

“ And tho’ we value each the other,  
 “ Just as one Rush regards another :  
 “ Yet let us often send to hear,  
 “ If Health attend the absent Dear :  
 “ And tho’ each other we would shun,  
 “ As Debtors do a hateful Dun :  
 “ (Nor mind the crossing of a Street)  
 “ Yet let’s be civil when we meet,  
 “ And live in short like courtly Friends :  
 “ They part ---- and thus the Story ends.



*The WAY of the WORLD.*

SOME Herbs there are, whose deadly Juices fill  
 The Heart with Venom, and directly kill :  
 Some operate more slowly, but as sure ;  
 The Dart less sudden, but admits no Cure.  
 Yet there’s a Drug, nor Plain nor Mountain yields,  
 Not *Libya*’s Desarts nor *Britannia*’s Fields,  
 Destructive more than all the baneful kind ;  
 ’Tis Flatt’ry call’d ---- the Poison of the Mind.

This,



This, soft Sir *Wealthy* feeds on all the Day :  
 This, *Delia* swallows with her soft Bohea,  
 To this we owe *Sublimo*'s scornful Eye,  
 And *Thalia*'s Cheeks that blush with borrow'd Dye.  
*Sublimo* once cou'd like his Neighbours walk,  
 Bow to his Friends, or with his Tenants talk ;  
 Nor had been seiz'd with this majestick Fit,  
 If subtle *Florio* had not prais'd his Wit.  
 Gray *Thalia* too wou'd now her Arts give o'er,  
 And rest those Eye-balls that must slay no more ;  
 Nor would that Face engross her Morning's Care,  
 Did not *Philander* tell her she is fair.

*Alcidas* tells you with an artful Smile,  
 That Womens Eyes were giv'n them to beguile :  
 His Way is cunning and mischievous too,  
 He'll praise in others what he finds in you.  
 You hear delighted, nor perceive the Foe ;  
 But drink in Flatt'ry ere you think 'tis so.  
 And when he's run the gay Description through,  
 The smart Conclusion is apply'd to you :

But



But turn your Back ---- *Alcidas* with a Grin  
Will vow you're ugly as a Sooterkin.

How oft you hear from a designing Knave,  
Sir, I'm your Servant, Madam, I'm your Slave ;  
Yet if you're blest with penetrating Eyes,  
You'll in his Features read the Villain lies.

See soft *Courtine*, whose Hat with Silver bound,  
Is so obsequious that 'twill kiss the Ground :  
Whose Actions point to some unworthy End,  
And ne'er was Patron, Counsellor, or Friend :  
Whose narrow Views are to himself confin'd,  
Yet he's the humble Slave of all Mankind.

These fawning Rogues are irksom Creatures---True,  
But then a Clown is full as odious too :  
The Face unpractis'd in the Arts of Guile,  
Need not be stretch'd with an eternal Smile :  
Nor yet affect the Cynick's awful Scowl,  
Screw'd like the Visage of *Minerva's* Owl ;

For



For some reject (and hold it as a Rule,)   
 The Crab-faced Student for the tender Fool.

The Phrase unstudied flows with graceful Ease,   
 And careless Gesture never fails to please :   
 The Heart instructs the Features and the Tongue ;   
 Let that be right, and these will ne'er be wrong.

Ask *Cynthio's* Judgment in some nice Affair,   
 He'll praise your Conduct with a charming Air,   
 Extol your Sense and Prudence to the Skies :   
 " And sure such Merits were design'd to rise."   
 His candid Eyes can hidden Beauties see,   
 Ev'n Faults are useful, or they cease to be :   
 And each no-meaning *Cynthio* can explore ;   
 But asks his Friendship, and he speaks no more.

But the worst Flatterer that wears a Tongue,   
 Is him whose Power aggravates the Wrong :   
 To whose grand Levee Crowds of Suppliants run,   
 And bow like *Persians* to the rising Sun :

Where



Where starv'd Dependents linger out their Days,  
 Yet proud to share his Snuff-box and his Praise,  
 Grow stiff with Standing and with Staring thin,  
 To watch the Dimple on their Patron's Chin :  
 Who with a Nod can make the Wretch believe,  
 And smiles on Hunger which he'll ne'er relieve.

