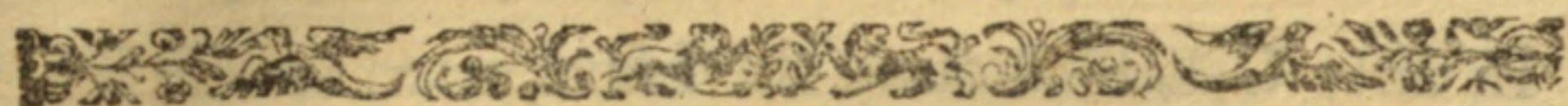


For all things vary : And who sits to day
Half-drown'd in Tears ; to-morrow may be gay.



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

‘ And shall I see the crippl’d Crew
 ‘ Discarded from their Seat and you,
 ‘ Turn’d out to skip from hand to hand
 ‘ In dirty Gazettes round the Land,
 ‘ To grace the Knee of ev’ry Sot,
 ‘ And catch the Droppings of his Pot,
 ‘ While in a Rage the drowsy Swains
 ‘ Perhaps may curse you for your Pains,
 ‘ Protesting with a Critick’s Spite,
 ‘ That none since *Durfey* knew to write?
 ‘ But, *Mira*, if you want a Muse,
 ‘ To grace the Page of weekly News,
 ‘ The Task is much too low for me,
 ‘ Yet I’ve a Maid of less Degree,
 ‘ (With Spirit suiting to her State)
 ‘ Will serve you at an easy Rate :
 ‘ Whose Voice, tho’ hoarse, is loud and strong,
 ‘ An Artist at a ranting Song,
 ‘ Can chaunt Lampoons without much straining,
 ‘ Or Epigrams with double Meaning,
 ‘ To join the Tavern-Harp or Viol :
 ‘ Now if you’ll take her upon trial,

‘ To

- ‘ To her Deservings suit your Pay,
- ‘ And then you take the safest way :
- ‘ Perhaps you’ll prosper in the End,
- ‘ I’ll say no more : But ask your Friend,
- ‘ Here ends the Muse — Dear Madam, say,
- ‘ Shall I reject her or obey ?



SOTO. A CHARACTER.

IN *Soto's* Bosom you may find
 The Glimm'ring of a worthy Mind :
 'Tis but a faint and feeble Ray,
 Imperfect as the dawning Day ;
 Yet were the jarring Passions tun'd,
 And the wild Branches nicely prun'd,
 The Soil from Thorns and Thistles clear,
 Some latent Virtues might appear :
 I'th' Morning catch him, (early tho'
 Your Bird will else be flown, I trow,)
 E'er he has reach'd the bowzing Can,
 You'll find the Stamp of reas'ning Man :

Then