

PR
399
1963



The orange-girl at Footel's to
Sally Harris

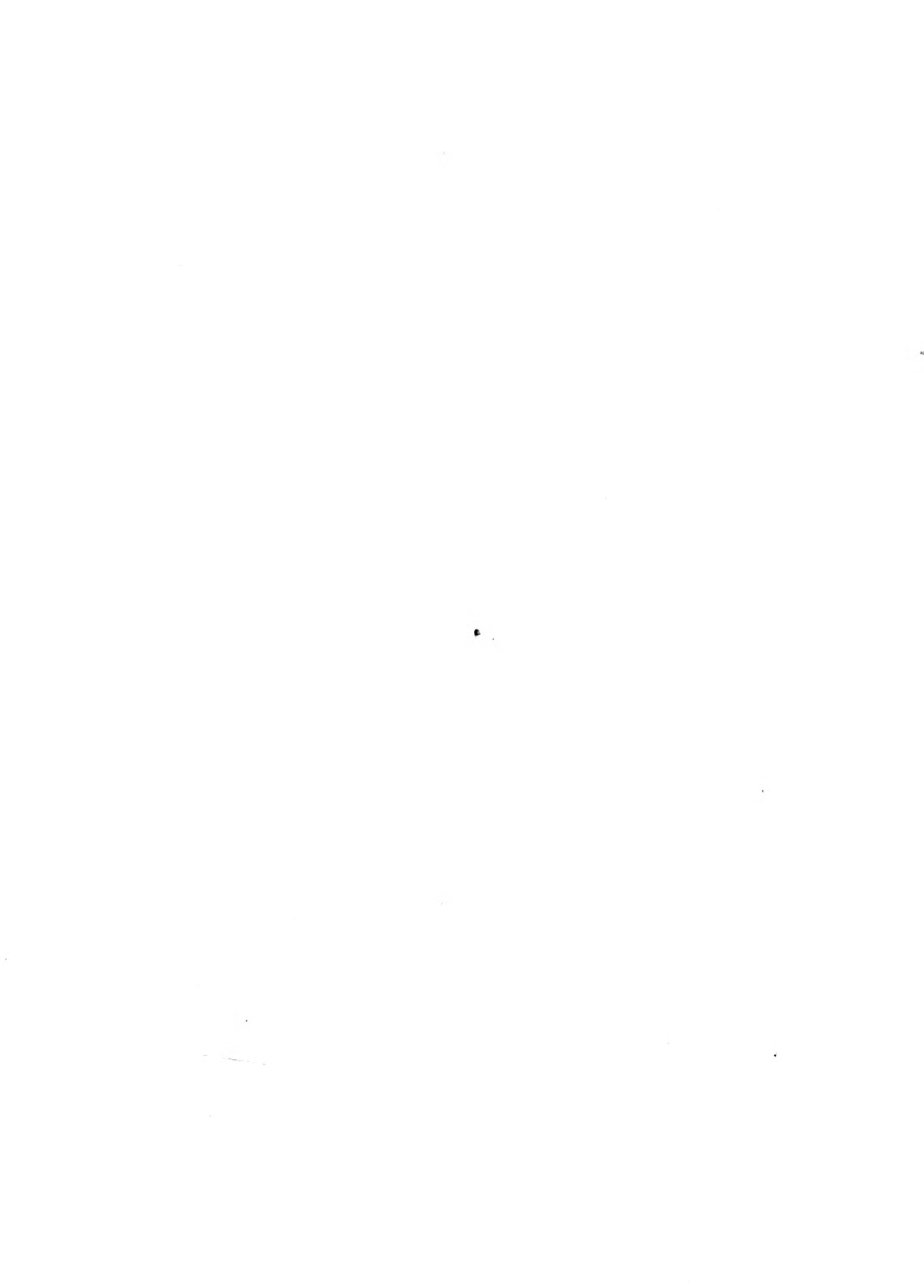


THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
ENDOWMENT FUND

T H E
ORANGE-GIRL at FOOTE'S
T O
S A L L Y H A R R I S.
AN HEROIC EPISTLE.

(Price One Shilling.)



T H E
O R A N G E - G I R L at F O O T E ' S

T O
S A L L Y H A R R I S :

O R,
The T O W N to the C O U N T R Y P O M O N A .

A N H E R O I C E P I S T L E .

To the L A D I E S of this Virtuous Age.

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo—et fingitur Artibus:
Jam nunc & incestos amores
De tenero meditatur Ungui.*

To the Modern FINE GENTLEMEN.

*Non his juvenus orta parentibus
Infecit equor, sanguine Gallico.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for S. B L A D O N , in *Pater-noster-Row.*

MDCCLXXIII.

MS
 3711
 A13-63

T H E
 O R A N G E - G I R L at F O O T E ' s
 T O
 S A L L Y H A R R I S .

W E L C O M E , fair Nymph, from Hock'RILL's gloomy
 Plains,

To this gay Town, where wanton VENUS reigns ;
 VENUS, who smiles, rejoic'd in thee to gain,
 An Acquisition to her blooming Train.
 See unfeign'd Sorrow, Rage, and deep Despair, 5
 Seize on all NELSON's Nymphs, and MITCHELL's Fair ;
 For much they fear that thy fieth, rural Charms,
 Shou'd lure the wand'ring Rakes from their weak Arms.
 See POWELL weeps, e'en in her new-built Coach,
 And trembles for her Lord,* at thy approach. 10

11

B

While

* Lord SEAFORTH.

While STEPHENSON plays o'er each winning Art,
 To guard the feeble GROSVENOR's fickle Heart.
 The proud DU TAY thy Charms with Envy sees,
 Fearful lest they young EGREMONT should please.
 With Grief she sees, as nearer you advance, 15
 A Bloom superior to the ROUGE of FRANCE:
 Thy native Roses make her false ones pale,
 With Nature Art compar'd, will ever fail:

Welcome, dear Sister, welcome. I alone,
 Of all the Girls in this gay, vicious Town, 20
 Thy Youth, thy Bloom, thy Charms unmov'd can see,
 Untouch'd by Envy, free from Jealousy.
 Cheerful and young, and void, like you, of Art,
 I trust to Nature's Charms to gain the Heart;
 'Tis Health's pure Bloom that o'er my Checks is spread, 25
 I use no artificial White and Red:
 Each Wash, each Daub, to ARCHER I resign,
 Let her of Beauty a fair Picture shine;
 None paint so well, 'tis by the Town confes'd,
 Except her little lovely Sister---WEST ;

30

Leave

Leave them to blaze with GROSVENOR from afar,
Like varnish'd Dolls, hung out at Temple-Bar.

Like you, tho' gay my Heart, tho' warm my Blood,
The tempting Pow'r of Love I long withstood ;
Not e'en KILDARE my virgin Breast cou'd move ; 35
Fat CHEWTON sweats in vain to gain my Love ;
To flatter me, the ever-gallant HARE
Leaves his lov'd CLARKE a Prey to black Despair.
For me young CHARLES † the Dice-box oft foregoes,
And Cards forgot, for once with Love he glows. 40
EGMONT forfakes his Hounds and favourite Horse,
And, wond'rous ! quits for me th' unfinish'd Course.
His budding Horns, while my soft Hand he press'd,
CRAVEN ne'er felt---I smil'd his Soul to Rest.
These, and a thousand more, long strove in vain, 45
With Vows and Bribes, my Favour to obtain ;
My generous Heart refus'd the proffer'd Bribe,
And scorn'd the Macaroni filken Tribe.

But Love, enrag'd that I shou'd brave his Pow'r,
Once, in a soft, unguarded, fatal Hour, 50
Produc'd

† Fox.

Produc'd a manly Youth, blest with each Charm
 To blind our Virtue, or our Pride disarm ;
 Yet he was poor, unpension'd, and un plac'd,
 Lord of no Lands, and with no Titles grac'd :
 He ne'er had plunder'd INDIA's hapless Shore, 55
 For Millions sunk in Seas of native Gore :
 To Fortune and to Fame he liv'd unknown,
 New to the World, a Stranger to the Town.
 With freshest Health, and strongest Vigour blest,
 His amorous Hand first press'd my panting Breast. 60
 My timorous Steps with soft Persuasion led,
 Where sportive Love had rais'd the wanton Bed ;
 There clasp'd me ardent to his strong Embrace,
 While Love and Fear strove, blushing in my Face ;
 Till I, at length o'ercome, resign'd my Charms 65
 To the warm Circle of his glowing Arms.

