Thus wail'd they pleasure past, and present cares,
While the starv'd hog join'd his complaint to theirs.
To still his grunting different ways they tend
To West-gate one, and one to Cotton-end.



HAMLET's Soliloguy, Imitated.

By the Same.

O print, or not to print—that is the question. Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury The quirks and crotchets of outrageous Fancy, Or fend a well-wrote copy to the prefs, And by disclosing, end them. To print, to doubt No more; and by one act to fay we end The head-ach, and a thousand natural shocks Of fcribbling frenzy-'tis a confummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To print_to beam From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound: To fleep, perchance, with Quarles-Ay, there's the rub-For to what class a writer may be doom'd, When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff, Must give us pause. There's the respect that makes Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years. For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame, The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all,

The

The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himfelf might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?
To groan and fweat under a load of wit?
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all.
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sickly'd o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprizers of great fire and spirit,
With this regard from Dodsley turn away,
And lose the name of Authors.



Transcrib'd from the Rev. Mr. Pixel's Parsonage Garden near BIRMINGHAM, 1757.

SEEK not in these to view

Dryads green, or Naiads blue;

Such as haunt, at eve or dawn,

* Enville's lake, or b Hagley's lawn:

Such as sport on c Worfield's meads;

Such as Shenstone's Genius leads

² Seat of the Earl of Stamford.

b Seat of lord Lyttelton.

Seat of Sherrington Davenport, Esq;