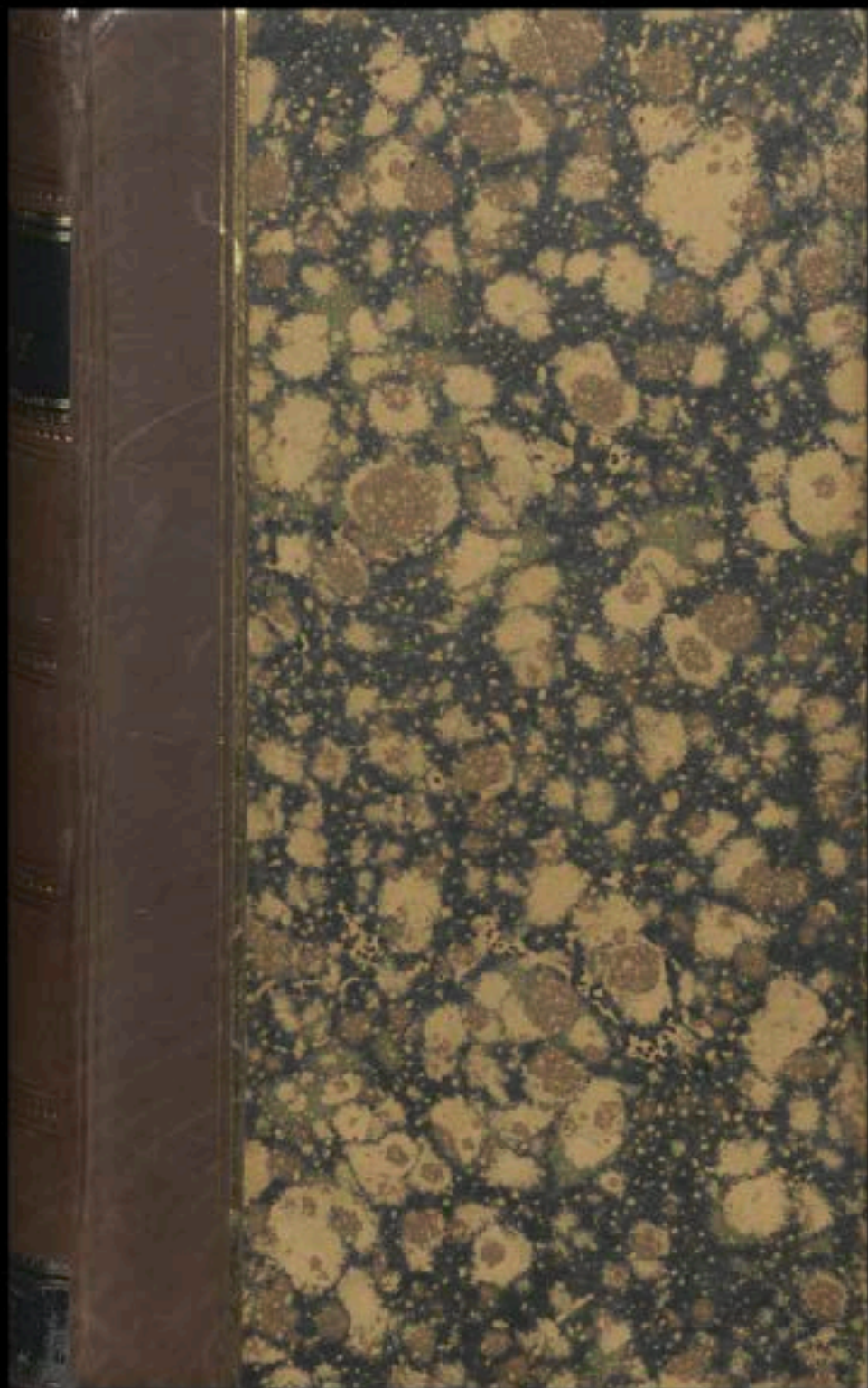
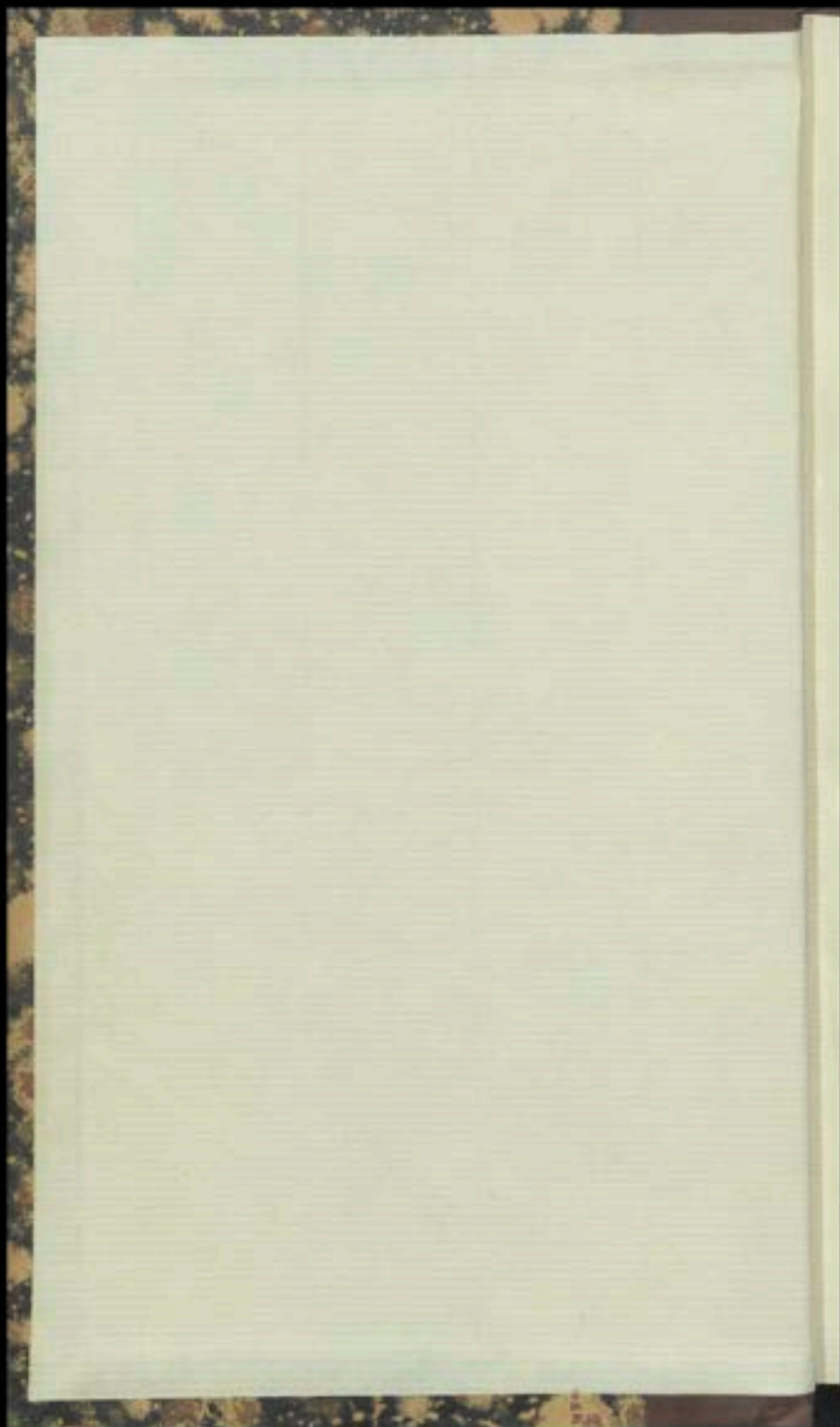
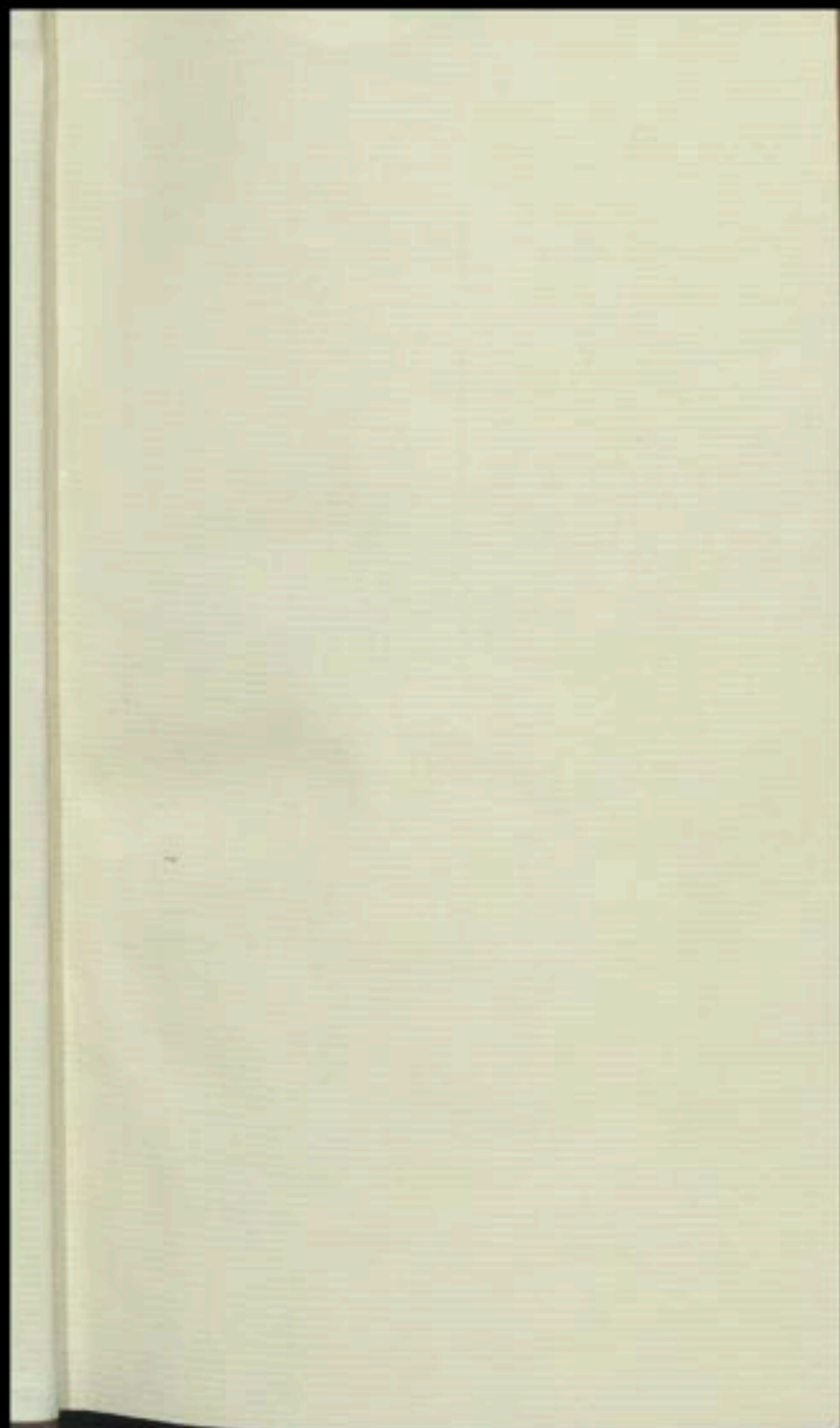


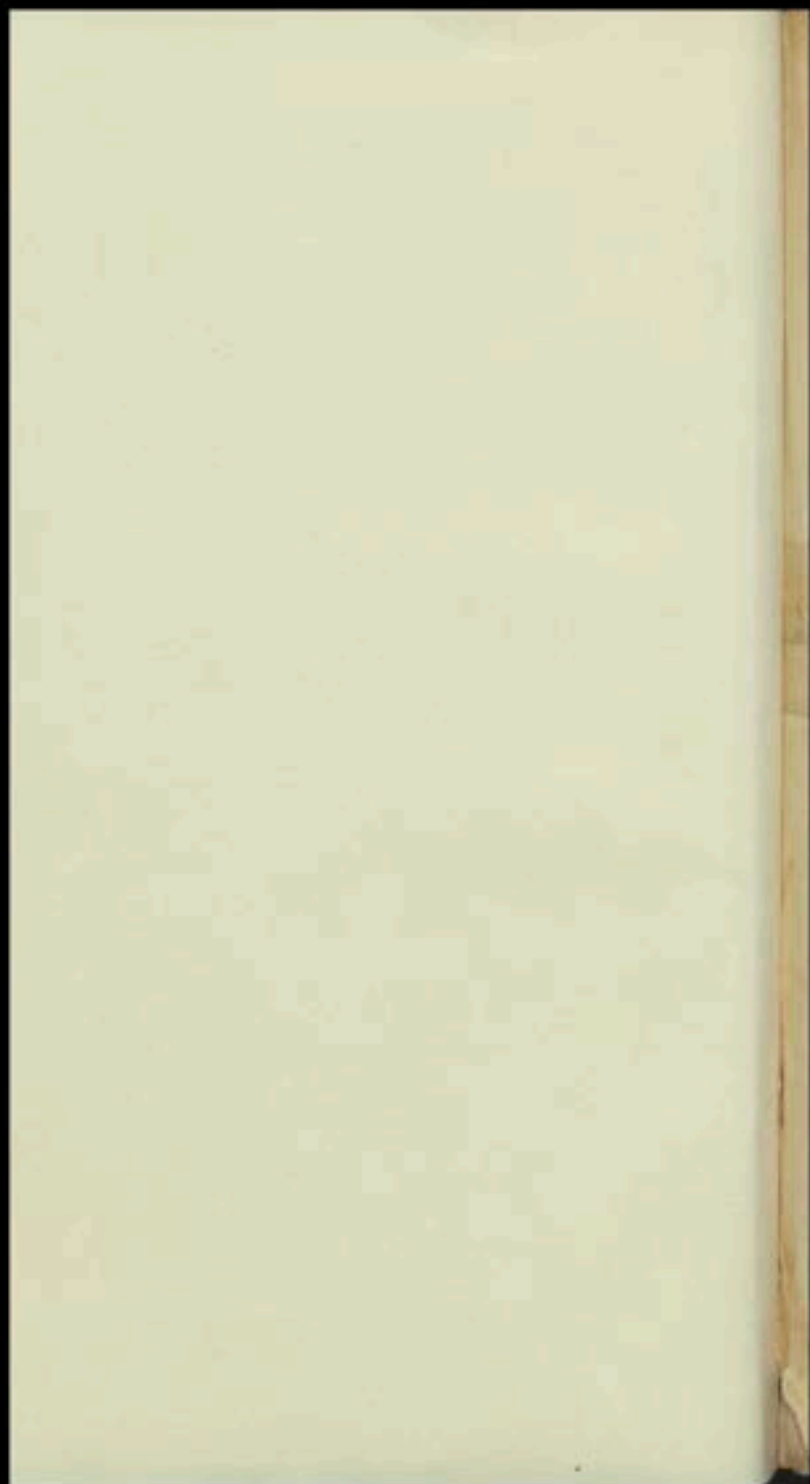
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**ULSTER
MISCELLANY**
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R. A. Belshaw Esq
Dublin

(BY MANUS O'DONNELL)

THE
ULSTER
MISCELLANY:

CONTAINING,

N. 1296

- I. A VOYAGE to O'BRAZEEL, a Sub-Marine
Island, lying West off the Coast of Ireland.
- II. ADVICE to a SON, in the exemplary Way of
Stories, Fables, &c.
- III. The *Beasts Philosophers*: In Six Dialogues.
- IV. THE LADIES MONITOR; or, *The Way of the
Army*. A FARCE.
- V. POEMS on Religious Subjects.
- VI. Thoughts on various Subjects.
- VII. POEMS on Humorous Subjects; with
fitting of Tales, Epistles, Songs, Epigrams,
&c. &c.

*Ego opis Matina
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum*

HOR.

Design'd to please all palates at a time. GAY.

Printed in the Year M,DCC,LIII.

Printed by Mr. R. A. Belshaw

Advertisement.

A Reverend Gentleman, who took
some Pains to promote a Subscrip-
tion for this Book, and cannot now be
conceal'd; is not willing that his Charac-
ter should either rise or fall by the Praise or
Censure this Book may meet with; there-
fore has desired me to mark all his Pieces
with the Letter M, which I have accord-
ingly done. Other Gentlemen, who con-
tributed to this Collection, being unknown,
desire to continue so.

TO THE VERY WORTHY.

The GENTLEMEN of the
North of IRELAND.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE taken the Liberty of laying my Book at your Feet; humbly intreating you to favour and protect it. Nor would I have this Favour and Protection barely granted to its Merit and Desert; for,

*If Merit were the Standard of Respect,
How few wou'd rise above a cold Neglect?*

Tho' in Relation to its Merit, I may venture to say, that it is a well-meaning Book, chiefly calculated for promoting Religion and Virtue. But besides this, I will point out a Consideration or two, that will naturally engage You to patronize it.

The First is, That this Book is the Product of your own Soil: A generous minded Man has a natural Propensity to favour every Thing that is peculiar to his native Country; being, in some Sort, of a Piece with himself; and therefore, justly prides himself in its Perfections, and endeavours to palliate its Failings.

*This Love, so natural, is well design'd,
T'impress the social Duties on the Mind.*

But if the Thing is quite faulty, he is as eager to get rid of it, as of a Gangrene in his Flesh.

The

D E D I C A T I O N.

The second Consideration is, That it is a warm Assertor of Liberty and Property; valuable Blessings! Which your Fathers gallantly fought for, and which you happily enjoy. When the Enemies of our Peace rais'd hostile Arms in *Scotland*, and carried the Storm of Rebellion into the Heart of *England*, this Nation was calm and unruffled. Tho' you had your Swords drawn, ready for Action, you had no Occasion to use them: For, like the *Israelites*, in the Land of *Canaan*, your Terror was fallen upon all the Land. I have Reason to say so, having often heard the People of the other Parts of the Nation ingenuously confess, that, The NORTH of *Ireland* keeps the whole Kingdom in Awe. It is with Pleasure, Gentlemen, that I see you use these glorious Privileges, without abusing them; for tho' they are extremely good, they may be carried to Excess: Liberty may become profligate, and Property turn Miser. But to speak of them truly;

Liberty is, a Body unconfiu'd,

Adding the Dictates of a virtuous Mind:

And,

Property is, that necessary Wealth

That keeps the Fabrick in a Flow of Health.

That you may long enjoy an honest Liberty both in Body and Mind, and transmit the same to latest Posterity, is the sincere Wish, and ardent Desire, of,

GENTLEMEN,

Your very humble Servant,

THE PUBLISHER.

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A
V O Y A G E
T O
O' B R A Z E E L:

OR, THE
Sub-Marine ISLAND.

G I V I N G

A brief DESCRIPTION of the Country;
and a short ACCOUNT of the Customs, Man-
ners, Government, Law, and Religion of the
Inhabitants.

By *MANUS O'DONNELL*.

*They that go down to the Sea in Ships, and
occupy their Business in great Waters; these Men
see the Works of the Lord, and his Wonders in
the Deep. PSAL. 107.*

Faithfully Translated out of the Original IRISH.

Printed in the Year MDCCLII.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Sheets are a literal Translation of an Old *Irish* Manuscript, which came accidentally into my Hands: I found the Story both improving and surprizing, and therefore concluded that I would do my Country an acceptable Service in translating it.

I am sorry I cannot give my Reader any satisfactory Account of its Antiquity, the Author having no where dated it. Yet he has left us Room to conjecture that it was wrote sometime in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, where he tells us that the Reformation was in its Infancy at the Time that he was upon the Island.

Tho' I think the whole Narration has an Air of Truth, and may be genuine, yet some I have shew'd it to condemn it as a Fiction, and even an improbable one; they think the sinking of the Island is a Miracle of too extraordinary a kind; that the great repelling force found in their burning Oaks, and their very quick Growth, are quite hyperbolic and unreasonable, being

very different from any thing we know: But I look upon these Objections as more unreasonable than the things they are levell'd against.

1. The sinking of the Island was the Effect of Natural Causes, as is evidently plain to all who are versed in Hydrostaticks, or know the Specifick Gravity of Bodies. Indeed, the Glorious Light which was provided for that People had something Miraculous in it as far as we can judge; but the Necessity of that Miracle is Visible, since a Sub-marine Nation, can have no other Light than a miraculous one, in Respect to us, tho' there was as much Miracle in making the Sun to enlighten us, or the Pillar of Fire which attended the Israelites in the Wilderness.

2. The repelling force in the Oaks is no way extraordinary, but natural enough. We find a strong repelling Quality in some common Bodies; Grease repels Water, and the South Pole of a Load-Stone will repel and drive away the North End of the Needle. But not to insist on that, what is there more wonderful in this repelling Quality, than in Gravitation? The Reason of both is equally hid from us; the Effects of the latter are now well known to us, if the other is not so visible, must we conclude it impossible? How wou'd an Ignorant Inhabitant of *Lybia* be surprized to hear of our Frosts, how

how our Waters without any visible Ap-
 plication become as firm as Rocks? Had a
 Philosopher told us the Properties of the
 Load-stone, before our Experience had
 taught us, he would have been rejected as
 a Teacher of Impossibilities, like the Geo-
 grapher who published the first Account of
 the Antipodes. Nor is the quick Growth
 of these Trees wonderful, especially when
 we consider they were brought by a Divine
 Personage, and therefore must be supposed
 to be different from our common ones, and
 so was the Tree of Knowledge of Good
 and Evil, and the Tree of Life vastly dif-
 ferent from any we now know; but these
 Oaks might have been even of the common
 kind, and that quick Vegetation might have
 been the Primitive Faculty, which is
 since lost, this Alteration would be no more
 surprizing than that which is known to
 have happened to Mankind, who have
 now a Vegetation, if I may use the Ex-
 pression, vastly quicker than was in the
 first Ages of the World; the Antediluvian
 Fathers seldom got any Children till they
 were upwards of a 130 Years old; *Noah*
 did not get them till after he was five hun-
 dred; yet many Men at this Time get Chil-
 dren at seventeen Years of Age. The par-
 ticular favour shew'd these People has no-
 thing extraordinary in it, if we allow (as
 the Governour expected) that they are pre-
 serv'd

serv'd for glorious Purposes, as the Conversion of the World, before the Consummation of all Things.

Another Objection is, that these People cannot be so happy as the Author on many Occasions insinuates, by Reason that they want these charming Vicissitudes of Night and Day which so exactly point out the proper Times for Rest and Labour. Indeed the Author has not been particular enough in giving us an Account of the Nature of their Light and the manner of its existing, which may be owing to his Ignorance in Philosophy, yet he informs us that they have the same Divisions of Time which we have, consequently, a Method for Regulating it.

If I could suppose the Author guilty of overlooking a very material Circumstance, I should conclude that the Light of this Place is much of the same Nature with that heavenly Light so beautifully described by Milton.

————— *There is a cave*
Within the mount of God, just by the throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes thro' heav'n
Grateful vicissitudes, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the heav'n, tho' darkness there might well
Seem twilight here. —————

Book VI.

But

But supposing their Light permanent and always the same, I see no Inconvenience in such a Situation. These Objectors ought to consider that there is no natural Connection between Night, Sleep, and Happiness. Do not the most Rich, and consequently the most Happy among us, employ the Night in the laborious Task of Gaming and Drinking, and devote the Day to Sleep and Rest? Night and Day are necessary to the People of our World, for while the Sun visits one Part of it, he must leave the opposite Parts in Darknes. It is likewise necessary that there should be a Time when we cannot see to work; otherwise all those Men who are of an evil and covetous Mind, would give no Rest, or Ease, either to themselves, their Servants or Cattle: But the Inhabitants of *O'Brazel* want no such Checks upon their worldly Pursuits, their Dependance on the Almighty Providence, their Love and Charity to their Christian Brethren, and their Tenderness and Compassion even for the Brute Part of the Creation, guard them from all Excesses that way. But I shall follow these Cavillers no further. If the well meaning Reader finds either Profit or Pleasure in the following Narrative I have my Aim, if not, I will only tell the World that my Intention was better than my Judgment.

It may be proper in this Place to inform my Readers, that I have in my Hands the Original Papers which the Governor gave to our Author's Father; and that I intend to reprint this Narrative together with these Papers, which altogether, will make a neat Pocket Volume. I am not insensible that some Men of *prejudiced Minds and narrow Principles* will look upon the Inhabitants of *O' Brazeel* the worst of Hereticks, and rail at me with Zeal and Bigottry for offering to poison their Ears with such hellish Notions, and damnable Doctrines: Nevertheless, I expect to find a great many *candid and free Reasoners* who will look on these People with a more favourable Eye, and Thank me for Translating their History.

A VOYAG

A

V O Y A G E

T O

O' B R A Z E E L.

C H A P. I.

The author introduces his story, and then leaves it to give an account of his father, and in particular, his character in relation to justice and charity.

TH O' I am going to give the world an account of a most delicious country, and a happy people, it is not with a view of stirring up any enterprizing prince or general to go and conquer it. I would not willingly make men worse than they are, by throwing a bone of contention among them, to let them a inarling and biting one another: We have too many instances of the cruel barbarity of conquerors in our times, who have laid waste whole countries, destroying the bodies of the inhabitants. in order to save their souls, condemning them to torments and unheard-of cruelties, to make them catholicks. But the people I am speaking of are perfectly safe from any such insults and barbarous usage, both in respect

C of

of their situation and the protection of divine Providence, who will not suffer the rod of the ungodly to come into the lot of the righteous: I may therefore safely tell the world all I know concerning them, without any danger to their lives or properties. My chief aim is to reform mankind, and win them to a love of a practical piety and virtue, by shewing them how far others have excell'd that way, and how gloriously they were rewarded even in this life.

I will not assume to myself any merit in these discoveries, which I am going to communicate, the inhabitants themselves took a resolution of making my father a witness of their happiness, and it was at his request that I was favoured in the same manner. — But as my father is to bear a great share in the following narrative I hope my reader will excuse me if I trouble him with part of the character of that good man: whose exemplary piety and virtue procured him a favour which would not be granted the greatest monarchs.

My father *Brien O'Donnell* was very remarkable for his great piety and devotion, but not content with these alone he made it his business to be strictly honest and just to all men, and to shew charity and mercy to all who had a right to expect it.

He could not endure to be in debt to any man: it was a maxim with him, that an honest man was more ready to give trust than to ask it. Yet sometimes it would happen that goods would be brought home to him, or labour-work done for him when he had not money ready to pay the creditors; but in these cases he never gave them leave to crave him: he always sent the money to them as soon as it came to hand. On these occasions he used to say, *the man who comes to crave me, does so much work on my account for nothing.*

A neigh-

A neighbour of his was once going to jail for a debt which he owed, my father knew him to be a good and an honest man; and he therefore could not bear to see him undergo all the miseries of confinement, because he did not do what was to him impossible, but my father not having as much ready money as would pay the debt, gave his cash note to the creditor for it, and so releas'd his distressed neighbour. Soon after the poor man died without making any payment: as soon as my father got money enough to pay off the debt he went to the creditor, and ask'd for his note; the creditor told him that he had lost it; and therefore, says he, I must leave it to your own breast whether you will pay me or not; for I cannot compel you: Sir, reply'd my father, my conscience is as good to you as twenty notes. There are, continued he, a great many lawful rogues in the world, tho' I keep myself out of the class: I call all men such, who either take advantage of the weakness or severity of the law to defraud and cheat, and glut their malice and revenge; and will be honest and peaceable only where the law compels them.

If he found any thing, and did not know the owner, he immediately advertised it, giving it to the person who gave the true marks; nor could he ever be prevailed upon to take any thing for his trouble. If all men were truly honest, he would say, the money a man loses on the road would be as safe as if it lay in his chest; and why should we take a reward for doing our duty? and surely that is my duty to give every man his own; the almighty God is so good as to reward us for doing our duty, must we be twice rewarded? or will we resign our title to an eternal reward for the sake of a trifle here?

I remember to hear him tell a pretty story on one of these occasions; two merchants were travelling

velling together in some part of Turkey, one was a native of the country and the other an Englishman. The Christian merchant was a man of learning, which he employ'd very successfully in converting the Mahometan. The Turk was beginning to yield to the force of the arguments which the other used on that occasion, when he happened to see a purse of money on the road, he took it up and hung it on a tree by the road side, saying the poor owner will not fail of finding this here if he comes to seek it: why, says the Englishman, will no one meddle with it except the true owner? The other said, that no one would meddle with it: I cannot believe that you Turks are so very honest, replied the merchant, and therefore I think I may take that which in all likelihood will never come to the true owner's hands, and accordingly took the purse off the tree, and put it in his pocket. The Turk was so disgusted at this instance of dishonesty and avarice, that he told the other, if ever he changed his religion, he would embrace that one which practised best; for I fancy, says he, that our rewards and punishments in the next life will depend more upon our practice, than on our knowledge.

He was often employed in settling differences between neighbours, so that few law-suits were carried on in his neighbourhood during the time that he was able to exert himself that way. He used to say, that the man was not honest himself, who would not trust his cause in an honest man's hand. He often complained of the bulk and intricacy of our laws, and the number of our lawyers; but I shall say nothing on that head, since both good and bad men have reason to make the same complaint.

His charity was very extensive. When he was abroad he gave money freely to all those clamorous

morous beggars who sought an alms from him; he would say on these occasions, that he did not doubt but he had been imposed on by persons who solicited for an alms who were really no objects of charity; but that he would rather give charity to twenty cheats, than leave one real needy person unassisted. But when he was at home he gave nothing to strolling beggars, but confined his charity to those poor house-keepers who join'd their own industry to the charity of others.

In time of a great scarcity, a poor man stole a fat cow from him; warrants were immediately granted for a search; the thief was found, seized and sent to prison. The prisoner's wife, hearing of her husband's misfortune, came to my father, and throwing herself at his feet, with tears begg'd for mercy, protesting that it was *want* in the severest kind that forced her husband to commit a crime which he abhorr'd, and that it was hers and her childrens cries which made him set about it. Several neighbours who were present vouched for the man's honesty, and gave him in general a very good character, upon which my father gave her a piece of gold to support her and her family, together with the carcass of beef, and an order to get her husband out of prison. But there is one circumstance I must not omit. Sometime after the poor man began to grow rich, by the help of a legacy left him by a friend, and his own industry; he came to my father and offer'd him full payment and restitution for every thing, but my father absolutely refus'd it. No, says he, as I have hopes of getting a reward from my heavenly father for what good offices I did you, I will not lose the least glimpse of that prospect for all that you can give me: however as that money was in a manner dedicated to the service of
God,

God, I must desire you to continue it in the same channel, by letting it run on in charitable uses. But I have dwelt long enough, and perhaps too long on this subject; it is time that I return to the main drift of my discourse.

CHAP. II.

The author tells us, how he and his father took a voyage to O'Brazeel, their entertainment at a country man's house.

MY father lived in that part of the county of Donegall which is called *Clogheneely*, he held a considerable farm on which he lived comfortably, he might have aim'd at genteel living, both by right of family and fortune, but he slighted such things; he rather chose to be at the head of the yeomanry, than the tail of the gentry. He could not endure the noise, hurry and confusion that always take place in the hollow visits of pretending friends, who are handsomely treated for no other reason, but because they are known to be able and willing to return the like favour again: as the scabbed horse is ready to nab and scratch the itch out of another, because he knows the other will return him the same compliment.

One morning he walked out pretty early, according to a custom which he daily practis'd when the weather permitted; but not returning at the usual time, we sent out a servant to enquire which way he was gone, and to find him out; but the servant return'd without getting any intelligence of him: we began to be more uneasy when night came on without bringing him home. Next morning we sent messengers among all our friends and acquaintances to enquire for him, but he was not to be found. We then began to conclude that he

had

had accidentally fallen into the sea, which was not far from the house, but the country people positively asserted that he was carried away by the fairies.

It was near a month after this disappearing of my father, that I walked out by the sea side, and was surprized to see my father coming towards me with a chearful countenance, and more fresh and fair than ever I had seen it. He ran and embraced me, and enquired cordially after all the family at home. We walked together till we came to that part of the sea shore where our boat lay at anchor, come, says he, let you and I go out to sea a little way, I have something to shew you; sir, replied I, let me go first and call a *band* or two to row us: no, says he, you need not, we will row ourselves as far as we will go, only go and fetch some fire into the boat for we shall want it. I ran to a cabin hard by, and got a burnt turf or two which I put into the boat. He brought into the boat an augre and a piece of an oak slick. We launched our oars, and stood out to sea. When we had rowed sometime, son, says he, we have gone far enough, take in the oars. When I had shipped the oars according to his direction, he took the augre and began to bore a hole in the bottom of the boat; I was astonished, and cried out, dear sir, do you intend to drown us? he told me that he designed to sink the boat, and that nothing but death should hinder him. I was in confusion, and did not well know how to behave, however I began to reflect that I had been no bad *liver*, and that it was better for me to venture on death in my father's company, and trust in God's mercy, than to kill him, and so by taking his life preserve my own. As soon as he had bored the hole in the bottom of the boat, the water came rushing in upon us, he then kindled the oak

oak stick which I mentioned before, which burned like a candle. The water by this time was risen pretty high in the boat so that she began to sink; you will easily allow that this sudden prospect of death shocked me very much, I begged that he would yet let me stop the leak, but he was resolute.

When the boat began to sink quite under water, I was surprized when I saw no water come in over the sides of it, but stood like a wall on each hand, and at last formed an arch over our heads like a vault, as we went deeper in the water. When the boat sunk too fast he would lower his hand in which he held the fiery stick, upon which the water that was in the boat would fly out at the hole that was in the bottom, at the same time the arch above our heads crowded downwards and became lower, then by raising his hand again, the water would rise in the boat, the arch above us retired back, and we went faster down. By this means we went faster or slower as he thought proper, till we came to a convenient depth. Now Son, says he, we are deep enough, we must now steer straight forward; saying this, he held the fiery stick to the head of the boat, the water fled from it, and receded towards the stern, and so pushed the boat forward into the vacancy which was a-head of us. After sailing sometime this way, we came to an open sea. I then began to look about me, and saw that we were still under water, which arched over our heads like a canopy as it did in the boat, but at a large and extensive distance, I looked forward and saw land not far from me, which afforded a most beautiful prospect. The light of this place was wonderful, it was more bright and enlivening than the sun, yet not so hot and dazzling. Now son, says the old man, launch your oars again, and let us make

to land. We did so, and soon reached the happy coast. The beauties of the place are beyond description; here we saw delicious fountains, purring rills, shady groves, ripening grain, flowery meadows, flourishing fruit trees: and in other places we saw fruit and grain in full perfection; with cattle grazing on fair enamelled fields and pastures. At a distance from us we saw a most beautiful mount or taper hill, that ran up to a great height, we could not tell how far, for its top was hid in the superior waters; round its sides were the finest groves of green spreading oaks that I ever saw. Further up were large fires blazing on the sides of the hill. Sir, says I to my father, may I suppose you dead, and what I see is only your soul or spirit, and this your heaven. I am, replied my father, as you are, a living mortal. These delightful scenes you see are only fitted for the body, the joys reserved for spiritual beings, are as far superior to these, as one nature exceeds the other. I think, says I, that I could be content with immortality in this delicious place, and seek no other heaven. Ah son, replied he, you do not deserve a place even here. Short sighted man! ambition is sometimes a virtue, and content a vice. Bless me, says I, you never taught me this lesson before, you have often told me, that ambition was the most pernicious habit of the soul, that it occasioned frauds, cheats, dissimulations, murders, wars and devastations; ay, replied he, when ambition is directed to wrong ends, it produces these ill consequences, for it is only innocent and praise-worthy, when the pursuit of it will injure no one, but rather be a publick benefit; which is the case, when it aims at the joys of heaven. The moth that always lurks in dark and obscure places, thinks a candle the finest thing in the world, and so flutters round it, till it is burn't in the pursuit of its pleasures.

tures. We count the eagle a more noble creature than the other, who loves to soar higher and gaze upon the sun; but man who is much superior to either of the two, ought to shew it by seeking a better light than either candle or sun; or even the glorious light that fills this happy place. But come, continued he, let us go to the next house and get some refreshment. I asked him if he knew the people who lived there, he said he did not, but he knew they were christians, and that was all he wanted. Dear sir, said I, did not we always live among christians, and yet we saw no such hospitality among them. To which he replied, that these christians were only nominal, but not such in reality; that a true hospitality was impracticable among us, where so many idle and covetous persons were to be found, who would soon destroy all the substance of an hospitable person. But the case is not so here, where no one will take the benefit of the hospitable temper of another, but he who really wants it; and then it is both given, and received with thanks. Son, says he, if there were a thorn in your foot, would not your hand be ready to pull it out, and would not your heart be glad when it was out? I told him, that that question did not admit of a negative answer. Then, says he, are we not all members of Christ's body, and of one another, and therefore ought to be ready and glad to help one another: and this is the case wherever the spirit of Christ our head actuates and enlivens the members, for one body ought to have but one spirit or life, which is that of Christ. This sermonizing strain may be odd, and disagreeable to some of my readers; but I was well used to them, having always got excellent lessons from that good man. By this time, we came near the farmer's house, the owner of it saw us coming and came running out to meet us;

us; my dear friends, says he, come into my cabin and refresh yourselves, you cannot give me a greater pleasure than an opportunity of giving you ease and satisfaction. We went with him, and were entertained in a very friendly manner. After we had eat share of a genteel dinner that was provided, we drank just two glasses of an excellent liquor, I may call it nectar, for our earth affords no liquor like it. After this our kind host asked us which way we designed to go; my father told him, that he was the stranger who had been at the governor's near a month past, and that I was his son, whom the governor allowed to be brought into the island, and that we were then going to the governor's house. Our host told us, he would be very glad to have more of our company, but that he would not hinder us from a more elegant entertainment which we would meet at the house of that excellent man. We took our leave of the family, the farmer himself accompanying us till we came to the governor's house and then leaving us, bid us God speed.

CH A P. III.

Their reception at the governor's house. The history of the island.

UPON our approach to the governor's house, one of his servants came to meet us, and after bowing to us very respectfully, he usher'd us into a very neat room elegantly furnished. I could not help thinking that I was in fairy land, and nothing but enchantments round me. In a little time the governor entered the apartment, and after saluting us: Sir, says he to my father, I see you have brought your son to see us and our way of living; then turning to me, young man, continued he, I hope

you will have no reason to be displeas'd with your journey. Sir, replied I, I am quite charmed, and ravish'd with the admiration of what I see all around me, every thing is wonderful. Young man, answered the governor, it is but seldom that virtue is so visibly rewarded in this life, but you will cease to wonder when you hear the history of our Island.

Within a few years after our Saviour's crucifixion, his Apostles spread themselves through the several parts of the then known world, to preach the will of God, and faith in *Jesus Christ*; *Matthew* was the apostle who first preached among the Britons, and Irish, his companion and fellow labourer being *Joseph* surnamed *Justus*. When this good man came unto *Ireland*, he laboured in establishing a practical christianity among the inhabitants. As he travelled through that part of *Ireland* which is called the county of *Donegal*, he crossed over to this island of *O'Brazel*, which at that time lay off the western coast of that County about seven or eight leagues, as may be yet seen in some of your old maps of *Ireland*.

When *Matthew* left this island, he cross'd over again into *Ireland*, but left *Justus* behind him; he gave us a copy of his gospel, and bad us be directed in all things by *Justus*, whom he appointed to be our teacher or pastor. This man made it his intire business to let his flock see the beauties and advantages of a religious and virtuous life, and the deformity and danger of wickedness and vice. By this man's preaching and practice, the whole island were so firmly rooted and grounded in the love of God and virtue, that their lives and properties were nothing in comparison to their hopes of a happy security, as the sequel will shew.

Sir, says my father to the governor, I cannot help observing, that you do not give the title of saint to the two holy men who converted your island.

island. To which the governor replied, all true christians are saints, and it is a folly to apply that name to one or two which is common to all. Saints must be scarce in those churches, where a few are canonized, and talked of with wonder. I thought that reflection was designed as a satyr upon our roman catholick church, but the governor went on thus:

This island at that time, and ever since, hath a just title to be called the island of saints; but its situation and soil are now vastly different from what it was at that time: the occasion of the happy change was this:

Our island at that time was poor, and unfruitful, and tho' of a considerable extent, as containing upwards of 300,000 acres of land, yet it was of little value, it belonged to a petty prince, who at that time governed all that part of the Irish country west of lough Foyle and Finn water. He made a present of this island to the chief pastor, or as you call them, bishops, who resided in that part of the country; it is by virtue of this grant, that the present bishops of *Raphoe* have this island inserted in their patents, and will be good fish for them when they can catch it.

The land not affording the inhabitants the necessaries of life, they were little better than workmen, and labourers to the Irish, buying their corn and provisions with the money they had before turned with hard labour.

In process of time the Irish clergy became very remiss in their duty; they frequented the prince's court, and other publick meetings, where they could expect to find mirth, jollity, and good entertainment. These princes granted them large allowances out of the lands and labours of the people, which they exacted with rigour; this disgusted the people, rancour and ill-will grew frequent

quent between them, and this breach proved an inlet to sin and corruption of manners. Both parties were severely punished by the barbarous devastations, and indecent cruelties committed among them by the Danes, Norwegians, and other neighbouring nations, who came among them for plunder.

Our people, as I observed before, being obliged to go over into *Ireland* for work and the necessaries of life; they began to be tainted with their vices, and to fall off from that purity and strictness of life, which they had hitherto preserved pure and unfulled.

The heads of the families perceiving this, gathered together one day, to consider how they might put a stop to this growing evil, but they could think on no way sufficiently effectual to prevent it. Then it was that they took the strange resolution of praying to the Almighty three times a week publicly, that he would sink their island, and themselves into the ocean, rather than suffer their virtue to be defaced with the corruption of the Irish vices.

This they put in practice for some time, but one day as they came out of church where they had been praying, they saw a man on horse-back come towards them, having a large wallet or bag under him; tho' his dress and habit was mean, yet there was something extraordinary in his countenance. When he came up to the company, he spake to them thus: brethren, I am informed that you have been soliciting heaven for a very extraordinary thing. Do you know what you ask? would not your hearts fail you, if ye saw your island actually sinking, and the waters overwhelming you? the people told him, that they would not; that they would rather perish in the sea in God's favour, than live in sin, and leave their posterity empires. Your faith is great, said the stranger, and ye may
have

have your desire; then taking his wallet, and opening it, he took out a great quantity of acorns, large and fine; and counting out an hundred for each family, he address himself to the company thus: if you would accomplish your desire you must first divide the lands of the island equally among your families, only the mountain which stands on the middle of the island, that must be in common to all, and be from this time forward called mount *Horeb*. Let these acorns be carefully planted round the lower part of the mountain. Let a proclamation be made, that all who are afraid may have leave to depart and leave this island: let all this be done immediately, and meet me here eight days hence.

All was done, according to the strangers desire, and several of the inhabitants who were tainted with sin, left the island, not having faith enough to abide the issue. On the eighth day the stranger came again, but by this time the acorns were grown up into large stately oaks, so that the people were surprized to see such a wonderful growth, and concluded that the stranger was some very extraordinary person.

They all met at the place appointed, and he asked them if they continued in the same mind still, they said they did. Then, says he, all that remains to be done, is, that you cut down as much of your oaks, as will kindle four large fires on the sides of mount *Horeb* above the woods, at equal distance; kindle fire in your houles of the same timber, and leave no common fire on the island; this was done likewise.

It seems this island was not originally fixt to the solid earth, but floated on the surface of the water, like a heavy log of timber, its great extent hindred it from being tossed by the waves of the sea, especially as it lay very deep in the waters, for the waters underneath it were constantly quiet and still,

as all waters are at a great depth, so that the inhabitants knew nothing of its loose situation, and I doubt not, but there are many islands in the world that are situated the same way.

Near the centre of the island there is a large glen, or hollow ground of a considerable length, in the bottom of which ran a large stream of fresh water, which gathered off the neighbouring ground in time of rain, for they had no springs in the island. It's great depth sheltered it pretty well from the sun beams, which the inhabitants had assited by making high ditches on each side, and planted them with shady trees; so that they seldom wanted cool and sweet water, except in the time of a very dry season. The stranger ordered a strong bank to be raised cross this glen, by this means making a large pond or basin of a great capacity. He then ordered men to dig a deep hole of a considerable breadth in the bottom of this pond; they did so, still digging on till they pierced quite through to the sea underneath: the waters came rushing upon the workmen through the hole, but they were immediately hoisted up to the top, by ropes fixed for that purpose. As this great basin filled with water, the island began to sink down into the sea, like a ship which springs a leak. The inhabitants still remained chearful, they did not fear death, they even entertained some hopes of a happy issue, from the extraordinary stranger who was with them, though they could not tell what to hope for.

However, the island was sinking fast, but the waters instead of running in upon the land, fled off at a distance; and at last formed the glorious vault or arch over our heads which you now see. The Island was sunk to its present depth, when the pond filled full, and then running over into the sea, as the island could be no heavier, it sunk no deeper, but rested in this situation.

Then,

Then, turning to the people, the stranger said, you may see that the fate of your island depends on this pond and these celestial oaks, it is the fire of these oaks that repels and keeps off the waters, therefore it is your interest to keep these fires perpetually burning, especially those on the mountain; you must build watch-houses on the sides of the hill, and let people be appointed to watch them continually, and keep them supplied with sufficient timber; preserve your acorns and plant them again, they will always be in their full growth in eight days time, so that you will never want a sufficient quantity of firing for all the uses of the island. But as the soil is not sufficient for your comfortable maintenance, you will soon see it put into a better order, so that as a good earth was once cursed for the sake of bad men, your island, which is a very bad soil, shall be blessed for your sakes, and get all the beauty of the primitive innocent world. Saying this, he dissolved into a diffusive light, such a light as what you now see adorning our happy island. Then we saw the face of the land turned into the beautiful figure it still bears. Then the people were convinced that the stranger was some divine person, whom God had employed and authorized to do all these great things for us, which are still continued to us, and for which we are constantly thankful.

C H A P. IV.

The author proposes some queries to the governor, which he answers.

WHEN the governor had finished the history of the island, he called for a bottle of cyder, each of us drank two glasses; I found it was the same kind of liquor which we drank at the
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farmer's

farmer's house, but more strong, rich, and delicious.

After this refreshment, the governor took us into his garden, we found it surprizingly delightful, after walking sometime and looking at a profuse variety of fruits and flowers, we sat down on a charming bank shaded round with aromattick shrubs. When we were all seated, the governor told us, that he was ready to give us any further account of the state of the island that we should desire; sir, says I, I will not compliment you on account of your goodness to us which is but a part of what you shew on all occasions; but I will rather choose to take the opportunity of asking, what you are so ready to answer. In short, I want to be satisfied in two or three points; the first is, as your fires have such a power of repelling water, how do you dress your victuals, in which fire and water are such inseparable companions? You must know, answered the governor, that our fires do not repel fresh water, but salt: therefore the fugitive faculty lies not in the water, but in the salt that is mixed with it. But that is not all, for we often put considerable quantities of salt water in our cauldrons, which we boil over our fires in order to make salt; yet we do not find that the fire has any repelling force on it, which we attribute to the metal in the boilers, which destroys the effect of the fire.

I then told him, that I wanted to know how they were supplied with fresh water, seeing they were surrounded with salt water, and had no rain or clouds.

You may observe, replied the governor, that the top of mount *Horeb* runs a considerable way into the sea above us: the salt waters soak and penetrate into the hill by their natural weight; now the earth of the hill has that excellent quality of filtrating or separating the water from the salts that

that are lodged in it, as we have proved by several experiments; whence it follows that the sea water which soaks into the hill, being purged of its salts, and meeting with a hard bed of clay near the bottom of the hill which it cannot penetrate, bursts out into fountains of charming fresh water over the whole island; these waters are raised to proper heights by the inhabitants, by means of engines, drains, banks and dams, &c. so that they are capable of watering the land, and supplying all the necessary purposes of life. Indeed we sometimes labour under one inconveniency, and that is, when your air above is more than ordinary heavy, the sea is prest down lower, so that the top of mount *Horeb* is considerably deeper in water than is usual; this encreases our springs to such a degree that they overflow the country, and sometimes endanger our meadows, and fields of corn; in this case we set five or six or ten men with fiery sticks over the great pond, which makes the water retreat back or downwards through the great hole at the bottom, by which means we can raise the island to any height we please; in these cases we often raise it till mount *Horeb* shows her top above your horizon, and may be seen over the surface of your seas; this we do in order to free the hill entirely of water, by which means the springs cease to flow, the floods dwindle to nothing, and the face of the country is restored to its former beauty. But then, sir, says I, are you not afraid of being discovered; for the glorious light of this place may soon be taken notice of, when there is an open communication between your regions and ours. Our light, replied the governor, is like that which accompanied the Israelites in the wilderness; it illuminates us, but is obscure darkness to others. Indeed, continued he, the light of our oak fires is often seen by you on these occasions,

cations, by enlightening your atmosphere, or the upper regions of your air, as a candle blazing in the socket of a candlestick glances on the ceiling of the room, tho' all the rest of the room be in gloomy darkness; and it is the more visible to you, as we generally raise the island when your sun is set, which we can easily perceive by the blackness of the waters round mount *Horeb*. These lights you call streamers, merry dancers, and northern lights; you see them, but cannot account for them; ye are not sensible that they are nothing but the flames that arise from our oaks on mount *Horeb*, reflected on your atmosphere.

But sir, says I, is there no danger that the inhabitants increase beyond what the lands can bear? I know the number of inhabitants are reckoned the riches of a country; but then it must be a country of trade and commerce, for that must make some of the inhabitants vastly rich, and consequently vain and ambitious; and these vices find employment for a great number of people, who live comfortably by supplying their rich neighbours with things which they do not really want, nothing of which is the case of this place. To which the governor replied, our first lawgiver foresaw this inconvenience, and so provided against it. But before I tell you in what manner, I must let you know that we do not confine ourselves to things barely necessary, but allow ourselves a free use of such things as are decent and ornamental. We see the works of nature adorned, and beautifully set out for the entertainment, delight, and enjoyment of mankind: then why should men make themselves an exception to this general rule, by appearing indecent and undorned to each other? It is not the use, but the abuse of a thing that is offensive. You may judge by your method of coming hither, that we are capable of carrying

on a trade by sea to more advantage than any other nation; we can dip under water at pleasure, and so avoid the storms and hurricanes, that are so destructive to your fleets and shipping. We carry large casks full of the earth of mount *Horeb*, in our vessels; which converts the salt water of the ocean into that which is sweet and fresh, for the use of our seamen; which is of vast advantage in long sea voyages. We have a store-house on the Irish coast, and factors to transact business for us, in several trading towns. We export beef, hides, tallow, butter, woolen and linen cloth, and several other manufactures; and in return, bring home money, and such goods as we have occasion for. It has been customary of a long time among us, to send some of our men and women into your world to learn such trades, arts and sciences, as we judged might be useful and improving; and would employ hands we have to spare. We are often among you, and mix with you at your fairs, markets, and other publick meetings; to learn how affairs are carried on in other nations. All this employs a great many people, both male and female. I shall now give you an account of our publick œconomy, in relation to your question.

Our governors ordered, that no man should marry before he was thirty years of age, nor any woman before she was five and twenty; that only one child should be capable of possessing land, and another of getting a portion; this favour was fixed upon the two eldest children, who were therefore called proprietors, as having a fortune either in land or money; tho' the land always went to the male child, if the two eldest were of different sexes. The parents were obliged to begin at the time of their own marriage, to lay by money to live upon in their old days, because they were obliged to part with their lands, when their eldest child was thirty years of age. Each

Each division of land was valued at thirty pounds a year, and the woman's dowry was settled at three hundred pounds. A male proprietor of land, was obliged to marry a woman that was a proprietor of money; the three hundred pounds, which was her portion, he gave to his brother or sister; if he gave it to a brother, that brother must marry a woman that was a proprietor of land; by which means he became possessed of the land, and the three hundred pounds went into her family. In short the rule was, that a proprietor of land, must always marry a proprietor of money; which money, was designed to portion off the other brother or sister. Thus matters are regulated that no inheritance can be divided, but all the farmers are kept upon an equality according to the original design.

All the other children, beside these mentioned, are in general called * younkers, these are not allowed to marry, unless they are called into the rank of proprietors, to supply the defects of such families as have but one child, or none at all; or where proprietors have a mind to sell their birthright, which they sometimes do, when they have no inclination to marry. Some of these younkers are sent to trades, to sea, or to service, while they are young, and are all maintained out of the publick stock when they are old and past their labour; the rest are sent to a kind of monastery or academy, where they are instructed in the rules of justice, and the law of God. Out of these are chosen our teachers, and our exhorters for religious purposes, and our wardens, directors and governors for our civil or national affairs; what remains are formed into a kind of militia or publick servants

* The word is *cultoag* in the original, which I do not understand.

servants to attend the execution of our laws, and the publick fires upon mount *Horeb*.

I told him, that I thought the regulation was excellent, except in that part which denies marriage to so large a number of people, who, perhaps, might not have the gift of continency. To this he replied, that the desire of copulation is not so strong as some people are apt to imagine; it depends, in a great measure, on several outward circumstances that may be guarded against. The sun's genial heat is a great provocative, which is the reason that both sexes marry very young in hot countries, much earlier than in the cold regions of the north: this does not affect us, the enlivening heat with which we are blest, cheers our blood without hurrying or inflaming it. Another cause is idleness; employment keeps the mind too busy to give it much time for rambling or wanton thoughts; therefore for this and other reasons, we put our young people to some employment as soon as they are capable of it; another cause is, a too great familiarity between the sexes: toying, kissing, rummaging, prompt to more loose desires; this we likewise guard against. Custom and fashion have their influence in this as well as several other affairs of life, but they have no place with us. Curiosity may be added to the rest; one is desirous to try what he hears another praise so much, and to experience what can be in those pleasures which he sees another so eagerly pursue; but the best guard against this, and all the rest, is religion, which is early instilled into the minds of our young people, and so constantly practised by all who are capable of it, that even the violent inclinations of nature are either quite stifled, or yield entirely to it; nor do we put any force on those to whom marriage is prohibited, for most of them learn trades when they are young, and therefore are fit
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for travelling into your world; we give them money out of the publick stock, to let them up in any of your trading towns, but it is very rare to find any one who chuses it.

The governor having finished what he had to say to my questions, we all rose and quitted the harbour, and took a walk towards the centre of the garden; in this place grew a tall spreading apple tree, full of fruit, he pulled a few and gave them to us, we eat of them, and found them exquisitely good. He asked us how we liked them, we told him they were delicately good, beyond expression. I knew you would like them, answered he, for they are choice fruit, and the best in the island; but come, continued he, let us go to the next seat, and sit a while till I give you an account of a love affair, that was occasioned by the pulling one of these apples. We went altogether to a camomile bank, and sitting down, the governor gave us the following relation.

CHAP. V.

The story of Verdona and Moyla.

MOYLA, the only daughter of our late governor, who is still a very fine woman, was in her younger days extremely beautiful, there was something prodigiously pleasing in her shape and countenance, and her education was agreeable to her parts and station. With all this she was humble, modest, religious and obedient; if any thing could lessen this fine character, it was that she did not shew in some part of her conduct, that gravity and solidity, which we old people are too apt to expect from those who are young and sprightly.

As she was one day walking in these gardens,

for

for this house and demesnes always belong to the governor in being, I say, as she was walking here in the garden, she came to thistree, which she always called her favourite tree, she cast her veil aside, that she might take a prospect of her tree, and see which apple pleased her best; looking round doubtful where to fix her choice, she chanced to see one near the top that charmed her: It had a most enticing appearance, the rich juices within were ripened to the greatest perfection, and now ready to burst forth, had stained the outside with the most beautiful crimson. She immediately took a resolution of climbing the tree, and procuring for herself this tempting apple. Women are generally as quick in their actions as resolutions; she mounted the tree, and soon reached the branch on which the temptation was suspended; but seizing the fruit too eagerly, she over-reached herself; her feet slipped off the branch on which they stood supported, so that she hung in the tree, holding only by a branch which she had grasped in her left hand, as she reached for the apple with her right. She might yet have recovered herself, if the branch she held had not failed, for that slipped off from the stock, not being able to bear her weight; when she first found herself in a dangerous situation, she gave a shriek, which brought the gardiner, who happened to be near at hand, to her assistance; but e'er he reached the place, the branch she held by had given way. As she was falling down with her feet foremost, they struck against another branch, which delayed her fall a little, but with this bad circumstance, that it threw her head foremost from the tree; she was near the ground, when the gardiner just came time enough to catch her in his arms, and so saved her, in all likelihood, from a broken neck; for she came into his arms with such force, as

struck him to the ground under her, but still he exerted all his strength, to keep her from feeling any part of the shock.

The gardiner's name was *Verdone*, and belonged to the class of youngers, but could boast as much beauty in his person and parts as ever *Moyl's* herself; and I can assure you from my own knowledge, that the island could not shew such another pair. He had studied the business of a gardiner very carefully and executed it, with a superior skill and faithfulness. As soon as this extraordinary couple had recovered themselves, it was no wonder, that all the severer dictates of reason and religion, gave way to the softer ones of a tender and passionate love. He still supported her till she could recover the use of her limbs, which the fright in some measure deprived her of: but then, when she wanted to leave his arms, what commotions did he feel? she ran to her veil, and putting it on, she told him, she owed her life to his generous assistance, and would, if ever it lay in her power, make a grateful return; and that it gave her a sensible grief, that she could not thus give him a proof of the great inclination she had to be grateful to her deliverer. He stood gazing in a kind of rapture, stupid and motionless, but that state was too easy for him, for she immediately left him, and then he thought, as he has often told me, that his heart was tearing asunder: And we may conclude, that hers was not in a much easier situation.

But however, after some time, these warm sentiments seemed to lose much of their force, and reason appeared the conqueror. They reflected, that the laws of their country and their duty, forbade their wishes, and left them nothing to hope for. What was only in appearance might at last have become real, if another accident had not renewed their love with double vigour, There

There is a very beautiful deer-park behind this garden; you see it is separated by a very good wall of stone and lime, too high for a deer to leap. *Moyla* used often to pass some hours in this place every day, amusing herself with a pet fawn, who used to come to her, and feed out of her hand, and then play its innocent gambols round the beautiful nymph; sometimes *Moyla* would take pleasure in running away, that the fond fawn might gallop after; shewing a little of that spirit of coquetry, which is so notorious in the females of your upper world. One day she had followed that diversion so long, that she grew quite tired. In order to rest herself, she sat down by a little rill of water that sprang up at one end of the park, and ran out at the other. Here she insensibly fell asleep; while she slept, it happened that all the springs in the island were in flood, occasioned, as I told you before, by the weight of your atmosphere, which sunk the waters deeper on mount *Horeb*. The rising waters soon awakened the nymph; she was sensible of her danger, and immediately took a resolution of plunging into the flood, in hopes to cross it e'er it rose too high; but she had not gone many steps before she found the current too strong for her, she began to stagger, and called out for help; *Verdone* heard her voice as he worked in the garden, and knew it too well to be deceived; he climbed the wall, or rather flew over it in an unaccountable manner, but e'er he could reach the stream, he saw her carried down a considerable way by the force of the flood. He ran, he flew to her relief; the strength of the stream and the quantity of cloaths she had on, kept her from sinking some time, but by that time that he came to her, she was come into dead water, and was just sinking. He plunged in, and swam to her, and caught her in his arms,

and carrying her quite out of the reach of the water, laid her on a rising ground with her head reclined down the hill, till by this means she disgorged most of the water she had swallowed down, during her stay in that element. Having recovered her senses enough to know that she owed this second deliverance to the lovely *Verdone*, she address him thus, O *Verdone*, said she, you have twice given me life, can I live insensible of such great obligations? no, *Verdone*, my whole life shall be employed in thinking of you, as far as is consistent with every part of my duty: yes, *Verdone*, I will love you while I live, if I can do no more: *Verdone* heard this confession with more joy, than *Moyla* received life from his assistance. O *Moyla*, replied he, all that I did, or could do for you, comes far short of the pleasure you give me at this moment; to have a place in your thoughts, is to be happy indeed in this world; I am not of your mind, answered *Moyla*, for our different sexes and circumstances, are an unsurmountable obstacle in the progress of such a pure friendship as I would have to subsist between us; 'tis true, our different sexes fit us for the most endearing friendship, which is certainly to be found in the marriage state: but our laws are against that union. To which *Verdone* replied, O charming *Moyla*, you judge right: I was beginning to indulge my love, when I have nothing but despair in prospect; I would sacrifice every thing to possess you, except my conscience, that must be kept pure and unswayed. I will not persuade you to take any step in my favour, that will be contrary to any branch of your duty, or my own. That man shews a poor self-interested spirit, that would purchase his own happiness at the expence of another's, or would grieve his conscience to please his senses. My dear *Moyla*, I will love you and indulge

fulge it too; tho' my despair should consume me: O *Verdone*, replied the disconsolate *Moyla*, we have not time even for words, we must part and with sentiments too much alike. I am afraid that you have twice preserved my life, that it might end more miserable. Here she gave him a parting look of tenderness, then clapping on her veil, which luckily lay on a green hillock beside her, where she had laid it when she first came into the field, she hurried away to her father's house.

The melancholy *Verdone* heard these last words with inexpressible grief; he returned to his work with an heart intirely devoted to sorrow. It was not long e'er these paragons of beauty were sunk into a poor skeleton-like appearance. The governor was alarmed to see his daughter have all the symptoms of a dying woman. As sicknesses are little known in this happy place, the old man began to suspect that love was the cause of this unhappy change. He came to her bed-side one day, and charged her on her duty, to tell him if she loved any man in particular. My dear father, answered the damsel, let me die in peace; if I have loved any man contrary to my duty, or without your knowledge, it was owing to chance entirely; I never yet formed a design that did not square exactly with your inclinations, where I thought you ought to be consulted; I confess I do love, but it is not the effect of levity and unguarded moments, but of gratitude, and something else that I cannot account for; but as that love is ill placed, being contrary to the laws of my country, I choose rather to die under my burden than to seek relief. This answer only made her father more anxious to know exactly the situation that she was really in, and therefore ordered her to tell him the whole affair. She was too sensible of her duty to refuse him, tho' she was in no small confusion

confusion in telling that part of her story, where she had brought herself into so much danger by too much inadvertency.

As soon as the governor perceived that *Verdone* was the object of her desire, he concluded that the passion was mutual, since that unfortunate young man had the same symptoms of an approaching death. My dear child, said the afflicted governor, be not dejected, you may expect every thing in the power of an indulgent father; *Verdone* and you are both in the class of youngers, therefore are prohibited the use of matrimony; you know I belong to that class; though my place gave me a right to marry, it is denied to my children: yet it may happen, that the requisite numbers of proprietors may not be compleat, then the deficiency is to be supplied out of our class, and in that case I may have interest enough to get you both adopted. Come, come child, be comforted, this expedient may make you easy. The dying *Moyla* saw a gleam of hope flow from her father's kind assurances; she indulged it, and began to recover in a sensible manner: she sent an account of all to her dear *Verdone*, who received the news with the greatest pleasure, and hoped for an happy issue.

