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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

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An Epistle from Florence. To T. A. Esq; Tutor to the Earl of P. Written in
the Year 1740. By the Honourable .

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An EPISTLE from FLORENCE.

To T. A. Esq; Tutor to the Earl of P——.

Written in the Year 1740.

By the Honourable ——.

WHen flourish'd with their state th' ATHENIAN name,
 And Learning and Politeness were the same,
 Philosophy with gentle art refin'd
 The honest roughness of th' unpractis'd mind :
 She call'd the latent beams of Nature forth,
 Guided their ardor and insur'd their worth.
 She pois'd th' impetuous Warrior's vengeful steel,
 Mark'd true Ambition from destructive Zeal,
 Pointed what lustre on that laurel blows,
 Which Virtue only on her sons bestows.
 Hence clement CIMON, of unspotted fame,
 Hence ARISTIDES' ever-fav'rite name ;
 Heroes, who knew to wield the righteous spear,
 And guard their native tow'rs from foreign fear ;
 Or in firm bands of social Peace to bind
 Their Country's good, and benefit mankind.
 She trim'd the thoughtful Statesman's nightly oil,
 Confirm'd his mind beneath an empire's toil,

Or

Or with him to his silent villa stole,
 Gilded his evening hours, and harmoniz'd his soul.
 To woods and caves she never bade retreat,
 Nor fix'd in cloyster'd monkeries her seat :
 No lonely precepts to her sons enjoin'd,
 Nor taught them to be men, to shun mankind.
 CYNICKS there were, an uncouth selfish race,
 Of manners foul, and boastful of disgrace :
 Brutes, whom no Muse has ever lov'd to name,
 Whose Ignominy is their only fame.
 No hostile Trophies grace their honour'd urn,
 Around their tomb no sculptur'd Virtues mourn ;
 Nor tells the marble into emblems grav'd,
 An Art discover'd or a City fav'd.

Be this the goal to which the Briton-Peer
 Exalt his hope, and press his young career !
 Be this the goal to which, my Friend, may you
 With gentle skill direct his early view !
 Artful the various studies to dispense,
 And melt the schoolman's jargon down to sense.

See the pedantick Teacher, winking dull,
 The letter'd Tyrant of a trembling school ;
 Teaching by force, and proving by a frown,
 His lifted fasces ram the lesson down.
 From tortur'd strains of eloquence he draws
 Barbarick precepts and unmeaning laws,
 By his own sense wou'd TULLY's word expound,
 And a new VANDAL tramples classick ground.

Perhaps

Perhaps a Bigot to the learned page,
 No modern custom can his thoughts engage;
 His little farm by GEORGICK rules he ploughs,
 And prunes by metre the luxuriant boughs,
 Still from ARATUS' sphere or MARO's signs,
 The future calm or tempest he divines,
 And fears if the prognostick Raven's found
 a Expatiating alone along the dreary round.

What scanty precepts! studies how confin'd!
 Too mean to fill your comprehensive mind:
 Unsatisfy'd with knowing when or where
 Some Roman Bigot rais'd a Fane to FEAR;
 On what green medal VIRTUE stands express'd,
 How CONCORD's pictur'd, LIBERTY how dress'd;
 Or with wise KEN judiciously define,
 When Pius marks the honorary coin
 Of CARACALLA, or of ANTONINE.

Thriving for knowledge, but to know the right,
 Thro' judgment's optick guide th' illusive sight,
 To let in rays on Reason's darkling cell,
 And Prejudice's lagging mists dispel;
 For this you turn the Greek and Roman page,
 Weigh the contemplative and active Sage,
 And cull some useful flow'r from each heroick Age.

Thence teach the Youth the necessary art,
 To know the Judge's from the Critick's part;

^a *Et sola in sicca secum spatiatnr arena.*

VIRG.

Show



Show how ignoble is the passion, FEAR,
 And place some patriot Roman's model near ;
 Their bright examples to his soul infill,
 Who knew no Fear, but that of doing ill.
 Tell him, 'tis all a cant, a trifle all,
 To know the folds that from the TOGA fall,
 The CLAVUS' breadth, the BULLA's golden round,
 And ev'ry leaf that ev'ry VIRTUE crown'd ;
 But shew how brighter in each honest breast
 Than in her shrine, the Goddess stood confess'd.

