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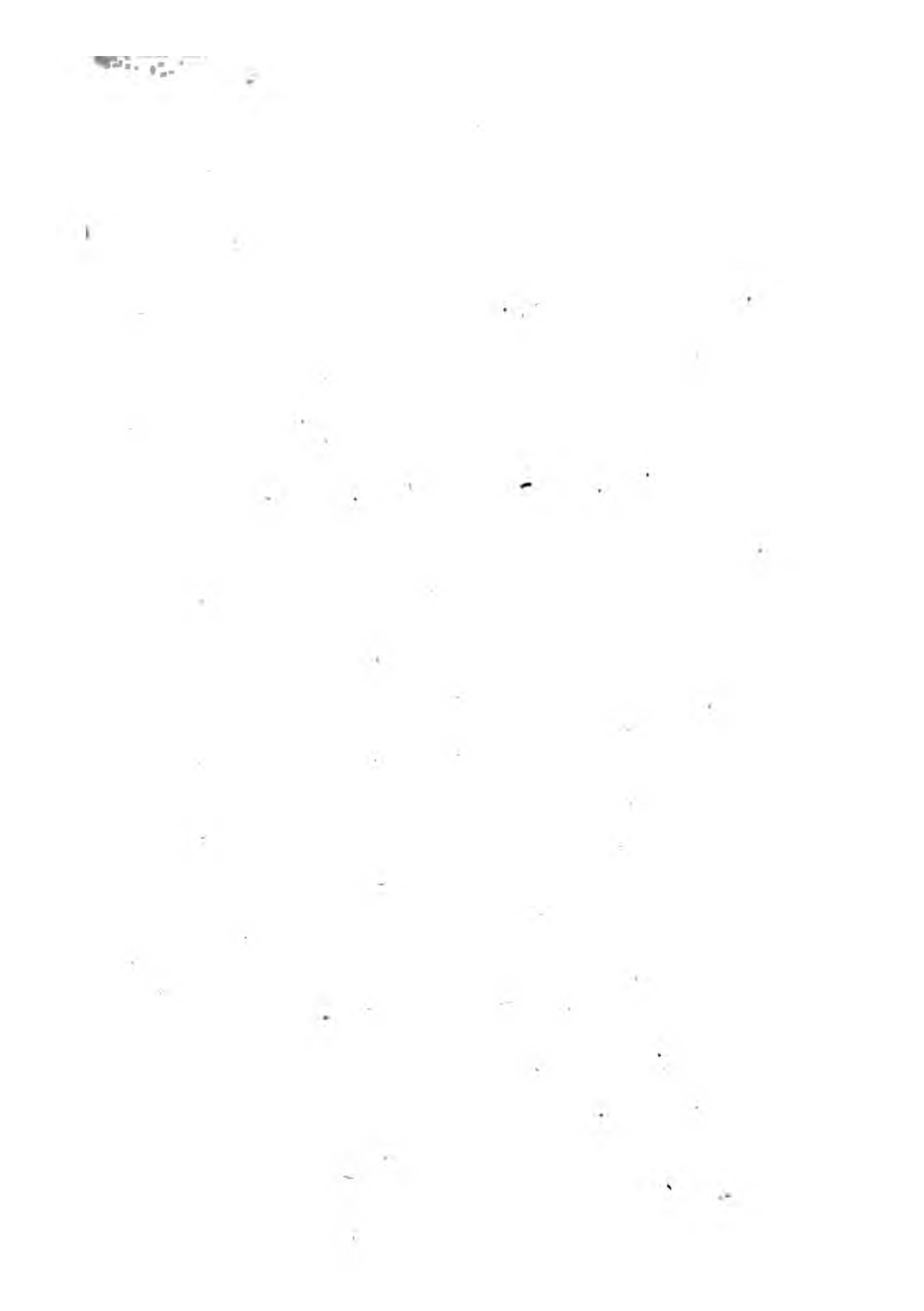
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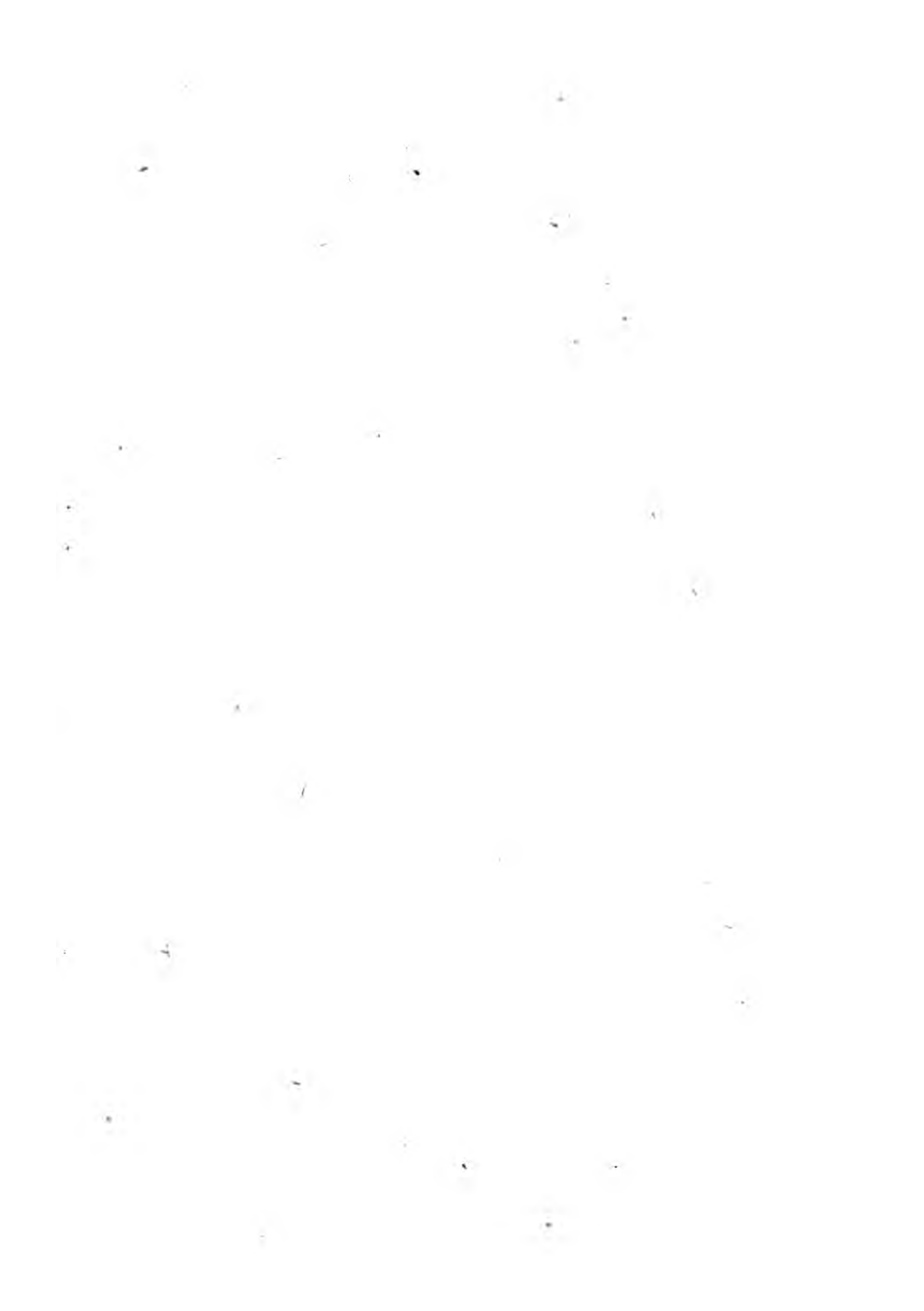
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BELL'S EDITION.  
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN  
COMPLETE, FROM  
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL

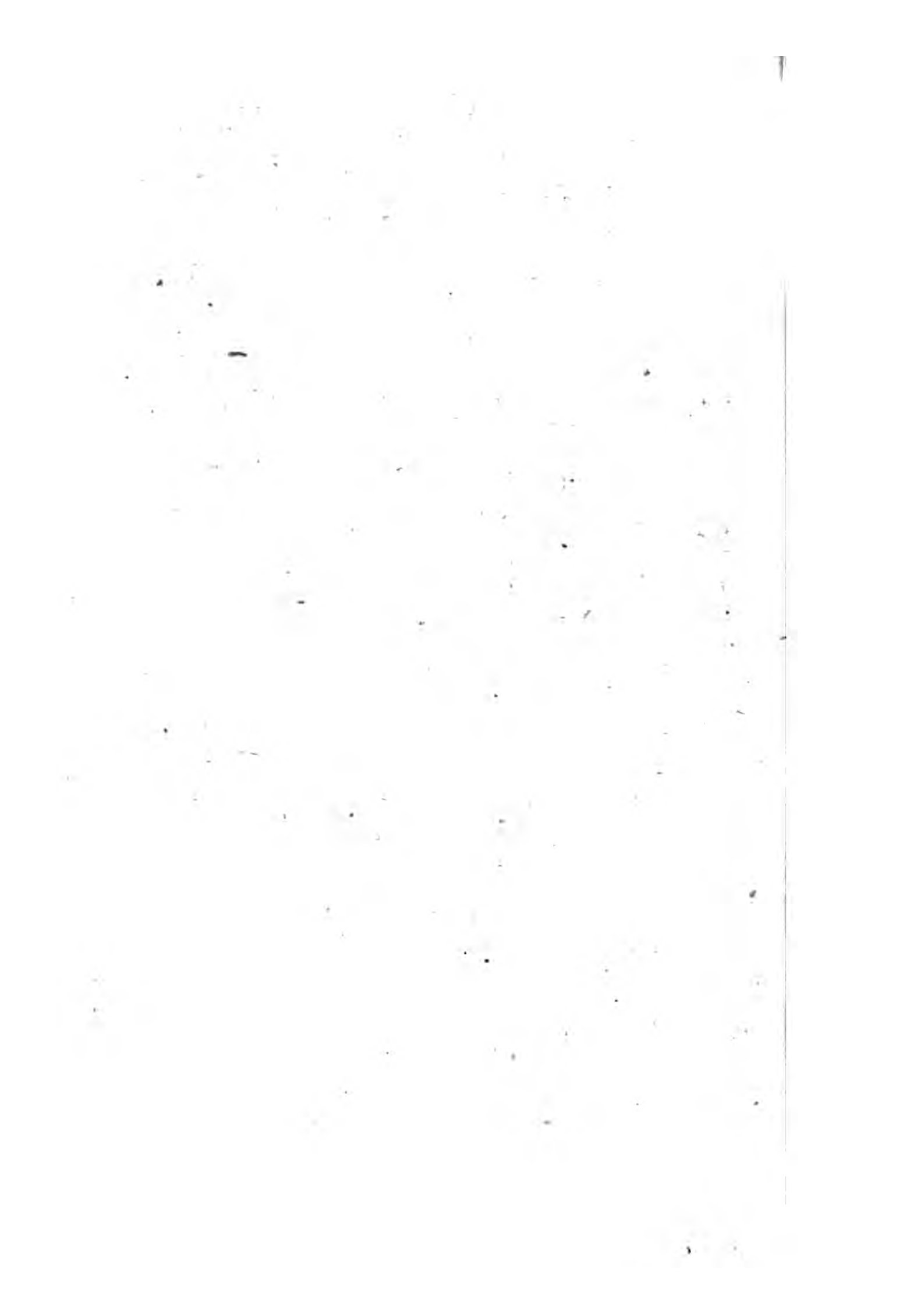


SOMERVILLE VOL. II.  
Under an Oak's protecting Shade  
*Miseria Incect.*

*Sig. Aug. Kauffman del.*

*Delattre sculp.*

Printed for John Bell, at the British Library in the Strand Aug. 4. 1780



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
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 such colours paints the Chase,  
The real to fictitious joys give place.  
When the wild music 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 who touch the soul and warm the heart. TRACY.

---

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:  
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.  
*Anno 1780.*





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SOMERVILE.  
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,  
SONGS,  
FABLES,



TALES,  
TRANSLATIONS,  
IMITATIONS,

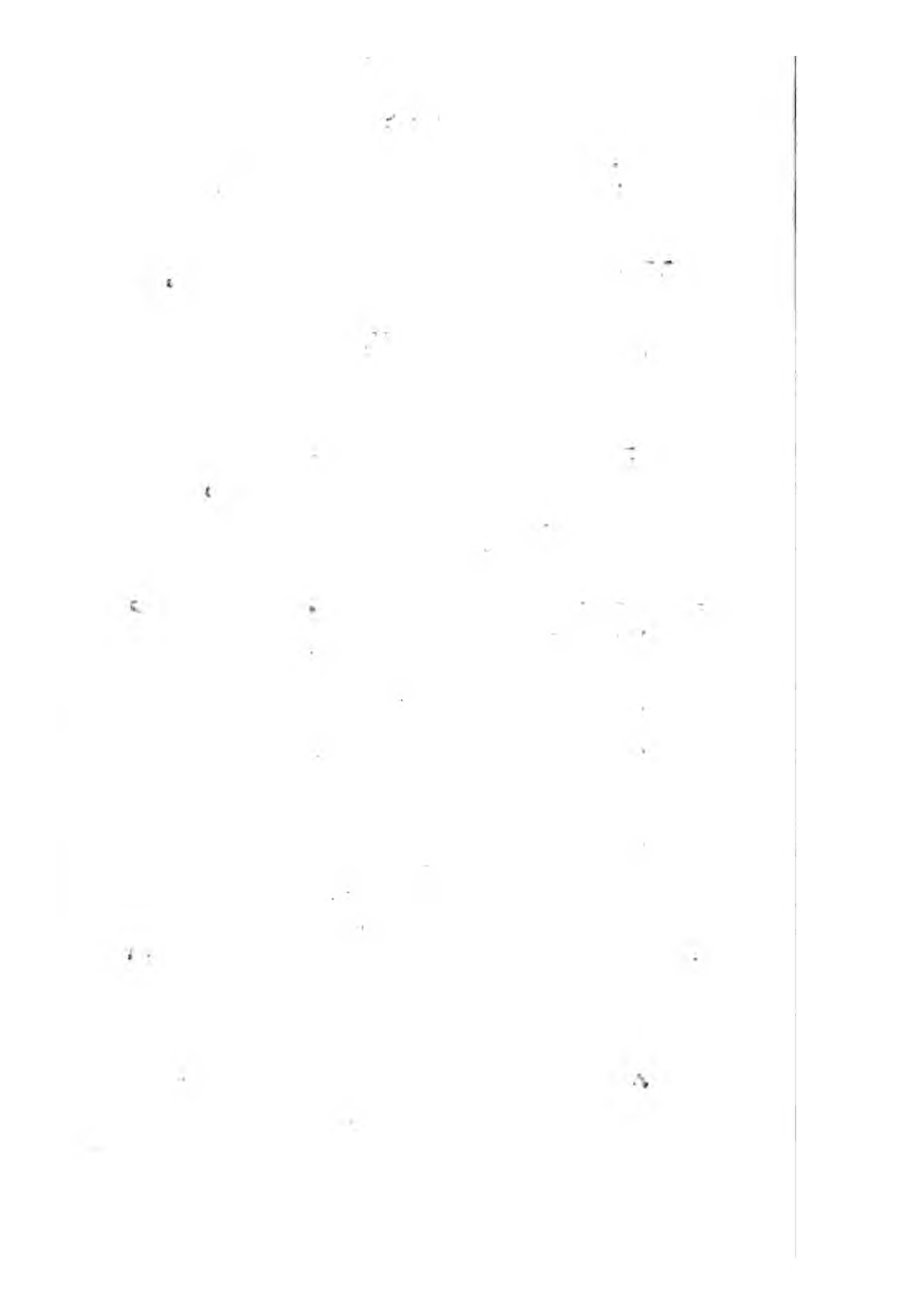
&c. &c. &c.

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Ye guardian Pow'rs! who make mankind your care,  
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,  
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read  
Th' expanded volume, and submit 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 tow'ring 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.*



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# EPISTLES.

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TO MR. ADDISON,

Occasioned by his

PURCHASING AN ESTATE IN WARWICKSHIRE.

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-----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. 5 }  
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? 10  
From the judicious critic's piercing eyes,  
To the best-natur'd man secure she flies.

When panting Virtue her last efforts made,  
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid;

A iij

Presumptuous Folly blush'd, and Vice withdrew, 15  
 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; 20  
 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 25  
 To her brave son betray the Cyprian queen;  
 Odours divine perfume her rosy breast,  
 She glides along the plain in majesty confess.  
 Hard was the task, and worthy your great mind,  
 To please at once and to reform mankind; 30  
 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, 35  
 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. 40  
 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; 45  
 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. 50  
 Had not your Muse in her immortal strain  
 Describ'd the glorious toils on Blenheim's plain,  
 Ev'n Marlborough might have fought, and Dornier  
 bled in vain.

When honour calls and the just cause inspires  
 Britain's bold sons to emulate their fires, 55  
 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 foil the prize shall yield to none, 60  
 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; 65  
 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, 70  
 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. 75

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. 80

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 85  
 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, 90  
 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; 95  
 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, 100  
 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 faint, in loftier strains, above  
 Reveals the wonders of eternal love. 105  
 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 110  
 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. 115  
 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, 120 }  
 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 125  
 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, 130  
 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 135 }  
 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 blest the poet's name. 140  
 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 145  
 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; 150  
 To more than mortal courage quit the field,  
 And to their foes th' unfinish'd trophies yield. 152

---

## 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;

5

10 }

15

20

25

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, 30  
 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 35  
 '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 ! 40  
 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 ? 45  
 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 Sicknes shall thy triumphs own, 50  
 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.

55

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!

60

But Father Phœbus, who has done  
So much for thee his fav'rite son,  
His other gifts on me bestows

65

With partial hands, nor hears my vows:  
Oh! let a grateful heart supply  
What the penurious pow'rs deny!

69

## 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.

*Volume II.*

B

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 spite of all philosophy can do  
 Our hearts relent, the bursting torrents flow; 10  
 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. 15

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; 20  
 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, 25  
 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. 28

### 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.

B ij

Oft' shalt thou kiss that hand where roses bloom, 5  
 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; 10

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. 15

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, 20  
 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; 25  
 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, 30  
 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 fu'd,  
 Depriv'd of her whom most his heart desir'd. 35  
 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. 40

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 45  
 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, 51  
 Theauteous 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, 55  
 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. 60

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. 65  
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, 70

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 chimney-piece of shell-work.*

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, 5  
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. 10

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, 16  
 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. 20  
 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. 25  
 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, 30  
 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, and  
 Deck all the gloomy mansions of the deep; 35  
 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, 40  
 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, 45  
 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 agate, or Egyptian porphyry—  
 More glossy they, their veins of brighter dye. 50 }  
 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 55  
 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. 60

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## 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 blest 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, 5 }  
 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, 10  
 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. 15  
 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, 20  
 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) 24  
 With equal wonder and surprize  
 I see resembling portraits rise.  
 Brave archers march in bright array,  
 In troops the vulgar line the way:  
 Here the droll figures slyly sneer, 30  
 Or coxcombs at full length appear:

\* Lord Somerville was pleas'd 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. 35  
     Believe me, Bard! no hunted hind  
 That pants against the southern wind,  
 And seeks the stream thro' unknown ways,  
 No matron in her teening days  
 E'er felt such longings, such desires, 40  
 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; 45  
 Proud winter floods, with rapid force,  
 Forbid the pleasing intercourse.  
 But sure we bards, whose purer clay  
 Nature has mix'd with less alloy, 50 }  
 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 55 }  
 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, 60  
 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, 65  
 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, 70  
 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, 75  
 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, 80  
 'F' 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, 85  
 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, 90  
 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, 95  
 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; 100  
 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 sail:  
 While laughter, bursting thro' the crowd 105  
 In volleys, 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 110  
 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, 115  
 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 120  
 Shall be so blest'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. 126

## 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, 5  
 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. 10

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, 15  
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. 20

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, 25  
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. 30  
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 fours nor spite, 35  
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 surprize : 40

In failings no malignant pleasure takes,  
Nor rudely triumphs over small mistakes :

No nauseous praise, no biting taunts, offend ;  
W' expect a censor, and we find a friend.

