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'Tis just! — for mark the Tempting Crack
Was us'd to lead Men in the Dark,
Like BEASTS by Pairs into the Ark.

5.

If TAILS of Honour wou'd begin,
She'd ne're stick out at any Sin;
For she cou'd Whore at Second Hand.

6.

If Lord, or Justice, of the Bench
Had an Occasion for a Wench,
His Aged Flames 'twas she cou'd quench.

7.

And for his Son and Heir Apparent,
She cou'd perform a TAILISH-ERRAND,
Without a Tipstaff or a Warrant.

8.

She o're One Priest * had such a Lock,
That she cou'd make his Spiritual Frock
Fly off at Sight of Temporal Smock.

9.

Like Will i' th' Wisp, still up and down,
She led the Wives of London Town
To Lodge with Squires of Renown.

10.

Thus the Procurefs was employ'd,
At last she held the Door so wide,
She caught a COLD † (i'th' Tail) and dy'd.

The Tail that's kept I'd next Expose;
For here, at Tunbridge, are some Beaus
That meerly Doat on Honest Does.

* The ONE and All that is here meant, (so Pious and Exemplary are the Lives of the British Clergy) you'll find in the *Observer Reciv'd*, Numb. 9. (Sold by J. Morphew) where are these Words—— “Country-man. One Story more, Master, which I had almost forgot—— There's a Famous Clergy-man that pretends he can cure the King's Evil, was taken with a WHORE, in her Chamber, a little while ago, and neither he or she had quite Time enough to get their Cloaths on; and I'm told they were both dispos'd of as the Law directs. To this the *Observer* answers. “I wish that Gentleman, who has found out so many Cures for the King's Evil, cou'd study how to cure himself of the ITCH. To this the Country-man replys—— “So he does, Master, for he went to a WHORE for that Purpose.

† Viz. DEATH. For, (to use Dr. W——ler's Words) What is Death it self but a Great Cold?

HONEST — 'cause kept! No, you will find
Keeping's scarce Whoring, once refus'd.

Kept Tails are base, and more untrue
 Than Park or Fleet-street ever knew.
 They once were all content, and proud,
 With the small Pittance Spark allow'd ;
 And 'twas a Favour seldom known,
 If Twice a Year they had a Gown.

But since their Tails are rais'd so high,
 They will not with his HONOUR lie,
 Or any, (*tho' 'twere Majesty*)

'Till first her Tail is furnished
 With Coach and Six, and Joynture made,
 And then you're welcome to her Bed.

And now her Tail's in so much Honour,
 She dares take Quality upon her ;
 Sit in the Front o' th' Box at Plays,
 And Rival Lady Dutchess to her Face ;
 Lavish more out in Tavern Treat,
 Than wou'd provide a TOWN with Meat ;
 While Cully never can suffice :

But what his feeble Back denys,
 The willing Coachman's Brawn supplys.

The Tail that's kept is but a Slave,
 I mean to Gold, or what's as Brave :
 For shou'd a Man, both Weak and Old,
 Worn out with Claps, or Winter Cold,
 Bid but a Hundred more a Year
 (*Than he now gives that is so dear,*)

This Old Man wou'd the JILT preferr,
 Before the Youth, whose Blood is warm,
 And never tires in her Arms.

No Tails in Nature are more Common
 Than the Kept Prostituted Woman.

Then I am *Filted*, crys the Goat ;
 Yes, *Filting* Sir, has been my Lot.
 The *W*—— has got my Gold and Purse ;
 Nay, she has Pox'd me, which is worse.
 The Thing is true ; I catch'd the *Filt*
 With one who proffer'd Double Gilt.

But stay let's argue with the Fool ;
 It may make others keep to Rule.
 Then take this Answer, *Keeping-Tool*.

Filted! 'Tis strange, that you who know
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Filted! 'Tis strange, that you who know
 What Women think, as well as do,

Shou'd in your *Guesses* be deceiv'd ;
 But yet 'tis stranger you believ'd !
 Have not you often said, *That none*
About this damn'd Intriguing Town,
 Cou'd 'scape your Knowledge ; but you knew
How Matters went, and who, kept who.
 What *Cit, or Worship, or my Lord,*
 Allow'd for Lodgings, Pins, or Board :
 What Tricks the *Keeping Fools* were play'd ;
 Where, when, by whom, and how betray'd.
 No Int'rest, Sir, cou'd yours destroy ;
 You still came in and shar'd the Joy.
 But when you pleas'd to *Keep* your self,
 And throw away a little Pelf,
 (*For you'd have One Tail to your self,*)
 Your MISTRESSES were all so true,
 They wou'd not *Touch*—— a Man but you.
 Sir, after this, 'tis something hard
That others shou'd be now preferr'd.
 But come, consider, 'tis no more
 Than Thousands have endur'd before.
 Consider, this will be the Trade,
 While such as sell their Love are paid ;
 Whilst *Tails* are false and Women bad,
 Or there are *Cullys* to be had :
 Whilst Women, if they once begin
 To wanton, doat upon the Sin :
 Whilst Nature teaches them to cheat,
Or they find Pleasure in Deceit.
 In short, while Men and Women live,
 The one will ask, the other give.
Most Tails are Lewd, and very Bold,
 And will not want whilst there is Gold.

Nay, those who Virtue most pretend,
 Have *Tails* will love a *Private Friend* ;
 By whom in Secret they're Carest :
For stol'n Pleasures are the best.
 But tho' they Whore in Privacy,
 They get *A Tell-Tale Timpany.*
 And then the *Tail* aloud proclaims
 The Father's Frolick, Mother's Shame.
Thus Tails meet Tails by Lewd Consent,
 And if they sin they must repent :
 Or if Intrigue's so carry'd on,
 Not the least *Item* e're is known,
 How will she of her Virtue prate,
And ev'n Blush at Wanton Chat?

On Whores she loudly will exclaim,
Yet Practice what she does condemn.
 And if this Crack, by seeming Chast,
 Does get a Husband at the last,
 What a Stir for *Allum-Water*,
 And other Frauds, to hide the Matter?
 She'll in his Bed squeak at a *Touch*,
 But hush, her *Tail* has told too much.

But of all Plagues attending Life,
The Chastest Tail—— some call A WIFE.
A Wife! —— the Word is free from Blame,
But few are Chaste more than in Name.
 If there were such I'd marry too,
 And fall in Love with *Tails* anew.
 RUMPS—— that are Chaste, are Meat for Saints,
 But where are those, the World so paints?
My Love! my Dear! is all Pretence,
 To gain Wife—— DUE BENEVOLENCE.
 But e'nt that Man a Fool, or Booby,
 That will be dreyn'd beyond his Duty?
 The poor Man leads a cursed Life,
Is ridden by a Rampant Wife.
 She railing leaves and falls to Blows,
 And in her Wrath no Mercy shows.
 In her a haughty Spirit's seen,
In him Submission very mean.
 He crouches like the worst of Slaves;
 She does the Wrong, he pardon craves.
 Did Men but think what Mischiefs lay
 In this—— *for ever and for ay,*
 No *Tails* wou'd strut in *London Town*;
 Or did they mount, we'd hiss 'em down;
For they'd but dress to lie alone.
 When Men do fall in Love so fierce,
To take for better and for worse,
 The Complement is too sincere,
 And shews their Ruine very near.
 LOVE JESTS turn'd Earnest, are exceeding,
 And often set the Heart a bleeding.
 Those Words which the WISE CLERGY use
 To fix us in the Marriage Noose,
No after Magick can untye,
 Till both, or either, *Friendly* die.

There's *Hota* was a Faithful Bride,
 Spouse dead, she for an Hour try'd
 To live without him, lik'd it not and dy'd.

But

But shew me such another House:

For Husbands die——— How acts the Blouse? }
 Why Six Times o're she's made a Spouse.

Who Weds so oft Weds not at all;

Such *Wife* as this Chaste Persons call
Legitimate Adulterers : *

A Penitent Wench offends us less.

A WIFE——— is but a Wench by Law,

The Words are harsh, but very true :

For MAIDS but wed to kifs by Leave,

And MEN are ty'd, or they'd deceive.

