

## **The oeconomy of love: a poetical essay / [Anon].**

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by J. Armstrong



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THE  
OECONOMY  
OF  
LOVE:

A  
POETICAL ESSAY.

---

*Insanire docet certa ratione modoque.*

---



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-*  
*Noster-Row.* 1736.

[Price One Shilling.]



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THE

OF G O M O M Y

OF V E

FOR THE F S S A T



LONDON

Printed for the Government at the Queen's Printer's Office

[Price One Guinea]



T H E  
A R G U M E N T.

**T**HE Proposition and Invocation, to l. 12. The Time and Signs of Puberty in both Sexes, to l. 80. Caution against marrying or engaging in Love-Affairs too Young, to l. 101. Against a solitary Vice, to l. 122. Worse than Whoring. The Dangers of which are described, to l. 172. Advice to marry. The first nuptial Encounter, and Instructions to the Bridegroom, to l. 253. Address to those that pursue Amours, and the Author's Apology, to l. 307. Advice to Lovers, particularly to the Men to be discreet and secret, to l. 349. To take suitable Care of their Mates in Case of a Discovery, to l. 413. And of Off-spring, to l. 471. An Encomium upon Love, to l. 498. The Inconveniencies of devoting one's self entirely to that Passion, to l. 542. The Dangers of Excess, especially



*when artificially promoted, to l. 571. Advice to the Fair Sex to behave with a just Reserve, to l. 579. The Praise of Modesty. Which introduces an Animadversion upon unnatural Pleasures.*



THE



THE  
OECONOMY  
OF  
LOVE.

THY bounties, *Love*, in thy soft raptures when  
Timeliest the melting Pairs indulge, and how  
Best to improve the genial joy, how shun  
The snakes that under rosy pleasure lurk,  
I sing: If thou fair *Cytherea* deign

5

B

Gracious



Gracious to smile on my attempt. Tho' Thou  
 None of the Muses nine, yet oft on Thee  
 The Muses wait, oft gambol in thy train  
 Tho' Virgins. Come, nor leave thy *Boy* behind,  
 Blind but unerring Archer. *Hymen* raise 10  
 Aloft thy sacred torch. Your Gifts I sing.

YE Youths and Virgins, when your generous blood  
 Has drunk the warmth of fifteen Summers, now  
 The Loves invite; now to new rapture wakes  
 The finish'd Sense: While stung with keen Desire 15  
 The madd'ning Boy his bashful Fetters bursts;  
 And, urg'd with secret Flames, the riper Maid,  
 Conscious and shy, betrays her smarting Breast.

YET

YET Nature not in all her Sons maintains  
 An equal progress. This with kindly warmth 20  
 Concocts to manly vigour strait, while That  
 Pines crude and chill, and scarce at last attains  
 Imperfect Life. Some flight their varnish'd Steed,  
 And (wond'rous Instinct!) bent on manlier Sport,  
 Cope with the Maids. *Alcides* thus, they say, 25  
 Rose brawny from his cradle, while the snakes  
 Hung hissing round him, horrible and fell,  
 Sent by enrag'd *Saturnia* to destroy  
 Her Rival's Hope: The mighty Infant grasp'd  
 His speckled Foes, and smiling dash'd them down 30  
 To Hell, their native clime; the spumy gore  
 Blotted the frighted pavement. Early thus  
 Was future Chivalry presag'd.———Meantime



Others flow ripen : Men there are who scarce  
 Feel the first thrillings of untaught desire, 35  
 While pallid Maids scarce ruminate on Man,  
 Till twenty ; well if then. It boots thee much  
 To study the Complexion, much the Clime,  
 And Habitudes of Life. Meanwhile with me  
 Credit these Signs. The Boy may wrestle, when 40  
 Night-working Fancy steals him to the arms  
 Of Nymph oft wish'd awake, and, 'mid the rage  
 Of the soft Tumult, every turgid Cell  
 Spontaneous disembogues its lucid store,  
 Bland and of azure tinct. Nor envy Thou 45  
 Waking fruition while such happy dreams  
 Visit thy slumbers ; liveliest then the touch  
 Thrills to the Brain, with all sensations else  
 Unshaken,