Far other was thy Fate, unhappy Maid !
 Whim and Caprice thy erring Heart betray'd :
 In LYTTELTON what didst thou hope to find ?
 His Body *worn* with Lust, with Vice his Mind: 70
 Say,

Say, cou'd his languid, his enervate Frame,
 Wither'd and dry, appease thy potent Flame ?
 Thou, who so oft had view'd both bad and good, †
 Love's Weapons better shou'd have understood.
 Say thou, whose large Experience ought to tell 75
 How far one Man another can excel ;
 Or Fame's a Liar, or thy tender Hand,
 The gallant PEMBROKE's mighty Spear has span'd.
 Tall CHOLM'LEY's too, " with active Vigour strong,
 " Thick as thy Arm, and faith almost as long ;" * 80
 Yet wanton GROSVENOR says, infatiate Fair !
 Large as it is, there's not a Jot to spare.
 Such have you view'd, whom not thy magic Hand,
 Nor all thy Art, could ever force to stand ;
 Their Heads dejected, lost their youthful Pride, 85
 Lifeless they lay, like BLAKE by his young Bride ‡
 While others, all impatient of the Deed,
 Have darted o'er thy Charms th' impetuous Seed ;
 Then while warm Blushes crimson'd o'er your Face,
 You wish'd th' Offender in his proper Place. 90

C

But

† Vid. The Rape of POMONA.

* ROCHESTER.

‡ ARTHUR BLAKE, who run away with Miss GARLAND, which young Lady, by his own Account, is yet *une veritable Pucelle*.

But maiden Fears and Modesty withstood
 The Voice of Nature, and the Warmth of Blood ;
 Till thy fond Heart to LYTTLETON allow'd
 To gain thy Virgin-Treasure---if he cou'd.

O, scarce a perfect Maid, yet scarce a Whore, † 95
 By me instructed, be deceiv'd no more.
 My Muse experienc'd shall direct thy Ways,
 Thro' this enchanted Town's perplexed Maze ;
 Teach thee (too well it knows) to shun each Snare.
 Laid for the young, the innocent, and fair. 100

Let not a HAYES, or COLLINS, with curst Art,
 Tempt thee with Health and Liberty to part.
 The hapless Negro, from his native Land,
 Borne to Jamaica's much more savage Strand,
 To some stern Brute, on that accursed Coast, 105
 Some human Brute, to every Feeling lost,
 Sold as a Slave---and doom'd to toil away,
 In ceaseless Labour, the long scorching Day ;

To

† POPE'S *Sappho to Phaon*.

“ O, scarce a Youth, yet scarce a tender Boy—”

To smart beneath the Whip, to drag the Chain,
 To linger through a Life of Tears and Pain ; 110
 Wretch as he seems---light are his Woes, compar'd
 With the poor Girl's, by some old Bawd ensnar'd :
 Her blooming Charms, her youthful Hours, are doom'd
 To be by Anguish and Disease consum'd ;
 She's doom'd to be of Lust the abject Slave, 115
 To end her Sorrows in an early Grave.
 Far happier Lot, from such curst Bondage free,
 Poor to remain, but blest with Liberty.

Trust not alone to Beauty's fading Flower,
 Or Youth's fresh Bloom, thy Fortune to secure. 120
 Blest with Love's sweetest Smile, with sparkling Eyes,
 With Breasts of Snow, that softly fall and rise,
 With Youth, Good-nature, and an Angel's Face,
 And with a Shape that would a Venus grace,
 Ill-fated KITTY wanders through the Town, 125
 Her Charms neglected, and her Worth unknown :
 She wants that winning Art, that certain Grace,
 Which conquers surer than the fairest Face.

