

No more the Caviller cou'd say,

Nor farther Faults descry;

For, as he upwards gazing lay,

An *Acorn*, loofen'd from the Stay,

Fell down upon his Eye.

Th' offended Part with Tears ran o'er,

As punish'd for the Sin:

Fool! had that Bough a *Pumpkin* bore,

Thy Whimseys must have work'd no more,

Nor Scull had kept them in.

The Tradesman and the Scholar.

A Citizen of mighty Pelf,

But much a Blockhead, in himself

Disdain'd a Man of shining Parts,

Master of Sciences and Arts,

Who left his Book scarce once a day

For sober Coffee, Smoak, or Tea;

Nor

you'd say,

is defcry;

ing lay,

the Stay,

is Eye.

ears ran o'er,

e Sin :

Pumpkin bore,

e work'd no more,

t them in,

and the Scholar.

Pelf,

ckhead, in himself

ing Parts,

Arts,

once a day

, or Tea;

Not

Nor spent more Money in the Town
Than bought, when need requir'd, a Gown;

Which way of Living much offends

The *Alderman*, who gets and spends,

And grudges him the Vital Air,

Who drives no Trade, and takes no Care.

Why *Bookworm* ! to him once he cry'd,

Why, setting thus the World aside,

Dost thou thy uselefs Time consume,

Enclos'd within a lonely Room,

And poring damnify thy Wit,

'Till not for Men, or Manners fit?

Hop'st thou, with urging of thy Vein,

To spin a Fortune from thy Brain?

Or gain a Patron, that shall raise

Thy solid State, for empty Praise?

No; trust not to your Soothings vile,

Receiv'd per me's the only Stile.

Your Book's but frown'd on by My Lord;

If Mine's uncross'd, I reach his Board.

In

In flighting Yours, he shuts his Hand ;
Protracting Mine, devolves the Land.
Then let Advantage be the Test,
Which of us Two ev'n Writes the best.
Besides, I often Scarlet wear,
And strut to Church, just next the *Mayor*.
Whilst rusty Black, with Inch of Band,
Is all the Dress you understand ;
Who in the Pulpit thresh to Please,
Whilst I below can snore at Ease.
Yet, if you prove me there a Sinner,
I let you go without a Dinner.
This Prate was so beneath the Sence
Of One, who Wisdom cou'd dispense,
Unheard, or unreturn'd it past :
But War now lays the City waste,
And plunder'd Goods profusely sell
By length of Pike, not length of Ell.
Abroad th' Inhabitants are forc'd,
From Shops, and Trade, and Wealth divorc'd.

The

M
The Student
The Tumult
In foreign Pa
How Rich he
Which do's fo
The Chance o
And dines at C
The Man of L
Was welcom'd
Still, Potentat
Whose Coache
And Universiti
Which shall ex
Amaz'd the B
On Foot, and f
And fighting, no
His cumb'rous
Since loaded bu
Of learned Hea

POEMS.

shuts his Hand;
 involves the Land.
 be the Test,
 n Writes the best.
 et wear,
 just next the *Mayor*.
 with Inch of Band,
 derstand;
 urreth to Pleafe,
 snore at Ease.
 there a Sinner,
 a Dinner.
 neath the Sence
 n cou'd dispense,
 id it past:
 he City waste,
 s profusely fell
 ot length of Ell.
 ts are forc'd,
 de, and Wealth divorc'd.

Miscellany POEMS.

207

The Student leaving but his Book,
 The Tumult of the Place forfook.
 In foreign Parts, One tells his Tale,
 How Rich he'd been, how quick his Sale,
 Which do's for scanty Alms prevail.
 The Chance of War whilst he deplores,
 And dines at Charitable Doors;
 The Man of Letters, known by Fame,
 Was welcom'd, wherefoe'er he came.
 Still, Potentates entreat his Stay,
 Whose Coaches meet him on the Way:
 And Univerfities conteft
 Which shall exceed, or use him beft.
 Amaz'd the *Burgomaster* fees
 On Foot, and scorn'd fuch Turns as thefe;
 And fighing, now deplores too late
 His cumb'rous Trafh, and shallow Pate:
 Since loaded but with double Cheft
 Of learned Head, and honeft Breaft,

The

The *Scholar* moves from Place to Place,
And finds in every Climate Grace.

Wit and the Arts, on that Foundation rais'd,
(*Howe'er the Vulgar are with Shows amaz'd*)
Is all that recommends, or can be justly prais'd.

Man's Injustice towards Providence.

A Thriving *Merchant*, who no Loss sustain'd,
In little time a mighty Fortune gain'd.
No Pyrate seiz'd his still returning Freight;
Nor foundring Vessel sunk with its own Weight:
No Ruin enter'd through dissever'd Planks;
No Wreck at Sea, nor in the Publick Banks.
Aloft he sails, above the Reach of Chance,
And do's in Pride, as fast as Wealth, advance.
His Wife too, had her Town and Country-Seat,
And rich in Purse, concludes her Person Great.

A

M
A Dutcheſs v
Then 'tis wi
The fineſt Pe
Her Rooms,
Put down the
Grinning Mal
The beſt Japa
Are but as com
No Luxury's
Or coſt withh
How comes
Who ſcarce co
How is it tha
That ſome an
You can in be
And your Effe
My Industry,
Sometimes I in