



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

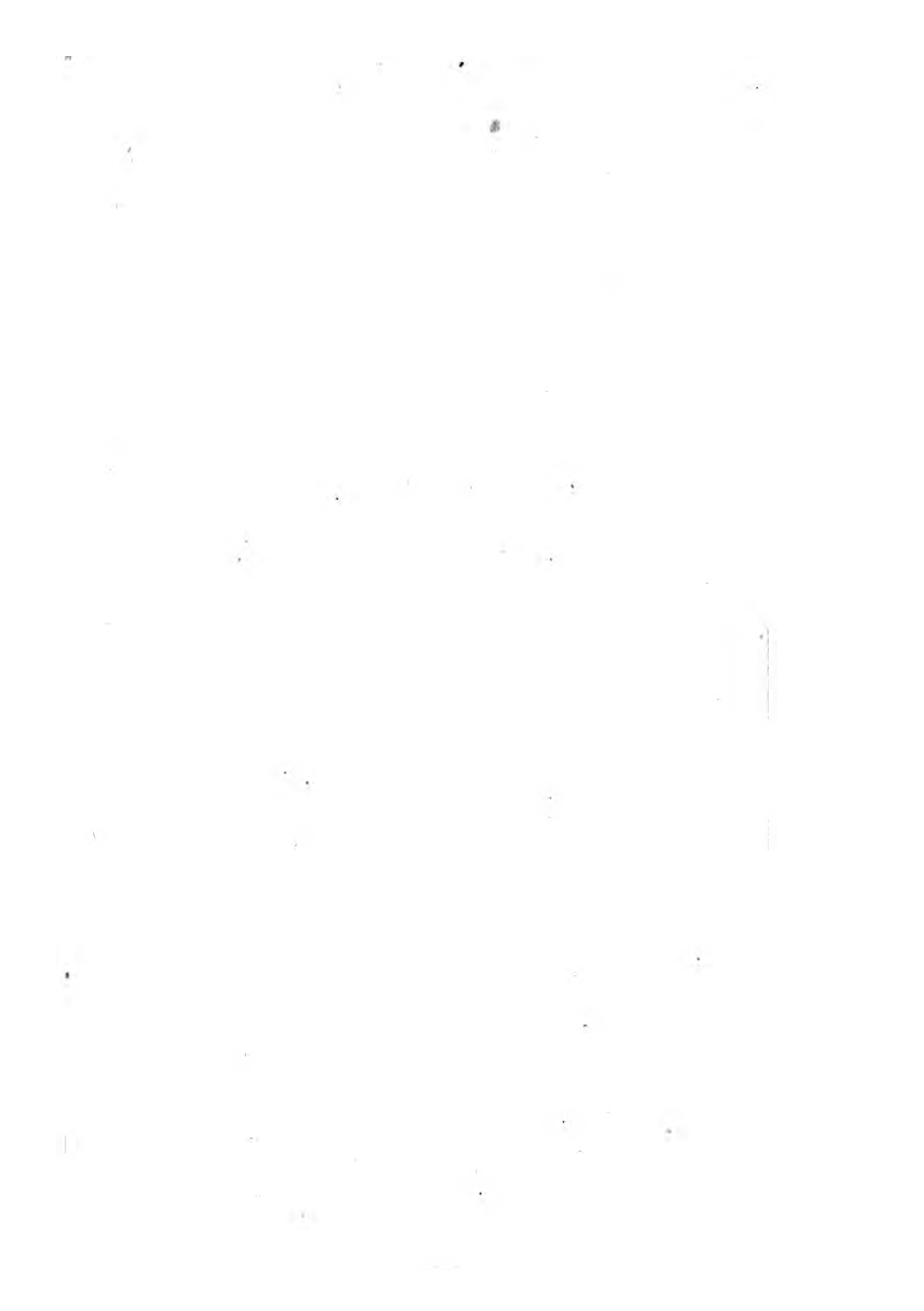
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



ECENTRICITIES

FOR

EDINBURGH:

CONTAINING

POEMS,

ENTITLED

A LAMENTATION TO SCOTCH BOOKSELLERS.

FIRE; or THE SUN-POKER.

MR. CHAMPERNOUNE.

THE LUMINOUS HISTORIAN; or LEARNING IN LOVE.

LONDON RURALITY; or MISS BUNN, AND MRS. BUNT.

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, *the Younger*.

"His saltem vestrá detur in Urbe locus."

OVID.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR JOHN BALLANTYNE, HANOVER STREET;
AND FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME,
AND BROWN, LONDON;

By James Ballantyne and Co., Edinburgh.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN this age, when Caledonian Genius is so prolific, the manuscript Poetry of an Englishman rarely, if ever, ventures into the Scotch Press : and the Verses in this little Volume are denominated *Eccentricities*,—not on account of their deviation from the centre of intellectual *gravity*, but—because they have wander'd out of their regular typographical orbit, to enter the latitude of North Britain. The chances are that they may prove as evanescent, there, as Comets,—

much more so, indeed, when it is recollected that Publications which may be only call'd *phænomena* through their locality, and not accounted remarkable for their brilliancy, are very rapid in their transit.

This method of publishing was adopted in consequence of an offer from Edinburgh Booksellers, to purchase some Tales in Verse, to be written by the present Author; the subjects of which they left to his own discretion,—or *indiscretion*:—if any blame, therefore, be attach'd to these Booksellers, it cannot be for choosing the Poems, (since they did *not* choose them,) but for choosing the *Poet*.

He is duly sensible of the distinction they have shewn him, by inviting him among them; but their proposal has not tickle'd his vanity;

nor can it be mortified by the censure of Censurers by Trade, if they charge him with arrogance in accepting it:—for, this kind of *metre-mongery* can scarcely be reckon'd a branch of his profess'd business;—his chief persuit (persuing it how he can) is dramattick composition; and he is certain that his endeavour merely to raise a laugh, among the good people of the North, can never be fairly construe'd into an attempt at competition with their native Versifiers, who are now flourishing with such well-deserve'd popularity.

While the living Bards of Scotland, who take our Taste and Passions by storm, are cannonading London, with their Sublime and Beautiful, both they and their Admirers must be too liberal to object to a few English crackers, of

our Lowly and Ludicrous, thrown into Edinburgh.

After all, it may be contended that transmitting Verse to Scotland, in the present day, is sending Coal to Newcastle:—yet the Rhyme here submitted is but a sort of small-coal,—unlike any thing to be found in the large Mines of Fancy, now open'd, north of the Tweed; and, if it's novelty should happen to render it not unwelcome, the Reviewers may be as smart upon *small-coal*, and a *Small Coal-man*, as, in their facetious wisdoms, it seemeth meet.

In collecting Subjects for the Tales, little has been left to choice:—scarcely any humorous Story presents itself which has not been hackney'd in print, and which does not cause a Scrib-
bler to exclaim, “ *nil dictum quod non dictum*

prius!—The Author has, of course, given the preference to those materials from which he was able, or fancied he was able, to extract the most amusement.

As an answer to any objections, relative to the punctuation of Preterits, Participles, and Adjectives, the Reader is referr'd to the Preface to "*Poetical Vagaries;*" second edition, octavo :—a few copies of which were, by accident, issue'd, wanting the *Errata*, mark'd at the end ;—but, without these corrections, the prefatory matter is by no means so clear as it ought to be.

ERRATA.

- Page 11.—in the Note ;—for *Japetus* read *Iapetus*.
Page 17.—at the end of the first line put a *comma*.
Page 30.—in the last line but one, dele the *comma*.
Page 31.—line three—after the word *Runt*, instead of a *comma*, put a *semicolon*.
Page 33.—place the eleventh line even with those between which it stands.
Page 40.—fourth line—for *was*, read *were*.
Page 50.—at the end of the third line put a *semicolon*.
Page 82.—line five—after the word *despair* put a *semicolon*.
Page 95.—line four—instead of *For sprucer*, read *In sprucer*.

A

LAMENTATION;

ADDRESS'D TO THOSE

BOOKSELLERS OF EDINBURGH

WHO HAVE PURCHASE'D THE

COPY-RIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS.



I.

YE who risk Cash upon my pen!
SPENDTHRIFTS!—rare epithet for men
Of SCOTLAND's frugal nation!—
To YOU these doleful strains are sent;
Call'd, in your country, A LAMENT,
In mine, A LAMENTATION.

A

2

2.

“ Waesucks !” your criticks, soon, may spier,
“ What gars this *Suthron* † venture here,”
 “ Wi’ our braw Bards a coper ?” —
“ Hoot, hoot awa !—we a’ decree”
“ His tales too dear at a bawbee,”
 “ And him an interloper.”

3.

But if from some, in Fancy rich,
Whose flights disdain *my* crambo pitch,
 Ye purchase’d English sonnets,
Your Scotch Apollos, long since *dead*,
Would all lift up an angry head,
 With laurel in their bonnets.

4.

Ossian’s patch’d Spectre,—on his breast
A Gaelick night-mare’s hoof imprest,—
 The rhymes would rave a curse on ;

† *Suthron* :—an Englishman is so call’d in Scotland.

3

In metaphors from Homer's lore,
And tropes from David's Psalms, good store,
Supplied by James Macpherson.

5.

Old Ramsay's Ghost would clod-hop forth,
The dead GUARINI of the North,
Scotch Pastoral's *rara avis* ;
Cramp London dialect to scout,
And every barbarous verse, without
One *lavrock, merle, or mavis*. *

6.

And thou, " O, Jemmy Thomson !" though
In London, " Jemmy Thomson, O !" †

* Birds; of which innumerable flights are to be found in
Scotch pastorals.

† " O, Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O !"

THOMSON'S SOPHONISBA.

On hearing which, a wag exclaim'd,

" O, Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O !"

4

Thou writ'st for weighty reasons,
 Thy Shade would o'er the stanzas fling
 A blight, in publication's Spring,
 And blast them, through the Seasons.

7.

Full many more would rend the tomb ;
 Weak Mallet, able *Douglas Home* ;*
 And Burns, with brains, *sans* knowledge ;
 Who caroll'd, (would he caroll'd now !)
 Methinks, as pleasantly, at plough,
 As Beattie sang, in college.

8.

But *would* they "burst their cearments?"—No !
 'Twere strange if they should rise, and go,
 Afresh, to couplet-chiming !
 What Bards would be such silly slaves,
 To quit their independent graves,
 And trust again to rhyming ?

* Pronounce'd *Hume*, in England.

5

9.

Well,—if dead Poets would not rise,
What would the *living* do?—be wise,
 And generous in their dealings ;
Frank Genius never would refuse
To hail, and cheer, a stranger muse,
 Of kindred thoughts, and feelings.

10.

Would He, in whose effusions sweet
Sublimity and Pathos meet,
 Depress his venturous brothers ?
He, that HOPE'S PLEASURES well must know,
(He had not else adorn'd them so,)
 Could he crush Hope, in others ?

