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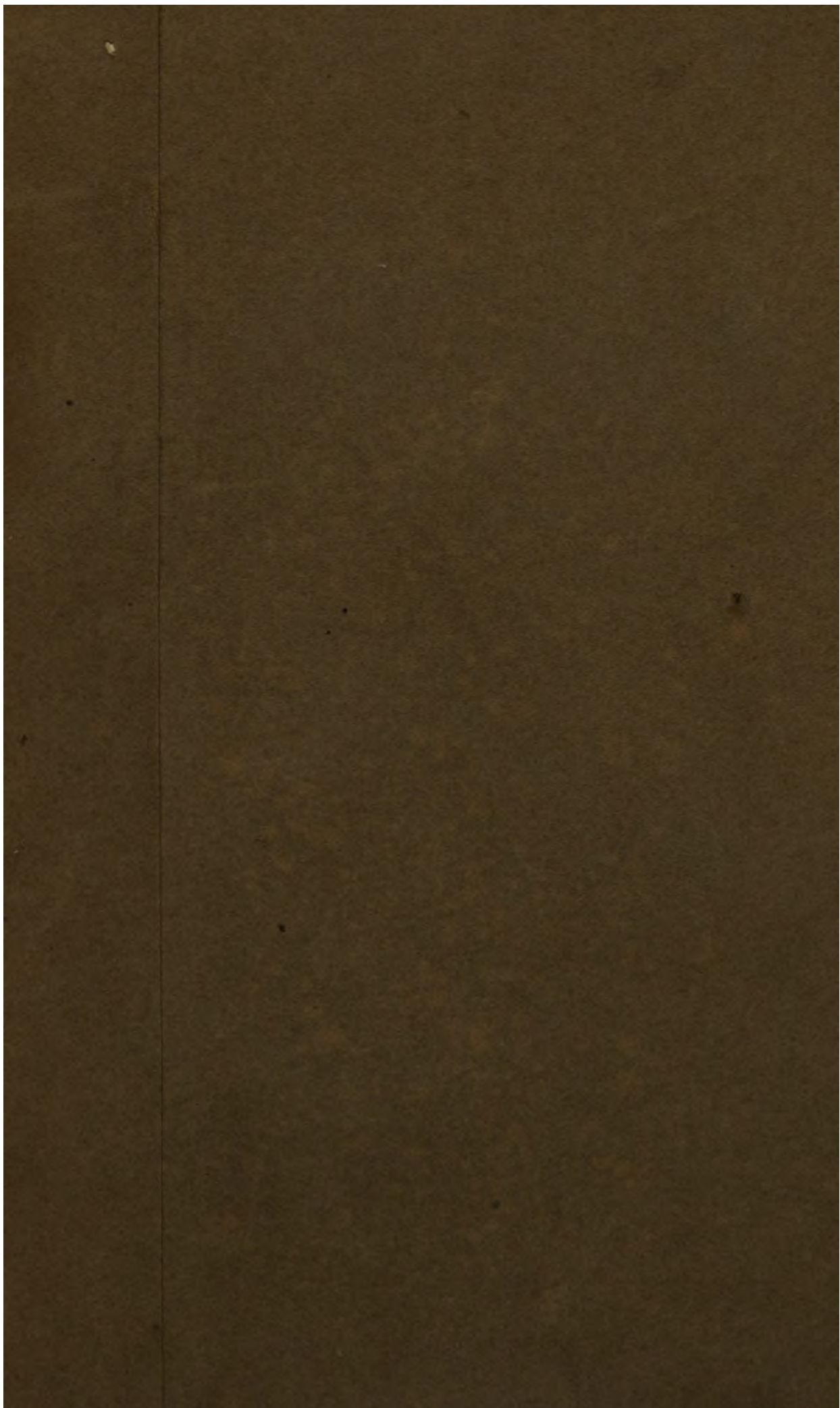
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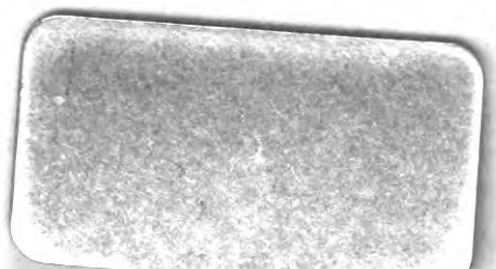
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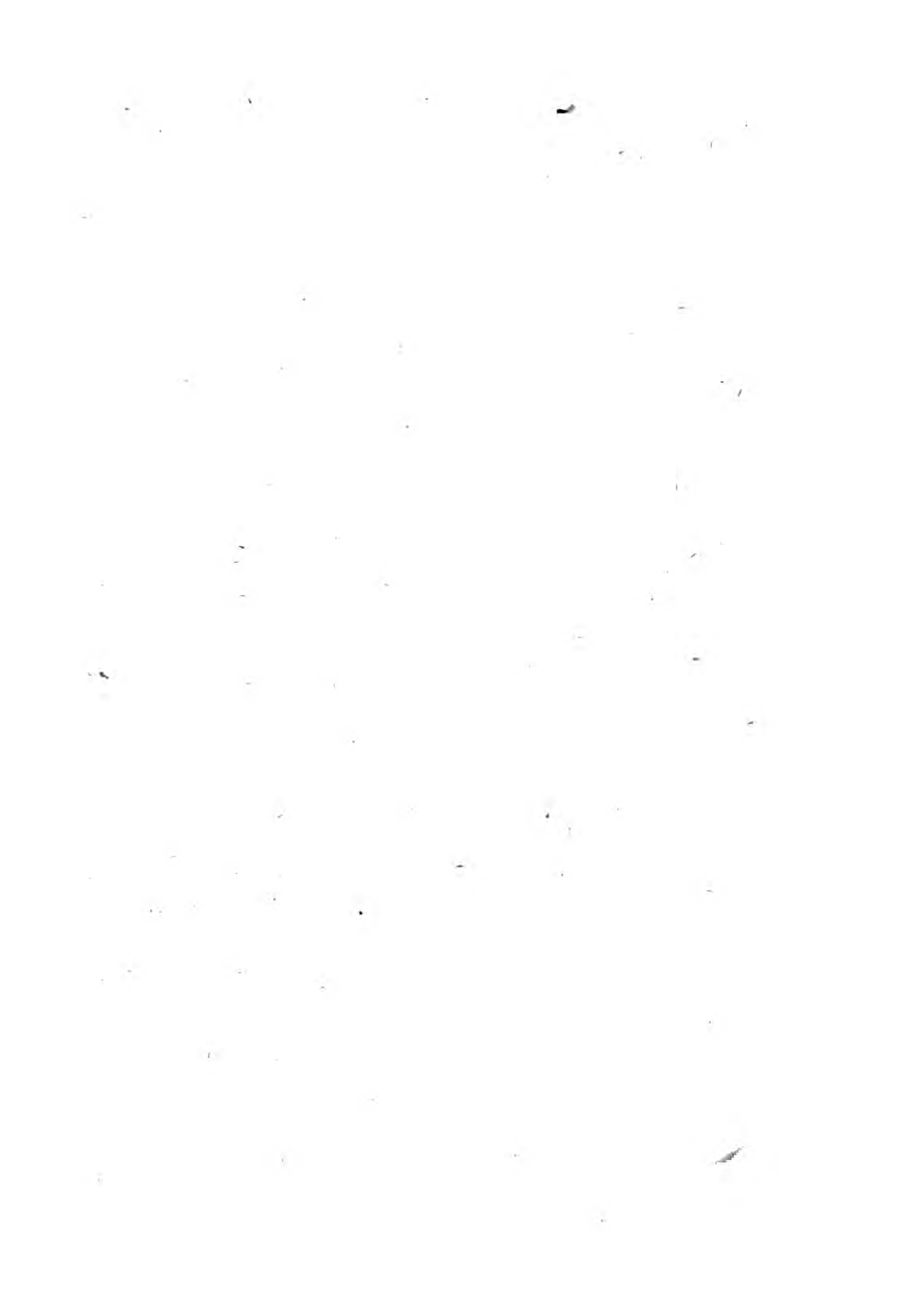


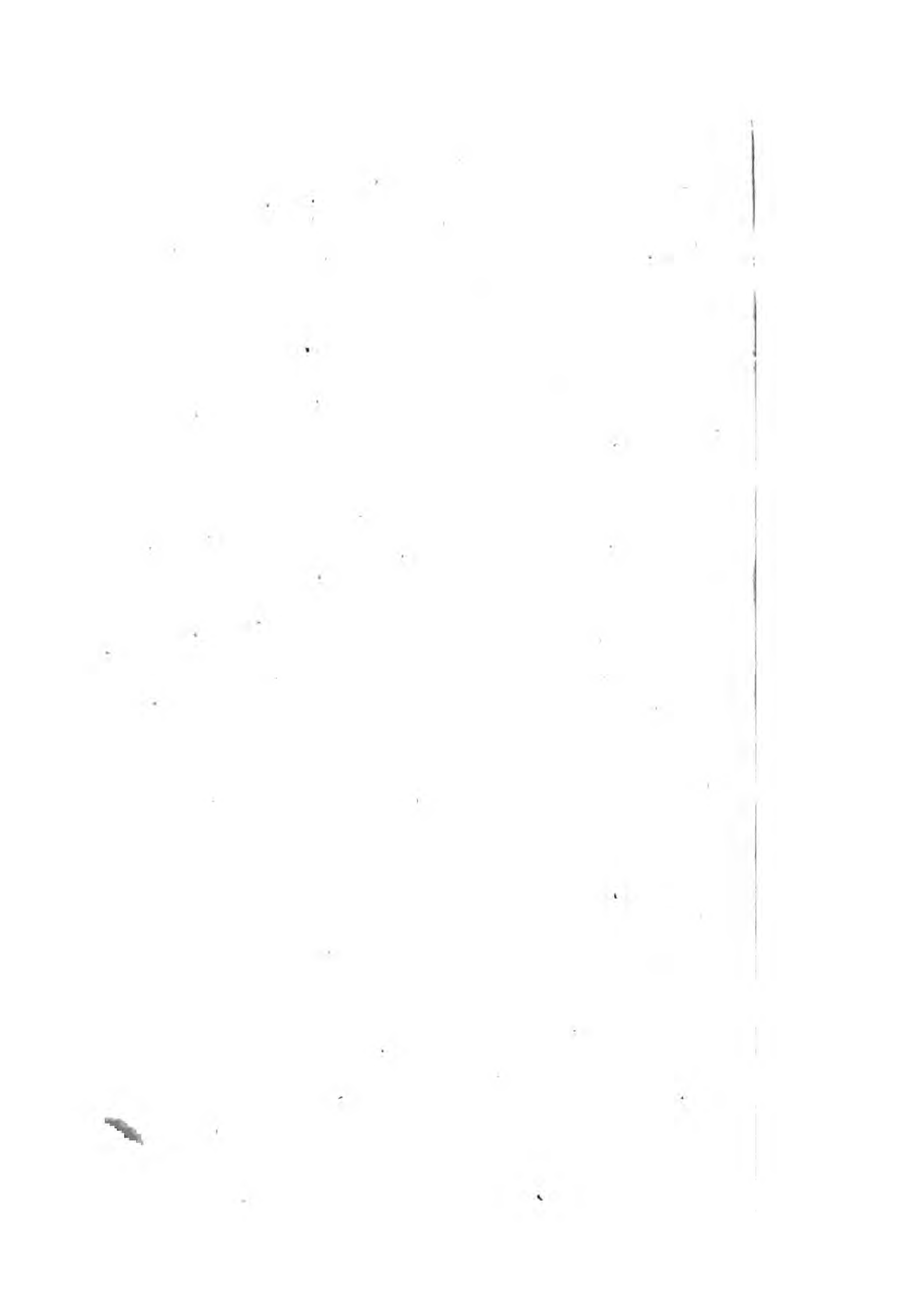
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POETICAL VAGARIES;
AND
VAGARIES VINDICATED;
BY
GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.



POETICAL VAGARIES;

CONTAINING

AN ODE TO WE, A HACKNEY'D CRITICK;

LOW AMBITION, OR THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. DAW;

A RECKONING WITH TIME;

THE LADY OF THE WRECK, OR CASTLE BLARNEYGIG;

TWO PARSONS, OR THE TALE OF A SHIRT.

AND

VAGARIES VINDICATED;

A POEM,

ADDRESS'D TO THE REVIEWERS;

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

THE SECOND EDITION

OF EACH OF THE ABOVE PUBLICATIONS; WHICH ARE, NOW,
FIRST PRINTED TOGETHER.

'Cohærent inter se.' CICERO.

London:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
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1814.

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G. Colman

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Black-Horse Court, London.

TO ORTHOGRAPHERS.



WHEN these Poems were first publish'd, I venture'd to annex to certain words a punctuation contrary to the Fashion of the Press. It relates to the use of the Apostrophe, in Preterits, Participles, and Adjectives; such as *move'd*, instead of *mov'd*, *dance'd*, for *danc'd*, *use'd*, for *us'd*, &c. &c.*

Some Criticks, it seems, have reprobated this attempt; but I have not heard that they have condescended to take the trouble of refuting it; and as it is not, therefore, abandon'd, in the present edition, this opportunity may serve to explain the notions on which it is founded.

Let me premise, however, that, though I respect good spelling, I disclaim pedantry;—that, if I have done wrong, my error proceeds from a desire to preserve what appears to me a requisite limb of Orthography; not from a rage for tricking out it's body with coxcombical appendages;—

* If it be worth while to refer, it will be found that this punctuation is more uniformly observe'd in the last Poem than the first.

and, that, by the following desultory observations, I only aim at inducing my Superiors to settle my Doubt; not at writing a treatise, dogmatically to contend for a System.

The learned Bishop Lowth, in common with his brother grammarians, informs us, that, ‘ In English both the Past Time Active, and the Participle Perfect, or Passive, are form’d by adding to the word, *ed*; or *d* only where the word ends in *e*:’—and, that, ‘ The nature of our language, the *accent* and PRONUNCIATION of it, inclines us to contract all our regular verbs: thus *loved*, *turned*, are commonly PRONOUNCE’D in one syllable, *lov’d*, *turn’d*.’

It would be absurd to argue against this general *pronunciation*:—but the contraction is an irregularity, and a *license*; it is necessary, therefore, that Authors should distinguish when they mean the reader to use it; and this they do, more or less, as it is every day seen, in modern books, by an Apostrophe.—Now, whether the direction for this admitted mode of speech may have been, by Lowth and others, *properly exhibited to the sight*, is the subject of my present inquiry.

If they have misled their pupils, it were better to have left the spelling undisturb’d, and to have omitted the Apostrophe, altogether: for, in this

case, total darkness is preferable to false lights; and to assist utterance by the elision of one letter, thereby leaving others, which, when combine'd, make us, according to analogy, utter wrong, is something like drawing a man's soundest grinders to help his mastication.

It appears, by the foregoing extract from the learned Bishop, that the simple addition of *d* to a word ending in *e*, originally produce'd another syllable in utterance; and so it does, to this day, in some instances. In the Church, it heightens the solemnity of prayer; in the Senate, it often dignifies the grace of rhetorick. Verse, too, employs or rejects it's power, as it is convenient or incommodious to rhythm:—and this augmenting faculty of *d* is so imperious upon us in spelling-books, that we are oblig'd to separate the parent syllable, whence the Preterit is form'd, into two awkward parts, for the immediate service of the Tyro:—as to *rule*, *ru-led*; to *dislike*, *dis-li-ke*d.

Yet it is particularly to be observe'd, that, in this division, for the sole purpose of teaching proper utterance, *not one letter of the ORIGINAL syllable, with d attach'd to it, is omitted*; but syllabication is thrust out of it's natural order, before *d* can exercise it's multiplying force:—and when

such a division is made as does *not* convey proper utterance, as *rul-ed*, *dis-lik-ed*, it doubles the perplexity of the child, (who must be puzzle'd even by the best method, as I shall presently shew,) and disgusts those who know the principles of certain combine'd letters producing certain sounds.

The first mode which I have mention'd of dividing syllables, best instructs a boy in mere Pronunciation; the second bewilders him much more than the former, in it's principles; both confuse him; while both shock the philologer.

Tell the boy to spell *ruled*, in the first manner. He begins—*r, u, ru; l, e, d, led; ru-led*. Very well, child!—but, after all, here is an unfortunate original monosyllable strangely rent in twain, which must confuse the boy in the word *rule*, if he thinks about it at all, and does not learn language like a parrot.—Then try the other way.—*R, u, l, rule; e, d, ed; rul-ed*. Good boy!—but this will not do; for the letters *r, u, l*, do *not* spell *rule*. Once more, as our last hope.—*R, u, l, e, rule*;—Bravo! now for the *d*;—what does *d* by itself spell?—Nothing!—What is the boy to make of all this?—I make the following deducements.

Since, in Schemes to elucidate actual pronunciation, that arrangement is best which divides syllables so that they may impart, as nearly as

possible, their true sound in the word they help to compose;*—since all such schemes, however they may be, more or less, syllabically vicious, exhibit the right spelling of a word altogether;—it follows, that, the efficacy of a contracting mark (inserted for the purpose of directing us how to speak) may be question'd, whenever we find, from grammatical rules, it not only corrupts the sound of the vowel which precedes it, but violates orthography.

I shall be told that the Apostrophe, as now use'd in Preterits, does neither the one nor the other; that it *implies* the letter in the spelling, which it elides in the utterance; and that, thus, every thing is right, as to spelling, and the sound of the preceding vowel.

Now I beg leave to submit, that, it cuts off the final *e* in the *original word*, instead of the *implied force* of *e* in *d*;—it cripples the parent syllable, under pretence of curtailing the understood power in the adjunct; and strikes at the root of the tree, by way of lopping it's branches.—*D*, when it forms a preterit, by following a *consonant*, always

* In support of this opinion, see Lowth's *Introduction to English Grammar*; and Walker's *Pronouncing Dictionary*, under the prefatory article '*Syllabication*.'

becomes *ed*; as in *turned*, *mended*; and it is, to all intents, *ed* in itself, when attach'd, for the same purpose, to a vowel.

The fact seems to be, that, in downright strictness, and according to all analogy bearing upon this *regular* preterit, (which a fashion in printing only has render'd doubly *irregular*, by contraction upon contraction,) *d* should be written *ed*; as *grace-ed*, *like-ed*:—in this point of view, we perceive the true place for elision, without difficulty; and the Apostrophe, then, points out the proper contraction of sound, without danger of injury to pronunciation, or orthography; as *grace'd*, *like'd*.

If, then, for the sake of avoiding the formality and trouble of printing two *e e s* with a hyphen, as *hate-ed*, we offer violence to a syllable, and absolutely tear it in two, (as in *ha-ted*,) to accommodate *d* with a borrow'd effect, because we are too indolent and fashionable to make him produce his own dormant attribute,—if we do this, is *d* also, when a contraction is expedient, to perpetrate a cruelty upon the unhappy syllable, because it is no longer wanted upon a supererogatory service?—This is making *d* commit the same barbarity which, among others, has been attributed to Buonaparte,—that of murdering certain soldiers, after they had fought his battles, because he had no further occasion for

them: or, rather, as it happen'd in Russia, leaving others to be knock'd on the head, to escape being scratch'd himself.

' Where a vowel is terminated by a consonant, except that consonant be *r*, whether the accent be upon the syllable or not, the vowel has it's *short* sound, which, compar'd with it's long one, may be call'd *shut*.* Thus, take away *e* from the verbs to *bane*, to *cure*, &c. they become *ban* and *cur*, with the remaining vowels shorten'd, (even, here, in the excepted instance of *r*,) which were before long;—and if we still add another consonant, as *d* to form the preterit, it does not mend the matter;† but tends to confirm the short sound still more, if possible; for we know how such a combination of letters is pronounce'd in a *band* of musick, and the *curd* of a sillabub.

To apply the above Rule to the first words that present themselves, (as *laced*, *liked*, *baked*,) let it be display'd, after the present fashion of printing, that a man

lac'd a coat; lik'd his wife; and bak'd his pig:
then, as *c* is *hard* between two consonants, (like *k*

* Walker.

† There are some exceptions to this in the letter *i*;—as in *find*, *child*, &c.

every where, or like itself and *k* together,) and as the vowels are short, according to orthoepy, we must necessarily pronounce that a man

lack'd a coat; lick'd his wife; and back'd his pig,—

that is, took a ride upon his pig, as he would upon his poney.—If I may judge by my own feelings, it is difficult for grammatical readers, on seeing certain letters in juxtaposition, to avoid thinking of the Principles of Speech, notwithstanding the intervention of the Apostrophe as now employ'd.

What is to be made, at first sight, of the preterits

akd, usd, icd, &c.?

and even though habit has, in part, reconcile'd us to

ak'd, us'd, ic'd, &c.,

still there is something painful in looking at them: and they would absolutely excite disgust, if we had been accustom'd to the more intelligible

ake'd, use'd, ice'd.

There is a multitude of words, and syllables, now reduce'd to the same predicament: some that I am bold to think ought to be exploded by all well-bred persons, when pronounce'd analogically. To mention only one,—the last syllable of *ventur'd,*

thus deprive'd of it's *e*, can never be utter'd alone, in any polish'd assembly.

Of *loved* and *turned*,—‘ their second person,’ says Lowth, ‘ which was originally *lovedest*, *turnedest*, is become a dissyllable, *lovedst*, *turnedst*.’ — But, if the *e* be thrown out in *est*, (without entering, *pro* or *con*, into the merits of this elision,) another *e* has been, already, ejected in *lov'd* and *turn'd*: therefore, if both contractions be admitted, the words must be *lovdst*, *turndst*: and under this arrangement would, also, come

dancdst, *fencdst*, *fiddldst*, *hobldst*, *stumbldst*;
and a multiplicity of other frightful associations, whose look ‘ does sear mine eyeballs!’—It would almost startle a Dutchman to contemplate such a formidable congress of consonants!

The various instances, and their various branches, which have induce'd me to employ the Apostrophe as I have, in preterits form'd by *d* join'd to words ending in a vowel, might swell to a volume :*—but

* It may be urge'd that my reasoning is done away, in many cases, by doubling a letter; and that *hop'd*, for instance, cannot be pronounce'd as form'd from *to hop*, because the preterit of this last word is spelt *hopp'd*:—But the necessity of foisting *p* upon the adjunct *ed* only corroborates my principle, by contrasting it;—for, when neither *hopped* nor *hoped* are abridge'd, as the duplication of a consonant keeps the *o* short in the first word, so only one consonant follow'd by a

I propose'd only an outline of my thoughts; and have advance'd sufficient, on this head, to illustrate my general principles.—I have little subsequently to say; for few, if any, I trust, will be offended with my elision of *e*, in *ed*, after a *consonant*, as *turn'd* for *turned*; because this method is frequently seen in modern publications, though not so often, I think, as it ought to be: and it is curious to observe how very often the Apostrophe is left out, in such words, when they are intended to be pronounce'd *short*, while it is so repeatedly inserted to maim orthography, and shorten vowels that should be *long*.—I can conceive no motive for this but an odd qualm of conscience; a wish to maintain a bungling kind of moral balance in print, by preserving redundant letters in one place, as a retribution for striking out those that seem indispensable in another.

vowel is necessary to preserve the *o* long in the last.—Take away the *e* in *hope'd*, and the *o* is as effectually shorten'd by the two succeeding consonants as by three, or half a dozen.

A word or two more, on another point.—I have said that when a preterit is form'd by joining *d* to a word ending in *e*, not one letter of the radical syllable is omitted in a spelling-book:—it may, then, be ask'd,—how happens *e* to be left out when *ing* is annex'd to it, as in *hoping*, &c. &c.?—No doubt, the word is more properly *hopeing*; but 'the diphthong *ei*, when unaccented, drops the former vowel, and is pronounce'd like short *i*;'—the total omission of *e* may be, therefore, allowable.

