

- ‘ To her Deservings suit your Pay,
- ‘ And then you take the safest way :
- ‘ Perhaps you’ll prosper in the End,
- ‘ I’ll say no more : But ask your Friend,
- ‘ Here ends the Muse — Dear Madam, say,
- ‘ Shall I reject her or obey ?



SOTO. A CHARACTER.

**I**N *Soto's* Bosom you may find  
 The Glimm'ring of a worthy Mind :  
 'Tis but a faint and feeble Ray,  
 Imperfect as the dawning Day ;  
 Yet were the jarring Passions tun'd,  
 And the wild Branches nicely prun'd,  
 The Soil from Thorns and Thistles clear,  
 Some latent Virtues might appear :  
 I'th' Morning catch him, (early tho'  
 Your Bird will else be flown, I trow,)  
 E'er he has reach'd the bowzing Can,  
 You'll find the Stamp of reas'ning Man :

Then

Then see the Wretch whom none can rule,  
 E'er Night a Mad-man and a Fool ;  
 The witty *Soto* then you'll find,  
 Just level with the brutal Kind.  
 With crimson Face and winking Eyes,  
 That look like Woodcocks, mighty wise :  
 See streams a Current down his Chin,  
 From soft Tobacco lodg'd within ;  
 Be pleas'd to steal a Glance or two,  
 But one may serve to make you —

He fain wou'd walk, but cannot stand,  
 And see a Palsy in his Hand ;  
 And tho' his Throat has swallow'd down  
 Two Gallons of October brown,  
 His greedy Guts impatient roar,  
 And seem to call aloud for more :  
 More they shall have : But hark, within  
 Is heard a rude and lawless Din :  
 Wind, Ale, and Phlegm their Powers wage,  
 And Hickups call them to engage ;

And

And now, Ah now! incessant flows  
 The frothy Tide from Mouth and Nose:  
 No more is seen the cover'd Ground,  
 But a huge River floating round:  
 Down drops the Youth, his giddy Head  
 Falls easy on the liquid Bed:  
 So swam *Achilles* fierce and brave,  
 On angry *Xanthus's* swelling Wave;  
 And 'scap'd with being wet to th' Skin;  
 For *Pallas* held him up by th' Chin:  
 So *Bacchus* saves, by mighty Charms,  
 His helpless Devotee from Harms:  
 And *Soto* sleeps till break of Day,  
 Then shakes his Ears and walks away.



*The* UNIVERSAL DREAM.

‘ G I V E o’er your Whims, says my considerate  
 Friend;  
 ‘ Retrieve the fleeting Hours you idly spend:  
 ‘ Blind to Advice, incorrigible, vain,  
 ‘ You follow Fancy and her laughing Train;

N

‘ Your