

# The Ladies Delight



THE  
LADIES  
DELIGHT

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THE Tree of which I fain would sing,  
If the kind Muse her Aid would bring,  
Is *Arbor Vitæ*; but in brief,  
By vulgar Men call'd—*Tree of Life*.  
First for Description then, 'tis such  
As needs must captivate you much.  
In Stem most streight, of lovely Size,  
With Head elate this Plant doth rise;  
First bare—when it doth further shoot,  
*A Tuft of Moss* keeps warm the Root:  
No *Lapland* Muff has such a Fur,  
No Skin so soft has any Cur;  
This touch'd, alone the Heart can move,  
Which Ladies more than Lap-dogs love;  
From this erect springs up the Stalk,  
No Power can stop, or ought can baulk;  
On Top an *Apex* crowns the Tree,  
As all Mankind may plainly see;  
So shines a Filbeard, when the Shell,  
Half gone, displays the *ruby Peel*  
Or like a Cherry bright and gay,  
Just red'ning in the Month of *May*.  
As other Trees bear Fruit at Top,  
And they who rob 'em must *climb up*;  
This still more rare doth upward shoot,  
But at the Bottom bears its Fruit,  
And they who'd reap its Virtues strong,  
Need but to lay 'em *all along*,  
*Ope' wide, their Mouths*, and they'll receive  
The *Fruit of Life*, and eat, and live:  
Not the fair Tree that *India* bears,  
All over Spice both Head and Ears,  
Can boast more Gifts than the Great Pow'rs  
Have granted to this Tree of ours:

That in good Ale its Power boasts,  
And ours has *Nutmeg's* fit for *Toasts*  
And Bags by *Nature* planted grow,  
To keep 'em from all Winds that blow.  
The Rise is slow, and by Degrees,  
Both Fruits and Tree itself increase  
So slow, that ten Years scarce produce  
*Six Inches* good and fit for Use;  
But fifteen ripen well the Fruit,  
And add a *viscous Balm* into't;  
Then rub'd, drops Tears as if 'twas greiv'd,  
Which by a neighbouring Shrub's receiv'd;  
As Men set Tubs to catch the Rain,  
So does this Shrub *its Juice* retain,  
Which 'cause it wears a colour'd Robe,  
Is justly call'd the *flow'ring Shrub*.  
In every Nation springs this Tree,  
In some confin'd; in others more free;  
In *England*, 'tis of mod'rate Size,  
And oft' does *nine full inches* rise:  
But *Ireland*, tho' in Soil most poor,  
Exceeds all Lands in this fame Store;  
And sent o'er hither, it is such  
As does exceed our own by much,  
And gets the Owner many a *Farthing*,  
For *Ladies* love it in their *Garden*.  
That it's a *Tree* right *sensitive*,  
Denies no honest Man alive:  
Tho' as one *shrinks* and will not stand,  
This *rises* at a *Lady's* Hand,  
And grows more strong the more 'tis strok'd,  
As others *fall* when they are *pok'd*.  
When nipping Cold bites off our Nose,  
And hoary Frosts the Morn disclose,  
In *Hot-beds* only then 'twill live,  
And only when-well warm'd will thrive;

But when warm Summer does appear,  
 'Twill *stand* all *brunts* in open Air;  
 Tho' oft they're overcome with Heat,  
 And sink with Nurture too replete;  
 Then *Birchen Twigs*, if right apply'd  
 To Back, Fore-part, or either Side——  
 Support a while, *and keep it up*,  
 Tho' soon again the Plant will droop.  
*Motteux* had one very untow'rd,  
 And thought to mend it with a Cord,  
 But *kill'd the Tree*, yet gain'd his *End*,  
 Which makes th' Experiment condemn'd.  
 Others have thought to mend the Root,  
 By taking from the Tree its Fruit;  
 But in the *Nutmegs* lies the Breed,  
 And when they're gone we lose the *Seed*;  
 Tho' Virtuosi still have don't,  
 And always found it yield Accompt;  
 For *Hey——gg——r* then buys the *Wood*,  
 And of it makes us Whistles good,  
 Which yearly from *Italia* sent,  
 Here answers his and our Intent.  
 Others too curious will *innoc*  
*Ulate* their Plants on *Medlars* Stock,  
 (*i.e.* as Tongues in Vulgar pass,  
 They graft it on an *Open-arise*;)

