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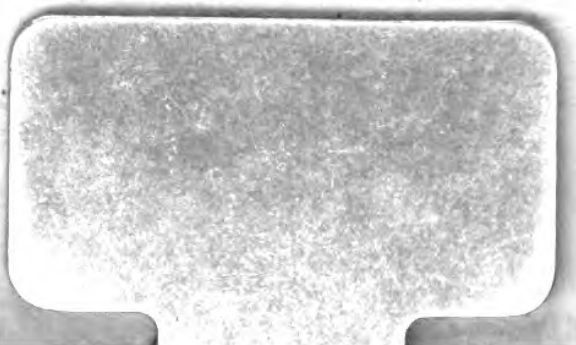
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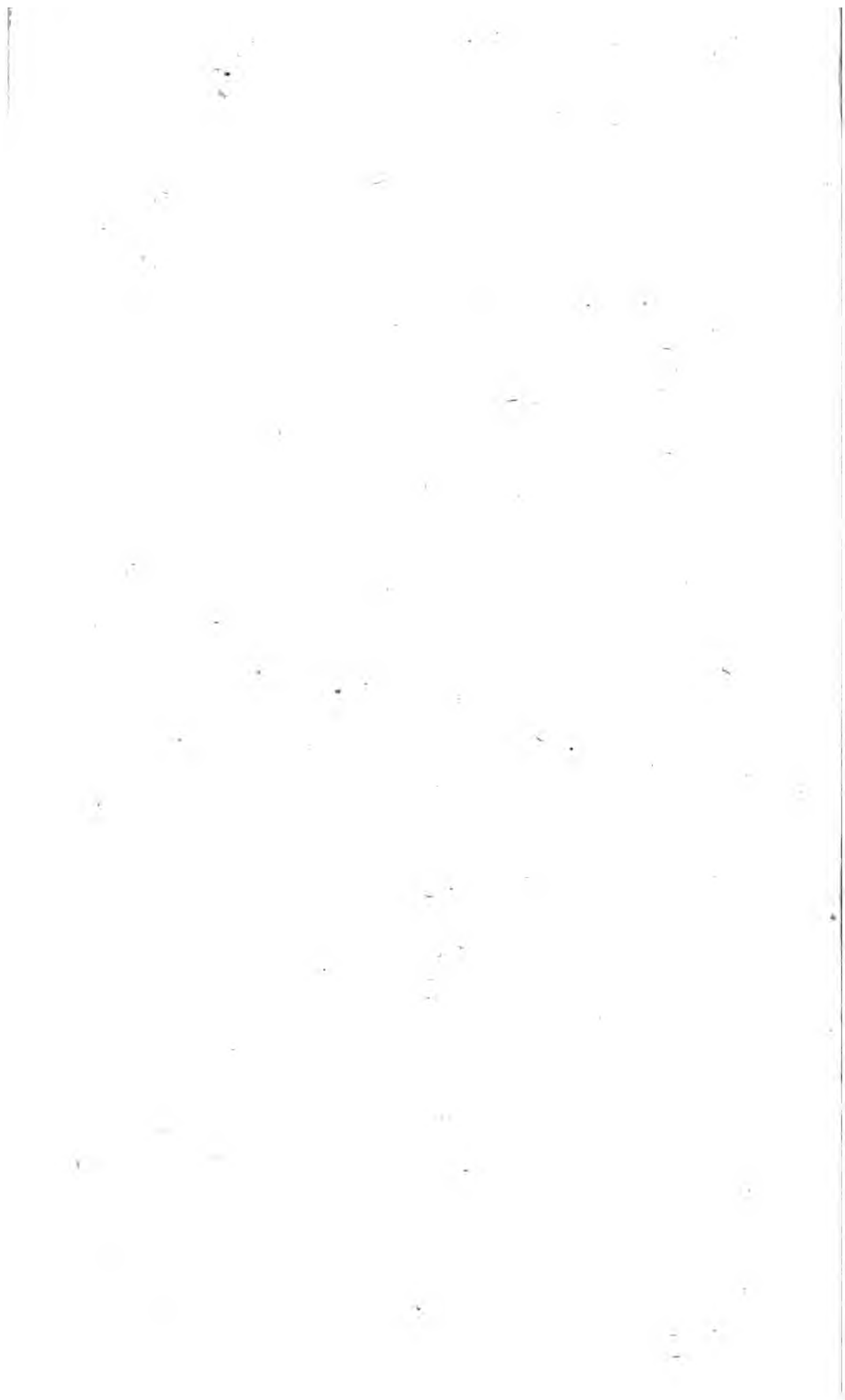
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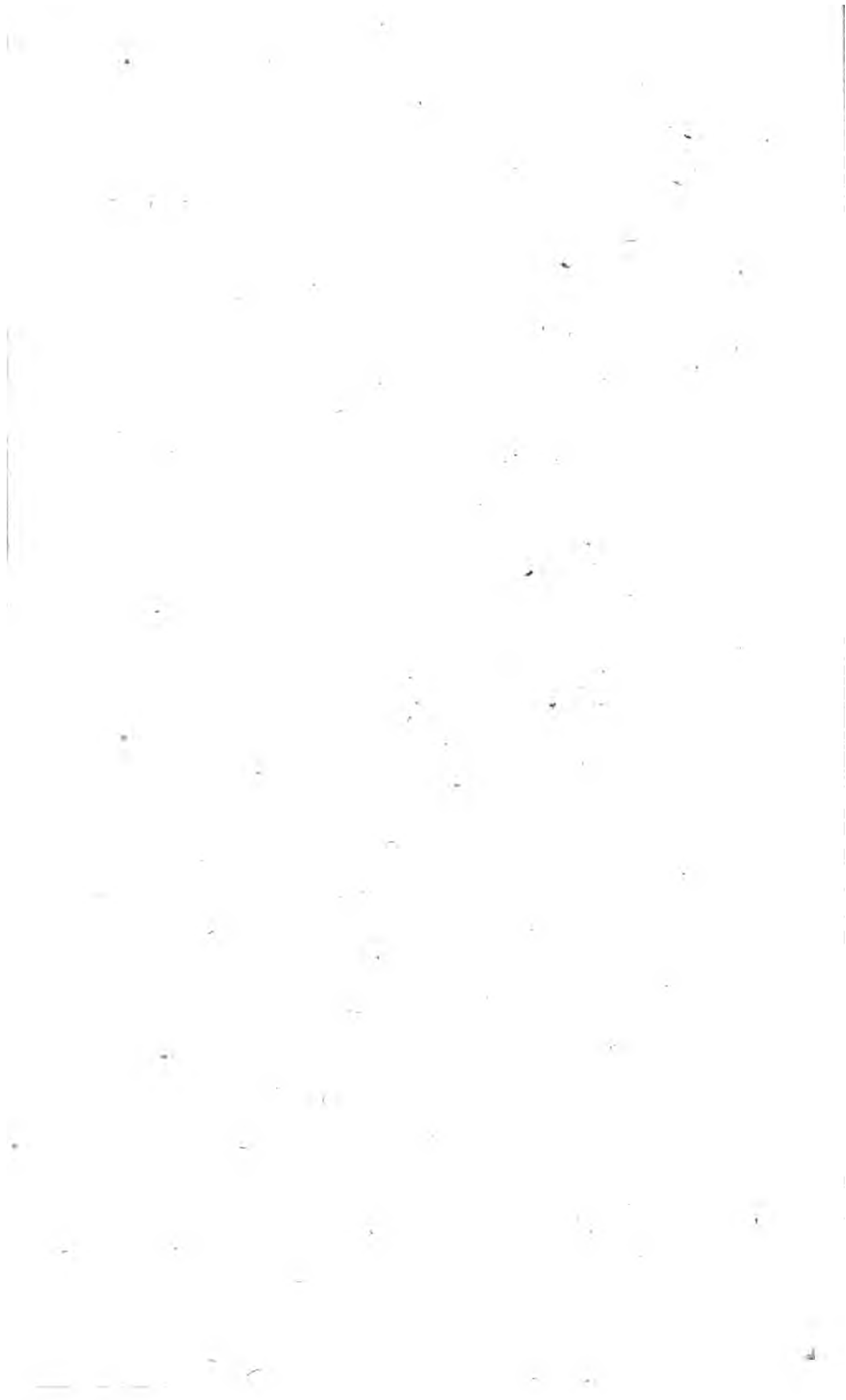