Unshaken, uneduc'd. The Maid demands  
 The dues of *Venus*, when the parting Breasts 50  
 Wanton exuberant and tempt the touch,  
 Plump'd with rich Moisture from the finish'd Growth  
 Redundant now: for late the shooting Tubes  
 Drunk all the Blood the toiling Heart could pour,  
 Infatiate; now full-grown they crave no more 55  
 Than what repairs their daily Waste. But still  
 There must be Loss, nor does the Superplus  
 Turn all to thrift. For from Love's Grotto now  
 Oozes the sanguine Stream thro' many a rill,  
 Startling the simple Lads, that anxious glows 60  
 Inward, till bold Necessity o'ercomes  
 Her fond reluctant blushes, to consult  
 Her Nurse, well vers'd in mystick Cases deep,

At



At Christ'nings oft discuss'd: when warm'd with wine

The mellow Matrons, by the midnight fire, 65

Lewd *Orgies* hold; while naked roams around,

His Torch high-flaming from the spicy bowl,

Lust full of Glee, and thro' each lab'ring breast

His sacred Fury pours. The *Sybil* solves

Sagely the dubious Case.—The rising Down 70

Then too begins to skirt the hallow'd Bounds

Of *Venus'* blest Domain. In either Sex

This Sign obtains. For Nature provident,

Now when both Sides stand equal for the Fray,

This graceful Armour spreads, and, but for this 75

Excoriate oft the tender parts would rue

The close Encounter; now they fight secure

Thus harness'd, and sustain the mutual Shock

Of

Of War, unhurt, for many a well-fought Day.

BUT if to progeny thy views extend 80

Paternal, and the name of Sire invites,

Wouldst thou behold a thriving Race surround

Thy spacious Table; shun the soft Embrace

Emaſculant, till twice ten years and more

Have ſteel'd thy Nerves, and let the holy Rite 85

License the Blifs. Nor would I urge, precise,

A total Abſtinence; this might unman

The genial Organs, unemploy'd ſo long,

And quite extinguish the prolifick Flame,

Refrigerant. But riot oft unblam'd 90

On Kiſſes, ſweet repaſt! ambroſial joy!

Now preſs with gentle hand the gentle hand,



And, sighing, now the Breasts, that to the touch  
 Heave amorous. Nor thou, fair Maid, refuse  
 Indulgence, while thy Paramour discreet 95  
 Aspires no further. Thus thou mayst expect  
 Treasure hereafter, when the Bridegroom, warm,  
 Trembling with keen Desire, profusely pours  
 The rich Collection of enamour'd years,  
 Exhaustless, blessing all thy nuptial Nights. 100

BUT O my Son, whether the generous care  
 Of Propagation, and domestick Charge,  
 Or soft Encounter more attract, renounce  
 The Vice of Monks recluse, the early Bane  
 Of rising Manhood. Banish from thy Shades 105  
 Th' ungenerous, selfish, solitary Joy.

Hold,

Hold, Parricide, thy hand! For thee alone  
 Did Nature form thee? for thy narrow self  
 Grant thee the means of Pleasure? Dreamst thou so?  
 That very self mistakes its wiser aim; 110  
 Its finer sense ungratified, unpleas'd,  
 But when from active soul to soul rebounds  
 The swelling mingling Tumult of Delight.  
 Hold yet again! e'er idle Callus wrap  
 In fullen indolence th' astonish'd Nerves; 115  
 When thou may'st fret and teize thy sense in vain,  
 And curse too late th' unwisely-wanton hours.  
 Impious, forbear! thus the first general Hail  
 To disappoint, *increase and multiply*,  
 To shed thy Blossoms thro' the desert air, 120  
 And sow thy perish'd Off-spring in the winds.



