

The Miser's End.

FROM CHARING CROSS, to the EXCHANGE,
Take now your philosophic range,
And as you saunter through each street,
Translate the minds of all you meet ;
And you'll perceive, in great and small,
MONEY'S the word that's writ in all ;—
That their chief Happiness and Pain
Is what they lose or what they gain.
—Another morning take your walk
Where the young Loungers idly stalk :
Your scrutinizing eye prepare
To view the scene of every Square :
Saunt'ring down Bond-street, tow'rd's the Park,
Spare not your shrewd and keen remark :
From the gay bustle and confusion,
Your thoughts will come to this conclusion :

E OF DEATH

er's End.

Cross, to the Extreme
 phic range,
 rough each street,
 f all you meet;
 in great and small,
 at's writ in all;-
 piness and Pain
 what they gain.
 ke your walk
 ungers idly stalk:
 e prepare
 f every Square:
 nd-street, tow'rds the Fa
 rd and keen remark:
 and confusion,
 ome to this conclusion:



Old Dad, at length, is grown so kind;
 He dies - & leaves his world behind.

In all that's
PLEASURE'S
On this t
What does
Which then
(By rules of g
As public Int'
The Love of
Though in the
Whate'er may
Whate'er ma
Or decks fond
Flatters the whi
Or fills the Cup
We might the v
But 'tis not in c
To treat of any
Of Man, in ma
As seen in these
I ask, by him
Who from the

In all that's seen, in all that's heard,
PLEASURE'S the fascinating word.

On this the unerring truth must rest,
What does most good must be the best,
Which then is best suppose we try
(By rules of general policy,
As public Int'rest deals the measure,)
The Love of Gain, or Love of Pleasure :
Though in the last we comprehend
Whate'er may to the Fancy bend ;
Whate'er may gild the State of Power,
Or decks fond Fashion's varying hour ;
Flatters the whimsies of the dull,
Or fills the Cup of Folly full.
We might the ways of Wisdom scan ;
But 'tis not in our present plan }
To treat of any thing but Man ; }
Of Man, in many of his ways,
As seen in these degenerate days.

I ask, by him what good is done,
Who from the morn to setting sun

Employs his never-ceasing care
To gain, to treasure, and to spare ;
And often borrows hours from sleep,
To give his hoards the added heap.
—Of all our failings, this same thirst
Of hoarding money is the worst :
For by that Passion is subdu'd
Each wish or thought of doing good.
Nor does gold cheer the owner's breast
But by the sense that 'tis possest.—

Not so the Sons of Pleasure, they
Make all around them glad and gay ;
And by their sportive fancies strive
To keep the passing world alive.
They take another course 'tis true,
And not without its follies too ;
But though they prudent rules defy,
And briskly let their money fly,
While their run lasts, 'tis understood
That such folks do a deal of good.

If 'mong the changes that arise
And daily meet our wond'ring eyes,
It were the Fashion to be wise;
That Reason should decide the measure
Of ev'ry want and ev'ry pleasure;
Were such an alteration made,
Half London Town must leave off Trade.
Should all disdain the sweets of sense,
And look for Health to abstinence,
Content plain meats to cut and carve,
Cooks and Confectioners must starve.
And they to harder Trades must stoop,
Who Fortunes make by Turtle Soup.
—If they alone bought books who need 'em,
Or which is rarer still—who read 'em,
How many a Mill would stand and rot,
And wire-wove paper be forgot.
—If none form'd Libraries for show,
Nor wish'd to make each Book a Beau;
If Learning never was profuse,
Nor e'er bought volumes but for use,

Morocco, with its gawdy airs,
 Would be confin'd to Shoes and Chairs.
 In short, when Spendthrift Folly dies,
 And Fops leave off their Luxuries,
 Few dashing retail men will run
 To country cot in Chaise and one;
 And more than half our trading elves,
 Would shut up shop, or hang themselves.

GRIPUS, a money-getting Sage,
 Was now grown old with care and age:
 His daily Joy was reck'ning o'er
 The value of his hoarded Store.
 Though this fond Task produc'd a sigh,
 Whene'er he thought that he must die,
 And bid his darling gold good bye.

