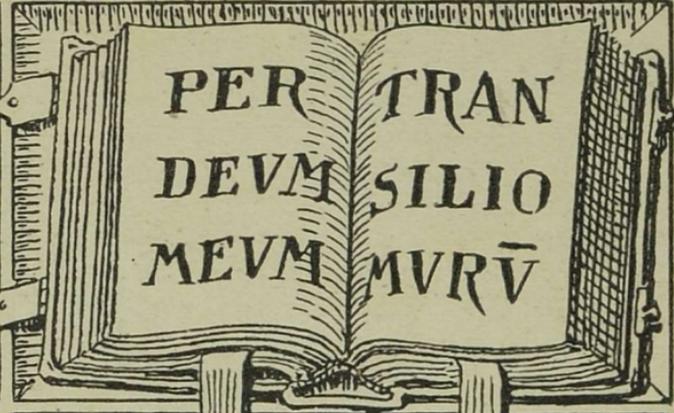


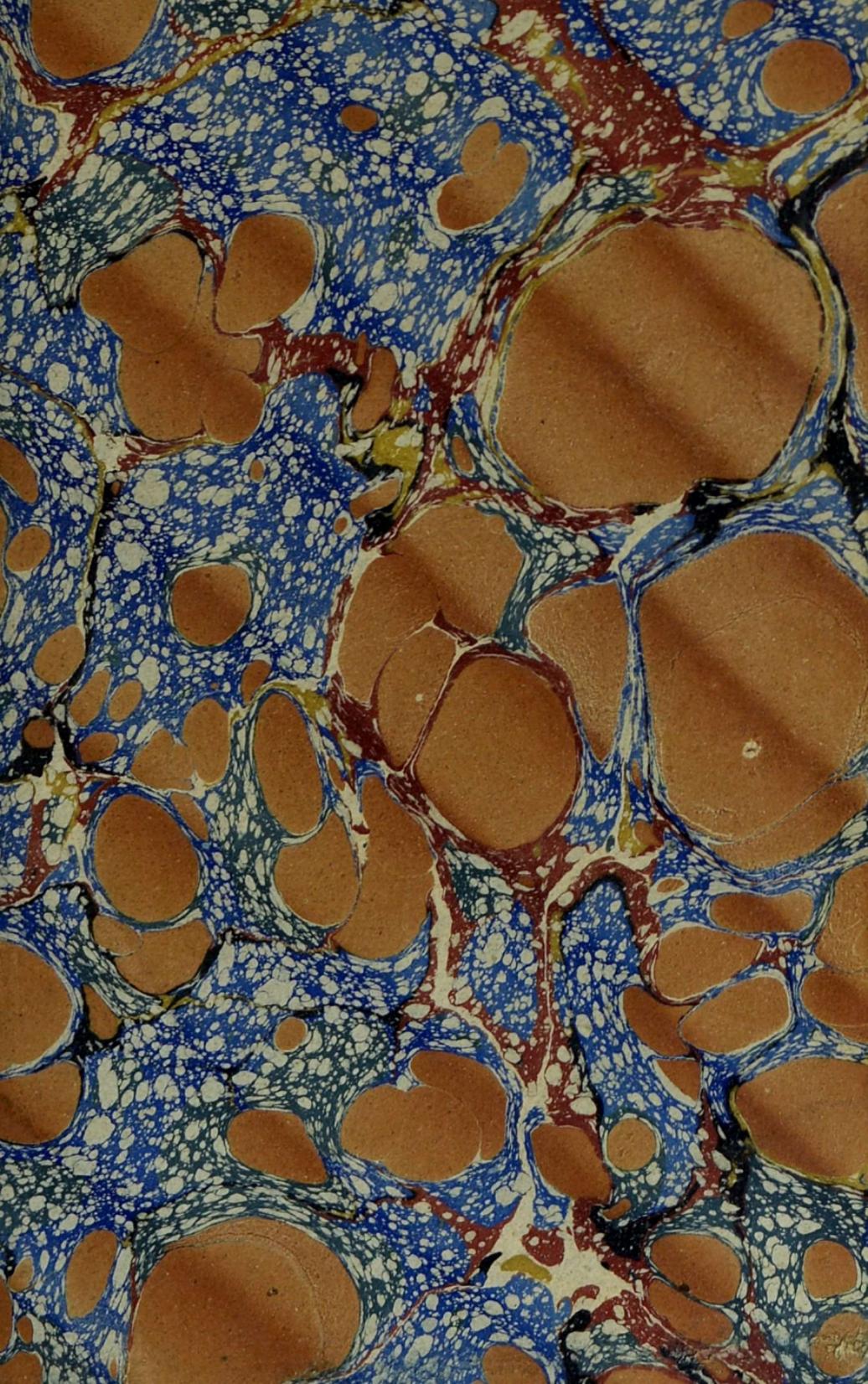
ALFRED·BALDWIN

EX·LIBRIS



A·D·1907

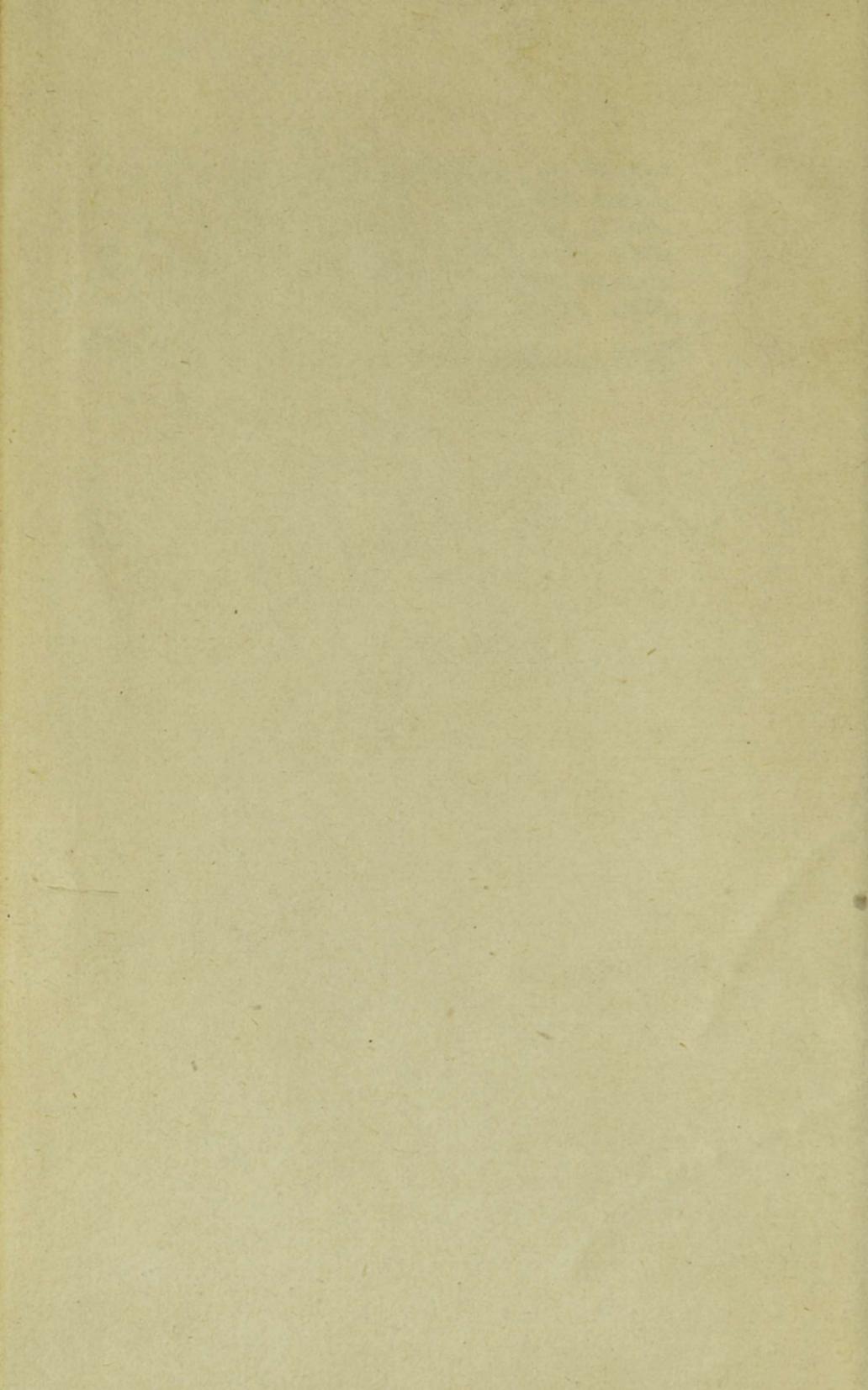




248 Little Master's Miscellany, or Essays
in Prose and Verse, for Youth of both Sexes,
on *Lying, Prayer, Fishing, Fowling, Death,*
on the Sagacity of Ewes and Lambs, with
Fables and Songs, 12mo, A VERY SCARCE
LITTLE LOCAL VOLUME, with plates, calf,
choicely bound,
Birmingham, T. Warren, in the Bull Ring, 1745

Edited with the preface
by Samuel Johnson

S/B/W/W





G E O R G E R .

GEORGE the Second by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come Greeting. W H E R E A S our Trusty and Well-beloved THOMAS WARREN, of Birmingham, in the County of Warwick, Bookeller; has by his Petition humbly Represented unto us, that he hath been at very great Expence and Labour in Compiling, Composing, and Printing a Book intitled,

Little MASTER'S MISCELLANY,

O R

Divine and Moral *Essays*, in Prose and Verse.

Adapted to the Capacities and design'd for the Improvement of Youth of both Sexes. Containing, *Dialogues* on various Subjects, select *Fables*, moral *Songs*, and useful *Maxims*: And the Petitioner humbly apprehending that the said Book will be of Public Utility and Advantage, and being desirous of reaping the Fruits of his very great Expence and Labour, and enjoying the full Profit and Benefit that may arise from Printing and Vending the same, without any other Person interfering in his just Property;

A

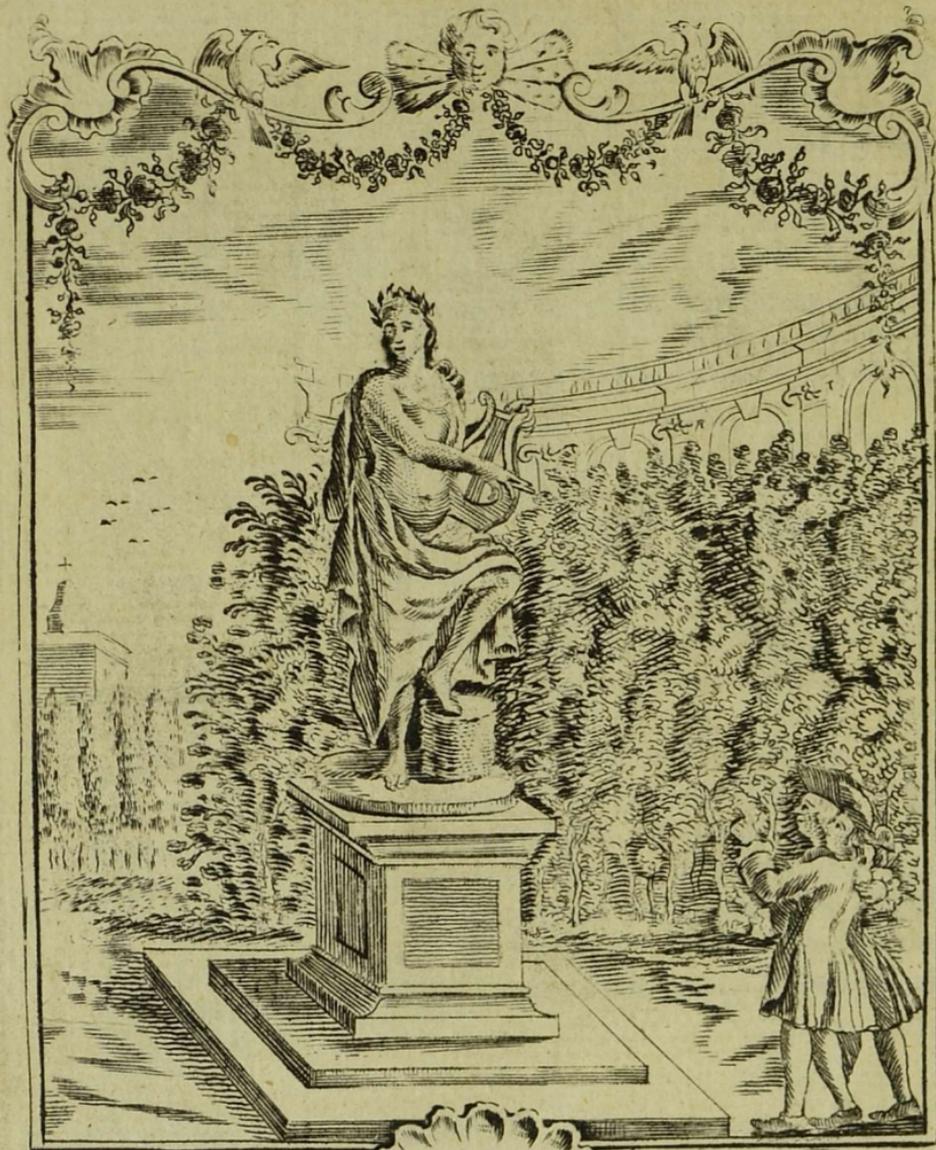
which

which he cannot prevent without our ROYAL LICENCE and PROTECTION: He therefore has most humbly prayed us to grant him our ROYAL LICENCE and PROTECTION for the SOLE *Printing, Publishing, and Vending* the same, for the Term of *Fourteen Years*: We being willing to give all due Encouragement to this his Undertaking, are graciously pleased to condescend to his Request: And we do therefore by these Presents, so far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto him the said *Thomas Warren*, his Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, our LICENCE for the SOLE *Printing and Publishing* the said Work for the Term of *Fourteen Years*, strictly Forbidding all our Subjects within our Kingdoms or Dominions, to Reprint or Abridge the same, either in the like or in any Size or manner Whatsoever, or to Import, Buy, Vend, Utter, or Distribute, any Copies thereof, re printed beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of *Fourteen Years*, without the Consent or Approbation of the said *Thomas Warren*, his Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they will answer the Contrary at their Peril; whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, the *Master Warden and Company of Stationers*, are to take Notice, that due Obedience may be rendered to our Pleasure herein declared.

Given at our Court at St. James's,

by his MAJESTY'S Command

BEDFORD,



*Truth under Fiction I impart
To weed out Folly from the heart
And choak the paths, that lead astray
The wandering Youth from virtue's way*

LITTLE MASTER'S

MISCELLANY:

Or, DIVINE and MORAL

ESSAYS

In PROSE and VERSE;

Adapted to the Capacities, and design'd for the Improvement of YOUTH, of both SEXES.

CONTAINING,

DIALOGUES on the following Subjects, *viz.*

On LYING,

On PRAYER,

On FISHING,

On FOWLING,

On DEATH,



On DEFORMITY,

On the Sagacity of the
EWES and LAMBS,

On DETRACTION,

On the TULIP,

A Ramble thro' the Town, in a DIALOGUE between
Master *Joseph*, and Miss *Patty*.

To which are added,

Select FABLES, Moral SONGS, and useful
MAXIMS.

*Thro' every gentle sliding Hour
May Truth and Virtue be my Guide;
Nor soft Temptation find a Power,
To draw my steady Soul aside,*

The FIFTH EDITION illustrated with Copper-Plates.

BIRMINGHAM:

Printed by *T. Warren, jun.* near the *New-Chapel*, and
sold by *Z. Stuart* Bookseller, in *Pater-noster-row*, London.

MISCELLANY:

OF DIVINE AND MORAL

ESSAYS

In Prose and Verse;

Adapted to the Capacities, and designed for the Improvement of Youth, of both Sexes.

CONTAINING

DIALOGUES on the following Subjects, &c.

- | | | |
|-------------|---|-------------|
| On Liberty | ✱ | On Liberty |
| On Prudence | ✱ | On Prudence |
| On Fishing | ✱ | On Fishing |
| On Fowling | ✱ | On Fowling |
| On Death | ✱ | On Death |

A Dialogue, the Town, is a Dialogue between
Mistress Youth, and Miss Folly.
To which are added,

SELECT TABLES, MORAL SONGS, and USEFUL
MAXIMS.

That every gentle Living Hour
- that Time and Time is my Gain;
- that I should not be a Fool,
- To waste my hours and days.

The First Edition illustrated with Copper Plates.

R I R M I N G H A M :

Printed by T. Warren, near the New-Channel, and
sold by S. Smart, Bookseller, in Pall-mall, near St. James's Church, London.



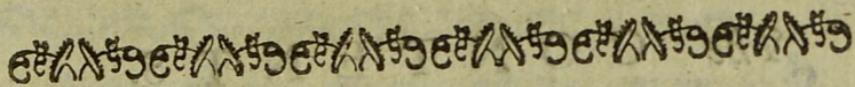
THE
P R E F A C E.

THE vulgar Notion of inducing *Children and Youth* to a Disposition and Love for Reading, by admitting into their Hands Books wrote not only in the lowest Taste, but such as Border too nearly upon Vice and Immorality; and by an easy Transition, give a wrong Byass, and turn to the Mind, vitiate the Understanding, and leave bad Impressions behind them, is so palpably gross, that one would hope, common Prudence, and a very little Consideration, sufficient to correct such a glaring Error, where any Regard is paid to the important Work of *Education*.

How

How far the following *Essays* may be entertaining or useful, either in correcting the Mistakes, or improving the Capacities, of those for whose Benefit they are intended, must be submitted to every Candid Reader: The *Critic*, no doubt, may find many Inaccuracies, both in Composition and Language; but it may be observed, the *Author* is not writing to the learned World, but to *Children* and *Youth*; and if it answers no higher an End, 'tis perhaps, a considerable Step towards their Advancement in the Paths of *Virtue* and *Piety*, to take off their Attention by some innocent Amusements, from Things calculated rather to impoverish than improve their Minds, in a benevolent Disposition and Temper.





T H E
INTRODUCTION;

O R,
YOUTH'S REQUEST.

I.

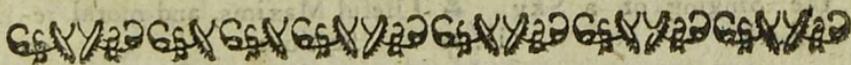
Preserve me *Lord*, amidst the Crowd,
From ev'ry Thought that's Vain and Proud,
And raise my wond'ring Mind to see,
How good it is to Trust in thee.

II.

From all the Enemies of Truth,
Do thou O GOD, preserve my Youth,
And free my Mind from worldly Cares,
From youthful Sins, and youthful Snares.

III.

