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FABLES,

and

POEMS

BY

JOHN GAY



LONDON

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About her swarm'd a num'rous brood
 Of Cats, who, lank with hunger, mew'd.
 Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
 And thus she sputter'd: "Hence, ye crew
 Fool that I was, to entertain
 Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
 Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
 I, for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
 To you I owe that crowds of boys
 Worry me with eternal noise;
 Straws laid across my pace retard,
 The horse-shoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard),
 The stunted broom the wenches hide,
 For fear that I should up and ride;
 They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
 And bid me show my secret teat."
 "To hear you prate would vex a saint;
 Who hath most reason of complaint?"
 Replies a Cat. "Let's come to proof;
 Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
 We had, like others of our race,
 In credit liv'd as beasts of chase.
 'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
 Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag!
 And boys against our lives combine,
 Because, 'tis said, your cats have nine."

 FABLE XXIV.

The Butterfly and the Snail.

ALL upstarts, insolent in place,
 Remind us of their vulgar race.
 As in the sunshine of the morn,
 A Butterfly, but newly born,
 Sat proudly perking on a rose,
 With pert conceit his bosom glows
 His wings (all glorious to behold,
 Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
 Wide he displays; the spangled dew
 Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my wo.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost, redeem."
"The counsel's good," a Fox replies,
"Could we perform what you advise,
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, in deed;
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd:
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd."
"Nay, then," replies the feeble Fox,
"(But hark! I hear a hen that clocks)
Go, but be mod'rate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good."

FABLE XXX.

The Setting Dog and the Partridge.

THE ranging dog the stubble tries,
And searches ev'ry breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men, in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudulent preparation spies:

She mocks their toils, alarms her brood ;
 The covey springs, and seeks the wood ;
 But, ere her certain wing she tries,
 Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries :
 " Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
 Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,
 Of thy whole species thou disgrace,
 Dogs should disown thee of their race !
 For if I judge their native parts,
 They're born with honest open hearts ;
 And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
 Were gen'rous foes, or real friends."

When thus the Dog with scornful smile
 " Secure of wing thou dar'st revile.
 Clowns are to polish'd manners blind
 How ign'rant is the rustic mind !
 My worth sagacious courtiers see,
 And to preferment rise like me.
 The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
 Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts :
 Friend sets his friend, without regard ;
 And ministers his skill reward :
 Thus train'd by man, I learn'd his ways,
 And growing favour feasts my days."

" I might have guess'd," the Partridge said,
 " The place where you were train'd and fed ;
 Servants are apt, and in a trice,
 Ape to a hair their master's vice
 You came from court, you say. Adieu,"
 She said ; and to the covey flew.

FABLE XXXI.

The Universal Apparition.

A RAKE, by ev'ry passion gul'd,
 With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd ;
 Disease his tainted blood assails ;
 His spirits droop, his vigour fails :
 With secret ills at home he pines,
 And, like infirm old age, declines.

But Care again his steps pursues ;
 Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
 Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rains,
 And drougths that starv'd the labour'd plains,
 Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there :
 In vain we seek to fly from Care.

At length he thus the ghost address'd :
 " Since thou must be my constant guest,
 Be kind, and follow me no more ;
 For Care, by right, should go before."

FABLE XXXII.

The two Owls and the Sparrow.

TWO formal Owls together sat,
 Conferring thus in solemn chat :

" How is the modern taste decay'd ?
 Where's the respect to wisdom paid ?
 Our worth the Grecian sages knew ;
 They gave our sires the honour due ;
 They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
 And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
 Athens the seat of learned fame,
 With gen'ral voice rever'd our name ;
 On merit title was conferr'd,
 And all ador'd th' Athenian bird."

" Brother, you reason well," replies
 The solemn mate with half-shut eyes :
 " Right : Athens was the seat of learning,
 And truly wisdom is discerning.
 Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
 The type and ornament of wit :
 But now, alas ! we're quite neglected,
 And a pert Sparrow's more respected."

