

The FABLE of J O T H A M: To the  
BOROUGH-HUNTERS.

By RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq;

*Jotham's fable of the trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time.*

ADDISON.

JUDGES, Chap. ix. ver. 8.

OLL Plumb, who tho' blest in his *Kentish* retreat,  
Still thrives by his oilshop in *Leadenhall-street*,  
With a *Portugal* merchant, a knight by creation,  
From a borough in *Cornwall* receiv'd invitation.  
Well-assur'd of each vote, well equip't from the alley,  
In quest of election-adventures they fally.  
Tho' much they discours'd, the long way to beguile,  
Of the earthquakes, the Jews, and the change of the stile,  
Of the Irish, the flocks, and the lott'ry committee,  
They came silent and tir'd into *Exeter* city.

"Some books, prithee landlord, to pass a dull hour;  
"No nonsense of parsons, or methodists four,  
"No poetical stuff—a damn'd jingle of rhimes,  
"But some pamphlet that's new, and a touch on the times."  
"O Lord! says mine host, you may hunt the town round,  
"I question if any such thing can be found:  
"I never was ask'd for a book by a guest;  
"And I'm sure I have all the great folk in the *West*.  
"None of these to my knowledge e'er call'd for a book;  
"But see, Sir, the woman with fish, and the cook;  
"Here's the fattest of carp, shall we dress you a brace?  
"Would you have any soals, or a mullet, or ptaice?"



“ A *place*, quoth the knight, we must have to be sure,  
 “ But first let us see that our borough’s secure,  
 “ We’ll talk of the *place* when we’ve settled the poll :  
 “ They may dress us for supper the mullet and seal.  
 “ But do you, my good landlord, look over your shelves,  
 “ For a book we must have, we’re so tired of ourselves.”

“ In troth, Sir, I ne’er had a book in my life,  
 “ But the prayer book and bible I bought for my wife.”  
 “ Well ! the bible must do ; but who don’t you take in  
 “ Some monthly collection ? the new magazine ?”

The bible was brought and laid out on the table,  
 And open’d at *Jotham*’s most apposite fable.

Sir *Freeport* began with this verse, tho’ no rhyme——

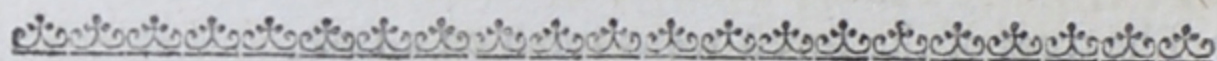
“ The trees of the forest went forth on a time,  
 (To what purpose our candidates scarce could expect,  
 For it was not, they found, to transplant—but ELECT)  
 “ To the olive and fig-tree their deputies came,  
 “ But by both were refus’d, and their answer the same :  
 “ Quoth the olive, shall I leave my fatness and oil  
 “ For an unthankful office, a dignified toil ?  
 “ Shall I leave, quoth the fig-tree, my sweetness and fruit,  
 “ To be envy’d, or slav’d in so vain a pursuit ?  
 “ Thus rebuff’d and surpriz’d they apply’d to the vine,  
 “ He answer’d : shall I leave my grapes and my wine,  
 “ (Wine the sovereign cordial of god and of man)  
 “ To be made or the tool or the head of a clan ?  
 “ At last, as it always falls out in a scramble,  
 “ The mob gave the cry for a bramble ! a bramble !

“ A



" A bramble for ever ! O ! chance unexpected !  
 " But bramble prevail'd and was duly elected."  
 " O ! ho ! quoth the knight with a look most profound,  
 " Now I see there's some good *in good books* to be found.  
 " I wish I had read this same bible before :  
 " Of long miles at the least 'twould have sav'd us fourscore.  
 " You, *Plumb*, with your olives and oil might have staid,  
 " And myself might have tarried my wines to unlade.  
 " What have merchants to do from their business to ramble !  
 " Your electioneer-errant should still be a bramble."

Thus ended at once the wise comment on *Jotham*,  
 And our citizens' jaunt to the borough of *Gotham*.



## An Elegy written in an empty Assembly-Room.

By the Same.

———— *Semperque relinqui*  
*Sola sibi* ————

VIRG.

### A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*This poem being a parody on the most remarkable passages in the well-known epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, it was thought unnecessary to transcribe any lines from that poem, which is in the hands of all, and in the memory of most readers.*

**I**N scenes where HALLET's genius has combin'd  
 With BROMWICH to amuse and cheer the mind ;  
 Amid this pomp of cost, this pride of art,  
 What mean these sorrows in a female heart ?