LORD in my Heart, tho' hard as Stone,
Let Seeds of early Grace be sown,
Still water'd with thy heav'nly Love,
Till they shall spring to Joys above.



The CONTENTS.

A Dialogue between <i>Fanny</i> and <i>Jenny</i> , on Lying,	p. 9
_____ <i>Sally</i> and her <i>Governess</i> , on Prayer.	14
_____ a <i>Master</i> and his <i>Scholar</i> , on Fishing.	18
_____ on Fowling, between <i>Billy</i> and his elder Brother <i>Charles</i> ,	23
_____ <i>Polly</i> and her <i>Mamma</i> , on Death,	27
_____ <i>Robin</i> and his <i>Mother</i> , on Deformity.	32
_____ <i>Miss Patty</i> and her <i>Pappa</i> , on the Sagacity of the Ewes and Lambs.	38
_____ <i>Belinda</i> and her <i>Cousin-German</i> , on Detraction	45
_____ <i>Jemmy</i> and his <i>Mamma</i> , on the Tulip.	50
_____ <i>Master Joseph</i> and <i>Miss Patty</i> .	57

Select FABLES, &c.

The Wolf and Porcupine.	63	* The Monkey who had travel'd	72
The Monkey and Cat.	ib.	* The Leopard and Fox.	75
The Gnat and Bee.	64	* The Fox and Crow.	76
The Fox and Stork.	ib.	* The Crab and her Daughter.	77
The good-natured Man and the Adder.	65	* The Fox and Cock.	ib.
The Dove and the Bee.	66	* The Covetous Man and the Or-	78
The Nurse and the Wolf.	67	chad.	
The Fox and Grapes.	ib.	* The Eagle and Magpy.	79
The Two Pots.	68	* The Hare and Sparrow.	80
The Miser and Ape.	ib.	* The Woman and Death.	ib.
The Lusty Pine.	69	* The disobedient Son and his	81
The Satyr and his Guest.	70	Child.	
The Ass, the Ape, and the Mole.	71	* The Partial Judge.	82
The Thief and his Mother.	ib.	* The Mouse and Frog.	ib.
		* The dying Eagle.	83

Moral SONGS, and Useful MAXIMS, &c.

On the Death of a Canary	* On the Rose.	87	
Bird falling from the Perch	* On the Bee.	ib.	
of his Cage.	85	* A Dialogue between a Black-	
On a Flock of Linnets.	86	Bird and a Churl.	88
On the Singing of a Sky	* Useful Maxims, and moral re-		
Lark.	ib.	fections.	90

LITTLE



LITTLE MASTER'S

MISCELLANY.

*A Dialogue between FANNY and
JENNY, on LYING.*

Fan.     H A T makes you look so melancholly and dejected Sister? I hope you have met with no ill Usage from any Body in the Family; nor any Disappointment from any of your Friends?

Fen. No Sister, my Uneasiness does not arise from either of the Causes you have mentioned, but I'm afraid my *Mamma* is angry with me.

Fan. Your *Mamma* angry with you, for what? You never see your *Mamma* angry with any of us, without Reason; but pray, why do you think she is angry with you, has she told you so? I fancy if she was, she would soon acquaint you with her Reasons for it.

Fen. No, but I think I can perceive it by her Countenance, she has rather frown'd upon me all Day, than smil'd, as you know she frequently

ly

ly does upon all of us that she has Reason to believe are Obedient to her Commands, and I am sure I would never wish to displease her.

Fan. I have not perceiv'd any Thing like what you seem concern'd about, in my *Mamma's* Behaviour; I am afraid Sister, you are Conscious of having done something that is not right, which is the Cause of your present Uneasiness. — Come prithee tell me freely, if it be so; we are alone, and I shall not do any Thing that may add to your Grief, but all in my Power to relieve you. — Come dry up your Tears, and don't trifle, I am impatient to know what has befallen you.

Jen. I am asham'd to tell you, but as I hope you will have the good Nature not to expose me, I will venture. You may remember my *Mamma* sent me this Morning to Mr. *West's*, to enquire how Cousin *Molly* and all the Family did; and as poor *Molly* has been so long ill, I suppose my *Mamma* was the more impatient to know how she did, and my not making so much haste as I might have done, has displeas'd her, she told me I staid to chatter with some of my Acquaintance, which was but too true, for I met with Miss *Taylor*, and could not possibly get away from her, I believe she kept me near half an Hour; and for fear of angering my *Mamma*, I told her Cousin *Molly* was not awake, and the Nurse kept me till she could give me an Account what Night she had had, which she could not do till she awaked, and she was fearful of disturbing her, before she had taken her
natural

natural Rest ; but I am sorry I did it, and have never been easy since, for I am very sure, my *Mamma*, has a very strong Suspicion, if not a certain Knowledge, that I have deceiv'd her.

Fan. I am glad Sister, to see you under any Concern for having done amiss ; but sorry you should not only deceive your *Mamma*, but be guilty of so great an Offence against God. Surely, you cannot be insensible of the Meanness and Cowardice of *Lying* ; if you had ingeniously told my *Mamma* the Truth, I am very sure she would easily have forgiven you ; but now you may be sure she will suspect you, even when you do tell Truth ; this is the Disadvantage every *Liar* is under, they are always so much suspected, that its hard for them to gain Credit, even when they have Truth on their Side, and appear ever so sincere in delivering it.

Fen. I am very sorry, I have disobligh'd my *Mamma*, and beg you would let her know it, and ask her to forgive me, I am ashamed to do it myself ; but if she will forgive me, and be reconciled to me, I'll promise never to do so any more.

Fan. If I thought you would keep so good a Resolution Sister, I would do all in my Power for you, and don't question, but I could prevail with my *Mamma* to pass it by. But you may remember, I remark'd something more to you than merely offending my *Mamma*, surely, you have Reason to ask the great God of the Universe pardon, for having offended him ; if your
Mamma

A DIALOGUE between SALLY and her GOVERNESS, on PRAYER.

Gov. WHY Sally you are very brisk and lively this Morning, the more so as you have a Holiday I imagine.

Sal. I am not displeas'd with it, Madam, but I have rested much better this last Night, than I did some Nights past.

Gov. I fancy Child you have, by your lying so long this Morning; and if so, I hope you have not forgot to acknowledge the Goodness and Mercy of your *Heavenly Father*, who has not only preserv'd you in Peace and Safety, during the Silence of the Night, but rais'd you up in a healthful and active State of Life this Morning! If you had rose an Hour or two sooner, and taken a Walk with me in the Fields, I could have shew'd you a pretty Example of a little Creature, that seldom forgets to praise God; (perhaps many Hours in the Morning before you awake) and charms all the Inhabitants around him, with his chearful and pleasant Notes; and does it all without being called upon by his Parents or Friends!

Sal. I believe Madam, I understand you, I suppose you mean some pretty singing Bird, but its natural you know for those little Creatures to sing, and so very common, that one seldom minds them.

Gov. Why, Child, is it not natural for you to praise and adore your Maker, your kind and gracious Protector, by whose Providence you are preserv'd every Night, and every Day of your Life;

Life ; and is it not much more reasonable, when you consider the Powers and Faculties, that God has bestowed upon you, and the Provision of Food and Raiment that he daily affords you, that such a Benefactor should as often hear you chanting forth his Praise as the Birds of the Air?

Sal. I am sensible, Madam, God feeds the Birds of the Air, that *neither Sow nor Reap nor gather into Barns*, (as my Bible tells me) and he likewise clothes them with Feathers, which are sufficient to defend them against the Cold.

Gov. Yes Child, and they pay him the most dutiful Acknowledgements they are able ; no sooner does the Light of the Day appear, but we find them soaring aloft towards Heaven and exerting all the little Powers he has given them in chanting forth his Praises, to the Shame of many of his rational Creatures, who are under far greater, and higher Obligations, as they have received more and greater Benefits from him. How often does he recover us from Sickness and Diseases ! 'Tis not long, my Dear, since he brought you back from the Borders of the Grave ; and therefore you have still more Reason to praise him.

Sal. I would always wish to do it, Madam, for I have had a great many Instances of his Mercy and Goodness ; but do you think, that God, who is surrounded with the Praises of so many Angels and glorious Spirits in Heaven, and adored and worshiped by so many of his Ministers and Servants here on Earth, will take any Notice, or pay any Regard to the Prayers or Praises of such little Creatures as Children?

Gov.

Gov. Surely, my Dear, you forget yourself; don't you remember what Christ himself, the Son of God, says in your New-Testament; *suffer little Children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.* 'Tis the Duty of Reasonable Creatures that depend upon him, to pay him suitable Acknowledgments; for you see his Blessings and Favours, are not confined to the Angels and glorified Spirits in Heaven, nor to his Saints upon Earth. You and all your little Play-fellows, the Birds, the Beasts, and every creeping Thing, is receiving Mercies and Benefits from him in some Degree or other, every Day of your Lives.

I have observed you to be very thankful to your *Pappa*, for the little Play-things and Trifles that he has given you, and hope you will always be so, as is your Duty; but surely it is much more your Duty to be grateful to your *Heavenly Father*, who does more for you in one Day, than all your Friends in the World are able to do in their whole Lives. He not only takes Compassion on you in all your Infirmities, but has a Power to relieve you in all your Distresses, as well as a Will to do it. You may remember the Scripture tells you, *like as a Father pitieth his Children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him*; and every one that fears him as they ought, will certainly pray to him, and Praise him. Let this be your Work, my Dear, the little Birds as I told you will set you an Example; if you will rise with the Sun, and walk into the Fields in a Morning,

you

you will be sure of their Company, if you have no other, and may join in Concert with them; this will not only tend to the Health of your Body, but give you an Opportunity of improving your Mind, by an Observation of the various Beauties of the Creation, here you will be surrounded, not only with the Harmony of the airy Songsters, but the refreshing Influences of that glorious heavenly Body the Sun, as he makes his first Appearance over the *Eastern Hills*; dispels the Shades of Night, and gives a chearful Countenance to the whole Face of Nature.—The bleating Herds,—the lofty towering Trees,—the rural Fields,—the blooming Flowers,—and an infinite Variety of the sweets of Nature. All or any of these delightful Subjects will afford you sufficient Matter for Meditation and Praise, for Wonder and Amazement.

A POEM ON THE WOODLARK.

THOU pretty little fluttering Thing!
 Thou signal of the coming Spring;
 When from the Vales and Hills remote,
 We listen to thy warbling Note;
 Lo! every Symphony displays,
 The great Creator's nobler Praise.

Emblems, of Innocence and Love,
 (By which we raise our Thoughts above!)
 That like the purling Riv'let shews,
 The Fountain clear from whence it flows;
 That soothes our Cares, dispels our Fears,
 While Nature all a Calm appears.

A DIALOGUE between a MASTER and his
SCHOLAR, on FISHING.

Mast. **W**HY Billy, you are a strange un-
toward Boy, if I could bring you
to be as fond of your Book as you
are of your Play, I should have some hopes of
making you a Scholar; but while you are so
fond of Rambling, I am afraid I never shall.

Schol. I have only been walking down by the
River-side, with my Angle-rod, *Sir*, and while
the Fish were sporting in the Water, I threw in
my Bait and Hook, and took a few small Gud-
geons, but I think I shall not be fond of going
a Fishing again.

M. Why, was you in any Danger of being
drowned, or do you think your Success bad?

Schol. No, *Sir*, I was not in any Danger, and
as to my Success, I think, I have had as much,
or more, than I should wish for, if I were to go
again; for I can't but think it Pity, and am
sorry to destroy those pretty Creatures.

M. Why so Child, don't you suppose they, as
well as other Creatures, were created for the Use
of Man, and are they not a Part of our Food, has
not the God of Nature, the King of the Universe,
given Man a Dominion over the Creatures?

Schol. But I did not want these poor little
Creatures to feed upon, or satisfy my Hunger,
and therefore, I am afraid, I can't answer destroy-
ing their Lives, to make myself Diversion; for I
remember, *Sir*, you have several Times told
me, I must never put any of God's Creatures
to Pain to make myself Sport.

M.

M. Why *Billy*, this is all very true, and I am always pleas'd to see the Principles of Humanity growing in young Minds. A disposition of Cruelty, to our Fellow-creatures, or even to the meanest Insect in the Creation, is what I would wish you always to avoid; there is not the least Question to be made but that every Creature can feel Pleasure and Pain, and many perhaps in a more intense Degree than either you or I should do; for it is observ'd by Naturalists, that *Spiders*, *Flies*, and *Ants*, have the Sense of Feeling in a much greater Perfection than Men. And *Pliny* says, that several Animals, as *Oysters*, and *Earthworms*, which are thought to have no other Sense, yet have this of Feeling; and if so, 'tis much better, and more humane, not to add to any of their Infelicities of Life, but more especially so, where it is done for Sport and Wantonness, as it is a Means to promote Habits of Cruelty and Folly. I am glad to find what I have said to you upon this Subject, has had so good an Effect upon you; you must always endeavour to cherish the Principles of Humanity, Love, Peace, and Benevolence, if ever you expect the Love and Regard of either God or Man. You see Instances daily amongst your School fellows, that are fractious and turbulent, and promoting Quarrels upon every little trivial Occasion, that those that are above them, and out of their Power, always hate and despise them, and those that are below them, often fear them, but never love them.

Schol. We have a very remarkable Instance

of this, *Sir*, in a Boy, that is Son to a Servant of my Father's, he robs all the poor Birds of their young Ones that he can find in the Neighbourhood; and seems to take Delight in the Cries and Lamentations the old Ones make, when they find themselves robb'd of their all, which to me appears so brutal a Temper, that I am ashamed and afraid to keep him Company; for tho' I am fond of the young Ones, I never took any from the old Ones without Reluctance, and when they have followed me with their Cries, have carried them back, and delivered them again into the Possession of their fond Parents, and must own I have felt more Pleasure and Satisfaction for returning one back to its Owner, than in all I have ever taken away or destroy'd.

M. This, Child, is no more than the natural Consequence of a humane Temper and Disposition, and such a One, as if carefully observ'd and cherish'd, will not only tend to make you a good and useful Member of Society, and such as every one will esteem and love, but will render you (in some degree) like the Father of the Universe, who is daily shedding his benign Influences upon his Creatures all around him.

I might justly remark to you, how readily these poor innocent Creatures, the Fishes, take the Baits you so artfully prepare for them, by which all their Happiness with their Lives is destroy'd; and from whence it will be easy to infer, how subject unthinking Youth is to catch at the destructive Baits and Snares laid for him, by the great Enemy of Mankind, the destroyer of Souls; and

and if so, 'tis surely our highest Interest, not only to be continually upon our Guard, and to watch against every Temptation to Sin, but to cultivate every Habit of Virtue upon our Minds, as Love to God, Good-will and Benevolence to our Fellow-creatures, as these alone can render us amiable both to God and Man.

A MORAL SONG on FISHING.

I.

WITH neither Care nor Fear oppress'd ;
 E'er *Sol* doth gild the Skies ;
 The Youngster quits his Place of Rest,
 And to the River flies !

II.

He leaves the Sluggard doz'd in Sleep,
 To meet the welcome Day ;
 And trace the Wonders of the Deep,
 Where Shoals of *Fishes* play.

III.

He gently casts his *Hook* and *Fly*,
 And on the Bank doth wait,
 Till some amongst the little Fry,
 Seize the destructive Bait.

IV.

Thrown from the Element, alas !
 Their Natures all require ;
 They tofs and leap upon the Grass,
 And by-and-by expire.

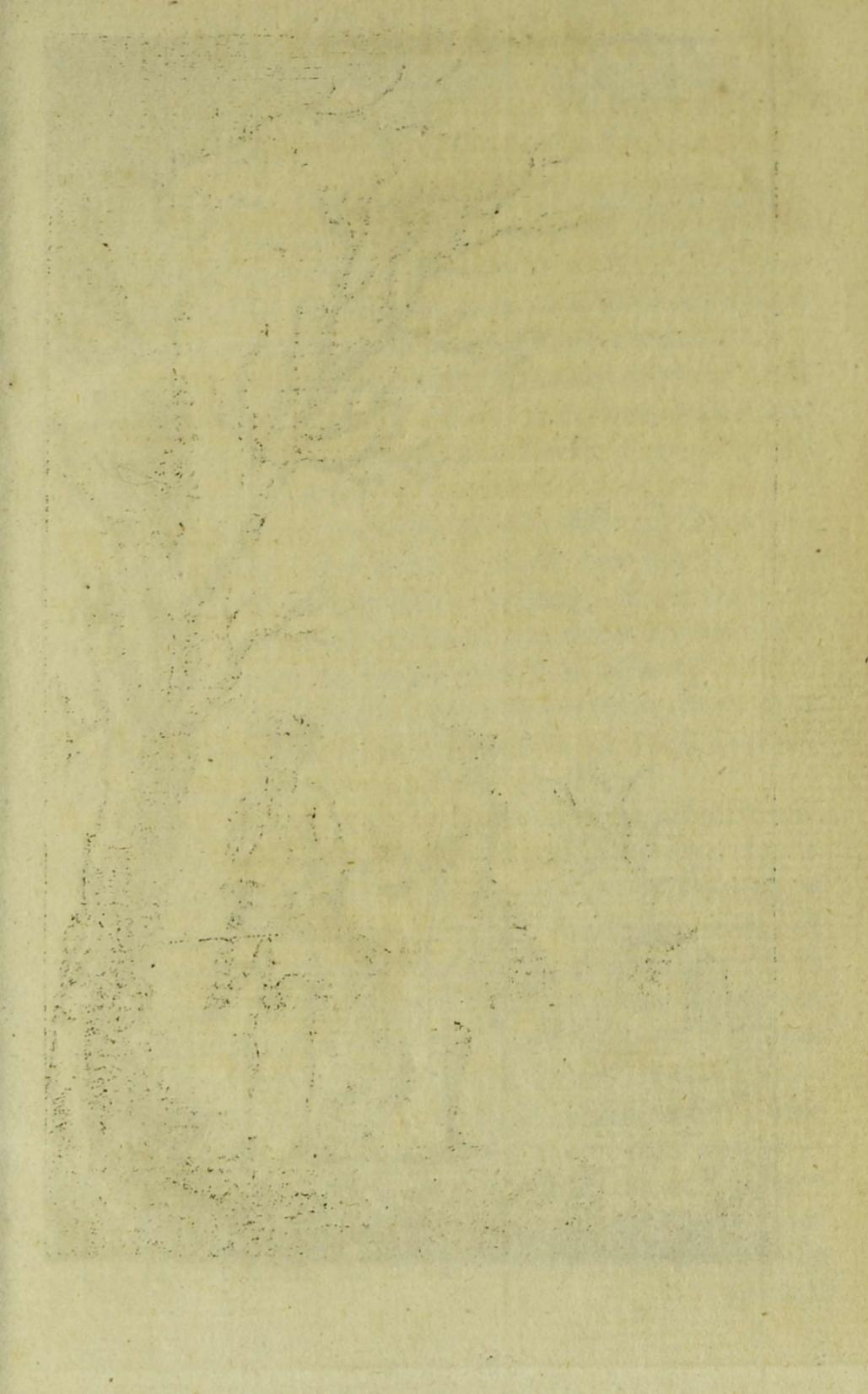
V.

