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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AN ADDRESS TO A WEALTHY LIBERTINE ***

Transcribed from the early 1800's edition by David Price, email ccx074@pglaf.org.

**AN ADDRESS
TO A
WEALTHY LIBERTINE;
OR, THE
Melancholy Effects
OF
SEDUCTION;
WITH A
LETTER
FROM AN UNFORTUNATE
Farmer's Daughter,
TO HER
*PARENTS IN NORFOLK.***



PRICE SIX-PENCE.



SOLD
By J. PARKERSON, JUN.



Walker, Printer, near the Duke's Palace, Norwich.

Believe me, Sir; I do these lines impart
 With every pang that can corrode the heart;
 Bring to your mind a dismal scene late past,
 And let that guilty Amour be your last.
 Think of my friend that was of late so gay,
 By your vile arts dishonour'd and away;
 From every joy that animates this life,
 The tender mother and the happy wife.
 A husband's frowns, a father's burning tears,
 For Stella's folly much increase their cares.
 A brother mourns, in solitude forlorn,
 To hear his Stella meet reproof and scorn:
 In tears he cries, my sister's late disgrace
 Will plant a stigma on the female race.
 Those friends so late that used to Stella stray,
 Now bend their courses far another way.
 She mourns in privacy her honour flown,
 And sighs to find illicit scenes are known.
 These sorrowing truths I feelingly renew,
 And know, oh guilty man! they rise from you.
 Can all your wealth lost honour ever gain?
 That, Sir, is scorn'd—it is the impious stain
 You've brought on Stella, to the end of life,
 And robs her all the comforts of a wife.
 Abandon'd man you must atone for all,
 Ere life is o'er on God for mercy call.
 Your mind is harass'd by reflection's gale,
 That oft to you its bitterness exhale:
 Tempted by folly every scene pursue,
 That dissipation can expose to view.
 The softer pleasures that enrich the mind,
 That learning dictates, from you lag behind;
 Its cruel sport that bears a sov'reign sway,
 To them and such like them you waste the day.
 Know, Sir, that wealth an't given to us here,
 To bring to infamy the British fair.
 Too much, I fear, you wanton hours employ,
 The needy woman daily to decoy.
 Too many wantons now disgrace this Isle,
 Whose bad example off the young beguile;
 I hope that plans to stop them will increase,
 And her that now is wretched rest in peace.
 Your gen'rous family will ever gain,
 Affection's tribute while we life retain:
 Pure is the vine, except a leaf or two,
 Soon they'll decay and be no more in view.
 Disgrac'd, disown'd, to foreign lands they'll fly,
 The censur'd objects of the Deity.
 Wealth cannot stop the torrent of reproach,
 Tho' screen'd from Britons by a gaudy coach;
 Its inmate oft tho' clad in rich array,
 Meets hoots and hisses as he rides away;
 Till spleen, that canker of the human heart,
 Makes him oft wish he could from life depart.
 It is a scourge offended laws can't give,
 The worst of torments whilst its object live;
 Sometimes it stops our vices as they rise,
 While chaster thoughts the wav'ing mind supplies.
 Oft does a parent with paternal care,
 His only Daughter with affection rear;
 Soon as the time arrives his cares to pay,
 A vile seducer takes his gem away;—
 Wafts her to infamy of every kind,
 Then leaves the object with a tortur'd mind.
 Still does her heart with pure affection burn,
 Wish to a father's roof again to turn;—
 Just at that period—lucre tempts again,
 And the weak vessel totters on the main:
 She reels, she sinks, from chaste affections view,
 To taste the draught of bitterness anew.
 Some vile procuress with a demon's skill,
 In a short period gains her to her will;
 Till grown familiar to a harlot's life,
 Quote inebriety to banish strife;
 Becomes familiar to a vicious plan,
 Adds to the charmers in the siren's den;
 To liquor fly to banish thoughts of home,

