"Saturday. The Small-Pox."

By Mary Wortley Montagu

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SIX
TOWN ECLOGUES
With some other
POEMS
By the Rt. Hon. L. M. W. M.,

LONDON:
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1747.
SATURDAY.
The SMALL-POX, \textsuperscript{002}.

FLAVIA.

1. THE wretched FLAVIA on her couch reclin'd,
2. Thus breath'd the anguish of a wounded mind;
3. A glass revers'd in her right hand she bore,
4. For now she shun'd the face she sought before.

5. 'How am I chang'd! alas! how am I grown
6. 'A frightful spectre, to myself unknown!
7. 'Where's my complexion? where my radiant bloom,
8. 'That promis'd happiness for years to come?
9. 'Then with what pleasure I this face survey'd!
10. 'To look once more, my visits oft delay'd!
11. 'Charm'd with the view, a fresher red would rise,
12. 'And a new life shot sparkling from my eyes!

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13. 'Ah! faithless glass, my wonted bloom restore;
14. 'Alas! I rave, that bloom is now no more!
15. 'The greatest good the Gods on men bestow,
16. 'Ev'n youth itself, to me is useless now.
17. 'There was a time (oh! that I cou'd forget!)
18. 'When opera-tickets, \textsuperscript{003} pour'd before my feet;
19. 'And at the ring, \textsuperscript{004}, where brightest beauties shine,
20. 'The earliest cherries of the spring were mine.
21. 'Witness, O Lilly; and thou, Motteux, \textsuperscript{005}, tell
22. 'How much japan, \textsuperscript{006} these eyes have made ye sell.
23. 'With what contempt ye saw me oft despise
24. 'The humble offer of the raffled prize;
25. 'For at the raffle still each prize I bore,
26. 'With scorn rejected, or with triumph wore!
27. 'Now beauty's fled, and presents are no more!

28. 'For me the Patriot has the house forsook,
29. 'And left debates to catch a passing look:
30. 'For me the Soldier has soft verses writ;
31. 'For me the Beau, \textsuperscript{007} has aim'd to be a wit.

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'For me the Wit, \textsuperscript{n008} to nonsense was betay'd;
The Gamester has for me his dun, \textsuperscript{n009} delay'd,
'And overseen the card I would have pay'd.
The bold and haughty by success made vain,
'Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain:
The bashful 'Squire touch'd by a wish unknown,
'Has dar'd to speak with spirit not his own;
'Fir'd by one wish, all did alike adore;
'Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more!

'As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
'New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise!
'Far from my sight that killing picture bear,
The face disfigure, and the canvas tear!
'That picture, which with pride I us'd to show,
The lost resemblance but upbraids me now.
'And thou, my toilette, \textsuperscript{n010}! where I oft have sate,
'While hours unheeded pass'd in deep debate,
'How curls should fall, or where a patch, \textsuperscript{n011} to place;
'If blue or scarlet best became my face;

'Now on some happier nymph, \textsuperscript{n012} your aid bestow;
'On fairer heads, ye useless jewels, glow!
'No borrow'd lusture can my charms restore;
'Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more!

'Ye meamer beauties, I permit ye shine;
'Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine;
'But 'midst your triumphs with confusion know,
'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.
'Would pitying heav'n restore my wonted mein,
'Ye still might move unthought-of and unseen:
'But oh! how vain, how wretched is the boast
'Of beauty faded, and of empire lost!
'What now is left but weeping, to deplore
'My beauty fled, and empire now no more!

'Ye, cruel Chymists, what with-held your aid!
'Could no pomatums, \textsuperscript{n013} save a trembling maid?
'How false and trifling is that art ye boast;
'No art can give me back my beauty lost.
'In tears, surrounded by my friends I lay,
'Mask'd o'er, \textsuperscript{n014} and trembled at the sight of day;
'MIRMILIO, 
 came my fortune to deplore,
'(A golden headed cane well carv'd he bore)
'Cordials, he cried, my spirits must restore:
'Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more!

