



## P L A I N T R U T H.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

**A**S Bathian Venus t'other day  
 Invited all the Gods to tea,  
 Her maids of honour, the miss Graces,  
 Attending duely in their places,  
 Their godships gave a loose to mirth,  
 As we at Butt'ring's here on earth.

Minerva in her usual way  
 Rallied the daughter of the sea.  
 Madam, said she, your lov'd resort,  
 The city where you hold your court,  
 Is lately fallen from its duty,  
 And triumphs more in wit than beauty ;  
 For here, she cried ; see here a poem ———  
 'Tis Dalston's ; you, Apollo, know him.  
 Little persuasion sure invites  
 Pallas to read what Dalston writes :  
 Nay, I have heard that in Parnassus  
 For truth a current whisper passes,  
 That Dalston sometimes has been known  
 To publish her works as his own.

Minerva

Minerva read, and every God  
 Approv'd——Jove gave the critic nod :  
 Apollo and the sacred Nine  
 Were charm'd, and smil'd at ev'ry line ;  
 And Mars, who little understood,  
 Swore, d——n him, if it was not good.  
 Venus alone sat all the while  
 Silent, nor deign'd a single smile.  
 All were surpriz'd : some thought her stupid :  
 Not so her confident 'squire Cupid ;  
 For well the little rogue discern'd  
 At what his mother was concern'd,  
 Yet not a word the urchin said,  
 But hid in Hebe's lap his head.  
 At length the rising choler broke  
 From Venus' lips,——and thus she spoke.

That poetry so cram'd with wit,  
 Minerva, shou'd your palate hit,  
 I wonder not, nor that some prudes  
 (For such there are above the clouds)  
 Shou'd with the prize of beauty torn  
 From her they view with envious scorn.  
 Me poets never please, but when  
 Justice and truth direct their pen.  
 This Dalston——formerly I've known him ;  
 Henceforth for ever I disown him ;  
 For Homer's wit shall I despise  
 In him who writes with Homer's eyes.

A poem

A poem on the fairest fair

At Bath, and Betty's name not there !

Hath not this poet seen those glances

In which my wicked urchin dances ?

Nor that dear dimple, where he treats

Himself with all Arabia's sweets ;

In whose soft down while he reposes

In vain the lillies bloom, or roses,

To tempt him from a sweeter bed

Of fairer white or livelier red ?

Hath he not seen, when some kind gale

Has blown aside the cambric veil,

That seat of paradise, where Jove

Might pamper his almighty love ?

Our milky way less fair does shew :

There summer's seen 'twixt hills of snow.

From her lov'd voice whene'er she speaks,

What softness in each accent breaks !

And when her dimpled smiles arise,

What sweetness sparkles in her eyes !

Can I then bear, enrag'd she said,

Sights offer'd to my fav'rite maid,

The nymph whom I decreed to be

The representative of me ?

The Goddesses ceas'd—the Gods all bow'd,

Nor one the wicked bard avow'd,

Who, while in beauty's praise he writ,

Dar'd Beauty's Goddesses to omit :

For

For now their godships recollected,  
 'Twas Venus' self he had neglected,  
 Who in her visits to this place  
 Had still worn Betty Dalston's face.



Ode to Venus, from her Votaries of the Street.

By \* \* \* \* \*

**A**RE these thy palms? oh queen of love!  
 Pity thy wretched votaries! From above  
 Behold them stroll, their bosoms bare,  
 Chill'd with the blasts of rude St. Clement's air;  
 And twitch the sleeve with sly advance:  
 Roll the bright eye, or shoot the side-long glance:  
 Whilst the chaste moon, with envious light  
 Peeps thro' the curtain of the freezing night,  
 Not thus when Horace hymn'd thy praise,  
 You heard the Glyceras of happier days.  
 Oh goddess of love's pleasing pain!  
 From thy own isle avert the frost, and rain;  
 Nor let the little mouth inhale,  
 (Bane to the teeth) a rough, unfriendly gale;  
 Or slender ankle white, and neat,  
 Betray a splash from the polluted street.  
 Look down with pity on the woes,  
 That trace our footsteps, and our haunts enclose.  
 For thee, we forfeit fair renown,  
 Brave want and danger, orphans of the town;