The governor issued out orders for a general assembly of the male and female proprietors of the island. When they were all come together, the governor began, by giving them a particular account of the Loves of *Verdone* and *Moyla*, and the dangerous situation they were in, and concluded by telling them, that all his hopes did depend on finding a vacancy or two among the proprietors. They all wished him success, and so set about the enquiry; but to the great disappointment of our dying lovers, the number was compleat. The governor was then quite dejected. I am sorry

my good friends, said he, that all your labour is in vain; but I must be patient and submit to the divine providence. His grief would let him say no more; upon which one of the directors address'd him thus: sir, we must intreat you to suspend your sorrows till you see all hopes cut off; it is possible that some proprietors will be found who will dispose of their birth-rights; for this our law allows of for good reasons.

This motion was no sooner made, than a young male proprietor rose up, and address'd the governor thus: sir, I am ready to part with my birth-right, and am proud of the opportunity of contributing to the happiness of the lovely *Moyle*; you know, continued he, that my father's lands join your demesnes, this gave me an opportunity of coming often to your house; the dawn of beauties which then appeared in the face of *Moyle*, were so inexpressibly charming, that I grew prodigiously fond of her company: after she pass'd her thirteenth year, she so well veiled her charms from the eyes of men, that I never had the happiness of seeing them after that time; but the early beauties which I once saw are still fresh in my memory: will you wonder then, that I still love, still adore her? can I say I love her, and not strive to make her happy, tho' it be to destroy my own hopes? should I miss this opportunity it would be a proof to my conscience, that it is my self I love, and not the lovely *Moyle*. I have now no heart for matrimony, and therefore my birth-right is useless to me, and is at your service.

The governor thanked him in the most sensible manner; the directors commended his generous resolution, and told him, that as *Verdone* had not money to purchase the lands, they would, if the governor consented, pay him out of the publick stock. The governor thanked them for this great instance

instance of their love to him and his family, but told them at the same time, that he would not consent that the publick money should be appropriated to his private use and occasions, telling them that he would himself advance the purchase money: *Verdone* was sent for, and the bargain concluded, but all this while no female proprietor was found to relinquish her birth-right. For tho' our female youngers behave mighty well, never thinking of matrimony, as having no hopes that way; yet I have observed, that none of our female proprietors can ever be prevailed upon to part with their birth-right; the reason I take to be this: as they have a right to matrimony, they have it often in their thoughts, they find something pleasing in these reflections, which they cannot be induced to part with afterwards. Here my father interrupted our kind intelligencer. Sir, said he, I think our females have the advantage of yours, for several of our women live and die maids, tho' marriage is not prohibited by any law. That may be, answered the governor, but I suspect that their living in a state of perpetual virginity, is more owing to too little asking in the men, than too much refusing in the women.

This interruption over, the governor went on with his story thus: the governor, says he, was quite disconcerted at this new disappointment, and sat quite silent for some time, at last recollecting himself, he spoke to the assembly thus: our inquiry into the number of male and female proprietors is not perfect; it is true, we have found the number in general to be compleat, but we have not examined if the one sex is equal in number to the other, if they are not, you know, we have a right to unclass the supernumeraries by lot, and increase the smallest number, by election. The company in general allowed that to be extremely

just, and agreeable to the known laws of his country. A new enquiry being made, they found the males exceeded the females by two. This may prove a lucky discovery, quoth the governor, let us immediately cast lots upon the male proprietors to see which one must quit his birth-right, and class with the youngers. *Verdone*, who was now a proprietor by purchase, was obliged to stand his chance with the rest; he trembled lest the lot should fall on him, but he had the good fortune to escape. He on whom the lot fell was immediately classed with the youngers, and the lovely *Moyla* was elected a proprietress in the vacancy.

This news was soon carried home to the drooping daughter, who quickly recovered her native bloom, and began to shine again. After some proper preparations, the marriage was solemnized with all the splendor and joy usual on such occasions: and the beautiful *Verdone* and *Moyla* were each made happy in the possession of what they esteem'd most valuable in this world.

The governor had just finished his story, when a servant came to call us to supper. We went in and found a neat and genteel entertainment, yet nothing that savour'd of profuseness or a wasteful plenty. After supper we drank two glasses of cyder, which I find is their quantum on all occasions. We then had some indifferent chat till we were shewed to our apartments, where we refreshed ourselves with a sound and comfortable sleep. When we arose we found the governor waiting for us; we took a walk into the deer-park, and, after some time, sitting down by the side of the little rill which had almost proved fatal to the lovely *Moyla*, the governor address'd us thus: my dear friends, said he, do you want any more information concerning the state of our happy island? If it is not too great a trouble, answered my father, we would

be glad to hear how your religion, laws and government are regulated. The governor replied that it would rather be a pleasure, first as it gave him an opportunity of obliging a stranger, and in the second place, as such recitals never fail'd to raise in his breast the most sincere returns of thankfulness to their great benefactor. So without more words he gave them the following account.

CHAP. VI.

The governor gives an account of the government, laws and religion of O'Brasael. He relates a remarkable adventure.

THE whole island, said the governor, is divided into twelve shares or wards, each of which is govern'd by two wardens and a director. The business of the wardens is to act as public notaries, they register all bargains, deeds, bonds, indentures, &c. and act jointly as justices of the peace, in disputes between man and man. The directors form the great council of the island, and are called the board of directors, in which council the governor of the island sits as president; these have power to make new laws, and repeal old ones, they likewise receive appeals from the wardens court, and judge peremptorily in all cases. There is a handsome market town in every ward, in which there is a neat house, built for the directors, with a good garden and some fields adjoining, and another neat house for the two wardens. The two wardens are allowed a salary of ten pounds each per annum, and twenty pounds per annum to the director. The governor has thirty pounds per annum, and these demesnes valued at thirty more. We have no notions, continued he, of raising vast sums off our industrious people to sup-

port a set of men in an indolent state of ease and luxury. Our maxim is, that if a man's whole time is employed in the service of the publick, we allow him a comfortable subsistence; but if only a part of his time is so employed, we allow him a portion accordingly; and leave him to make out the rest of his maintenance, in the time he hath to spare. The wardens and directors are elected every three years, by the whole body of the people; each ward electing their own, tho' no man has a vote till he is above thirty years of age. I believe you will say that there is something singular in their election, which is thus:

Every elector has a sufficient number of letters cast in metal, not unlike these used by printers; he has likewise a little frame which can be enlarged or diminished at pleasure by the help of screws. With this frame and some of these letters fixed in it, he can stamp on paper, any man's name he pleases. At the three years end, when there is to be a general election, or at a particular election, occasioned by the death of the warden or director, then each elector stamps on a bit of paper, the man's name whom he thinks most proper to succeed to the office. Then all the electors assemble at the market town. In the market-place, there is set a chest with a hole cut in its cover; in this chest every elector drops his scrip of paper; making at the same time this solemn asseveration: I A—B—do solemnly declare that I do not make this choice out of self-interest or affection to any man, my whole view is the good of my country. When they have all done, there is a great table set in the street, on which is laid a parcel of papers, each paper being marked with a different letter of the alphabet, the whole taking in all those letters which are used in the beginning of mens surnames; then a sufficient number of men

are employed to write down the names as they are taken out of the chest; it is laid on the middle of the table, then opened before the scribes, every one being obliged to read the name; then he who has the paper marked with the letter of the name drawn, writes down the name on the paper, laying the paper on the middle of the table, that all may see it is fairly entered; thus they go on till all is finished; then they examine papers, and the man whose name is found ofteneft, is declared duly elected.

The governor is elected for life, and is chosen by the directors only. At the end of three years when the board of directors are elected, they, with the governor, proceed to the election of a new governor, much after the same manner as that which I have explained. Each director stamps the name of that man on a bit of paper, which he thinks most fit to be governor in succession to the present one; the governor in being doth the same, affixing his seal to the name he writes. They have a chest with thirteen locks, each of the electors keeping a key. If there has been a former election it is now rendered invalid, for every new board of directors proceed to a new election, dropping their bits of paper in the chest, where they lie till the next election (if the governor does not die in the mean time) then are they taken out and burnt, to make room for a new election. When the governor dies the chest is opened, and the man whose name is found ofteneft repeated, or written on the papers, is duly elected governor, so that we can say, (as well as your lawyers do of your monarchs) that our governor never dies, the new one being elected before the old one dies, without any one's being able to know who the man is.

I can give you but little account of our laws, indeed

indeed in a country where every man carries a governor, and a law in his own breast, you will own that laws are unnecessary. We have not yet made any particular laws against wilful crimes, because there are no such things among us; we content ourselves by making a general law, that whoever commits a wilful crime, must expect to be punished according to the nature of it; however, in relation to disputes and lawsuits, we have fixed upon the following plan:

When a dispute arises, the disputants are obliged to refer the cause to two neighbours, if they cannot agree, they chuse an umpire; yet from this judgment, either party may appeal to the wardens court: but there is some cost attending this, each witness may demand two pence for every mile he travelleth, and two pence for every hours attendance; there may be two pence charged for every summons and warrant that is issued out: there must be two shillings paid into the publick treasury, for we allow no fees; these costs are generally thrown on the person who is found in the wrong, according to the discretion of the judges. If the wardens cannot agree in their judgment, they call in the directors of the ward, to be an umpire over them; either party may yet appeal to the board of directors, in this case there must be five shillings paid into the publick treasury, other costs are charged as before: but from this court there is no appeal. If the appellant is found to be litigious, he may, beside paying the costs, be branded with some mark of infamy, as having his hat taken off his head in the publick market, or being set in the stocks. The wardens must keep their court once a week, provided there are above three suits depending; however, no case must lie before them above three weeks. The directors must keep their court once a month at the capital, and no case

case must be before them above three court days.

But, sir, said my father to the governor, I can hardly conceive how you can have any disputes among you; such sober disinterested minds are not fit for disputes; you are mistaken, answered the governor, we have several disputes among us. Where we are not particularly directed by the revealed word, we must have recourse to the light of reason, and a glorious light it is, when it is not clouded by prejudices and long habits of thinking a wrong way. Reason ought to be the same in all men: yet from the forementioned causes we find that the thing which one man thinks reasonable another thinks is not so. I cannot explain this better, than by giving you an instance of a curious dispute which happened in this island when I was a boy.

One of our male proprietors took a resolution to sell off his birth-right and live single; he soon found a purchaser among the class of youngers. The bargain being concluded, and the money paid, they took some witnesses, and went to the lands that were sold; the one to give, and the other to take possession. As they entered the first field, they were surprized to see the body of a dead man lying in the field, a little way from them; they went to it, and examined it, and concluded, that it must be some person who had been drowned in your upper seas, and so had fallen quite thro' upon this island, for they found his cloaths quite wet, and his bones all dislocated with the fall. Upon searching his pockets, they found some books and papers, and a purse of gold, that contained about an hundred and thirty broad pieces. He that had bought the field, put these effects in his pocket, and said that he would take immediate care for the burial of the man before he did any thing else. The purchaser alledged that he had the best right

to the effects; but as the other denied that, they immediately agreed to refer it to the decision of two honest neighbours. By this time, there were several people gathered about them; out of these they chose two referees, each one choosing the man he thought most proper to give impartial justice.

He, whom the purchaser had chosen, gave his opinion thus: my judgment is, said he, that he who sold the land, has the best right to the effects belonging to the dead man. Every one here must allow, that they ought to belong to the proprietor of the land, but he that sold the fields is the proprietor, for he has not as yet given up his right, the other has not yet got possession; could the seller be said to have any right to the purchase-money before he received it, and got it in his possession? I believe no one will say he had. Neither can the purchaser be said to have a right to these fields till he gets them in possession by a formal delivery. Let us suppose, for argument's sake, continued he, that the purchaser had paid the purchase-money in the open fields, and let us suppose farther, that e'er the payment was made, that a gold ring, or a jewel had fallen from the upper seas among the money, surely he that was going to receive the money, would not have a right to the gold ring, if he got his money, he got all he bargained for. Now, are not the cases perfectly parallel? If the purchaser gets the lands he bought, he has no right to ask any more.

Now my good friends, said the governor, what do you think of these reasons. I do not know what to think, answered my father, if his reasons were not good they were plausible; I long to hear if they were submitted to. That you shall soon hear, replied the governor, but in the mean time, I would have you observe the difference between
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our referees and those among you; ours regard nothing but what they think is just; but yours shew less regard to the justice of the case, than to the interest of their employer, each striving to get all that he can for the person who employs him.

The other referee began thus: it is my opinion then, said he, that the money and effects belong to the purchaser, because I look upon him as the true proprietor of these lands, tho' he has not yet got a formal Possession. The other referee started a question and answered it himself, on which he formed his conclusion: the question was, whether or no the seller had a right to the purchase-money, or could be said to be the proprietor thereof, before he got possession? This question he answered in the negative; but on the contrary I affirm, that the seller was the true proprietor of the purchase-money before he had it actually in possession. Let us suppose for argument's sake, that the purchaser had refused to pay the price agreed on; would not the seller have recourse to law, and would not the law seize an equivalent out of his effects, and give it to the plaintiff. Is it not plain that the law in this case does no more than what every man has a natural right to: that is, to take his own where he sees it. But as it might be dangerous to exercise this right, every individual devolves it into the hands of the executive power of the society, so that the whole strength of the society becomes his, and he recovers his right by their assistance. I will not say, that the seller had a right to the particular pieces of money he afterwards received, because these particular pieces were not bargained for. But that is not the case in respect of these lands; for these particular lands were bargained for, and therefore the purchaser has a right to these particular lands. Here the other referee interposed; is it not a known rule, said he, in most countries,

countries, that a bargain is not looked upon as valid, till there is an earnest or earl-penny given, which is a visible sign that each party is sincere and in earnest: now if a bargain, in the judgment of most people, is not binding till there is possession given either in whole or in part; I think my argument still stands good, that the seller had no right to the purchase-money, till it was given him either in whole or in part; from whence it naturally follows, that the purchaser has no right to the lands till he gets actual possession.

The other referee replied, I grant, that there is such a custom in many countries, but that rule is fixed upon to bind the consciences of these men who would be for finching, when they find themselves pinched by a bad bargain, which they had made; they would plead they were not in earnest, and no intention to make any such contract. But we must never admit any such evasions and shifts among us; and consequently no such custom ought to be admitted, in a country where every inhabitant makes it a breach of justice to alter the thing that is gone out of his mouth. But I might allow you all you can ask in this argument, for at last you must acknowledge, that the seller was the true proprietor of the money, when he had it in his possession; now it cannot be supposed, that he could possibly be the proprietor of the land and money both at the same time. Hence it must follow, that the purchaser had the property of the land vested in him, the moment he paid the money, tho' he had not then got formal possession of it.

As the referees did not tally in their judgment, an umpire was chosen, who gave his judgment thus: I think, says he, that neither of the claimants have a right to the money. It must be allowed by all, that the equality which was settled among the inhabitants of this Isle at the first, was

willive institution, and very expressive of christian fellowship; besides, as every individual had an equal faith and zeal in the resolution they took of chusing to perish rather than be corrupted with the wicked manners of the Irish, it was but reasonable that they should be equally rewarded; but this equality will be destroyed by giving either claimant the money; it would even have a bad consequence, as it would tempt the man who possessed it, to indulge in luxury, in order to expence it; or else prompt him to seek ease in idleness, having so much money to depend on. We are at great expences, in order to preserve the equality first instituted; therefore my sentence is, that the dead man be first buried at the publick expence, and then let the effects be carried to the treasury. They all submitted to this decision, the man was buried decently, and all his effects were lodged in the hand of the publick treasurer.

C H A P. VII.

The governor continues his account of the laws and religion of the islanders. The author and his father return to Ireland.

WHEN the governor had finished the foregoing relation, we returned again to the house, in order to get breakfast; that being over, my father asked the governor, how they raised their publick money. The governor told him that they had a land tax, and a tax upon all goods either exported or imported; besides, that every youngster was obliged to leave all his effects at his death, to the publick stock, and the old proprietors likewise, who were allowed to give their children nothing, but their portions in land and money, except some household furniture.

That

That the governor was always the publick treasurer, the directors and wardens acting as deputies in their several wards.

We all agree in one resolution, continued the governor, to be sudden and sure in the execution of the laws we make; than which, we have nothing that is temporal more at heart: for laws without execution are like statues in a garden, which may make a shew, but are no check to thieves and robbers.

As for our religion, we have preserved it in the same purity, which it had when we received it, from the apostle *Matthew*, and *Justus* his faithful companion and fellow labourer. The apostle *Matthew* did not stay long with us; however, at his departure, he left *Justus* behind him, to settle and order the affairs of the church, on a sure and lasting foundation. This man, during his life, exerted himself strongly, in giving the people true notions of their duty and interest. Before his death he wrote in our own language, a compleat system of religious duties, and divine truths, to which he gave authority and sanction, by many uncontroverted miracles. These writings of his, together with the gospel wrote by the apostle *Matthew*, and the Jewish testament, contain all our holy writings, and are our only standard, or rule of faith and practice.

But sir, says my father, why do you not take in our scriptures, into your canon of divine books, since they are of equal authority at least with your own.

My good friend, replied the governor, we are ready to acknowledge the truth and authority of your sacred books; we have them in our libraries, but yet we do not fetch them into our publick services, or families, for two reasons. The first is, that our own holy writings, as I said before,

are a compleat rule of faith and practice, therefore we want no more: but the chief reason is, that several of your books were wrote to very distant churches, on very different occasions, which do not now concern us, or which we do not well understand. We must allow that these discourses were well understood, by the people to whom they were written, but these people might have had several circumstantial helps, and received notions among them, which might make one of these epistles plain and intelligible to one church, and not to another, that was not in the same circumstances; the apostle *Peter* seems to confirm this when he tells you that there were some things in the writings of *Paul* hard to be understood, which some people wrested to their own destruction. However that be, future times have confirmed beyond doubt, by the numberless divisions, wars, and persecutions which religion, or rather mistakes in religion, have occasioned. I am very glad, answered my father, that you have furnished me with a very good argument against a sect of heretics, who are lately sprung up among us, who call themselves reformers, and protestants. They alledge, that the scriptures as we have them, are the only rule of faith: but we of the church of *Rome* hold, that the traditions which the apostles communicated to the churches by word of mouth, are of equal, if not of superior authority, as being more clearly understood. In deed, replied the governor. we never enter into disputes about religious subjects; therefore I shall only take the liberty to tell you, that you infer more from my words than they will bear. It must be granted, that the churches that were planted by the apostles, were pure and perfect, before the canon of your scripture was formed; but all that can be inferred from thence is, that the first guides

Bishops, or pastors of the church, soon lost the decrees, or the form of sound words, which was committed to their care. This made it necessary to collect all the writings of the apostles, that could be found, and proved to be theirs with any certainty, in order to form a rule or standard for religion. Now it follows, that you ought to acquiesce in that standard which you have, since it is the best that can be had; and you may rest assured, that God who gave a revealed religion, would not suffer it to be weakened, in any part necessary to salvation; however, his infinite wisdom may suffer it to be mixed with dark or unconcatable truths, for wise purposes, best known to himself. It may satisfy you, that our Saviour said, he did not come to send peace on the earth, but a sword; for if you had the same notions of religion that we have, you must enjoy peace along with it. We have examined your books by our standard, and find they contain all things necessary to salvation; but as for traditions, the very necessity there was of collecting the several distant writings of the apostles, proves, that there were then no traditions in the church; if there were any, and of validity, they were in the hands of very faithful men, which circumstance only could make them valid. These traditions might have been collected, and committed to writing, and so be a plain and constant rule of religion to succeeding times; but it cannot be imagined, that those men, who lost the decrees that were given them to keep, or the form of sound words, which were either written or at least got by heart, I say, it cannot be well imagined, that these men should preserve a long train of divine truths, moral precepts, and commands, pure and untainted, which were neither written nor got by heart.

You have been long enough among us, continued

nued the governor, to observe that we have only two orders of men among us who attend on divine business, viz. the doctors or teachers, who instruct our children and youth in all christian duties and knowledge, first by catechising, and then by more copious and full explanations: and the preachers or exhorters, whose business it is on stated times in our churches, to refresh our minds in the duties of christianity, and to be the mouth of the congregation in praying to, and praising God. He visits the weak and sick in their houses, and is ready on all occasions to check the appearance of evil, and to encourage virtue. Indeed we allow them no power in any shape, it being such a bewitching thing, that it has done more mischief to religion among you, than all other vices together. It was a thirst of power that threw the evil angel out of heaven; our Saviour himself could scarcely get it kept under among his own few disciples. When the state or civil government were heathen, there was a necessity, that christians should chuse out those among themselves, who should judge them, and decide differences, and not be under a necessity of applying to the tribunals of their profane enemies; but this necessity vanished when the civil magistrates became christians. Then the distinction of church and state ought to have been laid aside, for two governments in the same state independant of each other, are like two cocks in a coop, who are more ready to hurt than to help one another. You saw our publick worship, it was pure and simple. I saw it, replied my father, and thought it very devote and unaffected, you think you stripped religion too bare; it looked naked wanting those ornaments, and dress which all other christians use. My friend, answered the governor, we have not stripped it, but preserved it as we found it. The church came out of the hands

hands of Christ and his apostles, as our first parents did out of the hands of their creator, naked and innocent; I need not tell you, how dress and ornament were introduced either in the world or the church: but as I said on another occasion, it is not the use but the abuse of a thing that is sinful, so we have too much reason to complain of the ill purposes to which ornament and dress are applied in both; but as the best things are most capable of being corrupted; we are the more careful in religious matters, to guard against every thing that may possibly lead to superstition or idolatry; unless we see a great probability of their doing a great deal of good, which is not the case of these vestments, signs, and ceremonies which are used amongst you.

My father then begged of the governor, to let him have a copy of the writings of *Justus*, but the governor told him, that that was the only thing he must refuse him; then taking up the book in his hand, he read a passage to us, which positively declares, that before the end of the world, both Jews and Gentiles will be converted to the christian faith. Now, says he, we have a tradition among us, that we are the people destined to effect their conversion, which is the great reason why God hath thus preserved us pure and free from the corruptions of the world; that the good man who put us in the happy state which we now enjoy, is no other than the prophet *Elias*, who is to come at that time, and lead us out to that great work, and give us the power of working miracles to confirm our mission. By the same tradition we are ordered not to let our holy writings go out of our island, for this reason, that some would scoff at and deride them; others would corrupt them, and then dispute with us, that their adulterated copy was the true original: but when we pour upon

upon them in a flood of light, with our holy writings, and the working of miracles, and the co-operating spirit of the Almighty, altogether will work a thorough conviction. Sir, replied my father, give me leave to make two objections, that seem to weaken the truth of your traditions; the first is, that *Elias* is already come, and the second is, that miracles are ceased. To which the governor answered: our traditions are not necessary to salvation, and therefore we may be indifferent whether they are true or false; however, they may be true, notwithstanding your objections. I am ready to own, that *Elias* is come in the person of *John* the baptist, or rather that *John* the baptist came in the power and spirit of *Elias*, for the baptist declares of himself, that he was *Elias*. Therefore it may follow, that *Elias* may come personally before the second appearing of Christ. It is true, the Jews testament does not mention two advents of *Elias*, neither does it clearly intimate the two advents of Christ, yet we are now sure that one is past, and another to come at the end of the world; then where is the absurdity to suppose that *Elias* may have two advents likewise, the first in the person of *John* the baptist, and the other personally before the coming of Christ to judgment.

Your second objection is still weaker, the ceasing of miracles is no proof that they will always cease. They had a long cessation among the Jews, yet were renewed at the coming of the Messiah, and may be so again before his second coming.

But even our reason shews the necessity of miracles, not only for the conversion of Jews, Turks and Infidels, but likewise for the conviction of the several sects among christians themselves, who hate one another with more rancour, than they do those who differ intirely from them.

thing less than a miracle can reconcile such dissenting persecuting brethren.

All I can gratify you in, continued he, is to give you a copy of our creed, or short summary of our christian faith, which in the main is the same with your own. Saying this, he went to his library, and returning with a paper in his hand; my friends, said he, here is a short abstract or summary of our christian faith; I will read it to you, and then put it into your hands to make what use of it you think proper.—He read as follows.

A Summary of the CHRISTIAN FAITH.

ARTICLE I. *Of the only one God.*

THERE is only One eternal and supreme God, infinitely wise, powerful and good; the Author of the Universe, and all that is therein.

ART. II. *Of Man's natural right.*

When God made man, he gave him sufficient means of knowledge; powers and abilities to discern, choose, and perform every thing for procuring his own happiness. This he, as an intelligent being, had a right to get from a Creator infinitely wise, powerful and good.

ART. III. *Of Man's extraordinary right, or God's free gift.*

In order to enlarge the sphere of man's happiness, God was graciously pleased to give the first man some extraordinary helps, means, and motives; such as a revealed rule of faith and action, clear knowledge of the consequences of his obedience or disobedience, with all necessary divine assistance, to enable him to live a godly, righteous and sober life, which is the only means of obtaining an eternal and exceeding weight of glory and happiness.

ART. IV. *Of Man's disobedience, and its consequences.*

The first man *Adam* disobeyed the revealed rule of faith and action, by eating the forbidden fruit; consequently he, his wife, children, and posterity were deprived of all the extraordinary favours they had, or might have enjoyed. Death, which otherwise might have been postponed, by the fruit of the tree of life, took place, and passed upon all men, as a thing intirely necessary, and for the benefit of a sinful world. God was likewise graciously pleased to put mankind under some other seeming inconveniencies, but really conducive to his eternal happiness.

ART. V. *Of Man's being restored to the first gift, or extraordinary favour of God by a Redeemer.*

The omniscient God, foreknowing what his free creatures would do in all possible circumstances, fore-ordained a Redeemer, who by his obedience to God's will, and unparalleled love to mankind should be the means of restoring mankind to the extraordinary favour and free gift of God. For his sake God not only pardoned the first offence of *Adam*, by which mankind were at first unchurch-ed, or ecclesiastically dead, but all other offences thereby justifying, choosing, and electing mankind to be again his peculiar church and people.

ART. VI. *Of man's redemption by Jesus Christ.*

Our Lord *Jesus Christ*, called the only begotten Son of God upon account of his extraordinary endowments, favour with, and commission from God, who was with God before the world was made, and by whom God made the world; did in the fullness of time take our nature upon him, and was

born of a virgin, gave to mankind a rule of faith and action, and in order to confirm this new covenant which he proposed, and to make atonement for sin, and reconcile the world to God and his laws; he was crucified, died, and was buried, the third day he arose from the grave, ascended into heaven to the highest degree of glory and happiness, being constituted the God, head, king, or governor of his church or kingdom, and judge of all men at the resurrection, when he shall raise those who are finally justified, making their vile bodies like unto his glorious body, taking them into everlasting mansions, where they shall be ever with the Lord. Then shall he give up the kingdom into the hands of his Father, that the supreme God may be All in All.

ART. VII. *Of Man's entering into the new covenant, or the terms of our first justification.*

Every man who is willing to receive the free gift of God, that is, to be a member of the christian church, must be firmly persuaded of the love and goodness of God in pardoning our past sins, and giving us the means of obtaining eternal happiness through Christ Jesus; must be stedfastly resolved, that the revealed rule of faith and action given by Christ, shall be his guide in thought, word and deed, as being the will of God.

This profession, according to Christ's appointment, is to be accompanied with a significant ceremony called baptism, which is not supposed to convey to us the benefit of first justification, it being only a visible sign that we have these benefits already granted to us.

Children born to believing parents, are born into the new covenant, and therefore are not to be baptized.

ART. VIII. *Of the terms of final Justification.*

Every christian, being surrounded with trials and temptations, will be constantly committing sin through passion, worldly advantages or inattention. But still he is to expect forgiveness if he repents sincerely, and prays to God through Christ for pardon, and divine favour, and assistance for the future: And thus using his best endeavours to live a virtuous and holy life, he shall sleep in Christ, be raised at the last day, and taken into eternal glory; while the impenitent sinner shall be raised to judgment, separated from God, and be finally punished with the devil and his angels.

ART. IX. *Of our rule of faith and action.*

The whole compass of our rule of faith and action is contained in the Jewish scriptures, the gospel wrote by the apostle *Matthew*, and the writings of *Justus*.

My father could not help being shocked at hearing a scheme of religion so very different from that which he had always received as authentic and orthodox. The governor perceived it, and spoke to him thus: I believe you are far from being pleased with the summary of our religion which I have now put into your hands, but that does not lessen its merit; a Jew or a Mahometan would be as ill pleased with any system of religion that would be offered him by a christian. Ah, Sir, said my father, you and I profess the same religion, yet a Jew and a Mahometan can hardly differ more than we do. Your passing over in silence the infallibility of the church under a visible head or vicar of Christ, and several other important articles of our religion, is in effect, a downright denying of them. You make no mention of the trinity, of original sin, of Christ's merits and

fiction.

faction, of the efficacy of the sacraments to salvation; you even positively deny the use of baptism to the children of believing parents. I am loath to suppose, that a people so miraculously preserved, and favoured of God, and so virtuous and holy in practice, should hold damnable doctrines; yet your scheme of religion differs in a great many particulars from ours, which, I am sure, is infallibly right. The governor smiled; *Bryan*, said he, I thought you had nothing of the spirit of popery in you, but was mistaken, for I see how strong it breathes in your claim of infallibility, and damning of contrary opinions. I pardon your zeal; it is hard for a man to bear an opposition to the notions, especially the sacred ones, which he hath long embraced with reverence. I could easily prove every article of that summary out of the writings of *Justus*, but that I am forbid to do, nor would you submit to its authority. However, I think I am able to prove them all from your own divine writings, and even to convince an unprejudiced mind, that you have no warrant or authority in your scriptures for these articles which you call important. Dear sir, replied my father, let me beg of you to give us your reasons for rejecting them; I will as much as possible divest myself of prejudices, for why should not scripture and reason be my guide? I expected such a demand, answered the governor, and am prepared for it. I have considered the most material differences between your way of thinking and ours in matters of faith; and have formed such arguments upon them, as could be drawn from scripture and reason. These papers contain the substance of what I have done on that subject; take them, and read them at your leisure: I am not vain enough to imagine they will reconcile you to our way of thinking: all I aim at is, to convince you, and others,

others, that a christian love, charity and forbearance, ought to take place among christians where they differ in opinion; that you ought first to hear what your adversary has to say for himself, then destroy his arguments by superior ones, and strive to restore him in the spirit of meekness; if after all this forbearance and temperance, he continues obstinate, reject him: but never let your zeal blaze up into the extremum of persecution. Charity cannot err, but zeal may be wretchedly mistaken. You may, by persecution, force a man into your church, as an archer draws an arrow toward his breast; but as that force is contrary to the natural state of the mind, as soon as it is removed, the man flies off again. I have another present to make you, continued the governor: here are the papers which were found in the pocket of the man which fell upon our island; they relate to affairs in your upper world, and may have use and entertainment in them. My father received them thankfully, and told the governor that he would communicate them to the bishop of the diocese, to have his opinion of them; but as to the papers relating to religious subjects, he said he would keep them by him and peruse them, but he durst not, he said, shew them to any of his countrymen, who were so bigotted in their present way of thinking, that if Christ himself came from heaven and told them they were wrong, they would not believe him. The governor replied that their case was the same with the Jews who crucified the Lord of life; but however, said he, God in his good time will establish truth throughout the world, and then, the word which he sends out will not return empty.

After this, we all went together to take a view of the great basin; we saw that curiosity, we then ascended up part of mount *Horeb*, through

the oak groves, up to the place where the celestial oaks were burning; here we went quite round the hill, and had a compleat view of the whole island; after feasting our eyes with the beauties of the place which presented themselves on all sides, we descended again and came into the house. Dinner being ready, we sat down, and made a very comfortable meal, and drank two glasses of cyder after it. Dinner being over, the governor spoke to us thus: Now my friends, you have seen and heard the most material circumstances relating to this island; I hope you are satisfied with it.

Sir, says I, we have seen and heard wonders quite beyond expectation, and even beyond expression. We have some traditionary stories, continued I, concerning this island; but far, far short from the truth: We are told that it is an enchanted island, and that if any one could kindle a fire on it, the enchantment would be dissolved, and the place would, by that means, be won from the *spirits, genii, or faries*, who now possess it. My friend, replied the governor, you may observe that there is some glimmering of truth in that fabulous account: for if any of our acorns or oaks could be got among you, you might soon invade us; and by raising the island to your own seas again, you might easily seize and secure it for yourselves, by destroying our sacred fires and plantations, and kindling your own fires in their place: for thus you would put it out of our power ever to regain our liberty. But tho' we have reason to hope we shall never fall a prey to wicked hands while we continue to live as christians, yet we use precautions to prevent any rude visits from your people, by searching all our outward-bound ships, that they may not carry out more oak than is necessary for the voyage, and oblige the masters and crew to give a solemn assurance that they will conceal the secret from all strangers; tho'

tho' all this caution has been hitherto unnecessary, no one ever presuming to transgress our orders in that particular. And now, continued he, I must quit you, you must return home; then taking my father by the hand, *Bryan*, says he, you have always been a good man, and you know it was upon that account, that you are favoured with our acquaintance. Your son is not so good, but you must take care to improve his growing virtue, and give solidity to his good resolutions; we gave you leave to bring him hither, that he might see the happy place, the reward of virtue, though it is but a small shadow of what God will do for the righteous.

My father thanked him for all his favours, and told him, that next his God and Saviour, he and the rest of the inhabitants of *O' Brazeel*, should always claim his love and gratitude; but, continued he, why must I leave you, why may I not spend my days among you, I have not long to live. The governor grew almost angry at the request. What, says he, I did not think that you would have shewed so much weakness; a good man ought not to go where he will get most good, but where he can do most, you were designed to conquer the world, and not to flee from it like a monk or a hermit.

We took our leaves, and set out to sea; we returned the same way we came, and soon reached the Irish shore. I thought our case like that of *Adam* and *Eve* when they were forced to leave their paradise. However, I took up this firm resolution, that I would always strive to come up to the same perfection and virtue, that was so visible among these excellent people.

A D V I C E

T O A

S O N.

I N A S E R I E S O F

L E T T E R S,

F A B L E S a n d S T O R I E S:

My Son, hear the Instruction of thy Father.
P R O V. i. 8.

Printed in the YEAR M,DCC,LII.

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ADVICE

TO A

SON.

In a Series of LETTERS, FABLES
and STORIES.

My Son, bear the Instruction of thy Father.
Prov. i. 8.

LETTER I.

My Dear Child,

THO' your grandfather has taken you out of my hands, in order to give you a genteel education, and provide for you in the world; yet I am still under an obligation of taking care to form your mind to good and virtuous things; too much neglected in a modern education.

The human mind at its first ingress into the world, is a meer blank; it is then only the clean paper, which may afterwards be formed into

into an extensive book of knowledge. How great then ought the care of parents and guardians to be to furnish that book with proper materials! It will not continue a blank long, but will be taking impressions on all sides; great care must be therefore taken, to exclude those that are faulty and hurtful, and to invite and cherish those that are good and useful; this is the business and end of learning, and the first employment of the human mind.

Before I proceed to particulars I must give general advice, not to waste that time which you ought to employ in learning, for if you miss the opportunity, you may never get it again, to the ruin of your future fortune. Play, giddy play has a great ascendant over young minds: but you must form a firm resolution, to take no more play than what is necessary to unbend your mind after the fatigues of study.

I might go on in this advising strain, but precepts are a kind of a dry study, and soon forgotten. I shall therefore chuse the exemplary way of instruction, which will both instruct and divert, and leave a lasting impression on the memory.

FABLE I. *The two Setting Dogs.*

A Gentleman two whelps did get,
Both of the setting breed;
He strove to learn them both to set,
And thus he did succeed:

One was a giddy idle dog,
That only minded play;
And when his master went to flog,
He snarled and run away.

The other beat about with care,
And learn't to make his set:

No dog could with this dog compare,
For either gun or net.

Then was he lov'd and nicely fed,
And kept from cold and rain:
He lay upon his master's bed,
And wore a silver chain.

The other dog that would not learn,
At last was glad to serve
A cow-herd boy, a bit to earn;
He must do that or starve.

But cold without, and want within,
Soon made a wond'rous change:
His bones began to cut the skin;
His skin was full of mange.

One day he saw the gentle dog
On choice of victuals feast;
With greedy eyes he view'd the prog,
And begg'd to get a taste.

No, quoth the other, you know when
You got your fill of play:
Go live on that, what I got then,
Maintains me to this day.

M O R A L.

THE plays of youth are quickly o'er,
A flash of light'ning and no more;
And when too eagerly pursu'd,
Like light'ning do more harm than good:
But learning in our youth acquir'd,
Is always useful, still admir'd,
Diffusing still, and never done;
Bright and lasting like the sun.

STORY I. *The three Brothers and the wonderful Book.*

IT happened once upon a time, that a wealthy merchant, a native of *England*, had settled at *Ormus*, a port on the east side of the *Persian Gulf*, where he carried on a considerable trade with *China*, and the islands adjacent, and the kingdoms on the sea coasts of *Europe*. In the course of his trade, he often went in person to the places I have mentioned, in order to settle affairs with his factors, and correspondents. One time in particular, he embarked on one of his ships bound to *Europe*, but as they were doubling *Cape Good Hope*, a violent north wind set upon them, and drove them very far southward; they were obliged to put into an island in those seas to get fresh water; the merchant himself went on shore to make some observations of the country. He had not gone far, when he met with a company of men, who were dragging a prisoner, bound hand and foot, towards the sea. When they came up to him, they laid the prisoner at his feet; he asked them the reason of their proceedings, where one of the company gave him this answer: when any one among us runs in debt, and is not able to pay it, we give him twelve months time, either to raise the money, or prepare for the sentence which he is to receive; if his poverty is occasioned by misfortunes which he could not guard against, and it appears to us that he managed all his affairs with prudence and discretion, then we pay his debts and set him up again; if his poverty is occasioned by laziness and careless indolence, then we pay off his debts, give what effects he has to his next heir, and send him to a work-house; but if his poverty is owing to extravagance and debauchery,

debauchery, we sell all his effects, pay off his debts, and throw him into the sea, which is the common death we assign to thieves and robbers. This is the case of this unhappy man, but it is our custom when we carry any man to execution on this score, to stop whenever we meet any person whom we think able to pay his debts, to try if he is willing to save the prisoner's life; and this, says the man, is the reason of what you see.

It is very well, says the merchant. Then turning to the prisoner, he said, friend, if I were inclined to pay your debt, could you engage to behave better hereafter. Dear sir, replies the prisoner, my long confinement, and the tears of death have quite reformed me; I hate the evil courses which have plunged me into so much misery. What will you give me, says the other, if I pay off your debts, and save your life. I have nothing left, answered the poor man, but a book which no one would buy when all my goods were seized and sold, because no one understood it.

Do you think, says the merchant, that it is a valuable book; I know it is, replies the other, it was wrote by one of my forefathers, above five hundred years ago: He understood all languages, and knew all wisdom, being a disciple in a famous school which was held at *Balsora*, from the time of *Solomon* king of the *Hebrews*, who first instituted it, till it was destroyed by the conquering *Turks*. This book hath continued in the hands of our family since that time, but now I should have parted with it to save my life, but since it would not do that, I was resolved it should go with me in the sea, for I have it here in my pocket.

The merchant looked at the book, and found it was written in a language which he did not understand,

understand, tho' he then understood most of the languages in all the trading parts of the world. Well friend, says he, I consent to pay your debts, and will take my venture of the book; then turning to the company, he asked them how much the debt was, they told him it was an hundred pounds; the merchant said no more, but paid the money, and gave the prisoner twenty pounds more to begin the world with, and then returned to the ship.

The wind coming about fair, they set sail for *Europe*, where they soon arrived. Every place the merchant came to, he enquired if any one could be found who understood the language of the book; but to no purpose, every one was ignorant, nor could any one be found, who knew what language it was wrote in. Having settled his affairs in these parts, he stood over to *America*, resolving to sail round the globe of the world, in order to find any one who could understand the book. He coasted along the eastern shores of that country, and sailing round *Cape Horn*, went into the south sea, where they traded some time, then sailing west, they came to *Japan*, and the coast of *China*; but still his search was in vain, no one could be found who understood the language of the book.

Here he resolved to end his fruitless enquiries, and return home. As he stood one day on the shore just ready to embark for *Ormus*, he took the book out of his pocket, and looking at it, was going to fling it into the sea; but was diverted from that thought by the approach of a venerable old man, whose hair, and beard, were of a silver grey, his countenance as fresh and ruddy as a youth of twenty-five. He came up to the merchant, and accosts him thus: son, says he, may I be so bold as to ask you, what book is that which you hold in your hand. Indeed, replies the

the other, I am sorry that I cannot answer your question; I have sailed round the most part of the globe, in hopes of finding some person, who could explain this book to me; but I sought in vain. I was just going to fling it into the sea, when your appearance prevented me. The old man took the book in his hand, and looking on it, he said; this book might prove a treasure in the hands of a good and holy man, if he were learned to read it; but it is of no use to him that is wicked. If you have a son that you think will behave well, be just and religious; this book may make his fortune. I have three sons, replies the merchant; I have the best opinion of my youngest boy; but still, the book will be of no service to him, since I cannot meet any man that can teach him the use of it. If you will give me a small allowance yearly, answered the old man, I will go with you, and learn your son the language of the book.

The merchant gladly embraced the offer, and immediately taking the old man on board, set sail for *Ormus*, where they safely arrived after a very short voyage.

When the merchant came home, he called his three sons before him; the eldest whose name was *William*, was a very beautiful youth, but extremely proud and haughty. *Thomas*, which was the name of the second son, was careless and idle, and entirely devoted to play. *John*, the youngest, was very much deformed both in body and face, but seemed of a good disposition, and loved learning.

The boys being come before their father, he put on the table three fine looking-glasses, three boxes full of marbles and other play-things, and three books. He bade the eldest chuse one out of these three parcels: *Will* immediately took up one of the fine looking-glasses, and taking a pro-

peft of his own beautiful perfon, went fmiling away. Come *Tom*, fays the father, which do you chufe; *Tom* takes up a box of play-things and went off well pleafed. Well *Jack*, fays the merchant, now take your choice; I will be content, fays *Jack*, with one of thefe books. The old man who fat by all the time, laid, fmiling, this is the boy that muft be my fcholar; I will teach him the language of the book.

This was performed accordingly: *Jack* made great progrefs in that and feveral other ufelefs ftudies under the tender care of the old man. When he had learned the youth all he thought convenient, he told the merchant, that he had finifhed his task, and wanted to be difmiffed. May I beg the favour of you, fays the merchant, to pafs the remainder of your days with me, your knowledge and converfation are too valuable to be parted with; ftay with me and live as I do myfelf, for I never will make any difference. The old man confented, and they lived very happily together.

At laft the time came when the merchant found himfelf grow weak with old age, but was furprifed to find no alteration in his old companion. My old friend, fays he one day, I find myfelf funk under a weight of years, and muft foon leave the world, whilft you preferve the fame vigour in your limbs, and health in your countenance, that you had when I firft faw you; I am in hopes you will live long enough to be my executor, and be a father to my children. Be content, fays the other, I will do whatever you expect of me; you have been a good man, and will be more happy in another world than ever you were in this. You have nothing to do but to make your will, and leave the reft to my management, After they had confulted together how every thing fhould be fettled, the merchant

called in his three sons. Children, says he, I find myself grow weak, and have not long to live; to you my eldest son, I leave five thousand pounds; and three ships at sea, this house and furniture; and if ever you are reduced to poverty, lift up the great stone before the door, and you will find something to relieve you. To you, my second son, I leave five thousand pounds and my other house well furnished, and if ever you are reduced to a poor estate, lift up the great stone before your door, and you will find something to relieve you. To you, my third son, I leave a book which this old man, your former master, will give you at a proper time, and take his directions in all things. The young men bowed to their father, and went off; as soon as they were out of their father's sight, the two eldest insulted over their younger brother, saying, O young man you were always bookish, now you may turn book-worm and live on your book, or, you may put your book in a wallet and go a begging like another poor scholar. Hold your tongues, says *Jack*, your happiness depends on your fortunes which may fail you, but my happiness is in my mind, which even death cannot deprive me of.

Shortly after, the old merchant died. He was no sooner dead, than the eldest son took possession of the mansion house, telling his youngest brother, that now he may go shift for himself; *Jack* went off, and applying to the old man, told him how he was turned out of the house; go to your eldest brother, says the old man, and tell him you desire to travel, and beg of him to give you a little money to bear your charges; if he refuses you, then apply to your brother *Tom*, if they both refuse you, come again to me. *Jack* went and asked them both, but it was labour lost; they would not give him a farthing. He came back to his old

master, and told him how his brothers had used him. Well, son, says the old man, it cannot be helped, here is a crown for you, and here is the book your father left you, but be sure do not open it, till you want both money and knowledge. When you leave me you will see a white pigeon which will shew you the way that will be most for your advantage; and my blessing go with you. So embracing the young man, he sent him off.

When *Jack* went out, he saw the pigeon, and followed it day after day, whilst it flew leisurely before him, till at last he came in sight of a fine city, and then the pigeon left him and flew away. He made towards the city, and coming to the market-place, sat down on a bench, among several others who were resting themselves. He had not sat long, when he observed a paper fastened to a fine marble pillar that stood in the market place. He went towards it, and read the following words: whoever will undertake to drive away an evil spirit that haunts the governor's daughter, shall have an hundred gold crowns for a reward. Upon reading this, *Jack* asked a man who stood near him how long that advertisement stood there; too long, said the other; why so, says *Jack* to him again, because, replies the other, several men have lost their lives, by attempting to drive the evil spirit away, for as fast as the spirit conquers them, he destroys them. *Jack* began to think that perhaps his book might help him, and so he resolved to try. As he wanted at that time both money and knowledge, he opened the book and found these words

*The evil spirit can't withstand
Your thrice repeated bold command,
Be not tempted, nor afraid;
When in danger call for aid.*

When *Jack* read this he resolved to attempt it, then going to the governor's house, he knocked at the gate, the porter opened the door, and asked him what he wanted. I come, says *Jack*, to drive away the evil spirit from the governor's daughter; ay, replies the porter, you may do, for you are ugly enough to frighten the devil away. I believe says *Jack*, that the devil is more afraid of a good man than an ugly face, therefore you and he may keep company long enough together, unless some better man than you comes to force him away. The porter said no more, but led him into a fine parlour, where the governor sat weeping; young man, says he, what do you want? I come says *Jack*, to drive away the evil spirit that torments your daughter; I should be glad of your coming, replied the governor, if you can perform what you promise. I am not afraid to venture, replied *Jack*, for I am confident of success. The governor wished it might be so, and taking *Jack* by the hand, brought him to a very fine apartment, saying, stay a little, you will soon have company.

Jack had not sat long, when a most beautiful young lady came into the room; she sat down by him, and looking at him in a very loving manner: young man, says she, you come here on a very foolish errand; you are imposed upon. I am the governor's daughter, and no evil spirit troubles me; only my father publishes such stories, to hinder me from getting a husband, and now continues she, if you like me, you see I am not unhandsome, I will go off with you; I love you and therefore do not deny me. *Jack* was a little struck with this discourse, and was yielding, when he began to reflect upon the words of the book, which bade him not be tempted. He then considered that his own deformity could scarcely engage a fine lady's love

love so suddenly. He saw so much improbability in her discourse, that he discovered the evil spirit in all parts of it; however, to be more sure, he asked her, what became of the men that came to drive away the evil spirit, for, says he, they are never seen afterwards. They are bribed by my father, says she, to go away quite out of the country. And what view, replies *Jack*, can your father have in carrying on such a piece of roguery? He has no reason, replied the lady, but to avoid giving me such a portion as I might expect. Now says *Jack*, I find you are the evil spirit which I am come to drive away; it is quite unlikely, that the governor should be constantly giving large sums of money to bribe men to leave their country, in order to avoid giving his own child a reasonable portion. Go, begone thou evil spirit, and trouble the woman no more. Well, says she, you have discovered me, I will begone.

After he had sat some time, a very handsome young man entered the room, with a bag of gold in his hand. Young man, says he, the governor is very glad that you have driven away the evil spirit, and has sent you a thousand crowns of gold, and a diamond ring worth as many more. To whom, *Jack* replied thus: if the governor is so glad, why does he not come himself to rejoice with me; beside, my due, if I succeed, is but a hundred crowns, this convinces me, that you are the evil spirit that I want to drive away, who are come to tempt me, but I bid you the second time begone, and trouble the lady no more.

You have indeed discovered me; but you are not able to drive me away. Poor young man, your life is in my power, for since fraud won't do, force shall. Saying this, he turned himself into a fiery dragon; his mouth and his throat were like a smith's forge, full of fire and flame, and his tongue like

burst of hot iron shot out before him. At this sight *Jack* lost his courage, the dragon made fiercely towards him, and laid one of his paws on his breast, in order to tear him to pieces; *Jack* being in this danger, luckily thought on the words of the book, *In time of danger call for aid*, then crying out, *O help me! everything that's good*, immediately he saw a beautiful figure like an angel stand beside him with a drawn sword in his hand, at the sight of which, the dragon retired; now young man, says the apparition, command it away. Go, says *Jack*, go thou evil spirit, and trouble the lady no more. Upon which, the evil spirit dissolved into a flame of fire, and flew out of the chimney, and the apparition likewise vanished away.

Jack was now sure that he had no more to do, therefore knocked boldly, and the governor came, and his daughter along with him in her right mind, calm, and quiet. Well young man, says the governor, you have delivered us from a great affliction, therefore here is your hundred crowns of gold, and I am ready to give you an hundred more, or any thing else that you can ask, and I can give. I thank you, says *Jack*, but I shall ask nothing for my self, but a crown for travelling expences; I will trust providence for my future support, and dedicate the first fruits of my labours to that divine being that preserves us all; my desire therefore is, that you build an hospital, and furnish it well with beds and other necessaries, and able physicians, and invite to it all people in this town who are either past cure, or too poor to pay for a doctor. I will stay in town till I see this house finished, then will I travel again to do more good, if God pleases to allow me.

The governor immediately set men to work, and quickly finished a very beautiful hospital, and filled it with such people as *Jack* desired. As *Jack* went
one

one morning to see it, he was surprized to see a fine fountain springing up in the middle of the great court before the hospital. He asked the workmen who dug the well? but they told him they knew nothing of it.

Jack said no more, but went to his lodging, in order to prepare for a journey, but was prevented by a messenger, who told him he must immediately to the king. It seems, the king was troubled with a very desperate disease, which his Physicians could not cure. The king was preparing for death, when one of his courtiers came and told him, how a certain young man had driven away the evil spirit which haunted the governor's daughter. Perhaps, says the king, he may cure me; it is as easy to drive away a sickness as an evil spirit; if he cures me, I will give him my daughter in marriage, and my kingdom at my death. Accordingly sent off a messenger to bring Jack to court.

This was the messenger I mentioned before; when Jack received the message, he went to consult his book, where he found these remarkable words.

*Where charity keeps open court,
Where poor and helpless sick resort,
An useful fountain up shall spring
To cure a sick despairing king.*

He concluded these words related to the messenger before-mentioned, and to the king who had sent for him. Accordingly he took a bottle of the water, and went to the king's court.

He was brought into the king; but when the king saw him, he said, young man, I have promised, that whoever will cure me, shall have my daughter in marriage, and my kingdom after my death.

death; but you are so deformed, and ugly, that I will chuse to die, rather than you should have my daughter, or govern my subjects. Your Majesty, says *Jack*, may do as you please; but you ought to consider, that there may be more treasure in a rough mountain than in a flowery hill; and a few days after your death, your body will be more deformed and loathsome than mine. Young man, says the king, I perceive you have wisdom, and I consent that you try to cure me; but if you succeed, you must not expect to put any force on the inclinations of my daughter, or my subjects; win their love, and you shall have them, otherwise you must be content with some other reward. I am content, says *Jack*; whereupon, giving the king a drink of the water, his majesty immediately recovered and grew perfectly well.

The king called his daughter into his chamber; *Angelina*, says he, here is the man that hath perfectly cured me, you know my promise, now tell me, if you can like him for a husband? *Angelina* told the king, that she ought to love the man who had saved his majesty's life; but continues she, he is so very much deformed both in his face and person, that my inclination denies what my reasons bids me do; however, if your Majesty pleases, let him stay in your court; time may alter my mind, and I may love him yet. The king was well pleased with her answer, and desired the young doctor to stay in his court, and to want for nothing that his kingdom could afford. *Jack* lived very happily in the kings court, where we will leave him a while, to see how it fared with his two brothers.

The eldest, who was the proud haughty youth, was no sooner master of himself and his fortune, than he began to get fine cloaths, horses, servants, and liveries. His over-bearing temper soon

plunged him into quarrels and troublesome lawsuits which sunk his stock very fast: It was thus with him, when he received the afflicting news that one of his ships was lost at sea, and another taken by pirates; the third ship came home, but not so rich as he expected; his factor had not done him justice. He bought in fresh goods, and put them aboard, and ventured his whole stock upon this voyage. He went himself in the ship, in order to manage his affairs to the best advantage; but his bad temper made him so uneasy to the matter of the ship and the sailors, that they resolved to put him ashore on the next desert island, and carry off the ship to some foreign part of the world; accordingly they did so, leaving our proud merchant in a melancholy condition. Then he began to reflect on his past conduct and behaviour; now, says he, I begin to see my folly and ill-nature; I, that turned my younger brother out of my house without a farthing, am now turned out of my ship on a desert coast, without money or provisions. He lived this way two days, and would soon have perished, but that a ship luckily came that way, to which he made signals of distress; upon which, the ship stood towards the shore, and sent out their long boat for him, and took him on board, and brought him to his own country. He was, at his return, obliged to sell off his house and furniture to pay off his servants wages, and support himself; but that money was quickly spent. It was then he began to think upon the big stone, that lay before the door, which his father had ordered him to lift. He went early one morning, and lifted the stone, and found a rope, and a piece of paper, which contained these words.

*Pride, young man, has prov'd your ruin,
Haughty pride was your undoing.*

Wandering

*Wanting friends, and wanting self;
Here's a rope, go hang your self.*

It is both true, and just, says he, what should I do, but finish a worthless life, by an infamous death; that carcase, that I so often looked upon with pleasure, and pampered with choice food and cloaths, will in a few minutes look black and loathsome; but pride will have a fall. Saying this, he tugged at the rope, to pull it out of the earth wherein part of it was buried; but was agreeably surprized to find a large purse of gold at the end of it. He went immediately and took a little shop, bought some goods, and began to trade again. He was now humble, affable, and obliging to every one; people flocked to him, he pleased them all, and did bravely.

The second brother, at his father's death, went to his own house, where he found all manner of furniture, and a shop filled with choice goods. He had been too idle in his younger years, to learn arithmetick or merchants accompts, and was too lazy to begin now; therefore he employed a shop-keeper, to whom he trusted the management of all, and betook himself to taverns, and gaming, whores, horses, cocks and dogs; such an expensive way of living would soon exhaust the riches of *Cresus*; but that was not all, when his shop-keeper found how things were going, and the ignorance of his master, he resolved to have a share, and accordingly wronged him in almost every article. In short, the youth was quickly reduced to want and poverty, his house and furniture was seized for debt, and himself in danger of a jail. Well, says he, I will go see what my father has left me under the big stone. He took a proper opportunity and lifted it up, underneath he found a piece of paper

lying on a spade, he read the paper, and found these words:

*You have run through all your store,
You may now go work for more.
Spades and shovels here you have,
Either work or dig your grave.*

Is it come to this, says *Tom*, well there is no help for it, hunger has no mercy; I will e'en take one of these spades, and go to the market place and stand among the labourers; some body will employ me, a lazy youth will make a working man, or a beggar. This will teach me wit; but it comes too late. He put his hand to a spade, in order to lift it up; but as the lower end of it was buried in the earth, he pulled hard to raise it when he got it up, to his great surprize he found a large purse of gold fasten'd to it. He was glad of this seasonable relief; this, says he, with the experience I have got, will be better than all the wealth my father formerly left me. He learned the use of numbers, began trade again, paid off his debts and lived happily.

We left *Jack* all this while at the king's court where he wanted nothing to make him happy; but the possession of the princess *Angelina*, whom he now tenderly loved. She came to him one day and spoke to him thus: I come, says she, to let you know that I am now ready to obey my father's will, and make good his promise to you. I am in love with the beauties of your mind, and the sweetness of your temper, and am even reconcil'd to your face and person; my dear princess, says *Jack*, I am now compleatly happy; I will only try my art to make my person agreeable to you. I have helped others, perhaps I may help myself. He went to consult the book, and was infinitely pleas'd to find these words;

*The well of charity you know ;
To that healing fountain go.
Three times wash, and you will find,
Your body lovely as your mind.*

He went to the fountain, and washed himself three times, and then returned to his Princess as beautiful as an angel.

They were soon married, and the old king perceiving the great wisdom that was in his son-in-law, resigned the kingdom into his hands, and lived privately. The young king was now at the top of earthly happiness; yet in all this grandeur, he did not forget his two ungenerous brothers, but was desirous to bring them to his court to share his fortune: for this purpose he sent off a messenger to enquire for them, with orders to bring them to court when they should be found. The messenger found them, and ordered them to court. They had heard that their brother was made king; and began to be afraid that he would now revenge all the injuries they had done him. They came to court, and were brought in before the king; but did not know him, by reason of the great alteration in his shape and features; the king asked them if they had a younger brother whose name was Jack; they said they had, and thought that he had been at court; ay, says the king, he was at court, but is turned away with disgrace. He said he had two brothers who would relieve him; but I have sent for you, to warn you not to give him any help; we beg your Majesty's pardon, said the eldest, we have already used our younger brother very cruelly, for which we have been punished severely by divine justice, and for which we repent sincerely: therefore, if our brother comes to us, we will believe him, let the consequence be what it will.

The

The king took one of his brothers in his right hand and the other in his left, and leading them into an inner room, he there related to them his whole adventures; assuring them of his favour and protection on all occasions. The joy was very sincere among the brothers, every one striving to shew the greatest love and tenderness. When the old man came into the room among them, the king ran and embracing him, cried out, my father, my father, how glad am I to see you! How glad am I that you are come to see my happiness! I rejoice to see it, says the old man; but I am now come to ask you one request, which is, that you give me the wonderful book; you have no more occasion for it. The king immediately delivered it; now, says the old man, I will discover it to you: it was I who wrote that book for the good of my own family; but none of them were good enough to get any benefit by it. It was I who raised the storm that drove your father's ship to an island where he met with the book; I was I who when it fell into his hands, for he was a good man. It was with pleasure that I beheld your early dispositions to goodness, and learning. It was I, who in the form of a pigeon, guided your steps to this country; It was I, who in the form of an angel, saved you from the evil spirit; it was I, who raised the fountain of water in the great court of your hospital. In short, I must be a friend, and protector to those who are possessed of that book, therefore I will now destroy it. So saying, he threw the book in the fire, and stood by till he saw it consumed to ashes; then turning to the brothers he said, I commend you to the Almighty's protection. Continue in your good dispositions, and you will receive a reward beyond any thing that I can do for you. and saying this, he vanished out of their sight.

The two elder brothers lived very happily

the king's court all their days; at last the king himself died in a good old age, leaving all his riches, his crown, and kingdom to a very wise and beautiful prince, which he had by his lovely princess *Angelina*.

If you value a father's blessing, or rather the blessings of God obtained thro' my intercession in the name of our blessed saviour, be prevailed upon to mind your books and studies, this will ensure you still more and more to the love of your
Affectionate FATHER.

LETTER II.

My Dear Child,

THIS letter is to intreat you to conform your mind to all the rigours of discipline; he that frets and stomachs at correction, is not in a capacity of learning, or doing any thing that is good. Correction is intirely necessary to check the rude impulses of the growing passions, and to discipline the mind, and make it pliable to future calamities, which are, either more or less, the portion of all men in this world.

FABLE II. *The favourite Lap-Dog.*

A Dog, who had the envy'd hap
To sit in fair *Clarinda's* lap,
To be caress'd, cajole'd, respected;
While crouds of lovers were neglected:
Had been, forsooth, so nicely bred,
And with such costly dainties fed;
That when his mistress once thought fit
To offer him a tiney bit;

He first must look, then smell, then taste,
 And shew'd himself in no great haste;
 But of small portion left a part,
 Which sorely griev'd *Clarinda's* heart.

Lard, did you ever see, says miss,
 A creature so perverse as this?

Yes, madam, I have seen at school,
 A little matter made a fool,
 By parents' too indulgent care,
 And bred to all things nice and rare:
 His tutor loth to crush the child,
 Us'd him with methods soft and mild:
 A slender lesson to him set,
 Which he more slenderly did get;
 Till by degrees his appetite
 For books and learning vanish'd quite.

Pray, sir, what must be done with both?
 The lady cry'd: but I was loth
 To tell—however out it slipp'd;
 The dog must fast, —the boy be whipp'd.

M O R A L.

*T*HE wisest of mortals hath left us this rule
 A whip for an ass, and a rod for a fool.
 But children are asses, and fools in their way,
 Still lazy to business, and forward to play;
 Then chasten them well, e'er they stiffen in youth,
 Nor spare for their crying, nor pity their tears;
 Use gentleness first, even bribes you must try,
 What these cannot do, Mr. Birch must supply.
 Let parents remember, that methods too mild,
 And sparing the rod, is but spoiling the child.

STORY II. *The two School-Fellows.*

*M*R. James Eaton of Blossom-hill in Cheshire
 in England, was a gentleman of a fair com-
 plexion.

rafter, just, and religious. He had an handsome estate, and only one child to inherit it; this was a fine boy, of a good genius, and capable of being improved into a worthy man. His father took a great deal of pains to teach him his duty to God, his neighbour and himself; but his Mother, who was too fond of him, indulged him in idleness, and humoured every one of his inclinations: this made him lazy, wilful and passionate. With grief his father saw these bad tempers rising in his son, and often wished for some good opportunity of taking him from his mother. He was in this way of thinking, when the following adventure happened.

Near this gentleman's seat, was *Asb-grove*, where Mr. *Asb* lived, a sincere friend, and an agreeable companion; these two were very happy to each other, and lived in a comfortable society. Mr. *Asb* had a son, much about the same age with the youth before-mentioned, they went to the same school, and began their studies together; but *Charly Asb*, who was an early riser, and a lover of learning, soon left young *Eaton* behind; who slept too long in the morning, and was too much given to play to make any great progress.

