

Her train was form'd of smiles of loves
 Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves;
 And from her zone, the nymph may find,
 'Tis Beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim
 Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
 Or bid her breathe in living stone,
 Shall take their forms from you alone.

The Rape of the TRAP, a BALLAD; written
 at College, 1736. By the Same.

'T WAS in a land of learning,
 The Muse's favourite station,
 Such pranks, of late,
 Were play'd by a rat,
 As gave them consternation!

All in a college-study,
 Where books were in great plenty,
 This rat would devour
 More sense, in an hour,
 Than I could write—in twenty.

His breakfast, half the morning,
 He constantly attended;
 And, when the bell rung
 For evening-song,
 His dinner scarce was ended.

Huge

Huge tomes of geo—graphy,
 And maps lay all in flutter ;
 A river or a sea
 Was to him a dish of tea,
 And a kingdom—bread and butter.

Such havoc, spoil, and rapine,
 With grief my Muse rehearſes ;
 How freely he would dine
 On ſome bulky ſchool-divine,
 And for deſert—eat verſes.

He ſpar'd not ev'n heroics,
 On which we poets pride us :
 And would make no more
 Of *King Arthurs*, by the ſcore,
 Than——all the world beſide does.

But if the deſperate potion,
 Might chance to over-doſe him ;
 To check its rage,
 He took a page
 Of logic, to compoſe him.

A trap in haſte and anger,
 Was bought, you need not doubt on't ;
 And ſuch was the gin,
 Were a lion once in,
 He could not, I think, get out on't.

With

With cheefe, not books, 'twas baited ;
 The fact, I'll not bely it ;
 Since none, I tell ye that,
 Whether scholar or rat,
 Minds books, when he has other diet.

No more of trap and bait, fir,
 Why should I fing— — or either ?
 Since the rat, with mickle pride,
 All their fophistry defy'd ;
 And dragg'd them away together.

Both trap and bait were vanish'd,
 Thro' a fracture in the flooring ;
 Which, tho' so trim
 It *now* may seem,
 Had then a doz'n, or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages ;
 (Nor think I mean to wrong ye)
 Had the rat, who thus did seize on
 The trap, less claim to reason,
 Than many a sage among ye ?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
 Were vermin of condition ;
 But the rat, who chiefly learn'd
 What rats alone concern'd,
 Was the deeper politician.

That

That England's topsy-turvy,
 Is clear from these mishaps, fir,
 Since traps, we may determiue,
 Will no longer take our vermin;
 But vermin take our traps, fir.

Let fophs, by rats infested,
 Then trust in *cats* to catch 'em;
 Lest they prove the utter bane
 Of our *studies*, where, 'tis plain,
 No mortal fits—to watch 'em.

A S I M I L E. By the Same.

WHAT village but has often seen
 The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
 Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,
 Of that grim brute, yclep'd a *Bear*?
 He from his dam, as wits agree,
 Receiv'd the curious form you see;
 Who with her plastic tongue alone
 Produc'd a visage like her own.
 By which they hint, in mystic fashion,
 The powerful force of education.

Perhaps yon rural tribe is viewing,
 E'en now, the strange exploits of Bruin;
 Who plays his anticks, roars aloud,
 The wonder of a gaping crowd!

So have I known an aukward lad,
 Whose birth has made a parish glad,

Forbid,