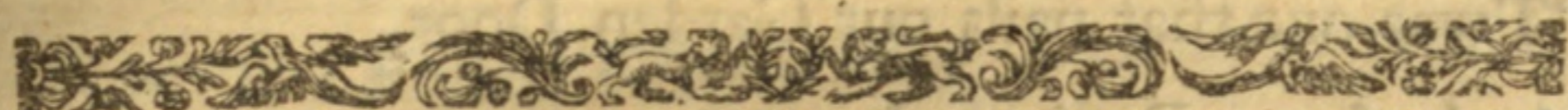


These gentle Numbers will compose
 Your Spirits and your Eye-lids close !
 Those Slumbers will complete the Cure ;
 Now, Sir, your Servant, and ---- no more.



The T E N - P E N N Y N A I L.

TWAS past the Date of fav'ry Noon,
 And downwards roll'd the radiant Sun,
 When all (except us rhyming Sinners)
 Had rosted, boil'd, and eat their Dinners ;
 In my great Chair I sat to pout,
 And beat my weary Brains about ;
 About (what did not much avail)
Amanda's Riddle of the Nail * ;
 When *Somnus* took me by Surprise,
 And put his Finger in my Eyes :
 'Twas He, for Poets never nod
 Without the Influence of a God :

* *The Question was this, Where was the first Nail struck ?*

I dream'd of what ---- Why, you shall hear,
Good People all, I pray draw near,
Methought there lay before my Eyes
A Nail of more than common Size;
'Twas one that nails our Garden Door,
And oft my Petticoat has tore :

When sudden (it is true, my Friend)
It rear'd itself, and stood an end,
And tho' no Mouth I cou'd descry,
It talk'd as fast as you or I :

And thus began ---- ' As I am told

' You Poets seldom deal in Gold ;

' That's not the Price of empty Songs,

' But to Sir *Thrifty Gripe* belongs ;

' Bright Silver is Sir *Wary's* Claim,

' And Copper for the lab'ring Dame ;

' If so (that each may have their due)

' We rusty Nails belong to you ;

' I therefore ask as my Desert

' (I hope you bear a grateful Heart)

' You write my Life ---- and be it shown

' What strange Adventures I have known.

' I must confess I was not made
 ' So early quite as *Adam's* Spade;
 ' Yet many Ages I have known,
 ' And double with my Labours grown:
 ' I occupy'd, the first of all,
 ' A worthy Post at *Gloomy-Hall*,
 ' Where I, with seven hundred more,
 ' Were hammer'd in the spacious Door:
 ' And there had haply stuck till now,
 ' Had not old *Simon* broke his Plough;
 ' Who seeing none but us at hand,
 ' And knowing us a trusty Band,
 ' Me with the Pincers sore oppress'd,
 ' And drew me headlong from the rest:
 ' My lazy Life, alas! was done,
 ' And now I toil'd from Sun to Sun:
 ' None pity me, and none relieve,
 ' Till Fortune gave me a Reprieve:
 ' My Master broke his Plough again,
 ' And I from thence was dragg'd amain.

' To

‘ To *Celia*’s Chamber next I came,
‘ And bore a Glafs with curious Frame;
‘ To whom the lovely Nymphs repair:
‘ There *Delia* spread her shining Hair;
‘ All smiling there was *Claudia* seen,
‘ And *Thalia* ty’d her Ribbands green.
‘ At last my Mistress drew too nigh,
‘ And some ill Genius standing by,
‘ Drove me directly in her Eye.
‘ Then I was banish’d from her Train,
‘ Hurl’d on a Dunghill with Disdain.
‘ But idle long I did not lie,
‘ For old Sir *Gripus* walking by,
‘ Who held it was a crying Sin,
‘ To trample o’er and slight a Pin.
‘ And that they well deserve a Jail,
‘ Who proudly scorn a rusty Nail,
‘ Carry’d me home, and made secure
‘ With me ---- a stately oaken Door.
‘ Through the strong Boards he made me go,
‘ To keep his Daughter from a Beau;

‘ But

‘ But she (what is’t but Love can do ?)
‘ With *Aqua-fortis* eat me through :
‘ A Cripple now, and useleſs quite,
‘ I’m baniſh’d from the chearful Light :
‘ And all folk deſpiſe me that behold ;
‘ At laſt I to a Smith was ſold,
‘ Who had Compaſſion on my Pain,
‘ And brought me to myſelf again.

‘ To *Jeff’ry Bouze* I next belong,
‘ Where ſparkling Ale was clear and ſtrong ;
‘ One Vault, more precious than the reſt,
‘ Was ſtow’d with Hogſheads of the beſt :
‘ And having lately loſt the Key,
‘ He faſt’ned up the Door with me :
‘ I ſtood a faithful Centry there,
‘ To guard the choice inspiring Beer
‘ From thirſty *Bacchanalian* Rage,
‘ Till his Son *Guzzle* was of Age :
‘ At length the Youth an Entrance found,
‘ Tho’ ſtoutly I maintain’d my Ground ;

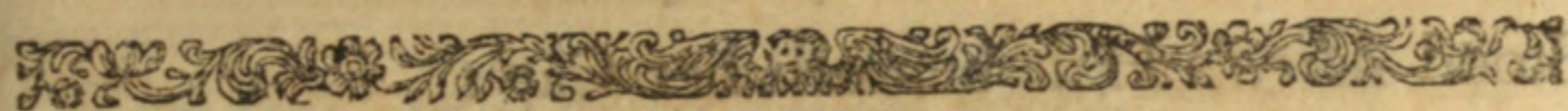
' Yet all my Strength wou'd not avail,
 ' For how cou'd one poor fingle Nail
 ' Maintain a dang'rous Post (you know)
 ' Against whole Legions of the Foe;
 ' Who well confid'ring Life's a Bubble,
 ' And drinking is the Cure of Trouble,
 ' And more ---- that he again could brew
 ' Before the Date of Twenty two;
 ' While e'er that time the present Ale
 ' Might happen to be flat or stale;
 ' He came himself with fifty more,
 ' And wisely drank it out before.

' It wou'd be tedious now to tell
 ' What to your humble Slave befel,
 ' Amongst a rude mechanick Band,
 ' Till Fortune gave me to your Hand:
 ' Now if a proper Post I knew,
 ' I'd gladly be of use to you;
 ' But you resolve to hide no Pelf,
 ' And choose to walk abroad yourself:

But,

‘ But, *Mira*, these are dang’rous Times,
 ‘ I’d have you fasten up your Rhymes;
 ‘ And ’tis the best thing you can do,
 ‘ To nail up Pens and Paper too:
 ‘ Do this and get thee gone to spinning,
 ‘ Or wisely dearn your Father’s Linen.”

This said ---- a Cart with rumbling Sound
 Came by, and shook the trembling Ground;
 The Vision vanish’d from her Sight,
 And *Mira* waken’d in a Fright.



The GENIUS *in* DISGUISE.

AS I *Fidelia* and my Sire,
 Sat musing o’er a smoky Fire,
 We heard a Knocking at the Door,
 Rise, something is the Matter sure.
 The little Turret seem’d to quake,
 The Shelves, the Chairs and Tables shake;
Fidelia cries, O, what’s the Matter?
 And *Mira*’s Teeth began to chatter: