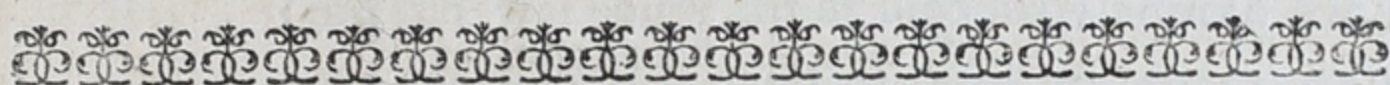


Thus numbers once did human breasts controul !  
 Ah ! where dwells now such empire o'er the soul ?  
 Transported by harmonious lays,  
 The mind is melted down, or burns :  
 With joy o'er Windsor-forest strays,  
 Or grieves when Eloisa mourns :  
 Still the same ardour kindles every line,  
 And our own POPE is now, what VIRGIL was, divine.



To a Young Lady with FONTENELLE'S Plu-  
 rality of Worlds.

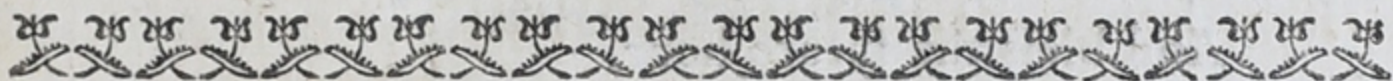
**I**N this small work, all nature's wonders see,  
 The soften'd features of philosophy.  
 In truth by easy steps you here advance,  
 Truth is diverting, as the best romance.  
 Long had these arts to sages been confin'd,  
 None saw their beauty, till by poring blind ;  
 By studying spent, like men that cram too full,  
 From Wisdom's feast they rose not chear'd, but dull :  
 The gay and airy smil'd to see 'em grave,  
 And fled such wisdom like Trophonius' cave.  
 Justly they thought they might those arts despise,  
 Which made men fullen, ere they could be wise.

Brought

Brought down to sight, with ease you view 'em here ;  
 Tho' deep the bottom, yet the stream is clear.  
 Your flutt'ring sex still valued science less ;  
 Careless of any but the arts of dress.  
 Their useless time was idly thrown away  
 On empty novels, or some new-born play ;  
 The best, perhaps, a few loose hours might spare  
 For some unmeaning thing, miscall'd a pray'r.  
 In vain the glitt'ring orbs, each starry night,  
 With mingling blazes shed a flood of light :  
 Each nymph with cold indiff'rence saw 'em rise ;  
 And, taught by fops, to them preferr'd her eyes.  
 None thought the stars were suns so widely sown,  
 None dreamt of other worlds, besides our own.  
 Well might they boast their charms, when ev'ry fair  
 Thought this world all ; and her's the brightest here.  
 Ah ! quit not the large thoughts this book inspires,  
 For those thin trifles which your sex admires :  
 Assert your claim to sense, and shew mankind,  
 That reason is not to themselves confin'd.  
 The haughty belle, whose beauty's awful shrine  
 'Twere sacrilege t' imagine not divine,  
 Who thought so greatly of her eyes before,  
 Bid her read this, and then be vain no more.  
 How poor ev'n you, who reign without controul,  
 If we except the beauties of your soul !  
 Shou'd all beholders feel the same surprize :  
 Shou'd all who see you, see you with my eyes ;

Were

Were no sick blasts to make that beauty less ;  
 Shou'd you be what I think, what all confests :  
 'Tis but a narrow space those charms engage ;  
 One island only, and not half an age !



S O N G.

To SYLVIA.

By D. G.

**I**F truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,  
 Let Damon urge his claim,  
 He feels the passion void of art,  
 The pure, the constant flame.

Tho' fighting swains their torments tell,  
 Their sensual love contemn ;  
 They only prize the beauteous shell,  
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,  
 Destroys the transient fire ;  
 But when the mind receives the dart,  
 Enjoyment whets desire.

By