

The nymph was, no doubt, of a cold constitution ;
 For sure to turn tree was an odd resolution !
 Yet in this she behav'd like a true modern spouse,
 For she fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

The BAG-WIG and the TOBACCO-PIPE.

A F A B L E.

A Bag-wig of a jauntee air,
 Trick'd up with all a barber's care,
 Loaded with powder and perfume,
 Hung in a spendthrift's dressing-room ;
 Close by its side, by chance convey'd,
 A black Tobacco-pipe was laid ;
 And with its vapours far and near,
 Outstunk the essence of Monsieur ;
 At which its rage, the thing of hair,
 Thus, bristling up, began declare.

“ Bak'd dirt ! that with intrusion rude
 “ Breaks in upon my solitude,
 “ And with thy fetid breath defiles
 “ The air for forty thousand miles ---

" Avaunt---pollution's in thy touch---
 " O barb'rous English ! horrid Dutch !
 " I cannot bear it---Here, Sue, Nan,
 " Go call the maid to call the man,
 " And bid him come without delay,
 " To take this odious pipe away.
 " Hideous ! fure some one smoak'd thee, Friend,
 " Reversefy, at his t'other end.
 " Oh ! what mix'd odours ! what a throng
 " Of salt and four, of stale and strong !
 " A most unnatural combination,
 " Enough to mar all perspiration---
 " Monstrous ! again---'twou'd vex a faint !
 " Susan, the drops---or else I faint !"
 The pipe (for 'twas a pipe of foul)
 Raifing himself upon his bole,
 In smoke, like oracle of old,
 Did thus his sentiments unfold.

" Why, what's the matter, Goodman Swagger,
 " Thou flaunting French, fantastic bragger ?
 " Whose whole fine speech is (with a pox)
 " Ridiculous and heterodox.
 " 'Twas better for the English nation
 " Before such scoundrels came in fashion,
 " When none fought hair in realms unknown,
 " But every blockhead bore his own.

“ Know, puppy, I’m an English pipe,
 “ Deem’d worthy of each Briton’s gripe,
 “ Who, with my cloud-compelling aid
 “ Help our plantations and our trade,
 “ And am, when sober and when mellow,
 “ An upright, downright, honest fellow.
 “ Tho’ fools, like you, may think me rough,
 “ And scorn me, ’cause I am in buff,
 “ Yet your contempt I glad receive,
 “ ’Tis all the fame that you can give :
 “ None finery or fopp’ry prize ;
 “ But they who’ve something to disguise ;
 “ For simple nature hates abuse,
 “ And Plainness is the dress of Use.”

CARE and GENEROSITY.

A F A B L E.

OL D Care with Industry and Art,
 At length so well had play’d his Part ;
 He heap’d up such an ample store,
 That Av’rice cou’d not sigh for more :
 Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
 His coffers overflow’d with Gold ;
 The land all round him was his own,
 With corn his crouded granaries groan.