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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARRIS'S LIST OF COVENT GARDEN LADIES ***

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The Project Gutenberg eBook of *Harris's List of Covent-Garden Ladies for the Year 1788* by Anonymous.

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HARRIS'S LIST

OF

COVENT-GARDEN LADIES:

OR,

MAN OF PLEASURE'S

KALENDER,

For the YEAR, 1788.

CONTAINING

The Histories and some Curious Anecdotes of the most celebrated Ladies now on the Town, or in keeping, and also many of their Keepers.

LONDON:

Printed for H. RANGER, (formerly at No. 23. *Fleet-Street*;) at No. 9, *Little Bridge-Street*, near *Drury-Lane Play-House*

Where may be had,

The separate LISTS of many preceding Years

Transcriber's Note.

Words in italics in the book are enclosed between underscores in this ebook. The original capitalisation, italics, spellings, line breaks, hyphenation and (as far as possible) page layout, are retained; the aim thereby is to convey more accurately the flavour of the original. Most errors (for example inconsistent use of round and square brackets, and the misnumbering of page 17 as page 71) have also been kept. However, a small number of corrections have been made for the convenience of the reader (where, for example, there are no spaces between words).

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ERRATA.

In page 42, Miss Cl—nt—n, at No.
17, *read* ——— Street.
Page 72 *read* No. 4, *instead* of No.
14.
Page 77, *read* Mrs L—w—s, at No. 68.

INTRODUCTION.

Again the coral berry'd holly glads the eye,
The ivy green again each window decks,
And mistletoe, kind friend to *Bassia's* cause,
Under each merry roof invites the kiss;
Come then, my friends, ye friends to *Harris* come,
And more than kisses share, drink love supreme
From his ambrosial cup, tho' oft replete
Satiety ne'er gives, but leaves the ravish'd sense
Supremely blest, and ever craving more.
Come ye gay sons of pleasure, come and feast
Your *every* sense, and lave your souls in love,
Fearless advance, nor think of ills to come;
Here taste variety, of love's sweet gifts,
Pure and unstain'd as at kind nature's birth.

THE parterre of Venus was never more elegantly filled, never did the loves and graces shine, with more splendor than at present; Marylebone, the now grand paradise of love, and Covent Garden, her elder born, beam with uncommon ardor; nor is our antient Drury unfrequented; no sooner do the stars above shed their benign influence, but our more attracting ones below

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below bespangle every walk, and make a heaven on earth; Bagnigge, St. George's Spa, with all their sister shops, deal out each night their choicest gifts of love; nor with the sons of pleasure be disappointed should they extend their travels still farther east, and visit the purlieu of White Chapel. The Royalty is over full, and Wapping, Shadwell, and the neighbouring *fields* lend all their lovely train to glad each night; these then shall be our walks; from these gay spots of pleasure shall we call love's purest sweets,

And without thorn the rose.

By thus extending our researches we shall be able to suit every constitution, and every pocket, every whim and fancy that the most extravagant sensualist can desire. Here may they learn to shun the dreadful quicksands of pain and mortification, and land safe on the terra firma of delight and love.

HARRIS'S LIST

OF

COVENT-GARDEN LADIES

Miss L—st—r, No. 6, *Union-Street*,
Oxford-Road.

Oh, pleasing talk, to paint the ripen'd charms
Of youth untutor'd in the female arts;
To see instinctively desire blaze out,
And warm the mind with all its burning joys.
The *tell-tale eyes* in liquid pools sustain'd,
The throbbing breast now rising, now suppress't;
The *thrilling bliss* quick darting thro' the frame,
The *short fetch'd sighs*, the snow white twining
limbs,
The sudden gush, and the extatic oh.

SUCH our all pleasing L—st—r leads the train, and, smiling like the morn, unfolds her heaven of beauties. Oh, for a *Guido's touch*, or *Thomson's thought*,

thought, to paint the richness of her unequal'd charms; every perfection that can possibly adorn the face and mind of Woman seem centered in this bewitching girl; hither resort then, ye genuine lovers of beauty and good sense; here, whilst *Plutus* reigns, may you revel nor know satiety; here feast the longing appetite, and return with fresh *vigor* to every *attack*. Now arrived at the tempting age of nineteen, her imagination is filled with every luscious idea, *refined* sensibility, and *fierce desire* can unite, her form is majestic, tall, and elegant; her make truly genteel, her complexion

—As April's lily fair,
And blooming as June's brightest rose.

Painted by the masterly hand of nature, shaded by tresses of the darkest brown, and enlivened by two stars that swim in all the essence of unsatiated love.

Her pouting lips distil nectarious balm,
And thro' the frame its thrilling transports
dart;

which, when parted, display a casket of snow white pearls, ranged in the nicest regularity, the *neighbouring hills* below full

full ripe for manual pressure, firm, and elastic, and heave at every touch. The *Elysian font*, in the centre of a *black bewitching grove*, supported by two pyramids white as alabaster, very delicate, and soft as turtle's down. At the *approach* of their *favourite lord* unfold, and for three guineas he is conducted to this *harbour* of never failing delight. Add to all this, she sings well, is a very cheerful companion, and has only been, in *life* nine months.

Miss H—ll—nd, No. 2, *York-Street*,
Queen-Ann-Street.

No time shall pass without that dear delight,
I'll talk of love all day, and aca it all the night;
Pleasure and I as to one goal design'd,
Will run with equal pace, while sorrow lays
behind.

Those who choose to sail the island of love in a *first rate* ship, or to enclose an armful of delight, must be pleased with this lady; who, tho' only seventeen and short, is very fat and corpulent; yet, notwithstanding, she is a fine piece of frailty; her face is handsome and her

her *nut brown locks*, which are placed *above* and below, promise a luscious treat to the voluptuary. Her temper is agreeable and pleasing, and she is so far from being mercenary, that a single guinea is the bondage of her wish.

Miss B—rn, No. 18, *Old Compton*
Street, Soho.

Close in the arms she languishingly lies,
With dying looks, short breath, and wishing
eyes.

This accomplished nymph has just attained her eighteenth year, and fraught with every perfection, enters a volunteer in the field of Venus. She plays on the piano forte, sings, dances, and is mistress of every *Manoeuvre* in the amorous contest that can enhance the coming pleasure; is of the middle stature, fine auburn hair, dark eyes, and very inviting countenance, which ever seems to beam delight and love. In bed she is all the heart can wish, or eye admire, every limb is symmetry, every action under cover truly amorous; her price is two pounds two.

Miss

Miss J—ns—n, No 17, *Goodge Steet,*
Charlotte Street.

And all these joys insatiably to prove,
With which rich beauty feasts the glutton love.

The raven coloured tresses of Miss J—ns—n are pleasing, and are characteristics of strength and ability in the wars of Venus. Indeed this fair one is not afraid of work, but will undergo a great deal of labour in the action; she sings, dances, will drink a cheerful glass, and is a good companion. She has such a noble elasticity in her loins, that she can cast her lover to a pleasing height, and receive him again with the utmost dexterity. Her price is one pound one, and for her person and amorous qualifications she is well worth the money.

Miss L—v—r, No. 17, *Ogle Street,*
Queen Ann-Street East.

She darted from her eyes a side long glance
Just as she spoke, and, like her words, it flew,
Seem'd not to beg, what yet she bid to do.

This young nymph of fifteen is short, of a dark complexion, and inclin-

able to be lusty; she does not rely on *chamber practice* only, for she takes her evening excursions to seek for *clients*, who may put their case to her either in a tavern or her own apartments; her fee is from a crown to half a guinea, and she strives to earn her money by seeming to be agreeable; however, she may please some, and as we have only known her about four months she cannot have lost her *appetite*, but seems particularly fond of the sport.

Miss L—ns—y, No. 13, *Bentick Street,*
Berwick Street.

Close in the arms she languishingly lies,
With dying looks, short breath, and swimming
eyes.

To all lovers of carrots we would recommend this fair complex, and blue ey'd nymph; she is now steering into the nineteenth year, and has very little of the vulgarity too often found in the sisterhood, but would be rather silent than speak nonsense: the mere sensualist will not find her quite to his fancy, but she will please the delicate and sensible, who can

can spend the dull pause of joy with her agreeably, till call'd by nature to repetition; in which, as well as in conservation, we are informed she is equally charming.

Miss H—rd—y, No. 45, *Newman Street.*

Her look serene does purest softness wear,
Her face exclaims her fairest of the fair.

This lady borrows her name from her late keeper, who is now gone to the India's, and left her to seek support on the wide common of independence; she is now just arrived at the zenith of perfection, devoid of art and manners, as yet untutor'd by fashion, her charms have for their zest every addition youth and simplicity can add. She has beauty without pride, elegance without affectation, and innocence without dissimulation; and not knowing how long this train of perfections will last, we would advise our reader to make hay whilst the sun shines.

Miss Br—wn, No. 8, *Castle-Street*,
Newman-Street.

Her every glance, like Jove's vindictive flame,
Shoot thro' the veins, and kindle all the frame.

A peculiar elegance in make and taste in dressing distinguishes this daughter of love; her shape is remarkably genteel, and her figure good; she sings a good song and is a chearful *bon* companion; her complexion is fair, her eyes, though grey, exceedingly melting, and seem to speak the disposition of the parts below very forcibly, and if you would wish to find a good bed-fellow, tho' not blest with every other perfection, this lady will perhaps suit her price, which is two pounds two.

Mrs. T—rb—t, No 25, *Titchfield-Street*.

The glow of youth, the fire of wanton love,
Sport in her eye, and rouse the sensual heart
To strong desires unmanageable pitch.

So universally known, and so great a fav'rite with the bucks is this lady, that her desription is almost needless; her eyes And hair are of the most inviting darkness,

darkness, her temper and disposition good, and her mind replete with the choicest gifts of *Minerva*; her figure is elegant, she is very tall, sings and dances to perfection, and has only been in a *public* way of life twelve months; for a single skirmish she does not refuse the King's smallest picture, but for a whole night's siege expects three of the largest.

Miss R—ch—rds—n, No. 2 *Bennett-Street*, *Rathbone-Place*.

If women were as little as they are good,
A peas cod would make them a gown and a
hood.

A pretty, little, lively, fair complex- ioned girl, with a dainty leg and foot, and as pretty a pair of pouting bubbies as ever went against a man's stomach, and one who well deserves the attention that is paid her by every man capable of knowing her value. She is pleasing, though fond, and can make wantonness delightful; every part assists to bring on the momomentary delirium, and then each part combines to raise up the fallen mem- ber, to contribute again to repeated rapture; her price is commonly two gui- neas,

but if a man is clever, she is very ready to make some abatement.

Miss L—c—s, No. 1 *York-Street*,
Queen-Ann-Street East.

———Lilting o'er the lea,
Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.

She is tall and fair, of a striking figure, and amiable in conversation, perfectly complying with the desires of her ena- morato's: she is said, like the river Nile, frequently to overflow, but some- how or another her inundations differ from those of that river, as they do not produce foecundity, some skilful gar- deners are of opinion that she drowns the *seed*, which is the reason that it does not take root. This, is a disagreeable circumstance to those who may wish not to till in vain; but to others who would prefer the pleasure without the expensive consequences, she is the more desirable, as they are sure that all who bathe in her *Castalian spring*, will be overwhelmed with a flood of delight.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Cr—sby, No, 24, *George Street, over Black Fryars Bridge.*

Fast lock'd in her arms,
And enjoying her charms,
Every frown of old care I'll defy;
Give desire such a loose,
That the all potent *Juice*,
Shall pervade ev'ry sense, and swim in each
Eye.

Birmingham lays claim to the birth of this daughter of love, and, under the care and protection of an indulgent father and mother, she reached her fifteenth year " pure and unsullied;" at this period nature began to be very bay with Nancy, and a strong propen- sity for seeing *Life*, compelled her to leave her parents and enter into servitude, and being particularly attached to the sons of Neptune, she chose for her master a sea captain, whose name she still prefers to any other. A twelve month had not elapsed in the captain's service before our charmer's feelings had reached their highest pitch, and the captain, blest with a keen appetite, after a six months voyage, with little persua- sion, opened her *port hole*, cleared her *gangway*, and threw her virtue *overboard*. He

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He grew strongly attached to her, and, being a man rather advanced in years, became contented and happy, nor wished for any other but his dear Nancy. She was his own, and he was all she at that time wished or desired for; one or two little prattlers were pledges of their mutual regard, and till the day of the captain's death they lived " the happy pair." It is near two years since she lost her friend, by whose death she receives a little annuity, that will ever keep her from the necessity of parading the streets *merely* for support, and you are certain to meet with her at home at almost any hour of the day; in the evening she generally visits one of the Theatres, and always sits in the side boxes, in which place she contrives to chuse her spark, and if possible to take him home with her (for she never sleeps out,) where he will meet with snug com- fortable apartments, civility, good hu- mour, and a very engaging partner, whilst she continues good humoured; if he uses any language or behaviour to ruffle her temper, she can act the Virago as well as most of her sex. She is rather below mediocrity in size, with dark hair, flowing in ringlets down her back, languishing

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languishing grey eyes, and a very toler- able complexion, and a pair of pretty little firm *bubbies*. Her leg and foot is particularly graceful, always ornamented with a white silk stocking, and a neat shoe; she is a loving bed-fellow, and sincerely *attaches* herself to the enjoyment, feels the thrilling sensation with poig- nancy, and for one guinea will *enjoy* you as many times as you please.

N. B. She keeps the house, and you must not mention to her a syllable con- cerning her pretty lodger *above*, if you wish to be calm *below*.

Miss Harriet J—n—s, *St. George's
Hotel, opposite Virginia Street, Wapping.*

For lips to lips, and Tongue to Tongue,
Will make a man of sixty young.

Yes, 'tis Harriet, the fair, still blooming Harriet, whose eyes are molded for the tender union of souls (let them but borrow a little fire from Bacchus) "by Heaven's, shoot Suns" whose nectar-distilling lips pour sweetest balm; whilst the soft silent lingual inter- course shoots powerfully through all the frame,

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frame, and awakes each dormant sense. When naked she is certainly Thomson's Lavinia.

For loveliness,
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

A beautiful black fringe borders the *Venetian Mount*, and whether she pursues the *Grahamatic* method from a practical knowledge of its increase of pleasure, from motives of cleanliness, or as a certain preventative we will not pretend to say; but we well know it makes her the more desirable bed-fellow, and after every *stroke* gives fresh *tone and vigour* to the lately *distended parts*; her legs and feet claim her peculiar attention, nor do their *coverings* ever disgrace their owner, nor their actions under *cover* ever do injustice to that dear delightful spot they are doomed to support, protect, and pay just obedience to; *the eager twine*, the almost unbearable press at the *dye away moment*, with all *love's* lesser *Artillery*, she plays off with uncommon activity and ardor, and drinks *repetition* with thirst insatiable. Half a guinea, and a new pink ribband to encircle her bewitching brows, is the least she expects for a night's entertainment.

