W. Kent inv. P. Foudrinier. fecit.

FABLE XII.

CUPID, HYMEN, *and* PLUTUS.

AS *Cupid* in *Cythera*'s grove
Employ'd the leſſer powers of love,
Some ſhape the bow, or fit the ſtring,
Some give the taper ſhaft its wing,
Or turn the poliſh'd quiver's mold,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
Amidſt their toil and various care,
Thus *Hymen*, with aſſuming air,

Addreſt

Addreſt the God. Thou purblind chit,
Of aukward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are no better made,
At once I muſt forſwear my trade.
You ſend me ſuch ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a ſhame to ſell them yokes.
They ſquabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's ſullen, dogged, ſhy,
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due reſtriction,
And ſhe as well likes contradiction;
She never ſlaviſhly ſubmits,
She'll have her will, or have her fits;
He this way tugs, ſhe t'other draws,
The man grows jealous, and with cauſe,
Nothing can ſave him but divorce,
And here the wife complys of courſe.
When, ſays the Boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?

I never idly ſpend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts:
For ſettlements the lawyer's fee'd;
Is my hand witneſs to the Deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at *Plutus*, not at me.

Plutus appear'd, and ſaid; 'Tis true,
In marriage, gold is all their view;
They ſeek not beauty, wit or ſenſe,
And love is ſeldom the pretence.
All offer incenſe at my ſhrine,
And I alone the bargain ſign.
How can *Belinda* blame her fate?
She only ask'd a great eſtate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true,
Her Lord muſt give her title too;
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more.

Av'rice, whatever ſhape it bears,
Muſt ſtill be coupled with its cares.