THE FOURTH EDITION IMPROVED.

THE
FESTIVAL OF LOVE;
OR, A COLLECTION OF
CYTHEREAN POEMS:
PROCURED AND SELECTED
BY G——E P——E;
AND DEDICATED TO
HIS BROTHER.
CONTAINING
Elegant Translations from ANACREON, SAPPHO,
MUSÆUS, COLUTHUS, SECUNDUS, &c.
AND
INNUMERABLE ORIGINAL PIECES,
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED,
BY THE

D——e of B———
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Mr. T———
Mr. H———
L——d M———
L——d W——— R———
Sir J. J———
Sir C. W———

Dr. W———
Dr. K.
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L——d J——— T———
Mr. F——
Mr. B——
Mr. F——es
R. B. S——, Esq.

D—— of D——
D—— of M——
Mr. J———
E—— of E———
E—— of S——
D—— of C——
Dr. A——g
D—— of Q——

AND
MANY OTHER EQUALLY CONSPICUOUS PERSONS IN
THE WORLD OF LITERATURE.

Ex amore vita oritur, tunc prima vitae designatio amor est.

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR M. SMITH;
And, by the Editor's Permission, sold by the Booksellers
in Fleet-street, Piccadilly, and Paternoster-row.
PREFACE.

WITH authors and with their productions the world are pestered daily:—however, I will add my small mite to the enormous pile already erected. Royalty, by Horace Walpole's Catalogue, has for ages entered, and but grovelled in the paths of literature, unedified themselves, ungratified the public; for, alas! the frailty and insufficiency of men have induced them to throw aside the veil that has concealed their defects to the commonalty, and as beacons to their successors, precipitated into the gulph of obloquy and contempt. The Waterman, the Porter, the Ploughman, and the Milkwoman, have stood forth each descendants of the Nine.—

The Tradesman has built a System of Morality, the Banker has written on Astronomy, and the Astronomer has descended to Witchcraft and Astrology: Kings have scribbled upon that, which they cannot or will not comprehend—Republicanism; Nobles have considered the advantages of Monarchism, and Plebeians have applauded an Aristocracy.

After having taken a view of such a strange perversion of the human powers, I conceive I stand excused to the public, for employing my modicum of ability in procuring a number of Amorous Poems, having sacrificed lavishly at the shrine of my favourite Goddess.
With respect to this Collection, it will be but justice to mention, that many celebrated characters in the literary horizon have contributed to the enrichment of this my entry into Authorship or Editorship, or whatever the reader is pleased to call it.

One word more, and I have done. As there are many prudes, or women who would wish to be considered so, let them, if they have a mind to peruse my volume, without injuring their reputation, have it bound prayer-book fashion, lettered, Marriage Ceremony with Notes; when they may at all times and places, and in all company, amuse themselves, and at the same time establish the piety of their characters. If it suits the constitution of the Divine, he may bind it in vellum, and letter it, Catulli, Tibulli, et Propertii Opera; if of the Philosopher, it may wear the appearance of the Morals of Seneca, the Sayings of Epictetus, the Problems of Euclid, or the Labours of Archimedes; or should it delight the Physician, he may convert it into the Works of Galen or Hippocrates, or the Art of Midwifery: the Lawyer may consider it as the Lex Naturæ; the Statesman as An Essay on Increasing the Poll-Tox; the Botanist as the Genera Plantarum Linnaei; and the Tradesman as Hayes's Interest, or The pleasant Art of becoming a Bankrupt with expedition and female pity. Nay, so well am I convinced it will suit my brother's taste, that I intend sending him a copy under the title of The complete Art of Free Living.
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Review for September.

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POEMS.

HYMN TO VENUS.

FROM SAPPHO. BY FAWKES.

VENUS, bright goddess of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise,
Jove's daughter fair, whose wily arts
Delude fond lovers of their hearts;
O! listen gracious to my prayer,
And free my mind from anxious care.

If e'er you heard my ardent vow,
Propitious goddess, hear me now!
And oft my ardent vow you've heard,
By Cupid's friendly aid preferr'd,
Oft left the golden courts of Jove,
To listen to my tales of love.

The radiant car your sparrows drew;
You gave the word, and swift they flew,
Through liquid air they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play;
To my plain roof they bore their queen,
Of aspect mild and look serene.
Soon as you came, by your command,
Back flew the wanton feather'd band,
Then, with a sweet enchanting look,
Divinely smiling, thus you spoke;
"Why didst thou call me to thy cell?
Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell.

"What healing med'cine shall I find
To cure thy love-distemper'd mind?
"Say, shall I lend thee all my charms,
To win young Phaon to thy arms?
"Or does some other swain subdue
Thy heart? my Sappho, tell me who?

"Though now, averse, thy charms he slight,
He soon shall view thee with delight;
"Though now he scorns thy gifts to take,
He soon to thee shall offerings make;
"Though now thy beauties fail to move,
He soon shall melt with equal love.

Once more, O Venus! hear my prayer,
And ease my mind of anxious care;
Again vouchsafe to be my guest,
And calm this tempest in my breast!
To thee, bright queen, my vows aspire;
O grant me all my heart's desire!
ODE TO VENUS.

BY MR. H—LL.

O VENUS! awful sov'reign of the spring,
    Could I like thy Lucretius sing,
Here would I pause, thy wonders to relate!
    Here would I pause, to hymn thy praise
In adamantine words, stronger than fate,
    And everlasting as his lays!

O'er seas and deserts, undismay'd,
    Strengthen'd by thy inspiring breath,
The timorous and bashful maid,
    Faces both infamy and death!

Driven by the incens'd divinity,
    Confounding equity and truth,
Order, and rank, and consanguinity,
    And loathsome age, and blooming youth.

Behold the frantic passion, how it burns,
    Like a wild beast, breaks ev'ry tie;
Laughs at the priest, the legislator spurns,
    And gives both heav'n and earth the lie!

Let youth and insolence alone
    Próvoke thy vengeance ev'ry hour;
But O! spare those that know, that own,
    Adore, and tremble at thy power!
With thy propitious doves descend,
   And hear the tender virgin's sighs;
The humble and the meek defend,
   And bid the prostrate suppliant rise.

MUTUAL LOVE.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune;—As Chloe on flowers reclin'd, &c.

On a brook's grassy brink, in the willow's cool shade,
The primroses pressing, a damsel was laid;
She smil'd on the tide that roll'd limpid along,
Beholding herself, to herself sung this song.—

The 'Squire's fine lady last night he brought home;
What! though in such gay clothes from London she's come,
Had I costly fashions, as well should I seem,
For fairer my face is, if truth's in this stream.

Through church-yard, on Sunday, as slowly I tread,
While gaping louts, grinning, on tombstones are spread;
I hear how they praise me, I keep on my way,
And, down-looking, seem not to heed what they say.

Sometimes
Sometimes lords and captains, all over perfume,
Will stop me, and tell me, I’m beauty in bloom;
That I rival the rose,—that I’m whiter than snow:
I simper, and simply say,—“Don’t jeer one so.”

They’ve press’d me, they’ve promis’d, nay offer’d
me gold,
Sometimes (I assure them) they’ve strove to be bold:
They’ve talk’d of my treasure, they’ve call’d it a
gem;
To be sure so it is,—but it is not for them.

No! no! ’tis for him, and ’tis only his part,
Who’s the man of my hope, and the hopes of my
heart;
Who friendly instructs me, who fondly can play,
And his eyes always speak what his wishes wou’d
say.

The ranging bee sweets from the honey-cup sips,
As sweet I taste love from the touch of his lips;
Oft my cheek on the fleece of my lambkins I rest,
But cold is that pillow compar’d to his breast.

’Tis here for my fair one!—her lover reply’d,
O’er the hedge as he leap’d, and light dropp’d at her
side;
She started! a moment life’s bloom left her face,
But quick ’twas recall’d by the warmth of embrace.

She languishing lay, in love’s tenderest scene,
And question’d the rambler, where ’twas he had
been?

Why
Why so he wou'd fright her—she'd scold him she vow'd;
But a kiss was his plea, and that plea was allow'd.

Till by kisses o'ercome, to his transports she yields,
The landscapes were lost, and forgot were the fields;
Each felt those sensations susceptibles prove,
Who, mutually melting, exchange mutual love.

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EPIGRAM.

BY L———D M———Y.

As Lydia on a bank reclining lay,
Young Lubin stole one half her charms away:
The lovely maid, her honour to preserve,
Drew back, and treated him with cold reserve.

But he more am'rous grown, now press'd her hand,
The more he press'd, the less she could withstand;
Vanquish'd, in excess of bliss her all she lost,—
And with a boy soon made him pay the cost!
THE HONEY-MOON.

AN ODE.

COME, Cytherea, with thy doves,
    And all thy train of little loves,
Come from Idalia's pleasing shade,
For joy and am'rous frolics made;
COME, and assist an arless tune,
Which strives to waible forth the Honey-Moon.

When Hymen does the pair unite,
And promises supreme delight;
With sparkling torch comes bright to view,
And points at raptures great and new;
What pleasure is expected soon;
Then, then! comes on the pleasing Honey-Moon.

Cynthia, the virgin goddess bright,
With greater speed rides down the night;
Her modesty betrays her heart,
Shews in such sports she'd take a part;
But that her wish she dares not own,
Or Jove with her would have an Honey-Moon.

'An Honey-Moon!' cries simpering miss,
'I wonder much what 's meant by this!
'I have all sweet's quite near me, handy,
'Is Honey-Moon like sugar-candy?'
The joyful time will tell you soon,
When you will bless the happy Honey-Moon.

Ah!
Ah! then those sweets unknown before,
Will make you long, dear miss, for more;
Will make you lick your lips, and cry,
*Till now, O what a fool was I!
*What pleasing touches!—what a tune
*Can e'er be play'd that's like the Honey-Moon.

Could but the virgin in her teens,
Tell what the joys of wedlock means;
She would not long the bliss delay,
But with the first dear youth away;
On Venus' bed would tumble down,
And there prolong the charming Honey-Moon.

When heaving breasts delightful rise,
And pant with soft ecstatic sighs!
When folding arms fond arms embrace,
And love seems furious for the chace;
Unnumber'd joys the pair must crown,
Who then begin the pleasing Honey-Moon.

Ah! then encounter breast with breast,
And tenderest accents are exprest;
'My love, I melt! I burn! I burst!'
The next is better than the first;
And so progressive they go on,
To make a heaven of the Honey-Moon.

Then all that youthful poets dream,
Beneath the shade or by the stream,
Is realiz'd, and certain found,
Beyond imagination's bound;
All that can please is felt or shewn;
During the happy time of Honey-Moon.

Then haste, ye youths, and haste, ye fair,
Love's banquet of delight to share;
Advance to Hymen's sacred fane,
A rich reward you 'll surely gain;
Each rapture will attend you soon,
And give you all the joys of Honey-Moon.

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**SONG.**

**BY MRS. R——.**

To make the man kind, and keep true to your bed,
Whom your choice, or your destiny, brings you to wed;
Take a hint from a friend, whom experience has taught,
And experience, we know, never fails when 'tis bought!

The arts which you practis'd, at first, to ensnare,
(For in love little arts, as in battle, are fair)
Whether neatness, or prudence, or wit were the bait,
Let the hook still be cover'd, and still play the cheat.

B 5

Shou'd
Shou'd he fancy another, upbraid not his flame!
To reproach him is never the way to reclaim;
'Tis more to recover than conquer an heart;
For one is all nature, the other all art.

Though a fairer than you he shou'd happen to see,
Be pleas'd with his choice, and then wish you were she;
Slyly find out your rival's particular charms,
And at night be the very same girl in his arms.

Good sense is to them, what a face is to you;
Flatter that, and like us, they but think it their due:
Doubt the strength of your judgment, compar'd to his own,
And he 'll give you perfections, at present unknown.

Shou'd you learn that your rival his bounty partakes,
And your merited favour, ungrateful, forsakes;
Still, still, debonair; still engaging and free,
Be deaf, though you hear; and be blind, while you see.

THE STRAY NYMPH.

BY DR. W——.

CEASE your music, gentle swains;
Saw ye Delia cross the plains?
Every thicket, every grove,
Have I rang'd to find my love:

A kid,
A kid, a lamb, my flock I'll give;
Tell me only, doth she live?

White her skin as mountain-snow,
In her cheek the roses blow,
And her eye is brighter far
Than the beamy morning star.
When her ruddy lip ye view,
'Tis a berry moist with dew:
And her breath, Oh! 'tis a gale
Passing o'er a fragrant vale,
Passing when a friendly shower
Freshens every herb and flower.
Wide her bosom opens, gay
As the primrose-dell in May;
Sweet as violet-borders growing,
Over fountains ever-flowing,
Like the tendrils of the vine,
Do her auburn tresses twine;
Glossy ringlets all behind,
Streaming buxom to the wind,
When along the lawn she bounds,
Light as hind before the hounds;
And the youthful ring she fires,
Hopeless in their fond desires,
As her flitting feet advance,
Wanton in the winding dance.

Tell me, shepherds, have ye seen
My delight, my love, my queen?
THE RAPTURE.

CRIED Strephon, panting in Cosmelia's arms,
    I die, bright nymph, I die amidst your charms!
Cheer up, dear youth, reply'd the maid,
    Dissolv'd in am'rous pain,
All men must die, (bright boy, you know,)  
    Ere they can rise again.

VENUS MISTAKEN.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Venus shown;
    Surpris'd; the goddess took it for her own;
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean?
    When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?
Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride;
    And who's blind now, mamma? the urchin cried.
'Tis Chloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast;
    Friend Howard's genius fancied all the rest.

ON A PICTURE OF LADY F---Y.

BY L--D P---H.

WHEN fam'd Apelles sought to frame
    Some image of th' Idalian dame,
To furnish graces for the piece,
    He summon'd all the nymphs of Greece ;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To shew how one immortal shin'd:
Hadst thou thus sat by proxy too,
As Venus then was said to do.
Venus herself, and all her train
Of goddesses, had summon'd been:
The painter must have search'd the skies,
To match the lustre of your eyes:
Comparing then, while thus we view,
The ancient Venus and the new,
In her we many mortals see,
As many goddesses in thee.

ODE TO L——D L——N.

BY SIR C. H. WILLIAMS.

O LINC-LN! joy of womankind,
To you this humble ode's design'd;
Let —— inspire my song:
Gods! with what pow'rs are you endu'd,
Tiberius was not half so lewd,
Nor Hercules so strong.

'Tis —— now my pen employs,
And since I sing of heav'nly joys,
From heav'n my notes I'll bring:
And though the lyric strain I choose,
I'll open like the Mantuan muse,
—-, and the man I sing.
But don't expect much flattery
From such an honest bard as me,
   Dear, noble, vigorous youth;
For when I say that you ——— more
Than mortal ever did before,
   You know I say the truth.

Four times a night some happy fair,
You ——— throughout the gliding year,
   This course of joy pursuing;
Of feats like these, what annals speak?
'Tis eight-and-twenty-times a week,
   And, 'faith! that's glorious doing.

Had Messalina ——— with you,
Whom no man never could subdue,
   Though many a Roman tried;
She 'd own'd your vigour and your charms,
And melting, dying in your arms,
   Cried out ——— I'm satisfied!

Then still love on with loosen'd reins,
While youth is boiling in your veins,
   And sparkles in your face:
With whores be lewd, with whigs be hearty;
And both in ———, and in party,
   Confess your noble race.

To you and steady Pelham then,
With joy I'll dedicate my pen,
   For both shall be my theme;
Since both divided England share,
You have the love of every fair,
   He every man's esteem.
HORACE, Lib. I. Ode XXX.
Paraphrased by Sir C. H. WILLIAMS.
GENERAL CHURCHILL'S
ADDRESS TO VENUS.

O VENUS, joy of men and gods,
Forsake awhile thy blest abodes,
And deign to visit my land;
On thy fond vot'ry kindly smile,
Quit Paphos and the Cyprian isle,
To reign in my dear island.

Thee, goddess, thee, my pray'rs invoke;
To thee alone my altars smoke;
O! treat me not with rigour;
Thy wanton son bring with thee too,
My dying embers he'll renew,
And give me back my vigour.

Bring too the graces to my arms,
Girls that are prodigal of charms,
Of every favour lavish;
Melting and yielding let them be;
Consider I am sixty-three,
And that's too old to ravish.

Let florid youth attend thy train;
Much wanted by thy crazy swain;
And, gentle Venus, prithee,
To crown my gifts, and ease my pain,
Since Ward has labour'd long in vain,
Let Mercury come with thee.
ADDRESS TO LADY 

Who asked Captain Morris, What the Passion of Love was?

YOU ask me, What's Love?—Why, that virtue-fed vapour,
Which poets spread over our longings, like gauze,
May do for a swain who can feed upon paper;
But flesh is my diet, and blood is the cause.

A delicate tendre, spun into Platonic,
Suits the feminine fop—whom no beauties provoke;
But the blood of a Welchman is hot and laconic,
And he loves, as he fights, with a word and a stroke.

Yet, I grant you, there is a sweet madness of passion,
A raptur'd delirium of mental delight;
Though, alas! my dear madam, not five in the nation
Whose souls have an optic to view the blest light.

But we speak not of minds of distinguish'd selection,
But love, common love, in its earthly attire;
Which, believe me, when dress'd in this high-flown affection,
Wears the thread-bare disguise of a bankrupt desire.
For the bosom's deceit, like the spendthrift's profusion,
As the substance declines, rich appearances tries;
More gay as more weak, till this splendid delusion,
In a pang of bright vanity, dazzles and dies.

Ah!
Ah! if in a strain of pure sentiment flowing,
No animal warmth checks the eloquent tongue;
’Tis the trick of the coxcomb to boast your undoing,
And pride, taste, or impotence, prompts the foul wrong!

For love, in a tumult of soft agitation,
O’ercome with its ardour, bids language retire;
And, lost in emotions of troubled sensation,
Still breathes the soft accent of silent desire.

Yes, the god’s on the wing, when a delicate Damon
In sickly composure sits down to refine;
For love, like a hectic, when weakly the stamen,
Still brightens the skin as the solids decline.

If such be the love you propose in the question,
No doubt ’tis a phantom, dress’d up by the mind,
And, believe me, it is not a substance to rest on,
But the fraud of cold bosoms, and Vanity’s blind.

But for me, my dear madam, a poor carnal sinner,
Whose love keeps no Lent, or on rhapsody starves;
With the sharp sauce of hunger I fall to my dinner,
And take without scruple, what appetite carves.

So, my good lady ——, all beauty and merit,
You see, though I do at on your face and your mind,
The devil a grain should I feel of love’s spirit,
If looks didn’t warrant your shape and your kind.
With this taste you, perhaps, will upbraid my vile nature;
But thus stands the case; and in truth to my theme,
Were my mistress the first, both in mind and in feature,
Unsex her, and passion would fade like a dream.

As a poet indeed, I've a licence for fiction,
To dress in heroics the treacherous heart;
But take the sad truth, and excuse the plain diction,
"For love moves with me in an honester part."

But, perhaps, you may know something more of the matter,
Then deign to inform the dull soul of a brute—
A hint of your mind would most pleasingly flatter,
And to hear it I'd always be willing and mute.

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TO CYNTHIA.

BY THE D—— OF E——.

The transient season let's improve,
That human life allots to love;
Youth soon, my Cynthia! flies away,
And age assumes its frozen sway;

With
With elegance and neatness drest,
Come then, in beauty’s bloom confest,
And in my fond embrace be blest!

Faint struggling but inflame desire,
And serve to fan the lover’s fire;
Then yield not all at once your charms,
But with reluctance fill my arms;
My arms! that shall, with eager haste,
Encircle now your slender waist;
Now round your neck be careless hung,
And now o’er all your frame be flung:
About your limbs my limbs I’ll twine,
And lay your glowing cheek to mine;
Close to my broader manlier chest,
I’ll press thy firm, proud-swelling breast;
Now rising high, now falling low,
As passion’s tide shall ebb or flow,
My murm’ring tongue shall speak my bliss,
Shall court your yielding lips to kiss,
Each kiss with thousands I’ll repay,
And almost suck my breath away;
A thousand more you then shall give,
And then a thousand more receive;
In transport half-dissolv’d we’ll lie,
Venting our wishes in a sigh!

Quick starting from me, now display
Your loose and discompos’d array;
Your hair shall o’er your polish’d brow
In sweetly-wild disorder flow,
And those long tresses from behind,
You us'd in artful braids to bind,
Shall down your snowy bosom spread
Redundant, in a soften'd shade;
And from your wishful eyes shall stream
The dewy light of passion's flame:
While now and then a look shall glance;
Your senses lost in am'rous trance;
That vain my rudeness would remove,
Yet plainly tells how strong you love:
The roses, heighten'd on your cheek,
Shall the fierce tide of rapture speak;
And on your lips a warmer glow
The deepen'd ruby then shall show;
Your breast, replete with youthful fire,
Shall heave with tumults of desire;
Shall heave at thoughts of wish'd-for bliss,
Springing as though 'twould meet my kiss;
Down on that heav'n I'll sink quite spent,
And lie in tender languishment;
But soon your charms' reviving pow'r
Shall to my frame new life restore;
With love I'll then my pains assuage,
With kisses cool my wanton rage,
Hang o'er thy beauties till I cloy;
Then cease, and then renew my joy!
THE DREAM.

FROM ANACREON. BY FAWKES.

As can a purple bed supine,
Rapt in the pleasing joys of wine,
I lull'd my weary limbs to rest,
Methought, with nymphs supremely blest,
A beauteous band, I urg'd the chace,
Contending in the rapid race;
While fairest youths, with envy stung,
Fair as Lyæus ever young,
With jealous leer and bitter jest,
Their keen malevolence exprest;
Intent to love, I strive to greet
The gamesome girls with kisses sweet.
And, as on pleasure's brink I seem,
Wake,—and behold! 'tis all a dream.
Vex'd to be thus alone in bed,
My visionary charmers fled;
To dream once more I close my eyes,
Again, ye soft illusions, rise!

DON PRINGELLO'S TALE.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE HOLY NUNS: OR,
THE MONK'S WISE JUDGMENT.

BY MR. H—LL.

THERE is a noble town call'd Ghent,
A city famous for its wares,
For priests, and nuns, and Flanders mares,
And for the best of fish in Lent.

There
There you may see, threat'ning destruction,
   A hundred forts and strong redoubts,
    Just like Vauban’s, with ins and outs,
And cover’d-ways of love’s construction.

In one, constructed as above,
   There dwelt two nuns of the same age,
    Join’d like two birds in the same cage,
Both by necessity and love.

In towns of idleness and sloth,
   Where the chief trade is tittle-tattle,
    Though priests are commoner than cattle,
They had but none between them both.

Our nuns should have had two at least,
   In Ghent they’re common as great guns;
    Which made it hard upon our nuns,—
And harder still upon the priest.

But he was worthy of all praise,
   With spreading shoulders and a chest,
    A leg, a chine, and all the rest.
Like Herceless of the Farnese.

Amongst the nuns there was a notion,
   That these two sisters were assign’d
    To him, for a severer kind
Of penitential devotion.

His penance lasted a whole year,
   And he had such a piece of work;
    If it had been for turning Turk,
It could not have been more severe.
Our nuns, which is no common case,
   Living together without jangling;
   All on a sudden fell a wrangling,
About precedence and place.
They both with spleen were like to burst,
   Like two proud misses when they fight
At an assembly, for the right
Of being taken out the first.
Before the priest they made this clatter,
   Between them both he was perplex'd,
   And study'd to find out a text
To end the controverted matter.
Children, said he, scratching his sconce,
   I should be better pleas'd than you,
Could I divide myself in two,
And satisfy you both at once.
Angels, perhaps, may have such pow'rs;
   But it is fit and seasonable,
   That you should be more reasonable,
Whilst you're with beings such as ours.
Be friends, and listen to the teacher:
   Cease your vain clamour and dispute,
Be ye like fishes mute,
Before Saint Anthony the preacher.
To end at once all disputation,
   I'll set my back against that gate,
   And there produce, erect and straight,
The cause of all your altercation.
But first, you both shall hooded be,
Both so effectually blinded,
'Twill be impossible to find it,
Except by chance or sympathy.

Which of you first, be it agreed,
The rudder of the church can seize,
Like Peter's vicar with his keys,
Shall keep the helm, and heave the lead;
She shall go first, I mean to say,
And have precedence ev'ry day.

The nuns were tickled with the jest,
They were content; and he contriv'd,
To give the helm, for which they striv'd,
To her that manag'd it the best!

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THE GERANIUM.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the
flood, leads on to fortune. Shakespeare.

In the close covert of a grove,
By nature form'd for scenes of love,
Said Susan in a lucky hour,
Observe yon sweet geranium flower;
How straight upon its stalk it stands,
And tempts our violating hands;
While the soft bud, as yet unspread,
Hangs down its pale declining head;
Yet, soon as it is ripe to blow,
The stem shall rise, the head shall glow.
Nature, said I, my lovely Sue,
To all her followers lends a clue;
Her simple laws themselves explain,
As links of one continued chain;
For her, the mysteries of creation
Are but the works of generation:
Yon blushing, strong, triumphant flower,
Is in the crisis of its power;
But short, alas! its vigorous reign,
He sheds his seed, and drops again;
The bud that hangs in pale decay,
Feels not, as yet, the plastic ray;
To-morrow's sun shall bid him rise,
Then, too, he sheds his seed, and dies:—
But words, my love, are vain and weak,
For proof, let bright example speak.
Then straight before the wond'ring maid,
The tree of life I gently laid;
Observe, sweet Sue, his drooping head,
How pale, how languid, and how dead!
Yet, let the sun of thy bright eyes
Shine but a moment, it shall rise;
Let but the dew of thy bright hand
Refresh the stem, it straight shall stand;
Already, see, it swells, it grows,
Its head is redder than the rose;
Its shrivell'd fruit, of dusky hue,
Now glows, a present fit for Sue;
The balm of life each artery fills,
And in o'erflowing drops distils.
"Ah! me!" cried Susan, "whence is this?
What strange tumultuous throbs of bliss!
Sure, never mortal, till this hour,
Felt such emotion at a flower:
Oh, serpent! cunning to deceive,
Sure 'tis this tree that tempted Eve;
The crimson apples hang so fair,
Alas! what woman could forbear?"
Well hast thou guess'd, my love, I cried,
It is the tree by which she died;
The tree which could alone content her;
All nature, Susan, seeks the centre.
Yet, let us still poor Eve forgive,
It is the tree by which we live;
For lovely woman still it grows,
And in the centre only blows.
But chief for thee it spreads its charms,
For paradise is in thy arms.—
I ceas'd, for nature kindly here
Began to whisper in her ear;
And lovely Sue lay softly panting,
While the geranium tree was planting,
Till in the heat of am'rous strife,
She burst the mellow tree of life.
"Oh, Heav'n!" cried Susan, with a sigh,
"The hour we taste,—we surely die;
Strange raptures seize my fainting frame,
And all my body glows with flame;
Yet let me snatch one parting kiss,
To tell my love I die with bliss;
That pleas'd, thy Susan yields her breath—
Oh! who would live, if this be death!—"

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE;
AN ANACREONTIC.

BY BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

"COME, bind my brows with Venus' flow'r;
—Here, boy!—another fragrant show'r;
A waste of roses;—heap them higher."
So sung Anacreon to his lyre,
As on the tender bed he lay,
And quaff'd and sported out the day.
When Venus,—so the poet sung,—
First from the foam of ocean sprung;
All-dripping wet, all-glowing fair,
Distilling sweets her amber hair;
As coral red her pulpy lips,
Full as the swelling surge her hips;
And full her bosom, heaving strong,
Like wave propelling wave along;
Smooth set her teeth in even rows,
White as the foam from whence she rose;
And, shaded soft, a mossy grove
Hung o'er the saline cell of love.

C 2

Thus
Thus breathing youth and untouch'd charms,
Mars seiz'd her in his ardent arms,
And, spread amidst a vernal gloom,
All nerve, compress'd her virgin bloom.

Trickling from love's delicious wound
Some sanguine drops bedew'd the ground;
When straight a living crimson spreads,
And new-born roses rear'd their heads.

Their tincture thence—but the sweet gale,
The dews ambrosial they exhale;
Their balmy soul her sigh bestow'd,
Deep as she felt the potent god;

—And still the prickly thorns declare,
How mix'd with pain her raptures were!

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMA.

Lib. vi. Ep. 34. Imitated.

BY SIR C. H. WILLIAMS.

COME, Chloc, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure never girl gave;—
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then pry'thee, my charmer, be kind;
For whilst I love thee above measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.
Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
   Count the flow’rs that enamel its fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
   Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;
Go number the stars in the heaven,
   Count how many sands on the shore;
When so many kisses you’ve given,
   I still shall be craving for more.
To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
   To a heart which, dear Chloe, is thine,
With my arms I’ll for ever infold thee,
   And twist round thy limbs like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?
   My life on thy lips shall be spent;
But the wretch that can number his kisses,
   With few will be ever content.

TO A LADY ON HER PARROT.

WHEN nymphs were coy, and love could not prevail,
   The gods, disguis’d, were never known to fail.
Leda was chaste, but yet a feather’d Jove
   Surpris’d the fair, and taught her how to love:
There’s no celestial, but his heav’n would quit
   For any form, which might to you admit.
See! how the wanton bird, at ev’ry glance,
   Swells his glad plumes, and feels an amorous trance;
The queen of beauty has forsook the dove,
   Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love.

STRE-
STREPHON AND BLOWSALIND.

OR, THE AMOROUS 'SQUIRE.

BY DR. M———.

STREPHON in vain pursu'd a rural fair,
   The rosy object of his tender care!
The nymph, who long had lov'd a jollier swain,
Still view'd the amorous Strephon with disdain.
Provok'd, he strove by force to storm her charms;
She rais'd her hand—and dash'd him from her arms.
"Oh cease (he cries), subdue that barbarous spite,
Though doom'd to love—I was not born to fight!
You've stol'n my heart, deprive me not of breath;
Those frowns are cruel—but that fist is death!"

FROM MARTIAL.

Lib. i. Ep. 58.

YOU ask me, my friend, what lass I'd enjoy;
I'd have one that is neither too coming—nor coy:
A medium is best; that gives us no pain
By too much indulgence—nor too much disdain.
WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

BY THE HON. MR. T——

WITH what strange raptures would my soul be blest,
Were but her book an emblem of her breast?
As I, from that, all former marks efface,
And, uncontrol'd, put new ones in their place;
So might I chase all others from her heart,
And my own image in the room impart!
But, ah! how short the bliss would prove, if he
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me!

FROM THE GREEK.

THE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

THREE lovely nymphs contending for a prize,
Display'd their charms before my critic eyes:
Superior beauties heighten'd ev'ry grace,
And seem'd to mark them of celestial race:
But I, who, bless'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
Swore each a Venus was—and pleas'd them all.

THE GIRDLE OF VENUS
UNBUCKLED.

Written at the Age of Eighteen,

BY THE D—— OF B———

In Tempe's vale, where nature bloom'd around,
And smiling peace and happiness were found;

Where
Where rural cots and rustic clowns were seen,
And rosy nymphs gave rapture to the green;
In times long past, Palemon in his cot
Was fix'd by fate to this enchanting spot:
A snowy herd was all he had to boast,
Whose fleecy backs repaid his care and cost;
Wide o'er the dewy lawn they tripp'd along,
While he, reclin'd, attun'd his artless song.
Ambitious views had ne'er disturb'd his breast,
His mind was simple, and his heart at rest.
O blissful state of happiness below,
From whence the source of ev'ry good must flow!
Content is pleasure of the purest kind,
The only balm of comfort to the mind.

In shady groves the youth still took his way,
And ease and indolence crown'd ev'ry day.
What mortal ills could alter then his state,
And counteract the happiness of fate?
Love, mighty love, invaded now his breast,
Dimm'd his bright eye, and robb'd his soul of rest!

Near to a thicket as one morn he stray'd,
He saw a cottage in the pleasing shade;
A little riv'let murmur'd gently by,
Whose flow'r-crown'd banks gave rapture to the eye;
Listless he laid him down to rest awhile,
And nature all around was seen to smile;
The babbling brook his meditations warm'd,
It pleas'd his fancy, and his soul it charm'd.

While studious thus the moments pass'd away,
His ewes and lambs disporting all the day;
He fear'd no danger, for he knew no ill,
But fix'd his hopes on Providence's will;
That Providence which still must govern all,
Who raises up the low, and bids the mighty fall!

Here, while his roving eyes were sent about,
From various scenes to find new beauties out,
A virgin, cheerful as the month of May,
Blithe as the lark, and as the lapwing gay,
Approach'd the water, struck the swain with awe,
Who thought it was a goddess that he saw,—
Her cheeks were blushing as the op'ning rose,
Her breath was balmy as the zephyr blows,
Her sparkling eyes gave lustre to the day,
While round her jetty locks in ringlets play;
Light was her robe, thro' which her breasts were seen,
And show'd the lovely valley close between;
Loose floating round, her well-turn'd limbs display'd,
'Twas nature only cover'd with a shade;
Her iv'ry legs were naked to the knee,
Where all might fancy what they could not see.

Palemon started instant to her sight,
And gaz'd upon her with supreme delight:
Nor was the nymph's astonishment less great,
Her bosom swell'd with ev'ry joy elate;
Quick thro' each vein her wand'ring pulses beat,
Pain mix'd with pleasure, something smart, yet sweet.
In silent ecstasy the youth she view’d,
His well-made limbs and manly form pursu’d;
His rosy cheeks, and lustre-darting eye,
Which did the place of language well supply.
Both look’d, both blush’d, as Nature could not reach,
At such a time as this, the pow’r of speech.

At last some broken accents found their way,
And love, unseen, dictated what to say;
The softest words precede substantial blisses,
And close embraces follow’d balmy kisses.
But long they can’t indulge their infant flame,
For from the cot forth comes the envious dame;
Who, dead to pleasure, forc’d the nymph away,
A moment longer would not let her stay.
Like to a frantic wretch Palemon star’d,
Soon as the lovely maiden disappear’d.
Was it a vision that my sense deceiv’d,
And all my faculties at once bereav’d?
Was it a dream that flutter’d o’er my mind,
And left this strong impression still behind?

Ah! no; too well by me ’tis understood,
No visionary form, but flesh and blood.
Each humid kiss my happy lip retains,
Each close embrace now fills my glowing veins;
I felt her heaving bosom gently rise,
I saw her blushes, and I heard her sighs.

Where are my flocks? alas! you heedless stray,
Your shepherd now, like you, has lost his way.
No more shall downy sleep my eyelids close,
Love, cruel Love, has banish’d my repose;
Or if in sleep sometime I chance to lie,
Phyllira then is present to my eye;
Fancy supplies what fortune has deny'd,
And throws each artful covering aside;
'Tis then each beauty of her form I view,
Each naked beauty, elegantly true;
No longer cover'd is each heaving breast,
Where love and rapture only is exprest;
My glancing eye then roves o'er ev'ry part,
And sends the keenest transports to my heart;
With eager lips I snatch a burning kiss,
And rush at once into a sea of bliss.
Gods! 'tis too much, 'tis agonizing pain,
It fires my fancy, it invades my brain!
And am I in idea only blest?
Substantially I must enjoy the rest;
I will, I must; I'll seek again the spot,
And watch Phyllira from her rural cot;
Invite the nymph my little stock to share,
Soothe me with love, and banish ev'ry care;
Her looks, her words, my passion did approve,
And her whole soul was melted into love;
She must be mine, nor shall her haggard dame,
Through spite or envy bar a lover's claim.

Swift as the thought, the shepherd speeds away,
Nor can his bleating flock prolong his stay;
His eager pace soon gains the happy grove,
The pleasing scene of tenderness and love;
Forth to his wish again the maid is found,
Tripping with hasty steps the fertile ground,
Eager like him again she hop’d to meet,
Again embrace, and mingle kisses sweet;
And Venus, to her vot’ries ever true,
Kindly contriv’d this tender interview.
The thickest shelter of the grove they seek,
Where none but Love can see, or hear them speak;
Now all is rapture, ecstasy, and joy,
The sports of love alike do both employ;
No vagrant footsteps do the scene invade,
But birds sing joyful in the rural shade.
Now vows of constancy between them pass’d,
With truth to love while life itself should last;
That soon at Hymen’s fane they would unite,
Then revel free in unreprov’d delight.

That vow perform’d, Palemon takes her home,
Each bosom heaving with new joys to come;
Each look is pleasure, and each touch imparts
The thrill of rapture to their panting hearts.
Now Phœbus glitters in the distant west,
And soothes his daily toil on Thetis’ breast;
For gods, like mortals, still are fond to prove
The genial source of pleasure and of love.

The nuptial-bed prepar’d, the sun retir’d,
And sable night come on, by love desir’d,
Phyllira, panting for the wish’d embrace,
First on the couch of bliss now takes her place;
No fear’d delays detain Palemon long,
He mounts the bed, in youth and vigour strong.

Come, glowing Fancy! with the subject join,
Describe those joys which are alone divine.
Now heaves the nymph, the coming stroke to aid,
Her head reclining, and her limbs display'd:
While the fond youth his utmost effort gives
That balmy treasure which the fair receives;
Till, lost in floods of joy, they seem'd to die,
And breathe their souls out in a murm'ring sigh!
Each ah! and oh! declare the height of bliss,
And lips meet lips, to print a burning kiss.

But all description of this tender sport
Baffles the verse, and must indeed fall short,
When youth and beauty are, by Heav'n design'd,
In the soft bands of Hymen to be join'd.
The force of love, engaging breast to breast,
May be conceiv'd, but cannot be exprest.

All night in joy they pass'd the hours away,
And seem'd to wish the absence of the day;
Yet then, and not till then, did soft repose
Their weary eyes in balmy slumber close,
Which well their over-acting limbs might suit,
And give their tired spirits a recruit;
For weary nature some relief requires,
To aid again our over-warm desires.

Now ev'ry day, and each succeeding night,
Appears a round of unappall'd delight.
More calm their transports, yet their love as true,
As when at first they struck each other's view;
For at first sight they lov'd, and sought the cause,
To ease their passion by just Nature's laws.

The hours, the days, the weeks, all cheerful flew,
Till fair Phyllira far less slender grew;
Her teeming womb her fruitfulness confess’d,
Palemon’s joy could hardly be exprest——
A son, he cried, great Hercules! like thee:
A girl, Phyllira cried, a girl for me;
A snowy pillar to delight my eyes,
And make my pains inferior to my joys.
Venus, to thee I send my strong request,
Attend my prayer, and make a parent blest;
Grace her with beauty equal to thy own,
And grant she may enjoy thy magic zone:
That girdle bind about her infant waist,
Which makes her lovely, and which keeps her chaste:
Then to your altars constantly I’ll bow,
And lift my hands, and pay the promis’d vow.

The queen of beauty granted her request——
A daughter came, with ev’ry charm confess;
Her infant smiles gave exquisite delight;
The rose was mingled with the lily white
O’er all her limbs, but chiefly in her face,
Where Nature’s pencil lavish’d ev’ry grace;
Her lively eyes bespoke her future sense,
And much her doting parents hop’d from thence;
Perfection seem’d in her to be alone,
And so well guarded by the magic zone.

Stellina now (for so they call’d the maid)
The blooming charms of innocence display’d;
Her prattle pleases every one alike,
Her little actions each beholder strike;
She roams about the cot, and on the lawn,
Plays with a lambkin or some tender fawn.
But as her age increas'd, so did her mind,
Just as her happy mother wish'd to find.
To aid her growing reason, now they thought,
A plan of education should be sought,
Such as might suit with beauty, and with grace,
And make her mind and person both take place;
For beauty, join'd with folly, is a jest,
And gains our wonder with contempt at best.
They taught her first in reading to excell,
But seldom practis'd by each modern belle,
Who such old-fashion'd education slight;
What need a lady learn to read and write?

In music next her mind they did improve,
The science fit for beauty and for love;
She rival'd all the little feather'd choir,
And made the hapless Philomel retire
To deeper shades, where only Echo dwells,
And hides herself in rocks and mossy cells.

The graceful dance with care she studied too,
To charm beholders when she came in view:
An easy carriage, with good manners join'd,
Is sure to gain on ev'ry candid mind.
Thus perfected in all the arts to please,
Taste, sentiment and beauty, grace and ease.

Perhaps some female critic here may cry,
You've given a fine description, let me die----
But, dear Sir, answer candidly, I pray,
What does your fine Stellina know of play?
Routs, drums, ridottos, concerts, masquerades?
She did not even know the ace of spades.
O monstrous ignorance beyond compare;
Pray in what style, Sir, did she dress her hair?
Had she no orris-powder, or perfume?
A French friseur she must have, I presume.
'Faith, no; kind Nature curl'd her auburn hair,
Which flow'd in ringlets o'er her shoulders bare,
And, with a charming grace, was seen to deck
The iv'ry whiteness of her well-turn'd neck.
Then for her dress; had she Italian stays,
Or the bell-hoop, so charming now-a-days;
The drawn-up gown, white flounce and furbelow;
The white silk stocking, red Morocco shoe;
Short petticoats, the ancle to display,
That men may think of what's another way;
The fine broad tucker round the swelling breast,
The fashion is to show a full round chest?
And then for ornament, a miniature,
Which has a double meaning to be sure;
Pins with large heads, in length about a foot,
With some complete device genteelly put?
O, darling fashion! what can equal be,
Or in the world's comparable to thee?
Goddess of whims and fancies, thou art sure.
Pride of the rich, and envy of the poor.
Such fashions never struck Stellina's view,
To Nature and her dictates strictly true.
A thin-spun robe her graceful person wore,
Which show'd each limb, and made each beauty more.
The Cyprian girdle circled round her waist,
And form'd in pleasing folds her flowing vest;
Which,
Which, when she walk'd or danc'd, at once display'd
The whole delighting beauty of the maid.

Now sixteen years the nymph had pass'd away,
Still inoffensive, innocent, and gay;
Guarded from folly by the zone she wore,
Though many youths the virgin did adore;
The darts of love unheeded flew around,
Pointless to her, they fell upon the ground:
She laugh'd at ev'ry fond and sighing swain,
And thought it nonsense when he talk'd of pain.
Venus provok'd that charms, by her design'd,
Should grace a person with so harsh a mind,
Repented she the mystic girdle gave,
And vow'd that she would make her soon her slave.

Philander proper, vigorous, and young,
Had woo'd in vain the bright Stellina long;
Yet all his hopes her cruelty had crost,
His passion slighted, though he lov'd her most.
Oft in the grove he met the charming fair,
She fled, the moment that the youth came near;
Swift as the roe she darted from his view,
And vain was each endeavour to pursue;
In vain was all the language made to move;
No words were made to soften her to love:
Sweet liberty, she cried, is all to me,
The only happiness is to be free.
The blind boy, Cupid, with his store of darts,
With which he wounds the loose unguarded hearts,
Can never touch me while this girth I wear;
Then what have I from him, or Love, to fear?
Get but this Girdle from my slender waist,
Then may you win, and may I be unchaste!
But that, by prudence guarded, ne’er can be;
So all may love, and none be lov’d by me.

The boast was vain; for Venus, on a day,
When wild with youth, and full of wanton play;
Stellina, tir’d and faint, the green turf press’d,
Sunk into sleep, and inoffensive rest;—
Now, cried the goddess, now, Philander, fly!
The time for genial happiness draws nigh;
Haste to the grove, undo the fatal zone,
And make Stellina’s beauties all your own,
The tender impulse wing’d the lover’s haste,
Each hill and dale was in an instant past,
And soon he gain’d the wish’d-for happy grove,
Directed by the mighty queen of love:
Softly approach’d the fair, the buckle found,
And soon the icy girdle was unbound:
Nor yet awak’d the fair-one from her trance,
Till he did further to her charms advance;
Her airy robe he quickly threw aside,
And view’d the nymph in all her naked pride;
Her ev’ry charm enhanc’d his glowing bliss,
He knelt, and gave the fount of joy a kiss:
The mossy spot gave exquisite delight,
And, while it warm’d the fancy, pleas’d the sight;
But greater pleasure still remain’d behind,
Which were by Venus’ aid for him design’d.
No longer hesitation was his foe;
Nature was strong, and told him what to do;
Gently he drew her naked limbs aside,—
Where now, alas! Stellina, is your pride?
Your boasted guard is gone, the charm is o'er,
Philander conquers, and shall sue no more:

She felt the tickling rapture at her heart,
And hugg'd the youth, nor wish'd again to part;
Return'd each kiss, and ev'ry pleasing move
Which now he practis'd in the art of love.
Full wak'd with ecstasy before unknown,
She smil'd and kiss'd—and banish'd ev'ry frown;
And when the youth lay panting by her side,
To raise him up to joy, again she tried;
Her warm soft hand a genial glow imparts,
And crowns alike the wishes of their hearts.
Repeated transports crown'd the happy day,
And secret night renew'd the pleasing play.

Stellina now we find no longer coy,
But eagerly takes in the luscious joy:
Her chief delight to no one now confin'd,
She grants her favours free as light, or wind;
Defies all modesty, and ev'ry way
That art can think of in the am'rous play
She tries,—Worsley or Newton can't with her compare,
So cheaply now she holds her C***** ware.

Her rare accomplishments, so highly pris'd,
Are all neglected, or perhaps despis'd;
Lascivious, wanton, in a high degree,
In bagnios, and in brothels, who but she;
Her nature, temper, and her rural cot,
Her tender parents, all alike forgot;
No more the rose’s blush o’erspreads her face;  
Lost is her charming form, and ev’ry grace;  
Usurping lust has tainted all her mind,  
And not one trace of reason now we find!

Ye blooming beauties of the present day,  
Who may be innocent, although you’re gay,  
Pause on this tale; attend to honest Love,  
Lest you the fate of lost Stellina prove.  
If you are cruel, man will use each art,  
If not to win, to storm th’ unguarded heart.  
Let lustful passions ne’er your bosom sway,  
But banish vice and all her train away:  
So shall your age be happy as your youth,  
Renown’d alike for beauty, love, and truth;  
But if to looser thoughts your hearts incline,  
Sorrow, and shame, and woe, must sure be thine!

---

DICK AND DOLL.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune;—I’m like a skiff on the ocean toss’d.

As one bright summer’s sultry day,  
For sake of shade I sought the grove,  
Through thickset-hedge on top of hay,  
I met with mutual love:  
A youth with one arm round his pretty girl’s waist,  
On small swelling breasts he his other hand plac’d,  
While she cried, “Dick, be still,  
“Pray, tell me what’s your will?”

“I come...
"I come (quoth Dick) to have some chat,"
   And close to her's his lips he squeež'd:
"I guess (cries Doll) what you'd be at,
   "But now I won't be teaz'd."
She strove to rise up, but his strength held her down,
She call'd out for help! and petition'd the clown,
   "O Dick! dear Dick! let me rise,
   "The sun puts out my eyes.
"I'll tear your soul out!—Lord! these men,
   "If ever—well—I won't submit—
"Why? what? the devil!—Curse me then;—
   "You'll fling me in a fit."
Down, like a bent lily, her head dropp'd aslant,
Her eyes lost the day-light, her breath became scant;
   And, feebly, on her tongue
   Expiring accents hung.
The chorus birds sung o'er their heads,
   The breeze blew rustling thro' the grove,
Sweet smelt the hay on new-mown meads,
   All seem'd the scene of love.
Dick offer'd to lift up the lass as she lay,
A look full of tenderness told him to stay;
   "So soon, Dick, will you go?
   "I wish—dear me!—heigh-ho!"
Vibrating with heart-heaving sighs,
   Her tucker trembling to and fro,
Her crimson cheeks, her glist'ning eyes,
   Proclaim'd possession's glow.
Dick bid her farewell; but she languishing cried,
As wanton she play'd by her fall'n shepherd's side;
"A moment! pray, sit still,
Since now you've had your will.

"Lord!" cries the girl, "you hasty men,
"Of love afford but one poor proof;
"Our fowls at home, each sparrow-hen,
"Is ten times better off.—
"No! that you shou'd not, had I known your design,
"But, since you've had your will, pray let me have mine;
"So, once more, ere we rise,
"Do, dear Dick, save my eyes."

---

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE GREEK.

PHILLIS the gay, in robe of beauty drest,
Late on my lips a humid kiss impress'd;
The kiss was nectar which the fair bestow'd,
For in her am'rous breath a gale of nectar flow'd.
What love, ye gods! what raptures in her kiss!
My soul was drunk with ecstasy of bliss.
EPIGRAM.

FROM MARULLUS. BY THE EARL OF S——-

A KISS from chaste Neæra's lips I stole,
   But on those lips, in kissing, left my soul;
Incautious youth!—long time the less I mourn'd,
And waited long, my soul still ne'er return'd!
At length, examine with slow delay,
I sent my heart to seek my soul astray;
But my poor heart, by beauty's pow'r enchain'd,
With my lost soul, and with the nymph remain'd.
Then, Oh! unless, to foster this sad frame,
I from Neæra's lips draw vital flame;
That day I kiss'd thee, must for ever prove
Wretched to me, the greatest wretch in love!

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Carlos 'tempted to be free,
   Flavilla cried, "My chastity!——
" Know all but virgins are my foes."
She said no more——off dropp'd her nose.

EPIGRAM.

DID ladies now (as we are told
   Our great grand-mother did of old)
Wake to a sense of blasted fame,  
The fig-tree spoil to hide their shame,  
So num'rous are those modern Eves,  
A forest scarce could find them leaves.

______________________________

**EPIGRAM.**

**SCARCE** had five months expir'd since Ralph did wed;  
When lo! his fruitful wife was brought to bed.  
How now, quoth Ralph—this is *too soon*, my Kate?  
No, Ralph, said she—you marry'd me *too late*.

______________________________

**LEFT UPON A YOUNG LADY'S TOILET.**

**BY R. B. S——N, ESQ.**

**SOFT** god of sleep, when next you steal  
To charming Cælia's eyes,  
To the dear maid in dreams reveal,  
Who 'tis that for her dies.

But should the fair-one be displeas'd  
At the unwelcome theme,  
Fly her, and let my heart be eas'd  
By finding it a *dream.*
TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES, ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

SAID TO BE BY DR. B——Y.

BRIMFUL of anger—not of love,
The champion sends his foe a glove;
But I, that have a double share
Of the softer passion—send a pair;
Nor think it, dearest Delia, cruel
That I invite you to a duel.
Ready to meet you face to face,
At any time, in any place;
Nor shall I leave you in the lurch,
Though you should dare to fix the church;
There come equipp'd with all your charms,
A ring and licence are my arms;
I will th' unequal contest try,
Resolv'd to fight, though sure to die.

TO A LADY PLAYING AT QUADRILLE.

BY MR. T——LL.

THREE goddesses of old, on Ida's hill,
Sat with young Paris, playing at quadrille;
The shepherd held the hand, but whom to call,
That was the doubt; contention's fatal ball!

D

Diamonds
Diamonds' proud monarch Juno wav'd on high,  
Emblem of wealth, and pow'r, and majesty;  
But Pallas, hoping to inspire the youth  
With love of virtue, and a zeal for truth,  
Show'd him the majesty of spades, thereby  
Inviting him to toil and industry;  
Whilst Venus, practising her usual arts,  
Glanc'd at him, thrice, the majesty of hearts.  
But oh! if you, Belinda, had been there,  
Adorn'd with such a face, with such an air!—  
So much good sense, with so much beauty join'd,  
So fair a face, enrich'd with such a mind,  
Would soon have fix'd his choice; in you we see  
All the perfections of each deity:  
There are no charms but what your presence brings,  
And, play who will, yet you hold all the kings!

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THE EPITHALAMIUM.

FROM SECU NDUS.

HAIL, genial hour!  
In myrtle bow'r  
Of young-eyed Pleasure born;  
Whom wanton wiles,  
And jests, and smiles,  
And roseate sports adorn.

Sweet
Sweet hour, all hail!
With envy pale,
Which Jove himself might see;
And own at least
His nectar'd feast
Equal'd, sweet hour! by thee.

No happier hour,
The Gnydian pow'r
Could on blest man bestow;
Nor he, who reigns
O'er farthest plains,
God of the fatal bow;

Young Cupid! wild
As any child,
Who shakes his purple wings;
And some rich joy,
Delicious boy!
On ev'ry sorrow flings:

Nor thou, great queen,
Unrival'd seen,
With wond'rous grace to move;
At love's high feast,
A hidden guest,
Sister and wife of Jove.

Nor Hymen, thou,
Upon the brow
Of tuneful mountain born;
Who dwell'st in bow'rs
Of am'rous flow'rs;
And, from her mother torn,

Lead'st, much afraid,
Much pleas'd, the maid,
(Midst doubts, and hopes, and sighs,)
To the dear youth,
Who full of truth
In wild expectance lies.

