



*H. G. Heyworth.*



















Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyasque  
Invenies, Hominem Pagina nostra sapit. Martial

*Ex. Miller. Am. 18. fecit.*





## P R E F A C E.

CUSTOM and Fashion, tho' ever so absurd and ridiculous, have, Time immemorial, put common Sense and Reason out of Countenance—nine Tenths of Mankind follow implicitly the fantastick Delusion; and the remaining Portion, making a Virtue of Necessity, affect, like the Fox in the Fable, to despise what they cannot come at.

The Love of Novelty, and the Dread of appearing particular, will pretty well Account for the general Compliance with the antic Fashions in Drefs, &c. but the eternal Variation of Modes and Forms in Things of more Consequence, must arise from the bad Uses that have been made of them by crafty and designing Men.

For Instance, the very Thing I am now writing, a Preface, which was almost constantly prefixed to every new Book heretofore, is in most modern Publications laid aside, and the Word *Advertisement* has the Effrontery to stand foremost in its Place.

The Cause of this Interpolation is plainly this:

The original Intention of a Preface was, like a Sign before  
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the Door of an Inn, to give the Reader some Intimation of what Entertainment he might expect to meet with. And certainly while it continued so to do, it answered a very good Purpose. But as it often happened that Prefaces, as well as the aforefaid Signs, promised more good Things than the Houses or the Books could furnish; they were difregarded both by the Traveller and the Reader. Hence the Adage, “*Good Wine needs no Bush.*” Hence, excellent Books require nothing more than a fhort Advertifement, fetting forth that *The following Work was the Amusement of leisure Hours—written merely for the Entertainment of a few Friends, at whose earneft Request it is now presented to the Public, &c.*

But this Kind of Apology for Publication feems rather impertinent; for it is of little Confequence to the Reader, how or from what Motive a Book comes forth into the World, provided it be fufficiently interefting; and if it is not, very few will be fatisfied with fo flimfy an Excufe.

As the Author of the following Fables, I think proper to declare, with more Truth, tho’ perhaps with lefs *Appearance*

of Modesty, that they were not written merely for Amusement, nor are they published at the Intercession of Friends. No—I am very ready to own that Vanity has a Share in it—the Expectation of pleasing some and informing others, has been, in a certain Degree, the Motive for submitting this Work to the Censure or Approbation of the Public.

It may be objected, that the Subjects of these Fables have no corporeal Existence—that it is building Castles in the Air, which have no Foundation but in the Brain of the Author.

To this I answer, that the Animals, who are the Subjects of ancient and modern Fable, have been taught by the Poets to talk as sensibly as the best of us; and yet if any Man will examine his own Heart, he must acknowledge that the Passions express themselves more feelingly than any Wolf, Fox, or Monkey of them all, when both Parties are left to speak for themselves.

But my Reasons for taking the Liberty to make Persons of the Passions are,

*First,*

*First*, This Method gave me a better Opportunity of exhibiting more forcibly their Operations and Effects on the human Mind, and of shewing that many of them originate from one another.

*Secondly*, I have endeavoured to make it manifest, that any, even the most laudable Passion, carried to an Extream, will render the Possessor of it, if not an immoral, at least an impracticable Member of the Community.

*Lastly*, That the Happiness of every Individual depends on a proper Proportion of many different Passions counteracting each other, so as to prevent the inordinate Exertion of any one in particular.

This cannot be better illustrated than by what that great Master of the Passions, *Shakespear*, says in his Character of *Brutus*.

“ His Life was gentle, and the Elements

“ So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,

“ And say to all the World, “ This was a Man ! ”

# C O N T E N T S.

## F A B. I.

LOVE, JEALOUSY, and SUSPICION.

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## F A B. III.

HONOUR, VANITY, and CONTENT.

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PRUDENCE, DISSIPATION, and JUSTICE.

## F A B. X.

FORTITUDE, PATIENCE, and ANGER.

## F A B. XI.

SATURN and the FOUR SEASONS.

## F A B. XII.

POETRY, PAINTING, and CANDOUR.

EXPLANATION of the FRONTISPIECE.

VIRTUE, furnished with the SHIELD of PIETY,  
supplicates PROVIDENCE, through the Medium of  
RELIGION, to direct the PASSIONS.



LOVE, JEALOUSY, & SUSPICION



S. Miller del. & fecit.

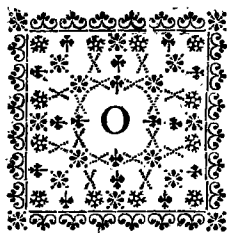
( 1 )

LOVE, JEALOUSY,

A N D

S U S P I C I O N .

F A B L E I.



N C E on a Time, the Cy-  
prian Queen,

Provok'd by Pride, or vex'd  
with Spleen,

(For Gods and Goddeffes of old,

Had mortal Passions we`are told)

B

Resolv'd



Resolv'd to fend her Boy a gadding,  
To fet a Subject's Heart a madding,  
Who had refus'd to pay Obedience  
To her Commands, and own Allegiance.

CUPID, fays ſhe, pray mark me well,  
Thou ſee'ſt, o'er yonder Hermit's Cell,  
A Houſe by lofty Walls confin'd,  
Juſt Emblem of the Maſter's Mind.  
Thither then Wing thy airy Way ;  
My Anger will not brook Delay.  
Make that vile Miſcreant feel my Pain,  
Or never ſee my Face again.

Why ſure, Mamma, the Boy replied, }  
You have forgot how oft' I've tried }  
In vain to penetrate his Side ! }

His

His Doors and Windows all are barr'd,  
 And two great Dogs the Entrance guard.  
 A Moat and Wall the Houfe furround,  
 And Traps protect the Garden Ground.  
 I once flew down his Chamber Chimney,  
 But could not for my Life come him nigh.  
 A Soot-board stop'd the Place below,  
 And left no Room to use my Bow.  
 So up I came, as you may think,  
 Half stiff'd, and as black as Ink.  
 Three Days it took me, I protest,  
 To clean my Wings and fcour my Vest.

If you forefaw the Rifques I run,  
 You'd spare fometimes, your darling Son.

But since you're bent on this Commission,  
I'll once again attack SUSPICION.  
And tho' he wears a Coat of Mail,  
I think my Arrows will not fail.  
My Quiver's full, and all quite new ;  
This said, away the Urchin flew.

Mean Time the Goddess Mother's Fears,  
Produc'd a Shower of tender Tears,  
Left any Evil should befall him,  
And at that Moment would recall him,  
But tho' the Mother was alarm'd,  
The Goddess was with Firmness arm'd,  
Yes, she cried, go, it is my Will ;  
Let's see who'll dare to use thee ill.

So Statesmen, in a luckless Hour,  
 Exchange their Peace of Mind for Pow'r.  
 Of Similes there are a Score,  
 But we, for Reasons, cite no more,

And now (that *omnia Amor vincit*,  
 Is prov'd by this and all Things since it)  
 The Boy in Triumph brought SUSPICION,  
 Bound Hand and Foot, to make Submission,  
 The Queen with Smiles receiv'd her Votary,  
 And vow'd he should be of her Coterie.  
 His Chains so pleasant hung about him,  
 He would not even sleep without 'em.  
 But what's the Wonder of all Wonders,  
 (Unless Tradition strangely blunders)

The

The Queen, in handling of the Dart,  
Which late had pierc'd SUSPICION's Heart,  
Was flightly wounded with the fame,  
And ftrait conceiv'd an am'rous Flame;  
Which lafted till ſhe pregnant grew,  
And went the Time Celeftials do.

At length, from this unhappy Junction,  
When Nature had perform'd her Function,  
An Infant came to plague Mankind,  
And poison every Lover's Mind.

This fretfull ſelf-tormenting Child,  
By Mortals JEALOUSY is ſtil'd;  
But JOVE, who governs all above,  
Chriſten'd this Brat the Child of LOVE.