But Gardeners, Virtuosi, all,  
 Say this is most *unnatural*.  
 That Soil is certainly the best,  
 Whence first it sprang, and first increast,  
 In Vallies hollow, soft, and warm,  
 With Hills to ward off every Storm,  
 Where Water salt runs trickling down,  
 And *Tendrils* lie o'er all the Ground,  
 Such as the Tree itself shoots forth,  
 And better if't be tow'rds the *North*;

When such a Piece of Ground you see,  
If in the midst a Pit there be,  
There plant it deep unto the *Root*,  
And never fear—you'll soon have *Fruit*.  
Tho' let young *Botanists* beware  
Of Insects that oft' harbour there,  
Which 'mongst the tender *Fibres* breed,  
And if not kill'd, eat up the *Seed*:  
Good *Humphrey Bowen* gives another,  
(As each Man should assist his Brother)  
That is, to take especial Care  
Not to set *Vulvaria* near;  
Of them two Sorts are frequent found,  
One helps, and to'ther spoils the Ground;  
And many a Plant thriving and tall,  
Destroy'd by them, has got a Fall.  
But *Misan*'s taken this just napping,  
And *against all Things that can happen*  
Both to the Shrub and Tree, has told some  
How to make the deadliest *Wholesome*;  
These venomous *Vulvaria* grow  
At *Vaux-Hall* and *St. James's* too;  
Nay, and about the Tree so leap,  
That very few good Plants can 'scape.

## *The Names and Virtues*

Old Mother *D'Acier*, in her Notes  
On *Homer*, some hard *Greek* Word quotes,  
Calls it *Nep, nep*,—I know not what,  
And says it is the very Plant that  
The tawny Queen to *Helen* sent,  
To cure her Griefs at all Event.  
Great *Milton's Murd'rer* says it is  
The fam'd *Machæra Herculis*,  
And proves from some old *Grecian* Poet,  
So plain that all Men sure must know it,  
That of this *Tree* the Club was made,  
With which he overcame ('tis said)  
*Thespius'* Daughters, all grown wild,  
And *fifty Mad-Women* made mild;  
Which very Club—(it makes one Laugh)  
*Omphale* turn'd into a Distaff.  
Nay, the *Hesperian* Tree was this,  
As shew the *Poma Veneris*;  
These Apples doubtless were the Fruit  
That 'twixt the Queens rais'd such Dispute,  
To make 'em all *stark-naked* stand,  
While *Paris* held it in his Hand,  
And *chuck'd* it into *Venus'* Mouth,  
'Cause she with Beauty fir'd the Youth.  
The Virtues are of such great Note,  
That twenty Volumes might be wrote;  
The Juice alone Green-Sickness cures,  
And purges thro' all corporal Pores;  
If any Maid be sick, or faint  
Of Love, or Father's close Constraint,  
One Spoonfull of this Cordial Balm  
Soon stops each Grief, and every Qualm;



'Tis true, they sometimes Tumours cause,  
And in the Belly make strange Flaws,  
But a few Moons will make 'em sound,  
And safely fetch the Swelling down.  
Not Saffron cheers the Heart like this,  
Nor can Champaign give such a Bliss:  
When Wife and Husband do fall out,  
And both remain in sullen pout,  
This brings them to themselves again,  
And fast unites the broken Chain;  
Makes Feuds and Discords straightway cease  
And gives at least a *Night of Peace*.  
This Rarity may now be seen  
In *Lambeth*, at a Garden Green,  
*Bowen* his Name, who in high Tone,  
Calls it the *Tree of Silver Spoon*,  
Which all the Maids of curious Eyes  
May there behold of *largest* Size.

