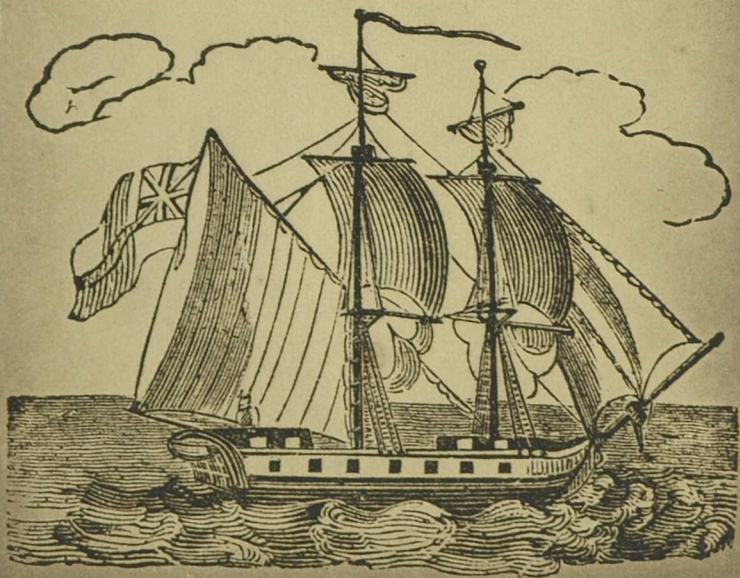


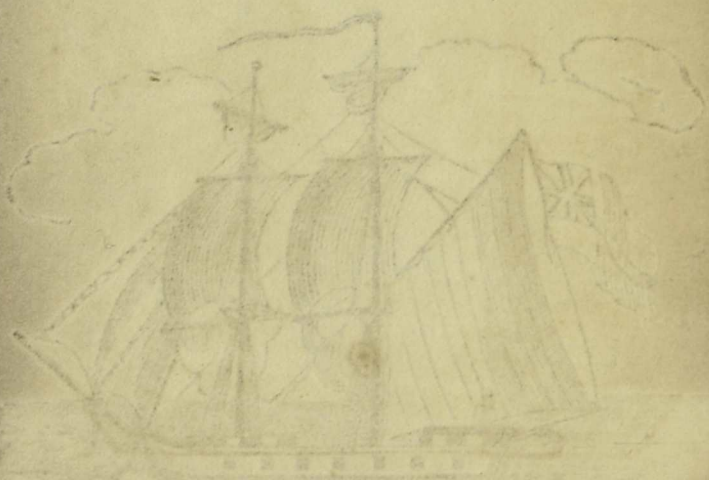
THE
TRIFLER;
OR,
PRETTY PLAYTHING.

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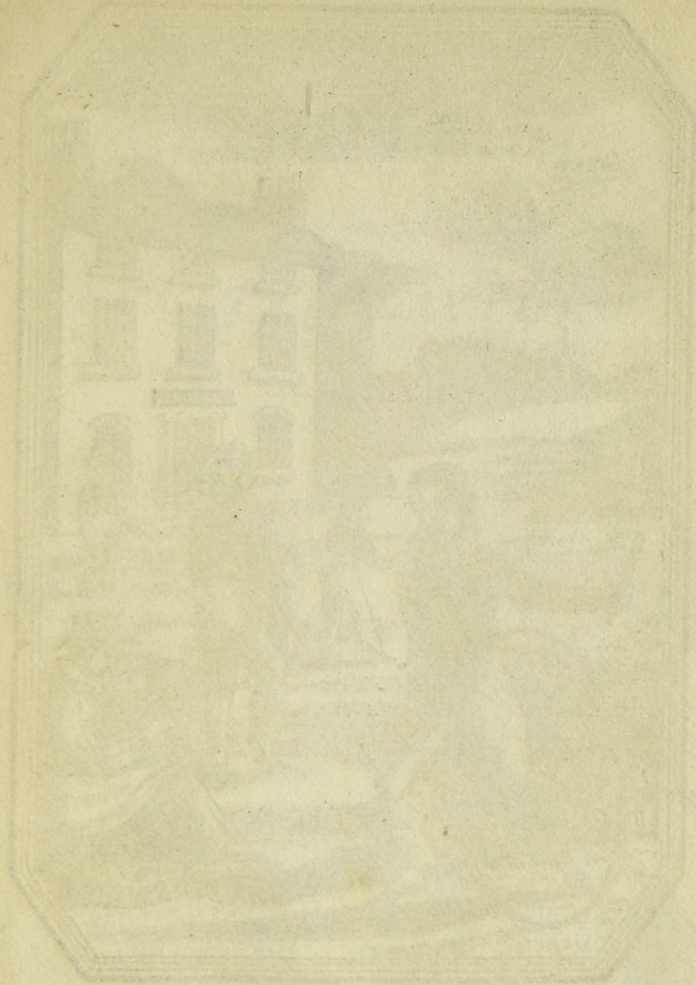


THE  
TRIFLER;  
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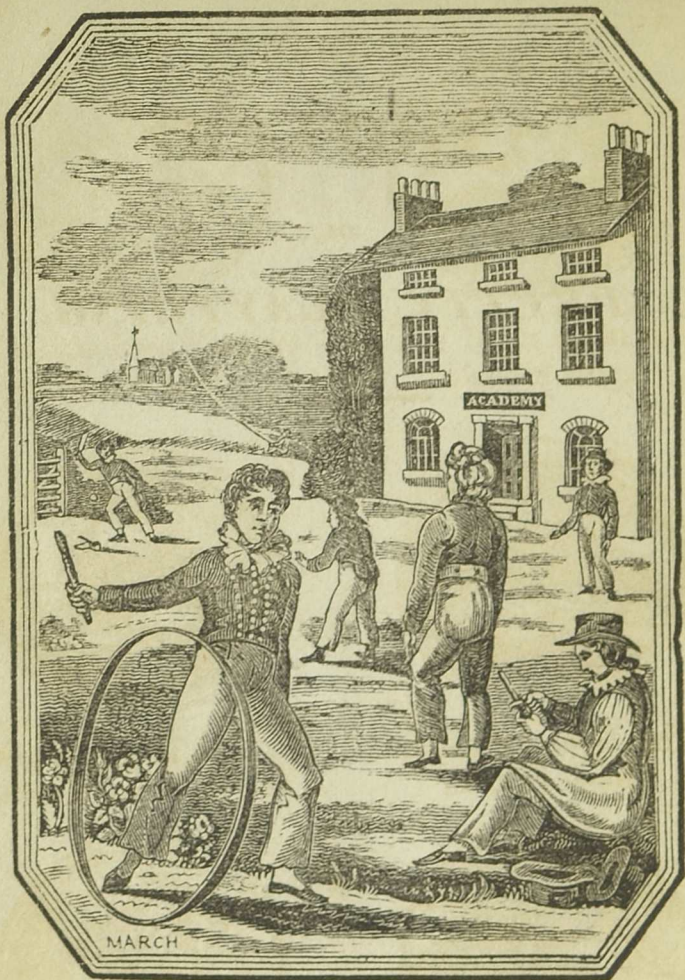
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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



**FRONTISPIECE.**

THE  
**TRIFLER;**

OR,

**PRETTY PLAYTHING.**

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The Boar produces
Noble Brawn,



The Dog pursues
the Deer and Fawn.



The naughty Boy
that steals the Pears,



Is whipt as well as
he that Swears



The blushing Flowers
bloom and spring,



The Birds do in the
Bushes sing.



The Sportsman points
towards the Mark.



The Shoe doth fit
the pretty Spark



The pretty Maids
have modest looks,



Good Boys and Girls
will learn their Books.



Hob and Harry go
to plow.



And Betty milks
the cherry Cow.



The busy Ant lays
in her Store,



And is not like the
Beggar poor.



The Fish do in the
River play,



The Fox conveys
the Goose away.



And Betty milks
The pretty Lambs
do skip and play,



Hob and Harry go
While Peg & Betty
make the Hay.



And is not like the
The Rose affords a
fragrant smell,



The busy Ann lays
The Sexton tolls the
Evening Bell.



The Fox conveys
the Goose away.



The Fish do in the
River play.

THE
LONDON TAYLOR.

A London taylor (as 'tis said),
By buckram, canvas, tape, and thread,
Sleeve linings, pockets, silk, and twist,
And all the long expensive list,
With which their uncouth bills abound,
Tho' rarely in the garment found;
By these and other arts in trade,
Had soon a pretty fortune made;
And did what few had never done,
Left thirty thousand to his son!
The son, a gay young swaggering blade,
Abhorr'd the very name of trade
And lest reflection should be thrown
On him, resolved to leave the town,
And travel where he was not known.
In vis-a-vis, and liv'ries gay,
To Oxford first he took his way;
There beaux and belles his taste admire
His equipage and rich attire;
But nothing was so much ador'd
As his gay silver-hilted sword;
Tho' short and small 'twas very neat,
The sight was deem'd a perfect treat,
Beau Banter begg'd to have a look,
And when the sword in hand he took,
He swore, by gad, it was an odd thing,

And look'd much like a taylor's bodkin
His pride was hurt by this expression,
Thinking they knew his sire's profession
Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
And drove for Glo'ster that same day.
There soon he found new cause for grief,
For, dining on some fine roast beef,
One ask'd him which he did prefer,
Some cabbage or a cucumber?
The purse proud coxcomb took the hint
Thought it severe reflection meant;
His stomach turn'd, he could not eat,
So made an ungentle retreat:
Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
And bid his coachman drive to Bath.
There he suspected fresh abuse,
Because the dinner was roast goose,
And that he might no more be jeer'd
Next day to Exeter he steer'd;
There with some bucks he drank about,
Until he fear'd they'd found him out;
His glass not fill'd, as was the rule,
They said 'twas not a thimble full!
The name of thimble was enough,
He paid his reckoning and went off
He then to Plymouth took a trip,
And put up at the Royal Ship,
Which was then kept by Caleb Snip!
The host by name was often call'd,

