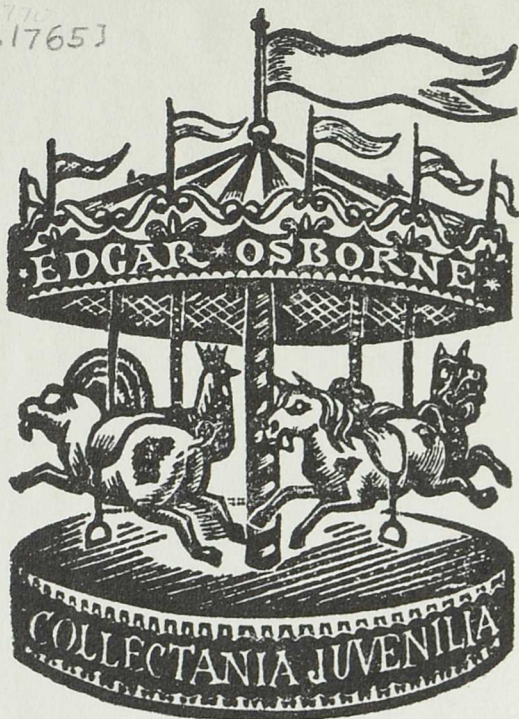




(P)
WORLD TURNED...
ca. 1770
[ca. 1765]

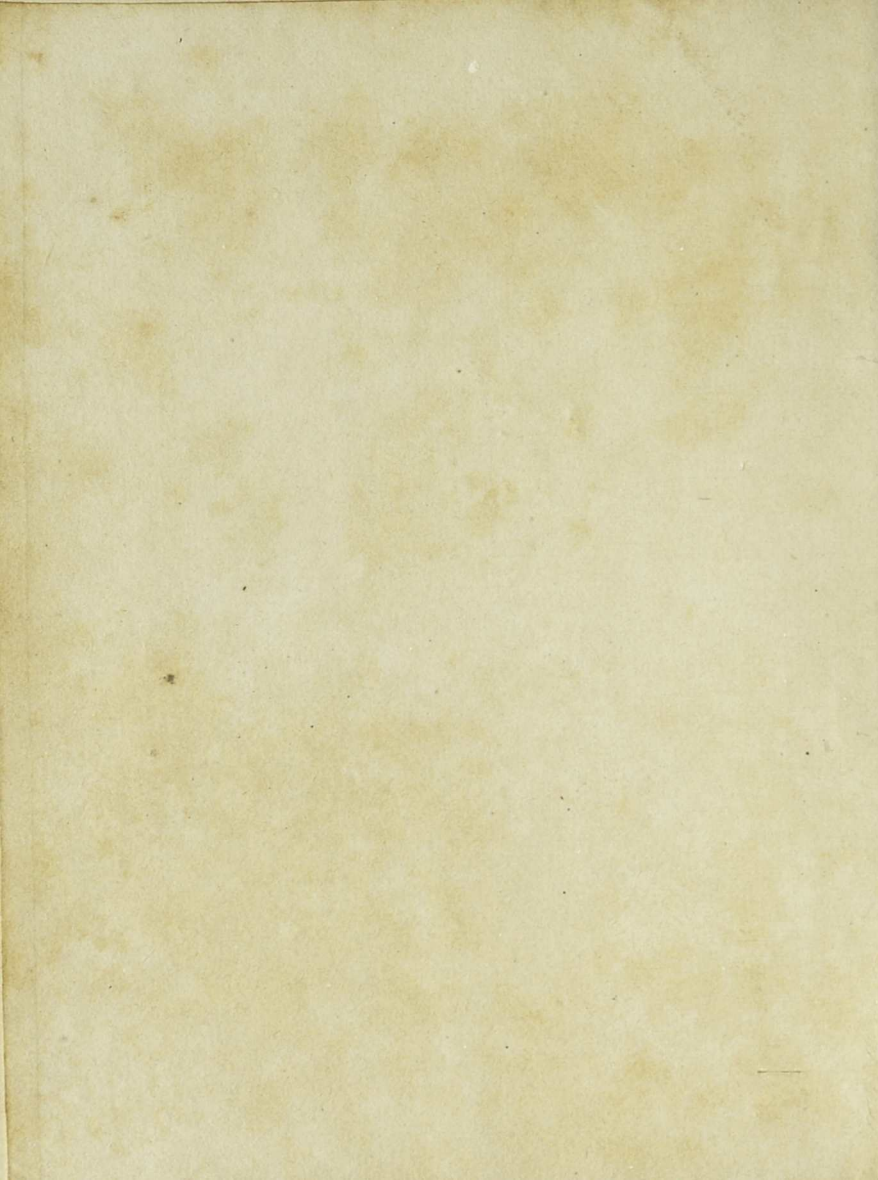


37131 009 536 756

Engraved title & 2 woodcuts
plus

Fables (each with woodcut)
numbered 1-30

(title page with 24 cuts)



omne

~~omne~~



This World's design'd for merriment | The Antipodes you here may see;
 Our Time in Laughter shou'd be spent | Read on and chuckle merrily.

WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN;

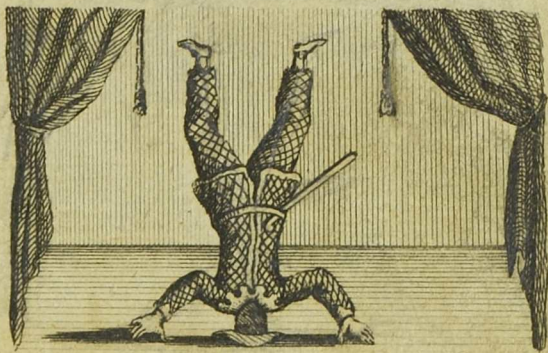
or the

COMICAL METAMORPHOSES:

A

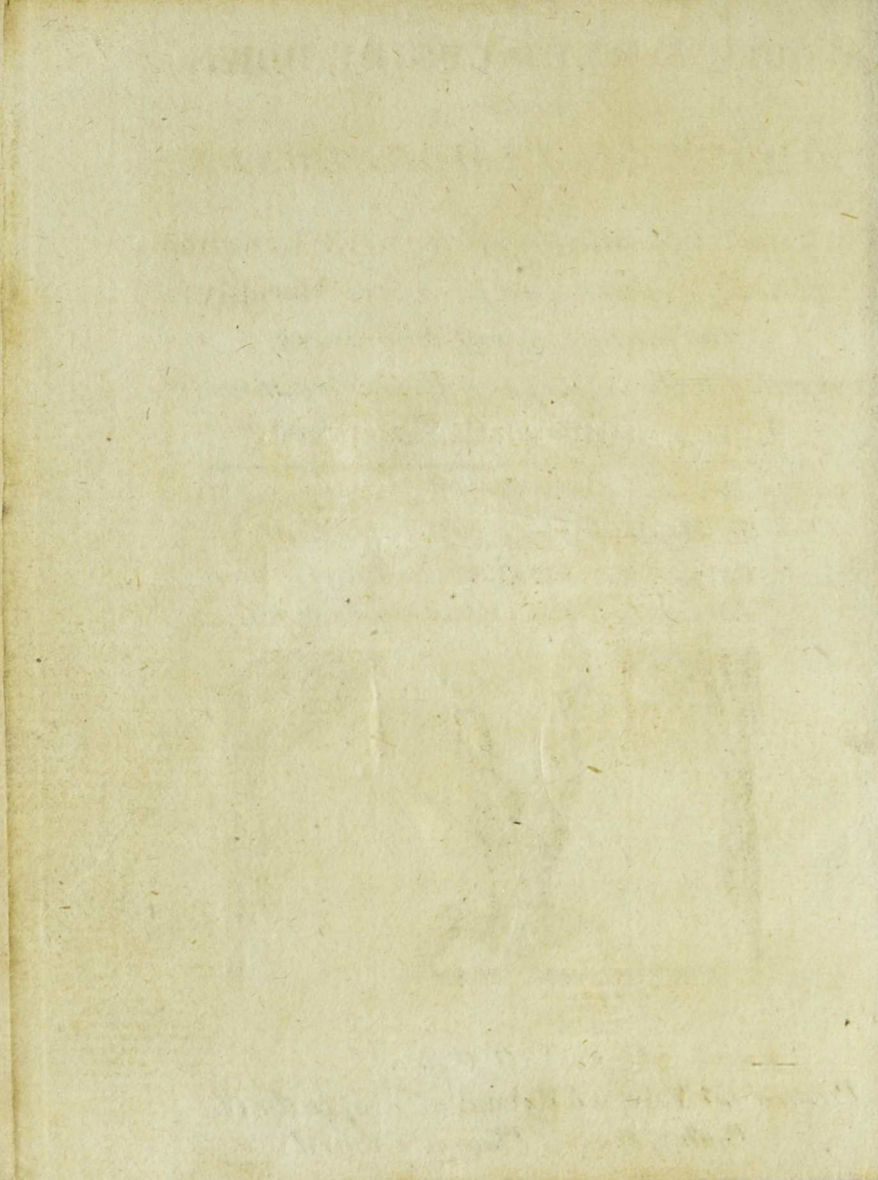
Work entirely calculated to excite Laughter,
 in Grown Persons, and promote Morality, in
 the Young Ones, of both Sexes;
 Decorated with 34 Copper Plates curiously
 Drawn and elegantly Engraved

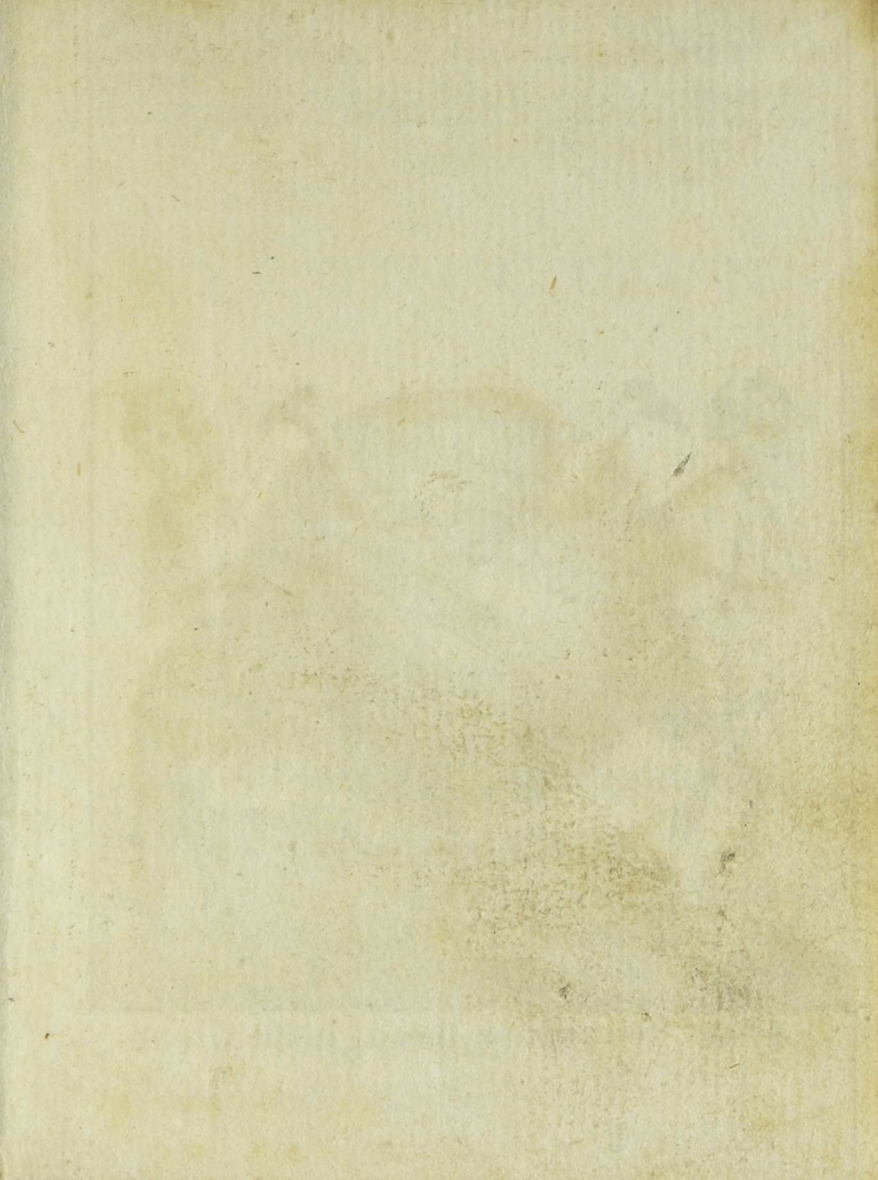
*In Virtue's Cause these Tales we print,
 In Hopes that all will take the Hint;
 Our Readers here, shall smile, not Frown.
 Huzza! the World's turn'd upside down.*



L O N D O N .

Printed for Edward Ryland at N^o:67, in the Old-
 Bailey, Price. 1.^s Plain. 2.^s Colour'd.







A Man struggling through the Globe.

INTRODUCTION.

TO *know* the WORLD by most is thought
The greatest good we can be taught ;
By studying mankind's various ways,
With greater ease we pass our days.

If snow shou'd cover o'er some pit,
A traveller may fall in it ;
And into certain ruin run,
Which had he known he needs wou'd shun,
On life's odd stage 'tis just the same,
Some merit praise --- too many blame :
By guarding 'gainst such wily elves,
We may avoid the pit ourselves ;
And yet, by wise men 'tis believ'd,
We all are chiefly self-deceived.

If *Fortune*, in a lucky mood,
 Ordains us all things for our good ;
 Bestows us grandeur, wealth and pow'r,
 And bids her sun shine ev'ry hour ;
 Instead of giving grateful thanks,
 We play a thousand foolish pranks :
 Ambition, Arrogance, and Pride,
 And Cruelty, walk side by side ;
 From this proceed such sad disasters,
 That oft' our slaves become our masters.

The moral Tales, we here present,
 Are wrote for use and merriment.

All struggle thro' the world we must ---
 The man you see is acting just ; ---
 The other fools we must condemn,
 They'd prop the world --- the world won't them
 Did Wisdom ev'ry reader crown

THE WORLD wou'd not be UPSIDE DOWN.

~~W.C.~~

W.C. U.S.A.
America



A Bird catching a truant Boy in a Net.

T A L E I.

A Bird catching a truant Boy.