Unhallow'd Pastime! — Tho' the factious Chief  
 Oft brew hot Infurrection, rather hie  
 To Bagnio lewd or Tavern, nightly where  
 Venereal Rites are done, from *Draco's* ken, 125  
 Remote, and light of Heaven (as erst retir'd  
 The heaving *Gallick* Saints to the kind gloom  
 Of clift, or cave, or trusted barn, to hold  
 Forbidden Sabbaths) rather visit thou 129  
 Those haunts of publick Lewdness; oft tho' there  
 Sore Ills dismay. Purse, or the golden Pride  
 That decks thy Finger, gorgeous with the Spoils  
 Of *Mexico*, *Peru*, and farthest *Ind*,  
 Or Watch time-measuring, oft substracted fly  
 Sink in the dark Profound. And oft, to crush 135  
 Thy flacken'd Manhood, in the mid Career

Of

Of puissant Deeds, untimely rushes in  
 A forward boist'rous Wight, and from thy Arms  
 The passive Spouse of all the Town demands. 139  
 Him, hung'ring after gold, nor Words can charm,  
 Nor more persuasive Wine: thy gold must pay  
 The Violation of the *publick* Bed;  
 Or braver Steel must prove thy manly Arm,  
 In dubious Fight. Yet well if here could end  
 The mis'ry: Worse perhaps ensues; a Train 145  
 Of Ills of tedious count and horrid name.  
 Such as of old distress'd the Man else squar'd  
 To God's own heart, but that he wide debauch'd  
*Jerusalem's* fair Daughters to his Flames  
 Unquench'd; nor from the holy Marriage-Bed 150  
 Refrain'd his loose Embraces, when the Wife



Of wrong'd *Urias* he seduc'd; nor stopt  
 Till Murder crown'd his Lust. Hence him the Wrath  
 Of righteous Heaven, awaking, long pursued 154  
 With fore Disease, and fill'd his Loins with Pain.  
 All Day he roar'd, and all the tedious Night  
 Bedew'd his Couch with Tears; and still his Groans  
 Breath musical in sacred Song. What Woes!  
 What Pains he tried! But now this Plague attacks  
 With double rancour, and severely marks 160  
 Modern Offenders: undermines at once  
 The Fame and Nose, that by unseemly Lapse  
 Awkard deforms the human Face divine  
 With ghastly Ruins. Tho' this Breach, they say,  
 Nice *Taliacotius'* Art, with substitute 165  
 From Porter's borrow'd or the callous Breech

Of sedentary Weaver, oft repair'd.

Precarious, for no sooner Fate demands

The parent Stock than (pious Sympathy!)

Revolts th' adopted Nose.—Such Ills attend 170

Th' obscene Embrace of Harlots. Wiser thou

FIND some soft Nymph whom tender Sympathy

Attracts to thee, while all her Captives else,

Aw'd by majestick Beauty, mourn aloof 174

Her charms to thee, by nuptial Vows, and Choice

More sure, devoted. Sacrifice to her

The precious hours, nor grudge with such a Mate

The Summer's day to toy or Winter's night.

Now with your happy Arms her Waist surround,

Fond-grasping; on her swelling Bosom now 180

Recline



Recline your Cheek, with eager Kisses press  
 Her balmy Lips, and drinking from her Eyes  
 Resistless Love, the tender Flame confess,  
 Ineffable but by the murmuring Voice  
 Of genuine Joy; then hug and kiss again, 185  
 Stretch'd on the flow'ry turf, while joyful glows  
 Thy manly Pride, and throbbing with Desire  
 Pants earnest, felt thro' all the obstacles  
 That intervene: but Love, whose fervid Course  
 Mountains nor Seas oppose, can soon remove 190  
 Barriers so slight. Then when her lovely Limbs,  
 Oft lovely deem'd, far lovelier now beheld,  
 Thro' all your trembling Joints increase the Flame;  
 Forthwith discover to her dazzled sight  
 The stately Novelty, and to her Hand 195

Usher

Usher the new Acquaintance. She perhaps  
 Averse will coldly chide, and half afraid,  
 Blushing, half pleas'd, the tumid Wonder view  
 With Neck retorted and oblique Regard;  
 Nor quite her curious Eye indulging, nor 200  
 Refraining quite. Perhaps when you attempt  
 The sweet Admission, toyful she resists  
 With shy Reluctance; nathless you pursue  
 The soft Attack, and push the gentle War,  
 Fervent, till quite o'erpower'd the melting Maid 205  
 Faintly opposes. On the Brink at last  
 Arriv'd of giddy Rapture, plunge not in  
 Precipitant, but spare a Virgin's Pain;  
 Oh! spare a gentle Virgin! spare your self!  
 Left sanguine War Love's tender Rites profane 210  
 With



