

BOZZY AND PIOZZI:  
OR, THE  
BRITISH BIOGRAPHERS,  
A  
TOWN ECLOGUE.

---

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

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*Arcades ambo,  
Et cantare pares, et respondere, parati!*

VIRGIL.

---

SEVENTH EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

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# BOZZY

Who, madaming with an Anecdotic Itch,  
 Black said that Johnson called his Mother, B-ah?

# MADAME PIOZZI

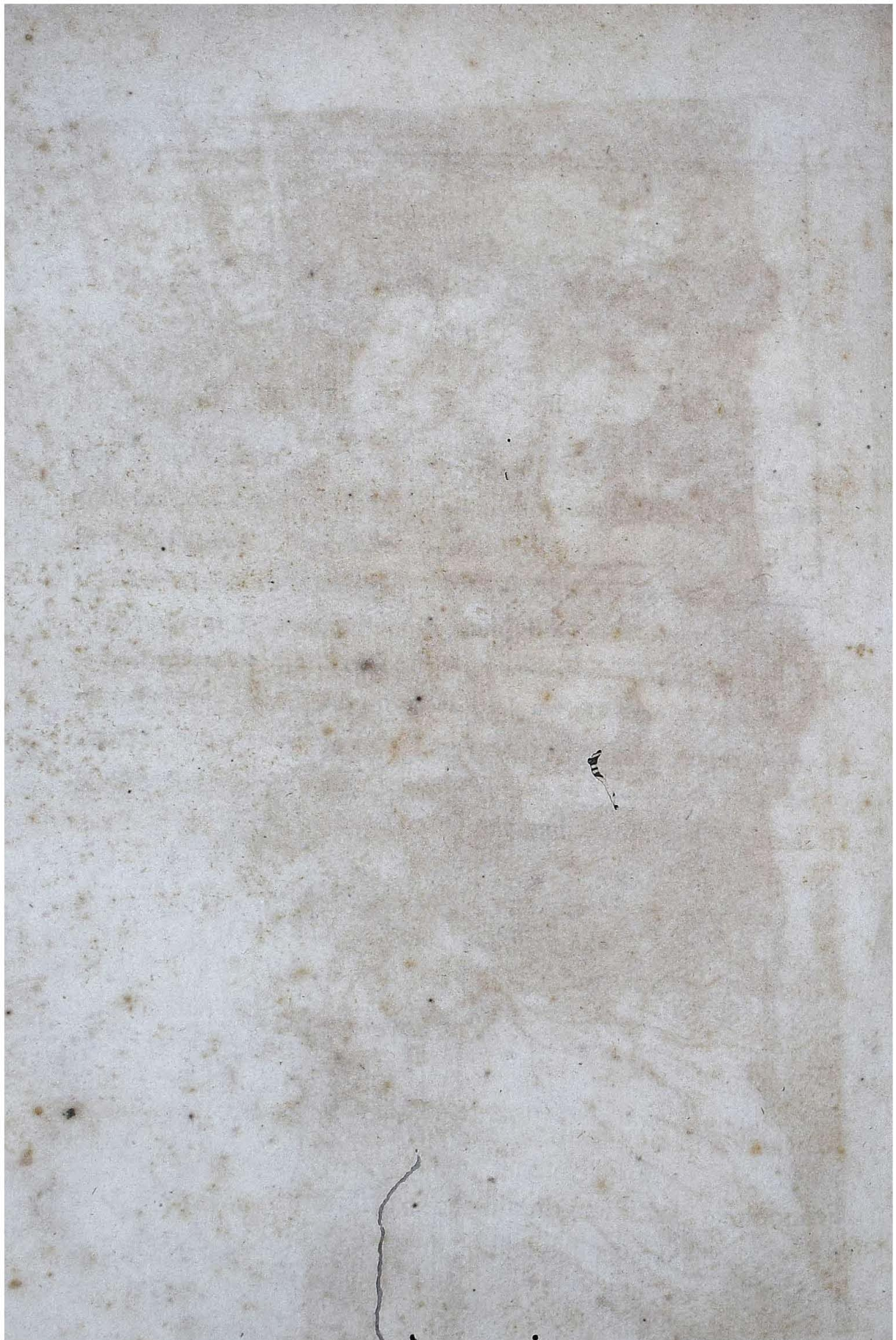
Who, from Macdonald's Page, to save his smut,  
 Cut twenty lines of defamation, out?



## The A R G U M E N T.

ON the death of DOCTOR JOHNSON, a number of people, ambitious of being distinguished from the *mute* part of their species, set about relating and printing Stories and Bons Mots of that celebrated moralist. Amongst the most *zealous*, though not the most *enlightened*, appeared Mr. BOSWELL and MADAME PIOZZI, the HERO and HEROINE of our ECLOGUE. They are supposed to have in contemplation the LIFE of JOHNSON; and to *prove* their biographical abilities, appeal to SIR JOHN HAWKINS for his decision on their respective merits, by quotations from their printed Anecdotes of the DOCTOR. SIR JOHN hears them with *uncommon* patience, and determines very *properly* on the pretensions of the contending parties.







---

BOZZY AND PIOZZI,  
A  
T O W N E C L O G U E.

---

WHEN JOHNSON fought (as Shakespear says) *that bourn,*

From whence, alas, no travellers return :

In *bumbler* English, when the DOCTOR died,

APOLLO whimper'd and the MUSES cried ;

PARNASSUS mop'd for days, in business slack,

And like a *herse*, the hill was hung with *black*.

MINERVA fighting for her *fav'rite* son,

Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face, the world *undone* :

Her



Her owl, too, hooted in so loud a file,  
 That people might have heard the BIRD, *a mile* :  
 Jove wip'd his eyes so red, and told his WIFE,  
 He ne'er made JOHNSON'S *equal*, in his life ;  
 And that 'twould be a *long time* first, if *ever*,  
 His art could form a fellow *half so clever* :  
 VENUS, of all the little Loves, the DAM,  
 With all the GRACES, fobb'd for BROTHER SAM :  
 Such were the heav'nly howlings for his death,  
 As if DAME NATURE had *resign'd* her *breath*.  
 Nor less sonorous was the grief, I ween,  
 Amidst the natives of our *earthly* scene :  
 From beggars, to the GREAT who hold the helm,  
 One *Johnso-mania* rag'd through all the realm !



“ *Who*, (cried the world) can match his prose or rhyme?

O’er wits of modern days, he tow’rs *sublime*!

