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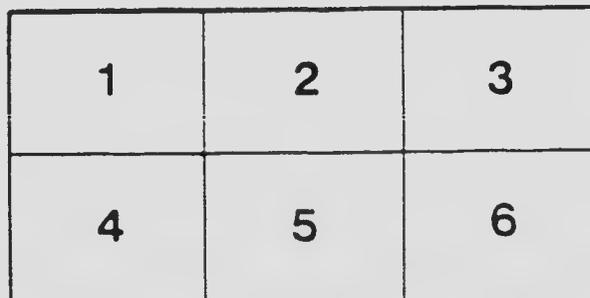
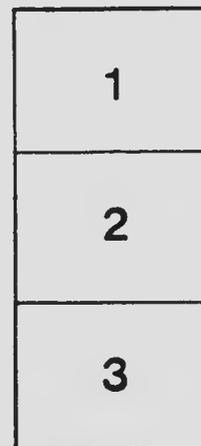
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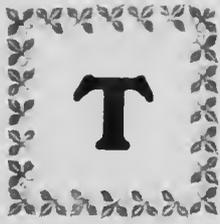
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T H E

LIES

OF

LOVE

By Sammy Hic

(VOL. 1)

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THE
LIES
OF
LOVE

Beneath an ivied dismal porch and rude,
Where inhabitants collected, sat or stood,
Some censured swains for yielding to the charus
Of awkward rustic maiden's tender arms;
When passing captives took their well known course,
Some laughed and sneered and chattered at his horse.
Thus, I, reclining 'gainst th' indignant wall,
Soliloquised: Man must before her fall;
Napoleon's name pulsed many a rocky strand
And yet a simple maid did him command.
The sun who held aloft his golden crown,
Bidding adieu, replaced it, and went down;
The people yawn, then doze awhile on chairs,
Then to respective beds each one repairs.
When I awoke I sat in night alone,
In silence, hermit-like, to musing proue.

For many hours our loves had been unkind,
But I'd been granted now some peace of mind,
Yet I was sad, when from his study came
My host, a bard, (though all unknown to fame)
And drew his limbs together as if they were
Encumbering and turned about his chair.
Then, as a stern command, his kindly gaze
Required a reason for my sullen ways.
"What sacrifice," I asked him, "will appease
Our angry loves and let us live at ease?"
And he replied:

"You run my sense aground;
In winning love the greatest pleasure's found.
Withhold no love which to your wife you owe
Then 'tis your option when you come and go;
Sans ceremony and without behest
Her lips, if closed by yours, will sweetly rest;
'Twill make an instrument of love, her tongue,
Which soon forgets 'twas ever done a wrong.
Then with your balmy beard 'tis well to seek
To make a crimson blush on either cheek,
And then protest like rose petals they seem;
She'll think the petals from your whiskers came.
Yet when some husbands do at wine sojourn
Their gentle wives love most at their return.
Returning, if thou knowest how to greet
Thy fair, and how her chiding tongue to cheat,
I would suggest postponement of return,
That for thy balmy lips thy love may yearn.
Unlonged for love contains but meagre bliss
None but starved lips do understand a kiss.
Streams bound with strength nor vary from their course
When inauspicious dams at length they force.

'Adam in flowery gardens blissful lay
Until to direful sloth he fell a prey
To pay this debt of love he did refuse
For there was no one who did him oppose.
Then Eve did pluck and eat the needful fruit,
Expecting she to win the lawful suit;
But Ah! the slothful Adam also ate,
Which brought upon them both the direful fate;
That caused the tearful guardian to expel
Them from the garden: thus the eldest fell.
Had I been Adam she'd received her due
For then 'twas plain to see that she was true.
Out in the market-place the butchered doe

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 beauty, 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,

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And made the clay where flinty stones abound,
His greatest joy, his well attended ground.

You should be thankful that she does abound
With thorns so you may tend the fruitful ground—
That she complains till all your wit is spent."
And thus the bard resumed the argument.

"If I sit long beside the jolly wine
I'm apt to spend more tickle cash than mine.
Should I decline this honest debt to pay
Because 'twas spent in drinking yesterday?
Or should I think he'd in his suit relent
'Till I had paid the lender every cent,
Should I deny the debt I owe of love,
And from her scolding, brawling tongue remove?
Nay, I'd pay all for which the maid does sue;
I know when she complains that she is true.

