

Gw. 48.

FOUR NEW POEMS

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CONSUMMATION:
OR, THE
R A P E
O F
A D O N I S.

Ite per exemplum genus O mortale Dearum!

Gaudia nec cupidis vestra negate viris.

—Nomenque erit indeleibile nostrum.

OVID.

Surpassing All the Joys of Jove Above
Is CONSUMMATION in the *Act* of LOVE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL, at *Pope's- Head*, in
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CONSUMMATION

OR THE

E A P E

TO

21 NOV 18

THE CONSUMMATION OF THE MARRIAGE DEDICATED

TO THE HONORABLE MR. JAMES F. GALT

BY THE REV. DR. JAMES F. GALT

1840.

THE CONSUMMATION OF THE MARRIAGE

OF THE HONORABLE MR. JAMES F. GALT

CONSUMMATION

THE CONSUMMATION OF THE MARRIAGE



T O T H E
R E A D E R.

LEST a Name so well known as that of ADONIS, in the Front of this *Amorous Essay*, should lead any one to conceive it contains only a Repetition of what has been fung of that young FAVOURITE of the QUEEN of *Smiles*, by BION, SHAKESPEARE, * or any other of the Antient or Modern Poets; I thought it necessary to

I. * SHAKESPEARE, himself, published A Poem, intitled, *Venus and Adonis*. It is written in the Stanza of Six, and contains 1194 Verses.

II. Anno 1651. THOMAS STANLEY Esq; translated, from the Greek, BION's *Idyllium on the Death of Adonis*, which he comprised in 98 Verses.

III. The Earl of Winchelsea has given us another Version within a les Number of Lines. To these Pieces we refer the Reader, who is curious to compare them with Ours.

inform

inform the Public that this is an
A D O N I S of *my Own*. However
sacred we ought to hold *Historic*
Truth, sure we may be free with
the *Fables of Antiquity*.

I H A V E therefore paid no Re-
gard to the *Antient Story*, any
farther than His being beloved
by VENUS; and in every other
Respect indulged my Imagination
with as much Freedom as if I had
made use of *another Name* for the
Subject of so extraordinary a R A P E.

Rapes of Women have long been
known to *Verse*; that of a Boy is
reserved a V I R G I N *Theme* for *mine*.

M A N Y of those have founded
in sonorous Numbers through
applaud-

applauding Centuries, and with undiminished Harmony shall delight a World unborn. Happy! if produced when they were *old* in *Fame*, my Song shall henceforward share their *Fortune*, and attend them down the *Stream* of *Time*, till, deserted by the *fading Beauties* of an *unfaithful Language*, the *Thought* (that *Soul of Poetry*) for want of being rescued from a *corruptible Body*, by some *future Friend to Love*, sinks with *That* into an *Obscurity*, which shall grow *deeper and deeper*, till *absolute Darkness closes over it for EVER.*



Q 1953

T O

The A U T H O R.

W H E N War's rude Hand wide-wafting
thinn'd the World,
And mighty Chiefs, from Life, indignant hurl'd,
'Twas then th' Atchievement of the *Bay-crown'd*
Head
With pious Labours to Embalm the Dead.

I N distant Climes while injur'd *Britons Rot*,
A happier Song attends their harder Lot:
Thy *Sun-like* Genius big with Life displays
Its Genial Infl'ence in un-number'd Rays;
And *Youths* and *Maids* who read thy jocund Strain,
Repair our Loss and fill our Isle again.

C U P I D.



THE
R A P E
O F
ADONISS.

WHILE some with CÆSAR's Praise defile the
Page,
Some with keen Satire scourge the venal Age,
And others tune the hoarse resounding Shell
To the rough Verse that martial Ardors swell,
With softer Music sounds my Silver Lyre,
My softer Theme shall smoother Verse inspire.