Mr. *Eaton* was vexed to see his son behave so ill. He would often chide him, and upbraid him with the good behaviour, and wise conduct of young *Asb*; O *Robin*, would the good old man see your behaviour; you neglect your prayers, your learning, and every thing that is good. You have as good a capacity as *Charly Asb*, and yet you are reckoned a dunce in comparison of him. He is religious, and obedient to his parents; and therefore will get a blessing, when you will fall into temptation.

This, and such like remonstrances, and admonitions

nitions, quite vexed the passionate youth; unable to bear reproof, he at last formed the black design of murdering young *Asb*, and accordingly contrived several methods to perform it; but none of them seemed so safe, and sure as the following one he had been told, that Mr. *Asb* had a maid-servant who was a very early riser; that when she had made a fire, and swept the house, she went to the well which was at a good distance, for fresh water, leaving the back door of the house open. He provided a long sharp knife, and resolved to take the opportunity of slipping into his school-fellow's chamber, and there to stab him. He rose very early in the morning, and lay on the watch, till he saw the maid go to the well, and then he got up from his lurking place, and went towards the house.

It happened that some young boys, sons of a neighbouring gentleman, had come to *Asb* the evening before, on a party of pleasure; and in company hindered young *Asb* from making his exercise that night, so that he rose very early in the morning to finish it. He chanced to look out of the window, and saw *Robin Eaton* coming towards the house, bless me, says he, what makes *Eaton* so early up, he thinks to catch me in bed in order to banter me; but I will play a trick on him, and so have the laugh at him.

There was a spaniel dog in the house which always lay with young *Asb*, and was then in bed; he covered up the dog with the bed-cloaths, and then put part of the pillow under the dog's cloaths, and put his night-cap on the rest of the pillow, that the whole contrivance looked as if the dog was still in bed; he then retired behind the door to observe the behaviour of his school-fellow, who was but just hid, when *Eaton* entering the room ran straight to the bed, and plunged the knife

dog's heart. The dog gave a deep groan, which young *Eaton* concluded to be the last groans of poor *Asb*: he then ran off, as he thought, undiscovered.

Asb was surprized at what he saw, he went immediately to his father's chamber, and told him what had happened. When Mr. *Asb* was confirmed in the truth of the affair, he sent off his son privately to a relation who lived in *Lancashire*, and then went and acquainted Mr. *Eaton* with all that his son had done.

The good man was astonished and struck speechless, however, recovering himself a little, he asked Mr. *Asb* what he would advise him to do in such a melancholy situation; the other declined giving any advice in so nice an affair; however, they conferred together some time, and at last came to the following resolution: that Mr. *Asb* should make the world believe that his son had been really murdered by young *Eaton*; accordingly he got a coffin made, and buried the dead dog, as if it had been his own son, swearing every one to secrecy whom he was obliged to trust in the affair. Poor *Eaton* was immediately taken prisoner and carried to jail; but his father, who considered, that a jail would rather corrupt his son's manners than mend them, bailed him out; but confined him close prisoner in his own house. The assizes came on, Mr. *Eaton* told the judge the whole affair, and begged his goodship to carry on the cheat, and by giving the poor *Eaton* a formal trial, to condemn him; he did so, and the youth continued still stubborn till his condemnation; but the prospect of death struck him to the heart. His father who was resolved to go through with his project, began to visit his son very often, and brought with him a neighbouring clergyman, to assist him in working a thorough reformation.

tion in his son's heart. They had a glorious success, the young lad became truly penitent, and prepared for death, with all the hopes and resignation of a good christian.

The day of execution came, and he was carried to the gallows; it was then, as the affair had been concerted, that a servant came galloping up with a reprieve in his hand, which changed the sentence of death into transportation. Mr. *Eaton* had a brother, a merchant in *Barbadoes*, it was to him that young *Eaton* was sent on this occasion, when he soon arrived, still ignorant of the true state of affairs at home.

His uncle, in order to try if his mind was fully cured of that cruel disposition of shedding blood, made him overseer of his Negroe slaves; but his mind was so far from cruelty, that it leaned too much the other way, he hardly giving the slaves due correction. His uncle observed this with satisfaction, and taking him from this employment set him to his own business of merchandising, in which the young man behaved mighty well. His uncle dying soon after, left all his ample fortune to his nephew.

Young *Eaton* now possessed of a vast quantity of riches, resolved to return to *England*, with a view of using them so as to endeavour to make Mr. *Alb* some amends for the loss of his son.

He embarked in a ship bound for *London*, when he safely arrived. He immediately provided a servant and two good horses and furniture, and set out for *Cheshire*; as he came pretty near home late in the evening, he heard a gun go off a little before him on the road; on which, he took up one of his pistols cock'd in his hand, and giving the other to his servant, rode forward.

He had not rode far till he saw a gentleman with only a whip in his hand defending himself against

two fellows, who struck fiercely at him with their hangers; they would soon have killed him, if *Eaton* had not called to them to hold their hands, at the same time galloping eagerly forward. The fellows seeing him coming, thought it high time to make off; away they ran, but *Eaton* pursuing them, soon overtook and brought them back to the gentleman, who had received some wounds, but none that were dangerous.

Here, says *Eaton*, are the villains that fought your life, I would be glad to hear the cause of their malice, and what could prompt them to so cruel a resolution; but first let my servant know where a surgeon may be had to dress your wounds.

The servant being sent off for a surgeon; Sir, says the gentleman, the malice of these men is occasioned by the death of their brother, who was hang'd at our last assizes for a murder and a robbery; I was very active in the affair, for which they took this opportunity when I was without a servant and arms to murder me. They lay behind that hedge; one of them took aim at me, but his gun mis'd fire; I seeing my danger, let spurs to my horse in order to gallop off; but the other villain firing his piece, killed my horse; the poor beast fell under me; I freed myself from him as fall as I could; but when the murdering rogues saw me still safe, they rush'd over the hedge, and fell on me with their hangers; they would have certainly killed me, if God had not sent you to save my life. This is the second time that his good providence has saved me from a threatened death. May I be so bold as to ask your name, says *Eaton*. My name, replies the other, is *Charles*. I live at *Asb-grove* not far from this place, and always at your service; for you deserve all the returns I can possibly make, for saving of my life. *Eaton* found a surprizing hurry in his spirits upon

upon hearing the name of *Charles Ash*; pray he says he, did you ever know one *Robin Eaton* who lived near *Ash-grove*? I have reason to know him, replies the other, he was once my school-fellow and is now in *America*. He is nearer you than you imagine, says *Eaton*, I am that unfortunate youth: but I was made to believe that you were dead, and buried; I am sure I wounded you. *Ash* then informed him of all, and told him further, that all the severity which both the father shewed on that occasion, was only in order to soften his mind, and give him a better way of thinking. Praise be to God, says Mr. *Eaton*, they have happily gained their point; I am a good boy now, my dear *Charly*, and an early riser; many a time I have said to myself, what, could I rise so early to do another a mischief, and cannot rise as early to do my self good! I came purposely to *England*, that I might endeavour to make your father some recompence for the loss of you. I thank God that I have been able to save the life that I thought I had destroyed.

Soon after this happy meeting both their fathers died, and they succeeded them in their Estates and even out-shone them in all their good qualities.

*Good parents must endeavour all they can,
To form the child as they would have the man;
If that's neglected, yet they must endeavour
To mend the youth, it's better late than never.*

FABLE III. *The Pot and the Spit,*

A Pot and a Spit had a warm debate,
As that was a boiling, this roasting the meat;
And who was the best? was the point to be settled.
The pot began thus, being hot and high mettled

You spit, you're a rascal, how dare you make free,
 Or vainly imagine you're better than me.
 I'm oft' in employment night, morning, and noon,
 Whilst you are employ'd, may be, once in the moon,
 The victuals I dress no attendance require,
 But just on and off,—and repairing the fire;
 Whilst you must be turn'd, and turn'd, and turn'd,
 Or else the poor morsel you dress will be burn'd:
 But proving the thing that we see is a jest,
 I'm plac'd here above you, because I am best.
 The spit—but a stone that unluckily dropt,
 From the top of the chimney, the argument slopt,
 So great was its weight, and so fatal the hit,
 It shatter'd the pot, and it bended the spit.
 The poor ruin'd pot was thrown by in disgrace,
 The spit was repair'd, and again took it's place.
 I was roasting a sirloin of beef on a day,
 The dripping pan chanc'd to be out of the way,
 The pot that was broke was set under the beef,
 And was of the drippings receiver in chief.
 The old animosity was not forgot;
 Pray who is best now? quoth the spit to the pot.
 The strokes of cross fortune are truly a test,
 And he who best bears them, is certainly best.
 You in your beginning, were run from the ore,
 Were cast in the mold, got a shape and no more;
 But I, my hard natural temper to soften,
 Was turned and hammer'd, and beat very often,
 Made pliable thus, and for ev'ry thing fit;
 I might be a horse-shoe, a spade or a spit.
 My temper is yielding, I bend to the stroke;
 But you are so stiff, you are easily broke.

M O R A L.

OUR early youth's the only time we find,
 To soften, bend, and humanize the mind;
 For if neglected then, it quickly gains
 A rigid stiffness, which it still retains. Thus

*Thus far a heathen may enlarge; but we
Enlighten'd christians, know far more than he.
That christian virtues are best learn'd in youth,
As faith, love, temperance, charity, and truth;
These make our minds obedient to the rod,
And for chastisements humbly thank our God.*

This is a very proper place to speak of the duty of prayer, which young people are apt to look upon as a very fatiguing task: but as you hope for happiness in this world and the next, beg you may never neglect this duty, as it is the only means to secure to you the favour and protection of that Almighty Being who is the heaven of heavens of prayer.

FABLE IV. *Jupiter and the Stag.*

A Stag apply'd to mighty Jove,
And ev'ry other power above,
To give him strength, as well as speed,
To fight or fly in time of need:
To make him proof of shot, and then,
He'd value neither dogs nor men.

Says Jove, I'll grant you all you ask,
And more——if you perform this task:
First, fast three days——and ev'ry day
Kneel down, two hours at least, to pray.
You must not shrink from any storm,
While you this easy task perform;
The task perform'd——then you shall be,
From ev'ry dread and danger free.

The stag was thankful, went away,
To stand all storms, to fast and pray.

Now while the first three hours did pass,
He did not taste a pile of grass;
He then kneel'd down to serve his god;
But thought the posture very odd,

While he was in this awkward case,
 A storm came battering in his face;
 He quit his prayers, and turn'd his tail
 To Jove, and to the show'r of hail.
 Dangers, quoth he, are now far off,
 I'll do my penance time enough;
 The dogs and huntsmen sleep at home,
 And will — till summer mornings come;
 I'll go to breakfast, drink, and play,
 And do my task some other day.
 He went to brouze; and eat his fill,
 And quench'd his thirst at every rill;
 He went to sleep, and thus did lie,
 When a great wolf came prouling by.
 The wolf up to the stag did creep,
 And laid on his throat, and spoil'd his sleep:
 The stag laments his wretched state;
 But his repentance came too late.

M O R A L.

*ALL men may find the moral out, with ease,
 I'll just observe, there's danger in delays.*

Your sincerely Affectionate
 FATHER, &c.

L E T T E R III.

Would in the next place, my dear boy, recom-
 mend to you a strict and conscientious honesty,
 fulfilling all your promises and engagements
 with veracity and expedition; if you are once
 found to be a trifler and a liar, your life will be
 miserable, you will be in a manner excluded from
 society, and look like a stranger in the midst of
 relations and acquaintance.

FABLE V. *The cheating Knave.*

A Man with poverty oppress'd,
 Just starving, thus his god address'd:
 O mighty Jove, relieve me now;
 On that condition here I vow,
 That rams on rams I'll sacrifice,
 Till clouds of smoke obscure the skies.
 Says Jove this man is mighty free,
 If I give him — why he'll give me.
 Yet many men want ev'n the heart,
 To give me back a trifling part.
 This may be such a stingy knave;
 I'll try for once what he would have.

Jove gave him plenty to his wish,
 Of money, cattle, fowls, and fish.
 Now we shall see how hard he strove
 To make his promise good to Jove.

An old blind ram with broken thighs,
 Was pitch'd upon, to mount the skies;
 Was kill'd, and on the altar laid,
 A rousing fire beneath was made:
 Wet straw in heaps was laid on thick,
 To raise a smoke, to hide the trick.
 Jove saw the cheat, and mark'd the crime
 For judgment in a proper time.

It happen'd after, on a day,
 His wife in dang'rous labour lay.
 To Juno he devoutly pray'd,
 For hers, or for her husband's aid,
 And swore a thousand pigeons lives
 Should suffer, for the best of wives,
 And on the altar sweetly smoke;
 But Juno knew 'twas all a joke;
 Says she, now this notorious cheater
 Has promis'd me a handsome treat

I'll heal his wife, to try if he
 Will just and honest prove to me;
 The wife was heal'd, with joy the spouse
 Ran nimbly to the pigeon-houle;
 Forty did in an instant dye,
 And made a charming pigeon pye;
 'Twas bak'd, and then the crust was broke,
 And on the altar set to smoke:
 Thus once a week he drove this trade,
 Till he perform'd the vow he made.

John was angry at the trick;—
 Soon the man himself fell sick;
 While he was in this doleful case,
 Death came and star'd him in the face.
 He gave a shriek; O death, quoth he,
 Why do you come uncall'd to me,
 Thousands are seeking you in vain,
 Good death ride off, and ease their pain,
 I'll give you horses half a score,
 You need not foot it any more.

But death reply'd, my hand and heart
 Can grasp at nothing but my dart;
 With that he gave the fatal blow,
 And plung'd the wretch in endless woe.

M O R A L.

*MEN may amuse themselves with knavish tricks,
 Yet honesty's the best of politicks.
 We're helpless creatures, and depending still,
 On God's good providence, and man's good will,
 The man who slights these helps is still perplex,
 Distrusted in this life, and punish'd in the next.*

And now I must caution you against pride, give
 no place in your composition, it being a quality
 hateful to God and man.

STORY III. *Of the Landlord's Son.*

A Certain gentleman of a fine estate, and great riches, had been married to an excellent woman, but she died young, and left only one child, a fine boy, behind her.

This gentleman, whom I shall call *Peterman*, was often obliged to go abroad about his affairs, by which means he left his son too much among his servants; they constantly flattered the boy, and humoured him in his wayward temper; by this means the child grew conceited, haughty, and mischievous; none of the neighbours children cared to come near him, if they did, they were sure to feel the effects of his ill nature.

One of this gentleman's tenants, who lived near the big house, and who was well known by the name of farmer *Hobson*, had a son of the same age with the young master, but stronger and of a bigger growth. This boy was often sent to the big house, on some errand or other; but always came home blubbering and crying. One time, Master *Will*, for that was his name, would tear the boy's hair, and then when his head wanted combing; another time, he would spout a mouthful of water in his face, and then tell him he had forgot to wash it; if he saw a hole in any part of the boy's cloaths, he would run the needle to the point of a stick, and after running the needle into the poor boy's flesh, he would laughing, say, that he was only darning up the hole. These, and a hundred such tricks, would he play on poor young *Hobson*, while the young master would do nothing but cry, and tell him he would beat him well if he was not the landlord's son.

Honest *Hobson* was vexed to find his son constantly ill used. He went himself to the big house, and met his landlord; I come, Sir, says

to complain of your son; my boy never comes here of an errand, but master *Will* is sure to send him home to me crying; I know you do not allow your son to use a poor man's child any way ill; but the servants encourage him in it, and you know nothing of the matter.

Servants are the ruin of many a gentleman's child, replies *Paternus*, I must remove him out of their reach; but first I must strive to remove the ill impressions he has already got. Send your son here to morrow, and if my son offers him any ill usage, let him beat him well, I'll take care he shall get fair play. The next morning, the farmer bid his son go to the big house; the boy was loth to go, as well knowing what treatment he would get: but his father told him, he must go, and if young master *Will* offered to meddle with him, he ordered him to beat him well; for the landlord allowed him. The boy went, and master began to play his pranks, as usual; but young *Hobson* gave him a good thump, and bid him let him alone again; the young gentleman flew at his hair like a fury, and the farmer's son fastened to him as briskly, the servants ran and parted them, and began to use the poor boy ill; but *Paternus* came in to his rescue: master *Will* flew again at the boy, and began to tear him, the boy was daunted, and made no resistance; but *Paternus* encouraged him, and desired him to beat the other very well; young *Hobson* did as he was bid, and cuffed the young gentleman to some purpose. While they were thus employed, a gentleman alighted at the door, and coming in, found them as I have related. What is the matter among you, says he; sir, says *Paternus*, my son is grown so haughty, and mischievous, that I am employing the other boy to beat the bad humours out of him; fie, fie, replies the other, you will spoil the boy, and break his spirits, you should

should rather encourage him, a hot youth will make a warm old man.

That observation, says *Paternus*, holds good in respect of a young horse, or it might do among men if they were only designed to make a figure in this world; but we are taught to expect a better life after this, which none can enjoy but the meek and the humble, and such as have the innocence of little children, and as I sincerely wish my child that happiness, I must endeavour to bring his mind to that standard.

At last, Mr. *Will* was tired of such exertions and begged of his father to save him, on which *Paternus* parted them. Well son, says he, how are you after that? The boy wept, and sobbed bitterly; sir, says he to his father, you do not care what becomes of me, when you let that dung-brat beat and abuse me; did not you beat and abuse him first? replies *Paternus*; suppose I do, says the youth, I am a gentleman, and better than him; how are you better than him, replies the father? sir, says the boy, I have better blood in my veins; you learned this fine story from your servants, replies the other; but I'll take care to cool your blood, for it seems too hot. He called immediately for a surgeon, and ordered two or three cups of blood to be taken out of his arms, at the same time, he ordered a cup to be drawn out of the farmer's son, giving the boy a piece of money to encourage him.

Paternus had set the cup which held young *Hobson's* blood along with the other cups. At some time, he called the surgeon and the farmer's son; now says he, tell me which of these cups contain the best blood? This one, answered the boy, pointing to one of the cups; you judge well, says the surgeon, for that is certainly the best blood; this then, says the father, is your

Hobson's blood; now child, you see you are far mistaken when you said you had the best blood in your veins; what signifies that, replies the boy, I am a gentleman's son, and will have all your estate, and money, when you die; I see, replied the father, that you have great confidence, in uncertain riches; but let us talk no more of that at present. He then took the two boys down to a meadow, through which a brook glided deep and silent; he made the two boys try who leaped best, and found his son was a very good match for the other; he made them leap the brook in several places, till he found a place, which young *Hobson* could just leap, and had nothing to spare, his son likewise leaped it with enough to do; he then began to praise his son, and pretending to encourage him, he filled his pockets with money, as full as they could hold; come, says he, try that leap again, my good boys. *Hobson* went over it as before; but his own son, as he expected, leaped short of the further bank, and so fell soule into the brook. His father dragged him out all wet and dripping. As soon as the boy recovered himself, he cried out, that the weight of the money had hindered him; O, ho, says the father, you thought that money gave you an advantage over this boy; but you find it may be a disadvantage to you sometimes. Wealth and fortune will never make one man better than another; but he is the best man that does most good. Our passing over this life, is like your jumping over that brook; if the mind is free and disengaged, we pass it over safely, but if we let our hearts on money, and load ourselves with it, it will sink us in endless ruin. Child, continues he, if you make no other use of your birth and fortune than to oppress and bully all those who are not able to resist you, you will just be like a trifling brook well'd up with a great fall of rain, you will overthrow

throw and confuse every thing in your power, and so with noise and hurry fall into the great ocean of eternity.

Soon after this the boy was sent to a public school under the care of a very worthy man, who made it his business to teach his boys the rules of virtue as well as those of learning. Here the boy shook off by degrees all the bad habits he had contracted; for here he met no body to respect his rank and fortune, but was sure of being chastised either by the master or scholars if he was unlearned or mischievous; by this means he fell into a very different way of thinking, and became an excellent good man.

*Our Saviour blest some children here on earth,
Not on account of fortune, rank or birth.
The good, the meek, the humble, are the few
Who will enjoy this earth, and Heaven too.*

STORY IV. *Of the Angel and the Hermit.*

THERE was an hermit once so very holy and religious, so frequent and fervent in prayer, that an angel from heaven came often to visit him to encourage and instruct him.

As the angel and the hermit were one day walking together, they came to a place where the stinking carcase of a dead horse lay. The hermit stopp'd his nose to avoid the nasty and unwholesome smell, but the angel went on without taking any offence or even notice of it.

They went a little further, and met a very proud man riding in grand order. The hermit took off his cap, and made a bow to the gentleman; but the angel stopp'd his nose, and turned away his face, as if he would avoid both the sight and the smell of him. The hermit wondered at it, and

asked the angel the reason, why he passed by the dead horse which stank abominably, and yet took no notice of it, and yet when he passed by the gentleman who was sweet and clean, he stopp'd his nose, as if he could not bear the ill savour that came from him. The angel replied, you must know, that nothing stinks more than a proud man. A dead horse is a thing that is agreeable to the will of God; but a proud man is contrary to it. A dead horse is good for something, it will feed dogs and crows, or will fatten the ground; but a proud man is good for nothing, he pleases nobody but himself and the devil.

*How wrongly plac'd are these paternal cares,
To teach their children pride before their prayers.*

Pride is a kind of native in the human mind, nor is it alone so, revenge has its roots fixed deep in our constitution.

STORY V. *Of Malvolio and Manlius.*

THE *Italians* say, that revenge is so sweet, that God would keep it all to himself and allow none of it: but the story of *Malvolio* and *Manlius* is a proof that a forgiving temper has the advantage of a vindictive one, both in this world and the next.

Malvolio had a small fortune, on which he might have lived comfortably; but was ill-natured to the last degree. It happened one day, that the son of *Manlius* strayed upon the ground of *Malvolio*; they were immediately hurried to a pound, and an extravagant sum demanded for the trespass, which was readily paid by *Manlius*; when it was related to *Malvolio*, how *Manlius* had taken the whole rigour of the law, he only replied, that

the law must be severe in these cases, and more than the value, in order to hinder people from offending.

It happened soon after that *Malvolio's* cattle trespassed on the lands of *Manlius*, his servant informed him of it, and told him he had now an opportunity of being revenged. They have done me six pence worth of damage, says *Manlius*, and why should I quarrel with my neighbour for a six-penny matter, and so ordered the cattle to be driven home to the owner.

Manlius was at that time agent to a gentleman of a great estate. One of the tenants was a poor man, who had a large family of small children to maintain; this man ran far behind in arrears of rent, *Manlius* still spared him, knowing him to be a very honest man; but still fortune frowned on him, and he only run on deeper in arrears. *Malvolio* took this opportunity of doing *Manlius* an ill-turn; he went to the poor man, and told him that *Manlius* designed to seize on every thing he had, and throw himself into a jail, advising him at the same time to go off while he was free, for he had little time to spare. The poor man was frightened, and so getting together what little substance he had left, he put the key under the door, and went off to some friends who lived at a distance. This was what *Malvolio* wanted; he went to the landlord, and told him that *Manlius* suffered one of his tenants to run far in arrears, and then let him escape out of the country. The gentleman who was naturally rash and choleric, immediately discharged *Manlius* from the agency, and at the same time gave it to *Malvolio*. This turn of fortune was even beyond *Malvolio's* expectation, tho' it was not long till he gave *Malvolio* an opportunity of revenge, if he would have embraced it. A rich farmer went to *Malvolio* to

his lease renewed; it is in my power, says *Malvolio*, to do you a considerable service, provided you pay me for my trouble; that is but reasonable, replied the farmer, be so kind, sir, as to let me know your proposal; why, says the other, I will tell the landlord, that your farm is not good, and that you are not able to hold it at the present rate; I will get you an abatement of four pounds a year, and a freehold deed; that will be as good as eight pounds; for which you must give me sixty guineas. The farmer readily consented, and the affair was concluded to both their satisfaction.

The farmer afterwards informed *Manlius* of all this, and offered to prove it before the landlord; but *Manlius* would not encourage him, telling him, that time would clear his innocence, and he wanted no revenge: he even wrote a friendly letter to *Malvolio*, gently censuring him for betraying his master's trust, and desiring him to be more on his guard for the future, and not put himself in the power of every time-serving rascal, who would betray him as readily as he could betray the trust his employer reposed in him.

The poor man, whom I mentioned a while ago, went with good encouragement among his friends, every one gave him a help; he took a good farm, and in two or three years, which proved very favourable, he found himself able to pay off the arrears due to his former landlord; accordingly he came back with the money in his hand. As he was near the mansion-house he met his landlord, says he, I come to pay you the arrears I owe you; I thank God, I am now able, and was always willing. Then what made you run away, says the landlord; sir, replied the other, it was *Malvolio*, who told me that your agent *Manlius* did me to throw me into a jail, and advised me to run

away; it was happy for me that I took his advice for being at liberty, I have raised money enough to pay you; but if I had been thrown into a prison I might have rotted there, and left my children beggars. The landlord then reflecting on the story of *Malvolio*, discovered his roguery, sent him a discharge, and restored *Manlius* to the agency.

All this while *Malvolio* was no sufferer in respect to *Manlius*, but he did not fare so well in the nature he shew'd to another gentleman who liv'd on the other side of him, whose name was *Talbot*.

These two began to quarrel on some trifling occasion, which soon encreas'd to a settled enmity; every trifle was made the subject of a law suit, till at last they were both driven to sell their lands in order to hunt the other to ruin: they were both but too successful, and all they could boast of at last was, that they had got poverty and revenge.

Malvolio now reduced to a state of beggary, rambl'd from place to place, his friends would pity him, because his ruin was owing to his ill nature. He was in this condition when *Manlius* met him one day; what now *Malvolio*, says he, why are you and I such strangers? Sir, replies *Malvolio*, it is contrary to my inclination to meet you even now; I have done you several offices, and would be loth to give you an opportunity of upbraiding me with my past conduct. What you did to me, replies the other, were actions in you; but they did me a great deal of good; they gave me an opportunity of exercising some christian virtues, which I would never have thought of otherwise. I see your friends neglect you, therefore I insist on it, that you come and live with me; you shall be welcome to me as long as I live.

That is a great obligation, says *Malvolio*, which shews your extensive goodness, yet you would

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me a greater service if you would direct me how to correct my ill nature, and teach me how to enjoy your goodness with thankfulness and a contented mind.

I think that is easily done, says *Manlius*, nothing sweetens the temper like religion; take your bible, and study christianity, and fix your mind to the practice of it; nothing is so often pressed upon us as forgiving injuries, and loving our enemies; nothing is so hateful to God, as envy, malice, and revenge: so that I may lay it down as a fundamental maxim in religion, that we have as much of God in us, as we forgive injuries, and as much of the devil in us, as we would revenge them.

Malvolio lived for some time very happily in the house of *Manlius*, and then had it in his power to make *Manlius* a grateful recompence for all his favours; for a rich friend of his dying, left him a handsome estate, yet he would not leave the house of *Manlius*; but spent the remainder of his days with that good man, and at his death, left all his estate and riches to *Manlius*'s children.

I must again press you, to fix my instructions deep in your mind, your young judgment ought to submit to those that are more experienced, and who have your interest at heart; you may assume a self sufficiency, and think your self beyond the necessity of taking advice; but, remember I tell you, such a notion may ruin you.

TABLE VI. *The Wasps and the Honey-pot.*

A Wise old wasp with pains and care,
Two young ones in her cell did rear.
When they were fit to shift for food,
The mother, anxious for their good,
Address her children thus: says she,
Dear daughters be advis'd by me;

You.

Yonder's a dang'rous honey-pot,
 In yonder shop—O! touch it not.
 'The sight—the very smell avoid;
 For there my kindred were destroy'd.
 Let others dangers make you shun
 The thing by which they were undone:
 Go shift for food till summer's o'er,
 And here you'll find your winter store.
 Away they flew, their victuals sought,
 And kept their mother's words in thought.
 One day in spring, the winds blew high,
 The little insects could not fly;
 Hungry and cold they chanc'd to stop.
 For shelter, near the fatal shop;
 Their hearts did pant, and felt a shock,
 On viewing the forbidden crock;
 But seeing other wasps that stay'd
 To eat their fill, and frisking play'd,
 Sister, quoth one, what need we fear
 To join the rest, and get ashare.
 No, says the other, let us fly;
 I'd rather wing the stormy sky,
 Than venture, even here to stay.
 With that she rose, and flew away.
 Sister, quoth she that stay'd, goodnight.
 Perhaps my sister's in the right;
 And yet, she may be over nice;
 I'll go, and get some wasp's advice.
 To get advice, away she goes;
 But soon the odour reach'd her nose.
 What danger can there be, quoth she,
 I'm sure the smell refreshes me:
 And yet my mother charg'd us so,
 I'll curb myself, and will not go:
 And yet you wasps so freely feast;
 Why mayn't I go, and get a taste.
 As she was arguing pro and con,
 A crowd of wasps came buzzing on;

She join'd the rest, and quickly got
 Unto the fatal honey-pot:
 When, lo, a cover was let fall
 Upon their backs, and kill'd them all.

M O R A L.

*A Curse attends those children who despise
 Their parents council, by experience, wise.
 How quickly is the giddy mind drawn in
 To look, to taste, to swallow down the sin.
 At first, they scruple, and are something nice;
 Yet yield, if once they part with the vice.
 'Tis aluring, and our passions strong;
 Then how can reason hold her sceptre long?
 But blessed children can no hazard run,
 Who all appearances of evil shun.*

I shall say no more in this letter; but conclude
 with assuring you of the prayers and blessing
 of your loving FATHER.

L E T T E R IV. On GOVERNMENT.

My dear Child,

I N my former Letters I have endeavoured to
 give your mind a proper relish for several social
 duties and moral virtues, which are very con-
 ductive to your own happiness, and to the benefit
 of the society you live in.

And certainly, every man ought to think and
 act for the good of his country; being prompted
 thereto by his own humane and benevolent spirit;
 and if he should want these generous dispositions,
 yet even self-interest ought to urge him to this du-
 ty; the happiness of every individual being so
 strongly connected with the good of the whole.

I must

I must own there are too many who betray, sacrifice, and devote their country to ruin to promote their private interest. I mean the whole gang of smugglers, whether in a monarch's bosom, a parliament house, on sea, or at land; such are the lice of a common-wealth; the safety of the people only depending on the scarcity of such vermin, or the care of the community in destroying them. They are like the worms in the timber of a ship, which would soon sink themselves, and trouble the same bottom with them, if the care of the mariners did not counteract their mischief.

The good and safety of a people in a great measure depend on the capacity and honesty of the person or persons who are entrusted with the supreme power, or government. Therefore the people are most happy, who have their government in the hands of many, form'd upon different interests, a great part of whom depend upon the immediate choice of the people for the share they enjoy in that exalted capacity. In such a wise constitution it is extremely probable, that one party will be both willing and able to advise or contravene any other party, who would either sink below or over act their part; besides, a frequent change in a great part of the legislative power, must tend to keep the whole from forming any combination to enslave their country, which might possibly happen in a long interval of time.

Happily for us, the English constitution is founded upon this excellent plan. Is it not then amazing, that any party among us should eagerly contend, nay, sacrifice their lives and fortunes to throw our government out of this channel, and put our lives, liberties, and properties, into the disposal of an ambitious and haughty prince? So it is. Armies have been formed, and battalions

sought, in order to give a man an unlimited authority to put chains on a free people.

This dispute is as old as the times of king *James* the second; that prince, in order to execute his darling scheme of introducing popery and slavery, trampled upon our laws, and unhinged the constitution; and at last abdicated the government, rather than yield to the equitable desire of restoring the constitution to its antient order. This occasioned a revolution in our government; but at the same time formed parties in the state, some rejoicing unfeigningly in being freed from arbitrary power in state, and an inquisition in religious affairs; others thinking that king *James* was highly injured, and that the regal power is still in his family by hereditary right.

Every man as a christian, and a subject, ought to inform himself rightly in this affair, and not suffer himself to be imposed upon by the fallacious arguments of those who are blind to the things that belong unto their peace. In this view, I think it my duty to give you the best information I can, and to that end I here send you the substance of a dialogue which I lately had the pleasure of hearing, in which the justice and necessity of the revolution is vindicated upon undeniable principles.

C A T O. C A T I L I N E.

C A T O.

I am glad, my dear neighbour, to see you safe returned from your romantick expedition; I value your person, tho' I hate your principles and your party; surely you must have quite extinguished every remain of conscience and reason, before you could embark in an affair so wicked and hopeless as this rebellion has been.

Q

Catil.

Catil. I was informed it was a righteous quarrel; that king *James*, from whom the pretender claims his right, was forceably driven from his throne by an unnatural rebellion; and then had fair promises, that raised our hopes to the greatest pitch, tho' they shrunk in the performance.

Cato. I am sensible that the jacobites consider the king's flight from *Rochester* as an involuntary action, being at that time no better than a prisoner, and his life in imminent danger; and therefore conclude, that every thing which followed is invalid: but they do not remember that his flight from *London* was quite voluntary, and unconstrained, when he called in the writs that had been issued for electing a free parliament, and cast the great seal into the river *Thames*, by which means, casting the reins of government out of his hands: so that when he was taken at *Feverham*, he had no right to claim the regal power, nor liberty for his person.

Catil. If you make that appear, I, and every other jacobite must own our selves in the wrong.

Cato. I think I shall be able to prove that he ceased to be king *de jure*, when he ceased to perform the part assigned to a king of these nations, by resigning rather to act in direct opposition; and when he abdicated, and left the nation in a state of anarchy, he ceased to be king *de facto*; and in order to this I shall prove some first principle in government, and then apply them to the present purpose.

I. The good and safety of the people is the supreme law.

God has sent men into the world in a more favorable condition than any other of his creatures. brutes have no occasion to secure a property; they bring their cloathing into the world, and their food grows spontaneously to their mouths; whereas

man must procure both, by a vast variety of labour: nor will labour alone do; as it is the produce of the field that must feed and cloath him, he must necessarily acquire a property in land and cattle; and what would his property signify, if a stranger man might come next moment, and take it away: but God did not leave man in this deplorable condition without a remedy, he endowed him with reason, to discern the benefits of society, that as a convenient number of men entered into a confederacy to support each other, in preserving their lives and properties to the uttermost of their power: but the desire of society is not merely the effect of choice and reason, there is something of principle or instinct in it; beside the faculty of learning, and using of speech, we find other faculties only useful in society, such as love of others, pity, shame, &c

Now, we find man, whose life out of society would be short, and miserable, by this scheme of association, become lord of the creation, and master of all the comforts this world can afford. This is the good and safety of the people! This is the supreme law, which is, or ought to be the groundwork of all particular laws; and whoever acts contrary to this law of nature, and reason, as it may be truly called, resisteth the ordinance of God. From hence we may deduce these corollaries.

1. When a society is formed, they have power constantly, and at all times, to alter, expel, keep out, or destroy every thing that is hurtful to the common-wealth.

As we have proved that society is, according to God's original design, the only means that men can use for their good, and safety; it must be agreeable to the divine will, that they take all just methods to preserve to themselves that invaluable blessing; for the means are as necessary as the

end; but as the members of society are fallible, the first, or future plans of government may soon be found to fall short of the desired end; therefore the society must be supposed to have a right at all times to alter what they find amiss, and to use force to preserve, and support the whole fabric.

2. Every society must have a government formed by the choice or consent of the society.

As the legislative and executive powers must exist, it follows, that there must be either one or more men set apart for that purpose; because the whole body of the people could not meet to judge and act upon every emergency, nor would they be capable of doing any thing to advantage without proper knowledge, and judgment, if they did meet; yet as every man has something at stake as his life and fortune is embarked in the common cause; it follows, that every man has a right more or less, to have a choice or approbation in forming the government, according to his property.

3. The society cannot give the government power to destroy the lives and properties of the people, any farther than the common-wealth requires it; therefore, if a prince should allow a prince to rule over them according to his own will, he is still limited by the supreme law, which must be either mentioned or tacitly supposed in such cases.

People cannot give a prince a right to murder and destroy them, no more than they can transfer such a right to themselves; nor can it be supposed that a society would, or could act so inconsistent a part, which is not only contrary to the instinct of nature, but likewise to the great law of self-preservation.

4. Every power, therefore, in a state, is held conditionally, that is, in subordination to the supreme law, or such other particular laws as are found necessary to limit them, and therefore every

man in power, must be supposed to lose his right to it, in proportion as he fails in performing the conditions.

This corollary must be allowed, or else it will follow, that the most impenitent sinner has a right to the joys of heaven, by virtue of his baptismal covenant.

5. The machine of government must not stand still, and therefore if one part cease to act, the other parts must go on as well as they can, though, perhaps, not so regularly as before.

God has given man two legs, in order to enable him to walk upright, and easy, yet if he chance to lose one, he must not abandon himself to ruin and death, but must make use of the leg he has left, and limp away, as well as he can. Your silence convinces me that you have no objection to these first principles of government; and I believe your judgment will, in a great measure, save me from the trouble of an application. It is notoriously known, that king *James* set himself above the laws, and acted contrary to them; destroyed the lives of the people, and invaded their properties, and at last left them in confusion; therefore, by the aforesaid corollaries, the revolution was both just and necessary.

Cecil. Tho' I allow your premises, I will not submit to your conclusion; for it is as notoriously known, that king *James* took away no man's life but by form of law, and if he deprived any people their properties, he had the advice of the judges, concerning the lawfulness of his proceedings.

Cato. He preserved the colour of law, but not the substance. The laws of the land excluded all rebels from all places of trust, and power; but crowded them into the seats of justice, and the way; so that justice was not administered in the right

right channel, nor with proper authority; nor are the opinions of the judges (supposing them to be conscientiously honest) any way binding on the people, as they are no part of the legislative power.

Catil. You all along suppose the original power to be virtually in the people; whereas, I suppose it to be in the prince, to whom the people are to pay, at least, a passive obedience, any kind of resistance being directly contrary to God's revealed will, as you may find in *Rom.* 13, and elsewhere.

Cato. Several politicians have maintained, that the voice of the people, is the voice of God. I do not think this assertion absolutely true; however, I believe, there is more truth in it, than advocates for an arbitrary power are willing to allow. However, I never thought that these texts of scripture which you mention, would support a despotick government. It is monstrous to suppose, that God would ordain, or give any man a divine right to destroy the society, which as I observed before was originally designed for the good and safety of mankind: but one cannot shew the absurdity of your argument better, than by examining how the words of the Apostle will suit with *Nero*, who exercised the ruling power over the bulk of mankind, when that epistle was wrote.

1. Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; [viz. *Nero*] for there is no power but of God: the powers that be, are ordained of God [as was *Nero*.]

2. Whoever therefore, resisteth the power, [viz. *Nero*] resisteth the ordinance of God: and that resist, shall receive to themselves damnation.

3. For rulers [as *Nero* is] are not a terror to good works (tho' he persecuted the christians) but to the evil (tho' he encouraged wickedness) but in a shameful manner: wilt thou not then be afraid of

power [of *Nero* :] do that which is good and thou shalt have praise of the same [from *Nero*].

4. For he is the minister of God to thee for good, but if thou do evil, be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain, for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath on them that do evil.

5. Wherefore, you must needs be subject [to *Nero*] not only for [avoiding his] wrath; but also for [your own] conscience sake; [that it may not accuse you for resisting God's order].

This is meer burlesquing the scripture, tho' it is a natural consequence of your opinion, that every tyrannical prince is, virtually in himself, the power and ordinance of God.

Catal. Since you explain away the obvious and literal meaning of these texts; I hope you will give me a better.

Cato. I will give you all the meaning they can bear.

And first, it is to be observed, that the apostle does not mention any power, or form of government; and therefore, must be supposed to mean all kinds of government in general, and is applicable to a bench of senators, and their *Magistratus*, at *Venice*, as an arbitrary monarch at *Versailles*. Second, he supposes the government, or ruling power, to be performing its duty; not carrying the sword in vain, but punishing the evil doers, and praising, and rewarding those that do well.

These powers, thus acting for the good of society, we are not to resist: but we are no where forbid to resist a tyrant, who does not only carry the sword in vain, but even to the destruction of the society, which it was designed to protect.

Catil. But you are still making suppositions that are meerly chimerical. When did ever a society exist without a government, and fall upon these regulations you talk of; viz. the chusing them-

themselves a king, and framing the conditions, by which he was to regulate his conduct: telling him that in case of failure he must be set aside, and another chose in his place. Did this ever happen in *England*, or in any other country? All the monarchies we know at present, are founded upon conquest, or usurpation, and all the republics upon rebellion.

Cato. Bravely spoke, *Catiſine*, you allow the right of conquest to be valid then; and if the people endeavour to throw off the yoke, you call it rebellion. According to your scheme, we must allow, that *Alexander* the great robber, and the pirate, whom we may call the little robber, have each an undoubted right to the plunder they take upon; for certainly, a great army, and a single ship make no material difference. If an highway man with a pistol at your breast, obliges you to deliver your money, you allow him to be the proprietor of it; and if you meet a twelve-month after, you would be glad to see him, for old acquaintance sake.

Catil. However ridiculous my assertion may appear, yet you must either allow some such thing as a right of conquest, or else, that the conquered people must keep up a spirit of revenge, and if they have an opportunity, to wreck their fury on the latest posterity of the aggressor; which would be punishing the child for the father's fault, which no christian would care to do.

Cato. These arguments had no force with you when you engaged in a rebellion against your reigning power. But however, it is certain the present question is a little puzzling, viz. when does a conquest become lawful? All the answer I can give is, that when the people find the terms of submission, and the tenor of the government not destructive of the benefits of society, they

a manner, naturally yield a free obedience. I shall give you two rules, which may guide you, and every christian in such an exigency; the first in the words of the Apostle, *as much as in you lies, if it be possible, live peaceably with all men*; the second is a very reasonable one, *that the remedy must never be worse than the disease*. Hence it follows, that a free and honest submission to a conquering power is necessary, where the terms of submission are not contrary to the duty we owe to God, our neighbour, and ourselves: but when the lives of the people, or their property, the supports of their lives, are taken away, to gratify the insatiable or covetous desires of a prince; I think, in length of time ought to make people submit to such a power, because no cure can be worse than such a disease. It is nothing to the purpose, how the prince got his power, whether by conquest or factiousness, by corrupting a part of the nation's strength; it is enough, that we are certain, he has no right to use such a power. Can we be stupid enough to think, that God sent the bulk of his people into the world ready saddled and bridled, and a few in hands and spurs, to ride them.

Catil. Indeed, I always thought, that if a prince conquered a nation, he had a right to give them what terms of life he pleased, and if they accepted good terms, they were to be reckoned as the gracious concessions of the prince.

Cots. Certainly a prince who pushes on conquests, only to gratify pride, ambition, or avarice, has no right to nothing but destruction: but this is foreign to our purpose, if you think the *English* monarchy founded upon conquest, you are mistaken; it *William* the bastard conquered *Harold* and his *Saxons*, he did not conquer his own *Norfolk*, and auxiliaries, who gave him the victory, because the proprietors of *England*; they had

had a right to, and accordingly got a large share in, the government. Here were no gratis concessions, but a mutual agreement; here the our-*English* government were first chalked out, which succeeding times have brought to the perfection it bears at present.

Catil. Did not the barons rebel against *John*, and so gained their *magna charta*, the foundation of the people's privileges at this time.

Cato. You are willing to allow that a single man may make a people miserable, to procure to himself some imaginary happiness; but call people rebels, if they endeavour to make themselves really happy, at the expence of the prince's imaginary one. If the happiness was real on either side, yet, certainly the majority ought to carry it, rather than a single man; the people will never ask more than their right, and a prince is seldom content with his.

Catil. But if a king is excluded from the throne on account of breach of trust, that ought not to exclude the next heir.

Cato. This obliges me to say something of hereditary right. Now, we must observe in general, that an eldest son has no more natural right to his father's fortune, than any other child, or even a stranger. Indeed most nations have agreed to allow a great deal to primogeniture, as they do the metal called Gold, for convenience sake. It stops a great many disputes, especially when a man dies intestate: In relation to the crown, it avoids the inconveniencies of an election, which are very visible in *Poland* and elsewhere. But that there is no fixed right, either in natural or revealed religion, is evident from hence, that the legislative power often turns possession out of this channel, when the heir at law is an idiot, or for other reasons. If one of the conditions by which a king holds his crown, is, that his eldest son

sign after him in succession; it is plain, that the father's and the son's right fall together. This is evident in *Adam's* case, not only himself, but all posterity were deprived of immortality, on his breaking the conditions that gave him a right to it. Thus was *Rehoboam*, and all his posterity excluded from their regal power over the ten tribes, by his not answering the just demands of the people.

Castil. But when king *James* abdicated the crown, why did the convention give the crown to his daughter? If she had a right, certainly his son had a better one.

Cato. The convention, doubtless, had very good reasons for what it did. First, the prince was strongly suspected of being an impostor, the king neglected to give the nation that satisfaction which the nature of the thing required. Secondly, the prince, supposing him legitimate, was gone to *France*, an enemy's country, under the tuition of popish parents, and the influence of a popish and arbitrary government; therefore, there was a moral certainty, that he would be a papist himself; the father had taught the nation, that a papist prince would never support a protestant church, and a free people. What could the states or the convention do, in such a case, but fill the throne with the next heir of the royal blood, that they could confide in?

Castil. Tho' king *James* broke his covenant with part of the people, I mean the protestants; yet the papists were willing enough, nay, eager, to continue him in his regal power; now, the papists were in no subjection to the protestant party, therefore, the latter had no right to thwart the inclination of the other, by driving away the king that was agreeable to them, especially as the papists were the majority; which is evident from the protestants

testants being obliged to call in the prince of Orange with his Dutch forces to assist them.

Cato. Your argument does not convince me that the protestant party were the weakest either in number or property; it is true indeed, that the military men, especially the officers, were papists, they possessed most of the places of any credit or power, and had a king at their head: the protestants were without a leader, without arms, and without power; so that though they were outnumber'd, they were not out number'd: nor were they even over-power'd; for in a corner of Ireland only, at *Derry*, and *Inniskillen*, where they had arms in their hands, they baffled the whole of the royal army. As for the Dutch forces which the prince of Orange brought over, they were more than matched in number by the French regiments which came over to help king James. But all this is nothing to the purpose; for when king James broke his coronation oath, he ceased to be king to the whole society, papists as well as protestants. If the papists did not approve of his being king on the terms he swore to, why did they not protest against him and them, and so do for themselves? But they swore allegiance to this conditional king, which was, in effect, to swear allegiance to the conditions themselves; they made use of the *English* laws, and therefore ought to protect them. I doubt not, but the papists were well enough pleased with king James, while he plundered the protestants by his pernicious schemes of brass money, &c. wherein they were large sharers: but when that fountain would run dry, and their own properties come to be snatched from them, I am afraid they would not be so fond of their bargain.

Catil. But if the papists think otherwise, has a right to force their consciences?

Cato. Conscience is a stale excuse for mercy, schism, and rebellion; a man has no right to plead conscience till he divests himself of all prejudices of interest and education, and get the best information he possibly can. Now, let us suppose that each party had a right to please themselves in the choice of a king, yet as both rights could not take place in the same society, they must either separate entirely, or one party, in order to keep possession and preserve peace, must yield the pass to the other: but who must yield is the question? Did the papists but generously consider, that if the protestant government of *England*, was as faithfully rigid as those of *France*, or *Spain*, or any other popish government, there would not be a papist in *England*, to dispute the choice with the other; therefore this lenity in the government, ought to charm the papists into silence and submission. Again, let us suppose that the case was referred to a sincere lover of peace and equity; he would undoubtedly determine in favour of the protestants, as being the majority both in number and property; or if the referee aforesaid, considered the affair in a religious view, he would determine as before, well knowing, that the genius of the popish religion will not suffer protestants to live peaceably among them; whereas the protestants would give the others toleration and even indulgence: but if both parties would stake their lives, liberties, and properties on a game at swords in defence of their choice, leaving the decision to the arm of flesh, and God's providence; the party worsted ought to thank the conquerors for giving them back their forfeit lives, and liberties, and be gratefully quiet for the future.

Catil. But ought not all the people in general submit to the decision of the king and parliament?

Cato. I know your drift, *Catiline*, you are for fixing

fixing the charge of rebellion on the protestants in *Ireland*, because they opposed the measures of king *James* and his *Irish* parliament; but that parliament was not legally chosen and constituted. All the sheriffs in *Ireland*, except one, were papists; cities and corporations lost their charters and liberties, and elections were taken out of the hands of the legal proprietors, and put into those of papists: but suppose they had been elected legally yet as they acted illegally, attainting several thousands of the best of the inhabitants, devoting their lives and fortunes to destruction; it is no wonder if the people, in obedience to the great law of self-preservation, took the opportunity which God's providence put into their hands, to free themselves from this, worse than *Egyptian*, bondage.

Catil. O' my conscience, *Cats*, upon your scheme of politicks, I think, I might fairly join in the rebellion I have been concerned in. If the people are allowed to be judges of the elections and proceedings of parliament-men, where will you find an end of rebellion, or resistance, which you will? Which of your elections will be a scrutiny, and be found quite clear of bribery and corruption? And are not the same fraudulent practices carried on in the house; else, why did the parliament of *England* make such unsuccessful attempts to exclude pensioners, and place-men from sitting among them? Now, if the many-headed monster, the multitude, who often clamour without any occasion, may judge of the legality of these proceedings; they will be very apt to rise against them, and refuse obedience to the laws made by such a senate, and in consequence, resist any force that may be used to compel them to obedience; whereas, the truth of the affair is, that the parliament, as being the representatives of the people, have a right to do what they think proper

without being in any thing accountable to their constituents; I do not know, if the people have even a right to complain, as they put all their rights into the hands of their representatives.

Cato. I am ready to grant, that designing men may stir up the people to complain, when they are in no real danger: but then these supposed dangers, must likewise be supposed to be at some distance; but when the people see the bulwarks that kept them from certain danger, actually broken down, and the mischief spreading among them, they must then be allowed to be as good judges of their danger as a *Dutchman*, when he sees the great dike broken, and the sea overflowing the country. This was the case of the protestants in *Ireland*, the laws that kept out popery were repealed, the protestant religion prohibited in the capital city, and the churches shut up. It was a heinous crime in a protestant to refuse accepting anything's worth of brass with the regal stamp, in return for five shillings worth of his goods; and as great a fault to offer the same brass in payment to a papist, in short, as they were then situated, nothing was coin, but their ruin; it is upon these topicks they justify their resistance, and the subsequent revolution. While men are fallible, there will be faults in governments, to which people ought to be subject; while the cure would be worse than the disease; but that was not the case with the *Irish* protestants; their religion, lives, and properties, were openly invaded, as bishop *King* fully proves in his state of the protestants of *Ireland*, under *King James*, which is a book you ought to read carefully. As to your last assertion, concerning the unlimited power of parliaments; I cannot shew the absurdity of it better than by supposing a parallel case. Suppose a minor chuses a guardian, and this guardian

guardian appropriates all the fortune of the other to his own perpetual use, must not the unhappy sufferer be allowed to complain, or seek a remedy? Certainly he may, and ought, 'tis a justice he owes himself. I must own the people are in a miserable situation when their representatives join the prince in taking away their lives, liberties, and properties; but then it is a crime, as unnatural, as for a child to destroy the parent that gave him being, and it is a duty incumbent upon all who are able to stop such proceedings, either in a state, or a private family.

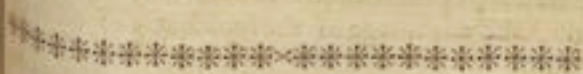
Catil. If a people may justly and lawfully resist both prince and parliament, and are allowed to be their own judges when they may use that right, it seems to me to follow, that there can be no such thing as rebellion in the world.

Cato. Yes, there is. If a man acts contrary to the good of the society he is joined with, even ignorantly, provided his ignorance is not invincible, he is a rebel; for ignorance may palliate, but not extenuate a crime; as is evident in the case of *Paul* the apostle, who charges himself with sin in persecuting the church, tho' he was ignorant. However, this is the best degree of the crime; but the highest degree of rebellion is when a man acts thus, in opposition to known received laws and constitutions, and contrary to his own vows, oaths, and obligations. And according to this last definition, you will find the charge of rebellion fall heavily on *Oliver Cromwell*, king *James* the second, and those men who now take up arms to destroy our happy constitution in church and state.

Thus far the dialogue, which I leave you to consider. I may in a future series of letters give you my notion of religion in general, and of several

Several faults and merits which may be found among the many sects and professions that claim the name of christians, in order to give you a true idea what christianity really is; but this must be deferred a little, till your mind gathers a sufficient strength to digest these sublime truths, till then, and always, let it be your care to practise what you know and understand, and God will bless you, and so will your ever

Affectionate FATHER.



THE

Brute Philosophers.

In Six DIALOGUES.

DIAL. I. *The Ram and Setting-Dog.*

WHEN I see you in the fields, I conclude, your master is not far off.

S. You judge right, it is he who sets me out, and sets me to work.

R. I have observed it. And pray what service you do for him?

S. I traverse the field till I chance on some such, such as partridge or grouse; as soon as I perceive them, either by sight or smell, I advance towards them; when I am at a proper distance I pointing to the birds, they are afraid of me

S

and

and therefore keeping their eyes fixed on me, they give my masters an opportunity of drawing a net over them, and so catches them.

R. And what does your master do with them?

S. He eats them as delicious food.

R. What a tyrant is your master, to destroy and devour the innocent. And where the tyrant is, there will always be spies, letters, and informers; in short, I pity the poor birds.

S. Have they not wings to carry themselves away? If men have wisdom, why should they not take advantage of the foolishness of other creatures.

R. How would the men like to be served themselves? It may be their own case; while they are guarding against, and striving to shun the trifling evil, they may plunge or be entangled in the snares of some tyrannical being more crafty and cunning than themselves. We see what is below men, but we do not see what is above them; there may be creatures as much above them as we are inferior to them.

S. Your supposition may be right, for I have heard the men bid the devil take one another; and this devil may be as ready to catch men and destroy them, as men are to catch birds.

R. It is not unlikely. But why are not you at work now?

S. The wind fell, and the day grew too hot for us; so my master went to the brook to wash himself.

R. Where is he now?

S. Yonder, do you not see him on the bank of the river?

R. I see something move yonder. but that is no more like your master than an egg is like an oyster. I know your master perfectly well, the upper part of his head is black, with

beam or border of bright yellow round the edge
 of his face, the wool that grows on his head and about
 his face is long and bushy; the skin of his body
 is indeed, variable, as to its shape and colour;
 but his feet are always black. Now yonder thing
 is none of these marks.

S. You silly fool, he is now naked.

R. And can he change his shape when he pleases?

S. Why, that which you see now, is his true
 shape; at other times you see him with his
 cloaths on.

R. Why does he desire to be constantly in dis-
 guise?

S. I believe it is necessity, because his naked
 body cannot bear the cold, for I never see him
 strip himself, or strip himself, but on very warm days.

R. And does he never complain of having so
 much to eat, as a carcass, is he not ashamed of his weak-
 ness?

S. He is rather proud of his gay trappings, and
 despises those who have a less load of cloaths than
 himself.

R. And what are these same cloaths made of?

S. They are made, for the most part, of the
 fleeces of wool that are shorn off your backs.

R. Bless me, can he be proud of wearing one of
 your old coats! If men will be proud, it ought to
 be something that is peculiarly their own; they
 are vain and proud of the spoils which we
 naturally throw away, shew themselves greater
 favourites than we.

S. But suppose you bear these fleeces purposely
 for the use of man.

R. If it be so, then the question is, by whose
 contrivance is it, that we are made so serviceable
 to them? If the contrivance is their own, they
 have reason to be proud, but if a superior being
 contrived it for them, they ought to

proud of that being who is so careful of them.
But your master calls you away.

DIAL. II. *The wild Thrush and the tame Thrush.*

W. MY dear thrush, how did you make your escape?

T. What do you mean by an escape?

W. Did not I see you in a cage yesterday?

T. And you may see me in a cage to-morrow again.

W. Is it your own choice to return to your prison.

T. And a good choice too, there I have everything provided for me, I eat and drink well, I lie warm and safe, free from chilling rains, and pinching frosts, and the persecuting claws of hawks and eagles.

W. All this is mighty fine, but nothing like the sweets of liberty; but you begin to think like the men that you are got among, a while of slavery sinks their minds, and makes their chains not so tolerable, but even a choice.

T. Do not speak disrespectfully of the men, they are happy creatures; they live under a form of government which makes every one easy, they join their strengths together to resist, and defeat the common enemy. I wish the thrushes would do so too.

W. You talk like a foolish thrush, men are barbarous, and destructive in their natures, and are always inclined to injure and worry one another, it is this abominable faculty in them that makes laws and government necessary among them.

They have no enemies but hawks, crows, and raptures, which all our strength conjoin'd could not resist, because they attack us when we are alone, and are not expected. Government cannot

man when he meets with a lion or a tiger by chance, or even a thief or a robber: but indeed men are the worst of hawks, for they destroy their own kind, which no other creature will do.

F. Why, my master is of no such temper, I have lived with him a long time, and not only suffers me to live, but to live well. I am sure a hawk would not use me so.

W. Nor would your master use you so, if he had no other food. Men are strange unaccountable creatures, tho' your master is a slave to you, yet he would be a tyrant to me if I came in his way; I would rather meet a hawk than him, for I could easier escape the hawk's talons than his hand.

F. There is some truth in what you say, for let my master keep a parcel of servants as he keeps me, in ease and plenty, only for a shew; while at the same time, his tenants are hard wrought and oppress'd; one may see misery in their looks: but since I live well, it is none of my business to touch into the cause.

W. If you eat and drink well you think you have no more to do, but we are not designed for ease, we must be busie, our health and happiness depend upon it. You tell me of chilling winds and pinching frosts; but I tell you, they are measured by clear skies, and warm sunshine. All the happiness you boast of cannot equal mine when I sit on a thorn with my speckled breast to the sun, singing a song of thankfulness and liberty; it is these changes of seasons that makes life agreeable. There have been among men sometime, and know the difference between the rich and the poor; our conditions are the same, and a fair judgment between us will dermine the case between you and me.

F. I was too young and giddy to make any ob-

W. Then

W. Then give me leave, you will find that I am no stranger to these affairs. The rich man, like you, eats and drinks well, lies warm, and does nothing; and the consequence is, that he has a relish for nothing: what pickles, what sauces, what sweets and sour are made use of to recover and whet his cloy'd appetite? What sickness does he labour under? Are not the whole brood of doctors maintained at the rich mens expence? While the poor man, like me, has hunger or a keen appetite (the best of sauces) to relish his coarse morsels; his sleeps are sweet and sound after his day's labour; no sicknesses trouble him, except he labours too hard or exposes himself to too much cold.

T. Why, according to your account the rich should die like rotten sheep.

W. If they were constant to their favourite notion of idleness and good living, that would be the case; but, happily for them, they have some craving wants, either real or imaginary, that keep them stirring.

T. What wants are they?

W. One wants a wife, another a whore, one man strives for money, because he thinks he wants it, and another has enough yet wants more; you may see a man striving to be equal to his neighbour in wealth and power, while that neighbour strives as much to keep the upper hand. The poor man is kept busy to procure the necessities of life, and the miser is as busy in hunting after more.

T. What then will become of me, who have no wants to keep me stirring?

W. Why, you will grow as rotten as the green water that stands in the bottom of the ditch, while I will be as fresh and wholesome as the stream that runs on the other side of the hedge.

T. You

T. You have perswaded me to embrace a life of Liberty, so farewell to confinement and mankind.

DIAL. III. *The Goat and the Hog.*

G. **W**HAT is the matter now, why do you stagger so?

H. My dear brother brute, I have been drinking gloriously.

G. I may be your brother brute, but no brother of yours in the way of drinking; we drink only out of necessity, but leave glorious drinking, as you call it, to men and hogs. But what were you drinking?

H. I had a charming tub of strong beer at my sale; you would be surprized had you seen how long and largely I drank.

G. Not at all, it is common among men, and would be so with you if you could get the liquor. I have often thought that a swine is a man's best looking-glass, there he may see his picture in person and practice.

H. Not so fast, dear brother, for so I must still tell you, do not give me all the glory of being at the head of the human species since you have a right to a large share.

G. How, in what manner?

H. You know the use of the female is in great credit and reputation among men, and he who can do most that way, is reckoned the cleverest fellow; they all may cast their caps at you for performances this way.

G. The drink makes you rave, our lust depends on our youth and strength, and they all fail together: but lust with them is lodged in the inclination, and therefore begins before they have strength to perform it in practice, and lasts long after the ability performing is over.

DIAL. IV. *The Hound and the Fox.*

H. DEAR *Reynard* help me to a drink of water.

F. Are you in great distress?

H. I am just at the last gasp; I must get a drink or I am a dead dog.

F. Is it so, then I may have word about you, without danger of worrying. Well, what will you give me if I take you to a charming fountain, the best water in the country.

H. I have nothing to give you but thanks and good wishes.

F. Good words butter no fish; you need expect no service from me without a valuable consideration.

H. Was it among men that you learned the art of taking advantage of others necessities? How often, I have thought of something to content you.

F. What is that pray?

H. I will make a league of peace and friendship with you; I will engage never to hunt, pursue or even to open my mouth against you, when I see you before me.

F. Do you think you could change your nature so far, as to see me pals by you, and not persecute me?

H. What should hinder me, the men do it every day. My master is exceeding proud, haughty and imperious among his tenants and servants, his poor neighbours; but when the lord *Good-in-his-hood* or the duke of *Do-for-him* comes to hunt with him he is quite another man; then he is humble, vile and fawning.

F. Why, *Jowler*, you are a meer fool, in the prospect of something to come that makes them change their natures or tempers; for they will

The BRUTE PHILOSOPHERS. 137

forget past favours. You now walk quietly along
before me while you expect a drink from me, but
when you have drank and refreshed yourself, I
have no security against a new persecution.

H. If men can forget kindnesses brutes have
more honour, you may depend upon me.

F. Here is the spring.

H. Ha, how refreshing and pleasant that is!
The wine in my master's cellar will not give
me so much pleasure as that cooling draught hath
given me.

F. Your master keeps his wine for food, and
not for drink.

H. I do not understand you.

F. Why he keeps it to feed his vanity, his lust,
and his appetite, when he is dry he drinks small
beer, or ale.

H. I am not scholar enough to understand you:
farewel, I hear the cry of the hounds.

F. So you design to join them? H. I do.

F. What do you hunt?

H. A fine hare.

F. I do not know which is master, or which
is scholar, but I have observed a great similitude
in manners between men, and these brutes that
are most conversant with them. When a poor
man is oppress'd by one or two, more powerful than
himself, it is odds but more men will join the cry,
and help to run him down. But how many of
you are engaged in this hunt?

H. Eight couple of dogs, and about twelve

F. You will not all get bits a-piece of her; you
will be hard for a slender breakfast.

H. We do not depend for a breakfast on her
whole heels: it is our nature to hunt, and the
hounds who love hunting feed us well for our trouble.

