

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.  
VOL. III.  
CONTAINING HIS  
*MISCELLANEOUS PIECES*  
FROM 1730 TO 1739.

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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 spar'd the name----  
Vice, if it e'er can be lash'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.

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1787.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,  
FROM 1730 TO 1739.

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM\*.

*Written in the year 1730.*

FIVE hours (and who can do it less in ?)

By haughty Celia spent in dressing,

The goddess<sup>s</sup> from her chamber issues,

Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.

Strephon, who found the room was void,

5

And Betty otherwise employ'd,

Stole in, and took a strict survey<sup>d</sup>

Of all the litter as it lay ;

Whereof, to make the matter clear,

An inventory follows here.

10

And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,

Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd ;

\* No charge has been more frequently brought against the Dean, or indeed more generally admitted, than that of coarse indelicacy, of which this Poem is always produced as an instance. Here, then, it is but justice to remark, that whenever he offends against delicacy he teaches it; he stimulates the mind to sensibility, to correct the faults of habitual negligence; as physicians, to cure a lethargy, have recourse to a blister. And though it may reasonably be supposed that few English ladies leave such a Dressing-room as Celia's, yet many may have given sufficient cause for reminding them, that very soon after desire has been gratified, the utmost delicacy becomes necessary to prevent disgust. *Hawkes.*

Strephon the rogue, display'd it wide,  
 And turn'd it round on ev'ry side.  
 In such a case few words are best,  
 And Strephon bids us guess the rest;  
 But swears how damnably the men lie  
 In calling Celia sweet and cleanly.

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Now listen, while he next produces  
 The various combs for various uses,  
 Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,  
 No brush could force a way betwixt;  
 A paste of composition rare,  
 Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.  
 A forehead-cloth, with oil upon't,  
 To smooth the wrinkles on her front.  
 Here alum-flour, to stop the steam's  
 Exhal'd from sour unsav'ry streams;  
 There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,  
 Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she dy'd;  
 With puppy-water, beauty's help,  
 Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.  
 Here galley-pots and vials plac'd,  
 Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;  
 Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,  
 And ointments good for scabby chops.  
 Hard by a filthy bason stands,  
 Foul'd with the scourging of her hands;  
 The bason takes whatever comes,  
 The scrapings from her teeth and gums:  
 A nasty compound of all hues,  
 For here she spits and here she spues.

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But, oh ! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,  
When he beheld and smelt the towels,  
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd 45  
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax, grim'd.  
No object Strephon's eyes escapes ;  
Here petticoats in frouzy heaps :  
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,  
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot. 50  
The stockings why should I expose,  
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes ?  
Or greasy coifs, or pinner's reeking,  
Which Celia slept at least a week in ?  
A pair of tweezers next he found, 55  
To pluck her brows in arches round,  
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,  
Or on her chin like bristles grow.  
The virtues we must not let pass  
Of Celia's magnifying glass : 60  
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,  
It shew'd the visage of a giant ;  
A glass that can to sight disclose  
The smallest worm in Celia's nose,  
And faithfully direct her nail 65  
To squeeze it out from head to tail ;  
For catch it nicely by the head,  
It must come out alive or dead.  
Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest ?  
And must you needs describe the chest ? 70  
That careless wench ! No creature warn her  
To move it out from yonder corner,

But leave it standing full in sight,  
 For you to exercise your spight ?  
 In vain the workman shew'd his wit, 75  
 With rings and hinges counterfeit,  
 To make it seem, in this disguise,  
 A cabinet to vulgar eyes,  
 Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,  
 Resolv'd to go thro' thick and thin : 80  
 He lifts the lid ; there needs no more ;  
 He smelt it all the time before.

As from within Pandora's box,  
 When Epimetheus op'd the locks,  
 A sudden universal crew 85  
 Of human evils upward flew,  
 He still was comforted to find  
 That Hope at last remain'd behind ;  
 So Strephon lifting up the lid,  
 To view what in the chest was hid, 90  
 The vapours flew from out the vent ;  
 But Strephon, cautious, never meant  
 The bottom of the pan to grope,  
 And foul his hands in search of Hope.

Oh ! ne'er may such a vile machine 95  
 Be once in Celia's chamber seen !  
 Oh ! may she better learn to keep  
 Those secrets of the hoary deep !

As mutton cutlets, prime of meat,  
 Which tho' with art you salt and beat 100  
 As laws of cookery require,  
 And roast them at the clearest fire,

If, from adown the hopeful chops  
 The fat upon a cinder drops,  
 To stinking smoke it turns the flame, 105  
 Pois'ning the flesh from whence it came,  
 And up exhales a greasy stench,  
 For which you curse the careless wench;  
 So things which must not be exprest,  
 When plumpt into the reeking chest, 110  
 Send up an excremental smell,  
 'To taint the parts from whence they fell,  
 The petticoats and gown perfume,  
 And waft a stink round ev'ry room.

Thus finishing his grand survey, 115  
 The swain, disgusted, slunk away,  
 Repeating in his am'rous fits,  
 "Oh! Celia, Celia Celia sh——!"

• But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,  
 Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping: 120  
 His foul imagination links,  
 Each dame he sees with all her stinks;  
 And if unsav'ry odours fly,  
 Conceives a lady standing by.  
 All women his description fits, 125  
 And both ideas jump like wits,  
 By vicious fancy coupled fast,  
 And still appearing in contrast.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind  
 To all the charms of woman-kind. 130  
 Should I the Queen of Love refuse,  
 Because she rose from stinking ooze?

To him that looks behind the scene  
 Statira's but some pocky queen.  
 When Celia all her glory shows, 135  
 If Strephon would but stop his nose,  
 Who now so impiously blasphemes  
 Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,  
 Her washes, slops, and every clout,  
 With which he makes so foul a rout, 140  
 He soon will learn to think like me,  
 And bless his ravish'd eyes to see  
 Such order from confusion sprung;  
 Such gaudy tulips rais'd from dung. 144

## AN ANSWER

### TO DOCTOR DELANY'S FABLE.

OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

*Written in the year 1730.*

IN ancient times the wise were able  
 In proper terms to write a fable;  
 Their tales would always justly suit  
 The characters of ev'ry brute;  
 The ass was dull, the lion brave, 5  
 The stag was swift, the fox a knave;  
 The daw a thief, the ape a droll,  
 The hound would scent, the wolf would proul;  
 A pigeon would, if shown by Æsop,  
 Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up. 10

Far otherwise a great divine  
Has learn'd his Fables to refine;  
He jumbles men and birds together,  
As if they all were of a feather:  
You see him, first the Peacock bring, 15  
Against all rules, to be a king;  
That in his tail he wore his eyes,  
By which he grew both rich and wise.  
Now, pray, observe the Doctor's choice,  
A Peacock chose for flight and voice! 20  
Did ever mortal see a Peacock  
Attempt a flight above a haycock?  
And for his singing, Doctor, you know  
Himself complain'd of it to Juno.  
He squalls in such a hellish noise, 25  
It frightens all the village boys.  
This Peacock kept a standing force  
In regiments of foot and horse;  
Had statesmen too of ev'ry kind,  
Who waited on his eyes behind; 30  
(And this was thought the highest post,  
For rule the rump you rule the roast.)  
The Doctor names but one at present,  
And he of all birds was a Pheasant.  
This Pheasant was a man of wit, 35  
Could read all books were ever writ,  
And when among companions privy,  
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.  
Birds, as he says, and I allow,  
Were scholars then, as we are now, 40

Could read all volumes up to folios,  
And feed on fricassees and olios.  
This Pheasant, by the Peacock's will,  
Was viceroy of a neighb'ring hill,  
And as he wander'd in his park, 45  
He chanc'd to spy a clergy Lark,  
Was taken with his person outward,  
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d;  
Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,  
And in his palace fed and taught him. 50  
The moral of the tale is pleasant,  
Himself the Lark, my Lord the Pheasant:  
A Lark he is, and such a Lark  
As never came from Noah's ark;  
And tho' he had no other notion 55  
But building, planning, and devotion;  
Tho' 'tis a maxim you must know,  
Who does no ill can have no foe;  
Yet how shall I express in words  
The strange stupidity of birds? 60  
This Lark was hated in the wood,  
Because he did his brethren good.  
At last the Nightingale comes in,  
To hold the Doctor by the chin;  
We all can find out whom he means, 65  
The worst of disaffected Deans,  
Whose wit at best was next to none,  
And now that little next is gone;  
Against the court is always blabbing,  
And calls the Senate-house a Cabbin; 70

So dull, that but for spleen and spite  
 We ne'er should know that he could write;  
 Who thinks the nation always err'd,  
 Because himself is not preferr'd;  
 His heart is thro' his Libel \* seen, 75  
 Nor could his malice spare the Q—n,  
 Who, had she known his vile behaviour,  
 Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.  
 A noble Lord † hath told his pranks,  
 And well deserves the nation's thanks. 80  
 O would the Senate deign to show  
 Resentment on this public foe!  
 Our Nightingale might fit a cage,  
 There let him starve, and vent his rage;  
 Or would they but in fetters bind 85  
 This enemy of human-kind.  
 Harmonious Coffee ‡ ! shew thy zeal,  
 Thou champion for the common-weal!  
 Nor on a theme like this repine  
 For once to wet thy pen divine; 90  
 Bestow that libeller a lash,  
 Who daily vends seditious trash;  
 Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,  
 But in the praise of virtue is dumb:  
 That scribbler lash, who neither knows 95  
 The turn of verse nor style of prose;

\* Vide a Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret.

† Lord Allen, the same who is meant by Traulus.

‡ A Dublin Garetteer.

Whose malice, for the worst of ends,  
 Would have us lose our English friends;  
 Who never had one public thought,  
 Nor ever gave the poor a groat. 100  
 One clincher more and I have done,  
 I end my labours with a pun.  
 Jove send this Nightingale may fall,  
 Who spends his day and night in gall.  
 So Nightingale and Lark, adieu! 105 }  
 I see the greatest owls in you  
 That ever screecht or ever flew. 107 }

## THE POWER OF TIME.

*Written in the year 1730.*

If neither brass nor marble can withstand  
 The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;  
 If mountains sink to vales, if cities die, 3  
 And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry;  
 When my old cassoc (said a Welsh divine)  
 Is out at elbows, why should I repine? 6

## THE

## REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL.

*Written in the year 1730.*

FROM distant regions Fortune sends  
 An odd triumvirate of friends;



Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,  
 Where never yet a codling ripen'd,  
 Hither the frantic goddess draws  
 Three suff'ers in a ruin'd cause :  
 By faction banis'd, here unite  
 A Dean \*, a Spaniard † and a knight ‡ ;  
 Unite, but on conditions cruel,  
 The Dean and Spaniard find it too well :  
 Gondemn'd to live in service hard,  
 On either side his Honour's guard :  
 The Dean, to guard his Honour's back,  
 Must build a castle at Drumlack || ;  
 The Spaniard, sore against his will,  
 Must raise a fort at Market-hill ;  
 And thus the pair of humble gentry  
 At north and south are posted centry,  
 While in his lordly castle fixt  
 The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt,  
 And what the wretches most resent,  
 To be his slaves must pay him rent ;  
 Attend him daily as their chief,  
 Decant his wine, and carve his beef.  
 Oh, Fortune ! 'tis a scandal for thee  
 To smile on those who are least worthy :

\* The Author.

† Col. Harry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheson.

|| The Irish name of a farm the Dean took, and was to build on, but changed his mind. He called it Drapier's Hill. *Vide* the poem so called.

Weigh but the merits of the three,  
His slaves have ten times more than he.

Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia!

The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye : 30  
Of their two fames the world enough rings ;  
Where are thy services and suff'rings ?

What if for nothing once you kist,  
Against the grain, a monarch's fist ?  
What if among the courtly tribe 35  
You lost a p'ce and sav'd a bribe ?

And then in surly mood came here  
To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,  
And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd ?  
You never ventur'd to be hang'd. 40

How dare you treat your betters thus ?  
Are you to be compar'd with us ?

Come, Spaniard ! let us from our farms  
Call forth our cottagers to arms ;  
Our forces let us both unite, 45  
Attack the foe at left and right.

From Market-Hill's exalted head,  
Full northward let your troops be led ;  
While I from Drapier's Mount descend,  
And to the south my squadrons bend. 50

New-river Walk, with friendly shade,  
Shall keep my host in ambuscade,  
While you, from where the bason stands,  
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.

Nor need we doubt the fort to win ; 55  
I hold intelligence within.

True, Lady Anne no danger fears,  
Brave as the Upton fan she wears;  
Then, lest upon our first attack  
Her valiant arm should force us back, 60  
And we of all our hopes depriv'd,  
I have a stratagem contriv'd:  
By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes  
She shall be caught, as in a noose;  
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch, 65  
She'll not have pow'r to stir an inch:  
These gaudy shoes must Hannah \* place  
Direct before her Lady's face;  
The shoes put on, our faithful portress  
Admits us in to storm the fortress, 70  
While tortur'd Madam bound remains,  
Like Montezume in golden chains;  
Or like a cat with walnuts shod,  
Stumbling at ev'ry step she trod.  
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle, 75  
To catch a monkey by a wile  
The mimic animal amuse;  
They place before him gloves and shoes,  
Which, when the brute puts awkward on,  
All his agility is gone: 80  
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;  
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.  
But let us on our first assault  
Secure the larder and the vault.

\* My Lady's waiting-maid.

The valiant Dennis \* you must fix on, 85  
 And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon † ;  
 Then if we once can seize the key,  
 And chest that keeps my Lady's tea,  
 They must surrender at discretion !  
 And soon as we have gain'd possession 90  
 We'll act as other conqu'rors do,  
 Divide the realm between us two.  
 Then (let me see) we'll make the Knight  
 Our clerk, for he can read and write ;  
 But must not think, I tell him that, 95  
 Like Lorimer ‡, to wear his hat :  
 Yet, when we dine without a friend,  
 We'll place him at the lower end.  
 Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,  
 May serve to wait on Mrs Leslie ; 100  
 But lest it might not be so proper  
 That her own maid should overtop her,  
 To mortify the creature more,  
 We'll take her heels five inches low'r.  
 For Hannah, when we have no need of her, 105  
 'Twill be our int'rest to get rid of her ;  
 And when we execute our plot,  
 'Tis best to hang her on the spot ;  
 As all your politicians wise  
 Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise. 110

\* The butler.

† The house-keeper.

‡ The agent.

## TRAULUS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN.

THE FIRST PART.

*Written in the year 1730.*

TOM.

SAY, Robin, what can Traulus mean  
By bell'wing thus against the Dean?  
Why does he call him paltry Scribbler,  
Papist, and Jacobite, and Libeller?  
Yet cannot prove a single fact.

ROBIN. Forgive him, Tom, his head is crackt:

TOM. What mischief can the Dean have done him,  
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?  
Why must he sputter, spawl, and slaver it,  
In vain against the people's fav'rite?  
Reville that nation-saving paper,  
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?

ROBIN. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;  
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.

TOM. Such friendship never man profess'd,  
The Dean was never so caress'd;  
For Traulus long his rancour nurst,  
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.  
That clumsy outside of a porter,  
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

ROBIN. I own appearances are bad,  
Yet still insist the man is mad.

TOM. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows  
How to distinguish friends from foes ;  
And tho' perhaps among the rout  
He wildly flings his filth about,  
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,  
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence,  
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,  
But turns aside, like mad Ulysses,  
While Traulus all his ordure scatters,  
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.  
Whence come these inconsistent fits ?

ROBIN. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.

TOM. Agreed ; and yet when Towzer snaps  
At people's heels with frothy chaps,  
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,  
To say he's mad will not avail :  
The neighbours all cry, " Shoot him dead ;  
" Hang, drown, or knock him on the head ! "   
So Traulus, when he first harangu'd,  
I wonder why he was not hang'd ;  
For of the two, without dispute,  
Towzer's the less offensive brute.

ROBIN. Tom, you mistake the matter quite ;  
Your barking curs will seldom bite ;  
And tho' you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,  
He barks as fast as he can utter.  
He prates in spite of all impediment,  
While none believes that what he said he meant ;

Puts in his finger and his thumb  
To grope for words, and out they come.  
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,  
He fawns upon you in a minute:  
Begg leave to rail, but, d——n his blood, 55  
He only meant it for your good:  
His friendship was exalt'dy tim'd,  
He shot before your foes were prim'd.  
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,  
By G—— I'll bring you off as clean—— 60  
Then let him use you ere so rough,  
'Twas all for love, and that's enough.  
But tho' he sputter thro' a session,  
It never makes the least impression:  
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes, 65  
With no effect on friends or foes.

TOM. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack  
Can set the mastiff on your back.  
I own his madness is a jest,  
If that were all; but he's possest, 70  
Incarnate with a thousand imps,  
To work whose ends his madness pimps,  
Who o'er each string and wire preside,  
Fill ev'ry pipe, each motion guide,  
Directing ev'ry vice we find 75  
In Scripture to the devil assign'd;  
Sent from the dark infernal region,  
In him they lodge, and make him Legion.  
Of brethren he's a false accuser,  
A sland'rer, traitor, and seducer; 80

PAGE NO-22,23 MISSING IN ORIGINAL



Hence the mean and sordid soul,  
 Like his body, rank and foul ;  
 Hence that wild suspicious peep,  
 Like a rogue that steals a sheep ;  
 Hence he learn'd the butcher's gait,  
 How to cut your throat and smile ;  
 Like a butcher doom'd for life  
 In his mouth to wear his knife ;  
 Hence he draws his daily food  
 From his tenants' vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be try'd  
 Borrow'd from the mason's side.  
 Some perhaps may think him able  
 In the state to build a Babel,  
 Could we place him in a station  
 To destroy the old foundation.  
 True, indeed, I should be gladder  
 Could he learn to mount a ladder.  
 May he at his latter-end  
 Mount alive, and dead descend !

In him tell me which prevail,  
 Female vices most, or male ?  
 What produc'd him can you tell ?  
 Human race, or imps of hell ?

## TO BETTY THE GRIZETTE.

*Written in the year 1730.*

QUEEN of Wit and beauty, Betty !  
 Never may the Muse forget ye :

How thy face charms ev'ry shepherd,  
Spotted over, like a leopard !  
And thy freckled neck display'd, 5  
Envy breeds in ev'ry maid,  
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,  
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,  
Or a tawny speckled pippin  
Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping. 10  
And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,  
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.  
Sets of phrases, cut and dry,  
Evermore thy tongue supply ;  
And thy memory is loaded 15  
With old scraps from plays exploded ;  
Stock'd with repartees and jokes  
Suited to all christian folks ;  
Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,  
Blunder'd out a thousand times. 20  
Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,  
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing,  
Picking wit among collegians,  
In the playhouse' upper regions,  
Where, in eighteen-penny gall'ry, 25  
Irish nymphs learn Iris ra'll'ry :  
But thy merit is thy failing,  
And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endu'd  
To be scurrilous and rude, 30  
When you pertly raise your snout,  
Fleer and gibe, and laugh, and flout,

This among Hibernian asses  
 For sheer wit and humour passes :  
 Thus indulgent Chloe bit,  
 Swears you have a world of wit.

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## • DEATH AND DAPHNE.

*To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean.*

*Written in the year 1730.*

DEATH went, upon a solemn day,  
 At Pluto's hall his court to pay :  
 The phantom, having humbly kist  
 His grisly monarch's sooty fist,  
 Presented him the weekly bills  
 Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.  
 Pluto observing, since the peace,  
 The burial-article decrease,  
 And vex'd to see affairs miscarry,  
 Declar'd in council Death must marry ;  
 Vow'd he no longer could support  
 Old bachelors about his court ;  
 The int'rest of his realm had need  
 That death should get a num'rous breed ;  
 Young Deathlings, who, by practice made  
 Proficient in their father's trade,  
 With colonies might stock around  
 His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquettes below,  
 Was call'd to rig him out a beau.

20

From her own head Megara takes  
A periwig of twisted snakes,  
Which in the nicest fashions curl'd,  
(Like toupées of this upper world)  
With flour of sulphur powder'd well, 25  
That graceful on his shoulders fell,  
An adder of the sable kind,  
In line direct hung down behind;  
The owl, the raven, and the bat,  
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat; 30  
His coat an us'rer's velvet pall,  
Bequeathed to Pluto corpse and all;  
But, loath his person to expose,  
Bare, like a carcass pick'd by crows;  
A lawyer o'er his hands and face 35  
Stuck artfully a parchment case;  
No new-flux'd rake shew'd fairer skin,  
Nor Phillis after lying in.  
With snuff was fill'd his ebon box,  
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox; 40  
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops  
With aconite anoint his chops,  
And give him words of dreadful sounds,  
G—d d—n his blood, and b—d and w—ds.  
Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train 45  
To take a house in Warwick-Lane:  
The Faculty, his humble friends,  
A complimentary message sends;  
Their president in scarlet gown  
Harangu'd and welcom'd him to Town. 50

But Death had bus'ness to dispatch;  
His mind was running on his match;  
And hearing much of Daphne's fame,  
His Majesty of Terrors came,  
Fine as a col'fel of the Guards, 55  
To visit where she sat at cards.  
She, as he came into the room,  
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.  
And now her heart with pleasure jumps,  
She scarce remembers what is trumps; 60  
For such a shape of skin and bone  
Was never seen except her own :  
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,  
Her pocket-glass<sup>d</sup> drew sliely out,  
And grew enamour'd with her phiz, 65  
As just the counter part of his.  
She darted many a private glance,  
And freely made the first advance ;  
Was of her beauty grown so vain,  
She doubted not to win the swain; 70  
Nothing, she thought, could sooner gain him,  
Than with her wit to entertain him.  
She ask'd about her friends below,  
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau ;  
Whether some late-departed toasts 75  
Had got gallants among the ghosts ?  
If Chloe were a sharper still,  
As great as ever, at Quadrille ?  
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,  
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books.) 80

If Florimel had found her love,  
 For whom she hang'd herself above ?  
 How oft' a-week was kept a ball  
 By Proserpine at Pluto's hall ?  
 She fancied those Elysian shades 85  
 The sweetest place for masquerades.  
 How pleasant on the banks of Styx  
 To troll it in a coach and six !  
 \* What pride a female heart inflames !  
 How endless are Ambition's aims ! 90  
 Cease, haughty Nymph ! the Fates decree  
 Death must not be a spouse for thee ;  
 For when by chance the meagre shade  
 Upon thy hand his finger laid,  
 Thy hand, as dry and cold as lead, 95  
 His matrimonial spirit fled ;  
 He felt about his heart a damp,  
 That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp ;  
 Away the frightened spectre scuds,  
 And leaves my Lady in the suds. 100

## A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH\*.

*Written in the year 1730.*

RESOLV'D my gratitude to show,  
 Thrice Rev'rend Dean ! for all I owe,

\* The lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.

Too long I have my thanks delay'd,  
Your favours left too long unpaid;  
But now in all our sex's name  
My artless Muse shall sing your fame. 5

Indulgent you to female kind,  
To all, their weaker sides are blind;  
Nine more such champions as the Dean  
Would soon restore our ancient reign. 80

How well to win the ladies' hearts  
You celebrate their wit and parts!  
How have I felt my spirits rais'd,  
By you so oft', so highly prais'd!

Transform'd by your convincing tongue, 15  
To witty, beautiful, and young,  
I hope to quit that awkward shame  
Affected by each vulgar dame,

To modesty a weak pretence,  
And soon grow pert on men of sense; 20  
To shew my face with scornful air,  
Let others match it if they dare.

Impatient to be out of debt,  
O! may I never once forget  
The bard who humbly deigns to chuse 25  
Me for the subject of his Muse  
Behind my back, before my nose,  
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.

My heart with emulation burns  
To make you suitable returns: 30  
My gratitude the world shall know:  
And see, the printer's boy below;

Ye Hawkers all! your voices lift;

"A Panegyric on Dean Swift:"

And then, to mend the matter still,

"By Lady Anne of Market-hill\*."

I thus begin: "My grateful Muse

Salutes the Dean in diff'rent views;

Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;

Robert and Darby's † coadjutor;

And as you in commission sit,

To rule the dairy next to Kit ‡.

In each capacity I mean

To sing your praise. And, first, as Dean,

Envy must own you understand your

Precedence, and support your grandeur,

Nor of your rank will bate an ace,

Except to give Dean Daniel place.

In such dignity appears,

So suited to your state and years!

With ladies what a strict decorum!

With what devotion you adore 'em

Treat me with so much complaisance,

As fits a princess in romance!

By your example and assistance

The fellows learn to know their distance.

Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,

No longer calls me Snipe and Slatern;

\* A village near Sir Arthur Acheson's house, where the Author passed two summers.

† The names of two overseers.

‡ My Lady's footman.



Nor dares he, tho' he were a duke,  
Offend me with the least rebuke. 60

Proceed we to your preaching \* next ;  
How nice you split the hardest text !  
How your superior learning shines  
Above our neighb'ring dull divines !  
At Beggar's Opera † not so full pit 65  
Is seen as when you mount our pulpit,

Consider now your conversation.  
Regardful of your age and station,  
You ne'er was known, by passion stirr'd,  
To give the least offensive word, 70  
But still, whene'er you silence break,  
Watch ev'ry syllable you speak :  
Your style so clear, and so concise,  
We never ask to hear you twice.  
But then, a parson so genteel, 75  
So nicely clad from head to heel ;  
So fine a gown, a band so clean,  
As well become St. Patrick's Dean ;  
Such reverential awe express,  
That cow-boys know you by your dress ! 80  
Then if our neighb'ring friends come here,  
How proud are we when you appear,  
With such address and graceful port,  
As clearly shews you bred at court !

\* The Author preached but once while he was there.

† A play written by Mr. Gay.

Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,

85

I lead you to a nobler scene.

When to the vault you walk in state,

In quality of butler's \* mate,

You next to Dennis † bear the sway ;

To you we often trust the key ;

90

Nor can he judge with all his art

So well what bottle holds a quart,

What pints may best for bottles pass,

Just to give ev'ry man his glass ;

When proper to produce the best,

95

And what may serve a common guest.

