To a Lady, who commanded me to ſend her an Account in Verſe, how I ſucceeded in my Subſcription.

HOW I ſucceed, you kindly ask;
Yet ſet me on a grievous Task,
When you oblige me to rehearſe
The Cenſures paſt upon my Verſe.

THO' I with Pleaſure may relate,
That many, truly good, and great,
With candid Eye my Lines ſurvey,
And ſmile upon the artleſs Lay;
To thoſe with grateful Heart I bend——
But your Commands I muſt attend.

SERVILLA cries, *I hate a Wit*;
Women ſhould to their Fate ſubmit,
Should in the Needle take Delight;
'Tis out of *Character* to write:
She may ſucceed among the Men;
They tell me, SWIFT ſubſcribes for *Ten*;
And ſome ſay, DORSET does the ſame;
But ſhe ſhall never have my Name:
Her Poetry has coſt me dear;
When Lady CARTERET was here,
The Widow *Gordon* got my Guinea;
For which I own myſelf a *Ninny*.

OLIVIA loſes oft at Play;
So will not throw her Gold away.

THUS SYLVIA, of the haughty Tribe:
She never ask'd me to ſubſcribe,

Nor

Nor ever wrote a Line on me,
I was no Theme for Poetry!
She rightly judg'd; I have no *Taſte*——
For *Womens Poetry*, at leaſt.

THEN FULVIA made this ſage Reply;
(And look'd with ſelf-ſufficient Eye:)
I oft have ſaid, and ſay again,
Verſes are only writ by Men;
I know a Woman cannot write;
I do not ſay this out of Spite;
Nor ſhall be thought, by thoſe who know me,
To envy one ſo much below me.

SABINA, fam'd in Wiſdom's School,
Allows I write —— but am a Fool:
"What!——muſt our Sons be form'd by Rhyme?
"A fine Way to employ one's Time!"

ALBINO

ALBINO has no Gold to waſte,
Far gone in the Italian *Taſte:*
He vows he muſt ſubſcribe this Year,
To keep dear *CARESTINI here;
Not from a narrow Party View;
He doats on *SENESINO too;
By Turns their Int'reſt he'll eſpouſe;
He's for the public Good, he vows;
A gen'rous Ardor fires his Breaſt.
Hail, *Britain*, in ſuch Patriots bleſt!

SAYS BELVIDERA, Since a Wit
Or Friend or Foe alike will hit,
Deliver me from Wits, I ſay;
Grant Heav'n, they ne'er may croſs my Way!
Beſides, I oft have heard it hinted,
Her Poems never will be printed:

* *Two famous* Italian *Singers, zealouſly ſupported by different Parties.*

Her Sickneſs is a Feint, no Doubt,
To keep her Book from coming out.

OF Wit, ſays GELIA, I'll acquit her;
Then archly fell into a *Titter.*

A FEMALE Bard! PULVILLIO cries;
'Tis *poſſible* ſhe may be wiſe;
But I could never find it yet,
Tho' oft in Company we met:
She talks juſt in the common Way:
Sure Wits their Talents ſhould diſplay;
Their Language ſurely ſhould be bright,
Before they ſhould pretend to write:
I'll ne'er ſubſcribe for Books, ſays he;
'Fore Gad, it looks like *Pedantry.*

HIGH-BORN BELINDA loves to blame,
On Criticiſm founds her Fame:

When-e'er

Whene'er *ſhe thinks* a Fault ſhe ſpies,
How Pleaſure ſparkles in her Eyes!
Call it not *Poetry*, ſhe ſays;
No —— Call it *Rhyming*, if you pleaſe:
Her Numbers might adorn a Ring,
Or ſerve along the Streets to ſing:
Stella and *Flavia*'s well enough;
What elſe I ſaw, was ſtupid Stuff;
Nor Love nor Satire in her Lays,
Inſipid! neither pain nor pleaſe:
I promis'd once to patronize her;
But on Reflection, I was wiſer:
Yet I ſubſcrib'd among the reſt;
I love to carry on a Jeſt.

BELINDA thus her Anger ſhows,
Nor tells the World, from whence it flows:
With more Succeſs to wound my Lays,
She gilds the Dart with other Praiſe:

To her own Breaſt I leave the Fair,
Convinc'd I ſtand acquitted there.

AMANDA, your Commands, you ſee,
Tho' grievous, are obey'd by me.
What my Friends told me had been ſaid,
Juſt as it came into my Head,
No matter for the Place or Time,
To ſhew your Pow'r, I tag with Rhyme.

Now let ſome News ſalute your Ear,
Tho' I have weary'd you, I fear:
Know, ——— has Vengeance vow'd,
And in the *Furies* Temple bow'd:
He but ſuſpends his Wrath, he ſays,
Till he can criticiſe my Lays.
Malice, thy Rancour I expect,
And ſhall return it ——— with Neglect:
Go on, diſplay your treaſur'd Rage;
Invectives ſhall not blot my Page:

What real Faults you note, I'll mend:
So now your Efforts I attend;
Taught early, DRYDEN, by thy Song,
They ne'er forgive, who do the Wrong.

Now to the Muſe I bid Adieu;
Nor rail at her, as Poets do:
Protected by the Good and Great,
I'll not repine, but bleſs my Fate.

You, Madam, who your Sex adorn,
Who Malice and Detraction ſcorn,
Who with ſuperior Senſe are bleſs'd,
Of ev'ry real Worth poſſeſs'd;
With Eye indulgent view my Lays:
You know to blame, but love to praiſe:
You know my Faults, and know beſide,
I want not to be mortify'd.
One Merit I preſume to boaſt,
And dare to plead but one at moſt:

The Muſe I never have debas'd;
My Lays are innocent at leaſt;
Were ever ardently deſign'd
To mend and to enlarge the Mind.
This muſt be own'd a virtuous Aim.
The Praiſe of Wit — let others claim.

F I N I S.