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And nightly forc'd for ways and means to roam.
 Sweet health is banish'd and she finds too late,
 Some dismal bridewell soon must be her fate;
 All means are fled, the staff of life to gain,
 To bridewell hurried with remorse and pain.
 A pass is granted,—to her father sent,
 Where she is foster'd from the element.
 A tender parent kiss the long lost child,
 Assures forgiveness tho' by grief turn'd wild.
 Soon as the mind to calmer scenes invite,
 He bless the hour that brought his lost to sight.
 A scene like this came lately to my ear,
 I know the parent and his worth revere.
 Frequent do parents cause the great distress,
 That on their daughters unexpected press.
 The mother drains her pockets very low,
 That Miss may make a gaudy flippant show;
 To country balls she often bends her way,
 And is allowed with cards and dice to play.
 View but the manners of the modern belle,
 And see if they don't levity foretell:
 The bosom oft appears too much in view,
 Sweet modesty is forc'd to bid adieu:
 To her chaste dictates she cannot attend,
 Indeed they do not deem her as a friend.
 Mark how they roll their lively eyes about,
 Just like her Ladyship when at a rout.
 A piece of music next the parlour grace,
 While vanity is striding on apace:
 So swift she flies that almost time outrun;
 By her manœuvres oft the fair's undone;
 Miss cannot look on any but a squire,
 Or dress'd up coxcombs, only them admire;
 An honest farmer's son they call a clown,
 Likes none but puppies living in a town;
 Such creatures, soon as wedded, only strive
 How to jog on and keep the game alive:
 Careless who suffers if they can but live,
 Wanting still more than prudent parents give;
 All wishes gratified,—in hopes that Miss
 Will soon enjoy the matrimonial bliss.
 A prudent living man is known to say,
 For me such bawbles dress too fine and gay;
 She'd squander money much against my will,
 In paying milliner's enormous bill.
 Such conduct in a parent may be wise,
 Where good estates can all his wants supplies;
 The ill effects that rise from such a plan,
 Is were stern poverty assails the man.
 Parents there are who often live this way,
 Although two shillings in the pound can't pay.
 Soon as their creditors do sharply press,
 The lovely maidens feel extreme distress;
 No lover then to sooth the drooping eye,
 When poverty is seen from them they fly:
 Unfit to baffle with the frowns of life,
 And greatly more so for to be a wife.
 Then does the wealthy Libertine succeed,
 Furnish their pockets known to be in need;
 Takes Miss from home to grace a chaise and pair,
 While the unhappy parents nurse despair.

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A LETTER FROM
Miss Maria C, to her Parents at***

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My pen I take, my wretched fate to state,
 Pardon, oh pardon, tho' a vile ingrate;
 Your daughter late so innocent and gay,
 Was by a vile seducer led astray
 From those chase precepts by you taught to know,
 That he who sets above knows all below;
 Either on earth or in the heavenly skies,
 Each substance falls or as he wishes rise.
 I fell a victim to unchaste desires,
 And feel those sorrows vengeance now requires,
 After I left a parent's house and home,

Induced with wicked Henry to roam;
That sweet society my bosom knew,
From me that instant bade a long adieu.
Time, I much fear, will not that balm restore;
Its fled from me and will return no more.
I know that sweet compassion fills your mind,
And to forgiveness ever was inclin'd;
Take then your daughter to your arms again,
And she from latent vices will abstain.
With pious thoughts she'll pass the day away,
Till stern reproof is banish'd far away;
Too well I know that censure will appear,
In every mansion when Maria's there;
Soon as the vengeance of her sting is cast,
The scoffers arrogance no longer last;
Too true I know that woes I'm doom'd to bear,
The unfeeling frown the virgin's haughty sneer;
In time they'll vanish when its known I rove,
In virtue's path with innocence and love.
My prayers I'll offer to the throne on high,
And live as ordered by the Deity.
Lately I met my Mother's upper maid,
To ask her questions I was much afraid;
Yet ere I bade the honest girl adieu,
Nature compell'd me to inquire of you:
She said my mother fell a prey to grief,
And that no medicine could give relief;
In stating this a tear escaped her eye.
Return she cried, then heaved a tender sigh:
I will return and ere her spirits fled,
Press my lov'd mother on her couch or bed.
For pity's sake write me a line to say,
If I to you may speedy bend my way;
This boon is all I ask and now I crave,
A parent's blessing ere I meet the grave.

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**To the Memory of
MR. PAGE,
LATE OF
*PULHAM MARKET.***



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My pen but faintly can declare,
The virtues of his mind;
Well he deserves the friendly tear,
From those he leaves behind.

Dissimulation could not rest
A moment on his face,
No wicked thoughts annoy'd his breast,
Nor envy found a place.

To friends and neighbours was sincere,
He cheerful pass'd the day;
His memory many will revere,
Till they are call'd away.

Enough I cannot say of him,
The reason's very plain;
But few were so devoid of sin,
No better here remain.

Quite well he knew the ways of life,
Performed one noble plan,
Avoiding things that brought or strife,
And justice did to man.

His conversation sweetly pure,
For prudence led the way;
None but those he could endure,
Who would her strains obey.

Once on a time by ills oppress'd,
 I asked his friendly aid;
 He lull'd my anxious mind to rest,
 And sorrow quick dismayed.

At Pulham market, left behind,
 Those friends he did revere;
 To every stranger they are kind
 To friendship are sincere.

No party spirit there can dwell,
 A day within that place;
 They bid her give a long farewell,
 Nor dare to show her face.

The humble tradesman can retire,
 If pleasure leads his mind;
 Beside the wealthy farmer's fire,
 And gain attention kind.

The labouring poor will seldom part,
 From those that him employ;
 Good usage animates the heart,
 And bitter thoughts destroy.

In the gay village all around,
 A little cot you'll find,
 Behind it is the garden ground,
 To please the tenants' mind.

Seldom is rais'd the tasker's cot,
 Not often turn'd away;
 No murmuring on his master's spot,
 He cheerful him obey.

The farmer's wife the poor supply,
 With barm and milk beside,
 To do them good each other vie,
 To serve them is their pride.

The humble and the wealthy sing
 To Albion's long success;
 Good news for England pleasure bring,
 And adverse gales distress.

Again on Page my humble strains,
 With melancholy dwell;
 To tell the grief and heart felt pains,
 To bid a long farewell.

It's gratitude that urge the pen,
 It's friendship leads the way;
 To speak the virtues of a man,
 That death has call'd away.

Oh may his spirit ever rest,
 Beside the God of all,
 And ever number'd with the blest,
 Till he shall judge us all.

Death brought no terrors to his heart,
 For resignation staid,
 Till from his life he should depart,
 And lent her cheering aid.

Oh God he cried I've no pretence,
 To think election sure;
 Cleanse, cleanse my soul, ere I go hence
 And join me with the pure.

POLITICAL SURGEON.



Tune—"The Exciseman."

In a country village that's near,
 A very good market for beef;
 Thro' a lane a neat mansion appear,
 Whose owner can give you relief.

No one in the place doubts his skill,
Due attention he pays to the poor,
To them he'll diminish his bill;
If adversity stands at the door.

I fear he brain fevers increase,
To those that are fond of the state,
To upbraid it he seldom will cease,
And will its mishaps glad relate.

To men that are loyal and brave;
Such stuff will but faintly go down,
All judge it the trick of a knave,
That endeavour to harass the crown.

When first to the village he went;
All pensions and placemen were bad,
Of doctrine so foul he's relent,
By vanity's rays he's misled.

When a man is well known to be poor,
Such gammon he'll cram in your ear,
Yet when the wolf's fled from his door,
He a different thing will appear.

The time that I stated 'twas thought,
He scarcely could raise half a crown,
And some people say not a groat,
Till a lady arrived in the town.

But soon he found money in hand,
Enough for to purchase a farm,
Of two hundred acres of land,
Which did all his cravings disarm.

He attended me once to ease pain;
I found him a man very wise;
Awhile would my patience detain;
To tell me the stocks could not rise.

He said that the state was so poor,
A bankrupt it soon would be found,
I told him to state it no more
His noddle I feared was unsound.

The camelion its colours oft change,
And so can the doctor his plan,
To loyalty's converse can range,
To suit any very rich man.

With the ladies he neatly can toy,
I mean quite by decency's rule;
Yet his nonsense the wiser annoy,
Of sagacity's plan but a tool.

A more sober man cannot be,
For water is chief of his drink;
He is very well liked on by me,
I'm always for purple and pink.

CHEERFUL ISAAC.



Tune—"The Wedding Day."

