

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

Digitalisierung von Drucken

Poems On Several Occasions

Gay, John

London, 1745

Trivia. Book II. Of walking the Streets by Day.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-2019



TRIVIA.

BOOK II.

Of walking the Streets by Day.



HUS far the Muse has trac'd in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways?
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies.
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town,
And for the publick safety risque thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best ;
No tides of passengers the street molest.

H 2

You'll

You'll see a draggled damfel, here and there,
 From *Billinggate* her fishy traffick bear; 10
 On doors the fallow milk-maid chalks her gains;
 Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
 Before proud gates attending asses bray,
 Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
 These grave physicians with their milky chear, 15
 The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;
 Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
 And with their vellom-thunder shake the pile,
 To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
 The proper prelude to a state of peace? 20
 Now industry awakes her busy sons,
 Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:
 Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
 And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloath'd in black, you tread the busy town, 25
 Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,
 Three trades avoid; oft in the mingling press,
 The barber's apron foils the fable dress;
 Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
 Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh: 30

Ye

Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,
 Three fulying trades avoid with equal care ;
 The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
 And marks with footy stains the heedless throng ;
 When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat, 35
 From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat :
 The dust-man's cart offends thy cloaths and eyes,
 When through the street a cloud of ashes flies ;
 But whether black or lighter dies are worn,
 The chandler's basket, on his shoulder born, 40
 With tallow spots thy coat ; resign the way,
 To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
 Butchers whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,
 And always foremost in the Hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid, 45
 The wall surrender to the hooded maid ;
 Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
 Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age :
 And when the porter bends beneath his load,
 And pants for breath ; clear thou the crouded road. 50
 But, above all, the groping blind direct,
 And from the pressing through the lame protect.

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
 Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,
 At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose, 55
 And risques, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes,
 Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
 Lest from his shouler clouds of powder fly.
 But when the bully, with assuming pace,
 Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
 Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride, 61
 And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
 He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
 But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by bus'ness to a street unknown, 65
 Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
 Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
 Like faithful Land-marks to the walking train.
 Seek not from prentices to learn the way,
 Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray; 70
 Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
 He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd *St. Giles's* ancient limits spread,
 An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,

Here

Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day, 75
 And from each other catch the circling ray.
 Here oft the peasant, with enquiring face,
 Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place ;
 He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,
 Enter's the narrow alley's doubtful maze, 80
 Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,
 And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
 Thus hardy *Theseus* with intrepid feet,
 Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of *Crete* ;
 But still the wandring pass'es forc'd his stay, 85
 Till *Ariadne's* clue unwinds the way.
 But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
 Thy ventrous footsteps to a female guide ;
 She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
 Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When waggish boys the stunted beefom ply
 To rid the slabby pavement ; pass not by
 Ere thou hast held their hands ; some heedless flirt
 Will over-spread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt.
 Where porters hogsheds roll from carts aslope, 95
 Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,

Where counted billets are by carmen toft,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the poft.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet befnear,
The voice of induftry is always near. 100
Hark! the boy calls thee to his deftin'd ftand,
And the fhoe fhines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Mufe, fatigu'd amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digreffive fong;
Of fhirtlefs youths the fecret rife to trace, 105
And fhew the parent of the fable race.

Like mortal man, great *Jove* (grown fond of change)
Of old was wont this nether world to range
To feek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd, 110
And e'en the proudeft Goddeffs now and then
Who lodge a night among the fons of men;
To vulgar Deities descends the fafhion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly paffion.
Then * *Cloacina* (Goddeffs of the tide 115
Whofe fable ftreams beneath the city glide)

Indulg'd

* *Cloacina* was a Goddeffs whofe image *Tatius* (a King of the Sabines) found in the common-ftore, and not knowing what Goddeffs

Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd;
 A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;
 The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
 Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace: 120
 She gaz'd; she sigh'd. For love can beauties spy
 In what seems faults to every common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round;
 When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling found
 Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows 125
 That pleasing thunder: swift the Goddess rose,
 And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
 Her bosom panting with expected joys.
 With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
 Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast; 130
 In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
 When love, the hour, the place had banish'd shame;
 To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
 O may no link-boy interrupt their love;

*Goddess it was, he call'd it Cloacina from the place in which
 it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Lactant. 1. 20.
 Minuc. Fel. Or. p. 232:*

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
 The pregnant Goddess (cautious of disgrace) 136
 Descends to earth; but sought no midwife's aid,
 Nor mid't her anguish to *Lucina* pray'd;
 No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
 Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy. 140

The child through various risques in years improv'd,
 At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
 His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
 Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear 145
 The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air,
 While the rich Infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
 Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain?

The Goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
 And long had sought his suff'rings to redress; 150
 She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
 To teach his hands some beneficial art
 Practis'd in Streets: the Gods her suit allow'd,
 And made him useful to the walking croud.