Tell him, it is not the fantastick Boy,
 Elate with pow'r and swell'd with frantick joy,
 'Tis not a slavish Senate, fawning, base,
 Can stamp with honest fame a worthless race ;
 Tho' the false Coin proclaim him great and wise,
 The tyrant's life shall tell that Coin, it lyes.

But when your early Care shall have design'd
 To plan the Soul and mould the waxen Mind ;
 When you shall pour upon his tender Breast
 Ideas that must stand an Age's Test,
 Oh ! there imprint with strongest deepest dye
 The lovely form of Goddess LIBERTY !
 For her in Senates be he train'd to plead,
 For her in Battles be he taught to bleed.
 Lead him where Dover's rugged cliff resounds
 With dashing seas, fair Freedom's honest Bounds,
 Point to yon azure Carr bedrop'd with gold,
 Whose weight the necks of Gallia's Sons uphold ;

Where

Where proudly fits an iron-scepter'd Queen,
 And fondly triumphs o'er the prostrate scene,
 Cry, that is Empire! shun her baleful path,
 Her Words are Slavery, and her Touch is Death!
 Thro' wounds and blood the Fury drives her way,
 And murders half, to make the rest her prey.

Thus spoke each Spartan matron, as she drefs'd
 With the bright cuirass her young soldier's breast;
 On the new warrior's tender-sinew'd thigh,
 Girt Fear of Shame and Love of Liberty.

Steel'd with such precepts, for a cause so good,
 What scanty Bands the Persian Host withstood!
 Before the Sons of Greece let Asia tell
 How fled her ^b Monarch, how her Millions fell!
 When arm'd for LIBERTY, a Few how brave!
 How weak a Multitude, where each a Slave!
 No welcome Falchion fill'd their fainting hand,
 No Voice inspir'd of favourite Command:
 No Peasant fought for wealthy lands possess'd,
 No fond remembrance warm'd the Parent's breast:
 They saw their lands for royal riot groan,
 And toil in vain for banquets, not their own;
 They saw their infant Race to bondage rise,
 And frequent heard the ravish'd Virgin's cries,
 Dishonour'd but to cool a transient gust
 Of some luxurious Satrap's barb'rous lust.

^b *Xerxes.*

The



The greatest curses any Age has known ;
 Have issued from the Temple or the Throne ;
 Extent of ill from Kings at first begins,
 But Priests must aid and consecrate their sins.
 The tortur'd Subject might be heard complain,
 When sinking under a new weight of chain,
 Or more rebellious might perhaps repine,
 When tax'd to dow'r a titled Concubine,
 But the Priest christens all a Right Divine.

When at the altar a new Monarch kneels,
 What conjur'd awe upon the people steals !
 The chosen He adores the precious oil,
 Meekly receives the solemn charm, and while
 The Priest some blessed nothings mutters o'er,
 Sucks in the sacred grease at ev'ry pore :
 He seems at once to shed his mortal skin,
 And feels Divinity transfus'd within.
 The trembling Vulgar dread the royal Nod,
 And worship God's anointed more than God.

Such Sanction gives the Prelate to such Kings !
 So Mischief from those hallow'd fountains springs.
 But bend your eye to yonder harras'd plains,
 Where King and Priest in one united reigns ;
 See fair Italia mourn her holy state,
 And droop oppress'd beneath a papal weight :
 Where fat Celibacy usurps the soil,
 And sacred Sloth consumes the peasant's toil :

The holy Drones monopolize the sky,
 And plunder by a vow of Poverty.
 The Christian Cause their lewd profession taints,
 Unlearn'd, unchaste, uncharitable faints.

Oppression takes Religion's hallow'd name,
 And Priestcraft knows to play the specious game.
 Behold how each enthusiastick fool
 Of ductile piety, becomes their tool:
 Observe with how much art, what fine pretence
 They hallow Foppery and combat Sense.

Some hoary Hypocrite, grown old in sin,
 Whose thoughts of heav'n with his last hours begin,
 Counting a chaplet with a bigot care,
 And mumbling somewhat 'twixt a charm and pray'r,
 Hugs a dawb'd image of his injur'd Lord,
 And squeezes out on the dull idol-board
 A fore-ey'd gum of tears; the flannel Crew
 With cunning joy the fond repentance view,
 Pronounce Him blest'd, his miracles proclaim,
 Teach the slight crowd t' adore his hallow'd name,
 Exalt his praise above the Saints of old,
 And coin his sinking conscience into Gold.

