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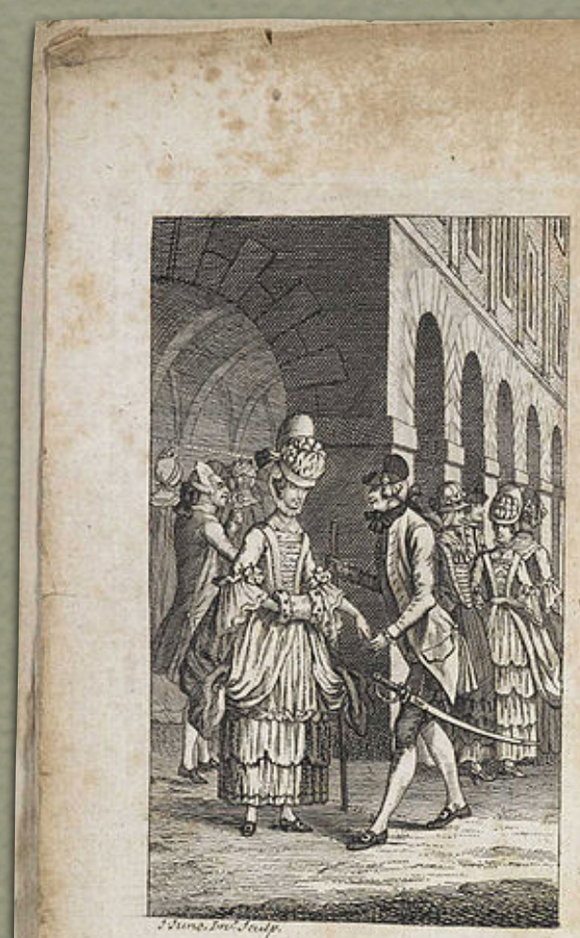
"HARRIS'S LIST of Covent Garden Ladies"



HARRIS's LIST

OF

Covent-Garden Ladies:

OR

MAN OF PLEASURE's

KALENDAR,

For the YEAR 1773.

CONTAINING

An exact Deſcription of the moſt celebrated Ladies of Pleaſure who frequent COVENT-GARDEN, and other Parts of this Metropolis.

LONDON:

Printed for H. RANGER, Temple-Exchange Paſſage, Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXXIII.

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Edition of 1773

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Printed for H. Ranger 1773
(Private Collection)

Edition of 1787

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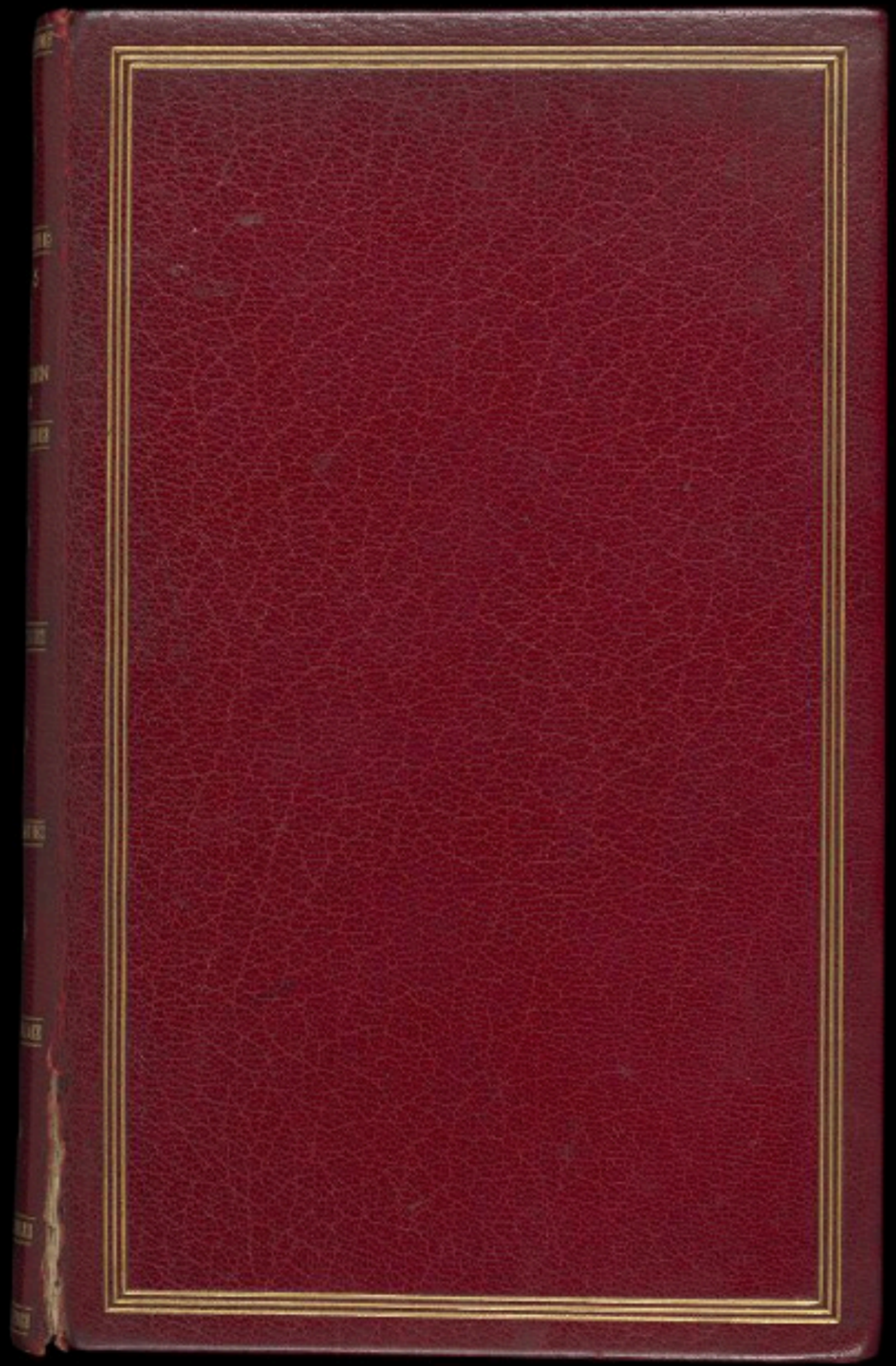

HARRIS's LIST

OF

Covent-Garden Ladies,

For the YEAR 1787.

[Price 2s. 6d.]

Harris

HARRIS's LIST

OF

COVENT-GARDEN LADIES:

OR,

MAN OF PLEASURE's

KALENDAR,

For the YEAR 1787.

CONTAINING

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

LONDON:

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

Where may be had,

The ſeparate LISTS of many preceding Years.

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ERRATA.

In page 67—second line of the motto, for *turned*, read *tumid*.
In page 98—ninth line, for *ſloops*, read, *ſloop'd*.
In page 99—third line, for *hazle dark auburn*, read, *hazle eyes, dark*, &c.

Correſpondents are informed that no Letters are received at the Publiſhers, but ſuch as come Poſt Paid.

As a treat to the fair Votary of Love, and a Spur to the wanton Youths, that revell in their ſoft Embraces, we have taken the Liberty of inſerting the following Introduction, which tho' it has once before made its Appearance, muſt, from its date, be almoſt forgotten; its genuine merit we flatter ourſelves, will ſerve as an apology for its inſertion, and the juſt remarks which it contains, will gain the approbation of all the Cyprian Choir.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the ſucceſſion of natural things, their progreſs, and their decay, individuals ſeem, like atoms in the ſunbeams, of little moment, in the great ſcale of Providence. The preſervation of the ſpecies in general appears to ingroſs the whole ſcope and attention of nature: ſhe is eternally buſy in ſupplying the place of particulars that fall under the hand of time, and by a kind of

plaſtic renown reviving in a blooming offspring the departed fire ; and if you trace her through all the various motions in her wide extent, ſhe will be every where found to tend to one great act of love. To attempt a ſuppreſſion of this almighty impulſe in the human ſpecies would be a taſk as raſh and idle as to bid the hills touch Heaven. All coerſive bars, all artificial fences thrown up by the hand of power, againſt this prolific ardor, this eſſential act, have hitherto been in all communities, and will for ever be overleaped and trampled down.

The mighty call will be obeyed ; and men and women always rebel againſt ſuch weak reſtrictions : that generous frenzy which invigorates the ſoul is invincible, and muſt command. Why then ſuch inceſſant clamours againſt the votaries of love ? Why are the inſults of the venal juſtice, or of the rough-hewn muzzy monarch of the night, permitted? Their number is rather increaſed than leſſened by perſecution, which in this as in caſes of a higher nature, rather contributes to advance than leſſen the point at which it aims. No enthuſiaſm is ſo ſtrong, ſo ſtimulous, as that of copulation ;

tion ; it brings its warrant from nature's cloſeſt cabinet, and bears even the ſeal of heaven, " Increaſe and multiply ;" all nature ecchoes to the univerſal mandate.

If it be a true poſition, that " whatever is is right," why ſhall the victims of this natural propenſity, the volunteers of Venus, the faireſt of creation, be hunted like outcaſts from ſociety, be perpetually griped by the hand of petty tyranny? Do they not ſacrifice their health, their lives, nay their reputations, at the altars of love and benevolence? Let the ſevereſt virtue reflect with me a little ; and that they are of vaſt uſe to the community will be ſurely allowed.

What villanies do they not prevent? What plots, what combinations, do they not diſſolve ? Claſped in the arms of beauty, the factious malcontent forgets the black workings of his ſoul. Here even the miſer feels ſome throbbing of human delight ; ſtealing himſelf, half unwilling from his nature, he for a ſhort ſpace ſmuggles ſome ſmall benevolence, and before he departs is prevailed on to leave his ſoul behind——a guinea——

What a miracle! Does not this give them more than common ſanction? What miracle can exceed the opening a miſer's heart?

In the fair one's embrace the prodigal eſcapes from the fang of the gameſter; nor is he laid open to the wiles of the ſharper. With her the youth is taught the leſſon of the mind practiſed in genuine taſte, aud learns the native uſe of things. Here the drunkard drops a while his ſwiniſh appetite, and gazes like a man upon beauty. The lawyer in the caſe of love forgets his quirks and equivocation, and is for that ſhort ſpace honeſt and upright. Covent-Garden, that aggregate of ſweets! that Lethe of the ſoul! Behold the merchant ſtealing from buſineſs and the city, under the maſk of night, to the apartment of his Thais, where, forgetful of carking cares, no more remembering the rough ſea, the bold wind, nor the dangers of the long-expected ſhip, his heart expands with tranſport; the liſt of bankrupts remains unread; and her lovely boſom yields him the higheſt of ſublunary bliſs. Nor does the parſon forget thoſe walks; here even he ſometimes vouchſafes to call, prompted

prompted to be ſure by a righteous ſpirit, to exhort the ſiſterhood to ſocial duties; and ſometimes perhaps interlines a pſalm with a viſit.

But theſe are private inſtances of the advantages reflected upon a community by the fair followers of the Cyprian queen: theſe advantages are trivial when compared to the public good they occaſion, though cuſtom has embronzed them with the infamous appellation of proſtitutes. Do we not owe to them the peace of families, of cities, nay of kingdoms? This is a point of light in which they are ſeldom conſidered: It is here that rigor bends its brow, and ſeverity relaxes its edge. Where they removed, which fate forbid! by hypocritic power, think how terrible might the conſequences be. The reſtleſs propagating ſpirit, the ſtimulating energy implanted in us, will work its way: deprive it of food, will bars, bolts, or authority, protect the honour of the wife, the chaſtity of the daughter, or the pious matron's virtue? This wild frenzy, breaking all reſtraint, will bear down decency, relation, kindred, and religion——what domeſtic bane! what warfare of humanity litigation! blood-

ſhed! inceſt!——but I forbear, fancy trembles to revolve the horrid anarchy, and the mind declines to dictate.

Say then, ye who have fathers, mothers, ſiſters, brothers, friends whom ye love, whom ye eſteem, will ye not ſtretch your hand hereafter to protect, will ye not ceaſe to perſecute, the ſiſterhood, whom, reaſon tells ye, ye ought to defend? Gratitude will inform you that ye ought. Why named I gratitude? Alas! I had forgotten that it is an unpractiſed worn-out virtue; or brutal rigour, diſguiſed like, and miſcalled, juſtice, would be taken off from perſecuting theſe benevolent friends to the publick good, theſe preſervers of general tranquillity, who lay aſide all that hypocriſy admires, all that faſhion with her varniſhed glaſs reflects as amiable upon the eye of folly, who ſacrifice eſteem, rank, and ſometimes even life, like the martyrs of old, in their country's ſacred cauſe; yet even notwithſtanding do they ſuffer ſtripes, impriſonments, and (what cuſtom has entailed upon them) contempt: unjuſt proceeding!—

To the glory of the city be it remarked,

ed, that in her boſom have lately ſprung up ſome public ſpirits, ſome whoſe hearts teem with grateful remembrance, ſome few who feel for the common good, who ſee with pity's eye thoſe weak individuals languiſh under tyrant laws, moſt infringed by the makers of them. Such patriot ſouls, to the honour of this age, even now exiſt, who with manly hearts have conſidered this deplorable caſe, and opened a retreat for hunted or deſerted beauty. How good, how gracious, how venerable is ſuch an aſſembly of keepers, who never ſhut the gates againſt harraſſed worth, but deal out comfort to the oppreſſed with the hand of liberality! Why ſhould the name of a keeper be treated with ridicule! Is not their keeping a proof of their beneficence, which is thereby extended to every rank and ſtation?

The lovely nymphs, that ſhare in their bounty, have hearts as large, as univerſal as their deſires; and the whole race of mankind are the objects of their warm regard. Like true citizens of life, they ſcatter bleſſings with unreſtrained munificence. Neither the dread of want, nor care of children, checks their rapid career;

career; their courſe is like the Nile, it enriches wherever it overflows. Spital-fields rejoices at their approach; and the famed magazine in the Hay-market cheers up at their name. The toyman, the mercer, the millener, the play, and opera, nay even the pariſh church (ſometimes) is gladdened with the chink of their gold; for, whatever exceptions the parſon may pretend to make to their calling, he has none to their purſes; and for rates, taxes, and repairs, he calls upon them as well as upon the reſt of the flock.

How many a youth, vigorous and comely, does not the kept miſtreſs preſerve from jail, nay the gibbet, by ſharing with him the allowance of her keeper! The brawny life-guard-man, the well-made grenadier, whoſe pay being too narrow, for his ſoul would otherwiſe force him to raiſe contributions on the public, is by her protected, and his finances enlarged.

