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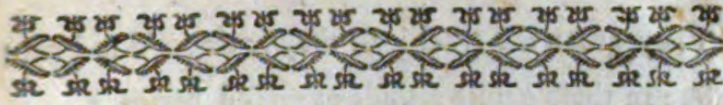
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P O E M S

By the Right Honourable

Lady Mary Wortley Montague.



TOWN ECLOGUES*.

M O N D A Y.

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;

* 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.

R

They

They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to
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 pur
“ Almost forgot the duty of a prude.
“ Thinking I never could attend too soon,
“ I've mis'd my prayers, to get me dress'd b
“ For thee, ah ! what for thee did I resign
“ My pleasures, passions, all that e'er was
“ 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
“ And every joy of life before me lay,
“ By honour prompted, and by pride restrai
“ The pleasures of the young my soul disdain
“ Sermons I sought, and with a mien sever
“ Censur'd my neighbours, and said daily pr

“

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 public 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 *Coquetilla*'s artifice prevails,
“ When all my merit and my duty fails :
“ That *Coquetilla*, whose deluding airs
“ Corrupts our virgins, and our youth ensnares ;

* A Farce, by Mr. Gay.

“ 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
“ Whom censure blasts not, and dishonours
“ Let the nice hind now suckle dirty pigs,
“ And the proud pea-hen hatch the cuckoo
“ 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 treachery

“ wiles,

“ Thy false careffes and undoing smiles!
“ Ah! princess, learn'd in all the courtly arts
“ To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts

“ Large lovely bribes are the great statesman’s
“ aim;

“ And the neglected patriot follows fame.

“ The prince is ogled ; some the king pursue ;

“ But your *Roxana* only follows *You*.

“ Despis’d *Roxana*, cease, and try to find

“ Some other, since the princess proves unkind :

“ Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,

“ If not a greater, a more firm support.”

TUESDAY:

T U E S D A Y. 7

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 wretch
(As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could find)
The happier finners now their charms pursue
And to their manteaus their complexions
The opera queens had finish'd half their
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 penfive *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 penfive 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 I could tell, but that I hate to boast,
A club of ladies whete '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 began
With chearful pledges round the room it ran
'Till the young *Silvia*, press'd to drink it
Started and vow'd she knew not what to do
What, drink a fellow's health! she dy'd with
Yet blush'd whenever she pronounc'd my

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.

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 fe
 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 be

SILLIANDER.

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

PATCH:

Early this morn—(but I was ask'd to c
 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 night-cloaths tumbled with resifless 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.

(20)

PATCH.

What are her garters ? tell me if you
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,
Unrivall'd *Patch* in every ruelle reign'd:

WEDNES

W E D N E S D A Y.

The Tête à Tête.

DANCINDA.

“ **N**O, 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 ! footh 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

But such a passion breaks through all disguise
Love reddens on my cheek, and wishes in
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 cheating 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! *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 curst 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

“ You shall direct his course, his ardor t

“ And check the fury of his wildest flam

Unpractis'd youth is easily deceiv'd ;
Sooth'd by such sounds, I listen'd and bel
Now, quite forgot that soft submissive fea
You dare to ask what I must blush to hea

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

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 *Strepson* cursing slips down the back-stairs.

THURSD

I saw him stand behind *Ombrelia's* chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs, which cheat the list
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
With ease the smiles of Fortune I resign :
Would all my gold in one bad *deal* were gone,
Were lovely *Sbarper* mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost is but a common care ;
And prudent nymphs against that change

Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright
A myrtle foliage round the thimble case.
Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissars
The metal, and the workmanship divine!

SMILINDA.

This *snuff-box*, once the pledge of *Sharp*
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
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide
This *snuff-box*—on the hinge see brilliant
This *snuff-box* will I stake ; the prize is mine

CARDELIA.

Alas ! far lesser losses than I bear,
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And oh ! what makes the disappointment
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal

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 aukward 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 flays.
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 fw
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 de
How many curs'd the moment they believ'
Yet his known falshoods could no warning
Ah ! what is warning to a maid in love ?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be fo
To gaze on *Bassette*, and remain unwarm'd
When *kings, queens, knaves*, are set in decent
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting ban
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train
The winner's pleasure and the loser's pain :

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 upon *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.

CARDELIA.

At the *groom-porter's*, batter'd bullies pl
Some *dukes* at Marybone bowl time away.
But who the bowl, or rattling dice compa
To *Bassette's* heavenly joys, and pleasing

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.

Cease your contention, which has been to
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

F R I

F R I D A Y.