Walker, indeed, very strongly implies that Preterits, when printed at full length, should always be contracted in reading, as a matter of course.* This doctrine I deny; but it seems to be his general rule; first, by his giving exceptions to it, in *blessed, learned, cursed*,—and in *aged* and *winged*, when these two last words are not compounded with another; and, secondly, by his saying, ‘The *Distressed Mother*, the title of a Tragedy, needs not to be written *Distrest*, (there I agree with him,) as we generally find it, because, though we write in the former manner, it must *necessarily be pronounced* in another.’—Now *Distresse’d* as plainly appears to say to us ‘utter me in three syllables,’ as *Distress’d* tells us to speak it in two.—*Distress’d*, and not *distrest*, sets the matter right.

But as Walker has quoted the title of a Tragedy, to support (though it does not) his opinion, let me bring forward *King Richard the Third* against him. In the first speech of Shakspeare’s Play of this name, we find the following lines;

‘ Our *bruised* arms hung up for monuments.’—

‘ And, now, instead of mounting *barbed* steeds.’—

‘ I am *determined* to prove a villain.’

Now if the words printed in Italicks were con-

* Very often they *cannot* be contracted; as in the very word itself, *contracted*,—and many others.

tracted in the utterance, what would become of the metre?—But, it may be said, men's ears will direct them in speaking poetry:—yet how few have a good ear for poetry, and how many, who are by no means illiterate, have no ear for poetry at all! In poetry it is, therefore, necessary to insert the Apostrophe, wherever a contraction is meant; and, then, whenever it is omitted, it will be understood that the word is to be spoken at full length.—In the Drama particularly, in Novels, in short, wherever Dialogue is carried on, by persons speaking in character, these distinctions of sound should always be designated:—to a Quaker in a printed Play the ascertainment of his formal *ed* is of consequence;—and, in *all* books, it helps to obviate some of those errors in pronunciation to which, it is fear'd, the *majority* of readers is liable.

I conclude, then, by saying, that, until the Learned remove my scruples, I shall continue to write *dance'd* for *danc'd*, *walk'd*, for *walked*, &c., &c.; and that, when I omit the Apostrophe, I intend no contraction of speech whatever.

G. C.

5th April, 1814.



AN ODE TO
WE;

A HACKNEY'D CRITICK.

“ NOTHING, if not *Critical.*” SHAKSPEARE.

I.

HAIL, Plural Unit ! who would'st be
A Junto o'er my Muse and me,
With dogmas to control us ;
Hail, mystick WE ! grand Next-to-None !
Large Body Corporate of One !
Important *OMNES, Solus !*

B

II.

First Person Singular ! pray, why
Impregnate, thus, the Pronoun I ?
Of madness what a tissue !
To write as if, with passion wild,
Thou oft hadst got thyself with child,
And thou wert Self and Issue !

III.

Thy Voice, which counterfeits, alone,
A score of voices in it's own,
Awnie takes in the Many ;
Thus a bad One Pound Note is past
For Twenty Shillings,—and, at last,
Turns out not worth a penny.

IV.

'Tis well for Thee no laws of thine
Can crush vile Followers of the Nine ;

Thou *live'st* upon the sinners ;
 And if all Poets left off writing,
 Through thy anonymous inditing,
 Why thou must leave off dinners :

V.

For *Thou* could'st ne'er turn Poet, sure,
 Laurels, or luncheons, to procure ;
 Witness thy present calling ;
 Else why not write thyself a name
 So very humble, e'en, in fame,
 As mine which thou art mauling ?

VI.

Yet, hold,—thou may'st, on Pindus' heights,
 Have far out-soar'd my lowly flights—
 No,—that's a thought I'll smother :
 The meanest Bard, among the mean,
 Can he, thus, sculk behind a screen,
 And try to stab a brother ?

VII.

But come,—one moment, leave thy pen
 Stuck in thy gall-bottle,—and, then,
 Smooth o'er thy forehead's furrow :
 Let's chat :—Where got'st thou thy employ ?
 Art thou of Dublin City, joy ?
 Or bonny Edinborough ?

VIII.

Or, art John Bull, in garret cramm'd ?
 “ Spirit of health, or goblin damn'd ? ”
 Be *something*, for thy credit :
 Perhaps, thou'rt he who (as they say)
 Cut up the last successful Play,
 And never saw nor read it.

IX.

Be what thou wilt ;—when all is done,
 To me thou'rt (like Thyself) *All One* ;

Thou'rt welcome, still, to flog on ;
For, till one addled egg's a brood,
Or twenty WEs a multitude,
My Muse and I will jog on.

X.

Now, should'st thou *praise* me, after all
Though that, indeed, were comical,
What honour could I pin to't ?
If Porridge were my only cheer,
Thy Praise or Blame must both appear
'Two tasteless chips thrown into't.

XI.

Then, WE, shake hands, and part !—no breach
No *difference*, twixt us, I beseech !
Although our *business varies* :
Thine is Detraction, mine is Jest ;
Which occupation, pray, is best,—
Thy Spite, or my *Vagaries* ?



LOW AMBITION;

OR,

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. DAW.

Præcordia ludit.

Claims the Belly Part.

PERSIUS.

MOORE'S ALMANACK.

MALEBRANCHE, and Lock, and such grave fellows,

Who were abstracted reasoners, tell us

Much that relates to MAN :—when you have read

All these Philosophers have said,

You'll give them credit for their perspicacity ;—

And, after that, (if you should have a head
Of no great ontological capacity)

You'll know as much,
About the matter, as I know of Dutch :

For, when a metaphysick chain
Once gets *entangle'd* in your brain,
The more you rattle it, the more you rave,
And curse, and swear, and misbehave,—
Coming to no conclusion ;
And, if, at last, you lose the smallest link,
You may as well go whistle as go think
Of mending the confusion.

Then, leaving Spiritual Truths to those
Who, taking pleasure in the study,
O'er Thoughts on Human Understanding doze,
Till human understanding grows quite muddy ;—

One proposition, only, I advance,
(It will not lead Philosophy a dance)
Respecting *Man*;—*videlicet*,
I never met with any, yet,
However thick his pericranium's density,—
Let it be thicker than a post,—
Who has not some astonishing propensity,
Of which he makes a pother, and a boast.

He'll either tell you he can drink, or smoke,
Or play at Whist,—or on the pipe and tabor,—
Or cut a throat, a caper, or a joke,
Much better than his neighbour.

Many will say, they'll settle you the Nation;
And make a Peace,—solid, and good,—
(I wish they would!)
Sooner than the Administration.

One tells you how a Town is to be taken ;

A second o'er the Fair Sex boasts his power ;

Another brags he'll eat six pounds of bacon,

For half a crown, in half an hour.

Thus Nature always brings, in Fortune's spite,

Man's "*ruling passion*," as Pope says, to light.

And I maintain that all these *Ruling Passions*,

Divide them how you will, and subdivide,—

I care not how they're ramified,

Into their different forms, and fashions,—

I say they all proceed from Pride :

And this same Pride is founded on Ambition ;

Shades varying, with talents, and condition.

Look at that Rope-Dancer ;—observe !

Gods ! how he vaults !—'tis all to get a name ;

Risking his limbs, and straining every nerve,

To jump himself, poor devil ! into Fame.

Mark with what Majesty he wields the pole,
While the Buffoon (his vassal) chalks his sole!

Sir, 'tis his poor Ambition's richest hope
To reign elastick Emperor, and Lord,
O'er all who ever caper'd on a cord,
And be the Buonaparte of the rope.

In short, an itching for renown
Makes some dance ropes, and others storm a Town;—
And an observer must be very dull
If a Jack-Pudding, or a Pierrot,
Don't, sometimes, seem to him as great a Hero
As a Grand Signior, or a Great Mogul.

That lowly men aspire to lowly glory
Here followeth (*exempli gratiâ*) a Story.

GODDESS! whose frolick humour glads the Sky ;
Who, oft, with dimple'd cheek, to Momus listen ;
Within the lustre of whose lucid eye
Laughter's gay drops, like dew in sunshine, glisten !

Come, sweet EUPHROSYNE! luxuriant MIRTH!
Leave all the Heathen Deities behind ;
Descend, and help, ('twill be but kind)
One of the poorest Poets upon earth !

O ! now descend ! while I devote my page
To one who flourish'd on a London Stage.

She comes!—I sing the Man ycleped Daw,
Whose Mother dress'd the Tragick Queens ;
She in the Candle-Snuffer raise'd a flame ;
Then quench'd it, like a liberal Dame ;
And the first light my Hero ever saw
Was that his Father snuff'd behind the Scenes.

Born to the *Boards*, as Actors say, this Wight
Was, oft, let out, at half a crown, *per* night,
By *tender* parents, after he was wean'd ;
At three years old, squab, chubby-cheek'd, and stupid,
Sometimes, he was a little *extra* Fiend,
Sometimes, a supernumerary Cupid.

When Master Daw full fourteen years had told,
He grew, as it is term'd, *hobbedyhoy-ish* ;
For Cupidons, and Fairies, much too old,
For Calibans, and Devils, much too boyish.

This state, grave Fathers say, behind the Scenes,
Often embarrasses their Ways and Means :
And Master Daw was out of size,
For raising the Supplies :—
He was a perfect lout,—a log ;—
You never clapt your eyes
Upon an uglier dog !

His voice had broken to a gruffish squeak ;

He had grown blear-eye'd, baker-knee'd, and gummy ;

And, though he hadn't been too hoarse to speak,

He was too ugly, even, for a dumby.

But hood-wink'd Fortune, Goddess of misprision,

Soon gave her Bandeau's knot a tighter twist ;

Or else, that she might have no chance of vision,—

She, certainly, employ'd an Oculist :

Had she but seen no better than the Fowl

The chaste Minerva loves,—yclept an Owl,—

Or had of seeing the least notion,

She never, never could have found

In Master Daw, that chubby, stupid hound,

A subject for theatrical promotion.

But, lo! 'twas at a *Ballet's* night-rehearsal,—

Perform'd, at last, as Play-Bills often shew,

Whether the *Ballet* have been hiss'd or no,
To over-flows, and plaudits universal;—

The Prompter's Boy, a pickle'd, thoughtless knave,
Playing a game at marbles, in the sea,
Happen'd to break his leg upon a wave,
And Master Daw was made his Deputy.

The Office of a Prompter's Boy, perchance,
May not be generally known.

I'll sketch it:—Would I could enhance
The outline with some touches of my own!

The Prompter's Boy, *Messieurs!* must stand
Near the Stage-Door, close at the Prompter's hand;
Holding a Nomenclature that's numerical,
Which tallies with the Book *prompterical*:

And as the Prompter calls, "One, Two, Three, Four,"
Mark'd, accurately, in the Prompt-Book page,

These numbers mean the Boy must leave the Door,
To call the folks refer'd to, for the Stage.

In this capacity, as record saith,

Young Master Daw

Both heard and saw

As much (if not as *two*) as any *one* can;—

He saw the Actor murdering Macbeth,
Whom he had only call'd to murder Duncan.

He saw Anne Boleynè, in the Green-Room, grant

A kiss to Wolsey, dangling at her crupper;

Heard an Archbishop damn a Figurante,

And Shylock order sausages for supper.

During his time, (or Master Daw's a liar)

Three Virgins of the Sun grew wondrous round:

Pluto most narrowly escape'd from fire,

And Neptune in a water-tub was drown'd.

During his time, from the Proscenium ta'en,

Thalia and Melpomene both vanish'd ;

The Lion and the Unicorn remain,—

Seeming to hint, to a capricious Age,

“ Suffer the Quadrupeds to keep the Stage,”

“ The Muses to be banish'd.”

During his time,—psha ! let me turn Time's glass.

Reader, old Time (depend on't) will kill Thee ;

But, should I grow prolix, alas !

Thou never would'st kill Time by reading Me.

Yet, here, will I apostrophize thee, Time !

If not in reason, why in Crambo Rhime.

A RECKONING WITH TIME.*

I.

COME on, old TIME!—nay, that is stuff;
 Gaffer! thou come'st on fast enough;—
 Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid!—
 But, tell me, Sand-Man! ere thy grains
 Have multiplied upon my brains,
 So thick to make me stupid;—

II.

Tell me, Death's Journeyman!—but, no;
 Hear thou my speech;—I will not grow

* This '*Reckoning with Time*' appear'd three or four years ago, at the request of a friend, in a monthly publication;—whence it was copied into a few works of a similar description:—But, as it was first, purposely, written to be introduced in the present Tale, and has been seen, only, in prints a little more fugitive (*perhaps*) than this Book, the Author trusts he may be excus'd for inserting it in the place of it's original destination.

Irreverent while I try it ;
For, though I mock thy Flight, 'tis said,
The Forelock fills me with such dread,
I—*never take thee by it.*

III.

List, then, old Is-Was-and-To-Be !
I'll state accounts 'twixt Thee and Me ;—
Thou gave'st me, first, the measles ;
With *teething* would'st have ta'en me off,
Then, made'st me, with the hooping cough,
Thinner than fifty weasels.

IV.

Thou gave'st Small-Pox, (the Dragon, now,
That Jenner combats, on a Cow ;)
And, then, some seeds of knowledge ;—
Grains of the Grammar, which the flails
Of Pedants thresh upon our tails,
To fit us for a College.

V.

And, when at Christ-Church, 'twas thy sport
To rack my brains with sloe-juice Port,
And Lectures out of number!—
There Fresh-man Folly quaffs, and sings,
While Graduate Dulness clogs thy wings,
With mathematick lumber.

VI.

Thy pinions next,—which, while they wave,
Fan all our Birth-Days to the grave,—
I think ere it was prudent,
Balloon'd me from the Schools to Town,
Where I was *parachuted* down,
A dapper, Temple Student.

VII.

Then, much in Dramas did I look ;
Much slighted Thee, and great Lord Coke ;

Congreve beat Blackstone hollow ;
 Shakspeare made all the Statutes stale,
 And, in *my* Crown, no Pleas had Hale,
 To supersede Apollo.

VIII.

Ah, Time ! those raging heats, I find,
 Were the mere Dog-Star of my mind ;
 How cool is retrospection !
 Youth's gaudy Summer Solstice o'er,
 Experience yields a mellow store,
 An Autumn of reflection !

IX.

Why did I let the God of Song
 Lure me from Law, to join his throng,—
 Gull'd by some slight applauses ?
 What's Verse to A when *versus* B ?
 Or what John Bull, a Comedy,
 To pleading John Bull's causes ?

X.

Yet, though my childhood felt disease,
Though my lank purse, unswol'n by fees,
Some ragged Muse has netted,—
Still, honest Chronos ! 'tis most true,
To Thee (and faith to *others*, too !)
I'm very much indebted.

XI.

For thou hast made me gaily tough,
Inure'd me to each day that's rough,
In hopes of calm, to-morrow ;—
And when, old Mower of us all !
Beneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,
Some *few* DEAR FRIENDS will sorrow.

XII.

Then,—though my idle Prose, or Rhime,
Should, half an hour, out-live me, Time !

Pray bid the Stone-Engravers,
Where'er my bones find Church-Yard room,
Simply to chisel on my tomb,—
“ Thank TIME for all his Favours !”

Managers, Actors, Candle-Snuffers,—all,—
Yea, all who write, or damn, or clap a Play,
E'en little Prompters' Boys, who Players call,
(Sad truth to tell !) grow older every day.

Now had the sure Fore-runner of our Fate,
(TIME, whom I have apostrophize'd,)
Who rubs no Russian oil upon his pate,
Scorning a wig, or a transparent *tête*,
Or any cure for baldness advertise'd ;—
Time had besprinkle'd, with some years,
My Hero's asinine and vulgar ears.

Daw, now adult, and turn'd of five-and-thirty,

Conceive'd himself miraculously clever :—

His skin was like a Dun Cow's hide, grown dirty,

And his legs knit in bandiness, for ever.

Coxcombical, malicious, busy, pert,

Brisk as a flea, and ignorant as dirt,

When he began one of his frothy chatters,

Boasting about his knowledge of Stage matters,

He look'd so very, very sage,

You could not, for your soul, talk gravely to him ;

He seem'd an *Oran Outang*, come of age,

Connive'd at for a man, by those who knew him.

Many strange faces may be seen ;—but Daw's

Look'd like the Knocker of a Door,—whose grin

Has let it's handle tumble from the jaws,

To hinder you from rapping on it's chin.

Three single ladies, and one married,

By looking at him, all miscarried.

No longer Prompter's Boy, he now had gain'd
 A rank upon the Stage almost *unique*;
 A rank of which I am about to speak ;—
 Which, with great dignity, he long maintain'd.

“Daw on the Stage! too ugly as a lad!”
 “And now so frightful, when to manhood grown,”
 “That Ugliness had ‘mark’d him for her own,”
 “Sure the Proprietors were all gone mad!”

Reader! it ill becometh me
 To say how mad Proprietors may be ;—
 But, every night,
 To crowded audiences, did Mr. Daw
 Give Boxes, Pit, and Galleries delight,
 Acting with great *eclat*.

And though he acted so repeatedly,
 (Of which he often talk'd conceitedly)

Although no Actor, in his line, excell'd him,—
Yet, in the personation of his part,
(The fact, I know, will make you start,)
Not one of his Encomiasts beheld him.

When the Enigma is expounded,
You'll own 'tis true, and be dumfounded.

Well was the adage to my Hero known
That Beauty merely is skin deep ;
But, thinking Ugliness is some skins deeper,
He, very politickly, tried to creep
Into *another* skin beside his own ;—
Wherein conceal'd,
His face and figure couldn't be reveal'd,
And soon he prove'd a most successful creeper.

Being a persevering rogue,
Through interest, and strong solicitation,

Before *live* cattle came in vogue,
 He got, at last, his wish'd-for situation :—
 And, when *sham* Beasts came on, it was his pride
 To tell,—he always acted the *Inside*.

Thus Daw “ with Fortune almost out of suits,”
 Unfit to shew himself, or utter words,
 Wriggle'd into the Parts of all the Brutes,
 And all the larger Birds.

He was the stateliest Ostrich seen, for struts ;
 Unrivall'd in the bowels of a Boar ;
 Great, and majestick, in a Lion's guts,
 And a fine Tiger, both for walk and roar.

A noted Connoisseur was heard to swear,
 (From minor merits far from a detractor)
 There was no bearing any outside Bear,
 If Mr. Daw were not the inside Actor.

Sometimes, a failure his great name would tarnish ;—

Once, acting in a Dragon, newly painted,
The ceruse, turpentine, and varnish,
Gave him the cholick,—and the Dragon *fainted*.

Once, too, when drunk in Cerberus,—oh! shame!

He fell asleep within the Dog's internals ;—
Thus, Mr. Whitbread's Porter overcame
The Porter to the King of the Infernals.

But in Dumb Follies, that succeed the Play,

His reputation rose so fast,
That he was call'd, *par excellence*, at last,
The great *Intestine Roscius* of his day.

Yet frequently it has been shewn,

And History hath often stated,
A Hero meets in his career a check ;
Sometimes in battle he is overthrown,

Sometimes he is assassinated,
And, sometimes, he's suspended by the neck.—
Sundry the ways, when Fortune's scurvy,
In which a Hero is turn'd topsy-turvy.

Christmas was coming on ;—those merry times,
When, in conformity to ancient rules,
Grand classick Theatres give Pantomimes,
For the delight of Innocents, and Fools :—
That is, (if I may make so bold)
For Children who are young,—and Children who
are old.

A pasteboard Elephant, of monstrous size,
Was form'd to bless a Learned Nation's eyes,
And charm the sage Theatrical resorters ;
And, as two men were necessary in it,
It was decreed, in an unlucky minute,
That Mr. Daw should fill the hinder quarters.

The HINDER *Quarters* !!!—here was degradation !
 Gods! mighty Daw !—what was thy indignation !

He swore a tragick oath ;—“by Her who bore him!”

(Meaning the Dresser of the Tragick Queens)

“ No individual, behind the scenes,”

“ Should walk in any Elephant *before* him.”

“ He’d rather live on husks,”

“ Or dine upon his nails,”

“ Than quit First Parts, under the trunks, and tusks,”

“ And stoop to Second Rates, beneath the tails !”

“ ’Twas due to his celebrity, at least,”

“ If he should so far condescend”

“ To represent the *moiety* of a beast,”

“ That he should have the right to chuse *which end*.”

The Managers were on the Stage ;
 To whom he, thus, remonstrated, in rage.

“ I’ve been chief Lion, and first Tiger, here,”

“ For fifteen year ;—”

“ *That*, you may tell me, matters not a souse ;”

“ But, what is more,”

“ All London says, I am the greatest Boar”

You ever had, in all your House.

“ Of all *Insides*, the Town likes me the best ;”

“ Over my head no Underling shall jump :—”

“ I’ll play your front legs, shoulders, neck, and breast,”

“ But damn me if I act your loins and rump !”

Though this Address was coarser than jack-towels,

Although the speaker’s face made men abhor him,

Yet, when a man acts nothing else but bowels,

The Managers might have some bowels for him ;

And if obdurate Managers *could* feel

A little more than flint, or steel,—

If they had any heart,
On hearing such a forcible appeal,
They might have let the man reject the part.

All the head Manager said to it,
Was, simply, this,—“Daw, you must do it.”

And, after all, the Manager was right ;
But how to make the fact appear
Incontrovertible, and clear,
And place it in it's proper light,—
Puzzles me quite !

Come, let me try.—Reader, 'twould make you sweat,
(You'll pardon the expression)
To see two fellows get,
With due discretion,—
One upright, one aslant,—
Into the entrails of an Elephant :

For, if you'll have the goodness to reflect
On the construction of these huge brute creatures,
You'll see the man in front must walk erect ;
While he who goes behind must bend,
Stooping, and bringing down his features,
Over the front man's latter end :—
And the Beast's shape requires, particularly,
The tallest man to march first, perpendicularly.

Now, the new inside man, you'll find,
Was taller, by a head, than Daw ;
Therefore 'twas fit that Daw should walk behind,
According both to Equity and Law.

Daw, for a time, with jealousy was rack'd,
And with his rival wouldn't act ;
Nevertheless,
Like other Politicians in the Nation,
Who can't have all their wishes,

He chose, at last, to *coalesce*,
Rather than lose his situation,
And give up all the loaves, and fishes.

The House was cramm'd : the Elephant appear'd ;
With three times three, the Elephant was cheer'd ;
Shouts, and Huzzas, the ear confound !

The Building rings ; the Building rocks ;
The Elephant the Pit, the Elephant each Box,
The Elephant the Galleries resound !

The Elephant walk'd down,
Before the lamps, to fascinate the Town.

Daw, with his ugly face incline'd
Just over his tall rival's skirts
Bore, horizontally, in mind
His Self-Love's bruises, and Ambition's hurts.

Hating the man by whom he was disgrace'd,
Who from his cap had pluck'd the choicest feather,
He bit him in the part where Honour's place'd,
Till his teeth met together.

On this attack from the ferocious Daw,
Upon his *Pais Bas*,
The Man, unable to conceal his pain,
Roar'd and writhe'd,
Roar'd and writhe'd,
Roar'd and writhe'd, and roar'd again !

That Beasts should roar is neither new, nor queer,
But, on a repetition of the spite,
How was the House electrified to hear
The Elephant say,—“Curse you, Daw, don't bite!”

Daw perseveré'd :—unable to get out,
The Tall Man face'd about,

And with great force the mighty Daw assail'd;—
Both, in the dark, were, now, at random, fighting,
Huffing, and cuffing, kicking, scratching, biting,—
Though neither of the Combatants prevail'd.

It was the strongest precedent, by far,
In ancient, or in modern story,
Of such a desperate *intestine war*,
Wage'd in so small a territory!

And, in this Civil Brawl, like any other.
Where every Man in Arms his Country shatters,
The two inhabitants thump'd one another
Till they had torn the Elephant to tatters;—
And, thus uncase'd, the Rival Actors
Stood bowing to their generous Benefactors.

Uproar ensue'd!—from every side,
Scene-shifters ran to gather up the hide;

While the Two Bowels, in dismay,
Hiss'd, hooted, damn'd, and pelted,—walk'd away.

Reader, if you would, further, know
The History of Mr. Daw, 'tis brief;—
He died, not many months ago,
Of mortified AMBITION, and of grief:—
For when *Live Quadrupeds* usurp'd the Stage,
And which are, now, (but mayn't be long) the *rage*,
He went to bed,
'And never, afterwards, held up his head.
Awhile, he languish'd, looking pale and wan;
Then, dying, said,—“Daw's occupation's gone!”



