



## The Duty of Employing one's Self.

### An E P I S T L E.

**F**EW people know it, yet, dear sir, 'tis true,  
Man should have somewhat evermore to do.

Hard labour's tedious, every one must own;  
But surely better such by far, than none;  
'The perfect drone, the quite impertinent,  
Whose life at nothing aims, but——to be spent;  
Such heaven visits for some mighty ill:  
'Tis sure the hardest labour, to sit still.

Hence that unhappy tribe who nought pursue:  
Who sin, for want of something else to do.

Sir John is blest'd with riches, honour, love;  
And to be blest'd indeed, needs only move.

For want of this, with pain he lives away,  
A lump of hardly-activated clay:

Dull till his double bottle does him right:  
He's easy just at twelve o'clock at night.

Thus for one sparkling hour alone he's blest;  
While spleen and head-ach seize on all the rest.

What



What numbers, sloth with gloomy humours fills!  
 Racking their brains with visionary ills.  
 Hence what loud outcries, and well-meaning rage,  
 What endless quarrels at the present age!  
 How many blame! how often may we hear,  
 "Such vice!—well, sure, the last day must be near!"  
 T' avoid such wild, imaginary pains,  
 The sad creation of distemper'd brains,  
 Dispatch, dear friend! move, labour, sweat, run, fly!  
 Do aught—but think the day of judgment nigh.

There are, who've lost all relish for delight:  
 With them no earthly thing is ever right.  
 T' expect to alter to their taste, were vain;  
 For who can mend so fast, as they complain?  
 Whate'er you do, shall be a crime with such;  
 One while you've lost your tongue, then talk too much:  
 Thus shall you meet their waspish censure still;  
 As hedge-hogs prick you, go which side you will.  
 Oh! pity these whene'er you see them swell!  
 Folks call 'em cross—poor men! they are not well.  
 How many such, in indolence grown old,  
 With vigour ne'er do any thing, but scold?  
 Who spirits only from ill-humour get;  
 Like wines that die, unless upon the fret.

Weary'd of flouncing to himself alone,  
 Acerbus keeps a man to fret upon.  
 The fellow's nothing in the earth to do,  
 But to sit quit and be scolded to.



Pisshes and oaths, whene'er the master's sour'd,  
 All largely on the scape-goat slave are pour'd.  
 This drains his rage; and tho' to John so rough,  
 Abroad you'd think him complaisant enough.

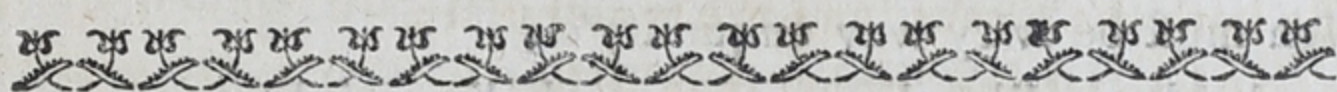
As for myself, whom poverty prevents  
 From being angry at so great expence;  
 Who, should I ever be inclin'd to rage,  
 For want of slaves, war with myself must wage;  
 Must rail, and hear; chastising, be chastis'd:  
 Be both the tyrant, and the tyranniz'd;  
 I chuse to labour, rather than to fret:  
 What's rage in some, in me goes off in sweat.  
 If times are ill, and things seem never worse;  
 Men, manners to reclaim,---I take my horse.  
 One mile reforms 'em, or if aught remain  
 Unpurg'd,---'tis but to ride as far again.  
 Thus on myself in toils I spend my rage:  
 I pay the fine; and that absolves the age.

Sometimes, still more to interrupt my ease,  
 I take my pen, and write---such things as these:  
 Which tho' all other merit be deny'd,  
 Shew my devotion still to be employ'd.  
 Add too, tho' writing be itself a curse,  
 Yet some distempers are a curse for worse:  
 And since 'midst indolence, spleen will prevail,  
 Since who do nothing else, are sure to rail;  
 Man should be suffer'd thus to play the fool,  
 To keep from hurt, as children go to school.



You should not rhyme in spite of nature?—True;  
 Yet sure 'tis greater trouble, if you do;  
 And if 'tis lab'ring only, men profess,  
 Who writes the hardest, writes with most success.

Thus for myself, and friends, I do my part;  
 Promoting doubly the pains-taking art:  
 First to myself, 'tis labour to compose;  
 To read such lines, is drudgery to those.



## On SCRIBLING against GENIUS.

### An EPISTLE.

**N**O single rule's more frequently enjoin'd,  
 Than this; "Observe the byas of your mind."  
 However just by ev'ry one confess'd,  
 There's not a rule more frequently transgress'd,  
 For mortals, to their int'rest blind, pursue  
 The thing they like, not that they're fit to do.

This Verro's fault, by frequent praises fir'd,  
 He several parts had try'd, in each admir'd,  
 That Verro was not ev'ry way compleat,  
 'Twas long unknown, and might have been so yet: