

CHLOE Surpriz'd:

OR,

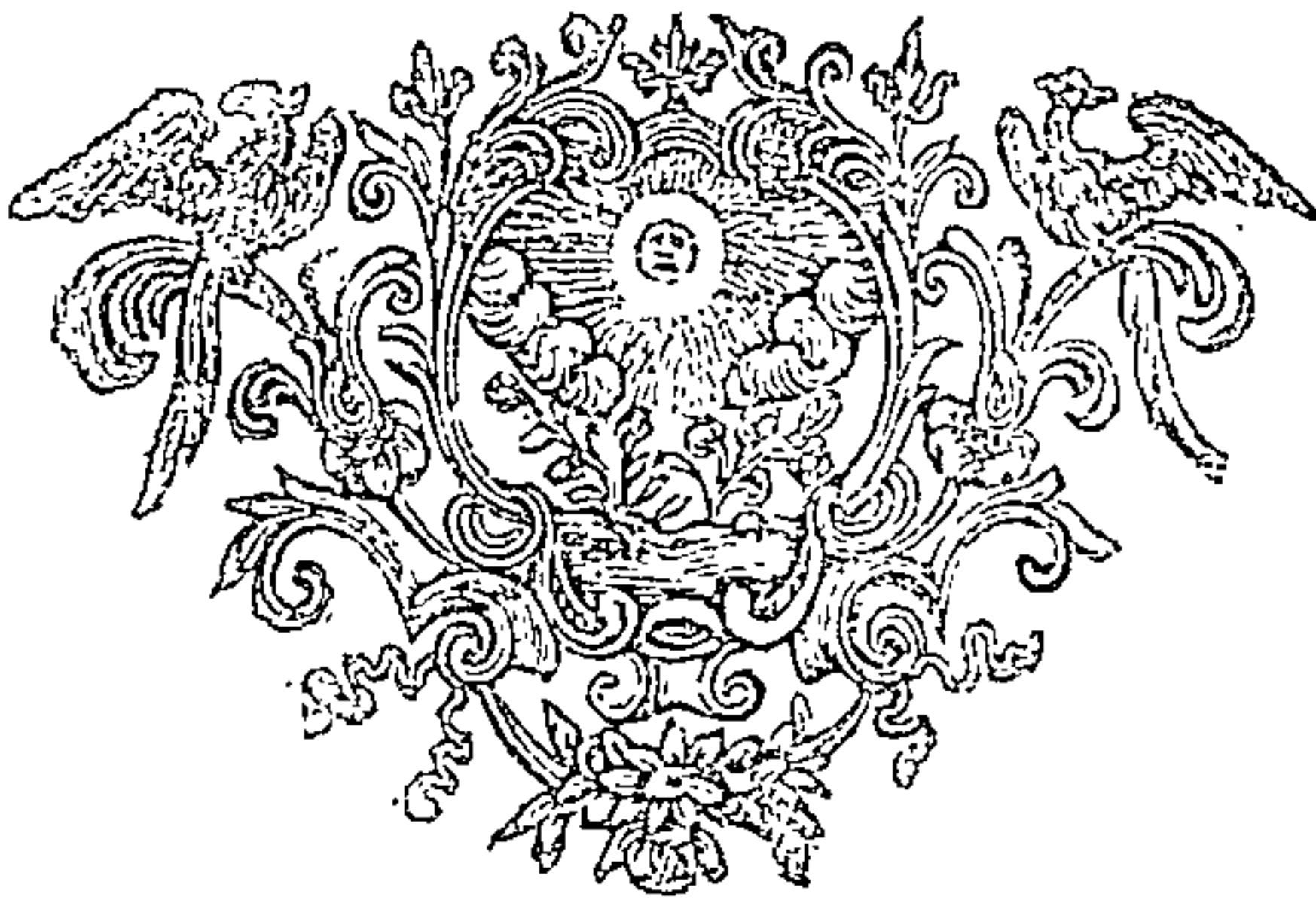
The Second PART

OF THE

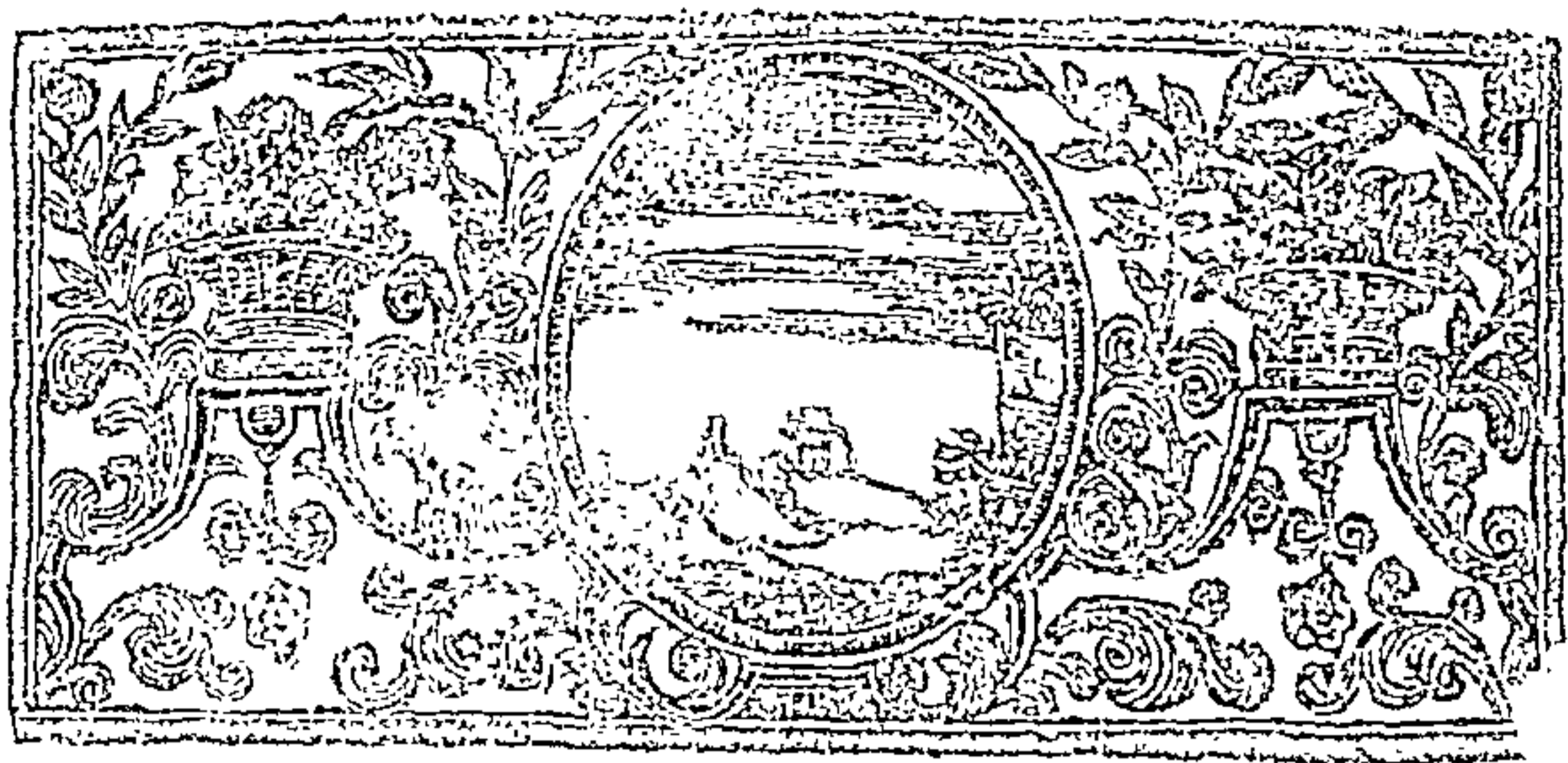
Lady's *Dressing-Room*.

To which are added,

THOUGHTS upon Reading the
Lady's *Dressing-Room*, and the Gent-
leman's *STUDY*. The former wrote
by D---N S---T, the latter by Miss
W-----



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CHLOE SURPRIZ'D

A

TALE, &c.

