The MISTAKEN LOVER.

STREPHON the sprightly and the gay,
Lov'd Celia fresh and fair as May:
None shone so brilliant in the Mall,
The Court, th' Assembly and the Ball;
None bare at Will's the laurel'd Prize,
But Celia with the killing Eyes.

'Twas at the Drawing Room or Play,
(But which our Author cannot say)
As Celia roll'd her Eyes around,
This Youth receiv'd a mortal Wound.
What shou'd he do? — " Commence the Beau,
" For Women oft are caught by Show."
The wounded Strephon now behold,
Array'd in Coat of Green and Gold,
(Of which we something might advance)
The Sleeve was a-la-mode de France.

G  We
We leave it here—and haste to tell,
How smartly round his Temples fell
The modish Wig.—Yet we presume,
More graceful was the scarlet Plume:
Tho' some rude Soldier (doom'd to bear
The Southern and the Northern Air,
And walk through ev'ry kind of Weather)
Might jeer at Strepbon's scarlet Feather;
And tell us such thou'd ne'er be wore,
Unless you fought at Marston-moor.

His Person finish'd, now the Care
Is to address and gain the Fair:
He purchas'd all the Songs of Note,
And got the Lover's Cant by rote:
He brib'd her Footmen and her Maids,
And with his nightly Serenades
Her vaulted Roofs and Gardens rung:
For her he ogled, dance'd and sung;
Was often at her Toilet seen,
With Sonnets to the Paphian Queen:

Then
Poems on several Occasions.

Then at her Feet dejected lying,
Praying, weeping, sighing, dying.

"Was Celia kind?" It shall be known:
D'ye think our Hearts are made of Stone?
Yes, she was kind, and to proceed,
The Writings drawn and Friends agreed:
Grave Hymen's sacred Knot was ty'd,
And Celia Fair commenc'd a Bride.

But I shall pass the Wedding-day,
Nor stay to paint the Ladies gay,
Nor Splendor of the lighted Hall,
The Feast, the Fiddles, nor the Ball.
A lovely Theme! — 'Tis true, but then
We'll leave it to a softer Pen:
Those transient Joys will fade too soon,
We'll therefore skip the Hony-Moon.

'Twas half a Year — It might be more,
Since Celia brought her shining Store,
Five thousand Pounds of Sterling clear,
To bless the Mansion of her Dear.

Some tell us Wives their Beauties lose,
When they have spoil’d their bridal Shoes:
Some learned Casuists make it clear,
A Wife might please for half a Year:
And others say, her Charms will hold
As long as the suspended Gold;
But that her Bloom is soon decay’d,
And wither’d when her Fortune’s paid.

Now which of these was Celia’s Case,
(Tho’ all are common to her Race)
I shall not rack my Brains about,
But leave the Learn’d to pick it out.

This Husband, whimsical and gay,
Lov’d Musick, Masquerades, and Play,
Was one of those most happy Elves,
That dote upon their charming Selves:

Who
Who hating dull domestick Walls,
Fly here and there as Fancy calls;
Still in pursuit of something new,
Nor even to their Vices true.

Mistaken Strephon finds no more
His Celia charming as before:
Her Eyes! — Why, they have lost their Fire:
The Roses on her Cheek expire.
Her Shape — 'Tis alter'd strangely, sure;
Her Voice no Mortal can endure.

Then to the Park where Claudia rolls
Her Eyes to fish for shallow Souls:
Or at the Play he must appear,
For lovely Lindamine is there:
No mortal Bell so fair as she,
If wretched Strephon was but free.

I'th' Country he deludes the Morn
With Ringwood and the hunting Horn:

G 3

Perhaps
Perhaps may with his Dearest dine,
Then hey for Company and Wine;
Wine that wou'd make an Hermit gay,
With Musick intermix'd and Play.
For Tables and for Cards they call:
The Dice-box rattles in the Hall.

Now all are happy nor give o'er,
Till Watches point to Number Four:
Then see the Face of dawning Day:
Here Lucy. "Where's your Lady, pray?"
"She's gone to rest.—There let her be,
"Go make the crimson Bed for me."
All this a while in Silence pass'd,
The Lady's Patience fail'd at last.

One Morning (to the Fates decree)
Alone was sitting he and she:
Not yet arriv'd the roaring Band,
Nor Rake nor Coxcomb was at hand.
This blest Occasion pleas'd the Fair,
And with a mild and cheerful Air,
She thus began: "My Strephon say,
"Why this dejected Face to day?
"Why art thou always cross and dull,
"Unless the noisy Rooms are full?
"Black Discontent and Anger lies
"Close lurking in thy fallen Eyes;
"Those Eyes that I with Sorrow see
"Disgusted when they roll on me.

Here ceas'd the greatly injur'd Bride,
And Strephon with a Blush reply'd:
"Why, Madam, I must own that you,
"Have Merit, (give the De'l his due)
"And was the Pleasure of my Life,
"Before you wore the Name of Wife:
"But Ma'm, the Reason was, I find,
"That while a Lover I was blind:
"And now the Fault is not in me,
"'Tis only this — that I can see.
I thought you once a Goddess trim,
"The Graces dwelt on ev'ry Limb:

But
"But, Madam, if you e'er was such,
Methinks you're alter'd'd very much:
As first (I beg your Pardon tho')
You hold your Head extremely low:
And tho' your Shape is not awry,
Your Shoulders stand prodigious high:
Your curling Hair I durst have swore,
Was blacker than the sable Moor:
But now I find 'tis only brown,
A Colour common through the Town:
'Tis true you're mighty fair—— But now
I spy a Freckle on your Brow;
Your Lips I own are red and thin,
But there's a Pimple on your Chin:
Besides your Eyes are gray.—— Alack!
'Till now I always thought 'em black.

"Thus, Madam, I the Truth have told;
'Tis true, I thank you for your Gold;
But find in searching of my Breast,
That I cou'd part with all the rest.

He
He ceas'd — And both were mute a while,
'Till Celia answer'd with a Smile:
"Who would have thought, my Dear, says she,
"That Love was blind to this degree;
"But in my Turn I'll own it too,
"That I'm as much deceiv'd as you:
"From hence let our Example show
"The gay Coquette and sprightly Beau;
"That Love like theirs will never hold,
"Not tho' 'tis cemented with Gold:
"Let all the Youths to you repair,
"For Counsel—— and to me the Fair.
"'Twill help to make our Strephons wise,
"And stop the Growth of tender Lies:
"And more than Plato's moral Page
"Instruct the Celia's of the Age.

"But now, my Dearest, as you see
"In mutual Hatred we agree,
"Methinks 'tis better we retreat,
"Each Party to a distant Seat;

"And
And tho' we value each the other,
Just as one Rush regards another:
Yet let us often send to hear,
If Health attend the absent Dear:
And tho' each other we would shun,
As Debtors do a hateful Dun:
(Nor mind the crossing of a Street)
Yet let's be civil when we meet,
And live in short like courtly Friends:
They part—— and thus the Story ends.

The Way of the World.

Some Herbs there are, whose deadly Juices fill
The Heart with Venom, and directly kill:
Some operate more slowly, but as sure;
The Dart less sudden, but admits no Cure.
Yet there's a Drug, nor Plain nor Mountain yields,
Not Libya's Desarts nor Britannia's Fields,
Destructive more than all the baneful kind;
'Tis Flatt'ry call'd—— the Poison of the Mind.

This,