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entertainment. There are three or four more ladies of *our* order in the house, if this lady should not exactly suit.

But being blest with beauty's potent spell,
Must from her other sisters bear the bell.

Miss W—lk—ns—n, No. 10, *Bull-and-Mouth Street*.

Forbidding me to follow she invites me,
This is the mould of which I made the sex,
I gave them but one tongue to say us nay,
And two kind eyes to grant.

Here we present our readers with as pretty a man's woman as ever the bountiful hand of nature formed; a pair of black eyes that dart resistless fire, that speak a language frozen hearts might thaw, and stand as the sweet index to the soul; a pair of sweet pouting lips that demand the burning kiss, and never receives it without paying with interest; a complexion that would charm the eye of an anchorite; a skin smooth' as monument alabaster, and white as Alpien snow; and hair that so beautifully contrasts the skin, that nought but nature can equal. Descend a little lower and behold the semi-snowballs. "Studded

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"Studded with role buds, and streaked with celestial blue,"

that want not the support of stays; whose truly elastic state never suffers the pressure, however severe, to remain, but boldly recovers its tempting smoothness. Next take a view of nature centrally; no *folding lapel*, no *gaping orifice*, no *horrid gulph* is here, but the *loving lips* tenderly kiss each other, and shelter from the cold a small but easily stretched passage, whose *depth* none but the *blind boy* has liberty to *fathom*; between the *tempting lips* the *coral headed tip* stands centinal, sheltered by a *raven coloured-bush*, and for one half guinea conduct the *well erected friend* safe into *port*. She is a native of Oxfordshire, and has been a visitor on the town about one year, is generally to be met with at home at every hour excepting ten at night, at which time she visits a favourite gentle- man of the Temple.

Miss

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Mis N—ble, No. 10, *Plough Court*,
Fetter Lane.

She darted a sweet kiss,
The wanton prelude to a farther bliss;
Such as might kindle frozen appetite,
And fire e'en wasted nature with delight.

She is really a fine girl, with a lovely fair complexion, a most engaging be- haviour and affable disposition. She has a most consummate skill in reviving the dead; for as she loves nothing but active life, she is happy when she can restore it: and her tongue has a double charm, both when speaking and when silent; for the tip of it, *properly applied*, can talk eloquently to the heart, whilst no sound pervades the ear and send such feelings to the central spot, that imme- diately demands the more noble

weapon to *close* the *melting scene*.

Miss Sophia M—rt—n, No. 11, *Stephen Street, Rathbone Place*.

Oh! the transporting joy!

Impetuous flood of long-expected rapture, she is a charming black beauty; her vivid eyes, speak the liveliness of her disposition,

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disposition, and the joy she conceives in the hour of bliss. As yet she hath not approached the verge of satiety; she is not so hackneyed in the ways of man as to be merely passive, she enjoys the pleasure, and though she is very fond of a *noun substantive* that can *stand* by itself, yet she loves to make it *fall*, and indeed the stoutest man cannot *stand* long before her; many a *fine weapon* she has made a *mere hanger* and the most stubborn steel hath melted in her *sheath*; yet no one complains, but rather rejoices at the debility she produces, and wishes for repetition which she enjoys with a *gou* peculiar to herself, and is possessed of every *amorous* means to produce it, as she is of every luscious one to destroy it.—To be met with at any of the genteel houses about St. James's.

Miss W—d, at a Hair-dressers, *Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road*.

— — — Fair

As May morning rising from the east,
Or day dismounting from the golden west.

This young charmer is of the middle size, and the resplendent black of her lively

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lively eyes is finely contrasted by the fairness of her complexion and lightness of her hair: her teeth are good, and her temper complying. She is really a delicious piece, and her *terra incognita* is so very agreeable to every traveller therein, that it hath ceas'd to deserve that name, and is become a well known and much frequented country; freely *taking in* the stranger, *raising* up them that *fall*, making the *crooked straight*, and although she does not pretend to restore sight to the blind, she'll place him in such a direction that he cannot mistake the way; and for one guinea will engage he returns the same way back without any direction at all.

Miss Fanny C—ortn—y, at Mrs. Woods, *Lisle Street, Leicester Fields*.

My heart's so full of joy,
That I could do some wild extravagance
Of love in public, and the foolish world,
That knows not tenderness, might think
me mad.

This lady is fair, of a good size, very chatty, fond of obliging, and far from being mercenary: the more agreeable her

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her man, the less of money she expects or demands. It is true, she has other customers that make up for what she may loose by her attachments to pleasure; so that between the one and the other, she is very well off, and we prophesy will be long in vogue; we have known her only six months, and have reason to think very few has known her longer.

Miss R—fs, at Mrs. Wanpoles, No. 1,
Poland-Street.

Soft, as when the wooing dove,
Woo's his mate in vernal bowr's,
Is this purest child of love,
When she her *choicest treasure pours.*

Here youth and beauty are combined, and unadorned by education or art; what she *feels* in the *amorous encounter* cannot be feigned. Her natural simplicity is yet so unstained, and her knowledge of the world so very little, that it is almost impossible for her to dissemble; her hair, eye-brows and eyes, are of the deepest black; her complexion of the roses red, and her neck and breasts of the

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the purest white; her limbs are nobly formed, every joint possessing the most enchanting flexibility, which she manages with uncommon dexterity, and her *Venus Mount* is so *nobly fortified*, that she has no occasion to dread the *fiercest attack*, nor does she: and although she is obliged to make sudden *retreats*, her *advances* follow so very brisk, and are so effectual, that

Whene'er she quits the field,
Waits *vice* on her *lovely shield.*

but we must advise our lovers of the sport to keep her pleased, as her temper, a little different from *another part*, is not to be sported with.

Mifs S—ms, No. 82, *Queen Ann's-Street*
East.

Like some fair flower, whose leaves all colours yield,
And opening, is with rarest odours fill'd;
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So does her graceful height most nymphs exceed.

Miss S—ms is fair and tall, and if
well paired, would be a very proper
mould

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mould to cast grenadiers in; she is about twenty, and though rather above the common height, is not ungraceful nor awkward. She knows her value, and will seldom accept of less than two guineas, which indeed, are well bestowed. It is remarkable, that her lovers are most commonly of a diminutive size. The vanity of surmounting such a fine tall woman, is, doubtless, an incentive to many, to so unmatch themselves, that they are content to be like a sweet-bread on a breast of veal. Yet, notwithstanding her size, we hear her *low countries* are far from being capacious, but like a well made boot, is drawn on the *leg* with some difficulty, and *fits so close*, as to give great pleasure to the wearer; it is about two years since her *boot* has been accustomed to wear legs in it, and though often *soaled*, (sold) yet never wears out.

Miss B—lt—n, No. 14, *Lisle-Street*,
Leicester Fields.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain;
All I ask of mortal man,
Is to———me whilst he can.

These four lines were not more applicable to Miss C—tl—y, than to this present

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sent reigning lover of the sport; she is rather above mediocrity in height and size, with fine dark hair, and a pair of bewitching hazel eyes; very agreeable and loving, but she is not so unreasonable as to expect constancy; it is a weak un-profitable quality in a woman, and if she can persuade her husband or keeper that she has it, it is just the same as though she really possessed it. Miss B—lt—n is conscious she loves variety, as it con- duces both to her pleasure and interest; and she gives each of her gallants the same liberty of conscience, therefore she never lessens the fill of joy, by any real or affected freaks of jealousy; when her lovers come to her, they are welcome, and they are equally so when they fly to another's arms. Indeed, when they do so, it is generally to her advantage, as she finds they return to her with re- doubled ardour, and her charms are in general more dear, from a comparison with others; and although her age is bordering upon twenty-four, and she has been a traveller in our path four years, her desires are not the least abated, nor does she set less value on herself.

Miss

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Miss D—v—np—rt, No 14, *Lisle-street,*
Leicester-fields.

The nymphs like Nereids round her couch
were plac'd,
Where she another sea-born Venus lay;
She lay and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look fo languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em.

This young charmer, for she is not yet past the bloom of eighteen, has so beautiful a face, that though here and there the general ravager of beauty has left his dented marks in a skin, that the finest tints of the tulip, carnation, or rose, blended with the hue of the fairest lily, cannot equal, (so vastly superior is the vermilion tinge of nature, in this her choicest and most animated work over all other) yet their effect is rather pleas- ing than otherwise; and perhaps have tempered a blaze of beauty, which with- out them would have been insupportable. Her eyes are of that colour, which the celebrated Fielding has given the heroine ofhis most admirable work, and which dart

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dart a lustre peculiar to themselves. From such an eye each look has power to raise

"The loosest wishes in the chastest heart,"

and melt the soul to all the thrillings of unasked desire, till quite overpowered with the transporting gaze, the senses faint, and hasten to enjoyment. Her hair is also black, of which great orna- ment, nature has been lavishly bountiful, for when loose, it flows in unlimited tresses down to her waist; nor are the *tendrills* of the *moss covered grotto* thinner distributed, but though not yet *bushy*, might truly be stiled *Black Heath*; how early this *thicket* of her maidenhead *was penetrated* through, by the natural invader of *Middlesex*, we cannot pretend to say; moft probably when it was only a small brake; for from its present state, and the extraordinary warmth of the soil, it must have began to shoot very early, and the mother of all things must have opened the sanguinary sluices in this delightful *Channel*, at an early period. The mount above, has a most delicious swell, as ambitious to receive on it downy bed, its swelling rival and *antagonist*

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antagonist, and it is so well clothed, that it may be justly called the Cyprian Grove; whilst her breasts are so fine and so fully shaped, as to entitle her to be stiled *en bon point*, in the richest sense of the words, and they have a springiness that defies any weight whatever, of amo- rous pressure. Here the voluptuary might revel in pleasure, better imagined than described, in

"Soft silent rapture and extatic bliss."

Her teeth are remarkably fine; she is tall, and so well proportioned (when you examine her whole naked figure, which she will permit you to do, if you per- form Cytherean Rites like an able priest) that she might be taken for a fourth Grace, or a breathing Animated Venus de Medicis. Her disposition and

tem- per is remarkably good, so sweet that it is your own fault if it be soured; for she is possessed of an uncommon share of politeness, nothing rude or un- courteous in her manner, but abounding with civility and good breeding; her connections are good, and she has a keeper (a Mr. H—nn—h) both kind and

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and liberal; notwithstanding which, she has no objection to two supernumerary guineas.

Miss G—rge, at a Grocer's Shop, South
Moulton-Street.

Hast thou beheld a fresher, sweeter nymph,
Such war of white and red upon her cheeks,
What stars do spangle, Heaven, with so much
beauty,
As those two eyes become that Heav'nly face.

At the tempting luscious age of nine- teen, this lovely girl presents us with a face well worth the attention of the *na- turalist*; She is of a fine fair complexion, with light brown hair, which waves in many a graceful ringlet, has good teeth, and her tell-tale dark eyes, speak indeed, the tender language of love, and beam unutterable softness; she is tall of stature; and of the moft tempting *en bon point*; plump breasts, which in whiteness sur- pass the driven *snow*, and melt the most *snowy* of mankind to rapture. Her name she borrows from a gentleman, who, some little time ago, possessed her (as he thought

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thought) entirely for some time, but find- ing himself mistaken, and tired with the *cornuted* burthen on his brows, he left her about six months ago, to seek support in this grand mart of pleasure; and as she has been remarkably successful, and still remains a favourite piece for the enjoy- ment of her charms, and the conversa- tional intercourse, with a temper remark- ably good, for a whole night she ex- pects five pounds five shillings.

Miss Cl—nt—on, near Middlesex Hospital.

Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
Read what your's have written there.

This is a very genteel made little girl, with the languishing eye of an Eloise; like her too, she is warm with the *fire* of love, in all its native freedom, which, fanned by the amorous air, soon kindles into a flame that cannot be quenched but by the powerful effects of the *Cyprian Torrent*, which she is very fond of being *bathed in*; she has good teeth, And a lilly white skin, which is beauti- fully

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fully contrasted by a *grot* black as the sooty raven, which, for two pounds two, will entertain you a whole night.

Miss Betsy Cl—rke, No. 1 1, *Stephen-Street*,
Rathbone Place.

Hope, with a gaudy prospect feeds the eye,
Sooths every sense, does with each with
comply;
But false enjoyment the kind guide destroys,
We lose the passion in the treacherous joys.

Enjoyment is the most exquisite of human pleasures; ah! what a pity it is so short in duration. Nature wound up to the highest pitch, after striking *twelve*, immediately descends to poor solitary *one*: these are the reflections that na- turally arise on enjoying Betsy. Though she is but little, she is an epitome of de- light, a quintessence of joy, which by the most endearing chemistry, give all spirit, and unite in small compass, the efficacy of a much larger bulk. Her lovely fair tresses and elegant countenance beat

alarms to love; but we attack only to fall in the breach, and lament that the luscious

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luscious conflict is so soon ended. The common destroyer of beauty has made a few dells on the face of this fair Jewess, but a pair of pretty dimples makes ample amends, and quite over balances these trifling imperfections; she has been in life not more than six months, and expects, if she calls any man a friend, to receive two guineas the first visit.

Miss D—gl—ss, No. 1, *Poland-Street*.

See through the liquid eye, the melting glance,
The buried soul in lovely tumults lost,
And all the senses to the *centre sent*.

She is of the middle size, light hair, blue eyes, and about twenty-two; she is a very agreeable companion, fings a good song, and is a buxom, lively, luscious bed-fellow, but has nothing remarkable above the common run of women of the town, who are young and handsome; she has been a sportswoman in the Cyprian Games about five years, and always expects two pounds two before she is mounted.

Miss

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Miss Betsy H—ds—n, at *Mrs. Kelly's*,
Duke-Street, Saint James's.

How dull the spring of life would prove,
Without the kiss that waits on love;
From youthful lips you soon receive
The richest harvest lips can give.