F. Are they not a parcel of fools to take so
much

much pains for so small a trifle? I have surprized to see men and horses flying over rivers, hedges, and six-bar-gates, as if a bag of gold was at every half mile's end.

H. Some men pursue pleasure more eagerly than profit.

F. I think that pleasure is best, which is mix'd with profit.

H. So do I, but gentlemen think otherwise, and even value these pleasures most, which are most expensive.

F. What is the reason of that?

H. They are proud and envious, and therefore are best pleas'd when they find pleasures which the bulk of mankind cannot reach at.

DIAL. V. *The Lion and the Dog.*

L. WHERE away Mr. dog?

D. I am following my master.

L. And where is your master going?

D. He is going to the wars.

L. What do you mean by that?

D. Why, he is going to fight with his enemies.

L. How many enemies has he?

D. About an hundred thousand men.

L. He must be a very bad man that has so many enemies.

D. He is a very good man and injures no body.

L. Did they all conspire together to injure him?

D. Not that neither, for they are perfect strangers to one another.

L. What can tempt him then to call them his enemies, and to go to fight them?

D. He makes a trade of it, it is his way of living.

L. Does he eat them as fast as he kills them?

D. No, but he gets money for fighting, with which he buys food and other necessaries.

L. But he will certainly be kill'd; he is not able to fight with so many men.

D. But he has an hundred thousand men to help him.

L. That makes his chance something better: but what takes you to these same wars?

D. I go to get food.

L. Who will give it you? D. My master.

L. Do you help him to fight? D. No.

L. Then you run no hazard of being kill'd.

D. No, if unlucky boys let me alone.

L. Then I think you are the master and he your servant.

D. It is so in fact; but men always think themselves free, while they have the liberty of chusing their slaves. One man is a slave to his dogs, another to his horses, a third to his whore, and a fourth to his palate, &c. they are fond of their chains and will not shake them off.

L. I saw vast numbers of men going this way about an hour ago, I suppose your master was among them. D. He was.

L. They stopped in this glade, the men scattered about for some time hickle-de-picklety; but as soon as two or three men made a noise, with pipes, and stretched skins, the men run together, fell in order, and marched off.

D. These sounds are designed for that use.

L. Might they not as well have a bell? Why should men have one sound to call them to fight, and another to pray?

D. Men have a reason for it; when they go to fight they make use of sounds that will inspire courage and resolution; but when they go to pray, they use such sounds as will soften their minds and make them devout.

L. I believe they want such spurs to urge them to action, for in both cases they seem to act against nature, which is always steady, uniform, and the same, and wants no outward helps to push her to the necessary end. It must be contrary to nature either to kill, or to be kill'd, or to own a superior, and go a begging to him.

D. Do not you often kill? For my part, it is natural to me to have a superior, and to ask for bread from him, then why should it be unnatural in men to do both?

L. I kill when I am immediately prest with hunger and passion; but that is not your matter, nor those with him, I saw them feed heartily, and were all in a very good humour, yet they marched on to these wars, as you call them.

D. We brutes are only prest by the present occasion; but men who have reason, to look backward and forward, can fetch occasions for fighting much farther than we do.

L. Both sides cannot have a just occasion, reason for fighting; but you that are much more men, can you tell me how they are gotten or brought to it?

D. The manner of their getting is a secret, which could never discover, they do it in private; when they are born we hear noise enough, but see nothing, even the men are not permitted to be spectators.

L. And what do they come into the world for? *D.* To live as long as they can, as I suppose, and to leave some of their breed behind them.

L. Then consequently their killing one another is contrary to that great end. When they act according to nature, they get into holes and conceal themselves, and use secrecy; but when they act contrary to nature, they proclaim it to the world and destroy their own species in the face of the sun. If that be my reason, let nature be still my guide.

ACT VI. *The Dog and Fox.*

MY dear *Tray*, how glad am I to see you!

D. Indeed *Reynard*, I never doubted your friendship.

F. You may as well doubt my inclination to your flesh. But what makes you so dejected?

D. I have reason; a month ago you saw me a happy dog, now you see me miserable.

F. But what has occasioned this melancholy change?

D. My master, the best of masters, is dead, the family are dispers'd, and I am left to shift for myself.

F. Your master was no old man, how came he to die so soon?

D. Dear *Reynard*, most men are their own destroyers; my master was a great drinker; some company came to visit him, they drank excessively three and three nights, they swam in liquor, so that we would have thought that the flood of *Noah* was returning. My master fell desperately ill, sent for a doctor, who soon finish'd what the wine began.

F. So then you think that intemperance is the cause of most sicknesses among men, which is improved into death by the doctors.

D. I have reason to think so; sometimes they eat and drink too much, another time too little, one time they exercise too hard, again they are too idle, one time they sit up all night, another time they sleep all day, one time they are scorch'd by the meridian sun, again they are chill'd in the midnight air. We dogs are intemperate in our eating only, therefore are not so liable to sicknesses as men; but you foxes, who are guilty of no intemperance, are less liable to sickness than we.

F. But how do you prove that these sicknesses are improved into death by the doctors?

D. Why,

D. Why, the doctors have but one sure or certain principle in their whole art, and that is never to confess their ignorance, all the rest is only working in the dark; if they do arrive at any degree of certainty in this business of blind-man's-buff, it is owing to experience, purchased at the expence of a thousand lives.

F. Why, you seem to be a dog of parts.

D. Men may think of us what they please; some of them think that we are only meer machines, spurr'd by outward causes to some necessary ends; yet we can discern between things as well as they can themselves. You are wise enough to pass by a dead horse, in pursuit of a fat goolc; and I would rather have a cut of roast beef than a mouldy crust.

F. You are a knowing dog, and might give many a kind a good receipt to preserve and restore health.

D. I need not be at the pains, you and a thousand other creatures shew them what they ought to do. If they would copy after so good examples, the doctors might go hang themselves.

*For temperance will health preserve,
But if we from this precept swerve,
Then sickness comes, but sickness flies
From abstinence and exercise.*



THOUGHTS

ON VARIOUS

SUBJECTS.

1. THE atheist tells the Christian that there is neither a heaven nor a hell. However that may be, this is certain, that if all men were sincere christians we would have a heaven upon earth; but if all men were sincere atheists, our earth would be a perfect hell.

2. When we compare a rich and a poor man together, we find the rich man's advantages are, that he can indulge his carcase and his vanity: his disadvantages are, that he pays dearer for diseases, and the hazard of losing a happy futurity. A content in the bare necessaries of life, and contempt of what is more than so, would make them both easy.

3. If a worldly rich man is generous, he is like a pool of water in a hollow ground, where a thousand beasts come to drink; if he is a churl, he is like a hedgehog, who turns his smooth side to himself and his bristles to every one else.

4. History is like a fine woman, if she is elegantly dressed she is a treasure, and even in a bad dress she is worth embracing.

5. It is safest trusting your substance in the hands of a narrow spirited man, as liquors are less danger of spilling, when put into a narrow necked earthen pitcher, than in a gold goblet.

6. What thoughtless, silent, unfashionable creatures would a great part of our species be, if had not introduced dress and scandal among them.

7. A man is not only easy, but well pleased to see a threatening mischief that can do no hurt. I have, with pleasure, stood upon the land, when I have seen the furious waves of the sea toss themselves to the face of heaven: I have had the same pleasure on the sunny side of an hedge, while the cold winds have blustered round without touching me: the pleasure is much the same when an angry man threatens to do me a mischief, but wants power.

*He like a rumbling rivulet may roar,
And waste his useless force, I can step o'er.*

8. A virtuous, and a vicious mind are like a bee and a wasp; the one finds honey even in thistles and weeds, the other sucks hurtful juices from the sweetest flowers.

9. A passionate person in a house, like quicksilver in a porridge-pot, either drives all the people out, or puts them in great confusion.

10. Nature shrinks at the approach of death, so does it at the pricking of a lancet; yet we submit to the latter, for removing sicknesses and restoring health. We ought to submit to the former at least as cheerfully, as a thing that will cure our sicknesses, and give eternal life.

11. It is not the duty of a christian to conquer his passions, but to guide them to their proper objects. Thus a lustful man should not throw himself into a monastery, but into the arms of a fair and virtuous woman.

his wife, whose breasts will satisfy him at all times: by this method he serves God, and his country, and makes his life easy and comfortable.

11. An ill-natured and termagant wife told her husband one day, that she was sure he would be tired of her death; but he assur'd her that he would not: upon her asking him the reason, he told her, that he could bear her ill-nature and tormenting humour, better than she could bear the devil's, she reflected seriously on the answer, and became a good wife afterwards.

12. It is a great folly to take to drinking to drive away cares from the mind; the spirits which are the strength of the mind, being over-hurried by the strength of the liquor, soon grow weak and exhausted: besides, the loss of time and money, only increases the trouble. So that upon the whole, the load is increased, whilst the mind that is to bear it, is weakened.

13. As the empty nuts are hardest to crack, so the shallower a man's intellects are, it is the harder to come at his inside. Hence it is plain, how properly we speak when we call such an one an impenetrable blockhead.

M

14. As a school-boy t'other day was repeating the rule in syntaxis, of adjectives which signify force, knowledge, &c. says one present, the example of this rule exactly suits the character of the late D — of M — gh. *Cupidus auri, vorax belli.*

M

15. Those who have not been used to affliction, are apt to complain much on slight occasions; while such as have met with many trials, bear the greatest without murmuring. As a new cart creaks and makes a noise under a small load, while an old cart trundles silently along under a great one.

16. The same weaknets and levity of mind that lifts some men up in time of prosperity, makes them

U

them

them shrink to nothing under the strokes of adverse fortune; like a feather, which mounts and spreads with a breeze of wind, and floats triumphant above our heads, yet a little wet makes it shrink to the smallest dimensions, and being grown too heavy to rise from the ground, it is trod under foot, and mixed with the common dirt.

18. Excess of joy is many times as fatal as excess of sorrow, as a man may be blown up in the air by gun-powder, as well as swallowed in the ground by an earthquake.

19. Men, as well as children are fond of trifles, either useless or hurtful, or both; and a guardian angel, if there are such beings, must be as much disgusted at seeing a man load himself with riches and grandeur, as a man can be, at seeing a child play with a knife or a daffodil.

20. One being asked why the nose was placed between the eyes, gave this jesting answer; it is placed there, says he, to keep the eyes from quarrelling, for two of a trade can never agree.

21. A man who receives favours and returns none is like a bed of sand; such an ingrate is unfit to be trampled on: yet gratitude is a virtue only of an inferior kind; for if a man will not do a good office till he receives one first, he is better than an old crazy pump, that must have water poured into it before it will yield any. The man who confers benefits on others, without waiting for a motive, or expecting a recompense is God-like in his disposition, and happy in his mind; such a man is like a fountain that yields constant and a refreshing stream, and probably alluded to by our Saviour, when talking of a true christian, he says, *out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.*

22. If our blessed Saviour had as many imitators in this kingdom, as a lady or a top have,

So just come from *France* or the court, it might, more, be justly called the island of Saints.

23. When we weigh within ourselves what we should do or forbear, sometimes a slight opinion, or the feather *vanity* turns the scale, and determines us: but if we throw a passion, a prejudice, or a sanguine hope in one scale, both reason and conscience in the other, will not pull down the beam; hence it is, that we see some men indulge in lust, revenge, and other known sins; who would not comply with an innocent ceremony: and this is the reason, that some men have wronged and injured their own families, and the society they are joined with in interest, in order to support a supposed, tho' a disputed right to the family of *James the second*

24. Solid religion, like solid gold, has more of weight than shew in it; tho' the religion of our times, like leaf gold, is little else than outside and appearance: hence it is, that a man would rather strike his enemy than sing a song on sunday, tho' the former is strongly forbidden, the other not.

25. Never throw water against the wind, nor strike another on any provocation; for both the one and the other will fall upon yourself.

26. When religious distempers arise in a state, every one thinks himself well enough, and so strives to cure his neighbour. This is the present state of *Scotland*; they have got a religious itch among them, which has broke out in *associates, seceders, &c.* and as their church government cannot cure them, they will scratch one another to pieces.

27. There is a good deal of difference between a man's being learnedly ignorant, and ignorantly learned: the former destroys self-conceit, the other establishes it. The case is much the same in religion as in learning, when we practice but little, we

think we do a great deal, but the more we pro-
 tile, the more we are sensible of our deficiency.

28. Some * Speculative moralists tell us, *we ought to love and embrace virtue for its own sake only*; and that *any man who does a good action upon the motives of rewards and punishments, serves neither love nor regard, but rather contemns*. Certainly, virtue is delightfully engaging when rightly considered and attended to: but who is sufficient for the task? If a severe bodily pain ceases to affect us sometime when the mind is otherwise busily employ'd; it is no wonder if we are many times blind to the charms of VIRTUE. We have reason to rejoice, that the author and finisher of our salvation has placed our happiness on a broader bottom. He, who † for the joy that was set before him, endured the pain, and despised the shame of an ignominious death, hath set both rewards and punishments before our eyes, to keep us steady in the paths of VIRTUE; well knowing that even these were insufficient, hath ordered us to seek the assistance of the Spirit of God, in prayer.

* Lord Sh--sh--ry, and others.

† Heb. xii. 2.



THE
LADIES MONITOR;

OR, THE

Way of the ARMY,

A

F A R C E.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautem.

Printed in the Year M,DCC,LII.

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ADIES MONITOR

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P R O L O G U E.

YOU're welcome all, believe me I'm sincere,
 Ab, could you see my breast, you'd find it there!
 But ladies, in particular to you,

All our endeavours, all our thoughts are due.

'Tis for your sakes our author form'd his scheme,

To guide you in these paths that lead to fame,

He points where error lies, and bids you shun

These dangers, by which others are undone.

He shows a nymph in love, whose fond pretence

To coldness, keeps her lover in suspense:

As if she could command both time and fate,

And youth and beauty would like handmaids wait,

She finds herself in a strange circumstance,

By chance nigh ruin'd, and just sav'd by chance.

Then, to the next extremity our author goes,

A too soon yielding female to expose:

But this example makes you shine more bright,

And sets your virtue in a stronger light.

It shows that you can conquer flesh and blood,

Be wise by choice, and struggle to be good.

Will take your plaudit for a full reward.

Ladies, thus far to you: we next propose

The same pacifick treaty to the beaux:

But we may use few arguments with them;

They'll watch your eyes, to praise or to condemn.

They'll smile your smiles, and echo all you say;

And by admiring you, scarce mind the play.

But still the race of criticks are behind,

The poets, players, — even to nymphs, unkind.

Let such hiss on — from such we beg no truce,

As the serpent, will expose the goose.

Ladies, on you alone, our fame depends;

We fear no enemies, while you are friends.

Dramatis?

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Captain JOLLY, the Commanding Officer.
Mr. SPRIGHTLY, } two Subalterns.
Mr. SPARKLY, }
Mr. THRIFTY, a rich old Hunk.
Mr. LITIGIOUS, an Attorney.
TUNBELLY, a Constable and Innkeeper.
PADDY, } two Watchmen.
DARBY, }

Two Blacks, Messenger, Drawer.
JOHN GUZZLE, the Captain's Servant.

W O M E N.

Miss FANNY, a young Lady from Dublin.
BETTY, Miss to Sparkly.
LANDLADY, that keeps a Publick House.

SCENE, a Village near Dublin.

TIME, about four Hours.

* * * * *

THE
Ladies MONITOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street before Tunbelly's House.

Enter Sprightly leaning on Sparkly's Arm.

AIR. The Macedon Youth, &c.

SPRIGHTLY.

*If fortune should frown, or quite throw me down,
And plunge me in sorrow and trouble:
At last if she'll send a bottle and friend,
She then recompences me double.*

Spr. Nay, Frank, one bottle would not do, you would have a second, and that introduced a third; and if I had not forc'd you away, I can't tell where the humour would have ended, for half a bottle more would have put you past advice.

Spr. You know I do not love wine for its own sake, but for the good it does; it gives present relief to the despairing lover and the disappointed dependant, it comforts the heart of the disconsolate widow, who grieves more for want of a second husband than for the loss of the first; and it cheers the spirits of the dejected soldier, who, on the eve of a march, is bidding farewell to his friends and acquaintance.

Spa. Artfully spoke, Mr. *Sprightly*, you to conceal the fruit among the leaves; but I separate the *despairing lover* from the rest of your flourishes.

Spr. What, you do not think I'm in love! *Cupid* had all his eyes about him, he could wound me; for I have as many flights as a low on the wing.

Spa. I do not know what flights you may be now; but there was a time when you fixed your eyes upon pretty Miss *Lucre*, and I fancy you to fix your whole body there, for all your flights.

Spr. My dear friend, I ought not conceal anything from you—my heart should still lie open to you: and if I could have made the least breach to hers, you should have known the whole secret—but she's impregnable.

Spa. So that you are forced to raise the siege and march off.

Spr. No, I'll send in one summons more; I have a letter in my pocket: but I must go seek the *bang dog Paddy*, to carry it to her. I gave him half a crown this morning, and I warrant the rogue is getting himself drunk—will you go along, *Tom*,—let us go find him out.

S C E N E II.

*Mr. Thrifty's House.**Enter Thrifty, and Miss Fanny.*

Thrif. Do you know that you are to be married to-day, neice?

Miss. Not positively, sir; but like other women I modestly expect it one time or other.

Thrif. Well, but your marriage is resolved.

Miss. I shan't be sorry for that, provided I have leave to chuse the man.

Thrif. Ay, neice, no body doubts that, and yet that very choice may give you nothing but sorrow.

Miss. No, let them chuse for you, who have experience, and know the world.

Thrif. You know, uncle, when people plague themselves, they sit contentedly under it, but to have

plague forced upon us, doubles the mischief, who are to suffer all the inconveniencies,

ought at least, to have the liberty of chusing our

mentors; because, some one pleasing property

our husband may make a recompence for a thousand failings.

Thrif. Well done, good Miss philosopher, now let me preach in my turn; suppose you were obliged to leave your native country, would you of

your own head make choice of your new place of residence, without consulting any one who had

been there before you, who perfectly knew the climate, its customs and constitutions? We ought

to act with certainty in all things. But to put an end to this dispute, you will find nothing to hinder your choice, only arbitrary authority; you may

do as you please, and do as you please as far as is consistent with passive obedience.

Miss. O tyranny! But what have my parents promised on?

Thrif. To give you a husband comfortably rich, and one that can't fail of making money while the world continues wicked, and that's an excellent promise, let me tell you.

Miss. And while he continues as wicked as the world; for no good man would seek to thrive by the wickedness of his neighbours. And what is

the rich man's employment?

Thrif. A lawyer, girl, in the agreeable person

Mr. Litigious.

Miss. I might have guess'd at the man, and his employ-

employment too, by your description. But how can I possibly fancy him?

Thrif. Fancy him! Why child, I don't desire you to fancy him, I only desire you to marry him, and that's no great matter. What money I have is my own, and I can leave it to whom I please; therefore I must and will chuse the man who will take the same care of it that I have done.

Miss. And so it is to pass from generation to generation like an old medal, or like the stars in the firmament, with this difference, that no body may have a peep at the money but the jailor in bed. Consider, sir, that happiness is not plac'd in money.

Thrif. I consider that money will buy every thing that one wants; and that every one is happy who wants for nothing.

Miss. Suppose I should marry a covetous, natur'd brute, would not I want a benevolent, generous, and sensible companion; and would not that be an afflicting want, which money could not purchase?

Thrif. Ay, but niece, I think plenty of money might make you easy.

Miss. Would plenty of money give ease to a troubled mind, or an aching heart?

Thrif. I protest niece, your head is quite turn'd with reading foolish books, you have brighten'd your mind, as you call it, only to make it more sensible of feeling miseries. What a few words signify your fine sentiments, a fine settlement worth fifty thousand of them.

Miss. But Mr. *Litigious* never mention'd such thing to me, he never ask'd my consent.

Thrif. That's only a matter of form, he has your consent which is as good as yours, he has your father's likewise, which in this case, is the calling voice; however, for form's sake, he will ask your consent too.

Miss. And if I refuse him what will the consequence be?

Thrif. The consequence! The consequence will be nothing.

Miss. Oh, then I'm safe enough.

Thrif. Oh mighty safe, for if you refuse him, your father will give you nothing! I'll give you nothing, then you'll chuse some rake-helly young fellow who has nothing, and when you're joined together you will have nothing, and when you die you will leave nothing behind you—but a breed of young beggars.

Miss. And do you call that nothing?

Thrif. That's worse than nothing, because they will be a dead weight on your relations, or the parish.

Miss. You rich men will trust nothing in the hands of providence, except your souls. If I am left to my own choice, I'll have a husband of a generous, courteous, and generous disposition, and a good constitution, which is pretty near my own character, therefore I may suppose that my children will be so too. If they be under a cloud in their younger days, they will shine the stronger when they enter either into the sea or land service; then they will serve their country more than ever it serv'd them, when they bring home laurels, plunder, dollars, and gold dust.

Thrif. I like your courage, neice, or rather your conceit. Hope is sometimes useful, but for the most part it is no better than *Will-wit-the-wisp* leading people into certain ruin. But I have said enough, you can't plead ignorance; and I hope you won't be wilful.

Exit.

Miss. I won't be wretched if I can help it.

Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Watch-House.*

Enter Paddy and Darby, with their Lanthorns and Watch Poles, both pretty drunk.

Pad. Come along you son of whore, and let us have one dram to drink the braave shentleman's heath; by the honour of my profession he's a braave shentleman.

Dar. Who, Mr. *Sprightly!* He's a braave shentleman sure enough; of all the officers that ever came upon this place, he's the man for all monies.

Pad. By my shoul now, I'm the man for all monies tho', for I have laid out the half crown I gave me to the best advantage; there's six drams of geneva, at two pence a dram, and that's very sheap now, that's von shilling, and there's five mugs of *Tunbelly's* three-penny drink; arrab! what mulsh does that make?

Dar. *Arrab* go to the divel, how do think could tell, I'm sure the landlord told you von then what made you forget, twhy?

Pad. O long life to the head that can tell, threepences is von shilling, and von threepence and here's someting left yet——O ho let Paddy alone——come you dog you, sing the song that was made on the watchmen long ago, sing you dog you, sing for the honour of the watchmen.

AIR, London is a fine Town.

*Paddy. The tales we are of Argus told
Are but a pack of lies;
For it was fifty watchmen bold,
That had the hundred eyes.*

Darby. When Mercury a rake o'the town,
Went out a serenading,
He met the watch and knock'd them down;
But potent gin was aiding.

Paddy. With potent gin be ply'd them so,
They in a trice got drunk,
And when they could not stand or go,
He carried off his punk.

Darby. A watchman is a noble thing,
Where will you find its match;
For statesmen, generals, nay the king
Is always on the watch.

Chorus. My hearts of gold our watch we'll keep
Till the return of day,
For some must watch while others sleep,
So rolls the world away.

They sing the tune, and dance together. The clock strikes, they stop short).

Pad. Blood Darby honey, take your lanthorn
and go and tell the people it is past twelve o'clock;
say it with a grassh now, arrab let me see now how
you will say it.

Dar. Past twelve o'clock; (in a watchman's
tone, and *Exit*.)

Pad. Call away my buck, I'll go and call for a
buck of Tunbelly's three-penny drink, and try to
swallow it wid a grassh now, it's better than telling
the clock of a cold night. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Street before the Watch-house.

*Enter Litigious with a Letter in his Hand, a Mes-
senger following.*

Lit;

Lit. What time did you leave town?

Mess. About four o'clock, sir.

Lit. You travell'd well——yonder is *Mr. Thrifty's* house where you see the palisades before you give the letter into his own hands.

Mess. I shall, sir.

Lit. This letter must have some relation to my marriage with my charming *Fanny*, *Mr. Thrifty* is my plenipo, in this affair, and hath, I believe, brought it to a conclusion; he desired me two days ago to provide licence, and to hold myself in readiness for a journey to *Dublin*; and so far I'm ready——I'm impatient till I see the contents——hold, I'll get a candle in the watch-house——rascals! There's not one of them here! Hold the watch, hey.

Enter Paddy.

Pad. Did you call, sir?

Lit. Yes, I call'd, sir, and bawl'd, sir; in the way you watch the town, you rascal, we shall be all robb'd while you're sotting in the ale-house.

Pad. 'Tis a wery cold night, sir, and I'm getting a dram just hard by here, sir, I did not think no harm at all, sir.

Lit. Don't tell me of your drams, sirrah, I stand waiting on your leisure——take that, sirrah, to put you in mind of your duty. [*Beats*]

Pad. O dear sir, an't please your lawship, I'm a poor ignorant watchman, that does not know the manners; *gu guit a'n deuol da chree effoud.* [*Aloud*]

Lit. Lawship! That's well enough——sir, come into the watch-house with your candle till I read this letter.

S C E N E

SCENE, the Watch-House.

Enter Litigious and Paddy.

Lit. Hold here your candle, sir, (*whilst he reads, Paddy, staggering, almost thrusts the candle into his eyes.*) Damn you, sir, will you burn my wig?

Pad. Who me, sir!—By my shoul now arrabancy I'd be very loth to burn your lawships wig.

Lit. (*Reading to himself and smiling*) 'tis just as suspected.

Enter Sprightly.

Spr. Has that letter brought you any good news, Mr. Litigious: you smile with pleasure o'er the contents—from a lady I suppose.

Lit. No, faith, but it is from a lady's father (*snuffing up the letter*) and I fancy you would smile and laugh too, to have a fine woman and a fine fortune ready to tumble into your arms the next day.

Spr. And who's the happy lady, pray?

Lit. That's a secret as yet, sir.

Spr. And a great one too, for I never so much heard of your courtship.

Lit. I believe not, faith. I have more wit than to court a woman.

A T A. Packington's Pound.

*The courting of women is now out of fashion;
For men have found out a much easier way,
That saves them the toil of pretending a passion,
And all the fatigues of a tedious delay.*

Let parents be told

What plenty of gold

Is hid in your chest, what possessions you hold,
How much you can settle—without all dispute
The fortune you'll get, and the woman to boot.

Y

A woman,

A woman, Mr. *Sprightly*, should never know the soft toying and tenderness of a lover.—She'll be so apt to expect it, when a husband not in the humour of giving it, that it's ten to one but she'll go to some other one that will

Pad. (Aside) *Tura larfa*, you are never in the humour of giving, since you gave yourself to the devil for a lawyer.

Lit. Egad, I must go.—I have a great deal of business on my hands.

Spr. I suppose, sir, you have pretty good business, as a lawyer.

Lit. Indifferent, I can't complain.—I live in a country both rich and ill-natur'd, and that produces quarrels and half crowns. This very day I had three lawsuits on my hands, the first one indeed, puzzled me plaguily, the plaintiff gave me half a Crown, and the Defendant another; so they feed so even, that I was like the ass between the two bundles of hay, I could not tell which to help; so at last I brought them to a reference.

Pad. (Aside) Fait you're always like an ass.

Spr. But where is justice all the while?

Lit. Justice be-dama'd.—I have an aversion to the jade, she's always painted with a sword in her hand, you know; and that's enough to disgust me. But the next lawsuit was more reasonable, the plaintiff gave me half a crown to do him justice, the defendant gave me a whole crown to stand his friend.

Pad. (Aside) Fait they should have join'd, and given you a broken crown between them.

Spr. But, Mr. *Litigious*, was that fair dealing?

Lit. When people are such rogues as to sue me, I ought to punish them by taking their money.

Spr. And who did you help most?

Lit. He that gave me the most. Would

you do more for two pence than you would for a penny.

Spr. And you tell me you're to be married to-morrow.

Lit. Yea faith, here's my commission, directed to Mr. *Saygrace* now in *Dublin*: this licence cost me a good fat guinea——O the conscience of the clergy, to make one pay so much money for a little paper.

(While he pulls out the licence he drops the letter.)

Pad. *Ub, boo, boo*, a lawyer talk of conscience. (Aside)

Lit. And then there are gloves, and favours to the bridesmaids, and the devil knows what——egad the expence of a genteel wedding is enough to break one's heart——Come *Paddy* light me home.

Pad. *Ga bruisb en deuil a whineaul a gra*——I'll give you a foot vill I go home vid you, I'm paid for nothing here, and unless you pay me better, you may as well go along vid your self; I'll do more for you pence than for a penny you know.

Lit. I'll remember you for this, you villain. Sprightly, will you be so kind as to see me home——how troublesome a thing is a fear-ful heart? (Aside)

Spr. I don't care if I do.——*Paddy*, I shall be glad to speak with you bye and bye.

Exeunt ambo.

Pad. Villain a *neab*! There's ne'er a man in the world that would call me villain but your own self, even his worship would say, so *Paddy*, how do you do honest *Paddy*: by my shoul I may be as good as dead vid you yet, *arrab cuá de fein*——what's this, a letter! For Mr. *A, r, a, m*, a *Ram*, *L, i, li*, *l, i, s, b, i*, *g, i, o, u, s*, *Goose*; *arrab* I believe it's one of *Esop's* fables, for there's both a ram and a goose in it. O ho, I have you now; for

Mr. *Aram Litigious*, fait you're no friend of
 —I'll see the inside of you, *agra*.

Enter Sprightly, and Sparkly.

Spr. What have you got there, *Paddy*?

Pad. A letter, maister honey, will you read
 for me, sir.

Spr. (Reads) Sir, I expect you in town to-
 morrow with my daughter *Fanny*. I have wrote to
 uncle *Thrifty* to accompany her, next day I
 put you in possession of her person and fortune,
 a sincere blessing from your very humble servant.

John Luck

To Mr. *Aram Litigious*.

Death to my hopes, I have lost her then—
 my dear friend, what shall I do?

Spr. A bottle and friend, you know—

Spr. That won't do now, *Tom*, you must give
 me more substantial comfort.

Pad. Arrab, Mr. *Sprightly* honey now, I
 ried many a letter for you, but never got no
 swer, then what hopes had you, joy?

Spr. Why, to tell you the truth, she
 gave me any encouragement; yet still I had hopes

Pad. That was foolish enough now, let her
 and be damn'd.

Spr. *Paddy* advises well.

S O N G . .

*If you importune
 A nymph in courting,
 And 'tis your fortune
 To be deny'd,
 Pray use no whining
 Or dull repining,
 To raise the vain minx's pride.*

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Draw carelessly off if she bids you begone,
Don't own you're a captive, or say your'e undone;
But whistle — and tell her you'll let her alone,
There's women enough beside.

II.

Don't waste your leisure,
Your lungs, your treasure,
It gives her pleasure
To see you vex.
No birds, nor daisies,
No nineteen naysays,
Or any dull beaten text.

For ladies grow vain when they vanquish a beau,
And think by their conquest they worthier grow;
But when they grow sawcy, sir, pray let them know
The devil may come for them next.

Spr. How weak is advice to a mind that can't
with it? My dear Fanny has charms to fix the
heart of the most inconstant wanderer.

AIR. Fanny blooming fair.

My heart as free as air,
The power of love despis'd,
Till Fanny blooming fair
The giddy thing surpriz'd.
Her wit and beauty mix'd,
Have made it all her own:
So now, my fate is fix'd,
I must have her or none.

Here, Paddy, give her this letter, she is not yet
gone to bed; and take this for your pains.
(gives money.)

Pad. O God almighty bless you, sir.

Spr. And do you hear, shew her that letter you
found, and success attend you.

(Exit Paddy bowing)

Spr.

Spa. But what chance has he for admittance to your charming *Fanny*, at this time of night?

Spr. Thanks to the penny in purse, I have a friend in court, that will introduce him at any reasonable time, or deliver my letter, at least.

Spe. Ay! there's some hopes in that. A woman cannot be quite indifferent when court is paid her; what does not displease, must certainly please her; nor would your confidante venture so far, if she found her mistress relent it.

Spr. I wish I may find it so. This unexpected adventure, may bring her to a resolution one way or other.

*While women are secure they love to toy,
And at a distance keep the proffer'd joy;
And trifle with their love, but when they feel
'Tis now or never, then they speak their mind.*
Exit.

SCENE, a Room. *Miss Lucre, and Paddy.*

Miss. Trouble me no more, I say, with your impertinent letter.

Pad. By my shoul but I will tho', and you shall taak it too, if you please; for fait I have never a fardin, to buy my dinner of potatoes to morrow till I would get a shilling from Mr. *Sprightly*, for bringing him an answer to that letter. Many a letter I have brought you, and you never gave me as much answer as would lie upon the nail of my thumb, joy. And unless you would pity his case, it will kill him, it will destroy him, joy.

Miss. Let me see. (*Reads*) Um—*marc's* morrow. Um—the last interview. Um—let me know my doom. Um—your most fervent and constant lover. Here carry it back to him, and bid him give himself no more trouble about me. (*Paddy*)

(Paddy going) How can I be so cruel.—
 Hearke, friend, (Paddy comes back)—and yet
 I must—you may go, friend—and must I
 lose him for ever—my heart and my pride are in
 a dreadful conflict.

Pad. Now she's wav'ring, wav'ring like my
 watch-pole when I would lay it cross my thumb:
 but I'll give her a turn to one side or t'other.
 He bid me shew you this, madam.

Miss. (Reads it, and then speaks.) What's the
 meaning of this, do you know, Paddy?

Pad. Fait madam, it means but badly for poor
 Mr. Sprightly, since Mr. Litigious is to be the hap-
 py man. If you love the law, madam, you will
 soon get your bellyful of it, joy.

Miss. Was ever parents so cruel as mine, to
 marry me without asking my consent! And that
 same, Litigious, thinks to make me his wife, in
 a manner unknown to me: this must be prevented
 one way or other.

Pad. Fait, he said it was a foolish ting to be
 courting a vomans. *A vickna streepogb*, I could
 with my lanthorn cross his throat.

Miss. Why did my pride forbid me to tell the
 dear youth that I lov'd him tenderly—but he
 made love so delightfully! I liked him so well in
 the capacity of a lover, that I foolishly thought of
 no other happiness.

Pad. A pretty way of thinking, sure enough.
 (Aside)

Miss. Go, Paddy, and bid him come to me here.
 (Exit Paddy.) He shall still court me into a con-
 tract.

AIR. When bright *Aurelia* tript the plain.

When a young cat a mouse does seize,
 Her folly sets it free;

She

*She with the soft thing toys and plays,
Till chance away the prize conveys,
And then she frets like me.*

Enter Paddy in haste.

Pad. Here madam—he's just coming—
ready to break his neck for haste, joy.

Miss. Well leave me, Paddy, (*He stands by*)
I must keep him off a while, 'twould shew a weak-
ness to consent too soon.

Enter Sprightly.

Spr. My dear charmer, allow me to salute you
(*Kisses her.*) This is a favour so extraordinary
that I hope it is a prelude to greater joys.

Miss. Don't flatter yourself, 'tis the last you
must expect; I sent for you one purpose, to
you, that you must trouble me no more.

Spr. The tenderness of my passion deserves
more suitable return.

Miss. I am not insensible, Mr. Sprightly,
you have taken a great deal of pains to convince
me that you love; but as I have neither power
inclination to make you a suitable return, I hope
will make yourself easy, and think of me—no more.

Spr. Either, your words have a double mean-
ing, or it is with reluctance you pronounce
dreadful words *no more*—shall I hope the
madam?

Miss. You may hope as you please; however
your discretion should inform you, that love,
plants, should die without nourishment, and
sure, you never got any encouragement from
—nor never will.

Pad. My shoul, you lye in your very thro
now. (*Aside*)

Spr. Even that severe resolution cannot damp my love; it must, and will continue: the sun is a more natural cause of light to the world, than your charms are of love in my breast.

Miss. And so when both are out of sight,
Love is gone, as well as light.

Spr. In the absence of the sun, madam, we remember his friendly and cheerful influence, and wish for his kind return, nor would we part with him, if we could still retain him with us, or travel with him round the globe: so that my company still holds. Oh, how willingly would I stay here, or ramble round the world with you!

Pad. That's my man, stick to her, you dog.
(*Aside*)

Miss. Suppose, Mr. *Sprightly*, that I should tell you, that my mind is in the situation you would wish for, could you pardon the weakness of such a confession, and the former trouble I have given you. All I can say, in my defence, is, that you will relish me the better, after the difficulties you were with in obtaining me. Cold and storms make the calm sun-shine that comes after, vastly agreeable: so now, if you think yourself happy, I give you free leave to enjoy that satisfaction, and will do all in my power to continue you in that pleasant way of thinking.

AIR. Shepherd when you see me fly.

Spr. Come thou charming nymph divine,
To my longing bosom fly.

I am thine ———
And I am thine.

Miss. ———
Spr. I'm all love ———
Miss. ———
And so am I.

Both. May our loves, where'er we range,
Like the sun, ne'er know a change.

[They embrace.]

Miss.

Miss. How empty is this flash of joy; like glances of a dying taper. I'm on the very verge of utter ruin—to-morrow throws me in another arms. The intervening time is only ours. What shall we do?

Spr. Faith I don't know, but something must be done; go, *Paddy*, and bring Mr. *Sparkly* to me: his council and assistance will be of great use to us: but see my good genius where he comes.

Enter Sparkly.

My dear friend welcome.

Spar. Madam, your most—the welcome you give prevents any apology for my intrusion: you left me at the door, I had no thoughts of going away. A man's friend, and his wit will never leave him at a dead lift.

Spr. I have need of both now. This lady has consented to make me happy, if the short time that's left may admit of it.

Spar. We are straiten'd for time, that's true; but perhaps this arch rogue *Paddy* may be of use. *Paddy*, can you contrive no way?

Pad. By my conscience, sir, I wud do what lies in my power for you boat: if you are a clergyman, I will provide you one, and if you are for shorter work, my watch-house is at your service.

Spr. 'Tis marriage we are for, honourable as it is: but where will you get a clergyman at such a critical juncture.

Pad. Ha, ha, dear sir, you know they're plenty enough, and they're always ready enough at an ill turn.

Spr. Do you reckon marriage an ill turn?

Pad. Many a one finds it so, *agra*. But please, Mr. *Saygrace* shall marry you.

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Spr. Mr. *Saygrace* is not at home, nor would he marry me without a licence if he were.

Pad. O, dear sir, Mr. *Saygrace* came home last night; now then, cannot you out-wit the lawyer, and get his licence, that cost the good fat guinea.

Spr. A lucky thought, and may be improv'd; would not you procure an old licence, and then obtain a change on *Litigious*? We might easy alter the name.

Spr. Ay, but the difficulty will be, to get *Litigious* out of bed. Egad I must contrive some scheme to unkennel the fox—I fancy I have hit the name.

Miss. It would give me double pleasure to make that villain, *Litigious*, contribute to his own confusion.

Pad. And me treble pleasure, for the blows and the abuses he has given me wrongously: I'm sure if his arguments are as weighty as his blows, he may be a lawyer for the devil.

Spr. Don't go to bed, madam, till you hear from us; unless you are in the way, to lend a hand, all our labour will be lost.

Miss. Don't fear me—go on and prosper.

Exit.

Pad. Hur staan ma *Galleendass*, a brave wench, my salvation.

Spr. Is not that a prize worth contending for?

ACT. Cupid god of pleasing anguish.

All our passions urge to action,

All our aim is satisfaction,

In the toils we undergo:

Nor can toils, nor crosses tire us,

When the sweets of love inspire us.

Love does all that's great below.



ACT II.

SCENE. *A Room in Tunbelly's.**A Table, Bottle and Glass, Sparkly rising from the Table.*

DAMN it—I wish I had some one to help me out with this bottle—my landlord is certainly drinking very comfortably with some company, or I should not want his assistance.

Enter Betty.

So, Miss *Wagtail*, what brings you here, at this time of night?

Betty. And what brings you here, this time of night?

Spa. That, that, (*pointing to the bottle*) Come, I must introduce you to my company—this is a glass of choice port.

Betty. I remember when I was your choice. Ah, Mr. *Sparkly*, won't you take me with you?

Spa. With me, child! Go to bed,—banish that foolish thought, and dream of something more substantial.

Betty. If I should go to bed, I could not do so for thinking of you.

Spa. There you have the advantage, for I can't think of you for the blood of me.

Betty. Your wife is the properest person I could think of.

Spa. O heavens! The very name frightens me.

Betty. The substance has been pleasing before now.

Spa. Do you love the name of whore, child?

Betty. No.

Spa. Yet the substantial part has been pleasing before now.

Betty. Did not you swear you'd marry me?

Spa. And now I swear I won't marry you, and it's a man's last will that stands good in law.

Betty. I'm sure the law will make you perform your promise, since I gave you a valuable consideration.

Spa. I was *non compos mentis* when I made them, and that makes them of no force.

Betty. What were you, sir?

Spa. Mad, my dear, stark staring mad.

Betty. What made you mad, in the name of goodness?

Spa. Mad for possession, but you cured me, and I thank you.

Betty. Then you ought to be grateful.

Spa. 'Twas you made me mad, and therefore you were under an obligation of curing me.

Betty. All this won't do; I'll let you know that I'm your wife, and you shall use me as such.

Spa. Why, I have us'd you as such, and because I did you a piece of service, you would confine me to a perpetual drudgery—that's un-

kind.

Betty. And why did you promise to marry, when you never design'd a performance?

Spa. I knew you wanted some excuse for surrendering, and if I was so complaisant as to furnish

you with one, you ought not to be the first to upbraid me with it. So, if there's any harm done

blame your self.

AIR. If Love the Virgin's heart invade.

When a young nymph has made too free,

Without the church security;

'Tis she that is to blame.

'Tis

'Tis the fond kiss, and kind caress
That fires our blood, and then we press
For — what I dare not name.

By passion drunk, we little care
How much we flatter, lie, and swear,
Till we enjoy our game.
The nymph to get the thing she loves,
Makes that a good excuse, so proves
A — what I dare not name.

Betty. 'Tis false, perfidious man — you know
I sacrificed all to please you, because I lov'd you
tenderly.

Spa. To please me! Who had the greatest be-
nefit by it? I sav'd you from eating chalk and
oat-meal, and there's all the thanks I get.

A I R. Auld lang sine,

Whene'er a nation is afraid
To die by civil-wars,
They wisely call in foreign aid,
To quell domestick jars.
But when their foes are dead and gone
The foolish Sots repine
Against their friends, and ne'er think, on
Auld lang sine.

Betty. How miserable a creature is a poor wretched
woman? What pains we take to get husbands to
shelter and protect us! nay, sometimes the pro-
tect is so pleasing, that we leave the beaten road
of virtue to pursue it — and then, to be turn'd
we're miserable.

A I R. Irish Howl.

I'm like a traveller in the night,
Who thinks he sees a friendly light,

The LADIES MONITOR. 173

In hopes of shelter, he forsakes
The beaten road, for bogs and brakes.

The phantom vanishes—then he

Lest in the lurch, laments like me.

Oh, oh, ambora.

(Whilst she's singing the latter part of the tune he is stealing away, she runs and catches him.)

Ray, one kiss before we part, 'tis the least you can do.

Spa. Will you trouble me no more then.

Betty. No—oh. (Sighing.)

Spa. Here then. (Offering to kiss her.)

Betty. Ah, won't you come with me, and see your son; indeed I an't well—I'm afraid it's the ague—come home with me—ah do now—won't you?

Spa. Well, go home—I'll just pay the reckoning, and follow you—indeed I will. (Exit Betty.)

I know what she wants:—but if all my body was converted into jesuits bark, I could not cure an ague, where the hot fit comes every hour; however, I must keep her as quiet as I can, till I get out of town. Exit.

SCENE II. The Street.

Enter Paddy.

Arrab what can keep Mr. Sprightly so long; I an afraid Mr. Saygrace has left him, to read over his printed sermons, or an account of his lishes. If the day rises, Litigious will rise too, O this dunnas! that would spoil all.

Enter two, with their Faces black.

Tara fu teal—what the divel are you?

1 Blacki

1 *Black.* Don't you know your friends, *Paddy*?

Pad. The divel taak you boath, for the frig
quite ruin'd my memory. — But where is *Mr. Sprightly*?

2 *Black.* Here he comes.

Enter Sprightly.

Spr. Well, *Paddy*, things have gone luck
enough as yet. I have got the old licence from
my friend *Saygrace*. Why, we are near relations
man; — he was as fond of me as if I was a tin
pig—I thought he would have eat me.

Pad. Vel den—if you don't vork your brain
to put the cheat upon the lawyer, I will beat thee
out with my vatch-pole.

Spr. And I'll deserve it. — But to begin,
us tie these honest fellows. (*Tying them.*) *Be*
Litigious so great a coward you say?

Pad. A divel of a coward, when he has no
dy to back him. He was one night coming from
Dublin, and it grew dark, and he grew fear'd
every bush was a ghost, at last he grew afraid
his own shelf, and ran away from his own shelf.
O fir, a naked sword is as good as a purge to
at any time: but have you brought the sword
your self?

Spr. Yes, yes, — take that one, and I'll keep
this to myself.—Now, dare you stand me a con-

Pad. No, by my fait, fir; — but hold. *Mr.*
Sprightly, will you give me leave to frighten
Litigious out of some of the half crowns that
got by knavery, joy?

Spr. With all my heart. But how will you
trive it?

Pad. Do you go away vid yourself, and leave
the rest vid me; but make a noise vid the sword
first. (*They clasp the swords, as in a*

Spr. Yield, you rascals, — ye villains, did you think to rob the honest man; — but I'll have you all hang'd. —Hallow, Mr. *Litigious*, —damn you, why don't you call, *Paddy*, your pipe is shriller than mine?

Pad. Mr. *Litigious*, Mr. *Litigious*, you're robb'd, you're murder'd, here is thieves, rise up, rise and hang the villains.

Lit. (*At a window.*) What's the matter?

Pad. Thieves, that were going to rob you; but I have secur'd them.

Lit. Are they ty'd fast?

Pad. They are holden and firmly bound by these presents, by *Shant Patrick*, a bond and judgment would not hold them faster.

Lit. Then I may venture down. *Exit.*

Spr. I'll leave you to practise your scheme on Mr. *Litigious*: but do you depend on your courage, *Paddy*?

Pad. Courage, ha, ha! —No, sir, but on his cowardice.

Spr. That does as well. He that would make his fortune in this world, must not depend on his own merit or virtue, but on the vice and failings of others. But I stay too long. *Exit.*

Pad. Do you hear, boys, when *Litigious* comes, you offer me monies to untie you, and if *Litigious* offers me monies to keep you fast, you must offer twice as much.

Black. Yes, yes. —But here comes *Litigious*.

Enter Litigious.

Lit. Oh, the sons of darkness, they would have robb'd me, and skinn'd me, and taken my very soul from me, if it were in their power.

Pad. An't please your lawship, that's out of your power tho'. —The devil has his claws in't already.

(*Aside.*)
Lit.

Lit. Ye villains, I'll have you hang'd, like lace makers bobbins, and gibbet you for scarecrows.

Black. Paddy honey untie me, till I get cock-nick at his wind-pipe, let me get the rascal by the head, I'll soon cut off the entail, I'll finish the law on him; do untie me, and here's a crown for you.

Pad. Eh, a crown! *Arrah* by my shoul, *Mitigious*, that's more than you offer me as yet, and I should do more for two pence than for a penny, you know, and so, joy. (*Going to untie them.*)

Lit. Hold, you villain. —

Pad. Blood, who dares call me villain. (*Draws.*)

Lit. Sirrah, you're a papist, and I'll have you indicted for carrying arms.

Pad. So you may, joy, when these sons of darkness have cut your throat. (*Going to untie them.*)

Lit. Here's two crown's, dear Paddy, and I'll thank them alone. Bloody minded dogs — they might murder me.

Pad. *Arrah feckum shin* — I will drink your health, and wish your neighbours may never quarrels and half crowns.

Black. Don't take his money, Paddy, here's four crowns for you, and untie us both.

Pad. Four crowns, *agra*; — now, for a haire of the lawyer's conscience. — By the blood, I'll let them both loose upon you, vidout you give me more monies.

Lit. Well, take their money, but don't untie them; you may take their money to punish them.

Pad. I tought you had more wit, Mr. *Litigious*; *arraah* how do you tink they could give me monies with their hands ty'd? And if I should take it out of their pockets, that would be robbery, and then I might hang like a lace maker's bobbin, *na mas bobbin eà*. (*untying them.*)

Lit. Here, Paddy, take all the money I have; you rogues you shall pay for all.

Pad. One, two, three, four, five, six half crowns, arrab gura mab azuth. — *Toll, lolleral toll.* (Exit capering.)

Enter Sprightly.

Spr. Mr. *Litigious*, I'm glad I had it in my power to do you some service; I left these two rogues in *Paddy's* care and follow'd another, but he made his escape.

Lit. I thank you, sir, and hope you will be so good as to assist me in carrying them to the constable's; — honest *Tunbelly* will take care of the prisoners.

Spr. Any thing to serve my friend. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The inside of Tunbelly's House.*

Enter Tunbelly, and Drawer.

Tunb. Are the company gone, boy?

Dra. Yes, sir,

Tunb. And have you lock't the doors?

Dra. Yes, sir. (Gives a key.) *Exit.*

Tunb. Then I think I may go to bed, and sleep with a safe conscience. I have about ten shillings worth of wine in my belly, and the price of it in my pocket. — I begin to wallow in fat and fortune, I shall soon be a great man, and have some weight in my country.

A 1 r. *See the full Bowl.*

'Tis a landlord that can
By drinking, by drinking, become a great man;

Some men waste their fortunes away in good wine,
And some men waste their fortunes away in good wine,
And some men waste their fortunes away in good wine,

(Knocking.) What, more Company? I may drink
another shilling into my pocket yet. (Knocking
again.)

A a 2

again.) Coming, coming, gentlemen. (*Sings as she opens the door.*)

*Let a new deluge flow,
And we'll drink it also.*

Enter Sprightly, Litigious, and two Black-

Spr. You're merry, Mr. *Tunbelly*.

Tunb. 'Sblud, why shouldn't I, when two fine gentlemen favour me with their company. Will you please to drink, gentlemen?

Lit. Here are two robbers I must put under your care, Mr. *Tunbelly*.

Tunb. What are these! — A pair of young devils come for you, Mr. *Litigious*: — they need be in no haste, you will go unsent for. — You know I can't help joking. Well, gentlemen, what will you please to drink?

Lit. I have had some losses to-night, otherwise I might afford to give you a nip of punch: — but as it is, landlord, fetch a mug of your best drink, your three-penny ale.

Spr. Hearkye, landlord, fetch us a bottle of wine.

Tunb. I shall, sir.

Lit. You don't imagine that I'll pay for it?

Spr. Not I, sir, — you're kindly welcome to your share of it.

Lit. Then I don't care if I drink a glass or two. I am quite out of cash at present. I laid out a guinea for a licence; but that will bring in a hundred fold, and then, my friend, I'll remember your kindness.

Spr. No apologies, good Mr. *Litigious*, take the will for the deed. — I have looked much to see a licence, on account of a dispute; will you be so kind as to let me look at your licence this moment?

Lit. O, sir, with all my heart — here it is.

Enter Tunbelly.

Tunb. Here, my heroes, a bottle of the naked truth, Mr. *Sprightly*, my humble service to you. *(Drinks.)*

Spr. Come, Mr. *Litigious*, my service to you. *(He drinks.)* Shall I help you, sir *(Filling.)*

Lit. With all my heart. *(Drinks.)* 'Tis good wine, Mr. *Sprightly*, your health—hold, it must be a bumper. *(Fills and drinks again.)* Mr. *Tunbelly*, I forgot to drink to you. *(Fills and drinks again.)* My service to you.

(All this while Sprightly pretends to look over the paper, then puts it in his pocket.)

Tunb. Thank you, sir, very kindly. —

Salad, this fellow would make a rare landlord; he out-does me at deep drinking on free cost. *(Aside.)* Come, Mr. *Sprightly*, your best thoughts.

Spr. Sir I thank you. — Mr. *Litigious*, how do you find yourself?

Lit. Very much refresh'd. — Well, have you done with the licence?

Spr. Licence! Ha, ha, ha, you must excuse me, sir, I find my friend *Paddy* has taken an advantage of you, and so, fearing you would take the law of him, I contriv'd this method to oblige you to give him a general release, and you must include my name in it too; take notice, no licence without it.

Lit. Pshaw, pshaw, I don't value these trifles, I'll give you a discharge as ample as you please.

(Writes; in the mean time Sprightly and Tunbelly talk in dumb show.)

Here it is, sir, I deliver it as my act and deed.

Spr. And here is your licence, sir.

Lit. *(Putting it hastily in his pocket)* Gentlemen, I must beg your pardon. I'll try to get a
Exit.

Spr.

Spr. Go, and enjoy some pleasing hours for you'll soon discover what will murder you ever after, if you don't murder yourself to prevent it.

Tunb. Why, what may the matter be?

Spr. You'll soon hear; in the mean time, go, and strike one bold stroke more.

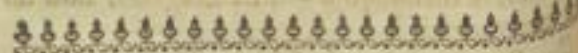
Tunb. For a wife, I hope.

Spr. Suppose it were!

Tunb. 'Sblud, then I'd wish you joy.

Spr. I fancy a great many married men wish such a wish, for they often find it a joyless state.

Tunb. Ah, ha, you're a wag. — Come, negroes, Mr. *Sprightly* has bail'd you off, and I acquit you of your bonds. You may go to bed and I'll go see my fields; for it is now near day.



ACT III.

SCENE. *The Street.*

Enter Paddy, and Darby.

P A D D Y.

ARRAH *cusbla ma chree*, did you find me a half crown since I left you?

Dar. No, by the blood.

Pad. Then I'm not so. *Feagb sbin*, One, two, three, four, five, six half crowns dat I got as a fee from Mr. *Litigious*. *O duol suckle braig ad*

Dar. What, he that's the scoundrel at law.

Pad. The Counsellor at law, you mean; he's only a turney at law.

Dar. Fait, I tought he had taken out his greash in the inch of court.

Pad. Phoo, no. — Well, these four shall pay my quarter's rent, dis von shall buy me a bushel of malt for sheeben, you dog, you. — And lie you there, till I wo'd melt you down my breast in good geneva. Or what would you tink, *Derby* now, of *Plaurakan O Rork* upon the harp, and a bottle of whiskey on the table? Would not that make you merry, oh?

Der. Fait then you're no bad warrant to make yourself merry, and others boath: but whisht here comes the constable.

Enter Tunbelly.

Tunb. Have you had a quiet guard?

Pad. Not a cat stirring, sir.

Tunb. Not a mouse stirring, is the word; that the way my friend *Shakespear* has it.

Pad. Arrab, who was that same *Jack Spear*?

Tunb. A famous man. — But it is time to dismiss you; for,

*See the morn in ruffet mantle clad,
Walks o're the dew of yon high eastern bill:
Break we our watch up, and by my advice,
We'll have a dram of gin, or mug of gill.*

Pad. Arrab merry be your heart, let us go,

SCENE. *A Room in the Barrack.*

Enter Capt. Jolly.

I wonder the dun flies don't bite, but I shall peiler'd with them presently. I shall soon have large levee, and bribes too if I would encourage them: but I detest that, tho' a levee and a bribe is the *summum bonum* of a statesman.

AIR:

AIR. *My heart was so free.*

The statesmen like me,

Gets at his levee

A hundred kind solicitations,

He answers them too

As I often do, He answers, &c.

My worthy friend, you must have patience

Here it begins. (*One knocks*) Come in.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. An't please your honour, there's one of your honour's men that owes me a trifle, and he won't pay me; an't please your honour.

Capt. It does not please my honour, nor my conscience neither, that any of my men should wrong you; but what's his name?

Wom. *Jeremy Slim*, an't please your honour.

Capt. O, 'tis very well. And what was it for?

Wom. Why, indeed, sir, he came to my house on the rejoycing night, of all days in the year. He brought me a club came to four shillings and four-pence; but he never came near me since; but when he had the money, went and spent it elsewhere.

Capt. Why, indeed that was provoking. But gentlemen soldiers must not be called villains. But tell me, did he drink the king's health, you woman?

Wom. O, indeed sir, the gentleman drank the king's health on his bare knees.

Capt. Then the king's pay ought to defray his expence. Give me your bill, and here's your money.

Wom. The lord bless your honour. — Here's your honour's own servant, *John Guzman*. He owes me sixteen shillings and four-pence. — An't please your honour,

Capt. Let me see the bill. (*Reads.*) To a dram of brandy the review day.

Wom. Ay, sir, he said it would put a flush in his face.

Capt. The whey face'd rascal might have drawn his cravat tight about his neck, and sav'd that expense. — To another dram the same day.

Wom. Indeed, sir, that was at the firing, he said he was both faint and dry.

Capt. I don't doubt but he was faint, and want- ed spirits; but I fancy he was not very dry; for as our comrades say, that the firing of a gun makes the water gush out of the knees of his breeches. — To three drams of rum and sugar, and a bowl of punch, with *James Limberbam's* wife; — so, so, that is a large article. — *John*, why *John Guzzle*?

Enter John.

Wom. Why *John*, did you treat *Limberbam's* wife to all this liquor?

John. Indeed sir, — I believe I did.

Capt. It could not be for nothing, I am afraid she had bad designs upon her, tell me the truth.

John. Why, indeed sir, I thought that would be the safest way of indulging the flesh a little, and accordingly tried it; but was rarely clapt for my performance.

Capt. So then I find this woman keeps a bawdy house.

John. Upon my word sir, she does.

Capt. Ah you vile woman!

Wom. I think, sir, you ought to like me the better for that; what would such vigorous young gentlemen as you do, if we did not keep conveniences for you?

Capt. All that can be said in favour of a bawdy house is, that it helps to save mens wives and daughters from the flattery, temptations, and violence

lence of the wild young profligate, and the rascals of old hunks; but you draw in both to prostitution to raise your profits.

Wom. In troth, sir, if I would not take mens wives and daughters, I should get few customers; for mens mothers would be too old for our way of business.

Capt. Get out, you vile woman, I have a mind to kick you out of my room.

Wom. You'd kick me, sir, your betters would tell me so. — You'd kick me! I believe your foot is the only part of you that ever was near a womans backside since you lay with your mother. — Egad, I need expect little good from you, a bad rider as ways hates a horse-jockey.

Capt. Pox on her, if it is not on her already she had almost made me angry. — But *John*, do you design to pay this woman?

John. O, sir, she and I will never have a word about it, we agree rarely; — she and I are of the same way of thinking.

Capt. What's that?
John. She thinks I'll never pay her, and I'm of the same opinion.

Capt. But suppose I have paid her already.

John. O, sir, I'll allow it to you with pleasure, but it went against my conscience to pay myself.

Capt. Why so?
John. Why, sir, it was she that drew me into the scrape with *Limberham's* wife: now, the geon's bill was twice as long as hers, so that I counted hers out of the fore end of it.

Capt. So, I find that you're a rogue, and a jade, and you both suffer for your wickedness. — You may go about your business, sir. I'll give you a discharge.

SCENE. *The Street.*

Enter Litigious, and Tunbelly.

Lit. You seem troubled, this morning, neighbour *Tunbelly*.

Tunb. A little or so, faith, if my drink were in the barrels it would not be marching away this morning; but the worst vessel ever drink was man'd in, is a soldier's belly; for then we see the salt of it.

Lit. And the law can give you no relief; for you were order'd not to trust them. — But how did your prisoners rest last night?

Tunb. Who, the brace of young devils? I man'd them loose, egad, and told them you would be sure to follow.

Lit. Pshaw, you're always fond of jesting.

Tunb. Faith, I'm in earnest now; for they're all gone.

Lit. Well, Mr. *Tunbelly*, I assure you, I'll make you answer for them.

Tunb. What the devil can you lay to their charge?

Tunb. 'Tis no matter; — but I'll work you that the very name of *Litigious* shall make you tremble.

Tunb. Ha, ha, who the devil would tremble for what you can do? indeed if you grow good the devil might tremble for fear of losing you; — but here comes my bail—he'll satisfy you.

Enter Sprightly.

Spr. Good morning, gentlemen. — Well, Mr. *Litigious*, are you for *Dublin* this morning?

Lit. Immediately, sir, I've sent for my horse.

Spr. And pray who are to go with you?

Lit. Mr. *Thrift*, and Miss *Lucre*.

Spr. Miss *Lucre*! She's my wife, sir, don't think it safe to trust her with you.

Lit. Your wife, sir!

Spr. Yes my wife, sir.

Lit. I believe you lie, sir. — How came she to be your wife, sir.

Spr. I pardon your bad manners, because you are sufficiently punish'd another way. — And I'll tell you, it was her own inclinations, your licence, and a little of the black art that Mr. *Saygrace* used that made her my wife.

Lit. My licence, sir, — that's in my pocket.

Spr. With all my heart, you may think as you please.

Lit. (*Looks on it.*) Hey-dey, legerdemain, this is damn'd imposition; sir, you have cheated me, this is not the licence I gave you to read: — I'll be reveng'd, I'll ruin you, you might as well have meddled with the devil as with a lawyer.

Spr. I believe they are both alike, they have power, and hate mercy: — but I'm pretty well the discharge protects me.

Lit. O death, I'm fool'd every way; hear, *Tunbally*, get me your prisoners, or I'll wreck my fury on you.

Spr. I tell you, Mr. *Litigious*, these two fellows were honest men than yourself; it was I brought them to your house as a bait to draw you out, in order to accomplish my design.

Lit. I'm ruin'd undone.

*However, to the law I'll have recourse,
And fetch up mischiefs from its fruitful source,
And at your heads bend their vindictive force.*

Exit, in a rage.

Tunb. And where have you left the bride?

Spr. She is — I cannot stay now, — I will tell you.

Tamb. You're devillish hot upon't, — I was just the same, when I marry'd my Molly.

Enter Sparkly.

O, sir, your servant, do you see who comes under?

Spar. Damn it, is not that Betty and her bantling under her arm?

Tamb. It is then, in *propria persona*.

Spar. Pox confound her, she follows me like an apparition, I thought I had conjur'd her down this morning; but I find she's stisen again to haunt me.

Tamb. Your conjuring her down, is like throwing a bone to a dog, he'll squat down till he knows it, and then get up and look for more.

Spar. 'Tis e'en so; however, I'll make to come, and do you try to dodge her off the scent.

Tamb. I shall always be ready to serve you, (Exit Sparkly) — While I get any thing by it; but by my soul, I won't trouble my head about your affairs now you're going away.

Enter Betty, and a Child in her Arms.

Betty. Husha, husha.

AIR. *Aughrim's Lament.*

Oh, little my baby does know,

What makes your poor mother weep,

Your father will go, and leave me in woe;

Oh, husba by baby a-sleep.

Mr. Tunbely, did you see Mr. Sparkly, this morning?

Tamb. Ay, I believe he's gone towards the bar; you may e'en follow him now, as much as he

he follow'd you before, tho', I fancy, less so
purpose; but I must mind my own business.

Betty. Well, I'll complain to Capt. Jolly—
yes, I will complain of his cruel usage.

Exit crying.

SCENE: *A Room in the Barrack.*

Capt. Jolly, Sprightly, and Miss Fanny.

