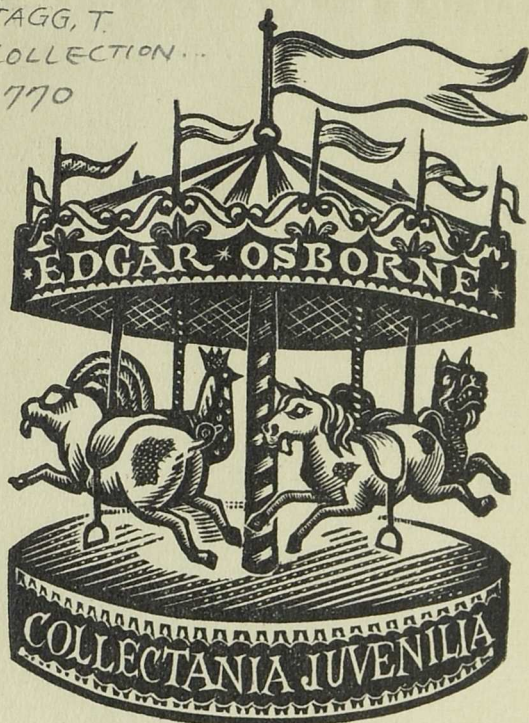




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A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
P R E T T Y P O E M S

For the AMUSEMENT of
CHILDREN THREE FOOT HIGH.

By TOMMY TAGG, *Esq*;

Adorned with above S I X T Y C U T S.

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Printed for the BOOKSELLERS of *Europe, Asia, Africa and America*, and sold by T. CARNAN and F. NEWBERY, Junior, No. 65, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*.

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COLLECTION

OF

PRETTY POEMS

For the Amusement of

CHILDREN THREE FOOT HIGH

BY TOMMY TAGG, ESQ.


LONDON: ADAM AND BLACK, 21, ST. MARK'S PLACE, 1845.

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LONDON:

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P R E F A C E.

✱✱✱✱ I T has been somewhere observed by a very great Author, that most of the Poems printed in the last Century were, to the Scandal both of Authors and Booksellers, published with a View to gain Money, or to acquire Fame; but Mr. *Tagg* proceeds upon very different and indeed opposite Principles, for by the Number of Cuts, he has prevented himself from getting by the Sale, and most effectually avoided Fame, by declaring to the whole World that these Poems are not his, though published in his Name. A Behaviour so candid, modest, and disinterested will secure him, we presume, the good Opinion of all Parties and Professions but his own; and

B 2

he

P R E F A C E.

he is not so unreasonable as to expect either the good Will or good Word of a Poet, for,

*What Author e'er could bear to see
A Brother write as well as he?*

He has nothing, therefore, to say to those Gentlemen, but to the Critics he presents his Compliments, and wishes them a merry Christmas.

Just Published, Price 1s.

The SIXTH EDITION of
A Collection of PRETTY POEMS
For the AMUSEMENT of
CHILDREN SIX FOOT HIGH.

POEMS



Honest CRISPIN.

IMmortal Honour all the Craft derive
 From *Crispin*, a good Cobler when alive,
 Who kept his Stall near *Hockley in the Hole*,
 With Nut-brown beer encouraging his Soul;
 A Bonnet blue he wore upon his Head,
 His Nose was Copper, and his Jerkin red;
 For Conjurer and Astrologer he past,
 And mended *Under-standings* to the last.



Old SLY-BOOTS, a Brother Cobler.

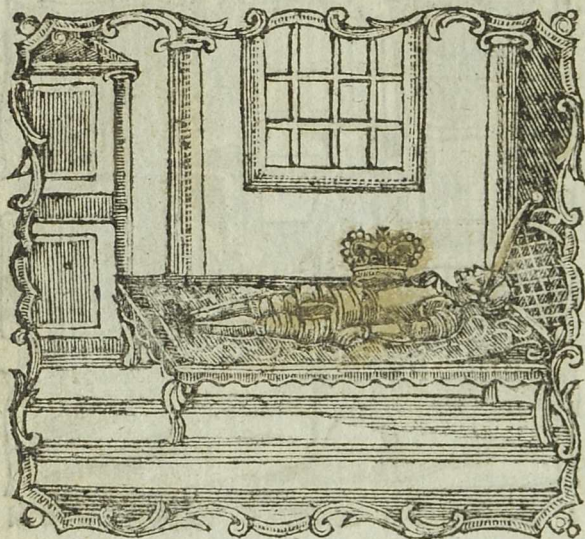
SLY *Jobson*, though he never learnt in
France,
 Not only mended Shoes but taught to dance;
 So when he'd worn his Pupils Soles quite out,
 By leading of the Booby Bears about,
 He soon repair'd the Damage with his Awl,
 And brought convenient Custom to his Stall.

On



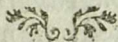
On a stingy BEAU.

CURIO's rich Side-board seldom sees the
 Light,
 Clean is his Kitchen, and his Spits are bright:
 His Knives and Forks all rang'd in even Rows,
 No Hands molest, or Fingers discompose;
 A curious Jack, hung up to please the Eye,
 For ever still, whose Flyers never fly;
 His Plates, unsullied, shine upon the Shelf:
 For *Curio* dresses nothing but himself.



On HAPPINESS.

BLEST be the Princes who have fought,
 For pompous Names, or wide Dominion;
 Since by their Errors we are taught,
 That Happiness is but Opinion.





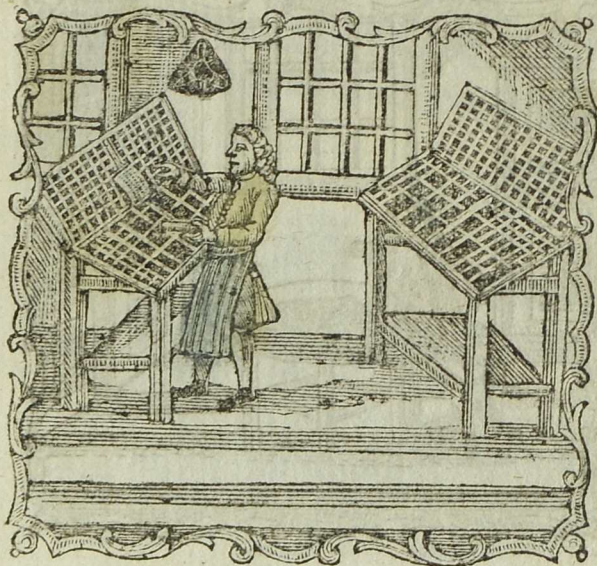
The Cause of COURAGE.

IT is the Trumpet and the Drum,
 That make the Warrior's Stomach come;
 Whose Noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer
 By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar;
 For if a Trumpet sound, or Drum beat,
 Who has not a Month's Mind to combat?



Ab wretched MISER.

