



J. Watson sculp.

B. Evans f.

FABLE XXXV.

The BARLEY-MOW and the DUNG-HILL.

HOW many faucy airs we meet
 From *Temple-bar* to *Aldgate-street*;
 Proud rogues, who shar'd the *South-sea* prey,
 And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
 They think it mean, to condescend
 To know a brother or a friend;

They

They blush to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame:

As crows his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stop'd, and leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work;
In thought he measur'd all his store,
His geese, his hogs he number'd o'er,
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.

A Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cry'd.

Say, good sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and flight?

Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer!
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile dunghill near me plac'd?

Are

Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence:
A thing so mean must give offence.

The humble Dunghill thus reply'd,
Thy master hears and mocks thy pride;
Insult not thus the meek and low,
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But upstarts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation.