With Dennis you did ne'er combinè,

Not you, to steal your master's wine,

Except a bottle now and then,

To welcome brother serving-men ;

100

But that is with a good design,

To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine ;

Your master's honour to maintain,

And get the like returns again.

Your usher's ‡ post must next be handled.

105

How bless'd am I by such a man led !

Under whose wise and careful guardship

I now despise fatigue and hardship :

Familiar grown to dirt and wet,

Tho' draggled round I scorn to fret.

110

\* He sometimes used to direct the butler.

† The butler.

‡ He sometimes used to walk with the Lady.

From you my chamber-damsels learn  
My broken hose to patch and darn.

Now as a jester I accost you,  
Which never yet one friend has lost you.  
You judge so nicely to a hair  
How far to go, and when to spare;  
By long experience grown so wise,  
Of ev'ry taste to know the size,  
There's none so ignorant or weak  
To take offence at what you speak\*,  
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case,  
Whether with Dermot or his Grace;  
With Teague O'Murphy or an earl,  
A duchess or a kitchen-girl.  
With such dexterity you fit  
Their sev'ral talents with your wit,  
That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,  
And Gahagan † take ev'ry joke.

I now become your humble suitor,  
To let me praise you as my tutor ‡.  
Poor I! a savage bred and born,  
By you instructed ev'ry morn,  
Already have improv'd so well,  
That I have almost learn'd to spell.

\* The neighbouring ladies were no great understanders of raillery.

† The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market hill. See the poem.

‡ In bad weather the Author used to direct my Lady in her reading.

The neighbours who come here to dine 135  
Admire to hear me speak so fine.

How enviously the ladies look,  
When they surprise me at my book !  
And, sure as ~~they~~'re alive at night,  
As soon as gone, will show their spite. 140

"Good Lord ! what can my Lady mean,  
"Conversing with that rusty Dean !

"She's grown so nice, and so penurious\*,  
"With Socrates and Epicurius.  
"How could she sit the live-long day, 145  
"Yet never ask us once to play?"

But I admire your patience most,  
That when I'm duller than a post,  
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,  
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce ; 150  
Are so indulgent and so mild,  
As if I were a darling child.

So gentle is your whole proceeding,  
That I could spend my life in reading.

You merit new employments daily, 155  
Our thatcher, ditcher, gard'ner, baily ;  
And to a genius so extensive  
No work is grievous or offensive ;  
Whether your fruitful fancy lies  
To make for pigs convenient styes, 160  
Or ponder long, with anxious thought,  
To banish rats that haunt our vault :

\* Ignorant ladies often mistake the word *penurious* for nice and dainty.

Nor have you grumbled, Rev'rend Dean,  
To keep our poultry sweet and clean ;  
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in, 165  
And cure the rank unsav'ry smelling.

Now enter as the dairy handmaid !  
Suck charming butter \* never man made.  
Let others, with fanatic face,  
Talk of their milk for babes of grace, 170  
From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter,  
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.  
The bishop with his foot may burn it †,  
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.  
How are the servants overjoy'd 175  
To see thy Deanship thus employ'd !  
Instead of poring on a book,  
Providing butter for the cook !  
Three morning-hours you toss and shake  
The bottle till your fingers ache : 180  
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,  
The butter from the whey to part ;  
Behold a frothy substance rise !  
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.  
The butter comes, our fears are ceast, 185  
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.

\* A way of making butter for breakfast, by putting cream into a bottle, and shaking it till the butter comes.

† It is a common saying, when the milk burns, that the devil, or the bishop, has set his foot in it, the devil having been called Bishop of hell.

Your Rev'rence thus, with like success,  
(Nor is your skill or labour less)  
When bent upon some smart lampoon,  
Will toss and turn your brain till noon, 190  
Which in its jumbblings round the skull  
Dilates, and makes the vessel full;  
While nothing comes but froth at first,  
You think your giddy head will burst;  
But squeezing out four lines in rhyme, 195  
Are largely paid for all your time.

But you have rais'd your gen'rous mind  
To works of more exalted kind.  
Palladio was not half so skill'd in  
The grandeur or the art of building, 200  
Two temples of magnific size  
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,  
That might be envy'd by the Greeks,  
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks.  
Here gentle goddess Cloacine 205  
Receives all offerings at her shrine;  
In sep'rate cells the hees and shees  
Here pay their vows with bended knees;  
For 'tis profane when sexes mingle;  
And ev'ry nymph must enter single, 210  
And when she feels an inward motion,  
Come fill'd with rev'rence and devotion.  
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,  
Shall creep no more behind a bush;  
Here unobserv'd she boldly goes, 215  
As who should say, to pluck a rose.

Ye who frequent this hallow'd scene,  
Be not ungrateful to the Dean,  
But duly, ere you leave your station,  
Offer to him a pure libation,  
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,  
Or blisset-doux, or lock of hay:  
And, O! may all who hither come  
Return with unpolluted thumb.

Yet when your lofty domes I praise,  
I sigh to think of ancient days.  
Permit me then to raise my style,  
And sweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine!  
To temples why do we confine?  
Forbid in open air to breathe,  
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?

When Saturn rul'd the skies alone,  
(That Golden Age to gold unknown)  
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,  
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind:  
Ten thousand altars, smoking round,  
Were built to thee, with off'rings crown'd;  
And here thy daily vot'ries plac'd  
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:  
The margin of a purling stream  
Sent up to thee a grateful steam;  
(Tho' sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink  
If Naiads swept them from the brink)  
Or where appointing lovers rove,  
The shelter of a shady grove;

Or offer'd in some flow'ry vale,  
Were wafted by a gentle gale.  
There many a flow'r abstersive grew,  
Thy fav'rite flow'rs of yellow hue ! 250  
The crocus and the daffodil,  
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.

But when at last usurping Jove  
Old Saturn from his empire drove,  
Then Gluttony with greasy paws 255  
Her napkin pin'd up to her jaws,  
With wat'ry chaps, and wagging chin,  
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin ;  
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,  
And on her plate a treble share, 260  
As if she ne'er could have enough,  
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.  
She sent her priest in wooden shoes  
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos ;  
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese, 265  
To dress their soups and fricasees ;  
And, for our home-bred British cheer,  
Botargo, catsup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,  
Confin'd thee, Goddess ! to a cell ; 270  
Sprung from her womb that impious line,  
Contemners of thy rites divine.  
First lolling Sloth, in woollen cap,  
Taking her after-dinner nap ;  
Pale Dropsy, with a sallow face, 275  
Her belly burst, and slow her pace ;



And lordly Gout, wrapt up in fur;  
And wheezing Asthma, loath to stir;  
Voluptuous Ease, the child of Wealth,  
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth: 280  
None seek thee now in open air;  
To thee no verdant altars rear;  
But in their cells and vaults obscene  
Present a sacrifice unclean,  
From whence unsav'ry vapours rose, 285  
Offensive to thy nicer nose.

Ah! who, in our degen'rate days,  
As Nature prompts, his off'ring pays?  
Here Nature never diff'rence made  
Between the sceptre and the spade. 290

Ye great ones! why will ye disdain  
To pay your tribute on the plain?  
Why will you place, in lazy pride,  
Your altars near your couches' side?  
When from the homeliest earthen ware 295  
Are sent up off'rings more sincere,  
Than where the haughty duchess locks  
Her silver vase in cedar-box.

Yet some devotion still remains  
Among our harmless northern swains, 300  
Whose off'rings, plac'd in golden ranks,  
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks,  
Nor seldom grace the flow'ry downs  
With spiral tops and copple crowns;  
Or gilding in a sunny morn 305  
The humble branches of a thorn;

So, poets sing, with golden bough  
The Trojan hero paid his vow.

Hither by luckless error led,  
The crude consistence oft' I tread; 310  
Here, when my shoes are out of case,  
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;  
Here by the sacred bramble ting'd,  
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.

Be witness for me, Nymph divine! 315  
I never robb'd thee with design;  
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout  
To wash thy injur'd off'rings out.

But stop, ambitious Muse! in time,  
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime, 320  
In vain on lofty heels I tread,  
Aspiring to exalt my head;  
With hoop expanded wide and light  
In vain I tempt too high a flight.

Me Phoebus in a midnight dream 325  
Accosting, said, Go shake your cream.  
Be humbly minded, know your post;  
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.  
Thee best befits a lowly style;  
Teach Dennis how to stir the guile; 330  
With Peggy Dixon thoughtful sit,  
Contriving for the pot and spit:  
Take down thy proudly-swelling sails,  
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:  
At nicely carving shew thy wit, 335  
But ne'er presume to eat a bit:

Turn every way thy watchful eye,  
 And ev'ry guest be sure to ply:  
 Let never at your board be known  
 An empty plate except your own. 340  
 Be these thy arts, nor higher aim  
 Than what befits a rural dame.

But Cloacina, goddess bright,  
 Sleek — claims her as his right;  
 And Smedley\*, flow'r of all divines,  
 Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines. 346

## VERSES

### ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

Occasioned by reading the following

MAXIM IN ROCHÉFOUCAULT :

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons  
 toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas.*

“ In the adversity of our best friends we always find  
 “ something that doth not displease us.”

*Written in Nov. 1731.*

As Rochefoucault his Maxims drew  
 From Nature, I believe them true;

\* A very stupid, insolent, factious, deformed, conceited parson, a vile pretender to poetry, preferred by the Duke of Grafton for his wit.

They argue no corrupted mind  
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest  
Is thought too base for human breast,  
"In all distresses of our friends  
"We first consult our private ends,  
"While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,  
"Points out some circumstance to please us." 10

If this perhaps your patience move,  
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes  
Our equal rais'd above our size.  
Who would not at a crowded show  
Stand high himself, keep others low? 15  
I love my friend as well as you,  
But why should he obstruct my view?  
Then let me have the higher post,  
Suppose it but an inch at most. 20

If in a battle you should find  
One whom you love of all mankind  
Had some heroic action done,  
A champion kill'd, or trophy won,  
Rather than thus be overtopp'd, 25  
Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd?  
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,  
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without;  
How patiently you hear him groan!  
How glad the case is not your own! 30

What poet would not grieve to see  
His brother write as well as he?

But rather than they should excel,  
Would wish his rivals all in hell?

Her end when Emulation misses,  
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses.  
The strongest friendship yields to pride,  
Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human-kind! fantastic race!  
Thy various follies who can trace?  
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,  
Their empire in our hearts divide.  
Give others riches, pow'r, and station,  
'Tis all on me an usurpation.

I have no title to aspire,  
Yet when you sink I seem the higher.  
In Pope I cannot read a line

But, with a sigh, I wish it mine;  
When he can in one couplet fix,  
More sense than I can do in six,  
It gives me such a jealous fit,  
I cry, Pox take him and his wit.  
I grieve to be outdone by Gay

In my own hum'rous biting way.  
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,  
Who dares to irony pretend,  
Which I was born to introduce,  
Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.

St. John, as well as Pultney, knows  
That I had some repute for prose,  
And till they drove me out of date,  
Could maul a minister of state.

If they have mortify'd my pride,  
And made me throw my pen aside,  
If with such talents Heav'n hath bless'd 'em, 65  
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune! send  
Thy gifts, but never to my friend;  
I tamely can endure the first,  
But this with envy makes me burst. 70

Thus much may serve by way of proem;  
Proceed we therefore to our Poem.

The time is not remote, when I  
Must by the course of Nature die;  
When, I foresee, my special friends 75  
Will try to find their private ends;  
And tho' 'tis hardly understood  
Which way my death can do them good,  
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak;  
"See how the Dean begins to break! 80  
"Poor Gentleman! he droops apace;  
"You plainly find it in his face:  
"That old vertigo in his head  
"Will never leave him till he's dead.  
"Besides, his memory decays; 85  
"He recollects not what he says;  
"He cannot call his friends to mind,  
"Forgets the place where last he din'd,  
"Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;  
"He told them fifty times before. 90  
"How does he fancy we can sit  
"To hear his out-of-fashion wit?

“ But ‘he takes up with younger folks,  
“ Who for his wine will bear his jokes.  
“ ‘Faith he must make his stories shorter, 95  
“ Or change his comrades once a-quarter :  
“ In half the time he talks them round ;  
“ There must another set be found.  
“ For poetry he’s past his prime ;  
“ He takes an hour to find a rhyme : 100  
“ His fire is out, his wit decay’d,  
“ His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.  
“ I’d have him throw away his pen ;—  
“ But there’s no talking to some men.”

And then their tenderness appears 105  
By adding largely to my years.  
“ He’s older than he would be reckon’d,  
“ And well remembers Charles the Second :  
“ He hardly drinks a pint of wine,  
“ And that, I doubt, is no good sign. 110  
“ His stomach, too, begins to fail :  
“ Last year we thought him strong and hale,  
“ But now he’s quite another thing ;  
“ I wish he may hold out till spring.”  
They hug themselves, and reason thus, 115  
It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes,  
And by their fears express their hopes.  
Some great misfortunes to portend,  
No enemy can match a friend. 120  
With all the kindness they profess,  
The merit of a lucky guess

(When daily How-d'ye's come of course,  
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")  
Would please them better than to tell 125  
That, God be prais'd! the Dean is well.  
Then he who prophesy'd the best  
Approves his foresight to the rest:  
"You know I always fear'd the worst,  
"And often told you so at first." 130  
He'd rather chuse that I should die  
Than his prediction prove a lie.  
Not one foretels I shall recover,  
But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain 135  
Just in the parts where I complain,  
How many a message would he send?  
What hearty prayers that I should mend?  
Inquire what regimen I kept,  
What gave me ease, and how I slept? 140  
And more lament when I was dead,  
Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good Companions! never fear,  
For tho' you may mistake a year,  
Tho' your prognostics run too fast, 145  
They must be verify'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!  
How is the Dean? He's just alive.  
Now the departing pray'r is read;  
He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead. 150

Before the passing-bell begun,  
The news thro' half the town is run.



- “ Oh ! may we all for death prepare !  
“ What has he left ? and who’s his heir ? ”  
“ I know no more than what the news is ; 155  
“ ’Tis all bequeath’d to public uses.”  
“ To public uses ! there’s a whim !  
“ What had the public done for him ?  
“ Mere envy, avarice, and pride ;  
“ He gave it all—But first he dy’d. 160  
“ And had the Dean in all the nation  
“ No worthy friend, no poor relation ?  
“ So ready to do strangers good,  
“ Forgetting his own flesh and blood ! ”  
Now Grubstreet wits are all employ’d ; 165  
With elegies the Town is cloy’d ;  
Some paragraph in ev’ry paper  
To curse the Dean or bless the Drapier.  
The Doctors, tender of their fame,  
Wisely on me lay all the blame. 170  
“ We must confess his case was nice,  
“ But he would never take advice :  
“ Had he been rul’d, for aught appears,  
“ He might have liv’d these twenty years,  
“ For when we open’d him, we found 175  
“ That all his vital parts were sound.”

From Dublin soon to London spread,  
’Tis told at court the Dean is dead,  
And Lady Suffolk in the spleen  
Runs laughing up to tell—— 180  
The \*\*\* so gracious, mild, and good,  
Gries, “ Is he gone ? ’tis time he should.

" He's dead, you say ; \*\*\* rot ;  
 " I'm glad the medals were forgot.  
 " I promis'd him, I own ; but when ? 185  
 " I only was the \*—\* then ;  
 " But now as consort of the \*\*\*  
 " You know 'tis quite a diff'rent thing."

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,  
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy : 190  
 " Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,  
 " (Cries Bob) I'm sorry for the news.  
 " Oh ! were the wretch but living still,  
 " And in his place my good friend Will !  
 " Or had a mitre on his head, 195  
 " Provided Bolingbroke were dead ?"

Now Curl his shop from rubbish drains :  
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains !  
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,  
 Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber. 200  
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,  
 Publish my will, my life, my letters ;  
 Revive the libels born to die,  
 Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent 205  
 How those I love my death lament.  
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay  
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear  
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear. 210  
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,  
 " I'm sorry—but we all must die !"

Indiff<sup>e</sup>rence, clad in Wisdom's guise,  
 All fortitude of mind supplies ;  
 For how can stony bowels melt  
 In those who never pity felt ?  
 When we are lash'd they kiss the rods,  
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,  
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear,  
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,  
 When death approach'd, to stand between ;  
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling ;  
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts  
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,  
 Receive the news in doleful dumps ;  
 " The Dean is dead, (pray, what is trumps ? )  
 " Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !  
 " ( Ladies, I'll venture for the vole. )  
 " Six deans, they say, must bear the pall,  
 " ( I wish I knew what king to call. )  
 " Madam, your husband will attend  
 " The fun'ral of so good a friend."  
 " No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight,  
 " And he's engag'd to-morrow night ;  
 " My Lady Club will take it ill  
 " If he should fail at her Quadrille.  
 " He lov'd the Dean—( I lead a heart )  
 " But dearest friends, they say, must part.  
 " His time was come ; he ran his race ;  
 " We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?  
No loss more easy to supply.  
One year is past; a diff'rent scene! 245  
No farther mention of the Dean,  
Who now, alas! is no more mist  
Than if he never did exist.  
Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo?  
Departed:—"and his Works must follow;" 250  
Must undergo the common fate;  
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country 'squire to Lintot goes,  
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.  
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name; 255  
"He dy'd a year ago." "The same."  
He searches all the shop in vain.  
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-Lane;  
"I sent them with a load of books,  
"Last Monday, to the pastry-cooks. 260  
"To fancy they could live a year!  
"I find you're but a stranger here.  
"The Dean was famous in his time,  
"And had a kind of knack at rhyme;  
"His way of writing now is past; 265  
"The town has got a better taste.  
"I keep no antiquated stuff,  
"But spick and span I have enough.  
"Pray do but give me leave to shew 'em:  
"Here's Colly Cibber's birth-day poem. 270  
"This ode you never yet have seen,  
"By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.

- " Then 'here's a letter finely penn'd  
 " Against the Craftsman and his friend ;  
 " It clearly shews that all reflection 275  
 " On ministers is disaffection.  
 " Next, here's Sir Robert's Vindication,  
 " And Mr. Henley's last oration :  
 " The hawkers have not got them yet :  
 " Your Honour please to have a set ? 280  
 " Here's Woolston's Tracts, the twelfth edition ;  
 " 'Tis read by ev'ry politician.  
 " The country-members, when in Town,  
 " To all their boroughs send them down ;  
 " You never met a thing so smart ; 285  
 " The courtiers have them all by heart ;  
 " Those maids of honour, who can read,  
 " Are taught to use them for their creed.  
 " The Rev'rend author's good intention  
 " Hath been rewarded with a pension : 290  
 " He doth an honour to his gown,  
 " By bravely running priestcraft down :  
 " He shews, as sure as God's in Gloc'ster,  
 " That —— was a grand impostor,  
 " That all his miracles were cheats, 295  
 " Perform'd as jugglers do their feats :  
 " The church had never such a writer ;  
 " A shame he hath not got a mitre !"  
 Suppose me dead, and then suppose  
 A club assembled at the Rose, 300  
 Where, from discourse of this and that,  
 I grow the subject of their chat,

And while they toss my name about,  
 With favour some, and some without,  
 One, quite indiff'rent in the cause,  
 My character impartial draws :

“ The Dean, if we believe report,  
 “ was never ill receiv'd at court :  
 “ Altho' ironically grave,  
 “ He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave :  
 “ To steal a hint was never known,  
 “ But what he writ was all his own.”

“ Sir, I have heard another story,  
 “ He was a most confounded Tory ;  
 “ And grew, or he is much bely'd,  
 “ Extremely dull before he dy'd.”

“ Can we the Drapier then forget ?  
 “ Is not our nation in his debt ?  
 “ 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters !”——

“ He should have left them for his betters ;  
 “ We had a hundred abler men,  
 “ Nor need depend upon his pen.——  
 “ Say what you will about his reading,  
 “ You never can defend his breeding,  
 “ Who in his satires running riot,  
 “ Could never leave the world in quiet,  
 “ Attacking, when he took the whim,  
 “ Court, city, camp,—all one to him.—

“ But why would he, except he slobber'd,  
 “ Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert ?  
 “ Whose counsels aid the sov'reign pow'r  
 “ To save the nation ev'ry hour ?

- “ What scenes of evil he unravels  
“ In satires, libels, lying travels !  
“ Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,  
“ But eats into it like a moth !” ——— 335  
“ 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 : 340  
“ Yet malice never was his aim ;  
“ He lash’d the vice, but spar’d the name :  
“ No individual could resent,  
“ Where thousands equally were meant;  
“ His satire points at no defect 345  
“ But what all mortals may correct ;  
“ For he abhorr’d that senseless tribe  
“ Who call it humour when they gibe.  
“ He spar’d a hump or crooked nose,  
“ Whose owners set not up for beaux : 350  
“ True genuine dulness mov’d his pity,  
“ Unless it offer’d to be witty.  
“ Those who their ignorance confess  
“ He ne’er offended with a jest ;  
“ But laugh’d to hear an idiot quote 355  
“ A verse from Horace learn’d by rote.  
“ Vice, if it e’er can be abash’d,  
“ Must be or ridicul’d or lash’d.  
“ If you resent it, who’s to blame ?  
“ He neither knew you nor your name. 360  
“ Should vice expect to ’scape rebuke,  
“ Because its owner is a duke ?

- " His friendships, still to few confin'd,  
 " Were always of the middling kind;  
 " No fools of rank, or mungrel breed, 365  
 " Who fain would pass for lords indeed,  
 " Where titles give no right or power,  
 " And peerage is a wither'd flower:  
 " He would have deem'd it a disgrace  
 " If such a wretch had known his face. 370  
 " On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,  
 " He vented oft' his wrath in vain;  
 " — squire's to market brought,  
 " Who sell their souls and — for nought;  
 " The — go joyful back 375  
 " To — the church, their tenants back,  
 " Go snacks with \*\*\*\*  
 " And keep the peace to pick up fees;  
 " In ev'ry job to have a share,  
 " A jail or t—np—e to repair, 380  
 " And turn the — for public roads  
 " Commodious to their own abodes.  
 " He never thought an honour done him,  
 " Because a peer was proud to own him;  
 " Would rather slip aside, and chuse, 385  
 " To talk with wits in dirty shoes;  
 " And scorn the tools with stars and garters,  
 " So often seen caressing Chartres.  
 " He never courted men in station,  
 " Nor persons held in admiration; 390  
 " Of no man's greatness was afraid,  
 " Because he sought for no man's aid.



- “ Tho’ trusted long in great affairs,  
“ He gave himself no haughty airs ;  
“ Without regarding private ends, 395  
“ Spent all his credit for his friends,  
“ And only chose the wise and good,  
“ No flatt’ers, no allies in blood ;  
“ But succour’d virtue in distress,  
“ And seldom fail’d of good success, 400  
“ As numbers in their hearts must own,  
“ Who but for him had been unknown.  
“ He kept with princes due decorum,  
“ Yet never stood in awe before ’em.  
“ He follow’d David’s lesson just, 405  
“ In princes never put his trust ;  
“ And, would you make him truly sour,  
“ Provoke him with a slave in power.  
“ The I—sh S——te if you nam’d,  
“ With what impatience he declaim’d ! 410  
“ Fair Liberty was all his cry ;  
“ For her he stood prepar’d to die ;  
“ For her he boldly stood alone ;  
“ For her he oft expos’d his own.  
“ Two kingdoms, just as faction led, 415  
“ Had set a price upon his head,  
“ But not a traitor could be found  
“ To sell him for six hundred pound.  
“ Had he but spar’d his tongue and pen,  
“ He might have rose like other men ; 420  
“ But pow’r was never in his thought,  
“ And wealth he valu’d not a groat.

“ Ingratitude he often found,  
“ And pity’d those who meant the wound,  
“ But kept the tenor of his mind 425  
“ To merit well of human-kind;  
“ Nor made a sacrifice of those  
“ Who still were true to please his foes.  
“ He labour’d many a fruitless hour  
“ To reconcile his friends in power; 430  
“ Saw mischief by a faction brewing,  
“ While they pursu’d each others’ ruin;  
“ But finding vain was all his care,  
“ He left the court in mere despair.  
“ And, oh ! how short are human schemes ! 435  
“ Here ended all our golden dreams.  
“ What St. John’s skill in state affairs,  
“ What Ormond’s valour, Oxford’s cares,  
“ To save their sinking country lent,  
“ Was all destroy’d by one event; 440  
“ Too soon that precious life was ended  
“ On which alone our weal depended.  
“ When up a dang’rous faction starts,  
“ With wrath and vengeance in their hearts,  
“ By Solemn League and Cov’nant bound, 445  
“ To ruin, slaughter, and confound;  
“ To turn religion to a fable,  
“ And make the government a Babel;  
“ Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,  
“ Corrupt the s——te, rob the c——; 450  
“ To sacrifice old E——d’s glory,  
“ And make her infamous in story.

“ When such a tempest shook the land,  
“ How could unguarded Virtue stand ?

“ With horror, grief, despair, the Dean

“ Beheld the dire destructive scene ;

“ His friends in exile, or the Tower,

“ Himself within the frown of Power ;

“ Pursu’d by base envenom’d pens,

“ Far to the land of S—— and fens,

“ A servile race, in folly nurst,

“ Who truckle most when treated worst.

“ By innocence and resolution

“ He bore continual persecution,

“ While numbers to preferment rose,

“ Whose merit were to be his foes ;

“ When ev’n his own familiar friends,

“ Intent upon their private ends,

“ Like renegadoes, now he feels,

“ Against him lifting up their heels.

“ The Dean did by his pen defeat

“ An infamous destructive cheat ;

“ Taught fools their int’rest how to know,

“ And gave them arms to ward the blow.

“ Envy hath own’d it was his doing,

“ To save that hapless land from ruin,

“ While they who at the steerage stood,

“ And reap’d the profit, sought his blood.

“ To save them from their evil fate

“ In him was held a crown of state.