O hour of bliss!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain,
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!

Hail, wedded boy!
Whose only joy
Soon in thy arms shall rest;
And face to face,
In fond embrace,
Sink gently on thy breast.

She! who all day
An infant lay
Prattling at beauty's feet;
Who kiss'd the child;
And, as it smil'd,
Breath'd o'er it ev'ry sweet;
Breath'd charms so bright,
That at the sight
Venus shrunk back with awe;
And from her skies,
With envious eyes,
Indignant Juno saw
A nobler mien;
E'en Wisdom's Queen,
With female anger glow'd;
And ask'd what chance,
At each proud glance,
Such matchless gifts bestow'd?
Should they all three,
Once more agree
To visit Ida's shade;
And should again
The shepherd swain
Be of the contest made
Sole judge; no more 'To Paphos' bow'r
Would laughing Venus bear
The prize away;
No longer say,
"I'm fairest of the fair!"
But with one choice,
With one loud voice,
Hers would the Apple be,
In features, sense,
And elegance,
Who most resembled thee.
O hour of bliss!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain;
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!
Hail, happy bride,
Thy husband's pride,
Who soon in eager fold,
The conscious bed
With blushes red,
Thy virgin neck shall hold.
Long hath the fire
Of slow desire
His early prime consum'd;
Marking, as blows
The op'ning rose,
How the young beauties bloom'd;
Thy breasts of snow,
Thy lips that glow
In health divinely warm;
And thy bright hair,
With artless care,
Whose wanton ringlets charm,
"Ne'er will the sun
"His circuit run?"
Impatient of delay,
He sighing cries,
"O moon arise!
"O come, O come away!
"Come,
"Come, mildly bright,
"Pure orb of light!
"To thee such scenes belong;
"Come, ev'ry star!
"And from afar
"Begin the bridal song."
O hour of bliss!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain;
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!
Cease, cease thy fears,
Thy vows, thy tears,
O, fervent bridegroom! cease;
Soon shall thy heart,
No more to part,
Resume its long-lost peace;
Soon from her throne
Of cygnet's down,
With many a chaplet gay,
Love's constant friend!
Shall Venus bend,
And chide the ling'ring day.
She chides;—and see,
The burning sea
Its radiant god receives;
Faintly he gleams,
And his shorn beams
In blushing billows laves.
See, in her hand
An ebon wand,
How his lov’d sister glides
Her silver car,
Sweet wanderer!
Climbing heav’n’s crystal sides.
Mark, too, that star,
To virgins dear,
Hesper! with glitt’ring head,
Who loves his train,
O’er the blue plain,
In golden ranks to lead.
O hour of bliss!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain;
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!
Now shall the maid
At length be laid,
O rich, unspotted prize!
Now youth beware,
Be yours the care,
That she no maid arise.
Now plac’d in bed,
With unfeign’d red
Her beauteous face shall glow,
Nor shall she fear
Thy tread to hear,
And hope, and wish it now.
Perhaps a tear,
As crystal clear,
In trickling haste may flow;
Perhaps with sighs
Your heart she tries,
Or, murm'ring vents her woe.
But mind not thou
The tears that flow,
Mind not the piteous sigh,
Soft-soothing speak,
And her wet cheek
Wipe with thy kisses dry.
O hour of bliss!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain;
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!
Thus when supine,
With limbs divine
She prints the nuptial bed;
And, like a flow'rx
With hasty show'r
O'ercome, her virgin head
Hangs down in shame;
When o'er her frame
Soft languors gently creep,
And the clos'd eye,
Unknowing why,
Attempts in vain to sleep;

D 5

When
When at the side
Of thy dear bride
Thou liest, Dione's care;
Happier in love
Than am'rous Jove,
Than monarchs happier far!
Then in full tides,
Whilst vigour glides
Trembling through ev'ry vein,
Begin the fight
Of fierce delight,
Of pleasure mixt with pain.
Then let the kiss
Of human bliss
O'er her sweet body fly;
O'er her warm cheek,
Her eyes, her neck,
And lips of luscious dye.
Oft shall she cry,
"O cruel! fy!"
Oft, weeping, say, "Forbear;"
Oft shall her hand
Your lips withstand;
Oft meet you, you know where.
O night of bliss!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain;
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!
Much, in defence
Of innocence,
Of virtue's nicest laws,
   Will the dear maid
   Affrighted plead,
And urge a moment's pause.
   In vain she strives;
   Enjoyment lives
On such endear'd delays;
   And the wild fire
   Of fierce desire,
Oppos'd, the wilder plays.
   Hence, proud in arms,
   O'er her rich charms,
With nimblest strength you move;
   Hence, bolder grown,
   To the great throne
Of love, insatiate rove.
   What vast excess
   Of happiness;
In show'rs of kisses veil'd,
   When her soft cries
   In softer sighs
You drown, and win the field!
   O night of bliss!
   To equal this
Olympus strives in vain;
   O happy pair!
   O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!
Not but he'll speak
In accents meek,
Pleading his tale of love;
Soft! as when plays
The silken breeze,
That wakes the whisp'ring grove:
Soft! as when coos
The dove that woos
His mate in vernal bow'rs;
Or, with sweet throat,
When her last note
The swan expiring pours.
Till vanquish'd quite
In the fond fight,
O'ercome by Cupid's dart,
She lends her ear,
In blushing fear,
And yields her virgin heart:
Till, that she lies
All bare, and cries,
"Sweet lovely murd'rer, come!"
Expands her arms,
Unfolds her charms,
And panting waits her doom.
O night of bliss!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain;
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!
Then shall thy lip,
Delighted sip
The dew of nectar’d bliss;
Then shall thy soul,
Without control,
Enjoy the lingering kiss.
Then thy rich smiles,
And wanton wiles,
As wanton she’ll return;
With raptures sweet,
Thy raptures meet;
And, as thou burnest, burn.
Then close to thine,
Her mouth shall join,
Sucking voluptuous breath;
Till, in one sigh
Of ecstasy,
Both touch the verge of death:
Till that, more gay,
In am’rous play,
The genial couch she shakes;
Warm, livelier sports
Inventive courts,
And what she wishes speaks,
O night of bliss!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain;
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!

Then,
Then, then, "To arms!"
The queen of charms;
"To arms!" young Cupid cries:
They hear, they fly;
Resolv'd to die,
Or win the glorious prize.
They pant, they bleed;
Who shall succeed,
Who best the contest wage;
Now their sole care,
Love's nimble spear,
Provoking mutual rage.
That wond'rous spear,
Great god of war!
Which not thy sister guides;
But one more dear,
Thy mistress fair!
Who at these sports presides;
Who, in such fights
Well-pleas'd, delights
The last, great thrust to spy;
Who loves to see
Coy chastity
A bleeding victim lie.
Mark, with what heat
They struggling meet!
How ev'ry limb's employ'd;
Till at the last,
Consuming fast,
Enjoying, and enjoy'd,
They gasp for breath;
A moment's death
Th' enervate body knows;
While, on each side,
Love's various tide
In streams of pleasure flows.
O night of bliss!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain;
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!
Rest, take your ease;
May sports like these,
With many a conscious moon,
Be oft renew'd;
As oft be view'd
By many a blushing sun!
And, O blest pair!
May offspring dear
Soon crown your fond embrace;
Soon may they rise,
To glad your eyes,
A long and beauteous race!
Whose converse gay
Will chase away
Each heart-consuming care;
Whose infant smile
Those pains beguile,
Those pains you're doom'd to bear!

And
And when old age
Life’s whitest page
Shall from your sight remove;
Who on your bier
Will drop a tear,
The tear of filial love!

Rest, take your ease,
For sports like these
New strength, new vigour gain!

Rest, happy pair!
Rest, happy fair!

Rest, happy, happy swain!

---

ANACREON TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY DR. BROOME.

The gods o’er mortals prove their sway,
And steal them from themselves away.
Transform’d by their almighty hands,
Sad Niobe an image stands;
And Philomel upborne on wings,
Through air her mournful story sings.

Would heaven, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wish, allow;
The envied mirror I would be,
That thou mightst always gaze on me;
And, could my naked heart appear,
Thoud’st see thyself—for thou art there!
Or were I made thy folding vest,
That thou mightst clasp me to thy breast!
Or, turn’d into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave!
Thy bosom-cincture I would grow,
To warm those little hills of snow:
Thy ointment, in rich fragrant streams,
To wander o’er thy beauteous limbs;
Thy chain of shining pearl, to deck,
And close embrace thy graceful neck;
A very sandal I would be
To tread on—if trod on by thee.

ON A DISK, REPRESENTING VENUS.

FROM ANacreon. BY THE HON. MR. G——E.

RARE artist, whose inventive skill
Could this orb with wonders fill!
Where the mimic ocean glides
Soft, with well-dissembled tides;
The waves seem floating, and above
Shines the beauteous queen of love:
The workman’s fancy mounted high,
And stole th’ idea from the sky.
Transporting sight!—the waves conceal
But what ’twere impious to reveal!
She, like some flow’r all-blossom’d gay,
Shines along the smiling way:
The amorous waters, as she swims,
Crowd to embrace her snowy limbs;

Then,
Then, proudly swelling to be prest,
Beneath her snowy fragrant breast,
Ambitiously up-rise on high,
And lift the goddess to the sky;
And, while her lucid limbs they lave,
She brightens the transparent wave;
So violets enlighten'd glow,
Surrounding by the lily's snow.

But see! a lovely smiling train,
Conspicuous o'er the limpid main,
The queen attends! in triumph moves
Gay Cupid with his laughing Loves.
On dolphins borne, in state they ride,
And beautify the silver tide;
Dancing around, in shoals they play,
And humble adoration pay.

Rare art, that life to phantoms gives!
See! see! a second Venus lives.

ON A LADY'S WEDDING BEING ON THE TWENTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

BY C——F——.

RETURN'D from the Op'ra, as lately I sat,
Indifferently chatting of this thing and that;
My Chloe I ask'd, "how it enter'd her head,
To fix on St. Thomas', of all days, to wed?
To which she replied, with reason the strongest,
"Tho' shortest the day is—the night, Sir, is longest."

EPICRAME.
EPIGRAM.

WHEN wedded Nell was brought to-bed,
    She scream'd and roar'd with pain;
She'd rather die a maid, she said,
    Was it to do again.

Pray have a little patience, Nell,
    And say, why now this pother?
Before your marriage you could tell
    What 'twas to be a mother.

SONG.

BY C——I. T——.

WHEN Fanny, blooming fair,
    First caught my ravish'd sight;
Struck with her shape and air,
    I felt a strange delight:
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
    Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
    She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes,
    Ten thousand loves appear;
There Cupid basking lies,
    His shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all express
The beauteous queen of love!

When flames my nerves invade;
When I behold the breast
Of that too charming maid
Rise, suing to be prest!

Venus round Fanny's waist
Has her own cestus bound,
With guardian Cupids grac'd,
Who dance the circle round.

How happy must he be,
Who shall her zone unloose!
That bliss to all, but me,
May heav'n and she refuse,

---

SONG.

BY THE SAME.

WHENEVER, Chloe, I begin,
Your heart, like mine, to move,
You tell me of the crying sin
Of unchaste lawless love.
How can that passion be a sin,
    Which gave to Chloe birth?
How can those joys but be divine,
    Which makes a heav’n on earth?
To wed, mankind the priests trapp’d
    By some sly fallacy,
And disobey’d God’s great command,
    “Increase and multiply!”
You say that love’s a crime; content;
    Yet this allow you must,
More joys in heav’n, if one repent,
    Than over ninety just.
Sin, then, dear girl, for heaven’s sake,
    Repent, and be forgiv’n;
Bless me, and by repentance make
    A holy-day in heav’n.

---

ON A FAN.

BY L—D J. T——.

In which the story of Cephalus and Procris was painted,
    with the motto, “Aere veni.”

COME, gentle air, the Æolian shepherd said,
    While Procris panted in the secret shade.
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
    While at her feet her swain expiring lies.

Lo!
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play:
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound.
Both gifts destructive to the giver prove;
Alike both lovers fall, by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives;
At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

BY LORD LITTLETON.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest!
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe,
We ev'ry bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.
KISSING. A SONG.

BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune;—*In pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that had stray’d.*

Ye delicate lovelies, with leave, I maintain,
That happiness here you may find:
To yourselves I appeal for felicity’s reign,
When you meet with a man to your mind.

When gratitude friendship to fondness unites,
Inexpressive endearments arise;
Then hopes, fears, and fancies, strange doubts and delights,
Are announced by those tell-tales the eyes.

Those technical terms, in the science of love,
Cold schoolmen attempt to describe;
But how should they paint what they never can prove;
For tenderness knows not their tribe.

Of all the abuse on enjoyment that’s thrown,
The treatment love takes most amiss,
Is the rant of the coxcomb, the sot, and the clown,
Who pretend to indulge on a kiss.

The love of a fribble at self only aims:
For sots and clowns—classify them with beasts;
No fibre, no atom, have they in their frames,
To relish such delicate feasts.
In circling embraces, when lips to lips move,
Description, oh! teach me to praise,
The Overture Kiss to th' Op'ra of Love—
But beauty would laugh at the phrase.

Love's preludes are kisses, and, after the play,
They fill up the pause of delight:
The rich repetitions, which never decay,
The lips' silent language at night.

The raptures of kissing we only can taste,
When sympathies equal inspire;
And while to enjoyment, unbounded, we haste,
Their breath blows the coals of desire.

Again, and again, and again beauty sips;
With feelings these pressures excite!
When fleeting life's stopp'd by a kiss of the lips,
Then sinks in a sigh of delight.

LAMENTABLE CASE.

Submitted to the Bath Physicians.

BY SIR C. H. WILLIAMS.

Ye fam'd physicians of this place,
Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case,
Nor think that I am joking;
When she would, he can not comply,
When he would drink, she's not a-dry;
And is not this provoking?
At night when Strephon comes to rest,
Chloe receives him on her breast,
   With fondly-folding arms;
Down, down he hangs his drooping head,
Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
   Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
With rising flames young Strephon burns,
   And fain would he be doing;
But Chloe, now asleep, or sick,
Has no great relish for the trick,
   And sadly baulks his wooing.

O cruel and disastrous case,
When in the critical embrace,
   That only one is burning!
Dear doctors, set this matter right,
Give Strephon spirits over night,
   Or Chloe in the morning.

---

TO LYDIA.

BY THE D——E OF D———.

LOVELY Lydia! lovely maid!
   Either rose in thee's display'd;
Roses of a blushing red,
O'er thy lips and cheeks are shed:
Roses of a balmy hue
In thy fairer charms we view.

E

Now
Now thy braided hair unbind;
Now luxuriant, unconfin'd,
Let thy wavy tresses flow;
Tresses bright, of burnish'd glow!
Bare thy iv'ry neck, my fair!
Now thy snowy shoulders bare:
Bid the vivid lustre rise
In thy passion-streaming eyes;
See, the lucent meteors gleam!
See, they speak the wishful flame!
And how gracefullv above,
Modell'd from the bow of love,
Are thy arching brows display'd,
Soft'ning in a sable shade!
Let a warmer crimson streak
The velvet of thy downy cheek;
Let thy lips that breathe perfume,
Deeper purple now assume;
Give me little billing kisses,
Intermixt with murm'ring blisses.
Soft, my love!—my angel, stay!—
Soft!—you suck my breath away;
Drink the life-drops of my heart;
Draw my soul from ev'ry part:
Scarce my senses can sustain
So much pleasure, so much pain!
Hide thy broad voluptuous breast!
Hide that balmy heav'n of rest!
See, to feast th' enamour'd eys,
How the snowy hillocks rise!
Parted by the luscious vale,
Whence luxurious sweets exhale;
Nature fram'd thee but t' inspire
Never-ending fond desire!
Again, above its envious vest,
See, thy bosom heaves confest!
Hide the rapt'rous dear delight!
Hide it from my ravish'd sight!
Hide it!—for through all my soul,
Tides of madd'ning transport roll:
Venting now th' impassion'd sigh,
See me languish, see me die!
Tear not from me then thy charms!
Snatch, oh! snatch me to thy arms!
With a life-inspiring kiss,
Wake my sinking soul to bliss!

ON LESBIA.

BY I.—D S——-

WHEN beauteous Lesbia fires my melting soul,
(She who the torch and bow from Cupid stole)
By many a smile, by many an ardent kiss;
And with her teeth imprints the tell-tale bliss;
Through all my frame the maddening transport glows,
Through ev'ry vein the tide of rapture flows.
As many stars as o'er heav'n's concave shine,
Or clusters as adorn the fruitful vine;
So many blandishments, voluptuous joys,  
T’enslave my breast, the wily maid employs.  
But, dearest Lesbia! gentle mistress! say,  
Why thus d’ye wound my lips in am’rous play?  
With kisses, smiles, and ev’ry wanton art,  
Why raise the burning fever of my heart?  
Let us, my love! on yon soft couch reclin’d,  
Each other’s arms around each other twin’d,  
Yield to the pleasing force of strong desire;  
And, panting, struggling, both at once expire!  
For, oh! my Lesbia! sure that death is sweet,  
Which lovers in the fond contention meet!

THE PASTIME OF VENUS.

FROM BONEFONIUS.

INTENT to frame some new design of bliss,  
The wanton Cyprian Queen compos’d a kiss:  
An ample portion of ambrosial juice,  
With mystic skill she temper’d first for use;  
This done, her infant work was well bedew’d  
With choicest nectar; and o’er all she strew’d  
Part of that honey which sly Cupid stole,  
Much to his cost, and blended with the whole;  
Then, that soft scent which from the vi’let flows,  
She mix’d with spoils of many a vernal rose;  
Each gentle blandishment in love we find,  
Each graceful winning gesture next she join’d;
And all those joys that in her zone abound,
Made up the kiss, and the rich labour crown'd;
Consid'ring now what beauteous nymph might prove
Worthy the gift, and worthy of her love;
She fix'd on Chloe, as her fav'rite maid;
To whom the goddess, sweetly smiling, said,
"Take this, my fair! to perfect ev'ry grace,
"And on thy lips the fragrant blessing place."

CUPID STRAY'D.

YES, beauteous queen—thy son, they say,
Thy wanton son, is gone astray;——
Nay, Venus, more;——'tis said, from thee,
A kiss the sweet reward shall be
To any swain, who truly tells
Where 'tis thy little wand'r'er dwells:
Then grieve no more, nor drop a tear;
For know, the little urchin 's here;
He, from the search of vulgar eyes,
Conceal'd within my bosom lies.
Now, goddess, as I've told thee this,
Give me, oh give the promis'd kiss!

KISS OF BONEFONIUS.

CLASP'D, sweet maid, in thy embrace,
While I view thy smiling face,
And the sweets with rapture sip,
Flowing from thy honied lip;
Then I taste, in heav'ly state,
All that's happy, all that's great:
But when you forsake my arms,
And displeasure clouds your charms;
Sudden I, who prov'd so late
All that's happy, all that's great,
Prove the tortures of a ghost,
Wand'ring on the Stygian coast.

____________

DESIGN OF A KISS.

A H! canst thou, cruel nymph! suppose
One kiss rewards thy am'rous youth;
Enough rewards his tender woes;
His long, long constancy, and truth?

Think not thy promis'd kindness paid
By simple kissing;—for the kiss
Is but an earnest, beauteous maid!
Of more substantial, future bliss:

Sweet kisses only were design'd,
Our warmer raptures to improve;
Kisses were meant soft vows to bind,
Were silent pledges meant of love.
THE POET'S TALE;

OR, THE CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

BY R. B. S——, ESQ.

BRIDES, in all countries, have been reckon'd,

For the first night, timid and coolish;
If they continue so the second,

They always have been reckon'd foolish.
The reason's obvious and plain—
In many nice and ticklish cases,
There's much to lose, and nought to gain,
By affectation and grimaces.

A bridegroom, on the second night,

Whipt off the bed-clothes in surprise,
Behold, my dear, said he, a sight

Enough to make your choler rise.
She turn'd away as red as scarlet;

Whilst he continu'd, Pray behold,
Lay hands on that outrageous varlet,

That looks so impudent and bold.
This is the fifteenth time in vain,

He hath been sent to jail and fetter'd;
But there's no prison can contain

A prison-breaker like Jack Shephard.
The bride turn'd round, and took her place;

After some studying and thinking—
Said she, recovering her face,

Though modesty still kept her winking;
In vain the vagabond's committed,
And to hard work and labour sent,
If you, his keeper, are outwitted
By his pretending to repent.
You treat him ruggedly and hard,
Whilst any insolence appears,
But you're disarm'd, and off your guard,
The moment that he falls in tears.
Now you must know that I suspect
A fellow-feeling in such shape,
Or else you would not, through neglect,
Let him continually escape.
I'll lend no hand, unless you'll swear,
That you'll deliver him to me,
And suffer me to keep him there,
Till I consent to set him free.

EPISTLE

FROM LUCY W——Y, TO A FEMALE FRIEND,
SINGLE, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE
NUPTIAL JOYS.

LUCY, to you this simple verse I send,
My old companion, and my constant friend;
When school-day chat employ'd our youthful hours,
And fancy strew'd the path of life with flow'rs,
Oft have we sat beneath the verdant shade,
And talk'd of love while we our samplers made:
Love in idea, for the real sweet
Our infant bosoms were too young to meet;
Yet, as time circled round his varied course,
Our growing years discover'd soon its source;
That men to females gave the genial joy,
And women them that sweet which ne'er can cloy:
From wanton boys at first the cause we guess'd,
Whose naked parts, when bathing, were confess'd;
How, when we pass'd the pool where those were seen,
The fan has been before our eyes a screen;
While virgin-blushes crimson'd o'er the cheek,
Our bosoms heav'd for what we dar'd not speak;
We look'd aside sometimes, and stole a peep
Of that which oft return'd in pleasing sleep;
When sportive Morpheus brought unto our arms
The youthful boy, in all his glowing charms!
How have we toss'd and tumbled in the bed,
Flung round our arms, nay, ev'ry limb was spread;
Till sportive nature, in her wanton schemes,
Wak'd us with joys—which prov'd, alas! but dreams.

Advancing still to womanhood apace,
How have we long'd to run love's pleasing race?
Yet, check'd by fear, and dread of future shame,
Have us'd vile means our heated blood to tame;
With lewd contrivances, all senseless, dull,
You know, my Lucy, oft we've play'd the fool;
And try'd to gain (oh! most deceiving plan)
That bliss of blisses only found in man.
Virgins, you know, by custom 'tis decreed,
Must ne'er the bounds of modesty exceed;
Must shut their eyes and ears at nature's call,
And cold-form'd prudence still must govern all;
Nor dare indulge the sweetly-pleasing flame,
For loss of chastity is loss of fame!
That vapour, which with men improves the bliss,
(For more they're valued, as the more they kiss);
No dread of swelling wombs from am'rous play,
No check from prudence, or from parents, they:
But, uncontrol'd, may ramble all abroad,
Each bush and thicket beat to catch love's bird;
Ransack the nest, and wild as fancy roam,
Nor chiding fear, at their returning home.

Thanks to my stars, the day of trial's past,
And I have gain'd love's haven at the last;
Secure in Hymen's temple I am bound,
And all the joys of sweet fruition found;
Which no false delicacy shall now withhold,
But shall with glowing heart to you be told;
You, who still labour in a barren field,
Which no delight, and no increase can yield;
You, who a maiden's name are forc'd to bear,
And, with that seeming honour, ev'ry care;
For care is with virginity combin'd,
And both alike, you know, disturb the mind.

But not to keep you in suspense, my dear,
I'll now describe what must delight your ear;
Tell all the rapture, all the joy that's mine;
(Oh, may an equal share be quickly thine!)
From dull restraint that soon you may be free'd,
And taste the real joys of love indeed.
   My mother always wish'd to see me wed,
   And a good husband fill'd my father's head;
I with their wish still modestly complied,
Yet long'd devoutly till I was a bride.
A youthful Captain from Hibernia's shore,
With ev'ry charm to please, at last came o'er;
Well recommended, of our table free,
Of all our guests—the Captain who but he;
Gay was his air, and sweetly he would woo,
He won my heart—I think my mother's too.

An honourable lover once profest;
To me my father kindly left the rest,
Not doubting but the lessons I'd imbib'd,
(Which are to ev'ry girl alike describ'd)
Would make my virtue hold his courtship out,
Nor yield before the time should come about,
When I, as law directs, my charms might yield,
And let the Captain conquer in the field.

To win my heart I found was his intent,
For ev'ry night to balls and routs we went;
The play, the op'ra, or the masquerade,
In ev'ry place where pleasure was display'd,
I and the Captain constantly were found,
True votaries in fashion's charming round;
At dear Vauxhall how oft we've pass'd the night,
And mix'd with mirth and music sweet delight;
Oft in the darkest grove have kiss'd and toy'd,
And felt of things true lovers can't avoid,

Ev'n
Ev'n Prudence then had like to've lost her sway,
And wanton Cupid gain'd o'er her—the day;
But Fate preserv'd me for the happy hour,
To give me decently into his pow'r;
And the sweet rose-bud of my maidenhead
Be lost in form upon the marriage-bed.

For this what preparations were display'd,
Flounces and furbelows of rich brocade;
But afterwards the Captain let me know,
What he lik'd best was still the fur-below.

At length bright Phœbus usher'd in the morn,
By much the sweetest säre since I was born;
The bridal maids attended all in white,
It was, indeed, a most enchanting sight;
The bridemen too, most gaily did appear,
But none so charming as my only dear;
Tall and erect, he handed me along,
The grace and envy of the gazing throng!
What wishes did engage the lasses then,
What were their thoughts, dear Lucy, of the men?
From roving eyes and downcast looks, no doubt,
Your active fancy quickly will make out.

For me, I walk'd so modest and demure,
Some took me for an angel to be sure;
But could they trace the movements of my mind,
A very mortal they would surely find.

Before the priest and altar now I stand,
And, as the law directs, join hand in hand;
Sweet junction! which I rightly did divine,
In a few hours some other things would join.
The ceremony now was quickly read,
(Indeed I scarce remember what was said):
Honour I heard, and something like obey,
Which I may know, perhaps, another day;
To love, and cherish, that was utter'd plain,
With all his strength, with all his might and main.
O! "love and cherish!" charming words are these,
To love and cherish every one must please,
And my dear Captain is so very kind,
He cherishes, and loves, just to my mind!

The wedding dinner and the supper past,
The chiepest pleasure, Lucy, comes at last;
Disrob'd of all my finery of dress,
In virgin-smock the snowy sheets I press:
Snowy at present—soon another shew
Their white shall stain, and leave a crimson hue!
The maids withdrawn, and far remov'd the light,
The Captain enters, well prepar'd for fight;
Th'amorous fight, which shall in blood commence,
A while to wound, yet soon enchant each sense.
Ye virgin Muses on Parnassus'-hill,
There, with your chastity, continue still;
Nor aid I ask from you—but, Venus, thee
I ask to lend assistance unto me,
While I describe the fierce encounter, where
I lost my maidenhead, and virgin fear;
Thou who warm wishes to young bosoms send,
The youth's best guide, and tender miss's friend,
Goddess of joy, and never-tiring sport!
Thy aid, bright Venus! only now I court!
Give thy assistance, bid the picture glow
With all the charms thy colouring can bestow.

Trembling, and panting, for the wish'd embrace,
The fiery lover soon assumes his place;
The fount of love awhile he seeks in vain,
I grasp my shift his fury to restrain;
His fury from restraint more ardent grows,
And from the bed the coverlid he throws;
With one rude rent my lily shift he tore,
And open laid what cover'd was before;
Then, with his finger first, he gropes about
To find the centre of all raptures out;
That once obtain'd, he plunges dreadful in
A thing, to name, would be a mortal sin;
At first, indeed, is some resistance found,
But soon was with a noble conquest crown'd;
I smar'ted much, but straight a flood of joy
Did ev'ry fear and ev'ry harm destroy.

Such home-felt thrusts, with vigour so pursu'd,
With an enchanting frenzy seiz'd my blood;
A clammy dew o'er ev'ry limb was spread,
With murr'ring sighs I turn'd aside my head;
Yet to his ardent wishes did bestow,
From nature's fountain, a capacious flow.

Believe me, Lucy, such the joys I shar'd,
None else, on earth, are possibly compar'd;
No wonder love in ev'ry age has been,
The idol, chief ador'd in ev'ry scene;
Whether with shepherds on the rural plain,
Or in the court where kings and princes reign;
To all it does the sweetest joys dispense,
The only certain good of Providence!

The charming youth from sport could not re- 
frain,
But soon he mounts the throne of joys again!
Again begins to run another course,
With equal charms, and with an equal force;
Plunges all manly his subduing dart,
Sinks me with joys that overflow my heart;
Till kind emission bids him rest once more,
And softer dalliance shall his strength restore.

Lock'd in each other's arms, awhile we lay,
And kiss and chat about the am'rous play:
O'er ev'ry part his ready fingers rove,
Now press my rising breasts, and then the fount of
love;
Till strong emotions bid those joys renew,
(Which soon, dear Lucy, must be known to you)
For sure a girl with such a glowing heart,
Must in love's sports ere long perform a part

"All night the dauntless hero kept his way,"
Nôr did he slumber till the dawn of day;
Then, in sweet dreams, we melted into bliss,
And gave, in sleep, to each the humid kiss.
But, lo! m' officious mother opes the door,
And wakes to breakfast at th' accustom'd hour;
My husband rises, but recumbent I,
(For rest was needful)—something longer lie.

At length the maids repair to see me drest,
From their sly looks their wanton thoughts I guess'd!
What buzzing hosts of visitors appear,
With 'How d' y' do? I wish you joy, my dear?'
I wish'd their tongues would other themes employ,
For 'faith I could not tell them half my joy;
The Captain kindly comes to my relief,
My only wish, of all my joys the chief!
From those impertinents who'd bliss delay,
We tip the wink, and silent steal away;
To a snug room we haste, make fast the door,
And play the game so lately play'd before;
There, on a couch, he feasts his roving eyes,
And views each secret charm with great surprise;
Kisses that spot from whence his pleasure flows!
And then a benediction large bestows.

Th' elastic tube, which gave me so much joy,
Does now the wonder of my eyes employ;
Its ruby crest, bright rising to the sight,
Gave, to behold, most exquisite delight;
I strok'd the marble pillar with my hand,
And, as it grew, I found my bliss expand!
Till once again we tried the charming sport,
And the sweet Captain storm'd again love's fort:

Thus, ev'ry day, and ev'ry coming night,
For one whole month we pass'd in sweet delight!
To tell the times! as easy might we trace
The varied tribes that varied Flora grace;
Not all the sweets of all her lovely flow'rs
Were nothing near so sweet as what was ours,
And yet remain;—for though fond nature cools
Yet tender sentiments each bosom rules;
The wish to please in ev‘ry gentle art,
And in ‘domestic business take a part;
To soothe each anxious care, if care intrude,
True to each other, as no doubt we should:
To join sometimes in folly’s happy ring,
(For half life’s pleasures do from folly spring)
Claims our attention, and relieves the day
With something whimsical, or something gay;
As fancy prompts, and love and joy inspires,
The fountain still of both of our desires!

A thousand pranks, a thousand times we’ve try’d,
All happy, since that I became a bride;
A thousand more I hope again to try;
If he proposes, I shall sure comply;
For ne’er in frolic will I be outdone,
But meet him kindly for a bit of fun!

Love, joy, and pleasure, is my heart’s desire,
And while life lasts I think I ne’er can tire:
Fortune has scatter’d treasure in my way,
And health her roses, why not then be gay?
Let the dull wretches dream o’er heaps of wealth,
And, in the search of more, still waste their health;
To bounteous nature I my song will tune,
And make my whole life-long a Honey-Moon!
Roam o’er the vast delights which charm the soul,
Wild as the bee, and free from all control!
The ills of life my reason bids me shun,
And ’tis to share the sweets that thus I run;
And, let the prudent wives say all they can,
A woman’s chiefest bliss must flow from man!
Ye dear enchanters of the female heart,
Still, still proceed, to act a manly part!
The British Fair, to manly hearts inclin'd,
Give all they have to such real worth, we find;
'Tis nature prompts, what harm can be in this,
To give and take from each the balmy bliss!
When age comes on, and passion is no more,
Perforce we must the pleasing sport give o'er;
But those who won't enjoy it while they can,
Deceive themselves, and run from nature's plan.

Thus, my dear Lucy, have I told the truth
Of all my pleasures since my wedded youth;
To you, who are to love's soft sport inclin'd,
No doubt a kind acceptance they will find.
Adieu! my dear, may love its influence shed,
And Hymen lead you to the nuptial bed!
There scatter blooming roses, sweet, and soon;
That you, like me, may taste an Honey-Moon.

==

TO DELIA.

BY MR. B———T.

DELIA! once the fairest virgin of the morn,
To melancholy now a prey forlorn;
Seek not, sweet maid, the lonely sea-beat shore,
Nor let thy swain, for love, thy loss deplore.
When he the ruthless surge did first assail,
And spread the canvass for the prosp'rous gale;

By
By honour urg'd to far Indostan's plain,
To gain a laurel, or a trophy'd fame;
To fight for thee, the best, the noblest prize,
That tyrant man could give, or Heav'n devise:
Now in the short-liv'd year again to meet,
Again to bless thee in thy lone retreat;
In ecstasy of soul to breathe his last,
On lips ambrosial gain a new repast,
And to returning life fresh vigour lend,
Returning joys another exit end;
Voluptuous bliss, and pain, alternate move
To crown with joys the bower of mutual love;
So the sweet-scented bud of pallid hue
Soon shines, a full-blown crimson rose to view,
And marks to man, how transient is his flame,
While the prolific stock new joys proclaim;
Another now supplies the vacant seat,
And shades the sacred grot of love's retreat;
Envied witness of the am'rous fight—
Luscious privilege of the nuptial night!
Then why, fair nymph, expose those heav'nly charms,
Why let thy cheek to fade with false alarms;
Why mourn o'er woes unnumber'd, yet unknown;
Why reckon others' sorrows for your own?
'Tis sympathy, sweet maid, that racks thy soul,
To spread a partial misery through the whole;
'Tis that which decorates thy heav'n-born breast,
And plants thy happiness above the rest,
In Henry's arms to live the envied fair,
Oh happy man! Oh happy, happy pair!
For thee, sweet girl, thy Henry hast\'neth near,  
When Cupids will prolong thy fond career;  
When day and night will lead to new desires,  
And strive to quench the never-cooling fires;  
Such the delights of th' Hymeneal state,  
Such joys, my Delia, thee do now await;  
Then will the timbrels beat to song divine,  
And the gay\'st couplets of the tuneful Nine  
Will tell the fickle world, with fond design,  
How Henry and Delia did in one combine;  
How happy were the well-deserving pair,  
How gen\'rous was the noble Henry\'s care,  
How happy was the happiest of the fair.

---

ON LOVE.

FROM ANACREON. BY FAWKES.

TO love I wake the silver string,  
And of his soft dominion sing:  
A wreath of flowers adorns his brow,  
The sweetest, fairest flowers that blow.  
All mortals own his mighty sway,  
And him the Gods above obey.
THE MARRIAGE MORN.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM,
AT THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.

The marriage-morn I can't forget,
My senses teem'd with new delight;
"Time," cried I, "haste the coming night,
"And, Hymen, give me sweet Lisette!"
I whisper'd softly in her ear,
And said, "The God of night draws near."
O how she look'd! O how she smil'd! O how she sigh'd!
She sigh'd—then spent a joyful tear.

Now nuptial night her curtain drew,
And Cupid's mandate was "Commence,
"With ardour break the virgin's fence!"
Then to the bed sweet Lisette flew—
'Twas heav'n to view her as she lay,
And hear her cry, "Come to me, pray!
"O how I feel! O how I pant! O I shall die!
"Shall die before the break of day!"

Soon manhood rose with furious gust;
And Mars, when he lewd Venus view'd,
Ne'er felt his power so closely screw'd
Up to the standing post of lust!
But when the stranger to her sight,
Sweet Lisette saw, in rampant plight!
O how she scream'd! O how she scream'd! O how she scream'd!
She scream'd—then grasp'd the dear delight!
Now lustful nature eager grew,
   And longer could not wanton toy,
So rushing up the path of joy,
   Quick from the fount love's liquor flew!—
   At morn, she cried, "Full three times three,
   "The vivid stream I've felt from thee!
   "O how I'm eas'd! O how I'm pleas'd; gods how I'm
   "charm'd!
   "I'm charm'd, with rapt'rous three times three!"

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THE

UNION OF BEAUTY AND WINE.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune;—Attend all ye fair ones, I'll tell you the art.

ONE day at her toilet, as Venus began
   To prepare for her face-making duty,
Bacchus stood at her elbow, and swore that her plan
   Would not help it, but hinder her beauty.

A bottle young Semele held up to view,
   And begg'd she'd observe his directions—
This Burgundy, dear Cytharea, will do,
   'Tis a rouge that refines all complexions.

Too polite to refuse him, the bumper she sips,
   On his knees, the buck begg'd she'd encore;
The joy-giving goddess, with wine-moisten'd lips,
   Declar'd she wou'd hob-nob once more.
Out of the window each wash, paste, and powder, she hurl'd,  
And the god of the grape vow'd to join;  
Shook hands, sign'd and seal'd, then bid fame tell the world,  
The Union of Beauty and Wine.

A LOVE SONG.

BY G. A STEVENS.

Tune;—Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air.

Let him, fond of fibbing, invoke which he'll choose,  
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or madam the Muse:  
Great names in the classical kingdom of letters,  
But poets are apt to make free with their betters.

I scorn to say aught, save the thing which is true,  
No beauties I'll plunder, yet give mine her due;  
She has charms upon charms, such as few people may view,  
She has charms—for the tooth-ache, and eke for the ague.

Her lips;—she has two, and her teeth they are white,  
And what she puts into her mouth they can bite;  
Black and all black her eyes; but what's worthy remark,  
They are shut when she sleeps, and she's blind in the dark.
Her ears from her cheeks equal distance are bearing,
'Cause each side her head should go partners in bearing:
The fall of her neck's the downfall of beholdings,
Love tumbles them in by the head and the shoulders.

Her waist is—so—so, so waste no words about it,
Her heart is within it, her stays are without it;
Her breasts are so pair'd—two such breasts when you see,
You'll swear that no woman, yet born, e'er had three.

Her voice neither nightingales, no! nor canaries,
Nor all the wing'd warblers wild whistling vagaries:
Nor shall I to instrument music compare it,
'Tis likely, if you was not deaf, you might hear it.

Her legs are proportion'd to bear what they've carry'd,
And equally pair'd, as if happily marry'd!
But wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide,
By her spouse so she's serv'd, when he throws them aside.

Not too tall, nor too short, but I'll venture to say,
She's a very good size—in the middling way;
She's—aye—that she is,—she is—but I'm wrong,
Her all I can't say, for I've sung all my song.

By
BY MR. ADDISON.

My love was fickle once, and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal stroke:
Till by wit Corinna sav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish
For Belvidera I endure;
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wond'ted cure.

For here the false, inconstant lover,
After a thousand beauties shown,
Does new, surprising charms discover,
And finds—variety in one.

ON A LADY'S GIRDLE.

BY WALLER.

That which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;

F
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair!
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

TO MRS. W——, ON HER PUTTING ORANGE FLOWERS IN HER BOSOM.

BY L—— E E——.

Go, lovely flower, in all thy pride,
To that fair bosom go!
There thou thy showy blossoms hide,
In whiter drifts of snow.

Yet, warmer than thy native clime,
Thou 'lt find that seat of love!
Matur'd to fruit before thy time,
As in the genial stove.

Ah! no; with fragrant sweets opprest,
You there entranc'd shall lie:
And like her swain, supremely blest,
In ecstasies must die!
TO THE HON. MISS CARTERET.

BLOOM of beauty, early flow’r
   Of the blissful bridal bow’r,
Thou, thy parent’s pride and care,
Fairest offspring of the fair,
Lovely pledge of mutual love,
Angel seeming from above,
Was it not thou day by day
Dost thy very sex betray,
Female more and more appear,
Female, more than angel dear,
How to speak thy face and mien,
(Soon too dangerous to be seen)
How shall I, or shall the muse,
Language of resemblance choose?
Language like thy mien and face,
Full of sweetness, full of grace?

By the next returning spring,
When again the linnets sing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sportlings full of May,
When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel! white and green,
And the year, in fresh attire,
Welcomes ev’ry gay desire,
Blooming on shalt thou appear,
More inviting than the year,
Fairer sight than orchard shows,
Which beside a river blows:

F 3
Yet, another spring I see,
And a brighter bloom in thee:
And another round of time,
Circling, still improves thy prime:
And, beneath the vernal skies,
Yet a verdure more shall rise,
Ere thy beauties, kindling slow,
In each finish’d feature glow;
Ere, in smiles and in disdain,
Thou exert thy maiden reign,
Absolute, to save or kill
Fond beholders at thy will.

Then the taper-moulded waist,
With a span of ribbon brac’d,
And the swell of either breast,
And the wide high-vaulted chest,
And the neck so white and round,
Little neck with brilliants bound,
And the store of charms which shine
Above, in lineaments divine,
Crowded in a narrow space
To complete the desp’rate face;
These alluring powers, and more,
Shall enamour’d youths adore;
These, and more, in courtly lays,
Many an aching heart shall praise.

Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who, in courtship greatly sped,
Wins the damsel to his bed,
Bears the virgin-prize away,
Counting life one nuptial day!
For the dark-brown dusk of hair,
Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,
Down the veiny temples growing,
O'er the sloping shoulders flowing;
And the smoothly-pencil'd brow,
Mild to him in ev'ry vow,
And the fringed lid below,
Thin as thinnest blossoms blow,
And the hazley-lucid eye,
Whence heart-winning glances fly,
And that cheek of health, o'erspread
With soft-blended white and red,
And the witching smiles which break
Round those lips, which sweetly speak,
And thy gentleness of mind,
Gentle from a gentle kind;
These endowments, heav'nly dow'r!
Brought him in the promis'd hour,
Shall for ever bind him to thee,
Shall renew him still to woo thee.

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JOVE AND SEMELE.

BY THE D— OF Q—-

JOVE, for amusement, quitted oft his skies,
To visit earth, contracted to our size;
And lov'd (however things in heav'n might go)
Exceedingly a game of romps below.
Miss Semele he pick'd up, as he went,
And thought he pleas'd her to her heart's content.
But minds aspiring ne'er can be at ease;
Once known a god, as man he ceas'd to please.
In tenderest time, which women know, 'tis said,
Thus she bespake the loving god in bed:

Thou who gav'st Daedalus his mazy art,
And knowest all things but a woman's heart,
Hear my request for something yet untry'd,
And swear by Styx, I shall not be deny'd.

Fond Jove, like men, the better to succeed,
Took any oath;—then did the girl proceed:
In human guise, great Jove, leave off to rove,
Deceiving woman-kind, and pilf'ring love,
What are those joys, which as a man you give,
To what a god of thunder can achieve?
Such measure of love, and might of limbs employ,
As give immortal madams heav'nly joy.

Jove came array'd, as bound by cruel fate,
And Semele enjoy'd the god in state:
When flaming splendors round his beamy head
Divinely shone, and struck the mortal dead.

Faint from the course though we a while retreat,
To cool, and breathe, before another heat;
The gods can't know, fresh with eternal prime,
Love's stinted pause, nor want recruits from time;
But must with unabating ardour kiss,
And bear down nature with excess of bliss.
Learn hence, each fair one, whom like beauties grace,
Possess'd of lawless empire by your face,
Not to do what you list, because you may;
Let cool discretion warm desires allay,
And itching curiosity relieve—
A lurking taint deriv'd from mother Eve.
Spare then the men, ye fair, and frankly own,
Your sex, like ours, has had its Phaëton.

THE END.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

'Tune;—The fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride.

PAPILIO the rich, in the hurry of love,
Resolving to wed, to fair Arabel drove;
He made his proposals, he begg'd she wou'd fix—
What maid cou'd say No to a new coach-and-six?

We'll suppose they were wed, the guests bid, supper done,
The fond pair in bed, and the stocking was thrown,
The bride lay expecting to what this would tend;
Since created a wife, wish'd to know for what end.

On the velvet peach oft, as the gaudy fly rests,
The bridgroom's lips stopp'd, on love's pillows, her breasts;
All amazement, impassive, the heart-heaving fair,
With a sigh seem'd to prompt him, don't stay too long there.

Round her waist, and round such a waist, circling his arms,
He raptures rehears'd on her unpossess'd charms;
Says the fair-one, and gap'd, I hear all you pretend,
But now, for I'm sleepy, pray come to an end.

My love ne'er shall end, 'Squire Shadow reply'd;
But still, unattempting, lay stretch'd at her side:
She made feints, as if something she meant to defend,
But found out, at last, it was all to no end.

In disdain starting up from the impotent boy,
She, sighing, pronounc'd, There's an end of my joy;
Then resolv'd this advice to her sex she would send,
Ne'er to wed till they're sure they can wed to some end.

And what end is that? why the end which prevails;
Ploughs, ships, birds, and fishes, are steer'd by their tails:
And though man and wife for the head may contend,
I'm sure they're best pleas'd when they gain t'other end.

The end of our wishes, the end of our wives,
The end of our loves, and the end of our lives,
The end of conjunction, 'twixt mistress and male,
Though the head may design, has its end in the tail.

'Tis
'Tis time though to finish, if aught I intend,
Lest, like a bad husband, I come to no end;
The ending I mean is, what none will think wrong,
And that is, to make now an end of my song.

THE BOWER.

FROM ANACREON. BY E. G. B., ESQ.

Here, my Chloe, charming maid,
Here beneath the genial shade,
Shielded from each ruder wind,
Lovely Chloe, lie reclin'd!
Lo! for thee the balmy breeze
Gently fans the waving trees!
Streams that whisper through the grove,
Whisper low the voice of love,
Sweetly bubbling wanton sport
Where persuasion holds her court.
Ye who pass th' enam'ld grove,
Through the rustling shade who rove,
Sure my bliss: your breasts must fire!
Can you see, and not admire?
CAPTAIN CUPID.

BY LORD E——M.

Erst, in Cytherea's sacred shade,
When Venus clasp'd the god of war,
The laughing Loves around them play'd,
One bore the shield, and one the spear.

The little warriors Cupid led,
The shining baldric grac'd his breast,
The mighty helmet o'er his head
Nodded its formidable crest.

Hence oft, to win some stubborn maid,
Still does the wanton god assume
The martial air, the gay cockade,
The sword, the shoulder-knot, and plume.

Phillis had long his power defy'd,
Resolv'd her conquest to maintain;
His fruitless art each poet try'd,
Each shepherd tun'd his pipe in vain.

Till Cupid came, a Captain bold,
Of trenches and of pallisadoes
He talk'd, and many a tale he told
Of battles, and of ambuscadoes.

How oft his godship had been drunk;
What melting maids he had undone;
How oft by night had storm'd a punk,
Or bravely beat a saucy dun.
He swore, drank, whor'd, sang, danc'd with spirit,
    And o'er each pleasing topic ran,
Till Phillis sigh'd, and own'd his merit,
    The Captain's sure a charming man.

Ye birds, on verse let Phœbus dote,
    Ye shepherds, leave your pipes to Pan;
Nor verse nor pipe will Phillis note,
    The Captain is the charming man.

---

SONG.

BY THE HON. MR. H——

Ye belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
    Who trip in this frolicsome round,
Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
    The sexes at once to confound?

What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
    With each motion design'd to perplex?
Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
    And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
    May call ev'ry art to her aid:
The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
    Are samples she gives of her trade.
But you, on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom pride has preserv’d from the snare,
Should sily attack us, with coyness and wiles,
Not with open and insolent air.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the view,
And kindly shou’d seem by the artist design’d
To serve as a model for you.

Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal;
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
Are charms which no art can procure:
Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,
And your empire is solid and sure.

But if Amazon-like you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
But, believe me, you’ll never be wives.

---

SONG.

WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN JACKSON.

As pensive on the Severn’s side,
Cleora, soon to be a bride,
Soft sighing to the breeze was laid,—
Was ever so forlorn a maid?
Yet all you from her plaint could learn,
Was, When will Isidore return?
My Isidore, ah! when will Isidore return?

The panting swain her plainings heard,
And instant at her feet appear'd:
But mark the coy dissembling fair,
And learn of virgins to beware;
At once she slyly chang'd her tune
To—Isidore returns too soon,
My Isidore, ah! Isidore returns too soon.

Entranc'd he snatch'd a glowing kiss,
Ambrosial antepast of bliss;
The bashful damsel hung her head,
And thus with faltering lips she said,
With lips that far bely'd her heart,—
My Isidore, again depart,
My Isidore, ah! Isidore again depart.

Regardless of her fancied fears,
For joy as well as grief has tears;
The youth, all eager to be blest,
Next dawn decoy'd her to the priest;
And if you now her note would know,
Tis—Isidore no more shall go,
My Isidore, ah! Isidore no more shall go.
A LOGICAL SONG.

WHY, Chloe, thus squander your prime
   In debate between fear and temptation?
If adulterous love be a crime,
   Why quarrel with plain fornication?
But your beauties with age you may lose;
   Then seize the short moment of joy!
If not—then with confidence use,
   What by using you cannot destroy.

Come, come, bid our transports begin,
   Ere we lose both our youth and our leisure;
Come, 'tis better repenting a sin,
   Than regretting the loss of a pleasure.

CELIA VANQUISHED.

CELIA! you kill me, by the lord!
   You know I've suffer'd like a martyr;
Nor have I yet had one kind word,
   Nor seen an inch above your garter.
Can you forget, ungrateful maid,
   How long my constant flame has lasted?
What nonsense have I sung and said,
   What ink and paper have I wasted?
Ah, cruel nymph! you know full well,
   With what a pure, becoming zeal,
I've begg'd your snowy bosom's swell,
   And ev'ry other swell to feel!
And round your taper waist to twine,
Each inlet of delight to prove!
Our hearts, our lips, our souls to join!
And can you still, still doubt my love?

What, unconvinc'd? the Devil's in it!
Well then, this proof shall calm your fears,
And if one warm expressive minute,
Speak not more love than days of tears;

Unless each palpitating nerve,
Each kindling vein confess me true,
Treat me at length as I deserve,
And banish me from joy and you!

ANSWER.

Be quiet, Sir! be gone, I say!
Lord bless us! how you romp and tear!
There!
I swear!
Now you have left my bosom bare!
I do not like such boisterous play,
So take that saucy hand away.—
Why now, you're ruder than before!
Nay, I'll be hang'd if I comply.—
Fie!
I'll cry!
Oh———I can't bear it———I shall die———
I vow I'll never see you more!
But———are you sure you've shut the door?
MARIA.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune:—Ianthe the lovely, the joy of the plain.

ONE day, by appointment, Maria I met,
That day of delight! I remember it yet:
As the meadow we cross’d to avoid the town’s crowd,
The sun seem’d eclips’d by a black spreading cloud;
Escaping the shower, to the barn we fast fled,
There safe heard the patterning rain over head.

Some moments I suffer’d my fair to take breath;
Then, sighing, she cried, “Lord! I’m frighten’d to
death;
“Suppose, nay, now, by any one I should be seen?
“Nay, nay, now,—nay, pray now—dear—what do you
“mean?
“Had I thought you wou’d be half so rude—hee! for
“shame!
“I wish I’d been wet to the skin ere I came.
“You will have a kiss, then!—why, take one or
“two!
“I beg you won’t tease me!—Lord! what wou’d
“you do?
“You’ll tear all one’s things—I ne’er saw such a
“man!
“I will hold your hands though!—Aye, do, if you can:
“Is this your love for me?—Is this all your care?
“I’ll never come near you again,—now, I swear!”
As she push'd me away, love explain'd by her eyes,
Resistance was only to heighten the prize!
Her face chang'd alternate, from scarlet to snow,
Her neck rose and fell fast, her language was low;
Such beauty! but more of that scene was not shown—
For decency here bid her curtain drop down.

The storm being over, all sunshine the air,
When instant rose up the yet love-looking fair,
Crying, "Hark! there's one listens—do look out, my dear,
"I must be bewitch'd, I am sure, to come here:
"My things how they're rumpled!—Lord! let me be gone;
"What have you been doing? and what have I done?

"Into this fatal place, I most solemnly vow,
"I innocent enter'd—but am I so now?
"I'm ruin'd,—I never myself can forgive—
"I'll leap in the brook,—for I'm sure I can't live!—
"If I do, my whole life will be wasted in grief,
"Unless here to-morrow you'll give me relief."

CHASTITY.

A SONG BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune;—Good people, I'll tell you no rodomontade.

