

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.



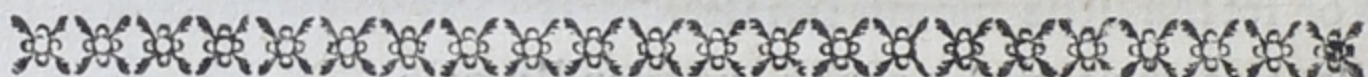
Ode to Venus, from her Votaries of the Street.

By \* \* \* \* \*

ARE 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 ancle 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;



For thee, sustain the cruel flock  
 Of caustic Franks, and cicatrizing Rock :  
 Happy ! if Hermes' timely care,  
 The searching deity of here and there,  
 Can soften the venereal doom,  
 And keep awhile pale beauty from the tomb.  
 But languid ! lifeless ! cold, and bare,  
 Gone ev'ry tooth, and fallen ev'ry hair,  
 A prey to grief, remorse, disease,——  
 Ah ! Paphian Venus, faithless as the seas !  
 Fir'd by thy spells, and magic charms,  
 We guiltless virgins glow'd at soft alarms.  
 Embark'd with youth, and airy smiles,  
 The graces, playful loves and wanton wiles ;  
 On pleasure's wave we loos'd the sails,  
 Alas ! too credulous of flatt'ring gales ;  
 For lo ! the heav'ns with clouds are spread,  
 The graces, loves, with youth are fled,  
 And leave the ship, an easy prize,  
 Unrigg'd and leaky to th' inclement skies.



# An EPIGRAM.

By the Same.

**I** Dropt a thing in verse, without a name ;  
 I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame :  
 The public saw the bastard in the cradle,  
 But ne'er enquir'd ; so left it to the beadle.