Or rather, WEDLOCK is a Sale
 Of Land and Honour for a Tail.

In Spouse there *once was Love and Honey,*

But Wedlock now is — SO MUCH MONEY.

TRUE LOVE *was once a Harmless Fire,*

A Tender, Melting, Gay Desire :

A something more than Wealth, or Fame.

A Tender something wants a Name.

ENJOYMENT——— *then was all your Aim.* }
But in Wedlock now adays,

Tail neither charms——— *nor keeps the Peace.*

Love now is turn'd to Interest :

That Spark that's Richest is the best.

You'll ne're die for Love of any ;

For Wedlock now is MATTER OF MONEY. †

“ How Rich; must the first Question be;

“ Next for his *Wit and Piety.*

“ You'll ask what House he keeps, and what

“ He's worth in Money and Estate.

“ For *Shrieve* how often he does fine,

“ And with how many Dishes dine.

“ For, look what GOLD we have in Store!

“ Just so much Credit, and no more.

The *Tail* in Men does seldom draw ;

'Tis Gold that keeps the World in Awe.

Shou'd MISTRESS treat you with Disdain

Whilst you're Poor, but thrive amain,

She'll love you o're and o're again. }

* If we look into Antient Times, (says Dr. Horneck in his *Happy Ascetick*) we find there was hardly a Widow, among the Primitive Christians, that complain'd of Solitariness, or sought Comfort in a Second Marriage. *Second Marriage then was counted little better than Adultery.* Their Widows were the same that they were whilst their Husbands liv'd.

† In Modern Style call'd *Marimony.*

Maids, this is now the Lover's Case :
 Be he ANGEL in his Face,
 'Tis GOLD that gives that Shining Grace.
 'Tis GOLD makes all the Love, and Smart:
 'Tis GOLD that wounds you to the Heart:
 And GOLD must heal, or you must part.
 The Tail may serve to make you SPORT,
 But 'tis by Gold we take the Fort.
 You meerly Trade now for a Spouse:
 If Men han't Gold you turn 'em loose;
 Since Smithfield Bargains were in Use.
 In Courtship now AGREE's the Word:
 If we Agree, * we are prefer'd
 To this, or that, were he a Lord.
 I'll Marry you if we AGREE
 For Joynture: He's the Man for me;
 That gives his Charming Mistress all,
 Except HIMSELF; (that's least of all.)
 Such GOLDEN TAILS may be Civil,
 But to Marry GOLD's the Devil.
 For she that meerly Marrys PLATE,
 Will, when her Tail does want a MATE,
 Soon love where she did nor Marry;
 For Tail in Woman loves to vary.

Sum all the Curses which befall
 Lewd Tails—— the Marry'd has 'em all.
 If Appetite, or some Disgust,
 Add Fuel to a Woman's Lust,
 No Bolts can fether Inclination,
 Thou'rt Cuckold by Predestination.
 When SPOUSE's HEAD has Goatish Ail,
 You'll soon hear of it in her Tail.
 Most Wives have now forgot to blush,
 They dare Cornute their Dwelling-House,
 Their Tails are grown so very loose.
 But most do meet in the Alcove,
 Design'd for the Lewd Sweets of Love.
 Wife—— here does open all her Charms;
 ('Tis here the Tail makes Cuckolds HORNS,) }
 And flies into her Gallant's Arms:
 " My Dear, my Life, my Soul, she crys,
 " (Mingling each Period with a Kiss)

* That's make a Joynture, as large as the Father, or Wife, demands.

" How Bless'd am I! ——— in thee I find!

" All that can Pleasure Womankind.

" Oh! what a Sot my Husband's grown,

" Now thou art here I will have none.

" Thank Fate who brought us here by Stealth,

" Come let us Drink the Cuckold's Health.

" Troth, 'tis a dull performing Tool,

" And fram'd to be a Woman's Fool.

" But thou, my Dear, hast found the Art

" To Conquer and Enjoy my Heart.

My Heart and Tail to thee I give,

Thou art the sweetest Man alive.

Mean while th Gallant strives to prove

The Vigour of his stol'n Love:

Nor is the Idle, for some Men

Assure us, that in those Affairs——

Women are much more Active than the Men. }

CUPID—— allows the finish'd Blifs,

A Parting Bottle and a Kiss.

When shall we meet? For that's the Text,

Each Touch is Prologue to the next:

While poor Cornut'd drudges on

For (what he never got) a SON.

Then at the Christ'ning, to mend the Jest,

The Gallant's chosen from the rest,

For God-Father—— pleas'd with the Joy }

Of getting, and to name the Boy.

Thus Wanton Tails their Race destroy. }

But Fool, if thou art still misled,

(In spite of all that has bin said)

Venture on that thing call'd—— A WIFE,

She'll cure Dotage, end thy Life.

She'll fill thy Pate with Jealous Ire,

(For Tail's the Bellows in this Fire.)

She'll call thee Cuckold to thy Face,

And make her LUST thy great Disgrace.

What Length of Torments must you prove

For one short—— HONEY-MOON of Love?

You then are rob'd of Liberty,

And only DEATH can set you free.

Then who wou'd Wed to Lust and Strife?

(That's to the Tail we call—— A WIFE.)

WEDLOCK—— will very much surprife, }

For, now you'll find those Vanities

Which (during Courtship) MAIDS disguise. }

She that before was soft, and mild,

Now grows a Fury, Proud, and Wild.

If She is RICH, 'tis still the worse;
A Rich Wife is a Gilded Curse!
 For now she does command by Law,
 Her Portion keeps you so in Awe.
 If she is VIRTUOUS, then the Noise
 Arising thence, your Peace destroys,
And you will wish a Whore had bin your Choice.
 If too much WARMTH Inspires her Sense,
The Want of Due-Benevolence
 Makes Horns, (for Cuckolds spring from thence.)
 If all this don't your DOTAGE kill,
Fruition—— I am sure will.
 Ask Reason, if that MINUTE'S BLISS,
 Empty as a *Saluting Kiss,*
 Be worth a Twelve Month's Doating on a *Phiz.*
 A *Phiz!* —— A ROCK I might it call;
 (It Charms us, but it kills withall,
 It SPLITS us on a Woman's Tail.
 Sure all those Joys we might forbear,
 In which the BRUTES claim equal Share?
 Yet 'tis the End of all our Flame;
Our Passion eas'd we loath the Dame.
 For this we Tempt and Court the Fair,
 Sigh, Ogle, Hang, and oft Despair.
 For this we beg, and do abuse
 That Bliss, which none but Brutes shou'd chuse
 Then who wou'd Doat his *Hours* away?
 Or Court *Fruition* that does cloy?
 The *Tail* gives but A MINUTE'S JOY:
 Sure none shou'd Doat, but fly from Love,
 Since such vile Means its Cure does prove!
 So many *Ills* in *Wiving* dwell,
Sure Woman is a sort of Hell!

Nay, take the *Phoenix Clog* of Life,
 (If such there be) —— *A Virtuous Wife,*
 She that each Hour Charms anew,
 And keeps her *Tail* for none but you,
 Her Fondness will Destruction prove;
She'll make you hate what you did love.
 And what we may at Will enjoy,
 Does our sweet Relish quite destroy.
 That *Tail* scarce Tempts that is not coy.
 To pleasure DEARNESS adds a Gust;
I cannot love, yet must be just.
 So when to DUTY Loving turns,
 How faint the *Nuptial Taper* burns!
 And no Man yet cou'd learn the Art
 To insure Woman's fickle Heart;

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That

That TOY, her Beauty, may decay,
And then Love droops, or steals away.
 And when the Cause of Love is fled,
 Sure INCLINATION will be dead,
Oh Tail! ——— who then wou'd ever Wed?