B

C A R E-

CARELESS of all that Gold or Glory bring,
 Of Love and Love's Delights entrapt I sing,
 Beneath CYTH'REA's Shade, Retreat divine !
 I sit, and round my Brows the Myrtles twine,
 While thro' the Grove as dye the wanton Lays,
 All Nature round a pleas'd Attention pays.

SCARCE (from her Arms as hast'ning PHOEBUS
 flew)

Had mild AURORA wept the silver Dew,
 When to the Chace the fair ADONIS hies,
 The Chace he lov'd, but knew not Love to prize.
 To him, the GODDESS of the GODS above,
 Bright VENUS moves, and fondly seeks his Love :
 Thrice fairer than myself, the Queen began,
 Disgrace to Nymphs in Beauty, yet a Man:

All

All-charming Wonder of the World below,
 More white and red than Doves and Roses show ;
 Thy Courser leave, let Hunting's dang'rous Joy
 The Limbs robust of Forms less fair employ :
 For soft Endearments fit, with me retire,
 And from my Lips receive a Lover's Fire ;
 The thousand thousand Joys of Charms divine,
 Those secret Sweets shall in return be thine ;
 My various Kiss — Satiety shall shun,
 One long as twenty, twenty short as one. —
 Then seiz'd his Hand, and found it like her own,
 Moist as the Dew-crown'd Flow'r ere PHOEBUS
 shone,
 Her Wish inflam'd, she clasps the Stripling round,
 And sets him blushing on the flow'ry Ground :

Then on the Grass her lovely Limbs she threw,
 And down the Boy with soft Compulsion drew.
 She strokes his Cheeks, and smooths his frowning
 Brow,
 And scarce her Kisses Room for Speech allow ;
 Confus'd, he cries her Conduct is amiss,
 What follows more, she smothers with a Kiss.

I N vain her Arts, her winning Arts she tries,
 The foward Boy her burning Wish denies ;
 Averse he turns when heav'nly Charms invite,
 Nor VENUS self can lure him to Delight :
 Canst thou (said she) when prostrate Beauty sues
 For countless Kisses giv'n, one Kiss refuse ?
 MARS, the fierce God of unrelenting Arms,
 Whom none withstand, I conquer'd with my Charms ;
 Prostrate

Prostrate that God, my Captive, and my Slave,
 Has begg'd for That which thou unask'd shall have;
 His Lance and Helmet o'er my Altars hung,
 The Hero danc'd, as lisping CUPID sung ;
 For me, in Silks his warlike Limbs he drest,
 And learn'd to wanton, dally, smile, and jest.
 Thus MARS Armipotent I rule, who sues
 For That which freely offer'd you refuse —
 Let not thy Charms in vain possess the Might
 To vanquish her who foils the God of Fight :
 Touch but my Lips with those dear Lips of thine,
 The Kiss shall be thy own as well as mine —
 Look not thus blushing on the Ground below,
 Where Flow'r's unconscious of the Blessing grow.
 Look in my Eyes, where all thy Beauties play,
 Where dying Softness joins the pointed Ray :

Bashful

Bashful and coy art thou, afraid to kiss,
 When none are present but who share the Bliss ?
 Alone, unseen, of what art thou afraid ?—
 Secure we wanton in the secret Shade :
 The Flow'rs that bear our Weight can never say
 That VENUS here beneath ADONIS lay ;
 Can never whisper that my naked Charms
 They saw, or saw me clasp thee in my Arms —
 Be coy no more, from Nature learn that none
 Live useless here, or for themselves alone ;
 Flow'rs are for Smell, and Fruits for Taste design'd,
 For Woman Man, and Man for Womankind :
 Plants, Plants produce ; and Seeds, arise from Seeds ;
 In genial Hours — so Beauty Beauty breeds ;
 Thou wert begot, and to beget must prove
 Thy Duty, for the World subsists by Love.

The

The pouting Boy impatient hears the Voice
 That peoples Earth, and bids the Gods rejoice ;
 No more of Love he cries, the hast'ning Sun
 Thro' half the Circuit of the Skies has run ;
 O ! let me now my darling Joys partake,
 And this lone Wood for flying Lawns forsake.