With fierce Dilaceration, and dire Pangs  
 Reciprocal. Nor droop because the Door  
 Of Bliss seems shut and barricaded strong;  
 But triumph rather in this faithful Pledge  
 Of Innocence, and fair Virginity 215  
 Inviolate. And hence the subtle Wench,  
 Her maiden Honours torn, in evil hour  
 Unseemly torn, and shrunk her virgin Rose,  
 Studious how best the guilty Wound to heal,  
 Her Shame best palliate with fair outward shew, 220  
 Inward less strict, with painful hand collects  
 The sylvan store. The lover *Myrtle* yields  
 Her styptick Berries, and the horrid *Thorn*  
 Its Prune austere; in vain the *Caper* hides  
 Its wand'ring Roots; the mighty *Oak* himself, 225  
 Sole

Sole Tyrant of the Shade, that long had 'scap'd  
 The Tanner's rage, spoil'd of his callous Rhind,  
 Stands bleak and bare. These, and a thousand more,  
 Of humbler growth and far inferior Name,  
*Bistort*, and *Dock*, and that way-faring Herb 230  
*Plantain*, her various Forage, boil'd in Wine  
 Yield their astringent force, a Lotion prov'd  
 Thrice powerful to contract the shameful Breach.  
 Beware of These, for in our dangerous Days  
 Such Counterfeits abound; whom next to know 235  
 Concerns. And here expect no Dye of Wound,  
 No Wound is made; the corrugated parts,  
 With ill-disssembled Virtue (tho' severe,  
 Not wrinkled into Frowns when genuine most)  
 Relapse apace, and quit their borrow'd Tone. 240



Yet judge with charity the varied Work  
 Of Nature's Hand. Perhaps the purple Stream,  
 Emollient Bath, leaves flexible and lax  
 The parts it lately wash'd. But hapless he,  
 In nuptial Night, on whom a horrid Chasm 245  
 Yawns dreadful, waste and wild; like that thro' which  
 The wand'ring *Greek*, and *Cytherea's Son*,  
 Diving, explor'd Hell's adamantine Gates:  
 An unessential Void; where neither Love  
 Nor Pleasure dwells, where warm Creation dies 250  
 Starv'd in th' abortive Gulph; the dire Effects  
 Of Use too frequent, or for Love or Gold.

Now hear me *Lovers*, ye whose roving Hearts  
 No sacred nuptial Chains have yet confin'd;

Attentive

Attentive hear, and daily, nightly weigh 255

The Counfels sage which, thro' my raptur'd Breast,

To you th' auspicious heavenly *Muse* conveys :

The *Muse*, no soothing Minister of Vice ;

Tho' now in sportive Vein to youthful Ears

She tunes her Song, to give Instruction grace. 260

Attend, ye Wife: No frantick *Bacchanal*,

No shameless Bard of the licentious Rout

Of flush'd *Silenus*, sings.—What *Nature* bids

Is good, is wise, and faultless we obey.

We must obey ; howe'er hard *Stoick* dreams 265

Of *Apathy*, much vaunted, seldom prov'd :

For oft beneath the philosophick Gloom

Sly *Lewdness* lurks, and oftener mazy *Guile*,

That with well-mimick'd Love th' unwary Heart



Lures to its Fate, and hails while it betrays. 270

There bloated *Pride* too dwells, and baneful *Hate*,

And dark *Revenge*, than which a deadlier Fiend

Ne'er pour'd its Venom thro' the human breast.

Far hence be These. We know great *Nature's* power;

Mother of Things, whose vast unbounded Sway 275

From the deep Center all around extends

Wide to the flaming Barriers of the World.

We feel her power; we strive not to repress,

(Vainly repress'd, or to Deformity)

Her lawful Growth; ours be the Task alone 280

To check her rude Excrescences, to prune

Her wanton Overgrowth, and where she strays

In uncouth Shapes to lead her gently back,

With prudent Hand, to Form and better Use.

