



## **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Miscellaneous Pieces In Verse and Prose

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

Epistles,

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**Nutzungsbedingungen**

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MISCELLANIES.

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‡ D 4

EPISTLE

TO

HONORABLE EARL OF OXFORD,  
and EARL MORTIMER.

QUESTIONS the nobility once lov'd best hung,  
The first of which is, how the English tongue  
MISCELLANEA

... manners gentle and abash'd  
... heart in a strain  
... HATLEY's heart - in vain

... the friends  
... of the face of fate

... the wife and friend  
... the leaving, leaving crowd to own  
... from Flattery to Wit

NOTES

... in the Year 1711

## E P I S T L E

T O

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD,  
and Earl MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,  
'Till Death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue,  
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!  
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!  
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain! 5  
Dear to the Muse! to HARLEY dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;  
For SWIFT and him, despis'd the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great; 10  
Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,  
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

## N O T E S.

*Epist. to Robert Earl of Oxford.]* This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnelle's Poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the Year 1721. P.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)  
 Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,  
 Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays, 16  
 Who, careless now of Int'rest, Fame, or Fate,  
 Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;  
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall. 20

And sure, if aught below the seats divine  
 Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:  
 A Soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,  
 Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,  
 The rage of Pow'r, the blast of public breath, 25  
 The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death,

In vain to Deserts thy retreat is made;  
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:  
 'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30

When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,  
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;  
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,  
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.

Ev'n now, the shades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays,  
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise) 36

Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,

Eyes the calm Sun-set of thy various Day,

Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,

Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he. 40

E P I S T L E  
 To JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.  
 SECRETARY of STATE.

A Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,  
 Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to  
 hide,

Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,  
 And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows,  
 A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye, 5 }  
 That darts severe upon a rising Lye, }  
 And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery. }  
 All this thou wert, and being this before,  
 Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.  
 Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways, 10  
 Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;  
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,  
 Proceed — a Minister, but still a Man.  
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)  
 Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me: 15  
 The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;  
 If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.

*Secretary of State] In the Year 1720. P.*

## E P I S T L E

To Mr. J E R V A S,

With Mr. D R Y D E N ' s Translation of  
F R E S N O Y ' s Art of Painting.

**T**HIS Verse be thine, my friend, nor thou  
refuse

This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.

Whether thy hand strike out some free design,

Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;

Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5

And from the canvas call the mimic face :

Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire

Fresnoy's close Art, and Dryden's native Fire :

And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,

So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name ; 10

Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,

So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

## NOTES.

*Epist. to Mr. Jervas.*] This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717. P.



Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,  
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;  
 Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15  
 And each from each contract new strength and  
 light.

How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,  
 While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away?  
 How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,  
 While Images reflect from art to art? 20  
 How oft review; each finding like a friend  
 Something to blame, and something to commend?

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy  
 wrought,

Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!  
 Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25  
 Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.

With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,  
 Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:  
 With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,  
 Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade: 30

While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,  
 And builds imaginary Rome a-new,  
 Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;  
 A fading Fresco here demands a sigh:

Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare, 35  
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,  
 Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,  
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears  
 This small, well-polish'd Gem, the \* work of years!  
 Yet still how faint by precept is express 41  
 The living image in the painter's breast?  
 Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,  
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;  
 Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies 45  
 An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that Name thy sacred sorrows shed,  
 Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:  
 Call round her Tomb each object of desire,  
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire: 50  
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,  
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:  
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;  
 Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;  
 Her modest cheek shall warm a future age. 56

NOTES.

\* Fresnoy employed above twenty Years in finishing his Poem. P.

Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,  
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years:  
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprize,  
 And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes; 60  
 Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,  
 And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those Colours may they shine,  
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;  
 New graces yearly like thy works display, 65  
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;  
 Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;  
 And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains.  
 The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,  
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70  
 Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,  
 And breath an air divine on ev'ry face;  
 Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll  
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;  
 With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgwater vie, 75  
 And these be sung 'till Granville's Myra die:  
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim!  
 Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

## E P I S T L E

To Miss BLOUNT,

With the WORKS of VOITURE.

