

# THE MARYLAND GAZETTE

Containing the freshest Advices Foreign and Domestic.

TUESDAY, December 24, 1745.

To the Publisher of the MARYLAND GAZETTE.

Sir,  
If the Stile of the following Poem appears not too serious for the Ears of the Fair, if the Numbers seem not too rough, because deprived of the common Jingle of Rhime, allow it a Place in your Paper; tho' it's Dress be solemn, it comes from one who has a singular Esteem for the Sex. Your's, &c.

EUMOLPUS.

To the LADIES.

ATTEND ye Fair, Calliope the Song  
Indites to you; to you she sings the Arts  
That form the Mind, and every Charm improve;  
Which Nature gave, when she from Hand profuse  
Your Beauties pour'd. The Bard implores no Aid

Of Pythian Phœbus, or th' immortal Stream  
Of Helicon, nor consecrated Groves  
Arcadian Pan, nor Sylvan Deities,  
He invokes; your Charms alone inspire  
The willing Song, and animate the Lay.

THRICE hal, ye Beauties! O'er our melting Hearts  
You claim despotic Sway: Your Tyranny  
Tho' absolute, is sweet; by decent Pride  
Maintain'd, and by the Force of Beauty gain'd.

AND yet, not only Beauty makes you lov'd,  
And forms your Empire o'er th' enamour'd Swain;  
But more attractive Ornaments, that grace  
Your Sex, and add a Lustre to your Charms:  
Unstudied Modesty, and coy Reserve,  
That knows to blush, tho' innocent and pure;  
Fair Decency, that to the Fire of Love  
Fresh Fuel adds, and feeds the growing Flame;  
Softness of Manners, and endearing Arts,  
That sweetly can the rougher Passions sooth,  
And temper Bliss with each perplexing Care.

By Harmony inspir'd, th' exalting Muse  
Admires your Beauty, that resistless Spell,  
That Spring of Love; the bright alluring Eye,  
The Lip adorn'd with Smiles, the ample Front,  
Where Beauty sits enthron'd, and through the Soul  
Quick Joy diffuses, and extatic Thought.

SWEET and enchanting as the Syrian Song  
These Beauties are, when Virtue them adorns  
With the immortal Graces, she can charm,  
And leave the captive Heart;  
Immortal as the Sun, whose Charms she adds,  
Th' immortal without her lessens, and decay.  
Let not the Feature, nor the Complexion

The Shape, the Air, the faultless Symmetry,  
Be Ground of Pride; for these are not your own:  
These liberal Nature gave, and Nature soon  
The Bounty may recall; should creeping Age  
Advance, your Beauties, black, or fair, or brown,  
Turn hoary grey, the hated Wrinkle shall  
The Ivory Smoothness of the Skin destroy,  
The Blood retiring in the Veins efface.  
No more upon the fading Cheek shall glow  
Vermilion ting'd; but the detested Mare  
Of Wrinkles, Paleness, shall supply it's Place.  
Th' expressive Eyes, that erst the Darts of Love  
Resistless shot, shall fordid Rheums obscure:  
The freight majestic Form, that in the Bloom  
Of youthful Years, erect and easy mov'd,  
Shall stoop to Age; with cold and sinking Grasps  
Shall Palsy seize the Joints; and in the Dust,  
At last, your boasted Beauties shall expire.

WHERE now are all the celebrated Dames,  
Whom antient Bards have sung? And where their Charms?  
Has not the Earth consum'd them, and the Tomb  
Their Beauties hid in an eternal Veil?  
What then of them remains? — Egypt's fair Queen  
Her Beauty stain'd with Luxury and Pride,  
And Lewdness unpar'd. — For † Lais fair,  
And Grecian † Helen, \*\* Cities died in Flame;  
Their Beauties now, by Death and Time devour'd,  
Forgotten are: The only Monument  
That to succeeding Ages them records,  
The Characters of Infamy and Shame,  
Bears deep engrav'd: Not so † Lucretia chaste,  
Whose Beauty with unfully'd Lustre shone;  
She to the Tyrant Ravisher (compell'd  
By savage Force and Threatnings dire), did yield  
Her Virgin Honour; but disdain'd to live  
Under a tainted Fame, and with her Blood  
Wash'd out the Stain, if that a Stain could be  
Which cruel Force impos'd. — Virtue severe!  
That in our milder Times would seem a Vice  
Deriv'd from mad Despair; but in an Age  
When false Philology misled the Mind,  
Such Acts from rigid Virtue seem'd to flow.

† Cleopatra. † Alexander the Great's Mistress. † The Wife of  
Menelaus, King of Sparta. \*\* Troy, and she  
Persepolis. † A. D. 330. Ravish'd by Tarquin.