Capt. Mr. Sprightly, I cannot approve of
adventure till I hear what the opposite party
to say; to carry away a man's child without
knowledge or consent, is an action not easily
excused. Here comes *Thrifty*; now, madam, your
trial comes on.

Enter Thrifty.

Thrif. Ah, *Fanny, Fanny*, little did I think
would have left me in so scandalous a manner!

Capt. How, scandalous! *Mr. Thrifty.*

Thrif. Ah, Captain, is it not a scandalous thing
for a child to leave her parents house at midnight
to run to a barrack; and is it not a hard case
our children should be taken from us by the
men we pay for protecting us.

Capt. Mr. Sprightly, what can you say in
your own defence?

Spr. Why, sir, I lov'd the young lady a long
time, and wanted to strike a bargain for her
son only, which, as she was of age, was at
her own disposal. Tho' she gave me no encourage-
ment, yet still I persever'd; at last the lucky
minute came, when she consented to make me happy.

A I R.

*He that would gain a lady's heart
Must take some time to win it;
With patience he must act his part,
And wait the lucky minute.*

*I try'd all methods, us'd all means,
But could make no impression,
Till fortune recompens'd my pains,
And now she's in my possession, possession.*

Capt. This is all very fair, *Mr. Sprightly*. What do you say to justify yourself?

Thrif. Ay, niece, what can you say for yourself, why did you abandon me? Was I not always a fond and a kind parent?

Miss. I did not abandon you, till I found that you had resolv'd upon my ruin; then, self-preference got the better of that duty I always did, and always will pay you. I never gave this gentleman any encouragement; (tho' I may now say I lov'd him tenderly) because, I thought my duty forbid me. And what was the consequence? I was to be marry'd to a brute, that never thought me worth his while to pay me a civil compliment; this made me close with the proposals which I had formerly refus'd with before.

A I R.

*That maid may often be beguil'd,
That looks for too much wooing;
For bad not fate propitious smil'd,
I had been plung'd in ruin.
I always lov'd the charming swain,
Yet wou'd make no confession; —
But since I'm safe I'll not complain,
My all is in my possession, possession.*

Capt. Well, *Mr. Thrifty*, you see how matters stand. It is no uncommon thing to see a bird fly into a man's bosom to shun the pounces of a hawk.

Thrif. I protest, and that's true, Captain. But *Mr. Litigious* is very rich, and in a good way of making money.

Capt.

Capt. So are the mountains in *Peru* very rich; would you therefore think her happy to be buried in one of them.

Thrif. I protest there's something in that; but I wanted her to live, and enjoy his riches.

Capt. When a man locks up his treasures from himself, do you think he'll give his wife the key to keep?

Thrif. I protest, Captain, there's a great deal in that.

Enter Sparkly.

Capt. Come, come, Mr. *Thrifty*, *Sprightly* is a gentleman, and has good relations, from whom he may expect something valuable; his commission qualifies him to keep company with his general, as he may be a general himself yet, and then he will come trundling to your door in his coach and six.

Thrif. I protest, that's every thing — Will Mr. *Sprightly*, if you will love my niece, my niece, if you will make a dutiful wife, I'll leave you all I am worth when I die, and, may I say, give you something in the mean time.

Both. We thank you, sir, and desire your blessing.

Thrif. I will bless you, and pray for you — Come and kiss me. — I protest you're a handsome young fellow, and I'm sure, my niece will be pleased in a morning to see a pretty fellow on the same bolster with her.

Spar. I'll warrant she'll be well pleased in a morning more ways than one.

Enter Betty with a Child.

Capt. Who are you? What do you want?

Betty. Ah, sir, this is Mr. *Sparkly's* child, he won't marry me as he promis'd.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, Marry you! What has he expect that he has not got already? —Have you any thing to give him, to bribe him into service? —Harkye, *Sparkly*, is this your child?

Spar. No, sir.

Capt. How, not yours!

Spar. No, indeed sir, I made her a present of my share of it, and much good may it do her.

Capt. Plain, plain; harkye, child, go get a good nursing, or ship yourself off to *Jamaica*, that boy will bring you in a roll or two of tobacco, and that will be so much clear gains; and when you'll have a chance for a good husband, or a negro, if the worst should happen.

Betty. But I hope, sir, you'll do me justice.

Capt. I would do all the justice that lies in my power between the soldier and the subject; but when people break through all laws, and all order, the best they can expect is, that their crime should merit their punishment. What do you think, madam?

Miss. As she is one of my own sex, weak and ignorant, I pity her; but as she found forty examples against her for one in her favour, she ought to have taken warning; but since others could not warn her, I hope she'll be a warning to others.

Betty. I hope, sir, you'll consider that if I be guilty, he is more so; and therefore, should bear a proportionable part of the expence; I'll do what industry I can, I am willing to punish my self, and so ought he too, that we may both be lightened from such practices for the future.

Capt. That's a good girl, I begin to like you. Harkye, *Sparkly*, you must do something for the child. —Have you got any money?

Spar. Not much, sir, —here's five guineas, and some silver.

Capt. Give her that, —and I'll tell you what you must do more, —give me your cash note for

ten pounds, and I'll advance the money now, as it is a charitable action, I hope Mr. Thrif will take it in trust, and put it to interest for the use of the child; the interest will keep his coats, and the principal will put him out on apprentice, when he will be fit for it.

Thrif. I protest, Captain, I'll do it with sure.

Capt. Well, *Sparkly*, go and draw the note.

Spar. Yes, sir.

Enter Paddy.

Capt. So, honest *Paddy*, how do you do?

Pad. Arrah by my own conscience, at my honour's service. Mr. *Sprightly* honey, I give you a great deal of joy—and Madam *Sprightly* are you there! O, by the honour of my profession, one of the pretty babies that was dancing before your eyes yesterday, is gone to take his leave somewhere else.

Spr. O fie, *Paddy*! you make her blush.

Pad. I beg ten thousand pardons, honey. But, sir, (*whispering loud*) How does Mr. *Thrifty* like the match?

Spr. O, very well, we are all well pleased and happy; and you shall be happy too.

Pad. *Toll lol derall loll.* (*Capering.*) O let *Paddy* alone, by my shoul, I had always good luck in every match I made—but my own

Capt. How happen'd that, *Paddy*?

Pad. Why, sir, I marry'd a sort of a gentlewoman, that bring me nothing, but words and little children, and the devil a thing I can do, but curse her fate for marrying the back of me.

Capt. Poor *Paddy*! (*The drums beat, he looks at his watch.*) 'Tis four o'clock, we must march.

Mr. Sprightly, you may stay with your fair spouse,
I write for you. —And—

Trif: I protest, Captain, you shall not go till
you drink a pint of old hock with me.

Capt. With all my heart. —*Sparkly*, do you
march the men off the parade—I'll soon overtake

Mr. Sparkly. Yes, sir, —and here is the cash note.

Capt. 'Tis very well, —I'll settle the affair at
Mr. Trif's. —You may come, girl, and see

Betty. God almighty bless you all, worthy
gentlemen.

Capt. *Paddy*, farewell. (*Gives money*.) You
shall be an arch-dog at singing a song extempore,

Come, let us have one verse at parting.

Paddy: O by my shoul brave sbentlemen,
I never shall see your such again;
Then joy be rid you night and day,
Over the hills and far away.

They go off laughing. —*Paddy* remains and
speaks the Epilogue.



The EPILOGUE

LADIES and sbentlemen the play is done
The company that made the sport is gone.
The author strove to teach me some fine words
Of epilogue — and plague me vid rehearses.
The words were wery fine, and wery hard on
About excuses, 'pologies and pardons;
But by my sboul, I now forgot them quite.
Sloan lief a leigg — I wish you all good night.

P O E M S

ON

RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

MONSIEUR DES BARREAUX' celebrated Hymn,
quoted by Mr. Addison in the 513th Spectator.

Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité ;
Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice.
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta justice.
Où, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice ;
Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité ;
Et ta clemence même attend que je périsse.
Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux ;
Offense-toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux ;
Tonne, frappe, il est tems, vens moi guerre pour
guerre ;
Pâture en périssant la raison qui t'aigrit.
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de JESUS CHRIST ?
Attempted

Attempted in English.

THY judgments, Lord, with equity
 crow'nd;
 'Tis thy delight to be forever kind;
 But oh! my crimes so horribly abound,
 That were thy goodness to forgive inclin'd,
 'T would shock the justice of thy Sov'reign
 Yes, yes, my God, I'm such a rebel grown,
 Nought's left thee, but a proper doom to find
 To give me glory, were to hurt thy own;
 Thy very mercy waits to see me overthrow'n.

II.

Since then thy glory does my doom require
 Fulfil thy mind, and to thy wrath give way!
 Let my sad flowing tears ev'n feed thine ire:
 Hurl, blast with thunder! strike without delay
 Strike ('tis high time;) and war with war
 With dying voice I'll own thy judgments good
 And yet with dying voice presume to say,
 Where-e'er thy thunder falls, 'twill meet a
 To quench its hottest flames, ev'n my dear
 VIOUR's blood.

A Receipt to cure Lust,

TAKE two eyes-full, until they run over,
 tears;
 Take, all you can say with devotion, of pray'r
 Take, of fasting as much as your body will bear
 Mix all these together with caution and care:
 Set them o'er a slow fire of self-examination,
 And keep them still stirring with close application
 This will quench all inord'nate desires so
 They will not hereafter need quenching in

The Author's own Epitaph.

HERE lies M—w D—n, a man much
 expos'd,
 For aiming at good, but mistaking the means :
 Whose labours in Christ had been happily clos'd,
 Could his skill in address but have equal'd his pains,
 Was the rich man's contempt but the poor man's
 delight,
 Was one of great zeal, but of no great discretion :
 Was very sincere, but not very polite ;
 And both knew too well, and too ill his profession,
 M.

The Angel's Message to the Shepherds, LUKE II

I.
 BEHOLD I bring (the angel cries)
 Good tidings full of joy,
 Which soon will ev'ry ear surprize,
 And ev'ry tongue employ.

II.
 Now to you all, this blessed morn,
 (From heav'n I bring you word)
 Behold 'm, David's town, is born
 A Saviour, Christ the Lord.

III.
 And this to you a sign shall be,
 (Let trial now be made)
 Wrapt in swaddling cloaths, you'll see,
 And in a manger laid.

IV.
 He spoke, and streight a num'rous croud
 Of angels round him throng,
 Whose accents sweet, and voices loud,
 All chant this heav'nly song.
 Glory

Glory to God in heav'n above,
 And peace to men on earth;
 Restor'd to his good will and love
 By this most happy birth.

ON GOOD FRIDAY.

I.

THIS day my Lord did shed his blood
 To purchase Heav'n for me;
 And won't I labour to be good
 That I in Heav'n may be?

II.

To sin I'll die, to God I'll live,
 As Christ has done before:
 And as he rose, so I'll revive,
 With him to die no more.

The Ten Commandments.

1. **I** Am the Lord of all, one God supreme,
 Then let no other my just glory claim.
2. By images, I will not worship'd be,
 Such low ideas are unworthy me.
3. My awful name with highest rev'rence use;
 The bold offender I will ne'er excuse.
4. One day in seven must devoted be
 To rest, to prayers, and praises paid to me.
5. Those who protect and guide you must be lov'd,
 Reliev'd in want, lov'd, honour'd, and obey'd.
6. From murder keep your hands, for I have said
 That heinous sin, shall be in kind repaid.
7. Let not thy lust unlawfully delight
 To injure innocence, and sacred right.
8. Let cheating, theft, and robbery be suppress'd,
 That property may safely be possess'd.
9. A

Avoid tale-bearing, slander, hurtful lies,
 All bad, but worse when back'd with perjuries,
 Thou shalt not covet, with a greedy mind,
 Thy neighbour's property of any kind.

The Slavery of the Mind. An Epistle.

IT vexes me, O R——, when I see
 Men chain'd and manacled who might be free :
 'Tis not the body, which may often feel
 The weight of iron bolts, and bars of steel ;
 In the mind I mean, and chains of vice,
 Form'd on by passion, will, or prejudice.
 A man may oft be locally confin'd,
 Confin'd in a jail, with freedom in his mind :
 His thoughts may freely traverse land and sea,
 In planetary orbits wing their way.
 How'er the lump of clay may be confin'd,
 The law, nor tyrant can enslave the mind.
 And yet the mind is too too oft a slave
 To some deluding wench, or flatt'ring knave :
 Sometimes ambition gets the deadly hold,
 Sometimes it pants beneath a load of gold :
 Sometimes the shameful vassalage depends
 On great progenitors, and mighty friends :
 Some have sometimes to ostentatious cloaths ;
 The case of women, puny fops, and Beaux
 A craving palate often sinks the soul
 In costly viands, or the flowing bowl.
 O grief ! to see the sensual appetite,
 For reason triumph, and obscure its light !
 And yet the mind is ne'er enslav'd thus,
 When yielding reason writes its *Mittimus*.
 Our temptations scarcely cover half the hook ;
 But we run eager on, and will not look.
 And thus knight errants quit their native home,
 Seeking troublesome adventures, roam ;

Fall in the pow'r of witches, fiends, and elves,
 Or in enchanted castles plunge themselves:
 There must they lie in adamant chains,
 Till some superior one their liberty regains,
 Oh may that Being all our ills disperse,
 Who from a chaos form'd an universe!

Let reason sit as judge, let reason speak;
 We'll find the charm, the whole enchantment break;
 Must we have women—reason says, that
 Depends on beauty or intemp'rate lust.
 Beauty at best is but a tinctur'd skin;

For queens no fairer are than queans within:
 And lust bespeaks a mind deprav'd and dull;
 Rivall'd by ev'ry sparrow, goat, and bull.

Flatt'ry sets up an idol in our place,
 Gilds the bad mind, and mends the ugly face:
 And yet the beauteous mind, the charming face
 Are only in conceit—we're still the same.

When reason sets ambition up to view,
 We find its cares in shoals, its pleasures few.
 He that would climb a hill, may spurn the plain;
 Yet he must creep up each poor inch he gains:
 When at the top arriv'd—just out of breath,
 He's tumbled down by justice, fraud, or death.

And gold—emphatically stil'd thick clay,
 Which Indians, blest with reason, sling away.
 They will not sweat beneath the pond'rous mass,
 But chuse to shine in feathers, shells, or glass.

Great blood's a jest, the best that ever ran,
 Is that which animates an honest man.

See Miss, and Fribble, in the chilling frosts,
 Skim in their silks and look as pale as ghosts,
 To please another's eye—if they were wise,
 They would look ruddy, and go wrapt in furs.

But huge Apicius cannot stir abroad,
 O'ercharg'd with fat, he sinks beneath the load,
 Yet from his chains, he seeks not to escape:
 Is, miser-like, still adding to the heap.

And yet thy carcass, inconsiderate ass,
 Must have some limits which it cannot pass;
 Thy blood oppress'd with crudities must pine,
 And nature sickens in the fumes of wine.
 O R——, raise your mind to nobler things,
 True happiness from solid virtue springs.
 Is beauty and a fortune worth your care?
 See blooming virtue, ever lovely, fair.
 Her fortune—numbers can't express the sum,
 A glorious portion in the world to come.
 All earthly grandeur, could it all unite,
 Would yield in glory to one saint in light.
 Some earthly things demand our constant care,
 Our daily labour, and our daily pray'r;
 Plain food and raiment, loving friends, and health;
 The poor man's comfort and the poor man's wealth.
 If these are good thank the Omnipotent:
 If bad, still thank your God, and be content

The bending Reed.

SEE yonder reed, which now and then
 Peeps o'er the stream and dips again:
 When calm the air, and water low,
 It stands upright and makes a show;
 But ev'ry blait, and little wave
 It whelms it in its watery grave.
 Our faith, our friendship, and our love,
 Like such bending reeds too often prove.

The plain Argument.

THE man who denies future torments, and bliss,
 And thinks there's no life to succeed after this,
 May chance to be right, yet may be at the pains
 To balance on both sides, his loss and his gains.
 My reader (as preface) I'll tell you in brief,
 How my nurse bred me up in a diff'rent belief:

A strict education has lace'd me so strait,
 That I scarcely have room for a future debate
 And yet I don't think my Religion implicit;
 I'll give you my reason tho' *Atheists* may hiss

The christian religion is still understood
 To advance to the highest the common-wealth
 good:

It sweetens the husband, the friend, and the neig-
 bour,

Our industry quickens, and forwards our labour
 It raises our spirits, depresses our cares,
 It covets not riches, nor poverty fears.

A very small pittance may fully suffice;
 Contentment the place of a fortune supplies:
 Nor is it repugnant to well gotten wealth,

No foe to calm joys, nor destructive of health
 Nor do we relinquish our hopes with our breath
 But boldly push on thro' the terrors of death

In hopes of a heaven, which if we obtain,
 How small is our labour, how great is our gain

Suppose we're deceiv'd in our hopes, our gain
 posers

Shou'd shew every item, wherein we are los-
 In keeping religion, they'll say (to be sure)

We lose the delights of the bottle and whore;
 The sweets of revenge, and the pleasures of gaming
 And swearing fine oaths, which the priests are

blaming;

Nor can we indulge in what nature requires,
 When always bug-bear'd with unquenchable fears

Whilst they, with more wit, present happiness chase
 And freely enjoy all the pleasures we lose;

To nature and caprice and passions give way,
 No matter what conscience, and clergymen say

If this is their heaven, we'll never agree
 Such troubles, and mischiefs we constantly see

Attending on gaming, intemp'rance, and lust
 As sickness, pains, poverty, wounds, and dust

True pleasures, so follow'd, deserve no regard,
 Tho' virtue had only itself for reward,
 But if we are right, what must atheists expect?
 Who trample on love, and salvation neglect.
 I tremble to think on the hazard they run,
 Of being for ever, and ever undone. T.

The 131st Psalm Paraphras'd extempore.

I.

W^Hate'er men think, thou Lord, dost know,
 (Who judgest not by outward show)
 That, if my heart e'er list'd be,
 'Tis not with pride, but 'tis to thee.

II.

Or if aloft I cast my eyes,
 'Tis not that others I despise;
 But wrapt in thoughts of love and praise,
 To heav'n my wond'ring looks I raise.

III.

I never fann'd ambition's fire,
 Nor did to dang'rous heights aspire.
 Down for higher things I strove,
 But then 'twas for the things above.

IV.

For how can I be swol'n with pride,
 Who am so th'roughly mortify'd?
 Whose soul is, like a weaned child,
 Crown'd humble, lowly, calm, and mild.

V.

Let Israel's hope, like mine be shewn
 To rest on God, and God alone;
 Let it to future worlds extend,
 And only in enjoyment end. M.

A divine Ode. Integer vitæ, &c. HOR.

Innocence, and virtue are
 My bosom friends, what need I fear?

IF

If I, enroll'd among the just,
 On the Almighty's succour trust;
 In dangers I'll not be afraid,
 My pray'rs to God will bring me aid.

Suppose that I were shipwreck'd on
 The torrid, or the frozen zone:
 The fiery heats would be allay'd,
 And stormy winters gentle made.

Tho' all the savage foes of man,
 In dreadful howlings round me ran;
 Struck with a reverential awe,
 They durst not lift the rending paw.

Tho' swift wing'd vengeance from the sky,
 In gloomy terrors round me fly;
 To execute, by God's command,
 His judgments on a guilty land:
 Tho' thousands fall on ev'ry side,
 I wou'd not once be terrify'd.

But the first act of goodness shown,
 Shou'd charm my love to God alone;
 And ev'ry after-act shou'd prove
 A motive to enhance that love.

A Hymn, or Prayer.

I.

ALMIGHTY God, our only good,
 Our minds would still be fix'd on thee;
 If wonder, awe, or gratitude,
 Could make our blind affections see.

II.

Thy works which we already know,
 Express thy wisdom, power, and love;
 Rich attributes which freely flow,
 In which all mankind sharers prove.

III.

And yet thy holy truths relate
 Much greater blessings still behind;

In heav'nly and eternal state,
For thy adopted sons design'd.

IV.

In thinking on these grand accounts,
What raptures should my soul employ?
An extasy which far surmounts
The burning seraphs ardent joy.

V.

Yet I look coldly o'er the sum,
As if no part belong'd to me;
O God, when will thy spirit come,
To make my blind affections see?

VI.

Almighty father, fire my heart
With flaming love to thee and thine:
O wing my soul that it may start
From earthly things, to thoughts divine.

Another.

WHEN thro' the sea, Jehovah led his flock,
The wond'ring waters hard'ned to a rock,
When thro' the wilderness they took their way,
The rock dissolv'd and gush'd into a sea.
Almighty God! so lead my helpless soul,
Where floods of vice, and strong temptations rowl,
By their o'erwhelming pow'r, their force remove,
And melt my stony heart, to floods of love.

Written in the Prayer Book of a very pious Widow.

*Upta duos bis jam possum numerare maritos:
Andream amisi, tu mihi, Christe, manes.*

Two husband's names already grace my list:
Andrew indeed I lost; but still have Christ.

M.

Or

On our present State, Death, and Futurity.

I.

WHY does my soul with horror shrink,
 When I reflect on death?
 Because I do not rightly think,
 Or exercise my faith.

II.

The soul of man a free-will hath
 To follow good or ill;
 Then we have nature, reason, faith,
 To influence that will.

III.

By nature we must chuse some good,
 In good we must rejoice;
 But dread of ill, or passions rude,
 Too often spoils our choice.

IV.

And then, how easy grows the mind,
 Of some small good possess'd,
 When reason, and religion join'd;
 Should urge us to the best.

V.

Besides, the small, the fancy'd good
 May usher in some ill:
 Which shews that faith, and reason shou'd
 Be guardians of the will.

VI.

The speckled snake, with lovely skin,
 May please the infant mind;
 But oh! what dangers lurk within;
 The fatal sting's behind.

VII.

Life is a good we must allow,
 For some wise purpose giv'n:
 But to what end, let reason shew,
 And faith point out a heav'n.

VIII.

Were we sent here with ills t' engage,
 And act our passions o'er;

To fret our hours upon the stage,
And then be seen no more?

IX.

If so—brutes happier are than we,
Who no reflections know :
If reason only lets us see
Our impotence and woe.

X.

But reason still has more to do,
For when she looks abroad ;
She can the whole creation view,
And let us see a God.

XI.

That offers to the gloomy soul
A comfortable sight :
That shews God's pow'r beyond controul,
His wisdom infinite.

XII.

That shews the goodness of his hand,
To ev'ry thing that lives ;
Whate'er their various wants demand,
He plentifully gives.

XIII.

And in return for this, we find
In ev'ry time and place,
All creatures act their part assign'd,
Except the human race.

XIV.

If God to brutes an instinct gave,
Which all the brutes obey ;
We want this instinct and should have
His will some other way.

XV.

If brutes by instinct guided are,
To ev'ry end design'd ;
Is man alone beneath the care
Of the creator's mind?

XVI.

This instinct is the divine will,
On ev'ry brute impress ;

Which far surpasses human skill,
In acting for the best.

XVII.

The bee, with mathematick art,
Contrives its little cell;
What man can act so wise a part?
Let boasted reason tell.

XVIII.

Some of our birds can wing their ways,
To coasts they never knew;
By instinct led o'er pathless seas:
This reason cannot do.

XIX.

How can the landman cross the seas,
Without the sailors skill?
Or how can we our maker please,
Unless we know his will?

XX.

We have, we have our makers will
With demonstration given;
Which bids us shun eternal ill,
And boldly seek a heav'n.

XXI.

Accordingly—some men we see,
In virtuous ways advance.
O may I die like them and be
A sharer in their chance.

XXII.

A heav'n remains for those, who make
God's holy will their own;
Those, who in suff'ring for his sake,
Have faith and patience shown.

XXIII.

But men who walk in wicked ways,
And proffer'd mercy scorn,
It had been good for such as these,
If they had ne'er been born.

XXIV.

Attend my soul to what is said,
Behold both good and ill:

Call all thy reason to thy aid
And God's revealed will.

xxv.

There is a life of peace and love,
Replete with heav'nly joy:

Here various ills our passions move,
And all our peace destroy.

xxvi.

There is a life we may employ
In endless scenes of bliss.

Why don't I seek that life with joy,
With joy relinquish this?

xxvii.

Why don't I wish to see the dawn
Of everlasting light?

And long to have the curtain drawn,
That intercepts my sight?

xxviii.

Why don't I long to be with Christ,
And in his glory share?

Here pleasures evermore exist,
Eternal joys are there.

xxix.

These to describe—the viewing faint,
Own'd all his ut't'rance fail'd:

That all his language could not paint
The glories there reveal'd.

xxx.

Then think on this, O fearful heart,
Be comforted, and sing:

O life to come how sweet thou art!
O death, where is thy sting?

The sick Penitent's Prayer.

TO thee, good God, at last, tho' late, I turn,
Not for my sickness, but my sins I mourn:
For all my crimes thy mercies I implore;
And to those mercies thou hast shown before,
Add but the grace, that I may sin no more.

E c 2

Pardon,

Pardon, oh! pardon my transgressions past!
 Lord, I repent! make my repentance last:
 Let me once more this mortal race begin,
 Let me live on, but not live on to sin:
 I beg thy goodness to prolong my breath;
 And give me life, but to prepare for death;
 Which if thy heav'nly wisdom thinks unfit,
 Thy will be done, I willingly submit.
 But then let mercy bear the lov'reign sway,
 Let justice throw her flaming sword away,
 Or man will ne'er abide that dreadful day.
 O! by the cross and passion of thy Son;
 By that dear blood, which our redemption cost;
 By his ascension to thy heav'nly throne;
 And by the coming of the Holy Ghost;
 My soul deliver from the wrath to come,
 I th' hour of death, and in the day of doom.

An Epistle from _____ to _____ a Liberator

YOU tell me, (and you tell me true)
 'Tis pleasure which we all pursue:
 But all the matter is to know
 What is, and is not truly so;
 You talk of wenching, drinking, gaming;
 And other pleasures not worth naming,
 Which, tho' they seem your *summum bonum*,
 I vow, I'm half-asham'd to own 'em.
 These acts of bodily sensation,
 May gain in part our approbation;
 And should, sometimes, admittance find,
 In order to unbend the mind;
 And if they're us'd without a crime,
 May pass as pleasures for a time:
 The chearful glass, the pleasant wife,
 And merry game, refreshes life;
 But ne'er indulge them to excess,
 Their end is only chearfulness.

Excess of wenching makes you sloop
 To womens freaks, and turn their dupe;
 Excess of drink decays your health,
 Destroys your reason, time, and wealth.
 Excess of gaming too, you'll find,
 Will waste your purse and peace of mind:
 Such pleasures let a man disdain,
 That are attended thus with pain.
 "These pleasures set aside (you'll say)
 How can I pass my time away?"
 Why, sir, I'll tell you what I'd do,
 And what I'd recommend to you;
 Sometimes the scaly fish I'd catch,
 And sometimes join a hunting match;
 Or else with gun, or net, or snare
 Pursue the wand'ers of the air;
 For this I'd have a double view,
 A real use, and pleasure too.

Then musick, painting, drawing, building,
 And mathematicks I'd be skill'd in,
 Which would agreeably amuse,
 And have besides, its real use.
 Then with a chearful hum'rous friend,
 I'd many a pleasant ev'ning spend;
 This is what I myself would do,
 And what I'd recommend to you.
 You may sometimes let mirth prevail,
 And laugh at *Ramsay's* merry tale:
 And *Shakespear, Congreve, Prior, Gay,*
 And hum'rous *Swift, and Rabeloy;*
 And *Butler's* rhymes, and *Fergubar's* plays,
 And such diverting books as these;
 Or sweet *Pope,* with numbers most refin'd,
 Will certainly delight your mind;
 And *Addison,* with sense and stile,
 Will any tedious hour beguile;
 And if the muse attends your call,
 Write something of your own, withal.

But

But there are pleasures still behind,
Pleasures which most improve the mind;
Search into nature's secret laws,
For each effect to find a cause:
Their harmony will let you know,
What wisdom could contrive them so.
As sun-beams when they strike our sight,
Make visible their source of light.

The sweetest path, that e'er was trod
Is up from nature's works to God;
The journey certainly will please,
And raise to virtue by degrees:
From strength, to strength, until you come
Unto the Pow'r Supream, with whom
There is a plenitude of joy,
And pleasures which will never cloy:
You'll ne'er exhaust the endless store;
These pleasures last for evermore.

A Second Epistle from — to —

WHEN matters to our wish succeed,
How joyfully the news we read?
When it concerns some friend we love,
This greatly does our joys improve;
And more so, when that very friend,
Does of himself the tydings send:
These circumstances all agree
T'endear your welcome lines to me.

How overjoy'd am I to find
You are reforming to my mind;
And have already set about
The precepts, which I pointed out;
And yet your work's but half begun,
Until you know what ills to shun:
E're you a good foundation lay,
The rubbish must be clear'd away:
For if you build on dirt and sand,
You can't expect your work will stand.

If you would any good produce,
 You must shun ev'ry thing that's loose,
 And first, you must resolve to drop
 The company of ev'ry fop;
 Whose polish'd conversation soars
 No higher up than dogs, and whores,
 Balls, seranades, and fighting cocks,
 Race-horses, drinking, claps and pox.
 With these—a laugh, and impudence,
 Supply the want of truth, and sense.
 With these——religion's all a cheat,
 Meer-priestcraft and a trick of state;
 Which with ill-natur'd grins they hoot,
 Or with triumphant laugh confute.
 Important laugh—how truly fit
 To shew their learning, teeth, and wit.
 Now take my last and best advice,
 Sparingly drink, cards, and dice:
 In excess, besides th' expence,
 They are of dang'rous consequence,
 Producing often brawls, and lies,
 With quarrels, oaths, and blasphemies.
 Were I to parcel out the sum
 To shun t' avoid, they would not come
 Within the compass of a letter,
 Besides, good books will teach you better.
 And first, you must the scriptures read,
 And let it be with cautious heed:
 Observe the precepts plainly prest,
 And practise these, and drop the rest;
 For God will no account demand,
 For what we cannot understand.
 What mischief to themselves, and others,
 Have men made by their learned pother's:
 For each opinionative head,
 Is like the * tyrant's iron bed;

Each

Each text must stretch or lose its limbs,
 To tally with their various whims;
 A bit of bread has rais'd a flood
 Of arguments, and christian blood;
 Some tell us, that a priest can make
 A God, out of a bit of cake;
 And, if the baker find him stuff,
 May make you deities enough;
 But how can either priest, or baker,
 Or both together make their maker.

Some men have argu'd, and made war,
 To bring all clergy to a par;
 And others by a great majority,
 To bishops give superiority.
 Whilst others of pretended merit,
 Allow no clergy but the spirit.

Some give lay elders right divine,
 And with Geneva models join:
 Whilst others argue, they were bred
 No higher up than *Calvin's* head:
 Some hold seven sacraments, some two,
 Some none at all; can all be true?
 And therefore lest you go astray,
 Be you indiff'rent ev'ry way.
 What you, yourself, can clearly read,
 And understand, make that your creed:
 But never trust another's skill,
 Unless it's prov'd infallible.

Next read the works of those divines,
 In whom a course of learning shines;
 Who free from all polemick jars,
 (The sources of religious wars)
 Preach up good will and peace on earth;
 Heav'n's gift at the Messiah's birth,
 Who make the christian faith agree
 With reason, and morality.
 And tho' religion soars more high,
 Than moral reas'ning e'er could fly:

still with reason, it must close,
 may exceed, but not oppose:
 or faith explicit, ne'er can fix
 what our reason contradicts.
 But I'll give o'er my poor directions,
 and leave you to your own reflections;
 and may the God of peace, and love,
 in each happy thought improve:
 and by his spirit guide you thro'
 the various tasks you have to do:
 all you in glory are set down,
 rewarded with a heav'nly crown;
 with cordial zeal, and wishes fervent,
 prays your very humble servant.

T.

The Solitaire.

PURE conversation was by heav'n design'd,
 To be a social tye for human kind;
 Eden's walks the first created pair,
 cover'd with honest tongues, and hearts sincere;
 you in the golden age, which poets feign,
 could we see that age of gold again!)
 the binding vow, and ever sacred oath,
 the past, or future truth, ascertain'd both.
 the heart gave words, the words gave deeds as sure,
 the spring was perfect, and the stream was pure,
 the loon in foulest channels language ran,
 when lies, false vows, and perjuries began.
 Friendship's now dwindled down to false pretence,
 and villainy is robe'd like innocence;
 and, falshood, lust, and treach'ry wear the dress
 of truth, and honour, love, and gentleness.
 your exil'd truth! that only deignst to stay
 to guide the faint along the heav'nly way,
 to teach keen satyr, what she ought to say,
 oh! what residence can virtue chuse,
 where is peace and safety for the muse?

F f

Peace

Peace must be found where passions ne'er intrude
And safety must be fought in SOLITUDE.

Hail SOLITUDE! I'll fly thee, faithless MAN;
And for my conduct fix the following plan.
In lonely walks some leisure hours I'll waste,
Without offence to man,—or God, at least.
In reading useful books sometime I'll spend,
For here I meet the honest easy friend,
Who with my various humours will dispense,
Can be discharg'd without the least offence;
Can entertain me, while I'm so dispos'd,
But when I say I'm tir'd, his lips are clos'd.

In gay parterres I'll pass some pleasant hours
To view the the various dyes of diff'rent flowers
To mark their spring, and bloom, their rise, and fall
Then praise the wisdom that contriv'd them all.

Then for variety I'll sometimes stray,
Where confluent waters cut their liquid way;
Upon the margin take my silent stand,
And sweet amusements find on ev'ry hand:
To see the sun, and clouds beneath the tide,
And trees inverted on the farther side;
Then by perspective rules examine why
These double visions strike the wond'ring eye
Then in clear streams, to see the scaly throng
Shine pervious to the eye, and feud along.
Thus by th' immortal *Boon* I've sometime stood
To view the beauties of the christal flood;
But mostly, near that memorable place,
Where thou, great *William*, met the stream's
brace;

Upon the farther bank majestic rose,
Amidst the fire, and fury of thy foes;
Thy Troops, inspir'd by thee, made no delay
Nor fire, nor water, could retard their way:
Led on by thee, they dar'd th' unequal fight,
Soon victors prov'd, and put their foes to flight.

That day, religion was to us restor'd,
 And liberty by thy all conquering sword.
 The obelisk, erected to thy name,
 Will scarcely last so long as thy immortal fame.
 But what avails the liberty you gave,
 While each man to his passions is a slave?
 What boots it what religion we profess,
 We know but little, and we practise less.
 Think not, great spirit, we your favours slight,
 You gave us blessings, could we use them right.
 Regret not, since we treat our Maker worse,
 And often turn his blessings to a curse.
 Abstracted from all noise, all jars, and strife,
 I'll strive to lead a calm, and quiet life.
 When all the ill I can, do all the good,
 And ev'n in crouds enjoy my SOLITUDE.

 T H O U G H T S

O N

Various SUBJECTS.

NO man ought to help his friend when justice
 is on the opposite side, no more than he
 ought to drive his cattle cross the mearing
 to eat his neighbour's grass.

No man ought to judge an author without he
 has a superior, or at least an equal capacity. If
 you weigh any thing with too small a weight, you
 will always find it too heavy for you,

Love is like a river, where it is shallow and falling it carries nothing with certainty; it makes a great noise and stir, which hinders the bottom from being seen; but when it is deep, it is quiet, calm, and strong, and carries a proportion'd weight with safety, and if the bottom can't be seen, it is owing to the quantity and not the quality of the medium.

A good poem, and a good constitution may both suffer by falling into over nice hands, for too much cookery spoils the broth.

An atheist is like a child who shuts his eyes, and goes blindfold for fear of seeing spirits.

The inquisition in popish countries, must put people into an invincible state of ignorance, and therefore their errors will be winked at, and in the great day of Judgment, they may say for themselves what the highland rebel did, when he was told he deserv'd to be hang'd for his rebellion: *hang her, hang her chief.*

Prerogative and power are useful, so is a crown; but overstretching will spoil both, and he that stretches the first, ought to be stretched in the second.

Why do we find fault with a plagiarist, when it is because he is a publisher of stolen goods?

A woman is like a great mountain, that appears best at a distance: when you view it a far off it seems smooth and level; but upon a closer inspection, you'll find several parts very rough and disagreeable.

He that makes a shew of gentility when his means are gone, is like a field of corn after a violent shake.

Our native Irish have a way of thinking, directly opposite to the Steward in the gospel; his case was

by I cannot, to beg I am ashamed; Theirs is, dig
 I can, to beg I am not ashamed. M.

D—n S—t in his ascribing to his Hoynnhnms
 the perfection of reason, has not allow'd them the
 latitude of religion. He seems in this, to have
 some regard to himself, lest the old proverb should
 be turn'd against him, that he had no more religion
 than a horse. M.

Children under the management of careless and
 indulgent parents, are like nettles growing under
 a dead wall.

It is a wonder to some, that men in antient times
 gave portions for their wives, and now must have
 portions with them. Is it not as great a wonder
 to see a man at one time purchasing dung and dirt
 when it is useful and necessary, and at another
 time giving money to have it carried away when
 it becomes a nuisance.

The case of sickness is often like that of a mid-
 vic, who comes galloping to us on horseback,
 and goes off again slowly on foot. M.

Men as they improve in learning, generally grow
 more silent, and less communicative. Is not this
 the case of the miser, who the more wealth he gets
 the more hoards the more, and still spends the less. M.

How inconsistent are mortals! who in their
 worldly affairs trust all to the means, and entirely
 neglect God; and in their spiritual concerns, trust
 all to God, and entirely neglect the means.

A lover may be compared to a person in drink,
 when he is most desirous to speak, is least ca-
 pable of it, and there is this farther resemblance
 between love and drinking, that a little of either
 will make a man fluent and talkative, but a great
 quantity will tie up his tongue, and render him speech-
 less. M.

In our spiritual affairs we should compare our-
 selves

themselves with those who are in a better condition; our temporal affairs, with such as are in a worse. The one will teach us humility, the other contentment.

He that desires another to tell him his faults, is like one groping the seat of a bog-house in the dark, searching for what he would be loth to find.

Tenants, now-a-days, are like white candles; if you pinch them too close, you will make them run.

Self-conceit is generally reckoned a great defect; yet it has its advantages; if most people entertained no better opinion of themselves than the generality of their acquaintance do, half the world would hang or down.

An hypocrite is like a sculler rowing his boat; his face is directed one way while he is steering another.

The reason why we are so fond of bringing every body to our way of thinking, is, because we expect thereby to be agreeable to every one.

To revenge a private injury by publick animosity, is the same thing as putting on armour to fight a naked man.

How oft do we meet with men who have stammering and hesitations in their speech; but a stammering woman is as rare as a good one.

As a shadow is but a want or privation of sun beams, so laughter is only the privation of wisdom, and each increases as its opposite declines; this is plain from observation, an idiot laughs when you hold up your finger to him; but Solomon, the wisest man, said of laughter, it is mad, and of much laughter as he wants wisdom.

Ambition necessitates men to go through several

mean-spirited actions, as a man that sits, must stoop
if he can rise.

We should always hope the best and provide for
the worst.

Wit is to the mind what tumbling is to the body,
both are a kind of exercise, and no farther useful,
than as they give pleasure to others by new and
surprising images that have their foundation in
nature. The practitioner in both, is always
on his guard, and lies open to any enemy that
would assault him; whereas wisdom and discretion,
like the natural and regular motions of the body,
disposes men to live safely in this world, and
happy in the next. Some men, indeed, live by
wit, and tumbling, but they are only an exception
to a general rule.

When the world makes little of a man, it is a
sign that he either makes too much, or too little of
himself. Thus when a carpenter finds the log of
wood too big, he hews it down to the size he would
use it; if too little, he makes nothing of it.



POEMS
ON HUMOROUS
SUBJECTS

MATTHEO, and HONORA;

Love's cross Purposes: *A Tale.*

In Three CANTOS.

CANTO I.

I Sing adventures of an ancient date,
Cross-purposes of Love o'er-ruled by fate;
 Tho' old the Tale, 'tis known to very few,
 Tho' old the Tale, my verse shall make it new.
 Of all the towns, within *Ierne's* coasts,
 Kilkenny justly the precedence boasts,
 For many rare advantages, which grace
 The happy soil, peculiar to the place;
 No smoky vapours from her coals arise,
 To stain her houses, or obscure her skies,
 Upon her hills, no hazy fog abides,
 Low'ring at top, or sitting round the sides:

No mud was ever known to tarnish o'er
 The silver bottom of her winding *Nore*;
 She likewise boasts her * *Well*, where all the poor
 And nat'ral physick, and a gratis cure.
 Whether great numbers flock to wash and pray,
 To purge their sickness and their sins away.
Caice, an early saint of great renown,
 Gave name to the Cathedral, and the town:
 A fair cathedral built with Gothick pride,
 A town which ev'ry age has beautify'd;
 Her domes and palaces, of marble made,
 Her very streets with marble pebbles laid:
 The place must be granted, when I tell
 That here the Lord *Armando* chose to dwell.
 Among Hibernia's sons was none more great,
 When they had ceas'd to fill the regal seat.
 As good was he—when ever busy fame
 Had time to praise—*Armando* was her theme.
 His wife, all Irish ladies did excel,
 And was alone *Armando's* parallel;
 They join'd, like lights in close conjunction plac'd,
 Their flame shone clearer and their flame increas'd.
Armando had a squire (for squires were then
 As besticks, which we now call gentlemen)
 Whose name *Matteo*, tho' in friendly chat
 He took the more familiar name of *Matt*.
 This gentle squire was match'd by very few,
 For manly beauty, and good nature too,
 Was so obliging both to great and small;
 In return obtain'd the love of all:
 Except *Honora*, long he strove to gain
 The virgin's love, but strove as long in vain.
Honora had too high a sentiment,
 Of her merit, and her grand descent;
 Her pedigree, she learnedly could trace,
 From several kings of the Milesian race:
 And

G g

And from its early rise, the sanguine flood
 Ran pure unmix'd, with low plebian blood.
 She was ingenious, and had store of wit,
 And education for a lady fit,
 Of beauty she could boast a wond'rous share,
 Her body finely shap'd, her face divinely fair.

A large estate, her sire had once possess'd,
 In ease, society, and affluence blest:
 But his great spirit soar'd beyond its sphere,
 His flights more boundless than his wings could bear,
 Expence, and luxury his table spread,
 And many a sycophant his bounty fed:
 His doors, and cellars, like his gen'rous breast,
 Stood kindly open to each spunging guest.
 Thus he profusely spent, and treated on,
 Till with his fortune all his friends were gone:
 For, like a horse o'er burthen'd, his estate
 Jaded at last, and sunk beneath the weight.

Thus was his daughter fair *Honor* left,
 Of friends, and fortune, and support bereft.
 But Providence is most conspicuous found,
 Where hopes and expectations least abound.
 Thus, *Honor* found, what ev'n her hopes deny'd,
 Found, by *Armando's* lady, ev'ry want supply'd,
 Who took her, on her person to attend,
 And mix the servant, with the fav'rite friend.

Matteo heard her talk, and saw her moves,
 The certain consequence of which was love.
 He spoke his passion to the haughty dame,
 And strove to raise in her an equal flame;
 In vain his toil, the antient purple tide
 Which swell'd her veins, so swell'd her heart;
 'Tis not sooner she'd renounce all worldly goods,
 Than sink the honour of her antient blood.

Matteo still lov'd on, tho' well he knew,
 Despair, and death was all that could ensue;
 His troubles rankled in his terror'd mind,
 His sleep was broken, and his body pin'd:

The roses in his cheeks were seen to fade,
 His health forsook him, and his strength decay'd;
 His pangs increas'd, and now the youth began
 To feel the symptoms of a dying man.
 So sulph'rous vapours in earth's bowels pent,
 And hurrying to and fro to find a vent;
 The furious agitation spreads around,
 Heaves up the earth, and shakes the solid ground,
 Rocks tumble down, and edifices fall,
 And one impending ruin threatens all.
 And yet *Matteo's* fate prov'd less severe
 Than others thought, or he had cause to fear:
 For with compassion mov'd, his gen'rous lord,
 Like a kind guardian o'er a suff'ring ward,
 Took the pale youth to task, and thus he press'd,
 To know the inward sorrows of his breast.

A R M A N D O.

Come, *Matt*, without evasions, let me know
 The cause that troubles, and afflicts you so.
 Command what helps you please, command my
 wealth,
 And use it freely to procure your health.
 But really, *Matt*, I often am inclin'd
 To think 'tis fruitless love torments your mind.
 If that's the case, you may enjoy your love,
 Since wealth can ev'ry obstacle remove;
 Wealth shan't be wanting; wealth, which like the sun,
 Makes ev'ry thing look bright it shines upon.

M A T H E O.

To me, my lord, you've been so wond'rous good,
 I have not words to speak my gratitude:
 Tho' now your best intentions are in vain,
 For all your treasures cannot cure my pain.
 Love's my disorder, as you rightly guess'd,
 The scorching passion rages in my breast.
 The fair *Flora* lighted up the flame—

ARMANDO.
 What our *Honora*! —————

MATHEO.
 ————— Ay, my lord, the same.

ARMANDO.
 And did you tell the torments you endure?
 The very telling would be half the cure.

MATHEO.
 I did, my lord, and all I had to say
 Was utter'd in the most persuasive way;
 And yet my words, tho' strengthen'd with my tears,
 Could hardly shake the fibres of her ears:
 Much less could they my inward grief impart,
 Or make impressions on her hard'ned heart;
 For, like a rock, that can unmov'd sustain
 Th' united force of batt'ring winds, and rain,
 So stood her heart, immoveable, and hard,
 So bore my sighs and tears without regard:
 Yet still I love, tho' reason bids me hate,
 And black despair portends a gloomy fate.

ARMANDO.
 When love, like zeal, is led by prejudice,
 It slight's the pow'r of physick, and advice;
 Despises all the logic of the schools,
 And laughs at reason's pertinacious rules:
 It likewise by an *hocus pocus* slight,
 Can alter nature, changing black to white,
 Can make an hero of the abject slave,
 Make senators buffoons, and buffoons' graves;
 It can make misers generous, can make
 The fearful valiant, and the valiant quake;
 It can make ideots rational, and can
 Down to an ideot sink the wisest man:
 But tell me, *Matt*, canst thou the cause assign
 Why *Honora* slight's this ardent love of thine?
 Your stations here, are much upon a par,
 Your fortune over-reaches her's by far.

You, for a man, as beautiful as she;
 Then for her scorn, what motive can there be?
 Perhaps she slight's the call of nature's laws,
 From some religious, or some nat'ral cause;
 Perhaps, she's pre-engag'd, if that's the case,
 You have no cause to wear so sad a face;
 If 'tis impossible she should be yours,
 You should give all your thoughts another course;
 Or if you only combat with her pride,
 We may contrive a way to stem the tide.

MATHRO.

You've touch'd, my lord, upon the very string,
 From whence my troubles, and disorders spring,
 She's proud, my lord, proud of her ancient blood,
 Which she can trace quite up to Noah's flood,
 And therefore scorns to let a man, like me,
 Contend with the nobles of her pedigree.

ARMANDO.

'Tis very strange, this frenzy should take place
 Among the wretched sons of Adam's race,
 Whom christians into such a weakness fall,

Who own one single man produce'd us all?

Why did we think, as heathens did of old,
 That odd the notion, yet it may be told,

That gods and goddesses, came down to earth,
 To tempt fair mortals, and gave hero's birth;

From whom we might descend—there would be
 Room for all to share of the object's desire.

Why should we boast of birth, some grandeur to assume,
 When we would be easy then to show the odds

Between these mortals, and our kindred gods?

When we rever'd a man that's good and great,
 Whom virtue rais'd to a high estate;

Not to the merit, not to the reward,
 We pay the tribute of a just regard.

Why do these virtues in succession run,
 In a regular descent, from sire to son?

But

But merit too, too seldom is the the case,
 That rarely gives precedence, pow'r, and place
 Some men, by ill got wealth, their rank procure
 Or else by faction, or some fav'rite whore:
 And then, must their descendants and their kin
 Be highly valu'd for the price of sin?

And must men fix their value by intail,
 Tho' merit, friends, and wealth, and int'rest fail
 Or do they think their grandeur must stand
 Tho' that which rais'd, and held it up, is gone
 I wonder *Honor*, who has store of sense,
 Should raise her views on such a vain pretence
 From Adam you descend as well as she,
 And that's the height of ev'ry pedigree.

M A T H E O.

While women are unprejudice'd in mind,
 Like weather-cocks they veer with ev'ry wind
 And may be brought with ease to any view,
 Even without reas'ning, flattery oft will do
 But when they're fix'd upon some darling
 In vain we strive their fancies to reclaim;
 In vain we'd bend them down to reason's law
 Their will's their argument, their proof—
Honor's heart is fix'd on blood and birth,
 And all I say to move her, moves her mirth
 As soon, my lord, the boys about the town
 With tennis ball would beat your palace down
 As soon old * *Sleepman* would quit it's place
 And bend its summit to the *Nore's* embrace
 As soon our marble would grow soft, as she
 Quir her high pride of blood, and think of me

A R M A N D O.

Can't you you find out some moment
 When Venus is ascendant over all;
 When reason, pride, and every thing gives way
 To nature's call, and love's impetuous way?

* A Mountain between Killenny and Clonmel.

And then attack the non-resisting part,
 And take the road directly to her heart;
 Thus maids, and cities too, are often won;
 Thus the great Cyrus conquer'd Babylon:
 Or thro' the channel of the Euphrates,
 He push'd his forces, and obtain'd the place.

M A T H E O.

Oh! pardon me, my lord, I'll ne'er consent;
 To gain her by that vile experiment.
 Her blooming virtue I can ne'er assail,
 Nor fear I'd hate her, if I should prevail:
 Were't my love, I would not wish to find
 A blemish in her, that would shake my mind.

A R M A N D O.

I never knew before, a passion drove
 Beyond the flights of a platonick love!
 You ought to hate her like a basilisk—

M A T H E O.

Oh! that's not all, I run a greater risk,
 She resist me, as I know she will, (still)
 Will but encrease my love, and make me fonder
 Than then to daring an affront would be
 Means infallible, to ruin me.
 Now she only loves herself, but *then*
 She would detest me as the worst of men.
 As women do, at least they should conclude
 The lover false, that offers to be rude.

A R M A N D O.

I know they ought, but this they seldom do,
 And rare examples should not frighten you.

M A T H E O.

My lord, she's chaste and virtuous, therefore
 All tendencies to scenes of lust: (must)
 My poor loving heart can ne'er be brought,
 To give her bosom one uneasy thought.
 Ne'er the advocates for lust pretend,
 The lover that's sincere can ne'er offend.

A R M A N D O.

A R M A N D O.

These notions, which you have of womankind
 For common practice are too much refin'd.
 You call them perfect angels, whom I call
 Meer fallen ones, or ready just to fall:
 You think them subject still to virtue's way;
 If nature will permit, perhaps they may:
 But when wild nature, with a rapid force
 Comes sweeping——virtue cannot stop its course.
 Thus when the tide is out, or at a stand,
 Men traverse, as they please, the empty strand;
 But when it turns, and fills its shores again,
 These lordings quit their momentary reign.
 If proper time, and place, and means were us'd,
 Pray, let me see what woman e'er refus'd.
 I tell you, *Matt*, a proper application
 Would ruin half the females of the nation:

M A T H E O.

Those who, my lord, were libertines in youth
 Think your assertion an undoubted truth:
 Because they found so many females frail,
 They thence conclude, they'd all on trial fail;
 But still there are vast numbers purely chaste,
 That would preserve their virtue to the last.
 No human art could urge them on a crime,

A R M A N D O.

If the assailant did not nick the time.

M A T H E O.

My lord, you cannot by experience speak,
 Your virtues still were strong, your passions weak:
 To stews, or brothels you did ne'er resort,
 Nor did abandon'd females soil your court;
 Unvers'd in lies, in flatt'ring tales unskill'd,
 You never taught the blushing maid to yield,
 Nor did adulterate wives e'er draw you in,
 To be the guilty partner of their sin.
 'Tis but on hearsay, you expose them so,
 Whilst you, their worth, by bless'd experience know.

The many virtues in your lady's breast
 should give you kinder thoughts of all the rest.

ARMANDO.

Some women's virtues, like fresh roses grow,
 should invader spoils the lovely show.

The castle that did never siege abide,

may boast its strength, tho' poorly fortify'd,

and women may be chaste, that ne'er were try'd,

perhaps a few would stand, but more would fall,

upon a proper trial—trial's all.

MATHEO.

Not all the pow'rs of earth, and hell combin'd,

could shake the virtues of *Honora's* mind.

ARMANDO.

Make trial, man, and if she stands the test,

leave her out, and satyrize the the rest,

MATHEO.

Alas, my lord, I can no trial make;

what all means the task to undertake.

ARMANDO.

Suppose I make the trial in your stead,

my friendship for you, my excuse will plead.

I rather find her weak, than see you dead.

MATHEO.

Suppose you find her weak,—perhaps her

charms

may win you from your lovely lady's arms,

hop'd advantages give real harms.

ARMANDO.

Do not mistake me—I have no such view,

to make the set—the cov'ring—leave to you:

if her virtue yields, she'll quickly grant

me Assignment—which is all I want—

let you know the appointed time and place,

where you may sink into the soft embrace.

That conclusion better were declin'd—

that pleasure drags so many ills behind,

H

No,

No, take the occasion, just to let her see,
 You have discover'd her intrigues with me.
 If this experiment can make you wise,
 You'll hate her folly, and her charms despise.
 You will repay her pride with just disdain,
 Quit love, and her, and be yourself again.

But this advice will meet with small regard,
 When nature strongly tempted, presses hard:
 As soon the tumb'ling cataracts of Nile
 Would stop, and the expecting fish beguile,
 As soon the hound would fly the panting hare,
 As you would leave untouch'd the prostrate fair.

M A T H E O.

Tho' th' easy conquest would not give
 Religion's still an over-match for lust

A R M A N D O.

You'll find a yielding beauty will subdue
 Your boasted reason, and religion too.
 This is my creed — and therefore you must
 That you —

M A T H E O.

— My lord, what is it — let me hear

A R M A N D O.

If virtue's bounds you pass, here you must
 That holy marriage shall the wrong repair.
 'Twould be, you know, a most ungenerous
 If marriage did not justify the fact.

M A T H E O.

If virtue's bounds I pass, my lord, I swear
 That holy marriage shall the wrong repair.

A R M A N D O.

I hope it will, and I expect no less:
 Be patient, trust to me, and hope success.

CANTO II.

I WOULD fill a volume, fully to dilate
 On all the beauties of *Armando's* seat,
 Which therefore (lest our readers patience fail)
 I'll barely sketch, and so pursue the tale.
 Upon a rising ground the fabrick stood,
 The building grand, the architecture good;
 The rising sun adorn'd its lofty spires,
 And made its windows like a range of fires;
 Equal magnificence the gardens bore,
 Prop'd down the hill, and border'd on the Nore.
 A charming green-house on the margin stood,
 With wings expanded o'er the silent flood.
 This retreat *Honora* all alone
 Spent the few moments she could call her own.
 Her harp (the fav'rite musick of the land)
 Was always there, just ready for her hand;
 She brazen strings her charming fingers strike,
 The shaken strings as charming musick make;
 With vocal warblings she could sweetly aid,
 And swell the harmony her fingers made.
 One pleasant ev'ning she essay'd to sing
 Of *Bryan Borboime*, Munster's potent king;
 And all his actions, which, as bards relate,
 Deserv'd him most justly to the name of *great*.
 For all the isle he bore imperial sway,
 And taught the stubborn natives to obey.
 He curb'd the insults of the haughty Danes,
 Who long had kept Hibernia's sons in chains,
 Who long were us'd with arbitrary pow'r,
 To spoil, and virgins to deslow'r.
 How oft he put their troops to flight,
 How oft he dwelt upon the subject with delight,
 How oft we wonder that she lov'd the theme,
 From this hero, by descent she came:

And all his virtues, which so greatly shone,
She claim'd of right, and reckon'd as her own.

As a swift grey-hound, who pursues his prey,
Where shrubs, or rocks, or rivers thwart his way,
(If he, too eager, over-shoots his game)
Falls o'er a steep, or plunges in a stream.

Honora's thoughts were hurry'd this along,
And stray'd beyond the limits of her song:
Soon brought her down to sad succeeding times,
When Ireland suffer'd for its former crimes;
When England's *Henry*, second of the name,
To make a conquest of this island came:
Call'd o'er at first to help an injur'd king:
Oh fatal call! what mischiefs did it bring?

The Irish sea, the British forces past,
Help'd *Dermot* first, but help'd themselves at last.
The peoples property they did devour,
And soon, by force, usurp'd the sov'reign power.
Thus too strong physicks hurry to the grave,
The hapless patient they were brought to save.
About her heart a flood of sorrows rise,
Which issue thro' the sluices of her eyes:
O fate, she cries, oh! why has fate ordain'd,
That I should serve, where my forefathers reign'd.

Armando bent to prosecute his scheme,
In quest of *Honor*, to the harbour came;
And found her in this melancholy plight,
The falling tears almost obscur'd her sight,
Swam round her eyes, and put out half their light.
Thus when bright stars beneath the waves appear,
By light reflected, always look less clear.

Armando spoke, but when her lord she knew,
From her fair eyes she wip'd the pearly dew:
Apologiz'd ingeniously enough,

Made a fine courtly, and was tripping off.
He stopp'd the flying nymph, and thus began
By feign'd and flattering speech to play the ruse.

ARMANDO. What ails thee, *Honor*, what disturbs thy breast,
Is love the troublesome, yet welcome guest?
If that's the case, you pity need, as much
As I, your lord, for oh! my case is such.
I'd tell you all my love, if you could bear
To hear with patience, what I would declare.

HONORA.

My lord, my mind is not with love, possess,
Some other foolish thoughts had fill'd my breast;
If you're in love, and fain would give it vent,
My lady is your prop' rest confident:
I'm quite unfit, my lord, to talk with you,
I know my distance, and must keep it too.

ARMANDO.

I must not let you go till I declare
How strong my love, how fierce my wishes are;
Nay, shun me not, for I must tell you too,
This love, these wishes, centre all in you.

HONORA.

You have been kind, my lord, nay, wond'rous
kind,

But shun the strong impressions on my mind;
Preserve that goodness or you'll uncreate
All my esteem, and turn it into hate.

ARMANDO.

If I have been so good as you allow,
Can this confession make you hate me now?

HONORA.

Devils were glorious angels e'er they fell,
Then fit for heaven, now only fit for hell.
Such gratitude your benefactions rais'd;
You were esteem'd by me, admir'd, and prais'd,
For a with religious love, its measure such,
That holy angels hardly get as much.
Be still the same, preserve your former state,
And my returns shall keep an equal rate;

But

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But if you change, and prove the worst of men,
Even religion bids me hate you then.

ARMANDO.

If love's a fault, it must be very slight,
But I behold it in a diff'rent light;
I take it for a virtue, since I find
It is the nat'ral growth of ev'ry mind.
By patriarchs of old 'twas justly priz'd,
Who still perform'd what mighty love advis'd:
Their wives, by reason, and by duty led,
Convey'd their handmaids to their husbands bed.
The handmaids offspring were allow'd co-heirs
With the true children, and got equal shares.
Ev'n pious kings, who led such holy lives,
Had many concubines, and many wives.
And our religion on this hinge does move,
Whose very tenour, and whole end is love.

HONORA.

Ay, such a love as that, I will admit,
Which is for me, and ev'ry christian fit;
And on this score your former actions prove
That you have lov'd me with a christian love;
And if, my lord, you still continue so,
I'll ne'er forget the gratitude I owe.

ARMANDO.

It is your love, which in return I ask;
Sure love for love is no difficult task.

HONORA.

You have been kind, and in return shall give
What virtue bids me give and you receive;
A christian love, with gratitude increas'd,
Shall be the off'ring of my thankful breast.

ARMANDO.

Why is a christian love your constant theme?
Since love in all religion is the same,
Love guides the steps that to fruition tend;
If love's the way, enjoyment is the end.

Grant me but love with this dear consequence,
And all my wealth shall be the recompence.

HONORA.

I beg, my lord!

ARMANDO.

I know what you would say,
And therefore interrupt you, beg and pray,
That you will yield to mighty love, and me,
My great request, tho' but a toy to thee,
Whose blessing greater ev'n than life I crave,
To give it, or nothing else my life can save.

HONORA.

'Tis sinful, such discourse to hear from you;
Your love is all, to one, more worthy, due,
Let her enjoy it all, for me, I'll deem
Myself most happy in my lord's esteem,
And own your love, and religion to your aid,
As a pride should stop the progress lust has made.

ARMANDO.

Love is a god of arbitrary sway,
To whom all laws of ev'ry kind give way;
Whom pride, nor reason, can oppose its course,
Whom death will soon convince you of its force.
He drew his sword, as seeming fully bent
To end his life, unless she gave content,
Half dead with fear, with pity and surprize,
He seiz'd the weapon, and still trembling cries,
O my good lord—I must not see you die;
And yet I must not—no—I can't comply.

O my good lord, take a poor maid's advice,
And yet my virtue must not be the price.

ARMANDO.

I do not thank you for this small reprieve,
Without your love I cannot think to live.
Give me my sword—'twill finish all the strife,
And end my vile presumption with my life.

HONORA.

You must not perpetrate so rash a crime,
I'll rather—let me think—oh, give me time.

I'll keep the sword till the next interview,
 Who knows what fortune, and your flares may
 She hurry'd off, and lord *Armasio* laugh'd
 Pleas'd he had marry'd her with so much craft.

CANTO III.

HONORA thus escaping on parole,
 Flew to her lady, and disclos'd the whole.
 The lady struck with wonder and surprize,
 Look'd on *Honora* with attentive eyes;
 The agitations of her mind did trace,
 Like perturbations in the index face,
 Her cheeks change colour, and her eye-balls tremble
 And frowns declare the anguish of her soul;
 Heart-rending sighs within her bosom pent,
 Heave up her breasts, and struggle for a vent.
 So when sulphurous exhalations gain
 A place within the bowels of the main;
 Its trouble'd surface up and down they heave,
 And high in air they toss each mountain-wave,
 Tho' all the winds are hush, and bright the day,
 We see a foaming and a furious sea,
 A painful silence, thus, at length she broke,
 And thus, her grief in flaring accents spoke.

L A D Y

Art thou *Honora*, always so expert
 My pain to ease, my sadness to divert?
 You're not the same—nor truth which you relate
 My eyes and ears con-join in one deceit.
 If thou art she, I'm sure some envious fiend
 Has rais'd a fury, and destroy'd my friend.
 Ne'er tell me that my lord can faithless prove,
 Or quit my bosom for another's love.
 Can he forget his virtue, and his fame,
 For novel fancies, and a vicious flame?

