

The Careless and the Careful.

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ASK the Doctor, whose renown  
His skill has spread throughout the Town,  
Whose rolling Chariot's daily seen  
From *Temple Bar* to *Lisson Green* ;  
Yes, ask him, if you know him well,  
And He the real Truth will tell,  
What's the complaint or the Disease  
That brings the largest heap of Fees :  
He'll tell you *Folly* is the Mine  
That feeds the Sons of Medicine :  
Intemperance, in whatever way  
It doth its various forms display,  
Whether, in Bacchanalian Hours,  
It overcomes the Reas'ning Powers ;  
Or, gloting o'er the daily Feast,  
The Glutton sinks into the Beast ;



OF DEATH.

and the Careful.

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The Careful, and the Careless led  
To join the living and the dead.



These'er it doth desire in  
To Folly by another name  
Then sage Discretion's  
The Passion may be great  
Which may forebode the cost  
That calls for Potion or  
In some a form in which  
To minister to Happiness  
Which alas, a source of  
Of the Disease, and all  
Of the repeated draughts  
Which burn the palm and  
Of the repeated Banquet  
The Stomach with their  
Of changing Nature, you  
That'er the pamper'd  
Attempts to gratify the taste  
Which doth bring your  
Which in Lux'ry's variety  
You mock at Nature's  
Compare the Fees;—for,  
The Gods will assail y

Whene'er it doth desire inflame,  
'Tis Folly by another name.  
When sage Discretion's laid aside,  
That Passion may be gratified,  
We may forebode the coming ill  
That calls for Potion or for Pill.  
Is there a form in which excess  
Can minister to Happiness?  
No, 'tis, alas, a source of pain,  
Of pale Disease, and all its train.  
If the repeated draughts you seek  
Which burn the palm and flush the cheek;  
If the repeated Banquets press  
The Stomach with their Lusciousness;  
If, shuning Nature, you invite  
Whate'er the pamper'd appetite  
Demands to gratify the taste,  
And slowly brings your health to waste;—  
If, bred in Lux'ry's various schools,  
You mock at Nature's simple Rules,—  
Prepare the Fees;—for, soon or late  
The *Galens* will assail your gate.

It is the Folly which opposes  
 Calm Nature's way that calls for Doses :  
 The Doctors would give up their System  
 As gainless, did not Fools assist 'em.  
 —Nature and Prudence, and Discretion  
 Are doubtless of the same Profession ;  
 Their general object is the same,  
 They differ little but in name ;  
 While Folly's ever seen to be  
 A constant foe to all the three.  
 —Whate'er may be the course of Life,  
 Whether it leads to peace or strife ;—  
 Its way all safe or fill'd with snares,  
 With pleasures gay or sad with cares ;—  
 Whether 'tis poverty or wealth,  
 Or sickness pale, or rosy health ;  
 By Reason sage we shall be blam'd,  
 If of those powers so lately nam'd,  
 We do not ask continual aid,  
 Or old or young, or man or maid :  
 Whate'er our Rank or our Profession,  
 Nature and Prudence, and Discretion,

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 that this the conscious  
 two nat'ral, therefore  
 up where gazing eye



Or in our station or our frame,  
Should in their influence be the same.

Experience, in her ample school,  
Cannot provide a better rule ;

Yet we're too apt to play the fool.

—Howe'er it is not to the great,  
To those who live in Wealth and State,

Or bustle in the busy strife

That marks the active scenes of Life,

To whom my Moral I display,

But to the thoughtless and the gay ;—

The wholesome subject pays its duty

To giddy Youth and careless Beauty.

Miss MARY, and her sister SOPHY,

Were seen to bear the envied Trophy

Which Beauty's Queen, 'tis said, confers

On certain favourites of hers :

Nor will it, sure, be thought untrue

That this the conscious Ladies knew :

'Twas nat'ral, therefore, the desire

To go where gazing eyes admire :

One Evening then, at Pleasure's call,  
They brought their Graces to a Ball :  
What Envy the fair Nymphs excited,  
How oft to dance they were invited,  
What admiration was bestow'd,  
What Love-sick Beaux around them bow'd,  
Are things the humble verse will leave  
For any Fancy to conceive ;  
And Fancy may suppose, the night  
Gave a succession of Delight.  
But Pleasure's season must be o'er,  
And when the Band was heard no more,  
The Sisters sat them down to cool  
Their heated Forms and play the fool.  
They laughed at those who spoke their fright,  
As the loud Storm disturb'd the night,  
And Quizz'd the *Carefuls* as they bawl  
For Cloak and Fur and wrapping Shawl.  
—Their Coach was call'd, it was not come :  
“ Ne'er mind,” they said, “ we're so near  
“ home ;

and it will be delightf  
such a night to have  
Major, give us  
We can skip on and ta  
besides, your fierce co  
Will, surely, save us fr  
The Care of such a gal  
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They saw a Lanthern  
to guide them onward to  
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the Deern, alas, who  
the Fool's Frolic see

“ And it will be delightful Fun,

“ In such a night to have a run.

“ Come, Major, give us either arm,

“ We can skip on and take no harm :

“ Besides, your fierce cock'd Hat and Feather

“ Will, surely, save us from the weather.

“ The Care of such a gallant Fellow

“ Is better far than an Umbrella.”

—They saw a Lantern dance before

To guide them onward to their door,

But knew not who the Lantern bore.

'Twas DEATH, alas, who lit them home ;

And the Fool's Frolic seal'd their doom.