



FABLE XVI.

The PIN and the NEEDLE by WOLF SÖDERSTRÖM

A Pin who long had serv'd a Beauty,
 Proficient in the toilette's duty,
 Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
 Or giv'n her knot a smarter air,
 Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
 Now in her manteau's tail disgrac'd;
 But could she partial fortune blame,
 Who saw her lovers serv'd the same?

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At length from all her honours cast,
Through various turns of life she past;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm,
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly goad,
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach;
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in *Gresham* hall was lost.

Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On ev'ry side, above, below,
She now of this or that enquires,
What least was understood admires;
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.

And pray what's this and this, dear fir?
A needle, says th' interpreter.
She knew the name. And thus the fool
Address her as a taylor's tool.

A needle with that filthy stone,
 Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown !
 You better might employ your parts,
 And aid the sempstress in her arts.
 But tell me how the friendship grew
 Between that poultry flint and you ?

Friend, says the Needle, cease to blame ;
 I follow real worth and fame.
 Know'st thou the loadstone's power and art,
 That virtue virtues can impart ?
 Of all his talents I partake.

Who then can such a friend forsake ?

'Tis I direct the pilot's hand

To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand ;

By me the distant world is known,

And either *India* is our own.

Had I with milliners been bred,

What had I been ? the guide of thread,

And drudg'd as vulgar needles do,

Of no more consequence than you.

F A B L E