THE  
Natural HISTORY

OF THE  
TREE of LIFE.  
*The DESCRIPTION and PLACE.*

THE *Tree of Life* is a *succulent Plant*, consisting of one only strait stem, on the top of which is a *Pistillum* or *Apex*, at some times *Glandiform* and resembling a *May-Cherry*, tho' at others, more like the *Nut* of the *Avellana* or *Filbeard-Tree*.

Its fruits, contrary to most others, grow near the Root; they are usually no more than two in number, their bigness somewhat exceeding that of an ordinary *Nutmeg* both contained in one strong *Siliqua*, or purse; which, together with the whole root of the plant, is commonly thick set with numerous *Fibrilla* or *capillary Tendrils*.

The tree is of slow growth, and requires time to bring it to perfection, rarely seeding to any purpose before the fifteenth year; when the fruits coming to good maturity, yield a viscous Juice or balmy *succus*, which being from time to time discharged at the *Pistillum* is mostly bestow'd upon the open *Calyx's* of the *Frutex Vulvaria* or *flow'ring Shrub* usually spreading under the shade of this tree, and whose parts are by a wonderful mechanism adapted to receive it. The ingenious Mr. *Richard Bradley* is of opinion, the *Frutex* is hereby impregnated, and then first begins to bear; he therefore accounts this *Succus* the *Farina foecundans* of the plant: and the learned *Leonhard Fucksius*, in his *Historia Stirpium insigniorum*,

observes the greatest sympathy between this tree and shrub, *They are*, says he, *of the same genus, and do best in the same bed, the Vulvaria itself being indeed no other than a female Arbor Vitæ.*

It is produced in most Countries, tho' it thrives more in some than others, where it also increases to a larger size. The height here in *England* rarely passes nine, or at the most, eleven inches, and that chiefly in *Kent*, whereas in *Ireland*, it comes to far greater dimensions, is so good, that many of the natives entirely subsist upon it, and when transplanted, have been sometimes known to raise good houses with single plants of this sort.

As the *Irish* soil is accounted the best, others are as remarkably bad for its cultivation; and the least and worst in the world are said to be about *Harborough* and the *Forest of Sherard*.

The stem seems to be of the *sensitive* tribe, tho' herein differing from the more common *Sensitives*; that whereas they are known to shrink and retire from even the gentlest touch of a Lady's hand, this rises on the contrary, and extends itself when it is so handled.

In winter it is not easy to raise these trees without a hot bed; but in warmer weather they stand well in the open air.

In the latter season they are subject to become weak and flaccid, and want support; for which purpose some gardeners have thought of splintering them up with *birchen Twigs*, which has seem'd of some service for the present, tho' the plants have very soon come to the same or a more drooping state than before.

The late ingenious Mr. *Motteux* thought of restoring a fine plant he had in this condition, by tying it up with a *Tomex* or cord made of the bark of the *Vitex*,

or *Hempen-Tree*: but whether he made the ligature too straight, or that the nature of the *Vitex* is really in itself pernicious, he quite kill'd his plant thereby; which makes this universally condemn'd, as a dangerous experiment.

Some *Virtuosi* have thought of improving their trees for some purposes, by taking off the *Nutmegs*, which is however a bad way; they never *seed* after, and are good for little more than making whistles of, which are imported every year from *Italy*, and sell indeed at a good price.

Some other curious Gentlemen have endeavour'd to inoculate their plants on the stock of the *Medlar* and that with a manure of *human Ordure*, but this has never been approv'd; and I have known some tree brought to a *very ill end* by such management.