THE LADY OF THE WRECK;

OR,

CASTLE BLARNEYGIG:

A POEM.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

1952

TO
THE AUTHOR
OF
THE LADY OF THE LAKE;

WHOSE GIFTED MUSE

NEEDS NO MERETRICIOUS COLOURINGS UPON HER BEAUTY;

WHOSE CHARMS

MIGHT DISDAIN A VEIL OF OBSOLETENESS, TO OBSCURE THEM;

THE FOLLOWING POEM,

OF

THE LADY OF THE WRECK,

OR

CASTLE BLARNEYGIG,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS ADMIRER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LET not the Reader, whose senses have been delightfully intoxicated by that Scottish *Circe*, the *Lady of the Lake*, accuse the present Author of plagiary. The wild Irish and wild Caledonians bore a great resemblance to each other, in very many particulars;—and two Poets, who have any “method in their madness,” may, naturally, fall into similar strains of wildness, when handling subjects equally wild, and remote.—’Tis a wild World, my Masters!—The Author of this Work, has, merely, adopted the Style which a northern GENIUS has, of late, render’d the Fashion, and the *Rage*:—He has attempted, in this instance, to become a maker of the *Modern-Antique*; a Vender of a new Coinage, begrime’d with the ancient *æruugo*;—a Constructor of *the dear pretty Sublime*, and *sweet little Grand*;—a Writer of a Short Epick Poem, stuff’d

with Romantick Knick-knackeries; and interlarded with Songs and Ballads, *à la mode de Chevy Chase, Edom o Gordon, Sir Lancelot du Lake, &c. &c.* How is such a Writer to be class'd?

“ Inter quos referendus erit? veteresne Poetas?”

“ An quos et præsens et postera respuet ætas?”

HOR. EPIST. 1. LIB. 2.



— “ quædam nimis antiquè—pleraque dura.”—HOR.

“ Thus have I, (my dear Countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, discover'd the hidden sources of the BATHOS, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this GREAT DEEP.”

MART. SCRIB. περὶ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ.

CANTO FIRST.

HARP of the PATS!* that rotting long hast lain

On the soft bosom of St. Allan's bog,

And, when the Wind had fits,† would'st twang a strain,

Till envious mud did all thy musick clog,

* “ If it be allow'd that the Harp was in use among the ancient Caledonians, it can hardly be denied that they borrow'd it from the Irish.”

Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards.

† The same idea occurs in the beautiful opening of the *Lady of the Lake*;—where it is said that the Scotch Harp hung

“ On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's Spring;”

and “*flung* it's numbers” down the “*fitful breeze*.”—Indeed, the whole of the present Invocation to the Irish Harp is a tolerably close, though humble imitation of the commencement of the Poem above mention'd.

E'en just as too much pudding chokes a dog ;—
 Oh! Paddy's Harp! still sleeps thine accent's pride?
 Will nobody be giving it a jog?
 Still must thou silent be, as when espied
 Upon an Irish, old, old halfpenny's back side?

Not thus, when Erin wore a wilder shape,
 Thy Voice was speechless in an Irish Town;
 It rouse'd the hopeless Lover to a rape,
 Made timorous Tenants knock proud Landlords
 down ;
 Whisky, at every pause, the feast did crown ;—
 Now, by the powers! the fun was never slack ;
 The *O*s and *Mac*s were frisky as the Clown ;
 For, still, the burthen (growing now a hack)
 Was Hubbaboo, dear joys! and Didderoo! and Whack!

Och! wake again! arrah, get up once more!
 And let me venture just to take a thrum :—

Wake, and be damn'd! you've had a tightish snore!—

Perhaps, I'd better let you lie there, dumb :

Yet, if one Ballad-Monger like my strain,

Though I've a clumsy finger and a thumb,

I shan't have jingle'd Minstrelsy in vain ;

So, Wizard, be alive! old Witch, get up again!

I.

The Pig, at eve, was lank, and faint,

Where Patrick is the Patron Saint,

And with his peasant Lord, unfed,

Went, grunting, to their common bed :

But when black Night her sables threw

Athwart the slough of Ballyloo,*

The deep-mouth'd thunder's angry roar

Rebellow'd on the Ulster shore,

* In the latest Chorography of Ireland, *Ballyloo* is not to be found in the Maps. Various other places, mention'd in this Poem, are, also, totally omitted.—But, even the discoveries of *Captain Lemuel Gulliver*, so long ago as the time of Queen Anne, are look'd for in vain, except in the Charts which are bound up in his own publication.—Shameful negligence!

And hailstones pelted, mighty big,
The towers of Castle Blarneygig.

II.

Aloft, where, erst, tyrannick Fear
Place'd lynx-eye'd Vigilance to peer,*
And listen, in the dunnest dark,
Whether a feudal cur should bark,
Drunk, deaf, and purblind, in the din,
Doze'd the old Warder, Rory Flinn.
Before the antique Hall's turf fire,
Was stretch'd the Porter, Con Macguire,
Who, at stout Usquebagh's command,
Snore'd with his proker† in his hand.

* *i. e.* The *Watch-Tower*;—in which a man was, formerly, station'd, to give notice of danger, real, or apprehended, from the approach of any party, or parties, whatever.—No vestige of this personage's office remains, in the rural abodes of our modern Nobility. In, and around, the Metropolis, and in great provincial Towns, and their suburbs, *Warders*, still, exist:—but they are situated on the ground; on the outside of Mansions, which they pretend, and are not suppose'd, to guard; in small *Wooden-Boxes*, just capable of containing them,—wheeriu they doze, as conveniently as their predecessor *Rory Flinn*, in this Poem recorded.

† *Hibernicè*, proker; *Anglicè*, poker.

Kathlane, who very ill could dish
Wild Ballyshannon's springy fish,
And Sheelah, who had lately come
To spider-brush, from Blunderdrum,
Were dreaming, in a stole'n embrace,
With Roger Moyle, and Redmond Scrace ;
And all the Vassals' senses lay
Drown'd in the Whisky of the day.—
Still rage'd the storm ;—still, records run,
All slept in Blarneygig, save one,
Lord of the Castle, and Domain,
Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane.*

* After a certain period, Irishmen adopted *Surnames*, for the convenience of designation; and to prevent that *confusion* from which they have, to this day, kept so *proverbially clear*.—Hence, arose the '*O*s and '*M*acs,'—meaning the '*Sons of*.'—The *O'Tooles* were, formerly, of high celebrity in Ireland, in times of convulsion, and insurrection; military of course;—even the Clergy fought.—*Ware* informs us (referring to a piece of Biography, publish'd by *Purius*,) that "*Laurence O'Tool* had an Archbishoprick." It was a Dublin one. From the surname of the Knight of Blarneygig Castle, it is probable that the families of the *O'Tooles* and *O'Shaughnashanes* were allied, by inter-marriages.

III.

He heard, or thought he heard, a sound
 Pierce through the hurly-burly round ;
 A shriek,—a yell,—he knew not what,—
 So from his night-couch up he got ;
 Then through a peep-hole popt his head,
 And thus Sir Tooleywhagg he said ;
 Standing the while, though something loth,
 In a short shirt of Irish cloth.

IV.

“ Spake out,” he cried, “ whose voice is that,”
 “ Shrill as a Tom Balruddery Cat ?” *
 “ Come you a Fairy, good or ill,”
 “ My Bullocks to presarve or kill ?”

* “ *Balruddery Cat.*”—The squall of a *Balruddery Cat* is very annoying to those whose organs of hearing are unaccustom'd to it:—and equally so is the squall of any Cat, in any other place;—which may somewhat tend to diminish the peculiarity of the Cats of Balruddery.

“ Or, only, does a Banshee* prowl,”
 “ For somebody’s departing sowl ?” —
 “ Haply you lurk, from Foemen nigh,”
 “ My sea-side Castle’s strength to spy,”
 “ Who, on the morrow, may think fit”
 “ To bother Blarneygig a bit :”
 “ Och ! if the latter,—soon as light”
 “ Peeps over Murroughlaughlin’s height,”
 “ My Kernes, and Gallowglasses,† here,”
 “ Will shew you sport, with sparthe,‡ and spear ;”
 “ And, sallying on my spalpeen Foe,”
 “ Shout—Forroch ! Forroch !§ Bugg-abo !||

* “ A *Banshee* :”—a friendly Spirit, that gave a strong hint of an approaching Death, in an Irish Family.—There has been, it seems, a similar supernatural retainer in Scotland;—denominated, by my great North-British Prototype in Poetry, a *Ben-Shie* :—the last syllable, possibly, from the French, *chier*.

† “ The Irish of the middle ages had two sorts of Foot-Men, some call’d *Gallo-glasses*, arm’d, &c. &c.—Others lighter arm’d, call’d *Turbiculi*, by some *Timburii*, but, commonly, *Kerns*.”—*Ware’s Antiq. and Hist. of Ireland*.

‡ A *Sparthe* was an Irish weapon of war.

§ *Forroch*, *Farah*, or *Ferragh*.—“ When they (*the Irish*) approach’d the Enemy so near as to be heard, they used this martial Cry—*Farah! Farah!*” —*Ware’s Antiq. and Hist. of Ireland*.

“ The vulgar Irish suppose this War-song to have been *Forroch*, or *Ferragh*.”—*Spencer’s State of Ireland*.”

|| *Bugg-abo*.—“ They, likewise, call upon their Captain’s name, or the word

V.

Scarce had he said, when lightning play'd
 Full on the features of a Maid,
 Who, in the elemental shock,
 Stuck, like a limpet, to the rock.
 Rear'd o'er the surface of the flood,
 Her pallid cheek, her lip's life-blood,
 The blended colours seem'd to shew
 Of pearl, and coral, from below.
 Save that her dank dishevell'd hair
 Half hid her breast, her breast was bare ;—
 What *could* be seen look'd firm, and white,
 As the rude rock she held so tight :
 Bare too was all her beauteous form,
 Stript by the unrelenting storm !

of their Ancestors:— as under O'Neale they cry *Landarg-abo!*" &c. &c.—
Spencer.

In short, *Abo* was a term of exultation, tantamount to '*for ever!*' tack'd to, and shouted with, the principal part of the Estate which their Chieftain possess'd.—It is to be suppose'd, therefore, that a great part of Sir Tooley-whagg O'Shaughnashane's territory was BUGG.

But, half in sea, and half on shore,
A liquid petticoat she wore ;
And, as the undulating surge
Did, to and fro, it's fury urge,
Just now and then, it left the tips
Expose'd of two round polish'd hips ;
All downward else, her blush to save,
Lay cover'd by the wanton wave :—
But, oh ! her voice, from out the main,
Seem'd sweeter than a Syren's strain ;
And, while below the cliff she clung,
Thus to Sir Tooleywhagg she sung.

VI.

Song.

- “ What linen so fine has the Bride put on ?”
“ What torch is her chamber bright'ning ?”
“ The Bride is adrift, in a salt-water shift,”
“ And her candles are flashes of lightning.”

“ O! Thady Rann! the Isle of Man”*

“ I left, and sail’d for you ;”

“ I am very ill luck’d all night to be duck’d,”

“ For keeping my promise true !”

“ O! Thady, your Bride cannot sleep by your side,”

“ Go to bed to another lady ;”—

“ I must lie in the dark, with a whale, or a shark,

“ Instead of my darling Thady.”

VII.

She pause’d ;—for to the rock rush’d in
 A booming wave, above her chin ;—
 Which, haply, work’d her body’s good,
 For wholesome flows the briny flood,
 And, if the mouth a pint have caught,
 A fine aperient ’tis thought.

* “ O Alice Brand, my native land”

“ I left for love of you.”

See the admirable Poem of the Lady of the Lake.

Sir Tooleywhagg, who heard the pause,*
Was little conscious of the cause ;
For, now, pitch-dark was all the shore,
And much he wish'd for an *encore*,
Soon did the duck'd, recovering Fair,
In varied strains, renew her air ;—
Renew'd it, much in hopes to gain
Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane :
For, when he first put out his head,
Grace'd with a night-cap, died in red,
Fire, that fore-runs the thunder-clap,
Blaze'd on him, redder than his cap.
'Twas then she mark'd his face, and mien,
Plain, through his peep-hole, to be seen ;
His eagle eye's commanding glance,
His shoulder's broad, superb, expanse,
His strong, uncover'd, ample chest,
That look'd like so much brawn undrest :

* The power of *hearing a pause* is a gift peculiar to the natives of Ireland.

All that, in days of Chivalry,
Fair Ladies wish'd their Knights to be!—
She mark'd,—and murmur'd, sighing deep,
While through his hole he crouch'd to peep,
“ If, stooping, with such charms he's deckt,”
“ Gods! what a man when he's erect!”
“ Yea, on a modest maiden's word,”
“ This, this must be the Castle's Lord.”

VIII.

Well, too, she mark'd, with anxious eyes,
A Bucket of capacious size,
Suspended o'er the craggy beach,
And close within the Chieftain's reach;
With many a roll of cord, to be
Let down, at pleasure, to the sea;—
Which for the Castle's use was made,
Whene'er it suffer'd a blockade;

To draw up succours from the strand,
When the besieger press'd, on land :—
And, thus, her plaint she warble'd strong,
In all the euphony of song :

Song continue'd.

“ Chieftain ! if thou canst at all”
“ For a shipwreck'd Lady angle,”
“ Clew me up thy Castle wall ;”
“ Near thee doth a Bucket dangle.”

“ Chieftain ! leave me not to drown ;”
“ Save a Maid without a smicket !”
“ If the Bucket come not down,”
“ Soon shall I be doom'd to kick it.”*

* This proves that the modern *slang* phrase of *kicking the bucket*, *i. e.* to *die*, is borrow'd from our ancestors. *Multa renascentur, &c.*

“ Quick, oh ! quick unwind the rope !”
 “ If thou answer’st to my hope,”
 “ Then, on Thee when Fate is frowning,”
 “ May a Rope prevent thy drowning !”

IX.

Ye Sons of Erin ! well ’tis known
 Your nature to the Sex is prone.
 South from Lough Swilly, to Tramore,
 From Kilcock to Knockealy’s shore,*
 Can ye resist, throughout your Isle,
 A Woman’s tear,—a Woman’s smile?—
 And when did Beauty pour in vain
 Her plaint to an O’Shaughnashane?
 When did a Maid, without a rag,
 Fail to affect a Tooleywhagg?

* These places are selected as cardinal points; being nearly the extremities of the North, East, West, and South, of the Island.

“ *Kilcock* is further from the Sea”

“ Than any of the other three.”—*Anon.*

Harsh creek'd the rope in its descent,
And wagging down the Bucket went ;
With fresh provision to be fraught,
Fresher than ever yet it brought !
It reach'd the rock :—with eager hope,
The sea-drench'd Fair One caught the rope ;
She sprang, the Bucket's mouth to win,
And, light as gossamer, leapt in !

X.

Gaily the Chieftain plied his arms,
Winding his welcome load of charms ;
At every twist, the dizzied Fair
Rose, vacillating, in the air.
He heard her shriek,—soon heard her gasp,—
Then, caught the trembler in his grasp.
Quick to the couch his Prize he bore,
And chafe'd her shivering limbs all o'er :—

Strenuous to make the colour seek
It's wonted course upon her cheek,
So well he minister'd his aid,
To comfort, and revive the Maid,
That, ere the Sky-lark plume'd his wing,
The Maid was quite another thing!



XI.

Now, on the oaks of Faughanvail,*
Dash'd in cold globules by the gale,

* This place *may* be found in the Maps.

The pendent thunder-drops of Night
 Glitter'd, like gems, in orient light.
 Now vanish'd, from the Chieftain's room,
 The winking lamp's propitious gloom,
 And on the Fair One, as she lay,
 Morn's golden Tell-tale shot his ray.
 Ah! when did Sun, declining, leave
 No Swain forsworn, twixt dawn and eve?
 When did the Day-Spring's glimmer find,
 Twixt eve and dawn, no Woman's mind
 Had veer'd, like Dunfanaghy's* wind?
 Bent, blushing, o'er the Chieftain's neck,
 Thus spoke the Lady of the Wreck.

}

XII.

“ Oh! mighty Chief! oh! potent man!”

“ Send me not, now, to Thady Rann!”

* This spot is, also, notice'd in the Maps of Ireland;—and the wind has been observe'd to vary there quite as much as in any common situation upon a sea-coast.

“ What though (when from my native Isle”
 “ He sail’d, where he had moor’d awhile,)”
 “ I rashly pledge’d my maiden truth”
 “ To follow soon that Ulster Youth ;”
 “ Then left *my* home, *his* home to seek,”
 “ Near the cascades of moist Belleek ;”^{*}
 “ What though he hope’d the last night’s tide”
 “ Would waft into his arms a Bride ;—”
 “ If, now, such silly bonds I burst,”
 “ ’Twas He was the Deceiver first ;”
 “ ’Twas Thady Rann decoy’d, and play’d”
 “ Upon the greenness of a maid ;”
 “ Who, by her ancient parents mew’d,”
 “ Scarce any face but his had view’d ;”
 “ And gaze’d, in ignorant surprise,”
 “ On his red locks, and vacant eyes.”—

^{*} “ Passing, then, through the village of Belleek, I observe’d a succession of small *Cascades* continued for near two miles.” *Twiss’s Tour in Ireland*.—
 This Author’s testimony is indisputable.—The Ladies and Gentlemen of Erin may, still, remember how many *cascades* and *rills* he experience’d, even after his taking leave of the Island.

- “ Sudden my Change!—but, tell me true,”
“ (For, oh! I feel 'tis wrought by you!)”
“ Does female Judgment, as 'tis call'd”
“ By all the wrinkled, and the bald,”
“ Creep o'er the mind by dull degrees?”
“ Is Judgment slow in growth as Trees?”
“ Or comes it not, like lightning's flame,”
“ Darting direct into our frame?”
“ Sure 'tis the last;—and, sure, since night,”
“ My hour's arrive'd to judge aright.”
“ And why, Discernment's heights to climb,”
“ Must Woman mount the steps of Time?”
“ Age grasps, with her experience'd lore,”
“ But what young Talent grasps before;”
“ And no more knows the Matron dunce”
“ Than Penetration shews, at once.”—
“ Oh! Chief! since, shipwreck'd on your shore,”
“ I feel myself Myself no more,”

“ Since I am, now, another I,”
 “ Here let me ever live,—and die !”

XIII.

The Hunter, who, upon the sands
 Of Innisfallen’s* islet stands,
 And marks the Stag, from steepy wood,
 Plunge, panting, in Killarney’s flood,
 While mountains,—on whose shaggy head,
 Clouds, from the vast Atlantick, spread,—
 Re-echo to the mellow sounds
 Of merry horns, and opening hounds,—
 The Hunter, then, feels less delight
 Than, now, did Blarneygig’s gay Knight.
 “ Darling !” he said, “ when Thady Rann”
 “ Bother’d you, in the Isle of Man,”
 “ You knew not, ’tis exceeding plain,”
 “ Sir Tooleywhagg O’Shaughnashane ;”

* In the lake of Killarney.

“ Knew not what difference must be”
 “ Twixt that Belleek Spalpeen and me :”
 “ Then let not on your conscience fall”
 “ The smallest qualm, at all, at all.”
 “ For your request,—I know not, I,”
 “ How, while you ever live, you’ll die ;”—
 “ Unless you make (the heart o’erfull)”
 “ What Strangers call an Irish Bull ;—
 “ If so, then live with me you may,”
 “ And, living, die the Irish way.”

The Castle’s Mistress, now, array’d,
 “ The Lady of the Wreck was made :
 Soon did the deep Cream Crutin* twang,
 And, thus, as loud the Chorus rang,
 The Vassals, at the Banquet, sang.

* “ *Creamthine Crut*, or *Cream Crutin*, by the name imports the Harp (or *Cruit*) use’d at potations, or carousals; whence *Cream nual*, a noisy drunken Company.”—*Vallancey*.

Although the Cream Crutin (or Harp) be extinct, the Cream-nual (or noisy drunken Company) is to be found, without any difficulty of research, in almost every part of the United Empire of Great Britain.



BANQUET SONG.*

XIV.

Hail to our Chief! now he's wet through with Whiskey;

Long Life to the Lady come from the salt seas!

Strike up, blind Harpers! skip high to be frisky!

For what is so gay as a bag-full of fleas?

* Here is to be observe'd the astonishing similarity of manners, and customs, between the Irish and Scotch, in former days. How close is

“ *Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—Tooleywhagg, ho!*”

to

“ *Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu! ho ierhoe!*”—See the *Lady of the Lake*.

In the present instance, 'tis a *Song at a Banquet*; in the latter, 'tis a *Song in a Boat*.—'Tis, merely, the difference betwixt Wine and Water.—The Vassals, on both occasions, express their attachment to their Chief, and their ardour for his *Crest*;—One being an *Evergreen Pine*, the other a *Potato*.

Crest of O'Shaughnashane!—

That's a Potato, plain,—

Long may your root every Irishman know!

Pats long have stuck to it,

Long bid good luck to it;

Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—Tooleywhagg, ho!

XV.

Our's is an esculent lusty, and lasting;

No turnip, nor other weak babe of the ground;

Waxy, or mealy, it hinders from fasting

Half Erin's inhabitants, all the year round.

Wants the soil, where 'tis flung,

Hog's, cow's, or horse's dung,

Still does the Crest of O'Shaughnashane grow:

Shout for it, Ulster men,

Till the bogs quake again!

Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—Tooleywhagg, ho!

XVI.

Drink, Paddies, drink to the Lady so shining !
 While flowret shall open, and bog-trotter dig,
 So long may the sweet Rose of Beauty be twining
 Around the Potato of proud Blarneygig !
 While the plant vegetates,
 While Whiskey recreates,
 Wash down the root, from the horns that o'erflow ;
 Shake your shillalahs, boys !
 Screeching drunk, scream your joys !
 Whack for O'Shaughnashane ! Tooleywhagg, ho !

XVII.

Time rolls his course ;*—now seems in haste,
 And now seems slow,—as Cooks roll paste ;

• The Writer fears that he may, here, be thought to have *stolen* from the admirable Author of the *Lady of the Lake* :—He, only, *borrowed* ;—and not all that the Author had to lend :—for the original runs

“ Time rolls his *ceaseless* course ; ”—

and, as every body knows Time to be ceaseless, the present Writer (with all

Rolling out vows from human dust,
Soon to be broken,—soon as crust !
All, under Time, to ruin falls,
Like Blarneygig's now moulder'd walls.
The Lover's, and the Dicer's oath,
The Patriot's,—fals'er, far, than both !—
As Places, Luck, and Love decay,
Like fleeting visions, pass away :—
Nay, e'en thy holy Nuns, Kildare,
Were doom'd Time's rolling-pin to share !
In thy chaste glooms, though Vestals swore
To feed a flame for evermore,—
No flame unsanctifiedly light,
But on St. Bridget's altar bright,—
E'en that,—yes, e'en *perpetual* fire
(At least in Ireland,) could expire ;
When England's King, the Pope to rout,

his poverty of expression) felt no occasion to "*spring a loan*," for the epithet.—But the Author, above alluded to, has much to spare, and *very* much that is too good to relinquish.

Both Fire and Nuns, at once, put out.*
 No wonder, then, when three long years
 Had roll'd their course o'er mortal ears,
 The Lady of the Wreck should mark,
 Since first she swung up, in the dark,
 Affection wofully to flag,
 In all she prize'd,—Sir Tooleywhagg.

XVIII.

The grief of slighted love, suppress,
 Scarce dull'd her eye, scarce heave'd her breast :—
 Or if a Tear, she strove to check,
 A truant Tear, stole down her neck,
 It seem'd a drop that, with his bill,
 The Linnet scatters from a rill,
 Flirting his sweet, and tiny, shower
 Upon a milk-white April flower :—

* *Giraldus Cambrensis* gives an account of this *perpetual fire*. *Henry the Eighth, of England*, extinguish'd it; and turn'd the Nuns adrift, to go the way of all flesh.