AMBITION and AVARICE



J. Muller del. & fac.

( 7 )

A M B I T I O N

A N D

A V A R I C E.

F A B L E II.

**H**IS Life's irrationally spent,  
Whose Mind's by diff'rent Passions  
rent :

With Shame he views his Conduct past,  
And Misery's his Fate at last.

H I G H



HIGH on a cloud-capt Mountain's Brow,  
 That sternly frown'd on all below,  
 AMBITION fix'd his lordly Seat,  
 In Structure most superbly great.  
 The Furniture was of a Piece,  
 Brought from *France, Italy, and Greece.*  
 His Hall with Trophies round was hung,  
 Remnants of mighty Battles fung,  
 By *Homer* down to *Ariosto*,  
 Both those he won and those he lost too.  
 Here fierce *Achilles'* Armour stood,  
 Besmear'd with gallant *Hector's* Blood;  
 There *Ajax'* Shield shines—there *Ulysses'*,  
 As plain as *Mare micat Piscis.*  
 Here hung the Head-piece *Pallas* wore,  
 Chas'd and enrich'd with human Gore,  
 And Helmets half a Hundred more.

}  
His

His Gallery, adorn'd with Pictures,  
 Would bear the Test of nicest Strictures.  
 The first in View stood *Alexander*,  
 To shew he was his chief Commander.  
 Kings prostrate piously adore him,  
 For killing all that came before him.  
 Next *Xerxes*, *Hannibal*, and *Cæsar*,  
 Who all had pass'd the *Alps* and *Weser*,  
 Were plac'd according to their Merit,  
 For Acts of Cruelty, call'd Spirit.  
 A Volume scarcely wou'd comprize  
 The Numbers of each Sort and Size,  
 Of ev'ry Rank, Age, and Condition,  
 Who serv'd their General, AMBITION.  
 Of whom we'll now take Leave, to shew  
 A Picture of a diff'rent Hue.

Close by a tinkling chrystal Fountain,  
 About two Furlongs down the Mountain,  
 A Cottage stood inclos'd with Trees,  
 Which shelter'd two straw Hives of Bees.  
 The moss-grown Thatch being chang'd to green,  
 By Passengers was little seen.  
 Hither Dame AVARICE retir'd,  
 To hide the Pelf she had acquir'd.  
 But tho' this was her Habitation,  
 She visited each Clime and Nation ;  
 And by the Help of mean Disguises,  
 Converted all her Blanks to Prizes.  
 She often call'd upon AMBITION,  
 And seldom was refus'd Admiffion ;  
 For he (why not, since Love's all Blindness ?)  
 Conceiv'd for her a sneaking Kindness.

Indeed,

Indeed her Foes cannot deny  
That she has an alluring Eye.  
But Pride compell'd AMBITION's Tongue  
To keep the Secret close and long.  
Misfortune only made him own it,  
Or else the World had never known it.

'Twas on the twentieth of *December*,  
(The Time AMBITION will remember)  
When *Boreas* blust'ring from the North,  
Sent all his baneful Powers forth.  
The grumbling Thunder from a far  
Proclaim'd the elemental War.  
The bleating Tenants of the Plain  
Shrunk from the Gusts of Wind and Rain,  
And fought some Covering in vain.

The Shepherd, who with Pity ey'd  
His harmless Flock, prophetic cried,  
Weep not, poor Innocents, for know  
This Storm that pelts and frights you so,  
(But as some Critic here may cry,  
Pray how should he know more than I  
I think it proper to declare,  
That all good Shepherds Prophets are)  
This Storm was rais'd for nobler Ends,  
To blast our Foes and not our Friends.  
This Storm AMBITION little fears,  
Shall shake his Hall about his Ears,

The Shepherd scarce these Words had spoke,  
When down the lofty Building broke.

Spears,

Spears, Breastplates, Spitracks, Hats and Fea-  
Huddl'd disgracefully together, [ther }  
Were tofs'd in Heaps the Lord knows whether. }

AMBITION, 'midst this Hurly Burly,  
Was penfive and most wond'rous furly—  
Thought this Disaster hurt his Fame,  
A vile Dishonour to his Name.

His Mind on quick Expedients bent,  
To AVARICE' Cottage down he went.

But AVARICE' Door being low and small  
And he unus'd to stoop at all,  
His Head in ent'ring struck the Wall. }

Madam, says he, your humble Servant,  
With great Esteem and Love most fervent,

Now

Now comes to offer you his Hand,  
 To wed whene'er you shall command,  
 The Dame surpriz'd at such an Offer,  
 At first suppos'd he meant to scoff her.  
 But when she found he kept his Word,  
 And nothing of his Lofs had heard,  
 She blush'd—he took her in the Mind,  
 And ftrait in Wedlock both were join'd.

Not long the Honey-moon did last.  
 Pain soon succeeded Pleasure past.  
 With keen Reproach and endless Strife,  
 Pair'd but ill match'd, they snarl thro' Life,  
 A Satire upon Man and Wife.







( 15 )

H O N O U R, V A N I T Y,

A N D

C O N T E N T.

F A B L E III.

**I**N Days of yore, the Place and Time  
If we forget, 'tis no great Crime.

Let it suffice the Thing was so,

Tho' many hundred Years ago.

CONTENT

CONTENT and HONOUR—happy Pair!  
 Not happy'r our first Parents were,  
 For he was true and she was fair.  
 If HONOUR e'er in Virtue's Cause  
 Transgress'd a Point against the Laws,  
 Self-satisfied with what he meant,  
 He slept in Peace with sweet CONTENT.  
 If Envy brib'd that Strumpet Fame,  
 At Times to blast his spotless Name,  
 He disbeliev'd the base Intent,  
 And cancell'd all with sweet CONTENT.  
 Oft' when returning from the Wars,  
 Disfigur'd with a thousand Scars,  
 He thank'd the Gods for all they sent,  
 For they had giv'n him sweet CONTENT.  
 Truth, Love, and Friendship, all united,  
 This Couple had each other plighted.

Ties,

Ties such as these, one wou'd suppose,  
Might bid Defiance to their Foes.  
But O! how painful to relate,  
Pure Joy on Earth's forbid by Fate.

The envious World, like Dogs in Mangers,  
To HONOUR and CONTENT mere Strangers,  
Try'd all their false delusive Arts  
To separate their constant Hearts.  
But all their Tricks were fruitless found,  
Whilst HONOUR'S Mind continu'd found;

In order then to cause Infamy,  
They sent that witching Harlot VANITY,

Painted and drefs'd with Blonds and Laces, }  
And VENUS, (who has all her Paces) }  
To deck her, order'd her three Graces. }  
And still to make Succes more certain,  
She sent her ZONE for her to flirt in.  
Besides her Son produc'd her Note,  
In which these Words were fairly wrote.

“ Dear VAN this comes by little CU;  
“ To tell you what I'd have you do.  
“ HONOUR has been Love's Touchstone made;  
“ Without him Love had been a Trade.  
“ For this I wish him out of Fashion,  
“ That Love might live by Trade, not Passion.  
“ Look not too grave, nor idly laugh,  
“ *Old Birds are never caught by Chaff.*

“ One

“ One Thing pray mind, or else depend on't,  
“ You'll make a very foolish End on't ;  
“ Never your Person to present  
“ When HONOUR'S with his sweet CONTENT.  
“ For should your Wounds pierce e'er so deep,  
“ She'll heal them soon with balmy Sleep.  
“ The rest I know you comprehend,  
“ So I remain your faithful Friend.”

When VANITY had conn'd her Lesson,  
Whilst the three Graces put her Dress on,  
Her gilded Carriage at the Door,  
With powder'd Pages half a Score,  
Who ride behind or run before. }  
To Court she drove, and found her Man there,  
Just stepping into a sedan Chair.