A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
 O'erhears them soothe each other's pride,
 And thus he nimbly vents his heat :

" Who meets a fool must find conceit.
 I grant you were at Athens grac'd,
 And on Minerva's helm were plac'd ;

" Good gods ! how abject is our race,
 Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace !
 Shall we our servitude retain,
 Because our sires have borne the chain ?
 Consider, friends, your strength and might :
 'Tis conquest to assert your right.
 How cumbrous is the gilded coach !
 The pride of man is our reproach.
 Were we design'd for daily toil,
 To drag the plough-share through the soil
 To sweat in harness through the road,
 To groan beneath the carrier's load ?
 How feeble are the two-legg'd kind !
 What force is in our nerves combin'd !
 Shall then our nobler jaws submit
 To foam and champ the galling bit ?
 Shall haughty man my back bestride ?
 Shall the sharp spur provoke my side ?
 Forbid it, heavens ! reject the rein ;
 Your shame, your infamy disdain.
 Let him the lion first control,
 And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
 Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
 And make him tremble at our name."

A general nod approv'd the cause,
 And all the circle neigh'd applause.

When, lo ! with grave and solemn pace,
 A Steed advanc'd before the race,
 With age and long experience wise ;
 Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
 And, to the murmurs of the train,
 Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain :

" When I had health and strength like you,
 The toils of servitude I knew.
 Now grateful man rewards my pains,
 And gives me all these wide domains.
 At will I crop the year's increase ;
 My latter life is rest and peace.
 I grant to man we lend our pains,
 And aid him to correct the plains.
 But doth not he divide the care,
 Through all the labours of the year ?
 How many thousand structures rise
 To fence us from inclement skies !
 For us he bears the sultry day,
 And stores up all our winter's hay.

Thy guilt these applications speak;
 Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak!"
 So saying, on the Fox he flies,
 The self-convicted felon dies.

 FABLE II.

The Vulture, Sparrow, and other Birds.

To a Friend in the Country.

ERE I begin, I must premise
 Our ministers are good and wise;
 So, though malicious tongues apply,
 Pray, what care they, or what care I?
 If I am free with courts, be 't known,
 I ne'er presume to mean our own.
 If gen'ral morals seem to joke
 On ministers, and such-like folk,
 A captious fool may take offence;
 What then? He knows his own pretence.
 I meddle with no state affairs,
 But spare my jest to save my ears.
 Our present schemes are too profound
 For Machiavel himself to sound:
 To censure 'em I've no pretension,
 I own they're past my comprehension,
 You say your brother wants a place,
 ('Tis many a younger brother's case,
 And that he very soon intends
 To ply the court and tease his friends.
 If there his merits chance to find
 A patriot of an open mind,
 Whose constant actions prove him just
 To both a king's and people's trust;
 May he, with gratitude, attend,
 And owe his rise to such a friend.
 You praise his parts, for bus'ness fit,
 His learning, probity, and wit:
 But those alone will never do,
 Unless his patron have 'em too.

FABLE IV.

*The Ant in Office.**To a Friend.*

YOU tell me, that you apprehend,
 My verse may touchy folks offend.
 In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
 Should never squint at courtiers' crimes;
 For though nor this not that is meant,
 Can we another's thoughts prevent?
 You ask me, if I ever knew
 Court-chaplains thus the lawn pursue?
 I meddle not with gown or lawn;
 Poets, I grant, to rise must fawn.
 They know great ears are over-nice
 And never shock their patron's vice.
 But I this hackney-path despise;
 'Tis my ambition not to rise.
 If I must prostitute the Muse,
 The base conditions I refuse.
 I neither flatter nor defame,
 Yet own I would bring guilt to shame.
 If I Corruption's hand expose,
 I make corrupted men my foes.
 What then? I hate the paltry tribe,
 Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.
 I no man's property invade;
 Corruption's yet no lawful trade.
 Nor would it mighty ills produce,
 Could I shame bribery out of use.
 I know 'twould cramp most politicians,
 Were they tied down to these conditions,
 'Twould stint their power, their riches bound,
 And make their parts seem less profound.
 Were they denied their proper tools,
 How could they lead their knaves and fools?
 Were this the case, let's take a view,
 What dreadful mischiefs would ensue;
 Though it might aggrandize the state,
 Could private lux'ry dine on plate?

