



T H E
C O U R T E S A N.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE
M E R E T R I C I A D.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Hoc quoque composui, PELIGNIS natus aquosis,

Ille ego nequitiae NASO Poëta meæ.

Hoc quoque jussit Amor.---procul hinc---procul est severæ :

Non estis teneris apta theatra modis.

Me legat in sponsi facie non frigida virgo :

Et rudis ignoto tactus amore puer.

OVID.

I am the Man, (the NASO of my time,)

Born on the HUMBER,---fam'd for luscious rime :

I writ the first,---Love bids me write again.

Away---ye cold, ye rigid, ye profane :

Begone---lest I offend with genial joys :

Come melting Maids and read,---Come longing Boys.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. HARRISON, in Covent Garden.

MDCCLV.

T H E

C O U R T E S A N .

HAVE you not seen, upon a market day,
A butcher's shop, the meat in bright array?
Have you not seen amidst the tempting treat,
The butcher's daughter, tidy, fair, and neat?
Her beefy cheeks, her skin of mutton fat;
Have they not made your heart go pit-a-pat?
Have you not wish'd yourself a fly, to skip
From leg to loin, and riot on her lip?
For such a MUSE who wou'd not risk his life,
When eyes stab deeper than the father's knife?

Hail! Lydy Lamb, who makes her daily food
Of that, which passion rears to shed her blood.

O! happy woman who with joy can feed,
 Can kiss with rapture that which makes her bleed :
 The lamb, the maid, from diff'rent causes feel,
 From diff'rent feelings lick the butcher's steel.

Such be my MUSE in spite of pedant fools,
 Who walk, eat, drink, and sleep by college rules :
 PINDUS I pass---call mistress Clio---brim,
 Thalia bilk---but knock at Jenny's whim :
 I'm for no airy, visionary flut,
 With whom so many wits have play'd at put ;
 Give me an English muse, she'll make me speak,
 Beyond a jilt---in ballads prais'd in Greek :
 This is my whim---I'm fond of all things new,
 I go to Goadby's---not Apollo's stew :
 In all I'm odd---I'm mark'd where'er I pass,
 Pegasus threw me---so I ride an ass :
 Have I your pity? when you cry---poor fool!
 He neither lives, nor writes, nor rides by rule.

Hence with your rules---I'll have them not---begone,
 They're musty laws, fit for a parson's tongue.
 Why should I mention Mother Method's school,
 When all my pupils err, but not by rule :
 There is not one but hath been tripping caught,
 And not one guilty found of one good thought :
 Then cease this mighty stir, thou mighty fool,
 Muse, theme, and words, are aliens born to rule.

Thousands there are upon this whisking ball,
 Who sin by rule, who never pray at all:
 Many at meals are punctual---some at stool,
 All cheat by chance, and all get rich by rule:
 By rules kings rule, by rules queens learn to smile,
 By rule Scots fawn, by fawning rule the isle:
 Statesmen deceive by rule, and gamblers play,
 Harlots by rule delight, and bishops pray:
 In all but good we act by drowsy rule,
 The whore, the priest, the minister, the fool.
 The muse her stings to sons of folly sends,
 By rule she censures not---nor yet commends;
 To prudes of filken vice she dares to speak,
 Not draw a tear down VIRTUE'S hallow'd cheek.
 Curst be the lines if smooth soe'er they run,
 That stab unjustly, or detract for fun,
 That shun a statesman when the star should feel---
 The poet's pen, beyond a FELTON'S steel:
 And doubly curst those rimes, tho' fair they scan,
 That wound the bosom of a patriot man.
 Or swerve from truth and call a S*--- brave,
 Or force a lie and call my WILKES a slave.
 My Wilkes is fled, and must my Ch* too
 Fly, and weep out her widowhood with you:
 O! must we lose the music of her tongue,
 For kings have listen'd when a Ch* sung:
 Must she withdraw who made so great a stir,
 And leave her kitchen to a Milliner:

4 THE COURTESAN.

Forbid it Venus, pray relent my lord,
 Have pity, do not fend the maid abroad!
 O! what a conquest will that father make,
 Who makes a convert of so old a rake:
 We've things more strange recorded still in paint,
 Ch* may make a mighty jolly faint:
 Better than Agnes † she may surely prove,
 Not in the feats of arms, but feats of love:
 But can he bear to let you cross the seas,
 A mistress blest'd with so much corp'ral ease?
 My lord remember in the youth of life,
 When burnt in wood and for a banker's wife:
 Thou wert the man made mighty Orleans frown,
 And vied in splendor with the Gallic crown:
 Ne'er mind the world, by scandal be it said,
 It is no crime my lord to keep a maid:
 Be it a crime---'twill not disturb her bliss,
 The very worst is gallant P*t's miss;
 A Miss the wonder of a courteous age,
 A Miss the pleasure of the dull, and sage,
 A Miss who'll toy an hundred summer days,
 And with her earnings make an evening's blaze.
 A Miss so blest'd in the more noble parts,
 A Miss so just a judge of English hearts,
 A Miss so skill'd in politics, and plots,
 To make a *union* of the WHIGS and Scots:

† PUCELLE D'ORLEANS.

A Mifs so truly chaste, so truly just,
 To hold a vestal's place of sacred trust :
 A Mifs, to end her qualities, and life,
 A Mifs, a maid, a widow, and a wife.
 Hail! Mifs, hail! maid, who first inspir'd my lays,
 Can I forget thee in this ebb of praise?
 Can I---oh! can I ask?---*cease babbling muse,*
Wilt thou ne'er quit this scandal, this abuse?
 Never.---*Thou shalt.* By Love's plump bum I swear,
 His mother's bobbies, and the grace's hair,
 I never will.---*Suppose with all her state,*
Beyond e'en that of rich Corinthian date,
When wanton Lais so luxurious thought,
Or that which Thais Alexander taught,
When high Persopolis by that fair punk
Was burnt, and godlike Alexander drunk,
Reel'd with his torch where the fair Gypsy led,
And by the royal light retir'd to bed:
If in a state, superior to all this,
She should invite thee to her throne of bliss,
Woud'st thou refuse?---No. I would make my peace
 With her, on some rich couch of downy ease:
 Appoint the congress, nor believe me vain,
 When manhood swears, the MAID shall not complain.
 If you reject the challenge, mark behind
 The power of rime, the muse how very kind.

Of all the females nature ever made
 For pleasure, bus'ness, gay'ty, or parade,
 None can at once those four great passions prove,
 But thou! great mistress of *the art of love*,
 Whether the lean, lank soldier, or the cit,
 The sturdy parson, or the drunken wit,
 The frothy player, or the chalkstone sage,
 The college stripling, more lascivious age,
 The scurvy noble, or the tawny tar,
 All, one and all enjoy thy soft guitar,
 All feast with appetite, confess with glee,
 Nothing can move in tune but KENNEDIE.
 By most I'm thought a dabler in the trade,
 And from experience, this observance made;
 It is a Coffee-house, the entrance small,
 Once fairly in, there's room enough for all:
 Or like the Hellespont, on whose high strand,
 The love fam'd Sestos, and Abydos stand;
 The deepest stream pent with the straitest lea,
 For all within's Propontis, and the sea:
 Nay could you cross this sea, you'd find again,
 Another Bosporus, and another main.

