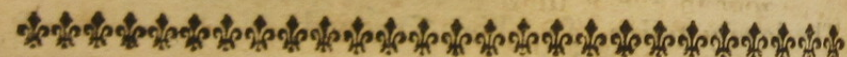


By gentle, generous love 'tis true,  
They never can miscarry,  
No ill can come, no loss ensue,  
From honest, harmless Harry.

But should a knight of greater heat  
Precipitate invade,  
Believe me, Bell, they then may need  
Some seasonable aid.

O may I ready be at hand  
From every harm to screen 'em,  
Then, Samson-like, I'll take my stand,  
And live, or die between 'em.



# A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POET AND HIS SERVANT.

BY THE LATE Mr. CHRIST. PITT.

To enter into the beauties of this satire, it must be remembered, that slaves, among the Romans, during the feasts of Saturn, wore their masters habits, and were allowed to say what they pleased.

SERVANT.

SIR,—I've long waited in my turn to have  
A word with you—but I'm your humble slave.

P. What knave is that? my rascal!

S. Sir,



S. Sir, 'tis I,  
No knave nor rascal, but your trusty Guy.

P. Well, as your wages still are due, I'll bear  
Your rude impertinence this time of year.

S. Some folks are drunk one day, and some for ever,  
And some, like Wharton, but twelve years together.  
Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,  
Would change his living oftener than his shirt ;  
Roar with the rakes of state a month ; and come  
To starve another in his hole at home.  
So rov'd wild Buckingham the public jest,  
Now some innholder's, now a monarch's guest ;  
His life and politics of every shape,  
This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.  
The gout in every limb from every vice  
Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.  
Some wench for ever ; and their sins on those,  
By custom, sit as easy as their cloaths.  
Some fly, like pendulums, from good to evil,  
And in that point are madder than the devil :  
For they——

P. To what will these vile maxims tend ?  
And where, sweet sir, will your reflections end ?

S. In you.

P. In me, you knave ? make out your charge.

S. You praise low-living, but you live at large.  
Perhaps you scarce believe the rules you teach,  
Or find it hard to practise what you preach.  
Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,  
But, without business, you're again in town.



If none invite you, fir, abroad to roam,  
 Then—Lord, what pleasure 'tis to read at home;  
 And sip your two half-pints, with great delight,  
 Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.  
 From \* Encombe, John comes thundering at the door,  
 With " Sir, my master begs you to come o'er,  
 " To pass these tedious hours, these winter nights,  
 " Not that he dreads invasions, rogues, or sprites."  
 Strait for your two best wigs aloud you call,  
 This stiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all,  
 " And where, you rascal, are the spurs," you cry;  
 " And O! what blockhead laid the buskins by?"  
 On your old batter'd mare you'll needs be gone,  
 (No matter whether on four legs or none)  
 Splash, plunge, and stumble, as you scour the heath;  
 All swear at Morden 'tis on life or death:  
 Wildly thro' Wareham streets you scamper on,  
 Raise all the dogs and voters in the town;  
 Then fly for six long dirty miles as bad,  
 That Corfe and Kingston gentry think you mad.  
 And all this furious riding is to prove  
 Your high respect, it seems, and eager love:  
 And yet, that mighty honour to obtain,  
 Banks, Shaftesbury, Doddington may send in vain.  
 Before you go, we curse the noise you make,  
 And bless the moment that you turn your back.  
 As for myself, I own it to your face,  
 I love good eating, and I take my glass:  
 But sure 'tis strange, dear sir, that this should be  
 In you amusement, but a fault in me.

\* The seat of John Pitt, esq. in Dorsetshire.



All this is bare refining on a name,  
To make a difference where the fault's the same.

My father sold me to your service here,  
For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.  
A livery you should wear as well as I,  
And this I'll prove—but lay your cudgel by.  
You serve your passions—Thus, without a jest,  
Both are but fellow-servants at the best.  
Yourself, good Sir, are play'd by your desires,  
A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.

P. Who, at this rate of talking, can be free ?

S. The brave, wise, honest man, and only he :  
All else are slaves alike, the world around,  
Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground :  
He, sir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,  
And (greater still) is master of himself :  
Not to-and-fro by fears and factions hurl'd,  
But loose to all the interests of the world :  
And while that world turns round, entire and whole,  
He keeps the sacred tenor of his soul ;  
In every turn of fortune still the same,  
As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame :  
Collected in himself, with godlike pride,  
He sees the darts of envy glance aside ;  
And, fix'd like Atlas, while the tempests blow,  
Smiles at the idle storms that roar below.  
One such you know, a layman, to your shame,  
And yet the honour of your blood and name.  
If you can such a character maintain,  
You too are free, and I'm your slave again.

But



But when in Hemskirk's pictures you delight,  
 More than myself, to see two drunkards fight ;  
 " Fool, rogue, sot, blockhead," or such names are mine :  
 " Your's are " a Connoisseur," or " Deep Divine."  
 I'm chid for loving a luxurious bit,  
 The sacred prize of learning, worth and wit :  
 And yet some sell their lands, these bits to buy ;  
 Then, pray, who suffers most from luxury ?  
 I'm chid, 'tis true ; but then I pawn no plate,  
 I seal no bonds, I mortgage no estate.

Besides, high living, sir, must wear you out  
 With surfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.  
 By some new pleasures are you still engross'd,  
 And when you save an hour, you think it lost.  
 To sports, plays, races, from your books you run,  
 And like all company, except your own.  
 You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idler still) you rhyme :  
 Why ?—but to banish thought, and murder time.  
 And yet that thought, which you discharge in vain,  
 Like a foul-loaded piece, recoils again.

P. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a stone,—

S. For what ?

P. A sword, a pistol, or a gun :  
 I'll shoot the dog.

S. Lord ! who would be a wit ?  
 He's in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.

P. Fly, fly, you rascal, for your spade and fork ;  
 For once I'll set your lazy bones to work.  
 Fly, or I'll send you back, without a groat,  
 To the bleak mountains where you first were caught.

P A R O D Y