





THE  
R A P E  
OF  
P O M O N A.



[Price One Shilling.]



THE  
RAPE OF POMONA.

AN ELEGIAC EPISTLE,

FROM THE

WAITER AT HOCKREL,

TO THE

HONOURABLE MR. L—TT—N.

*Monstrum horrendum, informe ingens cui lumen ademptum,*

*Eripit è femore, et trepidanti fervidus instat.*

VIRG.

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

---

LONDON:

Printed for S. BLADON, No. 28, in Pater-noster-Row.

MDCCLXXIII.



---

---

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

B Y T H E

E D I T O R.

THIS Elegiac Epistle is founded on a recent Transaction. Sally Harris (the poetical Pomona) attended Mr. Bolton's Inn at Hockrel, and served the Guests with Fruit: Her Beauty, Wit and Coquetry, gained her many Admirers. To the Surprize of every Body she lately eloped with Mr. Ly—tt—n. It seems he had betted One Hundred Guineas with Mr. B—ke that Sally would refuse him the last Favour. As Mr. B. was determined to win his Bet, by every honourable Means, he offered Sally the whole Sum for her Compliance, which the generous Girl nobly refused. Mr. L. was charmed by her Behaviour, and she conceived a

## 6      A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

reciprocal Affection for him, as he had ventured a Hundred Guineas on her Virtue.

The Author of this Poem is said to be a Cambridge Student, who had assumed the Character of a *Waiter*, out of pure Love to his dear Sally.—In the Epistle some Circumstances are misrepresented, and a different Turn very improperly given to the Catastrophe. It is probable, I think, that the young Poet, irritated by her Elopement, has gratified his Resentment at the Expence of his *once* beloved Mistress and her Lovers.

---

THE  
R A P E  
O F  
P O M O N A.

**M**Y Woes, alas! the plaintive MUSE must tell,  
Let the Guests wait—*no more I hear the Bell;*

No more I view POMONA'S rip'ning Charms,  
Ravish'd for ever, from these longing Arms.

Why would my darling quit the peaceful Shade,  
Ah, why resign the Virtue of a Maid?

Amidst the wicked Town in Silks to blaze,  
And shine among the Nymphs, with *Charlotte Hayes*?

Here long she reign'd, rejecting ev'ry Bribe,  
And triumph'd o'er the Maccaroni Tribe:



Her glowing Hand could all their Passions cool,  
 (The only Lesson, that they learn'd at School)  
 Chaste, yet indulgent to their am'rous Glee,  
 " Her Hand was *guilty*, but her Heart was free."

The *young Defaulter* try'd in vain his Wiles,  
 His Father's Bounty ; his insidious Smiles ;  
 Skill'd in each Art to win, and to deceive,  
 He like the Serpent tempted beauteous Eye :  
 In Accents mild, she still rejects his Suit,  
 The *Rind* she feels, but never *tastes* the Fruit.

H—re, shares his Fate, \* that Critic fam'd so long  
 For *Scavoir vivre*, and the true *bon ton*,  
 Unhappy Youth, who late with weeping Eyes,  
 Beheld the Knife stretch'd forth to circumcise ;

\* *That Critic.*] With great Ingenuity he has found out, that there is neither Sense nor Poetry in the Heroic Epistle to Sir W. C.

Who view'd with Horror the inhuman Feast,  
 And for his F—x supply'd a horned Beast,  
 Lo G—ft—n (lab'ring for the Public Good)  
 Caught by the Horns in *Whittlebury* \* Wood!  
 H—re's pious Wit on Chinese Taste refines;  
 And treats the Court with Scripture pantomines;  
 Hoping his Grace might represent a Ram,  
 And Charles escape the Seed of Abraham:  
 Fruitless his Wish—Can Israel's Sons relent?  
 The Jews reject *Vicarious* Punishment.  
 What could he more, his Patron's Grace to win,  
 But as a Pledge, deposit the Foreskin!  
 This sacred Pledge young F—l—y may receive,  
 'Tis all that F—x, and all that H—re can give.

Her Beauty, gallant C—mb—d could move,  
 He calls her Emma, *writes* to win her Love:

\* Vide Junius's Letters.

This classic Truth, each soft Epistle tells,  
 Love \* is a Child, and like a Child he spells.  
 His Bible Oaths, can't win the blooming Lads,  
 Nor like a L—tt—l, will she † *sell the Pass*.  
 In Union sweet had Hymen knit the Bands,  
 And join'd POMONA's, and great FREDERIC's Hands,  
 His Highness then had match'd without disgrace,  
 For who can tell *that* Fair One's Name, or Race!  
 Nor would ‡ *late* Dinners the *dear Creature* shock,  
 POMONA's Spouse might dine at *Five* o'Clock ;

\* *Tibullus*.

