

Greena Green.

ASK what is LOVE,—or where 'tis found
In our Life's busy, ceaseless round,
Enquire of all you chance to meet,
In every house, in ev'ry Street ;
And then weigh well the strange replies
From old and young, from fools and wise,
From rich and poor, from great and small,
When much I fear, among them all,
You'll scarce find two who will agree
In its essential Quality.

Ask Lady BELL who 'mong the Ton
So long has made her Graces known,
And she will the soft Passion fix
In settlement and Coach-and-six :
A splendid Seat, for country air,
And a Town House in *Grosvenor Square* :

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Love, spread your wings; I'll not outstrip 'em:
Though Death's behind, he will not clip 'em.

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With Balls and Fêtes, and all that Taste
Employs to bring great Wealth to waste.
—MATILDA, who has fill'd her mind
With all the Learning she could find
In the long, never-ending page
Of writings which o'erflow the age,
Novels yclep'd, will, while she glories
In her vast range of tender stories,
Tell you that LOVE is made of sighs,
And feeds on sensibilities ;
That sighs alone the Passion prove,
And when they cease, you cease to love.
—The Citizen, who has the itch
Of lab'ring hard and growing rich ;
Who rises early, sits up late,
To form in time a large estate,
Will talk of LOVE as of a thing
That may a store of profit bring :
Cupid in vain may shoot his dart,
It ne'er will pierce the good man's heart ;
In vain would he exhaust his quiver
To perforate the good man's liver :

Those weapons ne'er will make him feel
 Whose points are only made of steel.
 The God of Love will be cajol'd
 Unless his darts are tip't with gold.
 Nay, when Sir MAT resolv'd to wed,
 And take a fair one to his bed,
 His thoughts of matrimonial bliss
 Were in the Portion, not the Miss.
 —SIR AMOROUS will say, 'tis clear
 That this same LOVE is every where :
 In all the corners of the Town
 He does the Magic Influence own :
 At Balls, at Operas or Plays,
 He feels the God's enliv'ning rays ;
 While the same Power, he finds, pervades
 The rural Scenes and sylvan Shades :
 It is a thing He always lights on
 At Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, and Brighton.
 Nor has he fail'd to feel it's joy
 In a Stage Coach, or Margate Hoy ;
 In short, where'er he's doom'd to move,
 He never fails to meet with Love.

But then 'tis transient as the wind,
No sooner found than left behind :
Though all its pleasure or its pain
The Knight ne'er ventures to explain.
—Enquire of certain married DAMES
What they can say of Cupid's flames ;
They'll tell you Cupid's ev'ry where,
Unless a horrid Husband's there ;
For He may be, as they might prove,
A perfect Antidote to Love.
—The DOWAGER will shake her head,
As she laments an Husband dead,
And tell you all her Love to come
Is buried in the dead Man's tomb.
There Cupid weeps, and Hymen too,
Until another comes to woo.
—Ask the COQUETTE where Love must please ;
She'll say—in ev'ry Man she sees.
'Tis true the Lady will prefer
Fops of high rank and character :

The Baron bold, in splendor drest
 With the Star glitt'ring on his breast,
 Or, the first boast of Chivalry,
 With Garter twining round his knee.
 Or if her smiles do not inspire
 The prouder Nobles to admire,
 She will exchange in Fashion's Dance
 With common Lords the am'rous glance.
 But should they her allurements slight,
 She'll grace a Ball-room with a Knight;
 Or to a 'Squire throw out a Lure,
 And, for the hour, his vows endure:
 Nay, her general scheme to vary,
 She'll flirt with her Apothecary.
 When to far distant scenes retir'd,
 She still resolves to be admir'd,
 And strives the Curate to subdue,
 By well-form'd oglings from a Pew.
 Hence with this fair one, it is prov'd,
 To be admir'd is to be lov'd.

Ask *Virtue* what is LOVE—she'll say

It is a mild, celestial ray

That warms and purifies the heart

From ev'ry foul and grosser part,

And leaves it, as it first was given,

The most delightful boon of Heaven ;

So form'd to sooth the scene of woe

That Man must suffer here below.