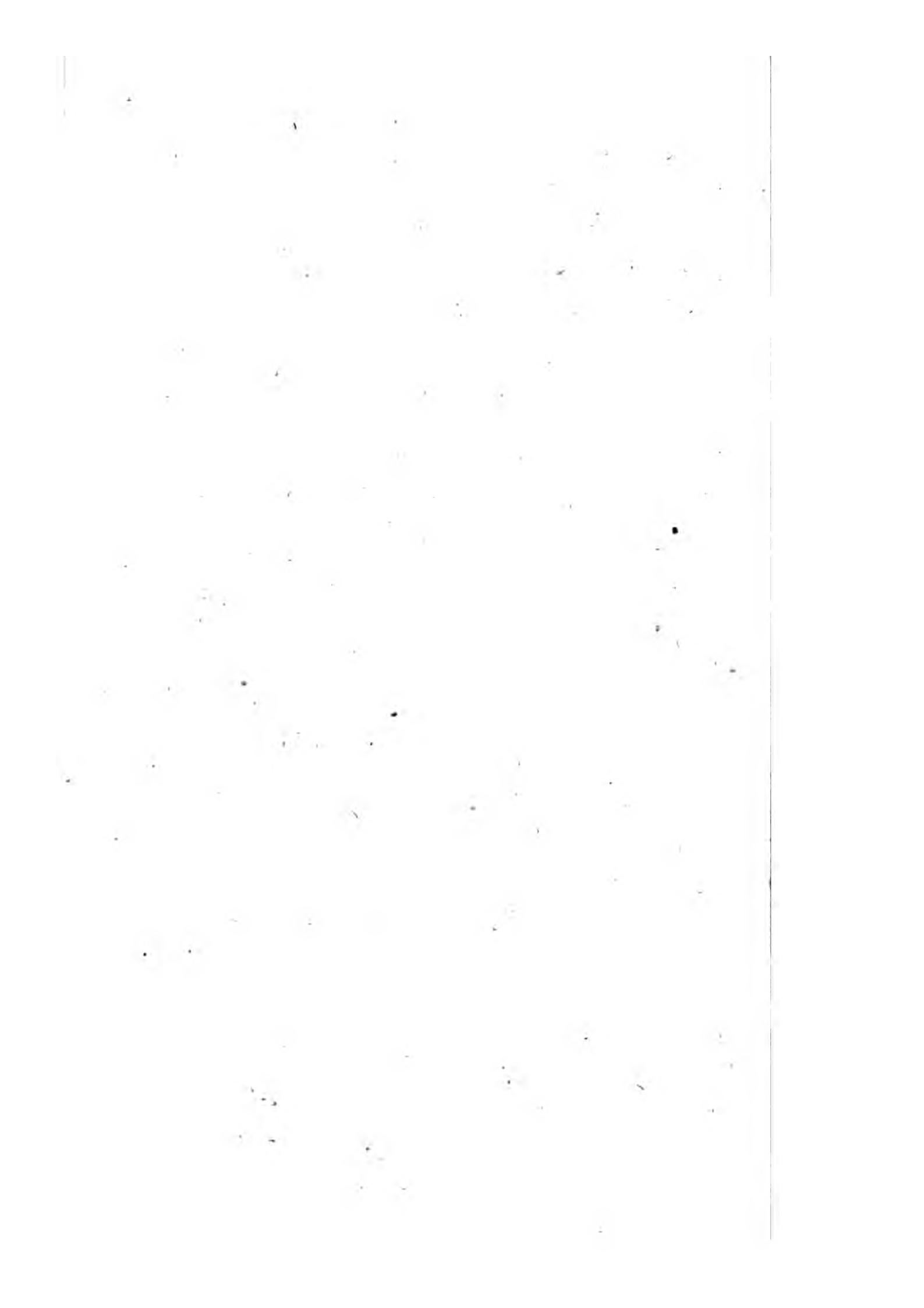
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