The Star fresh blazing on his Breast,  
His Rank and Dignity express'd,  
Of Sovereign's Love the sovereign Test.  
She stopp'd her Coach and wav'd her Hand,  
To wish him Joy of his Command.

“ My Lord, said she, the public Voice  
“ Commends our gracious Monarch's Choice.  
“ The boldest Enemy must yeild,  
“ When HONOUR deigns to take the Field.  
“ My Lord, do, send your Chair away,  
“ And let me carry you to Day.

HONOUR grew giddy, faint and sick,  
Her Flatt'ry touch'd him to the Quick.  
His Lacquies, at his own Desire,  
Brought him forthwith and plac'd him by her.

A thousand Compliments she threw in,  
Like Poison to compleat his Ruin.  
When her Coach stopp'd at HONOUR'S Door,  
Where it had never stopp'd before,  
CONTENT, who at the Window waited,  
Saw VANITY, whom most she hated.  
She strait retir'd, and blush'd like Scarlet,  
Whilst HONOUR handed in his Harlot.  
They laugh'd and toy'd as Lovers do,  
'Till VANITY at Night withdrew.

Now HONOUR to Reflection left,  
And of his truest Friend bereft,  
Anxious each Day for something rare,  
To change the Scene and banish Care,

Reproach'd

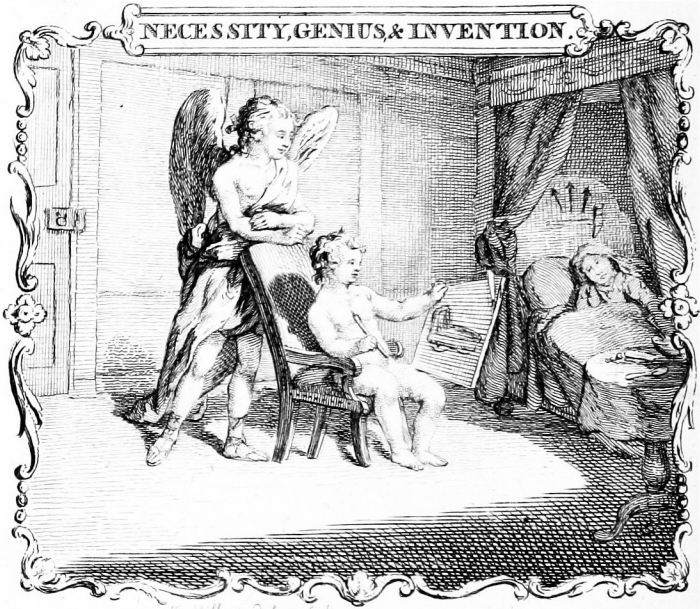


Reproach'd himself with what he'd done ;  
For sweet CONTENT was fled and gone.  
By Fortune favour'd, blest'd with Health,  
With Titles, Character, and Wealth ;  
Not all the Mind's Disease can cure,  
The Evil ever must endure.  
Nought can the Malady prevent,  
For VANITY has kill'd CONTENT.





NECESSITY, GENIUS, & INVENTION.



*W. Miller. Del. & fecit.*

NECESSITY, GENIUS,

A N D

I N V E N T I O N .

F A B L E IV.

**N** ECESSITY, the only Child  
Of Diffipation, weak and wild ;  
In the wide World was fet a drift,  
Without a second Gown or Shift—

Was

Was launch'd into a Sea of Troubles;  
 'Mongst faithless Friends and flatt'ring Bubbles;  
 Sharpers, Bawds, Bullies, Priests and Laymen;  
 Poets, Lords, Butchers, and Highwaymen;  
 Soldiers, Pimps, Merchants, and Musicians;  
 Courtiers and humdrum Politicians;  
 The Scum of ev'ry Rank and Nation,  
 All Followers of DISSIPATION.

With such a motley Crew furrounded,  
 Of various Climes and Tongues compounded,  
 Each, in his Country Mode and Fashion,  
 Express'd for her a real Passion:  
 The Spaniard boasted his Alliance,  
 And shew'd Contempt for Trade and Science:  
 The

The Englishman cried, d——n me, Madam,  
My Pedigree began with *Adam*.

Th' Italian quaver'd out his Love,  
And cood like any Turtle Dove.

The Dutchman growls—the Germans grumble;  
While Monsieur fighs *Je suis tres humble*.

Thus harras'd by Solicitation,  
Without a Friend or kind Relation  
To guard a Maiden's Reputation,  
She fell a Victim to her Fate,  
Unpitied by the Rich and Great.  
And as it fares with most light Females,  
Who've lost their Characters by the Males,  
(When Chastity is gone astray,  
The other Virtues blush to stay)

Abandon'd to her vile Pursuit,  
 She grew a common Prostitute,  
 The ruin'd Gamester—Spendthrift Heir,  
 Were sure to find a Welcome there.  
 Each Rake that Modesty disgraces,  
 Rush'd headlong into her Embraces.  
 But 'midst the Numbers she carefs'd,  
 One was belov'd above the rest.  
 Her Father's Generosity  
 First brought him to NECESSITY.  
 They were acquainted from their Childhood;  
 For GENIUS was esteem'd a wild Blood;  
 Though mighty clever at Contriving  
 In all Things, save the Art of Thriving.  
 Yet all Mankind will frankly own,  
 Improvements came from him alone;

Which

Which, when to full Perfection brought,  
 He had the Honour of the Thought ;  
 But others gather'd all the Fruit,  
 Whilst GENIUS wore a thread-bare Suit.

Such was the Spark whom want decoy'd,  
 And Dame NECESSITY enjoy'd.  
 From which strange Intercourse there came  
 A Child—INVENTION was his Name.  
 A Child was born, but not an Infant,  
 For he, upon the very Infant  
 That he drew Breath, did call about him,  
 And would not suffer Nurse to Clout him,  
 He told the Gossips to be gone,  
 And said he wish'd to be alone ;



Then, seated in an elbow Chair,  
 And putting on a pensive Air,  
 He gave Directions for his Cradle,  
 Which, 'till his Time were always made ill;  
 And while the Midwife made a Pother,  
 Because the Gripes had seiz'd his Mother,  
 He went directly to assist her,  
 And gave her strait a copious Glyster,  
 Which formerly the Month receiv'd—  
 What wont Folks do to be reliev'd!

Yearly Eclipses he foretold  
 Before he was a Twelvemonth old,  
 Glasses of various Dimension,  
 To view the Rise and the Declension

Of

Of *Luna*, and her kindred Stars,  
Bright *Venus*, *Mercury* and *Mars*,  
He made for *Newton* and *Descartes*,  
Philosophers of diff'rent Parties,  
Who might have puzzl'd on for ever,  
Though they were reckon'd vastly clever,  
But for his Prism Angular,  
That shews what Light and Colours are.

He first the Secret did explore  
Of killing quicker than before,  
By Powder, which swift Death imparts,  
Instead of ling'ring Spears and Darts.  
By his Dexterity was rais'd,  
What much Posterity amaz'd,

The

The Trajan Pillar—all allow  
 He made *Stone-Henge*, tho' none know how,  
 Or where Materials he procur'd,  
 That have for Ages past endur'd.  
 He taught the Mariner the Mode  
 To steer direct his trackless Road—  
 Turn'd Mills by Water—Jacks by Smoke;  
 And often turn'd dull Things to Joke—  
 Made Satires, Epigrams, and Riddles,  
 And sometimes turn'd his Hand to Fiddles;  
 Which brought forth such contrasted Music;  
 'T would make you well and make you too sick.

Her Son NECESSITY did view  
 With Rapture, as fond Mothers do.

Of

Of her INVENTION now possess'd,  
She thought she ne'er could be distress'd.  
Dame Fortune's Frolicks she defied,  
And all her Daughter's Tricks beside.  
Like Mortals who, when Pain is o'er,  
Presume they shall be sick no more.

Alas! her Son, with all his Merit,  
Had too much of his Father's Spirit.  
He never shew'd an Inclination  
For Riches; but for Reputation—  
Of nought but Fame immortal greedy,  
So still NECESSITY is needy.

Thus oft' Imprudence beggars Art,  
And Blockheads act the prudent Part.





AFFECTATION, FLATTERY, & FOLLY.



J. Miller Del. & Sc.

A F F E C T A T I O N,  
F L A T T E R Y,

A N D

F O L L Y.

F A B L E V.

**T**H A T Men shou'd study to excell  
Their Neighbours, in appearing well—  
Or Women every Art explore,  
To keep the Hearts they gain'd before ;

F

'Tis



'Tis right—who does the best he can,  
Pursues the Line of Nature's Plan.  
But he who vainly seeks our Praise  
For Trifles, doth our Choler raise.

No one pretends from Calculation,  
To guess the Time when AFFECTATION  
Was born——but, if she's not bely'd,  
She sprung from VANITY and PRIDE.  
The Parents had Mankind beguil'd  
Sufficiently, without the Child.

This Girl grew up so like the Mother,  
They scarce were known from one another ;  
Excepting that the Daughter's Face,  
Had something more of the Grimace ;

Her

Her Features, always in a flutter,  
With Tongue ordain'd to lisp or flutter,  
Confound our Sense to find her Meaning,  
And shade the Light she wou'd be seen in.

So oft the Ranters of the Stage,  
Express pathetick Grief by Rage.  
The Audience think the Actor mad,  
While he means only to be fad;  
So Coxcombs who on Drefs depend,  
Disguise themselves but to offend.

The Fops and Beaux of ev'ry Nation,  
Claim'd Kindred with Mifs AFFECTATION.  
'Twas fine to hear the Conversations,  
Between such *exquisite* Relations.

“ *Canter*, fays fhe, (her Eyes half clofing,

“ In Pofture as fhe were a dofing,

“ And curling up her little Finger)

“ What think you, *Canter*, of the Singer?

“ *Laird!* ’tis prodigious—what a Head!

“ Is Lady *Bridget* brought to Bed?”

*Canter* squeak’d out, “ poor *Bridget*’s dead.”

“ O! fhocking—thy fad News recal—

“ She owes me fifty for the Ball.

“ Well, I deferve it—yet ’tis hard—

“ Pray ring the Bell—I’ll write a Card—

“ ’Twas monftrous fhe fhould die fo foon—

“ I faw her but o’ Sunday Noon.

“ The Debt to Nature fhe has paid,

“ But not for the laft *Mafquerade*—

She

“ She might have dy’d, and done her worst,  
“ Had I receiv’d my Money first.”  
“ That’s good, egad, that’s good, cries *Canter*,  
“ No one so excellent at Banter !  
“ When the grave Doctors took their Leave,  
“ To see her Spouse pretend to grieve,  
“ And act his Part so to the Life,  
“ As if he always lov’d his Wife !  
“ Who cou’d help laughing at the Sight !  
“ For, rat me, it was all a Bite.”

With such Non-Entities sublime,  
Miss AFFECTATION pass’d her Time,  
*Canter* was witty—*Craggs* genteel,  
But FLATT’RY only made her feel.

Dear

Dear FLATT'RY was her favourite Man,  
 The rest she govern'd with her Fan.  
 Whene'er he whisper'd, spoke or sung,  
 Persuasion dwelt upon his Tongue.  
 Her Soul his soothing Accents fire,  
 With Raptures that inflame desire.  
 Too soon, alas! her Race was run,  
 Too soon the Damfel was undone.  
 Too soon the Mischief was reveal'd,  
 Now grown too big to be conceal'd,  
 What must so delicate a Creature—  
 So full of Nerves—so fine in Feature  
 Feel, when Fame sounded forth her Trumpet,  
 That AFFECTATION is a Strumpet!  
 Folks thought the Shock must be so great,  
 That Suicide would be her Fate.

But

But when she brazen'd it about,  
 As if the Murder was not out—  
 When the thin Mask dropt off her Face,  
 And not a Blush supply'd its Place—  
 E'en when the Doctor-Midwife came,  
 To free her from that Load of Shame,  
 No Signs appear'd of true Contrition,  
 Her Friends were cur'd of their Suspicion.

Soon as the Doctor's Work was done,  
 And 'twas announc'd she had a Son ;  
 A Laugh was heard instead of Cries,  
 Which all the Gofips much surprize ;  
 His Life with Laughter did commence,  
 Prophetick Mark of want of Sense.  
 His Face unmeaning, round and jolly;  
 Proclaim'd the Heir-apparent, FOLLY.

His

His Sponfors the apt Name approv'd,  
As much as the fond Mother lov'd.  
The Priest too, no Objection made  
To christ'ning him, for he was paid.

When AFFECTATION'S Month was up,  
She went Abroad to Cards and Sup;  
And with her took her hopeful Child.  
The Company pronounc'd her wild.  
But she, most languishingly mild,  
Declar'd, the Cure for Melancholly,  
Was her sweet, charming Infant FOLLY.  
And still, tho' ridicul'd about him,  
She never stirs a step without him.







LUXURY and INDUSTRY.

J. Miller del. & J. G. ...

( 41 )

L U X U R Y

A N D

I N D U S T R Y.

F A B L E VI.

**O**UR real Wants, none will deny,  
Within a narrow Compass lie;  
But those existing in the Brain,  
We strive to satisfy in vain.

G

Tir'd

Tir'd with excess of ev'ry kind,  
That always leaves Remorse behind—  
Of splendid Equipage and Diet,  
Balls, Op'ras, Masquerades and Riot,  
All plan'd for Pleasure, Foes to Quiet—  
Possess'd of Character and Wealth—  
Possess'd of ev'ry Thing but Health—  
With these was LUXURY oppress'd,  
Satiety prevented Rest.

With these he feasted ev'ry Guest,  
But Plenitude prevented Rest.  
For these was LUXURY caref's'd,  
But Flatt'ry could not purchase Rest.  
And LUXURY at length confess'd,  
*There's no Equivalent for Rest.*

To remedy his sad Condition,  
He sent away for a Physician.  
The Doctor having heard his Case,  
And felt his Pulse and view'd his Face,  
Declar'd it was a Complication,  
And begg'd to have a Consultation.

The learned Sages being met,  
Examin'd both his Stools and Sweat,  
And ask'd all necessary Questions  
About his Urine and Digestions.  
They then retir'd to talk together,  
Not of the Patient, but the Weather—  
What News or Scandal was Abroad—  
What Sums last Night was gain'd by Fraud—

What Reputations had been lost—  
 Or what a Birth-day Suit did cost—  
 Whether his Lordship would divorce  
 His Spouse, or let her take her Course ;  
 Such were their Subjects of Discourse. }  
 But when they'd gossip'd long enough,  
 And taken 'tother Pinch of Snuff,  
 They scribbl'd down a Puke and Purge,  
 To take as diff'rent Symptoms urge.  
 By these they hop'd to drive the Foe  
 Out of the Mouth or down below,  
 This Method of Evacuation  
 Soon brought about a Restoration—  
 Clear'd away Crudities and Dregs,  
 And set the Patient on his Legs,

But

But what avails the Doctor's Skill!  
Since LUXURY would have his Fill!  
As fast as he was fairly emptied,  
He gorg'd as Inclination tempted.  
Again the Plethora prevails—  
The Bile o'erflows, the Stomach fails,  
Whilst LUXURY at Physic rails.

Thus oft indulging, oft relenting,  
A Life of finning and repenting,  
He wish'd to have his Health secur'd,  
Without the Plague of being cur'd.