I WONDER, quo'H dame, as her spouse she embraces,
How strumpets can look, how they dare show their faces?

And
And those wicked wives, who from husbands' arms fly,
Lord! where do they think they must go when they die?

But next day, by husband, with 'prentice boy caught;
When she from the bed was to toilet-glass brought,
Her head he held up, with this gentle rebuke—
My dear! you was wishing to know how whores look!

Turn your eyes to that table, at once you will see
What faces jades wear; then, my dear, behold me:
Your features confess the adulteress clear,
My visage exhibits how cuckolds appear.

You ask'd where bad wives go? why, really, my chick,
You must, with the rest of them, go to Old Nick!
If Beelzebub don't such damn'd tenants disown,
For bad wives, he knows, make a hell of their own.

All the world would be wed, if the clergy could show
Any rule in the service to change I for O:
How happy the union of marriage wou'd prove,
Not long as we live join'd, but long as we love.

At his feet she sunk down, sorrow lent her such moans,
That resentment was gagg'd by her tears and her tones.

What
What cou'd Hubby do then? what cou'd then Hubby do?
But sympathy-struck, as she cry'd, he cry'd too.

Oh, Corregio! cou'd I Sigismunda design,
Or exhibit a Magdalen, Guido, like thine,
I wou'd paint the fond look which the penitent stole,
That pierc'd her soft partner, and sunk to his soul.

Transported to doting! he rais'd the distrest,
And tenderly held her long time to his breast;
On the bed gently laid her, by her gently laid,
And the breach there was clos'd the same way it was made.

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KISS OF NEÆRA.
FROM SECUNDUS. BY THE D— OF Q——.

WHILE you, Neæra, close entwine,
In frequent folds, your frame with mine;
And hanging o'er, to view confess,
Your neck, and gently-heaving breast;
Down on my shoulders soft decline
Your beauties, more than half divine;
With wand'ring looks that o'er me rove,
And fire the melting soul with love.

While you, Neæra, fondly join
Your little pouting lips with mine;
And frolic bite your am'rous swain,
Complaining soft if bit again;
And sweetly-murm'ring pour along
The trembling accents of your tongue!
Your tongue! now here now there that strays,
Now here now there delighted plays;
That now my humid kisses sips,
Now wanton darts between my lips:
And on my bosom raptur'd lie,
Venting the gently-whisper'd sigh;
A sigh that kindles warm desires,
And kindly fans life's drooping fires;
Soft as the zephyr's breezy wing,
And balmy as the breath of spring.

While you, sweet nymph! with am'rous play,
In kisses suck my breath away;
My breath! with wasting warmth replete,
Parch'd by my breast's contagious heat;
Till, breathing soft, you pour again
Returning life through ev'ry vein;
And thus elude my passion's rage,
Love's burning fever thus assuage.
Sweet nymph! whose sweets can best allay
Those fires that on my bosom prey,
Sweet! as the cool refreshing gale,
That blows when scorching heats prevail.

Then, more than blest, I fondly swear,
"No pow'r can with love's pow'r compare!
"None in the starry court of Jove
"Is greater than the God of Love!
"If any can yet greater be,
"Yes, my Neära! yes, 'tis thee!"
THE EPISTALAMIUIM OF ACHILLES AND DEIDAMIA.

FROM BION. BY FAWKES.

MYRSON.

SAY, wilt thou, Lycidas, sweet shepherd-swain,
    Begin some soothing, soft Sicilian strain,
Such as the Cyclops, on a rock reclin'd,
Sung to the sea-nymph, to compose his mind,
    And sent it in the whispers of the wind?

LYCIDAS.

What can I sing that Myrson will commend?
With pleasure I would gratify my friend.

MYRSON.

Repeat the song which most my taste approves,
Achilles' stol'n embrace, and hidden loves;
How the bold hero laid his arms aside,
A woman's robe the manly sex belied,
    And Deidamia soon became his bride.

LYCIDAS.

When with fair Helen Paris cross'd the deep,
    Brought her to Troy, and made Oenone weep;
The injur'd states of Greece were all alarm'd,
    Spartans, Mycenians, and Laconians arm'd;
The treachery stung their souls, and bloody vengeance warm'd:
    In close disguise his life Achilles led
Among the daughters of King Lycomed:
Instead of arms, the hero learn'd to call
The snowy fleece, and weave the twisted wool.
Like theirs, his cheeks a rosy bloom display'd,
Like them he seem'd a fair and lovely maid;
As soft his air, as delicate his tread,
Like them he cover'd with a veil his head:
But in his veins the tides of courage flow'd,
And love's soft passion in his bosom glow'd;
By Deidamia's side, from morn to night,
He sat, and with ineffable delight
Oft kiss'd her snow-white hand, or gently press'd
The blooming virgin to his glowing breast.
His soul was all enraptured with her charms,
Ardent he long'd to clasp her in his arms;
Oft in her ear these words enamour'd said,
"By pairs your sisters press the downy bed;
But we, two maids of equal age and bloom,
Still sleep divided in a separate room.
Why should the night, more cruel than the day,
Steal the sweet virgin, whom I love, away?

* * * * * * * * * *

THE ECONOMY OF LOVE.

BY DR. ARMSTRONG.

THY bounties, Love, in thy soft raptures when
Timeliest the melting pair indulge, and how
Best to improve the genial joy, how shun
The snakes that under flow'ry pleasure lurk,

I sing;
I sing; if thou, fair Cytherea, deign
Gracious to smile on my attempt. Though thou
None of the Muses nine, yet oft on thee
The Muses wait, oft gambol in thy train,
Though virgins. Come, nor leave thy boy behind,
Blind, but unerring archer. Hymen raise
Aloft thy sacred torch. Your gifts I sing.

Ye youths and virgins, when your generous blood
Has drunk the warmth of fifteen summers, now
The loves invite; now to new rapture wakes
The finish'd sense: while stung with keen desire
The madd'ning boy his bashful fetters bursts;
And, urg'd with secret flames, the riper maid,
Conscious and shy, betrays her smarting breast.

Yet nature not in all her sons maintains
An equal progress. This with kindly warmth
Concocts to manly vigour straight; while that
Pines, crude and chill, and scarce at last attains
Imperfect life. Some slight their varnish'd steed,
And (wondrous instinct!) bent on manlier sport,
Cope with the maids. Alcides thus, they say,
Rose brawny from his cradle, while the snakes
Hung hissing round him, horrible and fell,
Sent by enrag'd Saturnia to destroy
Her rival's hope: the mighty infant grasp'd
His speckled foes, and, smiling, dash'd them down
To hell, their native clime; the spunny gore
Blotted the frighted pavement. Early thus
Was future chivalry presag'd.—Meantime
Others slow ripen: men there are who scarce
Feel the soft thrillings of untaught desire,
While pallid maids scarce ruminate on man
Till twenty; well if then. It boots thee much
To study the complexion, much the clime,
And habitudes of life. Meanwhile with me
Credit these signs. The boy may wrestle, when
Night-working fancy steals him to the arms
Of nymph oft wish'd awake, and, 'mid the rage
Of the soft tumult, every turgid cell
Spontaneous disembogues its lucid store,
Bland and of azure tint. Nor envy thou
Waking fruition; while such happy dreams
Visit thy slumbers; liveliest then the touch
Thrills to the brain, with all sensations else
Unshaken, unseduce'd. The maid demands
The dues of Venus, when the parting breasts
Wanton exuberant and tempt the touch,
Plump'd with rich moisture from the finish'd growth
Redundant now; for late the shooting tubes
Drank all the blood the toiling heart could pour,
Insatiate; now full grown, they crave no more
Than what repairs their daily waste. But still
There must be loss, nor does the superplus
Turn all to thrift. For from love's grotto now
Oozes the sanguine stream through many a rill,
Startling the simple lass, that anxious glows
Inward, till bold necessity o'ercomes
Her fond reluctant blushes, to consult
Her nurse, well vers'd in mystic cases deep,
At christ'nings oft discuss'd: when warm'd with wine
The mellow matrons, by the midnight fire
Lewd orgies hold; while naked roams around,
His torch high-flaming from the spicy bowl,
Last full of glee, and through each lab’ring breast
His sacred fury pours. The sibyl solves
Sagely th’ alarming case.—The rising down
Then too begins to skirt the hallow’d bounds
Of Venus’ blest domain. In either sex
This sign obtains. For nature provident,
Now when both sides stand equal for the fray,
This graceful armour spreads; and, but for this,
Excoriate oft the tender parts would rue
The close encounter; now they fight secure,
Thus harness’d, and sustain the mutual shock
Of war, unhurt, for many a well-fought day.

But if to progeny thy views extend
Paternal, and the name of sire invites;
Wouldst thou behold a thriving race surround
Thy spacious table; shun the soft embrace
Emasculated, till twice ten years and more
Have steel’d thy nerves, and let the holy rite
License the bliss. Nor would I urge, precise,
A total abstinence; this might unman
The genial organs, unemploy’d so long,
And quite extinguish the prolific flame,
Refrigerant. But rite oft unblam’d
On kisses, sweet repast! ambrosial joy!
Now press with gentle hand the gentle hand,
And, sighing, now the breasts, that to the touch
Heave amorous. Nor thou, fair maid, refuse

Indulgence.
Indulgence, while thy paramour discreet
Aspires no farther: thus thou mayst expect
Treasure hereafter, when the bridegroom, warm,
Trembling with keen desire, profusely pours
The rich collection of enamour'd years,
Exhaustless, blessing all thy nuptial nights.

But, O my son, whether the generous care
Of propagation, and domestic charge,
Or soft encounter more attract, renounce
The vice of monks recluse, the early bane
Of rising manhood. Banish from thy shades
Th' ungenerous, selfish, solitary joy.
Hold, Saticide, thy hand; for thee alone
Did nature form thee? for thy narrow self
Grant thee the means of pleasure? dream'st thou so?
That very self mistakes its wiser aim;
Its finer sense ungratify'd, unpleas'd,
But when from active soul to soul rebounds
The swelling mingling tumult of delight.
Hold yet again! ere idle callus wrap
In sullen indolence th' astonish'd nerves;
When thou mayst fret and tease thy sense in vain,
And curse, too late, th' unwisely-wanton hours.
Impious, forbear! thus the first general hail
To disappoint, "increase and multiply!"  
To shed thy blossoms through the desert air,
And sow thy perish'd offspring in the winds.
Unhallow'd pastime!—though the factious chief
Oft brew hot insurrection, rather hie
To bagnio lewd, or tavern, nightly where

Venereal
Venereal rites are done, from Draco's ken
Remote, and light of heaven (as erst retir'd
The heaving Gallic saints to the kind gloom
Of cliff, or cave, or trusted barn, to hold
Forbidden sabbaths): rather visit thou
Those haunts of public lewdness, oft though there
Sore ills dismay. Purse, or the golden pride
That decks thy finger, gorgeous with the spoils
Of Mexico, Peru, and farthest Ind,
Or watch, time measuring, oft subtracted sly,
Sink in the dark profound. And oft, to crush
Thy slacken'd manhood, in the mid career
Of puissant deed, unimely rushes in
A forward boist'rous wight, and from thy arms
The passive spouse of all the town demands.
Him, hung'ring after gold, nor words can charm,
Nor more persuasive wine: thy gold must pay
The violation of the public bed;
Or braver steel must prove thy manly arm,
In dubious fight. Yet well, if here could end
The misery: worse perhaps ensues; a train
Of ills of tedious count and horrid name,
Such as of old distress'd the man else squar'd
To God's own heart, but that his wiles debauch'd
Jerusalem's fair daughters to his flames;
Nor did he from the holy marriage-bed
Refrain his loose embraces, when the wife
Of wrong'd Urias he seduce'd; nor stopt
Till murder crown'd his lust. Hence him the wrath
Of righteous Heaven, awaking, long pursu'd

G 2

With
With sore disease, and fill'd his loins with pain.
All day he roar'd, and all the tedious night
Bedew'd his couch with tears; and still his groans
Breathe musical in sacred song. What woes!
What pains he tried! but now this plague attacks
With double rancour, and severely marks
Modern offenders, sily undermines
The fame and nose, that by unseemly lapse
Awkward deforms the human face divine
With ghastly ruins. Though this breach, they say,
Nice Taliacotius' art, with substitute
From porters borrow'd, or the callous breech
Of sedentary weaver, oft repair'd;
Precarious, for no sooner fate demands
The parent stock, than (pious sympathy!)
Revolts th' adopted nose——Shall ills attend
Obscene and bought embraces. Wiser thou,
Find some soft nymph, whom tender sympathy
Attracts to thee; while all her captives else,
Aw'd by majestic beauty, mourn aloof
Her charms, to them reserv'd, alone to thee
Discretely lavish'd. Sacrifice to her
The precious hours, nor grudge with such a mate
The summer's day to toy, or winter's night.
Now clasp, with dying fondness, in your arms
Her yielding waist; now on her swelling breast
Recline your cheek, with eager kisses press
Her balmy lips, and drinking from her eyes
Resistless love, the tender flame confess,
Ineffable but by the murmuring voice
Of genuine joy; then hug, and kiss again,
Stretch'd on the genial couch, while joyful glows
Thy manly pride, and throbbing with desire
Pants furious, felt through all the obstacles
That intervene; but love, whose fervid course
Mountains nor seas oppose, can soon remove
Barriers so slight. Then, when her lovely limbs,
Oft lovely deem'd, far lovelier now beheld,
Through all your trembling joints increase the flame;
Forthwith discover to her dazzled sight
The stately novelty, and to her hand
Usher the new acquaintance. She, perhaps,
Averse, will coldly chide, and, half afraid,
Blushing, half pleas'd, the tumid wonder view
With neck retorted, and oblique regard;
Nor quit her curious eye indulging, nor
Refraining quite. Perhaps, when you attempt
The sweet admission, toyful she resists
With shy reluctance, nathless you pursue
The soft attack, and warmly push the war,
Till, quite o'erpower'd with love, the melting maid
Faintly opposes. On the brink at last
Arriv'd of giddy rapture, plunge not in
Precipitant, but spare a virgin's pain;
Ah! spare a gentle virgin! spare yourself!
Lest sanguine war love's tender rites profane
With fierce dilaceration, and dire pangs,
Reciprocal. Nor droop because the door
Of bliss seems shut and barricadoed strong;
But triumph rather in this faithful pledge
Of innocence and fair virginity
Inviolate. And hence the subtle wench,
Her maiden honours torn, in evil hour
Unseemly torn, and shrunk her virgin rose;
Studious how best the guilty wound to heal,
Her shame best palliate with fair outward show,
Inward less strict, with painful hand collects
The sylvan store. The lover myrtle yields
Her styptic berries, and the horrid thorn
Its prune austere; in vain the caper hides
Its wand'ring roots; the mighty oak himself,
Sole tyrant of the shade, that long had 'scap'd
The tanner's rage, spoil'd of his callous rind,
Stands bleak and bare. These, and a thousand more
Of humbler growth and far inferior name,
Bistort, and dock, and that way-faring herb
Plantain, her various forage, boil'd in wine,
Yield their astringent force; a lotion prov'd
Thrice-powerful to contract the shameful breach.
Beware of these, for in our dangerous days
Such counterfeits abound, whom next to know
Concerns. And here expect no dye of wound;
No wound is made; the corrugated parts,
With ill-dissembled virtue (though severe,
Not wrinkled into frowns when genuine most)
Relapse apace, and quit their borrow'd tone.
Yet judge with charity the varied work
Of nature's hand. Perhaps the purple stream,
Emollient bath, leaves flexible and lax
The parts it lately wash'd. But hapless he,
In nuptial night, on whom a horrid chasm
Yawns dreadful, waste and wild; like that through which
The wand'ring Greek, and Cytherea's son,
Diving, explor'd hell's adamantine gates:
An unessential void, where neither love
Nor pleasure dwells, where warm creation dies,
Starv'd in th' abortive gulf; the dire effects
Of use too frequent, or for love of gold.

Now hear me, lovers! ye whose roving hearts
No sacred nuptial chains have yet confin'd;
Attentive hear, and daily, nightly, weigh
The counsels sage, which through my raptur'd breast,
To you th' auspicious heavenly muse conveys;
The muse, no soothing minister of vice;
Though now in sportive vein in youthful ears
She tunes her song, to give instruction grace.
Attend, ye wise! no frantic Bacchanal,
No shameless bard, of the licentious rout
Of flush'd Silenus, sings.—What nature bids
Is good, is wise; and faultless we obey.
We must obey; how'er hard stoic dreams
Of apathy, much vaunted, seldom prov'd;
For oft beneath the philosophic gloom
Sly lewdness lurks, and oftner mazy guile,
That with well-mimick'd love th' unwary heart
Lures to its fate, and hails while it betrays!
There bloated pride too dwells, and baneful hate,
And dark revenge, than which a deadlier fiend
Ne'er pour'd its venom through a human breast;
Far hence be these! we know great Nature's pow'r,
Mother of things, whose vast unbounded sway
From the deep centre all around extends
Wide to the flaming barriers of the world.
We feel her power; we strive not to repress
(Vainly repress'd, or to deformity)
Her lawful growth: ours be the task alone
To check her rude excrescences; to prune
Her wanton overgrowth; and where she sports
In shades too wild, to lead her gently back,
With prudent hand, to better form and use.

For wisest ends this universal power
Gave appetites: from whose quick impulse life
Subsists; by which we only live; all life
Insipid else, unactive, unenjoy'd.
Hence too this peopled earth; which, that extinct,
That flame for propagation soon would roll
A lifeless mass, and vainly cumber heaven.
Then love of pleasure sways each heart, and we
From that no more than from ourselves can fly.
Blameless when govern'd well. But where it errs,
Extravagant, and wildly leads to ill,
Public or private; there its curbing power
Cool reason must exert.—This lesson weigh,
Ye tender pairs. Indulge your gentle flames,
Each fondest wish, and bathe your souls in love.
But let discretion guard the hour of bliss,
Virtuous in pleasure. So you shall enjoy
Pleasure unmix'd, and without thorn the rose.
This caution scorn'd, beware the event perverse;
Expect, for pleasure, pain and sharp remorse;
For love, aversion, and each broken vow,
The jest of fools, the pity of the wise.

Be secret lovers. Let no dangerous spy
Catch your soft glances; as oblique they deal
Mutual contagion, darting all the soul
In missive love, nor hear your lab’ring sighs;
But chiefly, when the high-wrought rapture calls,
Impatient, to soft deeds, then, then retire
From every mortal ken. The Sapient King
(Whose loves who could defame?) in the mild gloom,
Deep in the centre of his gardens, hid,
Held dalliance with fair Egyptian spouse.
Find then some soft obscure retreat, untrod
By mortals else, where thick-embowering shades
Condense to darkness and embrown the day;
There, safe from all profane access, pursue
Love’s bashful rights. For oft the curious eye
Of prying childhood, and th’ aspect malign,
Waning and wan, of virgin stale in years,
Shed baneeful influence on the rites of love.
And thou, my son, when floods of mellowing wine
And social joys have loos'en’d all thy breast;
When every secret gushes; this at least,
This one reserve, of love and bounteous charms
Of trusting beauty, venturing all for thee,
For thy delight her fortune and her fame;
For her thou nothing. Hold! ingrateful, hold
 Thy wanton tongue! leave to the last of fools,
Of villains! that ungenerous vanity,

G 5
Of joys on thee, so vaunting, ill-bestow'd.
O dare not thus with mortal sting to wound
The tender helpless sex! Does thy vile breath
So blast my sister's or my daughter's fame—
By Heav'n thou diest! thy treacherous blood alone
Can wash my honour clear! Prudent, meantime,
Y e generous maids, revenge your sex's wrong;
Let not the mean destroyer e'er approach
Your sacred charms. Now muster all your pride,
Contempt, and scorn, that, shot from beauty's eye,
Confounds the mighty impudent, and smites
The front unknown to shame. Trust not his vows,
His labour'd sighs, and well-dissembled tears,
Nor swell the triumph of known perjury.
Meanwhile, my son, if angry fate, or love
Grown indiscreet, or loud Lucina, tell
Th' important secret: is thy mate well form'd,
Virtuous, and equal for thy lawful bed?
Save her, I charge thee, from foul infamy,
And lonely shame: let wedlock's holy tie
Legitimate th' indissoluble flames.
If abject birth, dishonourable, and mind
Incultivate or vicious, to that height
Forbid her hopes to climb; at least secure
From penury her humble state, by thee
Else humbled more, and to necessity,
Stern foe to virtue, fame, and life betray'd,
A helpless prey. O! let no parent's woe,
No plaints of trusting innocence, nor tears
Of pining beauty, blast thy guilty joys.
Shall she, so late the softener of thy life,
Thy chief delight, whose melting essence oft
Lay with thy melting essence kindly mix'd
(As far as bodies and embodied souls
Can mingle); she who deem'd thy vows sincere,
Thy passion more than selfish, and thy love
To her devoted, as was her's to thee;
Shall she, (O! cruel perfidy!) at last,
When with her tainted name the wind grows sick,
When envious prudery chides, affecting scorn
Of natural joys, and they of public fame,
Insulting, hail her sister; while each friend
Disgusted flies; shall she not find in thee
Unshaken amity? when to thy arms,
Well-known, with wonted confidence she flies,
To pour her sorrows forth, and soothe her cares;
Shall she then find thy faithless heart from home,
From her estrang'd? at that disast'rous hour
Wilt thou ungently spurn her from thy love?
To waste in sickly grief her once-priz'd charms,
Forlorn to languish out her life, to lead
Despis'd, unwedded, her dishonour'd days?
Or, if her barren fortune, hard like thee,
Scowls meagre Want (whose iron empire Pride,
Reluctant, and her offspring Modesty,
Blushing at last obey), unskill'd in arts
Of mercenary Venus, to increase
The rompish band, that, without pleasure lewd,
With deep-felt sorrow gay, through Trivia's reign
Nightly solicit lovers; oft repuls'd;
Oft, when invited to the barren toil,
Thankless deserted by their slippery loves!
Or to the salt of years, where tedious lust
Uncoath and monstrous creep through freezing loins,
Patient submitted! to the boist'rous will
Of midnight ruffians! to abhor'd disease
Hourly expos'd, and Draco's fiercer rage!
Spare, mighty Draco! spare a hapless race,
By their own sex to wretchedness betray'd!
A woman bore thee, by each tender name
Of woman spare! hast thou or daughter fair,
Or sister? they, but for a happier birth,
The gift of fate, and honour's guardian, pride
Early inspir'd, had swell'd the common stream.
While she, whom now thy awful name dismay's,
Portentous heard from far, with fortune's smiles
And fair example, might have grac'd thy bed,
A virtuous mate, in ev'ry charm complete.

A pious duty next, neglected oft,
Demands my song. If from thy secret bed
Of luxury, unbidden offspring rise,
Let them be kindly welcom'd to the day.
'Tis nature bids: to nature's sacred voice
Attend; and from the monster-breeding deep,
The ravag'd air, and howling wilderness,
Learn parent virtues. Shall the growling bear
Be more a sire than thou? an infant once,
Helpless and weak, but for paternal care,
Thou hadst not liv'd to propagate a race
To misery, to resign to step-dame Fate
Perhaps a worthier offspring than thy sire
Tenderly rear'd. For from the stol'n embrace,
Untir'd with worn acquaintance, keenly urg'd,
Elate with gen'rous rapture, likeliest springs
The noblest breed, most animated, best.
What heroes hence have issu'd! what fam'd chiefs!
And demi-gods, of old! The stealth of love
Gave Greece her Hercules, and mighty Rome
First rose beneath a random son of Mars.
Thy vigour too, the blossom of thy strength,
Reckless and wild profus'd, in dangerous days,
Or in the senate wise, and nobly warm
To public good, may save the rushing state;
Or, bold in arms, may roll her thunders forth
To shatter distant skies; and, rous'd to blood,
Usher the British lion to the field.
Thy country claims thy care; nurse well her hopes,
And thine; nor thou her church's hungry wolves,
High-Overseers, with thy own children's gore
Satiate, if rapine know satiety.
For, bred to death, and of sagacious nose,
A prowling herd, lur'd with the recent smell
Of secret birth, their carnage sweet, or led
By infant wailings, querulous and shrill,
Beset thy frighted gates. These timely thou
Prevent, or mourn too late thy ravish'd gold
And captive son; to the street-dunning tribe
Of mendicants let out, fictitious badge
Of low distress; there to what life of pain
Led up who knows? to what disgraceful fate,
What gibbet bred? or from his parent's arms,  
With nurse unpitying, unbenign, exil'd  
To squalid lodge, to find in Famine's cave  
A lingering death: or by a deadlier hag  
Than her that rides the lab'ring night, oppress'd,  
Untimely sink beneath a heavier fate.  
While they, the sons of licens'd rapine, screen'd  
Under the altar of the God of love,  
With murder stain'd! on what should raise thy son  
Nightly regale, carnivorous: for them  
The heifer bleeds, or for her slaughter'd young  
Roams wild the woodland bounds; and what should now  
To thy young hopes run soft in balmy rills  
Lacteous, to them in deep Oporto flows,  
Or hot Madeira. Thus the sanguine feast  
They crown, nor dread the cry of infant blood.  

These precepts wisely keep; by these direct  
Thy steps through pleasure's labyrinth. Unhurt  
And unoffending, thus thy tutor'd feet  
May tread the wilds of else delusive joy.  
So shall no sorrows wound, no ruder cares  
Disturb thy pleasures; nor remorseful tears  
 Attend thy gay delight; nor sighs make way;  
But such as heave the pleasure-burthen'd breast,  
As utter love, with speechless eloquence  
Well understood; and breathe from soul to soul  
The soft infection, fondly still receiv'd.  
Almighty Love! O unexhausted source  
Of universal joy! first principle
Of nature! all-creating harmony,
By which her mighty movements all are rul'd!
Soft tyrant of each element, whose sway
Resistless through the wilds of air is felt,
Through earth, and the deep empire of the main!
Thy willing slaves, we own thy gentle power,
In us supreme, with kind endearments rais'd
Above the merely sensual touch of brutes.
By thy soft charm the savage breast is tam'd,
The genius rais'd. Thy heavenly warmth inspires
Whate'er is noble, generous, or humane,
Or elegant; whate'er adorns the mind,
Graces or sweetens life; and without thee,
Nothing or gay or amiable appears.
Yet not to Love (thus polishing the soul,
Thus charming; though of every finer breast
The sovereign joy), yet not to Love alone
Yield languid all your hours. The self-same acts
Still offer'd, soon the appetite offend;
The most delicious soonest. Other joys,
Other pursuits, their equal share demand
Of cultivation These, with kindly change,
Will cheer your sweetly-varied days; from these
With quicker sense you shall and firmer nerves
Return to love, when love again invites.
Be those the least neglected which inform
With virtue, sense, and elegance, the mind;
Those what before was amiable improve,
And lend to love new grace and dignity.
Life too has serious cares, which madly scorn'd,
The means of pleasure melt.—And age will come,
When love, alas! the flower of human joys,
Must shrink in horrid frost. O hapless he!
Thrice hapless then! whose only joy was that:
Whose young desires tumultuous still engage
To wield a load of unobedient limbs,
With vain attempt. Him the inclement power
Of craving impotence, to fonder toys
Than other dotage knows, or easy-dup’d
Credulity can well believe, incites.
Him all the nymphs despise, and the young loves
With leering scorn behold; while vigorous heat
Has fled his shaken limbs, surviving still
In his green fancy. Thence what desperate toil
By flagellation, and the rage of blows,
To rouse the Venus loitering in his veins!
Fruitless, for Venus unsolicited
The kindest smiles, abhorring painful rites.
Cease, reverend fathers! from those youthful sports
Retire, before unfinish’d seats betray
Your slacken’d nerves. The hoary years, design’d
For wisdom, for sedate philosophy,
And contemplation, ill agree with love.
Cheerful retire; nor grudge in peevish saws,
Like envious monitors, the sprightly joys
Of lusty youth. You had your genial time
Of pleasure; ours is on the rapid wing!
And you whose youthful blood impetuous rolls,
With generous spirits fraught and kindly balm,
Husband your vigour well; if aught or health,
Or offspring numerous, beautiful and strong,
Or pleasure weigh. For from the trite embrace
Follow faint relaxation, strength impair'd,
Disgust, and mutual apathy, love's bane.
Some boast, I know, their vigour to renew,
And keen desire, by food restorative,
Or pharmacy more noxious. Orchis hence,
Lascivious bulb, satyrion better nam'd;
And that maritime, which the sea-born queen
Feeds with her native spume, eryngo, mild;
Boletus, fam'd among the fungous tribe;
And fell cantharides; in various forms
Are us'd. But what ensues? diseases more
Than ever burthen'd Auster's drooping wings;
Cold tremors, spasms, and cephalæas dire,
Eternal flux of nature's balmy dew,
Tabes, and gaunt marasmus, hideous loss
Of godlike reason, and th' imprison'd rage
Of fierce jipyria, whose collected fires
The vital only seize. Or if the sons
Of jaded luxury those plagues escape,
They waste their melting youth, and bring gray hairs
Before their time, gray hairs and idle years.
Leave nature to herself, nor covet more
Than nature gives, that but to real wants
Each well-conducted appetite provokes.

But chiefly thee, fair nymph, behoves to know
That love and joy, when in their prime, must fear
Decay, the fate of all created things.
Be frugal then; the coyly-yielded kiss

Chamois
Charms most, and gives the most sincere delight,
Cheapness offends; hence on the harlot's lip
No rapture hangs, however fair she seem,
However form'd for love and amorous play.
Hail modesty! fair female honour, hail!
Beauty's chief ornament, without whose charm
Beauty disgusts; or gives but vulgar joys.
Thou giv'st the smile its grace; the heighten'd kiss
Its bawdy essence sweet! and, but for thee,
The very raptures of the lawful bed
Were outrage and foul riot, rites obscene!
Celestial maid; be it lawful that with lips
Profane I name thee, and in wanton song.
But in these vicious days great nature's laws
Are spurn'd: eternal virtue, which nor time
Nor place can change, nor custom changing all,
Is mock'd to scorn; and lewd abuse instead,
Daughter of night, her shameless revels holds
O'er half the globe, while the chaste face of day
Eclipses at her rites. For man with man,
And man with woman, (monstrous to relate!) Leaving the natural road, themselves debase
With deeds unseemly, and dishonour foul.
Britons, for shame! be male and female still. Banish this foreign vice; it grows not here;
It dies neglected: and in clime so chaste
Cannot but by forc'd cultivation thrive.
So cultivated swells the more our shame,
The more our guilt. And shall not greater guilt
Meet greater punishment and heavier doom:
Not lighter for delay. Did justice spare
The men of Sodom erst? like us they sinn'd,
Like us they sought the paths of monstrous joy;
Till, urg'd to wrath at last, all-patient Heaven
Descending wrapt them in sulphurous storm;
And where proud palaces appear'd, the haunts
Of luxury, now sleeps a sullen pool:
Vengeful memorial of Almighty ire,
Against the sons of lewdness exercis'd!

ANACREON ON HIS MISTRESS'S PICTURE.
FROM THE GREEK.

Best and happiest artisan,
Best of painters, if you can,
With your many-colour'd art,
Paint the mistress of my heart.
Describe the charms you hear from me,
(Her charms you could not paint and see)
And make the absent nymph appear
As if her lovely self were here.
First draw, her easy flowing hair,
As soft and black as she is fair;
And, if your art can rise so high,
Let breathing odours round her fly.
Beneath the shade of flowing jet,
The ivory forehead smoothly set,
With care the sable brows extend,
And in two arches nicely bend;

That
That the fair space, which lies between,
The meeting shade, may scarce be seen,
The eye must be uncommon fire,
Sparkle, languish, and desire;
The flames, unseen, must yet be felt,
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
The rosy cheeks must seem to glow
Amidst the white of new-fall’n snow.

Let her lips persuasion wear,
In silence elegantly fair;
As if the blushing rivals strove,
Breathing and inviting love.

Below her chin be sure to deck
With every grace her polish’d neck;
While all that’s pretty, soft, and sweet,
In the swelling bosom meet.
The rest in purple garments veil,
Her body, not her shape conceal.
Enough!—the lovely work is done,
The breathing paint will speak anon.

THE ADIEU AND RECALL TO LOVE.

BY MR. P———.

GO, idle boy! I quit thy pow’r;
Thy couch of many a thorn and flow’r;
Thy twanging bow, thine arrow keen,
Deceitful beauty’s timid mien;
The feign'd surprise, the roguish leer,
The tender smile, the thrilling tear,
Have now no pangs, no joys for me,
So fare thee well, for I am free!
Then flutter hence on wanton wing,
Or lave thee in yon lucid springs,
Or take thy bevrage from the rose,
Or on Louisa's breast repose:
I wish thee well for pleasures past,
Yet bless the hour I'm free at last.

But sure, methinks, the alter'd day
Scatters around a mournful ray;
And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,
And ev'ry stream untuneful flows;
No rapture swells the linnet's voice,
No more the vocal groves rejoice;
And e'en thy song, sweet bird of eve!
With whom I lov'd so oft to grieve,
Now scarce regarded meets my ear,
Unanswer'd by a sigh or tear.
No more—with devious steps I choose
To brush the mountain's morning dews;
To drink the spirit of the breeze,
Or wander midst o'er-arching trees;
Or woo, with undisturb'd delight,
The pale-cheek'd virgin of the night,
That, piercing through the leafy bow'r,
Throws on the ground a silv'ry show'r.
Alas! is all this beasted ease,
To lose each warm desire to please,
No sweet solicitude to know
For others' bliss, for others' woe,
A frozen apathy to find,
A sad vacuity of mind?
O hasten back, then, idle boy,
And with thine anguish bring thy joy!
Return with all thy torments here,
And let me hope, and doubt, and fear.
O rend my heart with ev'ry pain!
But let me, let me, love again.

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An Imitation of the Tenth Elegy of the Second Book of
the Amours of that meretricious, polite, Roman Gentleman,

PUBLIUS NASO OVID.

BY DR. W——

REMEMBER, George, with warmth 'twas said by you,
No man, at once, could be in love with two.
Deceiv'd by you; unarm'd—I had no fears;
But now, in love with two o'er head and ears.
They both are handsome; and they both dress well;
But which I cannot say doth most excel.
My heart for this, then that, alternate burns,
By heav'n I love these angels in their turns.
Thus like a ship, the sport of wind and tide,
My heart divided beats from side to side.
Why would you, Love, redouble this my smart?
One pretty girl’s enough to tease one heart.
Love brought to me—is bringing leaves to trees,
Stars to the skies, and waters to the seas;
I’m full; ’tis better than to’ve none at all;
Let that damn’d curse my enemies befall.
This curse attend my foe (if I have one)
To deeply love, and yet to lie alone.
Love from my senses every slumber move,
O! make me active on the bed of love?
If one sweet girl my manhood can subdue,
Let her—if not—then bring me sweeter two.
Fine slender limbs with me and love suffice,
I want no vigour, but I may want size.
Desire still fans the flame, if strength does fade,
No beauty slept with me and rose a maid.
Oft have I spent in love a luscious night,
And rose next morning eager for the fight:
Blest are those lives which mutual raptures spend,
Give me, ye gods! so wish’d, so sweet an end!
Let the tough soldier glory in his scars,
And search for honour in the field of Mars:
Let him who thirsts for riches cruise the main,
Let him when shipwreck’d, sink and drink his gain,
Let me in love’s soft battles fall a slave,
And dig with rapture there my own soft grave.
Some feeling fair shall at my exit cry,
“Thus did he live, thus did my Naso die!”
THE WARMING PAN.

BY CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

The coach arriv'd, impatient all
   For different things begin to call!
   But I, who have no trade
But love, for sweeter morsels try;
I search and fix an am'rous eye
   Upon the chambermaid.

I wait, and catch her as she flies
From room to room, with eager eyes;
   "My dear, permit my aid!"
I seize her, and she cries—A-done:
I kiss her quick, and let her run;
   The pretty Chambermaid.

The supper comes, and Betty Grove,
'Tis Hebe waiting upon Jove;
   The reck'ning next is paid;
Yawning the passengers retire,
I, burning like the kitchen fire,
   For Betty Chambermaid.

Kneeling, my bed the beauty warms,
When furious I attack her charms:
   "Get out, you naughty man!"
The port is gain'd by quick surprise;
I kiss, she kicks, and faintly cries,
   "O! move the warming-pan!"
There—there, again—the bed—it burns,
I move—she moves—we move by turns,
   "What are you at, dear man?"
Hush! there's a noise—the bed—the joy,
Hark! hark! how sweet my amorous boy,
   Hold there—the warming-pan.

Whene'er I pass the high North-road,
I knock at Betty's soft abode,
   Where happy I am laid:
The neatest inn, the softest thatch,
And tell me, where a place can match
   My pretty chambermaid.

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EPIGRAM

BY MONS. VOLTAIRE, ON MADAME POMPADOURE
BEING MADE MISTRESS TO LEWIS THE
FIFTEENTH.

In early youth this lovely maid,
   By art and nature form'd to please,
In brothel, cot, or masquerade,
   And captivate each heart with ease;
Whom her mamma, discreet and wise,
   Intended for a farmer's bed,
But love, a better judge of eyes,
   Gave to a king her maidenhead.
THE JUDGMENT REVERSED, OR CHLOE TRIUMPHANT.

BY SIR JAMES J——.

OFT had I talk'd of the Idalian grove,
      And fancied beauties of the queen of love,
When Paris, slighting all of grand, or wise,
Decreed to Paphian shafts the golden prize;
Till Chloe, fixt the tedious tale to end,
And eager with a goddess to contend,
In wanton whispers nam'd the blissful hour,
When yielding Venus should confess her pow'r;
—Myself the Paris to decide the dow'r.

The hour arriv'd; th' ecstatic summons came—
While all my bosom quicken'd into flame.
—Darkness around her sable mantle threw!
—At once the envious shutters open flew!
Gods, what a scene!—in all her charms she lay,
On a black velvet couch, expos'd to day;
The room with spacious mirrors hung around;
That at each view her lovely form was found;
No niggard veil between disturb'd the sight,
But the sense ach'd with overcharg'd delight.
One polish'd arm her beauteous head sustain'd;
(An arm of Parian marble richly vein'd ;)
The other, negligently thrown below,
Seem'd meant to hide, what more it serv'd to show.

Less bright the tints the dazzling prism displays,
When fill'd, refulgent, with meridian rays,
Than beam'd, in wild exuberance of grace,
The roseate wonders of her matchless face.
Her eyes shot flames of ever-living fire,
That kindled all th' enthusiasm of desire;
—Yet seem'd, in melting mercy to mankind,
To pity most and gentle love inclin'd—
The taper'd brow, high-arching, lightly stood
A magic bridge to pass th' enchanted flood.
Her lips, delicious contrast to her teeth,
Sigh'd softly all Arabia's balmy breath.
But oh! what image aptly can declare.
The wavy glories of her wanton hair!
—Defects and charms meet nearer than they seem—
—Nature here verg'd to beauty's grand extreme—
The pow'rful auburn struck the chesnut dead;
—Another tinge had wander'd into red.—
In glossy curls th' enamour'd tendrils prest,
To shade the ripening clusters of her breast;
Her breast, as Hecla cold, as Ætna warm;
And form'd in each vicissitude to charm.
—Nor weak each fairy mound the semblance shows;
—Its summits glowing through surrounding snows—
The proudest tint that Titian ever drew,
Was pale, was languid to their vivid hue;
Like rival beauties, that with envy burn,
With looks averted, various ways they turn;
Yet each—as if itself alone were fair—
Swell'd, conscious, to the touch, and courted all our care.
In warm transparence exquisitely thin,
Shone the rich polish of her fragrant skin:
Of purest white; yet through, reflected high,
Stream’d the mild twilight of a summer’s sky.
’Twas firmness’ self; but not the rude rebuff
Of aught abrupt, irregular or rough;
’Twas the mole’s satin into marble grown;
The swan’s soft plumage, and the ermine’s down.
—in Leda’s luxury the hand might glide
Adown the sleeky surface of her side.—

Her stature such, as with a perfect whole
Seem’d well imagin’d just to fill the soul;
In nice approaches verging to the tall;
—The least diminish’d, had defin’d her—small.

Her limbs—if all the dulcet flow of case
Soft-trac’d to strictest harmony could please;
Her limbs—but check the sacrilegious tale;
Nor draw, like Pompey, the all-hallow’d veil;
Suffice—that all which Ovid ever sung,
Or wanton’d on Petronius’ honied tongue;
That Guido’s hand in happiest hour essay’d,
Or Rubens lavish’d on his darling maid,
In blest assemblage here its force display’d.
The wand’ring eye in wild amaze was lost;
—Her very foot had thaw’d a hermit’s frost.

Entranc’d I stood—’twas nature’s true sublime—
Idolatry was here at least no crime—
In trembling sounds my falt’ring praises broke;
But Chloe’s conquest all my frame bespoke.
Swift o’er her cheek the blush of triumph stole,
And flash’d a tenfold lustre on my soul.
Take then, she cried, the prize, too happy boy;
—A Helen, guiltless of the fate of Troy—
So saying, wide her circling arms she threw,
While all Elysium open’d to my view!
Heav’ns, what a sound!—’twas lightning pierc’d my breast—
—Let bards of richer fancy paint the rest.

THE LOVE DRAUGHT.

FROM ANACREON. BY FAWKES.

As late of flow’rets, fresh and fair,
    I wove a chaplet for my hair;
Beneath a rose, gay summer’s pride,
The wanton God of Love I spy’d;
I seiz’d him, resolute of soul,
And plung’d him in my flowing bowl,
Resolv’d to have a draught divine,
And fairly swallow’d him in wine:
E’er since his fluttering wings impart
Strange titillations to my heart.

PRAYER TO VENUS,

BY W. S——, ESQ.

KIND Venus, hear thy suppliant’s prayer,
    Hear, and indulgent grant;
For love I ask—you well may spare
The little I shall want.
No storms of passion I desire,
No boundless transports claim;
Give me the gentle, doubtful fire,
Which feeds a sportive flame.

For oh! I've known the soft delights
That warm the breast sincere;
The anxious days, and sleepless nights
That nurse the tender fear.

Have shar'd the fond endearing kiss,
Which mutual ardour fires,
And tasted oft that genial bliss,
Which mutual truth inspires.

I've felt the fierce extreme of love,
Which utterance would destroy;
When speechless raptures silent prove
The soul's sublimest joy.

But then its bitterest pangs I've borne,
Deprest with tenfold care;
And many an hour, with anguish torn,
Sat brooding o'er despair.

Whelm'd with such violence of woe
Would melt a heart of steel,
Which only those who love can know,
Who love can only feel.

Hence, let me calmly view the sex,
Contented to enjoy
That bliss, which absence cannot vex,
Or perfidy destroy.

O Venus!
O Venus! let me favour win,
Secure from Cupid's dart,
Still let it gently pierce my skin,
But never probe my heart!

PALLAS AND VENUS.

BY THE COUNTESS OF H——.

THE Trojan swain had judg'd the great dispute,
And beauty's pow'r obtain'd the golden fruit;
When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms;
The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly she said,
Yield, sister; rival, yield; naked, you see
I vanquish; guess how potent I should be,
If to the field I came in armour drest,
Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest.

The warrior-goddess, with disdain, reply'd;
Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
Let a brave enemy for once advise,
And Venus (if 'tis possible), be wise.
Thou, to be strong, must put off every dress;
Thy only armour is thy nakedness:
And more than once (or thou art much bely'd),
By Mars himself that armour has been try'd.
THE HUSBAND.

BY A LADY.

The poets sing, of old, that am'rous Jove,
In various shapes perform'd the feat of love:
Chang'd to a swan, he rifled Leda's charms,
And, with a rival whiteness, fill'd her arms.
On Danae's lap he fell a golden shower
(Gold is the surest friend in an amour):
Now in a bull's, or satyr's grisly shape,
He on some beauty makes a welcome rape.
Nor think it strange, that Jove's almighty power,
Through these base forms, taught females to adore.
A likeness less agreeable he try'd,
He came a husband to Amphytrion's bride;
And, in a husband's shape, could welcome prove—
Who must not own th' omnipotence of Jove.

EPIGRAM.

The Marriage of Margaret and Moses.

Marg'ret to Moses wed, and pray'd to God,
Her spouse might have both Aaron's beard and rod.

EPITAPH.
EPITAPH.
The following was pinned to a Lady's Bed Curtains upon her Wedding Night.

BY THE E— OF S—.

Hic jacit Stella,

LÆTA spe carnis resurrectionis:
Eximiae puella pulchritudinis,
Mira sua vitatis, comitatisque;
Nulla venustas animo deficit,
Nullus corpori decor,—amorem
In omni ciebat pectore,
Egregia sua sibi soli

Latuere merita.
Tandem in illius senum recepta,
Quem maxime concupiverat:
Lübenter naturæ persolvens debitum,
Placide obdormit.

ENGLISHED.

Here lieth Stella,
In the joyful hope of the resurrection of the flesh;

A virgin of surpassing beauty,
No charm was wanting to complete her mind,

No ornament her body,

The fire of love she stirr'd in every breast:
Yet to herself was all this worth unknown.

Folded at last within the arms of him
She most desir'd,

Nature she joyfully repaid,

And pleasing sunk to rest.

H 5

ROGER
ROGER AND MOLLY.

BENEATH a weeping willow's shade,
  Melting with love, fair Molly laid,
  Her cows were feeding by;
4  She turns she knit, by turns she sung,
While ever flow'd from Molly's tongue,
  "How deep in love am I!"

Young Roger chanc'd to stroll along,
  And hearing Molly's am'rous song,
    And now and then a sigh;
Straight o'er the hedge he made his way,
  And join'd with Molly in her lay;
    "How deep in love am I!"

The quick surprise made Molly blush,
  "How rude," she cried; "now pray be hush!"
      Yet show'd a yielding eye;
  "My needle's bent, my worsted's broke,
  "Roger, I only meant in joke,
      "How deep in love am I!"

"You're rude—get out—I won't be kiss'd,
  "Pray don't—yes, do!—be gone—persist!
      "Roger, I vow I'll cry!
  "What are you at—you roguish swain?"
He answer'd, in a dying strain,
  "How deep in love am I!"

A RID.
A RIDDLE.

BY L—W—R—.

In infancy I knew a spot,
    Where flowers ne'er had blown,
Where creeping moss had never got,
    Where seed was never sown:
But when to years maturer grown,
    The spot was deck'd with flowers,
Seed flourish'd whensoever sown,
    And lik'd reviving showers.
Within this little snug retreat,
    A cooling fountain plays;
Here Venus did Narcissus treat,
    And spent their youthful days.
The stream, they nam'd the Milky Way,
    'Cause of its cooling pow'r;
Here Titus sigh'd to lose a day!
    And I to lose an hour.
Around this fount a shady grove,
    To lovely Venus dear;
Where all the Loves and Graces rove,
    And wanton all the year.
The only grove where Ida's dove
    Is known to build her nest;
Wherein the little god of love
    Creeps from his mother's breast.

A smoother
A smoother plain beyond the fount
   Extends than Tempe sweet,
Whereon appears a little mount,
   Which Cupid makes his seat;
Two snowy mountains rise above,
   Fairest beneath the skies;
Which Venus nam'd the hills of love,
   Because, when prest they rise.

LYDY, CHURNING.

BRIMFULL of love fat Lydy sat,
   Cheeks like a blooming plum;
Sweating, with all a maiden's strength,
   To make the butter come.
In vain she churn'd, in vain she try'd;
   O, would our Roger come!
For nothing but a Roger's strength
   Can make my butter come.
Within the pantry Roger skulk'd,
   And heard this am'rous hum;
Then fixing fast on Lydy's churn,
   He made her butter come.
Lydy cried out—O Roger—on—
   That day may I be dumb,
If once I toil—when you so soon
   Can make my butter come.
SONNET TO MELISSA'S LIPS.

BY DR. W——.

DEAR balmy lips of her who holds my heart
In the soft bondage of a love sincere!——
Dear balmy lips! your cherub smiles impart
To your adoring supplicant's earnest prayer.
Not the fresh rose-bud, charg'd with vernal dew,
Nor the warm crimson of the blushing morn,
Nor the gay blossoms of the summer thorn,
Are half so glowing, or so sweet as you!
Dear lips!—permit my trembling lips to press
Your ripen'd softness, in a tender kiss:
And, while my throbbing heart avows the bliss,
Will you—(dear lips!) the eager strangers bless?
"Ah, fond request!"—the beauteous owner cries,
"Cease, wayward youth!——whoever touches—dies!"

SONNET TO MELISSA.

BY DR. W——.

HER dark-brown tresses negligently flow,
In curls luxuriant, to her bending waist;
Her darker brows, in perfect order plac'd,
Guard her bright eyes, that mildly beam below;
The Roman elegance her nose displays——
Her cheeks—soft-blushing, emulate the rose,
Her witching smiles, the orient pearls disclose:
And o'er her lips the dew of Hybla strays.
Her lib'ral mind, the gentler virtues own;
Her chasten'd wit, instructive lore impart;
Her lovely breast is soft compassion's throne,
And honour's temple is her glowing heart.

But I, like patriarch Moses, praise and bless
The Canaan which I never shall possess!

---

EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF
STRATOCLES AND MYRILLA.

FROM ANACREON. BY PAKES.

VENUS, fair queen of gods above,
   Cupid, thou mighty power of love,
And Hymen bland, by Heav'n design'd
The fruitful source of human-kind:
To you, as to the lyre I sing,
Flows honour from the sounding string;
Propitious to the numbers prove,
O Venus, Hymen, God of love!
View, gentle youth, with rapture view
This blooming bride, ordain'd for you;
Rise quick, and feast on all her charms,
Lest, like a bird, she fly your arms.
O happy youth, by Venus blest,
But happier on Myrilla's breast:
"See how the fair-one, sweetly coy,
"All soft confusion, meets the joy,
"Blooming as health, fresh as May flowers,
"And bright as radiant noon-tide hours."
Of all the flowers upon the plains,
The rose unmatch'd in beauty reigns;
Myrilla thus in charms excells,
She shines the rose among the belles.
O may, blest youth, the god of day
The pleasing toils of love survey;
And may a beauteous blooming boy
Crown your soft vows with lasting joy!

---

WELL JUDGED.

A TALE. BY MR. T——L.

A N alderman, a wealthy cit,
One morning met a man of wit;
Dear Dick, said he, I like your way,
You're always cheerful, ever gay;
Yet, if what I have heard be true,
Fortune has been unkind to you,
And has denied the only blessing
We citizens think worth possessing;
'Tis wealth I mean,—and that your sense
Is oft more current than your pence.

Good faith, replied our merry spark,
My worthy friend, you've hit the mark,
I very often know the curse
Of being with an empty purse;
A sad disease, and, I am sure,
I gladly would find out a cure;
For, since the truth must be confessed,
It very often breaks my rest;
It blunts my humour, dulls my wit.
'Tis very well, replied the cit,
The sickness known, the cure is easy,
And I shall do my best to please ye.
What think you of a wealthy wife?
Could you endure the married life?
A woman with ten thousand pound,
Young, blooming, cheerful, fair, and sound,
May soon be had, if you incline;
What answer give you, friend of mine?

The merry spark a while was dumb,
He scratch'd his head, and bit his thumb,
Look'd very wise and very grave,
Then to the cit this answer gave;—
My friend, I am not such a sot,
(If such a marriage could be got,)
As to refuse to tie the knot;
But, I'm afraid, you'll scarcely find
A fortune of that generous mind,
Who will her hopes of greatness quit,
And wed a poor man for his wit;
Nay, I for ever must despair
To get a wife both rich and fair:

The alderman replied, I see
Your want of faith and trust to me;
But, ere to-morrow come, I may
Shew you a proof of what I say;
Come, dine with me; I know what's what,
I have three girls—but mum for that;
You'll have for dinner beef and fish,
And wine as good as you can wish.
My girls can dance, can sing, and play,
And are, like you, for ever gay.
My wife, you know, is dead long since,
And I live merry like a prince;
You know enough's as good's a feast,
And you shall be a welcome guest.

I thank you, Sir, with all my heart,
Said Dick, you act a friendly part;
Would I could shew my gratitude,
To one so very kind and good;
But what's within my power I'll do,
And be obedient still to you,

The alderman, with great content,
Home to his house with Richard went;
Who, though he there had often been,
Yet never had the daughters seen;
But now the father meant that he
Should have a sight of all the three.
Down stairs they came; and Richard swore,
He ne'er beheld such charms before;
Beauty and youth, and ev'ry grace,
Alike adorn'd each smiling face;
And sprightliness in all appear'd,
And ev'ry look his bosom cheer'd;
His soul was ravish'd with delight,
And flutter'd at the joyous sight.

And now they all at dinner sat,
And pass'd their time in merry chat,
But love had rifled Richard's quiet,
And made him quite neglect his diet;
By turns the sisters he survey'd,
And thus at length his wit display'd.

The haughty wife of thundering Jove,
Minerva, and the queen of love,
Three goddesses (as we are told)
From heav'n came down, in days of old;
The prize of beauty was the end
That made these goddesses descend,
Since Discord had an apple giv'n,
That much disturb'd the peace of heav'n;
For she, till then, had been a guest
At ev'ry marriage, ev'ry feast;
But, with her endless malice tir'd,
Her presence they no more desir'd.
This so enrag'd the spiteful dame,
That she to high Olympus came,
And 'mongst the goddesses she threw
A golden apple, then withdrew;
And, grinning, said, Let this be giv'n
To her that fairest is in heav'n.

Each goddess strove to seize the fruit,
And rais'd in heav'n a great dispute:
But when the three that I have nam'd,
Each for herself the apple claim'd,
The lesser goddesses were mute,
And left with grief the golden fruit;
Yet would no god in heav'n decree
Who had th' advantage of the three.
At last the gods desir'd that they
To Ida's mount would take their way,
And there find out some shepherd youth,
Whose untaught soul knew only truth,
Free from ambition and from pride,
Who only could the cause decide.

O happy Paris! it was you
Three naked goddesses did view,
And to love's queen gave up the prize;
But, spite of sense, and spite of eyes,
If you had these bright sisters seen,
The choice had not so easy been;
You ne'er had ended the dispute,
Nor known to whom to give the fruit.

Dick's flattery all the sisters pleas'd,
While raptures on the father seiz'd;—
Dear Dick, he cried, to tell the truth,
Thou art a most bewitching youth;
Whate'er you do with ease is done,
I wish I had you for a son;
And now, my friend, and daughters dear,
To what I say, pray lend an ear.

I wish, dear Richard, you'd agree
To take a wife out of the three;
Ten thousand pounds to each I'll give,
And make it better if I live;
And she on whom my Dicky pitches,
Shall ne'er complain for want of riches.

Dick, at this strange discourse amaz'd,
Upon the blushing sisters gaz'd;
He fear'd it was th' effect of drink,
And knew not what to say or think;
No wealth, no money, had he got,
Nor was he worth a single groat.

But th' alderman began again,
And did his former speech explain:
Dear daughters, I of wealth have store,
Nor do I ask or wish for more;
Dick is my friend, but Dick, you know,
No kind of jointure can bestow;
But Dick has sense, and Dick has wit,
And Dick for ev'ry thing is fit,
While elder brothers, as you know,
Are good for nothing but for show;
I ne'er could bear these gaudy boys,
Of all mankind Dick is my choice.

The smiling sisters own'd for truth,
They had no quarrel to the youth;
But yet they thought it was but fair
That Richard should his mind declare.
On this the charming maids withdrew,
And left poor Dick, I know not how.

The alderman, his daughters gone,
And he and Richard left alone,
A bumper fill'd;—Why Dick, said he,
Here's a health to all the three;
Take which of them best pleases thee.

Dear Sir, said Dick, I cannot tell,
I love them all so very well;
They all of them such charms possess,
That I am puzzled, I confess;
Had I but one bright beauty view’d,
With ease she had my heart subdu’d;
But when that three, with equal charms,
A heart like mine at once alarms,
Each form’d alike for heav’nly joys,
I know not how to make a choice.

Paris, as I have lately told,
(But that was in the days of old)
When three bright ladies of the sky
To him, as umpire, did apply,
Made them their heav’nly robes unpin,
And stripp’d each goddess to the skin.
But now such freedoms will not pass,
Though we with ease may find a lass,
Who will all night lie by our side,
Yet such is now the sex’s pride,
That though we flatter, fawn and beg,
The saucy thing won’t show her leg.

Your daughters, Sir, are heav’nly fair,
But when their beauties I compare,
I freely own I can’t discover
To which of them I’m most a lover;
But, if their wit you’ll let me try,
I’ll soon find out the mystery.

Yet let each maid keep on her mask,
Till I one single question ask;
For I must honestly confess,
It savours much of wantonness,
And on their cheeks may raise a blush,
And that, I swear, I do not wish;
But since I am to choose a wife,
And that the comfort of my life
Depends upon the lucky chance,
Forgive me this extravagance.

The alderman was well content,
And for his charming daughters sent,
To whom he told what Dick had said;
Aud hop'd they would not be afraid,
Since sure it would be no hard task,
To answer what his friend would ask,
And begg'd, since one must be a bride,
They'd lay all bashfulness aside.

The maids consent, and Dick, on this,
Of each fair sister took a kiss;
These kisses set his heart on fire,
And in him rais'd such strong desire,
That he stood trembling and amaz'd,
And on each lovely charmer gaz'd.

The masks were fix'd, and Dick begun:
I wish, dear ladies, I could shun
The asking questions; but I find
I am so much to all inclin'd,
That, in my soul, I can't agree,
Who is the dearest of the three;
Whoe'er I get, I'm sure of joys,
Yet I'm confounded in my choice;
But since you gen'rously submit
To make a trial of your wit,
Forgive me, fair ones, then, if I
Your knowledge by a question try;
And pardon me, if to your ears,
The question something odd appears:—
Whether the mouth that's in your face,
Or that in a more hidden place,
The eldest is? Who answers best
Shall triumph in my happy breast,
If with that breath the fair one gives
A reason why she so believes.

The masks their rosy cheeks conceal'd,
While blushing necks their shame reveal'd.

The first-born daughter said, In truth
I think the eldest is my mouth,
Since in it there are teeth of bone,
In that below, I'm sure, are none.

The second said, The seat of love
Is eldest; for the mouth above,
Upon its lips no hair can show,
But I have got a beard below;
And added, with a kind of rage,
Is not a beard a sign of age?

The youngest sister, smiling, said,
I'm but a young and silly maid;
But yet I think the mouth above
Is elder than the seat of love;
And what I say, I thus evince;
My upper mouth was wean'd long since,
And flesh, and fish, and bones can eat,
But mouth below longs for the teat.

Richard, on this, embrac'd the fair,
And for the youngest did declare;
He married her with great content,  
And never did his choice repent.

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**EPITAPH**

**ON A MAID.**

BENEATH these stones a lovely maid’s repos’d,  
Who, while alive, a secret ne’er disclos’d;  
She on her back is still supinely laid,  
The pious posture of a dying maid.

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**EPIGRAM.**

SAYS Sir John to my lady, as together they sat,  
My dear, shall we sup first, or do—you know what?  
With an innocent smile, replied the good lady,  
Sir John, what you please—but supper’s not ready.

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**ON A FAMOUS TOAST.**

BELINDA has such wondrous charms,  
’Tis heav’n to lie within her arms:  
And she’s so charitably giv’n,  
She wishes all mankind in heav’n.

A LOVER’S
A LOVER'S ANGER.

BY THE D— OF M——.

As Chloe came into the room t'other day,
I, peevish, began, Where so long could you stay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
You promis'd at two, and pray look, child, 'tis four:
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels,
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals:
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear——
Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me! cried she, let a body but speak;
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fell into my neck,
It has hurt me, and vex'd me to such a degree,
But I know you would never believe one, pray see,
On the left side my breast, what a mark it has made:——
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd;
The seat of delight I with wonder survey'd,
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

ON LADY T—RC——L'S RING.

BY MR. s———.

Your husband gave to you a ring,
Set round with jewels rare;
You gave to him a better thing——
A ring set round with hair.
THE RAMBLERS; OR, AN IMITATION OF THE FIRST LOVE SCENE IN OPEN AIR;
A TALE.

So pass'd they naked on———

MILTON.

BY L—J—R———.

ONCE on a day, when summer dress'd the green,
And nought around but fragrant flow'rs were seen,
When golden Phoebus shot a gentle ray,
Olympus smil'd, and all the fields were gay;
Athwart the meads advanc'd a lovely pair,
Daphnis the young, and Rosalind the fair;
Of equal fortune both, of equal years,
Both warm in youth, and both devoid of cares,
With mutual ardour fir'd; as on they went,
The pleasing hours in am'rous talk they spent.
The youth, industrious to allure his love,
Brought ev'ry flow'r that bloom'd in mead or grove.
He cull'd the fairest to adorn her breast,
And fondly wish'd to be as closely press'd.

Now they arrive at the long-wish'd-for place,
Kind nature deck'd with a peculiar grace;
There cooling zephyrs fann'd the op'ning glade,
There flow'd a gentle stream, there rose an ambient shade.
As here they sat, protected from the sun,
With a fond smile the loving youth begun:

"Behold,
"Behold, fair maid, how bounteous nature round
With flow'ry gems bespangles all the ground;
Their birth to know, makes reas'ning blockheads pause;
O, blind to truth—productive love's the cause.
When the soft cloud descends in kindly show'rs,
And through the earth its genial moisture pours,
The juice prolific makes each bud appear,
And thence arise the glories of the year.

"The feather'd wooers in the shady grove,
Loudly proclaim the energy of love;
The purling stream that flows beneath our feet,
Murmurs its love in melody so sweet.
Since then all things kind Venus' transports know,
Ah, why shou'd we the pleasing task forego?
O, let us now the precious time employ,
While whisp'ring nature prompts us on to joy."

Thus spoke the youth, and with a kiss instill'd
Th' inciting passion—the warm virgin thrill'd
In ev'ry vein—the ardour gains her heart;
But Miss must play the coy coquettish part.
Her heaving breasts with indignation swell;
She calls him villain, reprobate most fell.
The phantom honour starts before her eyes,—
Rapid as lightning from the youth she flies.
He, not to lose the conquest of the day,
Pursues the fair through ev'ry winding way.

At length she turns, to make this stern reply:
"From whence, bold youth, take you this liberty?
Lost is my fame, should we be seen alone."
Of fame she talks, and in a haughty tone.
The youth persists his fair one to implore;
She still denies, but he still urges more:
Cupid, by chance, lit near them in the grove,
And saw the fond contention of their love.
The partial god to Daphnis' succour flies,
Plies quick his bow, "Yield, yield, fair maid," he cries.

Stricken, she feels love's sharp resistless dart,
Sighs, falls; to Daphnis yields a willing heart.
Of conquest sure, the charm'd, impatient boy,
Rushes impetuous to inviting joy.
Cupid around them draws a fragrant veil,
From prying eyes their raptures to conceal.
Soon as th' endearments of their love were o'er,
And the god wafted to Idalia's shore,
Expos'd to sight shone Rosalinda's charms;
The raptur'd youth lay panting in her arms.
Amaz'd, they started, as they heard me near:
He fled for shame, she cried, "Good Sir, what cheer?"

Fray make no noise, for this is sacred ground,
I and my cousin have a bird's nest found.
Didst meet him, Sir? he's just about my age:
The bird belongs to him, but mine the cage."

Smiling I heard, and smiling went away,
Pleas'd at th' adventure of the sportful day.
EPIDRAM.

YOUNG Strephon, ravish'd by a smile
From Chloe, in a public place,
Exclaim'd, in a theatric style—
"Nature ne'er form'd so fair a face!"
By chance the fool was in the right:
—'Twas patches! paint! and candle-light.

ROYAL ASSIGNATION.

'TWAS midnight, and the silver moon,
Refulgent at her highest noon,
Shed her mild radiance from above,
To gratulate the hour of love.
In a recess, where art had play,
With gold and sculpture richly gay;
Where shade had just enough of room
From am'rous thefts to form a gloom;
The holland and the down disclose
Their provocations to repose;
Whose pow'r the languid fair confest,
Number'd her beads, and sunk to rest.
From this delightful scene not far,
A door commodious lay a-jar,
Which Al'ce, her maid, experienc'd shut!
On purpose had forgot to shut.
Ye lovers, 'tis for you to guess,
What I, what language can't express,
(For you are judges of the matter)
The Prince’s longings to be at her;
His hair in careless tresses bound,
Arabia breathing all around;
Whilst on the brink of joy he stood,
And all but plung’d into the flood:
But see, to take the leap he ventures,
The bed-chamber, the—bed—he enters.
The sequel must not be express’d—
The reader’s thoughts will tell the rest.

THE NINEVITE.

A TALE.

WHO’ER believes that want of sense
Can be to virtue a defence,
And keep a maid from doing ill,
May, if he pleases, think so still;
For me, of two things I am sure,
That honour cannot be secure,
And virtue may be soon ensnar’d,
When folly is its only guard.

To prove the truth of what I’ve said,—
In Durham liv’d a charming maid,
A prebend’s daughter, young and fair,
Her father’s darling, mother’s care;
Never was finer figure seen;
But ah! she was a mere machine,
From wit, from sense, from knowledge free,
She wonder'd one and two made three;
Yet her bright eyes threw darts around,
And Sally many lovers found.

Achilles' spear, the poets say,
Could wound, and pains of wounds allay:
So Sally's tongue brought quick relief
To those who suffer'd amorous grief.

Her parents, conscious how she charm'd,
With constant fears the fair alarm'd,
And begg'd their daughter to beware
Of men who would her heart ensnare;
And that she would her honour mind,
And keep at distance from mankind,
Who still would make attempts upon her,
And strive to rob her of her honour.

But such was Sally's ignorance,
That it was only by a chance,
(As with a girl she talk'd one day)
She learn'd the place where honour lay;
Till then it was to her a riddle,
If 'twas in head, in feet, or middle:
But, now she knew its situation,
She shew'd her virtue and discretion;
And to secure it night and day,
Upon her honour sat or lay;
On this position she rely'd,
And honour's enemies defy'd;
Asleep or waking, 'twas the same,
And, when into a room she came,
Still mindful of the main affair,
Secur'd her honour on a chair.

Her silly parents were amaz'd,
And in their hearts her conduct prais'd;
They saw she minded what they said,
Nor fear'd she now could be betray'd;
And, therefore, begg'd that she would go
To ev'ry ball and ev'ry show.

Her parents she in this obey'd;
But yet the ninny was afraid,
And never could be brought to dance,
Lest she should meet with some mischance;
But to her cousin, Tom, declar'd
Her love to honour and its guard;
That when she sat on 't, she was sure
Her dear-lov'd honour was secure;
But if she danc'd or jump'd about,
She fear'd her honour might drop out.

The lewd young dog, o'erjoy'd at this,
To Sally said, My pretty miss,
What you, my dear, have said is true,
But I will tell you what I'll do:
Pray come to me before you sup,
And close I 'll stitch your honour up,
That without other guard you may
Be free from fear by night or day.

See how a fool may be deceiv'd!
This foolish girl the boy believ'd;
And, stealing out, ask'd of the spark,
If he could stitch her in the dark?
Yes, yes, said Tom. But Sally said,
'Twill hurt my honour, I'm afraid:
The first stitch only, said the rake,
Perhaps may make your honour ake.
Tom stitch'd and stitch'd as long's he cou'd,
And swore his workmanship was good;
But when he meant to go away,
Wise Sally cried, Dear Tommy, stay;
You have not stitch'd me half, I fear,
Feel, Tommy, what a gash is here?
Tom, sighing, said, That's true, indeed,
But now I am run out of thread:
And going off, the fair one cries,
Dear Tommy, you are telling lies,
And only make a false excuse,
You still have left two swingeing clews,
Which Will shall stitch, if you refuse.

IDYLLIUM I.

OF MOSCHUS. BY FAWKES.

In search of her son, to the listening crowd,
To other day lovely Venus thus cried him aloud:
'Whoever may chance a stray Cupid to meet,
'My vagabond boy, as he strolls in the street,
'And will bring me the news, his reward shall be this,
'She may freely demand of fair Venus a kiss;
But if to my arms he the boy can restore,
He's welcome to kisses, and something still more.
His marks are so plain, and so many, you'll own
That among twenty others he's easily known.
His skin is not white, but the colour of flame;
His eyes are most cruel, his heart is the same;
His delicate lips with persuasion are hung;
But ah! how they differ, his mind and his tongue:
His voice sweet as honey; but nought can control,
When'er he's provok'd, his implacable soul.
He never speaks truth, full of fraud is the boy;
And woe is his pastime, and sorrow his joy.
His head is embellish'd with bright curling hair;
He has confident looks, and an insolent air.
Though his hands are but little, yet darts they can sling
To the regions below, and their terrible king.
His body quite naked to view is reveal'd,
But he covers his mind, and his thoughts are conceal'd.
Like a bird of light feathers, the branches among,
He skips here and there, to the old, to the young,
From the men to the maid on a sudden he strays,
And, hid in their hearts, on their vitals he preys:
The bow which he carries is little and light,
On the nerve is an arrow, wing'd ready for flight,
A little
'A little short arrow, yet swiftly it flies
Through regions of æther, and pierces the skies.
A quiver of gold on his shoulders is bound,
Stor'd with darts, that alike friends and enemies wound:
Ev'n I, his own mother, in vain strive to shun
His arrows—so fell and so cruel my son.
His torch is but small, yet so ardent its ray,
It scorches the sun, and extinguishes day.
O you, who perchance may the fugitive find,
Secure first his hands, and with manacles bind;
Shew the rogue no compassion, though oft he appears
To weep—his are all hypocritical tears.
With caution conduct him, nor let him beguile
Your vigilant care with a treacherous smile.
Perhaps with a laugh kisses sweet he will proffer;
His kisses are poison, ah! shun the vile offer.
Perhaps he'll say, sobbing: "No mischief I know;
"Here, take all my arrows, my darts, and my bow!"
Ah, beware! touch them not—deceitful his aim!
His darts and his arrows are all tipt with flame.'
THE EGGS.

A TALE.

Filles, fuiez, fuiez, la pique, 
Qui vous mettrait aux abois, 
Car cela produit un enfure 
Qui ne ce guerit qu’en neuf mois.

BY L— W— R—.

MEN who are set on doing evil,
Have no regard to God or devil,
But impiously pursue their course,
Without reflection or remorse;
And, to accomplish their intent,
Ten thousand wicked tricks invent,
And make the cheating maids and wives
The joy and bus'ness of their lives;
For, when they have a wife betray'd,
Or stole the honour from a maid,
They pride themselves in what they've done,
And boast the conquest they have won.

To prove the truth of what I've said,—
Not long ago a handsome maid,
Bred in the country, innocent,
To London to a sister went,
A virtuous woman, and discreet,
Who lodgings let in Suffolk-street.
O'erjoy'd she was to see her sister,
And, running to her, kindly kiss'd her; Then, soon as they had sat them down,
Said gravely to her,—Nanny Brown,
Since I have brought you up to town,
I hope you will be rul'd by me,
Who always have been fond of thee;
I see, dear child, you’re very fair,
But of thy beauty have a care;
Believe me, in this wicked place,
A handsome shape, a lovely face,
Brings many women to disgrace:
Beware, dear Nanny, what you do,
And let the men in vain pursue.

Nanny a country court’sey dropp’d,
And, blushing, answer’d, that she hop’d
To be observing of her duty,
But she was sure she had no beauty;
She said, The beauties all are fair,
Have light blue eyes, and flaxen hair;
But mine is like the down of crows,
And eyes are black as any sloes,
No man will think me worth his while;—
Her sister answer’d, with a smile,
Trust not to that, but have a care,
Though you are black, they’ll think you fair;
Never believe a word they say,
For all they mean is to betray.
The men are all in morals loose;
And I’ve a lodger in the house,
Who, though he seems exceeding young,
Has cunning and a flatt’ring tongue;
And, though I’m something past my prime,
Has tried my virtue many a time;
And, Nanny, to confess the truth,
He is a most bewitching youth.
But I have all his wiles defy'd,
And to this hour his suit deny'd;
Yet, as I freely own, I doubt
If I can hold much longer out:
But I'll call pride to my assistance,
And, if I can, still make resistance.
Yet, dearest Nanny, should I grant
Those favours that he seems to want,
And yield him all, I am secure,
I cannot any harm endure,
For I an honest husband have,
And marriage will my honour save;
Nay, though my spouse should be beguil'd,
He never will suspect the child.
On th' other hand, my dear, if you,
A thing like what I speak of do,
'Twould be your ruin and disgrace,
Nor could you e'er hold up your face;
If you should lay your legs aside,
Or make your virgin passage wide,
Till you in church are made a bride.
Dear Nanny Brown, if you have sense,
Till then preserve your innocence;
For, if your maidenhead you touch,
The nature of the thing is such,
'Twill slip away, and you, in vain,
Shall wish to have it back again;
And, if your belly chance to grow,
As what may happen none can know;
Then all the men will from you run,
And you, my dear, will be undone.
But, above all things, see that you
With my young lodger nothing do;
Speak not to him, for he has sense,
And will corrupt your innocence;
But I, your ruin to prevent,
Will rather to his wish consent,
Since it no harm can do to me,
But it would surely ruin thee.

My husband is gone down to York,
And I'm depriv'd of nightly work;
Since then my spouse is out of sight,
I think I'll do 't this very night.

Poor simple Nanny, for her part,
Return'd her thanks with all her heart,
And said, I'll carefully obey
All your commands by night and day;
Nay, I so close my legs will keep,
That, whether waking, or asleep,
It shall not be an easy matter,
For the most rampant fornicator,
Though he should slip within my bed,
To rob me of my maidenhead.

As thus these prudent sisters talk'd,
Into the room the lodger walk'd;
And Nanny, who had got her cue,
A court'sey made, and then withdrew.

The spark, who had not seen her face,
Was glad that she had left the place;
And sitting down just by her sister,
First felt her breast, then warmly kiss'd her.
Good Mistress Jones (that was her name)
Told him it was a burning shame
Still to be kissing at that rate
A woman he thought out of date.

What! out of date! with great surprise
The lover said, By those dear eyes,
By all that’s holy, all that’s dear
To me you handsomer appear,
Than any maid in bloom of youth:
Believe me, fair one, that is truth.
Again he hugg’d, again he kiss’d,
Till she, unable to resist,
(As the young rake did oft avouch)
Fell backwards on a velvet couch,
On which they did solace awhile,
And in sweet love the time beguile;
Nay more, to shew his love sincere,
From thence adjourn’d to elbow chair.
The yielding dame, brimful of joy,
With rapture kiss’d the amorous boy,
And begg’d when all were fast asleep,
He’d softly to her chamber creep,
Where he might pass the happy night,
Within her arms, in soft delight;
For though she had oppos’d his will,
She now would let him take his fill.

The kindly summons he obey’d,
And in her room till morning stay’d;
Where he so oft embrac’d the fair,
That her fond heart was void of care;—
Nor fear'd she that her sister's charms
Could draw her lover from her arms.
Alas! said she, what fool was I,
That did this charming youth deny?
No man alive can give the joy
I've met with from this beardless boy.
Though I have known my spouse in trim,
He's but a jest compar'd to him;
Happy, thrice happy, shall I be,
If he continues true to me;
And sure I need not doubt the youth,
He is all love, he is all truth,
He is all goodness; and I see,
That he will slight the world for me,
I know he's ravish'd with my charms,
And I'll so fold him in my arms,
That, while with me he nightly lies,
I'll make him useless ere he rise;
Thus I'll secure the lovely elf,
And keep him wholly to myself.
But Mistress Jones mistook in this,
And made the boy so often kiss,
That he was surfeited with bliss.
'Tis certain there is not in nature,
Such an inconstant, fickle creature
As man, who cannot be at rest
When love once gets within his breast;
But when he has the fair enjoy'd,
The faithless monster soon is cloy'd.

Our spark had now seen Nanny Brown;
And though clad in her country gown,
And that his skin stuck to his bones,
Through his fatigues with Mistress Jones;
Yet seeing such a beauteous figure,
Restor’d him to his wonted vigour.

But yet he durst not own his flame,
Lest it should vex the elder dame;
With whom he still pass’d ev’ry night,
To her great comfort and delight;
Till her fond heart was wholly free
From any kind of jealousy;
For he to Nanny never spoke,
But only by the way of joke,
As long as Mistress Jones was by,
And she, poor soul, still answer’d, Fie!

But when her sister’s back was turn’d,
He told the idiot how he burn’d;
How for her love he suffer’d pain:
But all his speeches were in vain;
She did not understand his language,
Nor knew she what he meant by anguish;
Besides, she thought it would be sin,
Did she her sister’s lover win,
Since ’twas to save her maidenhead,
She took the lodger to her bed;
For I must give the maid her due,
Young Nanny was a virgin true,
And neither love nor loving knew;
But, mindful of the sage advice
Her sister gave, was always nice,
And always seem’d to be afraid
To hear a word the lodger said.
Who finding all he said was vain,
That wit and love could nothing gain;
He soon bethought him of a way,
That would the thoughtless fool betray.
No more he talk’d of flames and darts,
Of piercing eyes, or wounded hearts;
But did at greater distance keep,
Till he had lull’d her fears asleep.

The rake at last found out a time
Was fit to execute his crime;
For Master Jones from York return’d,
Whose coming, faithful madam mourn’d;
For in her bed he nightly lay,
And scarcely left her in the day.

The lodger now resolv’d to try
This happy opportunity;
And sitting one day by the maid,
He gravely thus to Nanny said:
My charming creature, I declare
I never saw a maid so fair
As what you were; but I have skill,
And see that you are growing ill;
Your eyes, that you might justly boast,
Have now much of their luster lost;
The rose and lilies on your cheek,
Are faded much within this week.
Alas! said Nancy, what’s the matter?
In all my life I ne’er was better.
You may, said he, think what you please,
But that’s a sign of your disease;
You'll soon find out your sad mistake,
When ev'ry limb begins to ake;
Would Heav'n these eggs had all been addle,
With which your sister mix'd your cauldre:
For now the sad effects are seen.—
What do you by a cauldre mean?
Poor Nanny cries, in dreadful fright;
I still took cauldre ev'ry night,
And never thought it did me harm,
For it was always sweet and warm.
'Tis true, said he; but yet the drags
Have fill'd your belly full of eggs;
And, dearest Nanny, I'm in fear
A brood of chickens soon appear;
I know, my dear, 'twill be your case.
On this the tears ran down her face.
Dear Sir, she cried, oppress'd with grief,
Am I then lost past all relief?
Oh, how the shame my sorrow quickens;
Must I a mother be of chickens?
I see you are a skilful man,
For Heav'n's sake help me if you can.
Is there no cure? Yes, yes, said he,
If you will come this night to me,
I'll do my best, I do assure you,
To save your honour, and to cure you:
Mean time, if you desire to know,
If I have told the truth or no,
Put in your finger 'twixt your legs,
And try if you can reach the eggs.
His wicked orders she obey'd,
And to the place her hand convey'd;
Then said, Although my finger's small,
Yet I can make no way at all,
The passage is so very strait.
My dear, said he, till midnight wait;
If then you'll to my chamber creep,
I'll break three eggs before I sleep!
The rest I'll in the morning break;
But see, my dear, you do not speak
A single word of what I've said.
Trust me for that, replied the maid.

Night came, the people were asleep,
When Nanny from her bed did creep,
And to her longing lover went,
Who waking lay in great content.
Her taper legs by far excell'd
All that was ever yet beheld,
Nor could the statues of old Greece
Shew such a fair and finish'd piece.

This charming sight inspir'd the boy
With love and longing after joy;
While little Nanny play'd her part,
And gave him thanks with all her heart;
And, fondly kissing, said, My dear,
Should any signs of eggs appear,
Will you, to free me from my grief,
Afford poor Nanny such relief?

He swore he would. She swiftly rose,
And in a hurry pinn'd her clothes;
But, stealing gently to her bed,  
Her sister knew poor Nanny's tread;  
This brought strange fancies in her head;  
For guilty minds are never free  
From fears, and doubts, and jealousy.

So slyly slipping on her gown,  
Up stairs she came to Nanny Brown;  
And, coming suddenly upon her,  
Where have you been, my dame of honour?  
Said Mistress Jones; Come, tell me, sister.

Poor witless Nanny ran and kiss'd her.  
My dear, said she, since all is over,  
I think I may the truth discover.  
The candles I have lately taken  
(Would th' eggs had all been eat with bacon)  
Had sad effects, for let me tell ye,  
They fill'd with eggs my virgin belly;  
Your lodger, blessings on his face!

'Twas he who first found out my case,  
And told me what a sad disgrace  
It would be, were it understood  
That I of chickens had a brood.

This fill'd my tender heart with grief,  
But he, kind youth, brought quick relief;  
And said, if I'd come to his room,  
He would restore me to my bloom.

I went; he stripp'd me to the skin,  
He laid me down, thrust something in  
Just here, good sister, 'twixt my legs,  
And in an instant crush'd the eggs.
SONG.

Tune;—Wo's my heart that we should sunder.

Is Hamilla then my own!
O! the dear, the charming treasure;
Fortune now in vain shall frown;
All my future life is pleasure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry feature:
Smiling heav’n is in her face,
All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,
Rosy smiles, and kindling blushes!
Love sits laughing in her eyes,
And betrays her secret wishes.

Haste then from th’ Idalian grove,
Infant smiles, and sports, and graces;
Spread the downy couch for love,
And lull us in your sweet embraces.

Softest raptures, pure from noise,
This fair happy night surround us;
While a thousand sprightly joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unsour’d with care or strife,
Heav’n still guard this dearest blessing!
While we tread the path of life,
Loving still, and still possessing.
THE 'SQUIRE.

A TALE BY MYSELF.

Chers amis, fuyons le mariage,
Il n'est pas sage qui s'engage
Pour plus qu'un jour.

NOT long ago, in Lincolnshire,
There dwelt a rich and errant 'Squire,
Who only lov'd a country life,
And with all foxes was at strife;
Nor could a single hare have peace,
The 'Squire so much admir'd the chase;
And it was still his Worship's way,
To wind his horn at break of day;
The huntsman answer'd note for note,
And ev'ry beagle strain'd his throat,
From Rowzer down to little Lady,
Impatient till the 'Squire was ready;
Who dress'd as fast as he was able,
Then call'd the butler to the stable:
And said, Pray, Harry, have a care,
That we this day have noble fare;
The hunting-club must dine with me,
Some twenty-two or twenty-three:
Let's have enough, be sure of that,
I know the brindled ox was fat:
Roast you a sirloin, boil a rump,
My geese and turkeys are all plump;
And, if I am not much mistaken,
You still may get us beans and bacon;

The
The mutton now is very good,
Pray roast a shoulder in the blood;
My suckling-pigs are in their prime,
Stuff them with spearmint, chives, and thyme;
And draw the ponds, and get a dish
Of carp and tench, and other fish.

But, pox confound me for a sot,
The venison I had forgot,
Which seems to me exceeding odd;
Give us a pasty deep and broad,
And see the crust be season'd high,
'Twill make my honest neighbours dry;
And still the more my neighbours drink,
The more they'll of thy master think.
My pork is good, and strong my beer,
Pray, Harry, let no want appear;
You know they come but thrice a year.

But now I fear lest I be late:
Come, Roger, bring me creeping Kate,
Let Richard ride on wanton Willy,
And Tom upon the Yorkshire filly;
Let huntsman Dick, and little Sloan,
Ride on old Crop, and trusty Roan;
And mounted thus, I might defy
The king (God bless him) was he by;
For 'tis well known, I never wait
The opening of a five-bar gate;
But jump the gate, the hedge, or ditch,
Nor give a six-pence which is which;
Pray, Harry, see that all be ready,
Hoist Ruler, Rover, Bonny Lady!

K

Away
Away he rode, the day was fair;
They only meant to chase a hare,
But riding near some bushy rocks,
The 'Squire rous'd up a swinging fox;
He hoop'd the dogs, they got a view,
The hunters eagerly pursue;
Though over hill and dale they ran,
The 'Squire was still the foremost man;
He stopp'd at nothing in his way,
But follow'd close the stinking prey;
He saw his neighbours far behind,
This fill'd with joy is booby mind;
Their laziness he did despise,
While triumph sparkled in his eyes;
Then to his mare this speech address'd:
Ah! Kate, of hunters far the best,
What honour have we got this day?
There Jowler, Tickler, there the way;
See, Kate, our dogs are foremost too,
A joyful sight, A view! a view!
Kate seem'd to know her master's mind,
And left the very dogs behind;
And, riding up, they turn'd the fox,
When he had almost reach'd the rocks;
Never was heard a sweeter sound,
The 'Squire cheer'd up each breathless hound,
And echo answer'd all around.
Poor Renard saw the dogs appear,
And knew his death was drawing near,
Yet shed not one untimely tear;
And, though all hopes of life were past,
Resolv'd to fight it to the last.
The dogs came up, and stately Toper,
A hound the 'Squire had got from Roper,
Went boldly in; but Renard rose,
And bit the fav'rite by the nose;
His howling cries declare his smart,
And pierc'd his master to the heart.
Lady came in to help her brother,
Her sire the same, the same her mother;
But Renard let the dog escape,
And, never minding Lady's shape,
Scratch'd all her face, and tore her ear,
That to this day the scars appear;
Poor Lady_fill'd the air with cries,
And tears ran from her master's eyes;
He saw his dearest friends in pain,
And curs'd, but curses were in vain,
But Rowzer, though his teeth were gone,
And useless now to gnaw a bone;
Came angry up to her assistance,
And shew'd the folly of resistance;
For by the reins he seiz'd the fox,
(The murderer of hens and cocks)
And, throwing him upon his back,
Made every nerve and sinew crack.
While Renard thus expiring lay,
The dastard hounds that stood at bay,
Now valiantly rush on the prey;
The danger over, all grow stout,
And toss and draw the fox about.
Thus have I often seen of late,
A haughty minister of state,
With insolence bear all before him,
While sycophants and knaves adore him;
Till, one aspiring to be greater,
Impeach'd the statesman for a traitor.
A while he makes a brave defence,
Insisting on his innocence;
But when they make a home attack,
And once have thrown him on his back,
The little yelping curs come in
And tear and strip him to the skin.

But, laying similes aside,
The happy 'Squire did homewards ride,
The stinking vermin at his belt;
How powerful the booby smelt!

With grief he view'd poor Lady's ears,
And Toper's bloody nose with tears!
His heart was sore to see their pain,
But hoping they'd be well again,
And having honour got that day,
Rode cheerfully upon the way,
Till meeting with the hunting crew,
He from his side dead Renard threw;
His eyes their laziness upbraid,
And to them thus insulting said:

See what I've got by being keen!
Such sport I'm sure was never seen.
Then half an hour in nonsense spent,
To tell the way that Renard went;
And brought his story to a close,
By shewing Toper's bloody nose.
While thus the 'Squire rehearse'd the chase,
Envy appear'd in ev'ry face;
They grim'd at Kate that ran so fast,
And curs'd the 'Squire himself at last;
But he, ne'er angry at the matter,
Declar'd that Crop still gallop'd better;
And leap'd o'er all came in his way,
As he could shew them any day;
But now he by his stomach knew,
That it was drawing near to two.
Come, let's away to Booby-Hall,
We'll get enough to serve us all.

They went, and had a plenteous meal;
But it would quite debase my tale,
Should I repeat their rustic sayings,
Or mirth more loud than asses' Brayings;
But, after four hours pass'd at dinner,
The company grew something thinner;
For all went off but eight or nine,
Who meant to sup as well as dine.

The 'Squire, who lov'd to toss the can,
Now thought himself a happy man;
He kiss'd his friends; and rang for Hal,
And bade him go to Cook-maid Mall,
And, as she hopes to be a bride,
Tell her this moment to provide
A supper, that is good and right,
To please the taste as well as sight.

Meantime
Meantime he drove the glass about,
Some swallow'd port, and others stout;
And gravely all their stories told,
And feats of hunting new and old.

When a young Knight, an artful man,
To talk of womankind began;
But first a bawdy catch he sung.
My friends, said he, you all are young,
And in the chase your time employ;
But, if you once would taste the joy,
The rapture, and the vast delight,
That women can afford at night,
You soon would slight this toilsome life,
And each of you would take a wife;
If you would only take the leisure,
To think upon the nightly pleasure
That it would be, when, after sport,
You weary to your homes resort,
To find a young and handsome lady,
That's ever willing, ever ready,
To fold you in her snowy arms,
And let you taste much sweeter charms
Than e'er you dreamt of in your life;
O! the dear comfort of a wife!

The 'Squire, who had at London been,
And had the toasts and beauties seen,
Burst out a-laughing at the tale,
And said, May thunder sour my ale,
If I would give a truss of straw
For any woman e'er I saw
At London, for I have been there;
I saw a woman they call'd fair,
But, when compar'd with little Tipsy,
The London lady is a gipsy,
And may I never want the itch,
If I'd not sooner kiss that bitch
Than any woman e'er I knew;
Believe me, friends, I tell you true.

The Knight replied, 'tis very well;
Strange stories of yourself you tell;
But pray, good 'Squire, have ever you
With womankind had aught to do?

Not I, good faith, replied the 'Squire,
Nor ever had the least desire;
Nor did I e'er my mind perplex,
To know the difference of the sex.
My cook-maid brews me ale and beer,
Can roast and boil, and make good cheer;
My maids can wash and darn my linen,
While others are employ'd in spinning;
I have a dairy-maid beside,
Who Sunday next will be a bride;
Farther than that, upon my life,
I nothing know of maid or wife;
But I have talk'd with those who had,
Who swore they all were bitter bad.

They told you so, the Knight reply'd,
Believe me, 'Squire, the villains ly'd,
As you will own, if you but try
A maid I'll shew you by and by,
With whom I meant to pass the night:
The girl is handsome, young and tight:
Ah, friend! if you but knew the pleasure,
You'd dote upon it out of measure;
No more you'd on fox-hunting think,
Nay, for a woman, leave your drink.

At this the booby shook his head,
And smiling said, 'Od strike me dead,
If I believe that I shall find
Such mighty joys in womankind
As what you speak of! Let me die,
Did I with twenty women lie,
If I should like, or Nan, or Joan,
By half so well as Crop or Roan;
Yet faith, my friend, I can't deny
But that I have a mind to try;
And, if what you have said is true,
I'll own myself oblig'd to you:
But you must put me on the way,
To get a girl that 's frank and gay,
Who will no scruple make to shew
A learner what he ought to do.

The Knight on this grew wond'rous merry,
And, smiling said, you 've seen young Cherry,
The daughter of the parish clerk,
This night will meet me in the dark;
There 's not a lass in Lincolnshire
Has half her beauty, half her fire.
Black-ey'd and wanton, young and fair,
(I'm sure she 'll fit you to a hair)

I 'll.
I'll try to fetch her to your bed,
She well deserves your maidenhead;
Such is the love I bear to you,
That this, or any thing I'll do,
That can afford you any pleasure,
For, faith, I love you out of measure.
When Cherry comes, I'll to her go,
And let the little charmer know,
That I desire that she, this night,
May entertain you with delight;
She shall consent, and you will find
What joys are found in womankind.

The 'Squire was overjoy'd at this,
And gave the Knight a hearty kiss.
The pimp went out to meet the punk,
The supper came, the 'Squires got drunk
With Bar-a-Bar, and old October;
Our 'Squire alone continued sober,
For on his new adventure thinking,
Had ta'en away the thoughts of drinking.

Meantime his friend, the pimping spark,
Had met the daughter of the clerk,
To whom he all the story told.
Cherry at first began to scold;
But when he argu'd on the matter,
She came to like the project better.
Cherry, said he, there's none can tell
But what we've done may make you swell;
If so, my dear, had you not rather
Choose for your child a richer father?
For though I am a Knight, yet he
Has greater wealth by far than me,
And may maintain both it and you.
Good faith, said Cherry, that is true,
And I shall do what you desire;
But, ere you bring me to the 'Squire,
I beg, sweet Sir (and here she stopp’d,
And a low country curt’sey dropp’d),
You’d mind the cause that brought me here!
No doubt of that, said he, my dear.

Then kissing the kind-hearted lass,
Did lay her gently on the grass,
And there so well young Cherry pleas’d,
That she confess her heart was eas’d;
And, springing up, when all was over,
Begg’d he would lead her to her lover.

He told her, as they walk’d along,
That though the 'Squire was young and strong,
Had store of health, was never ill,
Yet that he was a virgin still;
And begg’d that she would play her part.
She, laughing said, With all my heart.
A virgin 'Squire! I’m glad of that;
I soon shall teach him what is what.
That’s all I ask, replied the Knight;
But I’ll go see if all be right.

Away he went; in haste came back,
The 'Squire said he, is on the rack,
Has made his bed in his best room,
And has this half hour burnt perfume;
Drest in his night-gown, and in linen,
He swears is of his grannum's spinning.
The guests and servants are asleep,
And in the house such snoring keep;
A drum can't wake them; let's away,
You must not make his honour stay.

Then leading Cherry to the 'Squire,
Her beauty set his soul on fire;
Dear Knight, he cried, what charms are there,
Confound me, but she's very fair!
Dare I adventure on a kiss?
Art sure she will not take't amiss?

Amiss! said Cherry, not at all;
What brought me here to Booby-Hall!
I mean to lie with you all night,
And to instruct you in delight.

By Jove, he cried, 'tis kindly said!
And, blushing, kiss'd the wanton maid.
Cherry repays the kiss, and slips
Her tongue between his honour's lips;
This to the 'Squire was wholly new:
Dear Knight, he cried, you've told me true;
I never felt the like of this,
Can there be yet a greater bliss?

Yes, to be sure, replied the Knight,
And you shall know it all to-night.
Come, Cherry, my dear wanton elf,
Come quickly and undress yourself;
The girl was in a merry mood,
And in a moment naked stood;
The 'Squire all trembling and amaz'd,
Upon the wanton harlot gaz'd:
But soon the Knight the sheets laid down,
And made the 'Squire throw off his gown;
And said, To bed. They both obey;
But yet the 'Squire at distance lay,
Till Cherry, turning to the Knight,
Tipp'd him the wink, and said, Good-night;
'Tis now high time that you retire,
And leave me with the modest 'Squire.

The Knight withdrew, the candles burn'd,
When Cherry to the booby turn'd;
And, not designing to be nice,
Down went the bed-clothes in a trice;
She shew'd her shapes, the gazing 'Squire
Was overcome with strong desire;
A fever seiz'd on ev'ry part,
The blood went mantling to his heart;
His bosom heav'd, his eyes grew dim,
And quiv'ring nerves shook ev'ry limb;
While Cherry, who his transports saw,
Did nearer to his worship draw;
Nature, she saw, had done her part,
The booby only wanted art:
And, fearing he'd let go his fire,
She twin'd her arms about the 'Squire,
And, turning him upon her breast,
She made him;—you may guess the rest.

Quite ravish'd with th' ecstatic blessing,
Unutterable, past expressing,
The happy 'Squire transported lay,
And breath'd in sighs his soul away;
But coming to himself at last,
And thinking on the pleasure past,
He laid all bashfulness aside,
And warmly hugg'd his loving guide;
No longer trembling, nor afraid,
He view'd, with joy, the panting maid;
He saw her lovely bosom bare,
Her strawberry nipples made him stare;
But as he thus her beauties ey'd,
Cherry all farther sight deny'd;
And, giving him a dove-like kiss,
Provok'd him to renew the bliss.
Such dove-like kisses never fail
To raise the spirits of the male;
For lips to lips, and tongue to tongue,
Will make a man of sixty young;
No wonder then our youthful 'Squire
With such a kiss was set on fire,
That, without any more delay,
He vig'rously renew'd the play.

This rapture far excell'd the first,
And only did increase his thirst;
Cherry was pleas'd with what he did,
Nor from him any secret hid;
The 'Squire now lower turn'd his eyes,
And view'd her belly with surprise;
It was so round, so smooth, so white,
That, overcome with new delight,
He needed now no dove-like kiss
To prompt him on to farther bliss.
    This joy excell'd the other two,
And ev'ry kiss still sweeter grew,
That now he meant to please his sight,
And view the seat of soft delight.

    Cherry, who was content that he
Should every thing about her see,
Without a blush upon her face,
Pull'd up her smock, and shew'd the place;
But, when he saw it look'd so grim,
A trembling seiz'd on ev'ry limb;
Alas! he cried, What 's that I see!
I am bewitch'd, it cannot be;
Have you, he said, no other toy?
For that could never give me joy.

    No, faith, replied the laughing dame,
I have no play-thing but the same;
But if, my dear, you think I lie,
'Tis only getting up to try.
Yes, marry will I, said the 'Squire,
I find I am again a-fire;
Then laying her fair legs aside,
No more would trust it with a guide;
For it seem'd very strange to him,
A thing so hairy, and so grim,
And what might stoutest hearts affright;
Should yield such pleasure and delight.

    Kind Cherry let him take his way,
And would not interrupt his play,
But, soon as he had hit the place,
Inclos'd him in a strict embrace;
Her pliant limbs were round him twin'd;
And, while in am'rous folds confin'd,
His eyes and lips with fervour kiss'd,
And almost made him more than bless'd,
While in his mouth her nimble tongue,
To love the last alarum rung;
The joyous summons both obey,
And in soft raptures melt away;
Of speech and breath at once depriv'd
They lay, when their kind pimp arriv'd,
Who, by their looks, perceiv'd that they
His coming curs'd, and that of day.
Good 'Squire, said he, I hope you're merry,
What think you of your little Cherry?
Have I told lies, or spoke the truth?
By Jove, replied the panting youth,
No tongue can speak, no pen can write,
The pleasure and the vast delight
I have enjoy'd this happy night!
I ne'er can weary of this sport,
And think the night has been too short;
Indeed, my friend, you're come too soon,
Would it had not been day till noon;
'Tis true, I have not shut my eyes,
But sleep's a trifle I despise,
Nor can I let dear Cherry rise.
Ah, friend! can we not find a way,
To keep the charmer all the day?
I scorn my hounds, despise the chase,
While thus the fair one I embrace:
The fields no more can give delight.
'Tis very well, replied the Knight;
I told you, if you 'd try the bliss,
You would no more the beagles kiss;
And now you see I 've told you true;
But what shall we with Cherry do,
If she consent to stay with you?
Your friends and servants all will stare.
For that, said he, I do not care,
Since I can order matters so,
They never shall the secret know.

Yet, why should I my pleasure steal?
Or be at trouble to conceal
The rapture, and the vast delight,
That Cherry gives me in the night?
My servants cheerfully obey,
And shall to Cherry homage pay;
Tell me, dear child, do you agree
To stay for good and all with me?

She hugg'd him close, and stopp'd his breath,
Then said, My dear, I 'll stay till death;
And to the Knight, said with a smile,
I beg your absence for a while.

The pimping Knight on that withdrew,
And stole away an hour or two;
When he was gone, she kiss'd the 'Squire,
And fondly said, If you desire
To keep me here, I'll gladly stay,
And serve you both by night and day,
In ev'ry thing, and ev'ry way;
I'll stitch and sing, while it is light,
And to your bed dance ev'ry night;
New joys I shall each hour afford,
And wanton be at bed and board.
Last night, when to your bed I came,
You were a novice at the game;
I've taught you now a little skill,
But I have more to teach you still.
Lie thus, dear Sir, I'll get above,
And teach you a new feat of love;
When I have got you once below me,
Kick as you will, you shall not throw me;
For though I ne'er a hunting rid,
I'll sit as fast as if I did;
Nor do I any stirrup need,
To help me up upon my steed.

This said, her legs she open'd wide,
And on her lover got astride,
And, being in her saddle plac'd,
Most lovingly the 'Squire embrac'd,
Who view'd the wanton fair with wonder,
And smil'd to see her keep him under;
While she, to shew she would not tire,
Spurr'd like a fury on the 'Squire,
And though she ne'er had rid in France,
She made him caper, curvet, dance,
Till both of them fell in a trance.
'Twas long ere either did recover,  
At last she kiss'd her panting lover,  
And, sweetly smiling in his face,  
She ask'd him how he lik'd that chase?  
He scarce could speak, his breath was short,  
But, sighing, answer'd, Noble sport!  
I'd give the best horse in my stable,  
That either you or I were able  
To ride another, for I own  
There never was such pastime known.  
   This answer pleas'd the frolic maid,  
She suck'd his breath, and, laughing, said,  
If you, good Sir, resolve to try  
Another gallop, here am I,  
Ready to answer your desire,  
Nor will you find me apt to tire  
In such a chase; I'll lay a crown,  
Start you the game, I'll run it down.  
   The 'Squire o'erjoy'd at what she said,  
Hugg'd to his breast the sprightly maid,  
For he was young and full of vigour,  
And Cherry was a lovely figure;  
Was ever cheerful, brisk, and gay,  
And had a most enticing way;  
She kiss'd his eyes, she bit his breast,  
Nor did her nimble fingers rest,  
Till he had all his toil forgot,  
And found his blood was boiling hot.  
While Cherry, who was in her prime,  
Still knew, and always nick'd her time;
Bestridd the am'rous 'Squire once more,
And gallop'd faster than before;
Fearing the Knight might interrupt her,
She toss'd and twirl'd upon her crupper;
Nor did she let her tongue lie idle,
But thrust it in by way of bridle,
And, giving him a close embrace,
Did finish the delightful chase.

The Knight came in, and found them lying
Quite breathless, speechless, fainting, dying;
Depriv'd of sense, depriv'd of sight,
Absorb'd in bliss, and fond delight.
Dear 'Squire, he said, get up, for shame,
Are you not weary'd with the game?
Your guests are dress'd, and in the hall,
And for strong beer and nutmeg call;
They ask for you; get up, I pray,
Else all of them will go away.

The 'Squire look'd up, and with a groan,
Said, Would to heav'n they all were gone!
Sure you may see it by my eyes,
That I have little heart to rise;
Then kissing Cherry, said, Dear Knight,
This girl has giv'n me more delight
Than in my life I ever knew,
Believe me, faith, I tell you true,
And, while I live, I still shall own,
That all the joys that I have known,
I owe to you, and you alone;
'Twas you brought Cherry to my arms,
And made me know ten thousand charms.
What though my way and speech be rude,
My soul is full of gratitude;
Heav'n grant that I may find a way,
Your matchless favours to repay.

Hold, cried the Knight, too much you've said,
I'm glad you like the pretty maid;
I own, dear 'Squire, it gave me pain,
To see you waste your time in vain,
Pursing foxes, hares, and deer,
And swallowing floods of ale and beer;
While you would never take the leisure,
To think on love, the greatest pleasure;

I wanted you should taste the bliss,
But since you know what loving is,
I hope you'll now on woman think,
And value beauty more than drink;
And now, I think, since you approve
The maid who taught you first to love,
You'd better keep her to yourself:
I'll answer for the smiling elf,
She's young and handsome, frank and kind,
And to no wickedness inclin'd;
Though I, quite ravish'd with her charms,
Decoy'd her to my longing arms;
Yet I dare pawn my soul, that she,
Ne'er knew another man but me,
Until last night I brought her here.—

Speak boldly, Cherry; do, my dear.

The fair one blush'd, and smiling said,
I own the Knight my youth betray'd;
I'm very young, have little seen,
Till May-day I am not sixteen;
The Knight is handsome, young, and gay,
And made my thoughtless heart his prey;
When that was gone, you may believe,
I gave him all I had to give;
But may I ever be accurs'd
If, from the day I saw him first,
If any other man but he
Had any thing to say to me;
And little did I think last night,
To meet with any but the Knight;
I lov'd him; nay, I love him still,
And he can tell, I took it ill
When he desir'd I'd come to you;
Indeed, Sir, what I say is true;
I wept, I scolded, and look'd sour;
But over me he had such pow'r,
That I no longer could resist.
This said, the list'ning 'Squire she kiss'd,
And said, I never shall repent
That to his will I gave consent;
For, let him take it ill or well,
The truth, and nothing else I'll tell,
That he in this one happy night,
Has let me know much more delight
Than e'er you gave me in a week,
And you may, by his blushing cheek,
Perceive that I have told the truth;
And now, my dear, my charming youth,
Do with poor Cherry what you will,
And let me go, or keep me still;
Yet it will break my tender heart,
If you and Cherry ever part.

- On this the loving creature cried.

No fear of that, the 'Squire replied;
Dry up your tears, from grief be free,
I ne'er intend to part with thee;
I've wealth enough; I'll keep thee high;
I'm young enough; then why should I,
Now that I know what pleasure is,
Deny myself in any bliss?

But now, dear Cherry, I must rise;
And, since you have not shut your eyes,
Come, try to sleep; and when my guests,
Those noisy, hunting, drunken beasts
Are gone, I'll come to bed, and try
If I can sleep when you are by:

And now, dear Knight, to whom I owe
Those joys, those raptures that I know;
With me, and mine, do what you will,
We shall be at your service still.

He kiss'd the nymph, put on his gown,
And to the hall in haste went down;
Meantime the Knight with Cherry said,
And ask'd if all was true she said
About the 'Squire. She said, so true,
That, if he thus his love pursue,
I'll be too weak; for I discover
Such actions in this youthful lover,
That, if he nightly thus performs,
I'll die love's martyr in his arms;
For I with toil am quite oppress'd,
And beg you'd leave me to my rest;
Dear Sir, farewell: The pimp retir'd,
And lock'd the door, as was desir'd.

