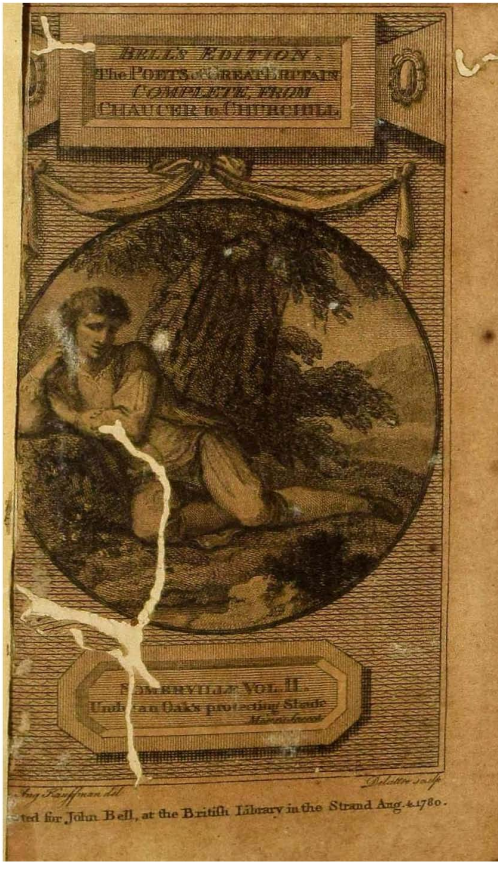

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.
VOL. II.
Under an Oak's protecting Shade
Hoyle Invent.
Hall sculp.
Guy Faukesman del.
ted for John Bell, at the British Library in the Strand Aug.4.1780.

Serfoji Rajah

POETICAL WORKS

OF

864

WILL. SOMERVILE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays——
Wak'd by thy lines the borrow'd flames I feel,
As flints give fire when aided by the steel——
Thy genius in fuch colours paints the Chafe,
The real to fictitious joys give place.
When the wild muſe charms my raviſh'd ear,
How dull, how taſteleſs, Handel's notes appear!
Ev'n Farinelli's ſelf the palm reſigns;
He yields, but to the muſic of thy lines——
They but a momentary joy impart;
'Tis you alone touch the ſoul and warm the heart. TRACY.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL LIBRARY

VOL. II.



EDINBURG:

AT THE [illegible] PRESS, BY THE [illegible] MDCC.

Anno 1780.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

VOL. II.

864

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,
SONGS,
FABLES,
TALES,
TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Ye guardian Pow'rs! who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wife Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each myfterious cauſe, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and ſubmiſs adore
That great creative Will who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous ſcene---At leaſt
Grant me, propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and ſerene, nor loſt in falſe purſuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raiſe
My drooping friends, preventing modeſt Want,
That dares not aſk: and if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline, fields, woods, and ſtreams,
Each riſing hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice; my hounds ſhall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th' horizon round.

CHASE.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1780.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. ADDISON,

Occaſioned by his

PURCHASING AN ESTATE IN WARWICKSHIRE.

---------En erit unquam
Ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta!
En erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem,
Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno! VIRG.

To the gay Town, where guilty pleaſure reigns,
The wiſe good man prefers our humble plains:
Neglected honours on his merit wait,
Here he retires when courted to be great,
The world reſigning for this calm retreat.
His ſoul with wiſdom's choiceſt treaſures fraught,
Here proves in practice each ſublimer thought,
And lives by rules his happy pen has taught.
Great Bard! how ſhall my worthleſs Muſe aſpire
To reach your praiſe without your ſacred fire?
From the judicious critic's piercing eyes,
To the beſt-natur'd man ſecure ſhe flies.
When panting Virtue her laſt efforts made,
Who brought your Clio to the virgin's aid;

Presumptuous Folly blush'd, and Vice withdrew,
To vengeance yielding her abandon'd crew.
'Tis true, confed'rate wits their forces join,
Parnassus labours in the work divine;
Yet these we read with too impatient eyes,
And hunt for you thro' ev'ry dark disguise;
In vain your modesty that name conceals,
Which ev'ry thought, which ev'ry word, reveals.
With like success bright Beauty's goddess tries
To veil immortal charms from mortal eyes;
Her graceful port and her celestial mien
To her brave son betray the Cyprian queen;
Odours divine perfume her rosy breast,
She glides along the plain in majesty confest.
Hard was the task, and worthy your great mind,
To please at once and to reform mankind:
Yet when you write, Truth charms with such address,
Pleads Virtue's cause with such becoming grace,
His own fond heart the guilty wretch betrays,
He yields delighted, and convinc'd obeys.
You touch our follies with so nice a skill,
Nature and habit prompt in vain to ill.
Nor can it lessen the Spectator's praise,
That from your friendly hand he wears the bays;
His great design all ages shall commend,
But more his happy choice in such a friend.
So the fair queen of Night the world relieves,
Nor at the sun's superior honour grieves,
Proud to reflect the glories she receives.

When dark oblivion is the warrior's lot,
His merit cenſur'd and his wounds forgot;
When burniſh'd helms and gilded armour ruſt,
And each proud trophy ſinks in common duſt;
Freſh blooming honours deck the poet's brows,
He ſhares the mighty bleſſings he beſtows,
His ſpreading fame enlarges as it flows.
Had not your Muſe in her immortal ſtrain
Deſcrib'd the glorious toils on Blenheim's plain,
Ev'n Marlb'rough might have fought, and Dormer bled in vain.
When honour calls and the juſt cauſe inſpires
Britain's bold ſons to emulate their ſires,
Your Muſe theſe great examples ſhall ſupply,
Like that to conquer, or like this to die.
Contending nations ancient Homer claim,
And Mantua glories in her Maro's name;
Our happier ſoil the prize ſhall yield to none,
Ardenna's groves ſhall boaſt an Addiſon.
Ye Sylvan pow'rs, and all ye Rural gods!
That guard theſe peaceful ſhades and bleſs'd abodes,
For your new gueſt your choiceſt gifts prepare,
Exceed his wiſhes, and prevent his pray'r;
Grant him, propitious, freedom, health, and peace,
And as his virtues let his ſtores increaſe.
His laviſh hand no deity ſhall mourn,
The pious bard ſhall make a juſt return;
In laſting verſe eternal altars raiſe,
And overpay your bounty with his praiſe.

Tune ev'ry reed, touch ev'ry ſtring, ye Swains!
Welcome the ſtranger to theſe happy plains;
With hymns of joy in ſolemn pomp attend
Apollo's darling and the Muſes' friend.
Ye Nymphs! that haunt the ſtreams and ſhady groves,
Forget a while to mourn your abſent loves;
In ſong and ſportive dance your joy proclaim,
In yielding bluſhes own your riſing flame:
Be kind, ye Nymphs! nor let him ſigh in vain.
Each land remote your curious eye has view'd
That Grecian arts or Roman arms ſubdu'd;
Search'd ev'ry region, ev'ry diſtant ſoil,
With pleaſing labour and inſtructive toil:
Say then, accompliſh'd Bard! what god inclin'd
To theſe our humble plains your gen'rous mind?
Nor would you deign in Latian fields to dwell,
Which none know better, or deſcribe ſo well.
In vain ambroſial fruits invite your ſtay,
In vain the myrtle groves obſtruct your way,
And ductile ſtreams that round the borders ſtray.
Your wiſer choice prefers this ſpot of earth,
Diſtinguiſh'd by th' immortal Shakeſpeare's birth;
Where thro' the vales the fair Avona glides,
And nouriſhes the glebe with fatt'ning tides;
Flora's rich gifts deck all the verdant ſoil,
And plenty crowns the happy farmer's toil.
Here, on the painted borders of the flood,
The babe was born, his bed with roſes ſtrow'd:

Here, in an ancient venerable dome,
Oppreſs'd with grief, we view the poet's tomb.
Angels unſeen watch o'er his hallow'd urn,
And in ſoft elegies complaining mourn;
While the bleſs'd ſaint, in loftier ſtrains, above
Reveals the wonders of eternal love.
The heav'ns, delighted in his tuneful lays,
With ſilent joy attend their Maker's praiſe.
In heav'n he ſings; on earth your Muſe ſupplies
Th' important loſs, and heals our weeping eyes:
Correctly great, ſhe melts each flinty heart
With equal genius, but ſuperior art.
Hail, happy pair! ordain'd by turns to bleſs,
And ſave a ſinking nation in diſtreſs;
By great examples to reform the crowd,
Awake their zeal, and warm their frozen blood.
When Brutus ſtrikes for liberty and laws,
Nor ſpares a father in his country's cauſe,
Juſtice ſevere applauds the cruel deed,
A tyrant ſuffers, and the world is freed,
But when we ſee the godlike Cato bleed,
The nation weeps; and from thy fate, oh, Rome!
Learns to prevent her own impending doom.
Where is the wretch a worthleſs life can prize,
When ſenates are no more, and Cato dies?
Indulgent ſorrow and a pleaſing pain
Heaves in each breaſt, and beats in ev'ry vein.

Th' expiring patriot animates the crowd,
Bold they demand their ancient rights aloud,
The dear-bought purchaſe of their fathers' blood.
Fair Liberty her head majeſtic rears,
Ten thouſand bleſſings in her boſom bears;
Serene ſhe ſmiles, revealing all her charms,
And calls her free-born youth to glorious arms.
Faction's repell'd, and grumbling leaves her prey,
Forlorn ſhe ſits, and dreads the fatal day
When eaſtern gales ſhall ſweep her hopes away.
Such ardent zeal your Muſe alone could raiſe,
Alone reward it with immortal praiſe.
Ages to come ſhall celebrate your fame,
And reſcu'd Britain bleſs the poet's name.
So when the dreaded pow'rs of Sparta fail'd,
Tyrtæus and Athenian wit prevail'd.
Too weak the laws by wiſe Lycurgus made,
And rules ſevere without the Muſes' aid:
He touch'd the trembling ſtrings, the poet's ſong
Reviv'd the faint, and made the feeble ſtrong;
Recall'd the living to the duſty plain,
And to a better life reſtor'd the ſlain.
The victor-hoſt amaz'd, with horror view'd
Th' aſſembling troops, and all the war renew'd;
To more than mortal courage quit the field,
And to their foes th' unfiniſh'd trophies yield.

TO DR. MACKENZIE.

O THOU! whose penetrating mind,
Whose heart, benevolent and kind,
Is ever present in distress,
Glad to preserve, and proud to bless;
Oh! leave not Arden's faithful grove,
On Caledonian hills to rove;
But hear our fond united pray'r,
Nor force a county to despair.
Let homicides in Warwick Lane,
With hecatombs of victims slain,
Butcher for knighthood and for gain,
While thou pursu'st a nobler aim,
Declining interest for fame.
Where'er thy Maker's image dwells,
In gilded roofs or smoky cells,
The same thy zeal; o'erjoy'd to save
Thy fellow-creature from the grave;
For well thy soul can understand
The poor man's call is God's command;
No frail, no transient good, his fee,
But heav'n and bless'd eternity.
Nor are thy labours here in vain,
The pleasure overpays the pain.
True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone in doing good;

Speak, all ye wife! can God beſtow,
Or man a greater pleaſure know?
See where the grateful father bows!
His tears confeſs how much he owes:
His ſon, the darling of his heart,
Reſtor'd by your prevailing art;
His houſe, his name, redeem'd by you,
His ancient honours bloom anew.
But, oh! what idioms can expreſs
The vaſt tranſcendent happineſs
The faithful huſband feels, his wife,
His better half, recall'd to life?
See with what rapture! ſee him view
The ſhatter'd frame rebuilt by you!
See health rekindling in her eyes!
See baffled Death give up his prize!
Tell me, my friend, canſt thou forbear,
In this gay ſcene to claim a ſhare?
Does not thy blood more ſwiftly flow?
Thy heart with ſecret tranſports glow?
Health, life, by Heav'n's indulgence ſent,
And thou the glorious inſtrument!
Safe in thy art, no ills we fear,
Thy hand ſhall plant Elyſium here;
Pale Sickneſs ſhall thy triumphs own,
And ruddy Health exalt her throne.
The fair, renew'd in all her charms,
Shall fly to thy protecting arms,

With gracious ſmiles repay thy care,
And leave her lovers in deſpair.
While multitudes applaud and bleſs
Their great aſylum in diſtreſs,
My humble Muſe, among the crowd,
Her joyful Pæans ſings aloud.
Could I but with Mæonian flight
Sublimely ſoar thro' fields of light,
Above the ſtars thy name ſhould ſhine,
Nor great Machaon's rival thine!
But Father Phœbus, who has done
So much for thee his fav'rite ſon,
His other gifts on me beſtows
With partial hands, nor hears my vows:
Oh! let a grateful heart ſupply
What the penurious pow'rs deny!

TO A LADY,

WHO MADE ME A PRESENT OF A SILVER PEN.

FAIR-ONE! accept the thanks I owe,
'Tis all a grateful heart can do.
If e'er my ſoul the Muſe inſpire
With raptures and poetic fire,
Your kind munificence I 'll praiſe,
To you a thouſand altars raiſe;
Jove ſhall deſcend in golden rain,
Or die a ſwan, but ſing in vain.

Phœbus, the witty and the gay,
Shall quit the chariot of the day,
To bask in your superior ray.
Your charms shall ev'ry god subdue,
And ev'ry goddess envy you.
Add this but to your bounty's store,
This one great boon, I ask no more;
O gracious Nymph! be kind as fair,
Nor with disdain neglect my pray'r,
So shall your goodness be confess'd,
And I your slave entirely bless'd;
This Pen no vulgar theme shall stain,
The noblest palm your gift shall gain,
To write to you, nor write in vain.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

Who spent the night in tears, upon a report that her brother was to fight a duel the next morning.

Pastora weeps, let ev'ry lover mourn;
Her grief is no less fatal than her scorn:
Those shining orbs inflict an equal pain,
O'erflown with tears, or pointed with disdain.
When doubts and fears invade that tender breast,
Where peace, and joy, and love, should ever rest,
As flow'rs depriv'd of the sun's genial ray,
Earthward we bend, and silently decay;

In ſpight of all philoſophy can do
Our hearts relent, the burſting torrents flow;
We feel her pains, and propagate her woe.
Each mournful Muſe laments the weeping fair,
The Graces all their comely treſſes tear,
Love drags his wings, and droops his little head,
And Venus mourns, as for Adonis dead.

Patience, dear Maid! nor without cauſe complain;
O! laviſh not thoſe precious drops in vain:
Under the ſhield of your prevailing charms
Your happy brother lives ſecure from harms;
Your bright reſemblance all my rage diſarms.
Your influence unable to withſtand,
The conſcious ſteel drops from my trembling hand;
Low at your feet the guilty weapon lies,
The foe repents, and the fond lover dies.
Æneas thus by men and gods purſu'd,
Feeble with wounds, defil'd with duſt and blood,
Beauty's bright goddeſs interpos'd her charms,
And ſav'd the hopes of Troy from Grecian arms.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE ILIAD OF HOMER TRANSLATED.

Go, happy Volume! to the fair impart
The ſecret wiſhes of a wounded heart:
Kind Advocate! exert thy utmoſt zeal,
Deſcribe my paſſion, and my woes reveal.

Oft' ſhalt thou kiſs that hand where roſes bloom,
And the white lily breathes its rich perfume;
On thee her eyes ſhall ſhine, thy leaves employ
Each faculty, and ſooth her ſoul with joy.
Watch the ſoft hour, when peaceful ſilence reigns,
And Philomel alone like me complains;
When envious prudes no longer haunt the fair,
But end a day of calumny in pray'r;
O'er Quarles or Bunyan nod, in dreams relent,
Without diſguiſe give all their paſſions vent,
And mourn their wither'd charms, and youthful prime miſpent.
Then by the waxen taper's glimm'ring light
With thee the ſtudious maid ſhall paſs the night;
Shall feel her heart beat quick in ev'ry page,
And tremble at the ſtern Pelides' rage;
With horror view the half-drawn blade appear,
And the deſponding tyrant pale with fear;
To calm that ſoul untam'd, ſage Neſtor fails,
And ev'n celeſtial wiſdom ſcarce prevails.
Then lead her to the margin of the main,
And let her hear th' impatient chief complain;
Toſs'd with ſuperior ſtorms, on the bleak ſhores
He lies, and louder than the billows roars.
Next the dread ſcene unfold of war and blood,
Hector in arms triumphant, Greece ſubdu'd;
The partial gods who with their foes conſpire,
The dead, the dying, and the fleet on fire.

But tell, oh! tell the cauſe of all this woe,
The fatal ſource from whence theſe miſchiefs flow;
Tell her 't was love deny'd the hero fir'd,
Depriv'd of her whom moſt his heart deſir'd.
Not the dire vengeance of the thund'ring Jove
Can match the boundleſs rage of injur'd love.
Stop the fierce torrent, and its billows riſe,
Lay waſte the ſhores, invade both earth and ſkies:
Confine it not, but let it gently flow,
It kindly cheers the ſmiling plains below,
And everlaſting ſweets upon its borders grow.
To Troy's proud walls the wond'ring maid convey,
With pointed ſpires and golden turrets gay,
The work of gods: thence let the fair behold
The court of Priam, rich in gems and gold;
His num'rous ſons, his queen's majeſtic pride,
Th' aſpiring domes, th' apartments ſtretching wide,
Where on their looms Sidonian virgins wrought,
And weav'd the battles which their lovers fought.
Here let her eyes ſurvey thoſe fatal charms,
The beauteous prize that ſet the world in arms;
Thro' gazing crowds, bright progeny of Jove,
She walks, and ev'ry panting heart beats love:
Ev'n ſapleſs Age new bloſſoms at the ſight,
And views the fair deſtroyer with delight.
Beauty's vaſt pow'r hence to the nymph make known,
In Helen's triumphs let her read her own;

Nor blame her ſlaves, but lay the guilt on Fate,
And pardon failings which her charms create.
Raſh Bard! forbear, nor let thy flatt'ring Muſe
With pleaſing viſions thy fond heart abuſe;
Vain are thy hopes preſumptuous, vain thy pray'r,
Bright is her image, and divinely fair;
But, oh! the goddeſs in thy arms is fleeting air.
So dreams th' ambitious man when rich Tokay
Or Burgandy refines his vulgar clay;
The white rod trembles in his potent hand,
And crowds obſequious wait his high command;
Upon his breaſt he views the radiant ſtar,
And gives the word around him, peace or war:
In ſtate he reigns, for one ſhort buſy night,
But ſoon convinc'd by the next dawning light,
Curſes the fading joys that vaniſh from his ſight.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

LADY ANNE COVENTRY,

Upon viewing her fine chimneypiece of ſhellwork.

The greedy merchant ploughs the ſea for gain,
And rides exulting o'er the wat'ry plain,
While howling tempeſts, from their rocky bed,
Indignant break around his careful head.
The royal fleet the liquid waſte explores,
And ſpeaks in thunder to the trembling ſhores;

The voice of wrath awak'd the nations hear,
The vanquiſh'd hope, and the proud victors fear;
Thoſe quit their chain, and theſe reſign their palm,
While Britain's awful flag commands a calm.

The curious ſage nor gain nor fame purſues,
With other eyes the boiling deep he views;
Hangs o'er the cliff inquiſitive to know
The ſecret cauſes of its ebb and flow;
Whence breathe the winds that ruffle its ſmooth face,
Or ranks in claſſes all the fiſhy race,
From thoſe enormous monſters of the main
Who in their world like other tyrants reign,
To the poor cockle tribe, that humble band,
Who cleave to rocks, or loiter on the ſtrand.
Yet ev'n their ſhells the forming hand divine
Has, with diſtinguiſh'd luſtre, taught to ſhine.
What bright enamel! and what various dyes!
What lively tints delight our wond'ring eyes!
Th' Almighty Painter glows in ev'ry line.
How mean, alas! is Raphael's bold deſign,
And Titian's colouring, if compar'd to thine!
Juſtly Supreme! let us thy pow'r revere;
Thou fill'ſt all ſpace; all-beauteous ev'ry where.
Thy riſing ſun with bluſhes paints the morn,
Thy ſhining lamps the face of night adorn;
Thy flow'rs the meads, thy nodding trees the hills,
The vales thy paſtures green, and bubbling rills;

Thy coral groves, thy rocks, that amber weep,
Deck all the gloomy manſions of the deep;
Thy yellow ſands diſtinct with golden ore,
And theſe thy variegated ſhells the ſhore.
To all thy works ſuch grandeur haſt thou lent,
And ſuch extravagance of ornament,
For the falſe traitor man? this pomp and ſhow,
A ſcene ſo gay! for us poor worms below?
No—for thy glory all theſe beauties riſe,
Yet may improve the good, inſtruct the wiſe.
You, Madam, ſprung from Beaufort's royal line,
Who, loſt to courts, can in your cloſet ſhine,
Beſt know to uſe each bleſſing he beſtows,
Beſt know to praiſe the pow'r from whence it flows.
Shells in your hand the Parian rock defy,
Or agat, or Egyptian porphyry—
More gloſſy they, their veins of brighter dye.
See! where your riſing pyramids aſpire,
Your gueſts ſurpris'd the ſhining pile admire!
In future times, if ſome great Phidias riſe,
Whoſe chiſſel with his miſtreſs Nature vies,
Who, with ſuperior ſkill, can lightly trace
In the hard marble block the ſofteſt face;
To crown this piece, ſo elegantly neat,
Your well-wrought buſto ſhall the whole complete;
O'er your own work from age to age preſide,
Its author once, and then its greateſt pride.

TO PHYLLIS.

THO' cloſe immur'd, poor captive Maid!
Young Danaë play'd a wanton's part,
The gold that in her lap was laid
Soon found a paſſage to her heart.

Ambitious Semele, beguil'd
By Juno's unrelenting hate,
Amid the bright deſtruction ſmil'd,
Enjoy'd her god, and dy'd in ſtate.

The ſwan on Leda's whiter breaſt,
Artful deceiver! neſtling lay;
With joy ſhe claſp'd her downy gueſt,
Fond of a bird ſo ſoft and gay.

What boon can faithful merit ſhare,
Where int'reſt reigns, or pride, or ſhow?
'Tis the rich banker wins the fair,
The garter'd knight, or feather'd beau.

No more my panting heart ſhall beat,
Nor Phyllis claim one parting groan;
Her tears, her vows, are all a cheat,
For woman loves herſelf alone.

TO A DISCARDED TOAST.

CELIA, confeſs 't is all in vain
To patch the ruins of thy face;
Nor of ill-natur'd time complain,
That robs it of each blooming grace.

If Love no more ſhall bend his bow,
Nor point his arrows from thine eye,
If no lac'd fop nor feather'd beau
Deſpairing at thy feet ſhall die;

Yet ſtill, my Charmer! wit like thine
Shall triumph over age and fate;
Thy ſetting beams with luſtre ſhine,
And rival their meridian height.

Beauty, fair flow'r! ſoon fades away,
And tranſient are the joys of love;
But wit and virtue ne'er decay,
Ador'd below and bleſs'd above.

TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

NEAR fair Avona's ſilver tide,
Whoſe waves in ſoft meanders glide,
I read, to the delighted ſwains,
Your jocund ſongs and rural ſtrains.

Smooth as her ſtreams your numbers flow,
Your thoughts in vary'd beauties ſhow
Like flow'rs that on her borders grow.
While I ſurvey, with raviſh'd eyes,
His friendly gift, my valu'd prize *,
Where ſiſter arts, with charms divine,
In their full bloom and beauty ſhine,
Alternately my ſoul is bleſt.
Now I behold my welcome gueſt,
That graceful, that engaging air,
So dear to all the brave and fair.
Nor has th' ingenious artiſt ſhown
His outward lineaments alone,
But in th' expreſſive draught deſign'd
The nobler beauties of his mind,
True friendſhip, love, benevolence,
Unſtudy'd wit, and manly ſenſe.
Then, as your book I wander o'er,
And feaſt on the delicious ſtore,
(Like the laborious buſy bee,
Pleas'd with the ſweet variety)
With equal wonder and ſurpriſe
I ſee reſembling portraits riſe.
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troops the vulgar line the way:
Here the droll figures ſlily ſneer,
Or coxcombs at full length appear:

* Lord Somerville was pleaſed to ſend me his own picture, and Mr. Ramſay's Works. *Somerville.*

There woods and lawns, a rural ſcene,
And ſwains that gambol on the green.
Your pen can act the pencil's part
With greater genius, fire, and art.
Believe me, Bard! no hunted hind
That pants againſt the ſouthern wind,
And ſeeks the ſtream thro' unknown ways,
No matron in her teeming days
E'er felt ſuch longings, ſuch deſires,
As I to view thoſe lofty ſpires,
Thoſe domes, where fair Edina ſhrouds
Her tow'ring head amid the clouds.
But, oh! what dangers interpoſe!
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with ſnows;
Proud winter floods, with rapid force,
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe.
But ſure we bards, whoſe purer clay
Nature has mix'd with leſs allay,
Might ſoon find out an eaſier way.
Do not ſage matrons mount on high,
And ſwitch their broomſticks thro' the ſky,
Ride poſt o'er hills, and woods, and ſeas,
From Thulé to th' Heſperides *?
And yet the men of Greſham own
That this and ſtranger feats are done
By a warm fancy's pow'r alone.
This granted, why can't you and I
Stretch forth our wings and cleave the ſky,

* The Scilly iſlands were ſo called by the Ancients.

Since our poetic brains, you know,
Than theirs muſt more intenſely glow?
Did not the Theban ſwan take wing,
Sublimely ſoar, and ſweetly ſing?
And do not we of humbler vein
Sometimes attempt a loftier ſtrain,
Mount ſheer out of the reader's ſight,
Obſcurely loſt in clouds and night?
Then climb your Pegaſus with ſpeed,
I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed;
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To ſwell the flood with crimſon gore;
Like the Cadmean murd'ring brood,
Each thirſting for his brother's blood.
For now all hoſtile rage ſhall ceaſe;
Lull'd in the downy arms of Peace,
Our honeſt hands and hearts ſhall join,
O'er jovial banquets, ſparkling wine.
Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
And I ſhall bring my bonny Kate.
But hold——oh! take a ſpecial care,
T' admit no prying Kirkman there;
I dread the Penitential Chair.
What a ſtrange figure ſhould I make,
A poor abandon'd Engliſh rake!
A ſquire well-born, and ſix foot high,
Perch'd in that ſacred pillory?

Let Spleen and Zeal be baniſh'd thence,
And troubleſome Impertinence,
That tells his ſtory o'er again,
Ill-manners and his ſaucy train,
And Self-conceit, and ſtiff-rump'd Pride,
That grin at all the world beſide;
Foul Scandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies;
Fame's buſy hawker, light as air,
That feeds on frailties of the fair:
Envy, Hypocriſy, Deceit,
Fierce Party-rage, and warm Debate;
And all the hell-hounds that are foes
To friendſhip and the world's repoſe;
But mirth inſtead, and dimpling ſmiles,
And wit, that gloomy care beguiles;
And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
And toaſts, that round the table fail:
While laughter, burſting thro' the crowd
In vollies, tells our joys aloud.
Hark! the ſhrill piper mounts on high,
The woods, the ſtreams, the rocks, reply
To his far-ſounding melody.
Behold each lab'ring ſqueeze prepare
Supplies of modulated air.
Obſerve Croudero's active bow,
His head ſtill noddling to and fro,
His eyes, his cheeks, with raptures glow.

See, see the baſhful nymphs advance,
To lead the regulated dance;
Flying ſtill, the ſwains purſuing,
Yet with backward glances wooing.
This, this ſhall be the joyous ſcene;
Nor wanton elves that ſkim the green
Shall be ſo bleſs'd, ſo blithe, ſo gay,
Or leſs regard what dotards ſay.
My Roſe ſhall then your Thiſtle greet,
The Union ſhall be more complete,
And in a bottle and a friend
Each national diſpute ſhall end.

TO ALLAN RAMSAY,

Upon his publiſhing

A SECOND VOLUME OF POEMS.

Hail, Caledonian bard! whoſe rural ſtrains
Delight the liſt'ning hills, and cheer the plains!
Already poliſh'd by ſome hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine?
Careleſs of cenſure, like the ſun, ſhine forth,
In native luſtre and intrinſic worth.
To follow Nature is by rules to write;
She led the way, and taught the Stagirite.
From her the critic's taſte, the poet's fire,
Both drudge in vain till ſhe from heav'n inſpire.

