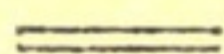


THE BODY-POLITIC.



IF in the Body-politic you see
Rebellion, rapine, bloodshed, anarchy,
That state you say is lost ! So when you find
The body human with distemper'd mind,
The blood corrupted, and the fever high,
You doubt not to pronounce—that man must die.

Now in the way of Fable we'll suppose
Rebellion in the human frame arose ;
Each member loudly founded forth his merit,
And cried, t' obey the Head shew'd want of spirit ;
'Twas time the Limbs should now assert their part,
And overturn the empire of the Heart.

The stubborn Knees declar'd no more they'd bend
For God or King, nor any strength would lend
To bear a Head of such unwieldy size ;
To hear and see requir'd not Ears and Eyes ;
All parts were equal, and had each a right
T' assume the gift of hearing and of sight.

Whereat the Feet stept forth with furious sound
Stamping and swearing they'd not touch the ground ;
Henceforth aloft they'd rise erect in air,
And make the daintier Hands the burden bear.

This said, the Hands indignant caught th' alarm,
And struggling tried to separate from the Arm ;
Aloud they clapp'd, and summon'd all to fight
To fix their freedom, and enforce their right.
And now Convulsion seiz'd on every part,
Loud beat each Pulse, and terror shook the Heart ;
Within was heard a horrid noise and rout,
The *Inside* claim'd the right to be the *Out*.

The

The Lungs protested they'd not draw the breath ;
 They car'd not if it brought on instant death ;
 'Twere better all were lost than they denied
 The right to hold a share in the Outside.

The Stomach roar'd he soon wou'd stop digestion,
 If e'er his outside right was call'd in question :
 The Veins declar'd they'd not perform their part,
 Nor longer throw the blood up to the Heart ;
 The Heart might feed itself, or yield it's place
 To those, who'd fill it with a better grace.

On this the Liver writh'd himself around,
 And swore that long, though rotten and unsound,
 He'd fought that place ; he now would seize the throne,
 For he was fit to rule, and he alone.
 This rous'd the Spleen, who on the vitals fed,
 Planning by craft the downfall of the Head ;
 But now o'ercharg'd with envy, rage, and guile,
 In haste he rose, and overfet the Bile.

Thus

Thus all within was agony and strife,
Each fresh convulsion seem'd to threaten life ;
The Limbs distorted rise—they give the blow,
And soon the Head (so honour'd once) lay low.
And now behold the Body's wretched state,
Taught by this sad example, ere too late,
That such each Body-politic must be,
Where foul rebellion reigns and anarchy.