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 fate,

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 glafs no more the diamond grave my
“ And lines mif-spelt record my lover's fla
“ Nor fhall fide boxes watch my wand'ring
“ And, as they catch the glance, in rows an
“ With humble bows; nor white-glov'd
 encroach

“ In crowds behind, to guard me to my coa

“ What fhall I do to fend the hateful d
“ At chapel fhall I wear the morn away ?
“ Who there appears at thefe unmodifh hou
“ But ancient matrons with their frizled tow
“ And grey religious maids ? my prefence t
“ Amidft that fober train, would own defpa
“ Nor am I yet fo old, nor is my glance
“ As yet fix'd wholly on devotion's trance.
“ Strait then I'll drefs, and take my wonte
“ Through India fhops, to Motteux's,
 “ Change,

“ 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 mistress for pleasure, and a wife for breed.

“ Powder'd with diamonds, free from spleen or

“ care,

“ She can a fullen 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

“ 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 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 !”

Straight *Lydia* smil'd ; the comb adjusts her locks ;

And at the Play-house, *Harry* keeps her box.

SATURDAY.

(40)

S A T U R D A Y.

The SMALL-POX.

FLAVIA.

THE wretched *Flavia* on her couch reclined
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 ruddy

“ 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 !

“ Cha

“ For me the foldier has foft verfes writ :
“ For me the beau has aim'd to be a wit.
“ For me the Wit to nonfense was betray'd ;
“ The Gamefter has for me his dun delay'd,
“ And overfeen the card he would have play'd
“ The bold and haughty by fuccefs made vain,
“ Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to compla
“ The bashful 'Squire touch'd by a wifh unknow
“ Has dar'd to fpeak with fpirit not his own :
“ Fir'd by one wifh, all did alike adore ;
“ Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more !

“ As round the room I turn my weeping eye
“ New unaffected fcenes of forrow rife.
“ Far from my fight that killing picture bear,
“ The face diffigure, and the canvafs tear :
“ That picture, which with pride I us'd to fh
“ The loft refemblance but upbraids me now.
“ And thou, my toilette ! where I oft have fat
“ While hours unheeded pafs'd in deep debate

“ F

“ 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 useles jewels, glow !
“ No borrow'd lustre can my charms restore ;
“ Beauty is fled, and drefs 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 vian, 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 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 th
“ 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 despo
“ You shall again be well, again be fair ;
“ Believe my oath ; (with that an oath he sw
“ False was his oath ; my beauty is no more !

“ Cease, hapless maid, no more thy tale p
“ Forfake mankind, and bid the world adieu

Mon

“ 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*.

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 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 pro-

Whil.

Whilst on one side we see how Horace thought ;

And on the other how he never wrote :

bably 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 far from designing 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, public 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 Public 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

Who can believe, who view the bad and good,
 That the dull copyist better understood
 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 :

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 had seen this prophecy fulfilled.” It is to be remembered, that the prophecy was not fulfilled 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 the works, as if conscious that he had done no service to 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* the *ill-judged magnificence* fulfilled in a very particular instance.”

Wh

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

If *be* 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 *bate*, what *love* is in the stews. }
'Tis the gross *lust* of hate, that still annoys,
Without distinction, as gross love enjoys :

Neither

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 if thou feest * a great and generous he
Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart.
Nor dignity nor innocence is spar'd,
Nor age, nor sex, nor thrones, nor graves reve
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.

* See TASTE, an Epistle.

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 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 limbs unbroken, skin without a stain,
 Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkick'd, unflain,
 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
 Cool the spectators stand ; and all the while
 Upon the angry little monster smile.
 Thus 'tis with thee :—while impotently fast
 You strike unwounding, we unhurt can laugh
Who but must laugh, this bully when he sees,
A puny insect spi-v'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 those tremble who escape the law ?

Is this *the ridicule* to live so long,
The deathless satire, and immortal Song?
No: like thy self-blown praise, thy scandal flies;
And, as we're told of wasps, it stings and dies.

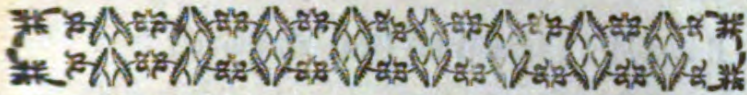
If none do yet return th' intended blow,
You all your safety to your dullness owe:
But whist that armour thy poor corps defends,
 'Twill make thy readers few, as are thy friends;
Those, who thy nature loath'd, yet lov'd thy art,
Who lik'd thy head, and yet abhorr'd thy heart;
Chose thee, to read, but 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

For tho' in law, to murder be to kill,
In equity the murder's in the will :
Then whilst with coward hand you stab a
And try at least t'affassinate our fame ;
Like the first bold affassins 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
hand,
Wander, like him, accursed through the





A N
E P I S T L E
T O
L O R D 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

But the dull workman's slow performing hand
 But coldly executes his lord's command.
 With dirt and mortar soon you go 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 tree
 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

With trembling hope, and doubtful fear you
Resolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your
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 plain
However deeply made, no long impress remain
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 designs
Unseen, unheard, the throng around me moves
Not wishing praise, insensible of love :



E P I S T L E

F R O M

ARTHUR GREY, the Footman

After his Condemnation for attempting a Rape

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

* This man was footman to a gentleman, whose
a married lady, he attempted to ravish. It appeared
at trial, that he went into her room about four o'clock

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
 mand,
And kiss'd the letters giv'n me by your hand
How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to
Present the sparkling wine, or change the plate
How when you sung my soul devour'd the food
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 bro

There pleas'd with fancy'd quality and charm
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
Not thus I sigh—but all my sighs are vain—
Die, wretched *Arthur*, and conceal thy pain
'Tis impudence to wish, and madness to com-
plain.