I once did COURT, (it is Confest)
 But I repent, for *Love's a Jest.*
 All Doating Flames in Wedlock cease,
 And Courting makes ONE FOOL at least.
 A Fool indeed! to venture Life,
 A *Duel** ——— for that *Clg a Wife.*
 In Love so selfish we are grown,
 The MISTRESS must be all our own,
Or else we wish might be enjoy'd by none.
 'Tis in Mad Love there lies a Gin,
 It turns a MISTRESS into Sin.
 Devotion cools when Women please,
 (*In Love we all transgress with Ease.*)
 Then Love and *Wiving* too farewell,
 My Lust with Fasting I'll expell.
 I'll fly that *Tail*, and *Charming Maid*,
 By whom my Freedom was betray'd.
 The Steps of Reason I'll pursue,
 (*Grow Wise and Philosophick too,*)
 That's bid all *Whining Love* adieu.
Fond Tails ——— may think these Rules severe,
 'Tis own'd ——— for such indeed they are.
 Convulsive Fits must seize his Heart,
 Who from a MISTRESS is to part:
But to be cur'd who will not bear the Smart?

Now CUPID Mourn ——— my happy Fate
 Thou'st lost an *Artist* in thy State.
 'Twas I flung that Successful DART
 That found its Way to RACHEL's HEART.
 But she prov'd false, and now (by Rule)
 I slight *She-Tail* and *Doating Fool.*
 RACHEL, I'll be *Love-sick* no more,
 Since Reason can my Health restore.
 If Woman is so false and nice,
 I'll only love what's *True and Wise.*
 That *Matchless Beauty* which Expells
 All *Sensual Love*, in Heav'n dwells,
There Tails are Perfect, no where else.

* Alluding to the *Quarrel* that happen'd between the Author and his Powerful Rival.

RACHEL—— (that wer't so Dear to me)
 There fix thy Mind, and thou shalt see
What Imperfections Women be.
 Farewel—— then little Tempting Thief,
 Yet still I'd Wed, but to no Wife;
I'd Marry to a Single Life.
 Let PIETY my *Mistress* prove,
She'll Charm, and yet Refine my Love.
 Here dwells no Rival, nor Pale Fears,
 No short Joys mix'd with endless Tears.
 Here (*RACHEL's TAIL* forgot) I move
 To learn soft Measures of *Seraphick Love.*

Virtue by all Men is allow'd;
The Fairest Beauty, best Endow'd.
 What MISTRESS, like to her, can say,
 I've Wealth and Charms will ne're decay?
 Virtue's alone the Real Friend,
 On whom the LOVER can depend.
 'Tis she makes *Virgins* ever Gay,
And scatters Roses in the Desert Way.
 By her the MAIDS are taught to know
 Both what to Heav'n and us they owe.
A Spotless Innocence to prize,
 Above the TRIUMPHS of their Eyes.
 How Dear the Bargain, when they sell
 Those GEMS for what does here Excell:
That Ob! 'tis Life for Death, and Heaven for Hell.

Then *Tail* adieu—— for I will Wed
 No RUMP that struts like *Turkey-Head*,
 Or Face that's Daub'd with *White* and Red.
 I am resolv'd no FOND Desire
 (*Or Woman's Tail, that most admire*)
 Shall kindle in me *CUPID's* Fire.
 No Amorous Toys, no Wanton Kifs
 Shall rob me of *Eternal Blifs.*
 I loath the Sex, (I dare not flatter)
 I wou'd be thought *A Woman-Hater.*
 And yet I am in Love: But where?
 (*Not where the Tail does Tempt or Steer.*)
 My Love ascends a Higher Sphere:
 Where *Honour, Beauty, Pleasures* be
 Inthron'd, and full of *Constancy.*

All Sweets are sowre, all Perfections foul,
 Compar'd with *Christ*, the *Bridegroom* of my Soul.

" Yes, thou that knowest all, dost know I love thee,
 " And that I set no MISTRESS up above thee ;
 " To thy unerring Censure I appeal,
 " And thou that knowest all Things sure canst tell
 " I love thee more than WIFE, or Interest ;
 " Nor hast thou any RIVAL in my Breast.
 " I love thee so, that for a Smile of thine,
 " Might all the World, (and RACHEL too) be mine,
 " I wou'd not Pause, but with a Noble Scorn,
 " At the unequal, slighted, Offer spurn.
 " Yes, I to Fools, the Women can resign,
 " Nor envy them the Tail, whilst thou art mine.
 " I love thee as my CENTRE, and do find
 " No POINT but Heav'n shou'd WED the Humane Mind.
 " I love thee so, I'd kiss the DART shou'd free
 " My flutt'ring Soul, and send her up to thee.
 " O wou'dst thou break her Chain, with what Delight
 " She'd spread her Wings, and bid the World good Night !
 " Scarce for my Bright Conductors wou'd I stay,
 " But lead thy Flaming Ministers the Way
 " In their known Passage to Eternal Day;
 " And yet the CLIMES OF LIGHT wou'd scarce seem fair,
 " Unless I met my GLORIOUS BRIDEGROOM there.
 " Unless I there cou'd view his Charming Face,
 " And Cope ALL HEAVEN in his Dear Embrace.

A MATCH IN HEAVEN can never fail. }

Then who wou'd COURT a Woman's Tail, }

That's FALSE at best, and full of Ail? }

And yet to Whore is Ten Times worse ; }

It Claps the Body, brings a Curse, }

And Damns the Soul, which still is worse. }

But Rampant Tails all Yokes despise,

They'd rather Gad, or STALIONIZE.

But Tails that Wed are Wise, and Chaste ; }

That's they are so, if Virtue last :

And such a Tail I'd Wed in Hast. }

Then Reader, if thou here wou'dst crave
 What Wife I wou'd, and wou'd not have,

On GRACE, and TEMPER, I wou'd build :

I loath the too too easy Field,

And I hate her that ne're will yield.

A Moderation I embrace,

(And most approve the MIDDLE PLACE.)

By that you'll say I mean the RUMP,

But I must tell you, 'tis a Stump. *

* A Lye.

For by the MIDDLE PLACE I mean
The HEART—— (A Wife that's Chaste and Clean)

The RUMP's the least in my Esteem.
Not that I hate the MARRIAGE-RITE;
It gives the greatest JOY* in Life——

Our LOST RIB is restored by't.
And Women too (that love to stray)

To gain a Husband Young, and Gay,
Will venture on the Word OBEY.

'Tis true OBEY, to Female Tail,
Looks harsh, Confinement, is a Fayl.

But rather than a Husband lose,
Chaste Maids will chuse the Marriage-Noose.

“ A Courteous Damsel did declare

“ That if she ever Marry'd were,

“ No Priest shou'd prompt her to say,

“ Mid't all his Rites, the Word— OBEY.

“ In this a while she did persist;

“ But when she saw the angry Priest

“ Clap up his Book and wou'd be gone,

“ The Damsel quickly chang'd her Tone:

“ And what before she cou'd not say Sir,

“ She loudly cry'd—— Obey, Obey Sir.

But where are Tails such Pure Oar,

They'll not OBEY, they'll sooner Whore.

When Maids lie BACK as Women do,

Their FORE-ROOM strait is let to you

At any Rate, if you'll be true.

Some Tails do welcome all that come;

But 'tis meer Impudence in BUM

To tell what's done i' th' Teeming-Room..

But Maids resolve, it shan't be said

Nature made Mouths which were not to be fed.

Prove Snow is Black, or Black is White,

And make the Sun appear at Night:

When this by Art the Learned do,

Then I'll believe a Woman True.

Mid't Sixty that for Maids do go,

'Tis strange if you shou'd meet with Two.

A Pure Maid (if such there be)

Is still a Paradox to me.

I'll Paint her, that you all may mind her;

But stay—— you'll wait 'till I can find her.

A Maid! her Tail does so disgrace her,

We shou'd not know her shou'd we face her:

Then Paint her Phiz that we may gaze her.

* Alluding to that first Salutation after the Marriage-Rite is perform'd, which is always this— Sir, I wish you much Joy.

1.

When God this Universal World had fram'd,
 He plac'd the Epitome of his Work therein ;
 A Virgin Man, and Woman, both unstain'd :
 For Adam knew not Eve 'till he knew Sin.
 Whence those that live a Single Life, are said
 Still to be MAIDS, because at first so made.

2.