Eloped from her friends in the country but a short time, flushed with all the amorous fire of youth insatiate, and ripe with every personal charm the heart of man can wish, this pleasing girl enters our list. The fresh country bloom still remains unimpaired, the rural vivacity is still the same, and united with a beautiful skin and complexion, we can present our readers with a temper and disposition that good nature and affability must call their own. Her teeth are regular, and very white, her eyes of the most lively hazel, which, without the least fire from Bacchus, shoot the most powerful glances; her hair a lovely brown, her breasts are small and never have been sufficiently subjected to manual pressure to deprive them of their natural firmness; she is willingly compliant to any liberty in company, that does not extend beyond the bounds of decency; but let nature come

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come forth *unadorned*, get once the enchanting girl in bed, she *opens* all her charms, and gives a sudden loose to such a bent of amorous passion, she would fire the most torpid disposition; when once you press her in your eager arms the game must instantly begin, and scarcely does she allow an introductory kiss, so uncurbed is her appetite, and so fond is she of *repetition*, that she would with every lover that passes a night with her to be able to say with Ovid,

Fair Betsy knows, when numbering the delight
Not less than *nine* full tranfports crown'd the
night.

Only six months has this child of love dealt out her charms in public, but well knowing their value, is not quite satisfied if she does not receive on *paper* a proof of their excellence.

Miss Br—wn, No. 8, *Castle Street, Oxford Market*.

Give me plenty of bub,
From the large brandy tub,
And I'll *spend* the whole night in your arms,
I'll expose every part

Of my brown *apple cart*,
And stifle, quite stifle the *boy* in its *charms*.

I hope none of our readers will prove a
Mr. L-d-tt, who, about six months ago,
from

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from a mere silly quarrel with this his favourite fair, thought it convenient to finish his existence in the *leaden way*; she does not possess either youth or novelty sufficient to tempt many, to act in that way, having been at least seven years a trading nymph to our knowledge; she is tall, and genteelly made, with a fine skin, and beautiful flaxen hair, but is too fond of the brandy bottle to give that sincere delight, that *mutual interchange of souls* so necessary to stamp the *extatic rapture*; she may, however, prove to those that will drink a glass with her, and has no objection to become as merry as herself, a desirable piece, as she is neither extravagant in her demands, or nice in the choice of her admirers.

Mrs. D—f—ld, at a *Sadler's*, *Charles Street, Soho*.

Then he began to rave and tear,
And swore once more he'd try the fair
To grace his notes he would take care,
She gave her kind consent.
He pitch'd the highest note he could,
And kept the stops just where he should,
Damon, says she, your musick's good,
And I am now content.

This lady, we are told, is remarkably
fond of musick, and there is no *tune*
within

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within *compass of the flute* but she plays with the greatest dexterity; she is perfect mistress of all the *graces*, is never out in *stopping*, and is full as well skilled in *pricking*; altho' the principal part of her *music* is played in *duets*, and every *duet* in a *natural key*, she has not the smallest objection to *two flats*; she has a variety of sweet notes, and many pleasing *airs*, and generally chooses the lowest part; every *shake and quaver* she feels instinctively, and sometimes has played the same *tune* over *twice*, before her partner has gone through it once, without the least deviation from true concord; she does not allow of any *cross bars*, and is particularly partial to the *Tacit* flute; her moving stars are as black and as round as the end of a *Crotchet*; no *flower that blows is like* her cheek, or *scatters such perfume* as her breath: no *advice can controul her love*; *she does as she will with her swain*, presses him *away to the copse*, puts the *wanton God where the bee sucks into her pleasant native plains*, soon after you feel the *graceful move* and find *how sweet it is in the low-lands*; and should it be *in sable night*, *she loves to restore the drooping plant*, thinks *variety is charming*, and always *gives one kind kiss before she parts*; and

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and as she is now only nineteen, can sing a French as well as an English song, and has a very good friend, whose name she at present assumes: you must not approach her shrine without being well fortified with *root of all evil*.

Miss B—nd, No. 28, *Frith-Street*.

A rose-bud blows in either cheek,
Round which the lily makes its bed;
Two dimples sweet good nature speak,
And auburn ringlets deck her head.
Her heaving breasts pant keen desire,
Their blushing summits own the flame;
Her eyes seem wishing *something nigher*,

Her hand conducts it to the same.

Miss B—nd is a very genteel agreeable little girl, and is distinguished more by the elegancy of her dress, than the beauty of her person, which might perhaps have been ranked in the list of tolerable's, had not the small-pox been quite so unkind; she is, nevertheless, a desirable _well tem- pered

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pered piece_, and one that does not degrade herself by her company or her actions; she comes into our corps, in consequence of her good keeper's leaving England, and enlists a volunteer, in all the spright- liness and vivacity of nineteen, with beautiful auburn hair, and a pair of pretty languishing blue peepers, that seem at every glance to tell you how nature stands affected below; nor will those swimming luminaries deceive you; *it* is ever ready to receive the *well formed tumid guest*, and as the *external crura* en- twine and press *home* the *vigorous tool*, the *internal crura* embrace it, and presses out the last *precious drops* of the *vital fluid*, which her hand, by stealth, conveyed to the *treasure bags* of nature, by tender *squeezings* seem to increase the undiscr- ible rapture, at the *dye away moment*; in short, during her performance of *venereal rites*, she is all the heart of the most in- flamed sensualist can wish, or any man that has two spare guineas in his pocket, can desire.

Miss

(51)

Miss Gr—n, No. 32, *Little Russel-Street*.

Strait a new heat return'd with his embrace,
Warmth to my blood and colour to my face;
Till at the length, with mutual kisses fir'd,)
To the last bliss we eagerly aspir'd,]
And both alike attain'd, what both alike)
desir'd.

When beauty beats up for recruits, he must be an errant coward indeed, who re- fuses to enlist under its banner; and when good humour, complaisance, and engaging behaviour are the rewards of service, it is shameful to desert. This lady's charms attract most who behold them; though of a low stature, and rather under the middle size, she is ele- gantly formed; her black eyes, contrasted with her white teeth, are highly pleasing, and the goodness of her temper rivets the chains which her agreeable form first put one. One guinea, is then, too poor a re- compence for such merit; and it is to be deplored, that a girl, who should only exchange love for love, should be obliged to take payment for what is ever beyond price: in bed, she is by far the better piece,

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piece, and is up to every manoeuvre necessary to restore life, and every luscious *move* to destroy; hands, tongue, lips, legs, and every part of the busy frame is engaged at once in the pleasing task, and all to provoke and bring the *soul breathing conflict* to the *last extatic gush*.

Mrs. D—d, No. 6, *Hind-court, Fleet Street*.

————— O my soul,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
Lost in sweet tumultuous dying?
You tremble love, and so do I!
Ah! stay, and we'll together dye;
My soul shall take her flight with thine
Life dissolving in delight,
Heaving breasts and swimming sight,
Faltering speech and gasping breath,
Symptoms of delicious death;
My soul is ready for the flight.

This lady appeared some years ago, to our readers, under the name of Ogl—, but as we have frequently seen, that a girl, though young, may yet be very disagreeable,

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disagreeable, so we may conclude, from Mrs. D—d, that a woman in years may be perfectly alluring; she is, indeed, turned of forty, rather fat and short, yet she looks well, dresses neat, and can divide as smartly covered, and as neat a leg and foot as ever beat time to *the silent flute*; her temper and behaviour are good, and if you are not soon disposed for the attack, she will shew you such a set of pictures, that very seldom fails to alarm the sleeping *member*. Then may you behold the *lovely fount* of de- light, reared on two pillars of monu- menatal alabaster; the symmetry of its parts, its *borders* enriched with *wavering tendrils*, its *ruby portals*, and the *tufted grove*, that crowns the summit of the mount, all join to invite the guest to enter. The cordial reception he meets therein, with the tide of *flowing bliss*, more delicious than the boasted nectar of the gods, engulph the raptured soul, and set the lovely owner of the premisses, above nine tenths of the green gew- gaws that flutter about the town. If discipline forms the soldier in the wars of Mars, experience finishes the female combatant in the skirmishes of Venus. That experience this lady has, and is per-

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perfectly skilled in every delightful manoeuvre, knowing how to keep time, when to advance and retreat, to face to the right or left, and when to *shower* down a whole *volley* of *love*; so that those who are vanquished by her glory in their defeat, pant only for returning vigour to renew the combat; she is perfectly mistress in the art of restoring life, and performs the tender friction with a hand soft as turtles down. Keeps the house, and after giving you a whole night's en- tertainment, is perfectly satisfied, and will give you a comfortable cup of tea in the morning, for one pound one.

Miss Bl—ke, No. 74, *Castle Street*,
Oxford Road.

The soft desiring girl expects thy coming;
Busy in thought, and hasty for the hour,
She turns and sighs, and wishes, counts the
clock,
And every minute drags a heavy pace,
Till thou appear, the champion of the bed,
Arm'd at all points, and eager for the charge
That calls thee to the combat of thy love.

This lady's graceful figure, beautiful
face, dark hair, and ivory teeth, must
surely

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surely win the heart of every one, who is fortunate enough to get into her com- pany, and make you pant for the en- joyment of the more essential bliss; for the performance of which, who indeed, is better qualified? who is of a sweeter temper? who can better twine in the en- chanting folds of love? who can fill the night with stranger raptures? few, if any. Instead of expecting two guineas for the performance, we may rather wonder at her moderation in not ex- pecting more: and though she is per- fectly charming when drest, yet we are informed that her naked beauties are still more enchanting; her lovely demi globes of delight, with their ruby buds, ravish the wondering eye. Descend still lower to the *regions of happiness*, the *true country of pleasure*, and there appear the *flaxen tendrils* wantonly playing over the *mother of all saints*, whilst the *pouting protuberances* leave it doubtful which *lips* better deserve the burning kiss; the ex- tatic embrace both act in concert, and charm with delightful unison; whilst those *above* murmur the transports of the soul, those which are placed *below*, per- form the delicious suction, which cannot be resisted till every atom of the genial juice

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juice is drawn through its most natural vent—that the man blest with enjoy- ment, may cry out with Lee in his *Caesar Borgia*,

———O thou great chemise, nature,
Who draw'st one spirit so divinely perfect,
Thou mak'st a dreg of all the world beside.

Ireland lays claim to the honour of giving birth to this charming girl, who has not sported her figure in public life more than ten months; indeed her particular friend, the Captain, whose name she has taken the liberty of assuming, thinks her rather more honest than we believe her to be; she is now in

her eighteenth year, dances well, and is fond of frequenting public hops, where, if her partner pleases her, for two guineas she has no objection to take him home, and return the compliment, that is, provided the Captain, is from town.

Miss

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Miss M—nt—n, No. 55, *Berwick-Street*,
Soho.

Toil all the night, and at the approach of
morn,
When tir'd nature calls aloud for rest,
The wanton fair, a stranger to fatigue,
With eager fondness will renew the sport;
Entwine the busy limbs to force the joy,
Whilst through the parting lips, the playful
tongue,
The vital fire thro' every nerve propels,
And drown the senses in love's potent stream.

Would the amorous *devotee* wish us to say more, perhaps he may require personal charms, even then he will not be disappointed; she is of the brunette cast, with fine languishing eyes, fine even teeth, plump, well formed, pant- ing bubbies, and as she has now only entered into her nineteenth year, cannot possibly have lost the transports of *mutuality*; at present she trades the independant lass, having no particular friend

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friend to humour or offend; she takes her noon and evening excursions regularly, and enjoys, with unfeigned rapture, every man of pleasure that *enters* properly equipped for the sport; and her love of variety, and her attachment to the sport, is so very prevalent, that, provided the gentleman's pocket is sufficiently armed, there is not the least reason to fear she then will meet him *midway*, with true rapture, will *grasp* the *pointed weapon* with genuine female fortitude, and urge him *home* with singular delight, *lesson* his *pride* with becoming dignity, and ask repeated pleasures.—It is now only eight months we have been able to call her *our own*, and as she seems satisfied with one guinea, would recommend her as a *deserving* peice.

Miss K—n, *Castle-Street*, *Oxford Market*.

"Let *Nature* empty her whole quiver in me,
"I have a *part*, which, like an ample shield,
Can *take in all*, and yet leave room for more.

This lady assumed the name, she at
present goes by, from motives of concealment

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cealment in her *sportive* profession, in which she drives a good trade, and is very much lik'd by the *beaux esprits* of the age for her *spunk*, being remarkably full of Cyprian Spirit, many degrees above any proof it has ever been put to; so that for the power of her parts, and active ability, she could match Turk Gregory; and when she had him in her tenacious arms, he might perform the amorous feat within the *magic circle* of her charms, till even strength, like his, was *spent*, and nature quite exhausted of all her balmy store, whilst she, untired, and springing from the bed, would ask a fresh attack, and still give pleasure in the warm embrace; she is of a dark complexion, with a wide mouth, and extraordinary well formed for a winter's companion. She has no pretensions to beauty, but founds her claims to public favour on internal merit, and her *capacity* and skill in the rites of Venus, appealing rather to the sense of touch, than that of sight; she is in general to be met with at a favourite hop, at the west end of the town, and if Mr. B—rd should not be there, you may gain the liberty of attending her home, and she will thank you for half a guinea.

Mrs.

(60)

Mrs. H—rv—y, No. 21, *Queen Ann*
Street East.

Behold those eyes that swim in humid fires,
And trace her wanton thoughts and young
desires;
Taste those sweet lips, with balmy Nectar
fraught,
And all the rich luxuriancy of thought:
Press her soft bosom—seat of swelling joy,
Whose charms invite the rosy pinion'd boy;
Who, fluttering here, may point the unerring
dart,
Flash in each eye, and revel in each heart,
Till bolder grown, your hand insatiate rove,
O'er her delightful *mount* and *sportive grove*;
Then all her limbs unbound, her girdle loose,
There's nothing you can ask her, she'll refuse.

The above lines, from one of the warmest and most elegant poets fancy ever favoured, might be very justly applied to this charming girl. Rich with the glow of youth, and the charms of a person, in which nature has been lavishly bountiful, she possesses a mind rarely, very rarely met with in the frail daughters of pleasure; generous, free-hearted,

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hearted, noble, feeling, and disinterested, might appear to be too high sounding epithets for a woman of this description. But however strange, it is not less strange than true; for she possesses qualities, which the want of, might make many a titled dame, possessed of that single virtue, (or at least appearing to possess it) that she has unfortunately lost,—blush, for they may all with the strictest truth be applied to her. Here then, may the man come, (nay, we advise him to) who wishes in the morning, succeeding a delicious night, to find his person and his purse safe, and his health uninjured; here may he come, and taste every joy the most luscious desire can wish; here may his very sense be fed, nor know satiety, for joined to a beautiful face, an elegant form, and a graceful manner, you will find the agreeable companion, the good humoured girl, and the most enchanting bedfellow; young, and not more than three months *on* the town, or *in* the town, fine hazel love-swimming eyes, and dark brown hair, which left to twine in nature's wanton folds, plays loosely over a neck white as snow un-sunned, and sweetly shades the most enchanting *love hillocks* nature ever planted *below*

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below, a jetty *black* surrounds the *pouting mansion*, rais'd on a pair of pillars that might *shame* the *whitest*, or mark the smoothest alabaster, that twine in the amorous encounter, and seem to partake of that pleasure in the dye-away moment, that we cannot pretend to set any value upon.