“ A wicked monster on the bench,

“ Whose fury blood could never quench ;

- " As vile and profligate a villain  
" As modern Scroggs or old Tressilian ;  
" Who long all justice had discarded. 485  
" Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded,  
" Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,  
" And make him of his zeal repent ;  
" But Heav'n his innocence defends ;  
" The grateful people stand his friends : 490  
" Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,  
" Nor topics brought to please the c——,  
" Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,  
" Prevail to bring him in convict.  
" In exile with a steady heart 495  
" He spent his life's declining part,  
" Where folly, pride, and faction sway,  
" Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."  
" Alas, poor Dean ! his only scope  
" Was to be held a misanthrope ; 500  
" This into gen'ral odium drew him,  
" Which, if he lik'd, much good may't do him.  
" His zeal was not to lash our crimes,  
" But discontent against the times ;  
" For had we made him timely offers 505  
" To raise his post, or fill his coffers,  
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,  
" Like other brethren of his gown.  
" For party he would scarce have bled :—  
" I say no more—because he's dead— 510  
" What writings has he left behind ?—"  
" I hear they're of a diff'rent kind :

- " A few in verse ; but most in prose—"  
 " Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose,  
 " All scribbled in the worst of times, 515  
 " To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,  
 " To praise Queen Anne, nay, more, defend her,  
 " As never fav'ring the Pretender :—  
 " Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,  
 " Against the court to shew his spite. 520  
 " Perhaps his Travels, part the Third,  
 " A lie at ev'ry second word—  
 " Offensive to a loyal ear :—  
 " But—not one sermon, you may swear."  
 " He knew an hundred pleasant stories, 525  
 " With all the turns of Whigs and Tories ;  
 " Was cheerful to his dying day,  
 " And friends would let him have his way."  
 " As for his Works in verse or prose,  
 " I own myself no judge of those ; 530  
 " 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, 535  
 " The world must own it, to their shame,  
 " The praise is his, and theirs the blame.  
 " He gave the little wealth he had  
 " To build a house for fools and mad ;  
 " To shew, by one satiric touch, 540  
 " No nation wanted it so much.

“That kingdom he hath left his debtor,  
 “I wish it soon may have a better :  
 “And since you dread no further lashes,  
 “Methinks you may forgive his ashes.”

545

## CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY.

*Written in the year 1731.*

Two college sophs of Cambridge growth,  
 Both special wits, and lovers both,  
 Conferring as they us'd to meet  
 On love, and books, in rapture sweet,  
 (Muse, find me names to fit my metre,  
 Cassinus this, and t'other Peter) 5  
 Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,  
 To chat a while and warm his nose ;  
 But such a sight was never seen,  
 The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen : 10  
 He seem'd as just crept out of bed,  
 One greasy stocking round his head,  
 The other he sat down to darn  
 With threads of diff'rent-colour'd yarn ;  
 His breeches torn, exposing wide 15  
 A ragged shirt and tawny hide :  
 Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,  
 But well embrown'd with dirt and hair :  
 A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown ;  
 A rug—for nightgown he had none : 20

His jordan stood in manner fitting,  
Between his legs to spue or spite in ;  
His ancient Pipe, in sable dy'd,  
And half unsmok'd, lay by his side.

Him thus accoutred Peter found,  
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd,  
The leavings of his last night's pot  
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.

Why, Cassy ! thou wilt doze thy pate ;  
What makes thee lie a-bed so late ?

The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,  
Their mattins chant in ev'ry bush ;  
And I have heard thee oft' salute  
Aurora with thy early flute.

Heav'n send thou hast not got the hips !  
How ! not a word come from thy lips ?

Then gave him some familiar thumps—  
A college-joke to cure the dumps.

The swain at last, with grief oppress'd,  
Cry'd, " Celia ! " thrice, and sigh'd the rest.

" Dear Cassy ! tho' to ask I dread,  
" Yet ask I must—Is Celia dead ? "

" How happy I were that the worst !  
" But I was fated to be curst. "

" Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore ? "

" Oh, Peter, would it were no more ! "

" Why, plague confound her sandy locks ;  
" Say, has the small or greater pox

" Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face ?

" Be easy, 'tis a common case. "

25

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" O Peter ! beauty's but a varnish,  
 " Which time, and accident will tarnish ;  
 " But Celia has contriv'd to blast  
 " Those beauties that might ever last :  
 " Nor can imagination guess, 55  
 " Nor eloquence divine express,  
 " How that ungrateful charming maid  
 " My purest passion has betray'd.  
 " Conceive the most envenom'd dart  
 " To pierce an injur'd lover's heart." 60  
 " Why, hang her ! tho' she seem'd so coy,  
 " I know she loves the barber's boy."  
 " Friend Peter ! this I could excuse,  
 " For ev'ry nymph has leave to chuse ;  
 " Nor have I reason to complain 65  
 " She loves a more deserving swain :  
 " But, oh ! how ill hast thou divin'd  
 " A crime that shocks all human-kind ;  
 " A deed unknown to female race,  
 " At which the sun should hide his face ; 70  
 " Advice in vain you would apply——  
 " Then leave me to despair and die.  
 " Ye kind Arcadians ! on my urn  
 " These elegies and sonnets burn ;  
 " And on the marble grave these rhymes, 75  
 " A monument to after times ;  
 " Here Cassy lies, by Celia slain,  
 " And, dying, never told his pain.  
 " Vain empty world ! farewell. But, hark,  
 " The loud Cerberian triple bark. 80



“ And there——behold Alecto stand !  
“ A whip of scorpions in her hand.  
“ Lo ! Charon from his leaky wherry  
“ Beck’ning to waft me o’er the ferry.  
“ I come, I come,—Medusa ! see, 85  
“ Her serpents hiss direct at me.  
“ Begone ; unhand me, hellish fry :  
“ Avaunt !——ye cannot say ’tis I.”  
“ Dear Cassy ! thou must purge and bleed ;  
“ I fear thou wilt be mad indeed. 90  
“ But now, by friendship’s sacred laws,  
“ I here conjure thee tell the cause,  
“ And Celia’s horrid fact relate ;  
“ Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.”  
“ To force it out my heart must rend ; 95  
“ Yet when conjur’d by such a friend—  
“ Think, Peter, how my soul it rackt !  
“ These eyes, these eyes beheld the fact.  
“ Now bend thine ear, since out it must,  
“ But when thou seest me laid in dust, 100  
“ The secret thou shalt ne’er impart,  
“ Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart ;  
“ (How would her virgin-soul bemoan  
“ A crime to all her sex unknown !)  
“ Nor whisper to the tattling reeds 105  
“ The blackest of all female deeds ;  
“ Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,  
“ Where Echo sits, and list’ning mocks ;  
“ Nor let the zephyrs’ treach’rous gale  
“ Thro’ Cambridge waft the direful tale ;

" Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd race  
 " Discover Celia's foul disgrace :  
 " But if you fail, my spectre dread,  
 " Attending nightly round your bed ;  
 " And yet I dare confide in you ; 115  
 " So take my secret, and adieu.  
 " Nor wonder how I lost my wits ;  
 " Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia sh——!" 118

## A BEAUTIFUL

## YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED \*.

*Written for the honour of the Fair Sex, in 1731.*

CORINNA, pride of Drury-Lane,  
 For whom no shepherd sighs in vain,  
 Never did Covent-Garden boast  
 So bright a batter'd strolling toast !  
 No drunken rake to pick her up, 5  
 No cellar where on tick to sup,  
 Returning at the midnight-hour,  
 Four stories climbing to her bow'r,  
 Then seated on a three-legg'd chair,  
 Takes off her artificial hair. 10

\* This Poem, for which some have thought no apology could be offered, deserves, on the contrary, great commendation; as it much more forcibly restrains the thoughtless and the young from the risk of health and life, by picking up a prostitute, than the finest declamation on the sordidness of the appetite. *Hawkes.*

Now picking out a crystal eye,  
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.  
Her eyebrows from a mouse's hide,  
Stuck on with art on either side,  
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em, 15  
Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em.  
Now dextrously her plumpers draws,  
That serve to fill her hollow jaws.  
Untwists a wire, and from her gums  
A set of teeth completely comes. 20  
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop  
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.  
Proceeding on, the lovely goddess  
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,  
Which, by the operator's skill, 25  
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.  
Up goes her hand, and off she slips  
The bolsters that supply her hips.  
With gentlest touch she next explores  
Her chancres, issues, running sores, 30  
Effects of many a sad disaster,  
And then to each applies a plaster;  
But must, before she goes to bed,  
Rub off the daubs of white and red,  
And smooth the furrows in her front 35  
With greasy paper stuck upon't.  
She takes a bolus ere she sleeps,  
And then between two blankets creeps.  
With pains of love tormented lies,  
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,

Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,  
 And feels the lash, and faintly screams;  
 Or, by a faithless bully drawn,  
 At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;  
 Or to Jamaica seems transported, 45  
 Alone \*, and by no planter courted;  
 Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,  
 Surrounded with a hundred stinks,  
 Belated, seems on watch to lie,  
 And snap some cully passing by; 50  
 Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs  
 On watchmen, constables, and duns,  
 From whom she meets with frequent rubs,  
 But never from religious clubs,  
 Whose favour she is sure to find, 55  
 Because she pays them all in kind.  
 Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight!  
 Behold the ruins of the night!  
 A wicked rat her plaster stole,  
 Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole; 60  
 The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd,  
 And puss had on her plumpers p-ss'd;  
 A pigeon pick'd up her issue-peas;  
 And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.  
 The Nymph, tho' in this mangled plight, 65  
 Must ev'ry morn her limbs unite;

\* ————Et longam incomitata videtur  
 Ire viam, ————

But how shall I describe her arts  
 To recollect the scatter'd parts?  
 Or shew the anguish, toil, and pain,  
 Of gath'ring up herself again? 70  
 The bashful Muse will never bear  
 In such a scene to interfere.  
 Corinna in the morning dizen'd  
 Who sees will spue, who smells be poison'd. 74

## STREPHON AND CHLOE \*.

*Written in the year 1731.*

OF Chloe all the Town has rung,  
 By ev'ry size of poets sung;  
 So beautiful a nymph appears  
 But once in twenty thousand years,  
 By Nature form'd with nicest care, 5  
 And faultless to a single hair.

\* This Poem has, among others, been censured for indelicacy, but with no better reason than a medicine would be rejected for its ill taste. By attending to the marriage of Strephon and Chloe, the reader is necessarily led to consider the effect of that gross familiarity in which it is to be feared many married persons think they have a right to indulge themselves: he who is disgusted at the picture feels the force of the precept, not to disgust another by his practice: and let it never be forgotten, that nothing quenches desire like indelicacy; and that when desire has been thus quenched, kindness will inevitably grow cold.

Her graceful mien, her shape and face,  
Confess'd her of no mortal race :  
And then so nice, and so genteel !  
Such cleanliness from head to heel ! 10  
No humours gross or frowzy steams,  
No noisome whiffs or sweaty streams,  
Before, behind, above, below,  
Could from her taintless body flow ;  
Would so discreetly things dispose, 15  
None ever saw, her pluck a rose :  
Her dearest comrades never caught her  
Squat on her hams to make maid's water :  
You'd swear that so divine a creature  
Felt no necessities of nature. 20  
In summer had she walk'd the Town,  
Her armpits would not stain her gown :  
At country-dances not a nose  
Could in the Dog-days smell her toes.  
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs, 25  
Like iv'ry dry, and soft as wax :  
Her hands, the softest ever felt,  
Tho' cold would burn, tho' dry would melt.  
Dear Venus ! hide this wondrous maid,  
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade : 30  
While she engrosses ev'ry swain,  
You but o'er half the world can reign.  
Think what a case all men are now in,  
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing !  
What powder'd wigs ! what flames and darts ! 35  
What hampers full of bleeding hearts !

What swordknots ! what poetic strains !  
 What billet-doux and clouded canes !  
 But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,  
 He blew a settlement along,  
 And bravely drove his rivals down  
 With coach and six, and house in Town.  
 The bashful nymph no more withstands,  
 Because her dear papa commands.  
 The charming couple now unites ;  
 Proceed we to the marriage-rites.

43

45

*Imprimis*, at the temple-porch  
 Stood Hymen with a flaming torch :  
 The smiling Cyprian goddess brings  
 Her infant Loves with purple wings,  
 And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,  
 Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.  
 The Muses next in order follow,  
 Conducted by their 'squire Apollo ;  
 Then Mercury with silver tongue,  
 And Hebe, goddess ever young.  
 Behold, the bridegroom and his bride  
 Walk hand in hand, and side by side ;  
 She by the tender Graces drest,  
 But he by Mars, in scarlet vest.  
 The nymph was cover'd with her flammeum\*,  
 And Phoebus sung th' epithalamium † ;

50

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60

\* A veil which the Roman brides covered themselves with when they were going to be married.

† A marriage song.

And last, to make the matter sure,  
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.  
Luna † was absent on pretence  
Her time was not till nine months hence.

65

The rites perform'd, the parson paid,  
In state return'd the grand parade,  
With loud huzzas from all the boys,  
That now the pair must crown their joys.

70

But still the hardest part remains.  
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,  
How with so high a nymph he might  
Demean himself the wedding night;  
For as he view'd his person round,  
Mere mortal flesh was all he found.

75

His hand, his neck, his mouth and feet,  
Were duly wash'd to keep them sweet;  
(With other parts that shall be nameless,  
The ladies else might think me shameless)

80

The weather and his love were hot,  
And should he struggle, I know what——  
Why, let it go, if I must tell it——

He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it:  
While she, a goddess, dy'd in grain,

85

Was unsusceptible of stain,  
And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin  
Exhal'd ambrosia from within.

Can such a deity endure  
A mortal human touch impure?

90

\* Diana, goddess of midwives.



How did the humbled swain detest  
His prickly-beard and hairy breast!  
His nightcap border'd round with lace  
Could give no softness to his face.

Yet if the goddess could be kind,  
What endless raptures must he find!  
And goddesses have now and then  
Come down to visit mortal men;  
To visit and to court them too:  
A certain goddess, God knows who,  
(As in a book he heard it read)  
Took Col'nel Peleus to her bed.

95

But what if he should lose his life  
By vent'ring on his heav'nly wife?  
For Strephon could remember well  
That once he heard a schoolboy tell  
How Semele, of mortal race,  
By thunder died in Jove's embrace;  
And what if daring Strephon dies  
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes?

100

105

110

While these reflections fill'd his head,  
The bride was put in form to bed:  
He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,  
But awfully his distance kept.

Now ponder well, ye Parents dear,  
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer,  
And make them ev'ry afternoon  
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon,  
That ere to bed they venture up,  
They may discharge it ev'ry sup;

115

120

If not, they must in evil plight  
Be often forc'd to rise at night.

Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,  
Nor let them taste what causeth wind :

(Tis this the sage of Samos means,      125  
Forbidding his disciples beans \*.)

O think what evils must ensue !

Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue;

And when she once has got the art,  
She cannot help it for heart, . . . 130

But out it flies, ev'n when she meets  
Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.

Carminative † and diuretic ‡

Will damp all passion sympathetic;  
And Love such nicety requires,

One blast will put out all his fires.

Since husbands get behind the scene,

The wife should study to be clean,

Nor give the smallest room to guess

The time when wants of nature press ; 149

But after marriage practise more

Decorum than she did before.

To keep her spouse deluded still,

And make him fancy what she will.

\* A well-known precept of Pythagoras, not to eat beans, which has been variously interpreted, and is supposed to contain some allegorical meaning.

† Medicines to break wind.

Medicines to provoke urine.

In bed we left the married pair ; 145  
'Tis time to shew how things went there.  
Strephon, who had been often told  
That Fortune still assists the bold,  
Resolv'd to make his first attack ;  
But Chloe drove him fiercely back. 150  
How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,  
With constitution cold and snowy,  
Permit a brutish man to touch her ?  
Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.  
Resistance on the wedding-night 155  
Is what our maidens claim by right ;  
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,  
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed :  
Yet some assign a different reason,  
That Strephon chose no proper season. 160  
Say, Fair ones! must I make a pause,  
Or freely tell the secret cause ?  
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)  
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak,  
This point must needs be settled first ; 165  
The bride must either void or burst.  
Then see the dire effects of pease,  
Think what can give the colic ease.  
The nymph oppress'd before, behind,  
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind, 170  
Steals out her hand, by Nature led,  
And brings a vessel into bed :  
Fair utensil! as smooth and white  
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.

Strephon, who heard the fuming rill 175  
 As from a mossy cliff distil,  
 Cry'd out, "Ye Gods! what sound is this?  
 "Can Chloe, heav'nly Chloë! ———?"  
 But when he smelt a noisome steam,  
 Which oft' attends that lukewarm stream, 180  
 (Salerno\* both together joins,  
 As sov'reign med'cines for the loins)  
 And tho' contriv'd, we may suppose,  
 To slip his ears, yet struck his nose;  
 He found her, while the scent increas'd, 185  
 As mortal as himself at least:  
 But soon with like occasions prest,  
 He boldly sent his hand in quest  
 (Inspir'd with courage from his Bride)  
 To reach the pot on t'other side, 190  
 And as he fill'd the reeking vase,  
 Let fly a rouser in her face.

The little Cupids hov'ring round,  
 (As pictures prove) with garlands crown'd,  
 Abash'd at what they saw and heard, 195  
 Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to ravishing delights,  
 High raptures and romantic flights;  
 To goddesses so heav'nly sweet,  
 Expiring shepherds at their feet; 200

\* *Vide Schol. Salern.* Rules of Health, written by the School of Salernum.

*Mingere cum bumbis res est saluberrima lumbis.*

To silver meads and shady bow'rs  
Dress'd up with amaranthine flow'rs.

How great a change, how quickly made!  
They learn to call a spade a spade;  
They soon from all constraint are freed, 205  
Can see each other do their need:

On box of cedar sits the wife,  
And makes it warm for dearest life;  
And, by the beastly way of thinking,  
Find great society in stinking. 210

Now Strephon daily entertains  
His Chloe in the homeliest strains;  
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,  
With int'rest pays him back his own.  
No maid at court is less asham'd, 215  
How'er for selling bargains fam'd,  
Than she to name her parts behind,  
Or when a-bed to let out wind.

Fair Decency! celestial maid!  
Descend from heav'n to Beauty's aid; 220  
Tho' Beauty may beget desire,  
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire;  
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,  
Is best supported by Opinion:  
If Decency bring no supplies, 225  
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear  
In all her glitt'ring birth-day gear,  
You think some goddess from the sky  
Descended ready cut and dry: 230

But ere you sell yourself to laughter,  
Consider well what may come after,  
For fine ideas vanish fast,  
While all the gross and filthy last.

O Strephon! ere that fatal day 235  
When Chloe stole your heart away,  
Had you but thro' a cranny spy'd  
On house of ease your future bride,  
In all the postures of her face  
Which Nature gives in such a case, 240  
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,  
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,  
'Than from experience find too late  
Your goddess grown a filthy mate. ,  
Your fancy then had always dwelt 245  
On what you saw, and what you smelt;  
Would still the same ideas give ye,  
As when you spy'd her on the privy;  
And, 'spite of Chloe's charms divine,  
Your heart had been as whole as mine. 250

Authorities, both old and recent,  
Direct that women must be decent,  
And from the spouse each blemish hide,  
More than from all the world beside \*.

\* If virtue, as some writers pretend, be that which produces happiness, it must be granted, that to practise decency is a moral obligation; and if virtue consists in obedience to a law, as the nuptial laws enjoin both parties to avoid offence, decency will still be duty, and the breach of it will incur some degree of guilt. *Harveys.*

Unjustly all our nymphs complain 255  
Their empire holds so short a reign;  
Is after marriage lost so soon,  
It hardly holds the honey-moon;  
For if they keep not what they caught,  
It is entirely their own fault. 260

'They take possession of the crown,  
And then throw all their weapons down;  
Tho' by the politicians' scheme,  
Whoe'er arrives at pow'r supreme,  
Those arts by which at first they gain it, 265  
They still must practise to maintain it,  
What various ways our females take  
To pass for wits before a rake!  
And in the fruitless search pursue  
All other methods but the true. 270

Some try to learn polite behaviour,  
By reading books against their Saviour;  
Some call it witty to reflect  
On ev'ry natural defect;  
Some shew they never want explaining 275  
To comprehend a double meaning.  
But sure a tell-tale out of school  
Is of all wits the greatest fool,  
Whose rank imagination fills  
Her heart, and from her lips distils; 280  
You'd think she utter'd from behind,  
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

Why is a handsome wife ador'd  
By ev'ry coxcomb but her lord?

From yonder puppet-man inquire,  
Who wisely hides his wood and wire,  
Shews Sheba's queen completely drest,  
And Solomon in royal vest;  
But view them litter'd on the floor,  
Or strung on pegs behind the door,  
Punch is exactly of a piece  
With Lorrain's Duke and Prince of Greece\*.

A prudent builder should forecast  
How long the stuff is like to last,  
And carefully observe the ground  
To build on, some foundation sound.

What house, when its materials crumble,  
Must not inevitably tumble?  
What edifice can long endure  
Rais'd on a basis unsecure?

Rash Mortals! ere you take a wife,  
Contrive your pile to last for life:  
Since beauty scarce endures a day,  
And youth so swiftly glides away,  
Why will you make yourself a bubble,  
To build on sand with hay and stubble?

On sense and wit your passion found,  
By decency cemented round.

Let prudence, with good nature, strive  
To keep esteem and love alive;

\* For the same reason many an handsome wife is neglected for an homely mistress, who better knows her interest, and considers love as her trade. *Hawkes.*



Then come old age whene'er it will,  
 Your friendship shall continue still;  
 And thus a mutual gentle fire  
 Shall never but with life expire.

214

## APOLLO:

OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED.

*Written in the year 1731.*

APOLLO, god of Light and Wit,  
 Could verse inspire, but seldom writ;  
 Refin'd all metals with his looks,  
 As well as chymists by their books;  
 As handsome as any Lady's page;  
 Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.  
 His wig was made of sunny rays;  
 He crown'd his youthful head with bays.  
 Not all the court of heav'n could show  
 So nice and so complete a beau.  
 No heir upon his first appearance,  
 With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents,  
 E'er drove, before he sold his land,  
 So fine a coach along the Strand:  
 The spokes, we are by Ovid told,  
 Were silver, and the axle gold.  
 (I own 'twas but a coach and four,  
 For Jupiter allows no more.)

5

10

15

Yet with his beauty, wealth, and parts,  
 Enough to win ten thousand hearts,

20

No vulgar deity above  
Was so unfortunate in love.

Three weighty causes were assign'd,  
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.  
Nine Muses always waiting round him,  
He left them virgins as he found 'em.

His singing was another fault,  
For he could reach to B in alt;  
And, by the sentiments of Pliny,  
Such singers are like Nicolini.

At last the point was fully clear'd;  
In short, Apollo had no beard.

## JUDAS.

*Written in the year 1731.*

By the just vengeance of incensed skies  
Poor Bishop Judas late repenting dies.  
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,  
Amounting hardly to a crown a-tribe;  
Which tho' his conscience forc'd him to restore, 5  
(And parsons tell us no man can do more)  
Yet thro' despair, of God and man accurst,  
He lost his bishopric, and hang'd or burst.  
Those former ages differ much from this;  
Judas betray'd his Master with a kiss; 10  
But some have kiss'd the Gospel fifty times,  
Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes:  
Some who can perjure thro' a two-inch board,  
Yet keep their bishoprics, and 'scape the cord.

Like hemp, which by a skilful spinster drawn 15  
To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.

As ancient Judas by transgression fell,  
And burst asunder ere he went to hell,  
So could we see a set of new Iscariots  
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots,  
Each modern Judas perish like the first, 21  
Drop from the tree with all his bowels burst,  
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,  
To cry, Lo! Judas gone to his own place:  
His habitation let all men forsake,  
And let his bishopric another take. 26

## ON MR. PULTENEY

BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL.

*Written in the year 1731.*

SIR Robert, weary'd by Will. Pulteney's teasings,  
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,  
Resolv'd that Will. and he should meet no more,  
Full in his face Bob shuts the council-door,  
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench, 5  
To punish thieves, or lash a suburb wench.  
Yet still St. Stephen's Chapel open lies  
For Will. to enter—What shall I advise?  
E'en quit the House, for thou too long has sat in't;  
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent; 10  
There, near thy master's throne in shelter plac'd,  
Let Will. unheard by thee, his thunder waste.

Yet still I fear your work is done but half,  
For while he keeps his pen you are not safe.

Hear an old fable, and a dull one too, 15  
Yet bears a moral when apply'd to you.

A Hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds,  
By often shifting into distant grounds,  
Till finding all his artifices vain,  
To save his life he leap'd into the main; 20

But there, alas! he could no safety find,  
A pack of dog-fish had him in the wind.  
He scours away, and, to avoid the foe,  
Descends for shelter to the shades below.

There Cerberus lay watching in his den; 25

(He had not seen a Hare the Lord knows when)

Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head;  
Away the Hare with double swiftness fled.

Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies  
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies. 30

How was the fearful animal distress!

Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest;

Synius, the swiftest of the heav'nly pack,

Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.

He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear; 35

He left his scut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the Hare pursu'd, tho' free from guilt;

Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou

Then, honest Robin! of thy corpse beware; [wilt:

Thou art not half so nimble as a Hare: 40

Too pond'rous is thy bulk to mount the sky,

Nor can you go to hell before you die:

So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,  
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long. 44

## TO MR. GAY \*.

*Written in the year 1731.*

How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muses' train,  
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain!  
Fain would I think our female friend sincere,  
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.  
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend, 5  
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?

Say, had the court no better place to chuse  
For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy Muse?  
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,  
To 'squire a royal girl of two years old, 10  
In leading-strings her infant steps to guide,  
Or with her go-cart amble side by side?

But princely Douglas and his glorious dame  
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame;  
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd, 15  
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:  
The world shall own his choice was wise and just,  
For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.

\* The Author having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and stewards, (which, however, proved afterwards to be a mistake) writ to Mr. Gay the above poem.