Or when some Pontiff with imperious hand
 Sends forth his edict to excise the land,
 The tortur'd Hind unwillingly obeys,
 And mutters curses as his mite he pays!
 The subtle Priest th' invidious name forbears,
 Asks it for holy use or venal pray'rs;



Exhibits all their trumpery to sale,
 A bone, a mouldy morsel, or a nail:
 Th' idolatrous Devout adore the show,
 And in full streams the molten off'rings flow.

No pagan object, nothing too profane;
 To aid the Romish zeal for Christian gain.
 Each Temple with new weight of idols nods,
 And borrow'd Altars smoke to other Gods.

PROMETHEUS' Vultur MATTHEW's Eagle proves:
 And heav'nly Cherubs sprout from heathen Loves;
 Young GANYMEDE a winged Angel stands
 By holy LUKE, and dictates God's commands:

^c APOLLO, tho' degraded, still can bless,
 Rewarded with a Sainthood, and an S.
 Each convert Godhead is apostoliz'd,
 And JOVE himself by ^d PETER's name baptiz'd,
 ASTARTE shines in Jewish MARY's fame,
 Still Queen of heav'n, another and the same.

While the proud Priest the sacred Tyrant reigns
 Of empty cities and dispeopled plains,
 Where fetter'd Nature is forbid to rove
 In the free commerce of productive Love:
 Behold imprison'd with her barren kind,
 In gloomy cells the votive Maid confin'd;

^c *St. Apollos.*

^d *At St. Peter's an old statue of Jupiter is turned into one of St. Peter.*

Faint streams of blood, by long stagnation weak,
 Scarce tinge the fading damask of her cheek ;
 In vain she pines, the holy Faith withstands,
 What Nature dictates and what God commands :
 But if some sanguine He, some lusty Priest
 Of jollier morals taste the tempting feast,
 From the strong grasp if some poor babe arise,
 Unwelcome, unindear'd, it instant dies,
 Or poisons blasting soon the hasty joy,
 Th' imperfect seeds of infant life destroy.

Fair Modesty, thou virgin tender-ey'd,
 From thee the Muse the grosser acts must hide,
 Nor the dark cloister's mystick rites display,
 Whence num'rous brawny Monkhoods waste away,
 And unprolifick, tho' forsworn, decay. }

BRITANNIA smiling, views her golden plains
 From mitred bondage free and papal chains ;
 Her jocund Sons pass each unburthen'd day
 Securely quiet, innocently gay :
 Lords of themselves the happy Rusticks sing,
 Each of his little tenement the King.
 Twice did usurping Rome extend her hand,
 To reinslave the new-deliver'd land :
 Twice were her sable bands to battle warm'd,
 With pardons, bulls, and texts, and murders arm'd :
 e With PETER's sword and MICHAEL's lance were sent,
 And whate'er stores supply'd the Church's armament.

e *Addit & Herculeos Arcus Hastamque Minerva,
 Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria Caeli.*

Juv.
 Twice



Twice did the gallant Albion race repell
 The jesuit legions to the gates of hell ;
 Or whate'er Angel, friend to Britain, took
 Or WILLIAM's or ELIZA's guardian look.

Arise, young Peer ! shine forth in such a cause !
 Who draws the sword for freedom, justly draws.
 Reflect how dearly was that freedom bought ;
 For that, how oft your ancestors have fought ;
 Thro' the long series of our princes down,
 How wretch'd some right from each too potent Crown.

See abject JOHN, that vassal-Monarch, see !
 Bow down the royal neck, and crouch the supple knee !
 Oh ! prostitution of imperial State !
 To a vile Romish Priest's vile e Delegate.
 Him the bold Barons scorning to obey,
 And be the subjects of a subject sway ;
 Heroes whose names to latest fame shall shine,
 Aw'd by no visions of a Right Divine,
 That bond by eastern Politicians wrought,
 Which ours have learnt, and Rabbi Doctors taught,
 To straiter banks restrain'd the Royal Will,
 That great prerogative of doing ill.

To late example and experience dead,
 See f HENRY in his Father's footsteps tread.
 Too young to govern, immature to pow'r,
 His early follies haunt his latest hour.

e *The Pope's Nuncio.*

f *Henry III.*

His nobles injur'd, and his realms oppress'd,
 No violated senate's wrongs redress'd,
 His hoary age sinks in the feeble wane
 Of an inglorious, slighted, tedious reign.