Mrs. Ch—sh—line, No. 36, *Titchfield*
Street.

Reclin'd upon a couch the maiden lay,
And all her virgin charms expos'd to view;
I saw them all, unseen, and in her eyes
Read the mad language of untaught desire.

This Mrs. C—— may say, when She first seduced this *then* lovely girl from the boarding school, and taught her willing mind the use of that *machine*, her amorous desires so ardently wished for.— She is the daughter of a banker in the city, and might have remained with her first undoer for many years longer, had not her itch for *variety*, and the brandy bottle, got the better of every subservience due to a keeper. Now arrived at the full age of twenty-six, with fine sparkling (63)

sparkling blue eyes, genteel tall figure, her breasts rather full but not less firm, very fair, and contrasted beautifully by the blue branching veins which surround every part; apparently light brown hair, but so covered with powder that the colour is doubtful; of a sprightly and amorous disposition, and a very warm temper, especially when *tempered* by her favorite liquor, of which she loves to take large and copious libations, ever desirous of seeing the bottom. Her price is moderate, the smallest piece being as much as she in general expects.

Miss M—rr—s, No 59, *South Mortimer
Street, Oxford Road.*

"Methinks I wish, and wish for what I know
not,
"But still I wish,—yet, if I had that woman,
"She I believe could tell me what I wish for.

Should the man of pleasure take a nocturnal ramble *into* this lady's lodgings, and be happy enough to find her at home and alone, he need not wish himself for that night under the influence of any other star than that of *Venus*; as she will very

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very agreeably make the dullest hours to pass away with the soft music of love, and beat time to its *silent* harmony in all the luxury of soft delight; she is of a fine brunette complexion, hazel eyes, which beam inexpressibly sweet, remarkable fine teeth, plump firm bubbies, and a stately carriage; she dances well, and is amiable in her temper, lively in her disposition, and carries good-nature in all *her actions*; nor does she neglect any thing in her power to please her visitors. Her price is from two guineas upwards, to any sum the gentleman she obliges thinks she merits; which at the blooming age of twenty cannot be too much. Had she less partiality for a certain hair dresser, we think she would be more pleasing to the generality of her visitors.

Miss Elizabeth W—tk—ns, *Little
Chesterfield-Street.*

Loves subtle fluid, and life's thrilling kiss
Glide thro' her frame, and speak the coming
bliss.

In this age of gallantry and pleasure, when epicurism is so much practised, and

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and variety so much sought after, we are happy in being able to serve up a dish to every palate, and here present our readers with as delicious a one (that is when she does not smell of brandy) as would be provided by the hand of luxury itself, and stimulate the most languid appetite to fall on with the greatest *gou*; for in Betsy is comprised an epitome of delight, rather above mediocrity in her size, fine dark eyes and hair, and a fine durable complexion, and teeth that needs not the dentist nor his dentrifice; and a pair of tempting full formed breasts, made for the swelling yielding joy, and to send the murmuring sigh of rapture to the breathing trembling lips; and at the critical juncture of supreme pleasure, her whole spirit seems to dissolve within her, weep thro' all her frame with exquisitely thrilling languor, and *pour down* to the *central point* from every *Cyprian spring* a whole flood of *liquid life*: for a nocturnal bathe in this Cyprian spring, she expects at least two guineas.

Miss

(66)

Miss Betsy R—l—ns, No. 12, *Little
Tichfield Street.*

Just at fifteen the *down* of nature grew,
O'er the soft yielding *lips* of crimson hue;
The wanton fire of love began to play,
And on her bosom shew its powerful sway
When two more years had ripened every joint,
All nature's power did to the *centre* point,

And still continues to point there, never seeking for a more engaging part, than that whose natural instinct so forcibly point to that *central* abode; and well may it point there, for she can command a Paradise of bliss; a fair eye, and beautiful complexion, together with firm panting breasts, busy hand, which loves to be busily employed in inviting the tumid guest to her dear land of delight; the two grand supporters of which always unfold at the approach of this never un-welcome visitor, whose *knocking* and entrance is generally performed at the same time; the *dando* and *reddendo* game soon began,

which cannot be won but by death. She is tall and genteelly formed, good teeth, a fair skin, and pretty melting light eyes, and was taught, when

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when in keeping by the surgeon she takes her name from, that kind of behaviour that does credit to herself, and is very rare to be met with amongst the frail daughters of pleasure.

Mrs. W—rd, No. 19, *Union Street,*
Middlesex Hospital.

There is a joy to melt in her embrace,
Dissolve in pleasures, not in delights.

She is a fine lusty well looking lady; her eyes and hair are dark; her teeth good, and her age about thirty; she sees much company, and none depart unsatisfied, it being her study to please, and her pride to be thought worthy of a second visit. She is very careful of her health, and where she has the least reason to suspect infection, is very strict in examining the ambassador of love e'er she receives his tribute. Tho' a very generous dealer, and one who has dealt in our market at least ten years, she does not appear to be quite void of sensibility; but seems to give pleasing proofs that she feels delight, as well as bestows it. Her old

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old friend, whose name she stole, has been long dead, and by his death has reduced her to accept of almost any sum her paramour offers.

Miss J—hn—t—n, No. 6, *Church*
Court, St. Martin's Lane.

Here roses red, and lilies fair;
The gifts of nature, deck her air.

Oh for a touch of the pencil of animation to color the picture of one of the most lively productions in our exhibition; she is genteel and well made, with a beautiful face, the tints in which are done by nature alone, fine light hair, and a pretty learing eye, that would make a monk disregard his vow of celibacy, or a mahometan think that he had got one of the daughters of paradise; her mouth small, her lips tempting; her teeth even, white, and regular; her foot and leg smart, and her dress at once neat and genteel. But these are not the sole powers of this lady; she is acquainted at once

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once with the whole rationale of love, as well as with the entire practice of it; and whether we talk of those mysteries which are only known by the adepts, or those more clumsily applied operations of the lower orders of the sisterhood, she is up to every thing in love's tactics. Her dialect does not tell us she is a native of Scotland, tho' her father, who is an half pay officer, yet resides there; at this period when the powers of love or lust are at their full bloom, necessity and inclination together, prompted her to become a dancer on our cyprian stage, and is very desirous of pleasing every man that makes her his partner, and is so very careful of her health, that before she receives her *guinea*, she must examine every *one* of her partner's *legs*.

Mrs. S—tt—n, No. 31, *Tavistock-Street.*

When will the dear man come, that I may
hold him
Fast as my love can make him, hug him close
As my fond soul can wish; give all my breath
In sighs and kisses, tell I swoon with rapture.

All this she seems to say to each
admirer; it cannot be true to all. But

no

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no matter. Vanity whispers to each, *this is for thee alone*, and the self-deceived dolt believes it. Miss S—t—n, indeed, can give pleasure; her agreeable person, animated eyes, and lively manner, promise pleasing enjoyment, and in that she does not deceive; she artfully prolongs the pleasure to its utmost limits, and even then repines it is so short. She is of a comfortable size, genteelly form'd, with a pretty round face, a little pimpled, very pretty orient teeth, and now just entered her twenty-second year; her lodgings are neat and elegant, for the use of which, and a little *black apartment*, she always carries about her; she expects, at least 3 guineas; if not at home, in the evening, is generally to be met with in the green boxes.

Miss C—p—r, at a China shop, *Russell Court*.

Let me press therein my arms,
Tune of my heart, and charmer of my eyes,
Nay, thou shall hear the extacy from me,
I'll make thee smile with my extravagant passion.

This lady is neither handsome, well dress'd, well lodg'd, nor well bred; yet she

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she will give more delight than most of the finical dames, who think they do their gallants a favour to admit their embraces at a high price. This humble girl is thankful for a crown, and will testify her gratitude in whatever way you chuse, she is willing to appear in the dress of *pure nature*, as her skin is without spot or blemish, her breasts small and plump, and her limbs well turned and well proportioned. It is her joy to give joy, and she omits no means of procuring it; though her compliance is ample, she is so reserved in her demand that she takes what is given, and does not, like too many of her sisterhood, seize the minute just preceding the moment of extacy to demand more, and either proceed or draw back as her demands are gratify'd or not. In short she is worthy of some degree of elevation, to enable her to walk a more gainful round than Catherine-street, or the Strand. She has lately been to visit her parents in Derbyshire, and is now returned a tolerable fresh piece again.

Mrs.

(72)

Mrs. H—w—rd, No. 14, *Moor's-place, Lambeth*.

Her brows are arch'd, and rather full and thin,
To shade the dazzling light that dwells therein.

Although Mrs. H—w—rd cannot be more than twenty-six, she has been a true sportswoman, at the cyprian games, for at least twelve years, and has within these late ones contracted such an habit of intimacy with the gin bottle, that unless a person is particularly partial to it, it is almost intolerable, to approach her. At Brighton, this last season, she was the favourite girl at Mrs. John—n's, and had she not, through a foolish fondness, gave the preference to her dear Mr. Sn—m, it is in general believed Mr. W—, the capital Brewer, would have taken her under his own protection; she is rather too short, and too fat, fine dark hair; and eyes and eye-brows that answer very well to her motto; the *grove* below is *well thatched*, and ample enough in size to *take in* any guest; but still she has learnt the knack of *contracting* it, and a small made gentleman may feel the tender friction. When she elopes from her dear fellow, she is to be met with at Mrs. J—ns—n's, in German-street, and does not turn away any money offered her.

(73)

Mrs. H—ll—ngb—rg, No. 4, *Castle-Street, East*.

In hell and earth, and seas and heaven above,
Love conquers all, and we must yield to force.

This lady, tho' an adept in the art, so nobly erases true impudence, with false modesty, that her lover would be almost lead to think his chosen fair, at first sight, an immaculate Virgin. The *supreme gush*, the enraptured moment she so mutually interchanges, or at least seems so to do, that she might well be stil'd the paragon of her sex; and so perfectly well convinced of her own proficiency in the art, (altho

in spite, of those killing lumi- naries, embellished by a tolerable good skin, she has too large a mouth ever to be stil'd a beauty) she never will see her man a second time, unless Plutus has suf- ficiently shewn his power first. Our charmer was taken from her parents, and taught the use of the *tree of life* at a very early period; but never had the good for- tune on her side to be much exalted: in- deed, when we consider the more early part of her life was spent, and the whole of her education was received in a sea port town, we cannot be much surprised.

Miss

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Miss R—b—ns—n, No 14, Lisle Street,
Leciester Fields.

Thou can'st not see one wrinkle in my brow,
My eyes tho' dark, are bright and quick in
turning,
My beauty as the spring does yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump; my marrow
burning.

It is not surprising, the notice which a lady, who as long *erected* her standard in the *field of pleasure*, attracts from the veterans in the same field. This is the case of our heroine, now about twenty-eight years of age, tall, rather lusty, and a figure that speaks true symmetry; hand- some, a slight tinge of the brunette in her complexion, with very fine dark hair, fine hazel eyes, very dark, and finely arch'd eye brows; indeed, she has been a very fine woman, and is far from being in her wane of beauty; her hair, indeed, is remarkably fine, and such a length, as to be able to be interwoven with her *once maidenhead thicket*, now grown to a *fine bushy arbour* surrounding the *blissful cell* of the blind sovereign of wanton sports, where he reigns predominant over every sense,

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sense, and subjects all the rest to that of feeling; here he keeps his court and holds his revels; come then ye followers of Co- mus, plunge your burning *plough shares* within the betwicking circle, and slake the hot breathing of untamed desire; here dance the round of joy till sense grows giddy in the maze, and taste the delicious transports of maddening delight, till *pan- ting nature striking the alarm*, proclaims a *dying pause* to her own music, and *pours* forth the *flood* of mingled rapture; she has good breasts, and her limbs are finely turn'd and proportioned; she is of a very good disposition, and a most agreeable companion, and is at present in keep- ing by a Mr. M—lls; but being fond of the *glow* of youth, and the manly embrace of full vigour, she indulges variety, and is various in her expectation for so doing.

Miss L—nds—y, No 13, *Little Portland Street*.

What pity 'tis so fine a face and form
Should suffer pride, the cankerworms of joy,
That beauty to deform.

If a warm son of Bacchus, flush'd with
the fullness of desire impetuous, Would wish
to

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to melt a haughty temper down to the standard of all complying love, let him repair to this imperious golden hair'd beauty, for however proud, she will stoop to conquer any bold *invader*; and you may lay her on her back by closing with her in the athletic exercise of wrestling, as she is very fond of Cupid's *hug*, and the amorous *lock*, and will wait your *further* attack with becoming spirit, and engage your *champion* of her *ring*, with a grasp, till he is reduced to *bend* beneath the powerful squeeze, and *yield* all the *metal* he has about him to his circling antago- nist, who, so far from behaving ungene- rous, will give out in exchange as much, or more rich treasure of another coin, in token of mutual amity; in short she is as smart a little girl as you will in general see of her complexion and size, and bor- rows her name from a gentleman who is a very good friend, but does not expect her to confine the whole of her favours to him alone; but allows her to pick up her odd guineas as she pleases.

Mrs.

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Mrs L—w—s, *Upper Charlotte Street,*
Rathbone Place.

Sure nature cast one in her softest mould,
All mild and gentle, never made to scold.

West Indies gave birth to this daughter of Momus by Venus; the warmth of the clime brought the charming girl's feeling to maturity at an early period, and a gentleman, whose name she assumes, first trod down *Hymen's* fence, and made her a perfect woman; but the natural warmth of her constitution soon compelled her to seek variety in our great mart; she therefore left her good friend, and now presents the world with a sweet cheerful disposition, fine dark hair, and eyes of the same friendly hue; fine teeth, is short and plump, and we have not had her above eighteen months; she expects three guineas for a whole night, but if you make a short visit, one pound one shilling is the least.

Betsy

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B—t—sy, at Mrs. Kelly's, *Duke Street,*
St. James's.

—Endless joys are in that heaven of love,
A thousand Cupids dance upon her smiles;
Young bathing graces wanton in her eyes,
Melt in her looks, and pant upon her breasts;
Each word is gentle as a western breeze
That fans the infant bosom of the spring,
And every sigh more fragrant than the morn.