The natural soil is certainly the best for their propagation; and that is in hollow places, that are warm and near salt water, best known by their producing the same sort of *Tendrils* as are observ'd about the roots of the *Arbor* itself. Some cautions however are very necessary, especially to young *Botanists*; and first, to be very diligent in keeping their trees clean and neat; a pernicious sort of insect, not, unlike a *Morpione* or *Cimex*, being very subject to breed amongst the *Fibrillæ*, which, if not taken heed of, and timely destroy'd, proves often of very dangerous consequence.

Another caution, no less useful, we have from that excellent and judicious Botanist Mr. *Humphrey Bowen*, to beware of a poisonous species of *Vulvaria*, too often mistaken for the wholesome one, and which, if suffer'd too near our trees, will very greatly endanger their well-being. He tells us, in the 12th volume of his large abridgment of *la Quintinye*, that before he had acquir'd his judgment

and experience, some of his plants have often been sufferers through this mistake; and he has seen a tall thriving tree, by the contact: only of this venomous shrub, become *porrose*, *scabiose*, and cover'd with *fungous Excrescences* not unlike the fruits of the *Ficus sylvestris* in which case the *succus* also has lost both its colour and vertue; and the tree itself has so much partaken of the nature of the venomous shrub that had hurt it, that itself has become venomous, and spread the poison through a whole Plantation.

These distempers of a tree of the greatest use and value, have employ'd the labours of the most eminent Botanists and Gardeners, to seek out remedies for them: In which, however, none have succeeded like the celebrated *Dr. Misaubin* who from his profound knowledge in Botany has composed a most elaborate work upon *all the things that can happen*, both to the *Arbor Vitæ* and *Vulvaria* also: There he has taught a certain cure for all these evils; and, what is most wonderful, has even found out a way of making the most venomous *Vulvaria* itself wholesome, which he practises daily, to the satisfaction of all that apply to him.

These venomous *Vulvaria* are but too common in most gardens about *London*; there are many in *St. James's Park*, and more in the celebrated gardens at *Vaux-hall* over the water.

#### *The NAMES and VIRTUES.*

Besides the common name of *Arbor Vitæ*, a very learned Philosopher and great Divine would have it call'd, *Arbor Scientiæ boni & mali*; believing, upon very good grounds, this is the tree which grew in the middle of the garden of *Eden*, and whose fruits were so alluring to our first mother. Others would have it

call'd the *Mandrake* of *Leah*, persuaded it is the same whose juice made the before barren *Rachel* a joyful mother of children.

The learned *Madame D'Acier* in her notes upon *Homer* contends it should be called *Nepenthes*. She gives many reasons why it certainly is that very plant, whose fruits the *Egyptian* queen recommended to *Helen*, as a certain cure for pain and grief of all sorts, and which She ever after kept by her as her most precious jewel, and made use of as a *Panacæa* upon all occasions.

The great *Dr. Bentley* calls it more than once *Machaera Herculis*, having proved out of the fragments of a *Greek* Poet, that of this tree was made that club with which the hero is said to have overcome the fifty wild daughters of *Thespius*, but which Queen *Omphale* afterwards reduced to a distaff. Others have thought the celebrated *Hesperian* trees were of this sort; and the very name of *Poma Veneris*, frequently given by Authors to the fruits of this tree, is a sufficient proof these were really the *Apples* for which three Goddesses contended in so warm a manner, and to which the Queen of beauty had undoubtedly the strongest title.

The virtues are so many, a large volume might be wrote of them. The juice taken inwardly cures the green-sickness and other infirmities of the like sort, and is a true specific in most disorders of the fair sex. It indeed often causes tumours in the umbilical region; but even those being really of no ill consequence, disperse of themselves in a few Months.

It cheers the heart, and exhilarates the mind, quiets jars, feuds and discontents, making the most

churlish tempers surprizingly kind and loving. Nor have private persons only been the better for this reconciling vertue, but whole states and kingdoms, nay, the greatest empires in the world have often received the benefit of it; the most destructive wars have been ended, and the most friendly treaties been produced, by a right application of this universal medicine among the chief of the contending parties. If any person is desirous to see this excellent and wonderful plant in good perfection, he may meet with it at the aforementioned Mr *Bowen's* garden at *Lambeth*, who calls it *The Silver-Spoon Tree*; and is at all times ready to oblige his friends with the sight of it.