The clock struck six---when ev'ry tea-cup turn'd,
 With love and with hot water Kitty burn'd;
 Each would at times upon the surface play,
 Yet both conspir'd to melt the maid away.

So have I seen across the rolling tide,
 A youth attempt to reach the adverse side;
 In vain he strove, with art and strength to gain,
 And thus deluded roll'd into the main.
 Such is the girl, love nestling in her eye,
 In vain she strives, it gives her tongue the lye;
 Melting like dripping at the Bedford fire,
 She seeks the Park, to quench the fierce desire:
 Chooses the shadiest part, grows sick of light,
 And every moment seems an age to night:
 By passions torn, by prudence check'd she roves,
 Now firm to yield, and now she flies the groves:
 Resolv'd to speak she stops, shame warms her cheek,
 She won't, she will, she can, she cannot speak:
 Amidst these conflicts M* appears,
 The smoothest, fairest, vilest of his years;
 With sugar'd speeches moves the doubtful part,
 And Kitty conquer'd, sighs beneath the smart:
 Passions, and snow balls each by motion swell,
 And Kitty finds her little heart rebel;
 Full of desires she sighs for this, and that,
 Her heart for ev'ry man goes pit-a-pat;
 Thus by degrees she steps upon the Town,
 And what's so common pray, as Kitty Brown?

Laugh, I must laugh to hear such fumbler swear
 That thou'rt a maid---and on the town one year.

Hail wanton Amazon! well done's thy part,
 When none could find the conduit to thy heart:
 Laugh!--I shall burst my fides, to think our GUARDS
 Declar'd thee chaste, so well thou play'dst thy cards,
 Although they charg'd thy fortlet foot and horse,
 You rose next morning not one pin the worse.
 Thus wanton Amazon of keen delight,
 By day you heal'd, what they had broke by night;
 Not in Penelope's (thy name fake's) way,
 By night undoing what she did by day;
 Cleanly revers'd by you, dear am'rous Pen,
 A ten years maidenhead to ten score men.
 Hail pretty Pen! thy size, thy colours prove,
 Thou art descended from the queen of Love:
 Who may we thank for such a curious maid,
 But thy long sifter?---whose long thriving trade,
 Has made her long the wonder of this town,
 Till thou a wond'rous wonder here was shown.
 But HARRIOT, like all human things must fall,
 In spite of brick and mortar, paint and ball:
 Take heed you split not on a sifter's rocks;
 Joy to sweet Stephens with her golden locks.

Lust, the most social passion of the soul,
 Sweet to indulge, but stubborn to control,
 A passion, which the god of nature gave
 The free enjoyment of to king, to slave:

Which

Which the polite, through strainers more refin'd,
 Call gentle love, the joy of womankind.
 Then love, or lust, (for call it which ye please)
 Leads to one end---the happy art to ease:
 Softest amusement which we all profess,
 As constitution dictates, more, or less:
 Unless it is the chaste Platonic mind,
 Which courts without emotion womankind;
 If such dull souls possess our duller youth,
 It may be impotence, it can't be truth.
 We've some of hotter, some of colder make,
 And some whose drowsy passions never wake;
 Some ripe at fifteen, some at twenty two,
 Nay, some at twelve are ripe and rotten too.
 That maid I most admire, whose keener loves
 Stir'd by some youth, whom best her heart approves,
 Longs to enjoy, or the desires in time
 Wear her fair beauties out, before their prime:
 If disappointment sinks her brilliant eyes,
 She pines in thought, smiles sickly green, and dies.
 In David's days, in that most pious time,
 'Ere Priests pronounc'd polygamy a crime;
 When Kings on many cast the luscious eye,
 And kept that law---*encrease* and *multiply*;
 There 'twas no sin, there Nature they obey'd,
 Great as a pleasure, vulgar as a trade.
 Her I despise, whose prostituted mind
 Is more to money, than her joy inclin'd;

Who like old Cheop's daughter works, to raise
 A shameful pyramid to blast her days.
 Our Lady V*--- amidst her youthful heats,
 Never perform'd such mercenary feats;
 The Ptolemaick system wond'rous wide!
 And the large Israelitish she has try'd,
 Try'd on a happy plan to please herself,
 Without one venal thought of gaining self:
 And in her very joys has done more good,
 Than those who boast an apathy of blood:
 O could my pen such frozen beldams move!
 To Hell I'd sweep them, where they'd find no love.

Parents there are, too many so we're told,
 Whom age makes callous, and the thirst of gold;
 Who lose their fire as they approach the tomb,
 Who wonder, how their daughters in their bloom
 On man can ruminare, can pine, can weep;
 Because their hearts retain so dead a sleep:
 If ye, your children love---avoid these shelves,
 Nor once forget---when young, ye lov'd yourselves.

Weep for that pretty creature, barr'd, lock'd up,
 Bread but to eat, and water but to sup;
 Denied the gen'ral air, the noon-tide walk,
 Lo! how she bites her nails---and pines on chalk,
 For some soft assignation in the Park,
 With some delightful meteor of a spark:

But

But Betty there unbars the parents plan,
 And Scotland joins her to the happy man.---
 Such rigid acts but prompt a stronger lust,
 For man with woman's something more than dust.
 Great Cæsar conquer'd, when e'er Cæsar fought,
 Yet Cæsar's arm ne'er kill'd like Cæsar's coat.
 Such girls I love, such parents I condemn,
 All daughters must---I'll answer for all men.
 Is it not most unnatural to move
 What nature first implanted, genial love?
 Say can the Leopard change his spots?---nor can
 The Maid tear from her heart the dear lov'd man.---
 From obstacles like these our passions rise,
 And one rash moment blasts our future joys:
 In this Miss H*r play'd the Roman part,
 The man possessing, who possess'd her heart.
 Great is the soul which fears no vulgar awe,
 But proves with pride that love's her first, great law.
 " Not Cæsar's Empress would I deign to prove,
 " No---make me Mistress to the man I love."

Some men there are who seek a kind of name,
 And think it great to wound a woman's fame:
 Curs'd be that man, whose base degen'rate breast
 Allures the maid to ruin, when possess'd
 Leaves her on seas of grief, promiscuous hurl'd,
 The scorn of kindred, and a scornful world:

For C* wrongs, fuch fhould by Heav'n be curft,
 And of fuch cowards M* the firft.
 Sweet injur'd innocence, whom favage man,
 By various wiles has ftudied to trepan;
 Who dead to ev'ry tender virtue, boafts
 Your fall, once queen of all the neighb'ring toafts.
 But hear ye fair an abfolution giv'n,
 An abfolution furely meant by Heav'n:
 Love, the moft gen'rous paffion of the mind,
 Softeft afylum innocence can find;
 Love is not fin, but where 'tis finful love,
 But when a crime, firft pardon'd too above.
 It's not the woman---it's the man who fwore
 Honour to you, and made the crime the more:
 Is there a fin? (if women fin at all)
 So very light, fo very trivial;
 The firft command God iffu'd from the fky,
 Was to each pair---"encreafe and multiply."
 In pious days, amongst the chofen feed,
 The act of propagation was a meed:
 Then why fhould thefe more lufcious days decree
 The female damn'd, and not the debauchee?
 Is this our pious, great religion too,
 O! fhame upon't! fo old, fo bad, fo new:
 A neighbour's fame traduc'd o'er dregs of tea,
 Is capital, is downright infamy.
 Is this religion?---where's that parent's heart
 Who damns his child?---yet never weighs the art,

The lures, the ways, the specious means combin'd
 To win her tender heart, her soul, her mind:
 Is there no pity for the babe we bred,
 "Nurs'd on our knees, and at our bosoms fed?"
 Say, can we from ourselves so soon depart,
 "So soon forget the darling of our heart?"
 Shall she, because her virgin honour's torn,
 By him she lov'd---become the public scorn?
 Shall she for want to prostitution bend,
 And 'mongst the brutes of lewdness search a friend.
 Shall she find even pity in a bawd,
 Or at a D*'s feet lay down her load?
 Shall she become a Magdalene, and find
 A way to Heaven shut against her kind?
 Or shall her virtue (for 'tis virtue sure)
 Make her for want of character, endure
 The night's bleak air, the flinty street her bed,
 Starving her babe, and dying, begging bread!
 Or shall she let it tease the wither'd breast;
 Till sinking in her wearied arms to rest,
 Death closes up the clinging baby's eyes,
 And the poor mother bursts with grief----and dies?

