and P A T C H.

**T**HOU, 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 finners 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 pensivè *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 pensivè 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 flight.

Yet

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

## P A T C H.

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.

## S I L L I A N D E R.

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.

P A T C H.

## PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive ;  
 'Tis then a favour when the sex will give.  
 A lady (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.

## S I L L I A N D E R.

Last night, as I stood ogling of her grace,  
Drinking delicious poison from her face,  
The soft enchantress did that face decline,  
Norever 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.

## P A T C H.

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.

## S I L L I A N D E R.

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.

## P A T C H.

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.

## S I L L I A N D E R.

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



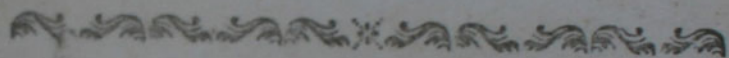
## P A T C H.

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.

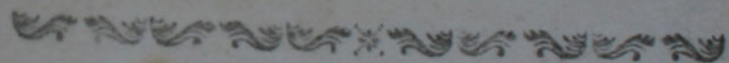
W E D N E S D A Y.





W E D N E S D A Y.

The Tete a Tete.



o fatal night when first I saw him com

W E D N E S D A Y.

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 *Strepson* 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 tease 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 ;  
" Bless, 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.

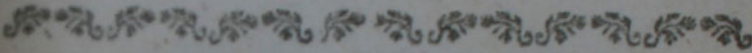
Has love no pleasures free from guilt or fear ?  
Pleasures less fierce, more lasting, more sincere ?  
Thus let us gently kiss and fondly gaze,  
Love is a child, and like a child it plays.

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.

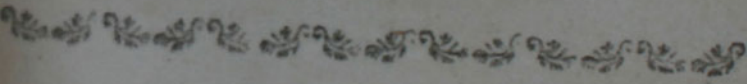
The dangerous moments no adieus afford ;  
— Begone, she cries, I'm sure I hear my lord.  
The lover starts from his unfinish'd loves,  
To snatch his hat, and seek his scatter'd gloves :  
The fighting dame to meet her dear prepares,  
While *Strephon* cursing slips down the back-stairs.

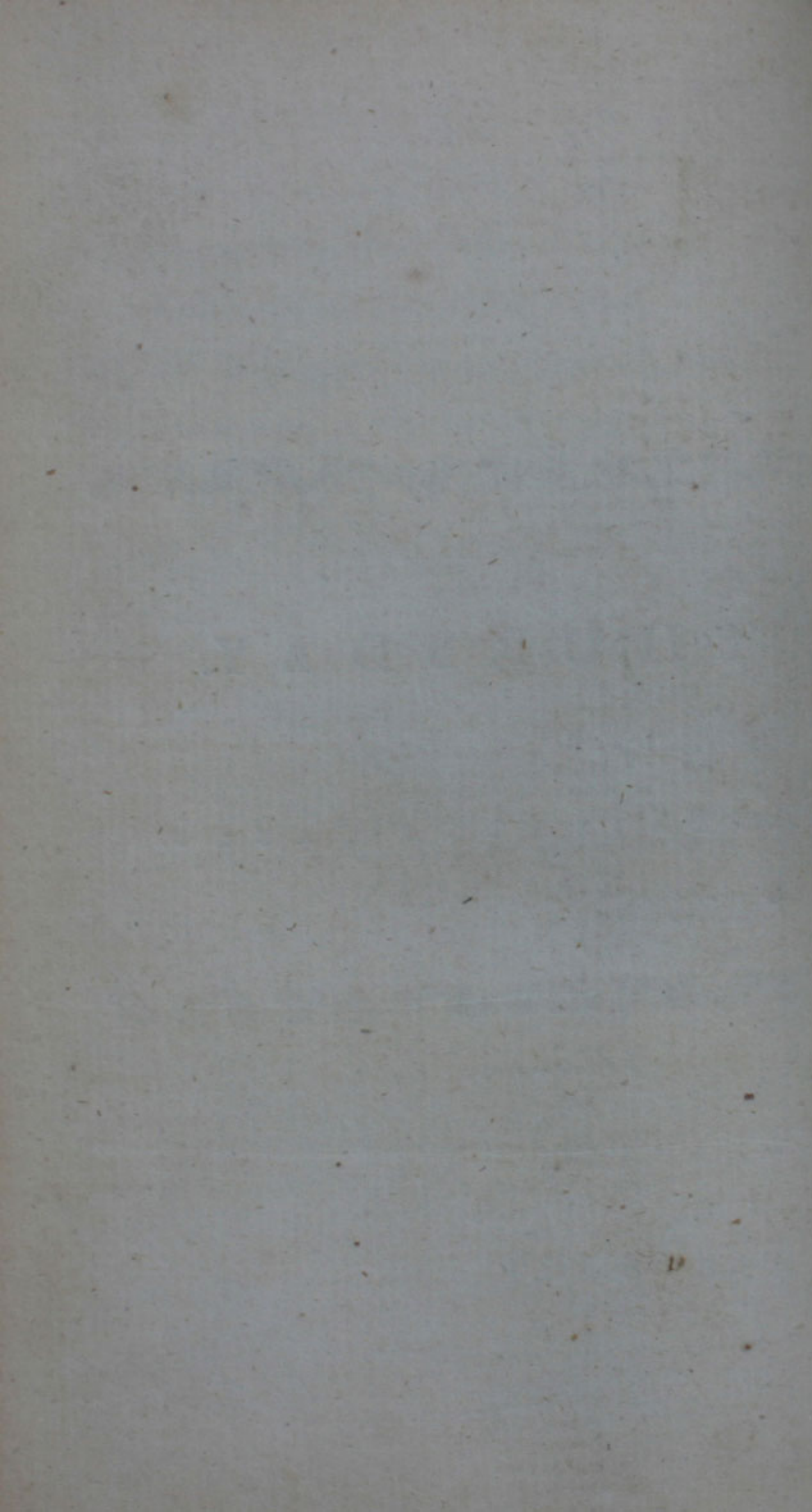
THURSDAY.

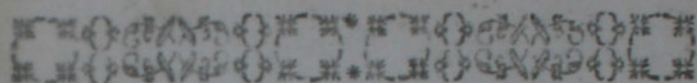


THURSDAY.

The BASSETTE-TABLE.







T H U R S D A Y.

The BASSETTE-TABLE\*.

SMILINDA and CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

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

Rife,

---

\* 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 *Sbarper* mine, and mine alone.

## C A R D E L I A.

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 ?

## S M I L I N D A.

See ! *Betty Loveit* very *à 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*.

## L O V E I T.

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

D

C A R D E L I A.

## 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 *Senica* which I had chose;  
 And the next *pull* my *septlewa* 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 fallow cheeks enlivening red.  
 I introduc'd her to the Park and plays ;  
 And by my int'rest *Cofins* made her stays.  
 Ungrateful wretch ! with mimic airs grown pert,  
 She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.

## C A R D E L I A .

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.

## S M I L I N D A .

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 ?

C A R D E L I A .

## 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 awful 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.

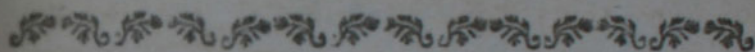
LOVE IT.

## L O V E I T.

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*.

F R I D A Y.

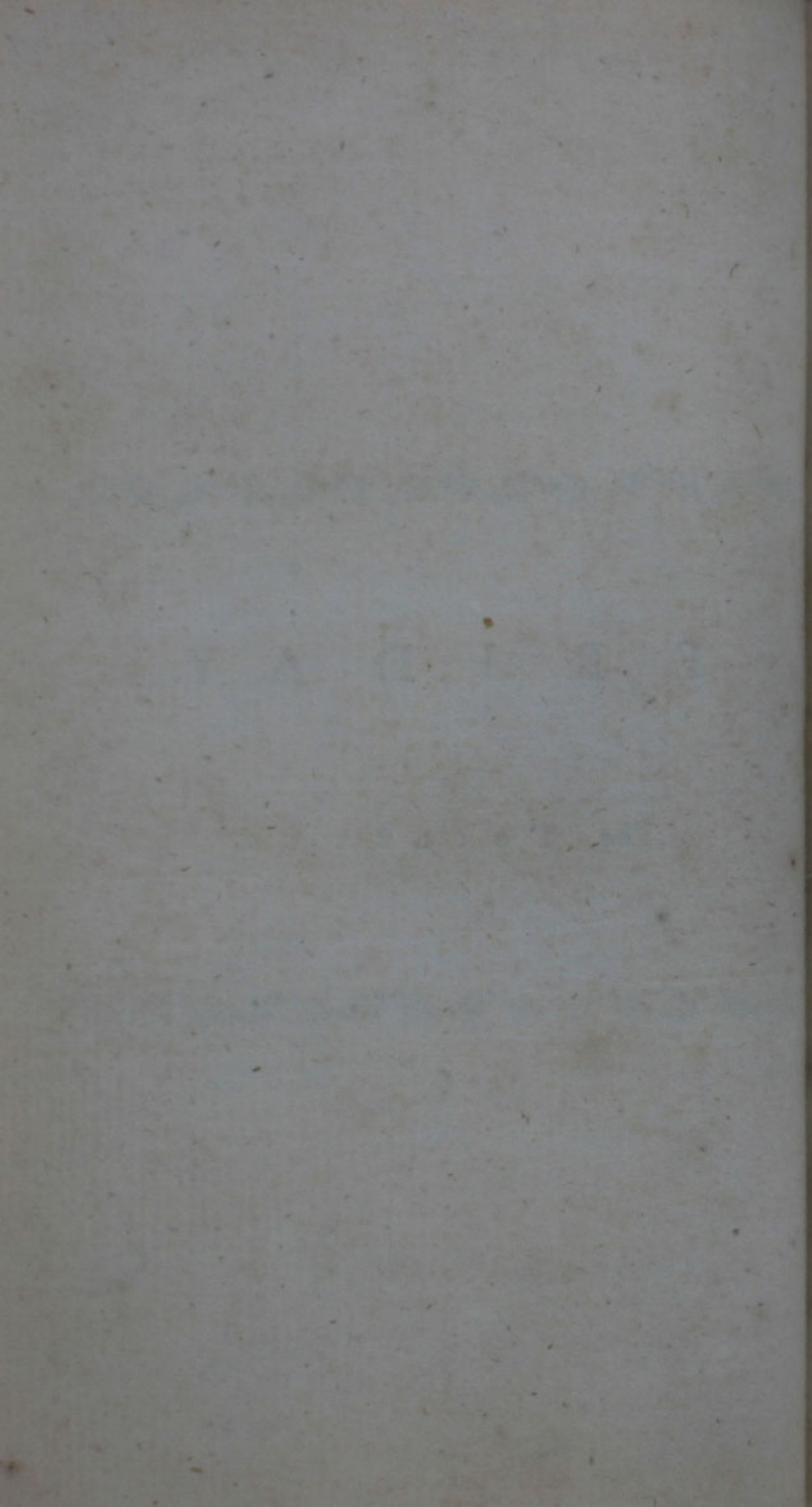




F R I D A Y.

The T O I L E T T E.









F R I D A Y.

The T O I L E T T E.

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 fide boxes watch my wand'ring eyes,  
 " And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise  
 " With humble bows ; nor white glov'd beaux 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 carelefs lies a rich brocade unroll’d,  
“ Here fhines a cabinet with burnish’d gold.  
“ But then, alas ! I muft be forc’d to pay,  
“ And bring no penn’orths, not a fan away !