This beautiful girl, that goes by no other name than Betsy, was formely a retailer of apples, &c. She has lately, with three other ladies, sported her figure at Bath, and was there the reigning toast amongst the first bucks of the place; she is delicately and genteely form'd, about the middle size, very young and sprightly, and modest in her conversation, except when proper occasions demand wanton freedom; her hair and eyes are black, and her teeth remarkably white, through which she plays the velvet tip with uncommon grace and ardour; we cannot pretend to say who cropt the virgin bud from the beautiful tree, but it could be long before she put herself under the care and direction of Mrs. K—, and under such a tutoress we have no doubt but she will

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will be soon such a complete mistress of her business, that join'd with her personal accomplishments, will bring her into the most elevated life. Many of the post steeds of Venus have been so often hack'd, that they are broken winded, halt in their paces, and are well nigh founder'd, so as to be scarce fit for any thing but *brood mares*, if they are not too old. There will therefore be full room for Betsy to succeed some of the most eminent, as she is well worthy of the embraces of the first men in the kingdom. Some who have possess'd her speak with raptures of the joy she bestows, they say the beauties she displays when drest, great as they are, are trivial to those which custom keeps concealed; they say the mossy grot of Venus is perfectly enchanting; her thighs are two alabaster pillars, which with the ebon tendril that play in wanton ringlets round the grot, and the crimson lining of the elastic portals, form together that perfect *clare obscure*, so much admir'd in painting, and which always produce a most pleasing effect; that her lovely snowy breasts are quickly bespread with purple meandering veins, and that her murmurs, her broken sighs of joy,

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joy, and half spoken words of delight in the rapturous minute, justify fully, the exclamation of the poet.

Oh! how sweet to see her eyes
Rolling in their humid fires,
Where the nymph extended lies
Full of love and soft desires;
Conscious red her cheeks o'er spreading,
And her heaving bosom rising,
Milky paths to raptures leading,
Murmuring sighs her joys disguising.

Miss P—mbr—ke, No. 5, *Duke-Street,*
Adelphi.

Where did my soul in the dear transport go?
Did it with willing haste to her depart?
It did, I'm sure, and fluttered around her
heart;
It heav'd, it trembled, and it panted there,
But all its weak efforts to stay were vain,
A kiss restored the fugitive again;
My soul re-enterd, we repeated o'er
A thousand joys unknown to both before.

In the bloom of sixteen, tall and ele-
gantly genteel, with fine black expressive
eyes, and remarkable fine hair, which
flows

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flows in graceful ringlets down her back, and with an envious shade sweetly pro- tects two of the most enchanting snowy hillocks nature ever formed. Miss P— may well please, may well attract the eye. She does please, she does attract, and upon every account well merits the attention of the man of true taste. Untutored by art, and taught only by powerful nature, she charms in enjoyment; and as she has not, from over frequency, been rendered callous to the joys of love, she repays every rapture with interest, and meets the blissful moment with a tepid flood of delight. At present she is in good keeping by a citizen, not many miles from Fleet Market, and having been only three months under his care, has not yet been sufficiently broke for the sport, hope therefore that some of our good friends will, by properly supplying the citizen's place at those hours his employment obliges him to be absent, *instill* into *her* such *principles* that will at least raise her spunk to *proof*; but' altho' young, she can well dispense with a little more pocket money than her keeper allows, and always expects twice the number of pieces that her paramour gives proofs of his manhood.

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Miss Harriet Ll—d, *at a Toy Shop,*
German-Street

———Born with every grace,
Ev'n envy must applaud so fair a face;
Such is her form as painters when they show
Their utmost art, on naked limbs bestow.

This pretty little smart girl, this true lover of the sport, is at present in keeping by a member of P ———t, not far from St. James's; but not being suffi- ciently *membered* for her *lower house*, she appropriates the greatest part of the member's hard coin to support and keep in good humour two favourites of her own. The one a tender sprig of the law, the other a jolly hearty looking butcher; but still in spite of these three, she has her *best apartment* ready for any one that is master of five guineas, and will make her mistress of the same; it is neatly ornamented with chestnut coloured fringe, is snug and warm, and when not *too warm* (which we are told is sometimes the case) very comfortable; she is now only seventeen, her dark eyes have much lustre and more meaning: her

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her limbs, tho' small, are well shaped, covered with a skin fair as the swan's neck, and soft as its down, they are perfectly pliable, and form a thousand true lovers knots, first to facilitate the entrance into her *apartment*, and then to keep the enraptured lodger there as long as possible. Indeed, she never lets one depart till he has paid his *rent*; but to shew she is not avaricious, she generally returns as much as she receives, in the like *metal*, tho' not in the same coin.

Miss Sarah S—dd—ns, *at a Hair-*
dresser's, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden.

He dresses her wig in a new fashion way,

And black D—m—r as usual is jovial and gay;
She constantly smiles on her doating dear puff,
And thinks he can never be tumbled enough.

This good-natured piece of luxury we have nor been able to trace beyond five years, at which time she made her entry in no very high sphere, but meeting with great encouragement, she might have done very well, but love, that wicked deity, created for the ruin of his female

(84)

female votaries, shot poor Sally deep in the heart; going to partake of an innocent amusement, vulgarly called *black hops*, where twelve pence will gain admission, she beheld, oh dire misfortune! a lovely African, blooming with all the hue of the warm country that gave him birth, and fell at that instant a sacrifice to the charms of the well made sooty friseur; for some time she ranked him amongst her own train, and charitably exerted herself for his support, but growing at length satiated with his dear company, and almost ruined in the bargain, she dismissed the gloomy object of her late desires, and parted mutual friends; since which time she has graced the purlieus of Covent-Garden with her presence, and is perfectly well known under the Piazza. She is about twenty- three, light hair and eyes, a good skin, and size compleatly adapted for this season, and which seems to please the greatest part of her friends and customers, who think two arms full of joy *twice* as good as one; she is remarkably good-natured and affable to those who favour her with a visit, and will take almost any sum rather than turn her visitor away;

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away; but if you absolutely bilk her, beware of the consequence; for she is so well convinced that she does not merit such treatment, that she will, if possible, revenge the injury; but we hope none of our friends will ever pay her a whole nocturnal visit without a small piece of gold in his pocket, as she is an able pasture maker, is up to every movement in the art of giving pleasure, and will oblige them in any way.

Miss M—lt—n, No. 9, *Charles-Street*,
Covent-Garden.

Here haste ye gay, take pleasure on the wing,
Taste all her sweets conjoin'd, nor fear her
sting.

This agreeable girl has a pretty face suffused with a good complexion, dark penetrating eyes, hair of the same hue, which waves in glossy ringlets o'er her shoulders, a set of good teeth, and a stature of the exact medium between a giant and a pigmy; she has not been more than eight months in this grand mart of universal commerce, and now stands out for a settlement from some of her *warm* admirers, which (being at the rich

(86) rich age of twenty, the prime of female charms, when every zeal that can enhance enjoyments is at its full zenith) she concludes ought to be a good one. Mr. N—by, a limb of the law, is her greatest friend and her particular admirer, but does not seem to have any objection to her "Flying abroad for food,"

and is not at all displeas'd to find her a guinea richer than when he left her.

Miss Gr—ce, No 124, *Portland street*.

Forc'd to consent, but never to obey,
Panting he lies; the *liquid minute* pass'd,
She feedeth on the *stream* as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture.

Some ladies prefer the profit, others the pleasure; some may divide it equally in their choice, and perhaps their may be, among Venus's tribe, the lady found almost indifferent to either; this lady however we may venture to affirm is not of the last stamp; she is a fine inviting looking girl, with very lively Cupidinous eyes and a good complexion, and scarcely ever to be found but in a good humour; and

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and her paramour, provided he can prove himself the good bed fellow, has nothing to fear in this lady's company, as money with her is not the entire object, it is the enjoyment that constitutes her happiness, and in that part she is a truly lovely actress; her twining limbs never forget their office; her busy lips is mistress of the genuine burning kiss, and the intermediate parts move in every direction that can possibly enhance the coming joy, which she will powerfully urge a repetition of, as long as dame nature can possibly afford it. She is at present in keeping by a French count, who though very jealous, often suffers her to sport it in his chariot, during which time her tell-tale black eyes, is busy in hunting for admirers, and can tip the wink and conduct him, if approved, to a safe harbour; and altho' not so very fond of money, she does not expect to have less than five guineas offered her.

Miss

(88)

Miss M—l—sw—rth, No. 62, *Wells-street, Oxford-street.*

A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-be guiling sport.

Without possessing any particular attracting charms this lady pleases, and has many admirers. Her face is agreeable without being pretty, she is well made, without being strictly genteel; and a friend to mirth and good humour, without vulgarity. She carries on a snug good trade, without going much abroad, and is in bed a very amorous companion. If she does go abroad it is generally to some of the public hops, where she contrives to select out her partner for the night, and will convince him (although she dances well amidst twenty couple) that she *cuts* a much better *figure* with only *one*, and being now only twenty years of age, with good nature, affability, and love depicted in all her actions, no one that has three guineas in his pocket, ought to be against parting with two thirds to oblige her.

Miss

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Miss Betsy H—st—ng, No. 30, *Duke-street, St. James's.*

Blest with such charms, the snowy heart could
move
Such melting beauties sovereign claims of love;
She sweetly smiles, unconscious of her pow'r,
And with her pleasing chat beguiles each hour.

It is an undoubted fact she, must please, she must charm the heart, and win the soul to exquisite delight; how can it be otherwise! behold her eyes, drinking their living moisture in cups of the purest hazel, and holding converse with the heart, in such a language, the least meeting glance must immediately understand; behold her hair, glossy as the pearly drops that gild the flow'ry field when Phoebus first his eastern rays extends, and soft as turtles down; which, when suffered to sport in nature's wanton folds, hold all the graces in their sportive curls; view next her teeth, as white as the polish'd elephants, and beautiful as white;

Cheeks from whence the roses seek their
bloom,
And lips from whence the zephyrs steal perfume

but all these charms united, fall very short of her mental qualifications: her lively

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lively wit charms the heart, and makes her the desirable companion; her behaviour, Which in company never deviates from the strict line of modesty, gains her the truest merit: her apartments are very genteel, and her dress corresponds with her person. Her professional abilities are not less to be priz'd than her other natural gifts; her natural structure in those parts is so well adapted, that it must please; and every additional improvement to enhance the coming pleasure our delicate charmer is well acquainted with; being now only nineteen she cannot, in the least, have lost the keen edge of amorous transport; neither are the essential parts at all deprived of their magical power; the liquid eye streams with the maddening fire of youth, with all the desires of unsatiated love; the panting heave, accompanying the quick interrupted sigh, speaks desire in its fullest tone; and so mutually does she interchange the liquid store at the die-away convulsive moment, that all her soul seems centred in the

blissful spot. She is tall, and elegantly form'd in every limb; Mr. Arch—r, the musician, is at present her favourite man; him she will oblige at any time, from every one else she expects three guineas. Miss

(91)

Miss D—v—nsh—re, No. 9, *Queen
Anne Street East*

Fool! not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers perjury.

This lady is a native of Devonshire, and has only been *one of us* four months; she is of a fine fair complexion, love tintured cerulean eyes, fine teeth, and genteel good figure; a charming partner in a dance, a eery good companion by the fire side, and dearly loves an agreeable friend and a chearful glass; many a *man* of war hath been her willing prisoner, and paid a proper ransom; her port is said to be well guarded by a light brown *chevaux-de-freize*, and parted from *Bum-bay* by a very small pleasant isthmus. The entry is rather straight; but when once in, their is very good *riding*; and when they have paid *port customs*, they are suffered to slip out very easily, though generally followed by a salute from *Crown-point*, which hastens their departure by causing the floodgates to open com- modiously. She is so brave, that she is ever ready for an engagement; cares not how soon she comes to *close quarters*, and loves to fight *yard arm* and *yard arm*, and be

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be briskly *boarded*; she is best pleased when her opponent is *well armed*, and Would despise any warrior, who had not *two* stout *balls* to block up her *covered way*, and did not carry metal enough to leave *two pounds* behind him.

Mrs. N—t—n, No. 12, *Suffolk-street,
Cavendish-Square.*

The blooming looks of spring, and lovely red
As opening roses, on her cheeks are spread;
Her eyes that sparkle like the stars above,
Appear the armory and throne of love,
Whilst thousands of alluring graces Wait,
And mingling charms form love's triumphant
state.

This lady is tolerably handsome, with a fine dark durable complexion, fine hazel eyes and good teeth, which, by a perpetual smile, or rather grin, she has acquired a very convenient knack of shewing; she is tall, and the goodness of her temper and disposition render her a very agreeable companion and makes her at present much sought after. We hear the first toast she drinks every day is to

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to the health of Mr. N—, a gentle- man of the law, whose name she has taken the liberty of substituting for her own; she has not yet been a year on the town, yet has done great execution amongst the tender hearts of the men of the *ton*, many of which she has kindled into a flame. She is as fond of variety as any *baronet's* lady, and will display her naked beauties to any curious observer, without giving them the trouble to mount On any other *man's shoulder* to take a peep at them. She is very tall, and the *pit* in her black heath is said to have a considerable profundity, and has baff- led the art of many a gauger to take it precisely with the best dipping rules; yet though the attempt has been unsuccessful, it hath not been undelightful, for the passage being straight much pleasure has been derived by the *gauger*, during which pleasing pastime

A gentle warmth invades her glowing breast,
And while she fondly gazes on thy face,
Ev'n thought is lost in exquisite delights;

and she is so generous, that as she knows the hours of love are but short, she always fills up every moment of them with rap- ture. She well knows how to wind the *clock*

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clock of nature up to the *highest pitch*, and make the *human pendulum* vibrate to ex- tasy; nay, she can so well fill up what the Poet calls the *dull pause of joy*, that its duration is scarce perceiv'd, and she

beats an almost instantaneous alarm to blissful repetition.

Miss Br—wn, No 5, *Glanville-Street*,
Rathbone Place.

—————Sacrifice to her
The precious hours, nor grudge with such a
mate
The summer's day to toy or winter's night.
Now clasp with dying fondness in your arms
Her yielding waist, now on her swelling breast
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.

This lively girl is a native of Somerset- shire, and being thought by her good parents the rose of the garden, received an education perhaps beyond what their circumstances would then admit of, and pride

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pride with innocence danced hand in hand. From a great desire of becoming well acquainted with the world she was apprenticed to a millener of the same place,

Whose parent *hand* the first *ideas* form'd.

Scarce fifteen ripening autumns had arrived, e'er she felt the divine influence nature began to inspire her with; the little fluid nipples till now unnoticed and almost unseen, began to strut in all the elegance of infant prime; the heart began to feel their sovereign power, and modest nature painted the budding blush in the centre; nature's sink began no longer to be thought as such, since now another fluid passed the narrow bounds, and instilled, by power instinctive, fresh feeling into the whole channel, and every thought and every action seemed founded on those feelings. It is now about ten months since she arrived, and enlisted in the Cyprian choir; she possesses a delicate fair complexion, with lively blue eyes, a pretty mouth, and is well embellished with two rows of polished ivory; we cannot pretend to stifle her a beauty, but her lively and cheerful disposition, and her accomplishments under

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under *cover* in great measure compensate for the deficiency in her person, and make one pound one a trifle for a whole night's possession.

