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<b>Title</b>	The Bee; or, Universal weekly pamphlet. Containing something to hit every man's taste and principles ...
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<b>Date</b>	[1733-1735]
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*A pottage pot  
My grannum bought  
Whilom of neighbour Stitch;  
A great-arm'd chair,  
So soft with hair,  
'Twould suit a lady's breech.  
My crop-ear'd dog,  
My bob-tail'd hog,  
A pound of black sheep's wool,  
An ax and saw,  
An old jackdaw,  
A crazy three-leg'd stool.  
A rundle mop,  
A mutton chop,  
A quart of Holland's gin;  
Two candlesticks,  
A bunch of leeks,  
A pipot made of tin.  
Some pitch and tar,  
An earthen jar,  
A milkpail, serve and platter;  
Two birchen brooms  
To sweep your rooms;  
An antique nutmeg-grater.  
A knife and fork,  
Some pickled pork,  
Wou'd tempt a very Jew;  
All these I leave,  
And frankly give  
Unto my Daughter Sue.  
The Fairy Tales,  
Some horse-shoe nails,  
The book of Common Prayer;  
A leathern bag,  
A leaky cag,  
Two quarts of dead small beer.  
Some purging pills*

*To cure kibe-beels,  
And gainst fore-toes to arm you;  
Some rotten wood,  
That's very good,  
In winter time to warm you.  
A christ'ning can,  
A clost'foot pan,  
A cupboard, cock and cradle,  
An oaken staff,  
A lowly calf,  
A long sword, lock, and ladle.  
Your mother's ring,  
That curst thing,  
Which ruin'd me long since,  
Besides the rest,  
I gave the priest,  
It cost me eighteen pence.  
A rotten cheese,  
A pint of pease,  
An old grey mare with one eye;  
Some barley bread,  
Some mustard seed,  
And fifteen pence in money.  
Now to conclude,  
As I've bestow'd  
My whole estate among you,  
Pray, daughters dear,  
Always take care  
Your neighbours never wrong  
you.  
Be therefore kind,  
And of one mind,  
In nought but goodness vie;  
Regard, your dad  
Spoke this when bad,  
And just about to die,*

Wrote

Wrote on a Window in the Long Room at Scarborough,  
by the Poet Laureat.

\* **DOLCIA** and † Darcia, when in dance they move,  
You ask me, Madam, which I most approve?  
The lively this, the graceful that exerts,  
The weakest strong enough to seize our Hearts.  
Themselves, like Friends, their rival talents see;  
And both to yield the Preference agree.  
In Taste we're guided, not by Truth; but since  
Comparison's too apt to give Offence,  
'Tis hardly safe to split the Difference.  
Yet Truth may say, and 'tis a Wrong to neither,  
We're best delighted when they're both together.

Wrote underneath by another Hand.

How happy cou'd I be with either,  
Were 't other dear Charmer away:  
Thus rightly 'twas express'd by honest Gay:  
But Cibber, loath such beauteous Forms to sever,  
Has wisely chose to stitch them both together.

Advice to a Painter, who was to draw a Lady's Lap-Dog.  
In Imitation of a certain Writer.

**T**HE happiest of the Lap-Dog Race,  
Painter, with thy Colours grace;  
Draw his Forehead large and big,  
Draw his blue and humid Eye,  
Draw his Neck all smooth and round,  
Little Neck, with Ribbons bound:  
And the Muscly swelling Breast,  
Where the Loves and Graces rest:  
And the spreading even Back,  
Soft and sleek, and glossy black,  
And the Tail that gently ruines  
Like the Tendrils of the Vines,  
And the silky twisted Hair  
Shadawing thick the Velvet Ear:

Velvet

\* Miss Fanny Dalton. † Miss Darcy.

Velvet Ears, which hanging low,  
 O'er the Veiny Temples flow.  
 Next in proper Light and Shade,  
 Let the spreading Hoop be laid,  
 Underneath this arching Bow'r  
 (Sacred Circle, mystick Pow'r!)  
 In a downy Slumber place,  
 The happiest of the Lav-Dee Race,  
 While the fair perspiring Dame,  
 Glowing with the softest Flame,  
 On her ravish'd Fav'rite pours  
 Balmy Dew, ambrosial Show'rs.  
 Now, Painter, with thy Skill express  
 Nature in her richest Dress,  
 Limpid Rivers smoothly flowing,  
 Orchards by those Rivers blowing,  
 Curling Woodbines Myrtle Shade,  
 And the gay enamel'd Mead,  
 Where the Linnets sit and sing,  
 Little Sportlings of the Spring,  
 Where the breathing Field and Grove  
 Sooths the Heart and kindle Love;  
 Here for me, and for my Muse,  
 Colours of Resemblance chuse,  
 Make of Lineaments divine  
 Dappled Female Spaniels shine,  
 Pretty Fondlings of the Fair,  
 Gentle Damsels gentle Care!  
 To one of these do thou impart  
 All the Flattery of thy Art,  
 Crowd each Feature, crowd each Grace,  
 Which compleat the Desperate Face;  
 Let the spotted wanton Dame  
 Feel a new restless Flame,  
 Let the happiest of his Race  
 Win the Fair to his Embrace;  
 But in Shade the rest conceal,  
 Nor to Sight their joys reveal,  
 Lest the Pencil and the Muse  
 Loose Desires and Thoughts infuse.



order went 9 October



THE  
**BEE REVIV'D:**

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 NUMBER LXXXIII. VOL. VII.  
 From Saturday, Sept. 21. to Saturday, Sept. 28.

To be continued Weekly.

Note, This Pamphlet was suppressed, after Number X, by  
 certain Persons, for certain Reasons, in such a Manner as  
 was never heard of before in any Free Nation.  
 See a particular Account of this Affair (which has made a good deal  
 of Noise) in Number XIV, XVI, XX, and XXII.

There is no Occasion to say any Thing in Commendation of a Pam-  
 phlet which was so well received by the Publick before it was  
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