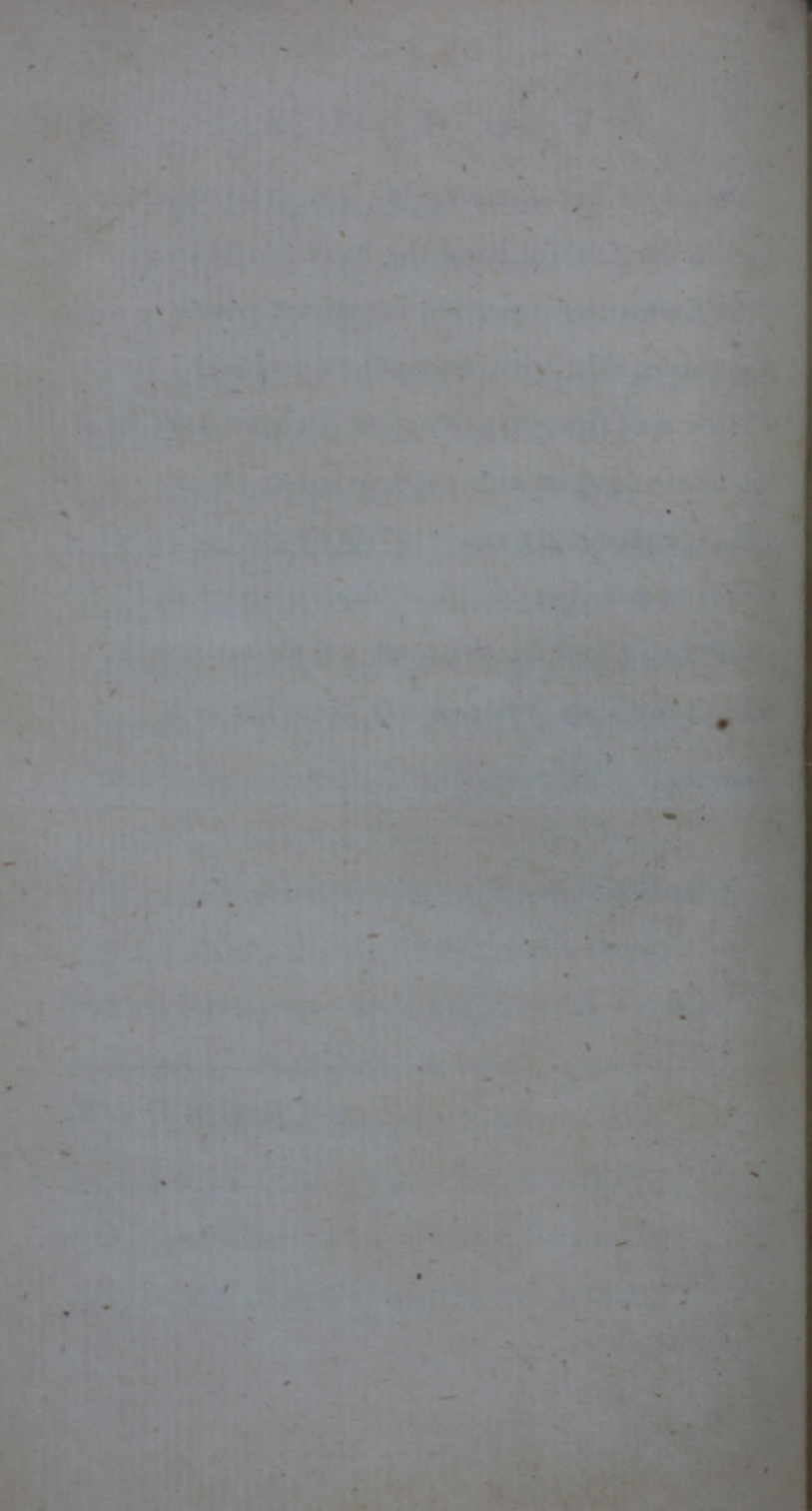
“ How am I curs’d, unhappy and forlorn !  
“ My lover’s triumph, and my fex’s fcorn !  
“ Falfe is the pompous grief of youthful heirs ;  
“ Falfe are the loofe coquet’s inveigling airs ;  
“ Falfe is the crafty courtier’s plighted word ;  
“ Falfe are the dice when gamefters ftamp the board ;  
“ Falfe is the fprightly widow’s public tear ;  
“ Yet thefe to *Damon’s* oaths are all sincere.

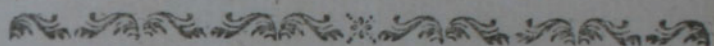
“ For what young flirt, bafe man, am I abus’d ?  
“ To please your wife am I unkindly us’d ?  
“ Tis true her face may boast the peach’s bloom ;  
“ But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume ?  
“ I own her taper fhape is form’d to please ;  
“ But don’t you fee her unconfin’d by ftays ?

- " She doubly to fifteen may claim pretence ;  
 " Alike we read it in her face and sense.  
 " Infipid, 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 fallen 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

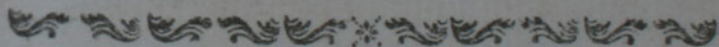
Thus love-sick *Lydia* rav'd ; her maid appears,  
And in her faithful hand the band-box bears ;  
(The Cestos that reform'd inconstant *Jove*  
Not better fill'd with what allur'd to love)  
“ How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face !  
She cries in rapture ; “ then, so sweet a lace !  
“ How 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.



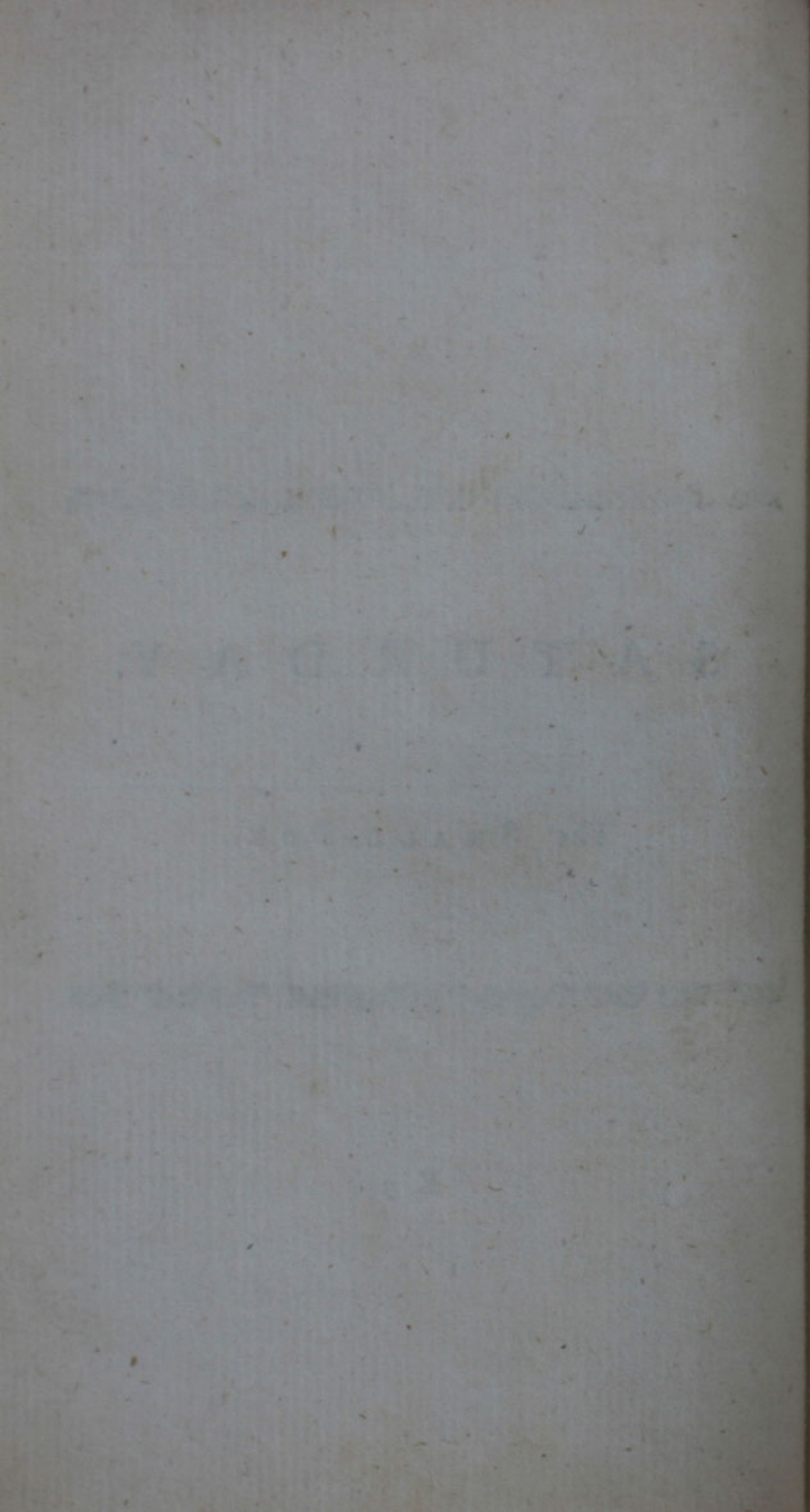


S A T U R D A Y.

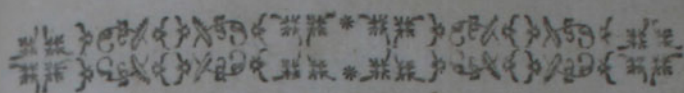
The S M A L L - P O X.



E 3







S A T U R D A Y.

The S M A L L - P O X.

F L A V I A.

**T**HE 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 contempt 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 fate,  
 " 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 pointums 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 !

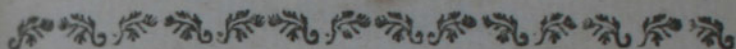
- “ *Galen*, the grave ; officious *Squirt*, was there,  
“ With fruitless grief and unavailing care :  
“ *Machaon* too, the great *Machaon*, known  
“ By his red cloak and his superior frown ;  
“ And why, he cry'd, this grief and this despair,  
“ You shall again be well, again be fair ;  
“ Believe 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.  
“ Forfake 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 !”



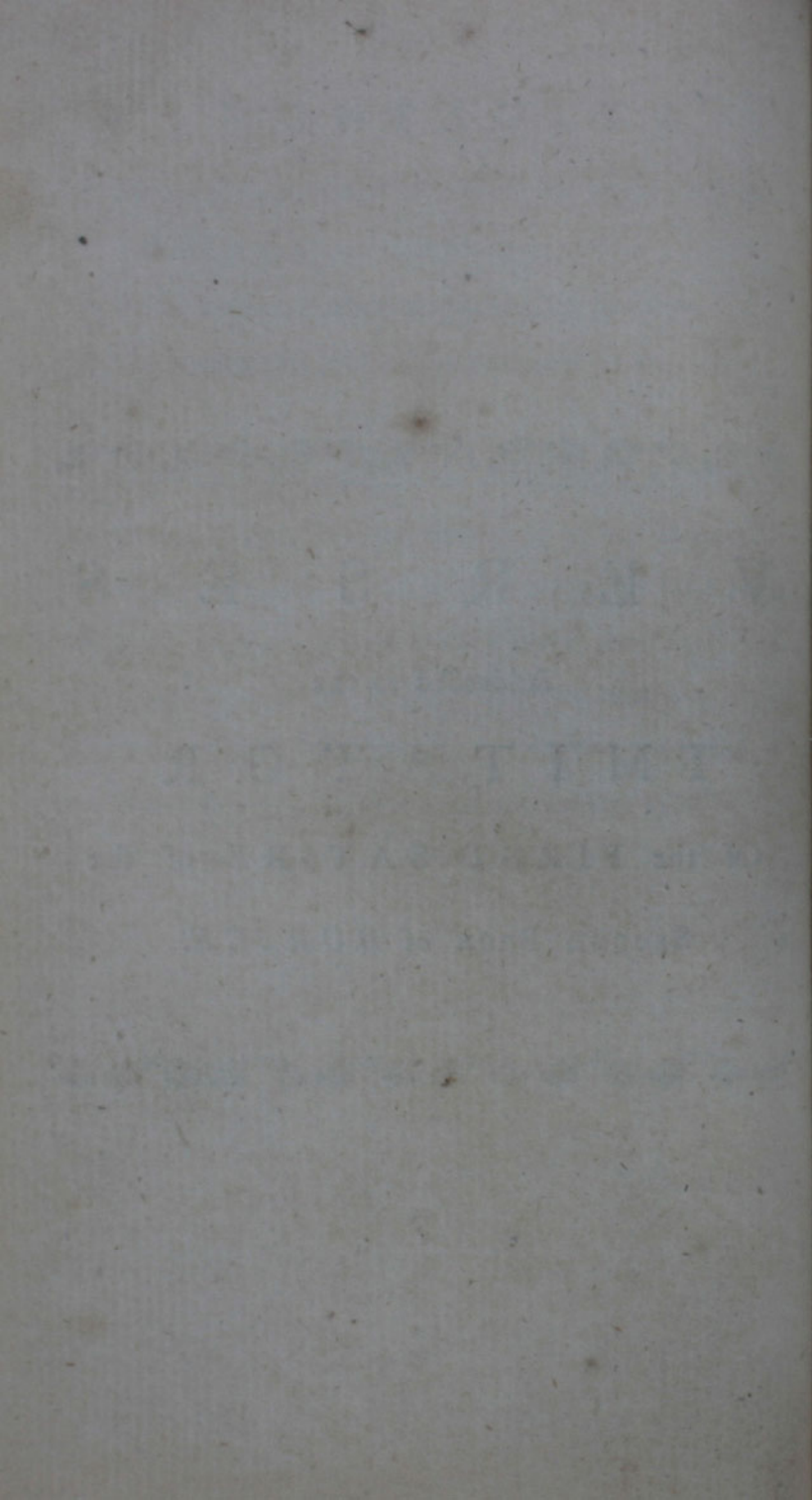
V E R S E S

Addressed to the

I M I T A T O R

Of the FIRST SATIRE of the  
SECOND BOOK of *HORACE*.