The generous keeper cannot grudge the allowance; nay, the good that his gold produces, thus communicated, will rather cheer his old heart. He will re-

collect

collect that he is thereby ſaved the labour of tilling a ſoil which requires much culture, and is yet ſeldom prolific; nor will he begrudge his hire to the labourer, who might otherwiſe fall a victim to offended juſtice. For the deliverance will he rejoice; in thinking that he has ſaved a citizen, he will, like an old woman, congratulate himſelf.

Perſiſt, oh ye hoary ſeers! perſiſt in the cauſe of keeping; in that you ſhew yourſelves friends to charity, virtue, and the ſtate; continue to cheriſh theſe gifts of heaven; ſtill hug to your boſom the cordial, the reviving warmth communicated by youth and beauty: to the dear girl whom you ſhall ſelect, be your purſe-ſtrings never cloſed; nor let the name of proſtitute deter you from this pious reſolve. Liſten not to unmannerly prudence, let her not argue you from the good purpoſe, for ſhe will ſometimes joſtle forwards when paſſion ſubſides. What is there in the idea of proſtitution, to which the greateſt characters are not ſometimes ſubſervient? It is not only in the purlieus of Covent-Garden that proſtitutes are to be found. They flouriſh in courts, in ſenates, in halls of juſtice,

in

in fleets and armies; nor is the ſacred porch ſecure from the approach. Is the ſoft, the gentle minion of love, ſo great a proſtitute, as him who, beneath a ſcarlet robe, and the dignity of lordſhips, conceals a mind fraught with corruption? Is not the miniſter of ſtate who ſacrifices his country's honour to his private intereſt; the admiral whom venality teaches to avoid the reflects of an enemy; or the general, whom gold allures from the path of conqueſt, more guilty than her? Theſe are the real proſtitutes that defile ſtreams of public virtue, and taint a nation's glory. On theſe ſhould juſtice aim the angry bolt, and vengeance hurl her fiery dart: nor let the black gown eſcape him, who in the pulpit aſſerts the cauſe of religion, which he deſcends to make a joke of; who holds forth in public in defence of every virtue, and in private is the common encourager of vice. Theſe are claſſes that ſhould bow under the rod of Aſtrea.

But to you, ye nymphs, whom elaſtic ſpirits prompt to propagate the joys of ſoft endearments, to ſooth the ſoul with the Circean cup of pleaſure; to you may laws and magiſtrates be kind; with you may

may the ſtateſman, the ſoldier, the parſon, the lawyer, and the merchant ſhare his treaſure.

But never may that caitiff, called a ſurgeon, be found within your walls; guard againſt his approach as you value life, and its ſupport; avoid with care the contaminated embrace. Remember ſtill your keeper; ſooth his lambent flame, preſerve the tepid wiſh alive. With wiſe expedients rouſe up faint deſire, and make him young again. Conſider, if you ſhould neglect your keeper, your broad-backed gallant will lack his well-deſerved ſupply. Keepers are the ſinews of your trade; may they multiply in number and in wealth; may they be always ready and willing to keep the call as honeſt nature bids: ſo ſhall the public be invigorated; the cauſe of virtue be promoted; and the hateful name of Ganymede blotted from the book of memory.

HARRIS's LIST,

OF

COVENT GARDEN LADIES.

Mrs. M—rt—r, of *Covent Garden Theatre.*

Hail love ſupreme of every joy the ſource,
That ſends to Nature's ſprings their mighty force;
Expands the ſoul, awakes the torpid veins,
And gives free force to p ſſion's fiery reins,
And thou dear luſt that ope's the miſer's heart,
And thro' each callous, each obdurate part,
Tho thrilling tranſport guides, be thou my friend,
Let all thy fires with love's ſoft actions blend,
And then, let times be ever ſo provoking,
I'll die a *Martyr* to almighty *ſtr—k—ng*.

NO ſea born nymph, the Annals of Hiſtory ever produced, has ſhewn more love for the ſport, or been better

trained in the various arts that ſerve to encreaſe or prolong the rapturous enjoyment, than this ſweet daughter of the muſes, the melody of her voice, early initiated her into the *Beau Monde*, and a ſweet enchanting face as early procured her a train of admirers.

Mr. R—tſ—n, a *ſlender twig* of the law, would fain in her ſtate of virgin innocence have tyed the Hymeneal knot, but his diet at that time conſiſted too much of the vegetable kind, (at leaſt it is ſuppoſed ſhe thought ſo,) to afford nouriſhment ſufficient to ſupply the deſires that Nature at that period ſeemed in ſo ample a manner to fire her maiden breaſt with, he was therefore only allowed to continue one in her liſt of admirers, Captain M—rt—r, the real and lawful poſſeſſor of her maiden treaſure, was formed in a different mould; muſcular ſtrength, nervous activity, joined to a manly figure gained an eaſy entrance to her heart, and linked in the bands of Hymen.

Her virgin roſe conſentingly was plucked.

Conjugal felicity for ſome time ſhed her benignant ſweets, o'er the happy pair

pair and two prattling cherubs, were the fruits of their mutual affection, the captain now ſeemed to be weaning himſelf from that vigour of affection in proportion, as her wanton deſires grew more extravagant, and from mutual indifference, mutual averſion took place, and conſequently a ſeparation of beds, which enabled our Heroine, who was now juſt arrived to that age, when the force of Nature will not be repelled; when her deſires muſt and will be gratified, and when the glow of love, youth and beauty had juſt reached the Zenith of perfection. Here then was a feaſt for the connoiſſeurs in the art, all the combined forces of youth, beauty, good-nature, harmony and ſenſibility at once united and reſolved upon gratification.

Who was the ſecond feaſter upon this world of ſweets we are at a loſs to tell, but poſſeſſed of ſuch a face and form, ſhe could always command her man, and after ſometime had elapſed, in which it is ſuppoſed, ſhe had traverſed the cyprian market throughout, and was thereby capable of judging experimentally; ſhe attached herſelf to Mr. W—lde, the Promp—r, and each for a while ſeemed happy in each other;

he drew a veil over her *natural* faults, and ſhe in return excuſed his natural imperfections, and ſought, unmoleſted, the means of ſupplying the defects; at length Mr. W—d ſeemed to grow *tame*, and ſhe in return grew more *wild*, and having *heard*, ſeen, and perhaps *felt* Mr. P—rks *hautboy play*, ſhe made no ſcruple of giving the preference where it ſeemed ſo juſtly due, but to ſhew her former attachment, and knowing his natural fondneſs for a bed-fellow, ſhe actually in form gave him a week's notice to ſelect a proper perſon to ſupply her place, at the expiration of which time ſhe, in a very polite and affectionate manner, took leave, and has ſince made Mr. P—ke her favorite man, how long he is to continue ſo, is to be proved by the condition and diſpoſition of his *inſtrument*.

Poſſeſſed of *ten* of Plutus's all-ruling little *deities*, a man of known *parts* may eaſily procure her company for a few hours, and *in her* find a moſt deſirable woman, ſtill warm with keen deſire, and poſſeſſed of every ſweet enticement to render her paramour burning like herſelf, all animation and tender ſenſibility ſhall preſs the balmy kiſs, with eager graſp entwine the parted limbs,

and

and pour the torrent of rapture with all the fervour of unabated love, and meet the ſhower of bliſs with all the ardor of youth untamed and extacy unutterable.

To enumerate the various beauties of her perſon would require a Thompſon's thought, or Guido's touch, the moſt ſtriking feature in which is the eye of ſparkling hazel, arched by a bow of the darkeſt brown, and beaming with the genuine language of her heart, ever killing, ſave in thoſe tender dye away moments when they *are wrapt in ſilent converſe with the ſoul*, and ſeemed drowned in the *coming Elyſium*.

A lively brown ſuffuſes her whole complexion, and gives additional grace to every feature, a tender yielding ſmile ſits preſident, and thro' the panting balmy lips two rows of orient pearl diſplay their magic force: deſcend and view the *lactial hillocks of love*, firm as the poliſhed marble, and white as monumental alabaſter, ſee the *cerulean tubes* ſweetly branching over the poliſhed ſurface, and ſhedding their bluſhing influence on the *roſy ſummit*, diſdaining prop they *ebb and flow the ſecret wiſhes of the heart*, and aſk *corporeal preſſure*.

A *Raven coloured* ſurface adorns the *manſion* of their *rightful lord*, ſurrounded *by beds of never fading lilly*, and raiſed on pillows white as hyperborean ſnow.

Mrs. B—nn—r, No. 4, *Walnut-tree walk, Lambeth.*

I'll find you *war* to ſkirmiſh every night,
And practice every turn of *amorous* fight:
In *ſuch* ſweet ſingle combats hand to hand,
'Gainſt which no woman that is wiſe will ſtand:
My *champion* I'd encounter breaſt to breaſt,
Tho' I were ſure to fall and be o'er preſt.

The man may well think himſelf happier than Paris in the zenith of his voluptuous pleaſure, who can encircle in his arms, and be in full poſſeſſion of the charming perſon of this beautiful Helen: for with the advantage of ſuperior height to moſt of her ſex, being very tall and gracefully made; ſhe has a ſkin which would not ſuffer the leaſt diminution, if put in compariſon with that of the celebrated dame of antiquity whoſe name we have juſt given her. The ſimilitude will hold good in many other reſpects; for, like her, ſhe is of a moſt amorous conſtitution;

tution; like her thoroughly devoted to the Cyprian deity.

Warm as the heart by Cupid newly ſtung,
Sweet as the flower where bees of Hybla hung.

Like her ſhe has an irreſiſtible eye, capable of firing the moſt torpid imagination with as fierce deſire, as a torch dipped in the ever-burning flame upon the altar of Venus can kindle, and when once roufed, can raiſe it to that unbearable pitch, that it muſt be quenched in the *bliſsful ſont* hid within the centre of her bewitching *grove:* Like her too, the pouting lips, rich with more than fancy can expreſs, invite the ardorous kiſs, and the panting ſwelling breaſt full of the involuntary ſighs of exceſs of pleaſure, ſolicit the endearing claſp of manly pleaſure, whilſt the titillation of nature in her favourite *ſpot below, feelingly* calls for the *Priapian weapon* to receive it in her *ſheath* at its moſt powerful thruſt up to the hilt; and like her ſhe is perfect miſtreſs of the *ſport*, and can manage any *weight*. An adept herſelf, there is no one fitter to initiate the young officiating *prieſt* in the *deepeſt myſteries* of his *office*.

She

She has fine hair and teeth; at the ripely luſcious age of twenty-one.

She is not to be had, but at Mrs. Kelly's, and then only on terms of the ſtricteſt honour and ſecrecy, having the happineſs of being at preſent in good keeping by a merchant of the city.—— Nothing leſs than Bank paper ſhe ever accepts of—indeed we are informed, even ſuch muſt be of as many pounds value, as ſhe is years old, ſave and except one.

Miſs L—nf—rd, N°. 11, *Glanville-ſtreet.*

" Love's power's too great to be with-ſtood
" By feeble human fleſh and blood:
" 'Twas that which brought upon his knees
" The hect'ring kill-cow Hercules;
" Transform'd his ſhaggy lion's ſkin
" T' a petticoat, and made it ſpin;
" Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
" T' a feeble diſtaff and a ſpindle:
" 'Twas that made emperors gallants
" To their own ſiſters and their aunts;
" Set popes and cardinals agog,
" To play with pages at leap-frog."

None

None can diſpute the power of love, and none can diſpute Miſs L---nf---d's abilities to excite that paſſion, or quench it when excited. She is of an agreeable perſon, though not pretty, her hair is dark, and ſhe has good eyes, her teeth are white and even, and ſhe is of a moſt affable temper. She ſtrains hard to keep within the bounds of decorum, and makes him who enjoys her imagine he is the only favoured ſwain. For this purpoſe ſhe does not make uſe of the common arts of incitement, nor wiſhes to be taken for one of the ſiſterhood. Her chief rendezvous is in the Green-park, where ſhe always walks with a little girl in hand, in order to paſs for a prudent matron; who may have her deſires indeed, but is not to be approached with effrontery, or taken by ſtorm, but rather with reſpect, and ſeems to ſurrender to merit only, tho' ſhe has the addreſs to get money with her merit.

She has been for ſome months (off and on) kept by J— L—, Eſq; who has no leſs than three different times conveyed or conſigned her home to her friends and relations—however all will not do, for ſhe is determined not to ſubmit to a bare exiſtence,

exiſtence, while ſhe can live in gaiety and pleaſure.

She is tall and genteel, and her age is not exceeding three and twenty years.

Miſs R—dſh—w, N°. 13, *Margaret-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare.*

Although this lady is at preſent in good keeping, by a certain coal-merchant, her natural amorous inclination, together with her love of money, entirely over-balances every duty ſubſervient to a keeper; with a heart fraught with every luſcious ſenſibility, ſurcharged with all the fire of a ſon of Venus by Bacchus, could be inſpired with, ſhe treads the ample field of love; nor can ſo lovely a face be deſtitute of admirers; ſhe meets with a number, but is rather choice of her favours; no giddy rakes, no flirting fop, or coxcomb vain, can meet in her embraces; prudence and diſcretion ſhe keeps conſtantly in view; delicacy and politeneſs is her characteriſtic. Her figure is ſhort, her features conjunctively taken form what is termed a good face; fine dark brown hair, dark eyes, and about one

one and twenty. Fraught with all theſe perfections, and in all the bloom of womanhood, who can think any ſum from one to three guineas, too much.

This lady was a millener, but that trade ſhe has lately left off, for one more profitable; however, as ſhe loves to do buſineſs privately, Quin's is the houſe ſhe prefers, where you may frequently meet with her.

Miſs Su——y K—lly, N°. 2, *Princes-Street, Cavendiſh Square.*

My Heart's my own, and ſo's my Hand,
And light and free as air they rove,
No power on Earth ſhall one command,
No mortal e'er preſerve my Love.

As ſweet variety is not a treaſon,
I'll love to-day, to morrow I'll forget,
And every well-fed fiſh that comes in ſeaſon,
Without controul ſhall play within my NET.

No wonder the great ſcarcity of money prevails, when ſuch attractions as theſe are to be found; for that man muſt be quite

quite void of ſenſibility, that would not part with money or life to attain the poſſeſſion of ſuch charms as theſe, which is not confined to the meer gratification of a ſenſual appetite, or the tranſcient beauties of perſonal perfection. Her mental charms ſecure the heart as ſoon as her perſonal charms have won it. Her ſtature is ſhort, but every limb is well proportioned, and juſt poſſeſſes that ſweet degree of plumpneſs that makes a deſirable pillow, without being deprived of thoſe abilities that conſtitute the good bedfellow. She is only eighteen years of age, and but juſt entered into life. Her face is compoſed of ſuch ſweet, regular features, that united, form a continual ſmile upon the countenance. Any gentleman having a few guineas more in his pocket than he knows what to do with, and would wiſh to devote it to the rites of Venus, by viſiting the Shakeſpear, or Roſe, they may meet this deſirable girl, whoſe company they never will have the leaſt reaſon to regret being in, nor will they meet with one whoſe integrity and honour are more to be depended on.