11.

No, nor would He, whose minstrel trance
Squanders new charms on stale romance,

6

While Scotia's harp* he seizes ;
He, who to Border feuds imparts
The true poetick fire, by starts,—
And *smoke*, whene'er he pleases.

12.

But Bards like him surmount controul ;—
When Dryden's cataract of soul
Impetuously gushes,
What rubbish, oft, he drives along,
Down his *Niagara* of song,
While grand the torrent rushes !

13.

As Scotland's Sons, who wear the bays,
Observe how England greets their lays,
And welcomes them, delighted,
The Sister-Muses, they agree,
Should, like the Rose and Thistle, be,
In Sister-Lands, united.

* See the Invocation to the "*Harp of the North*," in the *Lady of the Lake*.

14.

Since, therefore, northward of the Tweed,
 To Geniuses, of Cockney breed,
 Such kindness would be granted,
 E'en *my* coarse, macaronick style
 May, here and there, excite a smile,
 And little else is wanted.

15.

Then, YE who have this bargain made,
 Cheer up, braw Laddies!—who's afraid?—
 And, thus, my LAMENTATION,
 Which, starting on a tristful plan,
 In deep despondency began,
 Ends like a CONSOLATION.*

* It is almost redundant to mention, that the two first notes, annex'd to the above *Lamentation*, are intended for the *English* reader.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AT the conclusion of the following Story, the incident of the Heathen Gods' visits to the Bride, and one or two turns of thought, (as exhibited in the Notes,) were suggested by a little Poem, entitle'd "*L'Origine des Metiers,*" to be found in the "*Contes de Guillaume Vadé;*"—in which Poem, consisting of only forty-seven lines, *Voltaire* appears to have made a blunder throughout the first ten, by confounding Pygmalion with Prometheus.

Be this as it may, the witty and agreeable Frenchman,—the *omnis Minervæ homo*,—has given ample proofs, in his more important works, that a literary Jack-of-All-Trades may not be a perfect master of many.

Excepting its conclusion, the present trifle is founded (and *merely* founded) on classical traditions, familiar to every school-boy.

Heathen mythology, however, is gloriously inconsistent in itself,—even in many instances where all the ancient authors agree; and some of the writers differ in some of their details of the subject in question.

I have abided, generally, by *Hesiod's* account; which has the bulk of the ancient fabulists in it's favour, and is the most popular among the moderns:—but I have sometimes left Hesiod for others, as it suited my purpose or fancy; and, sometimes, have departed, a little, from all:—thinking myself at li-

erty, in great measure, to tell my tale “as humours and conceits shall govern ;” but never venturing to abandon the old authorities so far as to jumble histories, relating to two separate personages, together.

G. C.

F I R E !

OR THE

SUN - P O K E R.

— “ ἐχόλωσε δὲ μιν φίλον ἦτορ
Ὡς ἴδεν ἀνθρώποισι πυρὸς τελέσκοπον αὐγην.
Ἄυτίκα δ’ ἀντὶ πυρὸς τεῦξεν κακὸν ἀνθρώποισι.”

HESIODI THEOGONIA.

Jove, if we credit what the Classicks say,—
Such as old Hesiod, and Apollodorus,
And others, who live'd centuries before us,—
Was in a furious rage, one day ;
Which proves that Gods, in their celestial fashion,
Could get into a most infernal passion.

And why was Jove in such a rage, one day ?
 Because, forsooth, Prometheus took some clay,
 And wetted it,—and kneaded it,—and, then,
 After reflecting on his work forthcoming,
 He fell to fingering, and thumbing,
 And thumb'd, and finger'd, till he made some

MEN :

But they were foolish things, when they were done,—
 Like the Guy Fawkeses children make, for fun.†

For what avail'd Man's mere external form?—

'Twixt men and milestones where could be the
 odds,

Unless he hit upon a way to warm,

And animate his two-legg'd clods ?

† The history of *Prometheus* is one among the innumerable contradictions in mythology ; for he is said to have made the *first* men upon earth ; he being on earth himself, with a number of others. There is no solving this absurdity, but by supposing him not to be a mortal ; as his father *Japetus* was of heavenly origin, and one of the *Titans*, who warr'd against the Gods.—And, then, what were all the *other* men, who were in existence before he made the *first* ?

Indeed, although his Men might look much braver,
 Or handsomer, or merrier, or graver,
 The odds were vastly in the Milestones' favour :
 Because the Men Prometheus wrought
 Were (like some living gentlemen, 'tis thought,)
 Completely destitute of sense,—
 Whereas in Milestones there's intelligence.

In short, 'twas valuable clay
 Extravagantly thrown away ;
 Which might, upon a saving plan,
 Instead of being wasted on a whim,
 Have made, for every useless limb,
 A very useful pot, or pan.

'Twas loss of precious time,—and pains,—and care ;
 'Twas an attempt, as if in Nature's mockery,
 To pople all the globe with earthen ware,
 And be sole father to a race of crockery.

'Twas cheating WOMAN, yet unborn ;—to gain
 A procreative title to himself,

For making Lords, and Squires, of porcelain,
And Porters, and Day-labourers, of delf.

Heaven knows, without such manufacture,
Nonsensical, Promethean stuff,
Our ticklish frames are frangible enough,
And neither sex can be insure'd from fracture.

Only peruse

The daily news:—

Read, when these Journals deviate into fact,
How many Female Characters are *crack'd* ;
How many fashionable Fools, who dash'd
At fashionable Clubs, are lately *smash'd* ;
How many *Members* of the State, contented
To patch up old divisions, are *cemented* ;
And, then, alas ! how all, but Poets, shake,
To find how very often Bankers *break* !—

A brittle world, my masters !

Full of disasters !

Men hold their lives by frail, and fragile leases,
And Women,—lovely Women !—fall to pieces.

The draw-backs on his project damp'd Prometheus

Who was aware that all his men of pottery
Must be, though ornamental, much beneath use,
And downright blanks in this life's lottery :—
Yet, how to put them into motion,

He had not any notion ;

Till PALLAS gave him,—which was not o'er wise,

In Wisdom's Goddess,—

A lift into the skies,

Among the heavenly bodies :

There Phœbus, heavy stages force'd to run,

Constantly setting forth, or coming back,

Drove the Mail-Coach that carried out the Sun,

Along the turnpike of the Zodiack ;—

Now at the RAM, now at the BULL arriving,

And several other SIGNS, as he was driving.

And, now, his wheels were in a bad condition ;

For he had driven them many a week,

And suffer'd them to squeak, and creak, and scream,
For want of greasing, to prevent attrition.

When wheels want greasing,
And are not grease'd, the consequence is more
Than the mere teasing
Of the bad hinge to Mr Shandy's door:—
Therefore, as might have been expected,
In wheels so shamefully neglected,
And kept for ever on the turn,
They, first, began to smoke,—and, then,—began
to *burn*.

PROMETHEUS saw,—and, in the nick,
Approach'd the blazing spokes;
Then lighted up his walking-stick,
And hurried off, to light up his clay folks.*

* He took away the fire, we are told, “ εν κοίλω νάρθηκι ; ”—
that is, in a *hollow stick*:—but, as the Greek word, νάρθηξ,
means, either, a walking-stick, or a kind of cane use'd for a
splint in reducing fractures, it may, possibly, mean the latter;
for *Prometheus* was a great dabbler in physick, and surgery.

Oh! for a Pen in Jove's own lightning dipp'd!

Ink is too gross, though coming from Japan;—
For pens with fire celestial should be tipp'd,

Before they treat

On that which first illuminated MAN,

And emulate, in heat,

The very Walking-Stick that did the feat.

But, as I cannot make my quill a flambeau,

And scarcely ever, in my rhyme,

Attempt a stroke of the *Sublime*,

I shall proceed in Crambo.

Touch'd by vivifick flame, the stockish dirt

Fermented, and became no more inert.

Each quickening Form

Grew warm;—

Their pulses beat,—they ope'd their eyes,—

Look'd up,—and, dazzle'd with the view,

First wonder'd at, but shortly brave'd the skies,

As, oft, their purblind, vain, descendants do :

For, soon, they style'd themselves a *reasoning*
 throng;—

But, oh! so clogg'd their Reason's heavenly fire,
 With Mother Earth's preponderating mire,
 That half their Reason was to reason wrong.—
 Hence Man is, still, of such a lumpish leaven,
 That e'en the little wit he musters, now,
 Seems scarce his own, or gain'd we know not how,
 Unless 'tis by a Felony, from Heaven.

But, kindle'd into action, human clods,
 Kings, Coblers, Statesmen, Nightmen,—all,—
 Stalk, here, this Spherick Plaything's Demigods,
 Terrestrial Joves of Jove's mere billiard ball.—
 They prate, they legislate, they criticise,
 Chop logick, ethicize, philosophize,
 (Poor, reasoning dirt-pies!)
 While nine in ten,
 Among the MIGHTY FOOLISH men,
 Are the sophisticated MIGHTY WISE.

Yet, while their kindred clay they overrun,
 All are pronounce'd, by their important *Selves*,
 From him who rules, to him who delves,
 "Souls made of Fire, and Children of the Sun."

When Jove was told of what was done, and doing,
 He bellow'd like a Bull, from irritation ;—
 Louder than when he went, one day, a-wooing,*
 And bellow'd like a Bull, for recreation.

He swore—(the Gods had all a swearing habit)—
 He'd truss Prometheus, neck and heels,
 And roast him, as he'd roast a rabbit,
 Basting him, all the while, at the Sun's wheels.

"A Scoundrel!" Jove exclaim'd,—“to mount so
 “high!”
 “Walking into my Heaven, to daub my Sky!”
 “My Nectar, too, perhaps, to soak!”

* To *Europa*.

“ Running, as hard as ever he could run,”

“ To stick his nasty stick into my Sun,”

“ As hard as ever he could poke !”

“ I’ll make him an example to all felons ;”

“ He soon shall know”

“ What ’tis to go”

“ And raise, by heat, a human fry,”

“ *Forcing* his men, as, by and by,”

“ His men will force their cucumbers, and melons.”

“ He soon shall feel, though now my vengeance lin-

“ gers,”

“ That he who steals my fire has burnt his fingers.”

Jove growl’d his growl ;—and, his resolves to fix,

He swore to be revenge’d by STYX.

This was a clincher, as the Poets fable ;—

Not like his Oaths that stood on slight foundations,

His common, Custom-House asseverations,—

But binding, and irrevocable.

Swearing to do a thing, when bile's afloat,
 Is easier than, afterwards, essaying it ;
 Just as to sign a promissory Note
 Is not so difficult as paying it.
 And, therefore, when the Cloud-Compeller*
 Coolly consider'd he had sworn, when hotter,
 Revenge upon the Potter,
 For making, from a clayey soil,
 Living Originals,—as fast as Kneller,
 Or Reynolds, have drawn likenesses, in oil ;—
 He set himself (but nothing loth)
 To chew the cud of this same oath :—
 And, now,
 As matter of digestion,
 The *Quid* and *Quomodo* became the ques-
 tion ;—
 By *what* to be revenge'd—and How ?