An OAK, wide spreading o’er the *shrubs* below,

That round his roots, with puny foliage, blow:

A PYRAMID, amidst some barren waste,

That frowns o’er *but* the sport of ev’ry blast:

A mighty ATLAS, whose aspiring head,

O’er distant regions, casts an awful shade.

By KINGS and beggars lo! his tales are told,

And ev’ry sentence glows a *grain of gold*!

*Blest*! who his philosophic phiz can take,

*Catch* ev’n his *weaknesses*—his NODDLE’S *shake*,

The lengthen’d lip of scorn, the forehead’s fowl,

The low’ring eye’s contempt, and bear-like growl.



In vain, the CRITICS aim their toothless rage !

Mere *sprats*, that venture war with WHALES to wage :

Unmov'd he stands, and feels their force, *no more*

Than some huge rock amidst the *wat'ry* roar,

That calmly bears the tumults of the DEEP,

And howling TEMPESTS, that as well may *sleep*."

*Strong*, midst the RAMBLER'S *cronies*, was the rage

To fill with his *bons mots*, and tales, the page :

*Mere flies*, that buzz'd around his setting ray,

And bore a *splendor*, on their wings, away :

Thus round his ORB, the pigmy PLANETS run,

And catch their little lustre from the SUN.

At length, rush'd forth two CANDIDATES for fame,

A SCOTCHMAN, *one* ; and one a LONDON DAME :

*That,*



*That*, by th' *emphatic* JOHNSON, christ'ned BOZZY ;

*This*, by the BISHOP'S License, DAME PIOZZI ;

Whose *widow'd* name, by toppers lov'd, was THRALE,

*Bright* in the annals of *election ale* :

A name, by *marriage*, that gave up the *ghost* !

In *poor* PEDOCCHIO \* ,—no !—PIOZZI, lost !

Each seiz'd with *ardor* wild, the grey goose quill :

Each sat to *work* the *intellectual mill* :

That *pecks* of *bran* so coarse, began to pour,

To *one poor* solitary grain of *flour*.

Forth rush'd to light, their books—but *who* should say,

WHICH bore the palm of anecdote away ?

\* The author was nearly committing a blunder—fortunate indeed was his recollection ; as *Pedocchio* signifies in the Italian language, that most contemptible of animals, a LOUSE.



This, to decide, the RIVAL WITS agreed,  
 Before SIR JOHN their tales and jokes to read,  
 And let the KNIGHT's opinion in the strife,  
 Declare the prop'rest pen to write SAM'S LIFE:  
 SIR JOHN, renown'd for musical\* palavers:  
 The PRINCE, the KING, the EMPEROR of *Quavers!*  
 Sharp in solfeggi, as the sharpest needle:  
 Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle.  
 Of MUSIC's College form'd to be a FELLOW,  
 Fit for MUS: D. or MAESTRO DI CAPELLA;  
 Whose VOLUME, tho' it here and there offends,  
 Boasts *German merit*—makes by *bulk* amends.  
 High plac'd the venerable QUARTO fits,  
 Superior, frowning o'er *clavo wits*

And

\* Vid. his History of Music.



And *duodecimos*, ignoble scum!

Poor prostitutes to ev'ry vulgar thumb!

Whilst undefil'd by literary rage,

He bears a *spotless* leaf from age to age.

Like *school-boys*, lo! before a two-arm'd chair

That held the KNIGHT, wise judging, stood the PAIR:

Or like two *ponies* on the sporting ground,

Prepar'd to gallop when the DRUM should sound,

The *couple* rang'd—for vict'ry, both as keen,

As for a tott'ring bishopric, a DEAN,

Or patriot BURKE, for giving glorious bastings

To that *intolerable fellow* HASTINGS.

Thus with their songs contended VIRGIL'S SWAINS,

And made the valleys vocal with their strains,



Before some gray-beard SWAIN, whose judgement ripe,  
Gave goats for prizes to the *prettiest* pipe.

“ *Alternately*, in anecdotes, go on ;

But *first*, begin *you*, MADAM,” cried SIR JOHN :

The thankful DAME low curtsied to the CHAIR,

And thus, for vict’ry panting, read the FAIR :

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I \*.

SAM JOHNSON was of MICHAEL JOHNSON born ;

Whose shop of books did LICHFIELD Town adorn :

Wrong-headed, stubborn as a *halter’d* RAM ;

In short, the *model* of our HERO SAM :

Inclin’d to *madness too*—for when his shop

Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop ;

Vid. Piozzi’s Anecdotes, page 3.

For



For fear the thieves might steal the *vanish'd* store,  
He duly went each night and *lock'd the door!*

B O Z Z Y\*.

Whilst JOHNSON was in Edinburgh, my WIFE,  
To please his palate, studied for her life :  
With ev'ry rarity she fill'd her house,  
And gave the DOCTOR, for his dinner, *grouse*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I†.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON was in size an ox ;  
And from his UNCLE ANDREW learn'd to *box* :  
A MAN to wrestlers and to bruisers dear,  
Who kept the ring in SMITHFIELD a *whole* year.  
The Doctor had an Uncle too, ador'd  
By *jumping gentry*, call'd CORNELIUS FORD;

\* Bozzy's Tour, p. 38.

† Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 5.



Who jump'd in *boots*, which JUMPERS never chuse,  
Far as a famous JUMPER jump'd in *shoes*.

B O Z Z Y\*.

At supper, rose a dialogue on witches,  
When CROSBIE said, there could not be such b-tch-s;  
And that 'twas *blasphemy* to think *such* HAGS  
Could stir up storms, and on their *broomstick* NAGS  
Gallop along the air with wondrous pace,  
And boldly fly in GOD ALMIGHTY's face:  
But JOHNSON answer'd him, "There *might be* witches,  
*Nought* prov'd the non existence of the b-tch-s."

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I†.

When THRALE, as nimble as a boy at school,  
Leap'd, tho' fatigu'd with hunting, o'er a *stool*;

\* P. 39.

† P. 6.



The DoCTOR, proud the same grand feat to *do*;  
 His pow'rs exerted, and jump'd over too.  
 And tho' he might a broken back bewail,  
 He scorn'd to be *eclips'd* by Mr. THRALE.

B O Z Z Y\*.

At ULINISH, our friend, to pass the time,  
 Regal'd us with his knowledges *sublime* :  
 Show'd that all sorts of learning fill'd his NOB,  
 And that in *butchery* he could *bear a bob*.  
 He *sagely* told us of the diff'rent feat  
 Employ'd to kill the animals we eat :  
 An ox, says he, in country and in town,  
 Is by the butchers constantly *knock'd down* :

\* Page 300.