The Name of MAID I take not in that Sense,
 For that which Two may lose, but neither win ;
 But for a Habit of Chaste Innocence,
 By Time and Custom introduc'd within.
 A Constant Breast which Goodness doth contain,
 For Love of Goodness, not for Fear of Shame.

3.

And she in whom this Habit we do find,
 Comes nearest sure unto her First Creation,
 Whose Body Pure, contains a Purer Mind,
 Whose Thoughts ne're fed on Ill by Speculation.
 Many are guiltless of the Active Part,
 Who yet commit the Adulteries of the Heart.

4.

The Name of Maiden-head, to Maids assign'd
 For Modesty, which shou'd in them shine clear,
 A Maid from Modesty may be defin'd,
 Who rather strives to be so, than appear.
 Whose harmless Thoughts ne're knew yet to begin,
 To frame, or shape out, any Forms of Sin.

This only is the PURE MAID :
 But where this Rarity is laid,
 You will not find I am afraid.
 For Maiden-head is thus defin'd ;
 It is a GEM in Womankind,
 Which Virgins use, and yet no Man can find.
 The Maiden-head (there is so few)
 Does Honour Tail, and Virgin too ;
 It is a PHOENIX ! Milk-white Crow !
 Then Maiden-Tail (if such there be)
 I am resolv'd to search for thee.

The SEARCH it self rewards the Pains.
 So tho' the CHYMIST his great Secret miss ;
 (For neither it in Art, or Nature is,)
 Yet Things well worth his Toil he gains ;
 And doth his Charge and Labour pay
 With good unsought Experiments in the Way.

But to the SEARCH (altho' we fail)
 Of PURE MAID, in Virgin-Tail.

Some

Some say (perhaps they speak their Fears)

There's no Maid after Seven Years.

I have much better Thoughts than so.

But, pray who wou'd a *Maiding* go

To Play-House, Dancing-Balls, or *Mall*?

To such who dress their RUMPS for Sale,

To Grays-Inn-Walks, or *Publick Inn*?

To *Red-Hair'd Gils*, who deal in Sin?

Who'd go a *Maiding* to the Nice?

To *Cracks* that deal in Modest Vice?

To *Ladys* that do wear a *Mask*?

To such who Love before you ask?

To those that make their *Tail a Hill*,
And drink Cold Tea until they Reel?

And *Cambridge*, thou art Challenged

To find *One Maid* that makes thy *Bed*, *

Who'd look for *Maids* in *Notingham*?

For there's no Maids where Frenchmen come.

Indeed, where can we find a *Maid*,

Since *Tail* has been so High *Array'd*?

For *Virgins* raise their *Tail* and *Mind*,

As if (being *Lewd*) they were inclin'd

To prove (*as'twere*) with *Child* behind.

In this *Lewd* Number you will meet

Snell, Hallet, Milden, Madam Sweet,

And all the *Cracks* in *Lombard-street*,

}
}

Nor are both *CHANGES* free'd from Ails,

Where's *Lust* there will be *Rocky Tails*.

Nay, *Tails* so strut in *London Town*,

That now from *Mis*s to *Country-Joan*,

They place a *HILL* on *Crupper-Bone*.

The *COURT* is now the only Place

Where *Tails* are *Humble, Modest, Chaste*.

Where *Tails* look *Fine*, and yet are fit;

Where *Tails* are just as *Tails* thou'd fit.

Wherever *Glorious ANNE* does come,

'Tis there that *Tails* Adorn the *BUM*.

Neither too *Big*, nor yet too *Small*;

The *ROYAL TAIL*'s a *Rule* for all.

}

Ev'n *Furbelows* that were the *Sport*

In ev'ry *City, Town* and *Court*,

* A *Cambridge Bed-maker* is so notorious a Character, that this short Hint may suffice to discourage *A Search after Maids*, in that *Fam'd University*.

The *Bumpkin's* Jest, our *City Mocks*,
 The *Ladys* did so pleat their *Locks*,
 They'd *Furbelow* their very *Sm—cks*.
Thick Eye-Brows shall no longer show
 A Good (CHAST) *Furbelow* below ;
 No *MaiDs* will try to make them too.
 And they soon ran to that *Excess*,
 That *Furbelow* was all the *Dress*.
 From *Head* to *Waist*, from *Tail* to *Toe*,
 The *Sex* was all one *Furbelow*.
 Yet these that were so great a *Jest*,
 Were by our *MODEST QUEEN* redrest.
 Her *Life* and *Garb's* a perfect *Rule*
 To *Tails* that wou'd not play the *Fool*.

VIRGINITY is so decay'd,
 I'll *Search* no further for a *Maid* ;
 There's no such *Thing* I am *afraid*.
Afraid! no, here I *Pardon* ask
 Of *THORN-BACK* ; for a *Maid* she was,
 And still is *Maid*—— 'tis now her *Curse*.
 But *GOLD* alone does so prevail,
 Had *THORN-BACK* neither *Head* nor *Tail*,
 If she had *GOLD*, she yet wou'd sell.
 But, *THORN-BACK*, it is truly said,
 That thou art yet—— A *PURE MAID*,
 (If she be so that fain wou'd *Wed*.)
 But no *Man* dares approach thy *Bed*.
 You *COURT* indeed, wou'd bring us to't,
 “ But *Itching EVE* surcease thy *Suit*,
 “ *There's no Temptation* in such *Fruit*.
 “ Thy *Stock* is too much out of *Date*
 “ For *Tender Plants* t' *Inoculate*.
 Can *Wedlock* know so great a *Curse*,
 As putting *Husbands* out to *Nurse* ?
 If my *Affection* thou wou'd'st win,
 First cast thy *Hieroglyphick Skin*.
 I count thy *Tail*, and *Close Embrace*
 As out of *Fashion* as thy *Face* :
 And yet so long, 'tis since thy *Fall*,
 Thy *Fornication's* *Classical*.
 I'm no *Translator*, have no *Vein*
 To turn a *Woman* *Young* again.
 Wou'd I to *Sea*, it ne're shou'd be
 In an old *PINK* of *Sixty Three* ;
 In *Leaky Bottom*, a *Grey BARK*,
 That stood at *Font* for *Noah's Ark* :
 Whose wrinkled *POOP* in *Figures* furl'd,
 Describes her *Travels* round the *World*.

Or were thy Tail and Vessel spread,
 So as to prove thee PUKE MAID,
 'Tis but the Dail Husk of a Maiden-head.
 If 'twere my Lot, I do confess,
 For to make MUMMY of thy Grease,
 Or swop thee to a Paper-Mill;
 This were Extracting Good from Ill.
 How canst thou then delight my Sense
 In Beauty's Preterperfect Tense?
 Or think I'll kiss that Free-stone Face,
 Which wears but the RECORDS of Grace?
 But if thou needs will be my Spouse,
 First hearken and attend my Vows:

*When Ætna's Fire shall undergo
 The Penance of the Alps in Snow;
 When Sol, at one Blast of his Horn,
 Posts from the Crab to Capricorn:
 When all these Contradictions meet,
 Dear THORN-BACK, thee and I will greet
 Then (Madam Time) be ever Bald,
 " I'll not thy Perriwig be call'd.
 " I'll never be, 'stead of Lover,
 " An Aged Chronicle's new Cover.*

Or say thou wert a PURE MAID;
 (That Time has only Leaky made,)

Yet still I shou'd thy Kisses fear,
 They turn my Stomach—— come not near;
 A THORN-BACK's Breath corrupts the Air.

Or shou'd I Wed (as some have done)
 To live when I am Dead and gone,
 (In an Immortalizing Son)

This is what Nature wou'd not give;
 Nor cou'd I Touch your Teeming-Hive,
 For THORN-BACKS Tails do stink alive.

What Man is there that wou'd not chuse
 The Hempen 'fore the Marriage Noose?

Or in so plain a Case wou'd falter,
 To take the Ring to leave the Halter.*

" THORN-BACKS (tho' Maids) as one expresses;
 " Are uniform—— In Uglinesses.

Then of Two Evils chuse the least,
 (And which that is may soon be guest.)

