

S I X

T O W N E C L O G U E S.

By the Right Hon. L. M. W. M.

M O N D A Y.

ROXANA, or, the Drawing-Room.

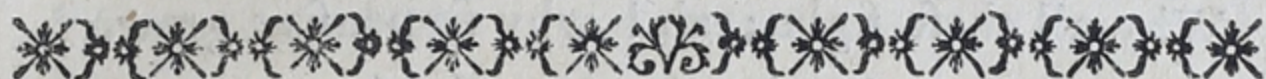
ROXANA from the court retiring late,
Sigh'd her soft sorrows at St. JAMES's gate.
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast,
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppress'd ;
They groan the cruel load they doom'd to bear ;
She in these gentle sounds express'd her care.

“ 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 cou'd 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 :
 “ Sermons I fought, and with a mein severe
 “ Censur’d my neighbours, and said daily pray’r.
 “ Alas ! how chang’d !—with the same sermon-mein
 “ 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 ev’ry 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 ;
 “ 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 caresses 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.

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 too 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 fin)
 The happier finners now their charms put out,
 And to their manteaus their complexions suit ;
 The opera queens had finished 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 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 pensive 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 slight.
Yet I could tell, but that I hate to boast,
A club of ladies where '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 begun ;
With chearful pledges round the room it run,
Till the young SYLVIA, 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.

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.

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 cou'd 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 laugh'd and fled, and as I sought to seize,
 With affectation cram'd it down her stays ;
 Yet hope she did not place it there unseen,
 I press'd her breasts, and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER.

Last night, as I stood ogling of her grace,
 Drinking delicious poison from her face,
 The soft enchantress did that face decline,
 Nor ever 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.

PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was ask'd to come)
I drank bohea in CÆLIA'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 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,

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,

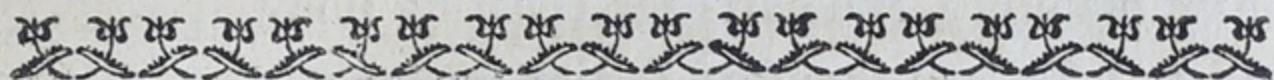
What colour does in CÆLIA's stockings shine ?
Reveal that secret, and the prize is thine.

PATCH.

What are her garters ? tell me if you can ;
I'll freely own thee far the happier man.

Thus

Thus PATCH continued his heroick strain,
While SILLIANDER but contends in vain,
After a conquest so important gain'd,
Unrival'd PATCH in ev'ry ruelle reign'd.



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 ! sooth 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 tease me with some new complaint.
Oh ! would to heav'n !—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

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 wou'd 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 traytors 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 wou'd you fly ?
 “ Why all these doubts ? why this distrustful fear ?
 “ No impious wishes shall offend your ear :

“ Nor

" 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 shall direct his course, his ardour tame,
 " And check the fury of his wildest flame."

Unpractis'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.

Cou'd I forget the honour of my race,
 And meet your wishes, fearless of disgrace ;
 Cou'd 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 condemn 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 shou'd see you shun
 The wretched victim by your arts undone.
 Yet if I cou'd that cold indifference bear,
 What more wou'd strike me with the last despair,
 With this reflection wou'd my soul be torn,
 To know I merited your cruel scorn.

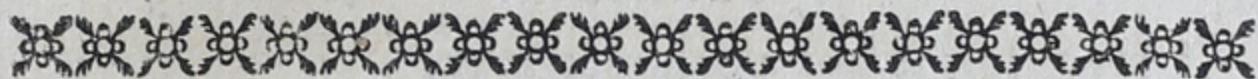
" Has

“ 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 wou'd 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 follow'd 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 cou'd 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.



T H U R S D A Y.

The BASSETTE-TABLE.

SMILINDA and CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

THE bassette-table spread, the tallier come,
Why stays SMILINDA in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph! the tallier stays 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, that cheat the list'ning fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantick strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As you by Love, so I by Fortune cross'd,
In one bad deal three septlevas I lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that a grief which you compare with mine?
With ease the smiles of Fortune I resign.
Wou'd all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone:

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost is but a common care,
 And prudent nymphs against the change prepare.
 The queen of clubs thrice lost ! oh ! who cou'd guess
 This fatal stroke ! this unforeseen distress !

SMILINDA.

See! BETTY LOVEIT very à propos !
 She all the pains of love and play does know,
 Deeply experienc'd many years ago.
 Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide,
 BETTY, who oft the pains of each has try'd :
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
 By cards' ill-usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVEIT.

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

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 to live.
 Upon the bottom see 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

(At CORTICELLI's he the raffle won,
 There first his passion was in publick shown :
 HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
 Her rival's envy all in vain to hide)
 This snuff-box—on the hinge see diamonds shine——
 This snuff-box will I stake, the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas ! far smaller losses than I bear,
 Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear :
 But oh ! what makes the disappointment hard,
 'Twas my own lord who drew the fatal card !——
 In complaisance I took the queen he gave,
 Tho' my own secret wish was for the knave :
 The knave won *son ecart* that 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 COSINS made her stays.

Un-

Ungrateful wretch ! with mimick airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

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.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd !
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd !
Yet his known falshood could no warning prove :
Ah ! what are warnings to a maid in love !

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 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 may not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that breast compose,
That listens coldly to my SHARPER's vows !

Then

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 look 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-porter's, batter'd bullies play;
 Some dukes at Marybon 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.

LOVEIT.

Cease your contention, which has been too long,
 I grow impatient, and the tea grows strong:
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
 The equipage shall grace SMILINDA's side;
 The snuff-box to CARDELIA I decree;
 So leave complaining, and begin your tea.

F R I D A Y.

The TOILETTE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty springs had cloth'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 crowd 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 glass no more the diamond grave my name,
 “ And lines mis-spelt record my lover's flame:
 “ Nor shall side-boxes watch my wand'ring eyes,
 “ And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise
 “ With humble bows; nor white-glov'd beaux encroach
 “ In crowds 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 prefence there
 “ Amidft that sober train, would own defpair ;
 “ 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 wonted range
 “ Thro’ India fops, to Motteux’s, or the Change,
 “ Where the tall jar erects its ftately pride,
 “ With antick fapes in China’s azure dy’d ;
 “ There carelefs lies a rich brocade unroll’d,
 “ Here fhines a cabinet with burnifh’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 publick tear ;
 “ Yet thefe to DAMON’s oaths are all fincere.
 “ For what young flirt, bafe man, am I abus’d ?
 “ To please your wife am I unkindly us’d ?
 “ ’Tis true, her face may boaft the peach’s bloom ;
 “ But does her nearer whifper 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 fenfe.

“ Inſpid, 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 ſullen 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 repent.”

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 SMALL-POX,

FLAVIA.

TH E 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 fought 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 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 cou’d 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 forfook,
 ' And left debates to catch a passing look :
 ' 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 betray'd ; }
 ' 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 canvas 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 curls should fall, or where a patch to place ;
 ' If blue or scarlet best became my face ;

' Now

' Now on some happier nymph your aid bestow ;
 ' On fairer heads, ye useless jewels, glow ;
 ' No borrow'd 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.
 ' Wou'd 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 with-held 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, furrounded 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 is no more!
 ‘ Cease, hapless maid, no more thy tale pursue,
 ‘ Forfake mankind, and bid the world adieu!
 ‘ 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!