Not love of beauty less the heart inflames  
 Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames, 20  
 Their passions not more impotent and cold  
 Than those of poets to the lust of gold.  
 With Pæan's purest fire his fav'rites glow,  
 The dregs will serve to ripen ore below ;  
 His meanest work ; for had he thought it fit 25  
 That wealth should be the appendage of wit,  
 The God of Light could ne'er have been so blind  
 To deal it to the worst of human-kind.

But let me now, for I can do it well,  
 Your conduct in this new employ foretel. 30

And, first; to make my observation right  
 I place a statesman full before my sight,  
 A bloated minister in all his geer,  
 With shameless visage and perfidious leer;  
 Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw, 35  
 And ostrich-like his all digesting-maw.  
 My fancy drags this monster to my view,  
 To shew the world his chief reverse in you,  
 Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood  
 Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud, 40  
 With these the court and senate-house he plies,  
 Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.

Now let me shew how Bob. and you agree;  
 You serve a potent prince as well as he.  
 The ducal coffers, trusted to your charge, 45  
 Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge :  
 His vassals easy, and the owner blest,  
 They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.

Not so a nation's revenues are paid ;  
The servant's faults are on the master laid : 50  
The people with a sigh their taxes bring,  
And cursing Bob. forget to bless the king.

Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires  
With servants, tenants, and the neighb'ring 'squires,  
Let all domestics feel your gentle sway, 55  
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray :  
Let due reward to merit be allow'd,  
Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd ;  
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,  
By telling noses with a party strong. 60

Be rich ; but of your wealth make no parade,  
At least before your master's debts are paid ;  
Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,  
Presume to treat him at his own expense.  
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count 65  
To what your lawful perquisites amount :  
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,  
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.

With int'rest, and a premium paid beside,  
The master's pressing wants must be supply'd : 70  
With hasty zeal behold the steward come  
By his own credit to advance the sum,  
Who, while th' unrighteous Mammon is his friend,  
May well conclude his pow'r will never end.  
A faithful treas'rer ! what could he do more ? 75  
He lends my lord what was my lord's before.

The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,  
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth :

The council sit, approve the doctor's skill,  
 And give advice before he gives the pill : 80  
 But the state-emp'ric acts a safer part,  
 And while he poisons wins the royal heart.

But how can I describe the rav'nous breed ?  
 Then let me now by negatives proceed.

Suppose your lord a trusty servant send 85  
 On weighty bus'ness to some neighb'ring friend,  
 Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,  
 To countermand his orders by your own.

Should some imperious neighbour sink the boats,  
 And drain the fish-ponds while your master dotes, 90  
 Shall he upon the ducal rights entrench,  
 Because he brib'd you with a brace of fench ?

Nor from your lord his bad condition hide,  
 To feed his luxury or sooth his pride ;  
 Nor at an under-rate his timber sell, 95  
 And with an oath assure him all is well ;  
 Or swear it rotten, and with humbler airs  
 Request it of him to complete your stairs ;  
 Nor when a mortgage lies on half his lands,  
 Come with a purse of guineas in your hands. 100

Have Peter Waters always in your mind ;  
 That rogue of genuine ministerial kind  
 Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,  
 Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich,  
 And when he gravely has undone a score, 105  
 Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.

A dext'rous steward, when his tricks are found,  
 Hush-money sends to all the neighbours round ;



His master, unsuspecting of his pranks,  
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks: 110  
And should a friend attempt to set him right,  
His lordship would impute it all to spite;  
Would love his fav'rite better than before,  
And trust his honesty just so much more.  
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate 115  
Are sunk by premier ministers of state.

Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,  
And as they robb'd the father rob the son.  
A knave who deep embroils his lord's affairs  
Will soon grow necessary to his heirs! 120  
His policy consists in setting traps,  
In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps:  
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,  
Tho' not to cure yet paltrate each disease.  
In either case an equal chance is run, 125  
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.  
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;  
No cleanly workman can endure the stink.  
A strong dilemma in a desp'rate case!  
To act with infamy, or quit the place. 130

A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,  
With driving wrong will make the pannel split;  
Nor dares an abler workman undertake  
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.

In ev'ry court the parallel will hold, 135  
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.  
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,  
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd,

Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs,  
 For vengeance more embroils than skill repairs : 140  
 So robbers, (and their ends are just the same)  
 To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.

I knew a brazen minister of state  
 Who bore for twice ten years the public hate;  
 In ev'ry mouth the question most in vogue 145  
 Was, When will they turn out this odious rogue?  
 A juncture happen'd in his highest pride;  
 While he went robbing on, old master dy'd:  
 We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;  
 His work is done, the minister is out. 150  
 The court invited more than one or two;  
 Will you, Sir Spencer? or will you Dor you?  
 But not a soul his office durst accept;  
 The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:  
 And such was then the temper of the times, 155  
 He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.  
 The candidates observ'd his dirty paws,  
 Nor found it difficult to guess the cause;  
 But when they smelt such foul corruption round him,  
 Away they fled, and left him as they found him. 160  
 Thus when a greedy sloven once has thrown  
 His snot into the mess, 'tis all his own. 162

## A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR,

*Nov. 23. 1731, at night.*

WHEN I left you, I found myself of the grape's  
 juice sick;  
 I'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick;

And the patientest patient that ever you knew sick,  
Both when I am purge-sick and when I am spue-sick.  
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick; 5  
She mended at first, but now she's a-new sick.

Captain Butler made some in the church black and  
blue sick;

Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us  
all pew-sick.

Are not you, in a crowd, when you sweat and stew,  
sick?

Lady Santry got out of the church when she grew sick,  
And as fast as she could to the deanery flew sick. 11

Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick;  
For who would not be in that numerous crew sick?

Such musick would make a fanatic or Jew sick,  
Yet ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sick: 15

Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she does brew  
sick.

My footman came home from the church of a bluisse  
sick,

And look'd like a rake who was made in the stews sick.  
But you learned doctors can make whom you chuse

sick;

Poor I myself! I was, when I withdrew, sick, 20  
For the smell of them made me like garlic and rue  
sick;

And I got thro' the crowd, tho' not led by a clue,  
sick.

You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) sick;  
But there were not a dozen (to give 'em their due) sick;

And those, to be sure, stuck together like glue, sick. 25  
 So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they  
 screw, sick;  
 You may find they are all, by their yellow pail hue,  
 sick;  
 So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

*Nov. 23. at Night.*

If I write any more it will make my poor Muse sick.  
 This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,  
 And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;  
 But I hope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a shrew sick,  
 Who often has made me, by looking askew sick. 5

## A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR, *Pray discruciate what follows.*

## I.

THE dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,  
 When young, is often due to the vicar.

## II.

The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,  
 Make up a bird very swift of flight.

## III.

The dullest beast when high in stature,  
 And another of royal nature,  
 For breeding is a useful creature.

5 }  
 5 }

## IV.

The dullest beast, and a party distress,  
When too long, is bad at best.

## V.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears, 10  
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

## VI.

The dullest beast, and kind voice of a cat,  
Will make a horse go, tho' he be not fat.

## VII.

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air, 15  
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.

## VIII.

The dullest beast, and fam'd college for Teagues,  
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

## IX.

The dullest beast, and a cobbler's tool, }  
With a boy that is only fit for school, }  
In summer is very pleasant and cool. 20 }

## X.

The dullest beast, and that which you kiss,  
May break a limb of master or miss.

## XI.

Of serpent-kind, and what at distance kills,  
Poor Mistress Dingley oft' hath felt its bills.

## XII.

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound, 25  
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

## XIII.

The dullest beast, and what covers a house,  
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.

## XIV.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,  
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming. 30

## XV.

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust,  
There's no body but a fool that would trust.

## XVI.

The dullest beast, mending highways,  
Is to an horse an evil disease.

## XVII.

The dullest beast, and a hole in the ground, 35  
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.

## XVIII.

The dullest beast, and what, doctor<sup>s</sup> pretend,  
The cook-maid often has by the end.

## XIX.

The dullest beast, and fish for Lent,  
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent. 40

## XX.

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,  
Without it a lady should never appear. 42

*Wednesday night.*

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain  
them for me, because I cannot do it.

## WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1731\*.

OLD Latimer preaching, did fairly describe  
 A bishop who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;  
 And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?  
 Why, truly 'tis Satan, Archbishop of Hell;  
 And he was a primate, and he wore a mitre 5  
 Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.  
 How nearly this bishop our B——ps resembles!  
 But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.  
 Could you see his grim Grace, for a pound to a penny  
 You'd swear it must be the baboon of K——y. 10  
 Poor Satan will think the comparison odious;  
 I wish I could find him out one more commodious:  
 But this I am sure, the Most Rev'rend Old Dragon  
 Has got on the bench many B——ps suffragan,  
 And all men believe he presides there *incog.* 15  
 To give them, by turns, an invissible jog.

Our B——ps, puffed up with wealth and with pride,  
 To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.  
 They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,  
 In vain——for the devil a person would stir: 20

\* This poem was first printed in *Fog's Journal* of the 17th of September 1733: the subject of it is now over, but our Author's known zeal against that project made it to be generally supposed his. It was occasioned by the Bishops of Ireland endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings, which bill was rejected by the Irish House of Commons.

So the Commons unhors'd them, and this was their  
doom,

On their crosiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.

Tho' they gallopp'd so fast, on the road you may  
find 'em,

And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.

Lord Bolton's good Grace, Lord Car, and Lord  
Howard,

25

In spite of the devil would still be untoward :

They came of 'good kindred, and could not endure  
Their former companions should beg at their door.

When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the Prætor,  
Of a dozen apostles but one prov'd a traitor ; 30  
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven,

But we can afford you six traitors in seven.

What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and  
cleavings !

And the clergy, forsooth, must take up with their  
If making divisions was all their intent, [leavings.

They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they meant ;  
And so may such B——ps for ever divide, 37

That no honest Heathen would be on their side.

How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,  
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst ? 40

Now hear an allusion.—A mitre, you know,  
Is divided above, but united below.

If this you consider our emblem is right ;

The B——ps divide, but the clergy unite. 44

Should the bottom be split, our B——ps would dread  
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head ;



And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a sov'reign,  
 As Machiavel taught 'em, Divide, and ye govern.  
 But courage my L—ds; tho' it cannot be said  
 That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head, 50  
 I'll hold you a groat, and I wish I could see't,  
 If your stockings were off you could shew cloven feet.

“But hold,” cry the B—ps, “and give us fair play;  
 “Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.  
 “What truer affection could ever be shown 55  
 “Than saving your souls by damning our own?  
 “And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you?  
 “With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain  
 “Provided a fund for building you 'spitals: [you,  
 “You are only to live four years without victuals.” 60  
 Content, my good L—ds! but let us change hands;  
 First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.  
 So God bless the church, and three of our mitres;  
 And God bless the Commons for biting the bitters. 64

## THE BEASTS' CONFESSION

TO THE PRIEST,

*On observing how most men mistake their own talents.**Written in the year 1732.*

## THE PREFACE.

I HAVE been long of opinion that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a fluttering alderman<sup>3</sup> in London, a great frequenter of coffeehouses, who, when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother-citizens, but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by chusing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least five hundred poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffeehouse orators, exclusive of the clergy; forty thousand politicians; and four thousand five hundred profound scholars; not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as, a

suburb-whore. What are we to think of the fine dressed sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which appear the more hideous by the contrast of wearing scarlet and gold, with what they call toupees on their heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a figure before women, some of them with hump-backs, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces distorted! I have seen many of these insipid pretenders entering into conversation with persons of learning, constantly making the grossest blunders in every sentence, without conveying one single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology and geography even of present times. I compute that London hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy-kind for one among us in Dublin, besides two-thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized; whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the article of dunces by forty to one; and, what is more to our further mortification, there is not one distinguished fool of Irish birth or education who makes any noise in that famous metropolis, unless the London prints be very partial or defective; whereas London is seldom without a dozen of their own educating who engross the vogue for half a winter together, and are never heard of more, but give place to a new set. This hath been the constant progress for at least thirty years past, only allowing for the change of breed and fashion.

# THE BEASTS' CONFESSION, &c.

## *Advertisement.*

THE following Poem is grounded upon the universal folly of mankind in mistaking their talents; by which the Author doth a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesseth; and yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals, the Wolf, the Ass, the Swine, and the Ape, all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning; so great is the pride of Man!

WHEN Beasts could speak, (the learned say  
They still can do so ev'ry day)  
It seems they had religion then,  
As much as now we find in men,  
It happen'd when a plague broke out, 5  
(Which therefore made them more devout)  
The king of brutes (to make it plain,  
Of quadrupeds I only mean)  
By proclamation gave command  
That ev'ry subject in the land 10  
Should to the Priest confess their sins;  
And thus the pious Wolf begins.

" Good father! I must own with shame  
" That often I have been to blame;  
" I must confess on Friday last, 15  
" Wretch that I was! I broke my fast;  
" But I defy the basest tongue  
" To prove I did my neighbour wrong,  
" Or ever went to seek my food  
" By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood. " 20

The Ass approaching next confes'd  
That in his heart he lov'd a jest :  
A wag he was, he needs must own,  
And could not let a dunce alone :  
Sometimes his friend he would not spare 25  
And might perhaps be too severe :  
But yet, the worst that could be said,  
He was a wit both born and bred ;  
And if it be a sin or shame,  
Nature alone must bear the blame ; 30  
One fault he hath, is sorry for't,  
His ears are half a foot too short,  
Which could he to the standard bring,  
He'd shew his face before the king :  
Then for his voice, there's none disputes 35  
That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The Swine with contrite heart allow'd  
His shape and beauty made him proud ;  
In diet was perhaps too nice,  
But gluttony was ne'er his vice ; 40  
In ev'ry turn of life content,  
And meekly took what Fortune sent :  
Inquire thro' all the parish round,  
A better neighbour ne'er was found :  
His vigilance might some displease ; 45  
'Tis true he hated sloth like pease.

The mimic Ape began his chatter,  
How evil tongues his life bespatter ;  
Much of the cens'ring world complain'd,  
Who said his gravity was feign'd : 50

Indeed the strictness of his morals  
 Engag'd him in, a hundred quarrels :  
 He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,  
 His zeal was sometimes indiscreet :  
 He found his virtues too severe 55  
 For our corrupted times to bear ;  
 Yet such a lewd licentious age  
 Might well excuse a Stoic's rage.

The Goat advanc'd with decent pace,  
 And first excus'd his youthful face ; 60  
 Forgiveness begg'd that he appear'd  
 ('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard :  
 'Tis true he was not much inclin'd  
 To fondness for the female kind ;  
 Not, as his enemies object, 65  
 From chance or natural defect,  
 Not by his frigid constitution,  
 But thro' a pious resolution ;  
 For he had made a holy vow  
 Of chastity, as monks do now, 70  
 Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,  
 As strictly too as doth his Reverence.

Apply the tale, and you shall find  
 How just it suits with human-kind.  
 Some faults we own, but can you guess, 75  
 —Why virtue's carried to excess ?  
 Wherewith our vanity endows us,  
 Tho' neither foe nor friend allows us.

The Lawyer swears, you may rely on't,  
 He never squeez'd a needy client ; 80

And this he makes his constant rule,  
 For which his brethren call him Feol :  
 His conscience always was so nice,  
 He freely gave the poor advice,  
 By which he lost, he may affirm, 85  
 An hundred fees last Easter term.  
 While others of the learned robe  
 Would break the patience of a Job,  
 No pleader at the bar could match  
 His diligence and quick dispatch ; 90  
 Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,  
 Above a term of two at most.

The cringing Knave, who seeks a place  
 Without success, thus tells his case :  
 Why should he longer mince the matter ? 95  
 He fail'd because he could not flatter ;  
 He had not learn'd to turn his coat,  
 Nor for a party give his vote :  
 His crime he quickly understood,  
 Too zealous for the nation's good : 100  
 He found the ministers resent it,  
 Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The Chaplain vows he cannot fawn,  
 Tho' it would raise him to the lawn :  
 He pass'd his hours among his books ; 105  
 You find it in his meagre looks :  
 He might, if he were worldly wise,  
 Preferment get, and spare his eyes ;  
 But own'd he had a stubborn spirit,  
 That made him trust alone in merit ; 110

Would rise by merit to promotion :

Alas ! a mere chimeric notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,  
Confess'd a sin ; and, God forgive him !

Call'd up at midnight, ran to save 115

A blind old beggar from the grave :

But see how Satan spreads his snares !

He quite forgot to say his pray'rs.

He cannot help it for his heart

Sometimes to act the parson's part ; 120

Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,

That moves his patients to repentance ;

And when his med'cines do no good,

Supports their minds with heav'nly food ;

At which, however well intended, 125

He hears the clergy are offended,

And grown so bold behind his back,

To call him hypocrite and quack.

In his own church he keeps a seat,

Says grace before and after meat, 130

And calls, without affecting airs,

His household twice a-day to pray'rs.

He shuns apothecaries' shops,

And hates to cram the sick with slops ;

He scorns to make his art a trade, 135

Nor bribes my Lady's fav'rite maid :

Old nurse-keepers would never hire

To recommend him to the 'squire,

Which others, whom he will not name,

Have often practis'd to their shame. 140



The Statesman tells you with a sneer,  
His fault is to be too sincere;  
And, having no sinister ends,  
Is apt to disoblige his friends.  
The nation's good, his master's glory, 145  
Without regard to Whig or Tory,  
Were all the schemes he had in view,  
Yet he was seconded by few:  
Tho' some had spread a thousand lies,  
'Twas he defeated the Excise; 150  
'Twas known, tho' he had borne aspersion,  
That standing troops were his aversion:  
His practice was, in ev'ry station,  
To serve the king and please the nation.  
Tho' hard to find in ev'ry case 155  
The fittest man to fill a place,  
His promises he ne'er forgot,  
But took memorials on the spot:  
His enemies, for want of charity,  
Said he affected popularity; 160  
'Tis true the people understood  
That all he did was for their good;  
Their kind affections he has try'd;  
No love is lost on either side.  
He came to court with fortune clear, 165  
Which now he runs out ev'ry year;  
Must at the rate that he goes on  
Inevitably be undone.  
Oh! if his Majesty would please  
To give him but a Writ of Ease, 170

Would grant him license to retire,  
As it hath long been his desire,  
By fair accounts it would be found  
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.  
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,  
He ne'er was partial to his kin;  
He thought it base for men in stations  
To crowd the court with their relations:  
His country was his dearest mother,  
And ev'ry virtuous man his brother:  
Thro' modesty or awkward shame,  
(For which he owns himself to blame)  
He found the wisest men he could,  
Without respect to friends or blood;  
Nor ever acts on private views,  
When he hath liberty to chuse.

175

180

185

The Sharper swore he hated play,  
Except to pass an hour away;  
And well he might, for, to his cost,  
By want of skill he always lost:  
He heard there was a club of cheats,  
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;  
Could change the stock, or cog a dye,  
And thus deceive the sharpest eye:  
No wonder how his fortune sunk,  
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

190

195

I own the moral not exact;  
Besides, the tale is false in fact;  
And so absurd, that could I raise up  
From fields Elysian fabling Æsop,

200

I would accuse him to his face  
 For libelling the four-foot race:  
 Creatures of ev'ry kind but our's  
 Well comprehend their nat'ral pow'rs,  
 While we, whom reason ought to sway, 205  
 Mistake our talents ev'ry day.  
 The Ass was never known so stupid  
 To act the part of Tray or Cupid,  
 Nor leap upon his master's lap,  
 There to be stroak'd and fed with pap, 210  
 As Æsop would the world persuade;  
 He better understands his trade;  
 Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles,  
 But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.  
 Our Author's meaning, I presume, is 215  
 A creature *bipes et implumis* \*;  
 Wherein the moralist design'd  
 A compliment on human-kind;  
 For here he owns, that now and then  
 Beasts may degen'rate into men. † 220

### THE HARDSHIP PUT UPON THE LADIES.

*Written in the year 1733.*

POOR Ladies! tho' their bus'ness be to play,  
 'Tis hard they must be busy night and day:

\* A definition of a man disapproved by all logicians:  
*Homo est animal bipes, implume, erecto vultu.*

† See Gulliver in his account of the Houyhnhnms.

Why should they want the privilege of men,  
Nor take some small diversions now and then?  
Had women been the makers of our laws,  
(And why they were not I can see no cause)  
The men should slave at cards from morn till night,  
And female pleasures be to read and write. 8

## VERSES WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT.

*Occasioned by the present of a Paper Book from the  
Earl of Orrery, and a Silver Standish from Dr.  
Delany, 1733.*

A PAPER Book is sent by Boyle,  
Too neatly gilt for me to soil;  
Delany sends a Silver Standish,  
When I no more a pen can brandish:  
Let both around my tomb be plac'd, 5  
As trophies of a Muse deceas'd;  
And let the friendly lines they writ  
In praise of long-departed wit,  
Be grav'd on their side in columns,  
More to my praise than all my volumes, 10  
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,  
The Vandals of the present age. 12

ON THE WORDS  
BROTHER-PROTESTANTS,  
AND  
FELLOW-CHRISTIANS,

*So familiarly used by the advocates for the repeal of  
the Test Act in Ireland\*.*

*Written in the year 1733.*

AN inundation, says the fable,  
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable:  
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn  
Were down the sudden current borne,  
While things of heterogeneous kind  
Together float with tide and wind:  
The gen'rous wheat forgot its pride,  
And sail'd with litter side by side,  
Uniting all, to shew their amity,  
As in a general calamity:  
A ball of new-dropt horse's dung,  
Mingling with apples in the throng,

\* This Poem so provoked one B——, a lawyer, and member of the Irish parliament, that he swore he would revenge himself either by murdering or maiming the Author. On this thirty of the inhabitants of the Liberty of St. Patrick's waited on the Dean, with a paper subscribed by them, in which they engaged to defend his person and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country.

Said to the pippin plump and prim,  
" See, Brother, how we apples swim!  
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns, 15  
An offer'd fee from Radcliffe scorns :  
" Not for the world !—We doctors, Brother,  
" Must take no fees of one another."  
Thus to a Dean some curate sloven  
Subscribes, Dear Sir ! Your brother loving : 20  
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,  
About St. James's, cry We courtiers :  
Thus Horace in the House will prate,  
Sir, We the ministers of state :  
Thus at the bar that blockhead B——, 25  
Tho' half a crown o'er pays his sweat's worth,  
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,  
Calls Singleton his Brother Serjeant :  
And thus fanatic saints, tho' neither in  
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren, 30  
Are Brother Protestants and Christians  
As much as Hebrews and Philistines ;  
But in no other sense than Nature  
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.  
Lice from your body suck their food, 35  
But is a louse your flesh and blood ?  
Tho' born of human filth and sweat, it  
May as well be said man did beget it ;  
But maggots in your nose and chin  
As well may claim you for their kin. 40  
Yet critics may object, Why not ?  
Since lice are brethren to a Scot,

Which made our swarm of sects determine  
 Employments for their brother vermin.  
 But be they English, Irish, Scottish, 45  
 What Protestant can be so sottish,  
 While o'er the church these clouds are gath'ring,  
 To call a swarm of lice his Brethren?

As Moses, by divine advice,  
 In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice; 50  
 And as our sects by all descriptions,  
 Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;  
 As from the trodden dust they spring,  
 And turn'd to lice infest the king;  
 For pity's sake it would be just 55  
 A rod should turn them back to dust.

Let folks in high and holy stations  
 Be proud of owning such relations;  
 Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,  
 As if they were afraid to lose 'em; 60  
 While I, with humble Job, had rather  
 Say to Corruption—Thou'rt my father;  
 For he that hath so little wit  
 To nourish vermin may be bit. 64

## ON POETRY: A RHAPSODY\*.

*Written in the year 1733.*

ALL human race would fain be wits,  
 And millions miss for one that hits:

\* The lines in this Poem printed with inverted commas, are published from the Manuscript.

Young's Universal Passion, Pride,  
 Was never known to spread so wide.  
 Say, Britain! could you ever boast 5  
 Three poets in an age at most?  
 Our chilling climate hardly bears  
 A sprig of bays in fifty years,  
 While ev'ry fool his claim alleges,  
 As if it grew in common hedges. 10  
 What reason can there be assign'd  
 For this perverseness in the mind?  
 Brutes find out where their talents lie:  
 A bear will not attempt to fly;  
 A founder'd horse will oft' debate 15  
 Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;  
 A dog by instinct turns aside,  
 Who sees the ditch too deep and wide;  
 But man we find the only creature  
 Who, led by folly, combats Nature; 20  
 Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,  
 With obstinacy fixes there,  
 And where his genius least inclines,  
 Absurdly bends his whole designs.  
 Not empire to the rising sun 25  
 By valour, conduct, fortune, won;  
 Not highest wisdom in debates  
 For framing laws to govern states;  
 Not skill in sciences profound,  
 So large to grasp the circle round, 30  
 Such heav'nly influence require  
 As how to strike the Muse's lyre.



Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;  
Not bastard of a pedler Scot;  
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes, 35  
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;  
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges  
Of gypsies litt'ring under hedges,  
Are so disqualify'd by Fate  
To rise in church, or law, or state, 40  
As he whom Phoebus in his ire  
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

What hope of custom in the fair,  
While not a soul demands your ware?  
Where you have nothing to produce 45  
For private life or public use?  
Court, city, country, want you not;  
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.  
For poets law makes no provision;  
The wealthy have you in derision: 50  
Of state-affairs you cannot smatter;  
Are awkward when you try to flatter:  
Your portion, taking Britain round,  
Was just one annual hundred pound \*;  
Now nor so much as in remainder, 55  
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;  
For ever fix'd by right divine  
(A monarch's right) on Grubstreet line.

Poor starvling Bard! how small thy gains!  
How unproportion'd to thy pains! 60

\* Paid to the Poet-laureate, which place was given to Mr. Colley Cibber, a player.

