

A
TRUE TALE
OF A
True INTRIGUE

DARK was the Night, and not a Star
Was seen o'er all the Hemisphere,
When lately musing all alone
I rambled to a Country Town,
To heal with Balmy Love my Breast,
That had with Grief been long oppress'd;
For there two Beauteous Sisters shone,
As bright as the rejoicing Moon,
When she with full Contentment cloy'd,
Endimion in Eclipse enjoy'd.

Young as the Spring, as sweet they smelt,
And soft as down of Swans they felt;
And I transported with delight,
Could boast my self chief Favourite.
Oh Happiness! too fierce to taste,
Oh Pleasure! too refin'd to last;
'Tis by thy Change, we always see
The Curse of our Mortality:
The one was fair as the first Maid,
That once for Fruit the World betray'd,
A Rosie Cheek, and such a Skin,
As well might give excuse for Sin;
If Sin were possible to be
Enclos'd in such Divinity;
The other was of browner hew,
Yet the more charming of the two;
A shape Divine, and sparkling Eye,
Her Foot, her Leg, her taper Thigh,
Her Breasts, where Kings would wish to lye,
Shew'd the soft path to killing Joy:

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A solid Beauty, that would last,
Smooth, plump, and fit to be embrac'd;
Full of Delight, as Beauties Queen
In Pleasure blooming at eighteen;
Down her soft Neck her flowing Hair,
The best adornment of the Fair,
With lavish Bounty reach'd her Knee,
Discovering Nature's Luxury.
All Graces which Historians find,
In Books adorning VVomankind,
In these two charming Creatures shone,
Admir'd by all, excell'd by none.
Forgive me, if for Beauties sake,
I this prolux digression make;
Since those that of its power have proof,
Can never speak its praise enough.
Know then, *Olinda*, and *Cephise*
VVere nam'd these lovely Goddeesses,
A Treasure dearer than the Fleece,
Lock'd in the old *Hesperides*;

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And by as strange a Dragon kept,
A mouldy Aunt that never slept.
But Love that found out a device
To blind the Giants hundred Eyes,
When *Jove* in *Io's* snare did fall,
Cloy'd with Embraces Conjugal;
Soon sent a *Hermes* to my Aid,
Who taught me how to bribe her Maid.
She having in that happy Town
A constant *Roger* of her own,
Kept our Intrigue the more unknown.
And oftner op'ned Paradise,
Than e'er St. *Peter* with his Keys,
Such power has praise with profit joyn'd
To charm a Mercenary Mind.
Suppose me then close by the door,
Through which I often went before,
Giving a sign to let 'em know
A faithful Lover was below;

For

For both were of my Heart possess'd,
And had by Turns chief Interest,
The Brown, when t' other was not there,
And when Brown absent was, the Fair,
Thus great, thus Turk-like did I rove
In my Seraglio of Love.

Scarce I the sign had thoroughly made,
But word was brought they were in bed,
And the old Aunt lock'd up at Prayers
For blessings on her House Affairs.
Then whilst I softly scal'd the Stairs,
The trusty Wench with busie Broom
Below, was scrubbing round the Room,
Singing th' old Song of *Troy* betray'd,
To hide the creaking noise I made,
Darkness o'er all the World did fway,
Yer led by Love I found the way
To th' side where sweet *Olinda* lay:
Whose charming Eyes in spite of Night,
Like Diamonds shone with glittering light,

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And ere she could my welcome speak
Her Arms were twisted round my Neck,
Whilst I a thousand Kisses stole,
And every Kifs was worth a Soul,
Nor did her Sister less employ
Her Love, but with a grumbling Joy,
Chid me for my undecent Crime
Of vent'ring thither at that time.
I, modestly Excuses made,
With all the moving Words I had,
Telling her 'twas a greater Crime
To let my Love be slave to time,
All times for Lovers are most fit,
When e'er they can admiffion get;
And thus with some few fallacies,
And tenders that I thought would please,
All Scruples thoroughly satisfy'd,
I laid me by *Olinda's* fide.

But first my dirty Shoes from feet
I pull'd, lest they should daub the Sheet,

And

And that it never should be said
A Man in's Breeches went to bed,
I stole 'em off without offence
To Dear *Olinda's* Innocence:
Who strugling betwixt Shame and Love
To make a faint resistance strove,
Then like an eager loving Fop,
No Perruke on nor e'r a Cap,
I clung to that soft Angels side,
Close as a Bridegroom to his Bride.

Great *Ovid* in his mighty Verse
Of *Hermes*, a strange Tale declares,
How he to *Aphrodite* inclin'd,
So fervently their Bodies joyn'd.
How'er that Fancy might be false,
As there's no certain Truth in Tales;
'Tis here confirm'd, for we that Night
Made out the true *Hermaphrodite*.
Here I could with the Reader's Thought
Would not proceed into a Fault,

By censuring this Extravagance,
 As far as the extreme offence,
 Love does a thousand Follies own,
 That may be proper to be shown,
 And yet the greatest not be done.
 Nor would I have him seek what past
 Between us more, but think the best;
 Whilst I to write my Muse employ
 What discontents ensu'd this Joy.