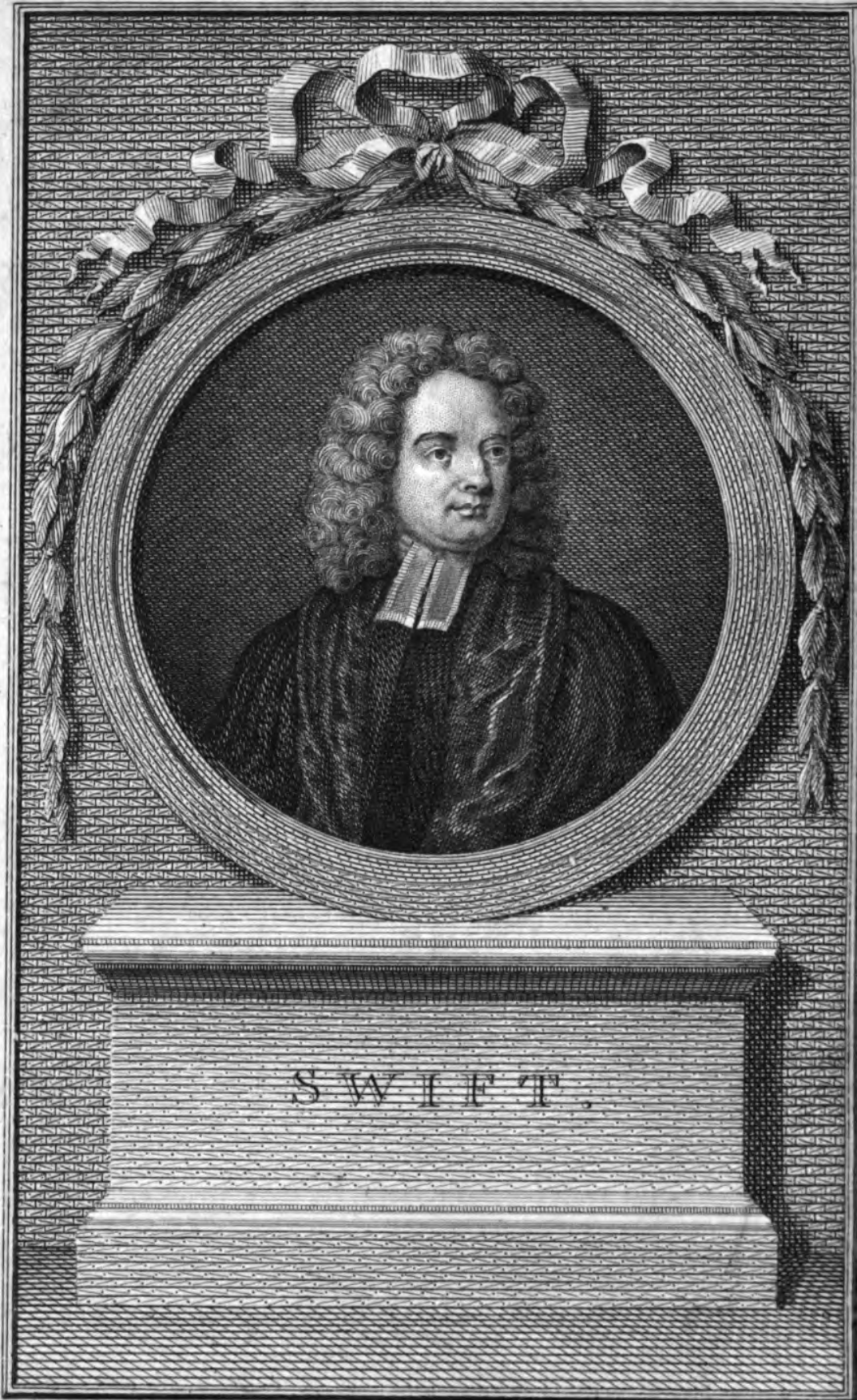