As for that leffer animal, a calf,  
 The knock is really not so strong *by half*;  
 The beast is only *stunn'd*: but as for goats,  
 And sheep, and lambs, the butchers *cut their throats*.  
 Those fellows only want to keep them *quiet*,  
 Not chusing that the brutes should breed a *riot*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

When JOHNSON was a child, and swallow'd pap,  
 'Twas in his mother's old maid CATHARINE's lap:  
 There, whilst he sat, he took in wond'rous learning,  
 For much his bowels were for knowledge *yearning*.  
 There heard the story which we BRITONS brag on,  
 The story of ST. GEORGE and *eke* the DRAGON.



B O Z Z Y\*.

When FOOTE his leg, by some misfortune, broke,  
 Says *I* to JOHNSON, all by way of joke,  
 “ SAM, Sir, in PARAGRAPH, will soon be clever,  
 And take off PETER better now than ever.”  
 On which, says JOHNSON, without *hesitation*,  
 GEORGE † will rejoice at Foote’s *depeditation*.”  
 On which, says *I*, a *penetrating elf*!  
 “ Doctor, I’m sure you *coin’d* that word *yourself*.”  
 On which he *laugh’d*; and said I had *divin’d* it,  
 For *bonâ fidé*, he had *really coin’d* it.

\* Page 141.

† George Faulkner, the printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote under the character of PETER PARAGRAPH.



And yet, of all the words I've *coin'd*, (says he)  
My Dictionary, Sir, contains but *threë*."

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

The DOCTOR said, in literary matters  
A Frenchman goes not *deep*—he only *smatters*:  
Then ask'd, what could be hop'd for from the dogs;  
Fellows that liv'd eternally on *frogs*?

B O Z Z Y\*.

In grave procession to St. Lennard's College,  
Well stuff'd with every sort of useful knowledge,  
We *stately* walk'd, as soon as supper ended:  
The LANDLORD and the WAITER both attended:



The LANDLORD, skill'd a piece of greafe to handle,

Before us march'd and held a tallow candle :

A lantern, (some fam'd Scotsman its creator)

With *equal grace* was carried by the WAITER :

Next morning, from our beds we took a leap ;

And found ourselves much better for our fleep.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

In Lincolnshire, a lady shew'd our friend

A grotto, that she wish'd him to *commend* :

Quoth she "How *cool* in summer this abode !"

"Yes, Madam, (answer'd JOHNSON) for a *toad*."



B O Z Z Y\*.

Between old Scalpa's rugged isle and Rafay's,  
 The wind was vastly boist'rous in our faces :  
 'Twas *glorious* JOHNSON's figure to set sight on—  
 High in the boat, he look'd a noble TRITON !  
 But lo ! to damp our pleasure Fate concurs,  
 For Jo. the blockhead lost his master's spurs :  
 This, for the RAMBLER's temper, was a *rubber*,  
 Who wonder'd Joseph could be such a lubber.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I †.

I ask'd him if he knock'd TOM OSBORN ‡ down ;  
 As such a tale was current through the town—

\* P. 185.

† 232.

‡ Bookfeller.



Says I, "Do tell me, DOCTOR, what befell"

"Why, dearest lady, there is nought to tell:

I ponder'd on the *prop'rest* mode to *treat* him—

The *dog* was *impudent*, and so I *beat* him!

TOM, like a fool, *proclaim'd* his fancied wrongs;

*Others* that I *belabour'd*, held their tongues."

Did any one that he was *happy*, cry—

JOHNSON would tell him *plumply*, 'twas a lie:

A LADY\* told him she was *really so*:

On which he sternly answer'd, "MADAM, *no*!

Sickly you are, and ugly—foolish, poor;

And therefore can't be *happy*, I am sure.

'Twould make a fellow hang himself whose ear

Were, from *such creatures*, forc'd such stuff to hear."



B O Z Z Y\*.

Lo! when we landed on the Isle of MULL,  
 The *megrims* got into the DOCTOR's scull:  
 With such bad humours he began to fill,  
 I thought he would not go to ICOLMKILL:  
 But lo! those megrims (wonderful to utter!)  
 Were banish'd all by tea and bread and butter!

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Quoth I to Johnson—Doctor, tell me true,  
 Who was the *best* man that you ever knew?  
 He answer'd me at once, GEORGE PSALMANAZAR;  
 Keen in the English language as a razor.

\* P. 386.



Such was the *strange*, the *strangest* of replies,  
That rais'd the whites of both my wond'ring eyes;  
As this *same* GEORGE, in imposition strong,  
Beat the first *lyars* that e'er wagg'd a tongue.

B O Z Z Y\*.

I wonder'd yesterday, that one JOHN HAY,  
Who serv'd as *Ciceroné* on the way;  
Should fly a man of war—a spot so blest—  
A fool! nine months too, after he was prest:  
Quoth JOHNSON, “no man, Sir, would be a *sailor*,  
“With sense to scrape acquaintance with a *jailor*.”

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

I said, I lik'd not *goose*, and mention'd *why*:—  
“One smells it roasting on the spit,” quoth I:

\* Page 151.

† Page 103.



“ You, Madam,” cried the Doctor, with a frown,

“ Are always gorging—stuffing something *down*:”

MADAM, 'tis very natural to suppose,

If in the pantry you will poke your nose,

Your maw, with ev'ry sort of victuals swelling,

That you *must* want the blifs of *dinner smelling*.

B O Z Z Y.

As at ARGYLE's grand house, my hat I took,

To seek my alehouse; thus began the Duke,

“ Pray, Mr. Boswell, won't you have some tea?”

To this, I made my bow, and did agree—

Then to the drawing room, we both retreated,

Where *Lady* BETTY HAMILTON was seated

Close by the DUCHESS, who, in deep discourse,

Took no more notice of me than a *horse*.

Next



Next day *myself*, and Doctor JOHNSON took  
 Our hats, to go and wait upon the Duke:  
 Next to himself, the DUKE did JOHNSON place,  
 But I, thank God, sat *second* to his GRACE.  
 The place was due, most surely to my merits—  
 And faith, I was in very pretty spirits:  
 I plainly saw (my penetration such is)  
 I was not yet in favour with the DUCHESS.  
 Thought I, I am not disconcerted yet—  
 Before we part, I'll give her GRACE a *sweat*—!  
 Then looks of intrepidity I put on,  
 And ask'd her, if she'd have a plate of mutton.  
 This was a glorious deed must be confess'd!  
 I knew I was the *Duke's*, and not *her* guest!