First, for the *What* ;—an Engine for the plan ;
 A panting Paradox for breathing Man ;

* “ Νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.” *Poet. Græc. passim.*

A Balm to wound, Calamity to bless him,
 Pleasing to plague, and comforting distress him ;
 A Source of joy, to drown the World in tears ;
 A Dove, that with the branch of Peace appears, }
 To set Mankind together by the ears ;
 To make the Greybeard dote, the Youth grow sad,
 Enervate Heroes, drive e'en Stoicks mad ;—
 Like Ivy's noxious elegance to spring,
 Born to be propp'd, adorn, destroy, and cling,
 To be - - - in short, a WOMAN was the thing.

Next for the *how*,—the *quomodo*,—
 The method whereupon to pitch,
 For plaguing hapless mortals, here, below,
 With such a - - (what's the term ?)—a Witch ;—
 The Thunderer thought proper
 That she should travel, *pick-back*, through the Air,
 Close to our Planet's Superficies,—where
 The High-Flyer she rode upon should drop her :
 And, then, no doubt, she'd kick up, night and day,
 A devil of a dust among the clay.

“ Set down a woman upon Earth,” Jove said,
 Shaking his head,

“ And, as to cramming her with a variety”

“ Of rules to breed confusion in Society,”

“ It does n’t signify a pinch of snuff ;”—

 “ Let her but have her way in all her actions,”

“ She’s certain to make mischief fast enough,”

 Without my helping her in her transactions.”

“ And yet,” continued he, “ although”

“ A grudge to all these bran-new folks I owe,”

“ Since ’twas *Prometheus* join’d their particles,”

 “ And lighted up their articles,”

“ It is but just this Girl should fall”

“ (Though dropping as a plague on all)”

 “ More perpendicular”

“ Upon that Rascal, in particular :”

“ Therefore, You, MERCURY, to Him shall carry

 “ her :”—

“ Present her as a Gift for the New Year”

“ With my best Compliments, d’ye hear,”

“ And say I’ve sent her down for him to *marry her.*”

“ I know not what can more embitter life”

“ Than, when, among a male community,”

“ There’s but one Female to disturb their uni-

“ ty,”

“ Having that Female for a Wife.”

“ But hold,—she must be form’d before you take

“ her ;”

“ So step to VULCAN,—and bid VULCAN make her.”

VULCAN, who didn’t like the job, said, “ Damn her,”

“ Fetch me my hammer ;”—

“ ’Tis JOVE’s own order, so I’ll set about her ;”

“ But ’tis, friend MERCURY, my firm opinion”

“ That Pluto, and the Imps of his Dominion,”

“ Will not be very long without her.”

And, now, the labouring bellows play’d,

The hammer beat, the anvil rung ;

The CYCLOPS only know what stuff

Was work’d on, by a God so rough,*

* This is a downright departure from poetical authori-

To thump, and pommel into shape, a Maid,
So tender, and so young.

As Vulcan plied, with tuck'd up sleeves,
His arms, too sinewy to tire,
Close to the stithy stood the God of Thieves,
Watching the God of Fire.

So stands a Robber, while the Smith nails fast
The clinking shoe his Horse has nearly cast.

And, oh ! 'twas odd
To see whene'er the swarthy God
Had dealt a softer, or a lustier stroke,
How some new beauty he awoke !

ties : for we are positively inform'd (I won't quote any more Greek here ; it cramps my fingers ;) that *Pandora* was composed of clay and water.—But it was unworthy of *Jupiter* to give such an order, or of *Vulcan* to execute it.—I am willing to save both their credits, by making them avoid so degrading a piece of imitation, as constructing a human figure from the same materials as those use'd by *Prometheus*.

How fair, and delicately fresh,
 The rigid substance soften'd into flesh!—
 While here a limb, and there a feature came,
 As he was manufacturing the Dame.

Soon, a luxuriant, heaving bosom rose,
 To Mercury's agreeable surprise;
 Shortly, a hip was fashion'd,—now,—a nose,—
 And, then, a pair of legs,—and, then,—a pair of
 eyes :

For, though expert in thunderbolts, and armour,
 Vulcan, till now, had never made a CHARMER;
 Wherefore, he went on, all the while,
 In a most desultory style:
 And, so confuse'd was the old Bellows-blower,
 He left the face, by starts, and fits,
 As soon as he had hammer'd a few hits,
 To go and give another hammer, lower.

At last, in spite of bungling, and confusion,
The Work was coming near to a conclusion.

It dwindle'd into giving her a tat,—

And, then, a pat;—

Making her, here and there, a little fatter,

And, sometimes, thumping her a little flatter ;

Till, having here increase'd, and there diminish'd
her,

He gave her the last knock,—and finish'd her.

Wing-footed MERCURY, who buoy'd the Dame,

Flew swiftly over the Favonian wind,

Gliding to JOVE,—while VULCAN, who was lame,

Hobble'd along the Milky Way, behind.—

JOVE in full Synod sat ;—so there they found him,

With all his Gods and Goddesses around him.

The Gods and Goddesses had firm reliance

On their own skill, in every Art, and Science ;

Each was a *Connoisseur*, or *Connoisseuse* ;—

That is, they had a general smattering,
 Enough to set them, on all subjects, chatter-
 ing,

Like sundry Gentlemen who *write Reviews* ;—
 Raw Theorists, who preach to old Practitioners,
 As if the Priests were taught by the Parishioners

So,—when the Fair One was announce'd,—
 Up their Immortalships all bounce'd,
 Without the least decorum ;
 And all the *Cognoscenti* of the Skies
 Popp'd up their spying-glasses to their eyes,
 To pass their judgement on the Piece before 'em ;
 Peeping, and peering,
 Praising, or jeering ;
 Spluttering encomium, and stricture ;
 As purchasers, and puffers, auctioneering,
 Cry up, or down, a Statue, or a Picture.

They put the Maid,
 In every light,—in every shade :—

They look'd at her in front,—
 Sideways,—behind,—in all directions ;—
 Call'd her a She-Colossus,—then, a Runt,
 A Paragon,—a *Dépot* of Perfections.

Most of the Gods good-nature'dly appear'd
 Defending all the Goddesses call'd frightful ;
 The Goddesses found out a flaw,—and sneer'd ;
 The Gods said, flaw or not, it look'd delightful.

But they who most approve'd of what was done,
 Still pointed to *some* fault in Vulcan's labour ;
 And every fault observe'd by every one
 Differ'd from that discover'd by their neighbour.

As with the Gods above, e'en so,
 It happens among Men below :—
 If works be ne'er exhibited, nor printed,
 Till all the different matters are efface'd,
 At which kind Patrons, and shrewd Men of Taste,
 Have, variously, and delicately hinted,

Such Works will, sure, escape the World's disdain,—

For not one morsel of them will remain !

Hearing their hypercriticisms,

Jove thunder'd,—“ Truce with sneers, and
witticisms !”

“ And mark,—I order every God and Goddess,”

“ Who boast of any thing worth giving”

“ To human bodies,”

“ To give it to the Maid,—for I'll be curst”

“ If After-Time sha'n't say, as she's the first,”

“ That she surpass'd all After-Women living.”

“ Let her be, quickly, with your gifts endow'd.”—

The Monarch of Olympus spake ;

It made his petty Tenants quake,

And the large Sky-Holders, obedient, bow'd.

First, VENUS, with a *rouge* pot,—Stay !

This isn't the right way.

Some pages back, when *Men* were lighting,

I would have seen them all at Jericho,

Rather than wave my doggrel mode of writing,

E'en could I write *in carmine Homeric* :—

But WOMAN!—Come, ye Muses!—don't be
jilts!

But help me, if ye can, into my stilts.

To heighten excellence, add oil to flame,

And beautify a Beauty, VENUS came.

A pointed shaft she bore, a gilded toy,

Pluck'd from the quiver of her wanton Boy ;

And gently wave'd, as light as Zephyr flies,

It's dove-down feather near the Fair One's eyes :—

The Eyes caught thrilling Mischief from the dart,

To wound,—yet joy, while wounding, to impart,—

And shoot, at every glance, desire into the heart. }

CUPID, who watch'd, but slyly seem'd at play,

While sprawling on the azure Heaven he lay,

Laugh'd, with his dimples drown'd in tears of mirth,
To think what sport the Maid would make on Earth.

Around the blushing Virgin's slender waist,
Her Cestus, next, the Paphian Goddess place'd ;
That charm-diffusing Cincture, which, indued,
Made tempting Woman idolize'd when view'd ;—
Oh, *then* ! - - - Ye Muses, ye are fetter'd now !
And Bards must humbly to Fanaticks bow.
Since, then, what once was Poetry is Vice,
And men, grown more corrupt, are grown more nice ;
Sincepens, as MORAL THRICE-DISTILL'D proclaims,
Must hardly touch and go on *female* frames,
Lest they should strike a light in apt desire,
And set some Sinner's tinder-box on fire ;—
Since Fancy is, by modern Cant, forbid
To sing what, erst, the Zone of Venus did ;
Let the "mind's eye" of CRITICKS piece it out,
(More glowingly than Poets can, no doubt,)
And polish, as it suits their luscious whims,
The picture of a PERFECT BEAUTY'S limbs.

While, buzz'd among the Gods, the whispers run,
 That VENUS self had, e'en, herself outdone,
 The GRACES, dancing with the rosy HOURS,
 Entwine'd the ringlets of the Fair with flowers.
 Precise DIANA (call'd a Prude, above,)
 Threw draperies about her form of love ;
 And seem'd as scandalize'd, till they were thrown,
 As if Endymion she had never known.*

The sage MINERVA deck'd the Maiden's charms,
 Circling with ornaments her legs, and arms :
 Deep Wisdom she reserve'd,—for well she knew
 Men with *Wise Women* will have nought to do.

But SUADA,† seeing wisdom was refuse'd,
 Gave her,—what, oft, in wisdom's place is use'd,—

* *Orion* was, also, a gallant of this Goddess of *Chastity* ;—
 and so was *Pan*,—in the shape of a white goat !

† Goddess of eloquence, and persuasion.

That trite, mellifluent flippancy of speech,
 Which little understandings love to reach ;
 That chime of periods which, by Taste uncheck'd,
 Ne'er stops at words, for others more select,
 But boasts, in Common-place's ready strains,
 The smooth facilities of shallow brains ;
 Skims, glibly, o'er the surfaces of sense,
 And constitutes a *spurious Eloquence*.—
 Such eloquence prevails within the walls
 Of Taverns, Town-Houses, and Common-Halls ;
 Where empty Demagogues are reckon'd great,
 By Blockheads who admire when Blockheads prate.
 Such, too, at times, in *Coteries* we find—
 Some Coxcomb's growth of his unfertile mind ;
 His Tree of seeming Knowledge, void of fruit,
 Or flaunting Flower, that blooms without a root.