Walker Sculp.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-NINTH.

L O N D O N:

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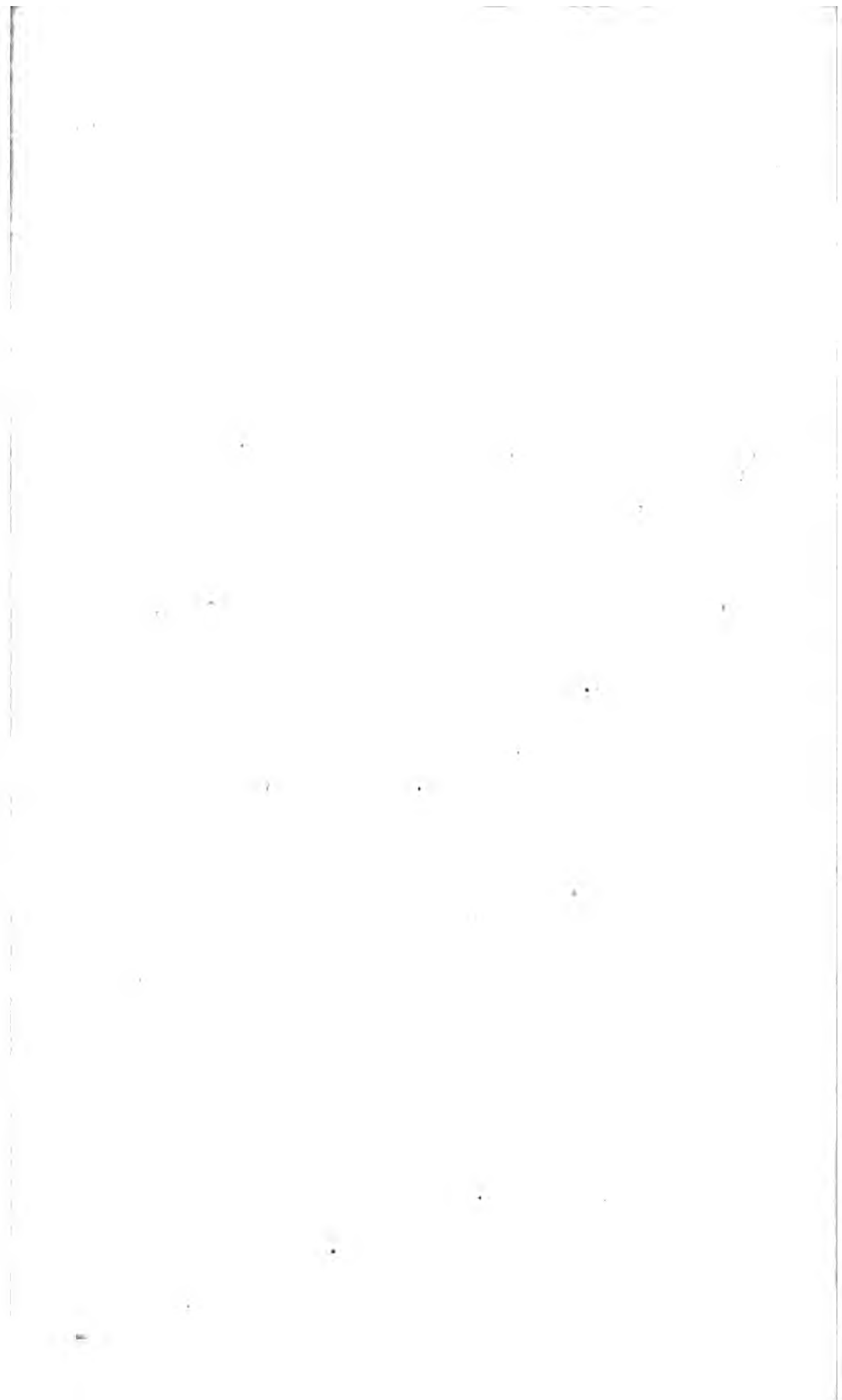
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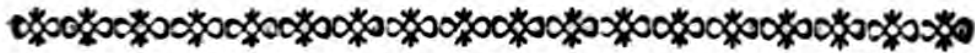
P O E M S.

