

P O E T R Y.

THE MONKEY AND CLOWN.

A TALE.

SHALL man, with all his boasted sense,
 His reason, wit, and eloquence,
 His pow'r his dress, and sulsom pride,
 The brutal commonwealth deride ?
 For strength or pow'r wou'd any dare,
 Unweapon'd, to attack a bear ?
 Or who could rein the mighty horse,
 Should he exert his pow'r and force ?
 In art each animal exceeds
 The greatest artist's greatest deeds ;
 The beaver, architect of nature,
 Safe from the hurt of human creature,
 Enjoys a nobler mansion far,
 Than what our cities have built the may'r.
 For cunning, all who deal in flocks,
 Can ne'er excel the cunning fox.
 For dress, the beau wou'd find it hard
 To match the spotted lynx or pard.
 If man has courage, let him try't on
 The lions and eke the lion ;
 Say, has he reason, let him weigh't
 Against the brutes that ne'er betray't :
 Say, has he truth, the dog has more,
 Nor leaves his master for a whore ;
 A bitch I mean ;—but then the rhyming
 Could not have had its proper chiming.
 See honest instinct rise superior,
 And mighty reason sink inferior ;
 And human art, with brutal nature,
 Appears as lesser things to greater ;
 As this, the following tale will tell ye,
 Unless your brains are in your belly.
 An honest farmer, you shall hear,
 Who liv'd, I think, in Bedfordshire ;
 He kept a farm, tho' not his own,
 The landlord of it liv'd in town.
 Now twice or thrice a year the tenant
 Wou'd send up partridge, hare, or pheasant,
 To master landlord, as a present.
 Now Hodge, his man, who ne'er had
 been
 From field, or heath, or vale, or green,
 As great a clown as sun e'er shone on,
 Was on the occasion sent to London.
 The load he bore was no such hard-
 ship,
 A brace of partridge for his lordship ;
 And thus equipt, for London strait,
 He issues forth at five barr'd gate.
 Suppose him now in London streets,
 Gaping and asking all he meets
 For master landlord's great fine house,
 At least, the biggest of a thousand.
 That found, he raps the door in fear,
 And strait inquires for the peer ;

The saucy porter in a rum key,
 Hums him, and points him out the mon-
 key ;

The clown beheld his lordship's grace,
 And thus addressed his monkey face :
 An't please your worship's pow'r and
 glory,

I've come from farmer Manglestory ;
 Then bowing shew'd his grace the let-
 ter,

At which the monkey 'gan to chatter ;
 Held out at once his nimble paw,
 And gave poor Hodge a desperate claw,
 Puts on a thousand odd grimaces,
 And tears the letter all to pieces.

Hodge scatch'd his head, and bow'd
 again ;

Thought landlord in an angry strain ;
 And thus rejoin'd, There's no offence,
 I hope—we country folk want sense,
 That's to be sure—but please your grace,
 I've brought you, Sir, a present here,
 Some of our homely country cheer.
 His lordship's jacko smoak'd the game, |
 And flew directly to the same :

Hodge star'd—the porter laugh'd—and
 pug

Began to grin and tear and tug ;
 And soon, without a drop of watridge,
 He gobbled down a brace of partridge ;
 Hodge thought the peer was mad, and
 went

To stop his monkeyship's intent,
 When strait he fix'd on Hodge's nose,
 And maul'd it well, you may suppose :
 The porter searing further danger,
 Took off the peer and freed the stranger ;
 That done, here ends the bloody fray,
 And Hodge quite frighten'd ran away.
 Now Hodge return'd, began to wail,
 And tell his melancholy tale ;
 As how he saw his worship's grace,
 And how his worship scratch'd his face ;
 As how his worship's grace did chatter ;
 With all pertaining to the matter.

The farmer angry—very soon
 To know the cause—came up to town,
 Was soon inform'd of Flobb's disaster,
 And all the country rung with laughter.

By this at once we plainly see
 What human nature's fell would be ;
 The mind of man, when fairly stated,
 You'd find, untill'd, uncultivated,
 Exempt from all the arts and know-
 ledge,

By practice learn'd at court or college ;
 Unskilful in the use of things,
 And lost to all the pomp of kings ;
 For reason is but mere sensation,
 Without the help of cultivation.

TRUE