† The Reader is desired to consult the Memoirs of the L—tt—l Family.

‡ The Dutchess of B—lt—n can best relate the Particulars of a conjugal Squabble between the Royal Pair on this Subject—It is said, that his Highness exclaimed with great Spirit—“ A Blow, and from a mortal Hand !”

Or fail High Adm'ral over Windfor Ponds,  
When from a Court the Royal Youth absconds.

See gay F—tz—k, by her Beauty smit,  
In vain addressees, with fallacious Wit.

“ A Maidenhead but tempts me to assail,  
“ As the white Plume betrays the Woodcock's Tail;  
“ Diffolv'd in Love, resign a Virgin's Name, -  
“ Then Rakes and Prudes no more can blast your Fame.  
“ —So prudent Cits, deep read in Gain or Loss,  
“ Sponge their new Cloaths, tho' it destroy the Gloss,  
“ The moisten'd Drab its credit will maintain,  
“ Nor spot, nor shrink by drizzly Fogs, or Rain.”

To Hockrel, Or--f--d drives in full Career,  
With Hawks and Dogs, his Patty, and his Deer;  
Forgets his *Place*, his Monarch's Shirt and State,  
POMONA'S Smock, oft made our Sov'reign wait.

—To weeping Friends may Heav'n restore *him* soon,  
 Nor let us hear, “those sweet Bells out of Tune.”  
 How skill'd he was in each obliging Art,  
 With true Politeness, flowing from the Heart:  
 I drop my Pen—the trickling Tears diffuse,  
 And check the Rovings of the sportive Muse.  
 Why should I amorous B—rlt—n forget,  
 Who by his *distanc'd* Horses \* wins the Bet!  
 His sacrilegious Arts he tries in vain,  
 POMONA 'scapes from † Cloacina's Fane.  
 —Graceful she smiles, her Hand to all extends,  
 Her Virtue keeps, and by her Wit offends.  
 “No more by mean Deception hope to please,  
 “I've *seen* and *felt*—you're only fit to *teize*;

\* *Who by his distanc'd Horses, &c.*] The Solution of this Paradox is, with all due Deference, submitted to the Jockey Club.

† His usual Place for surprizing shy Nymphs, or consummating the Intrigue.

“Such

“ Such *Things* can’t chear a fondly fighting Wife  
 “ With *Cordial Drops*, the Balm of human Life.  
 “ The wifhing Bride, instead of Rapture finds  
 “ Enervate Bodies, unimpaffion’d Minds ;  
 “ Ye tinfel’d Beaux, who flutter, lie and boaft,  
 “ As flimfy Silk is known to ruffle moft,  
 “ To Female Frailty wherefore fix Difgrace,  
 “ Since Wives by Cuckoldom *build up* your Race,  
 “ As Husbandmen by \* Horns of Sheep refine  
 “ The Grape’s foft Juice, and mellow it to Wine.”  
 This stern Rebuke, the filken Fops admire,  
 They bow with Rev’rence, and to White’s retire.

\* *Horns of Sheep*, &c.] Mr. Locke in a Treatife on the Culture of Vineyards, fays, “ It was a received Opinion, that burying a Sheep’s Horn at the Root of a Vine makes it thrive.”—The Impropriety of this Allufion, in the Character of POMONA, muft be obviouſ to the Critical Reader.

Thus, if small Things we may with great compare,  
 When John Wilkes sends his Aldermen to War,  
 Tho' Townshend blush! the greasy Herd kneel down,  
 Abuse the Senate, and revile the Crown;  
 To prove their Loyalty by Form and Rule,  
 In each Remonstrance, say—"the K—g's a Fool;  
 "The Commons—Knaves, who by a Stretch of Pow'r,  
 "Sent brazen Crosby to the bloody Tow'r:"  
 (Undaunted Man, who dire Misfortunes bore,  
 The first Lord May'r that heard a Lyon roar.)  
 And "therefore, since these Grievances are true,  
 To gracious GEORGE, his loyal Subjects sue,  
 That he the venal Senate may disband,  
 And let the Common-Council kiss his Hand."  
 With just Contempt, GEORGE views the solemn Farce,  
 Tells them, they jest, and bids them kiss his ——— :

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, abash'd, the Alley Jobbers stare,  
 Creep to their Den, to act the BULL or BEAR.  
 But THOU, false Lover of a Maid so good,  
 Thou, mean Defերter \* of thy Father's Blood,  
 Still on thy Steps may injur'd † D—wf—n wait,  
 And furly Bailiffs still besiege thy Gate ;  
 With Cheats and Bawds consume thy worthless Life,  
 And use each Mistrefs, as ‡ you use your Wife.