UNKIND, she cries, and holds him to her
 Breast,

Thus to deny the Queen of Love's Request —
 Fye ! lifeless Picture, cold and senseless Stone,
 Statue, contenting but the Sight alone ;
 Well-painted Idol, Image dull and dead,
 Thing like a Man, but of no Woman bred ;
 Man thou art not——but here the Goddess staid,
 Again she smil'd, nor could she more upbraid :

And

And while her Arms the strugling Boy confine,
Who undelighted prest her Charms divine,
She thus resum'd with more than mortal Grace,
Transporting Ardors kindling in her Face :
Why strives my Love o'er distant Scenes to range ?
What absent Beauty tempts thy Soul to change ?
My Arms surround thee, and within that Ring,
Whate'er is charming blooms in endless Spring ;
Each gay Variety thy Eye can see,
For J o v e in Nature has but copy'd me ;
In these fair Locks, that o'e: my Neck incline,
Behold the Tendrils of the wanton Vine ;
In those soft Breasts you press, the Hills are seen,
And the low Valley in the Space between ;
Thence see the Plain, the level Lawn extend,
In sweet Declension see the Margin bend ;

There

There Ever-fruitful, pregnant with Delight,
 The Moss-grown Fountain courts the roving Sight.
 O'er all thesee various Charms unbounded rove,
 And what thus lovely shews, O ! learn to love.

C E A S E , cease, he cries, perplex my Mind no
 more
 With Things unknown, and dark mysterious Lore ;
 'Tis Hills and Lawns, those Hills and Lawns around,
 Where runs the Boar, and where the Horns resound ;
 Those Founts where Hunters from the Chace retire,
 And those alone I know, and those admire ;
 Those healthful Scenes my vig'rous Youth employ,
 I know not Love, nor wish to taste his Joy.
 Ah ! when you speak, th'enamour'd Queen replies,
 Melodious Discord strikes with sweet Surprise,

C

The

The Sounds delight me ; but the Sense they bear
 Invades my Heart, and leaves keen Anguish there.

GRANT then the Wish of my impatient Heart,
 The Boy reply'd, and we will kindly part ;
 A Kiss I proffer for the Leave to fly
 Ere yet the Sun illumines the nether Sky.
 Tho' still the wily Fair to keep him meant,
 Pleas'd with the Am'rous Bribe she feign'd Consent :
 Her Arms, her Iv'ry Arms his Neck embrace,
 To Bosom, Bosom joins, and Face to Face ;
 Till faint and breathless, to give o'er he try'd ;
 But she more fast the balmy Kisses ply'd ;
 Resistance vain, at Mercy now he lies,
 Her eager Wish a Thousand scarce suffice.

At

At length with Smiles th' All-lovely Queen withdrew
 Those Lips where Gods might sip ambrosial Dew :
 Careless of these, with countless Charms tho' fraught,
 He ask'd the dear-lov'd Liberty he bought ;
 With winning Grace and wanton Dalliance wove,
 Soft Sounds thus answer'd for the Queen of Love :
 The Boar, the Boar our Parting has delay'd ,
 Or now my Love had far from VENUS stray'd ;
 How can I yield Thee from my soft Embrace
 To such a rough, to such a dang'rous Chace ?
 Will he thy Charms, thy blooming Beauties prize,
 On which I fondly gaze with doating Eyes ?
 Say, will his savage Fury learn to spare
 Thy Life, because I love, and thou art fair ?
 O ! let him still possess the secret Cave,
 Nor tempt the Terrors of a timeless Grave.