Miſs

Miſs D—nt—t, No 85, *Great Titchfield-Street.*

This young charmer is about twenty two with a very pretty face, fair complexion, grey eyes, good teeth, ſhort and delicate, great animation, indifferent temper, and ſo, ſo, in her behaviour. She is truly amorous, and ſets about the rites of love, with her whole heart; no diſguſting coyneſs, no forbidden frown, no lowering eye, check her admirers. On the contrary, warmth defeats coyneſs, her brows are ſmooth and placid, and her eyes roll in the humid fires of tranſports. She makes every part contribute its ſhare to the mutuality of the joy; and her touch might as the Poet ſays

——— Kindle frozen appetite
And fire e'en waſted nature with delight.

Though not naturally religious, yet ſhe concurs in one part of the liturgy of the church of England, namely "to ſtrengthen ſuch as do *ſtand*, to comfort and help the *weak*, and to *raiſe up* them that *fall*."

She has lately been in good keeping,

 by

by a merchant in the city, whom ſhe loſt by the haſtineſs of her temper, having on the concluſion of his laſt viſit, charged the watch with him.

Mrs. N—wl—nd, No. 32, *Goodge Street.*

The wanton, mighty Jove, in all his glory,
With all the art of elegance divine,
Found the nymph, coy, and blind to all his charms;
Till, chang'd at laſt into a golden ſhow'r,
The precious drops diſſolv'd her into love.

How applicable are theſe lines to Mrs. N——, to whom, not Jove himſelf would be acceptable without gold, and limping Vulcan would be tenderly embraced, if plentifully ſtored with it; ſhe then can melt into tranſports, and make the preſent lover believe he is the only one, for whom ſhe has a real regard. In part, ſhe ſays true; ſhe *has* a real regard for him, which will continue as long as his purſe or his liberality laſts; or until ſhe meets with a dupe, more rich or liberal. Her age is about twenty, her eyes

eyes grey and lively, her complexion ſwarthy, her teeth and beauty middling, her temper agreeable—when ſhe pleaſes. There is no aſcertaining her price, it being always as much as ſhe can get; and her commodity, like thoſe ſold by inch of candle, is always knock'd down to the higheſt bidder. She has not been in life more than two years, and the name ſhe now goes by, is that of her favorite man.

Mrs. Mck—z—, No. 12, *John-Street, leading to Portland Street.*

Gods, what a ſcene of joy was that! How faſt,
I claſp'd my charmer to my panting breaſt!
With what fierce bounds I ſprung to meet my bliſs,
While my rapt ſoul flew out in ev'ry kiſs,
'Till breathleſs, faint, and ſoftly ſunk away,
I all diſſolv'd in reeking pleaſures lay.
How ſweet is the remembrance yet, this night,
Too haſty fled, driv'n on by envious light.

It is very difficult, in a review of beauties, to avoid a diſguſting ſameneſs of deſcription. Women being compoſed

poſed of face, body and limbs. Eyes, noſe and mouth, being parts of every face, it is almoſt impoſſible to deſcribe different beauties in different terms. What then can be ſaid of Mrs. M—— that hath not been ſaid already of other ladies; though indeed, ſuch an arrangement of feature as her's, is not common. Middle ſized, fair and lovely; young and chearful, comprehends all that is poſſible to utter, and all belong to her. She is formed to excite deſire, and diſpoſed to gratify our wiſhes. She adds a poignancy to the tranſient hour, and makes time fly with eagle's wings, when in her company. Her behaviour is naturally good, and ſtudiouſly obliging, charms with eaſe and delicacy; and even when ſhe gives a looſe to love; when ſhe raiſes the ſoul to extatic undeſcribable bliſs, ſhe preſerves a conduct that ever dignifies enjoyment, and deprives it of diſguſt. Can three guineas be too much, for ſuch a companion.

She is juſt come from the North, as her ſpeech will teſtify; is ſaid to be in keeping by a Yorkſhire gentleman, therefore wiſhes to make her other amours as private as poſſible. Mrs.

Mrs. P—tt—rſ—n, No. 85, *Great Titchfield Street.*

I felt, perfectly felt, what I adore,
Th' enchanting touch gave bliſs unknown before.
Th' immortal pleaſure ran thro' all my frame,
Thro' all my bones and inward marrow came,
That melted and ran down before the impetuous flame.

This lady is about three and twenty, has fine light eyes, and hair, alſo good teeth. She is of a tall genteel ſtature, happily fixed juſt above the middle ſize. She is kept by a captain H—y, of the navy, who conſtantly reſides with her, while he is in town; yet ſhe admits of other viſiters in his abſence, more to indulge a paſſion for variety, than from any lucrative views. She is alſo thereby enabled to form a judgement what age and diſpoſition is beſt fitted to give joy. We hear ſhe ſays, from experience, that youth gives the *ſhorteſt*, maturity the *ſtrongeſt*, and age the *longeſt* pleaſure. Now, as it is a maxim with her that thoſe joys are moſt to be preferred that are of the *longeſt duration*, ſhe thence embraces her old gentleman with the moſt ardent glee, and declares ſhe prefers his length-

ened embrace to the *fire* of maturity, or the *haſty ſpur* of youth. Her reaſon for her concluſions appear founded on experiment, and her theory is deduced from practice. She argues thus: the eagerneſs and impetuoſity of *youth* make the tranſports merely momentary. Furniſhed with a profuſion of the *coin of love*, they pay the *liquid toll* almoſt as ſoon as they have *entered* the *gate*; nay, ſometimes at the very *portal*, without giving time to get their *change* ready, to the diſappointment of the turnpike-woman, and the great abridgement of the pleaſure of paying and receiving. It is true, they may be able to make ſpeedy repetitions of the *toll*, but then they are all under the ſame circumſtance, 'till the laſt; which in proportion as it approaches the condition of the aged traveller, becomes more ſweet, becauſe the more laſting.

The *mature* voyager to the gulf of Venus, has, it is true, a ſufficiency of coin, ſtays longer in port before he pays his tribute, and, by lengthening the pleaſure hath a great advantage over youth, juſt as *one* guinea is worth more than *ten* ſhillings.

The

The *aged* traveller cannot boaſt of repeated payments in a few hours, but his payment is juſt; he has the coin in his purſe, though it may require more time to get the ſtrings open. He may not be ſo able a mathematician as to *raiſe* a *perpendicular* in an inſtant; but, with a little kind aſſiſtance, it is raiſed; and the time loſt in the erecting, is full paid by the pleaſure of proceeding gradually through every ſhade of love, from the pale rencounter, to the dazzling vivid ray of the brighteſt colour of extacy. In all this time the *toll gatherer* is approaching, by degrees, to a capacity of receiving and returning the change. The value is enhanced by expectation; and, like a creditor who has waited long for his due, the payment is received with double joy. Thus argues Mrs. P—tt—r-ſ—n, and the reader is to judge of the force of her reaſoning; but he muſt remark, that by *age* ſhe does not mean *decripitude*, both of which do not ſo often depend on a ſtated number of years, as on the courſe of life. Many love merchants retain their credit beyond threeſcore, whilſt others more prodigal, are abſolute inſolvents at thirty.

Miſs

Miſs L—nl—y, No. 11, *Glanvill Street.*

They danc'd around, but 'mongſt the reſt was ſeen
A lady of a more majeſtick mein;
And as ſhe mov'd or turn'd, her motions good,
Her meaſures kept and ſtep by ſtep purſu'd.
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For whereſoe'er ſhe turn'd her face they bow'd.

This lady was the niece of no higher a perſonage than a Welch wather woman; but having a talent for dancing, ſhe came to town with the view of getting upon the ſtage in that quality. She is pretty in her perſon, of a middle ſtature, pleaſing, neat figure, dark hair, and chearful temper. She has had many admirers, but a certain *Sergeant*, who was long a *houſe keeper*, beating up for recruits, ſhe inliſted under him, and is now in his ſervice; where, being very expert in her *exerciſe*, ſhe performs her *evolutions* to his great ſatisfaction. Some indeed ſay, ſhe is ſometimes abſent without *furlow*, and makes ſome excurſions in *foreign* ſervice; but as ſhe has never been caught tripping, ſhe cannot be eſteemed a *deſerter*. She is about 21 years of age, and well deſerves as many ſhillings for a ſingle embrace.

Miſs

Miſs Su—y B—rns, No 11, *New Compton Street.*

Embrace me cloſe, 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.

She is a pretty woman, middle ſized, of an agreeable perſon, and chearful temper, about twenty three, with dark eyes and hair. She ſeldom goes out *marauding*, but expects private viſiters at home, where their reception is both genteel and enticing. She was for ſome time the darling of a certain captain, who might be a very good paymaſter in the coin of love, though an abſolute inſolvent in any other money. Indeed, in reſpect to her, he might have let her have a ſufficiency for maintainance, however he *might get it*. For many have been known who would be liberal enough to their miſtreſſes, though the brewer and baker went unpaid, and their wives unclad; fulfilling the lines of the poet,

For whilſt abroad, ſo prodigal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe, at home, as ragged as a colt is.

Though

Though indeed we may acquit the captain of that prodigality as he was never known to be liberal of any thing but—promiſes.

Her preſent friend is a Mr. D——ls, to whom ſhe is under great obligation, and indeed would be much more ſo, were it equally in his power, as it is in his inclination. A guinea is her uſual fee.

Miſs S——y H—gh—s, No. 40, *Ogle-Street.*

An age in her embraces paſt,
Would ſeem a winter's day;
Where life and light, with envious haſte,
Are torn and ſnatch'd away.

Were it not that ſportſmen look on all kept ladies, as fair game, Miſs Sally would not have a place within this liſt; nay, we imagine that whoever purſues her will be thrown out in the chace; as we, after the moſt diligent enquiry, cannot find that ſhe has once failed in her fidelity to her friend.

She is now about ſeventeen years old, tall

tall and well made, though rather inclinable to fat. Her teeth very even, her hair dark, and ſhe has a lovely pair of dark eyes. Her behaviour is perfectly conſonant with decorum, and her conduct guided, by prudence. So formed and accompliſhed, it is no wonder ſhe is beloved by her friend, who is a Shoemaker of opulence in Oxford Street. Mr. R——s love for her, firſt fixed on her good qualities, and is rivetted by the well founded opinion of her being entirely his own; in which he is the more ſecure, from her not being handſome, but on the contrary much pitted with the ſmall pox; yet ſhe retains a good complexion. In ſhort, ſhe wants nothing but the ſacerdotal fiat, to put her on a complete level with the moſt *legally* virtuous woman.

Miſs Br—wn, No. 5, *Kings Place.*

'Tis juſt four years ſince this lady was *fit for ſervice*, and its juſt as long ſince ſhe has been in actual employment; moſt of her time has been in the city, but finding her commodity getting ſtale in

in that market, ſhe opened her ſhop at a diſtant part, where her buſineſs ſoon increaſed; indeed ſhe refuſes neither men nor money; and we are told, but we hope without much foundation, that ſhe is remarkably fond of the gin bottle, ſhe is fat, with light hair, and a pretty ſparkling blue eye, her teeth are but indifferent, but the ſmell of the juniper takes off every offence that the teeth may occaſion, and makes her a *deſirable piece.*

Mrs. R—b—nſ—n, *Carrington-Street, May Fair.*

Entranc'd they did lie,
'Till Alexis did try,
To recover new breath, that again he might die;
Then often they died, but the more they did ſo,
The nymph died more quick, and the ſhepherd more ſlow.

This lady is delicate in her complexion, elegant in her figure, and decent in her manner. Her eye, indeed, is not *lively*, but is *languidly charming*, and is what the poet ſtiles.

The

The ſleepy eye that ſpeaks the melting ſoul.

In ſhort, on ſome tender occaſions, it ſeems to be turned inwards to view the ſoul's content. She is about twenty two years of age, and is now in very good keeping, by C——l G——d.

Early knowing the inconvenience of dependence, ſhe has aſſiduouſly avoided any connection with the *mother abbeſſes*, and trades entirely on her *own bottom*, in elegant furniſhed lodgings; where her price is ſeldom leſs then paper, for either a *flying ſkirmiſh* or a *whole night's ſiege.* In her endeavours to pleaſe, we are credibly informed, ſhe ſpares no pains; and is truly of the *melting mood*; ſo that like the ſkilful gardener, ſhe plentifully ſhowers down the genial dew on whatever ſeed is ſown in her parterre.

She is partial to the private intriguing houſes, where you may be certain of meeting with her, without danger of interruption.

Miſs W—tſ—n, No. 11, *Glanville-Street.*

Now let us ſtart and give a looſe to love,
Feaſt every ſoul, with moſt luxurious pleaſure.

 This

This is a girl indeed feaſts *every* ſenſe. Seeing and feeling, are ſeduouſly employed by her, in proportion to the price, from five ſhillings to two guineas. She is about twenty, rather ſhort, but lewd, frolick and gameſome, has a pretty roman noſe, with fine black hair and eyes, and would be more agreeable to many, if ſhe drank and ſwore leſs. She is an excellent poſture miſtreſs, and has ſtudied each of *Aretine's* attitudes. She very readily diſplays her naked charms, and willingly exhibits *Eve's water gap*, without a ſingle *fig-leaf*.

Mrs. Gl—ſſ—d, No. 11, *Southampton-Buildings, Holborn.*

———To know delight they haſte,
And panting in each other's arms embrac'd;
Ruſh to the conſcious bed a mutual freight,
And heedleſs preſs it with their wonted weight;
The thoughtleſs pair, indulging their deſires,
Alternate kindl'd, and then quench'd their fires.

This lady takes her name from a gentleman who is in the ſea ſervice of the Eaſt India Company, and who from particular

particular attachment left her an allowance of two guineas per week, during his abſence.

She now diverts herſelf with other ſea officers, to increaſe the ſum of her pocket money. Her ſtature is tall, her eyes and hair are dark, and her complexion rather ſwarthy, aged twenty one. As ſhe never takes leſs than a guinea for a diſh of tea, and a game at *tee-to-tum*, it may be eaſily ſuppoſed that none but captains can afford to caſt anchor in her port. However, we are aſſured there is good *riding*, no *foul ground*, nor any fear of *ſtranding the cables*, as ſhe admits no veſſel without a *clean bill of health*, and *due examination*. Not being willing to brook diſappointment, a favorite Hairdreſſer is often called to fill up her *vacuum*.