How

How few, like POLLY, † find a faultless Youth ?
 How few can equal her in Love and Truth ? 130
 See on her Breast her chosen EDEN lies,
 “ And drinks delicious Poison from her Eyes.” ‡
 Thy Park, O GREENWICH, and each conscious Grove,
 Is oft the Witness of their mutual Love.
 Can that soft Flame still dwell in PARSON'S Breast, 135
 Which palsy'd Age, with his cold Hand has press'd ;
 'Tis not her Charms, 'tis her ingenuous Mind,
 That did a GRAFTON---doth a DORSET blind,
 How few, like HARRIET, * rise to Wealth or Fame ?
 What Clouds are sunk in Poverty and Shame ! 140
 See MUIRE and KENNEDY declining fast,
 And THOMPSON scarce two Winters more will last.
 Fled are those Charms which late subdu'd each Heart,
 Love and CHAMPIGNON are compell'd to part,
 Where are DUBURGH, COXE, HAYWARD, SPENCER,
 STONE ? 145
 Their Hour is past, and they are now unknown.
 Each Winter sees some favourite Beauty rise,
 She blooms all Spring, and in the Summer dies ;

The

† POLLY JONES.
 * HARRIET POWELL.

‡ FOPÉ'S *Abelard and Eloisa*.

The Nymphs bound 'prentice to the wanton Trade
 Are, like the daintiest Flowers that soonest fade, 150
 Fair to the Eye, and to the Senses sweet,
 Men pluck, grow tir'd, and cast them at their Feet.

Be this your Plan, to this alone attend ;
 Seek not Admirers, gain one real Friend.
 In public Places let your Charms be shewn, 155
 The loveliest Face is nothing, if unknown.
 Come then, dear Nymph, with me here take thy Stand,||
 The Basket dangling from thy snowy Hand ;
 Together thro' the Boxes will we go,
 Whisper each Rake, and ogle every Beau. 160
 Thy wanton Eye, thy every graceful Charm,
 E'en vigour-wanting BUNBURY shall warm.
 To thee, on tiptoe soft, see MARCH advance,
 Deck'd out in all the Frippery of France :
 See atheist TWITCHER comes, that old lewd Goat, 165
 Whose harden'd Features every Vice denote ;
 Let not his tempting Tongue thy Passions move,
 He'll pick your Pocket while he's making love.*

D.

Pale:

|| At FOOTE's Theatre.

* Vid. an Heroic Epistle to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

Pale as the pamper'd Hope of some fond Mother,
 See TOMMY STORER---TONY's own dear Brother ; 170
 A Pair so justly match'd, 'tis hard to tell
 Which doth the other by one Vice excel.

See B-LINGBR-KE, the gallant once and gay,
 Gloomy and sad as the worst Winter's Day ;
 The vilest Trull, cull'd from the Strand's vile Hoard, 175
 Reigns the proud Mistress of that abject Lord.

But chiefly mark that Youth, who skulks behind,
 Sullen he seems, dejected much of Mind,---
 'Tis LUTT'RELL---who betray'd his Country's Cause,
 Laugh'd at her Rights, and broke her noblest Laws. 180
 Shun him---ye young, ye unsuspecting Fair,
 For he is skill'd to ruin and ensnare :
 There's scarce a Day but, by his Art beguil'd,
 Some frantic Mother weeps her wretched Child.
 One Girl there was,*---Oh, 'tis a Tale of Woe, 185
 Would make the Tears from sternest Tyrants flow ;

Nor

* *One Girl there was*, &c.—The melancholy Story of this unhappy young Lady, will soon be published by a Friend of hers.—She is the same young Lady whose Beauties are attempted to be described in Verse 121, &c. of this Poem.

Nor have I Time, at present, to relate
The lost, forsaken KITTY'S hapless Fate.

Detest this worthless Tribe, this vicious Race,
With their unhallow'd Touch, pollute not thy Embrace ;
Deaf to their Words, and to their Bribes prove blind, 191
We many LUTT'RELLS for one EDEN find.

F I N I S.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

1D
URL FEB 16 1971

Form L9-50m-7, '54 (5990)444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Gaylord 
PAMPHLET BINDER
 Syracuse, N. Y.
Stockton, Calif.

U

3 1158 01023 265


D 000 000 899 F

