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P O E M S

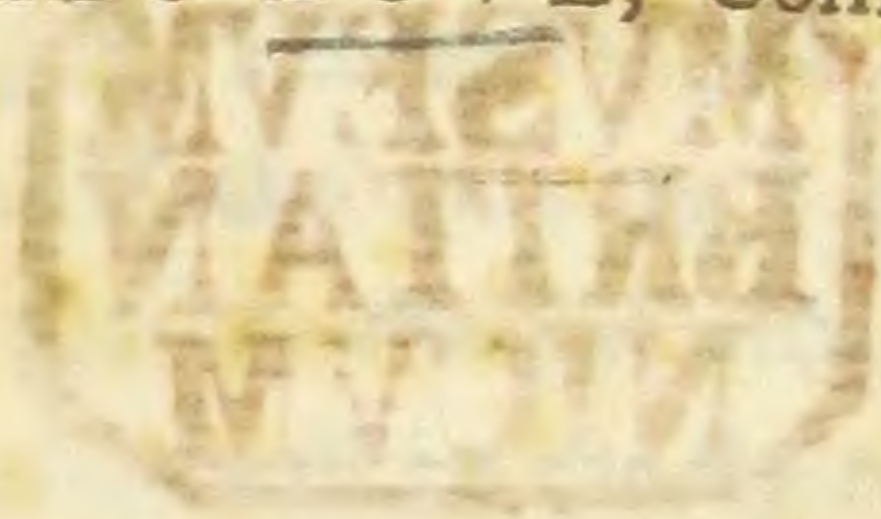
O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

B Y

JAMES LOVE, Comedian.

*K*



*Interdum tamen et tollit Comædia vocem.*

HOR.

EDINBURGH,

Printed by R. FLEMING. M.DCC.LIV.







# P R E F A C E,

Address'd to the T O W N.

**T**O say that I have the highest sense of the favours with which I have been distinguish'd, and wish upon every occasion to express my gratitude, is, perhaps, a very unequal acknowledg<sup>m</sup>ent.----But as thanks are all the offering I can make; I hope, in regard to the sincerity of my intention, my offer will be kindly received.

WHEN a man commences actor, he throws himself entirely upon the mercy of the public; and most of us, no doubt, have much more frequent reason to appeal to their good-nature, than their justice.---Those who are most acquainted with the secrets of the theatre, will be most sensible how many  
advan-



advantages, how many punctilios are necessary to help the comedian to support that delusion, which endeavours to realize any theatrical entertainment.----A good actor, like a good picture, may lose much of his merit by being set in a bad light. I hope no one will be severe enough to think, that, possess'd of a ridiculous egotism, I am about to paint out any particular merit of my own; or assume the notion of a man of consequence, from the applause I have been honour'd with.---I wou'd only wish to tell how particularly I am indebted to those who have overlook'd my faults and indulged me with their approbation, surrounded as I have been with infinite theatrical difficulties.

Tho' matters of this sort, in respect to the weightier concerns that engage the attention of mankind, may justly be esteem'd trifling; yet when it is considered that a person speaks, whose whole dependence is upon the courtesy of the public, by whom he is most immediately to be judg'd, to him,

at



at least, it must be esteem'd a thing of the highest moment ; and therefore, perhaps, the most grave and serious may be tempted to attend and kindly forgive every expedient he may make use of to obtain the favour, or prevent the effects of any art that may wish to depretiate him in the opinion of the public. As very many gentlemen of worth and honour have condescended to discourse with me in relation to my continuing in this company, and flatter'd me with the most agreeable encouragements, I think it my duty, in this public manner, to avow my sense of their goodness, and at the same time to acquaint them with some of my sentiments. ---They have humorously insinuated, that, according to a plan of one of my comic predecessors, I have aukwardly expos'd my own faults, and contradicted the opinion of the public in the magazine, in order to excite their attention and compassion, and strengthen their partial attachment to me.---Which, they say, more notoriously appears by commending  
some



some actors, who have not in any respect the least title to commendation, and larding others with eternal praise as if incapable of erring; in which, by over commending, I have artfully diminish'd their real merit, and officiously pointed out their numerous deficiencies. But I here solemnly declare I despise all such mean artifices, and tho' I esteem the authors my very good friends, I have not the least reason to guess who they are.

As the stage here is not so universally frequented as to enable the manager to afford salaries to actors of merit equal to those of *London* or *Dublin*; the only recompence for inferior profit is this: A man of any promising talents in the various circle of theatrical merit, who launches into this way of life with the least prudent view, may hope here to find an opportunity of exercising his abilities, by the possession of parts suited to his capacity, and avail himself of the favours of an audience prone to encourage ev'n the  
dawn



dawn of future excellence. Here (as there can be but a third chance of good actors) he may often reap more applause than he really deserves, which may strengthen him so far as to make him hereafter really deserve more. Sway'd by these motives, he may, for a time at least, live contented with a smaller income, and, balancing profit with fame, prepare himself (by dissipating his fears, strengthening his judgment, and improving his execution, with the use of the stage, and an early possession of public applause) for an appearance among the top of his profession.

BUT if, on the contrary, he is stripp'd of these advantages, from pride, envy or private pique, there can be no sensible reason why he shou'd not wish to try his chance in other theatres, and convince himself if the same injustice is prepared to attack him behind every curtain.

THE audience in general are, perhaps, most commonly in the right; they are, to  
be



be sure, affected by merit, and disgusted by the want of it : but they are often but imperfect judges; they are not possess'd of every circumstance. The manager can neither establish as excellent a bad actor, nor entirely depress, as void of all glimpse of merit, a good one. But he can, by arts that come not within the immediate reach of the spectator, screen and palliate the faults of the one, and check the abilities of the other. A thousand little necessary artifices of embellishment, a thousand vast advantages of ornament and preparation, are at his devotion; he can distribute them as he pleases; he can administer or restrain them, as best suits his malice or his partiality.

WHEN I am obliged to declare, that I have been attack'd with many of these partial Finesses, I cannot help, at the same time, boasting of the kindness of those who have so generously supported me in spite of every disadvantage. The public have honour'd me with repeated applause



plause, and men of consequence have ratified and confirmed that applause in private. Had I appear'd, at first, under the favourable impression of sanguine encomiums; supported by orders, properly planted to give necessary hints to a good-natur'd audience; larded with the rhetoric of theatrical emissaries; and introduced by partial friends as a prodigy; where, with affected consequence, and florid speeches, I might have impos'd upon the prejudic'd with the mere semblance of truth and merit; my success would have brought with it little real satisfaction; my glory would have been but short-liv'd, and time, that despises such impositions, would have brought on proportionable contempt. On the contrary, I came to *Edinburgh* an utter stranger, was oblig'd to appear under the inconceivable disadvantage of extreme illness, and have since been crush'd on all sides with every art that might weaken or impede my progress to fame. I have been unfairly oppos'd in parts, by general consent most adapted to my capacity,



merely by the wantonness of power; and, tho' the attempt prov'd ridiculously contemptible, the lavish approbation of the public in my favour has been attack'd; and wou'd, if possible, have been wrested from me.---I have been often thrust into a cast of parts, where I cou'd, at best, but appear insipid; when, in the same plays, characters, entirely in my way, have been utterly lost in the hands of people who take upon themselves the title of actor, without the least assistance either of nature or of art.---And what is yet perhaps most detrimental, I have, without any true reason, been prevented lately from appearing at all, in characters where I was certain, from repeated experience, of universal success; tho' the whole town, in a manner, claim'd and insisted upon the performance.

How great, after all this, must be my satisfaction, when, in spite of all these attempts, the public can witness for me, that, whenever I have been suffer'd to shew myself, I  
have



have been, at least, as well receiv'd as any actor in *Edinburgh*.

It cannot be imagin'd, that a man, so highly honour'd, wou'd voluntarily quit his friends, (especially, as he declares, that the certainty of greater profit is not his view) if he was not sufficiently convinced, that he was dangerously situated in regard to his profession, and run perpetual risks of losing the advantages he had gain'd, by having it less and less in his power to contribute to their satisfaction.

I wou'd not wish, by any means, to injure the present manager, (who undoubtedly has merit in his way) or in return for his treatment of me, to lessen the number of his friends. Perhaps the jealousy that is almost inseparable from our profession, may have multiplied my apprehensions; there let it rest.---However, I hope, what I have said will in some measure plead my excuse with the town, and apologize for my departure.

As



As for the following poems, tho' it might seem judicious to say something in their behalf, as, perhaps, they will be able to say but little for themselves, yet I cannot prevail upon myself to attempt it. I offer them but as trifles, and all that can be said in behalf of such an offer is, that the same mind which is copious enough to dwell, with learned rapture, on the highest dignities of nature, may sometimes, in its hours of relaxation, be innocently amus'd with a butterfly. I am,

*With the utmost gratitude and respect,*

*Your most obliged and*

*Most humble servant,*

JAMES LOVE.



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C R I C K E T.



C R I C K E T.

A N

H E R O I C P O E M.

ILLUSTRATED

With the critical Observations of SCRIBLERUS  
MAXIMUS.

Humbly inscrib'd to the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN Earl of SANDWICH,

Viscount *Hinchinbroke*, and Baron *Montague* of

*St. Neots.*



THE ARGUMENT

Of the FIRST BOOK.

**T**HE Subject. *Address to the patron of CRICKET. A description of the pleasures felt at the approach of the proper season for CRICKET, and the preparation for it. A comparison between this game and others, particularly Billiards, Bowls and Tennis. Exhortation to Britain, to leave all meaner sports, and cultivate CRICKET only, as most adapted to the freedom and hardiness of its constitution. The Counties most famous for CRICKET are described, as vying with one another for excellency.*

CRICKET



## C R I C K E T.

## B O O K I.

W H I L E others, soaring on a lofty wing,  
 Of dire *Bellona's* cruel triumphs sing,  
 Sound the shrill clarion, mount the rapid car,  
 And rush delighted thro' the ranks of war;

My

*The Title, CRICKET.*] There is no doubt, but that (without a great deal of study) this title might have been *dulcified*; and by the ingenious help of an *IAD* tag'd to it, render'd extremely polite and unintelligible. But I think it is a high compliment to *Cricket* itself, that our Poet thinks proper to set it before his work, in its own plain and unadulterated signification.

VER. I. *While others*] Our author, truly sensible how great a deference ought to be paid to war, which is, to be sure, the very soul of heroic poetry, esteems it quite necessary to apologize, and begin with crying Quarter, in order to take off that prepossession, which (especially at this critical juncture) will certainly be exerted in favour of that delicate science. He knows how *profoundly* the *whole nation* employs itself in military cares, and remembers, that as we have two powerful  
 kingdoms



My tender muse, in humbler, milder strains, 5  
 Presents a bloodless conquest on the plains;  
 Where vig'rous youth in life's fresh bloom resort,  
 For pleasing exercise and healthful sport;  
 Where emulation fires, where glory draws,  
 And active sportsmen struggle for applause; 10  
 Expert to *bowl*, to *run*, to *stop*, to *throw*,  
 Each nerve collected at each mighty blow.

HAIL *Cricket*! glorious, manly, *British* game!  
 First of all sports! be first alike in fame!  
 To my fir'd soul thy busy transports bring, 15  
 That I may feel thy raptures, while I sing!  
 And thou, kind patron of the mirthful fray,  
*Sandwich*, thy country's friend! accept the lay:  
 Tho'

kingdoms on our backs, it is but reasonable we should avoid all trifling amusements. However, as he hopes *Cricket* cannot be deem'd such, with all due deference, he proceeds.

SCRIBLERUS MAXIMUS.

VER. 13. *Hail Cricket*] I have taken a prodigious deal of pains to find out the time when *Cricket* first appeared, and who was the author of it: but it is to be lamented, that history is extremely deficient upon this head. There is great reason however to think, that it is an *European* invention, and perhaps, as our author ventures to affirm, a sprout of *Britain*: for the *Chinese*, who claim *printing*, *gun-powder*, &c. so long before we had any notion of them, to our great satisfaction, lay not the least claim to it.



SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 3

Tho' mean my verse, my subject yet approve,  
And look propitious on the *game* you love. 20

WHEN the returning sun begins to smile,  
And shed its glories round this sea-girt isle ;  
When new-born nature, deck'd in vivid green,  
Chaces dull winter from the charming scene :  
High panting with delight, the jovial swain 25  
Trips it exulting o'er the flow'r-strew'd plain ;  
Thy Pleasures, *Cricket!* all his heart controul ;  
Thy eager transports dwell upon his soul :  
He weighs the well turn'd *Bat's* experienc'd force  
And guides the rapid *Ball's* impetuous course : 30  
His supple limbs with nimble labour plies,  
Nor bends the grass beneath him as he flies.  
The joyous conquests of the late-flown year,  
In fancy's paint, with all their charms appear,  
And now again he views the long-wish'd season  
near. 35

O thou, sublime inspirer of my song !  
What matchless trophies to thy worth belong !  
Look

VER. 32. *Nor bends]* *Nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas.*  
VIRG. *Æn.* vii. 309.



Look round the globe, inclin'd to mirth, and see  
What daring sport can claim the prize from thee!

Not puny *Billiards*, where with sluggish  
pace, 40

The dull *Ball trails* before the feeble *Mace*.

Where no triumphant shouts, no clamours dare  
Pierce thro' the vaulted roof and wound the air;  
But stiff spectators quite inactive stand,  
Speechless, attending to the *Striker's* hand: 45

Where nothing can your languid spirits move,  
Save when the *Marker* bellows out, *six love!*

Or, when the ball, *close cushion'd*, slides askew,  
And to the op'ning *Pocket runs*, a *Cou!*

Nor yet that happier game, where the smooth  
bowl, 50

In circling mazes, wanders to the goal;

Where

VER. 40. *Not puny Billiards*] With what taste and judgment, cries the enraptur'd commentator, is the *frenchified* diversion of *Billiards* here, at the same time, pathetically described, and critically exposed! It is, no doubt, obvious to every reader, how beautifully this ridiculous amusement serves as a foil to CRICKET. The company at the former are generally beaux of the first magnitude, dressed in the quintessence of the fashion. The robust *Cricketer* plays in his shirt.---- The Rev. Mr. *W---*d, particularly, appears almost naked.