* Monsieur Rago, when condemn'd for Plundering, was to Marry, or be Hang'd, and chose the latter; as (perhaps) some others wou'd do, had they the same Frighful Notion of Marriage Rago had.

Woo you the Rape and not the Beauty,
 And bid the Hangman do his Duty.
 For Maids are scarce, (if ever found)
 And Thorn-backs set you in the Pound.
 There's small Odds 'twixt being Hang'd or Drown'd.

Thus, having made distinct Essay
 On Wives, and Widows, gone astray,
 On Whores (and Maids) as Lewd as they,
 I'll next proceed to Name the Tails
 That I Detected at the WELLS,
 That Whor'd, and Gam'd, did nothing else.

1.

First MOL—— She is a PIMP to all;
 But now her Fat and Tail does fall,
 She is so out of Favour,
 Sir Thomas D—— first made the Way,
 And now the Cullys leave her.

2.

Gl——ter's Tail gives Place to few,
 Conquest to her Face is due,
 So Charming are her Features;
 But from her WINE, and Humours too,
 Good Lord, preserve all Creatures.

3.

T——n has a Whoring Tail,
 But now she's old her Back does fail.
 Then BEAUS, be not mistaken,
 Tho' she still stalks, upon the WALKS,
 Her House is quite forsaken.

4.

T——ret's Fair, and wond'rous Fine,
 To her Tail all must resign:
 But yet it is suspected,
 Altho' her Face is full of Charms,
 Her Brain lies still neglected.

5.

R——d's TAIL's a Punchanello Right,
 And oftentimes her self does fright,
 Which maketh Gr——nge to wonder;
 He swears she's RIGHT, Whores Day and Night,
 As he hath often found her.

6.

E——ot's Sempstress of the Court,
 And yet her Tail's unfit for Sport:
 Old Maids are out of Fashion:
 When Doll—— bears this, I greatly fear,
 'Twill put her Tail in Passion.

F——sted

7.

F——sted leads a Merry Life,
Betwixt a Mistress and a Wife,
He doth so lay about him;
But M——dock's Tail does now prevail,
She will not Whore without him.

8.

B——ld, prithee tell me why
That thou on B——rd look'st awry,
And seemest for to scorn him;
Whoe're he be, I'll tell't to thee,
I am sure thou wilt HORN him.

9.

Mid——ton to Beauty's Throne
Pretends as far as any one,
Yet let her not depend on't;
For when her Tail wou'd most prevail,
She's seen, and there's an End on't.

10.

H——let he hath had a Loss,
Which to his Lady proves a Cross,
Her Tail is so mistaken;
He makes a Show, but not Below,
For H——let is a Capon.

11.

Gr——ve's Tail does Court, but ne've prevails;
To gain each MORN she never fails
A SPARK—— yet here's the Sorrow,
Her Fate's so Ill, the Captive still
Escapes before the Morrow.

12.

S——nds keeps her Tail in great Applause,
But I think she hath little Cause,
For she receiv'd a TOKEN;
Captain R——s gave her a Dose,
And now the Truth is spoken.

13.

Sp——row's Charms to all appear,
But her Tail is thought severe,
Which makes a Sighing Lover;
Yet her Eyes are not so nice,
But they some LUST discover.

14.

But L——vel's Tail doth most amaze,
She is for all, and none can pass,
When to the WELLS she walketh;
G——per swears he'll slit their Ears,
The next that with her talketh.

~~THE END~~ G 2

H——th's

15.

H——th's *as Pert as any she,*
Her Wit and Tail are very free;
But yet, whate're's the Matter,
Whene're they cry, Dear H——th we die,
 The Rogues but lye and flatter.

16.

S——bell, B——nks, and all the Crew
Of weaker Lustre, Old and New,
That are, or wou'd be handsome;
Your Tails command, your Lust disband,
 Be Chaste, tho' blith and Gamesome.

The *Tails* here nam'd were often found
 (With *Tails* severely Chaste and Sound)
 But were not known for LONDON CRACKS,
 Or had been HISS'D upon the *Walks*.
 But of all *Tails* that made a Jest
 Of *Whoring*, *Gaming*, *Scrutting* CREST,
 C——s top'd all in PRIDE and LUST. }
 She therefore never miss'd the WELLS,
 To Cool her Tail and something else:
 For she must needs be Hot and Gay
 That keeps TWO EACKS in constant Pay,
 That still grudge on; (but yet they Fool her)
 For here she has a better Cooler.
 And who can tell, if she wou'd fast,
 (And Tunbridge-Waters wou'd but Pass) }
 But they might make her CHASTE at last?
 'Tis Time you'll say! (and something more)
 For she Whores' on at Fourscore.
 Then who can view this Succubus,
 And not be with Amazement struck!
 That such a Rimpant Painted Thing
 Shou'd make a Cully of a K——
 She's false, and Goatish, Proud, and Bold,
 She's ugly, as you see, and Old.
 And in a Word, her Mighty GRACE
 Is W—— in all Things but her Face.
 She's Tunbridge-Talk—— but tell me this,
 What a Lewd CRACK OF FASHION is;
 'Tis she that at the Looking-glass
 Spends all her Wealth to Paint her Face,
 And CURLS (almost) her very A—— }
 That smells of Essence and Perfume,
 That does from Rich Arabia come;
 Yet has no Profit from her Tail,
 But lrys her LUST, and some does steal;

That Legs and Arms in Postures throws,
 And OGLES for the *Handsome Beauties*.
 That keeps a HORSE-LEACH in her B. ———
 And whilst that lives is never Rich.
 That writes *Lewd Billets* too and fro,
 Does ev'ry Gallant's *Mistress* know,
 In short, the CRACK of Fashion's this;
 She WHORES, but is above a MISS,
She'd buy, not sell Adulteries. ——— }
 She's a meer C ——— for L ——— ry, }
 For sure on Earth there cannot be }
 A Lewder BEAST, or CRACK than she! }
 But since her QUALITY is this,
 That she was once a R ——— M ———
 Great K ——— r, (for he is no Stoick)
 Shall further Paint her in Heroick.

Then G ——— y come, and see you play your Part,
 For there comes C ——— and wou'd try your Art.
 You must not DRAW what doth before you sit,
 But all that FANCY can Restore to it.
Painters are Kin to Poets, and you may
 Have Liberty to Feign as well as they.
 For 'tis in you that all our Hopes we place,
 Your PENCIL is the Beauty, not her FACE. }
No! that (God knows) is in a Rueful Case. }
 But if I might direct you in her PHIZ,
 (And for her Tail ask F ——— what it is)
 Place Lustre in her EYES, tho' there's none shone,
 (*As Isles are put in Maps, to th' World unknown*)
 And in them make a Hundred CUPID'S play,
 And force their DIMNESS to break into Day,
 Draw not the LILLIES as they grow alone,
 But Mix'd with ROSES, tho' not of her own.
 Make the RIPE SUMMER in her Cheeks to swell,
 Tho' PINING WINTER there doth always dwell.
 Contract that MOUTH whence Tempting Words did flow, }
 Make her NOSE short, tho' Nature did not so; }
For few that Whore have any NOSE to show. }
 In short, as *Mystick Hebrew* backward lies,
 And *Algebra's* guess'd by Absurdities,
 So must you DRAW her, for who wou'd suppose
 That Painted Piece of Wainscot were a Nose?
Egyptian Antiquaries might survey;
 Here *Hieroglyphick's* Time hath worn away,
 And wonder at a D ——— Face, more Odd
 And Antick than was e're a *Memphian God*.

Then C—— how shall Painter do thee Right?

Thou art so Strange, so Vile, so Lewd a Sight;

Bold *Messaline* was but a Type of thee,

Thou Highest, last Degree of L——ry.

Nay, having all her Lewdnesses out-ran,

Tak'it up with *INCUBUS** having tyr'd Man.

For what is else that *STALLION*, *Camry*, *Black*

Thou from the Play-House to thy Arms didst take?

G——, the Devil, (that's an *Eternal Rake*.) †

Nor does Old Age, which now rides on so fast,

Make thee come short of all thy Lewdness past.

Tho' on thy Head Grey Hairs, like *Ætna's* Snow

Are shed, thou'rt *Fire and Brimstone* all below.