Poets, improv'd by his correcting care, 45

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. 50

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, 55

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, 60

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 hoast,

Stands at her toilette in her tartan plaid,  
 In all her richest head-geer trimly clad, 65  
 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, 70  
 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. 73

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? 10

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 alloy,  
 Our happiness to love, adore, obey;

To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd, 15  
 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; 20  
 Be it thy task, to set the wand'ring right,  
 Point out her way in her aerial flight;  
 Her noble mien, her honours lost, restore,  
 And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.  
 Thy theme sublime, and easy verse, will prove 25  
 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 gloriously prevail,  
 When the bench frowns in vain and pulpits fail. 30  
 Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys  
 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. 36



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 5  
Smiles in a calm, or in a tempest roars.  
Believe me, Thomson, 't is not thus I write,  
Severely kind, by envy sour'd or spite;  
Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own;  
Such arts are to my honest soul unknown. 10  
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, 15  
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. 20  
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, 25  
 Nor fondly the minutest error spare;  
 For kind and wise the parent who reproveth  
 The slightest blemish in the child he loves.  
 Read Philips much, consider Milton more;  
 But from their dross extract the purer ore: 30  
 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: 35  
 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. 40  
 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. 46 }

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, 5  
 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, 11  
 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. 16  
 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. 20  
 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 25  
 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. 30  
 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: 34  
 '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, 40 }  
 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, 45  
 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; 50

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, 56 }  
 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, 3  
 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. 6



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## SONGS.

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### 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 paradife 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, 10  
Pardon, ye Grotts! 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. 16





Would ye in marble temples dwell, 25  
 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 30  
 A smoking hecatomb each day?  
 O restore  
 The beauteous goddess I adore!  
 O restore, with all her charms,  
 The faithless vagrant to my arms! 35

### SONG FOR THE LUTE.

**G**ENTLY, 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, 5  
 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 Iö-Pæans sound: 10  
 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 DAINY 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 filly fix'd his dart;  
 The filent creeping flame  
 Boil'd fore 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 eke 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. 40

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. 45

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. 50

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. 55 60

At length a youth full smart,  
 Who oft' by magic art  
 Had div'd in many a hole;  
 Or kilderkin, or tun,  
 Or hoghead, 't was all one,      65  
 He 'd found 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,      70  
 " 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;      75  
 " 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.      \* 84

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## 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.







## 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; 5  
 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 10  
 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, 15  
 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, 20  
 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 26  
 The merry beagles fly;  
 Dull Sorrow lags behind:  
 Ye shrill Echoes! reply;  
 Catch each flying sound, and double our joys. 30

Ye Rocks, Woods, and Caves! our music repeat:  
 The bright spheres thus above,  
 A gay refulgent train,  
 Harmoniously move,  
 O'er yon' celestial plain 35  
 Like us whirl along, in concert so sweet.

Now pufs threads the brakes, and heavily flies;  
 At the head of the pack  
 Old Fiddler bears the bell,  
 Ev'ry foil he hunts back, 40  
 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, 45  
 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.

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# FABLES.

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## FABLE I.

### THE CAPTIVE TRUMPETER.

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

VIRG.

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A PARTY of huffars 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 5  
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; 10  
“ 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, 15  
“ 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." 20

## FABLE II.

THE BALD-PATED WELSHMAN AND THE FLY.

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-----Qui non moderabitur iræ,  
 Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaferit 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, 10  
 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. 20  
 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 25  
 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, 30  
 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, 35  
 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. 40  
 But now what rhet'ric could assuage  
 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, 45  
 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. 50  
 Thus much he gain'd by this advent'rous deed,  
 He foul'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 56  
 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, 60  
 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. 63



## FABLE III.

## THE ANT AND THE FLY.

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Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ,  
Mutatæ quætient.-----

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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.

5

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

10

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.

15

“ 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.

20

“ 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,

25

“ 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,

30

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,

35

“ 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 shrin into a shade : 40  
  
 “ 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 45  
 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; 50  
 And since the scoundrel is so vain,  
 Reduce him to his filth again. 52

## FABLE IV.

THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE APE.

---



---

 Clodius accusat Mæchos, 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.

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

5

“ 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.”

10

## 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. 15  
 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. 20

## FABLE V.

## THE DOG AND THE BEAR.

---

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

---

HOR.

TOWSER, of right Hockleian fire,  
A dog of mettle and of fire,  
With Urfin grim, an errant Bear,  
Maintain'd a long and dubious war:  
Oft' Urfin on his back was tost, 5  
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 Urfin first desir'd a parely. 10  
"Stout combatant," quoth he, "whose might  
"I've 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, 15  
"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." 20

" 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, 25  
 " And let them bleed who gain the prize."

## MORAL.

Parties enrag'd on one another fall;  
 The butcher and the bear-ward pocket all. 28

## FABLE VI.

THE WOUNDED MAN AND THE SWARM OF FLIES.

---

E malis minimum-----

---

**S**QUALID 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, 5  
 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 ; 10  
 " 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, 15  
 " 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. 20  
 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 ; 25  
 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? 31

## 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, 5  
 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! 10  
 "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 15  
 "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: 20

" 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 25  
 " 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: 30  
 " 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 35  
 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. 40

## 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, 45  
 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, 49  
 Their virtues by necessity refin'd, [steady mind.  
 Nor cold, nor want, nor death, could shake their  
 No faucy 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. 55  
 The state was quiet, happy, and serene,  
 For Boadicea was the Britons' queen;  
 Her subjects their just liberties maintain'd, 58  
 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.

5

Actions on actions hence succeed,  
 Each hero 's obstinately stout, 10  
 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, 15  
 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. 20

“ Give me the Oyfter, 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, 25  
 “ Your Oyfter 's good as e'er was ate;  
 “ I thank you for my dainty treat;  
 “ God blefs you both, and live in peace.”

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales!  
 From this learn common sense; 30  
 Nor thrust your neighbours into goals  
 For ev'ry slight offence. F ij

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

36

## FABLE IX.

THE SHEEP AND THE BUSH.

---



---

*Lætus forte 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?

5

## 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  
 In humble littleness submit content;  
 But those thy folly brings in time prevent.

10

[sent:

13



## FABLE X.

## THE FROGS' CHOICE.

---

ὦ πόποι, οἷον ἦ νυ θεὸς βροτοὶ ἀπιόωνται.  
 Ἐξ ἡμέων γὰρ φασὶ κακ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δ' ἔχ' αὐτοὶ  
 Σφῆσιν ἀλασθαλίησιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἀλγέ' ἔχουσιν.

---

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, 5  
 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. 10  
 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, 15  
 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. 20

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 surprize,  
 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

25

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."

30

35

40

Then laughing impudently loud,  
 He soon alarm'd the dastard crowd.  
 The croaking nations with contempt  
 Echold the worthless indolent,

45

On wings of winds swift scandal flies,  
 Libels, lampoons, and lies,  
 Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies.  
 With active leap at last upon his back they stride,  
 And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride. 51

Once more to Jove their pray'rs address,  
 And once more Jove grants their request.  
 A stork he sends, of monstrous size,  
 Red lightning flashing in his eyes; 55  
 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, 60  
 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, 65  
 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, 70  
 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, 75  
 " Those evils which yourselves create,  
 " Rash fools! ye now repent too late;  
 " Made wretched by the public voice,  
 " Not thro' necessity but choice! 79  
 " 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: 85  
 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. 91

## 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 blifs 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, 20  
 'Twas awkward, new, and strange;  
 For better and for worse,  
 O dismal, fatal curse!  
 No more abroad to range.

No carols now they sing, 25  
 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. 30

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, 35  
 That might provoke a faint.

Hard words improve to blows,  
 For now, grown mortal foes,  
 They peck, they scratch, they scream:  
 The cage lies on the floor, 40  
 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.

45

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.

50

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.

55

60

## FABLE XII.

## THE TWO SPRINGS.

---

--- Errat longe mea quidem sententia  
 Qui imperium credat gravius esse aut stabilius  
 Vi quod fit, 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,      5  
 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;      10  
 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,      15  
 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?"      20

" 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, 25  
 " 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. 30  
 " 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 35  
 " 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; 40  
 " 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,  
 Starce bade her sister stream a cool adieu:  
 Her waves grow turbulent and bold, 45  
 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; 50  
 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, 55  
 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, 60  
 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; 65  
 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, 70  
 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 ; 75  
 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, 80 }  
 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, 85  
 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 ; 90

They clasp her in their liquid arms,  
 And riot in th' abundance of her charms.  
 Like old Alpheus fond, their wanton streams they  
 Like Arethusa she, as lovely and as kind. [join'd,

Now swell'd into a mighty flood, 95  
 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 : 100

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, 105  
 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 : 110  
 No beasts of prey appear  
 The watchful shepherd to beguile,  
 No monsters of the deep inhabit here,  
 Nor the voracious shark nor wily crocodile; 114  
 But Delia and her nymphs, chaste sylvan queen, }  
 By mortals' prying eyes unseen, [green. }  
 Bathe in her flood, and sport upon her borders }  
 Here merchants, careful of their store,  
 By angry billows tost,  
 Anchor secure beneath her shore, 120  
 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. 125  
 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, 130  
 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. 135  
 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, 140  
 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, 145  
 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 blest'd; far spreads their just renown,  
 Consenting nations their dominion own, 150  
 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, frustra que laborem,  
 Ingratum trahit : et si quando at prælia ventum 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, 5  
 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 ; 10  
 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,	15 } }
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,	20
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 ?	25
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 :	30
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	35
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,	40
'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.  
 'T was 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 rife,  
 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.