The Morning rose as fair as when
 In flowry *Eden*, Spring began
 To bless the first Created Man:•

Aurora blush'd to be out-done
 By the gay splendor of the Sun,
 And coily his Embrace did shun;
 Whilst he a hot and vigorous Woer
 Mounts his right Chariot to pursue her:
 When I from sleep my Sences drew,
 And bless'd as he my self I view,
 For I had my *Aurora* too;

Who

Who whispering softly as she could,
Her Story in my Bosom told,
And blushing, my desires reprov'd
With all the tenderness of Love;
I rapt with such a Load of Charms,
Took the dear Trembler in my Arms,
And swore no storm of Fate should move
The Rock of my Eternal Love:
A thousand times her Eyes I kiss'd,
Ten thousand more her snowy Breast;
And so unruly were our Joys,
Her Sister wak'ned with the Noise;
Who with her Wit our pleasure grac'd
In rallying on adventures past.
But see what mutability
Attends on transitory Joy,
And what a slender Film does grow
Between extremes of Mirth and Woe
As we of past Intrigues conferr'd
Uncheck'd, and as we thought unheard,

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Old Satan ready to devour,
Stood listning at the Chamber Door;
The Aunt had in her early Head
Some nice occasions for her Maid,
And fearing she should wake my Dears
To call her softly crept up Stairs;
Where soon she heard their tatling noise,
Mixt with my loud Bass-Viol Voice.
Not more amaz'd lame *Vulcan* stood
When he beheld his Wife was lewd;
Nor *Cesar*, who as Story shews
Saw his fond Girl her Fame expose
To th' Poet with the Roman Nose.
Then was Old *Grannum* at that found,
That through her Ears her Heart did wound;
Stung with a Rage from wonder bred,
With speed she hobbles to the Bed;
But not so soon, but first I slipt
From th' outside between 'em crept,

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Where

Where close the panting Lover lies,
Half smother'd with soft Legs and Thighs;
The Curtains straight she open threw
Exposing the poor Girls to view,
And there not finding what she look'd,
Under the Bed with Broomstick pok'd,
Then gaffly round the Room she rowls
Peeping in all the Chinks and Holes.
Olinda trembling at her sight,
And almost murder'd with the fright,
Raises herself in Bed upright,
And boldly on my Reeking Face
Sets without Complement her A—
Pressing me down so close beneath,
That I had much ado to breath;
So warm a place had cas'd my Nose,
No Mask sat ever on so close,
Nor did my Mouth at that time miss
In corner a dear Friend to kiss,

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Whilst round me nothing seem'd to be,
But Regions of Obscurity.

Bless me, thought I, sure I am now
Descending to the Shades below,
But cannot want the Golden Bough,
My bold advent'ring steps to guide,
As once the Great *Aeneas* did;
For there the Sybil stands agen,
And here's the Grove just by my Chin,
A Copps with fine thick Bushes dress'd,
Where fluttering Loves do build their Nests;
Nor need I *Styx* or *Cerberus* fear,
When that my Passport is so near.

My Fancy with these Thoughts grown big,
I reach'd my Hand to pull a Twig,
When by some Angry Demons spite
I found my self brought back to light,
For that old Hag with Rage o'er-come,
Discovering nothing in the Room;

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And

And knowing too too well the Voice,
To think the Devil made that noise,
Not heeding what her Neices said,
Pulls all the Cloths from off the Bed,
And show'd three pair of Legs as bare,
As first they to the Mid-wife were.

Have you not in a Quarry seen
A Peasant that with Culter keen
Has digg'd beneath some hollow Stone,
And found a Nest of Snakes well grown,
Crawling and twisting all in one:
So clustering in a Knot we lay
Broadly expos'd to open day.

Imagine now you view the Scene,
Two plump white Bums my Nose between,
That from the Motions of their Fear
Had sent out an ungrateful Air,
The Aunt with Patience not endow'd,
Ready to baul for Aid a loud,

When

When in my Shirt from both I flipt,
And to the flun'd old VVoman leapt,
Swearing, if from the place ſhe ſtirr'd,
She ſhould not live to ſpeak a word;
Then did like Man of Honour try
To face it with a ready Lye,
Swearing like any Popiſh Monk,
That I laſt Night came thither Drunk,
And that her Neices were as free
From Guilt, as at there Infancy,
Confirming this with Vows and Oaths,
Still haſtning to ſlip on my Cloths,
VVhich done, I ſcamper'd out of Door,
VVhere I could never enter more.