# V E R S E S \*

Addressed to the

## I M I T A T O R

Of the **FIRST SATIRE** of the  
**SECOND BOOK** of *HORACE*.

**I**N 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:

F 2

Whilft

\* 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'ft better understood

F 3

That

“ing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her as that of Sappho, a name prostituted 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 private, and (I firmly believe) not in any letter or conversation.” What degree of credit this asseveration deserves must be left to the reader's determination, only observing, that Mr. Pope was not very scrupulous in disowning a character when the opinion of the Publick was not in his favour. With equal, or more earnestness, he denied that the description 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 feest \* 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 univerfal 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* ?



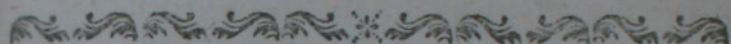
No: like the self-blown praise, thy scandal flies ;  
And, as we're told of wasps, it stings and dies.

If none 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.

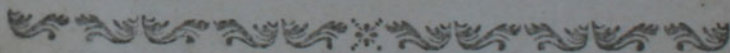


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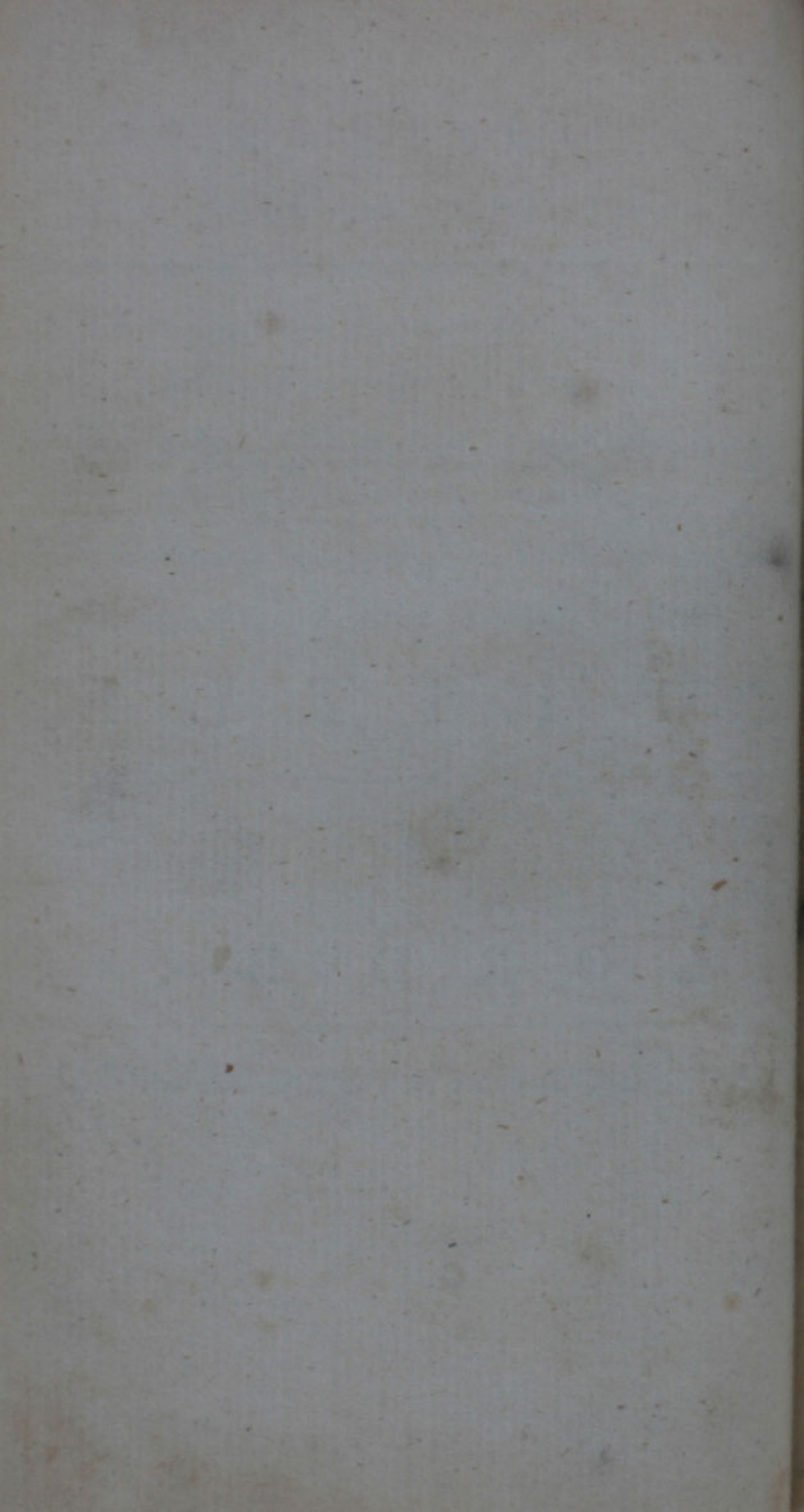
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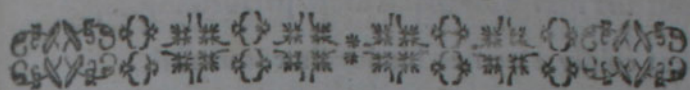
T O

L O R D B---



G





A N

E P I S T L E

T O

L O R D B----.

**H**OW 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.

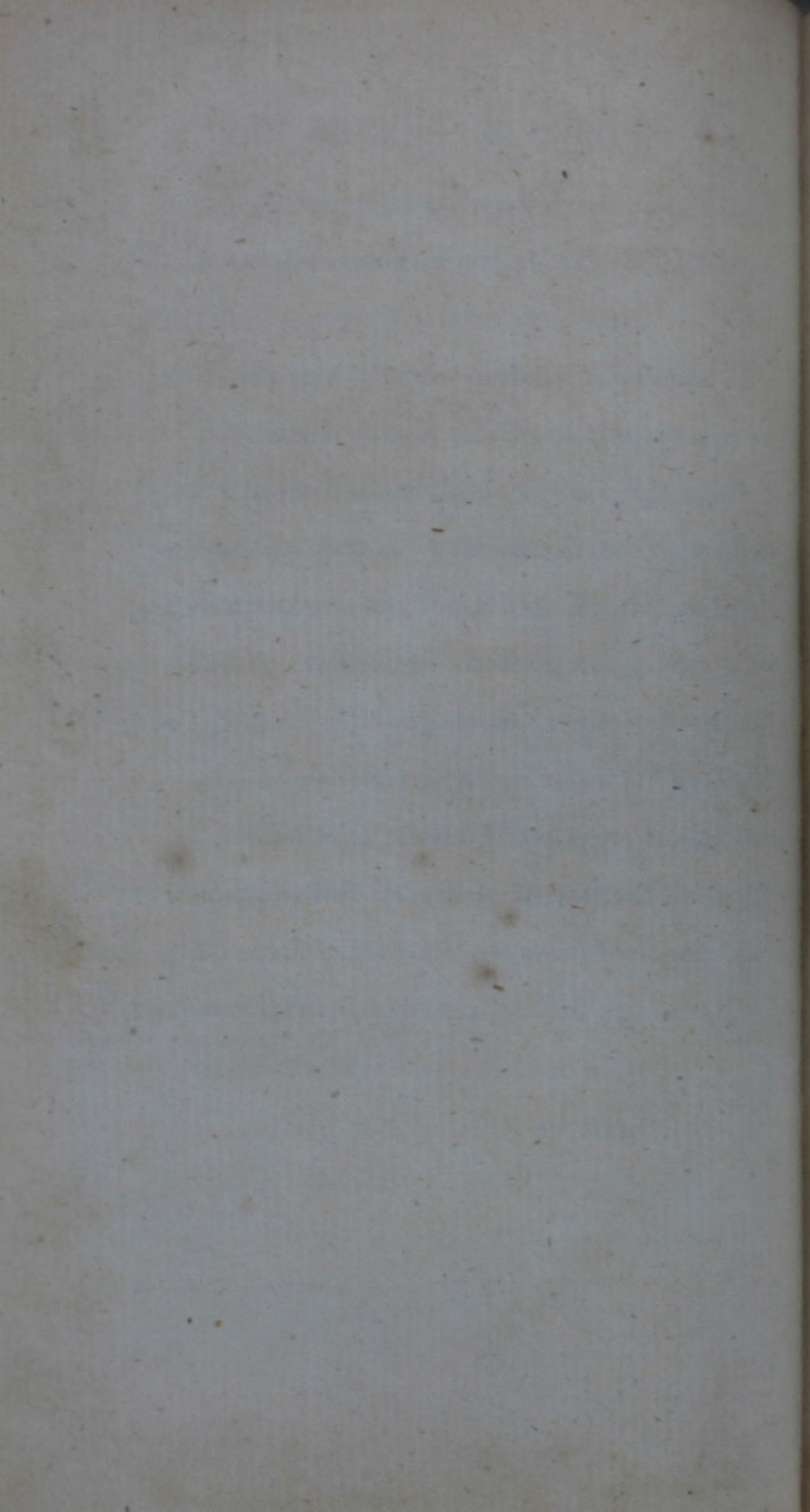
Thus on the sands of Afric's burning plains,  
However deeply made, no long impress remains ;  
The slightest leaf can leave its figure there ;  
The strongest form is scattered by the air.  
So yielding the warm temper of your mind,  
So touch'd by every eye, so toss'd by wind ;  
Oh ! how unlike the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

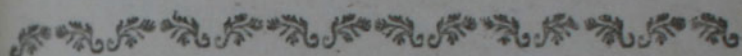


No whispers soften, nor no beauties fire ;  
Careless I see the dance, and coldly hear the lyre.

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



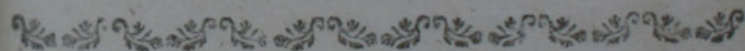


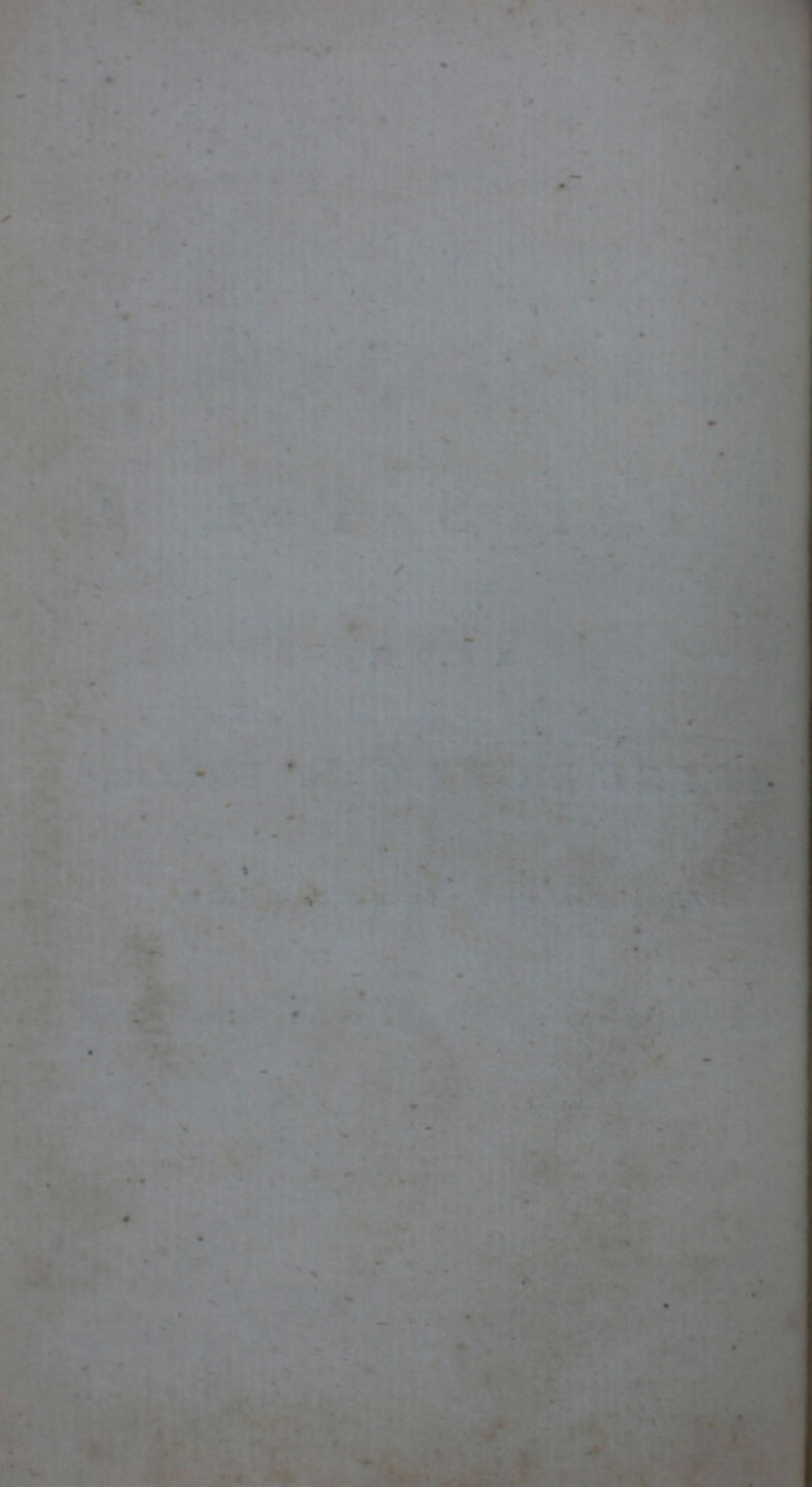
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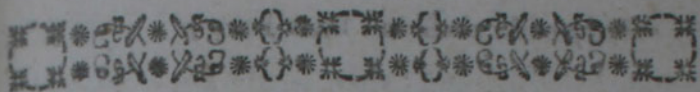
F R O M

*ARTHUR GREY*, the Footman,

After his Condemnation for attempting a RAPE.