Where much divided between fear and glee,  
The youth cries—*rub* ;—*O flee, you ling'rer, flee!*

Not *Tennis* self, thy sister sport, can charm,  
Or with thy fierce delights our bosoms warm. 55  
Tho' full of life, at ease alone dismay'd,  
She calls each swelling sinew to her aid ;  
Her echoing courts confess the sprightly sound,  
While from the *Racket* the brisk balls rebound.  
Yet, to small space confin'd, ev'n she must yield 60  
To nobler *Cricket* the disputed field.

O parent *Britain!* minion of renown!  
Whose far extended fame all nations own,  
Of sloth-promoting sports, forewarn'd, beware!  
Nor think thy pleasures are thy meanest care ; 65  
Shun

VER. 54. *Not Tennis self*] It must be confessed, that *Tennis* is very nearly allied to *Cricket*, both as to the activity, strength and skill that are necessary to be exerted on each *important* occasion. But as the latter happens to be the present subject, our author with great propriety and admirable taste, makes all other games knock under. When he gratifies the world with a poem upon *Tennis*, no doubt, he will do the same in favour of that also.



Shun with disdain the squeaking masquerade,  
 Where fainting vice calls folly to her aid.  
 Leave the dissolving song, the baby dance,  
 To sooth the slaves of *Italy* and *France*:  
 While the firm limb, and strong-brac'd nerve  
 are thine, 70

Scorn eunuch sports ; to manlier games incline ;  
 Feed on the joys that health and vigour give ;  
 Where freedom reigns, 'tis worth the while to  
 live.

NURS'D on thy plains, first *Cricket* learnt to  
 please,

And taught thy sons to slight inglorious ease : 75  
And

VER. 67. *Where fainting vice*] Our author is a little doubtful, from the excellence of this line, whether he has not committed Plagiarism; but as the proof of it does not immediately occur to his memory, he hopes it may be of great service to his readers, by giving them an opportunity to shew their learning in finding it out.

*A NOTE upon the foregoing NOTE.*

The creature, whoever he is, that wrote the preceeding remark, is certainly out of his senses. Does he imagine the gentlemen who have CRICKET in their heads, can afford to throw away their time so idly, as to pore over a parcel of musty authors to convince themselves, whether a nonsensical line is his or not ?  
BRITANNICUS SEVERUS.



And see where busy counties strive for fame,  
 Each greatly potent at this mighty game!  
 Fierce *Kent*, ambitious of the first applause,  
 Against the world combin'd, asserts her cause;  
 Gay *Surry* sometimes triumphs o'er the field, 80  
 And fruitful *Sussex* cannot brook to yield.  
 While *London*, queen of cities! proudly vies,  
 And often grasps the well-disputed prize.

THUS, while *Greece* triumph'd o'er the barb'  
 rous earth,  
 Sev'n cities struggl'd which gave *Homer* birth. 85

VER. 84. *The barb'rous earth*] The ancient *Greeks* were modest enough to call all the rest of the world *Barbarians*.

Our author has nothing to plead in favour of this simile, but poetic practice. He confesses it is very little to the purpose; but then the absolute necessity of introducing similes somewhere, the flavour they give to a poem, and the prodigious esteem they are in at present, were arguments which his modesty was obliged to give way to.



## B O O K II.

## T H E A R G U M E N T.

*KENT challenges all the other counties. The match determined. A description of the place of contest. The particular qualifications and excellencies of each player. The counties go in.*

**A**ND now the Sons of *Kent*, immortal grown,  
 By a long series of acquir'd renown,  
 Smile at each weak attempt to shake their fame ;  
 And thus, with vaunting pride, their might pro-  
 claim.

Long have we bore the palm, triumphant still, 5  
 No county fit to match our wond'rous skill :

But

VER. I. *And now*] It has been determined long ago, by a great many great critics, that the dignity of expression should be suited to the magnificence of the subject. Our author, I think, has preserved this decorum to a tittle : for who can help being fir'd with the *pompofity* of this challenge, which he sets out with in the second book. It is to be observ'd likewise, that he has carefully (thro' the whole poem) avoided every thing that might lessen his *heroes*. And whereas some unadvised people frequently make use of the mean appellations of *Vol, Jack, &c.* when they speak of the most illustrious at this game, he has rejected such crimes with the utmost indignation.

SCRIB. MAX.



But that all tamely may confess our sway,  
 And own us masters of the glorious day;  
 Pick the best sportsmen from each sev'ral *shire*,  
 And let them, if they dare, 'gainst us appear; 10  
 Soon will we prove the mightiness we boast,  
 And make them feel their error, to their cost.

FAME quickly gave the bold defiance vent,  
 And magnify'd th' undaunted Sons of *Kent*.  
 The boastful challenge sounded far and near, 15  
 And spreading, reach'd at length great *N—*'s ear:  
 Where, with his friend, all negligent he laugh'd,  
 And threatned future glories, as they quaff'd.  
 Struck with the daring phrase, a piercing look  
 On *B—n* first he cast, and thus he spoke. 20  
 And dare the slaves this paltry message own!  
 What then, is *Newland*'s arm no better known?

B Have

VER. 16. *N—'s ear*] Among his many penetrating observations, our poet has particularly remark'd the great efficacy of a *dash*: therefore unwilling that his poem should lose any material beauty, and equally desirous his reader should receive all the satisfaction that is possible, he has cleared up all the difficulties in his annotations, which that delicate invention unavoidably creates. *Newland* of *Stendon* in *Suffex*, Farmer; a famous *Batsman*.

VER. 20. *On B—n first*] *Bryan* of *London*, Bricklayer.



Have I for this the *Ring's* wide ramparts broke?  
 While *R—y* shudder'd at the mighty stroke.  
 Now by *Alcmena's* sinew'd son, I swear, 25  
 Whose dreadful blow no mortal strength can bear!  
 By *Hermes*, offspring too of thund'ring *Jove!*  
 Whose winged feet like nimble lightning move!  
 By ev'ry patron of the pleasing war,  
 My chief delight, my glory and my care! 30  
 This arm shall cease the far-driv'n ball to throw,  
 Shrink from the *Bat*, and feebly shun the blow;  
 The trophies, from this conqu'ring forehead torn,  
 By boys and women shall in scorn be worn;  
 E'er I neglect to let these blust'ers know, 35  
 There live who dare oppose, and beat them too.  
 Illustrious *Bryan!* now's the time to prove  
 To *Cricket's* charms thy much experienc'd love.  
 Let us with care each hardy friend inspire!  
 And fill their souls with emulating fire! 40  
 Come on.—True courage never is dismay'd.  
 He spoke—the hero listen'd, and obey'd.

U R G ' D

VER. 24 *While R—y*] *Vol Rumney*, gardener to the Duke of *Dorset*, at *Knowles*, near *Sevenoaks* in *Kent*.

VER. 25. *Now by*] The judicious choice of *Hercules* and *Mercury*, the gods of strength and swiftness, so very peculiar to the game of *CRICKET*, cannot be enough admired.

VER. 42. *Listen'd and obey'd*] *Laconic Bayes!*



SEVERAL OCCASIONS. II

URG'D by their chiefs, the friends of *Cricket*  
 hear,  
 And joyous in the fated lists appear.  
 The day approach'd. To view the charming  
 scene, 45  
 Exulting thousands crowd the level'd green.

A PLACE there is, where city warriors meet,  
 Wisely determin'd, not to fight, but eat.  
 Where harmless thunder rattles to the skies,  
 While the plump *buffcoat* fires, and shuts his  
 eyes. 50

To the pleas'd mob the bursting cannons tell,  
 At ev'ry circling glass, how much they swill.  
 Here, in the intervals of bloodless war,  
 The swains with milder pomp their arms prepare.  
 Wide o'er th' extended plain, the circling string 55  
 Restrains th' impatient throng, and marks a ring.  
 But

VER. 47. *A place there is*] *Est in secessu locus.* The author here has exactly followed the example of all great poets, both ancient and modern, who never fail to prepare you with a pompous description of the place where any great action is to be performed.

VER. 49. *Where harmless*] I must own that this description of the *artillery ground* has very little merit, the particulars are so obvious: it has truth indeed on its side; but that is a thing now a-days so slenderly regarded, that, I am afraid, it will receive no weight from it.



But if encroaching on forbidden ground,  
 The heedless croud o'erleaps the proper bound ;  
 S—*th* plies, with strenuous arm, the smacking  
 whip,  
 Back to the line th' affrighted rebels skip. 60

THE *Stumps* are pitch'd. Each hero now is seen,  
 Springs o'er the fence, and bounds along the  
 green.

In decent *white*, most gracefully array'd,  
 Each strong built limb in all its pride display'd.

Now

VER. S—*h plies*] Mr. *Smith*, the master of the ground,  
 who to his *immortal honour*, and *no inconsiderable* advantage,  
 has made great improvements ; and been perhaps a principal  
 cause of the high light in which *Cricket* at this time flourishes.  
 There would have been a fine opportunity to have introduced  
 in this place the praises of the celebrated *Vinegar*, who so long  
 triumphed in *Moorfields* without a rival. But alas ! the no-  
 bility and gentry have cruelly robbed this *famous* spot of its  
 favourite diversions, by transplanting the heroes, who lately  
 cut such figures here to *Tottenham* court, and *Broughton's* am-  
 phitheatre, with a malicious intent to rob the *Commons* of their  
 amusements, and engross the whole joy to themselves.



Now *muse*, exert thy vigour, and describe 65  
 The might chieftains of each glorious tribe!  
 Bold *Rumney* first, before the *Kentish* band,  
 God-like appear'd, and seiz'd the chief command.  
 Judicious swain! whose quick discerning soul  
 Observes the various seasons as they roll. 70  
 Well skill'd to spread the thriving plant around;  
 And paint with fragrant flow'rs th' enamel'd  
 ground.

Conscious of worth, with front erect he moves,  
 And poises in his hand the *Bat* he loves.

Him *Dorset's* prince protects, whose youthful  
 heir 75

Attends with ardent glee the mighty play'r.  
 He, at *mid-wicket*, disappoints the foe;  
 Springs at the coming ball and mocks the blow.

Ev'n thus the *Rattle-snake*, as trav'lers say,  
 With stedfast eye observes it's destin'd prey; 80  
 'Till

VER. 65. Now muse] *Pandite nunc Heliconæ deæ, can-  
 tusque movete.* VIRG. ÆN.

Let any man read two or three pages of *Virgil* immediately following this quotation, or turn to Mr. *Glover's Leonidas*, where he describes the army of *Xerxes*, and he will easily see what our poet had in his head.



'Till fondly gazing on the glittering balls,  
 Into her mouth th' unhappy victim falls.

THE baffled hero quits his *Bat* with pain,  
 And mutt'ring lags a-crofs the shouting plain.

BRISK *H—l* next strides on with comely  
 pride, 85

Tough as the subject of his trade, the *bide*.  
 In his firm palm the hard bound ball he bears,  
 And mixes joyous with his pleas'd compeers.  
*Bromlean M—s* attends the *Kentish* throng;  
 And *R—n*, from his size furnam'd the *long*. 90  
 Six more, as ancient custom has thought meet,  
 With willing steps, th' intrepid band complete.  
 On th' adverse party, tow'ring o'er the rest,  
 Left handed *Newland* fires each arduous breast.  
 From many a bounteous crop, the foodful grain 95  
 With swelling stores rewards his useful pain ;  
While

VER. 85. *H—l*] *Hodswel* of *Dartford* in *Kent*, tanner ;  
 a celebrated *Bowler*.

VER. 89. *M—s*] *Mills* of *Bromley* in *Kent*.

VER. 90. *R—n*] *Robin*, commonly called *Long Robin*.

VER. 91. *Six more*] Messrs. *Mills*, *Sawyer* of *Suffex*, *Cut-*  
*bush*, *Bartrum*, *Kips* and *Danes*.



While the glad *Farmer*, with delighted eyes,  
Smiles to behold his close-cram'd gran'ries rise.  
Next *Bryan* came, whose cautious hand cou'd fix  
In neat dispos'd array the well pil'd bricks: 100  
With him, alone, scarce any youth wou'd dare  
At *single wicket*, try the doubtful war.

For few, save him, th' exalted honour claim  
To play with judgment, all the various game.  
Next, his accomplish'd vigour *C—y* tries, 105  
Whose shelt'ring hand the neat-form'd garb sup-  
plies.

To the dread plain her *D—e Surry* sends,  
And *W—k* on the jovial train attends.

EQUAL in numbers, bravely they begin  
The dire dispute.—The foes of *Kent* go in. 110

VER. 105 *C—y*.] *Cuddy* of *Slendon*, *Suffex*;—*taylor*.

VER. 107. *D—e*] *Stephen Dingate* of *Rygate* in *Surry*.

VER. 108. *W—k*] *Weymark*, the miller.

VER. 109. *Equal in numbers*] The rest on the side of the counties were, Messrs. *Newland*, *Newland*, *Green*, *Harris*, *Harris* and *Smith*.



## B O O K I I I.

## T H E A R G U M E N T.

*The game. Five on the side of the counties are out for three Notches. The odds run high on the side of Kent. Bryan and Newland go in; they help the game greatly. Bryan is unfortunately put out by Kips. Kent the first Innings, is thirteen a-head. The counties go in again, and get fifty seven a-head. Kent in the second Innings is very near losing, the two last men being in. Weymark unhappily misses a catch, and by that means Kent is victorious.*

**W**ITH wary judgment, scatter'd o'er the  
green,

Th' ambitious chiefs of fruitful *Kent* are seen.

Some at a distance, for the *long ball* wait,

Some, nearer planted, seize it from the *Bat*.