Tinsel, like this, was fittest for the plan
 Of sending her on earth, to wheedle Man :
 For Man, in argument however quick,
 Mostly succumbs to *female* rhetorick ;

And, when by *handsome* Women 'tis display'd,
'Tis wonderful how little will persuade !

Aiding False Eloquence, with false supplies,
Came MERCURY, and tipp'd her tongue with lies ;
And, lest her Dialogue should seem too long,
APOLLO gave her all the powers of Song.

With such accomplishments endow'd, a Name
Was only wanted to complete the Dame.

JOVE, who all languages with ease could speak,
Prescribe'd an appellation from the Greek.—

“ Loaded with presents as she is,” he cried,

“ Those presents in her name should be implied :”

“ PANDORA let it be.”*—The title found,

PANDORA the Immortals shout around,

And Heaven's high Arch re-echoe'd to the sound. }

* This name signifies ALL GIFTS :—a piece of information much at the service of the Ladies, and the Country-Gentlemen.

Thus, having finish'd her affairs,

Upstairs,

'Twas time that Dame PANDORA, now, should go
Down, down, down, down, a dizzy depth below !

Millions of miles she had to ride, thro' ether ;

And, then, through what would spoil her curl-
ing hair,

That Lincolnshire, that Essex, of the air,
The Clouds, which roll'd, like aguish fens, be-
neath her :

But MERCURY stood by, both Guide and Hack,
And gracefully she leap'd upon his back.

As she was quitting their abode,
How the Gods envied MERCURY his load !

“ Farewell ! Farewell ! ” was all their cry ;
“ We grieve to lose you, in the Sky ! ”

“ We wish you could have longer tarried ! ”

Each to salute her, then, drew near,—

And each said, softly, in her ear,

“ We shall drop in upon you, by and by, ”

“ To ask you how you do, when you are married. ”

As Mercury was getting jealous

Of all those whispers, from the Gods, his fellows,

He wave'd, abruptly, his Caduceus,—spread

The wings his Petasus had lent his head,

Took to his feather'd heels, and with PANDORA fled. }

What happen'd, as they travell'd,

Has never been unravell'd :—

But, if PANDORA thought the journey long,

And MERCURY could never make it nearer,

As she was very weak, and he was very strong,

'Tis probable he did his best to cheer her.

Arrive'd, at length, their feet on earth they set
 When MERCURY, a stranger to the whereabout,
 Ask'd, of the first clay Citizen he met,
 If one PROMETHEUS was not living thereabout.

“ But, sir,” said MERCURY, apologizing,
 “ The person whom I want you may not know.”
 “ That,” said the Citizen, “ would be surprising,”
 “ Why, sir, he *made me*, not a week ago.”

PROMETHEUS being found,
 JOVE's aëronautick Plenipo
 Made him a bow, so very low,
 His forehead almost touch'd the ground.

He told him,
 “ He was most happy to behold him ;”
 “ He held him in the deepest estimation,”
 “ As the great Founder of a great Clay Nation ;”

“ And, for his own poor part, that he”
 “ Had the high honour, now, to be”
 “ His,—with the most profound consideration.”

In short, he said no more
 Than diplomatick folks say, o'er and o'er;—
 What all Embassadors express,
 In an official speech,
 To those they have the honour to address,
 And come, with vast respect, to overreach.

Then, opening his credentials,
 He, artfully, harangue'd on the essentials.

“ The Men,” he said, “ were vastly pretty Men ;”
 “ Astonishingly clever !”
 “ But, out alas ! what then ?”
 “ Things could not go on so, for ever.”

“ 'Twas a fine thought to plunder the Sun's wheels :”
 “ Yet, Theft was but a minor Talent's business ;”

“ And clambering so very high to steal,”

“ Must give the gentleman who steals a *dizziness*.”

“ Then,” (MERCURY continued,) “ Men *alone*,”

“ It seems, are lighted into flesh and bone ;”—

“ Now, Celibacy is the worst of fashions,”

“ For people who are heated into *passions*.”

“ Why, what a difficulty there must be”

“ To kill *ennui* !”

“ What they can do it puzzles me to think !”

“ Except, indeed, just eat,—and drink,”—

“ Lounge in the sun,—or sleep where it is shady ;”—

“ Sure, sir, a man of parts, like you, must know”

“ That every Gentleman made here, below,”

“ Must find it very dull, without a Lady.”

“ And, therefore,” (coming to the point,) he said,

“ Good-nature'd Jove has ta'en it in his head”

“ To send a WOMAN down,”—

“ Man's happiness to crown ;”

" His bed to share, his board to grace,"
 " And, solacing, perpetuate his race ;"—
 " But, thinking the first compliment is due"
 " To Him who has evince'd himself so knowing,"
 " As first to set Mortality a-going,"
 " He sends her, as a WIFE, dear sir, to YOU."

" Take her, I beg ;—I leave her at your door ;"—
 " I've brought her from a monstrous distance ;"—
 " Don't rob the Heavens again, sir, I implore !"
 " For, now, you may increase your human store,"
 " Extremely well, without the Sun's assistance."

" PROMETHEUS, — dear PANDORA ! — now, good
 by !"—

He said,—and shot his way into the Sky.

PROMETHEUS, who possess'd a world of craft,
 Smoke'd the old Thunderer's design, and laugh'd.

He eye'd PANDORA ;—what a lovely creature !

How fascinating every feature !

What symmetry !—He kiss'd her :—“ Zooks !”
 “ JOVE,” he exclaim'd, “ knows how to bait his
 hooks !”

Again he kiss'd ;
 He couldn't for his soul resist :—
 His cheek grew flush'd ;—We learn, from *Shak-*
speare's pen,
 —A truth, by every body recollected,—
 That “ there's a tide in the affairs of men,”
 Which must not be neglected :

And, had PROMETHEUS stood, one moment, dallying,
 Or shilly-shallying,
 He would have lost his tide,—
 Have fall'n into the trap,—
 Taken PANDORA for his Bride,
 And sorely have lamented his mishap.

“ Charmer !” he said, “ if wedded we should be,”
 “ We should be only teasing one another ;”

“ And, since you’re much too young, ’tis plain to
 “ see,”

“ For an old, cold philosopher, like me,”

“ You shall be married to my younger Brother.”

Few Women are by a refusal stung,
 When the old men resign them to the young ;—
 Therefore PANDORA took it not in dudgeon :
 To EPIMETHEUS, then they go,
 (*Epi* was younger brother to old *Pro*,)
 And EPIMETHEUS bit, like a young gudgeon.

He sigh’d, he sue’d,—and she was not obdurate :
 To nail the marriage fast, without delay,
 PROMETHEUS saw, that very day,
 The heathen rites perform’d, by a clay Curate.

During the Honeymoon,
 How the young Couple toy’d !
 The Honeymoon was over, soon,
 And, then, how much were the young Couple
 cloy’d !

When a man's Honeymoon is in the wane,
 A thought will, sometimes, flit across his brain,
 (And very troublesome the thought must be,
 That waning moons have horns, and so may He.

If EPIMETHEUS felt this kind of queasiness,
 'Twas but the preface to much more uneasiness :
 For as, one night, when waxing late,
 The Couple sat,
 Most dully conjugal, in *tête à tête*,
 Trying to chat,
 And carry on the matrimonial farce,—
 A Card was left,—and, on it, written—“ MARS.”

 “ MARS !” cried the husband,—looking queer ;—
 “ And who the devil's he ?
 “ Who ?” quoth the Wife ;—“ the God of War, my
 “ dear ;”
 “ Come down from Heaven, no doubt, to visit *me*.”

“ The God of War!—come down, so late, from
 “ Heaven !”

“ To see my Wife, too!—at half past Eleven !”—

“ Pray, Ma’am, are *all* the Gods to visit You ?”

“ Yes, sir,” PANDORA answer’d, somewhat nettle’d,

“ Most of them said that, soon as I was settle’d,”

“ They should drop in, to ask me how I do.”

MARS call’d again, at breakfast :—in he came,

To EPIMETHEUS, and the Dame,

Dress’d in a full, Field Marshal’s, uniform ;

Looking as fierce, *en militaire*,

As if he meant to cannonade the Fair,

And carry her by Storm.

But, after the first Compliments were over,

’Twas plain he came not as PANDORA’S lover ;

For, to the Husband’s joy, the God seem’d shy ;

Nay, downright sheepish, with a *Woman* by :—

And, in his talk, was anxious to address
 The Man alone, whenever he was able ;
 Taking no notice of the Wife,—unless
 By treading on her toe, beneath the table ;
 Assuring EPIMETHEUS how delighted
 He was to call on him, though uninvited.

Cried EPIMETHEUS, “ Sir, as I’m a sinner,”
 “ I like your conversation, beyond measure !”
 “ Do me the honour, sir, to stay to dinner :—
 Says MARS, “ I will, sir, with the greatest plea-
 “ sure.”

From that same day,
 MARS, in the house, was *faufilé* ;
 Coming in, and going out,
 Like a pet lamb ;
 And, every morning, galloping about
 (His bashfulness got over) with *Madame* ;—

Riding through shady copses, and cross lanes ;
 Taking (although 'twas useless) wondrous pains
 To shun the observation of the million ;—
 Both on one horse, in the old-fashion'd taste ;
 She with her arm round the Field Marshal's waist,
 And clinging to his back, upon a pillion :

Giving so very prominent a handle
 To gossiping, and scandal,
 That folks, when talking of PANDORA'S Spouse,
 Held up two fingers, just above their brows ;
 And, at the mention of *her* name,
 They, absolutely, cried out "*Shame!*"

MARS was a fickle God,—and months had roll'd ;
 He, first, grew cool,—then cooler,—then quite cold.

His time was come ;

He did not wait for beat of drum ;
 But face'd about, thinking 'twas best to fly,
 And stole a march, one night, into the Sky.

PANDORA scarce had lost the God of Slaughter,
 When NEPTUNE popp'd his head out of the Water,
 For shore directly steering
 Hoping, if Woman listen'd to discourses,
 Made by the Chief Commander of Land Forces,
 That the High Admiral might get a hearing.*

Now, if the Second Wooer thrive'd,
 His *Exit*, much like MARS's, soon arrive'd,
 Only that MARS went up,—and NEPTUNE *dive'd*. }

'Twas, then, the fate of half the Gods to follow ;
 Plump, rosy BACCHUS, laurel-wreath'd APOLLO ;—
 Nay, VULCAN, who had hammer'd her together,
 Sigh'd to her, from his lungs of bellows-leather.

Thus pass'd PANDORA's frolick Spring ;
 Her Summer fled,—her Autumn came ;
 And, soon, she wept,—low, despicable Dame !—
 That lovers had, like swallows, taken wing.