When late you nam'd him, tho' thy Hand I prest,
 The Blood ran cold, and shiv'ring thro' my Breast.
 Didst thou not mark the varying Dyes of Fear,
 Which none can feign, o'er all my Face appear?
 Didst thou not feel me shake beneath thy Charms,
 As close I prest thee in my folding Arms?
 Spare then my Pain, the Fault of Love forgive:
 Think in thy Life that I alone can live.
 For tho' Immortal I shall ever Be,
 To L I V E means only to *exist* with T H E E:
 Without Thee BE I N G would be *Life* no more,
 And Heav'n would prove a dull detested Shore.
 In Love's soft Haunts no lurking Danger hides,
 There Pleasure flows, in uncorrupted Tides;
 For thy own Sake then chuse the flow'ry Way,
 In wanton Dalliance sport the Hours away;

No



No more let Hunting's dang'rous Joys invite,
But taste in Love a more sublime Delight.

T H E frowning Boy now found the wanton
Cheat,
And charg'd the laughing Goddess with Deceit ;
With all his artless Rhet'ric strove to prove
Her Conduct guilty, tho' its End was Love.
Resist no more, the smiling Queen reply'd,
For Reason, Nature, plead on Beauty's Side :
Whate'er the Means that lure Thee to fulfil
Great Nature's Law, and Jove's unchanging Will,
Of Bliss productive if they once succeed,
Are good ; for Happiness is Good indeed ;
And Love is Happiness ; for what can claim
But Love exalted, that exalted Name.

Cold

Cold fruitless Chastity to Vestals leave,
Whose erring Vows with Hate the Gods receive ;
Whose frantic Zeal destroys what Wisdom made,
And bids throughout the fair Creation fade ;
With other Wishes, other Views, while I,
Tho' more than Mortal, thus Consenting lie ;
The latent Essence only waits from Thee,
Unkind, the grateful Privilege to Be :
Kept back from Life a double Guilt is thine,
When now its Nature might be half divine :
Shall all in Thee (may ev'ry Pow'r forbid)
In dark Oblivion be for-ever hid ?
So shouldst thou prove as deeply Nature's Foe,
As those who deal the self-destroying Blow,
As those whose Hands, amidst an impious Strife,
Destroy a Brother's or a Father's Life.

B E



BE free to use what Heav'n for Use has lent,
The Lamp that burns by Night is nobly spent ;
'Tis made that Light which wastes it to supply,
Nor can it live, till it begins to die ;
And made to Love was Man's majestic Race ;
For this, fair Woman charms with softer Grace,
And Love's propitious Precepts to obey,
Gives Bliss to Life, nor hastes the Mortal Day.
See to thy Duty then thy Bliss ally'd,
And Nature's Law to Happiness a Guide.

R A P T as she spoke, for no Reply she staid,
Resolv'd that Sense should act in Reason's Aid,
Her fair Right-hand, that trembled with Delight,
Soft-touch'd the mystic Source of genial Might :

The

The potent Touch awak'd the drowsy Pow'r,
 As the warm Ray revives the drooping Flow'r:
 The wanton Fair, in various Nature wise,
 Perceiv'd the Subject of Enjoyment rise,
 Perceiv'd with Rapture, and unfolds below,
 The Source of Bliss where living Waters flow;
 There pleas'd receives it, while her Eyes confess
 The fit Conjunction for the sweet Excel's:
 With ardent Haste her Arms around him twin'd,
 Her clasping Hands the lovely Bandage join'd,
 And (kind Compulsion) drew the blushing Boy
 To her soft Bosom panting for the Joy.
 Thus as she press'd him close and closer still,
 Nature consents in spite of wayward Will:
 And skill'd the mutual Rapture to excite,
 She gently mov'd and urg'd the fierce Delight,

By

By swift Degrees the thrilling Pleasures rise ;
Blest, and more blest, the wond'ring Stripling lies ;
He faints, he melts ; she feels the flowing Bliss,
That Bliss returns, and strains him with a Kiss :
In mingled Streams the mystic Pleasures move,
And Beauty's Goddess gives down all her Love :
In one soft Sigh the mighty Tumult o'er,
Life's rapid Flood distends the Vein no more ;
Silent and soft it rolls a gentle Tide,
Where pleasing Languors, calm Sensations, glide :
But who can tell with how much Bliss opprest
The Youth, now sunk upon the Goddess' Breast ?
If more than Sense can well sustain, we find
The Bliss to frail Mortality assign'd,
When Mortals prove the Force of Charms divine,
A deeper Slumber must the Soul confine.
— To Life unconscious, in her Arms he Lies,
And a short Darkness shades his swimming Eyes :

