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FROM

*S N I P E,*

A FAVOURITE DOG,

TO HIS

M A S T E R.

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*May, 1791.*

**O** BEST of good masters, your mild disposition

Perhaps may induce you to read my petition:  
Believe me in earnest, though acting the poet,  
My breast feels the smart, and mine actions  
do shew it.

At morn when I rise, I go down to the  
kitchen,  
Where oft I've been treated with kicking and  
switching.  
There's nothing but quiet, no toil nor vexa-  
tion,  
The cookmaid herself seems possess'd of dis-  
cretion.  
The scene gave surprize, and I could not but  
love it,  
Then found 'twas because she had nothing  
to covet.  
From thence to the dining-room I took a  
range fir,  
My heart swells with grief when I think of  
the change there;  
No dishes well dress'd, with their flavour to  
charm me,  
Nor even so much as a fire to warm me.  
For bread I ran sack ev'ry corner with caution,  
Then trip down the stair in a terrible passion.  
I go with old James, when the soss is a dealing,  
But brutes are voracious and void of all feel-  
ing;

They quickly devour't; not a morsel they  
leave me,  
And then by their growling ill nature they  
grieve me.

My friend Jenny Little pretends to respect  
me,  
And yet fir at meal-time she often neglects me:  
Of late she her breakfast with me would  
have parted,  
But now eats it all, so I'm quite broken  
hearted.  
O haste back to Loudoun, my gentle good  
master,  
Relieve your poor Snipy from ev'ry disaster.  
A sight of yourself would afford me much  
pleasure,  
A share of your dinner an excellent treasure,

Present my best wishes unto the good lady,  
Whose plate and potatoes to me are ay ready:  
When puss and I feasted so kindly together;  
But now quite forlorn we condole with each  
other.

No more I'll insist, lest your patience be  
ended;

I beg by my scrawl, sir, you'll not be offended;  
But mind, when you see me ascending Par-  
nassus,

The need that's of dogs there to drive down  
the Asses.