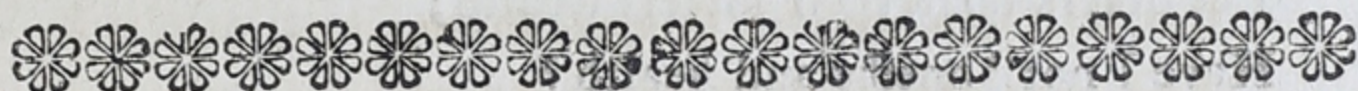


Beat thro' with such prodigious force,  
 It made me deaf to your discourse.  
 Now couz, were my advice pursu'd,  
 (And sure I mean it for your good)  
 Methinks you should this house repair;  
 Be this your first and chiefest care.  
 Your skill the voice of prudence calls  
 To stop these crannies in the walls,  
 And prop the roof before it falls.  
 If you this needful task perform,  
 You'll make your mansion dry and warm;  
 And we may then converse together,  
 Secure from this tempestuous weather.

}



## C O N T E N T M E N T.

By the Same.

**F**arewell aspiring thoughts, no more  
 My soul shall leave the peaceful shore,  
 To sail Ambition's main;  
 Fallacious as the harlot's kiss,  
 You promise me uncertain bliss,  
 And give me certain pain.

A beauteous prospect first you shew,  
 Which ere survey'd you paint anew,  
 And paint it wond'rous pleasant:  
 This in a third is quickly lost:  
 Thus future good we covet most,  
 But ne'er enjoy the present.

Deluded on from scene to scene,  
 We never end, but still begin,  
 By flatt'ring Hope betray'd;  
 I'm weary of the painful chace,  
 Let others run this endless race  
 To catch a flying shade.

Let others boast their useles wealth;  
 Have I not honesty and health?  
 Which riches cannot give:  
 Let others to preferment soar,  
 And, changing liberty for pow'r,  
 In golden shackles live.

'Tis time, at length, I should be wise,  
 'Tis time to seek substantial joys;  
 Joys out of Fortune's pow'r:  
 Wealth, honours, dignities, and fame,  
 Are toys the blind capricious dame  
 Takes from us ev'ry hour.

Come,

Come, conscious Virtue, fill my breast,  
 And bring Content, thy daughter, dress'd  
 In ever-smiling charms :  
 Let sacred Friendship too attend ;  
 A friendship worthy of my friend,  
 Such as my LÆLIUS warms.

With these I'll in my bosom make  
 A bulwark Fortune cannot shake,  
 Tho' all her storms arise ;  
 Look down and pity gilded slaves,  
 Despise Ambition's giddy knaves,  
 And wish the Fools were wise.



## The EDUCATION of ACHILLES.

By Mr. BEDINGFIELD.

### I.

**A**H me! is all our pleasure mix'd with woe!  
 Is there on earth no happiness sincere?  
 Must e'en this bitter stream of sorrow flow  
 From joy's domestick spring, our children dear?  
 How oft did Thetis drop the silver tear,  
 When with fond eyes she view'd her darling boy!  
 How oft her breast heav'd with presaging fear,  
 Lest vice's secret canker should annoy  
 Fair virtue's op'ning bud, and all her hopes destroy!

II. At