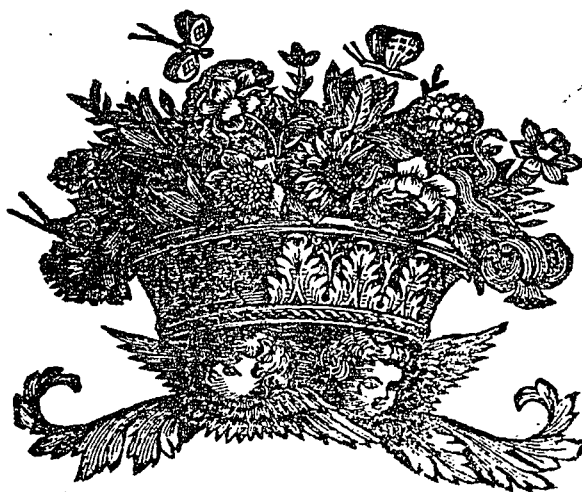


A GENUINE

E P I S T L E

Written some Time since to the late Famous

Mother *L O D G E.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. ROBERTS at the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*
for the Use of her *Creditors.*

MDCCXXXV.

(Price Six Pence.)

16.

T H E
P U B L I S H E R S
T O T H E
R E A D E R .

WE, the *Creditors* of the late Mrs *LODGE*, having found some Time since, the following *Piece* amongst her *Effects*, which were very unequal to our *Claims*, have been, at last, persuaded to make it *public* for our common *Benefit*, and hope the *Town* will receive it with the usual *Candour* it has shown to whatever is *genuine*. Whether Mrs. *DUNBO*, the Auth'rs of this *Epistle*, be still living, or no, we have not been at the Trouble of inquiring, a Circumstance not material to us, or our *Reader*, to whom we subscribe our selves

Most humble Servants,

The CREDITORS.

A G E N U I N E
E P I S T L E

To the late F A M O U S

Mother *L O D G E*, &c.

D E A R *L O D G E*, you know my Love for
Rhime;
You know, I write, whene'er I've Time.

W H I L E *Poets* entertain the *Town*
With *Morals*, *Baudy*, or *Lampoon*,
Learn from rude Lines by *Punch* inspir'd, 5
That *Life*, you have so oft requir'd;
But read with *Candour*, and excuse
The *Sallies* of a *Female Muse*.

O N E *May Day* Morning I was got:
My *Father* was a drunken *Sot*, 10
B A *Barber*,

A *Barber*, and a Man of *Mirth*,
 And *marry'd* just before my *Birth*;
 From whence my *Mother*, I suppose,
God rest her *Soul!* was none of those,
 Who needs must have, before they eat, 15
 The *Parson's* Blessing on their Meat.

WHILE *Tonsor* shav'd, his *Consort* stitch'd,
 By neither *Trade* they were enrich'd ;
 But dy'd in Debt, poor, idle Pair !
 And left me to our *Vicar's* Care. 20

UNDER his *Spouse* I learnt my *Creed* ;
 She taught me, how to *darn*, and *read* :
 I pray'd, and work'd, and conn'd my *Book* ;
 But soon my *native Fields* forsook.

Now, gay with *Hope*, to *Town* I came, 25
 Sent up to serve a *City Dame*,
 Where I grew *notable*, and *free*,
 Stole now and then a Dish of *Tea*,

Old *Knots*, *Pins*, *Patches*, Dabs of *Lace*,
And *Powder*, 'till I lost my *Place*.

30

NEXT to a *Sempstrefs* I was bound
Five tedious Years for seven Pound,
Money by the good *Vicar* lent,
In hopes young *SALLY* would repent :
A *Drudge*, a *Slave*, I could not stay ;
But filch'd a *Head*, and ran away.

35

TWICE *seven* Years, and something more
I now cou'd count, and turn'd a *Whore*.
My *Maiden-Head* full cheap was fold ;
It went for something under *Gold* ;
But, to oblige each am'rous *Swain*,
I fold, and fold it o'er again,
Until I fix'd a *keeping* 'Squire,
Who did my growing *Charms* admire.