TWAS on a sultry Summer's day,
When hours for school were done,

A girl and boy had leave to play,
And have some harmless fun :

A pretty master this was call'd,

And that a pretty lady ;

They ne'er, like dunces, whoop'd or bawl'd,

But at their task were ready :

It chanc'd they in an arbor sat,

Repeating tales they'ad read ;

Each innocently pleas'd, with what

The other school-mate said.

Perhaps they talk'd of *London's Cries*,

Or of the *Conjuror's* art ;

Two little books, which most that prize

Their learning, get by heart.

4 *A bird catching a truant boy.*

From fly invaders who's secure?

A certain truant Boy
Resolv'd their pastime, tho' so pure,
To frustrate and annoy;

So o'er the pales he made a spring,

To put them in a fret;

But lo! a *Bird* design'd the thing,

And caught them in a net.

The lad of mischievous intent,

The tutor gave correction;

To those by whom no harm was meant

He kindly gave protection.

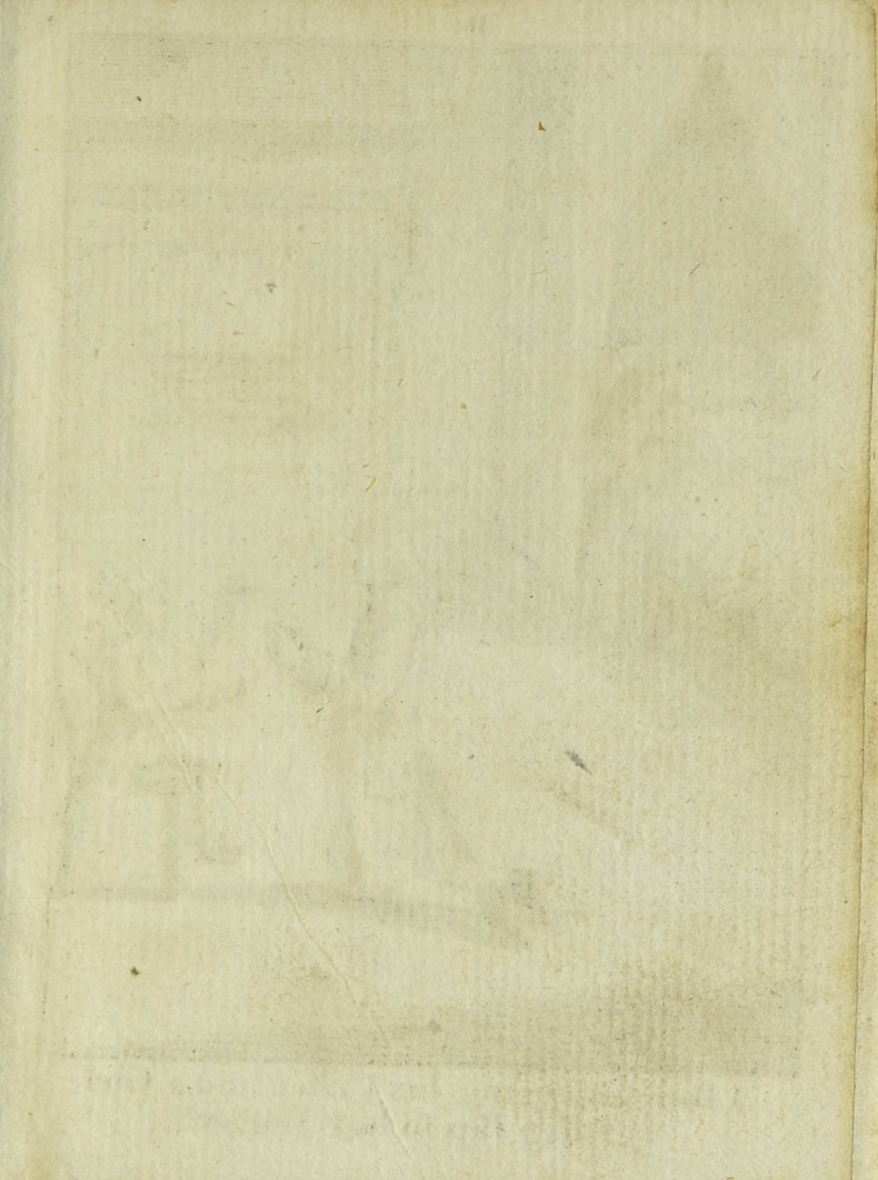
M O R A L.

Good manners learn not to disgrace,

You'll find yourself to blame;

Since e'en a *Bird* your steps can trace,

And cause you smart and shame.





A Boy, scourging his Father, and a Girl,
giving Pap to her Mother.

T A L E II.

*A Boy Scourging his Father, and the Daughter
giving Pap to her Mother.*

THE Boy the Father here corrects,
You deem this somewhat strange,
But 'tis decreed, in all respects,
That ev'ry thing must change:

The Daughter gives the Mother food,
We blame her not for that;
For 'tis a task each child that's good,
Wou'd willingly be at.

You think, perhaps, this scene revers'd,
'Tis better so by half;
For all that's in this book rehears'd,
Is meant to make you laugh.

Let me tell you, by the bye,
This shou'd not be in fashion;
The boy is wicked, but for why?
Why want of education.

A boy scourging his father, &c.

The Father lik'd his child too well,
 To let him go one week
 To learn to write, to read, and spell,
 And cast arithmetic.

What strange infatuation this!

How indiscreet the plan!

The boy, unthinking, it may please,
 But 'twill undo the man.

The seeds of learning in the mind

Of infants shou'd be sown;

Then will the happy parents find

The harvest all their own.

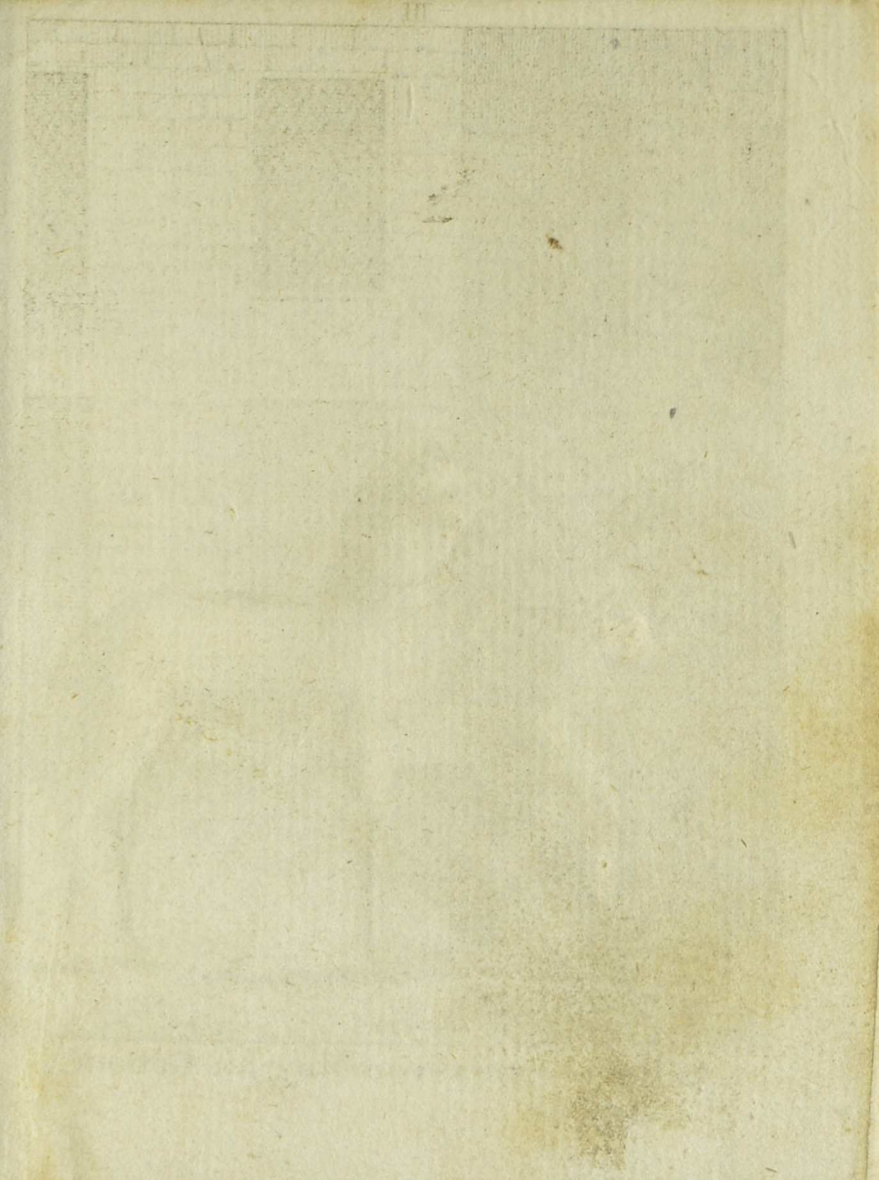
M O R A L.

Ye parents then, this fable mind!

Each child shou'd school pursue;

Or else in riper years you'll find,

They'll shake the rod at you.





An Horse, curry-combing his Groom.

T A L E III.

An Horse curry-combing his Groom.

“ **T**EACH me to feel another’s woe;
“ To shun the faults I see;
“ The mercy I to others shew,
“ Such mercy shew to me.”

Immortal Pope his thoughts exprest,
In these immortal lines;
Where, philosophically drest,
Sense brightens and refines.

Had that same Groom but thought on this,
He’ad wav’d this sad disaster;
And that same Horse he us’d to dress,
Had not become his master.

Like ev’ry boy, that’s bad at school,
To learn he was unable;
No, nought wou’d please the giddy fool,
But being in a stable:

8 *An horse curry-combing his groom.*

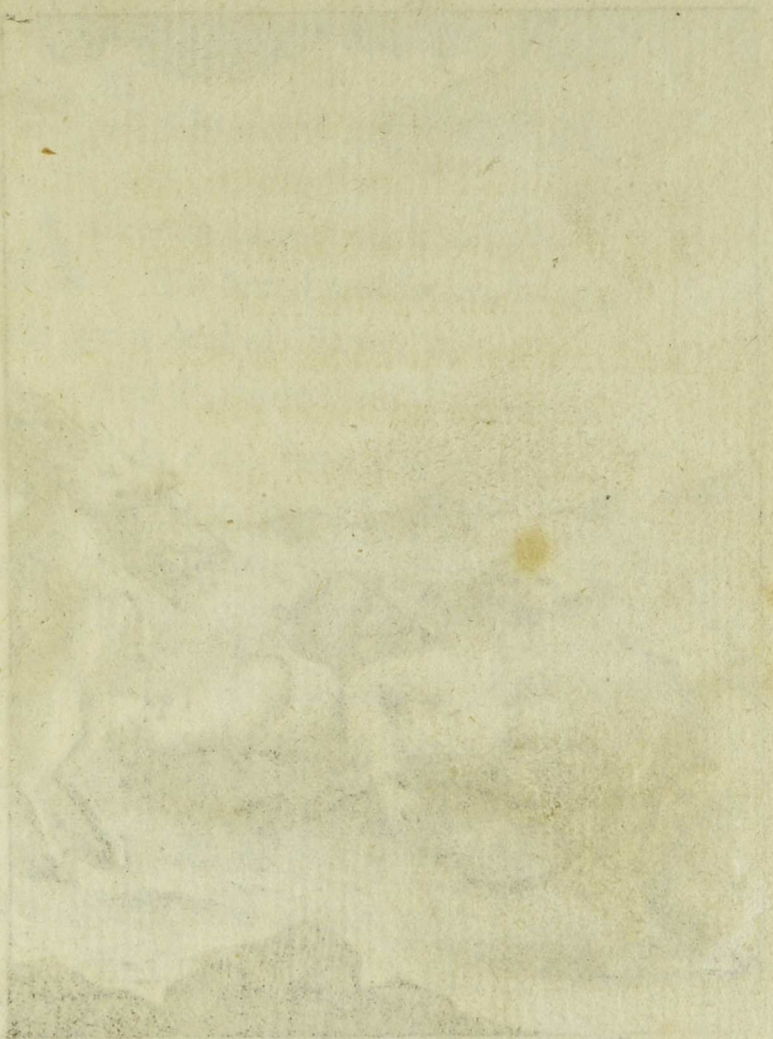
A jockey he forsooth must be ;
 Yes, that was his delight ;
With scrubs and hostlers to be free,
 And ride from morn to night.

Still this perverseness in the boy,
 Continued in the man ;
And cruelty was all his joy : ---
 He knew no better plan.

So Providence, who ev'ry source
 Of wickedness can tell,
Into a Groom transform'd an Horse,
 To curry-comb him well.

M O R A L.

Ye pretty children, learn from hence
 All cruelty to shun ;
shews not only want of sense,
 But by it you're undone.



THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



·The Hogs turned Butchers.

T A L E IV.

The Hogs turned Butchers.

A Certain farmer took delight
To breed and fatten swine;
He got a deal of money by't,
And Fortune seem'd to shine;
He got so rich, from low estate,
He quite forgot himself;
And many tricks would he be at,
To still encrease his pelf.
A thousand ways the world to trim,
He at the market sought;
And no one bought a hog of him,
But was full dearly bought.
To church he'd seldom walk or ride,
His God was only gain;
And puff'd with arrogance and pride,
Wou'd o'er his neighbours reign.

His tenants in distress he kept,
 And if they cou'd not pay,
 The hogs, the goods, and all were swept,
 Without regret, away;
 His hogs he'd ne'er to market bring,
 Unless he found pork rise;
 He deem'd it, as a cunning thing,
 To get a monstrous price.
 This Heav'n with indignation hears,
 And so to finish strife,
 Set three stout Hogs about his ears
 To end his worthless life.

M O R A L.

"Live and let live's" a maxim good;
 Success from that is sure:
 And Heav'n decrees that all things shou'd
 Be mod'rate for the poor.

Handwritten signature or name in cursive script, possibly reading "H. J. ...".

Faint, mirrored text at the bottom of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.



Horses turned Farriers .

T A L E V.

Horses turned Farriers.

A Farrier many years ago,
In good Queen Bess's reign,
Was pleas'd for any work to do,
And money to obtain.
Soon as the morning streak'd the skies
His hammering begun ;
And 'till the moon was seen to rise,
His labour scarce was done ;
Such was his industry, they say,
Which some perhaps will doubt,
That in a twelvemonth and a day
One anvil was worn out.
But what of that? he'ad cash enough
To purchase twenty more ;
He dreaded not the world's rebuff,
For none cou'd call him poor.