*Hodswell* and *Mills* behind the *wickets* stand, 5

And each by turns, the flying ball command:

Four



Four times from *Hodswell's* arm it skims the grafs;  
 Then *Mills* fucceeds. The *Seekers out* change place.  
 Obferve, cries *Hodswell*, to the wond'ring throng,  
 Be judges now, whose arms are better ftrung! 10  
 He faid—then pois'd, and rifing as he threw,  
 Swift from his arm the fatal miffive flew.

Not with more force the death-conveying ball,  
 Springs from the cannon to the batter'd wall;  
 Nor fwifter yet the pointed arrows go, 15  
 Launch'd from the vigour of the *Parthian* bow.  
 It whizz'd along, with unimagi'd force,  
 And bore down all, refiftlefs in its courfe.  
 To fuch impetuous might compell'd to yield  
 The *Bail*, and mangled *Stumps* beftrew the field. 20

Now glows with ardent heat th' unequal fray,  
 While *Kent* ufurps the honours of the day;  
 Loud from the *Ring* refounds the piercing shout,  
 Three *Notches* only gain'd, five *Leaders* out.

C

But

VER. 11. *And rifing as he threw*

13. *Not with more force, &c.* ]

————— *Corpore toto*

*Eminus intorquet. Murali concita nunquam  
 Tormento fic saxa fremunt, nec fulmine tanti  
 Diffultant crepitus. Volat atri turbinis inftar  
 Exitium dirum hafta ferens.*

VIRG.



But while the drooping play'r invokes the gods, 25  
 The busy *Better* calculates his *Odds*,  
 Swift round the plain, in buzzing murmurs run,  
*I'll hold you ten to four, Kent—done Sir—done.*

WHAT numbers can with equal force describe  
 Th' increasing terrors of the losing tribe! 30  
 When, vainly striving 'gainst the conqu'ring ball,  
 They see their boasted chiefs dejected fall!  
 Now the two mightiest of the fainting host  
 Pant to redeem the fame their fellows lost.  
 Eager for glory;—for the worst prepared; 35  
 With pow'rful skill, their threaten'd *Wickets* guard.  
*Bryan*, collected for the deadly stroke,  
 First cast to *Heav'n* a supplicating look,  
 Then pray'd—*Propitious pow'rs! assist my blow,*  
*And grant the flying orb may shock the foe!* 40  
 This said; he wav'd his *Bat* with forceful swing,  
 And drove the batter'd *pellet* o'er the ring;  
 Then rapid *five times* cross'd the shining plain,  
 E'er the departed ball return'd again.

NOR

VER. 39. Propitious powers!] *Te precor, Alcide, captis  
 ingentibus adsis.* VIRG.



NOR was thy prowess, valiant *Newland*, mean, 45  
 Whose strenuous arm increas'd the game *eighteen*;  
 While from thy stroke, the ball retiring hies,  
 Uninterrupted clamours rend the skies.

But Oh what horrid changes oft are seen,  
 When faithless fortune seems the most serene! 50  
 Beware, unhappy *Bryan*! Oh beware!

Too heedless swain, when such a foe is near.  
 Fir'd with success, elated with his luck,  
 He glow'd with rage, regardless how he struck;  
 But forc'd the fatal negligence to mourn, 55  
*Kips* crush'd his *stumps*, before the youth cou'd  
 turn.

The rest their unavailing vigour try,  
 And by the pow'r of *Kent*, demolish'd die.  
 Awaken'd *Echo* speaks the *Innings* o'er,  
 And forty *Notches* deep indent the *Score*. 60

Now *Kent* prepares her better skill to shew;  
 Loud rings the ground, at each tremendous blow,  
 With nervous arm, performing god-like deeds,  
 Another, and another chief succeeds;

Till

VER. 56. *Kips crush'd*] *Kips* is particularly remarkable for *handing* the ball at the *wicket*, and knocking up the *stumps* instantly, if the *Batsman* is not extremely cautious.



Till tir'd with fame, the conqu'ring host give  
way ;

65

And head by *thirteen* strokes the toilsome fray.

FRESH rous'd to arms, each labour-loving swain  
Swells with new strength, and dares the field again.

Again to *Heav'n* aspires the chearful found ;

The *strokes* re-echo o'er the spacious ground. 70

The *Champion* strikes. When, scarce arriving *fair*,

The glancing ball mounts upwards in the air ;

The *Batsman* sees it; and, with mournful eyes

Fix'd on th' ascending *pellet* as it flies,

Thus suppliant claims the favour of the skies. 75

O mighty *Jove* ! and all ye pow'rs above !

Let my regarded pray'r your pity move !

Grant me but this—Whatever youth shall dare

Snatch at the prize, descending thro' the air,

Lay him extended on the grassy plain, 80

And make his bold, ambitious effort vain.

HE said.—The pow'rs, attending his request,  
Granted one part, to winds consign'd the rest.

And

VER. 28. *The pow'rs, attending*]

*Audiit et voti Phæbus succedere partem*

*Mente dedit, partem volucres dispersit in auras.*



AND now illustrious *S—e*, where he stood,  
 Th' approaching ball with cautious pleasure  
 view'd; 85  
 At once he sees the chief's impending doom,  
 And pants for mighty honours, yet to come:  
 Swift as the *Falcon*, darting on its prey,  
 He springs elastic o'er the verdant way;  
 Sure of success, flies upward with a bound, 90  
 Derides the slow approach and spurns the ground.  
 Prone slips the youth; yet glorious in his fall,  
 With arm extended shews the captive ball.  
 Loud acclamations ev'ry mouth employ,  
 And echo rings the undulating joy. 95

THE *Counties* now the game triumphant lead,  
 And vaunt their numbers *fifty seven a-head*.

To end th' immortal honours of the day  
 The *Chiefs* of *Kent*, once more, their might essay;  
 No trifling toil ev'n yet remains untry'd, 100  
 Nor mean the numbers of the adverse *Side*.  
 With doubled skill each dang'rous ball they shun,  
 Strike with observing eye, with caution run.

At

VER. 84. *S---e*] Lord *John Sackville*, son to the duke of  
*Dorset*,



At length they know the wish'd for number near,  
Yet wildly pant, and *almost own* they fear. 105

The two last *Champions* even now are in,  
And but three *Notches* yet remain to win.

When, almost ready to recant its boast,

Ambitious *Kent* within an ace had lost;

The mounting ball, again obliquely driv'n, 110

Cuts the pure *æther*, soaring up to heav'n.

*Weymark* was ready: *Weymark*, all must own,

As sure a swain to *catch* as e'er was known;

Yet, whether *Jove*, and all-compelling *fate*,

In their high will determin'd *Kent* shou'd beat; 115

Or the lamented youth too much rely'd

On sure success, and *fortune* often try'd;

The erring ball, amazing to be told!

Slip'd thro' his out-stretch'd hand, and mock'd  
his hold.

AND now the sons of *Kent* complete the game,  
And firmly fix their *everlasting* fame.

T H E



## THE STAGE.

## A SATIRE.

EAGER to pull conceited *critics* down,  
 And lash that *rabble*, madly call'd *the town*;  
 Where *fops* and 'prentices in judgment sit,  
 And without sense, determine upon wit;  
 Where, rous'd to action with despotic fury,  
*Dullness* and *clamour* act both judge and jury;  
 I draw the pen.—A fierce relentless foe;  
 Ye sons of *ignorance* receive the blow!

FASHION and *folly*, adulated pair!  
 My strokes are chiefly aim'd at you, beware!  
 Ye, baneful sisters! giggling hand in hand,  
 The captivated multitude command;  
 And lead your foppish, giddy, glitt'ring train  
 Each night in thoughtless pomp to *Drury lane*;  
 Where the gay *vot'rist* 'mongst embroider'd  
 friends  
 Damns without *judgment*, without *taste* com-  
 mends;

And



And o'er disgrac'd *Melpomene* presides,  
As *folly* dictates, or as *fashion* guides.

SWEET *Shakespear's* numbers, *Garrick's* pierc-  
ing fire,

With partial warmth all tell you they admire.  
'Tis false.—How few perceive the pleasing smart  
With *real* joy expand their swelling heart?  
How few, from *real* sense convinc'd, approve  
The foul-stamp'd beauties of the *bard* I love?  
How few to fame, with conscious feelings, raise  
The darling *actor*, they are taught to praise?

SIR *Simon*, finely cram'd with wit and know-  
ledge,

His mother says—arrives in town from college.  
In ev'ry talent, air, drefs, breeding fit  
To shine a *George's* or a *Bedford* wit;  
When having loiter'd out the tedious day,  
He drestes—yawns—and fallies to the play;  
Pleas'd with the glitt'ring scene, his spirits glow,  
Alarm'd with tinsel glare, and idle show.

WHILE



WHILE kind *Cordelia*, plung'd in feign'd distress,  
 Gives pleasing woe and painful happiness;  
 Compassion, duty, mingled hope and fear,  
 The falt'ring voice, the sadly trickling tear,  
 On the touch'd soul a deep impression dart,  
 That throbbing pleads the lovely mourner's part;  
 While grief and pity in soft concord join'd  
 With flutt'ring transports humanize the mind.

UNTAUGHT himself to feel, and yet too proud  
 To own his error to a diff'ring croud;  
*Sir Simon*, fir'd with *Bacchanalian* feast,  
 Confirms his judgment, and avows his taste;  
 Remembers *Garrick's* robe, how loose it sat,  
 And deifies the *button* in his hat;  
 But proudly whispers in his Neighbour's ear,  
*Shakespear's* my fav'rite—Pray who wrote *King*  
*Lear*?

IN these sad times, each empty, pratt'ling hector  
 Assumes the scandal'd title of *Inspector*:  
 And to his *Clan*, with dictatorial face,  
 Argues of *Plot*, of *Action*, *Time* and *Place*;



Of *Sentiment*, of *Language*, *Wit* and *Sense*.

Vain arrogance and insolent pretence!

While embryon *Witlings*, ravish'd with the cause,  
Neglect their *Tea*, and wond'ring grin applause.

In future times, when wisdom's sacred hand  
Once more shall rule this now neglected land;  
When *Common Sense*, restor'd to her domain,  
Shall banish *Dullness* with her stupid train;  
And *Fashion's* apes, in wild exotic dance,  
Shall throng the Realms of *Italy* and *France*;  
Condemn'd to wander, maugre all their arts,  
Far, far from *British* skies, and *British* hearts:  
Our sons, astonish'd, shall with pain be told  
What wretched *whims* possess'd their fires of old;  
Shall hear with torture, *Shakespeare's* mangled fame  
Eclips'd by phantoms—then without a name;  
And plead injustice in great nature's rules  
That *Garrick* flourish'd in an age of fools.

An age whose taste no real worth cou'd hit,  
Where folly's varnish pass'd for sterling wit;

An



An age when *Pantomime* and *Bottles* fir'd,  
 And *F—e* and all his farces were admir'd.

THE *Stage* of old for precept was design'd,  
 To mend the morals and improve the mind;  
 To paint, as in a mirrour, virtue blest;  
 And strip offensive vice of peace and rest.  
 Hence to the useful tale the wise repair'd,  
 And patroniz'd the *Drama* with regard;  
 I' th' antient *Pit* ev'n *Socrates* was seen  
 A pleas'd spectator of th' instructive scene.

No tinsel tricks of prostituted art  
 Then sooth'd the fancy, or betray'd the heart;  
 No thrilling tones cou'd bribe the wounded ear,  
 To suffer nonsense, without pain or fear.  
 No gilded trifles cou'd atone th' offence  
 Of folly blust'ring in the garb of sense.  
 Then the fir'd *Muse*, to the delighted throng,  
 In heav'nly numbers, sacred lessons sung.  
 Then moral *Rectitude*, severe and pure,  
 Lighted up truth, and taught it to endure.

Strong,



Strong *Reason*'s solid charms inform'd the whole,  
 And deep impress'd conviction on the soul.  
 Then *Wisdom*'s patrons, *Wisdom*'s rules approv'd,  
 And *Virtue* pleaded to the sons she lov'd.

AH how unlike, in these degen'rate days,  
 The puny candidates for public praise!  
*Plays* now, the flutt'ring phantoms of an hour,  
 Glimmer a while, and then—exist no more.  
 Like plants, untimely rais'd, with sickly face,  
 The gen'rous work of nature's hand disgrace;  
 Puff'd by the breath of fools exulting rise:  
 But soon the helpless bubble breaks and dies.

THE glowing *Muse* wou'd touch the string in  
 vain,  
 To wond'ring judges of the present strain;  
 And as unprofitable dictates speak,  
 In modern *English* as in ancient *Greek*.  
 What room in bosoms for enliv'ning sense,  
 Where all is anarchy and rude offence?  
 Where *Dullness* fixes her despotic throne,  
 And claims the conquer'd mansion, as her own?

If



If *Shakespear*, *Britain's* darling! once again  
 Were mortal, and assum'd the magic pen;  
 Perhaps his works might pass—perhaps the *Pit*  
 Wou'd fear to mangle his *acknowledg'd* wit;  
 Because the partial *Critics* might have read,  
 Their fathers honour'd all that *Shakespear* said;  
 Not that they *felt* the energy divine  
 That flow'd harmonious in each pow'rful line;  
 Or that his utmost vigour could impart  
 A sense of merit on th' *unsoften'd* heart,

IN crouds th' assembled *Insects* press, to prey  
 On the fresh carcase of a new-born *Play*;  
 Each fool a *Minos* in his own esteem,  
 With sov'reign pow'r to pardon or condemn.

I'LL judge with candid freedom, *Fopling* cries;  
 In ev'ry sense the prattling puppy lies.  
 Nor pow'r nor will to fix a just decree,  
 Vain wretched witling, ever met in thee!  
 Whence can thy monstrous arrogance proceed,  
 To damn that author whom thou can'st not read?

