



This fine, hot, feast's a preparation
 To some, for Deaths last, cold, Collation.

The Dainty

We know, because we
 his world's vast variety
 not a single foot of g
 in its ample space be fo
 in some form, or foul
 can may possess a victin
 e's not a thing but ma
 Engine of his fatal Tr
 every means by which
 Nature's fram'd, may p
 various unexpected way
 every period to our days
 case, within its gaudy
 like the Serpent train
 in the Banquet's costl
 venous venom may be fo

The Dutty Dish.

WE know, because we daily see
In this world's vast variety,
That not a single foot of ground
Can in its ample space be found,
But in some form, or foul or fair,
DEATH may possess a victim there.
There's not a thing but may be made
The Engine of his fatal Trade.
The very means by which the Strength
Of Nature's fram'd, may put, at length,
By various unexpected ways,
An early period to our days.
Pleasure, within its gaudy bowers,
May hide the Serpent train in flowers,
And, in the Banquet's costly round,
Delicious venom may be found.

—The gilded Palace cannot screen
 The Owner of the splendid scene,
 With all its pomp and all its state,
 From the resistless stroke of Fate;
 While, 'tis the humble Peasant's lot
 To feel it in the straw-roof'd Cot.
 Nay, in the proud, illumin'd hall,
 Where the Feast ushers in the Ball:
 Where the rich Banquet gives delight,
 And Beauty crowns the splendid night,
 DEATH sometimes will his step advance,
 Proclaim the Toast, and join the Dance.
 —Whether by airy pleasure led,
 Or Sorrow's thorny paths we tread;
 Whate'er the point to which we stray,
 The Fun'rals meet us on our way.
 Yet, of mankind, a num'rous part
 Seem to be trying ev'ry art,
 To dissipate the awful gloom
 With which their fears becloud the tomb,
 And shun the means they all possess
 To turn it to their Happiness.

For Virtue, as we ought to know,
Can, to a Friend, convert the Foe.
Can, of his power, each fear beguile,
Force his grim frowns into a smile;
And, whether 'tis our lot to feel
The triumph of his fatal Steel,
Or in Life's early, blooming years,
Or when the hoary head appears,
Blest Virtue can the stroke defy,
And dying—claim the Victory.

Much do I wish my humble song
Were kindly call'd to dance along
The fragrant path where Virtue showers
The bloom of never-fading flowers.
But I am call'd where Folly rules
And marks its more distinguish'd Fools,
Where sensual Banquets, till they cloy,
Gives to the Glutton all his Joy.

There is no form which Vice puts on,
None so distinguish'd—no, not one

So nauseous none, in Reason's eye
 As the swoll'n shape of Gluttony.
 —The gay, luxurious delights
 In which some pass their days and nights,
 Though to themselves the cause of ruin,
 Yet, in the road to their undoing,
 The Arts are call'd to gild the way,
 And Genius doth its powers display,
 While Labour whistles through the day. }
 The Altar fair, whereon they waste
 Their squander'd wealth, is form'd with Taste ;
 The Dome, 'neath which the Tripod stands,
 Is not the work of vulgar hands.
 The Painter decorates the scene,
 And sculptur'd marbles intervene.
 E'en when the Spendthrift, rich no more, }
 For ever quits his Mansion door
 To seek, perhaps, a foreign shore,
 He still will leave of all that's spent
 Some gay, and costly Monument,
 Which it may be the Stranger's lot,
 T' enjoy with pride, when He's forgot.

—E'en *Avarice*, that odious Elf,
Which hoards its gold and starves itself,
That living fills an useless space,
Of erring nature the disgrace;
Yet, by its savings, may prepare
A Fund of Virtue for an Heir,
If Fortune, in his breast, should find
The gen'rous Love of human kind.
Nay wine, though taken to excess,
Will, in its way, the spirits bless,
And make convivial joys abound
Though Reason gains a transient wound.
But these same cramming mortals meet
With gloating eyes the various treat;
In silence at their tables sit,
Till they can't eat another bit;
And when their well-cramm'd crops are full,
They grow immeasurably dull.
What is the good he e'er bestows
From Morning's dawn to Evening's close,
Who boasts it as his sole delight,
To gorge his rav'nous appetite;

And joys, when he at noon can say,
 "How lordly I shall dine to-day:"
 Then fills his gullet o'er and o'er,
 And sighs that he can eat no more.
 As the world's Victor, it is said,
 The tears of disappointment shed,
 That no more kingdoms rose to view
 For his proud prowess to subdue;
 These Corm'rants, when the stomach's still,
 Weep for another paunch to fill.

Yes, such there are, and I knew one,
 But from this world he's lately gone,
 Who thought and said, that Life's best prize
 Was, when he pleas'd, to gormandize.
 Ask him, what news? He'd tell you true,
 What dinner he had then in view:
 Repeat the dishes, half a score,
 Which he had eat the day before;
 Nor hesitate to call it treason,
 Not to know what was then in season.
 —Of war he ne'er express'd a fear,
 But that of making Turbot dear:

Though he would often wish for Peace,
 As certain Taxes then might cease ;
 By which event he would be able
 To add some dainty to his table.
 —At length his Limbs, with hobbling gait,
 Could scarce support the body's weight ;
 But, to the last, he could provide
 Sufficient power his steps to guide
 From his arm-chair and fire-side,
 When JONATHAN appear'd to state
 That Dinner did his pleasure wait ;
 When he would gobble Ven'son down,
 Long after all his teeth were gone.

At the last Feast he e'er enjoy'd,
 And when his taste should have been cloy'd,
 “ Where is my fav'rite dish,” he cried,
 “ Let some one place it by my side.”
 DEATH heard his call and soon obey'd,
 And by his side the dish display'd ;

When he exclaim'd, "As I'm a sinner,
 "One slice—and I have clos'd my dinner."
 The slice his eager knife supplies.—
 It will not pass—He choaks,—and dies.

—At length his limbs with hobbling gain,

Could scarce support the body's weight;

But to the last, he could provide

Sufficient power his steps to guide

From his arm-chair and fire-side.

When death's approach'd to state

That Dinner did his pleasure wait;

When he would gobble Ven'son down,

Long after all his teeth were gone.

At the last Feast he e'er enjoy'd,

And when his taste should have been cloy'd

"Where is my fat rite dish," he cried,

Let some one place it by my side.

Death'sri heard the call and soon obey'd

And by his side the dish display'd.

FOR II.

DEATH
to a sinner,
and my dinner?
lies—
is—and dies.

THE SINNER'S PRAYER
O God—sinner—how I feel my dinner
The sinner's prayer—
It will not pass—