No Horse, no Mare, no Filly went

Long time without a shoe;

He'd sickness banish or prevent,

Nay bleed and physic too:

But suddenly his trade fell off,

And well he might expect it;

For money made him laugh and scoff,

And totally neglect it:

So *Plutus* took his wealth again,

And got it so decreed,

That two strong Horses from the plain,

Shou'd *shoe* and make him *bleed*.

M O R A L.

Learn all to mind the trade ye have,

Let business smile or frown;

Since, tho' the milk kind Fortune gave,

This *Farrier* kick'd it down.

1800



An Ox turned Butcher.

T A L E VI.

The Ox turned Butcher.

A Butcher seems a barb'rous trade,
Yet Butchers we must have ;
They in great measure give their aid
To what our natures crave.
Tho' Providence, so wond'rous kind,
Bestows us all she can,
To fit her gifts for use, we find,
Was doom'd the task of man :
From hence the various changes 'rose
To gratify our wish ;
To deal in fowls some tradesmen chose,
And others meat and fish.
The sturdy Ox, that tills the soil,
Obedient to the yoke ;
The Lamb that licks the hand, the while
It feels the fatal stroke ;

The simple Calf, the Sheep so meek,
To innocency prone;

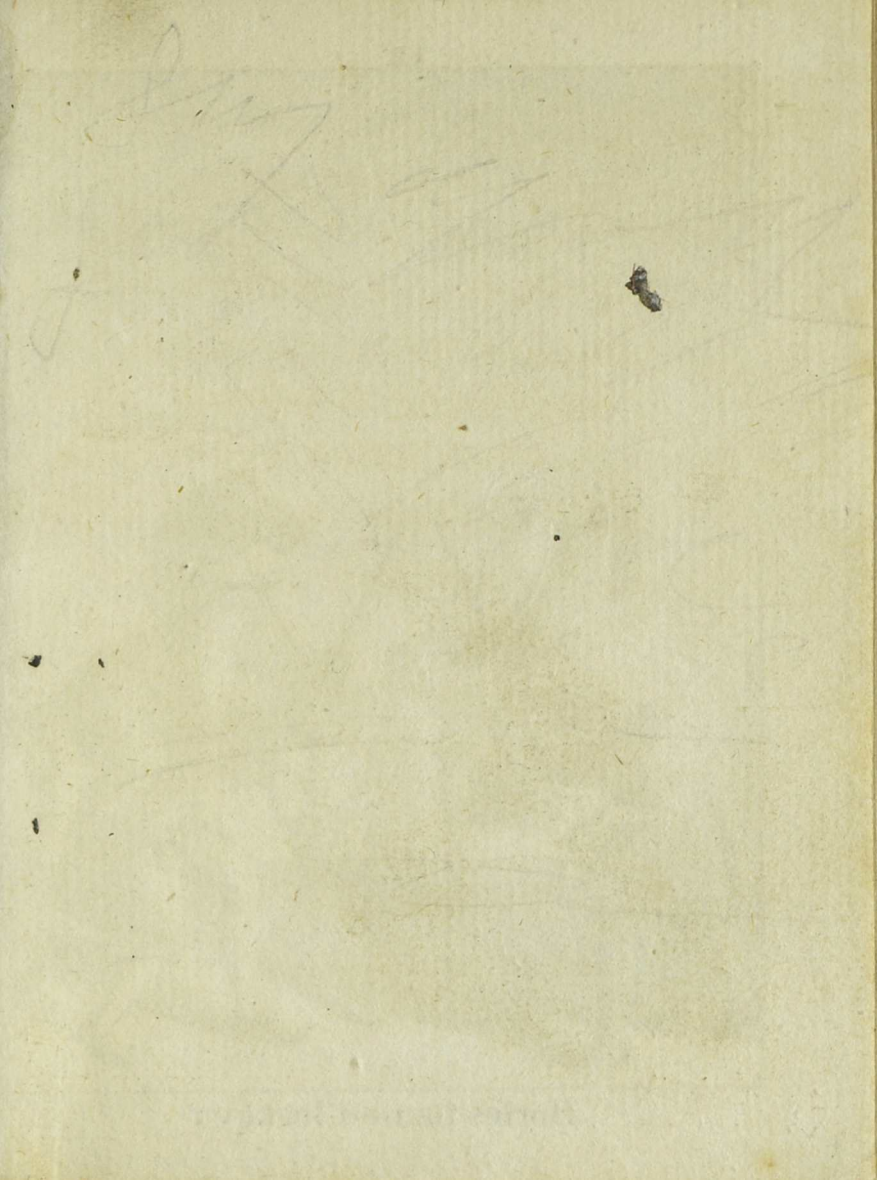
The very Pigs that grunt and squeak,
For us their lives lay down.

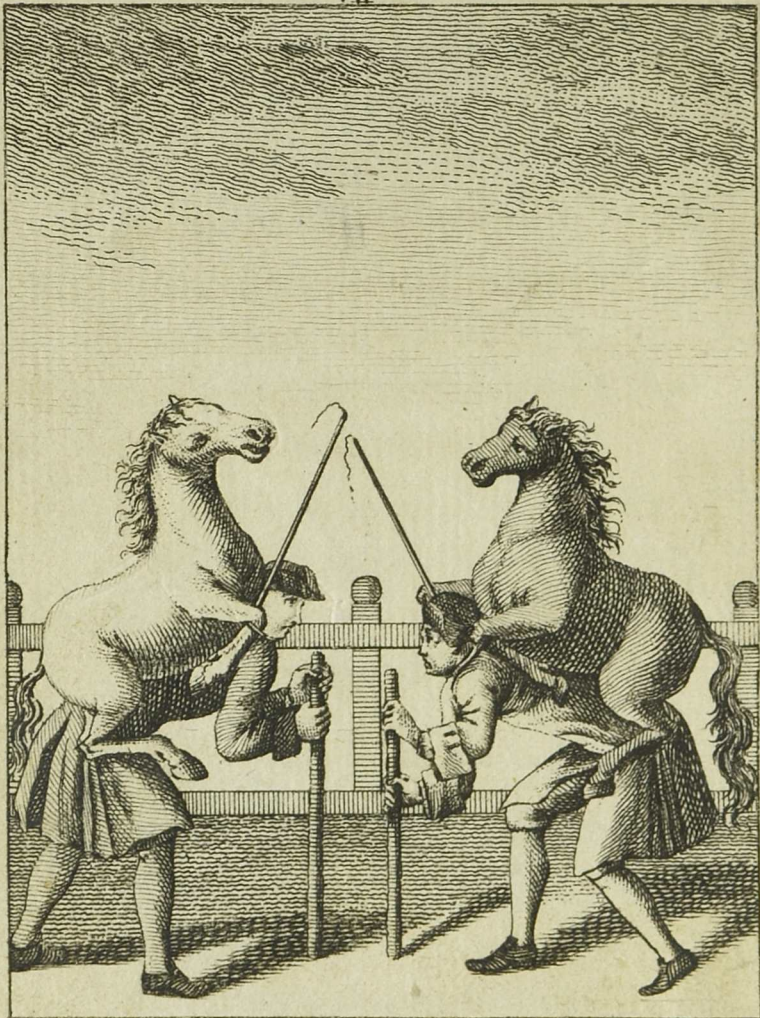
But think, oh lordly man, that tho'
These creatures are for thee,
Thy mercy to them thou should'st show,
Nor practice cruelty.

This Butcher us'd to prick and hocks
These beasts thro' fun and whim;
For which, in length of time, an Ox
Was set to butcher him.

M O R A L.

Tho' barb'rous actions others do,
Take you a diff'rent way;
For Shakespeare says, "A cat will r. b.
"A dog will have his day." e





Horfes turned Jockeys .

T A L E VII.

The Horses turned Jockeys.

TWO noblemen, of great estate,
In gaming took delight;
Success had made them so elate,

They'd lay that *black* was *white*.

The cards, the dice, possess'd their mind,
From morn to night they'd sit;

Nothing so clever cou'd they find,
As laying of a bet.

The veriest scoundrels on the earth
They'd play with to get money,
Unthinking of their noble birth,
And deem'd it wond'rous funny.

Newmarket then engross'd their thought,
And Epsom turf, so fam'd;

Nay ev'ry running course they sought,
But were at last asham'd;

That's not aſham'd of what they'ad done,
Of that you may be ſure ;

But as they'ad run their length of fun,
Aſham'd of being poor :

Their friendship was before as great
As brother's is to brother,

But now ſo alter'd was their ſtate,
They hated one another.

Fate ſaw their tricks, and ſo ordain'd
Each Horſe they us'd to ride,

And for their various pleaſures tram'd,
Shou'd Jockey down their pride.

M O R A L.

Beware of ev'ry man you ſee,
Deſt all vicious courſes ;

And then you'll never jockey'd be
By Gameſters or by Horſes.

Dear Love

The post has
just

come to
tell me
that



The Hen and Chickens forcing a Kite to fly away.

T A L E VIII.

*The Hen and Chickens forcing a Kite to fly away ;
a Farmer at a small distance.*

O H, Innocence all hail to thee!
Thy sweet endearing pow'r
Protects us, from nativity,
Unto our mortal hour:

Immortal too, I ought to say ;
For thou canst never die,
But bidst adieu ! to shew the way
To mansions in the sky.

The fiercest beasts, the fiercest birds,
Are suppliant to thee ;
Thy looks surpass the force of words,
And quell ferocity.

18 *The hen and chickens forcing a kite to fly away.*

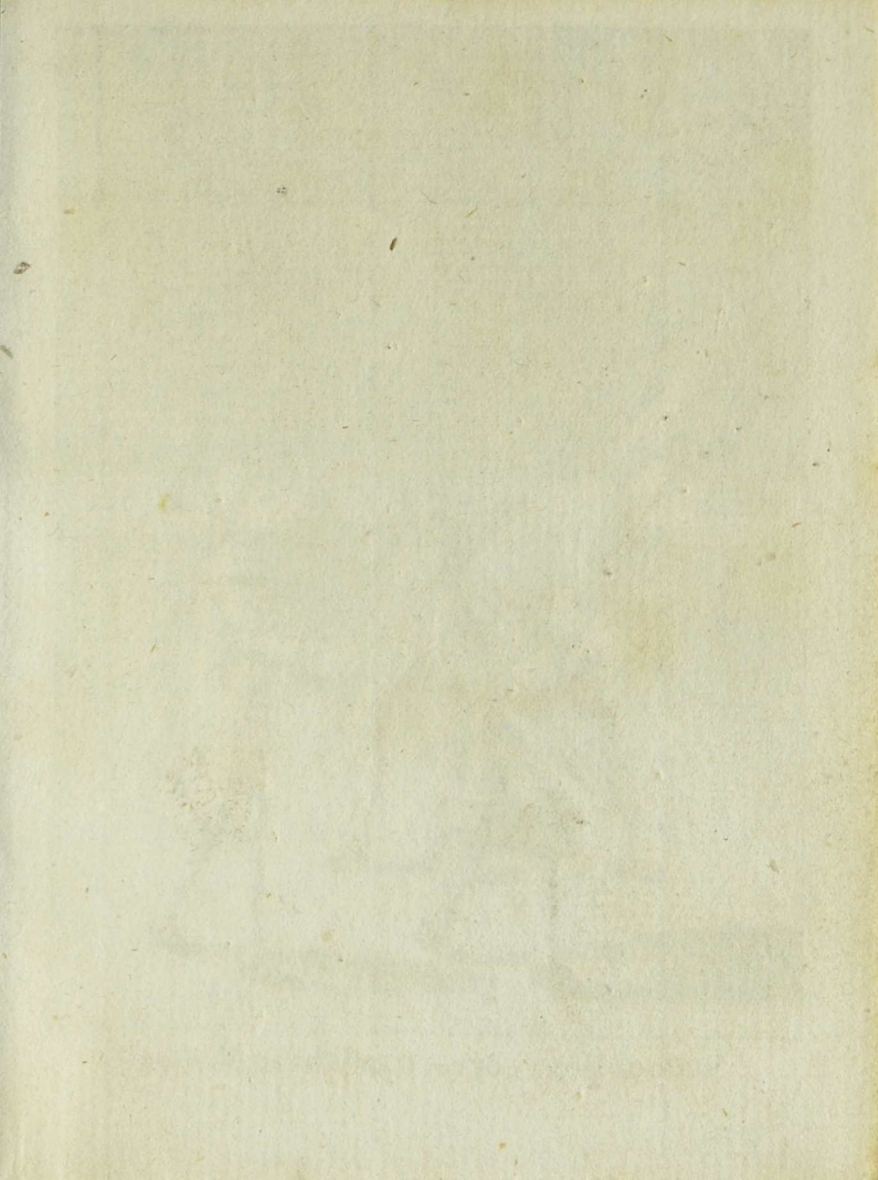
It chanc'd, as in a Farmer's yard
An Hen and Chickens play'd,
The feather'd mother, on her guard,
The rav'nous Kite survey'd :

Aloft in air he hover'd round,
Before he made his dart ;
For cruelty is always found
To have some fear at heart.

The Farmer from his cot withdrew,
By accident to stray,
The Kite full well his presence knew,
And took his flight away.

M O R A L.

You, who in virtue fix your pride,
Whatever dangers brave you,
Keep *Innocence* still on your side ;---
Kind Providence will save you.





School Boys correcting their Master.

T A L E IX.

School Boys correcting their Master.

A Certain man once kept a school,
I think in Piccadilly,
Extremely fond of tyrant rule,
And acted mighty silly.

Of learning he'ad sufficient want,
About it yet he'd preach;
Tho' very near as ignorant
As those he meant to teach.