Isaac lives in a cottage near the road side,
He envies not Princes or Kings,
Unacquainted with splendor no lover of pride,
He says it oft poverty brings.

Trudges all day with his plough void of care,
At eve to the village he flies,
In hopes a good ditty or story to hear;
For those all his wishes supplies.

Sometimes his noddle so dizzy is grown,
That he cannot exact his path find;
Yet Isaac is nettled whenever tis known,
Slaves to old Bacchus go blind.

True friendship he loves and friendly to all,
That dame fortune e'er send to his door;
With a glass of strong ale welcome them all,
Tho' it be from the labouring poor.

His wife is at all times as anxious to send,
Her boon were distress points the way;
To the needy she is daily a friend,
Her efforts oft poverty stay.

They trudge on united unblemished by art,
She delights in the dairy and cow;
From the first dawn of morn till phœbus depart,
While Isaac's engaged with the plough.

No worthier couple dwell far around,
Good nature in them can be seen;
In their happy retreat mirth wide abound,
Unknown to ill nature or spleen.

May Isaac and many that live near the town,
This Christmas most cheerfully meet;
To chat o'er a glass at the Falcon or Crown,
Join'd by others that at dwell in the street.

Both Landlords endeavour strangers to please,
By keeping of liquors the best;
With very soft beds that you may lay at ease,
When disposed to adjourn for to rest.

At Pulham Market, this motto remain,
Let us always be merry thro' life,
Drink success to our King again and again,
To banish dull care pain and strife.

**To the Memory of
MR. SELF,
LATE OF
*PULHAM MARKET HALL.***

The tear of regret was observed all around,
When our neighbour and friend was consigned to the ground;
If penury hung round the Cottager's door,
He ne'er would forget to remember the poor.
So cheerful in converse you always would find,
Neither spleen or ill nature could harass his mind;
Till age made its inroads he'd join with the gay,
At many amusements to gladden the day.
In most friendly meetings for him they would call,
For I can say with truth he was liked by us all;
Good news for his country would him much pleasure bring,
For no subject in Britain rever'd more his King.
His conduct and actions would plainly foretell,
As a husband or parent but few did excel.
He was always a friend to the labouring poor,
To serve them at all times no one could strive more.
In all parish concerns he was found to be just,
And ne'er was the man that dishonoured his trust,
May the Angel that note all our errors above,
Blot out our lov'd friends thro' angelical love:
May his spirit be numbered with those of the blest,
The moment grim death planted darts in his breast.
May his Children be strangers to every strife,
That too frequent attend many mortals thro' life;
And when it shall choose the Almighty to call
Them from earthly troubles may he pardon them all.

THE VALIANT CAPTAIN.

Tune.—“Derry Down.”

This night I am trying a picture to draw,
Whom you know very well is a son of the law;
A wonder of wonders, he will not drive the quill,

To injure another, or make a bad will.

To increase a dispute he begs leave to decline,
And will settle such things o'er a glass of good wine;
When 'twas said we soon should be invaded by France,
Oh dear how he made his gay pony quick dance.

I fear 'twould be found he would be in the rear,
If the time was to come that their armies were near;
And was they on Albion's shore to arrive,
The shock would be such that he could not survive.

As Hudibras says, he this notion retain,
He that quick runs away may perhaps fight again;
On Sundays he brought his brave men to our view,
But some people say they no fighting e'er knew.

Had such been the case I will answer to say,
But those very brave valiants would soon run away;
Give them plumb pudding and plenty of beef,
And alone on the ground would be found the grand Chief.

Show him but a bottle of excellent wine,
And I'd warrant to say he'd the contest decline;
If talking would do he would frighten them all,
But I don't think he'd like to see powder or ball,

Come whistling near to his brain-pan or heart;
From such trying scenes he would gladly depart;
As a neighbour he's worthy the village esteem,
May he ne'er want a bottle nor I a good theme.

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OLD JACK.—A SONG.

Tune.—“The Exciseman”.

Not far from the village you'll see,
A snug little mansion appear,
As pleasant I think as can be,
To divert all its inmates from care.

It's embellish'd with pebbles and glass,
Which in buildings is rare to be seen;
To enliven the eye as you pass,
In the front is a very neat green.