And here a simile comes pat in ;  
Tho' chickens take a month to fatten,  
The guests in less than half an hour  
Will more than half a score devour.  
So after toiling twenty days 65  
To earn a stock of pence and praise,  
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,  
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea ;  
Gone to be never heard of more,  
Gone where the chickens went before. 70

How shall a new attempter learn  
Of diff'rent spirits to discern ?  
And how distinguish which is which,  
The poet's vein or scribbling itch ?  
'Then hear an old experienc'd sinner 75  
Instructing thus a young beginner.  
Consult yourself, and if you find  
A pow'rful impulse urge your mind,  
Impartial judge within your breast  
What subject you can manage best ; 80  
Whether your genius most inclines  
To satire, praise, or hum'rous lines ;  
To elegies in mournful tone,  
Or prologue sent from hand unknown ;  
Then rising with Aurora's light, 85  
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write ;  
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,  
Enlarge, diminish, interline ;  
Be mindful, when invention fails,  
To scratch your head and bite your nails. 90

Your poem finish'd, next your care  
Is needful to transcribe it fair :  
In modern wit all printed trash is  
Set off with num'rous breaks—and dashes—

To statesmen would you give a wipe, 95  
You print it in Italic type :  
When letters are in vulgar shapes,  
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes ;  
But when in Capitals exprest,  
The dullest reader smokes the jest ; 100  
Or else perhaps he may invent  
A better than the poet meant,  
As learned commentators view  
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress, 105  
Correctly fitted for the press,  
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,  
But let no friend alive look into't.  
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,  
You need not fear your labour lost : 110  
And how agreeably surpris'd  
Are you to see it advertis'd !  
The hawker shews you one in print,  
As fresh as farthings from the mint,  
The product of your toil and sweating 115  
A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will's the foll'wing day  
Lie snug, and hear what critics say,  
And if you find the gen'ral vogue  
Pronounces you a stupid rogue, 120

Damns all your thoughts as low and little,  
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle:  
Be silent as a politician,  
For talking may beget suspicion;  
Or praise the judgment of the Town, 125  
And help yourself to run it down;—  
Give up your fond paternal pride,  
Nor argue on the weaker side:  
For poems read without a name  
We justly praise or justly blame; 130  
And critics have no partial views,  
Except they know whom they abuse;  
And since you ne'er provok'd their spight,  
Depend upon't their judgment's right.  
But if you blab you are undone, 135  
Consider what a risk you run;  
You lose your credit all at once,  
The town will mark you for a dunce;  
The vilest dogg'rel Grubstreet sends  
Will pass for your's with foes and friends, 140  
And you must bear the whole disgrace,  
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.  
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,  
And sent in quires to line a trunk,  
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme, 145  
Go try your hand a second time.  
Again you fail; yet Safe's the word;  
Take courage, and attempt a third:  
But first with care employ your thoughts  
Where critics mark'd your former faults; 150

The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,  
 The similies that nothing fit;  
 The cant which ev'ry fool repeats,  
 Town-jests, and coffeehouse conceits;  
 Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry, 155  
 And introduc'd the Lord knows why;  
 Or where we find your fury set  
 Against the harmless alphabet;  
 On A's and B's your malice vent,  
 While readers wonder whom you meant; 160  
 A public or a private robber,  
 A statesman or a South-Sea jobber;  
 A pr-l-te, who no God believes;  
 A p—m—t or den of thieves;  
 A pickpurse at the bar or bench, 165  
 A duchess or a suburb-wench;  
 "An House of P—rs, a gaming crew,  
 "A griping ——— or a Jew."  
 Or oft', when epithets you link  
 In gaping lines to fill a chink, 170  
 Like stepping-stones to save a stride  
 In streets where kennels are too wide;  
 Or like a heel-piece to support  
 A cripple with one foot too short;  
 Or like a bridge that joins a marish 175  
 To moorlands of a diff'rent parish.  
 So have I seen ill-coupled hounds  
 Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds;  
 So geographers in Afric flaps  
 With savage pictures fill their gaps, 180

And o'er unhabitable downs  
Place elephants for want of towns.

But tho' you miss your third essay,  
You need not throw your pen away.  
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame, 185  
To spring more profitable game.

From party-merit seek support;  
The vilest verse thrives best at court:  
And may you ever have the luck  
To rhyme almost as ill as Duck; 190

And tho' you never learn'd to scan verse,  
Come out with some lampoon on D'Anvers.  
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence  
Will never fail to bring in pence :  
Nor be concern'd about the sale; 195

He pays his workmen on the nail.  
Display the blessings of the nation,  
And praise the whole administration :  
Extol the bench of B——ps round;  
Who at them rail, bid —— confound: 200

To B——p haters answer thus,  
(The only logic us'd by us)  
What tho' they don't believe in ——,  
Deny them Protestants—thou liest

A prince, the moment he is crown'd, 205  
Inherits ev'ry virtue round,  
As emblems of the sov'reign pow'r,  
Like other baubles in the Tow'r;

Is gen'rous, valiant, just, and wise,  
And so continues till he dies : 210

His humble Senate this professes  
 In all their speeches, votes, addresses;  
 But once you fix him in a tomb,  
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom,  
 And each 'perfection, wrong imputed,  
 Is fully at his death confuted.

215

The loads of poems in his praise,  
 Ascending, make one funeral blaze;  
 His panegyrics then are ceast;  
 He grows a tyrant, dunce, or beast;  
 As soon as you can hear his knell,  
 This god on earth turns d—l in hell!  
 And, lo! his ministers of state,  
 Transform'd to imps, his levee wait,  
 Where, in the scenes of endless woe,  
 They ply their former arts below;  
 And as they sail in Charon's boat,  
 Contrive to bribe the judge's vote.  
 To Cerberus they give a sop,  
 His triple barking mouth to stop;  
 Or in the iv'ry gate of dreams  
 Project Excise and South-Sea schemes;  
 Or hire their party-pamphleteers  
 To set Elysium by the ears.

225

230

Then, Poet! if you mean to thrive,  
 Employ your Muse on kings alive,  
 With prudence gath'ring up a cluster  
 Of all the virtues you can muster,

235

• Sunt geminæ somni portæ, &c.

• Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephante. *Virg.*

Which form'd into a garland sweet,  
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet, 240  
Who, as the odours reach his throne,  
Will smile, and think them all his own;  
For law and gospel doth determine  
All virtues lodge in royal ermine;  
(I mean the oracles of both, 245

Who shall depose it upon oath.)  
Your garland in the following reign,  
Change but the names, will do again.  
But if you think this trade too base,  
(Which seldom is the dunce's case) 250

Put on the critic's brow, and sit  
At Will's the puny judge of wit.  
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,  
With caution us'd, may serve a while:  
Proceed no farther in your part 255

Before you learn the terms of art,  
For you can never be too far gone  
In all our modern critics' jargon:  
Then talk with more authentic face  
Of unities in time and place; 260

Get scraps of Horace from your friends,  
And have them at your fingers' ends;  
Learn Aristotle's Rules by rote,  
And at all hazards boldly quote;  
Judicious Rymer oft' review, 265

Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu:  
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,  
For these our critics much confide in,



(Tho' merely writ at first for filling,  
To raise the volume's price a shilling.)

270

A forward critic often dupes us  
With sham quotations *Peri Hupsous* \*,  
And if we have not read *Longinus*,  
Will magisterially outshine us.  
Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,  
Procure the book for love or money,  
Translated from Boileau's translation †,  
And quote quotation on quotation.

275

At Will's you hear a poem read,  
Where Battus from the table-head,  
Reclining on his elbow-chair,  
Gives judgment with decisive air,  
To whom the tribe of circling wits  
As to an oracle submit.

280

He gives directions to the Town  
To cry it up and run it down;  
Like courtiers when they send a note,  
Instructing members how to vote;  
He sets a stamp of bad and good,  
Tho' not a word be understood.  
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure  
To get the name of Connoisseur,  
And when your merits once are known,  
Procure disciples of your own;  
For poets (you can never want 'em)  
Spread thro' Augusta Tribonantum ‡,

285

290

295

\* A famous treatise of Longinus.

† By Mr. Welsted.

‡ The ancient name of London.

Computing by their pecks of coals,  
Amount to just nine thousand souls :  
These o'er their proper districts govern,  
Of wit and humour judges sov'reign. 300  
In ev'ry street a city bard  
Rules, like an alderman, his ward ;  
His undisputed rights extend  
'Thro' all the lane from end to end ;  
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness 305  
For songs of loyalty and lewdness ;  
Outdone by none in rhyming well,  
Altho' he never learn'd to spell.

Two bord'ring wits contend for glory,  
And one is Whig and one is Tory ; 310  
And this for epics claims the bays,  
And that for elegiac lays ?  
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,  
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth ;  
And some as justly fame extols 315  
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.  
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,  
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish Town ;  
Tigellus, plac'd in Phœbus' car,  
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar ; 320  
Harmonious Cibber entertains  
The court with annual birthday strains ;  
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,  
Where Pope will never show his face,  
Where Young must torture his invention 325  
To flatter knaves or lose his pension.

But these are not a thousandth part  
Of jobbers in the poet's art,  
Attending each his proper station,  
And all in due subordination, 330  
Thro' ev'ry alley to be found,  
In garrets high, or under ground,  
And when they join their pericranies,  
Out skips a book of Miscellanies.  
Hobbes clearly proves that ev'ry creature 335  
Lives in a state of war by nature ;  
The greater for the smaller watch,  
But meddle seldom with their match.  
A whale of mod'rate size will draw  
A shoal of herrings down his maw ; 340  
A fox with geese his belly crams ;  
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs ;  
But search among the rhyming race,  
The brave are worried by the base.  
If on Parnassus' top you sit, 345  
You rarely bite, are always bit :  
Each poet of inferior size  
On you shall rail and criticise,  
And strive to tear you limb from limb,  
While others do as much for him. 350  
The vermin only tease and pinch  
Their foes superior by an inch.  
'So nat'ralists observe a flea  
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,  
And these have smaller still to bite 'em, 355  
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

Thus ev'ry poet in his kind  
Is bit by him that comes behind,  
Who, tho' too little to be seen,  
Can tease and gall, and give the spleen; 360  
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,  
Lay Grubstreet at each other's doors;  
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,  
And curse our modern poetasters;  
Complain, as many an ancient bard did, 365  
How genius is no more rewarded;  
How wrong a taste prevails among us;  
How much our ancestors outsung us;  
Can personate an awkward scorn  
For those who are not poets born, 370  
And all their brother-dunces laugh,  
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.

O Grubstreet! how do I bemoan thee,  
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee;  
Their filial piety forgot, 375  
Deny their country like a Scot,  
Tho' by their idiom and grimace  
They soon betray their native place;  
Yet thou hast greater cause to be  
Asham'd of them than they of thee 380  
Degen'rate from their ancient brood,  
Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still,  
To purchase fame by writing ill.  
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time 385  
How few have reach'd the low sublime!

For when our high-born Howard dy'd,  
 Blackmore alone his place supply'd;  
 And lest a chasm should intervene,  
 When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign, 390  
 The leaden crown devolv'd to thee,  
 Great poet of the Hollow Tree\*!  
 But, ah! how unsecure thy throne!  
 A thousand bards thy right disown:  
 They plot to turn, in fastious zeal, 395  
 Duncinea to a common-weal,  
 And with rebellious arm pretend  
 An equal priv'ledge to descend.

In bulk there are not more degrees  
 From elephant to mites in cheese, 400  
 Than what a curious eye may trace  
 In creatures of the rhyming race.  
 From bad to worse and worse they fall;  
 But who can reach so worst of all?  
 For tho' in nature depth and height 405  
 Are equally held infinite,  
 In poetry the height we know;  
 'Tis only infinite below.  
 For instance; when you rashly think  
 No rhymers can like Walsted sink, 410  
 His merits balanc'd, you shall find  
 The Laureate† leaves him far behind.

\* Lord Grimston, author of a play called *Love in an Hollow Tree*.

† In some editions, instead of the *Laureate*, was maliciously inserted *Mr. Fielding*, for whose ingenious writings, the Author hath manifested a great esteem.

Concanen, more aspiring bard !  
 Soars downwards deeper by a yard.  
 Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops, 415  
 The rest pursue as thick as hops ;  
 With heads to points, the gulf they enter,  
 Link'd perpendicular to the centre,  
 And as their heels elated rise,  
 Their heads attempt the nether skies. 420

O what indignity and shame,  
 To prostitute the Muse's name !  
 By flatt'ring k—s, whom Heav'n design'd  
 The plagues and scourges of mankind,  
 Bred up in ignorance and sloth, 425  
 And ev'ry vice that nurses both.

" Perhaps you say Augustus shines,  
 " Immortal made in Virg'il's lines,  
 " And Horace brought the tuneful quire  
 " To sing his virtues on the lyre, 430  
 " Without reproach for flattery, true,  
 " Because their praises were his due :  
 " For in those ages k——s we find  
 " Were animals of human-kind,  
 " But now go search all E-r--pe round 435  
 " Among the savage monsters——  
 " With vice polluting every th--re  
 " (I mean all ——s except our own)  
 " In vain you make the strictest view  
 " To find a —— in all the crew 440  
 " With whom a footman out of place  
 " Would not conceive an high disgrace,

- “ A burning shame, a crying sin,  
“ To take his morning’s cup of gins.  
“ Thus all are destin’d to obey 445  
“ Some beast of burthen or of prey.  
“ ’Tis sung Prometheus, forming man,  
“ Thro’ all the brutal species ran,  
“ Each proper quality to find  
“ Adapted to an human mind, 450  
“ A mingled mass of good and bad,  
“ The best and worst that could be had,  
“ Then from a clay of mixture base  
“ He shap’d a —— to rule the race,  
“ Endu’d with gifts from ev’ry brute 455  
“ That best the \* nature suit.  
“ Thus think on ——s, the name denotes  
“ Hogs, asses, wolves, baboons, and goats,  
“ To represent in figure just,  
“ Sloth, folly, rapine, mischief, lust. 460  
“ Oh ! were they all but Neb-cadnezers,  
“ What herds of ——s would turn to grazers !”  
Fair Britain ! in thy monarch blest,  
Whose virtues bear the strictest test,  
Whom never faction could bespatter, 465  
Nor minister nor poet flatter.  
What justice in rewarding merit !  
What magnanimity of spirit :  
What lineaments divine we trace  
Thro’ all his figure, mien, and face ! 470  
Tho’ peace with olive binds his hands,  
Confess’d the conqu’ring hero stands :

Hydaspes, Indes, and the Ganges\*,  
 Dread from his hand impending changes :  
 From him the Tartar and Chinese, 475  
 Short by the knees entreat for peace †;  
 The consort of his throne and bed,  
 A perfect goddess born and bred,  
 Appointed sov'reign judge to sit  
 On learning, eloquence, and wit. 480  
 Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,  
 (Late, very late, O may he rule us !)  
 What early manhood has he shown,  
 Before his downy beard was grown !  
 Then think what wonders will be done 485  
 By going on as he begun,  
 An heir for Britain to secure  
 As long as sun and moon endure.  
 The remnant of the royal blood  
 Comes pouring on me like a flood, 490  
 Bright goddesses, in number five ;  
 Duke William, sweetest prince alive !  
 Now sing the minister of state ‡,  
 Who shines alone without a mate.  
 Observe with what majestic port 495  
 This Atlas stands to prop the court ;

\* — Super et Garamantas et Indos  
 Proferet imperium, &c.

— Jam nunc et Caspia regna  
 Responsis horrent, divum, &c.

† Genibus minor, &c.

‡ Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.



Intent the public debts to pay,  
 Like prudent Fabius †, by delay. 6  
 Thou great vicegerent of the king!  
 Thy praises ev'ry Muse shall sing. 500  
 In all affairs thou sole director,  
 Of wit and learning chief protector!  
 Tho' small the time thou hast to spare,  
 The church is thy peculiar care.  
 Of pious prelates what a stock 505  
 You chuse to rule the sable flock!  
 You raise the honour of the peerage,  
 Proud to attend you at the steerage.  
 You dignify the noble race,  
 Content yourself with humbler place. 510  
 Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,  
 To titles give the sole pretence.  
 St. George beheld thee with delight  
 Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,  
 When on thy breast and sides Herculean 515  
 He fix'd the star and string cerulean.

Say, Poet! in what other nation  
 Shone ever such a constellation!  
 Attend, ye Popes! and Youngs! and Gays!  
 And tune your harps and strow your bays: 520  
 Your panegyrics here providie:  
 You cannot err on flatt'ry's side:  
 Above the stars exalt your style,  
 You still are low ten thousand mile.

† Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.

On Lewis all his bards bestow'd 523  
 Of incense many a thousand load,  
 But Europe mortify'd his pride,  
 And swore the fawning rascals ly'd :  
 Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,  
 Apply'd to George exactly true is. 530  
 Exactly true ! invidious Poet !  
 'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines if you can,  
 From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan ;  
 They could all pow'r in heav'n divide, 535  
 And do no wrong to either side :  
 They teach you how to split a hair,  
 Give G——e and Jove an equal share\*.  
 Yet why should we be lac'd ~~so~~ strait ?  
 I'll give my m——n——ch butter weight. 540  
 And reason good ; for many a year  
 Jove never intermeddled here ;  
 Nor, tho' his priests be duly paid,  
 Did ever we desire his aid :  
 We now can better do without him,  
 Since Woolston gave us arms to route him. 546

*Cetera desiderantur.*

\* Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

AN ANSWER

## TO A SCANDALOUS POEM

(Dr. Sheridan's New Simile for the Ladies.)

*Wherein the author most audaciously presumes to cast  
an indignity upon their Highnesses the Clouds, by  
comparing them to a woman.*

WRITTEN BY DERMOT O-NEPHELY,

CHIEF CAP OF HOWTH\*.

*Written in the year 1733.*

PRESUMPTUOUS Bard! how could you dare  
A woman with a cloud compare?  
Strange pride and insolence you show  
Inferior mortals there below:  
And is our thunder in your ears  
So frequent or so loud as theirs?  
Alas! our thunder soon goes out,  
And only makes you more devout.  
Then is not female clatter worse,  
That drives you not to pray, but curse?  
We hardly thunder thrice a-year;  
The bolt discharg'd the sky grows clear;  
But ev'ry sublunary dowdy,  
The more she scolds the more she's cloudy.

\* The highest point of Howth is called the Cap of Howth.

Some critic may object, perhaps, 15  
That clouds are blam'd for giving claps ;  
But what, alas ! are claps ethereal,  
Compar'd for mischief, to venereal ?  
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,  
Or from your noses dig out notches ? 20  
We leave the body sweet and sound ;  
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a cloudy sky bespeaks  
Fair weather, when the morning breaks ;  
But women in a cloudy plight 25  
Foretel a storm to last till night.

A cloud in proper seasons pours  
His blessings down in fruitful show'rs ;  
But woman was by Fate design'd  
To pour down curses on mankind. 30  
When Lyrius o'er the welkin rages,  
Our kindly help his fire asswages ;  
But woman is a curs'd inflamer ;  
No parish ducking-stool can tame her :  
To kindle strife Dame Nature taught her ; 35  
Like fire-works she can burn in water.

For fickleness how durst you blame us,  
Who for our constancy are famous ?  
You'll see a cloud in gentle weather  
Keep the same face an hour together, 40  
While women, if it could be reckon'd,  
Change ev'ry feature ev'ry second.

Observe our figure in a morning,  
Of foul or fair we give you warning ;

But can you guess from woman's air, 45  
One minute whether foul or fair ?<sup>c</sup>

Go read in ancient books enroll'd  
What humours we possess'd of old.

To disappoint Ixion's rape, 50  
Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape,

Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore  
No goddess could have pleas'd him more :

No diff'rence could he find between  
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen :

His cloud produc'd a race of Centaurs 55  
Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures,

From us descended *ab origine*,

By learned authors call'd *Nubigenæ*.

But say, what earthly nymph do you know 60  
So beautiful to pass for Juno ?

Before Æneas durst aspire  
To court her Majesty of Tyre,

His mother begg'd of us to dress him,  
That Dido might the more caress him ;

A coat we gave him dy'd in grain, 65  
A flaxen wig and clouded cane,

(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,  
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet)

With which he made a tearing show,  
And Dido quickly smok'd the bean. 70

Among your females make enquiries,  
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris ?

With heav'nly beauty so endu'd ?

And yet her father is a cloud :

We dress'd her in a gold brocade,  
Befitting Juno's fav'rite maid. 75

'Tis known that Socrates the wise  
Ador'd us clouds as deities ;  
To us he made his daily pray'rs,  
As Aristophanes declares ; 80  
From Jupiter took all dominion,  
And dy'd defending his opinion.  
By his authority 'tis plain  
You worship other gods in vain ;  
And from your own experience know 85  
We govern all things there below :  
You follow where we please to guide ;  
O'er all your passions we preside,  
Can raise them up or sink them down,  
As we think fit to smile or frown ; 90  
And just as we dispose your brain  
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare us then to female face !  
We, to whom all the gods give place !  
Who better challenge your allegiance, 95  
Because we dwell in higher regions.  
You find the gods in Homer dwell  
In seas and streams, or low as hell !  
Ev'n Jove and Mercury his pimp  
No higher climb than Mount Olympe, 100  
(Who makes you think the clouds he pierces ?  
He pierce the clouds ! He kiss their a—es)  
While we o'er Teneriffa plac'd,  
Are loftier by a mile at least ;

And when Apollo struts on Pindus, 105  
We see him from our kitchen-windows ;  
Or to Parnassus looking down,  
Can p—ss upon his laurel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly ;  
In vehicles they mount the sky. 110  
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,  
He comes full gallop on his eagle.

Tho' Venus be as light as air,  
She must have doves to draw her chair.  
Apollo stirs not out of door 115  
Without his lacker'd coach and four :

And jealous Juno, ever snarling,  
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin.  
But we can fly when'er we please,  
O'er cities, rivers, hills and seas : 120

From east to west the world we roam,  
And in all climates are at home ;  
With care provide you as we go  
With sunshine, rain, and hail or snow.

You, when it rains, like fools believe 125  
Jove p—ss-s on you through a sieve ;  
An idle tale ; 'tis no such matter ;  
We only dip a sponge in water,

Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,  
And shake it well, and down it comes. 130  
As you shall to your sorrow know,  
We'll watch your steps where'er you go ;

And since we find you walk a-foot,  
We'll soundly souce your frieze surtcut.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace  
 That Phoebus ever shews his face ;  
 For when we please we open wide  
 Our curtains blue from side to side,  
 And then how saucily he shows  
 His brazen face and fiery nose,  
 And gives himself a haughty air,  
 As if he made the weather fair.

142

'Tis sung wherever Celia treads,  
 The vi'lets ope their purple heads,  
 The roses blow, the cowslip springs ;  
 'Tis sung, but we know better things.

145

'Tis true, a woman on her mettle  
 Will often pass upon a nettle ;  
 But tho' we own she makes ~~it~~ wetter,  
 The nettle never thrives the better ;

150

While we by soft prolific show'rs  
 Can ev'ry spring produce you flow'rs  
 Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,  
 Compare her radiant eyes to lightning ;  
 And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd  
 That lightning comes but from a cloud.

156

But gods, like us, have too much sense  
 At poets' flights to take offence ;  
 Nor can hyperboles demean us ;  
 Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.

We own your verses are melodious,  
 But such comparisons are odious.

162



## A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC,

AND

## DESCRIPTION,

OF THE LEGION-CLUB, 1735.

As I stroll the city, oft' I  
See a building large and lofty,  
Not a bowshot from the college,  
Half the globe from sense and knowledge ;  
By the prudent architect  
Plac'd against the church direct,  
Making good my grandame's jest,  
Near the church—You know the rest.

Tell us what the pile contains ;  
Many a head that holds no brains.  
These demoniacs let me dub  
With the name of Legion-club.  
Such assemblies, you might swear,  
Meet when butchers bait a bear ;  
Such a noise, and such haranguing,  
When a broker-thief is hanging ;  
Such a rout and such a rabble  
Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble ;  
Such a crowd their ordure throws  
On a far less villain's nose.

Could I from the building's top  
Hear the ratt'ling thunder drop,

While the devil upon the roof  
(If the devil be<sup>d</sup> thunder-proof)  
Should with poker fiery-red 25  
Crack the stones and melt the lead,  
Drive them down on ev'ry scull,  
While the den of thieves is full,  
Quite destroy that harpies' nest,  
How might then our isle be blest ! 30  
For divines allow that God  
Sometimes makes the devil his rod ;  
And the Gospel will inform us  
He can punish sins enormous.

Yet should Swift endow the schools 35  
For his lunatics and fools  
With a rood or two of land  
I allow the pile may stand.  
You perhaps will ask me, Why so ?  
But it is with this proviso ; 40  
Since the house is like to last  
Let a royal grant be past,  
That the Club have right to dwell  
Each within his proper cell,  
With a passage left to creep in, 45  
And a hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in,  
Sell the nation for a pin ;  
While they sit a-picking straws,  
Let them rave of making laws ; 50  
While they never hold their tongue,  
Let them dabble in their dung ;

Let them form a grand committee,  
How to plague and starve the city;  
Let them stare, and starve, and frown, 55  
When they see a clergy-gown :  
Let them, ere they crack a louse,  
Call for th' orders of the House ;  
Let them with their gosling quills  
Scribble senseless heads of bills : 60  
We may, while they strain their throats,  
Wipe our a—s with their ——

Let Sir ——, that rampant ass,  
Stuff his guts with flax and grass,  
But before the priest he fleeces 65  
Tear the Bible all to pieces.  
At the parsons, Tom halloo, boy,  
Worthy offspring of a snoeboy,  
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,  
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser ; 70  
Lay thy p—v—ge aside,  
Sprung from Papist regicide,  
Fall a working like a mole,  
Raise the dirt about your hole.

Come, assist me, Muse obedient ! 75  
Let us try some new expedient ;  
Shift the scene for half an hour,  
Time and place are in thy pow'r.  
Thither, gentle Muse ! conduct me ;  
I shall ask, and you instruct me. 80

See, the Muse unbars the gate !  
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate !

All ye gods who rule the soul\*,  
 Styx! thro' hellowhose waters roll,  
 Let me be allow'd to tell 85  
 What I heard in yonder cell.