The Muse too long with idle glories fed,
 And train'd to trumpet o'er the warlike dead,
 The wanton fain on giddy plumes would soar,
 To Gallic Loire and Jordan's humbled shore ;
 Again would teach the Saracen and Gaul,
 At ^g EDWARD's and at ^h HENRY's name to fall ;
 Romantick heroes ! prodigal of blood ;
 What numbers stain'd each ill-disputed flood !
 Tools to a Clergy ! warring but to feast,
 With spoils of provinces each pamper'd Priest.
 Be dumb, fond Maid ; thy sacred ink nor spill
 On specious Tyrants, popularly ill ;
 Nor be thy comely locks with Roses dight
 Of either victor colour, Red or White.

Foil'd the assassin King, in union blow
 The blended flowers on seventh HENRY's brow,
 Peace lights again on the forsaken strand,
 And banish'd Plenty re-assumes the land.
 No nodding crest the crouching infant frights,
 No clarion rudely breaks the bride's delights ;

^g Edward I. and II.

^h Henry V.

ⁱ Richard III.

Reposing fabres seek their ancient place
 To bristle round a gaping ^k GORGON's face.
 The wearied arms grotesquely deck the wall,
 And tatter'd trophies fret the Royal ^l hall.
 But Peace in vain on the blood-fatten'd plains
 From her exuberant horn her treasures rains :
 She deals her gifts ; but in an uselefs hour,
 To glut the iron hand of griping Pow'r :
 Such LANCASTER, whom harras'd Britain saw,
 Mask'd in the garb of antiquated Law :
 More politick than wife, more wife than great :
 A legislator to enslave the state ;
 Cooly malicious ; by design a knave ;
 More mean than false, ambitious more than brave ;
 Attach'd to Interest's more than Honour's call ;
 More strict than just, more covetous than all.
 Not so the Reveller profuse, his ^m Son,
 His contrast course of tyranny begun ;
 Robust of limb, and flush'd with florid grace,
 Strength nerv'd his youth, and squar'd his jovial face.
 To feats of arms and carpet-combats prone,
 In either field the vig'rous monarch shone :
 Mark'd out for riot each luxurious day
 In tournaments and banquets danc'd away.
 But shift the scene, and view what slaughters stain
 Each frantick period of his barb'rous reign :

^k *Medusa's head in the armory at the Tower.*
^l *Westminster-Hall.*
^m *Henry VIII.*

A Tyrant to the people whom he rul'd,
 By ev'ry potentate he dealt with, fool'd;
 Sold by one ⁿ minister, to all unjust;
 Sway'd by each dictate of distemper'd lust;
 Changing each worship that controul'd the bent
 Of his adul'trous will, and lewd intent;
 Big in unwieldy majesty and pride,
 And smear'd with Queens and Martyrs blood, He dy'd.

Pass we the pious ^o Youth too slightly seen;
 The mur'd'rous zeal of a weak Romish ^p Queen:
 Nor with faint pencil, impotently vain,
 Shadow the glories of ELIZA's reign,
 Who still too great, tho' some few faults she had,
 To catalogue with all those Royal bad.

Arise! great JAMES! thy course of wisdom run!
 Image of David's philosophic Son!
 He comes! on either hand in seemly state,
 Knowledge and Peace his fondled handmaids wait;
 Obscurely learn'd, elaborately dull,
 Of quibbling cant and grace fanatick full,
 Thron'd in full senate, on his pedant tongue,
 These for six hours each weighty morning hung;
 For these each string of royal pow'r he strain'd,
 For these he sold whate'er ELIZA gain'd;
 For these he squander'd ev'ry prudent store
 The frugal Princess had reserv'd before,

ⁿ Cardinal Woolsey.

^o Edward VI.

^p Mary.

On pension'd sycophants and garter'd boys,
 Tools of his will, and minions of his joys.
 For these he let his beggar'd ^q daughter roam ;
 Bubbled for these by Spanish art at home ;
 For these, to sum the blessings of his reign,
 Poison'd one Son ^r, and t' other sent to Spain.

Retire, strict Muse, and thy impartial verse
 In pity spare on CHARLES's bleeding herse ;
 Or all his faults in blackest notes translate
 To tombs where rot the authors of his fate ;
 To lustful HENRIETTA's Romish shade,
 Let all his acts of lawless pow'r be laid ;
 Or to the ^s Priest more Romish still than her ;
 And whoe'er made his gentle virtues err.