Whether he knew the thing or no,
 His tongue eternally would go.
 For he had impudence at will,
 And boasted universal skill.
 Ambition was his point in view;
 Thus by degrees to pow'r he grew.
 Behold him now his drift attain:
 He's made chief treas'rer of the grain.
 But as their ancient laws are just,
 And punish breach of public trust,
 'Tis order'd (lest wrong application
 Should starve that wise, industrious nation)
 That all accounts be stated clear,
 Their stock, and what defray'd the year;
 That auditors should these inspect,
 And public rapine thus be check'd.
 For this the solemn day was set,
 The auditors in council met.
 The gran'ry-keeper must explain,
 And balance his account of grain.
 He brought, since he could not refuse 'em,
 Some scraps of paper to amuse 'em.
 An honest pismire, warm with zeal,
 In justice to the public weal,
 Thus spoke: "The nation's hoard is low;
 From whence does this profusion flow?
 I know our annual fund's amount;
 Why such expense; and where's th' account?"
 With wonted arrogance and pride,
 The Ant in office thus replied:
 "Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,
 How could the best-schem'd projects hold?
 Should we state-mysteries disclose,
 'T would lay us open to our foes.
 My duty and my well-known zeal
 Bid me our present schemes conceal:
 But, on my honour, all the expense
 Though vast, was for the swarm's defence."
 They pass'd th' account as fair and just,
 And voted him implicit trust.
 Next year again the gran'ry drain'd,
 He thus his innocence maintain'd:
 "Think how our present matters stand,
 What dangers threat from ev'ry hand;
 What hosts of turkeys stroll for food,
 No farmer's wife but hath her brood."

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Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves ;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supplied,
Against the stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The scaly shoals float by, and seiz'd with fear
Behold their fellows toss'd in thinner air ;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.
When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in the unfaithful food ;
Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away.
Soon, in smart pain, he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake,
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round ;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide ;
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with the unwieldy prize
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands ;
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now with pleasure views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes ;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air :
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.
Would you preserve a numerous finny race ?
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chase ;

THE FAN.

A POEM.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play,
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day.
Not the wide fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade ;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand .
Nor shall the muse in Asian climates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
"There stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervour of meridian skies,
While sweating slaves catch every breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair ;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.
Nor shall Bermudas long the muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,
Where breathing sweets from every field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend ;
Yet let me in some odorous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair Palmetto grows :
Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head,
From the broad top depending branches spread
No knotty limbs the taper body bears,
Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,
Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
But as the seasons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun :
Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

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THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK;
IN
SIX PASTORALS.

PROEME.

GREAT marvel hath it been, (and that not unworthily to diverse worthy wits,) that in this our Island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of Poesy highly flourishing, no Poet (though otherwise of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other Poet travelling in this plain high-way of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricked me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious ploughmen, in no wise sure more unworthy a British Poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie: albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, Golden age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral, whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instiled Golden as this of our Sovereign Lady Queen ANNE.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and school-boys) unto that ancient Doric Shepherd

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail
 That might my secret lover's name reveal;
 Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,
 For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
 I seiz'd the vermin, home I quickly sped,
 And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
 Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
 In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:
 Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
 For L is found in Lubberkin and Love. [ground,
 "With my sharp heel I three times mark the
 And turn me thrice around, around, around."
 Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
 And to each nut I gave a sweet-heart's name.
 This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
 That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.*
 As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow,
 For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.†
 "With my sharp heel I three times mark the
 ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around."
 As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
 One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
 Which when I crop'd I safely home convey'd,
 And o'er the door the spell in secret laid,
 My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
 While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
 The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
 But in his proper person—Lubberkin.
 I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,
 Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
 Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight,
 So may again his love with mine unite! ground,
 "With my sharp heel I three times mark the
 And turn me thrice around, around, around."
 This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
 Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.