Or if a Sigh, breathe'd soft, and low,
Escape'd her fragrant lips, e'en so
The zephyr will, in heat of day,
Between two rose-leaves fan it's way.
Not thus the Knight his tedium brook'd,
Whene'er he from his peep-hole look'd :
Oft as he look'd, still, high in air,
He saw the Bucket dangling there ;
Then heave'd no sigh,—but gave a groan,
And grunted, loud, “ Och, Hone ! Och, Hone ! ”
“ Och, Hone ! ” he cried, “ my pleasure's cup ”
“ Was full that night I wound her up ! ”
“ How will that night my pleasures crown, ”
“ If e'er it come, I wind her down ! ”
Ne'er came that night of joy ;—but, oh !
Soon came a moment full of wo ;
A moment horror-fraught !—which, oft,
On the black peak of Klintertoft,

Beneath whose base the waters howl,
Is boded by the fatal owl.

XIX.

Who best, in cattle, and domain,
Could vie with the O'Shaughnashane ?
Who but the Chief of stature tall,
Baron Fitz Gallyhogmagawl ?
The Vulture, in his sweeping flight,
Sail'd leagues and kept his grounds in sight ;
Nor could the swiftest Roebuck run
Across his land twixt sun and sun :
His towers were bosom'd high in wood,
And at his gate fierce Wolf-Dogs stood.
He had a Daughter passing fair,
Once buxom, blithe, and debonnaïr :
A year had flown since, first, it chance'd,
With Blarneygig's bold Knight she dance'd ;

From that time forth, to bowers she crept,
There pine'd in thought, and silent wept.
Her Father, who, from day to day,
Observe'd his daughter's health decay,
Question'd her close ;—she made a pause—
Blush'd deep,—then, faltering, own'd the cause ;
Own'd all that made her spirits flag
Was—thinking on Sir Tooleywhagg.
“ Cease, Judy !” cried the Baron, “ cease”
“ To grieve, for much I prize your Peace !”
A hint, although the point was nice,
Brought the wish'd Bridegroom, in a trice ;
For both desire and interest sway'd
The ready Knight to wed the Maid ;
And his resolves, in accents cold,
The Lady of the Wreck he told.

XX.

She heard.—and pallid grew her cheek,
Nor did she soon essay to speak.

Her fiery eyeball shot a gleam
 That scarce from mortal eye could stream ;
 Her ghastly form assume'd the cast
 Of withering Spectres, when they blast.*
 At length, as tight his hand she grasp'd,
 And with a Ring his finger clasp'd,
 A dismal hollow laugh she gave,
 Like sounds that issue from a grave.
 " Thy Bridal Couch," she cried, " bedeck"
 " Far from the Lady of the Wreck ;"
 " But, oh, beware !—this Ring, false heart !"
 " Must never from thy finger part :"
 " When off 'tis ta'en"—she could no more,
 But, headlong, to the billows' roar,
 Sprang, from his chamber, to the shore.

* This word, formerly of awful dignity, is now so vulgarly familiarize'd, that it shocks us, every day, from the mouths of low wretches, when applied to the *eyes* and *limbs* of the human species.—It should not, however, lose its consequence, and force, because it is abuse'd.—Shakspeare introduces it energetically, when talking of the Ghost in Hamlet:—

" I'll cross it, though it *blast* me!"

The while her fearful leap she took,
'Tis said, the Giant's Causeway shook;—
Death on the waves to meet her roll'd,
And wrapp'd her in a watery fold.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

THE LADY OF THE WRECK;

OR,

CASTLE BLARNEYGIG.

CANTO SECOND.

‘ *A Rat, a Rat!*—*dead, for a ducat!*’—SHAKSPEARE.

‘ *Out, out, brief Candle!*’—DITTO.

I.

“ THE Egg is daintiest when ’tis swallow’d new,”*

“ And Love is sweetest in the Honey-moon;”

“ The egg grows musty, kept a whole month through,”

“ And marriage bliss will turn to strife as soon.”

* The *tourmure* of thought, in this Stanza, is, confessedly, indebted to that sweet commencement of the fourth Canto in *the Lady of the Lake*; where a Bridegroom “ *Stands a wakeful Sentinel,*”—and then *plucks a Rose*. What a happiness! what an elegant novelty in that idea!—to make the Bridegroom perform the usual business of the Bride!—to convert the expression of “*plucking a Rose,*” which has, hitherto, been, figuratively, applied to the mystick garden irrigations of a Lady, into a much more proper matter-of-fact operation of a Gentleman.

“ *The Rose is fairest when ’tis budding new,*” &c. &c.

See Lady of the Lake.—4th Canto.

“ O! butter’d egg! best eaten with a spoon,”

“ I bid your yelk glide down my throat’s red lane;”*

“ Emblem of Love, and Strife, in Wedlock’s boon!”—

Thus spake, at breakfast, the O’Shaughnashane,
What time his Bride, in bed, napping full late was lain.

II.

Conceits more fond than this he pour’d,—†

Conceits with which False Taste is store’d;

Such as, of late, alas! are broach’d

By those who have the spot approach’d

Where Poesy, once, cradle’d lay,

And stole’n her baby-clothes away:—

* Young Norman says to the Rose,—(how pretty to talk to a Rose!)

“ *I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave.*”

If the weather were quite calm, he, probably, shook his head, with his bonnet on;—otherwise it may be suppose’d he had much less chance of being obey’d by the rose, than Sir Tooleywhagg by the egg, who was popping it down his throat with a spoon.

† “ Such fond Conceit, *half said, half sung.*”

Lady of the Lake, 4th Canto.

Conceits, in Song's primeval dress,
 Of, oh! such pretty prettiness!
 That the inveigling beldame Muse
 Seems a sham Virgin from the stews;
 Or, in her second childhood wild,
 The doting Nurse that *apes* the Child.—
 With such conceits, such feathery lead,*
 Which either may be *sung or said*,
 Mock Fancy fill'd the Bridegroom's head;
 While the first egg-shell he scoop'd clean,
 Since he a Married Man had been.
 'Twas only on the night before
 That Father Murtoch, of Kilmore,
 Had join'd him to his all in all,
 Judy Fitz Gallyhogmagawl.



* "O heavy lightness! serious vanity!"

"Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!"

"FEATHER OF LEAD, bright smoke!" &c.

Thus says Shakspeare of Love:—but far be it from the Author of this idle Poem to speak thus, *generally*, of the *Lady of the Lake*!

III.

Revere'd by all was Murtoch's worth,
 Though mystery involve'd his birth :*
 For when his Mother, on a mat,
 Watching a Corpse, at midnight, sat,
 The Body rose, and strain'd her charms,
 Almost two minutes, in it's arms.
 From which embrace, too soon, she found
 Her face grow long, her waist grow round
 'Till, Prudes, first, tattling o'er her fate,
 Bid Scorn proclaim her in a state

* See *Brian*, the Priest. (*Lady of the Lake*, Canto 3d.)—In a Note, relative to this personage, proving that the idea of his origin arose from a traditional story, a curious passage is quoted from *Macfarlane*; who gives an account of one *Gilli-Doir-Magrevollich*. This tooth-breaking name signifies the *Black Child, son to the Bones*.

The Black Child's mamma went to a hill, one day, on a *party of pleasure*, with "both wenches and youthes," to *gather the bones of dead men!*—and they made a fire on the spot. "At last, they did all remove from the fire, except one maid, or wench:—She being quietlie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or *thereby*, to warm her; a wind did come, and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane man-child."—How much more appropriately than *Aneas* might *Gilli-Doir-Magrevollich* have invoke'd the "*cineres et ossa parentis!*"

Which Women wish to be, 'tis said,
Who love their Lords, *before* they're dead.
Exact at midnight, nine months o'er,
A little Skeleton she bore.
Soon as produce'd, amid the gloom,
Two glow-worms crept into the room,
Up to it's skull began to rise,
The sockets fill'd, and gave it eyes.
O'er every joint did spiders rove,
Where, busily, their webs they wove ;
The Cabin smoke their texture thin
Soon thicken'd, 'till it form'd a skin,
“ Now it may pass,” the Mother cried,
“ May pass for human !”—and she died.

IV.

This Tale was told by Age and Youth ;
But who can vouch for Rumour's truth ?

And, yet, though falsehood quick is hatch'd,
'Tis certain, when the Corpse she watch'd,
She watch'd alone ;—or watch'd, at least,
With no one,—save a reverend Priest ;
Whose duty 'twas to see the clay
Mingle'd with kindred earth, next day.
True, he was ruddy, tall, and stout,
And young,—but then he was devout ;—
A rigid, stanch, and upright soul,
And excellent, upon the whole.
Much could he have divulge'd, but fled
From questioning, and shook his head.
Yet, once, it hapt, when closely task'd,
With much solemnity he ask'd,
“ If unbegotten 'tis by Me,”
“ Whose but the Corpse's *can* it be ?”
This Speech, that spread from roof to roof,
To Irishmen was certain proof :
Proof that,—when mooted whether Shade
Or Substance can have force'd a Maid,—

Not he who still Life's course must run,
But that a Dead Man gets a Son.

V.

The little Murtoch's early joy
Was frolick of a Corpse's boy.
Ne'er by a stick his hoop was whirl'd,
But with a human thigh-bone twirl'd :



His leaden lips a laugh exprest
Whene'er he robb'd a screech-owl's nest ;

He scratch'd for worms when showers came,
And made a boding Raven tame.
Oft, with a yew-bough in his hand,
He love'd upon a grave to stand,
(His Father's grave !) and there, by night,
Arrest the Bat's low-wheeling flight.
Such, in his youth, was Murtoch known ;
But, when to skinny manhood grown,
Church zeal could scarcely fail to fire
The offspring of a Church-yard Sire.
His smooth skull, whiten'd by the air,
Unconscious of disdainful hair,
In meek and ready baldness stood
To court the cover of a hood.
Soon in the Cloister's gloom he sunk,
Amid the plump, a juiceless Monk ;
Renouncing errors, stale or fresh,
Of (what he never had) the Flesh ;

For, ever, as to prayer he stalk'd,
His dry joints rattle'd as he walk'd.
As years revolve'd, sage Murtoch's name
Stood foremost in monastick fame.
'Twas thought, whene'er he plodded o'er
A volume fraught with pious lore,
His glow-worm eyeballs, in the dark,
Gave ample light the text to mark.
A Relick 'twas his pride to own,
A precious wonder, seldom shewn;—
A Sleeve of great Saint Patrick's clothes,
Whereon was trace'd Saint Patrick's Nose;
His noble Nose, of gristly strength,
And measuring twelve inches' length,*
Mark'd when the Saint, to keep it warm,
Carried his head beneath his arm.

* After all, this is no such mighty Nose to brag of. In *Slawkenbergius's* time, Noses, at the Promontory, beat St. Patrick's hollow.

VI.

But, hark! the Castle's parlour-door
(Whose hinge no Vassal smear'd, of yore,
With smooth, subservient, supple oil,
It's rusty lordliness to spoil,
Now creaks,—the entrance to proclaim
Of the last night's new-wedded Dame.
How look'd the Bride?—they best can tell
Who Nature mark, and mark her well.
Movements there are which most reveal
What most they labour to conceal,
And, in rebellion to the will,
Make Bashfulness more bashful still.
The undetermine'd, shifting Eye,
(That sure betrayer of the shy!)
Which, when another's glance it meets,
In sidelong sheepishness retreats,

Striving to note, what scarce it sees,
 With much uneasiness of ease,
 Chairs, tables, pictures, clouds, or trees;—
 The Tongue, that plunges into chat,
 Flound'ring in haste from this to that,
 On service force'd by nervous Fear,
 Till Nonsense comes a Volunteer,
 And proves the seat of the campaign
 Far distant from the heart or brain;—
 And, when the Tongue from fight withdraws,
 The silly, the distressing Pause!—
 Such symptoms shew'd,—yea, shew'd them all,
 Late Miss Fitz Gallyhogmagawl;
 Till, while on fancies fancies rush'd,
 She met her Husband's leer,—and blush'd.

VII.

Hail, Blush of the new-risen Bride!
 Promoter of the Husband's pride,

The old Maid's envy, young Maid's fear,
The Wag's stale Wit, the Widow's sneer!
Ye blushing Brides, new-risen, Hail!
So, in wild Flannagarty's vale,
Blush the red blossoms, in the morn,
When newly open'd, by a Thorn,

VIII.

If strange sensations of the breast
Rush into Woman's face, confest,
And there a transient hec tick spread,
Vermillioning Health's softer red,
How quickly, then, her heart repays
Man's kind forbearance of his gaze!—
His mercifully heedless air,
His careless conversation's care,
On topicks turn'd to hush alarms,
In pity to her ruffle'd charms!—
How oft her thoughts, that own the cheat,
Dwell on the delicate deceit,

Which mark'd her soft suffusions float,
 And, noting, never seem'd to note.
 Ideas that evince a mind
 To character the man refine'd
 Did not on the sensorium light
 Of Blarneygig's puissant Knight.
 Staring on his embarrass'd Bride,
 " Lady O'Shaughnashane," he cried,
 " Arrah, what makes you blush? come here,"
 " And sit upon my knee, my dear!"

IX.

Obey'd she?—yes :—for, then, a Spouse
 (Times alter!) seldom broke her vows;
 Nor thought all other vows efface'd
 While marriage-beds were not disgrace'd:
 As if Love, Honour, and Obey,
 (Oaths, now, of form, on Life's high-way,
 Like paltry passengers, were lost
 In Virtue's terrible hard frost.

Much did Sir Tooleywhagg rejoice
To see the Lady of his choice
Sitting, while he sat in his cap,
Obediently upon his lap.
His satisfaction grew so strong,
It popp'd out, rampant, in a Song ;
And many a harsh discordant note
Came, bellowing, through his rusty throat.
Such through thy caves, Loch-Derg, were sent,
When wild winds struggle'd for a vent,
Which, as their boisterous road they took,
Saint Patrick's Purgatory* shook.

* " Of this Cave, strange and incredible things are related. It was demolished, as a fictitious thing, on St. Patrick's day, in the year 1497, by authority of Pope Alexander VI, by the *Guardian* of the House of *Minorits* of *Donegall*, and others, says the Author of the *Ulster Annals*, who then live'd. Yet it was, afterwards, restore'd, and frequently visited by Pilgrims."

Ware's Antiq. of Ireland.

Song of the Bridegroom.

X.

Don't, now, be after being coy ;
 Sit still upon my lap, dear joy !
 And let us, at our breakfast, toy,

For thou art Wife to me, Judy !*

And I am bound, by wedlock's chain,
 Thy humble sarvant to remain,
 Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane,
 The Husband unto thee, Judy !

* The world has been much be-*Mary'd*, of late, by modern Poets of prettiness:—and we have innumerable sweet little Stanzas of Simplicity, ending with “*my Mary*,” and “*my Mary*,” to the end of the Chapter;—Much after the following manner:—

To-morrow, let it shine or pour,
 Precisely at the hour of four,
 Drive me the carriage to the door,
 My Coachman !
 For I must dine with Doctor Brown,
 And to his Villa must go down,—
 Thou know'st the way to Kentish Town,
 My Coachman !

Each Vassal, at our Wedding-Feast,
Blind drunk, last night, as any beast,
Roar'd till the daylight streak'd the East,
Which spoil'd the sleep of thee, Judy!
Feasts in the Honey-Moon are right;
But, that once o'er, my heart's delight!
Nought shall disturb thee, all the night,
Or ever waken me, Judy!

The skins of Wolves,—by me they bled,—
Are covers to our Marriage-Bed;
Should one, in hunting, bite me dead,
A Widow thou wilt be, Judy!
Howl at my Wake! 'twill be but kind;
And, if I leave, as I've design'd,
Some little Tooleywhaggs behind,
They'll sarve to comfort thee, Judy!

XI.

Touch'd by the pathos of the Song,
Though every note was rumble'd wrong,
Scarce could the sympathetick Bride
Her conjugal emotions hide.—
To see her husband's Corse!—and, oh!
A Wolf to bite him from her so!
A Wolf!—all Erin's Saints forbid!
Whose skin was but her coverlid!
Beneath that softness lurk'd there life
To make a Widow of a Wife!
To make her Lord resign his breath!
To make her see him stiff in death!—
Ye modern Spouses! never scoff
At the fond Tear she hurried off;
But, as she dash'd the tear away,
She smile'd,—and labour'd to be gay.

XII.

“ What is this Ring,” she said, “ Sir Knight,”

“ That on your finger looks so bright ;”

“ Outshining the fair Star of Morn ?”

“ Some old love-token, I’ll be sworn !”

“ I’ll pull it off, dear !”—at the word,

Thunder, far off, was muttering heard ;

And Lightning faintly play’d, to own

It quiver’d for the mystick stone.—

Then all was hush’d as Death again ;

Save that a sound swung down the glen,

As, tolling, on the ear it fell,

From Bunamargy-Friery bell.

Dull wax’d the Sun ;—a dusky red

Through the dense atmosphere was spread ;

Rooks to their tree-tops caw’d retreat,

Opress’d with suffocating heat.

XIII.

The Chief (confusion mark'd his brow)
 Cried, " Bathershane ! be asy, now !"
 " 'Tis but a toy,—a gift to me,"
 " Sent from a dead friend, now at sea."—
 Here Conscience whisper'd—Many a wave
 Thou Lust's, thou Avarice's Slave !
 Is rolling o'er a luckless Fair,
 Driven, by thy falsehood, to despair.
 Turn from thy Wife !—thou wilt be found
 As false to her as her that's drown'd.
 Turn from thy Wife—thy dalliance check ;
 Cease paddling in her ivory neck ;*
 Think on the Lady of the Wreck !

XIV.

" Sent from a friend at sea, who's dead !"
 The, now half-jealous, Lady said,

* " Paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers."— *Shakspeare.*

“ Would’st into life the lifeless drag ?”—

“ Thou banter’st me, my Tooleywhagg !”

“ Dead men, who sometimes float, I hear,”

“ Transmit no presents home, my dear.”

“ Come, come ! this toy,—this gewgaw thing,”

“ This shewy, baubling, foppish Ring,”

“ Befits thy manly finger ill ;”—

“ Have it I must, Sir Knight, and will.”

Quick from his hand she twitch’d the stone,

And, laughing, fix’d it on her own.—

That instant, burst a bombard cloud,

O’er Blarneygig’s high turrets, loud ;

And, while it’s grand Artillery roar’d,

Both sheeted fires and waters pour’d.

Earth’s huge maternal sides up-born,

With horrid labour-throes were torn :—

Then, Wicklow, first, thy mountains bold

Fear tinge’d with something much like gold ;*

* Gold is suppose’d to have been lately discover’d in the Wicklow Mountains;—but many doubt whether it be really gold, or only *something like it*. Be it the one or the other, it is a sign of *good luck* to the discoverers.

Moneykillcark's unfathom'd bog
 Rush'd o'er the vales of Tullyhog ;
 The Forest shudder'd o'er the Buck ;
 The shrinking Pond left dry the Duck ;
 Who, thrown upon her glossy back,
 Flutter'd, but quake'd too much to quack ;
 The Craven from his dunghil flew,
 And still'd his Cock-a-doodle-doo.*

XV.

Nature, as sea-girt Erin shook,
 Her laws of gravity forsook.
 The Bucket's cordage, crack'd in twain,
 That wound the Lady from the main,—
 The Bucket then, ne'er meant to fly,
 Disdain'd the beach, and sought the sky ;

† The *Craven* is the dunghil-cock ; and is use'd, *adjectively*, by old Authors, as an epithet of cowardice. Individuals, of a noble family, now existing, have reverse'd the definition of this Epithet ; and attach'd to the name of *Craven* every thing that is spirited, and estimable, in society.

The lofty Watch-Tower's roof beat in,
And crush'd the Warder, Rory Flinn :
Expiring drunk, he "Whiskey" cried,
All Water-Buckets damn'd, and died.
The Sea, that lave'd the Castle's base,
Arose, the battlements to face ;
Fronting the windows, foaming came,
Where sat the Chieftain with his Dame,
And, full a minute ere it's fall,
Spread a broad, waving, watery wall !
Sudden it sunk :—the orb of Day
Now struggling with the clouds for sway,
The awful Tempest roll'd away. }
Strew'd o'er the chamber, from the strand,
Lay sea-weed, cockle-shells, and sand ;
And, in a corner, shivering, sat,
Wet through with brine, a Water-Rat :
On the O'Shaughnashane it fix'd
It's eyes, with anger, sorrow-mixt ;

Shew'd it's sharp teeth, in doleful spite,
And knapp'd, and chatter'd, at the Knight.

XVI.

“ Say, is the Tempest past ?” inquire'd
The Dame, who from a swoon respire'd.
“ Say, is the Tempest—ah ! what's that ?”
“ Save me, Saint Roger ! 'tis a Rat !”
“ What eyes ! what teeth ! what ears ! what hair !”
“ Look at it's whiskers !—what a pair !”
“ And, oh ! Sir Tooleywhagg ! see what”
“ A long, thick, swinging tail 'thas got !”
“ Destroy it, or I faint again ;”
“ Throw, throw it back into the main !”
Perk'd on it's dripping haunches stood
The bristling Reptile of the Flood,
And utter'd to the Bride a squeak,
That seem'd almost a human shriek !

The shrieking Bride, sore, sore dismay'd,
Almost a rat-like squeak repaid ;
And hurried from the spot, to yield
The Rat possession of the Field.

XVII.

Muse'd not the Chieftain, when his dear
Fled the apartment, pale with fear ?
Muse'd he not on the mystick Ring ?
The Storm ? the Rat ?—the everything ?
Sat he not wrapt in doubt, and wo,
And trance'd in cogitation ?—no.
The shallow cellules of his head
Were so pre-occupied with lead,
That, wanting intellectual space,
Reflection could not find a place.

But a rich Fool,* whose stars ordain
His pate shall be one blank of brain,
Ne'er long sits motionless alone,—
He cannot *think* himself to stone;
Nor like the wise, or would-be wise,
Read, write, combine, philosophize;
Still, with no labour of the mind,
Work, for his limbs, he's sure to find.
His Body's action whiles away
His listless life, in tiresome play,
And helps the cranium of the Ass
Folly's long holidays to pass.
Left, by his Lady's sudden flight,
The busy-bodied, brainless Knight,
Barren of thought, deprive'd of chat,
Threw bread and butter to the Rat.
The reptile, in a sullen mood,
It's whiskers twirl'd, and spurn'd the food.

* This is by no means intended to insinuate that a man who is rich must consequently, be foolish; but that a fool who is affluent can afford to have no business, or study.

XVIII.

As the lone Angler, patient man!
 At Newry-Water, or the Banne,*
 Leaves off, against his placid wish,
 Empaling worms, to torture fish;
 As dull, at dusk, he plods to rest,
 Not, even, with a nibble blest,—
 So from the Rat retire'd the Knight,
 Convince'd he could not get a bite.
 When to the Anti-room he came,
 A Rat again!—the very same!
 He left it, straight, and sought the stair,—
 The animal sat crouching there.
 He range'd his grand apartments through,—
 The yellow Chamber, green, red, blue,—
 There was the water-reptile too!
 Where could he go? where stay? where look?
 At every turn, in every nook,

* Rivers, in Ulster.

He fear'd the Rat would be espied,
And all his fears were *ratified*.

XIX.

Months fled, since the earthquake's shock ;
Meanwhile, at Allyballyknock,
Grand feasts were given, in the Hall
Of Lord Fitz Gallyhogmagawl ;
Others at Craughternaughter Hill,
Where dwelt the pale Mac Twiddledill ;—
There came the Knight ;—and thither sped
The little hairy Quadruped ;
Whom Host, and Guests, essay'd, in vain,
To drive from the O'Shaughnashane.
Where'er he went, whate'er the hour,
On plain, or hill, in hall, or bower,
At prayer, meals, sport,—all matters that
An Irish Chieftain *could* be at,
There grinn'd the same, eternal Rat ;

Eluding every effort, still,
To hurt, to catch it, or to kill.

XX.

