

Alexander Pope.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reached the dismal Dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows;
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows!
Here, in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever, on her pensive bed;
PAIN at her side, and MEGRIM at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in Place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.

Here, stood ILL NATURE, like an ancient Maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed.
With store of Prayers for mornings, nights, and noons
Her hand is filled; her bosom, with lampoons.

There, AFFECTATION, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen.
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into Airs, and languishes with pride.
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapped in a gown for sickness, and for show!
The Fair Ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the Palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise,
Dreadful as Hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright as visions of expiring Maids.