Miſs Eſther Sp—nc—r, at No. 31, *Goodge Street.*

This lady has carried on, with the help of a tolerable perſon, a very good trade for ſome years paſt. In her earlier days ſhe had a *faſhionable* education; that is to ſay, ſhe has been taught to dance and

ſtudy the Graces, &c. but with reſpect to any uſeful inſtruction, has not the leaſt knowledge; but however, notwithſtanding, there is a pretty nothingneſs in her converſation, which makes her a very agreeable companion for an hour or two; ſhe has but indifferent teeth, dark hair, a fine forehead, and a very good leg; is about twenty ſix years of age, and though tall and luſty, is very fond of the blackamoors hops.

Mr. B——, a Confectioner, not far from Bond Street, is ſaid to be her particular favorite. As to her terms, ſhe varies according to the circumſtances of the caſe, juſt as it may happen.

Mrs. V—n—s, No. 62, *Newman Street*,

Is (we preſume) a young widow, about twenty-one years of age, as ſhe has lately been at Oſtend, and was from thence conveyed home, by a gentleman of the city, who has ſince proved a very good friend to her.

She is a moſt elegant and inviting woman; and, in our opinion, not inferior

rior in point of *beauty*, to any of the higheſt beauties in his Majeſty's dominions; her face, her air, her gait, appear to be ſomething almoſt more than mortal; her perſon is tall and delicate; her eyes dark, bright, and ſparkling; her eye-brows are black as ebony: ſhe wears her hair dreſſed in a kind of romantic manner; the treſſes ſeem intervoven by the fingers of Love; her neck is moſt delightfully formed; and her complexion is finely animated by the pure tints of Nature, which Art vainly attempts to imitate: her teeth and lips are ſo beautiful, that the moment ſhe opens her mouth, you perceive the beauty of pearls, and the ſweetneſs of roſes; in a word, ſhe is full of graces; nothing is more ſoft than her looks, more pleaſing than her carriage, or more moving then the ſound of her voice: an air of gaiety and inexpreſſible tenderneſs breathe around her, but ſo happily tempered, that, though every one who beholds her muſt admire, yet ſhe has *knowledge* enough to be prudent, and takes care to be in a very fair way of becoming, in a ſhort time, entirely independent. Her price is five guineas,

and ſhe may be generally met with at Kellys or Weſtons.

Mrs. W—dg—r, *at a Perfumer's in Rathbone Place,*

Is an unexperienced dame, having juſt left her friends in Hampſhire; ſhe appears to be a well meaning girl, has natural ſenſe, but by no means cunning enough for her preſent profeſſion, for we have always found it as true as any axiom in Geometry, that the *Swains* will take as mean advantages of the Nymphs as the latter can of them, which in our opinion, is very much to their diſgrace, and needs no argument to prove the truth of the aſſertion. Poor Nancy is a mere *Je vous remercie Monſieur*. But however, ſhe *muſt* of courſe, and by fate and neceſſity, ſoon learn better; ſhe has very fine red hair, remarkably long, and good teeth; her complexion is particularly fair, and as far as we can judge entirely unaſſiſted by Coſmetics; ſhe dreſſes neat, but not at all in the ſtile of a *fille de joye*, but there is no doubt ſhe will ſoon *mend*, unleſs ſhe ſhould

ſhould ſoon fall into the hands of ſome rational keeper (which we own is a ſcarce animal) who has ſenſe enough to improve her natural good nature and gratitude, to the improvement of her underſtanding and his own felicity.

She has, however, been given to underſtand that her favours are of the full value of two pounds two.

Miſs Ll—yd, No. 9, *Bolton Street, Piccadilly.*

A very fine girl of about ſeventeen years of age, has exceeding fine dark eyes and hair, with teeth like poliſhed marble, but, though ſhe excels moſt of the ſiſterhood in charms, ſhe is very inferior to them in ſeveral other things, which by ſome are thought requiſites, ſuch as diſſipation, thoughtleſſneſs, ignorance, &c. but we think ſhe has ſcarcely mirth enough, for ſhe has a white melancholy or leuchocoly, which, though it ſeldom laughs or dances, yet is a good eaſy ſort of a ſtate, and *ca ne laiſſe que de s'amuſer:* ſhe is very fond of a cleaver young fellow, eſpecially if he be

Mrs. Wr—g—t, No. 37, *Union Street.*

Immoderate pleaſure all her looks expreſſ'd,
Unbridl'd tranſports ſtrove within her breaſt,
Broke through her eyes, and ſcorn'd to be ſup-
preſſ'd.

She is tall and genteel, about twenty eight years old, fair complexion, and her face very agreeable, her teeth are good, her hair reddiſh, and her temper eaſy, free and complying. She is thoroughly qualified to give pleaſure, and is no niggard of her endeavours. Her touch is delicate, and conveys thrilling ſenſations; and ſhe is ſuperiorly eminent for moving a repetition of joy, by a thouſand love provoking actions; her price is one guinea, but ſhe is far from being mercenary.

This lady is very lately come from Goſport, where it is ſaid ſhe had the good fortune of getting a huſband. *Legally*, however, they ſoon parted by mutual conſent, and he again took to traverſing the ocean.

Miſs

Miſs N—wc—mb, *at Mrs. Adams's, King's-Place.*

With thee I'd break thro' laws divine and hu-
man,
And think them cobwebs, ſpread for little man,
Which all the bulky herd of nature breaks,
The vigorous young world was ignorant,
Of all reſtrictions. 'Tis deceit now,
Not more devout, but more decay'd and old.

Reſtraints of reaſon, ties of blood, marriage vows, and prudential maxims, are all weak barriers, when Miſs N—wc—mb appears, opens her arms, and excites to pleaſure. Her teeth invites the burning kiſs, her ſtature tall, but quite genteel. Her complexion pleaſes the eye; and her ſoft plump body rebounds from the cloſe embrace, and demands repeated preſſures. Her yielding limbs, though beautiful when together, are ſtill more raviſhing when ſeparated. And when properly placed between them, we may cry out with the poet Addiſon,

I'm loſt in extacy.
How ſhall I ſpeak the tranſports of my ſoul?
I am ſo bleſs'd I fear 'tis all a dream.

Other beauties indeed, may give equal

equal joys, but few like Miſs N——b can continue them; others may *forge* chains, and put them on their lovers, but few like her can rivet them. Her great prudence, uncommon with the ſiſterhood, keep her admirers attached to her; and none can quit her but with regret. From ſtrangers, (who muſt be gentlemen) ſhe expects a genteel compliment; but when once acquainted, ſhe abates in her demands, in proportion as ſhe increaſes in her attachment.

She has fine dark eyes, with light brown hair, and is about nineteen years of age. Has not been in trade, more than a twelvemonth.

Miſs R—b—nſ—n, No. 9, *Glanville Street.*

When love gives law, beauty the ſceptre ſways,
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

This lady is fair, well ſhaped, fine ſize, with lovely black hair, and piercing eyes. She is about twenty two, and hath not been in trade for herſelf above half a year. She is very good tempered, and

and is really a fine piece of temptation. She is ſaid to be fond of pre-eminence, and loves to be *uppermoſt*; ſo ſhe is thoroughly qualified for the knighthood of the *garter*, as ſhe cannot only *tame the dragon* but even *ride St. George*. Her price for either *mounting* or being *mounted* is one pound one.

Mrs. Wh—te, No. 14, *John Street, Portland Street.*

Where love its utmoſt vigor doth employ,
Ev'n then 'tis but a reſtleſs wand'ring joy;
Nor knows the lover in that wild exceſs,
With hands and eyes, what firſt he would poſſeſs;
But ſtrains at all; and, faſt'ning where he ſtrains,
Too cloſely preſſes with his frantic pains:
With biting kiſſes, hurts the twining fair,
Which ſhews his joys imperfect, unſincere:
For ſtung with inward rage, he ſings around,
And ſtrives t' avenge the ſmart, on that which gave the wound.
But love thoſe eager bitings does reſtrain,
And, mingling pleaſure, mollifies the pain.

This young lady is formed to fulfil the obſervations in the motto. She raiſes deſires to the utmoſt pitch, and exalts rapture ſo high, that it can go no further, but muſt recede. 'Tis true, indeed, ſhe does her utmoſt to renew the pleaſure, and generally ſucceeds, until nature is exhauſted and demands time to refill the emptied cells. She is about twenty two, ſhort and luſty, of an agreeable countenance, and pleaſing in her manners. She has lately been in high keeping, by a Major M———o, but now ſhe may be won for two guineas.

Mrs. D—x—n, No. 50, *Newman Street.*

What images ſhall eloquence prepare,
To paint a form ſo perfect and ſo lovely ?
Others by ſlow degrees advance in love,
And ſtep by ſtep, and leiſurely get ground ;
We article with judgment ere we yield ;
Reaſon rejecting oft where fancy's found.
She ſeizes hearts ; not waiting for conſent,
Like ſudden death that ſnatches unprepar'd;

Like

Like light'ning's flame, ſcarce ſeen ſo ſoon as felt.
All other beauties ſeem inferior ſtars,
At her appearance, vaniſhing apace ;
Whene'er ſhe mounts, they ſet.

This is great praiſe, you will ſay, gentle reader, but it is truth. She is truly lovely, truly agreeable both in perſon, conduct, and converſation. She is of a middling ſize, but delicately proportioned ; her hair and eyes are dark, her teeth fine, her breath like the fragrance of new mown hay ; and ſhe is about twenty four ; yet her external charms are the leaſt of her merit ; her lively diſpoſition, and engaging temper, riſe ſuperior to them, and confirm her conqueſts. She is not to be approached by audacity or indelicacy, for any money ; but the man of addreſs, and tenderneſs, may be admitted to a participation of her charms for three guineas. In the light, though cheerful, ſhe is rather reſerved ; but at night ſhe fulfills the expreſſion of Sciolto.

When bluſhing from the light and public eyes,
To the kind covert of the night ſhe flies ;

With *equal fire* to meet her lover, *moves*,
Within his arms, and, with a *loose* ſhe loves.

She ſings excellently, and can play on the Guittar very prettily; by birth we learn ſhe is an American, but is lately come from Scotland. Her particular friend is a Captain M———, but he does not altogether engage her.

Miſs Charl—tte C—ll—ns, *Oxford Buildings, Oxford Street.*

The loaded kine about the cottage ſtand,
Inviting with known ſound, the milker's hand.

Charlotte is about three and twenty, her hair is black, her teeth indifferent, her breaſts round and ſmall, her ſtature under ſized, but her arms and legs are too much in the gothic ſtile. She was bred a dairy maid in Staffordſhire, but an enſign in a marching regiment, took her from *milking* the *cow*, and taught her to *ſtroke* the *bull*. She ſoon after was quitted by him, and the ſtage waggon brought her to town. On her arrival ſhe hired herſelf to a cow-keeper near Iſlington.

Iſlington. Thus ſhe kept her hand in, till being ſeen by a Bridewell Boy, who married her and put her in lodgings, where beſides *milking* him; ſhe ſometimes employs her leiſure hours, in handling other teats, and is ſaid to have not only a delicate hand at *ſtroaking*, but great ſkill in the uſe of the *churn*, ſoon making love's *butter* from nature's cream. She is ſo very agreeable, and ſo well accompliſhed in that branch of the dairy, that had ſhe cunning, equal to her other qualifications, ſhe might greatly encreaſe her profit; but ſhe is void of art, and always takes what is given to her, be it either gold or ſilver. However, that is a fault that will mend with time; and when ſhe is taught to ſet a proper value on herſelf, ſhe will be more ſought than at preſent.

Dear variety would not let her be long conſtant to her youthful huſband, for ſhe ſoon ſupplied his place in the perſon of Dick P—— the Bayliff's ſon.

Miſs

Miſs G—l—w—y, at No. 9, *Glanville Street.*

Beauty to no complexion is confined,
'Tis of all colours, and by none defin'd.

This is a ſhort, fat, fair complexioned, good natured girl; very lively and very complying; ſhe deſerves cuſtom, for ſhe is ready to oblige her cuſtomers, any way they chuſe, and will take what they pleaſe to give, never haggling for price. This, ſometimes, is to her advantage; for truſting to a gentleman's generoſity, ſhe frequently gets more than ſhe would have preſumed to aſk. At other times indeed, ſhe meets with diſappointments, for there are ſome ſo very mean as, when their *pipe* is out, to refuſe paying for the tobacco.

She has only been four months in trade, is about twenty years of age, has light hair and blue eyes, her teeth are rather large, but good, and ſhe has been very genteely brought up.

Mrs.

Mrs, Cl—l—nd, No. 64, *Swallow Str.*

What ſounds appear, where e'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground,
And ſoft eliſiums riſe:
Flow'ry mountains,
Moſſy fountains,
Shady woods,
Chriſtal floods,
With wild variety ſurprize.

When Addiſon wrote theſe lines, he little thought he was deſcribing Mrs. Cl—l—nd's *low countries*. Yet the deſcription is juſt. Soon as the vail is withdrawn, and the traveller has paſſed *holland*, he is *ſurprized* with the wild variety he beholds, and is raviſhed, like the old jewiſh legiſlator on mount Piſgah, with a view of the *promiſed land*, flowing with milk and honey. Her *fountain*, whence flows the impending flood, (ſometime like *chryſtal*, and ſometimes like amber) is edged with delicate *moſs*. The *wood* is *ſhady* and *tufted*; and the *mountain*, at the top, is not always deſtitute of *flowers*. Letting the eye wander over the downs from the ſummit of

the

the mountain: it firſt beholds, a central cup, with a pretty little boſs in the midſt; and beyond that, on the ſides of a milk white valley, are two large white hillocks, with tops of a reddiſh brown, furniſhed with a great number of ſmall pipes, for the conveyance of milk. The reſervoirs of *honey* (which compleat this lovely *Canaan*) are placed at a diſtance under the *grove*, and between the moſſy ſkirts of the fountain; they empty by a number of canals into the grand avenue; and will diſcharge their contents on the gentle friction of a warm conduit pipe. This honey is as ſweet to the *feel*, as that of Hybla to the taſte, and when felt, truly makes *ſoft elyſiums riſe*. Many travellers have viſited this delightful country, and felt the *honey*, but, only by permiſſion of the fair lady of the manor, who expects a fee of two guineas for the licence.

She is a Scotch laſs of about two and twenty, middle ſized, very genteel, has good teeth, with dark hair and eyes, and remarkable pretty arch'd eye brows.

Miſs

Miſs Sm—th, No. 9, *Glanville Street.*

The lovely girl lay panting in my arms,
And all ſhe ſaid and did was full of charms.