# E P I S T L E

F R O M

*ARTHUR GREY*, the Footman †.

After his Condemnation for attempting a RAPE.

**R**EAD, 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 founder 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 exprefs'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 prefs'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.

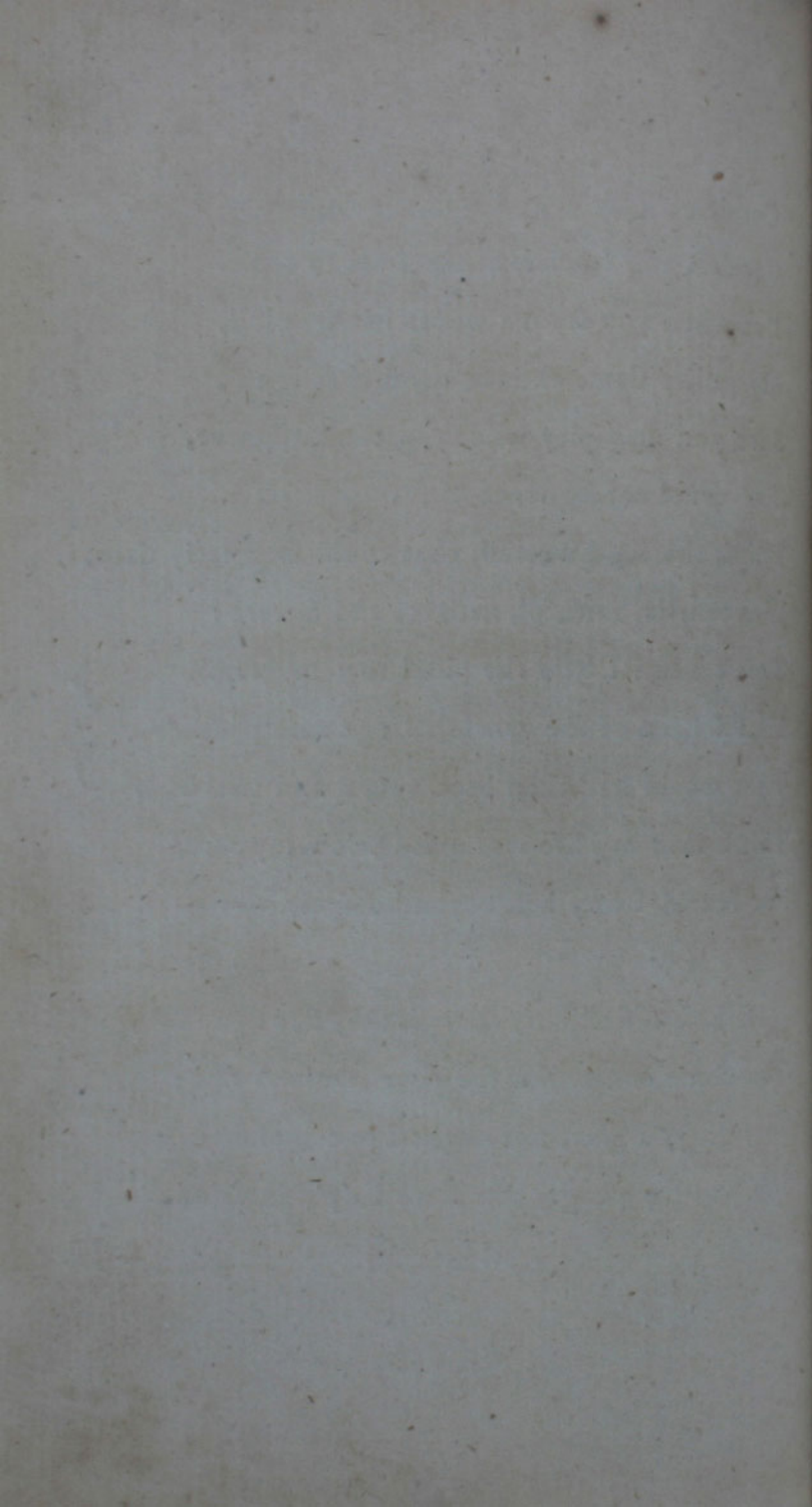
Fix'd on this view, my only hope of ease,  
 I waited not the aid of slow disease:  
 The keenest instruments of death I sought,  
 And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.  
 This all the night—when I remember well,  
 The charming tinkle of your morning bell!

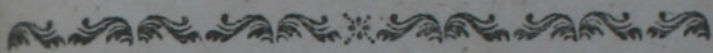
Fir'd by the sound, I hasten'd with your tea,  
With one last look to smoothe the darksome way,—  
But oh ! how dear that fatal look has cost !  
In that fond moment my resolves were lost.  
Hence all my guilt, and all your sorrows rise—  
I saw the languid softness of your eyes ;  
I saw the dear disorder 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.



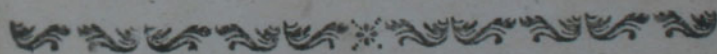


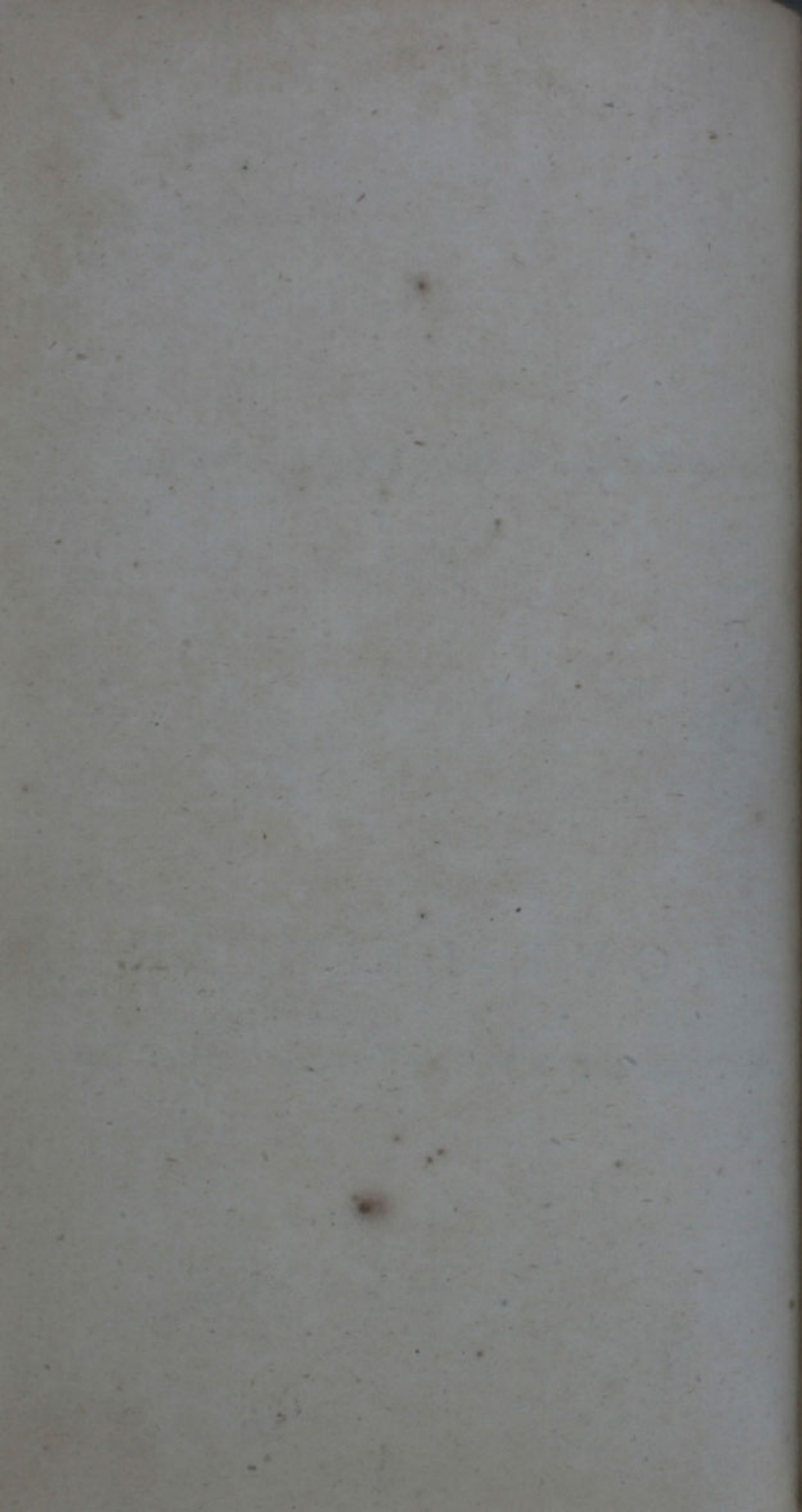
A N

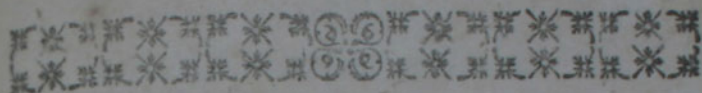
A N S W E R

T O A

LOVE-LETTER.







A N

A N S W E R

T O A

L O V E - L E T T E R .

**I**S 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 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.



et alia et alia et alia \* et alia et alia et alia

A N

E L E G Y

O N

M<sup>RS.</sup> T H O M P S O N.

et alia et alia et alia \* et alia et alia et alia

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



A N

E L E G Y

O N

M<sup>RS.</sup> T H O M P S O N.

U N H A P P Y 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.



I N A N S W E R


T O A L A D Y,

W H O A D V I S E D R E T I R E M E N T.









I N A N S W E R

T O A L A D Y,

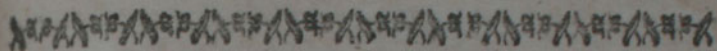
W H O A D V I S E D R E T I R E M E N T.

**Y**OU 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 dismissal without fear.

Seldom

Seldom I mark mankind's detested ways,  
Not hearing censure, nor affecting praise;  
And, unconcern'd, my future state I trust  
To that sole being, merciful and just.



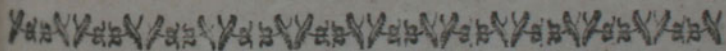


ON THE

D E A T H

O F

Mrs. *B O W E S.*







O N T H E

D E A T H

O F

Mrs. *B O W E S.*

Written extempore on a card, in a great  
deal of company, Dec. 14. 1724.

**H**AIL happy bride, for thou art truly blest!  
Three months of rapture, crown'd with end-  
less rest.

Merit, like yours, was heaven's peculiar care,

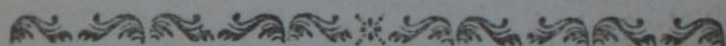
You lov'd—yet tasted happiness sincere.