AT



AT *four* conven'd, two tedious hours remain  
 Before the trembling poet can be slain ;  
 These in supreme delight the *Judges* waste,  
 Approve their *Genius*, and confirm their *Taste*.  
 Some the shrill *Trumpet*, some the *Cat-call* try,  
 And pierce with echoing screams the vaulted  
 sky.

Some skill'd in nobler *Mimickry* excel ;  
 You'd think 'em *Beasts*, they act the beast so well.  
 Here mews a *Cat*—there barks a snarling *Dog* ;  
 Here crows a *Cock*—there grunts a bristled *Hog*.  
 While fellow *Brutes*, fond of the glorious cause,  
 With deaf'ning clamours bellow fierce applause.  
 Th' affrighted *Author* hears the hideous din,  
 And breathes involuntary sighs within.

OTHERS inspir'd with harmony profound,  
 Attentive listen to th' enchanting sound ;  
 And sooth the frenzy of o'erheated brains,  
 With the sweet magic of persuasive strains ;  
 Prepar'd their judgments for the mighty stroke,  
 With *F—e's* *Vagaries*—or the grand *black Fock*.

SOME



SOME few, the foremost of the busy train,  
 Display the talents of *satyric* vein;  
 Dispers'd in various seats, with various art,  
 They reign in pointed pertness, keen or smart.  
 Perch'd on the *Benches* of the list'ning *Pit*,  
 Behold *Sir Mungo* tickles you with *Wit*!  
 While, from above, some rusticated clown  
 Roars from his empty stomach, *knock him down!*  
 Here *Nosey! Nosey!*—merry *Witlings* cry;  
 There *Taylors! Taylors!*—echoing *Smart's* reply.

CHAS'D from the deaf'ning scene th' affrighted

*Fair*

At distance wait th' event of barb'rous war;  
 And leave to savage fools the sole pretence  
 Of tyrannizing, in despite of sense.  
 Robb'd of their charms, unaided by their light,  
 Thick clouds prevail, and all is endless night;  
*Dullness* extends her empire far and wide,  
 And triumphs—loud in arrogance and pride.

To these the *Bard* his darling treasure brings,  
 To these, these wretched creatures idly sings;

The



The *Prologue* owns their taste, allows them wise;  
And meanly tickling, flatters, favours and lies.

To you all Honour, Rev'rence, Duty's due,  
I fall with pleasure, if I fall by you.

Poor artifice! deceitful, weak and vain!

Hiss'd by th' impatient throng, he turns his strain;  
Arraigns each *Critic* for a stupid clown,  
And full of conscious merit, damns the *Town*.

AVAUNT ye fools! from wisdom's sacred seat  
In haste, ye Sons of *Ignorance*, retreat!

The *Drama's* worth to you unfelt, unknown,  
Pursue delights more suited, more your own.

To gay *Burletta's* painted charms repair,  
Where sense shall never wound your tortur'd ear;  
Where the soft *Eunuch's* silver squeaks invite,  
And tones, unclogg'd with meaning, waste the  
night.

There, lost in boundless extasy and joy,  
Your smiling moments, free from care, employ;  
And purchase soothing pleasures, cheaply bought  
Without the dull extravagance of *thought*.



OR hark—the *Pantomime* invites! behold  
 The *Sorcerer* his fairy scenes unfold!  
*Rich* knows your taste—reward his honest care;  
 And for yet gaudier schemes of mirth prepare!  
 In multitudes o'ercharge the spacious dome,  
 Secure of lavish beauties, yet to come.

FLUSH'D with fresh vigour, *Harlequin* shall  
 soar;  
 New *Devils* sweetly sing, new *Dragons* roar;  
 To lulling strains the *Gods* shall dance the hay,  
 And painted *Gewgaws* glitter Thought away:  
*Merit* and *Wit* shall own themselves outdone,  
 And *Common Sense* shall yield to Mr. *Lun*.

E F A B L E



## F A B L E I.

*The Ape, the Monkey, the Rook and the Crow.*

## T O A P H Y S I C I A N.

**T**HINK not that I arraign the knowledge  
 Of the whole *Esculapian* college;  
 Or dare, *Drawcansir*-like, at once  
 Smite each physician, as a dunce;  
 When I aver, that some may know  
 As little, as they ought to do;  
 And, spite of bolus, draught or pill,  
 Instead of curing—sometimes kill.

MURDERS indeed by Doctors made,  
 Are only perquisites of trade;  
 While thousands by death's scythe are falling,  
 The quack but practises his calling;

And



And free from scandal or reproach,  
 Invents new poisons in his coach.  
 He and the hangman, hand in hand,  
 Consent to purge and thin the land;  
 And glut the grave's insatiate maw,  
 Alike protected by the law.

UNVARIED still great nature's rules  
 Disdain the government of fools,  
 Who daily change, with stupid notions,  
 The method of their spells and potions.  
 This year, with *drugs* you lose your breath,  
 The next you're *vomited* to death;  
 Then, chang'd the nature of proceeding,  
 The fashion suffers nought but *bleeding*.

THE doctor shakes his empty head  
 When *miss* informs him *master's* dead;  
 And takes his leave, with real sorrow,  
 Robb'd of th' expected *fee* to-morrow.  
 But comforts him—deluded fool!  
 That the poor patient died by *rule*.



AVARO, conscious of decay,  
(His pains increasing day by day)  
Yields to th' entreaties of his Wife,  
Fond to preserve a wretched life ;  
And with reluctant misery,  
Consents to part with double *fee*.

Two sons of *Galen* wait his will,  
Prepar'd to shew their utmost skill ;  
In learned terms, with sage grimace,  
They gravely argue on the case ;  
Then, strengthen'd by a firm alliance,  
Bid the disease and death defiance ;  
And, arm'd for war, in state proceed ;  
Sweat, blister, vomit, purge and bleed.  
Thro' ev'ry form of physic's art,  
They make the patient groan and smart ;  
And, with ingenious skill, contrive  
Ten thousand deaths to bid him live.

AT length, unable to endure,  
And quite despairing of a cure,

*Avaro*



*Avaro* cries—begone ye vermine!  
 Let heav'n my future fate determine!  
 I'll take no more; no more I'll bear  
 The curst torments you prepare:  
 A doctor's worse than death; an evil  
 Invented surely by the devil;  
 All hopes of mercy to dispel,  
 And give us here a taste of hell,

Th' amaz'd physicians start, and each  
 In nervous phrase begins to preach.

CONSIDER, Sir, your rash proceeding,  
 And try another gentle *bleeding*;  
 None can pretend, save God alone,  
 To answer yet what may be done:  
 If you refuse the means when sick,  
 You die a stubborn heretic.  
 Sir, as a *Christian*, pray reflect  
 The consequence of your neglect!  
 These are strange notions you're pursuing;  
 And heedless running to your ruin.



A little patience, on my soul!  
Will finish and complete the whole.  
'Tis sin to give despair its scope,  
While there remains one glimpse of hope;  
If obstinate you urge it further,  
I must declare it willful murder.

IN spite of all that you can say,  
*Avaro* whines,—I'll have my way,  
I banish all your nauseous slops,  
The dregs and poisons of your shops;  
No more my carcass shall be torn  
With pangs that are not to be borne;  
I'll now prescribe for my own diet,  
And since I must, I'll die in quiet.

STRUCK dumb with this unheard of pother,  
Each mute physician view'd his brother;  
And saw, in his astonish'd face  
The marks of horror and disgrace;  
Each felt the positive decree,  
Nor chance, nor hopes of future fee.

BUT



BUT other mischief now possess  
 With busy dang'rous doubts their breast;  
 What if *Avaro* shou'd renew  
 His shatter'd health when they withdrew;  
 And nature, unfatigued, attain  
 Her pristine fortitude again!

To obviate this—to salve this fore,  
*Sir Slop*, retiring to the door,  
 Obtained for physic a reprieve,  
 And thus, with cunning, took his leave.

I'm sorry, Sir, I'm forc'd to say,  
 You seek to throw yourself away;  
 And, doubting of their honest ends,  
 Combat and quarrel with your friends.  
 But Heav'n, perhaps, that best can tell  
 How very much we wish you well;  
 May yet prolong your fleeting breath,  
 And snatch you from the jaws of death.  
 You've many things within you yet  
 That have not ceas'd to operate;

And



And who can tell what they may do?  
 Troth, Sir, 'tis neither me nor you.  
 Farewel—I wish you yet may prove  
 How much we merit of your love.

O P H Y S I C ! phyfic! what a mine  
 Replete with mischief's pow'r, is thine!  
 Deaths in thy train triumphant ride,  
 Urg'd on by ignorance and pride;  
 While each pernicious fatal pill  
 Is taught, with confidence, to kill.  
 Chance, only chance, supports thy throne,  
 Thou reign'st in merit not thy own;  
 'Tis she that saves thy tott'ring weal,  
 And helps thee—now and then, to heal.

AN *Ape*, of most sagacious race,  
 Who carried wisdom in his face;  
 And murder'd still, without suspicion,  
 Under the notion of *physician*;  
 In antient days, as tales report,  
 Took up his residence at court.



No *Bishop* e'er so proud as he,  
 Who never smil'd, without a *Fee*.  
 He strok'd his face, and still look'd big,  
 Loaded with consequence—and wig.  
 From ev'ry quarter the brute herd  
 To this prodigious *Ape* repair'd ;  
 Their sad complaints and cases told,  
 And purchas'd pain and death, with gold.

Two neighbours, once upon a time,  
 That liv'd in a far distant clime ;  
 A pining *Rook* and tortur'd *Crow*,  
 (Resolv'd their destiny to know)  
 Sent up to court a pow'rful *Fee*,  
 And crav'd his learned *Recipé*.  
 With various ill, but equal pain,  
 They sigh'd and sought for ease in vain ;  
 The *Rook* he languish'd with the *Hip*,  
 The *Crow*, poor thing ! had got the *Pip*.

THE *Ape*, according to his notions,  
 Wrote—and dispatch'd the healing *Potions*.



Prepar'd with *Pharmacy's* best art  
 By a spruce *Monkey* pert and smart;  
 Who undertook the drugs to carry,  
 I' th' office of *Apothecary*,  
 And see 'em serv'd with dapper skill,  
 Obedient to the Doctor's will.

As nimbly he pursu'd his road,  
 And sought the *Patient's* known abode;  
 Behold a croud before him stood  
 Of *Monkeys*, in a neighb'ring wood;  
 Who grinning ask'd of this and that,  
 And question'd him with busy chat,  
 What strange adventure brought him down?  
 And how he lik'd the court and town?  
 What news was stirring? who was dead?  
 And what success he had in trade?

Th' *Apothecary*, fond t' appear  
 A beast of consequence and care;  
 On ev'ry point enlarg'd a little,  
 And match'd th' inquirers to a tittle;

Talk'd



Talk'd of his diligence and knowledge,  
 Admir'd by all the learned college;  
 And shew'd himself extremely pat in  
 That mighty Jargon—*Doctor's Latin*.  
 Then, with conceit portentous, swore  
 (As if 'twas never known before)  
 He and the glorious *Ape* his master  
 For ev'ry fore had found a plaister;  
 And reign'd the real cause of health  
 That flourish'd in the *Commonwealth*.

WHILE on this fav'rite topic bent,  
 His lungs were torn, his spirits spent;  
 His fellow *Monkeys*, who delight  
 In pleasant roguery and spite,  
 Rummag'd, inquisitive, his hoard,  
 With *Drugs* and *Slops* and *Julaps* stor'd,

FROM ev'ry *Pbial's* neck they took  
 The *Labels*, written—for the *Rook*.  
 And, with ingenious care, bestow  
 On those intended for the *Crow*.

Then



Then fix, to quite complete the case,  
 The *Crow's* directions in their place;  
 Resolv'd that each declining brother,  
 Shou'd take the *Dose*—design'd the other.

PUGG, bowing round, his story done,  
 Forfakes his friends, and journies on;  
 Arrives, and, ign'rant of the trick,  
 Applies his *Potions* to the sick.  
 Soon from disease to health restor'd,  
 The thankful *Birds* extol his *Lord*;  
 And eager, wheresoe'er they fly,  
 Exalt his praises to the sky.

THE *Monkey* now, confirm'd to fame,  
 Re-echoes still the Doctor's name;  
 And never knows—poor cheated creature!  
 That *Chance* alone assisted *Nature*.  
 Nor dreams the lucky *Birds* were mended  
 By means, where mischief was intended;  
 And that the weak *Physician* knew  
 So very little—what to do;

That



That had his *Drugs* been taken right,  
They *both* had sunk in endless *Night*.

## F A B L E II.

*The Lion, the Owl, the Fox, and the Dog.*

TO A JUSTICE OF PEACE.

WHILE of one faithful friend possess,  
I mean the friend within your breast;  
You need not fear your right discerning,  
For *Honesty* is more than *Learning*.  
Let that inform your steady tongue,  
I'll warrant you, you'll ne'er *judge* wrong.

You plead a want of sense and parts  
To sound the depth of human hearts;  
The judgment shou'd be sound and strong  
That sets the bounds of right and wrong;

The



The man, in your too curious eyes,  
That *judges*, shou'd at least be wise.

*Sagacity* and *Cunning* too

Are reckon'd of great weight with you ;

And of these virtues, sad disaster !

You cannot call yourself a master.

Whence you conclude, with solemn care,

You're much unfit to fill the chair ;

Incapable, at any rate,

To prove an useful *Magistrate*.

DEAR Sir, exert a proper spirit,  
Your modesty proclaims your merit ;

At least with kind attention bend

To the decision of your friend ;

And hear from his impartial mouth,

Th' unerring voice of sacred truth.

Not all the learned *Critic's* rules,

Not all the pedantry of schools,

Not all that ever cunning hit,

Arm'd with th' artillery of wit,

Can



Can form the judge. A nobler part  
 Confirms his claim—An *honest Heart*.  
 Possess'd of this for your defence,  
 In vain you plead a want of sense;  
 This *Advocate* will warmly speak,  
 Tho' void of *Latin* and of *Greek*;  
 And point with ease the certain road,  
 An *Index* of th' assisting *God*.  
 When ev'ry Scheme of *Art* shall fail,  
 This guide of *Nature* must prevail;  
 And yielding to its just decree,  
*Sancho* appears as great as *Lee*.