**I**N these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces  
shine,

And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line ;

His easy Art may happy Nature seem,

Trifles themselves are elegant in him.

Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate, 5

Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great ;

Still with esteem no less convers'd than read ;

With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred ;

His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,

His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair. 10

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,

Cheerful he play'd the trifle, Life, away ;

'Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,

As smiling Infants sport themselves to rest.

Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15

And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before ;

The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,  
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes:  
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,  
 But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be  
 A long, exact, and serious Comedy;  
 In ev'ry scene some Moral let it teach,  
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach.  
 Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25  
 And more diverting still than regular,  
 Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,  
 Tho' not too strictly bound to Time and Place:  
 Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,  
 Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,  
 Severe to all, but most to Womankind;  
 Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your  
 guide;

Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;  
 By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame; 35  
 Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by shame.  
 Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chase,  
 But sets up one, a greater in their place;  
 Well might you wish for change by those accurst,  
 But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst. 40

Still in constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,  
 Or bound in formal, or in real chains:  
 Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,  
 The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.  
 Ah quit not the free innocence of life, 45  
 For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;  
 Nor let false Shews, or empty Titles please:  
 Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

The Gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,  
 Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares,  
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state, 51  
 And, to compleat her blifs, a Fool for Mate.  
 She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,  
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!  
 Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part;  
 She sighs, and is no Duchess at her heart. 56

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you  
 Are destin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;  
 Trust not too much your now resistless charms,  
 Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late, disarms: 60  
 Good humour only teaches charms to last,  
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;  
 Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,  
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;

As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn, 65  
 A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;  
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,  
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus \* Voiture's early care still shone the same,  
 And Monthausier was only chang'd in name: 70  
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,  
 Their Wit still sparkling, and their flames still  
 warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elyfian coast,  
 Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost:  
 Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,  
 And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you. 76  
 The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse;  
 The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;  
 And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride  
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

\* Mademoiselle Paulet. P.

## EPISTLE

To the same,

On her leaving the Town after the  
CORONATION.

AS some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care  
Drags from the Town to wholesome Coun-  
try air,

Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,  
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;  
From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5  
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:  
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,  
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;  
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent, 9  
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,  
Old-fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:  
She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,  
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;

*Coronation.*] Of King George the first, 1715. P.



To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15  
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea,  
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;  
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire; 20  
 Up to her godly garret after sev'n,  
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;  
 Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack;  
 Who visits with a Gun, presents you birds, 25  
 Then gives a smacking buff, and cries,—No words!  
 Or with his hound comes hallowing from the stable,  
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;  
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,  
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,  
 You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;  
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,  
 See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;  
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights 35  
 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd  
 Knights,

While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes;  
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.  
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,  
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls! 40

So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,  
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)  
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,  
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you;  
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45  
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,  
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,  
 Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs rush upon my sight;  
 Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,  
 Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now. 50

T H E  
**BASSET-TABLE.**  
 A N  
**E C L O G U E.**

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

**T**HE *Basset-Table* spread, the *Tallier* come;  
 Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing-  
 Room?

Rise, pensive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you;

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,  
 I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.  
 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.

NOTES.

*The Basset-Table.*] 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 consists in this, that the one is in love with the *Game*, and the other with the *Sharper*.

## CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your Romantick strains?  
 A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains. 10  
 As You by Love, so I by Fortune cross't;  
 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:  
 Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone;  
 Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone. 16

## CARDELIA.

A Lover lost, is but a common care;  
 And prudent Nymphs against that change prepare:  
 The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost: Oh! who  
 could guess  
 This fatal stroke, this unforeseen Distress? 20

## SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,  
 She all the cares 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, 25  
 By *Cards' Ill Usage*, or by *Lovers lost*.

## LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,  
Tho' Time is precious, and I want some Tea.

## CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought, 29  
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) 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 Scizars shine; 35  
The Metal, and the Workmanship, divine!

## SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-Box*,—once the pledge of SHARP-  
ER'S love,  
When rival beauties for the Present strove;  
At *Corticelli's* he the Raffle won;  
Then first his Passion was in public shown: 40  
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.

Alas! far leffer losses than I bear, 45  
 Have made a Soldier figh, 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;  
 Tho' my own secret wish was for the *Knave*. 50  
 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, 55  
 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 61  
 Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red:  
 I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;  
 And by my int'rest, *Cozens* made her Stays.

Ungrateful wretch, with mimick airs grown pert,  
She dares to steal my Fav'rite Lover's heart. 66

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,  
When WINNALL *tally'd*, I would *punt* no more?  
I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;  
And see the Folly, which I cannot shun. 70

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER'S vows de-  
ceiv'd?  
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?  
Yet his known Falshoods could no Warning prove:  
Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,  
To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd? 76  
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 pain: 80  
In bright Confusion open *Rouleaus* lye,  
They strike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.

Fir'd by the fight, all Reason I disdain;  
 My Passions rise, and will not bear the rein.  
 Look upon *Basset*, you who Reason boast; 85  
 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! 90  
 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, 95  
 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-Porter's*, batter'd Bullies play,  
 Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.  
 But who the Bowl, or rattl'ing Dice compares  
 To *Basset's* heav'nly 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; 105  
 Strong as the Footman, as the Master sweet.

## LOVET.

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: 110  
 The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree,  
 Now leave complaining, and begin your *Tea*.

## Verbatim from BOILEAU.

Un Jour dit un Auteur, etc.

ONCE (says an Author, where I need not say)  
 Two Trav'lers found an Oyster in their way;  
 Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,  
 While Scale in hand Dame *Justice* past along.  
 Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,  
 Explain'd the matter and would win the cause.  
 Dame *Justice* weighing long the doubtful Right,  
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.  
 The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,  
 There take (says *Justice*) take ye each a *Shell*.  
 We thrive at *Westminster* on Fools like you:  
 'Twas a fat Oyster—Live in peace—Adieu.

ANSWER to the following  
Question of Mrs. HOWE.

WHAT IS PRUDERY?

'Tis a Beldam,  
 Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.  
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.  
 'Tis, (no, 't isn't) like Miss *Meadows*.  
 'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,  
 Old, and void of all good-nature;  
 Lean and fretful; would seem wise;  
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.  
 'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,  
 That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

Occasioned by some Verses of his  
Grace the Duke of BUCK-  
INGHAM.

**M**USE, 'tis enough : at length thy labour  
ends,  
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.  
Let Crowds of Critics now my verse assail,  
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail :  
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,  
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.  
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,  
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A

# PROLOGUE

By Mr. POPE,

To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's Benefit, in  
1733, when he was old, blind, and  
in great Distress, a little before his  
Death.

AS when that Hero, who in each Campaign,  
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal*  
flain,

Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of Woe!

Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe:

Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind, 5

## NOTES.

VER. 6. *But pitied Belisarius, etc.*] Nothing was ever more happily imagined than this allusion, or finelier conducted. And the continued pleasantry so delicately touched, that it took nothing from the self satisfaction the Critic had in his merit, or the Audience in their charity. With so much mastery has the Poet executed, in this benevolent irony, that which he supposed Dennis himself, had he the wit to see, would have the ingenuity own:

*This dreaded Sat'rist, Dennis will confess,  
Foe to his pride, but Friend to his Distress.*

But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?  
 Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?  
 A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?  
 Such, such emotions should in Britons rise, 9  
 When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lies;  
*Dennis*, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,  
 Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;  
 A desp'rate *Bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce  
 Against the *Gothic* Sons of frozen verse:  
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes  
     groan, 15  
 And shook the stage with Thunders all his own!  
 Stood up to dash each vain PRETENDER'S hope,  
 Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the POPE!  
 If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born, 19  
 Who holds Dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;

## NOTES.

VER. 7. *Was there a Chief, etc.*] The fine figure of the Commander in that capital Picture of Belisarius at Chiswick, supplied the Poet with this beautiful idea.

VER. 12. *Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;*] See *Dunciad*, Note on † 63. B. I.

VER. 13. *A desp'rate Bulwark, etc.*] See *Dunc.* Note on † 268. B. II.