He had a Son, a sharp young Spark,
 Long bound as an Attorney's Clerk;
 For GRIPUS thought that such a shop
 Requir'd no Cash to set him up.
 He knew a share of Common Sense,
 More cunning and some impudence,

Was, as the adage old has said,
Sufficient for th' Attorney's trade.
His Daughter too was blooming fair
As roses, and as lillies are ;
And GRIPUS never spar'd expence
To give her beauty consequence.
She could Clementi's Lessons play,
And sing each tonish Roundelay :
Could give full force to Flat or Sharp
On the Piano or the Harp.
—Besides, the lively, smiling Wench,
Could step a Waltz, and jabber French ;
And oft her ready hand was seen
Painting a Table or a Screen :
For much he thought her charming face,
Heighten'd by each acquir'd grace,
Would, by the aid of Cupid's dart,
Seize on some wealthy *Damon's* heart,
Who, without asking for a Dower,
Would lead her to the Nuptial Bower.

One day JACK came—'twas Monday eve,
 His stated stipend to receive ;
 Which GRIPUS always kindly paid,
 Nor ever did the Boy upbraid ;
 And thus his narrow heart consol'd
 When from his hand he loos'd his gold.
 “ If to poor JACK I nothing gave,
 “ How would he ever learn to save.”
 — He gently tapp'd—Death op'd the door ;
 JACK star'd, as he ne'er star'd before.
 The Spectre took him by the arm
 And bid him quiet his alarm.
 “ Just look around, and what appears
 “ Will, I think, tranquillise your fears ;
 “ Upon that Couch your Father lies :
 “ I have for ever clos'd his eyes ;
 “ While here, my Boy, you see around you,
 “ What may, perhaps, at first confound you ;
 “ But you'll forgive me the intrusion,
 “ And soon get rid of your confusion.”
 The Daughter then lamenting came,
 And with her the old Household Dame ;

But when the Treasure they espy,
 The Ladies both forgot to cry.
 JACK, who had learn'd a thing or two,
 As Lawyers' Clerks are apt to do,
 Transferr'd his Dad to t'other room,
 And bade the Undertaker come :
 Then double-lock'd the Iron Door,
 To talk with BELL the matter o'er.
 They read the *Will*, when all was right,
 Then supper eat with appetite,
 And chatter'd on till twelve at night.
 The Fun'ral Rites all duly paid,
 And GRIPUS 'neath the marble laid,
 Again the Iron Door they op'd,
 And, having in each corner grop'd,
 BELL took her *Forty thousand* pound,
 And soon a wealthy Husband found :
 JACK by the Will took all the rest,
 And soon became a Buck profest.

Well-pleas'd he, with contemptuous grin,
 Took his last leave of *Thavies Inn* ;

And 'twas not long e'er he was known
 A first-rate Swell upon the Town.
 But JACK was shrewd, with cunning fraught,
 The Attorney's Desk the Youth had taught
 A certain wary kind of Knowledge
 That's caught up in no other College:
 For though he sought the road to ruin,
 It took ten years to *his* undoing:
 And when 'twas thought that all was gone,
 JACK was not such a Simpleton
 But he contriv'd to stitch together
 A rough, warm coat for rainy weather;
 And seem'd contented to retire,
 A knowing, petty Country 'Squire.

No one will Son or Father praise,
 They both were bad in different ways:
 The one was known his life to pass
 An useless treasure to a mass:
 The other spent it like an Ass.
 For neither JACK nor GRIPUS knew
 The happy medium to pursue

The art between the extremes to move
Of idle waste or mad Self-love :
A knowledge which, when once possess'd,
Preserves men good, and makes them blest.
But still I hold this Maxim true,—
JACK was the BETTER of the *Two*.

NCE OF DEATH.
e'er he was known
on the Town.
d, with cunning frays
k the Youth had taught
d of Knowledge
n no other College:
ght the road to ruin,
o his undoing:
ought that all was gone
a Simpleton
to stitch together
at for rainy weather,
ted to retire,
Country Squire.
n or Father praise,
ad in different ways:
wn his life to pass
e to a mass:
like an Ass.
nor Gaires knew
m to pursue