Your country claims her steady friend;  
 With diligence and care attend;  
 Profess, with joy, your pleas'd assent,  
 And rise its honest ornament.

It happen'd once, when fierce disputes  
 Rag'd heavily among the brutes;  
 When discord and intestine jar,  
 Provok'd the savage lords to war;

And



And thousands, in dire contest slain,  
Lay grov'ling on the bloody plain ;  
The *Lion*, heedless of repose,  
Groan'd deeply o'er his subjects woes ;  
And pond'ring long to find a cure  
For mischiefs likely to endure ;  
At length, his proclamation known,  
Summons the beasts before his throne ;  
Then thus, in accents stern and loud,  
Address his orders to the croud.

I SEE 'tis vain to counsel rest  
And quiet to a savage breast ;  
Peace cannot make her dwelling good  
In bosoms that are train'd to blood.  
But lest my kingdoms shou'd decay,  
Unpeopled by this horrid fray ;  
And hungry desolation reign  
In triumph o'er the ravag'd plain ;  
I am determin'd to create  
A *Judge* of ev'ry fierce debate ;

Who



Who shall with faithful hand dispense  
 Their due to *merit* or *offence*;  
 With ready warmth and high regard,  
 Each act of *Gentleness* reward;  
 And with sharp punishment preside  
 O'er *Mischief*, *Insolence* and *Pride*.  
 Whoever thinks his talents meet  
 To fill this high important seat,  
 May urge his claim—or *Beast* or *Vermine*,  
 And I his merit shall determine.

THIS said, the mighty *Monarch* ceas'd;  
 A murmur ran from *Beast* to *Beast*;  
 A while, struck speechless, not a word  
 Escap'd the tongue of *Brute* or *Bird*.

AT length, with solemn sage grimace,  
 (Perch'd on the forehead of an *Ass*)  
 The *Owl* thus spake.—Were not the good  
 Of my dear country understood;  
 I wou'd not barter my blest state  
 For pride, or struggle to be great.



Vain mortal grandeur I despise,  
*Content's* the treasure of the *Wise* ;  
But when our *Country's* in the case,  
All other motives must give place :  
No selfish reason shou'd prevail,  
While public welfare sinks the scale.  
That *I* am fit and *I* alone  
To sit supreme on judgment's throne,  
Will not admit of a dispute,  
From *Fish*, from *Insect*, *Bird* or *Brute*.  
Emblem of *Wisdom* ! I preside  
O'er earth and skies—*Minerva's* guide !  
And therefore claim the arduous prize  
Of right belonging to the *Wise*.

THIS said, with gravity profound  
He view'd the whole assembly round ;  
And paus'd—secure of ev'ry voice,  
As of *Necessity*, not *Choice*.

WHEN thus *Sir Reynard*, with a sneer,  
Are there no friends of *Wisdom* here?

What



What silent all? Oh, fie for shame!  
 The *Owl* has spoke—confirm his claim!  
 Nay then I see, that public good  
 Is very little understood.

BUT hold! methinks you seem my friends,  
 To slight the title he pretends;  
 Perhaps you think 'tis necessary  
 Not only to be *wise*, but *wary*;  
 For *Craft* has often times misled  
 The skill of most *sagacious* head,

BEHOLD *me* then, since fate requires,  
 Ready to answer your desires;  
 My subtlety I need not tell  
 None here but knows the *Fox* full well.  
 A fraud, secur'd in closest guise,  
 Will hardly 'scape my piercing eyes;  
*Me*, train'd in matchless arts and wiles,  
 He must be cunning who beguiles.  
 I doubt not to decide each *Cause*,  
 With approbation and applause.



THE *Brute* assembly growl'd, and each  
Seem'd highly pleas'd with *Reynard's* speech;  
When lo! the *Dog* besought accord  
To offer, e'er they fix'd, one word.  
Then thus.—My friends, no trivial call  
Demands th' attention of you all:  
Much hangs on this important cause;  
Your *Lives*, your *Liberties* and *Laws*.  
Consider well! let no disguise  
Impose on your impartial eyes!  
The aid of *Wisdom* or of *Art*  
Is vain without an *honest* heart.  
Where *thieves* shall judge, 'tis plain to see  
There's danger of a fair *Decree*.  
In spite of ev'ry thing they say,  
The *Owl* and *Fox* are beasts of prey;  
And who will doubt but they'd efface  
( 'Tis many a learned *Judge's* case)  
The force of *Conscience* in their breast,  
To give their appetites a *feast*.  
Certain there wou'd be pretty picking  
To fate their maws of *Mice* or *Chicken*.



Ah, never for an *Umpire* chuse  
 A wretch that can have private views ;  
 But if among your tribes is found  
 A heart that's truly just and found ;  
 Chuse *him* to settle your disputes,  
 Chuse him the Justice of the *Brutes*.  
 My life upon't, that beast is fit,  
 Tho' weak in *Wisdom* or in *Wit*.

Well ha'st thou spoke, the *Lion* cry'd,  
 And therefore *thou alone* preside :  
 From thy acknowledg'd friendly mouth,  
 Secure of honesty and truth,  
 We to thy gen'rous conduct trust,  
 Convinc'd *thy Sentence* will be just.

With universal shout and glee,  
 The *Brutes* confirm their King's decree ;  
 Own the *Dog* worthy to be great,  
 And place him in the *Chair of State*.

F A B L E



## F A B L E I I I.

*The Miser, the Prodigal, and the Guinea,*

To a R I C H M A N.

**T**HE use of riches, and their end,  
 You best by *Practice* recommend ;  
 While, by your means they're understood,  
 As if design'd for public good ;  
 The fountain you from which they flow,  
 To serve the *Multitude* below.

How blest the man (if fortune's show'r  
 With happy means bestow him pow'r)  
 How blest the man! whose open Mind,  
 Benevolent to all mankind,  
 Participates the poor's distress,  
 And glories in their happiness ;

What



What tender tremblings swell his heart!

The bliss of nature, not of art!

A joy no selfish wretch can feel,

A joy no tongue but his can tell;

A joy, all other joys above,

The sacred sense of social love!

SEE him! with bounteous hand, dispense

His gifts.—a second *Providence!*

See him, with pleasure most sincere,

From pain and anguish wipe the tear;

Support the lab'ring hand of toil,

Bid mourning cease, and sorrow smile;

Exchange for mirth the heart-felt groan,

And save the wretch who seem'd undone.

You know, as well as I can paint,

*You* are this heav'nly mortal saint;

*You* are the soul, whose bliss extends

Diffusive o'er your happy friends;

Whose riches seem to mankind giv'n,

By the peculiar choice of heav'n.

Each



Each day your bounty does renew,  
Each day some creature lives by you.  
Go on; pursue the happy road,  
That leads directly to your *God*;  
Benevolence! the sacred line,  
Approv'd by all the pow'rs divine.

You bid me tell, and fix the theme,  
Nearest to which suppos'd extreme  
True *Merit* lies, in riches' use,  
Betwixt the *Sparing* and *Profuse*.  
I poise 'em both in equal scale,  
Then thus proceed—attend the *Tale*.

In times of old, as Bards have fung,  
Each thing on earth had got a tongue.  
Not men alone, but beasts cou'd preach,  
Familiar in the use of speech.  
Nay spoons and dishes, chair and table  
Discours'd as well they were able;  
And tho' this gen'ral gift is gone,  
Confin'd, at last, to man alone;

Yet



Yet sure, whatever was intended,  
 The matter is not greatly mended ;  
 For many mortal *Blocks* can chatter,  
 As idly as cou'd *wooden Platter*.

In those good days, as by himself  
 Old *John* was brooding o'er his pelf ;  
 With care-trench'd brow and hollow eye,  
 The portrait of lean misery !  
 A miser, who to swell his store  
 Still kept his carcass starv'd and poor ;  
 And, heedless of his body's rags,  
 Sat anxious darning of his bags.  
 A sudden rap alarms his soul,  
 Aghast his haggard eyeballs roll ;  
 Ten thousand phantoms of pale fear,  
 At once erect his bristling hair !  
 Thieves! murders dreadful to behold !  
 His streaming blood ! and ravish'd gold !  
 His spectacles at once forsake  
 His nose—his joints, his sinews quake ;



In either hand, with eager haste,  
 He gripes his dear-lov'd money fast;  
 And, shudd'ring with extreme affright,  
 Huddles the treasure out of sight;  
 Then locks the draw'rs with busy care,  
 And trembling mutters out—who's there?

WHY how now, *Gripus*, what new evil  
 Art thou concerting with the Devil,  
 The *Squire* replies.—See I am come  
 To bring thee Money.—Art at home?  
 Ay, ay, quoth *John*, it were a sin  
 To make *you* wait—and let him in.

THE *Squire* displays the shining store;  
 The *Miser* counts it o'er and o'er;  
 With joy beholds the precious Sum,  
 And weighs each *Guinea* on his thumb.  
 Then thus—I wonder what content  
 You'll have, when all your cash is spent?  
 Can no sincere advice prevail  
 To cure a senseless *Prodigal*?

Troth



Troth I had warn'd you long ago  
 To save, and shun impending woe;  
 But that I thought your wasting coin  
 Would speak, and need no hint of mine;  
 Now you are ruin'd quite, I see,  
 And therefore truly I speak free.

THOU wretch! the *Prodigal* replies,  
 Thee and thy counsel I despise;  
 Whatever shall my fortune be,  
 I must be happier than thee.  
 Thou shalt remain tho' rich in ore,  
 A beggar still—thy soul is poor.

MONEY was always by kind heav'n  
 Design'd, and as a blessing given.  
 But what avails thee, wretched elf!  
 Thy hoarded fums of useles pelf?  
 Thy boasted riches are not thine;  
 In midst of plenty thou dost pine;  
 Thou only dream'st of golden joys;  
 Thy very happiness destroys;

Waking



Waking, oppress'd with fears and woes,  
And all of human race thy foes ;  
Loaded with wealth thou darst not waste,  
And cram'd with blifs thou canst not taste ;  
Contemn'd and hated shalt thou die,  
In vilest want and penury.

A CONTEST strait arose from hence,  
Pursued with equal virulence,  
Where each, with a peculiar spirit,  
Enlarges on his proper merit ;  
And, strengthen'd by his own decision,  
Treats his opponent with derision.

WHEN lo! a *Guinea*, that as yet  
Was not entomb'd i'th' *Miser's* net,  
Rais'd on the edge, it's silence broke,  
And thus, in golden accents, spoke.

I KNOW you both, and if you'll hear  
My judgment with a patient ear,

Doubt



Doubt not to set this matter right,  
 And place it in its proper light.  
 Nor think me partial, false or blind,  
 I smile alike on all mankind.  
 Will you, fierce disputants, agree  
 To trust your cause to my decree?

CHILD of my soul! the *Miser* cries,  
 While tears of joy bedew his eyes,  
 On thee my confidence is hung;  
 Pronounce—thou can’st not argue wrong.  
 I, says the *Prodigal*, resign  
 Content, my eloquence to thine;  
 Speak then, dear yellow boy! let’s hear!  
 I wait the issue without fear.

THUS then I faithfully decide,  
 Extremes are bad on either side;  
 But as ’tis hard to steer between,  
 And just possess the golden *mean*;  
 That *Warping* shou’d most honour’d be  
 That tends tow’rds *Generosity*,



The *Prodigal*, no selfish creature!  
Displays his feast to human nature.  
His faults from misplac'd virtue rise,  
Possess'd of *Goodness*—tho' not *wise*.  
He circulates the gifts of heav'n,  
As chearfully as they were giv'n;  
And while he's suffer'd to possess,  
Each *Guinea*'s in the road to bless

BUT thou, base creature! mak'st the source  
Of public good, a private curse!  
In thy vile chests I mould'ring lye  
And sigh for human misery;  
Condemn'd to serve for uselefs show,  
The greatest torment I can know.  
A gen'ral mischief and offence,  
Thou stay'st the hand of Providence;  
And hid'st the *Means* that were design'd  
To benefit and bless *Mankind*.



## F A B L E IV.

*The Barrister, and Common Sense.*

To a LAWYER.

I HATE the lumber of your courts;  
 Your musty *Deeds*, your old *Reports*;  
 Your *Records*, *Issues* and *Decrees*,  
 Your *Declarations* and your *Pleas*.  
 I hate the jargon of your law,  
 With which poor clients, kept in awe,  
 Are pos'd with dullness, while you bite 'em,  
 And lead 'em on—*ad infinitum*.

You know full well I've often sworn  
 Such Nonsense is not to be born;  
 Fair truth is, in itself, sincere,  
 Without disguise, serene and clear;  
 But *Lawyers* cloud the heav'n-born maid  
 With mists—to propagate their trade.

SOME



SOME very few, I own, there are  
 Like *you*, an honour to the *Bar*;  
 Who still maintain a just pretence  
 To reason, honesty and sense;  
 But listen to the gen'ral cry,  
 You'll find a *Lawyer* is a *Lie*.  
 With *Justice* always in his mouth,  
 A seeming advocate for truth,  
 His art, his study and his care,  
 Is still to hide the gen'rous pair;  
 Remote from human reach to place 'em,  
 Lest too much handling shou'd deface 'em.

OLD *Bronze* begins with *Hums* and *Haws*;  
 And *bumbly* moves t'explain the cause;  
 Declares he'll make it very short,  
 And, *therefore then*, convince the court.

WITH *Applications* out of season,  
 With *Arguments* devoid of reason,  
 With *Precedents* that nothing prove,  
 With *Words* that neither mean nor move;

He



He blunders, puzzles, plagues, offends;  
And, as he *open'd*, so he *ends*.

A *Phantom* once, as it is said,  
Appear'd at foot of *Bronze's* bed,  
While yet a *Clerk* untaught and raw,  
He scrawl'd and muddled at the law;  
And, pester'd with furrounding fleas,  
Shiver'd—and dreamt of future *Fees*.  
Be this, it cried, be this decreed,  
Th' unerring method you proceed;  
Learn ev'ry *Quirk*, each *Quibble* try,  
*Dissemble*, *brow-beat*, *scold* and *lie*;  
Bid conscience, honour, truth and sense  
Give way to sternest *Impudence*;  
Puzzle with *Forms*, with *Error* wound,  
And if you can't *confute*, *confound*.

THE *Term* was o'er—i'th' silent *Hall*  
No longer heavy *Sergeants* bawl,  
And rouse thick *Dullness* from her trance,  
With barb'rous, noisy *Dissonance*;

I

Charm'd



Charm'd for a while, glad quiet saw

The sleeping *Dragons* of the law.

When *Ignoramus*, for retreat,

Resided at his country seat.

A *Barrister* as wise and wary

As e'er turn'd *Jacob's Dictionary* ;

Or skill'd in *Latitats* and *Entries*,

Discours'd of *Salkeld* and of *Ventris* ;

His judgment solid, and his head

A mighty quintessence — of *Lead*.

FORTH as he walk'd, while bowing round

Th' affrighted plowmen kiss'd the ground ;

A *stranger* met him, touch'd his hat,

And, smiling, enter'd into chat ;

On nature's works, with gentle phrase,

He talk'd, and dealt 'em modest praise ;

Admir'd the fields, the trees, the floods,

The greens, the meadows, and the woods.

THE *Lawyer*, stedfastly possess'd

With th' air and mein of his new guest ;

Put



Put on a form of sage grimace,  
 Then thus—sure, Sir, I've seen your face;  
 You'll pardon me—but—you resort  
 I think—on *Birth-days* much to *Court*?

NOT I indeed. You see I'm plain,  
 I've sought admittance oft in vain;  
 They all exclaim, with haughty air,  
 And tell me I've no bus'ness there;  
 A *Garb* like mine must still give place  
 To bustling *Impudence* and *lace*.

WHY then, your countenance I've seen  
 At *Furnivall's* or *Lincoln's Inn*?

INDEED, Sir, you mistake me far,  
 I scarce can tell you where *they* are. }  
 Have I not seen you at the *Bar*? }  
 Never—that's strange!—oh, now I'll hit ye,  
*Guildhall*!—You live, Sir, in the *City*;  
 Tho', by my troth, you're somewhat spare,  
 To diet much with my *Lord May'r*.

YOU'RE



You'RE quite deceiv'd.—I needs must own,  
 I've often wish'd to wear the *Gown*;  
 But still, the painful study tried,  
 I found my *Talents* misapplied;  
 With wond'ring eyes amaz'd I saw  
 A cloud of *Forms* eclipse the *Law*;  
 A crust of endless *Dullness* spread,  
 Perplex'd me more, the more I read.

TELL me, dear Sir, the real cause  
 Why you envelop thus the *Laws*?  
 Sure 'tis an error in *Proceedings*,  
 That *Fact* shou'd have such various *Readings*.  
 I vow, I think, 'twou'd be as good,  
 If ev'ry mortal understood.  
 And pray Sir, tell me the pretence  
 From *Courts* to banish *Common Sense*?

SIR, *Common Sense*, says *Ignoramus*,  
 Is a mere foe, and soon wou'd tame us.  
 If he presided, I assure you,  
 There'd be no bus'ness for the *Jury*.

That



That *Lawyer* must have little spirit,  
 Who owns him lord of any merit,  
 Who, with impertinent decree,  
 Wou'd end a cause, for single fee,  
 That rightly manag'd might create  
 The undertakers an *Estate* ;  
 And led to *Issue* with due care  
 Of *Forms*, essential to the *Bar*,  
 For many years involv'd might lye  
 In the high *Court* of *Equity*.

THE world perhaps may yield him praise,  
 And seem to honour all his ways ;  
 But 'tis an idle tale they tell,  
 He's a meer *Afs.*—I know him well.

You know him well! the *Stranger* cries,  
 (And anger kindled in his eyes,)  
 'Tis false ; you never heard him speak,  
 His Sentences to you are *Greek* ;  
 Bury'd and lost in *Error's* shade,  
 Ev'n of his *Title* you're afraid.

BUT



BUT 'tis a shame to squander speech,  
On such a harden'd stupid wretch.  
Reply not with an apish sneer,  
Nor wound with *Folly's* phrase mine ear.  
To strip thee of each vain defence,  
Know, creature!—I am *Common Sense*.

THIS spoke, the frowning *Vision* fled;  
The guilty *Lawyer* hung his head.

WHEN lo! his *Clerk*, dispatch'd from town,  
On mighty cause—*Black* versus *Brown*;  
Discover'd first his silent master,  
Involv'd in infinite disaster;  
While *fear* of accent had bereft him,  
And *Common Sense* but just had left him.  
Most opportune to his relief,  
Arriv'd the sage, the puzzling *Brief*;  
Amus'd with *Dullness* he withdrew,  
And quite forgot the *Interview*.

F A B L E



## F A B L E V.

*The knighted Afs, and the Mastiff.*

TO a LORD.

**A**S good as great, where'er you move  
 You purchase *universal* love.

With pleasure, unallay'd by fear,  
 The men, your dignity revere;  
 And virgins dote upon the grace  
 And matchless glories of your face.

BUT think not, Sir, your *Patent's* name  
 Alone exalts you to this fame;  
 Or that thus highly you're ador'd,  
 Merely because you are a *Lord*.

THE man who *Titles* does inherit,  
 Himself undignify'd by *Merit*,

A vile



A vile dishonour to his *Race*,  
 By *Birth* accumulates disgrace;  
 And rises, fortune's meanest tool,  
 Stamp'd and distinguish'd for a *Fool*.

CEASE idle *Momus*, cease to boast!  
 In thee *Nobility* is lost.  
 Audacious wretch! that dar'st to tell  
 Thy sire for *England's* glory fell;  
 Eager in *foreign Fields* to prove  
 The darling flame—his country's love.  
 While thou, vain flutt'ring child of fear!  
 Start'st if a drum assault thy ear;  
 And, dreading distant climes to roam,  
 Liv'st a mean, slavish *Pimp—at home*.

SAYS Sir *John Clump*—now father's dead,  
 I'll represent you, in his stead!  
 You need not so lament his end,  
 As I'm resolv'd to stand your friend.  
 What *Boys!*—altho' the *old one's* gone,  
 Consider, still you've got *Sir John*.



WE own, good Sir, your *Title's* great ;  
 We own you *Lord* of the *Estate* !  
 Yet we must fear, with weeping eye,  
 'Tis hard your *Father* to supply ;  
 With learning, judgment, and with sense,  
 Adorn'd with noblest eloquence,  
 He knew his pow'rful truths t' impart,  
 And strike the most unfeeling heart ;  
 While rapt *Attention* ravish'd hung  
 On the sweet *Magic* of his *Tongue* !  
 Ah sharp extreme of human woe !  
 The *Great* these riches can't bestow ;  
 Houses and land and gold they give,  
 And after 'em their titles *live* ;  
 I' th' *Urn*, worth, wisdom, virtue lye,  
 And with the great possessors *die*.  
 'Twere better thou hadst ne'er been born,  
 Thy *Titles* will procure thee scorn ;  
 A foolish *Mother* has undone  
 And brought to shame her darling *Son*.  
 Ah never seek to fill the place  
 Of thy dead *Parent* with disgrace !



For how shou'dst thou supply *his* stead,  
Who never yet wast taught to *read*?

AN *Ass*, of pretty parts and breeding,  
As on a *Common* he was feeding,  
Where fav'ry thistles pleas'd his taste,  
And yielded a sublime repast ;  
By chance discern'd a *Miser*'s hoard,  
With dazzling pomp of riches stor'd.  
Struck with the pleasing sight, awhile  
He view'd it with sagacious smile ;  
But soon, possess'd with busy fears,  
Alarm'd he starts and cocks his ears ;  
Dreads ev'ry motion of the wind,  
And wishes much for eyes behind.  
At length resolv'd, he marks the *Spot*,  
And hastes to *Court* with eager trot ;  
Informs the *Lion* of th' adventure,  
And bids him on *Possession* enter.

THE mighty *Monarch*, fond to hear  
Of the discover'd gold so near ;

Sends



Sends a stout *Troop of Horse* to bring  
 The prize, in triumph to their *King*;  
 And swell'd with transport, joy and pleasure,  
 Grumbles, delighted, o'er the *Treasure*.

THEN to the *Afs*—my worthy son!  
 How shall I thank this service done?  
 What shall thy *Sov'reign* do, to tell  
 How he admires thy honest *Zea*?  
 Is there a thought, a wish, a want  
 Thy heart desires, that I can grant?  
 By the *Moon's* radiant orb, I swear,  
 Thou shalt possess the boon—declare.

My gracious *Liege*—replies the *Afs*,  
 I have enough of *Hay* and *Grass*;  
 I live in plenteousness—and yet,  
 There's something—Sir—I wou'd be *Great*;  
 My heart to *Honour* does aspire,  
 A *Title* is my vast desire.  
 I must confess that—if I might,  
 I shou'd be glad to be a *Knight*.



A *Knight* return'd the *Lion*!—kneel,  
 This instant shall thy wish fulfill;  
 Thy *Emulation*'s just and wise;  
 Receive this blow.—Sir *Dapple* rise!

THE *Ass*, thus dignify'd, from hence  
 Assumes profoundest consequence;  
*Precedence* claims, and *Rev'rence* shown  
 To honours lent him from the *Crown*;  
 And practises a formal Gait,  
 Adapted to his *Pow'r* and *State*.

ONE morning, as he stalk'd abroad,  
 A *Mastiff* met him on the road;  
 To whom, elate with haughty pride,  
 In accents loud, Sir *Dapple* cried,  
*Cur!*—quit the path without resistance!  
 And henceforth, learn to know your distance!  
 With cringing pace, avoid my fight!  
 Or dread the anger of a knight.  
 I wonder whence this *Rudeness* came!  
 Sure thou art ign'rant, *what I am!*

Vain



VAIN *Fop*! with scorn the *Dog* return'd,  
 And *Fury* in his bosom burn'd;  
 Too well I know thy vile degree,  
 And baseness—known to all but thee!  
 What has possess'd thee, silly creature!  
 To think a *Title* hides thy *Nature*?  
 The *Trappings*, lent thee by the court,  
 Distinguish thee for public sport;  
 And fix a gen'ral mark of shame  
 Upon thy prostituted *Name*.

SCOUNDRELS may tell thee thou art wise,  
 And sound thy praises to the skies;  
 While, tickled with such *venal* art,  
*Folly* and *Pride* distend thy heart;  
 But honest minds—be taught from me!  
 Despise thy wretched *Dignity*;  
 And but esteem thee on that score,  
 A greater *Blockhead* than before.

SUCH *Truths* as these thou canst not bear;  
 I knew, at first, they'd make thee stare.

But



But this, at least, I must commend  
 To thy strict caution—as a friend ;  
 Avoid me still, and give the *Wall* ;  
 Or else thy *Pride* may meet a *Fall* ;  
 For if perverse thou striv'st to pass,  
 I must convince thee—thou'rt an *Ass*.

## F A B L E VI.

Cupid, *and the married Couple.*

To a Y O U N G L A D Y.

**S**TRUCK with the charms that are combin'd  
 To paint thy *Form*, and grace thy *Mind* ;  
 The matchless glories that arise  
 From thy dear *Heart*, to arm thy *Eyes* ;  
 Which, taught with virtuous magic, roll,  
 And glance their vigour on my soul ;  
 I wish, sweet *Maid* ! I cou'd bestow  
*Security* from human woe ;

And



And with *determinate* success  
*Assure* thee certain *Happiness*.

BUT stern *Misfortune's* rigid hand  
 Can *Virtue's* genius oft command ;  
 And with severity and pride,  
 May over *Beauty's* self preside.

NATURE is wise we still declare,  
 Tho' strange absurdities appear ;  
 Why else, obedient to her will,  
 Do *Blites* the fairest *blofoms* kill ?  
 Does she delicious fruit create  
 Merely to revel in its *fate* ?  
 With promis'd joys allure the eye,  
 Resolv'd to cheat—and bid 'em die.  
 Or is it but an *Emblem* shown,  
 A *Lesson* proper to be known ;  
 A *Hint* to mortal pride—a *Glass*  
 Reflecting how our joys may pass ;  
 How transient ev'ry fleeting pleasure ;  
 A *Bubble*, what we dream a *Treasure*.



FAIR *One!* esteem it such, and try  
The faithful moral to apply!  
Think, tho' possess'd of ev'ry grace  
That can adorn the *Soul* or *Face*;  
Think, tho' to ev'ry vice a stranger,  
Yet, even yet, you are in *danger*,

ME, envious accidents withstand  
Where my *Heart* loves to give my *Hand*;  
My soul is wedded to thy charms,  
But *Heav'n* forbids to fill thy arms.  
The only comfort I can prove  
Is to advise the *Maid* I love;  
To point the *Rocks* that may destroy,  
Th' attainment of thy promis'd *Joy*;  
And, by precaution, set thee free  
From chance of future *Misery*.

LOVE's violated name, I know,  
The greatest source of female woe;  
His pleasing shape vile *Cheats* assume,  
And, in that fond disguise, o'ercome.

I WOU'D



I wou'd not wish thy charms shou'd waste,  
 Envious because I cannot taste ;  
 Thou wast design'd by heav'n, to bless  
 Some fav'rite youth to vast excess ;  
 And *Love*, to happy mortals giv'n,  
 If *real*—is a *real* heav'n.  
 But least, betray'd by treach'rous art,  
 Thy own dear *merit* cheat thy heart ;  
 Thy *virtue*, prompting to believe,  
 Because unknowing to deceive ;  
 If an *Example* may prevail,  
 The end is answer'd by my tale.