He found the 'Squire amongst his guests,
Who talk'd of hunting, and of feasts;
The 'Squire confess'd, that for his part,
He lov'd fox-hunting in his heart;
But I've, said he, somewhat to do,
That will take up a week or two;
A fortnight hence you may command me.—
Here, Harry, bring the orange-brandy!
Before we part, let's have a dram.
The butler and the bottle came;
They drank it out, on horseback got,
And homewards to their dinners trot.

The pimping Knight still with him staid,
And told him how he left the maid,
Fatigu'd and weary, fast asleep;
And now, if you're resolv'd to keep
The charming creature for your use,
'Tis fit the folks about your house
Should every one receive their cue,
And pay your mistress what's her due.

Leave that to me, replied the 'Squire;
But I've a favour to desire,
Yet I'm afraid you'll take it ill.
So I, said he, be what it will.
I shall not, by this friendly kiss,  
Take any thing you ask amiss;  
Nay, any thing I’ll undertake,  
For you, or your dear Cherry’s sake.

Dear friend, I thank you, said the 'Squire;  
The favour that I would desire  
Is, that you 'd take my coach and go  
To Lincoln straight, and there bestow  
Two hundred pounds; for I design  
To make the charming creature shine  
In ev'ry thing that 's rich and fine;  
I 'd go myself, but that, I swear,  
I do not know what women wear,  
Nor know I any one can do  
A thing like that so well as you;  
And now, dear Knight, do you agree  
To be at all this toil for me?

Yes, said the Knight, with great content.  
The coach was got, away he went.  
Meantime the 'Squire bid Harry call  
The other servants to the hall.  
They came, and thus his worship spoke:  
Although I hate the marriage yoke,  
Yet I have got a friend above,  
Whom better than a wise I love;  
And here I tell you, I expect  
You 'll treat my mistress with respect.

The butler answer’d for the rest,  
And bowing, said, they 'd do their best.  
'Tis very well, replied the 'Squire,  
And you may for this time retire;
But, as they went, he call'd to Harry,
And bid him brew some old Canary,
With sugar, eggs, and cinnamon,
And bring it to his room anon;
The damask room, for there I lie,
Perhaps my mistress may be dry.

The servants, who their master lov'd,
And ev'ry thing he did approv'd,
To shew their zeal for their new lady,
Made haste to get the cauldle ready.
The 'Squire had got to bed by this,
And wak'd his dear one with a kiss:
My life, said he, the guests are gone,
And you and I are left alone;
The Knight is likewise gone to Lincoln,
To do what you but little think on;
I've call'd the servants to the hall,
And there have told them, one and all,
That from this hour, I did expect
That they would treat you with respect;
For, though I did not mean to wed,
Yet I had got a friend in bed,
That I would keep while I had life,
And love far better than a wife:
They all were glad, and swore that they
Would cheerfully your will obey;
And trusty Hall, and my nurse Mary,
Are bringing up some warm Canary,
Mix'd with sugar, eggs, and spices;
For nurse is good at these devices.
As thus he spoke, they both came up;  
The nurse brought in the cauldle-cup,  
While Harry, who was half a quack,  
To fortify his master's back,  
Brought sily up, upon two plates,  
Eringo roots and strength'ning dates.

The nurse fell down upon her knees,  
And did the fair one's finger seize;  
A thousand times her hand she kiss'd,  
And said, Be thou for ever bless'd;  
This sight is what I long'd to see,  
Ten thousand blessings light on thee;  
These many years I've been afraid,  
He never would have kiss'd a maid;  
But now my heart o'erflows with joy,  
To see this spirit in the boy:  
Dear creature, grant me one request,  
Hug my dear fondling to your breast.

Cherry obey'd the nurse in this,  
And gave the 'Squire a glowing kiss;  
This he with zeal did soon repay,  
And almost suck'd her breath away.

Nurse wept for joy, and call'd to Harry,  
I see it is no time to tarry;  
I'll leave the cup, leave you the plate,  
When they are hungry let them eat;  
But now, for all this world's vast treasure,  
I would not interrupt their pleasure.

Down stairs the nurse and Harry ran,  
While Cherry and the 'Squire began
Their loves, till both, with joy oppress'd,
Sunk down at once to pleasing rest.
Mean time their pimp, with great content,
In coach and six to Lincoln went,
Where he did ev'ry thing provide,
That might become the gayest bride;
Her gowns of silver were and silk,
Her Flanders lace was white as milk:
Of finest Holland were her smocks,
Her stockings white, with silver clocks;
Gloves, shoes, and ribbons, all things fit,
Nor did he the large hoop omit:
All these he saw pack'd up with care,
And did not any labour spare
To serve his friend: but, ah! who can
Find out the treachery of man?
For, though the Knight appear'd so kind,
He was a traitor in his mind;
He never knew what friendship was,
But meant to make the 'Squire an ass;
He saw him careless, young, and rich,
And thought, if once he could bewitch
His soul with joys, till then unknown,
He might secure him as his own;
'Twas for this end that he betray'd
Fair Cherry, fond believing maid;
Hoping her beauty would inspire
The thoughtless youth with warm desire;
And, when he had his passion eas'd,
He'd make him change her when he pleas'd.
He had a sister of his own,
The fairest creature e'er was known;
At London bred, a flaming toast,
But lately had her honour lost;
For she, from shame and virtue free,
Gave up herself to that degree,
That, notwithstanding all her charms,
The youngest men forsook her arms.
Thus it was when an honest tar,
A captain of a man of war,
Return'd from sea, beheld the maid,
And, by her matchless charms betray'd,
Wedded the dame; but he next day
His orders got, and sail'd away;
And such his haste to get the tide,
He wanted time to see his bride;
Who now had scarce left any thing,
Except her clothes and wedding-ring.
And now, not knowing what to do,
No lover left her, old or new,
She in the coach secur'd a place,
And to her brother wrote her case;
He in the country pass'd his days,
And ne'er had heard of Fanny's ways;
So, when the doleful letter came,
He mourn'd the ill-conducted dame;
He went to Grantham, met her there.
She cried and sobb'd; he said, Forbear;
Forbear, dear Fanny, cease to grieve,
We cannot what is past retrieve;
Take comfort, child, and live with me,
The wicked wretch that ruin'd thee
Ere this lies buried in the sea:
The country ladies will be glad,
That any one in London bred
Comes down, to shew them something new,
And they will all be fond of you.

This said, she with her brother went,
And by the way shew'd discontent;
And did, by thoughtless hints discover,
The tar was not her only lover.

Fanny, said he, I pray be plain,
Since all evasions are in vain;
Tell me, if you have been too free?
I fear the worst: confess to me:
Your by-past faults I will conceal,
And serve you with a brother's zeal;
I never lik'd your London breeding;
Tell me the life you have been leading.

Brother, said she, I must confess,
I've past my time in wickedness;
In ev'ry thing I've been to blame,
But why should I repeat my shame?
Think what you will, but God forbid,
That I should tell you what I did.
But yet I meant to change my life,
And so became the captain's wife;
But he, base monster, soon at morn
Left me distracted and forlorn.
On this whole floods ran from her eyes;
She kneel'd, her brother bid her rise;
And said, Poor Fanny, I am sorry
'To hear your melancholy story;
You cannot what is past repair,
But for the future have a care;
Lay all your wanton airs aside,
Let virtue seem your only guide,
Your loose desires with care control,
Nor let your eyes betray your soul;
Seem innocent, exceeding nice,
Appear a foe to ev'ry vice;
If thus you cautiously behave,
We may, perhaps, your credit save.

Poor Fanny kiss'd his hand, and said,
He should in all things be obey'd;
Each thing that's ill with care I'll shun,
But can you pardon what I've done?

Yes, by this kiss, the Knight reply'd,
But, Fanny, let your eyes be dry'd;
If any understand your grief,
Then you are ruin'd, past relief;
Let no fond look your guilt betray,
You may be innocent and gay.
If thus you will be rul'd by me,
I hope I shall poor Fanny see,
In marriage join'd to a young 'Squire,
The richest in all Lincolnshire.

'Twas thus they talk'd, and long ere night
They reach'd the dwelling of the Knight.
Miss Fanny put on decent airs,
And manag'd all the Knight's affairs;
Liv'd very modest, yet look'd gay,
And quite had chang'd her London way;
Her neighbours prais'd the virtuous dame,
And fill'd the country with her fame.

The Knight, who was from honour free,
Long thought upon a way how he
Might fodder up poor Fanny's fame,
And get a husband for the dame;
Who, smitten by her pow'rful charms,
Might blindly take her to his arms;
Riches was what he did desire,
This made him pitch upon the 'Squire;
Besides, he saw he little knew,
And only did his sport pursue.

Resolv'd that he should be the man,
The Knight most artfully began
To flatter the unthinking 'Squire,
And doing what he did desire.
With him he would the fox pursue,
Yet keep his sister in his view;
And 'midst of all their noisy drinking,
Was still upon lost Fanny thinking;
Yet one thing did his heart perplex,
He saw the 'Squire despis'd the sex;
Yet thought, if he could find a way
To make him try the am'rous play,
He then might bring the easy 'Squire
To do whate'er he did desire.
This made him, like a hellish imp,
Debauch young Cherry, then turn pimp;
And it was for his sister's sake
He did his shameful journey make;
And run about from door to door,
To buy new rigging for a whore;
But, when a man's from morals free,
He soon forgets his pedigree,
And may do things more sinister,
Than pimping for a friend or sister.

But, to return where I digress'd,
The crafty Knight such zeal express'd,
That he of each thing got the best,
That by a duchess might be wore;
All this into an inn he bore,
Then brought a trunk, and pack'd up all,
And drove away to Booby-Hall,

'Twas six at night ere he got there,
And found the nurse at mighty care,
That not so much as cat or mouse,
Should make disturbance in the house.

Dear Sir, said she, but whisper'd low,
While her old eyes with pleasure glow,
Our 'Squire has got a maid a-bed,
Whose face is purest white and red,
Had you but seen their close embraces,
Their mixing legs, their joining faces,
It would have made you mad with joy—
O the sweet girl, and dearer boy!
They have not stirr'd; I won't say that,
Since you may guess what they've been at;
But yet they have not call'd this day,
Since your good worship went away;
All day I've kept the house in quiet,
While Harry is preparing diet,
Such as was ne'er in Booby-Hall
And will be ready at a call.

The Knight reply'd, 'Tis very well;
But, nurse, I must a secret tell:
He pass'd the night in wanton play,
And if he likewise adds the day,
The tender youth may be the worse;
But, hark! they call. Up went the nurse,
And running in, 'Dear Sir, she said,
The Knight's below, and is afraid
That you and she, dear lovely elves,
Have over-toil'd and kill'd yourselves.

The 'Squire reply'd, His fears are vain;
Though we have fought, we are not slain.
Said Cherry, Bid the Knight come up;
But reach me first the cauldle-cup.

The nurse with cheerfulness obey'd;
The Knight, who heard each word she said,
In his own arms brought up the trunk,
When Cherry, smiling to him, drunk.
Pledge me, dear Knight, 'tis to the 'Squire,
My heart's delight, my soul's desire;
Long may he live, and still employ
His days in mirth, his nights in joy,
And may his pleasures never cloy.
God's blessings on your heart, my fair,
Said nurse; I thank you for that prayer,
And may he dangle on a tree,
Whoever wishes harm to thee;
There let him hang, there let him rot,
And be his memory forgot.

Well pray'd on both sides, said the Knight,
But now 'tis wearing towards night;
Had you not better rise a while,
And with good cheer the hours beguile?
Supper was ready ere I came;
Get up, good 'Squire: for you, my dame,
Since you belong unto the 'Squire,
'Tis fit you change your coarse attire;
I've brought you clean and dainty linen,
Much finer than this country's spinning;
The nurse will shift you, I presume,
Till then 'tis fit to leave the room;
When that is over, I desire
To dress you in your new attire.

This said, he took the caudle-cup,
While Cherry and the 'Squire got up;
But who can Cherry's joys express,
When she beheld the charming dress?
In all her life she ne'er had seen,
Linen by half so sweet or clean;
Her stockings gave her vast delight,
And in her heart she bless'd the Knight;
Her under petticoat was stitch'd,
And with a silver lace enrich'd;
But, when the Knight put on the rest,
Her wonder could not be express'd;
She look'd on all things with surprise,
And pleasure sparkled in her eyes.

At last, from head to foot equipp'd,
She to the mirror nimbly tripp'd;
But, missing the plain country lass,
She saw a lady in the glass;
So richly dress'd, so red, so white,
She was astonish'd with delight;
But when she knew her image there,
Strange rapture seiz'd the wond'ring fair:
Her soul was fill'd with vast content,
Yet to the hall she trembling went.

The 'Squire, with joy, beheld her charms,
And clasp'd her in his loving arms;
Welcome, he said, my charming fair;
However chang'd in dress and air!
Let other women value dress,
Who to the shops owe their success,
Each thing you wear a charm conceals,
And from my eyes a beauty steals;
'Tis you, my dear, alone can boast,
That naked you can charm the most.

As thus they talk'd, the supper came;
The servants all admir'd the dame:
They made good cheer; and, while they sat,
Did pass the time in merry chat;
The 'Squire and Cherry prais'd the Knight,
And wish'd to Heav'n they could requite
His favours to them, for they swore,
They ne'er had known such joys before.

The Knight upon his soul declar'd,
He scorn'd the thoughts of all reward,
And said, I had no other end,
But to oblige and serve my friend;
And if I could do any thing
That to the 'Squire would pleasure bring,
I would be happy; for in truth,
I long have lov'd the hopeful youth.

'Twas thus they talk'd, when careful nurse,
Fearing the 'Squire should be the worse
With sitting up, came smiling in,
And Cherry chuck'd beneath the chin,
And said, My dear, and pretty lady,
Your chamber and the posset's ready;
'Tis wearing late, the nights are raw,
I wish you would to bed withdraw.

Last night, my little wanton elves,
You stole to bed quite by yourselves;
But now I hope to tuck you in,
And, ere your gambols you begin,
I hope you will my posset try;
You'll break my heart, if you deny.

To bed they went, and there they past
That night as they had done the last:
Such happy nights they long enjoy'd,
Nor was the 'Squire nor Cherry cloy'd;
For he was constant, she was true,
And fonder, by enjoyment, grew.
But, while they bill'd like turtle-doves,
The Knight grew weary of their loves;
He saw the 'Squire so lov'd the maid,
That he began to be afraid
His sister, spite of all her charms,
Would scarcely gain him to her arms.
This made him all his wit employ,
In thinking how he might destroy
The peace of these two happy lovers;
But yet his fraud with friendship covers.

One day, while in the house he staid,
He slyly did the 'Squire upbraid.
Dear friend, said he, I wonder you
No more the fox nor hare pursue;
Your jolly neighbours rise ere day,
And chase, till noon, the trembling prey,
Then, o'er their cups, insulting say,
Where is the 'Squire, so fam'd of late?
Or where is Roan, or Creeping Kate?
No more he hunts, no more makes merry,
But stays at home and toys with Cherry.

E'en let them laugh, the 'Squire reply'd,
I laugh'd at love before I try'd;
But, since I know what loving is,
In it I've center'd all my bliss.
'Tis very true, reply'd the Knight,
Dear Sir, I think you in the right;
Yet you have time for love and sport,
For now the nights are not so short,
But, though you ride about all day,
You'll find them long enough for play;
Beside, dear friend, if you pursue
Your pleasure at the rate you do,
Of love you'll lose the relish quite,
And get a surfeit of delight;
But if that, twice or thrice a week,
You'd in the fields your pleasure seek,
And meet your friends by break of day,
Hunt hare and fox, be brisk and gay,
Dine where they dine, and never shrink,
And, like yourself, pull off your drink;
At night in Cherry's arms embrac'd,
You'll find each kiss much sweeter taste;
Believe me, friend, 'tis truth I say;
Besides you know, next hunting-day
It is my turn to entertain
The sportsmen and their jolly train;
But if, dear friend, you do not come,
Their presence will be troublesome:
Though I might ask this boon of you,
As what is to my friendship due,
Yet I shall make it my request,
That you may come and be my guest.

The 'Squire, though now he scorn'd the chase,
Yet gave his friend a strict embrace;
And, looking on him, smiling, said,
Dear friend, how could you be afraid
That I'd refuse what you desir'd,
Though you a greater thing requir'd?
No, I am thine to that degree,
That through the world I'd go with thee;
Then seal'd his promise with a kiss.
The Knight was overjoy'd at this,
And told him that the 'squires had fix'd
To dine with him on Tuesday next;
That now he must go home to see
That ev'ry thing in order be.

He took his leave, and homewards went;
But, on his neighbour's ruin bent,
Thought how he might his heart betray,
By throwing Fanny in his way.

The wish'd-for day at last appear'd,
And nought but hounds and horns were heard:
The 'Squire abruptly left his joys,
While Cherry trembled at the noise;
Her lovely cheeks were bath'd with tears,
Yet knew no reason for her fears.

The hunters met; they rous'd a deer;
The 'Squire at first lagg'd in the rear;
But, fearing he might lose his fame,
Or Roan or Cherry get the blame,
Spurr'd up, and to the foremost came;
Then rode so fast, that all did yield
To him the honour of the field.

The 'Squire, with his just praises proud,
Smil'd inwardly, but spoke aloud:
You see, my friends, though I of late
Have neither rode on Roan or Kate,
Yet we can shew, when there is need,
That none of us have lost our speed.

Spoke like a young man in his prime,
The Knight reply'd; but now 'tis time

We
We go and eat. They all consent,
And with the Knight to dinner went,
Who kindly welcom'd ev'ry guest,
But hugg'd our 'Squire close to his breast.

The dinner and Miss Fanny came,
All eyes were fix'd upon the dame;
The country 'squires were all amaz'd,
And on the fair with wonder gaz'd;
In all their lives they ne'er had seen
Such beauty, nor so free a rien;
So sweet a face, so fine an air,
Her smiling mouth, her coal-black hair,
Her rising breast, her sparkling eyes,
Fill'd ev'ry booby with surprise;
That, quite confounded with the sight,
They stood astonish'd, till the Knight
Told them it was his only sister;
On which they all went up and kiss'd her;
And, while her praises they proclaim'd,
Poor modest Fanny seem'd asham'd.

They took their places at the last,
But still their eyes on Fanny cast,
Who carv'd, and gave about the meat,
As long as any guest could eat;
Yet seem'd to be at greater care
To serve the 'Squire than any there;
Who in a bumper drank her health,
And took a look or two by stealth.
But, when the cloth was ta'en away,
Fair madam would no longer stay;
But making court'sies to them all,
Most decently forsook the hall,
With sportsmen, soon as they have din’d,
’T has been the way, time out of mind,
To tell the feats at hunting done,
And how their dogs and horses run;
But now they nam’d nor dog nor horse,
But chang’d the subject of discourse:
They only talk’d how Fanny charm’d,
How ev’ry look their bosom warm’d;
That he’d be more than mortal bless’d,
Who such a charming wife possess’d.

Pugh! said the Knight, let’s mind our drink,
Of such a bauble never think,
A thousand fairer may be found;
Come, let the cheerful glass go round.

The ’Squire reply’d, May I be curs’d,
If I had seen your sister first,
(Although I hate a slavish life)
But I had ask’d her for a wife;
And yet I wish, as I’m a sinner,
That I had staid at home to dinner;
But I’ll go home, forget her charms,
In little Cherry’s wanton arms.

A friend, acquainted with the cheat,
Reply’d, A very good receipt,
If you was sure that it would do;
But when you’ve ta’en a kiss or two,
You’ll weary of your Cherry’s arms,
And think on Miss’s brighter charms;
Mean time, she may her heart bestow
Upon another ere you know;
You then will think your time mis-spent,
And, when it is too late, repent:
The Knight's your friend, you know he is,
Perhaps he may agree to this,
And Fanny's will depends on his.

Besides, I think, I've heard it said,
Your handsome Cherry was no maid,
When first you took her to your bed;
Think, think upon a maidenhead.

The 'Squire was young, and much in drink,
Nor was he very apt to think,
But said, he'd the proposal make,
If it were not for Cherry's sake.

The other answer'd, Never fear,
Settle a hundred pounds a year
Upon the little girl for life,
And ask this virgin for a wife;
I hope the Knight will not deny you,
And our fat parson fast shall tie you.

The 'Squire a little while withdrew,
To think on what he had to do;
But 'twas in vain; for crafty Fanny,
Who sily listen'd at a cranny,
And heard and saw each thing was done,
Snatch'd up a china jar, and run
Just by the door; the 'Squire amaz'd,
Stood still, and on the charmer gaz'd,
And, Cherry's love forgetting quite,
View'd the false virgin with delight;
Then, falling down upon his knees,
Did trembling on her fingers seize,
And, sighing, said, I have no art,
Yet, fair one, you have won my heart;
I'm rich and young, nay, honest too,
But in my life could never woo:
If you agree, I'll tell the Knight,
And make you mine this very night.

Good Sir, said she, I pray forbear,
I would not any one should hear
What you have said; they'd surely think
That you were very much in drink,
Or that I did a husband need,
If I should marry with such speed:
I love my brother, and I still
Shall be obedient to his will,
And, if you find that he's content,
You shall not fail of my consent:
Nay, farther, I'll confess this truth,
I think you a bewitching youth;
But if you mean not what you say,
For heav'n's sake come no more this way;
Then, stooping down, she kiss'd the 'Squire,
And set his bosom all on fire.

He paid the kiss, and glowing, said,
Believe me, fair and gentle maid,
That it shall be no fault of mine,
If this moment am not thine;
I'll go, and to the Knight discover,
That I'm your true and faithful lover.
Again she kiss'd him, then withdrew.
The 'Squire, who now had got his cue,
Went straightway back into the hall,
And told his mind before them all,
Begging the Knight to hear his pray'r,
And give him the enchanting fair;
You still have been my friend, he said,
Deny me not the charming maid.

The faithless Knight embrac'd with joy
The offer, and the am'rous boy;
And smiling, said, My much-lov'd 'Squire,
I grant you all you can desire,
So far as in my power lies,
But I with Fanny must advise;
'Tis fit I ask if she consent.
Then straightway to his sister went,
Who told him all the 'Squire had said,
And begg'd it might not be delay'd;
It is not fit that he should cool;
The 'Squire, said she, is no such fool,
But that he may our tricks discover,
And then farewell my healthy lover;
If so, I am undone for ever,
The very thought on 't makes me shiver;
Make haste, I pray. Away he went,
And for a scriv'ner quickly sent;
He knew the parson was at hand,
And still would be at his command.

When this was o'er, the Knight came back,
And found the 'Squire upon the rack,
Impatient of the long delay,
But, coming in, did smiling say,
Dear brother, so I call you now,
My sister doth your suit allow,
And, if you are resolv'd to wed,
This night will take you to her bed;
The time is short, I can't provide
What things are proper for a bride,
But, if you rather would delay,
A week or two, your wedding day——

The 'Squire did interrupt him here,
And pressing him, replied, My dear,
For heav'n's sake talk not at that rate,
And make your friend unfortunate;
Upon my knees I beg, dear Knight,
You'll let our marriage be to-night.

The company join'd with the 'Squire,
The Knight complied with their desire;
The deeds were drawn, the parson came,
And tied the 'Squire and lovely dame;
The bridegroom mighty joy express'd,
The bride went off to be undress'd;
Who knowing something was more wide
Than what seem'd a virgin-bride,
Thrust in (to make the way less patent)
In Apple-John in road adjacent!
And surely none could Fanny blame,
If thus she could conceal her shame.

The eager 'Squire jump'd into bed,
To hopes to gain the maidenhead,
(Though what it was he never knew)
And friends with decency withdrew.
The 'Squire propos'd a deal of pleasure,
In breaking up the virgin treasure;
But when he tried the bold adventure,
It was in vain—he could not enter;
Again he kiss'd, again he tried,
But all admittance was deny'd;
Fanny, mean while, cried out with pain,
And fear'd no less than being slain;
But when she long enough had griev'd,
The apple and the 'Squire reliev'd.

And now the youth, of joy possess'd,
Gave Fanny very little rest,
But with his labour thirsty grown,
Look'd for a drink, but finding none,
Complain'd to Fanny of his grief:
My dear, said she, there's some relief,
Holding the apple in her hand,
You may, whate'er is mine, command.

Ten thousand thanks, my dear, my life,
My joy, my fair obliging wife,
The 'Squire replied, and ate in haste,
But by no means admir'd the taste;
Though he for niceness little car'd,
But wish'd the apple had been par'd.
Yet, thus refresh'd, in great delight
Made Fanny pass away the night;
At morn they rose, both fresh and gay,
Nor seem'd fatigu'd with wanton play.

But yet the 'Squire, when left alone,
Did Cherry's wretched state bemoan,
And in soliloquy thus spoke:
Why was I tempted by a joke?
I left my Cherry's snowy arms,
To dote upon another's charms,
Who may, for any thing I know,
No better be than just so, so;
For I declare (as God shall save me)
That Cherry greater pleasure gave me:
At first I was oblig'd to wait,
I found my wife so very strait;
But afterwards I found the bride,
Than my dear Cherry twice as wide;
I wish that ev'ry thing be right,
I've some suspicions of the Knight;
But now I am tied up for life,
And have (God bless me!) got a wife,
And must no more on Cherry think;
A curse on hunting and on drink!
But I must shew myself a man,
And bear it now the best I can.

This said, his friends about him came,
And ask'd him how he lik'd the dame?
So very well, he smiling said,
I wish that each had such a maid;
You then would know the joys of life,
In having such a charming wife.

The Knight, on this discourse, grew pale,
And scarcely could his fears conceal;
But, when he found he said no more,
Became as easy as before,
And was as merry as the rest,
Until the time the bride was dress'd.

The 'Squire went up, and saw the fair
Before the glass, her bosom bare,
Her hair so black, her skin so white,
'That he no more could bear the sight,
But, thrusting out the officious maid,
Upon a couch the fair one laid;
While she, who knew the whole affair,
And oft had tried both couch and chair,
Brought him as good as he could bring,
Nor did she fail in any thing.

When this was done, he call'd the maid,
And panting, by the fair one staid;
Who did such matchless charms discover,
That he again became her lover,
And to his heart his Fanny press'd,
Who begg'd he'd leave her till she dress'd;
But he, not minding what she said,
Still with her wanton bosom play'd,
Until his blood was all on fire,
Then bid the maid again retire.

My life, said he, though I last night,
Found joys, and raptures, and delight,
Yet all I did was out of sight,
But now I mean to view your charms,
And take you naked to my arms.

Dear Sir, said she, I beg that you
Would nothing so indecent do;
For me, my dear, I'd die for shame;
Indeed, indeed, you are to blame:
At night I'll do whate'er you please,
To give you joy, or give you ease;
I'm almost dead with what you've done,
And would your kind embraces shun:
Yet do not think, my dearest 'Squire,
That I'll refuse what you require;
And due regard to you I'll pay,
And, as in duty bound, obey.

The 'Squire laid all her dress aside,
And in a moment stripp'd the bride;
And sure there never was a sight
That could afford so much delight;
Her hair, that was as raven black,
Hung o'er her shoulders and her back;
Her breasts were like the driven snow,
On which her nipples warmly glow;
Her arms, her waist, her legs, her thighs,
The 'Squire beheld with wond'ring eyes,
Till love could brook no more delay,
But seizing on the charming prey,
In height of rapture died away.

But short and transient are our joys,
Our bliss, our very bliss destroys,
And, let our joys be ne'er so strong,
We're sure they can't continue long,
As Fanny and the 'Squire confess'd,
Who left the room till she got dress'd.

The friends came up, the bride was kiss'd,
They shook the bridegroom by the fist;
The jests went round, and Fanny smil'd,
Yet look'd as harmless as a child;
The merry bridegroom, too, was baited,
Until they heard that dinner waited.
Down stairs they march'd, and in the hall
They saw a sight surpris'd them all;
A gentleman in scarlet dress'd,
That through the crowd of servants press'd,
And, running up, embrac'd the bride,
Who could not her amazement hide:
She struggled, but he held her fast,
And kissing, said, Have I at last
Found out my dear, my joy, my life,
My better part, my soul, my wife?
With grief I left thy snowy arms,
And thy, almost, untasted charms;
I curs'd the wind, I curs'd the sea,
And ev'ry kind of thing but thee;
Since then I have both Indies seen,
And in a thousand dangers been:
I met a pirate, whom I fought,
And all his wealth to England brought;
But when I set my foot on shore,
I from my heart sincerely swore,
Never to 'tempt the ocean more;
But live at home in wealth with thee,
Who dearer art than life to me;
I went to London, hoping there
To find the object of my care;
But for a quarter of a year,
I could no tale nor tidings hear;
Till, coming to thy brother's house,
I found at last my charming spouse.  

Fanny,
Fanny, who had both wit and sense,
Spoke with becoming eloquence;
My charming Captain, it is true,
That I was married once to you;
But yet, next morn, you left me quite
Forlorn, and lost to all delight;
Long time I did your absence mourn,
And wish'd in vain for your return;
But when I heard my dear was slain,
Who can express the dreadful pain
That I endur'd? I tore my hair,
And long I liv'd in deep despair;
My brother, there, came up to town,
And in his chariot brought me down;
Since then I've in this castle staid,
And still have been belief'd a maid.
This gentleman, a worthy 'Squire,
I know not how, was set on fire,
And ask'd to make a wife of me,
To which my brother did agree;
And I, since you had lost your life,
Did condescend to be his wife;
But, heav'n be prais'd, you've come in time
To save my soul from such a crime;
This day we should have married been,
'Twas that made all these folks convene.

The honest 'Squire soon took the him,
And smiling, said, The devil's in 't,
I thought (deluded by the Knight)
To've had a maidenhead to-night;
But since Miss Fanny is your wife,
I'll live a bachel'lor all my life;
The will of heav'n I can't control,
But wish you joy with all my soul;
And here, before you all, declare,
If e'er the noble captain, there,
At any time will grace my house,
And with him bring his lovely spouse,
I'll think myself a happy man,
And make them welcome, if I can;
Farewell, fair lady, I'll begone,
And find at home an Apple John:
For you, sweet Knight, pray keep you merry,
I thank you for your present, Cherry;
And, whispering said, Though you have kiss'd her,
She's as much virgin as your sister;
And now I bid farewell to all,
I'll homewards ride to Booby-Hall;
And though I've miss'd that lady bright,
I shall not lie alone to-night.
Away he spurred, to Cherry came,
And long liv'd happy with the dame.

---

SONG.

Tune;—I fix'd my fancy on her.

BRIGHT Cynthia's power, divinely great,
What heart is not obeying?
A thousand Cupids on her wait,
And in her eyes are playing.
She seems the queen of love to reign;
For she-alone dispenses
Such sweets, as best can entertain
The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,
    Her breath gives balmy blisses;
I hear an angel when she sings,
    And taste of heaven in kisses.
Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
    From nature’s richest treasure;
Let me the other sense employ,
    And I shall die with pleasure.

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SONG.

(Written at an early age)

BY THE D--- OF D-----

LONG time I’ve enjoy’d the soft transports of love,
    I’ve bill’d like a sparrow, and coo’d like a dove;
In woodbine alcove, or in jessamin bow’r,
To many fond shepherds I’ve listen’d an hour;
But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,
    No bird’s in the hand, but one in the bush.

Young Colin’s caresses inspir’d me with joy,
And Damon’s soft vows I thought never could cloy;
With each I have sat in the fav’rite retreat,
    And beheld with delight each fond swain at my feet;
    But
But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,
No bird's in the hand, but one in the bush.

Gay Strephon declares I'm the girl to his mind,
If he proves sincere, I'll be constant and kind;
He vows that to-morrow he'll make me his wife,
I'll fondly endeavour to bless him for life;
For all other swains now I care not a rush,
No bird's in the hand, but one in the bush.

THE

LOVES

OF

HERO AND LEANDER.

FROM MUSÆUS. BY FAWKES.

Oft, by the covert of night's shade,
Leander woo'd the Thracian maid;
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thundering roar:
The conscious virgin, from the sea-girt tower,
Hung out her faithful torch to guide him to her bower.


Sing, muse! the conscious torch, whose nightly ray
Led the bold lover through the watry way,
To share those joys which mutual faith had seal'd,
Joys to divine Aurora unreveal'd.

Abydos,
Abydos, Sestos, ancient towns, proclaim,
Where gentlest bosoms glow'd with purest flame.
I hear Leander dash the foaming tide!
Fix'd high in air, I see the glimmering guide?
The genial flame, the love-enkindling light,
Signal of joy, that burn'd serenely bright;
Whose beams, in fair effulgency display'd,
Adorn'd the nuptials of the Sestian maid;
Which Jove, its friendly office to repay,
Should plant, all-glorious, in the realms of day,
To blaze for ever 'midst the stars above,
And style it gentle harbinger of love;
For sure on earth it shone supremely kind,
To soothe the anguish of the love-sick mind;
Till cloth'd in terrors rose the wintry blast,
Impetuous howling o'er the watry waste;
And, O inspire me, goddess! to resound
The torch extinguish'd, and the lover drown'd.
Against Abydos, sea-beat Sestos stood,
Two neighbouring towns, divided by the flood;
Here Cupid prov'd his bow's unerring art,
And gain'd two conquests with a single dart;
On two fond hearts the sweet infection prey'd,
A youth engaging, and a beauteous maid;
Of Sestos she, fair Hero was her name;
The youth, Leander, from Abydos came.
Their forms divine a bright resemblance bore,
Each was the radiant star of either shore.
Thou, whom the Fates commission here to stray,
A while the turret's eminence survey;

Thence
Thence Hero held the blazing torch, to guide
Her lover rolling on the boisterous tide;
The roaring Hellespont, whose wave-worn strait
Still in loud murmurs mourns Leander’s fate.
Say, heav’nly muse, had Hero charms to move,
And melt the Abydian into love?
Say, with what wiles the amorous youth inspir’d,
Obtain’d the virgin whom his soul admir’d?

Fair Hero, priestess of th’ Idalian queen,
Of birth illustrious, as of graceful mien,
Dwelt on a high sequester’d tower, that stood
Firm on the ramparts, and o’erlook’d the flood;
Chaste, and unconscious of love’s pleasing pain,
She seem’d a new-born Venus of the main;
But, nice of conduct, prudently withdrew
Far from the follies of the female crew;
Blest in retreat, she shunn’d the vain delight
Of daily visits, and the dance at night,
Content in sweet tranquillity to screen
Her blooming beauty from malignant spleen;
For where superior beauty shines confess,
It kindles envy in each female breast.
To soften Venus oft with prayer she strove,
Oft pour’d libations to the God of Love;
Taught by th’ example of the heavenly dame,
To dread those arrows that were tipp’d with flame.
Vain all her caution, fruitless prov’d her pray’r;
Love gains an easy conquest o’er the fair.

For now the sacred festival appear’d,
By pious Sestians annually rever’d,
At Venus' fane to pay the rites divine,
And offer incense at Adonis' shrine.
Vast crowds from all the sea-girt isles repair,
The day to rev'rence, and the feast to share.
From flowery Cyprus, circled by the main,
And high Hæmonia, hastes the youthful train;
Not one remain'd of all the female race,
Thy towns, Cythera, and thy groves to grace;
Afar from spicy Libanus advance
The throngs unnumber'd, skill'd to lead the dance;
From Phrygian plains they haste in shoals away,
And all Abydos celebrates the day.
To Sestos all the mirthful youths repair,
All that admire the gay, the young, the fair;
For amorous swains, when rumour'd feasts invite,
Joy at the news, and follow with delight,
Not to the gods to pay the rites divine,
Or offer incense at some sacred shrine;
Few are their offerings, and concise their prayer,
Who give their whole devotion to the fair.

As through the temple pass'd the Sestian maid,
Her face a soften'd dignity display'd:
Thus silver Cynthia's milder glories rise,
To glad the pale dominion of the skies.
Her lovely cheeks a pure vermilion shed,
Like roses beautifully streak'd with red;
A flowery mead her well-turn'd limbs disclose,
Fraught with the blushing beauties of the rose;
But when she mov'd, in radiant mantle drest,
Flowers, half-unveil'd, adorn'd her flowing vest,
And numerous graces wanton'd on her breast.

M 5
The ancient sages made a false decree,
Who said, the Graces were no more than three;
When Hero smiles, a thousand graces rise,
Sport on her cheek, and revel in her eyes.
Such various beauties sure conspir'd to prove
The priestess worthy of the queen of love.
Thus as she shone superior to the rest,
In the sweet bloom of youth and beauty drest,
Such softness, temper'd with majestic mien,
The earthly priestess match'd the heavenly queen.
The wond'ring crowds the radiant nymph admire,
And every bosom kindles with desire;
Eager each longs, transported with her charms,
To clasp the lovely virgin in his arms:
Where'er she turns, their eyes, their thoughts pursue,
They sigh, and send their souls at every view.
Then thus some ardent youth bespoke the rest,
Cast a fond look, and open'd all his breast:
"I oft at Sparta, wondering, have beheld
Young maids contending in the listed field,
Sparta, that boasts the emulated prize
Of fairest virgins and of brightest eyes;
Yet ne'er, till now, beheld a nymph so fair,
Such beauty blended with such graceful air;
Perhaps (for sure immortal is her race)
Beneath the priestess, Venus, hides a Grace.
My dazzled eyes, with constant gazing, tire,
But my fond fancy ever could admire.
O! make me, Venus, partner of her bed,
Though fate, that instant, strike the lover dead;
"
"Let but my love the heavenly Hero crown,
"I on the gods will look superior down.
"Should you this boon deny, O queen! decree,
"To bless my days, a nymph as fair as she!"

Thus spoke the general voice; the train apart
Conceal the wound, deep rankling in the heart.
But when Leander saw the blooming fair,
Love seiz'd his soul, instead of dumb despair;
Resolv'd the lucky moments to improve,
He sought occasion to reveal his love;
The glorious prize determin'd to obtain,
Or perish for those joys he could not gain.
Her sparkling eyes, instilling fond desire,
Entranc'd his soul, and kindled amorous fire.
Such radiant beauty, like the pointed dart,
With piercing anguish stings th' unguarded heart;
For on the eye the wound is first imprest,
Till by degrees it rankles in the breast.
Now hope and confidence invade his soul;
Then fear and shame alternately control:
Fear through his bosom thrill'd; a conscious shame
Confess'd the passion which it seem'd to blame:
Her beauties fix'd him in a wild amaze;
Love made him bold, and not afraid to gaze.
With step ambiguous, and affected air,
The youth advancing, fac'd the charming fair;
Each amorous glance he cast, though form'd by art,
Yet sometimes spoke the language of his heart;
With nods and hecks he kept the nymph in play,
And tried all wiles to steal her soul away.

Soon
Soon as she saw the fraudulent youth beguil'd,
Fair Hero, conscious of her beauty, smil'd;
Oft in her veil conceal'd her glowing face,
Sweetly vermilion'd with the rosy grace;
Yet all in vain to hide her passion tries,
She owns it with her love-consenting eyes.
Joy touch'd the bosom of the gentle swain,
To find his love was not indulg'd in vain.
Then, while he chid the tedious lingering day,
Down to the west declin'd the solar ray;
And dewy Hesper shone serenely bright,
In shadowy silence leading on the night.
Soon as he saw the dark involving shade,
Th' embolden'd youth approach'd the blooming maid;
Her lily hand he seiz'd, and gently prest,
And softly sigh'd the passion of his breast;
Joy touch'd the damsel, though she seem'd displeas'd,
And soon withdrew the lily hand he seiz'd.
The youth perceiv'd, through well-dissembled wiles,
A heart just yielding by consenting smiles;
Then to the temple's last recess convey'd
The unreluctant, unresisting maid;
Her lovely feet, that seem'd to lag behind,
But ill conceal'd her voluntary mind.
She feign'd resentment, with an angry look,
And, sweetly chiding, thus indignant spoke:

"Stranger, what madness has possess'd thy brain,
To drag me thus along the sacred fane?
Go—to your native habitation go—
'Tis quite unkind to pull my garments so."
Rich are my parents—urge not here your fate,
Lest their just vengeance you repent too late;
If not of me, of Venus stand afraid,
In her own fane soliciting a maid;
Hence, speed your flight; and Venus' anger dread;
'Tis bold aspiring to a virgin's bed."

Thus chid the maid, as maids are wont to do,
And show'd her anger, and her fondness too;
The wily youth, as thus the fair complain'd,
Too well perceiv'd the victory was gain'd;
For nymphs enrag'd, the more complying prove,
And chidings are the harbingers of love.
He kiss'd her snowy neck, her fragrant breast,
And thus the transport of his soul express'd:
"O lovely fair, in whom combin'd are seen
The charms of Venus, and Minerva's mien!
For sure no virgin of terrestrial race
Can vie with Hero in the bloom of face;
I deem your lineage from the gods above,
And style you daughter of Saturnian Jove.
Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung,
Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung,
Blest, doubly blest, the fruitful womb that bore
This heav'nly form for mortals to adore.
Yet, beauteous Hero, grant a lover's prayer,
And to my wishes prove as kind as fair;
As Venus' priestess, just to Venus prove,
Nor shun the gentle offices of love.
O let us, while the happy hour invites,
Propitious, celebrate the nuptial rites.
"No maid can serve in Cytherea's fane;
"Her eyes delight not in the virgin-train.
"But would fair Hero secret rites explore,
"The laws of Venus, and her pleasing lore,
"Those rites are practis'd in the bridal bed,
"And there must Hero, yet a maid, be led;
"Then as you fear the goddess to offend,
"In me behold your husband and your friend,
"Ordain'd by Cupid, greatest God above,
"To teach you all the mysteries of love;
"As winged Mercury, with golden wand,
"Made Hercules, with distaff in his hand,
"To every task of Omphale submit;
"Thus love, more powerful than the god of wit,
"Sent me to you. 'Tis needless to relate
"The chaste Arcadian Atalanta's fate;
"Who from th' embraces of Milanion fled,
"Her faithful lover, and the nuptial bed;
"But vengeful Venus caus'd the nynch to burn
"With equal flame, and languish in her turn.
"O let example warn you to revere
"The wrathful goddess, and your lover hear!"

Thus spoke the youth—his magic words control
Her wavering breast, and soften all her soul.
Silent she stood, and, wrapt in thought profound,
Her modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground;
Here cheeks she hid, in rosy blushes drest,
And veil'd her lily shoulders with her vest;
On the rich floor, with Parian marble laid;
Her nimble foot involuntary play'd.
By secret signs a yielding mind is meant;
And silence speaks the willing maid's consent.
Now had the wily god's envenom'd dart
Diffus'd the pleasing poison to her heart;
Leander's form, instilling soft desire,
Woo'd her pleas'd eyes, and set her soul on fire.
While on the ground fair Hero fix'd her sight,
Leander view'd, with exquisite delight,
Her swelling breast, and neck as ivory white.
At length her face, with lovely blushes spread,
She rais'd, and thus in sweet confusion said:

"Stranger, thy words such magic sounds convey,
With soft compassion rocks would melt away.
Who form'd thy tongue with such persuasive art,
To pour delightful ruin on the heart?
Ah! tell me, who thus taught thee to explore
My lone retirement on the Thracian shore?
Thy speech, though pleasing, flow'd to me in vain;
How can a stranger Hero's love obtain?
Should I in public give to thee my hand,
My parents would forbid the nuptial band;
And, shouldst thou here in close concealment stay,
Our secret passion would itself betray;
For soon the voice of scandal-spreading fame
The deed of silence would aloud proclaim.
But, gentle youth, thy name, thy country tell;
For mine, alas! by thee are known too well.
In yon high tower, which close to Sestos stands,
And all the roaring Hellespont commands,
With one attending damsel I remain;
For so my parents and the fates ordain!

"No
"No nymphs, coeval to sweet music's sound,
"Lead the smooth dance, or lightly beat the ground,
"But stormy winds eternal discord keep,
"And blustering bellow through the boundless deep."

Thus spoke the priestess, and, with modest grace,
Conceal'd the new-born beauties of her face;
For on her cheeks the roseate blush that hung,
Seem'd to condemn the language of her tongue.

Meanwhile Leander feeds the hidden fire,
Glows in each vein, and burns with fierce desire;
But anxious doubt his musing breast alarms;
How shall he gain admittance to her charms?
Nor long he paus'd, for Love in wiles abounds,
Well pleas'd to heal the bosoms which he wounds:
'Twas he, whose arrows men and gods control,
That heal'd Leander's love-afflicted soul;
Who thus, while sighs upheav'd his anxious breast,
The nymph with artful eloquence address'd:
"For thee, dear object of my fond desire,
"I'll cross the ocean, though it flame with fire;
"Nor would I fear the billows' loud alarms,
"While every billow bore me to thy arms:
"Uncheck'd, undaunted by the boisterous main,
"Tempestuous winds should round me roar in vain;
"But oft as night her sable pinions spread,
"I through the storm would swim to Hero's bed:
"For rich Abydos is the home I boast,
"Not far divided from the Thracian coast.
"Let but my fair a kindly torch display,
"From the high turret, to direct my way;"
"Then shall thy daring swain securely glide,
The bark of Cupid o'er the yielding tide,
Thyself my haven, and thy torch my guide:
And while I view the genial blaze afar,
I'll swim regardless of Bootes' car,
Of fell Orion, and the Northern Wain
That never bathes his brightness in the main:
Thy star, more eminently bright than they,
Shall lead the lover to his blissful bay.
But let the torch, O nymph divinely fair!
My only safety, be thy only care;
Guard well its light, when wintry tempests roar,
And hoarse waves break tumultuous on the shore,
Lest the dire storms, that blacken all the sky,
The flame extinguish, and the lover die.
More wouldst thou know? Leander is my name,
The happiest husband of the fairest dame."

Thus mutual vow'd the lovers to employ
The nights in raptures of mysterious joy;
Her task, secure th' extended torch to keep,
And his, to cross th' unfathomable deep;
On promis'd bliss their fruitful fancies fed,
Ecstatic pleasures of the nuptial bed;
Till the fond nymph, when decency requir'd,
Back to her tower unwillingly retir'd;
Leander, ere he left his lovely bride,
Mark'd well the station of the blazing guide,
Then sought Abydos 'cross the sounding tide.

What now but amorous scenes their thoughts employ,
Confus'd ideas of the genial joy?
Slow rose on leaden wings the morning light,
Slow noon came on—the lovers wish’d it night.
At length dark gloom a dusky mantle spread;
Sleep o’er the world his balmy influence shed.
All but Leander lay dissolv’d in rest,
Love kept a ceaseless vigil in his breast.
Silent he wander’d on the winding shore,
The deep resounded with tremendous roar;
Wide o’er the foaming waves his anxious sight
Explor’d the torch’s love-proclaiming light;
He little deem’d, alas! its flame would prove
The blaze of death, though meant the torch of love.

Soon as fair Hero from her tower survey’d
Th’ horizon darken’d in the sable shade,
The torch on high she fix’d; its flames inspire
Leander’s bosom with the kindred fire;
Quick through his frame the bright contagion ran,
And with the glowing signal glow’d th’ enamour’d man.

But when he heard the hoarse-resounding roar
Of thundering billows breaking on the shore,
Aghast he stood, he shrunk, and thus address’d
These words of courage to his trembling breast:

“Ah, cruel love! whose woe the waves conspire!
“The waves are water, but I burn with fire!
“Be bold, my heart! the foaming billows brave,
“Nor fear the threat’nings of the wintry wave.
“Fair Venus rose propitious from the main;
“She calms the ocean’s rage, and soothes the lover’s
“pain.”
He spoke, and straight his lovely limbs undress'd,
And folded round his head the various vest;
Then dauntless plunging in the foaming tide,
Dash'd with his arms th' intruding waves aside:
Full in his view he kept the shining mark,
Himself the pilot, passenger, and bark.
While faithful Hero, in her promise true,
Watch'd on the turret every wind that blew;
Oft with her robe she screen'd the torch's blaze
From dangerous blasts that blew a thousand ways;
Till the tir'd youth, on rolling surges tost,
Securely landed on the Sestian coast.
Soon as she saw her lover safe on shore,
Eager she ran, and led him to her tower,
Welcom'd with open arms her panting guest,
And, sweetly smiling, to her bosom press'd:
Then dumb with joy the shivering youth she led,
Still wet and weary, to the genial bed,
Wip'd his fair limbs, and fragrant oils apply'd,
To cleanse his body from the oozy tide;
Then clasp'd him close, still panting, to her breast,
And thus, with fond endearing words address'd:
"My life, my lover, thou hast suffer'd more
"Than fondest bridegroom e'er endur'd before;
"Destin'd, alas! dread troubles to sustain
"On the rough bosom of the briny main:
"Now let sweet joy succeed in sorrow's place,
"And lull thy labours in my warm embrace."

She spoke: He loos'd her virgin zone, to prove
The secret rites, and mysteries of love.
No youths with measur'd dance the nuptials crown'd,
Nor tuneful hymn's congratulating sound;
No bard invok'd the heavenly queen with prayer
To smile propitious on the wedded pair;
No nuptial torch its golden lustre shed,
Bright torch of love, to grace the bridal bed!
No Io Pæans musically rung;
No greeting parents hymenæals sung:
But all was gloom, and silence all around,
Instead of music's love-inspiring sound.
Beneath the covert of the night conceal'd,
They tasted pleasures mutual faith had seal'd:
In close embraces all entranc'd they lay,
In raptures never usher'd to the day;
Till the found youth reluctant left his bride,
Still breathing love, and cross'd the foaming tide.
Thus Héro liv'd unnoted, unbetray'd,
Each night a woman, and each day a maid.
Both wish'd the hours on swiftest wings would fly,
And hail'd the evening, not the morning sky.

Thus wrapt in hidden joys, each blissful night
They pass'd in ecstasies of full delight:
But soon, alas! those dear-bought pleasures fled,
And short the transports of that bridal bed!

For now relentless Winter, that deforms
With frost the forest, and the sea with storms,
Bade the wild winds o'er all the ocean reign,
And raise the rapid whirlpools of the main:
The hoarse wild winds obey, and, with harsh sound,
Roar o'er the surface of the vast profound,
Rouse from their beds the scatter'd storms, that sleep
In the dark caverns of the dreary deep:
The trembling sailor hears the dreadful roar,
Nor dares the wintry turbulence explore,
But drags his vessel to the safer shore.

But thee, bold youth, no wintry storms restrain,
Nor all the deathful dangers of the main;
For when thou saw'st the torch's blaze from far,
(Of nuptial bliss the bright prophetic star)
Thee not the furious tempest could control,
Nor calm the glowing raptures of thy soul.
Yet sure fair Hero, when the gloomy sky
With gathering clouds proclaim'd rough winter nigh,
Without her lover should have pass'd the night,
Nor from the tower, ill-omen'd, shown the light.
But she, ah hapless! burns with fond desire,
'Tis love inflames her, while the fates conspire:
The torch of death now glimmer'd from above,
No more the gentle harbinger of love.

'Twas night, and angry Æolus had hurl'd
The winds tempestuous o'er the watry world;
The bellowing winds with rage tempestuous roar,
And dash the foaming billows on the shore:
Ev'n then the youth, with pleasing visions fed,
Glows with remembrance of the bridal bed;
And, while fierce tempests howl on every side,
Floats on the bosom of the briny tide:
Waves, roll'd on waves, in hideous heaps are driven,
Swell'd into mountains, and up-heav'd to heaven:
Bleak blasts, loud-roaring, the vex'd ocean sweep,
Fon the dash'd billows, and resounds the deep,
From every part the blustering terrors fly,
Rage o'er the main, and battle in the sky;
The growling thunder of the vast profound
The rocks re-bellow, and the shores rebound.
Amidst the watry war, with toils oppress'd,
O'ermight with billows, and in gulls distress'd,
Leander oft, with suppliant prayer, implor'd
The sea-sprung goddess, and old ocean's lord:
Thee, Boreas, too, he summon'd to his aid,
Nor was unmindful of th' Athenian maid:
But prayers are fruitless, and petitions vain;
Love must submit to what the fates ordain.
From wave to wave the hapless youth is toss'd,
Now hear'd on high, and now in whirlpools lost.
His weary'd feet no more his will obey,
His arms hang useless, and forget to play.
Borne on the surge, supine and void of breath,
He drinks the briny wave, and draws in death.
Thus while in fatal rage each wind conspires,
Extinct at once the flame, and lover's fires,
Fainting he sinks, and with the torch expires.

