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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JONATH. SWIFT,
DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

880

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

-----Two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.
Ye future Times! I heard the silver sound,
I saw the Graces form a circle round:
Each where she fix'd attentive seem'd to root,
And all but Eloquence herself was mute.

From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)
She drew thy Labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the list'ning audience to admire-----
Then here, she cries, let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy where they can't excel-----

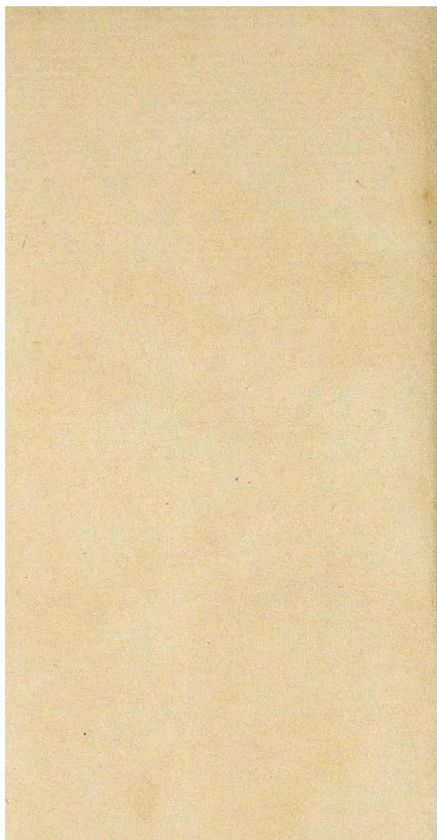
O SWIFT! if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have esteem'd it so)
Thou can'st not wholly die; thy Works will shine
To future times, and life in fame be thine.

PARNELL.



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THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1787.



THE
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OF
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.
VOL. II.
CONTAINING HIS
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES
FROM 1713 TO 1730.

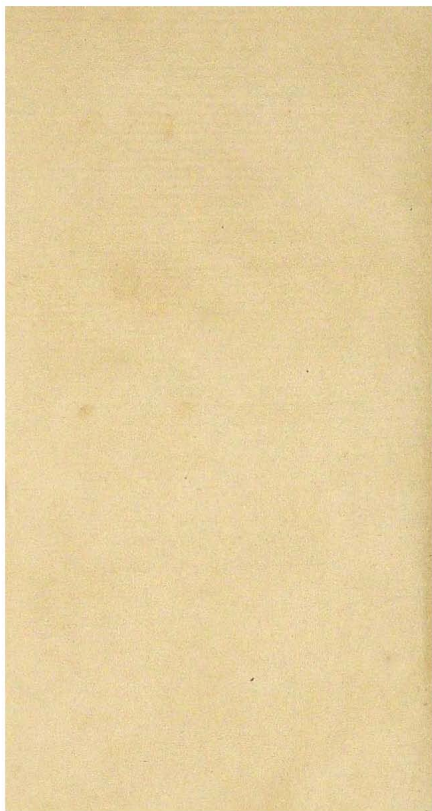
Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it:
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but sparr'd the name-----
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd----

As for his Works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view design'd,
To please and to reform mankind;
And if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it, to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF SWIFT.

LONDON:
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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

FROM 1713 TO 1730.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Written anno 1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature Man:
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd, 5
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes; 10
This tempts Freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their pow'rs divine:
Now love has dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave) 15
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Against our sov'reign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown,
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down. 20

A iij

The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes,
When the defendant's counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact,
But, what the gentlest heart would vex, 25
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
That modern love is no such thing,
As what those ancient poets sing,
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind, 30
Which having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In diff'rent breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn :
But women now feel no such fire, 35
And only know the gross desire :
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape, 40
Engross the fancies of the fair ;
The few soft moments they can spare
From visits to receive and pay,
From scandal, politics, and play,
From fans, and flounces, and brocades, 45
From equipage and Park-parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From ev'ry trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilettes and their beds. 50

In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow,
If a small breeze obstructs the course,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers 55

Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers :
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind ;
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws : 60
Hence we conclude no women's hearts

Are won by virtue, wit, and parts,
Nor are the men of sense to blame
For breasts incapable of flame ;
The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd, 65
Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose, 70
That ev'ry article was true,
Nor further these deponents knew ;—
Therefore he humbly would insist
The bill might be with costs dismiss.

The cause appear'd of so much weight, 75
That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud ;
For if the heav'nly folk should know
These pleadings in the courts below, 80

That mortals here disdain to love,
 She ne'er could shew her face above;
 For gods, their betters, are too wise
 To value that which men despise.

"And then," said she, "my son and I
 "Must stroll in air, 'twixt earth and sky,
 "Or else, shut out from heav'n and earth,
 "Fly to the sea, my place of birth,
 "There live, with daggled mermaids pent,
 "And keep on fish perpetual Lent." 35 90

But since the case appear'd so nice,
 She thought it best to take advice.
 The Muses, by their king's permission,
 Tho' foes to love, attend the session,
 And on the right hand took their places 95
 In order, on the left the Graces,
 To whom she might her doubts propose
 On all emergencies that rose.

The Muses oft' were seen to frown,
 The Graces half asham'd look down; 100
 And 'twas observ'd there were but few
 Of either sex among the crew
 Whom she or her assessors knew. }

The goddess soon began to see
 Things were not ripe for a decree, 105
 And said she must consult her books,
 The lover's Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
 First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
 To turn to Ovid book the second;

She then referr'd them to a place 110
In Virgil (*vide* Dido's case)
As for Tibullus's Reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts;
For Cowley's Briefs, and Pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller. 115

There was on both sides much to say;
She'd hear the cause another day;
And so she did, and then a third;
She heard it—there she kept her word:
But with rejoinders and replies, 120
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun. 125

Now, gentle Clio! sing or say
What Venus means by this delay.
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose, 130
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends, which, if it sped,
Would shew the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws. 135

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment;

She threw her law-books on the shelf, 145
And thus debated with herself.

“ Since men allege they ne’er can find
“ Those beauties in a female mind
“ Which raise a flame that will endure
“ For ever uncorrupt and pure, 145
“ If ’tis with reason they complain,
“ This instant shall restore my reign :
“ I’ll search where ev’ry virtue dwells,
“ From courts inclusive down to cells,
“ What preachers talk, or sages write; 150
“ These I will gather and unite,
“ And represent them to mankind
“ Collected in that infant’s mind.”

This said, she plucks, in heav’n’s high bow’rs,
A sprig of amaranthine flow’rs, 155
In nectar thrice infuses bays
Three times refin’d in Titan’s rays,
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid,
From whence the tender skin assumes 160
A sweetness above all perfumes,
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains,
From whence that decency of mind
So lovely in the female kind, 165
Where not one careless thought intrudes
Less modest than the speech of prudes,
Where never blush was call’d in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,

A virtue but at second-hand ; 170
They blush because they understand.

The Graces next would act their part,
And shew'd but little of their art ;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone, 175

The outward form no help requir'd,
Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair,
And said, " Vanessa be the name 180

" By which thou shalt be known to fame ;
" Vanessa, by the gods inroll'd ;
" Her name on earth—shall not be told."

But still the work was not complete,
When Venus thought on a deceit : 185
Drawn by her doves away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.

" Dear Pallas ! I have been this morn
" To see a lovely infant born ;
" A boy in yonder isle below, 190

" So like my own without his bow ;
" By beauty could your heart be won,
" You'd swear it is Apollo's son :
" But it shall ne'er be said a child
" So hopeful has by me been spoil'd ; 195

" I have enough besides to spare,
" And give him wholly to your care."

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles ;
The Queen of Learning gravely smiles,

Down from Olympus comes with joy, 200
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy,
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to woman-kind,
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit: 205
Her soul was suddenly endu'd
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand; 210
But Pallas here was at a stand;
She knew in our degen'rate days
Bare virtue could not live on praise;—
That meat must be with money bought;
She therefore, upon second thought, 215
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth,
Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her estate with care, 220
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair:
But lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child, 225
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
The Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud
To see Vanessa thus endow'd;

She doubted not but such a dame 230

Thro' ev'ry breast would dart a flame ;

That ev'ry rich and lordly swain

With pride would drag about her chain ;

That scholars would forsake their books

To study bright Vanessa's looks ; 235

As she advanc'd, that woman-kind

Would by her model form their mind,

And all their conduct would be try'd

By her, as an unerring guide ;

Offending daughters oft' would hear 240

Vanessa's praise rung in their ear.

Miss Betty, when she does a fault,

Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,

Will thus be by her mother chid,

" 'Tis what Vanessa never did." 245

Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,

My pow'r shall be again restor'd,

And happy lovers bless my reign—

So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when in time the martial maid 250

Found out the trick that Venus play'd,

She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,

And, fir'd with indignation, vows

To-morrow, ere the setting sun,

She'd all undo that she had done. 255

But in the poets we may find

A wholesome law, time out of mind,

Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,

That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,

Resume not what themselves have giv'n, 260
Or any brother-god in heav'n,
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds ;
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause, 265
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above ;
And tho' she must with grief reflect 270
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts except her own,
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame. 275
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design ;
She study'd well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premisses erroneous brought, 280
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And must have contrary effects
To what her treach'rous foe expects.

In Proper season Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets, 285
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold)
" Perfidious Goddess ! but in vain
" You form'd this project in your brain,

" A project for thy talents fit, 290

" With much deceit and little wit.

" Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,

" Deceiv'd thyself instead of me;

" For how can heav'nly wisdom prove

" An instrument to earthly love? 295

" Know'st thou not yet that men commence

" Thy votaries for want of sense?

" Nor shall Vanessa be the theme

" To manage thy abortive scheme;

" She'll prove the greatest of thy foes; 300

" And yet I scorn to interpose,

" But using neither skill nor force,

" Leave all things to their nat'ral course."

The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom;

When, lo! Vanessa, in her bloom, 305

Advanc'd like Atalanta's star,

But rarely seen, and seen from far;

In a new world with caution stept,

Watch'd all the company she kept,

Well knowing, from the books she read, 310

What dang'rous paths young virgins tread;

Would seldom at the Park appear,

Nor saw the playhouse twice a-year;

Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd

To know the converse of mankind. 315

First issu'd from perfumer's shops

A crowd of fashionable fops:

They ask'd her how she lik'd the play?

Then told the tattle of the day;

A duel fought last night at two, 320
About a lady—you know who ;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome ;
Gave hints of who and who's together,
Then fell to talking of the weather ; 325
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine :
Then in soft voice, and speech absurd,
With nonsense ev'ry second word,
With fustian from exploded plays, 330
They celebrate her beauty's praise,
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce list'ning to the idle chat, 335
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent,
And said she valu'd nothing less 340
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress ;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste ;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute ; 345
That present times have no pretence
To virtue in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good :

She nam'd the ancient heroes round, 350
Explain'd for what they were renown'd,
Then spoke with censure or applause,
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Thro' Nature and thro' Art she rang'd,
And gracefully her subject chang'd: 355

In vain; her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare:
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
——That lady is the dullest soul——
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer, 360

As who should say——She wants it here:
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch.

A party next of glitt'ring dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James, 365
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in dishabille:

Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs,
At entrance loudest, where they found 370
The room with volumes litter'd round.

Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat, 375

Discoursing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Shew'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought?

Whether the red or green were best? 380

And what they cost? Vanessa guest

As came into her fancy first,

Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.

To scandal next—"What awkward thing"

"Was the last Sunday in the ring? 385

"I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;

"I said her face would never last.

"Corinna, with that youthful air,

"Is thirty, and a bit to spare:

"Her fondness for a certain earl 390

"Began when I was but a girl.

"Phillis, who but a month ago

"Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,

"I saw coquetting t'other night

"In public with that odious knight." 395

They rally'd next Vanessa's dress;

"That gown was made for old Queen Bess.

"Dear Madam! let me see your head;

"Don't you intend to put on red?

"A petticoat without a hoop! 400

"Sure you are not asham'd to stoop.

"With handsome garters at your knees,

"No matter what a fellow sees."

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,

Both of herself and sex asham'd, 405

The nymph stood silent out of spight,

Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.

Away the fair detractors went,

And gave by turns their censures vent.

- " She's not so handsome in my eyes : 410
 " For wit, I wonder where it lies.
 " She's fair and clean, and that's the most ;
 " But why proclaim her for a toast ?
 " A baby face, no life, no airs,
 " But what she learns at country fairs ; 415
 " Scarce knows what diff'rence is between
 " Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
 " I'll undertake my little Nancy
 " In flounces hath a better fancy.
 " With all her wit, I would not ask 420
 " Her judgment how to buy a mask.
 " We begg'd her but to patch her face,
 " She never hit one proper place,
 " Which ev'ry girl at five years old
 " Can do as soon as she is told. 425
 " I own that out-of-fashion stuff
 " Becomes the creature well enough.
 " The girl might pass, if we could get her
 " To know the world a little better."
 (To know the world ! a modern phrase 430
 For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
 Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
 The Queen of Beauty lost her aim :
 Too late, with grief she understood
 Pallas had done more harm than good ; 435
 For great examples are but vain,
 Where ignorance begets disdain.
 Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
 Against Vanessa's pow'r unite :

To copy her few nymphs aspir'd, 440
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd:
So stars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.

Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd, 445
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit.

With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held 450
To that wherein it most excell'd;
Thus making others' wisdom known,
Could please them and improve her own.

A modest youth said something new,
She plac'd it in the strongest view. 455
All humble worth she strove to raise,
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.

The learned met with free approach,
Altho' they came not in a coach:
Some clergy, too, she would allow, 460

Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a diff'rent make,
Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor. 465

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;

Vows on Vanessa's heart to take 470

Due vengeance for her patron's sake.

Those early seeds by Venus sown,

In spite of Pallas now were grown,

And Cupid hop'd they would improve

By time, and ripen into love. 475

The boy made use of all his craft,

In vain discharging many a shaft,

Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaus,

Cadenus warded off the blows;

For placing still some book betwixt, 480

The darts were in the cover fix'd,

Or, often blunted and recoil'd,

On Plutarch's Morals struck were spoil'd.

The Queen of Wisdom could forsee,

But not prevent, the Fate's decree; 485

And human caution tries in vain

To break that adamantine chain.

Vanessa, tho' by Pallas taught,

By Love invulnerable thought,

Searching in books for wisdom's aid, 490

Was in the very search betray'd.

Cupid, tho' all his darts were lost,

Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost;

He could not answer to his fame

The triumphs of that stubborn dame, 495

A nymphs so hard to be subdu'd,

Who neither was coquette nor prude.

"I find," said he, "she wants a Doctor

"Both to adore her and instruct her :

“ I’ll give her what she most admires 500
“ Among those venerable sires.
“ Cadenus is a subject fit,
“ Grown old in politics and wit,
“ Caress’d by ministers of state,
“ Of half mankind the dread and hate : 505
“ Whate’er vexations love attend,
“ She need no rivals apprehend.
“ Her sex, with universal voice,
“ Must laugh at her capricious choice.”

Cadenus many things had writ ; 510
Vanessa much esteem’d his wit,
And call’d for his Poetic Works ;
Mean time the boy in secret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand 515
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc’d the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix’d her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest, 520
Stuck to the point that pierc’d her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increas’d her smart.

Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four ; 525
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind.
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin’d in health, advanc’d in years ;

She fancies music in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young. 530

What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak? 535

As years increase she brighter shines,
Cadenus with each day declines :
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.

Cadenus, common forms apart, 540
In ev'ry scene had kept his heart ;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to shew his wit :

But time, and books, and state-affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs : 545

He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.

That innocent delight he took 550

To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.

Her knowledge with her fancy grew ;
She hourly press'd for something new ; 555
Ideas came into her mind

So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind ;
She reason'd without plodding long,
Nor never gave her judgment wrong.

But now a sudden change was wrought, 560
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a distracted mind ;
For tho' she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke than e'er before, 565
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures,
Which help'd to mortify his pride, 570
Yet gave him not the heart to chide :
But in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain ;
Said she should be no longer teas'd ;
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd ; 575
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age ;
That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd 580
How she might shine in the *grand monde*,
And ev'ry shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme ;
He wak'd, and found it but a dream ; 585
A project far above his skill,
For nature must be nature still.
If he was bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,

She might excuse a man of letters ; 590
 Thus tutors often treat their betters :
 And since his talk offensive grew,
 He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
 Would still her dignity maintain, 595
 Instructed from her early years
 To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time so long
 To teach her what was right and wrong,
 Yet could such notions entertain, 600
 That all his lectures were in vain?
 She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts,
 But he must answer for her faults.

She well remember'd, to her cost,
 That all his lessons were not lost : 605

Two maxims she could still produce,
 And sad experience taught their use,
 That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
 Knows nothing which it dares not own ;
 Can make us without fear disclose 610

Our inmost secret to our foes :
 That common forms were not design'd
 Directors to a noble mind.

" Now," said the nymph, " I'll let you see
 " My actions with your rules agree ; 615

" That I can vulgar forms despise,
 " And have no secrets to disguise.

" I knew, by what you said and writ,
 " How dang'rous things were men of wit ;

“ You caution’d me against their charms, 620

“ But never gave me equal arms ;

“ Your lessons found the weakest part,

“ Aim’d at the head, but reach’d the heart.”

Cadenus felt within him rise

Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise : 625

He knew not how to reconcile

Such language with her usual style ;

And yet her words were so exprest,

He could not hope she spoke in jest.

His thoughts had wholly been confin’d 630

To form and cultivate her mind :

He hardley knew, till he was told,

Whether the nymph were young or old ;

Had met her in a public place,

Without distinguishing her face : 635

Much less could his declining age

Vanessa’s earliest thoughts engage ;

And if her youth indiff’rence met,

His person must contempt beget :

Or, grant her passion be sincere, 640

How shall his innocence be clear ?

Appearances were all so strong,

The world must think him in the wrong ;

Would say he made a treach’rous use

Of wit, to flatter and seduce : 645

The Town would swear he had betray’d,

By magic spells, the harmless maid ;

And ev’ry beau would have his jokes,

That scholars were like other folks ;

That when Platonick flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover. 650

So tender of the young and fair !

It shew'd a true paternal care——

Five thousand guineas in her purse !

The Doctor might have fancy'd worse.—— 655

Hardly at length he silence broke,

And falter'd ev'ry word he spoke,

Interpreting her complaisance,

Just as a man *sans consequence*,

She rally'd well, he always knew ; 660

Her manner now was something new ;

And what she spoke was in an air

As serious as a tragic player :

But those who aim at ridicule

Should fix upon some certain rule, 665

Which fairly hints they are in jest,

Else he must enter his protest ;

For let a man be ne'er so wise,

He may be caught with sober lies ;

A science which he never taught, 670

And, to be free, was dearly bought ;

For, take it in its proper light,

'Tis just what coxcombs call a Bite.

But not to dwell on things minute,

Vanessa finish'd the dispute, 675

Brought weighty arguments to prove

That reason was her guide in love :

She thought he had himself describ'd

His doctrines when she first imbib'd :

What he had planted now was grown ; 680
His virtues she might call her own :
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first and leaves us last. 685
Why she likes him admire not at her ;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days !
(Those authors he so oft' had nam'd, 690
For learning, wit, and wisdom, fam'd)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men. 695
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead !
If such an author were alive, 700
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face !
And this she takes to be her case :
Cadenus answers ev'ry end,
The book, the author, and the friend : 705
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach :
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit,

While ev'ry passion of her mind
In him is centred and confin'd. 710

Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute,
This topick, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more: 715
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd:
Thro' this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, tho' they bend and twine, 720
Still to the sea their course incline;
Or as philosophers, who find
Some fav'rite system to their mind;
In ev'ry point to make it fit,
Will force all Nature to submit. 725

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event; 730
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes.
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought. 735
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits;
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?

In lofty style to make replies, 740

Which he had taught her to despise ?

But when her tutor will affect

Devotion, duty, and respect,

He fairly abdicates his throne,

The government is now her own : 745

But tho' her arguments were strong,

At least could hardly wish them wrong,

Howe'er it came he could not tell,

But sure she never talk'd so well.

His pride began to interpose ; 750

Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux !

So bright a nymph to come unsought !

Such wonder by his merit wrought !

'Tis merit must with her prevail ;

He never knew her judgment fail : 755

She noted all she ever read,

And had a most discerning head.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,

That vanity's the food of fools ;

Yet now and then your men of wit 760

Will condescend to take a bit.

So when Cadenus could not hide

He chose to justify his pride.

When Miss delights in her spinnet,

A fiddle may a fortune get : 765

A brockhead with melodious voice

In boarding-schools can have his choice ;

And oft' the dancing master's art

Climbes from the toe to touch the heart.

In learning let a nymph delight, 770
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame,
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages, meet; 775
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage;
But friendship in his greatest height, 780
A constant, rational, delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love's allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return : 785
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem;
With that devotion we bestow
When goddesses appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains 790
Vanessa in exalted strains,
Constr'ing the passion she had shown
Much to her praise, more to his own;
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste : 795
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession in his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.