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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, 80  
 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. 85  
 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, 90  
 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, 95  
 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 equilibrio*.

100

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.

105

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.

110

115

120

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	125
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	130
“ 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 sluice appear;	
She fetch'd a deep sigh from her heart,	135
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”	140
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,	145
In youthful bloom when he was near,	
The cunning gypsy nipt away	
The black, but sily 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 } 155  
 What the deceitful traitrefs 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. } 160  
 "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." } 165  
 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 } 170  
 From spiteful 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. } 175  
 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, 180  
 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, 185  
 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 : 190  
 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 195  
 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 ; 200  
 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 fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd amain, 205  
 All his past life run o'er again ;

Damn'd ev'ry female bite to Tyburn,  
 From Mother Eye to Mother Weyburn;  
 Each youthful vanity abjur'd,  
 Whores, box and dice, and claps ill-cur'd;      210  
 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,      215  
 Or, what 's almost the same—precife;  
 Canted, and whin'd, and talk'd most oddly,  
 Was very slovenly and godly,  
 (For nothing makes devotion keen  
 Like disappointment and chagrin)      220  
 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.      226  
 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.      230  
 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. }

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## FABLE XIV.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER. IN FIVE CANTOS.

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

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HOR.

## CANTO I.

SOME authors, more abstruse than wife,  
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)

H ij



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 confid'rate and fevere. } 20  
 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. } 25  
 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, } 30  
 Came on apace, was daddy's joy,  
 Constru'd, and pars'd, and said his part,  
 And got *Qua-genus* all by heart ;  
 While Franky, that unlucky rogue,  
 Fell in with ev'ry whim in vogue, } 35  
 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, } 40  
 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 : } 45



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.

50

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;  
 'T would jade my Muse, tho' better fed,  
 And kept in body-clothes and bread.

55

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;

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70

Substantial blifs, intrinsic joys,  
 From buſtle, vanity, and noiſe; 75  
 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 found;  
 Good humour, probity, and ſenſe, 80  
 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; 85  
 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, 90  
 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, 95  
 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, 100  
 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 ;      105  
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,      110  
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,      115  
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 ;      120  
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,      125  
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,      130

Act ev'ry part in life to win her,  
 First try the faint, and then the sinner ;  
 Press boldly on ; flighted, pursue ;  
 Repuls'd, again the charge renew ;  
 Give her no rest, attend, entreat,  
 And stick at nothing to be great. 135

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 ; 140

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 145

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, 150  
 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, 155  
 A phantom, and a fleeting shade ;  
 Grasped 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; 160  
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 t' apply 165  
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 170  
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, 175  
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 180  
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. 185



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. 190 }  
 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. 195 }  
 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 200 }  
 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. 205 }  
 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, 210 }  
 Each to his own apartment flow'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, 215  
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, 220  
"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; 225  
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, 230  
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; 235  
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, 240  
 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; 245  
 Or else some courteous duchess may  
 Take pity on a runaway.  
 Dress'd to a pink, to court he flies;  
 At this levce and that he plies;  
 Bows in his rank, an humble slave, 250  
 And meanly fawns on ev'ry knave;  
 With maids of honour learns to chat,  
 Fights for this lord, and pimps for that.  
 Fortune he sought from place to place,  
 She led him still a wildgoose chase, 255  
 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, 260  
 She flipp'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; 265  
 "'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's living.”  
Away he trudges with his rook,      270  
Throws many a main, is bit, is broke :  
With dirty knuckles, aching head,  
Disconsolate, he sneaks to bed.      273

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,      5  
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 ?      10  
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,      15  
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;                   20  
 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,                         25  
 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,                   30 }  
 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                   35  
 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,                   40  
 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;                   45  
 "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 feat,      50  
“ 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.”      55  
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      60  
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;      65  
“ 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,      70  
“ 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, 75  
 " 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, 80  
 And without scruple, in a trice,  
 He took her money and advice.

Not an extravagant young heir,  
 Befet with duns, and in despair, }  
 When joyful tidings reach his ear, 85 }  
 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, 90  
 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; 95  
 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, 100  
 Was scarce contented with Your Grace.



Strange visions working in his head,  
Frantic, half mad, he strols to bed;  
Sleeps little; if he sleeps, he dreams  
Of sceptres and of diadems. 105

“ Fortune,” said he, “ shall now no more  
Trick and deceive me as of yore :  
“ This passport shall admittance gain  
“ In spite of all the jilt’s disdain :

“ ’Tis this the tyrant’s pride difarms, 110  
“ 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; 115  
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, 120 }  
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, 125  
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; 130  
 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, 135  
 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; 140  
 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 145  
 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, 150 }  
 "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; 155 }  
 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 gairt. 160  
 From taverns, meeting-houses, stews,  
 Atheists and Quakers, bawds and Jews,  
 Statesmen and fiddlers, beaux and porters,  
 Blue aprons here, and there blue garters.  
 As human race of old began 165  
 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: 170  
 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. 175  
 Industrious Frank, among the rest,  
 Bought, sold, and cavill'd, bawl'd, and prefs'd;  
 Lodg'd in a garret on the spot,  
 Follow'd instructions to a jot,  
 The praying part alone forgot; 180  
 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, 185  
 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; 190  
 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 195  
 Resolves to throw one desp'rate cast.  
 " 'Tis vain," said he, " to whine and woe,  
 " 'Tis one brisk stroke the work must do.  
 " Fortune is like a widow won,  
 " And truckles to the bold alone; 200  
 " 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. 206

## 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, 5  
 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, 10  
 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. 15  
 The man of merit soon shall find  
 The world to prosp'rous knaves inclin'd,  
 Himself the last of all mankind. }  
 Too true poor Frank this thesis found,  
 Bankrupt, despoil'd, and run aground, 20  
 In durance vile detain'd and lost,  
 And all his mighty projects crost;  
 With grief and shame at once oppress,  
 Tears swell his eyes and sighs his breast:  
 A poor, forlorn, abandon'd rake, 25  
 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; 30



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, 35  
 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; 40  
 Restless his freedom to regain,  
 He bites the wire, and climbs in vain.  
 The wretched captive, thus distressed,  
 His busy thoughts allow no rest;  
 Fond on each project to depend, 45  
 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 50  
 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, 60  
 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 ; 60  
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 65  
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. 70  
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 ; 75  
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, 80  
Her toothless gums their hold let go ;  
And on the ground, O fatal stroke !  
The short cœval pipe is broke ;  
With vapours choak'd, entranc'd she lies,  
Belches, and prays, and f—ts, and dies ; 85

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 90  
 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, 95  
 A good Man in the City cant,  
 Where cash, not morals, makes the faint.  
 'T' improve a genius so polite,  
 The clumsy thing was dubb'd a knight ;  
 Fortune's chief confident and friend, 100  
 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 ; 105  
 For fools in Fortune's pill'ry plac'd  
 Are mounted to be more disgrac'd.  
 This rich old hunk, as Woodcock wife,  
 Was call'd the younker to advise.  
 " Young man," said he, " refrain from tears 110  
 " While joyful tidings blest 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 : 115  
“ 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 120  
“ 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, 125  
“ 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 130  
“ My nod must give the sentence weight :  
“ On me prime ministers attend,  
“ And —— and Aislavie ’s my friend :  
“ In embryo each bold project lies  
“ Till my consenting purse supplies. 135  
“ 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 140  
“ 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;                   145  
 “ 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!                   150  
 “ 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:                   155  
 “ 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                   160  
 “ He lives, till Heav’n his substance blest;  
 “ 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;                   165  
 “ 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 prosp’rous merry gale, 170  
“ 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: 175  
“ 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, 180  
“ Nor veers, as here, with ev’ry wind;  
“ Not, as in these penurious isles,  
“ Retailers her blessings and her smiles,  
“ But deals by wholesale with her friends,  
“ And gluts them with her dividends. 185  
“ 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. 190  
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 Potofi in his view. 194

## CANTO IV.

**B**EHOOLD 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, 5  
 On olios, soups, and fricassées,  
 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; 10  
 Instead of wine, content to sip,  
 With noisy tars, their nauseous flip;  
 Their breath with chew'd mundungus sweet,  
 Their jests more fulsome than their meat.  
 While thunder rolls and storms arise, 15  
 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 now his own; 20  
 Kind Jove descends in golden fleet,  
 Pæctolus 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.

25 }  
}

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.

30

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.

35 }  
}

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.

40

45

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,

50

The ship, nigh found'ring in the deep,  
 Or bounding o'er the ridgy steep;  
 Describe the monsters of the main, } 55  
 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, } 60  
 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; } 65  
 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, } 70  
 Perplex'd with bus'ness, cross'd in love,  
 'Till soothing tales becalm'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; } 75  
 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, } 80  
 '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: 85  
 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, 90  
 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; 95  
 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 fun to fun, 100  
 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. 105  
 Divert their course, return again,  
 And climb the steep from whence they came.  
 Unblest'd with his ill-gotten store,  
 Th' insatiate youth still craves for more;

To counsel deaf, t' examples blind, 110  
 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. 115  
 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 the sails, 120  
 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 ; 125  
 " 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 130  
 " 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, 135 }  
 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 self.

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 5  
 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. 10  
 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. 15  
 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\* : 20  
 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. 25  
 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, 30  
 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. 35  
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, 40  
And for a worse extreme prepare:  
Sudden the low'ring storms arise,  
The bursting thunder rends the skies,  
Aflant the ruddy lightning flies, 45  
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, 50  
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, 55  
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; 90  
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, 95  
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: 100  
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, 105  
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; 110  
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?

115

120

125

130

135

140

“ Restless disturber of mankind,  
“ Canst thou give health or peace of mind?  
“ Oh! no; deceiv'd the fool shall be      145  
“ 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?      150  
“ Yes (if kind Heav'n my life shall spare)  
“ Some happy moments yet I'll share  
“ In thy delightful blest'd retreat,  
“ With thee contemn the rich and great;  
“ Redeem my time mispent, and wait      155  
“ Till death relieve th' unfortunate.”

Adversity! sage useful guest,  
Severe instructor, but the best,  
It is from thee alone we know  
Justly to value things below;      160  
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      165  
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.      170



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, 175  
 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, 180  
 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; 185  
 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" 190  
 "After an age of toil and care?"  
 "O welcome parent life! no more  
 "The vagrant shall desert thy shore,  
 "But, flying to thy kind embrace,  
 "Here end his life's laborious race." 195  
 So when the stag, intent to rove,  
 Quits the safe park and sheltering grove,  
 Tops the high pale, itrolls 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.

200 }  
}

205 }  
}

210

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 bat,  
Scarce one whole shoe, and half a hat,  
From door to door the stroller 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.

215

220

225 }  
}

Around he gaz'd, his greedy sight  
 Devours each object with delight;  
 Thro' each known haunt transported roves,  
 Gay smiling fields and shady groves, 230 }  
 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, 235  
 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 surprize, 240 }  
 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, 245  
 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; 250  
 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,      255  
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:      260  
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,      265  
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,      271  
“ 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,      275  
“ Tho' late, this useful lesson teach at last,  
“ True happiness is only to be found  
“ In a contented mind, a body found;  
“ All else is dream, a dance on Fairy ground;  
“ While restless fools each idle whim pursue,      280  
“ 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 ; 285  
“ Subdue our passions, curb their faucy rage,  
“ And to ourselves restore the Golden Age.” 287

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## TALES.

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### 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, 5  
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; 10  
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, 15  
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, 20

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 25 }  
 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, 30 }  
 Told this and that, look'd very fly,  
 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, 35  
 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, 40  
 Till the whole parish was with ease  
 Sham'd into virtue by degrees:  
 Then be advis'd, and try a Tale,  
 When Chrysoftom and Austin fail. 44



## 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.

5

The brute creation here below,  
It seems, is Nature's puppetshow;  
But clockwork all, and mere machine,  
What can these idle gimcracks mean?

10

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 difaster  
Is often wiser than his master:

15

He may mistake sometimes, 't is true;  
None are infallible but you.

20

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, 25  
 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; 30  
 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, 35  
 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: 40  
 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: 45  
 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 50  
 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; 55  
 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 60  
 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) 65  
 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, 70  
 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: 75  
 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 80  
 (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, 85  
 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 90  
 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, 95  
 The factious tumult to restrain:  
 What should he do? Th' unruly rout }  
 Prefs'd on, and it was time, no doubt,  
 T' unbutton, and to let all out. }  
 The Trowsers soon his will obey; 100  
 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. 105  
 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, 110 }  
 And deeming slaughter must ensue,  
 Off from his hack himself he threw;  
 Then without ceremony seiz'd  
 The squire, impatient to be eas'd. 114 }  
 " 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 120 }  
 " 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. 125 }  
 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 130 }  
 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; 135 }



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 140  
 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. 145  
 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, 150  
 Whate'er besel 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, 155  
 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 160  
 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  
 165 }  
 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, 170  
 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, 175  
 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; 180  
 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; 185 }  
 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, 190  
 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: 195

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, 200  
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; 205

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. 210

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, 215

"Comes on apace—How's Miss, I pray?"

Lobb bow'd and cring'd; and, mutt'ring low,  
Made for his chair, would fain fall to.

These weighty points adjusted, soon

My lady brandishes her spoon. 220

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 flick'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)

225

230

235

240

245

Fled back the very way he came,  
 And in the bush soon found his game; 250  
 Brought in his mouth the fav'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 255  
 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. 260  
 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, 265  
 The chaplain giggled for a week;  
 Her ladyship began to call  
 For hartshorn, and her Abigail;  
 The servants chuckled at the door,  
 And all was clamour and uproar. 270  
 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. 274

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### III. THE INQUISITIVE BRIDEGROOM.

A TALE.

**F**RANK 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 5 }  
 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, 10  
 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, 15  
 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 surprize;  
 Nature in spite of art prevail'd, 20  
 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. 25



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 30  
 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, 35  
 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, 40 }  
 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; 45  
 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, 50 }  
 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. 55 }  
 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; 60  
 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, 65  
 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. 70  
 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, 75 }  
 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; 80

"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, 5  
 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; 10  
 No loophole left, no flight pretence,  
 To palliate the foul offence.

"I own," said he, "I'm very bad—  
 "A sot—incurrigibly mad—  
 "But, Sir—I thank you for your love, 15  
 "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; 20  
 " Exert each trope, your utmost art,  
 " To touch this senseless stony heart.  
 " I 'm conscious of my guilt, 't is true,  
 " But yet I know my frailty too;  
 " A slight rebuke will never do. 25 }  
 " 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, 30  
 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—" 36  
 " Nay, Tom, I told you at the door  
 " I would not drink—what! before dinner?—  
 " Not one glass more, as I 'm a finner—  
 " Come, to the point in hand; is 't fit 40  
 " A man of your good sense and wit  
 " Those parts which Heav'n bestow'd should drown,  
 " A butt to all the fots in Town?

" Why tell me, Tom—what fort can stand  
 " (Tho' regular, and bravely mann'd) 45  
 " 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, 50  
 " 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—" 55  
 Then, pouting, hung his head; yet still  
 Took care his uncle's glass to fill,  
 Which as his hurry'd spirits funk,  
 Unwittingly, good man! he drunk.  
 Each pint, alas! drew on the next, 60  
 Old Ebony stuck to his text,  
 Grown warm, like any angel spoke,  
 Till interven'g hiccups broke  
 The well-strung argument. Poor Tom  
 Was now too forward to reel home. 65  
 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 fate 70  
 Wide-straddling o'er his tun in state,

Close by the window side, from whence  
 He heard this weighty conference,  
 Joy kindling in his ruddy cheeks,  
 Thus the indulgent godhead speaks : 75  
 " 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 81  
 " 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, 86 }  
 " 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 : 90 }  
 " 'Twas I who with immortal lays  
 " Inspir'd the bard that sung his praise.  
 " Let dull unfociable fools  
 " Loll in their cells and live by rules;  
 " My votaries in gay delight 95  
 " And mirth shall revel all the night;  
 " Act well their parts on life's dull stage,  
 " And make each moment worth an age." 98



## V. THE NIGHT-WALKER RECLAIMED.

A TALE.

**I**N those blest'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, 30  
 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; 35  
 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, 40  
 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 45  
 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; 50  
 "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 55  
 " 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; 60  
 " 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. 65 }  
 " 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, 70  
 " 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." 75  
 " Faith, John," said he, (then lick'd his chops)  
 " This project gives indeed some hopes :  
 " But cursed hard the terms, to marry,  
 " To stick to one, and never vary;

“ And that one old and ugly too : 80

“ 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.” 85

“ ’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, 90

“ 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, 95

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 drefs. 100

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 ; 105 }

\* 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, 110  
 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, 115  
 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, 120  
 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; 125  
 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, 130  
 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. 135

Sue was a lads buxom and tight,  
The chambermaid and favourite;  
Juicy and young, just fit for man,  
Thus the sweet dialogue began.

“Lard, Sir,” quoth Sue, “how brisk, how gay,  
“How spruce, our master look’d to-day! 141

“I’m sure no king was e’er so fine,  
“No sun more gloriously can shine.”

“Alas! my dear, all is not gold  
“That glisters, as I’ve read of old; 145

“And all the wise 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) 150  
“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, 155 }

“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;” 160

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, 165  
 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." 170  
 " 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"— 175  
 " 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, 180  
 " 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 surprize 185  
 " 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, 190  
 " 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;

195

" 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;

200

" 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

205

In haste the flick'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.

210

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;

215

So wind, in hypocondries pent,

Struggles and heaves to find a vent;

In lab'rins intricate it roars,

Now downward sinks, then upward soars;

Th' uneasy patient groans in vain, 220  
 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; 225  
 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, 230 }  
 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, 235  
 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, 240  
 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; 245  
 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. 250

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, 255 }  
 Soon in the dressing-room appear'd;  
 Archly he look'd, and sily leer'd.

"What game?" says Wild. "Oh! never more,  
 "Pheasants and partridge in great store;  
 "I wish your ammunition last!" 260

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." 265

Here, Muse! let fable 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; 270

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. 275  
 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, 280  
 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, 285  
 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; 290  
 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; 295  
 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, 300  
 For who in duty could deny?

