

And you perhaps disdain my wholsom Rules ;
 So faucy Pupils count their Masters Fools :
 But shou'd your Pride the common Track refuse,
 You'll find small Pensions for your haughty Muse :
 Still you may scribble on ; and in the End
 Be just as rich as — Sir, your humble Friend.



On DISCONTENT.

To STELLA.

SAY, dearest *Stella*, why this pensive Air ?
 Tell me, O tell thy Sorrows and thy Care ;
 Why thy Lips tremble, and thy Cheeks are pale ?
 Why heaves thy Bosom with a mournful Gale ?
 Let not thy Eyes for distant Evils flow,
 Nor rack thy Bosom with prophetick Woe :
 Imagin'd Ills deceive our aking Eyes,
 As lengthen'd Shades appear of monstrous Size,
 When setting *Phæbus* gilds the Ev'ning Skies.

Tho'

Tho' pictur'd Joy deludes our panting Souls,
When round the Heart its smiling Phantom rolls ;
The gay Impostor mocks our reaching Arms ;
Yet while it lasts, the pleasing Vision charms :
Not so Distrust, her gloomy Forehead rears ;
She brings cold Anguish and a crowd of Fears :
Ah lovely *Stella* ! as you prize your Rest,
Expel this Fury from your guiltless Breast.

The wise and mighty Guardian of Mankind,
To each Dividual has their Draught assign'd ;
And tho' no Pearls shou'd in our Potion fall,
Let us be chearful while he spares the Gall :
Unmeaning Transports for a Moment please,
Yet Peace alone can bless your equal Days.

But coldly view'd or quickly thrown aside,
See cringing Merit at the Gates of Pride ;
See Wit and Wisdom (that our Fathers priz'd)
In Youth neglected as in Age despis'd :
Behold (the Scorn, as late the Dread of all)
The Politician from his Glory fall :

He

He whose fly Genius cou'd a Kingdom rule,
Shall have his *Exit* hiss'd by ev'ry Fool:
With aking Bosom and a streaming Eye
The hoary Soldier sees his Honour fly;
Who in his Age must to Oppression bow,
And yield his Laurels to a younger Brow:
Those Laurels shall the proud Successor wear
A while; then strip and leave 'em to his Heir,

If these are wretched let not us repine,
Whose meaner Talents ne'er were made to shine:
Our Good and Ill, our Vice and Virtue falls
Within the compass of domestick Walls:
To those small Limits be thy Views confin'd,
And bless thy Cottage with an humble Mind.

Look not at Joys that dazzle from afar,
Nor envy *Glario* on his gilded Car;
For all Degrees their Days of Anguish know,
And the most happy have a taste of Woe:
Then calmly take what Providence ordains,
He swells the Load who murmurs and complains:

For

For all things vary : And who sits to day
Half-drown'd in Tears ; to-morrow may be gay.



The P R O P O S A L.

WITH aking Fingers, twinging Nose,
And vex'd, dear Madam, we'll suppose :

(To leave yourself and Parlour-fire)

Trudg'd *Mira* to her own good Sire ;

Beneath a cold and gloomy Sky

Walk'd cheek by jole the Muse and I :

The list'ning Gossip, tho' unseen,

Had watch'd the Talk that pass'd between

Myself and you : And much offended

(It seems) at what was there intended.

' So cries the peevish Maid, (and squinting)

' Methinks I heard you talk of Printing :

' Have I bestow'd a world of Pains,

' To spirit up your blockish Brains,

' To get from thence an idle Rhyme,

' That made me blush to call it mine ?

' And