While on the turret Hero mourn'd his stay,
And fondly sighing chid his long delay;
Perplexing anguish in her bosom rose,
Nor knew her eyes the blessings of repose.

Now rose the morn, in russet vest array'd,
Still from th' impatient fair the lover stay'd:
Watchful she stood, and cast her eyes around
O'er the wide beach, and o'er the depths profound,
Haply to spy her lover, should he stray,
The light extinguish'd, midst the watery way:  

But
But when she saw him breathless on the sand,
Stretch'd, ghastly-pale, by death's relentless hand,
She shriek'd aloud; and from her throbbing breast
Rent the gay honours of her flow'ry vest;
Then from the tower her beauteous body cast,
And on her lover's bosom breath'd her last;
Nor could the fates this faithful pair divide:
They liv'd united, and united died.

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THE FAIR PENTENT.

A SONG.

A LOVELY lass to a friar came
To confess in the morning early:
In what art thou, my dear, to blame?
Come own it all sincerely.
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,
Is what I now discover.
Then you to Rome for that must go,
There discipline to suffer.
Lack-a-day, Sir! if it must be so,
Pray with me send my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the same,
I'll pardon your past failing.
I must own, Sir, though I blush for shame,
That your penance is prevailing.  

SONG
SONG.

On a beautiful, but very young Lady.

BEAUTY from fancy takes its arms,
   And ev'ry common face some breast may move,
Some in a look, a shape, or air, find charms,
   To justify their choice, or boast their love;
But had the great Apelles seen that face,
   When he the Cyprian goddess drew,
He had neglected all the female race,
   Thrown his first Venus by, and copied you.
   In that design,
Great nature would combine,
   To fix the standard of her sacred coin;
The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,
   And shrines been rais'd to Seraphina's name.

But since no painter e'er could take
   That face which baffles all his curious art;
And he that strives the bold attempt to make,
   As well might paint the secrets of the heart.
O happy glass, I'll thee prefer,
   Content to be, like thee, inanimate,
Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
   A better life and motion would create.
   Her eyes would inspire,
And like Prometheus' fire,
   At once inform the piece and give desire;
The charming phantom I would grasp, and flit
O'er all the orb, though in that moment die.
Let meaner beauties fear the day,
Whose charms are fading, and submit to time:
The graces which from them it steals away,
It with a lavish hand still adds to thine.

A god of love in ambush lies,
And with his arms surrounds the fair,
Pointing his conquering arrows in these eyes,
Then hangs a sharpen’d dart at ev’ry hair;

As with fatal skill,
Turn which way you will,
Like Eden’s flaming sword each way you kill,
Sorip’ning years improve rich nature’s store,
And gives perfection to the golden ore.

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AN EPISTLE.

† FROM MR. B——, WRITTEN AT OTAHEITE,
TO L—— Y G—— R.

(Never before published.)

Can I forget the beauteous Emma’s charms,
The soft elysium of her circling arms;
The wanton jirk of those elastic hips,
Which made the ermin’d sages lick their lips,
Then the false Countess painted all she saw,
And the press’d couch became the sport of law?

My Emma, come, O grace the smiling plains,
Where love unbounded fires the raptur’d swains;
Where thrilling lovers feel, but to be blest,
Ecstasy entrances them to rest.

N
Here kiss meets kiss ere from the lips it part,
And love's warm tide flows mutual from the heart.
Lo here, when frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for his fiercest fires.
The throbbing virgin loses every fear,
Venus alone absolves her frailties here.
At ten years old she feels th' inspiring itch,
And the glad mother straight tattows her breech;
Curve above curve the splendid arches rise,
Like the bright bow that gilds the sunny skies:
Doubtless, design'd on the same gracious plan,
A sign of peace, a covenant with man!
The valves of Venus pout with tempting glee,
Like the sweet rose-buds bursting from the tree.
Then joy illumes her with all-cheering beams,
Unerring instinct prompts her golden dreams:
Experienc'd dames then lead the smiling maid
To the kind covert of the plantain's shade.
Her bed, like Eve's, with choicest flowers blooms,
And hov'ring Cupids shed divine perfumes.
With tuck'd-up shifts the fairest damsels sing
The magic wonders of Hans Carvel's ring:
Their brilliant bums in rapid circles seen,
With dazzling lustre shine before the queen;
So bearded comets fiery courses run,
And their tails blaze, as they approach the sun.
The virgin's eyes in light luxuriant swim,
Her mantling blood glows through each bright'ning
A youth, impatient, clasps the beauteous prize,
Lusty and brown (almost your C—ly's size).
Their pantomime describes an astral frisk,
And shows how Venus rides the solar disk;
Whilst o'er the rites the queen herself presides,
And in mild accents Otheothea guides.
"Now fondly kiss, in wanton folds entwine;
To swell his bliss, let every nerve combine;
"See his lips tremble and his eye-balls roll,
"Suck the last breath, and catch his flying soul."
She hears; obeys, in speechless transports drown'd,
Whilst sympathetic murmurs float around;
Metae attira! murmurs every lass,
And thousands fall, extended on the grass.
O, blessed employment of a sov'reign's time,
How seldom seen in Europe's barbarous clime!
Let Mouschin Pouschin boast lewd Cath'rine's skill,
Let her profess the royal art to kill;
Like Clytemnestra give her vengeance scope,
Or teach her Russian bears to climb a rope.
Comb'd with tyrants of congenial soul,
Her savage ruffians rob the wretched Pole;
Ev'n generous Dantzick feels the galling chain,
Though Commerce droops, and Freedom weep in vain.
O spread thy empire, Love, from shore to shore,
Till wedlock cease, and cuckoldom's no more,
Let sniv'ling wives and termagants be chaste,
And rail at ladies of my G—-r's taste;
For scandal, let them genial pleasures slight,
Because in scandal they find more delight:
In chattering magpies, when their tongues are slit,
Always prone to show their ill-bred wit;
Of rogue and bitch incessantly they rail,
And the glib tongue moves swifter than the tail.
Ye sland'rous dames, who mischief spread and make:
Go learn a lesson from the venom'd snake;
Though in its tongue a subtle poison's found,
Oil from its tail will medicate the wound.
Let this false maxim henceforth be forgot,
That female virtue's center'd in a spot,
Fix'd on an isthmus in a slippery state,
A being darkly seen and rudely great,
Doubly expos'd:—in such a site how can
The breach be kept against th' assaults of man!
So, on the verge of joining counties, stands
A debtor's house, consign'd to bailiffs' hands,
In vain from writs and ruin he retreats,
When front, and rear, the sheriffs force his gates.

Perhaps, my Emma this strange story slights,
Such public acts of love's mysterious rites
You disbelieve; but here no shame imprest,
Heaves with alarming throbs the female breast;
Naked and smiling every nymph we see,
Like Eve unapron'd, ere she robb'd the tree.
Immodest words are spoke without offence,
And want of decency shows innocence;
A problem hence philosophers advance,
Whether shame springs from nature or from change.
The contest lasts; kept up by human pride;
Where sages differ, how can I decide?
Else should the muse with nice precision speak,
Why transient blushes crimson o'er the cheek
Of yielding maids; why shakes the tender frame,
Why soft confusion fills their souls with shame,
At certain acts: Is it great nature’s voice,
Or is it custom?—dubious is the choice?
No! modest instinct proves its source divine,
And bows our hearts at beauty’s sacred shrine!
Let sensual passion should our soul entice,
It starts and shrinks at the first touch of vice;
An emanation of celestial fire,
Which purifies the heart, and checks desire.
O'er bright Eliza beams attractive grace,
When roseeate blushes veil her lovely face:
Ev'n distant hints the sweet suffusion raise,
As the hand’s warmth makes phosphorus to blaze;
Melting in raptures, modestly she’ll glow,
As cold increases in dissolving snow.
How shall the muse describe, in flowing rhymes,
The dance lascivious of these sportive climes?
Which the young girls from infancy are taught,
With gestures lewd beyond the reach of thought.
What wanton motions vibrate ev’ry limb!
Their sparkling eyes in humid languor swim:
The Timoredees’ frolic songs conspire
To spread the blaze of love’s contagious fire.
Breathing virgins to these lists advance,
To practice realize the typic dance.
Bouncing maidens had Gallini known,
And’d by Hymen, from this torrid zone:—
British dames he’d precious spoils impart,
And here display the wonders of his art:
The magic gauze would ev'ry charm improve,
Thril ev'ry nerve with ecstasies of love,
Rapt'rous ideas at each touch supply,
And plant fine feelings, which these climes deny.
What gold can purchase such celestial charms,
What bribes can tempt such beauty to our arms,
You fain would know? Hear then the wond'rous tale,
Let this great truth o'er prejudice prevail:
With nails we traffic for the blooming maid,
And the ship's planks supply the dangerous trade;
At last the fair ones see, with strange surprise,
Some nails produc'd of more than common size;
The happy females with this treasure grac'd,
Display their triumph, and our coin's debas'd.
In vain we sue, the nymphs comply no more,
"Give us large nails," re-echoes from the shore.
Thus, when our senate (I'll their crimes unfold)
Call'd to the mint our light though sterling gold,
Indignant zealots saw new guineas rise,
Which Jews could neither sweat nor circumsice;
For through the land an inquisition reigns,
The faith of coins is try'd by saving grains;
Like justice arm'd, ev'n hadots poize the scales,
Nor sell their favours, if the standard fails;
Impatient, pale, the tingling cully stands,
"And holds his breeches up with both his hands;"
The balance trembles, and the wary maid
Still keeps her legs close till the guinea's weigh'd.
You ask what food springs from the grateful soil,
To fit the natives for their am'rous toil?
For bev'rage pure, the limpid streams suffice,
And cocoa-nut, nectarous juice supplies;
On verdant leaves they spread the sav'ry dish,
And suck prolific particles of fish:
So oily friars, shut in gloomy cloysters,
Pamper their lust with pregnant cod and oysters;
With liquorish cates the longing nuns refresh,
And in their sisters plant the "thorn of flesh."

Alas, what human bliss is long complete,
For ever changing man's precarious state!
Our rivals once exulted in this isle,
Where Venus revels, and the Graces smile;
In tinsel'd splendor led the festive dance,
And taught kind girls the cotillons of France;
To drums and flutes in sportive cadence move,
And give a loose to all the joys of love;
Till poison'd raptures propagate dire pains,
And dart pollution through the tingling veins;
Th' unwary nymphs to spread the pest conspire,
Which shoot as rapid as electric fire.
Through breathing flutes no more soft music flows,
The snuffling minstrel weeps his fallen nose;
Whilst muffled drums a mournful dirge rebound,
And through the island—waft a gentle sound.
Preventive Taylor, haste, O haste away,
The grand specific to my friends convey.
Still must I find the lewd promiscuous joy,
Which boundless reigns amidst their Arreoy;
Can the fond mother act Medea's part?
Can she expose the darling of her heart?
Without a tear, her infant cherub dooms,
And stab the smiling offspring of her womb?
O dire effect of passions unrestrain'd,
O dire effect of nature's laws profan'd!
From such black scenes the muse indignant turns,
Where lust deprav'd the madd'ning female burns.
Far different scenes in Britain's isle I see,
Where shines conspicuous the Coterie;
Their social orgies genial love admit,
And brisk Champaign improves their sparkling wit.
There Lady C—— guards the sacred niches,
Till ev'ry member stands without his breeches;
The matron sage in R—— spies defects,
And, like the Commons, by their vote—rejects.
Th' unhappy youth, an Irishman no more!
Shall ne'er revisit his sweet native shore:
But flies the rage of a prolific sire,
Who still at eighty feels a lover's fire.
Ye gods! what glee amidst our wanton dames,
When in a passion H—— exclaims;
Men please no more, such Macaroni things!
With nerves too weak to bear ev'n Chinese rings!
Fir'd with the view of her unfaded charms,
Three ancient lovers seize the mystic arms:
—What joy, alas! can wav'ring C——y bring,
Timid and dubious where to fix the ring;
Ev'n B——n, by state intrigues opprest,
Smuggles the ring, afraid of B——re's jest.
The magic circle brawny B—— rears,
She flies to him, and both dissolve in tears.
With brighten'd crests th' elected members stand,
And population teems around the land;
As thorn-trees by inoculation bear
The juicy apple and the luscious pear;
So barren females, by a strange embrace,
Yield to their lords an unresisting race;
Who joyous see the "olive branches" spread,
And boast the honours of the nuptial bed.

GENERAL M. AND HIS YOUNG WIFE.

A TALE. BY MR. H——

RASH, poor, and ever in a hurry,
Till he was far advanc'd in age,
A certain General, like * * * * * *
At last grew cautious, rich, and sage;
With all the subsidies of life,
All but an heir and a young and lively wife;
Young she must be, for reasons good,
Not to excite passionate dealings,
To keep him warm with her warm blood,
And to indulge his sober feelings:
The wife he got, but left the care
To Providence and her, to make his heir.
At first a blaze, or two at most,
Appeard, just like a fire of stubble,
That cannot either bake or roast,
Or broil, or make a kettle bubble:

N 5
But seldom, after that auspicious day,
The noble General sir'd, except in play.
One night he gave a false alarm,
Which she most patiently endur'd,
I thank my stars there is no harm,
She whisper'd to herself, insur'd;
Howe'er to cover his disgrace,
She let him keep manœuvring round the place.
His nightly fondling and stroking,
She bore with resignation meek;
When he became downright provoking,
She made him quiet for a week.
It was not oft, you understand,
That she was forc'd to take the task in hand.
Tir'd of his motions and parading,
To drop all metaphors of war,
She made him stick to serenading,
To twang and finger her guitar,
Like a child's fiddle, to divert young chicks,
From clamb'ring up and playing naughty tricks.
By independence held out to his dear,
By a sincere emancipation,
He gain'd, like Fox, peace and good cheer;
Besides a helping hand upon occasion;
As to their love, content with these concessions,
They left their jewels to their own discretion.
The General thus address'd the fair,
Tossing and tumbling in her nest;
Get me a deputy, indeed a pair,
For fear of accidents, is best;
But first, consult your wise experience'd dame,
Trust her judicious eye, my tender lamb.
He might have spar'd his curtain lecture,
His tender lamb, for all her youth,
Was never guided by conjecture,
Or mere appearances of truth;
Neither consenting nor denying,
She took no measures without trying.
So by repeated trials, in the end,
And wisely taking nought for granted,
She found the steady friend
And deputy, the General wanted.
In fine, without more fuss or teasing,
She made her choice, and chose discreetly;
The stream of time flow'd smooth and pleasing,
Not only pleasingly, but sweetly;
So much, that the whole veteran corps,
Envy'd the General more and more.
Replete with gratitude, the dame
Yielded to all his weakest fancies;
And by a blush of simpering shame,
Vouch'd for his feats and conjugal romances.
All which, as I before related,
Made the old General envied, if not hated.
Young folks are apt, in many a case
Left to themselves, without a warden,
To disregard both time and place,
Like Eve and Adam in the garden.
They take a turn, they look about,
And seeing nought to fear, conceive no doubt;

Taking
Taking their pastime in an arbour,
    Our friends were by the chaplain spied,
Like frigates riding in an harbour,
    With their sails furl'd in naked pride;
The priest, like Satan, sigh'd, and saw with spite
    Adam and Eve in primitive delight.
Before they reach'd the bower of bliss,
    At the first glance, you may suppose,
Down dropp'd the priest, squat like a miss
    Stepping aside to pluck a rose.
Cowering he watch'd, amidst the shrubs hard by,
    An envious toad, like Milton's wicked spy.
When the scene clos'd, the spy withdrew,
    With marks of grief and indignation,
Revealing every thing he knew
    Relating to the incarnation.
Lock'd in each other's arms they play'd,
    Fasten'd and glu'd from head to foot,
The pair conjoin'd, you would have said,
    Were grown together like a double nut.
Their springs and movements equal and exact,
    As if they were but one in fact.
The General smil'd, and heard the doctor's tattle,
    Calm and serene, as in a field of battle.
'Twas a fine sight, I envy you the pleasure;
    I know said he, your hate to blabs and praters,
And am rejoic'd, and happy beyond measure,
    That none but God and you were the spectators.
Depend upon 't she shall be told,
    When she's dispos'd to go so light and thin;

To
To run no more such risks of catching cold,
    But take her exercise within.
I love my wife, I feel her merits,
    I am her doctor, and advise
For her hysterics and low spirits,
    This brisk de-obstruent exercise,
A hundred pounds a-year I pay her squire,
    I feed him sumptuously, and therewithal
The labourer is worthy of his hire,
    And always ready at a call.
Know you, the General said to the divine,
A general’s lady better off than mine?
The priest reply’d, and answer’d well,
Sir, if I knew, I would not tell.
I could name one, one every way
    As capable, as brisk and stout,
A much more proper Ciecesbi
    Either within doors or without;
And one he said, cocking his thumb,
That would have done the job for half the sum.

THE MORAL. BY THE DRAMATIST.

All tales and fables, long or short,
    Æsop’s or Homer’s, feign’d or true,
Must have a moral of some sort;
    For our instruction, says Bossu.
We learn this truth from Homer’s songs,
    When youth and insolence conspire,
Grievous dissensions and great wrongs,
    Arise from passion set on fire.
His tale is founded upon anger,
With anger's terrible effects;
This upon impotence and languor,
With age's risible defects.
They both agree, in one conclusion,
Where there's no harmony, all is confusion;
In states, in senates, camps and fleets,
And, now and then, in wedding-sheets.
If an old fellow goes to bed
With his young bride, and gets next morn,
Instead of his bride's maidenhead,
The maiden-bride's contempt and scorn:
The surest way to set things right,
And to do justice to the bride,
Is to get up and take his flight,
Or take her General for his guide:
Who sail'd through time with a fine breeze,
Through pleasant days, and nights of ease:
For the connubial clog and yoke,
Heavy to me, not light to you,
To him was a mere joke,
Easy it sat like an old shoe.

SOFTLY.
AN ODE FROM HAFEZ.

BY THE LATE CAPT. THOMAS FORD.

DISGUISED, last night, I rush'd from home,
To seek the palace of my soul:
I reach'd by silent steps the dome,
And to her chamber softly stole.
On a gay various couch reclin’d,
    In sweet repose, I saw the maid;
My breast, like asp in to the wind,
    To love’s alarum softly play’d.

Two fingers, then, to half expanse,
    I trembling op’d—with fear oppress’d,
With these I pull’d her veil askance,
    Then softly drew her to my breast.

"Who art thou, wretch!"—my angel cried;
    Whisp’ring, I said—"Thy slave:—thy swain:
"But hush, my love!—forbear to chide;
    "Speak softly, lest some hear the strain."

Trembling with love, with hope, and fear;
    At length her ruby lips I press’d;
Sweet kisses oft—mellifluous—dear—
    Softly I snatch’d—was softly bless’d.

"O let me," now inflam’d I said,
    "My idol clasp within these arms;"
"Remove the light”—deep sigh’d the maid—
    "Come softly, come—prevent alarms."

Now by her side with bliss I glow’d,—
    Swift flew the night in am’rous play:
At length the morning’s herald crow’d;
    When softly thence I bent my way.
SEEING IS BELIEVING.

A TALE.  BY MR. H——.

THOMAS came running to the mill,
    As Will was standing at the door,—
Would you believe it, neighbour Will,
    Said Tom, my wife's an errant whore?
With colours flying, drums a pair,
    I left her very hard at work,
Tossing the Squire up in the air,
    As if he had been made of cork.
You know the burthen is not light,
    He was not born to be a jockey,
And, to add something to the weight,
    His Worship was a little rocky.
From my relation I presume,
    Neighbour, you will conclude and gather,
That he was in a plaguy fume,
    And she all over in a lather.
I never thought, as I'm a sinner,
    That Moll had any sporting blood,
Or any kind of mettle in her,
    No more than in a log of wood.
At any moment of the day,
    My wife, said Will, takes as much pains:
I make her pockets ring and play,
    Jingling her keys about like chains,
And yet no sempstress with a thimble,
    That sits all day upon her crupper,
Can be more mettlesome and nimble,
    Or readier for it, after supper.
Where did you leave your wife? said he—

Behind yon' stack, where she lies dry;
Run and peep through the hedge and see,
Said Tom, if she begin to fly.

Will ran and peep'd, and then crept nigher,
And then cried, Thomas, you're a liar.
I see them at it, and see clear,
'Tis not your Moll, but my sweet Nell;
The devil, I hope, that brought her here,
Will carry her back with him to hell.

I knew, and would have laid my life,
Said Tom, if I had bid you go,
To see the pastime of your wife,
You would not run to see the show!

But you would scamper to the stack,
To see my wife upon her back:
The only way that I would act,
The only way I would advise,
And the best way to prove the fact,
Is to appeal to your own eyes.

---

**SONG.**

*She rose and loft me in.*

The night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies;
Of glitt'ring stairs appear'd no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes:

When
When at her father's gate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, shrouded only with her smock,
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
She trembling stood ashamed;
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the fort to win,
And her fond heart was soon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy;
I knew no greater blessing.
So bless'd a man was I.
And she, all ravish'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
She'd rise and let me in.

But ah! at last she prov'd with bairn,
And sighing sat and dull,
And I, that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en just like a fool;
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin;
She sigh'd and curs'd the fatal hour
That e'er she loot me in.
But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart;
But wedded, and conceal'd our crime:
Thus all was well again;
And now she thanks the happy time
That e'er she loot me in.

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ODE TO LOVE.

BY G—— K———, Esq.

All-powerful Love then gently touch'd the lyre,
The throbbing bosom felt the kindling fire,
And whilst the pleasing pain
Ran quick through ev'ry vein,
How did each beating pulse proclaim
His influence o'er the human frame!
His harmony impress,
Upon the feeling breast,
A joy which love, and love alone, can e'er inspire.

From the soft flute he breath'd so sweet a strain,
Gladness diffus'd a smile o'er all the cheerful plain:
Responsive echo lengthen'd ev'ry note,
And on the playful breeze did heav'ly music float.
Such the sensations he did now impart,
That ev'ry plaintive murmur reach'd the heart.
The latent flame, erst carefully conceal'd,
Each tender maid reveal'd;
The little birds on ev'ry waving spray
Resistless pow'r obey:
The sportive lambkins frolic round,
And frisk it o'er th' enamel'd ground.
His sounds melodious charm'd th' attentive throng,
All nature listen'd, and approv'd the song.

HOB IN THE WELL.

A TALE. BY MR. M———

A TAYLOR, Bodkin-stitch, in a few years
Grew rich, and is increasing still,
By the nice conduct of his sheers,
And skill in drawing up a bill—
A bill, like any bill of Chancery,
Or my Lord North's bill of fine-ancery—
His budget like a giblet-pie,
Furnish'd with gizzards, hearts and liver,
Pinions, necks, feet, and blood for ever,
And goose-cap heads that once look'd high.
Twelve miles from York, or thereabout,
Stitch bought a farm, he call'd Surtout—
His agent every week that came,
Was sure to send him a stout hare,
Pigeons, and now and then some game,
With rabbits, taken in a snare.
In fine, Stitch liv'd like any lord,
Any lord mayor, that draws long corks—
Turkeys and geese smok'd on his board,
Like geese upon his board of works.
Besides, his farm produc'd him clear,
In cash, two hundred pounds a-year.
Robin, a farmer, was his factor;
The tailor would not part with Hob,
So good a factor and transactor,
For the best regimental job,
Not to take measure of the king,
Although, perhaps, by such an honour,
His wife, a proud disdainful thing,
Might not take quite so much upon her:
A knight's third cousin, where's the wonder
If Bodkin truckled and knock'd under?—
Observe, that every Easter Sunday,
Hob came to feast on Paschal lamb,
And then return'd on Easter Monday
To tansy-pudding and a ham.
The beds were full when Robin came,
As harmless as his name-sake bird,
Robin was forc'd to make a third,
And pig with Bodkin and his dame.
Hob in his breeches went to bed,
And Mrs. Stitch was in the middle,
Her face turn'd close to Bodkin's head,
To leather breeches her bum-fiddle,
Bodkin's horn soon began to blow,
Hob was awake, and she also.
On certain signals from behind,
   Hob his mask’d battery disclos’d,
Summon’d the fort, which was resign’d
   Upon the terms that he propos’d.
They were oblig’d to take their leave
   At last, for fear of a surprise,
Not without tears, you may believe,
   And sleep in earnest clos’d their eyes.
Recruited with a four hours nap,
   Hob gave her notice of his rising,
First at the door he gave a tap,
   And then a rap that was surprising:
A, Madam Stitch in the conclusion,
   Receiv’d the coup-de-grace, and was expiring,
Bodkin was wak’d by a contusion,
   Studied the point, and could nor help admiring:
And then put back his hand, and lo!
He found Hob in the well below.
Steal off, said Stitch, and quit your ground,
’Tis well for you she sleeps so sound.
If my wife wakes, and finds you’ve got
   Out of your road, into her quarters,
She’ll scratch your eyes out, she’s so hot,
   And strangle you in her Bath garters.
When I got there, said Hob, or how,
   I know no more than you, I vow;
But in the well have got through thick and thin—
   Oft in my sleep I walk, they say,
And in my sleep must have walk’d in,
   Said Hob; that must have been the way.
Hob vanish'd—Mrs. Stitch, soon after,
Furnish'd another scene for laughter;
She jogg'd her spouse, and whisper'd low,
Is Robin up and gone, or no?
'Bodkin reply'd, At break of day,
Two hours ago, he stole away:
I dreamt, said she, and then awoke,
I thought 'twas you in such a cue,
I doubted whether it was you;
I thought you drove away like smoke:
I never felt so much delight,
Either in sleeping or awake,
I was afraid 'twas some mistake;
What would I give to dream it every night!
I was surpris'd to find you grown
So lusty, and with so much bone,
And twice as strong, and stronger too,
Than when upon our wedding-sheets,
For all that I could say or do,
You robb'd me of my virgin sweets.
'Twas but a dream, said Stitch, that 's plain,
I'll try to make you dream again;
He did his best: and Morpheus seiz'd her soon;
'Bodkin got up at nine, she slept till noon.

**MORAL.**

The sex, said a physician of the College,
Like men, are either saints or sinners;
Like Eve, they long so much for knowledge,
They scarce have time to eat their dinners.
The difference between them and us
Is this, the sex, both great and small,
All look as innocent as puss,
The greatest hypocrite of all.
But men oft glory in their shame,
And take our wives for lawful game.
Put not your trust in leather breeches,
Whether your wife's behind you, or before;
They all can tell, they are such witches,
Whether you sleep, or only feign a snore.
She knows her time, she gives an intimation,
To Galligaskins; and, if he's inclin'd,
He will accept of Madam's invitation,
Just as it suits, before you or behind.

THE BIRTH OF CUPID.

By the D—s of D——.

Here, in the bower of beauty, newly shorn,
Let Fancy sit, and sing how Love was born;
Wrapt up in roses, Zephyr found the child
In Flora's cheek, when first the goddess smil'd;
Nurs'd on the bosom of the beauteous Spring,
O'er her white breast he spread his purple wing;
On kisses fed, and silver drops of dew,
The little wanton into Cupid grew;
The arm'd his head with glittering sparks of fire,
And tipp'd his shining arrows with desire;
Hence joy arose upon the wings of wind,
And hope presents the lover always kind;
Despair creates a rival for our tears,
And tender pity softens into fears.

THE AMOROUS GROOM.

A TALE. FROM LA FONTAINE.

A KING, in youthful charms array'd,
Fair Lombardy's bright sceptre sway'd.
The kings of this same country gain
Frequent admittance to my brain;
But honest Boccace often shows 'em
So a-propos, one can't refuse 'em.
'Tis fit that you this hint should read,
Before we venture to proceed.
The king, if we may credit fame,
Espous'd a soul-enchanting dame,
As chaste, as prudent, and as fair,
As queens in our romances are.
Her eyes no glance could ever dart,
But some poor gazier lost his heart;
New dawning charms each day discovers,
And half her subjects were her lovers.
You'll think, when these fine things are said,
She needs must bless her monarch's bed;
And certain 'tis, no royal sheets
Her prov'd the scenes of softer sweet's.

O
But Cupid, who delights in malice,
And lov'd to roam about the palace,
As he was whisking round his link,
Just where the floor disclos'd a chink,
Shook out a spark, 'tis far from fable,
And down it dropt into the stable;
And still accustom'd to consume,
Fir'd the præcordia of a groom;
Another would have said, his heart;
But surely, if nice terms of art
Can sometimes happen to fall pat in,
They'll show at once our wit and Latin.

This very groom, we'll call him Peter,
Since that's a name will suit our metre;
This groom, I say, with many a maid,
Pass'd for a very dapper blade;
His well-turn'd person, and his parts,
Had such a knack at stealing hearts,
That all the virgins where he came,
Were languishing to lose that name.
But what was more engaging yet,
My author says, the youth had wit;
And well he made it soon appear,
As in the sequel you shall hear.

This spark, when he beheld the queen,
Was ravish'd at her matchless mien;
Her eyes had shot him to the soul,
And his heart kindled like a coal.
He sigh'd, and gnaw'd his nails—What then?
Why then, he sigh'd, and gnaw'd again.
Cupid was touch'd to see this pother,
As much as if he'd been his brother:
Obsequious to his aid he fled,
And perch'd unseen upon his head;
Where, in less time than lawyers hatch up
Some lucky lie, their cause to patch up,
He fill'd his brain with such vagaries,
As soon diminish'd his quandaries.
For Cupid disciplines so well,
He'll make an oaf of Machiavel,
And daily furbish up more sages,
Than schools can hammer out in ages.
You call for proof—why, if I need it,
This tale's my voucher; please to read it.
Our love-sick brother of the manger,
Now booted at the thing call'd danger;
And yet he wisely thought it good
To be as cautious as he cou'd;
Though bless'd with bronze, he thought it ruin
To tell the queen what he'd be doing;
Because he knew her majesty
Would never yield extempore;
But rather he might apprehend
His suit would haste his latter end;
And, therefore, he could see no reason;
Why love should talk him into treason;
Nor did he think it one jot better,
To scrawl his passion in a letter;
For letters oft have caus'd the writers
To curse the day they were inditers.
To such a situation drove,
Between the gallows and his love,
How did he this dilemma settle?
Why, truly, like a man of mettle:
Thought he, my passion, if I falter,
Will prove as fatal as a halter,
And since 'tis very plain I may die,
Or by the hangman or the lady;
Cupid conduct me to her bed,
To make me talk'd of when I'm dead!

The god, who heard this pious prayer,
Resolv'd to make the business bear,
And how his pupil he did cheer up,
A paragraph or two shall clear up.

In Lombardy, friend Boccace says,
By the fix'd custom of those days,
The king and queen lay oft asunder;
But this we think no mighty wonder,
Because, if Fame the truth reports,
'Tis much the same in modern courts.
His majesty, 'tis likewise said,
Whene'er he took it in his head,
To cheer his queen an hour or more,
Tript softly to the chamber-door,
Where a sage matron, plac'd in waiting,
Would often let the monarch late in,
Loose in his gown, as wisely guessing
'Twould save some moments in undressing;
The reader too must understand,
A taper glimmer'd in his hand,
Lest he should stumble on some plank ill,
And bruise an eye, or sprain an ancle;
But yet so feeble was the blaze,
The devil scarce cou’d know his face.
The crone, who knew what he desir’d,
Receiv’d the taper, and retir’d;
This was the practice, then well known,
And ev’ry nation has its own.

Peter, who manag’d not his wit ill,
Knew the whole custom to a tittle,
And soon accoutred in this gear,
He at the portal did appear;
The monarch’s rap he had so trim,
The good duenna thought ’twas him;
She op’d the door, and took his light,
Then wish’d the mimic king good night;
Blessing her stars for this kind hap,
That gave her gummy eyes a nap.
Our wag had nothing now to dread,
But that the king might come to bed;
Twas dangerous to be too heedless,
But, for that tiane, his fears were needless.

Last morn the monarch rose at four,
To rouse with hounds and horn the boar;
He ne’er had hunted down a bigger,
And left himself so little vigour,
That the kind reader may conclude,
He thought his visit would be rude;
At least, till midnight hours were past,
Love’s cheer he could not hope to taste.
And now, what youth, so near the blessing,
Would think of aught else but undressing?
This Peter did, and, had you seen him,
You'd wonder how he cou'd so clean him;
His linen was so lily neat,
And with rich essence made so sweet,
That had you view'd him in the room,
When he did first put off the groom,
You wou'd have sworn, to see the man dress,
Venus herself had been his laundress.
But not to tire you on that head,
Peter we'll now suppose in bed.

But here, 'tis fit we tell our readers,
One of the real king's procedures.
The monarch oft, when state affairs
Perplex'd his head with royal cares,
When officers in trust were thievish,
Or if his household made him peevish,
Wou'd clasp his consort in his arms,
And silently enjoy her charms;
And though she made his spirits flutter,
The devil of a word he'd utter.
Th' obsequious queen, without much teaching,
Cou'd easily dispense with speaking;
A lover, right in other matters,
May please the more the less he chatters.
This lucky circumstance, however,
For Peter was completely clever,
And he improv'd it to the best,
Nor need the muse relate the rest;
Only, that in those mystic cases,
That have relation to embraces,
Fame, if we dare to trust her, sings
One groom is worth two brace of kings.
The queen, it then may be believ'd,
Some difference at that time perceiv'd.
Surpris'd at so much am'rous play,
She thought her monarch strangely gay;
And fancy'd that his choler might
Make him exceed himself that night.
Heav'n in its gifts is always just,
Nor will to one all talents trust:
An emperor of some great nation,
Has virtues proper for his station;
A lawyer too has all his paces,
And clears, and often puzzles, cases;
As to love's sports, without an oath,
A single groom excels them both.
Our gallant, having oft repeated
His brisk attack, at last retreated;
He thought it wisdom to be gone
Ere morn's bright pinners were put on;
And therefore, lighted on by no ray,
Got out of bed before Aurora.
Here love had taught his happy student,
To be, what few are, bless'd and prudent;
For had he stay'd five minutes more,
He'd met the monarch at the door.
The monarch!—pray what's this you've said!
I thought he went fatigu'd to bed.
'Tis true; the reader there is right,
But he was not fatigu'd all night,
And, therefore, ere the dawn was seen,
He paid a visit to the queen.

Her majesty, who heard him enter,
Was much surpris'd at his adventure;
And more, to be so little cloying,
That he was still inclin'd to toying:
My dearest lord, said she, it seems
Your fondness prompts you to extremes;
But though I own this kind proceeding
Bespeaks the height of royal breeding,
I would not, for your kingdom's wealth,
Permit you to impair your health:
You're dearer to me than my eyes, Sir;
And six caresses will suffice, Sir;
Besides, your majesty well knows,
'Tis not ten minutes since you rose.

The monarch now, as he lay moping,
Began to smoke some interloping;
But since he relish'd not the jest,
He thought that silence would be best;
And so, as fast as he was able,
He tripp'd directly to the stable;
Well judging, that no courtier beau
Had in love's feats eclips'd him so.
I have, says he, much cause to fear,
My lusty rival may be here;
And though no outward marks display him,
His palpitation will betray him.
It happen'd that the king, this night,
Forgot to bring his waxen light,
And, therefore, grop'd along the gloom,
And felt about from groom to groom.

Peter, who heard him in the hay,
Sweat streams of asafoetida,
And slept dogs sleep, as people say.

The good prince, hoping to discover
By his high pulse the happy lover,
Chose a good thought for his director,
And was not cross'd in his conjecture;
But quickly laid his hand on Peter,
And felt him scorch like any heater.

The monarch having found his man,
A second scheme of thought began;
He meant to know him in the morning,
That grooms might by his fate take warning.
He found, by stretching out his leg,
A pair of scissors on a peg,
Which fortune seem'd then to produce
On purpose for his present use.

'Tis well, thought he, I'll mark the droll,
So clipp'd a lock from Peter's poll.

The king, thus having gain'd his aim,
Pok'd off as softly as he came,
Though short of what he had design'd,
Because he left the lock behind.
And Peter, to prevent disaster,
Determin'd to out-wit his master;
So crept to each companion's bed,
And snipp'd a lock from ev'ry head.

Now
Now morning shines, the king admires
To see his grooms all cropp'd like friars:
And has my spouse, thinks he, and raves,
This night caress'd these sixteen slaves?
No, sure, for this would make my queen a
Worse prodigy than Messalina.
Well, sirs, said he, with smoother brow,
Whoe'er has done the deed, but now,
Let him be silent, and refrain
From going, he knows where, again.

A SOLILLOQUIE.

GAZING AT KITTY'S CHAMBER WINDOW.

WHAT dimly glimmering, distant light
   Faintly repels the shades of night!
What beauteous image, charms divine,
Behind yon wavering curtains shine?
Malicious curtains, which repel
My longing eyes, withdraw your veil;
And to the eager, ardent lover,
Nature's bright master-piece discover.

Bear me, ye zephyrs! through the air,
Into the chamber of the fair,
Where my impatient wishes rove,
Up-borne upon the wings of love.

See, where the beauteous Kitty lies,
And shuts her ever-conqu'ring eyes.
Eyes! which, though clos'd, diffuse a ray
Bright as the op'ning dawn of day;
And each fond lover waking keep,
While they lie bath'd in gentle sleep,
See how her heaving bosom moves,
The parent of a thousand loves;
So waves the bosom of the deep,
Where only tides their motions keep.

See, where the wanton woodbine strays,
And round her window amorous plays;
Ambitious to salute the fair
With the first odours of the year;
That fair, whose breath is sweeter far
Than all the flowers that tree can bear;
Whose face more beauteous colours shows
Than lilies blended with the rose.

Perch'd in this woodbine, Venus' doves
Shall murmur forth their tender loves,
And quit the goddess, pleas'd to prove
Th' attendants of this queen of love.
Each tuneful chorister of the air
Shall nightly serenade the fair,
And, in the covert of the tree,
Make an harmonious aviary.

And thou, chief songstress of the vale,
Sweet melancholy nightingale,
Who, wakeful, in melodious strain
Dost nightly of thy love complain;
By thy example let her know
The pains for her I undergo;
Tell her, in sweetest, saddest air,
How much I love, how much despair.
Describe my wishes, sing my fears,
My doubtful hopes, my anxious cares;
Pleas'd with the melody from thee,
The maid perhaps may think on me.

And when she sleeps, may dreams impart
The tender anguish of my heart:
Such dreams, as my fond fancy lead
Through many a painted flow'ry mead,
When I, transported with the view,
The visionary maid pursue.

Let Hymen with his torch appear,
And gently whisper in her ear,
That beauty soon must fade away,
The short-liv'd glory of a day;
That if his passion, which knows none
That's excellent but her alone,
And which will ever keep its flame,
Through each succeeding age the same,
Deserves by beauty to be blest,
That passion burns within my breast.
May visions prove the fair one's mind,
And Kitty wake to Thyris kind!

---

**SONG.**

**SUNG AT THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY,**

**BY MR. HOOKE.**

Ye sons of Anacreon, assist me to sing
Of the fountain of Venus, the rivulet spring;

'Tis
'Tis a mystical mirror, though hidden from sight,
Can attract even age to the fount of delight;
For the soul lost in transport is wafted above,
When you dip in the fountain of Venus and Love.

For the soul, &c.

It dwells in a valley by moss circled round,
And though ever plumb'd no bottom e'er found;
And here the wild spendthrift is welcome to range,
If he draws a receipt by a mutual exchange;
'Tis a spring of such sweets e'en stoics approve,
When they dip in the fountain of Venus and Love.

'Tis a spring, &c.

The bank of this fountain's a beautiful red,
Its verge is inviting, though dang'rous to tread;
For oft in convulsions it ebbs and it flows,
And never so pleas'd as when 't tells what it knows;
'Tis fierce in the conflict, yet meek as a dove,
If conquer'd, the fountain of Venus and Love.

'Tis fierce, &c.

The richest of nectar this fountain distils,
That lies at the foot of the fairest of hills,
And the blossom that's lost in combating the suit,
Is often repaid with the choicest of fruit;
But vain is the task which thousands have strove,
To conquer the fountain of Venus and Love.

But vain, &c.
A MERRY story's better far,  
Than a lampoon or witty libel:  
Mine is from Margaret of Navarre,  
As true as any in the bible.  
_Vrai comme l'Evangile, 'tis e'en_  
True as the gospel, says the queen.  
Three merchants of Savoy, I know not when,  
Were travelling, each with his spouse,  
Pilgrims to Saint Antonio of Vienne,  
All of them bound by previous vows,  
In journeying to live together,  
Not like their fathers and their mothers,  
But like three sisters and three brothers,  
As well in cold as in hot weather:  
Like them in beds apart to lie,  
In chambers separate, but nigh;  
Lest, through mistake, sister and brother,  
Or in their sleep, or in the dark,  
Might tumble upon one another,  
And the collision strike a spark,  
Which meeting with the tinder-box,  
Is all that they require,  
All such combustibles as smocks,  
To make the least inflammable catch fire.  
They were all left in full possession  
Of every other sense, or taste,  
That is, to use them with discretion,  
You know there's none below the waist.
At Chambery arriving, our three pair
  Spar'd no expense at their hotel,
Excellent wine and plenty of good fare,
  All appetites, but one, far'd well.
They supp'd, and seem'd so loath to part,
  The brothers and the sisters both,
I am persuaded from my heart,
  Had much ado to keep their oath.
The ladies to their room repair'd,
  To chat both in and out of bed;
Their beds before had been prepar'd,
  Three, with one pillow for each head.
But were their husbands there, and thereabout,
  Instead of one,
  Had there been none,
I do believe they could have done without.
I need not tell you, when three dames
  Gather'd together are undressing,
They call things by their naked names,
  So plain, they leave no room for guessing:
When the discourse is turn'd from fashions
To certain objects of the passions;
And in undressing, you may swear,
  They shew their charms, and they compare.
Three monks, all three father confessors,
  They lay hard by, wonder'd to hear
The ladies talking like professors,
  In terms of art distinct and clear;
Which made the holy fathers rise,
  And stand and listen with surprise;
Then gliding to the door, they spy'd,
Up, on their beds, all in their shifts,
The three fair dames, that scorn'd to hide
Any of God's bounteous gifts.
The monks, much edify'd, retir'd,
And by Saint Francis were inspir'd.
They knew they lay without a mate;
And like brave soldiers of Saint Francis,
Resolv'd they should no longer wait,
And suffer for their husbands' fancies.
Saint Francis must have been their guide;
Most certainly Saint Francis knew,
The ladies after the review——
Forgot the key was left on the outside.
Now silence reign'd, the fair ones slept,
And out the watchful brethren came,
Secur'd the door, and softly crept,
Each bold Franciscan to his flame.
There was no time for them to spare,
For preface or solicitation,
They seiz'd Time by the lock of hair,
Without one word on the occasion.
Finding their dears so hot and greedy,
And so soon up and on again;
The ladies, who were also needy,
Found that resistance would be vain.
One of the sisters had a notion,
The alteration was so strange,
That her's had taken some love potion,
To make so very great a change.
They bore it all with patient bearing,
   And without uttering a word:
All the three wives, whilst they were pairing,
   Thought theirs the only pairing bird.
Each held her tongue, and took her feed,
   Pitying the two that stood in need.
The champions, after their great deeds,
   Gently retir’d, exhausted quite;
And, with their baggage and their beads,
   March’d off as soon as it was light.
The merchants slept so long, thanks to the wine,
   So well to both the parties suited,
Their heads, on waking, ach’d no more than mine,
   And their wives rose, fresh and recruited.
Then huddling on their clothes, in the meanwhile
   Their tongues perpetually wagging;
The smartest cried, with an arch smile,
   And with a tone of voice like bragging,
Pray, were you wak’d, like me, last night?
   Had you a visit from your spouses!—
If yours were in as fine a plight,
   They must have been about your houses——
Mine wak’d me, and away he scour’d
   At once, and ran me out of breath;
I thought I should have been devour’d;
   Press’d, hugg’d and squeez’d, and crush’d to
death.
Ours too were in a good condition,
   The others said—— What could it mean?
It must have been the prohibition,
   They all agreed, that made them all so keen.
Undoubtedly, said Madam Smart;
Oft I have wonder'd, for my part,
With what indifference they begin,
And jog on in a lawful deed;
But let it be a mortal sin,
Heav'ns, with what ardour they proceed!—
The men were up, and in their jackets,
And were just putting on their shoes,
When their wives enter'd with their packets,
Full of glad tidings and great news.
No wonder that you lay till noon,
After your last night's feats, said they,
To come and break your oaths so soon,
And make us break ours too, was not fair play.
Each to her husband then repeated,
How suddenly she was surpris'd,
How handsomely she had been treated,
For which she hop'd he would not be chastis'd.
The fault was his, she had no blame;
She was so hurry'd,
Baited and worry'd,
If 'twas to do again, she would do the same.—
You must be drunk or mad, I fear,
The husband cried, 'tis a clear case,
I never stir'd, or I'm not here,
Out of my bed, out of this place;
And so they one and all declar'd,
And look'd like simpletons, and star'd.
The women blush'd up to the ears,
First thought of this, and then of that,
And their suspicions and their fears
Made them begin to smell a rat.
A merchant wiser than the rest,
Making a sign they understood,
Laugh'd, and said, Wife, we were in jest,
My sins, I hope, have done us good.
I hope, said he, you 'll wish me joy,
And our endeavours and joint labours,
Will be productive of a boy—
I wish the same for my two neighbours.
An act, said he, you will allow,
Of so great merit,
It must repair our broken vow,
You know we broke it with great spirit.
'Twas not enough, said Mistress Sly,
To break your oath, but you must run,
And go to bed to make a lie,
For which you don't deserve a son;
And yet I hope, and expect rather,
Your son will not be like his father.
With that the females in a titter,
Retir'd to gather up the litter.
The women gone, the merchant cry'd,
Brothers, you see how matters go,
Our ladies have been monkcupy'd,
Which is not fit for them to know;
We must lock up this secret in our trunks,
For if the faithful partners of our bed
Should know their obligations to the monks,
Monks will be always running in their heads.
To pocket the affront is right;
As to your wives, 'tis best you'll own,
To lie with them ourselves at night,
And never let them lie alone.
Whether the ladies' doubts were clear'd away,
I never heard, so cannot say;
But I have heard, that ever after,
Whene'er they met at any place,
And look'd each other in the face,
They fell into a fit of laughter;
And with great gratitude and reason,
For their devotion in due season,
His blessing Saint Antonio sent,
With three huge boys, made and conceiv'd
Monastically, 'tis believ'd,
To the six pilgrims' great content.

MORAL.

Cleave to your wives, the scripture says,
I say, that cleaving is a blessing;
But you must stick and cleave always,
Or else your heads may get a dressing.
As close as you were tied and buckled,
So close no creature can get at her;
You might, my lord, be made a cuckold,
And I know nothing of the matter.
To make a vow to leave your wife in danger,
And let her lie alone and flib her,
Is to lock up your cash before a stranger,
And tempt him to become a robber;

Which
Which was exemplified, you find,
In three bold monks all of one mind———
This truth will follow from that sequel,
Which ought to be observ’d and known,
That one of us, left quite alone,
Or three of us together, are things equal.

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SONG.

A BUXOM young lass came to London of late,
Neither prudish nor squeamish, but free and elate
A simple faux-pas brought Dolly to town,
'Twas first with her master, and next with the clown.

Tol de rol, &c.

Dolly swore that her master was handsome and kind,
But her mistress quite ugly, ill-natur’d, and blind;
For oft when her husband would touch Dolly's ware,
She'd cry, Johny, take off your nasty hands there.

Tol de rol, &c.

But Dolly could never see where was the harm
To suffer her master to keep tabby warm;
So the hussy, she left her poor mistress to grunt,
And gave to her master the use of her ——.

Tol de rol, &c.

But Dolly, once tasting the exquisite stuff,
Swore her master could never half stroke her enough;
For she lov'd it so well, that she 'd frequent lay down,
And take a sly —— by young Roger the clown.

Tol de rol, &c.

But
But Roger and master she soon tired out,
And Dolly still panting for —— stiff and stout;
So to London she came, nor once doubted her luck,
To get into service, and get into ——.

Tol de rol, &c.

And Dolly has found all her wishes fulfill'd,
She's got into place, and she's oftentimes kill'd;
For Dolly, well knowing lost time is a sin,
Lets her —— take the master and family in.

Tol de rol, &c.

But Dolly by chance heard of Anacreon's fame,
And disguis'd as a man, to his temple she came,
Where the sons of the god did her senses so thrill,
That she cry'd they shall —— me whenever they will.

Tol de rol, &c.

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SONG.

BY THE E— OF S———

I SING the British fair one's charms,
A theme renown'd in story;
It well deserves more polish'd lays,
For 'tis our boast and glory.
When mad-brain lust excitement spreads,
The fair one is desir'd,
Nor will she shun the sperm of love,
But grant whate'er's required.
Then oh, protect the British fair,
Be mindful of their merit,
And when that Venus beats to arms,
They 'll shew their daring spirit.

When Priapus the fair one fires
With love's electric potion,
Oh, how she pants—oh, how she sighs!
Each vig'rous nerve 's in motion:
Now twisting, twining different ways,
Each am'rous thought she traces;
But oh, for man, for man she sighs,
Substantial man's embraces!

Then oh, &c.

Behold her on a bed or couch,
Her beauteous thighs extended;
Behold Eve's chasm op'd to your view,
Unguarded, undefended;
Say, Britons, does a sight like this
Not fire and alarm ye?
Oh yes, it arms the rampant boy
With courage to enchant ye.

Then oh, &c.

As thus reclin'd the fair one lies,
A tempting sight before you,
Oh how, to give her soul delight,
The wanton will implore you!
With joy she sees, undaunted ——,
Nine inches full in measure;
Oh how her —— now ebbs and flows,
To squeeze the darling treasure.

Then oh, &c.
The solar beam of life she guides
   Into her gaping centre,
And swears 'tis but Anacreon's song
   Have there a right to enter;
For they are worthy beauty's charms,
   Whose pride is to protect them;
Nor from the vale of British ——
   Will beauty c'er reject them.

Then oh, &c.

THE FAIR NUN.

A TALE. BY MR. FENTON.

We sage Cartesians, who profess
   Ourselves sworn foes to emptiness,
Assert, that souls a tip-toe stand
   On what we call the pineal gland;
As weather-cocks on spires are plac'd,
   To turn the quicker with each blast.
'Tis granted, can you think it strange
We all should be so prone to change;
   Even from the go-cart, till we wear
A satin cap i' th' elbow chair?
The follies that the child began,
   Custom makes current in the man;
And firm, by livery and seisin,
   Holds the fee-simple of his reason.
But still the gusts of love, we find
   Blow strongest on a woman's mind:

Nor
Nor need I learnedly pursue
The latent cause, th' effect is true;
For proof of which, in manner ample,
I mean to give you one example.

Upon a time (for so my nurse,
Heav'n rest her bones! began discourse;)
A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,
Began to languish with the spleen.
She who had shone at balls and play,
In old brocade extremely gay,
All on a sudden grew precise,
Declaim'd against the growth of vice,
A very prude in half a year;
And most believ'd she was sincere.
Necklace of pearl no more she wears,
That's sanctify'd to count her prayers.
Venus, and all her naked loves,
The reformado nymph removes;
And Magdalen, with saints and martyrs,
Were plac'd in their respective quarters.
Nor yet content, she could not bear
The rankness of the public air;
'Twas so infected with the vice
Of luscious songs and lovers' sighs.
So, most devoutly, wou'd be gone,
And straight profess'd herself a nun.

A youth of breeding and address,
And call him Thyris, if you please,
Who had some wealth to recompense
His slender dividend of sense;
Yet could with little thought or care
Write tender things to please the fair;
And then successively did grow,
From half a wit, a finish'd beau;
(For fops thus naturally rise,
As maggots turn to butterflies.)
This spark, as story tells, before
Had held with madam an amour;
Which he, resolving to pursue,
Exactly took the proper cue:
And on the wings of love he flies
To lady abbess in disguise;
And tells her he had brought th' advowson
Of soul and body to dispose on.
Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
In petticoats without a beard,
Fond of a proselyte, and fees,
Admits the fox among the geese.
Here duty, wealth, and honour prove,
Though three to one, too weak for love;
And to describe the war throughout,
Wou'd make a glorious piece, no doubt;
Where moral virtues might be slain,
And rise, and fight, and fall again;
Love shou'd a bloody myrtle wear,
And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,
The Nun should charge.——But I forbear.

All human joys, though sweet in tasting,
Are seldom (more's the pity!) lasting:
The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,
Which others thought th' effects of zeal.
But she, poor she, began to doubt:
(Best knowing what she'd been about ;)
The marriage earnest-penny lay,
And burnt her pocket, as we say.
She now invokes, to ease her soul,
The dagger and the poison'd bowl;
And, self-condemn'd for breach of vow,
To lose her life and honour too,
Talk'd in as tragical a strain as
Your craz'd Monimias and Roxanas.

