, and takes his Son again
ſelf, ſtill next the Mane.
Paces borne the Lad,
cry'd---Are theſe Fellows mad!
thus t'o'erload the Jade!
hey for her Skin may trade.
and ſinks beneath their ſtrokes!
his moſt of all provokes,
he ſhews his want of Brains,
the World, beſtows his Pains.
if this way't may be done;
and fetches down his Son.
and now the Creature drive,
in their Purpoſe thrive;
s Cenſure, whom they meet,
the *Aſs* they break their Feet;
at her eaſe ſhe goes,
and batter out their Shooes;
er they were afraid,
not Beaſts for Men were made.

The

The Proverb right, *the Cart before the Horſe.*
The *Miller*, finding things grow worſe and worſe,
Cries out, I am an Aſs, it is agreed,
And ſo are all, who wou'd in this ſucceed.
Hereafter, tho' Reproof or Praiſe I find,
I'll neither heed, but follow my own Mind,
Take my own Counſel, how my Beaſt to ſell.
This he reſolv'd, and did it, and did well.

For you, Sir, *Follow Love, the Court, the War;*
Obtain the Croſier, or the City's Furr;
Live ſingle all your Days, or take a Wife;
Truſt me, a Cenſure waits each ſtate of Life.

The Man bitten by Fleas.

A Peeviſh Fellow laid his Head
On Pillows, ſtuff'd with Down;
But was no ſooner warm in Bed,
With hopes to reſt his Crown,

But

But Animals of ſlender ſize,
That feaſt on humane Gore,
From ſecret Ambuſhes ariſe,
Nor ſuffer him to ſnore;

Who ſtarts, and ſcrubs, and frets, and ſwears,
'Till, finding all in vain,
He for Relief employs his Pray'rs
In this old Heathen ſtrain.

Great *Jupiter!* thy Thunder ſend
From out the pitchy Clouds,
And give theſe Foes a dreadful End,
That lurk in Midnight Shrouds:

Or *Hercules* might with a Blow,
If once together brought,
This Crew of Monſters overthrow,
By which ſuch Harms are wrought.

The Strife, ye Gods! is worthy You,
Since it our Blood has coſt;
And ſcorching Fevers muſt enſue,
When cooling Sleep is loſt.

Strange *Revolutions* wou'd abound,
Did Men ne'er cloſe their Eyes;
Whilſt thoſe, who wrought them wou'd be found
At length more Mad, than Wiſe.

Paſſive Obedience muſt be us'd,
If this cannot be Cur'd;
But whilſt One *Flea* is ſlowly bruis'd,
Thouſands muſt be endur'd.

Confuſion, Slav'ry, Death and Wreck
Will on the Nation ſeize,
If, whilſt you keep your Thunders back,
We're maſſacr'd by *Fleas*.

Why, prithee, ſhatter-headed Fop,
The laughing Gods reply;
Haſt thou forgot thy Broom, and Mop,
And Wormwood growing nigh?

Go ſweep, and waſh, and ſtrew thy Floor,
As all good Houſewives teach;
And do not thus for Thunders roar,
To make ſome fatal Breach:

Which You, nor your ſucceeding Heir,
Nor yet a long Deſcent
Shall find out Methods to repair,
Tho' Prudence may prevent.

For Club, and Bolts, a Nation *call'd of late,*
Nor wou'd be eas'd by Engines of leſs Weight:
But whether lighter had not done as well,
Let their Great-Grandſons, or their Grandſons tell.