Ye weded dames, whom no allurements drew
 To drink such bitter draughts, who never knew
 A base, vile man, have pity on your sex,
 Nor leave your sisters to become such wrecks?

Hail wedded love! and hail thrice happy they!
 Who live to love, and living love t'obey.
 Think not by such digressions, that I mean
 To praise the prostitute, or save that quean,
 Whose stinking actions, whose incestuous gust,
 Whose lustful appetites, carniv'rous lust,
 Made her commit such endless blots of shame,
 That even Rome proscrib'd a Julia's name:
 Nor think I mean to stimulate the foul,
 That like a beast, the man inflam'd should prowl
 The streets, and secret dens, where whoredom squat
 On her broad-tail, from mingl'd lusts grows fat.
 No.---I shall mark the acts of those who swerve
 From truth and honour, those men who deserve
 From deeds of public shame to feel
 The poet's pen, beyond th' assassin's steel.
 Dark, bloody things like those I dare to tell,
 Where a poor animal durst stab Miss Bell:
 When money choak'd up justice, stop'd the breath
 Of truth, and made her die a nat'ral death:
 Such things we've seen---O may they all appear!
 Not pass like this which putrified the air.

Come Jemmy Twitcher, whose adult'rate fame,
 Makes thee distinguish'd 'mongst the sons of shame;
 Come Jemmy Twitcher, whose creative brain,
 Ne'er serv'd the poor, or brought the master gain;

Come

Come Jemmy Twitcher smalleſt 'mongſt the ſmall,
 And firſt begin thy little bunter's ball:
 Moſt pious peer, whoſe piety is ſhown,
 By giving dances to the whores in town,
 Raiſ'd for his virtues to a place of ſtate,
 Tho' in the knack of fining only great:
 He 'mongſt his fiends a ſecond Satan ſtands,
 And when he ſwears, his devils clap their hands.
 This is the man who firſt impeach'd his friend,
 And on his ruin roſe, yet could not lend
 One cobweb virtue from his ſcurvy foul,
 Which fins by ſtudy, and without control:
 This is that Jemmy Twitcher, whoſe pretence
 Is pure religion, and ſtate innocence:
 Yet 'midſt theſe royal virtues, he defil'd
 The mother, and ſeduc'd her only child:
 O! gentle M*---, repent e'er night,
 Muſt Twitcher rule, and muſt not T*--- write?
 Forbid it Heaven it ſhould e'er be ſaid,
 He ſmiles at you, becauſe that Churchill's dead.

Homer and Sappho, tun'd their ditties long,
 And Catley charm'd Tower-hill in ballad ſong,
 Poor Homer's lays when living had no force,
 And Sappho lov'd a fool, and died of courſe:
 But lovely Catley---foar'd above the two,
 Sold all her ballads, and her wigwam too;

Seiz'd like a *Panym fierce*, a *red-cross knight*,
 And for his money slept alone at night.
 Weary of fumbling out, a fumbling year,
 Spread out her wings for more substantial cheer;
 Eager to taste a long'd-for joy---turn'd rake,
 And for a gimlet left the small Sir B*---:
 No Lord Lieutenant ever did such good,
 For Catley has refin'd the Irish blood:
 She in their gloomy souls breath'd music too,
 And softly humaniz'd the salvage crew:
 Such is our Catley, whose angelic shape,
 Might fire an hermit to commit a rape;
 Speaks like *HORTENSIA*---like a Syren sings---
 Moves like a Cherub upon silken wings:
 No more of *VENUS* and her golden locks,
 View but the two divested of their smocks:
 Or 'rraign her with the three, which Paris view'd,
 The very wise, the lovely, and the lewd,
 And let this very knight the umpire be,
 Tho' he ne'er lov'd her---yet he will agree,
 That she as much excels th' excelling slut,
 As she excell'd him at the game of put.
 Hibernia sends us many beauties, true,
 Those we return are matchless---tho' they're few:
 This is the case---for joy ours crosses the main,
 Yours ferry here for elegance and gain.

Great is thy price---Lais could not ask more,
 When she to Corinth came, to play the whore:
 And old Demosthenes refus'd the bait,
 To buy repentance at so dear a rate:
 The lewd old fellows of these lewder times,
 In their old age keep adding to their crimes;
 Although the gout has eat up ev'ry power,
 Still they will hobble to the harlot's door:
 Chuckle, and shake at all venereal feats,
 Envyng the very dogs about the streets:
 A cock a treading of his fav'rite hen,
 Brings spittle from the mouths of our old men:
 The wanton sparrows on their walls and trees,
 Will make them bite their lips, and knock their knees:
 Nature's most common acts create a fire,
 And still denies that vigour they require;
 Which makes these lewd old fools the common sport
 Of ev'ry Lais, in young Cupid's court:
 Where most profusely they are made to pay
 For stirring passions, which they cannot lay:
 'Tis fit they should---why must a fine young tit,
 Be touz'd about by each old frosty cit?
 No labour Hercules could ever prove,
 Like obligation, in the act of love:
 What is so nauseous, hateful, heavy, dull,
 As beauty truckling to a cold, old cull?
 From Old White-Chappel-Bars to Bolton-Row,
 Take but a strole, ask pertly as you go

The various strumpets on their stands---or stop
 With those poor toads, whose rags won't make a mop,
 And if the meanest 'mongst the mean won't say,
 They've dealt with F--z*, I'll be bound to pay
 What all those questions cost; nay, I will treat
 Too, with the smartest milliner you meet.
 The col'nel sure's the lewdest upright cull,
 That ever strol'd the streets, or bilk'd a trull.

For things like F--z*, you should be well paid,
 Such old commodities do well in trade,
 A woman of your elegance and fame,
 Should keep a menage of such rich old game,
 Vigour and youth you'll find in every stew,
 So make them pay for what they cannot do:
 These means will keep thee from all duns secure,
 And make thee rich, when half thy trade are poor:
 I need not whisper how to act, or move,
 Thou'rt quite a mistress of the cheats of love:
 For this is truth, and Venus hears me swear,
 Fisher's---the object of my heart and care.

If Fisher's beauty ever fail'd to please,
 Or Cooper's wit, with Nancy Garrick's ease,
 How must the form excell where these combine:
 Earthly she is,---I wish her not divine.
 Divine,---is mere imaginary bliss,
 Give me an earthly goddess that can kiss?