Oft' wou'd he horse and flog the boys,
With much too heavy hand,
Alike if any made a noise,
Or cou'd not understand:

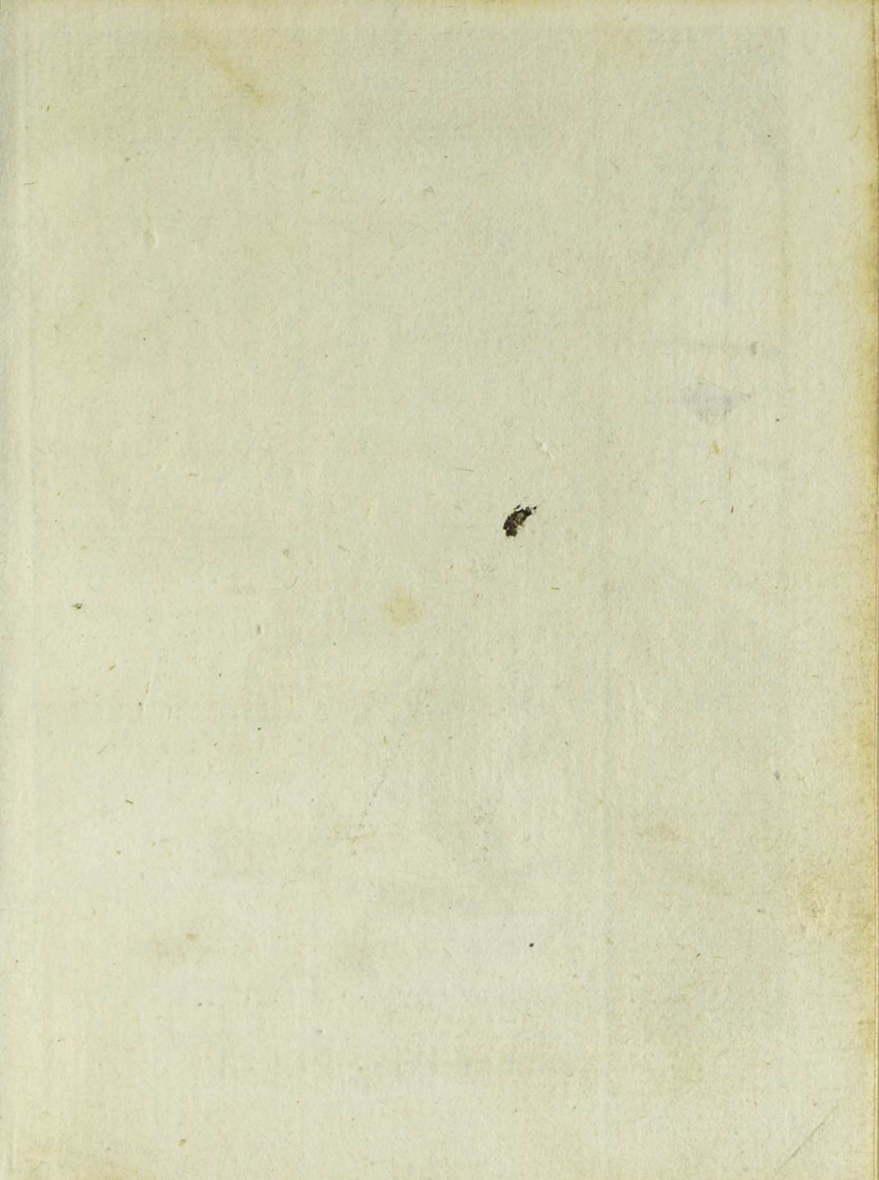
And well they might---for Pope observes,
With no unjust pretence,
“ That true no meaning often serves
To puzzle more than sense.”

It happen'd on a Christmas time,
(For there they broke up yearly)
The boys thought freedom then no crime,
And thresh'd him most severely.

The parents seeing this mis-rule,
And finding no content,
Withdrew their children from the school,
Worse dunces than they went.

M O R A L.

Ye parents! take it not amiss!
Mind what you ought to do;
For if a fool their master is,
Your sons must be so too.





A Doll carrying a Child

T A L E X.

A Doll carrying a Child.

HUZZA! the *Fair!* methinks you cry,
St. Barth'lomew's is come;
We'll *jig by jole* go bye and bye,
There's trumpet, fiddle, drum:

Wild beasts shall fill you with surprize;
Gay *Punch* shall make you merry;
Or raree-show divert your eyes,
For all is *hey down derry.*

At various pretty *toys* we'll look;
Or laugh at Shuter's droll;
Buy Master *Jack* a golden book,
And *Miss* shall have a *Doll.*

But, oh, what shameful ways are these!

Hence infancy grows bold;

Wisdom has better means to please,

Or else I'm falsely told.

How many parents shed a tear,

Whose daughters have been there!

The virtuous mind is shock'd to hear

The mention of a *Fair*.

That *Doll* was once a *Miss*, not good,

Who long'd too soon to marry;

And so the *Fairies* made her wood,

A crying child to carry.

M O R A L.

Each pretty *Miss* shou'd pleasure have,

'Twas so in earliest time;

But bad are those who pleasures crave,

Which Prudence deems a crime.



A Man running away with the Monument

T A L E XI.

A Man running away with the Monument.

A MBITION is a glorious plan,
I mean if reason bind it ;
But 'tis not so in ev'ry man,
As you and I may find it.

From noble views our fortune springs,
But 'tis in just degree,
That peasants never shall be kings,
But know humility.

A certain foolish king of France,
As histories reveal,
To London sent this man a dance,
The *Monument* to steal.

24 *A man running away with the monument.*

You'll ask, how rush'd into his head,

A scheme so strange and wild ?

To make a coral, as 'tis said,

To please a fav'rite child.

Aye, thought this man, who he employ'd

To do this wond'rous task,

I now shall roll in pomp and pride,

And have all things I ask :

And so, all on a gloomy night,

Tho' some aver 'twas day,

He took it on his back, by flight,

And with it ran away.

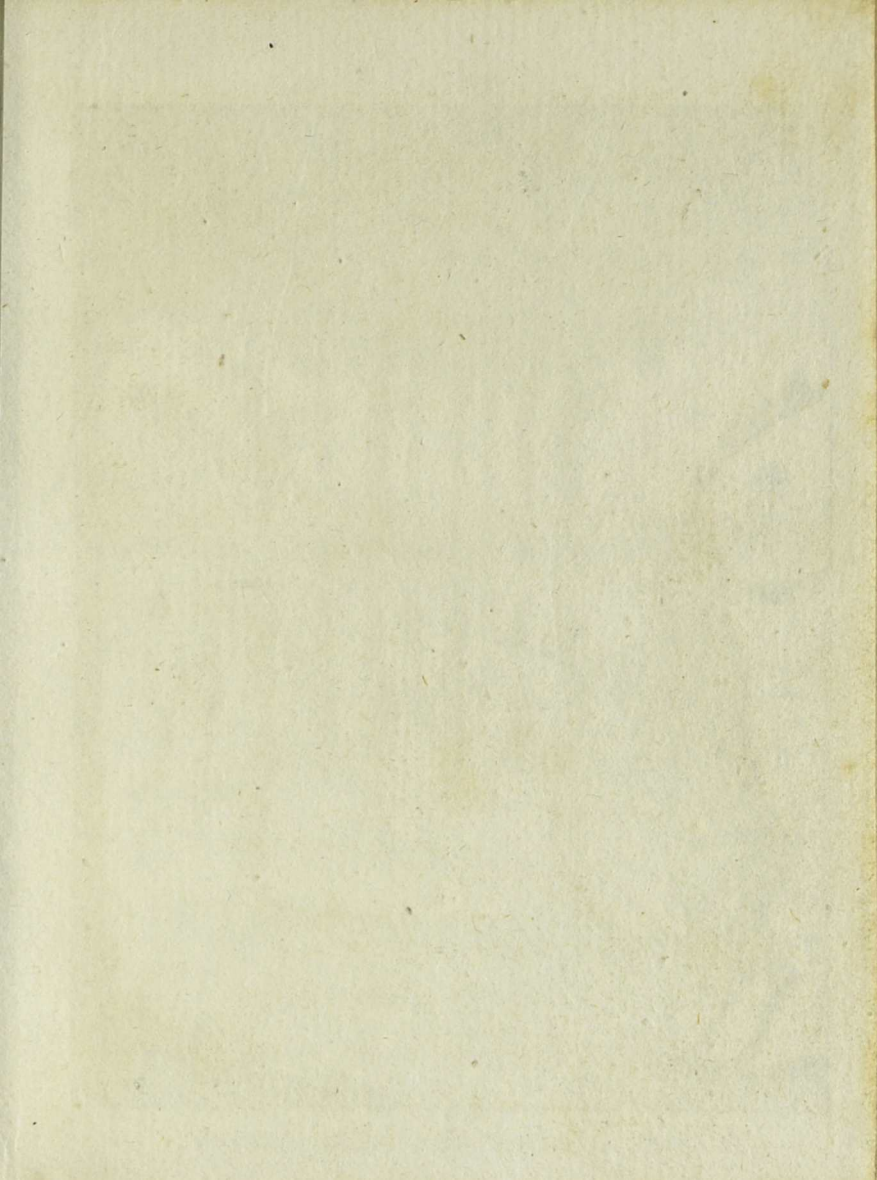
M O R A L.

In idle tales no faith repose,

And be not too ambitious ;

For fortune to such fools as those

Will never be propitious.





A Deer shooting at a Game Keeper.

T A L E XII.

A Deer shooting at a Game-keeper.

A Nobleman who us'd to chace
The fox, the hare, the roe,
Took great delight their steps to trace
In dreary frost and snow.

He lov'd his tenants :---ev'ry one
Was welcome to his table ;
He bade his steward not to dun
All such as were unable :

Unable then to pay their rent,
They at his board were free ;
His servants liv'd in full content,
And happily liv'd he.

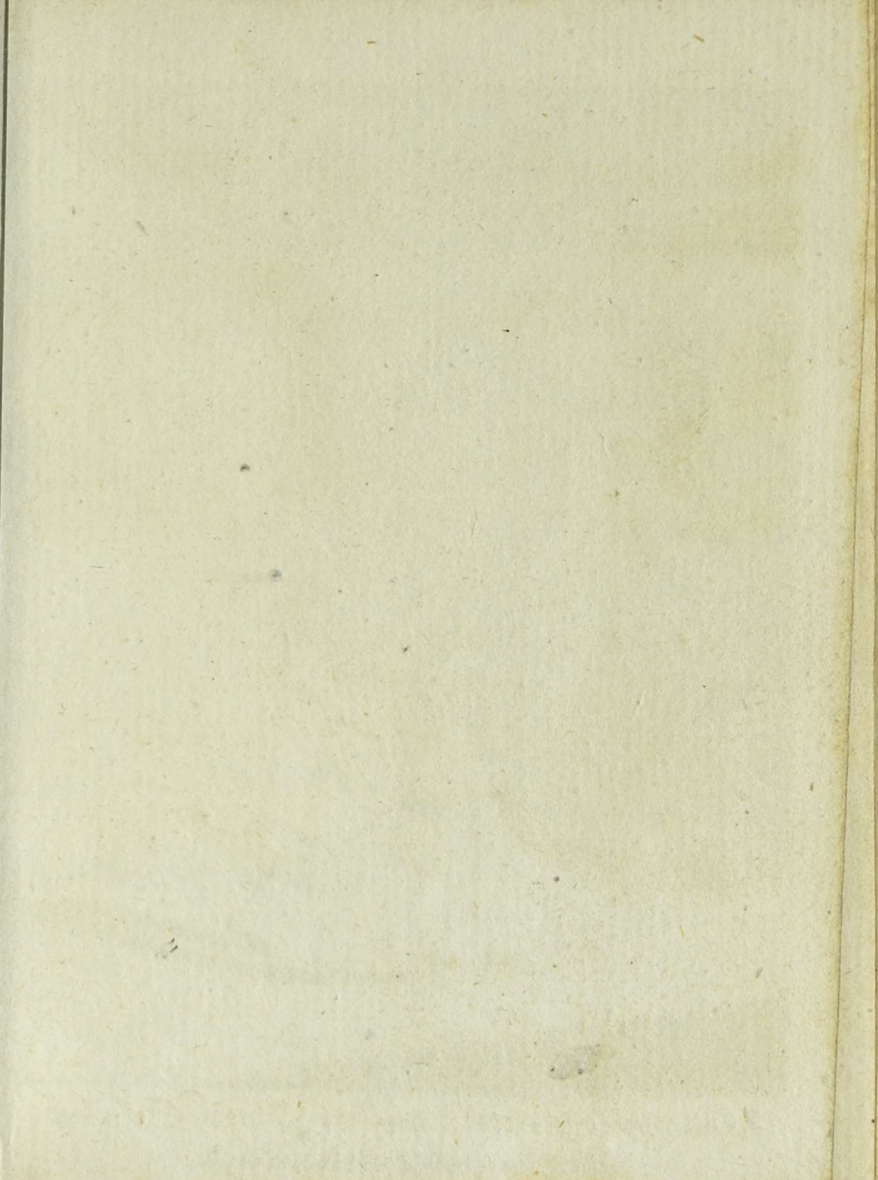
But servants will their lord transgress,
 Alack, ah well-a-day!
 His favour made them, more or less,
 In Folly's path to stray.

A Game-keeper he needs must keep,
 As suited to his station;
 Yet this same man could never sleep
 Without some devastation:

He many a buck wou'd kill at night,
 For a penurious whim;
 At length 'twas doom'd, a buck of might,
 Shou'd, for the herd, kill him.

M O R A L.

Never disgrace the trust repos'd;
 For soon or late you'll find
 Your villainy must be disclos'd,
 And spurn'd by all mankind.





A Customer turned Landlord, scoring his former Impofer on his Back .

T A L E XIII.

*A Customer turned Landlord, scoring his former
Imposer on his Back.*

HOW many *Public Houses* are
In Country and in London!
In using which some well may fare,
And others may be undone.

'Tis really laughable enough,
To see in ev'ry street,
The signs, which victuallers hang for puff,
Their customers to greet.

One puts up *Wilkes*, and thinks 'twill please;
Another has *Lord Bute*;
And many various oddities,
As best their fancies suit.

But, ah, how simple working-men
To alehouses will run!

There tittle--slight their work---and then
Their family's undone.

This Publican was one of those
Who deal in *Marlborough* chalk;
He us'd to game---get drunk---impose,
And *cunningly* wou'd talk.

From this, 'tis easy to infer,
His trade at length grew slack---
That man, who was his customer,
Now scores him on his back.

M O R A L.

In ev'ry state of life, take care,
Whate'er you are dispos'd on,
To trick no one---nor ever dare
T' impose---or be impos'd on.

~~Hot~~ f o g



A Servant Maid turned Mistress, her former
Mistress dressing in the Kitchen.

T A L E XIV.

*A Servant Maid turned Mistress, her former
Mistress drudging in the Kitchen.*

SO hazardous is ev'ry state
On life's precarious stage ;
We can't foresee th' events of fate,
In either youth or age.

How careful ev'ry one shou'd be,
A caution much neglected,
To act, that in adversity,
They mayn't be disrespected.

A lord, to-day, a mighty man,
Who never dreamt of sorrow,
Howe'er in life he draws his plan,
May be a slave to-morrow.

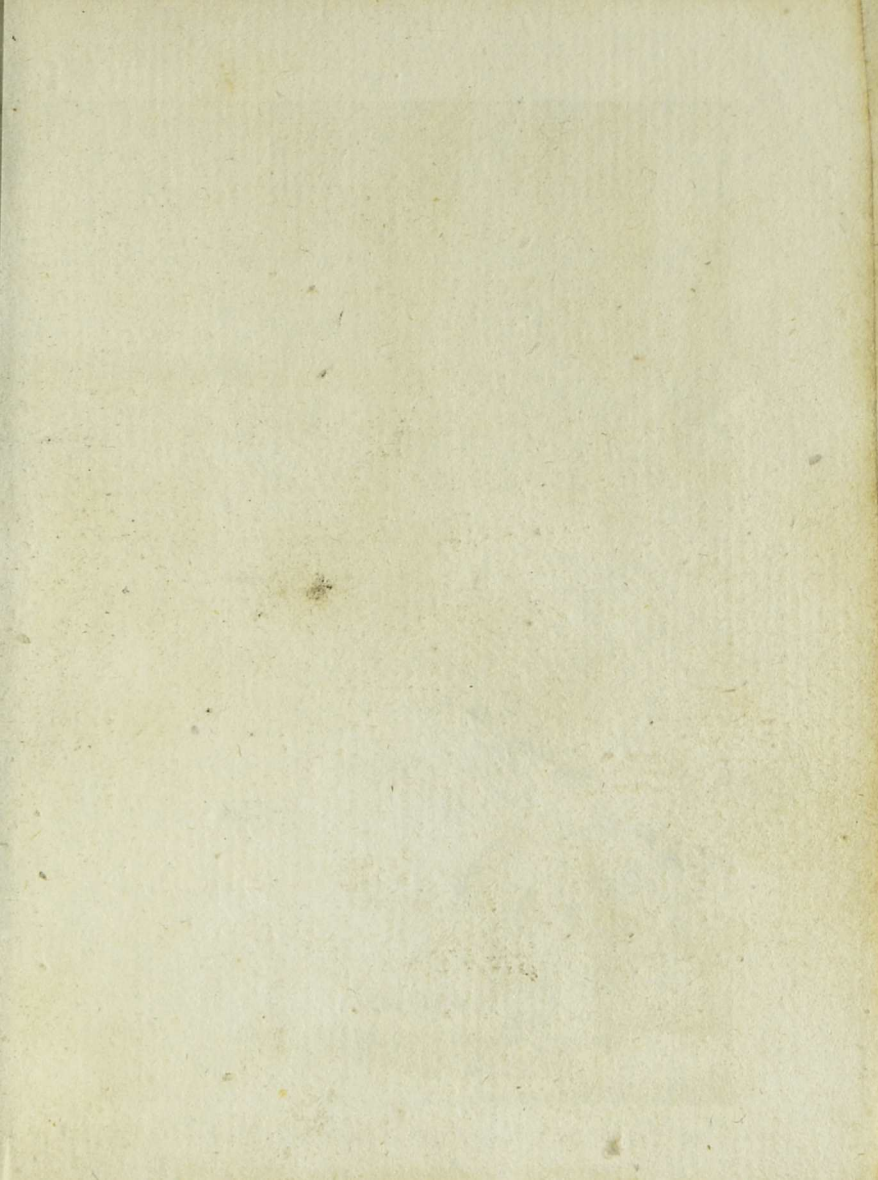
By arbitrary means, we ne'er
 Gain love from our inferiors;
 Then justly let us act, for fear
 They shou'd be our superiors.

The woman drudging in that place;
 (Observe the print beside)
 Was one of those that catch disgrace,
 And bait the hook with pride.

The maid who us'd to watch her call,
 And at her beck was ready,
 By her imprudence, and downfall,
 Is now become her lady.

M O R A L.

Ye fair-ones ne'er be arrogant;
 Be of this tale observant;
 Misfortune may your bliss transplant,
 And each become a servant.





The Wife acting the Soldier, the Husband spinning, and nursing the Child.

T A L E XV.

The Wife acting the Soldier; the Husband spinning and nursing the Child.

THE God of nature, ever kind,
Bestow'd on all his creatures
A diff'rent form, a diff'rent mind,
That suited to their natures.

To Man he gave the martial heart,
And fortitude of soul;
To Woman ev'ry gentler art,
His roughness to controul:

The sexes thus by sympathy,
Are each to each allied;
He to protect the fair, and *She*
To own him as her guide.

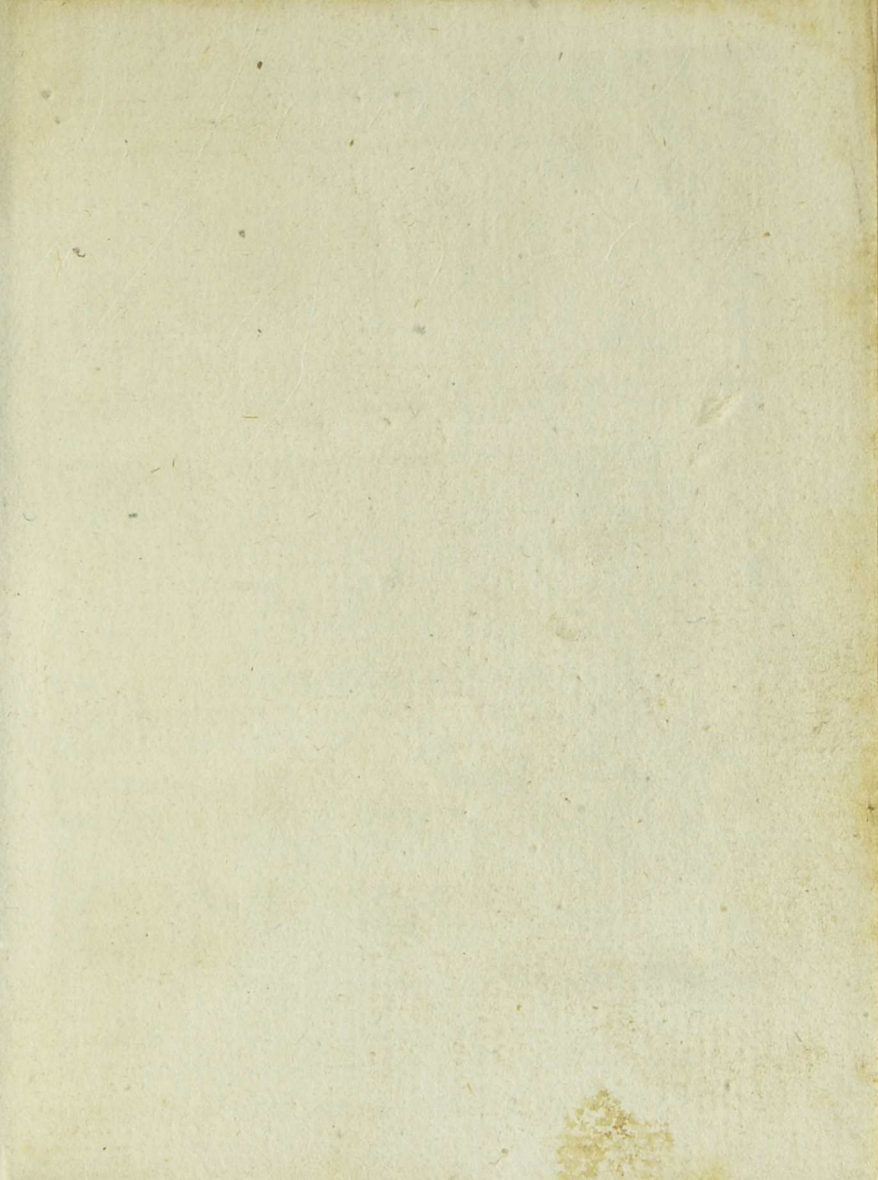
By minding this, each married pair
Are happy during life ;
The greatest bliss a man can share,
Is fix'd in such a wife :

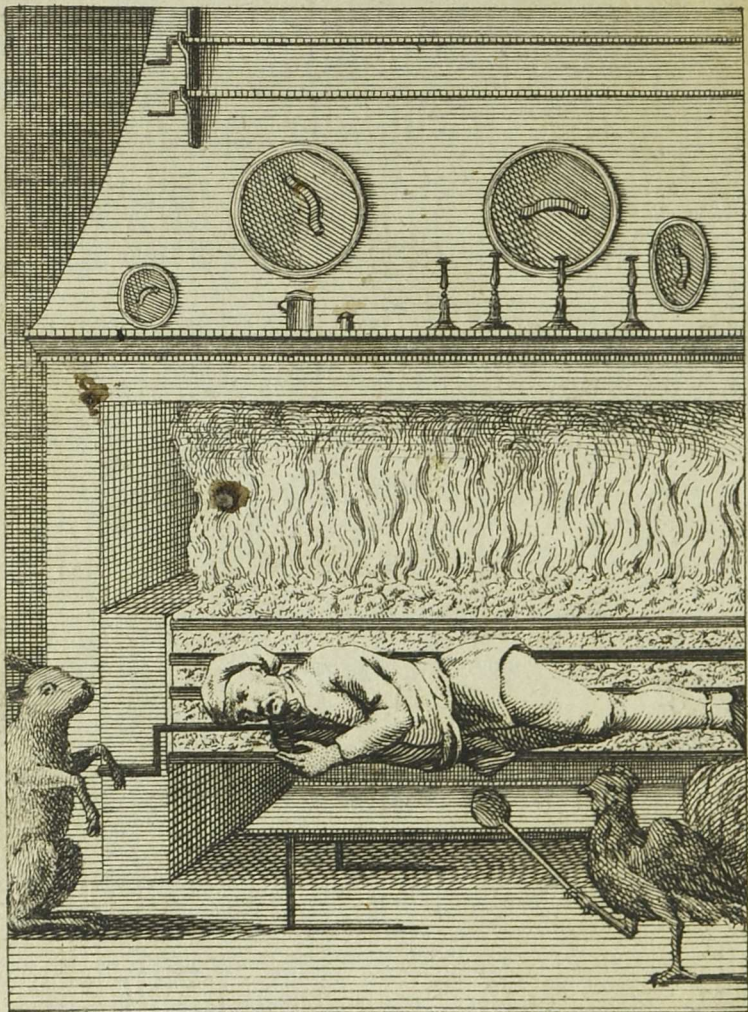
But when they take a diff'rent way,
And she turns out a shrew ;
And man her will must needs obey,
As simple husbands do :

Then mis'ry sure on such attends,
And prompts the world to joke,
Which, frequently too, never ends,
'Till death's tyrannic stroke.

M O R A L.

Hence learn your sep'rate paths to keep,
And live by reason's rules ;
For censure seldom is asleep,
And all must laugh at fools.





An Hare roasting a Cook, and a Cock basting him.

T A L E XVI.

*An Hare roasting a Cook, and a Cock basting
him.*

S OON as Aurora beams her ray,
From sloth the huntsmen rise;
The horns, the hounds salute the day,
And joy awakes the skies.

The timid Hare her form forsakes,
And dreads the distant shout;
The Fox a diff'rent method takes,
And sily skulks about.

Each creature is by instinct taught,
Its certain foes to shun;
But man, tho' bless'd with sense and thought,
Will into ruin run.

34 *An hare roasting a cook, a cock basting him.*

In fighting cocks some take delight,

A cruel sport indeed;

How shocking to the human sight

To see the guiltless bleed.

Survey a cock-pit---hark what roar!

What horrid oaths resound;

Here's ten to one!---there's five to four!

An orange to a pound.

Narrates How many persons are undone,

Who on such sports attend!

Tho' for a while they think it fun,

Destruction's in the end.

EM Pa

M O R A L.

If Fortune smile, her favours prize,

Nor let your wealth be wasted;

Or like the Cook, before your eyes,

You'll by the world be basted.

h h

ll

1841
1842
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Fishes turned Birds, and the Sportsmen hunting
in the Water.

T A L E XVII.

The Fish turned Birds, and the Sportsmen hunting on the Water.

FROM discontentedness of mind
What various ill arises!
And all that search will surely find
In life more blanks than prizes.

There needs no philosophic aid
To tell why things are thus,
We all for happiness were made,
And happiness for us.

This frowardness is not confin'd
Alone to human nature,
But birds, beasts, fish, of ev'ry kind
Give ample cause for satire.

That Partridge scorn'd the covey'd field,
 Cause other birds cou'd swim ;
 To Geese and Ducks he'd never yield,
 No; water too for him.

Those Fish forsook their element
 To try an airy motion ;
 The Hare and Hound were not content,
 But needs must wade the ocean.

The huntsmen and the coursers too,
 Great Nature's law confounded ;
 And, while ambition was their view,
 They all were justly drowned.

M O R A L.

Never attempt to quit your sphere,
 Nor prompt the world to laughter ;
 'Twill end in ruin while you're here,
 And may perhaps hereafter.



An Ass driving the Miller to Market, and the
Mill turned topsy-turvy.

T A L E XVIII.

*An Ass driving the Miller to market, and the
Mill turned topsy-turvy.*

A Miller once, a crafty blade,
In grinding took delight ;
So diligent was he in trade,
His mill went day and night.

That this was industry 'tis plain,
And worthy to be sure ;
But not content with grinding grain,
He needs must grind the poor.

