The tea things remov'd, and the tea-table gone,
The card-tables brought, and the cards laid thereon,
The ladies ambitious for each others crown,
Like courtiers contending for honours ſat down.

A POEM,

On the Suppoſition of the Book having been publiſhed and read.

THE dinner was over, the table-cloth gone,
The bottles of wine and the glaſſes brought on,
The gentlemen fill'd up the ſparkling glaſſes,
To drink to their king, to their country and laſſes:
The ladies a glaſs or two only requir'd,
To th' drawing-room then in due order retir'd;
The gentlemen likewiſe that choſe to drink tea;
And, after diſcuſſing the news of the day,
What wife was ſuſpected, what daughter elop'd,
What thief was detected, that 'twas to be hop'd,
The raſcals would all be convicted, and rop'd;
What chambermaid kiſs'd when her lady was out;
Who won, and who loſt, the laſt night at the rout;

and the tea-table gone,
and the cards laid thereon,
each others crown,
ng for honours ſat down.

O E M,

he Book having been pub-
and read.

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What

What lord gone to France, and what tradeſman unpaid,
And who and who danc'd at the laſt maſquerade;
What banker ſtopt payment with evil intention,
And twenty more things much too tedious to mention.
Miſs Rhymer ſays, Mrs. Routella, ma'am, pray
Have you ſeen the new book (that we talk'd of that day,
At your houſe you remember) of Poems, 'twas ſaid
Produc'd by the pen of a poor Servant Maid?
The company ſilent, the anſwer expected;
Says Mrs. Routella, when ſhe'd recollected;
Why, ma'am, I have bought it for Charlotte; the child
Is ſo fond of a book, I'm afraid it is ſpoil'd:
I thought to have read it myſelf, but forgat it;
In ſhort, I have never had time to look at it.
Perhaps I may look it o'er ſome other day;
Is there any thing in it worth reading, I pray?
For your nice attention, there's nothing can 'ſcape.
She anſwer'd,—There's one piece, whoſe ſubject's a Rape.
A Rape! interrupted the Captain Bonair,
A delicate theme for a female I ſwear;

Then ſmerk'd at the ladies, they ſimper'd all round,
Touch'd their lips with their fans,—Mrs. Con-
ſequence frown'd.
The ſimper ſubſided, for ſhe with her nods,
Awes theſe lower aſſemblies, as Jove awes the gods.
She ſmil'd on Miſs Rhymer, and bad her proceed—
Says ſhe, there are various ſubjects indeed:
With ſome little pleaſure I read all the reſt,
But the Murder of Amnon's the longeſt and beſt.
Of Amnon, of Amnon, Miſs Rhymer, who's he?
His name, ſays Miſs Gaiety's quite new to me:—
'Tis a Scripture tale, ma'am,—he's the ſon of
King David,
Says a Reverend old Rector: quoth madam, I
have it;
A Scripture tale?—ay—I remember it—true;
Pray is it i'th' old Teſtament or the new?
If I thought I could readily find it, I'd borrow
My houſe-keeper's Bible, and read it to-morrow.
'Tis in Samuel, ma'am, ſays the Rector:—Miſs
Gaiety
Bow'd, and the Reverend bluſh'd for the laity.
You've read it, I find, ſays Miſs Harriot Anderſon;
Pray, ſir, is it any thing like Sir Charles Grandiſon?
How you talk, ſays Miſs Belle, how ſhould ſuch a
girl write A novel,

A novel, or any thing elſe that's polite?
You'll know better in time, Miſs:—She was but
fifteen:
Her mamma was confus'd—with a little chagrin,
Says,—Where's your attention, child? did not
you hear
Miſs Rhymer ſay, that it was poems, my dear?
Says Sir Timothy Turtle, my daughters ne'er look
In any thing elſe but a cookery book:
The propereſt ſtudy for women deſign'd;
Says Mrs. Domeſtic, I'm quite of your mind.
Your haricoes, ma'am, are the beſt I e'er eat,
Says the Knight, may I venture to beg a receipt.
'Tis much at your ſervice, ſays madam, and bow'd,
Then flutter'd her fan, of the compliment proud.
Says Lady Jane Rational, the bill of fare
Is th' utmoſt extent of my cookery care:
Moſt ſervants can cook for the palate I find,
But very few of them can cook for the mind.
Who, ſays Lady Pedigree, can this girl be;
Perhaps ſhe's deſcended of ſome family:—
Of family, doubtleſs, ſays Captain Bonair,
She's deſcended from Adam, I'd venture to ſwear.
Her Ladyſhip drew herſelf up in her chair,
And twitching her fan-ſticks, affected a ſneer.

I know ſomething of her, ſays Mrs. Devoir,
She liv'd with my friend, Jacky Faddle, Eſq.
'Tis ſometime ago though; her miſtreſs ſaid then,
The girl was exceſſively fond of a pen;
I ſaw her, but never convers'd with her—*though*
One can't make acquaintance with ſervants, you know.
'Tis pity the girl was not bred in high life,
Says Mr. Fribbello:—yes,—then, ſays his wife,
She doubtleſs might have wrote ſomething worth notice:
'Tis pity, ſays one,—ſays another, and ſo 'tis.
O law! ſays young Seagram, I've ſeen the book, now
I remember, there's ſomething about a mad cow.
A mad cow!—ha, ha, ha, ha, return'd half the room;
What can y' expect better, ſays Madam Du Bloom?
They look at each other,—a general pauſe—
And Miſs Coquettella adjuſted her gauze.
The Rector reclin'd himſelf back in his chair,
And open'd his ſnuff-box with indolent air;
This book, ſays he, (ſnift, ſnift) has in the beginning,
(The ladies give audience to hear his opinion)
Some pieces, I think, that are pretty correct;
A ſtile elevated you cannot expect:
To ſome of her equals they may be a treaſure,

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nd, Jacky Faddle, Eſq.
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And

And country laſſes may read 'em with pleaſure.
That Amnon, you can't call it poetry neither,
There's no flights of fancy, or imagery either;
You may ſtile it proſaic, blank-verſe at the beſt;
Some pointed reflections, indeed, are expreſt;
The narrative lines are exceedingly poor:
Her Jonadab is a ——— the drawing-room door
Was open'd, the gentlemen came from below,
And gave the diſcourſe a definitive blow.