Fair, tall, very genteel and agreeable, good complexion, white teeth and about eighteen. Can a girl thus formed fail to pleaſe? When good temper is added ſhe muſt be charming—ſo indeed ſhe is; would ſhe drink leſs, ſhe would have no fault, but it is not ſo much for the love of liquor, but purely out of good nature, for the good of the houſe, into which ſhe takes her Strephons. This makes her acceptable to the taverns and bagnios; and with her, you are always ſure of a good room, genteel treatment, and diligent attendance; her price is one guinea.

She is lately come from Yorkſhire, and has not been in her preſent line of life more than ſeven months.

Miſs Aſhm—r—, No. 3, *Poland Street, Oxford Street.*

All breathleſs they diſjoin'd—he backwards drew
The *ſhrunk machine*, from that *ſweet coral mouth*
Whoſe

Whoſe precious taſte her thirſty *lips* well knew,
Whereon they ſurfeit, yet complain of drought;
He with her plenty preſs'd, ſhe craving ſtill,
Revives the *dead* again—again to *kill*.

This tall, genteel, full grown nymph, is a very deſirable bedfellow for the *warm ſportſman* in the *Cyprian games*; here he may purſue the *burning chace*, and traverſe the *riſing grounds*, the *pleaſant valleys*, and *tufted groves* ſo richly *planted* and appropriated to the votaries of Venus, with as much freedom as the amorous ſun kiſſes and plays his melting beams upon every part of the genial earth, and emulate his warmth as fervently as he pleaſes, riot in charms, till every *ſenſe* is filled with *maddening tranſport*, and the fierce anguiſh of almoſt *unbearable pleaſure* call for the gratifying that *ſenſe* which, like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt, and collecting every ray of fire, is rendered ſo impetuous as to remove every weak barrier with hot impatience, and force at once *into* the *magic circle* of all her charms concentered, till *ſtung* with the *delightful friction*, her whole frame is buſy to improve and heighten the *killing joy*; hands, lips, eyes, breaſts, all conſpire to haſten

ten the *bliſsful death*, which, being *in* at, he *enjoys* with unſpeakable pleaſure, whilſt the *ſtreams* of *fruition pour* on both ſides from every *ſpring* of life, and *mingle* all its *ſweets*; breathleſs they lie, *diſſolved* in extacy, till recovering *life*, they *pant* again for *death*. She has fair hair, blue eyes, about twenty years of age, good teeth, and as fine a pair of legs as the eye can behold, or the hand of luxury would wiſh to ſeparate; two guineas is her uſual price.

Miſs K—ng, No. 17, *Union Street.*

Every way formed for *giving* and *receiving* pleaſure, ſhe is a fund of delight which many a man would be happy to poſſeſs, though but for a night. She is of a dark complexion, well made, and has a pair of dark blue eyes, which at every tell-tale glance diſcovers the wanton wiſhes ſo predominant in her ſoul, and invite the *blind coral headed boy* into her *cloiſter* of *teeming joys*, where ſhe will entertain him with as much ſpirit and activity; as moſt of her ſiſterhood; ſo laviſh indeed is ſhe, that ſhe cares not how

how much ſhe *ſpends* upon him, nor will ſhe be at all frugal with reſpect to her *gueſt*, for ſhe cares not how much ſhe drains him of *his liquid* treaſure, but will be content with *one piece* of the *ſolid*.

She hasnot been above a twelve month in life, is about twenty one years of age, of a good ſize, good teeth, and a remarkable fine leg; was lately what is called a ſervant maid—at Knightſbridge.

Miſs Y—ng, No. 44, *Berwick Street*.

" I am as willing to *grapple*, as he was to *board*."

This firſt-rate *Frigate* of *Venus* is not afraid of any *man* of war; if ſhe once gets *yard* arm and *yard* arm, ſhe is ſure to *engage* with the utmoſt ſpirit, and let his weight of *metal* be ever ſo great, ſhe will lower his *main yard*, and make him *ſtrike* to her. She has a very capacious *hold*, ſo that if ſhe finds a prize *deeply laden*, ſhe will *take it all in* with pleaſure. She is a very handſome, well built, tight little veſſel, but to drop metaphor, (gueſſing that all my readers are not nautically verſed,) this pretty agreeable laſs

laſs, has a pair of the moſt expreſſive blue eyes, that ever ſhot the lightning of deſire to the impreſſible heart, and her beautiful auburn locks are well adapted for the toying fingers of the playful amoroſo. She has good teeth, which well underſtand the *pleaſing* bite; has a plumpneſs very alluring to thoſe who love to *feel* what they *claſp*, and in this liking, ſhe is not outdone by any, for ſhe loves to *claſp* the mighty *engine* of the wanton boy in its utmoſt *tumidity*, and to *feel* the *fulneſs* of its *force ſpend* itſelf *within her*, which ſhe never fails of warmly *ſaluting*, and meeting it with a whole *liquid broadſide*. Her diſpoſition is ſo good, that her *antagoniſt* is always ſure to be treated after the engagement in the kindeſt manner.

She expects a brace of golden pictures at or before parting.

Mrs. F—t, N°. 80, *Queen Ann-ſtreet, Eaſt*.

" Subtle *ſenſation* darting through the brain,
" *Die* of a roſe in aromatic *pain*."

What can a heart fraught with the glowing warmth of luxuriant ſenſibility,

and fired with an imagination fervent as the day's bright luminary, which Nature has impreſſed with colourings all her own, with for more than the *full enjoyment* of a nymph young, beautiful, and lovely in her diſpoſition, as well as perſon; *teeming* with ſweets, and ſwelling with deſire too exuberant, too poignantly fierce to brook confinement. Nothing ſurely can equal the exquiſite delight of *corporeal enjoyments*, heightened by the delicious imagery of two buſy, lively creative fancy's, where *ſoul* ſeems to meet *ſoul*, and *incorporate* with each other; *one ſtrong painfully ſweet* idea actuating them both, and correſponding with the two lines above, of our harmonious maſter of melodious numbers, whilſt the groſſer ſenſes are connected in the ſame band of mutual pleaſure; *riveted* by every *feeling*, and *giving* and *receiving* unutterable tranſports.

" Bodies *mingling*, ſexes *bleading*,
" Who ſhall moſt be *loſt* contending."

Such are the delights of this blooming girl, this living model of exulting nature muſt give to the man of rich deſire, replete with the *full breathings* of voluptuous

tuous fancy, and *highly amourous feelings*. To deſcribe her perſon as it deſerves, requires the pen of the author of the ſublime and beautiful, and the pencil of a Reynolds; however, we will juſt attempt a minute deſcription. She is of an elegant figure, and very tall; ſtands on the temptingly inviting verge of twenty-one, a very handſome perſon, a fair and good complexion, dark eyes and hair, white and even teeth, and has lately been abroad.

We underſtand ſhe was born in Ireland, and is frequently to be met with at M s. Kelly's. Can a piece of fine Bank Paper be too much for ſuch a companion? At any rate, ſuch are her expectations.

Miſs M—rr—s, N°. 81, *Queen Ann-ſtreet, Eaſt.*

So fond of *love's game*, you never can tame
The ſpirit inceſſant deſire,
Stirs up in her frame, and blows into a flame,
You may damp, but not put out the fire.

This lady is tall and genteel, very fair and delicate, with dark hair and eyes, good

teeth and very ſhewey appearance; a face which might be called pretty, and of ſuch an age, that ſhe might with great truth apply to herſelf the ſong,

" Time has not thinned my flowing hair,"

being only twenty-three. She is not at preſent in keeping, but has met with a ſlip incidental to the *ſports of Nature*, having had a child by a gentleman of her preſent name, who has now left her to the foſtering hand of a generous public; the ſportſmen of which, will find her good *game*, and though very *mettleſome*, eaſily run down. She is very fond of getting under *cover*, where, if the *terrier* is a good one, ſhe will ſhew excellent *ſport*, the enjoyment of which, is well worth a couple of ſpare pieces.

Miſs P—ct—n, N°. 16, *Union-ſtreet.*

O love be moderate, allay thy extaſy,
In meaſure *rain* thy joy, ſcant this exceſs,
I *feel* too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs
For fear I ſurfeit.———

Elegance and beauty mark this engaging nymph for their own;——with the

the face of Hebe, and the complexion of a *Ninon le Enclos*, the eyes of an Eloiſe, and the gracefulneſs of the deity ſhe is ſo warm a votary of. She is of a majeſtic height, has very good teeth, remarkably even, and is at the prime age of twenty-one, glowing with all the fire of youth and love, and with all the exuberance of boiling health, as *full of juice* as the ripe cherry, when tempting the taſte by its vivid diſtention, and of vigor as the goddeſs Diana in the heat of the chace, ſhe aſks that " *full toned* virility that ſpeaks ſo *feelingly home* to the female heart." She either keeps, or is kept by a certain limb of the law; however, there is a linen draper, whom ſhe is very fond of, as ſhe always finds a *meaſure* to anſwer his *yard*; her temper is tolerably good whilſt ſolely under the influence of Venus; but when once Bacchus interferes his potent ſway, it becomes very indifferent; however, by the addition of a third deity (Plutus) and giving her one or two of his all-powerful pieces, her brow will be rendered placid, and ſhe may be kept in a very *deſirable* mood. She is remarked for great cleanlineſs in her perſon.

Miſs H—mm—nd, N°. 5, *Glanville-ſtreet.*

Oh! let me wander all unſeen,
Beneath the *ſanction* of her *mein*;
As *velvet* ſoft, as *lillies* fair,
As *honey* ſweet, as diamonds rare;
There pluck the choiceſt *flowers* of *bliſs*,
And kiſſing *die*, and *dying* kiſs.

It has been ſaid this lady is kept by a Mr. C— of the city, but we are fully ſatisfied that is not really the caſe, as ſhe is never denied to any gentleman that aſks in a polite manner for her; and moſt will find her, when they become *familiarly* acquainted, a piece not unworthy their notice. She has a pretty inviting countenance, fair hair, fine blue eyes, and a complexion that draws a pleaſing line between the brunette and the fair, and blends both in ſuch a manner, as to make a very pleaſing medium. Her lovely *half globes* of nature, are nevertheleſs of the faireſt hue, and ſo *proud* of their ſituation, that they never ſink below their deſtined mark; but though they never fall, they often elevate themſelves in a very pleaſing manner, and tell the gazer, in very plain terms, the ſituation of *Cupid's cole hole*, whoſe

whoſe *embers* are now ſufficiently warmed, to admit the *red-headed torch*, which, when buried in her *forge*, ſhe can at one ſingle *ſtroke* mechanically melt down, without much loſs of weight, to a very great loſs of ſubſtance; and is ſo *handy*, that with the greateſt facility, in general, ſhe can make him recover his former figure. Her lodging is filled with her own furniture, ſo that if you would wiſh to *lay in* any of yours, ſhe expects a guinea a night for houſe-room.

She is allowed to be a very agreeable companion, perfectly ſober and well-behaved; aged about eighteen, and of the middle ſize.

Miſs Aſhf—d, N°. 30, *Goodge-ſtreet.*

And as ſhe ſits in raptures on his knee,
Her hand drew out the *turned monſtrous wight*;
Alarm'd ſhe *ſaw*, but wiſhing not to *ſee*,
She op'd her legs—and *put him* out of ſight.

This lady is very deſirous of pleaſing all her admirers; and if wanton looks, if amorous well-preſſed kiſſes, if the mutual intercourſe of the ſilent language of tongues,

tongues, can rouſe the *dormant ſenſe*, you will not complain of any deficiency in that point. If that will not anſwer, ſhe preſents you in a ſingular manner with a new language of the eyes, and obliges you to ſalute her heaving, panting breaſts: if all theſe attempts prove vain, ſhe ſcruples not to expoſe to public view her *choiceſt treaſure*, at the ſame time demanding a return of the compliment, which when complied with, ſhe finds no difficult taſk to *reviviſy*; ſecuring herſelf thus far, ſhe never wiſhes to loſe time, but inſtantly begins the *game*, which ſhe then has in her own *hand*, and takes care he ſhall not play, ſo as to win a *trick*. She is rather tall, and very well made, dark eyes and good teeth, a dark complexion, which ſhe improves by the aſſiſtance of rouge; is in her nineteenth year, and wiſhes to ſee a guinea the firſt thing in the morning.

She has only been about a twelvemonth in trade.

Miſs W—lſ—n, No. 8. *Blenheim-ſteps.*

This tall fine lively girl, has a fair complexion,

complexion, good teeth, light eyes and hair, exceedingly well bred, and promiſes to make as good a ſportſwoman as any in the *Park*; ſhe manages all her *paces* with judgment, and though ſhe prefers a *flying leap*, ſhe never yet was foiled at a *ſtanding one*; ſhe never wiſhes to uſe a *ſpur*, neither does ſhe chuſe *riding* in *boots*, and let the road be ever ſo *ſtony*, ſhe does not regard it, but in general mends her *pace*. Her pleaſing countenance wears a continual ſmile, and her fine flaxen hair adds a grace to every feature; and although ſo lately initiated into the *trading* line, (only five months) ſhe never fails examining her *ſtanding* acquaintance; for as ſhe never had the *ſmall-pox*, ſhe does not wiſh to be *inoculated*. Her price, is what you pleaſe above a guinea.

Miſs Polly And—rſ—n, N°. 11, *Pitt-ſtreet, Charlotte-ſtreet.*

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taſte, freſh beauty, for love's uſe;
Herb for their ſmell, and ſappy plants to bear;
Things kept unnotic'd are but love's abuſe:

Come

Come here and revel then in rich delight,
Feaſt on her charms, and *ſpend* in bliſs the night.

Should a man, whoſe paſſions are fired with the generous glow of luxuriant ſenſibility, and whoſe fancy is ever pregnant with the rich ſtreamlets of humanity —ſhould ſuch a man, whoſe heart is ever open to the moſt delightful *feelings* of his *nature*, be led by the wayward hand of chance, or prompted by the irreſiſtible ardor of inclination to the arms of this lovely fair, he will find in the delectable embrace, every reciprocal joy that can wind two ſouls to extaſy. For at the warm inviting age of twenty, with the flush of beauty on her cheek, the complexion of a Helen, (being uncommonly pretty) the graceful ſtature of a Juno, and eyes the colour of the heavenly blue-eyed maid, —like them too, penetrating, and ſweetly affable, (with the additional tenderneſs and amorous ſportiveneſs of the playful queen of Cyprian pleaſure, they beam unutterable ſoftneſs upon the fond enraptured gazer) dark hair, good teeth, and the diſpoſition of a Hebe, ſhe cannot fail of pleaſing the man of *ſenſible* ſenſuality, whoſe ſenſibility is ſo finely interwoven in his temper and conſtitution as to thrill with

with the moſt poignant ſenſation at the ſlighteſt touch of the little all-ruling deity, and vibrate with the pulſation of the moſt pungent rapture. But as the neceſſities of life cannot be ſupplied in a vulgar unharmonized world, without the coalition of Plutus with Cupid, a ſprig of the root of all evil is abſolutely neceſſary.