Was nonresistance 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. 310  
 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; 315  
 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; 320  
 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; 325  
 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 !) 330  
 Some odd discov'ries brought to light.  
 Strange tympanics the women feize,  
 An epidemical disease ;  
 Madam herself with these might pass  
 For a clean-shap'd and taper lass. 335  
 '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, 340  
 " 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, 345  
 " 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 penance of a wife ;  
 " Much pleasure hast thou had ; at last 350  
 " '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 fally'd from his room, 355  
 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 360  
 Was yet to do, *encore, encore!*

Fain would he now elope, she clapt  
 Him still, no bur e'er stuck so fast.  
 At length the morn with envious light  
 Discover'd all: in what sad plight, 365

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 370 }  
 (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, 375  
 “ 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?” 380

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.” 384

## VI. THE HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT.

## A TALE.

IN days of yore, when belles and beaux  
 Left masquerades and puppetshows,  
 Deserted ombre and basset,  
 At Jonathan's to squeeze and sweat;  
 When sprightly rakes forsook Champaign,                   5  
 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 fad)                               10  
 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,                               15 }  
 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.                               20 }  
 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, 25  
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 grafs,  
Would it not break an heart of brafs? 30  
'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, 35  
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. 40  
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, 45  
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. 50  
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 55  
 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! 60  
 His uncle by his mother's side,  
 His guardian and his faithful guide.  
 'This driv'ling knight with pockets full,  
 And proud as any Great Mogul,  
 For his wise conduct had been made 65  
 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; 70  
 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, 75  
 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, 80

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 : 85 }  
 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, 90  
 " My lectures, repetitions, pray'rs ?  
 " 'Tis well—there 's something fav'd at least,  
 " Welcome, thou faithful, friendly, guest ;  
 " If I must hang, now all is lost,  
 " 'Tis cheaper at another's cost ; 95  
 " 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, 100  
 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. 105  
 " 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 110  
 " 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." 115

### VII. A PADLOCK FOR THE MOUTH.

#### A TALE.

**J**ACK 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, 5  
 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 youngker had not half a grain, 10 }  
 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, 15 }  
 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. 20  
 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, 25  
 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, 30  
 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 35  
 Pomatum of the finest lard,  
 With strong astringents mix'd the mass,  
 Alum, and vitriol, *q. s.*  
 Arsenic, and bole. But I want time  
 To turn all Quincy into rhyme; 40 }  
 '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. 45  
 This ointment being duly made,  
 The jilt upon her toilette laid :  
 The faunt'ring cully soon appears,  
 As usual, vows, protests, and fwears ;  
 Careless an opera tune he hums, 50  
 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. 55  
 "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. 60 }  
 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, 65  
 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'rails forc'd with pain. 70

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, 75  
 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. 80  
 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 85  
 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, 90  
 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. 95

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, 100  
 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 wife. 105  
 " 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 ; 110  
 " Who boasts our favours, soon or late  
 " 'The treach'rous blab shall feel our hate.' 112

## VIII. THE WISE BUILDER.

### A TALE.

**W**ISE 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 ?" 6

"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."

12

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	10
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.	15

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, 20  
 And at her daddy's feet she lies,  
 Sighs, fobs, and groans, calls to her aid,  
 And tears, that readily obey'd,  
 Then aggravates the vile offence,  
 Exerting all her eloquence: 25  
 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 30  
 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, 35  
 "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." 40 }  
}



## 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, 5  
 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; 10  
 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, 15  
 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; 20  
 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, 25  
 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. 30  
 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, 35  
 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, 40 }  
 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, 45  
 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, 50

\* 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 55  
 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, 60  
 Happy as Cræsus 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, 65  
 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 : 70  
 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, 75  
 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 tiffue trod, 80  
 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, 85  
 That grew upon its shaggy brow,  
 To their great prince observant bow;  
 Yield, as in duty bound, their aid,  
 And blefs him with a friendly shade,  
 On the bare flint he fits alone, 90 }  
 And, oh! would kings this truth but own,  
 The safer and the nobler throne!  
 But where do I digrefs? 't is time  
 To check this arrogance of rhyme.  
 As the judicious monarch view'd 95 }  
 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 100  
 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; 105

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 110  
 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, 115  
 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, 120  
 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 125  
 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, 130  
 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 135  
 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, 140 }  
 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, 145  
 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 : 150

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 155  
 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 160 }  
 Does here on unbought dainties feast.



See stately palaces arife,  
 And gilded domes invade the skies.  
 Say, Muse! what lords inhabit here?  
 Nor fav'rite eunuch, prince, nor peer; 165  
 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. 170 }  
 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, 175  
 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. 180

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, 185  
 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. 190  
 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. 195 }  
 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— 200  
 "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. 205  
 "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, 210  
 "Strangers are lifted 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! 215

“ 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

210

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 :

225

“ 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)

230

“ 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

235

“ ’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,

240

“ The sun gives not a nobler day.”

Together now they all descend ;

Poor Ali had no other friend

But a foul faithful to its trust,  
 The sure asylum of the just. 245  
 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, 250  
 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. 255  
 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, 260  
 " 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." 265  
 Wife Ali, for this favour show'd,  
 Humbly with lowest rev'ence bow'd.  
 At Ali's house now ev'ry hand  
 Is busy at their lord's command,  
 Where at th' appointed hour resort 270  
 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. 275  
 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,  
 Ranack'd th' apartments o'er and o'er, 280  
 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. 285  
 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 290  
 "Is strong, and barricaded 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." 295  
 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 300  
 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, 305  
 And thus the wond'ring king address'd:  
 "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: 310  
 "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, 315  
 "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, 320  
 "And black-cy'd nymphs attend his nod,  
 "Fair daughters of that blest'd abode;  
 "By his command I left the plain,  
 "An humble but contented swain;  
 "Nor sought I wealth, nor pow'r nor place; 325  
 "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 feat,  
 “ The mark of envy : much he gave,  
 “ But yet of nought depriv’d his slave : 330  
 “ He touch’d not these. Alas! whose spite,  
 “ Whose avarice, would these excite?  
 “ My old hereditary right!  
 “ Grant me but these, great Prince! once more,  
 “ Grant me the pleasure to be poor, 335  
 “ 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 340  
 Of riches in a shepherd born;  
 “ How soars that foul,” said he, “ above  
 “ The courtier’s hate or monarch’s love!  
 “ No pow’r such virtue can efface,  
 “ No jealous malice shall disgrace. 345  
 “ 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, 350  
 And cloath’d him in his royal vest,  
 The greatest honour he could give,  
 Or Persian subjects can receive. 353

## 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 Marlborough'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.

5 }

10

15

20

25

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) 30  
 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, 35  
 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.  
 Vollics of oaths in vain they swear, 40  
 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, 45 }  
 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, 50 }  
 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 sat,	
A grave and able magistrate :	55
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.	60
With zeal and warmth he rally'd then	
Pack'd juries, sheriffs, talefmen,	
And recommended in the close	
Good neighbourhood, peace, and repose.	
Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence,	65
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,	70
And without fees or time mispent,	}
By strength of ale and argument,	
Dispatch'd them home, friends and content.	
Trusty, who at his elbow sat,	
And with surprise heard the debate,	75
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;	80
"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.” 85  
 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 : 90  
 “ 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, 95  
 “ Work hard; for what? why, to sit still.  
 “ They toil, they sweat, they want no fee,  
 “ For ev’n sloth prompts to industry :  
 “ Therefore, my friend, I freely own  
 “ All this address I now have shewn 100  
 “ 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.” 104

## 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, 5  
 T' improve his stock, or help a friend:  
 At Cressy and Poitiers of old  
 His ancestors were bowmen bold,  
 Whose good yew bows, and sinews strong,  
 Drew arrows of a cloth-yard long; 10  
 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, 15  
 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; 20  
 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, 25 }



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 30  
 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 35  
 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; 40  
 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, 45  
 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: 50  
 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, 55  
 A while liv'd tolerably tight,  
 And spouse, who sometimes fat till morn  
 At cribbidge, made a good return.  
 While thus they liv'd from hand to mouth,  
 She laid a bantling to the youth, 60  
 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, 65  
 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 fire. 70  
 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, 75  
 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; 80

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, 110  
 " 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, 116  
 " And all my prudent projects crost.  
 " Brave honest race! is it thus then  
 " We dwindle into gentlemen?  
 " But I'll prevent this foul disgrace; 120  
 " 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, 125  
 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. 130  
 Thus having done what he decreed,  
 Home he returns with all his speed:  
 " Here, son," said he, " since you will be  
 " A gentleman in spite of me;

" Here, Sir, this gorgeous bauble take, 135  
 " 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,  
 " Left my brave race degenerate." 140

### XIII. THE HAPPY LUNATIC.

TO DR. M——.

A TALE.

**W**HEN faints were cheap in good Nol's reign,  
 As sinners now in Drury-Lane,  
 Wrapp'd up in mysteries profound,  
 A faint perceiv'd his head turn round:  
 Whether the sweet and sav'ry wind, 6  
 That should have been discharg'd behind,  
 For want of vent had upward fled,  
 And seiz'd the fortrefs of his head,  
 Ye sage Philosophers! debate;  
 I solve no problems intricate. 10  
 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? 15

R ij

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 defies, 20  
 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," 25  
 Reply'd the faint: "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) 30  
 With raptures fir'd, and more than blest'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. 35  
 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 40  
 Such trifles, stripp'd of their disguise,  
 Convinc'd, and miserably wise. 42

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## XIV. THE SWEET-SCENTED MISER.

**T**ELL 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 5  
 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 10  
 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, 15  
 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! 20  
 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 25  
 He bow'd, and his short creed was knowne

On his thumb-nail it might be wrote,

“ A penny fav’d ’s a penny got.”

This rich poor man was jogging down,

Once on a time, from London town;

30

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,

35

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 favoury, how sweet, the meat,

How good the drink, when others treat!