By the ſame guide inſtructed how to ſoar,
Allan is now what Homer was before.
Ye choſen Youths! who dare like him aſpire,
And touch with bolder hand the golden lyre,
Keep Nature ſtill in view; on her intent,
Climb by her aid the dang'rous ſteep aſcent
To laſting fame. Perhaps a little art
Is needful to plane o'er ſome rugged part;
But the moſt labour'd elegance and care
T' arrive at full perfection muſt deſpair.
Alter, blot out, and write all o'er again,
Alas! ſome venial ſins will yet remain.
Indulgence is to human frailty due;
Ev'n Pope has faults, and Addiſon a few;
But thoſe, like miſts that cloud the morning ray,
Are loſt, and vaniſh in the blaze of day.
Tho' ſome intruding pimple find a place
Amid the glories of Clarinda's face,
We ſtill love on, with equal zeal adore,
Nor think her leſs a goddeſs than before.
Slight wounds in no diſgraceful ſcars ſhall end,
Heal'd by the balm of ſome good-natur'd friend.
In vain ſhall canker'd Zoilus aſſail,
While Spence preſides, and Candour holds the ſcale.
His gen'rous breaſt nor envy ſours nor ſpite,
Taught by his founder's motto * how to write,

* William of Wykeham, "Manners maketh man."

Good-manners guides his pen. Learn'd without pride,
In dubious points not forward to decide.
If here and there uncommon beauties riſe,
From flow'r to flow'r he roves with glad ſurpriſe:
In failings no malignant pleaſure takes,
Nor rudely triumphs over ſmall miſtakes:
No naufeous praiſe, no biting taunts, offend;
W' expect a cenſor, and we find a friend.
Poets, improv'd by his correcting care,
Shall face their foes with more undaunted air;
Stripp'd of their rags, ſhall like Ulyſſes ſhine,
With more heroic port and grace divine.
No pomp of learning, and no fund of ſenſe,
Can e'er atone for loſt benevolence.
May Wykeham's ſons, who in each art excel,
And rival ancient bards in writing well,
While from their bright examples taught they ſing,
And emulate their flights with bolder wing,
From their own frailties learn the humbler part,
Mildly to judge in gentleneſs of heart!
Such critics, Ramſay! jealous for our fame,
Will not with malice inſolently blame,
But lur'd by praiſe the haggard Muſe reclaim;
Retouch each line till all is juſt and neat,
A whole of proper parts, a work almoſt complete.
So when ſome beauteous dame, a reigning toaſt,
The flow'r of Forth and proud Edina's boaſt,

Stands at her toilette in her tartan plaid,
In all her richeſt head-geer trimly clad,
The curious handmaid, with obſervant eye,
Corrects the ſwelling hoop that hangs awry;
Thro' ev'ry plait her buſy fingers rove,
And now ſhe plies below, and then above;
With pleaſing tattle entertains the fair,
Each ribbon ſmooths, adjuſts each rambling hair,
Till the gay nymph in her full luſtre ſhine,
And Homer's Juno was not half ſo fine.

TO THE AUTHOR OF

THE ESSAY ON MAN.

Was ever work to ſuch perfection wrought?
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not ſparingly adorn'd with ſcatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze:
So breaks the day upon the ſhades of night,
Enliv'ning all with one unbounded light.
To humble man's proud heart thy great deſign;
But who can read this wondrous work divine,
So juſtly plann'd, and ſo politely writ,
And not be proud, and boaſt of human wit?
Yet juſt to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mix'd with coarſe allay,
Our happineſs to love, adore, obey;

To praiſe him for each gracious boon beſtow'd,
For this thy work, for ev'ry leſſer good,
With proſtrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.

The Muſe, which ſhould inſtruct, now entertains,
On trifling ſubjects, in enervate ſtrains;
Be it thy taſk to ſet the wand'rer right,
Point out her way in her aërial flight;
Her noble mien, her honours loſt, reſtore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly ſoar.
Thy theme ſublime, and eaſy verſe, will pr[illegible]
Her high deſcent, and miſſion from above.

Let others now tranſlate; thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to men;
In virtue's cauſe ſhall glorioufly prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain and pulpits fail.
Made wiſe by thee, whoſe happy ſtyle conv[illegible]
The pureſt morals in the ſofteſt lays.
As angels once, ſo now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
Thy kind reforming Muſe ſhall lead the way
To the bright regions of eternal day.

TO MR. THOMSON,

ON THE FIRST EDITION OF HIS SEASONS.

So bright, ſo dark, upon an April day
The ſun darts forth, or hides his various ray;
So high, ſo low, the lark aſpiring ſings,
Or drops to earth again with folded wings;
So ſmooth, ſo rough, the ſea that laves our ſhores
Smiles in a calm, or in a tempeſt roars.
Believe me, Thomſon, 't is not thus I write,
Severely kind, by envy four'd or ſpite;
Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own;
Such arts are to my honeſt ſoul unknown.
I read thee over as a friend ſhould read,
Griev'd when you fail, o'erjoy'd when you ſucceed.
Why ſhould thy Muſe, born ſo divinely fair,
Want the reforming toilette's daily care?
Dreſs the gay maid, improve each native grace,
And call forth all the glories of her face:
Studiouſly plain, and elegantly clean,
With unaffected ſpeech and eaſy mien,
Th' accompliſh'd nymph, in all her beſt attire,
Courts ſhall applaud, and proſtrate crowds admire.
Diſcreetly daring, with a ſtiffen'd rein,
Firm in thy ſeat, the flying ſteed reſtrain.
Tho' few thy faults, who can perfection boaſt?
Spots in the ſun are in his luſtre loſt;

Yet ev'n thoſe ſpots expunge with patient care,
Nor fondly the minuteſt error ſpare;
For kind and wiſe the parent who reproves
The ſlighteſt blemiſh in the child he loves.
Read Philips much, conſider Milton more;
But from their droſs extract the purer ore.
To coin new words, or to reſtore the old,
In ſouthern bards is dangerous and bold,
But rarely, very rarely, will ſucceed,
When minted on the other ſide of Tweed.
Let perſpicuity o'er all preſide——
Soon ſhalt thou be the nation's joy and pride.
The rhyming, jingling tribe, with bells and ſong,
Who drive their limping Pegaſus along,
Shall learn from thee in bolder flights to riſe,
To ſcorn the beaten road, and range the ſkies.
A genius ſo refin'd, ſo juſt, ſo great,
In Britain's iſle ſhall fix the Muſes' ſeat,
And new Parnaſſus ſhall at home create:
Rules from thy works each future bard ſhall draw,
Thy works, above the critic's nicer law,
And rich in brilliant gems without a flaw.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF HALIFAX,

WITH THE FABLE OF THE TWO SPRINGS.

O HALIFAX! a name for ever dear
To Phœbus, and which all the Nine revere,
Accept this humble pledge of my eſteem,
So juſtly thine, benevolence my theme.
In myſtic tales and parables, of old,
Grave Eaſtern ſeers inſtructive leſſons told;
Wiſe Greece from them receiv'd the happy plan,
And taught the brute to pedagogue the man.
The matron Truth appears with better grace
When well-wrought fables veil her rev'rend face:
Dry precept may inſtruct, but can't delight,
While pleaſing fictions all our pow'rs excite.
Our buſy minds each faculty employ,
And range around, and ſtart their game with joy;
Pleas'd with the chaſe, make the rich prey their own,
And glory in the conqueſts they have won.
Fable alone can crown the poet's brow,
Upon his works immortal charms beſtow;
And 't were a ſin that method to diſprove
Which Heav'n has fix'd by ſanctions from above.
My humble Muſe in calm retirement roves
Near moſſy fountains and near ſhady groves;

Yet there, ev'n there, her loyal hands would raiſe
Some rural trophy to her monarch's praiſe;
Inſtruct thoſe fountains and thoſe groves to ſhow
What copious bleſſings from his bounty flow;
While flow'rs and ſhrubs bleſs his propitious aid,
His urn refreſhing or protecting ſhade.
Great friend of human-kind! thy pious hand
Nor wounds to kill, nor conquers to command.
Let haughty tyrants of falſe glory dream,
Without remorſe purſue the bloody ſcheme;
To fame forbidden tread the lawleſs way,
And o'er the ravag'd world extend their ſway:
'Tis thine, great George! to guard thy fav'rite Iſle
From open force and ev'ry ſecret wile,
To raiſe th' oppreſs'd, to make the captives ſmile;
To pay juſt Heav'n what righteous monarchs owe,
And, like that Heav'n, to bleſs the world below;
To build new temples, to repair the old,
To bring the ſtraggling ſheep into the fold,
And by wiſe laws reſtore an Age of Gold.
Ye bliſsful ſeats where Thame and Iſis join!
Lovely retirement of the ſacred Nine!
Parent of arts, and once my ſweet abode,
Can ye forget the bleſſings he beſtow'd?
Can ſophiſtry prevail againſt that prince
Whoſe mercy and beneficence convince?
Oh! touch each tuneful ſtring, let ev'ry Muſe
From all her ſtores her nobleſt Pæans chuſe;

Pay what ſhe can in tributary lays,
And to his virtue grant ſupplies of praiſe.
To all the world your grateful hearts make known,
And in your monarch's fame record your own:
His fame—which Envy's breath can never blaſt,
But ages yet to come ſhall join the paſt,
And Brunſwick's glory with the world ſhall laſt.

TO DR. M——

READING MATHEMATICS.

VAIN our purſuits of knowledge, vain our care;
The coſt and labour we may juſtly ſpare:
Death from this coarſe alloy refines the mind,
Leaves us at large t' expatiate unconfin'd;
All ſcience opens to our wond'ring eyes,
And the good man is in a moment wiſe.

SONGS.

SONG.

I.

As o'er Aſteria's fields I rove,
The bliſsful ſeat of peace and love,
Ten thouſand beauties round me riſe,
And mingle pleaſure with ſurpriſe.
By Nature bleſs'd in ev'ry part,
Adorn'd with ev'ry grace of art,
This paradiſe of blooming joys
Each raptur'd ſenſe at once employs.

II.

But when I view the radiant queen
Who form'd this fair enchanting ſcene,
Pardon, ye Grots! ye cryſtal Floods!
Ye breathing Flow'rs! ye ſhady Woods!
Your coolneſs now no more invites;
No more your murm'ring ſtream delights;
Your ſweets decay, your verdure 's flown;
My ſoul 's intent on her alone.

PARAPHRASE UPON A FRENCH SONG.

Venge moi d'une ingrate maitreſſe,
Dieu du vin, j'implore ton yvreſſe.

KIND relief in all my pain,
Jolly Bacchus! hear my pray'r,
Vengeance on th' ungrateful fair!
In thy ſmiling cordial bowl
Drown the ſorrows of my ſoul;
All thy deity employ,
Gild each gloomy thought with joy.
Jolly Bacchus! ſave, oh! ſave
From the deep devouring grave
A poor deſpairing dying ſwain.
Haſte away,
Haſte away,
Laſh thy tigers, do not ſtay;
I'm undone if thou delay:
If I view thoſe eyes once more,
Still ſhall love and ſtill adore,
And be more wretched than before.
See the glory round her face!
See her move!
With what a grace!—
Ye Gods above!
Is ſhe not one of your immortal race?——
Fly, ye winged Cupids! fly,
Dart like lightning thro' the ſky;

Would ye in marble temples dwell,
The dear one to my arms compel;
Bring her in bands of myrtle ty'd;
Bid her forget, and bid her hide
All her ſcorn and all her pride.
Would ye that your ſlave repay
A ſmoking hecatomb each day?
O reſtore
The beauteous goddeſs I adore!
O reſtore, with all her charms,
The faithleſs vagrant to my arms!

SONG FOR THE LUTE.

Gently, my Lute! move ev'ry ſtring,
Soft as my ſighs reveal my pain,
While I, in plaintive numbers, ſing
Of ſlighted vows and cold diſdain.

In vain her airs, in vain her art,
In vain ſhe frowns, when I appear;
Thy notes ſhall melt her frozen heart;
She cannot hate if ſhe can hear.

And ſee, ſhe ſmiles! thro' all the groves
Triumphant Io-Pæans ſound:
Clap all your wings, ye little Loves!
Ye ſportive Graces! dance around.

Ye lift'ning Oaks! bend to my ſong;
Not Orpheus play'd a nobler lay:
Ye Savages! about me throng;
Ye Rocks! and harder hearts! obey.

She comes, ſhe comes, relenting fair!
To fill with joy my longing arms;
What faithful lover can deſpair
Who thus with verſe and muſic charms?

A DAINTY NEW BALLAD,

Occaſioned by a clergyman's widow of ſeventy years of age being married to a young exciſeman.

THERE liv'd in our good town
A relict of the gown,
A chaſte and humble dame,
Who, when her man of God
Was cold as any clod,
Dropp'd many a tear in vain.

But now, good people! learn all,
No grief can be eternal;
Nor is it meet, I ween,
That folks ſhould always whimper;
There is a time to ſimper,
As quickly ſhall be ſeen.

For Love, that little urchin,
About this widow lurching,
Had ſlily fix'd his dart;
The ſilent creeping flame
Boil'd ſore in ev'ry vein,
And glow'd about her heart.

So when a pipe we ſmoke,
And from a flint provoke
The ſparks that twinkling play,
The touchwood old and dry
With heat begins to fry,
And gently waſtes away.

With art ſhe patch'd up nature,
Reforming ev'ry feature,
Reſtoring ev'ry grace:
To gratify her pride,
She ſtopp'd each cranny wide,
And painted o'er her face.

Nor red nor ekc the white,
Was wanting to invite,
Nor coral lips that pout;
But, oh! in vain ſhe tries,
With darts to arm thoſe eyes
That dimly ſquint about.

With order and with care
Her pyramid of hair
Sublimely mounts the ſky;
And, that ſhe might prevail,
She bolſter'd up her tail,
With rumps three ſtories high.

With many a rich perfume
She purify'd her room,
As there was need, no doubt;
For on theſe warm occaſions
Offenſive exhalations
Are apt to fly about.

On beds of roſes lying,
Expecting, wiſhing, dying,
Thus languiſh'd for her love
The Cyprian queen of old,
As merry bards have told,
All in a myrtle grove.

In pale of mother church
She fondly hop'd to lurch,
But, ay me! hop'd in vain;
No doctor could be found
Who this her caſe profound
Durſt venture to explain.

At length a youth full ſmart,
Who oft' by magic art
Had div'd in many a hole;
Or kilderkin, or tun,
Or hogſhead, 't was all one,
He 'd ſound it with his pole.

His art, and eke his face,
So ſuited to her caſe,
Engag'd her love-ſick heart;
Quoth ſhe, " My pretty Diver,
" With thee I 'll live for ever,
" And from thee never part.

" For thee my bloom reviving,
" For thee freſh charms ariſing,
" Shall melt thee into joy;
" Nor doubt, my pretty Sweeting!
" Ere nine months are completing
" To ſee a bonny boy."

As ye have ſeen, no doubt,
A candle when juſt out
In flames break forth agen;
So ſhone this widow bright,
All blazing in deſpight
Of threeſcore years and ten.

CANIDIA'S EPITHALAMIUM.

UPON THE SAME.

TIME, as malevolent as old,
To blaſt Canidia's face,
(Which once 't was rapture to behold)
With wrinkles and diſgrace.

Not ſo in blooming beauty bright,
Each envying virgin's pattern,
She reign'd with undiſputed right
A prieſteſs of St. Cattern *.

Each ſprightly ſoph, each brawny thrum,
Spent his firſt runnings here,
And hoary doctors dribbling come,
To languiſh and deſpair.

Low at her feet the proſtrate Arts
Their humble homage pay;
To her, the tyrant of their hearts,
Each bard directs his lay.

* She was bar-keeper at the Cattern-wheel in Oxford.

But now, when impotent to pleaſe,
Alas! ſhe would be doing;
Reverſing Nature's wiſe decrees,
She goes herſelf a-wooing.

Tho' brib'd with all her pelf, the ſwain
Moſt awkwardly complies;
Preſs'd to bear arms he ſerves in pain,
Or from his colours flies.

So does an ivy, green when old,
And ſprouting in decay,
In juiceleſs joyleſs arms infold
A ſapling young and gay.

The thriving plant, if better join'd,
Would emulate the ſkies,
But to that wither'd trunk confin'd
Grows ſickly, pines, and dies.

HUNTING SONG.

Behold, my friend! the roſy-finger'd Morn
With bluſhes on her face,
Peeps o'er yon' azure hill;
Rich gems the trees enchaſe,
Pearls from each buſh diſtil;
Ariſe, ariſe, and hail the light new-born.

Hark! hark! the merry horn calls, Come away:
Quit, quit thy downy bed;
Break from Amynta's arms;
Oh! let it ne'er be ſaid
That all, that all her charms,
Tho' ſhe 's as Venus fair, can tempt thy ſtay.

Perplex thy ſoul no more with cares below,
For what will pelf avail?
Thy courſer paws the ground,
Each beagle cocks his tail,
They ſpend their mouths around,
While health and pleaſure ſmiles on ev'ry brow.

Try, huntſmen! all the brakes, ſpread all the plain;
Now, now, ſhe 's gone away,
Strip, ſtrip, with ſpeed purſue;
The jocund god of Day,
Who fain our ſport would view,
See, ſee, he flogs his fiery ſteeds in vain.

Pour down, like a flood from the hills, brave boys!
On the wings of the wind
The merry beagles fly;
Dull Sorrow lags behind:
Ye ſhrill Echoes! reply;
Catch each flying ſound, and double our joys.

Ye Rocks, Woods, and Caves! our muſic repeat:
The bright ſpheres thus above,
A gay refulgent train,
Harmonioufly move,
O'er yon' celeſtial plain
Like us whirl along, in concert ſo ſweet.

Now puſs threads the brakes, and heavily flies;
At the head of the pack
Old Fiddler bears the bell,
Ev'ry foil he hunts back,
And aloud rings her knell,
Till, forc'd into view, ſhe pants, and ſhe dies!

In life's dull round thus we toil and we ſweat;
Diſeaſes, grief, and pain,
An implacable crew,
While we double in vain,
Unrelenting purſue,
Till, quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

This moment is ours, come live while ye may;
What 's decreed by dark Fate
Is not in our own pow'r;
Since to-morrow 's too late,
Take the preſent kind hour:
With wine cheer the night, as ſports bleſs the day.

FABLES.

FABLE I.

THE CAPTIVE TRUMPETER.

----Quo non præſtantior alter
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu. VIRG.

A PARTY of huſſars of late
For prog and plunder ſcour'd the plains,
Some French Gens d'Armes ſurpris'd and beat,
And brought their Trumpeter in chains.

In doleful plight, th' unhappy bard
For quarter begg'd on bended knee,
"Pity, Meſſieurs! in truth 't is hard
"To kill a harmleſs enemy.

"Theſe hands, of ſlaughter innocent,
"Ne'er brandiſh'd the deſtructive ſword;
"To you or yours no hurt I meant;
"O! take a poor muſician's word."

"But the ſtern foe, with gen'rous rage,
"Scoundrel!" reply'd, "thou firſt ſhalt die,
"Who urging others to engage,
"From fame and danger baſely fly.

" The brave by law of arms we ſpare,
" Thou by the hangman ſhalt expire;
" 'Tis juſt, and not at all ſevere,
" To ſtop the breath that blew the fire."

FABLE II.

THE BALD-PATED WELSHMAN AND THE FLY.

> --------Qui non moderabitur iræ,
> Infectum volet eſſe, dolor quod ſuaſerit et mens,
> Dum pœnas odio per vim feſtinat inulto. HOR.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whoſe blood ran higher
Than that of any other ſquire,
Haſty and hot, whoſe peeviſh honour
Reveng'd each ſlight was put upon her,
Upon a mountain's top one day
Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray,
He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he ſwore,
Exhal'd a ſea at ev'ry pore;
At laſt, ſuch inſults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting ſhade,
Where, as he lay diſſolv'd in ſweat,
And wip'd off many a rivulet,
Off in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, time's beſt diſguiſe,

By which folks of maturer ages
Vie with ſmooth beaus and ladies' pages:
Tho' 't was a ſecret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd Age had cropp'd his crown,
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
A large ſmooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay with numſcull bare,
And courted the refreſhing air,
New perſecutions ſtill appear,
A noiſy Fly offends his ear.
Alas! what man of parts and ſenſe
Could bear ſuch vile impertinence?
Yet ſo diſcourteous is our fate,
Fools always buzz about the great.
This inſect now, whoſe active ſpite
Teas'd him with never-ceaſing bite,
With ſo much judgment play'd his part,
He had him both in tierce and quart:
In vain with open hands he tries
To guard his ears, his noſe, his eyes;
For now at laſt, familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his Worſhip's crown,
With teeth and claws his ſkin he tore,
And ſtuff'd himſelf with human gore:
At laſt, in manners to excel,
Untruſs'd a point, ſome authors tell.
But now what rhet'ric could aſſwage
The furious ſquire, ſtark mad with rage?

Impatient at the foul diſgrace,
From inſect of ſo mean a race,
And plotting vengeance on his foe,
With double fiſt he aims a blow:
The nimble Fly eſcap'd by flight,
And ſkipp'd from this unequal fight.
Th' impending ſtroke with all its weight
Fell on his own beloved pate.
Thus much he gain'd by this advent'rous deed,
He ſoul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let ſenates hence learn to preſerve their ſtate,
And ſcorn the fool, below their grave debate,
Who by th' unequal ſtrife grows popular and great.
Let him buzz on, with ſenſeleſs rant defy
The wiſe, the good; yet ſtill 't is but a Fly.
With puny foes the toil 's not worth the coſt;
Where nothing can be gain'd much may be loſt:
Let cranes and pigmies in mock war engage,
A prey beneath the gen'rous eagle's rage:
True honour o'er the clouds ſublimely wings;
Young Ammon ſcorns to run with leſs than kings.

FABLE III.

THE ANT AND THE FLY.

Quem res plus nimio delectavere fecundæ,
Mutatæ quatient.-------- HOR.

THE careful Ant that meanly fares,
And labours hardly to ſupply,
With wholeſome cates and homely tares,
His num'rous working family,

Upon a viſit met one day
His couſin Fly, in all his pride,
A courtier inſolent and gay,
By Goody Maggot near ally'd.

The humble inſect humbly bow'd,
And all his loweſt congees paid,
Of an alliance wondrous proud
To ſuch a huffing tearing blade.

The haughty Fly look'd big, and ſwore
He knew him not, nor whence he came;
Huff'd much, and with impatience bore
The ſcandal of ſo mean a claim.

" Friend Clodpate! know 't is not the mode
" At court to own ſuch clowns as thee,
" Nor is it civil to intrude
" On Flies of rank and quality.

" I—who, in joy and indolence,
" Converſe with monarchs and grandees,
" Regalling ev'ry nicer ſenſe
" With olios, ſoups, and fricaſſees;

" Who kiſs each beauty's balmy lip,
" Or gently buzz into her ear,
" About her ſnowy boſom ſkip,
" And ſometimes creep the Lord knows where!"

The Ant, who could no longer bear
His couſin's inſolence and pride,
Toſs'd up his head, and with an air
Of conſcious worth he thus reply'd:

" Vain inſect! know the time will come
" When the court-ſun no more ſhall ſhine,
" When froſts thy gaudy limbs benumb,
" And damps about thy wings ſhall twine;

" When ſome dark naſty hole ſhall hide
" And cover thy neglected head;

"When all this lofty ſwelling pride
" Shall burſt, and ſhrink into a ſhade:

" Take heed, leſt Fortune change the ſcene:
" Some of thy brethren I remember
" In June have mighty princes been,
" But begg'd their bread before December."

MORAL.

This precious offſpring of a t—d
Is firſt a pimp and then a lord;
Ambitious to be great, not good,
Forgets his own dear fleſh and blood.
Blind Goddeſs! who delight'ſt in joke,
O! fix him on thy loweſt ſpoke;
And ſince the ſcoundrel is ſo vain,
Reduce him to his filth again.

FABLE IV.

THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE APE.

Clodius accuſat Mœchos, Catilina Cethegum. JUV.

The Wolf impeach'd the Fox of theft,
The Fox the charge deny'd;
To the grave Ape the caſe was left,
In juſtice to decide.

Wiſe Pug with comely buttocks ſate,
And nodded o'er the laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd well thro' the debate,
And thus adjudg'd the cauſe:

"The goods are ſtole, but not from thee,
"Two pickled rogues well met,
"Thou ſhalt be hang'd for perjury,
"He for an errant cheat."

MORAL.

Hang both, judicious brute, 't was bravely ſaid,
May villains always to their ruin plead!
When knaves fall out, and ſpitefully accuſe,
There 's nothing like the reconciling nooſe.
O hemp! the nobleſt gift propitious Heav'n
To mortals with a bounteous hand has giv'n,
To ſtop malicious breath, to end debate,
To prop the ſhaking throne, and purge the ſtate.

FABLE V.

THE DOG AND THE BEAR.

------Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi,
Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine et ira
Iliacos intra muros, peccatur, et extra. HOR.

Towser, of right Hockl[illegible]ian sire,
A dog of mettle and of fire,
With Ursin grim, an errant Bear,
Maintain'd a long and dubious war:
Oft' Ursin on his back was tost,
And Towser many a collop lost;
Capricious Fortune would declare
Now for the Dog, then for the Bear.
Thus having try'd their courage fairly,
Brave Ursin first desir'd a parely.
" Stout combatant," quoth he, " whose might
" I 'ave felt in many a bloody fight,
" Tell me the cause of all this pother,
" And why we worry one another?"
" That 's a moot point," the cur reply'd,
" Our masters only can decide.
" While thou and I, our heart's blood spill,
" They prudently their pockets fill;
" Halloo us on with all their might,
" To turn a penny by the fight."

"If that 's the caſe," return'd the Bear,
"'Tis time at laſt to end the war;
"Thou keep thy teeth, and I my claws,
"To combat in a nobler cauſe.
"Sleep in a whole ſkin, I adviſe,
"And let them bleed who gain the prize."

MORAL.

Parties enrag'd on one another fall;
The butcher and the bear-ward pocket all.

FABLE VI.

THE WOUNDED MAN AND THE SWARM OF FLIES.

E malis minimum.-------

Squalid with wounds, and many a gaping ſore,
A wretched Lazar lay diſtreſt,
A ſwarm of Flies his bleeding ulcers tore,
And on his putrid carcaſs feaſt.

A courteous traveller, who paſs'd that way,
And ſaw the vile Harpeian brood,
Offer'd his help the monſtrous crew to ſlay,
That rioted on human blood.

"Ah! gentle Sir;" th' unhappy wretch reply'd,
"Your well-meant charity refrain;
"The angry gods have that redreſs deny'd,
"Your goodneſs would increaſe my pain.

"Fat, and full-fed, and with abundance cloy'd,
"But now and then theſe tyrants feed;
"But were, alas! this pamper'd brood deſtroy'd,
"The lean and hungry would ſucceed."

MORAL.

The body politic muſt ſoon decay,
When ſwarms of inſects on its vitals prey;
When bloodſuckers of ſtate, a greedy brood,
Feaſt on our wounds, and fatten with our blood.
What muſt we do in this ſevere diſtreſs?
Come, Doctor, give the patient ſome redreſs:
The quacks in politics a change adviſe,
But cooler counſels ſhould direct the wiſe.
'Tis hard indeed; but better this than worſe;
Miſtaken bleſſings prove the greateſt curſe.
Alas! what would our bleeding country gain
If, when this vip'rous brood at laſt is ſlain,
The teeming Hydra pullulates again,
Seizes the prey with more voracious bite,
To ſatisfy his hungry appetite?

FABLE VII.

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

Hunc ego per Syrtes, Libyæque extrema, triumphum
Ducere maluerim, quam ter Capitolia curru
Scandere Pompeii, quam frangere colla Jugurthæ. LUC.

A PROWLING Wolf, that ſcour'd the plains
To eaſe his hunger's griping pains,
Ragged as courtier in diſgrace,
Hide-bound, and lean, and out of caſe,
By chance a well-fed Dog eſpy'd,
And being kin, and near ally'd,
He civilly ſalutes the cur,
"How do you, Cuz!" "Your ſervant, Sir!"
"O happy friend! how gay thy mien!
"How plump thy ſides, how ſleek thy ſkin!
"Triumphant plenty ſhines all o'er,
"And the fat melts at ev'ry pore!
"While I, alas! decay'd and old,
"With hunger pin'd, and ſtiff with cold,
"With many a howl and hideous groan
"Tell the relentleſs woods my moan.
"Pr'ythee, my happy friend! impart
"Thy wondrous cunning thriving art."
"Why, faith, I 'll tell thee as a friend;
"But firſt thy ſurly manners mend:

" Be complaiſant, obliging, kind,
" And leave the Wolf for once behind."
The Wolf whoſe mouth begun to water,
With joy and rapture gallop'd after,
When thus the Dog: " At bed and board
" I ſhare the plenty of my lord;
" From ev'ry gueſt I claim a fee,
" Who court my lord by bribing me:
" In mirth I revel all the day,
" And many a game at romps I play:
" I fetch and carry, leap o'er ſticks,
" And twenty ſuch diverting tricks."
" 'Tis pretty, faith," the Wolf reply'd,
And on his neck the collar ſpy'd:
He ſtarts, and without more ado
He bids the abject wretch adieu:
" Enjoy your dainties, friend! to me
" The nobleſt feaſt is liberty."
The famiſh'd Wolf upon theſe deſert plains
Is happier than a fawning cur in chains.