The corn that rotted in the mead,
Or what by floods was spoil'd,
He'd swear was flour quite good indeed,
So ignorance beguil'd :

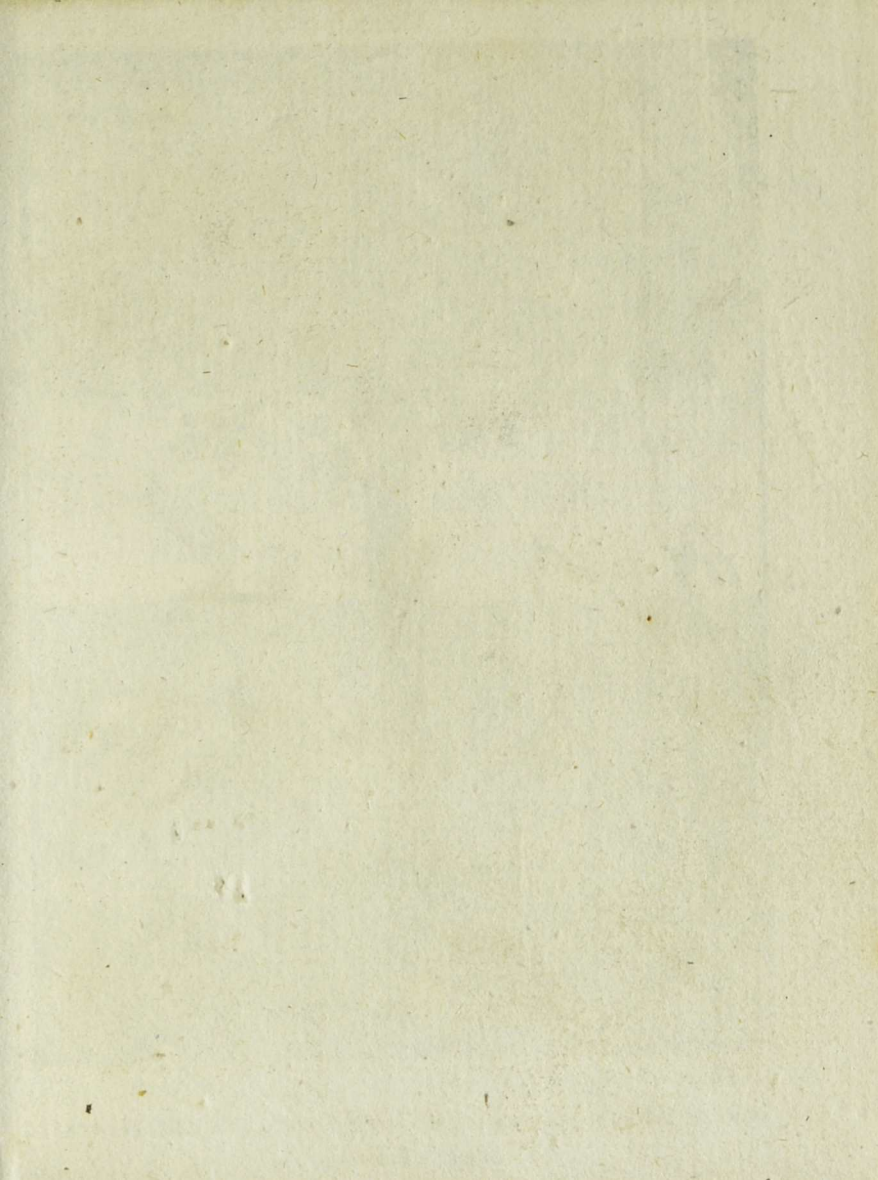
At length his villainy was seen,
 His tricks were all found out,
 For heav'n won't long the guilty screen,
 But punish them, no doubt.

So for the future none wou'd deal
 With one so bad and scurvy ;
 The wicked whirligigg, his mill,
 Was turn'd quite topsy-turvy.

The very Afs he us'd to drive,
 A Miller turn'd to vex him ;
 And he that wou'd by roguery thrive,
 Will find e'en beasts perplex him.

M O R A L.

A mod'rate profit all shou'd have ;
 'Tis nothing more than right ;
 But who thro' av'rice more will crave,
 Get certain ruin by't.





A Fish angling for a Man, an Apple Tree bearing Fish, one of which seizes on an Eagle, and a Lamb attacking a Lion.

T A L E XIX.

*A Fish angling for a Man; an Apple-tree bearing
Fish, one of which seizes on an Eagle, and a
Lamb attacking a Lyon.*

THAT Fishermen will bob for fish,
Is nothing more than true;
They often make a dainty dish,
And please both me and you.

But that the Fish for men shou'd watch,
Is somewhat strange I own;
To see a Lamb a Lyon catch,
Is what's but seldom known.

To see a Fish an Eagle seize,
And others grow on branches,
Upon my word, such things as these,
Out-do our odd romances.

The Lyon's reckon'd bold and brave,
 And of a gen'rous nature ;
 Yet notwithstanding food must have,
 Like ev'ry other creature.

'Tis hunger makes him prowl for prey,
 On all alive he falls ;
 For hunger, as the proverbs say,
 " Will break through stony walls."

His ravage often thin'd the fold :
 At length by Jove's permission,
 A Lamb was taught to be as bold,
 And end his exhibition.

M O R A L.

Tho' you're more powerful than some,
 In reason never sport ;
 A sudden change of things may come,
 And make you sorry for't.



An Ox driving the Farmers at Plough.

T A L E XX.

An Ox driving the Farmers at Plough.

TWO Husbandmen, some years ago,
In partnership delighted ;
They till'd the ground, and doing so,
By profit were united :

At hoe, at harrow, or at plough,
No farmers more expert ;
They drain'd the fields of many a slough,
And money got by dirt.

Why money's dirt, pray is it not ?
Methinks I hear you say :
It is, but if such dirt's not got,
A-lack! a well-a-day.

No pudding on the board wou'd smook,
No apple-pye be eating;
Nor taylor make a coat, or cloak,
For us to walk the street in.

By industry we all must thrive;
'Tis money, well we know,
That only keeps the world alive,
And "makes the mare to go."

But who have others wealth consum'd,
And in this world survive 'em,
For all such actions shou'd be doom'd,
To have an Ox to drive 'em.

M O R A L.

A medium way is best, we're told;
For who're too fond of gain,
Oft' for their eager thirst for gold,
Meet misery and pain.



An old sick Miser, giving Alms.

T A L E XXI.

An old sick Miser giving Alms.

TO gather riches, from our birth,
We all are taught to strive;
And 'tis the greatest curse on earth
To *live*, and not to thrive.

But *living's* an improper word;
Behold the *Poor* beneath!
To say they *live* wou'd be absurd;
They may be said to *breathe* :

And yet, where *Poverty* is seen,
We often may observe
The chearful smile, the placid mien,
In those we think wou'd starve :

This is of industry the lot ;---
 Oft' happiness supports
 The indigency in a cot,
 That ne'er appears in courts.

But some for gold such fondness shew
 That Plutus is their God ;
 Hence are th' unfortunate and low
 Subjected to their rod.

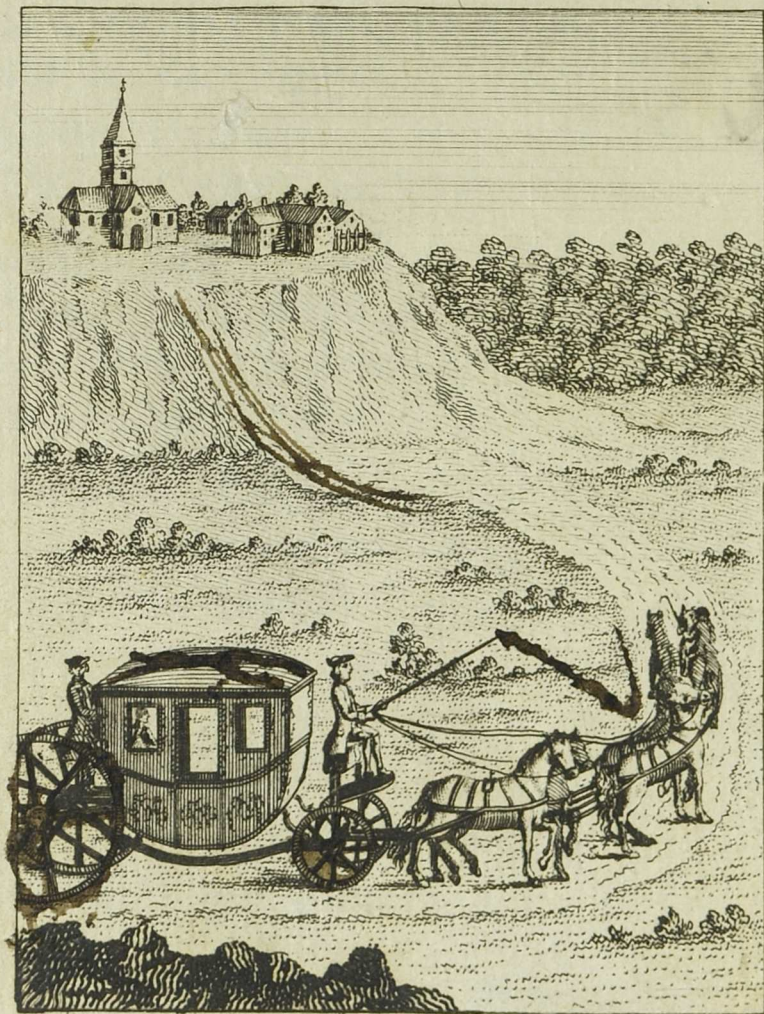
This *Miser* was of such a stamp,
 And on distress would prey ;
 But now he finds he must decamp
 He gives his dross away.

M O R A L.

To help the poor be always free,
 If wealth be to you given :
 Penurious *Death-bed* charity
 Won't bribe the gates of *Heaven*.

A

A B C



A Coach and Six, and a Gentleman riding behind,
in the Capacity of a Footman.

T A L E XXII.

*A Coach and six, and a Gentleman riding behind
in the character of a footman.*

A Certain man, through Fortune's smiles,
Obtain'd a vast estate ;
And not by any tricks or wiles,
But he was fortunate.

One year a near relation dy'd,
By whose demise he got
A valuable horse to ride,
A leasehold, and what not ?

The foll'wing year Death took away,
A very distant cousin,
Who more bequeath'd him——now huzza!
One nagg ! I'll have a dozen.

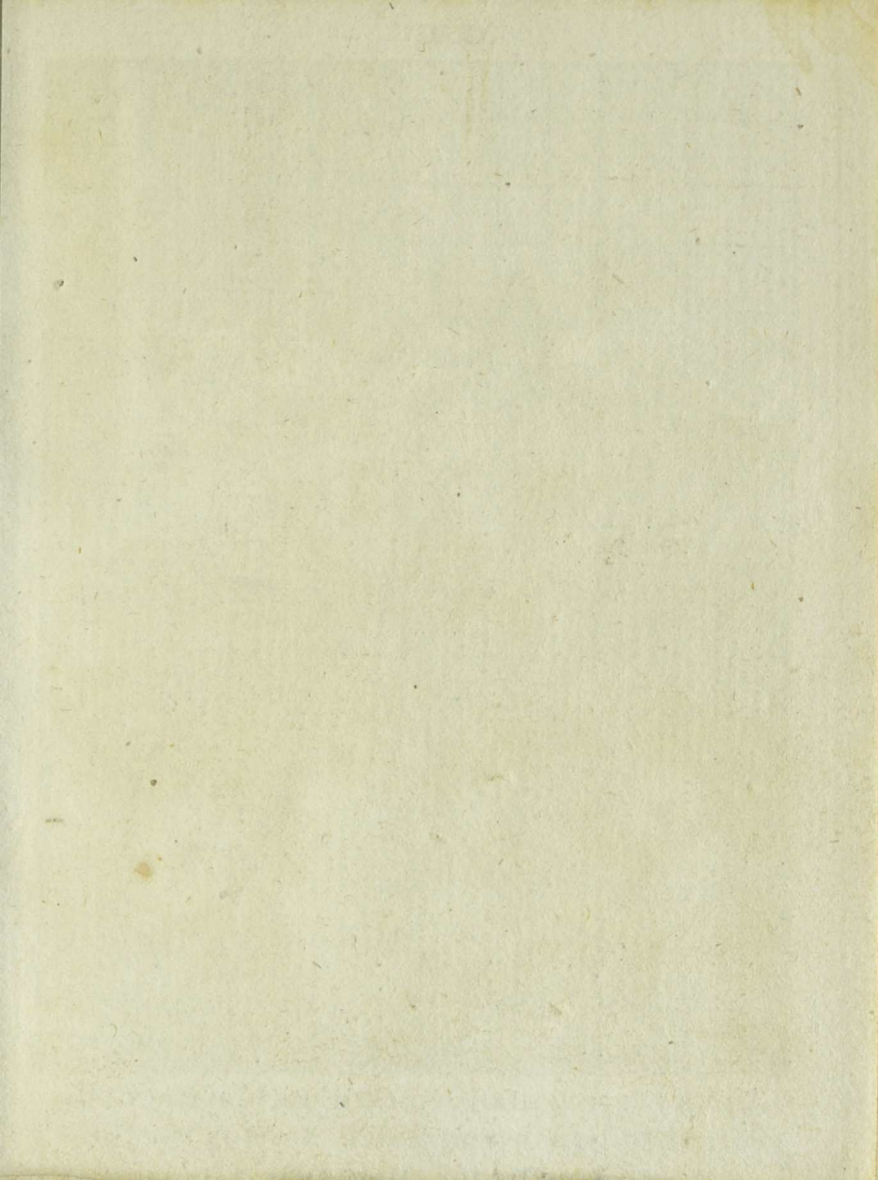
In all the pride of pomp and state
 His equipage he kept ;
 Too much he copy'd from the great,
 And like a king he slept.

