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is the flippant tribute of folly to irreligion. His friends, "Charles and Catherine, Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who loved this excellent person living and regretted him dead, caused a monument to be erected to his memory," upon which Pope wrote the following lines, in all the fulsome fervour of poetic hyperbole:—

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child,
With Nature's humour, temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great;
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end—
These are thine honours, not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust,
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms,—here lies Gay."

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INTRODUCTION.

SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities lived a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold:

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THE LION, THE TIGER, AND THE TRAVELLER.

ACCEPT, young Prince! the moral lay,
And in these Tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.
  Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of Truth.[1]

(1) Compare the third Satire of Juvenal. There is one exception, namely, they hear truth when it is profitable to the courtier to tell it, but never the *whole* truth.

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A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Traveller in the way;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood;
Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The Man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implored:
His life the generous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus bespoke his guest:
"What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? you saw the fight,
And must attest my power and right.
Forced to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam
Within these woods I reign alone;
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dyed the regal den with blood.
These carcases on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell."
"True," says the man, "the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe;
But shall a monarch, brave, like you,
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right:
Be loved; let justice bound your might.

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THE SPANIEL AND THE CHAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a favourite heir,
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
Indulged to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent:
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart;

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How different is thy case and mine?
With men at least you sup and dine;
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air."[1]

(1) The raillery at court sycophants naturally pervades our poet's writings, who had suffered so much from them: here, however, he intimates something more, namely, the apposite dispensations to men's acts, even in this world. The crafty is taken in his own guile, the courtier falls by his own arts, and the ladder of ambition only prepares for the aspirant a further fall.

——"Unde altior esset
Casus, et impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ."—*Juvenal.*

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THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

"Give me a son!"—The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doting eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.[1]
Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The Mother rose, and sought her heir:
She saw the Nurse like one possest,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.

(1) "I never yet saw that father who, let his son be never so decrepit or scald-pated, would not own him: not but that, unless he were totally besotted and blinded with his paternal affection, he does not well enough discern his defects, but because, notwithstanding all his faults, he is still his."—Montaigne.

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