Miss Ch—ld, No. 3, *Charles-Street*,
Goodge-Street.

To arms, to arms, the Cyprian Queen
Here braves the god of War,
And tho' on back, not backward seen
To take his wond'rous spear,
And melt it in her *clasping fold*,
The fold of rapturous burning bliss,
'Till quite o'erspent in nature's *mould*,
Then darts fresh vigor with a kiss.

If a first rate smart little buck would wish for a mould to cast light infantry men in, we would strongly recommend him to Miss Ch—ld. She has a noble martial disposition, and would sooner die than be out rivalled; but independant of that occurrence in her professional line, her temper and disposition are good, and her abilities between the sheets are not easily equalled, excelled they cannot be; she

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she possesses a pair of love speaking cerulean eyes, and a bosom as rich with love's choicest graces as luxuriant fancy can paint, and filled with the most irresistible firmness, whose panting redundancy soon invite the amorous encounter, and calls into action the till now *hidden friend*, whose swelling

pride and impertinence will no longer suffer the curtain to remain drawn. She may, perhaps, at first attempt to chide, but bolt the door, and then all chiding ceases; an experienced sofa then lends its aid; her turning limbs enhance the *coming pleasure*, and sighing kisses crown the *golden minute*; her fair complexion charms the heart; her wick-ed blue eyes enchant the soul; her well made form tempts the touch; her lovely voice charms the ear, and her glossy flaxen hair is worth a guinea an hour to look at.

Miss T—wnsd—n, No. 23, *Russel street,*
Covent Garden.

Give me but thee, I'd make a heaven of earth,
Each night should give to new born pleasure
birth;
The sun of *joy* should point continual *noon*,
And e'er an age of Noah, pass too soon.

Thus sung prince ———, when he
first became bewitched with the dancing
and

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and singing of this sprightly piece, and in consequence placed her in a genteel lodgings, and for some time was, we believe, her sole enjoyer; but with all his bewitching power, his show of arms, his awful countenance; his martial figure, and his warlike voice, could not confine this amorous virago within the bands of constancy, on which account it is in general believed he left her, and now she trades the independant woman. Her beautiful complexion and her fine blue eyes open such a field for love, that whilst they retain their present lustre, she cannot be without admirers. Her shape is elegant, her stature tall and genteel, and taking her every feature conjunctively, we may say with the poet

Here youth and beauty, dancing in her hand,
Perform their mystic round of amorous joy.

She is now in her eighteenth year, and has only been engaged in our business ten months, and tho' she cannot be stiled an epicure, she is most undoubtedly a glutton, being particularly partial to that meal where *four haunches* are served up at once: in her company they are sure to be dress'd in taste, for she always chuses to *spit* them herself; and always has the greatest share

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share in *preparing* the *sauce*; her price for turning *cook* is at least three guineas.

Miss Fr—s—r, *Charlotte street, Rathbone*
Place.

Not less her blandishments than beauty move
At once both giving and confessing love.

This lady is about twenty-five, very short, with dark hair and black eyes; and was it not for her nose, which is quite of the pug cast, we might stile her a compleat black beauty; her *toute ensemble* is very agreeable, and her blandishments make her a desirable companion, as she dresses in the height of the *ton*, sports an elegant *rattler*, and at present figures away in the first line. She has got a smattering of the French and Italian (from which last place she is lately come over,) where we are told a prince of the blood took particular notice of her, and learnt her musick and dancing; it is about ten months since we have been able to present her to our readers, and if you sleep a night with her, not less than half the number of guineas will satisfy.

Miss

(100)

Mrs. W—d, No 3, *Lisle-street, Leicester*
Fields.

Oh! that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice.

Mens palates are as various as their faces, and like a good ordinary we would offer up a dish for every palate. In the time of the ancient Romans we are told that the fat paps of the sow were held a great dainty. For those that have a relish for such a repast we recommend Mrs. Wood, and can assure them, such paps as she possesses are seldom to be met with. She keeps the house, and is wife to 'squire P—'s coachman, late of the stables, Bolton street; her front is well brazen'd; her face is continually upon the full grin, and as for talking bawdy, swearing, or bare fac'd indecency, she could vie with the ancient *Meselina* of Rome; she dispenses her favours for any sum to one whose arms are sufficiently long to embrace her, and may do now, but in the dog days must be intolerable.

Miss

(101)

Miss J—nes, No. 75, *Newman-Street,*
Oxford-Street.

—————Oh she's all softness,
All melting mild, and calm as a rock'd infant;
Nor can you wake her into cries, by heaven!
She's the child of love, and she was born in
smiles.

Oh may the giddy rake, whose head overpowered by the effects of the grape, whose every thought, whose every idea lies centered in the gratification of a sensual appetite; whose impetuosity indiscriminately rushes him on the first object that presents herself, may he, at this his most unguarded hour, rest in the arms of this enchanting girl whose good nature, care, and attention, might make him reflect with pleasure on the past folly. In her he'll meet with every pleasing accomplishment the heart of man could wish; her natural disposition as yet remains unvitiated by the knowledge of the world, or corrupted by the hand of time. She is now in her eighteenth year, with every amorous feeling nature at this youthful period can furnish her with; nor is she desirous of keeping those feelings a secret. Look in those fine

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fine black eyes, there read the perfect language of her soul, for never was *silent language* so fully seen and felt; she has a fine open handsome countenance, tall of stature, and if her man is pleased with a good song, he won't be disappointed by putting the request to our sweet J—nes, whose good nature is such she never refuses,

Or should he wish to join the merry dance,
Where the brisk couplets artfully advance.

Here likewise with our charmer as a partner would he be equally delighted; here she displays such a leg and foot, and with so much activity, sprightliness, and judgment, that none can see but admire, admire but love; with all these qualifications, say you, she cannot be a bad bedfellow; she has equal merits in bed, and pleases there with equal certainty. She is neither covetous, nor will she sink below what her real merits deserve; if after this, and our readers recollecting she is but lately arrived from the lewd mountains of Wales, he thinks two guineas too much, he had better steer some other course.

Miss

(103)

Miss Charlotte C—sd—l, No. 25,
Titchfield-Street, Oxford-Street.

'Till haply wandering in the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd C—sd—l, thou art
fair.

We cannot help thinking but this was the case with our charmer in question; who, as we have heard, felt her first desire for the sport from meer inclination; she is tall and genteely framed, a pretty innocent looking face, and a pair of tempting breasts, that nineteen blooming autumns have brought to full maturity; a lively blue eye and flaxen hair; a pretty reserved manner, (excepting when exhilarated by the chearful glass) which adds a particular grace to every feature, and makes her doubly pleasing, fully verifying Dr. Armstrong,

The coyley yielded kiss charms most,

And gives the most sincere delight;
Cheapness offends.

Her temper is sweet, her manners affable, and her disposition good. She is remarkably fond of dancing, and on that account frequents most of the public hops; where she generally picks up her spark, which is no longer a spark for her, if

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if he is obliged to change the last guinea to pay for coach hire.

Miss C—p, No. 2, *York-Street*,
Middlesex-Hospital.

Give me a nymph with all her charms,
A full grown nymph to fill my arms;
And leave to them that cannot feel,
The insipid things they call genteel.

Strange it is, but not less strange than true, that Englishmen in general have a great itch for variety; and according to our promissary note in the preface, we here present them with one of the finest, fattest figures as fully finished for fun and frolick as fertile fancy ever formed; fraught with every melting charm that can be found in the field of Venus, fortunate for the true lovers of fat, should fate throw them into the possession of such full grown beauties. Can you conceive the lightest tints of an Italian sky? Such then her melting eye; can you figure to your imagination the swelling ripeness of two tempting cherries? such

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such then her lips; though some might be led to imagine if they were a size less, they would be full as tempting. Can you place before your eyes, two beds of down for Cupids to sport on? Such then her breasts. Would you wish for an *ambush*, for some of their more wanton brothers to play at *hide and seek* in? Show them her Cyprian mounts. Have you a desire to roll in the loose luscious lap of lip-inviting luxury? *Spend* an hour in her arms; that is, if Mr. C—t—n should not be there first; he being so great a favourite, she is always denied when in his company. If not at home, she is to be found at any of the public hops, and in general with her favourite man, who we are told, won her first by virtue of his fiddle-stick, and has, since her first attachment, kept her in very good tune; if any of our readers wishes to try a tune with her, *he* must pay for it; but she is not at all exorbitant in her demands, seldom wishing to turn money away.

Miss

(106)

Miss Nancy D—v—s, No. 31, *Wells-*
street.

Well pleas'd at the *frolic*, she laugh'd at the
pain,
And wish'd with more ardour, to try it again;
Which, when *handled* and *dandled*, and made
fit for use,
She push'd with less pain, as the parts grew
more loose;
Then *upping* and *downing*, kind nature told
how,
She cry'd over-raptur'd, it does not hurt now.

This was her confession to her dear Mr. Wh—te, had she less partiality for him, her friends in general would have a greater partiality for her; she has a tolerable pretty mouth, we wish we could pay her teeth the same compliment; that mouth she thinks serves as an index to its *cousin below*; to be sure she has learned the wringing part of pleasing, and would willingly make her gentlemen believe, when in the *heat* of the engagement, that he is giving her pain; but however large the *premises* may be, she certainly has attained a very pleasing method of *contracting them*, never meeting with one she could not perfectly well accommodate, from an infant shoe

shoe to a *jack* boot. She is of the mid- dling size, with dark hair and eyes; re- tains a good complexion without the assistance of rouge or pearl powder; is very lively and chearful, and as a conver- sation piece only, would make the time pass away agreeable enough, being chear- ful and good humoured, with a pleasant smile upon her countenance; will drink a chearful glass to George the third with pleasure, and whilst she has the glass in one hand, has no objection to see his picture in the other; but sooner than her dear man should want, she would retail her charms at five shillings an hour all day long.

Miss K—lp—n.

Those formal lovers be for ever curst,
 Who fetter'd free-born love with honour first;
 Who through fantastic laws, are virtue's fools,
 And against nature, will be slaves to rules.

We cannot pretend to say where this curious oddity lives, that being a cir- cumstance she carefully conceals; and what is more extraordinary, she never can be prevailed on to go into taverns or other houses with a gentleman. To what (108)

what purpose then (some reader may say) is she inserted here, if she will not go into a house to dispense her favors, nor is it known where she is to be found? A little patience, good sir, and you will be informed where she is to be found, and how to procure her favours. If you walk on the right hand side of the way, from the corner of Cheapside along St. Paul's Church-Yard, and thence to the bottom of Ludgate-Hill, just after sun- set, and meet with a beautiful woman about twenty, tall and finely shaped, with fine black eyes, and hair of the same hue, that floats in curls down her back, and worn without powder, and a be- witching dimple in each cheek, you may give a shrewd guess you have found Miss K —lp—n. Her dress is in general silk, sometimes a pale blue, but oftener a black, and a large white sattin cloak, trimmed and lined with rich brown fur; her head is in general bedecked with a blue beaver, with a profusion of white feathers; and if on accosting her, you are as much dazzled with her wit, her smart repartees, and her delicate agree- able raillery, as with her person and dress, you may be then absolutely certain it is the lady.—But you may say, when found,

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found, of what service is it, when she will neither take you home with her, nor go into any house With you? A little more patience, sir, if you please, though she refuses to go into any *house* with you, are there not hackney coaches on every stand? we have not said she will deny entering one of them with you; that is if she likes your person and conversation. And here let us add, no frothy coxcomb, no male adonis, conceited of his own dear person, no shoe stringed effeminate puppy, no insipid empty chatterer, can hope to succeed with her.

If, reader, thou art neither of these, and should meet with, and please Miss K—p—n, she will take as length'ned a ride with you as you please; and if you have the prudence to draw up the blinds, she Will be as free as you please, and you may enjoy her charms, *Jehu* like, as long as you can. She is framed for love, and will melt like a snow ball in the sun. She will embrace you with un- feigned rapture, open *all* her charms to receive your manly tribute, and perhaps appoint another meeting.

We have rather enlarged on this lady,
 on account of the singularity of her dis-
 position; and what will add to your won-
 der

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der is, that she never will receive any money, but take the offer as an affront. These circumstances make us conclude that K—lp—n, the name she has assumed sometimes, is not her real name, and that she is not a woman of the town, but some married city lady, who takes this method of getting home deficiencies sup- plied abroad, and, as she is cautious of her character, uses these precautions. By not going to any house, she avoids detection; by chusing none but those whose conversation is congenial to her own, she obliges none but men of sense and honour; and by he constantly re- fusing money, she demonstrates that love for love is her motto; that her love of the sport is her motive; perhaps she may have another reason for chusing a leathern conveniency as the scene of her delights. We have been told that the undulating motion of the coach, with the pretty little occasional jolts, con- tribute greatly to enhance the pleasure of the critical moment, if all matters are rightly placed. This she may have ex-

perienced, and therefore as pleasure is her search, no wonder she prefers every delicate addition to the gross sum.

Emma,

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Emma, at *Mother Gray's, No. 30,*
Market-Lane, near the Opera House.

In the middle of me,
You plainly may see,
A thing that will suit every man;
And when you are in it,
The critical minute,
Ensure as fast as you can.

A young tit of Mother Gr—y's own procuring, and that our reader should not mistake the old abbess, we will give a short description of her. If you chance to visit her in the morning, the smell of yellow usquebaugh will salute your nostrils, of which she takes copious draughts before breakfast. In all her actions she shews the lewdness of a monkey, and the litchery of a goat; she has lately been *fired* by P—, the French fri-zeur, but knowing the use of mercury, she applied it in such a manner that she procured an effectual salivation, and enabled her to take into her house the fame squinting gentleman that present acts as her *fine man*; she boasts of her knowledge of great men, and there is scarce a lord or duke in the land that has not been her *cull*. We

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We can but pity our little girl in question for being so unhappily situated; she is a charming sprightly lass, and so fond of kissing, and so perfect a mistress in the art, that she will frequently force nature to a dissolving pitch, before the *right parts* come in proper contract; her liveliness of disposition, and activity in the sports of Venus, make her so desirable a bed-fellow, that her magic *ring* is as much sought after as the philosopher's stone; has good hair and teeth, a plump round, firm breast, and confined merely as an object to sensual desire, possesses every qualification a sensualist can desire. She is to be met with every night at Sterling's, and being newly come on to the town, and possessing too much innocence, as well as ignorance, to fight the world as she ought, she is frequently bilked; but this there is no doubt she will soon get the better off, particularly if she follows the precepts and advice of the old lady she lives with.