VER. 16. *And shook the Stage with Thunders all his own!*] See *Dunc.* Note on † 226. B. II.

VER. 17. *Stood up to dash, etc.*] See *Dunc.* Note on † 173. B. III.

VER. 18. *Maul the French Tyrant—*] See *Dunc.* Note on † 413. B. II.

*Ibid.* or *pull down the POPE!*] See *Dunc.* Note on † 63. B. I.

68 MISCELLANIES.

If there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage;      21  
 If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;  
 Let him to night his just assistance lend,  
 And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old Man's* Friend.

NOTES.

VER. 21. *If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage.*] See *Dunc.*  
 Notes on y 106. B. I.

## M A C E R:

A

## C H A R A C T E R.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,  
 First sought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,  
 'Twas all th' Ambition his high soul could feel,  
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.

Some Ends of verse his Betters might afford, 5  
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.

Set up with these, he ventur'd on the Town,  
 And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.

There he stop'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,  
 But has the wit to make the most of little: 10

Like stunted hide-bound Trees, that just have got  
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.

Now he begs Verse, and what he gets commends,  
 Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends. 14

So some coarse Country Wench, almost decay'd,  
 Trudges to town, and first turns Chambermaid;



Aukward and supple, each devoir to pay;  
 She flatters her good Lady twice a day;  
 Thought wond'rous honest, tho' of mean degree,  
 And strangely lik'd for her *Simplicity*:      20  
 In a translated Suit, then tries the Town,  
 With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own:  
 But just endur'd the winter she began,  
 And in four months a batter'd Harridan.      24  
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,  
 To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

To Mr. JOHN MOORE,  
AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-  
POWDER.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we  
Deceiv'd by shews and forms!  
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,  
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,  
Vile, Reptile, weak, and vain!  
A while he crawls upon the earth,  
Then shrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find  
E're since our Grandame's evil;  
She first convers'd with her own kind,  
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,  
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;  
The Nymph whose tail is all on flame,  
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,  
 That flutter for a day ;  
 First from a Worm they take their rise,  
 And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows ;  
 Thus Worms suit all conditions ;  
 Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,  
 And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen,  
 By all their winding play ;  
 Their Conscience is a Worm within,  
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore* ! thy skill were well employ'd,  
 And greater gain would rise,  
 If thou could'st make the Courtier void  
 The Worm that never dies !

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,  
 Who sett'st our entrails free ?  
 Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,  
 Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'st adjourn  
Some few short years, no more!  
Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,  
Who Maggots were before,

## SONG, by a Person of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

## I.

**F**Lutt'ring spread thy purple Pinions,  
 Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart;  
 I a Slave in thy Dominions;  
 Nature must give Way to Art,

## II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,  
 Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,  
 See my weary Days consuming,  
 All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks,

## III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddess weeping,  
 Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:  
 Him the Boar in Silence creeping,  
 Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth,

## IV.

*Cynthia*, tune harmonious Numbers;  
 Fair *Discretion*, string the Lyre;  
 Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:  
 Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir,

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,  
 Arm'd in adamantine Chains,  
 Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,  
 Wat'ring soft Elyfian Plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,  
 Gilding my *Aurelia's* Brows,  
*Morpheus* hov'ring o'er my Pillow,  
 Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth *Mæander*,  
 Swiftly purling in a Round,  
 On thy Margin Lovers wander,  
 With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,  
 Softly seeks her silent Mate,  
 See the Bird of *Juno* stooping;  
 Melody resigns to Fate.

On a certain LADY at COURT.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon ;  
(Envy be filent, and attend !)

I know a reasonable Woman,  
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,  
Not grave thro' Pride, or gay thro' Folly,  
An equal mixture of good Humour,  
And sensible soft Melancholy.

“ Has she no faults then (Envy says) Sir ? ”

Yes, she has one, I must aver ;  
When all the World conspires to praise her,  
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his GROTTO at Twickenham,

COMPOSED OF

Marbles, Spars, Gemms, Ores, and  
Minerals.