FOR

FOR wisest Ends this universal *Power* 285  
 Gave *Appetites*, from whose quick Impulse Life  
 Subsists, by which we truly live, all life  
 Insipid else, unactive, unenjoy'd.  
 Hence too this peopled Earth, which, That extinct,  
 That Flame for *Propagation*, soon would roll 290  
 A lifeless Mass, and vainly cumber Heaven.  
 Then love of Pleasure sways each heart, and we  
 From that no more than from our selves can fly.  
 Blameless when govern'd well. But where it errs  
 Extravagant, and wildly leads to Ill, 295  
 Publick or private, there its curbing Power  
 Cool Reason must exert.—This Lesson weigh,  
 Ye tender Pairs. Indulge your gentle Flames,  
 Each fondest Wish, and bath your Souls in Love.

But



But let Discretion guard the hour of Bliss, 300  
 Virtuous in Pleasure. So you shall enjoy  
 Pleasure unmix'd, and without Thorn the Rose.  
 This Caution scorn'd, beware th' Event perverse :  
 Expect for Pleasure, Pain and sharp Remorse;  
 For Love, Aversion; and each broken Vow 305  
 The jest of Fools, the pity of the Wife.

BE secret, Lovers. Let no dangerous Spy  
 Catch your soft Glances, as oblique they deal  
 Mutual Contagion, darting all the Soul  
 In missive Love, nor hear your lab'ring Sighs. 310  
 But chiefly when the high-wrought Rapture calls,  
 Impatient, to soft Deeds, then then retire  
 From every mortal ken. *The sapient King*

(Whose

(Whose Loves who could defame?) in the mild Gloom,

Deep in the Center of his Gardens, hid, 315

*Held Dalliance with his fair Ægyptian Spouse;*

Find then some soft obscure retreat, untrod

By mortals else, where thick-embow'ring Shades

Condense to darkness and embrown the day ;

There, safe from all profane access, pursue 320

Love's bashful Rites. For oft the curious eye

Of prying Childhood, and th' Aspect malign,

Waning, and wan, of Virgin stale in years,

Shed baneful Influence on the Rites of Love. 324

And thou, my Son, when floods of mellowing wine

And social joys have loosen'd all thy breast,

When every Secret gushes, this at least

This one reserve, of Love and bounteous Charms

Of



Of trusting Beauty ; venturing all for thee,  
 For thy Delight, her Fortune and her Fame ; 330  
 For her thou nothing. Hold ! Ingrateful, hold  
 Thy wanton tongue. Leave to the last of Fools,  
 Of Villains ! that ungenerous Vanity,  
 Cruel and base, to vaunt of secret Joys ;  
 Of Joys on thee, so vaunting, ill bestow'd. 335  
 O dare not thus with mortal sting to wound  
 The tender helpless Sex. Does thy vile Breath  
 So blast my Sister's, or my Daughter's Fame,—  
 By Heaven thou dy'st ! thy treacherous Blood alone  
 Can wash my Honour clean. Prudent meantime, 340  
 Ye generous Maids, revenge your Sex's Wrong ;  
 Let not the mean Destroyer e'er approach  
 Your sacred charms. Now muster all your Pride,  
 Contempt,

Contempt, and scorn, that shot from Beauty's Eye  
 Confounds the mighty Impudent, and smites 345  
 The Front unknown to Shame. Trust not his Vows,  
 His labour'd Sighs, and well-dissembled Tears,  
 Nor swell the Triumph of known Perjury.

MEANWHILE, my Son, if angry Fate, or Love  
 Grown indiscreet, or loud *Lucina*, tell 350  
 Th' important Secret: Is thy Mate well form'd,  
 Virtuous, and equal for thy lawful Bed,  
 Save her, I charge thee, from foul Infamy,  
 And lonely Shame; let Wedlock's holy tie  
 Legitimate th' indissoluble flames. 355  
 If abject birth, dishonourable, and mind  
 Incultivate or vicious, to that height

E

Forbid



Forbid her hopes to climb; at least secure  
 From Penury her humble state, by thee  
 Else humbled more, and to Necessity, 360  
 Stern foe to Virtue, Fame, and Life, betray'd,  
 A helpless Prey. O! let no Parent's Woe,  
 No plaints of trusting Innocence, nor Tears  
 Of pining Beauty, blast thy guilty Joys.  
 Shall she, so late the softener of thy Life, 365  
 Thy chief Delight, whose melting Essence oft  
 Lay with thy melting Essence kindly mix'd  
 (As far as Bodies and embodied Souls  
 Can mingle) she, who deem'd thy Vows sincere,  
 Thy Passion more than selfish, and thy Love 370  
 To her devoted, as was her's to thee;  
 Shall she (O! cruel Perfidy) at last