Love why do we one passion call, 800
When 'tis a compound of them all?
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange
If both should now their stations change. 805
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor, and the pupil he;
Tho' she already can discern,
Her scholar is not apt to learn,
Or wants capacity to reach 810
The science she designs to teach,
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of ev'ry common beau,
Who, tho' he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes, 815
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet:
Whether the nymph, to please the swain, 820
Talks in a high romantick strain,
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphick ends;
Or, to compound the bus'ness, whether
They temper love and books together, 825
Must never to mankind be told.
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

Mean time the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary life above:

She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise ;
For tho' by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent,
Tho' her design was not obtain'd,
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And by the project vainly try'd,
Could better now the cause decide.
She gave due notice that both parties,
Coram regina prox' die Martis.
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met ; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace,
And full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief,
Nor spend their time to shew their reading ;
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under ev'ry head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the Men.
But in a weighty case like this,
To shew she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court,
Wherein she grievously complains
“ How she was cheated by the swains ;”

On whose petition, (humbly shewing 860
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)
“ She was at Lord knows what expense
“ To form a nymph of wit and sense, 865
“ A model for her sex design’d,
“ Who never could one lover find.
“ She saw her favour was misplac’d ;
“ The fellows had a wretched taste ;
“ She needs must tell them to their face, 870
“ They were a senseless, stupid race ;
“ And, were she to begin agen,
“ She’d study to reform the Men,
“ Or add some grains of folly more
“ To women than they had before, 875
“ To put them on an equal foot ;
“ And this, or nothing else, would do’t :
“ This might their mutual fancy strike,
“ Since ev’ry being loves its like.
“ But now repenting what was done, 880
“ She left all bus’ness to her son ;
“ She puts the world in his possession,
“ And let him use it at discretion.”
The crier was order’d to dismiss
The court, so made his last Oyes. 885
The goddess would no longer wait,
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and sev’n,
Harness’d her doves, and flew to heav’n. 889

TO LORD HARLEY,

SINCE EARL OF OXFORD,

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

Written in the year 1713.

AMONG the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley ! gen'rous youth ! admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.

Forgive me when I fondly thought 5
(By frequent observation taught)
A spirit so inform'd as your's
Could never prosper in amours.
The god of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and nat'ral parts, 10
Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.

Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield ;
Or had embroider'd Mars pursu'd, 15
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew :
For such is all the sex's flight ;
They fly from learning, wit, and light ; 20
They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb or a rake.

How then, dear Harley ! could I guess
 That you should meet in love success ?
 For if those ancient tales be true, 25
 Phoebus was beautiful as you ;
 Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
 For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
 And since the same resemblance held
 In gifts wherein you both excell'd, 30
 I fancy'd every nymph would run
 From you, as from Latona's son.

“ Then where,” said I, “ shall Harley find
 “ A virgin of superior mind,
 “ With wit and virtue to discover 35
 “ And pay the merit of her lover ?”

This character shall Ca'ndish claim,
 Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
 The chief among that glitt'ring crowd,
 Of titles, birth, and fortune proud, 40
 (As fools are insolent and vain)
 Madly aspir'd to wear her chain ;
 But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
 Descending to her charge's aid,
 Held out Medusa's snaky locks, 45
 Which stupify'd them all to stocks.
 The nymph, with indignation, view'd
 The dull, the noisy, and the lewd ;
 For Pallas with celestial light
 Had purify'd her mortal sight, 50
 Shew'd her the Virtues all combin'd,
 Fresh blooming in young Harley's mind.

Terrestrial nymphs, by formal arts,
Display their various nets for hearts :

Their looks are all by method set, 55

When to be proud and when coquette ;
Yet wanting skill and pow'r to chuse,
Their only pride is to refuse.

But when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below, 60

Round all the earth she casts her eyes,
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best
And bids the ravish'd youth be blest.

Thus the bright empress of the Morn 65

Chose for her spouse a mortal born ;

The goddess made advances first,

Else what aspiring hero durs ?

Tho', like a virgin of fifteen,

She blushes when by mortals seen ; 70

Still blushes and with speed retires,

When Sol pursues her with his fires.

Diana thus, heav'n's chastest queen,

Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,

Down from her silver chariot came, 75

And to the shepherd own'd her flame.

Thus Ca'ndish, as Aurora bright,

And chaster than the Queen of Night,

Descended from her sphere to find

A mortal of superior kind. 80

THE FAGGOT.

*Written in the year 1713, when the Queen's ministers
were quarrelling among themselves.*

OBSERVE the dying father speak ;
 Try, Lads ! can you this bundle break ?
 Then bids the youngest of the six
 Take up a well-bound heap of sticks :
 They thought it was an old man's maggots, 5
 And strove by turns to break the Faggot :
 In vain ; the complicated wands
 Were much too strong for all their hands.
 " See," said the sire, " how soon 'tis done ;"
 Then took and broke them one by one. 10
 " So strong you'll be, in friendship ty'd ;
 " So quickly broke if you divide.
 " Keep close then, Boys ! and never quarrel."
 Here ends the fable and the moral.

This tale may be apply'd in few words 15
 To Treasurers, Comptrollers, Stewards,
 And others who, in solemn sort,
 Appear with slender wands at court,
 Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
 But lashing one another round ; 20
 While wise men think they ought to fight
 With quarter staves instead of white ;

Or constable, with staff of peace,
 Should come and make the clatt'ring cease.
 Which now disturbs the Queen and court, 25
 And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.

In history we never found
 The Consul's fasces were unbound;
 Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
 Except to lash some grand delinquent. 30

How would they blush to hear it said
 The Prætor broke the Consul's head,
 Or Consul in his purple gown
 Came up and knock'd the Prætor down!

Come, Courtiers! every man his stick; 35
 Lord Treasurer, for once be quick;
 And that they may the closer cling,
 Take your blue riband for a string.

Come, trimming Harcourt! bring your mace,
 And squeeze it in, or quit your place: 40
 Dispatch, or else that rascal Northy
 Will undertake to do it for thee;

And be assur'd the court will find him
 Prepar'd to leap o'er sticks, or bind 'em.
 To make the bundle strong and safe, 45

Great Ormond! lend thy gen'ral's staff:
 And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in,
 A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden:

You'll then defy the strongest Whig
 With both his hands to bend a twig, 50
 Tho' with united strength they all pull,

From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole. 52

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF.

Written in the year 1713.*

* * * * *

By an old ————— pursu'd,
 A crazy prelate and a royal prude;
 By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
 On ev'ry genius that attempts to rise,
 And, pausing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod, 5
 Give hints that poets ne'er believe in God.
 So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
 And take a folio for a conj'ring-book.

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
 Nay, 'tis affirm'd he sometimes dealt in rhyme: 10
 Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
 He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
 He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd, with too much
 Nor shew'd the parson in his gait or face; [grace,
 Despis'd luxurious wines and costly meat, 15
 Yet still was at the tables of the great;
 Frequented lords; saw those that saw the Queen;
 At Child's or Truby's never once had been,

* A few of the first lines were wanting in the copy sent us by a friend of the Author.

Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
 Secur'd by numbers from the laymen's gibes, 20
 And deal in vices of the graver sort,
 Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.

But after sage monitions from his friends,
 His talents to employ for nobler ends,
 To better judgments willing to submit, 25
 He turns to politics his dangerous wit.

And now, the publick int'rest to support,
 By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
 In favour grows with ministers of state,
 Admitted private when superiors wait; 30
 And Harley, not asham'd his choice to own,
 Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.

At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
 But St. John comes, and whisper's in his ear:
 The waiters stand in ranks; the yeomen cry 35
 "Make room," as if a duke were passing by.

Now Finch alarms the Lords; he hears for certain
 This dang'rous priest is got behind the curtain.

Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
 That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves. 40
 Walpole and Aislbie, to clear the doubt,
 Inform the Commons that the secret's out:

"A certain Doctor is observ'd of late
 "To haunt a certain minister of state;
 "From whence with half an eye we may discover 45
 "The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."

York is from Lambeth sent to shew tht Queen
 A dang'rous treatise writ against the spleen*;

Which by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift. 50
Poor York! the harmless tool of other's hate;
He sues for pardon and repents too late.

Now—her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her—
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills, 55
And thence into the royal ear instils,
The Queen, incens'd, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the 'vengeful Scot.
Now thro' the realm a proclamation spread*,
To fix a price on his devoted head; 60
While, innocent, he scorns ignoble flight,
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.

By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene: 65
Lord! how were they mistaken in the Dean!
Now Delaware † again familiar grows,
And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend ‡. 70

* The proclamation was against the author of a pamphlet called, *The public spirit of the Whigs*, against which the Scotch Lords complained.

† Delaware, then Lord Treasurer of the Household, always caressed the Author at court; but, during the trial of the printers before the House of Lords, and while the proclamation hung over the Author, his Lordship would not seem to know him.

‡ The Scotch Lords treated and visited the Author more after the proclamation than before, except the Duke of Argyll, who would never be reconciled.

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while,
 His great contending friends to reconcile ;
 Performs what friendship, justice, truth, require :
 What could he more but decently retire? 74

IN SICKNESS.

Wirtten soon after

THE AUTHOR'S COMING TO LIVE IN IRELAND,

Upon the Queene's death, October 1714.

'Tis true—then why should I repine
 To see my life so fast decline ?
 But why obscurely here alone,
 Where I am neither lov'd nor known ?
 My state of health none care to learn ; 5
 My life is here no soul's concern ;
 And those with whom I now converse,
 Without a tear will tend my herse.
 Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
 Who knows his art but not his trade, 10
 Preferring his regard for me
 Before his credit or his fee.
 Some formal visits, looks, and words,
 What mere humanity affords,
 I meet, perhaps, from three or four 15
 From whom I once expected more,
 Which those who tend the sick for pay
 Can act as decently as they ;

But no obliging tender friend
 To help at my approaching end.
 My life is now a burden grown
 To others ere it be my own.

29

Ye formal Weepers for the sick!
 In your last offices be quick,
 And spare my absent friends the grief
 To hear yet give me no relief:
 Expir'd to-day, entomb'd to-morrow,
 When known will save a double sorrow.

25

28

PHILLIS:

OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Written in the year 1716.

DESPONDING Phillis was endu'd
 With ev'ry talent of a prude;
 She trembled when a man drew near;
 Salute her, and she turn'd her ear:
 If o'er against her you were plac'd,
 She durst not look above your waist:
 She'd rather take you to her bed,
 Than let you see her dress her head.
 In church you hear her, thro' the crowd,
 Repeat the Absolution loud:
 In church, secure behind her fan,
 She durst behold that monster Man;

5

10

There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or on the mat devoutly kneeling, 15
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighb'ring beaus to see it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame. 20
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writing drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The Vicar and the ring bespoke;
Guess, how could such a match be brok?
See then what mortals place their bliss in! 25
Next morn betimes the bride was missing.
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phil! The bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had sculk'd for shame, 30
Because her father us'd to say,
The girl had such a bashful way.
Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phillis went:
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop, 35
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do,
For truly John was missing too; 40
The horse and pillion both were gone:
Phillis, it seems, was fled with John!

Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phil had left behind,
A letter on the toilette sees,
“ To my much honour’d father—these,”
(’Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)
Fill’d with the choicest common-places
By others us’d in the like cases :
“ That long ago a fortune-teller
“ Exactly said what now befel her,
“ And in a glass had made her see
“ A serving-man of low degree :
“ It was her fate, must be forgiven,
“ For marriages were made in heaven :
“ His pardon begg’d ; but, to be plain,
“ She’d do’t, if ’twere to do, again :
“ Thank’d God ’twas neither shame nor sin,
“ For John was come of honest kin :
“ Love never thinks of rich and poor ;
“ She’d beg with John from door to door :
“ Forgive her if it be a crime ;
“ She’ll never do’t another time :
“ She ne’er before, in all her life,
“ Once disobey’d him, maid nor wife.”
One argument she summ’d up all in,
“ The thing was done, and past recalling ;
“ And therefore hop’d she should recover
“ His favour, when his passion’s over :
“ She valu’d not what others thought her,
“ And was—his most obedient daughter.”

Fair Maidens all! attend the Muse,
Who now the wand'ring pair pursues :
Away they rode in homely sort, 75
Their journey long, their money short:
The loving couple well bemir'd,
The horse and both the riders tir'd,
Their victuals bad, their lodging worse,
Phil cry'd, and John began to curse; 80
Phil wish'd that she had strain'd a limb
When first she ventur'd out with him;
John wish'd that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more befel 'em, 85
The Muse hath now no time to tell 'em;
How Johnny wheedled threaten'd fawn'd,
Till Phillis all her trinkets pawn'd;
How oft' she broke her marriage-vows
In kindness, to maintain her spouse, 90
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone
In Christian justice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew scarce, 95
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice,
For John is landlord, Phillis hostess;
They keep at Staines the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore. 100

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM

THOMAM SHERIDAN.

Scriptis Oct. ann. Dom. 1717.

DELICIÆ Sheridan Musarum, dulcis Amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
Occurat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum, 5
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
Astitit; et dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus; 10
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente, 15
Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juvenus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grege hinc Pœonius venit, ecce, salutaris orbi.
Ast illi causas orant; his insula visa est,
Divinam capiiti nodo constringere mitram. 20
Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius, expedias puero seu lætus Apollo

Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.

Quin tu aliè penitusque latentia semina cernis, 25
Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu sæpe puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitât ignes.

Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aère natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris 30
Pessundat: nam sæpe vides in stipite matrem.

Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Ænea sedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
Sæpe puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
Cœlumque terrasque videt, noctemque profundam. 35

A LETTER TO THE REV. DR. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 5, 1718.

SIR,

W HATE'ER predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus,
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence;
But as to comic Aristophanes, 5
The rogue too bawdy and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis,
Down in the Strand, just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican. 10

Volume. II.

E

He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
 To take the greatest grandees for asses :
 Poets, in those days, used to venture high :
 But these are lost full many a century.
 Thus you may see, dear Friend ! *ex pede* hence 15
 My judgment of the old comedians.
 Proceed to tragics. First, Euripides
 (An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
 Is rightly censured by the Stagirite,
 Who says his numbers do not fadge aright. 20
 A friend of mine that author despises
 So much, he swears the very best piece is,
 For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's ;
 And that a woman in those tragedies,
 Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is : 25
 At least I'm well assur'd that no folk lays
 The weight on him they do on Sophocles :
 But above all I prefer Æschylus,
 Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
 And now I find my Muse but ill able 30
 To hold out longer in trisyllable.
 I chose these rhymes out for their difficulty ;
 Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye? 33

TO MR. DELANY.

Written Nov. 10, 1718

To you, whose virtues I must own
 With shame, I have too lately known ;

To you, by Art and Nature taught
To be the man I long have sought,
Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind, 5
Plac'd you in life too far behind;
Or, what I should repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before;
To you the Muse this verse bestows,
Which might as well have been in prose: 10
No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
But simple topics told in rhyme.

Talents for conversation fit
Are humour, breeding, sense, and wit:
The last, as boundless as the wind, 15
Is well conceiv'd, tho' not defin'd;
For, sure, by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour, is not all the tribe,
Of logic-mongers can describe; 20
Here Nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practise, books, or art;
For wit and humour differ quite;
That gives surprise, and this delight.
Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild, 25
Only by affectation spoil'd:
'Tis never by invention got;
Men have it when they know it not.

Our conversation to refine,
Humour and wit must both combine: 30
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein, sometimes, the French excel,

Voiture, in various lights, displays
That irony which turns to praise :
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule : 35

He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair ;
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire where he most commends. 40

But as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show,
Nor can arrive at silver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place ;
So the pert dunces of mankind, 45

When'er they would be thought refine,
As if the diff'rence lay abstruse
'Tixt railery and gross abuse,
To shew their parts will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale. 50

Such is that clan of boist'rous bears,
Always together by the ears ;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags ! a tribe
That meet for nothing but to gibe ;
Who first run one another down, 55

And then fall foul on all the Town ;
Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence The Club ;
I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar. 60

The mettled and the vicious steed
Differ as little in their breed ;

Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Lee
As rudeness is to repartee.

If what you said I wish unspoke, 65
'Twill not suffice it was a joke;
Reproach not, tho' in jest, a friend
For those defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
If nam'd with scorn, gives just offence. 70

What use in life to make men fret,
Part in worse humour than they met?
Thus all society is lost,
Men laugh at one another's cost;
And half the company is teas'd, 75
That came together to be pleas'd;
For all buffoons have most in view
To please themselves by vexing you.

You wonder now to see me write
So gravely on a subject light. 80
Some part of what I here design
Regards a friend * of your's and mine,
Who, neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But sallies oft' beyond his bounds, 85
And takes unmeasurable rounds.

When justs are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend's to blame: 90

* He means Dr. Sheridan.

For tho' men cry they love a jest,
 'Tis but when others stand the test;
 And, would you have their meaning known,
 They love a jest that is their own.

You must, altho' the point be nice, 95
 Bestow your friend some good advice:
 One hint from you will set him right,
 And teach him how to be polite.
 Bid him, like you, observe with care
 Whom to be hard on, whom to spare; 100
 Nor, indistinctly, to suppose
 All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose;
 To study the obliging jest
 By reading those who teach it best.
 For prose I recommend Voiture's, 105
 For verse (I speak my judgment) your's.
 He'll find the secret out from thence,
 To rhyme all day without offence,
 And I no more shall then accuse
 The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muse. 110
 If he be guilty you must mend him;
 If he be innocent defend him. 112

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

Written in the year 1720.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
 Has fed without restraint or trouble,

Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill,
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool,
Nor loudly cackles at the door,
For cackling shews the goose is poor;

But when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare;
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs,
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hears sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet fresh in pay,
(The third night's profits of his play)
His morning-draughts till noon can swill
Among his brethren of the quill;
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth
To raise the lumber from the earth.

But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,

His money spent, his patrons, fail,
 His credit out for cheese and ale,
 His two-years' coat so smooth and bare, 35
 Thro' ev'ry thread it lets in air,
 With hungry meals his body pin'd,
 His guts and belly full of wind,
 And, like a jocky for a race,
 His flesh brought down to flying case; 40
 Now his exalted spirit loathes
 Incumbrances of food and clothes,
 And up he rises like a vapour,
 Supported high on wings of paper;
 He singing flies, and flying sings,
 While from below all Grubstreet rings. 46

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1720.

I.

WHEN first Diana leaves her bed,
 Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
 A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
 Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face;

II.

But by degrees, when mounted high, 5
 Her artificial face appears
 Down from her window in the sky,
 Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

III.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run: 10
If Celia should appear too soon,
Alas! the nymph would be undone!

IV.

To see her from her pillow raise,
All reeking in a cloudy steem,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes, 15
Poor Strephon! how would he blaspheme!

V.

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a diff'rent site,
They form a frightful hideous face. 20

VI.

For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the nose.

VII.

So Celia went entire to bed, 25
All her complexion safe and sound,
But when she rose, white, black, and red,
Tho' still in sight, had chang'd their ground.

VIII.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior station seeks, 30
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

IX.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use, 35
And teach her cheeks again to blush.

X.

She knows her early self no more;
But, fill'd with admiration, stands,
As other painters of't adore
The workmanship of their own hands. 40

XI.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her sex:
Say which among the heav'nly pow'rs
Could cause such marvellous effects?

XII.

Venus, indulgent to her kind, 45
Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
White-lead and Lusitanian dish.

XIII.

Love with white-lead cements his wings:
White-lead was sent us to repair 50
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face and China ware.

XIV.

She ventures now to lift the sash;
The window is her proper sphere:
Ah! lovely Nymph! be not too rash, 55
Nor let the beaux approach too near.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

XV.

Take pattern by your sister star;
Delude at once and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly chuse to shine by night. 60

XVI.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail
Where nothing's left to work upon.

XVII.

Matter, as wise logicians say, 65
Cannot without a form subsist;
And form, say I, as well as they,
Must fail if matter brings no grist.

XVIII.

And this is fair Diana's case;
For all astrologers maintain 70
Each night a bit drops off her face
When mortals say she's in her wane.

XIX.

While Partridge wisely shews the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his pois'nous claws 75
Attacks her in the Milkyway:

XX.

But Gadbury, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to show
That swain Endymion is not sound,
Or else that Mercury's her foe. 80

XXI.

But let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamstead can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

XXII.

Yet as she wastes she growes discreet, 85
Till midnight never shews her head;
So rotting Celia strolls the street
When sober folks are all a-bed.

XXIII.

For sure if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Cælia, but of mortal race, 90
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of her face.

XXIV.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain :
No painting can restore a nose, 95
Nor will her teeth return again.

XXV.