He had been told the Country Air  
Would free him from the Doctor's Care—

Would

Would carry off his Cough and Phthific  
Without those nauseous Draughts of Phyfic.

A Country Seat he did provide,  
Close by a rapid River's Side  
That kiss'd his Lawn at every Tide.  
The House was large, and richly furnish'd.  
Parisian Mirrors gilt and burnish'd—  
Fine Bronzes, Bas-relieves and Bustos,  
With Pictures in the highest Gustos,  
Were rang'd around in such Profusion,  
They were not seen without Confusion.  
'Twere useless further to enlarge  
On the egregious Cost and Charge  
Of Temples, Greenhouses and Grottos,  
Disgrac'd with Arms and pompous Mottos,

To

To terminate each Point of View,  
 With something striking, strange and new.

Hither did LUXURY retire  
 To quench inordinate Desire.  
 His Appetite with Country Air,  
 Encreas'd, as did his Bill of Fare.  
 Again his Malady returns—  
 Again with fev'rish Heat he burns—  
 Again the Doctors play their Part,  
 With Puke and Purge secundum Art:  
 When Nature had discharg'd her Load,  
 And he was fit to walk abroad,  
 He call'd upon a homely Neighbour,  
 Who liv'd entirely by her Labour.

Her



Her little Tenement was clean,  
And though not fine, it was not mean.  
No Filth appear'd before the Door,  
And you might dine from off the Floor.  
Her Pots and Kettles silver bright,  
Afforded no unpleasing Sight.  
Around a wainfcot Table fat  
The Dame, three Children, and a Cat.  
All hard at Work in weaving Lace,  
Excepting Pufs, who purr'd with Grace.  
The Bobbings jump'd, as overjoy'd  
To be so happily employ'd,  
And INDUSTRY the Time beguil'd  
In Prattle with her fav'rite Child.

“ Neighbour

“ Neighbour, says he, your Looks are healthy,  
“ Although you are not reckon'd wealthy.  
“ I call'd to know by what Receipt  
“ You live, and what you drink and eat?  
“ Good Living I have studied long,  
“ And yet my Constitution's wrong.

“ The plain Receipt by which I live,  
“ Reply'd the Dame, I'll freely give ;  
“ But you too long have rang'd in Riot,  
“ To change that Life for Peace and Quiet.  
“ My Plan's upon a narrow Scale,  
“ And close purfu'd will seldom fail.  
“ *Eat only what your Labour gains,*  
“ *And Health will Recompence your Pains.*”

This heard, he left her with a Frown,  
And ever since resides in Town.







J. Miller del: & fecit:

( 51 )

CREDULITY, CRAFT,

A N D

I N N O C E N C E.

F A B L E VII.

CREDULITY's the Child of FAITH—  
So a grave monkish Author faith;

But we have always understood

That he was born before the Flood;

H 2

And

And FAITH came in with fam'd *Augustus*,  
 The World's great *Rotulorum Custos*.  
 If this be true, one should think rather  
 That FAITH's the Son and he the Father,  
 But since uncertain's all Chronology,  
 We'll leave this so without Apology.

CREDULITY had, from his Birth,  
 A Rambler been throughout the Earth;  
 In ev'ry Country, Clime and Nation  
 He exercis'd his own Vocation.  
 As fast he swallow'd all Religions  
 As Whales do Sprats, or Eagles Pigeons,  
 At *Rome* he seiz'd the papal Chair,  
 And bless'd the sacred Reliëts there,

He

He stil'd himself the LORD's Vicegerent—  
 That he to rule the Earth was here sent ;  
 And deem'd it Herefy or Treason,  
 For any Man to use his Reason.  
 In *Spain* he was a zealous Papist ;  
 In *England* every Thing but Atheist ;  
 In *Scotland* a stiff Presbyterian ;  
 In *Ireland* a true Therian Herian.  
 Sometimes he headed the Socinians ;  
 And fometimes worship'd Beasts and Onions,  
 Scarce any Sect subsists without him,  
 Tho' the grave Dons effect to scout him.

But 'twas not in Religion merely  
 CREDULITY decided clearly.



All Points that wanted Demonstration,  
He fettl'd without Hesitation ;  
But if the Facts were strong and plain,  
Some Doubts with him would still remain ;  
He saw it in a diff'rent Light—  
Would change the Sense and Meaning quite,  
And wisely this Conclusion drew,  
*That what was wonderful was true.*

A Man with such creative Pow'r  
Had Work cut out for ev'ry Hour.  
He knew the Woman who, for Bread,  
Of Rabbits had been brought to Bed ;  
And picqu'd himself that no Phifician  
Had seen her but by his Permission.

He manag'd *Canning's* knotty Cause,  
 And gain'd a Point against the Laws.  
 Indeed he fail'd in *Mary Squires* ;  
 But still the gaping World admires  
 His Ingenuity and Parts  
 That turn'd Folks Heads and touch'd their  
 He was the Godfather of *Fanny*, [Hearts.  
 For whom he stop'd each Crink and Cranny,  
 Whereat a sneaking Ghost might enter  
 On either Side, or from the Centre ;  
 Yet he brought Evidence *divine*,  
 To prove the Ghost was there at nine.  
 A thousand others did declare it,  
 And that they heard it knock would swear it.  
 Thus for a Time he play'd the Ghost,  
 And *Fanny* was his fav'rite Toast.

But

But as he dealt in the furprising,  
He was a Friend to advertising.  
Advertisements afforded Food  
For his Invention to make good.  
When Hand-bill Quacks, whom Patents grace,  
Or Mountebanks bedaub'd with Lace,  
Promise, what best the Vulgar pleases,  
To cure incurable Diseases ;  
Whether 'twas *Franks*, or *Rock*, or *Hill*,  
He was the first to take their Pill.

Or if some Doctor, fraught with Knowledge  
Beyond his Breth'ren of the College,  
Should, having Sense and Reason master'd,  
Presume to prove the Gout a Bastard,

Sprung

Sprung from Intemp'rance and Vexation,  
 Or Indolence, their near Relation ;  
 Tho' Nature long ago decreed  
 Him, the Inheritance by Deed,  
 CREDULITY would gulp it down,  
 And spread the Scandal thro' the Town ;  
 Which the sage Doctor's Pockets fills,  
 And lengthens out the weekly Bills.

But tho' this was his constant Practice,  
 He meant no Mischief—for the Fact is,  
 Whene're he led good Folks astray,  
 'Twas Zeal that made him miss his Way,  
 And happy had he been for Life,  
 With INNOCENCE, his lovely Wife ;

(For INNOCENCE might well excuse  
And Shelter him from all Abuse)  
If CRAFT, who long in Ambush lay,  
To draw fair INNOCENCE astray,  
Had not CREDULITY misled,  
To dignify with Horns, his Head,

Thus of his INNOCENCE bereft,  
A Slave to CRAFT the Fool is left.  
And CRAFT now claims a Right to Sense,  
For having ruin'd INNOCENCE.



PRIDE & AFFABILITY.



*J. Miller Del. & Fac.*

P R I D E

A N D

A F F A B I L I T Y.

F A B L E VIII.

**M**OST learned Nat'ralists agree,  
Who've ransack'd Earth, and Air and  
That noxious Animals contain, [Sea,  
Or in the Body or the Brain,



An Antidote for Sting or Bite,  
That stops the pois'nous Ferment quite.

So some course Passions of the Mind,  
Are check'd by others, and refin'd.

Without depending on Tradition,  
It has been settled with Precision  
That PRIDE's first Cousin to AMBITION.  
But PRIDE had not AMBITION's Merit,  
He had his Vice without his Spirit.  
So Apples, in a barren Clime,  
Degenerate to Crabs in Time.

PRIDE had no Views to Acts of Glory,  
That might record his Name in Story.