MORAL.

Thus bravely ſpoke the nurſe of ancient Rome,
Thus the ſtarv'd Swiſs and hungry Griſons roam
On barren hills, clad with eternal ſnow,
And look with ſcorn on the prim ſlaves below:
Thus Cato 'ſcap'd by death the tyrant's chains,
And walks unſhackled in th' Elyſian Plains.

Thus, Britons! thus your great forefathers ſtood
For liberty, and fought in ſeas of blood:
To barren rocks and gloomy woods confin'd,
Their virtues by neceſſity refin'd,
Nor cold, nor want, nor death, could ſhake their ſteady mind.
No ſaucy Druid then durſt cry aloud,
And with his ſlaviſh cant debauch the crowd;
No paſſive legions in a ſcoundrel's cauſe
Pillage a city, and affront the laws.
The ſtate was quiet, happy, and ſerene,
For Boadicea was the Britons' queen;
Her ſubjects their juſt liberties maintain'd,
And in her peoples' hearts the happy monarch reign'd.

FABLE VIII.

THE OYSTER.

----------In jus
Acres procurrunt, magnum ſpectaculum uterque. HOR.

Two comrades, as grave authors ſay,
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye Critics! if ye pleaſe, define)
Had found an Oyſter in their way.

Conteſt and foul debate aroſe;
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words ſoon improv'd to blows.

Actions on actions hence ſucceed,
Each hero 's obſtinately ſtout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn and counſel fee'd.

The parſon of the place, good man!
Whoſe kind and charitable heart
In human ills ſtill bore a part,
Thrice ſhook his head, and thus began:

" Neighbours and friends! refer to me
" This doughty matter in diſpute,
" I 'll ſoon decide th' important ſuit,
" And finiſh all without a fee.

Give me the Oyſter, then—'Tis well—"
He opens it, and at one ſup
Gulps the conteſted trifle up,
And, ſmiling, gives to each a ſhell.

" Henceforth let fooliſh diſcord ceaſe,
" Your Oyſter 's good as e'er was ate;
" I thank you for my dainty treat;
" God bleſs you both, and live in peace."

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales!
From this learn common ſenſe;
Nor thruſt your neighbours into goals
For ev'ry ſlight offence.

Baniſh thoſe vermine of debate
That on your ſubſtance feed;
The knaves, who now are ſerv'd in plate,
Would ſtarve if fools agreed.

FABLE IX.

THE SHEEP AND THE BUSH.

Lætus ſorte tua vives ſapienter.... HOR.

A SHEEP, well-meaning brute! one morn
Retir'd beneath a ſpreading thorn,
A pealing ſtorm to ſhun;
Eſcap'd indeed both rain and wind,
But left, alas! his fleece behind:
Was it not wiſely done?

MORAL.

Beneath the blaſt while pliant oſiers bend,
The ſtubborn oak each furious wind ſhall rend.
Diſcreetly yield, and patiently endure
Such common evils as admit no cure:
Theſe Fate ordains, and Heav'n's high will has ſent:
In humble littleneſs ſubmit conſent;
But thoſe thy folly brings in time prevent.

FABLE X.

THE FROGS' CHOICE.

Ὦ τύποι, οἷον δή νυ Θεὺς βροτοὶ ἀπιόωνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γὰρ ῥοσι κακ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δ' ἂν ἀυτὶ
Σφῆσιν ἀλασθαλίησιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγε' ἔχωσιν.

In a wild ſtate of nature long
The Frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the ſtrong,
With anarchy oppreſs'd and griev'd.
At length the lawleſs rout,
Taught by their ſuff'rings, grew devout;
An embaſſy to Jove they ſent,
And begg'd his highneſs would beſtow
Some ſettled form of government,
A king to rule the fens below.
Jove, ſmiling, grants their odd requeſt;
A king th' indulgent pow'r beſtow'd,
(Such as might ſuit their genius beſt)
A beam of a prodigious ſize,
With all its cumbrous load,
Came tumbling from the ſkies.
The waters daſh againſt the ſhore,
The hollow caverns roar;
The rocks return the dreadful ſound,
Convulſions ſhake the ground.

The multitude with horror fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each ſkulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,
And ſmoothly glides the liquid plain,
A Frog more reſolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold,
Recover'd from his firſt ſurpriſe,
As o'er the wave his head he popp'd,
He ſaw—but ſcarce believ'd his eyes,
On the ſame bank where firſt he dropp'd
Th' imperial lubber lies,
Stretch'd at his eaſe, careleſs, content:
"Is this the monarch Jove has ſent,"
Said he, "our warlike troops to lead?
"Ay! 't is a glorious prince indeed!
"By ſuch an active gen'ral led,
"The routed mice our arms ſhall dread,
"Subdu'd, ſhall quit their claim;
"Old Homer ſhall recant his lays,
"For us new trophies raiſe,
"Sing our victorious arms, and juſtify our fame."
Then laughing impudently loud,
He ſoon alarm'd the daſtard crowd.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthleſs indolent,

On wings of winds ſwift ſcandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lies,
Hoarſe treaſons, tuncleſs blaſphemies.
With active leap at laſt upon his back they ſtride,
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove their pray'rs addreſt,
And once more Jove grants their requeſt.
A ſtork he ſends, of monſtrous ſize,
Red lightning flaſhing in his eyes;
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds preſs'd to his court,
Admire his ſtately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addreſſes of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full-freight with truth and ſenſe,
Exhauſted all their eloquence.
But now, alas! 't was night; kings muſt have meat:
The Grand Vizir firſt goes to pot,
Three Baſſas next, happy their lot!
Gain'd Paradiſe by being ate *.
"And this," ſaid he, "and this is mine,
"And this, by right divine."
In ſhort, 't was all for public weal,
He ſwallow'd half a nation at a meal.

* According to the Turkiſh opinion, all who ſuffer by the Grand Seignior's orders go directly to Paradiſe.

Again they beg almighty Jove
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce reſentment in his eyes
The frowning Thunderer replies,
" Thoſe evils which yourſelves create,
" Raſh fools! ye now repent too late;
" Made wretched by the public voice,
" Not thro' neceſſity but choice!
" Be gone!—Nor wreſt from Heav'n ſome heavier
" Better bear this, this ſtork, than worſe." [curſe,

MORAL.

Oppreſs'd with happineſs, and ſick with eaſe,
Not Heav'n itſelf our fickle minds can pleaſe.
Fondly we wiſh, cloy'd with celeſtial ſtore,
The leeks and onions which we loath'd before:
Still roving, ſtill deſiring, never pleas'd,
With plenty ſtarv'd, and ev'n with health diſeas'd.
With partial eyes each preſent good we view,
Nor covet what is beſt, but what is new.
Ye Pow'rs above! who make mankind your care,
To bleſs the ſupplicant reject his pray'r.

FABLE XI.

LIBERTY AND LOVE; OR, THE TWO SPARROWS.

----Dos eſt uxoria, lites. OVID.

A SPARROW and his mate,
(Believe me, gentle Kate!)
Once lov'd like I and you;
With mutual ardour join'd,
No turtles e'er ſo kind,
So conſtant and ſo true.

They hopp'd from ſpray to ſpray;
They bill'd, they chirp'd all day,
They cuddled cloſe all night;
To bliſs they wak'd each morn,
In ev'ry buſh and thorn
Gay ſcenes of new delight.

At length the fowler came,
(The knave was much to blame)
And this dear pair trepann'd;
Both in one cage confin'd:
Why, faith and troth, 't was kind;
Nay, hold—that muſt be ſcann'd.

Fair liberty thus gone,
And one coop'd up with one,
'Twas awkward, new, and ſtrange;
For better and for worſe,
O diſmal, fatal curſe!
No more abroad to range.

No carols now they ſing,
Each droops his little wing,
And mourns his cruel fate:
Clouds on each brow appear;
My Honey and my Dear
Is now quite out of date.

They pine, lament, and moan;
'Twould melt an heart of ſtone
To hear their ſad complaint:
Nor he ſupply'd her wants,
Nor ſhe refrain'd from taunts,
That might provoke a ſaint.

Hard words improve to blows,
For now, grown mortal foes,
They peck, they ſcratch, they ſcream:
The cage lies on the floor,
The wires are ſtain'd with gore,
It ſwells into a ſtream.

Dear Kitty! would you know
The cauſe of all this woe,
It is not hard to gueſs;
Whatever does conſtrain
Turns pleaſure into pain;
'Tis choice alone can bleſs.

When both no more are free,
Inſipid I muſt be,
And you loſe all your charms;
My ſmother'd paſſion dies,
And even your bright eyes
Neceſſity diſarms.

Then let us love, my fair!
But unconſtrain'd as air
Each join a willing heart;
Let free-born ſouls diſdain
To wear a tyrant's chain,
And act a nobler part.

FABLE XII.

THE TWO SPRINGS.

---Errat longe mea quidem ſententia
Qui imperium credat gravius eſſe aut ſtabilius
Vi quod ſit, quam illud quod amicitia adjungitur. TER.

Two ſiſter Springs, from the ſame parent hill,
Born on the ſame propitious day,
Thro' the cleft rock diſtil;
Adown the rev'rend mountain's ſide
Thro' groves of myrtle glide,
Or thro' the violet beds obliquely ſtray.
The laurel, each proud victor's crown,
From them receives her high renown;
From them the curling vine
Her cluſters big with racy wine;
To them her oil the peaceful olive owes,
And her vermilion bluſh the roſe:
The gracious ſtreams in ſmooth meanders flow,
To ev'ry thirſty root diſpenſe
Their kindly-cooling influence,
And Paradiſe adorns the mountain's brow.

But, oh! the ſad effect of pride!
Theſe happy twins at laſt divide.
"Siſter," exclaims th' ambitious ſpring,
"What profit do theſe labours bring?

" Always to give, and never to enjoy,
" A fruitleſs and a mean employ!
" Stay here inglorious if you pleaſe,
" And loiter out a life of indolence and eaſe:
" Go, humble drudge, each thiſtle rear,
" And nurſe each ſhrub, your daily care,
" While, pouring down from this my lofty ſource,
" I deluge all the plain,
" No dams ſhall ſtop my courſe,
" And rocks oppoſe in vain.
" See where my foaming billows flow,
" Above the hills my waves aſpire,
" The ſhepherds and their flocks retire,
" And talleſt cedars as they paſs in ſign of homage bow.
" To me each tributary ſpring
" Its ſupplemental ſtores ſhall bring;
" With me the rivers ſhall unite,
" The lakes beneath my banners fight,
" 'Till the proud Danube and the Rhine
" Shall own their fame eclips'd by mine;
" Both gods and men ſhall dread my wat'ry ſway,
" Nor theſe in cities ſafe, nor in their temples they."

Away the haughty boaſter flew,
Scarce bade her ſiſter ſtream a cool adieu:
Her waves grow turbulent and bold,
Not gently murm'ring as of old,

But roughly dash against the shore,
And toss their spumy heads, and proudly roar.
The careful farmer with surprise
Sees the tumultuous torrent rise;
With busy looks the rustic band appear
To guard their growing hopes, the promise of the year.
All hands unite; with dams they bound
The rash rebellious stream around;
In vain she foams, in vain she raves,
In vain she curls her feeble waves;
Besieg'd at last on ev'ry side,
Her source exhausted and her channel dry'd,
(Such is the fate of impotence and pride!)
A shallow pond she stands confin'd,
The refuge of the croaking kind.
Rushes and sags, an inbred foe,
Choke up the muddy pool below;
The tyrant sun on high
Exacts his usual subsidy;
And the poor pittance that remains
Each gaping cranny drains.
Too late the fool repents her haughty boast,
A nameless nothing in oblivion lost.

Her sister Spring, benevolent and kind,
With joy sees all around her blest,
The good she does into her gen'rous mind
Returns again with interest.

The farmer oft' invokes her aid
When Sirius nips the tender blade;
Her ſtreams a ſure elixir bring,
Gay plenty decks the fields, and a perpetual ſpring.
Where'er the gard'ner ſmooths her eaſy way
Her ductile ſtreams obey.
Courteous ſhe viſits ev'ry bed,
Narciſſus rears his drooping head
By her diffuſive bounty fed.
Reviv'd from her indulgent urn,
Sad Hyacinth forgets to mourn;
Rich in the bleſſings ſhe beſtows,
All nature ſmiles where'er ſhe flows.
Enamour'd with a nymph ſo fair,
See where the river gods appear.
A nymph ſo eminently good,
The joy of all the neighbourhood;
They claſp her in their liquid arms,
And riot in th' abundance of her charms.
Like old Alpheus fond, their wanton ſtreams they join'd,
Like Arethuſa ſhe, as lovely and as kind.

Now ſwell'd into a mighty flood,
Her channel deep and wide,
Still ſhe perſiſts in doing good,
Her bounty flows with ev'ry tide.
A thouſand riv'lets in her train
With fertile waves enrich the plain:

The ſcaly herd, a num'rous throng,
Beneath her ſilver billows glide along,
Whoſe ſtill-increaſing ſhoals ſupply
The poor man's wants, the great one's luxury:
Here all the feather'd troops retreat,
Securely ply their oary feet,
Upon her floating herbage graze,
And with their tuneful notes reſound her praiſe.
Here flocks and herds in ſafety feed,
And fatten in each flow'ry mead:
No beaſts of prey appear
The watchful ſhepherd to beguile,
No monſters of the deep inhabit here,
Nor the voracious ſhark nor wily crocodile;
But Delia and her nymphs, chaſte ſylvan queen,
By mortals' prying eyes unſeen,
Bathe in her flood, and ſport upon her borders green.
Here merchants, careful of their ſtore,
By angry billows toſt,
Anchor ſecure beneath her ſhore,
And bleſs the friendly coaſt.

Soon mighty fleets in all their pride
Triumphant on her ſurface ride:
The buſy trader on her banks appears,
An hundred diff'rent tongues ſhe hears.
At laſt, with wonder and ſurpriſe
She ſees a ſtately city riſe;

With joy the happy flood admires
The lofty domes, the pointed ſpires;
The porticoes, magnificently great,
Where all the crowding nations meet;
The bridges that adorn her brow,
From bank to bank their ample arches ſtride,
Thro' which her curling waves in triumph glide,
And in melodious murmurs flow.
Now grown a port of high renown,
The treaſure of the world her own,
Both Indies with their precious ſtores
Pay yearly tribute to her ſhores.
Honour'd by all, a rich well-peopled ſtream,
Nor Father Thames himſelf of more eſteem.

MORAL.

The pow'r of kings (if rightly underſtood)
Is but a grant from Heav'n of doing good.
Proud tyrants, who maliciouſly deſtroy,
And ride o'er ruins with malignant joy,
Humbled in duſt, ſoon to their coſt ſhall know
Heav'n our avenger, and mankind their foe,
While gracious monarchs reap the good they ſow:
Bleſſing, are bleſs'd; far ſpreads their juſt renown,
Conſenting nations their dominion own,
And joyful happy crowds ſupport their throne.

In vain the pow'rs of earth and hell combine;
Each guardian angel ſhall protect that line
Who by their virtues prove their right divine. 154

FABLE XIII.

THE BALD BACHELOR:

Being a paraphraſe upon the Second Fable in the Second Book of Phædrus.

> Frigidus in Venerem ſenior, fruſtraque laborem
> Ingratum trahit: et ſi quando ad pœcta venumi eſt,
> Ut quondam in ſtipulis magnus ſine viribus ignis,
> Incaſſum furit. Ergo animos ævumque notabis
> Præcipue.--- VIRG. *Geor.* lib. iii.

A BACHELOR who, paſt his prime,
Had been a good one in his time,
Had ſcour'd the ſtreets, had whor'd, got drunk,
Had fought his man, and kept his punk;
Was ſometimes rich, but oft'ner poor,
With early duns about his door;
Being a little off his mettle,
Thought it convenient now to ſettle:
Grew wondrous wiſe at forty-five,
Reſolving to be grave and thrive:
By chance he caſt his roguiſh eye
Upon a dame who liv'd hard by;
A widow debonair and gay,
October in the dreſs of May;

Artful to lay both red and white,
Skill'd in repairs, and, ev'n in ſpight
Of time and wrinkles, kept all tight.
But he, whoſe heart was apt to rove,
An arrant wanderer in love,
Beſides this widow had Miſs Kitty,
Juicy and young, exceeding witty:
On her he thought, ſerious or gay,
His dream by night, his toaſt by day;
He thought, but not on her alone,
For who would be confin'd to one?
Between them both ſtrange work he made;
Gave this a ball or maſquerade,
With that at ſerious ombre play'd:
The ſelf-ſame compliments he ſpoke,
The ſelf-ſame oaths he ſwore, he broke:
Alternately on each beſtows
Frail promiſes and ſhort-liv'd vows.
Variety! kind ſource of joy!
Without whoſe aid all pleaſures cloy;
Without thee who would ever prove
The painful drudgeries of love?
Without thee what indulgent wight
Would read what we in garrets write?
But, not to make my tale perplex'd,
And keep more cloſely to my text,
'Tis fit the courteous reader know
This middle-ag'd man had been a beau.

But, above all, his head of hair
Had been his great peculiar care,
To which his ſerious hours he lent,
Nor deem'd the precious time miſpent.
'Twas long and curling, and jet black,
Hung to the middle of his back:
Black, did I ſay? Ay, once 't was ſo,
But cruel Time had ſmok'd the beau,
And powder'd o'er his head with ſnow.
As an old horſe that had been hard rid,
Or from his maſter's coach diſcarded,
Forc'd in a tumbril to go filler,
Or load for ſome poor rogue a miller;
On his grave noddle o'er his eyes
Black hairs and white promiſcuous riſe,
Which chequer o'er his rev'rend pate,
And prove the keffel more ſedate:
So with this worthy ſquire it far'd.
Yet he nor time nor labour ſpar'd,
But with exceſſive coſt and pains
Still made the beſt of his remains.
Each night beneath his cap he furl'd it,
Each morn in modiſh ringlets curl'd it;
Now made his comely treſſes ſhine
With orange-butter jeſſamine;
Then with ſweet powder and perfumes
He purify'd his upper rooms.

So when a jockey brings a mare,
Or horſe, or gelding, to a fair,
Tho' he be ſpavin'd, old, and blind,
With founder'd feet and broken wind,
Yet, if he 's maſter of his trade,
He 'll curry well and trim the jade,
To make the cheat go glibly down,
And bubble ſome unwary clown.
What woman made of fleſh and blood
So ſweet a gallant e'er withſtood?
They melt, they yield, both, both are ſmitten,
The good old puſs and the young kitten;
And being now familiar grown,
Each look'd upon him as her own;
No longer talk'd of Dear or Honey,
But of plain downright matrimony.
At that dread word his Worſhip ſtarted,
And was (we may ſuppoſe) fainthearted;
Yet, being reſolv'd to change his ſtate,
Winks both his eyes, and truſts to Fate.
But now new doubts and ſcruples riſe,
To plague him with perplexities;
He knew not which, alas! to chuſe,
This he muſt take, and that refuſe.
As when ſome idle country lad
Swings on a gate his wooden pad,
To right to left he ſpurs away,
But neither here nor there can ſtay,

Till, by the catch ſurpris'd, the lout
His journey ends where he ſet out;
Ev'n ſo this dubious lover ſtray'd
Between the widow and the maid,
And after ſwinging to and fro,
Was juſt *in æquilibrio*.
Yet ſtill a lover's warmth he ſhows,
And makes his viſits and his bows;
Domeſtic grown, both here and there,
Nor Pug nor Shock were half ſo dear:
With bread and butter, and with tea,
And Madam's toilette, who but he?
There fix'd a patch or broke a comb;
At night, the widow's drawing-room.
O ſweet viciſſitude of love!
Who would covet heav'n above
Were men but thus allow'd to rove?
But, alas! ſome curs'd event,
Some unexpected accident,
Humbles our pride, and ſhows the odds
Between frail mortals and the gods:
This by the ſequel will appear
A truth moſt evident and clear.
As on the widow's panting breaſt
He laid his peaceful head to reſt,
Dreaming of pleaſures yet in ſtore,
And joys he ne'er had felt before,

His grizzly locks appear diſplay'd
In all their pomp of light and ſhade.
" Alas! my future ſpouſe," ſaid ſhe,
" What do mine eyes aſtoniſh'd ſee?
" Marriage demands equality.
" What will malicious neighbours ſay
" Should I, a widow young and gay,
" Marry a man both old and gray?
" Thoſe hideous hairs!"—With that a tear
Did in each cryſtal fluice appear;
She fetch'd a deep ſigh from her heart,
As who ſhould ſay, Beſt friends muſt part!
Then mus'd a while; " There is but one,
" But this expedient left alone,
" To ſave that dear head from diſgrace;
" Here, Jenny, fetch my tweezer-caſe"
To work then went the treach'rous fair,
And grubb'd up here and there a hair:
But as ſhe meant not to renew
His charms, but ſet her own to view,
And by this foil more bright appear,
In youthful bloom when he was near,
The cunning gypſy nipt away
The black, but ſlily left the gray.
O Dallilah! perfidious fair!
O ſex ingenious to enſnare!
How faithleſs all your doings are!

Whom Nature form'd your lord, your guide,
You his precarious pow'r deride,
Tool of your vanity and pride.
The ſquire, who, thus deceiv'd, ne'er dreamt
What the deceitful traitreſs meant,
Thrice kiſs'd her hand, and then retir'd
With more exalted thoughts inſpir'd:
To his fair filly next repairs,
With ſtatelier port and youthful airs.
"Lord! Sir"—ſaid ſhe, "your mighty gay,
"But I muſt tell you, by the way,
"That no brood gooſe was e'er ſo gray.
"Here, let this hand eradicate
"Thoſe foul diſhonours of your pate."
For ſhe, poor thing! whoſe virgin heart,
Unſkill'd in ev'ry female art,
In pure ſimplicity believ'd
His youth might this way be retriev'd,
At leaſt his age diſguis'd, and ſhe
From ſpightful prudes and cenſure free,
With earneſt diligence and care
Grubb'd by the roots each grizzled hair;
Some few black hairs ſhe left behind,
But not one of the ſilver kind.
But when ſhe ſaw what work ſhe 'ad made,
His bald broad front without a ſhade,
And all his hatchet face diſplay'd,

With ſcarce ſix hairs upon a ſide,
His large outſpreading lugs to hide,
She laugh'd, ſhe ſcream'd, and Nan and Beſs
In concert laugh'd, and ſcream'd no leſs.
Home ſkulk'd the ſquire, and hid his face,
Sore ſmitten with the foul diſgrace:
Softly he knock'd, but truſty John,
Who knew his hour was twelve or one,
Rubb'd both his eyes, and yawn'd, and ſwore,
And quickly blunder'd to the door;
But ſtarting back at this diſaſter,
Vow'd that old Nick had hagg'd his maſter:
The landlady in ſore affright
Fell into fits, and ſwoon'd outright;
The neighbourhood was rais'd and call'd,
The maids miſcarry'd, children bawl'd,
The cur, whom oft' his bounty fed
With many a ſcrap and bit of bread,
Now own'd him not, but in the throng
Growl'd at him as he ſneak'd along.
To bed he went, 't is true, but not
Or clos'd his eyes or ſlept one jot;
Not Niſus was in ſuch deſpair,
Spoil'd of his kingdom and his hair:
Not ev'n Belinda made ſuch moan
When her dear fav'rite lock was gone.
He ſum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd amain,
All his paſt life run o'er again;

Damn'd ev'ry female bite to Tyburn,
From Mother Eve to Mother Weyburn;
Each youthful vanity abjur'd,
Whores, box and dice, and claps ill-cur'd;
And having loſt, by female art,
This darling idol of his heart,
Thoſe precious locks, that might outvie
The trim-curl'd god who lights the ſky,
Reſolv'd to grow devout and wiſe,
Or, what 's almoſt the ſame—preciſe;
Canted, and whin'd, and talk'd moſt oddly,
Was very ſlovenly and godly,
(For nothing makes devotion keen
Like diſappointment and chagrin)
In fine, he ſet his houſe in order,
And piouſly put on a border.

MORAL.

To you, gay ſparks, who waſte your youthful prime,
Old Æſop ſends this monitory rhyme;
Leave, leave, for ſhame, your trulls at Sh—er Hall,
And marry in good time, or not at all.
Of all the monſters Smithfield e'er could ſhow,
There 's none ſo hideous as a batter'd beau.
Truſt not the noon of life, but take the morn;
Will. Honeycomb is ev'ry female's ſcorn.
Let him be rich, high-born, book-learn'd, and wiſe,
Believe me, friends! in ev'ry woman's eyes
'Tis back, and brawn, and ſinew, wins the prize.

FABLE XIV.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER. IN FIVE CANTOS.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
Transmutat incertos honores. HOR.

CANTO I.

SOME authors, more abstruse than wise,
Friendship confine to stricter ties,
Require exact conformity
In person, age, and quality;
Their humours, principles, and wit
Must, like Exchequer tallies, hit:
Others, less scrupulous, opine
That hands and hearts in love may join
Tho' diff'rent inclinations sway,
For Nature 's more in fault than they.
Whoe'er would sift this point more fully,
May read St. Evremond and Tully;
With me the doctrine shall prevail
That 's *à propos* to form my tale.
Two brethren (whether twins or no
Imports not very much to know)

Together bred; as fam'd their love
As Leda's brats begot by Jove;
As various too their tempers were;
That brisk and frolic, debonair;
This more consid'rate and severe.
While Bob, with diligence would pore
And con by heart his Battle-door,
Frank play'd at romps with John the groom,
Or switch'd his hobby round the room.
The striplings now too bulky grown
To make dirt-pies and lounge at home,
With aching hearts to school are sent,
Their humours still of various bent:
The silent, serious, solid, boy,
Came on apace, was daddy's joy,
Construe'd, and pars'd, and said his part,
And got *Quæ-genus* all by heart;
While Franky, that unlucky rogue,
Fell in with ev'ry whim in vogue,
Valu'd not Lilly of a straw,
A rook at chuck, a dab at taw.
His bum was often brush'd, you 'll say;
'Tis true, now twice, then thrice a day:
So leeches at the breech are fed,
To cure vertigos in the head.
But, by your leave, good Doctor Freind,
Let me this maxim recommend,
"A genius can't be forc'd;" nor can
You make an ape an alderman:

The patchwork doublet well may ſuit,
But how would furs become the brute?
In ſhort, the caſe is very plain,
When maggots once are in the brain
Whole loads of birch are ſpent in vain.
Now to purſue this hopeful pair
To Oxford, and the Lord knows where,
Would take more ink than I can ſpare.
Nor ſhall I here minutely ſcore
The volumes Bob turn'd o'er and o'er,
The laundreſſes turn'd up by Frank,
With many a ſtrange diverting prank;
'Twould jade my Muſe, tho' better fed,
And kept in body-clothes and bread.
When briſtles on each chin began
To ſprout, the promiſe of a man,
The good old gentleman expir'd,
And decently to heav'n retir'd:
The brethren, at their country-ſeat,
Enjoy'd a pleaſant ſnug retreat;
Their cellars and their barns well ſtor'd,
And plenty ſmoking on their board:
Ale and tobacco for the vicar,
For gentry ſometimes better liquor.
Judicious Bob had read all o'er
Each weighty ſtay'd philoſopher,
And therefore rightly underſtood
The real from th' apparent good;

Subſtantial bliſs, intrinſic joys,
From buſtle, vanity, and noiſe;
Could his own happineſs create,
And bring his mind to his eſtate;
Liv'd in the ſame calm eaſy round,
His judgment clear, his body ſound;
Good humour, probity, and ſenſe,
Repaid with peace and indolence:
While rakiſh Frank, whoſe active ſoul
No bounds, no principles, control,
Flies o'er the world where pleaſure calls,
To races, maſquerades, and balls;
At random roves, now here, now there,
Drinks with the gay, and toaſts the fair.
As when the full-fed reſty ſteed
Breaks from his groom, he flies with ſpeed,
His high-arch'd neck he proudly rears,
Upon his back his tail he bears,
His main upon his ſhoulders curls,
O'er ev'ry precipice he whirls,
He plunges in the cooling tides,
He laves his ſhining pamper'd ſides,
He ſnuffs the females on the plain,
And to his joy he ſprings amain,
To this, to that, impetuous flies,
Nor can the ſtud his luſt ſuffice,
Till nature flags, his vigour ſpent,
With drooping tail, and nerves unbent,
The humble beaſt returns content.

