

Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam ;
 And taught by kind mamma at home ;
 Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
 With ways and means——to play the fool.
 In sense the same, in stature higher,
 He shines, ere long, a rural squire ;
 Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,
 And bawls and drinks——but chiefly stares !
 His tenants of superior sense
 Carouse and laugh at his *expence* ;
 And sure the pastime I'm relating
 Must prove as pleasant as *Bear-baiting*.

The C E R E M O N I A L.

By the Same.

“ S I R, will you please to walk before ? ”
 S No pray, Sir—you are next the door.
 “ Upon mine honour, I'll not stir ! ”
 Sir, I'm at home ; consider, Sir.
 “ Excuse me Sir, I'll not go first. ”
 Well, if I *must* be rude, I *must* ;
 But yet I wish I cou'd evade it ;
 'Tis strangely clownish——*be* persuaded, &c. &c.
 ——Go forward, cits ! go forward, squires !
 Nor scruple each, what each admires.
 Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding :
 It flies, while you display your breeding ;
 Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
 Or some old dancing-master teaches——

O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
 Half crazy, or at least half-mellow,
 To come behind you, unawares,
 And fairly push you both down stairs !
 But *Death's* at hand——Let me advise ye,
 Go forward, friends—or *he'll* surprize ye.

The Beau to the Virtuofos; alluding to a Propofal for
 the Publication of a Set of BUTTERFLIES.

By the Same.

HAIL curious wights, to whom fo fair
 The form of mortal flies is !
 Who deem thofe grubs beyond compare,
 Which *common* fenfe despifes.

Whether your prey, in gardens found,
 Be urg'd thro' walks and allies ;
 Whether o'er hill, morafs or mound,
 You make more desperate fallies ;

Amid the fury of the chace,
 No rocks could e'er retard you ;
 Blest, if a fly repay the race,
 Or painted wing reward you.

'Twas thus * Camilla, o'er the plain,
 Purfu'd the glittering ftranger ;
 Still ey'd the purple's pleafing ftain,
 And knew not fear nor danger.

* See *Virgil*.

'Tis