

Thy prompt assistance, to connect his scraps  
 And notes obliterated o'er. Thee oft  
 In alley, path, wide square, and open street,  
 The miser picks, as conscious of thy use ;  
 With frugal hand, accompanied with brow  
 Of corrugated bent, he sticks thee safe,  
 Interior on his coat ; then creeps along,  
 Well judging thy proportion to a groat.  
 Thro' all thy different storehouses to trace  
 Thy presence, either in the sculptur'd dome,  
 Or tenement clay-built, would ask a pen  
 With points almost as various as thy heads.  
 Where-e'er thou art, or in whatever form,  
 Magnificent in silver, or in brass,  
 Or wire more humble, nightly may'st thou lie  
 Safe on thy cushion'd bed, or kiss the locks  
 Of Chloe, sleeping on the pillow's down.



A  
 PRESENT TO A YOUNG LADY  
 WITH A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

By ———, FELLOW OF ——— CAMBRIDGE.

TO please the Fair, what different ways  
 Each lover acts his part ;  
 One tenders snuff, another praise,  
 A toothpick, or a heart !



Alike they all, to gain their end,  
 Peculiar arts disclose ;  
 While I, submissive, only send  
 An humble pair of hose.

Long may they guard, from cold and harm,  
 The snowy limbs that wear 'em,  
 And kindly lend their influence warm  
 To ev'ry thing that's near 'em.

But let it not be faulty deem'd,  
 Nor move your indignation,  
 If I a little partial seem'd  
 In gifts or commendation :

Each fair perfection to display  
 Would far exceed my charter,  
 My humble Muse must never stray  
 Above the knee or garter.

And who did e'er a subject view  
 So worthy to be prais'd,  
 Or from so fair foundation knew  
 So fine a structure rais'd ?

Thou learned leach, sage Kember, say,  
 (In spite of drugs and plaisters)  
 You who can talk the live-long day  
 Of buildings and pilasters :



You who for hours have rov'd about  
 Thro' halls and colonades,  
 And scarce would deign to tread on aught  
 But arches and arcades :

Did you, in all your mazy rounds,  
 Two nobler pillars view ?  
 What yielding marble ere was found  
 So exquisitely true ?

The swelling dome, with stately show,  
 May many fancies please,  
 I view content what lies below  
 The cornice of the frieze ;

The lovely twins, so white, so round,  
 That bear the noble pile,  
 Must soon proceed from Venus' mound,  
 Or from Cythera's isle.

Propitious Fates preserve them safe,  
 And keep them close together,  
 And grant they may the malice brave  
 Of man as well as weather.

From luckless love, or rancour base,  
 May never harm attend 'em,  
 And grant, whatever be the case,  
 That I may still defend 'em.

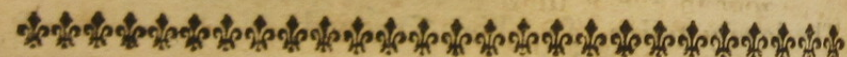
By



By gentle, generous love 'tis true,  
 They never can miscarry,  
 No ill can come, no loss ensue,  
 From honest, harmless Harry.

But should a knight of greater heat  
 Precipitate invade,  
 Believe me, Bell, they then may need  
 Some seasonable aid.

O may I ready be at hand  
 From every harm to screen 'em,  
 Then, Samson-like, I'll take my stand,  
 And live, or die between 'em.



## A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POET AND HIS SERVANT.

BY THE LATE Mr. CHRIST. PITT.

To enter into the beauties of this satire, it must be remembered, that slaves, among the Romans, during the feasts of Saturn, wore their masters habits, and were allowed to say what they pleased.

SERVANT.

SIR,—I've long waited in my turn to have  
 A word with you—but I'm your humble slave.

P. What knave is that? my rascal!

S. Sir,