To you the sweets of love were only shewn,

The sure succeeding bitter dregs unknown;

You

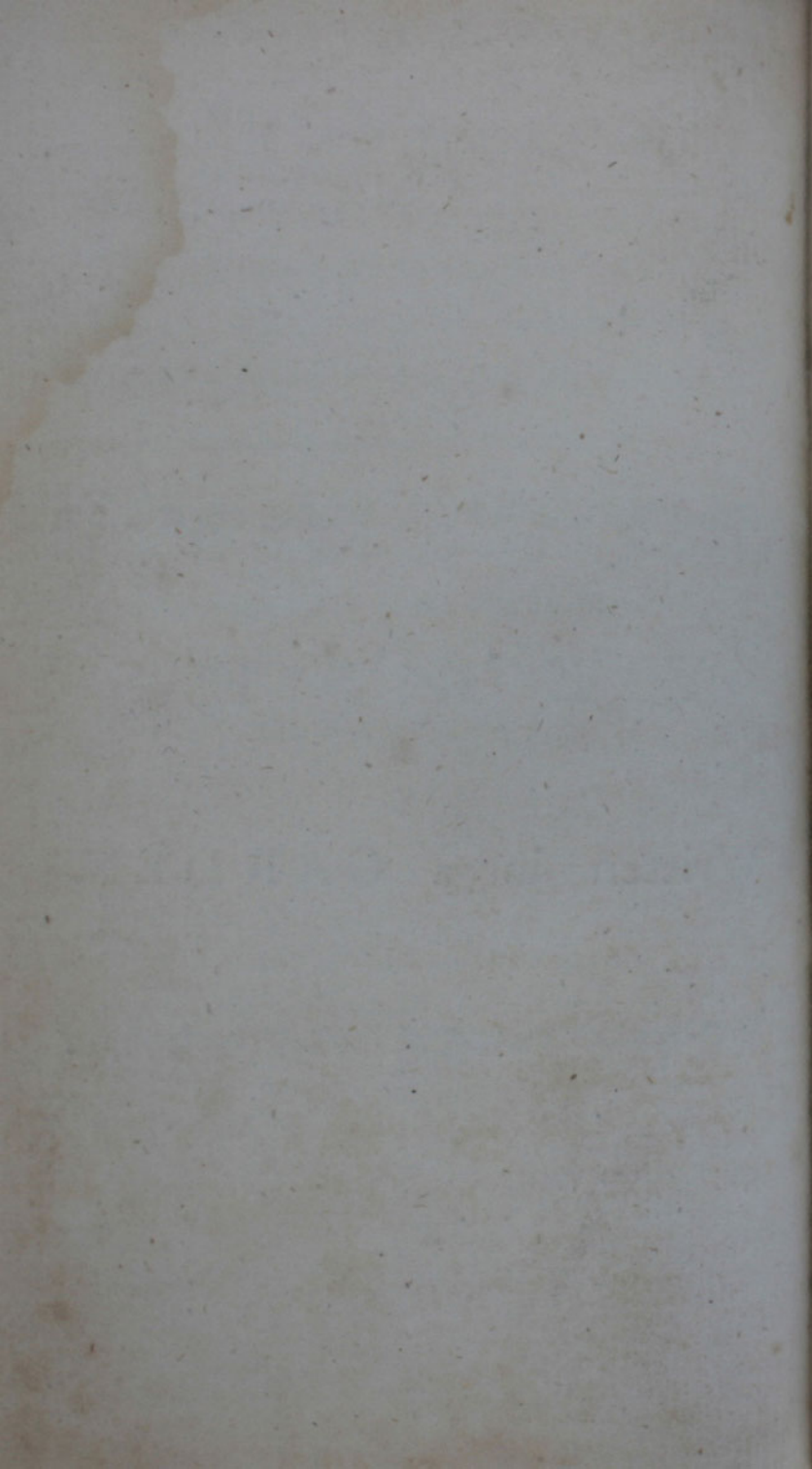
You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,  
The tender lover, for the imperious lord;  
Nor felt the pain that jealous fondness brings;  
Nor felt the coldness, from possession springs,  
Above your sex, distinguish'd in your fate,  
You trusted—yet experienc'd no deceit;  
Soft were your hours, and wing'd with pleasure flew;  
No vain repentance gave a sigh to you:  
And if superior bliss heaven can bestow,  
With fellow angels you enjoy it now.



V E R S E S

Written in a GARDEN.









# V E R S E S

Written in a GARDEN.

SEE how that pair of billing doves  
With open murmurs own their loves ;  
And heedless of censorious eyes,  
Pursue their unpolluted joys :  
No fears of future want molest  
The downy quiet of their nest ;  
No int'rest join'd the happy pair,  
Securely blest in Nature's care,  
While her dear dictates they pursue :  
For constancy is nature too.

Can all the doctrine of our schools,  
Our maxims, our religious rules,  
Can learning to our lives ensure  
Virtue so bright, or bliss so pure ?  
The great Creator's happy ends,  
Virtue and pleasure ever blends :  
In vain the church and court have try'd  
Th' united essence to divide ;  
Alike they find their wild mistake,  
The pedant priest, and giddy rake.

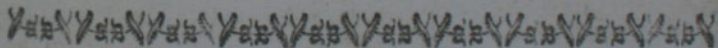


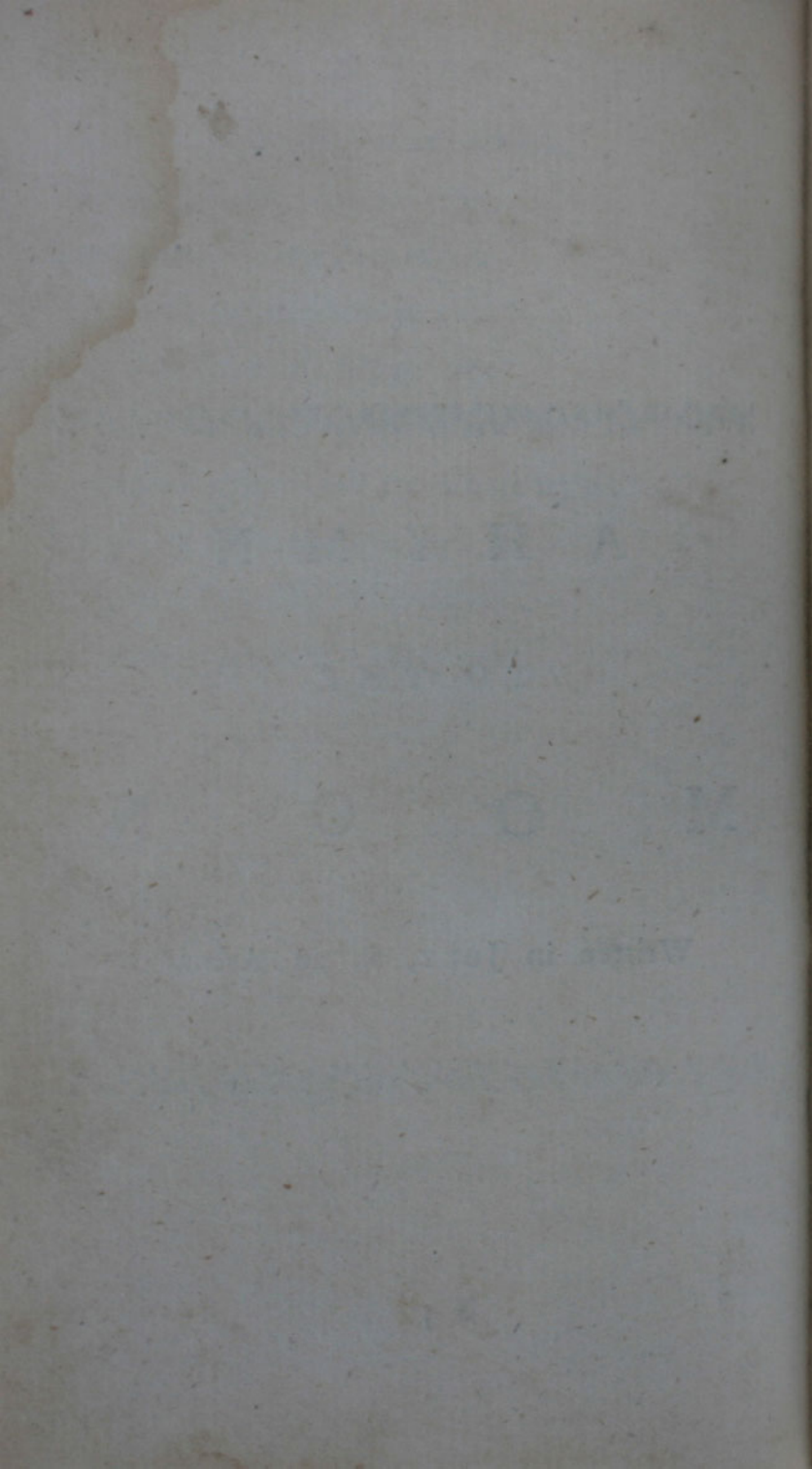
A H Y M N

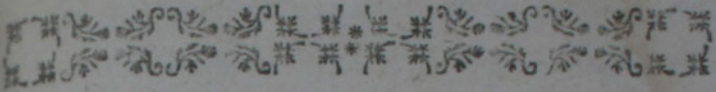
T O T H E

M O O N.

Written in JULY, in an Arbor.







A H Y M N

T O T H E

M O O N.

Written in JULY, in an Arbor.

**T**HOU silver Deity of secret night,  
Direct my footsteps thro' the woodland shade;  
Thou conscious witness of unknown delight,  
The lover's guardian, and the muses aid!  
By thy pale beams I solitary rove,  
To thee my tender grief confide;  
Serenely sweet you gild the silent grove,  
My friend, my goddess, and my guide.

E'en

E'en thee, fair queen, from thy amazing height,  
The charms of young Endymion drew ;  
Veil'd with the mantle of concealing night ;  
With all thy greatness, and thy coldness too.



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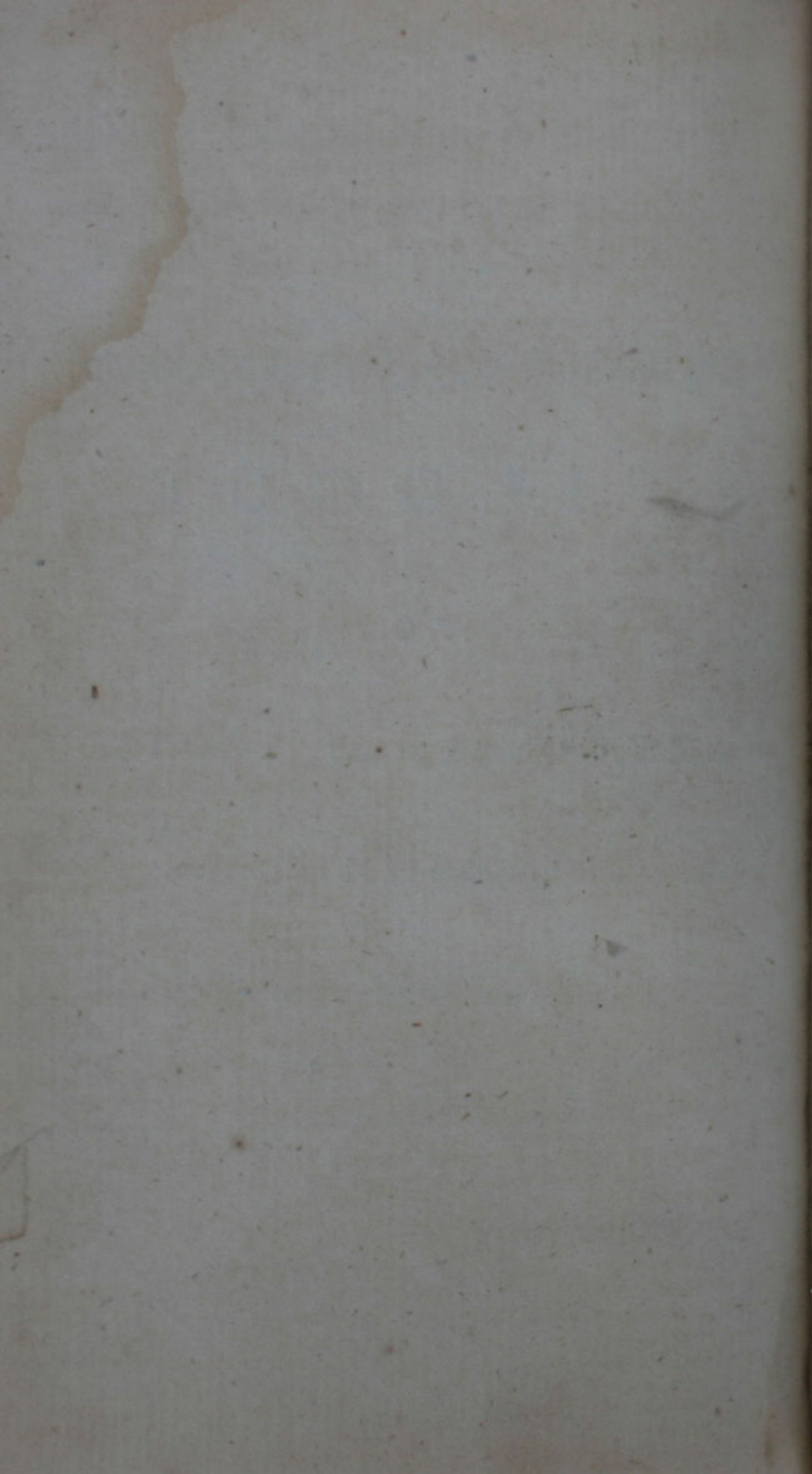
# EPILOGUE

T O

MARY, QUEEN of SCOTS.