On the next ^t Prince expell'd his native land
 In vain Affliction laid her iron hand ;
 Fortune or fair or frowning, on his soul
 Cou'd stamp no virtue, and no vice controul :
 Honour, or morals, gratitude, or truth,
 Nor learn'd his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth ;
 The care of Nations left to whores or chance,
 Plund'rer of Britain, pensioner of France ;
 Free to buffoons, to ministers deny'd,
 He liv'd an atheist, and a bigot dy'd.

^q *Queen of Bohemia.*

^r *Prince Henry, and Charles I.*

^s *Archbishop Laud.*

^t *Charles II.*

The reins of Empire, or resign'd or stole,
 Are trusted next to JAMES's weak controul;
 Him, meditating to subvert the laws,
 His Hero^u Son in Freedom's beauteous cause
 Rose to chastise: w^h unhappy still! howe'er
 Posterity the gallant action bear.

Thus have I try'd of Kings and Priests to sing,
 And all the ills that from their vices spring;
 While victor GEORGE thunders o'er either Spain,
 Revenges Britain and asserts the Main;
 To x willing Indians deals our equal laws,
 And from his Country's voice affects applause;
 y What time fair Florence on her peaceful shore,
 Free from the din of war and battle's roar,
 Has lap'd me trisler in inglorious ease,
 Modelling precepts that may serve and please;
 Yours is the task--and glorious is the plan,
 To build the Free, the Sensible, Good Man.

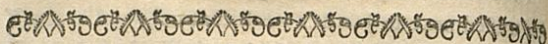
^u William III.

^w *Infelix utcumque ferent ea facta minores!* VIRG.

^x ----- *Volentes*

Per populos dat jura viamque affectat Olympo. VIRG.

^y *Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
 Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti.* VIRG.



The BEAUTIES.

AN EPISTLE to Mr. ECKARDT the Painter,

By the Same.

DEsponding artist, talk no more
 Of Beauties of the days of yore,
 Of Goddesses renown'd in Greece,
 And ZEUXIS' composition-piece,
 Where every nymph that could at most
 Some single grace or feature boast,
 Contributed her favourite charm
 To perfect the ideal form.
 'Twas CYNTHIA'S brow, 'twas LESBIA'S eye,
 'Twas CLOE'S cheeks' vermilion dye;
 ROXANA lent the noble air,
 Dishevell'd flow'd ASPASIA'S hair,
 And CUPID much too fondly press'd
 His mimick mother THAIS' breast.
 Antiquity, how poor thy use!
 A single Venus to produce!
 Friend Eckardt, ancient story quit,
 Nor mind whatever Pliny writ;
 Felibien and Fresnoy declaim,
 Who talk of Raphael's matchless fame,

Of

Of Titian's tints, Corregio's grace,
 And Carlo's each Madonna face
 As if no Beauties now were made,
 But Nature had forgot her trade.
 'Twas Beauty guided Raphael's line
 From heavenly Women, sty'd divine ;
 They warm'd old Titian's fancy too,
 And what he could not taste he drew :
 Think you Devotion warm'd his breast
 When Carlo with such looks express'd
 His virgins, that her vot'ries feel
 Emotions—not, I'm sure, of zeal ?

In Britain's isle observe the Fair,
 And curious chuse your models there ;
 Such patterns as shall raise your name
 To rival sweet Corregio's fame :
 Each single piece shall be a test,
 And Zeuxis' patchwork be a jest ;
 Who ransack'd Greece, and cull'd the age
 To bring one Goddess on the stage :
 On your each canvass we'll admire
 The charms of the whole heav'nly choir.

Majestick Juno shall be seen
 In ^a HARVEY's glorious awful mien.
 Where ^b FITZROY moves, resplendent Fair ;
 So warm her bloom, sublime her air ;

^a *Miss Harvey, now Mrs. Phipps.*

^b *Lady Caroline Fitzroy.*

Her

Her ebon tresses, form'd to grace,
 And heighten while they shade her face :
 Such troops of martial youth around,
 Who court the hand that gives the wound ;
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas stands confes'd,
 Tho' ^c STANHOPE's more than Paris blefs'd.
 So ^d CLEVELAND shown in warlike pride,
 By Lilly's pencil deify'd :
 So ^e GRAFTON, matchless dame, commands
 The fairest work of Kneller's hands :
 The blood that warm'd each amorous court,
 In veins as rich still loves to sport :
 And George's age beholds restor'd,
 What William boasted, Charles ador'd,

For Venuses the Trojan ne'er
 Was half so puzzled to declare :
 Ten Queens of Beauty, sure I see !
 Yet sure the true is ^f EMILY :
 Such majesty of youth and air,
 Yet modest as the village fair :
 Attracting all, indulging none,
 Her beauty like the glorious Sun

^c Lord Peterſham.

