

But would you raise an Offspring wife and good,  
Cut short the growing Foible in its Bud.  
A gentle Force, the crooked Twig may mend;  
But Trees awry, will break before they bend.  
Nor truit to Nature's Gifts, tho' ne'er so found;  
For Reeds grow rankest in the richest Ground.  
Far from indulgent Mothers let them be;  
Their Talent lies in dandling on the Knee.  
She cries, when e'er her humour'd Son is crost,  
"My Child is sick, his Appetite is lost;  
"Some Cakes or Custards, would you chuse, my dear,  
"Come to your Mammy; let me wipe that Tear.  
"How hot he feels, his little Heart beats high.  
"How cold you be so cruel—Papa, fie."  
A Female Council call'd, to drink Bohea,  
Condemn harsh Methods, but commend the Tea.  
The Foiding fobs; this shows a noble Spirit;  
Agreed—he must turn out a Man of Merit.  
Pleas'd with the Verdict; first a fond Embrace;  
And then the doating Mother states the Case:  
"Now who can blame me, if my Dear I prize;  
"Tis my own Child—, my very Looks, my Eyes.  
"Ravish'd, I view my Spirit in his Soul;  
"Always impatient of the least Controul.  
"Just so I posited, when shut up from Play;  
"But always peasant when I had my Way.  
"In him I place my Hopes and only Joy;  
"My other self smiles in the lovely Boy.  
"Tell me then, Ladies, think you this is wrong;  
"Can I now hate what I have lov'd so long?  
"What tho' too stern Authority be lost;  
"My Son dreads Goblins—, trembles at a Ghost."  
She spoke the Strength of Female Tutor's Cause:  
The Council gave a Clutter of Applause.

Thus the first Seeds of weak umanly Fears  
Grow in his Nature, as he grows in Years.  
Nor long endures the Drudgery of School;  
But soon commences Coward, Fop, or Fool.  
Is he the Son of some rough Country Squire?  
Then he must try to ape the Dunces his Sire.  
Harangue, in high flown Politics, the Crowd;  
No matter, Right or Wrong—so it be loud.  
If he excells in Scandal and Debauchon,  
Then set him up for Burges's next Election.  
The modest, wife, but silent Men of Merit,  
Neglected stand, as wanting public Spirit.  
So Bees are catch'd by empty Vessel's Sound,  
When twenty fall could not the Humming drown.  
But other Feats, no less remote from Sense,  
Compleat the Youth—; a Horse-race calls him hence.  
Prepare ye Riders, mount your Steeds to run;  
He comes the noisy Squire, and booby Son.  
Now wild with Joy, the Stripling views the Ground;  
And now in swiftest Speed he gallops round.  
Then through the Crowd, from Place to Place he flies,  
Vain to foretel what Horse shall win the Prize.  
Pray he r h m talk: "I'll hold the *Dapple Grey*,  
"Takes the first Heat from W—r—s' famous Bay;  
"Yet both will fail; ev'n *Limberfates* must yield;  
"Twenty to Ten, *Ranter* against the Field."  
And thus, inverting Nature's lawful Course,  
An Ass shall judge the nobler Brute, a Horse.  
So factious Knaves, deserving Chains and Fetters,  
In lawless Mobs, pass Judgment on their Betters.  
But now the fighting Elements contend;  
Shrill *Eurus* blows, and Floods of Rain descend:  
Confin'd at home, dejected, and alone;  
No Cards to comfort—; what must then be done?  
He stretches, yawns, and rubs his empty Head,  
And flees for Comfort to some Couch or Bed.  
Happy in Sleep, if pleasing Dreams display  
The charming *Cecily* of a former Day;  
Yet happier still, to kill the tedious Hours,  
Had Fortune sent some Friend to play—, All Fours.

But lo! a smarter Youth I see advance,  
With Crest erect, bold strut, and cap'ring France.  
Clowns, and their rustic Sports, demand his Pity;  
He claims his breeding from the neighb'ring City.  
There learn'd o' Drink, to Game, and be Polite,  
To Sleep all Day, and revel all the Night.

