



An ALLEGORY *on* MAN.

A Thoughtful Being, long and spare,
Our Race of Mortals call him *Care*:

(Were *Homer* living, well he knew
What Name the Gods have call'd him too)
With fine Mechanick Genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.

This Being, by a Model bred
In *Jove's* eternal fable Head,
Contriv'd a Shape impow'rd to breathe,
And be the *Worldling* here beneath.

The *Man* rose staring, like a Stake;
Wond'ring to see himself awake!

Then

Then look'd so wise, before he knew
 The Bus'ness he was made to do;
 That pleas'd to see with what a Grace
 He gravely shew'd his forward Face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
 An *Under-something* of the Sky.

But e'er he gave the mighty *Nod*,
 Which ever binds a *Poet's God*:
 (For which his *Curls* Ambrosial shake,
 And Mother *Earth's* oblig'd to quake:)
 He saw old Mother *Earth* arise,
 She stood confess'd before his Eyes;
 But not with what we read she wore,
 A Castle for a Crown before;
 Nor with long Streets and longer Roads
 Dangling behind her, like *Commodes*:

As

As yet with **Wreaths** alone she drest,

And trail'd a **Handskip-painted Vest.**

Then thrice she rais'd, (as *Ovid* said)

And thrice she bow'd, her **weighty Head.**

On this a trivial Cause as yours

Her Honours made, **Great Jove,** she cry'd,

This *Thing* was (fashion'd from my Side;

His Hands, his Heart, his Head are mine;

Then what hast thou to call him thine?

As if I had a right to his

Nay rather ask, the *Monarch* said,

What boots his Hand, his Heart, his Head,

Were what I gave remov'd away?

Thy Part's an idle Shape of Clay.

So if he had a right to his

Halves, more than Halves! cry'd honest *Care,*

Your Pleas wou'd make your **Titles fair,**

The Title wou'd be his

You

You claim the Body, you the Soul,
 But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the Gods Debate began,
 On such a trivial Cause, as *Man*.
 And can Celestial Tempers rage?
 (Quoth *Virgil* in a later Age.)

As thus they wrangled, *Time* came by ;
 (There's none that paint him such as I,
 For what the Fabling *Antients* sung
 Makes *Saturn* old, when *Time* was young.)
 As yet his Winters had not shed
 Their silver Honours on his Head ;
 He just had got his Pinions free
 From his old Sire *Eternity*.
 A Serpent girdled round he wore,
 The Tail within the Mouth before ;

By

By which our *Almanacks* are clear
That learned *Ægypt* meant the Year.
A Staff he carry'd, where on high
A Glafs was fix'd to measure by,
As Amber Boxes made a Show
For Heads of Canes an Age ago.
His Vest, for Day, and Night, was py'd ;
A bending Sickle arm'd his Side ;
And Spring's new Months his Train adorn ;
The other Seasons were unborn.

Known by the Gods, as near he draws,
They make him *Umpire* of the Cause.
O'er a low Trunk his Arm he laid,
(Where since his *Hours* a *Dial* made ;)
Then leaning heard the nice Debate,
And thus pronounc'd the Words of *Fate*.

Since *Body* from the Parent *Earth*,
 And *Soul* from *Jove* receiv'd a Birth,
 Return they where they first began ;
 But since their *Union* makes the *Man*,
 'Till *Jove* and *Earth* shall part these two,
 To *Care* who join'd them, *Man* is due.

He said, and sprung with swift Career
 To trace a Circle for the Year ;
 Where ever since the *Seasons* wheel,
 And tread on one another's Heel.

'Tis well, said *Jove*, and for consent
 Thund'ring he shook the Firmament.
 Our Umpire *Time* shall have his Way,
 With *Care* I let the Creature stay :

*

Let

Let Bus'ness vex him, Av'rice blind,
Let Doubt and Knowledge rack his Mind,
Let Error act, Opinion speak,
And Want afflict, and Sicknefs break,
And Anger burn, Dejection chill,
And Joy distract, and Sorrow kill.
'Till arm'd by *Care* and taught to Mow,
Time draws the long destructive Blow;
And wasted *Man*, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his Day,
Shall only find, by this Decree,
The *Soul* flies sooner back to *Me*.