* “ *Qui cède à Mars peut se rendre à Neptune.*”

Our habits last, good lack!
 Much longer in the heart than on the back;
 Therefore, PANDORA'S vernal fire
 Could never, at her fall of leaf, expire.*

Left by the Gods, she wander'd through the groves,
 To think upon her past, her shameless loves;
 And, there, her dim, and languid glances threw,
 Till e'en the very SATYRS dare'd to sue.†

Now, since our World's first Woman was incline'd
 To play such pranks below,
 Our fortunes, our pursuits, our turns of mind,
 From her Vagaries may be said to flow.

* *“ Quand une femme aime dans son printemps,”*
“ Elle ne peut jamais faire autre chose.” VOLTAIRE.

† VOLTAIRE says, coarsely,
 ———— *“ elle vit dans les champs”*
“ Un gros Satire, ET LUI FIT LES AVANCES.”

Cornuted men from VULCAN are descended ;
 MERCURY'S lads are at the gallows ended ;
 Heroes to NEPTUNE, and to MARS belong ;
 The gross, and sensual, to the SATYR throng ;
 Gay BACCHANALIAN boys bestride the tons ;
 Or drain the bottles, rather ;
 But most, like me, of great APOLLO'S Sons
 Have much degenerated from their Father.*

Yet, of each SIRE each SON appears a sample ;
 And, as for poor PANDORA'S weak propensity,
 To count the DAUGHTERS sway'd by her example,—
 'Tis reckoning sands, to number their Immensity !†

* —“ *bien peu d'entre nous*”

“ *Sont descendus du Dieu de la Lumiere.*” VOLTAIRE.
 The double meaning of the God of *Light*, and of *Understand-*
ing, would be almost lost in a literal English translation.

† “ *De nos parens nous tenons tous nos goûts ;*”

“ *Mais le métier de la belle Pandore*”

“ *Quoique peu rare, est encore le plus doux,*”

“ *Et c'est celui que tout Paris honore.*” VOLT.

The quotations from VOLTAIRE have been given as an avowal of any borrow'd thoughts;—but the Author has been told he has so alter'd those thoughts, (very likely for the worse,) that it is almost an act of supererogation to acknowledge them.

MR. CHAMPERNOUNE.

“ And a-begging we will go, will go, will go.”

OLD BALLAD.

“ But the King was determine’d to abolish monasteries of every denomination ; and, probably, thought, that these ancient establishments would be the sooner forgot, that no remains of them, of any kind, were allow’d to subsist in the kingdom.”

HUME’S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

I.

WHO of the TUDOR line so great,
Both in abdomen and in state,
As the last HARRY, out of Eight,
Who wore the English Crown?—
Among his Beefeaters,—huge things,
Employ’d to waddle after Kings,
Like broad-wheel’d waggons wanting springs,—
Was Mr. Champernounge.

2.

Forswearing Rome, and Bulls, and Shrift,
 KING HARRY turn'd the Monks adrift,
 Put every Nun to her last shift,

 And threw their Convents down :
 His Courtiers swore, with ready grace,
 They'd broil a Pope, to keep a Place,
 So all *unpapalize'd* apace,
 Like Mr. Champernounge.

3.

Each leaving, thus, his pliant soul,
 Politely, to the King's control,
 Thought that in riches he should roll,
 And bid old Care go drown ;
 Each hope'd, since he'd be damn'd, or blest,
 Just as His Majesty thought best,
 To thrive at Court,—as, with the rest,
 Thought Mr. Champernounge.

4.

Monks groan'd, the Holy Sisters rave'd ;
 Their hair had stood on end, if save'd,
 But, luckily, they all were shave'd,
 And bald was every crown :
 While, to this Layman, and to that,
 As poor, before, as any rat,
 The King gave Abbey-Lands,—as fat
 As Mr. Champernoux.

5.

One morning, to the Presence-door,
 (Where stood the Beefeater, before,)
 There came two Courtiers trim, who wore
 The gayest gear in town.
 Observing them 'twixt fear and doubt,
 In fidgets till the King came out,
 " Pray, what's the Suit you're here about ?"
 Said Mr. Champernoux.

6.

Enrage'd at such a question, put
 By this low, martial man of gut,
 The well-dress'd Courtiers 'gan to strut,
 And stare, and bounce, and frown ;
 Crying, " Base Beefeater, and Boor !"
 " We trust no Suits with rogues so poor :"—
 " Your Tailors do, I'm pretty sure,"
 Thought Mr. Champernour.

7.

But, lo ! the King !—down knelt the Twain,
 And gave a Paper, coarse in grain ;
 For England's Monarchs, then, were fain
 To handle whitey-brown ;
 But what the Paper might declare,
 As to the purport of their prayer,
 Was quite a mystical affair
 To Mr. Champernour.

8.

Yet, since the Beefeater had eyes,
 He saw that Courtiers *kneel to rise*,
 And, therefore, thought it not unwise
 To join in flumping down :
 Quite sure a Mendicant to Thrones
 All *danger* in his trade disowns,
 Behind them, on his marrow-bones,
 Dropp'd Mr. Champernounge.

9.

Hal read, and granted ;—now began
 A grateful Duo from the van ;
 But, soon, a Third, and rearward Man,
 Join'd Chorus, to the Crown :
 Neither, from Hal, durst turn his nob,
 Tow'rd their Assistant in the job,
 To find that he, who bore a bob,
 Was Mr. Champernounge.

10.

Thus, witless who his lungs so plied,
 “ Thanks, good my Liege !” the couple cried ;
 When “ Ditto,” like a roaring tide,
 Seem’d every voice to drown.
 They pause’d, discomfited ; and, then,
 Took courage, and went to’t, again ;
 “ Long live the King !” they bawl’d ;—“ Amen !”
 Thunder’d brave Champernounge.

11.

Now, onward walk’d the Monarch,—who
 The sweet Jane Seymour went to woo :
 For closely was he sticking to
 The tail of Jenny’s gown ;*
 And, ere the foremost of the brace
 Had time to turn about, and face,
 Behind them, from his kneeling-place,
 Slipp’d Mr. Champernounge.

* This is an approach to anachronism, for which the *licentia vatúm* must be pleaded. HENRY had not effected the entire destruction of the Convents before his marriage with JANE

12.

The Suitors, quitted by the King,
 "Let's see," they cried, "what this snug thing,"
 "These same, rich, Abbey-Lands will bring,"
 "Just given us, by the Crown :"—
 "It's yearly profits will be, clean,
 "Among us Two,"—"us THREE, you mean,"
 (Popping his noddle in, between,)
 Cried Mr. Champernoure.

13.

"Three!!!"—"Three;—'twas I that knelt behind;—"
 "But you were out of sight ;"—"You'll find"
 "You're not to leave me out of mind ;"
 "Don't think me such a clown ;"
 "Don't fancy I'll my share forego ;"—
 "Your share!—*We* begg'd the Lands, you know :"
 "You'll recollect I *back'd* you, though,"
 Quoth Mr. Champernoure.

SEYMOUR :—in the life-time, however, of his former wife, *Anne Boleyn*, he had broken up the lesser monasteries.—He cut off *Anne's* head, on one day, and married *Jane*, on the next !

14.

Words mounted high ;—to end dispute,

(High words, 'tis certain, never do't,)

Back to King Harry went the Suit,

To hunt the question down.

“ Who begg'd the lands ?” quoth Hal ; “ say true.”

“ We were the organs, Sire, to You :” —

“ And I, my Liege, the bellows blew,”

Roar'd Mr. Champernoure.

15.

King Harry stroke'd his face so fat,

Next, gave his pincushion a pat,

And in a sort of study sat,

Denominated, brown :

Then said, “ It seemeth meet, and fair,”

“ Church-Lands should be obtain'd by prayer ;”

“ You pray'd,—he help'd you,—give his share”

“ To Mr. Champernoure.”

16.

Now, bless all bounteous Potentates,
Who give their Subjects good Estates !
But thrice bless Him who tolerates,
 Yet keeps the Papists down !—
Who, yielding to their proper wants,
All reasonable favour grants
To Them,—and purer Protestants
 Than Mr. Champernoux.

THE Story of a kneeling Beefeater brought to my mind the fable'd genuflection of a much more important personage.

Poetry, it is said, generally succeeds best in fiction; and there can be little or no doubt that the anecdote which I have here versified, with much amplification, has not one word of truth in it.—I hesitated, however, before I adopted the subject, lest I might be thought to give intentional offence to any estimable character living; or to treat with too much levity the memory of a departed Author;—an Author whose profound learning, and elegance of com-

position, must challenge the admiration of the latest posterity.

If, on reflection, I venture to publish this Trifle, let me hope (should I have been wrong) that it will be attributed to want of Taste, and not to deficiency of Respect;—but I cannot think that any existing Friend of the erudite Hero of my Song can be seriously angry at my repeating, in rhyme, an idle Tale, which has often been printed in prose;—or that a commonplace laugh, at the exterior of a Great Man, implies any aim to detract from his numerous virtues, and mental superiority:—much less can I imagine that the noble Editor of the Historian's Miscellaneous Works will misconstrue, to his own, or my disadvantage, any mention of his strong partiality for one towards whom a strong partiality does credit to the head, and the strongest an honour to the heart.

Is there any illustrious Character of whom something harmlessly ludicrous has not been recorded by Fact, exaggerated by Report, or invented by Fancy?

The English Motto, prefix'd to this Poem, is by no means intended to allude to the Lady mention'd in the *Memoirs*, from which the quotation is taken.—Dates of time must disprove such an insinuation;—and I have already said that I offer the whole incident as an absolute *fiction*.

G. C.



THE LUMINOUS HISTORIAN ;
OR
LEARNING IN LOVE.

Surgere conanti partes

nequeunt gravitate moveri.

OVID. MET.

I saw, and love'd.

MEMOIRS of GIBBON, *by himself.*

FROM Childhood's, e'en to Age's, mental dreams,
Those twilights of the soul, in Life's extremes,
That lead young drivellers from the cradle's gloom,
Or old ones to the darkness of a tomb,
How *Nature*, in our scanty day of breath,
Divides the progress to the night of Death !

Prescribes the series when to pule, to play,
 Love, act, reflect, then doze the world away,
 Till weak mortality's mechanick powers
 Have, once, run round their narrow ring of hours.

“ *Once round !*” exclaim a gay and thoughtless host ;
 “ Rounds after rounds of hours we, all, can boast.”
 To scout so dry a fact would be to mock
 Saint Dunstan's Strikers, or an eight-day clock ;—
 But, in a *human* Time-piece, no device
 Can course the Dial of Existence twice ;
 And, when the failing nerves, and worn-out brain,
 Have circle'd into Infancy again,
 Who shall rotation's earlier force restore,
 Or wind up works prepare'd to move no more ?