But, Nature soon victorious in the Strife,
 Again he feels the warm Returns of Life ;
 But griev'd perceives his wonted Vigor fled,
 And o'er his Limbs unusual Faintness spread :
 Sullen he rises from CYTH'REA's Arms,
 And eyes with Hate the Queen in all her Charms ;
 With frowning Brows, and Cheeks where Anger
 drew

New Tracts of Beauty in a crimson Hue,
 Sor'crefs, said he, thy cursed Arts compel
 Strange Ills to rise, and Nature to rebel ;
 Thy fair Pretences, and thy specious Show,
 Conceal the Ruin of the World below ;
 You scatter Death in Words that Love pretend,
 And dire Destruction with soft Dalliance blend.
 Thro' my sick Heart I felt th'infernal Fire,
 The raging Tumult that Thy Spells inspire ;

The



The vital Stream which Life's bright Lamp supply'd,
Thy curs'd Enchantments have for-ever dry'd.

I faint, I fall a Victim to thy Pow'r,
And sick'ning Nature marks the Mortal Hour.

Withdraw ye Gods! ye gracious Gods, whose Sway
In Earth and Heav'n 'tis Pleasure to obey ;

The Pow'r malevolent that lurks behind
This Mask of Beauty to destroy Mankind :

O! let your Bolts in right'ous Veng'ance fly,
Appease my Shade, and blast her as I Dye.

Silent till now, loud-laugh'd the *Cyprian Dame*,
To hear the Boy with frantic Rage exclaim ;

And thus reply'd, as from the Grafs she rose,
Discard thy Fears, thy troubled Thoughts compose ;

Secure from Death, to Sleep thy Eyes resign,
Or quaff the Juice that swells the purple Vine ;

Then from the Draught shall new-born Ardor spring,
Or the gay Morn thy wonted Vigor bring,

Then thy warm Fancy with Delight shall stray
 O'er all the Scenes of this departing Day ;
 The Joys now first posses'd, (a shining Train!)
 In fair Ideas shall be found again ;
 Thought o'er and o'er, and thou shalt long to prove
 Again my Whispers were the Voice of Love,
 While all the Doubts, the Virgin Fears, that now
 Depress thy Heart, and cloud thy lovely Brow,
 Shall (tho' thy Thoughts would fain those Pains
 restore)
 Fade from thy Mem'ry, and be found no more.
 — She ended smiling, and no more suppress'd
 The dazzling Rays that Deity confess'd;
 A sudden Splendor wide illum'd the Place,
 And hid from Mortal Eye each softer Grace ;
 The sporting Loves around their Mother throng,
 And nigh the Dove-drawn Chariot moves along.

She

She mounts, the Air obsequious yields her Way,
 And whisp'ring Gales their Adorations pay ;
 Aloft SHE soars and soon regains the Sphere,
 Where now she shines a STAR to Mortals Here.

D A M O N and A M O R E T.

D A M O N.

COME to these Arms, to this impatient Heart,
C Life of my Life, my Soul, my Better part.

A M O R E T.

To that impatient Heart, those twining Arms
 I fly, transported with thy Manly Charms.

D A M O N.

WHILE thus I press thy Breast, and taste thy Kiss,
 The Pangs of Absence are o'erpaid with Bliss :
 My Body then, tho' wayward Fate with-held,
 And in my Bosom Love in vain rebell'd.