I, once, with great Ambition did converse,
When he thus mad confession did rehearse,
(For, as I talked with him, I trembling laid
My plaint before him and he frankly said):
"All hand in hand we go, young Love and I;
We give men life, then straightway see them die.
Men as grass-hoppers of their place soon tire,
Then spite all jeers they'll readily aspire.
One'd think that, by the sound their wings do make,
When they arise, they would our planet shake
But they alight as oft on withered grass,
As on the green which on their flight they pass
Some long in hot days their small limbs to cool
And weary wait beside the balmy pool,
All loathe to doff their yellow breeches lest
Some rude companions would eke out a jest.
Fear holds one fellow by his heel's short hair
Till some offensive frog obstructs his lair.
My subjects' loyalty this way I test
And thus the way Love takes to be expressed.
In this way Man is raised to higher sense
And here appears our kingdom's one defense.
The tramps and loafers, if it were not so,
Would come and feast and satiated go.
Love's lawns would be the idler's paradise
Which young ambitious lovers would despise.

When Cupid did his love proceed to woo,
She seemed indignant and repulsive grew;
Upon her face appeared a regal smile—
Scorned to be caught in his litigious wile;
So summoned all the love that in him lay
(The potent weapon in this doubtful fray)
To be expressed: she knowing if he fly
That it was certain he had scant supply.
What if she'd welcomed him in fond embrace
And he, listless or dead, had o'er her face
Proceeded slobbering with a lazy kiss,
Enjoying blindly what he thought was bliss;
If he had not been sickened with disgust,
He'd stayed and been consumed away in rust.
For if she soon submits quenched are our fires,
Then sloth appears and Love all but expires.

Now see the peevish wife demands her due,
And it is hers and she should have it, too.

Sweet flattery by every woman's prized,
Even though 'tis not with useless care disguised,
The cunning master flattery employs
Which is more potent and no slave destroys.
Invest some sympathy in all her cares;
Its interest oft has made men millionaires.
Old maids through want of love will grow unkind;
Their want of love's a torment to their mind.

How diligent a luckless man will be
In suing for his needful sympathy;
On the case-hardened world he will complain,
And even say he would that he were slain;
Rail at all pleasures and deny his food,
Pretending even pity to exclude;
But ne'er refuse the succor in his tears,
For in those pearls a needful food appears.
Where he receives the sympathy most dear,
More melancholy there he will appear;
And you bemoan one dire misfortune he
Will want your pity then for two or three.
So 'tis with restless, chiding tongues that sue
For love—to all the crumpled notes renew.
Then burn ye fires of sympathy, deny
Corruption, and our flesh now purify.
The trifling maid commanding with her charms,
Can be made servile with rentless arms;
Even like the deer who find a stubborn fence
Enclose them in a park, to fret commence;
Their pride does spur their bleeding sides in vain
While bound' they forth again and yet again.
But when they find that they have met defeat
They learn to love their quiet, safe retreat.

I'd rather pick a thistle from her hand
Than o'er its veins my greedy lips extend.
Anticipating reconciliation
Fond lovers often quarrel without occasion.
She notes with pride that you have had success
In business, and, though she will not confess
It, hopes the skill you show in your profession,
When courting her, will not for an instant lessen.
So 'tis with chiding wives who cease to sue
When they find man can meet the payments due.
There is no weapon will as quickly stun
As love, when used upon the offending one.
Resist not evil and, accept my word,
'Twill be extinguished of its own accord.
Hate, blinded by my love, will die in shame
And moulder with an unremembered name.
Ah! may thy soul submit, as does the dew
To the sun's rays, and be likewise as true!
Let with salt tears your ready heart o'erflow;
She'll bathe in tears ere she with wit will go.
Even if with onions you your tears provoke,
I'll warrant she will never turn the voke.
The Unwise Epimetheus became
Inconstant and Pandora put to shame;
The maiden prostrate lay, of love bereft,
But Hope, Ah! Hope, that wonderous one was left!
Some claim that Love man's reason will destroy;
Instead with vomiting satiety to cloy
His lazy eyes, it makes him see a sun

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In every dusky damsel he has won
Unless the darkness is preferred to light
He should appreciate this truer sight.
The fair alone possess God's finger prints,
For in her cheeks are found the lovely dints.