But as she in her cell lay sighing,
Distracting, weeping, drooping, dying;
The fiend (who never wants address
To succour damsels in distress)
Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
The fatal cause for which she griev'd:
But promis'd her, en cavalier,
She should be freed from all her fear;
And with her Thyrsis lead a life
Devoid of all domestic strife;
If she would sign a certain scrawl——
Ay, that she would, if that was all.
She sign'd; and he engag'd to do
Whate'er she pleas'd to set him to.

The critics must excuse me now;
They both were freed, no matter how:
For when we epic writers use
Machines, to disengage the muse,
We're clean acquit of all demands,
The matter's left in abler hands:
And if they cannot loose the knot,
Should we be censur'd?—I think not.

The scene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For pomp and pleasure who but they,
Who might do ev'ry thing but pray?
Madam in her gilt chariot flaunted,
And Pug brought ev'ry thing she wanted,
A slave devoted to her will:
But women will be wav'ring still.

Ev'n vice, without variety,
Their squeamish appetites will cloy:
And having stol'n from lady abbess,
One of our merry modern Rabbies,
She found a trick she thought would pass,
And prove the devil but an ass.

His next attendance happen'd right,
Amidst a moonless stormy night,
When madam, and her spouse together,
Guess'd at his coming by the weather.

He came: To-night, says he, I drudge,
To fetch a heriot for a judge;
A gouty nine-i'-th'-hundred knave:
But, madam, do you want your slave?
I need not presently be gone,
Because the doctors have not done.

A rosy vicar and a quack
Repuls'd me in my last attack,
But all in vain, for mine he is—
A fig for both their faculties.

The dame produc'd a single hair,
But whence it came I cannot swear;
Yet this I will affirm is true,
It curl'd like any bottle-screw.
Sir Nick, quoth she, you know us all,
We ladies are fantastical!
You see this hair!—Yes, madam.—Pray,
In presence of my husband stay,
And make it straight; or else you grant
Our solemn league and covenant
Is void in law.—It is, I own it:—
And so he sets to work upon it.
He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,
If wetting wou'd not do the feat:
And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion;
But still it kept th' elastic motion.
Well! more ways may be found than one,
To kill a witch that will not drown.

If I, quoth he, conceive its nature,
This hair has flourish'd near the water;
'Tis crisp with cold, perhaps, and then
The fire will make it straight again.
In haste he to the fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
Heigh, jingo! worse than 'twas before!
The more it warms, it twirls the more.
He stamp'd his cloven foot, and chaf'd—
The husband and the lady laugh'd.

Hove'er, he fancied, sure enough,
He shou'd not find it hammer-proof.
No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,
At forging thunder-bolts or armour,
Than Satan was. But all in vain;
Again he beats—it curls again:
At length he bellow'd in a rage—
This hair will take me up an age.
This take an age! the husband swore;
Zounds, Betty has five hundred more.
More! take your bond, quoth Pug, adieu,
'Tis loss of time to ply for you.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

A SONG. BY CAPTAIN M——S.

COME prick up your ears, and attend, Sirs, a while;
I'll sing ye a song that shall make ye to smile:
'Tis a faithful description of the Tree of Life,
So pleasing to ev'ry maid, widow, and wife!

Tol de rol, &c.

This tree is a succulent plant, I declare,
Consisting of only one straight stem, I swear:
Its top sometimes looks like a cherry in May;
At other times more like a filbert, they say.

Tol de rol, &c.

This tree universal most countries produce;
But till eighteen years growth 'tis not much fit for use,
Then nine or ten inches—for it seldom grows higher;
And that's sure as much as the heart can desire.

Tol de rol, &c.
But chiefly in Ireland this plant it best thrives,
As well can be prov'd by their widows and wives;
Its root is so stout and so long, I insist on 't
That most of their natives entirely subsist on 't.

Tol de rol, &c.

Some late virtuosi, this tree to improve,
Have cut off its fruit, call'd the Apples of Love;
But it never seeds after, nor is worth a louse,
Unless to make whistles for th' Opera House.

Tol de rol, &c.

Its juice taken inward 's a cure for the spleen,
And removes in an instant the sickness call'd green;
Though sometimes it causes large tumours below,
They disperse of themselves in nine months, or so.

Tol de rol, &c.

It cures all dissensions 'twixt husband and wife,
And makes her look pleasant through each stage of life;
By a right application it never can fail,
But then it must always be given in Tail!

Tol de rol, &c.

Ye ladies who long for a sight of this tree,
Take this invitation—come hither to me:
I have it just now in the height of perfection,
Adapted for handling, and fit for injection.

Tol de rol, &c.
SONG.

Some love to range, so fond of change,
    Variety’s their shrine;
Each has his scheme, his fav’rite whim,
    But woman, woman’s mine.

The festive bowl, and martial soul,
    The miser I decline;
Like childish toys, to some they’re joys,
    But lovely woman’s mine.

With various arts she charms our hearts,
    And makes this life divine;
For all the tricks of all the sex,
    I’d still have woman mine.

Let idiots rave, what’s what they’d have,
    The sex they can’t define;
Just as she is, she’s form’d to please;
    And long be woman mine!

The sparkling eye, the melting sigh,
    When heart and heart conjoin:
The bliss of love, all bliss above,
    Make charming woman mine.

In pomp and state succeed, ye great,
    I’ll envy nor repine;
If blest with pow’r, to life’s last hour,
    To keep dear woman mine.
THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

To Celia thus fond Damon said,
   See, here's a mossy carpet laid;
   And then her hand he press'd;
Free from the world's intruding eye,
Here lurks, my dear, no busy spy:
   He look'd—and sigh'd the rest.

She started with a feign'd surprise,
While pleasure sparkled in her eyes;
   Sure Damon does not mean—
The shepherd stopp'd her with a kiss,
And press'd her panting breast to his,—
   My dear, we are not seen.

Then by a thousand kisses more,
A thousand tender oaths he swore,
   His love should never end:
She call'd on all the pow'rs above,
None heard her but the god of love,
   And he was Damon's friend.

Is there then no help, she said,
By Damon thus to be betray'd?
   Then hung her head and blush'd.
0 Damon, Damon, yet be good!
The shepherd smil'd, and swore he wou'd;
   She sigh'd—and all was hush'd.
THE INSEPARABLE FAIR.

A TALE. BY MR. H———-

MY story 's true, as well as new,
Of folks I know, that shall be nameless;
Their real names are nought to you,
I 'll call my knight, Sir Joseph Shameless.
His lady's woman, Kitty Patience,
With wicked eye, her teeth two rows of pearl,
And all the sequel of the girl,
A complication of temptations.
The knight had now and then the gout;
To have it only now and then,
Is of great use to many men,
It has its merits without doubt.
Amongst the proverbs of my sire,
The gout I 've often heard him call
The potent parent of desire,
Without whose aid his doings were but small;
I mean, he was not half so stout,
And sometimes could not make it out
______________________ at all.

My lady in her stays, and Kitty lacing;
My lady's fingers busy round the border,
Giving her snowy breasts a proper bracing,
To keep them at a distance, and in order:
So proud and bold they stand when they are parted,
When they are near, they droop and look faint-hearted.
The knight came in—Said he, How finely
You plump them out, and look divinely——
Kitty's tetons have got no stay,
    They seem to scorn any assistance;
If they should happen to give way,
    They'll turn again, and make resistance;
With that, he thrusts his hand into her neck;
    My lady turn'd about and smil'd,
Without the least rebuke or check;
    She only said, You should not let him, child.
Patience reply'd, with downcast eye,
    I thought there was no harm, as you were by.—
My lady said, No, not the least——
Kitty, I have seen you quite undrest;
If you will treat him with a feast,
    These two are vouchers for the rest.
Kitty was then mistress of arts;
    The knight, without a cry of murther,
Long since had visited those parts,
    And gone till he could go no further.
His lady knew that he lov'd change;
    He knew her passions were as strong,
She could not be averse to range,
    She was so apt to fancy things and long.
They went and came without each other's knowing,
    Both of them lov'd to change the scene;
They never ask'd where they were going,
    Nor once inquir'd where each had been.
One day the knight fell fast asleep,
    The knight was in his gouty chair;
A captain and my lady fair,
   On the settee in meditation deep.
She rose and went behind the screen,
   And he to see what she could mean;
They stay'd not there you must have thought,
   Standing like fools and doing nought.
At the conclusion of their sport,
   And whilst the room and screen were shaking,
Sir Joseph heard her breathing short,
   Just at the moment he was waking.
He was acquainted with her notes,
   And knew, that from her dying song
Her time was come, 'twould not be long
Before she shook her petticoats;
   Her petticoats to smooth the gathers,
Just like a hen, that shakes her feathers.
As long as he could hear them prancing,
He would not interrupt their dancing.
What noise was that? Sir Joseph cried:
   'Twas a strange noise I heard just now!
My lady readily reply'd,
   I can't account for it, I vow;
For God's sake let us run away,
   It was an earthquake I dare say.
An a-se quake! said the knight; it was a squall,
A sudden gust of wind, that's all—
And so, she said, the captain said before—
The captain's in the right, Sir Joseph swore.
They took their evening's walk, she and her friend,
Kitty came down to make Sir Joseph's tea:
The knight told Kitty, in the end,
What he had heard, but could not stir to see,
If you can catch them in the fact,
And can but see what I heard now,
With proofs enough to get an act,
Who knows but I may marry you?
Kitty, you shall not lie alone,
I'll either marry you or none.
Patience, whose name implies submission,
Soon executed her commission:
Kitty's was ocular demonstration;
The captain sitting like a lout,
Her lady in a situation,
As if the captain had the gout.
Said he, Do show me how she did it;
She answer'd, modestly, I'll try;
And then she dandle d it—and slid it!
And Kitty did it by and by.
'Twas the first time she play'd upon the stage,
But afterwards few could play better;
In any part she could engage,
The ablest manager could set her.
So far from bold, Kitty till then
Was so discreet, you could not guess,
Especially amongst the men,
Which were most modest, Kitty's looks or dress.
But now she soon threw off the mask,
She gave herself prodigious airs,
You may be sure, you need not ask,
As well above as below stairs.

There
There was a lawyer that liv'd near,
   For whom at last Sir Joseph sent;
And order'd Kitty to appear,
   Having told the lawyer his intent:
Patience, said he, it is no shame,
   Be not ashamed to speak the truth,
You must describe the romping game,
   My lady romping with the youth.
Kitty look'd down, put on a frown,
   Look'd up, and then she look'd aside:
She pull'd a pin out of her gown,
   Look'd at the pin, and then reply'd—
I saw my lady with her legs astride,
   Wagging her tail upon the captain's knee;
And after she had done her ride,
   Sit like a bird perch'd on a tree:
Upon her perch she did not long remain,
   He gave a spring, and she set out again,
I never could have thought of such a trick—
   I saw it through my lady's closet door:
The very sight made me so sick,
   I could not stay to see it any more;
But ran directly from the place,
   And went into the open air,
And after told his honour the whole case;
   Sitting exactly then, as he sits there.
Although the gout had left his feet,
   Tell it again, he said, and bring a seat.
I knew Sir Joseph's meaning, I dare say,
   Sir Joseph thought that I would vary,
In my relating her vagary:
He knows I always told it the same way
For he has made me tell it o'er and o'er,
A dozen times at least, if not a score.—
Did you see rem in re? said he:
I did, said she; first, on dry land,
I saw rem in my lady's hand;
And after that, saw rem in re:
She put it there; I saw how it was teas'd—
Now it was quite up to the chin,
And then again half out half in,
Just as my lady pleas'd.
Her stays and petticoats upon the floor,
She in her shift and gown, with nothing more;
And all the time her shift and gown
Up to her shoulders like a shawl,
As she went up and down
I saw it all.—
The lawyer said, Were you alone?
Was there none else?—Said she, Not one.—
One witness, Madam, will not do;
Why, Miss, said he, were there not two?
And as Sir Joseph sent you out———
He told me so;
Why would you go
Alone to scout?
I had a case the other night—
Exactly the same case, as it was stated,
Between a damsel and a knight,
But not by far so well related;
The evidence is not deficient,
For there are three, two are sufficient;
And therefore I advise Miss Kitty
   To leave off spying; I know spies
   That talk and see, although their eyes
Are not so fine, nor teeth so pretty;
   And females that are as discerning,
But very short of Miss in learning.—

Upon some hints thrown out by Patience,
   Before my lady, she from thence
Set maids to watch, made preparations,
   And got enough for her defence.
Before the lawyer's wife they came,
   With all the facts clearly describ'd and well,
They could not have told him for shame,
   All that she undertook to tell.
Sir Joseph said, Kitty, you see
   A spy is but a sorry trade;
   I found, I thought, one cunning jade,
I find my lady has found three.
   And therefore we must be content,
   And lie together with my wife's consent;
She will not care with whom I'm sleeping,
   Provided both are bound and ty'd,
That information got by peeping
   Shall not avail on either side.
So both remain, coupled per force,
   Till death has got her in his power,
Or she's entitled to her dower;
Neither can suffer a divorce.

MORAL.
MORAL.

There are not more than six or seven,
I think, at farthest, in a year,
Of weddings that are made in heaven,
All other weddings are made here.
At concerts, balls, at fairs and races,
Scarborough, and all terraqueous places.
Suppose you have no friend above,
And it should chance to be your fate,
Instead of a celestial dove,
To get a wild-goose for your mate.
E'en let her take her flight, and roam,
Never let that disturb your rest;
Provide a substitute at home,
Of a bad bargain make the best;
The best you can, I ought to say;
The best is———putting her away.

THE ROYAL CUCKOLD.

A TALE.

In fruitful Lombardy, of yore,
A beauteous prince the sceptre bore;
A prince who never fail'd to move
Each heart with envy or with love.
As in the glass he did one day
From head to foot himself survey,—
Can any man alive, says he,
In shape and face compare with me?

Who'er
Whoe'er shall such a person bring,
Upon the honour of a king,
May claim my favour, and depend
I'll make the charming guest my friend.

A Roman knight was standing by,
And made the monarch this reply;
Your majesty, as I perceive,
Is nice in beauty; give me leave
To fetch my brother, and you'll see
None, but yourself, has more than he.
But that may easily be tried,
By what the ladies' hearts decide.
If you think fit, he'll gladly share
The pains you take to please the fair;
And may, while you pursue the game,
Solace the poor forsaken dame.

Astolpho answer'd thereupon,
(For so they call'd the royal Don)
Your talk has made me much desire
To know this brother; bring the squire.

The knight to fetch his brother goes;
(Joconde we'll his name suppose)
Who in the country liv'd retir'd,
Nor envy'd joys in courts admir'd;
Join'd to a young and charming spouse;
But whether blest in nuptial vows
With such a mate, he best could tell;
His neighbours lik'd her passing well.

His brother finds him; lets him know,
He instantly to court must go;
Where he'd be sure to get a place,
And make his fortune by his face.
But then, alas! his charming wife,
Depriv'd of all the joys of life,
Express'd so movingly her woe,
It griev'd his very soul to go;
Protesting against all relief,
She seems to triumph in her grief,
Puts on her tragic airs, and tries
To draw tears from Joconde's eyes;
And can you leave me? then wept she,
Joconde! so much cruelty?
Ah! will you to my tender care
The pageantry of courts prefer?
Can you forget your faithful wife,
The pleasures of a rural life;
That calm repose and peace of mind,
Which none in crowds nor courts can find;
These flow'ry meads, where purling streams
Soften the soul to pleasing dreams;
These woods which shelter us from heat,
Where birds their various songs repeat;
The rising hills, and winding vales,
And evening's sweet refreshing gales;
These cool recesses of the grove,
Those seats of innocence and love?
But ah! what should engage your stay,
I fear, most hastens you away!
You scorn in solitude to shine,
And slight an easy heart like mine.
Go, cruel man, be vain! and show
Those charms, which none can boast but you.
What Joond' offer'd, to abate
Th' affliction of his loving mate,
Our story mentions not: We'll say,
His sorrow took his speech away;
A method which will best excuse
The squire, and disengage my muse.
The wife, when now with broken heart
She saw him ready to depart,
Reminding him of former blisses,
And stifling him with tears and kisses,
A bracelet gave him as a charm,
To keep his precious life from harm.
Take and wear this, my dear, says she;
And when you see it, think of me.
An honest-meaning body might
Have thought she would have died that night.

Well, Joond' went; and on the road,
About two leagues from his abode,
The bracelet came into his head,
Which he had left on spouse's bed,
As having taken there his leave;
This strange neglect he knew would grieve
Her tender heart, and gallop'd back,
Not knowing what excuse to make.
To the dear bed in haste he flies;
And on his wife's chaste bosom spies
A lubbard hind; and both so fast
Asleep, as if they slept their last.
Jocond', at first, resolv'd they shou'd:—
But having paus'd a while, thought good
To let this vile adult'ry rest:
And, in my judgment, that was best;
For in such nice affairs, the wise
Make use of neither ears nor eyes.

Whether 'twas wisdom or compassion
Withheld the husband's indignation,
Or that the poet was unwilling
To damp a merry tale with killing;—
Base woman, live! Joconde said,
Let thy own conscience thee upbraid.
He then took horse, and left the lout
In his wife's arms, to snore it out.
Still as he rode, he bore in mind
The couple whom he left behind;
And fretting, as he scour'd along,
This was the burthen of his song:
Had some brisk wit or powder'd beau,
Or col'nel lac'd from top to toe,
Or page been chosen for her use,
She might have pleaded some excuse;
But, after sighing, swooning, sobbing,
Zounds, to debauch that booby, Robin!
Then spurr'd his horse with indignation,
In hopes to leave behind his passion.

Such keen reflections on this case
Had giv'n the squire a dismal face.
The ladies, when they saw him, said,
Lord! is the man alive or dead!
Is this the beautiful Narcissus
Was sent for, in post-haste, to kiss us?
Heav'n's! did you ever see a fellow,
With sides so lank, and face so yellow!
The king was pleas'd, the knight was blam'd,
The ladies baulk'd, the squire asham'd.

Joconde, worn to skin and bone,
Was yet a comely skeleton:
And still one easily might trace
Remains of beauty in his face,
But wanting life and force, to fire
The ladies' bosoms with desire.

Saunt'ring one day about the court,
In places of the least resort,
A door unlock'd he chanc'd to see,
That open'd to a gallery;
And from a private closet there,
These tender words did over-hear:—
My life, my love, my only joy,
My dear Courtadé, my charming boy!
Must I then still my vows apply
To one so lovely, and so shy?
A thousand glitt'ring beaus would fain
Do what you may, yet wish in vain:
When Florimel the message brought,
You curs'd her, call'd her all to nought;
And heedless of my am'rous rage,
Play'd at Lansquenet with a page,
Rather than ease the fond desires
Of her who for your love expires.

Jocondé
Jocond' was puzzled, and one may
Give any one at least a day
To guess the nymph who humbly su'd
A swain so stubborn to be woo'd.
Now who should this Adonis be,
But the king's ugly dwarf! and she,
In whose embraces he was seen,
The bright Astolpho's haughty queen.
The crazy wainscot was but slight,
And at a chink let in the light:
Where Jocond', with amazement, saw
These tender lovers through the flaw.

Both did on Florimel rely,
To be secure of privacy;
But, warm'd by watching at the door,
She too, perhaps, had her amour,
Which took up all her thought and care;
So mindful of her own affair,
Forgot th' importance of her post,
And heedlessly the key had lost;
Which Jocond' kept for future use,
And pleaded thus his wife's excuse:

I find that Cupid makes his jokes
Among the better sort of folks,
A royal dame for love may pine,
And give a monarch brows like mine:
Since such a princess slights the king
For such an ugly, little thing,
I think my wife was less to blame,
Who with a bumpkin quench'd her flame.
Thus having set his mind at peace,
His griefs abate, his charms increase;
His hollow cheeks begin to rise,
Fresh vigour sparkles in his eyes,
A second youth renews his face,
And blooms again in every grace.
The fair with eager looks pursue
The man they lately scorn’d to view;
Transported with his sudden charms,
And die to clasp him in their arms.

Joconde having heard and seen,
What pass’d between the dwarf and queen,
He thought he could, on no pretence,
Hide this smock-treason from the prince;
But that he might the less displease,
Open’d the matter by degrees;
And as it fell in conversation,
Had always ready some quotation,
To show that heroes, in all ages,
Ne’er wanted matrimonial badges.
Dread sir, says he, the proudest she
Make frequently such slips as these;
And many dames of regal station,
Have condescended to the fashion:
Men, fam’d for courage, wit, and sense,
Have against horns found no defence!
But when they had ’em, always bore
Their fronts as upright as before.
The day, quoth he, I bade adieu
To my dear spouse, to wait on you,
I was convince'd, by her miscarriage,
That cuckoldom is link'd to marriage;
Then did each circumstance relate
Of his, and of the monarch's fate.

The king was fir'd: You seem, says he,
A man of sense and probity;
Yet tell me where I may behold,
With my own eyes, what you have told.
He did; and plac'd him where, unseen,
He saw the dwarf upon the queen.
Struck with the baseness of the crime,
He stood astonish'd for a time;
Then said, Our wives, the more is their shame,
Have play'd us both a scurvy game:
Yet since we can't what's past unravel,
Let us, Joconde, both go travel;
And try what fortune we shall find
Among the rest of womankind.
To put in practice this design,
Change you your name, and I'll change mine.
Great equipage would trouble bring;
Therefore I'll quit the state of king,
Lay dull formality aside,
And all things equally divide.
Barefoot I round the world will roam,
Both Joconde, rather than go home;
'that your majesty requires,
Is what my injur'd heart desires.
We'll ramble till we have forgot
The dire effects of Hymen's knot.
So be it, then, the king reply'd;
But first a table-book provide,
To take the names of those we find
Pliant to our desires, and kind.
It won't be long, I dare engage,
Ere Italy fills ev'ry page;
For she that proves to beauty cold,
Will fall by flatt'ry or by gold.

Both thus equipt, their journey took,
And bought a folio table-book.
The many favours they receiv'd,
Were hard to tell, or be believ'd;
Each lovely nymph, when they appear,
Puts on her most becoming air,
And ev'ry study'd grace displays,
Happy if she obtain a praise:

But happier she, whose killing charms
Attract the lover to her arms;
Hearts hard as stone, and cold as ice,
Grow warm and soften in a trice;
Where'er they come they meet fresh prey,
And a new face for ev'ry day:
Round all the country stroll for prizes,
And fail no may-pole nor assizes;
In ev'ry town take special care
To finish alderman and mayor.
If at the baths, or at the wells,
Vapours are cur'd, and belly swells;
In folio-book the nicest dame
Is proud to register her name.
Your critics will object that I
Break through the rules of decency;
That dames who keep their days in state,
And wives of city magistrate,
Who know themselves of high degree,
Will not be tous’d extempore.
It may be so, but I want time
To draw their courtship out in rhyme;
As to the fact, I here unfold it,
As honest Ariosto told it.

When our gallants had had their swing,
And slak’d their thirst at ev’ry spring,
Astolpho cried, We can subdue
What heart soever we pursue:
But, if old Galen’s rule holds good,
It is with love, as ’tis with food;
In which, variety of meat
Is apt to make one ever eat.
We’ll have a single dish in common,
That is, between us both, one woman.
Quoth Jocond’, What you say is true;
The pretty marchioness will do.
I’m not dispos’d to have a flame,
The king reply’d, for such a dame:
A little sempstress might be found
As fair as marchioness, and sound.
To such we need no homage pay,
In public walks, or at the play;
But without making any rout,
Toogle her, or lead her out,
Whate'er we wish, may do with ease,
And be in no constraint to please.
Joconde ask'd, What if we try
The daughter of our landlady?
She is a maid I dare uphold,
In ev'ry point, though twelve years old.
Your motion's good, Astolpho said,
If I may have the maidenhead:
This privilege at which I aim,
Is but mere fancy: let me claim
For once, dear friend, the preference,
Allow me here to play the prince;
In this one single branch I'd strive
To keep up my prerogative.
Joconde said, In such a case,
How, sir, can flesh and blood give place?
In all things else, I shall be still
Obedient to your royal will;
But if you please, we'll leave this cause
To the decision of two straws.
Draw lots they did, with earnest care,
For this imaginary ware.
Joconde claim'd, in point of law,
By virtue of the longest straw.
This little virgin being come,
On some small errand, to their room,
Both king and squire the girl caress'd,
Her beauty prais'd, her bobbies press'd;
Then show'd a ring, so sparkling shone,
That night engag'd her for their own.
And whilst her careful mother slept,
She softly to their chamber crept.
The lovers in the middle plac’d her,
And honestly, by turns, embrac’d her,
To the contentment of all three;
Joconde was in ecstasy,
To think how he had got with might,
Entry and seisin of his right.
I’ll pardon him, for ’tis in vain
On that point to have any pain,
In which all girls with little trouble,
Can the most artful sportsman bubble;
As Seneca, that learned clerk,
Doth somewhere, as I ’m told, remark.

Thus all went well; the damsel play’d,
To greatest nicety, the maid;
Though long had her fantastic toy.
Been yielded to a ’prentice boy.
But merrily one night they pass
Abundantly to her solace:
The same the next, and ’tis averr’d
She pass’d as merrily the third.
The ’prentice wonder’d to behold
His mistress grown so very cold,
But was not long upon the scent,
Before he found how matters went;
And did in terms severe reprove
The wench for being false to love.
She whisper’d; but confess’d at last
The contract she had lately pass’d.
And to appease him, thus she said;
If there be credit in a maid,
Soon as these naughty guests are gone,
I'm yours again, and yours alone.
A fig, says he, for any guest;
Kiss me, this very night, you'd best,
The girl reply'd, with weeping eyes,
Which way to do't, can you devise?
These folks to whom I am engag'd,
If I should fail, would be enrag'd,
And keep the ring; for which you know
What pains I nightly undergo.
I'll get a ring, says he, for you,
And gratify my humour too.
Do they sleep sound? Yes, when they sleep,
Says she, but I'm oblig'd to keep
My post between 'em both, for one
Lies still until his friend has done;
So that I seldom want employ.
At their first snoring, says the boy,
I'll visit you, and ask no more
Than that you would not shut the door.
She left it open, and he came
To the bed's feet with eager flame;
Then sliding up between the sheets,
(Love ever favours these deceits)
Plac'd himself close, though G—d knows how,
But Ariosto does avow,
That though the lovers did awake,
Soon as the bed began to shake,
Yet, all the while the boy was at her,
They neither of 'em smok'd the matter.
What has my comrade ate to-night,
To fire his blood and force delight?
Astolpho thought; still lay the squire,
Much wond'ring at the monarch's fire.
In the mean time the sturdy boy
His precious time did well employ;
And as the day began to peep,
Th' advent'rous being fast asleep,
The lad slipt off; the little maid
Retir'd, of new fatigues afraid.

When these knights-errant were awake,
The king Joconde thus bespake:
Great Sir! with glorious toils opprest,
Compose your weary limbs to rest;
And after such unusual pains,
Consult the welfare of your reins.
Odds-fish, the merry prince reply'd,
I wanted to get up and ride:
Till tir'd with watching, sleep o'ercame;
But had you sooner quench'd your flame,
I would have made a post or two;
And that's as much as I cou'd do.
Joconde cried, There's no dispute
With kings, who will be absolute;
But, for the future, I'll beware
How monarchs in my pleasure share.
The king was piqu'd at this retort;
Some princes would have quarrel'd for 't;
But he, good man, reply'd, Dear mate,
Let the girl judge of this debate.
Then calling Lucy up in haste,
'To tell them how affairs had pass'd,
Eager each other to refute,
Both told the cause of their dispute;
She, blushing, on her knees did fall,
Ask'd pardon, and discover'd all.
They would not treat the wanton ill;
But, after having laugh'd their fill,
Gave her a ring, and fifty crowns
To buy new top-knots, gloves and gowns,
With which the baggage soon was wed;
When modestly in bridal bed,
She lost, with many an artful squall,
Her maidenhead for good and all.

Thus did Astolpho and his friend
'To these adventures put an end;
Finding themselves o'ercharg'd with laurels,
Which, though not gain'd by warlike quarrels,
Yet shall immortalize their names
As long as Cupid's altar flames:
Laurels more fair than those attain'd
By battles won, or cities gain'd;
More fair, although they only cost
A few sighs, or tears at most;
And far from danger and alarms,
Had been acquir'd by dint of charms.

Their table-book, quite full of names
Of belles who had well quench'd their flames!

Come,
Come, says the monarch to the squire,
We pretty well have spent our fire,
E'en let us to our homes resort,
You to the country, I to court.
Our wives are loose beneath the waist,
And others are not over-chaste;
'Tis in misfortune some relief
To have companions in our grief;
Then let us both, like prudent men,
Return, and take our dames agen;
That love which Hymen had subdu'd,
Perhaps our absence has renew'd.
And as Astolpho had divin'd,
Their wives were mighty fond and kind.
After some chiding, more for fashion,
Ariosto tells us, than in passion,
They strove lost pleasure to retrieve,
As fast as love wou'd give 'em leave;
Not mentioning, that I can find,
The crooked Dwarf, or lubbard Hind.

Then let us not, with fruitless care,
Expect perfection from the fair,
But since we cannot live without 'em,
Take 'em with all their faults about 'em,
And steadfastly this truth believe,
That ev'ry Woman is an Eve.
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SONG.

BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

WHEN the fancy-stirring bowl,
   Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild my soul,
   And life's an endless treasure;
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,
   Fresh with gay desire,
Rays divine my senses dart,
   And kindling hope inspire:
    Then who'd be grave,
    When wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking:
   And magic grapes
   Give angel shapes.
To ev'ry girl we're drinking!

Hère sweet benignity and love
   Shed their influence round me,
Gather'd ills of life remove,
   And leave me as they found me;
Though my head may swim, yet true
   Still to Nature's feeling,
Peace and beauty swim there too,
   And rock me as I'm reeling.

    Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's soft pillow, tender truth
   Her pensive lesson taught me;
Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
   And wisdom wak'd and caught me:

A bar-
A bargain then with Love I knock'd;
To hold the pleasing gipsy,
When wise to keep my bosom lock'd,
But turn the key when tipsey.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time had 'swag'd my heated heart,
The gray-beard, blind and simple,
Forgot to cool one little part,
Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple;
That part's enough of beauty's type,
To warm an honest fellow,
And though it touch me not when ripe,
It melts me while I'm mellow.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

Life's a voyage we all declare,
With scarce a port to hide in,
It may be so to pride or care;
That's not a sea I ride in:
Here floats my soul, till fancy's eye
Her realms of bliss discover,
Bright worlds, that fair in prospect lie.
To him that's half-seas-over.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

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SONG.

BY THE E—— OF S———.

I CAN'T for my life guess the cause of this fuss,
Why we drink the health of each high-titled beldame?
What's a queen, or a princess, or duchess to us,
We never have spoke to and see them but seldom.
Fill a bumper, my host, and I'll give you a toast
We all have convers'd with, and ev'ry one knows:
Fill it up to the top, and drink ev'ry drop,
Here's —— in a bumper wherever she goes!

Your high-sounding titles that kings can create,
Derive all their lustre and weight from the donor;
But —— can despise all the mock'ry of state,
For she's in herself the true fountain of honour;
She fixes for life the rank of a wife,
In her does the husband his honour repose;
Her titles are bright, all in her own right,
Here's —— in a bumper wherever she goes!

In rags or brocade she is equally great,
Her fountain gives rapture to all that bathe in it!
On a rush-bottom chair, or a down bed of state,
To bliss we're transported in less than a minute!
She banishes care, is a foe to despair,
She's the loveliest Lethe to soften our woes:
Nothing nature can boast can rival the toast
Of —— in a bumper wherever she goes.

Your wise-acre critics are puzzling their brains,
How crowns and how coronets first came in fashion;
But one peep at her's would have sav'd them the pains,
For —— wore a coronet since the creation;
A title so old, ne'er barter'd for gold,
The whole British peerage would vainly oppose;
Then let mother Eve due homage receive;
Here's —— in a bumper wherever she goes!
That peers on the trial of peers are to sit;
Is their greatest distinction beyond all denial?
But,—though untitiled by patent or writ,
Can bring, *suo jure*, e'en kings to a trial;
Condemn'd to wear horns, poor G—ve—r scorns
The judgment he passes on impotent beaux;
So justly severe may she ever appear;
Here's——in a bumper wherever she goes!

That nobles are born the advisers of kings,
Is a maxim establish'd in ev'ry free nation;
Then sure a just claim to that title she brings,
Whose rhet'ric effected the great Reformation;
Though Charles lent his ears to his periwig peers,
Yet——was the counsellor under the rose:
She whisper'd her mind——the Commons grew kind——
Here's——in a bumper wherever she goes!

That nobles are sentenc'd to die by the axe,
For breach of allegiance—we all must have read it——
Thus——when the bond of decorum she cracks,
Like a queen or a princess, is always beheaded:
The king without fees will execute these,
While none but the hangman will meddle with those!
Then since from the throne such def'rence is shown,
Here's——in a bumper wherever she goes!

Your stars and your garters, and ribbons profuse,
And wide coat of arms that a beggar might quarter;
How faint is their splendor, how trifling their use,
Compar'd with the star that shines over the garter!
The star in the front is the emblem of——
In a lovely field argent crown'd sable, she glows,
And two rampant——as supporters we fix:
Here's——in a bumper wherever she goes!

A CURE FOR THE INFLUENZA.

A TALE. BY MR. H——.

A MONGST the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles,
Some tales unmodernized remain,
Which I would not attempt to tell,
Had they been told by La Fontaine;
And this of mine amongst the rest,
Call'd Antidote de la Peste.
Said Mrs. Slip Slop, that may be,
But of all Stories I admior,
Hans Carvel told by Matthew Prior,
No one can tell a tale like he.
Carvel, impotent, and old,
His finger in his wife's gold ring:—
How do you know that it was gold?
The Doctor Or said— 'Twas no such thing.
Carvel's wife's picture, I declare,
Is always drawn with auburn hair:
Like Mrs. Slip Slop's, lock for lock;
Bushy, and curling very fine,
Just like the tendrils of a vine,
About a stake or stumpy stock.
Doctor proceed in your own way,
My lady cried; Slip Slop, have done,
You talk and know not what you say,
When once your tongue begins to run.
In Dauphiny, by his relation,
A plague arose that rag'd as sore,
And caus'd as great a desolation,
As those of Athens heretofore.
When once the plague is upon duty,
To punish mortals for their sins,
It neither cares for youth nor beauty,
For high nor low, for outs nor ins—
Upon a sweet young lady's face,
It breath'd its pestilential breath,
The fair one would not quit the place,
Neither for the plague nor death.
In cities storm'd, 'twere better far,
Whate'er betide,
For a young maiden to abide,
And take the accidents of war.
Struck on a sudden and dismay'd,
To a good widow she repair'd;
Who neither was herself afraid,
Nor for her lovely friend despair'd;
But gave her cordials, and in brief,
Hope, the best cordial for grief.
This is no season for disguise;
     Have you, said she, ate of the Tree of Life,
That makes us at fifteen as wise
     As a sage dowager or wife?
The poor thing cried, Oh! if I had,
     I should not think my fate so sad!
Many die young, and in full bloom,
     But few like me go to their tomb.
Not one, if we could know the truth,
     When love in ev'ry artery beats,
With all the powers and charms of youth,
     Without once tasting of its sweets.
Even now, death would not be so frightful,
     If I could get, before I go,
A hearty meal of what you know,
     And what I'm told, is so delightful——
And if God please,
     May be a cure for the disease.
Her friend reply'd, That is soon done;
     For, God be thank'd, there are enow,
Enow, that have nought else to do;
The fair maid cried, For God's sake run:
     I know at least of three or four,
That I have oft refus'd before;
One very much against my will:
     'Tis master John, bring him anon,
For by St. Luke, my master John
Must either cure or kill.
Behold him ready at her beck,
     Behold her arms about his neck;
At once, pour vous le couper court,
    There was no petite oye, no toys,
Like half-fledg'd girls and foolish boys,
To antecede parfait amour.

Finish'd, repeated o'er and o'er,
    Till master John could do no more,
She stay'd and play'd, not without pain,
But found it all labour in vain:

My dear, said she, you have done me good;
    I thank you for your good intention,
But yet you cannot cool my blood,
    With all your goodness and attention.
Go, my dear love, and go to bed,
    And send the marquis in your stead.
He sent the marquis, then laid down,
    Sent for the curate, and confess'd;
And after that obtain'd the crown
    Of martyrdom amongst the bless'd.

The marquis far'd the very same,
    And dy'd without quenching her flame;
The widow recommended next,
    A subject for the vacant chair,
A swain that never was perplex'd,
    Either with thinking or with care;
Form'd and constructed on a plan,
    To build a complete widow's man;
During the whole co-operation,
    Far more severe than I can paint,
Till he was forc'd to quit his station,
    She never utter'd a complaint.
He went home jaded you'll believe;
But how, without St. Luke's protection,
He should escape without infection,
Is not so easy to conceive.
Her father hearing she was smitten,
Sent a sedan and chairmen able,
To bring her home as was befitting.
But first to land her in the stable,
Till they were ready to receive her,
And all things got that could relieve her.
As fresh as when she first set out,
Before she went to the pest-room,
She took a handsome farewell bout,
Concluding with her father's groom.
The damsel, when her bed was ready,
Leaning upon her nurse, retir'd,
Resign'd and steady;
And four hours after the poor groom expir'd.
Consign'd to her old nurse's care,
She had not lain above two hours,
Before the sweat broke out in showers:
Next came on each side, you know where,
A bijoux very fine to see,
This like her watch, and that like her etwee:
Then fell into a sleep profound,
And wak'd next morning safe and sound.
Three months were past, the fact was clear,
She prov'd with child, nor would deny it—
To her good mother, as you'll hear,
She own'd, in part, how she came by it.—
Three of the candidates were gone,
Three she destroy'd you know before,
Three out of four,
Therefore it fell to the surviving one;
On whom she was bestow'd in marriage;
And put an end to all dispute
About the planter and the fruit,
Next day by a miscarriage.

THE LEAKY VESSEL.

A TALE.

Hirco, an old, but am'rous blade,
Had some time kept a pretty maid,
Whom to debauch he oft had try'd,
But had as often been deny'd:
Fair promises at first were us'd,
But these, with scorn, the girl refus'd;
Nor could his coin prevail upon her,
To sell her love, or wound her honour;
Old Hirco thought he ne'er should do 't,
And so gave o'er the vain pursuit.
Hirco had all his life been one
They call a boon companion;
And in his house had always liquor
To entertain the squire or vicar,
From bottled ale to good French claret,
And stout, so stale, no head could bear it;
Man's greatest sin he often said,
Was sneaking soberly to bed;
Believ'd that parting dry-lips was
Of Sodom's fire the fatal cause;
Hell's torments he did really think,
Not scorching flames, but want of drink;
He made it plain from sacred writ,
That wine was for the stomach's fit;
And therefore he for conscience sake,
A hearty dose would often take.
But when inflam'd with gen'rous liquor,
His pulse beat high, and blood mov'd quicker;
Then fancy brought into his arms,
His wench dress'd up in all her charms;
Her ruddy cheeks, her well-turn'd nose,
Her little mouth, her eyes like sloes;
Her less'ning shape, her swelling bubbies;
Her lily hand, and lips of rubies;
A thousand beauties yet unseen,
That might have tempted saints to sin,
Made Hirco wish he durst renew
Th' attack he once had made on Sue.
What pity 'tis, he often said,
So sweet a wench should die a maid!
That Sukey should (and who could tell
But that she might) lead apes in hell!
But Sue most bravely had withstood
His first attacks, and call'd him lewd
And filthy beast, and often swore,
She would not stay a moment more.
For all his gold beneath his roof,
If e'er he talk'd his foolish stuff.
And by her threats, old Hirco strove
To banish his ill-fated love.

It happen'd on a certain night,
That Hirco did some friends invite;
About the time when o'er the nation,
Roast beef and mince-pies were in fashion.
The sparkling glass went briskly round,
Each toper bravely stood his ground,
And swore, he wish'd that heaven's thunder
Would strike him dead, if he knock'd under.
The godly parson, who was there,
Said *Amen* to the hearty prayer!
'T expel the rawness of the beer,
And keep from phlegms the stomach clear,
Each made a chimney of his nose,
And clouds of smoke around them rose.
The smoke the upper regions gain'd,
And round the brain the cloud remain'd.

But now 'twas late, the watchful cock
Had long since crow'd it twelve o'clock;
And each man thought, though no man had grace
To own it, bed the properest place.
Here one, extended on the floor,
In liquor swam, yet call'd for more:
A second swallow'd whilst he cou'd,
But, at the last, went out and spew'd:
Another roar'd and hoop'd aloud:
A fourth reel'd round the room, and vow'd,
In spite of Hirco's old October,
G—d da— da— d—mn him, he was sober.
Most of the rest to sleep began,
Amongst 'em there was scarce a man
Had strength, but Hirco and the parson,
Their stools upright to set their arse on.
With grief, the master of the feast
Beheld the state of every guest;
He wish'd he could, with all his heart,
New vigour to 'em all impart.
My friends, said he, come let's cheer up,
And briskly take the other cup;
A plague what makes you all so dull?
A han't got half my belly full;
Rouse up, for shame, my jolly boys,
Be merry, sing, and make a noise;
I've in my cellar now a tub,
Believe me, friends, of charming bub;
To keep it longer would be folly,
I'll pierce it now, and we'll be jolly.
He said, and rising on his legs,
Takes up a piercer, cuts some pegs;
Seizes a tankard: thus equipt,
Down stairs into the cellar slips.

Old Hirco's maid, twixt hope and fear,
Her master's last discourse did hear.
For though she kept her body chaste,
And love unlawful would not taste,
Yet the poor girl was often dry,
And lov'd good liquor by the bye;
And when old Hirco was without,
She'd to the tub, pull vent-pin out;
And with a straw the cunning gipsy,
Would sometimes suck till she was tipsy;
And as she never chose the worst,
This tub had often quench'd her thirst.
But now she found the time was come
’T acquit her, or pronounce her doom:
Her master now must miss his drink,
Or else, to-morrow, he would think
His crew had, what was missing, drank,
And ne’er mistrust his Sukey’s prank:
Not dreaming, that by frequent vent,
The spirit of the beer was spent;
And that ’twould be but poor and flat,
But she, poor soul, ne’er thought of that.

Meanwhile the busy honest drunkard,
Had with it fill’d a swingeing tankard;
And from the cellar making haste,
Return’d to give his friends a taste.
By right divine, the learned ass
Must on the ale his judgment pass;
He drank a bumper; cried, A pox,
This cursed beer’s not orthodox;
Took t’other glass, and shook his head;
O fye, said he, ’tis flat and dead.
As Hirco’s faith was very little,
He never could believe each tittle;
Not even what was given out
To be damnation, but to doubt;
Much less he credited a tale
Which so disgrac'd his choicest ale.

On Sanctity he cast a frown,
Then fill'd a glass, and soak'd it down.
But how bewilder'd did he look,
To find that Roger truth had spoke!
He fretted, rav'd, the compass swore,
And curs'd till he could curse no more.
The parson cries, Why, here's a clatter!
Will swearing, pray now, mend the matter?
The beer I do believe well brew'd,
The fault 's the vessel where it stood;
Or else the bung-hole is in fault,
By not being stopt up as it ought.
Cried Hirco, I'm either blind,
Or in a moment's time I'll find
The fatal cause of this disaster——
Sukey went down to light her master:
But, lord! how silly did she look!
Like aspen leaves each member shook,
And she was in such dreadful fright,
She scarce had power to hold the light.

Now Hirco, by his knuckle; found
The barrel gave an empty sound:
Surpris'd, he cries, I am undone,
Why, Susan! half my beer is gone!
The parson from above reply'd,
Look under, and on ev'ry side;
I'll hold a crown, if you but seek
About the tub, you'll find a leak!
Whilst thus the crafty parson said,
Hirco by chance look'd on his maid:
Disorder'd and confus'd she stood,
Her cheeks were red with flushing blood,
And from her master quick she turn'd.
Cried Hirco, Sukey, I'll be burn'd,
If you han't someway been the ruin
Of this my last October brewing.
She, trembling, on her knees did fall,
Begg'd his pardon, and told him all.
Said he, This tale will make my friends,
For want of liquor, some amends;
I'll up and tell them all, I swear.
For heaven's sake, said she, forbear;
Lord! is there no way to atone
For such a fault? There is but one
That I can think of, he reply'd;
I've often ask'd, and you deny'd,
A little favour, if you'll grant it,
(And now I really think I want it,)
I'll hold my tongue; if you refuse,
I'll up, and out the story goes.
She paus'd, she blush'd, she cry'd, but knew
Not either what to say, or do.
Meanwhile, of kissing he'd his fill,
Nor could he keep his fingers still;
One hand upon her bosom lay,
Whilst t'other took a diff'rent way;
Then on a faggot-pile he laid
The tender, yielding, lovely maid;
The wench was buxom, plump, and sappy,
And fit to make a lover happy.

Whilst they in am'rous transports lay,
The parson wonder'd at their stay,
And ask'd them, what they were about?
Cried Hirco, Zounds! the leak's found out,
Through which my nectar daily flows.
Be sure, said Roger, stop it close.
I'll try, said he, but, on my soul,
It is a dev'lish swingeing hole!

_________

SONG.

As Billingsgate Nan was adjusting her fish,
Jack Roe, from whose boat there came many a dish,
Beheld the young leerer with countenance odd,
And ask'd if she wanted a bargain of cod?

Derry down, &c.

With a snap of her fingers, and turn of her head,
She answer'd, She knew very well what he said;
But the bargain at present was not quite the thing,
As she'd got a large stock of most excellent ling.

Derry down, &c.

My maid, then cried Jack, who was ty'd by love's tether,
Let us put our commodities now both together,
My cod and your ling, if you'll take my advice,
Will fetch in love's market a very good price.

Derry down, &c.

As red as a lobster her countenance grew,
Not salmon had ever so charming a hue;
That he 'd fish for her always, he swore by his soul,
And, without more ado, had a smack at her jowl.

Derry down, &c.

He found by the smack, she was ready to melt,
And call'd her his gudgeon, his cray-fish and smelt;
To his boat then he took her, and push'd off his keel,
And twisted about her just like to an eel.

Derry down, &c.

His net in the Thames while he constantly leaves,
And not the least fearful of winds or of waves;
Plump Nan with her basket makes vocal the streets,
And will show her fine fish to each one that she meets.

Derry down, &c.

Industrious and cheerful they pass ev'ry day,
There is few in high life are so happy as they;
At night they will frolic, will drink, and will sing,
She's pleas'd with his cod, and he 's pleas'd with her ling.

Derry down, &c.
TIR'D with the bus'ness of the day,
Upon her couch supinely lay
Fair Melesinda, void of care,
No living creature being near;
When straight a calm and gentle sleep
Did o'er her drowsy eye-lids creep.
Her senses thus with fetters ty'd,
By nimble fancy were supply'd;
Her quick imagination brought
Th' ideas of her waking thought.
She dream'd herself a new-made bride,
In bed by young Philander's side;
The posset's ate, the stocking's thrown,
And all the company withdrawn;
And now the best Elysium
Of all her wish'd-for joy is come;
Philander, all dissolv'd in charms,
Lies raptur'd in her circling arms.
With panting breast and swimming eyes,
She meets the visionary joys;
In all the am'rous sports of love,
Which height of ecstasy could move.
But as she roving did advance
Her trembling leg, (O dire mischance!)
The couch being near the fire's side,
She expanded them, alas! too wide;
Expos'd her nethermost attire
Unto th' embraces of the fire.
So the chaste phoenix of the East,
With flutt'ring, fires her spicy nest;
So Semele, embracing Jove,
Burnt both with fire and with love.
The flames at first did trembling seize
The dangling hem of this lost prize;
But, finding no resistance higher,
(As 'tis their nature to aspire,)
Approaching near the seat of bliss,
Centre of earthly happiness,
Which more of real pleasure yields
Than all the feign'd Elysian fields.
But ignorance must now excuse
The silence of my bashful muse;
Her modesty had ne'er the face
T' ascend above the gart'ring place;
But, doubtless, 'twas a lovely sight
The fire beheld by its own light.
Ovid once wish'd himself a flea,
That so transform'd, he might survey
His love all o'er, and, uncontrol'd,
Her ev'ry grace and charm behold;
Had Ovid's flea been there that night,
I fear he'd had but small delight,
His rival flames had spoil'd his bliss,
And made him curse his metamorphosis.
At last, the flames are grown so rude,
They boldly ev'ry where intrude;
They soon recall the lady's sense,
And chase the pleasing vision thence.
Soon as her eyes recover'd light,
She straight beheld the dismal sight;
Beheld herself the blazing star,
Or bright tail glow-worm from afar;
She had not time to meditate
Upon the strangeness of her fate;
But was confin'd to lay about,
To beat the impious fire out.
The am'rous flames were loth to go,
They kiss'd her hand at ev'ry blow;
And round her iv'ry fingers play,
And seem'd as if they begg'd to stay;
Vanquish'd at last, they did retire,
And in a gloomy smoke expire:
When, viewing of her half-burnt smock,
Thus to herself the sad nymph spoke:
"Is this th' effect of dreams? Is this
The fruit of all my fancy'd bliss?
Misfortunes will, I see, betide,
When maidens throw their legs too wide;
Had I but kept my legs across,
I and my smock had had no loss.
I ought, I'm sure, t' have ta'en more heed,
For ne'er had virgin greater need;
My kindness, and my little care,
Have left me scarce a smock to wear."
"Some have been begg'd, some have been burn'd,
And some to clouts or tinder turn'd,
Two smocks last night the flames surpris'd,
And in the flasket sacrifice'd;
Others on friends I did bestow,
(Not dreaming I should want 'em now:)
But I could bear the loss of them,
Had not the fire disturb'd my dream.
There is a saying frights me too,
But heav'n forbid it should be true!
That when a virgin burns her train,
She all her life must one remain.
I dare not be of this belief;
For, should I, I should die with grief:
Live always here a nun-like life!
And never, never be a wife!
Never enjoy a marriage-bed,
Nor lose a hated maidenhead!
Ah, cruel flames! you're too unkind
To bring these fancies to my mind;
Down, down, into your native hell,
In your own blazing regions dwell;
Trouble no more, let me possess
My linen, or my dream, in peace."
Thus the poor nymph bewail'd her treach'rous luck,
At once to lose so good a dream and smock.

SONG.
MY THING IS MY OWN.

I, A tender young maid, have been courted by many,
    Of all sorts of trades as ever was any:—
A spruce haberdasher first spake me fair,
But I would have nothing to do with small ware.
    My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young lasses may do what they will.

A sweet-scented courtier did give me a kiss,
    And he promis'd me mountains if I would be his;
But I'll not believe him, for it is too true,
    Some courtiers do promise much more than they do.
    My thing is my own, &c.

A fine man of law did come out of the Strand,
To plead his own cause, with his fee in his hand;
He made a brave motion, but that would not do,
    For I did dismiss him, and nonsuit him too.
    My thing is my own, &c.

Next came a young fellow, a notable spark,
    (With green bag and ink-horn, a justice's clerk)
He pull'd out his warrant to make all appear,
    But I sent him away with a flea in his ear.
    My thing is my own, &c.

A master of music came with an intent
To give me a lesson on my instrument;
I thank'd him for nothing, and bid him begone,
    For my little fiddle should not be play'd on.
    My thing is my own, &c.
An usurer came, with abundance of cash,
But I had no mind to come under his lash;
He proffer'd me jewels and great store of gold,
But I wouldn't mortgage my little freehold.

My thing is my own, &c.

A blunt lieutenant next surpris'd my placket,
And fiercely began to rifle and sack it;
I muster'd my spirits up, and became bold,
And forc'd my lieutenant to quit his strong hold.

My thing is my own, &c.

A crafty young bumpkin that was very rich,
And us'd with his bargains to go through each stitch,
Did tender a sum; but it would not avail,
That I should admit him my tenant in tail.

My thing is my own, &c.

A fine dapper tailor, with yard in his hand,
Did proffer his service to be at command;
He talk'd of a slit I had above knee;
But I'll have no tailor to stitch it for me.

My thing is my own, &c.

A gentleman that did talk much of his grounds,
His horses, his setting-dogs, and his greyhounds,
Put in for a course, and us'd all his art;
But he miss'd of the sport—for puss would not start.

My thing is my own, &c.

A pretty young squire new come to the town,
To empty his pockets, and so to go down,
Did proffer a kindness, but I would have none,
The same that he us'd to his mother's maid, Joan.