Design'd to be spoken by Mrs OLDFIELD.

\*\*\*\*\*







# EPILOGUE\*

TO

MARY, QUEEN of SCOTS.

Design'd to be spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WHAT could luxurious woman wish for more,  
To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r?  
Their every wish was in this Mary seen,  
Gay, witty, youthful, beauteous, and a queen.

Vain

\* This Epilogue was intended for a Play on the Story of Mary Queen of Scots, which the Duke of Wharton began to write, but never finished. No part of the Play now remains, but these four lines:

Sure were I free, and Norfolk were a prisoner,  
I'd fly with more impatience to his arms,  
Than the poor Israelite gaz'd on the serpent,  
When life was the reward of every look.

Walpole's Catalogue, vol. II. p. 134.

Vain uselefs blessings with ill conduct join'd !  
Light as the air, and fleeting as the wind.  
Whatever poets write, and lovers vow,  
Beauty, what poor omnipotence hast thou !

Queen Bess had wisdom, council, power, and laws;  
How few espous'd a wretched beauty's cause !  
Learn thence, ye fair, more solid charms to prize ;  
Contemn the idle flatt'ers of your eyes.  
The brightest object shines but while 'tis new :  
That influence lessens by familiar view.  
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.

Two great examples have been shewn to-day,  
To what sure ruin passion does betray ;  
What long repentance to short joys is due ;  
When reason rules, what glory must ensue.

If you will love, love like Eliza then ;  
Love for amusement, like those traitors, men.  
Think that the pastime of a leisure hour  
She favour'd oft—but never shar'd her pow'r.

The traveller by desert wolves pursu'd,  
If by his art the savage foe's subdu'd,  
The world will still the noble act applaud,  
Tho' victory was gain'd by needful fraud.

Such is, my tender sex, our helpless case ;  
And such the barbarous heart, hid by the begging face  
By passion fir'd, and not withheld by shame,  
They cruel hunters are, we trembling game.  
Trust me, dear ladies, (for I know 'em well)  
They burn to triumph, and they sigh to tell :  
Cruel to them to yield, cullies to them that fell.  
Believe me, 'tis by far the wiser course,  
Superior art should meet superior force :  
Hear, but be faithful to your int'rest still :  
Secure your hearts—then fool with whom you will.

L A B A L L A D.



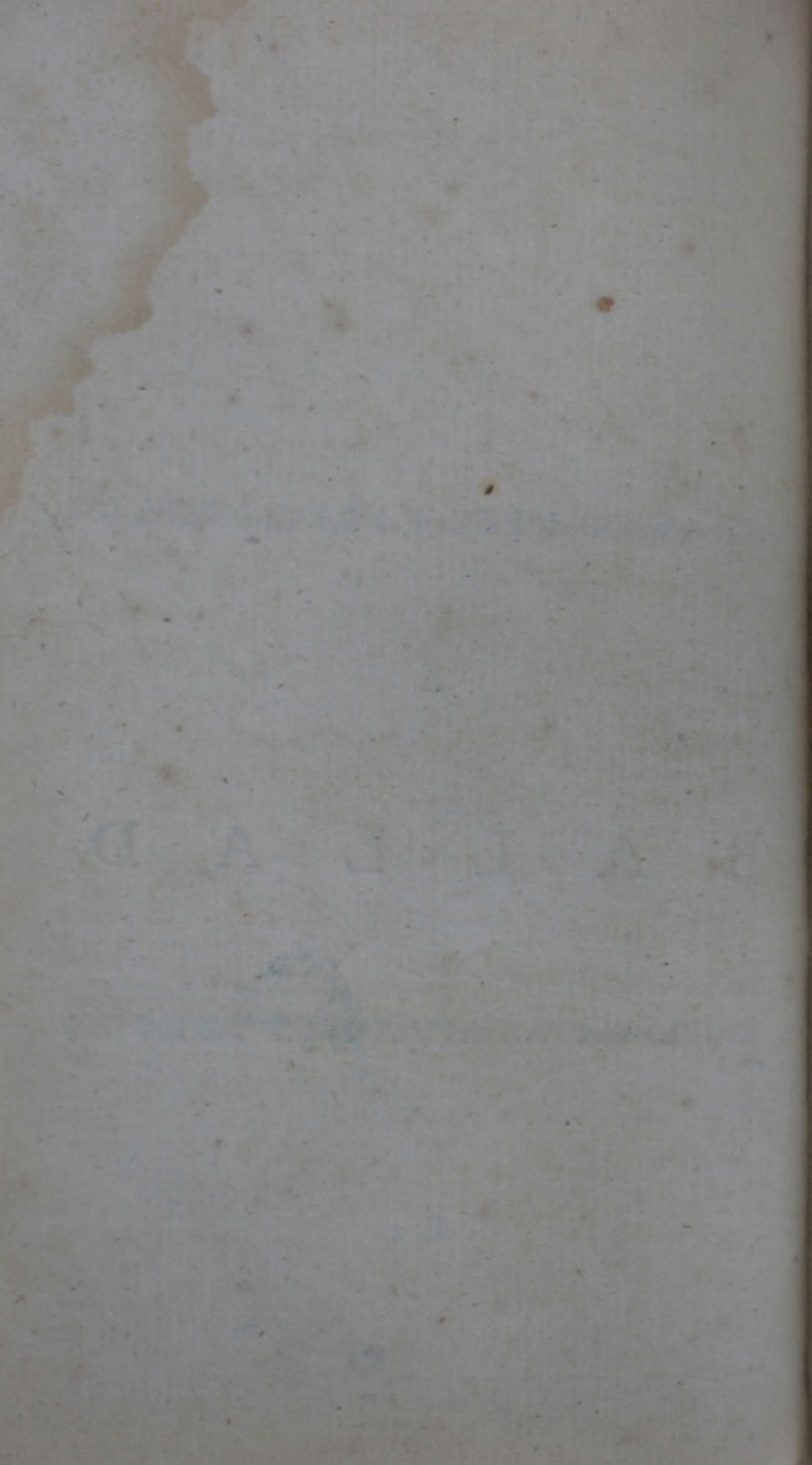


A

B A L L A D.



L 2





A

B A L L A D.

To the Tune of, *The Irish Howl.*

I.

**T**O that dear nymph, whose powerful name  
Does every throbbing nerve inflame,  
(As the soft sound I low repeat  
My pulse unequal measures beat)  
Whose eyes I never more shall see,  
That once so sweetly shin'd on thee ;  
Go, gentle wind ! and kindly bear  
My tender wishes to the fair.

Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

L 3

2.

Amidst her pleasures let her know  
 The secret anguish of my woe,  
 The midnight pang, the jealous hell,  
 Does in this tortur'd bosom dwell :  
 While laughing she, and full of play,  
 Is with her young companions gay ;  
 Or hearing in some fragrant bower  
 Her lover's sigh, and beauty's power.

Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

3.

Lost and forgotten may I be !  
 Oh may no pitying thought of me  
 Disturb the joy that she may find,  
 When love is crown'd, and fortune kind :  
 May that blest'd swain (whom yet I hate)  
 Be proud of his distinguish'd fate :

Each



Each happy night be like the first ;  
And he be blefs'd as I am curs'd.

Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

## 4.

While in these pathless woods I stray,  
And lose my solitary way ;  
Talk to the stars, to trees complain,  
And tell the senseless woods my pain :  
But madness spares the sacred name,  
Nor dares the hidden wound proclaim ;  
Which secret rankling, sure and slow,  
Shall close in endless peace my woe.

Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

## 5.

When this fond heart shall ake no more,  
And all the ills of life are o'er ;  
(If gods by lovers prayers are mov'd  
As every god in heav'n has lov'd)

Instead

Instead of bright Elyfian joys,  
That unknown something in the skies,  
In recompence of all my pain,  
The only heaven I would obtain,  
May I the guardian of her charms  
Preserve that paradise from harms.

Hoh, ho, ho, &c.



etXt50etXt50etXt50\*etXt50etXt50etXt50

The L O V E R:

A B A L L A D.

To Mr. C——:

etXt50etXt50etXt50\*etXt50etXt50etXt50





The L O V E R:

A B A L L A D.

To Mr. C——.

I.

**A**T length, by so much importunity press'd,  
Take, C—, at once the inside of my breast.

This stupid indiff'rence so often you blame,  
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame:  
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,  
Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in my head:  
I know but too well how time flies along,  
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

II.

## II.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy  
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.  
Oh! was there a man (but where shall I find  
Good sense and good-nature so equally join'd?)  
Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine;  
Not meanly would boast, nor lewdly design,  
Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,  
For I would have the power, tho' not give the pain.

## III.

No pedant, yet learned; no rake-helly gay,  
Or laughing, because he has nothing to say;  
To all my whole sex obliging and free,  
Yet never be fond of any but me;  
In public preserve the decorum that's just,  
And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust;  
Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,  
But not fulsomely pert, nor foppishly low.

## IV.

But when the long hours of public are past,  
 And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,  
 May every fond pleasure that moment endear;  
 Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!  
 Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,  
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,  
 'Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,  
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

## V.

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,  
 Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd,  
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,  
 Whose kindness can sooth me, whose counsel can  
 guide.

From such a dear lover as here I describe,  
 No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe;  
 But till this astonishing creature I know,  
 As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

## VI.

I never will share with the wanton coquet,  
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.  
The toasters and songsters may try all their art,  
But never shall enter the pass of my heart.  
I loath the lewd rake, the dress'd fopling despise:  
Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies:  
And as OVID has sweetly in parable told,  
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.





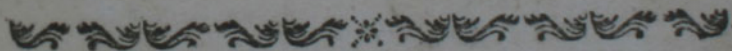
James Handcock  
Weel



T H E

LADY'S RESOLVE.

Written extempore on a Window.



M 2





T H E

LADY'S RESOLVE.

Written extempore on a Window.

**W**HILST thirst of praise, and vain desire of  
fame,

In every age, is every woman's aim ;

With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,

Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd ;

On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,

Each conquest owing to some loose advance ;

While vain coquets affect to be pursu'd,  
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd:  
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;  
In part she is to blame that has been try'd—  
He comes too near that comes to be deny'd.



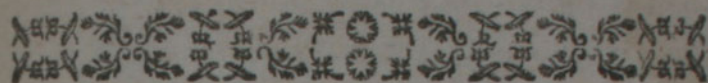
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T H E

GENTLEMAN'S ANSWER.

\*\*\*\*\*





T H E

GENTLEMAN'S ANSWER.

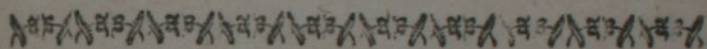
**W**HILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame  
In ev'ry state and ev'ry age the same ;  
With their own folly pleas'd, the fair they toast,  
And where they least are happy swear they're most ;  
No diff'rence making 'twixt coquet and prude ;  
And her that seems, yet is not really lewd ;  
While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,  
And taste no joys but what their fancy give :

Let

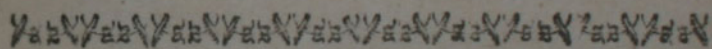
Let this great maxim be my actions guide,  
May I ne'er hope, though I am ne'er deny'd ;  
Nor think a woman won, that's willing to betry'd.



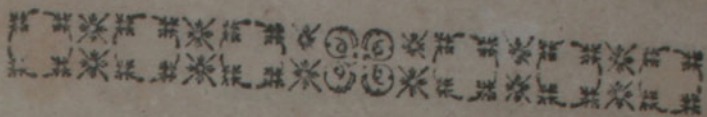




A M A N in L O V E.







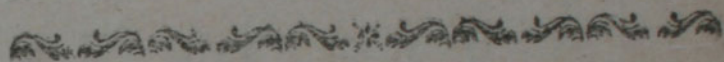
## A MAN in LOVE.

