

Blessings Greater None Can have,
 Art thou not Amynta's Slave?
 Cease fond Mortal to Deplore,
 For Even Love himself's no more.

On Mr Addison.

If Meager Gildon Draws his Venal Quill,
 I Wish the Man A Dinner, & Sit Still.
 If Dennis Rails, & Raves in furious Pet,
 I'll Answer Dennis, when I am in Debt.
 'Tis hunger, not Malice makes them Print,
 And who'd wage war with Bedlam, or the Mint?
 But were there one whom Better Stars Conspire,
 To form a Bard, and Raise his Genius higher,
 Blest with Each Talent, And Each Art to Please,
 And Born to write, Converse & Live at Ease.
 Should such a man, too fond to Reign Alone,
 Bear like the Turk no Brother to the Throne.
 View him with Scornful, yet with Jealous Eyes,
 And Hate for Arts w^{ch} caus'd himself to Rise.
 Damn with Joint Praise, Absent with Civil Scorn,
 And without Snering, teach the Rest to sneer:
 Willing to wound, & yet Afraid to Strike,
 Just Hint Affront, & Hesitate Dislike.
 Alike Reserv'd to Blame or, to Commend,
 A Timorous foe, & a Suspicious Friend

Fearing Evn fools, by Flattery Besieg'd,
 And so obliging that he's ne'er oblig'd.
 Who when two wits on Rival Themes Contest, ^{* several Garbs}
 Approves of Each, But likes the worst the Best. ^{Metamorphose}
 Like Cato gives his Little Senate Laws, ^{- sed}
 And sits Attentive to his own Applause.
 Whilst wits, & Temp Larrs, Ev'ry Sentence Raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of Praise.
 Who but must Grieve if such a man there be?
 Who would not Weep if Addison were He?

A. Pope

Bouts Rimes in Imitation of Thorsis
 a Youth.

Give Ear fair Creature, to my Hapless — Love.
 Let not true Passion, thus Successless — Prove.
 Thou'lt Caught my foolish Heart, odont — Fly,
 But turn & Give me thine, or ~~Let~~ ^{me} — Die.
 Rather than thou my Conquer'd heart shall — Brave,
 I'll follow till thou dy'st, then dye upon thy — Grave.
 Men Greater Strength, & Resolution — Have,
 Than your Soft Sex, tho' even their fame to — Save.
 Cruel Relentless fair one, Prithee — Stay;
 See how thy blood, Bedews the Flinty — Way.
 No Tongue my Pleasure or my Pain can — Tell;
 'Tis Heaven to have thee, but without Thee — Hell ^{Othway's}
 There's but one Comfort left, tho' 'Tis thee — Not, ^{Displeas'd}
 'Tis Joy to think thou art No others — Lot. J. H.

Plumtre Charles, 1712–1779.
 A collection of poems, [ca. 1730].
 M.a.104, pp. 32–33.