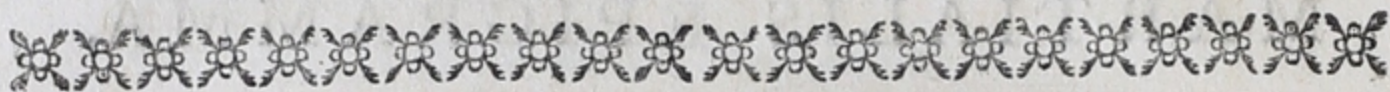


What joy can be greater than this is ?
 My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
 But the wretch that can number his kisses
 With few will be ever content.



The Progress of DISCONTENT.

A P O E M.

Written at Oxford in the Year 1746.

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,
 The joyful youth is sent to college,
 His father comes, a vicar plain,
 At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
 And thus in form of humble suitor
 Bowing accosts a reverend tutor.

“ Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
 “ And this my eldest son of nine ;
 “ My wife's ambition and my own
 “ Was that this child should wear a gown ;
 “ I'll warrant that his good behaviour
 “ Will justify your future favour :
 “ And for his parts, to tell the truth,
 “ My son's a very forward youth ;
 “ Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
 “ And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder,
 “ If you'd examine—and admit him,
 “ A scholarship would nicely fit him :

“ That

“ That he succeeds ’tis ten to one ;

“ Your vote and interest, Sir!—’Tis done.”

Our pupil’s hopes, tho’ twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship compleated :

A scholarship but half maintains,

And college rules are heavy chains :

In garret dark he smokes and puns,

A prey to discipline and duns ;

And now intent on new designs,

Sighs for a fellowship — and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,

That utmost wish is crown’d at last :

But the rich prize no sooner got,

Again he quarrels with his lot :

“ These fellowships are pretty things,

“ We live indeed like petty kings :

“ But who can bear to waste his whole age

“ Amid the dullness of a college,

“ Debarr’d the common joys of life,

“ And that prime bliss—a loving wife !

“ O ! what’s a table richly spread

“ Without a woman at its head !

“ Would some snug benefice but fall,

“ Ye feasts, ye dinners ! farewell all !

“ To offices I’d bid adieu,

“ Of dean, vice præ. — of bur

“ Come joys, that rural quiet yields,

“ Come, tythes, and house, and fruitful fields !”

Too fond of liberty and ease
 A patriot's vanity to please,
 Long time he watches, and by stealth,
 Each frail incumbent's doubtful health ;
 At length — and in his fortieth year,
 A living drops—two hundred clear !
 With breast elate beyond expression,
 He hurries down to take possession,
 With rapture views the sweet retreat——
 “ What a convenient house ! how neat !
 “ For fuel here's sufficient wood :
 “ Pray God the cellars may be good !
 “ The garden—that must be new plann'd—
 “ Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand ?
 “ O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
 “ The flow'ry shrub of thousand dies :——
 “ Yon' wall, that feels the southern ray,
 “ Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay ;
 “ While thick beneath its aspect warm
 “ O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,
 “ From which, ere long, of golden gleam
 “ Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream :
 “ This aukward hut o'er-grown with ivy,
 “ We'll alter to a modern privy :
 “ Up yon' green slope, of hazels trim,
 “ An avenue so cool and dim,
 “ Shall to an arbour, at the end,
 “ In spite of gout, intice a friend.

“ My predeceffor lov'd devotion —

“ But of a garden had no notion.”

Continuing this fantaftic farce on,
He now commences country parfon.

To make his character entire,

He weds—a coufin of the 'fquire;

Not over-weighty in the purfe,

But many doctores have done worfe :

And tho' ſhe boaſt no charms divine,

Yet ſhe can carve, and make birch wine.

Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,

Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel :

Finds his church-wardens have diſcerning

Both in good liquor and good learning ;

With tythes his barns replete he fees,

And chuckles o'er his ſurplice fees ;

Studies to find out latent dues,

And regulates the ſtate of pews ;

Rides a ſleek mare with purple houſing,

To ſhare the monthly club's carouſing ;

Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,

And—but on Sundays—hears no bells ;

Sends preſents of his choiceſt fruit,

And prunes himſelf each ſapleſs ſhoot,

Plants colliflow'rs, and boaſts to rear

The earlieſt melons of the year ;

Thinks alteration charming work is,

Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies ;

Builds

Builds in his copse a favourite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench,

But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress'd;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:

For children fresh expences yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.

“ Why did I sell my college life

“ (He cries) for benefice and wife?

“ Return, ye days! when endless pleasure

“ I found in reading, or in leisure!

“ When calm around the common room

“ I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!

“ Rode for a stomach, and inspected

“ At annual bottlings, corks selected:

“ And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under

“ The pourtrait of our pious founder!

“ When impositions were supply'd

“ To light my pipe—or sooth my pride—

“ No cares were then for forward peas

“ A yearly-longing wife to please:

“ My thoughts no christ'ning dinner cost,

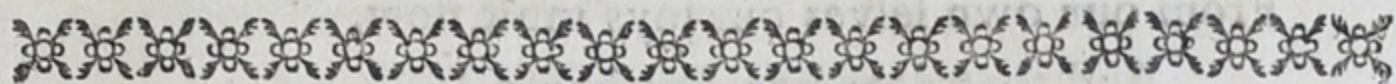
“ No children cry'd for butter'd toast;

“ And ev'ry night I went to bed,

“ Without a Modus in my head!”

Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;

A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
 And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd!
 Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
 And in pursuit alone it pleases.



The F I R E - S I D E.

By Dr. C O T T O N.

I.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In Folly's maze advance;
 Tho' singularity and pride
 Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs;
 No noisy neighbour enters here,
 No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heart-felt joys.

III. If