She ſings and dances delightfully, and is in good keeping.

Miſs Betſey M—ll—r, N°. 30, *Goodge-ſtreet.*

Her glances could create a day in cells,
And kindle freezing hermits into dalliance.

She is well made, and rather tall, but clever and genteel. Her hair is black, her face agreeable, her features regular, and her cheeks roſy, as (perhaps) art can make them. She has tolerable teeth, her diſpoſition is free, and her temper haſty Her age is about twenty-two, and for any one who does not think her too much of a woman for him, may be a very deſirable companion. Her conſtant place of walking is in Oxford-ſtreet, where ſhe may

may be diſtinguiſhed from other *Ladies*, by a remarkable large black feather in her hat. Her price is one guinea—that is, if ſhe can get no more, for ſhe is of that turn, that ſhe never thinks ſhe has enough of love or money.

Miſs G——n, N°. 43, *King-ſtreet, St. Ann's.*

" When you meet with one that's froward,
" Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
" Should you act the whining coward,
" 'Tis to mend her ne'er a whit.
" ——Let her, let her go, ne'er mind her."

Middling ſized, well ſhaped, fair complexioned, light eyes, red haired, quite pretty and agreeable at firſt ſight, and about twenty-three years old. With theſe qualifications would not one think Miſs G——n a deſirable woman? But behold the reverſe of this beautiful medal. Her temper is execrable, and her behaviour ſcandalous, ſo as to limit the pleaſure of her company to the few minutes employed in enjoyment, and not a moment, either before or after, to any but

but thoſe who are ſunk in brutal laſciviouſneſs. Luſcious diſcourſe may be pleaſing, but it muſt not be *fulſome*; pleaſure may admit of having its lamp lighted by the hand of luxury, but abhors to have it drowned with ſtinking oil. This lovely, capricious, and diſguſting female, will exact from you all ſhe can, previous to enjoyment, after which its two to one, but ſhe abuſes you, for not having ſtill more to give her. We are credibly informed this has been her practice more than once on different perſons.

Miſs B—llf—rd, N°. 11, *Glanville-ſtreet.*

Hither haſte while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's preſent voice;
Fill ev'ry ſenſe with ſoft delights,
And give thy ſoul a looſe to joys:
Let millions of repeated bliſſes prove---
That thou all kindneſs art---and I all love.

This charming girl, were it not for being rather ſhort, might truly be called the maſter-piece of Nature; for though below the ſtandard of Mars, ſhe is ſo

compleatly formed to that of Venus, as to be a delicious morſel for thoſe who delight to *erect* their *ſtandard* in a ſoft and flowery field, where humid kindly dews are ever ready to ſhed their ſweets on the manly adventurer, who boldly puſhes on in the amorous combat, till panting breathleſs in the fierce alarm, no longer able to ſuſtain the conflict, he chuſes rather to die in the gap, and *ſpend* his laſt breath in the ſervice of the Cyprian Queen, than to withdraw his weapon from that ſervice, while it has one ſpark of metal remaining from hilt to point. Her perſon is what we call pretty, and her age in its moſt improved ſtate, for ſhe is but eighteen, capable of giving the matureſt joys, with all the zeſt of virgin ripeneſs, when firſt gratifying the eager taſte, and with all the ſpirit and vivacity of youth; ſhe has a pair of ſemi-globes, beautifully full, with elaſticity rebounding to the tendereſt preſſure, and ſo warm, that without the help of natural electricity they would ſet a world on fire, eſpecially when added to the lightnings which flaſh from a pair of the fineſt blue eyes that ever ſet as deſtructive engines in a female head; but which, when

when ſoftened by the imaginary or real tranſport, glance the mildeſt beams, and ſwim in a redundancy of native-ſhining fluid. She is of a dark complexion, with fine dark hair, which, when unſhackled by the fetters of art, floats in wavy ringlets, down a pair of well-formed ſhoulders; her teeth are good, and her temper no one ever yet found fault with, as it is perfectly ſweet and complying; ſhe was about three months ago, decoyed by an elderly gentleman into her preſent way of life, which however ſhe prefers to her former, and does not refuſe any viſitant who is able to cover his approaches to her covered work with one pound one.

Miſs Betſey Gr—n, N°. 44, *Mortimer-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare.*

Now fierce deſire does all his mind employ,
And ardent paſſion ſpeaks approaching joy:
Such is the nature of the pleaſing ſmart,
Whoſe burning drops diſtil upon the heart;
The fever of the ſoul, fleet from the fair,
And the cold ague of ſucceeding care.

This girl, although not handſome, is little, lively and wanton, and loves to join Bacchus and Venus together. She is the daughter of a jeweller in the city; and is a very good judge of *precious ſtones*. She likes them beſt indeed, when *rough* and *uncut*; and loves to ſet them in a black *hair* ring. She is very fond of a good ſprig of *coral*, and cares not how *red* the tip is. Though ſhe prefers the kind which the naturaliſts call *ſucculent*; and however hard it may be when put into her hand, ſhe poſſeſſes the natural chemiſtry of making it *ſoft* and flabby. This operation ſhe performs for one guinea, and has good buſineſs. She is about twenty-two, and can make the longeſt hour ſeem ſhort, altho' ſhe has been but one year in buſineſs for herſelf. She ſeldom takes any one home, always pretending to be but a viſitor at the above addreſs.

Miſs M—nſt—n, N°. 80, *Queen-Ann-ſtreet, Eaſt.*

O what a rapture did my frame ſurround,
When firſt I claſp'd her body cloſe to mine!
'Twas more than rapture all, 'twas all divine!

Such

Such joys I knew, as words want power to tell;
Joys, which the feeble reach of thought excell.
My ſoul ſurpriz'd at that exceſs of joy,
(Still ever pleaſing, and could never cloy)
Unable to ſuſtain it, wing'd away,
Whilſt all intranc'd and extacy'd I lay.

This lovely fountain of tranſport is tall and fair, melting and generous, with light hair, and light and ſparkling eyes. She indeed knows her value, and expects no leſs than three guineas and a ſupper; for ſhe is averſe to ſhort ſkirmiſhes, and nothing but a whole night's engagement will pleaſe her. She was born in Edinburgh, and was daughter to a bookſeller, who married her at ſixteen to a young printer; as he perceived, though very young, ſhe was *ready* for the *preſs*, and wanted ſome one to open the *leaves* of her *duodecimo*. Her mother alſo was of opinion, that ſhe had better *ſmart* than *itch*. But whether her huſband did not make a proper *impreſſion*; or whether ſhe thought him too religious, and whilſt he conſtantly ſaid a long *grace* before *meat*, and as long a *thankſgiving* after every delicious *meal* 'till his food grew cold; ſhe left him about twelve months ſince, and came up

to London with a young officer. But he was ſoon appointed to another regiment, through national intereſt, and left Moggy to ſhift for herſelf. She knew ſhe was lovely; and felt ſhe was loving; and tho' ſhe had quitted the printer's *balls* and *friſkets*, ſhe had no doubt but ſhe ſhould find as good. She had ſaved ſome money, had good cloaths, and made a reſpectable appearance. She aſſumed the name ſhe now bears, was noticed by ſome men of conſequence, and has now ſufficient employment.

Miſs Polly Sm—th, No. 12, *Little Portland-ſtreet, Soho.*

Bleſſings when cheap, or certain, we deſpiſe,
From ſure poſſeſſion what deſire can riſe?
Love, like ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd
By doubt provok'd, by certainty deſtroy'd.

Convinced of the truth of this maxim, Polly reſolves, if the bleſſings ſhe diſpenſes are *certain*, at leaſt they ſhall not be *cheap*. Her demands always riſes in proportion to the ſeeming height of deſire in her lover. From indifference ſhe will accept of a ſingle guinea; but from eagerneſs,

eagerneſs, and heated imagination, ſhe will (if ſhe can) exact five. She is truly worth money, ſhe knows it, and is prudent enough to know, that the harveſt of pleaſure cannot laſt long; and the time will come, when the gold-finches will fly paſt her ground, and none but boobies, noddies, and old carrion crows, will neſtle in her buſh. Thence ſhe gets all ſhe can, and keeps what ſhe gets; and though but juſt turned of nineteen, has already got the appellation of *ſtingy* Polly, from her leſs prudent ſiſterhood. She is a very lovely girl, dark haired, fine teeth, dark complexion, a good tall figure, agreeable converſation, and perfectly amiable.

Miſs W—nt---r, No. 17, *Union-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 can preſent our reader with as ſweet a man's woman as ever the bountiful hand of Nature formed. A pair

pair of fine dark eyes that dart reſiſtleſs fire, that ſpeak a language frozen hearts might thaw, and ſtand as a 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 monumental alabaſter, and white as Alpian ſnow, and hair, that ſo beautifully contraſt the ſkin, that nought but nature can equal. Deſcend a little lower and behold the ſemi ſnow-balls,

" Studded with roſe buds, and ſtreak'd 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 lappel, no gaping orifice, no horrid gulph is here, but the loving lips tenderly kiſs each other, and ſhelter from cold a ſmall but eaſily ſtretch'd paſſage, whoſe depth none but the blind boy has liberty to fathom: between the tempting lips the coral headed tip ſtands centinel, ſheltered by a raven-coloured buſh, and for

for one guinea conducts his well-erected friend ſafe into port.

Miſs D—lt—n, No. 14, *John Street, Oxford Street.*

Pleaſure wantons in thy arms,
And revels o'er thy num'rous charms;
O'er thy cheeks of roſey bloom;
O'er thy lips that breathe perfume;
O'er thine eyes ſo ſweetly bright,
Darting ſoft expreſſive light.

This agreeable votary of Venus is juſt in the genial age for ripened joy, being about one and twenty, with a perſon

Fair as the ſnow-drop of young ſpring,
And blooming as June's brighteſt roſe.

She has a pair of fine grey eyes, which dart with irreſiſtible ſoftneſs, the effuſions of a fancy exquiſitely turned to every amorous ſenſation, and expreſs ſuch a height of feeling in the wiſhful look as can only be felt by an inamorato as full of love-fraught ſenſibility as herſelf. Her teeth are good; ſhe has light hair; and her breaſts may defy the niceſt pen

to

to paint their beautiful proportion, or unconquerable elaſticity, with ſuch a whiteneſs as even modeſty herſelf would bluſh to look at. She is of a moderate ſtature, not too ungainly tall, nor yet too low; and her temper ſeems to be a remarkably good one. A favourite gentleman viſits her, whom it is imagined ſhe keeps from the emoluments of her other viſitors. The regions of the Elyſian Bower are well tufted with the fringe of Nature, and no ſportſman will think a guinea an object for the liberty of ſporting in *ſuch* a manor, and diſcharging his piece in ſo delectable a ſpot.

Miſs W—nd—m, No. 40, *Queen Ann-ſtreet, Eaſt.*

Her pouting lips do breathe ambroſial ſweets,
And ſweeteſt balm diſtil when yours it meets;
Her ſwelling breaſts lie open to the gale,
And teach the lily whiteneſs in the vale;
On Venus' mount the wanton graces ſlip,
And cull luxuriant ſweets from either lip.

This luſcious looking laſs formerly acted as lady's maid in a very creditable family, but that wonderful reflecting mirror

mirror, the looking-glaſs, the *noſce te ipſum* with the women, was every morning and evening very buſy in painting to our charmer the value of thoſe perſonal qualifications *Nature* had ſo laviſhly beſtowed upon her. This mother of all *things* had likewiſe been very buſy with the *mother of all ſaints*, and night-working Fancy, dictated with ſuch power and energy the grand uſe of that then *hot-bed of Nature*, that ſhe did not want a ſecond invitation from the roſy butler to taſte the wonderful Tree of Life. This trade was carried on in ſo publick a manner, that it ſoon reached the ears of her miſtreſs, who gave her warning, and preſented to the world a ſweet complexioned girl, with blue ſpeaking eyes; fine teeth; pouting lips, that are always particularly employed on certain occaſions, juſt leaving room for the velvet tip to dart its magic influence, and increaſe if poſſible the raptures the Tree of Life ſheds in the moſt fertile field of bliſs. Her temper and diſpoſition correſpond with her perſonal perfections, and her abilities under cover exceed, if poſſible both.

She

She is about twenty-three years of age—her ſtature is tall, and ſhe may be really called a fine woman; after which it is almoſt needleſs to remark that ſhe cannot but be deſerving a handſome compliment.

Miſs Ch——s, No. 16, *Union Street.*

Fatally fair ſhe is, and in her ſmiles
The Graces, little Love's, and young Deſires
inhabit,
And all that gaze upon them are undone.

This is certainly a fact, and the charms of Betſey are enough to undo any man; neither is ſhe leſs ſkilled in the art of *doing* than in that of *undoing*; ſhe does her ſupine exerciſe with the greateſt judgment, fond of cloſe attacks, always preferring buſh-fighting to any other, and not one of her comrades in the whole corps is more exact in firing a volley, or renews their charge with more agility; her piece is adapted to any ramrod; ſhe can enlarge it if too ſmall, and with more dexterity reduce the ſize if too large; ſhe has fine light brown hair, ſparkling blue eyes, a beautiful neck, which ſhe takes

takes no ſmall pains in expoſing, a good complexion, which ſhe does not ſeem to be indebted to art for at all; her temper and diſpoſition are fluctuating; if her man pleaſes her, ſhe generally contrives to pleaſe him, and if one guinea could keep her in a good humour, no perſon, ſurely would refuſe it.

Her age is about twenty-five.

Miſs C—rr, No. 4, *Union Street.*

Oft will ſhe cry,
Oh cruel! fye!
Oftweeping ſay, forbear:
Oft ſhall her hand
Your —— command,
And put it you know where.

This true emblem of luſcious love has not trod the common path above two twelve months. A young gentleman of good fortune bore away the lovely prize from *Norwich*, and, after revelling in luxurious luſt for three months, left the dejected fair to depend for ſupport on what Dame Fortune ſhould throw in her way. Bleſſed with a ſweet diſpoſition, armed with an irreſiſtible eye, that is ſhaded by as beautiful a bow as Iris

ever formed; good teeth and rosy complexion, bordered by the delicate whiteness of a lily; remarkably good tempered, and just past the twenty first summer, she cannot fail meeting with a number of admirers, which hitherto she has been very choice of, preferring pleasure to profit; at the same time not entirely throwing aside the latter. She expects two guineas, if only a single one, she is happy to pocket the affront.