Surrounded thick with Bus'ness and with Gold,  
 Yet dress'd in Smiles *Virginius* you behold :  
 The expecting Crowd around his Table stand,  
 You ask a Favour and he grasps your Hand :  
 Another comes with an obsequious Air,  
 He winks and whispers. — "Leave it to my Care."  
 Then to the next ---- "Oh I'll remember you ;  
 " Sir, trust my Honour, you shall find me true :"  
 Then bows a third. -- "Good Sir, your Pardon."---

Why?

"I saw you not. ---- Forgive my careless Eye.  
 "Next *Tuesday* se'en-night, let me see you pray,  
 "Perhaps you'll find it Hundreds in your way."



The meagre Wight departs with happier Soul,  
 Romantick Visions in his Bosom roll:  
 He fasts in Rapture, as of late in Sorrow;  
 For who can eat, that's to be rich to-morrow?  
 But *Tuesday* see, the joyful Day is come;  
 Now to his Patron. ---- " But he's not at home.  
 " Alas! But then to-morrow Morn will do,  
 " And I'll be early. ---- Gentlemen, adieu.  
 Next Day at Six before the Gate appears,  
 The Wretch divided by his Hopes and Fears.  
 The haughty Servants meet him with a Frown.  
 I'd see his Honour. ---- " But he's not come down;  
 " Your Servant, Sir ---- I'll stay then in the Hall:  
 " But he is sick and can't be spoke withal.  
 " I'll wait with Patience till another Day,  
 " And for his Honour and his Health shall pray.  
 At last the Knight (his Fate had order'd so)  
 Was seiz'd and boarded by the lurking Foe;  
 And wisely thinking 'twas in vain to fly,  
 Smooth'd up his Face and with a leering Eye  
 Began. " Oh Mr. What-d'ye-call, Is't you?  
 " I'm glad to see you: Yet I'm sorry too,  
 " Sure



“ Sure some ill Stars presided o’er your Fate,  
 “ I cou’d have serv’d you, but you’re come too late.

Yet sure, there is whose honest Soul was made  
 Too grand a Being for the soothing Trade ;  
 Whose Wit can neither flatter nor offend,  
 A gay Companion, yet a constant Friend ;  
 Willing to please where Honesty may win,  
 Averse to Slander, tho’ it was no Sin.  
 With native Manners as with Sense endu’d ;  
 Not soft as *Cynthio*, nor as *Damon* rude ;  
 Not basely humble, yet a Foe to Pride :  
 Whose Tongue ne’er promis’d what his Heart deny’d.  
 Whose Satire charms, nor Mirth offends the Ear ;  
 Tho’ wise not froward, just but not severe ;  
 Not sway’d by Int’rest, nor in Passion hurl’d :  
 But walks a calm Spectator through the World,  
 Whose Breast (where no unmanly Vapours grow)  
 Can feel Compassion for another’s Woe ;  
 Where Courage, Mercy, Justice, Candour lie,  
 That shine celestial in the speaking Eye.

This



This Man is great, whate'er be his Degree ;  
 O blefs him, Heav'n, if fuch a one there be :  
 May Life's beft Comforts on his Days attend,  
 Bleft in himfelf, and happy in his Friend :  
 Far from his Gate fly Poverty and Woe ;  
 Let not a Sigh his quiet Manfion know :  
 But the fair Dome each roving Eye allure,  
 With Peace and Plenty fmiling at the Door :  
 Let him foft Days and happy Ev'nings find,  
 And live ftill bleft, and bleffing all Mankind.



*The Fox and the Hen. A FABLE.*

'T WAS on a fair and healthy Plain,  
 There liv'd a poor but honeft Swain,  
 Had to his Lot a little Ground,  
 Defended by a quick-set Mound :  
 'Twas there he milk'd his brindled Kine,  
 And there he fed his harmlefs Swine :  
 His Pigeons flutter'd to and fro,  
 And bask'd his Poultry in a Row :

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Much