

That led the hunter panting thro' the snow,
Is bought for half the sportsman's hunting gear,
But 'twas the chase he paid for; not the deer.

Woman divine has seen the baneful dearth
Of love in man and grovels on the earth.
Unhappiness would all be turned to good,
If sacred love was only understood.
No Delphian god need to my side repair,
I've found the key and will unblame the fair.
He boasts an inspiration and belies
The knowledge that Experience supplies.
Enthusiast, Inspiration is a cheat;
I, with experience, will his art defeat.
Though it will make commodious human brains—
The more of wisdom that a man obtains—
I speak my thoughts lest them I would forget,
And some one say with sense I'd never met.

Man's laziness much love in him prevents
While women love for aye—the reason, hence,
That women's beauty that of man's exceeds;
Love builds the rose flesh and destroys the weeds.
She knows, if she solicits you, the pain
When Love's lips meet with profligate Disdain.
Biblis her vows of love did first bequeath,
Then only had recourse in lingering death.
Cold precepts are a vain and useless load
Unless with confidence you take the road;
But if you trust your mast'ry you will win
And cheat her modesty—that favored sin.
"I love," said he, "a chiding peevish shrew,
She's the most natural of the pirate crew,
Venus' own arts belong alone to her
A maid's own cunning is a slow affair.
There love appears; the music of her tongue
Is sweet as dew that from Love's lips is wrung.
Although some say 'tis a malicious thing
I love her bawdy tongue, but it can sing.
Love smiles, or sighs, or tears, or strife,
And various ways to illumine life.
Why does the captain of her soldier rave?
It is because that she thinks him brave:
The armories are filled with maidens gay—
They think the soldiers dauntless in a fray.
Woman is born weak to encourage man;
Pity they are not each an Amazon
And man in battle then compelled to fight,
'Twould cultivate some strength within the wight.
'Tis sad to drink when sympathy's denied;
Woe only comes when she in vain does chide.

A sluggish farmer saw the yellow top
Of some few musiard plants among his crop;
From fatty ground the weeds and thistles sprung,
And round his fences thorny burdocks clung.
He sighed aloud nor did attempt to pluck
The weeds, but lay and cursed his dire ill-luck,
Till all the needful succor of his farm
Was spent in weeds, nor causing him alarm.
Then he, (and 'twas what he so well deserved)
At length was forced to leave when all but starved.
A brother, whose small farm was all his care,
Plucked all the weeds ere they did quite appear,

THE LIES OF LOVE