VAIN Misers strive to heap up Riches
 store,
 And in the Midst of Plenty still are poor.
 What senseless Madness does their Souls be-
 witch.
 Thus poor to live, in Hopes of dying rich?



*A PRINTER composing the LILLIPUTIAN
MAGAZINE.*

CADMUS did first the wond'rous Art
devise
Of painting Words, and speaking to the Eyes;
By various Lines to curious Order brought,
Body and Colours were giv'n unto a Thought.



On a fine LIBRARY.

WITH Eyes of Wonder the gay Shelves
 behold,
 Poets, all Rags alive, now clad in Gold:
 In Life and Death, one common Fate they
 share,
 And on their Backs still all their Riches ware.

— GILES



GILES JOLT *and his* CART.

GILES JOLT, as sleeping in his Cart
 he lay,
 Some pilf'ring Villains stole his Team away:
Giles wakes and cries—What's here, a dickins
 what!

Why, how now—am I *Giles*, or am I not?
 If he—I've lost fix Geldings to my Smart;
 If not—Oddsbuddikins, I've found a Cart.



The Voice of the CONJUROR.

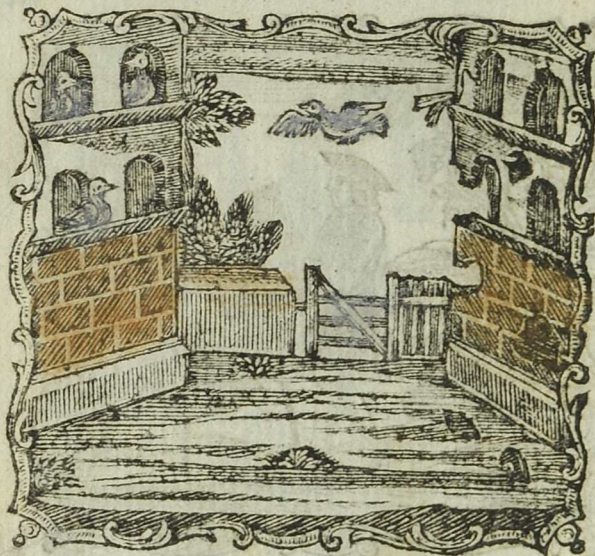
THIS World is the best that we live in,
 To lend, and to spend, and to give in;
 But to borrow, or beg, or to get a Man's own,
 It is the worst World that ever was known.

On



On FRIENDSHIP.

A Gen'rous Friendship no cold Medium
 knows,
 Burns with one Love, with one Resentment
 glows :
 One should our Int'rests and our Passions be ;
 My Friend will slight the Man that injures me.



The Friendship of the WORLD.

BY being Fortune's Friend, you shall have
 Friends;
 But in Adversity their Friendship ends.
 See how the Doves to new-built Houses run,
 And cautiously the ruin'd Towers shun.



On the Loss of TIME.

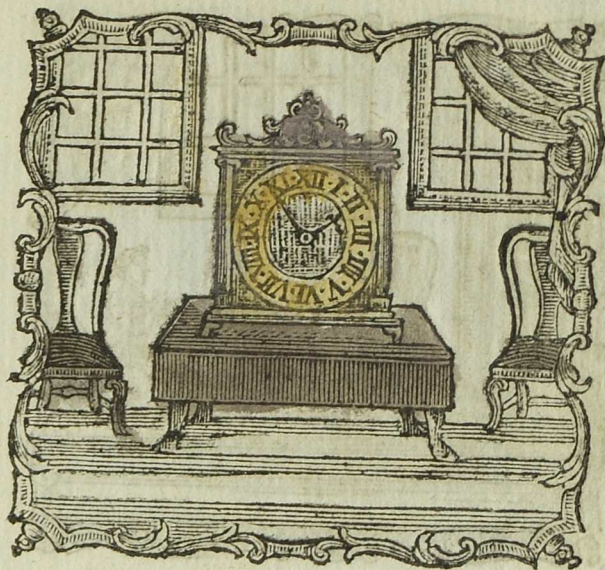
TOMMY stands gazing for the clouded
 Sun,
 To be inform'd how fast his Hours shall run.
 Ah! foolish *Tommy*, art thou found in Mind,
 To lose by seeking, what thou seek'st to find?



The Road to RICHES.

BY untouch'd Credit, and by Foreign
Trade,
The honest Merchant eminent is made ;
In Words sincere, in Actions just and fair,
He makes his Credit his essential Care.

Advice



Advice from a CLOCK.

I Serve thee here, with all my Might,
To tell the Hours by Day, by Night;
Therefore example take by me,
And serve thy God, as I serve thee.



A GOLDEN RULE.

IF you desire to worship God aright,
 First in the Morning pray, and last at
 Night;
 Crave for his Blessing on your Labours all,
 And in Distress for his Assistance call.

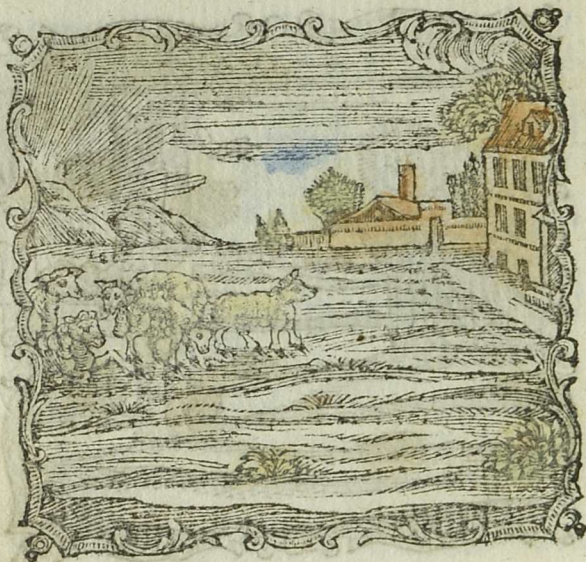


On FAITH.

ZACCHEUS, short of Stature, fain wou'd
see

His Saviour pass, and climbs into a Tree.
If we by Faith would see this glorious King,
Our Thoughts must mount on Contemplation's
Wing.

On



On REPENTANCE.

THE Sun still sets and leaves the Earth
 to Night,
 Still sets in Waves that it may rise more
 bright.
 The same Advantage great Repentance shares,
 To rise like *Phæbus* from a Flood of Tears.