Much, then, has each to do, before he dies,
 While all his action in a nutshell lies.
 Yet is the nutshell, upon reason's plan,
 Sufficient for the mighty maggot, Man ;

For though his Drama, in it's little range,
 Be fraught with many an important change ;
 Though, to each Mortal, various parts we find,
 In his own tragi-comedy, assign'd,—
 E'en (if the curtain do not drop too soon,)
 From Babe to "lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,"—
 Still *Nature's* lineations plainly tell
 There's room, and time enough, to act them well ;
 Well as the Bard, to whom Her lines were known,
 Draws them, in four and twenty of his own.*

Yet, easy as the task appears, how few
 Keep their successive *Ages* full in view !
 Most, in all periods, heedless of their date,
 Prone to be this, or that, too soon, or late,
 Evince, as passions, or conceits, may rule,
 'Tis ne'er too soon, nor late, to play the fool.

Along the path of Life, while to and fro,
 Like lap-dogs airing, Vice and Folly go,

* See SHAKSPEARE'S *As You Like It*.

Old curs and puppies jostling in the track,
 Now scampering forward, and now running back,
 'Tis sad the silly animals to see
 Reversing points at which they ought to be !
 To see what idle war with Time they wage,
 Enfeebling Youth, and turning boys in Age ;—
 To see worn One and Twenty writhe with gout,
 Groaning beneath whole vintages drank out ;
 Green Puberty fast rotting to it's fall,
 While Dotage dies his eyebrows, for a Ball !

If, then, the sillier Actors of their day
 Transpose the scenes of blossom and decay,
 No wonder that the wisest, now and then,
 Forget their *cast of character*, as men ;
 Throw off the habits of their life, by starts,
 And prove the best imperfect in their parts.—
 Statesmen have shewn that, in affairs of State,
 Sedateness cannot always be sedate ;
 Zeno, perhaps, might be from books beguile'd,
 To play a game at marbles with a child ;

Nay, stick a pin into a Parson's rump,
 The strict Divine may bawl out "damme," plump.—
 But what if Statesman, Stoick, or Divine,
 Deviate, by chance, thus slightly from their line?
 If Statesman, Stoick, or Divine, do so,
 Does this call out for reprobation?—no :
 But still 'tis laughable ;—for, in a word,
 The grave man's nonsense is the *most* absurd ;
 And, when his casual folly stands confest,
 We own his merits, but enjoy the jest.

While the pure pen of a Historick Sage
 Distills it's beauties over every page,
 That mirth may chuckle at his clumsy Love,
 A Tale, which late tradition yields, may prove.

I.

A Man I sing whom Memory reveres ;
 Hallow'd the spot where now he lies in earth ;
 Learning, and Genius, there, may mingle tears.
 With Virtue, weeping over moral worth.

Clio, the first of Muses, hail'd his birth ;
 But Momus, ever flouting, laugh'd outright,
 To think that, when to manhood grown, what
 mirth
 Would be provoke'd by so grotesque a wight,
 So oddly form'd as He, who was EUDOXUS hight.

II.

And, when adult, with Erudition's store
 His early taste, and judgment, were supplied ;
 He drain'd the sources of historick lore,
 Then pour'd them back, through Europe, purified :
 Majestick, deep, yet smooth, and clear the tide ;
 And Elegance, obedient to his call,
 Sail'd down his flow of words, in Swan-like
 pride ;—
 But, oh ! how wondrous the DECLINE and FALL,
 To “ look upon his face,” and, then, “ forget it all !”

III.

Like a carve'd Pumpkin was his classick jole ;
 Flesh had the Solo of his chin *encore'd* ;
 Puff'd were his cheeks,—his mouth a little hole,
 Just in the centre of his visage bore'd :
 His nose should to a Pug have been restore'd.
 A Dame, whose blindness was a piteous case,
 And whose soft hand his countenance explore'd,
 No features in so fat a mass could trace,
 But said it was a thing below the human face. *

IV.

His person look'd as funnily obese
 As if a Pagod, growing large as Man,
 Had, rashly, waddle'd off its chimney-piece,
 To visit a Chinese upon a fan.

* The following ludicrous story was, once, in general circulation :—A foreign Lady, who was a blind physiognomist, was greatly offended with some persons who submitted the features of EUDOXUS to her touch ; imagining that they had, through a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, brought her hand in contact with the very *reverse* of the “ human face divine.”

Such his exterior ;—curious 'twas to scan !—
 And, oft, he rapt his snuff-box, cock'd his snout,
 And, ere his polish'd periods he began,
 Bent forwards, stretching his fore-finger out,
 And talk'd in phrase as round as He was round
 about.*

V.

Oh ! kindly PEER ! who hand his likeness down, †
 Through Partiality's mistaken zeal,

* “ I drew my snuff-box, rapp'd it, took snuff twice, and continued my discourse, in my usual attitude of my body bent forwards, and my fore-finger stretch'd out.” See No. XVII. in the posthumous letters of the learned Historian in question :—and, in a Note on this passage, we find that “ this attitude continued to be characteristick of him.”

† The NOBLE EDITOR of his *Miscellaneous Works*, &c, informs us that “ the ENGRAVING in the Frontispiece of the *Memoirs* is taken from the figure, [of the Historian] cut with scissars, by MRS BROWN ;”—and, that “ the extraordinary talents of this Lady have furnish'd as complete a likeness, as to person, face, and manner, as can be conceive'd.”—The person, face, and manner, of the Historian, are full as *extraordi-*

Why did you tempt ingenious Mrs Brown,
 And make her for her pocket-scissars feel,
 To cut his SHADE out, with her ruthless steel?
 (His posthumous Memoirs were quite enough,
 Why stick it up, on either long, long heel,
 And in a Frontispiece the carcass stuff,
 To look like an erect, black tadpole, taking snuff?

nary as the talents of the Lady; and a Copy of the Engraving, on a reduced scale, is here subjoin'd, as illustrative of some stanzas, in the present Poem.



VI.

'Tis not, my Lord, an uncouth Shape, nor Head,
 That should surviving tenderness control
 To hide the outlines of the mighty dead,
 But 'tis a grave man's ugliness that's *droll* ;
 The face, and body, then, burlesque the soul :—
 Sir Joshua's * flattery would scarcely do
 To screen from laughter the Historian's poll ;
 To place him in derision's broadest view,
 Was left to Mrs Brown, to Friendship, and to You !

VII.

Yet, trust me, Peer, I mean not to offend ;
 Affection warm as your's the Muse respects ;
 For who could ever so expose a friend,
 Till fondly purblind to that friend's defects ?

* Sir Joshua Reynolds :—See the print, from his painting,
 prefix'd to the “ Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.”

Your sense was dazzle'd by *his* intellects :—
 The wrapt Enthusiast, seldom seeing clear,
 A charming Author with his Book connects ;
 You saw him in his graceful style appear,
 And fancied Punch had grown Apollo Belvedere.

VIII.

Cramp'd in finances, * weary of the Town,
 Through well-earn'd fame, with new ambition
 fire'd,
 And deck'd with Literature's laurel crown, †
 Eudoxus to Helvetia's clime retire'd ;
 There competence was wealth,—there Health re-
 spire'd.

* “ — he was not in possession of an income which corresponded with his notions of ease and comfort in his own country. In Switzerland his fortune was ample.”

Editor of the Miscellaneous Works, &c.

† He had, already, publish'd three volumes of his celebrated History.

Amid the Alps, high towering to the Skies,
 (Types of his mind!) fresh vigour he acquire'd
 In wider scope Rome's Annals to comprise,
 And, on an Empire's fall, still brilliantly to rise.

IX.

From thy romantick scenery, Lausanne!
 Soon as his labours reach'd their destine'd home,
 The rumour round the big-wig circles ran,
 Till, eagerly, the World grasp'd ev'ry Tome!
 Reviewing wasps, about the honey-comb,
 Stung where they could, at a most stingless rate,
 While Cadell, fattening, in the Strand, on Rome,
 Proudly exclaim'd, in bibliothek state,
 "Who sells great Authors' works, must, sure, himself
 "be great."*

* "Who rules o'er Freemen must, himself, be Free."—

"Who drives Fat Oxen must, himself, be Fat."

X.

Yet poring Authors relaxation need,
 And must, Apollo-like, the bow unbend ;
 Must walk,—or else, when very fat indeed,
 Their sitting brings them to their latter end.
 Eudoxus could, on foot, a hill *descend*,
 And so, if he had tried, could Doctor Slop ;
 But *climb* an Alpine steep ! “ oh, Heaven defend ! ”
 “ That tugging project he resolve’d to drop,”
 “ Though Nature’s richest charms invited to the top.”

XI.

Expression, oft, beyond a meaning goes ;
 And, when Eudoxus talk’d of Nature’s charms,
 Alas, good man ! he only thought of those
 Which please our eyes, but never fill our arms.
 Mere child in love, he dreamt not of alarms
 The Child of Venus gives, pernicious elf !
Rome’s loves,—nay, rapes, (those worst of amo-
 rous harms,)

Those he recorded, for the Student's shelf,
But knew not how to love, nor ravish, for himself.

XII.

His whole construction seem'd to blunt, and turn,
The arrows that from Cupid's quiver skim ;
So cold, he never could for Woman burn,
So ugly, Woman could not burn for him.—
Still, Cupid sent him, in a wicked whim,
A philosophick *Blonde*, a Charmer wise,
Studious, and plump, now languishing, now prim,
Who, skill'd most temptingly to syllogize,
Chopp'd logick with a pair of large, blue, melting
eyes.

XIII.

'Twas in Lausanne, where crowded parties chat,
And take their tea, ere London Fashion dines,
Nosing Eudoxus, blue-eye'd AGNES sat,
And talk'd of Trajan, and the Antonines ;—

Dwelt much on Roman risings, and declines ;
 And murmur'd, while they huddle'd knee to knee,
 " What things Voluptuousness undermines !"
 Eudoxus felt a glow ;—but knew not, he,
 Whether 'twas love, the crowd, philosophy, or tea.

XIV.

Whene'er she utter'd, breathing like the South,
 As o'er a bank of violets it blows,*
 He curl'd the smirking hole he call'd a mouth,
 And fed with snuff the knob he term'd a nose :
 His bosom's fat heave'd with unwonted throes ;
 And still she talk'd, and still he listen'd,—still
 Fresh beauties in her countenance arose ;—
 He ask'd her dwelling-place ;—sad news, and
 chill !
 " Skirting Lausanne," she said,—“ upon the next
 high hill.”

* " Oh ! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 " That breathes upon a bank of violets," &c.

SHAKSPEARE.

XV.

High HILL !—alas ! he ne'er on horseback rode ;
 Eternal visits, in a carriage, there,
 So near Lausanne as Agnes's abode,
 Might scandalize the philosophick Fair :—
 Then, *walk*,—or *not* ;—'twas either way despair !
 Bore through the Alps !—on foot !—so pursy, too !
 At length, he mentally pronounce'd, “ I swear”
 “ What Hannibal with vinegar could do”
 “ To venture, dearest Maid ! with all my oil, for
 “ You !”