Waits tamely at the ſtable-door,
As tractable as e'er before:
This was exactly Franky's caſe;
When blood ran high he liv'd apace,
But pockets drain'd, and ev'ry vein,
Look'd ſilly, and came home again.
At length extravagance and vice,
Whoring and drinking, box and dice,
Sunk his exchequer: cares intrude,
And duns grow troubleſome and rude.
What meaſures ſhall poor Franky take
To manage wiſely the laſt ſtake,
With ſome few pieces in his purſe,
And half a dozen brats at nurſe?
Penſive he walk'd, lay long a-bed,
Now bit his nails, then ſcratch'd his head,
At laſt reſolv'd; reſolv'd! on what?
There 's not a penny to be got;
The queſtion now remains alone
Whether 't is beſt to hang or drown?
Thank you for that, good friendly devil!
You 're very courteous, very civil;
Other expedients may be try'd,
The man is young, the world is wide,
And, as judicious authors ſay,
"Every dog ſhall have his day."
What if we ramble for a while?
Seek Fortune out, and court her ſmile,

Act ev'ry part in life to win her,
First try the saint, and then the sinner;
Press boldly on; slighted, pursue;
Repuls'd, again the charge renew;
Give her no rest, attend, entreat,
And stick at nothing to be great.
Fir'd with these thoughts, the youth grew vain,
Look'd on the country with disdain,
Where Virtue's fools her laws obey,
And dream a lazy life away;
Thinks poverty the greatest sin,
And walks on thorns till he begin;
But first before his brother laid
The hopeful scheme, and begg'd his aid.
Kind Bob was much abash'd to see
His brother in extremity,
Reduc'd to rags for want of thought,
A beggar, and not worth a groat.
He griev'd full sore, gave good advice,
Quoted his authors grave and wise,
All who with wholesome morals treat us,
Old Seneca and Epictetus.
What 's my unhappy brother doing?
Whither rambling? whom pursuing?
An idle, tricking, giddy, jade,
A phantom, and a fleeting shade;
Grasp'd in this coxcomb's arms a while,
The false jilt fawns; then a fond smile

On that ſhe leers; he like the reſt
Is ſoon a bubble and a jeſt;
But live with me, juſt to thyſelf,
And ſcorn the bitch and all her pelf;
Fortune 's ador'd by fools alone,
The wiſe man always makes his own.
But 't is, alas! in vain I apply
Fine ſayings and philoſophy
Where a poor youth's o'erheated brain
Is ſold to intereſt and gain,
And pride and fierce ambition reign.
Bob found it ſo, nor did he ſtrive
To work the nail that would not drive;
Content to do the beſt he could,
And as became his brotherhood,
Gave him what money he could ſpare,
And kindly paid his old arrear,
Bought him his equipage and clothes;
So thus ſupply'd away he goes,
For London town he mounts, as gay
As tailors on their wedding-day.

Not many miles upon the road
A widow's ſtately manſion ſtood;
What if Dame Fortune ſhould be there?
(Said Frank) 't is ten to one, I ſwear;
I 'll try to find her in the crowd;
She loves the wealthy and the proud.

Away he ſpurs, and at the door
Stood gallant gentry many a ſcore,
Penelope had never more.
Here tortur'd catgut ſqueals amain,
Guittars in ſofter notes complain,
And lutes reveal the lover's pain.
Frank, with a careleſs eaſy mien,
Sung her a ſong, and was let in.
The reſt with envy burſt to ſee
The ſtranger's odd felicity.
Low bow'd the footman at the ſtairs,
The gentleman at top appears:
"And is your lady, Sir, at home?"
"Pray walk into the drawing-room."
But here my Muſe is too well bred
To prattle what was done or ſaid;
She lik'd the youth, his dreſs, his face,
His calves, his back, and ev'ry grace.
Supper was ſerv'd, and down they ſit,
Much meat, good wine, ſome little wit.
The grace-cup drunk, or dance, or play;
Frank choſe the laſt, was very gay,
Had the good luck the board to ſtrip,
And punted to her Ladyſhip.
The clock ſtrikes one, the gentry bow'd,
Each to his own apartment ſhow'd;
But Franky was in piteous mood,

Slept not a wink; he raves, he dies,
Smit with her jointure and her eyes:
Reſtleſs as in a lion's den,
He ſprawl'd and kick'd about till ten:
But as he dream'd of future joys,
His ear was ſtartled with a noiſe,
Six trumpets and a kettle-drum;
Up in a hurry flies the groom,
"Lord, Sir! get dreſs'd, the col'nel 's come;
"Your horſe is ready at the door;
"You may reach Uxbridge, Sir, by four."
Poor Franky muſt in haſte remove,
With diſappointment vex'd, and love;
To dirt abandon'd and deſpair,
For lace and feather won the fair.
Now for the Town he jogs apace,
With leaky boots and ſunburnt face,
And leaving Acton in his rear,
Began to breathe ſulphureous air.
Arriv'd at length, the table ſpread,
Three bottles drank, he reels to bed.
Next morn his buſy thoughts begun
To riſe and travel with the ſun;
Whims heap'd on whims his head turn'd round,
But how Dame Fortune might be found
Was the momentous grand affair,
His ſecret wiſh, his only care.

Damme, thought Franky to himſelf,
I 'll find this giddy wand'ring elf;
I 'll hunt her out in ev'ry quarter,
Till ſhe beſtow the ſtaff or garter:
I 'll viſit good Lord Sunderland,
Who keeps the jilt at his command;
Or elſe ſome courteous ducheſs may
Take pity on a runaway.
Dreſs'd to a pink, to court he flies;
At this levee and that he plies;
Bows in his rank, an humble ſlave,
And meanly fawns on ev'ry knave;
With maids of honour learns to chat,
Fights for this lord, and pimps for that.
Fortune he fought from place to place,
She led him ſtill a wildgooſe chaſe,
Always prepar'd with ſome excuſe
The hopeful younker to amuſe;
Was buſy, indiſpos'd, was gone
To Hampton-court or Kenſington;
And after all her wiles and dodgings,
She ſlipp'd clear off, and bilk'd her lodgings.
Jaded, and almoſt in deſpair,
A gameſter whiſper'd in his ear,
" Who would ſeek Fortune, Sir, at court?
" At H——l's is her chief reſort;
" 'Tis there her midnight hours ſhe ſpends,
" Is very gracious to her friends;

" Shows honeſt men the means of thriving,
" The beſt good-natur'd goddeſs living."
Away he trudges with his rook,
Throws many a main, is bit, is broke:
With dirty knuckles, aching head,
Diſconſolate, he ſneaks to bed.

CANTO II.

How humble and how complaiſant
Is a proud man reduc'd to want!
With what a ſilly hanging face
He bears his unforeſeen diſgrace!
His ſpirits flag, his pulſe beats low,
The gods and all the world his foe;
To thriving knaves a ridicule,
A butt to ev'ry wealthy fool.
For where is courage, wit, or ſenſe,
When a poor rake has loſt his pence?
Let all the learn'd ſay what they can,
'Tis ready money makes the man;
Commands reſpect where'er we go,
And gives a grace to all we do.
With ſuch reflections Frank diſtreſs'd,
The horrors of his ſoul expreſs'd:
Contempt, the baſket, and a jail,
By turns his reſtleſs mind aſſail;

Aghaſt, the diſmal ſcene he flies,
And death grows pleaſing in his eyes;
For ſince his rhino was all flown
To the laſt ſolitary crown,
Who would not, like a Roman, dare
To leave that world he could not ſhare?
The piſtol on his table lay,
And Death fled hov'ring o'er his prey;
There wanted nothing now to do
But touch the trigger, and adieu.
As he was ſaying ſome ſhort pray'rs,
He heard a wheezing on the ſtairs,
And looking out, his aunt appears,
Who from Moorfields, breathleſs and lame,
To ſee her graceleſs godſon came.
The ſalutations being paſt,
Coughing, and out of wind, at laſt
In his great chair ſhe took her place.
"How does your brother? is my niece
"Well marry'd? when will Robin ſettle?"
He anſwer'd all things to a tittle;
Gave ſuch content in ev'ry part,
He gain'd the good old beldam's heart.
"Godſon," ſaid ſhe, "alas! I know
"Matters with you are but ſo-ſo.
"You 're come to Town, I underſtand,
"To make your fortune out of hand;
"Your time and patrimony loſt,
"To beg a place, or buy a poſt.

" Believe me, godſon, I 'm your friend;
" Of this great Town this wicked end
" Is ripe for judgment; Satan's ſeat,
" The ſink of ſin, and hell complete:
" In ev'ry ſtreet of trulls a troop,
" And ev'ry cook-wench wears a hoop:
" Sodom was leſs deform'd with vice,
" Lewdneſs of all kinds, cards and dice."
Frank bluſh'd, (which, by the way, was more
Than ever he had done before)
And own'd it was a wretched place,
Unfit for any child of grace.
The good old aunt o'erjoy'd to ſee
Theſe glimmerings of ſanctity,
" My dear," ſaid ſhe, " this purſe is your's,
" It coſt me many painful hours;
" Take it, improve it, and become
" By art and induſtry a plumb;
" But leave, for ſhame, this impious ſtreet,
" All over-mark'd with cloven feet;
" In our more holy quarter live,
" Where both your ſoul and ſtock may thrive;
" Where righteous citizens repair,
" And heav'n and earth the godly ſhare,
" Gain this by jobbing, that by pray'r.
" At Jonathan's go ſmoke a pipe,
" Look very ſerious, dine on tripe;

" Get early up, late close your eyes,
" And leave no stone unturn'd to rise;
" Then each good day at Salters' Hall
" Pray for a blessing upon all."
Lowly the ravish'd Franky bows,
While joy sat smiling on his brows,
And without scruple, in a trice,
He took her money and advice.
Not an extravagant young heir,
Beset with duns, and in despair,
When joyful tidings reach his ear,
And dad retires, by Heav'n's commands,
To leave his chink to better hands;
Not wand'ring sailors almost lost,
When they behold the wish'd-for coast;
Not culprit when the knot is plac'd,
And kind reprieve arrives in haste,
E'er felt a joy in such excess,
As Frank reliev'd from this distress.
A thousand antic tricks he play'd,
The purse he kiss'd, swore, curs'd, and pray'd;
Counted the pieces o'er and o'er,
And hugg'd his unexpected store;
Built stately castles in the air,
Supp'd with the great, enjoy'd the fair;
Pick'd out his title and his place,
Was scarce contented with Your Grace.

Strange viſions working in his head,
Frantic, half mad, he ſtroles to bed;
Sleeps little; if he ſleeps, he dreams
Of ſceptres and of diadems.
" Fortune," ſaid he, " ſhall now no more
" Trick and deceive me as of yore:
" This paſſport ſhall admittance gain
" In ſpight of all the jilt's diſdain:
" 'Tis this the tyrant's pride diſarms,
" And brings her bluſhing to my arms;
" This golden bough my wiſh ſhall ſpeed,
" And to th' Elyſian Fields ſhall lead."
The morn ſcarce peep'd but up he roſe,
Impatient huddled on his clothes;
Call'd the next coach, gave double pay,
And to Change-Alley whirl'd away.
'Tis here Dame Fortune ev'ry day
Opens her booth, and ſhows her play;
Here laughing ſits behind the ſcene,
Dances her puppets here unſeen,
And turns her whimſical machine.
Powel, with all his wire and wit,
To her great genius muſt ſubmit:
Exact at twelve the goddeſs ſhows,
And Fame aloud her trumpet blows;
Harangues the mob with ſhams and lies,
And bids their actions fall or riſe.

Old Chaos here his throne regains,
And here in odd confuſion reigns;
All order, all diſtinction, loſt,
Now high, now low, the fools are toſt.
Here lucky coxcombs vainly rear
Their giddy heads, there in deſpair
Sits humbled Pride, with downcaſt look,
Bankrupts reſtor'd, and miſers broke.
Strange figures here our eyes invade,
And the whole world in maſquerade;
A carman in a hat and feather,
A lord in frieze, his breeches leather;
Tom Whiplaſh in his coach of ſtate,
Drawn by the tits he drove of late;
A col'nel of the bold trainbands
Selling his equipage and lands;
Hard by a cobbler bidding fair
For the gold chain and next lord mayor;
A butcher bluſt'ring in the crowd,
Of his late purchas'd 'ſcutcheon proud,
Retains his cleaver for his creſt,
His motto too beneath the reſt,
" Virtue and merit is a jeſt :"
Two toaſts, with all their trinkets gone,
Padding the ſtreets for half-a-crown;
A daggled counteſs and her maid,
Her houſe-rent and her ſlaves unpaid;
A tailor's wife in rich brocade.

All ſects, all parties, high and low,
At Fortune's ſhrine devoutly bow;
Nought can their ardent zeal reſtrain,
Where each man's godlineſs is gain.
From taverns, meeting-houſes, ſtews,
Atheiſts and Quakers, bawds and Jews,
Stateſmen and fiddlers, beaus and porters,
Blue aprons here, and there blue garters.
As human race of old began
From ſtones and clods transform'd to man,
So from each dunghill, ſtrange ſurpriſe!
In troops the recent gentry riſe;
Of muſhroom growth, they wildly ſtare,
And ape the great with awkward air:
So Pinkethman upon the ſtage,
Mounting his aſs in warlike rage,
With ſimp'ring Dicky for his page,
In Lee's mad rant, with monkey face,
Burleſques the prince of Ammon's race.
Induſtrious Frank, among the reſt,
Bought, ſold, and cavill'd, bawl'd, and preſs'd;
Lodg'd in a garret on the ſpot,
Follow'd inſtructions to a jot,
The praying part alone forgot;
Learn'd ev'ry dealing term of art,
And all th' ingenious cant by heart;
Nor doubted but he ſoon ſhould find
Dame Fortune complaiſant and kind.

After her oft' he call'd aloud,
But ſtill ſhe vaniſh'd in the crowd;
Now with ſmooth looks and tempting ſmiles
The faithleſs hypocrite beguiles,
Then with a cool and ſcornful air
Bids the deluded wretch deſpair;
Takes pet without the leaſt pretence,
And wonders at his inſolence.
Thus with her fickle humours vex'd,
And between hopes and fears perplex'd,
His patience quite worn out, at laſt
Reſolves to throw one deſp'rate caſt.
" 'Tis vain," ſaid he, " to whine and wooe,
" 'Tis one briſk ſtroke the work muſt do.
" Fortune is like a widow won,
" And truckles to the bold alone;
" I 'll puſh at once and venture all,
" At leaſt I ſhall with honour fall."
But curſe upon the treach'rous jade!
Who thus his ſervices repaid;
When now he thought the world his own,
He bought a bear, and was undone.

CANTO III.

As there is ſomething in a face,
An air, and a peculiar grace,
Which boldeſt painters cannot trace,

That more than features, ſhape, or hair,
Diſtinguiſhes the happy fair,
Strikes ev'ry eye, and makes her known
A ruling toaſt thro' all the Town;
So in each action 't is ſucceſs
That gives it all its comelineſs,
Guards it from cenſure and from blame,
Brightens and burniſhes our fame.
For what is virtue, courage, wit,
In all men but a lucky hit?
But, *vice versâ*, where this fails,
The wiſeſt conduct nought avails,
The man of merit ſoon ſhall find
The world to profp'rous knaves inclin'd,
Himſelf the laſt of all mankind.
Too true poor Frank this theſis found,
Bankrupt, deſpoil'd, and run aground,
In durance vile detain'd and loſt,
And all his mighty projects croſt;
With grief and ſhame at once oppreſt,
Tears ſwell his eyes and ſighs his breaſt:
A poor, forlorn, abandon'd rake,
Where ſhall he turn? what meaſures take?
Betray'd, deceiv'd, and ruin'd quite
By his own greedy appetite,
He mourns his fatal luſt of pelf,
And curſes Fortune and himſelf;

In limbo pent, would fain get free,
Importunate for liberty.
So when the watchful hungry mouſe,
At midnight prowling round the houſe,
Winds in a corner toaſted cheeſe,
Glad the luxurious prey to ſeize,
With whiſkers curl'd, and round black eyes,
He meditates the luſcious prize,
Till caught, trepann'd, laments too late
The rigorous decrees of Fate;
Reſtleſs his freedom to regain,
He bites the wire, and climbs in vain.
The wretched captive, thus diſtreſt,
His buſy thoughts allow no reſt;
Fond on each project to depend,
Kind Hope his only faithful friend;
Odd whimſies floating in his brain,
He plots, contrives, but all in vain;
Approves, rejects, and thinks again.
As when the ſhipwreck'd wretch is toſt
From wave to wave, and almoſt loſt,
Beat by the billows from the ſhore,
Returns half drown'd, and hugs once more
The friendly plank he graſp'd before;
So Frank, when all expedients fail,
To ſave his carcaſs from a jail,
Ate up with vermine and with care,
And almoſt ſinking in deſpair,

Reſolves once more to make his court
To his old aunt, his laſt reſort;
Takes pen in hand, now writes, now tears,
Then blots his paper with his tears,
Ranſacks his troubled ſoul, to raiſe
Each tender ſentiment and phraſe;
And ev'ry lame excuſe ſupplies
With artful colouring and diſguiſe;
Kind to himſelf, lays all the blame
On Fortune, that capricious dame;
In ſhort, informs her all was loſt,
And ſends it by the penny-poſt.
Soon as the ancient nymph had read
The fatal ſcroll, ſhe took her bed,
Cold palſies ſeize her trembling head;
She groans, ſhe ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe ſmears
Her ſpectacles and beard with tears;
Her noſe, that wont to ſympathiſe
With all th' o'erflowings of her eyes,
Adown in pearly drops diſtils,
Th' united ſtream each chaſm fills.
Geneva now nor Nantz will do,
Her toothleſs gums their hold let go;
And on the ground, O fatal ſtroke!
The ſhort coæval pipe is broke;
With vapours choak'd, entranc'd ſhe lies,
Belches, and prays, and ſ——ts, and dies;

But ſleep, that kind reſtorative,
Recall'd her ſoul, and bid her live.
With cooler thoughts the caſe ſhe weigh'd,
And brought her reaſon to her aid.
Away ſhe hobbles, and with ſpeed
Reſolves to ſee the captive freed;
Wipe off this ſtain and foul diſgrace,
And vindicate her ancient race.
With her a ſage director comes,
More weighty than a brace of plumbs,
A good Man in the City cant,
Where caſh, not morals, makes the ſaint.
T' improve a genius ſo polite,
The clumſy thing was dubb'd a knight;
Fortune's chief confident and friend,
Grown fat by many a dividend;
And ſtill her favour he retains
By want of merit and of brains;
On her top ſpoke ſublime he ſits,
The jeſt and theme of ſneering wits;
For fools in Fortune's pill'ry plac'd
Are mounted to be more diſgrac'd.
This rich old hunks, as Woodcock wife,
Was call'd the younker to adviſe.
"Young man," ſaid he, "refrain from tears
"While joyful tidings bleſs thine ears.
"Up, and be doing, boy! and try
"To conquer Fate by induſtry;

" For know that all of mortal race
" Are born to loſſes and diſgrace:
" Ev'n I broke twice; I, heretofore
" A tailor deſpicably poor,
" In ev'ry hole for ſhelter crept,
" On the ſame bulk botch'd, lous'd, and ſlept,
" With ſcarce one penny to prepare
" A friendly halter in deſpair;
" My credit like my garment torn,
" Threadbare, and ragged, overworn;
" But ſoon I patch'd it up again;
" Theſe buſy hands, this working brain,
" Ne'er ceas'd from labour, pain, and ſweat,
" Till Fortune ſmil'd, and I was great.
" Now at each pompous City feaſt
" Who but Sir Triſtram? ev'ry gueſt
" Reſpectful bows: in each debate
" My nod muſt give the ſentence weight:
" On me prime miniſters attend,
" And —— and Aiſlabie 's my friend:
" In embryo each bold project lies
" Till my conſenting purſe ſupplies.
" This hand—nay do not think me vain,
" Soften'd the Swede, and humbled Spain.
" To me the fair, whom all adore,
" Addreſs their pray'rs, and own my pow'r:
" When the poor toaſt by break of day
" Has punted all her gold away,

" Undreſs'd, and in her native charms,
" She flies to theſe indulgent arms;
" She curls each dimple in her face
" To win the good Sir Triſtram's grace;
" Offers her brilliants with a ſmile
" That might an anchoret beguile;
" And when my potent aid is lent,
" Away the dear-one wheels content.
" He that can money get, my boy!
" Shall ev'ry other good enjoy:
" Be rich, and ev'ry boon receive
" That man can wiſh or Heav'n can give.
" Now to the means, dear youth! attend,
" By which thy ſorrows ſoon ſhall end:
" Thy good old aunt reſolves to bail
" Her hopeful godſon out of jail;
" But what is freedom to the poor?
" The man who begs from door to door
" Is free; in lazy wretchedneſs
" He lives, till Heav'n his ſubſtance bleſs;
" But having learn'd to cog and chouſe,
" To cut a purſe, or break a houſe,
" Then ſoon he mends his old apparel,
" Eats boil'd and roaſt, and taps his barrel;
" Drinks double bub with all his might,
" And hugs his doxy ev'ry night:
" Thy ſprightly genius ne'er ſhall lie
" Depreſs'd by want and penury;

" Go, with a profp'rous merry gale,
" To the South Seas advent'rous ſail;
" Fat Plenty dwells on thoſe rich ſhores,
" Abundance opens all her ſtores;
" Ingots and pearls for beads are ſold,
" And rivers glide on ſands of gold:
" Profit and Pleaſure, hand in hand,
" Smile on the fields, and bleſs the land;
" The ſwains unlabour'd harveſts reap,
" Fountains run wine, and whores are cheap.
" Fortune is always true and kind,
" Nor veers, as here, with ev'ry wind;
" Not, as in theſe penurious iſles,
" Retails her bleſſings and her ſmiles,
" But deals by wholeſale with her friends,
" And gluts them with her dividends.
" Then haſte, ſet ſail, the ſhip 's unmoor'd,
" And waits to take thee now on board."
The youth o'erjoy'd this project hears,
From his flock-bed his head he rears,
And waters all his rags with tears.
In ſhort, he took his friend's advice,
Pack'd up his baggage in a trice;
Dancing for joy, on board he flew,
With all Potoſi in his view.

CANTO IV.

Behold the youth just now set free
On land, immur'd again at sea;
Stow'd with his cargo in the hold,
In quest of other worlds for gold.
He who so late regal'd at ease,
On olios, soups, and fricassees,
Drank with the witty and the gay,
Sparkling Champaign and rich Tokay,
Now breaks his fast with Suffolk cheese,
And bursts at noon with pork and pease;
Instead of wine, content to sip,
With noisy tars, their nauseous slip;
Their breath with chew'd mundungus sweet,
Their jests more fulsome than their meat.
While thunder rolls and storms arise,
He snoring in his hammoc lies;
In golden dreams enjoys the night,
And counts his bags with vast delight;
Mountains of gold erect his throne,
Each precious gem is new his own;
Kind Jove descends in golden fleet,
Pactolus murmurs at his feet;
The sea gives up its hoarded store,
Possessing all, he covets more.

O Gold! attractive Gold! in vain
Honour and conſcience would reſtrain
Thy boundleſs univerſal reign.
To thee each ſtubborn virtue bends;
The man oblig'd betrays his friends;
The patriot quits his country's cauſe,
And ſells her liberty and laws;
The pious prude 's no longer nice,
And ev'n lawn ſleeves can flatter vice.
At thy too abſolute command
Thy zealots ranſack ſea and land:
Where'er thy beams their pow'r diſplay,
The ſwarming inſects haſte away,
To baſk in thy refulgent ray.
Now the bold crew, with proſp'rous wind,
Leave the retreating land behind;
Fearleſs they quit their native ſhore,
And Albion's cliffs are ſeen no more;
Then on the wide Atlantic borne,
Their rigging and their tackle torn,
Danger in various ſhapes appears,
Sudden alarms, and ſhiv'ring fears.
Here might ſome copious bard dilate,
And ſhow fierce Neptune drawn in ſtate,
While guards of Tritons clear his way,
And Nereids round his chariot play;
Then bid the ſtormy Boreas riſe,
And forky lightning cleave the ſkies,

The ſhip, nigh found'ring in the deep,
Or bounding o'er the ridgy ſteep;
Deſcribe the monſters of the main,
The Phocæ, and their finny train,
Tornados, hurricanes, and rain,
Spouts, ſhoals, and rocks of dreadful ſize,
And pirates lurking for their prize;
Amazing miracles rehearſe,
And turn all Dampier into verſe:
My negligent and humble Muſe
Leſs ambitious aims purſues;
Content with more familiar phraſe,
Nor deals in ſuch embroider'd lays;
Pleas'd if my rhyme juſt meaſure keeps,
And ſtretch'd at eaſe my reader ſleeps.
Hibernian matrons thus of old,
Their ſoporific ſtories told;
To ſleep in vain the patient ſtrove,
Perplex'd with buſ'neſs, croſs'd in love,
Till ſoothing tales beguil'd his breaſt,
And lull'd his troubled ſoul to reſt.
Suffice it only to recite,
They drank all day, they ſnor'd all night;
And after many moons were paſt,
They made the wiſh'd-for ſhores at laſt.
Frank, with his cargo in his hand,
Leap'd joyful on the golden ſtrand;
Open'd his toyſhop in the port,
Trinkets of various ſize and ſort;

Bracelets and combs, bodkins and tweezers,
Bath-metal rings, and knives, and ſciſſars;
And in one lucky day got more
Than Bubble-boy in half a ſcore:
For Fortune now, no longer coy,
Smil'd on her darling fav'rite boy;
No longer from his arms retir'd,
But gave him all his heart deſir'd.
Ah! thoughtleſs Youth! in time beware,
And ſhun the treach'rous harlot's ſnare;
The wiſer ſavages behold,
Who truck not liberty for gold!
Proof againſt all her ſubtle wiles,
Regardleſs of her frowns or ſmiles;
If frugal Nature want ſupplies,
The lance or dart unerring flies:
The mountain boar their prey deſcends,
Or the fat kid regales their friends;
The jocund tribe, from ſun to ſun,
Feaſt on the prize their valour won.
Ceaſe, babbling Muſe! thy vain advice,
'Tis thrown away on avarice:
Bid hungry lions quit their prey,
Or ſtreams that down the mountains ſtray
Divert their courſe, return again,
And climb the ſteep from whence they came.
Unbleſs'd with his ill-gotten ſtore,
Th' infatiate youth ſtill craves for more;

To counſel deaf, t' examples blind,
Scrapes up whatever he can find,
Now maſter of a veſſel grown,
With all the glitt'ring freight his own,
To Fortune ſtill he makes his court,
And coaſts along from port to port.
Each rolling tide brings freſh ſupplies,
And heaps on heaps delight his eyes.
Thro' Panama's delicious bay
The loaded veſſel ploughs her way;
With the rich freight oppreſs'd ſhe ſails,
And ſummons all the friendly gales.
Frank on her deck triumphant ſtood,
And view'd the calm tranſparent flood:
" Let book-learn'd ſots," ſaid he, " adore
" Th' aſpiring hills that grace thy ſhore;
" Thy verdant iſles, the groves that bow
" Their nodding heads, and ſhade thy brow;
" Thy face ſerene, thy gentle breaſt,
" Where Syrens ſing and Halcyons reſt;
" Propitious Flood! on me beſtow
" The treaſures of thy depths below,
" Which long in thy dark womb have ſlept,
" From age to age ſecurely kept."
Scarce had he ſpoke, when, ſtrange ſurpriſe!
Th' indignant waves in mountains riſe,
And hurricanes invade the ſkies;

The ſhip againſt the ſhoals was ſtruck,
And in a thouſand pieces broke;
But one poor truſty plank, to ſave
Its owner from the wat'ry grave:
On this he mounts, is caſt on ſhore,
Half dead, a bankrupt as before:
Spiritleſs, fainting, and alone,
On the bare beach he makes his moan;
Then climbs the ragged rocks, t' explore
If aught was driving to the ſhore,
The poor remains of all his ſtore,
With greedy diligence prepar'd
To ſave whate'er the waves had ſpar'd.
But, oh! the wretch expects in vain
Compaſſion from the furious main;
Men, goods, are ſunk. Mad with deſpair
He beat his breaſt, he tore his hair;
Then leaning o'er the craggy ſteep,
Look'd down into the boiling deep,
Almoſt reſolv'd to caſt himſelf,
And periſh with his dear, dear pelf.