The

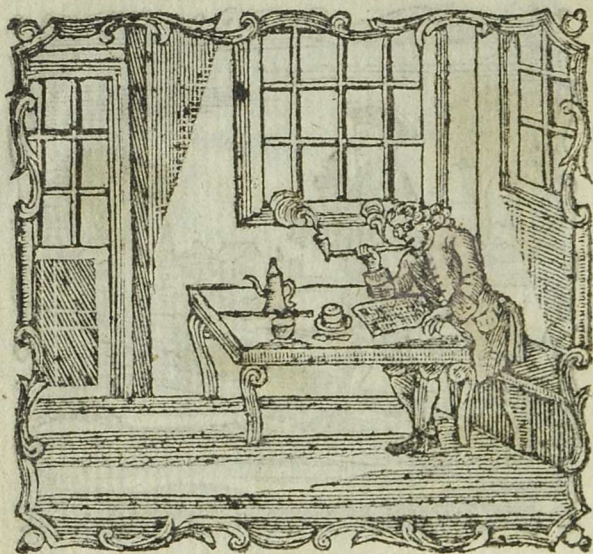


The Happy COXCOMB.

WHatever Nature has in Worth deny'd,
She gives in large Recruits of needful
Pride :

Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our Defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of Sense.

The

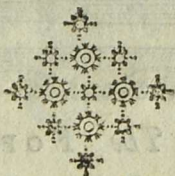


The POLITICIAN.

OF all the Spectacles to mend the Sight,
 Deviz'd by Art for viewing Objects
 right,
 Those are most useful, which the prudent place
 High on the Handle of the human Face,
 Some on the Temples fix 'em, I suppose,
 Left they should seem to snuffle through the
 Nose:

Some

Some in one Hand the single Convex hold,
 But these are Prigs asham'd of being old,
 None are in News or Politics so wise,
 As he whose Nose is saddled with his Eyes:
 And if the taper Tube regale his Snout,
 There's nought so secret but he'll smell it out.





The FOP.

SIR *Plume*, the Banker of each trading Lass,
 (That newest *French* Edition of an Afs!)
 Charm'd by dear Self, with Love may safely
 sport
 (As Things inanimate receive no Hurt)
 On his own beauteous Person deeply read,
 No Love e'er reach'd his Heart, no Thought
 his Head:

Panglefs,

Panglefs, he woos some panglefs Dame of
Fashion,

And, in bad *French*, ferenely lifps his Paflion;
Then as the Suit he makes is right, or wrong,
Triumphs in Rigadoon, or dies in Song.



The Concert of Birds.
THE morning Lark (Day's Herald) on
the Wing
Calls each sweet Bird to choole his Trough
and sing;
The lark, the Thrush, the little Wren,
And the Minnow, that haunts the Stream;
The Nightingale the Thrush and the Wren,
The Cuckoo, the Plover, whistled in a Bush;
And



The Concert of BIRDS.

THE mounting Lark (Day's Herald) on
the Wing
Calls each sweet Bird to choose his Bough
and sing;

The lofty *Treble*, sung the little *Wren*,
Robin the *Mean*, that Favourite of Men;
The *Nightingale* the *Tenor*, and the *Thrush*
The *Counter-Tenor*, warbled in a Bush;

And

And that the Concert might appear with
Grace,
The *Crow* and *Raven* croak'd the thorough
Bass.





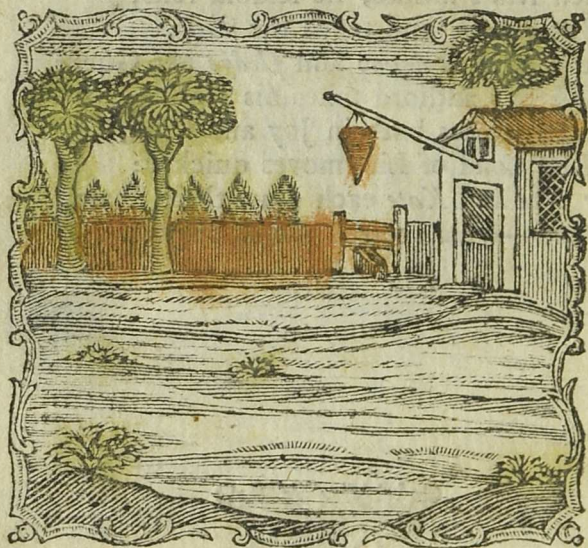
The HAPPY PAIR.

THRISE happy is a marry'd Life,
 As Sages gravely say,
 With mutual Aid when Man and Wife
 Agree to *draw one Way*.
 Then honest *Ned*, who keeps the *Bear*,
 And rosy *Kate* his Spouse,
 Must be allow'd a happy Pair,
 Both *draw*—and both *carouse*.

When

When *Ned's* awake, he seldom rests,
 But *drinks*, and tends the *Tap*;
 And *Kate* will *draw* and *pledge* her Guests,
 Whilst Landlord takes his Nap.
 Thus Partners both in Joy and Care,
 The Load of Life moves quicker;
 For *Ned* and *Kate* each draw their Share,
 And—*drink* their Share of Liquor.





*The Picture of an EPIGRAM, to prevent
Mistakes among POETS.*

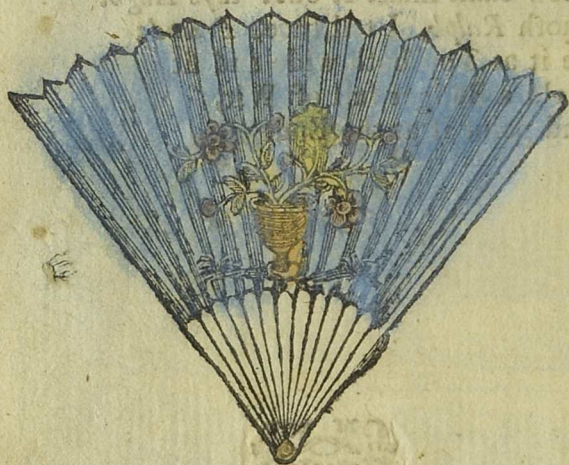
ONE Day in Chelsea Fields a walking,
Of Poetry and such Things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry Wag,
An Epigram, if smart and good,
In all its Circumstances shou'd
Be like the Jelly Bag.

The

The Simile, i' faith, is new;
But how canst make it out? says *Hugh*.

Quoth *Ralph*, I tell thee, *Friend*:
Make it at Top both wide and fit
To hold a Budget full of Wit,
And point it at the End.





A FAN.

FLAVIA, the least and slightest Toy,
Can with resistless art employ;
This *Fan*, in meaner Hands, would prove
An Engine of small Force in Love:
Yet she with graceful Air and Mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton Motion so,
That it wounds more than *Cupid's* Bow;
Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
To every other Breast a Flame.

How,



How to LAUGH.

NATURE a thousand Ways complains,
 A thousand Words express her Pains:
 But for her *Laughter* has but three,
 And very small ones, *Ha, Ha, He.*



The Benefit of going to LAW.

UNhappy *Ralpho*, Neighbour to a Peer,
 Kept half his Sheep, and fatted half
 his Deer;
 Each Day his Gates thrown down, his Fences
 broke,
 And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke:

At

At last resolv'd his potent Foe to awe,
And guard his Right by Statute and by Law,
A Suit in *Chancery* the Wretch begun,
Nine happy Terms thro' Bill an Answer run,
Obtain'd his Cause, had Costs, and was un-
done.





