

“ 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.”

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## CARE and GENEROSITY.

## A F A B L E.

**O**L 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.

In short so vast his charge and gain,  
That to possess them was a pain;  
With happiness oppress'd he lies,  
And much too prudent to be wise.  
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,  
With all the charms of youth array'd;  
Good, amiable, sincere and free,  
Her name was Generosity.  
'Twas hers the larges to bestow  
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.  
Her doors to all were open'd wide,  
The pilgrim there might safe abide:  
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,  
The bread she broke, the drink she drew;  
There Sicknes laid her aching head,  
And there Distress cou'd find a bed. ----  
Each hour with an all-bounteous hand,  
Diffused she blessings round the land:  
Her gifts and glory lasted long,  
And numerous was th' accepting throng.  
At length pale Penury seiz'd the dame,  
And Fortune fled, and Ruin came,  
She found her riches at an end,  
And that she had not made one friend. ---  
All curs'd her for not giving more,  
Nor thought on what she'd done before;

She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,  
When lo! to comfort her came Care. ----  
And cry'd, my dear, if you will join,  
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine;  
All will be well--you shall have store,  
And I be plagu'd with Wealth no more. ----  
Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,  
You still shall act the generous part. ----  
The Bridal came--great was the feast,  
And good the pudding and the priest;  
The bride in nine moons brought him forth  
A little maid of matchless worth:  
Her face was mix'd of Care and Glee,  
They christen'd her Oeconomy;  
And styled her fair Discretion's Queen,  
The mistress of the golden mean.  
Now Generosity confin'd,  
Is perfect easy in her mind;  
She loves to give, yet knows to spare,  
Nor wishes to be free from Care.