A MARRIED *Pair*, who, mighty soon,  
 After the blifs of *Honey-moon*,  
 Began to lead a wretched life,  
 Involv'd in endless feuds and strife ;  
 And struggled fiercely with the chain  
 Of *Hymen*—cause of all their pain !  
 With mutual sharp revilings strove  
 To curse the cruel *God of Love*.

L

DECEITFUL



DECEITFUL urchin!—treach'rous boy!  
 Parent of mischief, not of joy!  
 Author of universal ill,  
 That *smil'st* but with design to *kill!*  
 To thee alone our pangs we owe,  
 To thee, false deity! our woe.  
 Why did thy soothing arts prevail?  
 Why did we listen to thy tale?  
 Too late, alas! we now descry  
 Thy boasted pleasures, all a *Lie*.

O MAY deluded *Youths* no more  
 Thy flatt'ring, fatal pow'r adore!  
 No more fond *Maids* thy aid invoke,  
 No more thy cursed altars smoke!

THESE scurril taunts young *Cupid* heard,  
 And, in a golden cloud, appear'd;  
 Confest to fight his radiant face  
 Adorn'd with inexpressive grace;  
 But (touch'd with wrath) while thus he said,  
 Impurpled with celestial *Red*.



WHY blame ye *me*, perfidious elves!  
 Who brought your tortures on *yourselves*?  
 Did *I* within your bosoms reign,  
 Ye never cou'd experience pain.  
*My* influence nought but *bliss* imparts,  
 Substantial *bliss*, to yielding hearts;  
 Who, to the sweet communion prone,  
 Entirely blend, and live in *one*;  
 One wish, one will, directs the whole,  
 One perfect, undistinguish'd *Soul*.

WHEN ill join'd *Pairs* eccentric move,  
 They lay the blame on guiltless *Love*;  
 Who, innocent of all they do,  
 Them or their actions never knew.

STRUCK with the glare of outward charms,  
*Pride* threw thee to the fair one's arms;  
 The prize thy *vanity* desir'd,  
 Because ten thousand fops admir'd.  
*She*, flatter'd by thy prating spirit,  
 And ne'er engaging for thy *Merit*;



In a fond, careless, fatal day,  
 Vain *Wanton!*—threw her heart away.

AND wou'd you dare, mean boast!—to prove  
 These light emotions, sacred *Love?*  
 How vain the arrogant pretence!  
 Justly ye suffer for th' offence.  
 Now learn too late; from error wake;  
 And feel the force of your mistake.  
 Millions of idle *Phantoms* claim  
 The sanction of my pow'rful name;  
 And, under that assum'd disguise,  
 Spread mischief, misery and lies;  
 Torture, deceive, distress and blind,  
 And tyrannize o'er *Human-kind*.

HONOUR and virtue in *my* train  
 Delights improve—secure from pain.  
 No tongue my raptures can express,  
 A certain solid *Happiness*;  
 A mighty *bliss* that never cloy,  
 An earnest of *immortal Joys*.

F A B L E



## FABLE VII.

*The Monk and the Traveller,*

TO A PEDANT.

**K**NOWLEDGE, to practice unapply'd,  
Is vile stupidity and pride.

What point of wisdom canst thou reach,

By the mere use of various *Speech*?

In spite of all your quaint discerning,

You have mistook the *End* of Learning.

On *Science* doating, I am told

You slight the fairy charms of gold;

And of all creatures fond and vain,

The *Miser* meets your first disdain.

*Wretch*, to hide sums of useless *Pelf*!

And yet this creature is yourself.

Observe him, with impartial eyes,

You, who wou'd fain be reckon'd wise;

And



And you shall own, to your disgrace,  
The *Miser's* much the better case.

HE can produce, in his defence,  
A plausible, tho' weak pretence:  
Shou'd he consent his wealth to taste,  
The darling heaps in time might waste;  
And, doom'd to lose the precious store,  
He might perhaps—at length—be poor.  
But *Learning's* fund can ne'er decay,  
Tho' freely squander'd ev'ry day;  
Imparted, like the gen'rous flame,  
That, still creating—lives the same.

THE gift of *Knowledge* was design'd  
To polish and correct the mind;  
To combat peril, pain and strife,  
And sweeten all the sweets of life.  
For this we great *Examples* read,  
And dote on the illustrious *dead*;  
Taught by experienc'd woes to shun  
The *Rocks*, where others were undone;



Or, by discover'd marks, to guess  
 The road that leads to *Happiness*.  
 But (never meant by heav'n's decree  
 To strengthen selfish vanity)  
 It always yet was understood  
 A *Channel* cut for public good;  
 A sea that copious might extend,  
 And *ebb* and *flow*—from friend to friend.

How stupid is the Sot's proceeding,  
 Who reads but for the sake of reading!  
 Profoundly moping by himself,  
 Silent, and growing to the *Shelf*:  
 Envelop'd still in learned *Sloth*,  
 The mere existence of a *Moth*.

*Dullness*, in wisdom's grand disguise,  
 With endless jargon, strains his eyes;  
 Th' extremest joy his wish affords,  
 Is to devour a *Mass of Words*.  
 From thence no just advantage gleaning,  
 He blunders still about a *Meaning*;

From



From books—elaborately dull,  
From *Learning's* use—confirm'd a *Fool*.

A *Youth* to thirst of knowledge prone,  
For foreign climates, left his own ;  
Bent, by experience, to improve  
His early sense of social love ;  
And, scanning *Men* and *Manners*, see  
How *Proof* and *Theory* agree.  
He travers'd lands of various name,  
And saw whate'er was dear to fame ;  
Survey'd their treasures, as he pass'd,  
Indulg'd his *Wish*, and form'd his *Taste*.

A *Monk* once chanc'd to be his guide,  
Who thus profess'd his country's pride ;  
Not all thou hast beheld, tho' rare,  
Can with our *Church's* wealth compare ;  
*Loretto's* chapel can excell  
All that *Egyptian* Legends tell.  
Behold with high, enraptur'd pleasure,  
The vast, the glorious, sacred treasure!

The



The precious *Offerings!*—*Gifts* divine!  
That load with wealth this *hallow'd* shrine.

THE *Trav'ler*, with intent surprise,  
On the gay vision fix'd his eyes;  
Then sighing, from reflection's pain,  
Mix'd with contempt and just disdain,  
While the scar'd *Churchman* cross'd his breast,  
These honest sentiments express'd.

ENTHUSIASTS! whence this idle show?  
On whom do you these heaps bestow?  
To whom these lavish riches giv'n?  
Blasphemous mock of injur'd *Heav'n!*  
Know wretches, while these gifts you hide,  
Mean sacrifice of mortal pride!  
With selfish mischief, you prevent  
The good that bounteous nature meant;  
And triumph, impiously inclin'd,  
A gen'ral *Nusance* to mankind;  
While useless here you lodge the store  
That might relieve and bless the *poor*;

M

And,



And, as no social blifs were known  
 Within your hearts—your hearts of *Stone!*  
 The *Means* to proud oblivion give  
 By which your suff'ring friends might *live.*

## F A B L E VIII.

*The two Fishes.*

To a B A N K R U P T.

W H Y are these sharp invectives thrown?  
 Why rails the world at *me* alone?  
 Am I the *only* Bankrupt made?  
 Pray who can help precarious *Trade*?  
 My friend, the merchant at next door,  
 With all his care, has *fail'd* before.  
 I hear you Sir;—he fail'd, you say,  
 But in a mighty diff'rent way.  
 Whom mischiefs unforeseen surprise,  
 We justly view with pitying eyes;

But



But he whose vices wing his fate,  
Deserves our *Censure, Scorn* and *Hate*.

Fix'd on the margin of the flood,  
Eager for prey the *Fishers* stood;  
And strain'd with fix'd attention, note  
The motions of the bobbing *Float*.  
While *others* cross the river set,  
With greedier hopes, th' entangling *Net*;  
As if maliciously combin'd  
T'exterminate the *scaly kind*.  
*Promiscuous* in the basket cast  
Th' unhappy *Captives* breathe their last;  
Gasping in thinner air lament  
The loss of native *Element*;  
In crouded heaps, disorder'd lye,  
And, rack'd with fierce convulsions, die.

WHEN thus, as ready to expire,  
A wretched *Carp* bespoke his *Sire*:  
Ah cruel fate! severe decree!  
A doom no prudence could foresee.

We



We are condemn'd, unhappy *Pair* !  
 Tho' guiltless, to extreme despair.  
 All hopes of pleasure lost, no more  
 We now shall sport from *Shore to Shore*.  
 With *Fins* distended basking rise,  
 And, glitt'ring to the sunny skies,  
 Our bright enamell'd *Coats* unfold,  
 Bedrop'd with gayly colour'd gold ;  
 Triumphant glide the liquid way,  
 Or on the oozy bottom stray.

TORN from the sight of ev'ry friend,  
 Here must our wretched being end ;  
 And soon alas ! we shall be food,  
 For cruel *Man's* voracious brood,

AH ! why did I this fatal day  
 Forsake the *Bank* where safe I lay ?  
 And, urg'd by keener motives, roam  
 To meet my dread impending doom ?  
 Sad comfort—(now convinc'd too late)  
 That *Multitudes* partake my fate.



SAD comfort truly—says the *Sire*,  
 And vain thy poor lament and ire ;  
 But greater woe attends *thy* fall,  
 A case not common to us all,  
 We *all* must perish, 'tis most true,  
 But all deserve it not, like *you*.  
 An *accident*, by will of heav'n,  
 To *us* our final lot has giv'n ;  
 The cruel *Net* around us thrown,  
 Implies no *Error* of our own.  
 But *thou*, vain quintessence of pride !  
 Whom gen'rous counsel ne'er could guide,  
 Stray'd from surrounding friends hast *bled*,  
 And *pull'd* this ruin on thy head.

THE scaly tribes, both small and great,  
 Shall sigh at *our* untimely fate ;  
 But ev'ry *Fish* of spirit must  
 Allow *thy* rigid Sentence just ;  
 And never dare to pity *thee*  
 The *Victim* of foul *Gluttony*.



## F A B L E IX.

*The Parents and their Daughter.*

To a M O T H E R.

**Y**OUR kindness and maternal love  
 I own, dear Madam, I approve;  
 In justice too I must declare,  
 Your offspring worthy of your care;  
 Yet sometimes, if his faults you'd mend,  
 (He must have faults)—seem less his friend,  
 What will not *Prejudice* persuade  
 When firmly fix'd in *Reason's* stead?  
 Or how can they a *Blemish* find,  
 Whom partial fondness renders *blind*?

SIR *Am'rous* woo'd a city *Dame*,  
 Who met with equal fire, his flame;  
 Wedded, what earthly swain cou'd be  
 So blest with chaste delights as he!

He



He dreamt of an eternal noon  
 In *Wedlock's* sweetest honey moon;  
 And thought his joys, sincere and pure,  
 Must still, without allay, endure;  
 Lamenting nought but mortal life,  
 Too short to relish such a *Wife*.

BUT soon convinc'd, he chang'd his strain,  
 He found his pleasing visions vain;  
 For *Madam*, now a Lady made,  
 Began to exercise her trade;  
 At home, abroad, at bed and board,  
 She proudly rein'd her servile *Lord*.  
 He lov'd an easy, quiet life,  
 So tamely yielded to his wife,  
 And rather than disturb repose,  
 Submitted, to be led by th' *Nose*.

A *Daughter* crown'd their joys, and grew  
 Under *Mamma's* peculiar view;  
*Miss* knew whatever was polite,  
 Much sooner than to read or write;

And



And e'er she cou'd attain fifteen,  
In manners was a perfect *Queen*.

Th' enraptur'd mother cries, my dear,  
*Polly's* a charming *Wit*, I'll swear.  
Nothing in short is said, but she  
Is arm'd with lovely *Repartee*:  
So delicate! so nice! so smart!  
Thank God! she's after my *own* heart.  
Indeed, my dear, replies the *Sire*,  
The *Girl's* exceeding full of fire;  
She all *your* graces does inherit,  
And proves replete with brilliant spirit;  
And all, no doubt, who view her well,  
Must own her an accomplish'd *Belle*.

*Mamma* thus trumpets *Polly's* praise,  
And *Noodle* echoes all *she* says;  
Till the fond *Girl*, important grown,  
Thinks no *Wit* current but her own;  
And most officiously presumes  
To rule the roast, where'er she comes;

Flings



Flings her stale *Jokes*, and vends for sense

The most despis'd *Impertinence*.

Till, wretched fate! herself's become

The *real* jest of ev'ry room;

And to reward her *witty* vein

Meets *Scoff*, *Derision* and *Disdain*.

## F A B L E X.

*The Rock and the Billows.*

TO a FRIEND.

**T**O you, from *my* still grateful tongue,

This worthy *Maxim* shall be sung;

Nor force, nor fraud, nor treach'rous art,

Have pow'r to move an *honest heart*.

WHEN sharp adversity's bleak show'r,

On my bare head its storms did pour;

When *Villains* tore my wounded name,

And *Envy's* bite attack'd my *fame*;

N

While



While ev'ry mischief strove t'offend,  
 Still I found comfort in my *Friend*.  
 His lenient hand remov'd my care,  
 His gen'rous aid forbad despair;  
 And spite of *Slander's* cruel aim  
 He, still unvenom'd, smil'd the same.

A *Rock*, surrounded by the flood,  
 In spite of opposition stood;  
 In vain the still returning sea,  
 Attempts his fall by slow decay;  
 In vain the envious murm'ring *Tide*  
 With angry *Foam* assaults his side;  
 Superior still he keeps his state,  
*Fix'd*, and majestically *great*,  
 Both *Art* and *Force*, with scorn defies,  
 And lifts his *Honours* to the skies.