When with her tainted Name the Winds grow sick,  
 When envious Prudery chides, affecting scorn  
 Of natural Joys, and they of *publick Fame* 375  
 Insulting hail her Sister, while each Friend  
 Disgusted flies; shall she not find in thee  
 Unshaken Amity? When to thy Arms,  
 Well-known, with wonted confidence she flies,  
 To pour her sorrows forth, and sooth her cares, 380  
 Shall she then find thy faithless Heart from home,  
 From her estrang'd? At that disastrous Hour  
 Wilt thou ungently spurn her from thy Love?  
 To waste in sickly Grief her once-priz'd Charms,  
 Forlorn to languish out her Life, to lead 385  
 Despis'd, unwedded, her dishonour'd days?  
 Or, if her barren Fortune, hard like thee,



Scowls meagre want (whose iron empire Pride,

Reluctant, and her Off-spring Modesty

Blushing at last obey) unskill'd in Arts 390

Of mercenary *Venus*, to increase

The rompish Band that, without Pleasure lewd,

With deep-felt sorrow gay, thro' *Trivia's* reign

Nightly sollicit Lovers; oft repuls'd,

Oft, when invited to the barren Toil, 395

Thankless deserted by their slippery Loves.

Or to the Salt of Years, where tedious Lust

Uncouth and monstrous creeps thro' freezing Loins,

Patient submitted; to the boist'rous will

Of midnight Ruffians, to abhorr'd Disease, 400

Hourly expos'd, and *Draco's* fiercer Rage.

Spare, mighty *Draco*! spare a hapless race,

By

By thy own Sex to Wretchedness betray'd.  
 A Woman bore thee; by each tender Name  
 Of Woman, spare. Hast thou or Daughter fair, 405  
 Or Sister? They, but for a happier Birth,  
 The Gift of Fate, and, Honour's Guardian, Pride  
 Early inspir'd, had swell'd the common Stream.  
 While she whom now thy awful Name dismays,  
 Portentous heard from far, with Fortune's Smiles 410  
 And fair Example, might have grac'd thy Bed,  
 A virtuous Mate, in every Charm compleat.

A pious Duty next, neglected oft,  
 Demands my Song. If from thy secret Bed  
 Of Luxury unbidden Off-spring rise, 415  
 Let them be kindly welcom'd to the Day.

"Tis



'Tis Nature bids. To Nature's high Behests  
 Attend, and from the monster-breeding Deep,  
 The ravag'd Air, and howling Wilderness,  
 Learn parent Virtues. Shall the growling Bear 420  
 Be more a Sire than thou? An Infant once,  
 Helpless and weak, but for paternal Care,  
 Thou hadst not liv'd to propagate a Race  
 To Misery, to resign to step-dame Fate  
 Perhaps a worthier Off-spring than thy Sire 425  
 Tenderly rear'd. For from the stoll'n Embrace,  
 Untir'd with worn acquaintance, keenly urg'd,  
 Elate with generous Rapture, likeliest springs  
 The noblest Brood, most animated, best. 429  
 What Heroes hence have issued! what fam'd Chiefs!  
 And Demy-gods, of old! The Stealth of Love

Gave

Gave *Greece* her *Hercules*, and mighty *Rome*  
 First rose beneath a random Son of *Mars*.

Thy Vigour too, the Blossom of thy Strength,  
 Reckless and wild profus'd, in dangerous Days, 435

Or in the Senate wise, and nobly warm

To publick Good, may save the rushing State ;

Or, bold in Arms, may roll her Thunders forth

To shatter distant Skies, and rous'd to Blood

Usher the *British Lion* to the Field. 440

Thy Country claims thy care; nurse well her Hopes,

And thine ; nor thou her Church's hungry Wolves,

Hight *Overseers*, with thy own Children's gore

Satiate, if Rapine know Satiety.