ONE Morning as *Chloe* the Prude lay a-Bed,
Her Lilly white Hand a Support to her Head,
Her Thoughts as they're wont had began then to
stray,
On the Slaves she had got, and the Drefs of the
Day,
“ Well surely (she cry'd) let them say what they
will,
“ Not a Nymph in the Town half fo surely can
kill,
“ There's *Brazen* and *Shallow*, and *Dandy* the Beau,
“ With many fo deck'd, as if made for a Show,
“ Who

' Who dangle and follow, and whine and adore,
 ' And low at my Feet for Compassion implore ;
 ' Nay, *Gaudy* himself too, forgetting his Lace,
 ' Stares all the Night at me, and gapes in my Face,
 ' What Maiden so silly, to give up her Sway,
 ' And turn like my Sister, a Slave and obey,
 ' To grieve at the jealous Reproach of a Fool,
 ' And hear the dull *SOT* still prescribing a Rule,
 ' No thanks to my *STARS*, I'll for ever be free,
 ' No Coxcomb shall have a Dominion o'er me,
 ' On the Men I'll Revenge all the Wrongs of My
 ' *SEX*,
 ' And my Wit, and my Beauty for ever shall Vex.

She said, and then hasted to rise from her Bed,
 (Resolv'd on new Mischiefs conceiv'd in her Head)
 When old Father *TIME*, from a Shelf by her side,
 In form of her Watch, to the Charmer reply'd ;

' O *Chloe* unthinking ! and fickle as fair ;
 ' Say, why did I give you that Shape and that Air ?
 ' Or why did I cover that Bosom with Snow ;
 ' Or why on those Cheeks, bid the Roses to glow ?
 ' Why made I each Look, and each Feature Divine ?
 ' Why made I those Eyes with such Lustre to shine ?
 ' And was it for nought that I fix'd upon you,
 ' And gauz'd you the Charms of a Million or two ?

‘ No *Chloe* -- believe me, those Charms you possess,

For somewhat were meant; what that is you may
guess :

’Tis the Spight of the Devil to teize and to vex,

But Beauty should bless Men, as well as perplex.

‘ O! Charmer beware how you trifle with Time,

The Blossoms are fair, but how short is their
Prime?

‘ I visit, ’tis true, both the Young and the Gay,

But *Chloe* I only just come and away,

And if unenjoy’d I once pass by their Door,

I ever am gone, and will never come more.

‘ Then *Chloe*, my *Chloe*, be kind I advise,

And learn how thy Youth and thy Beauty to Prize

Left when I am gone, and thy Threshold’s for-
lorn,

‘ The Swains whom you slighted, may Laugh you
to Scorn,

And tread out that Snuff of a Torch with their
Feet,

Which lately so blaz’d, and so glar’d in the Street,

He scarcely had finish’d these Words, when away,
He vanish’d, and musing left *Chloe* the Gay.

But what an Effect, it may have on the fair,
Or whether she'll now be more kind or severe;
No Mortal can guess——this I know and no more
That still she is witty, and fair as before.



THOUGHTS



T H O U G H T S upon Reading
 the *Lady's Dressing-Room* and the
Gentleman's Study; the former wrote
 by D--n S---t, the latter by Miss
 W-----.

I Prithee, good Folks, who have heard all the
 Satire,
 Attend, till I give you my Thoughts of the
 Matter;

I find all the Knowledge we have by what's writ
 Is, that both, Male and Female, sweat, stink, fart,
 and sh---t.

But surely the Authors, as every one thinks,
 Are the stinkingest Couple, where every one stinks;
 Then quickly, in order to avoid all Confusion,
 From what we have granted, I shall draw this Con-
 clusion;

We may easily see, by the Spleen of what's said,
 That he's an old Bachelor, she an old Maid;
 Then wed them together, join her Shift to his Shirt,
 And let 'em contend to excell most in Dirt.

AN EPIGRAM upon the LADY'S
Dressing-Room.

What, the D-- look in Clofestoole instead of the
 Bible!

and write on poor *Celia* so dirty a Libel;
 How well must he preach the Word of the Lord,
 Whose Texts are a Shift, stinking Toes, and a T--d?

F I N I S.