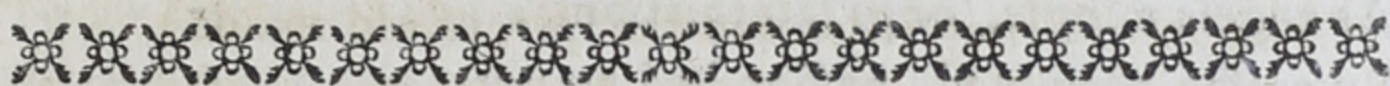


From the cant of fanaticks, the jargon of schools,  
 The censures of wisemen, and praises of fools :  
 From criticks who never read Latin or Greek,  
 And pedants, who boast they read both all the week :  
 From borrowing wit, to repay it like BUDGEL,  
 Or lending, like POPE, to be paid by a cudgel :  
 If ever thou didst, or wilt ever befriend me,  
 From these, and such evils, APOLLO, defend me,  
 And let me be rather but honest with no-wit,  
 Than a noisy nonsensical half-witted poet.



## AN EPISTLE to a LADY.

WHEN the heart akes with anguish, pines with grief,  
 And heav'n and you alike deny relief ;  
 When ev'n the flatt'rer Hope is no where found,  
 'Tis hard to feel the smart, and not lament the wound.  
 Permit me then to sigh one last adieu,  
 Nor scorn a sorrow friendship owes to you :  
 A friendship modesty might well return ;  
 A sorrow, cruelty itself might mourn.  
 Think how the miser, pierc'd with inward pain,  
 Looks down with horror on the troubled main,  
 Or wildly roams along the rocky coast,  
 T' explore his treasures in the tempest lost ;



Hates his own safety, chides the waves that roll'd  
 Himself ashore, but sunk his dearer gold.  
 Like him afflicted, pensive, and forlorn,  
 I look on life and all its pomp with scorn.  
 You was the sweetner of each busy scene ;  
 You gave the joy without, the pain within.  
 Pleasure and you were both so near ally'd,  
 That when I lost the one, the other dy'd ;  
 Pain too has lavish'd all her killing store ;  
 Nor can she add, nor can I suffer more.

In vain I view'd you with as chaste a fire,  
 As angels mingle, or as saints admire ;  
 By reason prompted, passion had no part,  
 A virtuous ardour, that refin'd the heart.  
 In vain I sought a friendship free from fault,  
 Where sex and beauty were alike forgot :  
 A friendship by the noblest union join'd,  
 The female softness, and the manly mind.  
 Courage to conquer evils, or endure :  
 Sweetness to sooth the pain, and smiles to cure.  
 Scandal, a busy fiend, in Truth's disguise,  
 Like Fame all cover'd o'er with ears and eyes,  
 Learns the fond tale, and spreads it as she flies ;  
 Nor spreads alone, but alters, adds, defames,  
 Affects to pity, tho' her duty blames ;  
 Feigns not to credit all she sees or hears,  
 But hopes the evil only in her fears ;

Pretends



Pretends to weigh the fact in even scale,  
 And wish, at least, that justice may prevail;  
 Insinuates, dissembles, lyes, betrays,  
 Plays the whole hypocrite such various ways,  
 That Innocence itself must suffer wrong,  
 And Honour bleed the prey of Slander's tongue.

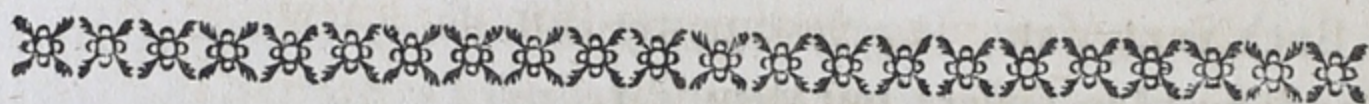
Such is my fate, so grievous my distress,  
 Condemn'd to suffer, but deny'd redress:  
 Too fond of joy, too sensible of pain,  
 To part with all that's dear, and not complain:  
 Too delicate to injure what I love,  
 To ask the pity fame will ne'er approve.  
 What more remains, then, but to drop my claim,  
 And by my conduct justify my flame?  
 Burst the dear bands that to my heart-strings join,  
 And sacrifice my peace to purchase thine?

As the fond mother, who delirious eyes  
 Her dying babe, will scarce believe it dies;  
 But strains it still with transport in her arms,  
 Dwells on its lips and numbers o'er its charms;  
 Pleads that it slumbers, and expects, in vain,  
 To see the little cherub live again:  
 So my torn heart must all the sorrows prove  
 That torture constancy, or sadden love:  
 Yet fondly follow your dear image still,  
 Fancy I hear you speak, I see you smile:  
 Doat on a phantom, idolize the name,  
 And wish the shade and substance were the same.

Alas !



Alas ! how fruitless is the idle pray'r !  
 The joy's imagin'd, real the despair.  
 Like Adam forc'd his Eden to forego,  
 I lose my only paradise below,  
 And dread the prospect of succeeding woe.



## GENIUS, VIRTUE, and REPUTATION.

### A F A B L E.

From Mons. DE LA MOTTE, Book v. Fable 6.

**A**S GENIUS, VIRTUE, REPUTATION,  
 Three worthy friends, o'er all the nation  
 Agreed to roam ; then pass the seas,  
 And visit Italy and Greece :  
 By travel to improve their parts,  
 And learn the languages and arts ;  
 Not like our modern fops and beaux,  
 T' improve the pattern of their cloaths :

Thus GENIUS said ;—" Companions dear,  
 " To what I speak, incline an ear.  
 " Some chance, perhaps, may us divide :  
 " Let us against the worst provide,  
 " And give some sign by which to find  
 " A friend thus lost, or left behind.