CANTO V.

If Heav'n the thriving trader bleſs,
What fawning crowds about him preſs!
But if he fail, diſtreſs'd and poor,
His mob of friends are ſeen no more;

For all men hold it meet to fly
Th' infectious breath of Poverty.
Poor Frank, deſerted and forlorn,
Curſes the day that he was born:
Each treach'rous crony hides his face,
Or ſtarts whene'er he haunts the place.
His wealth thus loſt, with that his friends,
On Fortune ſtill the youth depends:
One ſmile, ſaid he, can ſoon reſtore
A bankrupt wretch, and give him more;
She will not, ſure, refuſe her aid.
Fallacious hope! for the falſe jade
That very day took wing, was flown,
And on her wonted journey gone
(Intent her coſtly goods to ſell)
From Panama to Portobel*:
Five hundred mules her baggage bear,
And groan beneath the precious ware,
The goddeſs rides ſublime in air;
And hence conveys a freſh ſupply
For pride, debate, and luxury.
Frank, when he heard th' unwelcome news,
Like a ſtanch hound the chaſe purſues,
Takes the ſame rout, doubles his ſpeed,
Nor doubts her help in time of need.
O'er the wide waſte, thro' pathleſs ways,
The ſolitary pilgrim ſtrays;

* This is the road the King of Spain's treaſure is carried over the iſthmus of Darien.

Now on the ſwampy deſert plain,
Thro' brakes of mangroves * works with pain,
Then climbs the hills with many a groan,
And melts beneath the Torrid zone.
With berries and green plantains fed,
On the parch'd earth he leans his head;
Fainting with thirſt, to Heav'n he cries,
But finds no ſtream but from his eyes.
Ah, Wretch! thy vain laments forbear,
And for a worſe extreme prepare:
Sudden the low'ring ſtorms ariſe,
The burſting thunder rends the ſkies,
Aſlant the ruddy lightning flies,
Darts thro' the gloom a tranſient ray,
And gives a ſhort but dreadful day;
With pealing rain the woods reſound,
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid ground;
Benumb'd with cold, but more with fear,
Strange phantoms to his mind appear,
The wolves around him howl for food,
The rav'nous tigers hunt for blood,
And Cannibals, more fierce than they,
(Monſters who make mankind their prey)
Riot and feaſt on human gore,
And, ſtill inſatiate; thirſt for more.
Half dead, at ev'ry noiſe he hears
His fancy multiplies his fears;

* A ſort of brier in the Weſt Indies, very troubleſome to travellers.

Whate'er he read or heard of old,
Whate'er his nurſe or Cruſoe told,
Each tragic ſcene his eyes behold:
Things paſt as preſent fear applies,
Their pains he bears, their deaths he dies.
At length the ſun began to peep,
And gild the ſurface of the deep,
Then on the reeking moiſture fed,
The ſcatter'd clouds before him fled,
The rivers ſhrunk into their bed:
Nature revives; the feather'd throng
Salute the morning with a ſong.
Frank with his fellow-brutes aroſe,
Yet dreaming ſtill he ſaw his foes,
Reels to and fro, laments and grieves,
And, ſtarting, doubts if yet he lives.
At laſt his ſpirits mend their pace,
And Hope ſat dawning on his face;
"Ev'n ſuch is human life," ſaid he,
"A night of dread and miſery,
"Till Heav'n relents, relieves our pain,
"And ſunſhine days return again.
"O Fortune! who doſt now beſtow,
"Frowning, this bitter cup of woe,
"Do not thy faithful ſlave deſtroy,
"But give th' alternative of joy."
Then many a painful ſtep he takes,
O'er hills and vales, thro' woods and brakes;

No ſturdy deſp'rate Buccaneer
E'er ſuffer'd hardſhips more ſevere:
Stubborn, incorrigibly blind,
No dangers can divert his mind;
His tedious journey he purſues,
At laſt his eye tranſported views
Fair Portobel, whoſe riſing ſpires
Inflame his heart with new deſires.
Secure of Fortune's grace, he ſmiles,
And flatt'ring hopes the wretch beguiles.
Tho' nature calls for ſleep and food,
Yet ſtronger avarice ſubdu'd;
Ev'n ſhameful nakedneſs and pain,
And thirſt and hunger, plead in vain:
No reſt he gives his weary feet,
Fortune he ſeeks from ſtreet to ſtreet;
Careful in ev'ry corner pries,
Now here, now there, impatient flies,
Wherever buſy crowds reſort,
The Change, the market, and the port;
In vain he turns his eyeballs round,
Fortune was no where to be found;
The jilt, not many hours before,
With the Plate-fleet had left the ſhore;
Laughs at the cred'lous fool behind,
And joyful ſcuds before the wind.
Poor Frank forſaken on the coaſt,
All his fond hopes at once are loſt.

Aghaſt the ſwelling ſails he views,
And with his eye the fleet purſues,
Till, leſſen'd to his weary'd ſight,
It leaves him to deſpair and night.
So when the faithleſs Theſeus fled
The Cretan nymph's deſerted bed,
Awak'd, at diſtance on the main,
She view'd the proſp'rous perjur'd ſwain,
And call'd th' avenging gods in vain.
Proſtrate on earth till break of day,
Senſeleſs and motionleſs he lay,
Till tears at laſt find out their way;
Guſh like a torrent from his eyes,
In bitterneſs of ſoul he cries,
" O, Fortune! now too late I ſee,
" Too late, alas! thy treachery.
" Wretch that I am! abandon'd, loſt,
" About the world at random toſt,
" Whither, oh! whither ſhall I run?
" Sore pinch'd with hunger, and undone.
" In the dark mines go hide thy head
" Accurs'd, exchange thy ſweat for bread;
" Skulk under ground, in earth's dark womb
" Go ſlave, and dig thyſelf a tomb:
" There 's gold enough; pernicious gold!
" To which long ſince thy peace was ſold;
" Vain helpleſs idol! canſt thou ſave
" This ſhatter'd carcaſs from the grave?

" Reſtleſs diſturber of mankind,
" Canſt thou give health or peace of mind?
" Oh! no; deceiv'd the fool ſhall be
" Who puts his confidence in thee.
" Fatally blind, my native home
" I left, in this rude world to roam;
" O, brother! ſhall I view no more
" Thy peaceful bow'rs? fair Albion's ſhore?
" Yes (if kind Heav'n my life ſhall ſpare)
" Some happy moments yet I 'll ſhare
" In thy delightful bleſs'd retreat,
" With thee contemn the rich and great;
" Redeem my time miſpent, and wait
" Till death relieve th' unfortunate."
Adverſity! ſage uſeful gueſt,
Severe inſtructer, but the beſt,
It is from thee alone we know
Juſtly to value things below;
Right reaſon's ever faithful friend,
To thee our haughty paſſions bend;
Tam'd by thy rod, poor Frank at laſt
Repents of all his follies paſt;
Reſign'd, and patient to endure
Thoſe ills which Heav'n alone can cure,
With vain purſuits and labours worn,
He meditates a quick return,
Longs to reviſit yet once more,
Poor prodigal! his native ſhore.

In the next ſhip for Britain bound
Glad Frank a ready paſſage found;
Nor veſſel now nor freight his own,
He fears no longer Fortune's frown;
No property but life his ſhare,
Life, a frail good not worth his care;
Active and willing to obey,
A merry mariner and gay,
He hands the ſails, and jokes all day.
At night no dreams diſturb his reſt,
No paſſions riot in his breaſt,
For having nothing left to loſe,
Sweet and unbroken his repoſe.
And now fair Albion's cliffs are ſeen,
And hills with fruitful herbage green;
His heart beats quick, the joy that ties
His falt'ring tongue burſts from his eyes:
At length thus hail'd the well-known land,
And, kneeling, kiſs'd the happy ſtrand,
"And do I then draw native air
"After an age of toil and care?
"O welcome parent Iſle! no more
"The vagrant ſhall deſert thy ſhore,
"But, flying to thy kind embrace,
"Here end his life's laborious race."
So when the ſtag, intent to rove,
Quits the ſafe park and ſhelt'ring grove,
Tops the high pale, ſtrolls unconfin'd,
And leaves the lazy herd behind,

Bleſs'd in his happy change a while,
Corn fields and flow'ry meadows ſmile,
The pamper'd beaſt enjoys the ſpoil;
Till on the next returning morn,
Alarm'd, he hears the fatal horn;
Before the ſtanch bloodthirſty hounds,
Panting, o'er hills unknown he bounds;
With clamour ev'ry wood reſounds:
He creeps the thorny brakes with pain,
He ſeeks the diſtant ſtream in vain;
And now, by ſad experience wiſe,
To his dear home the rambler flies;
His old incloſure gains once more,
And joins the herd he ſcorn'd before.
Nor are his labours finiſh'd yet,
Hunger and thirſt, and pain and ſweat,
And many a tedious mile remains
Before his brother's houſe he gains.
Without one doit his purſe to bleſs,
Nor very elegant his dreſs,
With a tarr'd jump, a crooked hat,
Scarce one whole ſhoe, and half a hat,
From door to door the ſtrolier ſkipp'd,
Sometimes reliev'd, but oft'ner whipp'd;
Sunburnt and ragged, on he fares,
At laſt the manſionhouſe appears,
Timely relief for all his cares.

Around he gaz'd, his greedy ſight
Devours each object with delight;
Thro' each known haunt tranſported roves,
Gay ſmiling fields and ſhady groves,
Once conſcious of his youthful loves.
About the hoſpitable gate
Crowds of dejected wretches wait;
Each day kind Bob's diffuſive hand
Cheer'd and refreſh'd the tatter'd band,
Proud the moſt godlike joy to ſhare,
He fed the hungry, cloath'd the bare.
Frank amongſt theſe his ſtation choſe,
With looks revealing inward woes;
When, lo! with wonder and ſurpriſe,
He ſaw Dame Fortune in diſguiſe;
He ſaw, but ſcarce believ'd his eyes.
Her fawning ſmiles, her tricking air
Th' egregious hypocrite declare;
A gipſy's mantle round her ſpread,
Of various dye, white, yellow, red;
Strange feats ſhe promis'd, clamour'd loud,
And with her cant amus'd the crowd:
There ev'ry day impatient ply'd,
Puſh'd to get in, but ſtill deny'd;
For Bob, who knew the ſubtle whore,
Thruſt the falſe vagrant from his door;
But when the ſtranger's face he view'd,
With no deceitful tears bedew'd,

His boding heart began to melt,
And more than usual pity felt:
He trac'd his features o'er and o'er,
That spoke him better born tho' poor,
Tho' cloath'd in rags, genteel his mien,
That face he somewhere must have seen:
Nature at last reveals the truth;
He knows and owns the hapless youth.
Surpris'd and speechless, both embrace,
And mingling tears o'erflow each face,
Till Bob thus eas'd his lab'ring thought,
And this instructive moral taught.

" Welcome, my brother! to my longing arms,
" Here on my bosom rest secure from harms;
" See Fortune there, that false delusive jade,
" To whom thy pray'rs and ardent vows were paid;
" She (like her sex) the fond pursuer flies,
" But flight the jilt, and at thy feet she dies.
" Now safe in port, indulge thyself on shore,
" Oh! tempt the faithless winds and seas no more;
" Let unavailing toils and dangers past,
" Tho' late, this useful lesson teach at last,
" True happiness is only to be found
" In a contented mind, a body sound;
" All else is dream, a dance on Fairy ground;
" While restless fools each idle whim pursue,
" And still one wish obtain'd creates a new,

" Like froward babes, the toys they have deteſt,
" While ſtill the neweſt trifle pleaſes beſt:
" Let us, my brother! rich in wiſdom's ſtore,
" What Heav'n has lent enjoy, nor covet more;
" Subdue our paſſions, curb their ſaucy rage,
" And to ourſelves reſtore the Golden Age."

TALES.

I. THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

A TALE.

A VICAR liv'd on this ſide Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent;
Pure was his life in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught;
His pariſh large, his income ſmall,
Yet ſeldom wanted wherewithal,
For againſt ev'ry merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful paſtor, but his ſheep,
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A ſcabby flock, that ev'ry day
Run riot, and would go aſtray.
He thump'd his cuſhion, fretted, vext,
Thumb'd o'er again each uſeful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain,
His pariſh was the more profane:
The ſcrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd ſtill.
At laſt, when each expedient fail'd,
And ſerious meaſures nought avail'd,

It came into his head to try
The force of wit and raillery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could gibe and joke as well as pray;
Not like ſome hide-bound folk, who chaſe
Each merry ſmile from their dull face,
And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.
At chriſt'nings and each jovial feaſt
He ſingled out the ſinful beaſt;
Let all his pointed arrows fly,
Told this and that, look'd very ſly,
And left my maſters to apply.
His tales were hum'rous, often true,
And now and then ſet off to view
With lucky fictions and ſheer wit,
That pierc'd where truth could never hit.
The laugh was always on his ſide,
While paſſive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering lout reform'd his brother,
Till the whole pariſh was with eaſe
Sham'd into virtue by degrees:
Then be adviſ'd, and try a Tale,
When Chryſoſtom and Auſtin fail.

II. THE OFFICIOUS MESSENGER.

A TALE.

MAN, of precarious ſcience vain,
Treats other creatures with diſdain;
Nor Pug nor Shock have common ſenſe,
Nor even Poll the leaſt pretence,
Tho' ſhe prates better than us all,
To be accounted rational.
The brute creation here below,
It ſeems, is Nature's puppetſhow;
But clockwork all, and mere machine,
What can theſe idle gimcracks mean?
Ye world-makers of Greſham Hall,
Dog Rover ſhall confute you all;
Shall prove that ev'ry reas'ning brute
Like Ben. of Bangor can diſpute;
Can apprehend, judge, ſyllogize,
Or, like proud Bentley, criticiſe;
At a moot point or odd diſaſter
Is often wiſer than his maſter:
He may miſtake ſometimes, 't is true;
None are infallible but you.
The dog, whom nothing can miſlead,
Muſt be a dog of parts indeed:
But to my Tale; hear me, my friend!
And with due gravity attend.

Rover, as heralds are agreed,
Well-born, and of the ſetting breed,
Rang'd high, was ſtout, of noſe acute,
A very learn'd and courteous brute.
In parallel lines his ground he beat,
Not ſuch as in one centre meet;
In thoſe let blund'ring doctors deal,
His were exactly parallel.
When tainted gales the game betray,
Down cloſe he ſinks, and eyes his prey:
Tho' diff'rent paſſions tempt his ſoul,
True as the needle to the pole
He keeps his point, and panting lies,
The floating net above him flies,
Then, dropping, ſweeps the flutt'ring prize.
Nor this his only excellence:
When ſurly farmers took offence,
And the rank corn the ſport deny'd,
Still faithful to his maſter's ſide,
A thouſand pretty pranks he play'd,
And cheerful each command obey'd:
Humble his mind tho' great his wit,
Would lug a pig, or turn the ſpit;
Would fetch and carry, leap o'er ſticks,
And forty ſuch diverting tricks.
Nor Partridge nor wife Gadbury
Could find loſt goods ſo ſoon as he;
Bid him go back a mile or more,
And ſeek the glove you hid before;

Still his unerring noſe would wind it,
If above ground was ſure to find it;
Whimp'ring for joy his maſter greet,
And humbly lay it at his feet.
But hold——it cannot be deny'd
That uſeful talents miſapply'd
May make wild work. It happ'd one day
Squire Lobb, his maſter, took his way,
New ſhav'd, and ſmug, and very tight,
To compliment a neighb'ring knight;
In his beſt trowſers he appears,
(A comely perſon for his years)
And clean white draw'rs, that many a day
In lavender and roſecakes lay.
Acroſs his brawny ſhoulders ſtrung,
On his left ſide, his dagger hung;
Deed-doing blade! a dreadful gueſt,
Or in the field or at the feaſt.
No Franklin * carving of a chine
At Chriſtide ever look'd ſo fine.
With him obſequious Rover trudg'd,
Nor from his heels one moment budg'd:
A while they travell'd, when within
Poor Lobb perceiv'd a rumbling din;
Then warring winds, for want of vent,
Shook all his earthly tenement.

* A ſubſtantial country gentleman in days of yore.

So in the body politic
(For ſtates ſometimes, like men, are ſick)
Dark Faction mutters thro' the crowd,
Ere bare-fac'd Treaſon roars aloud.
Whether crude humours undigeſted
His lab'ring entrails had infeſted,
Or laſt night's load of bottled ale,
Grown mutinous, was breaking jail;
The cauſe of this his awkward pain
Let Johnſton or let H——th explain,
Whoſe learned noſes may diſcover
Why Nature's ſtinkpot thus ran over:
My province is th' effect to trace,
And give each point its proper grace.
Th' effect, O lamentable caſe!
Long had he ſtruggled, but in vain,
The factious tumult to reſtrain:
What ſhould he do? Th' unruly rout
Preſs'd on, and it was time, no doubt,
T' unbutton, and to let all out.
The Trowſers ſoon his will obey;
Not ſo his ſtubborn draw'rs, for they,
Beneath his hanging paunch cloſe ty'd,
His utmoſt art and pains defy'd:
He drew his dagger on the ſpot,
Reſolv'd to cut the Gordian knot.
In the ſame road juſt then paſs'd by
(Such was the will of Deſtiny)

The courteous curate of the place,
Good-nature ſhone o'er all his face;
Surpris'd the flaming blade to view,
And deeming ſlaughter muſt enſue,
Off from his hack himſelf he threw;
Then without ceremony ſeiz'd
The ſquire, impatient to be eas'd.
"Lord! Maſter Lobb, who would have thought
"The fiend had e'er ſo ſtrongly wrought?
"Is ſuicide ſo ſlight a fault?
"Rip up thy guts, man! What—go quick
"To hell? Outrageous lunatic!
"But, by the bleſſing, I'll prevent
"With this right hand thy foul intent:"
Then gripp'd the dagger faſt. The ſquire,
Like Peleus' ſon, look'd pale with ire,
While the good man like Pallas ſtood,
And check'd his eager thirſt for blood.
At laſt, when both a while had ſtrain'd,
Strength, join'd with zeal, the conqueſt gain'd:
The curate in all points obey'd,
Into the ſheath returns the blade;
But firſt th' unhappy ſquire he ſwore
T' attempt upon his life no more.
With ſage advice his ſpeech he clos'd,
And left him (as he thought) compos'd.
But was it ſo, Friend Lobb? I own
Misfortune ſeldom comes alone;

Satan ſupplies the ſwelling tide,
And ills on ills are multiply'd.
Subdu'd, and all his meaſures broke,
His purpoſe and intent miſtook,
Within his draw'rs, alas! he found
His guts let out without a wound;
For in the conflict ſtraining hard,
He left his poſtern gate unbarr'd;
Moſt wofully bedawb'd, he moans
His piteous caſe, he ſighs, he groans.
To loſe his dinner and return
Was very hard, not to be borne:
Hunger, they ſay, parent of arts,
Will make a fool a man of parts.
The ſharp-ſet ſquire reſolves at laſt,
Whate'er befel him, not to faſt;
He mus'd a while, chaf'd, ſtrain'd his wits,
At laſt on this expedient hits;
To the next brook, with ſober pace
He tends, preparing to uncaſe,
Straddling and mutt'ring all the way,
Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky day.
The coaſt now clear, no foul in view,
Off in a trice his trowſers drew;
More leiſurely his draw'rs, for care
And caution was convenient there:
So faſt the plaſter'd birdlime ſtuck,
The ſkin came off with ev'ry pluck.

Sorely he gall'd each brawny ham;
Nor other parts eſcap'd, which ſhame
Forbids a baſhful Muſe to name.
Not without pain the work achiev'd,
He ſcrubb'd and waſh'd the parts aggriev'd;
Then, with nice hand and look ſedate,
Folds up his draw'rs with their rich freight,
And hides them in a buſh, at leiſure
Reſolv'd to fetch his hidden treaſure:
The truſty Rover lay hard by,
Obſerving all with curious eye.
Now rigg'd again, once more a beau,
And matters fix'd *in ſtatu quo*,
Briſk as a ſnake in merry May,
That juſt has caſt his ſlough away,
Gladſome he caper'd o'er the green,
As he preſum'd, both ſweet and clean;
For, oh! among us mortal elves,
How few there are ſmell out themſelves!
With a mole's ear and eagle's eye,
And with a bloodhound's noſe, we fly
On others' faults implacably;
But where 's that ear, that eye, that noſe,
Againſt its maſter will depoſe?
Ruddy Miſs Prue, with golden hair,
Stinks like a polecat or a bear,
Yet romps about me ev'ry day,
Sweeter, ſhe thinks, than new-made hay.

Lord Plauſible, at Tom's and Will's,
Whoſe pois'nous breath in whiſpers kills,
Still buzzes in my ear, nor knows
What fatal ſecrets he beſtows:
Let him deſtroy each day a ſcore,
'Tis mere chance-medley, and no more.
In fine, ſelf-love bribes ev'ry ſenſe,
And all at home is excellence.
The ſquire arriv'd in decent plight,
With rev'rence due ſalutes the knight.
Compliments paſt, the dinner-bell
Rung quick and loud, harmonious knell
To greedy Lobb! Th' Orphéan lyre
Did ne'er ſuch rapt'rous joy inſpire;
Tho' this the ſavage throng obey,
That hunger tames more fierce than they.
In comely order now appear
The footmen loaded with good cheer,
Her ladyſhip brought up the rear.
Simp'ring ſhe liſps, "Your ſervant, Sir—
"The ways are bad, one cann't well ſtir
"Abroad—or 't were indeed unkind
"To leave good Mrs. Lobb behind—
"She 's well, I hope—Maſter, they ſay,
"Comes on apace—How 's Miſs, I pray?"
Lobb bow'd and ering'd; and, mutt'ring low,
Made for his chair, would fain fall to.
Theſe weighty points adjuſted, ſoon
My lady brandiſhes her ſpoon.

Unhappy Lobb, pleas'd with his treat,
And minding nothing but his meat,
Too near the fire had choſe his ſeat;
When, oh! th' effluvia of his bum
Begin amain to ſcent the room,
Ambroſial ſweets, and rich perfume!
The ſlick'ring footman ſtopp'd his noſe;
The chaplain too, under the roſe,
Made awkward mouths; the knight took ſnuff;
Her ladyſhip began to huff;
"Indeed, Sir John—pray, good my dear—
"'Tis wrong to make your kennel here—
"Dogs in their place are good, I own—
"But in the parlour—foh!—be gone."
Now Rockwood leaves th' unfiniſh'd bone,
Baniſh'd for failings not his own;
No grace ev'n Fiddler could obtain,
And fav'rite Virgin fawn'd in vain.
The ſervants, to the ſtranger kind,
Leave truſty Rover ſtill behind;
But Lobb, who would not ſeem to be
Defective in civility,
And, for removing of all doubt,
Knitting his brows, bids him get out;
By ſigns expreſſes his command,
And to the door points with his hand.
The dog, or thro' miſtake or ſpight,
(Grave authors have not ſet us right)

Fled back the very way he came,
And in the buſh ſoon found his game;
Brought in his mouth the ſav'ry load,
And at his maſter's elbow ſtood.
O Lobb! what idioms can expreſs
Thy ſtrange confuſion and diſtreſs,
When on the floor the draw'rs diſplay'd
The fulſome ſecret had bewray'd?
No traitor, when his hand and ſeal
Produc'd his dark deſigns reveal,
E'er look'd with ſuch a hanging face
As Lobb, half-dead at this diſgrace.
Wild-ſtaring, thunder-ſtruck, and dumb,
While peals of laughter ſhake the room;
Each ſaſh thrown up to let in air,
The knight fell backward in his chair,
Laugh'd till his heartſtrings almoſt break,
The chaplain giggled for a week;
Her ladyſhip began to call
For hartſhorn, and her Abigal;
The ſervants chuckled at the door,
And all was clamour and uproar.
Rover, who now began to quake,
As conſcious of his foul miſtake,
Truſts to his heels to ſave his life;
The ſquire ſneaks home, and beats his wife.

III. THE INQUISITIVE BRIDEGROOM.

A TALE.

FRANK PLUME, a ſpark about the Town,
Now weary of intriguing grown,
Thought it adviſable to wed,
And chuſe a partner of his bed,
Virtuous and chaſte—Aye, right—but where
Is there a nymph that 's chaſte as fair?
A bleſſing to be priz'd, but rare:
For continence penurious Heav'n
With a too-ſparing hand has giv'n;
A plant but ſeldom to be found,
And thrives but ill on Britiſh ground.
Should our advent'rer haſte on board,
And ſee what foreign ſoils afford,
Where watchful dragons guard the prize,
And jealous Dons have Argus' eyes,
Where the rich caſket, cloſe immur'd,
Is under lock and key ſecur'd?
No—Frank, by long experience wiſe,
Had known theſe forts took by ſurpriſe;
Nature in ſpite of art prevail'd,
And all their vigilance had fail'd.
The youth was puzzled—Should he go
And ſcale a convent? would that do?
Is nun's fleſh always good and ſweet?
Fly-blown ſometimes, not fit to eat.

Well—he reſolves to do his beſt,
And prudently contrives this teſt;
If the laſt favour I obtain,
And the nymph yield, the caſe is plain;
Marry'd, ſhe 'll play the ſame odd prank
With others—ſhe 's no wife for Frank.
But could I find a female heart
Impregnable to force or art,
That all my batt'ries could withſtand,
The ſap, and ev'n ſword in hand,
Ye Gods! how happy ſhould I be,
From each perplexing thought ſet free,
From cuckoldom and jealouſy!
The project pleas'd: he now appears
And ſhines in all his killing airs,
And ev'ry uſeful toy prepares.
New opera tunes, and billet-doux,
The clouded cane and red-heel'd ſhoes;
Nor the clock-ſtocking was forgot,
Th' embroider'd coat and ſhoulderknot;
All that a woman's heart might move,
The potent trumpery of love.
Here importunity prevails,
There tears in floods, or ſighs in gales:
Now, in the lucky moment try'd,
Low at his feet the fair-one dy'd,
For Strephon would not be deny'd:

Then, if no motives could perſuade,
A golden ſhow'r debauch'd the maid,
The miſtreſs truckled, and obey'd.
To modeſty a ſham pretence
Gain'd ſome, others impertinence,
But moſt plain downright impudence.
Like Cæſar, now he conquer'd all;
The vaſſal ſex before him fall;
Where'er he march'd ſlaughter enſu'd;
He came, he ſaw, and he ſubdu'd.
At length a ſtubborn nymph he found,
For bold Camilla ſtood her ground,
Parry'd his thruſts with equal art,
And had him both in tierce and quart:
She kept the hero ſtill in play,
And ſtill maintain'd the doubtful day.
Here he reſolves to make a ſtand,
Take her, and marry out of hand.
The jolly prieſt ſoon ty'd the knot,
The luſcious tale was not forgot,
Then empty'd both his pipe and pot.
The poſſet drunk, the ſtocking thrown,
The candles out, the curtains drawn,
And Sir and Madam all alone;
"My dear," ſaid he, "I ſtrove, you know,
"To taſte the joys you now beſtow,
"All my perſuaſive arts I try'd,
"But ſtill relentleſs you deny'd;

" Tell me, inexorable fair!
" How could you, thus attack'd, forbear?
" Swear to forgive what 's paſt," ſhe cry'd;
" The naked truth ſhan't be deny'd."
He did; the baggage thus reply'd;
" Deceiv'd ſo many times before
" By your falſe ſex, I raſhly ſwore
" To truſt deceitful man no more."

IV. BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT.

A TALE.

" For ſhame," ſaid Ebony, " for ſhame,
" Tom Ruby! troth you 're much to blame
" To drink at this confounded rate,
" To guzzle thus early and late!"
Poor Tom, who juſt had took his whet,
And at the door his uncle met,
Surpris'd and thunderſtruck, would fain
Make his eſcape, but, oh! in vain.
Each bluſh, that glow'd with an ill grace,
Lighted the flambeaus in his face;
No loophole left, no flight pretence,
To palliate the foul offence.
" I own," ſaid he, " I 'm very bad—
" A ſot—incorrigibly mad—
" But, Sir—I thank you for your love,
" And by your lectures would improve:

" Yet give me leave to ſay, the ſtreet
" For conference is not ſo meet.
" Here in this room—nay, Sir, come in,
" Expoſe, chaſtiſe me for my ſin;
" Exert each trope, your utmoſt art,
" To touch this ſenſeleſs flinty heart.
" I 'm conſcious of my guilt, 'tis true,
" But yet I know my frailty too;
" A ſlight rebuke will never do.
" Urge home my faults—Come in, I pray—
" Let not my ſoul be caſt away."
Wiſe Ebony, who deem'd it good
T' encourage by all means he could
Theſe firſt appearances of grace,
Follow'd up ſtairs, and took his place.
The bottle and the cruſt appear'd,
And wily Tom demurely ſneer'd.
" My duty, Sir!"—" Thank you, kind Tom!"—
" Again an 't pleaſe you!"—"Thank you!" "Come—
" Sorrow is dry—I muſt once more—"
" Nay, Tom, I told you at the door
" I would not drink—what! before dinner?—
" Not one glaſs more, as I 'm a ſinner—
" Come, to the point in hand; is 't fit
" A man of your good ſenſe and wit
" Thoſe parts which Heav'n beſtow'd ſhould drown,
" A butt to all the ſots in Town?