For, bred to Death, and of sagacious Nose, 445

A prowling Herd, lur'd with the recent Smell

Of



Of secret Birth, their Carnage sweet, or led  
 By infant Wailings, querulous, and shrill,  
 Beset thy frightened Gates. These timely thou  
 Prevent, or mourn too late thy ravish'd Gold 450  
 And captive Son; to the street-dunning Tribe  
 Of Mendicants let out, fictitious Badge  
 Of low Distress: there to what life of Pain  
 Led up who knows? to what disgraceful Fate,  
 What Gibbet, bred? Or from his Parent's Arms, 455  
 With Nurse unpitying, unbenign, exil'd  
 To squalid Lodge, to find in Famine's Cave  
 A ling'ring death; or by a deadlier Hag,  
 Than her that rides the lab'ring Night, oppress'd,  
 Untimely sink beneath a heavier Fate. 460  
 While they, the Sons of licens'd Rapine, screen'd  
 Under





So shall no sorrows wound, no ruder cares 475

Disturb thy Pleasures, no remorseful Tears

Attend thy gay Delight; nor Sighs make way,

But such as heaves the pleasure-burden'd Breast,

As utter Love, with speechless Eloquence

Well understood, and breathe from Soul to Soul 480

The soft Infection, fondly still receiv'd.

Almighty *Love*! O unexhausted source

Of universal Joy! first Principle

Of *Nature* all-creating! Harmony

By which her mighty Movements all are rul'd! 485

Soft Tyrant of each Element! whose Sway

Resistless thro' the Wilds of Air is felt,

Thro' Earth, and the deep Empire of the Main!

Thy willing Slaves, we own thy gentle Power,

In

In us supreme, with kind Endearments rais'd 490  
 Above the merely-sensual Touch of Brutes.  
 By thy soft Charm the savage Breast is tam'd,  
 The Genius rais'd. Thy heavenly Warmth inspires  
 Whate'er is noble, generous, or humane,  
 Or elegant; whate'er adorns the Mind, 495  
 Graces or sweetens Life: and without thee  
 Nothing or gay or amiable appears.

YET not to Love (thus polishing the Soul,  
 Thus charming, tho' of every finer Breast  
 The sovereign Joy) yet not to Love alone 500  
 Yield languid all your Hours. The self-same Cates  
 Still offer'd soon the Appetite offend;  
 The most delicious soonest. Other Joys,



Other Pursuits, their equal Share demand  
 Of Cultivation. These with kindly Change 505  
 Will cheer your sweetly-varied Days; from these  
 With quicker Sense you shall and firmer Nerves  
 Return to Love, when Love again invites.  
 Be those the least neglected which inform  
 With Virtue, Sense, and Elegance, the Mind: 510  
 Those what before was amiable improve,  
 And lend to Love new Grace and Dignity.  
 Life too has serious Cares, which madly scorn'd 514  
 The means of Pleasure melt.—And Age will come,  
 When Love, alas! the Flower of human Joys,  
 Must shrink in horrid Frost. O hapless he!  
 Thrice hapless then! whose only Joy was That;  
 Whose young Desires tumultuous still engage

To wield a Load of unobedient Limbs, 520

With vain Attempt. Him the inclement Power

Of craving *Impotence*, to fonder Toys

Than other Dotage knows, or easy-dup'd

Credulity can well believe, incites. 524

Him all the Nymphs despise, and the young Loves

With leering Scorn behold; while vigorous Heat

Has fled his shaken Limbs, surviving still

In his green Fancy. Thence what desperate Toil

By Flagellation, and the rage of Blows,

To rouse the *Venus* loitering in his Veins! 530

Fruitless, for *Venus* unfollicited

The kindest Smiles, abhorring painful Rites.

Cease, reverend Fathers! from those youthful Sports

Retire, before unfinish'd Feats betray

Your



Your slacken'd Nerves. The hoary Years, design'd  
 For Wisdom, for sedate Philosophy, 536  
 And Contemplation, ill agree with Love.  
 Cheerful retire: nor grudge in peevish Saws,  
 Like envious Monitors, the sprightly Joys  
 Of lusty Youth. You had your genial Time 540  
 Of Pleasure; ours is on the rapid Wing.

AND you whose youthful Blood impetuous rolls,  
 With generous Spirits fraught and kindly Balm,  
 Husband your Vigour well; if ought or Health,  
 Or Off-spring numerous, beautiful, and strong, 545  
 Or Pleasure weigh. For from the trite Embrace  
 Follow faint Relaxation, Strength impair'd,  
 Disgust, and mutual Apathy, Love's Bane.