Ye Pow'rs who over love preside !
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If you would have us well supply'd,
Send us new nymphs with each new moon. 100

But a comrade of your's, that traitor Delany, 25
Whom I, for your sake, love better than any
And of my mere motion and special good grace
Intended in time to succeed in your place,
On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came
With a certain selfe traitress, one Stella, by name, 30
To the Deanery-house, and on the north glass,
Where, for fear of the cold, I never can pass,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and trait'rously, write, 35
Whilst Stella aforesaid stood by with a light.
My sister has lately despos'd upon oath,
That she stopt in her course to look at them both;
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding,
And still as he writ stood smiling and reading; 40
That her eyes were as bright as myself at noonday,
But her graceful black locks were mingled with gray;
And by the description I certainly know
'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;
Whom when I with the best of my talents endu'd, 45
On her promise of yielding she acted the prude:
That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the north, where I never went;
That the letters appear'd reverse thro' the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right again,
Wherein she distinctly could read ev'ry line, 51
And presently guess'd the fancy was mine.
Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown;
The reason is plain, they're none of his own;

And observe while you live, that no man is shy 55
To d'scover the goods he came honestly by.
If I light on a thought he'll certainly steal it,
And when he has got it find ways to conceal it.
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten but what has my mark; 60
And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear they are all stolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your sash,
I think I have now got him under my lash;
My sister transcrib'd it last night to his sorrow, 65
And the public shall see it if I live till to-morrow;
Thro' the zodiac around it shall quickly be spread,
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well I ne'er gave a refusal,
When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are usual;
But the secret is this; I did lately intend 71
To write a few verses on you as my friend;
I studied a fortnight before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And resolv'd the next winter, (for that is my time,
When the days are at shortest) to get it in rhyme; 76
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus,
When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conscience he deals with Old Nick)
And from my own stock provided with topics" 81
He gets to a window beyond both the tropicks,
There, out of my sight, just against the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and calls them his own;

And you, like a cully, the bubble can swallow ; 85
 Now, who but Delany that writes like Apollo !
 High treason by statute ! but here you object,
 He only stole hints, but the verse is correct :
 Tho' the thought be Apollo's 'tis finely express'd ;
 So a thief steals my horse, and has him well dress'd. 90
 Now, whereas the said criminal seems past repentance,
 We Phœbus think fit to proceed to the sentence.
 Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his sire,
 To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire,
 We order a vulture, in shape of the Spleen : 95
 To pray on his liver, but not to be seen :
 And we order our subjects of every degree
 To believe all his verses were written by me ;
 And, under the pain of our highest displeasure,
 To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.
 And, lastly, for Stella, just out of her prime, 101
 I'm too much reveng'd already by time.
 In return to her scorn I sent her diseases,
 But will now be her friend whenever she pleases ;
 And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
 Tho' she lives to be gray as a badger all over. 106

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS.

Written in the year 1720.

I.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
 Gain'd by degrees huge tracts of land,

Till Neptune with one gen'ral sweep
Turns all againe to barren strand.

II.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are said to represent the seas,
Which breaking Bankers and the banks,
Resume their ow'n whene'er they please.

5

III.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper circulation
Its motion and its heat maintains.

10

IV.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,
Quakers and alderman in state,
Like peers, have levees ev'ry day
Of duns attending at their gate.

15

V.

We want our money on the nail;
The Banker's ruin'd if he pays;
They seem to act an ancient tale;
The birds are met to strip the jays.

20

VI.

Riches, the wisest monarch sings,
Make pinions for themselves to fly:
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geese their silver plumes supply.

VII.

No money left for squand'ring heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:

25

The wish of Nero now is theirs,
That they had never known their letters.

VIII.

Conceive the works of midnight-hags
Tormenting fools behind their backs : 30
Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit squeezing images of wax.

IX.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke ;
The witches left in open air,
With pow'r no more than other folk, 35
Expos'd with all their magick ware.

X.

So powerful are a Banker's bills
Where creditors demand their due,
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty chests in view. 40

XI.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of gold and hell,
Unable to endure the sight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

XII.

As when a conj'rer takes a lease 45
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the bloody bond appears.

XIII.

A baited Banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall ; 50

They have his soul who have his bonds ;
'Tis like the writing on the wall.

XIV.

How will the caitiff wretch be scar'd,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepar'd, 55
And all his grand account to make?

XV.

For in that universal call
Few Bankers will to heaven be mounters;
They'll cry, " Ye Shops! upon us fall;
" Conceal and cover us, ye Counters!" 60

XVI.

When other hands the scales shall hold,
And they in men and angels' sight
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
Weigh'd in the balance, and found light. 64

T H E

DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST.

Translated almost literally out of the original Irish,
1720.

I.

O ROURKE'S noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot
By those who were there
Or those who were not.

II.

His revels to keep,
 We sup and we dine
 On seven score sheep,
 Fat bullocks and swine.

5

III.

Usquebaugh to our feast
 In pails was brought up,
 An hundred at least,
 And a madder * our cup.

10

IV.

O there is the sport!
 We rise with the light
 In disorderly sort
 From snoring all night.

15

V.

O how I was trick'd!
 My pipe it was broke,
 My pocket was pick'd,
 I lost my new cloak.

20

VI.

"I'm rifled," quoth Nell,
 "Of mantle and kercher:
 "Why then fare them well,
 "The de'il take the searcher.

VII.

"Come, Harper, strike up;
 "But, first, by your favour,

25

* A wooden vessel.

" Boy, give us a cup :
" Ah ! this has some savour."

VIII.

O Rourke's jolly boys
Ne'er dream'd of the matter,
Till, rous'd by the noise
And musical clatter.

30

IX.

They bounce from their nest,
No longer will tarry,
They rise ready drest,
Without one Ave Mary.

35

X.

They dance in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping ;
A mercy the ground
Did not burst with their stamping.

40

XI.

The floor is all wet
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat
Splish splash in their pumps.

XII.

Bless you late and early
Laughlin O Enagin ;
By my hand you dance rarely
Margery Grinagin.

45

XIII.

Bring straw for our bed,
Shake it down to the feet,

50

Then over us spread
The winnowing sheet.

XIV.

To shew I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again,
Then give us a pinch
Of your sneezing, a yean*.

XV.

Good Lord ! what a sight,
After all their good cheer
For people to fight
In the midst of their beer ?

XIV.

They rise from their feast,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at least,
The length of the skeans †.

XVII.

What stabs and what cuts,
What clatt'ring of sticks !
What strokes on the guts,
What bastings and kicks !

XVIII.

With cudgels of oak
Well harden'd in flame
An hundred heads broke,
An hundred struck lame.

* An Irish word for woman.

† Daggers, or short swords.

XIX.

You Churl, I'll maintain
 My father built Lusk,
 The castle of Slain,
 And Carrick Drumrusk : 75

XX.

The Earl of Kildare,
 And Moynalta his brother,
 As great as they are,
 I was nurs'd by their mother. 80

XXI.

Ask that of old Madam,
 She'll tell you who's who,
 As far up as Adam;
 She knows it is true.

XXII.

Come, down with that beam; 85
 If cudgels are scarce
 A blow on the weam
 Or a kick on the a—se. 88

CLEVER TOM CLINCH

GOING TO BE HANGED.

Written in the year 1720.

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
 Rode stately thro' Holbourn to die in his calling,
 He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
 And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.

His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches, were
His cap had a new cherry riband to ty't: [white;
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And said, "Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man."
But as from the windows the ladies he spy'd,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side; 10
And when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
He swore from his cart it was all a damn'd lie.
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee,
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee;
Then said, "I must speak to the people a little, 15
" But I'll see you all damn'd before I will whittle".
" My honest friend Wild†, may he long hold his place,
" He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
" Take courage, dear Comrades! and be not afraid,
" Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade; 20
" My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
" And thus I go off without pray'r-book or psalm;
" Then follow the practice of Clever Tom Clinch,
" Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch."

* A cant word for confessing at the gallows.

† Jonathan Wild, the noted thief-catcher, Under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving stolen goods.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S
INVITATION*

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gallstown, Aug 2. 1721.

DEAR Tom! this verse, which, however the beginning may appear, yet in the end's good metre,
Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation comes, your friends you'd meet here;
For why should you stay in that filthy hole, I mean the city so smoky,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at least one that's witty, to joke w'ye?
For as for honest John, tho' I am not sure on't, yet I'll be hang'd 'less he 5
Be gone down to the county of Wexford, with that great peer the Lord Anglesey.
Oh! but I forgot, perhaps, by this time, you may have one come to town, but I don't know whether he be friend or foe, Delany;
But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know there's no delaying ye,

* This Invitation seems to have been the joint composition of George Rochfort, John Rochfort, (who was called Nim, or Nimrod, by Dr. Swift, because he was fond of hunting) Dan Jackson, and Dr. Swift, in a vein of whim and merriment; and, in all probability, was sent off directly by the post to Sheridan.

Volume II.

G

Oh ! I forgot too, I believe there may be one more,
 I mean that great fat joker, Friend Helsham, he
 That wrote the Prologue, and if you stay with him,
 depend on't in the end he'll sham ye. 10
 Bring down Longshanks Jim too ; but now I think
 on't, he's not come yet from Courtown, I fancy,
 For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there
 a-courting Sly Nancy.

However, bring down yourself, and you bring down
 all ; for, to say it we may venture,
 In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's
 jokes, and the soft soul of amorous Jemmy,
 Centre.

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say
 you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a gun,
 and own it. 15

I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can
 boast of, your own spirit of pun, and own wit.
 And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which
 I must say is (tho' written somewhat at large)
 trim and clean ;

And so I conclude with humble respects, as usual,
 Your most dutiful and obedient

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

Upon his incomparable Verses, &c. of Aug. 2. 1721.

Written by Dr. Delany, in the name of Thomas Sheridan.*

HAIL ! human compound quadrifarious,
 Invincible as wight Briareus !
 Hail ! doubly doubled mighty merry one,
 Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon !
 O may your vastness deign t'excuse 5
 The praises of a puny Muse,
 Unable, in her utmost flight,
 To reach the huge Colossian height !
 T' attempt to write like thee were frantick,
 Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantick. 10
 Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
 Thy vast, thy bold, Cambysian vein,
 Pour'd out t'enrich thy native isle,
 As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
 Oh how I joy to see thee wander 15
 In many a winding loose meander,
 In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
 And ending in a clink quadruple ;
 Loud, yet agreeable withal,
 Like rivers rattling in their fall. 20

* These verses were all written in circles, one within another, as appears from the observations in the following poem by Dr. Swift.

Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majesty combine;
Where ev'ry line, as huge as seven,
If stretch'd in length would reach to Heaven;
Here all comparing would be sland'ring, 25
The least is more than Alexandrine.

Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
He whits his envious scythe in vain;
For tho' from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou still wilt have to spare. 30

Thou hast alone the skill to feast
With Roman elegance of taste,
Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
As Pompey's caterer of courses. 35

Oh thou! of all the Nine inspir'd,
My languid soul, with teaching tir'd,
How is it raptur'd when it thinks
On thy harmonious set of clinks!
Each answ'ring each in various rhymes,
Like Echo to St. Patrick's chimes! 40

Thy Muse, majestick in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the Stage,
And scarcely can one page sustain
The length of such a flowing train:
Her train, of variegated dye, 45
Shews like Thaumantia's in the sky;
Alike they glow, alike they please,
Alike imprest by Phœbus' rays.

Thy verse—(ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what shall I compare it? 50

'Tis like, what I have oft heard spoke on,
 The famous statue of Laocoon.
 'Tis like—O yes! 'tis very like it,
 The long long string with which you fly kite.
 'Tis like what you, and one or two more, 55
 Roar to your Echo * in good humour,
 And ev'ry couplet thou hast writ
 Concludes like Rhattah whittah-whit †. 58

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

Upon his Verses written in circles.

It never was known that circular letters
 By humble companions were sent to their betters;
 And as to the subject, our judgment mehercle
 Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
 But now for your verses; we tell you, *imprimis*, 5
 Thesegment so large 'twixt your reason and rhyme is,
 That we walk all about, like a horse in a pound,
 And before we find either our noddles turn round.
 Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
 To give us your measures of lines by a quadrant; 10
 But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd
 In each single verse took up a diameter. [metre,

* At Gallstown there is so famous an Echo, that, if you repeat two lines of Virgil out of a speaking-trumpet, you may hear the nymph return them to your ear with great propriety and clearness.

† These words allude to their amusements with the Echo, having no other signification but to express the sound of stones returned by the Echo, when beaten one against the other.

But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
 George, Dan, Dean, and Nim to place in the centre*?
 'Twill appear, to your cost, you are fairly trepann'd,
 For the cord of your circle is now in their hand. 16
 The cord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
 By which your jade Pegasus, fixt in a tether,
 As his betters are us'd, shall belash'd round thering.
 Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the
 string. 20

Will Hancock declares you are out of your compass,
 To encroach on his art by writing of bombas,
 And has taken just now a firm resolution
 To answer your style without circumlocution.

Lady Betty† presents you her service most humble,
 And is not afraid your Worship will grumble 26
 That she makes of your verses a hoop for Miss Tam‡,
 Which is all present; and so I remain— 28

EPILOGUE TO A PLAY,

For the Benefit of the Weavers in Ireland, 1721.

Who dares affirm this is no pious age,
 When Charity begins to tread the stage?

* There were four human figures in the centre of the circular verses.

† Daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochfort, Esq.

‡ Mis Tam, (a short name for Tomason) Lady Betty's daughter, then perhaps about a year old. She is now married to Gustavus Lambert, Esq. of Paynstown, in the county of Meath.

When actors, who at best are hardly savers,
Will give a night of benefit to Weavers?
Stay——let me see; how finely will it sound! 5
Imprimis, from his Grace a hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors;
Item, the actors freely give a day——
The poet had no more who made the play. 10

Brom whence this wondrous charity in play'rs?
They learn'd it not at sermons or at pray'rs.
Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
To own the truth, we have some private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades, 15
Hold up the prices of their old brocades,
We'll dress in manufactures made at home,
Equip our kings and gen'als at the Comb;
We'll rig in Meath-street Egypt's haughty queen,
And Anthony shall court her in rateen: 20
In blue shalloon shall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Irish purple plaid:
In drugget dress'd, of thirteen-pence a-yard,
See Philip's son amidst his Persian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage, 25
With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
In short, our kings and princesses within
Are all resolv'd the project to begin;
And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
Must imitate the fashions of the court. 30

Oh! could I see this audience clad in stuff,
Tho' money's scarce, we should have trade enough:

But chints, brocades, and lace, take all away,
 And scarce a crown is left to see a play.
 Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs 35
 Between the Weavers and us playhouse-kings;
 But wit and weaving had the same beginning;
 Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning.
 And next observe how this alliance fits,
 For Weavers now are just as poor as wits; 40
 Their brother quillmen, workers for the stage,
 For sorry stuff can get a crown a-page;
 But Weavers will be kinder to the play'rs,
 And sell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs;
 And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
 The poet's wit than in the player's dressing. 45

THE SOUTH-SEA, 1721.

I.

YE wise Philosophers ! explain
 What magick makes our money rise
 When dropt into the Southern main ?
 Or do these jugglers cheat your eyes ?

II.

Put in your money fairly told ;
 Presto, be gone.—'tis here agen ; 5
 Ladies and Gentlemen, behold,
 Here's ev'ry piece as big as ten.

III.

Thus in a bason drop a shilling,
 Then fill the Vessel to the brim, 10

You shall observe, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal seems to swim.

IV.

It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a sop !
The liquid medium cheats your sight ; 15
Behold it mounted in the top !

V.

In stock three hundred thousand pound ;
I have in view a lord's estate ;
My manors all contiguous round,
A coach and six, and serv'd in plate. 20

VI.

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a desp'rate bet,
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt o'er head and ears—in debt.

VII.

So, by a calenture misled, 25
The mariner with rapturr sees
On the smooth ocean's azure bed
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees ;

VIII.

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastick scene, and thinks 30
It must be some enchanted grove,
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

IX.

Two hundred chariots, just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,

The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

35

X.

Like Pharaoh, by Directors led,
They with their spoils went safe before ;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the Red Sea shore.

40

XI.

Rais'd up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
The young advent'rer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle way to keep.

XII.

On paper wings he takes his flight ;
With wax the father bound them fast ;
The wax is melted by the height,
And down the tow'ring boy is cast.

45

XIII.

A moralist might here explain
The rashness of the Cretan youth,
Describe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

50

XIV.

His wings are his paternal rent,
He melts his wax at ev'ry flame ;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
In Southern Seas he leaves his name.

55

XV.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why in yon' dang'rous gulf profound,

Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly flote, the wise were drown'd ? 60

XVI.

So have I seen from Severn's brink
A flock of geese jump down together,
Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
And swimming never wet a feather.

XVII.

One fool may from another win, 65
And then get off with money stor'd,
But if a sharper once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

XVIII.

As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallow up the small, 70
So fares it in the Southern Sea,
The whale Directors eat up all.

XIX.

When stock is high they come between,
Making by second-hand their offers,
Then cunningly retire unseen, 75
With each a million in his coffers.

XX.

So, when upon a moonshine night
An ass was drinking at a stream,
A cloud arose and stopt the light,
By intercepting ev'ry beam : 80

XXI.

" The day of judgment will be soon,
(Cries out a sage among the crowd)

“An ass hath swallow’d up the moon :”
The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

XXII.

Each poor subscriber to the Sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies ;
Directors fall as well as they ;
Their fall is but a trick to rise.

XXIII.

So fishes rising from the main
Can soar with moisten’d wings on high ;
The moisture dry’d they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

XXIV.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve,
Ride o’er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

XXV.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
As poets feign ; but where’ the moral ?
It shews the Queen of Love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.

XXVI.

The sea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam’s mouth,
Which now I clearly understand,
For by the sea she meant the South.

XXVII.

Thus by Directors we are told,
“ Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes ;

" Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold ;
 " Look round and see how thick it lies."

XXVIII.

Oh! would those patriots be so kind
 Here in the deep to wash their hands,
 Then, like Pactolus, we should find
 The sea indeed had golden sands. 110

XXIX.

A shilling in the Bath you fling,
 The silver takes a nobler hue
 By magick virtue in the spring,
 And seems a guinea to your view; 115

XXX.

But as a guinea will not pass
 At market for a farthing more,
 Shewn thro' a multiplying glass,
 Than what it always did before; 120

XXXI.

So cast it in the Southern Seas,
 And view it thro' a jobber's bill,
 Put on what spectacles you please,
 Your guinea's but a guinea still.

XXXII.

One night a fool into a brook
 Thus from a hillock looking down,
 The golden stars for guineas took,
 And silver Cythia for a crown. 125

XXXIII.

The point he could no longer doubt;
 He ran, he leap'd into the flood, 130

There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

XXXIV.

“ Upon the waters cast thy bread,
“ And after many days thou'lt find it;”
But gold upon this ocean spread 133
Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.

XXXV.

There is a gulf where thousands fell,
Here all the bold advent'urers came;
A narrow sound, tho' deep as hell,
'Change-alley is the dreadful name. 140

XXXVI.

Nine times a-day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot seldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

XXXVII.

Subscribers here by thousands flote, 145
And jostle one another down,
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold and drown.

XXXVIII.

Now bury'd in the depth below,
Now mounted up to heav'n agen, 150
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end like drunken men.

XXXIX.

Mean-time secure on Garr'way cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,

Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead. 155

XL.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious Tory's brain,
For where Directors get a prize
The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain. 160

XLI.

Thus when by rooks a lord is ply'd,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By vent'ring on the cheating side,
Tho' not into the secret let.

XLII.

While some build castles in the air, 165
Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see 'em there,
For fools will see as wise men please.

XLIII.

Thus oft' by mariners are shown
(Unless the men of Kent are liars) 170
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
And palace-roofs and steeple-spires.

XLIV.

Mark where the fly Directors creep,
Nor to the shore approach too nigh;
The monsters nestle in the deep 175
To seize you in your passing by.

XLV.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct, how to shun

The crocodile that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run. 180

XLVI.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength when'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And sent him up in air to hell.

XLVII.

Directors thrown into the sea 185
Recover strength and vigour there,
But may be tam'd another way,
Suspended for a while in air.

XLVIII.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found 190
What planet rul'd when you were born;
We see you never can be drown'd.

XLIX.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For if the sea should sink so low 195
To leave you dry upon the beach,

L.

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk;
Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpless on the sand. 200

LI.

Thus when a whale hath lost the tide,
The coasters crowd to seize the spoil,

The monster into parts divide,
And strip the bones and melt the oil.

LII.

Oh! may some western tempest sweep 205
These locusts, whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, Directors, to the deep,
Driv'n from the South Sea to the Red!

LIII.

May he whom Nature's laws obey,
Who lifts the poor, and sinks the proud, 210
Quiet the raging of the sea,
And still the madness of the crowd!

LIV.

But never shall our isle have rest
Till those devouring swine run down,
(The devils leaving the possest) 215
And headlong in the waters drown.

LV.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
South Sea at best a mighty bubble. 220

*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas.*
Virg.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Part of a summer spent at the house of

GEORGE ROCHFORD, ESQ.

Written in the year 1723.

