

A B L E.

27
the 7th Verse
28
and the Weazles
28
hours
28
MISCHIEF

Miscellany POEM S.

legedy

MERCURY and the ELEPHANT.

A Prefatory TABLE.

A S Merc'ry travell'd thro' a Wood,
(Whose Errands are more Fleet than Good.)

An Elephant before him lay,

That much encumber'd had the Way:

The Messenger, who's still in haste,
Wou'd fain have bow'd, and so have past;
When up arose th' unwieldy Brute,
And wou'd repeat a late Dispute,

B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

A T A.

P. 106. l. 1. for veil'd r. ^{not} ¹⁹
us. P. 106. l. 1. for gentleſt. P. 19
P. 177. l. 9. r. gentleſt. l. 10. for Whel
these. P. 235. l. 1. for Dramat
urken'd. P. 296. In the Play. P. 33
d so through the Play. P. 33
r. Bonds. l. 26. r. for Camp
Race. P. 337. l. 9. for Camp
r. breeds.

In

Miscellany POEMS.

2

Ie which (he said) he'd gain'd the Prize
From a wild Boar of monstrous Size :
But Fame (quoth he) with all her Tongues,
Who Lawyers, Ladies, Soldiers wrongs,
Has, to my Disadvantage, told
An Action throughly Bright and Bold ;
Has said, that I foul Play had us'd,

And with my Weight th' Opposer bruis'd ;
Had laid my Trunk about his Bram, ^{YOGHAM}
Before his Tusbes cou'd be drawn ;
Had stunn'd him with a hideous Roar,
And twenty-thousand Scandals more :

But I defy the Talk of Men,
Or Voice of Brutes in ev'ry Den ;
Th' impartial Skies are all my Care,
And how it stands Recorded there.
Amongst you Gods, pray, What is thought ?

Quoth Mercury—Then have you Fought !
Solicitous thus shou'd I be
For what's said of my Verse and Me ;

Or shou'd I
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Betray'd by
Amusements

Miscellany POEMS.

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old
and Bold;

Or shou'd my Friends Excuses frame,
And beg the Criticks not to blame
(Since from a Female Hand it came)
Defects in Judgment, or in Wit;
They'd but reply.—Then has she Writ!

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sfer bruis'd;
is Bramb, M
awn;
rous Rour,

ls more:

Care,
y Care,
there.

What is thought?
What have you Fought?

and Me;

Our Vanity we more betray,
In asking what the World will say,
Than if, in trivial Things like these,
We wait on the Event with ease; E
Nor make long Prefaces, to show
What Men are not concern'd to know:
For still untouched how we succeed,
'Tis for themselves, not us, they Read;
Whilst that proceeding to requite,
We own (who in the Muse delight)
'Tis for our Selves, not them, we Write.
Betray'd by Solitude to try
Amusements, which the Prosp'rows fly; E
And E

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And only to the Press repair,
To fix our scatter'd Papers there;
Tho' whilst our Labours are preserv'd,
The Printers may, indeed, be starv'd.

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All is Vanity.

HOW vain is Life! which rightly we compare
To flying Posts, that haste away;
To Plants, that fade with the declining Day;
To Clouds, that sail amidst the yielding Air;
Till by Extention into that they flow,
Or, scatt'ring on the World below,
Are lost and gone, ere we can say they were;
To Autumn-Leaves, which every Wind can chace;
To rising Bubbles, on the Waters Face;
To fleeting Dreams, that will not stay,

Nor
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