A LADY at Work.

OH! what Bosom but must yield,
 When like *Pallas* you advance,
 With a Thimble for your Shield,
 And a Needle for your Lance?
 Fairest of the blooming Train!

Ease my Passion by your Art;
 And in Pity to my Pain,
 Mend the Hole that's in my Heart.



On a confident BEAUTY.

D*DORINDA*'s sparkling Wit and Eyes,
 Uniting, cast too fierce a Light,
 Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
 Pains not the Heart but hurts the Sight
 Love is a calmer gentler Joy,
 Smooth are his Looks and soft his Pace;
 Her *Cupid* is a Black-guard Boy,
 That runs his Link full in my Face.



To CHLOE weeping.

SEE whilst thou weep'st, fair *Chloe*, see
 The World in Sympathy with thee :
 The chearful Birds no longer sing,
 Each droops his Head and hangs his Wing :
 The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower,
 And shed their Sorrows in a Shower :
 The Brooks beyond their Limits flow,
 And tender Murmurs speak their Woe ;

The

The Nymphs and Swains adopt thy Cares,
 They heave thy Sighs, and weep thy Tears.
 Fantastic Nymph ! that Grief should move
 Thy Heart obdurate against Love :
 Strange Tears ! whose Pow'r can soften all,
 But that dear Breast on which they fall.





On the OAK.

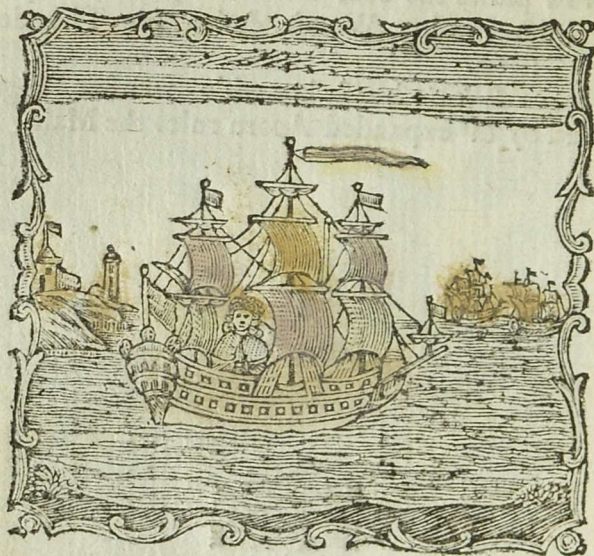
FROM a small Acorn see the Oak
 arise,
 Supremely tall, and tow'ring in the Skies!
 Queen of the Groves, her stately Head she
 rears,
 Her Bulk increasing with the Length of
 Years:

Now

Now plows the Sea, a warlike gallant Ship,
Whilst in her Womb destructive Thunders
sleep.

Hence *Britain* boasts her wide extensive Reign,
And by th' expanded Acorn rules the Main.





To the KING, on his NAVY.

SHOU'D Nature's Self invade the World
 again,
 And o'er the Centre spread the liquid Main,
 Thy Pow'r were safe, and her destructive
 Hand
 Would but enlarge the Bounds of thy Com-
 mand;

Thy

Thy dreadful Fleet wou'd style thee *Lord of all*,
And rise in Triumph o'er the drowned Ball ;
Those Tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile Plains
might go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.





The GOVERNESS, or INNOCENCE secured,
A S I M I L E.

AS, when blithe Lambs their vernal Revels keep,
Bound from the Turf, and o'er the Hillocks leap,
Now harmless try to butt, then run away,
Now weary'd feed, and thus consume the Day,
Th'

Th' indulgent Shepherdess attentive lies,
 Left from the Wood some sudden Foe shou'd
 rise,

And as they play, her harmless Flock sur-
 prise :

So the sage Governess, whose constant Care,
 By Wisdom's Dictates forms the tender Fair,
 When her gay female Throng, to Sport in-
 clin'd,

Suspend the nobler Pleasures of the Mind ;
 With jealous Eyes each Motion will survey,
 Left they should swerve from Virtue in their
 Play.





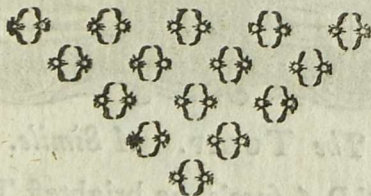
EUDOSIA ; or, the Accomplish'd Virgin.

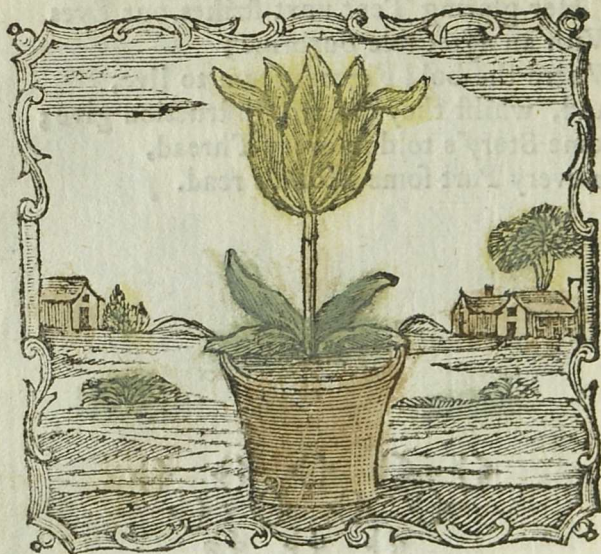
FROM guiltless Dreams prepar'd to pray,
 The virtuous Maid prevents the Day :
Aurora blushes when she sees
 The earlier Virgin on her Knees.

Now to her Morning Task she flies,
 Which *Pallas* views with envious Eyes,
 And forms so gay a Feast in Paste,
 That *Jove* himself might long to taste.

Her

Her glaring Tent next strikes our Eyes
 With an agreeable Surprize ;
 Where the bold Figures seem to live,
 And, whilst they charm, Instruction give ;
 Some Story's told in every Thread,
 In every Part some Moral's read. †





The TULIP. A Simile.

SELINDA sure's the brightest Thing
 That decks our Earth, or breathes on Air;
 Mild are her Looks, like op'ning Spring,
 And like the blooming Summer fair.