To

To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe 155
 With nimble skill the glossy black renew,
 Each Power contributes to relieve the poor :
 With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush ; the God of day
 A tripod gives, amid the crouded way 160
 To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil ;
 Kind *Neptune* fills his vase with fetid oil
 Preft from th' enormous whale : The God of fire,
 From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
 Among these gen'rous presents joins his part, 165
 And aids with foot the new jappanning art ;
 Pleas'd she receives the gifts ; she downward glides,
 Lights in *Fleet-ditch*, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
 Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes, 170
 Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
 And view'd below the black canal of mud,
 Where common-flores a lulling murmur keep,
 Whose torrents rush from *Holborn's* fatal steep :
 Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace, 175
 Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face ;

At

At length he sighing cry'd; That boy was blest,
 Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
 But happier far are those, (if such be known)
 Whom both a father and a mother own: 180
 But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
 Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
 Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
 Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
 When time comes round, a Christmas box they bear,
 And one day makes them rich for all the year. 186
 Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
 Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
 For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand
 And see the double-flaggon charge their hand, 190
 See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
 While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
 In widen'd circles beats on either side;
 The Goddess rose amid the inmost round, 195
 With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;
 Low reach'd her dipping tresses, lank, and black
 As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;

Around

Around her waiste a circling eel was twin'd,
 Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind. 200
 Now beck'ning to the boy; she thus begun,
 Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
 Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,
 This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand.
 Temper the foot within this vase of oil, 205
 And let the little tripod aid thy toil;
 On this methinks I see the walking crew
 At thy request support the miry shoe,
 The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
 And in thy pocket gingling halfpence found. 210
 The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
 And dashes all around her show'rs of mud:
 The youth straight chose his post; the labour ply'd
 Where branching streets from *Charing-cross* divide;
 His treble voice resound, along the *Meuse*, 215
 And *White-ball* echoes ----- *Clean your Honour's shoes.*

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
 Too long detains the walker on his way;
 While he attends new dangers round him throng;
 The busy city asks instructive song. 220

Where

Where elevated o'er the gaping croud,
 Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
 Betimes retreat ; here, thick as hailstones pour,
 Turnips, and half-hatch'd eggs, (a mingled show'r)
 Among the rabble rain : Some random throw 225
 May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though expedition bids, yet never fray
 Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
 Here laden carts with thundring waggons meet,
 Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street ;
 The lashing whip rebounds, the horses strain, 231
 And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
 O barb'rous men, your cruel beasts asswage,
 Why vent you on the gen'rous steed your rage ?
 Does not his service earn you daily bread ? 235
 Your wives, your children, by his labours fed !
 If, as the *Samian* taught, the soul revives,
 And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives :
 Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
 Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range : 240
 Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
 Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who

Who would of *Watling-street* the dangers share,
 When the broad pavement of *Cheap-side* is near ?
 Or who * that rugged street would traverse o'er, 245
 That stretches, O *Fleet-ditch*, from thy black shore
 To the *Tow'r's* moated walls ? Here steams ascend
 That, in mix'd fumes, the winkled nose offend.
 Where chandlers cauldrons boil ; where fishy prey
 Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea ; 250
 And where the clever chops the heifer's spoil,
 And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil,
 Thy breathing nostril hold, but how shall I
 Pass, where in piles † *Carnavian* cheeses lie ;
 Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies, 255
 And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.

O bear me to the paths of fair *Pell-mell*,
 Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell ;
 At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
 Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach ; 260
 No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd
 The soft supports of laziness and pride ;

* *Thames-street.*† *Cheshire* anciently so called.

Shops



Shops breathe perfumes, thro' fashes ribbons glow,
 The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.
 Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide, 265
 Off' the loose stones spirts up a muddy tide
 Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
 Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
 Mortar, and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,
 And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
 And silent wander in the close abodes
 Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,
 In studious thought the long uncrowded way.
 Here I remark each walker's different face, 275
 And in their look their various bus'ness trace.
 The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
 Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
 Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
 He seeks bye streets, and save th' expensive coach. 280
 Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane,
 For fair recluse, who travels *Drury-lane*;
 Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
 His *Fleet-street* draper's everlasting dun.

Careful.

Careful observers, studious of the town, 285
 Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
 Untempted, they condemn the jugler's feats,
 Pass by the *Meuse*, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
 When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
 Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind: 290
 And when up *Ludgate-hill* huge carts move slow,
 Far from the straining steeds securely go,
 Whose dashing hoofs behind them sling the mire,
 And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'quire.
 The *Parthian* thus his jav'lin backward throws, 295
 And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
 Who 'gainst their centry's box discharge their tea.
 Do thou some court, or secret corner seek,
 Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
 Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong;
 Why should I teach the maid when torrents pour,
 Her head to shelter from the sudden show'r?