—Require of *Happiness* to tell

Where 'tis she never fails to dwell.

She'll answer, 'neath the Domes of State,

The dwellings of the rich and great ;

Or in the humble low-roof'd cot,

Where Poverty's the Owner's Lot ;

If, rich or poor, they do but prove

The solid Joys of virtuous Love.

—Ask *Vice* her thoughts of such a flame,

Of which she scarce can tell the name :

Perhaps an answer she'll refuse,

And strait refer you to the Stews.

MISS BETSY, in her eighteenth year,
 The Captain whisp'ring in her ear,
 Began to think LOVE might be seen
 In Chaise-and-four to GRETNA GREEN.
 She had been left an orphan Fair,
 To Doctor Julap's guardian Care:
 With Lands, and Money in the Stocks,
 And Notes and Bonds in Iron Box;
 That, altogether would be found
 At least worth Thirty thousand pound.
 No Guardian watch'd with more regard
 Than Julap did, his wealthy Ward;
 For 'twas the object of his Life,
 To turn his Ward into his Wife.
 Nay, he employ'd his utmost skill
 In working on Miss Betsy's will,
 To take his Matrimonial Pill. }
 But a fine Youth, in Country Quarters,
 Defied his Pestle and his Mortars:
 For he contriv'd to tell his Tale
 Not by the Hawthorn in the Dale;

Nor as fond Pyramus of old
His Love to gentle Thisbe told,
And did the Lady's heart enthral
Through chinks, and crannies in the wall.
The Captain did his passion pledge
In Julap's garden through the hedge :
Where wild flow'rs bloom'd, and Thrushes
 sung,

She heard the Hero's flatt'ring tongue ;
And there with mutual delight,
They plann'd the unsuspected flight.

One night the Doctor went to bed
With wealth and BETSY in his head :
Physic and Patients all forgot,
How to tie fast the Nuptial Knot,
Employ'd his anxious thoughts till sleep
Did o'er his wearied senses creep :
But while deceifful Morpheus spread
The happy vision round his head.
That gave to his enamour'd view,
The Fair, and all her fortune too,

Mary into his chamber popp'd,
 With, " Sir, Miss *BETSY* is elop'd."
 He instant rose and, in a rage,
 Like the *Third Richard* on the Stage,
 Call'd for his Horse of well-known-speed,
 To check the execrable deed ;
 And, rising quickly from his bolster,
 Order'd his Pistols to the Holster.

The Doctor soon had got the scent
 Of the High Road the Lovers went,
 And posted off, a bold Knight Errant,
 Well arm'd with magisterial warrant :
 He follow'd fast, nor was it long
 Before, by dint of Spur and Thong,
 The flying Equipage he view'd
 That held the Fair whom he pursu'd.
 As He drew nigh each desperate Lover
 Did signs of stout defence discover.
 The Captain loud exclaim'd, " Retire ;
 " Or, by the Prize I bear, I'll fire :

“ I shall prescribe a Leaden Pill

“ Which, like your own, is sure to kill.”

An equal threat from BETSY came :

“ I swear,” she cried, “ by Love’s fierce flame,

“ I’ll be my gallant Soldier’s Wife :—

“ Stop then, or tremble for your Life.”

Down the steep Hill away they flew,

Away the Doctor hurried too,

Keeping aloof till they should come

Where Pow’r might send Miss Betsy home.

But e’er they reach’d the neighbouring

Town

Poor *Julap* from his Horse was thrown,

And pitch’d Head-foremost on a Stone.

DEATH who, in honour of his Friend,

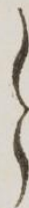
Did as his faithful Groom attend,

Now took him up a lifeless Corse,

And threw it ’cross th’ unconscious horse ;

Then led him quietly away,

To grace the triumphs of the day.



The Post-boys cried, as they drove on,
We're sure the Doctor's work is done:
They loudly swore they saw him fall,
And dash his brains out 'gainst the wall.
—Ne'er mind, drive on," Miss BETSY said;
Lives will be sav'd if he is dead;
And no more plagues will intervene,
To stop our Course to GRETNA GREEN."

SCENE OF DEATH.

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