

Alexander Pope.

Now, glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires!
Now, lakes of liquid gold Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and Angels in Machines!

Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen
Of bodies changed to various forms by SPLEEN.
Here, living Teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout.
A Pipkin there, like HOMER's Tripod¹ walks.
Here sighs a Jar; and there a Goose-pie talks!
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works;
And maids turned Bottles, call aloud for corks!

Safe passed the Gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the Power. 'Hail, wayward
Who rule the Sex to Fifty, from Fifteen! [Queen!
Parent of Vapours and of Female Wit;
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic, fit!
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble Plays!
Who cause the Proud, their visits to delay;
And send the Godly, in a pet, to pray!

'A Nymph there is, that all thy power disdains;
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But O, if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face;

¹ See HOMER, *Iliad*, XVIII, of VULCAN's walking Tripods.