Honor, ev'ry thing beneath the moon
 would turn combustibile, and blaze as soon.
 His love will with his being firm remain —
 Here she paus'd, and thus began again: —
 Why should I suspect you in the wrong?
 Your faith was still sincere, your virtue strong:
 And you have charms sufficient, I'll allow,
 To break the fetters of the marriage vow;
 Then tell me (for I'll credit ev'ry word)
 Why how your virtue could resist my lord?

H O N O R A.

I long resisted, and did reasons bring
 From duty, conscience, pride, and ev'ry thing:
 But when I saw his sword prepar'd to smite
 My naked breast, I turned hypocrite:
 And lest despair might take too great a scope,
 I said I'd think upon't and bid him hope.

L A D Y.

I have a scheme now forming in my head,
 To try his faith, and prove what you have said.
 The next time he attempts you, prove less sly,
 Give him hopes, seem willing to comply:
 Yield by degrees, like fruit, which as they grow,
 To the invader's hand, bend down the bough:
 Give him some tastes of love, but very small,
 And tell him when, and where you'll grant him all.
 I'll keep the assignation in your stead,
 And so reclaim him to the marriage bed.
 But lest your beauty kindle new desires,
 I'll plunge him in a gulph of guilty fires,
 I mean the fires of lust, to which, I'm sure,
 I know how they will, you'll never grant a cure:
 I'll send you to a nunnery streight, and I'll take care
 You shall be kept and well respected there.
 Not on my love, if any love I've shown,
 I charge you, let not this affair be known:
 I'll transact this business with a faithful mind,
 And I will love you always, always will be kind.

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Armando and *Honor* fill'd with care,
To bring their well concerted schemes to bear
For diff'rent ends, on diff'rent projects bent
They meet by choice, as 'twere by accident
Again he press'd with pow'ful eloquence,
Again she made a seeming strong defence;
He told her all his wealth should be the price
She urg'd her innocence, and still seem'd nice
A dagger for the very purpose made,
Was the last argument he had to plead;
'Twas such a dagger as tragedians use,
When set a stabbing by some bloody muse.
Armando quickly made his bosom bare,
And held the fatal weapon poiz'd in air:
Now cruel fair, now *Honor*, thou shalt see,
If heav'n approves what I propose to thee.
Our guardian saints and angels I'll invoke,
To save my life, and heal this fatal stroke,
Which if they do, you'll own my cause is just
But if they will not stop the sanguine flood,
To expiate my crime before your eyes,
My life, and soul must be the sacrifice.

She ran to seize him in a dreadful fright,
But he retreated back, and quick as light
Smote his bare breast—in slip the shining blade
Back in the hilt, and no impression made;
He held it there, then cries, ye pow'rs above,
Or cure my wound, or let me die for love.
Then drew the weapon out unstain'd with blood
And flung it in the silver bottom'd Noe.

Now, *Honor*, see what pitying heav'n has done
In to the hilt, you saw the weapon run,
And yet the passage is intirely clos'd,
'Tis visible some pow'r has interpos'd:
Sure heav'n approves what I propose to thee
Then you should yield to mighty love and me
This miracle alone might well prevail,
Tho' ev'ry other artifice should fail;

she may yield, and quit her virgin fears,
 heav'n so plainly its assent declares,
 her love and friendship to her lady due,
 she kept her former project in her view.
 she would not then submit to his embrace,
 but fix'd upon another time and place.
 that he must to her chamber come at night,
 and get, what he so fondly call'd, delight;
 darkness, and in silence come, for fear
 some busy prying folks might see, or hear.
 what she enjoins he promises to do,
 and begs she'll keep the assignation true.
 she vows she will, and then, with kisses sweet,
 they part, their dif' rent projects to compleat.
 Of fair *Honora* first we'll something say,
 she always give the female sex the way;
 she told her lady how the farce was play'd,
 how it succeeded, how the scheme was laid;
 she hop'd that heav'n would set all matters right,
 and to a num'ry went that night.
Armando likewise sought *Matheo* out,
 and told him how affairs were brought about.
 he made, says he, the grand experiment,
 and have succeeded.

MATHEO.

How! did the consent?
 could she to such low purposes be brought?
 might she, for she is not worth my thought!

ARMANDO.

By heav'n she is, and richly worth your while,
 you the sov'reign monarch of the isle.
 she's virtuous to the last degree,
 you think she yielded all to me;
 by severest prudes she'll stand excus'd,
 'tis known what treachery I us'd;
 bribes, or flattery could not win the field,
 I'd a miracle to make her yield.

I I

When

When e'er I think how fully you'll be blest,
 I scarce can banish envy from my breast;
 Enjoy her, man, and make her all your own;
 And thank kind fortune for the prize you've won.

MATHEO.

But be so kind, my lord, to let me know,
 How she could yield, and you could conquer.

ARMANDO.

I will; but see the rain begins to fall,
 Let's fly to shelter, and I'll tell you all.

Armando's lady in Honor's room,

Did her low state, and character assume:
 Whilst young *Matteo*, with an honest heart,
 Did act the lord *Armando's* nobler part.
 The night pass'd o'er—at the approach of day,
Matteo undiscover'd slept away:
 For neither thought it proper to declare
 Their private sentiments or who they were.

The lord *Armando* eager to enquire
 How things had prosper'd with his favorite,
 Soon found him out, and thus the youth address'd.

ARMANDO.

I need not ask—I know you have been blest,
 Pass o'er those scenes of rapture, and relate
 How you disclos'd, how *Honor* bore the theft.

MATHEO.

Her pleasure seem'd so great, it was not fit
 To dash her joys, she's undeciv'd as yet.

ARMANDO.

You seem quite out of humour, and chide
 Has any new misfortune interven'd?

MATHEO.

I own, my lord, I am not pleas'd in mind,
Honor was too forward, too too kind;
 Could your pretended miracle root out
 Those principles, which ne'er allow'd of doubt,
 We'll grant her virtue was a sacrifice,
 Which heav'n, for ought she knew, did authorize.

Yet virgin modesty, and awkward shame,
 Ought to have dash'd the ardour of her flame,
 I vow, my lord, to me she seem'd as free,
 As wives, beyond the blushing week, could be.

ARMANDO.

Nature perhaps has long been peeling hard,
 That rigid virtue kept too strict a guard;
 And therefore when her virtue once gave way,
 No wonder nature took large scope to play.
 When from the cage the imprison'd bird gets out,
 With double joy it sits and skins about.

MARIA.

All this is true, my lord, yet pardon me,
 I return another simile.
 When hungry famine o'er a land is spread,
 And folks must roam abroad in quest of bread,
 They please their fancies with supplies to come,
 And with reluctance, quit their native home.
 Virginity's no prize, if maids can be
 Glad, from the great burthen, to get free.
 What contributes to displeasure, must
 Not sure a maidenhead was lost.

His lord look'd on him with enflam'd eyes,
 Wretch, is it thus, my favours, you despise?
 I run counter to my nat'ral bent?
 I lie and oath upon a base intent?
 I make religion a mere stalking horse?
 How could I, wretch, have us'd my conscience
 Worse?

With a view to save your worthless life,
 I swore, to make you happy in a wife,
 Whose pleasure is enjoy'd, and past, and now
 I preach the woman to evade your vow,
 My friendship think on this another time,
 I never push its favours to a crime,
 Hence from my sighs, my passion drives me on,
 To raging mischief—if you'd live—begon,
 I am your friend, for ought the knee,

Home went *Armando* with a troubled mind,
 And left the uneasy trembling squire behind.
 His lady saw his grief, and begg'd to know
 What was the cause that could afflict him so.
Armando gave a heavy sigh, and said,
 Where is *Honora*—where's your fav'rite maid?

L A D Y.

She seem'd last night o'erwhelm'd with discontent,
 So ask'd my leave and to a nunnery went.
 Then added with a smile, my dear, I will
 Explain th' affair, if you'll not take it ill.
 My lord, *Honora* told me you profess
 A love for her, and for enjoyment press,
 That she resisted—till in deep despair
 You drew your sword, and made your bosom bare
 When prone to strike, some distant hope she gave
 To cure your love, and precious life to save.
 With me consulted how she should proceed,
 That she might not be ruin'd—you not bleed.
 'Twas I who bad her play the hypocrite,
 And so invite you to her bed last night,
 Then sent her off.—'Twas I her bed possess,
 And met you there—my lord, you know the rest.

Armando fetch'd a sigh, enough to break
 A heart less firm; but not a word could speak.
 The lady wept, surpriz'd and griev'd to find
 Her words make such impressions on his mind.

Forbear, she cries, forbear, my lord, so griev'd
 I'll not *Honora*, nor myself believe
 'Twas all a jest, let us our joys improve,
 And nothing be remember'd, but our love.
 My lady, says *Armando*, be content,
 I may seem guilty, yet am innocent;
 And yet I'm guilty to a vast degree,
 Yet ne'er design'd an injury to thee.
 The circumstances I must not relate,
 Enjoy thy peace of mind, and leave me to my fate.

He adds no more, but from his lady flies
 To lonely walks, and leaves her in surprize.
 Such pungent griefs did on his vitals prey,
 His wailing spirits shew'd a quick decay:
 Long time a solitary life he led,
 Till want of strength confin'd him to his bed,
 So sore the grief had rankled in his heart,
 It mock'd all physick, and despis'd all art.
 But when he found his death approaching near,
 E'er he receiv'd the passport oil, and pray'r,
 His lady, and his ever-faithful squire,
 Came to attend him, at his own desire,
 With racking grief they saw their dying lord,
 Whom both sincerely lov'd, nay ev'n ador'd:
 He kiss'd his lady, and her hand he prest,
 And standly begg'd she'd grant his last request,
 She gave content—and back'd it with an oath.
 Then thus, *Armando*—thus I join you both:
 Come, take *Mathea's* hand, your lord to be,
 (When decency allows) instead of me,
 The lady weeps, of no new passion fond,
 Begs a release from this unequal bond,
Armando tells her, that the oath must bind,
 If she would have him die in peace of mind.
Mathea proceeds to give a full detail
 Of all their schemes, and how their schemes did fail,
 O'er-ruled by fate, which bial'd all their aims,
 And gave effects quite foreign to their schemes.
 And now *Armando* weans his thoughts from earth,
 Looks up to heav'n, and waits a second birth.
 The busy priests their holy oils apply,
 And with their pray'rs prepare the saint to die.
 Scarce had they done, when he resigns his breath,
 And falls a victim to the strokes of death.
 When tost by some outrageous hurricane,
 'Tis long before the sea subsides again,
 The great *Armando's* widow spent some years,
 E'er she could give a truce to sighs and tears;

Till

Till length of time made all her sorrows cease,
 Calm'd all her griefs, and gave her bosom peace.
 'Twas then *Mathee*, gentle as a dove,
 Strive to engage her in new thoughts of love.
 With some regret she grants what he requires,
 Urg'd more by former vows than new desires,
Armando's will the place of love supply'd,
 She yields to duty, and commences bride.

E P I L O G U E.

HERE is (as ev'ry thinking man will own)
 In real life poetick justice done.
Honora vainly fond of high descent,
 Among her virtues never found content;
 She with maternal pleasures ne'er was blest,
 No infant offspring ever warm'd her breast.
 Her pride, and blood, an equal pace did run,
 Stagnate at last, and ended in the nun.

We find strict justice in *Armando's* case;
 His ends were noble, but the means were base.
 He swore, and vow'd to a notorious cheat,
 And call'd in heav'n to sanctify deceit.
 He counterfeit distrefs, and seems to prove
 That life's a trifle in affairs of love.
 He play'd with wounds, is wounded in his own,
 And now in earnest pays his forfeit life.

The others, who by ignorance were led,
 To all the guilt of an adulterate bed;
 The holy state of marriage enter in,
 And made that lawful which before was sin:
 They fill their days with joy and peace of mind,
 And die at last more lasting joys to find.

*De the Death of Doct^r Forster, late Lord Bishop
of Raphoe; by Way of Distinction: called,
THE BISHOP.*

DAMON.
YOUR itch of trav'ling, and your danger's o'er,
Thrice welcome, *Strephon*, to *Hibernia's*
shore;

Whom climates unwholesome, and an angry main,
Glad you bless your native soil again.

STREPHON.
I know you are—I know your gen'rous heart
Lies your love beyond my poor desert;

Let us drop the subject, which affords
Your heart's a pleasure quite too big for words,
To hear your news, come, tell me what is past,
(That's worth the telling) since we parted last.

DAMON.
That is a task, I wish I could refuse,
I shall never love to bring unwelcome news.

STREPHON.
My mind is still prepar'd—so come what will—
I'll engage's a match for ev'ry ill.

DAMON.
I must acknowledge, that is greatly said;
I know, my friend, the worthy *Bishop's* dead,

STREPHON.
Forster dead?—ah me! the shock's too great,
It is an unexpected stroke of fate!

Thought some near relation had been dead,
Whom'd an vice, or into error led;
Such a loss would never forc'e a tear,
To ease that little loss I might repair:

Whom good behaviour might have rais'd a friend,
Whom those who err, or sin, may see, and mend:

For here's a loss can never be retriev'd,
Whom ye priests—ye laity be griev'd:

Have ye not cause--for oh! what words can
 So good a patron, and so great a saint.
 When the Egyptian banks are overflow'd,
 The fertile fields confess the good bestow'd:
 But when deny'd the fructifying flood,
 They mourn in want till blest with one as good.
 So must our griefs remain, unless that we
 Another get as good and great as *he*:
 But then our lives, nay even time will fail,
 E'er it can shew great *Forster's* parallel.

D A M O N.

His purse and doctrine, did to all extend,
 The widows husband, and the poor man's friend
 A prop to ev'ry person in distress,
 And more than parent to the fatherless.
 How gladly would I o'er his praises run,
 And tell the wond'rous good that he has done:
 But oh! what would avail my little mite,
 When join'd to treasures nearly infinite;
 Myriads of people in his praises join,
 Who felt his influence, or saw him shine.
 So when that common good the glorious sun,
 To light mankind first thro' the zodiack run;
 The grateful world sat basking in his rays,
 And sang glad *Io-peans* to his praise.

S T R E P H O N.

In him we see the strange effects of fame,
 He could be known by only half a name.
 Others may boast the title of *Rapboe*,
 He was the *bishop*—and was truly so.
 He's gone, dear *Damon*, to enjoy that bliss,
 That heav'nly life he struggl'd for in this.
 But what is reason, when affections cross
 Its dictates, we must still lament our loss!
 We grieve for the departed friend we love,
 Altho' prefer'd among the blest above.

On the Death of Dr. Forster late Bishop of Raphoe.

PREPAR'D great *F*——'s eulogy to write,
 I thus was caution'd by some heav'nly sp'rit:
 Sober, forbear the mighty task decline,
 'Tis task too mighty for a pen like thine:
 Hadst thou in verse the most exalted gift,
 To rival *Virgil's* rapt'rous numbers or the flight of *Swift*;
 Hadst thou in prose fame'd *Addison* excel,
 To draw bright characters with *Fontenelle*:
 All *F*——'s worth, his matchless worth would be
 Too arduous for a man like thee,
 Whom no eyes can view heav'n's glorious light, what ears
 Can reach to hear the musick of the spheres?
 Whose acts exceed the reach of human tongue,
 Whose angelic acts must be by angels sung;
 Whose actions at distance may the saint admire,
 Whom we leave his praises to the heav'nly quire.

M.

*An Oddy. Address'd to —— and sent him
 by a Lady.*

WHEN you advis'd me, sir, to choose
 Some odd new subject for my muse:
 From thought to thought unpleas'd I chang'd
 Through nature, art, and science rang'd:
 But Hill could nought discover new
 Till happily I fix'd on you.
 Your stoick turn, and chearful mind,
 Have mark'd you out from all mankind,
 The oddest theme my muse could find.
 While other men you nothing do,
 The world's one round of joy to you;
 Your sense and merit are your choice,
 Which can with little *Will* rejoice:
 The wise, the weak, the sot, the sage,
 In all our hours can equally engage:

K k 2

Can

Can taste them all in seasons fit,
And match their follies, or their wit.

*To a Lady, who wrote a Poem call'd the Odds;
By the Gentleman whom it reflected on.*

DEAR madam, I'm glad you've so happily
On a theme that so oddly your purpose will
I must own I am odd; nay, am like to be so,
Unless my dear part'ner in wedlock you go:
To make all odds even, this would be the scheme;
Tho' still against you, no small odds I could claim;
Three to one is great odds at most games,
not all;

I'm sure, by the proverb, 'tis so at foot-ball:
But join three to one, let us try it once more.
We'll find the things even, that odd were before.
Come then, odd or even? I'll give your due,
And tho' odd in myself, I'll be even with you.

*The Prophecy, or Venus not the true Goddess
Love. Humbly inscribed to the charming
N. T.*

I.

A Lovely nymph of Cyprus isle,
Blest with a sweet bewitching smile;
And e'ry other grace,
That can adorn a female face,
Or manly heart beguile;
This *Venus*, this beautiful nymph of the grove,
The Paphians deluded,
Who really concluded,
That she was the goddess of love.

II.

A frantick sybil that way stray'd,
And saw, with rage, devotion paid
Unto the mortal dame;
Thrice she repeats *Apollo's* name,
And thrice invoc'd his aid;

With rapture prophetick her bosom was swell'd
 And thus she gave vent
 To the godhead impent,
 Th' Afflatus that cannot be quell'd.

III.

The queen of love must be obey'd;
 But this is not the divine maid,
 Nor this the time, or place,
 That glorious personage shall grace,
 With all her charms display'd.
 West, in Hibernia, your queen will appear;
 No *Venus* so pretty,
 No *Pallas* so witty;
 And nothing in nature so fair.

IV.

The gods in council shall combine,
 To make her worth and beauty shine:
 Then shall the world declare,
 That one so good, so wise, so fair
 Must be of race divine.

Thomasia the wonder and pride of the green!
 The nymphs, and the swains,
 In musical strains,
 Shall sing to *Thomasia* their queen.

T.

On a blind young Lady. An Epigram.

CHLOE, like *Milton*, makes a dismal rout,
 That nature's at one ent'rance quite shut out.
 That passage stopt, why should it be a sin
 To open other ways to let it in?
 If our nostrils stopt, exclude the air,
 Our mouths we open, and it enters there.

T.

The Cheat.

Fellow once, when cash was scant,
 Wish cunning thus supply'd his want;

He

He knew the world had wealth to spare,
 And he might fairly claim a share.
 In printed bills, he let them know
 What a great wonder he could show,
 That he had taken, and confin'd
 The grand tormentor of mankind;
 Come in my loving friends, cries he,
 Till you the dire disturber see;
 Six pence a piece, a price too low!
 Come in my friends, and see the show.

The people never smelt the trick,
 But all imagin'd 'twas old Nick:
 In short, in shoals they throng the house,
 And saw the raree show—a louse.

O D E

*On the Victory gain'd over the Rebels at the Battle
 of Culloden Muir, by his Royal Highness the
 Duke of Cumberland, April 16th, 1746.*

Chorus. *Exult ye Britons, sing, rejoice;
 Your hero sing with chearful voice.*

THE giants with ambition wild,
 A heap of mountains upward pil'd,
 In hopes to reach the blest abodes,
 And scale the mansions of the gods:
 But *Jove* around his fury spreads,
 And hurls his thunder at their heads.
 The rebels feel what 'tis to move
 The anger of almighty *Jove*.
 Thus *Perkin*, by the French push'd on,
 Sought to ascend the British throne;
 Scots, French, and English, all combine
 To execute the curst design:
 But *William* Duke of Cumberland
 (His father's thunder in his hand)
 At Culloden exerts his pow'r;
 The rebels in that fated hour,

Severely felt what 'tis to dare
The Heav'n, and its peculiar care.

Exult ye Britons, sing, rejoice;

Your hero sing with chearful voice.

The rebels flusht with spoil and hope,
Upon the fall of coward C—

Possess'd a part of Britain's isle,

And madly tyranniz'd a while.

Religion yields to superstition,

And property to imposition :

All virtuous men were plung'd in grief,

When *William* flew to our relief.

See, see our hero charging home

The rebel dupes of Fance and Rome,

His army by his presence warm'd,

And by his great example charm'd,

Rush on the foe, and urge the fight;

But see the rebels take to flight.

Exult ye Britons, sing, rejoice;

Your hero sing with chearful voice.

The highland clans in former times,

Punish'd multiply'd their crimes.

The victor's pow'r they ne'er had felt,

Behind their hills securely dwelt :

But now they yield, —our hero, now

Transplants their laurels on his brow.

Their guardian targets, useless grown,

Lie up and down promiscuous thrown;

Their courage, swords, and guns they quit,

Now fear began to teach them wit;

For highland rebels always were

Devoid of wit as well as fear.

Away they fly—but now the Prince,

(*Nimrod* in a virtuous sense)

With all the force of war pursu'd,

Had soon disperst the hateful brood.

Exult ye Britons, sing, rejoice;

Your hero sing with chearful voice.

O Callidonia! ever praise
 Thy hero in exalted lays;
 'Twas he thy harras'd kingdom freed,
 From that vile peace-destroying breed.
 The * champion of Hibernia's isle
 From pois'nous beasts, thus, freed the soil.
 Thus was the Gaderene possess'd
 With legion devils in his breast,
 Till *Christ* dislodg'd the hellish rout,
 With pow'r divine, and drove them out.

*Exult ye Britons, sing, rejoice;
 Your hero sing with chearful voice.*

If slav'ry is a grievous yoke,
 Behold, the threatened fetters broke:
 If pope'ry is a scheme design'd,
 'T'enslave the body and the mind:
 If, like a dragon she'd devour
 The wretches that are in her pow'r:
 Behold your prince, hath pluckt her wing,
 Blunted her fangs, disarm'd her sting:
 And drove her, off—with strict command,
 No more to trouble British land:
 No more to dream of bearing sway,
 Where *George* commands, and we obey.

*Exult ye Britons, sing, rejoice,
 Your hero sing with chearful voice.*

* St. Patrick.

*On the certainty of future Fame. Humbly
 scribed to his Royal Highness WILLIAM
 Duke of CUMBERLAND.*

A Venerable sage one day
 Met a young student on the way,
 They fell into a world of chat,
 By turns they talk'd of this, and that:

As last they exercis'd their wit
 On books that biographers writ.
 The sage interrogates the youth, —
 "Can you discern romance from truth"?

Most easily the youth replies,
 For here the mighty difference lies.

When he, that a romance would write,
 Has pitch'd upon a doughty knight,
 Has given him ev'ry rare perfection,
 Which only want to shine in action;

In order to enhance his fame,
 He next provides him store of game;
 He sets up whole armies, that he may
 Cut, slash, and mow them down like hay;

He men put foxes in their grounds,
 And kill them next day with their hounds:
 And then he makes his hero fight,
 In the defence of right;

When its for his country's good,
 No man more lavish of his blood,
 Will he let his knight make war,
 For an advantage or at par:

He seeks no honour's to be won,
 Where men fight fairly one to one:
 He places the odds on t'other side,
 In conduct, and his valour's try'd:

Thus he conquers, kills, and slays,
 How loud his fame, how great his praise.
 Now this excels the truth by far;

When a real prince makes war,
 He only lets his passions loose,
 He bids them with some fine excuse:
 Pride, or avarice, or lust,

For other causes not so just,
 He tries him on to plague his neighbours;
 He plunders and destroys their labours:

He will he stop at any means,
 Till to conquest he attains;
 He is well beaten for his pains.

As this is then a gen'ral rule ;
 That reader, sure, must be a fool,
 Who can't be positive at once,
 Which story's true, and which romance.

'Tis very well, reply'd the sage,
 But tell me——in a future age,
 When *William's* story will be writ,
 And will your first description fit ;
 Then by the rule which you advance,
 All must pronounce it a romance.

They may have reason, quoth the youth ;
 But more to let them know 'tis truth.
 A man may write what's hyperbolick,
 Either for profit, fame, or frolick ;
 But ev'ry author else is mute,
 And will not give a sanction to't.
 The seven champions never shone,
 In any hist'ry but their own ;
 But *William's* noble acts will be
 Transmitted to posterity ;
 By ev'ry writer of the age,
 His name will shine in ev'ry page ;
 And when posterity shall see
 Their testimonies all agree,
 They can't have room to hesitate,
 But must pronounce him truly great,
 Unmatch'd by any one before him :
 Heathens will as God adore him.
 Christians mayn't go so far, but then
 They'll own he was the first of men.

All Outside. A TALE.

ALL human satisfaction springs
 From viewing the outside of things ;
 We reckon all the rest to be
 As pleasing as the parts we see :
 But if audaciously we dare
 To pry within, or peep too far,

We may expect to — nay we must
 Meet disappointment, and disgust;
 For why should we desire to know
 What nature is ashamed to show?
 Since all perfection is in nature,
 And art is but its imitator;
 It follows, that all human race,
 At ev'ry time, and ev'ry place,
 Shall, nature-like, expose to view
 Their fairest side. — To prove this true
 Ten hundred tales I could produce,
 But one may serve for present use.
 A nymph who oft with curious eye,
 Observ'd the troopers passing by;
 And saw them dress so fine, and gay,
 As debonair, and fresh as May:
 Concluded each man must have clear,
 At least, an hundred pounds a year.
 But this young lady ne'er had seen
 That a horse barrack was within;
 Tho' curious, — yet she durst not venture
 While soldiers fill'd the stage, to enter:
 Not when the troop was march'd and gone
 Had *Mrs. Watson* all alone
 Was viewing her utensils o'er,
 How this was broke, and that was wore;
 When *Chloe* to the barrack comes,
 To take a prospect of the rooms;
 Oh! how vast was her surprize?
 She scarcely could believe her eyes!
 The rooms were so o'erspread with dirt,
 She could not see the flooring for't.
 She goes to view the beds, and meets
 With heaps of straw, and dirty sheets;
 She likewise met with fleas enough,
 And brought an hundred off for proof:

* Her Husband was Barrack-Master of Tallow, &c.

Good gods, she cries, how can such beauty
Sleep soundly in such dirty cloaths,
I've heard that Doctor *Swift* has sung
How gaudy tulips spring from dung;
But neither he nor I e'er saw
Such scarlet poppies spring from straw.

Soon after, to another troop
The barracks were deliver'd up.
Damon, more waggish than the rest,
Seeing Miss *Cbloë* finely dress'd,
Concluded by the garments round her,
She was some fifteen hundred pounder.
But when a friend he did importune
To know the lady's name and fortune;
" Her name is *Cbloë*—you may get
" Five pounds in cash and ten in debt:
" But let me tell you by the *by*,
" A trooper's nothing in her eye;
" Ye're all meer outside in her view;
" A showy, yet a dirty crew."

I'll fit her, cries the youth, perhaps
Let her take care of after-claps.

As *Damon* pass'd by *Cbloë's* door,
The youth was curious, to be sure,
And so peep'd in, desirous he,
The nymph in dishabillé might see;
And so he did—for so she was;
And busy too,—and this the cause,

She must next day appear as guest
At Doctor *Glisten's* christmass feast;
'Twas some surprize to her, poor soul;
Her cloaths to mend, her linen foul;
But girls do best at a dead list,
Her cloaths she mended,—and the shift,
Because both soap and time did fail,
She wash'd the breast but not the —
I say she wash'd both sleeves and breast,
And who the d—l would wash the rest;

who durst lift her petticoat,
 To see if all was clean or not.
 Upon a bush she hung the rag,
 No bigger than a pudding-bag;
 That *Damon* follow'd to the tree,
 That he might more distinctly see;
 His fops upon the stage presume
 To peep into the tyring room:
 Because the sight of hidden things,
 A seeming satisfaction brings;
 But then they loose a real one,
 The pleasure of deception's gone:
 For kings and queens, behind the scenes,
 Are dragg'd into scrubs and queans.
 Thus *Chloe* might in *Damon's* view,
 Have still been pleasing, still been new;
 If he contented could have been,
 To see what only should be seen;
 But curiosity prevail'd,
 He saw what should have been conceal'd:
 And what he saw, the modest muse
 Hopes the kind reader will excuse.
 The story plainly lets you know,
 That all is outside, all is show.

T.

*Grace spoke by one of a large Company, who
 sat down to a small Dinner.*

Thou that blest the loaves and fishes;
 Look down upon these two poor dishes:
 And tho' the morsels are but small,
 Make them sufficient for us all;
 If they do our bellies fill,
 We'll thankful own the miracle.

S.

A fare-

*A Farewell to the Country. A Pindarique Ode
after Mr. Congreve's Model.*

Et dulcia linquimus arva! VIRG.

STROPHE.

MUST *Strephon* leave those happy rural scenes
Those sweet retirements, and those calm
retreats;

Gay fields and sunny plains,
Where with a never-ceasing round
Of pleasure all our days were crown'd:
Farewel then beauteous nymphs, and jolly swains!
No happiness for me, or comfort now remains.

ANTISTROPHE.

And oh! farewel ye too, too happy groves,
Where *Emma*, that enchanting beauty roves!

Whose fair angehck face
Does ev'n inspire the ruslick throng
To celebrate in past'ral song,
Each winning beauty, each excelling grace:
Pleas'd with the glorious task, such glorious charms
to trace.

EPODE.

To ease my grief, I rang'd the Town,
That only serv'd to make it more!
Soon by comparison I found
My loss; and did that loss deplore!
Let *Elrington* the noblest passions raise,
Griffith divert, and strike surprize,
Me they can never please;
That pow'r is lodg'd in *Emma's* eyes.
How would all pleasures relish here,
Should *Emma* once appear?
Could I behold my fair,
With that dear prospect blest,
I were of all I wish possess,
For without her, ev'n rural sports are far beneath
my care.

May Day. A Rural Scene.

COME, *Bess*, to the fields repair,
 The grass is green, the flow'rs are fair;
 See ev'ry thing looks fresh and gay,
 And wears the liv'ry garb of May:
 With streaks of light the morn's begun
 To chalk a passage for the sun:
 The cheery larks upon the wing,
 Now soar aloft and sweetly sing:
 The rooks in yonder neighb'ring grove,
 Are hoarsely cawing tales of love;
 Whilst cuckows with their mellow throats,
 Soften the sound with sweeter notes.
 The lasses all have left their home,
 And thro' the meadows freely roam;
 Some sweeping up the pearly dew,
 To give the face a better hue,
 Whilst some young fools, who lovers lack,
 Are picking snails, whose slimy track,
 They fondly hope, may letters frame
 To spell their future sweetheart's name.
 Others are gathering flags and flow'rs,
 To deck their may-poles, or their bow'rs.
 But now the sun the dew exhales,
 And lasses carry home their snails,
 And flags, and flow'rs, and draggled tails.
 Now let us to the town repair,
 And view th' amusements practis'd there.
 See here! the prospect is renew'd,
 The ev'ry door with flow'rs is strew'd;
 And if no flow'rs the threshold grace,
 Stalks, or worse, supply the place.
 But yonder comes the cavalcade,
 Of youthful lads, and lasses made:
 You see six lusty fellows sweat,
 Beneath the may-pole's monst'rous weight;

Upon

Upon the top whereof, is plac'd
 A garland, with gay ribbons grac'd;
 Where all the various flow'rs that grow,
 Combine to make a glorious show.
 The chearful fiddle, and the flute,
 The hautboy, and the pipes to boot,
 Such pleasing harmony dispense,
 That all who sleep are void of sense:
 All such the cavalcade, in wrath,
 Hurry along to the cold bath.

Yon lad and lass so fair and gay,
 Are chosen king and queen of May:
 They with their sprightly train advance,
 In shouts, and musick, song and dance;
 Then fix the may-pole in the ground,
 Whilst youthful couples dance around;
 This annual custom on this day,
 They call the bringing in of *May*.

Epigram.

TWO faults all crickets ought to hit,
 And only two should give offence;
 One is—sense without language fit,
 The other—language without sense.

A Receipt to make a wise Man.

A Spark who fain would pass for wise,
 With virtuoso's fat;
 No questions ask'd, made no replies,
 But list'ned to their chat.
 Till one of them, impatient grown,
 Attack'd him with a "Prithce,
 Dear silent friend, make thyself known;
 Speak out that we may see thee."
 But when to speak good sense he try'd,
 His weakness was betray'd.

The ass thus in the lion's hide,
 Instead of roaring, bray'd.
 The men of letters simil'd to see
 The cheat expos'd, — and said,
 A wise man, such as this, may be
 With little labour made.
 No more let dunces trudge to school,
 Their intellects to mend,
 No ev'ry bab'ling scribbling fool,
 This recipe we send :
 Take one sage look, — cunning one grain ;
 Nods — *quantum sufficit* ;
 One snuff a *pugil* for the brain ;
 And then in silence sit.
 Let this decoction work too hard,
 Vent some few ay's and no's :
 And you must very strictly guard
 Against both verse and prose.
 Don't write one word, for if you do,
 This sentence we pronounce ;
 That you'll appear in *statu quo*,
 A dull insipid dunce.
 For C — might have pass'd for wife,
 Had he observ'd this rule :
 That he has wrote what all despise,
 And dubb'd himself a fool.

J.

The Parson pays Tythe. A TALE.

A Fumbling old parson, who got a young wife,
 To mingle some sweets with the bitters of life ;
 One day was complaining — “ how hard is my fate !
 My stipends are little ! my labours are great !
 One day in the seven I preach and I pray,
 And point out to heaven, the intricate way.
 My duties neglected, I rattle and rail.
 To discountenance vice, and make virtue prevail,
 M m With

With heaven I bribe, and frighten with hell.
 For this, quoth the wife, you're rewarded too well.
 What do you allow me, or what is my due,
 Who preach ev'ry day in the seven to you?
 For duties neglected I rattle so well,
 You often complain that your house is a hell.
 But this is not all, — with a great deal of pains
 I mind your concerns, — and may be the means
 To bring you to heaven, since 'tis my whole care
 To make you a—christian, and christians go there.

Thus answer'd the parson, sweet *Winy* dear,
 Grieve—

Faith you deserve more than I'm able to give:
 But actions, for once, shall go farther than words.
 Chuse any one thing that my parish affords,
 You shall have the tythe on't. — Quoth *Winy*—
 why then

I'll only desire the tythe of the men.

A short Story.

A Robber on a captain popt,
 The valiant captain fled;
 He afterwards a doctor stopt,
 The doctor shot him dead.
 There's nothing rare, in this affair,
 'Tis practis'd ev'ry day:
 Physicians still, with courage kill,
 But soldiers run away.

*The honest Irish-man's WISH, occasioned by
 Verses called the English-man's WISH.*

LET English men leave off their wishes
 since they
 Enjoy a free commerce by land and by sea:
 Can trade in beef, wool, manufactures, and fish;
 And leave to us, Irish, the trade of free wishes.

Tho' even for, wishing they often have chid us,
 yet still we'll wish on, till their senate forbid us,

As Ireland, tho' poor, is a kingdom to me,
 from several follies, I wish it were free.

The folly of using cloths, druggets or bays,
 or any thing woollen that comes over seas:

Use our own Irish wool (from the fleece or the
 comb,

imported) might be manufactur'd at home.

The folly of bringing great folks to our table,
 and treating beyond what we really are able;

will make folks conjecture that great are our gains,
 and still they'll draw blood while a symptom remains.

The folly of rents being raised too high,
 that tenants must starve, or must break, or must fly:

while all this extortion is spent in a trice,
 on a train of domesticks, wine, victuals, and vice.

The folly of being great rogues in our dealing,
 on either weight, measure, or goodness we fail in:

raising the price upon urgent demands,
 which make our goods sell low, or lie on our hands.

The folly of pride, for we're always allow'd
 to be proud of meer trifles, nay, proud of being

proud;

to think it a pleasure, but what do we gain,
 but nothing but idleness, want, and disdain.

Of brandies, or wines, I could wish to have none,
 whether genuine or brew'd, from the * Loyre or

Garrone:

were we as wise as we're poor, I should think,
 cyder, and whiskey might serve us for drink.

To mend all these follies, I wish they would try,
 but if they won't do't, let them perish! say I.

* These Rivers Water the Town of Nantz, and Bourdeaux

To the ingenious Gentleman who spoke a Poem
tempore, viz. the Irish Man's Wish, published
above ten Years ago in the Dublin Journal.

HAIL, fam'd extempore poet, hail!
 O may your memory never fail:
 Since by the strength of that alone,
 You are a famous poet grown,
 Hail ready wit! the title's just,
 In wit that's ready made you trust.
 Thus all our money'd merchants join'd,
 Must trust to money ready coin'd,
 Tho' some may say, — it is not fit
 That you should shine in borrow'd wit.
 That when a poet toils for praise,
 You step between, and snatch the bays;
 But they'll be silent, when 'tis known
 The composition was your own:
 You bought the piece, and 'tis confess'd,
 That bought wit always is the best.

A man that wants an eye, will pass
 With a fictitious one of glass,
 And many a jaw is garnish'd with
 A foreign set of ivory teeth:
 Linen and woollen form a dress
 To cover Chloe's nakedness,
 Yet Chloe is as proud of both
 As if they were a natural growth,
 And thus lay-teachers canting o'er
 Some composition, learn'd before,
 Insult us with superior merit,
 And brag of their extempore spirit.

*OLD DUNLUCE in raptures. Occasioned
the birth of her young Lord on the 4th of Nov.*

1749

AS old Dunlucce, from grandeur tumbled down,
 Wept o'er the ruins of her antient town;
 A S

A glorious apparition she espy'd,
 Came in its front, and joys on ev'ry side.
 Up to her seat the gracious figure came,
 And thus began to cheer the mournful DAME.
 Rise, rise, DUNLUCE, once more a happy place!
 I am the Genius of the ANTRIM race.
 Long time I trembled lest my charge wou'd fail,
 My glorious charge! for want of issue male:
 But now kind heav'n has blest us with a BOY,
 Rise from your dust, and share the gen'ral joy.
 Thus was Britannia once in deep despair,
 Lying in losing liberty, her darling care,
 Till this same day produc'd the great NASSAU,
 Who rescu'd her fair charge, and gave the tyrant law,
 Thus she: — then fame her golden trumpet blew,
 Rang'd on the blast, away the vision flew.
 The long afflicted matron, freed from care,
 Swells into bulk, and towr's in upper air.
 True, she cries, the noble *Infant's* born,
 That will MACDONALD's antient name adorn.
 That may the day with double lustre shine,
 That gives this glory to the ANTRIM line.
 That steps into future times, I plainly see
 His mighty fame, his num'rous progeny,
 Shall stand as his *Giant's Causeway* will remain,
 Which time and dashing waves assault in vain,
 Do him good, and great in ev'ry thing,
 True to his friend, his county and his king.
 My walls in ample manner rise;
 My gilded turrets glitter in the skies.
 My blooming orchards gladly grow,
 My trade, and plenty to my market flow.
 Not far distant, shall this scene produce,
 My children, yet unborn, shall boast their Lord
 DUNLUCE.

*An Address to the Lord DUNLUCE on his
being made a Christian.*

ALL hail, young christian! 'tis with joy the
muse

Thy future happiness, and glory views;
Beyond all earthly pomp she soaring flies,
All present views, and looks beyond the skies:
It is thy heav'n that claims her whole regard,
After a life well spent, thy great reward.

Titles are good certificates to prove
A fund of merit, worth, and royal love;
Yet lord, earl, duke, were compliments too small
Since that of CHRISTIAN far excels them all.

Thy high rank'd SPONSORS thou wilt imitate
Be eminently good, and nobly great.

* STANHOPE the wise, and just, who rules our land
And guides our councils with a steady hand.

† JOCELYN for law and equity renown'd,
A heart untainted, and a conscience sound.

Then thy illustrious female sponsors join'd,
With ev'ry virtue that adorns the mind:

These, these are copies so exceeding bright,
They'll guide you to the noblest point of light.
Or rather, let their copy model thee,
And Jesus Christ thy great exemplar be.

* The Lord Lieutenant.

† The Lord High Chancellor.

*On the burning of Ballinagarry House, the Seat of
the Right Hon. the Earl of ANTRIM.*

HOW is the ancient seat destroy'd,
By heroes long, and long enjoy'd!
How have the flames destroy'd the pile,
Where love and plenty chose to smile.
Oh may the fabrick rise once more,
And flourish as in days of yore.

When Amphion would his Thebes surround,
His voice did chant, his harp did sound;

Till the materials great and small
Danc'd into form and built the wall.
Oh could my song have such effect,

I would myself be architect;
I'd make the best materials come,
Dance into form and build a dome:
That dome should be the Phoenix call'd,
Like that Arabian bird extol'd,
Who from a fierce consuming flame
Assumes a new, and fairer frame.
The dome thus rais'd, there would I place,
Till time be done, the ANTRIM race,
That rising ages might behold
The love and friendship of the old.

Ode on the Lord DUNLUCE's Birth Day.
November 4th, 1750.

I.

THE circling sun has thro' the zodiack roll'd
In full career
And form'd a year

Since first the happy news was told
That ANTRIM with a son was blest.
Blest with a delightful *Heir*,
Like a summer's morning fair.
Calm and sweet, serene and gay,
Promising a glorious day

Of ev'ry requisite possess
That can preserve or should inherit
ANTRIM'S name, his lands, and merit,
And all entire to distant times convey.

II.

And now the lovely Lord DUNLUCE
Is ent'ring in his second year;
Let the charming charming news
Be propagated far and near.
Let cannons roar it to the skies
Till the wond'ring earth replies,
And distant regions hear.

Till

Till they join in choir with me
 Singing, chanting,
 Boasting, vaunting,
 When our noble babe we see,
 When we think what he will be,
 Pleasures in our bosoms throng;
 Joys indwelling,
 Rising, swelling,
 Far beyond the energy of song.

III

Tho' our minds are highly pleas'd,
 Yet these raptures must be rais'd;
 Wine in fair capacious bowls
 Shall exhilarate our souls,
 Musick too in chearful strains
 That sound aloft
 Then melting soft
 Shall thrill the pleasure thro' our veins.
 Every echo taking pains,
 Imitating and repeating
 Ev'ry sound on rebound;
 Whilst the nymphs and joyful swains,
 Keeping pleasure on the wing,
 Round their bonfires dance and sing
 Wilhes crowning ev'ry song,
 May the Lord DUNLUCE live long;
 May he rise to fame and worth;
 Budding, blooming,
 And becoming,
 (Ripe in wisdom's lore) the Atlas of the Nox

The Sparrow and the Linnet. An Allegory

IN times of old, when birds could speak,
 Both questions ask, and answers make;
 The sparrow, chirping as he stood,
 Accosts the linnet in the wood:
 Why? prithee linnet, tell me why
 So sad, art thou resolv'd to die?

Why droops thy head with sorrows drown'd?
 Thy wings, why dangling on the ground?
 Behold thy feathers moulting all,
 (Nor moulting tince) see how they fall.
 Come tell me, linnet, be not shy;
 A friend may ask the reason why?
 These questions o'er—the linnet spoke,
 As he sat perching on an oak:
 'Tis now twice seven, —oh hapless fate!
 Twice seven! that's fourteen years compleat
 Since I have lost, (as I believe,)
 My soul's delight, for whom I grieve.
 How have I curs'd the baleful hour,
 That forc'd my consort from my bow'r;
 And oft, neglective of my food,
 Have I, for her, explor'd the wood;
 How have I strove to end my pain,
 Strove, alas, but strove in vain:
 How oft did a school-boy heave his gun,
 How oft the shot, nor death would shun:
 How oft the pellets whistled thro' the air,
 How oft I spar'd my life to future care.
 How sweet is death, where love is pain!
 How destructive death to me is gain!
 How oft the sparrow answer'd with disdain;
 How oft as it love that gives you pain?
 How oft you have tun'd your mournful song
 How oft fourteen years! 'tis quite too long.
 How oft did you see a sparrow mope,
 How oft when half a day, devoid of hope?
 How oft were never weakly in the hips;
 How oft snatch the joy that's at our lips.
 These words, the linnet did provoke,
 Who in reply indignant spoke:
 How oft might have known your churlish breast
 How oft could never comfort the distress'd:
 How oft your comforters must sympathize;
 How oft you the tender thoughts despise:

Your harsh and chirping ditties prove
 Your soul's incapable of love.
 The permanent and tender flame,
 Glows in the soft and gentle frame :
 A passion quite beyond your view,
 'Tis but a jest to such as you :
 A painful, yet a pleasing fire,
 When fed with nothing but desire :
 But oh! — possession makes the flame
 Mount up to heav'n from whence it came.

S O N G.

I.

WHEN *Orpheus* went down to the regions below
 Which men are forbidden to see :
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
 To set his *Euridice* free.
 To set, &c.

II.

All hell was astonish'd a mortal so wise,
 Should rashly endanger his life,
 And venture so far, but how great their surpris
 When they found that he came for his wife.
 When, &c.

III.

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
 Old *Pluto* had puzzled his brain :
 But hell had no torment sufficient, he thought,
 But giving the wife back again.
 But giving, &c.

IV.

But pity succeeding took place in his heart,
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,
 He took back the wife, in reward of his art,
 Such merit has musick for hell.
 Such merit, &c.

Latine reddita. Per Rev. R— H—.

INFERNAS penetrasse domos uxoris Orpheus
 Fertur, ut Euridicen duceret inde suam.
 Pectine percussit citharam, dulcedine cujus
 Speravit stygium posse lenire Deum.
 Tartara quod vivus subeat! stridet omnis avernus:
 Sani nomen habeat, desipiatne? rogat.
 Uxor, ait, tanti subeundi est causa peruli
 Mortua, quam repeto, quam revocare volo.
 Per fragor auditus? Plectendum, dixit adustus
 Rex stygis, audentem tam scelerata virum
 Uxore expertus nil tartara pejus habere,
 Tisiphonen retinens, reddidit Eurylicen.
 Fila byra pulsans superas properavit ad auras
 Orpheus, isto suum subsequiturque virum.
 Joviter infernus, domitus lenimine cantus,
 Tam bene qui cecinit, non miser inquit, erit.
 Orcus amat musam; sunt hic sua premia musce:
 Euridicen revoco: jam cane; liber eris.

S O N G.

THINK on the joyful Israelite,
 When they from heav'n receiv'd thir manna,
 And you'll conceive my vast delight
 When gifted with my charming *Hanna*.
 'Tis true, a long enjoyment gave
 The ingrates room to loath the blessing:
 But I a grateful spirit have,
 And shall grow fonder by possessing. M

The farther in the deeper.

SOME women so positive are, that of course,
 To palliate an error, they'll plunge in a worse:
 It was but last night, that Miss *Chloe* at play,
 Before all the company prov'd what I say,
 Says *Chloe*, I love my true love with a C,
 Because he is **SECRET**—this rais'd a *te-tee*:

Whilst, pertly, young *Briſk* for her forfeit did plead
 Alledging that *SECRET* began with an S:
 Your ſpelling, cries *Chloe*, is nothing to me;
 For ſecrets with women begin with a C.

The W O N D E R.

WHATEVER witchcraft did o'er *John* prevail
 He read a catalogue of books for ſale:
Locke upon Coin was one, the title ſtruck
 The miſer's fancy, — and he bought the book.

S O N G.

AIR. Come Neighbours, now we have made our
 Hay.

I.

DEAR Ireland, now it is time to grow wiſe
 Let us retrench
 Ev'ry thing French. Let us, &c.
 And all, and all their wines deſpiſe.
 Let Noah's fortune be never thine,
 Who left himſelf naked by drinking wine:
 Our ſoil and ſkill
 Our bumpers fill, our bumpers fill,
 With whiſkey all divine.

C H O R U S.

Then toſs off your bowls, then toſs off your bowls
 To the good of the nation,
 To all who promote it, to all, all, all who pro-
 mote it on ev'ry occaſion.

II.

Why ſhould you be at the hazard or coſt
 Of bringing home
 Brandy or rum. Of bringing, &c.
 While we, while we our whiſkey boaſt.

This is a spirit of a nobler kind,
For giving good spirits to heart and mind.

Whate'er you crave

Or wish to have, or wish to have

In this alone you'll find.

Then toſs off your bowls, then toſs, &c.

iii.

With whisky let your glaſſes run o'er :

Then drink away

Chearful and gay. Then drink, &c.

This is, this is your native ſtore.

While wines give gout, and gravels birth,

This gives you courage, love, and mirth :

This, thank the gods,

Exceeds by odds, exceeds by odds,

All liquors upon earth.

Then toſs off your bowls, then toſs, &c.

BACCHUS *baffed*. A TALE.

BACCHUS once thought to get the lands

Of Mount Parnassus in his hands,

To get the ancient tenants outed—

But to *Appollo* ſpoke about it.

He pleaded that the tuneful nine

Could not inſpire like gen'rous wine :

And that the wenches could not toil,

To cultivate the barren ſoil :

But he could fertilize the ground,

And plant good vineyards all around.

Appollo fix'd upon a day

To hear the merit of his plea.

The Court was call'd; a ſilence made;

When *Bacchus*, by his council, ſaid :

My Lord *Appollo*, you muſt know

That wine does all that's great below ;

And that which gives the poet wit,

Is all the actions for his ſubject fit ;

That

That gives the sentiment, the rhyme,
 The similé, and thought sublime:
 But simple water never cou'd
 Inspire a thought, even barely good.
 My lord, what can your mules do,
 Except to play a tune or two;
 Your puny nine, who bev'rage on
 Insipid draughts of Helicon.
 The antients, *Juvenal*, and *Horace*,
 Upon this subject argue for us;
 Who say, a water-drinking muse,
 Can never noble thoughts infuse.
 The truths I urge, are so well known,
 That all our modern poets own,
 That 'tis to wine they owe their merit;
 'Tis wine that gives them life and spirit.
Ramsay confesses that he owes
 His fame to one inspiring dose;
 And *Colly Cibber* takes his load,
 before he writes his *birth-day Ode*.

Apollo having heard the plea,
 And what the plaintiff had to say:
 Rose up with a majestick pride,
 And to the plaintiff thus reply'd:
 A poet, sir, is heav'nly born,
 And does such poor assistance scorn:
 Witness my —, whose every line
 Bespeaks an origin divine,
 The mules at his elbow wait,
 To dictate ev'ry thought that's great.
 Let him be practis'd on, to prove
 How far your inspirations move.

It was no sooner said than done,
 With gods, you know, 'tis all as one.

As soon as — had got his dose,
 He sunk from flowing verse to prose;
 He rag'd and rav'd, and talk'd as queer as
 Don *Quixot* full of strange chymeras:

But soon his phiz began to alter,
His eyes to fix, his tongue to falter:
Till *Somnus* brought the only cure,
And left him snoring on the floor.

Then thus *Apollo*: brother *Bacchus*,
I hope you will no more attack us:
I see how supine, and low he lies;
How your bewitching drug disgrac'd
Has brought him below the level of a beast.

Quoth *Bacchus*, I am fairly bit,
I thought more wine produc'd more wit,
I was not with enough content,
But overdid th' experiment.

But still I think a glass or two
A very signal good would do:
Tho' if they rise to many more,
They ruin what they did before.

Thus ships with gentle breezes sail,
But stagger with too strong a gale.
Hold, quoth *Apollo*, brother mine,
True poets need no help from wine.

Grant it makes thick headed folks,
Grow pert, and vain, and full of jokes:
They'll rhyme the more the more they swallow,
Talk of the muses and *Apollo*.

Will serve such dunces well enough,
England's laureat is a proof,
Who gives her laurel crown
To poets which I ne'er did own,

May give a * pipe of wine to try
If they my absence can supply.
Candles brighten up the night,
But I deny my heav'nly light.

But *Stoicist*, who o'er my flock presides,
Shall ev'ry rising genius guides:

And

* Given yearly to the Post Laureat.

And *D* — and — whom he
 Hath brought to bright maturity:
 Like heav'nly bodies still advance,
 In proper sphere thro' the expanse;
 Steer'd thro' that calm pacifick ocean,
 They only know the heav'nly motion:
 For there no overcharge can come,
 To soil the equilibrium.

Bacchus, who had no more to say,
 His tigers yok'd and drove away. —

An Epistle to Mr. —

I Got your present with your letter,
 By which I doubly am your debtor,
 And, like a wishing nymph, I burn
 To make a suitable return;
 Fain would I quit th' obliging score
 With measure prest, and cunning o'er.

But you impose too hard a task,
 Since things impossible you ask;
 Take back your favours off my hands,
 I cannot answer your demands;
 Your merry humour wanton grows,
 As if 'twere surfeited with prose,
 Heroick poems, epick strains,
 And past'als stuff'd with nymphs and swains;
 These, these are the returns you ask,
 But I'm unequal to the task.

Sore sickness had (not long ago)
 Sunk both my mind and body low:
 And poets in such sickly times,
 Are fond of making pious rhimes:
 With death and judgment in their view:
 I prest my mule to do so too.
 "It costs, quoth she, a world of pains,
 To pace the circle of your brains;

Your spirits are so dull and scarce,
 'Tis porter's work to form a verse;
 Go inspire some other breast,
 Where pain is no intruding guest;
 Your muse, nor doctor will attend,
 When people are so near their end:
 'Tis thus the slav'ry of the spit,
 And rats the falling fabrick quit."
 I knew she was resolv'd to go,
 Regardless of my ay, or no;
 And tho' I lov'd the hussy, yet
 Answer'd in a kind of pet,
 'Tis glad you're in a trav'ling mood,
 You always did more harm than good;
 I thought your verse exceeded prose,
 For praising friends, or plaguing foes:
 Pray what gain'd I in the end?
 I hated foes, for one cold friend.
 Your praise, like tickling soon is o'er;
 Like scratching, satyr rankles sore.
 Pray what merit can you claim?
 You brought no cash, and little fame.
 "Madam Pert, farewell." — Adieu!
 The courtseying cry'd, and off she flew.
 The absence of the haughty jade,
 Has made me quit the rhyming trade;
 For this you'll say, is all a farce,
 A meer excuse to hang an —
 And maugre my denials, will
 I sedge my muse attends me still;
 For some their riches will not own,
 Tho' by their layings out, 'tis known.
 Well, if I have a muse, you see
 I cannot boast a high degree;
 You cannot say a man has gold,
 When nought but farthings you behold.
 I could she soar upon the wing,
 And like the lark sublimely sing;

Your influ'nce then, like Phoebus' beams,
 Might raise her up to lofty themes :
 But this is what she cannot do,
 Her flights are small, her notes are few :
 Much like a wagtail, full of play,
 She flits and skims a little way :
 A cocking, flutt'ring, waggish thing,
 Can chirp some notes, but cannot sing,
 If you can like such trifling lays,
 You may command them when you please.

EPIGRAM *on meeting a young Lady in
 Time of Snow.*

SHOULD one make a snow-ball, the best
 being stone,
 And throw it, and wound me, by breaking a bone,
 I justly would blame him, then what must I say
 To you, for thus throwing yourself in my way
 Consid'ring you set a more dangerous part.—
 What's breaking a bone, to your breaking my heart.

A Prospect of the Science of ASTRONOMY.

HAPPY the man, whose mind is fraught
 With science by ^a Urania taught !
 That can with deep researches trace
 The treasures of unbounded space :
 Can thro' perspective glasses view
^b Phœnomena as strange as new ;
 Can see projected planets fly
 In stated circuits thro' the sky.

First *Mercury*, tho' seeming small,
 Compar'd with our terraqueous ball ;
 He finds a globe of comely size,
 Tho' oft conceal'd from curious eyes :

^a The Muse presiding over Astronomy. ^b Appearances.

The deep immers'd in solar rays,
 The length he knows not of its days:
 For its little annual tours,
 They hardly make a fourth of ours.
 Then *Venus*, beauty of the skies,
 Of minor planets next in size
 To earth: near equal day with us,
 We've but an hour of overplus
 In eight^d bare months this orb is found
 To perform her yearly round:
 Her phases, like our moon's appear,
 In diff'rent quarters of her year.
 Next her our *Globe* of earth and sea
 Whirls round its axis once a day,
 Tho' sleeping sound about we scour
 Above a thousand miles an hour)
 And, bounded by its atmosphere,
 Whirls round the sun once ev'ry year.
 Then *Mars*, tho' stil'd the god of war,
 Not so such great and mighty star:
 Bigger than *Mercury*, 'tis true,
 Not less than *Earth* and *Venus* too.
 His orb vast shady tracks displays
 Upon it's disk, which pass for seas:
 Not one with ours he can discover
 In a day; but forty minutes over:
 Not then its year is twice as great;
 Six weeks would make it twice compleat.
 Next *JUPITER*, whole monstrous mass
 Exceeds this of ours as far surpass,
 As tennis-ball's do smallest peas;
 And yet not half so long its days:
 That round its axis make its tours
 (Amazing speed!) within^d ten hours.

O o 2

And

Its Year falls three Days short of our Quarter. * d. i. c. Con-
 sists of four Weeks each. e Precisely six Weeks and one Day.
 f Two Hours fifty-six Minutes exactly.

And but one yearly course defrays
 With twelve of ours, less fifty days.
 This Globe large zones or belts embrace,
 Like seas, which much obscure its face.

And lastly *Saturn*, less indeed
 Than *Jove*, yet does by far exceed
 The rest in bulk; its daily round
 (So great its distance) can't be found.
 But for its course about the sun,
 (So huge a scope it has to run)
 It spends, before the whole it clears,
 'Twixt \approx twenty-nine and thirty years.

Encircled by that wondrous thing,
 That rainbow arch, we call its *ring*.
 Such is its breadth, its distance such,
 'I would, edgewise turn'd, the planet touch;
 Of metal seems some spacious plate,
 Form'd to reflect both light and heat;
 Form'd by the great all-seeing eye,
 The sun's vast distance to supply:
 Which must appear, when view'd so far,
 No bigger than a first-rate star.

These solar planets, six in all,
 Th' astronomer does prim'ry call;
 Distinguish'd thus from ten, that carry
 The name of moon or secondary:
 For *Saturn*, and the *Earth*, and *Jove*,
 Have moons, which round 'em duly move:
Earth one, *Jove* four, and *Saturn* five,
 Who all to serve their patrons strive;
 And while strict levee thus they pay,
 Rowl round the sun as well as they.

A bumpkin thus you may have seen
 Sport round his bonfire on the green,
 His little dog, in circling play,
 Courting about him all the way.

Or seen a ship with gentle gale,
 Round some fair island stately sail;
 While lusty tars, their skill to show,
 The cockboat round and round her row.

Then by his glasses he can trace
 The real form of Phœbus' face;
 And see him dart his fiery rays,
 From burning lands and flaming seas;
 From the huge blaze they nimbly fly,
 And in sev'n minutes reach our eye;
 In that little time run o'er
 Eighty-six million miles and more,
 A course a cannon ball would take
 In five and twenty years to make.

This Globe is of prodigious size,
 Tho' small it seems to mortal eyes;
 Compar'd with this poor earthly ball,
 Its scarce proportion bears at all:
 'Tis near (so sages calculate)
 One hundred thousand times as great.

Then he, who will presume to say,
 The Sun moves round us ev'ry day;
 That he from year to year is thus
 Erry'd about attending us;
 We well may urge, that you or I
 Were made to wait upon a fly:
 Suppose you should your cook require
 To roast a lark before the fire:
 Would you not think it quite absurd
 To wheel the fire about the bird?
 When things would answer ev'ry whit
 As well, by turning bird and spit.

That in the centre fix'd he burns,
 And only round his axis turns,
 Five or six and twenty days;
 From his spots we learn with ease:

Thus

'Thus in the midst he's proudly plac'd,
 With sixteen small attendants grac'd,
 Around in beauteous order blended;
 Like giant huge by dwarfs attended.

Our *Moon* a 'waiter spruce and prim,
 Attends on earth, as earth on him:
 Supplies his absence in the night,
 And cheers us with a borrow'd light.
 And, with perpetual changing face,
 Wheels round the earth in ^k four weeks ^{space}
 Wanting one day: but then as we
 Are moving on as well as she;
 Still ^l two days more and half are spent,
 E'er the same place, from which she went,
 She reaches in the firmament.

Thus does the Moon obsequious rowl
 Around us, like a bias'd bowl:
 In ev'ry situation thus
 The bias'd side she turns to us,
 And while she runs her orbit through
 'Turns once about her axis too:
 So that th' Astronomer can say,
 A lunar month's a lunar day.

Upon her globe, thro' glasses spy'd,
 A world of wonders is delery'd;
 Huge mountains of amazing height
 Reflect a strong and vivid light:
 Large hollow vales, and spacious grotts
 Form (as some say) the darker spots:
 These tell you, on the lunar face
 No seas or lakes have any place:
 No atmosphere her body shrouds,
 'Therefore no vapour, rain, nor clouds;
 And if inhabitants be there
 They don't like us depend on air.

^l A Satellite. ^k 27 Days 7 Hours, this is call'd her periodical Month. ^l This makes up her synodical Month. See Keil's Astronomy.

Others, who plead for air and sea,
 With solid proofs enforce their plea:
 And, to give each their proper due,
 This seems the likelier of the two.

Nay by this art he can foreknow
Eclipses, and their reasons shew;
 Such strange defects what causes make;
 As in the moon, for instance sake,
 How plunging in the earth's dark shade,
 A blackness o'er her face is spread;
 And while she in the shadow stays,
 How she's depriv'd of *Phœbus*' rays;
 But when she quits that dismal scene,
 Enjoys the sun, and shines again.

By the same art he tells us too,
 What th' interposing Moon can do,
 How, cutting off the solar light,
 She often turns our noon to night.
 Tho' various times the planets take
 Their various progresses to make,
 Yet all are kept in constant awe,
 By one divine harmonick law;
 Which to each orb assigns its lot,
 And, like the Median, alters not,
 Their periodick times, in square,
 Whose strict proportion always bear
 To their mean distance from the Sun,
 As cube: whilst all in ovals run.

When *Comets* fill the world with fear
 Who dread some dire disaster near;
 He coolly traces thro' the skies
 Their progress, distance, form and size:
 And tells us most surprizing stories
 Of their far-reaching trajectories;
 Which carry them beyond the mere
 Of all our planetary spheres;

And

And when they've thro' waste regions run,
 Then bring them back around the sun;
 So very near his scorching rays,
 That, over-heated, up they blaze:
 From whence that fiery tail or beard,
 By mortals dreaded and rever'd.

But he regards these conflagrations,
 As meant to raise vast exhalations,
 Whereof the Sun enjoys the fruit,
 His constant wastings to recruit.
 And Comets, which are ever roll'd,
 Thro' such extremes of heat and cold,
 He fancies, by divine intent,
 Man's destin'd place of punishment;
 Tho' for an ever-burning hell,
 The Sun, he thinks, may do as well.

The fixed stars, thro' glasses view'd,
 Give him just reason to conclude,
 From their vast distance, size, and light,
 They're like our Sun, and shine as bright.
 Then he proceeds: if this be true,
 These suns, like ours, have ^o planets too.
 Thus he finds worlds *ad infinitum*,
 And suns in proper spheres to light 'em.