40

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 fet,

And he spurr’d on with great regret:

45

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:

50

“ 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, 55  
 " Guzzling, pifs 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; 60  
 " 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, 65  
 " 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; 70  
 " Ale and mundungus, in despite  
 " Of Nature, make the clown polite.  
 " When those rich steams chafe his dull head,  
 " What flow'rs shoot up in that hot-bed!  
 " His jests, when fogs his temples shrowd, 75 }  
 " 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. 80 }  
 " 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 : 85  
 " 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, 90  
 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, 95

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 ; 100

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 105

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 ; 110

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!" 116  
 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. 120  
 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, 125  
 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! 130  
 "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! 135  
 "Extravagant audacious sot;  
 "This, this indeed, my soul does grieve;  
 "There's twopence lost without retrieve!" 138

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## 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 e'er  
 "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, 30  
 " 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, 35  
 Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—,  
 Stuck to his skirts, infatiate varlet!  
 And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.  
 Hard by, and in the corner, fate  
 A Bencher grave, with look sedate, 40  
 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 45  
 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 50  
 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— 55  
 " 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 ; 60  
 " 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, 65  
 Laid down his penny at the bar,  
 And wrapping round his frieze furtout,  
 Took up his crabtree and walk'd out. 68

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TRANSLATIONS, &c.

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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 ; 5  
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 10  
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 ; 15  
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 20  
 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, 25  
 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 blest'd,  
 Is by the god entire possess'd : 30  
 Age, unwilling to depart,  
 Begg 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, 35  
 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 ; 40  
 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 45  
 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. 50 }  
 Thus does each bard in diff'rent garb appear, }  
 Each Muse has her peculiar air, }  
 And in propriety of drefs becomes more fair: }  
 To each impartial Providence 55 }  
 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, 60  
 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, 65  
 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; 70  
 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,      75  
 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.      80  
 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,      85  
 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      90  
 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.      95  
 Hail, happy bard! on whom the gods beſtow  
 A genius equal to the vaſt deſign,  
 Whoſe thoughts ſublime in eaſy numbers flow,  
 While Marlborough's virtues animate each line.



How shall our trembling souls survey 100  
 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? 105  
 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; 110  
 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, 115  
 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; 120  
 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? 25 }

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, 130  
 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, 135  
 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, 140  
 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, 145  
 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 150  
 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 : 155  
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, 160  
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 squa- }  
drons flew. }  
Vain are th' attacks of force or art 165  
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, 170  
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 ; 175  
Thy bold Philippic 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,                   180 }  
 The trappings of a magistrate,                    }  
 Can dignify a slave, or make a traitor great ;  
 For, carelefs of external show,  
 Sage Nature dictates whom t' obey,  
 And we the ready homage pay,                   185  
 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 fits o'er his ill-gotten store ;           190  
 Trembling with guilt, and haunted by his sin,  
 He feels the rigid judge within :  
 But they alone are blest'd who wisely know  
 T' enjoy the little which the gods bestow ;  
 Proud of their glorious wants, disdain               195  
 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,           200  
 If Britain conquer can rejoice in death,  
 And in triumphant shouts resign their breath.   202

## THE PERJURED MISTRESS.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. XV. AD NÆRAM.

'T WAS 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, IF  
 "When winter storms shall cease to roar,  
 "When summer suns shall shine no more,  
 "When wolves their cruelty give o'er,  
 "Næra then, and not till then, shall cease to love."

Ah! false Næra! perjur'd fair! but know, 16  
 I have a soul too great to bear  
 A rival's proud insulting air;  
 Another may be found as fair, [you.  
 As fair, ungrateful Nymph! and far more just than

Shouldst thou repent, and at my feet be laid,      23  
 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. 25

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:      30

You too shall soon repent this haughty scorn,  
 When, fickle as the sea or wind,  
 The prostitute shall change her mind,  
 To such another coxcomb kind;  
 Then shall I clap my wings, and triumph in my turn. 35

## TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO MARRIED HIS CAST MISTRESS.

FROM HOR. LIB. III. ODE IX.

D. **W**HILE I was your's, and your's alone,  
 Proud, and transported with your charms,  
 I envy'd not the Persian throne,  
 But reign'd 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. 5
- D.** In Suky's arms entranc'd I lie,  
So sweetly sings the warbling fair! 10  
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, 15  
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? 20
- 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. 24

## A TRANSLAT. OF HOR. EPIST. X.

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

**H**EALTH 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,  
 The same our mutual hate, the same our mutual loves.  
 Close and secure you keep your lazy nest, 6  
 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.  
 To say no more, my friend! I live, and reign, 10  
 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 fat pamper'd priest  
 With greedy eyes at first views each luxurious feast,  
 But, quickly cloy'd, now he no more can eat 16  
 Their godly viands and their holy meat;  
 Wisely ambitious to be free and poor,  
 Longs for the homely scraps he loath'd before.  
 Seek'ft thou a place where nature is observ'd, 20  
 And cooler reason may be mildly heard;  
 To rural shades let thy calm soul retreat,  
 These are th' Elysian Fields, this is the happy seat, }  
 Proof against winter's cold and summer's heat. }

Here no invidious care thy peace annoys, 25  
 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; 30  
 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, 35  
 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 blefs. 40  
 In vain from Nature's rules we blindly stray,  
 And push th' uneasy monitor away;  
 Still she returns, nor lets our conscience rest,  
 But night and day inculcates what is best,  
 Our truest friend, tho' an unwelcome guest. 45 }  
 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, 50  
 Distinguish good from bad, or false from true.

He that too high exalts his giddy head  
 When Fortune smiles, if the jilt frowns is dead:  
 Th' aspiring fool, big with his haughty boast,  
 Is the most abject wretch when all his hopes are lost.  
 Sit loose to all the world, nor aught admire,      56  
 These worthless toys too fondly we desire;  
 Since when the darling's ravish'd from our heart,  
 The pleasure's overbalanc'd by the smart.  
 Confine thy thoughts, and bound thy loose desires,  
 For thrifty Nature no great cost requires;      61  
 A healthful body, and thy mistress 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, 65 }  
 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,      70 }  
 Receives the bit, and man's assistance prays. }  
 The conquest gain'd, and many trophies won,  
 His false confed'rate still rode boldly on;  
 In vain the beast curs'd his perfidious aid,      74 }  
 He plung'd, he rear'd, but nothing could persuade }  
 The rider from his back, or bridle from his head. }  
 Just so the wretch that greedily aspires,  
 Unable to content his wild desires,

Dreading the fatal thought of being poor,  
 Loses a prize worth all his golden ore,      80 }  
 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  
 The man whose fortunes fit not to his mind      [fears.  
 The way to true content shall never find;      85  
 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,      90  
 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.      95

## THE MISER'S SPEECH.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. II.

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

T ij



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

5

Nor at the loud tumultuous bar,  
 With costly noise, and dire debate,  
 Proclaims an everlasting war;  
 Nor fawns on villains basely great :

10

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

15

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

20

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

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

25



Each honest heart 's a welcome guest;  
 With tempting fruit his tables glow; 30  
 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, 35  
 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. 40

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; 45  
 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; 50  
 Betray'd by his prevailing fear  
 Into the toils, the monster dies.

His tow'ring falcon mounts the skies,  
 And cuts thro' clouds his liquid way;  
 Or else with sly deceit he tries  
 To make the lesser game his prey. 55

Who, thus possess'd of solid joy,  
 Would Love, that idle imp! adore?  
 Cloe's coquette, Myrtilla's coy,  
 And Phyllis is a perjur'd whore. 60

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 billets burn: 65

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. 70

I view with pity and disdain  
 The costly trifles coxcombs boast,  
 Their Bourdeaux, Burgandy, Champaign,  
 Tho' sparkling with the brightest toalt. 75

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.

80

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 wife;  
Content is all the gods can give.

85

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!

90

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

95

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

100

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

That very night his money lent 105  
 On bond or mortgage he call'd in ;  
 With lawful use of six *per cent.*  
 Next morn he put it out at ten. 108

### 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, 9  
 But unincumber'd left, and free from debt ;  
 For let that be your dull forefather's care,  
 To pinch and drudge for his deserving heir ;  
 Fruitful and rich, in land that 's found and good,  
 That fills your barns with corn, your hearth with wood ;  
 That cold nor hunger may your house infest, 11  
 While flames invade the skies, and pudding crowns  
 A quiet mind, serene, and free from care, [the feast.  
 Nor puzzling on the bench, nor noisy at the bar ;  
 A body sound, that physic cannot mend ; 15  
 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. 20  
 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, 25  
 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 30  
 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: 35  
 Pleas'd with thy present lot, nor grudging at the past,  
 Not fearing when thy time shall come, nor hoping  
 for thy last. 37