To give good Proofs of *† solid Sense* at Whiff;  
And of his Wit, by swearing smart and brisk.  
Well vers'd in Books; the Ladies too must know it,  
By pert Quotations from some smutty Poet.  
Or if his Genius takes a higher Flight,  
Deny with *H—bbi*, all Moral Wrong, and Right.  
Cry, "Al!s a Cheat, and Life is but a Span,  
"We die like Dogs, then let him cheat who can."  
With him no sacred Truth can stand the Test,  
Of (sober Reason! no) insipid Jest.  
Then let him try, he'll satisfy you soon,  
Whether he acts the Reas'ner—, or Buffoon.  
"Religion! Poh—; it's easy to conceive it.  
"Priest craft, by G—d—d—me, if I believe it.  
"Pray Madam, read *T—nd—l*, or *T—l—nd's* Rules,  
"You'll be convinc'd our Fore-fathers were Fools.  
"To save the Mob, I grant, it's well enough;  
"But Men of Sense despise such silly Stuff.  
"He'll was contriv'd to give us false alarms,  
"And all the Heaven, I ask, is in your Arms—;  
"Yes, I could Heav'nly Influence implore;  
"But *Venus* is the Goddess I adore;  
"She rules the Glances of those killing Eyes."  
*La d*, how you talk—, the thoughtless *thing* replies.  
Ye pleas'd with all he says, she thinks it Wit;  
An ev'ry forc'd Conceit—, a lucky Hit.  
"Thus the Coxcomb triumphs in his Folly;  
Wise Men may laugh—; but it charms pretty Polly.

Now mark the Youth, by nobler Methods taught;  
Early he learns to check the growing Fault.  
With patience turns the learned Volumes o'er,  
And picks from each, Materials for his Store.  
As when the Bee, laborious haunts the Field,  
Ev'n noxious Flowers, some fragrant Sweetness yield.  
Hence Reason strengthen'd, every Vice restrains,  
And vanquish'd Passions leads in captive Chains.  
Excuses shunn'd, soft flows the temperate Blood;  
Ambition stirs not to be Great—, but Good.  
Happy Ambition! when to this confin'd:  
But wild Destruction, when it wanders blind.  
Behold the Sons of Fortune's fickle Power,  
Turn with its Wheel, which changes every Hour.  
Like some great Fleet, in dreadful Whirlwinds tost;  
Some few are sav'd; but many more are lost.  
Whilst he who follows close what Reason shows,  
Serenely smiles amidst a World of Woes.  
Leaves Pomp and Grandeur to the mad and vain;  
And views with Pity all that wretched Train:  
By gradual Steps at length true Knowledge gains,  
And owns a full Reward for all his Pains.  
Looks back with Pleasure on the Time that's past,  
Nor dreads that Moment which must prove his last.  
The Trav'ler thus, that climbs a Mountain high,  
And gains the Summit, downwards casts his Eye;  
Views with Delight the spacious Country round,  
Far more enlarg'd, than from the level Ground:  
At last with Rapture spies the distant Soil,  
Where soon he hopes to rest his Limbs from Toil.  
Thus may your Son to real Worth aspire,  
And be the perfect Image of his Sire.

† Alluding to an Opinion held by some, that the *Game of Whiff* is the Test of a Man's Understanding; by which *some of the most noted Blockheads in the Country* were said to be fine Gentlemen, and Men of solid Sense.

PETERSBURG, August 30.  
WE form great expectations from the mines in *Siberia*, which produce not only iron and copper, but a great quantity of silver also.

Hague, Sept. 12. The free gift of the 50th penny, is supposed to raise 10000000 l. Sterling.

Flushing, Sept. 18. The French king has made M. *Saxe* Governor of the Netherlands; created Count *Lowendahl* a Peer of France; and promoted M. *Duke de Bled*, to be Governor of *Bergen-op-Zoom*.

Vienna, Sept. 17. Landgrave *William* of *Hesse-Cassel* claims to the duchy of *Brabant*.