

The Tale of a Nettle.

Written by a Person of Quality.

A MAN with Expenſe of wonderful Toil,
By Planting and Dugging Enobled his Soil;
There Fruits of the Beſt the Taſte did invite,
And uniform Order ſtill courted the Sight:
No degenerate Weed the Rich Ground did produce,
And all things afforded both Beauty and Uſe;
'Till from Dunghill tranſplanted, while yet but a Seed,
A NETTLE rear'd up his Inglorious Head:
The Gard'ner wou'd wiſely have rooted him up,
To ſtop the Increaſe of a Barbarous Crop;
But the Maſter forbad him, and after the Faſhion,
Of fooliſh good Nature, and blind Moderation;
For bore him thro' Pity, and choſe as much rather
To aſk him ſome Queſtions firſt, how he came thither.

Kind Sir, Quoth the NETTLE, a Stranger I come,
For Conſcience compell'd to relinquish my home;
'Cause I wou'd not Subscribe, to a Myſtery Dark
That the Prince of all Trees was the Jeſuits Bark.
An Erroneous Tenet, I know, Sir, that you
Know more than my ſelf will allow to be true;
To you I for Refuge and Sanctuary Sue,
There's none ſo renown'd for Compaſſion as you:
And tho' in ſome Things I may differ from theſe
The reſt of the Faithful and Beautiful Trees;
Tho' your Digging and Dugging my Nature much harms,
And I cannot comply with the Gard'ner in Forms;
Yet I and our Family, after our Faſhion,
Will peaceably ſtick to our own Education:
Be pleas'd to allow us a Place for to reſt in,
'Mongſt the reſt of your Trees, we'll never moleſt 'em.
A kind Shelter to us, and Protection afford,
We'll do you no harm, I'll give you my Word.

The good Man was ſoon won by this plauſible Tale,
(So Fraud on good Nature does often prevail.)
He welcomes his Gueſt, gives him free Toleration
In the midſt of his Garden to take up his Station;
And into his Boſom do's his Enemy bring,
He never ſuſpected the NETTLE wou'd Sting;
Still ſluſh'd with Succeſs of Strength to be fear'd,
Around him a numerous Off-ſpring he rear'd.
Then the Maſter grew ſenſible what he had done,
And ſain wou'd have had his new Gueſt to be gone;
But now 'twas too late to bid him turn out,
A well rooted poſſeſſion already was got:
The old Trees decay'd, and in there room grew,
A ſtubborn, rank, peſtilent, poiſonous Crew.
The Maſter who firſt, that young Brood had admitted,
They ſtung like Ingrates, and left him unpitied;
No help from Manuring and Planting was found,
The Weeds had Eat out the Heart of the Ground,
Thus one NETTLE uncropt, encreas'd to ſuch ſtore,
That 'twas nothing but Weeds, what was Garden before.