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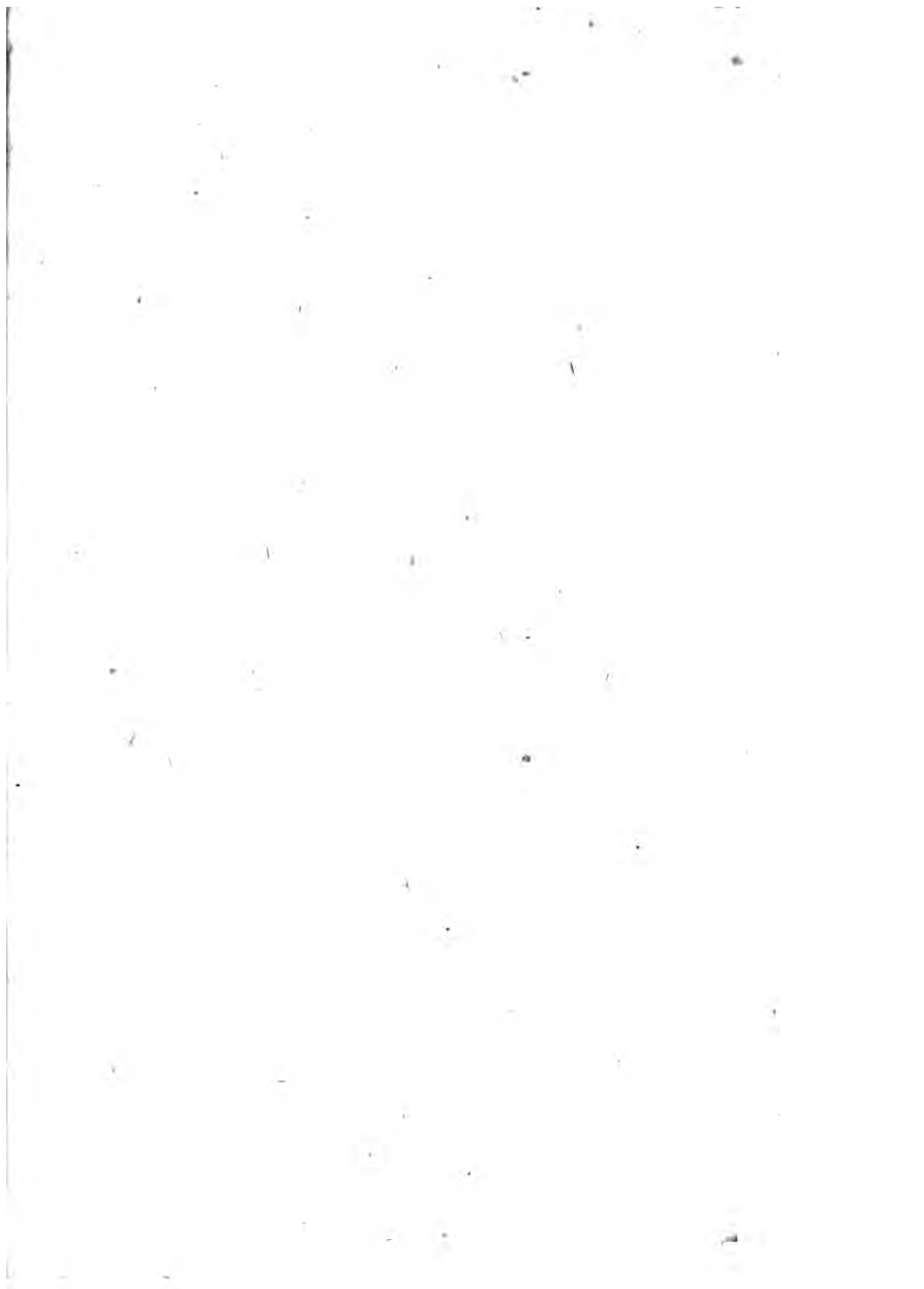
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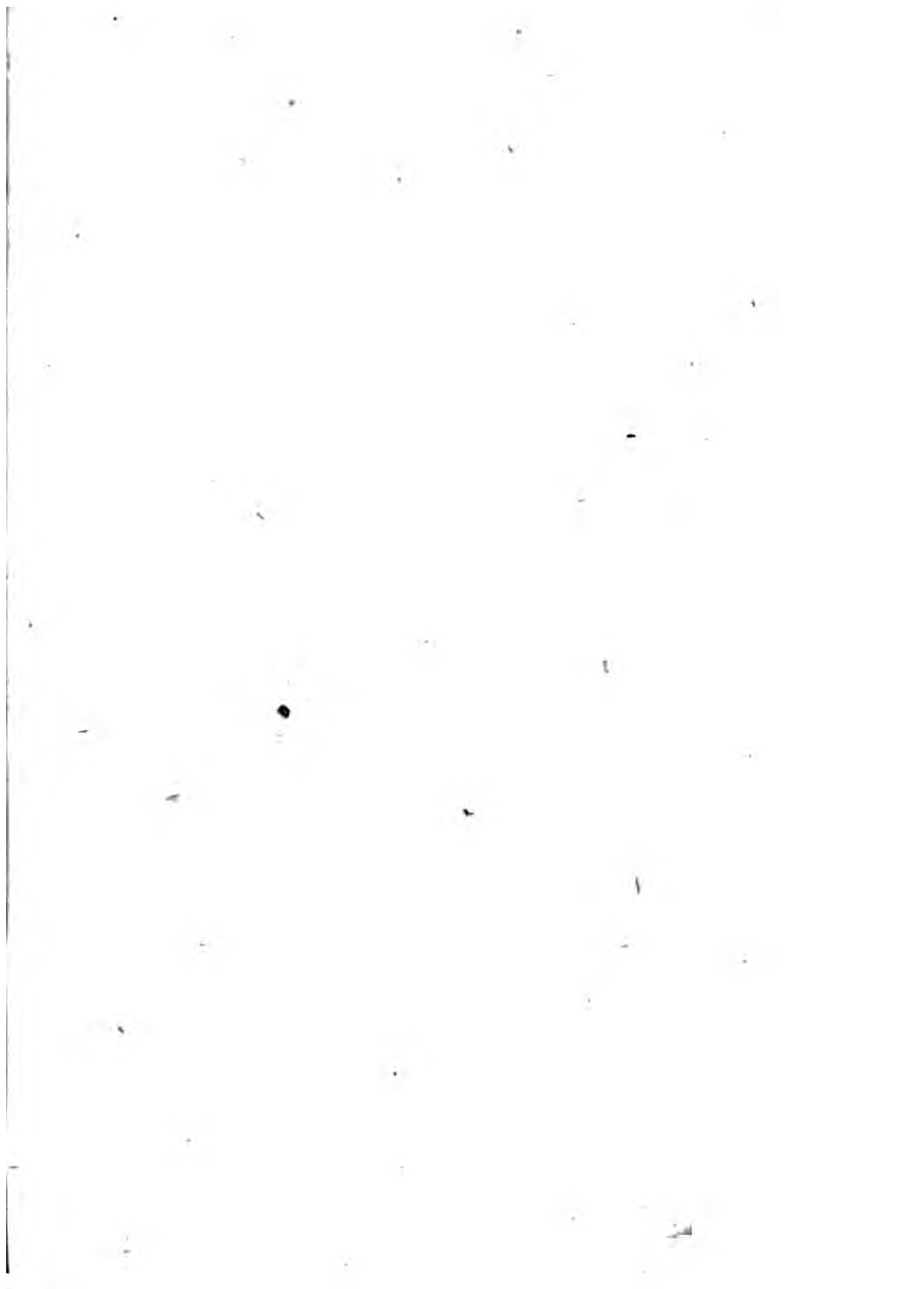
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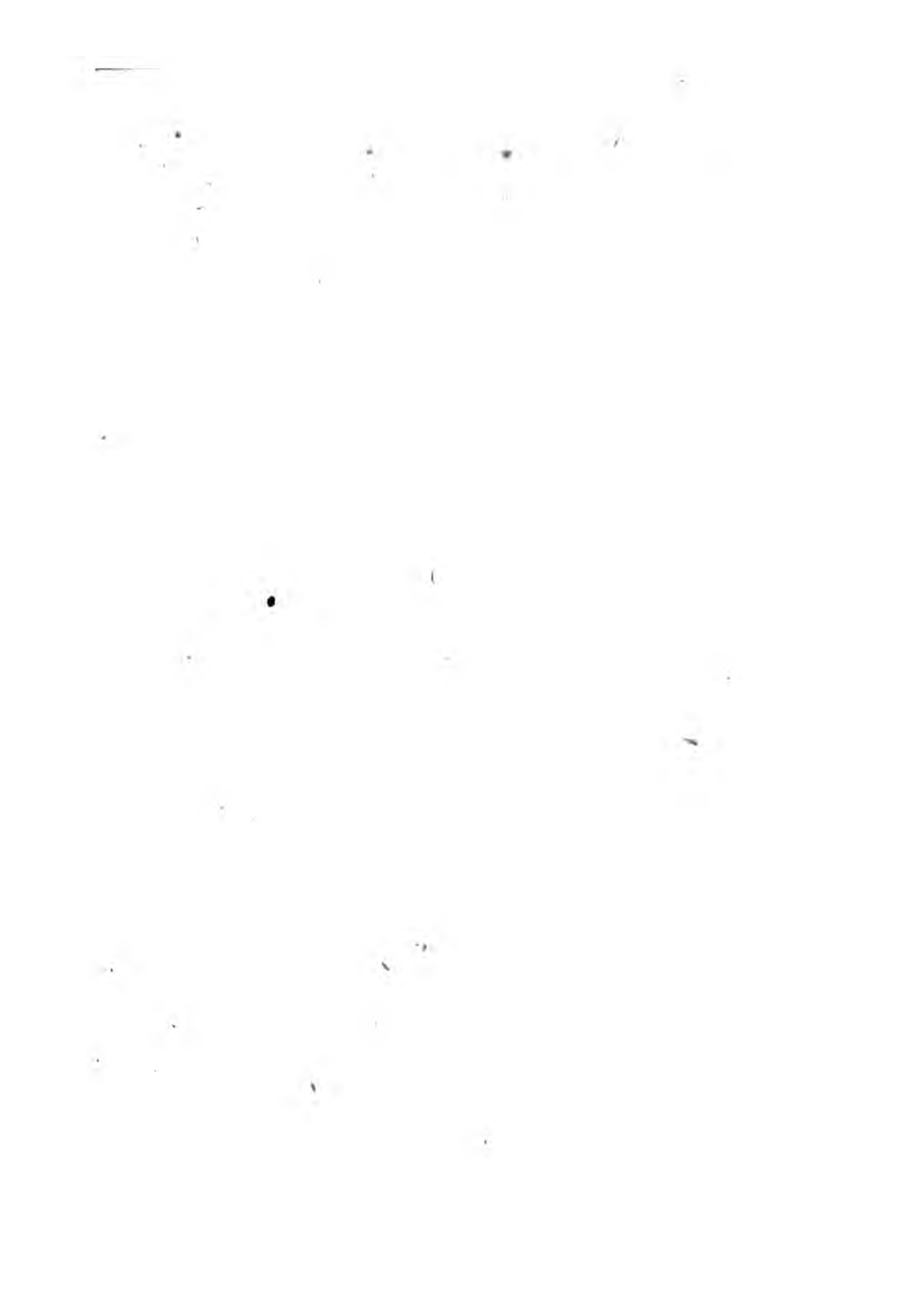
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THE END.











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