



The MONKIES, a TALE.

By the Same.

WHO'E'R with curious eye has rang'd
Thro' Ovid's tales, has seen
How Jove, incens'd, to monkies chang'd
A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon th' offending race
Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
To give them back the human face,
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their pray'r ;
But t'other half he bade the wind
Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod
That shook the vaulted skies,
With haughtier air the creatures strode,
And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now
 Around their temples spread ;
 The tail that whilom hung below,
 Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
 Nor alter'd much the face ;
 It still retains its native grin,
 And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd and half the same,
 Jove bade them take their place,
 (Restoring them their ancient claim)
 Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
 Nor would a name bestow ;
 But woman lik'd the motley breed,
 And call'd the thing a Beau.



AN EPI TAPH.

QUÆ te sub tenerâ rapuerunt, Pæta, juventâ,
 O utinam me crudelia fata vocent ;
 Ut linquam terras invisaque lumina solis,
 Utque tuus rursus corpore sim posito.

Tu