My Soul unbound, and unconfin'd to Place,
 Still heard thy Voice, and still beheld thy Face;
 Each rising Morn, each Noon, each dewy Night,
 Officious Fancy gave her faint Delight:

W H E N last I slumber'd on my lonely Bed,
 A faithless Vision play'd around my Head ;
 Methought I saw my Charmer loosely drest,
 Full to my View disclos'd her panting Breast ;
 On either Cheek the deep'ning Roses blow'd,
 Her sparkling Eyes with blest Impatience glow'd ;
 L O V E led himself thy Steps to where I lay,
 By twining Myrtles close conceal'd from Day ;
 The wanton Boy thy azure Vest unbound,
 I saw thy Cestus kiss the flow'ry Ground ;
 Loose to the Wind, the Robe behind thee flew,
 The Lawn beneath forbid a nearer View,

Fann'd



Fann'd by the Gale o'er mad'ning Charms it play'd,
 And from thy Waist, half-hid and half betray'd;
 Love saw my Wishes in my Face exprest,
 And be, said he, to all thy Wishes blest—
 Smiling he spoke—and while enrapt I gaz'd,
 The Veil his Bliss-bestowing Fingers rais'd—
 What saw I then! what Language can declare
 The thousand Beauties Jove had lavish'd there?
 Of falling Snow the pure unsullied Hue,
 The Dove's soft Down, the more than heav'nly Dew;
 I rose to clasp Thee, but ungen'rous Fate
 Withdrawn the Form, I rose to clasp too late.

A M O R E T.

No more shall Fancy's Scenes elude thy Touch,
 Thine are my Charms, or what Thou fancy'st such;
 See, from my Limbs I loose the flowing Vest,
 To thy dear Eyes disclose my panting Breast;

What-



Whate'er this Lawn from other Eyes conceals,
 To thee thy AMORET with Joy reveals:
 See if thy flatt'ring *Dream* my Form bely'd,
 When CUPID led me blushing to thy Side;
 Nor is he absent now, nor aught he brings,
 For in my Breast I feel him clap his Wings—
 And Thou shalt kindle at my Touch, and prove
 The dear, the blest *Reality* of Love.

DAMON transported, clasp'd the panting Maid,
 And round the Pair there fell a conscious Shade;
 So VENUS will'd, whose all-pervading Eye
 Behind the Curtains mark'd me as a Spy.
 For that's the Boy, said she, who rashly bold,
 My tend'rest Joys with dear ADONIS told;
 Here should he gaze, what Secrets might he tell,
 Whose rambling Fancy hit the Truth so well.



T H E

RESURRECTION,

T A L E.

ONE Morn as in Bed with dear CLOE I lay,
 Sleep stole on our Eyes, as the Shades stole
 away,

But Miss waking first, with the Sports of the Night
 Not contented, but wishful of further Delight,
 With Embraces and Kisses my Slumber destroy'd,
 And (says she) these dear Moments should all be
 enjoy'd ;

E

Can

Can you sleep when I'm waking, and wishing, and
kind,

With the Thoughts of past Joys, to repeat I'm
inclin'd ?

When the Morning indulgent to either fond Lover,
My Beauties to Thee, Thine to Me will discover?—
I wak'd, and look'd up on the Wanton with Eyes
Which show'd less Desire by far than Surprize,
And (says I) my dear CLOE (and look'd very grave)
Compose your self pray, for (believe me) you rave:
What! thinks my dear Girl that a Passion like mine
Is no more than Mankind have in common with
Swine ?

I'll never believe (tho' an Angel should swear)
But that your's is a nobler, a purer by far,
Let us vie with the Beings in Raptures above,
My Love's all Seraphic, and such be thy Love;

Ah

Ah *Jacky!* (the laughing young Baggage reply'd)
 Talk this at the Honey-moon's End to your Bride,
 I know — what I know — Let me see — aye, I'm
 right,
 Your Love is less now, than I found it last Night —
 'Tis the most (without guilty Ambition) you can,
 While a Man you continue, to love like a Man ;
 Then tell me no more of the Seraphs above,
 And on Earth be content without heavenly Love,
 For if, when they sought to be Gods, Angels fell,
 Mankind, when they seek to be Angels, rebel.