Painter mind this, and if you'd do her right,

Draw her LEWD POSTURES in a Secret Light,

Then Paint that *STONE-HORSE* which she views by Night.

* *Incubus*, the Devil in Man's Shape lying with Women,
as *Succubus* with Men.

† A *Rake* is the Reverse of his Name, who has usually been either too much indulged or too much restrain'd under the Care of his Father. When the Old Man goes under Ground, and the Estate comes to the Young Squire, he first begins to qualify at the *Dancing-School* and the *Play-House*; at the former he learns to put off his Hat, to hold up his Head, and walk upright with his Arms hanging down like a Pair of Sticks, how to make his *Ingress* and *Egress*, and salute the Company; together with the necessary Accomplishments of dancing a *Minuet*, a *Boree*, &c. Thus far there's no Harm in it. At the *Play-House* he learns to swear in the *Fashion*, his Imagination is debauch'd, and he falls a Drinking and Whoring, Two Diversions, that abating the Sin, have nothing but Prisons, Diseases and Death at the Heels of 'em. In the Business of W——ring, so long as his Patrimony can support it, he plays at High Game, carries his Breeches full of *Billet-Deux*, *Assignations*, &c. What the Old Gentleman took abundance of Care to get and secure, he lets fly like Gun-powder, upon *Diamond-Rings*, *Gold Watches*, &c. for his *Phyllis*. Then he must treat her with Plays, Balls, Revels, and Masquerades, and hire a Coach, and Attendants twice a Year down to *Bath*, *Epsom* or *Tunbridge*: Upon the Cloudy Temper of his *Charmer*, she must have a Pearl Necklace, Gold Locket, &c. In a little while Debts and Distempers growing upon him in Proportion, He's thrown to Rot in a Jail, or an Hospital, where he usually dies an Atheist for the Relief of his Conscience.

Touch at the LADY'S TAILS.

47

Draw her, let's see—— (on Signs, or in a Cage,)
A Monstrous Thing—— in whom at once doth Rage
The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.
Dear Painter then thy Skilful Pencil take,
And make these Words to Issue from her Mouth.

Mortals stand off, J — C—— was the Fair,
But now a Coward, Wither'd, Cast off all——

Now if thou further wouldst employ thy Art,
And have Instructions for her NETHER PART,
(I mean her Tail, K—— C—— Admir'd Part,)
Dear K——r Pardon me, for ought I know
The Devil or her St——on is below:
(Or if a Jest thy LIMNING wou'd avail,
'Tis thus—— There's R—— MUTTON in her Tail.
And if I prove this Transmigration,
She Whores in ev'ry Tail and Nation,
And not unlike—— 'Tis all her Recreation.

I cou'd Expose some other Tails,
At Epsom, Hamstead, Tunbridge-Wells;
But here's Lampoon enough for Sale.
For I have given Tails a Touch;
And Bumography-Art is such,
In Writing little we say much.
Now, Tempting Bum I'll lead thee Home,
As big as Scipio ent'ring Rome.
For such as Faults with Tail have found,
Here's a Fair Bump—— You're Welcome Round.

Thus have I Touch'd the Lady's Tail,
Of ev'ry Age, Degree, and Ail.
There's nothing else I saw at WELLS,
On which my MUSE cou'd Chime the Bells.
There's nought but RUMP I do protest,
Is worth the telling for a Jest.
The Tunbridge Tails did strut so high,
They Justify BUMOGRAPHY.
But here the Ladys will Retort,
As 'tis their Tails make all the Sport,
We ought to KISS, not Lash 'em for't.
No, Gals! the Beaus are oddly drest,
And live as much as you in Jest.
Their Life's a sort of Merry Feast.
Then leaving now the Female Crew,
I'll give Men's Tails a Touch or two.
And then on MUSE I will prevail
To give Farewel to Dipping Tail.

But

But first, (or we do nothing else)
I'll have a Touch at Tunbridge-Wells,
For 'tis a Cooler for the Tails.

Not many Hours I had enjoy'd of Rest;
In that sweet Habitation of the Blest,
Where solitude, and Liberty to those
Who there Lih bit, give a Sound Repose.
But *Blooming East* expos'd the World to Light,
Placid arising, banish'd from our sight
The *Glimmering Moon*, and every lesser Light;
Forcing my Window, importun'd my Eyes,
With *Chearful Beams*, invited me to rise.
The *Larks* were up, already, mounted high,
And with their *Chearing Notes* ha'nll'd the Sky.
The *Sparrow* chir'd, the *Thrush* and *Blackbird* sung,
With *birds* of *several* kind all the Country rung.
Whilst *Nature's* soft *Musicians* sing and play
Thus *around* about me, without *tidler's* Pay,
More Natural, less *Merc'rary* than they;
I dress space, not like the Men that woo;
But *clap on Cloath*, as men of *Business* do.
Dress'd, I went forth, and took the Path that brings
To *Tunbridge-Wells*, (that *SPAW* of *English Springs*.)
For *both* 'tis wild, but sweet, and pleasant Heath;
And as I go, I quicken with the Breath
Of *Air*, perfume'd with *fresh* and fragrant *Earth*.
Each way you come some *New Built Houses* stand,
You'd think some *Little City* were at Hand,
So plac'd, so pretty, that as you come down,
They look like *Suburbs* of some pleasant *Town*.

Here's *ADAM's* First *Felicity*; Nay, more,
They've some *long* *Adam* had not heretofore.
No *Moral* here for *Fruit* he eats is chid,
No *APPLE*, *Meat*, or *Fruit* is here forbid.
Beyond the *Walks* — (but on a *Lower Ground*)
Butchers *several* seen, from hence, are to be found
In *little*, but *clean* *Shops*, where they conceal
The *finest* *Mutton* and the *whitest* *Veal*.
All *Tails* mix here, both *Poor*, and *Rich*, and *High*;
All *Meats* sold here, all *sorts* of *Men* here *Buy*,
All *Appetites* *Vote* *Uniformity*.
The *Lobster*, *Oyster*, and the *Crab* we see
Good *Horned* *Heathers* eat as well as we.

Here *Horses* are with *Historys* repleat,
Drawn, *Humane*, all *mutua* *Pleasures* giving;
With work so *lively* — *Exquisite* and *Neat*,
As if *Adam's* *Art* made *Mortal* *Creatures* *Living*.

Pleasure it self doth here in Triumph ride,
 To make this Place the Ground of all her Pride.
 When BRASS did on the Golden Age intrude,
 A Happy Fate sure did this Place seclude!
 Here ev'ry Look doth Feast the Curious Eye,
 And bids the Soul gaze on Eternally.

What Prospect Charms like Crowbrough-Hill or Rye? *

In vain we Tipple Tunbridge-Wells and Air,
 In Hopes to leave the Thoughts of dying there;
 But these will Patch up Life 'till Four-score.

Oh Wells! Oh **Sion Mount!** † I'll say of thee,

A GARDEN in a Paradise wou'd be
 But a too mean PERIPHHRASIS of thee.

So Sweet the Air, so Moderate the Clime,
 None Sickly live, or die before their Time.

Our Dipping-Mother ‡ liv'd 'till Ninety Nine.

Oh! if Kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,

To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;

All my AMBITION I wou'd here confine,

And only this ELISIUM shou'd be mine.

But 'tis the WELLS that's Mother of the Place,

This Cools the Tail, and gives the Youthful Face.

Twice Twenty Nymphs still round about it stand,

Fair Country Maids, each with a Glass in Hand,

Reaching her Bounty forth, give with good Grace,

Full Cups, bestow'd by th' Goddess of the Place.

NATURE, the Soul of the Great World, we see

Demonstrating here, the Divinity.

And whether we admire her by the Name

Of Goddess, God, or Nature, 'tis the same.

We see Effects that can be none but his;

Adore Great God, in what great Nature is

This Divine Fountain! though 'tis Walled in,

Yet has no Covering, still by Heav'n seen,

Still Heav'n sees; beholds each Glorious Star,

Of which it feels the Influence so far.