" Why tell me, Tom—what fort can ſtand
" (Tho' regular, and bravely mann'd)
" If night and day the fierce foe plies
" With never-ceaſing batteries,
" Will there not be a breach at laſt?"—
" Uncle, 't is true—forgive what 's paſt."
" But if nor intereſt nor fame,
" Nor health, can your dull ſoul reclaim,
" Haſt not a conſcience, man? no thought
" Of an hereafter? dear are bought
" Theſe ſenſual pleaſures."—" I relent,
" Kind Sir—but give your zeal a vent—"
Then, pouting, hung his head; yet ſtill
Took care his uncle's glaſs to fill,
Which as his hurry'd ſpirits ſunk,
Unwittingly, good man! he drunk.
Each pint, alas! drew on the next,
Old Ebony ſtuck to his text,
Grown warm, like any angel ſpoke,
Till intervening hiccups broke
The well-ſtrung argument. Poor Tom
Was now too forward to reel home.
That preaching ſtill, this ſtill repenting,
Both equally to drink conſenting,
Till both brimful could ſwill no more,
And fell dead drunk upon the floor.
Bacchus, the jolly god, who ſate
Wide-ſtraddling o'er his tun in ſtate,

Cleſe by the window ſide, from whence
He heard this weighty conference,
Joy kindling in his ruddy cheeks,
Thus the indulgent godhead ſpeaks:
"Frail Mortals! know, reaſon in vain
"Rebels, and would diſturb my reign.
"See there the ſophiſter o'erthrown,
"With ſtronger arguments knock'd down
"Than e'er in wrangling ſchools were known!
"The wine that ſparkles in this glaſs
"Smooths ev'ry brow, gilds ev'ry face;
"As vapours when the ſun appears,
"Far hence anxieties and fears:
"Grave ermine ſmiles, lawn-ſleeves grow gay,
"Each haughty monarch owns my ſway,
"And cardinals and popes obey:
"Ev'n Cato drank his glaſs, 't was I
"Taught the brave patriot how to die
"For injur'd Rome and liberty:
"'Twas I who with immortal lays
"Inſpir'd the bard that ſung his praiſe.
"Let dull unſociable fools
"Loll in their cells and live by rules;
"My votaries in gay delight
"And mirth ſhall revel all the night;
"Act well their parts on life's dull ſtage,
"And make each moment worth an age."

V. THE NIGHT-WALKER RECLAIMED.

A TALE.

In thoſe bleſs'd days of jubilee,
When pious Charles ſet England free
From canting and hypocriſy,
Moſt graciouſly to all reſtoring
Their ancient privilege of whoring,
There liv'd, but 't is no matter where,
The ſon of an old cavalier;
Of ancient lineage was the ſquire,
A man of mettle and of fire;
Clean-ſhap'd, well-limb'd, black-ey'd, and tall,
Made a good figure at a ball,
And only wanted wherewithal.
His penſion was ill paid and ſtrait,
Full many a loyal hero's fate:
Often half-ſtarv'd, and often out
At elbows, an hard caſe, no doubt.
Sometimes perhaps a lucky main
Prudently manag'd in Long-Lane
Repair'd the threadbare beau again;
And now and then ſome ſecret favours,
The kind returns of pious labours,
Enrich'd the ſtrong and vig'rous lover,
His honour liv'd a while in clover:
For (to ſay truth) it is but juſt,
Where all things are decay'd but luſt,

That ladies of maturer ages
Give citron-water and good wages.
Thus far Tom Wild had made a ſhift,
And got good helps at a dead lift;
But John, his humble meagre ſlave,
One foot already in the grave,
Hide-bound as one of Pharaoh's kine,
With good Duke Numps was forc'd to dine:
Yet ſtill the thoughtful ſerious elf
Would not be wanting to himſelf;
Bore up againſt both tide and wind,
Turn'd ev'ry project in his mind,
And each expedient weigh'd, to find
A remedy in this diſtreſs.
Some god—(nay, Sir, ſuppoſe no leſs,
For in this hard and knotty caſe,
T' employ a god is no diſgrace,
Tho' Mercury be ſent from Jove,
Or Iris wing it from above)
Some god, I ſay, inſpir'd the knave
His maſter and himſelf to ſave.
As both went ſupperleſs to bed
One night (firſt ſcratching of his head)
"Alas!" quoth John, "Sir, 't is hard fare
"To ſuck one's thumbs and live on air;
"To reel from pillar unto poſt,
"An empty ſhade, a walking ghoſt;

" To hear one's guts make piteous moan,
" Theſe worſt of duns, and yet not one,
" One mouldy ſcrap to ſatisfy
" Their craving importunity.
" Nay—good your Honour, pleaſe to hear"
(And then the varlet dropp'd a tear)
" A project form'd in this dull brain
" Shall ſet us all adrift again;
" A project, Sir, nay, let me tell ye,
" Shall fill your pockets and my belly.
" Know then, old Gripe is dead of late,
" Who purchas'd at an eaſy rate
" Your manorhouſe and fine eſtate.
" Nay, ſtare not, Sir; by G— 't is true
" The devil for once has got his due:
" The raſcal has left ev'ry penny
" To his old maiden ſiſter Jenny:
" Go, claſp the dowdy in your arms,
" Nor want you bread tho' ſhe want charms:
" Cajole the dirty drab, and then
" The man ſhall have his mare again;
" Clodhall is your's, your houſe, your rents,
" And all your lands and tenements."
" Faith, John," ſaid he, (then lick'd his chops)
" This project gives indeed ſome ſhopes:
" But curſed hard the terms, to marry,
" To ſtick to one, and never vary;

" And that one old and ugly too:
" Frail mortals! tell me what to do?"
" For that," ſaid John, " truſt me; my treat
" Shan't be one ill-dreſs'd diſh of meat;
" Let but your Honour be my gueſt,
" Variety ſhall crown the feaſt."
" 'Tis done," reply'd Tom Wild, " 't is done,
" The flag hangs out, the fort is won;
" Ne'er doubt my vigorous attacks,
" Come to my arms, my Sycorax*;
" Bold in thy right we mount our throne,
" And all the iſland is our own."
Well—forth they rode, both ſquire and John;
Here might a florid bard make known
His horſe's virtues and his own;
A thouſand prodigies advance,
Retailing ev'ry circumſtance;
But I, who am not over-nice,
And always love to be conciſe,
Shall let the courteous reader gueſs
The ſquire's accoutrements and dreſs.
Suppoſe we then the gentle youth
Laid at her feet, all love, all truth;
Haranguing it in verſe and proſe,
A mount her forehead white with ſnows,
Her cheeks the lily and the roſe;

* See Dryden's Tempeſt, altered from Shakeſpeare.

Her iv'ry teeth, her coral lips,
Her well-turn'd ears, whoſe ruby tips
Afford a thouſand compliments,
Which he, fond youth, profuſely vents;
The pretty dimple in her chin,
The den of Love, who lurks within:
But, oh! the luſtre of her eyes
Nor ſtars, nor moon, nor ſun, ſuffice;
He vows, proteſts, raves, ſinks, and dies.
Much of her breaſts he ſpoke, and hair,
In terms moſt elegant and rare;
Call'd her the goddeſs he ador'd,
And in heroic ſuſtain ſoar'd:
For tho' the youth could well explain
His mind in a more humble ſtrain,
Yet Ovid and the wits agree
That a true lover's ſpeech ſhould be
In rapture and in ſimile.
Imagine now all points put right,
The fiddles and the wedding-night;
Each noiſy ſteeple rock'd with glee,
And ev'ry bard ſung merrily;
Gay Pleaſure wanton'd unconfin'd,
The men all drunk, the women kind;
Clodhall did ne'er ſo fine appear,
Floating in poſſet and ſtrong beer.
Come, Muſe! thou flattern houſewife, tell,
Where 's our friend John? I hope he 's well;

Well! aye, as any man can be,
With Sufan in the gallery.
Sue was a lafs buxom and t[illegible]nt,
The chambermaid and favourite;
Juicy and young, juft fit for man,
Thus the fweet dialogue began.
" Lard, Sir," quoth Sue, " how brifk, how gay,
" How fpruce, our maſter look'd to-day!
" I 'm fure no king was e'er ſo fine,
" No fun more glorioufly can ſhine."
" Alas! my dear, all is not gold
" That glifters, as I 'ave read of old;
" And all the wife and learned ſay
" The beſt is not without allay."
" Well, Maſter John, name if you can
" A more accompliſh'd gentleman:
" Beſide (elſe may I never thrive)
" The beſt good-natur'd ſquire alive."
(John ſhrugg'd and ſhook his head.) " Nay, ſure,
" You by your looking ſo demure
" Have learn'd ſome ſecret fault; if ſo,
" Tell me, good John, nay, pr'ythee do,
" Tell me, I ſay, I long to know.
" Safe as thy gold in thy ſtrong box,
" This breaſt the dark depoſit locks,
" Theſe lips no ſecrets ſhall reveal."
" Well—let me firſt affix my ſeal;"
Then kiſs'd the ſoft obliging fair.
" But hold—now I muſt hear you ſwear,

" By all your virgin charms below,
" No mortal e'er this tale ſhall know."
She ſwore, then thus the cunning knave,
With look moſt politic and grave,
Proceeds: " Why—faith and troth, dear Sue,
" This jewel has a flaw, 't is true;
" My maſter 's gen'rous, and all that,
" Not faulty, but unfortunate."
" Why will you keep one in ſuſpenſe?
" Why teeze one thus?"—" Have patience.
" The youth has failings, there 's no doubt,
" And who, my Suky, is without?
" But ſhould you tell—nay that I dread"—
" By Heav'n, and by my maidenhead—
" Now ſpeak, ſpeak quick."—" He who denies
" Thoſe pouting lips, thoſe roguiſh eyes,
" Muſt ſure be more than man—then know,
" My deareſt, ſince you 'll have it ſo,
" My maſter Wild not only talks
" Much in his ſleep, but alſo walks;
" Walks many a winter-night alone,
" This way and that, up ſtairs and down:
" Now, if diſturb'd, if by ſurpriſe
" He 's rous'd, and ſlumbers quit his eyes,
" Lord, how I tremble! how I dread
" To ſpeak it! Thrice beneath the bed,
" Alas! to ſave my life I fled;
" And twice behind the door I crept,
" And once out of the window leap'd.

" No raging bedlam juſt got looſe
" Is half ſo mad; about the houſe
" Frantic he runs; each eyeball glares,
" He raves, he foams, he wildly ſtares;
" The family before him flies,
" Whoever is o'ertaken dies.
" Opiates, and breathing of a vein,
" Scarce ſettle his diſtemper'd brain,
" And bring him to himſelf again;
" But if not croſs'd, if let alone
" To take his frolic, and be gone,
" Soon he returns from whence he came,
" No lamb more innocent and tame."
Thus having gain'd her point, to bed
In haſte the ſlick'ring gipſy fled;
The pungent ſecret in her breaſt
Gave ſuch ſharp pangs ſhe could not reſt:
Prim'd, charg'd, and cock'd, her next deſire
Was to preſent, and to give fire.
Sleepleſs the tortur'd Suſan lay,
Toſſing and tumbling ev'ry way,
Impatient for the dawn of day.
So labours in the ſacred ſhade,
Full of the god, the Delphic maid;
So wind, in hypocondries pent,
Struggles and heaves to find a vent;
In lab'rinths intricate it roars,
Now downward ſinks, then upward ſoars;

Th' uneaſy patient groans in vain,
No cordials can relieve his pain,
Till at the poſtern gate, enlarg'd,
The burſting thunder is diſcharg'd.
At laſt the happy hour was come
When call'd into her lady's room;
Scarce three pins ſtuck into her gown,
But out it bolts, and all is known.
Nor idle long the ſecret lies,
From mouth to mouth improv'd it flies,
And grows amain in ſtrength and ſize;
For Fame, at firſt of pigmy birth,
Walks cautiouſly on mother earth,
But ſoon (as ancient bards have ſaid)
In clouds the giant hides her head.
To council now the goſſips went,
Madam herſelf was preſident;
Th' affair is banded *pro* and *con*,
Much breath is ſpent, few conqueſts won:
At length Dame Hobb, to end the ſtrife,
And Madam Blouſe, the parſon's wife,
In this with one conſent agree,
That ſince th' effect was lunacy,
If wak'd, it were by much the beſt
Not to diſturb him in the leaſt;
Ev'n let him ramble if he pleaſe;
Troth 't is a comical diſeaſe;

The worſt is to himſelf: when cold
And ſhiv'ring he returns, then fold
The vagrant in your arms; he 'll reſt
With pleaſure on your glowing breaſt.
Madam approv'd of this advice,
Iſſued her orders in a trice,
" That none henceforth preſume to ſtir,
" Or thwart th' unhappy wanderer."
John, when his maſter's knock he heard,
Soon in the dreſſing-room appear'd;
Archly he look'd, and ſlily leer'd.
" What game?" ſays Wild. " Oh! never more,
" Pheaſants and partridge in great ſtore;
" I wiſh your ammunition laſt!"
And then reveal'd how all had paſt:
Next thought it proper to explain
His plot, and how he laid his train:
" The coaſt is clear, Sir, go in peace,
" No dragon guards the Golden Fleece."
Here, Muſe! let ſable Night advance,
Deſcribe her ſtate with elegance;
Around her dark pavilion ſpread
The clouds; with poppies crown her head;
Note well her owls, and bats obſcene;
Call her an Æthiopian queen;
Or if you think 't will mend my tale,
Call her a widow with a veil;

Of spectres and hobgoblins tell,
Or say 't was midnight, 't is as well.
Well then—'t was midnight, as was said,
When Wild starts upright in his bed,
Leaps out, and, without more ado,
Takes in his room a turn or two;
Op'ning the door, soon out he stalks,
And to the next apartment walks;
Where on her back there lay poor Sue,
'Alas! Friend John, she dream'd of you.
Wak'd with the noise, her master known
By moonlight and his brocade gown,
Frighted she dares not scream; in bed
She sinks, and down she pops her head;
The curtains gently drawn, he springs
Between the sheets, then closely clings.
Now, Muse! relate what there he did;
Hold, impudence!—it must be hid—
He did—as any man would do
In such a case—did he not, Sue?
Then up into the garret flies,
Where Joan, and Dol. and Betty, lies;
A leash of lasses all together,
And in the dog-days—in hot weather;
Why, faith, 't was hard—he did his best,
And left to Providence the rest.
Content the passive creatures lie,
For who in duty could deny?

Was nonreſiſtence ever thought
By modern caſuiſts a fault?
Were not her orders ſtrict and plain?
All ſtruggling dangerous and vain?
Well, down our younker trips again,
Much wiſhing, as he reel'd along,
For ſome rich cordial warm and ſtrong.
In bed he quickly tumbled then,
Nor wak'd next morn till after ten.
Thus night by night he led his life,
Bleſſing all females but his wife;
Much work upon his hands there lay,
More bills were drawn than he could pay;
No lawyer drudg'd ſo hard as he,
In Eaſter Term or Hillary;
But lawyers labour for their fee;
Here no ſelf-intereſt or gain,
The pleaſure balances the pain.
So the great Sultan walks among
His troop of laſſes fair and young;
So the town-bull in opentide,
His lowing lovers by his ſide,
Revels at large in Nature's right,
Curb'd by no law but appetite;
Friſking his tail, he roves at pleaſure,
And knows no ſtint, and keeps no meaſure.
But now the ninth revolving moon
(Alas! it came an age too ſoon;

Curſe on each haſty fleeting night!)
Some odd diſcov'ries brought to light.
Strange tympanies the women ſeize,
An epidemical diſeaſe;
Madam herſelf with theſe might paſs
For a clean-ſhap'd and taper laſs.
'Twas vain to hide th' apparent load,
For hoops were not then *à-la-mode*;
Sue, being queſtion'd, and hard preſs'd,
Blubb'ring, the naked truth confeſs'd:
"Were not your orders moſt ſevere,
"That none ſhould ſtop his night-career?
"And who durſt wake him? troth not I;
"I was not then prepar'd to die."
"Well, Sue," ſaid ſhe, "thou ſhalt have grace,
"But then this night I take thy place,
"Thou mine, my night-clothes on thy head,
"Soon ſhall he leave thee ſafe in bed;
"Lie ſtill, and ſtir not on thy life,
"But do the pennance of a wife;
"Much pleaſure haſt thou had; at laſt
"'Tis proper for thy ſins to faſt."
This point agreed, to bed ſhe went,
And Sue crept in, but ill content.
Soon as th' accuſtom'd hour was come,
The younker ſally'd from his room,
To Sue's apartment whipp'd away,
And like a lion ſeiz'd his prey;

She claſp'd him in her longing arms,
Sharp-ſet, ſhe feaſted on his charms.
He did whate'er he could; but more
Was yet to do, *encore, encore!*
Fain would he now elope, ſhe claſpt
Him ſtill, no bur e'er ſtuck ſo faſt.
At length the morn with envious light
Diſcover'd all: in what ſad plight,
Poor man! he lay abaſh'd; for ſhame
He could not ſpeak, not ev'n one lame
Excuſe was left. She, with a grace
That gave new beauties to her face,
And with a kind obliging air
(Always ſucceſsful in the fair)
Thus ſoon reliev'd him from deſpair.
" Ah! gen'rous youth! pardon a fault
" No fooliſh jealouſy has taught;
" 'Tis your own crime, open as day,
" To your conviction paves the way.
" Oh! might this ſtratagem regain
" Your love! let me not plead in vain;
" Something to gratitude is due,
" Have I not given all to you?"
Tom ſtar'd, look'd pale, then in great haſte
Slipp'd on his gown; yet thus at laſt
Spoke faintly, as amaz'd he ſtood,
" I will, my dear, be very good."

VI. THE HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT.

A TALE.

In days of yore, when belles and beaus
Left maſquerades and puppetſhows,
Deſerted ombre and haſſet,
At Jonathan's to ſqueeze and ſweat;
When ſprightly rakes forſook Champaign,
The playhouſe, and the merry main,
Good Mother Weyburn and the ſtews,
To ſmoke with brokers, ſtink with Jews;
In fine, when all the world run mad,
(A ſtory not leſs true than ſad)
Ned Smart, a virtuous youth, well known
To all this chaſte and ſober Town,
Got ev'ry penny he could rally,
To try his fortune in Change-Alley;
In haſte to loll in coach and ſix,
Bought bulls and bears, play'd twenty tricks
Amongſt his brother lunatics.
Tranſported at his firſt ſucceſs,
A thouſand whims his fancy bleſs
With ſcenes of future happineſs.
How frail are all our joys below!
Mere dazzling meteors, flaſh and ſhow!
Oh, Fortune! falſe deceitful whore!
Caught in thy trap with thouſands more,

He found his rhino ſunk and gone,
Himſelf a bankrupt, and undone.
Ned could not well digeſt this change,
Forc'd in the world at large to range,
With Babel's monarch turn'd to graſs,
Would it not break an heart of braſs?
'Tis vain to ſob and hang the lip;
One penny left, he buys a ſlip,
At once his life and cares to loſe;
Under his ear he fits the nooſe;
An hook in an old wall he ſpies,
To that the fatal rope he ties:
Like Curtius now, at one bold leap,
He plung'd into the gaping deep,
Nor did he doubt in hell to find
Dealings more juſt, and friends more kind.
As he began to twiſt and ſprawl,
The looſen'd ſtones break from the wall;
Down drops the rake upon the ſpot,
And after him an earthen pot:
Reeling he roſe, and gaz'd around,
And ſaw the crock lie on the ground;
Surpris'd, amas'd, at this odd ſight,
Trembling, he broke it in a fright;
When, lo! at once came pouring forth
Ingots, and pearls, and gems of worth.
O'erjoy'd with Fortune's kind bequeſt,
He took the birds, but left the neſt;

And then, to ſpy what might enſue,
Into a neighb'ring wood withdrew;
Nor waited long; for ſoon he ſees
A tall black man ſkulk thro' the trees;
He knew him by his ſhuffling pace,
His threadbare coat and hatchet face;
And who the devil ſhould it be
But ſanctify'd Sir Timothy!
His uncle by his mother's ſide,
His guardian and his faithful guide.
This driv'lling knight with pockets full,
And proud as any Great Mogul,
For his wiſe conduct had been made
Director of the jobbing trade,
And had moſt piouſly drawn in
Poor Ned and all his neareſt kin.
The greedy fools laid out their gold,
And bought the very ſtock he ſold;
Thus the kind knave convey'd their pelf,
By *hocus pocus*, to himſelf;
And to ſecure the ſpoils he got
Form'd this contrivance of the pot.
Here ev'ry night and ev'ry morn,
Devout as any monk new ſhorn,
The proſtrate hypocrite implores
Juſt Heav'n to bleſs his hidden ſtores;
But when he ſaw dear Mammon flown,
The plunder'd hive, the honey gone,

No jilted bully, no bilk'd hack,
No thief when beadles flay his back,
No losing rook, no carted whore,
No sailor when the billows roar,
With such a grace e'er curs'd and swore:
Then as he por'd upon the ground,
And turn'd his haggard eyes around,
The halter at his feet he spy'd,
"And is this all that 's left?" he cry'd;
"Am I thus paid for all my cares,
"My lectures, repetitions, pray'rs?
"'Tis well—there 's something sav'd at least,
"Welcome, thou faithful, friendly, guest;
"If I must hang, now all is lost,
"'Tis cheaper at another's cost;
"To do it at my own expense
"Would be downright extravagance."
Thus comforted, without a tear
He fix'd the noose beneath his ear,
To the next bough the rope he ty'd,
And most heroically dy'd.
Ned, who behind a spreading tree
Beheld this tragi-comedy,
With hearty curses rung his knell,
And bid him thus his last farewell.
"Was it not, Uncle, very kind
"In me to leave the rope behind?

" A legacy ſo well beſtow'd
" For all the gratitude I ow'd.
" Adieu, Sir Tim.; by Heav'n's decree
" Soon may thy brethren follow thee,
" In the ſame glorious manner ſwing,
" Without one friend to cut the ſtring;
" That hence rapacious knaves may know
" Juſtice is always ſure, tho' ſlow."

VII. A PADLOCK FOR THE MOUTH.

A TALE.

JACK DIMPLE was a merry blade,
Young, am'rous, witty, and well made;
Diſcreet?—Hold, Sir,—nay, as I live,
My friend, you 're too inquiſitive:
Diſcretion, all men muſt agree,
Is a moſt ſhining quality,
Which, like leaf-gold, makes a great ſhow,
And thinly ſpread ſets off a beau:
But, Sir, to put you out of pain,
Our younker had not half a grain,
A leaky blab, raſh, faithleſs, vain.
The victories his eyes had won
As ſoon as ere obtain'd were known;
For trophies rear'd the deed proclaim,
Spoils hung on high expoſe the dame,
And love is ſacrific'd to fame.

Such insolence the sex alarms,
The female world is up in arms;
Th' outrageous Bacchanals combine,
And brandish'd tongues in concert join.
Unhappy youth! where wilt thou go
T' escape so terrible a foe?
Seek shelter on the Lybian shore,
Where tigers and where lions roar?
Sleep on the borders of the Nile,
And trust the wily crocodile;
'Tis vain to shun a woman's hate,
Heavy the blow, and sure as Fate.
Phyllis appear'd among the crowd,
But not so talkative and loud,
With silence and with care suppress
The glowing vengeance in her breast,
Resolv'd by stratagem and art
To make the saucy villain smart.
The cunning baggage had prepar'd
Pomatum of the finest lard,
With strong astringents mix'd the mess,
Alum, and vitriol, *q. s.*
Arsenic, and bole. But I want time
To turn all Quincy into rhyme;
'Twould make my diction too sublime.
Her grandame this receipt had taught,
Which Bendo from Grand Cairo brought,

An able ſtyptic (as 't is ſaid)
To ſoder a crack'd maidenhead.
This ointment being duly made,
The jilt upon her toilette laid:
The ſaunt'ring cully ſoon appears,
As uſual, vows, proteſts, and ſwears;
Careleſs an opera tune he hums,
Plunders her patchbox, breaks her combs.
As up and down the monkey play'd,
His hand upon the box he laid,
The fatal box. Pleas'd with her wiles,
The treacherous Pandora ſmiles.
"What 's this?" cries Jack. "That box!" ſaid ſhe:
"Pomatum; what elſe ſhould it be?"
But here 't is fit my reader knows
'Twas March, when bluſt'ring Boreas blows,
Stern enemy to belles and beaus.
His lips were ſore; rough, pointed, torn,
The coral briſtled like a thorn.
Pleas'd with a cure ſo *à-propos*,
Nor jealous of ſo fair a foe,
The healing ointment thick he ſpread,
And ev'ry gaping cranny fed.
His chops begin to glow and ſhoot;
He ſtrove to ſpeak, but, oh! was mute,
Mute as a fiſh; all he could ſtrain,
Were ſome hoarſe gutt'rals forc'd with pain.

He ſtamps, he raves, he ſobs, he ſighs,
The tears ran trickling from his eyes;
He thought but could not ſpeak a curſe,
His lips were drawn into a purſe,
Juſt like—like what?—why, like mine a—;
Faith 't was an entertaining farce.
Madam no longer could contain,
Triumphant joy burſts out amain;
She laughs, ſhe ſcreams, the houſe is rais'd,
Thro' all the ſtreet th' affair is blaz'd:
In ſhoals now all the neighbours come,
Laugh out, and preſs into the room.
Sir Harry Tawdry and his bride,
Miſs Tulip deck'd in all her pride;
Wife Madam Froth, and Widow Babble,
Coquettes and prudes, a mighty rabble:
So great a concourſe ne'er was known
At Smithfield, when a monſter 's ſhown;
When bears dance jigs with comely mien,
When witty Punch adorns the ſcene,
Or frolic Pug plays Harlequin.
In vain he ſtrives to hide his head,
In vain he creeps behind the bed,
Ferreted thence, expos'd to view,
The crowd their clam'rous ſhouts renew:
A thouſand taunts, a thouſand jeers,
Stark dumb, the paſſive creature hears.

No perjur'd villain nail'd on high,
And pelted in the pillory,
His face beſmear'd, his eyes, his chops,
With rotten eggs and turnip-tops,
Was e'er ſo maul'd. Phyllis, at laſt,
To pay him for offences paſt,
With ſneering malice in her face
Thus ſpoke, and gave the *coup de grace:*
"Lard! how demure and how preciſe
"He looks! ſilence becomes the wiſe.
"Vile tongue! its maſter to betray,
"But now the pris'ner muſt obey,
"I 'ave lock'd the door, and keep the key.
"Learn hence, what angry women can,
"When wrong'd by that falſe traitor man;
"Who boaſts our favours, ſoon or late
"The treach'rous blab ſhall feel our hate."

VIII. THE WISE BUILDER.

A TALE.

WISE Socrates had built a farm,
Little, convenient, ſnug, and warm,
Secur'd from rain and wind:
A gallant whiſper'd in his ear,
"Shall the great Socrates live here,
"To this mean cell confin'd?"

"The furniture 's my chiefeſt care,"
Reply'd the ſage; "here 's room to ſpare,
"Sweet Sir! for I and you;
"When this with faithful friends is fill'd
"An ampler palace I ſhall build;
"Till then this cot muſt do."

IX. THE TRUE USE OF THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A TALE.

TOM CAREFUL had a ſon and heir,
Exact his ſhape, genteel his air,
Adonis was not half ſo fair:
But then, alas! his daughter Jane
Was but ſo-ſo; a little plain.
In mam's apartment, as one day
The little romp and hoyden play,
Their faces in the glaſs they view'd,
Which then upon her toilette ſtood;
Where, as Narciſſus vain, the boy
Beheld each riſing charm with joy;
With partial eyes ſurvey'd himſelf,
But for his ſiſter, poor brown elf!
On her the ſelf-enamour'd chit
Was very laviſh of his wit.