THE  
RIDOTTO al' FRESCO,

A  
P O E M.



What various Arts attempts the am'rous Swain,  
To force the Fair, or her Consent to gain—  
Now *Balls*, now *Masquerades* his Care employ,  
And *Play* and *Park* alternately give Joy—  
Industrious *H—gg—r*, whose magick Brains  
Still in their Shell the *Recipe* retains  
Like some good Midwife brings the Plot to light  
And helps the lab'ring Swain to *Celia's* Sight;  
For this his Eunuchs in high Buskins tread—  
And chaunt harmonious Lays for this,—and *Bread*;  
For this the *Assembly's* fix'd; and the huge Dome  
Swells with the Lady's Vows, *when the Stake's*  
*gone.*—  
For this he forms the vicious Masquerade,  
Where Damsels may securely drive their Trade,



For which the Salesman, Chandler, Chairmen  
loudly pray,  
And Pickpockets too, *hail* the joyful Day—  
But now what Tongue can praise the mighty Worth,  
Who to *Ridotto* gave an *English* Birth;  
To him let every Templar bend the Knee,  
Receive a Ticket, and give up the Fee:  
Let *Drury-Lane* eternal Columns raise,  
And every wanton Wife resound his Praise;  
Let Courtiers with implicit Faith obey,  
And to their grand Procurer Homage pay.  
No more shall *Duchesses* to *Bath* repair,  
Or fly to *Tunbridge* to procure an Heir;  
*Spring-Gardens* can supply their every Want,  
For here whate'er they ask the Swain wil grant,  
And future Lords (if they'll confess the right)  
Shall owe their Being to this blessed Night;  
Hence future Wickedness shall take its Rise,  
(For Masquerade to this is poultry Vice)  
An *Æra* of new Crimes shall hence begin,  
And *H—gg—r* chief Devil be of Sin;  
No more shall Ugliness be his Disgrace,  
His Head mends all the Frailties of his Face;  
When Masques and Balls to their Conclusion drew,  
To this his last Resort the Hero flew;  
So by degrees the Errant Knights of old  
To Glory rose, and by Degrees grew bold;  
A while content the common Road they trod,  
'Till some great Act at last confess the *God*.  
Now Painters *work*,—and dine, that starv'd before,  
And Tallymen supply each needy Whore—  
Fam'd *Covent-Garden* droops with mournful Look,  
Nor can St. *James's* her great Rival brook:  
Each *Duck* and D—ss, quacks to different Tunes,  
One *claps her Wings* for Love, the other swoons;  
Each *Vintner* storms and swears he is undone,

Vollies of Oaths speak loud the Drawer's Moan;  
*Porter* who us'd to search for needful Girls,  
 Now sucks his Fingers, or his Apron twirls,  
 Bemoans his Loss of Business, and with Sighs,  
 In Box imprison'd lays the useless Dice.  
*Spring-Garden* now alone does all invite  
 The Cit, the Wit, the Rake, the Fool, the Knight:  
 No Lady, that can pawn her Coat or Gown,  
 Will rest 'till she has laid the Money down:  
 Each Clerk will to the Joints his Fingers work,  
 And Counsellors find out some modern Querk,  
 To raise the Guinea, and to see the *Grot*,  
 And 'mongst the *Belles* to slant it at *Ridolt*.  
 Here Seamstresses and Maids together vie,  
 And the spruce 'Prentice shines in Sword and Tye:  
 Bandy'd in Lace the City Dame appears,  
 Her Hair genteelly frizzled round her Ears;  
 Her Gown with *Tyrian* Dyes most richly stain'd,  
 Glitt'ring with Orient Pearl from Orphans gain'd.  
*My Lord*, to oblige his Spouse, takes Tickets three,  
 Crys, one's for you my Love, and one for me,  
 The third dispose as you shall best adjudge,  
 Shew where you're pleas'd, and where you owe a  
 Grudge:  
*Madam* elate, thinks she'll be kind to *Betty*,  
 To hide the Slips she made with Spark i'th' City:  
 But *Stallion Tom*, who well knew how to scold,  
 And by his Mistress's Favour grown too bold,  
 Swears if *he* has it not, he will reveal,  
 And to his Master tell a dismal Tale;  
*Madam*, reluctant, gives him up the Paper;  
 He at her Folly laughs, and cuts a Caper.  
*Sylvia*, a Lady, kept by twenty Beaux,  
 Who never yet could brook the Marriage Noose,  
 By each a Ticket offer'd, scorns 'em all,  
 In hopes some Fool at last will Victim fall,