WHEN thus the waves that broke around,  
 Mutter'd in hoarsly grumbling sound.  
 Proud and imperious! for what cause  
 Dost thou oppose great *Nature's* laws?

See't



See'st not, to *our* commanding fway,  
 All other *Obstacles* give way?  
 The yielding *Shore* on either fide  
 Pays homage to the fwelling *Tide*;  
 And with fubmiffive modeft grace  
 Retiring, yields the *Billows* place.

YOUR efforts vain, the *Rock* replies,  
 With honeft firmnefs I defpife.  
 Nature's unerring will I *feek*;  
 'Tis *you* that wou'd her orders break.  
 Here plac'd by *heav'n's* fupreme decree,  
 Unmov'd, I fcorn th' encroaching *Sea*;  
 Determin'd to continue juft,  
 Faithful and ftedfaft to my truft.

THOSE *Arts* that o'er the weak prevail,  
 Baffled by *Conftancy*, muft fail.  
 Successful ftill your guile employ,  
 And eafy crumbling *Shores* deftroy;  
 But while you triumph o'er loofe *Sand*,  
 The found determin'd *Rock* fhall ftand.



## E P I L O G U E.

Spoken at DUMFRIES.

**Y**OUNG and unpractis'd in the *Drama's* art,  
 To strike the fancy, or to move the heart,  
 With mimic rage to bid the passions rise,  
 And fill with gen'rous tears the fair one's eyes;  
 Or swell'd with comic vigour laugh, and see  
 The *Audience* fir'd with sympathetic glee;  
 Behold me here!—unconscious what to say,  
 Amaz'd! confounded!—like a Stag at Bay.

An *Epilogue!* hard task! the treach'rous coast  
 On which so many straggling wits are lost;  
 Where ev'ry quirk of *Fancy* has been try'd,  
 And folly flourish'd with an eagle's pride;  
 Where sense by *Ribaldry* has been outdone,  
 And fainting Reason skulk'd behind a *Pun*.

What



WHAT subject then? 'tis dang'rous to determine ;

As *Gay* says—*diff'rent tastes please diff'rent vermine.*

THE surly *Critick*, with his half-shut eye,  
 Who scarcely breathes an accent but—*ob fie!*  
 Love's *Epilogues* that scandalize the *Great*,  
 And glance ill-manner'd satire on the state ;  
 While smirking *Miss*, much more politely bred,  
 Has quite a diff'rent matter in *her* head ;  
 And slyly peeping from her fav'rite fan,  
 Seems to say—make me blush now—if you can.  
 The *Wits* delight in sprightly turns and raillery ;  
 While noise and ranting charms the *upper Gallery*.  
 Thus various *Taste* distinguishes you all,  
 Only the *Fops*, and they've —no *Taste* at all.

HEAR *Nature* speak ! attend her faithful rules !  
 Her weakest pupils still are modest fools.  
 Against her dictates we but strive in vain,  
 Tho' art may chase her, she'll return again.  
 Nor *Lawyer's* robes, nor *Pedant's* formal face,  
 If *Nature* meant a clown, can screen the *Ass*.

Not



Not ev'n *Physic's* jargon, close disguise!  
 With all it's *Saws*, and *Pharmaceutic* lies,  
 Can in a weak, conceited, fribbling fool  
 Disguise the dullness he improv'd at school,  
*Sense* is not form'd by *metaphysic* art,  
 Nature bestowes the *Head* as well as *Heart*.  
*Time* may improve the talents fate has giv'n ;  
 But real worth is still the *Child of Heav'n*.

### E P I L O G U E.

Spoke on closing the Play-house at DUMFRIES.

**A**S when on closing of a well-spent life,  
 The parting *Husband* views his faithful wife,  
 (For Life itself is but a gaudy *Play*  
 The flatt'ring phantom of a *Summer's* day)  
 With pleasing terror and with trembling haste,  
 He recollects a thousand raptures past ;  
 And tho' resign'd, and conscious that he must,  
 Delays to mingle with his kindred dust.

So



So I, while round these seats my sight I bend,  
 And in each cordial eye behold a friend;  
 From the fond flowings of a grateful heart,  
 Cannot refrain to cry—ah must we part!

YOUR, minds where conscions worth and good-  
 nefs live,  
 May paint the boundless thanks we wish to give;  
 But 'tis beyond the pow'r of words to tell  
 The *debt* we owe—the *gratitude* we feel.

## S O N G.

On a tremendous BATTLE between two celebrated  
 HEROES.

I.

**Y**E beaus and ye belles pray give ear and at-  
 tend,  
 To the wonderful'st ditty that ever was penn'd;  
 It is of a contest so dreadful and new,  
 That the Great seem to fancy it cannot be true.

*Derry down, &c.*

BUT



## II.

BUT left, or thro' malice or envy, the town  
 Shou'd be badly inform'd of our heroes renown,  
 My *Muse* is impatient, nor longer will tarry,  
 To sing the atchievements of *David* and *Harry*.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## III.

OLD *Marlb'rough*, tho' fam'd for a politic sconce,  
 Ne'er prov'd so much valour and caution at once;  
 What vigour! who prowess!—what conduct was  
 shewn!  
 Such a *prudent* encounter sure never was known!  
*Derry down, &c.*

## IV.

ACHILLES and *Hector* ne'er went to the field,  
 But they cover'd their sides with a ponderous *Shield*;  
 This *our Heroes* remember'd was practis'd of yore,  
 And therefore *they* fought with the—*Sword* and  
 the *Door*.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## V.

To mark each particular beauty that chanc'd,  
 How *quick* they retreated--how *slow* they advanc'd;  
 Wou'd render my delicate story too long,  
 And make that a *Poem*, I meant but a *Song*.  
*Derry down, &c.*

'Twas



## VI.

'Twas *Honour* that led our bold champions away,  
 'Twas *Honour* that put a safe end to the fray ;  
 Their *Courage* was great, but their *Reason* was  
 good,  
 And the fight of *cold* iron allay'd their *hot* blood.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## VII.

THE matter then *Hal*—an old fox,—thus did settle ;  
 Quoth he, tho' we know ourselves lads of good  
 mettle ;  
 Our foes, full of malice and dangerous wiles,  
 May possibly say, that we fought but with *Files*.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## VIII.

IF then I might counsel, without being cruel,  
 We'll yet make a bloody affair of this duel ;  
 I take you, quoth he, and am pleas'd with the whim ;  
 So *Harry* prick'd *Davy* and *Davy* prick'd him.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## IX.

*Calphurnia* dreamt, as old histories tell us,  
 Her Lord was in danger one day of the gallows ;  
 Ev'n so pretty *Peggy* was chill'd with affright  
 Lest fate shou'd make bold with her little dear  
 knight.  
*Derry down, &c.*

O

BUT



## X.

BUT her terrors abated when *Davy* came home,  
 And shew'd her the terrible wound in his—*Thumb*.  
 I am glad 'tis no worse, I was half dead with fear,  
 Lest my love might have met a disaster—*elsewhere*.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## XI.

AND here, as for want of more matter, I end ;  
 This politic duel you all must commend ;  
 For had these been heroes, like *Guy Earlof Warwick*,  
 Good lack ! we had lost poor old *G—ff—d* and  
*G—rr—k*.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## S O N G.

WHEN *Chloe* first young *Colin* saw,  
 Approach with modest distant awe,  
 In habit neat and plain ;  
 The simple maid too fond of beaux,  
 Of idle pomp, and glitt'ring shews,  
 Despis'd the honest swain.

Struck



Struck with the pleasures of the town,  
 She look'd on *Colin* as a clown ;  
 And still the *burden* of her song  
 Was—*Court me not, I'm yet too young.*

## II.

*Colin*, who knew the sex's art,  
 Soon div'd into the fair one's heart,  
 Thro' all her little pride.

And is it thus you disapprove,  
 My ardent flame, my gen'rous love ?

The faithful youth replied.  
 Can tinsel charms your heart trepan ?  
 A *Fop's* the shadow of a *Man*.  
 Yet still the *Burden* of her song,  
 Was—*Court me not, I'm yet too young.*

## III.

Come view me well, dear nymph, and see  
 The cheat of outward pageantry,

The manly form's disgrace ;  
 Where health, and honesty of soul  
 Diffuse their vigour thro' the whole,

How vain are gems and lace !

Struck



Struck with these words, the curious maid  
 Look'd, and the blooming youth survey'd;  
 Then faintly, with a falt'ring tongue,  
 Cry'd—*Court me not, I'm yet too young.*

## IV.

In wanton pride, a-down his neck,  
 His raven locks their ringlets break;  
 Health glitter'd in his eyes;  
 While *Strength* and *Sweetness* both conspire,  
 To kindle love, enflame desire,  
 And bid soft wishes rise.

The nymph, delighted and amaz'd  
 On the enchanting vision gaz'd;  
 She sigh'd, she lov'd;—and gazing long,  
 Forgot—the *Burden* of her song.

## S O N G.

**S** O F T invader of the soul!  
 Love, who can thy pow'r controul!  
 All that haunt earth, air and sea,  
 Own thy force and bow to thee.



ALL the dear enchanting day,  
*Cælia* steals my heart away ;  
 All the tedious, live-long night,  
*Cælia* swims before my sight.  
 Happy, happy were the swain,  
 Who might such a prize obtain !  
 Other Joys he need not prove,  
 Blest enough in *Cælia's* love.

ALL that temptingly beguiles,  
 Am'rous looks and dimpled smiles,  
 Ev'ry charm and ev'ry grace  
 Dwell on *Cælia's* beauteous face.

OPEN, gen'rous, free from art,  
*Virtue* lives within her heart ;  
*Modesty* and *Truth* combin'd  
 Suit her person, to her mind.  
 Happy, happy were the swain,  
 Who might such a prize obtain !  
 Other joys he need not prove,  
 Blest enough in *Cælia's* love.

SONG



## S O N G.

## I.

**A** DAWN of hope my soul revives,  
And dissipates despair!

If yet my dearest *Damon* lives,  
Make him, ye Gods! your care!

## II.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,  
My tender grief remove!

O send some chearing ray of light,  
And guide me to my love!

## III.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,  
The pensive *Cælia* mourn'd;  
While courteous *Echo* lent her aid,  
And sigh for sigh return'd.

## IV.

At her increasing sorrows pale,  
The silver *Moon* declin'd;  
While at each pause the *Nightingale*  
Her love-sick murmurs join'd.

When



SEVERAL OCCASIONS. III

When sudden *Damon's* well-known face  
Each rising fear disarms;  
He eager springs to her embrace,  
She sinks into his arms.

E P I T A P H.

On Mr. POPE.

THE joy of ages yet to come,  
*Pope*, cruel charmer, fills this tomb!  
Who wanted but a tender mind,  
To be the flow'r of human kind.  
Prepar'd with keen malicious art,  
His pointed *Satire* riv'd the heart;  
And that it ruin'd where it fell,  
The barb'rous poet knew too well.  
Yet so the sly destruction flew,  
He never minded whom he slew;  
His care, his pleasure was to kill,  
Whether the man was good or ill.

O PITY!



O PITY! that so great a name  
 Shou'd leave behind a broken fame!  
 For *Justice*, speaking from this stone,  
 Can only say, now thou art gone;  
 Dan *Pope*!—this character be thine!  
 Thy *Soul* was mean; thy *Verses* divine.

The W I S H.

W HEN time and gently creeping age  
 Shall point my *Exit* from life's *stage*;  
 If all I cou'd desire were mine  
 To smooth and soften my decline;  
 I'd ask but this,—Instead of *Wealth*  
 A *Competence* and store of *Health*,  
 Far from the *City's* busy noise,  
 From *Pomp* and *Luxury's* false joys,  
 With *one* dear female, and *one* friend,  
 I'd laugh and prattle to my *End*,  
 And think what mortals most esteem,  
 A trifling *Play*—an idle *Dream*.

Let



Let other *Actors* grasp the *Bays*,  
 And pant each year for *Birth-day* praise;  
 Or more *voluptuous*, hold their wish,  
 And gorge on *Ven'son*, and on *Fish*!  
 Far otherwise *my* soul is bent,  
 All I desire is but *Content*.

## EPIGRAM.

WHY I'm no fool, *Sir Softly* cries,  
 I'll prove it; hear me *Doct'or Young*!  
 You'll lose your cause, a friend replies,  
 To prove it, you must hold your *Tongue*.

## EPIGRAM.

TOM chatt'ring on, with careless eye,  
 Says—answer *that*—to *that* reply.  
 I don't know how you mean, says *Ned*,  
 Reply to *what*?—there's nothing said.



## E P I G R A M.

**J**ANUS commends me to my face,  
 As first in *Wisdom's* school;  
 The rogue, in ev'ry other place,  
 Proclaims me for a *fool*.

By this, confest a judging youth,  
 The world, with trust, receive him;  
 And I, self-conscious of the truth,  
 You may be sure, believe him.

## E P I G R A M.

**I**F you vex *Bos*, you feel his fist,  
 If you shou'd please him, then you're *kist*;  
 But these alas! are equal ills,  
 His *anger*, or his *kindness* kills;  
 'Tis all alike, or *Fist* or *Breath*,  
 You're *poison'd*, or you're *beat to Death*.



## EPIGRAM.

I HATE the world!—the odious croud!  
 Says *Trippet*, despicably proud;  
 Yet flatters, fawns and lies—O heav'n!  
 Despis'd, contemn'd, and scorn'd by all,  
 He shines the brightest at the ball;  
 'Tis true—the *World* and *he* are ev'n.

## EPIGRAM.

(On reading many fulsome EPITAPHS.)

SLANDER and *Lies*, o'er human kind  
 Eternally are spread;  
 Living from *Foes* their stings we find;  
 And from our *Friends*, when *dead*.

F I N I S.



REVISED OCTOBER 1913

BRITISH MUSEUM

The following is a list of the  
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which have been deposited  
in the collection of the  
British Museum, London, since  
the date of the last list.



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3101



























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