She bore, alas! whate'er she could,
But 't was too much for flesh and blood;
What female ever had the grace
To pardon scandal on her face?
Disconsolate, away she flies,
And at her daddy's feet she lies,
Sighs, sobs, and groans, calls to her aid,
And tears, that readily obey'd,
Then aggravates the vile offence,
Exerting all her eloquence:
The cause th' indulgent father heard,
And culprit summon'd soon appear'd;
Some tokens of remorse he show'd,
And promis'd largely to be good.
As both the tender father prest
With equal ardour to his breast,
And smiling kiss'd, "Let there be peace,"
Said he; "let broils and discord cease:
"Each day, my children, thus employ
"The faithful mirror: you, my boy,
"Remember that no vice disgrace
"The gift of Heav'n, that beauteous face:
"And you, my girl, take special care
"Your want of beauty to repair
"By virtue, which alone is fair."

X. MAHOMET ALI BEG;

OR, THE FAITHFUL MINISTER OF STATE.

A LONG deſcent and noble blood
Is but a vain fantaſtic good;
Unleſs with inbred virtues join'd,
An honeſt, brave, and gen'rous mind.
All that our anceſtors have done,
Nations reliev'd and battles won,
The trophies of each bloody field,
Can only then true honour yield,
When, like Argyle, we ſcorn to owe,
And pay that luſtre they beſtow;
But if, a mean degen'rate race,
Slothful we faint, and ſlack our pace,
Lag in the glorious courſe of fame,
Their great achievements we diſclaim.
Some bold plebeian ſoon ſhall riſe,
Stretch to the goal, and win the prize;
For ſince the forming Hand of old
Caſt all mankind in the ſame mould;
Since no diſtinguiſh'd clan is bleſt
With finer porcelain than the reſt;
And ſince in all the ruling mind
Is of the ſame celeſtial kind;
'Tis education ſhews the way
Each latent beauty to diſplay;

Each happy genius brings to light,
Conceal'd before in ſhades of night:
So diamonds from the gloomy mine,
Taught by the workman's hand to ſhine,
On Cloe's iv'ry boſom blaze,
Or grace the crown with brilliant rays.
Merit obſcure ſhall raiſe its head,
Tho' dark obſtructing clouds o'erſpread;
Heroes as yet unſung, ſhall fight
For ſlaves oppreſs'd, and injur'd right;
And able ſtateſmen prop the throne,
To Battle-Abbey Roll * unknown.
Sha Abbas, with ſupreme command,
In Perſia reign'd, and bleſs'd the land;
A mighty prince, valiant and wiſe,
Expert, with ſharp diſcerning eyes,
To find true virtue in diſguiſe.
Hunting (it ſeems) was his delight,
His joy by day, his dream by night;
The ſport of all the brave and bold
From Nimrod, who, in days of old,
Made men as well as beaſts his prey,
To mightier George, whoſe milder ſway
Glad happy crowds with pride obey.
In queſt of his fierce ſavage foes
Before the ſun the monarch roſe,

* A record kept in Battle-Abbey, which contained the names of the chief men that came over with the Conqueror.

The grisly lion to engage,
By baying dogs provok'd to rage;
In the close thicket to explore,
And push from thence the bristled boar;
Or to pursue the flying deer
While deep-mouth'd hounds the vallies cheer,
And Echo from repeating hills
His heart with joy redoubled fills.
Under a rock's projecting shade
A shepherd boy his seat had made,
Happy as Crœsus on his throne,
The riches of the world his own:
Content on mortals here below
Is all that Heaven can bestow.
His crook and scrip were by him laid,
Upon his oaten pipe he play'd;
His flocks securely couch'd around,
And seem'd to listen to the sound.
Returning from the chase one day,
The king by chance had lost his way:
Nor guards nor nobles now attend,
But one young lord, his bosom friend.
Now tir'd with labour, spent with heat,
They sought this pleasant cool retreat;
The boy leap'd active from his seat,
And, with a kind obliging grace,
Offer'd the king unknown his place.

The Perſian monarch, who ſo late
Lord of the world, rul'd all in ſtate,
On cloth of gold and tiſſue trod,
Whole nations trembling at his nod,
With diamonds and rubies crown'd,
And girt with fawning ſlaves around,
Behold him now! his canopy
Th' impending rock, each ſhrub, each tree,
That grew upon its ſhaggy brow,
To their great prince obſervant bow;
Yield, as in duty bound, their aid,
And bleſs him with a friendly ſhade,
On the bare flint he ſits alone,
And, oh! would kings this truth but own,
The ſafer and the nobler throne!
But where do I digreſs? 't is time
To check this arrogance of rhyme.
As the judicious monarch view'd
The ſtripling's air, nor bold nor rude,
With native modeſty ſubdu'd,
The bluſh that glow'd in all its pride,
Then trembled on his cheeks, and dy'd,
He grew inquiſitive to trace
What ſoul dwelt in that lovely caſe:
To ev'ry queſtion, ſerious, gay,
The youth reply'd without delay,
His anſwers for the moſt part right,
And taking, if not appoſite;

Unſtudy'd unaffected ſenſe
Mix'd with his native diffidence.
The king was charm'd with ſuch a prize,
And ſtood with wonder in his eyes;
Commits his treaſure to the care
Of the young lord; bids him not ſpare
For coſt, or pains, t' enrich his breaſt
With all the learning of the Eaſt.
He bow'd, obey'd; well cloth'd, well fed,
And with his patron's children bred,
Still ev'ry day the youth improv'd,
By all admir'd, by all belov'd.
Now the firſt curling down began
To give the promiſe of a man;
To court he 's call'd, employ'd, and train'd,
In lower poſts; yet ſtill he gain'd
By candour, courteſy, and ſkill,
The ſubjects' love, the king's good-will.
Employ'd in greater matters now,
No flatteries, no bribes, could bow
His ſtubborn ſoul; true to his truſt,
Firm, and inexorably juſt,
In judgment ripe, he ſoon became
A Walpole, or a Walſingham;
And wakeful for the public peace,
No dragon guards the Golden Fleece
With half that vigilance and care;
His buſy eyes kenn'd ev'ry where;

In each dark ſcheme knew how to dive,
Tho' cunning derviſes contrive
Their plots, diſguis'd with ſhams and lies,
And cloak'd with real perjuries.
Now high in rank the peer is plac'd,
And Ali Beg with titles grac'd;
No bounds his maſter's bounties know,
His ſwelling coffers overflow,
And he is puzzled to beſtow:
Perplex'd and ſtudious to contrive
To whom, and how, not what to give,
His pious frauds conceal the name,
And ſkreen the modeſt man from ſhame.
Whoe'er would heav'nly treaſures raiſe,
Muſt grant the boon, eſcape the praiſe.
But his immenſe and endleſs gain
No private charities could drain:
On public works he fix'd his mind,
The zealous friend of human-kind.
Convenient inns on each great road
At his own proper coſts endow'd,
To weary caravans afford
Refreſhment both at bed and board.
From Thames, the Tiber, and the Rhine,
Nations remote with Ali dine;
In various tongues his bounty 's bleſt,
While with ſurpriſe the ſtranger gueſt
Does here on unbought dainties feaſt.

See ſtately palaces ariſe,
And gilded domes invade the ſkies.
Say, Muſe! what lords inhabit here?
Nor fav'rite eunuch, prince, nor peer;
The poor, the lame, the blind, the ſick,
The idiot and the lunatic.
He curb'd each river's ſwelling pride;
O'er the reluctant murm'ring tide
From bank to bank his bridges ſtride.
A thouſand gracious deeds were done,
Bury'd in ſilence and unknown.
At length, worn out with years and care,
Sha Abbas dy'd; left his young heir
Sha Sefi, unexperienc'd, raw,
By his ſtern father kept in awe,
To the ſeraglio's walls confin'd,
Barr'd from the converſe of mankind.
Strange jealouſy! a certain rule
To breed a tyrant and a fool.
Still Ali was prime miniſter,
But had not much his maſter's ear;
Walk'd on unfaithful ſlipp'ry ground,
Till an occaſion could be found
To pick a quarrel; then, no doubt,
As is the mode at court—turn out.
Sha Sefi, among eunuchs bred,
With them convers'd, by them was led;

Beardleſs, half-men! in whoſe falſe breaſts
Nor joy, nor love, nor friendſhip, reſts.
There ſpite and pining envy dwell,
And rage as in their native hell;
For, conſcious of their own diſgrace,
Each excellence they would debaſe,
And vent their ſpleen on human race.
This Ali found. Strange ſenſeleſs lies
And inconſiſtent calumnies
They buzz into the monarch's ears,
And he believes all that he hears.
"Great Prince," ſaid they, "Ali, your ſlave—
"Whom we acknowledge wiſe and brave—
"Yet pardon us—we can't but ſee
"His boundleſs pride and vanity:
"His bridges triumph o'er each tide,
"In their own channels taught to glide.
"Each beggar and each lazy drone
"His ſubject more than your's is grown,
"And for a palace leaves his cell,
"Where Xerxes might be proud to dwell.
"His inns for travellers provide,
"Strangers are liſted on his ſide:
"In his own houſe how grand the ſcene!
"Tiſſues and velvets are too mean,
"Gold, jewels, pearls, unheard expenſe!
"Suſpected, bold, magnificence!

" Whence can this flood of riches flow?
" Examine his accounts, you 'll know:
" Your eye on your exchequer caſt,
" The ſecret will come out at laſt."
Ali next morn (for 't was his way
To riſe before the dawn of day)
Went early to the council-board,
Proſtrate on earth, his king ador'd.
The king, with countenance ſevere,
Look'd ſternly on his miniſter:
" Ali," ſaid he, " I have been told
" Great treaſures, both in gems and gold,
" Were left, and truſted to your care;
" 'Mong theſe one gem exceeding rare
" I long to view, which was (they ſaid)
" A preſent from the Sultan made,
" The fineſt that the world e'er ſaw,
" White, large, and fair, without a flaw."
Th' unblemiſh'd Ali thus reply'd,
" Great Sir! it cannot be deny'd
" 'Tis brilliant, beautiful, and clear,
" The great Mogul has not its peer.
" Pleaſe it your majeſty to go
" Into the treaſury below,
" You 'll wonder at its piercing ray,
" The ſun gives not a nobler day."
Together now they all deſcend;
Poor Ali had no other friend

But a ſoul faithful to its truſt,
The ſure aſylum of the juſt.
In proper claſſes now are ſeen
The diamonds bright, the em'ralds green;
Pearls, rubies, ſapphires, next appear,
Diſpos'd in rows with niceſt care.
The king views all with curious eyes,
Applauds with wonder and ſurpriſe
Their order and peculiar grace,
Each thing adapted to its place;
The reſt with envious leer behold,
And ſtumble upon bars of gold.
Next, in an amber box, is ſhown
The nobleſt jewel of the crown:
"This, Sir," ſaid he, "believe your ſlave,
"Is the fine gem the Sultan gave;
"Around it darts its beams of light,
"No comet e'er was half ſo bright."
The king with joy the gem admires,
Well-pleas'd, and half-convinc'd, retires.
"Ali," ſaid he, "with you I dine;
"Your furniture, I 'm told, is fine."
Wiſe Ali, for this favour ſhow'd,
Humbly with loweſt rev'rence bow'd.
At Ali's houſe now ev'ry hand
Is buſy at their lord's command,
Where at th' appointed hour reſort
The king and all his ſplendid court.

Ali came forth his prince to meet,
And, lowly bowing, kiſs'd his feet.
On all his compliments beſtows,
Civil alike to friends and foes.
The king, impatient to behold
His furniture of gems and gold,
From room to room the chaſe purſu'd,
With curious eyes each corner view'd,
Ranſack'd th' apartments o'er and o'er,
Each cloſet ſearch'd, unlock'd each door;
But all he found was plain and coarſe,
The meaneſt Perſian ſcarce had worſe:
Theſe Ali for convenience bought,
Nor for expenſive trifles ſought.
One door a prying eunuch ſpy'd,
With bars and locks well fortify'd,
And now, ſecure to find the prize,
Shew'd it the king with joyful eyes.
"Ali," ſaid he "that citadel
"Is ſtrong, and barricadoed well;
"What have you there?" Ali reply'd,
"Oh! Sir, there 's lodg'd my greateſt pride;
"There are the gems I value moſt,
"And all the treaſures I can boaſt."
All now convinc'd of his diſgrace,
Triumph appear'd in ev'ry face.
The monarch doubted now no more;
The keys are brought, unlock'd the door,

When, lo! upon the wall appear
His ſhepherd's weeds hung up with care;
Nor crook nor ſcrip was wanting there,
Nor pipe that tun'd his humble lays,
Sweet ſolace of his better days!
Then, bowing low, he touch'd his breaſt,
And thus the wond'ring king addreſt:
"Great Prince! your Ali is your ſlave,
"To you belong whate'er I have;
"Goods, houſe, are your's, nay your's this head,
"For ſpeak the word and I am dead:
"Theſe moveables, and theſe alone,
"I may with juſtice call my own.
"Your royal ſire, Abbas the Great,
"Whom nations proſtrate at his feet
"On earth ador'd, whoſe ſoul at reſt,
"In Paradiſe a welcome gueſt,
"Enjoys its full in fragrant bow'rs *,
"Or wantons upon beds of flow'rs,
"While the pure ſtream, in living rills,
"From rocks of adamant diſtils,
"And black-ey'd nymphs attend his nod,
"Fair daughters of that bleſs'd abode;
"By his command I left the plain,
"An humble but contented ſwain;
"Nor ſought I wealth, nor pow'r nor place;
"All theſe were owing to his grace;

* Such is the Paradiſe the Turks expect.

" 'Twas his mere bounty made me great,
" And fix'd me here in this high ſeat,
" The mark of envy: much he gave,
" But yet of nought depriv'd his ſlave:
" He touch'd not theſe. Alas! whoſe ſpite,
" Whoſe avarice, would theſe excite?
" My old hereditary right!
" [illegible] me but theſe, great Prince! once more,
" Grant me the pleaſure to be poor,
" This ſcrip, theſe homely weeds, I 'll wear,
" The bleating flocks ſhall be my care;
" Th' employ that did my youth engage
" Shall be the comfort of my age."
The king, amaz'd at ſuch a ſcorn
Of riches in a ſhepherd born;
" How ſoars that ſoul," ſaid he, " above
" The courtier's hate or monarch's love!
" No pow'r ſuch virtue can efface,
" No jealous malice ſhall diſgrace.
" Wealth, grandeur, pomp, are a mere cheat,
" But this is to be truly great."
While tears ran trickling down his face,
He claſp'd him in a cloſe embrace,
Then caus'd himſelf to be undreſt,
And cloath'd him in his royal veſt,
The greateſt honour he could give,
Or Perſian ſubjects can receive.

XI. THE BUSY INDOLENT.

A TALE.

JACK CARELESS was a man of parts,
Well ſkill'd in the politer arts,
With judgment read, with humour writ,
Among his friends paſs'd for a wit,
But lov'd his eaſe more than his meat,
And wonder'd knaves could toil and cheat,
T' expoſe themſelves by being great.
At no levees the ſuppliant bow'd,
Nor courted for their votes the crowd;
Nor riches nor preferment ſought,
Did what he pleas'd, ſpoke what he thought;
Content within due bounds to live,
And what he could not ſpend to give;
Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;
Reform the ſtate, lay down the law,
And talk of lords he never ſaw;
Fight Marlb'rough's battles o'er again,
And puſh the French on Blenheim's plain;
Diſcourſe of Paris, Naples, Rome,
Tho' he had never ſtirr'd from home:
'Tis true he travell'd with great care
The tour of Europe—in his chair;
Was loath to part without his load,
Or move till morning peep'd abroad.

One day this honeſt idle rake,
Nor quite aſleep nor well awake,
Was lolling in his elbow-chair,
And building caſtles in the air,
His nipperkin (the port was good)
Half empty at his elbow ſtood,
When a ſtrange noiſe offends his ear,
The din increas'd as it came near,
And in his yard at laſt he view'd
Of farmers a great multitude,
Who that day, walking of their rounds,
Had diſagreed about their bounds;
And ſure the diff'rence muſt be wide,
Where each does for himſelf decide.
Vollies of oaths in vain they ſwear,
Which burſt like guiltleſs bombs in air;
And, "Thou 'rt a knave!" and, "Thou 'rt an oaf!"
Is banded round with truth enough.
At length they mutually agree
His Worſhip ſhould be referee,
Which courteous Jack conſents to be:
Tho' for himſelf he would not budge,
Yet for his friends an arrant drudge;
A conſcience of this point he made,
With pleaſure readily obey'd,
And ſhot like lightning to their aid.
The farmers, ſummon'd to his room,
Bowing with awkward rev'rence come.

In his great chair his Worſhip ſate,
A grave and able magiſtrate:
Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.
In a ſhort ſpeech, he firſt computes
The vaſt expenſe of law-diſputes,
And everlaſting Chanc'ry-ſuits.
With zeal and warmth he rally'd then
Pack'd juries, ſheriffs, taleſmen,
And recommended in the cloſe
Good neighbourhood, peace, and repoſe.
Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence,
Perus'd records, heard evidence;
Obſerv'd, reply'd, hit ev'ry blot,
Unravell'd ev'ry Gordian knot;
With great activity and parts
Inform'd their judgments, won their hearts,
And without fees or time miſpent,
By ſtrength of ale and argument,
Diſpatch'd them home, friends and content.
Truſty, who at his elbow ſate,
And with ſurpriſe heard the debate,
Aſtoniſh'd, could not but admire
His ſtrange dexterity and fire,
His wiſe diſcernment and good ſenſe,
His quickneſs, eaſe, and eloquence.
"Lord! Sir," ſaid he, "I can't but chide;
"What uſeful talents do you hide!

" In half an hour you have done more
" Than Puzzle can in half a ſcore,
" With all the practice of the courts,
" His caſes, precedents, reports."
Jack with a ſmile reply'd, " 'Tis true,
" This may ſeem odd, my friend, to you;
" But give me not more than my due.
" No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,
" But haſtens to decide the cauſe:
" Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
" Will ſtruggle to be free again.
" So lazy men and indolent,
" With cares oppreſs'd, and buſ'neſs ſpent,
" Exert their utmoſt pow'rs and ſkill,
" Work hard; for what? why, to ſit ſtill.
" They toil, they ſweat, they want no ſee,
" For ev'n ſloth prompts to induſtry:
" Therefore, my friend, I freely own
" All this addreſs I now have ſhown
" Is mere impatience, and no more,
" To lounge and loiter as before.
" Life is a ſpan, the world an inn——
" Here, Sirrah, t' other nipperkin."

XII. THE YEOMAN OF KENT,

A TALE.

A YEOMAN bold (ſuppoſe of Kent)
Liv'd on his own, and paid no rent;
Manur'd his own paternal land,
Had always money at command
To purchaſe bargains, or to lend,
T' improve his ſtock, or help a friend:
At Creſſy and Poictiers of old
His anceſtors were bowmen bold,
Whoſe good yew bows, and ſinews ſtrong,
Drew arrows of a cloth-yard long;
For England's glory ſtrew'd the plain
With barons, counts, and princes ſlain.
Belov'd by all the neighbourhood,
For his delight was doing good;
At ev'ry mart his word a law,
Kept all the ſhuffling knaves in awe.
How juſt is Heaven, and how true,
To give to ſuch deſert its due!
'Tis in authentic legends ſaid,
Two twins at once had bleſs'd his bed;
Frank was the eldeſt, but the other
Was honeſt Numps, his younger brother,
That with a face effeminate,
And ſhape too fine and delicate,
Took after his fond mother Kate,

A Franklin's daughter. Numps was rough,
No heart of oak was half ſo tough,
And true as ſteel, to cuff or kick,
Or play a bout at doubleſtick,
Who but friend Numps? while Frank's delight
Was more, ſay they, to dance than fight;
At Whitſonales king of the May,
Among the maids briſk, frolic, gay,
He tripp'd it on each holiday.
Their genius diff'rent, Frank would roam
To town; but Numps he ſtaid at home.
The youth was forward, apt to learn,
Could ſoon an honeſt living earn;
Good company would always keep,
Was known to Falſtaff in Eaſt-Cheap;
Threw many a merry main, could bully,
And put the doctor on his cully;
Ply'd hard his work, had learn'd the way
To watch all night and ſleep all day.
Fluſh'd with ſucceſs, new rigg'd, and clean,
Polite his air, genteel his mien;
Accompliſh'd thus in ev'ry part,
He won a buxom widow's heart.
Her fortune narrow; and too wide,
Alas! lay her concerns, her pride:
Great as a ducheſs, ſhe would ſcorn
Mean fare, a gentlewoman born;

Poor and expenſive! on my life
'Twas but the devil of a wife.
Yet Frank, with what he won by night,
A while liv'd tolerably tight,
And ſpouſe, who ſometimes ſat till morn
At cribbidge, made a good return.
While thus they liv'd from hand to mouth,
She laid a bantling to the youth,
But whether 't was his own or no
My authors don't pretend to know.
His charge enhanc'd, 't is alſo true
A lying-in 's expenſive too,
In cradles, whittles, ſpice bowls, ſack,
Whate'er the wanton goſſips lack;
While ſcandal thick as hailſhot flies,
Till peaceful bumpers ſeal their eyes.
Frank deem'd it prudent to retire,
And viſit the good man his ſire.
In the ſtagecoach he ſeats himſelf,
Loaded with Madam and her elf;
In her right hand the coral plac'd,
Her lap a China orange grac'd;
Pap for the babe was not forgot,
And lullaby's melodious note,
That warbled in his ears all day,
Shorten'd the rugged tedious way.
Frank, to the manſionhouſe now come,
Rejoic'd to find himſelf at home;

Neighbours around, and couſins, went
By ſcores, to pay their compliment.
The good old man was kind, 't is true,
But yet a little ſhock'd to view
A ſquire ſo fine, a ſight ſo new:
But, above all, the lady fair
Was pink'd, and deck'd beyond compare;
Scarce a ſhrieve's wife at an aſſize
Was dreſs'd ſo fine, ſo roll'd her eyes;
And maſter too in all his pride,
His ſilver rattle by his ſide,
Would ſhake it oft', then ſhrilly ſcream,
More noiſy than the yeoman's team,
With taſſels and with plumes made proud,
While jingling bells ring out aloud.
The good old dame, raviſh'd outright,
Ev'n doted on ſo gay a ſight;
Her Frank, as glorious as the morn,
Poor Numps was look'd upon with ſcorn.
With other eyes the Yeoman ſage
Beheld each youth; nought could engage
His wary and diſcerning heart
But ſterling worth and true deſert.
At laſt he could no longer bear
Such ſtrange ſophiſticated ware;
He cries, (enrag'd at this odd ſcene)
"What can this fooliſh coxcomb mean,

" Who, like a pedler with his pack,
" Carries his riches on his back?
" Soon ſhall this blockhead ſink my rents,
" And alienate my tenements,
" Which long have ſtood in good repair,
" Nor ſunk nor roſe from heir to heir;
" Still the ſame rent without advance
" Since the Black Prince firſt conquer'd France:
" But now, alas! all muſt be loſt,
" And all my prudent projects croſt.
" Brave honeſt race! is it thus then
" We dwindle into gentlemen?
" But I 'll prevent this foul diſgrace;
" This butterfly from hence I 'll chaſe."
He ſaddles Ball without delay,
To London town directs his way;
There at the Heralds' office he
Took out his coat, and paid his fee,
And had it cheap, as wits agree:
A lion rampant, ſtout and able,
Argent the field, the border ſable;
The gay eſcutcheon look'd as fine
As any new-daub'd country ſign.
Thus having done what he decreed,
Home he returns with all his ſpeed:
" Here, ſon," ſaid he, " ſince you will be
" A gentleman in ſpight of me;

" Here, Sir, this gorgeous bauble take,
" How well it will become a rake!
" Be what you ſeem: this is your ſhare;
" But honeſt Numps ſhall be my heir;
" To him I'll leave my whole eſtate,
Leſt my brave race degenerate."

XIII. THE HAPPY LUNATIC.

TO DR. M———.

A TALE.

When ſaints were cheap in good Nol's reign,
As ſinners now in Drury-Lane,
Wrapp'd up in myſteries profound,
A ſaint perceiv'd his head turn round:
Whether the ſweet and ſav'ry wind,
That ſhould have been diſcharg'd behind,
For want of vent had upward fled,
And ſeiz'd the fortreſs of his head,
Ye ſage Philoſophers! debate;
I ſolve no problems intricate.
That he was mad to me is clear,
Elſe why ſhould he, whoſe nicer ear
Could never bear church muſic here,
Dream that he heard the bleſs'd above
Chanting in hymns of joy and love?

Organs themſelves, which were of yore
The muſic of the ſcarlet whore,
Are now with tranſport heard. In fine,
Raviſh'd with harmony divine,
All earthly bleſſings he deſies,
The gueſt and fav'rite of the Skies.
At laſt his too officious friends
The doctor call, and he attends;
The patient cur'd demands his fee.
"Curſe on thy farting pills and thee,"
Reply'd the ſaint: "ah! to my coſt
"I 'm cur'd; but where 's the heav'n I loſt?
"Go, vile deceiver, get thee hence,
"Who 'd barter Paradiſe for ſenſe?"
Ev'n ſo bemus'd, (that is, poſſeſs'd)
With raptures fir'd, and more than bleſs'd,
In pompous epic, tow'ring odds,
I ſtrut with heroes, feaſt with gods;
Enjoy by turns the tuneful quire,
For me they touch each golden lyre.
Happy deluſion! kind deceit!
Till you, my friend, reveal the cheat;
Your eye ſevere traces each fault,
Each ſwelling word, each tinſel thought.
Cur'd of my frenzy, I deſpiſe
Such trifles, ſtripp'd of their diſguiſe,
Convinc'd, and miſerably wiſe.

XIV. THE SWEET-SCENTED MISER.

TELL me, my noble gen'rous friend,
With what deſign, and to what end,
Do greedy fools heap up with care
That pelf which they want heart to ſhare?
What other pleaſure can they know
But to enjoy or to beſtow?
Acts of benevolence and love
Give us a taſte of heav'n above;
We imitate th' immortal pow'rs,
Whoſe ſunſhine and whoſe kindly ſhow'rs
Refreſh the poor and barren ground,
And plant a paradiſe around;
But this mean ſneaking avarice
Is a collection of all vice.
Where this foul weed but taints the place,
Nor virtue grows, nor worth, nor grace;
The ſoul a deſert waſte remains,
And ghaſtly deſolation reigns:
But where will theſe grave morals tend?
Pardon my zeal, dear courteous friend!
The province of my humbler vein
Is not to preach, but entertain.
Gripe, from the cradle to the grave,
Was good for nothing but to ſave;
Mammon his god, to him alone
He bow'd, and his ſhort creed was known:

On his thumb-nail it might be wrote,
" A penny ſav'd 's a penny got."
This rich poor man was jogging down,
Once on a time, from London town;
With him his ſon, a handy lad,
To dreſs his daddy—or his pad;
Among his dealers he had been,
And all their ready caſh ſwept clean.
Gripe, to ſave charges on the road,
At each good houſe cramm'd in a load,
With boil'd and roaſt his belly fill'd,
And greedily each tankard ſwill'd:
How ſavoury, how ſweet, the meat,
How good the drink, when others treat!
Now on the road Gripe trots behind,
For weighty reaſons, as you 'll find;
The boy ſoon long'd to take a whet,
His horſe at each ſign made a ſet,
And he ſpurr'd on with great regret:
This the old man obſerv'd with pain,
" Ah! ſon," ſaid he, " the way to gain
" Wealth (our chief good) is to abſtain;
" Check each expenſive appetite,
" And make the moſt of ev'ry mite:
" Conſider well, my child! oh, think
" What numbers are undone by drink!
" Hopeful young men, who might be great,
" Die well, and leave a large eſtate,

" But by lewd comrades led aſtray,
" Guzzling, piſs all their means away.
" Tom Daſh, of parts acute and rare,
" Can ſplit a fraction to a hair;
" Knows Wingate better than his creed,
" Can draw ſtrong ale or a weak deed;
" By precedents a bond can write,
" Or an indenture tripartite;
" Can meaſure land, paſture, or wood,
" Yet never purchas'd half a rood.
" Whom all theſe lib'ral arts adorn,
" Is he not rich as ſheep new ſhorn?
" The reaſon need not far be ſought,
" For threepence gain'd he ſpends a groat.
" There 's Billy Blowſe, that merry fellow,
" So wondrous witty when he 's mellow;
" Ale and mundungus, in deſpite
" Of Nature, make the clown polite.
" When thoſe rich ſteams chaſe his dull head,
" What flow'rs ſhoot up in that hot-bed!
" His jeſts, when fogs his temples ſhrowd,
" Like the ſun burſting thro' a cloud,
" Blaze out, and dazzle all the crowd:
" They laugh, each wag 's exceeding gay,
" While he, poor ninny! jokes away
" By night whate'er he gets by day.
" To theſe examples I might add
" A ſquire or two, troth full as bad,

" Who doom'd by Heaven for their ſins,
" Mind nothing but their nipperkins;
" But theſe at this time ſhall ſuffice:
" Be ſaving, boy, that is, be wiſe."
Now, Muſe! come hold thy noſe, and tell
What doleful accident befel:
His horſe ſet hard, an ancient hack,
That twice ten years carry'd a pack,
But ſuch a cargo ne'er before;
He had him cheap, and kept him poor;
His bowels ſtuff'd with too much meat,
He ſat uneaſy in his ſeat,
And riggled often to and fro,
With painful gripings gnaw'd below.
His diſtance yet in hope to gain,
For the next inn he ſpurs amain;
In haſte alights, and ſcuds away,
But time and tide for no man ſtay;
No means can ſave whom Heav'n has curſt,
For out th' impetuous torrent burſt.
Struck dumb, aghaſt at firſt he ſtood,
And ſcratch'd his head in penſive mood;
But wiſely judging 't was in vain
To make an outcry and complain,
Of a bad bargain made the beſt,
And lull'd his troubled ſoul to reſt.
Back he return'd with rueful face,
And ſhuffled thro' the houſe apace;

My landlady ſcreams out in haſte,
" Old gentleman, ho!—where ſo faſt?
" Before you go, pray pay your ſhot,
" This young man here has drunk a pot."
" A pot!" ſaid Gripe; " oh! the young rogue!
" Ah! ruinous expenſive dog!"
And mutt'ring curſes in his ear,
Look'd like a witch with helliſh leer;
But finding 't was in vain to fret,
Pull'd out his catſkin, paid the debt.
This point adjuſted, on they fare,
Ambroſial ſweets perfume the air:
The younker, by the fragrant ſcent,
Perceiving now how matters went,
Laugh'd inwardly, could ſcarce contain,
And kept his countenance with pain.
" At laſt he cries, " Now, Sir, an 't pleaſe,
" I hope you 're better and at eaſe."
" Better, you Booby!—it is all out"—
" What 's out?" ſaid he. " You drunken lout!
" All in my trowſers—Well—no matter—
" Not great—th' expenſe of ſoap and water.
" This charge—if times are not too hard,
" By management may be repair'd;
" But, oh! that damn'd confounded pot!
" Extravagant audacious ſot;
" This, this indeed, my ſoul does grieve;
" There 's twopence loſt without retrieve!"