And, kindly offer Treat and Ticket too,  
 Which to her Charms she thinks most justly due;  
 At last a brisk young *Templar* full of Fire,  
 Whom Writs with *Money*, Wine with Love inspire,  
 Address'd the Dame, she yeilds his glowing  
 Charms,  
 And for a Ticket flies into his Arms:  
 So every *dapper Fop* and *brawny Rake*  
 Will Tickets to their Ladies Presents make;  
 To Sin, the only certain Dedication,  
 To every gentle Mistress in the Nation,  
 From Suburb Whore, to ranting Dame of Fashion;  
 For none's so niece as to refuse the Suit,  
 But grasps the Tree tho' 'tis *forbidden Fruit*.  
*Near where the Thames* in pleasant Windings runs,  
*Near where the famous Glass-house* fiercely burns,  
 (Which to the Love of poor desponding Swains,  
 An Emblem terrible, but just retains.)  
*Near where fam'd Vaux* was to have fled,  
*With lighted Match*, soon as he'd done the Deed;  
 Whence some pretend to say by second Sight,  
 That it foreshew'd the Fate attends this Night,  
 'Cause here the Fair will many *Matches light*.  
*Spring-Gardens* lie shaded with verdant Trees,  
 That nod their reverend Heads at every Breeze;  
 Embassadors like *Turks* hence send Express,  
 And *Ministers of State* like Devils dress—  
 Should some wild *Indian* see the various Scene,  
 He'd swear all Nations of the Earth do here  
 convene,  
 And take for quite reverse this medley Farce,  
 Think Strumpers Saints, or catstick'd Beau a *Mars*.  
 But now the Dancers nimble Feet go round,  
 And with just Measures beat the passive Ground,  
 Each one inclines to different Delights—  
 Musick the Fair, Sweetmeats the Beau invite;

The *Templar* wisely does his Care enroll,  
Pockets the Pheasant, and eats up the Fowls  
Nor will return to join the giddy Rout,  
'Till he has eat and drank his *Guinea* out.  
Now Dancing fires the Nymph to softer Joys;  
The Musick's dull, the Wine and Sweetmeat cloy;  
*Strephon* streight takes the Hint, withdraws a-while,  
By soft Endearments does her Grief beguile;  
Soon they return more vig'rous than before,  
Do what they will, she cannot be a Whore.  
For *Mahomet* may dream of heavenly Stews,  
Where Virgin Rose, soon as it's lost, renews,  
And shake with every Breath of Air serene,  
As trembling for the Rapes they've daily seen;  
When if those past can shake their Height profound,  
*Ridotto* sure will fell them to the Ground;  
Here Art to Nature join'd makes it compleat,  
And Pyramids and Trees together meet;  
Statues amidst the thickest Grove arise,  
And lofty Columns tow'ring to the Skies;  
Then next an Obelisk its Shade displays,  
And rustic Rockwork fills each empty Space;  
Each joins to make it noble, and excells  
Beaufets for Food, Grotto's for something else.  
But hark! the Doors on jarring Hinges turn,  
All enter in, and the blest Scene's begun;  
A thousand Lights their livid Flames display,  
Pour forth their Blaze, and form a mimick Day:  
Sudden a motley Mixture fills the Place,  
And Footmen shine as lordly as his Grace;  
To see the sad Effect and Power of Change,  
Ladies turn'd Men, in Breeches freely range:  
Young smooth-chin'd Beaux turn Priests and Fryars,  
And Nun's chaste Habits hide our Country 'Squires.  
*Belles*, *Beaux*, and Sharpers here together play,  
And Wives throw their good Spouses Wealth away;