VOLUME I.



P O E M S

By DR. SWIFT.



O D E,

TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moor-park, June, 1689.

I.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all monarchies !
Till, its first emperor rebellious man
Depos'd from off his seat,
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast !
'Tis you who must this land subdue,
The mighty conquest 's left for you,
The conquest and discovery too ;
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found,
Like the philosopher's stone,
With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

VOL. I.

B

II. We

II.

We have too long been led astray ;
 Too long have our misguided souls been taught
 With rules from musty morals brought,
 'Tis you must put us in the way ;
 Let us (for shame!) no more be fed
 With antique reliques of the dead,
 The gleanings of philosophy,
 Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
 The roguery of alchemy ;
 And we, the bubbled fools,
 Spend all our present life in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ignorance Learning call ?
 We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
 Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all ;
 Remembrance is our treasure and our food ;
 Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
 We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
 Stale memorandums of the schools :
 For Learning's mighty treasures look
 In that deep grave a book ;
 Think that she there does all her treasures hide,
 And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since she dy'd.
 Confine her walks to colleges and schools ;
 Her priests, her train, and followers show
 As if they all were spectres too !
 They purchase knowledge at th' expence
 Of common breeding, common sense,
 And grow at once scholars and fools ;

ODE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. 3

Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility,
And, sick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they swallow down,
Still cast it up, and nauseate company.

IV.

Curst be the wretch! nay doubly curst!
(If it may lawful be
To curse our greatest enemy)
Who learnt himself that heresy first
(Which since has seiz'd on all the rest)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our scraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'scap'd this general pest;
Those mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at last united grown.

You cannot be compar'd to one:
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate;
He sav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;

4 SWIFT'S POEMS.

Nor has it left the usual bloody fear,
 To shew it cost its price in war;
War! that mad game the world so loves to play,
 And for it does so dearly pay;
For, though with loss or victory a while
 Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
 No thunder e'er can blast:
Th' artillery of the skies
 Shoots to the earth, and dies;
Nor ever green and flourishing 'twill last,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans' cries.
 About the head crown'd with these bays,
 Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
 Makes up its solemn train with death;
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

VII.

The wily shifts of state, those jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep designs and politicks
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
 Because the cords escape their eye,
 Wonder to see the motions fly);
Methinks, when you expose the scene,
 Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and discover all:
 How plain I see through the deceit!
 How shallow, and how gross, the cheat!

Look,

ODE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. 5

Look where the pully 's tied above !
Great God ! (said I) what have I seen !

On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and designs of states !
What petty motives rule their fates !

How the mouse makes the mighty mountain shake !
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,

Away the frighten'd peasants fly,
Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect some great gigantic son of earth ;

Lo ! it appears !

See how they tremble ! how they quake !
Out starts the little beast, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

Then tell, dear favourite Muse !
What serpent 's that which still resorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts ?

Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.

See where she lies !

See how she rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,

To drive all virtue out, or look it dead !
'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
And though as some ('tis said) for their defence

Have worn a casement o'er their skin,

So he wore his within,

Made up of virtue and transparent innocence ;

And though he oft' renew'd the fight,

And almost got priority of fight,

He ne'er could overcome her quite
(In pieces cut, the viper still did re-unite),
Till, at last, tir'd with loss of time and ease,
Resolv'd to give himself, as well as country, peace.

IX.

Sing, belov'd Muse! the pleasures of retreat,
And in some untouch'd virgin strain
Shew the delights thy sister Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;
Go publish o'er the plain
How mighty a profelyte you gain!
How noble a reprisal on the great!
How is the Muse luxuriant grown!
Whene'er she takes this flight,
She soars clear out of sight.
These are the paradises of her own:
(The Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'er so gently led
To the lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his usual course.)
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-lov'd streams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames!
Fain the fair nymph would stay,
Oft' she looks back in vain,
Oft' 'gainst her fountain does complain,
And softly steals in many windings down,
As loth to see the hated court and town,
And murmurs as she glides away.

ODE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. 7

X.

In this new happy scene
Are nobler subjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predecessor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our sport,
Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel see
(Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of sight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How some go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiously upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
Was cast in the same mold with mine?
Why then does Nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of a fare:
Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade,

Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
 Bids us make bricks, yet fends us to look out for straw:
 Some she condemns for life to try
 To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
 Me she has to the Muse's gallies tied,
 In vain I strive to cross this spacious main,
 In vain I tug and pull the oar,
 And, when I almost reach the shore,
 Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch out again:
 And yet, to feed my pride,
 Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
 With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

Then, Sir, accept this worthless verse,
 The tribute of an humble Muse,
 'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
 Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
 And kindled first with indolence and ease;
 And, since too oft' debauch'd by praise,
 'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
 In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
 In wisdom and philosophy;
 In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
 Where nought but weeds will grow.
 Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
 By an equivocal birth
 Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

O D E,
TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

I.

AS when the deluge first began to fall,
 That mighty ebb never to flow again
 (When this huge body's moisture was so great,
 It quite o'ercame the vital heat);
 That mountain, which was highest first of all,
 Appear'd above the universal main,
 To bless the primitive sailor's weary fight!
 And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height
 It be as great as 'tis in fame,
 And nigh to Heaven as is its name:
 So, after th' inundation of a war,
 When Learning's little household did embark
 With her world's fruitful system in her sacred ark,
 At the first ebb of noise and fears,
 Philosophy's exalted head appears;
 And the Dove-Muse will now no longer stay,
 But plumes her silver wings, and flies away;
 And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
 To crown the happy conqueror,
 To shew the flood begins to cease,
 And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II. The

II.

The eager Muse took wing upon the waves' decline,
 When war her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
 When the bright sun of peace began to shine,
 And for a while in heavenly contemplation sat
 On the high top of peaceful Ararat ;
 And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the first that
 grew,
 The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain) ;
 And thence, with joyful nimble wing,
 Flew dutifully back again,
 And made an humble chaplet for the King *.
 And the Dove-Muse is fled once more
 (Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war) ;
 And now discovers from afar
 A peaceful and a flourishing shore :
 No sooner did she land
 On the delightful strand,
 Then straight she sees the country all around,
 Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
 Scatter'd with flowery vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,
 And many a pleasant wood !
 As if the universal Nile
 Had rather water'd it than drown'd :
 It seems some floating piece of paradise,
 Preserv'd by wonder from the flood,
 Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
 Fam'd Delos did of old,

* The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland. SWIFT.—
 This cannot now be recovered.