On Blarneygig's high Gateway rear'd,
A Manifesto, now, appear'd ;
Sir Tooleywhagg's most strict command,
Writ in his own, improper hand ;
From which, with pure, and classick dread,
Orthography, and Grammar, fled.
Five minutes' shower wash'd away
“ *Rade, and tak notis, every day.*”
What matter'd?—for each Vassal knew
His duty he was bound to do ;—
But, in default of it, might plead
Not one of them had learn'd to read.
By word of mouth the Order, then,
Was given,—and spread among the men ;—

That, through the territory sought,
To each apartment must be brought
That foe instinctive to a rat,
That Tiger's miniature,—the Cat.

XXI.

Bagg'd, from a Cabin, on the skirt
Of thy morass, soft Grannyfert !
First, came a Cottyers* half-starve'd Tom,
Whom Famine had deducted from ;
Deducted, till it seem'd, through Fast,
That eight of his nine lives were past.
But soon his Cat-Star crying " eat,"
Relented, in the shape of meat ;
New sleek'd his coat, re-plump'd his flesh,
And gave him his lost lives, afresh.

* " They were persons who, not holding, or unable to hold, any lands on their own account, were oblig'd to work for their subsistence, throughout the whole year, for such cultivators of land as call'd themselves gentlemen. These labourers went by the name of Cottyers."—*Bell's Description of the Peasantry of Ireland.*"

Then, like the amorous Turk, he saw,
Though only a One-'Fail'd Bashaw,
Around his wawling presence swell
A huge Seraglio, stock'd, pell-mell,
With black, white, tabby, tortoise-shell.
Yet, when about the Rat they range'd,
Their natural feline fury change'd ;
The Rat no symptom shew'd of fright,
The Cats forgot to pounce, or bite ;
Each claw was shut ; and all the furr'd,
As if in love, and pity, purr'd.
Thus Wolves, before our Mother's vice,
Caress'd the Kid, in Paradise ;
The Lamb, thus, calmly, cropt the plain,
Beneath the peaceful Lion's mane ;
While, on the branch, that bloom'd above,
The Hawk sat billing with the Dove.

XXII.

Thrice, through the Zodiack's signs, the Sun
His annual wheeling race had run,
While kept the Water-Fiend it's pace,
Haunting the Knight, from place to place.
Worn with the pest, on travel bent,
From rocky Blarneygig he went :—
Traverse'd the sea; all Europe view'd ;
Still, still, the cursed Rat pursue'd !
No change it manifested ;—save
That which the various Nations gave.
In France, thy Dressing-room, oh, World !
It's whiskers seem'd more smartly curl'd ;
Through Italy, a mellower note
Squeak'd, like a quaver, from it's throat ;
Among the Germans, all the day,
It look'd not sober, though not gay,
And gravely studied to maintain
A haughty toss of nose in Spain.

As, hopeless, home, the Chief, at last,
 O'er Scotia's barren Highlands past,
 The Reptile, shedding half it's hair,
 Grew hide-bound, till it's breech was bare:
 And scratch'd, while Hunger mark'd its jaws,
 Incessantly, between the claws.*

XXIII.

The Chief (his breast with sorrow big)
 Re-enter'd Castle Blarneygig.
 " Bother !" he cried, " 'tis all in vain,"
 " Lady of the O'Shaughnashane !"
 " As I return, returns my Foe !"—
 " We've made the Tour of Europe, though."

* Although the Author indulges in an allusion to a common-place national jest, he feels a sincere respect for the Scotch, as an honourable, brave, and acute people:—and he knows not that even the lower orders of North-Britons are, in fact, trouble'd with the Itch, any more than that Englishmen hang and drown themselves in November.—He live'd three years in Scotland, and never observe'd one instance of the above-mention'd cutaneous disorder.

“ But to what purpose did I roam ?”

“ What, Judy,—what have I brought home ?”

“ Like many a travell’d fool, no doubt,”

“ No more, nor less, than I took out !”

Next morn, he rose to chase the Deer,

In the thick tangles of Dunleer.

’Twere long to tell who in the mud

Was left, chin-deep, at Gruddrybrud ;

What horse, or rider, at Kilcleck,

Now broke his wind, and now his neck :

Enough that, when the lengthen’d shade

Of oaks had vanish’d from the glade,—

When a chill, sullen, star-less night,

Was pressing dew-dript Evening’s flight,—

Dismounted, in a luckless hour,

(Far from his own, or any, tower,)

Upon a wide, and swampy plain,

Wander’d the lone O’Shaughnashane.

"How am I worn," he sigh'd, "Och Hone!"
 "With melancholy to the bone!"—
 Then sat him down upon a stone;
 To while the hours, till morning-tide,
 With the Rat perking by his side.
 'Twas then he heard,—no Minstrel nigh,—
 A Kearnine* twang his Lullaby.

Song.

XXIV.

Huntsman, sleep!†—the Deer has jogg'd
 From thy Hounds, not worth the chiding;
 Huntsman, sleep! thy Steed lies bogg'd,
 Glander'd, spavin'd, not worth riding.

* *Kearnine*. "This word is translated, by Vallancey, a small harp."—*Walker's Irish Bards*.

† "*Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done.*"—See *Lady of the Lake: Canto I.*

Huntsman ! 'tis thy fate to own
Leather lost, and empty belly !
Stick thy bottom on the stone,
Till the Rat shall squeak reveillie.

Huntsman, snore !—for up thou'rt done ;*
And, before the rising sun,
To awaken, and assail ye,
Will the reptile squeak reveillie.

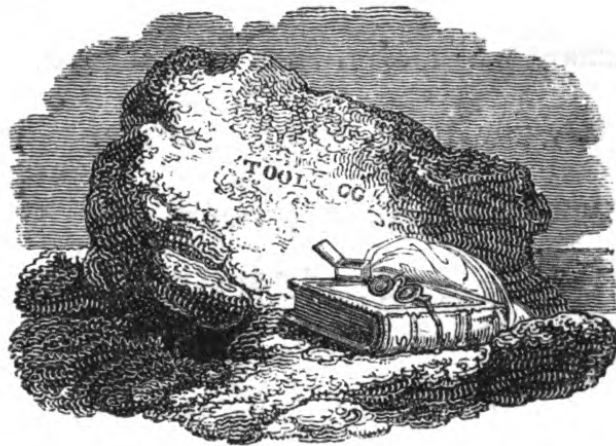
XXV.

Light lingering, still, upon the ground,
The Wanderer cast his eyes around.
The Reptile, with the Chase o'ertoil'd,
Into a hairy ball was coil'd ;
And slept upon a heathery stump,
Spite of the hail, that beat it's rump.

* The modern phrase, to be *done up*, has descended to us from the *Slang* of the ancients.

While, turning from the storm, it doze'd,
It's rear was to the Knight expose'd.
“ Now, by the powers !” he utter'd low,
“ I've taken by surprise the Foe !”
“ Och ! divil ! have I, five years past,”
“ Caught you, here, napping, now, at last !”
He tiptoe'd, eager, through the hail,
And seize'd his torment by the tail.
The Vermin squeak'd !—Oh, well-a-way !
Should vermin talk, in future day,
No rhetorick could better teach
A Rat to make it's dying speech.
Against the stone he dash'd it's head,
And saw his plague, at length, lie dead.
It's blood, while Man runs mortal race,
Tempest, nor Time, will e'er efface.
E'en now, the Antiquary pores
O'er the grey stone ; and, there, explores

(What cannot Antiquaries see!)
 Marks that ne'er were, nor e'er will be :—
 He traces, on a barbarous strand,
 A Fair denuded ;—in her hand
 A Scroll, with two *O*s following *T*,
 And, after that, discovers *LEY*,
 Then *W*, *H*, *A*, double *G* :—
 Which, put together, make, full sure,
 To lovers of the old obscure,
 A ship-wreck'd Maid, dead many a year,
 Still grasping all she held most dear ;
 And cast on History a light,
 Touching the Lady, and the Knight.



XXVI.

Say how far off, as grey crow flies,
Did Blarneygig's dark turrets rise,
From the morasses, where was slain
The Rat, by the O'Shaughnashane?—
A toilsome length!—four leagues, at least;—
Wind whistle'd, chilly, from the East;
And eastward from the Castle lay
The swamps whereon the Chief did stray,
Wafting it's sounds the adverse way. }
Yet, when the wretched Rat was crush'd,
Loud, on the heath, a twangle rush'd,
That rung out Supper, grand and big,
From the crack'd Bell of Blarneygig.
The festive metal's blundering tone
Well to Sir Tooleywhagg was known;
Who, ear-directed by it's sound,
Squash'd, darkling, through the rotten ground.

So, erst, did Satan,—(as 'tis sung
 By Thee, great Bard!* who England's tongue
 To such sublime perfection wrought,
 It only sunk beneath thy thought!—
 By Thee! who, loyal to the Muse,
 Thy King didst prosingly abuse!†
 By Thee, like Homer, reft of sight,
 Like Homer, gifted to delight!)—
 So, erst, did Satan drag his tail,
 O'er bog, o'er steep, or moory dale,
 And wading through mud, mire, and clay,
 With head, hands, feet, persue his way.
 At length, against his Castle-gate,
 A Hubaboo he gave full late.
 The muzzy Porter, Con Macguire,
 Rouse'd his blown carcass from the fire,

* Milton.

† " 'Tis in vain to dissemble, and far be it from me to defend, his engaging
 with a Party combine'd in the destruction of our Church and Monarchy."
Fenton's Life of Milton.—See, also, Milton's Prose Works.

And ope'd the portal;—swift as light,
 Passing his Vassal, shot the Knight;
 When past, the Vassal lock'd, with care,
 The Gate, and mutter'd, "Who goes there?"
 O'ercome with transport, and fatigue,
 (Oh, he had zig-zagg'd many a league!)
 In to his Dame, in slumbers hush'd,
 The great Sir Tooleywhagg he push'd;
 And, falling on his stomach flat,
 Roar'd, "Judy, I have kill'd the Rat!"

XXVII.

"Speed, Looney, speed!"* next morning, cried
 The jocund Chief, "for thou must ride"

* "*Speed, Malise, speed!*"—Malise, in the Lady of the Lake, is sent, in great haste, to invite gentlemen to a battle, instead of a dinner.—His master bids him *take a short stick, and punch it*:—

"A cubit's length, in measure due;"

"The shaft and limb were rods of yew."

With this signal for war, which has been thrust into the fire, he runs through the country.

- “ Fleet as the bolt that rends the tree,”
“ On rocky Cloghernochartee.”
“ Speed, Looney! speed to every guest ;”
“ Ride North and South, ride East and West !”
“ Saddle grey Golloch ! spur him hard,”
“ From Glartyflarty, to Klanard ;”
“ From Killybegs, to Killaleagh ;”
“ Cross Ulster’s Province ;—haste away !”
“ Speed, Looney, speed !—invite them all ;” —
“ Baron Fitz Gallyhógmagawl,”
“ Dennis O’Rourke, of Ballyswill,”
“ D’Arcy, and pale Mac Twiddledill,”
“ All the O’Brans, O’Finns, O’Blanes,”
“ Mac Gras, Mac Naughtans, and Mac Shanes.”
“ I hold a Feast ;—thou know’st the day ;”
“ Speed, Looney !—Looney, haste away !”

XXVIII.

The day arrive'd; the Guests were met;
High in his Hall the Chief was set.
The horn he emptied, soon as fill'd,
And, filling soon as empty,—swill'd.
All swill'd alike,—each Erin's son
Appear'd a bursting, living ton.—
'Twas at that crisis of the Feast
When purple'd Man is almost Beast;
When, either, friend his friend provokes,
By hiccuping affronts, for jokes,
Or goblets at the head are sent,
Before affronts are given, or meant;—
A Vassal (now 'twas waxing late)
Announce'd a Stranger at the Gate.
“ A Stranger!” splutter'd forth the Knight,
“ Tell him he's welcome to alight.”
“ Plase you,” return'd the Vassal, pale,
“ She is, my Chieftain, not a Male!”

" She's mantle'd in a sea-green weed,"*
 " And mounted on a rat-tail'd Steed ;"
 " Her face is cover'd ; but she speaks"
 " Like murmuring waves ; her Stallion squeaks :"
 " And such a Rider, such a Nag,"
 " You never saw, Sir Tooleywhagg."
 Startle'd, half-sober'd, sore displeas'd,
 The Knight a swaling Candle seize'd,
 And staggering through his Castle Court,
 He reach'd the Spectre, at the port.
 The Apparition raise'd its veil,
 And shew'd the features, ashy pale !
 With ringlets, blood-drench'd, in her neck,
 Of the sad Lady of the Wreck.

XXIX.

" Perjure'd Seducer, list !" she said,
 " And tremble at the doubly dead :"

* Weed, formerly, signified a garment.—We, still, say *Widow's weeds*.

- “ By Thee, to desperation urge’d,”
 “ I plunge’d, and drown’d,—for Thee, emerge’d.”
 “ The Ring drawn off, it gave me power,”
 “ (For know ’twas charm’d) from that same hour,”
 “ To join thee, cruellest of men !”
 “ In one shape more, till death, again.”
 “ Doting, I came ; to Thee I fled,”
 “ A little faithful quadruped ;”
 “ Doting, with Thee, from shore to shore,”
 “ I swam, and trotted, Europe o’er.”
 “ Was I not constant as thy Bride ?”
 “ Why drive me, first, down Erin’s tide,”
 “ Then kill me, since my Suicide ?”
 “ Perjure’d Seducer, list !—thy doom”
 “ Approaches ;—seek thy Banquet-Room ;”
 “ Back to thy guests ; renew the sport ;”
 “ Be thy life merry, as ’tis short !”
 “ For learn, thy latest vital gasp”
 “ Ends with the Candle in thy grasp.”

“ Soon as burnt down, beyond all doubt,”

“ Sir Tooleywhagg, thy life is out.”

She cease'd ;—a sea-wave roll'd to meet
Her squeaking, rat-tail'd, Palfrey's feet ;
And, foaming past the palsied Knight,
Swept Horse, and Rider, from his sight.



XXX.

Wan as the Spectre of the Flood,
Before his guests the Chieftain stood.

With trembling voice, he told them all:

“ Fate,” cried Fitz Gallyhogmagawl,

“ To thee, my son-in-law, doth give”

“ Longer than other men to live.”

“ If thou canst wave thy dying day,”

“ Until the Candle burns away,”

“ Thou may'st immortal be, Sir Knight,”

“ Only by turning down the light.”

Oh! happy, happy thought!—'twas done;

Sir Tooleywhagg a race might run,

And only burn out with the Sun,

XXXI.

Again the horns were fill'd by all,

And ululations shook the Hall.—

While noise and Whiskey rack'd the brain,

Still, kept the great O'Shaughnashane

(Who now mortality defied)

The turn'd-down Candle by his side:—

Till sapping, at each feverish Toast,
The little sense a Sot can boast,
Quite vanquish'd, by potations deep,
The human swine all sunk to sleep.
What time they snorted loud, the fire,
And every taper, did expire.
A Vassal enter'd; all was dark;
The turf he blew,—but not a spark!
He grope'd the slopp'd oak-table round,
And there, at last, a Candle found;
The fatal Candle!—at a lamp,
Upon the stair-case, dim with damp,
Relumining the wick that gave
The Chief of Blarneygig his Grave,
He place'd it where his Lord might take
The light, whenever he should wake.
Soon as the Candle 'gan to burn,
Sir Tooleywhagg he gave a turn;—

And groan'd;—but still his eyes were close'd,—
Death hovering round him while he doze'd!
He dreamt of Tempest, of a Rat,
And Night-Mares rode him, as he sat.
A Thief within the Candle got,—
The heated Chieftain grew more hot;
The Candle in the socket blaze'd;
He ope'd his eyes,—his head he raise'd;
That moment he had raise'd his head,
The Light expire'd,—the Knight was dead!

Harp of the Pats! farewell! for, truly, I
Am growing very sick of Minstrelsy;—
So get thee to the Bog again! Good bye!

}



TWO PARSONS;

OR,

THE TALE OF A SHIRT.

Paupertas omnes artes perdocet.—PLAUTUS.

ADAM and Eve were, at the World's beginning,
Ashame'd of nothing, till they took to sinning:
But after Adam's slip,—the first was Eve's,—
With sorrow big,
They sought the Fig,
To cool their blushes, with its banging leaves.

Whereby, we find
That, when all things were recent,
(So paradoxical is human kind!)
Till folks grew naughty, they were *barely* decent.

Thus, Dress may date its origin
From Sin ;
Which proves, beyond the shadow of dispute,
How many owe their livelihoods to Fruit :—

For Fruit cause'd Sin ; and Sin brought Shame ;
And all through Shame our Dresses came ;
With that sad Stopper of our breath,
Death !

Now, had not Woman work'd our fall,
How many, who have trades, and avocations,
Would shut up shop, in these our polish'd nations,
And have no business to transact, at all !

In such an instance, what, pray, would become
 Of all our reverend Clergy?—
 They would be thought uncommonly hum-drum,
 And banish'd, in a trice,
 Who, zealously, for pay, should urge ye
 Not to be Vicious, if there were no Vice.

What would become of all the *fy-fy* Ladies?
 And all Proprietors of *paw-paw* Houses?
 And all the learned Proctors,—whose grave trade is
 Parting, from bed and board, the *paw-paw* Spouses?

What would become of Heirs at Law, alas!
 However Lawyers ferretted,
 If Relatives to death would never pass,
 And Heirs at Law,—never inherited?

What would become of all ('tis hard to say!)
 Who *thrive* on *Vice*,—but in a various way?—

Those who maintain themselves by, still, maintaining it,
And those who live by scourging, and restraining it?

Again,—if we should never die, nor dress,
But walk, immortally, in nakedness,
'Twould be a very losing game for those
Who furnish us with Funerals, and Clothes.
To sum the matter up, then, briefly,
Losers through Innocency would be, chiefly,—
The Lord Chief Justice, Undertakers,
Hatters, Shoe, Boot, and Breeches Makers;
Jack Ketches, Parsons, Tailors, Proctors,
Mercers, and Milliners,—perhaps Quack Doctors;
Hosiers, and Resurrection-Men,
Sextons,—the Bow-Street Officers,—and, then
Those infinitely grander Drudges,
The big-wigg'd circuitteering Judges:—
The venal Fair who kiss to eat,
The Key-Keeper of Chandois-Street;

The——pooh!—there ne'er could be an end on't,
 Should I attempt to count them all, depend on't.—
 We know “*hoc genus omne*” daily is
 Before our eyes,—“*cum multis aliis.*”

But who would, then, have heard of, by the by,
 The Vice-Suppressing, starch'd Society?—
 That tribe of self-erected Prigs,—whose leaven
 Consists in *buckramizing* souls for Heaven;
 Those stiff-rump'd Buzzards, who evince the vigour
 Of Christian virtue, by Unchristian rigour;
 Those Quacks, and Quixotes, who, in coalition,
 Compose the Canters' secret Inquisition;
 Dolts, in our tolerating Constitution,
 Who turn Morality to Persecution,
 And, through their precious pates' fanatick twists,
 Are part Informers, Spies, and Methodists?

What would become of these?—no matter what:—

It matters not, at all,

What would befall

Each bigot Ass, or hypocritick Sot.

But since, ah well a day! that Death and Dress
 Have both obtain'd, what can our griefs express
 To see poor Parsons,—*some* are poor, 'tis reckon'd,—
 Prepare us for the *first*, and want the *second*?

Great Britain's principal Soul-Mender
 Liveth, at Lambeth Palace, in great splendour;—
 A Curaté is another sort of man,
 Very unlike the Metropolitan,
 Living (without a Living) as he can.

This last, who toils in a twofold vocation,
 That is, between his Wife and Congregation,

Is, thereby, getting, all the while,—
Which sure must raise (if nothing else) his bile—
Scarce any thing but Children, and Vexation.

Whene'er his Text he is about to handle,
Lulling to sleep his Sunday people,
'Tis wondrous how his zeal
Can burn at all, with scarce a meal,—
And not go out, just like a Candle,
Under his great Extinguisher, the Steeple:—
So small the salary, and fees,
To help the Kneeler mend his breeches knees!

Oh! how must his Parishioners be hurt,
While their good Pastor is his Text persuing,
To know his surplice hinders them from viewing
His ragged Small-clothes,—ragged as his Shirt!

This Theme !—to Volumes I could swell it ;—
 But thereby hangs a Tale ;—I'll tell it.



Ozias Polyglot, a Kentish Curate,
 So much his orthodoxy manifested,
 That by one Heathen Power he was detested,
 Who to poor Polyglot was most obdurate.

This mythologick Deity was *Plutus*,
 The grand Divinity of Cash ;
 Who, when he rumps us quite, and wont salute us,
 If we are men in Commerce, then we *smash* :

If men of large Estate, then we retrench ;—
 But, if we are, in all respects,
 Mere simple Debtors, sans effects,

Hoping that Plutus may not always frown,
We then, as calmly as we can, sit down,
The King (Heaven bless him!) finding us a Bench.

The God of Cash hath, latterly, display'd
Much spite to sundry Citizens in trade ;
Abandoning, to the World's wonder,
Proud Firms, with whom 'twas thought he ne'er would
sunder.

He hath, moreover, look'd a little blank,
And shewn a kind of coolness to the Bank :—
The mighty Bank, at whose command is
Great Credit, and Resource, has, all the while,
Return'd the coolness with no sort of bile,
To make men think it has the *yellow jaundice* :
But, finding Guineas in the Till run taper,
Has, providently, stopp'd the slit with Paper.

Now, Plutus having turn'd his back
On poor Ozias Polyglot,
The lazy fat Incumbent's hack,—
What had he got?
I'll tell you what.

He had got Twins, for three years running ;
Which for a Curate is not over-cunning,
Who never is in riches wallowing ;—
But, for the three years following,
(And 'twas less hard, in his uxorious case,)
His loving Rib, instead of Deuce, threw Ace.

In matters of Arithmetick,
At which I never boasted to be quick,
He whose sage head is better, far, than mine,
Will find, according to my calculation,
Errors excepted, in the computation,
Ozias, in six years, got babies Nine !

The Parson dearly love'd his darling pets,
Sweet, little, ruddy, ragged *Parsonets* !

Then,—which for all his drudging was not dear,—
 This meek Improver of his Congregation,
 This pious Helper of our Population,
Had got—just Twenty-Seven Pounds, *per* year.

 Still, had Ozias Polyglot,
 With all his gettings, never got,
Whereat the good man's trouble was not small,
 An invitation to the HALL ;—
Where dwelt a Thing of consequence, through Mire,
A many-acred, two-legg'd Ass,—the Squire.

'Tis true, the Country Squire, of modern days,
Is greatly mended,—like his roads, and ways :

 He is not, now, we know,
That Porker he appear'd, some years ago ;

That swinish, stupid, fatten'd Lord of Grounds,
That Hog of bumpering capacity ;
With far more noise than any of his Hounds,
And infinitely less sagacity.

He is not, now, as he was wont to be,
So much the Cock of all his Company.
He is not that tyrannick Wise-Man,
Who, in a territory of his own,
Can " bear no Rival near his throne,"
And, therefore, asks to dine, five days in six,
That he may knock them down in politicks,
The unresisting Lawyer, and Exciseman.

If such a Character should still remain,
'Twas not the Squire who, now, possess'd the Hall:—
He had not in his character a grain
Of such a character, at all.

No;—he had travell'd ; and he knew,
At least, set up to know (which is the same
For Fools, who get from Fools a sort of name,)
Much about Paintings, Statues, and *Virtú*.

His Mansion was the pink of Taste, and Art :
His charming Pictures !—oh, how they delighted you !
In his Saloon, Egyptian Monsters frightened you :
And Pagods, on his Stair-Case, made you start.

Nothing surpass'd his carpets, and his draperies,
His clocks, chairs, tables, sofas, ottomans ;—
His rooms were crowded with Etruscan aeries,
Fine noseless busts, and Roman pots, and pans.

He had a marble Venus, on a stand,
Wanting a leg, and a right hand ;

A sweeter piece of Art was never found ;—
Had not those Brutes, the sailors, rot 'em !
In bringing her from Rome, knock'd off her bottom,
She would have sold for Thirty Thousand Pound.

His Candlesticks, when guests retire'd to beds,
Were Cleopatras, splash'd with *or moulu*,
Or squab Mark Antonies, antiquely new,
With wax-lights, ramm'd into their hands, or heads.

