



FABLE XL.

The two MONKEYS.

THE learned, full of inward pride,
 The fops of outward show deride;
 The fop, with learning at defiance,
 Scoffs at the pedant and the science:
 The *Don*, a formal, solemn strutter,
 Despises *Monsieur's* airs and flutter;

While

While *Monseur* mocks the formal fool,
 Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule,
Britain, a medly of the twain,
 As pert as *France*, as grave as *Spain*,
 In fancy wiser than the rest,
 Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
 Is not the poet's chiming close
 Censur'd, by all the sons of prose?
 While bards of quick imagination
 Despise the sleepy prose narration.
 Men laugh at apes, they men contemn;
 For what are we, but apes to them?

Two Monkeys went to *Southwark* fair,
 No criticks had a sourer air.
 They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
 Who gap'd to catch *Jack-Pudding's* jokes.
 Then took their tickets for the show,
 And got by chance the foremost row.

To

To see their grave observing face
Provok'd a laugh thro' all the place.

Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monst'rously ill-bred.

Now through the booth loud hisses ran;
Nor ended 'till the Show began.

The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,

With sommersets he shakes the ground;

The cord beneath the dancer springs;

Aloft in air the vaulter swings,

Distorted now, now prone depends,

Now through his twisted arms ascends;

The croud, in wonder and delight,

With clapping hands applaud the fight.

With smiles, quoth Pug; If pranks like these

The giant apes of reason please,

How would they wonder at our arts!

They must adore us for our parts.

High on the twig I've seen you cling,

Play, twist and turn in airy ring;

How

How can those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimicks thus reward.
Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wise,
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride.
For how fantastick is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew.