With love of beauty lovers are endowed ;
To vicious minds this beauty's not allowed,
Hence, she employs your care to seek a wife
Of beauty, and give you a peaceful life.
The cunning actress courts a noble thought
And so old age her beauty's never bought.
If she's the hideous witch disposed to play
Then gloom and sullenness becomes her way,
Now see, dissatisfied and murmuring swain,
What bounteous Nature gives, nor gives in vain.
For beauty oft the haughty lords descend
And with the vulgar round her do contend—
This is to women a most charming sight—
The only pain in which they have delight ;
How pleased is she when she her beau does sway,
Pleased first to have command, then to obey !
But please her and she cannot else but love,
Then offer her your arm—she'll with you rove.

"You'd injure Love," he said, (for with a smile
I said, "If I with art her love beguile
My dear requires gifts that are so dear,
They will exhaust my meagre purse, I fear)"
"Diamonds," continued he, "are for the fair
They are unseemly for a man to wear.
What degradation jewels undergo—
What frowns, what blishes do they seem to show
When on horse-blankets they are ranged around—
Beauty and rudeness left each to confound.
When women found the great impulse to buy,
Rich and gay clothes herself to beautify,
Nature stood back and smiling did maintain
The mighty gift forever would remain.
Though Love's ambrosia you, my pupil, know,
In fear you administer it and hence are slow ;
I speak to show that others have like sense
And thereby give you needful confidence.
Love ne'er was taught to me in stifling school,
By art, nor books, nor man's ignoble rule ;
I was not steeped in Love by seeing life
Constant in love or for love in mad strife.
Love is from God and, therefore, is divine,
And if thou foster him the boy is thine.
Love was extant ere man did quite begin,
Though now obscure 'tis bounteous within.
See how through waving woods does silent run
The purple rays of the kind setting sun
Uninterrupted by the windy sighs
Of branches that complain against the skies ;
And as they do invade the accepting shades
So love and goodness man's dark mind invade.
Felonious teaching no good thoughts destroy,
They but the poor external do annoy.
Wrongful religions or their dire relations
Can never blot or stain the future nations.
Homer appeared in Virgil's brilliant page,
But Homer also was in pupilage.

I have some weighty precepts which should you
 Occasion have your courtship to renew
 And wandering suffering through the world in quest
 Of some sweet maiden to restore your rest,
 Would be of use: First know the gentle fair
 Did never scorn a mother's tender care;
 If with no pleasure she withholds a child
 You should not by her company be defiled.
 Observe her when the darling loudly cries
 And wed her if for it she aptly sighs.
 If fickle fortune e'er withhold a meal
 Much constancy she'll show, but more conceal.
 You easily can detect the cunning cheat
 If held in scorn instead of in conceit.
 Although her own the cheat will truly love,
 A careless mother she will surely prove.
 And if you her willing heart invade
 Suffer no babe in cradle to be laid;
 But rather rock the bundle in your arms
 And you will double, in her eye, your charms.
 Dishonesty in love is oft allowed,
 And if you're worthy she'll forget the fraud.
 Women more judgment than the men possess
 In choosing one their tender lives to bless.
 She who is wise will ever seek to find
 One who agrees with her peculiar mind;
 But he who cannot be, with art may feign
 To be agreeable, his fair to gain.
 So to the opinion to which she's inclined,
 I charge you to conform, nor cross her mind.
 Even if she'd argue, argue not with her
 For she'll have her way and yours demur.
 If e'er your damsel you at cards oppose
 Be sure you cheat yourself that you may lose.
 There is no woman star, however proud,
 But shines much brighter when behind a cloud;
 There is no lady but whose soul is glad
 In ministering unto the heart that's sad;
 No woman e'er denied her greatest power,
 To soothe a heart in its dejected hour.
 Where is she who, when he did recognize,
 Her power to reform, did him despise?
 When in her presence feign a solemn look
 As sad as Orpheus when he betook
 Himself down Tartarus, gloomy halls and made
 The Fates to mourn while he the place surveyed.
 If she inquire the cause you must pretend
 That you're denied a sympathetic friend.
 It will to her appeal to discompose
 Your neckwear and a truant tear disclose.
 Then cultivate a mental recklessness,
 But be averse, I charge you, to excess,
 To prodigalities, then her advice
 Solicit and you'll find this will suffice;
 Beg her to be to you a needful friend;
 She will feel honored and a hand will lend.
 How many giddy girls have thus been won
 By amorous lovers who as friends begun!

"If you'll permit," he said, "I will relate
 A tale to prove my precepts adequate:"

The Tale—

THE LIES OF LOVE