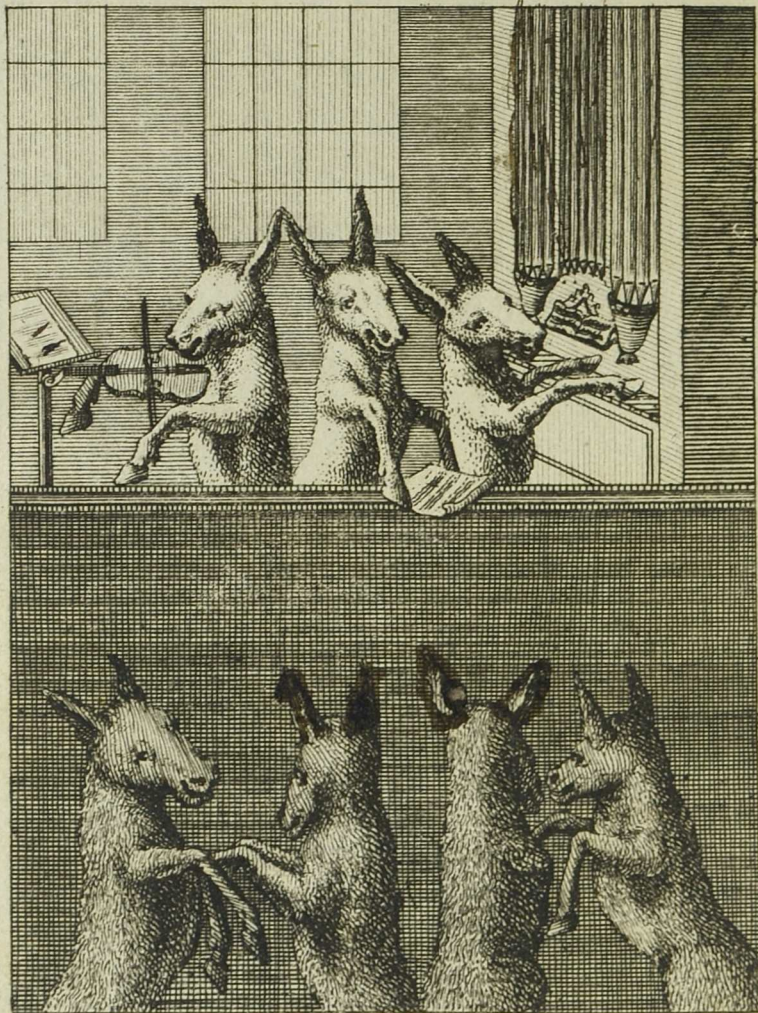
Profusion wanton'd on his board ;
 All delicacies join'd,
 Whate'er the seasons cou'd afford,
 To gratify his mind.

His large estate with great reproach,
 He soon ran out,---oh sin !
 And now he rides behind that coach
 He us'd to ride within.

M O R A L.

All profligates that take this way,
 At last meet grief and sorrow ;
 So learn by this to live to day,
 As you wou'd live to-morrow.





An Ass singing in an Orchestra, one playing on the Organ, and another on a Fiddle, several Asses making up the Audience

T A L E XXIII.

An Ass singing in an Orchestra; one playing on the Organ, another on a Fiddle; several Asses making up the Audience.

MUSIC, angelic science, hail!
Thou charm'st the great Creator;
O'er rage, o'er envy canst prevail,
And modulate our nature.

How pleasing 'tis to hear the voice
Of Brent, of Beard, or Lowe;
It makes our very foals rejoice,
And gives us Heav'n below.

But when Italia's sons begin,
I disapprove the plan;
I cannot bear an eunuch's din;---
For I'm an English man.

A mighty pretty race they are !

Ye Britons, scorn such tools !

Who pick your pockets, squall and stare,

Then laugh at you, for fools :

Nay even to your very face,

(So few their jargon know)

In sing-song nonsense they disgrace

Your king and country too.

The fates this vagrant thought to trim,

While asses cry'd *encore* ;

But left the punishment to him ——

He was an afs before.

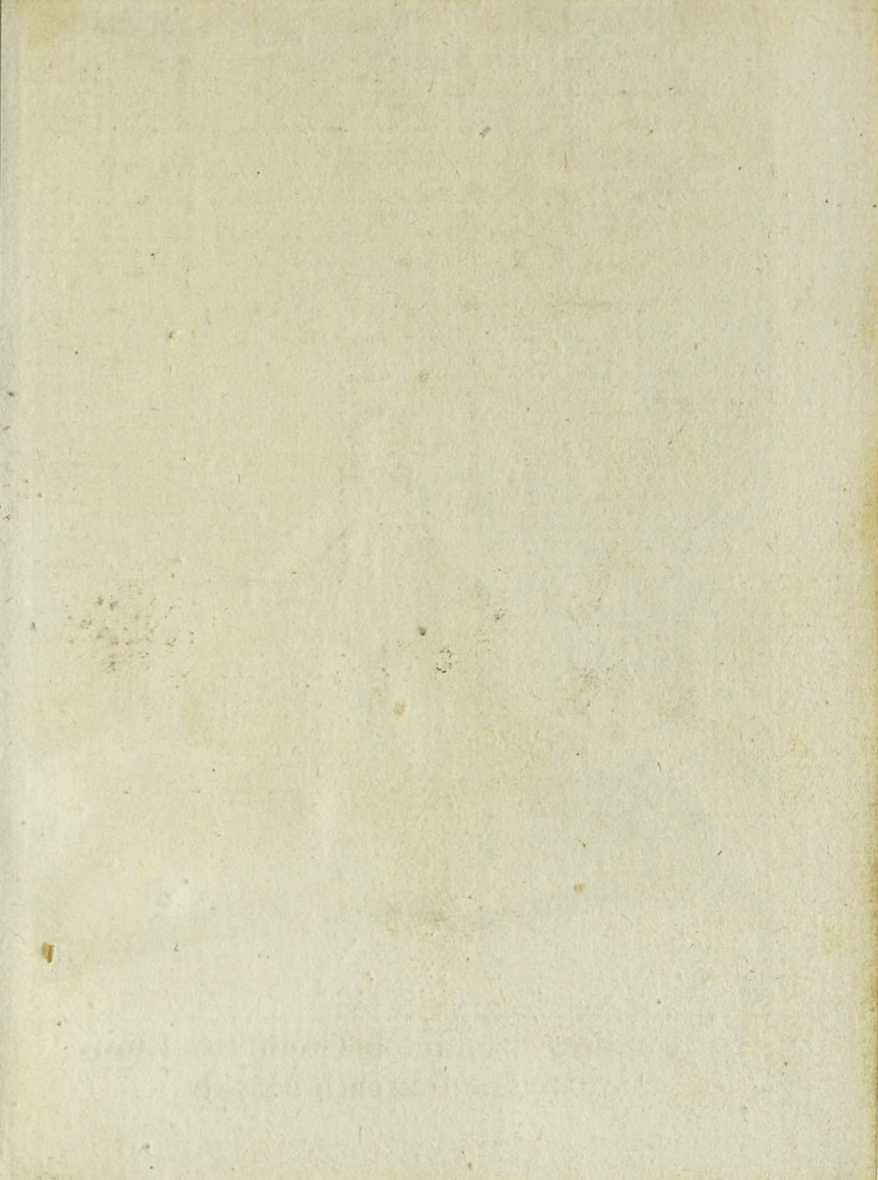
M O R A L.

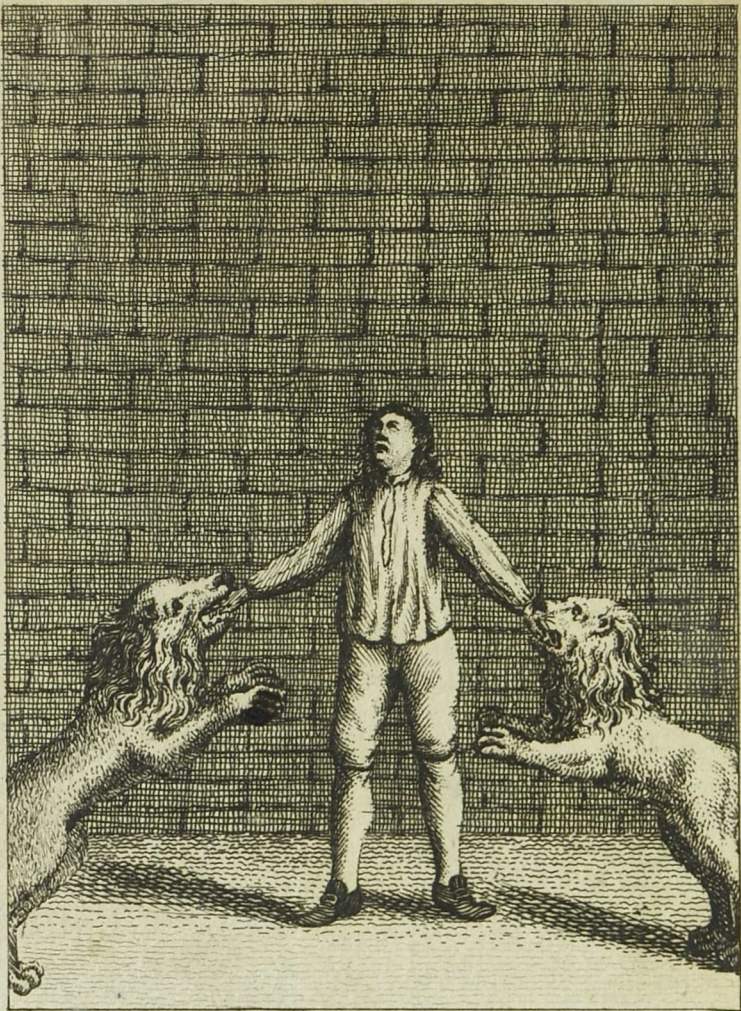
Ye parents, for your children's good,

Build on a proper basis ;

Observe their genius, as you shou'd,

Or you'll, like them, be *asses*.





The London 'Prentice between two Lions,
with an Hand in each Mouth.

T A L E XXIV.

*The London 'Prentice between two Lions, with
an Hand in each Mouth.*

A 'Prentice many years ago,
As old traditions tell,
Was very fond his work to do,
And lik'd his master well.

But comfort to the human mind,
Is of precarious stay;
For Fortune's fickle as the wind,
And will have her *own* way.

It chanc'd, the master of this lad,
Some property had lost;
Which made him like in Bedlam, mad; —
As certainly it must.

For this to Turkey's barb'rous coast
The guiltless boy was sent;
Where Christians of their faith can't boast,
Without severe torment.

Two furious beasts on him they set,
His principles to rout;
Which he with heav'nly courage met,
And both their hearts tore out.

His master, finding what he 'ad lost,
Through justice, and with pleasure,
Obtain'd a pardon, at his cost,
And got him home to Cheshire.

M O R A L.

Let innocence support your mind,
Bid wicked men defiance;
And in the run of time you'll find
That you may conquer *Lions*.



A Lawyer turned Client .

T A L E XXV.

A Lawyer turned Client.

FOR ever sacred be the law!
How glorious is the plan!
That wicked people keeps in awe,
And props the rights of man.

Next to the laws of heav'n's high king,
We ought to understand
The various benefits that spring
From those of our *own* land.

Cou'd we our property retain?
Cou'd we sleep safe in bed?
Were ev'ry rogue, that thirsts for gain,
Not penal pow'r to dread?

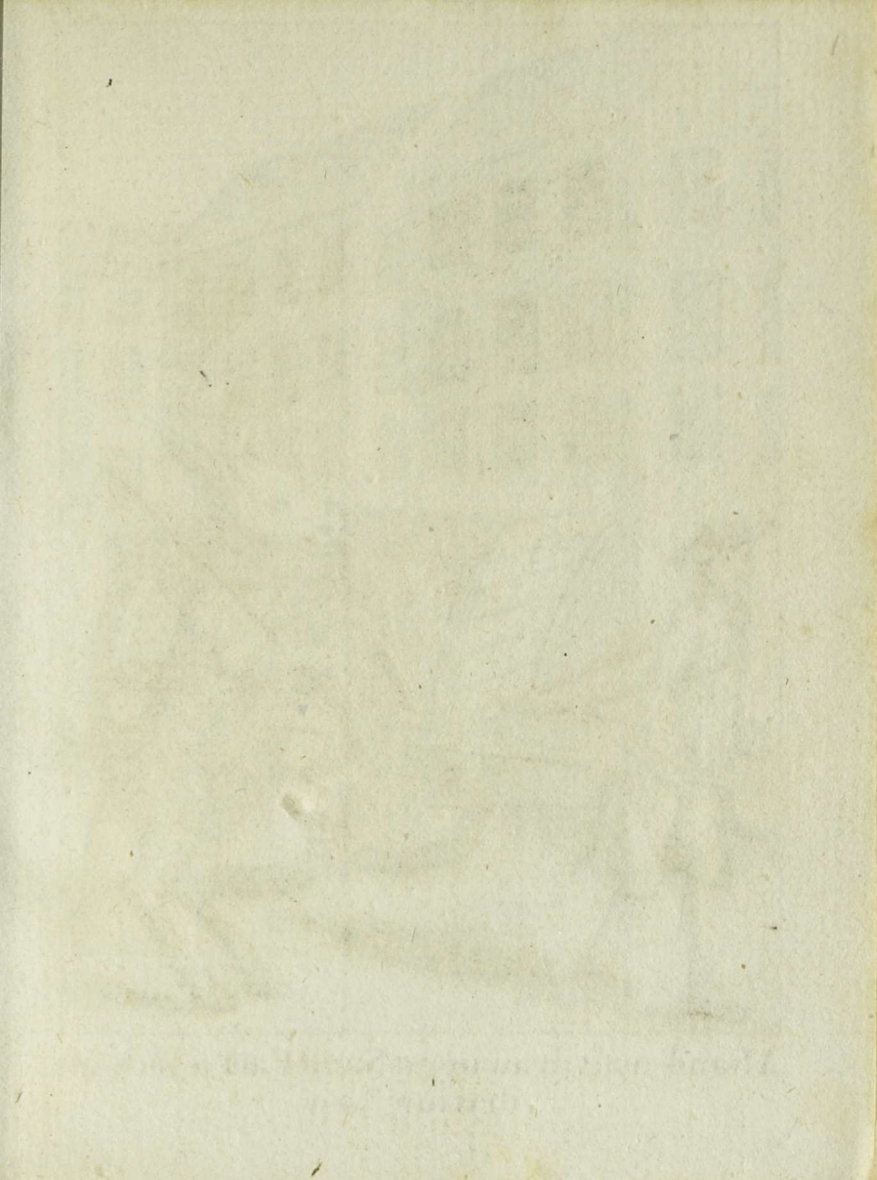
And yet a petty-fogging crew,
 Who honour's cause forsake,
 Will follow law; — aye, so they do,
 But can't the law o'ertake.

That wretch above, by fate's decrees,
 Was one of those *sweet* elves,
 Who fleece the poor, take double fees,
 And only serve themselves:

For which he's now a *client* turn'd,
 As shou'd his knavish brothers;
 And out of company be spurn'd,
 To feel the pain of others.

M O R A L.

Avoid a *suit*, whate'er you do,
 For shou'd you once get in it,
 'Tis ten to one but I or you
 Must lose although we win it.





A Sand-man drawing a Sand-Cart, a Jack-afs driving him.

T A L E XXVI.

*A Sand-man drawing a Sand-cart, a Jack-ass
driving him.*

THE bounteous God of nature gave
All creatures for our use ;
By our free-will, to kill or save,
But never to abuse.

The ox, bull, calf, lamb, hog, and cow,
And many another creature,
Are made for you and I, but how ?
To satisfy our nature.

Their lives are innocently lost,
And ev'ry greedy glutton,
And epicure, at their dear cost,
Eats beef, veal, pork, and mutton.

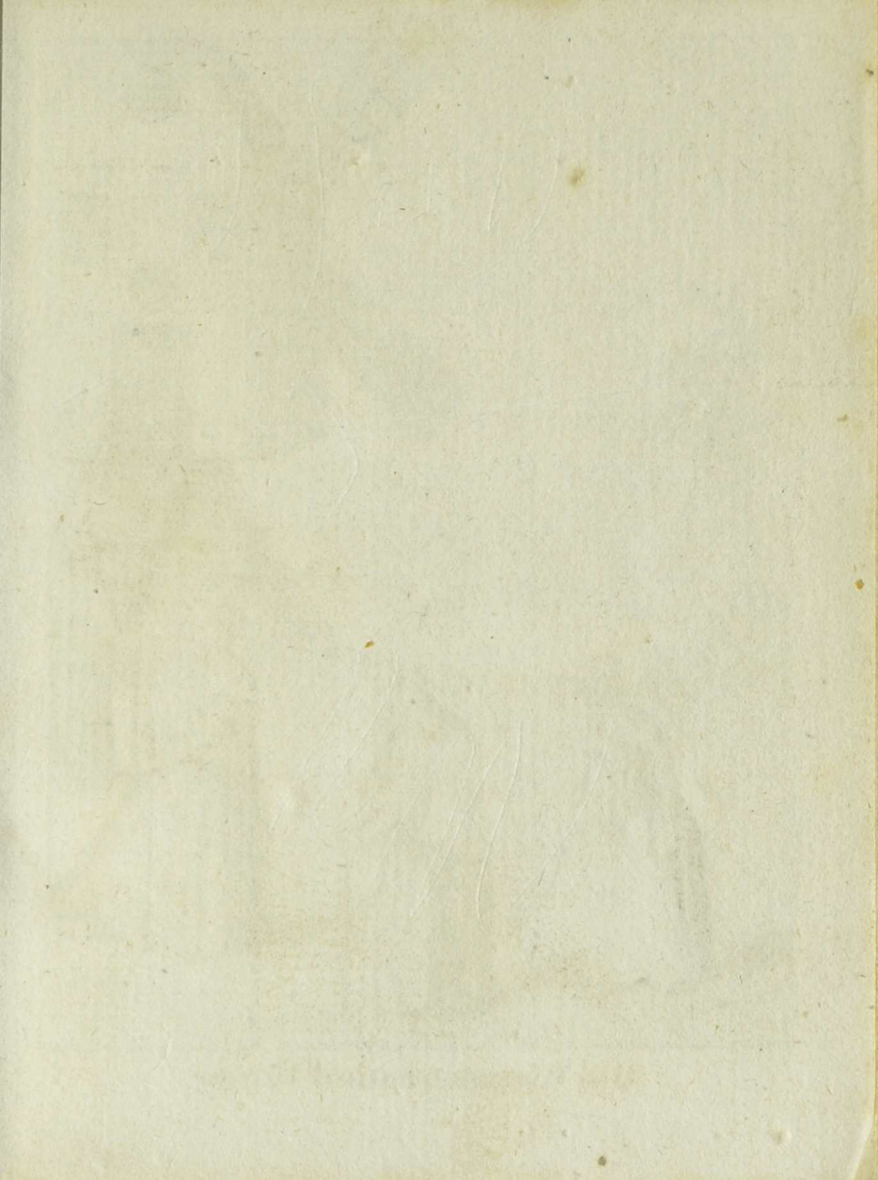
How cruel I've at Smithfield seen,
 Upon a market day,
 These creatures serv'd! by brutes of men,
 More beasts by half than they.

But sure of ev'ry animal
 That nature ever fram'd,
 The simple afs fares worst of all: —
 Ye christians be asham'd!

Survey the afs!—behold the cross!
 This creature bore your Saviour;
 And sand-men will be at a loss
 To answer their behaviour.

M O R A L.

No act of cruelty can thrive;
 It quite displeases heaven: —
 That man, who us'd an afs to drive,
 Now by an afs is driven.





Old Women ground Young.

T A L E XXVII.

Old Women ground Young.

WHEN Kitty gains her sixteenth year,
And beaux around her throng;
This sooths with vanity her ear,
And that allures with song.

Thick as the bees invest the hive,
The fair-one they're pursuing;
With honour some; while others strive
To gain their wish by ruin.

Let ev'ry virtuous maid take care,
Nor fling her heart away;
For fear of some insidious snare,
If so,——*ah well a day!*

But to a youth of sense and worth,

Whose merits well are known;

Give not an idle moment birth,

But take him for your own.

Behold those women in the print!

How foolish each appears!

They ne'er wou'd take this friendly hint,

And now are *ninety years*.

This miller boasts a pretty trade;

“ I'll be fifteen, not more :”

Thinking to take the offers made

So many years before.

M O R A L.

Think *Youth and Maid!* this tale upon;

The moral's good and plain;

When once kind Fortune's moment's gone,

'Twill ne'er return again.

Be Not So Wise in
your own eyes

James
L
L
are



The Fool of Fashion,

WILL NE

T A L E XXVIII.

The Fool of Fashion.

FROM Hyde-park corner to the 'Change,
What oddities we see!
Some folks from dress to dress will range,
And follow novelty:
Not only follow, but make known
Such modes as make us stare;
Nor is this vice in men alone,
But rages in the fair.
Oh, how absurd their head-dress is!
Why hide a lovely face?
Pity indeed such whims as these,
Shou'd beauty's form disgrace!

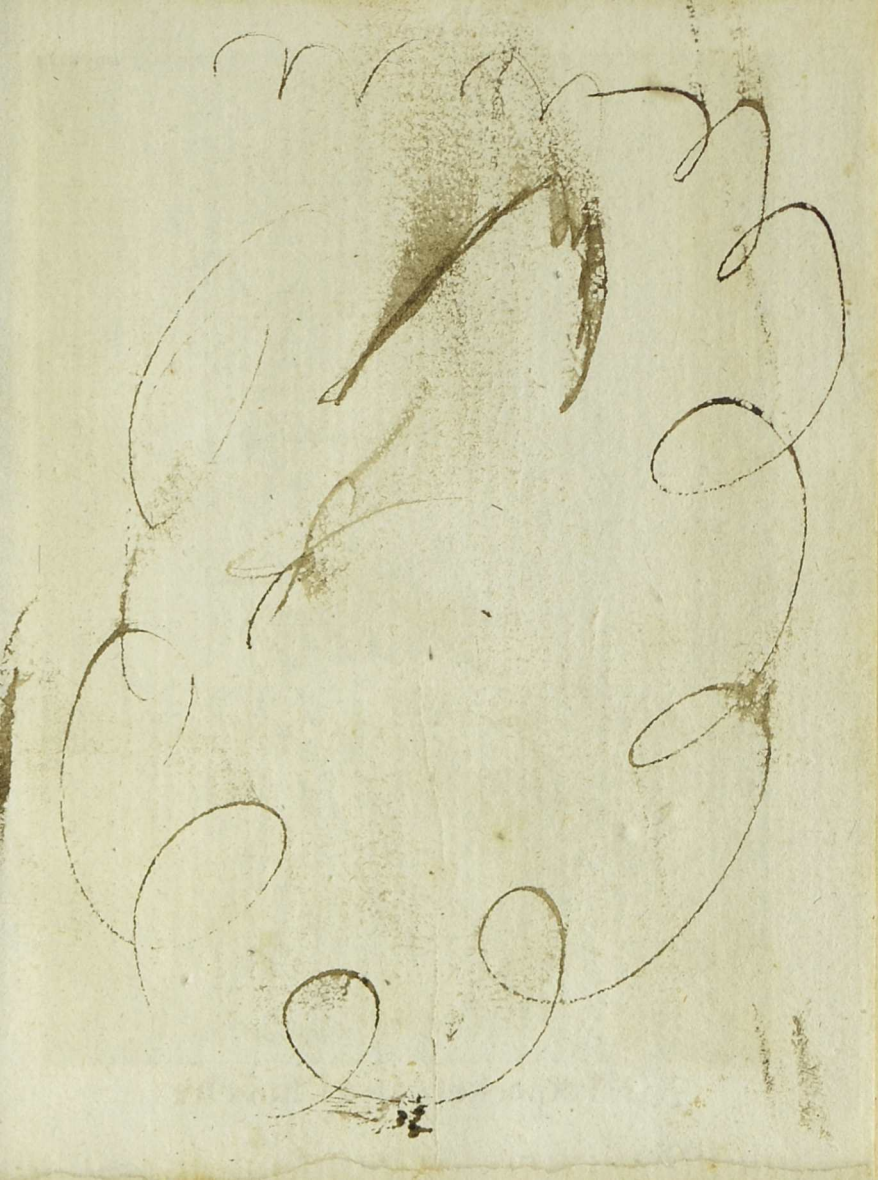
This fop, so open to our jokes,
 So vacant in his mind,
 Won't wear his cloaths like other folks,
 They button must behind :

The park, the op'ra, ball and play,
 He'll in this drefs be at ;
 Nor thinks that wiser people say,
 “ 'Tis laughter makes us fat :”

But puff'd with affectation's tricks,
 A dupe to his own whim,
 Can't clearly see that either sex,
 Makes but a laugh at him.

M O R A L.

Extremes of fashion still avoid,
 Lest Virtue slip her clew ;
 Which aping such has oft' destroy'd
 In male and female too.





Mr Pickpockets in a Church.

T A L E XXIX.

Pickpockets in a Church.

RELIGION!—sacred be the theme!

By scripture we are taught
To shun each wicked, guileful scheme,
And do the things we ought.

With what respect we hear, when nam'd,
A Tillotson, or Clarke!

And many more by zeal inflam'd,
Who teach us *light* from *dark*.

But wretches bred to servile trades,
Devoid of education,

Who *cant* as poverty persuades,
The doctrine of damnation,

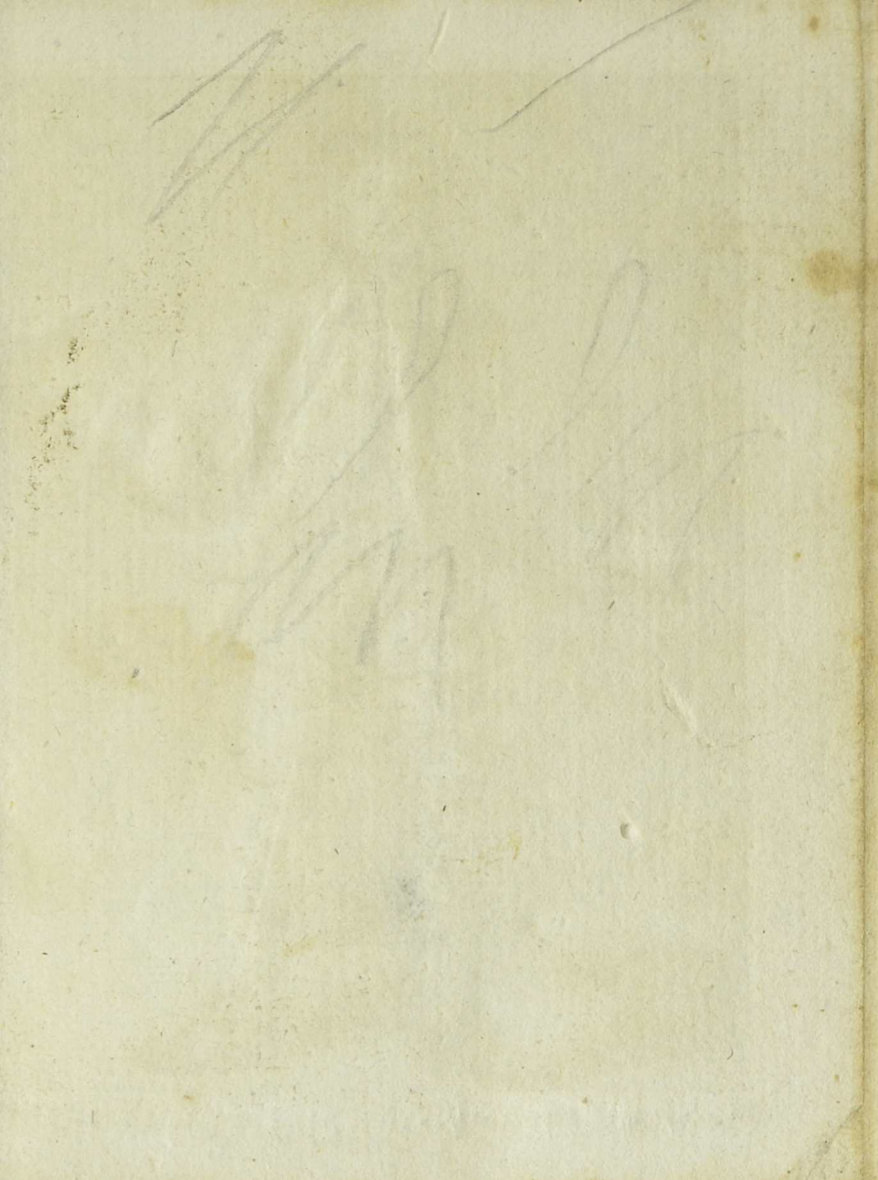
Deserve the hangman's lash, extreme,——
 In business they shou'd plod ;
 They pick your pocket, and blaspheme
 The *great almighty God*.

How shocking 'tis to hear them bawl,
The Devil's sure to have us,
 When Jesus Christ, who died for all,
 Through penitence will save us.

Hence Bedlam boasts its frantic guests ;
 Weak minds are led astray ;——
 The mind on reason never rests,
 That leans this awkward way.

M O R A L.

Who follow these insidious schemes
 Can never be forgiven ;
 'Tis *Faith* alone, without extremes,
 Insures a right to heaven.





The Giant turned Baby, playing with a Rattle.

T A L E XXX.

A Giant turned Baby, playing with a Rattle.

TO one-and-twenty when arriv'd,
As wisest persons tell,
Our childish follies we've surviv'd,
And things go on for well:

A sacred writer tells us, " when
" A boy he'd boys pursue ;
" But when, attain'd to manhood, then
" Off childish tricks he threw."

Happy wou'd all to this adhere !
How laudable the plan !
But, ah, too many boys appear
In figure of a man !