Knowing



Knowing—as I'm a man of tip-top breeding,  
 That *great folks* drink no healths whilst they are feeding;  
 I took my glass, and looking at her GRACE,  
 I star'd her like a *devil* in the face:  
 And in *respectful* terms, as was my duty,  
 Said I, my LADY DUCHESS, I salute ye:  
 Most audible, indeed, was my salute,  
 For which some folks will say I was a brute:  
 But faith, it dash'd her, as I knew it wou'd,  
 But then I knew, that I was flesh and blood.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

Once at our house, amidst our ATTIC feasts,  
 We likened our acquaintances to *beasts*:



As for example—some to calves and hogs,  
 And some to bears, and monkeys, cats and dogs:  
 We said, (which charm'd the DOCTOR much, no doubt)  
 His mind, was like, of ELEPHANTS, the *snout*,  
 That could pick pins up, yet possess'd the vigour  
 For trimming well the jacket of a TYGER.

B O Z Z Y\*.

August the fifteenth, Sunday, Mr. Scott  
 Did breakfast with us—when upon the spot;  
 To *him*, and unto DOCTOR JOHNSON, lo!  
 Sir WILLIAM FORBES so clever, did I shew:  
 A man, that doth not after roguery, hanker:  
 A charming Christian, tho' by trade, a *Banker*:

\* P. 15.



Made too, of good companionable stuff,

And this, I think is saying *full enough*;

And yet it is but justice to record

That when he had the measles—'pon my word,

The people seem'd in such a dreadful fright,

His house, was all furrounded, day and night,

As if they apprehended some great evil;

A general conflagration or the devil.

And when he better'd—oh! 'twas grand to see 'em

Like mad folks dance; and hear 'em sing *Te Deum*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

Quoth JOHNSON “who d'ye think my *life*, will write?”

GOLDSMITH,” said I—quoth he, “the dog's vile spite,

\* P. 31.



Besides the fellow's monstrous love of *lying*,  
Would doubtless make the book not worth the *buying*.

B O Z Z Y\*.

That worthy gentleman, good Mr. Scott  
Said 'twas our SOCRATES's luckless lot  
To have the WAITER, a sad nasty blade  
To make, poor gentleman, his *lemonade* ;  
Which WAITER, much against the DOCTOR's wish,  
Put with his *paws*, the sugar in the dish :  
The DOCTOR vex'd at such a filthy fellow,  
Began, with great propriety, to bellow ;  
Then up, he took the dish, and nobly flung  
The liquor out of window on the dung.



And DOCTOR SCOTT declar'd, that by his frown,  
He thought he would have knock'd the fellow down.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON left off drinks fermented :  
With quarts of chocolate and cream, contented :  
Yet often, down his throat's prodigious gutter,  
Poor man ! he pour'd a flood of melted butter !

B O Z Z Y.

With glee, the DOCTOR did my girl behold :  
Her name, VERONICA, just four months old :  
This name VERONICA, a name tho' quaint,  
Belong'd originally to a SAINT :



But to my old GREAT-GRANDAM it was giv'n ;  
 As fine a woman as e'er went to heav'n :  
 And what must add to her importance *much*,  
 This lady's genealogy was *Dutch*.  
 The man, who did espouse this dame divine,  
 Was ALEXANDER EARL of KINCARDINE ;  
 Who pour'd along my body like a fluice,  
 The noble, noble, noble blood of BRUCE !  
 And who, that own'd this blood, could well refuse  
 To make the world acquainted with the *news* ?  
 But to return unto my charming child,  
 About our DOCTOR JOHNSON, she was *wild* :  
 And when he left off speaking, she would flutter,  
 Squawl for him to begin again, and sputter !



And to be *near* him, a strong wish, express'd,

Which proves, he was not such a horrid beast.

Her fondness for the DOCTOR, pleas'd me greatly,

On which I loud exclaim'd in language stately,

Nay if I recollect aright, I *swore*,

I'd to her fortune add *five hundred more!*

#### M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

One day as we were all in talking lost,

My mother's fav'rite spaniel stole the toast;

On which, immediately, I scream'd "Fie on her,—

"Fie, BELLE," said I, "you used to be on honour."

"Yes," JOHNSON cried, "but, MADAM, pray be told,

"The reason for the vice, is—BELLE grows *old*."



But JOHNSON never could the dog, abide,  
 Because my mother wash'd and comb'd his hide.  
 The truth on't is—BELLE was not too well bred,  
 Who always would *insist* on being fed;  
 And very often too, the faucy SLUT  
 Infisted upon having the *first cut*.

B O Z Z Y.

Last night much care for JOHNSON's cold, was us'd,  
 Who, hitherto without his nightcap, *snooz'd* :  
 That nought might treat so *wonderful* a man ill,  
 Sweet MISS M'LEOD, did make a cap of flannel;  
 And after putting it about his head,  
 She gave him brandy, as he went to bed.



MADAME PIOZZI\*.

One night we parted at the Doctor's door,  
 When thus I said, as I had said before,  
 " Don't forget Dicky, DOCTOR—mind poor Dick."  
 On which he turn'd round on his heel so quick,  
 " Madam," quoth he, " and when I've serv'd *that* elf;  
 " I guess I then may go and *hang* myself."

B O Z Z Y†.

At night well soak'd with rain, and wond'rous weary,  
 We got as wet as shags to INVERARY :  
 We supped most *royally*—were vastly frisky,  
 When JOHNSON ordered up a gill of whiskey :  
 Taking the glass, says I, " Here's Mistress Thrale."  
 " Drink her in *whiskey* not," said he, " but *ale*."

\* P. 204.

† P. 483.



## MADAME PIOZZI\*.

The DOCTOR had a CAT, and christ'ned HODGE,  
 That at his house in Fleet Street us'd to lodge—  
 This HODGE grew old, and sick, and us'd to wish  
 That all his dinners might be form'd of *fish*:  
 To please poor HODGE, the DOCTOR, all so kind,  
 Went out, and bought him *oysters to his mind*:  
 This ev'ry day he did—nor ask'd black FRANK †,  
 Who deem'd himself of much too high a rank,  
 With *vulgar fish-fags*, to be forc'd to chat,  
 And purchase oysters, for a *mangy* CAT.

\* P. 102.

† Dr. Johnson's servant.



S I R J O H N.

For God's sake stay each anecdotic scrap:

Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap:

With one half hour's refreshing slumber blest,

And Heav'n's assistance, I may *bear* the rest.

