

The vain coquette each suit disdains,
 And glories in her lovers pains,
 With age she fades, each lover flies,
 Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the father's grief survey'd,
 And heard him heav'n and fate upbraid,
 Thus spoke the God. By outward show
 Men judge of happiness and woe;
 Shall ignorance of good and ill
 Dare to direct th' eternal will?
 Seek virtue; and of that possess,
 To providence resign the rest.



F A B L E 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 Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
 Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.

Britain, a medley 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 critics 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 see their grave observing face
 Provok'd a laugh through all the place.

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

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

The tumbler whirles 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 can these 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 mimics 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 fantastic is the sight,
 To meet men always bolt upright,
 Because we sometimes walk on two!
 I hate the imitating crew.



F A B L E XLI.

The OWL and the FARMER.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
 Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
 Within a barn had chose his station,
 As fit for prey and contemplation :
 Upon a beam aloft he fits,
 And nods, and seems to think, by fits.
 So have I seen a man of news
 Or Post-boy, or Gazette peruse,
 Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
 And fix the fate of Europe round.
 Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor :
 At dawn of morn to view his store
 The Farmer came. The hooting guest
 His self-importance thus exprest.

Reason in man is mere pretence :
 How weak, how shallow is his sense !
 To treat with scorn the bird of night,
 Declares his folly or his spite ;
 Then too, how partial is his praise !
 The lark's, the linnets' chirping lays

To his ill-judging ears are fine;
 And nightingales are all divine.
 But the more knowing feather'd race
 See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
 Whene'er to visit light I deign,
 What flocks of fowl compose my train!
 Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
 And own me of superior kind.

The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd.
 Thou dull important lump of pride,
 Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue
 Depreciate birds of warbling song?
 Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl
 Regard thee, as thou art, an owl.
 Besides, proud blockhead, be not vain
 Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train.
 Few follow wisdom or her rules,
 Fools in derision follow fools.





F A B L E XLII.

The JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long thro' all the town,
 Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
 You'd think (so far his art transcends)
 The devil at his fingers ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
 Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
 She sought his booth, and from the croud
 Defy'd the man of art aloud.

Is this then he so fam'd for flight,
 Can this slow bungler cheat your sight,
 Dares he with me dispute the prize?
 I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'tis done.
 In science I submit to none.
 Thus said. The cups and balls he play'd;
 By turns, this here, that there, convey'd;
 The cards, obedient to his words,
 Are by a fillip turn'd to birds;
 His little boxes change the grain,
 Trick after trick deludes the train.

He shakes his bag, he shows all fair,
 His fingers spread, and nothing there,
 Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
 And now his iv'ry eggs are told,
 And when from thence the hen he draws,
 Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth and took the place
 With all the forms of his grimace.

This magic looking-glass, she cries,
 (There, hand it round) will charm your eyes:
 Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
 And every man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing;
 See this bank-note; observe the blessing:
 Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone.
 Upon his lips a padlock shone.
 A second puff the magic broke,
 The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
 All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
 By clean conveyance disappear,
 And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd:
 At once his ready fingers clos'd;
 He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,
 He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand,
 He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows :

Blow here; and a church-warden blows,
Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address :

This picture see; her shape, her breast!

What youth, and what inviting eyes!

Hold her, and have her. With surprise,

His hand expos'd a box of pills;

And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,

Grew twenty guineas at command;

She bids his heir the sum retain,

And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see

Take ev'ry shape but Charity;

And not one thing, you saw, or drew,

But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler, now in grief of heart,

With his submission own'd her art.

Can I such matchless flight withstand?

How practice hath improv'd your hand!

But now and then I cheat the throng;

You ev'ry day, and all day long.



F A B L E XLIII.

The Council of HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing^d steed,
 Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
 With mutiny had fir'd the train,
 And spread diffention through the plain.
 On matters that concern'd the state
 The council met in grand debate.
 A colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
 Elate with strength and youthful fire,
 In haste stept forth before the rest,
 And thus the listning throng address.

Good Gods! how abject is our race,
 Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace!
 Shall we our servitude retain,
 Because our fires have born the chain?
 Consider, friends, your strength and might:
 'Tis conquest to assert your right,
 How cumb'rous is the gilded coach!
 The pride of man is our reproach.
 Were we design'd for daily toil,
 To drag the plough-share through the soil,

To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, heav'ns! Reject the rein,
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let him the lion first controul,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.
A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When, lo, with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise,
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain.
When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains;
At will I crop the year's increase,
My latter life is rest and peace.

I grant to man we lend our pains,
 And aid him to correct the plains:
 But doth not he divide the care,
 Through all the labours of the year?
 How many thousand structures rise,
 To fence us from inclement skies!
 For us he bears the sultry day,
 And stores up all our winter's hay;
 He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain,
 We share the toil and share the grain.
 Since ev'ry creature was decreed
 To aid each other's mutual need,
 Appease your discontented mind,
 And act the part by heav'n assign'd.

The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,
 And, like his ancestors, was bitted.



F A B L E XLIV.

The HOUND and the HUNTSMAN.

IMPERTINENCE at first is born
 With heedless flight, or smiles of scorn
 Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
 The noisy fool who perseveres?

The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful hounds;
They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier explore the chace;
Now scatter'd wide they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.

What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!

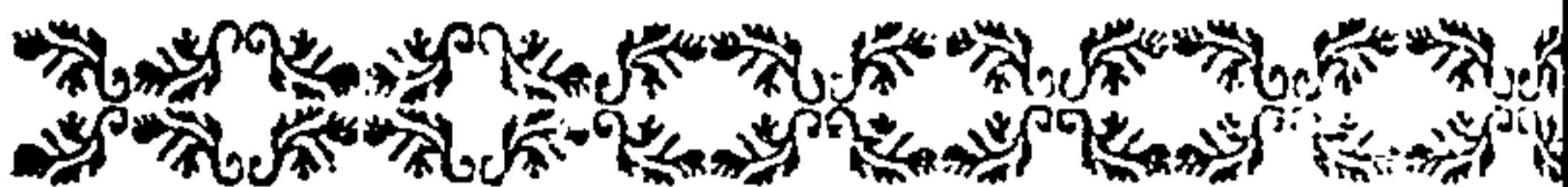
Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his baubling throat;
The pack regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.

The Huntsman to the clamour flies,
The smacking lash he smartly plies;
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus exprest his moan.

I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung;
What will not spite: These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts.

When puppies prate, the Huntsman cry'd,
They show both ignorance and pride,
Fools may our scorn, not envy raise;
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue,
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,

Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
 And ne'er thy foolish nose confest;
 But fools, to talking ever prone,
 Are sure to make their follies known.



F A B L E XLV.

• The P O E T and the R O S E.

I H A T E the man who builds his name
 On ruins of another's fame.

Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
 Imagine that they raise their own:

Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,

Think slander can transplant the bays.

Beauties and bards have equal pride,

With both all rivals are decry'd.

Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,

Must call her sister, aukward creature;

For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm,

When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day

A Poet sought the sweets of May,

The garden's fragrant breath ascends,

And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.

A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus fing'ing as the muse inspir'd.

Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!

There, Phoenix like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!

Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there;
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair!

One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd
An angry Rose who grew beside;
Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a poet do without us!
In every love-song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine and fade?



F A B L E XLVI.

The CUR, the HORSE and the
SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE lad, of all-sufficient merit,
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit,
Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;
His noisy jokes at random throws,
And partly spatters friends and foes;
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own disgrace:
Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;
Or if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

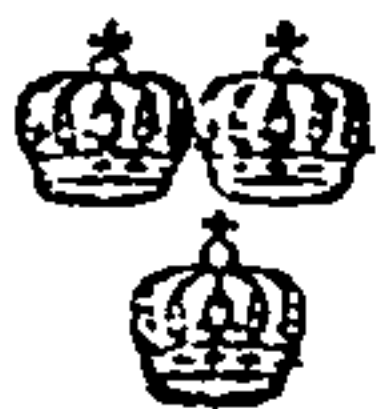
A village-cur, of snappish race,
The pertest puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with music's sweetest note;
In the mid road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way;
For not a creature past along,
But had a sample of his song.

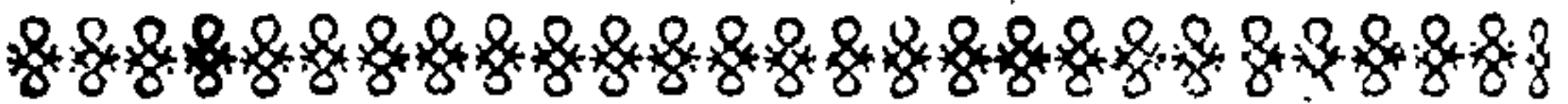


Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
 He starts, he cocks his dapper ears.
 Away he scowrs, assaults his hoof,
 Now near him snarles, now barks aloof;
 With shrill impertinence attends,
 Nor leaves him 'till the village ends.

It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
 A Pad came pacing down the way;
 The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
 Upon the passing trav'ler sprung,
 The Horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,
 Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
 The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
 The Pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
 Detesting the vexatious breed,
 Bespoke him thus. When coxcombs prate,
 They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate.
 Thy teizing tongue had judgment ty'd,
 Thou hadst not, like a puppy, dy'd.





F A B L E XLVII.

The COURT of DEATH.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
 In all his pomp of terrors fate:
 Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
 Diseases dire, a ghastly train,
 Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone
 A voice thus thunder'd from the throne.

This night our minister we name,
 Let ev'ry servant speak his claim;
 Merit shall bear this eban wand.
 All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat possess'd,
 Advanc'd, and for the wand address'd:

I to the weekly bills appeal,
 Let those express my fervent zeal,
 On ev'ry slight occasion near,
 With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
 Pleads how he shifts from place to place,
 From head to foot how swift he flies,
 And ev'ry joint and sinew plys,

Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due.
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy;
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.

Stone urg'd his ever growing force.
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd.
Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay,
Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack, secure though slow.

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand,
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne.

Merit was ever modest known.
What, no physician speak his right!
None here? But fees their toils requite.
Let then intemp'rance take the wand.
Who fills with gold their zealous hand,
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest,)