He

He stil'd him mad in any Station,  
 Who risk'd his Life for Reputation.  
 He thank'd his God, his near Relations,  
 Were ne'er in such low Occupations.  
 He started at that frantic Zeal,  
 Which Patriots for their Country feel—  
 To ev'ry Potentate ally'd,  
 He disregarded all beside.  
 His Pedigree was blazon'd out,  
 As large as *Farringdon-without*,  
 With all its winding Lanes and Alleys,  
 Indented like Exchequer Tallies.  
 But when this Pedigree was made,  
 Those Ancestors that sprang from Trade,  
 And brought Dishonour on his Race,  
 Were not allow'd the smallest Space.

Yet

Yet he oft visited the Cit,  
And practis'd Insolence for Wit.  
He gen'rally was much disguis'd,  
Which made him still the more despis'd.  
Sometimes in princely Robes admir'd,  
And sometimes chose to be retir'd.  
Sometimes he strutted in Lawn Sleeves,  
And sometimes headed Gangs of Thieves.  
Oft was he seen upon the Bench,  
But oft'ner with a handsome Wench.  
Sometimes a Parson's Gown he wore,  
And preach'd in Fields to Rogue and Whore.  
Oft he appear'd a Clerk in Office,  
Important, tho' an empty Novice.  
In ev'ry Scene of Life he play'd  
A Part, conceal'd in Masquerade.

When-

Whene'er he shew'd his naked Face,  
In private or in public Place,  
He always met with some Disgrace.

It happen'd on a Royal Birth Day,  
The Time exact, none can on Earth say,  
That PRIDE, in pressing thro' the Croud,  
Was very troublesome and loud.

The Gentleman that went before him,  
Had half-way on his Shoulders bore him.  
But being unus'd to such a Load,  
He beg'd the 'Squire to change his Mode—  
Wish'd for his Sake he had been stronger,  
To bear his Weight a little longer.

“ Zounds, Sir! says PRIDE, make Room—get on  
“ I'll talk with no Plebeian Monster. [Sir—

When

When AFFABILITY turn'd round,  
And saw the Face from whence the Sound  
So rudely did accost his Ear,  
He blush'd with Anger, not with Fear.  
“ Sir, said he, whisp'ring, a Word—  
“ I see you wear a dangling Sword,  
“ Either for Ornament or Use.  
“ I can't put up with this Abuse—  
“ You'll meet me early in the Morn'.  
PRIDE muster'd up a Look of Scorn,  
Then, starting back, and turning pale,  
He fault'ring cry'd, “ I will not fail.

When both the Combatants were met,  
PRIDE was all over in a Sweat,

This

A Pannic seiz'd his vital Frame,  
And shiv'ring Fits the Fright proclaim.  
This AFFABILITY soon saw,  
And bad him take his Time to draw,  
“ Things may grow better by and by—  
“ The bravest have, at Times, been shy—  
“ If what you feel, your Looks betray,  
“ This cannot be your fighting Day—  
“ I'll take a Turn across the Field,  
“ Whilst you resolve to fight or yield.

PRIDE, when he saw his Back was turn'd, }  
With furious Rage and Passion burn'd, }  
But cool'd again as he return'd. }  
Yet so much Courage still remain'd,  
That his Right-hand his Sword sustain'd.

K

But

But when he found his Foe would draw,  
He told him he might take the Law—  
That he delighted not in Blood,  
And would not kill him if he cou'd.

NOW AFFABILITY, grown tir'd,  
Advanc'd as fast as he retir'd.  
And tho' he did not mean to harm him,  
He was determin'd to difarm him.  
And when h'd ta'en away his Sword,  
“ Said, Sir, upon my honest Word,  
“ I do forgive you, on Condition,  
“ That you'll not only make Submission,  
“ But promise ne'er to 'give Offence,  
“ Without some plausible Pretence.

“ For he who fears to bear the Brunt,  
“ Should never offer an Affront.”

PRIDE promis'd all, and made Submission,  
With seeming Sorrow and Contrition.

Thus soften'd down by AFFABILITY,  
PRIDE, in his Way, shews some Civility.











J. Muller del. & fecit.

P R U D E N C E,  
D I S S I P A T I O N,  
A N D  
J U S T I C E.

F A B L E IX.

**P** R U D E N C E to W I S D O M near ally'd,  
In former Times was deify'd.  
But now, in these enlighten'd Days,  
She seldom meets with common Praise.

So

So far from wife, on no Pretence,  
They will allow her common Sense.  
So much she's out of Fashion grown,  
We seldom hear of her in Town.  
And in the Country, when she's there,  
She makes the People gape and stare.  
With scornful Eye they glance her o'er,  
As Misers do their Friends that's poor,  
And hope they ne'er shall see her more.

}

In ev'ry Place she's an Intruder—  
Not those that come for Money ruder.

At Court she never yet had been.  
Indeed, they would not let her in.

They

They made Objections to her Dress ;  
And told her, she was like Queen *Bess*.  
Tho' in the Kitchen, it is said,  
She had some Reformation made.  
But this she was ashamed to own,  
And wish'd it never might be known.

Howe'er this general Disdain  
Made PRUDENCE heavily complain.  
“ Was it for this, she cry'd, alas!  
“ That I such anxious Nights did pass,  
“ To make your Ancestors respected,  
“ Who sundry Times had been subjected  
“ To Slav'ry, or a foreign Power,  
“ Had I not watch'd th' unguarded Hour !  
“ Was it for this, ungrateful Race !  
“ To human Feelings a Disgrace)

“ I us’d my utmost Pains and Care,  
“ To guard you from the Tempter’s Snare—  
“ To sooth with Smiles the Infant’s Cry,  
“ And all their little Wants supply—  
“ To teach their trembling Feet their Way,  
“ That do so innocently stray—  
“ To shew prevaricating Youth,  
“ *That Virtue is maintain’d by Truth.*  
“ To check vain Mortals rankling Pride,  
“ And make their Discontents subside !  
“ Blush, blush, ye Rich—be dumb ye Poor—  
“ PRUDENCE will trouble you no more’.

This said, away the Matron went,  
Sighing, as on her Crutch she leant ;  
Then strait revolving in her Mind,  
What caus’d this Change in human Kind,  
St

She chanc'd to meet with DISSIPATION,  
And held with him this Conversation.

“ Pray, Sir, says she, (with Look severe)  
“ What do you mean, to domineer,  
“ And make your Brags in ev'ry Place,  
“ That I shall no where shew my Face?  
“ Sure you forget of whom you speak!  
“ I oft have known you cringe and sneak;  
“ The meanest Sycophant alive,  
“ Rather than by Industry thrive.  
“ But now such Madnefs Men pursue,  
“ That nothing will go down but you.  
“ However for the Defamation  
“ You've thrown upon my Reputation,

L

“ I will



“ I will have JUSTICE—fo prepare—

“ This Scandal I’ll no longer bear.

“ Madam, fays DISSIPATION, fmiling,

“ You have a Pleasure in reviling—

“ You were heard folding in your Sleep—

“ It fhews what Company you keep—

“ Low People always fpeak with Paffion

“ When they addrefs us Folks of Fafhion.

“ I think we’re ever beft afunder—

“ Our Manners make the Vulgar wonder—

“ Refinements only give Offence

“ To Animals of groffer Senfe—

“ Nice Delicates their Stomachs pall—

“ They eat and drink at Nature’s Call—

’Gainft

- “ ’Gainst Operas their Anger fwells—  
“ Their Opera is *Sadler’s Wells*.  
“ Name but a Thousand loft at Play,  
“ They fhake their Heads and run away.  
“ Why? ’cause the Thing’s mifunderftood ;  
“ For *private Vice is public Good*.  
“ Now, Ma’am, I’m ready to attend you.  
“ Let JUSTICE, if he can, defend you.

