

O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
 Half crazy, or at least half-mellow,
 To come behind you, unawares,
 And fairly push you both down stairs !
 But *Death's* at hand——Let me advise ye,
 Go forward, friends—or *he'll* surprize ye.

The Beau to the Virtuofos; alluding to a Propofal for
 the Publication of a Set of BUTTERFLIES.

By the Same.

HAIL curious wights, to whom fo fair
 The form of mortal flies is !
 Who deem thofe grubs beyond compare,
 Which *common* fense despifes.

Whether your prey, in gardens found,
 Be urg'd thro' walks and allies ;
 Whether o'er hill, morafs or mound,
 You make more desperate fallies ;

Amid the fury of the chace,
 No rocks could e'er retard you ;
 Blest, if a fly repay the race,
 Or painted wing reward you.

'Twas thus * Camilla, o'er the plain,
 Purfu'd the glittering ftranger ;
 Still ey'd the purple's pleafing ftain,
 And knew not fear nor danger.

* See *Virgil*.

'Tis

'Tis you dispense the fav'rite meat
 To nature's filmy people ;
 Know what conserves they chuse to eat,
 And what *liqueurs*, to tipple.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour ;
 And when the birth's at hand,
 Exerting your obstetric pow'r,
 Prevent a mothless land.

Yet oh ! my friends ! howe'er your view
 Above gross objects rises ;
 Whate'er refinements you pursue,
 Hear what a beau advises.

A beau, that, weigh'd with your's, must prize
 Domitian's idle passion ;
 Who sought the *death* of teasing flies
 And not their *propagation*.

Let *****'s eyes more deeply warm,
 Nor foolishly determine
 To flight fair Nature's loveliest form,
 And sigh for Nature's vermin.

And speak with *some* respect of beaux ;
 No more, as triflers, treat 'em :
 'Tis better learn to save one's cloaths,
 Than cherish moths that eat 'em.