'GALEN, 
 the grave; officious SQUIRT, 
 was there,
'With fruitless grief and unavailing care:
'MACHAON, 
 too, the great MACHAON, known
'By his red cloak and his superior frown;
'And why, he cry'd, this grief and this despair?
'You shall again be well, again be fair;
'Believe my oath; (with that an oath he swore)
'False was his oath; my beauty is no more!

'Cease, hapless maid no more thy tale pursue,
'Forsake mankind, and bid the world adieu!
'Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway;
'All strive to serve, and glory to obey:
'Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow;
'Men mock the idol of their former vow.

'Adieu! ye parks!—in some obscure recess,
'Where gentle streams will weep at my distress,

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'Where no false friend will in my grief take part,
'And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;
'There let me live in some deserted place,
'There hide in shades this lost inglorious face.
'Ye operas, circles, I no more must view!
'My toilette, patches, all the world adieu!
Opera was a fashionable entertainment past-time in the eighteenth century. Opera stars were celebrities, often extravagantly-compensated, and also the subject of some criticism, as Michael Burden describes in "Opera, Excess, and the Discourse of Luxury in Eighteenth-Century England." Here, Flavia claims that "opera-tickets pour'd before [her] feet," which would have been an extravagance, indeed. According to Judith Milhous and Robert Hume, throughout much of the period ticket prices were fixed at 1s 6d or 5s, for pit/boxes or gallery seating, respectively. "A season subscription for fifty nights," they note, "was 15 [guineas]" (79). For more information on eighteenth-century opera, see this overview from the Victoria and Albert Museum. For more information on cost of living in the early eighteenth century, see the discussion of coinage at the Old Bailey Online.
- [TH]

The "ring" referred to a circular path in Hyde Park where fashionable people would walk, ride, or take a carriage ride. It was a place to be seen. You can see a rendering of the Ring in the detail, included here, of the 1833 map of London engraved by William Smollinger. For more information on Hyde Park, see article from Wikipedia.
- [LR]

Charles Lilly, also known as Charles Lille, "opened a perfume shop on The Strand in London in 1708 where he sold 'snuffs and perfumes that refresh the brain.'" Peter Motteux, author, also owned an "India house" on Leadenhall Street that sold oriental goods. For more information about Motteux and his shop, see Wikipedia and British History Online.
- [LR]

Japanese artifacts with painted or vanished design. A fashionable item that would be found in Motteux's store. For more information, see this article on East Asian lacquer from the Victoria and Albert Museum.
- [LR]

Gloss for "beau" here

Gloss for "wit" here

Gloss for dun
- [BehnBurney19]
According to the OED, "nymph" (n1. 1-3) is a poetic way of describing a beautiful young woman. It derives from classical mythology, but also can suggest an ironic usage.
- [TH]

In these lines, Montagu invokes characters from Samuel Garth's popular early mock-epic poem, "The Dispensary" (1699). According to Sarah Gillam, writing for the Royal College of Physicians, Mirmillo likely represents William Gibbons, one of the physicians caught up in the late 17th century dispute about whether to open a free dispensary for the health of the poor in London.
- [TH]

While not referenced in Garth's "Dispensary," Galen is a Greek physician (129-216 CE) known for pioneering work in anatomy, among other branches of medicine and philosophy. His humoral work was highly influential in the Medieval and Early Modern periods.

Another character in Garth's "Dispensary," Squirt--always designated there "officious"--is an assistant to Horoscope, the chief apothecary in the poem, who revives his master with a squirt from a urinal at the end of Canto II:

Oft he essay'd the Magus to restore,
By Salt of Succinum's prevailing pow'r;
But still supine the solid Lumber lay,
An Image of scarce animated Clay;
Till Fates, indulgent when Disasters call,
Bethought th' Assistant of a Urinal;
Whose Steam the Wight no sooner did receive,
But rowz'd, and blest the Stale Restorative.
The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
Such Zeal he had for that vile Urensil.

- [TH]

Another character in Garth's "Dispensary," Machaon there represents a late seventeenth-century physician Sir Thomas Millington (Gillum). Machaon is also the name of a mythic figure, the son of the Greco-Roman god of medicine Asclepius. In The Iliad, Machaon was the surgeon for the Greek army during the Trojan War.
- [TH]