
ON READING

LADY MARY MONTAGUE AND Mrs. ROWE'S

LETTERS.

AS Venus by night, so MONTAGUE
bright

Long in the gay circle did shine:

She tun'd well the lyre, mankind did admire;

They prais'd, and they call'd her divine.

This pride of the times, in far distant climes,

Stood high in the temple of Fame:

Britannia's shore, then ceas'd to adore,

A greater the tribute did claim.

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To sue for the prize, fam'd ROWE did arise,
More bright than Apollo was she:
Superior rays obtain'd now the bays,
And MONTAGUE bended the knee.

O excellent ROWE, much Britain does owe
To what you've ingen'ously penn'd:
Of virtue and wit, the model you've hit;
Who reads must you ever commend.

Would ladies pursue, the paths trod by you,
And jointly to learning aspire,
The men soon would yield unto them the
field,
And critics in silence admire.