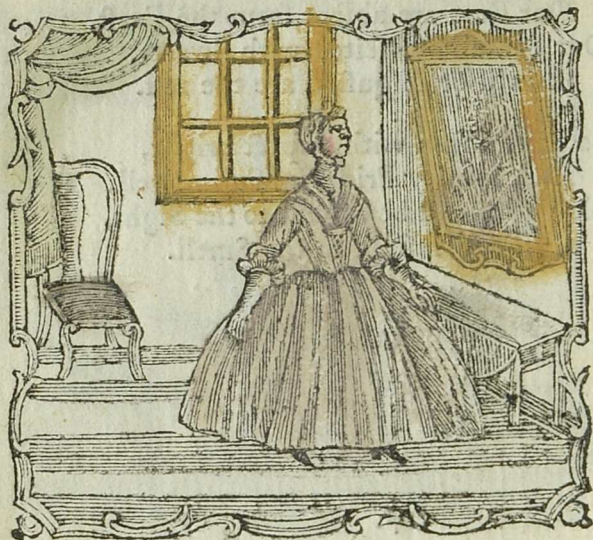
But yet her Wit's so very small,
 That all her Charms and Graces lie
 Like glaring Colours on a Wall,
 And strike no farther than the Eye.

Our

Our Eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our Ears are absent from the Feast.
 Our Sense is surfeited with Sweets,
 Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with Aspect bright,
 And tawdry Pride, a Tulip swell,
 Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,
 Dull and insipid to the Smell.





Advice to the LADIES.

TH O' Lovers oft extol your Beauty's
 Pow'r,
 And in celestial Similes adore ;
 Tho' from your Features *Cupid* borrows Arms,
 And Goddesses confess inferior Charms ;
 Do not, vain Maid, the flatt'ring Tale believe,
 Alike thy Lovers, and thy Glais deceive.

True



True BEAUTY.

WHAT is the blooming Tincture of
 a Skin,
 To Peace of Mind or Harmony within?
 What the bright Sparkling of the finest Eye,
 To the soft Soothing of a calm Reply?
 Can Comeliness of Form, or Shape or Air,
 With Comeliness of Words and Deeds compare,
 No, those indeed th' unwary Heart may gain
 But these, these only, can the Heart retain.



*The Agreeable LADY: Or, VIRTUE the
greatest BEAUTY.*

THE Things that make a Virgin please,
The Fair who seeks will find are these :
A Beauty without Art complete,
Who, from her Toilet simply neat,
The golden Tissue can despise,
And wears no Brilliants but her Eyes.

Soft

Soft blended in her Eyes should meet,
 Desiring Love and sparkling Wit;
 And in her dimpled Smiles be seen,
 A modest, though a chearful Mien;
 With such wise Lowliness endu'd,
 That neither can be mean nor rude;
 The Virtue that does her adorn,
 By Honour guarded, not by Scorn;
 An undissembled Innocence,
 Apt not to give nor take Offence;
 And whose Religion's strong and plain,
 Not superstitious, nor prophane.
 With such a Virgin, such a Wife,
 Who would not wish to spend his Life.





The HAPPY BEAU: *Or, the* LADY'S
FAVOURITE.

HOW happy lives the Man, how sure
to charm,
Whose Knot embroider'd flutters down his
Arm!

On him the Ladies cast the yielding Glance,
Sing in his Song, and languish in his Dance:
While

While wretched is the Wit, contemn'd, for-
lorn,

Whose gummy Hat no scarlet Plumes adorn,
And, tho' *Apollo* dictates from his Tongue,
No Lady's Favour on his Sword is hung.
His Wit is spiritless and void of Grace,
Who wants th' Assurance of Brocade and
Lace.

While the gay Fop genteely talks of Weather,
The Fair in Raptures dote upon his Feather.
He dresses, fences; — and you all must
know,
Most Women choose their Men, like Silks,
for Show.

The kind Caution by Way of ANSWER.

Virgins should value nothing less
Than Titles, Figure, Shape and Dress:
Merit should be for ever plac'd
In Judgment, Knowledge, Wit and Taste:
For these, 'tis own'd, without Dispute,
Alone distinguish Man from Brute:
And a rich gaudy Fool can pass
At best but for a golden Ass.

HAP-



HAPPINESS *mistaken.*

H EAVEN to load *Amanda* with some
 Cares,
 Gave the gilt Coach, and dappled *Flanders*
 Mares,
 The shining Robes, rich Jewels, Beds of
 State,
 And, to complete the whole, a Fool for Mate.
She

She glares in Balls, Front-Boxes and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing;
Pride, Pomp and State but reach the outward
Part,

She sighs and is no Countess in her Heart.



The Happy Country
O W. happy is the land
Maid,
Who rich by Nature, forms
Whole modest Glories no
vise,
But, like her Soul, preserves the
The Whole



The Happy COUNTRY LASS.

HOW happy is the harmless Country
 Maid,
 Who rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid!
 Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes in-
 vite,
 But, like her Soul, preserves the native
 White:

Whose

Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does
 please;
 Not pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with
 wanton Ease:
 Who, free from Storms which on the great
 ones fall,
 Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all.





Sir TOBY's Journey.

AS Sir *Toby* reel'd Home, with his Skin
 full of Wine,
 To his House in the Square, from his Friends
 at the *Vine*,
 He snuff'd the fresh Air, and his Noddle
 turn'd round,
 He stagger'd,—but gain'd not an Inch of his
 Ground.

Get

Get home! quoth the Knight; why, this
never can do,

If, for one Step gain'd forward, I backward
reel two:

I'll return to the *Vine*.—So, as one may suppose,
Sir *Toby* intended to follow his Nose:

But this retrograde Knight ne'er alter'd his
Pace,

And, gaining Ground backwards, found out
the right Place:

The Sot's Mathematics at length did prevail,
And Sir *Toby* steer'd Home by the Help of
his Tail.





On an Old SCOLD.

SCYLLA is toothless, yet when she was
 young,
 She had both Teeth enough, and too much
 Tongue:

What shall we then of toothless *Scylla* say?
 But that her Tongue has worn her Teeth
 away.



On a COUNTRY LIFE.

O Let me in the Country range!
'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we live.
The beauteous Scene of aged Mountains,
Smiling Valleys, murm'ring Fountains;
Lambs in flow'ry Pastures bleating,
Echo their Complaints repeating;

Bees with busy Sounds delighting,
Groves to gentle Sleep inviting:
Whisp'ring Winds the Poplars courting,
Swains in rustic Circle sporting;
Birds in chearful Notes expressing,
Nature's Bounty and their Blessing:
These afford a lasting Pleasure,
Without Guilt, and without Measure.





