

### The Archin Robbers.

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NO Fault appears to be more common  
In Reason, or of man or woman,  
Than to apply it, as seems best,  
To what is thought their Interest,  
Leaving the more enlighten'd few  
Its native dictates to pursue.

—The Lawyer never will say fie on't,

To aught that furnishes a Client;

—The Broker judges of events

By their effect on three per Cents.;

With him the glory of the Nation

Is that which fits his Calculation ;

And, as he is a Bull or Bear,

Will pray for Peace, or wish for War.

—The Politician's never hearty

But for the Interest of his Party ;

OF DEATH.

Robbers.

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O the unconscionable Brute !  
To murder for a little Fruit !



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And ever zealous to foment  
 The cry of public discontent,  
 He prays that all in power be driven  
 Out of their ministerial Heaven.  
 And he has Reason on his side  
 Such as it may be, for his pride  
 Or wants may then be satisfied :  
 As by such change he may insure  
 A Place, a Name, or Sincure.  
 Nor is there to be found the man,  
 Thriving by money-getting Plan  
 Who does not to one reason hold,  
 A reason that is made of Gold.

Fancy will sometimes take the lead  
 And play its part in Reason's stead.  
 —The Virtuoso is profound  
 In all the wonders that abound  
 Through Nature's realms, with all the store  
 She yields to him who dare explore  
 The mountain's top, the secret cave,  
 Or shores lash'd by the briny wave,

For what is beautiful or rare  
That she has lodg'd or planted there.  
He reasons on the wond'rous power  
That, from Creation's awful hour,  
Has teem'd in never-ceasing birth,  
As if to renovate the Earth  
With fresh materials, to maintain,  
From Time's wide waste, old Nature's reign.  
Then in bold, pompous language yields  
The Doctrines which each System yields  
That sage Philosophers have shewn ;—  
And closes boldly with his own.  
Nature's first works, he says, are met  
Within his costly Cabinet ;—  
Then opes a Drawer, and slowly shows  
His Shells, arrang'd in various rows ;  
And disappoints th' expecting eyes  
With Insects, and with Butterflies.

Cælia was by her Father told  
To take a Husband rich and old,  
When Cælia's secret wishes lay,  
As it fell out, another way.



A country Squire, in glowing youth,  
Promis'd Fidelity and Truth,  
With a fair rent-roll that was clear  
At least twelve hundred pounds a year,  
And all the joys that suit a wife  
Contented with a rural Life.  
Cælia receiv'd his am'rous tale  
Nor thought the vows she gave could fail.  
Now every night she fondly dreams  
Of shady groves and chrystal streams ;  
Nor to her friends will ever own  
That she e'er wish'd to live in Town.  
But he had not attain'd the age  
Which gave him up his Heritage ;  
Three months must pass to leave him free  
From Guardian's care and Custody ;  
And then 'twas hop'd Papa would crown  
His wish to make the Fair his own.  
—In the mean time, for so it prov'd,  
Sir Edward saw the Fair and lov'd ;  
When she receiv'd Papa's command  
To give her heart and yield her hand.

She felt what tender maidens feel,  
Nor could at first her sighs conceal;  
As sudden disappointment crept  
About her heart, she sometimes wept.  
—But, in due time, sage Reason came  
And help'd to quench the wav'ring flame;  
For soon she too herself confess'd  
Papa must know what's for the best.  
A coach and six and liv'ried train,  
With mansion fair and large domain;  
A fine Town-house in some fine Square,  
With all the pride of Fashion there  
Would a more solid blessing prove,  
Than in the woods to live on Love.  
Cynthio is good, but he's so young,  
And youthful passion ne'er lasts long.  
She reason'd thus, and set at rest  
The faint punctilio in her breast.  
To Cynthio then she wrote to say,  
Papa commands, I must obey;  
—To-morrow is my Wedding Day.

But Int'rest still its office finds  
In vulgar, as in higher minds ;  
When Discontent its tale will tell  
In the same way, though not so well.

Thus WAT, the Gard'ner, thought it hard  
His toil should fail of its reward :  
When east-winds blew and blossoms blasted,  
That all his labour should be wasted ;  
When in the space of one short night  
His hopes should sicken at a blight :  
For though he knew he must supply  
Deserts with Garden Luxury,  
And that my Lord would curse and swear,  
Did he not find abundance there ;  
WAT would contrive, a cunning elf,  
To smuggle something for himself :  
The finest fruit he would purloin,  
With, now and then, a swinging pine ;  
Plumbs, peaches, apricots, and all  
That grew in hot-house, or on wall ;



And would the secret Cargo send,  
 To some good Covent-Garden friend,  
 Nor did his Conscience give a twitch  
 At robberies that made him rich ;  
 But when the unlucky Urchins dare  
 Mount o'er the wall and seize a share,  
 His rigid virtue was alarm'd,  
 And, at one morning's dawn well-arm'd,  
 He watch'd, and when the robbers came  
 Let loose the Dog, and took his aim.  
 No sooner had his Musquet popp'd,  
 Than from the Wall a youngster dropp'd.  
 " O Heavens," he cried, " what have I done ?  
 " I only meant a little fun :  
 " I only wish'd to wake their fears  
 " By rattling shot about their ears,  
 " And scare them, that they might refrain  
 " From ever coming here again.  
 " I should be worse than any brute  
 " To kill a boy for stealing fruit ;  
 " Besides, what Fate should I receive,  
 " If all were to be shot who thieve.

" Death is the worst of all our foes ;  
 " His stroke no mortal can oppose.  
 " 'Twas he, not I, the Urchin slew :  
 " What mischief has he made me do !  
 " OLD WAT," said DEATH, " tis very true.  
 For while the Gard'ner took his aim,  
 Death stood beside the Melon frame,  
 And thus at once, alarm'd and cheer'd  
 The trembling Man with what He hear'd.

" I drove the Boy to scale the wall,  
 " I made the affrighted Robber fall ;  
 " I plac'd beneath the pointed stone  
 " That he has crack'd his scull upon.  
 " I've been his best and guardian Friend,  
 " And sav'd him from a Felon's end :  
 " Scourging and Lectures have been vain ;  
 " The Rascal was a rogue in grain,  
 " And, had I lengthen'd out his date  
 " The Gallows would have been his Fate.  
 " You living people oft mistake me :—  
 " I'm not so cruel as you make me.



“ And now restrain your love of Pelf; ”  
“ Pray look a little to yourself. ”  
“ Virtue alone can joy impart, ”  
“ For Guilt ne'er knows a joy at heart; ”  
“ And He, by all it is confest, ”  
“ Who looks alone to *Interest*, ”  
“ As you, OLD WAT, must know, I trust, ”  
“ Is hastening fast to be unjust; ”  
“ Or to employ a term in vogue, ”  
“ Now is, or soon will be a rogue. ”  
“ —The Boy is freed from worldly pain, ”  
“ He'll ne'er climb walls or rob again : ”  
“ A dozen plumbs form'd all his treason, ”  
“ While you are robbing through the season. ”  
“ Something far worse than Gun or Shot, ”  
“ If you proceed, may be your Lot : ”  
“ So leave off thieving, Master WALTER,— ”  
“ Or I may come, and bring a HALTER.” ”

SCENE OF DEATH.

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