

Laura, the rural circle's constant boast,
Sighs for the Mall, nor sleeps till she's a toast.
The priestling, proud of doctrine not his own,
Usurps a scarf, and longs to preach in town.
Ev'n Westley's saints, whose cant has fill'd the nation,
Toil more for fame, I trow, than reformation.

B —, tho' blest with learning, sense and wit,
Yet prides himself in never shewing it.
Safe in his cell, he shuns the staring crowd,
And inward shines, like Sol behind a cloud.
For fame let fops to distant regions roam,
Lo! here's the man—*who never stirs from home!*
That unseen wight, whom all men wish to see,
Illustrious grown—by mere obscurity.

The Pepper-box and Salt-seller. A FABLE.

To * * * * * Esq; By the same.

THE 'squire had din'd alone one day,
And Tom was call'd to take away:
Tom clear'd the board with dextrous art:
But, willing to secure a tart,
The liquorish youth had made an halt;
And left the pepper-box and salt
Alone, upon the marble table:
Who thus, like men, were heard to squabble.

Pepper began, "Pray, Sir, says he,
What business have you here with me?
Is't fit that spices of my birth
Should rank with thee, thou scum of earth?
I'd have you know, Sir, I've a spirit
Suited to my superior merit——"

Tho' now, confin'd within this caſtre,
 I ſerve a northern Gothic maſter ;
 Yet born in *Java's* fragrant wood,
 To warm an eaſtern monarch's blood,
 The ſun thoſe rich perfections gave me,
 Which tempted *Dutchmen* to enſlave me.

Nor are my virtues Here unknown,
 Tho' old and wrinkled now I'm grown.
 Black as I am, the faireſt maid
 Invokes my ſtimulating aid,
 To give her food the poignant flavour ;
 And to each ſauce, its proper flavour.
 Paſties, ragouts and fricaffees,
 Without my ſeaſoning, fail to pleaſe :
 'Tis I, like wit, muſt give a zeſt,
 And ſprightlineſs, to every feaſt.

Phyſicians too my uſe confeſs ;
 My influence ſageſt matrons bleſs :
 When drams prove vain, and cholics teaze,
 To me they fly for certain eaſe.
 Nay I freſh vigour can diſpenſe,
 And cure ev'n age and impotence :
 And, when of dulneſs wits complain,
 I brace the nerves, and clear the brain,

But, to the 'ſquire here, I appeal ——
He knows my real value well :
 Who, with one pepper-corn content,
 Remits the vaſſal's annual rent ——

Hence then, Sir *Brine*, and keep your diſtance :
 Go lend the ſcullion your aſſiſtance ;

For culinary uses fit ;
 To salt the meat upon the spit :
 Or just to keep our meat from stinking——
 And then—a special friend to drinking !”

“ Your folly moves me with surprize,
 (The silver tripod thus replies)
 Pray, master Pepper, why so hot ?
 First cousin to the mustard-pot !

What boots it *how* our life began ?
 ’Tis *breeding* makes the gentleman.
 Yet would you search my pedigree,
 I rose like *Venus* from the sea :
 The sun, whose influence *you* boast,
 Nurs’d *me* upon the *British* coast.

The chymists know my rank and place,
 When nature’s principles they trace :
 And wisest moderns yield to me
 The *elemental* monarchy.
 By me all nature is supplied
 With all her beauty, all her pride !
 In *vegetation*, I ascend ;
 To *animals*, their vigour lend ;
 Corruption’s foe, I life preserve,
 And stimulate each slacken’d nerve.
 I give jonquils their high perfume ;
 The peach its flavour, rose its bloom :
 Nay, I’m the cause, when rightly trac’d,
 Of *Pepper*’s aromatic taste.

Such claims *you* teach me to produce;
 But need I plead my *obvious* use?
 In seasoning all terrestrial food?
 When *heav'n* declares, that *salt* is good.

Grant then, some *few* thy virtues find;
 Yet *salt* gives *health* to all *mankind*:
 Physicians sure will side with me,
 While cooks alone shall plead for thee.
 In short, with all thine airs about thee,
 The world were happier far *without* thee."

The 'squire, who all this time sat mute,
 Now put an end to their dispute:
 He rung the bell—bade *Tom* convey
 The doughty disputants away——

The salt, refresh'd by shaking up,
 At night did with his master sup:
 The pepper, *Tom* assign'd his lot
 With vinegar, and mustard-pot:
 A fop with bites and sharpeners join'd,
 And, to the side-board, well confin'd!

M O R A L.

Thus *real* genius is respected!
 Conceit and folly thus neglected!
 And, O my *SHENSTONE*! let the vain,
 With misbecoming pride, explain
 Their splendor, influence, wealth or birth;
 ——'Tis men of *sense* are men of worth.

Written