Give me substantial joys, substantial food,
 No airy goddesses sailing on a cloud:
 Put me to no dull shifts unworthy man,
 To woo a goddess in the form of swan:
 Here I could wish the Pagan tale might hold,
 To win some tinsel *hearts*---by showers of gold:
 But grant me Heaven---it's all I wish to have,
 Woman, dear lovely woman to my grave;
 Things known by halves, of a mysterious date,
 The explanation be reserv'd for fate.
 O! could the muse bestow thee equal praise,
 The muse would make it equal to the blaze
 Of those fair houses, which fair Nancy made,
 By way of burn-fire to enliven trade:
 May you enjoy each mighty mark of fame,
 As bright---but still more lasting than that flame;
 May wit, and elegance encrease with time,
 And your fair beauty never know its prime!
 Yours to your sex, be a superior case,
 Love without end, and without measure grace;
 May Mamma Venus every pleasure pour,
 And make the fabric lasting as the door!
 Stamp thee the matchless N--t--n of the fair,
 As he was rare in learning, be thou rare.

Born in a clime where pity never stray'd
 To spare the infant, or delight the maid:

Where

Where stony parents steal for sing-song mirth,
 Those means, with which Deucalion peopl'd earth :
 A clime which once the bravest men might boast,
 Some eunuchs rears, or sodomites at most,¹
 A clime distinguish'd for the wisest schools,
 Now only known to fiddlers, and to fools.
 From such a clime did our T--d--i come,
 Once fam'd, once honour'd, with the name of ROME :
 From thence he came, to tantalize our fair,
 To stretch their conscience with a dry affair.
 O! what a conscience must that woman have
 To loll, to riot with that sapless slave!
 To dwell, to hope; to hope, to dwell one hour
 For one poor drop, poor one not in his power :
 Cruel duration, to emit no joy,
 But stimulate without the power to cloy ;
 Cruel, thrice cruel, beyond all reply,
 To pump the fucker when the fountain's dry.

His song is nervous, nay, he takes a pride
 To show, what decency would wish to hide,
 Runs warbling, dangling, round and round the town,
 To brag how much he brought the matron down :
 Shakes his loose limbs like death at Hell's wide gate,
 And grins a ghastly grin, a grin of hate.---
 Is it excusable one woman shou'd
 Destroy her beauty, body, soul and blood,

Out of the numbers which adorn this shore?
 Or use this *thing* to shun the name of whore!
 Art thou of English breed, and yet so dead
 To real pleasure, to defile thy bed
 With a poor thing, whom cruelty has robb'd
 Of means, with which all Englishmen are fob'd?
 It must be ignorance; then be advis'd,
 Choose, dainty dame, from men stout, strong, well fiz'd,
 If one won't do, take two, and two, and two,
 And multiply, 'till multiplying's true:
 If the encreasing number cannot please
 Enough, to give thy frictious passions ease,
 Call upon J O V E, as Sem'le did of yore,
 And die a martyr in the godlike bore.

The ship paid off---the harlot takes her due,
 The colours struck, she strikes her colours too;
 In riot rolls, while Jack's poor pockets stand,
 The pocket empty---shakes her lilly hand;
 Shifts every time the scene each ship comes in,
 Serves all their turns, and drinks of all their gin:
 The last poor Tar triumphant hugs the jilt,
 Feeds on her charms, without one thought of guilt.
 But time, which brings new ills upon his back,
 Proves her a fire-ship to unlucky Jack.---
 Discharg'd by ev'ry ship, by ev'ry Tar,
 She goes to dock, like some foul ship of war:

Gets a clean bottom, ballasts well with lies,
 And gaily rigg'd, affures herself a prize;
 Re-hoists her colours, shows her painted pride,
 And lewdly rolls adown a lustful tide:
 To cruize she goes with all her brav'ry on,
 And drops an anchor in this mighty town.
 LONDON, tho' serv'd with all daintiest cates,
 Is caught like fish with artificial baits,
 Hugs this new piece---alas! tho' sev'n years since,
 The fleet possess'd Peg Storry, and Peg Prince.

'Twas at that time when early lamps appear,
 E're day is gone, declaring night is near:
 When empty cits with full stuff'd bellies trot---
 To spend at night, what in the day they got:
 When Qual with fresh lit flamboys bob about,
 To plays, to bagnios, or to church devout.

'Twas at that time when D*-- Rom:* repair,
 And with their yells torment the darkling air:
 'Twas at that time when lechers seek the Park,
 Dreading the light because their deeds are dark,
 I went to Mortimer---poor girl!---so high,
 I found her parlour nearest to the sky;
 Oh! what a wretched falling off is here,
 From her the brilliant, her the debonair:
 She, whom a monarch might have wish'd to court,
 Tho' living, dead; alive without support:

On whom a levee once of lovers hung,
 Sipping like bees the honey of her tongue.
 Alas! here pinch'd with all the pains of need,
 Cast from the GARDEN like a noxious weed!
 The crimson cov'ring, and the downy bed,
 Where oft' thy lovely limbs where lewdly spread,
 Are chang'd to wretched straw upon the floor;
 The casement broke, the room without a door;
 Dead flies, dead spiders fill the wretched haunt,
 Sad, sorry emblems of the house of want.
 No brilliant equipage, no tea-cups charm;
 A tin-pot full, without a fire to warm:
 A broken jordan, and a three leg'd chair,
 A bottle shew'd a candle had burnt there;
 The broken bellows like their mistress kind,
 By time and use had almost lost their wind:
 Thus sat the fallen fair, with comely mien,
 Amidst her penury,---her raiment clean:
 Shock'd at a visit from a friend, she tries
 To hide the melting rhet'ric of her eyes
 Which stole a-down her cheeks, still smooth, still fair,
 And wip'd them with the tresses of her hair;
 (The first repenting sign in Eve of grace,
 Which tho' disorder'd deck'd her pretty face.---
 SHE gaily bred, compleated to the joy
 Of am'rous appetite, to play, to toy;
 To sing, to lisp, to troll the tongue, to dress,
 And roll the eye of love, with sure success:

O lovely Mortimer, ignobly lost!
 Once 'midst the fairer fair, the fairest toast.
 O! woman, lovely woman, hard's thy fate,
 If plain, thou liv'st a most neglected state;
 If fair, like frontier towns besieg'd by all,
 And like Quebec by force of arms must fall;
 If ye capitulate, the virtuous form
 Is gone;---resist,---you're plunder'd in the storm.
 Base man, base wretch, to forfeit all thy fame,
 To court the gen'rous maid to endless shame:
 By oaths, wiles, lies deceive her easy truth,
 And to the jaws of lust consign her youth.
 HERE I your sex's persecution blame,
 Who rather glory in a sister's shame,
 Than pity; on a sister frown distressed,
 Altho' one bore you, and you suck'd one breast:
 Allow'd susceptible,---unfeeling here,
 A sister starve! without a sister's tear.
 That muckworm man, abandon'd half his life,
 Sleeps in the arms of some chaste, lovely wife:
 What charity to man! when proverbs prove
 The batter'd rake the best domestick dove.
 But woman's reputation once defac'd,
 Alas! can't be by penitence replac'd:
 Curs'd be the maxim, doubly curs'd the heart
 That turns, nor feels the injur'd woman's smart.
 Are these good Christians?---how must Heathens blush,
 When daughters perish by the parents crush:

O lift! repentance never comes too late,
 Altho' the crime should stink to Heav'n's high gate:
 The contrite heart will ever be forgiv'n,
 Since God is truth, since mercy lives in Heav'n.
 And why not make as true, as good a wife,
 As that good man who rak'd the youth of life?
 Blush, and let Mortimer have pity then,
 Women may sure repent, as well as men.

From small beginnings rose almighty Rome,
 From dirty corners lovely beauties bloom:
 The nightman's baby, tho' its rear'd in dung,
 Excels the child which from an Empress sprung,
 This R--t--d proves, in dirt, in beauty bred,
 Got on a foot bag---Mamma had no bed.
 Mufick, and beauty in the found of Bow,
 Are all outdone by her---and sweep foot O!

Signs which are well adapted draw the guest,
 From which we oft' conceit the liquor best:
 Reduc'd in cash---still mode allures the beau,
 Who chalk'd at *Dolly's* will to WILDMAN'S go:
 The kitchen fire at th' Bedford, speaks the cook;
 Under the ROSE for something snug we look:
 Wit at the Shakespear's head has ta'en a lease,
 Where if you miss the wit, you hit the piece.
 The Castle Tavern, and the Bedford head,
 Have all strong tables---tho' they have no bed:

The Fountain too, with Humphreys on the sign,
 Yields you good meat, a couch, good girls, good wine :
 Tho' Harris out pimps Hermes with the gods,
 I'll bet they beat him, and I'll lay the odds :
 I'll not bet this, its more than Hermes cou'd,
 That this fame Fountain's always pure, and good.
 If you're a Tory, dance at Almack's ball,
 If you've much money, White's will take it all :
 The Cardigan and Cannon, if you've guft,
 Will clear your pockets, and indulge your luft :
 But what are thefe?---or all that I have feen,
 To fierce Bohemia's Head on Turnham green :
 Not as it ftands in Mafter Gibfon's time,
 But as it ftood---and Johnfton in her prime :
 Indulgent Johnfton own'd by all fo fair,
 That not a coach, a buggey, or a chair
 Could pafs, but all muft ftop to give thee praife,
 And horfes too would quit their corn to gaze :
 Such was thy influence on the Western road,
 Thyfelf a goddefs, worthy of a god :
 Such matchlefs dignity appears in thee,
 To worfhip cannot be idolatry :
 Worfhip,---O! Venus would but that fuffice,
 I'd kneel, I'd pray, I'd gaze away my eyes :
 Yet ftill I fear---I fould poffefs this dread,
 If Cupid bungl'd you wou'd break his head :
 Break not his head! break Mafter Gibfon's mop,
 His white wand too, which rul'd his bunters hop?

Alas!

Alas! that house of riot, shame, and ease,
 Is metamorphos'd to a den of peace:
 O! Master Gibson pray forgive my pen?
 These are the blind blows of our blind old men.
 Johnston forgive the humour of my stile,
 And if I come to Chiswick deign to smile?

The ship when shatter'd in a storm, repairs
 To port, where all her crew unfixt from cares,
 Forget the recent horrors of the deep,
 And in oblivion let misfortunes sleep.
 Colebrook's not so---she shows the storms she bore,
 Wreck'd like a vessel on a ruthless shore;
 Mock'd by the waves, strip'd of her garish gear,
 The spoil of ev'ry *legal* buccaneer.
 Oft' have I seen thee with thy sails a-trip*,
 The wish, the envy of the Adm'ral's ship;
 Thy streamers courted by the winds which blew
 Their pride abroad, and long'd for by the crew;
 Who sigh'd to kiss thee, like the bawdy air,
 Which wanton grew, and rambld you know where.
 O! Nancy, Nancy had'st thou kept the spoils,
 The various victors brought thee from their toils,
 To this thou had'st been rich, thou had'st been gay,
 Follow'd at Vauxhall, courted at the play:

Unthinking wench, now destitute of friends;
 Tho' all the Navy paid thee dividends:
 Had'st thou the gin in which they drank thy name,
 Thou might'st have died in state, and stunk with fame.
 Unthinking wench.---Can'st thou remember, when
 Captains, Lieutenants, Purfers, Midshipmen,
 Laid all their hearts, their warrants at thy feet,
 And to indulge thy lust forfok the Fleet?
 Thy case was never like a close kept whore,
 Depriv'd of liberty to pass the door;
 For ev'ry wind took pity on thy charms,
 And brought new culls, new plunder to thy arms:
 But still thy damn'd extravagance was such,
 C*I*-- could not bestow---thou spend too much:
 Alas! how chang'd the scene---how hard thy fate,
 Once known so high,---in so reduc'd a state:
 On Women of the Town there seems a spell,
 Now up,---now down;---like buckets in a well.

By being so artful it must sure be her,
 To live, to die, revive, and make a stir:
 Portsmouth and Plymouth liv'd within her arms,
 And long were rul'd by her o'er-ruling charms:
 When gay adult'rate Jemmy G*-- rose,
 He gave new charms, by giving Miss new cloaths:
 Nothing is now so smart, so fair, so trim,
 As the soft, peerless, pretty, chaste, Miss *---.

Granby

Granby, like Saul, who mighty thousands flew,
 Could stoop, could kiss the buckle of her shoe.
 I love that Hero, who when free from arms,
 Can pitch his camp with such a Queen of charms:
 This stands a truth, and held as fair as light,
 The man who loves not woman will not fight:
 It glar'd at Minden, like the noon-day sun,
 When Granby stood, and fought, when S*--- run.
 The gallant Cock, when pitted first to shew,
 Stands in suspense a-while, and eyes his foe;
 But when he sees the HEN he flies to blows,
 Obtains the vict'ry---flaps his wings, and crows.
 Hear me fair form, the favour grant to me,
 I'll risk a thousand lives, to die with thee?
 But if I fail in this substantial part,
 My pen shall find the channel to thy heart.

Orlando dead!---and Cowper too in tears!
 Orlando, my good Sir, you've kill'd some years:
 No,---you mistake, I rather help'd to save:
 Himself he early buried in the grave:
 Dead e'en when living---hardly known by name,
 Till my good-nature brought him into fame:
 But since he's truly dead, I'll give that due
 To him---which Lucy he bestow'd on you:
 And may those various sums he gave, or lent,
 Be multiplied by others cent. per cent.

Forbid it FORTUNE---charms and wit like thine,
 Should want the needs of life, in life's decline;
 The world now rather think you've sav'd, than spent,
 That you'll erect an endless monument,
 A monument of praise like her* of old
 Who built a pyramid---by well earn'd gold:
 Our great Republick overwhelm'd in debt,
 Hopes her condition you will not forget,
 But kindly give her that which Flora gave;
 Like Rome she'll deify both name, and grave;
 Command an endless epitaph to thee,
 Written by Bishop W*--, or me:
 O me! alas poor me! the last of men,
 Can you forget the service of my pen!
 Will you forget?---*dare you presume it Sir!*
 May *the Divinity within you stir,*
 That usual grace, that usual joy, and love,
 I'll have my wishes then below, above.
 Let these the grand preliminaries be
 Of future friendship, between you, and me;
 And let the world believe what I declare;
 Those lines are false, are foul as tainted air,
 Written in youthful spite and false abuse,
 Because above the pocket of my muse:
 All other codicils but this be rent,
 This is my last just will and testament,

To Lucy leaving all juſt praiſe---(ſad traſh,)
 If ſhe dies firſt---ſhe gives me all her caſh;
 A great return; it is I own for praiſe,
 Surpriſing charity in ſuch poor days:
 By age to babes it will be chuckling told,
 She aſk'd for praiſe, and he receiv'd her gold.

Birch for the bum,---ye floggers here reſort,
 Here Birch and Venus hold their ſwitching court;
 All kinds of inſtruments, all kinds of ware,
 To raiſe your paſſions, and encreaſe your care,
 Here ye may have it from her own ſoft hand,
 Birch how extenſive is thy birch command:
 The martial truncheon which the hero bore,
 Is made a rod; ABILITY'S no more:
 Thou hag old Impotence---tormenting bitch,
 At Cytherean halberts thus to ſwitch
 Our hardy vet'rans o'er the tawny bum,
 And little Cupid too the flogging drum;
 It's horrid cruel we ſhould live to ſee,
 Our paſſions grow and loſe ability,
 But ſuch is nature, man is not divine,
 I wiſh 'twas chang'd, the caſe may once be mine.

Women, like poſt-boys on a turnpike run
 In an eternal heat, from fun, to fun:
 And nothing ſtops the paſſion of the ſex,
 But broken winds, and often broken necks:

I never knew æconomy in lust,
 The fire continues, untill *dust to dust*
 Consigns the breathless body to the grave,
 And ends the follies, and the petty slave.
 Would ye ye fair be cautious in your youth,
 Hear all mankind, and hearing doubt their truth;
 Save from those rolling fums a little gold;
 Friends you might have, and even live when old;
 See Talbot now,---who drank in pomp of sin,
 Thro' wretched want, a sad, bad Magdalene.
 Kindling new passions in her Nun's attire,
 Till D--d and D--l--y are themselves on fire.
 Health to great D*--, Muse, I charge commend
 The orphan's, and the harlot's gen'rous friend:
 He who can let the orphan want its bread,
 And cloath, and feed the strumpet for his bed:
 He who could labour to strike out a plan,
 A godly plan, t'appear a godly man;
 Who would imagine him so much a Monk,
 To cheat the Nun---and canonize the punk.
 Hail holy man!---so cunning, and so quaint,
 In heav'n a sinner---but on earth a faint.
 But should these poor unhappy girls be plac'd
 At Church in public view,---to be disgrac'd,
 And pointed at below by demi-reps,
 Whose sly adulterate deeds, and sinful steps,
 Are ten-fold more! say is it decent? they
 Should thus be 'rang'd, whilst D*--'s eternal bray,

Is hell, damnation, bombast, thunder, rant,
 And ev'ry where below in pious cant,
 Wonder they cannot blush, they do not feel,
They must be harden'd like an heart of steel.

No---you are wrong proprietors, and priest.
 Let them be vail'd like Nuns---or else at least
 Secreted so, that no intruders may
 Disturb their worship, when they mean to pray!
 Let no mean dame of quality repair
 Hot from her nest---saunt'ring with uncomb'd hair,
 To buy applause; but not decrease her sin,
 By giving card debts to the Magdalene:
 Shame on such actions in the house of God,
 Forbid it D*---, and forbid it D---*.

Thou who now drag'st a peacock's tail along,
 Too soon may court the crowd in dismal song:
 Too soon you may bear some poor babe about,
 Starving for food---and hardly left one clout
 To hide its naked limbs---puling aloud,
 (By stripes so taught) to draw the busy crowd:
 Thy fate I dread---I've ever had some care,
 Since the sad falling of thy lovely hair;
 A web so fine no spider ever spun,
 But oh! alas those ringlets all are gone!
 Oft' have I stood behind thy easy chair,
 And envy'd her who comb'd thy lovely hair:

Oft' have I seen thee on a Bagnio bed,
 And o'er thy breasts those lovely tresses spread;
 Oft' when subdued by Love---thy beauties bare,
 I've tied thy floating ringlets---you know where,
 With such soft dalliance---I have sprung to arms,
 To fall again a victim to your charms.---
 But why should I torment thee with this strain,
 That hair is dropt---and ne'er may grow again:
 The fatal cause I would not, dare not, guess,
 It was not poison---and 'twas nothing less;
 I will not say---I'm sure you're full of care,
 The omen's bad---the falling of the hair:
 Be this a warning---time will speed'ly show,
 Whether dear Cambrige---thy dear hair will grow.

Well swept good Mother, sure thy sweeping's just,
 To sweep together so much precious dust.
 Health to such Sweepers,---when the sweeping trade,
 Makes trade a pleasure, and sweeps up a Maid,
 Which all the dames of fashion had not shown,
 Tho' kist by all the Sweepers in the Town.
 In such soft sweeping who won't take a pride,
 When from one ev'ning's sweeping---starts Miss B*---;
 C*--, thou blackest sweeper left alive,
 But if in sweeping gold a man don't thrive,
 How will he thrive! for that has so much force,
 Women, and Ortolans repair of course:

Besides,

Besides, it gives a man prodigious weight
 To make conditions, and to mark the state
 Of life, the pretty melting Maid must tread,
 With all the soft menouvres of the bed.
 Such are the articles the mother sign'd;
 Knowing her child of a complying mind:
 Our women Agents thus indentures draw,
 And bind their Misses by the common law:
 A snug, good method, sure to keep them civil,
 And yet the worst to make them study evil:
 A girl thus 'prentic'd must detest the shop,
 She shows a spirit when she leaves the shop:
 A spirit worthy such a foul as thine,
 But more so if Dick W*-- should deign to pine:
 He was the man bore two before---away,
 Thou art the girl by Venus form'd to stray:
 Mankind must follow---when you take your leave,
 We'll give up Paradise to follow Eve.

Like fools we travel, and by fools we are
 Cheated, of that which we the least can spare:
 But what's still worse, these foreign fools pursue
 Us to our very homes---and cheat us too:
 What a strange animal's an Englishman,
 Form'd from the fools 'tween London and Japan;
 And tho' the creature has a spice of all,
 Yet still he's cheated by the great and small:

He

He goes abroad---they find his want of sense,
 So where he fails in wit---makes up in pence:
 But still he boasts of lineage from the flood,
 Tho' got by ruffians on a savage brood.
 The foreign fop whose finances are low,
 Upon his arts depends to make a show;
 Boasts of his honour tho' without one jot,
 On whom begotten, and by whom begot:
 Like oil on water, still his meanness flows,
 And all his merit's in a suit of cloaths:
 He roves about---forgetting where he sprung,
 And like a bird of passage drops his dung:
 Can even be so very dirty too,
 To cheat his very mistress of her due:
 Can give her cloaths---can grow prodigious vain,
 Can go to law---to have 'em back again.
 There are such kind of commissaries now;
 Who'd thought 'em born so high?---so very low:
 Great, here an Englishman appears alone,
 A wretch---to injure smiling, Sucky S*--

Sprung from the line of Irish Kings, behold
 Sweet Kitty Conoly, of whom we're told
 Such pretty am'rous tricks, that all must sigh
 Who hear, with Kitty Conoly to die:
 A death so pleasing Saints would wish to know,
 Martyrs would choose with such a fire to glow:

If in some manage the sweet creature had
 Been broke to frisk, to kick, to prance, to pad,
 Nothing can move with so much grace, and ease,
 Nothing like Kitty Connoly can please;
 Her Lord declares she jigs so very bonnily,
 His rank he'd lose before his Kitty Connoly.