Suppose now, both to have recited  
Th’ aforefaid, and their Honour plighted  
To JUSTICE, that each Fact was true.  
JUSTICE had nothing more to do,  
Than to give Judgment in the Cafe.  
But firft, he rubb’d his Hands and Face—

Then hem'd three Times and cough'd as many,  
Then ask'd if present there were any  
Good Witneffes, that would support  
What they had both advanc'd in Court,  
And being answer'd, *None at all*,  
Silence was cry'd throughout the Hall,

Then JUSTICE thus his Charge began,  
“ Madam, as I'm a living Man,  
“ I think all's true that you declare ;  
“ Against that idle Culprit there.  
“ But here's no Witness proves the Fact ;  
“ And 'tis provided by an Act,  
“ That no one shall convict on Action,  
“ Without full Proof of the Transaction.

“ If

- “ This being Law, might I advise,  
“ The Matter you should compromise.  
“ Let the Defendant make amends  
“ By bringing you among his Friends.  
“ And you (pray Pardon what I say)  
“ Must DISSIPATION meet half Way.  
“ If you each other's Faults restrain,  
“ A happy Medium you'll maintain;  
“ And Mortals, pleas'd with such a Sample,  
“ Will immitate the good Example.”

FOR-





FORTITUDE, PATIENCE, & ANGER.



J. Miller Del. & Feiz.

F O R T I T U D E,

P A T I E N C E,

A N D

A N G E R.

F A B L E X.

**W**HY does proud thankless Man complain  
That ev'ry Pleasure's mix'd with Pain!

Pleasure's a Phantom in the Mind,

Where long it cannot be confin'd ;

Some



Some cross-grain'd Passion interferes—  
Man disbelieves his Eyes and Ears,  
And all his Hopes are chang'd to Fears.



Tho' FORTITUDE's of heavenly Birth,  
He sometimes did reside on Earth.  
With PATIENCE, his obedient Wife,  
He liv'd a peaceful happy Life.  
Those animatèd Tears that flow  
From fancy'd or from real Woe—  
(For when Distress usurps a Right,  
The Motive's immaterial quite)  
The gauling Taunts the Rich bestow,  
On those Misfortune had brought low—

The

The rankling Sorrow Fathers feel,  
 When Sons turn Profligates and steal—  
 The Grief of him who sees his Friend  
 Approaching towards his latter End,  
 When awkwardly he turns aside,  
 The Sigh and gushing Tear to hide.—  
 Not the whole Tribe of sad Disasters,  
 Which common Mortals Spirits masters,  
 Made FORTITUDE or PATIENCE show  
 The least Concern that Things were so.  
 It was not that they did not feel,  
 But chose their Sorrows to conceal—  
 Their Precepts to Example reach'd—  
 They always practic'd what they preach'd.  
 Patterns for Priests who preach and pray,  
 And practice not a Word they say.

These Qualities so rare to find,  
 In FORTITUDE and PATIENCE join'd,  
 Gain'd them respect in many a Place  
 Where others fear'd to shew their Face.  
 Their Neighbours ev'ry where around,  
 In them some special Comfort found.  
 Were Mortals in that piteous State,  
 Which dire Catastrophies create,  
 If FORTITUDE and PATIENCE came,  
 They bore it without Grief or Shame—  
 Their Spirits calm'd, their Sense repair'd,  
 They thank their God their Lives were spar'd.  
 Yet FORTITUDE and PATIENCE found,  
 They could not always stand their Ground.

ANGER, that Foe to all Mankind,  
To PEACE, and TRUTH and REASON blind,  
Was oft admitted among Friends,  
And brought them oft to fatal Ends.  
But what's extraor'nary to say,  
Tho' the Thing happen'd ev'ry Day,  
Each Partizan his Honour plighted,  
That none of them had him invited—  
They knew him not they did declare,  
Nor how the Devil he came there.  
“ I wish, says One, with all my Soul,  
“ To drown him in this sparkling Bowl:  
“ Come, here's a Health to his Confusion,  
“ For plaguing us with this Intrusion ;

“ And should he venture here again,  
“ We'll dose him well with brisk Champaign,

Ever, when ANGER was not by,  
All Knowledge of him they deny,  
But present, they could not dissemble,  
For ev'ry Man of them did tremble;  
And he, who just before abus'd him,  
Would knock him down who first refus'd him,  
This welcome or unwelcome Guest,  
At Times despis'd, at Times carest,  
Would frequently break Bowls and Glasses,  
Lug out his Sword—make Thrusts and Passes  
On Folks, without the least Pretence  
Of having given him Offence;

And

And tho' a Life or two were lost,  
 Shew'd no Concern—but made his Boast  
 That he had Privilege to kill  
 All those who dar'd oppose his Will,  
 Without assigning other Cause,  
*He stood acquitted by the Laws.*

It happen'd on a gaudy Day,  
 When ANGER had stirr'd up a Fray,  
 That PATIENCE was invited there,  
 The Sight of whom he could not bear;  
 The Moment that he saw her seated,  
 He fear'd his Schemes would be defeated.  
 Howe'er he bluffer'd, bounc'd and swore;  
 And call'd her ev'ry Thing but Whore,  
 All which contentedly she bore.

At

At length his Rage and Spirits fail'd,  
Finding how little it avail'd,  
And PATIENCE with a smiling Face,  
Answer'd, " I pity your sad Case ;  
" Your Malady is in the Mind,  
" You should be bled, and close confin'd  
" In some dark Place, with proper Diet,  
" And purg'd, to cool and keep you quiet.  
" When *Reason takes her Turn to reign,*  
" I'll come and visit you again.  
ANGER o'ercome, and forc'd to yield,  
Retir'd, and PATIENCE kept the Field.

Thus ever since that dire Disgrace,  
In ev'ry Circumstance and Place,  
Where PATIENCE comes he hides his Face. }





SATURN & THE FOUR SEASONS.



J. Miller del & fecit

S A T U R N

A N D T H E

F O U R S E A S O N S .

F A B L E X I .

**W**HEN SATURN reign'd chief God  
Terrestrial

Whilst Jove was Sovereign Celestial,

Four Damfels, whom for weighty Reasons

The God did nominate the SEASONS,

Attended

Attended constantly together,  
 To take his Orders for the Weather,  
 When Rain and Sunshine should appear,  
 And how to bring about the Year—  
 What Countries should with Corn abound,  
 And where no Herbage should be found—  
 How to raise Storms--make Plagues at Pleasure,  
 And Earthquakes springing Mines of Treasure—  
 Make Hurricanes lay Waste an Island,  
 And conjure Ships from Sea to dry Land—  
 To stir the Coals of burning Mountains,  
 That vomit liquid Fire like Fountains—  
 To smell out where there are Vulcanos  
 Before they could be smelt by a Nose.

This was the Buſineſs of theſe Females,  
Which better would have ſuited the Males,  
As will appear by what comes after ;  
A Thing too ſerious much for Laughter.

SATURN being tir'd with long Petitions,  
Complaints, Remonſtrances, and Miſſions,  
From Mortals, giving different Reaſons  
For railing at th' appointed SEASONS,  
Determin'd on a Proclamation,  
To Men of ev'ry Rank and Station,  
Declarative that no Appeal  
Henceforward from the Common-Weal  
Should be receiv'd. He found that Men are all  
Blind and ungrateful Fools in general.

And yet his Godship did Consent,  
To change his Plan of Government.  
This done, he sent for all the SEASONS,  
To answer to the Charge of Treasons.  
And having search'd the Matter thro',  
He found them loyal, just, and true.

Then righteously did thus decree.

“ Ladies, I'm glad to find, says he,  
“ That, faithful to my strict Commands,  
“ You justly favour'd no Man's Lands ;  
“ But to get rid of all Diffention,  
“ Be't known it is my firm Intention  
“ The Year in Quarters to divide,  
“ O'er which in turn you shall precide.