* — ἰγὰρ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
 Αἶθω. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακίει μίγα καπυ-
 ρίσασα. Theoc.
 † Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide
 laurum. Virg.

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? Farewell my glee!^{*}
 No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
 As the wood-pigeon cooes without his mate,
 So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate;
 Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
 The peerless maid that did all maids excel.
 Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
 And evening tears upon the grass be spread;
 The rolling streams with watery grief shall flow,
 And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they
 blow,

Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
 The dropping trees, whene'er it rains shall mourn;
 This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
 For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda died.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
 Woods, dairy, barn and mows our passion knew.
 When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
 Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
 Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
 When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
 There I remember how her faggots large,
 Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
 Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
 And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
 Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
 Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;
 The untoward creatures to the sty I drove
 And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
 I shall her goodly countenance espy,
 For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
 Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
 Sometime, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
 Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
 Whilome I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
 And press from spongy curds the milky stream,
 But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
 The whining swine surround the dairy door,

* *Glas, Joy; from the Dutch, Glooren, to re-
 create.*

*True Witney** broad-cloth with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:
 Be *this* the horseman's fence; for who would wear
 Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear!
 Within the Roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
 Hands, that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.

Let the loop'd Bavarey the fop embrace,
 Or his deep cloak be spatter'd o'er with lace.
 That garment best the winter's rage defends,
 Whose ample form without one plait depends;
 By various names † in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true surtout alone:
 Be thine of Kersey firm, though small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unhill'd the frost.
 If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
 Even sturdy car-men shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make the way;
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaux their canes with amber tipt produce,
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily ensure a life's disease;
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To court, to White's, ‡ assemblies, or the play;
 Rosy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
 Imprudent men heaven's choicest gifts profane,
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
 The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
 And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace:
 O! may I never such misfortune meet,
 May no such vicious walkers crowd the street,
 May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
 While the bold muse experienc'd dangers sings.
 Not that I wander from my native home,
 And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
 Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's muse,
 Where slavery treads the street in wooden shoes;

* A town in Oxfordshire.

† A Joseph, Wrap-Rascal, &c.

‡ White's Chocolate house in St. James's-street.

Hark ! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
 And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
 Hecr let the muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
 Adorn her precepts with digressive song ;
 Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
 And show the parent of the sable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of
 change)

Of old was wont this nether world to range
 To seek amours ; the vice the monarch lov'd
 Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd,
 And e'en the proudest goddess now and then
 Would lodge a night among the sons of men ;
 To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
 Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
 Then Cloacina* (goddess of the tide
 Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)
 Indulg'd the modish flame ; the town she rov'd,
 A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd ;
 The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
 Like female patches, heighten'd every grace :
 She gaz'd ; she sigh'd. For love can beauties spy
 In what seems faults to every common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round ;
 When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
 Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows
 That pleasing thunder : swift the goddess rose,
 And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
 Her bosom panting with expected joys.
 With the night wandering harlot's air she past,
 Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast ;
 In the black form of cinder wench she came,
 When love, the hour, the place had banish'd shame ;
 To the dark alley arm in arm they move :
 O may no link-boy interrupt their love.

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her
 space,
 The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)

* Cloacina was a goddess whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common shore, and not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Lactant, 1. 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
 The street alone retains the empty name:
 Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
 And Raphael's fair design, with judgment, charm'd,
 Now hangs the bell-man's song, and pasted here
 The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
 Where statues breath'd, the work of Phidias' hands,
 A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands.
 There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
 There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villers', now no more.
 Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
 Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
 Beneath his eye declining art revives,
 The wall with animated picture lives:
 There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
 Transports the soul, and thrills through every
 vein;
 There oft I enter, (but with cleaner shoes)
 For Burlington's belov'd by every muse.
 O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
 Upon your state what happiness attends!
 What, though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
 Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles,
 Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
 Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye:
 No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
 Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
 Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
 Of burning gout, or sedentary stone.
 Let others in the jolting coach confide,
 Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
 Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
 And trust their safety to another's feet,
 Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale
 Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail.
 Then shall the passenger too late deplore
 The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;
 The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
 The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns,
 Who can recount the coach's various harms,
 The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?
 I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
 When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the
 shower,
 In gilded chariot loll, he with disdain
 Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain

Thus his lost bride the Trojan sought in vain
 Thro' night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain.
 Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
 To find the brave companion of his love,
 The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
 Euryalus, alas! is now no more.

That walker who, regardless of his pace,
 Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,
 From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
 Shall strike his aching breast against the post; —
 Or water dash'd from fishy stalls shall stain
 His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.
 But if unwarily he chance to stray,
 Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
 The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
 And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
 And wary circumspection guard thy side; [night,
 Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dangerous
 Nor need the officious link-boy's smoky light.
 Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road,
 Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,
 Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
 That bruises oft the truant school-boy's heel,
 Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
 Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace.
 Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,
 Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie;
 Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
 And overturn the scolding huckster's stall,
 The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
 But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner alleys wind by day,
 To shun the hurries of the public way,
 Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
 Mind only safety and contemn the mire;
 Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
 Nor sneering ale-wives bid thee turn again.

Where Lincoln's-Inn, wide space, is rail'd
 around,
 Cross not with vent'rous steps, there oft is found
 The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone,
 Made the walls echo with his begging tone;
 That crutch which late compassion mov'd shall
 wound
 Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.

Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
 Yet trust him not along the lonely wall ;
 In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
 And share the booty with the pilfering band.
 Still keep the public streets, where oily rays
 Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy Augusta! law-defended town!
 Here no dark lanthorns shade the villain's frown ;
 No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
 Nor Roman vengeance stabs the unwary breast ;
 Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
 But liberty and justice guard the land ;
 No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
 Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman with assuming stride,
 Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side ;
 The laws have set him bounds ; his servile feet
 Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
 Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
 Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pell-mell,
 When in long rank a train of torches flame,
 To light the midnight visits of the dame ?
 Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
 May where the chairman rests with safety tread ;
 Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
 Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road where streets are crost,
 With gentle words the coachman's ear accost :
 He ne'er the threat, or harsh command obeys,
 But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
 Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
 To cross the way where carts and coaches roll ;
 Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
 Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride ;
 Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
 Like dying thunder in the breaking air ;
 Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,
 And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
 Or wheels enclose the road ; on either hand
 Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
 And call for aid in vain ; the coachman swears,
 And car-men drive, unmindful of thy prayers.
 Where wilt thou turn ? ah ! whither wilt thou fly ?
 On every side the pressing spokes are nigh.
 So sailors, while Charybdis' gulph they shun,
 Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Thus would you gain some favourite courtier's
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord. [word:

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep:
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.

His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker * flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings.
Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds, and mischiefs done
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side;
So Regulus to save his country died.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
Or arching vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-shores descend.
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies,
Ere night has half-roll'd round her ebon throne;
In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds: the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
So when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor thro' the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand.

Who then thro' night would hire the harness'd
steed,
And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?
But hark! distress with screaming voice draws
nigher,
And wakes the slumbering street with cries of fire.
At first a glowing red enwraps the skies,
And borne by winds the scattering sparks arise:
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads,

* Gentlemen who delighted to break windows
with halfpence.