Miss

(113)

Miss Phoebe B—rn, No. 5, *Eagle-*
street, Red Lion Square.

Behold her round the vine, in loose attire,
Her panting bosom thrills with soft desire,
Which white and firm invites the amorous hand,
And never fails to make the member stand;
Then to her couch she'll lead the conquered
boy,
Who in her feels a tickling pinching joy.

Bishopsgate-street is the place that gave birth to this volatile charmer; her father moved in the sphere of a hackney-coach-man, and reared this daughter of Venus with no small care, till she attained her sixteenth year, at which period, a young man about twenty wooed her, and she did not repulse him; but found his embraces so agreeable, that she soon wished for food more substantial than kisses; but then the thought of sacrificing her character to her pleasure was a bar not easily surmounted, but nature called so loud for its favorite *choak pear*, that she resolved to throw herself into the arms of the vigorous youth, and for the first time suck

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suck the juice of the enchanting fruit; a few promises and vows of his, fully preponderated all her maiden niceties, and she soon yielded to the giddy impulse of her passion;

She did not stay for marriage, that stale

trick,
But lost her reputation for a—;

but the cruel laceration that this first attack was productive of, obliged her to confine herself to her bed two days, and led her parents to the discovery of their daughter's shame, which so highly incensed them, that they abandoned her to the world at large; and from this aera we may date her entrance into life. The *Kite*, in *Catherine-street*, first *swooped* upon her, and carried her to the *nest* as a fine prey, and she was not mistaken; she proved such, and for six months never was in want of *culls*; at the end of this time she deserted the mother abbess, took apartments in Glanville-street, and traded on her own *bottom*, where she figured away with tolerable grace for three months, and then removed to her present situation. She is diminutive in size,

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size, with fine black eyes, large firm, and full breasts, a handsome mouth, pretty curling brown ringlets, and delicate little hands; a very pretty leg and foot, which is at all times ready to divide and *house* its old friend, at the very low price of one ounce of silver.

Miss Charlotte C—tt—n, No. 34, *King-street, Soho*.

—————The self same cates
Still offer'd, soon the appetite offend;
The most delicious soonest.

How happy would it be for the author of this anniversary publication, could he procure a friend to new christen the features, that the reader might with less fatigue go through this heap of tautology, but as that end is not yet accomplished, we must steer according to the old line,

An eye must still be an eye, and a tooth a tooth;

both of which our young Venus, who has just reached her seventeenth year, possesses in a superlative degree. She strongly points to your imagination a casket of orient

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orient pearls, the former of two living diamonds, whose language so forcibly invite the blind boy to the happy cloyster, that there is seldom many fleeting moments before an almost involuntary attack must be made. Her heaving breasts foretell the *Coming* joy; the *liquid eye* declares it nearer still; the *interrupted sigh*, the sudden *gush*, if premature and *involuntary twist* of the limbs speaks a *flowing* of the *tide*, and the critical oh! bids the silly pen defiance to express. She is of a good size, and well form'd, of a lively and sweet disposition, has been but a short time in life, and has beautiful dark hair;

Her eye brows arch'd, and rather full than
thin,
To shade the dazzling light that dwells within.

She has met with many admirers but showing lately too great a partiality for the gentleman whose name she assumes, (a horse jockey) she has lately sunk a little in the world; his late inconstancy, however, has wrought so powerfully upon her, that she is now soliciting the favours and support of her old friends; she is of a good size, and well made, of a lively and sweet disposition, loves a glass of Madeira, but never takes a glass in one

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one hand without having prudence in the other, and is particularly careful that the effects of Bacchus shall not prevent the more sensible joys, of Venus. Two pounds two shillings is her price to strangers, but if a very old and good, acquaintance, she will not refuse half the sum.

Miss Cl—rk, No. 116, *Wardour-street*.

If any wench Venus's girdle wears,
Altho' she be ever so ugly,
Roses and lilies will quickly appear,
And her face look wondrous smugly.

In some respect Miss C— verifies this remark of Mr. Gay, for very little else than her wearing Venus's girdle can invite any to admire so plain a countenance; she is tall and lusty, with dark hair and eyes, a very indifferent set of teeth, and a very flat face; she is now twenty-five, has followed the trade some years, and never refuses any sum scarce that is offered her.

Miss

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Miss W—ls—n, No 1, *Little-court,*
Castle-street, Leicester fields.

Nature for meat and drink provides a place,
And when receiv'd they fill their certain space;
Hence *thirst* and *hunger* may be satisfy'd,
But this repletion is to love deny'd.

This pretty piece of animation wants not the aid of art to make her shine one of the most conspicuous in the list of trading nymphs; altho' she cannot be called very handsome, still she is a fine girl, and nature has sufficiently furnish'd her with those beauties the nicest hand of art would only deface. Her want of pride (which is in this age a very rare perfection) sets off to superior advantage every feature; her goodness of temper and disposition acts as a security to her most valuable acquaintance, and her justness of principle gains her the esteem of all who have the happiness of knowing her. She is the daughter of a gentleman who holds a considerable place under government, has had a genteel education, and seems quite untainted with the vices of the town; her great attachment to Mr. J—n, of the theatre, is a bar to her seeing much company; with them that has the good fortune to sleep with her, will find she

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she still enjoys the pleasure without the least satiety; no licenc'd fair during the honey moon can charm with more rapture, or feel the poignant bliss with more ecstasy; every inviting motion is us'd, every limb employ'd, to make the dying transports meet. Her own home is the place where she in general sees her company, and every visitor that passes the night in her arms, she expects will make her two guineas richer.

Mrs. Eliza W—bst—r, No. 13, *John-*
Street, Yottenham Court Road.

Fancy itself, e'en in enjoyment, is
But a dumb judge, and cannot tell its bliss.

Mrs. W—bst—r is the daughter of a gentleman, deceased, has received a good education, which she improves by an excellent natural understanding; her age is twenty-one, her figure tall, and every limb elegantly proportioned; she possesses an agreeable face, but we will not flatter her by calling it a pretty one, being too thinly formed to constitute beauty, and too much pitted with the small pox to be stiled handsome; still she commands

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commands a beautiful pair of dark eyes, which give a most pleasing, amorous expression to her whole countenance, and makes her, tho' not a pretty, still a very desirable girl; she possesses a lively and entertaining manner, with an affable disposition, and refined, delicate sentiments, which has lately been much abused by the brutality of her late keeper, Mr. K—d, well known at Garraway's coffee house, for the lowness of his birth, and still greater meanness of his sentiments. He was some time since a corn-factor, but has now relinquished that, and now all his business, delight, and employment, seems to be that of persecuting Mrs. W—. In the course of last summer he arrested her for the paltry sum of twenty-five pounds, which, from the natural consequences of not paying immediately, amounted to sixty pounds, and upwards. Indeed, could the Whole conduct of this old r—l be summed up, it would be impossible to describe his cruelty to Mrs. W. which proceeds merely from his resolution not to live with a wretch, whose cruelty, and her own disposition, obliges her to despise. It is from such kind of usage as this that has taught Mrs. W. prudence and

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and discretion in all her engagements with the men, nor will she ever admit a visitor to take any liberties, without first knowing the value he fits on her company; and from the appearance which her present keeper enables her to make, she expects to be something considerable.

Mrs. Sp—nc—r, No. 35, *Newman-Street, Oxford-Road.*

Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse.

This is fully verified in Mrs. S. who is never so good a companion as when a *little* enlivened with the juice of the grape but, always guided by prudence and discretion, she never goes so far as to render herself the least unpleasant. Her figure is tall, elegant and stately.

Her full orb'd chest lie open to the gale,
And teach the lily whiteness in the vale.

Her legs and feet are particularly neat and clean; she sings a good song, is a very good friend to mirth and good humour, and always steers clear of vulgarity.

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rity. She is now in her twentieth year, possessed of every charm that encouraging age can boast, and but a very few months has left Hampshire; we therefore think two guineas bestowed upon her cannot be regretted.

Miss C—rb—t, No. 16, *Goodge-street.*

Panting she lay, and fetch'd long double sighs,
Whilst with thick mists pleasure had dimmed
her eyes.

Some girls have been debauched by delusive arts, and under promises of marriage, and others have commenced harlots through want, but neither of these motives actuated this lady's principles; it was mere lewdness that overpowered all nature's works, and stamped the principles of conjunction and copulation at a very early period: Ere twelve summers had warmed her constitution, she learned the use of different machines, and felt the effects of friction as soon as she had any genial fluid within her. Who first stamped her virgin mould, we are at a loss to tell, but from the luxuriance of the

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the present soil, guess it was broke open at an early period. She is a very luscious looking piece, with dark eyes and hair, a very good complexion, tall, and genteely formed, with a charming slender leg, and a pretty foot, which she never troubles the gentlemen to stoop very low to have a perfect view of. She is very good natured, sings a good song, and is in bed a charming companion, particularly at this season of the year; for she is desirous of having every part in contact the whole night. In regard to price, she has one fixed rule; she always measures a gentleman's *may-pole* by a standard of *nine inches*, and expects a guinea for every inch it is short of full measure.

Miss G—rd—ner, No. 47, *Union-street, Oxford street.*

She thrust among the bushes her fair hand,
To draw the plant; and every plant she drew,
She shook the stalk, and brushed away the dew.

This lady's character answers exceedingly well to her name, being exquisitely well skilled in the art of *raising* plants in a *hot-bed*; this she practices on her own *bottom*,

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bottom, but still wishes for a partner to be concerned in the business. Her person is pleasing, she has the roses in her cheeks, encircled with beds of never fading lilies; is as strait as a pine of two years growth, though not quite so tall; her locks shine like black maiden hair, and she is as full of juice as a

ripe amber goose-berry; she takes a guinea to be *engrafted* upon, and is a very agreeable sprig of *hare-hound*. She is much esteemed by the lovers of *planting*, for having a beautiful show of *navel-wort*, and her fondness for *rampions* and *amber vitae*, she despises *fool-stones*, *cuckow pintle*, *Jews ears*, or *birch*; but particularly likes *Adam's Apple-tree*, *sensi- tive plant*, *stich-wort*, *nutmegs*, and such valuable productions. To all such she is free, for her *lips* opens her *lady's mantle*, encloses them in her *convolvulus*, pours down a whole volley of *seed*, and never quits them whilst they have a *drop of sap*.

Miss Louisa M-n-s-n, No. 12, *Wells-street*.

What various charms can M-n-s-n boast,
By nature thus befriended;
Whose legs impart a charm when cross'd,
And charming when extended.

Observe her well, the oblique glance,
the lascivious look, the frequent heave of
the

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the breasts fully speak her inward feel- ings; but can any of our readers account for her immoderate fondness for sugar plumbs? it must certainly be that that induced, her to take the famous little Jemmy B —tl—r into her train, the *upper mouth* he keeps constantly supplied with its favourite food; but we fear *Jemmy* has not parts sufficient to supply the *lower* with a tenth part of *its* neces- sary food. She therefore solicits the favours of the good natured public for the necessary supplies to that enchanting spot. She is of a good size, and every limb well proportioned. Knowing the beauty of her hand and arm, she takes particular care they shall not pass un- noticed for want of being seen; convinced of the delicate proportion of her leg and foot, she is very careful their covering shall not discredit them, and has a pleasing knack of keeping them con- stantly exposed to sight; and being taught by the eyes of her admirers the influence her neck and breasts command, she covers them with so thin a veil, that the smallest blue branch is easily covered; her eyes she cannot hide, nor does she wish it; they are plain indications of

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of nature's central spot, and beam with all the fire of the *enchanted spot*. Two guineas is her price, and should Jemmy be there he must retire if she thinks fit.

Mrs. Antr—b—s, No. 8, *Lisle-street*,
Leicester-Fields.

———What woman, when
Her blood boils up, and wantons in her veins,
When her hot panting pulse beats to the joy;
What woman then would quench her generous
flame
in an inactive tedious husband's arms,
That fires and jades our expectation
In the first stretch of love; then duly falls
To his old trot, and drudges out the course?

Altho' we cannot assert that this lady is actually married, we can with truth venture to affirm there are many that have entered the matrimonial circle, that does not possess the same degree of constancy for their husbands, as this lady does for her generous keeper. He is to be sure an Hibernian gentleman and a captain, two powerful inducements, or rather compellers, to her keeping within

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within bounds; the first being generally passionate and cruel when irritated, and the profession of the latter is, we must imagine, a powerful bar. But still she is not impregnable, and where a gentle- man (for that he must be) possesses the proper means, there is not much doubt of his success; flattery is a bait that few females can withstand, let every word and action be well clothed in her richest garb; this incense must be of- fer'd at the shrine with pains, perseverance, honour, secrecy, and liberality join- ed with it, and when she is thoroughly convinced that you possess all these re- quisites, she will unfold her

haven of delight, and put you in possession of such charms that would not disgrace a monarch's couch; her tell-tale lascivious eye acts as a charming index to that un- quenchable flame that fills the whole frame, and swallows up the other senses; she is rather short, but admirably well made, and when once convinced of the *honour* and parts of her paramour, gives such a loose to her unbounded appetite, that very few of the Cyprian choir can match her.

Miss

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Miss H—ll—n, No. 2, *Glanville-street*.

Oh she is all the heart would wish, or eye admire,
The purest child of love by beauty fir'd;
Whom but to love, need only but to see,
To see, admire, such heaven born symmetry;
To touch, to feel, ah, there's the potent hold
That chains the will, and molds the snowy heart
To love's delightful glow; the milky hills
Half rising, half suppress'd, with glowing ardor
Ask corporeal pressure, and invite
The *carnal weapon* to its burning sheath.

This lady, in consequence of a trivial fall out with her parents, (which by the bye she had long sought for) left her home, and flushed with all the fire of youth impetuous; burning with every desire the young hand of lust could create, and still a stranger, except in idea, to the grand *subduer* of their fires, she sought this expanded field of delight, nor sought in vain; her youth and person soon attracted the eye of an old male veteran in our band, and her innocence and simplicity were soon overpowered, her maiden honours plucked, and all her virgin claims at once lie dead. The lively girl in question is now entering her sixteenth year, has only been four months

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months on the town, the thinly *covered* grot below has therefore not yet suffi- ciently felt the general influence of its much sought for *acquaintance*, to be very thickly covered, still she thinks it proof against any attack, nor fears to meet the most vigorous, tho' destitute of every other weapon. She is rather darkly complexioned, with fine hazel eyes, is short, and inclinable to be lusty, and as pretty a leg and foot as man would wish to divide, which any good natured man, with two guineas in his pocket that he has no objection to spare, may lie between the whole livelong night, and taste all the raptures he can possibly expect to meet with, in one as yet so untutored in the art.