But O ye MUSES all, Inspire me now,

That I the Bowels of the Earth may Plow.

* On these Two Hills are the sweetest (and most unlimited) Prospects there be in England, or (perhaps) in the whole World.

† Mount Sion, and Mount Ephraim, Two Noted Places near Tunbridge-Wells, do even Rival Montpellier in France, for Air and Rural Pleasures.

‡ Mother Jeffries, upon whose Death I've bestow'd an Epigy, at the Conclusion of these Sheets.

So dark these Paths are for a Muse to fly,
 The Secret's scarce Research'd by Philosophy.
 Whether they only Luminaries are
 That can produce a Miracle so rare,
 Or, by a Power Divine some Brighter Star
 Does pierce so deep, and influence so far.
 I can't say how! but Luminaries bring
 Out of the Earth this Wonder-working Spring.
 Ill Natur'd Earth! how could'st thou so long hide
 Such Pow'rs as these? was't thine or Nature's Pride?
 Cou'd she our Mistress, thou a Parent be,
 Not for so many Ages let us see
 This Antidote of our Mortality,
 Like Ghosts at first we here the Living meet,
 Muffled in Cap, Cloak'd, in long Winding-Sheet.
 If yet alive, not like the Living go,
 As if they liv'd wh'er Nature wou'd or no.
 Like Spirits they look, Hollow like Ghosts, they talk
 Amongst the Living just like Dead Men walk,
 When on a sudden a strange Change is made,
 They flourish all, who did so lately fade,
 Ev'n **POCKY TAILS** are here anew repair'd.
 As if the **FOUNTAIN** had a Power to call
 Back from the Dead; they who seem Bury'd all,
 Walk and arise from Living Funeral.
 Pity that ev'ry Winter shou'd deface
 That which in Summer is so sweet a Place:
 A Place where Modest Tails divert as well
 As any where; where **POET** still might dwell
 On a **PARNASSE**, near as Divine a **WELL**
 As **HELICON**, and in a Muse's Cell.
 Citys at first, they say, from Poets came,
 Why mayn't this **HELICON** do here the same?
 Let these Bright Springs some Brighter Name preserve
 Than Dirty Tunbridge; better they deserve.

Having shewn there's Health and Life in Tunbridge-Wells,
 That Womens Rumps are Proud, and full of Ails,
 The Tails of Rakes and Beans I'm here to Touch,
 And if I fetch the Blood they must nor grutch,
 For han't the Ladys Tails bin Jerk'd as much?

As for the **MEN** I saw at Tunbridge-Wells,
 They're strangely mix'd, a Hodge-Podge, nothing else.
 Here's Knight and Chimney-Sweeper at a Board,
 A Porter's there, Conjumbld with a Lord.

So't be for *Health* (or *News*) what Matter is't,
 Tho' *Count* and *Coblers* at it Hand to Fift?
 A *Scavenger* that a *Lac'd Coat* did see,
 (For at the *WELLS* all Men are mix'd and free;) }
 Crys out amain— *You Master Lord, here's t' ye.*
 A *Dray-Man* there, without the least *Rebuke*,
 Devoutly drinks unto a *Puny D*——
 Bless me! thought I, if *D*——s weigh no more,
 'Ten't worth the while to turn a *P*——ce's *W*——

Into a *Private Corner* next I got,
 (*Kind T*——ton's *Turkey-Chains* en't yet forgot) }
 Where near upon some *Thirteen Taylors* sat;
 Had you been *Heraclite* you needs must laugh,
 To think they only made a *M.m and Half*.
 These so must prais'd the *RUMPS* that walk'd for Sale,
 Their Hand (or *Heart*) was found in ev'ry *Tail*;
 For *Woman's Taylor*—— (that *Distinction* mind)
 Did first *Project* the *Strutting Rump* behind.
 In short, the *SPAWN* of ev'ry *Trade* was here,
 From *Goldsmith* high, to humble *Goldfinder*.
 Tho' of the *Two*, upon a *POET's* *Word*,
 Rather than be *Tom-Fool* I'd be *Tom-T*——

My *Faded Muse*, quite tyr'd with baser *Sights*
 Amongst the *GENTRY* (I'll assure ye!) lights:
 For sometimes *Cit* takes after *Dad*, and then
 (*As Tadpoles turn to Toads*) are *GENTLEMEN*.
 Well, down my *WORSHIP* fate amongst the rest,
 And made as *Gay* a *Figure* as the best.
 Whilst thus I fate a *Tacker* walk'd the *Rounds*,
 And frighted *TOM*— with *High* and *Mighty Z*——ds.
 Tho' *Swearing NED*, my *Neighbour*, then was wroth,
 I cou'd not farther reach than *Feth and Troth*!
 Yet, as the *Tacking Squire* by me past,
 I thought I'd have a *Swinging Thrust* at last.
 Gazing around with *Face* that feign'd *Content*,
 And *Eyes* tuck'd up with *Zealous Wonderment*,
 Unto the *Stars* I lift my *Ample Paw*,
 And cry'd, *A Braver Man* I never saw!
 Sure that was daring *Sirs*, for I dety
LESLIE or *FOE* to tell a greater *Lye*.
 'Twas stretch'd enough in *Conscience* one wou'd think,
 But what spoil'd all, I cou'd not *Damn nor Drink*.
 Thos Two *Fine Feats*, to his *Eternal GLORY*,
 Is the *Characteristick* of a *TORY*;
 His *Tail* and *Head* is perfect—*RORY WHORY*. }

But to return to *Tunbridge-Wells* again,
 To *Touch*, as I intend, the *Tails* of Men.
 Early we rise, and at the *WELLS* we take
Waters of Ice, for as we drink we quake.
 The Women too, in Kindness to the Nation,
 Take Hearty Draughts to Favour Generation:
 For *Tunbridge-Waters* (when dull Husbands fail)
 Do never miss to help a *Barren Tail*.

But be it as 'twill, my Corps being rally'd,
 From Dog-hole of Lodging one Morning I fally'd,
 I walk'd, and I strutted along like the rest,
 And thought hard of nothing as well as the best,
 'Till Two Pretty Ladies swum hastily by,
 Both finer than *FIPPENCE*, they dazl'd my Eye.
 I follow the Track and the Vision pursue,
 Meditation farewell, now the *GAME* is in View.
 I quickly got up, but they enter'd before,
 And cruelly shut the unmerciful Door.
 My Eyes kept a Fast, yet my Ears I cou'd treat,
 And yours shall take part while the Tale I repeat.
 " Madam, says one (while they're chatting together)
 " May I be so bold? what Wind blew you hither?
 She replies with a Sigh drawn up to her Chin,
 " 'Tis Weakness, Obstructions, and Weakness within.
 " My Husband's as likely a Man as you'll see,
 " A Man ev'ry Inch of him, take it from me!
 " Ay, and I'll assure ye——— &c.
 " Nay, never despair, Madam, 'tis not too late,
 " The *WAT'RING* your *Tail* will make you grow Fat.
 " I speak what I found, stay here but a little,
 " I warr'nt you return as *Round as a Kettle*.
 They stir'd and I fled, for my Ears and my Eyes
 Since a *Brave Retreat* with a *Victory*.
 I retir'd in spight of my Foes and my Fears,
 And bravely brought off both my *Eyes* and my *Ears*.
 Here the *Tails* of Young Women are still Crowding in,
 Tho' 'tis an Impertinence all must condemn,
 For my Task at present is *LASHING* the Men.

But of all *AMUSEMENTS* I found at the *WELLS*
Good Musick strike up——— I love nothing else:
 When *Tails* are Half Dead, they move whilst it plays.
 These Fiddlers I think are *Conjurers* made,
 For tho' I came down in a *Close Masquerade*,
 They knew me o'th' *Walks*, and salute me i'th' *Bed*.

HONEST TOM— You're welcome to Tunbridge they cry'd;
 I gave them a GEORGE, or the Rogues they had ly'd,
 They're Round-Headed-Cuckolds* and won't be deny'd.
 And 'tis pity they shou'd, for a Single Half-Crown.
 Pays the MUSICK at HOME, and pays it in Town;
 Pays the MUSICK o'th' WALKS and ev'ry where else,
 Good MUSICK's the Cheapest Thing at the WELLS.