In every bed-room, there were place'd
Knick-knackeries of wondrous taste,
With shells, and spars, stuff'd birds, and flies in amber ;
And, by the side of every bed,
There stood a Grecian Urn, instead
Of what is call'd, in France, a *pot de chambre*.

To see the wonders of a House thus stock'd,
His London Friends, in shoals, came down,
Though he resided sixty miles from Town,
And parties upon parties flock'd.

Now, they who came these vanities to view
Did not care two-pence for *Virtú*;
Nor for the Dwelling, nor the Dweller;—
But they delighted very much to look
On the rare *carve-work* of the Squire's French Cook,
And to inspect, with special care,
'Those *crusted Vessels*, dragg'd to air,
From the great *Herculanium*, his Cellar.

In short, whate'er the season or the weather,
They, kindly, came to breakfast, dine, and sup,
At the Squire's charge, for weeks together;—
Giving themselves, most complaisantly, up
To sensuality,—and all iniquity:

Kissing the rural Venuses they found,
With cherry-cheeks, on the Squire's Ground,
Till the poor Damsels they attack'd
Were Characters as crack'd
As his crack'd Venus of Antiquity.

The Londoners thus crowding to the Hall,
It was no wonder
That Parson Polyglot knock'd under,
And never poke'd his nose in it, at all.

Besides the Squire for neighbours had a dread,
And always "*cut the natives,*" as he said.

An accident, at last, however, granted
To Parson Polyglot the very thing
(As Iris said to the Rutilian King*)
That Fate ne'er promise'd, and he so much wanted.

* "*Turne, quod optanti Divum promittere nemo*"

"*Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.*"—Virg. *Æneid.*

Some Wags were on a visit to the Squire,
Famous adepts in *practicable* joking,—
Which is as much true wit as smoke is fire,
Or puffing empty pipes tobacco-smoking.

These lively Apes of Genius,—who, for ever,
Their jests can as mechanically grind
As barrel-organ men their tunes,—opine'd
Hoaxing a Parson was prodigious clever!

Therefore a Messenger was sent,
To run as fast as he was able,
With more of a command than compliment,
And bid Ozias to the Great Man's table.

The invitation made the Curate start!—
Though worldly vanity could never bias,
Till now, the meek affections of Ozias,
Vain-Glory glow'd in his parsonick heart.

His eye shot ostentatious fire,

(The first it ever shot off in his life,)

When he was told, by his prolifick Wife,
The message that was sent him, from the Squire.

How oft it pains Historians to relate
The truths which Truth obliges them to state !

The Fact, alas ! must out :—then, be it known,
The Reverend Ozias Polyglot—
(Much about gettings has been said)—had got
Only one Shirt that he could call his own.

He, now, had *spared* it ;
And he was lying, snug, between
Two blankets, till his Rib had wash'd it clean,
And plaited it, and iron'd it, and air'd it.
She had, that instant, hung it on the line,
When the man knock'd, to bid him forth to dine.

The Parish Clock struck Five ;—at Six
The Great Man chose his dinner-hour to fix.

'Twas three miles, in the dirt,
Up hill, from the poor Parson's to the Hall :—
“ Come, duck !” he cried, “ make haste, and dry the
 Shirt,”
“ Or else I shant get there in time, at all.”

Vain the attempt !—his Duck refuse'd to try it,
Swearing it was *impossible* to dry it.

The Curate bid her pull it off the cord,
 And vow'd into his shirt he'd get ;—
Says Mrs. Polyglot, “ good Lord !”
 “ You're mad, Ozias ; vy it's wringing vet !”

“ Where is my neckcloth, then ?”—another rub !
'Twas soaking at the bottom of the Tub,

Never was hapless Preacher more perplex'd!

“Woman!” he bawl'd, “you see how time doth
press me;”

“In all my life, I never was so vex'd!”—

Then, gulping “*Damme,*” substituted “*Bless me!*”

Thoughts kick'd up in his brain a sort of schism:—

What measure to adopt?—or what decline?

Was he to roll in bed?—or go to dine?—

Affront the Squire, or get the Rheumatism?

On one side lay his interest, and ambition;

“A Patron might so better his condition!”

But, then, on t'other side,

His fears arose:

“Folks lost the use of all their limbs, or died,”

He had been told, “by sitting in wet clothes.”

“ What would my Flock do?—all my honest neighbours !”

“ If Death should, shortly, end my pious labours ?”

“ Wife ! what would *You* do, if disease assail’d me,”

“ And, all at once, my precious members fail’d me ?”

People, unblest by Fortune’s gifts,
Wanting clean Shirts, will, often, find out *Shifts*.

The Parson’s Surplice was laid by
For Sabbath,—neatly folded up, and dry ;
And, from the tail of that,
His loving Helpmate snipp’d a slice,
Which, in a trice,
Made him a very long and white Cravat :—

So long, indeed,—whereat he was full glad,—
That, (though ’twas narrow) from his chin,
Down to his knees,—Ozias being thin,—
It hid, in front, what skin Ozias had.

Tied round his neck, it look'd extremely spruce ;
 He button'd up his waistcoat to the top ;
 Popp'd on his wig,—well flower'd for Sunday's use,
 To save expenses at the Barber's Shop.

The Clock chime'd half past Five ;—" as I'm a sinner !"
 The Churchman said, " I shall be very late !"
 " But I'm equipp'd."—He kiss'd his loving mate,
 And ran up hill, through clay, three miles to dinner.

Criticks may say,—

" Why did Ozias scour,"
 " And scamper up so fast, through clay ?"
 " Dinner at Six is, scarce, a Curate's hour ;"
 " Had not the Parson dine'd already, pray ?"
 Ye Sages, who, minutely, thus object,
 Know, first, the Parson did it from respect,—
 And, next,—no dinner could he buy, that day.

Pert, hireling Criticks! self-sufficient elves!
 Pray, did you *never* want a meal, yourselves?

Ozias reach'd the Hall,—puffing, and blowing,—
 Exactly as appointed,—little knowing

How long for dinner he was doom'd to wait:
 He knew not (simple Servitor of Heaven!)
 That Fashion's *Six* means half past Six, for Seven,
 And, Seven come, the guests arrive at Eight.

A shoulder-knotted Puppy, with a grin,
Queering the threadbare Curate, let him in.

Passing full many a Sphinx, and Griffin's head,
 The Churchman to the Drawing-Room was led:—

No soul was there;

But,—oh! it's grandeur!—how it made him stare!

The *Elegancies* that he saw
 Fill'd the Religionist with worldly awe;

The Draperies, and Mirrors, much surpris'd him ;

But when (recovering) he threw

His eyes on the collection of *Virtú,*

The Nudities quite shock'd, and scandalize'd him !

Titian's fame'd Goddess, in luxurious buff,

Was the first Piece the Parson thrust his nose on ;—

This prurient Picture surely was enough

Ozias to confound ;—

So he turn'd round

Upon a plump Diana with no clothes on.



The holy man observe'd, in every part,
 Objects that "charm'd his eyes, and grieve'd his
 heart."

He felt, all over him, a mix'd sensation,
 A kind of shocking, pleasing, queer *frustration*.

"Fy on't!" he mutter'd, "I declare"
 "Such Pictures should not on a wall be stuck:"
 "I ne'er saw any thing so *very* bare,"
 "Except 'twas Mrs. Polyglot, my Duck."

"And, if that naked Nymph, who looks so smugly,"
 "Be Beauty's type,—then it must be confest"
 "That Mrs. Polyglot, when quite undrest,"
 "Is most astonishingly ugly!"

The Butler enter'd now, with cake and wine,
 And told him, as he went away,
 'Twould be an hour, at least, he dare'd to say,
 Before the company sat down to dine.

Polyglot toss'd a bumper off;—it cheer'd
The cockles of his heart,—and gave him vigour
To face (what he, before, so much had fear'd,)
The Squire, and all the *Gentlefolks of Figure*.

He took a second bumper,—which so fire'd him,
With so much gaiety inspire'd him,
That he became another creature quite,
And view'd all matters in a different light.

At all the objects, which had shock'd his gravity,
He first began to smile,—though very slightly;
But, soon, with more complacency, and suavity;—
Then, in a leering way, that borders
Upon a style reckon'd *extremely* sprightly,
For any married man, in holy orders.

He thought the Titian Beauty quite divine;—
This Shape was “exquisite!”—that Posture, “fine!”

And all the unclad Ladies charm'd him, now :
He even put his finger upon one ;
And cried,—“ how naturally *that* is done !”
“ Aye, that's the *life*,—the *very thing*, I vow !”

Before a Glass, he, next, began to strut ;
His flower'd wig in better order put,—
And brush'd against his sleeve his napless hat ;
Call'd up a smirk he ne'er had known to fail,
Pull'd higher round his neck the surplice' tail,
That serve'd for his Cravat :—

Which tail (as has been stated) being ample,
He thought it not amiss to give a sample
That of clean linen he had, now, no lack ;—
So twitch'd a little, at his waistband, out,
To make the Party think, beyond a doubt,
He really *had* a shirt upon his back.

The Squire and all his Friends, at length, appear'd ;

Ozias, who, when by himself, had swagger'd,

Was stagger'd ;

Yet, welcome'd by the Squire, was somewhat cheer'd :

But, to all polish'd company unuse'd,

When to the *Gentry* he was introduce'd,

He, all the while,

Was trembling at the knees ;

And, trying to assume an air of ease,

“ Grinn'd, horribly, a ghastly smile !”

The Wags with starch grimace receive'd the Parson,

And carried, with great gravity, the farce on ;

They did'nt *quiz* too much at the beginning ;

But all the Ladies of high *Ton*, and Taste,

Titter'd, and turn'd aside, to see his linen

Peep out so ostentatious, near his waist.

'Twould be most tedious to describe
The common-place of this *facetious* tribe,
 These wooden Wits, these *Quizzers*, *Queerers*,
 Smokers,
 These *practical*, nothing-so-easy Jokers ;

Pert, barbarous Insolents, who think it fine,
And clever, to insult a *poor* Divine ;
Who talk with fluency mere pun, and jingle ;—
 But it is necessary, by the by,
 To state, that, in the Company,
 There was the Reverend Obadiah Pringle.

He was the Chaplain to a Lord,
 Who sat among the guests at table ;
But there was nothing which my Lord abhorr'd
 So much as preaching ;—so the Chaplain, sure,
 Had got a sinecure ;—
 Not so ;—he regulated my Lord's Stable ;

Drank with my Lord,—the Irish Lord O'Grady,—
And was the Toady of my Lord's kept Lady.

Enough ;—Readers will be content
To hear that dinner pass'd ;—when Ladies went,
Then, in a brimmer, *Mother Church* was toasted :
 With jokes, and winks,
 Doubles entendres, nods, and blinks,
And Parson Polyglot was nicely roasted :
But meek Ozias was not hoax'd alone,—
Some jibes at Parson Pringle, too, were thrown.

At length, 'twas time that Polyglot should go ;
 And, did he?—that he didn't ;—no,—
It had been, all the day, most sultry weather,
 And now it thunder'd, and it lighten'd ;
 The Ladies of high *Ton* were vastly frighten'd ;—
They vow'd that Heaven and Earth would come to-
 gether.

It rain'd (as people term it) Cats and Dogs,—
Delighting much the fishes, ducks, and frogs.

There was no choice ;—

The general voice

Proclaim'd Ozias could not stir ;

To which Ozias, knowing that his way

Lay, in a stormy night, through mud and clay,

Said nothing in the shape of a demur.

But how to stow him was the question :

The House was cramm'd,

With married visitors, and single ;

The question then was brought to this digestion,—

That Parson Polyglot must, now, be ramm'd

Into a garret bed with Parson Pringle.

'Twas settle'd ;—but Ozias, in his sleeve,

(Not in his *shirt-sleeve*) felt extremely hurt

To think his brother Parson might perceive
A Clergyman without one bit of shirt.

And, then, on t'other side,
The Chaplain had his sentiments to hide :
The Reverend Mr. Pringle relish'd not
Into a garret, first, to creep with,
And, then, (if sleep *could* close his eyes) to sleep
with

The Reverend Ozias Polyglot.

“ Well, men must yield to the decrees of Fate !”
Grumble'd the Chaplain, in a tone emphatick ;
And, as it now was getting very late,
The brace of Parsons mounted to the Attick.

To pull his clothes off, Polyglot
Behind the bed-curtain had got,

Shirking, and dodging

From his Co-Partner, in their lofty lodging ;
And, when undress'd, he stood there quite forlorn :
He watch'd till Pringle turn'd away his head,
Then took a sudden flying leap to bed,
Stark naked as he was when he was born !

Scrambling the sheets and blankets round his shoulders,

He was secure, he thought, from all beholders ;

But, to put matters out of doubt,

He said to Pringle, " When you are undrest,"

" I'll thank you, Sir, before you go to rest,"

" To turn the Candle down, or blow it out."

" Nay, there you must excuse me," Pringle cried ;

" These thirty years, I have n't slept one night"

" Without a lamp, or any sort of light ;"—

" 'Twill burn quite safe, Sir, by the chimney side."

The Chaplain left the light to blaze ;—
Getting to bed, the clothes aside he kick'd ;
When, what could paint his horror and amaze,
To see Ozias bare as any Pict !
“ Bless us !” he groan'd, his feelings vastly hurt,
“ Sir, do you always sleep without your Shirt ?”
Says Polyglot,—’twas said quite coolly too,—
“ Certainly, Mr. Pringle ;—pray, don't *you* ?”
“ Who, I ?—Lord, no ;”—the Chaplain cried ;
“ Why, then, it is, Sir,” Polyglot replied,
“ The most unwholesome thing that you can do.”
“ I had it from a Doctor, Sir, who drives”
“ His carriage,—he is in the highest practice ;”
“ And he assures me, on his word, the fact is,”
“ Since practice he has been in,”
“ He has known many hundreds lose their lives,”
“ Or shorten them, by sleeping in their linen,”

Now, Pringle was a very nervous man,
And very credulous withal;—he mutter'd
“Can it be possible!”—and, then, began
To swallow all the lies Ozias utter'd.

Ozias cited cases, eight or nine,
Which he said came within his knowledge,
Besides examples from the college,
Of wasting, sweating, hecticks, and decline;—
And talk'd so much “about it, and about it,”
That Pringle, with a melancholy air,
Pull'd off his shirt, and laid it on the chair,
And went to bed, and then to sleep, without it.

Next morning, Parson Polyglot
Was first awake,—so out of bed he got;
And, thinking 'twould not much his carcass hurt,
He drest himself in Parson Pringle's shirt:—

He then proceeded down the stairs,
Giving himself a thousand foppish airs,—
Leaving his bed-fellow to snore his fill out ;
And hearing in the breakfast room were met
The last night's fashionable set,
He strutted up to them with a large frill out.

In twenty minutes after,
Convulsing all the *Wags* with laughter,
In rush'd the Chaplain, of his shirt bereft,
And plumply charge'd Ozias with the theft ;
He said that he could prove it by his mark ;
Meaning the mark upon the linen's side :
But had this been by marking Judges tried,
The Jury would have still been in the dark :—

For their names happen'd so far to agree,
Both their initials were an *O* and *P*.

So this could not have made the matter quiet ;—
Without a confirmation much more strong,
Settling the question would have been as long
As the fame'd Covent-Garden *O. P.* riot.

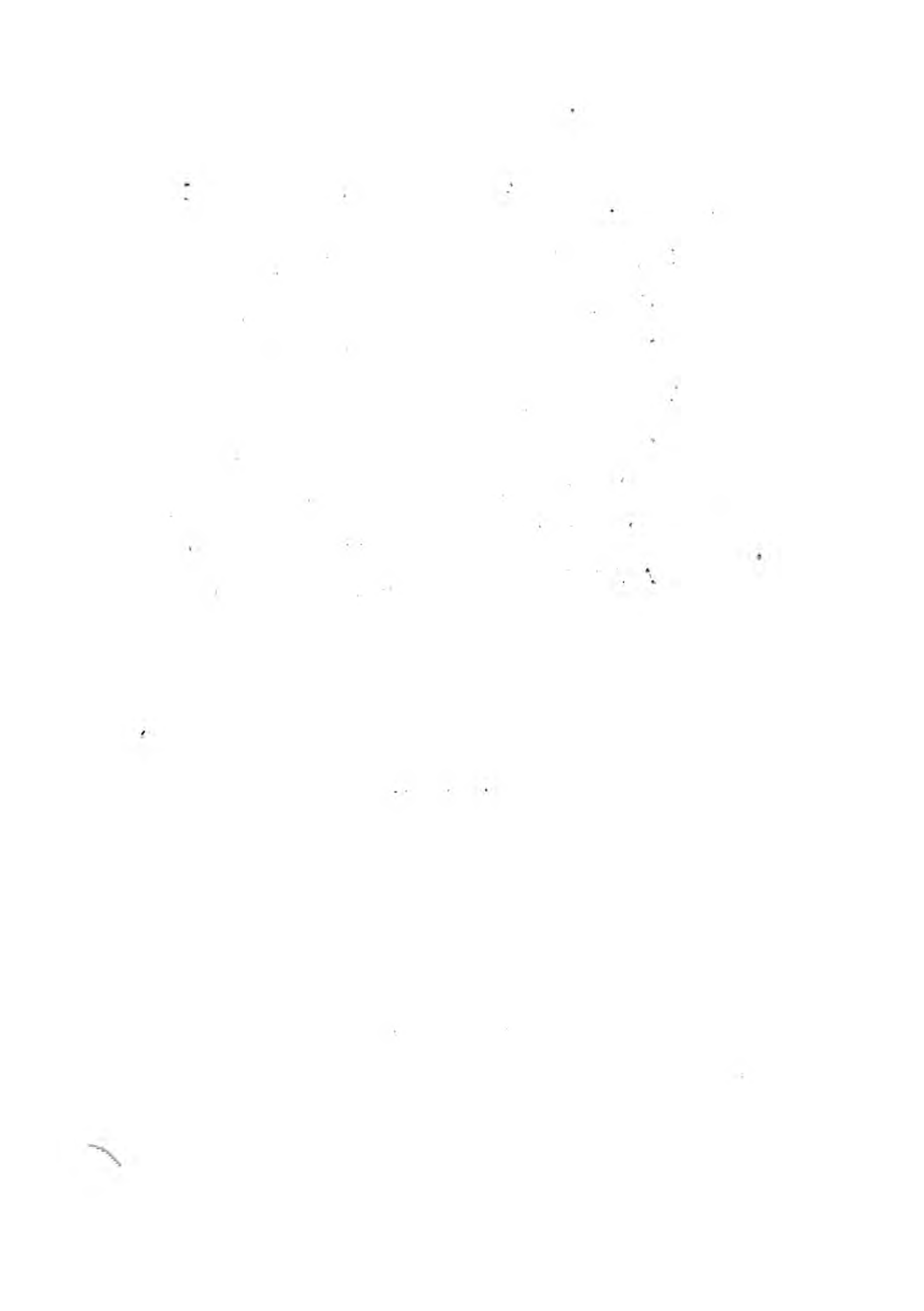
Pringle averr'd,—indeed, he almost swore,—
That, having search'd their sleeping-room,
'Twas fair, from circumstances, to presume
Ozias had *no Shirt* the day before.

This charge the Females seem'd not to endure ;
For all the Ladies of high *Ton* and Taste,
Remembering what had stuck out, near his waist,
Cried, “ Oh, Sir, that he had, we're *very* sure !”

In short, the Chaplain was oblig'd to yield ;
And brave Ozias, the Incumbent's Hack,
Much better'd, as to belly and to back,
March'd homeward, fed, and shirted, from the Field.

But, not to leave his Character in doubt,
Or lest the Clergy should be scandalize'd,
'Tis fit the Reader should be advertise'd,
When Mrs. Polyglot had wash'd it out,
Ozias took the Shirt to the Green Dragon ;
And, thence, anonymously sent,
To Pringle, at my Lord's, in Town, it went,
And the Right Owner got it by the Waggon.

THE END.



VAGARIES VINDICATED;
OR,
HYPOCRITICK HYPERCRITICKS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

VAGARIES VINDICATED;

OR,

HYPOCRITICK HYPERCRITICKS:

A POEM,

ADDRESS'D TO THE REVIEWERS.

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

‘ Nunc, quam rem vitio dent, quæso, animum advortite.’

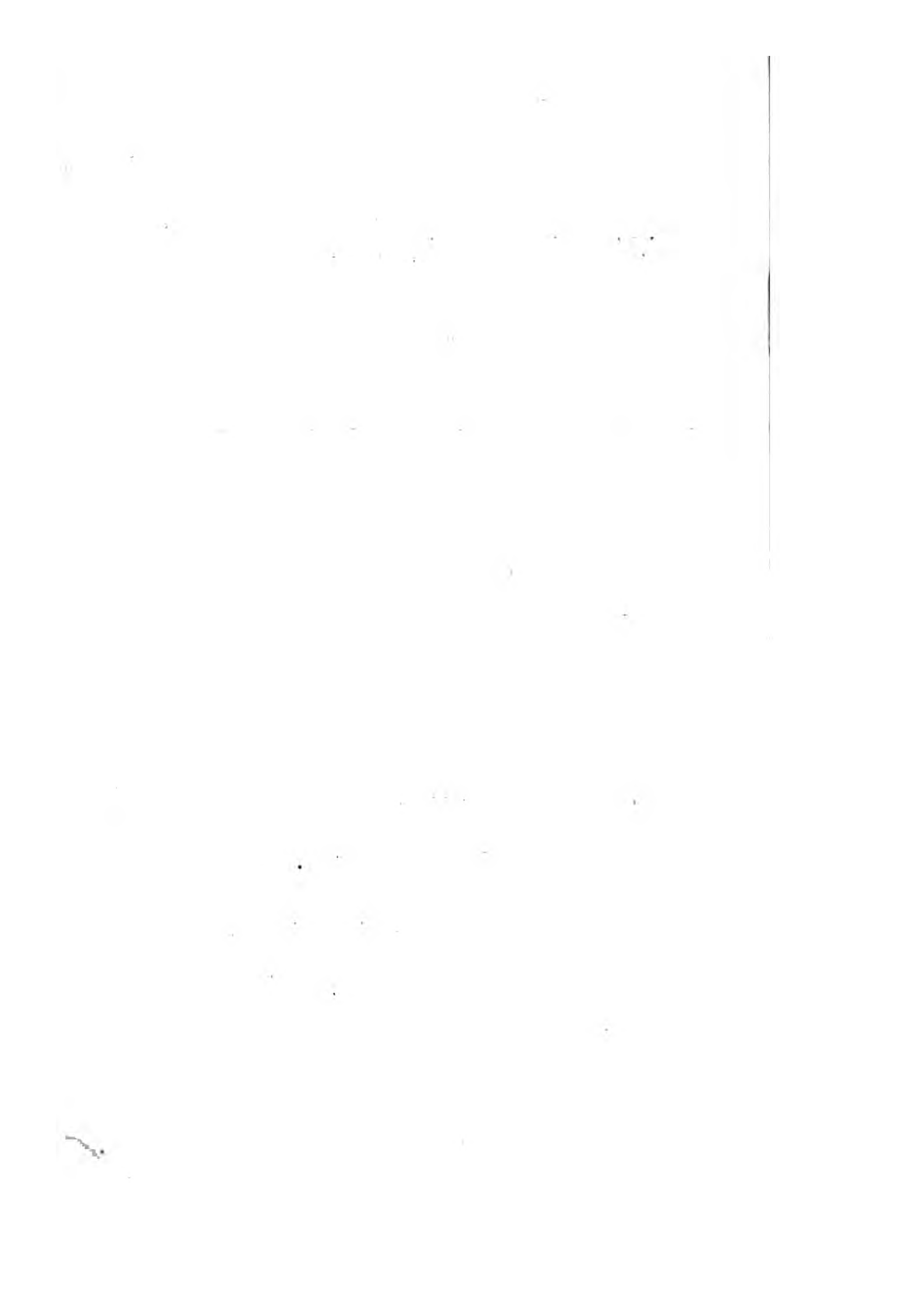
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‘ desinant’

‘ Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.’ **TERENCE.**

‘ I am mightily abuse’d.’ **SHAKSPEARE.**

‘ Now step I forth to whip Hypocrisy!’ **IBID.**




ADVERTISEMENT.