Madam D—sl—z, No. 46, *Frith-street*,
Soho.

Si j'avois pour heritage,
Le tresor le plus charmant,
je vous en donnerois en gage,
Et mon coeur pour un present.

It is only six months that this lady has
left her native country, and at present
speaks

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speaks very little English. She is young and lively, (but still does not seem to possess so much vivacity as the majority of her countrywomen;) she loves to revenge her countrymen's cause on the English, by doing what the most valor- ous Frenchman would never effect, that is, to bring Britons on their knees; she is now about twenty two, rather short and fat, with a plump face, and such a roguish leer in her eye, that cannot be resisted. Several of our brave officers have spent some of their *best blood* in her service, and regretted they had no more to *shed*. Her lovely dark hair seems like a net to catch lovers, and her lower tend- rils, which sport on her alabaster mount of Venus, are formed to give delight. She has one qualification which many English girls want, which is a certain cleanliness in the Netherlands. They are contented to wash their faces, necks, and hands; but Mademoiselle, like many of her countrywomen, thinks that not enough; she performs constant ablutions on the gulph of pleasure, and keeps it constantly fresh, cool, and clean, never putting a morsel into that mouth, till she has fully

absterged every possible remnant of the last meal. She constantly mounts her

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her *bidet*, and with a large sponge laves the whole extent of the parish of the mother of all saints. Some may, perhaps, think her a female spy, or a smuggler; but surely a girl, who so freely discloses her own secrets, can have no improper aim at those of government; and her commodity cannot be pronounced as contraband when it hath so often been duly entered.

She dresses quite in the French stile and taste, lays on a profusion of rouge and pearl powder, and is not particularly partial to money, but will condescend to take a couple of guineas, *not as payment, but solely as 'une gage d'amour.*

Miss Emma Ell—tt, No. 8, *Action-street, Gray's-Inn-Lane.*

Our souls their former joys renew,
We raise new sport, and wanten jesting;
Our eyes each others charms review,
In every form of love contesting.
At last, our body's warm'd with mutual
fire,
To prove each others aid to join in one
conspire.

This truly lovely woman is about
twenty, and, whilst she remains in a
state

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state of silence, commands every attract- ing charm the heart of man can wish; she speaks French tolerably well, and sings inimitably; she has now trod the path of love four years, during which, time pretty Emma has experienced every vicissitude the cruel hand of fortune could possibly inflict. At present Mr. B. a merchant, in Castle-Court, is the gen- tleman from whom she derives her prin- cipal support; she has fine blue melting eyes, with an aquiline nose, and a very pretty mouth, when her tongue is in- active, but when once she gives a loose to that unruly member, she pours forth such a torrent of blackguardism that shall destroy every attracting feature, and spoil one of the most desirable looking girls in the *Cyprian market*. Our damsel is therefore the most agreeable looking girl when asleep; in bed she is truly amorous, and a charming sportswoman, and when one strain is finished, cries, *da capo*, with a good grace, for which she expeas five guineas.

Miss

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Miss T—f—n, No. 2, *Glanville-Street.*

Had love's fair goddess been so strong in charms,
Rash Diomedé had dropt his vent'rous arms;
No shameful victory the Greek had won,
But had a thousand wounds receiv'd instead of
giving one.

This tit bit is not above sixteen, ra- ther short; but pretty, having an excel- lent complexion, with fine blue eyes, light hair, and a very white, and regular set of teeth. Altho' she has not been six months upon the *Pave de Londres*, (hav- ing received a complete education, has learnt to dance, speak French, and play upon the guittar; and has likewise been initiated into all the mysteries of the Cyprian school; having read *les Bejoux Indiscrets*; the *Woman of Pleasure*; Ro- chester's Poems;) she is *au fait de tout*. Add to this, she has often viewed with rapture all *Aretin's* postures, and longed for the practice, as well as the theory. No wonder then that she should be in- clined to give delight in every possible attitude, and has no kind of objection to yield, with becoming modesty, to take a *coup a la levrette*. She is at present in keeping by a citizen, who has suffered her

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her to assume his name, but is always pleased when Mr. T. is not with her, to accommodate any gentleman in her *pret-ty apartment* a whole night, for which she expects two guineas.

Miss Harriet B—r—n, No. 8, *Tavistock-row*.

In framing thee, heav'n took unusual care,
And stamp't thee fairest of the *Cretan* fair.

There is something so very engaging in the person of this lady, that those gentlemen, who once visit her, seldom or ever fail repeating it. In her deportment she is free and open, without the least tinge of affectation, in size rather below mediocrity, fine dark hair, and bewitching black eyes; a complexion between the fair and brunette: her features are remarkably delicate, and, conjunctively taken, fully verifies the Poet.

None can observe her features but approve,
There's grace with beauty, dignity with love.

Her breasts are finely proportioned, and delicately moulded for love's tender attack, and swell and recede the melting language

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guage of the heart; the *grove beneath*, delicately shaded by a *sable thicket*, is fraught with all its proper sensibility, and, well knowing the value of her charms, she is not one that can be sported with, not will she suffer any liberty beyond the strictest bounds of decency to take place, without the payment of one piece before hand.

Miss W—ll—ms, No. 3, *Glanville-street*.

Firm breasts, white belly, and such thighs,
Gaze ghastly envy, and forget her size.

This lady's affable temper, and engaging disposition, fully compensates for her size, which is rather diminutive, and the innumerable beauties of her face, when put in competition with this deficiency, ought entirely to efface the smallest idea of it. From her youth we might be led to imagine her deficient in the practice of love, but we can assure our readers he will meet but few in the *cyprian field* that will shew better sport; her hair is a beautiful glossy dark brown; her eye brows finely arc'd, and of the same

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same hue, which, contrasted by a pair of beautiful cerulean eyes, and cheeks of living roses and lilies, places her in the rank of first rate beauties,

Her rising breasts two hillocks are of snow,
On which two little fragrant rose buds grow;

below which descends the smooth track of a belly, which conveys to the mind an idea of animated ivory, at the bottom of which is display'd a lovely chesnut fringe, terminated by a pouting *slash hole*, which is far from being insensible to the raptures of its *grisly antagonist*, and with pleasure *opens* its *mouth* to receive his well erected crest, who *enters* with his accustomed pride, but soon returns with *fallen head*, as if conscious of its presumption; but the *mistress* of this formidable *enemy* is well acquainted with the means of restoring life to the *vanquished member*, but only to make it more sensible of its inability. Mercenary views are far from what she aims at; she can give and receive a *luscious* share of pleasures of *copulation*; but beginning to know the accustomed ways of the baser sort of men, and not being always confident of the honour of her *paramour*, if he is a stranger,

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stranger, she must receive her compliment of half a guinea, or a guinea, according to the length of the intended visit, before she proceeds to any kind of business.

Miss Fanny H—nl—y, No 14, *King-
Street, Saint James's Square.*

Her every thought, and wishes, and desires,
Agree with yours, and burn with mutual fires.

This merry, little lively tit appears to be about sixteen, and is never to be met without a smile upon her countenance, and a frisky song at her tongue's end; she is very short, a brunette in complexion, with a lustfully sparkling eye, and jetty ringlets down her back. The sister hills, with their bewitching coral pinnacles, are irresistibly firm, and speak their silent language very forcibly to the heart. The grove beneath, shading the font of life, is drest in sable, and secures the *internal mansion* from any sudden *attack*. She is generally very expeditious in dying, therefore we would advise her antagonist to push the warm con-

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test with agility, or it will not be a *dead* heat; she is a very willing and amorous bedfellow, never against repetition, and such a good natured, and good temper'd creature, that she seems to say to every one,

With thee secur'd,—I'd smile at fortune's
frowns,
And all her threats defy,—nor court her
smiles.

Miss Jenny K—b—rd, No. 33, *Nor-
thumberland-street, Strand.*

You gaulky steeple, you stalking stag,
Your husband must come from Brobdignag.

It is a pity that so noble a piece could not be preserved solely for the use of his Majesty's Grenadiers; she is more than six foot; she is now about twenty-five, possesses an elegance in her person, (we wish we could pay the same compliment to her actions) light hair and eyes, which are continually lighted up by the all powerful brandy bottle; as she excels in the height of stature so is she the height of good nature, for she never refuses any gentleman

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gentleman her favors, that has any money in his pocket; she is surely too the height of vulgarity, for she will come her *eyes and limbs*, with any lady from Billingsgate, or Jack tar from Wapping; but her greatest fault, and what makes more disgusting her other imperfections, is her violent attachment to drinking; she generally contrives to pin her basket completely by nine o'clock; then she swears most abominably, and is as great a proficient in barefaced indecency, as Messalina of antient Rome. We therefore set her up as a beacon; in spite of all, when she pleases, she can be a good companion, and speaks the English language remarkably well; she is never denied to any one, except Mr. G. a watchmaker, in the city, should be engaged with her, he being her particular friend.

Mrs. Charlotte F—ne, No. 41, *King
Street, Soho.*

To tell the beautie's of the place,
How weak is human tongue;
The noble fringes which it grace,
In golden ringlets hung.

Charlotte received a good education,
and was once far above the perambu-
lating

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lating class of nymphs, and might, perhaps, have remained so, had not her violent attachment to the curs'd buckle and belt society, rendered her disgusting in the eyes of all her friends; Mr. G—bl—t, brother to a tallow chandler, of Carnaby-Market, took particular notice of her, and removed her once

from her hated crew, allowed her a tolerable provision, and would have continued her friend, had not her rage for the old society made him forfeit his esteem. She is now rather in the wane, having seen at least twenty-eight summers, tall, and very well proportioned; her complexion is but indifferent, but, being a native of Germany, is not to be wondered at; she speaks French also, but we cannot get her to confess she has been ten years on the town, unless you pay her a *guinea fee* for confessing.

Mrs. W—tp—l, No. 2, *Poland-Street*,
Oxford-Street.

She smil'd, and gave a kiss might Jove disarm,
And from his hand the brandished thunder
charm.

If this good natured willing girl should
chance to be engaged herself, she will
with

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with the greatest pleasure provide her gentleman with another companion; she is a genteel woman, and a very chearful companion, completely mistress of the sport, and can *turn* and *twist* in all the enchanting folds of love, and press you to her breast,

In all the extatic raptures of a lover;

will enjoy, or seem to enjoy, every *high toned* sensation; will bend eagerly to meet the *succulent shower* of bliss, and repeat the amorous content as frequently as you please, being first *convinced* that you will make her a guinea richer in the morning.

Mrs. Gr—ff—n , near *Union-Stairs*,
Wapping.

This is a comely woman, about forty, and boasts she can give more pleasure than a dozen raw girls. Indeed she has acquired great experience, in the course of twenty years study, in *natural philpsophy*, in the university of Portsmouth, where she was long the ornament of the back of the point. She is perfectly mistress of

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of all her actions, and can proceed regularly from the dart of her tongue, and the soft tickle of her hand, to the extatic squeeze of her thighs; the enchanting twine of her legs; the elaborate suction of her lower lips, and the melting flood of delight, with which she constantly bedews the *mossy root* of the tree of *life*, and washes the testimonies of manhood; tho' past her meridian, she is still agreeable; her eyes are black as well as her hair, of which she has an abundance both above and below, her breasts are large but not flabby, and her skin is fair. Five shillings is her price, and she earns it with great industry: but if her lover seems capable of prolonging the *delicious banquet*, and is remarkably well provided, she will abate *weight* for *inches*. Her chief and best customers are sea officers, whom she particularly likes, as they do not stay long at home, and always return fraught with love and presents.

Mademoiselle

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Madamoiselle Du Par, No. 19, *Carlisle-*
street, Soho.

Dieux; qu'a t-il vu, que d'appas enchanteurs!
Sous un bosquet, d'ou coule une fontaine,
Ou chaque mois le doux printemps ramene;
Pour nos plaisirs, l'abondance & les fleurs,
It voit un trou, le joli precipice;
Ce n'etact point le trou de saint Patrice.

This lady has lately been a teacher in a French boarding fchool, but taking a li- king to a young Clergyman in the neigh- bourhood, she made a conjunction of calvanism with the established church,

and he propagated the gospel in her *fo-reign parts* with great assiduity; but her immoderate love of the sport, after having once tasted the power of the *Bri-tish constitution*, speedily brought her to our market, here to her great discredit and loss she has form'd a connection with a boy by the name of N—wb—y, brother to the noted attorney well known as a flash man among the ladies, and one whose principles will not bear the strictest scrutiny. She is a tall, genteel looking figure,

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figure, speaks English pretty well, fine dark eyes and hair, a tolerable complexion, thanks to Mr. Warren, who occasionally fills up those indentions the small pox has been busy in making, and makes her a desirable piece enough. Her low countries are said to be of ample dimensions, and she is so publick spirited, that she makes no distinction of persons or nations; but will say, *je vous remercie*, to any man for the smallest piece of gold.

Miss W—rn—r, at Mrs. Wood's, *Lisle-Street, Leicester-Fields.*

Embrace me close, and join thy lips to mine,
There's no security in other joys;
Here happiness is rivetted alone;
Here nothing fades, nothing decays, the sweets
Immortal are, and never cease to spring.

This is a fine girl, lately come from Cambridge, and just dancing into her twentieth year, we have known her but a very little time, but from her complexion, which is bordering on the brunette,

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brunette; her lively hazel eyes, and the lovely pouting orbs of nature, we can venture to affirm her no bad sportswoman; the *grove beneath* is beautifully border'd by a *sable fringe*, the *ruby portals* of which when unfolded, display the *coral tipt janitor* strutting in all the luscious mess of full fraught womanhood, and will safely conduct the well erected engine into the harbour of delight, and bath him, in the choicest sweets of nature, for two pounds, two shillings.

We

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WE must now bid adieu to our courteous reader, and wish him every success that youth, health, love, and wine can possibly inspire him with; hoping, at the same time, that they will throw a friendly veil over all the unavoidable errors that may have happen'd in this work, and excuse that disagreeable tautology, which, for want of other words, we are necessitated to make, and not to be displeas'd if they find the same ladies in this list that appear'd before in other names; for, as their residence is chang'd as often as their names, it is almost impossible but some such mistakes must happen; and hope that the attention that is now paid to the procuring the best and most respectable, will wipe off every other blot.

We likewise take leave of the ladies, and are particularly happy to think that what was formerly seen in the eyes of *our* world a disgrace, is now considered pleasing, delightful, and honourable.

F I N I S.

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