Near the door an entrance gapest,  
 Crowded round with antic shapes,  
 Poverty, and Grief, and Care,  
 Causeless Joy, and true Despair, 90  
 Discord periwig'd with snakes,  
 See the dreadful strides she takes.

By this odious crew beset,  
 I began to rage and fret,  
 And resolv'd to break their pates †, 95  
 Ere we enter'd at the gates,  
 Had not Clio in the nick  
 Whisper'd me, Lay down your stick.  
 "What," said I, "is this the madhouse?"  
 "These," she answer'd, "are but shadows, 100  
 "Phantoms bodiless and vain;  
 "Empty visions of the brain."

In the porch Briareus stands,  
 Shews a bribe in all his hands\*;  
 Briareus the secretary, 105  
 But we mortals call him C——  
 When the rogues their country fleece,  
 They may hope for pence a-piece,

\* Di, quibus imperium est animarum, &c. *Virg. lib. iv.*  
 Sit mihi fas audita loqui  
 † Vestibulum ante ipsum, &c. *Ibid.*  
 † Et ni docta comes, &c. *Ibid.*  
 \* Et centum geminus Briareus, &c. *Ibid.*

Clio, who had been so wise  
 To put on a fool's disguise 110  
 To bespeak some approbation,  
 And be thought a near relation,  
 When she saw three hundred brutes  
 All involv'd in wild disputes,  
 Roaring till their lungs were spent 115  
 P——c of P——t,  
 Now a new misfortune feels,  
 Dreading to be laid by th' heels.  
 Never durst a Muse before  
 Enter that infernal door ; 120  
 Clio stifled with the smell,  
 Into spleen and vapours fell,  
 By the Stygian steams that flew  
 From the dire infectious crew.  
 Not the stench of Lake Avernus 125  
 Could have more offended her nose ;  
 Had she mown but o'er the top,  
 She had felt her pinions drop,  
 And by exhalations dire,  
 Tho' a goddess, must expire. 130  
 In a fright she crept away ;  
 Bravely I resolv'd to stay.

When I saw the keeper frown,  
 Tipping him with half a crown,  
 " Now," said I, " we are alone 135  
 " Name your heroes one by one.  
 " Who is that hell-fertur'd brawler,  
 " Is it Satan ?" " No tis ——."

- In what figure can a bard dress  
Jack the grandson of Sir H——s ? 140  
Honest Keeper! drive him further,  
In his looks are hell and murther;  
See the scowling visage drop,  
Just as when he murther'd T——p.  
“ Keeper, shew me where to fix 145  
On the puppy pair of Dicks ;  
By their lantern jaws and leathern,  
You might swear they both are brethren :  
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the play'r,  
Old acquaintance ! are you there ? 150  
Dear companions ! hug and kiss,  
Toast Old Glorious in your piss. ”  
Tie 'em, Keeper, in a tether,  
Let 'em starve and stink together ;  
Both are apt to be unruly, 155  
Lash 'em daily, lash 'em duly :  
Tho' 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,  
Scorpion-rods perhaps may tame them,  
“ Keeper, yon' old dotard smoke,  
Sweetly snoring in his cloak. 160  
Who is he ? ” “ 'Tis Humdrum—  
Half encompass'd by his kin :  
There observe the tribe of \*\*,  
For he never fails to bring 'em ;  
While he sleeps the whole debate, 165  
They submissive round him wait,  
Yet would gladly see the hunks  
“ In his grave, and search his trunks.

- " See, they gently twitch his coat,  
 " Just to yawn, and give his ——— 170  
 " Always firm in his vocation,  
 " For the c—— against the n——.  
 " Those are \*\*s Jack and Bob,  
 " First in ev'ry wicked job,  
 " Son and brother to a queer 175  
 " Brainsick brute they call a peer.  
 " We must give them better quarter,  
 " For their ancestor trod mortar,  
 " And at H——th, to boast his fame,  
 " On a chimney cut his name. 180  
 " There sit \*\*, \*\*, and H——n,  
 " How they swagger from their garrison !  
 " Such a triplet could you tell,  
 " Where to find on this side hell ?  
 " H——n, and ——, and ——." 185  
 " K——er, see they have their payments :  
 " Ev'ry mischief's in their hearts ;  
 " If they fail 'tis want of parts."  
 Bless us ! M——n ! art thou there man ?  
 Bless mine eyes ! art thou the chairman ! 190  
 Chairman to yon damn'd Committee !  
 Yet I look on thee with pity.  
 Dreadful sight ! what, learned M——n  
 Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon !  
 For thy horrid looks, I own, 195  
 Half convert me to a stone :  
 Hast thou been so long at school  
 Now to turn a factious tool ?

Alma Mater was thy mother,  
Ev'ry young divine thy brother ; 200  
Thou, a disobedient varlet,  
Treat thy mother like an harlot !  
Thou, ungrateful to thy teachers,  
Who are all grown rev'rend preachers !  
M——n, would it not surprise one ? 205  
Turn thy nourishment to poison !  
When you walk among your books,  
They reproach you with their looks ;  
Bind them fast, or from their shelves  
They'll come down to right themselves : 210  
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,  
All in arms prepare to back us :  
Soon repent, or put to slaughter  
Ev'ry Greek and Roman author.  
Will you in your faction's phrase 215  
Send the Clergy all to graze ?  
And, to make your project pass,  
Leave them not a blade of grass ?  
How I want thee hum'rous Hogart !  
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art ; 220  
Were but you and I acquainted,  
Ev'ry monster should be painted :  
You should try your graving tools  
On this odious group of fools ;  
Draw the beasts as I describe them 225  
From their features, while I gibe them ;  
Draw them like, for I assure ye  
You will need no car'atura ;



Draw them so, that we may trace  
All the soul in ev'ry face.

230

“ Keeper, I must now retire,  
“ You have done what I desire ;  
“ But I feel my spirits spent  
“ With the noise, the sight, the scent.”  
“ Pray be patient ; you shall find  
“ Half the best are still behind :  
“ You have hardly seen a score,  
“ I can shew two hundred more.”  
“ Keeper, I have seen enough.”

235

Taking then a pinch of snuff,  
I concluded, looking round 'em,  
May their god, the d—l, confound 'em.  
Take them, Satan, as your due,  
All except the Fifty-two.

240

244

THE  
LIFE AND GENUINE CHARACTER

OF THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

*Written by himself.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift, written by himself, being very much inquired after by his Friends, many of whom pretended to have genuine copies, although he never suffered any of them to take one, the following was published with breaks, dashes, and triplets, (which the Author never made use of) to disguise his manner of writing; by which, however, they were deceived, although the genuine one was not published until the year 1739: but, in order to oblige the reader, we published the following, (although he would not own it) which the best judges allow hath many fine strokes of wit and humour.

TO THE READER.

THIS poetical account of the Life and Character of the Rev. Dr. Swift, so celebrated through the world for his many ingenious writings, was occasioned by a maxim of Rochefoucault, and is now published from the Author's last correct copy, being dedicated by the publisher to Alexander Pope of Twickenham, Esq.

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TO ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

OF TWICKENHAM, IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

*AS you have been long an intimate friend of the Author of the following Poem, I thought you would not be displeased with being informed of some particular.*

Volume. III.

particulars how he came to write it, and how I, very innocently procured a copy.

It seems the Dean, in conversation with some friends, said he could guess the discourse of the world concerning his character after his death, and thought it might be no improper subject for a poem. This happened above a year before he finished it; for it was written by small pieces, just as leisure or humour allowed him.

He shewed some parts of it to several friends, and when it was completed he seldom refused the sight of it to any visitor; so that, probably, it hath been perused by fifty persons; which being against his practice, many people judged, likely enough, that he had a desire to make the people of Dublin impatient to see it published, and at the same time to disappoint them; for he never would be prevailed on to grant a copy, and yet several lines were retained by memory, and are often repeated in Dublin.

It is thought that one of his servants, in whom he had great confidence, and who had access to his closet, took an opportunity, while his master was riding some miles out of town, to transcribe the whole Poem; and it is probable that the servant lent it to others, who were not trusty, (as is generally the case.) By this accident I having got a very correct copy from a friend in Dublin, lie under no obligation to conceal it.

I have shewn it to very good judges, friends of the Dean, (if I may venture to say so to you, who are such

a superior judge and poet) who are well acquainted with the Author's style and manner, and they all allow it to be the genuine, as well as perfectly finished and correct, his particular genius appearing in every line, together with his peculiar way of thinking and writing.

I should be very sorry to offend the Dean, although I am a perfect stranger to his person; but since the Poem will infallibly be soon printed, either here, or in Dublin, I take myself to have the best title to send it to the press, and I shall direct the printer to commit as few errors as possible. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,

*your most obedient,*

*and most humble servant,*

L. M.

## THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF DR. SWIFT.

*Upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault.*

Wise Rochefoucault a Maxim writ,  
Made up of Malice, truth, and wit:  
If what he says be not a joke,  
We mortals are strange kind of folk.

But hold.—Before we farther go.  
Tis fit the Maxim we should know.

He says, “ Whenever Fortune sends  
“ Disasters to our dearest friends,  
“ Altho’ we outwardly may grieve,  
“ We oft’ are laughing in our sleeve.”  
And when I think upon’t, this minute,  
I fancy there is something in it.

We see a comrade get a fall,  
Yet laugh our hearts out one and all,

Tom for a wealthy wife looks round,  
A nymph that brings ten thousand pound:  
He no where could have better pick’d;  
A rival comes, and Tom—is nick’d——  
See how behave his friends profest,  
They turn the matter to a jest;

Loll out their tongues, and thus they talk,  
“ Poor Tom has got a plaguy haulk——!”

I could give instances enough  
That human friendship is but stuff.  
Whene’er a flatt’ring puppy cries  
You are his dearest friend——, he lies:  
To lose a guinea at piquet

Would make him rage, and storm, and fret,  
Bring from his heart sincerer groans  
Than if he heard you broke his bones.

Come, tell me truly, would you take well,  
Suppose your friend and you were equal,  
To see him always foremost stand,  
Affect to take the upper hand,

And strive to pass in public view  
For much a better man than you ? 35

Envy, I doubt, would pow'rful prove,  
And get the better of your love:  
'Twould please your palate, like a feast,  
To see him mortify'd at least.—— 40

'Tis true, we talk of friendship much,  
But who are they that can keep touch ?——  
True friendship in two breasts requires  
The same aversions and desires:  
My friend should have, when I complain, 45  
A fellow-feeling of my pain.

Yet, by experience, oft' we find  
Our friends are of a diff'rent mind ;  
And were I tortur'd with the gout,  
They'd laugh to see me make a rout, 50  
Glad that themselves could walk about.

'Let me suppose two special friends,  
And each to poetry pretends ;  
Would either poet take it well  
To hear the other bore the bell ?—— 55  
His rival for the chiefest reckon'd,  
Himself pass only for the second ?——

When you are sick, your friends, ~~say~~ say,  
Will send their Howd'ye's ev'ry day :  
Alas ! that gives you small relief—— 60  
They send for manners—not for grief :——  
Nor if you dy'ed would fail to go  
That ev'ning to a puppet-show.——

Yet come in time to shew their loves,  
And get a hat-band, scarf, and gloves.

65

To make these truths the better known,  
Let me suppose the case my own.

The day will come when't shall be said,  
"D'ye hear the news?—the Dean is dead.—  
"Poor man! he went all on a sudden."—  
"H'as dropp'd, and giv'n the crow a pudden.  
"What money was behind him found?"  
"I hear about two thousand pound.—  
"'Tis own'd he was a man of wit"—  
"Yet many a foolish thing he writ—  
"And sure he must be deeply learn'd."—  
"That's more than ever I discern'd."—  
"I know his nearest friends complain  
"He was too airy for a Dean.—  
"He was an honest man, I'll swear."—  
"Why, Sir, I differ from you there;  
"For I have heard another story;  
"He was a most confounded Tory."—  
"Yet here we had a strong report  
"That he was well received at court."—  
"Why, then it was, I do assert,  
"Their goodness more than his desert.—  
"He grew, or else his comrades ly'd,  
"Confounded dull—before he dy'd.  
"He hop'd to have a lucky hit,  
"Some medals sent him for his wit;  
"But truly there the Dean was bit"—

70

75

80

85

90

- "And yet, I think, for all your jokes,  
"His claim as good as other folks."——  
"Must we the Drapier then forget? 95  
"Is not our nation in his debt?  
" 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters."——  
"He should have left them for his betters:  
"We had an hundred abler men,  
"Nor need depend upon his pen.—— 100  
"Say what you will about his reading,  
"You never can defend his breeding,  
"Who in his satires running riot,  
"Could never leave the world in quiet——  
"Attacking when he took the whim, 105  
"Court, city, camp, all one to him.——  
"But why should he, except he slobber'd,  
"Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert!  
"Whose counsels aid the sov'reign pow'r,  
"To save the nation ev'ry hour? 110  
"What scenes of evil he untravels,  
"In satires, libels, lying Travels!  
"Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,  
"But eats into it like a moth."——  
"If he makes mankind bad as elves, 115  
"I answer, they may thank themselves:  
"If vice can ever be abash'd,  
"It must be ridicul'd or lash'd."  
"But if I chance to make a slip,  
"What right had he to hold the whip?" 120  
"If you resent it who's to blame?  
"He neither knew you nor your name.



“ Should vice expect to ’scape rebuke,

“ Because its owner is a duke?

“ Vice is a vermin, sportsmen say;

“ No vermine can demand fair play,

“ But ev’ry hand may justly slay.”

125

}

“ I envy not the wits who write

“ Merely to gratify their spite;

“ Thus did the Dean; his only scope

130

“ Was to be held a misanthrope:

“ This into gen’ral odium drew him,

“ Which if he lik’d, much good may’t do him:

“ This gave him enemies in plenty,

“ Throughout two realms nineteen in twenty. 135

“ His zeal was not to lash our crimes,

“ But discontent against the times:

“ For had we made him timely offers,

“ To raise his post or fill his coffers,

“ Perhaps he might have truckled down,

140

“ Like other brethren of his gown.

“ For party he would scarce have bled—

“ I say no more—because he’s dead.”—

“ But who could charge him to his face,

“ That e’er he cring’d to men in place?

145

“ His principles, of ancient date,

“ Ill suit with those profess’d of late:

“ The Pope, or Calvin, he’d oppose,

“ And thought they were both equal foes;

“ That church and state had suffer’d more

150

“ By Calvin than the Scarlet Whore:

" Thought Popish and fanatic zeal  
 " Both bitter foes to Britain's weal.  
 " The Pope would of our faith bereave us—  
 " But still our monarchy would leave us— 155  
 " Not so the vile fanatic crew,  
 " That ruin'd church and monarch too."

" Supposing these reflections just,  
 " We should indulge the Dean's disgust,  
 " Who saw the factious tribe caress'd, 160  
 " And lovers of the church distress'd—

" The patrons of the good old cause  
 " In senates sit, in making laws ;  
 " The most malignant of the herd  
 " In surest way to be preferr'd— 165

" And preachers find a better quarter  
 " For railing at the Royal Martyr.

" Whole swarms of sects, with grief, he saw,  
 " More favour'd than the church by law ;  
 " Thought Protestant too good a name 170

" For canting hypocrites to claim,  
 " Whose protestation hides a sting  
 " Destructive to the church and king ;  
 " Which might as well, in his opinion,  
 " Become an Atheist or Socinian. 175

" A Protestant's a special clincher ;  
 " It serves for sceptic and freethinker ;  
 " It serves for stubble, hay, and wool ;  
 " For ev'ry thing—but what it should."  
 " What Writings has he left behind ?" 180  
 " I hear they're of a different kind :

- “ A few in verse, but most in prose”—  
“ Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose—  
“ All scribbled in the worst of times,  
“ To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes, 185  
“ To praise Queen Anne; nay, more, defend her,  
“ As never fav'ring the Pretender—  
“ Or libels, yet conceal'd from sight—  
“ Against the court, to shew his spite;  
“ Perhaps his Travels, Part the Third, 190  
“ A lie at ev'ry second word,  
“ Offensive to a loyal ear—  
“ But—not one sermon, you may swear.”—  
“ Sir, our accounts are diff'rent quite,  
“ And your conjectures are not right; 195  
“ 'Tis plain his Writings were 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. 200  
“ Then since you dread no further lashes,  
“ You freely may forgive his ashes.” 202

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,  
FROM 1689 TO 1739, WITHOUT DATE.

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THE ELEPHANT:

OR, THE PARLIAMENT-MAN.

*Written many years since.*

TAKEN FROM COKE'S INSTITUTES.

ERE bribes convince you whom to chuse,  
The precepts of Lord Coke peruse.  
"Observe an Elephant," says he,  
"And let like him your member be.  
"First take a man that's free from gall, 5  
"For Elephants have none at all :  
"In flocks or parties he must keep,  
"For Elephants live just like sheep ;  
"Stubborn in honour he must be,  
"For Elephants ne'er bend the knee : 10  
"Last, let his memory be sound,  
"In which your Elephant's profound,  
"That old examples from the wise  
"May prompt him in his Noes and Ayes."  
Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ, 15  
In all the form of lawyers' wit,  
And then with Latin, and all that,  
Shews the comparison is pat.  
Yet in some points my Lord is wrong ;  
One's teeth are sold, and t'other's tongue : 20

Now men of Parliament, God knows,  
Are more like Elephants of shows,  
Whose docile memory and sense  
Are turn'd to trick to gather pence.  
To get their master half-a-crown,  
They spread their flag or lay it down :  
Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,  
And guarded nations from attacks,  
Now practise ev'ry pliant gesture,  
Op'ning their trunk for ev'ry tester.  
Siam, for Elephants so fam'd,  
Is not with England to be nam'd;  
There Elephants by men are sold;  
Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.

## DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

### I.

POPE has the talent well to speak,  
But not to reach the ear;  
His loudest voice is low and weak,  
The Dean too deaf to hear.

### II.

A while they on each other look,  
Then diff'rent studies chuse ;  
The Dean sits plodding on a book,  
Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

## III.

Now backs of letters, tho' design'd  
For those who more will need 'em, 10  
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,  
Himself can hardly read 'em.

## IV.

Each atom, by some other struck,  
All turns and motions tries,  
Till in a lump together stuck, 15  
Behold a poem rise !

## V.

Yet to the Dean his share allot,  
He claims it by a canon,  
"That without which a thing is not,"  
"Is *causa sine qua non*." 20

## VI.

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;  
For had our deaf divine  
Been for your conversation fit,  
You had not writ a line.

## VII.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd 25  
The sexton reason'd well,  
And justly half the merit claim'd,  
Because he rang the bell. 28

ON THE  
COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON

## CUTTING PAPER.

## I.

PALLAS grew vap'rish once, and odd;  
She would not do the least right thing  
Either for goddess or for god,  
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

## II.

Jove frown'd, and, "Use (he cry'd) those eyes  
" So skilful, and those hands so taper;  
" Do something exquisite and wise."—  
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut Paper.

## III.

This vexing him who gave her birth,  
Thought by all heav'n a burning shame,  
What does she next, but bids on earth  
Her Burlington do just the same? 10

## IV.

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;  
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil  
The sense and taste of one that bears  
The name of Savile and of Boyle. 15

## V.

Alas! one bad example shown,  
How quickly all the sex pursue!  
See, Madam! see the arts o'erthrown  
Between John Overton and you. 20

## THE STORM:

## MINERVA'S PETITION.

PALLAS, the goddess chaste and wise,  
 Descending lately from the skies,  
 To Neptune went, and begg'd in form  
 He'd give his orders for a Storm;  
 A Storm to drown that rascal—— 5  
 And she would kindly thank him for't;  
 A wretch! whom E—gl—h rogues to spite her,  
 Had lately honour'd with a m—tre.

The god, who favour'd her request,  
 Assur'd her he would do his best; 10  
 But Venus had been there before,  
 Pleaded the b—p lov'd a w—,  
 And had enlarg'd her empire wide,  
 Nor own'd a deity beside;  
 By sea or land if e'er you found him 15  
 Without a mistress, hang or drown him.  
 Since B——'s death the ——'s bench  
 Till —— arriv'd ne'er kept a wench;  
 If he must sink, she grieves to tell it,  
 She'll not have left one single prelate; 20  
 For to say truth she did intend him  
 Elect of Cyprus *in commendam*.

Then Proteus urg'd the same request,  
 But half in earnest, half in jest;  
 Said he—"Great Sovereign of the main! 25  
 "To drown him all attempts are vain,  
 O ij



“ ——— can assume more forms than I,  
“ A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy;  
“ Can creep or run, can fly or swim;  
“ All motions are alike to him : 30  
“ Turn him<sup>o</sup> adrift, and you shall find  
“ He knows to sail with ev’ry wind;  
“ Or throw him overboard, he’ll ride  
“ As well against as with the tide.  
“ But, Pallas, you’ve apply’d too late, 35  
“ For ’tis decreed by Jove and Fate  
“ That I——d must be destroy’d,  
“ And who but ——— can be employ’d?  
“ You need not then have been so pert,  
“ In sending B——lt——n to Cl——f——t; 40  
“ I found you did it by your grinning;  
“ Your bus’ness is to mind your spinning.  
“ But how you came to interpose  
“ In making b——ps, no one knows.  
“ And if you must have your petition, 45  
“ There’s B——k——y in the same condition;  
“ Look, there he stands, and ’tis but just  
“ If one must drown the other must;  
“ But if you’ll leave us B——p Judas,  
“ We’ll give you B——k——y for Bermudas\*. 50  
“ Now if ’twill gratify your spite,  
“ To put him in a plaguy fright,  
“ Altho’ ’tis hardly worth the cost,  
“ You soon shall see him soundly tost.

\* Dr. B——k——y was then full of his project of erecting a college at Bermudas.

" You'll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn 55  
 " (And ev'ry moment take a dram)  
 " His ghostly visage with an air  
 " Of reprobation and despair;  
 " Or else some hiding hole he seeks,  
 " For fear the rest should say he squeaks; 60  
 " Or as F——k\* did before,  
 " Resolve to perish with his wh—;  
 " Or else he raves, and roars, and swears,  
 " And but for shame would say his pray'rs.  
 " Or would you see his spirits sink, 65  
 " Relaxing downwards in a st—k?  
 " If such a sight as this can please ye,  
 " Good Mrs. Pallas! pray be easy;  
 " To Neptune speak, and he'll consent;  
 " But he'll come back the knave he went." 70  
 The goddess, who conceiv'd an hope  
 That —— was destin'd to a rope,  
 Believ'd it best to condescend,  
 To spare a foe to save a friend;  
 But fearing B——k——y might be scar'd,  
 She left him Virtue for a guard. 76

## THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

ALL folks, who pretend to religion and grace,  
 Allow there's a Hell, but dispute of the place;

\* Brigadier F——k was drowned coming from England.

But if Hell may by logical rules be defin'd  
The Place of the Damn'd—I'll tell you my mind.  
Wherever the Damn'd do chiefly abound, 5  
Most certainly there is Hell to be found :  
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads,  
damn'd knaves,  
Damn'd senators brib'd, damn'd prostitute slaves ;  
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and  
damn'd 'squires ;  
Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends, and  
damn'd liars ; 10  
Damn'd villains corrupted in every station ;  
Damn'd time-serving priests all over the nation :  
And into the bargain I'll readily give you  
Damn'd ignorant prelates and councillors privy.  
'Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd, 15  
For we know by these marks the Place of the  
Damn'd ;  
And Hell to be sure is at Paris or Rome :  
How happy for us that it is not at home ! 18

## AN APOLOGY.

A LADY wise as well as fair,  
Whose conscience always was her care  
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,  
Would have the text as well as comment ;  
So hearing of a grave divine,  
She sent to bid him come and dine.

But you must know he was not quite  
So grave as to<sup>b</sup> be unpolite;  
Thought human learning would not lessen  
The dignity of his profession; 10  
And if you<sup>a</sup> had heard the man discourse,  
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.  
He long had bid the court farewell,  
Retreating silent to his cell,  
Suspected for the love he bore 15  
To one who sway'd some time before,  
Which made it more surprising how  
He should be sent for thither now.

The message told, he gapes and stares,  
And scarce believes his eyes or ears<sup>a</sup>; 20  
Could not conceive what it should mean,  
And fain would hear it told again.  
But then the 'squire so trim and nice,  
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;  
So<sup>b</sup> bow'd, was thankful for the honour, 25  
And would not fail to wait upon her.  
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,  
Away he trudges into town,  
Passes the lower castle-yard,  
And now advancing to the guard, 30  
He trembles at the thoughts of state;  
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,  
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;  
He stopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the message I receiv'd?  
Why, certainly the Captain rav'd.

To dine with her! and come at three!

Impossible! it can't be me.

Or may be I mistook the word;

My Lady—it must be my Lord.

40

My Lord's abroad; my Lady too:

What must th' unhappy Doctor do?

“Is Capt. Cratch'rode here \*, pray?”—“No.”

Nay, then 'tis time for me to go.

Am I awake, or do I dream?

45

I'm sure he call'd me by my name;

Nam'd me as plain as he could speak,

And yet there must be some mistake.

Why, what a jest should I have been

Had now my Lady been within?

50

What could I've said? I'm mighty glad

She went abroad—she'd thought me mad.

The hour of dining now is past;

Well, then, I'll e'en go home and fast,

And since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,

55

I think I'm very fairly off.

My Lady now returning home,

Calls, “Crach'rode! is the Doctor come?”

He had not heard of him.—“Pray see,

“'Tis now ~~now~~ quarter after three.”

60

The Captain walks about, and searches

Thro' all the rooms, and courts, and arches;

Examines all the servants round,

In vain—no Doctor's to be found.

\* The gentleman who brought the message.