*Arise, thou Sluggard, go to the Ant, consider her
Ways and be Wise. SOLOMON.*

THUS in Battalia march embody'd
Ants,
Fearful of Winter and of future Wants
T' invade the Corn; and to their Cells con-
vey
The plunder'd Forage of their yellow Prey.
The

The sable Troops, along the narrow Tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty Burden on their
Backs:

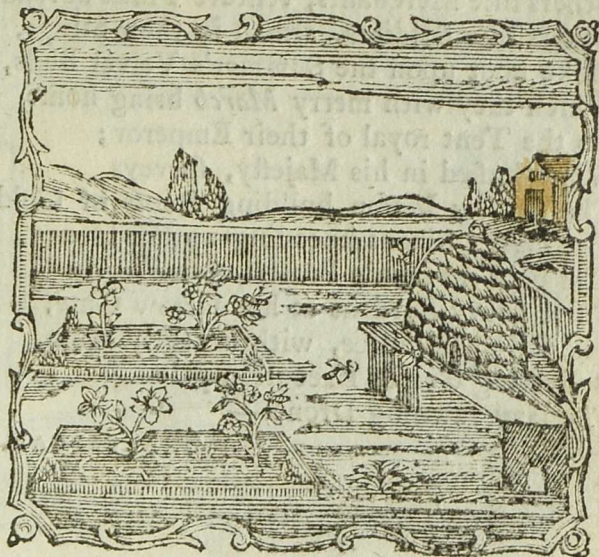
Some set their Shoulder to the pond'rous
Grain,

Some guard the Spoil, some lash the lagging
Train;

All know their several Tasks, and equal
Toil sustain.



Thus in Battalia march embodied
Able
Pierced of Winter and of future Wants
To invade the Corn; and to their Cells con-
vey
True
The



True Policy, or the Government of BEES.

SO work the Honey Bees;
Creatures, that, by a Rule in Nature,
teach

The Art of Order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King and Officers of sorts;
Where some, like Magistrates, correct at
home;

Others,

Others like Merchants, venture Trade abroad;
 Others like Soldiers, armed in their Stings,
 Make boot upon the Summer's Velvet Buds,
 Which they with merry *March* bring home
 To the Tent-royal of their Emperor;
 Who, busied in his Majesty, surveys
 The singing Mason building Roofs of Gold,
 The civil Citizens kneading up the Honey,
 The poor mechanic Porters crowding in
 Their heavy Burdens at his narrow Gate,
 The sad-ey'd Justice, with his surly Hum,
 Delivering o'er to Execution pale
 The lazy yawning Drone.—

SHAKESPEAR.



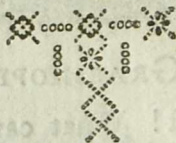


The GRASSHOPPER.

HAppy insect! What can be
 In Happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with Nourishment divine,
 The dewy Morning's gentle Wine;
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant Cup does fill:
 All the Fields which thou dost see,
 All the Plants belong to thee;

All

All that Summer Hours produce,
 Fertile made with early Juice;
 Man for thee shall sow and plough,
 Farmer he, and Landlord thou.
 The Country Hinds with Gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd Year!
 To thee of all Things upon Earth,
 Life's no longer than thy Mirth.





TRUE RICHES; *or*, VIRTUE *its own*
REWARD.

STILPO, of *Stoic* Cast, who first
Stoutly refus'd to fear the worst;
Who knew no Ill could e'er befall,
Where conscious Virtue's *all in all*;
When Old *Antigonus's* Son,
So oft a King, so oft undone,

H

Like

Like a tempestuous Whirlwind came,
And set *Megara* in a Flame;
Stript of his *all*, half naked went
To seek the haughty Victor's Tent:
The Tyrant smil'd; but, mov'd to see
Merit expos'd to *Misery*,
Order'd the Captains of his Host
To give him back the Goods he'd lost.
Stilpo the useless Boon deny'd;
Forbear, mistaken Prince! he cry'd;
“ I've nothing that I value lost:
“ Wisdom and Virtue still I boast
“ Triumphant in my Soul; the rest,
“ Mere Joys of Life, are all a Jest.”
Th' astonish'd Monarch blush'd with Shame,
Conscious of *Stilpo's* brighter Fame:
“ This Man, he cry'd, has conquer'd more
“ By *Virtue* than I have by *Power*.
“ Cities may burn, and Empires fall,
“ But Virtue triumphs over all.”





The SKY-LARK.

THE Sky-Lark leaves the lofty Boughs,
 to build
 Her humble Mansion in the silent Field ;
 But if in Promise of a cloudless Day,
Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play,

H 2

she

She quickly shews 'twas not for want of Voice,
Or Pow'r to climb, she made that humble
Choice:

Singing she mounts, on Wings as swift as
Thought,
Tow'rds Heaven, as if from thence her
Notes were brought.





The THRUSH *and* NIGHTINGALE.

WHEN the sweet Nightingale to Rest
removes,

The Thrush may chaunt to the forsaken
Groves :

Who charm'd to Silence listen while she sings,
And all th' aerial Audience clap their Wings.

H 3

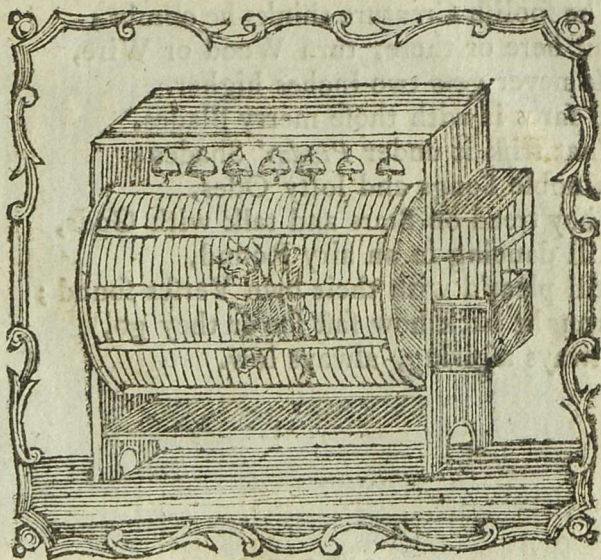
The



The SWALLOW.

THE Swallows, privileg'd above the rest
 Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar
 Guest,
 Pursue the Sun in Summer brisk and bold,
 But wisely shun the persecuting Cold,
 When frowning Skies begin to change their
 Chear,
 And Time turns up the wrong Side of the Year.

Labour



Labour in vain.

DEAR *Thomas*, didst thou never pop
 Thy Head into a Tinman's Shop?
 There, *Thomas*, didst thou never see
 ('Tis but by Way of Simile)
 A Squirrel spend his little Rage,
 In jumping round a rolling Cage?
 The Cage, as either Side turn'd up,
 Striking a Ring of Bells at top:

Mov'd

80 A COLLECTION of
Mov'd in the Orb, pleas'd with the Chimes,
The foolish Creature thinks he climbs ;
But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher.
So fares it with those merry Blades,
That frisk it under *Pindus*' Shades ;
In noble Songs and lofty Odes,
They tread on Stars and talk with Gods,
Still dancing in an airy Round,
Still pleas'd with their own Verses sound ;
Brought back how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.





A close MOUTH catches no FLIES.

SLY *Merry Andrew*, the last *Southwark*
 Fair,
 (At *Barth'lomew* he did not much appear;
 Such was the Edict of the peevish Mayor)
 At *Southwark*, therefore, as his Tricks he
 show'd,
 To please our Masters, and his Friends the
 Crowd;

A huge Neat's Tongue he in his Right-hand held,

His Left was with a good Black Pudding fill'd,
With a grave Look, in this odd Equipage,
The clownish Mimic traverses the Stage.

Why, how now, *Andrew*! cries his Brother Droll,

To-Day's Conceit, methinks, is something dull:

Come on, Sir, to our worthy Friends explain,
What does your emblematic Worship mean?

Quoth *Andrew*, honest *English* let us speak:
Your Emble—(what d'ye call't) is Heathen Greek:

To Tongue or Pudding thou hast no Pretence,
Learning thy Talent is, but mine is Sense:

That busy Fool I was, which thou art now,
Desirous to correct, not knowing how,

With very good Design, but little Wit,
Blaming or praising Things as I thought fit:

I for this Conduct had what I deserv'd,
And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd:

But Thanks to my indulgent Stars, I eat,
Since I have found the Secret to be great.

O dearest *Andrew*, says the humble Droll,
Henceforth none but yourself shall me controul,

Pro-

Provided thou impart'st thy useful skill:—
Bow then, says *Andrew*, and for once I will;
Be of your Patron's Mind, whate'er he says;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk less:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
But eat your Pudding, Slave; and hold your
Tongue.

A well-fed Placeman stopt his Coach and fix,
To laugh a little at our *Andrew's* Tricks:
But when he heard him give this golden Rule;
Drive on, (he cry'd) this Fellow is no Fool.





The Story of INKLE and YARICO.

YE Virgin Train, an artless Dame inspire,
Unlearn't in Schools, unblest with natal
Fire,

To save this Story from devouring Fate,
And the dire Arts of faithless Men relate.
A Youth I sing, in Face and Form divine,
In whom both Art and Nature did combine,
With

With heavenly Skill to mingle every Charm,
As Gods of old did fair *Pandora* form.

Stranger to Virtue, this Deceiver held
The Box of Mischiefs in his Breast conceal'd;
His outward Form each Female Heart en-
flam'd,

His inward Beauty lurking Avarice stain'd;
Infatiate Love of Gold, and Hope of Gain,
Encourag'd him to cut the yielding Main.
By Winds or Waves, or the Decrees of
Heaven,

His Bark upon a barb'rous Coast was driven;
Posses'd by Men who thirst for human Blood,
Who live in Caves or Thickets of the
Wood:

Untaught to plant, (yet Corn and Fruits
abound,

And fragrant Flowers enamel all the Ground;)
Distress'd, he landed on the fatal Shore,

With some Companions which were soon no
more:

The savage Race their trembling Flesh de-
vour,

Off'ring Oblations to th' infernal Pow'r.

Dreadfully suppliant human Limbs they tore,
Accursed Rites! and quaff'd their streaming
Gore.

Immortal *Jove* stoop'd from his azure Sky,
Grieving a Form so like his own should die,
On the fair Youth mercurial Speed bestow'd,
Swifter than Thought he reach'd the mossy
Wood;

Beneath a nightly Shade he panting lies,
Screen'd by all-pitying *Jove* from hostile
Eyes;

Yet gloomy Sorrows and unmanly Fears
Swell'd his sad Breast, which he bedew'd with
Tears;

When lo! a Negro Virgin chanc'd to rove
Thro' the thick Mazes of the nodding Grove,
Whose glitt'ring Shells and elegant Undress,
With various Plumes a noble Birth confess;
With reverential Fear the well-shap'd Maid
Thought him a God, and low Obeisance
paid;

His Face like polish'd Marble did appear,
His silken Robe, and flowing flaxen Hair
Amaz'd the Nymph; nor less her sparkling
Eyes,

And naked Beauty, did the Youth surprize.
Low at her Feet in suppliant Posture laid,
With speaking Eyes, he thus address'd the Maid:
O let soft Pity touch that lovely Breast?
Succour a Man by various ills oppress'd;

Such

Such finish'd Grace does through your Person
shine,

Sure 'tis enliven'd by a Soul divine.

The tender Negro look'd a kind reply

Thro' Pearls of Pity, dropping from her Eye;

With Hands uplifted, did the Gods im-
plore,

That her relentless Countrymen no more

Might stain their native Land with human
Gore.

He seiz'd her Hand, with tender Passion press'd,

While copious Tears both Love and Fear
confess'd:

The pitying Maid view'd him with yielding
Eyes,

And from each Bosom mutual Sighs arise:

His Safety now becomes her only Care,

A secret Cave she knew, and hid him there;

Adorn'd it with the Spoils of Leopards slain,

Which other Lovers ventur'd Life to gain.

Through mazy Thickets and a pathless
Wood,

She press'd advent'rous with delicious Food.

Daily her Hand a rich Repast did bring,

Of ripen'd Fruits, and Waters from the
Spring;

But when declining t'ward the Close of Day,
The crimson Sun sets weary in the Sea,
Strait to a shady Grove where Fountains rise,
From Woods defended and inclement Skies,
Where the wing'd Warblers of the Air con-
spire,
From several Boughs to form a heavenly
Choir,
Adorn'd with fragrant Flowers and Ever-
green,
She leads the Youth, (delightful *Sylvan* Scene)
Where he in peaceful Slumbers takes his
Rest,
Forgets his Fears, and calms his tim'rous
Breast.
In soft Repose the beauteous Lover lies,
While *Yarico* with Care unseals her Eyes :
With anxious Fear the matchless Maid at-
tends,
Careful to save him from her barb'rous
Friends.
The flowing Curls, which o'er his Shoulders
play'd
With artless Beauty, pleas'd the Negro Maid :
She thought her Finger, when entangled
there,
Like Clouds encircling *Berenice's* Hair :
The

The graceful Youth, confessing equal Fire,
Did her just Symmetry of Shape admire.
Oft would he say, My *Varico* with thee,
My only Bliss, could I my Country see ;
If ever I forget my Vows of Love,
Unbles'd, abandon'd, may I friendless rove.
To thee alone I owe the vital Air,
My Love and Gratitude for every share ;
I'll Gems provide, and Silks of curious Art,
With Gifts expressive of my grateful Heart ;
Thou in a House by Horses drawn shall ride
With me, thy faithful Lover, by thy Side :
The female Train shall round with Envy gaze,
Wonder, and silent sigh unwilling Praise.
Pleas'd with his Words, desiring more to
please,

She from a craggy Cliff survey'd the Seas ;
A Bark she spy'd, and did by Signs implore,
That they would touch upon the sandy Shore.
With joy she ran——my Love, make haste
away,

A Vessel waits us on the foaming Sea ;
Soon he the Vessel's lofty Side ascends,
And finds them to be Countrymen and
Friends ;

With lovely *Varico* puts off to Sea,
With equal Joy they plough the watry Way ;

When the fair Youth, despairing, calls to
Mind

All hopes eluded of his Wealth design'd;
Riches the Seat of his Affection seize,
And faithful *Karico* no more can please.