*L'Homme qui ne se trouve point & ne se trouvera jamais.*

**T**HE man who feels the dear disease,  
Forgets himself, neglects to please:  
The crowd avoids and seeks the groves,  
And much he thinks when much he loves;  
Press'd with alternate hope and fear,  
Sighs in her absence, sighs when she is near.  
The gay, the fond, the fair, the young,  
Those trifles pass unseen along;  
To him a pert, insipid throng.  
But most he shuns the vain coquet;  
Contemns her false affected wit:

The minstrels sound, the flowing bowl  
Oppress and hurt the amorous soul.

'Tis solitude alone can please,  
And give some intervals of ease.  
He feeds the soft distemper there,  
And fondly courts the distant fair;  
To balls, the silent shade prefers,  
And hates all other charms but hers.  
When thus your absent swain can do,  
Molly, you may believe him true.

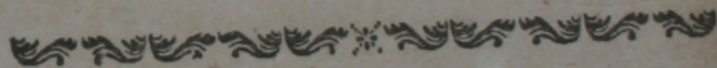


A

R E C E I P T

To Cure the

V A P O U R S.



N 2

R. H. GILBERT

V. A. P. O. U. R. S.



A

R E C E I P T

To Cure the

V A P O U R S.

Written to Lady J.—N.

F.

W H Y will Delia thus retire,  
And idly languish life away?  
While the fighting crowd admire,  
'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea:

## II.

All those dismal looks and fretting  
Cannot Damon's life restore ;  
Long ago the worms have eat him,  
You can never see him more.

## III.

Once again consult your toilette,  
In the glass your face review :  
So much weeping soon will spoil it,  
And no spring your charms renew.

## IV.

I, like you, was born a woman,  
Well I know what vapours mean :  
The disease, alas ! is common ;  
Single, we have all the spleen.

## V.

All the morals that they tell us,  
Never cur'd the sorrow yet :



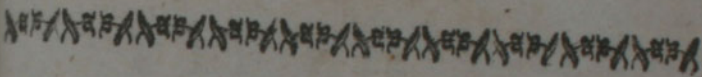
Chuse, among the pretty fellows,  
One of honour, youth, and wit.

## VI.

Prithee hear him every morning  
At the least an hour or two ;  
Once again at night returning—  
I believe the dose will do.





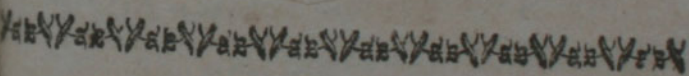


THE  
FIFTH ODE

OF

H O R A C E

IMITATED.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE

FIFTH

OF

UNITED

STATES OF AMERICA



THE  
FIFTH ODE

OF

H O R A C E

IMITATED.

FOR whom are now your airs put on,  
And what new beauty's doom'd to be undone?  
That careless elegance of dress,  
This essence that perfumes the wind,  
Your very motion does confess  
Some secret conquest is design'd.

Alas!

Alas! the poor unhappy maid,  
To what a train of ills betray'd!

What fears, what pangs shall rend her breast,  
How will her eyes dissolve in tears!

That now with glowing joy is blest'd,  
Charm'd with the faithless vows she hears.  
So the young sailor on the summer sea,  
Gaily pursues his destin'd way:

Fearless and careless on the deck he stands,  
Till sudden storms arise and thunders roll;  
In vain he casts his eyes to distant lands,  
Distracting terror tears his timorous soul.

For me, secure I view the raging main,  
Past are my dangers, and forgot my pain:

My votive tablet in the temple shews  
The monument of folly past;  
I paid the bounteous god my grateful vows,  
Who snatch'd from ruin, sav'd me at the last.

FAREWELL

etXns etXns etXns \* etXns etXns etXns

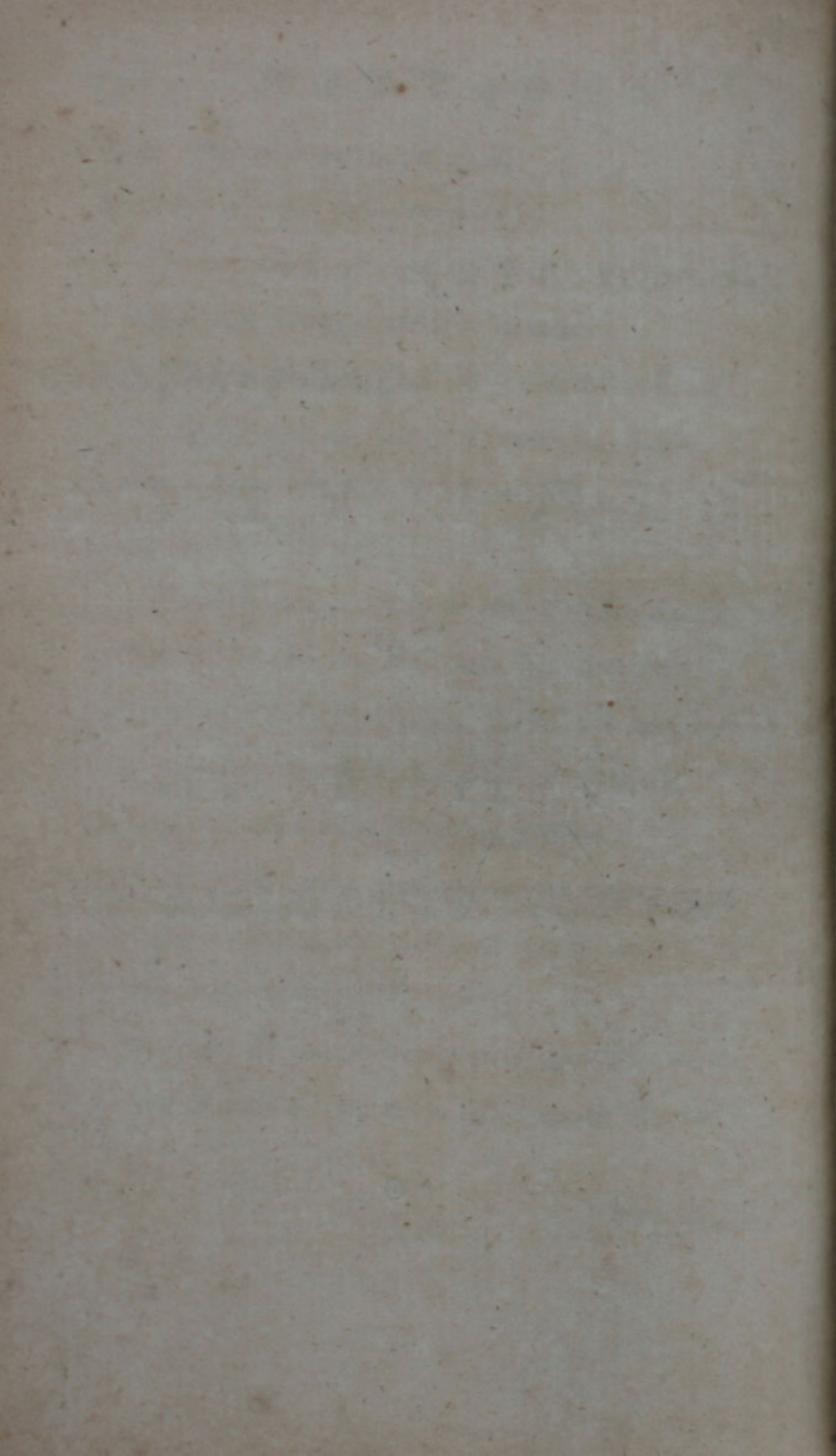
F A R E W E L L

T O

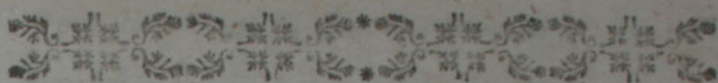
B A T H.

etXns etXns etXns \* etXns etXns etXns

o







# F A R E W E L L

T O

## B A T H.

**T**O all you ladies now at Bath,  
And eke, ye beaus, to you,  
With aking heart, and watry eyes,  
I bid my last adieu.

Farewell, ye nymphs, who waters sip  
Hot reeking from the pumps,  
While music lends her friendly aid,  
To cheer you from the dumps.

Farewell, ye wits, who prating stand,  
And criticise the fair ;  
Yourselfes the joke of men of sense,  
Who hate a coxcomb's air.

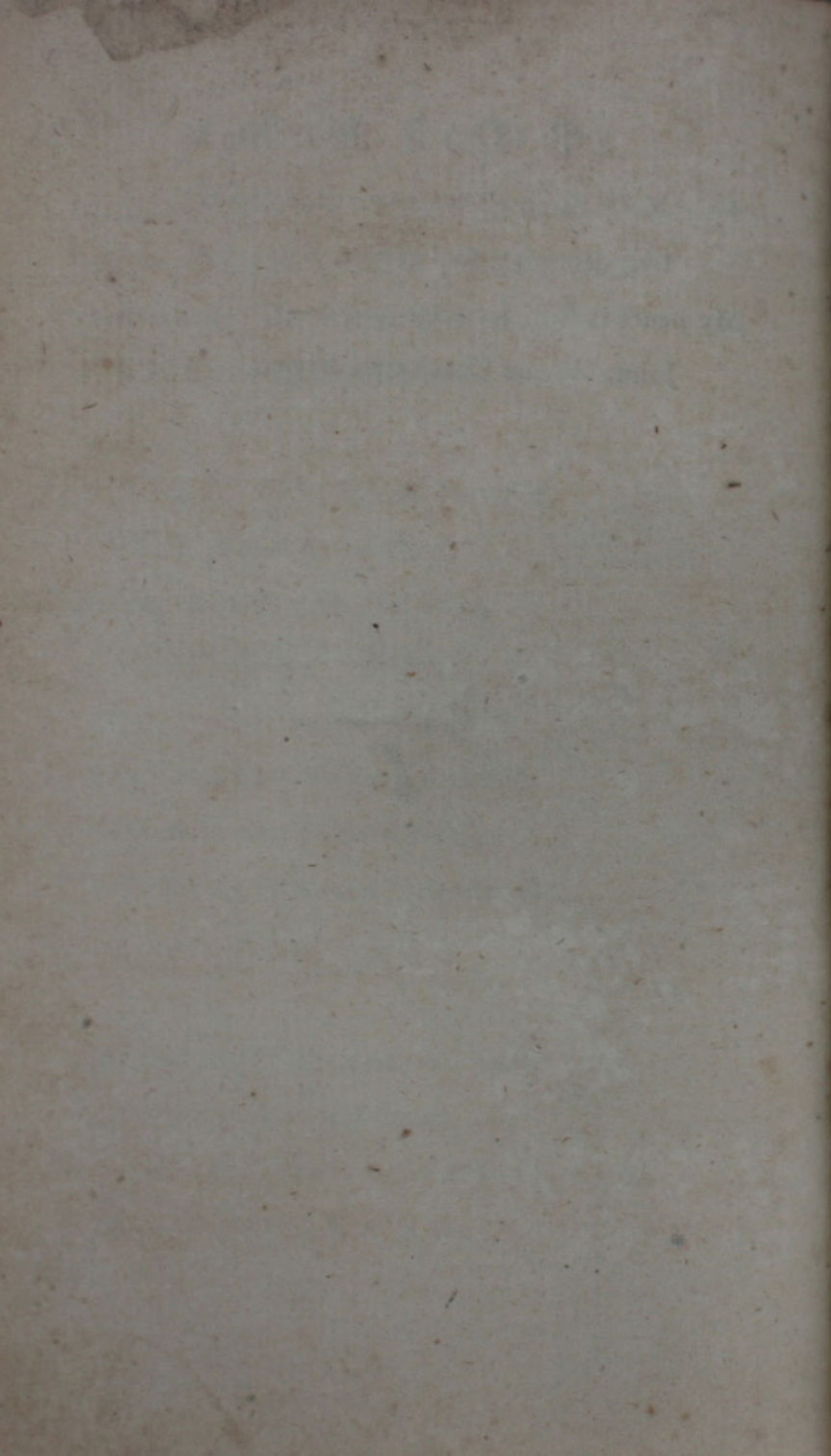
Farewell to Deard's, and all her toys,  
Which glitter in her shop,  
Deluding traps to girls and boys,  
The warehouse of the fop.

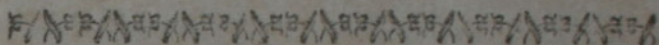
Lindsay's and Hayes's both farewell,  
Where in the spacious hall ;  
With bounding steps, and sprightly air,  
I've led up many a ball.

Where Somerville of courteous mein,  
Was partner in the dance,  
With swimming Haws, and Brownlow blithe,  
And Britton pink of France.

Poor Nash, farewell! may fortune smile,  
Thy drooping soul revive,  
My heart is full, I can no more—  
John, bid the Coachman drive.