An Emblem of unthinking Youth,
 This to the Mind recalls,
 Who deviates from the Ways of Truth,
 And into Ruin falls.

VI.

So from the Glade, the Wild-Duck springs,
 And gently speeds her Way,
 And by her wet incumbred Wings,
 Becomes the Fowlers Prey.







A DIALOGUE on FOWLING, *between* BILLY
and his elder Brother CHARLES.

Billy. I Am surpris'd Brother, you can take a
Pleasure in these Acts of Cruelty!—
'Tis true, you have destroy'd a Brace of the
most beautiful Creatures, one of whose Feathers
you cannot by all your Art form or create.

Char. I think Brother, I have a great deal
more Right to destroy them, than you have im-
pertinently to reproach me for it; pray what
were they made for?

Billy. Not to indulge you in Acts of Cruelty!
I apprehend, God made them for higher and
more valuable Purposes; at least, I am sure he
never gave you an authority to take away their
Lives, merely to make yourself *Sport!*

Char. Why, don't every *Sportsman* do it, that
takes a Pleasure in the Exercise of such lawful
Diversions as Shooting, and the like?

Billy. By the same Rule, you might find Rea-
sons for doing many Things that it wou'd be much
more prudent to let alone; and tho' this perhaps
may be lawful, yet I think there is innocent
Amusements enow to be found in which there is
less Cruelty, and where no poor innocent Crea-
ture needs be bereav'd of its Life; for tho' we
may have a Power over the Lives of the Crea-
tures, I am so much a Friend to Acts of Huma-
nity and Benevolence, that I would deny my-
self the satisfaction of the best of Meats sooner
than be oblig'd like a *Jew* to butcher the poor
Creatures with my own Hands even to supply
myself

myself with Food, and much less to make myself Diversion, at an Expence so dear to them.

Char. From your own Reasonings, Brother, you seem to admit this is lawful; and if so, I think there's not any just Objection to be brought against it; for pray how are the Lives of such Numbers of People in the World to be supported, without the Destruction of those Creatures that God has given us for our Support?

Billy. God has given us a Variety of Vegetables, as well as Animals, for the Support of Life, and such as are perhaps more suitable to the Habits and Make of our Bodies; and we may frequently observe those People that live on little else, enjoy as large a Share of Health, and often more so, than those that feed upon what we esteem a more solid Diet.

You'll please to remember, who has told us, *There's Things Lawful that are not Expedient*; but admitting them Lawful as you suppose, for the same Reason, as I would not turn Hangman to execute a Criminal condemn'd by the Laws of my Country, so neither would I indulge those Acts of Cruelty, Butchery and Inhumanity, that generally grow upon Persons, that accustom themselves to embrue their Hands in Blood; as they are so much opposite to that Benevolence and Humanity, that I would always wish to Cultivate and Cherish.

Char. I am sorry Brother, to find this old musty Fellow at *Nottingham*, has fill'd your Head with so many whimsical Notions; you had none of these before you were under his Tuition.

Billy.

Billy. Surely Brother, you'll not venture to call Humanity, Benevolence, and a friendly Disposition towards every Creature God has made, that is capable of feeling Pleasure and Pain, whimsical Notions, ! 'Tis true, my Master has taken a great deal of Pains to inculcate Principles of this sort upon my Mind, and I can't but think it my Duty to pay a Deference and Regard to him: He has frequently told me it is cruel to bereave any Creature of Life, to make myself Sport and Pastime; and I am persuaded Brother, if you'd think deliberately and impartially, you'd be of the same Mind, for I imagine you'll allow there may be *Beings* in the Creation, as many Degrees above us, as we are above the Fowls of the Air; and if so, you'd think it hard, that even these superior *Beings* should sport away our Happiness, and perhaps our Lives too! and would have a much higher opinion of them, if they were to treat you in a more friendly and benevolent Way; and surely such a Disposition must much more resemble the great Author and giver of Life.

If Diversion is all you want, you may find a variety of innocent Amusements, without ruining and destroying the Happiness of those Creatures, that have the same Dependence upon Providence for their Lives and Support, as you and I have; if God regards the Cries of the young *Ravens*, 'tis not unreasonable to believe he never neglects any of his Creatures, in whatever Rank of *Being* he has plac'd them.

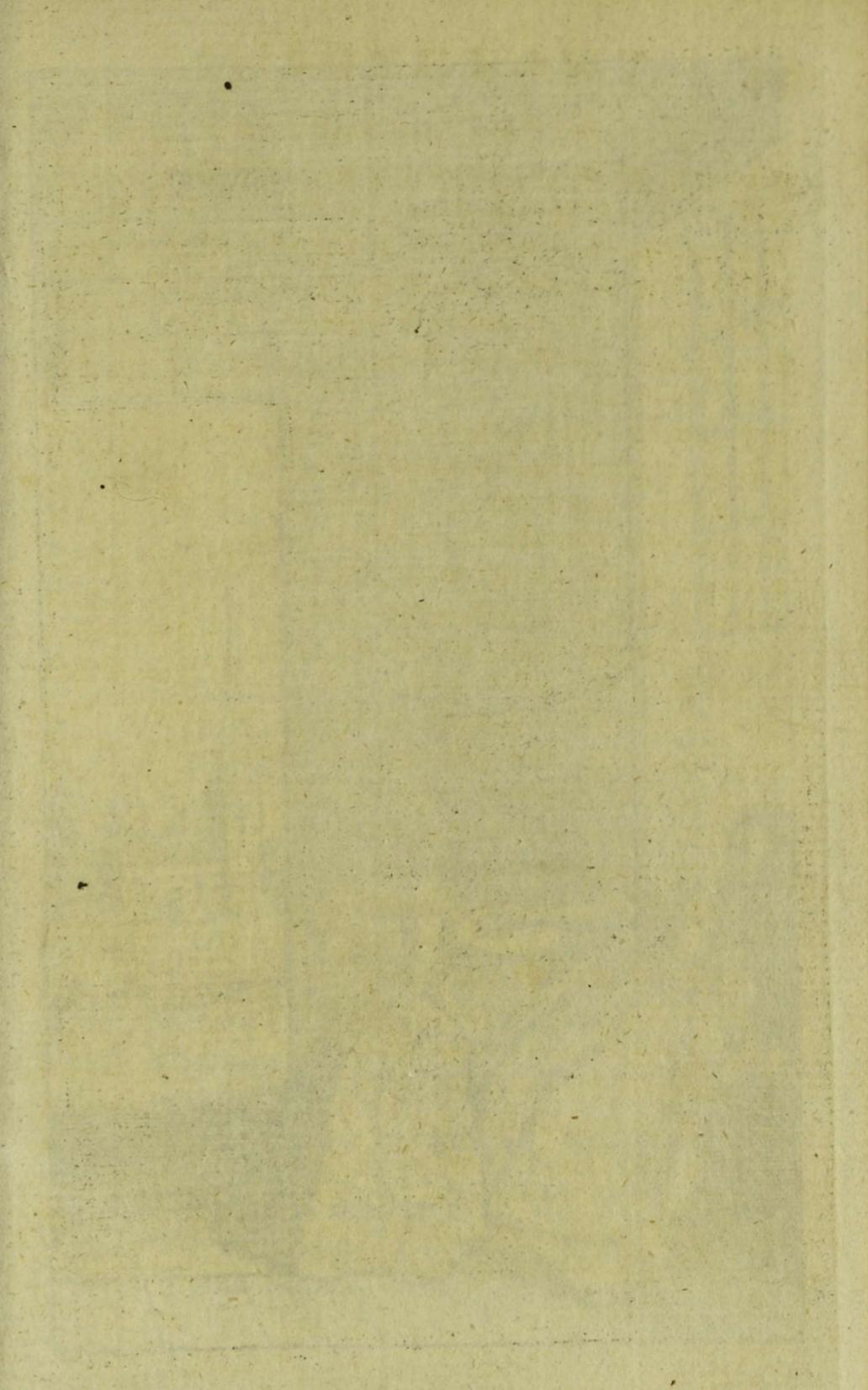
On the WOOD-COCK.

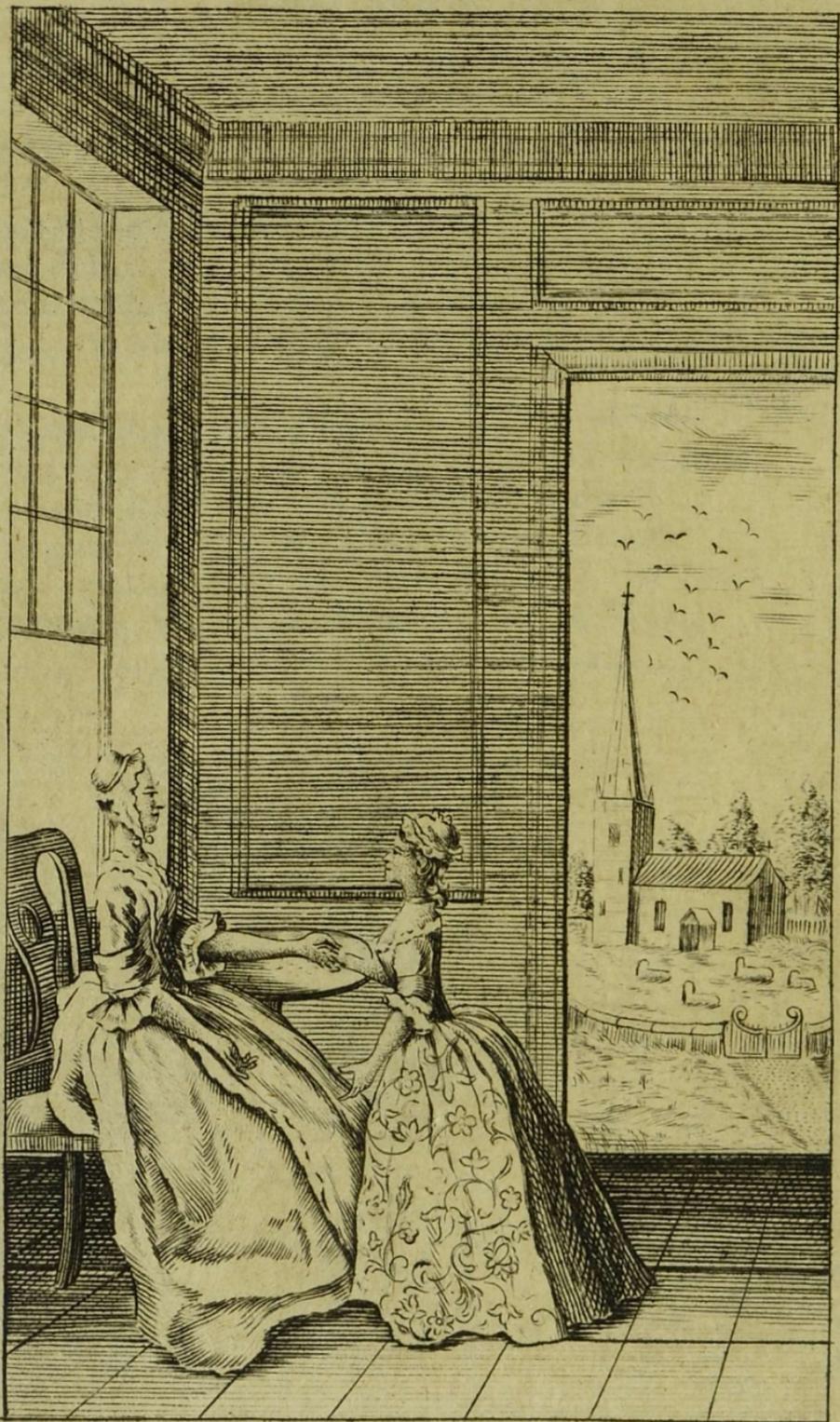
WHILE Hails descend, and Winds tempestuous blow ;

And distant Fields are cover'd o'er with Snow ;
In shady Coverts, near some purling Rill,
Nor distant far from some exalted Hill,
She seeks her Food : The Sportsman soon decrees,

Rover shall spring her thro' the spreading Trees ;
He fires his Piece during her wild Surprize,
And here alas ! she unexpected dies !
Before she did the fatal Danger dread,
By random Shot, is number'd with the dead.
Thus to voracious Man, she falls a Prey ;
Who sports a Life of Innocence away.







A DIALOGUE between POLLY and her
MAMMA, on DEATH.

Mamma. WELL Polly, where have you been
rambling?

Polly. I have been walking in the Church-
yard, *Mamma*, and reading the Verses upon the
Grave-Stones till I think I am almost tir'd!

Mam. But your Eyes look red Child, what
have you been crying for?

Polly. Why *Mamma*, I saw several Graves
that must have been made for Children that
were about my Size, and are now very probably
reduced to Dust; and I could not help reflect-
ing with myself, that this might have been my
Case as well as poor *Miss Gardener's*, the Sight
of whose Grave (as one of my dear Play-fellows)
drew Tears from my Eyes pretty plentifully.

Mam. But my Dear, you should rather have
acknowledged the distinguishing Mercy and
Goodness of God, that when he sent that griev-
ous Distemper the *Small-Pox*, under which poor
Miss Gardener languished, groaned and died,
he did not at the same Time, and by the same
terrible Disease, call you to the dark Regions
of the Grave! as he hath Power to do, my
Dear, whenever he pleases; he can arm Death
with a thousand Darts, and reduce his Creatures
to Dust, by various unforeseen Accidents and
Distempers.

Polly. Pray *Mamma*, what do those two Latin
Words *Memento Mori*, which I observed upon
several Tomb-Stones, mean?

Mamma.

Mam. Why those Words Child, have no Relation to the sleeping Dust, but are design'd as an Admonition to the Living; and to such little Girls as you, while you are playing in the *Church-yard*, and trampling on the Dead, to tell you, that you must *remember Death*; and considering how apt we are to forget that momentous Hour, 'tis necessary we should all of us be often reminded of it.

Polly. 'Tis very melancholly *Mamma*, to think of it, as it parts us from all our dear Friends, and from every Delight and Pleasure, and reduces us to Food for Worms, to Rottenness and Dust! For my Part, I should think it were better to forget it, than to make Life unhappy by frequently thinking on a Subject so disagreeable, and something we have not a Power to prevent!

Mam. 'Tis not reasonable, *Polly*, that you or I should have a Power of preventing, what that God that gave us Life and Being has decreed for us, and for all the human Race; don't you remember what your Bible tells you, that 'tis appointed for all Men once to die? and surely, he that made us knows best how to dispose of us, and what Time is fittest for our State of Tryal here! And you may farther remember, that the Judge of all the Earth will do right; he that made us and brought us first into Being, has surely a Right to dispose of us as he pleases; and 'tis our very great Happiness, that we are at the Disposal, not only of a Being of infinite Power and Wisdom, but of a gracious, benevolent, and merciful GOD, that is willing to bestow

Happiness

Happiness upon all his Creatures, that act consistent with the reasonable Powers he has given them, and are not wilfully disobedient to his Laws. Consider Child, that your thinking of Death is not design'd to make you unhappy, but quite the contrary; they that often think of it, are most likely to prepare for it, by not committing any of those Sins and Iniquities, that will make them afraid of Dying: The Child that is disobedient to its Parents, that steals, tells Lies, or is guilty of any bad Actions, is not only afraid, but ashamed to be brought into their Presence, either to implore their Pardon, or to be punish'd for his Crimes! And is it not a thousand times worse, to die in your sins, and be brought into the presence of God, and there to be sentenced to Punishment and Misery? For tho' God is merciful, he is nevertheless just; and will certainly appoint such a Degree of Punishment to all his rational Creatures that die without Repentance, and Remission of their Sins, by the Blood of his Son *Christ Jesus*, as is the exact Demerit of their Iniquities. If you often think of Death, you'll be afraid of Sin, as it is that alone that can make you unhappy in Dying. The Honest, the Faithful, and the Good, (such as I hope your Playfellow was, that you have so much lamented the Loss of,) have nothing to fear; they enter upon a State of Rest unknown to us, and shall at the great Day of Resurrection, have their happy Souls re-united to their new raised Bodies; and enter upon a State of everlasting Happiness, in the Society of God, the holy Angels, (and as
the

the Scripture tells you) the Spirits of the Just that are made perfect.

Polly. When you talk of the Resurrection *Mamma*, it seems mighty strange to me, how all the scattered Dust, that has been dispers'd from Place to Place, and all those rotten Bones, that are quite lost and gone, and perhaps have been so for many hundred Years, should all be brought together, and every Part united into its proper Place, as I have often been told they will.

Mam. This, Child, is quite beyond your Comprehension or mine, but the same God, who had a Power to form and create us at first, and who breath'd into us the Breath of Life, by which we became living Souls, has certainly a Power of doing this. And as our blessed Redeemer *Christ Jesus* is become the first Fruits of them that slept, (as your Bible tells you) so certainly at the last Day, he will by his Almighty Power, awake all the sleeping Dead; in order to demonstrate in the face of the whole World, the Equity of his Proceedings, when the Wicked shall be sentenc'd to Misery, and the Just and Faithful, shall be receiv'd into Mansions of Happiness, where they shall be for ever with the Lord.—Thus, *Polly*, you see what Encouragement you have, to pray often to God for his Grace, to support you against Temptations; and to use your utmost Endeavours to live continually in his fear, and do nothing that may offend him; if you do this, you'll always have a Happiness in view, that will support you against the Fears of Dying.

See

See that you are a good Girl, and behave well, and remember the Verses which were wrote upon the Death of poor Miss *Gardener*.

On the Death of a CHILD.

THE tender Branch now cold as Clay,
The lovely Cheeks turn'd pale and wan,
The happy Spirit flown away,
An Emblem of the State of Man!

The pleasing Views, the busy Powers,
That crowd the Thoughts by Night and Day,
Now to a World more bright than ours,
A World of Light, are flown away.

Peaceful Regions, free from Strife,
Encircled round with lasting Joys,
Will raise the Blifs of future Life,
And crown the Faithful and the Wife.

This Scene will soon appear in View,
This Secret *Polly*, you must try!
May friendly *Angels* wait on you,
Up to the Realms of Blifs and Joy.



A DIALOGUE between ROBIN and his
MOTHER, on DEFORMITY.

Moth. YOU are very grave *Robin*, what's the Matter with you, are you ill? you don't use to droop in a Corner!

Rob. I am very well *Mamma*, but I should be glad if you'd let me go to the same School that my Brother *Jack* goes to.

Moth. You are not fit for it yet Child, when you are fit for your Grammar 'tis Time enough for that. But pray, why do you want to change your Master? I suppose he has corrected you for some of your rude Tricks, for I can see by your Eyes you have been Crying; Pray, what's the Matter; if your Master has us'd you Ill, or given you any undue Correction let me know, and if I judge it necessary, I shall have no Objection to removing you; but I expect the whole Truth from you, if I find you prevaricate and tell Lies, I shall take care to see you properly punish'd for it myself.

Rob. I assure you *Mamma*, I'll tell you nothing but the Truth, for I think my Crime did not deserve the severe Punishment my unmerciful Master gave me; for I had not robb'd any Body, nor call'd any bad Names, nor neglected my Books; I was only laughing at a foolish Country Boy, that's lately come to our School!

Moth. Well, but pray what had this Boy done, that caus'd you to Laugh at him?

Rob. Why *Mamma*, he has crooked Legs, a hump Back, and I remember seeing just such a
Figure

Figure in the beginning of my *Æsop's Fables*, and I only call'd him the little crooked Philosopher, for when I saw how much he resembled the Picture, I could not help laughing at him, as well as several of the other Boys did.

Mo. Fie fie, *Robin*, I thought you had been better acquainted with the Rules of Decency, and good Manners, than to have been guilty of such a Piece of Rudeness? a Rudeness not only against your School-fellow, but an Impeachment of the Wisdom of God: Don't you know that the same God that created you with an upright Body, and straight Limbs, created and form'd this poor crooked Boy, that you laugh at, and despise! And that if he had thought fit, he could have made you crooked and him strait; and pray, let me ask you, suppose that had been the Case, would you have been pleas'd with him if he had scorn'd and insulted you, for a natural infirmity of your Body, which was not in your Power to prevent? I am quite ashamed of you, *Robin*, and if your Master had not punished you severely for such a Behaviour, I would certainly have removed you, but he has now laid me under too great an Obligation to do that, by punishing you for a Crime, that ought not to be forgiven—Come, don't cry, but let me hear of no more such rudeness.

Rob. If you please to forgive me, *Mamma*, and not acquaint my *Pappa* with it, I'll never make game at any Body any more.

Mo. You must be polish'd, *Robin*, as *Mrs. Atham's* Jewels were.

Rob. How's that, *Mamma*?

Mo. Why, did you never hear the Story ?

Rob. No, not that I remember.

Mo. Why soon after the Marriage of Lord *Bryson*, to Lady *Weston*, Mrs. *Altham*, then living in the Neighbourhood, went to pay her a Visit, and among other Curiosities, Lady *Weston*, gave her a Sight of her fine Collection of Jewels, which are said to be valu'd at upwards of thirty Thousand Pounds ; a fine Diamond Necklace, a curious Pair of large Ear-rings set in Gold, several Diamond Rings for the Fingers, of different Cuts, all beautifully set and polish'd, by the finest Hands in *Europe*. Mrs. *Altham*, was greatly oblig'd by so fine a Sight, you may suppose ; and told her in a pleasant Way, if she'd honour her with a Visit, she thought, she could shew her as valuable a Collection ; Lady *Weston*, was very much surprized, knowing that Mr. *Altham* was a Man of but small Fortune, not above four or five hundred Pounds a Year, whereas, Lord *Bryson*, had upwards of fifteen thousand—Lady *Weston*'s Curiosity was very much rais'd, and she told her, she would do herself the Pleasure of waiting on her in a few Days ; which she accordingly did, but was much more surpriz'd to find so little appearance of Gaiety in the Furniture of her Apartments, where every Thing was plain, but clean and neat. After the usual Compliments were pass'd on both Sides, Lady *Weston* claims Mrs. *Altham*'s Promise, upon which Tea being brought into the Room, Mrs. *Altham*'s eldest Daughter, dress'd very neat, but plain, waited on the Tea-table ; Lady *Weston* seem'd exceed-

exceedingly pleas'd with her Behaviour, she was tall, and well shap'd, and about seventeen, she was of a sweet Temper, extremely modest and obliging: The Tea-table was no sooner remov'd, but her two youngest Sisters came in, with each of them a Piece of plain Work, for their Mother's Approbation; Lady *Weston* had no sooner done admiring the Decency, and pretty Behaviour of these two younger Sisters, but a little Boy, about eight Years of Age, enters the Room, in a genteel Dress, bowing to the Ladies, and being just return'd from School, answered his Mother several little Questions very pertinently, and then with a Bow, withdrew; Lady *Weston* admiring the agreeable Behaviour of four such beautiful Children, ask'd Mrs. *Altham* how many more she had? She told her, she had two little rude Boys more, but they were quite unpolish'd; she however, desir'd they might be brought in, when the Nurse was immediately call'd, and brought one by the Hand, and the other in her Arms; Lady *Weston* was exceedingly pleas'd at the Sight of six beautiful Children, whose Minds seem'd form'd to Obedience, and whose pretty Dispositions and Behaviour, was sufficient to recommend them to the nicest Observer of the Rules of Decency and good Manners.

Well Madam, says Mrs. *Altham*, as I had the Honour a few Days ago of viewing your Collection of Jewels, I have now shewn you mine, and should be glad of your Ladyship's Sentiments, which you esteem the most Valuable; I have been at some Pains in polishing the four Eldest

and hope as the other two grow capable of Instruction, I shall succeed as well with them.

Why really *Madam*, reply'd *Lady Weston*, I was never in all my whole Life more agreeably deceived; nor would the Sight of all the Jewels in the Universe have given me a greater Pleasure! I assure you, I can with a great Deal of Satisfaction acquit you, and shall always be ready to own, that Mrs. *Altham's* collection of Jewels, is of ten thousand times the Value of mine.

Now *Robin*, do you imagine, that little Master *Altham* would have been guilty of the Indecency and Rudeness of treating any of his School-fellows, as you have done this Country Boy? Or, do you suppose his *Mamma*, would have pass'd by such a Breach of good Manners, in any of her Children, without shewing a proper Resentment?

By this Lady's estimate, you see *Robin*, what a Value is put upon good Children, that fear God and are obedient to their Parents and Tutors; let this be an Example to you, and if you expect to gain the Approbation and Love of your Friends, you must behave with the same Decency and good Manners, that you may observe in Mrs. *Altham's* little Son, whose Age seems very nearly to agree with your own;—but I wish your Behaviour were more consistent.

A P O E M.

BEHOLD the soft, the pleasing Smiles,
That crown the Parents tender Care,
And well reward the early Toils,
Their wise and prudent Conduct share.

When

II.

When Traces of obedient Love,
 In early Dawn of Life appears,
 These oft a sure Foundation prove,
 To crown the Hopes of rising Years.

III.

Each leisure Hour is well employ'd,
 In Grace and Virtue to encrease,
 Nor Indolence, nor fullen Pride,
 Disturb the growing social Peace.

IV.

Their Parents Hopes they'll not defeat,
 By Passion for a Tinsel Dress,
 Appearing modest, plain, and neat,
 Nor Laws of Decency transgress.

V.

No Scorn or criminal Disdain,
 Does e'er their tranquil Minds disgrace,
 But if they give each other Pain,
 A falling Tear, be-dews the Face.

VI.

Such are the little Triflers gay,
 Sweet Objects of our Hopes and Fears,
 That sooth our Thoughts, by Night and Day,
 ———Our Joy or Sorrow centers here.

VII.

Thus Jewels may allure the Sight,
 And charm perhaps, the wond'ring Eye,
 But can't afford that true Delight,
 We from such pleasing Hopes Enjoy.

A DIALOGUE between Miss PATTY and her PAPPA, on the Sagacity of the EWES and LAMBS.

Pappa. YOU have surely taken a long Walk, my Dear, I expected your Return an Hour ago!

Pat. Both *Billy* and I were fearful of disobliging you, *Sir*, or I believe we should not have return'd so soon.

Pap. Why Child, pray what Entertainment did you meet with in the Fields, I fancy it must be something extraordinary, that could fix your Attention long upon any one Object?

Pat. We had a Variety of Objects, *Sir*, but none pleas'd us so much, as those pretty little sporting innocent Creatures the *Lambs*; I believe we saw twenty or more of the *Ewes*, so exactly alike, that we could not discern any difference either in their Colour, Size, or Voice; tho' we plainly perceiv'd their *Lambs* could! At which we could not help wondering, and being surpriz'd, that the little Creatures should be able to single out their Dams from twenty or thirty *Ewes*, that so nearly resembled each other; for we could observe, when they were playing at a distance from them, that as soon as any of their Voices were heard, the tender *Lambs* would post away, and each single out its Dam from the rest of the bleating Herd; who no sooner perceives its Necessities, than each presents its young with the Teat, as tho' like a tender Nurse she was well acquainted with its Wants, and gave it a friendly
Call

Call at a Time she judged would be most convenient for its Nourishment and Support.

One of these little Creatures we observ'd seem'd to want the Call, some of the rest had just before receiv'd, by its mournful Bleats, and forsaking the rest of its pretty Companions; but no sooner does the trembling Complaint reach the indulgent and attentive Ear of the parent Ewe, who happen'd at that Time to be feeding at a considerable Distance, but she in the most anxious and affecting Tone, (such as we imagine its young well understood) returns her bleating Answer, upon which the infant Lamb, immediately runs and seizes upon the Relief, that Nature and Providence had so wisely provided for its Subsistence. A third hastily runs for Succour to one to whom it happen'd not to belong, this refus'd it her Milk, but how soon was the Mistake rectified! For no sooner does its real Parent, who was then mix'd among the Herd, give a single Bleat, but it immediately knows her Voice, and singles her out from forty or fifty more, where she is distinguished by all the Marks of a fond indulgent Parent.

Pap. Why, I must own *Patty*, this is very wonderful, and I am a good deal pleas'd with the pretty Remarks and Observations you have made; but pray, can you guess from whence this Knowledge in these little Creatures arises?

Pat. I imagine, *Sir*, 'tis something that God has implanted in their Natures, but I could wish to be better inform'd, and have been the more particular in my Relation, of what we observ'd, in hopes of receiving some farther Information from you.

Pap.

Pap. In this, as in various other Parts of the Creation, my Dear, you may observe the surpassing Wisdom and Goodness of the God of the Universe, the great Creator of the seen and unseen Worlds, in his having endued these Creatures with such natural faculties and dispositions, as in a very great Degree surpass the Understandings of mortal Men, and a Perception, that in many Instances appears like certain degrees of Rationality, such as seem absolutely necessary to their own Preservation, Support and Well-being.

If you follow any of this Species of Creatures thro' the flowery Fields and Meads, you'll never observe them making choice of those noxious Weeds, and poisonous Plants for their Food, that would destroy their Healths or Lives: Nor drinking of those impure Streams, that would procure the like sad Effect; but on the contrary, Feeding upon what is suitably adapted by Providence to their Natures; and never to any Excess, but with Appetites of Temperance, that may justly shame those that lay claim to much superior degrees of Rationality.

By eating and drinking no more than Nature requires for its Support, you find these as well as all other Creatures, that don't exceed the Bounds of Temperance, are less subject to diseases of Body; they are seldom sick, or disordered from any of the Causes from whence the human Race, I am afraid, may often sustain Inconveniencies, even to a Degree that may not only shorten Life, but justly merit the dreadful Name of Self-murder—Thus you see Child, what Lessons of

Temperance

Temperance may be learned, even from our Herds and Flocks, to which I might add Lessons of *Love* and *Humanity* too.

Pat. Why really *Pappa*, I think there seems to be a more friendly Disposition amongst those lovely Creatures, than is often found amongst Mankind; for we never see them abuse their Young, as many Women do their Children, nor do we find them neglected and deserted, as we find many poor Children are by their Parents, who instead of endeavouring to preserve their Innocence, and bestow a suitable Education on them, by cultivating in their Minds the Knowledge and Love of *God*, the Principles of *Religion* and *Virtue*, we often find them influenced by their Parents bad Examples, to cheat, swear, lie, and break the Sabbath. How often have I heard little Creatures, almost as soon as they could speak, curse, swear, and take the Lord's Name in vain, and their Parents take no Manner of Care to restrain, or teach them better.

Pap. That is a lamentable Case, *Patty*, and such as I am afraid, will one Day bring the Weight of God's Judgments upon too many Parents, that now make light of it. How few Children do we find duly instructed in the Art of governing their own Passions, in Love, Humility, Temperance, Sincerity, and those other moral Virtues, that would render them amiable in the Eyes of God and Man.

Pat. The Flocks and Herds, *Pappa*, may shame a great many Parents, who have it in their Power to provide well for their Families, but neglect them

them and spend that Money in Liquor, and other uselefs Extravagancies, that would cloath their Families decently, and afford them such Educations as might probably prevent a great many unhappy Consequences, in their future Lives.

Pap. Your Observations, my *Dear*, are very just, and we might trace the divine Wisdom and Goodness a great deal farther, by considering the great Variety of suitable Provision he has prepar'd for the animal, as well as the rational World. The tender infant *Lamb*, is brought forth with a Cloathing of Wool, sufficient to fence it from the chilling Frosts, and other Inclemencies of the Air, and is in a few Hours after its Birth, able to follow its Dam, and screen itself from a Variety of Injuries that it's liable to, both from *Beasts* and *Birds* of Prey. Another Instance of the *Wisdom* of God, you may observe, appears in the defensive Weapons these Creatures are furnish'd with, I mean their Horns; you see them frequently putting themselves into Postures of Defence, and pushing with their Heads at any thing that offends them, even before they are grown to the Length of an Inch; which is a plain Indication, that these (as well as any other Parts of the Brute Creation,) carry the plain Marks or Impressions about them, of a super-intendant Providence.

Pat. 'Tis very true, *Pappa*, but you have omitted one Thing, I have often wonder'd at, and that is, the natural Sagacity of those little Creatures in seeking their Food; which I have observ'd they will do in a few Hours after they come into the World, and will find the Teat of their Dams without

without any human Aid ! So, that Providence in this instance, seems to have been kinder to them than the human Race, who for Years after they are brought into the World, are unable to help themselves, and without the Assistance of their Parents, or Friends, must inevitably perish.

Pap. The human Race, my *Dear*, are generally Objects of the Compassion and tender Care of more rational Understandings; nor has God left us the least room to impeach his Wisdom and Providence, even in a single Instance; having made sufficient Provision for the Necessities of all his reasonable Creatures, and endued many in the brute Creation with such glimmerings of Foresight and Discretion, as quite surpasses all human Wisdom to account for; we may admire and wonder, but we can't comprehend the superlative Wisdom and Goodness of the great Creator of the Universe; the best of us, (without descending below ourselves) may in these Flocks, behold bright Examples of Innocence and Humility; to which we may justly add, their great usefulness in Life? their Flesh feeds us, their Wool is one of the most useful Parts of our Cloathing, and such as perhaps, no other Part of the Creation can supply us with. I might innumerate a Variety of other Beauties in the Creation, but as I know you are fond of Verse, you'll find some of them sum'd up in the following Poem, with which your Brother and you, may amuse yourselves, when you ramble in the Fields again.

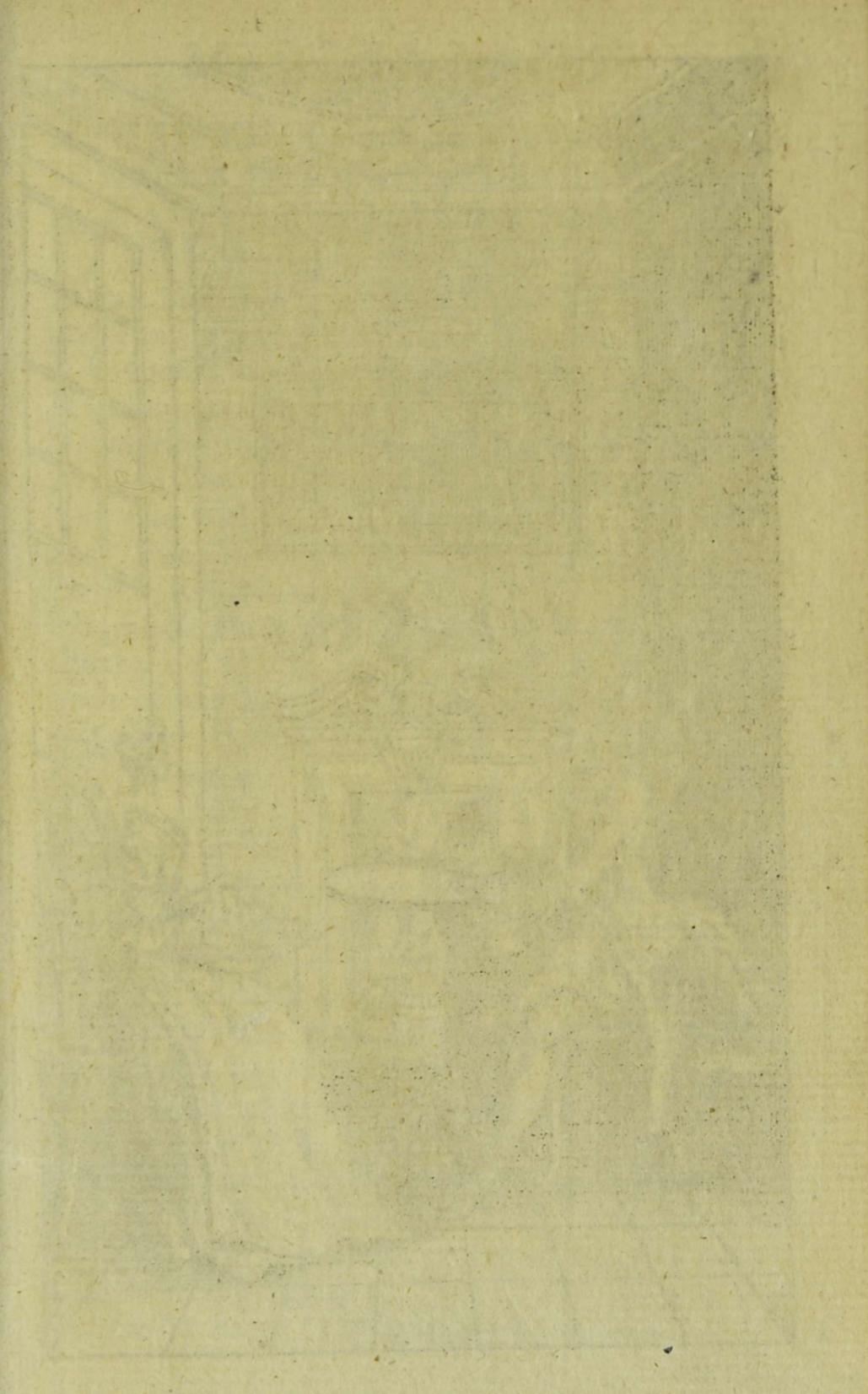
ON A FINE RURAL SCENE.

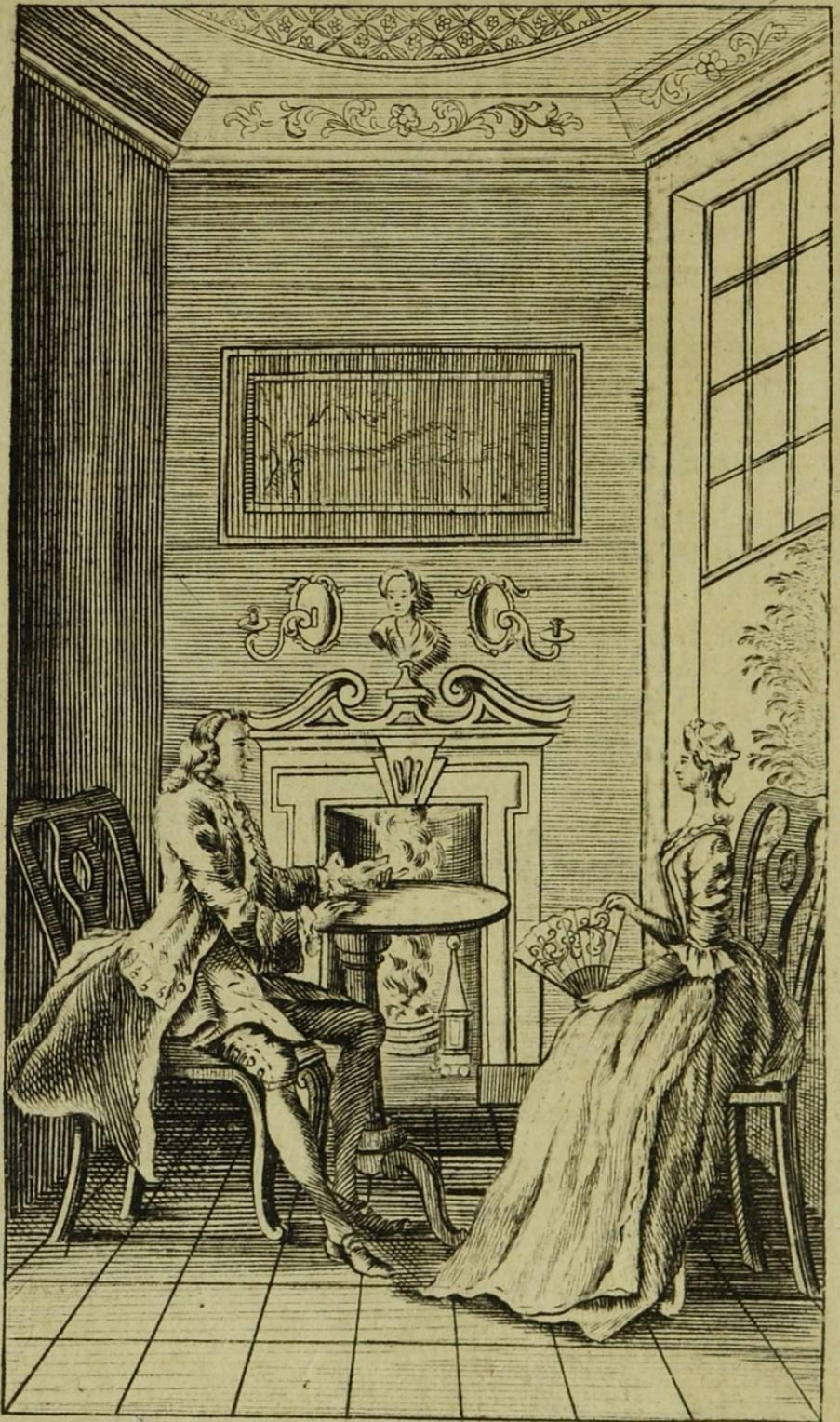
*SWEET Contemplations to pursue,
Behold a rural Scene in View!
The bleating Herds, the lowing Kine,
The tow'ring Oak, the bending Pine!
The Air, from noxious vapours free,
While Squirrels trip from Tree to Tree.*

*Fruits, Herbs and Flowers enrich the Ground,
The Songsters hovering all around,
Do each their various Fruits produce,
Some for Delight, and some for Use.*

*Behold, O Youth, this Scene, and see,
What Blessings, God has given to thee!
With Wonder, view his great Designs,
In which superior Wisdom shines!
Revere his Name, admire his Love,
And raise thy Thoughts to Worlds above.*







A DIALOGUE *between* BELINDA, and her
COUSIN-GERMAN, on DETRACTION.

Cousin. WELL *Belinda*, I hope our new *Cu-
rate* pleas'd you To-day!

Bel. Yes, *Sir*, I apprehend the Gentleman preached a very good Sermon, but I was not in a Disposition to pay the same Attention to his Doctrine, as I fancy I should, if there had been fewer fine Folks at Church, but some People's Air and Drefs will take off one's Attention whether one will or no. Pray *Cousin*, was not that very fine Lady in the yellow Brocade, Miss *Lucy's* Relation from *Exeter*, that the Town has made such a Noise about? I assure you, I can by no Means think her so Agreeable, as some of her Friends endeavour to represent her; as to her Person she's well enough, but she don't seem to have any tolerable Taste for Drefs; I was surpris'd to see how irregular her Hair was curl'd, some Locks quite open, others close, some short, some long; upon the Whole, she made a very odd Appearance, and seem'd to be rather in a Dishabille, than in a polite Drefs; I would not infer any thing Particular, from either the Lady's Behaviour, or Drefs; but I have heard some Things whispered at a certain Tea-table, not much to her Advantage, tho' I am not fond of repeating them, nor should I care to do it, but under the strongest Obligations of Secrecy, as its possible they may not be true, for the same Lady that mention'd them, did not divest her of all Merit; but allow'd she had really some very amiable Qualities.

Cousin.

Cousin. Why really *Belinda*, without supposing me more partial in her favour, than the Ladies generally are to their own Sex, I can't help entertaining a very different Opinion of her, from having several Times had the Pleasure of hearing her represented, as one of the most inoffensive Creatures in the World, and possess'd of a very large Share of good Nature, Humanity, and Benevolence, from People of the best Repute, that are not unacquainted with her real Character. The young Lady may possibly be too much a Stranger here, and the few Acquaintance she has made, may be conscious of her superior Understanding and Merit, which has been an old Motive amongst others, as well as the Fair Sex, for Envy, Detraction, and depreciating the Characters and Reputations of their Neighbours!

Bel. You are growing warm, *Cousin*,—you'll by-and-by tempt me to suspect you Partial indeed, if not to judge from what Principles you are so! But I am sorry if I have offended you, or been guilty of any Indecency against the Character of the Lady, for I never desire to injure any of my Fellow-Creatures; I own, I have not the least Acquaintance with her, and the Account I have received was from common Fame, which is not always productive of Truth.

Cousin. I am sorry a young Lady of your good Education, should act with so little Caution and Prudence, for I rather impute it to a want of one or both of these, than a want of good Nature. I think you said some Things were *whisper'd* to the Lady's disadvantage, notwithstanding the

the Whisperer allow'd she had some good Qualities. Pray give me leave to remark to you, that this is not only one of the most artful, but perhaps, one of the most effectual Ways of gaining sufficient Credit, to ruin our Neighbours Reputation: The Accuser, by a seeming Unwillingness to discover the Secrets he's possess'd of, immediately awakens the Curiosity of his credulous Auditors! Then, under the strongest Promises of Secrecy, (which they'll never refuse him) he has the fairest Opportunity of venting his Malice; and by dark Hints and distant Insinuations, a great deal more is often imagin'd and believ'd, than in strict Terms was spoken: And 'tis observable, whoever receives a Secret of this Kind from one, is generally very fond of delivering it as a Secret to another, and so it passes from Hand to Hand, till it has spread over a whole Town, and Country; and there's too many amongst your Sex, that are so much pain'd in keeping a Secret, that they don't care how soon they are disburden'd of it.—But as the Proverb says, *If there were no Receiver, there would be no Thief.*

You'll excuse me, *Madam*, if I have said too much upon this Subject; but my dear deceased Mother took the greatest Pains in my younger Years, to cultivate the Principles of Humanity and Benevolence on my Mind; and you know she had always the Reputation of one of the best of Women.

Bel. I had always the highest Veneration for your Mother, nor is there any one whose Precepts would tend more forcibly to influence my Conduct,
and

and I could with Pleasure, ask the young Lady's Pardon, for what ever I have said that may detract from her Merit.

Cousin. I am glad to find you are convinc'd of your Mistake, and hope for the future, you'll not give Ear to any reproachful Tales, that may be told by the Malignant, or the Unthinking, to the Disadvantage of those that are both Innocent and Honest. As to your Remarks on the Lady's Person, Dress, and Behaviour, tho' I think you a little Culpable, I choose to pass it over, and impute it to a want of Consideration, and perhaps not sufficiently knowing the World, or rather than displease you, I'll call it Emulation; I'll only observe to you, that it's too low an Employment for rational Minds, to condescend to remark Fashions, and Dress, in Places appointed for worshipping the divine Being; and hope, what I have said upon this Subject, will prevent your indulging any censorious Temper for the future; for I look upon a want of Benevolence to our Fellow Creatures, as one of the highest Instances of Meanness, and where'er its found, is the most certain Criterion of a bad Heart, and a deprav'd Mind. The Charitable and Benevolent, are always Friends; nay, even their Enemies are made their Friends, by this beneficent Disposition! *Augustus* the Roman Emperor, said, "he was sure of his Friends, and therefore thought it Wisdom to shew Kindness to his Enemies, that he might thereby gain their Affections."

Look attentively round you, and behold a variety of beautiful Flowers, observe the different Dye of every blooming Colour; these without the least malignancy in their Dispositions, all grow and flourish upon the same Plot of Earth, each receives its proper Nourishment from the same indulgent Influences of the dropping Clouds, the early Dews, and the Planter's industry! And see if you can find any Thing in this delightful Part of the Creation, that favours of Pride, Cenforiousness, a bad Temper, or a want of universal Benevolence.

Take a View of yonder distant Terrace-walk, where the Fowls are pluming themselves under the shady Trees, in all their gaudy Pride; attend their pleasing different Notes, and see if you can find any thing but Peace, Harmony, and Love amongst them!

Attend to the Voice of universal Nature, where you'll find no Jars or Confusions, but resounding Ecchoes from every quarter, to the Praise of its great Creator.

A P O E M.

*TO him that did the starry Worlds display,
 Let every Creature, staid Homage pay;
 Let thunder Clouds, that float from Pole to Pole,
 With salvo's loud, salute him as they roll;
 Trees that on Earth, in ample order grow,
 The various Fowls above, and Fish below;
 Sun, Moon, and Stars, with vocal Planets sing,
 The Praise of Nature's universal King.*

Impertinent, but as you were pleas'd to talk of their Nourishment by Tubes, Fibres, &c. I from thence concluded, that you had made these pretty Speculations, some part of your Study, and the Amusement of your leisure Hours!

Mam. Well, my Dear, as I find you are possess'd of a little inquisitive Genius, I'll give you a few hints that may perhaps satisfy you, till you are capable of reading what the great *Mr. Boyle* has wrote upon this Subject.

The Earth which you say appears to be the same, is not so, for the different Sorts of Soil, (of which there is a very great Variety,) some more Fertile, others more Barren, some more, some less cultivated and improv'd by Manure, must naturally produce different Juices; which Juices, where their Quantities are small, from the Barrenness of the Soil, often produce single Flowers; when the Soil that has a larger Quantity of Juices, generally produces not only larger, but frequently double Flowers, as appears in the Common, and *Clove-Gilli-Flower*, the *Carnation*, and many others. But when we come to view the Variety, and Beauty of the Colours of the Vegetable Kingdom, we must as reasonable Creatures, and thinking Beings, revere, adore, and admire the great God of Nature! whose Bounty, Beneficence, and Love, all the Creation so largely share. According to the Sentiments of the best Chymists, the Origin, or first Seat of Colours lies in the Sulphur, which all Earth is in some Degree impregnated with; so 'tis from the different degrees of the maturity of the Sulphur, that the difference of Colours

arises

arises; the native Colour of it, resembles Gold; the next Degree, a shining Yellow; which gradually diminishes into Colours of a lower Form, or Degree of Beauty. These mixing in exceeding fine Particles, with the unctious watry humours of the Earth, are with the specific Juices convey'd thro' their proper Ducts; where by the fineness of the Vessels, towards the extremity of the Flower, it receives the benign Influence, and warmth of the Sun, by which it is sublimated, attenuated, and concocted, till it is so far digested, as to receive the beautiful Perfection we behold in it; and the Flower being arriv'd to its full Maturity, you may observe some whose smells are disagreeable, others quite Odeiferous and Pleasant, which is occasioned by their different Qualities, and some say, by the different degrees of Heat; a Subject I shall not at present entertain you with, only as an Instance of each you may observe; that in *Poppies*, and several other Plants of that Kind, they are heady, and a decoction of them, is so far an *Opiate*, that a small Quantity of it, has a tendency to lock up the Senses, and quite stupify the Understanding; while the *Carnation*, on the other Hand, is friendly and amicable to our Natures, affording us those balsamic Sweets, with which we are so much pleased and delighted. But this my Dear, is a subject I am by no means equal to; we may both look around us and behold a Variety of Beauties in the Creation, that we can't at present Comprehend, this may raise our Admiration and Wonder, to see in what a beautiful Situation the God of Nature hath placed us!

But before I conclude I might farther observe to you, that these beautiful Flowers have small Vessels, to convey so much Air for respiration as is necessary to preserve them alive ; and that they are fenced with Barks, and Skins to screen the Juices, by which they are augmented and live, from all the Inclemencies they are liable to, either from Chance or Nature. The Flowers you find embrac'd by Leaves, in order to defend, cherish, and preserve their Fruit, when most tender and in its Infancy, from those Airs and nipping Frosts that hinder their Growth and Maturity.

On the same Bank, you see the Sweet and the Sour, the Restraining and the Purgative Plant ; nay, I might say the *Poison*, and its Antidote, growing in their different forms and various Colours, bearing their different Fruits, some more, some less useful, and beneficial to Mankind ; all serving the different Purposes of the All-wise Creator ; As the Poet justly remarks concerning the different Stations in which God has placed both the Rich and the Poor among Mankind, the same will be found true both in the Animal and vegetable World, from hence it will appear, *he has not made any Thing in vain.*

————— ————— ————— *Wise Providence,*

*Does various Parts for various Minds dispense,
The meanest Slaves, or they who Hedge and Ditch
Are useful, by their Sweat, to feed the Rich :
The Rich, in due Return impart their Store,
Which comfortably feeds the lab'ring Poor.
Nor let the Rich, the lowest Slave disdain,
He's equally a Link of Nature's Chain :*

His

*His End's the same, joins in the self same Views,
And both alike the Will divine pursue.*

Fem. I am exceedingly obliged to you *Mamma*, for the pleasing Information you have given me, but I plainly see it would be endless to trace the Wisdom of the Creator thro' that wonderful variety we behold within the little Circle of our Observation; but how much more so, could our Eyes, or Understandings penetrate into the unseen Worlds!—But *Mamma*, when you tell me God created not any Thing in vain, I sometimes wonder what use *Briers, Thorns, Thistles, and Nettles*, can be of to us.

Mam. A little Reflection my *Dear*, will shew you that these are by no means useless in the Creation; pray consider, how useful these *Briers and Thorns* are to preserve your *Tulips* and all the rest of the *Flowers and Fruits* in the Garden, from being trodden down and spoil'd by the *Cattle* in the Field on the other Side of the Hedge! The *Nettle*, a Plant frequently used in *Medicine*, may by its stinging quality, be preserved from being eaten up by *Beasts*, or destroy'd by *Children*; and *Thistles*, are well known to afford the best sort of *Asbes* when burnt, for making of fine *Glass*! So you see *Child*, you must be cautious in pronouncing any Thing useless that *God* has made, before you are able to prove it is so! *God* always expects us to be modest, and not rudely censure any Part of his *Creation*, tho' we can't immediately comprehend the use of it.

On

On the TULIP, a moral SONG.

I.

THE early Spring the Youth invites,
 Abroad to Sport and Play,
 Amongst the rural gay Delights,
 To pass his Time away.

II.

He rambling moves from Place to Place,
 To view the op'ning Flower,
 While every soft and pleasing Chase,
 Regales the coming Hour.

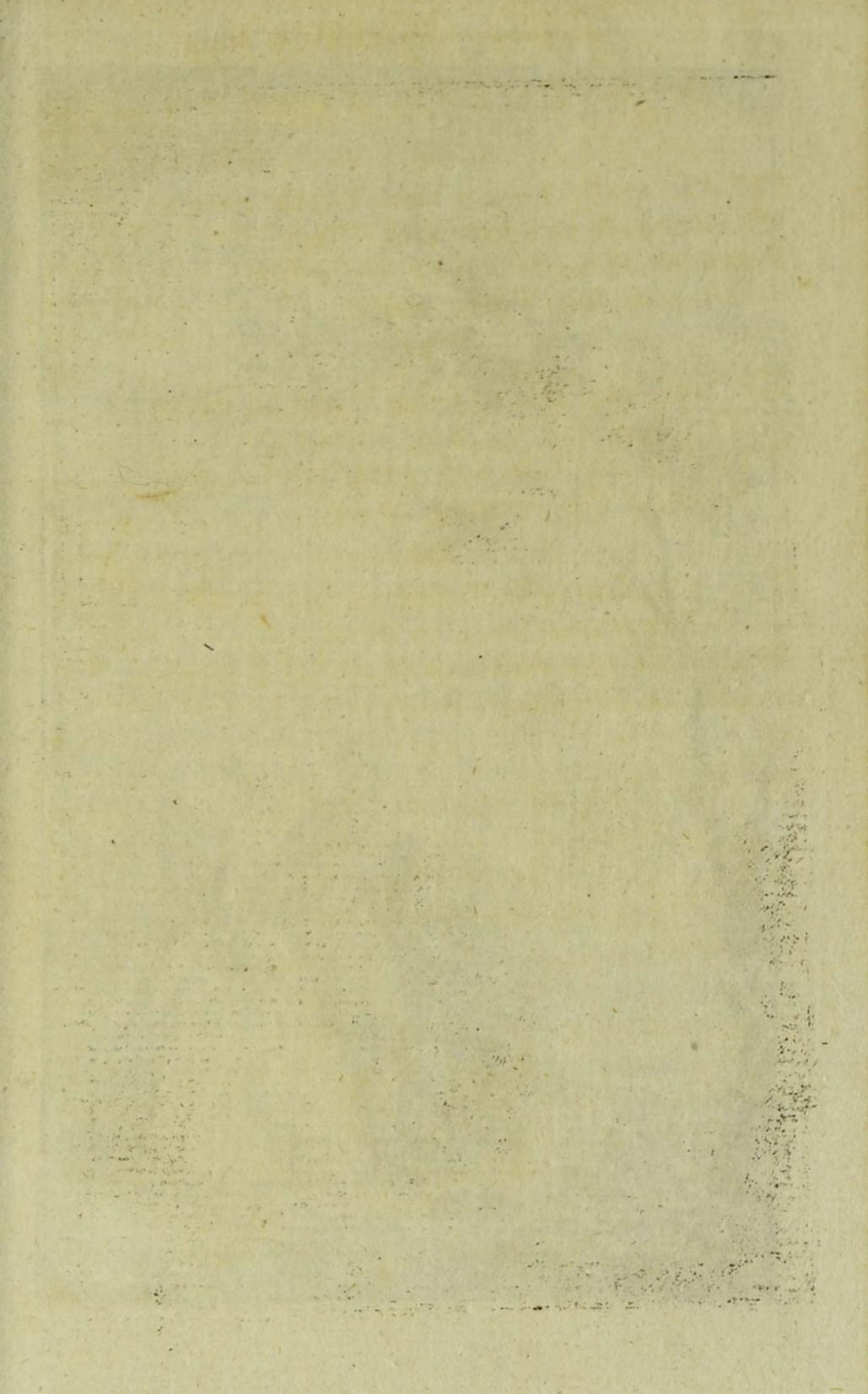
III.

The pleasing *Tulip* charms his Sight,
 With various Colours dy'd,
 While all the different Rays of Light,
 Unfold its gaudy Pride

IV.

By Songsters all around caress'd,
 And free from noisy Strife,
 With peaceful Satisfaction blest,
 He tastes the Sweets of Life.







A DIALOGUE *between* MASTER JOSEPH
and MISS PATTY.

Patty. YOU seem quite lost in Contemplation *Brother!*—If the Subject be a pretty Lady, I fancy it affords you an agreeable Amusement!

Jos. To let you into a secret Sister, the Subject I have been thinking on, is so far from a fine Lady, that it's no other than that of an old Country Cottager; which I imagine you would not choose for the Subject of your Meditation!

Pat. Not without the Old *Don* were very Rich and would bestow a fine Equipage upon me and the Possession of five or ten Thousand a Year, then *Brother* you might perhaps be mistaken.

Jos. Why the Old Cottager I mean, appears to me to be very happy, which is not always the Consequence of being very rich, tho' the Glare of Equipage and Finery dazzles the Eyes, and deceives those that look no farther than you seem to do.

Pat. This is some such snarling old Fellow as *Diogenes* in his Tub, *Plato*, *Seneca*, or some of those musty old Gentry, whose Works I suppose your Tutor has punished you some time or other for Misconstruing!

--When puzzel'd with some orthographical Rule,
You partook of the Discipline us'd in the School.

Jos. A Discipline that might perhaps be very well bestow'd upon some of my Neighbours, Sister! But the Person or rather the Virtues, of honest old *Joseph Andrews* was the Subject I was reflecting

reflecting on! There's something exceeding beautiful in the Sentiments and Conduct of his Daughter *Pamela*, but the Author has drawn in some trifling Things, and spun out the Story to such an intolerable Length, that I can by no Means approve of the whole; but the Character of the *Old Man* is so unexceptionable, that I could almost wish his *Cottage* were converted into an *Academy*, for the Education of the rising Generation!

Pat. And then I suppose *Brother* you'd become a *Pupil* of that *Academy*, from whence we might soon expect as dull and impolite a Race of Animals as the World ever produced; and such as would be despis'd by our more polite Neighbours the *French*, whose Elegancies and Manner of Address, we have so long been copying, at an almost incredible Expence! and without which, I think a Gentleman or a Lady would make but a very mean Figure at a *Ball*, or an *Assembly*.

Jos. Your Observation *Sister* is very just, and whether you mean it so or not, is a very severe Burlesque upon too many of your Neighbours! but I am of Opinion, less Parade and Ceremony, and more Sincerity, would much better become a Christian Nation. I am sorry to find your Taste so much vitiated, and wish all these fine Accomplishments are not too often gained at the Expence of *Prudence* and *Virtue*! To say nothing of the Loss of Time, which surely might be much better employed in forming the Mind, and cultivating the Principles of Morality, or
gaining

gaining some little Acquaintance with any of the liberal Arts and Sciences: than in learning a *French Air*, a Game at *Quadrille*, or where to fix a *Patch* most to the advantage of a *Lady's* Features.

Pat. You are growing quite grave *Brother!* pray let me remind you of the Promise you made us some time ago, of giving us a merry Account of your Ramble thro' the Town the other Day!

Jos. I think *Sister* I have a like claim upon you, and when you have acquitted yourself of that Obligation, *we'll* see what's to be done.

Pat. *Wee, wee, Child!* What do you mean by *wee*?

Jos. O my *Dear*, there's a very large Family of the *Wee's*, that you don't seem to be acquainted with?—There's *wee Parsons*—*Wee Lawyers*—*Wee Doctors*—And *wee Apothecaries*—The *Parson* says, *wee* must pay our *Easter Offerings*—The *Lawyer* says, *wee* must *Traverse* the *Indictment*—The *Doctor* says, *wee* must drink plentifully of *Water-Gruel*—The *Apothecary* says, *wee* must repeat the *Prescription*,—or go to the Congress below. But the merriest of the *wee Family*, is the *Blow-Bellows* of an *Organist*, at a Neighbouring *Church*, whose Master having entertain'd the Congregation after Morning Service, with some very fine *Airs*, cries Master *wee* have play'd delightfully to Day!—*Wee* says the Master, you *Rascal*, what do you mean by *wee*? Dare you that only *blows* the *Bellows* put yourself on the Footing of a *Master of Music*? In the Afternoon the honest *Blow-Bellows* refuses to do

do his Office, on Account of his Master's Treatment of him in the Morning; his Master enquiring the Reason of his Conduct, and ordering him immediately to apply to Business, pray Sir says he shall it be *wee* then?—Thus Child you have an Account of the *Wee's*, and a Specimen of the Vanity of the Family, which I leave you to apply as you think proper—*wee* shall only add, that *wee* went to purchase a *Hat and Feather*.—To saunter an Hour or two in a *Bookseller's* Shop, to buy a *Pamphlet* or two, and an *Ovid's Art of Love*, &c.—The *Gentleman* in recommending the first Commodity says very politely after haranguing on the Fineness of the *Beaver*,—the Scarcity of the Commodity, &c. &c.

The *Feather* Sir, belong'd to a *Bird of Peru!*
Exceedingly Curious, brought o'er by a *Jew*;
I hope you'll be pleas'd, for the *Hat* and the *Feather*,
At least, to allow me *three Guineas* together?

The Demand being so very reasonable you may imagine *we* soon struck a Bargain from whence I trudg'd to the honest *Bookseller's*.

—And so Child it happen'd, while stroling along;
I was terribly jostle'd about by the Throng!
Growing weary, at last I resolv'd to sit down,
And chanc'd to pop in to the *Mirror*,—or *Crown!*
Where scatter'd about on the Counter I saw,
Some Scraps of *Divinity*, *Physick*, and *Law!*
A *Stripling* appears, grown almost to *Man*,
And thus our impertinent Chatter began:

This *Pamphlet* is wrote *Sir*, with Judgment and Spirit,
By an excellent Author of Virtue and Merit,

—This *Sir*, was wrote by an able *Divine*,

Observe *Sir*, his masterly Language, how fine !

—Here's a *Poem* just now from the *Printer* come in ;

—'Twas *Puff'd* I presume in the last *Magazine* !

My Master *Sir*, never descended so low,

Mr. *Cave* I believe knows the Author—or so !

—Here's *London Sir*, wrote in an elegant Style,
That would make the old Satyrift *Juvenal* smile ;

—Here's a *Poem Sir*, wrote by a Country 'Squire.

A *Poem* the *Beaus* seem all to admire !

'Tis now out of print *Sir*,—no doubt but you know !

—Gone perhaps to the *Cheese Monger's* six Months ago !

But pray *Sir* forbear,—no more of your Cant,

For neither of these, is the *Book* that I want,

—Have you a *Book* call'd *Ovid de Arte Amandi*,

A Size for the Pocket,—that's pretty and handy ;

To which with a *Bow* and a *Cringe* he replies,

Here's one *Sir* will please you for *Beauty* and *Size*,

'Tis a charming old *Elxiver* curiously Bound !

Gilt neat on the *Back*, and *Philleted* round :

—No doubt *Sir*, but all that you say may be true,

But pray what's the *Price* ? —I believe it may do ;

—The *Town Sir* I am sure, can't produce such another, }
—Not a *Soil* or a *Blot* from one end to the other, }
A *Crown Sir's* the *Price* ? if it were to my Brother. }

—Not a *Soil* or a *Blot* from one end to the other,

A *Crown Sir's* the *Price* ? if it were to my Brother.

Jos. Now *Miss* I think it's your turn ?

Pat. Sir, I am ever ready to oblige my Friends,
but you must promise neither to *Criticize* nor
Laugh at me, as 'tis one of my first *Essays* of
Mimickry

Mimickry. You'll naturally suppose my Ambition would not rise higher than a fine *Cap*, a *Chints Gown* or a *Hoop Petticoat* !---But to the Point.

—The Draper *Sir*, after a *Cringe* and a *Fawn*,
Cries *Madam*, here's *Cambrick* as fine as a *Lawn* ;

—Here's the finest *Chints* Pattern, you ever have seen,
'Twas design'd, I am told, for an *Indian Queen* !

I have only this one *Madam*, lately brought o'er,
And it's never was shew'd to a *Lady* before !

Some Men that to Honour pay little Regard,
Would sell it I'm sure for *Two Guineas* a Yard.

—Here's *Lace*, says the *Millener*, white as the *Snow*,
Brought over from *Flanders*, but nine Days ago !

A *Fan*, that Dear *Madam*, will grace your white Hand,
May be wore by a *Lady*,—the best in the *Land*.

—But I think the *Bell* rings for *Supper*.
—so fare you well, for I can neither *Dine* nor
Sup on this *Sort* of *Diet*.



Select FABLES.

The Wolf and the Porcupine.

A Wolf asks a Porcupine, why still in Armour,
As if she was Jealous, that some one would
harm her,

Whene'er I come near, your Quills seem to rattle,
As tho' you intended, to charge in a Battle!
I should not have ask'd, had I thought you were
Vicious,

But as you are Honest, pray why so Suspicious?
For surely when Beasts, beareach other Good-will
'Tis odd, to go fortify'd over with Quill!
The Porcupine answers, in spite of your Reason,
Where Wolves are, my Armour is always in
Season.

The MORAL.

*When a Knave is a Friend, we then may divine,
He's certainly hatching some evil Design;
And those of all others, does soonest deceive,
Who are mostly by Nature inclin'd to believe.*

The Monkey and the Cat.

AS Chestnuts in Embers, did roast by a Fire,
A Monkey observ'd 'em, with longing desire,
But how to come near 'em, no Method he saw,
Because he was fearful of burning his Paw!
At last catching hold of a Cat that sat by him,
He pok'd with her Paw, and soon brought 'em
nigh him.

The M O R A L.

*The sly Politician to gain his own Ends,
Makes free with the Instruments, called his
Friends.*

The Gnat and the Bee.

A Gnat almost starv'd, in a forry Condition,
Pretended to be a most skilful Musician ;
He comes to a *Bee-Hive*, and offer'd to stay,
To teach the *Bee's* Children to sing *sol la fa* ;
The *Bee* plainly told him, the Way of their Nation
Was breeding up *Youth* in some honest Vocation,
For fear by their Labour, they should not be fed,
And then curse their Parents for being high bred.

The M O R A L.

*Bad Singers, and Dancers, and Scholars are made,
Of People whose Genius, is fitter for Trade.*

The Fox and the Stork.

MERELY for sport, a *Fox* thought proper,
To invite a neighb'ring *Stork* to Supper ;
Prepar'd a shallow Dish of Soop,
Which he at Pleasure could lap up,
But vainly she, with her long Bill,
Attempts to feed herself the while ;
Hungry and vex'd, away she went,
But soon return'd the Compliment !

Invited

Invited *Reynard* to a Treat,
 A Jar of Glass contain'd the Meat,
 But long and narrow was the Neck,
 From whence the *Stork* alone could take
 Her Food, while *Reynard* saw the Feast,
 Which for his Life, he could not Taste!

The M O R A L.

*Thus he who laughs his Friend to Scorn,
 May well expect the like Return.*

The Good-natur'd Man and the Adder.

A Man who had an Adder found,
 Starv'd and Froze upon the Ground;
 Brought her and laid her by the Fire,
 When almost ready to expire:
 Reviving she an *Infant* spies,
 And round the House in fury flies;
 Upon the Innocent recoil'd,
 And instantly destroys the Child.

The wretched Father almost dead,
 Soon lays his Club across her Head;
 The vile Ingrate he soon subdu'd,
 Who thus rewards his Gratitude.

The M O R A L.

*Those who the Innocent trapan,
 Grow hateful both to GOD and Man;
 And often fall into the Snares,
 They laid for others unawares.*

The Dove and the Bee.

CLOSE by a River Side there stood,
 A Tree, within a neighb'ring Wood;
 A thirsty *Bee* came there to drink,
 And falling in, began to sink!
 A *Dove* sat brooding on the Tree,
 Who saw the struggling drowning *Bee*,
 And on a slender Twig descends,
 By which it to the Water bends;
 The *Bee*, though in her dying Strife,
 Crawls up the Bow and saves her Life.

Soon after this, for want of Care,
 The *Dove* was in the *Fowler's* Snare,
 The *Bee* that Instant passing by,
 Her great deliv'rer chanc'd to spy!
 Does not deliberating stand,
 But attacks the *Fowler* Sword in Hand;
 He feels her Sting the first Assay
 Lets fall the Net, amidst the Fray,
 The *Dove* takes Wing, and flies away.

The M O R A L.

*While Doves and Bees, seem both endu'd,
 With some Degrees of Gratitude!
 By Man, the great Creation's Lord,
 Ingratitude should be abhor'd.*

The Nurse and the Wolf.

THIS little cross Brat, (in an angry Tone)
Cries the Nurse, to the *Wolf* shall be cer-
tainly thrown;

The *Wolf* hearing this, as he rambled by,
Perdue by the Door, was determin'd to lie;
But soon to his Sorrow, he hears Madam Nurse,
While coaxing the Baby, give him a Curse;
Poor *Billy* shall ne'er to the *Wolf* be a Prey,
Come kiss me my dear, and we'll beathim away.

The M O R A L.

Thus baulk'd, cries the Wolf, ('tis certainly true,)
What these People say they mean not to do;
Tho' none of our Brats are found weeping and crying
Not a Wolf in the Indies is subject to Lying.

The Fox and Grapes.

THE *Fox* having formed a luscious Design,
To taste of the Fruit he observ'd on the Vine,
After licking his Chops, and jumping in vain,
A Grape, could by none of his Stratagem gain:
In a passion cries out, this Vinegar Fruit,
With a Palate like mine, sure never can suit;
For all the wild Grapes, from the *North* to the
South,
I'll not condescend to sour my Mouth.

The MORAL.

*Thus what we desire, we often impeach,
Despise what we long for, if out of our reach.*

The Two Pots.

TWO Pots once down a Stream did pass,
The one was Earth, the other Brass;
Come near my Friend and side by side,
Says Monsieur Brass, we'll stem the Tide?
I thank you Sir, for what you say,
But dare not come, says Pot of Clay;
For should we clash, with Fear I speak,
Tho' you may 'scape, I'm sure to break.

The MORAL.

*The Stream's the World, the Pots may show,
The Rich and Poor, toss'd too and fro;
The Rich may stand, the Poor must fall,
The Weak goes always to the Wall.*

The Miser and the Ape.

A Sordid Wretch who starv'd himself,
To hoard up Heaps of useless Pelf,
To make him Sport, an Ape retain'd,
Which with his Dog he always chain'd:
For other Servants none he had,
Their eating would have made him mad!

One Day, the Miser being out,
 The Ape broke loose and rang'd about,
 In at an open Window leaps,
 Where soon he found his Master's heaps,
 Pugg that ne'er own'd a golden God,
 Straight from the Window where he stood,
 By handfuls now the Gold did fling,
 Pleas'd on the Stones to hear it ring,
 Nor less he pleas'd the passing Crowd,
 Who pick'd it up, and laugh'd aloud,
 To see the Miser thus bereft,
 For Pugg threw on till none was left.

The MORAL.

*This keeps the Proverb still alive,
 That ill-got Goods will never thrive,
 Injustice like a Canker eats,
 In vain the Father lies and cheats,
 The apish Son,—mark well the End,
 Much more than he can save, will spend.*

The Lofty Pine.

SEE by the Tempests angry blast,
 The lofty Pine all rent and tore ;
 Mean Time the lowly Shrub stands fast,
 In her Humility secure.
 Thus those who warm'd by Fortune's Smiles,
 Aloft in Wealth and Honour grow,
 Are oft ensnared by their Wiles,
 And when she Frowns she sinks them low ;

While those whom Providence has plac'd,
 Beneath the vain excess of Power,
 Unhurt can stand the threat'ning Blast,
 And safely hear the Tempest roar.

The MORAL.

*Then put no Trust in wordly Things,
 If high, thou hast the more to fear;
 For dreadful is the Wrath of Kings,
 If low, thank God, no Envy's there.*

The Satyr and his Guest.

A Satyr once within his Cave,
 Made a poor Man his Guest, and gave
 Him friendly welcome; but still cast
 A curious Eye on all that past.
 'Twas depth of Winter, thick it snow'd,
 The Man his aching Fingers blow'd,
 And being ask'd the Reason why?
 To give them warmth, he made reply.
 But when as they at Supper sat,
 He blow'd the Broth before he eat,
 Does that want heat, the Satyr cry'd?
 I blow to cool it, he reply'd.
 Get out vile Wretch! Then said the Host,
 Dost thou of thine own Vices boast?
 For me, I will no Friendship hold,
 With one that blows both Hot and Cold.

The

The MORAL.

*Those Tongues this Fable has in view,
 Who can whene'er they please,
 Speak good or ill, or false or true:
 Avoid such evil Tongues as these.*

The Ass, the Ape, and the Mole.

THE Ass wants Horns his Foes t'affail,
 The Ape bewails his want of Tail,
 An honest Mole that work'd hard by,
 Heard their Complaints, and made reply,
 For shame leave off this rebel Cant!
 You both possess the Eyes I want.

The MORAL.

*Be with thy Lot content and know,
 What Heaven thinks best is always so.*

The Thief and his Mother.

A Thief to whom the Laws exhibit,
 The due Reward of Rope and Gibbet,
 Observing where his Mother stood,
 Raining at either Eye a Flood,
 Requested, with the Sheriff's leave,
 One Moment as a short Reprieve,

To

To comfort her afflicted Mind,
 And leave a few sad Words behind.
 This granted, strait the Thief drew near,
 As if to whisper in her Ear ;
 But to the Peoples great surprize,
 He bit it off: Then thus he cries,
 Good People ! blame not e'er you hear,
 Tho' vile this Action may appear,
 This wretched Woman merits worse,
 For she deserves my latest Curse,
 Had she chastiz'd me when I stole
 The Horn-book from a Child at School,
 Instead of Kisses which she gave,
 I might have found a peaceful Grave ;
 She had not mourn'd her loss of Ear,
 Nor I for this sad End come here.

The M O R A L.

*Your Childrens Minds, weed well betimes,
 Lest Infant Faults grow up to Crimes,
 Your love by your Correction shew,
 Lest GOD require their Souls of you.*

The Monkey who had travel'd.

A Monkey once resolv'd to roam,
 To see and bring new Fashions home ;
 But had not travel'd very far,
 Before he fell into a Snare.
 Poor Pug being thus a Captive made,
 Was to a Lady's Room convey'd,

Where

Where Day by Day he Favour gains,
 " Proud as a Lover of his Chains."

The Beaus resort, he hears their Chat,
 Now mimicks this, now mimicks that :
 Learns all their Talk and all their Airs,
 And in their Jests would still go shares,
 In every courtly Art polite ;
 For Pug had Sense, to do him right.

When having thus his Taste refin'd,
 And, as he Thought, improv'd his Mind ;
 He burns to shew each new got Grace,
 And civilize the Monkey Race :
 So takes occasion, and escapes,
 And seeks again his Brother Apes.

The hairy Monsters round him press,
 Admire his Mein, his Strut his Dress,
 His powder'd Back, his dapper Wig,
 With pendent Tail, like that of Pig,
 His Sleeve, his fine embroider'd Coat,
 But most his flutt'ring Shoulder-knot.

When thus, the Coxcomb pertly cries,
 Hear me, ye Monkeys !—and be Wise,
 The next in worth to human Race,
 Know your own Rank, support your Place !
 In Courts and Cities long I've been,
 Convers'd with Men, their Manners seen ;
 Their Dress, their courtly Arts I know,
 The Aits by which they Lord it so !

Then

Then copy me—reform your State,
 And grow at once Polite and Great;
 Seek ye to thrive and rise to Fame,
 Cast off that aukward Thing call'd Shame;
 In flatt'ry, practice well your Tongue,
 Dear flatt'ry charms both Old and Young!
 And rich and poor, and small and great!
 Nay, flatter those you scorn and hate:
 And having thus made many Friends,
 Why, use them for your private Ends.
 For take my Word, the Prudent know
 No other use of Friend, or Foe.
 To be sincere—how means the Spirit!
 Then still be sure to snarl at Merit;
 For that obliges all that hear you,
 And makes the modest Coxcombs fear you:
 Lie with full Latitude of Tongue,
 For Scandal's never in the Wrong.
 Boldly to all Things make Pretence!
 Th' admiring World shall own your Sense.
 I know Mankind—reform your State,
 And grow at once Polite and Great.

He spoke and pleas'd the grinning Crowd,
 Who chatter'd their Applause aloud.

New Mischiefs now the Forest rend,
 Each bites his most obliging Friend;
 The Compliment he straight returns,
 With Malice every Bosom burns;
 While fond to rival human Ways,
 They snarling spend their wretched Days.

The M O R A L.

*Thus the tall Blockhead whip'd from School,
 In foreign Climes improves the Fool;
 Gleans Vices both from high and low,
 And then returns—a Raree-show;
 Importing, to a Nation's Curse,—
 Manners would make ev'n Monkies worse.*

The Leopard and the Fox.

THE Leopard once, elate with Pride,
 Survey'd his Spots on every Side,
 What Beauty's here, he cries, what Grace!
 Why should I give the Lion Place?
 Not he, but I o'er Beasts should reign,
 Conceited thus, with great disdain
 He treated every Beast beside;
 Till thus the Fox rebuk'd his Pride,
 'Tis true, Fools value outward show,
 The Wise and Prudent better know;
 From them th' Endowments of the Mind,
 True worth alone, Respect can find.

The M O R A L.

*Thus Coxcombs in appearance Place,
 Each Virtue of the human Race,
 The outside trim'd, they're brave and Wise,
 Have more than twenty Argus Eyes.
 From Fools they Admiration gain,
 But from the Wise a just Disdain.*

The Fox and the Crow.

A Crow who had somewhere been stealing a
 Dinner,
 Held Cheefe in her Mouth till Reynard had
 seen her ;
 He runs to the Tree where she sat, and says he,
 Are you the bright Lady I longed to see ?
 People say you are Black, but where is their
 sight ?
 I ne'er saw a Bird of so lovely a white !
 The Swan's very fair, to give her her due ;
 But not of so fine a Complexion as you :
 If your Voice does as much as your Beauty excel,
 You'll ravish all creatures, where ever you dwell :
 The Crow, who imagin'd her Voice must needs
 please,
 Went to tune up her Pipe, and down fell the
 Cheefe :
 Which Reynard catch'd up, crying, now spare
 your Noise,
 You quite turn my Stomach, with that ugly voice,
 Let's have a Cessation of those rueful Strains,
 'Tis plain you have neither Voice, Beauty, nor
 Brains.

The M O R A L.

*The Man that has Plenty, shall never want
 Friends,
 While flat'ring his Vanity answers their Ends ;
 But when the Incantment of Int'rest is gone,
 The Fool may be sure he shall meet with his own.*

The

The Crab and her Daughter.

AN old Mother Crab, thus school'd her young
 Wench,
 Daughter, turn out your Toes, and walk like
 the *French*.
 Move handfomely forward, observe the *Bon Grace*,
 And no longer crawl backward with that auk-
 ward Pace,
 — Yes Mother I will, the Crab's Daughter did
 say,
 If you'll be so good as to lead me the Way.

The M O R A L.

*Example in Virtue, the Heart more engages,
 Than all the Wise Sayings, of Doctors and Sages!
 Fine Speeches are vain, where Actions don't suit,
 While you talk like an Angel, and live like a
 Brute.*

The Fox and the Cock.

A Cock on a Tree advantageously posted,
 Was thus by old plausible Reynard accosted;
 Dear Sir, there's no Bird, that e'er wore a
 Feather,
 Can match you, for Beauty and Wisdom together,
 And ah! that you would but afford me the Grace,
 So great a Philosopher once to embrace!
 How blest should I be, if by your vicinity,
 I might, as it were, but touch your divinity!

The

The Cock heard the Fox, with a very good will,
 So tickl'd with Praise, he could hardly sit still;
 At last down he flutters, the Fox takes occasion,
 To welcome his Friend, with a rough Salutation,
 Says he, worthy Prophet your skill you have shown
 You tell others Fortunes, but can't tell your own,
 Now juggle, now conjure, shew all your black Art,
 Without strong inchantment you'll certainly smarr.

The MORAL.

*In Nature it seems an infallible Rule,
 That Flattery always supposes a Fool,
 Whoe'er loves the Praise, the Scandal must bear,
 If slighted, it falls to the Flatterers share.*

The Covetous Man and the Orchard.

A Man that an Orchard of rare Fruit had gotten,
 Spar'd all that was Ripe, and eat all that
 was Rotten,
 His Son got the Key, and thought it no Sin,
 To bring a whole Gang of his School-fellows in.
 —Now Boys fill your Pockets and hang him
 that spares,
 So down goes the Peaches, the Plumbs, and the
 Pears!
 Be sure, says young Master, what's good and
 ripe gather,
 And leave all that's bad for my fordid old Fa-
 ther.

The MORAL.

*A poor sordid Spirit that dotes upon Pelf,
Tho' hated by all, suffers most from himself,
He scrapes all his Life, and when he has done,
Must leave it to some wild extravagant Son.*

The Eagle and the Magpy.

A Magpy had try'd many Ways to inveigle,
And ingratiate herself with a cunning Court
Eagle ;
She thought her good Parts, and quick Appre-
hension,
Might give her deservedly hopes of a Pension ;
No Bird sure could shew such a tractable Soul,
Could Compliments pay, and could also condole ;
Her fancy in dressing, was airy and pretty,
In tatling discourse, she was charming and witty.
The Eagle saw well, that the Magpy had Parts,
Confess'd her great beauty, and worthy deserts ;
But could give her no Place, his Eminence hating,
A Bird that was so much addicted to prating.

The MORAL.

*To govern his Tongue, shews a Man o'more Sense,
Than he that to Wit, makes the highest Pretence ;
A Friend that's defective in this kind o'Wit,
Is for the degree of a Servant unfit.*

The Hare and the Sparrow.

AN Eagle had seiz'd in her Claws a poor Hare,
Who earnestly beg'd that her Life he would
spare ;

A Sparrow sat by, saying, where is the speed,
By which you from danger pretend to be freed ;
The name of a Racer, will little avail you,
If in time of such Danger, your Petty-toes fail you
While thus the impertinent Sparrow did talk,
Herself unawares was seiz'd by a Hawk ;
The Hare even dying, some pleasure did find
To see the vain Sparrow thus serv'd in her kind.

The M O R A L.

*Such Instances often discover too Plain,
That the Wisdom of Fools, is both useless and
vain.*

The Woman and Death.

GOOD Death said a Woman, for once be so
kind,
To take me, and leave my dear Husband be-
hind ;
But when Death did appear with a four Grimace,
She started aside at his ill-looking Face ;
And dropping a Court'sie she modestly said,
If you came for my Husband, he's there in his
Bed.

The

The MORAL.

*Some needs will oblige you, and take no denial,
Unless you're so rude as to put them to Tryal;
Such Friends may appear, while view'd at a
distance,
But be sure you take Care, not to want their
Assistance.*

The Disobedient Son and his Child.

A Base Son his Father so ill had intreated,
That of his Estate the old 'Squire was
cheated,
His Head in an Hospital forced to hide,
With Food and with Raiment, by others supply'd.
One Day the Old Father his Son did espy,
And calling him, as he pass'd carelessly by,
One pair of Sheets being all his Request,
From him that his plentiful Fortune possess't;
The Son when the Father no more did require,
Was sham'd to refuse him his modest desire,
And calling his Child, he gave his Commands,
To deliver them safe to his Grand-father's Hands;
The Father soon heard he deliver'd but one,
And ask'd the young Varlet, why thus he had
done?

Young graceless reply'd, I kept it for you,
When old, you may dwell in a Hospital too.

The MORAL.

*Unmerciful Children, do commonly find,
That Providence pays them at last in their kind.*

The Partial Judge.

A Farmer once made a Complaint to a Judge,
My Bull Sir, an't please you, by owing a
Grudge

As they tell me, to one of your Worship's fine
Cattle,

Has slain him out-right in a terrible Battle ;

I'm sorry at Heart because o'the Action,

And want to know how I'm to make Satisfaction ;

You must give me the Bull Sir, that's very plain,

Says the Judge, or pay me the Price o'the slain ;

But I have mistaken the Case, says the Clown,

The Bull that is kill'd Sir, an't please you's my
own ;

The Judge soon replies with a very grave Face,
Say you so Sir!—This very much alters the Case.

The M O R A L.

*Men greatly delight to have strict Justice shewn,
When the Case is anothers, much more than their
own.*

The Mouse and the Frog.

A Travelling Mouse would fain pass a Moat,
But could not get over for want of a Boat,
A Frog that at last her design did discover,
Undertakes on his Back to carry her over ;

And

And for fear she should perish by strefs o'bad
Weather,

He ties his own Legs and the Moufe's together ;
But when they were got in the midst of the Water,
Down ducksthe Frog and the Moufe follows after ;
While plunging in Water, and struggling for Life,
A Kite in the Air was reviewing the Strife ;
Stoops downwards and seizes the Moufe in her
Claws,

And both from the Water immediately draws ;
By devouring them both the Frog did soon find,
As little Compassion as he had design'd.

The M O R A L.

*The Justice of Heav'n our ill Actions surveys,
And in his own way the Oppressor repays ;
The Man that's the Cause of his Neighbour's un-
doing,
Both himself and his Fortune oft share in the
Ruin.*

The Dying Eagle.

AN hungry old Eagle while watching for Hares
Was with a swift Arrow shot thro' unawares ;
She mournfully sigh'd before she departed,
At viewing the Arrow with which she was
darted !

It appearing the Shaft, which the Mischief did
bring,
Was made up of Feathers took from her own
Wing.

The M O R A L.

No little Vexation a Person attends,
Who finds those his Foes that he took for his
Friends !

Yet those are most wretched, whose Miseries
wholly,
Are owing to nothing, so much as their Folly.



Moral

Moral SONGS, &c.

*On the Death of a Canary-Bird falling
from the Perch of his Cage.*

I.

WITHIN this House exempt from Care and
Strife,
A little Batch'lor spent a merry Life ;
And tho' his constant Drink was *Adam's Ale*,
He seldom told a melancholly Tale.

II.

Till Life's declension he was never seen,
Vapour'd or hip'd, or troubled with the Spleen,
All lov'd him, but the *Miller*—partial Elf,
Because the *Songster* ground his Corn himself.

III.

Corelli's *Airs*, tho' judg'd exceeding fine
Were ne'er like his, for his were All divine ;
He liv'd above the fordid use of Gold,
His best Performances were never sold.

IV.

Gratis he Sung, and therefore *gratis* I,
Immers'd in Sorrow write his *Elegy* ;
He dy'd lamented in a good old Age,
And left a silent solitary Cage.

On a Flock of Linnets.

IN the soft Season of the Year,
 When Nature Smiles and all is gay;
 Their pleasing Notes with Joy we hear,
 Which chase our gloomy Thoughts away.

The social Songsters fluttering sing,
 And rambling fly from Tree to Tree;
 The Woods and Vales with Music ring,
 Nor are the lofty Mountains free.

While these with Emulation vie,
 Bewail O Youth thy sad delays;
 Nor sleeping in Oblivion lie,
 —Awake and sing *Jehovah's* Praise.

On the Singing of a Sky-Lark.

ATTEND my Soul! while early Birds inspire,
 Thy grov'ling Thoughts with a celestial
 Fire;

They from their temp'rate sleep awake and pay,
 Their thankful *Anthems*, for the new-born Day.

See how the tuneful *Lark* is mounted high;
 And *Poet* like salutes the Eastern Sky!
 He warbles thro' the fragrant Air his Lays,
 And seems the Beauties of the Morn to praise.

But Man more void of Gratitude awakes,
 And gives no thanks for that sweet Rest he takes,
 Looks

Looks on the glorious Sun's new kindled flame,
 Without one thought of him from whence it came;
 The Wretch unhallow'd does the Day begin,
 Shakes off his Sleep, but shakes not off his Sin.

On the Rose.

HOW pleasant is the blushing Morn,
 The welcome Harbinger of Day;
 The sweets that do the Fields adorn,
 Invite the Youth to sport and play.

He screens himself from pearly Showers,
 While gentle Breezes fan the Sky;
 His Bosom grac'd and budding Flowers,
 Of Crimfon and of Purple Dye.

Here nature Beauties does disclose,
 Such as the highest Wonder raise;
 Amongst the rest the blushing Rose,
 Delicious folding Sweets displays.

The Scene with rural Beauty deck'd,
 The airy Songsters hov'ring round;
 Ten thousand Beauties do reflect,
 With which the joyful Day is crown'd.

On the Bee.

THE little Insect speeds her flight,
 Now *Winter's* Blasts are o'er:

Ranging the Meads with new delight,
To seek her flow'ry Store.

Behold with true mechanic Skill,
She does her Work review ;
With Sweets that Nature does distil,
She forms the Parts anew.

We see in the minutest Part,
Such Strokes of Beauty shine ;
That far transcend the Rules of Art,
And look like Pow'r divine.

The little Cells built up with Care,
In simple Order rise ;
And govern'd with a prudent Air,
Attract our wond'ring Eyes.

*A Dialogue between a Black Bird and
a Churl.*

B. **H**OLD Sir, dismount the fatal Gun,
At whose most dire rebound,
A Creature that no harm has done,
Must bleeding stain the Ground.

C. Thou little Felon, now begone,
Thou robb'st me every Day ;
And Cherries thou wilt leave me none,
If I should let thee stay.

B. For

B. For shame, why should thy niggard Heart,
At my small share repine ;
We airy Songsters claim a Part ;
And claim by Right divine.

Thy Cherries make me Sing more clear,
And raise my Voice on high ;
My glossy Wings more bright appear,
My Music fills the Sky.

No more my little dues retain,
To Priests a Tythe is due ;
We have our Fruit, as they their Grain,
—I'll do my Duty too.

Henceforward, let me Banquet free,
Nor more complain of Wrongs ;
For what I borrow from thy Tree,
I'll richly pay in Songs.



Useful Maxims and Moral Reflections.

Q. WHO are the People, that generally talk loudest?

A. Those that have least Reason on their Sides, who endeavour to support their Cause by noise and clamour, when they have neither Understanding nor Skill to do it.

Q. Who is he that is held by the Ear, as a Mastiff holds a Hog?

A. The Man that pays any Regard to the Treachery of a Flatterer; who by deceitful and fine Speeches, endeavours to abuse his Understanding, and prevent his running away.

Q. Who are they that envy and cavil at others, that have more Wit and better Understanding than themselves?

A. Those whose Misfortune it is to have but very little share of either.

Q. What Masters have generally the least Business done?

A. Those that are incumber'd with most Servants;—as those Insects that have the largest number of Legs, are most slow in their Motions.

Q. Who are they that best represent the Shadow upon a Dial?

A. False Friends, that are always present during the Sun-shine of Fortune, but absent when a Cloud over shadows it.

Q. Wherein is a Man best distinguished from a Beast?

A. By

A. By the regular Government of his Appetites and Passions.

Q. Why are Men of Wit usually the most unfit for Trade and Business?

A. For the same reason that Beasts of Pleasure are seldom fit to carry heavy Burdens.

Q. Why does a Gamester's ill Luck often prove his good Fortune?

A. Because he perhaps resolves to Game no more, and gains Wit enough by the loss of his Money to save him from Beggary.

Q. Why is an old Friend like an old Horse?

A. Because he is generally hackneyed out in Service till he's past Drudgery, and then left to die in a Ditch.

Q. Who are they that seldom commend, or praise their Friends and Neighbours?

A. Those that least deserve it themselves, that having no Merit of their own, envy those of a superior Worth, and wish to bring them down to their own level.

Q. What is one of our highest Attainments in Knowledge?

A. That degree of Modesty, that teaches us to know, that we know but little.

Q. Why is Craft and Cunning rather the shame of true Wisdom, than the Proof of it?

A. For the same Reason, that Paint is rather a Disguise than an Ornament to a handsome Face.

Q. Why is Anger or Passion to be esteem'd rather a seeming than a real Friend?

A. Because it exposes the weak Side.

*Let no rough Anger discompose
The tranquil of thy sweet Repose ;
But should it e'er a Vict'ry gain,
Resume the Man, thy Peace obtain ;
And if thou wouldst not be undone,
Ne'er let it see the setting Sun.*

Q. Why is believing a Man honest, said to be the way to make him so ?

A. Because if we distrust him without any just Reason, his Falshood afterwards will wear the appearance of Justice.

Q. Why is Wit in Conversation said to be like Salt to Meat ?

A. Because it seasons the Entertainment.

Q. Why does Reproof to a weak Mind often prove as ineffectual as Physick to a weak Body ?

A. Because either not duly tim'd, or given in too large a Quantity, leaves the Patient worse than it found him, and the remedy proves worse than the Disease.

Q. For what purpose do Men throw small quantities of Water into dry Pumps ?

A. To fetch more Water up,—as poor Men bestow small Gifts upon the Rich to obtain large Presents.

Q. What is that which is like a Ship at Sea, without either Ballast or Rudder ?

A. A forward Wit, without either Judgment or Discretion, that fluctuates at Random, and is ever in danger from its unsteady lightness.

Q. Why are we subject to question the Veracity of that Man, that backs his Word with Oaths and Affeверations ?

A. Be-

A. Because we can't reasonably expect the Man that breaks Faith with God, to gain Credit with Men, will pay any just regard to either.

*The Swearer's promise, never Trust,
For who, to God dares be unjust;
And break his heavenly Father's Laws,
Where no Temptation is the Cause;
Nor gain, nor Pleasure can ensue,
Will ever keep his Word with you?*

Q. What Advantage may we make of Flattery?

A. By hearing from the Flatterer what we are not, we may from thence learn what we should be.

Q. Why are Pedants that tumble over a great number of Books compar'd to Gluttons.

A. Because they very rarely make any advantage in Knowledge, for the Head like the Stomach being over cramm'd, cannot perform the office of Digestion.

Q. What are those Services that turn to a Difobligation?

A. Those that we boast of, because they not only expose the necessities of our Friends, but do plainly discover that we acted from principles of Ostentation, rather than Friendship.

Q. Why may what a Man says of himself, be said to turn to his Disadvantage?

A. Because if he accuses himself, his Understanding is call'd in Question, and if he sounds his own Praise, we suspect his Sincerity.

Q. What is our best Remedy against Injuries?

A. Pa-

A. Patience and Submission, as yielding to a Fall, when we cannot escape it, does in some degree break the Force of it.

*May threats of Foes, nor Friend's neglect,
Thy calm and peaceful Mind affect;
Act not below thyself, but be,
Above the Power of Injury!
Whoever wrongs thee, pass it by,
And let it in Oblivion die:
Be thus reveng'd the Work's begun,
—Forgive it, and thy Part is done.*

Q. Why do bad People speak ill of others?

A. Because they think by lessening their Credit to save their own.

Q. Why is the Time of our Death, wisely conceal'd from us;

A. To oblige us during Life, to live in Expectation of it.

Q. Why is an obscure quiet Life most desirable?

A. Because a great Reputation like a large Expence, is not easily supported.

Q. From whence arise the great Complaints we make against others?

A. From the little Reflection we make upon ourselves.

Q. To what may we compare the Lives of many great Men, as we find them recorded in History?

A. To a certain Manner of Painting, that to find its Beauties, must be view'd at a proper Distance.

Q. Wha

Q. Who are they that grow Rich, by the Ruin of others?

A. Lawyers, and Gamester's Box-keepers, as those who engage in suits of Law, and those who engage in Play, are both for recovering their Losses; and seldom leave off till they are ruin'd by the last Stake.

Q. Who is he that may be said effectually to put himself from under the Protection of God?

A. He that distrusts his Providence.

Q. When may Obligations be said to be discharged?

A. When they that have confer'd them, make their Boast of them, by which means the Person obliged, is forestall'd in his acknowledgments.

Q. Why is a thread-bare second-hand Jest, said to be like a thread-bare second-hand Coat?

A. Because one exposes the Poverty of the Head, as the other does that of the Pocket.

Q. Why is the Commendation of a bad Man, never to be desired?

A. Because they seldom speak well of any but those that are like themselves.

Q. Why are the Praises of good Men dangerous to many Constitutions?

A. Because they are subject to encrease our Vanity, and make us like *Æsop's* Dog, by catching at the Shadow, lose the Substance.

Q. Which is the best Way to revenge Reproaches?

A. Neither to Merit nor Mind them.

Q. Why is good Advice, said to be the Physick of the Mind?

A. Because

A. Because tho' it may be taken with difficulty, 'tis always kindly in its Operation.

Q. When may the Virtues of our Ancestors be said to become our Reproach?

A. When we degenerate from their good Qualities, and are ourselves Strangers to the Virtues they possess'd.

F I N I S.

Just published (PRICE Six-pence.)

By his MAJESTY's Authority:

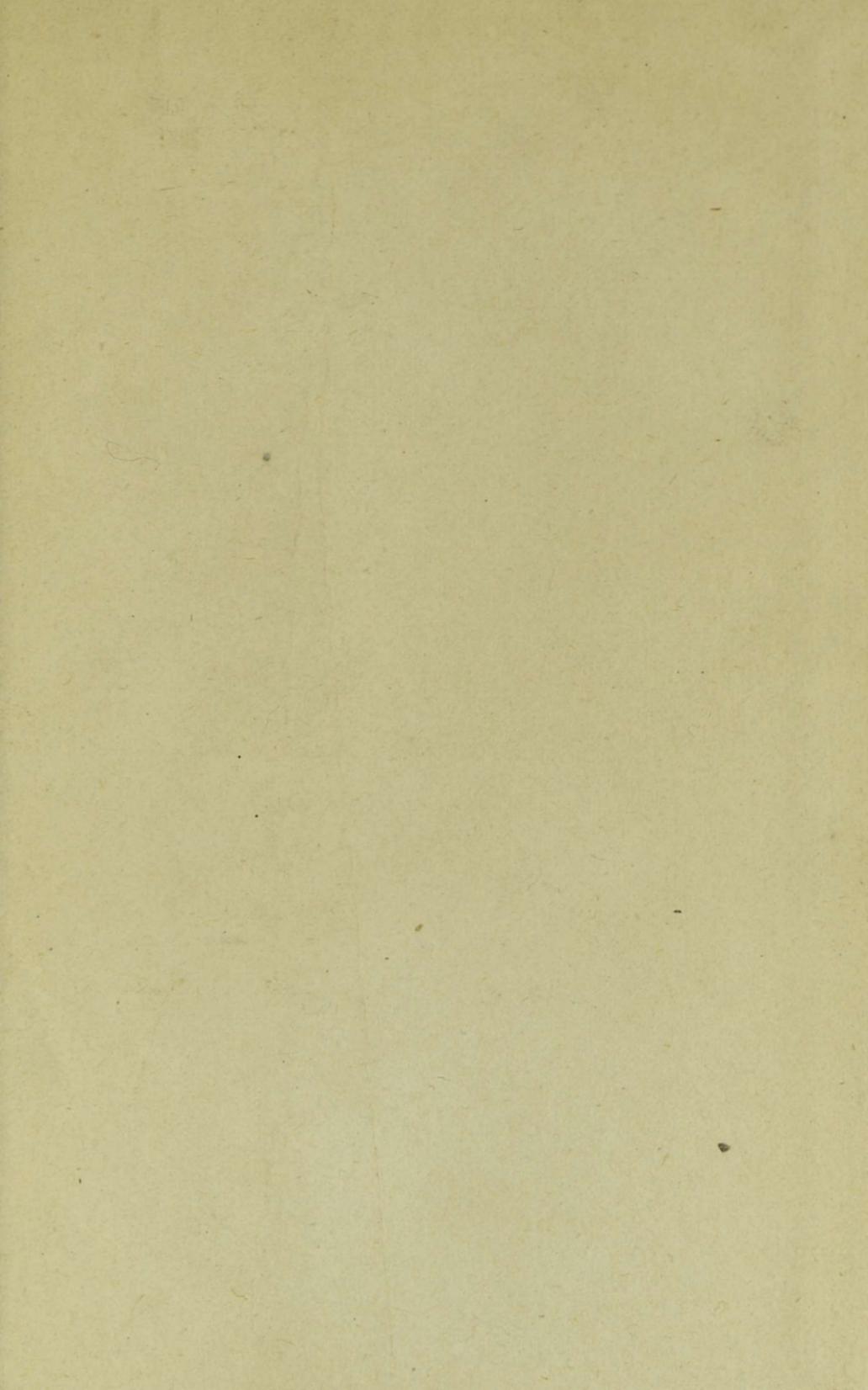
READING *made compleatly* EASY:

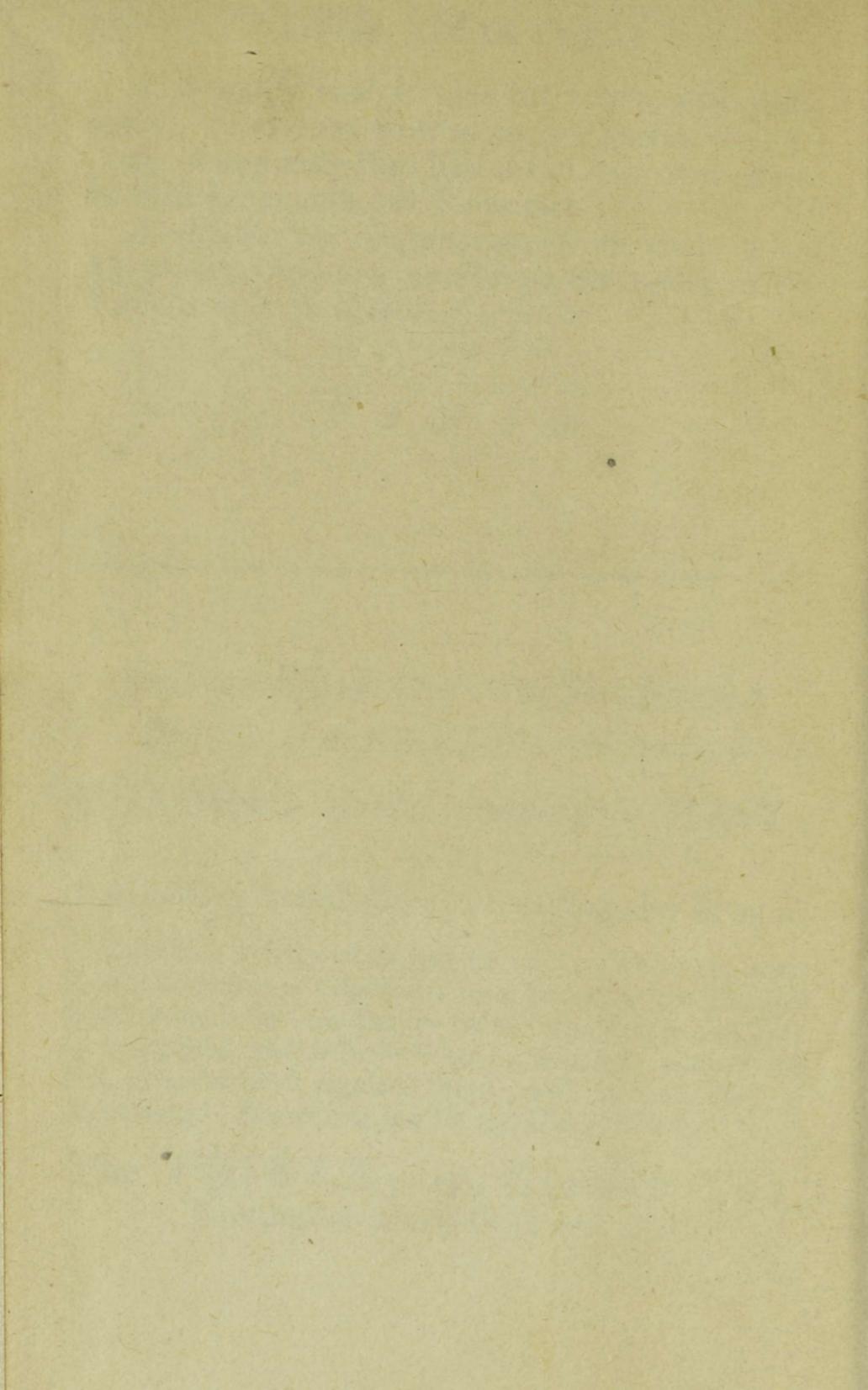
O R,

A necessary Introduction to Reading the BIBLE.

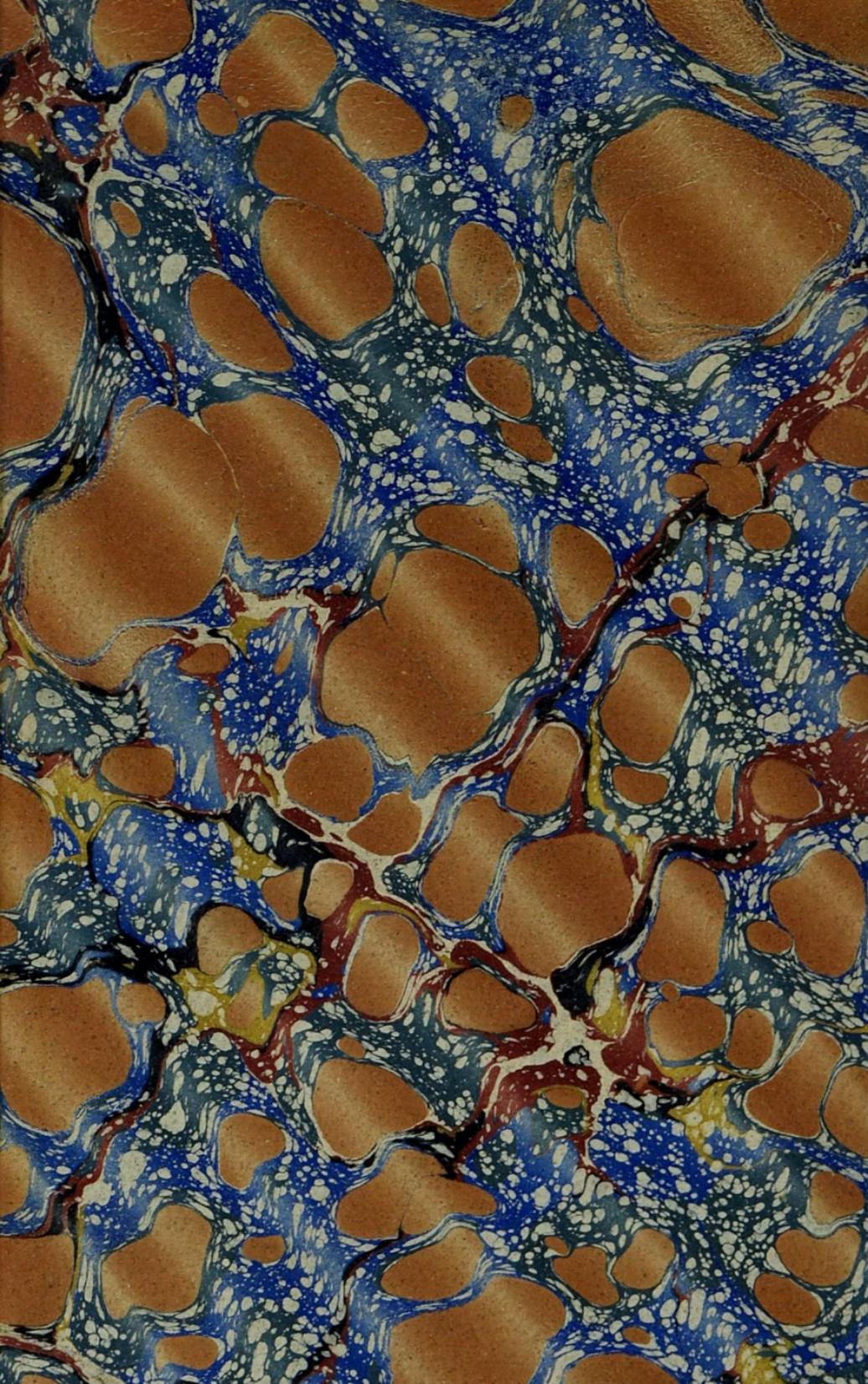
Consisting chiefly of SCRIPTURE SENTENCES, each Lesson of which is disposed in such Order, as the Learner is led on with Pleasure Step by Step, from Simple and Easy to compound and difficult Words; which is allowed by All, to be the most regular, speedy, and rational Way of Teaching. Recommended for the Use of Schools

The TRIFLE; or, GILDED TOY,
To humour every Girl and Boy.

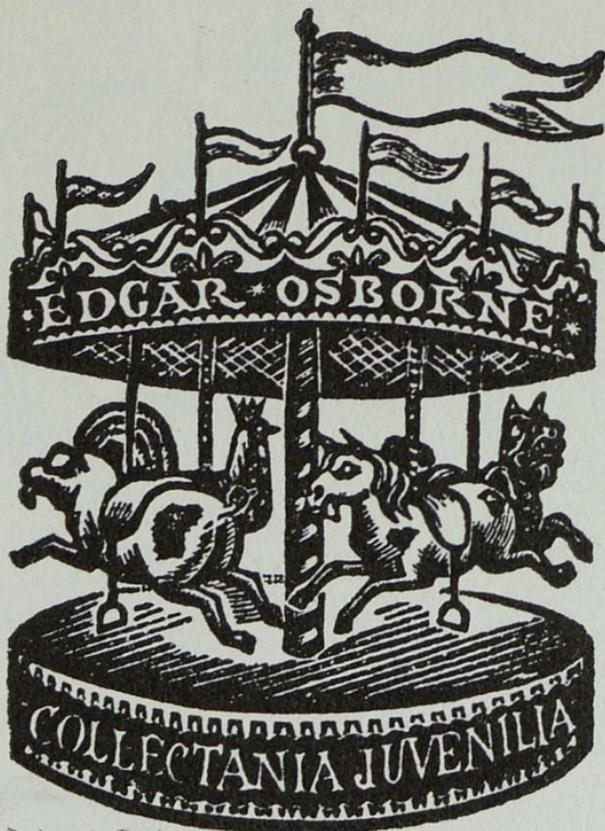




m.



BI (50)
LITTLE MASTER'S...
1965



37131 009 533 647