“ You

“ Your Provinces by Lot you’ll chuse;  
“ Which when once fix’d none must refuse.

And now (if Words shew what the Heart  
Each Lady lik’d her new Département. [meant])  
They all seem’d suited to their Places,  
Tho’ they wore very different Faces.

SPRING first, the blithest of the Four,  
Ascended to the regal Power.  
The feather’d Songsters prais’d her Coming,  
And Bees express’d their Joy by humming.  
Plants, Shrubs, and Forests cloath’d in green,  
Push’d forward to salute their Queen.

The Primrose and the Violet sweet,  
 Blending their fragrant Odours, meet  
 Their welcome Patroness to greet.

The Crocus too and Snowdrop white,  
 Vary'd the Scene to please her Sight.  
 Nature dispos'd to do her Duty,  
 Appear'd in all her Pride and Beauty.  
 Thus idoliz'd by ev'ry Thing,  
 The Time pass'd quick with Lady SPRING.  
 She was amaz'd to see the Writ  
 That SUMMER sent to make her quit.  
 She vow'd it was an arrant Fiction.  
 She knew it by the Stile and Diction.  
 That she had still a Month to reign,  
 And would her Sovereign Right maintain.

So

So back, in Wrath, the Bearer trudges.

Summer appeal'd to all the Judges,

Who, wrapt in Dignity and Ermine,

Watch, like the Owl; mischievous Vermine,

But never haftily determine.

SUMMER grew warm and highly nettl'd,

Before the Law her Right had settl'd.

At length it was in Form directed,

That SPRING might be forthwith ejected.

SPRING, when the harsh Decree was known,

Quitted in Tears her Vernal Throne,

And SUMMER took her Turn to reign,

*In Thunder, Light'ning, and in Rain.*



The sleeping Clouds the Sun conceal'd,  
 And Stench the stagnant Waters yield ;  
 Where crawling Toads that seem to scold,  
 Their croaking Midnight Concerts hold.

The panting scaly Race explore,  
 For Breath in vain, the hostile Shore,  
 Are taken, and return no more.

}  
 }

Black Atoms from the noxious East,  
 Blast with their Pests, both Man and Beast,  
 And Nature wore a Face so sad,  
 That Men despair'd, and Dogs ran mad.

SUMMER thus grievously distress'd,  
 And by her pregnant Burthen press'd,  
 Miscarry'd—direful Tale to tell,  
 To those who doat on living well.

Next AUTUM came, before her Time,  
 But being call'd, 'twas deem'd no Crime.  
 With Care she manag'd what she found,  
 She glean'd the Corn and till'd the Ground,  
 And made it plausibly appear,  
 That Things would mend another Year.  
 In short, she did what Woman could,  
 To furnish Rayment, Wine and Food;  
 And e'er Dame WINTER shew'd her Face,  
 Retir'd with Decency and Grace.

Her Successor, a hardy Creature,  
 Robust in Form and Coarse in Feature,  
 With little Sentiment or Feeling,  
 Was rough and rude in all her Dealing.

If Mortals dar'd her Will oppose,  
She'd come and take them by the Nose.  
Sometimes she'd make a German Quarrel,  
Because she lik'd not their Apparel;  
Would pinch the Heels and Toes and Fingers,  
Of him, who on his Journey lingers,  
The blunted Circulation stopt,  
And off the Toes and Fingers dropt.  
Oft did she, by mere Pow'r of Breath,  
Put many puny Souls to Death.  
With all this barbarous cruel Treatment,  
WINTER, who scarcely knew what Heat meant,  
Would coldly answer those who grumbl'd,  
“ 'Tis right that Subjects should be humbl'd;  
“ You'll suffer more the more you press it,  
“ *Impune' nemo me laceffit.*'

Now

Now SPRING had often sent and writ  
To know when she would please to quit,  
But WINTER only deign'd to say,  
“ I will not stir from hence till *May*.

The Year being now compleat and ended,  
Mankind perceiv'd Times were not mended.  
These Female Rulers of the Weather,  
Had mix'd the Seasons altogether.  
Then once again they did implore  
The God to govern as before.  
But SATURN to their Fate consign'd them,  
And all Things fix'd as now we find them.







T. Muller del. & fec.

POETRY, PAINTING,

A N D

C A N D O U R.

F A B L E XII.

**P**AINTING and POETRY, two Sisters,  
(Tho' some are pleas'd to call them *Misters*;  
But whether either Sex prevail  
It matters not to our Detail.)  
These Sisters then were oft invited  
To live with CANDOUR, whom they slighted.



Yet publickly they own'd his Merit,  
And honour'd his ingenuous Spirit.  
Nay, seem'd to praise him so sincerely,  
One would have sworn they lov'd him dearly.

Why then refuse his friendly offers?  
Had he his Eye upon their Coffers?  
Alas! they ne'er had ought to spare,  
Their Fortune's in the *Bank of Air*.  
All earthly Wealth they set at nought,  
But they are very rich in *Thought*.

Are they extravagant and vain?  
Do they dress fine, or neat and plain?  
The Eldest's always seen in black,  
Not fashion'd like a Gown or Sack,

Or Jesuit, or *Pet en l'air*,  
 Or any Thing that others wear.  
 She varies it as she thinks best  
 Will serve to entertain her Guest.  
 One Day you see it short and scanty,  
 The next, 'tis flowing, long and jentie.  
 Her Head with Laurel round is wreath'd,  
 Which God *Apollo* had bequeath'd,  
 The antient Badge of public Praise,  
 Unlike our wither'd modern *Bayes*.  
 Her Appetite's so very small,  
 One scarce can say she eats at all.  
 She never touches Meat or Drink,  
 Except at Times, a Drop of Ink,  
 Of that, indeed, she tipples often,  
 As Folks drink Drams, their Griefs to soften;

So ſhe, to paſs her Thoughts away,  
 Will ſip you half a Pint a Day ;  
 The Quality of which, tho' noxious,  
 Renders *her* only hiſtrious doctious.  
 The Quantity by her gulp'd down  
 Would have kill'd half the Girls in Town.  
 But ſhe depends on Immortality,  
 And minds not Quantity or Quality.  
 The more ſhe drinks, the more ſhe chatters,  
 Of foreign and domeſtic Matters.

The youngeſt Siſter ſtill more odd is ;  
 She's drefs'd at Times like any Goddeſs.  
 At others, ſhe appears ſo mean,  
 You'd take her for a *Wapping* Quean ;

By

By Lobsters, Shrimps and Sprats furrounded,  
With Roots and Cabbage-Plants confounded.

Sometimes she struts with Sword and Bag on, }  
And sometimes apes the George and Dragon, }  
And often she has scarce a Rag on. }

Cats, Peacocks, Pelicans and Hares,  
Goats, Lions, Elephants and Bears.

In all these Shapes she goes an airing,  
Merely to set the Folks a staring.

Perhaps they chuse a private Station,  
Rather than bear an Obligation.

Not so; they're fond of being seen,  
Retirement gives them both the Spleen.  
The Voice of Fame is their Support,  
And they have many Friends at Court,

By

By whom they'r blefs'd with Smiles and Nods,  
 For changing them from Men to Gods.  
 Both are rank Flatt'ers in their Way;  
 The Wife regard not what they say.  
 But tho' when pleas'd they're wond'rous civil,  
 Provok'd they play the very Devil;  
 In bitt'rest Gaul they dip their Pen,  
 And all their Gods are chang'd to Men.  
 Their Schemes are likewise so Romantic,  
 They'd drive a prudent Mortal frantic.  
 Then surely there remains no Doubt,  
 Why these same Damfels flaunt about,  
 To feast the Eyes and Ears of Man,  
 Rather than live on CANDOUR'S Plan.  
 Yet 'tis agreed by all Mankind,  
 That CANDOUR mends the Artift's Mind.

*F I N I S.*