THALIA, tell in sober lays
 How George, Nim, Dan, Dean, pass their days.
 Begin, my Muse! First, from our bow'rs,
 We sally forth at diff'rent hours;
 At seven the Dean, in night-gown drest, 5
 Goes round the house to wake the rest;
 At nine grave Nim, and George facetious,
 Go to the Dean to read Lucretius;
 At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
 And kisses George, and ends our lectures; 10
 And when she has him by the neck fast,
 Haws him, and scolds us down to breakfast.
 We squander there an hour or more,
 And then all hands, Boys! to the oar,
 All, heteroclite Dan except, 15
 Who neither time nor order kept,
 But, by particular whimsies drawn,
 Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn;
 O'ersees the work, or Dragon rows,
 Or mars a text, or mends his hose; 20
 Or—but proceed we in our journal—
 At two, or after, we return all;

From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
From airy garrets some descend, 25
Some from the lake's remotest end:
My Lord and Dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake:
The loit'ers quake, no corner hides them,
And Lady Betty soundly chides them. 30
Now water's brought, and dinner's done;
With Church and King the Lady's gone;
(Not reck'ning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a mod'rate glass)
Dan, growing drowzy, like a thief 35
Steals off to dose away his beef;
And this must pass for reading Hammond——
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean, set out at four,
And then again, Boys! to the oar. 40
But when the sun goes to the deep,
(Not to disturb him in his sleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed)
We watch his motions to a minute, 45
And leave the flood when he goes in it.
Now stinted in the short'ning day,
We go to pray'rs, and then to play
Till supper comes; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat. 50
'Tis late——the old and younger pairs,
By Adam lighted, walk up stairs:

The weary Dean goes to his chamber,
But Nim and Dan to garret clamber :
So when the circle we have run, 55
The curtain falls, and all is done.

I might have mention'd sev'ral facts,
Like ep:sodes between the acts,
And tell who loses and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins, 60
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was upset ;

For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd :
It would be an exploit to brag on, 65
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon,
How steady in the storm he sat,
And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat ;

How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares when he can catch 'em ; 70
How skilfully Dan mends his nets,
How fortune fails him when he sets ;

Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon the sex ;
Or how our neighbour lifts his nose, 75
To tell what ev'ry schoolboy knows,

Then with his finger on his thumb
Explaining, strikes opposers dumb ;
Or how his wife, that female pedant,
(But now there need no more be said on't) 80

Shews all her secrets of housekeeping ;
For candles how she trucks her dripping ;

Was forc'd to send three miles for yeast
 To brew her ale and raise her paste;
 Tells ev'ry thing that you can think of, 85
 How she cur'd Tommy of the chincough;
 What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
 And how her doves were kill'd by weasels;
 How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
 She had with dreams the other night. 90

But now, since I have gone so far on,
 A word or two of Lord Chief Baron *,
 And tell how little weight he sets
 On all Whig papers and gazettes;
 But for the politics of Pue †, 95
 Thinks ev'ry syllable is true;
 And since he owns the King of Sweden
 Is dead at last, without evading.
 Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
 " Why, Muscovy is not so far; 100
 " Down the Black Sea and up the Streights,
 " And in a month he's at your gates;
 " Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
 " By Christmas we shall see strange things."
 Why should I tell of ponds and drains, 105
 What carps we met with for our pains;
 Of sparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
 To choke the girls, and to consume a rabble?
 But you, who are a scholar, know
 How transient all things are below; 110

* Mr. Rochhfort's father. † A Tory news-writer.

How prone to change is human life !
 Last night arriv'd Clem. * and his wife —
 This grand event that broke our measures ;
 Their reign began with cruel seizures ;
 The Dean must with his quilt supply 113
 The bed in which those tyrants lie.
 Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his jordan,
 (My Lady says she can't afford one)
 George is half scar'd out of his wits,
 For Clem. gets all the dainty bits. 113
 Henceforth expect a diff'rent survey,
 This house will soon turn topsy-turvy ;
 They talk of further alterations,
 Which causes many speculations. 114

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my
 mother bound my head !
 You a gentleman ! marry come up, I wonder where
 you were bred,
 I am sure such words does not become a man of
 your cloth ;
 I would not give such language to a dog, faith and
 troth.

* Mr. Clement Barry.

Yes, you call'd my master a Knave: fy! Mr. Sheridan: 'tis a shame 5

For a parson, who shou'd know better things, to
come out with such a name.

Knave in your teeth! Mr. Sheridan; 'tis both a
shame and a sin;

And the Dean, my master, is an honestest man than
you and all your kin:

He has more goodness in his little finger than you
have in your whole body:

My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-
shank'd hoddy-doddy. 10

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an
excuse,

Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you
Goose;

Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four
years since October,

And he never call'd me worse than Sweetheart, drunk
or sober;

Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd
to my knowledge, 15

Tho' you and your come-rogues keep him out so late
in your wicked College.

You say you will eat grass on his grave. A Chrisian
eat grass!

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or
an ass.

But that's as much as to say that my master should
die before ye;

Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't be-
lieve that's a true story;

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
master; what care I?

And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to
Mary.

Every body knows that I love to tell truth and shame
the devil:

I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks
should be civil.

Besides, you found fault with your victuals one day
that you was here;

I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the
year:

And Saunders, the man, says you are always jesting
and mocking.

"Mary," said he, (one day as I was mending my
"master's stocking)

"My master is so fond of that minister that keeps
"the school—

"I thought my master a wise man, but that man
"makes him a fool."

"Saunders," said I, "I would rather than a quart
"of ale

"He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin
"a dishclout to his tail."

And now I must go and get Saunders to direct this
 letter,
 For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Mar-
 get she writes better.
 Well, but I must run and make the bed before my
 master comes from pray'rs; 35
 And see, now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming
 up stairs:
 Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could
 write written hand;
 And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to
 command, MARY.

CARBERIÆ RUPES,

IN COMITATU CORCAGENSÍ, APUD HIBER-
 NICOS;

Scriptis Jun. ann. Dom. 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmens scopuli, quod vertice summo
 Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum,
 Decidit in fluctus: maria undique et undique saxa
 Horrisono strídore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
 Erigitur: trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis. 5
 Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
 Æquorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur:
 Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
 Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas
 Attonitus credas, hic dejecisse totantem 10
 Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum
 In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigantum.

Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exesa è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo. 15
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura superne.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.

Sed, cum sævit Hyems, et venti, carcere rupto, 20
Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
Non obsessæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia lætè, 25
Gens assueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.

Gramina dum carpunt pedentes rupe capellæ,
Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linquunt. 30

Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem:
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et, aëra sudum
Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat. 33

CARBERRY ROCKS.

IN THE COUNTY OF CORKE, IRELAND*.

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its airy head amidst the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment, destitute of props;
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops!
With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound, 5
From shore to shore the Rocks return the sound;
The dreadful murmur heav'n's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves,
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides. 10
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge:
Not louder noise could shake the guilty world
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains, hurl'd
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode, 15
To crush earth's rebel sons beneath the load.

Oft', too, with hideous yawn the caverns wide
Present an orifice, on either side,
A dismal orifice from sea to sea
Extended, pervious to the God of Day: 20
Uncouthly join'd, the Rocks stupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future storm:

* We have added a translation of the preceding poem for the benefit of our English readers. It is done by Mr. W. Dunkin, M.A. for whom our Author hath expressed a great regard on account of his ingenious performances, although unacquainted with him.

High on the cliff their nets the woodquests make,
And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak Winter with his sullen train 25
Awakes the winds to vex the wat'ry plain;
When o'er the craggy steep, without control,
Big with the blast the raging billows roll,
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand
Darted from heav'n by Jove's avenging hand, 30
Oft' as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded tow'rs,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar;
Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore:
The neigh'ring race, tho' wont to brave the shocks,
Of angry seas, and run among the Rocks, 35
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.

The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop, 40
Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,
Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.

The frighted fisher, with desponding eyes,
Tho' safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main. 46

UPON THE HORRID PLOT

Discovered by

HARLEQUIN,

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG *.

*In a dialogue between a Whig and a Tory.**Written in the year 1723.*

TORY.

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked Plot to light?
He answer'd, that a Dog of late
Inform'd a minister of state.
Said I, from thence I nothing know, 5
For are not all informers so?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;
And so a perjur'd Dog denotes
Porter, and Prendergast, and Oates, 10
And forty others I could name.

WHIG. But you must know this Dog was lame.

TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your evidence was lame:—proceed.

* See the proceedings in Parliament against Dr. Atterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, State Trials, vol. 6.—He was tried by the Lords for a plot against the government, deprived of his bishoprick, and banished his native country. He died in France, Feb. 15, 1732.

Come, help your lame Dog o'er the stile. 15

WHIG. Sir, you mistake me all this while:
I mean a Dog (without a joke)
Can howl and bark, but never spoke.

TORY. I'm still to seek which Dog you mean,
Whether Cur Plunket or Whelp Skean ; 20
An English or an Irish hound,
Or t'other puppy that was drown'd,
Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch ;
Then pray be free, and tell me which,
For ev'ry stander-by was marking 25
That all the noise they made was barking.

You pay them well ; the Dogs have got
Their dogs'-heads in a porridge-pot ;
And 'twas but just, for wise men say
That ev'ry Dog must have his day. 30
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on't,
And look'd, since he has got his wish,
As if he had thrown down a dish :
Yet this I dare foretel you from it, 35
He'll soon return to his own vomit.

WHIG. Besides, this horrid Plot was found
By Neynoe after he was drown'd.

TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach dead gods to bite. 40

WHIG. I prov'd my proposition full,
But Jacobites are strangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witness is a real cur,

A Dog of spirit for his years, 45
 Has twice two legs, two hanging ears ;
 His name is Harlequin I wot,
 And that's a name in ev'ry Plot ;
 Resolv'd to save the British nation,
 Thro' French by birth and education, 50
 His correspondence, plainly dated,
 Was all decipher'd and translated ;
 His answers were exceeding pretty
 Before the secret wise Committee ;
 Confess'd as plain as he could bark, 55
 Then with his forefoot set his mark.

TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
 I thought it was a Dog in doublet :
 The matter now no longer sticks,
 For statesmen never want dog-tricks : 60
 But since it was a real cur,
 And not a Dog in metaphor,
 I give you joy of the report,
 That he's to have a place at court.

WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in, 65
 A turnspit in the royal kitchen.
 Sir, to be plain, I'll tell you what,
 We had occasion for a Plot,
 And when we found the Dog begin it,
 We guess'd the Bishop's foot was in it. 70

TORY. I own it was a dang'rous project,
 And you have prov'd it by dog-logic.
 Sure such intelligence between
 A Dog and Bishop ne'er was seen,

Till you began to change the breed;
Your Bishops all are d—gs indeed.

76

JOAN CUDGELS NED.

Written in the year 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
She dares not say her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
And ev'ry day she combs his head.

3

6

PETHOX THE GREAT.

Written in the year 1723.

FROM Venus born thy beauty shows,
But who thy father no man knows,
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race:
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy sire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin sing'd the soil,
From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal pow'r descends to thee;
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, shew num'rous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,

5

10

Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and all before,
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighb'ring Gaul descend,
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberless thy vot'ries crowd;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Vesputio's name,
For so conject'ers would obtrude,
And from thy painted skin conclude;
Whether, as Epicurus shows,
The world from jostling seeds arose,
Which mingling with prolifick strife
In Chaos, kindled into life;
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.
Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round;
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strow'd;
The bird of Pallas knows his post,
Thee to attend where'er thou go'st.
Byzantians boast, that on the clod
Where once their Sultan's horse hath trod,
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree;
The same thy subjects boast of thee.
The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,

In all the various colours seen
Of red and yellow, blue and green. 45

With half a word, when you require,
The man of bus'ness must retire.

The haughty minister of state
With trembling must thy leisure wait, 50
And while his fate is in thy hands,
The bus'ness of the nation stands.

Thou dar'st the greatest prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack,
And, as an instance of thy pow'r, 55
Inclose him in a wooden tow'r:
With pungent pains on ev'ry side,
So Regulus in torments dy'd.

From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern; 60
And well thy scholars are endu'd
With temp'rance and with fortitude,
With patience, which all ills supports,
And secrecy, the art of courts.

The glitt'ring beau could hardly tell, 65
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.

With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in ev'ry noble race! 70
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen.

The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,

Descendants of the barb'rous Huns, 75
 With limbs robust, and voice that stuns ;
 But you have moulded them afresh,
 Remov'd the tough superfluous flesh,
 Taught them to modulate their tongues,
 And speak without the help of lungs. 80

Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
 To change your visage like the moon ;
 You sometimes half a face produce,
 Keep t' other half for private use.

How fam'd thy conduct in the fight 85
 With Hermes, son of Pleias bright !
 Out-number'd, half-encompass'd round,
 You strove for ev'ry inch of ground ;
 Then by a soldierly retreat
 Retir'd to your imperial seat. 90

The victor, when your steps he trac'd,
 Found all the realms before him waste :
 You o'er the high triumphal arch
 Pontifick made your glorious march ;
 The wondrous arch behind you fell, 95
 And left a chasm profound as hell.
 You, in your capitol secur'd,
 A siege as long as Troy endur'd.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FOR BEC*.

Written in the year 1723-4.

RETURNING Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new supply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
Who thus displays the New-year's Gift.

First, this large parcel brings you tidings 5
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leasings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teasings.
This box is cramm'd on ev'ry side
With Stella's magisterial pride. 10
Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With six imagin'd cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus sends 15
Concerns by thousands for your friends;
And here's a pair of leathern pokes
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may breach
A peck of troubles for a coach. 20
This ball of wax your ears will darken;
Still to be curious never to hearken:

* Mrs. Rebecca Dingley. Stella's friend and companion.

Lest you the town may have less trouble in,
 Bring all your Quilca * cares to Dublin,
 For which he sends this empty sack,
 And so take all upon your back.

26

PROMETHEUS.

ON WOOD THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALF-PENCE.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

As when the squire and tinker, Wood,
 Cravely consulting Ireland's good,
 Together mingled in a mass
 Smith's dust and copper, lead and brass;
 The mixture thus, by chymick art,
 United close in ev'ry part,
 In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
 Appear'd like one continu'd species,
 And by the forming engine struck,
 On all the same impression stuck :

5

10

So, to confound this hated coin,
 All parties and religions join;
 Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
 Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
 Scotch, Irish, English, French unite,
 With equal int'rest, equal spite ;

1

* A country house of Dr. Sheridan's.

Volum e II.

K

Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump,
And ev'ry one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.

20

A strange event ! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites :
So, goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough ;
So by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm ;
So by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster ;
And so the Harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.

25

30

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above,
So strong, that from the lower end
They say all human things depend :
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold.
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolv'd, and into money coin'd,
Then whips me on a chain of brass,
(Venus was brib'd to let it pass.)

35

40

Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd ;
No temple to his godship rais'd,
No sacrifice on altars blaz'd ;

In short, such dire confusion follow'd, 45
 Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
 Jove stood amaz'd, and, looking round,
 With much ado the cheat he found:
 'Twas plain he could no longer hold
 The world in any chain but gold, 50
 And to the God of Wealth, his brother,
 Sent Mercury to get another.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
 Ty'd with the chain himself had made,
 On icy Caucasus to shiver, 55
 Where vultures eat his growing liver.

III.

'Ye Pow'rs of Grubstreet! make me able
 Discreetly to apply this fable;
 Say who is to be understood
 By that old thief Prometheus? Wood? 60
 For Jove it is not hard to guess him;
 I mean his Majesty, God bless him.
 This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
 He strove to steal that chain of gold
 Which links the subject to the king, 65
 And change it for a brazen string;
 But sure if nothing else must pass
 Between the king and us but brass,
 Altho' the chain will never crack,
 Yet our devotion may grow slack. 70

But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
 This brazen chain into a rope,

With which Prometheus shall be ty'd.
 And high in air shall ever ride,
 Where if we find his liver grows,
 For want of vultures we have crows.

76

SENT BY DR. DELANY TO DR. SWIFT,

*In order to be admitted to speak to him when he was
 deaf.*

Written in the year 1724.

DEAR Sir! I think 'tis doubly hard
 Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
 Can any thing be more unkind?
 Must I not see 'cause you are blind?
 Methinks a friend at night should cheer you, 5
 A friend that loves to see and hear you.
 Why am I robb'd of that delight,
 When you can be no loser by't?
 Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
 That if you heard you'd be no gainer: 10
 For sure you are not yet to learn
 That hearing is not your concern:
 Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
 Your bus'ness, Sir, is to be heard. 14

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE wise pretend to make it clear
 'Tis no great loss to lose an ear:

Why are we then so fond of two,
 When, by experience, one would do?
 'Tis true, say they, cut off the head, 5
 And there's an end; the man is dead;
 Because among all human race
 None e'er was known to have a brace;
 But confidently they maintain,
 That where we find the members twain, 10
 The loss of one is no such trouble,
 Since t'other will in strength be double.
 The limb surviving, you may swear
 Becomes his brother's lawful heir.
 Thus, for a trial, let me beg of 15
 Your Rev'rence but to cut one leg off,
 And you shall find by this device
 The other will be stronger twice,
 For ev'ry day you shall be gaining
 New vigour to the leg remaining: 20
 So when an eye hath lost its brother,
 You see the better with the other.
 Cut off your hand, and you may do
 With t'other hand the work of two;
 Because the soul her power contracts, 25
 And on the brother-limb reacts.

But yet the point is not so clear in
 Another case, the sense of hearing;
 For tho' the place of either ear
 Be distant as one head can bear, 30
 Yet Galen most acutely shews you,
 (Consult his book *De partium usu*)

That from each ear, as he observes,
 There crept two auditory nerves,
 Not to be seen without a glass, 35
 Which near the *os petrosum* pass,
 Thence to the neck, and moving thorough there,
 One goes to this, and one to t'other ear,
 Which made my grand-dame always stuff her ears,
 Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers. 40
 You see my learning; but to shorten it,
 When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
 To t'other ear I felt it coming on,
 And thus I solve this hard phænomenon.
 'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies 45
 To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
 Your arms, tho' both your eyes were lost,
 Would guard your nose against a post:
 Without your legs, two legs of wood
 Are stronger, and almost as good: 50
 And as for hands, there have been those
 Who, wanting both, have us'd their toes;
 But no contrivance yet appears
 To furnish artificial ears. 54

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

TO A FRIEND WHO MARRIED A SHREW.

Written in the year 1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a din,
 That Will durst hardly venture in:

He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
But when he saw his friend appear, 5
Cry'd bravely, "Patience good my Dear!"
At sight of Will she bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapp'd the door.

"Why, Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,"
Quoth Will; "thy house is worse than hell: 10

"Why, what a peal the jade has rung!

"Damn her, why don't you slit her tongue?

"For nothing else will make it cease."

"Dear Will! I suffer this for peace:

"I never quarrel with my wife; 15

"I bear it for a Quiet Life:

"Scripture, you know exhorts us to it,

"Bids us to seek peace and ensue it."

Will went again to visit Dick,
And ent'ring in the very nick, 20

He saw virago Nell belabour

With Dick's own staff his peaceful neighbour:

Poor Will, who needs must interpose,

Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.

But now, to make my story short, 25

Will drew out Dick to take a quart;

"Why, Dick, thy wife has dev'lish whims;

"Odsbuds, why don't you break her limbs?

"If she were mine, and had such tricks,

"I'd teach her how to handle sticks: 30

"Z——ds! I would ship her to Jaimaica,

"Or truck the carrion for tobacco:

“ I’d send her far enough away——”
 “ Dear Will ! but what will people say ?
 “ Lord ! I should get so ill a name,
 “ The neighbours round would cry out shame !” 35

Dick suffer’d for his peace and credit,
 But who believ’d him when he said it ?
 Can he who makes himself a slave
 Consult his peace or credit save ? 40
 Dick found it by his ill success,
 His quiet small, his credit less.

She serv’d him at the usual rate ;
 She stunn’d, and then she broke his pate.
 And, what he thought the hardest case, 45
 The parish jeer’d him to his face ;
 Those men who wore the breeches least
 Call’d him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
 At home he was pursu’d with noise ;
 Abroad was pester’d by the boys ; 50
 Within, his wife would break his bones ;
 Without, they pelted him with stones :
 The ’prentices procur’d a riding *
 To act his patience and her chiding.

False patience and mistaken pride ! 55
 There are ten thousand Dicks beside ;
 Slave to their Quiet and Good Name,
 Are us’d like Dick, and bear the blame. 58

* A riding, a humorous cavalcade still practised in some parts of England, to ridicule a scolding wife and henpecked husband. A woman bestrides the horse, and with a ladle chastises a man, who sits on a pillion behind her, with his face to the horse’s tail. *Harveys.*

VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE

WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

Written in the year 1724.

THE church I hate, and have good reason,
For there my grandsire cut his weason:
He cut his weason at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

4

ON THE SAME.

IN church your grandsire cut his throat:
To do the job too long he tarry'd;
He should have had my hearty vote
To cut his throat before marry'd.