AFTER having express'd, with perfect sincerity, (in my last trifling Poems, call'd *Poetical Vagaries*,) an utter contempt for REVIEWERS;—after having told the mighty “WE” of such Publications, that,

‘ If Porridge were my only cheer,
‘ Thy *Praise* or *Blame* must, both, appear
‘ Two tasteless Chips thrown into’t;’—

after this,—it may appear inconsistent that I should have elaborated the following Couplets, to defend myself against obscure and anonymous Censors, whom I profess to despise;—against Bush-Fighters of the Press, who aim, in ambuscade, to wound, and exterminate, those of the literary Line whom they never fairly face.



But my reasons for this will be palpable to every one who may bestow upon me the patience to peruse the present Verses.

I intended to have detail'd many points in a Preface, which, I trust, are, now, sufficiently explain'd in a Poem;—by which method, if I have produce'd weariness to the Reader in my Poetry, I have, proportionally, relieve'd him from it in my Prose; and have certainly more conform'd with the desire of my Booksellers, while I have given more trouble to myself.

Since the publication of my *Vagaries*, Chance has thrown in my way only four Reviews, which have (as they call it) *criticise'd* them; they are, I am told, specimens of various others. THREE of them are (on the subject of my brains) very complimentary; generally in the *wrong*, and, perhaps, never in the *right* place; if I may be allow'd to suppose that I can boast a right place where true Criticism might bestow a eulogy.

I exult not in their commendations; for I do not

covet the praise of Shadows who are substantially stupid;—of venal pertness, nor of tasteless pedantry.

These three, however, pointedly condemn me for lines that tend to the inculcation of IMMORALITY.

The FOURTH (*the Quarterly Review*) damns me, *in toto*; as so *indecent* I ought not to be read, so *dull* I cannot be peruse'd; as an Author, probably, unheard of, but by those who know something of the low *Farce-Comedy* Writers of the present day; &c. &c. &c.

Enough, Reviewers! Good bye, ye *Things!*

G. C.

17th June, 1813.





VAGARIES VINDICATED;
OR,
HYPOCRITICK HYPERCRITICKS.

‘ **MONSTROUS!**’ quoth Mrs. Foresight; ‘ Sister
Frail,

‘ **Your Character is crack’d, and growing stale;***

* In the Comedy of “*Love for Love*,” one Lady accuses another of incontinence; and the following sentences are extracted from their dialogue.

“ *Mrs. Foresight.* To be seen with a man in a hackney-coach is scandalous.—You never were at the *World’s End*?—but, look you here, now, where did you lose this Gold Bodkin? Oh! Sister, Sister!

Mrs. Frail. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this Bodkin? Oh, Sister, Sister!—Sister every way.

Mrs. Foresight. Oh, devil on’t! that I could not accuse her, *without betraying MYSELF!*”

See Act 2d of the above-mention’d Comedy.

‘ Box’d in a hackney-coach, you glide from home,
 ‘ And (faugh !) to vile Intriguing-Houses roam.
 ‘ Nay answer to the Charge ; ne’er stand aloof ;
 ‘ If you prevaricate, behold a Proof.
 ‘ Where did you lose *this* BODKIN ?’ Frail replies,
 (The golden witness glittering in her eyes,
 ‘ Where did I *lose* that Bodkin, do you say ?
 ‘ Where did you *find* that Bodkin, Sister, pray ?
 “ Ah, Sister, Sister !—Sister every way !”

CONGREVE, with ample Treasury of Wit,
 But ever fond of overdrawing it ;
 With Brain so spurr’d, that, as full speed it goes,
 Footmen chop logick, Blockheads speak *bon mots* ;*
 So bright in style, like Phœbus scattering fog,
 He quite dispels dull *Nature*’s dialogue ;

* Tell me if Congreve’s Fools are Fools indeed?—*Pope*.



CONGREVE (how dimly, now, my Verse portrays
 Whate'er his Sun of Prose vouchsafes to blaze,)
 The fragile Sisters, whom I cite, displays;
 Shews that backsliding, hypocritick elves,
 Arraigning others, *once* betray'd themselves.

}
}

But is the World, now, grown so wondrous pure
 That all are modest who appear demure?
 Have we no sinful Saint, since Congreve's days?
 No Wolf in a Sheep's clothing, but in Plays?
 And no *Tartuffe*?—his orthodoxy such
 As righteous men deem righteous over-much:
 No Serpent, that, in mild Religion's bower,
 Spits ethick venom, under Virtue's flower?
 No Satan, who would Pandæmonium swell,
 And send e'en *Peccadillos* down to hell?
 Must we be told no Censor, in the nation,
 Fits Congreve's Fable?—come then, Application!

Come, HACKNEY'D CRITICK! shock'd at every
speck

In my o'er-censure'd *Lady of the Wreck*;—

Pope of a prostituted Press, who choose

To thunder Bulls against a trifling Muse;

A *half* Tenth Leo,—sensual as he,

But no encourager of Poetry;*

Come, canting Chiron! † Mentor from a stew!

Venal Impartialist of a Review!

Whose Praise may equipoise'd with Censure seem,

Till pique or pay make either kick the beam;

Whose tide of vinegar and treacle prose

Once in a Month, or Quarter, overflows;

Come, HACKNEY'D CRITICK! if my slip-shod rhymes,

All my *Vagaries*, must be construe'd crimes,—

* LEO THE TENTH was a very debauch'd Pope, but a great Patron of the *Belles Lettres*.

† CHIRON, Instructor to the most celebrated characters of his age, was half a man, and *half a beast*:—this Hippo-Tutor must have been, no doubt, a fine *bit* of BLOOD. In what respect the modern *Reviewer* (who is only a *Hack*) may resemble the Centaur, luminous men of the present day, if they ever attend to his lessons, may determine. Inglorious as I am, it would be presumption in me to think of ranking myself as a pupil.

If I have sinn'd,—while you my sins assail,
 Just as Dame Foresight lectures Mrs. Frail,—
 Stand forth!—and own, my supercilious friend,
 That You, like Me, have *been at the World's End.*

Whether a Highland Zoilus (whom spleen,
 And the *Humanities* of Aberdeen,
 Have raise'd, till, proud Yahoo! the point is reach'd
 To be, by Booksellers, maintain'd, and *breech'd,*)
 You sentence pass on all men's prose, and verse,
 Who write in English, while you *think in Earse* ;*

* Here the Critick may retort a witty piece of dull matter of fact upon me, by observing that I was myself a Collegiate in the place I have mention'd.—Granted.—Some Juvenile VAGARIES (not *poetical*) cause'd me to be transplanted from the warmer regions of Christ-Church, in Oxford, to the cold latitude of King's College, in Old Aberdeen; where I vegetated one year, out of three which I pass'd in North Britain. There (judging from a sample) I learn'd,—so I learn'd *something*,—to subscribe to the recorded opinion of (I think) Dr. Johnson; that, in regard to Scotch scholastick acquirement, 'every body gets a mouthful, but very few get a meal.' There are two Towns of Aberdeen the Old, and the New. In each of these there is a University; each *University* consisting of ONE *College!* and each College making a very inferior appearance in the eyes of an Oxonian, or a Cantab. To that of the Old Town, mere *Boys* pour in, from the Highlands, and other parts of the Country, and

Whether, a Magazine's bought Irish lad,
 You, now, Bull-Beef to your Potato add,
 And, born to some low name, before it tack
 The pedigree-implying *O*, or *Mac*;—
 Which appellation, lofty though it be,
 Is whelm'd, at Press, beneath the loftier *We*;—
 Whether in Grub-Street's Seminary, first,
 You studied, ere upon the town you burst,
 Where Want (keen Tutor!) check'd your childish
 fears
 Of losing those redundancies call'd ears;

sojourn there for five months, annually; the remaining seven months being a period of uninterrupted vacation. They occupy almost unfurnish'd rooms, with bare walls; huddling two, three, and sometimes, perhaps, four in a bed. The decent accommodation of my Scotch servant, who had a room and bed to himself, exhibited a luxury which excited their envy. They commence with the very rudiments of Latin and Greek, proceed to Mathematicks, &c. and, in four years, those young gentlemen, having *begun and finish'd their education*, are created *Masters of Arts*, or even dubb'd *Doctors*, if they choose, at the age, perhaps, of sixteen or eighteen, without any intermediate Degree. The University of the New Town I understood to be conducted on the same principles. Let it be remember'd I have given an account of a state of things as they were when I happen'd to see them. They may, since, have been amended: we live in an age of improvement; but it is to be doubted whether the advancement of an Aberdeen University has, of late years, been rapid.

Train'd your apt nature sordidly to think,
 And form'd you for a SWISS of pen and ink ;
 Taught you, when *hire'd*, to side with Wit or Fool,
 To turn a Statesman's, nay, an Author's Tool,
 And damn, or libel, all who write, or *Rule* ;
 Content with Infamy, so Cash be got,
 Still blotting on, till all your Life's a blot ;
 Whether,—but 'tis a work not soon despatch'd
 To trace where Toads are spawn'd, and Snakes are
 hatch'd ;
 Therefore, stand forth, at once ! and let us try
 Who is the greater Culprit,—YOU, or I.

'Tis true, with little care, and far less skill,
 I pace a Poney on the bifold'd Hill,
 And, when the bridle, heedlessly, is thrown
 Upon *his* neck, I think not of my *own* ;
 Think not, when he curvets, or makes a slip,
 (And, oft, my minor Pegasus will trip,)

With what a headlong tumble I may go
Into a *Critical Morass*, below ;
Forget the modern mud Reviewers heap
About the bottom of the ancient steep,—
Where Dulness lurks, anonymous, in fog,
To smother Bards, in a Bœotian bog ;
Assisted in the despicable task
By Scotch or English Rancour, in a Mask.

I own, (though no apology from me
Be due to a Reviewing Debauchee,)
When, o'er my Hippocrene, as o'er my Wine,
Idling I sit, and gaily toast the Nine,
Neglectful of the Big-Wigs while I quaff,
Should Fancy tickle, I am prone to laugh :
Too prone, perhaps!—for, then, *some* roguery may
Beneath my soberer meaning's covert play ;
And they who, through the better, seek the worse,
Spy strange allusions ambush'd in my verse.

'Tis then, in presence of audacious Man,
The Prude pretends to blush behind her fan ;
Which only serves audacious Man to shew
How much a Prude, so quickly shock'd, must know ;
How squeamish poison'd morals make her mind,
As Metal, oft, with Arsenick is refine'd :—

'Tis then, with dimple'd and unconscious face,
The Novice smiling sits, in native grace,
Nor dreams of ill ; nor can a cause discern
Why practise'd Affectation's cheek should burn :
But, like a Nymph, who leaves the inland brook,
At Ocean's perilous expanse to look,
In Summer's heat, when even Zephyrs sleep,
And silver moon-beams slumber on the Deep,
She feels the surface yield a smooth delight,
While dangers, hid below, nor hurt, nor fright.

'Tis then the stiff Reviewer, seeming vex'd,
Turns to the Maid, and glosses on the text :
Warns her of what it's passages *may* mean ;
' That is immoral !—this, downright obscene !'
Till, soon, the curious Fair, half-bursting, swells ;
' Obscene ! what's *that* ?' she asks ; and, then, he tells !

Thus, in Cross-Lanes, deface'd, and rotten, stands
A Road-Post, that had, once, a *pair* of hands ;
But, one dropt off, the other leads astray,
Or points to nothing but the *foulest* way.

Thus——but the next Comparison has fled ;
So take an Anecdote ('tis short) instead.

A MATRON sour there was, a formal fool,
The Mistress of a Female Boarding-School ;
So much of this World's Wickedness she knew,

She made her pliant Pupils learn it too ;
Evil reveal'd, that they might evil shun,—
And, like a watchful Priestess of the Sun,
Enjoin'd her Virgins, morning, noon, and night,
To keep their lamp of Purity alight.

One day, she led them forth, as wont to do,
Round Walworth's rural brick-kilns, two by two,
And, as they march'd behind her awful back,
The merry chits maintain'd a half-quell'd clack.
Soon, to her Partner, as the prattle ran,
Spake a pubescent Damsel, in the van :—
' Miss ! though it looks so fine, 'twill rain to-day ;
' I know it ; for I heard a Jack-Ass bray :'
The other, full as weather-wise, said, ' No,
' It won't, Miss ! for the Cock is crowing so.'
The Priestess overheard ;—with choler burn'd ;
And, furious, on the Novices she turn'd.

‘ Children !’ she said, ‘ it is a thousand shames
 ‘ To call such Creatures by their naughty names !
 ‘ Fy on such words !—I can’t think where you got ’em!
 ‘ Call them,—a *Biddy*, and a *Jacky-Bottom*.’

The Lecture sank in either Virgin’s mind ;
 They marvell’d much ; *inquire’d*,—and, then, *combine’d* ;
 Gain’d new ideas, their discourse to rule,
 And grew *quite learned*, ere they left the School.

Say ye ! who, dozing, and dogmatick, sit
 Starch Drivellers over Morals, Science, Wit ;
 Whose page a mental brick-kiln walk supplies,
 To give young thoughts unwholesome exercise ;
 Do ye not, *sage Old Women* as ye are !
 Stop Frolick short, and go, yourselves, too far ?
 Deprave with preaching ? and, corruptly nice,
 Turn Schools of Virtue into Schools for Vice ?—

My Slips, like underwoods, are scarce discern'd,
In the mind's Paradise of the unlearn'd ;
Your Tree of Knowledge brings Temptation in,
And all your Tyros pluck the fruit of Sin.

Why, HACKNEY'D CRITICK ! to this doctrine lean,—

‘ Vice to be hated needs but to be seen ?’

And, therefore, like a truly virtuous man,

Strive to see all the Vice that mortal can ?

Why, zealously, *explain* all you espy,

As if Simplicity to edify ?

Till, *taught* by YOU, the chaste find Vice has charms,

And sink, enamour'd, in the Circe's arms.

Such heathen tenets might *Lycurgus* suit,

Who deeming, like a decent proper brute,

That exhibition appetite destroys,

Drew forth his Spartan girls before the boys ;

And, that both sexes might be pure enough,
 Made the young females dance, and sing, in buff.
 Think you displaying all that passion fires
 Tends to subdue irregular desires ?
 Think you it *cool'd* a stout Laconian lad
 To see Laconian lasses sport unclad ?
 No,—* like your comments, Critick ! 'twas the same
 As oil, instead of water, on a flame.

* Again the Critick may retort, by asking whether I have not divested my LADY OF THE WRECK of her apparel:

“ Stript by the unrelenting Storm.”

And what then? The most natural emotion of an unadulterated bosom, on reading the description of a half-drown'd Woman, is Pity; and, while Pity exists, although it, sometimes, 'melts the soul to *Love*,' does it's object rouse to *Licentiousness*?—But this is not the question here:—for I am arguing, *metaphorically*, against the system of better maintaining decorum, by stripping poetical sallies of poetical clothing; and comparing such *gross* absurdity to that of actually undressing Females, for the purpose of promoting Continnence.

The denuded Personages of Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture, delineated with a sufficient observance of the delicacy of Art, to display some of Nature's attractions, and to conceal others, are readily welcome'd into the most open Apartments of polish'd Society;—but *real* flesh and blood, approaching the same rooms, in the same state, would experience a very different reception:—And when a Reviewer *lays bare* all that is hidden in the imagery of

Decide, then, Goddess! if a Goddess be
 Yet hovering o'er us, name'd *Morality*,—
 Full sure there is! for daily, at her shrine,
 I see some *Men of Good* their heads incline,
 And, every day, see sundry *Men of Ill*
 Bow, hypocritically, lower still,—
 Decide—and, ere the sentence you unfold,
 Bid Cheerfulness the scales of Justice hold,—
 Who harms the worst, (if any harm *I* do,)
 I, or my whining friend of a Review;
 Which vitiates most the Female, and the Youth,
 My muffle'd Meaning, or his naked Truth.

But, were this settle'd, are my trials o'er?

Alas! I am but where I was before!

metre, it is much the same as his rushing into an Exhibition of Pictures, and Statues, and crying out,—'Young Ladies and Gentlemen! don't look at that Apollo, and this Venus!—you cannot see half the Vice that belongs to them:—but come with me, and I will convince you of all, by shewing you the *original living Subjects*, in their *shameful state of nakedness*, as they sat to the Artists, who have so *alter'd* them.'

One cause despatch'd, another Action lies,
And Sins allege'd, on Sins allege'd, arise ;—
For Critick Scribes the rule of thrift persue,
As pettifogging *Qui Tam* Lawyers do ;
Impeach to live, and prosecute a Bard,
Not for the publick welfare, but reward.

Proceed, Mock Judges ! earn your vile support
Like low Informers, in the Muses' Court ;
Rake the Fanatick's code, for dormant law,
To prove the Poet's *License* has a flaw ;
And, by ameracements on each Author's head,
Eat (since your Readers pay) your dirty bread.
Rejoice, too, that this difference all confess,
Between the Offal of the Law and Press,—
You for your unprove'd charges pelf obtain,
While They can, only, by *convicting* gain ;
Still, one sure parallel, 'twixt either tribe,
Is—hushing up proceedings for a Bribe.

Be bribe'd, then, by the meanly rich ;—but I
Too proud to court, and all too poor to buy
That dear, at lowest price,—that worthless *Thing*,
A Pseudo-Literary Underling ;
I—who should think, e'en Millions could I raise,
A Mite too much to squander for his Praise,
A Farthing, by instalments paid, profuse,
Nay, worse than waste, to silence his abuse,—
I laugh, if at my Intellect, alone,
His bolt (soon shot!) the feeble Jove has thrown ;
And, now and then, by an irreverent flout,
Provoke the puny storm he patters out :

But when, in SLANDER's ink, he showers a *rant*,
Accompanied with *heavy* gales of *Cant* ;
Howls whirlwinds, less upon my Muse than *Mé*,
To root me from the pale of Decency ;
Flashes dull lightning, on a double plan,
To strike the Poet, and to blast the Man !—

Then,—then, as now,—I rise, in just disdain,
 (When the Hire'd PUFFER blows a *Hurricane*,)
 To keep foul weather out, and bar my doors,
 While DEFAMATION's Tempest round me roars.

“ Who steals *my* purse steals trash ;”—my Prose and
 Verse,

Perhaps, may be as trashy as my purse ;
 But, if my scenick Sketches have beguile'd
 Ingenuous list'ners, till they wept or smile'd,
 If my rude numbers e'er achieve'd the power
 To dissipate the Spleen, for half an hour,
 'Twas hope'd new efforts would some gain impart,
 And sooth a harmless vanity of heart.
 Take these, Reviewers!—Hopes of future gain,
 Of fresh success, to make me freshly vain,
 Wrest from me these,—and on the pillage thrive ;
 (Tis reckon'd fair in the foul trade *You* drive ;)

The Town's applause, if any I might claim,
 " Filch" when you *can*,—but leave me " my good
name."

Heavens! is that "jewel of my soul" to fall
 Into men's hands who have NO NAMES at all!
 No,—Strip my brains of credit as they will,
 At least, my CHARACTER they shall not kill;—
 Nor, as Freebooters *in disguise* will do,
 Unsatisfied with Robbing, *murder* too.

Then once again, SIR HACK! stand forward, pray;
 Repeat your second Charge; what is it? Say!
 Oh, heinous Sin!—from what am I exempt?
 I—' *write to bring the CLERGY in contempt!**
 Contempt! I'll worship, next, if this be true,
 That Calf who writes the Quarterly Review.

* So says the *Hire'd Critick* of the Quarterly Review; to whom the Author presents his Compliments, and has the dishonour of answering him.

Hail to the CLOTH! which, with unholy shears,
The Tailor subdivides for Pulpiteers.

'Tis true, no inch of Righteousness he sells,
When clipping off canonick yards, and ells;
Certain, the sober Raiment, and the Band,
But typify the Pastors of our Land;
Still, (since to mark the Function 'tis design'd,)
A piece of mere Prunello sways the mind;
And gives to Man, through relative effect,
A Bill at Sight upon Mankind's respect:—
'Tis *honour'd*, though Experience understands
Good Bills are, sometimes, found in knavish hands.*

Hail, then, the *Cloth!*—and hail, thrice hail, to those
Whose Lives perform the promise of their Clothes!*

* POPE appears to shew no respect whatever to the externals of Clergymen. He says, with seeming contempt for their dress,

' *Worth makes the Man, and want of it the Fellow,*
' *The rest is all but Leather or Prunello.*

Who, meek though mitre'd, stedfast though they rise,
 Add dignity to Lawn that dignifies ;
 Or who, Want's troublous torrent doom'd to stem,
 Still grace the Gown which, darn'd, still graces them.

Thrice hail to These !—but, *good* REVIEWER, hold !
 Nor all that glitters force on us for gold.
 Why think the shell the kernel? why profess
 That a sound Parson is a Parson's Dress?
 You might as well pronounce upon the Wine
 A Tavern yields, by looking at the Sign.—
 Must every limb be truly sanctified
 Which lawn, or cambrick, or prunello hide ?
 Does History present to our research
 No Churchmen who were Scandals to the Church ?
 O'er nothing wanton can a Cassock float?
 Ordain as much, then, for a Petticoat ;
 One general notion to *that* garb annex,
 And vindicate the ways of all the Sex :

For grosser Laymen look on Womankind
As Beings, like the Priesthood, more refine'd,
And deem a Woman, and a Priest, no doubt,
Alike unspotted, till alike found out.

But how must indignation doubly boil
When Priests our reverence for their Cloth would
 spoil!—

If an Impostor,—worst of Satan's leaven!—
Clad in the worldly livery of HEAVEN,
Should drink, wench, gamble, bully, flatter, lie,
Commit all crimes,—including *Simony*,—
Must we not, then, to prove our zeal complete,
The more we love the ORDER, loath the CHEAT?

The Cheat!—and are there such?—Strange things,
 alas!

Have, among Holy Shepherds, come to pass!
Some, to the Wolf abandoning their Flocks,
Have broke their necks by following the Fox;

Some have admire'd, as sundry folks opine,
 Their Patrons' *Tables*, Moses! more than thine;
 Others—but, oh, Reviewer! groan and pray!
 The Reverend Doctor D—dd was *hang'd*, one day!
 He *only* forge'd; for MURDER H—ckm—n died,
 But strove to chouse Jack Ketch, by SUICIDE.*
 Wretched Divines! whose Office 'twas to jog
 Our memories to obey the Decalogue;—
 The veriest Urchin, old enough to look
 Into a Writing-Master's Copy-Book,
 Teaching these *Teachers*, might have quoted, then,
 ' Command your *Passions*,' and—' Command your
Pen.'†

* By attempting to destroy himself with the butt-end of the pistol which he had discharge'd, in perpetrating the crime for which he suffer'd.

† The fate of the two unhappy men, above-mention'd, is fresh in memory:—and, although there can be no indelicacy in alluding to facts so notorious, and upon record, in the Newgate Calendars, and Publick Journals, they are only introduce'd here, as happening to be very strong illustrations of the argument.

Hence let us learn, be Callings what they may,
 Frailty, and Crime, *will* mix with mortal clay;
 And Men think Men within the Devil's reach,
 Whether in Pulpits or Reviews they preach.
 Hope you the World will more confiding grow
 For all your bilious canting, Critick? No!
 No,—though in every Parish there exists
 A myriad, now, of sucking Methodists.*
 Worst may *seem* best;—why You,—who rail at Me,
 As destitute of Christian decency,—

* The people call'd *Methodists* (a kind of modern Puritans) are, apparently, incline'd to be very intolerant towards their Tolerators. The doctrine of this overgrown Sect is *FAITH without good WORKS*:—a Faith (the transition from no good to *bad* being so easy that it is, at first, almost imperceptible,) inducing the swarm of it's lower adherents to combine canting and knavery; and to make the Gallows a short passage to Heaven. To rouse ignorant Enthusiasts to the commission of *Arson*, (for which, of course, they would be hang'd,) thanks to God were return'd, it is said, in a Methodist Chapel, for the late destruction, by Fire, of a London Theatre, acting under a Royal Patent. This anecdote is given on report, but it is presume'd there would be but little difficulty in establishing the fact. Be this as it may, the instances of the Methodists asserting, in print, that '*all* who defend the Stage defend Sin,' are innumerable. Is such contumacy long to be endure'd, even by the mildest Government? Are men, dissenting from the regular Church, to be suffer'd to inculcate that, either the Constitution encourages *abomination*, or that the King upholds it, in defiance of the Constitution?