*Aside.*]—What have I done, inform me gracious Lord;

That thus my ears, with nonsense, should be bor'd?

Oh! if I do not in the trial die,

The Dev'l and all his 'brimstone, I defy:

No punishment in other worlds, I fear:

My crimes will all be expiated *here*.

Ah! ten times happier was my lot of yore,

When rais'd to *consequence*, that all adore;

I sat, each session, king-like, in the chair;

Aw'd ev'ry rank, and made the million stare:

Lord



Lord Paramount o'er ev'ry JUSTICE riding:

In causes, with a Turkish sway, deciding!

Yes, like a noble BASHAW, of *three tails*,

I spread a *fear* and *trembling* through the jails!

Blest, have I brow-beaten each thief, and strumpet,

And *blasted* on them, like the LAST DAY's trumpet.

I know no paltry weakness of the foul—

No sniv'ling pity, dares my deeds controul—

Alham'd, the *weakness* of my KING, I hear;

Who childish, drops on ev'ry *death*\*, a tear.

Return†, return again, thou glorious hour,

That to my grasp, once gav'st my idol, POW'R;

\* Such is the report concerning His MAJESTY, when he suffers the law to take its course on criminals: How unlike the GREAT FREDERIC of Prussia, who *delights* in a *banging*.

† Sir John wishes in vain—His hour of insolence returns no more!



When at my feet, the humbled knaves would fall;

The THUND'RING JUPITER of HICKS'S HALL.

The KNIGHT, thus finishing his speech so *fair*;

SLEEP pull'd him gently backwards, in his chair:

Op'd wide the mouth, that oft on jail-birds *swore*,

Then rais'd his nasal ORGAN to a roar,

That actually surpass'd in *tone*, and *grace*,

The grumbled ditties of his fav'rite BASE\*.

\* The violoncello, on which the Knight is a performer.

ECLOGUE.



## E C L O G U E.

## P A R T II.

NOW from his sleep the KNIGHT, affrighted sprung,

Whilst on his ear, the words of JOHNSON rung:

For lo! in dreams, the furly RAMBLER rose,

And wildly staring, seem'd a *man of woes*.

“Wake, HAWKINS,” (growl'd the DOCTOR with a frown)

“And knock *that* fellow and *that* woman down—

“Bid them with JOHNSON's life proceed no further—

“Enough already they have dealt in murder—

“Say, to their tales, that little truth belongs—

“If *fame*, they mean me—bid them *hold their tongues*.

L

“In



“ In vain at glory, gudgeon BOSWELL snaps—

“ His MIND, a *paper kite*—compos'd of *scraps*;

“ Just o'er the tops of *chimneys*, form'd to fly:

“ Not with a *wing sublime*, to mount the *sky*.

“ Say to the dog, his head's a downright *drum*,

“ Unequal to the Hist'ry of TOM THUMB:

“ Nay—tell, of *anecdote*, that thirsty *leach*,

“ He is not equal to a *Tyburn Speech*\*.

“ For that PROZZI's wife, let me exhort her,

“ To draw her *immortality* from *porter*:

“ Give up her *anecdotal* inditing,

“ And study *housewifry* instead of *writing*:

\* Composed for the unfortunate *brave* of Newgate, by different historians.



- “ Bid her, a poor *biography* suspend ;
- “ Nor crucify, through vanity, a friend.
- “ I know no business women have with *learning* :
- “ I scorn, I hate the mole-ey’d, *half* DISCERNING :
- “ Their wit, but serves a husband’s heart to *rack* :
- “ And make eternal horsewhips for his back.
- “ Tell PETER PINDAR, should you chance to meet him,
- “ I like his genius—should be glad to greet him—
- “ Yet let him know, CROWN’D HEADS are sacred things,
- “ And bid him rev’rence more, the BEST OF KINGS\* :

\* This is a *strange* and almost *incredible* speech from *Johnson’s* mouth, as no many years ago, when the *age* of a *certain* GREAT PERSONAGE became the subject of debate ; the Doctor broke in upon the conversation with the following question : “ Of what importance to the present company, is his *age* ?—Of what importance would it have been to the world if he had never *existed* ? ” If we may judge likewise from the *following speech* ; he deemed the *present* POSSESSOR of a *certain* THRONE as much an USURPER as KING WILLIAM, whom, according to Mr. BOSWELL’s account, he *befcoundrels*. The story is this—An acquaintance of JOHNSON, asked him if he could not *sing*. He replied, “ I know but *one* song ; and *that* is, ‘ The KING shall enjoy his *own* again.’ ”

“ Still



“ Still, on his PEGASUS, continue *jogging*,

“ And give that BOSWELL’S back another flogging.”

*Such*, was the dream that wak’d the sleepy KNIGHT ;

And op’d again his eyes upon the light —

Who mindless of old JOHNSON and his frown

And stern commands to *knock the couple down* ;

Resolv’d to *keep the peace*—and in a tone

Not much unlike a mastiff o’er a bone ;

He *grumbled*, that enabled by the nap,

He now could meet *more biographic scrap* :

Then nodding with a *magistratial air*,

To farther anecdote, he call’d the FAIR.



M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON lov'd a leg of pork;  
 And hearty on it, would his grinders work:  
 He lik'd to eat it so much *over-done*,  
 That *one* might *shake* the flesh from off the bone.  
 A veal pye too, with fugar cramm'd and plums,  
 Was wond'rous grateful to the DOCTOR's gums:  
 Though us'd, from morn to night, on fruit to *stuff*;  
 He vow'd his belly never had *enough*.

B O Z Z Y\*.

One Thursday morn, did DOCTOR JOHNSON wake,  
 And call out "Lanky, Lanky," by *mistake*—

\* Page 8.

† Page 384.



But recollecting—"Bozzy, Bozzy," cried—

For in *contractions*, JOHNSON took a *pride*!

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

Whene'er our friend would read in bed by night,

Poor Mr. THRALE and I were in a *fright*;

For blinking on his book too near the flame,

Lo! to the fore-top of his wig it came!

Burnt all the hairs away, both *great* and *small*,

Down to the very *net-work*, nam'd the *caul*.

B O Z Z Y\*.

At Corrachatachin's, in *hoggism* funk,

I got with punch, alas! confounded *drunk*:

\* Page 237.

† P. 317.



Much was I vex'd, that I could not be quiet,

But like a stupid blockhead, breed a riot.

I scarcely knew how 'twas I reel'd to bed —

Next morn I wak'd with dreadful pains of head :

And terrors too, that of my peace, did *rob me* —

For *much* I fear'd, the MORALIST would *mob me*.