4

ON THE SAME,

[The Judge speaks.]

I'm not the grandson of that ass Quin,
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin:
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice;
This when my grandsire knew, they tell us he
In christ-church, cut his throat for jealousy:
And since the alderman was mad, you say
Then I must be so too *ex traduce*.

4

8

A SIMILE,

ON OUR WANT OF SILVER,

AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT.

Written in the year 1725.

As when of old some sorc'ress threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magick chair
At midnight thro' the darken'd air,
Wise people, who believ'd with reason
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell,
To cure her by a counter spell.

Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell:
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her silver face again.

(Note here, that in the chymick style
The moon is silver all this while.)

So (if my Simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician,
Join'd with a brazen politician,
Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment of prodigious size,

Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
 There was no Silver to be seen;
 But to this parchment let the Draper 25
 Oppose his counter charm of paper,
 And ring Wood's copper in our ears
 So loud till all the nations hears;
 That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
 And drive the conj'ers to the devil; 30
 And when the sky is grown serene,
 Our Silver will appear again, 32

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER.

Written in the year 1725.

SALMONEUS, as the Grecian tale is,
 Was a mad coppersmith of Elis;
 Up at his forge by morning-peep,
 No creature in the lane could sleep:
 Among a crew of roist'ring fellows 5
 Would sit whole ev'nings at the alehouse:
 His wife and children wanted bread,
 While he went always drunk to bed.
 This vap'ring scab must needs devise
 To ape the thunder of the skies: 10
 With brass two fiery steeds he shod,
 To make a clatt'ring as they trod.
 Of polish'd brass his flaming car
 Like lightning dazzled from afar;
 And up he mounts into the box, 15
 And he must thunder, with a pox!

Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch,
With squibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
Among the trembling crowd below. 20
All ran to pray'rs, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity,
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down,
Then what a huge delight were all in, 25
To see the wicked varlet sprawling!
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base :
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder. 30

The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adult'rate copper,
Which, as he scatter'd, we, like dolts,
Mistook at first for thunderbolts,
Before the Drapier shot a letter, 35
(Nor Jove himself could do it better)
Which lighting on th' impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down. 38

WOOD AN INSECT.

Written in the year 1725.

By long observation I have understood
That two little vermin are kin to Will. Wood :

The first is an insect they call a Wood-louse,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail, 5
Inclos'd *de cap-à-pée* in a strong coat of mail:
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears,
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears,
And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone*. 10

The louse of the wood for a med'cine is us'd,
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruis'd:
And let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will. Wood either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with her jaundice possest, 14
Or sick of obstructions and pains in her chest.

The next is an insect we call a Wood-worm,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form:
With teeth or with claws it will bite and will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a Death-
watch,

Because, like a watch, it always cries Click; 21
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick:
For as sure as a gun they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries Click when it scratches the
post:

But a kettle of scalding-hot water injected, 25
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.

* He was in jail for debt.

Such a worm was Will. Wood when he scratch'd at
the door

Of a governing statesman or favourite whore ;
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretel, 31
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell:
But now since the Drapier had heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him,
For which operation there's nothing more proper 35
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of raps in a caldron of oil.
Then chuse which you please, and let each bring a
faggot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the
maggot. 40

TO QUILCA,

A country-house of Dr. Sheridan in no very good repair, where the Author and some of his friends spent a summer in the year 1725.

LET me thy properties explain :
A rotten cabin dropping rain ;
Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoke ;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads, broke.
Here elements have lost their uses, 5
Air ripens not, nor earth produces ;
In vain we make poor Sheelah toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Thro' all the vallies, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns,

And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait. 12

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE, CALLED

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION,

BY WHICH HE MEANS PRIDE.

Written in the year 1726.

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king,
Administer so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the common-weal ;
If he who in the chair presides
So steadily the senate guides ;
If others whom you make your theme
Are seconds in this glorious scheme ;
If ev'ry peer whom you commend
To worth and learning be a friend ; 10
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest ?
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat ;
Now on the bench fair Justice shines, 15
Her scale to neither side inclines ;
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne ;

For such is good Example's power,
It does its office ev'ry hour, 20
Where governors are good and wise,
Or else the truest maxim lies;
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that *ad exemplum regis*,
Thro' all the realm his virtue run, 25
Rip'ning and kindling like the sun :
If this be true, then how much more,
When you have nam'd at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he? 30
Or, take it in a diff'rent view,
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage;
If that same Universal Passion 35
With ev'ry vice hath fill'd the nation;
If Virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown;
If clergymen, to shew their wit,
Praise classicks more than Holy Writ; 40
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate-house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate
As will retrieve a lost estate;
If Law be such a partial whore 45
To spare the rich and plague the poor;
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curst? 48

THE DOG AND THIEF.

Written in the year 1726.

I.

Quoth the Thief to the Dog, "Let me into your
 "And I'll give you these delicate bits." [door,
 Quoth the Dog, "I should then be more villain than
 "And besides must be out of my wits. [you're,

II.

"Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal, 5
 "But my master each day gives me bread:
 "You'll fly when you get what you came here to steal,
 "And I must be hang'd in your stead."

III.

The stock-jobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
 And tips you, the freeman, a wink; 10
 "Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
 "And here is a guinea to drink."

IV.

Said the freeman, "Your guinea to-night would be
 "Your offers of bribery cease; [spent;
 "I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent, 15
 "Or else I may forfeit my lease."

V.

From London they come silly people to chuse,
 Their lands and their faces unknown:
 Who'd vote a rogue into the Parliament-house
 That would turn a man out of his own? 20

ADVICE TO THE
GRUBSTREET VERSE-WRITERS.

Written in the year 1726.

YE Poets ragged and forlorn!
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye Rhymers! dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste;

II.

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device!
Your stillborn poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

III.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dry'd,
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

IV.

Lend these to paper-sparing Pope,
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

V.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own.

ON SEEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON

WINDOWS IN INNS.

Written in the year 1726.

THE sage who said he should be proud
Of Windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confest,
His Window scrawl'd by every rake,
His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

4

8

ANOTHER.

BY Satan taught, all conj'ers know
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much :
In this the devil and you agree ;
None e'er made verses worse than he,
And thine I swear are such.

3

6

ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil I'll prove when requir'd,
Those rhymers abundantly show it ;
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet,

4

ANOTHER.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a-kin,
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

TO A LADY,

*Who desired the Author to write some verses upon her
in the heroick style.*

Written at London in the year 1726.

AFTER venting all my spite,
Tell me what have I to write?
Ev'ry error I could find
Thro' the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy Muse employ'd,
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
These, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.

Hearken what my Lady says;
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.

If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated ;
If my wand'ring head be less
Set on reading than on dress ;
If I always seem so dull t'ye,
I can solve the diffi—culty. 20

You would teach me to be wise,
Truth and honour how to prize ;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station ;
How to relish notions high ; 25
How to live, and how to die.

But it was decreed by Fate,
Mr. Dean, you come too late ;
Well I know you can discern
I am now too old to learn ; 30
Follies, from my youth instill'd,
Have my soul entirely fill'd ;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter.
Bred a foundling and an heiress 35
Dress'd like any lady-may'ress ;
Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground ;
Thought the life of ev'ry lady
Should be one continued playday, 40
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaus.

Thus you have my case at large,
And may now perform your charge.

Those materials I have furnish'd
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a poem.

But I beg suspend a while
That same paltry burlesque style ;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule ;
Teaching others how to ape ye,
Court nor Parliament can 'scape ye ;
Treat the publick and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.

Sing my praise in strain sublime ;
Treat not me with dogg'rel rhyme.
'Tis but just you should produce
With each fault each faults excuse ;
Not to publish ev'ry trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endue me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust ?
Did I ever break my trust ?
Which of all your modern dames
Censures less, or less defames ?
In good manners am I faulty ?
Can you call me rude or haughty ?
Did I e'er my mite with-hold
From the impotent and old ?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit ?

When have I esteem express'd 75

For a coxcomb gaily dress'd ?

Do I, like the female tribe,

Think it wit to flee and gibe ?

Who, with less designing ends,

Kindlier entertain their friends ? 80

With good words and count'nance sprightly
Strive to treat them all politely.

Think not cards my chief diversion ;

'Tis a wrong unjust aspersion :

Never knew I any good in 'um, 85

But to doze my head like laudanum.

We by play, as men by drinking,

Pass our nights to drive out thinking.

From my ailments give me leisure,

I shall read and think with pleasure, 90

Conversation learn to relish,

And with books my mind embellish.

Now, methinks, I hear you cry,

Mr. Dean, you must reply.

Madam, I allow 'tis true ; 95

All these praises are your due.

You, like some acute philosopher,

Ev'ry fault have drawn a gloss over,

Placing in the strongest light

All your virtues to my sight. 100

Tho' you lead a blameless life,

Live an humble, prudent wife ;

Answer all domestick ends,

What is this to us your friends ?

Tho' your children by a nod 105
Stand in awe without the rod ;
Tho' by your obliging sway
Servants love you and obey ;
Tho' you treat us with a smile,
Clear your looks, and smooth your style, 110
Load our plates from ev'ry dish,
This is not the thing we wish :
Col'nel——may be your debtor ;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us, 115
With good sense to entertain us.

Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it tasting and imbibing ;
Metaphorick meat and drink
Is to understand and think : 120
We may carve for others thus,
And let others carve for us :
To discourse, and to attend,
Is to help yourself and friend.
Conversation is but carving ; 125
Carve for all, yourself is starving ;
Give no more to ev'ry guest
Than he's able to digest ;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time. 130
Carve for all but just enough,
Let them neither starve nor stuff ;
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.

This comparison will hold,
 Could it well in rhyme be told,
 How conversing, list'ning, thinking,
 Justly may resemble drinking :
 For a friend a glass you fill,
 What is this but to instill ?

135

140

To conclude this long essay ;
 Pardon if I disobey,
 Nor against my nat'ral vein
 Treat you in heroick strain.
 I, as all the parish knows,
 Hardly can be grave in prose :
 Still to lash, and lashing smile,
 Ill befits a lofty style.

145

From the planet of my birth
 I encounter vice with mirth.
 Wicked ministers of state
 I can easier scorn than hate :
 And I find it answers right ;
 Scorn torments them more than spight.
 All the vices of a court

150

155

Do but serve to make the sport.
 Were I in some foreign realm,
 Which all vices overwhelm,

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

When my Muse, officious, ventures
 On the nation's representers,

160

Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools ;
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves they all pull ;
Let the vessel split on shelves, 165
With the freight enrich themselves ;
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry :
Like the watermen on Thames,
I row by and call them names ; 170
Like the ever-laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage,
(Tho' it must be understood,
I would hang them if I could.)
If I can but fill my nitch, 175
I attempt no higher pitch ;
Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wise to rule the state ;
Pult'ney deep, accomplish'd St. John's,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance : 180
Let me, tho' the smell be noisome,
Strip their bums, let Caleb * hoise 'em,
Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl and skip.
Duce is in you, Mr. Dean ; 185
What can all this passion mean ?

* Caleb D'Anvers, the famous writer of the paper called *The Craftsman*. These papers were supposed to be written by the Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pultney, created Earl of Bath.

Mention courts, you'll ne'er be quiet,
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your station ;
Come to use and application ; 190
Nor with senates keep a fuss.
I submit, and answer thus.

If the machinations brewing
To complete the publick ruin,
Never once could have the pow'r 195
To affect me half an hour ;
(Sooner would I write in buskins
Mournful elegies on Bluskins †)
If I laugh at Whig and Tory,
I conclude *à fortiori*, 200

All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my fav'rite farce.
This I must insist on : for, as
It is well observ'd by Horace *,
Ridicule has greater pow'r 205
To reform the world than sour.
Horses thus, let jockies judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels :
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dulness can produce, 210
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a-working.

Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.

† A famous thief who was hanged some years since.

* “ *Ridiculum acri*

“ *Fortius et melius, &c.*

I may storm and rage in vain, 215
 It but stupifies your brain ;
 But with raillery to nettle
 Sets your thoughts upon their mettle ;
 Gives imagination scope ;
 Never lets your mind elope ; 220
 Drives out brangling and contention,
 Brings in reason and invention.
 For your sake, as well as mine,
 I the lofty style decline.

I, who love to have a fling 225
 Both at S—n—e house and——
 That they might some better way tread
 To avoid the publick hatred,
 Thought no method more commodious
 Than to show their vices odious ; 230
 Which I chose to make appear
 Not by anger, but a sneer ;
 As my method of reforming
 Is by laughing, not by storming ;
 (For my friends have always thought 235
 Tenderness my greatest fault.)
 Would you have me change my style,
 On your faults no longer smile,
 But, to patch up all your quarrels,
 Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals, 240
 Or from Solomon produce
 Maxims teaching wisdom's use ?

If I treat you like C——d H——,
 You have cheap enough compounded.

Can you put in higher claims 245

Than the owners of St. J——s ?

You are not so great a grievance

As the hirelings of St. Stephens ;

You are of a lower class

Than my friend Sir Robert Brass. 250

None of these have mercy found ;

I have laugh'd and lash'd them round.

Have you seen a rocket fly ?

You would swear it pierc'd the sky ;

It but reach'd the middle air, 255

Bursting into pieces there ;

Thousand sparkles, falling down,

Light on many a coxcomb's crown :

See what mirth the sport creates ;

Singes hair, but breaks no pates. 260

Thus, should I attempt to climb,

Treat you in a style sublime,

Such a rocket is my Muse,

Should I lofty numbers chuse,

Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top, 265

I should burst, and bursting drop :

All my fire would fall in scraps,

Give your head some gentle raps,

Only make it smart a while ;

Then could I forbear to smile, 270

When I found the tingling pain

Ent'ring warm your frigid brain ;

Make you able upon sight

To decide of wrong or right ;

Talk with sense whate'er you please on,
Learn to relish truth and reason.

275

Thus we both should gain our prize,
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

278

BEC'S BIRTH-DAY.

Nov. 8. 1726.

THIS day, dear Bec ! is thy nativity,
Had Fate a luckier one she'd give it ye :
She chose a thread of greatest length,
And doubly twisted it for strength,
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.

5

Then who says care will kill a cat ?
Rebecca shews their out in that ;
For she, tho' over-run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.

10

As if the gout should seize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead ;
But if they can by all their arts
Eject it to th' extremest parts,
They give the sick man joy and praise,
The gout that will prolong his days ;
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet ;
For tho' philosophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,

15

20

By arbitrary pow'r convey her,
 She ne'er considers why or where :
 Her hands may meddle, feet may wander, 25
 Her head is but a mere by-stander,
 And all her bustling but supplies
 The part of wholesome exercise.
 Thus Nature hath resolv'd to pay her
 The cat's nine lives and eke the care. 30

Long may she live and help her friends
 Whene'er it suits her private ends ;
 Domestick business never mind
 'Till coffee has her stomach lin'd ;
 But when her breakfast gives her courage, 35
 Then think on Stella's chicken porridge ;
 I mean when Tyger * has been serv'd,
 Or else poor Stella may be starv'd.

May Bec have many an evening nap
 With Tyger slabb'ring in her lap ; 40
 But always take a special care
 She does not overset the shair ;
 Still be she curious, never hearken
 To any speech but Tyger's barking.

And when she's in another scene, 45
 Stella long dead, but first the Dean,
 May Fortune and her coffee get her,
 Companions that will please her better ;
 Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
 Nor for neglects or blunders chide her ; 50

* Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog.

A goodly set as can be found
 Of harty gossips prating round ;
 Fresh from a wedding or a christ'ning,
 To teach her ears the art of list'ning,
 And please her more to hear them tattle 55
 Than the Dean storm or Stella rattle.

Late be her death, one gentle nod,
 When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
 Shall to Elysian fields invite her,
 Where there will be no cares to fright her. 60

EXTEMPORE VERSES

Written at Chester, 1726.

I.

YOUR mould'ring walls are mending still,
 Your churches in neglect lie ;
 But yet the Scripture you fulfill
 By walking circumspectly *, 4

II.

The church and clergy here, no doubt,
 Are very much a-kin ;
 Both weather-beaten are without,
 Both empty are within. 8

* Round the walls.

VERSES.

*Occasioned by the sudden drying up of St. Patrick's
Well, near Trinity-College, Dublin, in 1726.*

By holy zeal inspir'd, and led by fame
To thee, once fav'rite Isle ! with joy I came,
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy o'er-run ;
Ierne ! to the world's remotest parts
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts. 5

Hither from Colchos, with thy fleecy ore,
Jason arriv'd two thousand years before.
Thee, happy Island ! Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown. 10
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race.
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilize :
Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name, 15
Confess the soil from whence the victors came.
Well may they boast that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger sons ;
A conquest and a colony from thee,
The mother-kingdom left her children free : 20
From thee no mark of slavery they felt,
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt ;
Invited here to 'vengeful Morrough's aid,
Those whom they could not conquer they betray'd.

Britain ! by thee we fell, ungrateful Isle !
Not by thy valour, but superior guile.

25

Britain ! with shame confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine;
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense;
Not like the pastors of thy rav'nous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

Wretched Ierne ! with what grief I see
The fatal changes time hath made in thee !
The Christain rites I introduc'd in vain ;
Lo ! Infidelity return'd again.

35

Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.

By faith and pray'r, this crosier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land ;
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing,
Nor dread the adder's tooth nor scorpion's sting.*

40

With omens oft' I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens the types of my impending chains :
I sent the magpye from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil ;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishop's geer,
Whose crop the nurseries of learning here ?

45

50

* There are no snakes, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here until about the year 1700. The magpies came a short time before, and the Norway rats since.

Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state.

As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race ;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread the spawn 55
Thro' all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn ;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
And in the chambers of your Viceroy crawls.

See where the new-devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns ! 60
With harpy claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a num'rous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his rav'nous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.

Where is the Holy Well that bore my name ? 65
Fled to the fountain back from whence it came !
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,
And blessings equally on all bestows.
Here from the neighb'ring nursery of arts,
The students drinking rais'd their wit and parts ; 70
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
Discourag'd youths ! now all their hopes must fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale ;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court, 75
And by their sweat procure a mean support ;
Or for the classicks read th' Attorney's Guide,
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.

Oh ! had I been apostle to the Swiss
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this, 80

Combind in arms they had their foes defy'd,
And kept their liberty, or bravely dy'd.
Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
The last invaders trampling on the first ;
Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate ; 85
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run ;
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons, the time is just at hand,
Be all made captives in their native land ; 90
When for the use of no Hibernian born
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn ;
When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass * ;
But all turn leasers to that mongrel breed† 95
Who from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed ;
Who to yon' rav'nous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvests there ;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown. 100
I scorn thy spurious and degen'rate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign. 102

* Wood's ruinous project against the people of Ireland was supported by Sir Robert Walpole in 1724.

† The absentees, who spend the income of their Irish estate, places, and pensions in England.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN RICHMOND-LODGE AND MARBLE-
HILL.*Written June 1727.*JUST AFTER THE NEWS OF THE LATE KING'S
DEATH.

Richmond-Lodge is a house with a small park belonging to the crown : it was usually granted by the crown for a lease of years. The Duke of Ormond was the last who had it : after his exile it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

Marble-Hill is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now Countess of Suffolk, and Groom of the Stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lives, and about two miles from Richmond-Lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, and the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler, and keeper of the icehouse. Upon King George's death these two houses met, and had the following dialogue.

IN spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,

Volume II.

N

Sing on I must, and sing I will,
Of Richmond-Lodge and Marble-Hill.

Last Friday night, as neighbours use, 5
This couple met to talk of news,
For by old proverbs it appears
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MAR.-H. Quoth Marble-Hill, Right well I ween
Your mistress now is grown a queen; 10
You'll find it soon by woeful proof;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICH.-L. The kingly prophet well evinces
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promis'd me 15
To raise me to a high degree;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends; 20
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find as true.

MAR.-H. My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling 25
To raise the stairs or build the cieling,
For all the courtly Madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound.
'Tis come to what I always thought;
My dame is hardly worth a groat. 30
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn;

For those we dext'rous courtiers call,
Can rise upon their master's fall ;
But we, unlucky and unwise, 35
Must fall because our masters rise.

RICH.-L. My Master, scarce a fortnight since,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince,
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any king, 40
And by his crown will nothing get,
But, like a king, to run in debt.

MAR.-H. No more the Dean that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine,
My icehouse-rob, as heretofore, 45
And steal my artichokes no more ;
Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedaggled in my walks so green ;
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope,
And here no more will dangle Pope. 50

RICH.-L. Here wont the Dean, when he's to seek,
To sponge a breakfast once a-week ;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter :
But now I fear it will be said 55
No butter sticks upon his bread.
We soon shall find him full of spleen
For want of tattling to the Queen,
Stunning her royal ears with talking,
His Rev'ence and her Highness walking ; 60
Whilst Lady Charlotte, like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller ;

A goodly sight to see her ride,
With ancient Mirmont at her side;
In velvet cap his head lies warm, 65
His hat for show below his arm.

