

Another on the same Subject, written with more Judgment, but fewer good Manners.

By the Same.

HOW strangely doth the pow'r of custom rule, And prejudice our wisest thoughts controul! How does one country with contempt deride What other nations count their chiefest pride! Our European ladies think they're fine, When in the entrails of a worm they thine; Yet laugh to see conceited Hottentots Grow vain, tho' shining in far nobler guts. In turgid pomp their strutting limbs are deck'd, And unctuous splendours from their robes reflect: The balmy gloss, which on the furface shines, Regales the smell, and smooths the ladies' skins. Richly, yet wifely dress'd! for of the cost They suffer not a remnant to be lost; But eat each tatter, as it wears away, And sup upon the fragments of the day. Frugal of time, at once they' undress and feed, Gnaw off their cloaths, and put themselves to bed. Their wedding garments prove their wedding feasts, And the bride's fin'ry entertains the guests: VOL. V.

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The eager bridegroom surfeits on her charms,
And fills his belly, as he fills his arms.

Justly may they condemn our foolish pride,
Who only for the naked back provide;
And useless garments to the dunghill cast,
Before they've through the hungry stomach pass'd;
Who well might purchase, had we their good sense,
Both food and raiment at the same expence.

When will our wives and daughters be fo good, Thus to convert their old cloaths into food?



The BREWER'S Coachman.

By the Same.

Wou'd a little too oft get a little too mellow.

Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—

No better e'er fat in a box, to be fure.

His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses

Took that care of their babes that he took of his horses.

He had these—ay and fifty good qualities more,

But the business of tipling cou'd ne'er be got o'er:

So his master effectually mended the matter,

By hiring a man, who drank nothing but water.

Now, William, says he, you see the plain case;

Had you drunk as he does, you'd kept a good place.

Drink

Th

Hal