But as I lay along a heavy log,

The DOCTOR ent'ring call'd me *drunken dog*.

Then up rose I with apostolic air,

And read in Dame M'KINNON's book of pray'r ;

In hopes for such a sin to be forgiv'n —

And make, if *possible*, my peace with heav'n.

'Twas *strange* that in *that* volume of divinity,

I op'd the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,

And



And read these words—‘ Pray be not drunk with wine,

‘ Since drunkenness doth make a man a *swine*.’

“ Alas!” says I, “ the sinner that I am!”

And having made my speech, I took a *dram*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

One day, with spirits low, and sorrow fill’d,

I told him that I had a *cousin kill’d*:

“ My dear,” quoth he, “ for heav’n’s sake hold your *canting*;

“ *Were all your cousins kill’d*, they’d not be wanting:

“ Though *Death* on each of them should set his *mark*,

“ Though ev’ry one were spitted like a lark——

“ Roasted, and given that dog there, for a meal;

“ The *loss* of them, the world would never feel——



“ Trust me, dear Madam, all your *dear relations*,

“ Are *nits*—are *nothings* in the eye of NATIONS.”

Again\*, says I one day—“ I do believe,

“ A good acquaintance that I have, will grieve,

“ To hear her FRIEND hath lost a *large estate* :”

“ Yes,” (answer’d he) “ lament *as much* her fate,

“ As did your *horse* (I freely will allow)

“ To hear of the *miscarriage* of your cow.”

B O Z Z Y †.

At Enoch at M’Queen’s we went to bed :

A colour’d handkerchief wrap’d JOHNSON’S head :

He said, “ God blefs us *both*—good night”—and then,

I, like a *parish clerk*, pronounc’d, *Amen* !

\* P. 189.

† P. 103.



My good companion *soon* by sleep, was seiz'd—

But I, by lice and fleas, was sadly teaz'd :

Methought, a spider with *terrific* claws,

Was striding from the wainscot, to my jaws :

But slumber soon did ev'ry sense entrap ;

And so I sunk into the *sweetest* nap.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

Trav'ling in Wales, at dinner-time we *got on*

Where at LEWENY, lives SIR ROBERT COTTON.

At table, our great MORALIST, to please—

Says I, “ Dear Doctor, arn't those charming peas ? ”

Quoth he, to *contradict*, and *run his rig* :

“ MADAM, they possibly might please a FIG.

\* Page 70.



B O Z Z Y \*.

Of *thatching*, well the DOCTOR knew the art,  
 And with his *threshing wisdom*, made us start.  
 Describ'd the greatest secrets of the Mint—  
 And made folks fancy that he had been *in't*.  
 Of hops and malt, 'tis wond'rous what he knew;  
 And well as any BREWER, he could *brew*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I †.

In *ghosts*, the DOCTOR, strongly did believe;  
 And pinn'd his faith on many a lyar's sleeve:  
 He said to DOCTOR LAWRENCE, " *Sure I am,*  
 " I heard my poor dear mother call out ' SAM.'

\* P. 324.

† 192.



“ I’m fure (saïd he) that I can trust my ears ;  
And yet my mother had been dead for years.”

B O Z Z Y\*.

When *young*, (’twas rather silly I allow)  
*Much* was I pleas’d, to imitate a cow.  
One time, at Drury Lane with DOCTOR BLAIR,  
My imitations made the playhouse *stare* !  
So very charming was I, in my *roar* ;  
That both the galleries *clapp’d*, and cried *encore*.  
Blest by the general plaudit, and the laugh—  
I tried to be a JACKASS, and a CALF :  
But who, alas ! in *all things* can be *great* ?  
In short, I met a *terrible* defeat :

\* P. 499.



So vile I bray'd, and bellow'd, I was *bifs'd*—

Yet all who *knew* me, *wonder'd* that I *mifs'd*.

BLAIR whisper'd me, " You've lost your *credit*, *now* :

Stick, BOSWELL, for the future, to the Cow.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

Th' affair of BLACKS, when JOHNSON would discuss,

He always thought they had not *souls* like *us* :

And yet whene'er his family would fight,

He always said that FRANK was in the *right*.

B O Z Z Y†.

I must confess that I enjoy'd a pleasure

In bearing to the North so great a treasure—

\* P. 210.

† P. 259.



Thinks I, I'm like a BULLDOG or a HOUND,

Who when a lump of liver, he hath found,

Runs to some corner, to avoid a riot,

To gobble down his piece of meat in quiet.

I thought this good as all JOE MILLAR's jokes:

And so I up, and told it to the folks.—

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

Some of our friends with'd JOHNSON would compose

The LIVES of authors who had shone in prose;

As for his *pow'r*, no mortal man could doubt it—

SIR RICHARD MUSGRAVE, he was *warm* about it;

Got up, and sooth'd, intreated, begg'd and pray'd,

Poor man! as if he had implor'd for *bread*:



“ SIR RICHARD,” cried the DOCTOR, with a frown,

“ Since you’re *got up*, I pray you, Sir, *sit down*.”

B O Z Z Y.

Of DOCTOR JOHNSON, having giv’n a sketch,

Permit me, Reader, of *myself*, to preach—

The world will certainly receive with glee,

The slightest bit of history of ME.

Think of a *gentleman* of ancient blood!

Prouder of *title*, than of being *good*.

A *gentleman* just thirty-three years old:

Married four years, and as a Tyger, bold;

Whose bowels yearn’d GREAT BRITAIN’S foes to tame,

And from the cannon’s mouth to swallow flame;

To



To get his limbs by broad fwords carv'd in wars  
 Like some old bedstead, and to *boast* his scars;  
 And proud immortal actions to atchieve,  
 See his hide bor'd by bullets, like a sieve.  
 But lo! his father, a *well-judging* JUDGE,  
 Forbade his SON from Edinburgh to budge—  
 Resolv'd the French should not his b—ckside claw;  
 So bound his SON apprentice to the law.  
 This *gentleman* had been in foreign parts,  
 And, like ULYSSES, learnt a world of arts:  
 Much wisdom, his vast travels having brought him,  
 He was not *half* the fool, the people *thought* him—  
 Of prudence, this *same gentleman* was *such*,  
 He rather had *too little*, than *too much*.