* *A Cheat commonly practis'd in the streets with three thimbles
 and a little ball.*

Nature

Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305
 With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
 Does not each walker know the warning sign,
 When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
 Cross the close street; that then the paver's art
 Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310
 Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
 Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
 And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
 His horses foreheads shun the winter's air?
 Nor will I roam when summer's fultry rays 315
 Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
 With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
 Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
 Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320
 She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
 And in her hoary mantle cloath the streets.
 Let not the virgin tread these slipp'ry roads,
 The gath'ring fleece the hollow patten loads;
 But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost, 323
 Strike off the breaking balls against the post.

On

On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
 Oft look behind and ward the threatening pole.
 In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
 To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw. 330
 Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
 To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
 How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,
 Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
 At *White's* the harness'd chairman idly stands, 335
 And swings around his wattle his tingling hands:
 The sempstres speeds to '*Change* with red-tipt nose;
 The *Belgian* stove beneath her foot-stool glows;
 In half-whipt muslin needles useles lie,
 And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340
 These sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove,
 Deluded maids the dang'rous flame of love?

Where *Covent-Garden's* famous temple stands,
 That boasts the work of *Jones'* immortal hands;
 Columns with plain magnificence appear, 345
 And graceful porches lead along the square:
 Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far,
 I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:

The



The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
 Increasing crowds the flying game pursue. 350
 Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
 The gath'ring globe augments with every round.
 But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
 The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
 The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound, 355
 And ginging fashes on the pent-house sound.

O roving Muse, recal that wond'rous year,
 When winter reign'd in bleak *Britannia's* air;
 When hoary *Thames*, with frosted oziars crown'd,
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound, 360
 The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
 Penfive reclines upon his usefess oar,
 See harness'd steeds desert the stony town;
 And wander roads unstable, not their own:
 Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide, 365
 And rafe with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.
 Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
 And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
 Booths sudden hide the *Thames*, long streets appear,
 And num'rous games proclaim the crouded fair. 370

So

So when a gen'ral bids the martial train
 Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain;
 Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
 And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate: 375
 Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
 Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
 When silent ev'ning closes up the flow'rs;
 Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;
 Indulging grief, like *Philomela's* voice. 380

Doll ev'ry day had walk'd these treach'rous roads;
 Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
 Of various fruit; she now a basket bore,
 That head alas! shall basket bear no more.
 Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain, 385
 And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
 Ah *Doll!* all mortals must resign their breath,
 And industry it self submit to death!
 The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,
 Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies; 390
 Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
 And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

So

So when the *Thracian* furies *Orpheus* tore,
 And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
 His fever'd head floats down the silver tide, 395
 His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;
Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,
 And *Heber's* banks *Eurydice* return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
 And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds.
 The wooden town its frail foundation leaves, 401
 And *Thames'* full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
 From ev'ry penthouse streams the fleeting snow,
 And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways, 405
 Need not the Calendar to count their days.
 When through the town with slow and solemn air,
 Led by the nostril, walks the muzled bear;
 Behind him moves majestically dull,
 The pride of *Hockley-bole*, the furly bull; 410
 Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and *Thursdays* are the days of game.

When fifty stalls with double store are laid;
 The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid, 415
 Red.

Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl, 415
 The jointed lobster, and uncaly soale,
 And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
 Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts ;
Wednesdays and *Fridays* you'll observe from hence,
 Days, when our fires were doom'd to abstinence. 420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
 And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
 And cleanse the spatter'd fash, and scrub the stairs ;
 Know *Saturday's* conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the season's change declare, 425
 And mark the monthly progress of the year.
 Hark, how the streets with treble voices ring,
 To sell the bounteous product of the spring !
 Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elder's early bud,
 With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood : 430
 And when *June's* thunder cools the sultry skies,
 Ev'n *Sundays* are profan'd by mackrell cries.

Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, stain,
 Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain ;

Next

Next oranges the longing boys entice, 435
 To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays the Poet's crown,
 Are bawl'd in frequent cries through all the town ;
 Then judge the festival of *Christmas* near,
Christmas the joyous period of the year. 440
 Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
 With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.
 Now, heav'n-born Charity, thy blessings shed ;
 Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head :
 Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm ; let plenty's bowl 445
 In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.
 See, see, the heav'n-born maid her blessings shed ;
 Lo ! meagre want uprears her sickly head ;
 Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
 While selfish Avarice alone is sad. 450

Proud coaches pass regardless of the moan
 Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan ;
 While Charity still moves the walker's mind,
 His lib'ral purse relieves the lame and blind,
 Judiciously thy half-pence are bestow'd, 455
 Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.