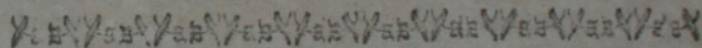






T O

C L I O.







T O

C L I O.

Occasioned by her VERSES on  
FRIENDSHIP.

WHILE, Clio, pondering o'er thy lines I roll,  
Dwell on each thought, and meditate thy  
soul,

Methinks I view thee, in some calm retreat,  
Far from all guilt, distraction and deceit;  
Thence pitying view, the thoughtless fair and gay,  
Who whirl their lives in giddiness away.

Thence

Thence greatly scorning what the world calls great,  
Contemn the proud, their tumults, power and state,  
And deem it thence inglorious to descend  
For ought below, but virtue and a friend.  
How com'st thou fram'd, so different from thy sex,  
Whom trifles ravish, and whom trifles vex!  
Capricious things, all flutter, whim and show,  
And light and varying as the winds that blow.  
To candour, sense, to love, to friendship blind,  
To flatterers, fools, and coxcombs only kind!  
Say whence those hints, those bright ideas came,  
That warm thy breast with friendship's holy flame?  
That close thy heart against the joys of youth,  
And ope thy mind to all the rays of truth,  
That with such sweetness and such grace unite,  
The gay, the prudent, virtuous, and polite.  
As heaven inspires thy sentiment divine,  
May heaven vouchsafe a friendship worthy thine;  
A friendship, plac'd where ease and fragrance reign,  
Where nature sways us, and no laws restrain.

Where



Where studious leisure, prospects unconfin'd,  
And heavenly musing lifts the aspiring mind.  
There with thy friend, may years on years be spent,  
In blooming health, and, ever gay, content ;  
There blend your cares with soft assuasive arts,  
There sooth the passions, there unfold your hearts ;  
Join in each wish, and warming into love,  
Approach the raptures of the blest above.

*A*



\*\*\*\*\*

A

C A V E A T

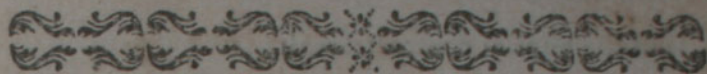
T O T H E

F A I R S E X.

\*\*\*\*\*

P





A

C A V E A T

T O T H E

F A I R S E X.

**W** I F E and Servant are the same,  
But only differ in the name ;

For when the fatal knot is ty'd,

Which nothing, nothing can divide ;

When she the word *obey* has said,

And man by law supreme is made,

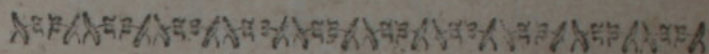
Then all that's kind is laid aside,

And nothing left but state and pride :

Fierce as an Eastern prince he grows,

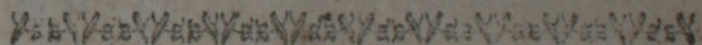
And all his innate rigour shows ;

Then but to look, to laugh, to speak,  
Will the nuptial contract break.  
Like mutes, the signs alone must make,  
And never any freedom take :  
But still be govern'd by a nod,  
And fear her husband as her god :  
Him still must serve, him still obey,  
And nothing act, and nothing say,  
But what her haughty lord thinks fit,  
Who with the power, has all the wit.  
Then shun, O shun that wretched state,  
And all the fawning flatterers hate :  
Value yourselves ; and men despise,  
You must be proud, if you'll be wise.



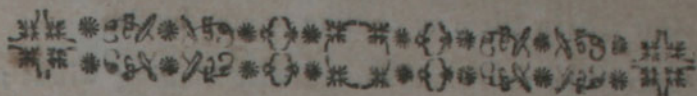
V E R S E S

Written in the Chiasik at Pera, overlooking  
Constantinople, December 26, 1718.









# V E R S E S

Written in the Chiafk at Pera, overlooking  
Constantinople, December 26, 1718.

G I V E me, great God ! said I, a little farm,  
In summer shady, and in winter warm ;  
Where a clear spring gives birth to murm'ring brooks,  
By nature gliding down the mossy rocks.  
Not artfully by leaden pipes convey'd,  
Or greatly falling in a forc'd *cascade*,  
Pure and unfully'd winding thro' the shade.  
All-bounteous Heaven has added to my prayer  
A softer climate, and a purer air.

Our

Our frozen Isle now chilling winter binds,  
 Deform'd by rains, and rough with blasting winds ;  
 The wither'd woods grow white with hoary frost,  
 By driving storms their verdant beauty lost ;  
 The trembling birds their leafless covert shun,  
 And seek in distant climes a warmer sun :  
 The water nymphs their silent urns deplore,  
 Ev'n *Thames* benumb'd 's a river now no more :  
 The barren meads no longer yield delight,  
 By glitt'ring snows made painful to the sight.

*Here* summer reigns with one eternal smile,  
 Succeeding harvests bless the happy soil.  
 Fair fertile fields, to whom indulgent Heaven  
 Has ev'ry charm of ev'ry season given ;  
 No killing cold deforms the beauteous year,  
 The springing flowers no coming winter fear.  
 But as the parent *Rose* decays and dies,  
 The infant buds with brighter colour rise,  
 And with fresh sweets the mother's scent supplies. }  
 Near them the *Violet* grows with odours blest,  
 And blooms in more than Tyrian purple dress ;

The rich *Jonquils* their golden beams display,  
And shine in glory's emulating day ;  
The peaceful groves their verdant leaves retain,  
The streams still murmur, undefil'd with rain,  
And tow'ring greens adorn the fruitful plain.  
The warbling kind uninterrupted sing,  
Warm'd with enjoyments of perpetual spring.

Here, at my window, I at once survey  
The crowded city and resounding sea ;  
In distant views the *Asian* mountains rise,  
And lose their snowy summits in the skies ;  
Above these mountains proud *Olympus* tow'rs,  
The parliamentary seat of heavenly powers.  
New to the sight, my ravish'd eyes admire  
Each gilded crescent and each antique spire,  
The marble mosques, beneath whose ample domes  
Fierce warlike *sultans* sleep in peaceful tombs ;  
Those lofty structures, once the Christians boast,  
Their names, their beauty, and their honours lost ;

Those

Those altars bright with gold and sculpture grac'd,  
 By barb'rous zeal of savage foes defac'd ;  
*Sophia* alone, her ancient name retains,  
 Tho' unbelieving vows her shrine profanes ;  
 Where holy saints have died in sacred cells,  
 Where monarchs pray'd the frantic *Dervise* dwells,  
 How art thou fall'n, imperial city, low !  
 Where are thy hopes of *Roman* glory now ?  
 Where are thy palaces by prelates rais'd ?  
 Where *Grecian* artists all their skill display'd,  
 Before the happy sciences decay'd ;  
 So vast, that youthful kings might here reside,  
 So splendid, to content a patriarch's pride ;  
 Convents where emperors profess'd of old,  
 There labour'd pillars that their triumphs told ;  
 Vain monuments of them that once were great,  
 Sunk undistinguish'd by one common fate ;  
 One little spot the tenure small contains,  
 Of *Greek* nobility the poor remains.

Where

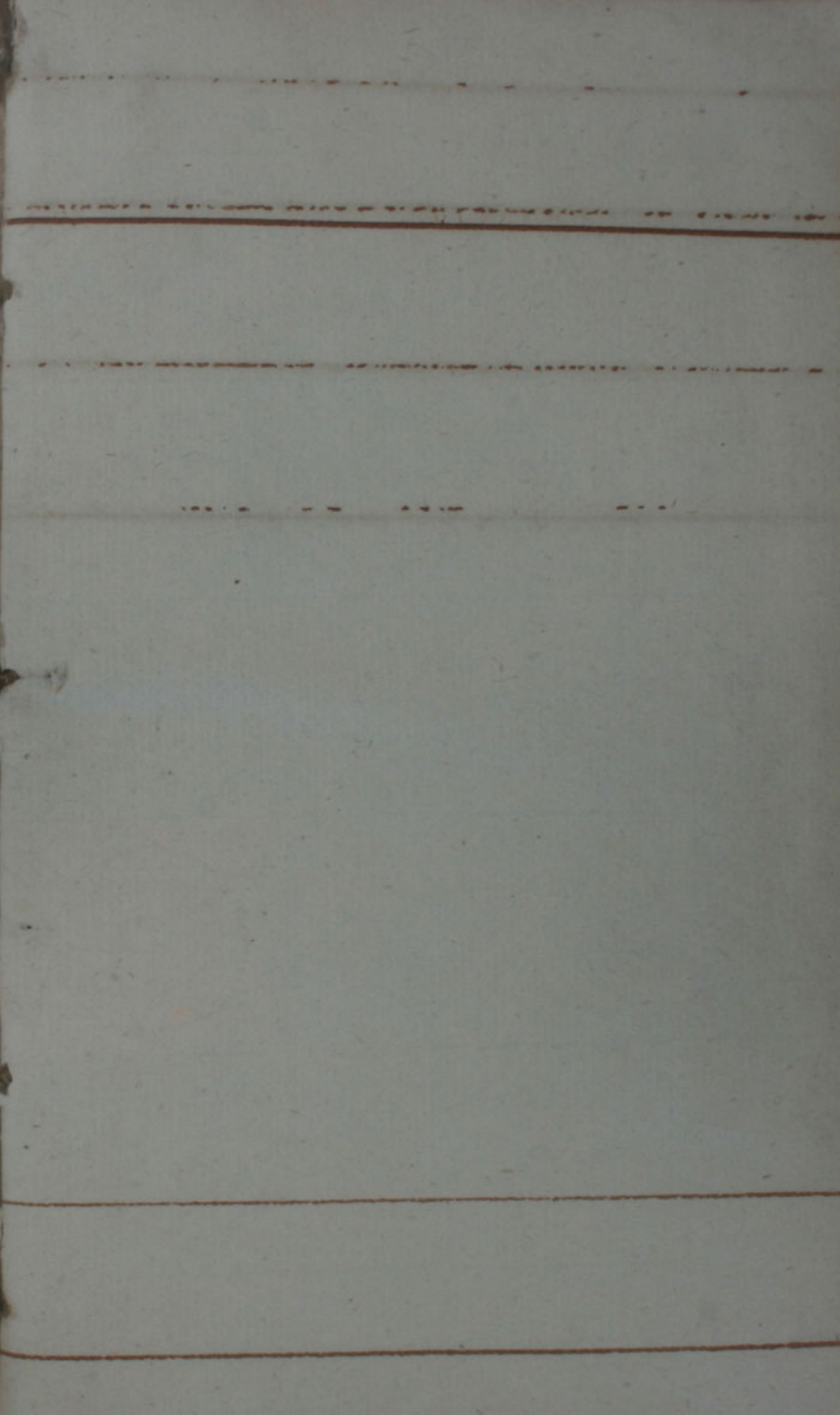
Where other *Helens*, with like powerful charms,  
 Had once engag'd the warring w rld in arms;  
 Those names which royal ancestors can boast,  
 In mean mechanic arts obscurely lost ;  
 Those eyes a second *Homer* might inspire,  
 Fix'd at the loom destroy their uselefs fire ;  
 Griev'd at a view which struck upon my mind  
 The short liv'd vanity of human kind.

In gaudy object I indulge my sight,  
 And turn where *Eastern pomp* gives gay delight ;  
 See the vast train in various habits drest  
 By the bright scimitar and sable vest,  
 The proud vizier distinguish'd o'er the rest ;  
 Six slaves in gay attire his bridle hold,  
 His bridle rich with gems, and stirrups gold ;  
 His snowy steed adorn'd with costly pride,  
 Whole troops of soldiers mounted by his side,  
 These top the plummy crest Arabian courtiers guide.  
 With artful duty all decline their eyes,  
 No bellowing shouts of noisy crowds arise ;

Silence,

Silence, in solemn state, the march attends,  
Till at the dread divan the slow procession ends.

Yet not these prospects all profusely gay,  
The gilded navy that adorns the sea,  
The rising city in confusion fair,  
Magnificently form'd irregular;  
Where woods and palaces at once surprise,  
Gardens on gardens, domes on domes arise,  
And endless beauties tire the wandring eyes;  
So sooth my wishes, or so charm my mind,  
As this *retreat* secure from human kind.  
No knave's successful craft does spleen excite,  
No coxcomb's tawdry splendor thocks my sight;  
No mob-alarm awakes my female fear,  
No praise my mind, nor envy hurts my ear,  
Ev'n fame itself can hardly reach me here:  
Impertinence with all her tattling train,  
Fair-sounding flattery's delicious bane;  
Censorious folly, noisy party-rage,  
The thousand tongues with which she must engage;  
Who dares have *virtue* in a *vicious* age.



10 - - - A Sea