Health to young Elliot---by her sister's care
 Bought, brought, and sold at Covent-Garden Fair:
 Few shops you'll find, search all the Fruit'ers round,
 That have one cherry half so round and found:
 Sound did I say?---But how will that pray suit
 With this wet season? fatal to fine fruit:
 Rotten or found---pray did you never buy
 A golden pippin, lovely to the eye?
 And when you'd enter'd once the tempting skin,
 Found it quite rotten to the core within?
 It's thus with women, and it's thus with fruit,
 Hundreds I've known, the simile might suit:
 Elliot, excelling foremost, in this place
 Stands an exception to the gen'ral case.
 What don't thy kindred owe to Murphy's wit,
 One for the Stage he broke,---and in the bit
 And martingal, he has thy pretty mouth;
 Which with thy memory and lively youth,
 Will make thee soon the darling of the Stage,
 The wit, the wonder, genius of the age.

The stones which Pyrrha and Deucalion cast,
 Ne'er form'd a form, which hath thy form surpass,
 Tho' the old Square-toe's stones repeopl'd earth,
 Gave wit, gave elegance, gave beauty birth;
 Yet all the graces in one form ne'er shone,
 'Till you he form'd, and christen'd lovely S*---.
 How must thy Sire lament, when you was ta'en
 From Bath, and like a flower in heavy rain
 In one short evening blasted, and forgot:
 O! manly, wretched Spoiler M**!
 Bath since her Bladud's time, ne'er felt a blow,
 A blow like this, when all confess'd the woe:
 Nafh with the power of divination burn'd,
 And show'd that Bladud's magic was return'd;
 Took wings, and to his Empire bid adieu,
 The corner stone he figh'd was mov'd with you.
 Alas! such charms, such qualities to fall
 To one, without one quality at all;
 Studious to bring dear Woman to disgrace,
 In heart a Hebe, with Narcissus' face.
 That Girl I praise who chooses, and is kind,
 That man I curse whom honour cannot bind:
 Give me the Maid, who in her plan of life
 Feels something more in Mistress, than in Wife;
 Who scorns the dog-like ties the married wear,
 True in her love, and yet as free as air,
 Selects the Youth with whom she'll pass her life,
 Constant by choice, not constant 'cause a Wife:

In some neat, flow'ry, rural, social spot,
 And to the broils of court, prefers her cot :
 Serenely eats her independent bread,
 And even virtuous too without being wed.
 Such may he prove to S*, whose charms may raise,
 The coldest stones to life, to pity, praise.

THIN,---rather thick I think about the head,
 Battersea's near, but we are so well bred,
 Altho' we have the greatest need of brains,
 And cutting's cheap, we will not take that pains.
 Some are as curious in their paying debts,
 As Jemmy Twitcher is in making bets :
 Give for an equipage a monstrous sum,
 And the first night its tip'd by some old Bum
 For soap, and candles ; or perhaps, small beer :
 Such is the noble course our Gentry steer
 To pay their Creditors. Others abuse
 Some honest man, by screening in their house
 A fine, mean Rascal, truly base enough,
 To never pay the tradesman's bill for snuff.
 So very high was fed old Rufo's nose,
 That without lodging, washing, meat, or cloaths,
 Or even those two needs, a miss, or wife,
 It would have laid him snug in jail for life.
 But Rufo's honest, when we name the knave,
 Who like a villain thus protects a slave.

O ye Ambassadors repent! repent,
 Remember ye are chosen feed, and sent
 To be your Country's honour---nay, to bear
 More virtues, than e'er prov'd your Country's share;
 How do ye marr that delegated trust,
 In acting opposite to all that's just!
 To all that's even decent too beside,
 O! what a baseness---when we make it pride.
 Come Thin, come Thick--come dash thro' thick and thin,
 But pay Miss R*rs---or I'll blow the fin
 To Churchill's ear, who, from the heavenly sphere
 Shall bow, (if injur'd woman drops one tear;)
 And give thee such a peal of nervous verse,
 Shall send thee ten years sooner to thy hearse:
 Injure Miss R*'s---and all Earth shall shake,
 And pray what wou'd not for one Roger's sake!
 Rogers, the sweetest Rogers that can move,
 O! sister Rogers---Rogers all for Love.

When health and vigour swell'd my youthfull veins,
 Lust drew my carriage, Folly held the reins,
 A thousand times I wish'd the wench to meet,
 Blest with a generous heart, and power to treat:
 If I had had such luck 'thad made me vain,
 Vain of my person, and my parts; when gain
 Flow'd in from deeds of heavenly pleasure too,
 My manhood had not bore a thing so new;

It wou'd have turn'd my head, t'have been in pay,
 With the dear sex I kneel to night, and day:
 But Venus knew the folly of her son,
 Intending always he shou'd be undone,
 But not at once;---for had it been my fate,
 Ye gods to've had a beauty of that date,
 Like giddy Phaeton I'd broke my bones,
 In driving such a gen'rous Queen as Jones.

Bob Derry dead, to France Bob Baptist gone,
 Poor Mother Baptist widowless, alone:
 Strip'd of that little cash which jellies brought,
 Reduc'd at once to some bright happy thought,
 To save the Covent-Garden rank she bore,
 As household tenant,---with a gay first floor;
 Which ever and anon to some gay girl
 Was lett, where she could entertain an Earl,
 With those provocatives the shop afford,
 And then receive herself the azure hord.
 That gay first floor has ever bore some Nell,
 Since London Duftmen told their trade by bell:
 Here in the window they conspicuous loll,
 By way of sign, to sell their *tol de roll*:
 The situation's fair for retail gain,
 Commanding Ruffel-street, and Drury-Lane;
 To this good shop the Miss in search of prey,
 Sinks in her tawdry robes at close of day,

Wantonly ogles till some Jacky Spruce*,
 He cull'd, to treat the bauble to the House:
 Where she with all the consequence of face,
 In the Green Boxes takes the foremost place;
 Displays her charms, and all her little airs,
 Till every Booby licks his lips, and stares:
 Flaunts up and down, and bangs the doors about,
 As tho' the audience came to Madam's rout:
 The youth, perhaps some 'prentic'd city bug,
 In a dark corner fits prodigious snug:
 For fear his Master in the Pit should see,
 The hopeful Boy in such bad company:
 Once out the HOUSE he bullies all he meets,
 And struts the *Agamemnon* of the streets;
 Bears her triumphant to the *prickly Rose*,
 And gives a supper as the spirit flows:
 Not trying whether his lean purse will bear
 The scale, against the mighty bill of fare:
 His passions blush the more the wine goes round,
 And the brisk Tabor's quick enliv'ning found,
 Makes all the youthfull vitals leap for joy,
And yes, your honour, yes, distracts the boy;
 He in the street chucks silver for a shout,
 Then *nobly* kicks the blind Musician out:
 The bill brought up, deficient's found the purse,
 He asks poor Miss---*poor Miss bestows a curse*:

Flies rantum scantum---burns his new bag wig,
 Breaks all that's breakable---and leaves the Twig.---
 Seiz'd by the Waiters who won't take his word ;
 The watch is left---the silver hilted sword,
 Which always slept till this sad Tavern war,
 Safe at his Barber's this side Temple Bar :
 The roaring blade, continues roaring on,
 Abuses some, some strikes and gets knock'd down ;
 Snores in a Round-house for his drunken sport,
 And the next morning weeps at Fielding's Court :
 Where as a bail old Square Toes soon appears,
 Says handsome things, and pleads his infant years.