Bright was this *gentleman's* imagination,  
 Well calculated for the *bighest* station :  
 Indeed so *lively*, give the dev'l his due,  
 He ten times more would utter, than was *true*.  
 Which forc'd him frequently against his will,  
 Poor man ! to swallow many a bitter pill—  
 One bitter pill among the rest, he took,  
 Which was to cut some *scandal* from his book.—  
 By DOCTOR JOHNSON he is well pourtray'd :  
 Quoth he, “ Of Bozzy it may well be said,  
 That through the most *inhospitable* scene,  
 ONE never can be troubled with the spleen,  
 Nor ev'n the greatest difficulties *chafe* at,  
 Whilst *such an animal* is near, to laugh at.



MADAME PIOZZI\*.

For *me*, in Latin, DOCTOR JOHNSON wrote

Two lines upon SIR JOSEPH BANKS's goat:

A GOAT! that round the world, so *curious*, went—

A GOAT! that now eats grafs, that grows in KENT!

B O Z Z Y†.

TO LORD MONBODDO, a few lines I wrote,

And by the servant Joseph, fent this note—

“ Thus far, my Lord, from Edinburgh, my home,

With Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, I am come—

This night, by us, must *certainly* be seen,

The very handsome town of ABERDEEN.

\* P. 72.

† P. 207.



For *thoughts* of JOHNSON, you'll be not applied to—

I know your Lordship likes him *less* than *I do*.

So near we are—to part, I can't tell how,

Without so much as making him a BOW :

Befides, the RAMBLER says, to see MONBODD,

He'd go *at least*, *two miles* out of his *road*.

Which shows that HE *admires* (whoever *rails*)

The pen which proves, that men are born with *tails* :

Hoping that as to health your LORDSHIP does well,

I am your servant at command,

JAMES BOSWELL."

MADAME



M A D A M E P I O Z Z I\*.

On Mr. THRALE's old HUNTER, JOHNSON rode—  
 Who with prodigious pride, the beast, bestrode;  
 And as on BRIGHTEN DOWNS, he *dash'd* away,  
 Much was he pleas'd to hear a sportsman say,  
 That at a *chace*, he was as *tight a hand*,  
 As e'er an ill-bred *lubber* in the land.

B O Z Z Y†.

One morning JOHNSON, on the Isle of MULL,  
 Was of his politics excessive full.  
 Quoth he, "that PULTNEY was a *rogue*, 'tis plain—  
 " Besides, the fellow was a *Whig in grain*."

\* P. 207.

† 424.



Then to his *principles*, he gave a banging,

And swore no WHIG, was ever worth a *banging*.

“ ’Tis wonderful (says he) and makes one stare

“ To think the LIVERY chose JOHN WILKES, LORD MAYOR:

“ A dog, of whom the world could nurse no hopes—

“ *Prompt to debauch their girls, and rob their shops.*”

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Sir, I believe that anecdote, a lie;

But grant that JOHNSON said it—*by the by*,

As WILKES unhappily your *friendship* shar’d,

The dirty anecdote might well be *spar’d*.

B O Z Z Y.

Madam, I stick to truth as much as *you*,

And damme if the story be not *true*.

Q

What



What you have said of JOHNSON and the *larks*,  
 As much, the RAMBLER, for a *savage*, marks.  
 'Twas scandalous, ev'n CANDOUR must allow,  
 To give the hift'ry of the *horse* and *cow*:  
 What but an *enemy*, to JOHNSON's fame,  
 Dar'd, his vile prank at LITCHFIELD PLAYHOUSE, *name*?  
 Where, without ceremony, he thought fit  
 To fling the MAN and CHAIR into the PIT?  
 Who would have register'd a speech so odd,  
 On the dead STAY-MAKER\*, and DOCTOR DODD?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

SAM JOHNSON's *threshing* knowledge and his *thatching*,  
 May be your own *inimitable thatching*.—

\* Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 51, first edition.



Pray, of his wisdom can't you tell *more* News?

Could not he *make a shirt*, and *cobble shoes*?

Knit stockings, or ingenious, take up *stitches*—

Draw teeth, dress wigs, or make a *pair of breeches*?

You prate too of his knowledge of the MINT,

As if the RAMBLER really had been in't—

Who knows, but you will tell us, (truth forsaking)

That each *bad shilling* is of JOHNSON'S *making* :

*His*, each *vile six-pence* that the world hath cheated—

And *his* the *art*, that ev'ry guinea *sweated*.

About his *brewing knowledge* you will prate too :

Who scarcely knew a *hop*, from a *potatoe*.

And tho' of *beer* he joy'd in hearty fwigs,

I'd pit against his taste, my husband's *pigs*.



B O Z Z Y.

How could your folly tell, so void of truth,  
That miserable story of the youth  
Who in your book, of DOCTOR JOHNSON, begs  
Most seriously, to know if CATS *lay eggs*?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

*Who*, told of Mrs. Montague, the lie—  
So palpable a falsehood?—Bozzy, *fie*!

B O Z Z Y.

*Who*, mad'ning with an anecdotic itch,  
Declar'd that JOHNSON call'd his mother, b-TCH?

M A D A M E



M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

*Who*, from M'Donald's rage, to save his snout,  
Cut twenty lines of defamation, out?

B O Z Z Y.

*Who*, would have said a word about SAM's wig;  
Or told the story of the *peas* and *pig*?  
Who would have told a tale, so *very* flat,  
Of FRANK, the BLACK; and HODGE, the mangy CAT?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Good me! you're grown at once, confounded *tender*—  
Of DOCTOR JOHNSON's fame, a *fierce* defender.  
I'm sure you've mention'd many a pretty story  
Not much redounding to the DOCTOR's glory.



Now, for a *saint*, upon us you would palm him—

First *murther* the poor man, and then *embalm him*!

B O Z Z Y.

Why truly, Madam, JOHNSON cannot *boast*—

By your acquaintance, he hath *rather*, *lost*.

His character so *shockingly* you handle—

You've funk your COMET to a FARTHING CANDLE.

Your vanities contriv'd the SAGE, to hitch in;

And brib'd him with your cellar and your kitchen:

But luckless JOHNSON play'd a losing game—

Though *beef* and *beer* he won—he lost his *fame*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

*One quarter* of your book, had JOHNSON read,

Fist-Criticism had rattled round your head.

Yet



Yet let my satire not *too far* pursue—

It boasts *some merit*, give the *Dev'l his due*.

Where GROCERS and where PASTRY-COOKS reside,

Thy book with triumph, may indulge its pride :

Preach to the *patty-pans*, sententious stuff—

And hug that idol of the nose, call'd *snuff* :

With all its stories, *cloves* and *ginger*, please,

And pour its *wonders* to a pound of *cheese* !

B O Z Z Y.