MAR.-H. Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more's the pity,
Lay all my fine plantations waste
To fit them to his vulgar taste; 70
Chang'd for the worse in ev'ry part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

RICH.-L. In my own Thames may I be drowned,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head,
Except her Majesty prevails 75
To place me with the Prince of Wales;
And then I shall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times as others do. 80
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope;
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MAR.-H. Then let him come and take a nap 85
In summer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kensington or hot St. James's;
Nor shall I in dull silence sit,
For 'tis to me he owes his wit; 90
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetick words.

We gardens, and you wildernesses,
 Assist all poets in distresses.
 Him twice a week I here expect, 95
 To rattle Moody for neglect;
 An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
 In tippling at the Dog and Partridge,
 And I can hardly get him down
 Three times a-week to brush my gown. 100

RICH.-L. I pity you, dear Marble-Hill!
 But hope to see you flourish still.
 All happiness—and so adieu!
 MAR.-H. Kind Richmond-Lodge! the same to
 you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION.

Written in the year 1727.

'Tis strange what diff'rent thoughts inspire
 In men, possession and desire!
 Think what they wish so great a blessing,
 So disappointed when possessing!
 A moralist profoundly sage, 5
 I know not in what book or page,
 Or whether o'er a pot of ale,
 Related thus the following tale.
 Possession and Desire, his brother,
 But still at variance with each other, 10
 Were seen contending in a race,
 And kept at first an equal pace:

'Tis said their course continu'd long,
 For this was active, that was strong;
 Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt, 15
 Misled them many a league about.
 Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
 They take the wrong way for the right;
 Thro' slipp'ry by-roads, dark and deep,
 They often climb and often creep. 20

Desire, the swifter of the two,
 Along the plain like lightning flew,
 Till ent'ring on a broad highway,
 Where pow'r and titles scatter'd lay,
 He strove to pick up all he found, 25
 And by excursions lost his ground:
 No sooner got, than with disdain
 He threw them on the ground again,
 And hasted forward to pursue
 Fresh objects fairer to his view, 30
 In hope to spring some nobler game,
 But all he took was just the same:
 Too scornful now to stop his pace
 He spurn'd them in his rival's face.

Possession kept the beaten road, 35
 And gather'd all his brother strow'd,
 But overcharg'd and out of wind,
 Tho' strong in limbs, ne lagg'd behind.

Desire had now the gaol in sight;
 It was a tow'r of monstrous height, 40
 Where on the summit Fortune stands,
 A crown and sceptre in her hands;

Beneath a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold advent'rer fell.
Desire in rapture gaz'd a while, 45
And saw the treach'rous goddess smile,
But as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down:
He tumbled in the gulf profound,
There doom'd to whirl an endless round. 50
Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumb'rous weight,
And as he now expiring lay,
Flocks ev'ry ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite, 55
At once upon his carcass light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans. 58

ON CENSURE.

Written in the year 1727.

YE wise! instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure,
Or how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support 5
When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit,
All others who inferior sit
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join and drag you to the ground. 10

Your altitude offends the eyes
 Of those who want the pow'r to rise.
 The world, a willing stander-by,
 Inclines to aid a specious lie :
 Alas! they would not do you wrong, 15
 But all appearances are strong.

Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
 On what detracting people say ?
 For let mankind discharge their tongues
 In venom till they burst their lungs, 20
 Their utmost malice cannot make
 Your head, or tooth, or finger, ake,
 Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
 Or put one feature out of place;
 Nor will you find your fortune sink 25
 By what they speak or what they think;
 Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
 Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
 The most effectual way to baulk
 Their malice is—to let them talk. 30

THE FURNITURE OF
 A WOMAN'S MIND.

Written in the year 1727.

A SET of phrases learn'd by rote,
 A passion for a scarlet coat;
 When at a play to laugh or cry,
 Yet cannot tell the reason why;

Never to hold her tongue a minute, 5
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong; 10
Hath every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasion cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown, 15
The sight will put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endu'd,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing : 20
Nor makes a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill 25
To cheat and wrangle at Quadrille.

In chusing lace a critick nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute
What lining best the silk will suit; 30
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch,
If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;

So sweetly screams if it comes near her, 35
She ravishes all hearts to hear her;
Can dext'rously her husband tease,
By taking fits whene'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick; 40
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity:
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death, 45
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious, like a man.

In party furious to her pow'r;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sour; 50
Her arguments directly tend;
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And to defend the Whiggish cause, 55
Her topicks from the Tories draws.

Oyes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding,
She'll pay the charges to a farthing: 60
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may outsell a better thing:
So, holla, Boys! God save the King! 64

ON CUTTING DOWN THE
OLD THORN AT MARKET-HILL *.

Written in the year 1727.

I.

AT Market-Hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
A spacious Thorn before the gate.

II.

Hither came ev'ry village-maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung,
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
Secure from Satyr's, sat and sung.

5

III.

Sir Archibald †, that val'rous knight,
Then lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come to listen with delight,
For he was fond of rural strain.

10

IV.

(Sir Archibald! whose fav'rite name
Shall stand for ages on record
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
Wise Hawthornden and Stirling's Lord †.)

15

* A village near the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the Dean sometimes made a long visit.

† Sir Archibald Acheson, Secretary of State for Scotland.

‡ Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

V.

But Time, with iron teeth, I ween,
 Has canker'd all its branches round;
 No fruit or blossom to be seen,
 Its head reclining tow'rs the ground. 20

VI.

This aged, sickly, sapless Thorn,
 Which must, alas! no longer stand,
 Behold the cruel Dean in scorn
 Cut down with sacrilegious hand.

VII.

Dame Nature, when she saw the blow, 25
 Astonish'd, gave a dreadful shriek,
 And Mother Tellus trembled so,
 She scarce recover'd in a week.

VIII.

The sylvan pow'rs, with fear perplex'd,
 In prudence and compassion sent 30
 (For none could tell whose turn was next)
 Sad omens of the dire event.

IX.

The magpye, lighting on the stock,
 Stood chatt'ring with incessant din,
 And with her beak gave many a knock, 35
 To rouse and warn the nymph within.

X.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
 The ruin of her ancient seat,
 And fled in haste with all her brood
 To seek a more secure retreat. 40

XI.

Last trotted forth the gentle swine,
To ease her itch against the stump,
And dismally was heard to whine,
All as she scrubb'd her measly rump.

XII.

The nymph who dwells in ev'ry tree, 45
(If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme decree,
Must die with her expiring plant.

XIII.

Thus when the gentle Spina found
The Thorn committed to her care 50
Receiv'd its last and deadly wound,
She fled, and vanish'd into air.

XIV.

But from the root a dismal groan
First issuing struck the murd'rer's ears,
And in a shrill revengeful tone 55
This prophesy he trembling hears ;

XV.

" Thou chief contriver of my fall,
" Relentless Dean ! to mischief born,
" My kindred oft' thine hide shall gall,
" Thy gown and cassock oft' be torn. 60

XVI.

" And thy confed'rate dame, who brags
" That she condemn'd me to the fire,
" Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
" And wound her legs with ev'ry brier.

XVII.

- “ Nor thou, Lord Arthur, shalt escape; 65
“ To thee I often call’d in vain
“ Against that assassin in crape,
“ Yet thou couldst tamely see me slain.

XVIII.

- “ Nor when I felt the dreadful blow,
“ Or chid the Dean, or pinch’d thy spouse, 70
“ Since you could see me treated so,
“ (An old retainer to your house)

XIX.

- “ May that fell Dean, by whose command
“ Was form’d this Machi’velian plot,
“ Not leave a thistle on thy land; 75
“ Then who will own thee for a Scot?

XX.

- “ Pigs and fanatics, cows and Teagues,
“ Thro’ all thy empire I foresee,
“ To tear thy hedges join in leagues,
“ Sworn to revenge my Thorn and me. 80

XXI.

- “ And thou, the wretch ordain’d by Fate,
“ Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown
“ With hatchet blunter than thy pate
“ To hack my hallow’d timber down,

XXII.

- “ When thou, suspended high in air, 85
“ Dy’st on a more ignoble tree,
“ (For thou shalt steal thy landlord’s mare)
“ Then, bloody Caitiff! think on me. 88

THE
JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

Written in 1728.

It was a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
So well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female common-weal——
How could it come into your mind 5
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair; 10
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks, I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end? 15
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah! lovely Nymphs! remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears;
Sooner shall——

[Here several verses are omitted.]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair. 20

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:

O ij

The Journal of a Modern Dame
Is, by my promise, what you claim. 25
My word is past; I must submit;
And yet, perhaps, you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes, 30
The common slanders of the times;
Of modern times; the guilt is your's,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse! begin thy lay,
The Annals of a Female Day. 35

By Nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall shew you in the sequel)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors say not quite so soon)
Because, tho' sore against her will, 40
She sat all night up at Quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise?
Of headach and the spleen complains,
And then, to cool her heated brains, 45
Her nightgown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron water:
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray
" Don't I look frightfully to-day?
" But was it not confounded hard? 50
" Well, if I ever touch a card!
" Four mattadores, and lose codille!
" Depend upon't I never will.

" But run to Tom, and bid him fix
 " The ladies here to-night by six." 55

" Madam, the goldsmith waits below ;

" He says his bus'ness is to know

" If you'll redeem the silver cup

" He keeps in pawn?"—" Why, shew him up." 60

" Your dressing-plate he'll be content

" To take for int'rest *cent. per cent.*

" And, Madam, there's my Lady Spade

" Hath sent this letter by her maid."

" Well, I remember what she won ;

" And hath she sent so soon to dun ? 65

" Here, carry down those ten pistoles

" My husband left to pay for coals :

" I thank my stars they all are light,

" And I may have revenge to-night."

Now loit'ring o'er her tea and cream, 70

She enters on her usual theme,

Her last night's ill success repeats,

Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats :

" She slipt Spadillo in her breast,

" Then thought to turn it to a jest : 75

" There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,

" And to each other give the sign."

Thro' ev'ry game pursues her tale,

Like hunters o'er their evening-ale. 80

Now to another scene give place.

Enter the folks with silks and lace ;

Fresh matter for a world of chat ;

Right Indian this, right Mechlin that.

- “ Observe this pattern ; there’s a stuff !
“ I can have customers enough. 85
“ Dear Madam ! you are grown so hard—
“ This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard.
“ Madam, if there be truth in man,
“ I never sold so cheap a fan.”
This bus’ness of importance o’er, 90
And Madam almost dress’d by four,
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, “ Madam, dinner stays.”
She answers in her usual style,
“ The cook must keep it back a while : 95
“ I never can have time to dress ;
“ No woman breathing takes up less :
“ I’m hurried so it makes me sick ;
“ I wish the dinner at Old Nick.”
At table now she acts her part, 100
Has all the dinner-cant by heart.
“ I thought we were to dine alone,
“ My Dear ! for sure if I had known
“ This company would come to-day—
“ But really ’tis my spouse’s way ; 105
“ He’s so unkind he never sends
“ To tell when he invites his friends.
“ I wish you may but have enough.”
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting ev’ry guest, 110
Nor gives her tongue one moment’s rest,
In phrases batter’d, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite,

You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit. 115

But let me now a while survey
Our Madam o'er her ev'ning tea,
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans ;
When, frightened at the clam'rous crew, 120

Away the god of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty, with blushing face.
Now enters overweening Pride,

And Scandal, ever gaping wide, 125
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with glibing air,

Rude Laughter, seeming like to burst,
And Malice, always judging worst,
And vanity, with pocket-glass, 130

And Impudence, with front of brass,
And study'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame,
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each female head. 135

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse !
An hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give ev'ry dame her due,
An hundred thousand were too few ?
Or how should I, alas ! relate 140

The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd and double entendres ?

Now comes the gen'ral scandal-charge,
What some invent the rest enlarge; 145
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
"You have the tale as cheap as I:
"I must conceal my author's name,
"But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, foolish Females! bold and blind, 150
Say by what fatal turn of mind
Are you on vices most severe
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus ev'ry fool herself deludes,
The prude condemns the absent prudes: 155
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hercina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phillis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia sneering says 160
That Florimel wears iron stays:
Chloe, of ev'ry coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows,
And, full of indignation, frets
That women should be such coquettes: 165
Iris for scandal most notorious,
Cries, Lord! the world is so censorious!
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence, 170
Talks half a day in praise of silence;
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,
 While each to be the loudest vies ; 175
 They contradict, affirm, dispute,
 No single tongue one moment mute :
 All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
 They set the very lap-dog barking :
 Their chatt'ring makes a louder din 180
 Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin ;
 Not schoolboys at a barring out
 Rais'd ever such incessant rout ;
 The jumbling particles of matter
 In chaos made not such a clatter ; 185
 Far less the rabble roar and rail,
 When drunk with sour election-ale.

Nor do they trust their tongue alone,
 But speak a language of their own ;
 Can read a nod, a shrug, a look, 190
 Far better than a printed book ;
 Convey a libel in a frown,
 And wink a reputation down ;
 Or by the tossing of a fan
 Describe the lady and the man. 195

But see, the female club disbands,
 Each twenty visits on her hands.
 Now all alone poor Madam sits
 In vapours and hysterick fits.
 " And was not Tom this morning sent ? 200
 " I'd lay my life he never went.
 " Past six, and not a living soul !
 " I might by this have won a vole."

A dreadful interval of spleen!

How shall we pass the time between?

205

"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;

"And feel my pulse; I know it stops.

"This head of mine, Lord! how it swims!

"And such a pain in all my limbs!"

"Dear Madam! try to take a nap."——

210

But now they hear a footman's rap.

"Go run, and light the ladies up.

"It must be one before we sup."

The table, cards, and counters set,

And all the gamester-ladies met,

215

Her spleen and fits recover'd quite, "

Our Madam can sit up all night.

"Whoever comes I'm not within."——

Quadrille's the word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her aid impart,

220

Unskill'd in all the terms of art?

Or in harmonious numbers put

The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?

The superstitious whims relate,

That fill a female gamester's pate?

225

What agony of soul she feels

To see a knave's inverted heels?

She draws up card by card to find

Good Fortune peeping from behind;

With panting heart and earnest eyes,

230

In hope to see Spadillo rise:

In vain, alas! her hope is fed;

She draws an ace, and sees it red.

In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys; 235
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the parson came,
"I said I should not win a game.
"This odious chair, how came I stuck in't? 240
"I think I never had good luck in't.
"I'm so uneasy in my stays.
"Your fan a moment, if you please.
"Stand further, Girl, or get you gone;
"I always lose when you look on." 245
"Lord! Madam, you have lost codille;
"I never saw you play so ill."
"Nay, Madam, give me leave to say
"'Twas you that threw the game away;
"When Lady Tricksey play'd a four, 250
"You took it with a mattadore;
"I saw you touch your wedding-ring
"Before my Lady call'd a King;
"You spoke a word began with H,
"And I know whom you meant to teach, 255
"Because you hold the King of Hearts.
"Fy! Madam, leave these little arts."
"That's not so bad as one that rubs
"Her chair to call the King of Clubs,
"And makes her partner understand 260
"A mattadore is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
"I swear I saw you thrice renounce."

“ And truly, Madam, I know when
“ Instead of five you scor’d me ten. 265
“ Spadillo here has got a mark,
“ A child may know it in the dark :
“ I guess the hand ; it seldom fails ;
“ I wish some folks would pair their nails.”

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm, 270
It passes but for common form,
And conscious that they all speak true,
They give each other but their due ;
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame. 275

The time, too precious now to waste,
And supper gobbled up in haste,
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat 280
How oft’ they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
“ A frosty morn——past four o’clock.”
The chairmen are not to be found ;
“ Come, let us play the other round.” 285

Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone ;
But first the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky Madam, left in tears, 290
(Who now again Quadrille forswears)
With empty purse and aching head
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed. 293

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written in the year 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
 Who went to weed the court of Gosford Knight *,
 While each with stubbed knife remov'd the roots
 That rais'd between the stones their daily shoots,
 As at their works they sat in counter view, 5
 With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew ;
 Sing, heav'nly Muse! in sweetly-flowing strain,
 The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DER. My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt
 Than strongest weeds that grow these stones be-
 twixt : 10

My spud these nettles from the stones can part,
 No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEE. My love for gentle Dermot faster grows
 Than you' tall dock that rises to thy nose :
 Cut down the dock 'twill sprout again ; but, O ! 15
 Love rooted out again will never grow.

DER. No more that brier thy tender legs shall rake ;
 (I spare the thistle for Sir Arthur's † sake)
 Sharp are the stones ; take thou this rushy mat ;
 The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat. 20

* Sir Arthur Acheson, whose great grandfather was
 Sir Archibald, of Gosford in Scotland.

† Who is a great lover of Scotland.

SHEE. Thy breeches torn behind stand gaping
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside: [wide;
Nor need I blush altho' you feel it wet;
Dermot, I vow 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DER. At an old stubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco plug; 26
A longer ha'p'orth never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah! thou shalt share with me.

SHEE. In at the pantry-door this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt; 30
Dennis * was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my Dear! shalt have the bigger half.

DER. When you saw Tady at long bullets play,
You sat and lous'd him all the sunshine day.
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales, 35
Or crack such lice as his between your nails?

SHEE. When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch those nasty sluts!
I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts. 40

DER. If Oonah once I kiss'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side;
But if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain. [hold

SHEE. Dermot, I swear tho' Tady's locks could
Ten thousand lice, and ev'ry louse was gold; 46
Him on my lap you never more should see,
Or may I lose my weeding-knife—and thee.

* Sir Arthur's butler.

DER. Oh! could I earn for thee, my lovely lass!
 A pair of brogues to bear thee dry to mass: 50
 But see where Norah with the sowins comes—
 Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums. 52

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY.

Written in the year 1728.

MUL.

I 'OWN 'tis not my bread and butter;
 But, pry'thee, Tim, why all this clutter?
 Why ever in these raging fits,
 Damning to hell the Jacobites?
 When, if you search the kingdom round, 5
 There's hardly twenty to be found;
 No, not among the priests and friars—

TIM. 'Twixt you and me, G— damn the liars.

MUL. The Tories are gone ev'ry man over
 To our illustrious House of Hanover; 10
 From all their conduct this is plain;
 And then—

TIM. G— damn the liars again.
 Did not an earl but lately vote
 To bring in (I could cut his throat)
 Our whole accounts of publick debts? 15

MUL. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*Aside,*

TIM. Did not an able statesman-bishop
This dang'rous horrid motion dish-up
As Popish craft? Did he not rail on't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on't? 20
Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the Pretender;
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends' opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?

MUL. These brangling jars of Whig and Tory 25
Are stale, and worn as Troy-town story.
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you; 30
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out at last;
Like Martin Marall, gaping on,
Nor minding when the song is done.
When all the bees are gone to settle, 35
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under
Have dropt their arms and seiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum: 40
And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Thersites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation 45
Of all thy party thro' the nation.

Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
 With plots, and Jacobites, and treason ;
 Thy busy never-meaning face,
 Thy screw'd-up front, thy state-grimace, 50
 Thy formal nods, important sneers,
 Thy whisp'rings foisted in all ears,
 (Which are, whatever you may think,
 But nonsense wrapt up in a stink)
 Have made thy presence, in a true sense, 55
 To thy own side so damn'd a nuisance,
 That when they have you in their eye,
 As if the devil drove they fly.

TIM. My good friend Mullinix, forbear ;
 I'vow to G— you're too severe : 60
 If it could ever yet be known
 I took advice except my own,
 It should be your's ; but, d—— my blood,
 I must pursue the publick good,
 The faction (is it not notorious ?) 65
 Keck at the memory of glorious :
 'Tis true, nor need I to be told
 My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
 That scarce a creature can be found
 To prance with me his statue round. 70
 The publick safety, I foresee,
 Henceforth depends alone on me,
 And while this vital breath I blow,
 Or from above or from below,
 I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail, 75
 The Tories' terror, scourge, and flail.

MUL. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The Tories ! you are their delight ;
And should you act a diff'rent part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart. 80
Why, Tim, you have a taste, I know,
And often see a puppet-show :
Observe, the audience is in pain
While Punch is hid behind the scene ;
But when they hear his rusty voice, 85
With what impatience they rejoice !
And then they value not two straws
How Solomon decides the cause ;
Which the true mother, which pretender.
Nor listen to the witch of Endor. 90
Should Faustus, with the devil behind him,
Enter the stage, they never mind him :
If Punch, to spur their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again, 95
O what a pleasure mix'd with pain !
You ev'ry moment think an age
Till he appears upon the stage :
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the Queen of Sheba's lap : 100
The Duke of Lorrain drew his sword,
Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all people in his jargon,
And sold the King of Spain a bargain :
St. George himself he plays the wag on, 105
And mounts astride upon the Dragon ;

He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
In every action thrusts his nose,
The reason why no mortal knows : 110
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a f—t :
There's not a puppet made of wood
But what would hang him if they could;
While, teasing all, by all he's teas'd, 115
How well are the spectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake, 120
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.

Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet shows,
Where petulant conceited fellows 125
Perform the part of Punchinelloes :
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in ;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother-puppets out, 130
Run on in a perpetual round
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound ;
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interrupt all serious matter ;
Are grown the nuisance of your clan, 135
Who hate and scorn you to a man :

But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories ;
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd before they'd part with you. 140

But tell me Tim, upon the spot,
By all this coil what hast thou got ?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'd be disgrac'd at court.

TIM. Got ? D— my blood, I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters, 146
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer——

Got ? D—— me, why, I got my will
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still : 150
I f——t with twenty ladies by ;

They call me beast ; and what care I ?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And sons of whores——behind their backs :
But could you bring me once to think 155

That, when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal, 160

And fret the Tories' souls to death,
I did but lose my precious breath,
And when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their Maygame,
Consume my vitals ! they should know 165

I am not to be treated so ;

I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.

But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure? 170

No little boys and girls to cry,
"There's nimble Tim a-passing by?"

No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party-hatred?
Will none the Tory dogs pursue, 175

When thro' the streets I cry Hallo?
Must all my d——mee's, bloods, and wounds,
Pass only now for empty sounds?

Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Altho' I swear them disaffected? 180

And when I roar, "A plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?

So qualify'd to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy?

Dear Mullinix! your good advice 185
I beg: you see the case is nice:

O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town,

Or bless'd with such engaging parts,
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts! 190

Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the sable guard:

Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snowball destin'd at thy chops:

Thy graceful steps, and col'nel's air, 195
Allure the cinder-picking fair.

MUL. No more——in mark of true affection,
 I take thee under my protection :
 Thy parts are good, 'tis not deny'd ;
 I wish they had been well apply'd. 200
 But now observe my counsel (*viz.*)
 Adapt your habit to your phiz ;
 You must no longer thus equip ye,
 As Horace says, *optat ephippia* ;
 (There's Latin too, that you may see 205
 How much improv'd by Doctor ——.)
 I have a coat at home that you may try ;
 'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry :
 My hat has much the nicer air :
 Your block will fit it to a hair : 210
 That wig, I would not for the world
 Have it so formal and so curl'd ;
 'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
 When I have lain in it a week,
 You'll find it well prepar'd to take 215
 The figure of toupee or snake.
 Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
 That which is which, 'tis hard to know,
 When first in publick we appear,
 I'll lead the van, keep you the rear ; 220
 Be careful, as you walk behind,
 Use all the talents of your mind ;
 Be studious well to imitate
 My portly motion, mien, and gait ;
 Mark my address, and learn my style, 225
 When to look scornful, when to smile,

Not sputter out your oaths so fast,
 But keep your swearing to the last :
 Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
 And in the streets divert the city ; 230
 The ladies from the windows gaping,
 The children all our motions apeing.
 Your conversation to refine,
 I'll take you to some friends of mine,
 Choice spirits ! who employ their parts 235
 To mend the world by useful arts ;
 Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
 Direct, the zenith of the Sky ;
 Some have the city in their care,
 From noxious steams to purge the air ; 240
 Some teach us, in these dang'rous days,
 How to walk upright in our ways ;
 Some, whose reforming hands engage
 To lash the lewdness of the age ;
 Some for the publick service go 245
 Perpetual envoys to and fro,
 Whose able heads support the weight
 Of twenty ministers of state.
 We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
 Of parties o'er our bonny-clabber, 250
 Nor are we studious to enquire
 Who votes for manors, who for hire :
 Our care is to improve the mind
 With what concerns all human-kind :
 The various scenes of mortal life, 255
 Who beats her husband, who his wife ;

Or how the bully at a stroke
 Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
 One tells the rise of cheese and oat-meal,
 Another when he got a hot meal; 260
 One gives advice in proverbs old,
 Instructs us how to tame a scold,
 Or how by almanacks 'tis clear
 That herrings will be cheap this year.
 TIM. Dear Mullinix ! I now lament 265
 My precious time so long mispent,
 By nature meant for nobler ends :
 O introduce me to your friends !
 For whom by birth I was design'd,
 Till politicks debas'd my mind : 270
 I give myself entire to you :
 G—— d—— the Whigs and Tories too. 272

ON THE

FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE *,

WITH THE DOCTOR † AT THEIR HEAD.

N. B. The Ladies treated the Doctor.

SENT AS FROM AN OFFICER OF THE ARMY.

Written in the year 1728.

I.

FAIR Ladies ! number Five,
 Who in your merry freaks

* An alehouse in Dublin famous for beef-stakes.

† Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

With little Tom contrive
To feast on ale and stakes ;

II.

While he sits by a-grinning,
To see you safe in Sot's Hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole.

III.

Alas ! I never thought
A priest would please your palate ;
Besides, I'll hold a groat
He'll put you in a ballad ;

IV.

Where I shall see your faces
On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like Graces
Than Venus like an owl ;

V.

And we shall take you rather
To be a midnight-pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.

VI.

It fills my heart with woe
To think such ladies fine
Should be reduc'd so low
To treat a dull divine.

VII.

Be by a parson cheated !
Had you been cunning stagers,

You might yourselves be treated
by captains and by majors.

VIII.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts, 30
Instead of powder'd beaus,
From pulpits chuse gallants.

IX.

If we, who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs 35
Z—ds ! who would be a rake ?

X.

Had I heart to fight
I'd knock the Doctor down ;
Or could I read or write,
I'gad I'd wear a gown. 40

XI.

Then leave him to his birch *,
And at the Rose on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
I'll treat you with Burgundy. 44

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER

To the Beau with the wig and wings at his head.

I.

You little scribbling Beau,
What demon made you write ?

* He kept a school.

Because to write you know
As much as you can fight.

II.

For compliment so scurvy 5
I wish we had you here,
We'd turn you topsyturvy
Into a mug of beer.

III.

You thought to make a farce on 10
The man and place we chose ;
We're sure a single parson
Is worth a hundred beaus.

IV.

And you would make us vassals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To silver-clocks and tassels ; 15
You would, you Thing of things !

V.

Because around your cane
A round of di'monds is set,
And you in some bye-lane
Have gain'd a paltry Grizette ; 20

VI.

Shall we, of sense refin'd,
Your trifling nonsense bear,
As noisy as the wind,
As empty as the air ?

VII.

We hate your empty prattle, 25
And vow and swear 'tis true,

There's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty fops like you.

28

THE BEAU'S REPLY

TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

I.

WHY, how now, dapper Black,
I smell your gown and cassock
As strong upon your back
As Tisdall smells of a sock.

II.

To write such scurvy stuff!
Fine ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

5

III.

Fine ladies, when they write,
Nor scold nor keep a splutter;
Their verses give delight,
As soft and sweet as butter.

10

IV.

But Satan never saw
Such haggard lines as these;
They stick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk cheese.

16

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AN EMINENT LAWYER AND DR.
SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

*Being an allusion to the first Satire of the second Book
of Horace.—Sunt quibus in Satyra, &c.*

Written February 1728.

SINCE there are persons who complain
There's too much satire in my vein,
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding,
With too much freedom treat my betters, 5
Not sparing even men of letters ;
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What's your advice ? shall I give o'er,
Ner ever fools or knaves expose
Either in verse or hum'rous prose, 10
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my scrutoire lock up my quill ?
Since you are pleas'd to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend,
Your case consider'd, I must think 15
You should withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Christian folks ;
Or, if the Muses must inspire
Your fancy with their pleasing fire, 20

Take subject safer for your wit
Than those on which you lately writ ;
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing sect ;
Assert that Hyde in writing story 25
Shews all the malice of a Tory ;
While Burnet, in his deathless page,
Discovers freedom without rage :
To Woolston recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth ; 30
That noble genius ! who unbinds
The chains which fetter free-born minds ;
Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years ;
He can alone the priesthood humble, 35
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

Must I commend against my conscience
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense ?
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir, 40
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of wisdom Fate,
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That force free virtue should enthrall ?
Or, shall the charms of wealth and power 45
Make me pollute the Muse's bower ?

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow :
Some, by philosophers misled,
Must honour you alive or dead ; 50

And such as know what Greece hath writ,
Must taste your irony and wit ;
Whilst most that are, or would be great,
Must dread your pen, your person hate ;
And you on Drapier's-Hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die.

56

MY LADY'S *

LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT

AGAINST THE DEAN.

Written July 28, 1728.

SURE never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teas'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To punish my sins
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe † :
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never stops
When he opens his chops ;
I'm quite over-run
With rebus and pun.

5

10

* Lady Acheson, wife to Sir Arthur Acheson.

† The Dean used to call her by those names.

Before he came here, 15
To sponge for good cheer,
I sat with delight
From morning till night;
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my own gums, 20
Or scratching my nose
And jogging my toes :
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he sees 25
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum, 30
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops
From my head to my heels ;
Like a clock without wheels,
I sink in the spleen 35
An useless machine.

If he had his will
I should never sit still :
He comes with his whims,
I must move my limbs ; 40
I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet ;
To lengthen my breath
He tires me to death.

By the worst of all 'squires,
Thro' bogs and thro' briers,
Where a cow would be startled,
I'm in spite of my heart led,
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up ev'ry hill,
Till, daggl'd and tatter'd,
My spirits quite shatter'd,
I return home at night,
And fast out of spite;
For I'd rather be dead
Than it e'er should be said
I was better for him
In stomach or limb.

But now to my diet:
No eating in quiet;
He's still finding fault,
Too sour or too salt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick,
But rash without measure
I swallow with pleasure.

Next, for his diversion,
He rails at my person:
What court-breeding this is?
He takes me to pieces:
From shoulder to flank
I'm lean and I'm lank;
My nose, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;

My chin will not stay, 75
But meets it half way ;
My fingers prolix
Are ten crooked sticks :
He swears my el—bows
Are two iron crows ; 80
Or sharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks :
To 'scape them Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore 85
Like the tusks of a boar.

Now, changing the scene,
But still to the Dean :
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate ; 90
If he sees her but once
He'll swear she's a dunce ;
Can tell her by looks ;
A hater of books :
Thro' each line of her face 95
Her folly can trace,
Which spoils ev'ry feature
Bestow'd her by Nature,
But sense gives a grace
To the homliest face, 100
Wise books and reflection
Will mend the complexion.
(A civil divine !
I suppose meaning mine)

No lady who wants them
Can ever be handsome. 105

I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff:
He haws and he hums,
At last out he comes: 110

"What, Madam? no walking,

"No reading nor talking?

"You're now in your prime,

"Make use of your time.

"Consider, before 115

"You come to threescore,

"How the hussies will flee

"Where'er you appear:

"That silly old puss

"Would fain be like us; 120

"What a figure she made

"In her tarnish'd brocade?"

And then he grows mild;

"Come, be a good child:

"If you are reinclin'd 125

"To polish your mind,

"Be ador'd by the men

"Till threescore and ten,

"And kill with the spleen

"The jades of sixteen, 130

"I'll shew you the way;

"Read six hours a-day:

"The wits will frequent ye,

"And think you but twenty."

Thus was I drawn in, 135
Forgive me my sin.
At breakfast he'll ask
An account of my task.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point, 140
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets ;
And as I am serious
Is very imperious.
No book for delight 145
Must come in my sight;
But instead of new plays
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore ev'ry day on
That nasty Panthéon. 150
If I be not a drudge
Let all the world judge:
'Twere better be blind
Than thus be confin'd.
But while in an ill tone 155
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will swear,
Is at study or pray'r.
He's all the day saunt'ring,
With labourers bant'ring, 160
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues
(Whom he brings in among us,
And bribes with mundungus).

Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet.

165

Find out if you can
Who's master who's man,
Who makes the best figure,

The Dean or the digger ;

170

And which is the best

At cracking a jest.

How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks !

And all the day raves

175

Of cradles and caves ;

And boasts of his fates,

His grottos and seats ;

Shews all his gewgaws,

And gapes for applause.

180

A fine occupation

For one in his station !

A hole where a rabbit

Would scorn to inhabit,

Dug out in an hour,

185

He calls it a Bow'r.

But, oh ! how we laugh

To see a wild calf

Come, driven by heat,

And foul the green seat ;

190

Or run helter-skelter

To his harbour for shelter,

Where all goes to ruin

The Dean has been doing.

The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briars
And thorns to make fires;
But yet are so kind
To leave something behind :
No more need be said on't,
I smell when I tread on't.

Dear Friend! Doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I'm by her frowns
Condemn'd to black gowns :
No 'squire to be found
The neighbourhood round,
(For, under the rose,
I would rather chuse those)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day;
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen ;
May Walmsley give wine,
Like a hearty divine;
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey face ;

And may your three spouses
Let you lie at friends' houses.

226

TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

Written in the year 1729.

-----Tanti tibi non fit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi.

JUV.

As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'scaping oft' without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound,
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He run's into a cannon's chops :
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame :
When first in print you see him dread
Each popgun levell'd at his head :
The lead yon' critic's quill contains
Is destin'd to beat out his brains :

5

10

15

As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have mercy on his soul!
Concluding that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot : 20
But when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping,
That missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame,
The danger past, takes heart of grace, 25
And looks a critick in the face.

Tho' splendour gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows from the dark,
Yet in yourself when smooth and round*,
They glance aside without a wound. 30

'Tis said the gods try'd all their art
How Pain they might from Pleasure part ;
But little could their strength avail ;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail.
Thus Fame and Censure with a tether 35
By Fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd,
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd ? 40
'Tis eminence makes envy rise,
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid Libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find ;

* In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.

Lie down obscure, like other folks, 45
 Below the lash of snarlers' jokes:
 Their faction is five hundred odds,
 For ev'ry coxcomb lends them rods,
 And sneers as learnedly as they,
 Like females o'er their morning-tea. 50

You say the Muse will not contain,
 And write you must, or break a vein.
 Then if you find the terms too hard,
 No longer my advice regard,
 But raise your fancy on the wing; 55
 The Irish senate's praises sing;
 How jealous of the nation's freedom!
 And for corruptions, how they weed 'em!
 How each the publick good pursues,
 How far their hearts from private views! 60
 Make all true patriots, up to shoe-boys,
 Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys*.
 Thus grown a member of the club
 No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft' am I for rhyme to seek! 65
 To dress a thought I toil a week!
 And then how thankful to the Town,
 If all my pains will earn a crown!
 Whilst every critick can devour
 My work and me in half an hour. 70
 Would men of genius cease to write,
 The rogues must die for want and spite;

* The Irish parliament sat at the Blue-boys' Hospital,
 while the new parliament-house was building.

Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry 75
A Satire! and the gentry buy;
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unsold upon the printer's lines.

A genius in the rev'rend gown
Must ever keep its owner down; 80
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes;
Point out the surest men to rise;
That club of candidates in black, 85
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendu'd,
Can turn their hands to ev'ry job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob*; 90
Will sooner coin a thousand lies
Than suffer men of parts to rise;
They crowd about Preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight;
For, as of old mathematicians 95
Were by the vulgar thought magicians,
So academick dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit Freethinkers.

Wit, as the chief of Virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends; 100

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times;
What pamphlets in a Court's defence
Shew reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
For tho' the Muse delights in fiction, 105
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt;
By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Tho' it would make you England's Primate: 110
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon your conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head 115
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to-bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a sooterkin,
Which, as the nurse pursu'd to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill, 120
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critick-vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
Who fatten on poetick scraps, 125
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe;
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks. 130

Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral claim
To persecute the Muses' fame,
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain? 135

You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.

Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite? 140

Shew me the same numerick flea
That bit your neck but yesterday;
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grubstreet poets' nest;
What spunging-house, in dread of jail, 145

Receives them while they wait for bail;

What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin;

Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to day. 150

Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
With each a Libel in his hand,

What punishment would you inflict?
Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kickt?

These they have often try'd before; 155
You but oblige 'em so much more:

Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libell'd——Let us know
What fool officious told you so? 160

Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says
It might be something in your praise;
And praise bestow'd on Grubstreet rhymes 165
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till criticks blame and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satirick,
I take it for a panegyrick. 170
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate. 172

A LIBEL ON THE
REVEREND DR. DELANY,
AND HIS
EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

TO DR. DELANY,

Occasioned by his Epistle to his

EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

Written in the year 1729.

DELUDED Mortals ! whom the great
Chuse for companions *tête-à-tête* ;
Who, at their dinners *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will,
Then boasting tell us where you din'd, 5
And how his Lordship was so kind ;
How many pleasant things he spoke,
And how you laugh'd at ev'ry joke ;
Swear he's a most facetious man,
That you and he are cup and cann ; 10
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.
Suppose my Lord and you alone,
Hint the least int'rest of your own,

His visage drops, he knits his brow,
 He cannot talk of bus'ness now:
 Or mention but a vacant post,
 He'll turn it off with, Name your toast:
 Nor could the nicest artist paint
 A countenance with more constraint. 20

For as, their appetites to quench,
 Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench,
 So men of wit are but a kind
 Of panders to a vicious mind,
 Who proper objects must provide 25
 To gratify their lust of pride,
 When weary'd with intrigues of state,
 They find an idle hour to prate.
 Then should you dare to ask a place,
 You forfeit all your patron's grace, 30
 And disappoint the sole design
 For which he summon'd you to dine.

Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
 And one poor office, half his days;
 While Montague*, who claim'd the station 35
 To be Mæcenas of the nation,
 For poets open table kept,
 But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
 Himself, as rich as fifty Jews,
 Was easy tho' they wanted shoes; 40
 And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
 A shilling to discharge his chair,

* Earl of Halifax.

Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter scene;
Took proper principles to thrive,
And so might ev'ry dunce alive. 45

Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails
Withdrew to starve and die in Wales. 50

Thus Gay, the Hare with many Friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends;
Who under Tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth;
Who paid his courtship with the crowd
As far as modest pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile Usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace. 55 60

Thus Addison, by Lords caress'd;
Was left in foreign lands distress'd;
Forgot at home; became for hire
A trav'ling tutor to a 'squire;
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To bus'ness shap'd the poet's quill;
Let all his barren laurels fade;
Took up himself the courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait. 65 70

Hail, happy Pope! whose gen'rous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,

Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.

A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught, 75

By sages, priests, or poets, taught ;

Whose filial piety excels

Whatever Grecian story tells ;

A genius for all stations fit,

Whose meanest talent is his wit ; 80

His heart too great, tho' fortune little,

To lick a rascal statesman's spittle ;

Appealing to the nation's taste,

Above the reach of want is plac'd ;

By Homer dead was taught to thrive, 85

Which Homer never could alive ;

And sits aloft on Pindus' head,

Despising slaves that cringe for bread.

True politicians only pay

For solid work, but not for play ; 90

Nor ever chuse to work with tools

Forg'd up in colleges and schools :

Consider how much more is due

To all their journeymen than you.

At table you can Horace quote, 95

They at a pinch can bribe a vote :

You shew your skill in Grecian story,

But they can manage Whig and Tory :

You, as a critick, are so curious

To find a verse in Virgil spurious ; 100

But they can smoke the deep designs,

When Bolingbroke with Pultney dines.

Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already ;
An office for your talents fit, 105
To flatter, carve, and shew your wit ;
To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension ?
He overpays in condescension. 110

But, Rev'rend Doctor ! you, we know,
Could never condescend so low ;
The Viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend,
Nor will in you those gifts despise, 115
By which himself was taught to rise :
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Altho' it might have pleas'd the nation. 120

This may be true——submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will ;
And what condition can be worse ?
He comes to drain a beggar's purse ;
He comes to tie our chains on faster, 125
And shew us England is our master ;
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but scraps ? 130
The offals of a church distrest,
A hungry vicarage at best,

Or some remote inferior post,
With forty pounds a-year at most ?

But here again you interpose; 135
Your fav'rite Lord is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their stations,
And characters to dedications;

For keep him in, or turn him out,
His learning none will call in doubt; 140

His learning, tho' a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Altho' to praise it Phillips writ.

I own he hate an action base, 145
His virtues battling with his place;
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit

Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame. 150

I do the most that friendship can;
I hate the Viceroy, love the man.

But you, who till your fortune's made,
Must be a sweet'ner by your trade,
Should swear he never meant us ill, 155

We suffer sore against his will;
That if we could but see his heart,
He would have chose a milder part;
We rather should lament his case,
Who must obey, or lose his place. 160

Since this reflection slipt your pen,
Insert it when you write again;

And, to illustrate it, produce
This simile for his excuse.

“ So, to destroy a guilty land, 165
“ An angel sent by Heav’n’s command*,
“ While he obeys almighty will,
“ Perhaps may feel compassion still,
“ And wish the task had been assign’d
“ To spirits of less gentle kind.” 170

But I, in politicks grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a diff’rent mould;
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both K—— and ministers of state;
Who look on courts with stricter eyes 175
To see the seeds of vice arise,
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Tho’ flatt’ring knaves may call it bitter;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would shew you many a statesman’s face: 180
Fresh from the tripod of Apollo
I had it in the words that follow:
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except his Excellence.)

“ So, to affect his monarch’s ends, 185
“ From hell a viceroy devil ascends,
“ His budget with corruptions cramm’d,
“ The contributions of the damn’d,

* So when an angel by divine command.

" Which with unsparing hand he strows
 " Thro' courts and senates as he goes, 190
 " And then at Beelzebub's black hall
 " Complains his budget was too small."
 Your simile may better shine
 In verse, but there is truth in mine;
 For no imaginable things 195
 Can differ more than gods and k——s;
 And statesmen by ten thousand odds
 Are angels, just as k——s are gods. 198

ON BURNING A DULL POEM.

Written in the year 1729.

AN ass's hoof alone can hold
 That pois'nous juice which kills by cold.
 Methought, when I this poem read,
 No vessel but an ass's head
 Such frigid fustian could contain — 5
 I mean the head without the brain.
 The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
 Went down like stupifying draughts:
 I found my head began to swim,
 A numbness crept thro' ev'ry limb: 10
 In haste, with imprecations dire,
 I threw the volume in the fire;
 When, who could think? tho' cold as ice,
 It burnt to ashes in a trice.
 How could I more enhance its fame?
 Tho' born in snow it dy'd in flame. 16

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

Written in the year 1729.

TWO-FAC'D Janus, god of Time,
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme :
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a New-year's gift :
She has got but half a brace.
Janus, since thou hast a face,
To my Lady once be kind ;
Give her half thy face behind.

5

God of Time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes :
What imports thy forward sight ?
Well if you could lose it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor isle's * approaching ruin,
When thy retrospection vast
Sees the glorious ages past ?

10

15

Happy nation ! were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind.
“ Drown your morals,” Madam cries ;
“ I'll have none but forward eyes ;
“ Prudes decay'd about may tack,
“ Strain their necks with looking back ;
“ Give me Time when coming on,
“ Who regards him when he's gone ?

20

* Ireland.

" By the Dean tho' gravely told 25
 " New years help to make me old,
 " Yet I find a New-year's lace
 " Burnishes an old year's face.
 " Give me velvet and quadrille,
 " I'll have youth and beauty still." 30

DRAPIER'S HILL *.

Written in the year 1729.

WE give the world to understand
 Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land,
 A purchase which will bring him clear,
 Above his rent four pounds a-year,
 Provided, to improve the ground, 5
 He will but add two hundred pound,
 And from his endless hoarded store
 To build a house five hundred more.
 Sir Arthur †, too, shall have his will,
 And call the mansion Drapier's Hill, 10
 That when a nation, long enslav'd,
 Forgets by whom it once was sav'd,
 When none the Drapier's praise shall sing,
 His signs aloft no longer swing,

* The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he took of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that and Market-Hill, and intended to build an house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind.

Hawkes.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, from whom the purchase was made.

His medals and his prints forgotten, 15
 And all his handkerchiefs are rotten*,
 His famous Letters made waste paper,
 This Hill may keep the name of Drapier;
 In spite of envy flourish still,
 And Drapier's vie with Cooper's Hill. 20

THE

GRAND QUESTION DEBATED,

*Whether Hamilton's Bawn † should be turned into a
 Barrack or a Malthouse?*

Written in the year 1729.

PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

*THE author of the following Poem is said to be Dr.
 J. S. D. S. P. D. who wrote it, as well as several
 other copies of verses of the like kind, by way of
 amusement, in the family of an honourable gentle-
 man in the north of Ireland, where he spent a sum-
 mer about two or three years ago.*

* Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made, with devices in honour of the Author, under the name of *M. B. Drapier*.

† A bawn was a place near the house, inclosed with mud or stone walls to keep the cattle from being stolen in the night. They are now little used.

*A certain very great person *, then in that kingdom, having heard much of this Poem, obtained a copy from the gentleman, or, as some say, the lady, in whose house it was written; from whence, I know not by what accident, several other copies were transcribed, full of errors. As I have a great respect for the supposed Author, I have procured a true copy of the Poem, the publication whereof can do him less injury than printing any of those incorrect ones which ran about in manuscript, and would infallibly be soon in the press, if not thus prevented. Some expressions being peculiar to Ireland, I have prevailed on a gentleman of that kingdom to explain them, and I have put the several explanations in their proper places.*

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight †, full of care,
 “ Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
 “ This Hamilton’s Bawn ‡, whilst it sticks on my
 “ I lose by the house what I get by the land; [hand,
 “ But how to dispose of it to the best bidder, 5
 “ For a Barrack || or Malthouse, we now must consider.
 “ First, let me suppose I make it a Malthouse,
 “ Here I have computed the profit will fall t’us;

* John Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, afterwards Earl of Granville, in right of his mother.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat it was written.

‡ A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur Acheson’s seat.

|| The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called *Barracks*.

" There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
 " I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
 " A handsome addition for wine and good cheer, 11
 " Three dishes a-day, and three hogsheads a-year.
 " With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd,
 " No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
 " And you and the Dean no more shall combine 15
 " To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
 " Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
 " A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
 " If I make it a Barrack, the crown is my tenant;
 " My Dear! I have ponder'd again and again on't;
 " In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
 " Whatever they give me I must be content, 22
 " Or join with the court in ev'ry debate,
 " And rather than that I would lose my estate."

Thus ended the Knight; thus began his meek
 wife;

" It must and it shall be a Barrack, my Life! 25
 " I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes
 " But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums*.
 " With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
 " I'm all over-daub'd when I sit by the Dean. 30
 " But if you will give us a Barrack, my Dear!
 " The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here:
 " I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
 " For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe:
 " Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert, 35
 " Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.

"That men of his coat should be minding their
"pray'rs,

"And not among ladies to give themselves airs."

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain;
The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain. 40

But Hannah*, who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,

As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,

Cry'd, "Madam, why, surely my master's possess'd!

"Sir Arthur the Maltster! how fine it will sound!

"I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under ground. 46

"But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come

"good,

"When I saw him so often with Darby and

"Wood†.

"And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd

"That I saw a huge rat; O dear! how I scream'd 50

"And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;

"And Molly she said I should hear some ill news.

"Dear Madam! had you but the spirit to tease,

"You might have a Barrack whenever you please:

"And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout, 55

"That for twenty denials you would not give out.

"If I had a husband like him, I purtest,

"Till he gave me my will I would give him no rest;

"And rather than come in the same pair of sheets

"With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets.

* My Lady's waiting woman.

† Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

“ But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent,

“ And worry him out till he gives his consent.

“ Dear Madam! whene’er of a Barrack I think,

“ An I were to be hang’d I can’t sleep a wink;

“ For if a new crotchet comes into my brain, 65

“ I can’t get it out, tho’ I’d never so fain.

“ I fancy already a Barrack contriv’d

“ At Hamilton’s Bawn, and the troop is arriv’d;

“ Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,

“ And waits on the Captain betimes the next

“ morning.

“ Now see when they meet how their honours

“ behave:

“ Noble Captain! your servant—Sir Arthur! your

“ slave.

“ You honour me much—The honour is mine—

“ ’Twas a sad rainy night—but the morning is

“ fine—

“ Pray how does my Lady—My wife’s at your

“ service—

75

“ I think I have seen her picture by Jarvis—

“ Good-morrow, good Captain!—I’ll wait on

“ you down—

“ You sha’n’t stir a foot—You’ll think me a

“ clown—

“ For all the world, Captain, not half an inch far-

“ ther—

“ You must be obey’d—Your servant, Sir Ar-

“ Arthur;

80

" My humble respects to my Lady unknown——

" I hope you will use my house as your own."

" Go bring me my smock, and leave off your

" prate;

" Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."

" Pray, Madam, be quiet; what was it I said?— 85

" You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

" Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come

" At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.

" Now, Madam, observe how he marches in state;

" The man with the kettledrum enters the gate: 90

" Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow;

" Tantara, tantara; while all the boys hollow.

" See now comes the Captain all daub'd with gold

" lace:

" O law! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;

" And see how he rides like a lord of the land, 95

" With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his

" hand;

" And his horse, the dear creter! it prances and

" rears,

" With ribbands in knots at its tail and its ears.

" At last comes the troop, by the word of command

" Drawn up in our court; when the Captain cries,

" Stand. 100

" Your Ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,

" (For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen)

" The Captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,

" Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;

- “ (His beaver is cock’d ; pray, Madam, mark that,
“ For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
“ Because he has never a hand that is idle,
“ For the right holds the sword, and the left holds
“ the bridle)
“ Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
“ As a compliment due to a lady so fair ; 110
“ (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt !)
“ Then he low’rs down the point, and kisses the
“ hilt.
“ Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin ;
“ Pray, Captain, be pleas’d to alight and walk in.
“ The Captain salutes you with congee profound,
“ And your Ladyship curtsies half-way to the
“ ground. 115
“ Kit, run to your master, and bid him come
“ to us ;
“ I’m surs he’ll be proud of the honour you do us :
“ And, Captain, you’ll do us the favour to stay,
“ And take a short dinner here with us to-day : 120
“ You’re heartily welcome ; but as for good cheer,
“ You come in the very worst time of the year :
“ If I had expected so worthy a guest——”
“ Lord ! Madam ! your Ladyship sure is in jest ;
“ You banter me Madam : the kingdom must
“ grant——”
“ You officers, captains, are so complaisant.” 126
“ Hist, Hussy ! I think I hear some body com-
“ ing——”
“ No, Madam ; ’tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.

- " To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story)
 " The captain at dinner appears in his glory : 130
 " The Dean and the the Doctor * have humbled their
 " pride."
 " For the Captain's entreated to sit by your side;
 " And, because he's their betters, you carve for him
 " The parsons for envy are ready to burst : [first;
 " The servants, amaz'd, are scarce ever able 135
 " To keep off their eyes as they wait at the table ;
 " And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
 " To peep at the Captain in all his fine clo'es.
 " Dear Madam ! be sure he's a fine spoken man ;
 " Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue
 " ran :"
 " And, Madam," says he, " if such dinners you
 " give,
 " You'll never want parsons as long as you live ;
 " I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
 " But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes.
 " G—d—me, they bid us reform and repent, 145
 " But, z—s, by their looks they never keep Lent.
 " Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm
 " afraid
 " You cast a sheep's eye on her Ladyship's maid ;
 " I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
 " In mending your cassoc and smoothing your
 " band : 150

* Doctor Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

- “ (For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a
“ ninny,
“ That the Captain suppos'd he was curate to
“ Jenny)
“ Whenever you see a cassoc and gown,
“ A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
“ Observe how a parson comes into a room, 155
“ G—d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom.
“ A scholard, when just from his college broke
“ loose,
“ Can hardly tell how to cry Bo to a goose.
“ Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs *, and
“ stuff,
“ By G— they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
“ To give a young gentleman right education, 161
“ The army's the only good school in the nation.
“ My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
“ But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school.
“ I never could take to my book for the blood
“ o'me, 165
“ And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o'me.
“ He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
“ But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my
“ life;
“ So I tood to the road, and, what's very odd,
“ The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—. 170

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers. See Essay on Modern Education.

" Now, Madam, you'll think it a strange thing to
 " say,

" But the sight of a book makes me sick to this
 " day."

" Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
 " And, Madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should
 " split :

" So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the
 " Dean, 175

" As who should say, Now, am I Skinny and
 " Lean * ?

" But he durst not so much as open his lips,
 " And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips."

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
 Till she heard the Dean call, " Will your Ladyship
 " walk?" 180

Her Ladyship answers, " I'm just coming down:"

Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Altho' it was plain in her heart she was glad, 183

Cry'd, " Hussy! why, sure the wench is gone mad :

" How could these chimeras get into your brains?—

" Come hither, and take this old gown for your
 " pains.

" But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,

" Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers :

" For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye.

" Give me but a Barrack, a fig for the clergy." 190

* Nicknames for my Lady.

DIRECTIONS

FOR MAKING A BIRTHDAY SONG.

Written in the year 1729.

To form a just and finish'd piece,
 Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
 Whose godships are in chief request,
 And fit your present subject best ;
 And should it be your hero's case 5
 To have both male and female race,
 Your bus'ness must be to provide
 A score of goddesses beside.

Some call their monarchs Sons of Saturn,
 For which they bring a modern pattern, 10
 Because they might have heard of one
 Who often long'd to eat his son ;
 But this, I think, will not go down,
 For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him son of Jove, 15
 Who met his mother in a grove.
 To this we freely shall consent,
 Well knowing what the poets meant,
 And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
 It may be literally true. 20

Next, as the laws of verse require,
 He must be greater than his sire,
 For Jove, as ev'ry schoolboy knows,
 Was able Saturn to depose :

And sure no Christian poet breathing 25
Would be more scrupulous than a Heathen ;
Or if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.

Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s ;
Behold his glitt'ring fauchion now
Whole squadrons at a single blow,
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies like an eagle o'er his head.

His milk-white steed upon its haunches, 35
Or pawing into dead men's paunches,
As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an alehouse fire.

Then from his arm hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard bowls; 40

For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes;
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense:
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.

Sweet Poet! hir'd for Birthday rhymes,
To sing of wars chuse peaceful times.
What tho', for fifteen years and more,
Janus hath lock'd his temple-door,
Tho' not a coffeehouse we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this side Sweden,
Nor London Journals nor the Postmen,
Tho' fond of warlike lies as most men,

Thou still with battles stuff thy head full, 55
For must thy hero not be dreadful?

Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo.
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas: 60

But that he struts and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For your's can shine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age 65
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal ev'ry day
Not only can inspire but pay.

Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit. 70
"How from his altitude he stoops
"To raise up Virtue when she droops!
"On Learning how his bounty flows,
"And with what justice he bestows!
"Fair Isis! and ye banks of Cam! 75
"Be witness if I tell a flam.

"What prodigies in arts we drain,
"From both your streams in G—'s reign,
"As from the flow'ry bed of Nile;"—
But here's enough to shew your style. 80
Broad innuendos, such as this,
If well apply'd can hardly miss;
For when you bring your song in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint,

(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt and cover marbled)

85

And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter;
And as he hears his wit and sense,
(To which he never made pretence)

90

Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains;
For patrons never pay so well
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.

Next call him Neptune: with his trident

95

He rules the sea; you see him ride in't;
And if provok'd, he soundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late,

100

And in their very ports besiege 'em,
But that he would not disoblige them;
And made the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.

'Tis not deny'd that, when we write

105

Our ink is black our paper white,
And when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice-only fit

For dealers in satiric wit.

110

But you some white-lead ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your int'rest lies to learn the knack
Of whit'ning what before was black.

Thus your encômium, to be strong, 115
Must be apply'd directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays :
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms. 120
Is he to avarice inclin'd ?
Extol him for his gen'rous mind :
And when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces 125
The only art of pleasing princes ;
For princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment, I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not ; 130
I freely grant the thought is old :
Why, then your hero must be told
In him such virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent,
That, with no title to inherit, 135
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false and partly true ;
And, take it right, it means no more
Than G—e and W—in claim'd before. 140
Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of gods is out,
Presume to shew his mortal snout,

And as a deity intrude, 145
Because he had the world subdu'd,
Oh ! let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to shew his faults.

Of gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest. 150

Now, Birthday Bard ! with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed.
First, of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies ;
The Graces and their mistress Venus 155
Must venture down to entertain us :

With bended knees, when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her !
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam ; 160
Six thousand years has liv'd the goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.

Besides, you songsters oft have shown
That she hath Graces of her own ;
Three Graces, by Lucina brought her, 165
Just three, and ev'ry Grace a daughter.
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down ;
In royal robes they come by dozens
To court their English-German cousins, 170
Besides a pair of princely babies,
That five years hence will both be Hebes.

Now see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre all her own :

Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light,
And only with her brother linkt
Can shine, without him is extinct;
But C——a shines the clearer

With neither spouse nor brother near her,
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Tho' G——e is gone a thousand miles.

Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heav'nly race,
And sees a son in ev'ry god,
Unaw'd by Jov's all-shaking nod.

Now sing his little Highness * * * *,
Who struts like any king already:
With so much beauty, shew me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede,
Where Majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.

Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain and quell the Turk;
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times and halcyon days,
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.

But now it comes into my mind
We left a little D——e behind,
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younger,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer;

Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
 Make Gulliver his Commadore,
 Into whose pocket, valiant Willy put,
 Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.

205

A skilful critick justly blames
 Hard, tough, crank, gutt'ral, harsh, stiff names: 210

The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
 But smooth your words to fit the tune.

Hanover may do well enough,

But George and Brunswick are too rough :

Hesse Darmstadt makes a rugged sound, 215

And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.

In vain are all attempts from Germany

To find out proper words for harmony ;

And yet I must except the Rhine,

Because it clicks to Caroline. 220

Hail ! Queen of Britain ! Queen of Rhymes !

Be sung ten hundred thousand times !

Too happy were the poets' crew,

If their own happiness they knew.

Three syllables did never meet

225

So soft, so sliding, and so sweet ;

Nine other tuneful words like that

Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.

Behold three beauteous vowels stand,

With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand, 230

In concord here for ever fixt,

No jarring consonant betwixt,

May C———e continue long,

For ever fair and young !—in song.

What tho' the royal carcass must, 235
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust?
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.

Tho' C——e may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps; 240
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel,
And patience can endure no more 245
To hear the Belgic Lion roar.
Give up the phrase of Haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul;
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon. 250
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.

To Walpole you might lend a line, 255
But much I fear he's in decline;
And if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown,
Or whom you once sang up, sing down. 260

Reject with scorn that stupid notion
To praise your hero for devotion,
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should helieve in God;

But follow the securest rule, 265

And turn it all to ridicule :

'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,

And gives the maids of honour sport ;

For since they talkt with Doctor Clarke,

They now can venture in the dark : 270

That sound divine the truth hath spoke all,

And pawn'd his word hell is not local.

This will not give them half the trouble

Of bargains sold, or meanings double.

Supposing now your song is done, 275

To Mynheer Handel next you run,

Who artfully will pare and prune

Your words to some Italian tune ;

Then print it in the largest letter,

With capitals, the more the better ; 280

Present it boldly on your knee,

And take a guinea for your fee. 282

ON THE IRISH CLUB.

Written in the year 1729.

YE paltry underlings of state !

Ye s——rs ! who love to prate ;

Ye r——ls of inferior note,

Who for a dinner sell a vote !

Ye pack of pensionary P——rs, 5

Whose fingers itch for poets' ears !

Ye bishops ! far remov'd from saints,

Why all this rage ? why these complaints ?

U ij

Why against printers all this noise ?
 This summoning of blackguard boys ? 10
 Why so sagacious in your guesses ?
 Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses* ?
 Take my advice ; to make you safe
 I know a shorter way by half.
 The point is plain ; remove the cause, 15
 Defend your liberties and laws,
 Be sometimes to your country true,
 Have once the publick good in view ;
 Bravely despise Champagne at court,
 And chuse to dine at home with Port : 20
 Let Pr——s, by their good behaviour,
 Convince us they believe a Saviour,
 Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
 This country, now their own, for nought.
 Ne'er did a true satiric Muse 25
 Virtue or innocence abuse,
 And 'tis against poetic rules
 To rail at men by nature fools :
 But * * * * * 29
 * * * * *

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES*.

A BITCH, that was full pregnant grown
 By all the dogs and curs in town,

* This poem was wrote in the year 1715, on an attempt to repeal the Test Act.

Finding her teeming time was come,
And litter ripen'd in her womb,
Went here and there, and every where, 5
To find an easy place to lay her.

At length to Music's * house she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame :
" My only Friend ! my Dear !" said she,
" You see that mere nesessity 10

" Hath sent me to your house to whelp ;
" I'm dead if you deny your help."
With fawning whine and rueful tone,

With artful sigh and feigned groan,
With canting voice and doleful tale, 15
Smooth Bawty † did so far prevail,

That Musick gave her leave to litter,
(But mark what follow'd)—faith she bit her.

Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps, 20
For well she knew her num'rous brood
For want of milk wou'd suck her blood.

But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone,
In civil terms—" My Friend !" said she, 25

" My house you've had on courtesie ;
" And now I earnestly desire
" That you wou'd with your cubs retire ;

* Musick alludes to the Church of England.

† Bawty (which is the name of a bitch in Scotch,) alludes to the Kirk.

“ For should you stay but one week longer,
“ I shall be starv’d with cold and hunger.” 30
The guest reply’d—“ My Friend! your leave
“ I must a little longer crave ;
“ Stay till my tender cubs can find
“ Their way—for now you see they’re blind ;
“ But when we’ve gather’d strength I swear 35
“ We’ll to our barn again repair.”

The time pass’d on, and Musick came
Her kennel once again to claim ;
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her ; 40
Made her retire and quit her right,
And loudly cry’d—A bite, a bite.

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Trojan wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armed force ;
No sooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium’s lost, and Priam falls. 46

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