^d The Duchefs of Cleveland like Pallas among the beauties at Windſor.

^e The Duchefs of Grafton, among the beauties at Hampton Court.

^f Lady Emily Lenox, now Countefs of Kildare.

Thron'd

Thron'd eminently bright above,
Impartial warms the world to love.

In smiling ^e CAPEL's beauteous look
Rich Autumn's Goddeſs is miſtook,
With poppies and with ſpiky corn,
Eckardt, her nut-brown curls adorn ;
And by her ſide, in decent line,
Place charming ^h BERKLEY, Proſerpine.
Mild as a ſummer ſea, ſerene,
In dimpled beauty next be ſeen,

ⁱ AYLESBURY like hoary Neptune's Queen.

With her the light-diſpenſing Fair,
Whoſe beauty gilds the morning air,
And bright as her attendant ſun,
The new Aurora, ^k LYTTLETON.
Such ^l Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,
And in ethereal colours dip'd.
In meaſur'd dance to tuneful ſong
Drew the ſweet Goddeſs, as along
Heaven's azure 'neath their light feet ſpread,
The buxom Hours ſhe faireſt led.
The crescent on her brow diſplay'd,
In curls of lovelieſt brown inlaid,
With every charm to rule the night,
Like Dian, ^m STRAFFORD woos the fight ;

^g Lady Mary Capel.

^h Counteſs of Berkley.

ⁱ Counteſs of Ayleſbury.

^k Mrs. Lyttleton.

^l Guido's Aurora in the Reſpigliori Palace at Rome.

^m Counteſs of Strafford.

The



The easy shape, the piercing eye,
 The snowy bosom's purity,
 The unaffected gentle phrase
 Of native wit in all she says ;
 Eckardt, for these thy art's too faint :
 You may admire, but cannot paint.

How Hebe smil'd, what bloom divine
 On the young Goddess lov'd to shine,
 From ⁿ CARPENTER we guess, or see
 All-beauteous ^o MANNERS beam from thee.
 How pretty Flora, wanton maid,
 By Zephyr woo'd in noon-tide shade,
 With rosy hand coquetly throwing
 Pansies, beneath her sweet touch blowing ;
 How blithe she look'd let ^p FANNY tell ;
 Let Zephyr own if half so well.

Another ^q Goddess of the year,
 Fair Queen of Summer, see, appear ;
 Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,
 Her panting bosom loosely bound,
 Ethereal beauty in her face,
 Rather the beauties of her race,
 Whence ev'ry Goddess, envy smit,
 Must own each Stonehouse meets in ^r PITT.

ⁿ Miss Carpenter.

^o Miss Manners.

^p Miss Fanny Maccartney.

^q Pomona.

^r Miss Atkins, now Mrs. Pitt.

Exhausted all the heav'nly train,
 How many Mortals yet remain,
 Whose eyes shall try your pencil's art,
 And in my numbers claim a part!
 Our sister Muses must describe
 ° CHUDLEIGH, or name her of the tribe;
 And † JULIANA with the Nine
 Shall aid the melancholy line,
 To weep her dear ° Resemblance gone,
 Where all these beauties met in One.
 Sad fate of beauty! more I see,
 Afflicted, lovely family!
 Two beauteous Nymphs, here, Painter, place,
 Lamenting o'er their w sister Grace,
 x One, matron-like, with sober grief;
 Scarce gives her pious sighs relief;
 While y-t'other lovely Maid appears
 In all the melting pow'r of tears;
 The softest form, the gentlest grace,
 The sweetest harmony of face;
 Her snowy limbs, and artless move
 Contending with the Queen of Love,
 While bashful Beauty shuns the prize,
 Which EMILY might yield to EVELYN's eyes.

° M. Chudleigh.

† L. Juliana Farmor.

° L. Sophia Farmor, Countess of Granville.

w Miss Mary Evelyn.

x Mrs. Boone.

y Mrs. Elizabeth Evelyn.