XVI.

That night, on which Eudoxus Agnes met,
 Neglected Wisdom had his pillow flown,
 While *She* retire'd, half prude, and half coquette,
 To bed with Vanity, as cold as stone.
 The Sage as an Adonis would be known,
 His Venus wish'd for a *Sçavante* to pass ;
 Each saw each other's foible, not their own ;

He smile'd at Science in a lovely lass,
She at a Sapient Squab, who turn'd philandering Ass.

XVII.

Thus both, it seems, their natural play mistook,
 Though Agnes had the better of the game ;
 For studious Beauties can enjoy a Book,
 When ugly Scholars can't enjoy a Dame.—
 A learned Dangler often stamps the name
 Of Blue-Stocking on her he ne'er embrace'd :
 The Lady's object, now, was classick fame,
His passion, therefore, though by far less chaste,
 Portended an amour in the Platonick taste.

XVIII.

Yet her enticing charms, his weight of thought,
 Had fix'd their commerce, in a comick hour ;
 Thus is our Planet to it's centre brought,
 By *Gravity's*, and by *Attraction's* power.—

The morning blush'd ;—but, soon,—a soaking
shower !

Eudoxus pause'd, between his love and rain ;
He breakfasted,—he sigh'd,—it cease'd to lower,—
He wish'd the surface of the Globe one plain,
Call'd for his thickest shoes, and groan'd, and sigh'd
again.

XIX.

“ Alas !” he cried, “ pedestrious I depart,”
“ To scale Olympus, and a Goddess find :”
“ Not seeing her will almost break my heart,”
“ And getting at her almost break my wind.”
“ Never did body trifle so with mind !”
“ So raise it's projects, and so knock them flat !”
“ Never was amorous lump of human-kind”
“ So self-suspended, between this and that ;”
“ So goaded by the flesh,—so hinder'd by the fat !”

XX.

- “ Why, cruel Cupid ! make me clambering go,”
 “ And, like the Chamois, skip on heights im-
 mense ?”
 “ Why not the Goat’s agility bestow,”
 “ Or spare me from the Goat’s concupiscence ?”
 “ Each, each, or neither, quality dispense !”
 “ Or, cruel Cupid ! since both you and I”
 “ Are picture’d puffy, chubby-cheek’d, and dense,”
 “ Give me your emblems all, or all deny !”
 “ Oh ! draw your arrow back, or send your wings to
 fly !”

XXI.

He reach’d the Hill ; it’s winding foot-path found,
 And buckle’d to the task ;—but now, alack !
 With recent rain so greasy was the ground,
 That, as he labour’d up the slippery track,

At every step he stepp'd, he slid one back.—
 A well-fed Maggot, thus, when friend and friend
 Their jokes, their bottles, and their filberds crack,
 In some deep fruit-plate heaves, from snout to
 end,
 And works, and slips, and writhes, and waggles to
 ascend.

XXII.

Though mortal enterprises arduous be,
 What will not Time, and Perseverance, do?
 And, while Eudoxus lost one step in three,
 Still, losing one in three advance'd him two.
 An open casement, now, was full in view,
 Where Agnes stood, his ardent wish to crown ;
 She bow'd, as near the drooping Lover drew ;—
 “ She'll let me in !” he groan'd, “ and should she
 “ frown,”
 “ Love's bliss is lost ;—but, oh !—what rapture to
 “ sit down !”

XXIII.

Guard, Virgins ! guard your snug sequester'd
 bowers,
 When wily Strephons come to twirl the pin !
 For Rumour swiftly round the village scours,
 When silly Maids have let a Lover in :—
 Then Gossips groan, and Ribalds grossly grin.
 Or, if a Swain his entrance must achieve,
 Choose some Eudoxus, with a double chin,
 With whom Suspicion's self could ne'er conceive
 Your ruin's brink was touch'd, before he took his
 leave.

XXIV.

Fair Agnes fear'd not that censorious talk
 Could ever, by Eudoxus, be inspire'd ;
 He look'd a Lamb, before he took a walk,
 And dead as Mutton, weary, and bemire'd.

Yet, in her jacket, *à la Suisse*, attire'd,
 So plump and tempting was the blue-eye'd Maid,
 A Hermit's frigid breast she might have fire'd!—
 Beneath a plain straw hat her ringlets play'd,
 And a short petticoat her well-turn'd leg betray'd.

XXV.

Eudoxus, squatting in a cushion'd chair,
 Gave her that interesting glance which owns
 A double feeling,—and would fain declare
 The heart is full of love, the shoes of stones.
 His tender sighs, inflating into groans,
 Were debts, as in a partnership concern,
 Due, jointly, both to Bosom and to Bones ;
 And seem'd to say, “ Sweet Lady ! let me learn ”
 “ Whether in vain I ache, and pant, and grunt, and
 “ burn ! ”

XXVI.

In vain they question'd ;—for the Fair pursue'd
 Her prattle, which on literature flow'd ;

Now change'd her author, now her attitude,
 And much more symmetry than learning show'd.
 Eudoxus watch'd her features, while they glow'd,
 Till passion burst his puffy bosom's bound ;
 And, rescuing his cushion from it's load,
 Flounce'd on his knees, appearing like a round
 Large fillet of hot veal, just tumble'd on the ground.

XXVII.

Could such a Lover be with scorn repulse'd ?
 Oh, no !—disdain befitted not the case ;
 And Agnes, at the sight, was so convulse'd,
 That tears of laughter trickle'd down her face.
 Eudoxus felt his folly, and disgrace ;—
 Look'd sheepish,—nettle'd,—wish'd himself
 away ;—
 And, thrice, he tried to quit his kneeling-place ;
 But Fate, and Corpulency, seem'd to say,
 Here's a Petitioner that must for ever pray !

XXVIII.

“ *Mon Dieu !*” said Agnes, “ what absurd dis-
 “ tress !”

“ How long must you maintain this posture here ?”

“ Ah ! *that,*” he sigh’d, “ depends on the success”

“ Of your endeavours, more than mine, I fear.”

“ Get up I cannot, by myself, ’tis clear :”—

“ But, though my poor pretensions you despise,”

“ Full many a man is living, Lady dear !”

“ Whose talent, as a Lover, rather lies”

“ In readiness to kneel, than readiness to rise.”

XXIX

Again he strain’d, again he stuck like wax,

While Agnes tugg’d at him, in various ways ;

But he was heavier than the Income Tax,

And twenty times more difficult to raise.

She fear’d that Scandal would the story blaze ;

Yet, hopeless, rang the bell ;—the Servant came,

And eye’d the prostrate Lover with amaze ;

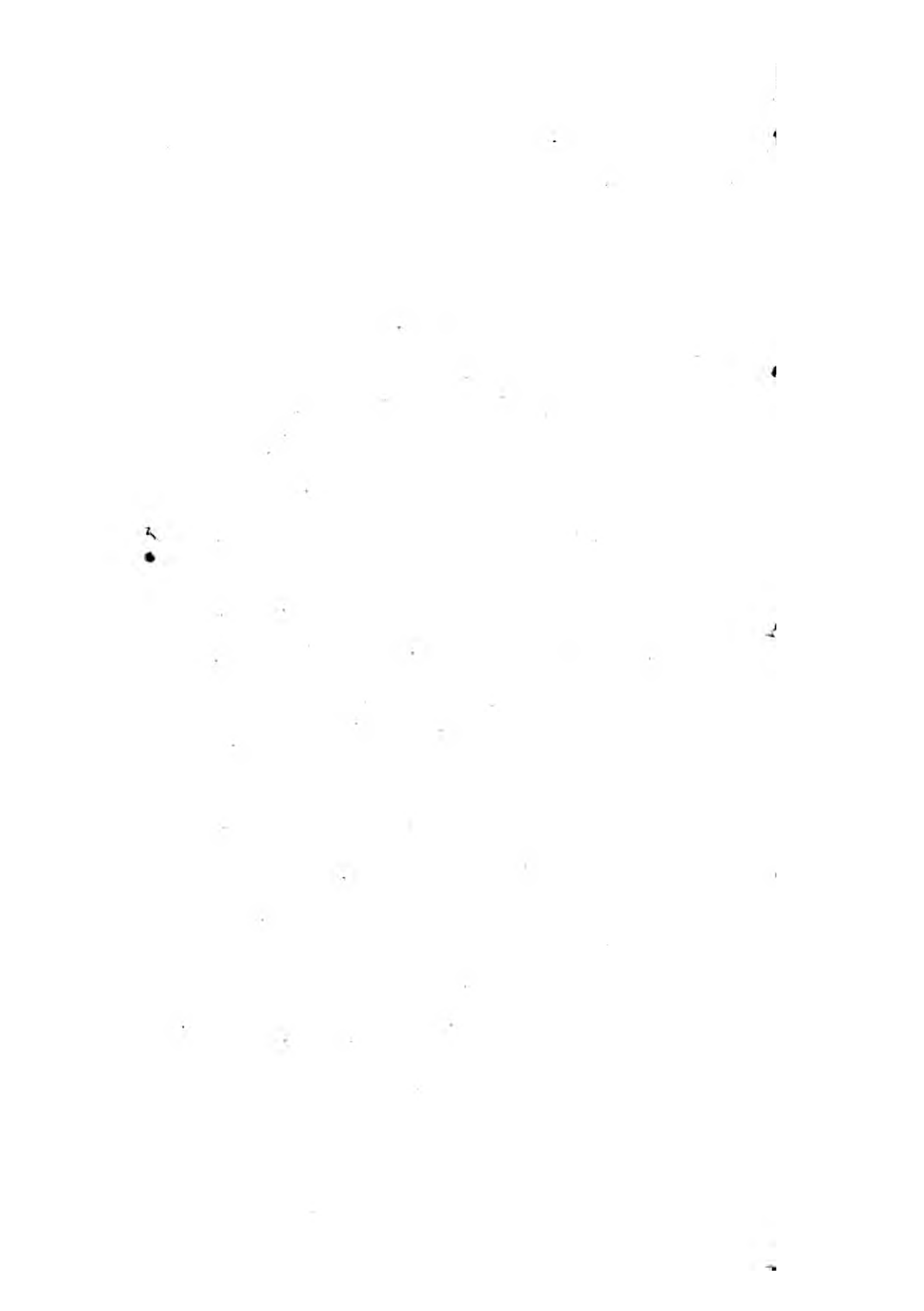
Then heave'd upon his legs the Man whose name
Is lifted up so high by never-dying Fame.

XXX.

Eudoxus, fretted with the morn's romance,
Opine'd, while he was waddling to the plain,
Himself no wiser than that King of France
Who march'd up hill, and then march'd down
again.

