

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION:

A T A L E,

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
 Jack Bookworm liv'd a college life,
 A fellowship at twenty-five
 Made him the happiest man alive;
 He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
 And Freshmen wonder'd as he spoke;
 Without politeness aim'd at breeding,
 And laugh'd at pedantry and reading.

Such pleasures, unallay'd with care,
 Could any accident impair?

Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
 Our swain arriv'd at thirty-six?

O had the archer ne'er come down
 To ravage in a country town!

Or Flavia been content to stop
 At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!

O had her eyes forgot to blaze!

Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!

O!—But let exclamation cease,
 Her presence banish'd all his peace.

Our alter'd parson now began

To be a perfect ladies man;

Made sonnets, lisp'd his sermons o'er,

And told the tales he told before,

Of bailiffs pump'd, and proctors bit,

At college how he show'd his wit;

And, as the fair one still approv'd,

He fell in love—or thought he lov'd.

So with decorum all things carry'd;

Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.
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THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

Need we expose to vulgar sight

The raptures of the bridal night ?

Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,

Or draw the curtains clos'd around ?

Let it suffice, that each had charms ;

He clasp'd a goddess in his arms ;

And, though she felt his visage rough,

Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like light'ning flew,

The second brought its transports too.

A third, a fourth, were not amiss,

The fifth was friendship mix'd with blifs :

But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,

Jack found his goddess made of clay ;

Found half the charms that deck'd her face,

Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;

But still the worst remain'd behind,

That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other art was she,

But dressing, patching, repartee ;

And, just as humour rose or fell,

By turns a flatterer or a belle :

'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,

Half-naked at a ball or race ;

But when at home, at board or bed,

Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.

Could so much beauty condescend

To be a dull domestic friend ?

Could any curtain-lectures bring

To decency so fine a thing ?

In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting ;

By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.

Now tawdry madam kept a bevy

Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee ;

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The squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
She, in her turn, became perplexing,
And found substantial blifs in vexing.
Thus every hour was pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.
Each day, the more her faults were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shews
Or thins her lips, or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phyz;
And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Thus, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
While each a different way pursues,
While fullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower:
Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare,
Levell'd its terrors at the fair:
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright;
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her pastes and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;

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A NEW SIMILE.

Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The squire himself was seen to yield,
And even the captain quit the field.

Poor Madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.

Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpasses the old;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility disposes pride;

For tawdry finery is seen

A person ever neatly clean:

No more perfuming on her sway
She learns good-nature every day,
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

I LONG had rack'd my brains to find
A likeness to the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite;
Till reading, I forgot what day on,
A chapter out of Took's Pantheon;
I think with something I met there,
To suit my purpose to a hair;

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