While pleas'd he soars, with mind elate,
 The universe to contemplate;
 He little heeds the things that crawl
 On this minute terrestrial ball;
 Neither the prone unthinking race,
 Nor thoughtful man with busy face:
 He looks with scorn, and pry down
 On all the pomp of court and town;
 His whole ambition is to be
 From earthly fetters fairly free,
 That he with strength and opticks new
 May get a more unbounded view.

An artist thus, who understands
 Worth to survey and value lands,
 Takes pleasure in the gentle toil
 Of viewing angles, sides, and soil;
 How little minds the lab'ring ants,
 Tho' bustling to supply their wants.

T.

PERSIS. *An Elegiack Character.*

SOME by experience, vainly some,
 Despise the married life;

But *Persis* struck derision dumb,
 When she commenc'd a wife,

Who did whatever woman ought,
 What others duty calls;

Whose duty scarcely claim'd her thought,
 For love was all in all,

And *Persis* to the world been shewn,
 She could not fail to please;

Who only wanted to be known,
 To gain a lasting praise;

How does the brightest gem appear,
 When in the shades of night;

Whose intrinsic value still is there,
 It only wants the light.

But *Persis* now no longer lives,
 To make a husband blest;

Who sleeps in dust the best of wives,
 Of women-kind the best.

Alas! thy untimely fate,
 Has giv'n my sorrows birth:

As cold, succeeding genial heat,
 Gives winter to the earth.

Since true, we should all grief forbear,
 Since she is doubly blest;

Free from trouble, toil and care,
 Her body lies at rest:

P p

Her

Her virtuous soul immortal lives,
 With more extensive view ;
 For death a free possession gives
 Of earth, and heaven too.

*To Doctor T—— Oculist to his Majesty ;
 Fellow of several Colleges of Physicians.*

I.

WHILE our gazettes resound thy praise,
 Thy wond'rous cures proclaim ;
 Why mayn't the muse some trophies raise,
 And sing thee into fame.

II.

What do we to thy labours owe,
 How much thy lectures prize ;
 Thy artful practice too, we know
 Has open'd all our eyes.

III.

If *Galen's* sons will gibe, and scoff,
 And with thy fame make free ;
 A friend should ward such hornets off,
 And I that friend will be.

IV.

" He is a knave (these cens'ers cry)
 " Whom impudence ensures ;
 " What is the reason we can't spy,
 " His boasted gen'ral cures.

V.

" Some vouchers for his cures we find ;
 " And this attesting tribe,
 " We grant, were in a manner blind,
 " Being blinded by a bribe."

VI.

But slander must give way to truth,
 Our long experienc'd nation,
 What you can do, know well enough
 By oc'lar demonstration.

These scoffers say, " his praises too,
 Are of his own inditing,"
 But that reflection can't be true,
 Witness this present writing.

'Tis merit makes me take thy part,
 I have no interest by't;
 A poet's quite beyond thy art,
 Having the * second sight.

Then let the blind repair to thee,
 And trust thy judgment wholly;
 Take all thy cures, and give the *see*,
 And they'll soon SEE—their folly.

*—Poets have the second sight; Apollon's Edict, by Swift.

Montano, and his Ass. A FABLE.

Poor dull imitating *Ass*,

(Like many mortals of the class)

Thought he might merit equal praise

With *Tray*, by practising his ways:

When his master walk the yard,

Upon his hinder leggs he rear'd;

And first his dirty hoofs he press'd

Upon his master's aged breast;

When wagg'd his tail, and lick'd his face,

He hurt him in the rude embrace.

Montano fretted, and protested,

And had the *Ass* severely basted;

He call'd the servants out in haste,

To drub the rash unruly beast.

A parly, master, cries the brute,

Between you and I, the case dispute;

Now your dog the other day,

Was twice as much, in harmless play,

For which you thought him not ill bred,
 But clapt his sides, and stroak'd his head;
 Then what can now your passion move,
 When I, like him, express my love?

Ah, foolish *Ass*! *Montano* cries,
 When will you learn, or when be wise?
 Your love how great soe'er it be,
 Has done no good but harm to me.
 Hereafter if you'd shew your love,
 In your own sphere take care to move:
 Drudge kindly in the yoke, or cart,
 But never act a higher part.
 In all your actions follow nature,
 But shun the name of *imitator*.

Thus when a poet has the art,
 To please, and captivate the heart;
 And can the finest fancies hit,
 With nature, humour, sense, and wit;
 A thousand asses will be *Trays*,
 And merit birch instead of *Bays*.

Thus *Milton's* grand seraphick flight,
 Has imitators infinite.

In wit, and humour, *Butler* shines,
 And pleasure broods upon his lines;
 And therefore each pretending *Ass*,
 Must imitate his *Hudibras*.

Great *Swift* shines in ironick strain,
 Enliven'd with a hum'rous vein:
 Ye imitators! here indeed
 Ye may attempt but ne'er succeed.
 Great wits will still have imitators,
 Among the crew of stupid creatures;
 As all the rainbows in the sky,
 Have still faint mimick ones hard by.
 But let the imitating class,
 Still think upon *Montano's Ass*.

Written on a Glass Window.

UPON this glass, where sun beams play,
 This inlet of the cheerful day,
 I'll write your name, my charming fair,
 Were there a window in my breast,
 You'd find by your own charms impress'd,
 Your name, *THOMASIA*, written there.

ADVICE to young PLAYERS.

IF ye would learn the proper airs
 For passion with the tone of voice;
 Not directed by the play'rs,
 Make not ev'n *Saeridan* your choice.
 The plaintive, grievous, dying tones,
 The Widows mimick to the life;
 But for the tow'ring bluff'ring ones,
 You'll meet them in each scolding wife.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Humbly inscrib'd to a most agreeable Widow.

THE tuneful throng, that wing the air,
 Now meet, and sing, and woo, and pair:
 Tho' some of them were pair'd before,
 They think of former ties no more;
 But list'ning to kind nature's voice,
 They try new pleasures, and rejoice.
 Then, *Chloris*, why should you and I,
 Much longer shun the nuptial rye:
 Calling what's left of youth and time,
 Believe me, *Chloris*, 'tis a crime.
 Nature is now appearing gay,
 When throw your widow-weeds away;
 And choose some proper second mate;
 For which I stand a candidate.
 Choose me, dear *Chloris*, make me thine,
 Your ever faithful *Valentine*.

A POEM on the Hot-Wells at MALLOW

LET Irish priests, who bring their faith from
Rome,

Strive to support it by their frauds at home;
Of fiends exorcis'd by their charms and spells,
And foul dilemperers heal'd at holy wells:
All this their poor deluded vor'ries must
(For dare they doubt their clergy?) take on trust.

To such I leave these little tricks of art;
Prompted by truth to act a nobler part:
'Tis solid truth, I, from experience sing,
And can collat'ral proofs abundant bring.

Near *Mallow*, by a range of verdant hills,
A fountain issues forth in plenteous rills,
By nature tepid made, but from what cause?
Let those enquire, who study nature's laws.
Perhaps with sulph'rous particles replete
It may contract this subterraneous heat;
But I shall wave what lies beyond my ken,
And only in known truths employ my pen.

This healing fountain far more virtue hath
Than those of *Bristol*, or her sister *Bath*:
But has one fault; too near! ay quite too near,
Else it, for fame, might vie with *Montpelier*.
From the prodigious service it has done
It might be justly stil'd * *Catholicum*.

Do any ill-bred humours lurk within,
Or in an itch, or scurvy blotch the skin?
Do growing ulcers on the vitals prey,
Or lungs corrupted hasten a decay?
Do bileous juices make the blood move slow?
Or in a jaundice tinge the body o'er?
Do giddy mēgrims cause the head to swim,
Or sharp rheumatick pains torment a limb?
Or scalding humours oozing from the head,
Afflict the balls of sight, and turn them red?

Then let the patient to this fountain haste,
 And find a perfect cure—*prabatum est.*

The gravel (not the least of human ills,
 For tho' it kills but slow, it surely kills)

Here finds a cure, this diuretick Spring
 Dissolves the stone, dissolves the pungent sting.

How oft for death did rackt *Hortensius* call,
 When sanguine drops distain'd his urinal;

When he felt the gravel in its greatest force,
 He to this healing Spring he had recourse:

And there it vanish'd as it were by stealth,
 And left him happy in a flow of health.

Attend ye lovers, while the muse records,
 The charming pleasures which the place affords;

Here stands a wood bedeckt with summer's pride,
 Where the Blackwater sows his dusky tide;

Here a canal of waters deep and clear,
 Whose spouting cascades please the eye and ear;

Here on the pebble walks fresh air you breathe,
 And fishes nod above, and swim beneath.

Here nod above, and fishes swim beneath,
 And thick in consort, from a side retreat,

Life to all, and makes the scene compleat.
 Here a gay assembly, and a ball,

And *Prophesie's* sweet harp, and dancing closes all.

T.

FORAM on the Horse, which stumbling threw
 WILLIAM, and thereby (as some think)

shorten'd his Death.

ILLUSTRIS sonipes! certè dignissime Cælo;

Cui Leo, cui Taurus, cui dabit Ursa locum.

Qua te felicem felicia prata tulerunt?

Qua qua salix præbuit alma parens?

Qua patriam venisti ulturus ab oris;

Qua Glenco, aut stirps te Fœniciana dedit.

*Salix quicunq; precor memorande, nec unquam
 Sellæ dorsum, frana nec Ora premant.*

Humani

*Humani generis vindex, Moriente tyranno;
Hanc libertatem, quem dabis, ipse tene.*

Thus Burlesqu'd in English.

THOU noted stumbler! who deserv'st to
In crops of crows, and ravens thro' the
The lion, bull, and bear (tho' fam'd all three
For doing mischief) must give place to thee.
Say, from what base-born mother art thou come
What land of drudgery can'st thou call thy home
Thou gift of some false Highland jacobite,
Or Irish garron hither sent for spite!
Or English rebels breed, born in curst hour
Of pop'ry, slav'ry, and despotic power
Whoe'er thou art, as thou esteem'st it best
To favour slav'ry, be with slav'ry blest
May thy base mouth ne'er champ the gen'rals
On thy scrub back, ne'er comely saddle sit
Vile scourge of mankind, may'st thou ne'er be seen
For thou'it destroy'd the source of Liberty.

EPICRAM on Sir R—— W——

SOME people ask, is *W*—— ne'er aim'd at
How'er, by truth, in pointed satire
Or can he see destructive schemes take place
Without his conscience flying in his face
No; he, like other statesmen, has the art
To place his conscience in his—hinder part
For all that's in that backward region done
Will fly in ev'ry face, except his own.

On Miss ANN BREAD, APRIL

WHILE toasts their lovely graces spread,
And sops around them flutter;
I'll be content with *Annie Bread*,
And won't have any but her.

Poor Women the most miserable Creatures!

IS gen'ral and just, that all mankind should pay
For the use of those creatures, who serve
and obey;

we often revolv'd this affair in my mind,

And a wife is the only exception I find;

By custom illgal her portion is paid,

To buy her a husband who must be obey'd,

Whose vows she'll obey him, and wives now-a-days,

Whatever they promise they'll do—as they please.

J.

THE EPITHALAMIUM. Address to the Rev. M. D.

JOY to the bridegroom, and the bride,

And ev'ry other good beside:

May vigour, health, and wealth combine,

To dress, and nourish up your vine:

And may your toil rewarded be

With a delightful progeny;

Constant comfort may she prove

Care, and tenderness, and love,

And from her practice, be it said,

That one good woman wears a head.

The days of courtship ought to be

As familiar to thy spouse and thee;

That day of days is chiefly mean't,

Wherewith you gain'd her kind consent;

Then you were careful not to fret her,

But still behave or rather better:

When she was gentle, soft and kind,

Let her keep always in that mind.

Then, both were fully bent to please,

Let such (oh! such) be all your days.

But let us quit th' advising strain,

And to our mirth return again.

Huzza! the happy knot is ty'd!

JOY to the bridegroom, and the bride.

T.

Q 9

BOTH'S

BOTH'S *Best.*

THE clergy from the pulpit cry,
 With voice alarming; we must die!
 Such small attention laymen give,
 That all their cry is — we must live.

Hear what an honest umpire saith,
 Prepare for life, prepare for death;
 Keep but religion still in view,
 You may live well, and die well too.

To MARIAMNE.

MADAM, the lines I here present,
 Are void of art, or ornament:
 Pure nature all, which take their rise
 From the fair lustre of your eyes:
 Those eyes, which can such flames infuse,
 As fill with fire the raptur'd muse.
 O then propitious! let them view
 What by their own kind influence grew:
 For thus the sun with light gilds o'er
 The flowers which he produc'd before.

My thoughts are all sublime, and true,
 All full of love, and full of you:
 But yet I fear their dress may be
 Unelegant, and ruin me:

For if I poorly plead my cause,
 Instead of love or ev'n applause;
 I may expect you'll umbrage take,
 And slight me for my verses sake.
 As fishes view with scornful eye,
 The ill dress'd unalluring fly;
 All the materials may be bright;
 But dress must captivate the sight.

My love is constant and sincere
 As a saint's vow, or hermit's prayer;
 Witness these daily bursts of woe,
 That from an inbred trouble flow:

Witness those tears that do confess,
 Even an unmanly tenderness :

My witness ev'ry pow'r above,
 The truth and merit of my love.

My fears possess so large a scope,
 They scarce leave any room for hope.

You're quite too lovely and too fair,
 To fall to any mortal's share —

Your beauty, like a light-house, may
 Conduct one safely to the quay ; —

But beauty oftner (that's my fear)
 To the poor gazer proves a snare ;

Like fire upon a rocky coast,
 Whoe'er steer upon't, are lost.

But while your charms preserve their force,
 My love can take no other course :

As the Memphian harp, 'tis laid,
 The sun shone upon it, play'd ;

So your charms my heart-strings move
 To play the softer strains of love :

My thoughts at farthest distance cast,
 Will turn and wind to you at last :

No obstacle can stop their way,
 No rivers halt'ning to the sea.

Madam, give my heart relief,
 Or plunge me in a sea of grief.

The Hunting Club of FERMANAGH.

WHEN recreation does to health invite,
 And blends the sweets of profit and delight,

Whose souls must be of an ignoble cast,
 Your flight such pleasures thro' a want of taste,

While thin consumptions waste their flesh away,
 And wheezing asthmas bring a quick decay,

That man good health deserves whole constant
 Well to exercise in wholesome air ;

Q q 2

(care
 Starts

Starts with the fun; his dogs and courser takes,
Beats thro' the glades, the coppices and brakes;
Roules the fearful hare; she scuds away,
'The beagles in full cry pursue the destin'd prey.

The huntsman gets a view, his horn he sounds,
And seems to fly o'er the retreating grounds:
His soul to highest raptures then is rais'd,
When ears, and eyes, and ev'ry sense is pleas'd.

When I of hunting sing, be it my care,
To give the hunting club the largest share:
In fair *Fermanagh*, where these sons of fame,
In our late wars gain'd an immortal name;
Who did a lawless tyrant's arms oppose,
And mark'd their bounds with heaps of slaughter'd foes,
Those foes, who valuing neither sex nor age,
Would sacrifice us to religious rage;
Here they first felt the smart of being beat,
Which Boyn confirm'd, and Aughrim did complete.

Hard by Loughearn, fam'd for it's num'rous towers,
Where bounteous nature in perfection smiles;
Where tow'ring woods project an awful gloom,
And waters clear the face of heav'n assume.
'Tis here the hunting club sweet pleasures taste,
And use the hours, which others idly waste:
Here they their health restore, and blood refresh,
Whilst others sink in sloth, and snore supine.

Bid them go hunt! we'll save our necks, they say,
So rot in ease, and to slow dying, die.
But the intrepid soul all danger mocks,
Who hunts the hare, or kills the wily fox.
Such can a helpless common wealth befriend,
And a poor sinking kingdom once again defend.

*From a Member of the Hunting Club in Fermanagh
to the Author.*

COULD we unfold the grateful thoughts that lie
Throng'd in our breast, tho' screen'd from
human eye.

Could we display a skilful poet's praise,
 Praise his judgment, and extol his lays
 Best with such pow'r what subject would we chuse?
 What! but the flights of *D—n's* tow'ring muse?
 To hope for this, we may in vain contend,
 And while we strive to please, we might offend.
Flaccus was prudent when he dropt the theme,
 To sing of *Cæsar's* wars, and *Cæsar's* fame:
 He saw the hero soar above his pen,
 And wisely left that task for abler men.
 Must we then silent sit, and not rehearse
 The honours done us in immortal verse?
 We'll tell the Poet in an humble strain,
 Whene'er he deigns to grace our club again:
 His fortune does not all our schemes defeat,
 His entertainment shall be more complet.
 Regards lets then, of all ignoble fear,
 We'll thunder down the hills in full career:
 The tuneful horn shall cheer each active hound,
 The vocal woods shall propagate the sound;
 The fearful hare in various circles run,
 And end her life, where first her course begun.
 When gen'rous wine, our willing tongues shall raise,
 Our words supply to talk in *D—n's* praise.

DOLON and DOLLY. An Ode.

RECITATIVO.

DOLON had wrote an elegy,
 And eke an epitaph:
 That might make living people cry,
 Or make e'en dead ones laugh.
 He got a shilling for his pains,
 And proud of such a sum,
 He kiss'd it thrice, thrice beat his brains,
 And thus the wit did come.

Oh

A I R.

Oh, splendid shilling! thour't the same,
 That whilom was consign'd to fame;
 When in a poet's keeping
 That with such humour didst relate,
 The various changes of thy fate,
 While *Bickersstaff* lay sleeping.

II.

I know you're fond to tell what's past,
 What happen'd since you tattled last,
 If I ear'd ought to know it.
 You must now * *sigorra deoch na sgeul*
 Buy me some oysters, bread, and ale
 A feast for any poet.

RECITATIVO.

Dolon impatient was, poor soul,
 To wallow in good cheer,
 He got the oysters, ale, and roll,
 But bought the oysters dear.
 The oyster-wench so charming was,
 That *Dolon's* heart was stung
 With raging love——after a pause,
 Thus poet *Dolon* sung.

A I R.

Dame fortune so wond'rously freakish, and oddish
 That *Dolly*, altho she's as fair as a goddess:
 Sells oysters to get a poor living.
 Oh had I but rishes to purchase her charms;
 In order to bribe the dear nymph to my arms,
 I'd never be weary of giving.

II.

Or had I a muse like your *Popes*, or your *Greys*
 Your *Walters*, or *Drydens* to chant in her praise
 Quite up to the stars I would hoist her:
 Thus freed from her rags, and her dirt she
 shine,
 Like a diamond, that's clear'd from the rust of the
 Or a pearl that's found in an oyster.

* A Drink exceeds a Tale.

Mr. BLACKBORNE's *Epitaph.*

I.
JOHN BLACKBORNE wasted all his strength
In carrying a huge load of flesh;
But here has laid it down at length
His weary'd spirit to refresh.

II.
When first he took his budget up,
It weigh'd but seven pounds, or eight;
But many a bit, and many a sup,
Increas'd it to two hundred weight.

III.
That it was very heavy grown,
By this one instance may appear:
When breathless, spent, he laid it down,
It took four men to lugg it here.

IV.
Here it lies in its cold tomb,
In quiet let it here remain,
Till honest *John* himself shall come
To take his budget up again.

The DREAM.

I WAS in a morning-dream, the only time
As *Lagesay*, when dreams are in their prime:
The way I was got, I cannot tell which way,
To the chamber where *Thamasia* lay:
The curtains which enshrin'd the lovely Fair,
Were caught by her charming self, with nicest care,
And nobly rich. — The fair embroider'd scene
Was a gay landscape on a verdant plain.
The opening prospects, meadows, and cascades,
The lambskins skipping thro' the flow'ry glades,
The fly the warblers of the painted grove,
The *Lesbia's* sparrow, there the bird of *Jove*;
When on flowers she employ'd her care,
If possible, might copy there.

To

To open this fair screen, I thrice in vain
 Attempted, thrice by fear repell'd again;
 With far more courage could I brave the walls
 Of proud *Namure*, and face its whizzing balls
 Than open this slight fence and there withstand
 Her eyes keen light'ning, or her stern command
 With eager accents I address'd my pray'r
 To heav'n, and cry'd, O power celestial, bestow
 Grant me assistance, send me timely aid;
 For why should virtuous love be thus afraid.

The god consented, and my heart endu'd
 With vigour, strength, and manly fortitude;
 A fortitude that ne'er was known to prove
 A foe to virtue, or to virtuous love.

Thus reinforc'd, again I did advance,
 In hopes to get one heart-reviving glance;
 Perhaps a kiss by some propitious chance,
 With courage mixt with a respectful awe,
 I drew the curtains back, and peep'd; and saw
 I saw in bed the sweet enchanting Fair
 Her neck, her breast, and ev'n her bubbies bare
 Her bubbies! extasy! had show more white
 Who would not give the world for such a sight
 Panting they heav'd, as thus expos'd they lay,
 And added a new lustre to the rising day.

Thus, highly charm'd to consummate my joy
 I lean'd o'er the dear nymph, and begg'd to try
 She push'd me back, and answer'd with a frown
 Don't offer to be rude, sir, — pray be gone.
 Pray, sir, leave off — I'll call — but here I came
 Her in my arms, and some sweet kisses snatch
 Then she began to murmur, and complain,
 Till I with kisses stop'd her breath again:
 I prest the balmy lips; the lovely red
 Unable to sustain the pressure fled.
 The vagrant crimson a new station seeks
 Glows in a blush and wantons in her cheeks.

My soul transported, to my lips repair'd,
 I reap'd the big joy, and the fierce rapture shar'd.
 Think not, kind reader, from the scene that's past
 That I had thoughts which were not purely chaste,
 Where love's sincere the lover can't be rude;
 Where mends our nature and refines our blood.
 The schemes of love and lust are diff'rent quite,
 And no two things on earth more opposite;
 For love (the greatest bliss that God has giv'n)
 Takes life a pleasure, and leads back to heav'n;
 But hell-born lust, whatever it pretends,
 Pregnant with mischiefs in destruction ends.
 This speculation runs in ev'ry mind;
 But practice too too often lags behind.
 To divine I'll leave this useful theme,
 And haste to the conclusion of my dream.
 As nodding soldiers rous'd with loud alarms,
 Break thro' the chains of sleep and fly to arms,
 When transporting raptures did impart
 Casual motions to my panting heart;
 Surpris'd, my spirits their confinement broke;
 I hurry'd to their posts, and I awoke.

Appl'd to Miss BIDDY FLOYD, or Mo-
 nus's Production. See SWIFT's Works.

WHEN *Biddy Floyd* was fairly made,
 And *Jove* left off the forming trade;
 His imitators, servile tribe!
 How many a nymph to *Jove* ascribe;
 How such false stories daily scatter,
 That *Jove* knows nothing of the matter.
 When *Floyd* was finish'd, as we said,
 And *Jove* had quit the forming trade;
 How many forsooth must try his art
 To furnish out a counterpart.

R r

Bar

But he must do't by stealth, because
 'Tis treason by celestial laws.
Prometheus too, had paid full fore
 For such a bold attempt before.
 One night to earth he skulking came,
 To form this strange and frightful dame:
 Came to the very place where lay
 The fragments *Jove* had thrown away;
 He pick'd them up as choice ingredients
 (What courtier ever wants *expedients*?)
 Then singled out each diff'rent kind,
 And each its proper part assign'd.
 The *coquet*-particles produce
 A heart unstable, false, and loose;
 The *pert* the eyes engross; the *vain*,
Nice, and *affected* form the brain;
 The *awkward* and *demure* repair
 To form the face, and outward *AIR*;
 The *coy* fulfill'd their proper task,
 And serv'd the lady for a mask.

Thus form'd, the image look'd so queer,
 Old *Momus* could not chuse but sneer.

Not yet compleat——he catch'd a soul,
 That of *Thyrstites*, on the stole;
 And cram'd it into *Miss's* breast,
 You see he would not baulk his jest.
 Thus when a cinder-wench has got
 Small coals enough to boil her pot,
 Her mind is not yet satisfy'd,
 Until a blazing chip apply'd
 Gives life and spirit to the whole;
 (What's any thing without a soul?)
 In short the body and the mind
 Were both burlesques of womenkind,
 To finish all, his godship *Momus*
 Call'd his production M——T——

an ill-complexion'd Lady. An EPIGRAM.

I.

PURE Flavia counts it high disgrace,
That I'm call'd her adorer:
Because she's of a wealthy race,
And I of somewhat poorer.

II.

She's made, no doubt, of richer mould
Than I her humble suitor;
Since her's the tincture bears of Gold,
Mine only that of Pewter. M.

ANGELINA's Birth-Day, Jan. the 20th.

WHY does the morn so darkly rise,
And mists and clouds obscure the skies?
Why does not Janus look more gay,
In smiling in his twentieth day?
Why that mortals must revere,
To Angelina good and fair,
On this day first breath'd the vital air,
Perhaps Aurora's in the hips,
To see her beauty in eclipse;
And Phoebus vex'd, to see his own
Angelina's rays outshone;
In spite o'ercasts the face of Day,
The Janus looks the backward way,
For such a mortal deigns to view,
That such a brother god outdo
Tho' spite and jealousy should move
The gods and goddesses above,
To chaff and fret, look dull and sour,
To make the heav'ns about them lour;
That mortals will exult in wine,
And bonfires shall like Phoebus shine;
To crown the fav'rite day with mirth,
That gave fair Angelina birth.

O *Angelina!* when we see
 What rare perfections meet in thee,
 We must with joy extol thy worth,
 And bless the womb that brought thee forth;
 Glad poets on thy natal day,
 Their tributary songs will pay:
 For poets (like the birds in spring)
 Must, when the prospect pleases, sing;
 And, tho' I know 'twill make you fret
 (Like Romans in their triumphs) yet
 May you be pester'd with their rhymes,
 On your birth-day, unnumber'd times.

From a Lady to her Lover on his Journey.

MY swain, while I inwardly grieve that you
 Are gone,
 May my wishes assist you, my pray'rs help you on;
 Yet while you are absent I'll still be in pain;
 And those that are griev'd, may have leave
 To complain.

I know, that you travel for laudible ends,
 To see your relations, your country, and friends;
 Yet love more engaging by far than all three,
 Might ha' kept you still here, and confin'd you to me.

II.

In the middle of winter, the dead of the year,
 When the sun o'er the mountains does scarcely
 appear,

Far northward you go, where the bleak winds arise
 Snowy-hills, frozen vallies, and turbulent skies;
 Ah! leave these cold scenes, to my bosom repair;
 No winter disquiets, no tempest is there:
 For why should the swain be oppress'd with the cold,
 Whom my arms could embrace, and my bosom
 could hold.

When I sit in my chamber and hear the wind blow,
 That hurry the hailstones, and drive on the snow;
 My fancy can see you as lonely you rale,
 O'er mountains unshelter'd, and vallies so wide,
 While the pitiless blasts, that still northerly come,
 Blow full in your face, and your fingers benumb;
 I wish I could ward off the tempests that beat;
 And squeeze your poor fingers to give them more
 heat.

IV.

Go on, my dear *Stephan*, and leave me to grieve,
 That my wishes are all the weak help I can give!
 So, finish your journey, and without delay,
 Bring back the same heart that you carry'd away;
 For if you so inconstant and faithless should prove,
 As to slight *Artemesia*, your vows, and your love;
 I should die with despair—but such fancies adieu,
 You will always be faithful, as I am to you.

POPISH CHARM, given by a certain Priest
 (who pretended to cure the Convulsion-Fits to
 such as would turn to Mass) and hung about
 the Patient's Neck.

*
I H S.

RES Reges Regi Regina tria donaulerunt,
 Jasper sicut Myrrham, Thus, Malcheus; Bal-
 thasar, Aurum;
 qui secum portabit nomina Regum,
 a Morbo Christi pietate, Caduco.

English'd thus:

THREE kings, three things, present the king
 of kings:

Myrrh, jasper first; next gold Bathsar brings
 Then

Then Malcheas frankincense. Whoever bears
 These wise men's names, and on his bosom wears
 Shall (if this charm has any virtue) be,
 By Christ's good grace from falling-sickness free.
 M.

On a certain LAMPOONER.

FULVUS has neither wealth nor wit;
 But he has vanity to spare:
 He thinks himself for *Flavia* fit,
 Who shines in a superior sphere.
 When she, with reason, flights his suit,
 He counts it a notorious crime;
 And in revenge the snarling brute,
 Labours to slander her in rhyme.
 Thus some poor dog, turn'd out all night,
 Nor sun, nor fire to keep him hot;
 Barks at the moon with canker'd spite,
 Because she shines and warms him not.

*On our modern Astrologers. Written in the
 of the great Frost, 1740.*

URANIA's sons, our wise astrologers,
 Must now confess how much their knowledge
 How quite incapable of knowing,
 What sun, or moon, or stars are doing,
 Or making people certain, whether,
 Or how they influence the weather.
 Did these sage philomaths foreknow
 This mighty fall of frost and snow;
 They should have told, e'er it was coming on,
 Each Circumstance of this phenomenon:
 When 'twould begin, how long 'twould lie;
 What hares and partridges would die:
 How the continu'd storm would starve them;
 In spite of statutes to preserve them;

How many wild-fowl would be shot;
 How the potatoes all would rot,
 What ladies would go out a nipping,
 And how the storm would spoil our shipping,
 Had they of this appriz'd the nation,
 They might have sav'd their reputation.
 Whereas, God wot, it does appear
 By all our almanacks this year;
 That ne'er an author of them all,
 Foreknew that such a storm would fall;
 So far from that, the ninnies rather
 Tell us of rain, and pleasant weather.
 This shews, whatever they profess,
 They're ignorant, and write by guess.
 Old *Bickerstaff* did quite confound them,
 And thro' the sides of *Partridge* wound 'em;
 Yet still they us'd a weak endeavour,
 And struggled e'er they'd sink for ever;
 But such a bit, on such a blot,
 Makes all their credit go to pot.
 Nay, should they ev'n by chance speak true
 (As all your guessers sometimes do,
 The true as well as false prediction,
 Must altogether pass for fiction.

Thus when a noted lying hound,
 By chance the proper scent has found,
 The pack ne'er mind his call, as one
 That cannot be depended on.

EPIGRAM. *In est sua gratis parvis.*

THE shortest epigrams are counted best:
 This must be good, 'tis short eno'ugh at least.

True POLITICKS, or E——d's Interest, with
 a Word of Advice. Written in the Year 1741.

POOR injur'd B——ns think they're very safe,
 If some can satirize, and others laugh; And

And while the press stands unrestrain'd, we
 Their rights are safe, their liberties secure
 In this they must be wrong, and ever will,
 While fancy'd blessings prove a real ill;
 While, like the man they blame, themselves pursue
 False politics, and quite neglect the true.

Bad ministers (their satyr's constant theme)
 At last grow harden'd, and forget all shame;
 Like school-boys hors'd, until the suff'ring part
 Grows callous, hard, and feels no more the smart
 Thus harden'd, value not the stripes that come
 Upon the senseless, stupid, passive bum.
 What good has *d'Anvers* and his party done?
 Are not destructive schemes still carried on?
 The nation's ruin is approaching fast,
 And the much wanted peace bill stands unpass'd.

The *B—t—h* spirits who in former days
 Raz'd conquer'd towns, and swept obedient foes
 Now to repeated injuries submit,
 And stronger force yields to superior wit.
 A *Spanish* pistol (pray excuse the pun)
 Wounds *E—d* sorer than the longest gun.
 Part of our nation's plunder buys a chain,
 Which ties our hands from plundering again.

Now since we know that all the hated tribe
 Of ministers are rogues, can't we out-bridge
 It must be granted our prime vizier shou'd
 Join private interest with the publick good
 We know they should go hand in hand, elegant
 Do we let foreigners thus want supply
 Can't we, to glut his avarice and pride,
 Let him o'er all the nation's wealth preside
 Not as a treasurer to give account,
 To what our annual revenues amount;
 Then amply shew, how all these sums were made
 And plainly prove his trust is not abus'd.
 I must confess, it is too starv'd a way
 To stint a statesman to his yearly pay

No; let us put the treas'ry in his hands,
 Ask no account, but answer all demands;
 No nation is so very poor, but can
 Satisfy the wish of one rapacious man,
 Satisfy'd at last with wealth untold,
 He'll come to look with scorn on Spanish gold.
 Our trade will flourish, without search or bounds,
 We'll save in hundreds what we lose in pounds.

W.

From an absent Lover to his Mistress. An EPIGRAM.

WHEN a fond youth is forc'd to part
 From the dear object of his heart;
 What griefs, what troubles fill his breast,
 Too big to be by words express'd,
 No pang can torture human minds
 But what the absent lover finds:
 Each circling day suggests his care;
 His hope delay'd, becomes despair.
 The anxious thought, the restless dream
 Are each returning night the same.
 This truth is verify'd in me,
 In poor fond loving absence.
 Absent from thee I'm pensive grown,
 My sole delight's to be alone,
 That I may fondly talk of thee,
 In tender, soft soliloquy.
 My gay companions often strive
 To ease, from my solitude to drive;
 They vainly think their skill, and art,
 Will wear the passion from my heart;
 My heart, and life, and all must cease,
 Ere thy dear image quits its place.
 Sometimes the cheerful glass they try,
 Thinking my flames may make me dry;
 'Tis all in vain, their friendship's lost,
 Unless you chance to be the toast.

S

Some-

Sometimes they tempt me to the green,
 Where nymphs on summer morns are seen;
 Then point out each deserving lass,
 With lovely shape, and angel face;
 And bid me chuse some charming fair,
 I cry my charmer is not there.
 My heart, all thine, swells with disdain,
 And will no rival entertain.

Or if I meet your sex by chance
 I scarce vouchsafe a single glance;
 For what can I expect to see,
 They may have charms, but none for me.

My *Chloris*, if you'd comfort give,
 Or think that I deserve to live;
 Niceness apart, your thoughts pursue,
 And frankly send a line or two;
 With pleasure I would read and kiss
 The dear enforcer of my bliss;
 Then praise thy genius, and thy wit,
 The head that form'd, the hand that writ;
 And to enjoy you, even in part,
 I'd lay your letter next my heart.

With eager longings I must wait
 That happy crisis of my fate,
 Till then, dear *Chloris*, I remain
 Your loving, constant, faithful swain.

GAY's *Apology for his dirty Songs.*

YOU praise my grave and modest songs,
 About my loose ones make a potbet;
 To well-bred folks the one belongs,
 You say, to blackguard boys the other.

Then cry, alas! what pity 'tis,
 A head with such collections stor'd,
 So finely furnish'd out as this,
 Should room for trash or dirt afford.

But fir, this trash may have its use,
 T' enrich and fertilize my brain:
 As fields, with dung manur'd, produce
 The choicest and the richest grain.

The Answer.

I.

YOUR dirt and trash might be endur'd
 In fields where barrenness abounds;
 But whoe'er yet with dung manur'd
 Already rich and fertile grounds.

II.

For such manuring only serves
 With spurious growths to check your seeds;
 Your grain in midst of plenty starves,
 And all you reap is noisome weeds. M.

Tis a bad Wind blows No-body Good. A TALE.

TWO friends, so very loving-hearted,
 Like soul and body never parted,
 From childhood up, till both began
 To ripen fairly into man;
 When fortune gave the parting blow,
 One stays behind, but *Will* must go
 To some remote and distant scene,
 Who hopes to see his friend again.
 This griev'd them sore, and 'twas no wonder,
 'Twas death to part and be asunder;
 Existing in a sep'rate state,
 They thought the worst effect of fate:
 To see the wond'rous works of chance,
 And death, so vexing, prov'd a trance:
 When they meet, again embrace,
 The happiest pair of human race.
 Kissing, hugging, shaking hands,
 Were follow'd by as kind demands

S & S

How

How parents, health, and kindred were,
Which will not a recital bear.

Says *Tom* to *Will*, my life and soul,
You have been long upon the stole;
While I was left (and 'twas a hard case)
Without you here, a lifeless carcase.
Were you in heav'n (let's hear your story)
Or headlong plung'd in purgatory—
In woe—or happy as a prince;
What were you doing ever since?

My friend, soon as I went from you,
Another body came in view;
I found it gentle, neat and fair.
I lik'd it well, and enter'd there;
With pleasure too, it seem'd to be
A comfortable nest to me;
And so by rules of transmigration,
I gave this body animation.

Come drop, says *Tom*, this allegory,
And in plain language tell your story.

Thus, *Will* replies, my dearest croney,
I enter'd into matrimony,
I met a lady neat and tall,
Of gentle birth, and fair withal;
This was the comfortable nest,
I'll leave you to apply the rest.

Quoth *Tom*, how happy was your lot
No wonder I was quite forgot.—

Far from it—we began to jar,
Which turned to a state of War;
She stunn'd me with a storm of clamour,
And I to stop it, swore I'd slam her;
She then began to bounce and tear,
To break my head, and pull my hair;
Till I was forc'd to beat the shrew,
And often left her black and blue.

Faith, *Will*, thy case was wond'rous bad—
Not so much, neither, since she had

In ready cash, five hundred pounds,
To buy me wigs, and cure my wounds.

Why then your case was pretty good,
Quite the reverse as matters stood,

Will again— I could not keep
My cash, but laid it out on sheep;

By one great storm of snow and frost,
The most part of my sheep was lost;

The murrain, and the rot besides,
Soon left me nothing but the hides.

There you were badly off again.—
No, not so badly in the main;

The skins, and wool, took such a rise,
Sold them at a monstrous price;

And so brought in again, almost
As much as all my sheep had cost.

With, friend, astonish'd, *Tom* reply'd,
You had good fortune on your side.

Quite otherwise, says *Will*, for I
Resolv'd once more my fate to try.

I ventur'd all on winds and tides,
And all was in one bottom sent,

My cargo to the bottom went;
By violent storm the vessel tost,

All was shatter'd, sunk, and lost.
Why then, says *Tom*, your case was bad,

Your losses might have made you mad.
Not so bad neither, answers *Will*,

When then my wife was taken ill;
A desperate cholick rag'd within,

And the strong effects of gin
Saw the malady increase,

Which my joys kept equal pace,
Though air preserves the vital puff,

And danger lies beyond enough;
The air will make a candle blaze,

But too much puts it out with ease;

Thus

Thus water drives about the mill,
 Yet too much sets her standing still;
 And thus the cholick serv'd my wife,
 It quite out-storm'd her boist'rous life.
 She dy'd and left me free as air,
 Or bird escap'd the fowler's snare.

Quoth *Tom*, you had a world of crosses,
 And storms occasion'd all your losses;
 By storms abroad—your goods and sheep,
 By storms at home—your pesce and sleep.
 Sure you can never bring your mind
 To think upon a blast of wind.
 I would not even breathe the air,
 That was so cruelly severe.

You know, quoth *Will*, the wind at last
 Gave me a comfortable blast;
 Faith, I could breathe it all my life,
 And live on that which kill'd my wife.

COLIN and CHLORIS.

COLIN.

WITH gold the miser fills the chest;
 Receptacle of gilt'ring coin!
 So with your charms I fill my breast,
 Which sweetly in idea shine;
 With gold he often cheers his sight,
 And always thinks the prospect new:
 Just so my fancy takes delight,
 To bring you often in my view.

CHLORIS.

Then, *Colin*, still a miser be;
 With pleasure view your fancy'd store:
 I, since it won't improv'rish me,
 Could wish to give you ten times more.

COLIN.

What tho' my fancy can dispense,
 With such ideal food as this;
 Yet ev'ry nerve, and ev'ry sense
 Pant for a more substantial bliss.

CHLORIS.

If you would set the miser's part,
Let both your practices agree;
His sight engrosses all his heart;
Then prithee ask no more of me.

COLIN.

The miser would enjoy his gold,
Could he enjoy't and see it too:
Both, in respect of you will hold,
For I can practise both with you.

I cannot tell if the following piece was ever in print; if not, 'tis worth preserving; if it was, I will apologize by saying, that a man of sense never is displeas'd at seeing a beautiful face twice.

A Receipt to Cure LOVE.

TAKE eight ounces of consideration, half the quantity of indifference, ten grains of insensitiveness, six scruples of patience, a small sprig of true, two handfuls of employment, four months of silence, mix it with the constant conversation of a friend, to this you may add as much discretion as Nature has allotted; boil all together without interruption till a third part be consumed, cooling it with a few flights. Spread it on the thoughts of your mistress's imperfections, and apply the plaster warm to your heart, but beware not to take it off till it comes off itself. And if this proves not successful, your case is desperate indeed.

The ANSWER.

AH, kind physician! thy receipt will prove
Of little service to thy friend in love.
None'er consideration I employ,
No beauties in the charmer I descry,
No all perfections she has just pretence,
And thus my soul from cold indifference;

Ingra-

Ingratitude's a guilt she does not know,
 She thanks the heav'ns for all they can bestow
 She other obligations never knew;
 For all the earth can give, is but her due.
 Speak *patience* to the wretch upon the wheel,
 He knows no torments like the rack I feel.
 No *rue* apply'd can e'er my pains remove,
 Alas, in herbs there is no cure for love!
Employment has my peace of mind destroy'd;
 For 'tis on her my thoughts are all employ'd.
 To little passions *absence* gives a cure,
 To great ones adds, and makes them to endure
 So winds put out the candle's glimm'ring light,
 But makes the raging furnace blaze more bright.
 Each place produces rivals to my view,
 She but appears, and she creates them new;
 In vain, like me, her favours they implore,
 And I'm a slave, with many thousands more;
 But sure where numbers in opinion meet,
 To act as they do, is to be discreet:
 For imperfections would you search the fair,
 Find spots in ermine, tinge the ambient air.
 Teach me no more to be her humble slave,
 And write thy skill upon the restless wave.
 All this he must perform, who'er conceits,
 He can prescribe in Love, and write receipts.

On a Wren building in a Human Skull.

GOOD people, quit all earthly glory,
 And look at this *memento mori*,
 Behold this weather-beaten skull,
 As once before — so now 'tis full
 Of trash collected by a wren,
 Emblem of little souls in Men,
 Who have not strength, or wings to fly
 In upper-regions of the sky;

But lowly flutter near the ground,
 Where shade and covert most abound.—
 Here feathers, moss are here collected,
 And all into a nest erected;
 Here, the worthless stuff she brings,
 Increasances, and fruitless things;
 Emblems of the trash we strive
 To fill our heads with, when alive,
 Which, when the little soul is flown,
 We can't enjoy, or call our own. T.

On the Praise given to the antient Poets.

THE man, who gives the antients praise,
 Is prejudic'd in part,
 Who read them in his younger days;
 They first possess his heart.
 Thus, the religion which in youth
 Did first our minds engage;
 We take on trust for certain truth,
 And argue for't in age.

ON PROMISES.

MEN that are always promising,
 The weakness of their minds betray;
 They can't pretend to keep a thing,
 Which they so often give away.

On MISERS.

THE Miser is, by methods fair or foul,
 For saving ev'ry thing—except his soul.

On CYDER. A RONDEAU.

LET us drink, let us drink our old cyder away;
 The orchards are reddning, the apples look gay;
 T t The

The gard'ner cries out, they are ready for use;
 The press is preparing to squeeze out the juice.
 Then empty your glass, the old cyder must first
 To make room for the new, let us drink, let us drink

II.

That liquor's the best, that is equally good
 For quenching our thirst, and refreshing our blood.
 Small-beer for the one, for the other good wine,
 But cyder for both is a liquor divine.
 See, sparkling *Pomona*, she tips you the wink,
 To empty your glass, let us drink, let us drink

The Girl spils her Milk. A TALE.

A Wench once to the market sped,
 A pail of milk upon her head;
 Warm, thick, and sweet, and full of froth,
 And cover'd with a clean white cloth;
 But as to town her milk she brought,
 She fell into this train of thought:
 " This milk is all my own, with which
 I may, perhaps, in time grow rich.
 I'll sell it for a goat, and then,
 That goat will buy a laying hen;
 She'll hatch her eggs, and without doubt,
 Bring a fine brood of chickens out.
 The hen and chickens, three months hence,
 Will surely sell for eighteen pence.
 I buy a pig—she takes the boar,
 And then she'll farrow half a score.
 I sell them, and a heifer buy,
 Then she'll increase and multiply.
 This brings me in a stock of cows,
 And that will introduce a spouse:
 For when I've gather'd up my crumbs,
 And reckon'd rich—the courtier comes.
 With that she gave a leap for joy
 (How soon can fate our hopes destroy)
 She skipp'd and stumbling o'er a stone,
 Both milk and hopes, were overthrow'n.

A RECEIPT.

TAKE no more of this world, than will carry
you thro' it,
And as much of heav'n, as will bring you safe to it.

O: ABSTINENCE.

TWas one day in lent, that two clergymen met,
At an inn on the road, some refreshment
to get;

A protestant, that; this a catholick brother;
On bacon one din'd; on a herring the other:

Here, sir, says the father, we, who are content
to mortify thus, on a herring in lent:

Will merit far more than yefolks, who eat bacon:

Yes, sir, says the other, you may be mistaken;

Do you think the Almighty, in regions of bliss,
Will charm'd with the way of our eating in this?

Will he forbid flesh, yet allow us to dine
On good butter'd fish, mellow fruit, and good wine?

Yes, if we do actions, he ne'er did command,
Will ask † who requir'd these things at your hand?

† Isaiah 1, 12.

On the late Duke of ARGYLE, 1746.

WHoe'er thou art that would mankind excel,
And purchase endless fame by doing well:

Draw no example from exotick climes,
Nor read the musty records of old times:

Draw no original from Greece or Rome;
Nor read the glorious copy here at home.

Within the confines of Britannia's isle,
Read each great character in great Argyle.

C.

T 1 2

EPL

EPITAPH.

TELL, marble tomb, tell *Britain's* life,
 The dissolution of *Argyle*;
 Tell how his mortal part you keep;
 The only part that rests in sleep;
 His soul to heav'n has wing'd its way,
 Rejoicing in eternal day,
 His tow'ring fame (tho' more confin'd)
 Superior shines among mankind. T.

EPITAPH on *W*—

WHEN a gunpowder rocket mounts out of
 Sphere,
 It hisses, stinks, sputters, and dies in the air;
 Its carcase falls down from its wonderful height,
 Sinks deep in the clay, and is bury'd in night.
 So *W*— with hellish ingredients replete,
 O'er better mens heads mounted high in the flame,
 But when to its owner he voided his soul,
 His carcase fell here, and rots on in this hole. W.

A JEST.

AFTER the fight of *Fontenoy*,
 A soldier brought a chopping boy,
 And begg'd his chaplain to baptize him;
 But the too scrup'ulous priest denies him,
 Because, it seems, no gossips came,
 To answer in the infant's name.
 Dear sir, says *John*, and made a bow,
 I'll stand myself—I'll promise—vow—
 No, says the priest, you cannot stand—
 "Why what prevents, may I demand?"
 I say you cannot—what prevents you!
 Our church's canons are against you.

" What! had you cannons in your church,
 " When *Dutchmen* left us in the lurch:
 " When we engag'd superior force,
 " Were sorely maul'd both foot and horse?
 " Would you your cannons point at me?
 " Yet let the cursed *French* go free?"
 " A special jest, says crape, and smil'd;
 " Come hither, I'll baptize your child.

T. FEMALE REPUTATION. A DIALOGUE.
 MOTHER. DAUGHTER.

DAUGHTER.

TELL me what is reputation
 Like unto, and how I may shun
 Ev'ry evil imputation? —

MOTHER

Reputation's brittle ware,
 Which requires our nicest care:
 For we find it, to our cost,
 Hard to keep, and quickly lost.
 'Tis a candle in the night,
 Which with care will shew good light,
 If it is in shelter plac'd,
 That will keep off ev'ry blast.
 When it stands in open air,
 Void of shelter, void of care,
 Then the blast of evil fame,
 Soon extinguishes the flame.

DAUGHTER.

Pray how should I manage then?

MOTHER.

Strive to blow it in again:
 If you fail—you know the * jest;
 But however do your best.

Repu.

* When any one fails in attempting to blow in a Candle,
 you in jest say, you have lost your Maidenhead.

Reputation thus you see,
Should be guarded carefully:
Prithee guard it well, for then
'Tis regarded by the men.

*An Invitation to a Dish of CUMBERLAND
BEANS. April 15th, 1747.*

S I R,

APRIL the fifteenth I design,
To treat some worthy friends of mine
To beans and bacon (charming food)
Fine early beans, and bacon good:
Sure in the north you've seldom heard
Of beans so very quickly rear'd:
But these are of a noble kind,
Which fear no frost nor winter's wind;
And therefore should be known to fame
By *Cumberland's* auspicious name:
For ev'ry thing that's choice and rare,
The name of *Cumberland* should bear.
They've been in blossom some weeks since,
And seem to copy from our *Prince*;
Our darling *William*, who began
To bloom and ripen into man,
While others of his age were boys,
Their minds engag'd in sports and toys;
While they pursu'd some childish game,
He went thro' all degrees—of fame;
Led armies on, and laurels gain'd,
Rebels subdu'd, and right maintain'd,
These grand ideas never fail
To fire my gratitude and zeal.
But I must drop these lofty strains,
And talk about my early beans.

An eagle thus, with rapture may
Soar—gazing on the god of day:

Yet soon must quit his soaring mood,
 Must stoop to earth, and mind his food.
 Well, sir, my beans are rip'ning fast,
 In spite of ev'ry chilling blast:
 And will their first-fruit-off'ring pay
 On conq'ring *William's* natal-day.
 Then come, my friend, among the rest
 You know you'll be a welcome guest.
 In wholesome punch, and sparkling wine,
 We'll drink the *King* and royal line;
 The *Duke*, and all our brave commanders,
 And, may they scourge the *French* in *Flanders*;
 O! may they humble all who hate
 Our liberties, in church and state!

W. M.

Why the MOON is call'd a SHE.

A Merry young lady enquired of me,
 Concerning the moon, why we term it a she,
 Gave her some reasons; that, in the first place,
 She always appears with a bold brazen face:
 For far do we need for a second to range;
 'Tis that she's inconstant, and given to change:
 And if I dare speak it, the third is as bad,
 When men's humours she works, till she makes them
 stark mad:

A fourth is, when low'ring her visage appears,
 She readily ends in a torrent of tears.
 Besides, when at night for th' assembly she's dress'd,
 She strives to outshine, and o'er-top all the rest.
 Very more, in folks houses she ever is prying,
 Their floors, and their beds, and their furniture
 eying:

Then lastly, her belly's not long in the wane,
 She quickly recruits, and grows pregnant again;
 Tho' in this she excels the whole sex ev'ry one,
 That we reckon her full, when she's only half-
 gone.

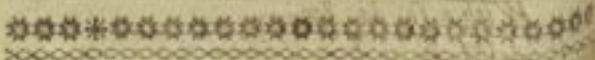
M.

These

These were added by another Hand.

A Fifth reason is, when she labours to shine
In a hoop, like our ladies, 'tis thought a bad sign,
Another may be, that she's best in the night,
'Tis then she can give a new kind of de-light.
Once more, like our wives, tho' our business should
stop,

Till her own stated hour, she will not get up,
Her feminine qualities thus to run through,
Were tedious, as how she's dark, sharp, old, and new,
I wish that our wives would keep pace with her
Then we might have them new ev'ry month in the
year.



S O N G S.

The FAIR BAKER.

AIR. To you fair ladies now at Land.

I.

THE nymph, whose charms employ my thoughts,
Does all our nymphs surpass;
This town did ne'er before produce
Half so compleat a lass:
For here is beauty join'd with sense,
And still improv'd with diligence.

With a fa, la, &c.

II.

As I pass often by her door,
And cast a sidelong glance,
There see her sitting on the floor,
Oh! how my spirits dance!
For Ceres never shew'd such state,
As she amidst her heap of wheat.

With a fa, la, &c.

III.

I've often thought, when I have seen
 Her oven in a flame,
 How much like it my heart has been,
 Its case how much the same;
 For sure no fiercer fire can blaze
 Than that which *Molly's* beauties raise.

With a fa, la, &c.

IV.

The nice and curious seek to know
 What makes her bread so fair;
 'Tis in some measure owing to
 Her neat and cleanly care:
 But 'tis her hand, 'tis that has pow'r
 To add such whiteness to the flour.

With a fa, la, &c.

V.

Behold that loaf! how hard the crust!
 The pith how soft and white!
 Why, charming *Molly*, you are just
 Its lovely opposite:
 How snowy white and soft your skin!
 But oh! how hard your heart within!

With a fa, la, &c.

VI.

Her pale-fac'd beauties paler grow
 That they no pow'r can boast,
 Since pretty blooming *Moll* is now
 Become the general toast.
 Her is the gratitude so great,
 To drink her health whose bread we eat.

With a fa, la, &c.

T.

The SERENADE. Air, Tweed-side.
Reveillez vous, belle endormie, &c.

AWAKE, my fair, open those eyes,
 Which mine so late waking do keep;
 U n And

And make me so early to rise;
 While both late and early you sleep.
 Ah! open I say, those bright eyes,
 And see your poor swain's how they weep.
 Alas, at your window he dies,
 Whilst you lie regardless asleep.

II.

The spring-tide of his youthful blood,
 Is fallen and sunk to a nepe;
 So long in the cold he has stood,
 Whilst wrapt in warm coverings you sleep:
 Consider how thro' his wet cloaths
 The constant eye-droppings do seep;
 Will nothing disturb your repose,
 Or will you mind nothing but sleep?

III.

The milch-kine's soft lowing I hear,
 And the numerous bleating of sheep;
 Nymphs, shepherds abroad all appear,
 While *Clara* alone lies asleep.
 Straight smokes from the chimneys arise,
 And house-wives their cottages sweep:
 Rous'd lab'ers are rubbing their eyes,
 While yours are fast closed in sleep.

IV.

The brook that runs down thro' the glen,
 As it tumbles over the sleep,
 By its murmuring seems to complain
 That *Clara* so long lies asleep.
 The surges that beat on the shore,
 On purpose detach'd from the deep,
 Still louder and louder do roar,
 To wake lovely *Clara* from sleep.

V.

Ah! mayn't your poor swain be so bold
 As in at the window to peep?
 Where he may with pleasure behold
 His *Clara* awaking from sleep!

Oh! could he once see the blest time
 Into that dear bosom to creep;
 Believe me, he'd think it no crime
 To break late and early your sleep. M.

The YOUNG WITCH.

AIR, *Ye virgins that intend to wed, &c.*

I.

WILL some love-casult explain,
 What does the witch *Glacira* mean
 By such fond ogling glances?
 Or why employ her charms on me,
 Who never dare familiar be,
 Or make the least advances?

II.

In time of pray'r, why does she look
 More in my face than in her book,
 And into raptures throw me?
 No easily my hopes are fed!
 Yet when I come my suit to plead,
 She vows she does not know me.

III.

Glacira, 'tis no prudent way,
 To raise up spirits you will not lay;
 You know the observation,
 That spirits rais'd will raise the wind,
 Which may o'erturn your peace of mind,
 Or blast your reputation. T.

The COQUETTE.

AIR, *O Bell thy looks have kiss'd, &c.*

I.

WHATE'ER *Eliza* did, or said,
 My foolish heart approv'd,
 I lik'd the gay, the willing maid,
 Yet could not say I lov'd:

U u 2

I thought

I thought that nature was the source
 From whence her worth did spring;
 But find 'tis art, or something worse
 Sets her a coquetting.

II.

I spoke of love, she did not shew
 Or anger, or distaste;
 Had she continu'd always so,
 I might have lov'd at last.
 But pride, or policy, or fear,
 Has made the nymph reserv'd:
 She thinks a fool, like me, might bear
 To have his passion starv'd.

III.

But the mistaken nymph I warn
 Some other arts to prove;
 Since I can cure *Eliza's* scorn
 By *Emma's* gentler love.
 Love is a kind of push-pin play,
 Where both advances make,
 Where none can bear a prize away
 Who wants a heart to stake.

*To a blind young Lady, who sung some of her own
 Verses to the Spinette.*

AIR. *Vertumnus.*

I.

FAIR *Myra*, to your worth I bring
 This tributary praise:
 Of all your sex you finest sing,
 And form the finest lays.
 When to the harp or sweet spinette
 You join your sweeter voice,
 We mortals all our cares forget,
 And list'ning sp'rits rejoice.

II.

Go on, dear nymph, devoid of fear,
 These glorious lights pursue:

Homer, and Milton, poets were,
 And both were blind like you.
 Thus, when the gods destroy the sight,
 In recompence, we find,
 They, by a strong and inward light,
 Adorn and gild the mind.

III.

Where wit with softest numbers woos,
 In softest sounds convey'd,
 And by a virgin; who can chuse
 But love the charming maid?
 The heart, with heav'nly musick mov'd,
 Beats time to ev'ry string.
 Then cease to wonder why I lov'd;
 I heard you play and sing.

T.

C L A R A.

A I R, *Whate'er I do, where'er I go, &c.*

I.

ON a bright sunshine summer's day,
 Clara, the goddess of my fate,
 Was trav'ling faint along the way,
 Opprest and faint with noontide heat.

II.

To let in cool refreshing air,
 She stripp'd and laid (enchancing show!)
 Her muffled neck and bosom bare;
 Her neck and bosom white as snow.

III.

But with the cool refreshing air,
 Sol's am'rous beams, fast crowding in,
 Gave apprehensions to the Fair,
 Lest they should taint and spoil her skin.

IV.

Clara, your fears are all unjust,
 Your apprehensions are too strong:
 For you those rays may safely trust,
 Those rays can never do you wrong.

Tho'

V.

Tho' they, your beauties to admire,
 With eager haste come thronging in,
 Yet, startled, they as quick * retire,
 Nor dare so much as touch your skin.

VI.

Its dazzling whiteness with surprize,
 They view, start back, and straight impart
 Their wonder to my ravish'd eyes,
 My eyes their wonder to my heart.

VII.

My ravish'd heart with joy receives
 Impressions from that lovely breast:
 Like these dear bubbies, pants and heaves;
 And—oh! I cannot speak the rest.

* According to the modern Philosophy, Rays of Light are reflected from Bodies, without actually touching them.

The praise of A L E.

A I R, *The Abbot of Canterbury.*

I.

MY jovial companions, I think 'tis a pity
 That both wine and punch should be
 in lost duty;

While ale is unsung, tho' the subject's as ample
 Then I'll break the ice, and begin the example.

Derry down, down, &c.

II.

I sing to the praise of good tipples; see here
 No brandy so strong, and no amber so clear:
 A gallon of this, my dear lads, on the Rhine,
 Would be worth in exchange a whole hoghead
 wine.

Derry down, down, &c.

III.

Should any *French* tyrant once more take
 pains

To make us submit to his church and his church

Well, tell him again, he will get little by't,
While we drink good ale, and for liberty fight.

Derry down, &c.

IV

Where ale is the liquor, all fears are unknown,
And Victory soars where good ale's swallow'd down:
A cup of this liquor will quicken more hopes
Than a promise at court, or the pardon of popes.

Derry down, &c.

V

To finish my ditty; here's to thee, my boy;
This, this is my glory, my wistr, and my joy;
Your wine, or your Nantz, I ne'er cover to see,
And punch may be damn'd; this is nectar to me.

Derry down, &c.

LOCKART'S WATTLE.

AIR, *The Bucket.*

I.

Sing not of *Culloden* battle,
Where numbers were lost in the strife,
But rather of *Lockart's* long wattle,
The wattle for giving of life.
So hey the wattle, the wattle,
And hey the batta maigh buy!
Of all the wattles on earth
Brave *Lockart's* long wattle for me.

II.

Such virtue this wattle can shew,
Such prolifick force does enjoy;
That just by the help of a blow
It strikes out a girl or a boy.
Then hey the wattle, &c.

III.

Lockart walk'd out thro' his land,
Was viewing his corn and his grass,
When he and his wattle did stand,
At the sight of a clever young lass.
So hey the wattle, &c.

Provok'd

IV.
 Provok'd at the huffey before,
 Because she had plaid him a trick,
 Wherever he met her, he swore
 He'd give her the length of his—stick.
And hey the wattle, &c.

V.
 What happen'd between them I pass,
 Whatever it was, in a fright
 Away went the big-belly'd lass,
 And slipt out a bastard that night.
Then hey the wattle, &c.

VI.
 Her credit had never been spoil'd,
 Her chastity never in doubt:
 Till *Lockart* thus whack'd her with child,
 And whack'd it as cleverly out.
So hey the wattle, &c.

VII.
 Ye husbands, who children do lack
 Thro' impotence; take my advice;
 Get *Lockart* to give but a whack,
 Your business is done in a trice.
Then hey the wattle, &c.

VIII.
 As wives, that were barren in *Rome*,
 To meet the *Lupercal* wou'd go;
 So maidens to *Lockart* may come,
 And mothers become by a blow.
So hey the wattle, &c.

IX.
 Ye midwives, who grope for a fee,
 This wattle you ought to adore;
 So fruitful a bates-maigh-buy
 Will help you to guineas guillore.
So hey the wattle, &c.

X.
 If *Lockart* goes on with his trade,
 So many brave-soldiers he'll bring;

Of Perkins we'll ne'er be afraid,
But valiantly fight for our king.
So hey the wattle, &c.

G — D —

A Ballad on the Reduction of the Gold. Written
Sept. the 10th, 1737.

I.
WHERE'ER thro' the city or country I range,
I hear sad complaints of the scarcenels of
change :

Strange malady this, but the cure is as strange :
Which no body can deny.

II.
Because the small silver went lazily round,
To quicken its motion a method they found ;
To sink the gold lower near sixpence a pound :

Which no body can deny.

III.
This scheme is just like the contrivance of those
Adepti in physick, who, as the tale goes,
Us'd cephalick plaisters for pains in the toes :

Which no body can deny.

IV.
Had they rais'd up the silver but two-pence per
crown,
Had hinder'd the goldsmiths from melting it down ;
This loss and confusion had never been known :

Which no body can deny.

V.
Besides, there's the dollar, the cobb, and the
ducat, (struck out)

If these had been rais'd the right nail had been
They sell as old silver for more than they're took at :

Which no body can deny.

VI.
Tho' numbers did lose by the gold when it fell,
It was some people's interest—whose I won't tell ;
For absentees ne'er lov'd their country too well :

Which no body can deny.

When rooks flock'd among us to pick up our crumbs
 And send off our gold to old England in fums,
 They curs'd the exchange that to ten per cent
Which no body can deny. (comes)

That trouble's remov'd there's no more to be said:
 But let them remember a proverb I've read,
 No more golden eggs, when the hen is starv'd dead.
Which no body can deny. T.

On a beautiful Hill near ATHY.

AT 1. *The brow of the hill.*

I Find Cowper's-hill is consign'd to fame,
 And Drapier's-hill too, with some more I
 could name,

Which flourish in numbers, then can I forbear
 To sing of our hill that's so wonderful fair?
 Where ev'ry perfection of nature and skill
 Combines in adorning our beautiful hill.