He found that he had striven against the grain ;
That suffering Love within his breast to lurk
Brought " labour," which by no means " phy-
" sick'd pain ;"

That Beauties, who on eminences perk,
Make Courtship, for the Fat, a very Up-hill*Work.



The *Correspondence* which closes the subsequent Poem is founded on two prose Letters, in Manuscript; which, it is asserted, actually pass'd between two *Ladies*, who were neighbours, out of Town. Some of the passages are almost literally given from the original epistles.



LONDON RURALITY ;
OR
MISS BUNN, AND MRS. BUNT.

Contiguas tenuère domos.—OVID.

— *Thin partitions do their bounds divide.*

DRYDEN.

STRETCHING, round England's chief Emporium, far,
(No rage for Building quench'd by raging War,)
What would-be Villas, range'd in dapper pride,
Usurp the fields, and choke the highway side !

Thither the *Small-Folk* of two sorts repair ;
The first, as constant dwellers, stagnate there ;
The second sojourn,—wasting cash, to come
On visits to their vulgar *Tusculum* :

These Folly lures to gape in broad retreat,
 And lease a Cake-House for a Country Seat ;
 Those Prudence prompts to shrink from London
 rents,
 For sprucer, but less costly, tenements.

Thither the secondary Cit, in haste
 To shew he thrives in Trade, and fails in Taste,
 From London jogs, hebdomadally, down,
 And rusticates in London out of Town.
 Thither the Scribe, whom Government retains,
 (A self-important Drudge, with slender gains,)
 Vain of his furnish'd floor, *genteelly* cheap,
 Six evenings out of seven, plods home to sleep :
 But, all the Sabbath, while his goose-quill lies
 Inactive, at the Customs, or Excise,
 He worships the *suburban picturesque*,
 To ease his lungs, with brick-kilns, from the desk.

And, there, the Haberdasher, with his wife,
 His Ledger close'd, sits down, to close his Life.

Ale, and brown-stout, when Sunday Friends drop in,
 Wash down the joint ;—and, for a cordial,—gin :
 A pipe and tiff of Punch succeed ; and, then,
 He fights his *Counter* Battles o'er again ;
 Exhorts the young to bustle while they can ;
 And proves, upon his *own* industrious plan,
 That they, in time, like *him*, enough may save,
 To smoke, like *him*,—and muddle to a grave.

Some, too, for gain establish their abode,
 In perking mansions, on the shadeless road ;
 Exhibiting (right rural to behold !)
 The word “ ACADEMY,” in glittering gold ;
 Where ditches, damp, thick fog, and dense dis-
 cerning,
 Improve, alike, an infant's health, and learning.

With all of these, on money-getting plans,
 Mix rustick Shop-keepers, and Publicans,
 And Manufacturers, from London poke'd,
 Indicted thence, for having stunk, and smoke'd.

Hail, Regions of preparatory Schools,
 Of Strict Economists, and Squandring Fools !
 Hail Ye, who, there, your various plans persuing,
 Court profit, rest, frugality, or ruin !
 Ye Tallow-Chandlers, who, *retire'd* to gaze
 At Paul's near Dome, still sigh for *melting-days* ;
 Ye Demi-Gentlemen, whose fingers ake,
 With posting Duties, for the Nation's sake ;
 Or Ye, as *Demi*, driving pens, to live
 On what the War Office and Treasury give ;
 Ye worn-out Sea Lieutenants, on half pay,
 Who drop your anchors on the King's highway ;
 Ye careful Widows, who, of Mates bereft,
 Have what ye call " a little something " left ;
 Ye sour Old Maids, with " somethings " much more
 small,
 From never having had a mate at all ;
 Ye Cockneys, all, who, pastorally, shoot
 Your brick-work cions from the City's root,

Which form but branches, branch what way they will,
 From that old trunk, the Standard in Cornhill ;
 Be ye old, young, or feminine, or male,
 Or rich, or poor,—whate'er ye be, ALL HAIL !

Peace to each Swain, who rural rapture owns,
 As soon as past a Toll, and off the Stones !
 Whose joy, if Buildings solid bliss bestow,
 Cannot, for miles, an interruption know :—
 Save when a gap, of some half dozen feet,
 Just breaks the continuity of street ;
 Where the prig Architect, with *style* in view,
 Has dole'd his houses forth, in two by two ;
 And rear'd a Row upon the plan, no doubt,
 Of old men's jaws, with every third tooth out.
 Or where, still greater lengths, in taste, to go,
 He warps his tenements into a bow ;
 Nails a scant canvass, propt on slight deal sticks,
 Nick-name'd *Veranda*, to the first-floor bricks ;
 Before the whole, in one snug segment drawn,
 Claps half a rood of turf he calls a lawn ;

Then, chuckling at his lath-and-plaster bubble,
Dubs it the CRESCENT,—and the rents are double.

Sometimes, indeed, an acre's breadth, half green,
And half strew'd o'er with rubbish, may be seen :
When, lo ! a Board, with quadrilateral grace,
Stands, stiff, in the phenomenon of space ;
Proposing, still, the neighbourhood's increase,
By — “ Ground to Let upon a Building Lease.”

And, here and there, thrown back, a few yards deep,
Some *staring* Coxcombry pretends to *peep* ;
Low pale'd in front, and shrubb'd, with laurels, in,
That, sometimes, flourish higher than your chin.
Here Modest Ostentation sticks a plate,
Or daubs Egyptian letters, on the gate,
Informing passengers 'tis “ *Cowslip Cot,*”
Or “ *Woodbine Lodge,*” or “ *Mr Pummock's Grot.*”
Oh ! why not, Vanity ! since Dolts bestow
Such names on Dog-holes, squeeze'd out from a
Row,

The title of *Horn Hermitage* entail
 Upon the habitation of a snail ?
 Why not inscribe ('twould answer quite as well)
 “ *Marine Pavilion*” on an oyster-shell ?

See, in these Roads, scarce conscious of a field,
 What Uniform Varieties they yield !—
 Row smirks at Row, each Band-Box has a brother,
 And half the Causeway just reflects the other.*
 To beautify each close-wedge'd neighbour's door,
 A stripe of Garden aims at length, before ;
 Gritty, in sunshine ;—yet, in showers, 'twill do,
 Between a Coach and House, to wet you through ;
 But, soon, the publick path, in envious sort,
 Crosses,—and cuts it, at right angles, short :
 Then, up the jemmy rail, with tenters topp'd,
 Like virtue from necessity, is popp'd :—
 Behind it pine, to decorate the *grounds*,
 And mark with greater *elegance* their bounds,

* “ *Grove nods at Grove,*” &c.—POPE.

Three thin, aquatick Poplars, parch'd with drought,
 Vying with lines of lamp posts, fix'd without.

Still may the scene *some* rustick thoughts supply,
 When sounds, and objects, strike the ear, and eye :
 For, here, the Gardener bawls his greens, and leeks,
 And (jostling Funerals) the Waggon creaks ;
 Oxen, though pastureless, each hour appear,
 And bellow, though with Drovers in the rear ;
 While flocks of Sheep enrich the Turnpike Trust,
 And bleat their way to Smithfield, through the dust.

Blest neighbourhood!—but three times blest!—thrice
 three !

When Neighbours (as 'twill happen) *disagree* ;
 When grievances break forth, and deadly spite,
 'Twixt those whom Fate, and Bricklayers, would
 unite ;

When sharp epistles, like the following, prove,
 A lack of Style, of Grammar, and of Love.

MISS BUNN *to* MRS. BUNT.

Miss Bunn sends compliments to Mrs. Bunt ;
Requests she'll cover up her Drain, in front ;
Which looks so ungenteel, and smells so strong,
It makes Miss Bunn go backward, all day long.
Also, regrets to be oblige'd to state,
That Mrs. Bunt's Deal Safe, fix'd up of late,
Has cause'd a very ugly Nail to run,
Some inches, in the Passage of Miss Bunn.
Is sorry their Partitions aren't of brick ;—
Only thin paper,—wishes it was thick ;
Especially as Mrs. Bunt thinks right
To heat her Washing Copper over night :
And Mrs. Bunt's new maid is quite a stranger ;
Hopes she'll be careful,—for we're both in danger.
Such heavy Washes usen't to be so,
Till You came down to live at Prospect Row.
The former Tenants were all married men,
With large young Families, at Number Ten,

But never, while they dwelt within the walls,
 Got up their Great things,—nothing but their Smalls.
 Can't wonder Mrs. Bunt so seldom stays
 At Prospect Row upon her drying days ;
 For then her Garden is disfigure'd, quite,
 And so is Miss Bunn's Garden, to her right ;
 Because the maid, which is extreme improper,
 Hangs out upon *both sides* ;—requests she'll stop her.
 She must (while wishing nuisances was fewer)
 Excuse her mentioning her Donkey to her ;
 For, once, as their hind gate was left unbarr'd,
 She dropt her scissars, in her back grass yard,
 When stooping, to restore them to her case,
 A nose, as cold as *marvel*, touch'd her face ;
 And jumping up, quite startle'd, from the grass,
 She saw that Monster, Mrs. Bunt's huge Ass.
 She scream'd,—and her Maids heard her, every one.
 Madam, your humble servant,—Bridget Bunn.

MRS. BUNT to MISS BUNN.

Mrs. Bunt's Compliments,—informs Miss Bunn
 That her Front Drain shall speedily be done ;
 Provided that Miss Bunn will be so kind
 To put her Ball-Cock in repair behind ;
 Which lets all Miss Bunn's water overflow
 All Mrs. Bunt's back premises, below.
 Wonders how any thing of her's can run
 So far into the Passage of Miss Bunn :
 The Man who does her jobs shall see what's wrong,
 But thinks Miss Bunn wont find his nails too long.
 Knows their Partitions are exceeding slight,
 From Miss Bunn's Parrot calling *Pots*, all night ;
 It fidgets Mrs. Bunt, in bed,—and wakes her ;
 And then her Poodle howls,—your Parrot makes
 her.*

Surprise'd to learn that Great things wash'd, of mine,
 At Number Ten, surprises Number Nine ;

* Hence it appears that Mrs. Bunt's Poodle was of the feminine gender.

Or that clean sheets, and table cloths, should be
 Sights so uncommon for Miss Bunn to see.
I'm always use'd to have my linen got
 Well up,—which, it should seem, Miss Bunn is *not* :
 But she may rest, henceforward, satisfied
 That Betty shall *hang all upon one side*.
 Is shock'd to find Miss Bunn, when on the grass,
 Was so alarm'd at seeing of my Ass :
 Thought she had seen it frequently ;—can't dream
 How it should touch her face,—and make her scream !
 The harmless creature is entirely blind,—
 And makes no noise,—as all the neighbours find.
 'Twas never call'd a *Monster*,—till Miss Bunn
 Was please'd, by letter, to baptize it one.
 But, Madam, notwithstanding the affront,
 I rest your humble servant,—Rachael Bunt.

FINIS.

THE
BOWER OF SPRING.