- My Lady could not chuse but wonder ; 65  
" Captain, I fear you've made some blunder :  
" But pray, to-morrow go at ten,  
" I'll try his manners once again ;  
" If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,  
" My son shall never see a college." 70  
The Captain was a man of reading,  
And much good sense as well as breeding,  
Who, loath to blame or to incense,  
Said little in his own defence.  
Next day another message brought ; 75  
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,  
Is dress'd, and stealing thro' the crowd,  
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,  
Panting—and falt'ring—hum'd and ha'd :  
Her Ladyship was gone abroad ; 80  
The Captain too—He did not know  
Whether he ought to stay or go ;  
Begg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,  
My Lady, pitying his confusion,  
Call'd her good nature to relieve him ; 85  
Told him she thought she might believe him,  
And would not only grant his suit,  
But visit him and eat some fruit ;  
Provided, at a proper time,  
He told the real truth in rhyme. 90  
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,  
She'd hear of no excuse in prose.  
The Doctor stood not to debate,  
Glad to compound at any rate ;

So bowing, seemingly comply'd, 95  
Tho' if he durst he had deny'd.  
But first resolv'd to shew his taste  
Was too refin'd to give a feast;  
He'd treat with nothing that was rare;  
But winding walks and purer air: 100  
Would entertain without expence,  
Or pride or vain magnificence;  
For well he knew to such a guest  
The plainest meals must be the best.  
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare 105  
Simplicity alone is rare,  
Whilst high, and nice, and curious meats,  
Are really but vulgar treats:  
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,  
The costly boasts of regal rooms, 110  
Thought it more courtly and discreet  
To scatter roses at her feet;  
Roses of richest dye, that shone  
With native lustre like her own;  
Beauty that needs no aid of art 115  
Thro' every sense to reach the heart.  
The gracious dame, tho' well she knew  
All this was much beneath her due,  
Lik'd ev'ry thing—at least thought fit  
To praise it *par maniere d'acquit*: 120  
Yet she, tho' seeming pleas'd, can't bear  
The scorching sun or chilling air;  
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,  
Whether he shews or hides his beams:

- Tho' seeming pleas'd at all she sees,  
Starts at the ruffling of the trees ;  
And scarce can speak for want of breath,  
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.  
The Doctor takes<sup>o</sup> his hint from hence,<sup>a</sup>  
T' apologize his late offence :  
" Madam, the mighty pow'r of use  
" Now strangely pleads in my excuse.  
" If you, unus'd, have scarcely strength  
" To gain this walk's untoward length ;  
" If frighten'd at a scene so rude,  
" Thro' long disuse of solitude ;  
" If, long confin'd to fires and screens,  
" You dread the waving of these greens ;  
" If you, who long have breath'd the fumes  
" Of city-fogs and crowded rooms,  
" Do now solicitously shun  
" The cooler air and dazzling sun ;  
" If his majestic eye you flee ;  
" Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.  
" Consider what it is to bear  
" The powder'd courtier's witty sneer ;  
" To see th' important man of dress  
" Scoffing my college awkwardness ;  
" To be the strutting cornet's sport,  
" To run the gauntlet of the court,  
" Winning my way by slow approaches,  
" Thro' crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,  
" From the first fierce cockaded centry,  
" Quite thro' the tribe of waiting gentry ;



" To pass so many crowded stages, 155  
 " And stand the staring of your pages;  
 " And, after all, to crown my spleen,  
 " Be told——you are not to be seen;  
 " Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear  
 " The awe of your majestic air : 160  
 " And can I then be faulty found  
 " In dreading this vexatious round ?  
 " Can it be strange if I eschew  
 " A scene so glorious and so new !  
 " Or is he criminal that flies  
 " The living lustre of your eyes ?" 166

## TIM AND THE FABLES.

FROM THE TENTH INTELLIGENCER.

My meaning will be best unravell'd  
 When I premise that Tim has travell'd,  
 In Lucas's by chance there lay  
 The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.  
 Tim set the volume on a table,  
 Read over here and there a fable,  
 And found, as he the pages twirl'd,  
 The Monkey who had seen the World ;  
 (For Tonson had, to help the sale,  
 Prefix'd a cut to ev'ry tale.)  
 The Monkey was completely dress'd,  
 The beau in all his airs express'd.  
 Tim with surprise and pleasure staring,  
 Ran to the glass, and then comparing

His own sweet figure with the print, 15  
 Distinguish'd ev'ry feature in't,  
 The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge, and all,  
 Just as they look'd in the original.  
 "By —— says 'Tim, (and let a f——)"  
 "This graver understood his art: 20  
 "'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;  
 "I well remember when I sat for't.  
 "My very face, as first I knew it;  
 "Just in this dress the painter drew it."  
 Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten, 25  
 Would read what underneath was written,  
 The merry tale with moral grave.  
 He now began to storm and rave;  
 "The cursed villain! now I see  
 "This was a libel meant at me: 30  
 "Those scribblers grow so bold of late  
 "Against us ministers of state!  
 "Such Jacobites as he deserve——  
 "Damme, (I say) they ought to starve."  
 Dear Tim! no more such angry speeches, 35  
 Unbutton, and let down your breeches;  
 Tear out the tale, and wipe your a——,  
 I know you love to act a farce.

## ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE

CUT ON PAPER.

To fair Lady Betty Dan sat for his Picture,  
 And defy'd her to draw him so oft' as he piqu'd her;

He knew she'd ad no pencil or colouring by her,  
 And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.  
 "Come sit," says my Lady, then whips up her  
 scissar,

And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, Sir. 6  
 Dan sat with attention, and saw, with surprise,  
 How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his  
 But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit, [eyes;  
 That his thin leathern jaws all her art would defeat.  
 Lady Betty observ'd it, then pulls out a pin, 11  
 And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin;  
 And to make roasted silk to resemble his raw-bone,  
 She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;  
 Till at length in exactest proportion he rose, 15  
 From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose.  
 And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,  
 'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.  
 & Well, that's but my outside," says Dan, with a  
 vapour. 19

"Say you so?" says my Lady; "I've lin'd it with  
 "paper."  
 P—D—sculp.

## ANOTHER.

CLARISSA draws her scissars from the case,  
 To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face:  
 One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin,  
 A nick produc'd a mouth, and made him grin,  
 Such as in tailor's measure you have seen: 5

But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,  
 For which grey worsted stocking paint supplies.  
 Th' unravell'd thread thro' needle's eye convey'd,  
 Transferr'd itself into his pasteboard-head.  
 How came the scissars to be thus outdone? 10  
 The needle had an eye, and they had none.  
 O wond'rous force of art! now look at Dan——  
 You'd swear the pasteboard was the better man.  
 "The devil," says he, "the head is not so full——"  
 "Indeed it is, behold the paper-scul." 15

THO. S——N *sculp.*

## ANOTHER.

DAN's evil genius in a trice  
 Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice;  
 Chloe observing this disgrace,  
 On Pam cut out his rueful face;  
 "By G——," says Dan, "'tis very hard,  
 "Cut out at dice, cut out at card!" 6

G. R——D *sculp.*

## ON THE FOREGOING PICTURE.

### I.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic  
 To give us a description graphic  
 Of Dan's large nose in modern Sapphic,

## II.

I spend my time in making sermons,  
Or writing libels on the Germans,  
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

5

## III.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,  
And look in English, French, and Scotch, for't,  
At last I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.

## IV.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her,  
And tell who was it could direct her  
To draw the face of such a spectre.

10

## V.

I must confess that as to me, Sirs,  
Tho' I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,  
I now could safely swear it is her's.

15

## VI.

'Tis true no nose could come in better;  
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,  
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

## VII.

Take courage, Dan, this plainly shows  
That not the wisest mortal knows  
What fortune may befall his nose.

20

## VIII.

Shew me the brightest Irish toast  
Who from her lover e'er could boast  
Above a song or two at most:

## IX.

For thee three poets now are drudging all, 25  
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge, and all,  
Both of the Picture and original.

## X.

Thy nose's length and fame extend  
So far, dear Dan! that ev'ry friend  
Tries who shall have it by the end. 30

## XI.

And future poets, as they rise,  
Shall read with envy and surprise,  
Thy nose outshining Celia's eyes. 33

## DAN JACKSON'S ANSWER.

---

My verse is little better you'll find than my face is;

A word to the wise, ut pictura poesis.

---

THREE merry lads, with envy stung,  
Because Dan's face is better hung,  
Combin'd in verse to rhyme it down,  
And in its place set up their own,  
As if they'd run it down much better 5  
By number of their feet in metre,  
Or that its reddid cause their spite,  
Which made them draw in black and white.  
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,  
They were inspir'd by what they drew. 10  
Let then such critics know, my face  
Gives them their comeliness and grace,  
Whilst ev'ry line of face does bring  
A line of grace to what they sing.  
But yet, methinks, tho' with disgrace 15  
Both to the Picture and the face,  
I name the men who do rehearse  
The story of the Picture-farce.  
'The 'squire in French as hard as stone,  
Or strong as rock, that's all as one, 20  
On face on cards is very brisk, Sirs,  
Because on them you play at whist, Sirs.  
But much I wonder why my cranny  
Should envy'd be by De-el-any;

And yet much more that half name-sake      25  
 Should join a party in the freak:  
 For sure I am it was not safe  
 Thus to abuse his better half,  
 As I shall prove you, Dan, to be  
 Divisim and conjunctively;      30  
 For if Dan love not sherry, can  
 Sherry be any thing to Dan?  
 This is the case, whene'er you see  
 Dan makes nothing of sherry,  
 Or should Dan be by sherry o'erta'en,      35  
 Then Dan would be poor Sheridane;  
 'Tis hard then he should be decry'd  
 By Dan with Sherry by his side;  
 But if the case must be so hard,  
 That faces suffer by a card,      40  
 Let critics censure, what care I?  
 Backbiters only we defy,  
 Faces are free from injury.      43

## DAN JACKSON'S REPLY.

WRITTEN BY THE DEAN,

*In the name of Dan Jackson.*

WEARY'D with saying grace and pray'r  
 I hasten'd down to country air,  
 To read your Answer, and prepare  
 Reply to't.



But your fair lines so grossly flatter, 5  
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?  
I must suspect you mean the latter ;

ah, Sly-boot!

It must be so ; what else, alas!  
Can mean my culling of a face, 10  
And all that stuff of toilette, glass,  
and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,  
That you're a daub, whilst I but paint;  
Then which of us two is the quaint- 15  
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,  
Your gibes, and all your foul abuse,  
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,  
nor fear it. 20

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,  
Thou sorry scarecrow of skin and bone!  
To be call'd lean by a skeleton,  
who'd bear it?

'Tis true, indeed, to curry friends, 25  
You seem to praise to make amends,  
And yet before your stanza ends  
you flout me

'Bout latent charms beneath my clothes;  
For every one that knows me, knows 30  
That I have nothing like my nose  
about me.

I pass now where you flee and laugh,

'Cause I call Dan my better half:

Oh, there you think you have me safe!

35

but hold, Sir ;

Is not a penny often found

To be much greater than a pound ?

By your good leave, my most profound

and bold Sir,

40

Dan's noble mettle, Sherry base;

So Dan's the better, tho' the less :

An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass,

dull pedant.

As to your spelling, let me see,

45

If SHE makes sher, and RI makes ry;

Good Spelling-master! your cranny

has lead in't.

ANOTHER REPLY BY THE DEAN,

IN DAN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for answer I have waited,

I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated ;

And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated

poetaster?

Henceforth acknowledge that, a nose

5

Of thy dimension's fit for prose ;

But ev'ry one that knows, Dan knows

thy master.

Blush for ill spelling, for ill lines,  
 And fly with hurry to Ramines ; 10  
 Thy fame, thy genius, now declines,  
 proud boaster.  
 I hear with some concern your roar,  
 And flying think to quit the score,  
 By clapping billets on your door 15  
 and posts, Sir.  
 Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,  
 I'm griev'd to hear your banishment,  
 But pleas'd to find you do relent  
 and cry on. 20  
 I maul'd you when you look'd so bluff,  
 But now I'll secret keep your stuff;  
 For know prostration is enough  
 to th' lion. 24

## SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

WRITTEN BY THE DEAN.

*Cedo jam, miserae cognoscens praemia rixae,  
 Si risca est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.*

Poor Sherry, inglorious,  
 To Dan the victorious,  
 Presents, as 'tis fitting,  
 Petition and greeting.

I.

To you victorious and brave,  
 Your now subdu'd and suppliant slave  
 Most humbly sues for pardon,

Who, when I fought, still cut me down,  
And when I vanquish'd fled the town,  
Pursu'd and laid me hard on.

5

## II.

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry Peccavi,  
And, prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie*;  
Your mercy I rely on.

For you, my conqu'ror and my king,  
In pard'ning, as in punishing,  
Will shew yourself a lion.

10

## III.

Alas! Sir, I had no design,  
But was unwarily drawn in,  
For spite I ne'er had any;  
'Twas the damn'd 'squire with the hard name;  
The devil too that ow'd me a shame,  
The devil and Delany;

15

## IV.

They tempted me t'attack your Highness,  
And then, with wonted wile and slyness,  
They left me in the lurch.

20

Unhappy wretch! for now I ween  
I've nothing left to vent my spleen  
But ferula and birch;

## V.

And they, alas! yield small relief,  
Seem rather to renew my grief,  
My wounds bleed all anew;

25

For ev'ry stroke goes to my heart,  
And at each lash I feel the smart.  
Of lash laid on by you.

30

## TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

TOM and Dick had equal fame,  
And both had equal knowledge;  
Tom could write and spell his name,  
But Dick had seen the college.

### II.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,  
And both alike diverting;  
Tom was held the merrier lad,  
But Dick the best at farting.

### III.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,  
But Tom was kind and loving;  
Tom a footboy bred and born,  
But Dick was from an oven.

### IV.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,  
But Tom was best at borees;  
Tom would pray for ev'ry whig,  
And Dick curse all the Tories.

### V.

Dick would make a woeful noise,  
And scold at an election;  
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,  
And held them in subjection.

30

## VI.

Tom could move with lordly grace,  
Dick nimbly skip the gutter;  
Tom could talk with solemn face,  
But Dick could better sputter.

## VII.

Dick was come to high renown  
Since he commenc'd physician;  
Tom was held by all the town  
The depeer politician.

## VIII.

Tom had the genteeler swing,  
His hat could nicely put on;  
Dick knew better how to swing  
His cane upon a button.

## IX.

Dick for repartee was fit,  
And Tom for deep discerning;  
Dick was thought the brighter wit,  
But Tom had better learning.

## X.

Dick with zealous Noes and Ayes  
Could roar as loud as Stentor;  
In the House 'tis all he says;  
But Tom is eloquenter.

## DICK A MAGGOT.

As when from rooting in a bin,  
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,

A lively Maggot sallies out,  
 You know him by his hazel snout;  
 So when the grandson of his grandsire  
 Forth issues wriggling, Dick Drawcansir, 5  
 With powder'd rump and back and side,  
 You cannot blanch his tawney hide,  
 For 'tis beyond the power of meal  
 The gipsey vissage to conceal; 10  
 For as he shakes his wainscot chops,  
 Down ev'ry mealy atom drops,  
 And leaves the tartar phiz, in show,  
 Like a fresh t——d just dropt in snow. 14

### DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools  
 I hate, who gape and sneer by rules,  
 You, Mullinix, and slobb'ring C——,  
 Who ev'ry day and hour the same are;  
 That vulgar talent I despise 5  
 Of pissing in the rabble's eyes;  
 And when I listen to the noise  
 Of idiots roaring to the boys,  
 To better judgments still submitting,  
 I own I see but little wit in: 10  
 Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,  
 Can please at most but once or twice.  
 But then consider Dick, you'll find  
 His genius of superior kind;

- He never muddles in the dirt, 15  
Nor scours the streets without a shirt,  
Tho' Dick, I dare presume to say,  
Could do such feats as well as they.  
Dick could venture ev'ry where,  
Let the boys pelt him if they dare; 20  
He'd have 'em try'd at the assizes  
For priests and Jesuits in disguises,  
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,  
And listing troops for the Pretender.  
But Dick can fart, and dance, and frisk, 25  
No other monkey half so brisk;  
Now has the Speaker by the ears  
Next moment in the House of Peers;  
Now scolding at my Lady Eustace,  
Or thrashing Baby in her new stays. 30  
Bresto, begone; with t'other hop  
He's powd'ring in a barber's shop;  
Now at the antichamber thrusting  
His nose to get the circle just in,  
And damns his blood, that in the rear 35  
He sees one single tory there;  
Then woe be to my Lord Lieutenant,  
Again he'll tell him, and again, on't. 38



## CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

TO DICK.

## I.

FOULEST brute that stinks below,  
Why in this Brown dost thou appear?  
For wouldst thou make a fouler show,  
Thou must go naked all the year :  
Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow  
Would then be not so Brown as thou.

## II.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun ;  
His hide emits a foulness out ;  
Not one jot better looks the sun  
Seen from behind a dirty clout :  
So t——ds within a glass inclose,  
The glass will seem as brown as those.

## III.

Thou now one heap of foulness art ;  
All outward and within is foul ;  
Condensed filth in ev'ry part,  
Thy body's clothed like thy soul ;  
Thy soul which, thro' thy hide of buff,  
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

## IV.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,  
When pelted all with dirt they shine ;

Such their exalted bodies are,  
 As shrivell'd and as black as thine.  
 If thou wert in a cart, I fear  
 Thou wouldst be pelted worse than they're.

## V.

Yet when we see thee thus array'd, 25  
 The neighbours think it is but just  
 That thou shouldst take an honest trade,  
 And weekly carry out the dust.  
 Of cleanly houses who will doubt,  
 When Dick cries, Dust to carry out? 30

*Verses made for women who cry Apples, &c.*

## APPLES.

COME buy my fine wares,  
 Plums, Apples, and Pears,  
 A hundred a penny, }  
 In conscience too many : }  
 Come, will you have any? 5 }  
 My children are seven,  
 I wish them in heaven;  
 My husband's a sot,  
 With his pipe and his pot,  
 Not a farthing will gain 'em,  
 And I must maintain 'em. 10

## ASPARAGUS.

RIPE 'Sparagrass,  
 Fit for lad or lass,

To make their water pass;  
O! 'tis pretty picking  
With a tender chicken.

5

## ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the smell,  
Here's delicate Onions to sell;  
I promise to use you well.  
They make the blood warmer;  
You'll feed like a farmer;  
For this is ev'ry cook's opinion,  
No sav'ry dish without an Onion;  
But lest your kissing should be spoil'd,  
Your Onions must be th'roughly boil'd;  
Or else you may spare  
Your mistress a share,  
The secret will never be known;  
She cannot discover  
The breath of her lover,  
But think it as sweet as her own.

}

5

10

15

## OYSTERS.

CHARMING Oysters I cry,  
My Masters, come buy;  
So plump and so fresh,  
So sweet is their flesh,  
No Colchester Oyster  
Is sweeter and moister.

5

Your stomach they settle,  
 And rouse up your mettle:  
 They'll make you a dad  
 Of a lass or a lad;  
 And Madam<sup>y</sup> your wife  
 They'll please to the life:  
 Be she barren, be she old,  
 Be she slut or be she scold,  
 Eat my Oysters and lie near her,  
 She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

10

16

## HERRINGS.

BE not sparing  
 Leave off swearing:  
 Buy my Herring  
 Fresh from Malahide\*,  
 Better ne'er was try'd.  
 Come eat 'em with pure fresh butter and mustard,  
 Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.  
 Come, sixpence a dozen to get me some bread,  
 Or, like my own Herrings, I soon shall be dead.

5

9

## ORANGES.

COME buy my fine Oranges, sauce for your veal,  
 And charming when squeez'd in a pot of brown ale:  
 Well roasted with sugar and wine in a cup,  
 They'll make a sweet bishop when gentefolks sup.

4

\* Malahide, about five miles from Dublin, famous for herrings.

## TO LOVE.

IN all I wish how happy should I be,  
Thou grand Deluder! were it not for thee?  
So weak thou art, that fools thy pow'r despise,  
And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.  
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art, 5  
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.  
Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care,  
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare,  
Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,  
And throw the pleasing part of life away. 10  
But what does most my indignation move,  
Discretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to Love;  
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,  
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts:  
While the blind loit'ring god is at his play, 15  
Thou steal'st his golden pointed darts away;  
Those darts which never fail; and in their stead  
Convey'st malignant arrows tipt with lead:  
The heedless god, suspecting no deceits,  
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats; 20  
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,  
And from her shepherd can find no return,  
Laments and rages at the power divine,  
When, curs'd Discretion! all the fault was thine.  
Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds, 30  
And bred such feuds betwixt those kindred gods,

That Venus cannot reconcile her sons ;  
 When one appears away the other runs.  
 The former scales, wherein he us'd to poise  
 Love against love, and equal joys with joys, 30  
 Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,  
 Where titles, power, and riches, still subside.  
 Then, gentle Venus ! to thy father run,  
 And tell him how thy children are undone ;  
 Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,  
 And strike Discretion to the shades below. 36

*The following lines were wrote upon a very old glass*

## OF SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S.

FRAIL Glass ! thou mortal art as well as I,  
 Tho' none can tell which of us first shall die. 2

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE

BY DR. SWIFT.

WE both are mortal ; but thou, frailer creature,  
 May'st die, like me, by chance, but not by nature. 2

## VERSES

SAID TO BE WRITTEN ON THE UNION.

THE Queen has lately lost a part  
 Of her entirely-English heart,  
 For want of which, by way of botch,  
 She piec'd it up again with Scotch.

Bless'd Revolution ! which creates, 5  
 Divided hearts, united states !  
 See how the double nation lies,  
 Like a rich coat with skirts of frize ;  
 As if a man in making posies  
 Should bundle thistles up with roses. 10  
 Who ever yet a Union saw  
 Of kingdoms without faith or law ?  
 Henceforward let no statesman dare  
 A kingdom to a ship compare,  
 Lest he should call our commonweal 15  
 A vessel with a double keel,  
 Which, just like our's, new rigg'd and mann'd,  
 And got about a league from land,  
 By change of wind to leeward side,  
 The pilot knew not how to guide : 20  
 So tossing faction will o'erwhelm  
 Our crazy double-bottom'd realm. 22

## CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

LESBIA mî dicit semper male ; nec tacet unquam  
 De me. Lesbia me, dispeream, nisi amat.  
 Quo signo ? quia sunt totidem mea : deprecor illam  
 Assiduè ; verum, dispeream, nisi amo. 4

## IN ENGLISH.

LESBIA for ever on me rails ;  
 To talk of me she never fails :

Now hang me, but for all her art  
 I find that I have gain'd her heart. 4  
 My proof is this, I plainly see  
 The case is just the same with me;  
 I curse her every hour sincerely,  
 Yet hang me but I love her dearly. 8

## MR. JASON HASSARD,

A WOOLLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN,

*Put up the sign of the Golden Fleece, and desired a  
 motto in verse.*

JASON, the valiant Prince of Greece,  
 From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece;  
 We comb the wool, refine the stuff; 3  
 For modern Jasons that's enough.  
 'Oh! could we tame yon' watchful Dragon\*,  
 Old Jason would have less to brag on. 6

## THE

## AUTHOR'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine  
 Upon a chick and pint of wine;  
 On rainy days I dine alone,  
 And pick my chicken to the bone:  
 But this my servants much enrages; 5  
 No scraps remain to save board-wages.

\* England.



In weather fine I nothing spend,  
 But often sponge upon a friend;  
 Yet where he's not so rich as I,  
 I pay my club, and so Good b' y'—

## THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN wise Lord Berkeley first came here,  
 Statesmen and mob expected wonders,  
 Nor thought to find so great a peer  
 Ere a week past committing blunders:

Till on a day cut out by Fate,  
 When folk came thick to make their court,  
 Out slipt a mystery of state,  
 To give the town and country sport.

Now enters Bush \* with new state-airs,  
 His Lordship's premier minister,  
 And who in all profound affairs  
 Is held as needful as his clyster.

With head reclining on his shoulder  
 He deals and hears mysterious chat,  
 While ev'ry ignorant beholder  
 Asks of his neighbour, Who is that?

With this he put up to my Lord,  
 The courtiers kept their distance due;  
 He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word,  
 Then to a corner both withdrew.

Imagine now my Lord and Bush  
 Whisp'ring in junto most profound,

\* My Lord's wise secretary.

Like good King Phyz and good King Ush\*,  
While all the rest stood gaping round.

At length a spark, not too well bred,  
25  
Of forward face and ear acute,

Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,  
To overhear the grand dispute;

To learn what northern kings design,  
Or from Whitehall some new express,  
30  
Papists disarm'd, or fall of coin;

For, sure, thought he, it can't be less.  
"My Lord," said Bush, "a friend and I,

"Disguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,  
Ere morning's dawn stole out to spy  
35  
"How markets went for hay and oats."

With that he draws two handfuls out,  
The one was oats, the other hay;

Puts this to's Excellency's snout,  
And begs he would the other weigh.  
40

My Lord seems pleas'd, but still directs  
By all means to bring down the rates;

Then with a congée circumflex  
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.

Our list'ner stood a while confus'd,  
45  
But gath'ring spirits, wisely ran for't;

Enrag'd to see the world abus'd  
By two such whisp'ring kings of Brentford!

48

\* *Vide* The Rehearsal.

## THE PROBLEM.

*That my Lord B—ley stinks when he's in love.—*

DID ever Problem thus perplex,  
Or more employ the female sex?  
So sweet a passion who would think  
Jove ever form'd to make a stink?  
The ladies vow and swear they'll try  
Whether it be a truth or lie.

5

Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,  
Works in my Lord by stool and sweat,  
Which brings a stink from ev'ry pore,  
And from behind and from before;  
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,  
None but the fav'rite Nymph can smell it.

10

But now to solve the nat'ral cause  
By sober philosophic laws,  
Whether all passions, when in ferment,  
Work out as anger does in vermine;  
So when a weasel you torment,  
You find his passion by his scent.

15

We read of Kings who, in a fright,  
Tho' on a throne, would fall to sh—.

20

Beside all this, deep scholars know  
That the main string of Cupid's bow  
Once on a time was an a— gut,  
Now to a nobler office put,  
By favour or desert prefer'd

25

From giving passge to ad—;  
But still, tho' fix'd among the stars,  
Does sympathize with human a—.