The hill of Potosi vast treasure contains,
 Yet many meet death in exploring its veins:
 But here in our hill no such dangers ensue,
 Tho' greater its treasures than those of Peru:
 No damps here, no vapours the miners to kill,
 'Twill rather give life, if you work in our hill.

The hill of Parnassus, and fountain hard by
 With those of our hill are not able to vie:
 There Apollo sometimes with the muses resides
 But here Venus' self with her graces abides:
 There poets must drink, to avoid writing ill;
 But here they'll write fine, if they view but our hill.

Some persons have labour'd this summit to gain
 But the hill was so high, that they labour'd in vain.
 These

There is but one youth who so happy can be :
 May fortune reserve the sweet blessing for me ;
 My life and my fortune, with heart and good will,
 Always would spend and wou'd end on our HILL.
 F.

The CLERK'S SONG.

The Clerk, with his Spectacles on (or suppos'd to be on) gives out ev'ry two Lines, and the Company sings to the AIR of green sleeves, &c.

KING DAVID was a psalmist rare,
 And many a psalm he made :
 He both compos'd and sung with air ;
 But singing's all our trade.

II.

As much greater our renown,
 As harder is our lot ;
 He got for's pains a golden crown,
 We but a silver groat.

III.

That good king David lov'd his glass
 Is very plain, for why ah !
 He drank one night to such a pass,
 That he fuddled poor Urich.

IV.

King David longed for a drink,
 And really so do I ;
 'Tis all good fingers fate, I think ;
 For singing makes us dry.

V.

Then if you'll give me 'tother tist
 I'll give you e'other strain :
 Sing to drink, for that's my gilt,
 And drink to sing again.

A.

*The Lady's Answer to a Gentleman, on his singing,
Ye Gods, to me you gave a Wife.*

I
THOU' you're with borrow'd wit so smart,
You may be sure of this, sir,
Whene'er a wife o'er-acts her part,
The husband fails in his, sir,

II.

A vacuum in a man's command
A woman cannot bear, sir;
Like air elastick, she'll expand,
And swell beyond her sphere, sir.

III.

If mildly men's authority
Were us'd in proper season;
How stupid must that woman be,
Who would not yield to reason?

IV.

But he his power must resign,
Who lets a wife dispute it:
If he wants wisdom to design,
Or strength to execute it.

S O N G.

I.

YE gods! what pleasures did I miss
By *Chloe's* dull delay!
Till *Florimel* embrace'd the bliss
Which *Chloe* push'd away;
Now *Florimel* in wedlock proves
The sweetest, kindest wife:
We feast upon our mutual loves,
And know the sweets of life,

II.

Let *Chloe* then continue coy,
And envy our delight;
Let her by day reject the joy
She wishes for by night.

Then late on this unwelcome truth
 Let her reflect with rage:
 Pleasures are substances in youth,
 And shadows in old age.

The young Farmer's Complaint to the cruel Cook-maid
 A S O N G.

I.
 O Cruel *Mary*, great's the woe,
 Which for you I undergo,
 Tho' you can't endure me:
 The malady so deep has got,
 Hope and patience help me not,
 Death or you must cure me.

II.
 What tho' I labour all the day,
 Reaping wheat, or making hay,
 Till I'm faint and weary;
 At night I cannot sleep a wink,
 Still I tumble, toss, and think
 On my absent *Mary*.

III.
 Or when I ramble o'er the plain,
 Each ring in my ewes again,
 When they roam and scatter:
 My thoughts being fix'd on you alone,
 Or I tumble o'er a stone,
 Or I plash in water.

VI.
 Or when I'm threshing, dull despair
 Fills my heart with grief and care,
 'Cause you slight and shun me;
 Carelessly my flail is play'd,
 Several times it pelts my head,
 Hard enough to stun me.

V.
 Your hatred, keener than your knife,
 Must cut my thread of life,
 Were it like a cable:

A life

A life you seem to value less,
Than the capon's which you dress,
For your master's table.

VI.

Use brings perfection; cruel maid,
Killing's now your fav'rite trade,
And you can't give over:
Now, to keep your hand in use,
'Tis no matter, pig, or goose,
Or a faithful lover.

*A Gentleman, who Painted wall, being desired by
a Lady whose Eyes he had prais'd, to give her
Portraiture of them, wrote the following*

S O N G.

I.

YOU ask a portrait of your eyes;
Why, 'tis a vain desire:
Painters may hit their shape and size;
But who'll describe their fire?

II.

Besides, 'twere but a poor restraint
To have recourse to art;
Since nat'rally themselves they paint,
On each beholder's heart.

A new Ballad on the Hot-Wells at MALLOW

I.

AIR, *Ballyspellin.*

YE nymphs deprett
With want of rest,
And with complexion fallow,
Don't waste your prime
With chalk or lime;
But drink the springs at Mallow.

II.

They cure all hues,
Blacks, greens, and blues,

The dun, the pale, the yellow:
 Nay, in their room,
 Will raise a bloom,
 And make you shine at *Mallow*.

III.

All you, that are
 Both lean and bare,
 With scarce an ounce of tallow;
 To make your flesh
 Both plump and fresh,
 Come drink the springs at *Mallow*.

IV.

For all that you
 Are bound to do,
 Is just to gape and swallow;
 You'll find by that,
 You'll rowl in fat,
 Most gloriously at *Mallow*.

V.

Or if love's pain
 Disturbs your brain,
 And makes your reason shallow:
 To shake it off,
 Gulp down enough
 Of our hot springs at *Mallow*.

VI.

Ye ladies fair,
 Who want an heir,
 Whose fruitful fields lie fallow,
 Leave spouse at home,
 And hither come,
 To drink the wells at *Mallow*.

VII.

These springs you'll find
 So good in kind,
 They'll make you soon cry, bawllow!
 To lull and keep
 Your babe asleep,
 Which you may get at *Mallow*.

A doctor

A doctor true
 You may go to;
 One that will lay you all low.
 Then take his juice
 Of sov'reign use,
 To give new life at *Mallow*.

On being burn'd with a Lady on Allsaints-eve.
 An Hymn to the God of Love.

AIR, *Sweet Tyrant Love, &c.*

I.
HEAR, thou eternal source above;
 From whom all earthly blessings flow:
 Hear, thou unfeign'd god of love,
 Thy humble vot'ry's pray'r below.

II.
 Those emblems of my fair and me,
 On which they've now impos'd our names,
 May they be types, approv'd by thee,
 To represent our real flames.

III.
 I burn, and would communicate
 My flame to her accomplish'd mind:
 Oh! may she feel the genial heat,
 And be to equal warmth inclin'd.

IV.
 Like these, may our magnetick fires
 Still cordial to each other tend;
 Till quite united our desires
 In conjugal endearments end.

V.
 In union may our mingled blaze
 Harmonick burn, like that we see:
 Till wasted out with length of days,
 Each part expires, and mounts to thee.

A new Song in Imitation of MOLLY MOG.

I.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you discover,
 What makes you so meagre and thin;
 Why you whine and you pine like a lover:
 I've seen *Betty Holmes* of the inn.

II.

Says he, my dear nephew, I'll get ye
 Fine buckles, and brushes, and combs:
 A trifle will bring you a *Betty*,
 A *Betty* far better than *Holmes*.

III.

A child may be fond of such gay things;
 For trifles his appetite roams;
 But men would have much bigger play-things,
 And I would have sweet *Betty Holmes*.

IV.

White rods, and gold chains, and gay cloathing,
 Gilt coaches, and beautiful domes,
 Stars, garters, and sceptres are nothing
 Compar'd with my sweet *Betty Holmes*.

V.

When water with fury does dash on
 The rocks, how it bubbles and foams!
 Just so, all my blood's in a passion,
 Whenever I meet *Betty Holmes*.

VI.

Great heats do continually fume in
Vesuvio's and *Ætna's* dark wombs:
 Just like them my heart is consuming
 For love of my sweet *Betty Holmes*.

VII.

Even *Venus*, and *Helen*, fair ladies,
 As they are recorded in po'ms,
 And all our bright nymphs on our may-days,
 Are foils to my sweet *Betty Holmes*.

VIII.

I'm wasted away to a cypher,
 Like ghosts, that inhabit the tombs:

Y y

I know

I know I shall certainly die for
Th' enjoyment of sweet *Betty Holmes*.

IX.

But would my dear charmer prove loving,
And banish all other coxcombs,
I'd soon grow as plump as a puffin,
Possessing my sweet *Betty Holmes*.

X.

So prettily she does deport her,
Whene'er a good customer comes:
Some captain will certainly court her,
And to I shall lose *Betty Holmes*.

A SONG on a CANE.

AIR, *Charming Sally.*

I.

THERE was a man, he had a stick,
And never went without it:
Upon one end there was a head,
With a little string about it:
And in this head there was a hole,
Thro' which might creep a spider:
'T was set in bone, that being hard,
The hole might wear no wider.

II.

The string he wore about his wrist,
For fear that it should slip, sir,
And that his fingers, of the stick,
Might hold the surer grip, sir,
Whenever he did walk abroad,
He held it in his hand, sir,
Whenever he was like to fall,
It helped him to stand, sir,

III.

On t'other end there was a ring,
Which seem'd to be of mettle,
In colour it was like unto
A copper cann or kettle.

And in the middle of this ring
 There was a nail abiding,
 Which kept the stick, as he did walk,
 From wearing and from sliding.

IV.

It was as strong as hazle wood,
 And faith it was no stronger:
 In length it was a large cloth yard,
 And not one hair's breadth longer.
 It was so stiff, it wouldn't bend
 With all his weight upon it:
 And if any man durst him offend,
 He'd—run away, as fast as he cou'd,
 And so I end my sonnet. G.

R I D D L E S.

Riddle I.

I Am, what once was all mankind;
 Tho' seldom seen, but by the blind;
 When all is darkness I appear;
 I'm oft discours'd of by the fair:
 Me, ladies, me the coxcombs know,
 'Tis an affront to tell them so:
 Divines and lawyers oft agree
 To quit their theme and talk of me,
 I can make contradictions true,
 That black is white, and four make two,
 This riddle, tho' 'tis strange enough,
 A blockhead will make something of;
 But wisemen long may think and doubt,
 And after all find nothing out. G.

Riddle II.

IN darkness still I love to work,
 And under dark disguises lurk;
 Because, when hid, I'm much desir'd,
 When known, no longer am admir'd.
 Nay, ev'ry thing that deals with me,
 Must under darkness cover'd be:
 For if too near w' approach the light,
 I lose, at once, my credit by't.

Yet known, no sooner one forsakes me,
 But straight in hand another takes me;
 A third, a fourth, finds equal pleasure
 In groping out my hidden treasure:
 Tho' like all gropers in the dark,
 Some hit, but many miss the mark.

I am so deep, and hard to find,
 That, tho' you seem acute in mind,
 I fancy, when you've try'd your skill,
 You'll think me but a riddle still.

M.

Riddle III.

WE are two sister twins, whose story,
 Ye beaux, and belles, we'll lay before ye.
 Till twelve or thirteen years of age,
 We scarce could any eye engage;
 Nor has this any wonder been,
 Since nothing but our heads were seen:
 But as in shape our bodies grew,
 Thousands our beauties strove to view:
 Yet tho' our beauties pleas'd the sight,
 Our use surpass'd our beauty quite.
 Our ready aid was always lent
 To th' helpless, weak, and innocent:
 To such we've often food convey'd,
 As scarce could live without our aid.

Yet those we are thus lib'ral to,
 Will slight us in a year or so:

No.

Nay, in old age we are despis'd,
As much as we in youth were priz'd.

T.

Riddle IV.

THERE's a saying or maxim, I cannot tell
which,
That the hand of the diligent maketh one rich;
Then he, that keeps me, has a chance to be so,
For I cannot be idle wherever I go:
I spare not a minute for rest or for play;
But ever am working by night and by day.
Come try me; you'll find me a diligent huffey,
And that I've two hands, which are constantly busy,
I lay out the time to the best of my pow'r,
Some work by the day, but I work by the hour.
The man that will take me for better for worse,
Shall never want money nor gold in his purse.

M.

Riddle V.

I No beginning have nor end,
My parents death compleats my shape;
To him who strikes me most, I'm most his friend;
For 'tis his loss if I escape.
I'm baffinado'd, till my sinews crack,
For tho', at ev'ry single blow,
I shun, I fly the invading foe,
Yet still a smart reflection brings me back.

T.

Riddle VI.

THO' I am made, yet all must own,
I'm made by being let alone;
My station's in the world, so small
I bear no character at all,
And

And therefore count it no disgrace,
 For trifling sums to quit my place:
 And yet to shew my itch for fame,
 I'd lose my being for a name.
 Sometimes my form quite disappears,
 For days, and months, nay oft for years.
 When figures, black'd, like Indians, come,
 T' exclude me from my native home.

I'm useful to the sev'ral tribes
 Of merchants, senators, and scribes:
 These can't their business do without me,
 And oft have many words about me.
 Yet still in this they all agree,
 To fix some lasting stain on me.
 Bear it I must, like guilty Cain;
 But never there appear again.

In short, my exit is almost.
 The same with that of *Hamlet's* ghost;
 When its pursuers, one by one,
 Cry out, 'tis here—'tis here—'tis gone.

Riddle VII.

THE chaplain on Sunday must use me in part,
 At church I'm half text, and at dinner half
 tart;
 I'm always in torment, yet always in heart.
 In T—d I begin, and I end in a F—t.

Riddle VIII.

MY empire's of a vast extent,
 Thro' all the isles and continent;
 I've shown my pow'r five thousand times,
 In northern and in southern climes:
 And yet within the torrid zone
 My name is scarce so much as known:
 For reasons that shall secret be,
 That place was still too hot for me.

I've some peculiar whims, 'tis true,
 To spoil old roads, and lay out new:
 To hinder ships to trade at sea,
 And on them strict embargoes lay:
 The stateliest palaces to scorn,
 And lowly cottages adorn,
 With all my gayest furniture,
 The brightest gems I can procure.

I have a powerful rival too,
 Who still undoes whate'er I do,
 Wastes my new roads, the old restores,
 Gives ships their pass to foreign shores;
 Melts down and breaks my furniture,
 His sight I therefore can't endure:
 Like *Pompey*, and like *Cæsar*, we
 Together cannot long agree:
 And tho' I shine, like *Pompey*, bright,
 Like *Cæsar*, he out-shines me quite,
 I can't withstand this mighty foe;
 But dull, and soft, and weakly grow;
 At his approach I melt in tears,
 My substance wastes, and disappears.

M.

Riddle IX.

OLD *Dendron* is dead! Well to speak without
 fiction. (tion!
 That creature's whole life was a strange contradic-
 tion!
 As the weather grew cold, he undrest by degrees,
 But stripp'd to his buff, when it happen'd to freeze;
 Would thus, like an idiot, or madman appear,
 Quite bare and expos'd thro' the dead of the year:
 But on the soft genial revival of spring,
 When birds with new heat were invited to sing;
 Each plant, that all winter lay seemingly dead,
 Began to peep out, and discover its head;
 Then he with dispatch would all matters dispose,
 For making and wearing a new suit of cloaths:
 Nay,

Nay, ev'n in summer, when lovers would run
 To the covert and shade from the heat of the sun;
 When cattle would startle to find out cool rills,
 Or taste a fresh breeze on the tops of the hills;
 When lab'ers, half naked were broiling with heat;
 Wrapt in his great-coat he'd be standing in state.

When urg'd to go forward, he'd seem to comply,
 All motion and hurry — just ready to fly;
 Yet all was but seeming; he ne'er stir'd a foot,
 Tho' often it cost him a wing of his coat.

What yet is more strange! Now the fellow is dead,
 He's put in no grave, he is laid in no bed;
 But still keeps his ground, and there stands all alone,
 Like *Lot's* wife in salt, or like *Niob* in stone:
 There naked he stands, and might quickly become
 An object of worship at *Naples* or *Rome*.

Riddle X.

WHERE most light is, I best appear;
 Yet, light is what I cannot bear;
 Where all is dark, my being ends;
 Yet darkness is my best of friends.
 As nice as nicest maids can be,
 Sol ne'er gets leave to shine on me;
 For, like an haughty *Indian* queen,
 I ne'er appear without my screen.
 You'll scarce find any plant or tree,
 That can be well compar'd with me;
 For when the sun is weak and low,
 'Tis then I thrive, and tallest grow;
 But when he mounts the summer skies,
 I dwindle down to shortest size:
 There's nought on earth so fitly can
 Describe me, as the life of man.

Riddle XI.

I Live in a depending state,
 Tho' little on the haughty great;

That's all

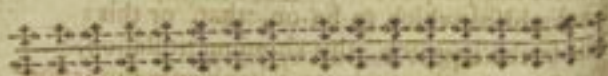
Thatcht cabbins are my great delight,
 I hang about them day and night;
 And yet the poor no mercy have,
 But treat me like a slipp'ry knave;
 Like some eve-dropping rogue they shun me,
 And shut their doors all night upon me:
 I bear this usage, while I may;
 But when I can no longer stay,
 I e'en drop off, and run away.

Riddle XII.

A Cheat I am, and such my nice disguise,
 That equally I bubble fools and wise;
 Yet when I disappear, with equal ease
 Both fool and wise man the delusion sees;
 No other when detected, can repeat
 His artful tricks—you fly the known deceit,
 Tho' I've abus'd you fifty times and more,
 And fifty times my fallshood you explore;
 When I return, I am again believ'd
 With as much ease, as if I ne'er deceiv'd.

To a Lady, who gave a Gentleman one of the foregoing Riddles to solve.

MISS H—, your looks will your riddle discover,
 So cold and so frozen upon your poor lover,
 I think one may guess, without needing much art,
 That either 'tis Ice, or your ladyship's heart.



ADVICE to young M A I D S .

BE merry, free, and kind;
 But always keep your distance;
 And if attempts you find,
 Be sure make stout resistance. M.

What makes a P L A Y E R, and a good P L A Y E R.

THREE wants make a player (for players com-
 mence
 From want of religion, discretion, and pence)
 But if he would shine, and grow famous in action
 Three qualities he must enjoy in perfection,
 Assurance, vivacity, vanity; — these
 Will make such a player, as will certainly please. T.

An E S S A Y on writing Æ N I G M A S.

WHEN petty scribblers sorely rack their
 brains,
 To write dull riddles, in far duller strains;
 Line upon line, like patch on patch they heap;
 Till they, like beggars cloaks, swell into shape,
 As wit declines, to the ænigmas rise,
 Like evening shadows to a monstrous size:
 Whilst the description, tedious, low, and poor,
 Creeps, just as cats do, underneath a door.
 Their doubtful words which various senses bear,
 Fitted alike to sev'ral subjects are. Reader

Readers the proper meaning loth to miss,
 Are doubtful which to fix on, that, or this:
 This scribb'ling itch, this rhyming titillation,
 With some new nonsense, yearly plagues the nation;
 Devoid of wit, and reason, nothing in't,
 But meer ambition to appear in print.

But witty bards, the fav'rites of the nine,
 In a few distiches wrap their whole design;
 A short description, yet compleatly full,
 Nor vainly light, nor whimsically dull.
 The mystic screen, the well disguised mask,
 Will rouse your thoughts, and urge you to the task;
 If you the poet's meaning chance to hit,
 You'll trace out all his noble flights of wit;
 You'll find your key, will then fit ev'ry ward,
 And make things easy, which at first seem'd hard.

Let all be silent then, but only those
 Who can with skill contrive, and wit compose;
 Heav'n send the happy time, when we may get
 An annual return of sprightly wit
 Whene'er our isle receives this wish'd supply,
 I'll gladly wipe my pen, and throw it by.

On two beautiful COQUETTES.

POETS may feign of beauty what they please,
 And vain delusions fancifully raise.
 Well simple folks of arrows tipped with gold,
 And joys excelling those the blest behold:
 Ten thousand Cupids find in *Cloe's* eyes,
 And, sure as death, whoever sees them dies:
 Or on fair *Celia's* whiter bosom swear
 The snow for grief dissolv'd into a tear.
 Sing rosy bow'rs, dark grottos purling streams,
 Sing gentle gales, and sighs, and darts, and flames;
 But honest *Hodge*, whose heart is at his tongue,
 Swears all are lies that ever poets sung,
 And says with justice poets should be damn'd,
 Whose works are with so many fallhoods cramm'd.

The fair thus drawn, all goddesses appear;
 But prove meer mortals, when examin'd near.
 Of *Chloe*, and of *Celia* this is true,
 Whose charms grow cheap, so much expos'd to
 view :

Chloe is like the painted butterfly,
 Of small esteem, tho' pleasing to the eye;
 And *Celia*, too, is like the gaudy flow'rs,
 Whose beauty lasts but some few fleeting hours.

Tell me, my muse, the real cause impart,
 Why so much beauty wins not ev'ry heart?

'Tis not a set of features can enthrall,
 A cheek, an eye, or the joint force of all.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the mind,
 Where modesty is not with beauty join'd.

'Tis like the fly, that's trail'd upon a brook,
 It strikes the eye, but modesty's the hook.

So *Chloe* and fair *Celia* want the pow'r
 To captivate, tho' conq'ring ev'ry hour.

If poets want a subject for their lays,
 On *Nancy* let them lavish all their praise;

Unnumber'd beauties from the theme arise,
 Unnumber'd, as the *Cupids* in her eyes.

'Tis she that teaches what it is to love;
 For who can see or hear and not approve

Her form celestial, and her voice divine?
 While in her looks ten thousand graces shine.

Angelick sweetness in her face appears,
 And modesty, which all the rest endears.

Here let them freely all their art display,
 And sing of *Nancy* all the live-long day.

For similes exhaust th' enamel'd green,
 And paint her sitting like an Indian queen,

Looking delight into the circling croud,
 And yet herself too busy to be proud;

And I shall henceforth credit all they say
 Of dreaming days, and sighing nights away.

To Mr. Sp—, On the Enjoyment of Life.

Aequam memento rebus in arduis

Servare mentem; non secus in bonis

Ab insolenti temperatam

Lætitiâ, &c.

HOR.

LET fortune vary as it will,
Or smile or frown, be easy still.

Suppose the best — that she shou'd grant,

Ev'n all you wish, and all you want:

Abstain from hurry, pomp, and noise;

Vain pride, and overbearing joys.

This flow of wealth, like summer's rain,

May soon be up, and down again.

Fortune's a vapour, which we know

Rises and mounts but very slow;

But when it gains the highest place,

Soon breaks, and tumbles down apace.

What tho' it flits a while in air,

And makes a grand appearance there:

You see no man of sense or wit,

Looks jealous on, or envies it.

What tho' it now obscures the sun,

'Twill soon in muddy channels run.

Suppose the worst; — in that extrem,

Yield not a whit, be still the same:

For what we reckon worldly ills,

Hurt only men of perverse wills:

But those, whose minds are truly great,

Are better'd by the frowns of fate.

Thus sitting vapours, forc'd to stop,

By some bleak mountain's rugged top,

Thro' clefts and crannies darkly glide,

Refining still, as they subside:

Even vent at last in chrystal spring,

And furnish drink that's fit for kings,

Keep then an even temper still,

Let fortune vary as it will.

Our lives are in a swift decay,
 And ebb intensibly away:
 Not all the wit and mirth of man
 Can lengthen out the destin'd span;
 Nor will the angry storms of fate,
 The strides of death accelerate:
 Whether we are with want oppress'd,
 Or in an happy affluence blest;
 Our lives are in a sitting state,
 Still ebbing at a constant rate.

Now, *Sp*—, while you have health and strength,
 Of life, I hope, sufficient length;
 Make use of plain and wholesome food,
 And best of wines to cheer your blood;
 With tender love perform your vows,
 In the embraces of your spouse:
 Taste all the pleasures that you can,
 Fit for a wife, and prudent man.
 While *Atropos*, with fatal knife,
 Forbears to cut the thread of life.

For oh! the time draws on apace,
 That must compreat your mortal race.
 Then all your gardens, houses, lands,
 May fall into some worthless hands;
 Then all your wealth preserv'd with care,
 May fall to some loose lavish heir:
 Dogs, horses, women, wine, and play,
 May quickly squander all away.

Whoever boasts of wealth or birth,
 His boasting serves to raise my mirth:
 Were he descended from a king,
 And had the world too in a string,
 Death, when commission'd, will have at him,
 Nor mind his wealth, or who begat him:
 And *Plato*, as the poets tell,
 Will shew him small respect in hell:
 When once he's there, he there must stay,
 He'll ne'er review the chearful day.

The PRIEST rabi'd of his GOD.

I.

AN avaritious griping priest
 Had gather'd store of gold;
 And having bought an iron chest,
 His idol pelf to hold;
 He long for an inscription sought,
 Might suit his mammon best;
 And on the lid at length he wrote
 These words: *HIC DEUS EST.*

II.

A crafty sexton heard the joke,
 And greedy of the prey,
 Came slyly in, and pick'd the lock,
 And stole the god away.
 Then, blotting out by artful trick,
 The words inscrib'd thereon;
 Wrote, *RESURREXIT, NON EST HIC,*
 Thy god is ris'n and gone.

Spoken to a young Lady on relieving a Forfeitt.

TWO glorious females this blest age hath seen,
 Each *ANNA STUART* call'd, and each a *Queen*;
 Only in this, they acted diff'rent parts,
 That mistress was of Kingdoms, this of *Hearts*;
 M.

To another on the same Occasion.

MADAM, that you're an * *Angel*, all here
 know it, (shew it;
 Your face, your air, your words, your actions,
 Had I as just pretence to be a poet,
 Not For her only, but the world should know it.
 M.

* The Lady's Name.

To the same, on getting her for a Partner.

IN pictures of th' Evangelists, we find
 An * *Angel* always is with *Matthew* join'd;
 Oh Heav'n! how blest wou'd I, his namesake be!
 Wer't thou, dear beauteous * *Angel* join'd with me.
 M.

W O M A N our greatest *F O E*.

THAT man was sent here on probation and
 tryal,

Right evident is, and admits no denial:
 But wherein the force of that trial consists,
 We're taught to find out by consulting the priests.
 Tho' maugre their sermons, discourses, and lectures
 They seem much mistaken in all their conjectures
 They talk of three powers that daily besiege us,
 The world, the flesh, and the devil— O hideous!
 Such monsters must give us continual alarms,
 And we must pay priests to protect us from harms,
 To head us, and teach us the use of our arms.

But woman's the foe we should keep at defiance,
 Since all three meet there in tripple alliance;
 She is the sole evil that Heaven e'er sent,
 Our lives to embitter, our minds to torment.

At first she came single, and we may suppose,
 One woman enough to bring myriads of woes:
 But quickly *Pandora* augmented our evils,
 With a chest full of women; all furies, or devils,
 Hope only excepted; of females the best,
 Who oft gives us patience to bear with the rest.

The first fall of man, which so often has been
 A subject for satyr, and raillery keen,
 Is told in a figure to make it look better,
 (As surely it does) than it would in the letter.
 To speak out my meaning, I really believe,
 That there was no devil, no serpent—but *Eve*.

For by mythological rules we may find,
 The devil her will, and the serpent—her mind.
 Till now, all her daughters continue to wrong us,
 Tho' we see no serpents, nor devils among us.

W.

A Scheme for making the Memory of OLIVER CROMWEL immortal; Occasion'd by the extream fondness that is found among several of our modern Gentry for the Memory of that glorious Man.

TO keep their memories awake,
 What memorandums papists make?

As pictures, *Agnus Dei's*, *Pixes*,
 Beads, images, and crucifixes;

With all 'his trumpery, 'tis odd

If ever they forget their God.

This method should be us'd by all,
 Who make a demi-god of **NOLL**.

They should have proper helps to save

His mem'ry from the silent grave;

And as a picture is the best,

We'll fix on this, and drop the rest.

A picture therefore must be got,

For deist, fanatick, and sot;

For independants and free thinkers,

Republicans, and mem'ry drinkers,

And that it may have due effect,

The painter thus we must direct.

First lay the scene—a field of blood—

And then in proper attitude,

Describe the hero, draw his face,

With all the outward signs of grace,

Let his right hand a sceptre hold,

One end of steel, the other gold:

His left hand grasping at a crown,

By his contrivance tumbled down.

" But what pedestal is allow'd ?
 " He must be rais'd above the croud",
 To raise him up let one foot tread
 Upon his martyr'd monarch's head ;
 And let the other fix its weight
 On ruins of the church and state.
 Instead of angels, who fly down,
 In pictures, with a laurel crown :
 Let two lean spectres hover there,
 Holding a circle in the air :
 A goodly wreath of hempen twine,
 The traitor's necklace anodyne.
 Then, near him, draw tyrannick sway,
 Driving fair liberty away.
 Shew justice baffled and despis'd,
 And property monopoliz'd ;
 And faction with a hydra's head,
 Beneath his kind protection bred.
 And then let his best friends appear,
 Hypocrisy with trucking leer ;
 Deliv'ring out his vizir masks,
 As int'rest or ambition asks.
 'Tis done—now we our hero see,
 We'll drink his pious memory.
 Think how he canted, ly'd, and pray'd,
 Fought the Lord's battles, and betray'd
 All ranks and orders in the nation,
 By his profound dissimulation.
 We'll strive to follow (if we can)
 Th' example of that glorious man,
 Set up by open force or stealth,
 A tyrant, and a common-wealth.
 Behind our backs all thoughts we'll fling,
 Of ruin'd church, and murder'd king.

*The discontented WIFE. A TALE.**Nunquam Satis.*

I Warn ye all, who hear my tale;
 Good nature must a while prevail:
 With curiosity and patience,
 Fit company for long narrations;
 Yet, that I may not tire you quite,
 As brief as e'er I can I'll write.

While *Marlbro's* duke was humbling *France*,
 A trooper met a sad mischance:
 A little *Paterraio* ball,
 Came underneath, and swept off all:
 But *Venus* snatch'd them as they fell,
 And then in nectar bath'd them well:
 Among the stars she gave them place,
 And order'd all the female race
 To worship, with a due regard,
 Her constellation call'd the * *Yard*.
 The women gave th' assenting nod,
 And still revere the demi-god;
 The only one they all adore,
 The one they all fall down before.

Now sing, my muse, the trooper's fate,
 Whom chance did thus emasculate.

Soon thro' the camp a rumour ran,
 That such a trooper was no man;
 And then, wherever he appear'd,
 He was severely gib'd and jeer'd:
 Became the butt of ev'ry wagg;
 Some call'd him eunuch, some bull-sagg;
 With appellations more sublime,
 And so unfit for humble rhyme.

The trooper cou'dn't bear their drolling
 (For rhyme-sake let us call him *Colin*)
 He could not bear their merriment,
 And therefore to his colonel went,

A 2 2 2

Upon

* The Scotch call it the King's Elwin.

Upon his suff'rings much enlarg'd,
 And humbly begg'd to be discharg'd:
 The colonel gave a free consent,
 Discharg'd he was, and off he went.

And now, my muse, with *Colin* sail,
 And waft him with a gentle gale:
 My hero safe to *England* bring,
 And all the odd adventures sing;
 Which happen'd to him on the road,
 As he made towards his abode.

One ev'ning, trav'ling late alone,
 A mighty storm came rattling on;
 Thro' the expanse the light'ning flies,
 And thunder rumbles in the skies.
 Th' impending rain begins to drop,
 Which made the cautious *Colin* stop:
 Who wheeling——made a safe retreat,
 Snug in a captain's country seat,
 Where he was welcom'd and carest,
 And set to sup among the best:
 For *Colin* had a share of sense,
 Vivacity, and eloquence;
 Was neatly made from head to foot,
 And was a traveller to boot:
 And in a country-place all such
 Are very grateful to the rich.

The supper o'er, and cloth away;
 The chearful bottle came in play:
 The captain, like a gen'rous host,
 Fill'd ev'ry glass, and gave the toast.
 Two glasses wife and daughter took,
 They only drank the queen and duke,
 Mov'd to the fire,——and left the men
 To sit and swallow nine or ten:
 What, nine or ten? ay rather thirty;
 For they'd do nothing that was dirty.

Colin, as chearful as a lord,
 Began to entertain the board,

With

With stories and affairs abroad,
 How *French* by *English* men were claw'd;
 He told, and they with pleasure hear,
 How he engag'd a musqueteer;
 And how a whizzing pistol bullet
 Graz'd cross his throat, and miss'd his gullet;
 How he preserv'd his head from harm,
 And kept a guard to save his arm:
 How, reaching out his hand too far,
 He got a wound, and shew'd the scar:
 How, after sev'ral scapes, and cuts,
 He ran the *Frenchman* thro' the guts,
 Miss *Philly* at a distance sat,
 With ear attentive to his chat:
 The story made her colour change;
 For oh! 'twas strange—'twas wond'rous strange;
 His danger all her pity mov'd,
 She pity'd first, and then she lov'd.
 'Twas thus the Moor *Othello* won
 The tender heart of *Desdemona*.
 At last drink, chat, and all gave place,
 To *Morpheus* with his leaden mace;
 He reign'd twelve hours, and then gave way
 To rising, dressing, chat, and tea;
 Thus all things keep a circulation,
 As wise men find by observation.
 And now the youth resolv'd to go,
 But *Phillis* would not lose him so;
 She lov'd her *Colin* in her heart,
 And found it would be death to part.
 My merry muse but little cares,
 To sing of love, and love affairs;
 And therefore, under favour slints
 Her song to necessary hints:
 How *Phill*, her lover, would not want,
 And how mamma was confident:
 How mamma to the captain went,
 To gain the captain's free consent,

To make his daughter *Phill*, a wife,
 If he would save his daughter's life;
 And how at last the captain yields,
 And takes out *Colin* to the fields;
 There tells him all—how *Colin*, shy,
 With some reluctance did comply;
 And how at last the couple wed,
 Eat, drank, and danc'd, and went to bed.
 ' In bed we left the marry'd pair,
 ' 'Tis time to shew how things went there'.
 As some fine ship is tost at sea,
 Her helm and rudder torn away;
 Who sees her port yet cannot enter,
 While such important wants prevent her:
 Just such was *Colin's* case, some say,
 While *Phyllis* fretting—long'd for—day.

Two days the bride in woful plight
 Laments the mis'ries of the night;
 The tender mother soon perceives,
 That *Phill* for some misfortune grieves;
 Begg and insists to know the cause, —
 If *Colin* slighted nature's laws:
 She answer'd only with her sighs,
 Her heavy heart, and streaming eyes.
 The mother understood, and said—
 " When all the people are in bed,
 And he asleep, some signal make;
 The wainscot tap, or curtain shake;
 I'll bring a light, perhaps we'll find
 The cause that makes him so unkind".

E'er long, the unexperienc'd dame,
 The signal gave—the matron came;
 And then with silence most profound,
 They folded back the sheets—and found
 (Instead of flush of three—a bill)
 A plaster and a piece of silk.
 You'll guess with ease what follow'd next,
 Without my sticking to the text; —

It is enough to let you know,
 That *Colin* got a bribe to go;
 The captain offer'd him a purse
 Of fifty guineas, and a horse;
 Which *Colin* did not disapprove,
 But thank'd the captain for his love.

Then to the stable they repair,
 To make a choice, for choice was there;
 Of horses plump, and finely dress'd,
 And *Colin* was to have the best.

This captain was, like many more,
 Commander of an idle core,
 Yclep'd militia, which you know,
 Do sometimes make a pretty show;
 He kept a charger, that he might
 Ride out before them, not to fight:
 This was a stone-horse, large and broad;

As ever errant knight bestrode;
 Such was the * charger *Philip's* son,
 Rode conquering on, and empires won.
 Another stone-horse stood hard by,
 But small—scarce fifteen hands high:
 These, and some geldings, *Colin* views,
 Not worth the notice of the muse.

"Come, *Colin*, take your choice of all".
 This stone-horse, captain, tho' he's small,
 You know the other doth excel,
 But you can't want your charger well:
 I thank you, sir, the captain says,
 Here, take your gold, and go your ways.

As *Colin* rode along the way,
 He met an hermit old and grey;
 With palsies shook, and coughs oppress'd,
 He lean'd his staff against his breast,
 One hand took off his hat—and one
 Held the old wigg, and night-cap on.

Then

Then mumbled, tot'ring on his staff,
 " God bleſs you, ſir, and ſend you ſafe"—
 As *Colin* knew what he'd be at,
 He flung a ſhilling in his hat.

The hermit bleſs'd him thrice, and ſaid,
 This ſhilling may be well repaid :
 Whate'er you want, whate'er you crave,
 Wiſh for it, and the thing you'll have."

Father, ſays *Colin*, you muſt know,
 Some things I loſt, not long ago,
 And cannot be like other men,
 Till I can get ſuch things agen;
 Now, if my wiſh can be of force,
 May I be furniſh'd like my horſe.—
 You ſhall, my ſon, the ſaint replies,
 Believe your hands, believe your eyes—

Colin at this began to ſtare,
 He felt below, and found them there ;
 He lik'd them well, then back he flew,
 To try if *Phillis* would like them too.
 He quickly reach'd her father's gate,
 But there the porter let him wait.

Phillis ſoon knew of his return,
 Which fill'd her heart with ſpight and ſcorn,
 She liſts the faſh—and eke her tongue,
 The court and yard in conſort rung ;
 Begone thou *Thing* of impudence,
 Begone, or dogs ſhall drive thee hence.—

Dear *Phillis*, be not quite ſo hot,
 I have ſome mighty ſecrets got ;
 I know you love a ſecret dearly,
 And I have ſome will touch you nearly ;
 If they don't give you ſweet content,
 Then drive me into baniſhment.
 This wrought upon her female mind,
 She deign'd a moment to be kind ;
Colin got in, and play'd his part,
 And pleas'd his *Phillis* to the heart :

But what it was that tickled *Phyllis*,
The muse must keep a secret still.

But curious *Phyllis* wants to know,
How *Colin* came accounted so.

He ran the whole adventure o'er,
As you have heard it told before.

Again she swells with discontent:
Again she gives her sorrows vent:

O *Colin*, you deserve my curle!
What made you choose the little horse?

Pox on't, if you had rode the charger,
The blessing would have been much larger;

It is enough to make me mad,
To think on what you might have had.



SCOTCH POEMS.

To the CRITICKS.

*Dear criticks, I address to you;
No' to the false, but to the true.*

WHY do the POETS, ane and a'

Sae fiercely on the criticks sae;
Misea' them sae, that nane can pass,

Without his share of goose and als:

Or send them a' to join the bikes

Of wasps, or herd wi' snarling tikes:

What is the reason, can ye tell?

But whisht—I'll fin' it out my sell;

Some think themsel's ayont your reach;

And sae will neither feat nor fleetch;

But use you like a tike that strives

To flap a horse, wha furious drives:

The dog gets many a dirty splash;
Or frae the horse's heels a lash.

Some fear the warst, and sae wou'd fain,
By striking first, the battle gain:
Or like the mob, the hangman claw,
Wha'd for a trifle hang them a'.
Ow'r mickle, like ow'r little dread,
Gi's courage in the time of need.
Yet young beginners, sic as me,
Shou'd court, and fleetch you to be free;
To pass your judgment on our lays,
To censure, or to give us praise;
For ye're the trumpeters o' fame,
That can blaw up, and down, a name:
Upon your breath, it mounts right clever,
Or wi' a puff, sinks down for ever.
Maist poets join in this mistake,
Nae special difference to make
(As weel they might) 'tween criticks true,
And a pretending senseless crew.
This should be fix'd—fause criticks else,
Will never come to ken themsels:
Then let me tell thae worthless men,
The truths which ye already ken.

A critick, wi' a genius bright,
Can, like his patron, god of light,
Gi' ilka thing its proper view;
Shaw what is saw'ty, ald, or new,
Can make a phrase luick beautiful,
Which to the clouded mind seem'd dull:
Sic light he gi's, the bard may choose
The bonniest prospect for his muse:
Sic light he gi's—the donsy dark
Tines self-conceit, and quats the wark.

But a fause critick's like the deel,
Slips, fau'ts, and failings, please them weel;
Of sic he is sae wond'rous fain,
He strives to make them whare there's nane.

True

True poets thrive against his will;
For he would damn baith good and ill.

The GARTAN COURTSHIP.

A Pastoral Night-piece.

SAE, bonny Jenny, are ye there?
The lass that's winsome, plump, and fair,
Eyc, woman, quat that purring wheel,
And gi' the wench her pirl to reel;
Ye've deen, or else the sorrow's in't,
Ye've cust ye're hank, and that's the stint;
Come furth, and stretch your limbs a while,
Come furth, and bless me wi' a smile,
I fain wad speak a word or twa,
Come furth and dinna say me na.

The night is pleasant, lown, and clear,
Ye'll see the muntains far and near;
Ald *Doorwisk* wi' his lowtin back,
And *Mukkish* like a lang peet stack;
Proud *Argill* wi' his tow'ring height,
Sets off the beauty of the night;
White-wash'd shortline, yon glebe house wa
By meen-light shines like driven sna'.
A' things luick charming to the view,
But nought sae charming luicks as you.

The meen along the welkin scuds,
And cuts her way thro' justling cluds;
Ye'd think that a' the starns abeen,
Were gath'ring round their passing queen;
And pleas'd to see her shine sae braw,
Forming her train baith great and ima',
A showman on a market day,

Thro' gaping crouds thus clears his way,
And marches proudly up the street,
Wi' a' the weans at his feet.
Come out, my dear, and luick about ye,
There's naithing pleasant here without ye.

B b b a

I doubt

I doubt ye darna for ye'r mither,
 Wha ne'er wad let us meet the gither;
 But yonder she's tane up, you see,
 In deep discourse wi' *Katrin Lee* :
 The twa ald wives ayont the fire,
 Are settled to their hearts desire ;
 To light, to smoak, to shagh about,
 And clatter till their pipe be out ;
 Twa paddling duicks in April rain,
 Seem not of ither half sae fain :
 And now's your time, I'll take my aith,
 Steal out, my dear, and slip them baith,
 Steal out, and let peer *Robin* kiss ye ;
 I'll se warrant them, they winna miss ye.

I think ye hae nae mind to stir !
 (Howt, will ye boast that filty curr)
 Weel fit till cockcrow gin ye like,
 (Shamefa' the yelping o' that tike)
 Haith, ye'll repent ye, when I'm gane,
 And wish ye had my counsel tane ;
 But now ye've gart me turn my heel,
 I'll no come back—sae—fare ye weel.

[SY S I P H U S : *Or human Vanity.*

I Pity the aspiring cheel,
 Wha wad to wealth, and grandeur speel ;
 Wha uses a' his art, and skill
 To row his meentith up the hill :
 For when he gains the highest ground,
 Nae resting-place will there be found ;
 He will (as ither's oft hae priev'd)
 Of a' his rowth be quickly reev'd :
 For death, or fate, it maksna whither,
 Ne'er lets them bide o'erlang the gither ;
 But as the righteous Judge thinks fit,
 Takes it frae him, or him frae it.

And

And when enjoyment's past and gane,
 Remembrance gi's him unco pain.
 The mair he priz'd his former state,
 The mair he grieves when driv'n frae't,
 What dolours fill the weary wight,
 When tumbled frae his artfu' hight?
 Nor yet will his example fear
 Another, or his moilings mar :]
 He scrambles up the self same track,
 Sae wins the top, sic tumbles back.
 Thus *Sisyphus* wi' mony a grane,
 Up the steep bevil heeves his stane :
 The summit gain'd, 'twill no stand still,
 But headlang trumbles down the hill :
 Again he upwards warks the stane,
 And it comes trumpling down again.
 Did some of the celestial pow'rs
 Luick down on this doyl'd wark o' ours
 They'd form their judgments o' us thus :
 That a' mankind's ae *Sisyphus*.

W.

The PIG, or the power of Prejudice, A TALE.

A Muntabank anes strol'd about,
 Seeking fast headed gilpies out,
 To cure them of stupidity,
 And confidensæ in sic as he.
 Wi' him a merry-andrew ga'd,
 Weel practis'd in the drolling trade ;
 Wha wi' his tricks, his gibes, and joaking,
 Brought, by the lugs, the kinty folk in,
 Poor barren joaks, and e'en thread bare,
 And common as a barber's chair ;
 Sic as * th' astrologer of *Derry*,
 Puts in sad verse, to make us merry,
 Where line and line as vilely kipple,
 As when a fool riss wi' a cripple.

Weel

* See Poor Robin's Almanack 1746, Londonderry Printed, &c.

Weel drest, and braw the doctor stood,
 Collecting shillings frae the croud;
 And in return he gi' them back
 Paper, and druggs no worth a plack;
 While merry-andrew bald, and sleet,
 Contented them wi' mirth, and glee.

Anes on a day the stage he munts,
 Sinc, like a pig, squeeks, squeels, and grunts;
 And did it wi' sae mickle skill,
 That ev'ry body leugh their fill:
 And in the midst of their gaffaws,
 They clapt their hands, and gi' applausc:
 "Wow but he does it wond'rous weel,
 "Nae pig on earth could better squeel".

While thus they clapt, and leugh ding dang:
 Ald-farrand *Hab* increast the thrang:
 But I maun drap my tale a wee,
 Ae necessary hint to gi'.

Hab ne'er was relish'd by the lave,
 For when he saw them misbehave,
 He wad reprove them, and essay
 To put them in a better way:
 This vext them fair, —his better sense
 Disgusted them, and gi' offence.
 The being oughtlins obligated
 To any ane—was what they hated:
 And therefore did the man envy,
 Wha pat them under sic a tye.

Thus half drown'd wretches aften hate
 The friendly hand that sav'd them frae't.
 Thus *Hab's* endeavours a' did fail:
 And thus I reassume my tale.

Quo' he, does any ferly kythe,
 Dear nighbours, that ye're a' sae blythe?
 When they reply'd; —what need ye speer,
 Yonder's the cheel that gars us sneer;
 He imitates a pig sae weel,
 In ilka gruntle, squeek and squeel,

That when you hear him, ye will swear,
It is a pig itself ye hear.—

And what's far mair, for there's the joak,
You'll think the pig's aneath his cloak.

In trowth, quo' *Hab*, then I may say,
Ye're just e'en kittled wi' a strae;

Which to my mind the proverb brings,
That fools are fain o' feckless things;

How can sic toys your fancy strike,
When any ane can do the like?

That is na you, they a' reply'd.
Easy, quo' *Hab*, let that be try'd:

Come here the morn, and ye shall hae
Convincing proofs of what I say.

The morning came, the company
Met a', the rival-droll to see:

He munts the stage, and 'neath his cloak,
He brought a pig stow'd in a poke.

Then wi' a nip, or scart, or dunt,
He gart it squeek, or squeel, or grunt;

But did na please—they a' cry'd out;
That like a pig! — ye canna do't.

Nae pig on earth wad that gate squeel!
A creaking cart wad do as weel:

Ye fool, you sot, your labour hain;
Let merry-andrew till't again'.

And now, quo' *Hab*, to let you see,
How fause your bias'd judgments gee:

It is a pig it fell I've got;
How wha's the fool, and wha's the sot.

But neighbours, if ye wad be wise,
In judging true, take my advice;

Gang off self-will, and prejudice.

CROCHAN HILL. A Scotch SANG.

AIR, *Hetrick Banks.*

1.

THE blythest lass, that e'er was seen,
Came up frae *Burt* to *Crochan hill* Wi'

Wi' fuggared lips and glancing een,
 Wi' heav'nly smiles and wit at will;
 Her aspect like the dawn was clear,
 When morning gilds the list serene;
 Cou'd any faul of sense forbear
 To own her charms, or hug the chain?

II.

When on the banks of *Finn* we stray'd,
 My fighting heart did pant and glow;
 The mony pleasing things she said
 Fann'd up the flame, and gart it low,
 She smiling heard me speak my mind
 Wi' broken sighs, and ill redd phrase;
 Delighted I mysell resign'd
 To rapt'rous joys, and endless ease.

III.

But soon the las' resolv'd to gae;
 Then was my heart oppress'd wi' fears!
 Down on the grassie bank I lay,
 And swell'd the river wi' my tears!
Finn's curling streams did beat the brim,
 And whimple forth a mournfu' sang!
 It's sleeky floods mair slaw did swim,
 As if they griev'd to let her gang.

IV.

There never was in *Crochan hill*
 A maiden blest wi' brighter charms;
 Never did *Finn* or *Burndale*
 Infald a fairer 'tween their arms.
 But as the rising sun shines forth,
 Then slips ahint a cloudy shade,
 Sae she appear'd, to shaw her worth,
 Blink'd out a while, and aff she gae'd.

An additional Verse to the Widow my Laddie.

YOUNG lasses, like fillies, will wantonly skip,
 And lead ye a dance, e'er they stand to the
 ripp; But

But free frae that trouble ye'll easily grip
 The hamely young widow, my laddie.
 She kens a' the sweets o't, and like to the cat,
 That has tasted the kirn, she langts to be at
 That rowth o' sweet pleasures, she formerly gat,
 E're she was a widow my laddie. T.

The GOUT and the FLEA. A FABLE.

WHEN luxury and idleness
 Did a' the richer world possess;
 When careless nastiness, and dirt,
 Was rise among the poorer sort:
 Jove saw, and coast about betimes
 For punishments for siccan crimes:
 For he, foreby his thunderbouts,
 Has rowth o' plagues, as fleas—and gouts—
 Thae same may do, quo' Jove, saith I
 Will send a sample out to try.

Forth came the flea, and eke the gout
 While Jove his orders thus gave out:
 Near hand a marble-biggung stands,
 There lives a man wi' stocks and lands;
 And cross the lone a cotter dwells,
 In thir twa houses fix your sells;
 Ik ane his house—there ye maun hide,
 But whilk in whilk, let fate decide.

They did their honours to the god,
 And down *Olympus* took their road;
 And trav'ling on, at length they saw
 The houses that maun ha'd the twa.

The flea a greedy saul confels'd,
 By hopping off to wale the best:
 While the poor limping gout was forc't,
 To hobble hooly to the warit.

The flea hopp'd off, as we have said,
 And wan into the rich man's bed;

Himself was there; when on his breast,
 The weary trav'ler thought to feast:
 It bit him fair, — the man half mad,
 Roar'd out wi' a' the strength he had,
 Fy, bring a light — I'm out o' breath,
 There's something biting me to death.
 They brought the light — the flea they saw,
 But nimble hoppy scap'd them a'.

Again it ventures on his hips,
 Bites fair, and then the claret sips:
 The man, tho' dozing, felt the pain,
 Calls for the light — they hunt again,
 While wi' difficulty the flea,
 Darn'd in a lirk, in safety lay.

But the neist morn, the servants run,
 And hang the bedelaiths in the sun;
 When hoppy like a man dismay'd,
 Gi'd twa 'r three lowps, and off he gaid.

There's many a man in hoppy's case,
 Who, struggling, gain some pompous place.
 For naithing sorts wi' us, we see,
 But what the gods themselves decree.

The flea wi' danger thus turn'd out;
 Let's see what happen'd to the gout.
 We left it in the little croove,
 Where it had hardly room to move;
 Sae thick the cogues and creepies lay,
 And in the nook a wad o' strae:
 There the poor man was streck'd at length,
 Wi' ease recruiting wasted strength.
 In till the man, poor limpy crawls,
 And seiz'd upon his hinder spauls;
 The man unus'd to see a guest,
 Could neither sleep, nor lie, nor rest.
 Bless me, quo' he, what's this I feel?
 This maun be witchcraft, or the deel:
 That stounds me sae — then wi' a rair,
 (The gout afflicted him sae fair)

He madly plung'd into a pool,
 The heat and tingling pain to cool:
 But what wi' water, rubs, and blows:
 The weary gout got sima' repose;
 And then neist morn, without remead,
 He maun gae dig for daily bread;
 Poor limpy cou'd na brook the spade,
 He dropp'd his leg, and off he gaid.
 As ow'r the lone he bent his way,
 He there foregather'd wi' the flea.
 Then to ilk other they complain;
 What does great *Jove* and mortals mean?
 Why did great *Jove* our beings give,
 When mortals winna let us live?
 Here we maun bide—come let us try
 A change of quarters e'er we die.
 The gout gaid to the rich man's house,
 Where he liv'd happily and dowsie:
 There he gat ease, and flannels warm,
 To keep him soft and free frae harm:
 There he got morsels nice and fine,
 And thrave fou fast, on drams, and wine.
 Off to the cottage gaid the flea,
 And nessed down in dirt and strae;
 Attack'd the man, and bit him weel,
 Sometimes he slept, and didna feel:
 And when he did, he cou'dna grip it,
 Sae nimbly thro' the strae it skipit.
 Cofy it liv'd, and e'er the week,
 'Twas, like a coach horse, fat and sleek.
 Ae funday ev'ning, after mals,
 The gout, and flea, like lad and lass,
 Gaid to the place of rendezvous,
 "How are you man? And how are you?"
 Trowth I'm as happy as a lord:
 And I'm right happy tak my word."
 Weel, quo' the gout, sin' baith are sac,
 Let us e'en keep the beिल्ds we hac;

Live happy in your humble state,
I'll bide among the pamper'd Great.

TIT for TAT; or the Rater rated.
*A new Song, in Way of Dialogue, between
Laggen Farmer and his Wife.*

I.

HE. YE'RE welcome hame, my Marg'y,
Frae the grim craving clergy;
How deeply did they charge ye,
Wi' sair oppressive tythe?
While some are chous'd, and cheated;
Some rattled are, and rated;
Ye hae been better treated,
I trow, ye luick sae blythe.

II.

SHE. I hae been wi' the rector;
His wife did scould and hector;
Instead o' a guid lecture—
Quo' she, ' Ye go too fine,
' With scarlet cloaks and bedgowns,
' With velvet puggs and plaid-gowns,
' With ruffled sleeves and headrounds,
' More rich and gay than mine.'

III.

" Forbear, proud madam Persian,
" Take back ye'r ain aspersion,
" Wi' tea, ye'r chief diversion,
" Ye waste ye'r time awa:
" While dressing ye're and pinning,
" I'll spin, and bleach my linnen,
" And wear my ain hands winning,
" Ye rector's lazy daw.

IV.

" I rise e'er the cocks crow day;
" My hands I spare not a' day,
" And wi' my farmer laddie
" At night I take my ease:

" My

" My husband plows and harrows,
 " He sows and reaps the farrows,
 " Shame fa' them wad change marrows,
 " For rector's gown and chaise.

V.

" Sure some kind deel has brought us
 " Yon = yellow chiel, that taught us
 " To cleck the tythe potatoes
 " Frae ilk a greedy gown!
 " Nae bishop, dean, or rector,
 " Nae vicar, curate, proctor,
 " Dare ettle now to ^b doctor
 " Our skeedyines under ground.

VI.

HE. Dear *Madgie*, e'en fairfaw ye!

I'm blest that e'er I saw ye!

A braid-claith coat I aw ye,

Fac'd wi' a velvet cape:

May milk and meal ne'er fail ye,

May los of yews ne'er ail ye,

But geer grow on ye daily,

For birking madam *Crape*.

^a A certain meddling lawyer, profess'd enemy to the clergy, who went by the name of Yellow-Rowan.

^b A common expression for managing things as they please; alluding to the practice of physicians.

A Pastoral ELEGY on the Death of JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D. late D. S. P. D.

* **P**ATRICK, a shepherd, wond'rous wife, and good,

Ae morn was musing in a pensive mood:
 Tenting his flock as here and there they stray'd,
 And nipt the tender grass, or frisking play'd.

Oh

* The Rev. P—— D—— D. D. and D. Down.

Oh happy flock! he cries, nae griefs ye feel,
 For lambs wha fell beneath the murd'ring steel;
 Gin ye get lizzar rowth, ye heed nae mair,
 If void of reason, ye're as void of care:
 While my reflections gi' me unco pain.
 Here his heart fill'd—he sigh'd—and mus'd again.

Near hand there 'lives a farmer rich and bein',
 A fae to cares, a stranger to the spleen;
 Browden o' right, averse to a' that's wrang,
 Can chearfu' tell his tale, or lilt a sang;
 In landart matters is exceeding wise,
 And gi's our ablest farmers sound advice.

* Laird *Johnny* heght, he, daund'ring came thro'
 gate,

Whare by good chance, he fan lamenting *Pate*.
 Bless me, quo' he, what cause can I assign,
 That gars the blythe sweet singing *Patrick* pine.
 Be chearfu', man, let nought afflict you fae,
 Dight off your tears, and be nae langer wae.

PATRICK.

Ah, sir! I'm lost in grief, I'm left alane,
 My better half, my SWIFT is dead and gane.
 Whom hae I now to fill my heart wi' glee
 Or sing a pleasant roundelay to me!

JOHNNY,

SWIFT dead! ———

PATRICK.

———Ow'r true. ——

JOHNNY.

———E'en gi' your sorrow vent,
 Nae wonder you, and thousands may lament.
 He was the blythest sheperd e'er was seen;
 The king o' mirth, the wonder o' the green.
 Just heav'n, your friendly warnings ay are right;
 I fear'd some ill, by what I dream'd last night.
 Methought the hawthorn hedge that shades the plain,
 And shields my hirsle frae the blatt'ring rain,

Was a' cut down by some ill-deedy hand;
 And no ae single bufs got leave to stand.
 I kend some losf wad kythe, that I would rue:
 But O dear SWIFT, I didna ken 'twas you.

PATRICK.

My blessings on you—ye have eas'd my heart,
 When sympathizing thus ye bear a part!
 Streams when contracted rin wi' unco speed,
 But tine their force, when far and near they spread;
 And sure this grief will spread thro' all our dales,
 As current as his bonny sangs and tales.
 Let farmers grieve, and tears frae shepherds fa',
 For you, dear SWIFT, ye weel deserv'd them a'.

JOHNNY.

O *Patrick*, we have cause to rue the day,
 That took our guardian *Jonathan* away.
 Ye canna tent your flock wi' greater skill,
 Than he watch'd ow'r us, guarding us frae ill.
 When *Willy Wood*, bafe loon, did a' he dow'd,
 To gi' us trash, and carry off our gowd.
 (As elves, they say, the thriving bairny nick,
 And lee' a crowl in lieu, or rotten stick)
 When many great anes, slifly by him stood,
 Consulting his, mair than their kintry's good.
 Their great authority our gabs did steek;
 We saw the danger, but we durst na speek.
 SWIFT was na sae, he, dauntless sae'd them a',
 And shaw'd their project was against the law.
 We thought him wrang at first, and bad him leen;
 But soon his reasons apen'd a' our een:
 We join'd him then, the dev'lish scheme we stapt,
 They saw we wou'd na bear't, and sae it drapt.
 Our swains may now sink drumly in dispair,
 For now their guardian shepherd is na mair.

PATRICK.

Ae day my bairn and I lean'd ow'r this rock,
 And saw a mickle mastiff scar the flock:

He

He drave my fav'rite toop wi' a' his speed;
 I rax'd a stane, and shor'd to fell him dead.
 O Father! cry'd the wean, it is, you see,
 The landlord's dog, and ye maun let him be;
 I did na heed the brat, the stane I flang,
 And gi'd the barb'rous tyke a deadly bang:
 Yelping he fell——sic sheep, sic bairns were we,
 When SWIFT, frae danger, fairly set us free:
 But now he's gane, how dreary looks the glen,
 Sin' it has tin'd the very wale o' men.

JOHNNY.

Then o' our manners he took unco care,
 And those that misbehav'd he did na spare.
 Wi' pleasant merriment he made us wise,
 Play'd wi' our fau'ts, and leugh us out o' vice.
 And when our farmers sons gaid ou'r the seas,
 And brought hame wonders, but thae wonders lies;
 He made some * bonny tales, that gib'd them sair,
 And tauk'd o' wonders far ayont their sphere.

PATRICK.

And then ye ken the bonny † scheme he plann'd,
 To gar religion spread thro' a' our land.
 ‡ *Berkelia* got it, and our † lady saw't,
 And yet it fail'd——he was na in the fau't!
 He minted weel——but oh, how can I tell,
 The many favours which he shaw'd my sell:
 When first I drave my flocks out ow'r the lee,
 And was a shepherd o' nae mean degree;
 I made some sangs that chanc'd to please the best,
 And brought in halds o' envy frae the rest.
 Some ither herds wi' wandoughts at their beck,
 Miscaw'd me sair, wi' many a flout and geck:
 I just was sinking when he took my part,
 And soon his gen'rous friendship rais'd my heart,
 I e'en sang on——while wi' a ward or twa,
 That cut like razors, he disperst them a'.

O 70

* Gulliver's Travels. † A Project for the Advancement of Religion. ‡ The Countess of Berkly. † Queen Ann.

O *Jonathan*, when thou wer't by my side,
I leugh at envy, and its force defy'd:
Nor need I even now for envy care,
I'll quat my whistle, and I'll sing na mair.

J O H N N Y.

Dear *Patrick*, drap that thought, for ye maun be
A *Jonathan* to us, * his place supply.
Ye ha'e already an extensive gift,
And heav'n will double what it gi' to SWIFT.
Be ye *Elisha*, in *Elijah's* stead,
And still we'll say, our guardian is na dead.

P A T R I C K.

I doubt, dear *Johnny*, that I want the skill:
Ae thing I dinna want, and that's good will.
But how can I attempt the blythesome strain,
While thus I grieve! — O *Jonathan* ye're gane!

J O H N N Y.

Nane better than your fell can counsel gi',
If grief, and kind affection let you be.
Let reason take its place, ye manna grieve;
He was a man, and couldna a'ways live.
And yet he lives! he lives in ilka rale,
And sang he made, his works will never fail.
And then religion solid comfort brings,
And sure ye're brawly vers'd in haly t'ings.
Let a' your confidence on heav'n be lean'd;
For they who trust in heav'n ne'er want a friend.

P A T R I C K.

May ye ne'er want a rowth o' calm content,
Wha has sae kindly gi'en my sorrows vent,
And heal'd my mind, when it was sair oppress,
With the big sorrow, labouring in my breast.

D d d

Thus

Delany,

Whom I, for your sake, lov'd better than any
And of my meer motion and special good grace,
Intended in time to succeed in your place.

APOLLO to the DEAN.

Thus when our mickle blood hefts up our veins,
 It gi'es us fev'rish heats and thrilling pains:
 But when the kind physician comes, like you,
 He tooms the veins, and does our health renew.
 Wow but I'm eas'd.—This day I sheer my sheep,
 And now the sun's weel up the heav'nly iteep:
 I'll drive them hame, and ye maun gang wi' me;
 I hæe a browst o' ale for ye to prie
 We'll get sic cheer as *Jinet* can afford,
 And trowth ye're e'en as welcome as a Lord.

F I N I S.



Thus when our mickle blood heats up our veins,
It gives us for a while heart and thumping pains;
But when the kind physician comes like you,
He cools the veins, and does our death prevent.
You but I'm glad—The day I hear my sheep
And now the lord's word up on the hills
I'll drive them home, and pasture them
I have a piece of the hill yet to do
We'll give the sheep as you've done them,
And count you're to us welcome as a Lamb

2 1 1 1 2