**T**HOU who shalt stop, where *Thames'* tran-  
lucent wave  
Shines a broad Mirrour thro' the shadowy Cave;  
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs distill,  
And pointed Crystals break the sparkling Rill,  
Unpolish'd Gemms no ray on Pride bestow,  
And latent Metals innocently glow :

VARIATIONS.

After  $\gamma$  6. in the MS.

You see that Island's wealth, where, only free,  
Earth to her entrails feels not Tyranny.

*i. e.* Britain is the only place on the globe which feels not Ty-  
ranny even to its very entrails. Alluding to the condemnation  
of Criminals to the Mines, one of the inflictions of civil justice  
in most Countries. The thought was exceeding natural and  
proper in this place, where the Poet was describing a Grotto in-  
crusted and adorned with all sorts of Minerals collected from the  
four quarters of the Globe.

NOTES.

*On his Grotto.*] The improving and finishing his Grott was  
the favourite amusement of his declining Years; and the beauty  
of his poetic genius, in the disposition and ornaments of this ro-  
mantic recess, appears to as much advantage as in his best con-  
trived Poems.



Approach. Great NATURE studiously behold!  
 And eye the Mine without a wish for Gold.  
 Approach: But awful! Lo! th' Ægerian Grott, 9  
 Where, nobly-pensive, ST. JOHN fate and thought;  
 Where *British* sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole  
 And the bright flame was shot thro' MARCH-  
 MONT'S Soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred Floor,  
 Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

## VARIATIONS.

VER. II. *Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole.*] In his MS. it was thus,

To Wyndham's breast the patriot-passions stole,  
 which made the whole allude to a certain Anecdote of not much consequence to any but the parties concerned.

## NOTES.

VER. 9. *Ægerian Grott,*] Alluding to Numa's projecting his system of Politics in this Grot, assisted, as he gave out, by the Goddess Ægeria.

T O

Mrs. M. B. on her BIRTH-DAY.

O H be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,  
 Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure,  
 and a Friend :

Not with those Toys the female world admire,  
 Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.

With added years if Life bring nothing new, 5  
 But like a Sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',  
 Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,  
 And all we gain, some sad Reflection more ;  
 Is that a Birth-day ? 'tis alas ! too clear,  
 'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year. 10

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,  
 And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,  
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,  
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.  
 Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15  
 Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear ;

80 MISCELLANIES.

Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,  
In some soft Dream, or Extasy of joy,  
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,  
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh since Death must that fair frame destroy,  
Dye, by some sudden Extasy of Joy ;  
In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,  
And be thy latest gasp a Sigh of Love.

To Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his Birth-day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,  
 With not one sin, but poetry,  
 This day TOM's fair account has run  
 (Without a blot) to eighty one.  
 Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays 5  
 A table, with a cloth of bays ;  
 And Ireland, mother of sweet fingers,  
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.  
 The feast, his tow'ring genius marks  
 In yonder wild goose and the larks ! 10  
 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden !  
 And for his judgment, lo a pudden !  
 Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,  
 And grace, altho' a bard, devout.

NOTES.

VER. 5. *A table*] He was invited to dine on his birth-day with this Nobleman, who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here set down.

VER. 8. *Presents her harp*] The Harp is generally wove on the Irish Linen ; such as Table-cloths, etc.

May TOM, whom heav'n sent down to raise 15  
 The price of prologues and of plays,  
 Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,  
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner ;  
 Walk to his grave without reproach,  
 And scorn a rascal and a coach. 20

## NOTES.

VER. 16. *The price of prologues and of plays,*] This alludes to a story Mr. Southern told about the same time, to Mr. P. and Mr. W. of Dryden; who, when Southern first wrote for the stage, was so famous for his Prologues, that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His usual price till then had been four guineas: But when Southern came to him for the Prologue he had bespoke, Dryden told him he must have six guineas for it; "which (said he) young man, is out of no disrespect to you, but the Players have had my goods too cheap."—We now look upon these *Prologues* with the same admiration that the Virtuosi do on the Apothecaries' pots painted by Raphael.