

308 POEMS on several Occasions:

The Crowd, amaz'd, pursu'd no certain Mark;
But Birds met Birds, and jostled in the Dark:
Few mind the Publick in a Panick Fright;
And Fear increas'd the Horror of the Night.
Night came, but unattended with Repose;
Alone she came, no Sleep their Eyes to close:
Alone, and black she came; no friendly Stars arose.

What shou'd they do, beset with Dangers round,
No neighb'ring Dorp, no Lodging to be found,
But bleak Plains, and bare unhospitable Ground.
The latter Brood, who just began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the Sky,
For Succour to their helpless Mother call;
She spread her Wings; some few beneath 'em crawl;
She spread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.
T' augment their Woes, the Winds began to move
Debate in Air, for empty Fields above,
'Till *Boreas* got the Skies, and pour'd amain
His rattling Hail-stones mix'd with Snow and Rain.

The joyless Morning late arose, and found
A dreadful Desolation reign around,
Some bury'd in the Snow, some frozen to the Ground.
The rest were struggling still with Death, and lay
The *Crows* and *Ravens* Rights, an undefended Prey:
Excepting *Martin's* Race; for they and he
Had gain'd the Shelter of a hollow Tree:
But soon discover'd by a sturdy Clown,
He headed all the Rabble of a Town,
And finish'd 'em with Bats, or poll'd 'em down.
Martin himself was caught alive, and try'd
For treas'nous Crimes, because the Laws provide
No *Martin* there in Winter shall abide.
High on an Oak, which never Leaf shall bear,
He breath'd his last, expos'd to open Air;

And