XV. THE INCURIOUS BENCHER.

At Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet,
The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
They bow, and by whose aid they dine,
Col'nel Brocade among the rest
Was ev'ry day a welcome guest.
One night as carelessly he stood,
Cheering his reins before the fire,
(So ev'ry true-born Briton should)
Like that he chaf'd and fum'd with ire.
"Jenny," said he, "it 's very hard
"That no man's honour can be spar'd;
"If I but sup with Lady Duchess,
"Or play a game at ombre, such is
"The malice of the world, 't is said,
"Altho' his Grace lay drunk in bed,
"'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.
"If Madam Doodle would be witty,
"And I am summon'd to the City,
"To play at blind-man's-buff, or so,
"What won't such hellish malice do?
"If I but catch her in a corner,
"Humph—it is, Your servant Col'nel Horner:
"But rot the sneering fops! if ever
"I prove it, it shall cost them dear;

"I ſwear by this deed-doing blade
"Dreadful examples ſhall be made:
"What—can't they drink bohea and cream,
"But (d—n them) I muſt be their theme?
"Other men's buſ'neſs let alone,
"Why ſhould not coxcombs mind their own?"
As thus he rav'd with all his might,
(How inſecure from Fortune's ſpight,
Alas! is ev'ry mortal wight?)
To ſhew his ancient ſpleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—,
Stuck to his ſkirts, inſatiate varlet!
And fed with pleaſure on the ſcarlet.
Hard by, and in the corner, ſate
A Bencher grave, with look ſedate,
Smoking his pipe, warm as a toaſt,
And reading over laſt week's Poſt;
He ſaw the foe the fort invade,
And ſoon ſmell'd out the breach he made;
But not a word—a little fly
He look'd, 't is true, and from each eye
A ſidelong glance ſometimes he ſent,
To bring him news, and watch th' event.
At length, upon that tender part
Where honour lodges (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The bluſt'ring Col'nel felt a ſmart;

Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
Friſk'd, ſkipp'd, and bounc'd about the room;
Then turning ſhort, "Zounds, Sir!" he cries—
"Pox on him, had the fool no eyes?
"What! let a man be burnt alive!"
"I am not, Sir, inquiſitive"
(Reply'd Sir Gravity) "to know
"Whate'er your Honour's pleas'd to do;
"If you will burn your tail to tinder,
"Pray what have I to do to hinder?
"Other men's buſ'neſs let alone,
"Why ſhould not coxcombs mind their own?"
Then knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar,
And wrapping round his frieze ſurtout,
Took up his crabtree and walk'd out.

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

IMITAT. OF HOR. LIB. IV. ODE IX.

Inſcribed to the Right Hon.

JAMES STANHOPE, ESQ.

One of his Majeſty's principal Secretaries of State, afterwards Earl Stanhope.

I.

BORN near Avona's winding ſtream,
I touch the trembling lyre;
No vulgar thoughts, no vulgar theme,
Shall the bold Muſe inſpire.
'Tis immortality 's her aim;
Sublime ſhe mounts the ſkies,
She climbs the ſteep aſcent to fame,
Nor ever ſhall want force to riſe,
While ſhe ſupports her flight with Stanhope's name.
What tho' majeſtic Milton ſtands alone
Inimitably great!
Bow low, ye Bards! at his exalted throne,
And lay your labours at his feet.
Capacious ſoul! whoſe boundleſs thoughts ſurvey
Heav'n, hell, earth, ſea;
Lo! where th' embattled gods appear,
The mountains from their ſeats they tear,
And ſhake th' empyreal heav'ns with impious war.

Yet nor ſhall Milton's ghoſt repine
At all the honours we beſtow
On Addiſon's deſerving brow,
By whom convinc'd we own his work divine,
Whoſe ſkilful pen has done his merit right,
And ſet the jewel in a fairer light.
Enliven'd by his bright Eſſay,
Each flow'ry ſcene appears more gay,
New beauties ſpring in Eden's fertile groves,
And by his culture Paradiſe improves.
Garth by Apollo doubly bleſs'd,
Is by the god entire poſſeſs'd:
Age, unwilling to depart,
Begs life from his prevailing ſkill;
Youth, reviving from his art,
Borrows its charms and pow'r to kill:
But when the patriot's injur'd fame,
His country's honour, or his friends,
A more extenſive bounty claim,
With joy the ready Muſe attends,
Immortal honours ſhe beſtows,
A gift the Muſe alone can give;
She crowns the glorious victor's brows,
And bids expiring virtue live.
Nymphs yet unborn ſhall melt with am'rous flames
That Congreve's lays inſpire,
And Philips warm the gentle ſwains
To love and ſoft deſire.

Ah! ſhun, ye Fair! the dang'rous ſounds,
Alas! each moving accent wounds,
The ſparks conceal'd revive again,
The god reſtor'd reſumes his reign
In killing joys and pleaſing pain.
Thus does each bard in diff'rent garb appear,
Each Muſe has her peculiar air,
And in propriety of dreſs becomes more fair:
To each impartial Providence
Well-choſen gifts beſtows;
He varies his munificence,
And in divided ſtreams the heav'nly bleſſing flows.

II.

If we look back on ages paſt and gone,
When infant Time his race begun,
The diſtant view ſtill leſſens to our ſight,
Obſcur'd in clouds, and veil'd in ſhades of night.
The Muſe alone can the dark ſcenes diſplay,
Enlarge the proſpect and diſcloſe the day.
'Tis ſhe the records of times paſt explores,
And the dead hero to new life reſtores;
To the brave man who for his country dy'd
Erects a laſting pyramid,
Supports his dignity and fame,
When mould'ring pillars drop his name;
In full proportion leads her warrior forth,
Diſcovers his neglected worth,

Brightens his deeds, by envious ruſt o'ercaſt,
T' improve the preſent age, and vindicate the paſt.
Did not the Muſe our crying wrongs repeat,
Ages to come no more ſhould know
Of Lewis by oppreſſion great
Than we of Nimrod now:
The meteor ſhould but blaze and die,
Depriv'd of the reward of endleſs infamy.
Ev'n that brave chief who ſet the nations free,
The greateſt name the world can boaſt,
Without the Muſe's aid ſhall be
Sunk in the tide of time, and in oblivion loſt.
The ſculptor's hand may make the marble live,
Or the bold pencil trace
The wonders of that lovely face,
Where ev'ry charm and ev'ry grace
That man can wiſh or Heav'n can give,
In happy union join'd, confeſs
The hero born to conquer and to bleſs.
Yet vain, alas! is ev'ry art,
Till the great work the Muſe complete,
And everlaſting fame impart,
That ſoars aloft above the reach of fate.
Hail, happy bard! on whom the gods beſtow
A genius equal to the vaſt deſign,
Whoſe thoughts ſublime in eaſy numbers flow,
While Marlb'rough's virtues animate each line.

How ſhall our trembling ſouls ſurvey
The horrors of each bloody day,
The wreaking carnage of the plain
Incumber'd with the mighty ſlain,
The ſtrange variety of death,
And the ſad murmurs of departing breath?
Scamander's ſtreams ſhall yield to Danube's flood,
To the dark boſom of the deep purſu'd
By fiercer flames, and ſtain'd with nobler blood.
The gods ſhall arm on either ſide,
Th' important quarrel to decide;
The grand event embroil th' realms above,
And Faction revel in the court of Jove;
While heav'n and earth, and ſea and air,
Shall feel the mighty ſhock and labour of the war.

III.

Virtue conceal'd obſcurely dies,
Loſt in the mean diſguiſe
Of abject ſloth, depreſs'd, unknown.
Rough in its native bed the unwrought diamond lies,
Till chance or art reveal its worth,
And call its latent glories forth;
But when its radiant charms are view'd,
Becomes the idol of the crowd,
And adds new luſtre to the monarch's crown.
What Britiſh harp can lie unſtrung,
When Stanhope's fame demands a ſong?

Upward, ye Muſes! take your wanton flight,
Tune ev'ry lyre to Stanhope's praiſe,
Exert your moſt triumphant lays,
Nor ſuffer ſuch heroic deeds to ſink in endleſs night.
The golden Tagus ſhall forget to flow,
And Ebro leave its channel dry,
Ere Stanhope's name to time ſhall bow,
And loſt in dark oblivion lie.
Where ſhall the Muſe begin her airy flight?
Where firſt direct her dubious way,
Loſt in variety of light,
And dazzled in exceſs of day?
Wiſdom and valour, probity and truth,
At once upon the lab'ring fancy throng,
The conduct of old age, the fire of youth,
United in one breaſt perplex the poet's ſong.
Thoſe virtues which diſpers'd and rare
The gods too thriftily beſtow'd,
And ſcatter'd to amuſe the crowd,
When former heroes were their care,
T' exert at once their pow'r divine,
In thee, brave Chief! collected ſhine.
So from each lovely blooming face
Th' ambitious artiſt ſtole a grace,
When in one finiſh'd piece he ſtrove
To paint th' all-glorious Queen of Love.
Thy provident unbiaſs'd mind,
Knowing in arts of peace and war,

With indefatigable care
Labours the good of human-kind:
Erect in dangers, modeſt in ſucceſs,
Corruption's everlaſting bane,
Where injur'd merit finds redreſs,
And worthleſs villains wait in vain.
Tho' fawning knaves beſiege thy gate,
And court the honeſt man they hate,
Thy ſteady virtue charges through,
Alike unerring to ſubdue,
As when on Almanzara's plain the ſcatter'd ſquadrons flew.
Vain are th' attacks of force or art
Where Cæſar's arm defends a Cato's heart.
Oh! could thy gen'rous ſoul diſpenſe
Thro' this unrighteous age its ſacred influence;
Could the baſe crowd from thy example learn
To trample on their impious gifts with ſcorn,
With ſhame confounded to behold
A nation for a trifle ſold,
Dejected ſenates ſhould no more
Their champion's abſence mourn,
Contending boroughs ſhould thy name return;
Thy bold Philippics ſhould reſtore
Britannia's wealth, and pow'r, and fame,
Nor liberty be deem'd an empty name,
While tyrants trembled on a foreign ſhore.

No ſwelling titles, pomp, and ſtate,
The trappings of a magiſtrate,
Can dignify a ſlave, or make a traitor great;
For, careleſs of external ſhow,
Sage Nature dictates whom t' obey,
And we the ready homage pay,
Which to ſuperior gifts we owe.
Merit like thine repuls'd an empire gains,
And virtue, though neglected, reigns.
The wretch is indigent and poor
Who brooding ſits o'er his ill-gotten ſtore;
Trembling with guilt, and haunted by his ſin,
He feels the rigid judge within:
But they alone are bleſs'd who wiſely know
To enjoy the little which the gods beſtow;
Proud of their glorious wants, diſdain
To barter honeſty for gain;
No other ill but ſhame they fear,
And ſcorn to purchaſe life too dear:
Profuſely laviſh of their blood,
For their dear friends or country's good,
If Britain conquer can rejoice in death,
And in triumphant ſhouts reſign their breath.

THE PERJURED MISTRESS.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. XV. AD NEÆRAM.

'Twas night, and heav'n intent, with all its eyes
Gaz'd on the dear deceitful maid;
A thousand pretty things she said,
A thousand artful tricks she play'd,
From me, deluded me, her falsehood to disguise.

She clasp'd me in her soft encircling arms,
She press'd her glowing cheek to mine;
The clinging ivy or the curling vine
Did never yet so closely twine;
Who could be man and bear the lustre of her charms?

And thus she swore: "By all the pow'rs above,
"When winter storms shall cease to roar,
"When summer suns shall shine no more,
"When wolves their cruelty give o'er,
"Neæra then, and not till then, shall cease to love."

Ah! false Neæra! perjur'd fair! but know,
I have a soul too great to bear
A rival's proud insulting air;
Another may be found as fair,
As fair, ungrateful Nymph! and far more just than you.

Shouldſt thou repent, and at my feet be laid,
Dejected, penitent, forlorn,
And all thy former follies mourn,
Thy proffer'd paſſion I would ſcorn:
The gods ſhall do me right on that devoted head.

And you, ſpruce Sir! who inſolently gay,
Exulting laugh at my diſgrace,
Boaſt with vain airs, and ſtiff grimace,
Your large eſtate, your handſome face,
Proud of a fleeting bliſs, the pageant of a day:

You too ſhall ſoon repent this haughty ſcorn,
When, fickle as the ſea or wind,
This proſtitute ſhall change her mind,
Her [illegible] another coxcomb kind;
Then ſhall I clap my wings, and triumph in my turn.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO MARRIED HIS CAST MISTRESS.

FROM HOR. LIB. III. ODE IX.

While I was your's, and your's alone,
Proud, and tranſported with your charms,
I envy'd not the Perſian throne,
But [illegible] more glorious in your arms.

B. While you were true, nor Suky fair
Had chas'd poor Bruny from your breaſt,
Not Ilia could with me compare,
So fam'd, or ſo divinely bleſt.

D. In Suky's arms entranc'd I lie,
So ſweetly ſings the warbling fair!
For whom moſt willingly I'd die,
Would Fate the gentle Siren ſpare.

B. Me Billy burns with mutual fire,
For whom I'd die, in whom I live,
For whom each moment I'd expire,
Might he, my better part, ſurvive.

D. Should I once more my heart reſign,
Would you the penitent receive?
Would Suky ſcorn'd atone my crime?
And would my Bruny own her ſlave?

B. Tho' brighter he than blazing ſtar,
More fickle thou than wind or ſea,
With thee, my kind returning dear,
I'd live, contented die with thee.

A TRANSLAT. OF HOR. EPIST. X.

Horace recommends a country life, and dissuades his friend from ambition and avarice.

HEALTH to my friend, lost in the smoky town,
From him who breathes in country air alone;
In all things else thy soul and mine are one;
And like two aged long-acquainted doves,
That have our mutual nests, the same our mutual loves.
Cicle and learn you keep your lazy nest,
My wand'ring thoughts won't let my pinions rest:
O'er rocks, seas, woods, I take my wanton flight,
And each new object charms with new delight.
You say no more, my friend! I live, and reign,
Lord of myself: I have broke the servile chain,
Shook off with scorn the trifles you desire,
All the vain empty nothings fops admire.
Thus the lean slave of some luxurious priest
With greedy eyes at first views each luxurious feast,
But, quickly cloy'd, now he no more can eat
Their godly viands and their holy meat;
Wisely ambitious to be free and poor,
Longs for the homely scraps he loath'd before.
Seek'st thou a place where nature is observ'd,
And coster reason may be mildly heard;
To rural shades let thy calm soul retreat,
There are the Elysian Fields, this is the happy seat.
Proof against winter's cold and summer's heat.

Here no invidious care t'y peace annoys,
Sleep undiſturb'd, uninterrupted joys;
Your marble pavements with diſgrace muſt yield
To each ſmooth plain and gay enamell'd field;
Your muddy aqueducts can ne'er compare
With country ſtreams, more pure than city air;
Our yew and bays inclos'd in pots ye prize,
And mimic little beauties we deſpiſe.
The roſe and woodbine marble walls ſupport,
Holly and ivy deck the gaudy court;
But yet in vain all ſhifts the artiſt tries,
The diſcontented twig but pines away and dies.
The houſe ye praiſe that a large proſpect yields,
And view with longing eyes the pleaſure of the fields;
'Tis thus ye own, thus tacitly confeſs,
Th' inimitable charms the peaceful country bleſs.
In vain from Nature's rules we blindly ſtray,
And puſh th' uneaſy monitrix away;
Still ſhe returns, nor lets our conſcience reſt,
But night and day inculcates what is beſt,
Our trueſt friend, tho' an unwelcome gueſt.
As ſoon th' unſkilful fool that 's blind enough
To call rich Indian damaſk Norwich ſtuff,
Shall become rich by trade, as he be wiſe,
Whoſe partial ſoul and undiſcerning eyes
Can't at firſt ſight, and at each tranſient view,
Diſtinguiſh good from bad, or falſe from true.

He that too high exalts his giddy head
When Fortune smiles, if she but frowns is dead:
The aspiring fool, big with his haughty boast,
Is the most wretched wretch when all his hopes are lost.
Sit loose to all the world, nor aught admire,
There worthless now too fondly we desire:
Since when the blessing's ravish'd from our heart,
The pleasure's overbalanc'd by the smart.
Confine thy thoughts, and bound thy loose desires,
Poor thrifty Nature no great cost requires;
A small full body, and thy mind's kind,
An humble cot, and a more humble mind:
These once enjoy'd, the world is all thy own,
From thy poor cell despise the tott'ring throne,
And wakeful monarchs in a bed of down.
The stag well arm'd, and with unequal force,
From fruitful meadows chas'd the conquer'd horse;
The haughty beast that stomach'd the disgrace,
In meaner pastures not content to graze,
Receives the foe, and then assistance prays.
The conquest gain'd, and many trophies won,
His false ally are still rode boldly on;
In vain the beast curs'd his perfidious aid,
He plung'd, he rear'd, but nothing could perswade
The rider from his back, or bridle from his head.
Just so the wretch that greedily aspires,
Unable to contain his wild desires,

Dreading the fatal thought of being poor,
Loses a prize worth all his golden ore,
The happy freedom he enjoy'd before;
About him still th' uneasy load he bears,
Spurr'd on with fruitless hopes and curb'd with anxious fears.
The man whose fortunes fit not to his mind
The way to true content shall never find;
If the shoe pinch, or if it prove too wide,
In that he walks in pain, in this he treads aside.
But you, my friend! in calm contentment live,
Always well pleas'd with what the gods shall give;
Let not base shining pelf thy mind deprave,
Tyrant of fools, the wise man's drudge and slave;
And me reprove if I shall crave for more,
Or seem the least uneasy to be poor.
Thus much I write, merry, and free from care,
And nothing covet but thy presence here.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. II.

Happy the man who, free from care,
Manures his own paternal fields,
Content, as his forefathers were,
T' enjoy the crop his labour yields.

Nor injury torments his breast,
That barters happiness for gain,
Nor war's alarms disturb his rest,
Nor hazards of the faithless main:

Nor at the loud tumultuous bar,
With coilly noise, and dire debate,
Proclaims an everlasting war;
Nor fawns on pleas, lordly great:

But for the vine-feled, a spouse,
Chaste emblem of the marriage-bed,
Or prunes the too luxuriant boughs,
And grafts more happy in their stead:

Or hears the lowing herds from far,
That fatten on the fruitful plains,
And ponders with delighted care
The prospect of his future gains:

Or sheers his sheep that round him graze,
And droop beneath their curling loads;
Or skimmers his laborious bees
Of balmy nectar, drink of gods!

His cheerful heart when Autumn rears,
And bending boughs reward his pains,
Joyous he plucks the luscious pears;
The purple grape his anger stains.

Each honeſt heart 's a welcome gueſt;
With tempting fruit his tables glow;
The gods are bidden to the feaſt,
To ſhare the bleſſings they beſtow.

Under an oak's protecting ſhade,
In flow'ry meads profuſely gay,
Supine he leans his peaceful head,
And gently loiters life away.

The vocal ſtreams that murm'ring flow,
Or from their ſprings complaining creep,
The birds that chirp on ev'ry bough
Invite his yielding eyes to ſleep.

But when bleak ſtorms and low'ring Jove
Now ſadden the declining year,
Thro' ev'ry thicket, ev'ry grove,
Swift he purſues the flying deer.

With deep-hung hounds he ſweeps the plains;
The hills, the vallies, ſmoke around:
The woods repeat his pleaſing pains,
And Echo propagates the ſound.

Or, puſh'd by his victorious ſpear,
The griſly boar before him flies;
Betray'd by his prevailing fear
Into the toils, the monſter dies.

For now ring Bacchus round the [illegible],
And cuts thro' clouds his rapid way;
Or else with lofty deeds he tries
To make the lofty game his prey.

Who, thus possess'd of solid joy,
Would Love, that idle fop! adore?
Chloe's coquette, Myrtilla's coy,
And Phyllis is a perjur'd whore.

Adieu, fantastic idle flame!
Give me a profitable wife,
A careful but obliging dame,
To soften all the toils of life;

Who shall with tender care provide
Against her weary spouse return,
With plenty see his board supply'd,
And make the crackling hillers burn!

And while his men and maids repair
To fold his sheep, to milk his kine,
With unbought dainties feast her dear,
And treat him with domestic wine.

I view with pity and disdain
The costly trifles coxcombs boast,
Their Bourdeaux, Burgundy, Champaign,
The sparkling with the brightest toast.

Pleas'd with ſound manufacture more
Than all the ſtum the knaves impoſe,
When the vain cully treats his whore
At Braun's, The Mitre, or The Roſe.

Let fops their ſickly palates pleaſe
With luxury's expenſive ſtore,
And feaſt each virulent diſeaſe
With dainties from a foreign ſhore;

I, whom my little farm ſupplies,
Richly on Nature's bounty live:
The only happy are the wiſe;
Content is all the gods can give.

While thus on wholeſome cates I feaſt,
Oh! with what raptures I behold
My flocks in comely order haſte
T' enrich with ſoil the barren fold!

The languid ox approaches ſlow
To ſhare the food his labours earn;
Painful he tugs th' inverted plough,
Nor hunger quickens his return.

My wanton ſwains, uncouthly gay,
About my ſmiling hearth delight,
To ſweeten the laborious day
By many a merry tale at night.

Thus spoke old Gripe, when bottles three
Of Burton ale and sea-coal fire
Unlock'd his breast, resolv'd to be
A generous, honest, country squire.

That very night his money lent
On bond or mortgage he call'd in;
With lawful use of six *per cent.*
Next morn he put it out at ten.

FROM MARTIAL. EPIG. XLVII.

Would you, my friend! find out the true receipt
To live at ease, and stem the tide of Fate,
The grand elixir thus you must infuse,
And these ingredients to be happy chuse.
First an estate, not got with toil and sweat,
But unincumber'd left, and free from debt;
For let that be your dull forefather's care,
To punch and drudge for his deserving heir;
Fruitful and rich, in land that's sound and good,
That fills your barns with corn, your hearth with wood.
That cold nor hunger may your house infest,
While flames invade the sides, and pudding crowns the feast.
A quiet mind, serene, and free from care,
Nor puzzling on the bench, nor noisy at the bar;
A body sound, that physic cannot mend;
And the best physic of the mind, a friend.

Equal in birth, in humour, and in place,
Thy other ſelf, diſtinguiſh'd but by face;
Whoſe ſympathetic ſoul takes equal ſhare
Of all thy pleaſure and of all thy care.
A modeſt board, adorn'd with men of ſenſe,
No French ragouts, nor French impertinence.
A merry bottle to engender wit,
Not over-dos'd, but *quantum ſufficit*:
Equal the error is in each exceſs,
Nor dulneſs leſs a ſin than drunkenneſs.
A tender wife diſſolving by thy ſide,
Eaſy and chaſte, free from debate and pride,
Each day a miſtreſs, and each night a bride.
Sleep undiſturb'd, and at the dawn of day
The merry horn, that chides thy tedious ſtay;
A horſe that 's clean, ſure-footed, ſwift, and ſound,
And dogs that make the echoing cliffs reſound;
That ſweep the dewy plains, outfly the wind,
And leave domeſtic ſorrows far behind:
Pleas'd with thy preſent lot, nor grudging at the paſt,
Not fearing when thy time ſhall come, nor hoping
for thy laſt.

CONTENTS.

EPISTLES. Page

To Mr. Addison, on his purchasing an estate in Warwickshire, 5
To Dr. Mackenzie, 11
To a Lady, who made me a present of a silver pen, 13
To a young Lady, who spent the night in tears, upon a report that her brother was to fight a duel the next morning, 14
To a young Lady, with the Iliad of Homer translated, 15
To the Right Hon. Lady Anne Coventry, &c. 18
To Phyllis, 21
To a discarded Toast, 22
To Allan Ramsay, *ib.*
To Allan Ramsay, upon his publishing a second volume of poems, 27
To the Author of The Essay on Man, 30
To Mr. Thomson, on the first edition of his Seasons, 34
To the Right Hon. the Earl of Halifax, with the Fable of The Two Springs, 34
To Dr. M——, reading mathematics, 36

SONGS.

Song. As o'er Alleria's fields, &c. 37
Paraphrase upon a French Song, 38

Song for the lute, 39
A dainty new Ballad, occaſi[on] clergyman's widow of ſeventy years being married to a young exciſeman. 40
Canidia's Epithalamium. Upon the ſame. 44
Hunting Song. 46

FABLES.

Fable I. The Captive Trumpeter, 49
Fable II. The bald pated Weſtman and the Fly, 50
Fable III. The Ant and the Fly, 53
Fable IV. The Wolf, the Fox, and the Ape, 55
Fable V. The Dog and the Bear, 57
Fable VI. The wounded Man and Swarm of Flies, 58
Fable VII. The Wolf and the Dog, 60
Fable VIII. The Oyſter, 62
Fable IX. The Sheep and the Buſh, 64
Fable X. The Frogs Choice, 65
Fable XI. Liberty and Love, &c. 69
Fable XII. The Two Springs, 72
Fable XIII. The bald Bachelor, 78
Fable XIV. The Fortune-Hunter. In five Cantos, 87

TALES.

I. The Devil outwitted, 120
II. The officious Meſſenger, 131
III. The inquiſitive Bridegroom, 142

ENTS.

P.

V. Bacch.
V. The Night
VI. The happy Disappointment,
VII. A Padlock for the Mouth.
VIII. The wife Builder,
IX. The true use of the Looking-glass,
X. Mahomet Ali Beg, &c.
XI. The bufy Indolent,
XII. The Yeoman of Kent.
XIII. The happy Lunatic. To Dr. M——,
XIV. The sweet-scented Miser,
XV. The incurious Bencher.

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

An imitation of Horace, lib. iv. ode 9. Inscribed to the Right Hon. James Stanhope, Esq.
The perjured Mistress. From Hor. [illegible] xv.
To a Gentleman who married his cast Mistress. From Hor. lib. iii. ode 9.
A translation of Horace, epist. xx.
The Miser's Speech. From Hor. epod. ii.
From Martial. Epig. xlvii.

From the Ap[illegible]
by the
Ap[illegible]

THE TAYLORIAN SCHOOL'S LIBRARY
THE