MADAM, your irony is *wond'rous fine* !

*Sense* in each thought, and *wit* in ev'ry line :

Yet, MADAM, when the *leaves* of my poor book,

Visit the GROCER, or the PASTRY-COOK,

*Yours,*



*Yours*, to enjoy of Fame the *just* reward,  
 May aid the TRUNK-MAKER of PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD :  
 In the *same* ALEHOUSES, together us'd,  
 By the *same* fingers, they may be *amus'd* :  
 The greasy *snuffers*, *yours*, perchance, may *wipe*,  
 And *mine*, high honour'd, light a TOPER's pipe.  
 The praise of COURTENAY \*, my book's fame, secures :  
 Now, who the devil, Madam, praises *yours* ?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Thousands, you blockhead—no one now can doubt it,  
 For not a soul in London is *without* it.

\* The lively RATTLE of the House of Commons—indeed, its MOMUS, who seems to have been selected by his constituents more for the purposes of *laughing* at the misfortunes of his country than *healing the wounds*. He is the author of a poem lately published, that endeavours *totis viribus* to prove that DOCTOR JOHNSON was a *brute* as well as a *moralist* !



The folks were ready, CADELL to devour,  
 Who fold the first edition in an hour—  
 So!—COURTENAY's praises fave you!—ah! that squire  
 Deals, let me tell you, more in smoke than fire.

B O Z Z Y.

Zounds! he has prais'd me in the *sweetest* line—

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Ay! ay! the *verse* and *subject*, equal shine.  
 Few are the mouths that COURTENAY's wit rehearse—  
*Mere cork* in politics, and *lead* in verse.

B O Z Z Y.

Well, MA'AM! since all that JOHNSON *said* or *wrote*,  
 You hold so *sacred*—how have you *forgot*



To grant the *wonder-hunting world*, a reading

Of SAM's *Epistle*, just before your *wedding*;

Beginning thus, (in strains not form'd to flatter)

“ MADAM,

“ *If that most ignominious matter,*

“ *Be not concluded,*”

*further, shall I say?*

No—your *kind self* may give it us, one day—

And *justify* your passion for the *youth*;

With all the charms of *eloquence* and *truth*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

What was my marriage, Sir, to *you*, or *him*?

*He* tell me what to do!—a pretty whim!

*He,*



*He, to propriety, (the beast!) exhort!*

As well might *elephants* *preside* at court.

Lord! let the world, to *damn* my match, agree—

Tell me, JAMES BOSWELL, what's *that world* to me?

The *folks* who paid respects to *Mrs. Thrale*;

Fed on her pork, *poor souls!* and swill'd her ale,

May *sicken* at *Piozzi*, nine in ten—

Turn up the *nose* of *scorn*—good God! what then?

For *me*—the Dev'l may fetch their souls so *great*—

*They* keep their *homes*,—and *I*, thank God! my *meat*.

When *they*, *poor owls!* shall beat their cage, a *jail*—

*I*, *unconfin'd*, shall spread my *peacock tail*:

Free as the birds of air, enjoy my ease;

*Chuse* my own food, and *see* what climes *I* *please*.

*I suffer*



*I suffer only—if I'm in the wrong—*

So, now, you *prating puppy*, hold your tongue.

S I R J O H N.

For shame ! for shame ! for Heaven's sake *both* be quiet—

Not BILLINGSGATE exhibits such a riot :

Behold, for SCANDAL, you have made a *feast*,

And turn'd your *idol*, JOHNSON, to a *beast* :

'Tis plain that *tales of ghosts*, are *arrant lies*,

Or *instantaneously*, would JOHNSON's rise :

Make you both eat your paragraphs so *evil*—

And for your treatment of him, *play the devil*.

Just like *two Mohawks* on the man you fall—

*No murd'rer*, is worse serv'd at SURGEON'S HALL.

Instead



Instead of adding *splendor* to his name,  
 Your books are downright *gibbets* to his fame.  
 Of those, your anecdotes—may I be *curst*,  
 If I can tell you, *which* of them, is *worst*.  
 You never with *posterity* can *thrive*—  
 'Tis by the *Rambler's* death alone, you live—  
 Like *wrens*, (that in some volume, I have read)  
 Hatch'd by strange fortune, in a HORSE'S HEAD.  
 Poor SAM was rather *fainting* in his *glory*—  
 But now, his fame lies *foully dead* before ye :  
 Thus, to some dying man, (a frequent case)  
 Two doctors come, and give the *coup de grace*.  
 Zounds ! Madam, mind the duties of a *wife*,  
 And dream no more of DOCTOR JOHNSON'S *life* :



A happy knowledge, in a *pye* or *pudding*,

Will more delight your friends, than all your *studying*:

*One cut* from *ven'son*, to the heart can speak

Stronger than *ten quotations* from the *Greek*:

*One fat* SIR LOIN possesses more *sublime*

Than all the airy castles built by RHIME.

*One nipperkin* of *stingo* with a toast,

Beats all the streams, the Muses FOUNT can boast,

Blest! in *one* pint of porter, lo! my belly can

Find raptures not in all the floods of Helicon.

Enough those anecdotes, your *pow'rs*, have shown:

SAM'S Life, dear Ma'am, will only *damn your own*.

For *thee*, JAMES BOSWELL, may the hand of FATE

Arrest thy goose-quill, and confine thy prate:

Thy



Thy egotisms, the world, *disgusted* hears—

Then load with vanities, no more our ears,

Like some lone Puppy yelping all night long ;

That tires the *very echoes* with his tongue.

Yet should it lie beyond the pow'rs of FATE,

To stop thy pen, and still thy darling prate ;

To live in *solitude*, oh ! be thy luck :

A *chattering* MAGPIE on the ISLE OF MUCK.

Thus spoke the JUDGE, then leaping from the chair ;

He left, in consternation, lost, the PAIR :

Black FRANK \*, he fought, on anecdote to cram,

And vomit *first* †, a LIFE of furly SAM.

\* DOCTOR JOHNSON'S Negro servant.

† The KNIGHT'S volume is reported to be in great forwardness, and likely to *distance* his formidable competitors.



Shock'd at the little manners of the KNIGHT,  
 The RIVALS marv'ling mark'd his sudden flight ;  
 Then to their pens, and paper, rush'd the TWAIN  
 To kill the *mangled* RAMBLER, o'er again.

N.B. The Quotations from Mr. Boswell, are made from the Second Edition of his Journal—  
 Those from Mrs. Piozzi, from the First Edition of her Anecdotes.

F I N I S.