Unhappy Maid! to wasting Sorrows born,
And fated Evils undeserv'd to mourn,
This Youth was born too near the northern
Pole,

Which chill'd each Virtue in his frozen Soul;
But near the Sun the Nymph her Birth confess'd,

Where every Virtue glow'd within her Breast.
Thus Ore lies in the Earth, unfinish'd, cold,
But purg'd by Fire, it brightens into Gold.
Propitious Zephyrs fill their swelling Sails,
They make *Barbadoes*, blest with prosp'rous
Gales;

The Planters thick'ning on the Key appear,
To purchase Negro Slaves, if any there;
When the false Youth, by cursed Avarice
sway'd,

Horrid to mention! sells his faithful Maid.
Amaz'd and trembling, silently she mourn'd;
While speaking Tears her radiant Eyes
adorn'd.

Low at his Feet, the lovely Mourner lay,
Nor would to Words her swelling Heart give
way.

She grasps his Knees, in vain attempts to
speak;

At length her Words in moving Accents
break;

O much-lov'd Youth, in tender Pity spare
A helpless Maid, my long-try'd Faith revere.
From you this worst of human Ills to prove,
Must break a Heart that overflows with Love.
Break not my Heart, nor drive me to Despair,
Lest you deface your lovely Image there.

Ah! do not with consummate Woe undo
A Soul that Father, Mother, Country left
for you:

How sadly must my tender Parents mourn,
By me forsaken, never to return?
Transferr'd from them, to you my Love I
gave;

Unjust Return, to sell me for a Slave!
O call to mind the sacred Oaths you've given,
Remember there are Thunder-bolts in Heaven.
But if the swelling Sorrows in my Breast,
Your Heart of Adamant can still resist;

Yet

Yet let the Infant in my Womb I bear,
The Blessing taste of your paternal Care.
He thrust her from him with remorseless
Hand,

For her Condition rais'd his first Demand.
Pleas'd with Success he chearfully returns,
While hapless *Varico* in Bondage mourns :
And all his Friends the prudent Youth ad-
mire,
That could, so young, a trading Soul acquire.





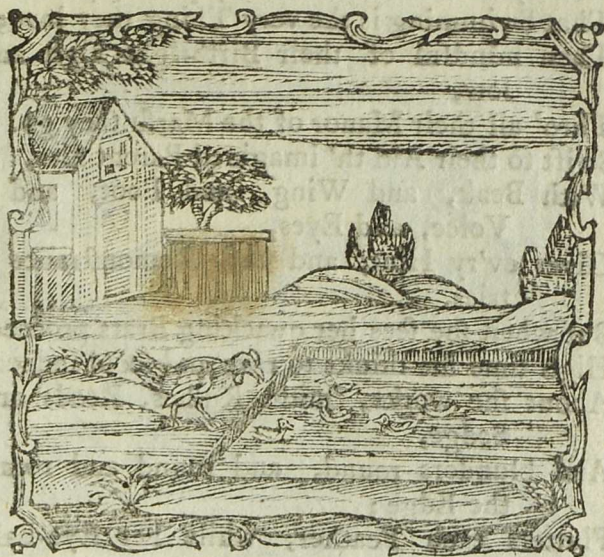
On parting with a little CHILD:

DE A R, farewell a little while,
 Easy parting with a Smile;
 Ev'ry Object in the Way
 Makes thee innocently gay:
 All that thou canst hear or see,
 All is Novelty to thee.
 Thoughts of Parents left behind
 Vex not yet thine infant Mind;

Why

Why should then their Hearts repine,
Mournful theirs, and merry thine?
'Tis the World, the seeming Wise,
Toil to make their Children rise;
While the Heir that reaps their Gains
Thankless thinks not of their Pains.
Sportive Youth, in haste to live,
Heeds not Ills that Years may give:
Age, in Woe and Wisdom grey,
Vainly mourns for them that play.





The Old NURSE mistaken.

THE witless Hen, disturb'd by causeless
 Fright,
 With droll Amusement oft diverts the Sight;
 For if the Nurse, ev'n to herself unknown,
 Mistakes the Duck's Productions for her own,
 Soon as the Eggshell's broke, and just alive,
 Forth to the Pond the little Dabblers drive,
 And

And by their first Efforts they plainly prove,
That Swimming is the very Thing they love;
Then mindful of their Birthright high and
low,

Thro' all their Manor of the Marsh they go.
Swift to their Aid th' imagined Parent flies,
With Beak, and Wing, and Foot, and
Voice, and Eyes, }
Gives ev'ry Hint, and each Remonstrance }
tries.

But when she sees her quacking Brats proceed,
High time she thinks to rave and scold indeed;
About the works, 'midst Rushes, Reeds and
Sedge,

And blunders round, and round and round
the Edge;

Flutters each Feather, while her Eye-balls
roll,

And all th' old Woman centers in her Soul;
For why? the sober Matron errs thro' Zeal,
Nor sees the safe Impunity they feel;
Takes Nature's Instinct merely for a Whim,
And thinks it very strange a Duck should
swim.



The CHACE.

NOW o'er the Hills and Dales the Sports-
men fly,
And all the Dangers of the Chace defy;
Th' impatient Coursers pant in every Vein,
And in a Moment reach the distant Plain:

K 2

With

With winged Speed the Beagles cut the Air,
And trace the Mazes of the circling Hare.
Fearful of Death Puss flies with equal Haste,
Doubles and turns and gets away at last.





The Hounds at Fault.

NOW long has Pufs been chas'd thro'
 Meads and Fields,
 And no kind Bush as yet a Covert yields;
 At length a favourable Grove she spies,
 There squats and for a while in Safety lies.

K 3

From

From Hill to Hill the baffled Sportsmen run,
The Hounds are in Default, their Scent is
gone ;
And in Disorder beat about in vain,
Whilst Puss recovers her lost Breath again.





The Death of the HARE.

ONCE more the Beagles search among
 the Trees,
 And now the Scent comes warm in ev'ry
 Breeze :
 No longer safe in Covert Pufs remains,
 But starts afresh and flies o'er distant Plains.
Quickly

Quickly the Hounds and Sportsmen shout
away,
Soon bear in Triumph home their wish'd-for
Prey,
While joyful Clamours rend the vaulted
Skies,
In solemn Pomp the bleeding Victim dies.





The Journey of LIFE.

MAN, by Necessity compell'd, must go
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales
of Woe;

Man with the Morn begins his destin'd Race,
Joy in his Eye, and Pleasure in his Face;
But oh! what rubs attend his setting Days!
His Sinews slacken, and his Strength decays;
His

His Limbs all ake, with hourly Toil oppress'd,
'Till wish'd-for Night restores him peaceful
Rest.

Thus Man for ever labours and decays,
Counting his few, and those uneasy Days.
He scarce a Minute glories in his Bloom,
So harsh is Death's inexorable Doom,
So nigh, alas! the Cradle and the Tomb.