Fix'd on this view, my only hope of ease,
I waited not the aid of slow disease :
The keenest instruments of death I fought,
And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought
This all the night—when I remember well,
The charming tinkle of your morning bell !
Fix'd by the sound, I hasten'd with your tea,
With one last look to smooth the darksome wa-

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 by you, I wait the righteous doom,
 Careless and fearless of the woes to come.

But

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

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

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.





A N
E L E G Y
O N
M^{rs}. T H O M P S O N

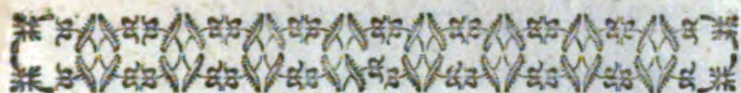
UNHAPPY fair ! by fatal love betray'd
Must then thy beauties thus untimely
And all thy blooming, soft, inspiring charm
Become a prey to death's destructive arms ?
Tho' short thy day, and transient like the wi
How far more blest than those yet left behind
Safe in the grave, thy griefs with thee remain
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 slumbers 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 fable bier.
 Nor shall thy woes long glad th' ill natur'd crowd,
 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 Answer to a L A D Y,
advised RETIREMENT.

YOU little know the heart that you a
I view this various scene with equ
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 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
OF
Mrs. B O W E S.

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

HAIL happy bride, for thou art truly blest!
Three months of rapture, crown'd with
endless 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;

VERSES

F

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 experienced no deceit ;
Soft were your hours, and wing'd with
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 G A R D E N.

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.

THOU 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,

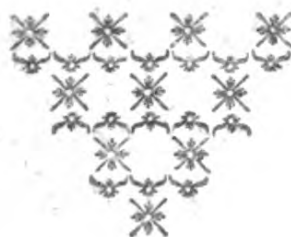
To thee my tender grief confide ;

Serenely sweet you gild the silent grove,

My friend, my goddess, and my guide,

(78)

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.



EPILOGUE

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 Befs had wisdom, council, power
Laws ;

How few espous'd a wretched beauty's cause
Learn thence, ye fair, more solid charms to please
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
To what sure ruin passion does betray ;
What long repentance to short joys is due ;
When reason rules, what glory does ensue.

(82)

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.



A BALLAD.



A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *The Irish Howl.*

r:

TO 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.

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 bleis'd swain (whom yet I hate)
Be proud of his distinguish'd fate :

Each

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.



The



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
Long years of repentance for moments of
Oh! was there a man (but where shall I
Good sense and good-nature so equally join
Would value his pleasure, contribute to
Not meanly would boast, nor lewdly def
Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,
For I would have the power, tho' not give

III.

No pedant, yet learned; no rake-helly g
Or laughing, because he has nothing to f
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 tru
Then rarely approach, and respectfully b
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.





T H E

L A D Y ' s R E S O L V E .

Written extempore on a Window.

WHILST 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,

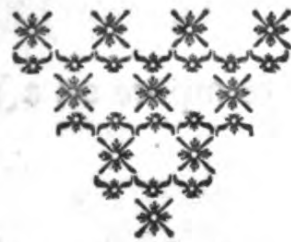
Each conquest owing to some loose advance ;

G 2

While

While vain coquets affect to be pursu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not grosly 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.

}
}



THE

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



A



A M A N in L O V E.

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

THE 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

The minstrels sound, the flowing bowl
Oppress and hurt the am'rous 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.

Written to Lady J—N.

I.

WHY will Delia thus retire,
And idly languish life away ?

While the fighting crowd admire,

'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea :

II. All

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 glafs 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. Pr

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



The F I F T H O D E

H O R A C E imitate

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



FAREWELL

TO

BATH.

TO all you ladies now at Bath,
And eke, ye beaus, to you,
With aikng 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.

Fa

Farewell, ye wits, who prating stand,
And criticise the fair;
Yourfelves 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

(104)

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



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



A C A V E A T

To the F A I R S E X.

WIFE and Servant are the same,
But only differ in the name ;
For when that 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

BOOKS printed and sold
J. WILLIAMS, Bookfeller, No. 3
Fleet-Street.

F O L I O.

- 1 AINSWORTH's Dictionary, 2 vol.
- 2 A Johnfon's Dictionary, 2 vols.
- 3 Raymond's Reports, 2 vol.
- 4 Burrow's Reports, 2 vols.
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