Mrs. B—ns—n, *alias* L—ve, No. 3, *Goodge Street.*

What, Madam, never sober? Jamais, Jamais, Jamais!---Damme.

This lady, with a very affected Frenchified refinement and delicacy, is continually by her actions contradicting what she would fain be thought, by proving herself to be a very Bacchant, unfit even for Comus's train, as she is almost continually in a state of intoxication, and will run any length, and submit to any thing rather than be deprived of the *good creature*; in her moments of inebriety

briety she talks as long as she *can*, and her whole discourse is to shew the *noble sentiments*, and refined education she is possessed of. She is about two and twenty, of a fair complexion, full breasted, light hair, blue eyes, and good teeth. She is in statue, short and fat, and rather fond of low company.

Mrs. Br—wn, No. 3, *Princes Street, Leicester Fields.*

——— Oh! she is
The lovely chance work master piece of Nature,
That blush'd to see what her own hands had done
As if, mistaking moulds, she, unconcern'd,
Had cast ——— in a form divine.

If these lines ever were applicable to a human being, Mrs. B——— can certainly lay claim to them. She was *unvirgined* at Norwich by an officer, who soon after was called away on duty, and nought but the great metropolis could then suffice this beautiful piece of untutored innocence. To describe her whole person as it presents itself bids defiance to the most unbounded stretch of the most fertile fancy;

And if imagination fails beneath the pleaſing taſk,
Ah! what ſhall language do? Ah! how find words
Ting'd with ſo many co'ours?

No bloom but Nature's ever deck'd her cheek—a bloom that Art, dreſſed in its moſt finiſhed ſtate, might bluſh to look at—blended with lilies which Nature calls her own. Her forehead bears the exacteſt medium; and, influenced by her temper, never knows a wrinkle. But no feature ſeems ſo expreſſible as her eye, ſparkling in a pool of living chryſtal, which never aſks a ſecond glance to ſecure the heart of a frozen anchorite; where the deſire of pleaſing is ſo luxuriouſly ſtamped that even anticipation is a heaven: but the look, the touch, the ſweet reſiſting touch, the inviting ſwelling part of the breaſts, ſoon calls for the gratification of ſome other ſenſe, in the execution of which, on her part, ſhe has ſome peculiarities. No ſooner is the ſwelling engine introduced to quench the amorous fire, but her wanton tricks begin, and ſhe will, if poſſible, keep him in that well formed ſtate for two hours; fond of *dying*, yet never wiſhing for *death*. The twining of limbs, and the ſilent language of the tongue, is never forgot; and although ſhe is ſo well ſkilled in the art of prolonging pleaſure, the impetuous fier

fire of youth, brought to ſuch an extacy by the antitaſte of her perſonal charms, often very quickly diſſolve, and diſappoint the amourous fair; but if diſappointed ſtill ſhe is not foiled. If manual friction from a hand of lilied ſoftneſs; if burning kiſſes, imprinted by lips fraught with nectarious balm, and the moſt alluring ſoftneſs; if the fragrance of a breath, ſweet as ſucking infancy, if all theſe united can reanimate the fallen victim, freſh life muſt ſoon follow. Thus are you obliged to ſpend the whole night in amourous rapture. *Somnus* and *Venus* never met together on her couch: and ſo noble is her diſpoſition, ſo generous her heart, and ſo truly free her mind, that money is the leaſt of her thoughts, and ſhe has been often known to refuſe when her circumſtances ſtrongly demanded the acceptance.

Miſs R—ſs—ll, No. 1, *Glanville Street.*

Shall woman, form'd to mould the heart at will,
Degrade herſelf below the beſtial herd;
Or ſo with words diſtort her outward form
That ev'ry glance, ſudden as nitrous blaze,
Shall hatred ſtamp, and kill the name of woman?

We are ſorry to ſay that the ill temper of this

this lady in a degree juſtifies the above motto, being affixed to her character. Nevertheleſs, if ſuch a pair of ſemi globes that paint maturity in its fulleſt bloſſoms; if ſuch a ſkin as would make the night-born ſnow bluſh; if ſuch a bloom as would bid the damaſk roſe look pale, united with the activity and ſprightlineſs of two and twenty, can afford pleaſure; if well-formed limbs, if a port ſo nobly armed as would bid defiance to any attack, and though its antagoniſt ſtands ſtiff and true to its point, is ſure to make him with mutual ſatisfaction ſhrink from it; if all theſe charms combined can ſerve for temporary enjoyment here you are ſure to meet it; but huſh! no more, let every charm ſilently awake the ſenſe; and pray, my ſweet loquacious girl, be mute; my fair amazonian beauty, be ſtill; nor let thoſe martial arms ſo often unrivet that affection your perſonal charms are ſure to gain. Whilſt her temper remains undiſturbed by the too volatile effects of the grape, ſhe might with ſome degree of propriety be ſtiled a good-natured girl. A ſingle fire through the buſhes half a guinea will purchaſe, but a twelve hours encounter under cover will amount to double the ſum.

ſum. She is tall and luſty, has good teeth, with a pair of fine blue eyes.

Mrs. Fr—d—r—ck, N°. 20, *Carliſle-ſtreet, Soho.*

Now quick deſire hath caught her yielding prey,
  And, glutton like, ſhe *feeds* yet never *filleth*;
Her lips are conquerors; his lips obey,
  Paying what ranſom the *inſulter* willeth;
Whoſe vulture thought doth pitch the prize ſo high,
That ſhe will draw his ——*rich treaſure dry.*

As we are to have a commercial treaty with France, it may not be wondered at, ſhould we alſo have too great a partiality for French manners and faſhions, which the lady in queſtion too much affects, but whether in compliment to her own country, or that of her profeſſed admirers, we cannot tell; baring this frippery, ſhe is an agreeable companion for a ſportive night, and will play her *part* very well, when once heartily *engaged*; ſhe feeds like a glutton on the *delicious morſel*, and when the *vivid tube* is rendered *inanimate*, ſhe never fails to *animate* it again with new life and vigor: if the burning breath of *unſated deſire*, the cooing

ing murmers and ſoul thrilling kiſs can do it. She is tall in ſtature, very genteel, fine light hair and eyes, good teeth, and in the prime of life, ſome where near about, tho' not exceeding thirty. She is a very ſhowey woman, and is rather remarkable in having a fine Roman noſe. A brace of King's pictures is her uſual expectancy; but ſhe cares not whether they are French or Engliſh, or one of each of their majeſty's ſo they are but golden ones.

Miſs C—rt—s, No. 81, *Queen Ann Street, Eaſt.*

What pleaſes one man will not ſo another,
This fancies one laſs, and that's fond of t'other.

Something or other attracting is always ſure to be found in every Woman of Pleaſure: in ſome it is the ſparkling fire, or the liquid gleam of the love ſpeaking eye, in ſome the bewitching ſmile, or the pouting richneſs of the dimpled lip; in ſome, the whiteneſs of a boſom, ſhow breathing with delight, or the inviting ſoftneſs of Nature's ſemiglobes; whilſt in others, it is the wanton

ton treſſes of their fine flowing hair, curling in amorous ringlets around their necks; or to be more voluptuous, the luxuriancy of the *grove* beneath, and the redundant growth of hair which ſo agreeably adorn and defend the pleaſing *Mount of Venus* from the rude ſhocks of impetuous invaſion, and which twining round the *ruby portals* of *Cupid's grotto*, forms a delightful bed for the *root* of the *tree of life*, or the tempting invigorating *feel* of a ſoft, plump, ſwelling thigh. Which of theſe attractions draws this lady her admirers, we cannot pretend to ſay; but this we are certain of, that it cannot be all of them united. She is rather ſhort, rather agreeable, and rather good-natured — when pleaſed; about twenty-two years of age, of a fair complexion, dark eyes, good teeth, and not in keeping, but lived lately with a Mr. D——, of the Temple; ſhe ſings, and is a very agreeable converſation-piece when ſhe pleaſes. Whoever has a ſuperfluous three or four guineas in his pocket, and is diſpoſed to lay them out here, will meet a very cordial reception. N. B. She keeps the houſe.

Mrs. Sm—th, No. 16, *Union Street.*

O deeper luſt than bottomleſs conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination;
Drunken deſire muſt vomit his receit,
E'er he can ſee his own abomination.

Whoever has an appetite to a piece of ſenſuality, as ſenſual as his heart can wiſh, let him repair to this Lady's ſtandard, in the attick ſtory. For any other charms than that of perſon, ſhe has no pretenſions to, being of a very indifferent temper, inſolent, and lewd to a degree; inſomuch that her common converſation is diſguſting to any man of the leaſt refinement in his pleaſures. She has a fair complexion, long noſe, middling aged, and the ſmall pox has left a number of unpleaſing dells in a face otherwiſe not a very agreeable one. Her eyes and hair are rather light, and ſhe has good teeth. Her propenſity to the ſport is ſuch as to induce her to be moſt wantonly inconſtant, for on any terms ſhe will run all lengths, minding no riſque to get a freſh morſel of *raw fleſh*, which ſhe devours with the greedineſs of a glutton. Her price is juſt whatever you chooſe to preſent her with.

Mrs.

Mrs. M—rſh—ll, at Mrs. St—pl—t—n's, *Margaret Street, Cavendiſh Square.*

Ye votaries of Venus hither come;
Come ye voluptuous to this bliſsful Feaſt;
Here taſte the ſwelling bowl of poignant joy;
Here crown your revels, here your wiſhes crown;
Here quench your amorous flame in Pleaſure's lap,
Unbind her Cæſtus, and diſſolve in Love.

This truly agreeable girl has every charm that can feaſt the ſenſe of the niceſt voluptuary, and warm an anchorite with deſires which Nature never meant to paſs ungratified; her countenance is beautifully open and engaging, expreſſively featured, and a bloom ſurpaſſing every thing but what is beſtowed by Nature on the choiceſt amongſt the faireſt of creation, beyond the livelieſt tints which unfold their beauties to the ſun of all her vegetable tribe; and above, far above the delicate ſtrokes of a Guido, the glowing colouring of a Titian, or the breathing ſoul-ſpeaking language of a Thompſon. Her ſtature is above mediocrity, being tall and luſty, but ſo finely formed and well proportioned, that every limb, taken either ſeparately or together, diſplay a ſymmetry equalled by few; ſo

that

that all true votaries, would do well to viſit this living Venus, warm with the genial current of vigorous health, and rich with the generous vitality of full blown youth, only twenty-two, to preſs her balmy lip, where nectar ever hangs, to gratify the taſte of thirſt itſelf; to mix their eager limbs with hers, and catch the burning glow of amorous feeling, in all the twinings of luxuriant love —till fired by the maddening tranſport of unutterable ſenſation—they haſten to the joy: then her ſpreading thighs divide to receive the *tumid gueſt*, and preſent to his exquiſite touch two lovely pouting *portals*, which tenderly meet, and ſeem to kiſs each other, and unite to keep out the cold, and ſhelter the delicate ſtructure of the internal part of the *manſion* from injury—But at the powerful touch of this welcome viſitant, they unfold as to their rightful lord, and inveſt him with all the powers belonging to the place, which *ſhower* down all its treaſures. After being *entered* ſometime into the *Cyprian cabinet*, in the *ſanctum ſanctorum* of the building, the delight this occaſions, can only be *felt*, as no language can deſcribe ſuch extaſy.

For

——For who can paint like Nature.

The *grove* however round it, we *can* ſpeak of, is one of the beſt ever ſported in by the *Wanton Boy*, and the *moſs-crowned mount above*, might well be called *Mount Pleaſant*, an excellent *Field* to *Graze Inn*, which your *nag* might have the liberty of grazing in a whole night for two guineas. She has fine dark eyes and hair, very good teeth, and a fine complexion.

Miſs M—rſh—ll, No. 44, *Mortimer Street, Cavendiſh Square.*

Here native elegance was made to dwell,
With Beauty ſeated in her roſy lap,
Mingling their ſweets with ſuch a taſteful hand,
That full-blown art grows pallid at the ſight,
Such then her parts expoſed—her *hidden gifts*
Claim juſt pre-eminence—ſince void of theſe
Superior ſenſe ungratified remains.

This blooming actreſs, whoſe beauty and elegance ſo juſtly correſpond with her taſte, has been initiated on the ſtage of Love only nine months, her hiſtory we are not fully acquainted with, but

 from

from the knowledge we have of her preſent connections, we imagine ſhe muſt have received a genteel education. Some little time back ſhe was to be met with at almoſt every public place of entertainment, and was indeed, a ſort of fixture at a noted houſe of intrigue in Margaret Street, at this time, ſhe never ſtoops below the polite man, or the man of faſhion: amongſt her then numerous votaries, Mr. H—y ſeemed to ſhew her the greateſt partiality, nor did her affection from him ſeem leſs; he grew at length tired of her, and we preſume ſhe of him. She is an excellent good companion, although of rather a hot temper; ſinging appears her delight, in which ſhe does not want ability; but in her offerings of love ſhe indulges her wanton appetite to its utmoſt ſcope, nor *feels* ſatiety ſo ſoon as many of the ſiſterhood: her willing paramour will ever find her arms open to receive the repeated embrace, and whilſt he retains the power of giving pleaſure, ſhe is ſure to poſſeſs the ſame in return.

Preſſing with burning lips the quick return,
Or, with enraptured folds freſh bliſs invite.

Her

Her perſon and figure is remarkably elegant, a good complexion, and lively hazle dark auburn hair, good teeth, and but nineteen years of age. If you have two or three guineas to ſpare you may be always ſure of a moſt agreeable companion in this lady.

Miſs T—pp, No. 31, *Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road.*

——Each female ſaint he does adviſe,
With groans, and hum's, and ha's, and goggling eyes,
To rub him down, and make the ſpirit riſe:
While, with his zeal tranſported, from the ground
He mounts, and ſanctifies the ſiſter's round.

This demure lady is a conſtant frequenter of the Tabernacle, though not entered into the *ſociety*. Her perſon is charming, her garb plain and modeſt, her carriage exemplary, and her converſation religiouſly rapturous. Yet ſhe is never averſe to aſſiſt the brethren to humble the *luſts of the fleſh*, and for a guinea, will enable any of the congre-

gation

gation to go home quite *cool*. Experience hath taught her the evil conſequences of congregating with ſinners; thence ſhe took the laudable reſolution of miniſtering to the wants of the *ſaints*; to ſome of t'e preachers of whom ſhe is ſaid to have lent her *pulpit*, in which they have ſhewn themſelves *laborious* men, who could *melt* her, and penetrate into the interior receſſes of her fleſhy Tabernacle; lifting up the *veil* thereof, and inducing devout raptures. There is indeed one advantage in a connection with Miſs T—pp, that it is ſure to be kept ſecret; and it is only from ſome of her lovers, who have broken from the ſociety of the faithful, that we have learned theſe particulars. She is in the practice (occaſionally) of a mantua maker, is rather of a low ſtature, very pretty and quite agreeable, has fine dark hair and eyes, good teeth, and in about her nineteenth year.