One side there a clump of fir trees,
The other a garden with fruit,
With flowerets the ladies to please,
And a jasmine tree into boot.

A paddock adjoins the loved spot,
Another thing more you'll denote;
For work-men a very neat cot,
With a very good round little moat.

At the end of the cottage oft lay,
The black little scot on the straw;
On whom do old Jack in the day
At times lay his delicate paw.

I dare not almost for my life,
Tell Jack what I really do think;
That the scot he likes well as his wife,
Except it is strong beer to drink.

But old Jack he is getting quite old,
Was always a good natured man;
You could not allure him by gold,
To act in a dishonest plan.

Few dare the old man to oppose,
Be him ever so much in the wrong,
For many he takes by the nose, ^[20]
Be they ever so stout or so strong.

He envies not those in fine gigs,
His mind he keeps constant at ease,
Pass his time with the bullocks and pigs,

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And his master most commonly please.

May the master and man live as long,
As comforts on earth can be found;
Then be join'd to the heavenly throng,
Where angelical pleasures abound.

ON THE DEATH
OF
BEN GEE.

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Alas, the dull bell his departure declares,
His wife and poor children are shedding those tears
That flows from sincerity's bosom of grief,
Scarce can old time give a lapse from relief.
The widow to ease or the orphan protect,
He would never a minute in friendship neglect;
Sometimes ungrateful they each of them prov'd,
At tales of affliction his bosom was moved.
How cheerful he'd set tho' hard blew the gale,
Amusing his friends with a voyager's tale.
Ill nature did never his features deform,
His hopes were thro' life to weather the storm.
Sometimes fickle fortune to him would prove kind,
Then he'd furl up his sails for a respite to mind;
When the mishaps of life to his bosom gave pain,
He would boldly embark on the ocean again;
In hopes that hereafter more lucky to be,
He would venture his all to the boisterous sea.
To a gloomy prison, with numbers hard press'd,
Oft thought of his home was greatly distress'd;
Yet the moment the tears of affliction was o'er,
Cherish'd a hope for to see them once more.
Return'd and no language those joys can impart,
When he press'd with affection his wife to his heart;
His children all gladden'd their Father to see,
Some hung round his neck, while some press'd his knee.
Pure friendship then enter'd their old friend to greet,
And happy was many, the sailor to meet.
They cried, your long absence have given us pain,
But thank God in safety we see you again.
'T was the last trip he made, pale sickness o'er-spread
The cheek once so rosy, and forced to his bed,
A Man that ne'er harbour'd a thought in his breast
To injure another or rob him of rest.
With calmness he cried, wife and children adieu,
My feelings foretel me I'm not long with you.
God fix my departure, and his will be done,
Lay me close by my house when my hour glass is run.
Complied were his wishes, for near is the grave,
Where lieth the Body of BEN GEE the Brave.

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ELEGY
ON THE DEATHS OF
MR. BEALE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

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Late of Herts.

My Friends are fled from mortal eye,
God sent the just decree;
Let us submit to him on high,
Who made the Earth and Sea.

I hear again that death has paid,
A second visit where,
Lately dwelt a virtuous maid,
And parent's tender care.

Dear Madam, let your troubled, breast,
This Earthly comfort find;

God alone can lull to rest
The widow's downcast mind.

Late did your worthy partner say,
From death no one can flee;
Ere many months are pass'd away,
Our Nancy rests by me.

Clos'd in that spot from public view,
I've pointed out the grave;
Let pious thoughts stern grief subdue,
Jesus repentants save.

Adieu! he cried to all around,
That stood beside his bed;
Sweet mercies to us will abound,
If we by grace are led.

We know that our redeemer live,
Beside the God of all;
Who will our errors all forgive,
If we sincerely call.

Death came mantling on his brow,
With firmness still he prayed;
O God, on sinners mercy show,
Ere in the grave we're laid.

His wife and children now deplore
Their loss with many a sigh,
And so does many labouring poor,
With many a weeping eye.

Truly he did assistance lend,
To those that stood in need,
The orphan in him found a friend,
A constant one indeed.

FINIS.

Walker, Printer, near the Duke's Palace, Norwich.

Footnotes:

[20] Jack at times shaves his brother workmen.

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