

# EASTER MONDAY.



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## EASTER MONDAY.

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**P**LASURE the word ; away the unthinking fly,  
 And difficulty, danger, toil defy ;  
 Their health, their safety, all that's dear on earth,  
 Heedless they wound, when in pursuit of mirth ;  
 For dear as health or safety is, that fame,  
 Called character, to those whose sole good name  
 Can gain them bread, or friends, or shelt'ring roof ;  
 For bread and friends are forfeited on proof,  
 By those who vice mistake for sober joy,  
 And strong allured, their welfare thence destroy :  
 A little tale will best this truth enforce,  
 On those who heedlessly run on this course.  
 Barely sixteen, from Nottingham there came  
 To London town, a damsel free from blame,  
 In morals, conduct, blest with perfect health,  
 The sum of humble worth, of humble wealth.



From the same place, some certain years before,  
 Mary, her neighbour, who was very poor,  
 Had rose, she understood, by dint of merit,  
 In service suited to her lively spirit,  
 Knowing where Mary dwelt, it was her care  
 To find her out; when Mary with a stare  
 Of wonder, view'd her, thinking her uncouth,  
 Although the fact was that in early youth  
 She was the same, and happy had it been,  
 If she the London world had never seen.  
 For those she thought so wise, so smart, so witty,  
 Their dress admired, their actions deem'd so pretty,  
 Were sons and daughters of licentious mirth,  
 With hearts so much depraved they gave not  
 birth

To one just sentiment of right or wrong,  
 But oaths and ribaldry fell from their tongue  
 As sportive sounds; or tokens of such breeding  
 As unformed morals teach, or idle reading.  
 "When well brush'd up," quoth Mary, "you  
 with me,  
 "Such fun, such frolic, and such London glee  
 "Shall witness, that the country from your mind  
 "Will be for ever chaced; for lo! your stars most  
 "kind,  
 "Have brought you here in time to view a  
 "scene  
 "Never beheld on any country green,  
 "'Tis Easter Monday girl; so pray prepare  
 "Your very best of looks, and dress, to wear."  
 The day arriv'd, 'twas with a secret sigh,  
 For which poor Fanny knew no reason why,  
 With some half dozen of the gay and bold,  
 She was led to the water's side, though cold



The wind did blow, and rough the waves appear'd,  
 So rough her gentle timid heart was scar'd;  
 But loud the laugh her fears around up rais'd,  
 And loud each voice her seeming courage prais'd;  
 Songs after songs were fung e'en by her friend,  
 That shock'd her feelings, but when at the end  
 Of one of them, rude laughter, jokes,  
 Such as alone are lik'd by worthless folks,  
 Began to circulate, "Oh, quick to shore,"  
 She cried, "convey me; for I will no more  
 " Thus let my eyes, my ears, sustain offence  
 " On whatsoever fair or false pretence:"  
 But pardon being ask'd, and promise made,  
 She of no second lapse need be afraid,  
 She to proceed no longer did refuse,  
 But silent with these thoughts herself amus'd;  
 "Oh! joys of innocence how sweet ye are!"  
 Said she, "and from this hour I will beware  
 " How I exchange you for such revelry,  
 " Indecent mirth, and wicked blasphemy;  
 " What crouds," said she, "call'd company no  
 " doubt."  
 "When entering Greenwich park she look'd about,  
 "Clamour and riot, their festivity,  
 "So much unlike what I had hop'd to see,  
 "Can these be folks that come from London  
 " town,  
 "For civil manners held in such renown?  
 "Uproar and drinking seems their only pleasure,  
 "And my surprize thereat exceeds all measure,  
 "Ah that I might but walk and take the air  
 "In this fine place, might view its beauties rare,  
 "Might, seated on yon bank, without delay,  
 "My humble grateful pious homage pay,



" To him, who man's redemption to ensue,  
 " Did every wound to nature free endure,  
 " And having thus our glad salvation wrought  
 " (For 'twas his sufferings our salvation bought)  
 " But yesterday in glory from the tomb  
 " His resurrection made; whence out of tune,  
 " To my poor sense of things, is all around,  
 " Alas! methinks I tread on 'witching ground."  
 Thus christian thoughts wou'd occupy her heart,  
 Until a sight she saw that made her start:  
 'Twas Mary in the act of rolling down  
 The hill, though dress'd in her best cloak and gown;  
 " Defend me heav'n!" cried Fanny in a fright,  
 " 'Tis madness in such sport to take delight,  
 " Immodest, dangerous, horrid to behold;  
 " And Mary in the country was this told,  
 " Wou'd not the kindest censure, mildest blame,  
 " And say 'twas equal sin and equal shame?"  
 Whilst thus she spoke a stranger rude and strong,  
 Seiz'd on her arm and dragging her along  
 To the hill's brow, bade her prepare to roll,  
 For roll he swore she shou'd, upon his soul.  
 With resolution unexpected, she  
 Sprang from his hand, " no, no that ne'er shall be,"  
 She cried; then fleet as bounding fawn,  
 She fled across the wide extended lawn,  
 Until a private gate she did remark,  
 By means of which she cou'd escape the park;  
 But when escap'd, she stopp'd and pausing stood;  
 For where to go she knew not for her good,  
 Heated, dismay'd, fatigu'd, and all alarm,  
 " What can preserve me, wretched me, from harm!"  
 She loud exclaim'd; then in a fainting fit,  
 Sunk down, which prov'd to her a lucky hit;



For at that instant in a coach and four,  
 A lady, verging closely on four-score,  
 Benevolent to all, sent to her aid  
 Her son, her daughter, and her waiting maid,  
 Who soon recall'd her to a sense of fear,  
 Of timid hope that she shou'd get somewhere.  
 Be safely plac'd, in pity to her youth;  
 When these good ladies hear'd the very truth.  
 The lady, certain of her innocence,  
 Gave orders she shou'd be convey'd from thence  
 To her own house, where in bed she lay  
 In a high fever, which, from day to day,  
 Threaten'd her life; but youth and Providence,  
 United to up-raise her head from thence;  
 To great good-fortune, for it soon appear'd,  
 And soon the joyful news was by her heard,  
 That the good lady was so charm'd to find  
 Such pious wisdom in an untaught mind;  
 So just a sense of christian gratitude,  
 And christian duties so well understood:  
 That she declar'd she wou'd poor Fanny send  
 Back to her native place, and prove her friend  
 On all occasions, where she serv'd could be,  
 So high she priz'd her worth and modesty.  
 Behold her thus restor'd to life, to health,  
 Gifts that are dearer far than mines of wealth,  
 And are the richest best of gifts below,  
 Which God alone on mortals can bestow.  
 Now to conclude, we do affirm each station,  
 Each sex, and age throughout the British nation;  
 'Twould well become to note the true intent  
 Of our church holidays, and to prevent  
 Their prophanation in such wild degree,  
 By rend'ring them from glaring vices free.



## A LIST OF TRACTS.

## HISTORIES.

Delays are Dangerous.  
The Affectionate Orphans.  
The Wreck.  
The Wife Reformed.  
Betty Gillis.

## SUNDAY READINGS.

The Widow of Zarephath.  
Ananias and Sapphira.  
The History of Samson.  
The History of St. Peter the Apostle.  
The Sower. A Parable.

## POETRY.

Richard and Rebecca.  
The Good Aunt.  
The Wanderer.  
The Fatal Choice.  
Easter Monday.