E'en You, 'tis probable, Reviewer! You
May be a circumcised Turk, or Jew.

Yet more ;—it seems, the Church's Chief I call
A name much too familiar.*—Bless us all!—
Are harmless names, when Truth gives Fancy flight,
So *very* graceless in His Grace's sight?
Not so ; a savage Hierarchy fled,
Sense wakes, and ' Rigour, now, is gone to bed.'†

Prelates, in rude, intolerant, times of old,
Were, like Cathedrals, gloomy, dull, and cold :—
Their stomachs proud, their ordinance severe,
And nought Episcopal if not austere ;
The Ring-Doves of the Altar plume'd their wings
To hover Kites o'er Governments, and Kings.‡

* *A Soul-Mender*.—See *Poetical Vagaries*, and the vulgar unqualified abuse of them in the *Quarterly Review*.

† MILTON.—See *A Mask presented at Ludlow Castle*.

‡ In the late Dr. PERCY's '*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*' we are inform'd of an old black-letter Play, entitle'd *Every Man*, publish'd in the time of

'Twas then the Devotee his journey trod
 In darkness, and in terror, tow'rd his God,
 While the drear Clergy, fulminant in ire,
 Flash'd, through his bigot Midnight, threat'ning fire :
 Thus on he fare'd,—and not a glimpse was given
 To guide him, save when he was tempest-driven.

But Churchmen, now, to set the Wanderer right,
 From cheerful skies impart celestial light ;
 Illumine not the path we should pursue
 By Lightning,—but with Sunshine gild the view.
 And sweet the prospect where Religion scorns
 To make the way to Heaven a way of Thorns,
 To think that Pilgrims miss the blest abode,
 Because a Primrose springs beside the road.*

Henry the Eighth; and the following Specimen is extracted from the Dramatist's 'high encomiums on the Priesthood:'

*' There is no emperour, kynge, duke, ne baron,'
 ' That of God hath commissyon,'
 ' As hath the leest Preest in the world beyng.'*

* STERNE thought that Religion might be mix'd even with a *Dance*.—
 ————' the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this
 ' was their constant way; and that, all his life long, he had made it a rule,

Observe how mild each Dignitary stands!
 They *smile*,—although a Crosier decks their hands;
 Draw with it's Crook the docile to their heart,
 And grieve whene'er it's Point inflicts a smart.*
 Think you such men would Clerick thunder raise,
 And curse, and ban me, for a trivial Phrase?
 Would drag me o'er ecclesiastick coals,
 For saying that a Primate *mends our souls*?
 A Primate!—who, we trust, in fervour's tone,
 Calls, daily, upon HEAVEN to *mend his own*.

Go where the Metropolitan is found,
 With all his liberal Suffragans around;

' after supper was over, to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay.'———

———' Or a *learned prelate* either, said I.'———

See *Sentimental Journey*.

* The Bishop's Crosier is crooked at one end, and pointed at the other; as emblematick of *drawing* the tractable, and *goading* the refractory, to the performance of their religious duties. It is thus mention'd in the latin hexameter:

' *Curva trahit mites, pars pungit acuta rebelles.*'

Say this,—‘ a wicked Poet (horrid case !)’

‘ Has call’d you a SOUL-MENDER, please your
Grace !’—

His Grace’s gravity a shock receives,
While Bishops titter in their ample sleeves.—
To moral Quacks no Regulars attend ;
Then pious, prim Informer, whither wend ?
To Fools, Fanaticks, or to whom you will ;
To a *Hire’d Critick*, or to *R—wl—d. H—ll.**

If Diocesans † ne’er my rhymes resent,
Nor take offence before offence is meant,
The holy Subalterns will pardon, sure,
A Poet who describes a Parson poor.

* Proprietor of a Methodist Chapel, and a Preacher there of great notoriety.

† I know that the pronunciation of this word is Dio’cesan, according to almost all our orthoepists; but it sounds so unpoetically, that I prefer throwing the accent on the penultimate syllable;—and, if I be told that I am not privilege’d to take a poetical license, I then claim a right, under Johnson’s authority.—See *Johnson’s Dictionary*, Folio, 1755.

Pinch'd Worthies!—could a Voice so weak as mine
Breathe Fortunes for each indigent Divine,
From fictious Verse could stubborn Fact ensue,
You should be rich,—and so should Poets, too!

No more should Curates bump their Sunday rounds,
Of Twenty miles,* for Twenty annual Pounds,
On nags that make it doubtful which one sees,
Them, or the Riders, oftenest on their knees;
No longer should distress repentance rouse,
For having cleave'd to a prolifick Spouse;
Nor should the needy Preacher, pondering o'er
Love's lispig Pledges, check his chance of more;
And weigh, with rueful face, and lengthen'd chin,
His goings-out against his comings-in.

Then, too, would I, poetick drudgery done,
Taste the dull joys of dot and carry one;

* This is often the case when Curates have to attend two or three Parishes.

Would dare inspect Accounts ; and, bolder still,
 Tax *items* in a ticking Tradesman's bill ;
 Hear the tame insolence, without a shock,
 Of a stiff Dun's loud, sullen, single knock ;
 First, by admission given without delay,
 Surprise him,—then astonish him with pay.

But wherefore rear these Castles in the Skies ?
 Gay Dreams !—that fade when Reason opes her eyes.
 Bid Reason wake, then !—what does she behold ?
 A Curate, who, 'in conscious virtue bold,'
 Can boast a scanty board, a creaking bed,
 Nine Small Ones living, and Small-Beer that's dead ;
 A Sweeting, sour'd by Care, to patch his gown,
 And Bible, with the leaves in Job turn'd down :—
 A frost-nipt Poet, who, in thin attire,
 Invokes a frigid Muse to lend him fire ;
 Who, when his Hat he puts upon his pate,
 Claps a Ring-Fence around his whole Estate ;*

* This has so long been the case with many Poets, that it would be strange if the thought were original. FARQUHAR, in '*The Picture*' of himself,

And will, when his embarrassments are o'er,
Have paid his Debt of Nature, and no more.

Well,—if the Priest and Poet, both, have miss'd
The road to Riches,—still, they both exist.

‘ And is *Existence* all!—if we respire,
‘ Is that enough?’ some Blockhead will inquire.
Why what is Life?—Thou Fool of Discontent!
Stretch thy weak vision to yon Firmament;
View, there, the UNIVERSE’S Systems roll,
Our ponderous Globe an atom ’midst the whole;
View the vast Orbs of the stupendous plan
As grains of dust beneath their MAKER’S span!
And shall a whimpering Mortal, crawling here,
Mean as one maggot in a Cheese’s sphere,
Complain that He, forsooth! must take his share
Of ills, and ‘ groan, and sweat, and fardles bear?’

says,—‘ I have very little Estate but what lies under the circumference of my hat; and should I by mischance come to lose my head, I should not be worth a groat.’—See his *Poems and Letters*.

Bear them *how long*?—So brief our date of breath,
That cradle'd Infancy seems rock'd by Death.

Childhood has childish grief; Youth, fever'd joy;
Age feels the World, which still it clings to, cloy;
In every Station, every Stage of Life,
All, more or less, meet woe, disgust, and strife.
Then, who are least unhappy?—e'en the Wise,
Who, under pressure, can philosophize;
Who sail to Dissolution's destine'd port,
Smiling at Storms they're certain must be short.

Say by what rules Philosophers are made:—
PARSONS and POETS *should* be so, by *trade*.
True Christian Preachers still keep Heaven in view,
So, doubtless, all true Christian Poets, too;
By *those* the awful Word of GOD is read,
By *these* his Works admire'd, each step they tread;
Through different paths one point of Mind they reach,
Till they entwine reflections, each with each;

Each, on each other's Studies led to look,
Blend Nature's pages with the Sacred Book ;*
Each, thro' the present Time's dark fore-ground, see
A bright perspective in Eternity :
Hence Firmness springs ; hence Resignation's birth ;
While hope of Bliss in Heaven brings Calm on earth.—
Since, then, your fates, neglected Priest, and Bard !
Few friends e'er soften, though all own them hard,
Resign'd, and cheerful, in your wants remain,
And pity Discontent that drinks Champaign ;
Serenely write and sit, or preach and ride,
Then rise to wealth,—when *Dreams* are verified.

Mean time, the Sons of Education find
A narrow Stipend narrows not the mind.
Conscious that Moral Worth excels the Trash,
Which various knaves accumulate, call'd Cash ;

* The Bible, meaning (according to its Greek derivation) THE BOOK, is so call'd by way of eminence.

Despising Ruffians, who, alone, 'tis sure,
Affront the Liberal for being Poor ;
Free from the touchiness of vulgar pride,
They laugh when Mirth presents Want's comick side ;
And Tales of ludicrous Distress run o'er,
Too dignified, too polish'd, to be sore.

No well-meant raileries dissension make
Twixt those with little else to give or take ;
No sufferer, under adverse Fortune's yoke,
Feels angry at a fellow-sufferer's joke ;
No spleen from light *Vagaries* will arise,—
No jests mean insult where men sympathize.

But the REVIEWER cometh, nothing loth!—
Priest, Poet,—oh ! he wishes well to both !
And strives to set, the moment he appears,
The Parson and the Poet by the ears.—

So, in this specious World, too oft we see
A Busy-Body, in a family,
Meddling between a merry Man and Wife,
Till the pert puppy breeds domestick strife.

Tell me, did FIELDING dip his powerful pen
In gall, to stigmatize all Clergymen ?
Although he shews their need,—nay, shews, to boot,
This Priest a Drunkard, that a selfish Brute,
Who, in his senses, ever understood
He aim'd at writing down the Brotherhood ?
Ye Novel-Readers !—such as relish most
Plain Nature's feast, unpepper'd with a Ghost,
Tell me, how many Parsons there may be
In JOSEPH ANDREWS's adventures ?—Three.

The *first*,*—the choicest Punch-Maker, by far,
Of Customers behind the *Dragon's* bar ;

* Parson Barnabas.

Who, ere the Bowl's replenish'd, reels up stairs,
And, o'er a wretch deem'd dying, hiccups prayers ;
While no one ventures, though impatience burns,
To squeeze the Oranges till he returns.

The *Second*,*—witless in the bashful art
That hides a sulky savageness of heart ;
Who, though a multitude of sins had He,
Would scorn to cover them with Charity ;—
A bare decorum, and his Cure, to keep,
Sure as the Sabbath comes, attends his Sheep ;
On other days, more Farmer than Divine,
He, most religiously, attends his Swine ;
Drives to the Fair fat Porkers that he feeds,—
A much more genuine Hog than all he breeds.

The *Third*,—oh, FIELDING ! *there*, thy Master-Hand
Will Truth deny ? can Gravity withstand ?

* Parson Trulliber.

There Genius, Observation by his side,
Has taught us how to *sport*, yet not *deride* ;
There the keen Artist, the poor Churchman's Friend,
Bids Laughter, Moral, and Religion, blend.

Seek contrarities in Man combine'd :
Book-knowledge, with no knowledge of Mankind ;
Good parts, good nature, open to the shaft
Of worldly Ill, for want of worldly Craft ;
Virtue so pure it ne'er suspects Deceit,
Though, every hour, it suffers by a Cheat ;
Simplicity of Soul that claims respect,
But leaves its Owner threadbare, in neglect ;
Grave Character in situations thrown
That playful Comedy declares her own ;
Starve'd Hospitality beneath a hut,
And Learning made rich Ignorance's Butt ;—
Seek, in one Person mix'd, the traits that move,
At once, our pity, mirth, esteem, and love ;

Seek these, and more, where Wit displays them best,
 And honest PARSON ADAMS stands confest.—
 As from Jove's head the mythologick Dame,
 Full grown, and all mature, Minerva came,
 So *Adams* sprang, to offer Taste a treat,
 From Fielding's brain, a *Character* complete.

And though the Curate meets with many a rub ;
 Is souse'd, alas ! into a water-tub,
 By Witlings, who in practick waggery deal,
 To prove they know not how to joke, nor feel ;
 Though, wigless, with his Cassock torn, he bounds,
 From some facetious Squire's encourage'd hounds ;
 Hounds who their Keeper, oft, in sense surpass,
 And, if they eat him up, would eat an Ass ;
 Does, then, the good Man's Ducking, Candour, say !
 His, or his Order's, virtues wash away ?
 Or does his Hunting, when our hearts we search,
 Hunt down respect for Him, and all the Church ?

If so, then Fielding, doubtless, would infer
 Scandal by *Barnabas*, and *Trulliber* ;
 Infer the reverend Clergy's weightiest work
 Consists—in making Punch, and fattening Pork.*

Departed GOLDSMITH ! snatch'd, by ruthless Time,
 From History, Philosophy, and Rhyme ;
 To touch most points of Literature born,
 And every point, which thou hast touch'd, adorn ;
 Master of Passions,—Master mild, though strong,—
 Which to our human joys, or griefs, belong ;
 In Talent vigorous, vivid, versatile ;
 Impressive, brilliant, beautiful in Style ;†

* In what spirit *Fielding* drew the Character of *Parson Adams* his Preface to *Joseph Andrews* may testify;—and thence may be gather'd his general sentiments towards the Clergy.—He writes thus:—" And here I solemnly protest I have no intention to vilify or asperse any one.—As to the character of *Adams*—It is design'd a character of perfect simplicity; and as the goodness of his heart will recommend him to the good-nature'd, so I hope it will excuse me to the gentlemen of his cloth; for whom, *while they are worthy* of their sacred order, no man can possibly have a greater respect. They will, therefore, excuse me, notwithstanding *the low adventures* in which he is engage'd, that I have made him a Clergyman."

† The above lines are a paraphrastical imitation of a part of *Doctor Johnson's* Latin Epitaph on the worthy *Goldsmith* :—

Thou, who hast, sweetly, Wakefield's Vicar shewn,
 With heart, and fortunes, not unlike thy own ;
 With native goodness, in it's simplest dress,
 And Erudition struggling with Distress :
 Thou, who hast made him bring, with matchless grace,
 A kind of April in the Reader's face ;
 Made us lament his checker'd sorrows,—while
 We dart through tears the sunshine of a smile ;

“ OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
 POETÆ, PHYSICI, HISTORICI,
 QUI NULLUM FERÈ SCRIBENDI GENUS
 NON TETIGIT,
 NULLUM QUOD TETIGIT NON ORNAVIT:
 SIVE RISUS ESSENT MOVENDI,
 SIVE LACRIMÆ,
 AFFECTUUM POTENS ET LENIS DOMINATOR:
 INGENIO SUBLIMIS, VIVIDUS, VERSATILIS,
 ORATIONE GRANDIS, NITIDUS, VENUSTUS.”

&c. &c. &c.

However Johnson might have consider'd, in zeal for the memory of his departed friend, the words *Sublimis*, and *Grandis*, as applicable to his qualities, such epithets do not exactly appear to characterise Goldsmith's turn of thought, nor style of writing. They are omitted in the present humble imitation, and other expressions substituted,—certainly with no intention of appearing presumptuous, by deviating from the sense of the gigantick Samuel Johnson, or derogating from the literary beauties of the fascinating Oliver Goldsmith.

Didst thou think fit our interests to engage
 In the droll shifts of his poor Parsonage?
 Hast thou thy Vicar represented (though
 In fewer comick lights than shades of woe)
 A kindred subject, guileless, green, and bland,
 To walk near Adams, though not hand in hand?—
 Didst thou do this?—and will Reviewers say,
 According to the canting of the day,
 This to *Contempt of Clergy* leads the way?
 Why let them say it, dolts!—and, having said,
 Let thy *Deserted Village*, then, be read;
 Let them peruse thy Parson *there*,—each line
 That speaks *his* piety proclaiming *thine*,—
 And, if confusion *can* their faces flush,
 Confess how thou hast made him charm,—and blush!*

* Goldsmith dedicated his '*Traveller*' to his Brother,—a poor Parson;—to whom he says,—'It will, also, throw a light upon many parts of it, (*the Poem*) when the Reader understands that it is address'd to a man who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retire'd early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.—I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have enter'd upon a sacred office, where the

With such admire'd Authorities in view,
 With many in reserve,—some *Parsons*, too!
 If *I* have dare'd some airy jests to pass,
 The humblest Rhymer, in the humblest class ;—
 So careless, I scarce venture to be grave
 In Verse, except my *Character* to save ;
 And, even then, though gravely I begin,
 Still various idle fancies *will* creep in ;—
 If, following the flights I cannot reach,
 I bungle tasks my happier Masters teach ;
 And, Heaven help us! never meaning hurt,
 Produce a Priest so poor he wants a Shirt ;*
 Must I be dragg'd before some scribbling *Hack*,
 With FIELDING, and with GOLDSMITH, at my back,

harvest is great and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away.'

His reverence for clerical poverty is evident enough; but he has not scruple'd to give various touches of the ludicrous to *Parson Primrose*.

* See *Two Parsons*, or the *Tale of a Shirt*, in *Poetical Vagaries*.

And bend to the unknown and jobbing Drudge,
The *Phantom* THING that calls itself my Judge ;
A Shadow in judicial Masquerade,
That makes keen Criticism clumsy *Trade* ?
No,—the light Muse, that's privilege'd to sport,
Disdains his venal, puritanick Court !
Thence I appeal, for Judgement on my Pen,
To *moral*, but *unbuckram'd*, GENTLEMEN :
To their decision, be it what it may,
I bow respectful ; yet, respectful, say,
Religious tenets, to my latest breath,
Such as I have I'll keep, and smile at death ;
March gaily down my slope of Life, and sing
GOD prosper long OLD ENGLAND'S CHURCH AND KING !

Here might I close ;—here rest, on Common Sense,
Against Reviewers' Charges, my Defence ;
Charges calumnious Dulness will prefer,
To make Contempt become it's Answerer.

But, courteous Reader! who hast deign'd to hear,
 Thus far, my pleadings, with a patient ear,
 Let me subjoin (as my superiors do)
 To my harangue an *after-word* or two.

When in the CHAPEL of that Saint whose bones
 Were pelted, till he *fell asleep*, by Stones;—*
 Where Britons, now, although they do not kill,
 Unmercifully pelt each other, still;
 And, still, while very many of them pelt,
 A great propensity to sleep is felt;—
 When we behold some Rhetorician, there,
 Arise, and solemnly address *the Chair*;—

* *St. Stephen's Chapel*; i. e. the *House of Commons*.—Although STEPHEN was stone'd to *death*, our English version of the New Testament relates the fact in words which can, scarcely, make it clear to the comprehension of many religious honest people, who understand nothing of tropes and figures. It tells us, that when the Jews murder'd the Saint, he exclaim'd—"Lord! lay not this to their Charge; and when he had said this, *he fell asleep*."—Literal translations of the stupid are, sometimes, productive of mischief to the ignorant. They have done no harm, indeed, in the story of St. Stephen;—but not so in the case of the Doctor's prescription for a lying-in woman:—The Apothecary rendering '*pro re natâ*,' word for word, label'd the Draught 'to be taken by *the thing born*.' It was administer'd to the *Child*, instead of the Mother;—and the infant was kill'd.

Perhaps, some flaming Patriot, choice full bad
 Of Westminster, when Westminster runs mad ;*
 Perhaps, some Borough's modern Tully, sent,
 By rotten Votes, unripe to Parliament ;
 Or some Demosthenes, *return'd* to shine
 Grand Representative of Eight or Nine ;†—
 When there, *upon his legs*, we hear him state
 How measures must, if *carried, militate* ;
 That the main Question, which should be distinct,
 Right Honourable Gentlemen have *blink'd* ;
 That nothing *relevant*‡ he can espy,
 Broach'd by the gallant General *in his eye* ;

* Did it ever run mad?—if so, let the reader of research determine the era.

† Sometimes of a less number.—'Near it is a farm-house, and that is all which is left of this eminent city; yet this is call'd the Borough of *Old Sarum*, and sends two Members to Parliament, who are chosen by proprietors of certain lands. *Whom* these Members can justly say *they represent* would, however, be hard for them to answer.'

Tour through Great Britain, by Defoe, and Richardson.

‡ For WALKER's opinion of the introduction of '*relevant*' and '*irrelevant*,' into Parliament, see his *Pronouncing Dictionary*. Under these words he talks of '*the coinage of the House of Commons*;' and of '*the annual*

That many things he deeply must deplore,
Fall'n from the Noble Lord upon the Floor;
 That no one clearly has the Bill define'd,
Before him, but his Learned Friend behind;—
 When thus, impressively, he has declaim'd,
 Within that House for Oratory fame'd,
 That Language-Mint, which stamps, howe'er absurd,
 A currency on many a Phrase, and Word;
 Then down he sits,—but does he long remain
 In silence?—no;—he *rises to explain.*

Thus I,—if lowly Versifiers may
 Persue the mighty senatorial way,
 But with no arrogant attempt to reach
 Such technical *sublimity* of Speech,—
 Presume to add, my chief discussion o'er,
 A few explanatory periods more.

productions of the House of Commons, where new words, and money Bills, naturally originate.'

The Reader need, scarcely, be told that, the several words and phrases, mark'd in *Italicks*, in this part of the text, are 'the coinage of that House.'

Once more, then, to my *first* imputed crime,—
Those *Double Meanings** that disgrace my rhyme.
Why, all who understand them know no more
Of evil than they understood before ;
And all who do not are no wiser grown,
Would Criticks let the simple souls alone.
But grant that Innocents,—yet shew the ground,
Name the Utopian Soil where they are found ;
Where Youth, in all the *broadest* phrases mean,
Bursts not to Knowledge before warm Eighteen ;—
Grant they derive, without one Note annex'd,
Their naughty cunning from my doubtful Text ;
If such quick Geniuses there, haply, be,
And I have hurt them, say—in what degree ?

'Tis not the laugh-exciting *Equivoque*,
The salt allusion, no nor broader joke,

* The *Quarterly Review* asserts that I have, sometimes, only *Single Meanings*,—and those very bad ones.—Where are they to be found ?

That deeply injures innocence ;—the *droll*
 No *passion* moves, nor *penetrates the Soul*.
 No,—turn for this to Twickenham's *moral* Bard ;
 Read o'er his *Eloise to Abelard* ;*
 Which the ripe Maid, perusing in her bed,
 Pores over, till the taper's light has fled ;
 And then, with soft, luxurious thoughts imprest,
 To panting slumber sinks,—‘ and dreams the rest !’
 Turn,—but, oh ! ‘ what a falling off !’—yet turn
 To *modern Novelists*,—there ‘ *Read, and Burn !*’—
 Where ardent minds are gravely led a dance,
 Through the lewd maze of amorous Romance :—
 Turn to the Bardling who, in afternoons,
 Warbles his publish'd lays to melting tunes ;
 Trolls, while she languishes, his lines to Miss,
 Penn'd to entrance all Boarding-Schools in bliss ;
 And taints the female bosom,—little Lord
 Of luscious Love-Songs, and a Harpsichord :

* Numerous celebrated Poets might be thus produce'd, in addition to *Pope*,
 the *Moralist*.

Here, Censurer, turn ; and pardon trivial sins,
Of Poetry's *Vagaries*, and *Broad Grins*.

Yet if my Muse, too sportive in her plan,
Startle the moral *unaffected* man,
(Who, leniently, will, oft, allow a joke,
Which a Reviewing Methodist would choke,)
To Him, chastise'd, I bow ; my freaks give o'er,
And contrite tell him—I will sin no more ;
Sure, if my errors in contrition end,
Contrition makes that Candid Man my Friend.



THE END.



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ERRATA, in the Address to Orthographers.

P. xi. last line:—for “hard between two consonants,” read “hard before a consonant.”

P. xii. beginning of first line:—after the words “every where,” insert “when not silent.”

P. xv. line 13:—for “Distress’d, read “Distressed.”

