

As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear;
So long the brightest eye shall oft peruse
The useful lines of my instructive Muse;
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.



THE MODERN
FINE GENTLEMAN.

Written in the Year 1746. By the Same.

*Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.*

JUST broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw;
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His honour posts o'er ITALY and FRANCE,
Measures St. PETER's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence having quick thro' various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produc'd before:

A monster of such complicated worth,
 As no one single clime could e'er bring forth :
 Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
 Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.

Next, because bus'ness now is all the vogue,
 And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
 In parliament he purchases a seat,
 To make th' accomplish'd Gentleman compleat.
 There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
 Without experience, honesty, or sense,
 Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
 He vainly undertakes his country's cause :
 Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
 Torrents of nonsense burst ; like bottled ale,
 Tho' shallow, muddy ; brisk, tho' mighty dull ;
 Fierce without strength ; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
 His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
 The liberty of BRITAIN he supports,
 And storms at place-men, ministers, and courts ;
 Now in crop'd greasy hair, and leather breeches,
 He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches ;
 King, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
 Yet dares to shew those ears he ought to lose.

From hence to WHITE's our virtuous CATO flies,
 There sits with countenance erect, and wise,
 And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies ;

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 Plays

Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
 Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;
 Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
 Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought:
 Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
 Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politicks, and cards,
 Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards;
 So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
 That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
 Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
 His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
 To FIGG and BROUGHTON he commits his breast,
 To steel it to the fashionable test.

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
 Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
 Insensible to all that's good, or kind,
 Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
 For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
 A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave,
 By little actions striving to be great,
 And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

And yet in this so bad is his success,
 That as his fame improves, his rents grow less;
 On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
 And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
 With his estate his interest too is done,
 His honest borough seeks a warmer sun.

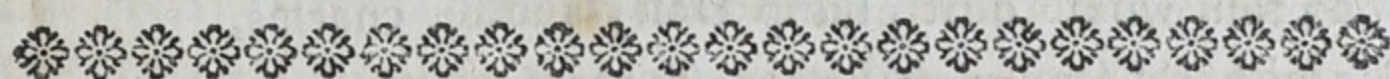
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For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
 His independent voters cease to roar :
 And BRITAIN soon must want the great defence
 Of all his honesty, and eloquence,
 But that the gen'rous youth more anxious grown
 For public liberty, than for his own,
 Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone :
 And boldly, when his country is at stake,
 Braves the deep yawning gulph, like CURTIUS, for its sake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
 He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
 But seeks preferment, as the last resort,
 Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,
 And, from the hand he hates, implores support :
 The minister, well pleas'd at small expence
 To silence so much rude impertinence,
 With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
 And on the venal list enroll'd he stands ;
 A ribband and a pension buy the slave,
 This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
 And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
 He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory ;
 Of independence now he talks no more,
 Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar ;
 But silent votes, and with court trappings hung,
 Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.
 In craft political a bankrupt made,
 He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade ;

Turns

Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
 And grows, in short, the very thing he wou'd :
 Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes spent,
 And lends them ready cash at cent per cent,
 Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,
 Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers and wives,
 Till death at length, indignant to be made
 The daily subject of his sport and trade,
 Veils with his fable hand the wretch's eyes,
 And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.



THE MODERN
 FINE LADY.

——— *Miseri quibus*

Intentata nites.

HOR.

S KILL'D in each art, that can adorn the fair,
 The spritely dance, the soft Italian air,
 The tofs of quality, and high-bred fleer,
 Now lady Harriot reach'd her fifteenth year.
 Wing'd with diversions all her moments flew,
 Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new ;

Breakfasts