\* *Thou mean Defերter.*] The Poet here addresses Mr. L—tt—n, and pays a just and merited Compliment to that noble Lord, whom the Public have long esteemed for his Virtue and Abilities.

† *Injur'd D—wf—n.*] A foolish Widow, who chose to make Mr. L—tt—n the Guardian of her Person and Fortune, and now enjoys the Fruits of her Credulity.

‡ *As you use your Wife.*] A few Nights after Mr. L—tt—n's Marriage, he complaisantly attended his Bride to the Play. In the next Box sat a Lady with two or three of her beautiful Children. Struck with the amiable Group, Mrs. L—tt—n modestly whisper'd a sentimental Wish, that she might one Day be as happy : In Reply the polite Husband exclaimed in an audible Voice—" You be d—n'd, you Chicken-breasted B—h, you have neither A—e nor B—b—s.—"



Surpafs St. Patrick's Bullies in all Vice,  
 Thofe Black-Legs, arm'd with Impudence and Dice ;  
 Who like *Nid* B—ke, from Liffey's Bogs depart,  
 (*Brogue* on each Tongue, and Mifchief in each Heart :)  
 That *moral* Teague, who in Religion's Caufe,  
 Wrote his fam'd Treatife on the *penal*\* Laws ;  
 That Patriot firm, by Minifters unbought,  
 Who purchas'd Land † for which the Caribs fought ;

\* *On the penal Laws.*] Mr. B. fome Years ago compos'd an elaborate Effay, pointing out with great Elegance and Force of Reason the Injuftice and bad Policy of the penal Laws, which are incompatible with the Principles of Toleration or the Rights of Mankind. Juft as his Treatife was ready for the Prefs, a Renegado Relation of his died who had acquired an Eftate by turning Informer, *which* he bequeathed to the confcientious Edmund. The Piece was instantly fuppreffed, as Mr. B. was fuddenly convinced that the penal Laws are beneficial to Society, and the Bulwark of the Proteftant Religion.

† *Who purchas'd Land.*] The true Motive of Edmund's Travels was occafion'd by his purchafing fome of the Caribs' Property in St. Vincent. —As he found himfelf a little embarrassed by Mr. Townfhend's Motion, he wifely withdrew till the Affair was fettled to his Satisfaction.

Then

Then skulk'd to France—now in St. Omer's Strain,  
He paints the Blessings of a Louis' Reign\*.

What can his specious Eloquence impart!  
—The Schoolmen's Logic, and the quibbling Art.  
The splendid Sophist fills us with amaze,  
But who's convinc'd by subtle Quirks of Phrase?  
So may the Artift with a Spider vye,  
And Cobwebs † spread, which never catch a Fly.

My throbbing Breast with Indignation burns,  
The modest Muse for sweet POMONA mourns;  
I see her fainting, hear her murm'ring Cries,  
When L—tt—n had conquer'd by *surprise*.

\* *Of a Louis' Reign.*] Mr. B——, with his usual Accuracy and Candour, entertained the House with a comparative View of the French and English Government, and concluded his Declamation with a Panegyric on the former, in which he was thought to be sincere.

† *And Cobwebs spread.*] This alludes to Mr. Hanger's exquisite Imitation of a Spider's Web, No. 117, at the Artists Exhibition.

Meanly ambitious her chaste Vows to shake,  
 Full in her View he plants Hibernian B—ke.  
*In her Mind's Eye*, his great *Shelalagh* stands,  
 Like Moses' Rod amidst Ægyptian Wands.  
 Quick thro' her Frame the thrilling Passions rise,  
 And liquid Lustre darted from her Eyes.  
 So have I seen the Candle's bright'ning Rays,  
 When a *Thief* makes it both dissolve and blaze.  
 Struck by the fatal fascinating Glance,  
 She falls a Victim on his magic Lance.  
 As the sweet foaring Lark by Toils beset,  
 Drops weak and dazzl'd in the Poacher's Net.  
 POMONA, like the purblind Bat is gor'd,  
 That stakes itself on the too splendid Sword.  
 —I can no more—by Shame, by Rage oppress'd,  
 To B—ke and Ly—tt—n — I leave the rest.

F I N I S.







