

A LETTER to CORINNA from a CAPTAIN
in Country Quarters.

MY earliest flame, to whom I owe
 All that a captain needs to know;
 Dress, and quadrille, and air, and chat,
 Lewd songs, loud laughter, and all that;
 Arts that have widows oft subdued,
 And never fail'd to win a prude;
 Think, charmer, how I live forlorn
 At quarters, from Corinna torn.
 Nor more distress the cornet feels
 From gruel, and *Ward's* popish pills.
 What shall I do now you're away,
 To kill that only foe, the day?
 The landed 'squire, and dull freeholder,
 Are sure no comrades for a soldier;
 To drink with parsons all day long,
Misfaubin tells me wou'd be wrong:
Sober advice, and *Curl's Dutch whore*
 I've read, 'till I can read no more.
 At noon I rise, and strait alarm
 A sempstres' shop, or country farm;
 Repuls'd, my next pursuit is a'ter
 The parson's wife, or landlord's daughter:
 At market oft for game I search,
 Oft at assemblies, oft at church,

And plight my faith and gold to-boot ;
 Yet demme if a foul will do't ———
 In short our credit's funk so low,
 Since troops were kept o'foot for shew,
 She that for soldiers once run mad,
 Is turn'd republican, egad !
 And when I boast my feats, the shrew
 Asks who was slain the last review.
 Know then, that I and captain Trueman
 Resolve to keep a mis— in common :
 Not her, among the batter'd lasses,
 Such as our friend Toupét caresses,
 But her, a nymph of polish'd sence,
 Which pedants call impertinence :
 Train'd up to laugh, and drink, and swear,
 And raily with the prettiest air ———
 Amidst our frolicks and carouses
 How shall we pity wretched spouses !
 But where can this dear soul be found,
 In garret high, or under ground ?
 If so divine a fair there be,
 Charming Corinna, thou art she.
 But oh ! what motives can persuade
 Belles, to prefer a rural shade,
 In this gay month, when pleasures bloom,
 The park, the play—the drawing room—
 Lo ! birthnights upon birthnights tread,
 Term is begun, the lawyer fee'd ;

My friend the merchant, let me tell ye,
 Calls in his way to Farinelli;
 Add that my fatten gown and watch
 Some unfledg'd booby 'squire may catch,
 Who, charm'd with his delicious quarry,
 May first debauch me, and then marry;
 Never was season more befitting
 Since conv——ns last were fitting.
 And shall I leave dear Charing-cross,
 And let two boys my charms ingross?
 Leave play-house, temple, and the rummer?
 A country friend might serve in summer!

The town's your choice——yet, charming fair,
 Observe what ills attend you there.
 Captains, that once admir'd your beauty,
 Are kept by quality on duty;
 Cits, for attoning alms disburse
 A tester——templars, something worse:
 My lord may take you to his bed,
 But then he sends you back unpaid;
 And all you gain from generous cully,
 Must go to keep some Irish bully.
Pinchbeck demands the tweezer case,
 And *Monmouth-street* the gown and stays;
 More mischiefs yet come crowding on,
 Bridewell,—West Indies—and Sir John—
 Then oh! to lewdness bid adieu,
 And chafly live, confin'd to two.