My thing is my own, &c.

Now here I could reckon a hundred or more,
Besides all the gamesters recited before,
That made their addresses in hopes of a snap,
But young as I was, I understood trap.

My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Until I be married, say men what they will.

THE MAGNIFYING GLASS.

A TALE.

TWO virgins in the prime of life,
Who each had rather been a wife,
Sally and Jenny were their names,
Like sisters own'd their equal flames;
And talking in a merry mood,
Of what some hold man's chiepest good;
That judg'd the largest, this the least,
To suit with her affairs the best.

But uninform'd by hand or eyes,
Of the true standard manly size;
Now that the reader will surprise:
For lechery, and learning's sake,
A trial they resolv'd to make,
That might give fancy truer scope,
And some ideas what to hope.
Their brother they had often heard,
Though guiltless both of wit and beard,
Was thought a lad of parlous parts,
In what most takes with female hearts;
Yet still they doubted, at those years,
If he was rightly in his gears;
His sapling might in time prove timber,
But now they fear'd it much too limber;
And wish'd a project to contrive
To make fifteen seem twenty-five;
To raise and round young doodle's figure,
Big as the biggest, what though bigger?

An instrument was on the table,
(Pray don't imagine this a fable)
With which their sire was wont to pore
On flies and maggots by the hour;
For he was one of those shrewd elves,
Who study all things but themselves;
So mighty wise, that he could spy
The notes in Luna's radiant eye;
And yet so dull, he could not find
Which way his daughters were inclin'd.
The girls, more prudent, would reduce
Philosophy to common use.
Their scheme was pleasant, and was new,
And thus the rogues their game pursue.

The booby boy lay fast asleep,
Aside his bed they sily creep;
And gently lifting down the sheet,
Their eyes a bold Priapus meet;
Erect, and firm as honest truth,
In all the comely force of youth.
Sally directs the optic frame,
In a right line before that same;
And each by turns indulg'd her sight
With the gay scene it brought to light.
The tube plumps up the nervous feature,
And adds twelve inches to its stature.
Happy, quoth Sally, were the bride
With such a weapon by her side!
But pr'ythee, Jenny, let me see
Th' effect this charm would have on thee.
With that she slily bolts the door,
And spreads the wanton on the floor.
Naked the little gipsy lies,
Her legs extended, and her thighs.
The nice surveyor mov'd the glass,
In curious search from place to place;
First view'd the curious lawn above,
Then all beneath the mossy grove;
At last she fix'd her active sight
On the sweet fountain of delight;
When lo! it yawn'd, so hideous wide,
That Sally, laughing, loudly cried,
'To have that gap fill'd up, I fear,
You ne'er must hope from man, my dear.
WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen years,
    You must tickle her fancy with sweets and with dears,
Ever toy ing and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears;
    Wittily, prettily, talk her down,
Chase her, and praise her, if fair or brown;
    Sooth her, and smooth her,
    And tease her, and please her,
And touch but her smicket, and all 's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in man,
With the front of assurance come boldly on;
    Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly,
Put her in mind how her time steals on;
    Rattle and prattle, although she frown,
Rouse her and touse her from morn till noon,
    And show her, some hour,
    You are able to grapple,
And get but her writings, and all 's your own.

Do you fancy a punk of a humour free,
That 's kept by a fumbler of quality,
You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
That pleasure's best charm is variety;
    Swear her much fairer than all the town,
Try her and ply her when cully 's gone,
    Dog her, and jog her,
    And meet her, and treat her,
And kiss with a guinea, and all 's your own.
THE RAPE OF HELEN.
FROM THE GREEK OF COLUTHUS.
BY THE B—— OF L———.

Ye Trojan nymphs! the silver Xanthus' pride,
Whose wreaths are scatter'd in your patient tide,
Oft as the sacred games ye leave, to throng,
In choral dance, your Ida's groves among;
Come from your founts, through silent vales which flow,
And give the muse of that fond youth to know,
Whom hope beguil'd to seek the sea-girt shore,
And love involv'd in toils unknown before;
The toils of threat'ning seas and storms, which 'bide
The daring wand'rer o'er the azure tide.
Tell how from him the world was rous'd to arms;
Tell from what cause arose those dire alarms
Which brought immortals from their seats above,
And made a lowly swain decide for Jove;
Say what that judgment was, which Helen's name
Gave to his ear, and to the page of fame.
Ye on your mountain's verdant brow have seen
The Graces' lovely and immortal Queen;
And through the windings of his native grove
Have oft observ'd the shepherd Paris rove.
On those high hills which crown Thessalia's plain,
When Peleus first his blooming bride did gain,
The pow'r's celestial grac'd his nuptial bow'r,
And Ganymede the sparkling wine did pour;
Mirth smil'd around, for gods contending strove
The day to honour, and their love to prove.
Hither did Jove from high Olympus come,
And Neptune left his wave-encircled dome;
Apollo brought the sweet and tuneful train,
Who dwell on Helicon's luxuriant plain;
With Juno, sister of imperial Jove,
Came Venus, sweetly-smiling queen of love;
Where'er gay scenes, and festive sports we find,
Guardian of joy, she lingers not behind;
Next came Persuasion, captivating pow'r!
Love's darts she snatch'd, and sought the bridal bow'r;
The virgin Pallas, too, her arms remov'd,
And gave her presence to the pair she lov'd;
Nor did the goddess of the sylvan plain
The bridegroom's triumph, or his feast disdain;
The god of war was there, but cheerful came,
As when he visits Vulcan's bright-ey'd dame,
He brought nor sword nor spear, nor glitt'ring shield,
Love taught the god far other arms to wield;
And last young Bacchus, ever gay and kind,
Shook his gold tresses to the western wind.

But that no gloom of care might intervene,
Was Discord banish'd from the hallow'd scene;
How did she burn to prove her venom'd power,
And cloud the brightness of the social hour;
Like the poor hind, which wild and frantic roves,
Far from the verdure of her peaceful groves,
When by the gad-fly stung, the cattle's pest,
Through woods and dreary shades she flies distrest;
So did the fiend, all pale and trembling, rise,
Rage tore her soul, and sparkled from her eyes;
Her panting breast she smote, then sate again,
Rack'd with the torture of severest pain;
And now she started up, and rent the air
With sounds which breath'd revenge and mad de-
spair;
Sounds which she hop'd might Jove himself dismay,
And from night's cave the Titans rouse to day:
Yet for a while the daemon check'd her ire,
She saw, she knew, and fear'd the god of fire;
But soon by war's rude din she thought t' annoy
The heav'nly guests, and thwart the festal joy;
Then chang'd her schemes again, again on harm
Intent, though Mars upheld his thund'ring arm.
Nought could her hate assuage: and now more bold,
She chose Hesperian fruit of brightest gold;
This, well she deem'd, would female hearts engage,
And prove the source of contest and of rage;
Soon in the midst the splendid ball she threw,
As soon their wonder and their praise it drew.
And first did Juno all impatient rise,
Urge her high state, and ask the glitt'ring prize:
But soon more powerful claims did Venus name,
Grace which invites, and beauties which inflame;
"No hand but mine," she cries, "this fruit re-
moves,
"Worthy alone of Venus and her Loves."
Almighty Jove observ'd the warm debate;
And as their bosoms swell'd with envious hate,
His son he call’d, the lovely Maia’s pride,
And bade him on his airy pinions glide:
“Go thou,” he said, “where streams of Xanthus
flow,
Beneath our highly-favour’d Ida’s brow,
On whose green banks and flow’r - bespangled
meads,
His fleecy care the son of Priam leads,
Him give the tempting fruit; the rival pow’rs,
With thee their guide, shall seek his much-lov’d
bow’rs;
There let the happy youth, unwav’d and bold,
The splendor of immortal charms behold;
He the invidious contest shall decide,
And say who first excels in beauty’s pride;
Whom most admires the blooming shepherd-boy,
Let her the honour and the prize enjoy.”

He spoke, and Hermes stood prepar’d to fly
Through the light regions of the ambient sky,
To lead the rosy and ethereal pow’rs,
With studied art adorn’d, to Ida’s bow’rs:
Then beauty’s queen, ah, too insidious fair!
Let no soft band confine her silken hair,
But bade her locks in wanton ringlets flow,
With gems to sparkle, and with gold to glow.
Oft, in her arms, her little Loves she press’d;
And thus th’ emotions of her soul express’d:
“The hour is near, how full of soft alarms!
Mark’d by the lustre of your parent’s charms,
To my attractive form, my sparkling eyes,
Immortal rivals soon shall yield the prize;
"But still some doubts my trembling heart annoy;
I fear the judgment of that shepherd-boy.
Juno, dread parent of the Graces' train,
Whose sway no limit knows, the prize may gain;
And Pallas, goddess of the martial field,
Is us'd to conquer, and too proud to yield;
I have no spear, nor sword, nor regal throne,
I meet the contest helpless and alone;
Yet why thus anxious beats my timid heart?
True, though I have nor arms, nor hostile dart,
Still the sweet bond of tender love is mine,
Me my own cestus aids with power divine,
Which, strengthen'd by the skill of Cupid's bow,
Makes female arts the stings of passion know;
And though behind no deadly wound it leaves,
It oft the breast of gentle peace bereaves."
Thus Venus spake; the list'ning Loves around
Caught with fond sympathy each tender sound,
With anxious, beating hearts, her looks survey,
And flutter near, companions of her way.

Now with warm hopes elate, the heav'nly throng
Had pass'd their Ida's hallow'd shades along,
When in rude goat-skin vest the swain appear'd,
Where his paternal flocks and herds he rear'd,
On fam'd Scamander's verdant banks he rov'd,
And told his care which o'er the landscape mov'd;
Blithsome and gay he trod th' enamel'd plain,
And woods and vales resounded to his strain;
And oft he would his cheerful measures play,
And wander'd oft his herds and flocks away;
But nought he car'd whilst sylvan scenes among,
To Pan, and Maia's son he tun'd his song.
Silent and still, his dogs stood list'ning round,
In mute attention to the well-known sound;
Wild Echo, from amidst her woodland seat,
Did o'er again this melody repeat;
And the herd's mighty lord supinely laid,
Where the thick foliage form'd a solemn shade.

Near him as Hermes and th' immortals drew,
With fear o'ercome, away the rustic flew;
Arupt the shades he left, to seek the plain,
His pipe he broke, nor clos'd his jocund strain:
But Hermes soon his hasty flight restrain'd,
And thus, with accents mild, his ear detain'd;
"Paris, return, O highly-favour'd boy!
"No idle terrors need thy breast annoy,
"These pow'rs have left ambrosial seats above,
"With me to seek thy bow'r in this fair grove:
"And now thine eye impartial must decide
"Who first excels in blooming beauty's pride;
"From me this ball of blushing gold receive,
"And to the fairest of th' immortals give."
Well might such words a simple shepherd move,
To gaze at beauty, and to dream of love;
Soon then he felt the eye's sweet magic spell,
Soon the white bosom's captivating swell;
Mark'd the fine form, through vests of graceful flow,
Which art had made with richest gems to glow;
Now by the view still more and more inspir'd,
The well-shap'd leg and foot the boy admir'd.
At length his trembling hand Minerva press'd,
And thus with flatter'ring words his ear address'd:
"Heed not, O youth belov'd! the wife of Jove,
Nor yet regard th' insidious queen of love,
I, over martial virtue who preside,
To fame, to glory, will your footsteps guide;
Thou shalt o'er Asia's realms the sceptre bear,
Thee Mars shall rev'rence, and Bellona fear,
True valour thine, and deeds of high renown,
The hero's triumphs, and the laurel crown."
Minerva finish'd; and the wife of Jove,
Persuasive, try'd his flatter'ring heart to move:
"If thou to me," she cries, "the prize award,
Hear what high meed shall mark my fond regard;
Thou shalt o'er Asia reign the mighty king,
But shall thy rule nor wars nor danger bring,
To others leave the bloody, martial field,
And learn thy sceptre o'er the brave to wield;'
"Not all are bless'd at Pallas' shrine who bend,
But oft in scenes of blood their wretched lives they
end."

Thus did great Juno try to move his breast.
But ah! when Venus came, her silken vest
Quick to the wind the laughing goddess threw,
And gave her beauties to his raptur'd view;
No cestus now her slender waist confin'd,
No silken band her golden hair did bind,
In haste she threw each rude incumbrance by,
And her soft bosom met his curious eye;
Then in sweet words, which breath'd delight and joy,
She fix'd the attention of the heart-struck boy.
"Think not of wars," she cries, "nor vain renown;
"Beauty be thine, and beauty like my own;
"What has thy youth to do with scepter'd pow'r,
"The toils of battle, or its dang'rous hour?
"These are not mine; for nought our sex should
"move
"But beauty's triumphs, and the joys of love:
"With pow'r I tempt you not, nor martial pride;
"All the fond transports of a blooming bride,
"In Helen, pride of Greece, thy meed shall be,
"Give but the fair Hesperian fruit to me."

He heard no more, for, ere her tale she told,
He plac'd in Venus' hand the blushing gold;
Ill-fated gold! dread source of future harms,
Of furious war, and all its dire alarms:
But she, when in her hand the ball she press'd,
With taunting words her rivals thus address'd:
"Us'd as ye are victorious wreaths to see,
"The palm of beauty ye must yield to me;
"Yes! every pow'r which beauty gives, is mine,
"And this great day has prov'd those pow'rs divine.
"Mother of Mars, and wife of heaven's high king,
"From thee, they say, the lovely Graces spring;
"Why then far off unduteous did they stay,
"Nor lend their aid on this important day?
"Could the great Juno no assistance find?
"Was Vulcan absent, and was Mars unkind?
"Alas! nor arms, nor god of fire was near,
"And Mars forgot to wield his potent spear:
"She too, Minerva, proud imperial dame,
"Who from no parents' tender union came,
"But by the rude spear's point was made to spring,
"Fierce from the brain of our Olympus' king,
"Why does she shun the foul delights of love;
"In arms to toil, o'er martial fields to rove?
"Whose hand ne'er culls the fair and fragrant flow'rs,
"Which bloom 'midst harmony's delightful bow'rs,
"Where meek-ey'd peace retires from rude alarms,
"The din and tumult of destructive arms;
"They, gentle powers, alone their blessings give,
"To those who love in life's calm scenes to live."
Thus spake the queen of beauty and of love;
Then sought, exulting, azure realms above.

But when the Trojan youth had giv'n the prize,
From which, too soon, the dire events did rise,
Which caus'd, in Juno's breast, such lasting hate,
And made Minerva hasten Ilium's fate,
For his fair bride unknown, with ard ent love
He languish'd; soon he sought his native grove,
And where the oaks in solemn order stand,
He brought, well vers'd in arts, a num'rous band:
Here Pheriles, author of his country's woe,
Fir'd his young heart o'er bounding waves to go,
With ill-tim'd haste, obey'd his rash command,
A lofty vessel form'd, and launch'd her from the strand.
Now from his native plains and peaceful groves,
O'er dang'rous seas, ill-fated Paris roves,
With hope elate, and youth's impatient pride,
Love fill'd his heart, and Venus was his guide:
Her aid auspicious first he sought to gain
By vows, libations, and by victims slain.

But
But soon as to the foaming tide he came,
Which from the luckless Helle takes its name,
What dreadful signs of future ills appear'd!
What storms impended! and what sounds were heard!
The sea began with awful swell to rise,
And its dark gloom involv'd the threat'ning skies,
Heaven with collected rage its aspect lour'd,
And from the clouds a whelming torrent pour'd.
The anxious mariners, remote from shore,
Through the rough current ply the lab'ring oar,
With cheering shouts the Trojan realms forsake,
And, by the passage of th' Ismerian lake,
Impetuous glide; whilst, swift before the wind,
Thrace and her cloud-topt hills they leave behind.—
Soon to their view the solemn tomb appear'd,
To Phillis and her faithful passion rear'd,
They saw the paths through which she pensive rov'd,
And mourn'd the absence of the youth she lov'd,
The false Demophoon, who from Athens' shore,
Came to her long-expecting arms no more.
And now the youth beheld, with glad surprise,
Greece and her states in gradual order rise:
Pthia he saw, its fields of waving grain,
And proud Mycene's far-extended plain.
Sparta does next disclose her splendid tow'rs,
And his dark waters Erymanthus pours.
Here Menelaus held his wide domain,
And here did beauty lead a lovely train.
Near where Eurotas' streams in silence flow,
Aloft the stately city rear'd its brow.
Not far remote, the mountain's shades along,
The busy crowd of rich Therapne throng;
Hence to the land an easy distance past,
Their oars they quitted, and their anchors cast:
The crew, their labour and their dangers o'er,
Moor'd the tall ship, and joyous leap'd on shore.
Fresh and alert, forth from the silver tide,
The blooming Paris sprung, with conscious pride,
But slowly mov'd along, that no rude air
Might to the breeze disperse his golden hair;
The silken texture of his robes might spoil,
As full of care he trod the dusty soil.
Now as more near the city's pride he drew,
He mark'd its beauties with attentive view;
The temples to his wond'ring eye appear'd,
The palaces their lofty turrets rear'd;
He saw their native Pallas' golden shrine,
And Hyacinth admir'd of form divine:
Unhappy boy! as in the rural shade
With great Apollo too secure he play'd,
The swains saw Zephyr's jealous fury rise,
And Hyacinth supine and breathless lies;
Whilst with the youth his Phoebus oft did rove,
He knew, he thought not of a rival's love.
The parent earth; indulgent still and kind,
Sooth'd the deep sorrows of his wounded mind,
From her a fair and fragrant flow'r there came,
Which the fond god did Hyacinthus name.
Soon to the son of Atreus' royal dome,
Did Paris, grac'd with ev'ry beauty, come;
Not lovelier he, whom Semele did bring,
Fair though he was, to Jove, imperial king;
Yes! sure not Bacchus could the youth excel:
Forgive, O mighty pow’r, the truth I tell;
Helen before the lofty portals came,
Helen, the flow’r of Greece, too charming dame!
And when the stranger met her nearer view,
With eager, hospitable haste, she flew,
Led him transported to a silver throne,
Through vaulted rooms with regal pomp which shone;
There whilst he sate, she view’d his person o’er,
And thought she gaz’d at love’s delightful pow’r;
But when, more bold, she look’d the youth behind,
And could, nor wing, nor bow, nor arrows find,
Still the fond queen, enamour’d, lov’d to trace
The fancied charms of rosy Bacchus’ face.
Full of soft wishes, and with passion fir’d,
His name, at length, and country, she requir’d:
“Fair youth,” she adds, “whose air and charms of
“face
“Speak thee descended of some noble race,
“Thou art not sure from Grecian lineage sprung,
“Nor born our Pylos’ sandy vales among;
“Nor yet on plains of Pthia do you dwell,
“Of whose dread heroes fame delights to tell?
“To me the bold Antilochus is known,
“With Peleus, Telamon of high renown,
“And oft, to grace our hospitable dome,
“Patroclus and the great Achilles come;
"All our brave youths, the pride of Greece, I know,
"But ne'er beheld thy lovely form till now."
Thus as she spoke, with fiercest warmth she burn'd,
And Paris thus with flatt'ring voice return'd:
"Thine ear, fair queen, perhaps has heard the tale
"Of Troy, which stands in Ida's flow'ry vale,
"Whose walls were built, as ancient legends say,
"By Neptune and the bright-hair'd god of day?
"There honour'd Priam rules, who springs from
"Jove,
"And me delights in with a father's love,
"Paris thou seest, no vagrant wretch forlorn,
"But one to gods allied, of monarchs born;
"From fame thou know'st, that oft celestial pow'rs,
"To mix with mortals, leave their roseate bow'rs,
"The walls they built of my paternal Troy,
"Nor time shall shake, nor earthly pow'r destroy;
"They smile on me, who gave, in Ida's grove,
"The prize of beauty to the queen of love;
"Proud is my heart to own that youth am I,
"To gain whose favour goddesses did vie;
"Venus my ways directs, from her regard
"My beating bosom waits its high reward;
"Yes! she has vow'd, that soon these longing arms
"A bride shall bless, and of immortal charms;
"That bride thou art, for Helen's sure thy name,
"The much-lov'd sister of the Cyprian dame:
"Come then, my fair, thy Venus bids thee rove
"Through the sweet paths of pleasure and of love;
"Be
"Be every terror impotent and vain
"That would the transports of thine heart restrain;
"Check the base phantoms ere to view they rise,
"And think of love alone, the glorious prize:
"But why am I solicitous to tell,
"What thy soft bosom feels, and knows so well:
"Nor canst thou dread from Atreus' son to part,
"For weak and timid is thy husband's heart:
"Well too thy soul, O queen ador'd! must know,
"With charms like thine no Grecian females glow.
"Contemn'd of beauty, they rove o'er their plains,
"Rude as their soil, and hardy as their swains."

He said, and Helen long time on the ground
Fix'd her bright eyes in silent thought profound,
Till rous'd by soft desire, the trance she broke,
And thus in sweet and tender accent spoke:
"Yes, graceful stranger, of thy Troy I've heard,
"And how its walls were by immortals rear'd,
"Why should I own with what desires I glow
"The splendid place, the work of gods, to know?
"Oft has the story reach'd my wond'ring ear,
"That Phoebus, thy paternal city near,
"The variegated meads and groves among,
"Led his white flocks, and tun'd his jocund song.
"Come then, for ah! thy too delusive tale
"Prevails, and draws me from rude Sparta's vale,
"'Tis Venus' pow'r forbids me here to stay,
"Prompts the fond wish, and beckons me away;
"No more shall Atreus' son disturb my breast,
"With thee, and with thy Troy supremely blest."
So did the Grecian dame with Paris rove,
And so prevail'd the mighty pow'r of love.

Now night, of labour and of care the friend,
Did o'er the earth sleep's grateful pow'r extend;
And now Aurora, from the mountain's brow,
Beam'd with sweet blushes on the plains below,
Had op'd those portals to the rising morn,
From whence are light and fleeting visions borne;
Through that of horn, they say, such dreams are giv'n
As speak the never-changing will of heav'n;
Whilst from the iv'ry issuing, strange and crude,
Fantastic images the brain delude.

Meantime the Trojan far from Sparta's shore,
In his swift bark the blooming Helen bore:
How was his heart with Venus' gift elate!
Ah! how that gift was full of vengeful fate!
Sleep's pow'r dispell'd, Hermione the fair,
Tore her thin veil and beauteous flow of hair;
Then rush'd abroad, amidst her cheerless train,
Who heard the lovely mourner thus complain:
"Tell, tell me where my parent I may find?"
"Say, why she left her wretched child behind!"
"Together yester' eve we sunk to rest,"
"And oft she clasp'd me fondly to her breast."
Whilst flow'd the sorrows of her tender heart,
Her sad attendants bear a duteous part;
In words like these, to soothe her filial pain,
They try'd, officious, but they try'd in vain:
"Oh, cease," they cried, "fair princess, cease to mourn,
For sure thy much-lov'd parent will return;"
"Knew she the grief that rends thy aching breast,
In her fond arms thou should'st again be press'd:
Soon by vain tears does beauty fade away,
And think how soon the brightest eyes decay;
Perhaps, whilst we to fruitless sorrow yield,
Thy Helen seeks the grove, or verdant field,
Culls the rich perfumes of the varied flow'rs,
Or roves, delighted, with the blushing hours.
'Midst the deep vales, perhaps, or o'er the plain,
She wanders sad, and seeks her home to gain;
Or springs she lovelier from the silver tide,
The flow'r of Sparta, and of nympha's the pride."
"No! no! exclaim'd the maid, with heart-felt pain,
Ne'er my lost parent will return again!
She knows each path around the mountain's brow,
Where the stream winds, and where the roses blow,
Where his white fleecy care each shepherd leads,
Or through the groves, or o'er the flow'ry meads;
Think not with flatt'ring words to soothe my pain,
My sad heart bodes she ne'er returns again.
Have not the stars their kindly light bestowed?
Has not the morn with orient blushes glow'd?
Still is my bosom rack'd with dire alarms,
And still she comes not to my longing arms.
Say where, O cruel mother! dost thou rove?
Say, what conceals thee from my anxious love?
Has thy dear form by savage beasts been torn,
And nought avails it that from Jove thou 'rt born?

Perhaps
"Perhaps, thou'rt fallen from the awful brow
Of some high mount, and dash'd on rocks below;
But oft thy wretched child has search'd around
Vales, woods, and rocks, and thou art no where found:
Or glides the queen a fleeting airy ghost,
In the deep current of Eurotas lost?
Yet here the Naiads live, a gracious train,
Whose aid a female never ask'd in vain."

Thus as Hermione express'd her grief,
Sleep, death's true image, brought its kind relief:
O'ercome by passion, sorrow, and despair,
Scarce she seem'd to breathe the vital air;
In a deep trance the beauteous mourner lay,
And round her eyes fantastic visions play:
Oft thus the fair, by cares and tears oppress'd,
Sink to the sweet, refreshing balm of rest.
But long she not reclin'd in calm repose,
Ere the lov'd image of her Helen rose;
Soft grief and wonder fill'd her tender breast,
Whilst thus her duteous feelings were exprest:
"O most unkind! say, wherefore didst thou go?
"Why cause Hermione this weight of woe?
"Wrapt in thy arms, I laid me down to sleep,
"How soon I woke to wander, and to weep;
"My care has sought thee, rocks and mountains o'er,
"Along the vale, and on the sea-girt shore;
"Why thus incautious does my parent rove,
"The hapless victim of insidious love?"

Helen,
Helen, who seem'd to shed the dewy tear,
With mildness answer'd to her list'ning ear:
"O think not me, nor think my heart to blame,
That stranger youth, who here delusive came,
He taught my feet through unknown paths to stray,
He bore thy parent and thy queen away."

This said, she vanish'd, and the duteous fair
Utter'd aloud these accents of despair:
"Ye swift-wing'd birds, the mournful tidings bear
To Crete, and to my wretched father's ear;
Say how a stranger came to Sparta's shore,
And far away my pride, my Helen bore."
So did the virgin's heart in sorrow speak,
Then forth she rush'd, her parent queen to seek.

But Paris pass'd Ciconia's plains with joy,
Triumphant hast'ning to his native Troy,
And o'er the Hellespont's auspicious tide,
Exulting bore his fair and blooming bride;
But ah, ill-omen'd! from a turret's height,
Rapt where she sate, they met Cassandra's sight,
Full of prophetic phrensy and despair,
She tore the golden honours of her hair;
But Troy, unmindful what the deed foretold,
Bade to her fatal son her gates unfold.
The following JEU DE MOT was written on a notorious Dealer in the Miraculous, who intrigued with his Maid.

WHAT a liar is Tom!—no one can lie faster,
   Except 'tis his maid, and she'll lie with her master.

---

SONG.

WOMAN! thoughtless giddy creature,
   Laughing, idle, flutt'ring thing;
Most fantastic work of nature,
   Still like fancy on the wing.

Slave to every changing passion,
   Loving, hating, in extreme;
Fond of every foolish fashion,
   And at best a pleasing dream.

Lovely trifle, dear illusion,
   Conquering weakness, wish'd-for pain;
Man's chief glory and confusion,
   Of all vanities most vain!

Thus deriding beauty's pow'r,
   Florio call'd it all a cheat;
But in less than half an hour,
   Kneel'd and whin'd at Delia's feet.
MISS IN HER TEENS.

A TALE. BY MR. H——I.

MISS Molly was almost fourteen,
Her cousin, Dick, a year older,
The diff'rence of a year between,
Was very easy to be seen,
For Dick was grown a year bolder.

Though he is grown bolder and braver,
Molly grew bashfuller and shier;
So serious, and so much graver,
She hardly would let Dick come nigh her;

The year before, upon no score,
Would Dick be caught in such a trick,
As either peeping through the nick,
Or through the key-hole of a door.

The year before Miss had no fears,
And there was no such thing as squealing,
And Dick had neither eyes nor ears,
Neither taste, nor smell, nor feeling.

Until this year, as I have heard,
Dick was unlucky, but not rude;
And Molly so far from a prude,
Till now, her door was never barr'd.

One afternoon mamma rode out,
Papa was laid up in the gout;

Well,
Well, and what became of Molly?
    If she had taken her to ride,
    She should have been confin'd and try'd
For flagrant wilful folly.

When they are let out of the cage,
    Without consideration,
All children of a certain age
    Are giv'n to observation;

Their judgment 's so exceeding weak,
    Their fancy so exceeding strong,
That you can neither act nor speak,
    They are so apt to take things wrong.

So neither Miss, nor Dick the sapling,
    With madam rides;
She is attended by the chaplain,
    And none besides.

Which of the two were better pleas'd,
    Is difficult to say, I own,
Miss and papa had been so teas'd,
    They both were pleas'd to be alone.

Up to her chamber Molly 's flown,
    Fast bolted is her chamber door,
So cautious the damsel 's grown,
    From what Miss Molly was before.

Ever since Dick began to pry,
    Ever since Molly cast her frock,
She never ventures to rely
    On the protection of a lock.
Molly suspects her cousin Dick,
Her cousin Dick's so plaguy sly,
That lock, or any lock can pick,
That Dick has any mind to try.

Dick pick the lock! it could not be,
If Molly only had the sense,
As soon as she had turn'd the key,
Not to have taken it from thence.

Molly would gladly have compounded,
If Dick would let her 'scape so cheap,
Whenever Molly was impounded,
She left that hole for Dick to peep.

She knew there was no keeping
Her cousin Dick from peeping:
For sure as ever you're alive,
Either with gimblet or skewer,
Her cousin Richard would contrive
To bore a hole, somewhere, to view her.

From some particular affair,
That Molly had in agitation,
She did not, at that juncture care
To be expos'd to speculation.

She clapp'd a fire-screen to the hole,
To hinder cousin Dick from spying;
Little imagining, poor soul,
That Dick was in her closet lying.
The room, as you have heard me tell,
   At all times had been Molly's own,
The closet was a citadel,
   Of a late date, to awe the town.

Mamma had thought upon the case,
   And thinking made her more afraid;
A closet was a dang'rous place
   For stratagem and ambuscade;
So the room still to Miss remains,
   The fort to mamma appertains.

The key that opens this same fort,
   Mamma had lost in a strange sort:
In riding out, the key was lost,
   And it was found by Dick at play,
Upon the spot were it was toss'd,
   Upon a heap of new-made hay.

Her pad I fancy, for my part,
Is badly broke, and apt to start;
And by a sudden jirk, or spring,
Or swing, or some such thing;
   Out flew the key, as if a stone
    Had flown
   Out of a sling.

Pray, what was Miss's great neglect?
   Where was her indiscretion?
This treach'rous key could she suspect
   To be in Dick's possession!
She was so deliberate and cool,
Each nook and cranny she survey'd;
She even examin'd the close-stool,
But Dick was in the closet laid.

Whate'er he saw, Dick never told,
And that is much for one so young,
When people that are twice as old,
Have twice as indiscreet a tongue.

It must be something curious,
Some extraordinary matter,
Dick star'd and look'd so furious,
When he bounc'd out and flew at her.

Though she was cruelly betray'd,
Dick made up matters very soon;
Molly was reconcil'd, Dick stay'd,
And spent a pleasant afternoon.

The point was long and well debated,
But Dick so solemnly protested,
By Molly he was reinstated,
And with the key fairly invested.

Mamma perceiv'd the key was stray'd,
And sent the chaplain out to look;
'Twas not for that she was dismay'd,
But she had lost her pocket-book.

He found the book, which was the best:
As to the key, the careful mother,
Before she laid her head to rest,
Sent and bespoke just such another.
"Twas well she let the lock remain;
       Had it been chang’d on his report,
It would have caus’d infinite pain,
       And spoilt a deal of harmless sport.

In a short time Molly grew sick,
       Every day sicker and sicker,
Molly’s complaints came very thick,
       Every day thicker and thicker;
She was advis’d to change the air;
       She did; but nobody knows where.

Molly came home a diff’rent thing,
       Both in her shape and every feature,
From what she went away in spring;
       You never saw a virgin sweeter.

"Squire Noddy coming from his travels,
       By Molly is a captive led;
He to her sire his mind unravels,
       Her sire consents, and Molly’s wed.

It is six years that "Squire Noddy
Has had the care of Molly’s body,
       And they have children half a dozen;
But what is very odd is this,
That none of all the six should miss,
       But ev’ry one be like her cousin.
BEAUTY's a gaudy sign, no more,
To tempt the gazer to the door;
Within the entertainment lies,
Far off remov'd from vulgar eyes.
Thus Chloe, beautiful and gay,
As on her bed the wanton lay,
Hardly awake from dreaming o'er
Her conquests of the day before.

And what's this hidden charm? (she cried)
And spurn'd th' embracing clothes aside,
From limbs of such a shape and hue,
As Titian's pencil never drew;

Resolv'd the dark abode to trace,
Of female honour or disgrace;
Where virtue finds her task too hard,
And often slumbers on the guard.

Th' attempt she makes, and buckles to
With all her might; but 'twou'd not do;
Still, as she bent, the part requir'd,
As conscious of its shame, retir'd.

What's to be done? We're all a-ground?
Some other method must be found——
Water Narcissus' face cou'd show,
And why not Chloe's charms below?
Big with this project she applies
'The jordan to her virgin thighs;
But the dull lake her wish denies.

What luck is here? we're foil'd again!
The devil's in the dice, that's plain!
No chemist e'er was so perplex'd;
No jilted coxcomb half so vex'd;
No bard, whose gentle muse excels
At Tunbridge, Bath, or Epsom-Wells,
Ordain'd by Phoebus' special grace
To sing the beauties of the place,
E'er pump'd and chaf'd to that degree,
To tag his fav'rite simile.

Thus folks are often at a stand,
When remedies are near at hand.
For lo! the glass—ay, that indeed!
'Tis ten to one we now succeed!
To this relief she flies amain,
And straddles o'er the shining plain;
The shining plain reflects at large
All Damon's wish and Chloe's charge.
The curious maid, in deep surprise,
On the grim feature fix'd her eyes;
(Far less amaz'd Æneas stood,
When by Avernus' sacred flood
He saw hell's portal fring'd with wood.)

And is this all? Is this (she cried)
Man's great desire, and woman's pride;
The spring whence flows the lover's pain,
The ocean where 'tis lost again,

By
By fate for ever doom'd to prove
The nursery and grove of love?
O thou of dire and horrid mien,
Far always better felt than seen!
Fit rapture for the gloomy night,
O, never more approach the light!
Like other myst'ries men adore,
Be hid to be rever'd the more.

HANS CARVEL'S RING;
OR
A CHARM AGAINST CUCKOLDOM.
A TALE. BY MR. PRIOR.

HANS Carvel, impotent and old,
Married a lass of London mould;
Handsome enough, extremely gay;
Lov'd music, company, and play;
High flights she had, and wit at will,
And so her tongue lay seldom still;
For in all visits who but she,
To argue or to repartee?

She made it plain, that human passion
Was order'd by predestination;
That if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they;
Whole tragedies she had by heart;
Enter'd into Roxana's part;
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd;
Oh that dear conqu'ror of the world!
She pitied Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.
She, first of all the town was told,
Where newest India things were sold,
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slpt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's;
To cheapen tea, to buy a screen:
What else cou'd so much virtue mean?
For to prevent the least reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.

But when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She, without fail, was wak'd at ten;
Drank chocolate, then slept again:
At twelve she rose; with much ado
Her clothes were huddled on by two;
Then, does my lady dine at home?
Yes, sure;—but is the colonel come?
Next, how to spend the afternoon,
And not come home again too soon;
The park, the city, or the play,
As each was proper for the day;
A turn in summer to Hyde-Park,
When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain;
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform, but durst not blame.
At first he therefore preach'd his wife
The comforts of a pious life!
Told her how transient beauty was;
That all must die, and flesh was grass:
He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces,
And doubled down the useful places.
But still the weight of worldly care
Allow'd her little time for pray'r:
And Cleopatra was read o'er,
While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's self,
Stood unmolested on the shelf.
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her toilet:
No fear that thumb of her's should spoil it;
In short, the trade was still the same:
The dame went out, the colonel came.

What's to be done? poor Carvel cried:
Another batt'ry must be try'd:
What if to spells I had recourse?
'Tis but to hinder something worse.
'The end must justify the means,
He only sins who ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to combat evil,
'Tis lawful to employ the devil.

Forthwith the devil did appear;
(For name him and he's always near)
Not in the shape in which he plies
At miss's elbow when she lies;
Or stands before the nurs'ry doors,
To take the naughty boy that roars:
But without saucer eye or claw,
Like a grave barrister at law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
The devil says: I bring relief.
Relief? says Hans: pray let me crave
Your name, sir.—Satan.—Sir, your slave;
I did not look upon your feet:
You'll pardon me:—Ay, now I see 't;
And pray, sir, when came you from hell?
Our friends there, did you leave them well?
All well; but pry'thee, honest Hans,
(Says Satan) leave your complaisance;
The truth is this; I cannot stay
Flaring in sunshine all the day;
For, entre nous, we hellish sprites,
Love more the fresco of the nights;
And oft'ner our receipts convey
In dreams than any other way.
I tell ye therefore as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears shall end;
Go then this evening, master Carvel,
Lay down your fowls and broach your barrel;
Let friends and wine dissolve your care,
Whilst I the great receipt prepare;——
To-night I'll bring it, by my faith;
Believe for once what Satan saith.

Away went Hans, glad not a little,
Obey'd the devil to a tittle;
Invited friends some half a dozen,
The colonel, and my lady's cousin.
The meat was serv'd, the bowls were crown'd;
Catches were sung, and healths went round;
Barbadoes' waters for the close,
Till Hans had fairly got his dose.
The colonel toasted to the best;
The dame mov'd off to be undrest:
The chimes went twelve, the guests withdrew;
But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow chair;
From thence was carried off to bed;
John held his heels, and Nan his head.
My lady was disturb'd; new sorrow,
Which Hans must answer for to-morrow.
In bed then view this happy pair,
And think how Hymen triumph'd there.
Hans, fast asleep, as soon as laid;
The duty of the night unpaid:
The waking dame with thoughts oppress'd,
That made her hate both him and rest:
By such a husband, such a wife!
'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life:
The lady sigh'd, the lover snor'd;
The punctual devil kept his word;
Appear'd to honest Hans again;
But not at all by madam seen;
And giving him a magic ring,
Fit for the finger of a king;
Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's sake.
'Twill do your business to a hair;
For long as you this ring shall wear,
As sure as I look over Lincoln,
That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

Hans took the ring with joy extreme;
(All this was only in a dream)
And thrusting it beyond his joint,
'Tis done, he cried; I've gain'd my point.—
What point, said she, you ugly beast?
You neither give me joy nor rest;
'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear?
You've thrust your finger G—d knows where.

THE LOUT LOOKING FOR HIS HEIFER.

A TALE. BY MR. CONGREVE.

IT so befel;—a silly swain,
Had sought his heifer long in vain;
For wanton, she had frisking stray'd,
And left the lawn to seek the shade.
Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
Then to the wood in haste he hies;
Where singling out the tallest tree,
He climbs in hopes to hear or see.

Anon, there chanc'd that way to pass
A jolly lad and buxom lass;
The place was apt, the pastime pleasant;
Occasion with her forelock present;
The girl agog, the gallant ready:
So lightly down he lays my lady.
But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
That she some certain charms display'd,
Which with such wonder struck his sight,
(With wonder much; more with delight)
That loud he cried, in rapture, What!
What see I, Gods! what see I not!
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis guess'd,
'Twas more than well cou'd be express'd.

The clown aloft, who lent an ear,
Straight stopt him short in mid career;
And louder cried, Ho! honest friend,
That of thy seeing seest no end;
Dost see the heifer that I seek?
If dost, pray be so kind to speak.

THE SADDLE.

A TALE FROM LA FONTAINE.

In Italy, as authors tell us,
There liv'd a painter wond'rous jealous;
Tormented with a female evil,
Tempting and subtle as the devil;
A slipp'ry Proteus, whom no chain,
Nor Spanish padlock could contain.
Thus she created frequent smart
To spouse's aching head and heart.
‘Twas the chief business of his life,
How to confine this eel his wife;
Inventive noolde teems, at last,
With an odd whim to hold her fast.
Resolv’d his pencil-art to show,
(Whate’er he can’t perform below)
He drew a mule, with dextrous skill,
On the soft brow of Venus’ hill.
Thus if she stray’d, he could for certain,
Know it by drawing up the curtain.
But ah! how vain our counsels are,
And all our plots against the fair!
Comes brother Brush to take a bout;
So, God knows how! they rubb’d it out.
But, as he was an honest brother,
Finding one gone, he drew another;
Forgetting what the first did lack,
He clapp’d a saddle on the back.
Chloe was hugely pleas’d, and smil’d,
To think how Seignior was beguil’d,
Who reeling home one ev’n ing late,
With mellow looks and jealous pate,
Vow’d he’d not take a wink of sleep,
Without one dear departing peep.
Can you distrust me? Chloe cries,
Inhuman man! and wipes her eyes;
Put on your spectacles and view it,
The mule, my dear, is where you drew it.
The mule I see is safe, my dear,
But, zounds, who put the saddle here?
THE SPECTACLES.

A TALE. FROM LA FONTAINE.

IN days of yore, as authors say,
There liv'd a spark, for am'rous play
By nature form'd and well I ween,
He beardless was, and scarce eighteen,
Which for his purpose suited well,
As presently I mean to tell.
With nuns, well-stock'd, a convent stood,
Just a propos, i'th' neighbourhood;
He oft had view'd with longing eye,
The holy maids as he pass'd by;
Wou'd sometimes stop, and at the grate,
To steal a look, whole hours wait.
At length with dull attendance tir'd,
With want of consummation tir'd,
To gain his point, at once he ventur'd,
And in disguise the convent enter'd:
The Abbess took him for a maid:
Coletta was his name, he said;
And then with rev'rence due he kiss'd her,
As might become a holy sister.
Long had he not been there, I trust,
O! dire disgrace! but out it must,
Ere sister Agnès had been playing;
There better far she'd minded praying.
But so—it prov'd, and by it got—
Perhaps the prude may ask me what?

T

And
And tell me, that I should have said,
A woful chance befel the maid.
Our Agnes, ever counted chaste,
Grew wond’rous round about the waist;
And in due time, as it is said,
Of a young thing was brought to bed.
The holy sisters in amaze
Did at it, as a wonder, gaze;
As well they might, nor cou’d suppose,
From earth, as mushrooms do, it rose,
Or manna like, from heav’n it fell,
Such miracles, they knew full well
Were long time ceas’d; though (as they say)
Their priests work wonders to this day.
So all determin’d, nemine con,
It never could come there alone.
Besides, if I may speak the truth,
It much resembled this our youth.
The Abbess, in a mighty passion,
(For scolding then too was in fashion)
Vow’d vengeance on the miscreant base,
Who thus had scandaliz’d the place;
And then for sundry weighty reasons,
Poor sister Agnes she imprisons.
Next, how to find the father out,
Began to make a mighty rout.
The house was guarded with such care,
The walls so high, no entrance there;
The nun, who kept the tow’r, was old,
And proof against the pow’r of gold.

These
These things premis’d, how it cou’d be
She wonder’d much, though certainly,
A man there must be in disguise,
The which he wore to 'scape surprise;
Therefore at once the truth to have,
She to the Nuns this order gave;
"Strip ev’ry maid to find this dragon,
"Let not a sister have a rag on."
How this command perplex’d our youth,
Fearing thereby the naked truth
Must be found out, you all may guess;
The more he rack’d his brains, the less
He thought it possible, that he
Shou’d e’er escape the place scot-free.
Until at length necessity,
The mother of invention, she
Assisted him with a device,
To 'scape this scrutiny so nice,
And get clear off; it was to tye——
But, gentle reader, how shall I
My meaning modestly express,
In words so clear that you may guess
What ’twas he ty’d, nor be mistaken,
How he contriv’d to save his bacon?
’Twill be no easy task, I fear;
But faith I’ll try; so take it here.
Once on a time, as it is said,
-Our bodies all were open made,
And so contriv’d that easily,
Whoever had a mind might see
The various things that each contain'd,
Whose heart was with dishonour stain'd,
Or with deceit and flattery drest,
For all was then so clear express'd,
One might discern with half an eye,
If any dare to hide a lie;
And better had it been if still,
By fate's inexorable will,
Our breasts thus open had remain'd;
Then friendship ne'er had been profan'd,
But every falsehood clear display'd,
In whatsoever heart it laid;
Physicians too would find their end,
It surely would their judgment mend,
As then they'd easily perceive
What they were summon'd to relieve,
And not as now, like blind men grope,
Leaving their patients void of hope.
First one they poison, then another,
Resolv'd their want of skill to smother;
Had man but windows in his breast,
He'd stand some better chance at least,
As they cou'd not so often fail
In their attempts.—But to my tale.

The females being most expos'd,
Begg'd that this op'ning might be clos'd,
Complaining that it was so wide,
They for their souls cou'd nothing hide.
Dame nature then, our common mother,
Constriv'd a way to end this pother;
To both the sexes she bestow'd
A lace, with which these gaps they sew'd!
The women theirs too thick did stitch,
And at the bottom left a notch:
The men were also in the wrong,
For they the stitches made too long,
And did not all the thong expend,
But left a piece at nether end.
Now this is what the youth did tie;
The reason you may guess for why.
By this device all seem'd so flat,
There was no sign of you know what;
But sure the thread had ne'er been able,
(Were it compar'd in strength to cable)
To keep confin'd that boist'rous part,
Some how or other it must start.
Had saints, nay angels too been there,
The case had been the same I fear,
When, to full view, each lovely maid,
Stood in her birth-day suit array'd,
With beauteous shape and graceful mien,
As those who wait on Cyprian queen.

The Abbess on her nose did wear,
Of spectacles a weighty pair;
For being old, they serv'd her now
To search the matter through and through.
Surrounded by her twenty nuns,
Whose swelling breasts like new cross buns,
Or bladders blown by dint of wind,
Luxuriant rose; and you wou'd find,
On them in fact, were trial made,
A pea wou'd dance as on a drum-head.
This put our youth upon the rack,
For fear the strait-ty'd strings should crack;
And so they did, for at one bounce,
Away it flew with mighty flounce,
As when a fiery steed disdains
To bear the yoke, and scorns the reins,
When once got loose; upright it rose,
And struck the Abbess on the nose,
The spectacles to th' cieling threw,
And nigh o'erturn'd the bearer too;
Who, you may think, enrag'd at this,
A council calls, wherein it is,
After debate, by all agreed,
With flogging this our youth must bleed.—
This said, they seiz'd the luckless wight,
And 'gan to exercise their spite;
They ty'd him to a tree, that grew
Within the yard, of mournful yew,
Then went to search with indignation,
For instruments of flagellation.
But fortune, who the boldest favours,
Blasted at once their curs'd endeavours.

A lusty miller, on a mule,
Came riding in—they say no fool.
Cou'd play at coits, and cudgel well,
Wou'd kiss a girl, but never tell.

"Heyday!" said he, "what have we here?
A wond'rous pretty saint, I swear!"
"But say, young man, I long to know,
"Which of the sisters serv'd you so?
"Sure with the nuns you've been at play,
"And for it suffer thus to-day;
"For if there's aught in strength of back,
"I judge you well a nun can crack."

The youth reply'd, in mighty dudgeon,
Thinking that now he'd catch'd a gudgeon,
"My friend, you quite mistake the case,
"For which I suffer this disgrace,
"Had I with their request comply'd,
"I never now had thus been ty'd;
"Besides a whipping too I fear,
"For being chaste—'tis hard, I swear,
"Though must submit, howe'er it be—
"I can't give up my chastity."

The miller straightway in surprise,
Laughing, the fast-bound cords unties,
And to the youth address'd this speech:
"Poor, scrup'rous fool! I'll save thy breech,
"You'll cut no figure in this place;
"Were but'our parson in such case
"He'd ne'er behave as thou hast done;
"Quick tye me to the tree and run:
"You're ignorant, I plainly see,
"And not for business fit like me;
"Let all the sisters come, I warrant
"They shan't return without their errant."
The youth not wanting better sport,
Soon ty'd him fast, and scamper'd for 't.
The miller now stark naked stood,
In waiting for the sisterhood,
When soon of nuns, at least a score,
Who rods instead of tapers bore,
In order came, and one and all
Did presently to jerking fall;
While he provok'd, as well he might,
Cry'd, "Softly, ladies, by this light,
"You're in the wrong, I'm not that booby,
"But for the sport, as fit as you be.
"You'll wonders see, if you'll but try—
"Cut both my ears off if I lie.
"I am a devil at that same;—
"You apprehend me—guess the name.
"But in this scourging, on my soul,
"A novice quite—an arrant fool."
"A fool?" a toothless virgin cries,
"If that's the case, we'll make you wise.
"Are you not father of the brat?—
"For him you'll pay, be sure of that."
And then to whipping fell again;
The miller bellow'd out amain,
(Fearing he was not understood)
"Ladies, I'll—kiss you all, by G—d!"
"Then cease, dear girls," he loud did bawl,
"I'll do my best to please you all."
The more the miller crack'd his jokes,
The more the girls renew'd their strokes,
And flogg'd him with such dext'rous art,
They made him loudly roar with smart.

While
While thus he underwent a whipping,
His mule upon the grass was skipping.—
No matter what became of both,
It is enough he say'd the youth.
And reader, say, would you have been,
For fifty beauties in his skin?

THE PARSON AND MAID;

OR,

COLLIN IN THE APPLE-TREE.

A TALE.

IN Oxfordshire, as stories go,
I can't tell whether true or no;
But true or false, or new or old,
You have it just as I was told;
There liv'd a swain of low degree,
(Yet with contentment blest, and free)
In a small cottage of his own,
Some distance from the noisy town.—
But ere I any farther go,
'Twill proper be to let you know,
Four cows his number were (I ween)
That us'd to graze upon the green;
But some sly thief, as people say,
In dead of night stole one away;
Or else, by chance, she went astray:
But stol'n or stray'd, it matters none,
'Twas plain to him his cow was gone.

Poor
Poor Collin went, resolv'd with speed,
To find her out, alive or dead.
With that he travell'd, but in vain,
Through ev'ry pasture, field, and lane.
O'er hedge and ditch, his cow he sought,
Till to an orchard he was brought;
Where fruit, of most delicious taste,
The laden boughs alluring grac'd.

Says Coll', They're pleasant to the sight,
But pleasanter by far to bite;
With that, (assur'd that none cou'd see)
He instantly climb'd up the tree.

Five minutes scarce had he been there,
Before a parson did appear,
Attended by a comely lass,
Who seatly tripp'd it o'er the grass;
And just beneath that self-same tree,
(Where Collin could both hear and see)
The parson with the pretty maid
Sat down together in the shade.

My bashful muse would here have done,
But truth commands, she must go on.

The parson,—if I tell it must,
Was flesh and blood as well as us;
A thousand loving words express'd,
Her snowy bosom kiss'd and press'd,
Then laid his hand,—I say not where,
Let Collin, not the muse, declare;
Crying, My love, what do I feel!
My dear, I must—ring love's first peal.
Quoth she, I know not what you mean,
And I'm afraid we shall be seen—
Besides—a man, sir, of your cloth!
'Twill bring a curse upon us both!
The cloth! said he,—then let it go,
There's not a priest but will do so.
With that he caught her in his arms,
And rifled all her blooming charms,

This peal being o'er, with kisses sweet,
He did a second peal repeat,
While Coll' sat silent in the tree;
Ye Gods! what sights were there to see!
Such tickling, toying, kissing, pressing,
The pleasures they were both possessing,
Are past a mortal's tongue expressing.
Then tire'd, awhile they panting lie,
Till some kind pow'rs new life supply;
His spirits quickly rose agen,
And then the parson wou'd—toll in.
Their pastime now being almost o'er,
The parson he could ring no more;
But said, Love, since our pleasure's done,
I'll see the place whence it begun:
Thus said, and rising off the ground,
He view'd her lovely person round;
With ev'ry hidden charm beside—
Whilst thus the damsel, smiling, cry'd,
Pray, sir, since you so free have been,
Inform me truly what you 've seen.
See! child! (he answer'd with a sneer)
Why I've seen all the world, my dear!
Then, sir, cries Collin on the bough,
Pray tell me if you've seen my cow?
The parson started with surprise,
And up the tree he cast his eyes—
Then faintly cried, twixt hope and fear,
Pray, sir, how long have you been there?
Says Coll', shou'd I the truth reveal,
Ise here before you rung a peal.
Come down, my friend, the parson said,
And that the same may ne'er be spread,
This purse of yellow shining ore
Be thine—be sure you say no more.
Coll' took the money, well content,
Forgot his cow, and home he went.

THE END.