Some

Some boast, I know, their Vigour to renew  
 And keen Desire, by Food restorative, 550  
 Or Pharmacy more noxious. *Orchis* hence,  
 Lascivious Bulb, *Satyrion* better nam'd,  
 And that maritime, which the sea-born Queen  
 Feeds with her native Spume, *Eryngo* mild;  
*Boletus*, fam'd among the fungous Tribe, 555  
 And fell *Cantharides*, in various Forms  
 Are us'd. But what ensues? Diseases more  
 Than ever burden'd *Auster's* dropping Wings.  
 Cold *Tremors*, *Spasms*, and *Cephalæa's* dire,  
 Eternal Flux of Nature's balmy *Dew*, 560  
*Tabes*, and gaunt *Marasmus*, hideous Loss  
 Of godlike Reason, and th' imprison'd rage  
 Of fierce *Lipyrria*, whose collected Fires



The Vitals only seize. Or if the Sons  
 Of jaded Luxury those Plagues escape, 565  
 They waste their melting Youth, and bring grey Hairs  
 Before their time, grey Hairs and idle Years.  
 Leave Nature to her self, nor covet more  
 Than Nature gives, that but to real Wants  
 Each well-conducted Appetite provokes. 570

BUT chiefly thee, fair Nymph, behoves to know  
 That Love and Joy when in their Prime most fear  
 Decay, the Fate of all created Things.  
 Be frugal then: the coyly-yielded Kiss  
 Charms most, and gives the most sincere Delight. 575  
 Cheapness offends, hence on the Harlot's Lip  
 No Rapture hangs, however fair she seem,

However

However form'd for Love and amorous Play.

Hail *Modesty*! fair Female Honour, hail!

Beauty's chief Ornament, and Beauty's self! 580

For Beauty must with Virtue ever dwell,

And thou art Virtue! and without thy Charm

Beauty is insolent and Wit profane.

Thou giv'st the Smile its Grace, the heighten'd Kiss

Its balmy Essence sweet! and but for thee 585

The very Raptures of the lawful Bed,

Were Outrage and foul Riot, Rites obscene!

Celestial *Maid*! be it lawful that with Lips

Profane I name thee, and in wanton Song.

But in these vicious Days great *Nature's* Laws 590

Are spurn'd; eternal *Virtue*, which nor Time,

Nor Place can change, nor Custom changing all,



Is mock'd to scorn; and *lewd Abuse* instead,  
 Daughter of Night, her shameless Revels holds  
 O'er half the Globe, while the chaste Face of Day 595  
 Eclipses at her Rites. For Man with Man,  
 And Man with Woman (monst'rous to relate!)  
 Leaving the natural Road, themselves debase  
 With Deeds unseemly, and Dishonour foul.  
*Britons*, for shame! Be Male and Female still. 600  
 Banish this foreign Vice; it grows not here,  
 It dies, neglected; and in Clime so chaste  
 Cannot but by forc'd Cultivation thrive.  
 So cultivated swells the more our Shame,  
 The more our Guilt. And shall not greater Guilt 605  
 Meet greater Punishment and heavier Doom?  
 Not lighter for Delay. Did Justice spare

The Men of *Sodom* erst? Like us they finn'd,  
 Like us they fought the Paths of monstrous Joy;  
 Till, urg'd to Wrath at last, all-patient Heaven 610  
 Descending wrapt them in sulphureous Storm.  
 And where proud Palaces appear'd, the Haunts  
 Of Luxury, now sleeps a fullen Pool:  
 Vengeful Memorial of almighty Ire,  
 Against the Sons of Lewdness exercis'd! 615

T H E E N D.





The Men of Science? Like us they fall!  
 Like us they fought the Fates of mortal doom;  
 Till urged to Wrath at last, all-potent Heaven did  
 Descending wrap them in sulphurous storm.  
 And where proud Palaces appear'd, the Ruins  
 Of Luxury, now sleep a fallen Pool;  
 Vengeful Memorial of abasing ire,  
 Against the Sons of Lewdness exercis'd!

615

THE END.