At which his guest was so much gall'd,
That soon to Cambridge he removed,
There too he unsuccessful prov'd;
For tho' he fill'd his glass or cup,
He did not always drink it up
The scholars mark'd how he behav'd,
And said a remnant should be sav'd!
The name of remnant gall'd him so,
That ne resolved to York to go;
There fill'd his bumper to the top,
And always fairly drank it up.
Well done, says Jack, a buck of York,
You go thro' stitch, sir, with your work.
The name of stitch was such reproach,
He rang the bell and call'd his coach
But ere he went, enquiries made,
By what means they knew his trade;
You put the cap on and it fits,
Replied one of the Yorkshire wits;
Our words in common acceptation,
Could not but find your occupation;
Twas yourself gave us the clue,
So find out both your trade and you,
Vain coxcomos and fantastic beaux,
In every place themselves expose;
They travel far at vast expence,
To shew their wealth and want of sense,
But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguisè can screen a fool!

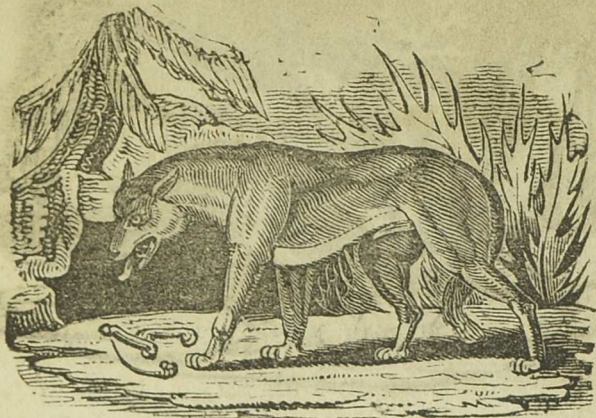
THE PLOUGH-BOY.

The plough-boy rises from his cot,
To seek his toil with pleasure;
And never rails against his lot,
While joy is still his treasure.

He whistles as he plods along,
And never thinks of sorrow;
But as he chaunts his rustic song,
He hopes for joy to morrow.

If ever he's oppress'd with woe,
Content affords relief;
He has a friend to whom he'll go,
To speak his inward grief.

Then as they chaunt a merry strain,
They sooth each other's sorrow;
And say they'll never sigh again,
But hope for joy to morrow.



THE WOLF.

If this animal does not rank among the fiercest of the savage tribe of quadrupeds, it is a dangerous and destructive foe to man. Its characteristic propensities render it peculiarly inimical to those creatures which are in a defenceless state; hence its attacks are generally made upon sheep, calves, and very frequently children fall a sacrifice to its voracious appetite. The Wolf, when impelled by extreme hunger, exhibits a terrific degree of fierceness. It will enter villages and towns, and make an indiscriminate attack upon human beings; at other times it will prowl about for prey of a different description. It is then the shepherd has peculiar

reason to guard his flock against its ravages. This animal, fierce, yet cowardly, is also cunning; it practises many stratagems to enable it to commit depredations; fearful also of the power of man the Wolf generally herds with its fellows. It is of so untractable a nature that it cannot be tamed; various experiments have been tried for that purpose but have always failed. The size of the Wolf does not exceed that of a large mastiff dog; its howling is peculiarly disgusting. France, in many of its provinces, is afflicted by the ravages of this animal; but England, ever since the reign of king Edgar, has been freed from them.



THE STAG.

THIS species of deer, sometimes distinguished by the appellation of Red Deer, has good eyes, an exquisite smell and quick sense of hearing. It has long upright horns, much branched, slender and sharp. Its colour is generally a reddish brown, with some black about the face, and a black list down the hind part of the neck and between the shoulders. Like the rest of the deer kind it annually sheds its horns, from which that useful volatile spirit called hartshorn is procured. The hind or female goes with young upwards of eight months. The male is rather furious in some seasons, but at other times quite inoffensive; howings no particular

dread of man, unless attended by dogs or furnished with arms. Its intrepidity on emergencies is very great, and it appears fond of music.

This animal seems to have been designed by nature to adorn and animate the solitude of the forest, and to occupy, remote from the visits of man, its peaceful retreats. As the flesh is not much esteemed they are seldom domesticated like the fallow deer, but left to range in forests and chases, when they furnish diversion to hunters. The stag is supposed to live about forty years, but, although it is asserted that they live to that age, it has never, we believe, been correctly ascertained.