Having drank Nine full Glasses and paid the FIDDLE,
 (For that is the *Stint* from Prince to the Beadle)
 We grow so Hungry (if the Waters Pass)
 That were we stop'd by Walls of Stone or Bass,
 We'd LEAP 'em all, for— we cou'd eat a Horse.

When DINNER's over, for Digestion's sake,
 Some active, free Divertisement we take;
 Dancing, or Bowling, as our Fancies lead,
 Or if you please, a LASS upon the Mead:
 For I must tell you that the Waters move
 The heated Senses, and provoke to Love;
 To LUST I mean, for MEN grow so Obscene,
 That a SHE-WAT'RING hardly cools the Flame,
 The SODOMITE is now an English Name.

When EVENING comes, and all the Ladys tir'd
 More with the Dancing, than with being— SQUIR'D.
 The WALKS are full, where Crowds of Men surround
 The Chearful Dames, whilst Box and Dice go round.
 Here at this Sport you'll meet with many a Cit,
 Free of his Gold, but sparing of his Wit;
 Ogling he throws, and ne're regards his Chance,
 But plays and loses on thro' Complaisance,
 'Till Tail has drain'd his Purse and turn'd his Brains.
 Nor doth the FOP repent, but still he cries,
 D——n Money, who was ever Rich and Wise?
 And swears that SUSAN G—— had Tempting Eyes.

Then at the SHOPS what Crowding, and what Pain
 Some undergo, to throw a Fatal Main?
 Which done, what Curses and what Oaths are found,
 To punish Fortune as she Wheels around?
 Play is a Practicé none shou'd ever use
 But such who can be easy when they lose.

* Alluding to their Mock-Tune of Round-Headed-Cuckolds
come dig, come dig, &c. which they play at your Lodging when
 you give them nothing for the Welcome they give you to
 Tunbridge.

Why shou'd *Blind Fortune* be the Mark of Blame?
But there's so Lewd a Worm i'th' Tail of Man,
 That his own Folly must divulge his Shame.
 Believe me, 'tis a most Diverting Sight
To see the Ladys, whom all Foys invite,
 Frisk up and down, and RAFFLE in each Shop,
 Engaging, by their FREEDOM, every Fop
 To joyn his Money, and present his Gains
 To the *Fair Creature* that distracts his Brains.

Or shou'd you see, by Aid of distant Light,
(As I did once, I can't forget the Sight)
 A NYMPH relying on the Shades of Night,
 Seize on a *Bashful Swain* with eager Love,
Whilst Smacking Kisses Eccho thro' the Grove;
 Wou'd you not think it was the Land of Blifs,
 Where *PSYCHE* did the God of Love Carefs?
 Some Trifling Difference in the Case I own,
 That where the GOD was press'd on Heavenly Down,
 Our NYMPH, whose Passion had renounc'd all Cares,
 Embrac'd her SWAIN upon the Rugged Stairs.
 Now who does Tempt to these Adulteries?
 'Tis MAN's the Dev'l, nay sometimes is the MISS,
 His Tail's a STEW—— 'Tis Circular in Vice.
 But the Sport being o're, all Travel that can
To whence they came — with their W — and their Man.
 And I, when my Guineas and Credit were spent,
Sneak'd Home in the Crowd like a Fool as I went.
 More I cou'd say of some Tails and some Men,
 But those I reserve 'till I come here agen.
 'Tis then I'll set THE BEAUS in open View,
But now (Dear Tunbridge) 'till next Year adieu.
 Take this in *Miniature*, a larger Piece
 I leave to those who draw with better Grace:

And now 'tis Time this — *Touch on Tails* — shou'd end
 With *Elegy* upon our DIPPING FRIEND.
 For to Lampoon the RUMPS that dress for Sale,
 And to say nothing of the *Dipping Tail*,
 Wou'd be ungrateful: Then I'll here bewail,
Old Jeffries Death with JOY, yet Flowing Tears,
 For she that COOL'D our Tails, that SUNK our Cares,
 Is Dead (*Poor Crane*) and DIP'D o're Head and Ears.

A
MERRY ELEGY
ON

Mother Jefferies,

THE

Antient WATER-DIPPER.

Soft ELEGY, design'd for Grief and Tears,
Was first design'd to Grace some Mournful Hearse;
This made Fam'd *Boileau* say, (who Rhim'd so well) }
The ELEGY that loves a Mournful Stile,
With unbound Hair weeps at a *Fun'ral Pile*. }

This we'll attempt, for *Jefferies* ELEGY
Shall weep her Death, had we no Tears to cry.
Grief, the SOUL'S SABLES in our Bosom lies,
A true Close Mourner at her Obsequies.
This Grief is mix'd with Joy, but such as ran
With Tears to drown the little World of Man,
He that survives this Loss may justly say,
His Soul doth Pennance in a Sheet of Clay.
But tell us, *Mother Jefferies*, why didst die,
And leave us all to write thy Elegy? }
What Man can grieve, where he must laugh and cry? }

Put *Paradox-Mourners* all draw near,
You now must weep, and weep without a Tear;
For since as *Oldham** and the Wits agree,
There may be Mirth and Love in ELEGY; †

* *Oldham* in Imitation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*. p. 8.

† The ELEGY, says *Rapin*, by the Quality of its Name is destin'd to Tears and Complaints, and therefore ought to be of a doleful Character, but afterwards it was us'd in Subjects of Tenderness, as in *Love Matters* and the like— See *Sir Thomas Blount's Remarks upon Poetry*. p. 63.

56 *A Merry Elegy on Mother Jefferies,*

Since to a Merry Note 'tis taught to move,
 And cloath our *Gayest Passions*, Joy, and Love.
 This *Paradox* I'll prove in Comick-Style,
 That we may Mourn, and yet laugh all the while.

But first we'll Ape **THE FUNERAL ALAMODE**,*
 That's act **RICH DISMAE** in a Black Commode;
For Joy's dress'd often in a Mourning Hood.
 And thus (Dear Crone) we give our Passion Vent,
 Not by an **ONION**, or by keeping Lent,
He Brews his Tears who studys to Lament.
 But Lighten'd by that **TORCH** our Sorrow bears,
 We sadly trace thy Coffin with our Tears:
 And though the *Ceremonious Rites* are past,
 Since thy **DEAD BODY** into Earth was cast;
 Though all thy *Hatchments* into Rags are torn,
 Thy Funeral Robes and Ornaments out-worn,
(If you had any, which we can't discern)
 We still thy **MOURNERS**, without Shew or Art,
 With Solemn **BLACKS** hung round about our Heart,
 This constantly the *Obsequies* renew,
 Which to thy **DIPPING** Memory are due;
 Thy very **TAIL** shall have a Tear or Two.

Pardon (Dear *Mother Jefferies*) that so late
 With **LAZY SIGHS** we do bemoan thy Fate,
 And with an *After-Shower* of Merry Verse
 And Tears, we thus bedew thy Aged Hearse.
 Two Years ago thy Tail cou'd hardly squeak,
 But 'till this Hour we did not sigh, or weep,
 Because we **SIMPLY** thought thou didst but sleep.
 Thou liv'dst so long we did not truly know
 Whether thou cou'dst (**AT LAST**) now die, or no.
 We staring look'd 'till when thou shoud'st arise,
And ope the Casements of thy Twinkling Eyes,
 Thy *Aged Feet*, which have been us'd so long
 To trace the **WELLS**, we thought must still trudge on.
 Thy *Itching Ears*, after an Hundred Year,
 Might now plead *Antient Custom* for to bear.
 Upon thy Aged Head that *Reverend Snow*
 Did dwell (*let's see*) some Sixty Years ago;
 And then thy **BEARDED** Cheeks did seem to have
The Sad and Black Remembrance of a Grave.
Jefferies wert thou e're young? for some do hold
 Thy very Tail was born both Lewd, and Old.

* The Name of a late Play, where an Actor call'd **DIS-**
MAE, acts the *Hypocritical Mourner* much to the Life.