40

WHO now but I? to *Park*, to *Play*,
To *Cards*, and *Ball* I found the *Way*,
And sparkled in my rich *Array* ;

45

Learnt

Learnt soon to *squander, jilt, and sham,*
 And cuckold easy *LIMBERHAM,*
 'Till, all his *Land, and Money* gone, 50
 I left the *Fool* to lye alone.

INRICH'D with *Jewels, Clothes, and Plate,*
 The *Ruins* of my *Cul's* Estate,
 By the leud *Town* I grew desir'd;
 Each *Fop* to *SALLY's* Bed aspir'd. 55

HAD I play'd on upon the *Square,*
 And *eat up* ev'ry Year my *Heir,*
 I had been soon at Ease for Life;
 But I must needs become a *Wife!*

DUNBO from the *Hibernian* Shore, 60
 As *MILO* strong, as *IRUS* poor,
 With much more *Confidence* than *Art*
 Found a short Way to win my Heart;
 Too well on me reveng'd Mankind,
 And left his *rifled Spouse* behind. 65

ABANDON'D, stript of all my Store,
 My *Pride* remain'd, tho' I was *poor* ;
 Nor could I bear the cruel *Fate*,
 To *sneak*, where I had *shin'd* of late ;
 Besides, my *Face* was us'd, and grown
Familiar to th' inconstant *Town*. 70

Now what to do in my Decline ?
 Visit the *Realms* beyond the *Line*.
 To the *new World*, I guess'd, I might
 Appear yet new, and guess'd aright ; 75
 For soon as I had reach'd those *Isles*,
 Where *Nature* in full Vigour smiles,
 My *Stratagems* again took place,
 I found again my *tempting Face*,
 Which there for the *full Price* was fold, 80
 Like *cast lac'd Cloaths*, to *Europe* old.

BEHOLD me now once more in State !
Tribes of *black Slaves* around me wait,

And *fan* me while I *sleep*, or *dine* ;
 No *Indian Queen* was half so fine ! 85

FORTUNE, alas ! too great to last !
 My sudden *Grandeur* quickly past :
 My *Keeper* dies ! I too must fall !
 They *ship'd* me off, and *seiz'd* on all,
 Landing me poor (relentless *Heirs* !)
 With little left at *Tower-Stairs*. 90

ADRIFT again ! what could be done,
 My Hopes at ebb, my Beauty gone ?

To *Wapping* I retir'd, and ply'd
 Behind a *Bar* on *Thames's* Side, 95
 And with my small Remains essay'd
 To drive a scanty, pedling Trade,
Rum, Brandy, Punch, a Wapping Queen,
 Measuring out to *Sailors* keen.

HERE still ; but *fat* with *Ease*, and *Ale*, 100
 Known by *Black SARAH* of the *Whale*,

Belov'd

Belov'd I live, *drink* more than *eat*,
 Renown'd thro' all the *British Fleet*,
Faundice, and *Dropsy* all I fear,
 Just entring on my *Fiftieth* Year. 105

ONE *Daughter*, whom our *Youth* admire,
 No matter whom she calls her *Sire*,
 With Care I to the *Business* breed,
 Her far fam'd *Mother* to succeed,
 When *Time*, more potent *Punch*, and *Beer* 110
 Shall put a Stop to my *Career*.

THUS far thro' *Life's* odd, checker'd *Scenes*,
 My much lov'd *LODGE*, I've found the means
 To pass still *sound*, to Fate resign'd,
 My *Nose* unshaken as my *Mind*! 115

HAD we ten Times our *Youth* restor'd,
 Ten Times, dear *LODGE*, we must have *whor'd*;
 Bright *VENUS* reigning at our Birth,
 Destin'd us both for *Love*, and *Mirth*:

But cou'd we with our *Fates* contend, 120
 Say, why? shou'd we our *Fortunes* mend?

LET us suppose we had pursu'd
 That *Path*, where treads each costive *Prude*,
 Perhaps, with some rough, Country Boor,
 And *lawful Brats* full Half a Score, 125
 We might have *dragg'd* a *starving* Life.
 For what? For the sweet Name of *Wife!*

No *LODGE*, not basely thus confin'd,
 We've *nobly* liv'd for all *Mankind*,
 Drove *steady* on, nor cast one Look behind! 130

F I N I S.