And when their Cash runs low, and Fate runs cross,  
They then *Cornute* 'em to retrieve their Loss.  
*Dice* and Intrigue so mutually are blended,  
That one begins as soon as t'other's ended:  
A City Heiress blooming, rich, and fair,  
Picks up the Cards and Counters with great Care;  
Against her fate a smooth young Baron,  
Wit he had none, Beauty he had his share on,  
A soft clear Skin, a dapper Neck and Waist,  
In all Things suited to the modern Taste;  
And most polite, like all our modish Brood,  
That is, a very Fool, who's very leud:  
He ogles Miss, she squints, and turns aside,  
Nor can her Mask her rising Blushes hide;  
At last (as Bargains here are quickly made)  
She yeilds to be Caress'd, tho' still afraid;  
She cries, a private Room's for them most fit,  
For Reputation is the Glory of a Cit;  
This only is the Place, where in a Trice,  
Some Angel steals the Wounds of friendly Vice;  
The Nymph finds a Relief for all her Pains,  
And the lost Maidenhead's restor'd again.  
But who is he in Bower close confin'd,  
With a kind Fair t' unbend his troubled Mind,  
Sure by his Air, his Beauty, and his Grace,  
It *Phoebus* is, or some of heavenly Race.  
A petty Courtier, of small Estate and Sense,  
Stood hearkning by, and cry'd it was the P——ce.  
Your Pardon, Sir, I knew it not before,  
For my Mistake depended on his Whore,  
One had *Latona* to'ther has *L——r*.  
Next to the *Grotto* let us bend our Eye,  
The *Grotto*, Patron of Iniquity,  
Speak O ye Trees with kind refreshing Shade,  
How many Whores have at your Roots been made;  
Alas; how small the Number to what now,

This one, this happy Night, alone will shew  
 So many, that each conscious *Dryad* flees,  
 Lest she too should be ravish'd thro' the Trees.  
 Next rattling Dice invite th' attentive Ear,  
 Lords loudly laugh, as loud the Bullies swear:  
 The Country Knight o'th' Shire sells his Estate,  
 And here with Heart intrepid meets his Fate;  
 So they withdrew to quench their glowing Flame,  
 And to preserve the Honour of her Name;  
 For oh! sad Fate as they ascend the Stairs,  
 At the Room Door her good *Mamma* appears,  
 Soon as she spies her Child with Looks demure,  
 She charges her to keep her *Vessel pure*:  
 Miss pertly answers to avoid her Doom,  
*Mamma*, whose Hat and Wig is in the Room?  
 The good old Dame yeilds at the just Reproach,  
 Cries—*Well my Dear, don't take too much!*  
 Thus various Joys soon waste the fleeting Night,  
 And Sleep and Lust the Croud to Bed invite;  
 Some in their Truckle-Beds to snore all Day,  
 Others in Gambols with their Wh——es to play;  
 The Dunghill Trapes, trickt up like virtuous Trull,  
 If by good Chance, she gets a *Dupe* or Cull;  
 On Tallyman intrudes twelve Hours more,  
 And for a clean Shift presumes to run a Score.  
 Sages may say, that Arts and Science fail,  
 And Ignorance and Folly have weigh'd down the  
 Scale:  
 In *England* they have given new Arts a Rise,  
 And what in Science wants, increase in Vice,  
 And to be great as Angels when they fell,  
 (If not exceed) at *least* they equal *Hell*.