What-

Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
 Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand,
 Those who give late are importun'd each day,
 And still are teiz'd because they still delay. 460
 If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
 He thinly spreads them through the publick square,
 Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
 And from each other catch the doleful cry ;
 With heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,
 Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more. 466

Where the brags knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
 Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand ;
 Th'upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
 Waits with impatience for the dying breath ; 470
 As vultures, o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
 Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
 Here can't thou pass, unmindful of a pray'r,
 That heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare ?

Come, F* * * sincere, experienc'd friend, 475
 Thy briefs, thy deeds, and e'en thy fees suspend ;
 Come let us leave the *Temple's* silent walls,
 Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls :



Through the long *Strand* together let us stray : 480
 With thee converſing I forget the way.
 Behold that narrow ſtreet which ſleep deſcends,
 Whoſe building to the ſlimy ſhore extends ;
 Here *Arundel's* fam'd ſtructure rear'd its frame,
 The ſtreet alone retains the empty name : 485
 Where *Titian's* glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
 And *Raphael's* fair deſign, with judgment, charm'd,
 Now hangs the bell-man's ſong, and paſſed here
 The colour'd prints of *Owerton* appear.
 Where ſtatue breath'd, the work of *Phidias's* hands,
 A wooden pump, or lonely watch-houſe ſtands. 490
 There *Eſſex's* ſtately pile adorn'd the ſhore,
 There *Cecil's*, *Bedford's*, *Villers's*, now no more.
 Yet *Burlington's* fair palace ſtill remains ;
 Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
 Beneath his eye declining art revives, 495
 The wall with animated picture lives ;
 There *Hendel* ſtrikes the ſtrings, the melting ſtrain
 Tranſports the ſoul, and thrills through ev'ry vein ;
 There oft I enter, (but with cleaner ſhoes)
 For *Burlington's* a belov'd by ev'ry Muſe.

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
 Upon your state what happiness attends !
 What, though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
 Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles ;
 Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy, 505
 Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye ;
 No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
 Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath ;
 Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
 Of burning gout, or sedentary stone. 510
 Let others in the jolting coach confide,
 Or in the leaky boat the *Thames* divide ;
 Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,
 And trust their safety to another's feet,
 Still let me walk ; for oft the sudden gale 515
 Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous sail.
 Then shall the passenger too late deplore
 The whelming billow, and the faithless oar ;
 The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
 The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns. 520
 Who can recount the coach's various harms,
 The legs disjointed, and the broken arms ?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
 When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the show'r
 In gilded chariot loll, he with disdain 525
 Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain;
 With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
 Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer!
 The dust-man lashes on with spiteful rage,
 His pond'rous spokes thy painted wheel engage, 530
 Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
 The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow,
 Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
 And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
 So when dread *Jove* the son of *Phæbus* hurl'd, 535
 Scarr'd with dark thunder, to the nether world;
 The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
 And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weak'ning ills,
 His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills: 540
 From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame,
 From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
 Such, *Newgate's* copious market best affords,

Wouldst

Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy meal ?
 Seek *Leaden-hall, St. James's* sends thee veal, 546
Thames-street gives cheeses ; *Covent-garden* fruits ;
Moor-fields old books ; and *Monmouth-street* old suits.
 Hence may't thou well supply the wants of life,
 Support thy family, and clothe thy wife. 550

Volumes, on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
 And various science lures the learned eye ;
 The bending shelves with pond'rous scholiasts groan,
 And deep divines to modern shops unknown :
 Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing 555
 Collects the various odours of the spring,
 Walkers, at leisure, learning's flow'rs may spoil,
 Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil,
 May morals snatch from *Plutarch's* tatter'd page,
 A mildew'd *Bacon*, or *Stagyra's* sage. 560
 Here saunt'ring prentices o'er *Otway* weep,
 O'er *Congreve* smile, or over *D * * sleep* ;
 Pleas'd semstresses the *Lock's* fam'd *Rape* unfold,
 And * *Squirts* read *Garth*, 'till apozems grow cold.

* The name of an Apothecary's boy, in the Poem of the Dispensary.



O *Lintot*, let my labours obvious lie, 565
 Rang'd on thy stall, for ev'ry curious eye;
 So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
 And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix
 On the false lustre of a coach and six? 570
 Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
 Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
 With *Flanders* mares, and on an arched spring
 That wretch to gain an equipage and place, 575
 Betray'd his sifter to a lewd embrace.

This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
 Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
 Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
 The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps; 580

There flames a fool, begirt with tinsell'd slaves,
 Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
 That other, with a clustring train behind,
 Owes his new honours to a fordid mind.

This next in court-fidelity excels, 585
 The publick rifles, and his country sells.

May

May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate;
O rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good *Surtout*!

590