Thus when you feel an hard-bound breech,  
Conclude Love's bowstring at full stretch,  
Till the kind looseness comes, and then  
Conclude the bow relax'd again.

And now the ladies all are bent  
To try the great experiment;  
Ambitious of a regent's heart, 35  
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;  
Watching the first unsav'ry wind,  
Some ply before, and some behind.  
My Lord on fire amidst the dames,  
F—ts like a laurel in the flames. 40

The fair approach the speaking part,  
To try the backway to his heart;  
For as when we a gun discharge,  
Altho' the bore be ne'er so large,  
Before the flame from muzzle burst, 45  
Just at the breech it flashes first;  
So from my Lord his passion broke,  
He f—ted first, and then he spoke.

The ladies vanish in the smother,  
To confer notes with one another: 50  
And now they all agree to name  
Whom each one thought the happy dame.  
Quoth Neal, "Whate'er the rest may think,  
"I'm sure 'twas I that felt the stink."  
"You smell the stink! by G—, you lie," 55  
Quoth Ross; "for I'll be sworn 'twas I."  
"Ladies," quoth Leven, "pray forbear,  
"Let's not fall out; we ail had share;

“ And by the most I can discover,  
 “ My Lord’s an universal lover.

60

## ON A PRINTER’S

BEING SENT TO NEWGATE BY—

BETTER we all were in our graves  
 Than live in slavery to slaves ;  
 Worse than the anarchy at sea,  
 Where fishes on each other prey ;  
 Where every trout can make as high rants  
 O’er his inferiors as our tyrants,  
 And swagger while the coast is clear ;  
 But should a lordly pike appear,  
 Away you see the varlet scud,  
 Or hide his coward snout in mud.  
 Thus if a gudgeon meet a roach,  
 He dare not venture to approach,  
 Yet still has impudence to rise,  
 And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

5

10

14

## ON THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY THE CHURCHYARD OF CASTLENOCK.

WHOEVER please to inquire  
 Why yonder steeple wants a spire,  
 The gray old fellow, Pœt Joe\*,  
 The philosophic cause will show.

Once on a time a western blast  
 At least twelve inches overcast,

5

\* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.

Reck'ning roof, weather-cock, and all,  
Which came with a prodigious fall,  
And tumbling topsyturvy round,  
Light with its bottom on the ground ; 10.  
For by the laws of gravitation  
It fell into its proper station.

This is the little strutting pile  
You see just by the churchyard style ;  
The walls in tumbling gave a knock, 15  
And thus the steeple got a shock ;  
From whence the neighb'ring farmer calls  
The steeple Knock, the vicar Walls \*.

The vicar once a-week creeps in,  
Sits with his knees up to his chin ; 20  
Here conns his notes, and takes a whet,  
Till the small ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did pass,  
Observ'd the roof behind the grass,  
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout, 25  
And saw the parson creeping out ;  
Was much surpris'd to see a crow  
Venture to build his nest so low.

A schoolboy ran unto't, and thought  
The crib was down, the black-bird caught. 30  
A third, who lost his way by night,  
Was forc'd for safety to alight,  
And stepping o'er the fabric-roof,  
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

\* Reverend Archdeacon Walls.

Warburton took it in his noddle 35  
This building was design'd a model  
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,  
To bake one loaf or keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. Johnson gave her verdict,  
And ev'ry one was pleas'd that heard it : 40  
All that you make this stir about  
Is but a still which wants a spout.  
The Rev'rend Dr. Raymond guest  
More probably than all the rest ;  
He said, but that it wanted room, 45  
It might have been a Pigmy's tomb.

The Doctor's family came by,  
And little Miss began to cry,  
Give me that house in my own hand :  
Then Madam bade the chariot stand, 50  
Call'd to the clerk in manner mild,  
" Pray, reach that thing here to the child ;  
" That thing, I mean, among the kale ;  
" And here's to buy a pot of ale."

The clerk said to her, in a heat, 55  
" What ! sell my master's country-seat,  
" Where he comes ev'ry week from town ?  
" He would not sell it for a crown."  
" Poh ! fellow ! keep not such a pother,  
" In half an hour thoult make another." 60

Says Nancy, " I can make for Miss  
" A finer house ten times than this ;  
" The Dean will give me willow sticks,  
" And Joe my apron full of bricks." 64

## THE DEAN'S ANSWER

TO SHERIDAN'S VERSES,

*Upon stealing a crown when the Dean was asleep.*

So, about twelve at night, the punk  
 Steals from the cully when he's drunk,  
 Nor is contented with a treat,  
 Without her privilege to cheat :  
 Nor can I the least difference find, 5  
 But that you left no clap behind.  
 But, jest apart, restore, you Capon ye,  
 My twelve thirteens\* and sixpence ha'penny.  
 To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,  
 And then to give me such a deadly cut—— 10  
 But 'tis observ'd that men in gowns  
 Are most inclin'd to plunder Crowns.  
 Could you but change a Crown as easy  
 As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!  
 I thought the Lady at St. Cath'rine's †  
 Knew how to set you better patterns ;  
 For this I will not dine with Agmondisham ‡,  
 And for his victuals let a ragman dish 'em. 13

*Saturday night.*

\* An English shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.

† Lady Mountcashel.

‡ Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Author had a great esteem.



## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Sheridan ! a gentle pair  
Of Gallstown lads (for such they are)  
Besides a brace of grave divines,  
Adore the smoothness of thy lines,  
Smooth as our bason's silver flood, 5  
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud ;  
Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,  
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.  
The board on which we set our a—s,  
Is not so smooth as are thy verses, 10  
Compar'd with which (and that's enough)  
A smoothing-ir'n itself is rough.  
Nor praise I less that circumcision,  
By modern poets call'd Elision,  
With which, in proper station plac'd, 15  
Thy polish'd lines are firmly brac'd.  
Thus a wise tailor is not pinching,  
But turns at ev'ry seam an inch in,  
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches  
Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stiches. 20  
Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,  
When smooth'd by rubbing them togther:  
Thy words so closely wedg'd and short are,  
Like walls, more lasting without mortar :  
By leaving out the needless vowels, 25  
You save the charge of lime and trowels.

One letter still another locks,  
Each groov'd and dove-tail'd, like a box.  
Thy Muse is tuckt up and succinct;  
In chains thy syllables are linkt : 30  
Thy words together ty'd in small hanks,  
Closs as the Macedonian phalanx;  
Or like the umbo of the Romans,  
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.  
The critic to his grief will find 35  
How firmly these indentures bind:  
So in the kindred painters' art  
The shortning is the nicest part.  
Philologers of future ages,  
How will they pore upon thy pages ! 40  
Nor will they dare to break the joints,  
But help thee to be read with points :  
Or else, to shew their learned labour, you  
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,  
Wherein they need not lose a bit 45  
Or of thy harmony or wit.  
To make a work completely fine,  
Number, and weight, and measure, join ;  
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,  
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty. 50  
All must allow your numbers more,  
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore ;  
Nor can we think your measure short,  
Where less than forty fill a quart,  
With Alexandrine in the close,  
Long, long, long, long ! like Dan's long nose. 56

## A REBUS WRITTEN BY A LADY\*,

ON THE REVEREND DEAN SWIFT.

CUT the name of the man who his mis- } *Joseph.*  
 tress deny'd, }  
 And let the first of it be only apply'd, }  
 To join with the prophet who David }  
 did chide ; } *Nathan.*

Then say what a horse is that runs very fast,  
 And that which deserves to be first put the last ;  
 Spell all then, and put them together, to find  
 The name and the virtues of him I design'd.  
 Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's vers'd in the state ;  
 Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great ;  
 Like a racer, he flies to succour with speed, 10  
 When his friends want his aid, or Desert is in need.

## THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,  
 I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,  
 Which thus she will venture profusely to throw  
 On so mean a design, and a subject so low :  
 For mean's her design, and her subject as mean, 5  
 The first but a Rebus, the last but a Dean.  
 A Dean's but a parson ; and what is a Rebus ?  
 A thing never known to the Muses or Phœbus ;

\* Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

The corruption of verse ; for when all is done,  
 It is but a paraphrase made on a pun. 10  
 But a genius like her's no subject can stifle,  
 It shews and discovers itself thro' a trifle.  
 By reading this trifle I quickly began  
 To find her a great wit, but the Dean a small man.  
 Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff, 15  
 Which others for mantuas would think fine enough ;  
 So the wit that is lavishly thrown away here,  
 Might furnish a second-rate poet a year.  
 Thus much for the verse, we proceed to the next,  
 Where the nymph has entirely forsaken her text.  
 Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season, 21  
 And what she describes to be merit is treason.  
 The changes which faction has made in the state,  
 Have put the Dean's politics quite out of date ;  
 Now no one regards what he utters with freedom, 25  
 And, should he write pamphlets, no great man  
 would read 'em ;  
 And should Want or Desert stand in need of his aid,  
 This racer would prove but a dull founder'd jade. 28

WRITTEN BY THE REV. DR. SWIFT.

ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.

VERTIGINOSUS, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis ;  
 Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,  
 Quod mage mirandum, saltem credere fas est,  
 Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures. 4

## IN ENGLISH.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,  
To all my friends a burden grown;  
No more I hear my church's bell,  
Than if it rang out for my knell:  
At thunder now no more I start,  
Than at the rumbling of a cart:  
Nay, what's incredible, alack!  
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

## PROBATUR ALITER.

## I.

A LONG-EAR'D beast, and a field-house for cattle,  
Among the coals does often rattle.

## II.

A long-ear'd beast, a bird that prates,  
The bridegroom's first gift to their mates,  
Is by all pious Christians thought  
In clergymen the greatest fault.

## III.

A long-ear'd beast, and a woman of Endor,  
If your wife be a scold that will mend her.

## IV.

With a long-ear'd beast, and med'cines use,  
Cooks make their fowls look tight and spruce.

## V.

A long-ear'd beast, and holy fable,  
Strengthens the shoes of half the rabble.

## VI.

A long-ear'd beast and Rhenish wine,  
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.

## VII.

A long-ear'd beast, and Flander's college, 15  
Is Dr. T————l to my knowledge.

## VIII.

A long-ear'd beast, and building knight,  
Censorious people do in spight.

## IX.

A long-ear'd beast, and bird of night, 20  
We sinners are too apt to slight.

## X.

A long-ear'd beast, and shameful vermine,  
A judge will eat tho' clad in ermine.

## XI.

A long-ear'd beast, and Irish cart,  
Gan leave a mark, and give a smart.

## XII.

A long-ear'd beast, in mud to lie, 25  
No bird in air so swift can flie.

## XIII.

A long-ear'd beast, and a sputt'ring old Whig,  
I wish he were in it, and dancing a jig.

## XIV.

A long-ear'd beast, and liquor to write, 30  
Is a damnable smell both morning and night.

## XV.

A long-ear'd beast, and the child of a sheep,  
At whist they will make a desperate sweep.

## XVI.

A beast long-ear'd, and till midnight you stay,  
Will cover a house much better than clay.

## XVII.

A long-ear'd beast, and the drink you love best, 35  
You call him a sloven in earnest or jest.

## XVIII.

A long-ear'd beast, and the sixteenth letter,  
I'd not look at all, unless I look'd better.

## XIX.

A long-ear'd beast give me, and eggs unsound,  
Or else I will not ride one inch of ground. 40

## XX.

A long-ear'd beast another name for jcer,  
To ladies' skins there's nothing comes so near.

## XXI.

A long-ear'd beast, and kind noise of a cat,  
Is useful in journeys, take notice of that.

## XXII.

A long-ear'd beast, and what seasons your beef, 45  
On such an occasion the law gives relief.

## XXIII.

A long-ear'd beast, a thing that force must drive in,  
Bears up his house, that's of his own contriving. 48

## TOM'S METAMORPHOSIS

## INTO A POET AND SPANIEL.

TOM was a little merry-grig,  
Fiddled and danc'd to his own jig;

Good-natur'd, but a little silly,  
 Irresolute, and shally shilly ;  
 What he should do he could not guess ; 5  
 They mov'd him like a man at chess.  
 Swift told him once that he had wit ;  
 Swift was in jest, poor Tom was bit ;  
 Thought himself son of second Phœbus,  
 For ballad, pun, lampoon, and rebus. 10  
 He took a draught of Helicon,  
 But swallow'd so much water down,  
 He got a dropsy : now they say 'tis  
 Turn'd to poetic diabetes,  
 And all the liquor he has past, 15  
 Is without spirit, salt, or taste.  
 But since it past Tom thought it wit,  
 And therefore writ, and writ, and writ.  
 He writ The Wonder of all Wonders,  
 He writ The Blunder of all Blunders ; 20  
 He writ A Merry Farce for Poppet,  
 Taught actors how to squeak and hop it ;  
 A Treatise on the Wooden Man \* ;  
 A Ballad on the Nose of Dan † ;  
 The Art of making April Fools, 25  
 And four-and-thirty Punning Rules.  
 The learned say that Tom went snacks  
 With Philomaths for almanacs,

\* The sign of a Wooden Man in Essex Street, Dublin.

† A person remarkable for a nose of an enormous size.



Tho' they divided are, and some say  
He writ for Whaley, some for Campsay\*. 30  
Hundreds there are who will make oath  
He wrote alternately for both ;  
For tho' they made the calculations,  
Tom writ the monthly observations.  
Such were his writings ; but his chatter 35  
Was one continued clitter clatter.  
Swift slit his tongue, and made him talk,  
Cry Cup of Sack, and, Walk, Knaves walk ;  
And fitted little prating Poll  
For wiry cage in common hall ; 40  
Made him expert at quibble jargon,  
And quaint at selling of a bargain.  
Poll he could talk in different linguos,  
But he could never learn distinguos.  
Swift try'd in vain, and angry thereat, 45  
Into a Spaniel turn'd his Parrot ;  
Made him to walk on his hind legs,  
And now he dances, fawns, and begs ;  
Then cuts a caper o'er a stick,  
Lies close, will whine, and creek, and lick. 50  
Swift puts a bit upon his snout,  
Poor Tom he dares not look about ;  
But soon as Swift Once gives the word,  
He snaps it up tho' 'twere a t—d. 54

\* Two almanac-makers in Dublin.

## ON THE HERMITAGE

AT RICHMOND.

LEWIS the living learned fed,  
And rais'd the scientific head ;  
Our frugal Q—n, to save her meat,  
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

4

## A CONCLUSION

*Drawn from the above Epigram, and sent to the  
Drapier.*

SINCE Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,  
Ere her own was laid low had exalted thy head ;  
And since our good Q—n to the wise is so just,  
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust,  
I wonder, good man ! that you are not envaulted ;  
Prithee go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

6

## DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

HER Majesty never shall be my exalter ;  
And yet she would raise me, I know—by a halter.

## BILLET

TO THE COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

*THE inclosed Prologue is formed upon the story of the Secretary's not suffering you to act unless you would pay him 300l. per ann. upon which you got a licence from the Lord Mayor to act as strollers.*

*The Prologue supposes, that upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country strollers came and hired the Play-house and your clothes, &c. to act in.*

## THE PROLOGUE.

OUR set of strollers, wand'ring up and down,  
 Hearing the House was empty, came to Town,  
 And with a licence from our good Lord May'r,  
 Went to one Griffith, formerly a play'r;  
 Him we persuaded, with a mod'rate bribe, 5  
 To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,  
 To let our company supply their places,  
 And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.  
 Is not the truth the truth? look full on me;  
 I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he. 10  
 When we perform, look sharp among our crew,  
 There's not a creature here you ever knew.  
 The former folks were servants to the king,  
 We humble strollers, always on the wing.  
 Now, for my part, I think, upon the whole, 15  
 Rather than starve, a better man would strole.

Stay, let me see—Three hundred pounds a-year,  
For leave to act in Town! 'tis plaguy dear.  
Now here's a warrant, Gallants! please to mark,  
For three thirteens and sixpence to the clerk. 20  
Three hundred pounds! were I the price to fix,  
The public should bestow the actors six  
A score of guineas, given underhand,  
For a good word or so we understand.  
To help an honest lad that's out of place 25  
May cost a crown or so; a common case;  
And in a crew 'tis no injustice thought  
To ship a rogue, and pay him not a groat;  
But in the chronicles of former ages,  
Who ever heard of servants paying wages? 30

I pity Elrington with all my heart;  
Would he were here this night to act my part.  
I told him what it was to be a stroller,  
How free we acted, and had no controller.  
In ev'ry town we wait on Mr. May'r, 35  
First get a licence, then produce our ware:  
We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;  
“Huzza!” the schoolboys roar, “the play'rs are  
And then we cry, to spur the bumpkins on, [come!”  
“Gallants! by Tuesday next we must be gone.” 40  
I told him, in the smoothest way I could,  
All this and more, yet it would do no good:  
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,  
He that has shone with Betterton and Weeks,  
To whom our country has been always dear, 45  
Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,

Owens all your favours ; here intends to stay,  
And as a stroller act in ev'ry play :

And the whole crew this resolution takes,  
To live and die all strollers for your sakes, 50  
Not frighted with an ignominious name,  
For your displeasure is their only shame.

A pox on Elrington's majestic tone!  
Now to a word of bus'ness in our own. 54

Gallants ! next Thursday night will be our last,  
Then without fail we pack up for Belfast:  
Lose not your time, nor our diversions miss,  
The next we act shall be as good as this. 58

#### ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF

#### CASHEL AND BETTESWORTH.

DEAR Dick ! prithee tell by what passion you move;  
The world is in doubt whether hatred or love ;  
And while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,  
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.  
You certainly know, tho' so loudly you vapour, 5  
His spite cannot wound who attempted the Drapier ;  
Then prithee reflect take a word of advice,  
And as your old want is, change sides in a trice :  
On his virtues hold forth, 'tis the very best way,  
And say of the man what all honest men say. 10  
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,  
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains,  
Say then more than they ; nay, lavishly flatter,  
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter ;

For thine, my dear Dick ! give me leave to speak plain,  
Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean. 16

## DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,

ON SAINT CELIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass  
That you, who know music no more than an ass,  
That you, who so lately were writing of Drapiers,  
Should lend your Cathedral to players and scrapers ?  
To act such an opera once in a year, 5  
So offensive to ev'ry true Protestant ear,  
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and singing,  
Will sure the Pretender and Popery bring in.  
No Protestant prelate, his Lordship or Grace,  
Durst there shew his Right or Most Reverend face: 10  
How would it pollute their crosiers and rochets  
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets?

*The rest is wanting.*

## TWELVE ARTICLES.

### I.

LEST it may more quarrels breed,  
I will never hear you read.

### II.

By disputing I will never  
To convince you once endeavour.

## III.

When a paradox you stick to,  
I will never contradict you.

## IV.

When I talk, and you are heedless,  
I will shew no anger needless.

## V.

When your speeches are absurd,  
I will ne'er object a word.

## VI.

When you, furious, argue wrong,  
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

## VII.

Not a jest or humorous story  
Will I ever tell before ye,  
To be chidden for explaining  
When you quite mistake the meaning.

## VIII.

Never more will I suppose  
You can taste my verse or prose.

## IX.

You no more at me shall fret,  
While I teach and you forget.

## X.

You shall never hear me thunder,  
When you blunder on and blunder.

## XI.

Shew your poverty of spirit,  
And in dress place all your merit;  
Give yourself ten thousand airs,  
That with me shall break no squares.

## XII.

Never will I give advice  
Till you please to ask me thrice ;  
Which, if you in scorn reject,  
'Twill be just as I expect. 30

Thus we both shall have our ends,  
And continue special friends. 32

## ROBIN AND HARRY\*.

ROBIN to beggars, with a curse,  
Throws the last shilling in his purse,  
And when the coachman comes for pay,  
The rogue must call another day.

Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing, 5  
Gives them a penny and God's blessing ;  
But, always careful of the main,  
With twopence left, walks home in rain.

Robin from noon to night will prate,  
Runs out in tongue as in estate, 10  
And ere a twelvemonth and a day  
Will not have one new thing to say.

Much talking is not Harry's vice ;  
He need not tell a story twice ;  
And if he always be so thrifty, 50  
His fund may last to five-and-fifty.

\* These gentlemen were sons of the famous Dr. Leslie,  
and one of them was a colonel in the Spanish service.



It so fell out, that cautious Harry,  
As soldiers use, for love must marry,  
And with his dame the ocean crost,  
All for Love—or, the World well Lōst; 20  
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,  
Just big enough to shelter two in;  
And in his house, if any body come,  
Will make them welcome to his modicum;  
Where Goody Julia milks the cows, 25  
And boils potatoes for her spouse,  
Or darns his hose, or mends breeches,  
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.

Robin; who ne'er his mind could fix  
To live without a coach-and-six, 30  
To patch his broken fortunes, found  
A mistress worth five thousand pound;  
Swears he could get her in an hour,  
If Gaffer Harry would endow her,  
And sell, to pacify his wrath, 35  
A birthright for a mess of broth.

Young Harry, as all Europe knows,  
Was long the quintessence of betas;  
But when espous'd he ran the fate  
That must attend the marry'd state, 40  
From gold brocade and shining armour  
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer,  
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd,  
Nor twice a-week will shave his bear'd.

Old Robin, all his youth a sloven, 45  
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,

Clad in a coat of Paduasoy,  
 A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,  
 Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,  
 In courtly style addresses Frank, 50  
 Twice ten years older than his wife,  
 Is doom'd to be a beau for life,  
 Supplying those defects by dress,  
 Which I must leave the world to guess. 54

## A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE.

Come, sit by my side while this picture I draw;  
 In chatt'ring a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;  
 A temper the devil himself could not bridle,  
 Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;  
 As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed; 5  
 She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit:  
 A housewife in bed, at table a slattern;  
 For all an example, for no one a pattern.  
 Now tell me, friend Thomas, Ford, Grattan, and  
 merry Dan,  
 Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan? 10

## DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER

TO SOME VERSES FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

THE verses you sent on the kottling your wine,  
 Were, in ev'ry one's judgment, exceedingly fine;  
 And I must confess, as a Dean and divine,  
 I think you inspir'd by the Muses all Nine.

I nicely examin'd them every line, 5  
And the worst of them all, like a barn-door did shine.  
Oh! that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!  
With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine;  
I know they have many a wicked design;  
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine. 10  
However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,  
You would really on Thursday leave St Catherine\*,  
Where I hear you are cramm'd ev'ry day like a swine.  
With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,  
Nor after your vittles lie sleeping supine; 15  
So I wish you were toothless, like Lord Masserine;  
But were you as wicked as lewd Aratine,  
I wish you would tell me which way you incline.  
If, when you return, your road you don't line,  
On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine, 20  
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,  
In square, or in opposite circle or trine.  
Your beef will on Thursday be saltier than brine;  
I hope you have swill'd with new milk from the kine,  
As much as the Liffey's outdone by the Rhine;  
And Dan shall be with us, with nose acquiline.  
If you do not come back we shall weep out our eyn,  
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.  
The beef you have got, I hear is a chine,  
But if too many come your Madam will whine, 30  
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.

\* The seat of Lady Mountcashel, about six miles from Dublin.

But enough of this poetry Alexandrine ;  
I hope you will not think this a Pasquine.

35

## THE DEAN AND DUKE.

J——s B——s and the Dean had long been friends ;  
James is beduk'd ; of course their friendship ends.  
But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,  
From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke.  
Yet since just Heav'n the Duke's ambition mocks, 5  
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,  
His wings are clipp'd ; he tries no more in vain  
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.  
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,  
The Duke and Dean seem near upon a level. 10  
Oh ! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humphry,  
From bailiffs' claws thou scarce couldst keep thy bum  
free.

A Duke to know a Dean ! Go, smooth thy crown ;  
Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.  
Well, but a Duke thou art ; so pleas'd the king :  
Oh ! would his majesty but add a string.

## FABULA CANIS ET UMBRÆ.

ORE cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis  
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago :  
Dum speciosa diu damus admiratur, et alte  
Ad latices inhiat, cadit inq' vortice præceps 4  
Ore cibus, nec non simulachrum corripit unâ.

Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram;  
 Illudit species, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

7

## AN ANSWER.

TO A CERTAIN DOCTOR'S COMPLAINT\*.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone.

ANS. Except the first, the fault's your own.

DOC. To all my friends a burthen grown.

ANS. Because to few you will be shown.

Give them good wine and meat to stuff,

5

You may have company enough.

DOC. No more I hear my church's bell,

Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANS. Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

DOC. At thunder new no more I start

10

ANS. Think then of thunder when you f—t.

DOC. And, what's incredible, alack!

No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANS. A woman's clack, if I have skill,

15

Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill,

But louder than a bell or thunder,

That does, I own, increase my wonder.

18

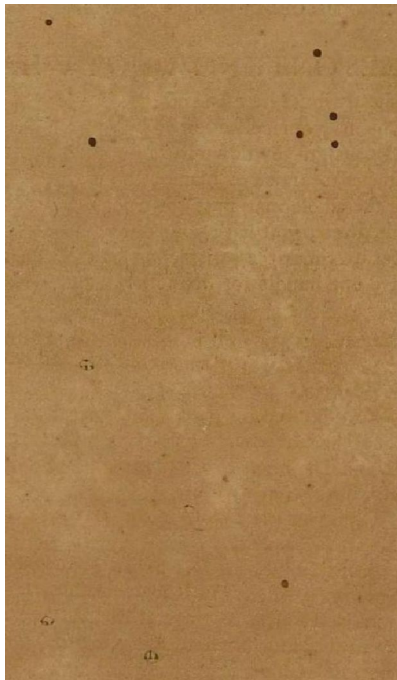
\* This Poem is already printed, but without the answers, p. 204, of this volume.

## VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

My latest tribute here I send ;  
With this let your collection end.  
Thus I consign you down to fame,  
A character to praise or blame ;  
And if the whole may pass for true,  
Contented rest, you have your due :  
Give future times the satisfaction  
To leave one handle for detraction.

4

8



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