Thus beat from my Quarters I shifted to new,
 And allow'd with a Sigh all she said to be true,
 But to love till our Deaths, my dear CLOE must know
 Is the utmost permitted to Mortals below ;
 Nay, let me add further, than This to do more,
 No Prude ever ask'd, and no Rake ever swore,

And you know, that o'ercome and opprest with
Delight,

I fainted and dy'd on your Bosom last Night,
Till then sure I lov'd like a Man, now the most
You can ask, or I do, is to love like a Ghost.

A M O M E N T she paus'd — will you promise,
says she,

When again you're alive to love no one but Me?
That I do from my Soul — tis enough, I don't
doubt

But to bring a *compleat Resurrection* about :
For a Prophet of old (as I'm sure I have read)
Stretch'd himself o'er a Child whom he Rais'd from
the Dead,

Now of this I'm resolv'd to make Tryal, d'ye see,
And, *Love*, to that End stretch my self over Thee,

'Twas

'Twas done in a Moment, and o'er me she threw
 A Leg of such Shape as APPELLES ne'er drew,
 Her Lips to my Lips, and her Breast to my Breast,
 She join'd with a Sweetness which can't be express'd,
 Her Arms clasp'd me round — I grew warm in
 the Strife,
 Till Death gave me up, and I kindled to Life ;
 But the Nymph found her Pleasure too great to
 restrain,
 And with Kindness Excessive she kill'd me again,
 So true is that Maxim — I sorrow, I sigh
 To repeat it — tis This, that, *We Live but to Dye.*



T H E

D I S P U T E.

SAGE COTTA grey, with Threescore Years
and Ten,
A pious Man, or such esteem'd by Men,
One Ev'ning thus with sober Speech began
Discourse with DAMON, which alternate ran.

C O T T A.

IN all the Bloom of Youth my Son be wife,
Nor slight my Counsel, nor my Age despise,
Thro' this vain Life tho' Pleasure we pursue,
Few are our Days, and will be evil too;

No



No human Art can change the gen'ral Doom,
 Or hire coy Pleasure from beyond the Tomb,
 Peace is the most vouchsaf'd to Man below,
 And Peace is Virtue's Lot alone we know :
 Cease then thy vain Endeavour to be blest,
 Strip off th' Embroid'ry from that taudry Vest,
 With hasty Steps no more to Banquets rove,
 And shun, ah! shun, the slipp'ry Paths of Love.

D A M O N.

S I R, I presume like me you hate the Pope,
 Then Reason, Sense, you'll let me trust I hope —
 They tell me often, if they tell me true,
 That Joy's my Captive when I Joy pursue ;
 The social Glas I feel thro' ev'ry Vein,
 My Soul responds to Musick's potent Strain,
 When C L O E smiling breaks upon my Sight,
 Thro' my whole Self I'm conscious to Delight :

And

And would your Wisdom have Embroid'ers beg
 With feign'd Diseases, or a bolster'd Leg ?
 In what I wear I feel a genuine Joy
 That I can Hands, I never saw, employ.

WISDOM's a *Name*, abstracted from its END,
 Substantial Wisdom to Delight must tend,
 No serious Thoughts I for themselves can prize,
 To plan New Joy indeed is to be Wise ;
 For this sometimes with thoughtful Brow I muse,
 Nor Reason's-Aid to work her Ends refuse,
 Bliss, as our Home, alone deserves our Care,
 And guiding-Reason safely leads us there,
 Ev'n Virtue's Self a Good we justly name,
 But as our Happiness is Virtue's Aim—

C O T T A;

C O T T A.

THE Wife will sure from fleeting Joys abstain
 Whose certain Consequence is lasting Pain,
 All Virtue's Joys in distant Prospect lie,
 Tis those of Vice alone can court us nigh,
 Hell yawns beneath, an ever-burning Pit,
 For those who dwell with Beauty, Wine, and
 Wit.

