



The HEROINES, or Modern Memoirs,

By the Same.

**I**N ancient times, some hundred winters past,  
 When British dames, for conscience sake, were chaste,  
 If some frail nymph, by youthful passion sway'd,  
 From virtue's paths unhappily had stray'd:  
 When banish'd reason re-assum'd her place,  
 The conscious wretch bewail'd her foul disgrace;  
 Fled from the world, and pass'd her joyless years  
 In decent solitude and pious tears;  
 Veil'd in some convent made her peace with heaven,  
 And almost hop'd—by Prudes to be forgiven.

Not so of modern wh—res th' illustrious train,  
 Renown'd Constantia, P—ton and V—ne;  
 Grown old in sin, and dead to amorous joy,  
 No acts of penance *their* great souls employ.  
 Without a blush behold each nymph advance,  
 The luscious Heroine of her own romance.  
 Each harlot triumphs in her loss of fame,  
 And boldly prints and publishes her shame.

1751.

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