The two Miſs Ed——d's, N°. 16 *Union Street.*

Treat a woman young in age, and not old

old in ſin, as a *felon*, her ſenſe of ſhame will ſoon be extinguiſhed; ſhe will be tempted to look upon herſelf as the outcaſt of ſociety, ſhe will continue to ſin without controul; her heart will be petrified, ſhe will grow indifferent to all events, caring not how ſoon, or in what manner, ſhe leaves a world where ſhe finds ſo little mercy, and ſuch unrelenting ſeverity againſt her.

We know the above obſervation to be fully verified in theſe two ſiſters, who were, by the iron hand of Misfortune, forced, in a manner, to commence proſtitutes, when they were mild, ſober, and honeſt; but having been ſeveral times ſeized by the Nocturnal Guardians, and as often delivered over to durance vile, by the daily *diſtributers of Juſtice*; they are become the very reverſe of what they once were.

Miſs B—ch---m, No. 7, *London-ſtreet, Middleſex Hoſpital.*

Here now is a blooming piece in only her eighteenth year; ſhe has received a good education, having lately come from a boarding-

a boarding-ſchool, and ſhews herſelf quite the accompliſhed, well-bred girl, of a ſweet, affable diſpoſition, and one whoſe manners and converſation make her an excellent companion, and has procured her many valuable acquaintance: independent of her converſible abilities, we are informed her proficiency in the trade of love is not leſs commendable, and ever wiſhing to preſerve the honour of the female flag untarniſhed, ſhe never takes a *thing* in *hand*, let her *undertaking* be ever ſo great, but her antagoniſt is ſure to *ſhrink* from his purpoſe; but her amicable diſpoſition is ſuch, and ſhe is ſo conſcious of her abilities as a counſellor, that unleſs ſhe is fee'd with a ſum ſuperior to four pounds, although ſhe wiſhes the *cauſe* to be pleaded in court a ſecond time, ſhe will not ſuffer it to be brought on till the fee is paid.

Her keeper is a gentleman reſident in Berner-ſtreet, and we are credibly informed, he was the means of introducing her into life, not above ſix months ſince, by recommending a ſudden elopement from her boarding-ſchool; which ſhe was not much averſe to.

She is tall, genteel, and very pretty, with dark hair and eyes.

Miſs

Miſs G—rd—n, N°. 4, *Union Street, near the Middleſex Hoſpital.*

Is the ſacrifice made fit,
Puſh him forward to the pit,
Puſh the ſtanding victim on,
And when the noble deed is done,
Draw the bull of Venus out,
And ſtroke him up for t'other bout.

This ſprightly prieſteſs of Venus has been initiated but a ſhort time in the myſteries of the Goddeſs; we judge her to be about eighteen, of a fair complexion, rather ſlim, light brown hair and eye-brows, which are remarkably fine, with ſuch a pair of ſparkling eyes, as would foil the diamond of its luſtre, and do more execution than a thouſand officers of juſtice at the *home ſtroke*; they are remarkably brilliant in their water, and ſhed ſuch rays of delight as pierce the ſoul of the dying gazer, and melt him down to the genial tranſport; her breaſts are well formed (though rather ſmall) to contribute to the joy, and will ſwell with emulation to rival the fulleſt pair in the amorous conflict. She is actively

wanton

wanton in awaking or heightening every pleaſure her *temple* affords, and though *backward* in *receiving* the *offerings*, yet loves to receive the *good things ſecretly* and in the *fulleſt* manner, for which her *ſanctum ſanctorum* is admirably adapted. Her temper is not to be found fault with, ſo very good natured indeed, as never to refuſe a guinea oblation from any of her ſacrificers, that is, if ſhe is convinced they cannot afford her two.

Miſs Br—wn, No. 2, *Little Chapel Street.*

" Beware the magic of her eyes,
" For there the artful Cupid lies.

This young lady has not been above two years a convert to her preſent profeſſion, and is ſaid to have received her firſt inſtructions from a near relation, who is ſince gone to Ireland, of which country he is a native. She is about eighteen, ſhort and thick, has red hair and light eyes, good teeth, fair ſkin, pretty face and blooming cheeks. She is very fond of ſinging, and has a good voice, is very earneſt in her purſuit after

after the ſport, and dreſſes very gay. One thing is greatly againſt her, and may poſſibly reduce her ſooner than ſhe may imagine, that is, ſhe is too fond of a glaſs of ſtrong water. Her expectations are very moderate.

Miſs B—rr—ft, No. 16, *New Compton Street.*

Were I the lord o'er this terraqueous globe,
I'd give the whole for one luxurious night,—
Enfo'ded in thy arms; nor envy Kings,
Their royal fairs; for in thy looks,
Such heav'nly beauty, with ſuch goodneſs dwells,
That every charm, an angel can command,
Summ'd up in thee—at once ſalute the heart.

A young ſouncellor is ſuppoſed to be the keeper of this ſmart little prattler, though it is well known, that in her court there are many beſides the counſellor ſuffered to plead; her court might be termed the court of *Common Pleaſe*, although no Writs of Error are allowed; every member pays his fee in the ſame kind of coin, no coin but one being current there. It is well known, this

lady

lady has two particular friends, beſides the counſellor; and ſo well does ſhe contrive matters, that each in ſucceſſion enjoys the lovely fair, and thinks her all his own; ſhe ſings a good ſong, plays the piano forte with grace and judgment, and is an accompliſhed dancer: Is now in her eighteenth year, not very ſhort, nor yet *very* fat, neither is ſhe *very* pretty but has a *very* fair complexion, *very* fine eyes, and *very* fair hair, and is of a *very* pleaſing and *very* good temper. She is alſo *very* new on the town, being only of three months ſtanding; whoever wiſhes to ſee this very deſirable girl muſt behave themſelves in a *very* polite manner, after which kind of treatment ſhe has *very* little objections to meet you at any proper houſe of aſſignation, where, with a *grace* peculiar to herſelf, ſhe will give you ſuch a treat of voluptuous enjoyment, ſuch a feaſt of amorous delight, that you ſhall ſay with pleaſure, in the words of a celebrated Poet.

Ungrateful Time to chaſe away the night,
Did with his ſcythe make pinions for his feet.

Miſs

Miſs R—h M—rc—r, No. 9, *Holland Street.*

Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten,
O'erthwart his breaſt, with active vaulting;
Wriggling his body to recover,
His ſeat, and caſt his right leg over.

This perſon generally goes by the name of my lady, not from any natural deformity of body, or any nobility of blood that runs in her veins, but a nick-name which was given to her in her youthful days, from her extravagance of dreſs, which however at preſent is much reduced, indeed of late ſhe has procured an addition to her title, which was that of "light finger," for the propriety of which we muſt refer to a certain Mercer in Cranbourn alley, whoſe coſt and trouble in proving her ladyſhip's title, no doubt he will never forget. An exceſs of exerciſe in her line, has not a little impaired her perſon, tho' ſhe has yet ſomething agreeable about her, before ſhe has conſulted the bottle too much, for when inebriated, her temper is moſt turbulent; and ſhe has paſſions which outſtrip the wind. She is of the larger ſize both in regard to height and corpulence;

ſence; has black hair and eyes, ſpeaks gruff, is very amorous, and very moderate in her demands. Her age is about twenty ſix, and her favorite is as noted as any *Horſeman* whatever.

Miſs Kitty P——t, No. 4, *Union Street, Middleſex Hoſpital.*

Within each others arms let's ſink to reſt;
Thy eyes ſhall make my days ſerene and bright;
Thy arms, thus clinging round me, bleſs the night.

As pride is repreſented to have been the fall of many a one in former days, ſo in humble imitation of her anceſtors, it has not a little facilitated to bring this lady to her preſent employment; her parents uſed to dreſs her up in a higher ſtile than her expectations could by any means entitle her to, which ſoon got the aſcendency over her morals, ſo that as ſhe grew up ſhe determined rather than not to keep up her uſual gaiety, ſhe would ſuffer proſtitution. Within theſe few weeks, ſhe has been what perhaps has tended to facilitate her otherwiſe natural inclination.—

Viz.

Viz. a gallant lady's maid, as they are now termed by the ſiſterhood. She lodges very genteel, ſees a deal of company, and dreſſes neat and decently; her face is but homely, yet by the aſſiſtance of art ſhe looks pretty well by candle light. She is thick and of low ſtature, good ſhape, eaſy carriage, and full of chat, tho' of but weak intellects; her hair is light colour, as is alſo her eyes. She is about eighteen, *has* a good ſkin, and an even pretty ſet of teeth. Her price is as much as you pleaſe above one pound one.

Miſs Y—ng, No. 5, *Chapel Street.*

"Coy and Covetous."

This lady's father was a native of Bologne in France, and came over to England ſome years ago, where he died; ſhe is however perfectly Engliſh in her language and manners; and tho' rampant in her deſires, puts on a particular coyneſs, in order to make her admirers the more eager. She is very covetous of money, and generally has

a good price for her favours, one way or other, (a word to the wiſe.) She is in ſtature, ſhort and thick, her face has ſomething pretty in it, tho' her features are very ſmall, her hair is a light brown, her eyes grey, her teeth indifferent, and breath offenſive, but ſhe has a good ſkin, and is not more than five and twenty.

Miſs Cl—k, No. 34, *Union Street.*

Is a lady, who ſeems to poſſeſs a very great inclination for the myſteries of the Cyprian deity, ſhe hath been for ſometime a devout worſhipper to the great grief of her mother, who took no ſmall pains to inſtil into her the principles of religion and virtue; her father has been dead ſometime, whoſe incontinency to the marriage bed may account in ſome meaſure for the vicious inclinations of the daughter, he having ruined his wife and conſtitution by his propenſity to the ſport of Venus; from which we uſe the old motto with ſome degree of juſtice, "What is bred in the bone will never "come out of the fleſh." She is not handſome,

handſome, rather ordinary features, a little pitted with the ſmall pox, light hair and grey eyes, and in fact has no great recommendation, but her youth.

Miſs M—y Ann M—ck—y, at Mr. R—s, a Shoemaker in *Oxford Street.*

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

This little ſlim laſs is daughter of a late under gardener to the Duke of N———d, and was the darling of her parents, who brought her up in the utmoſt pride imaginable, although they knew they had not a penny to give her, as beſides her they had ſeveral other children. At about ſeventeen ſhe eloped with the niece of a perſon in the neighbourhood, and took lodgings near Dean-ſtreet, Soho, where they were both traced by their relations, who took

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 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

Miſs Phœbe 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-coachman, 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

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 æra 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 diminitive in

ſize,

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 *bouſe* 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

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 preſſure 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

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 lilys will quickly appear,
And her face look wond'rous 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

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

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 extacy; 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, Tottenham-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

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 very much been 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

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 ſits 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 vulga-

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 dimm'd 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

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 bruſt'd 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,

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 *lilys*; 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-bound*. She is much eſteemed by the lovers of *planting*, for having a beautiful ſhow of *navel wort*, and her fondneſs for *rampions* and *amber vitæ*, ſhe deſpiſes *fool-ſtones*, *cuckow pintle*, *Jews ears*, or *birch*; but particularly likes *Adam's Apple-tree*, *ſenſitive plant*, *ſtitch-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-nſ-n, No. 12, *Wells-ſtreet*.

What various charms can M-nſ-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

breaſts fully ſpeak her inward feelings; 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* neceſſary food. She therefore ſolicits the favours of the good natured public for the neceſſary ſupplies to that inchanting 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 unnoticed 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 conſtantly 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 diſcovered; her eyes ſhe cannot hide, nor does ſhe wiſh it; they are plain indications

of nature's central ſpot, and beam with all the fire of the *enchanting 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

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 gentleman (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 cloathed in her richeſt garb; this incenſe muſt be offer'd at the ſhrine with pains, perſeverance, honour, ſecrecy, and liberality joined with it, and when ſhe is thoroughly convinced that you poſſeſs all theſe requiſites, 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 unquenchable 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

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

months on the town, the thinly *covered* grot below has therefore not yet ſufficiently 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 javois pour heritage,
Le treſor le plus charmant,
Je vous en donnerois en gage,
Et mon cœur pour un preſent.

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

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 valorous 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 lear 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 tendrils, 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

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, *Aſton-ſtreet, Gray's-Inn-Lane.*

Our ſouls their former joys renew,
We raiſe new ſport, and wanton jeſting;
Our eyes eachothers 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

ſtate of ſilence, commands every attracting 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 gentleman from whom ſhe derives her principal ſupport; ſhe has fine blue melting eyes, with an aquiline noſe, and a very pretty mouth, when her tongue is inactive, 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 expects five guineas.

Miſs

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

Had love's fair goddeſs been ſo ſtrong in charms
Raſh Diomede 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, rather ſhort, but pretty, having an excellent 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*, (having 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*; Rochester'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 inclined to give delight in every poſſible attitude, and has no kind of objection to yield, with becoming modeſty, to take a *coup* à la *levrette*. She is at preſent in keeping by a citizen, who has ſuffered

 her

her to assume his name, but is always pleased when Mr. T. is not with her, to accommodate any gentleman in her *pretty 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 stampt 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

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, nor 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 arch'd, and of the

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 tract 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 *flaſh 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 the pleaſures of *copulation*; but beginning to know the accuſtom'd ways of the baſer ſort of men, and not being always confident of the honour of her *paramour*, if he is a ſtranger,

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 irreſtibly 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-

eſt 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 natur'd, 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, *Northumberland-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 excells in the height of ſtature ſo is ſhe the height of good nature, for ſhe never refuſes any gentleman

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 perambulating

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

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 conteſt 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 philoſophy*, in the univerſity of Portſmouth, where ſhe was long the ornament of the back of the point. She is perfectly miſtreſs of

of all her actions, and can proceed regularly from the dart of her tongue, and the ſoft tickle of her hand, to the exatic 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

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 fountaine,
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 ſchool, but taking a liking to a young Clergyman in the neighbourhood, ſhe made a conjunction of calvaniſm with the eſtabliſhed church, and he propagated the goſpel in her *foreign parts* with great aſſiduity; but her immoderate love of the ſport, after having once taſted the power of the *Britiſh 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,

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,

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 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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