No frothy Jests my sober Lips disgrace,
 No Mirth's broad Laugh deforms my Manly Face,
 My temp'rate Draught the crystal Brook supplies,
 From my spare Meal with Appetite I rise.
 No Carnal Wish thro' all my blameless Life
 I yet indulg'd—and therefore took no Wife ;
 Or if thro' Frailty (All are frail) I stray,
 My Flesh to mortify, I fast, and pray,

F

Thus

Thus fear'd and honour'd, as a Saint, and Sage,
 I spent my Youth, and thus employ my Age;
 This tott'ring Clay when Earth no longer lends—

D A M O N.

Hold——e'er this pompous Declamation ends,
 Bid Jove (no longer thus profuse of Bliss)
 Correct a World so fit for Vice as this,
 Let genial Suns no more mature the Vine,
 Or rip'ning Oar inrich the flaming Mine;
 No Beams refracted various as they fall,
 Let One dim lifeless Colour cover All;
 No scent the Rose, the Peach no Flavour give,
 Be all the Millions damn'd with Life that Live,
 How Virtuous then the Race beneath the Skies,
 What boundless Praise from ev'ry Lip would rise!
 But stay——perhaps this Scheme is Idle Stuff,
 And ne'er could Damn us by a Tenth enough,

More

More sure the Present can attain the End,
 Where All conspires to prompt us to Offend,
 And Damn'd with TANTALUS if we abstain,
 With God knows who the Bliss if we Obtain.

C O T T A.

O ! horrid Wretch—

D A M O N.

Hold—yet a Moment stay
 Your heavy Censure, you shall hear me Pray,—
 Give me, O ! give me now the sparkling Bowl,
 Life of my Life, and Transport of my Soul,
 While this with Rapture fills the turgid Vein,
 Let Music pour its all-inspiring Strain ;
 Then fir'd and soften'd by Two Pow'rs Divine,
 The God of Harmony, the God of Wine,

For Love prepar'd, let smiling Love appear,
 With him, my Nymph, my fav'rite Nymph draw
 near,

The Thought alone her dear Idea brings,
 Her Eyes that speak un-utterable Things ;
 The trembling Lip, impatient to be prest,
 The falling Dimple, and the rising Breast ; .
 The nameless Charm, whose Central-Virtue draws
 The minor-World by sympathetic Laws ;
 With this dear Object of my fond Desire,
 Let me from Pomp, and Wealth, and Fame retire ;
 Without Ambition, can Content my Lot,
 The World forgotten, by the World forgot ;
 Till weary'd Nature asks a Change of Blis,
 And Friendship's Joys succeed to CLOE's Kis,
 Thus in One round of sweetly vary'd Joy,
 Let me, ye Pow'rs, my Days and Nights employ.—

A BILLE T

A BILLE T here a careful Porter brought,
 And broke the flow'ry Chains of DAMON'S
 Thought,
 Old COTTA left him with uplifted Eyes,
 And where the Paper call'd the Strippling Flies.

T H E S E Q U E L.

I W E I G H 'D in my Mind what on either
 Side past,
 Concluding that Truth lay between 'em at Laſt,
 And while this odd Contest ſtill run in my Head
 Went soberly Home, and directly to Bed ;
 Where no ſooner aſleep than APOLLO benign
 Thus ſpoke in a Dream, (what He ſpeaks is Divine)

“ I come

" I come from the Lap of my THETIS below,
 " Of what you heard lately the Sequel to shew ;
 " Like a wicked young Dog too abandon'd to
 " mend,
 " DAMON run with Ten Pieces in haste to his
 " Friend,
 " Who just then sent him Word that he'd spent
 " his last Doit
 " On his favourite Girl, and his Bottle last Night,
 " While COTTA, devout as a Nun at her Prayers,
 " To be whipp'd for some Sin stole up Three Pair
 " of Stairs."



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