Lovely in paint, but still in life more fair,
 An angel dress'd, but more an angel bare ;
 No more of Elöifa's mossy cell,
 Where Youth and Abelard were known to dwell :
 Where that was dark, and awfull, this is gay,
 This is the Cell of Nuns where Priests shou'd pray ;
 Here heavenly, pensive meditation reigns,
 Here Love beats time to tumults in the veins :
 Here roves a heart which never will retreat,
 Here flows a blood, which ne'er will lose its heat :
 Yes, yes I love, and will with equal flame,
 And rapt'rous kiss the Cell, and that sweet name.
 Dear name, dear part, dear Creature hear that knell !
 'Tis for the grave where I shall ever dwell.
 This let the gen'rous and the lovely say ;
 His exit, and his entrance were one way.

When at the masquerade gay C*-- rose
 An Iphigenia, and her vestment gauze;
 When all to stimulate was quite reveal'd,
 E'en that which even Indians keep conceal'd,
 Peep'd lovely thro' its little gauzy state,
 Like some sweet Nun thro' some monastic grate:
 Rais'd mighty passions never known before,
 Because forbid to pass the little door:
 But Iphigenia's are quite common grown,
 Women go now half naked thro' the town;
 I find no fault---they show the whole they have,
 I wish they'd show no more than nature gave:
 But such japaning, such cosmetic arts
 Make Women's faces false, as Women's hearts:
 Observe how pretty Richards is at night,
 The eye-brow arch'd---the sweetest red and white:
 Her dress as loose as Iphigenia wore,
 Tho' little less than angel must be more:
 Now view her snoring on her greasy pillow,
 For such a Witch who'd dangle on a willow!
 The black arch'd eye-brows now alas! are fled,
 And mix promiscuous with the white and red;
 Bevil who hung upon her charms at night,
 Fled the next morning naked in a fright:
 Swore some strange metamorphosis had been,
 To make a thing so black, before so clean;
 She stamp'd, she star'd, abus'd her Maid and wept,
 O! Molly, Molly how these paints have crept;

Here have I loft five guineas and my fwain,
 Curfe on all paints, I'll never paint again :
 Some hours before her glafs ſhe fat, and cry'd,
 Made ſome attempts, which dropt, as ſoon as tried ;
 Till want of money conquers all difgrace,
 And Miſs collects the ruins of her face :
 Begins again, with every touch revives,
 Blooms in an hour---and thus for ever thrives :
 Her culls forget her, and each night embrace,
 The moving picture, for ſome fine new face :
 For here ſhe's happy, and ſupports her fame
 By ſkill, in never painting twice the ſame.

If jumping life, if jumping manners pleaſe,
 Eternal talking, with uncommon eaſe,
 An oath well turn'd, a well tun'd bawdy catch,
 An eye that fwims in love, ſweet Smith I'll match
 With all the pretty bunters on my roll,
 Or even thoſe who ride, or thoſe who ſtrole :
 Below the blanket ſhe is quite the ſame,
 As ſhe's above---I do not mean in flame,
 Venus forbid inflammatory fun !
 Nothing ſo hot attend your darling fon !
 If ſhe is hot---O ! Venus hear my ſtrain,
 And make thy graceleſs Daughter cool again ?

One little caution Girls, and then I've done :
 Long bills with Milliners beware, and ſhun !

This is the gen'ral maxim of, that Race,
 To give ye credit as they like your face :
 Yours like some other trades may not succeed ;
 Perhaps, you find no easy youth to bleed :
 No rich old doating Man, that can bestow
 With much quick feeling, all those sums you owe :
 If so, the mere dull, guinea, Bagnio trade,
 Will barely fill an Irish hungry Maid :
 Out of this guinea, Jervis, don't forget
 That poundage must be paid, *a decent* debt
 To ev'ry rascal of a waiter due,
 For giving Miss the preference to you.
 These things consider'd, you will find a want
 Of Cash, to stop each greedy Cormorant :
 The Milliner arrests---alas poor wench !
 The Bailiff has you---and anon King's Bench.
 To keep yourselves in vogue, and from the Fleet,
 Buy not a rag, in high St. James's-street :
 O ! she's a bitter one---and will confine :
 You know the house, altho' she chang'd the sign !

When vicious Julia gloried in the shame
 Of public lust, and whoredom blew the trump of Fame :
 When each new mode of venery was held
 In high esteem, and he who most excell'd
 Had royal thanks, yet in that vicious time
 Poor Ovid fell,---as I may fall---for rime.

But

But if I fall, I'll not be doubly curst,
 By Heav'ns I'll lie with some high beauty first:
 Something observe that is not common meat,
 Something that never deign'd to tread a street;
 Something that's higher born, and higher bred,
 Something that's fitted for a Monarch's bed;
 Something that's luscious, and that's virgin fair,
 Something divine when dress'd, diviner bare;
 Nothing suspicious shall displume my wing,
 No filthy daughter, nor no filthier King;
 No vicious Julia shall destroy my fame,
 No Cæsar banish me to hide his shame:
 No,---what I do shall gaze the noon day Sun,
 And when I do't---it shall be nobly done:
 I do not boast of elegance of stile,
 But where I fail to charm,---I'll make ye smile;
 And tho' my language is not quite so rich
 As Rochester's,---yet I will give an itch,
 An itch to read these lines, when I am gone;
 Lines beyond brass, or monuments of stone;
 Lines which shall last, while Hampstead Hill remains,
 Or Highgate's level with the nether plains,
 Last! they shall never die while Woman's fair,
 Or be unprais'd, while Woman prov'd my care:
 But what gives still more immortality,
 I liv'd when CHURCHILL sung,---tho' not of ME:
 I liv'd with him in friendship, and esteem,
 Churchill, the noblest jewel of my theme!

The fairest not---POLLY let that be yours;
 Which shall be read with mine, while verse endures.
 Drive me to TOMOS now imperious slave:
 E'en there the feat of Love shall be my grave:
 E'en there some Fair one o'er my tomb shall cry,
 And pitying read,---“ Thus did he live and die.”

Conveniens vitæ mors fuit ista suæ.

* A city on the *Euxine* sea, and was the metropolis of *Lower Asia*—where OVID was drove by *Augustus*, for seeing some lewd, scandalous actions of that prince.

He was banished to this inhospitable climate in his fiftieth year, and died of a broken heart, in the eighth year of his exile—and buried near that city which is now call'd *Know*.

*Mantua Virgilio gaudet, Verona Catullo:
 Pelignæ dicar gloria gentis EGO.*

BAYLE.

T H E E N D.

Just published,
 A N E W E D I T I O N
 O F T H E
 M E R E T R I C I A D:
 B E I N G T H E S I X T H.

In the Press,
 T H E D E M I - R E P,
 B Y T H E A U T H O R O F
 T H E M E R E T R I C I A D.

N. P. *Letters to the Author will be receiv'd by the Publisher.*