And

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY. 11

And the transported Muse imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the God of wit,
Or the much-talk'd oracular grove ;
When with amazing joy she hears
An unknown musick all around
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heavenly song
Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love,
Whilst angels tune the voice, and God inspires the tongue,
In vain she catches at the empty sound,
In vain pursues the musick with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
The wild excursions of a youthful pen * ;
Forgive a young, and (almost) Virgin-Muse,
Whom blind and eager curiosity
(Yet curiosity, they say,
Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye.
No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense
For a dear ramble through impertinence ;
Impertinence ! the scurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions still,
Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
Yet wheresoe'er you look, you 'll always find
We join, like flies and wasps, in buzzing about wit.

* See Dr. Swift's very remarkable Letter to the Athenian Society, in the Supplement to his Works.

In me, who am of the first sect of these,
 All merit, that transcends the humble rules
 Of my own dazzled scanty sense,
 Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
 Of admiration and of praise.
 And our good brethren of the surly sect
 Must e'en all herd us with their kindred fools :
 For though, possess'd of present vogue, they've made
 Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade ;
 Yet the same want of brains produces each effect.
 And you, whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud
 From us the blind and thoughtless croud,
 Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
 Who both our follies and impertinences see,
 Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

VI.

But censure 's to be understood
 Th' authentic mark of the elect,
 The public stamp Heaven sets on all that's great and good,
 Our shallow search and judgement to direct.
 The war methinks has made
 Our wit and learning narrow as our trade ;
 Instead of boldly sailing far, to buy
 A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
 We fondly stay at home, in fear
 Of every censuring privateer ;
 Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
 And selling basely by retail.
 The wits, I mean the atheists of the age,
 Who fain would rule the pulpit as they do the stage ;
Wondrous

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY. 151

Wondrous refiners of philosophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logick and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cause.

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little, do prevail
Their first and chiefest force
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another course :
And, by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall,
And straight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap :
'Tis but to say, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas ! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a croud of atoms jostling in a heap,
Which from eternal feeds begun,
Jostling some thousand years till ripen'd by the sun ;
They 're now, just now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI. But

SWIFT'S POEMS.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to see;
Methinks I 'm satisfy'd to guess,
That this new, noble, and delightful scene
Is wonderfully mov'd by some exalted men,
Who have well studied in the world's disease
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgement or our eye),
That what surprizes us can only please.
We often search contentedly the whole world round,
To make some great discovery;
And scorn it when 'tis found.
Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame,
Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
We 've found a little inconsiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal stream.
Consider human folly, and you 'll quickly own,
That all the praises it can give,
By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Else why should the fam'd Lydian king
(Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and state,
With all that power unfelt courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait)
Still wear, still doat, on his invisible ring?

VII. Were

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY. 15

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
As to paint Echo to the sight ;
I would not draw th' idea from an empty name ;
Because, alas ! when we all die,
Careless and ignorant posterity,
Although they praise the learning and the wit,
And though the title seems to show
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how shall they be brought to know,
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I ?
Lest should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
And water-colours of these days :
These days ! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loss for figures to express
Mens' folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
And by a faint description makes them less.
Then tell us what is Fame, where shall we search for it ?
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit
Enthron'd with heavenly Wit !
Look where you see
The greatest scorn of learned vanity !
(And then how much a nothing is mankind !
Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who, by that, vainly talks of baffling death ;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind !)
And when you find out these, believe true Fame is there,
Far

Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown! is only known in you.

VIII.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepan'd
By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand,
Impatient of all answers, strait became
A stealing brook, and strove to creep away
Into his native sea,
Vext at their follies, murmur'd in his stream;
But, disappointed of his fond desire,
Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
This surly slippery God, when he design'd
To furnish his escapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
Than you to please and satisfy mankind,
And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you answer all phænomena there:
Though madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and shame,
Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic God would grope in igno-
rance and night,
The God of learning and of light
Would want a God himself to help him out.

IX.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it pass'd,

But

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY. 17

But always with a stronger relish of the last.
This beauteous queen, by Heaven design'd
To be the great original
For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her since the fall?
More oft' in fools and madmens hands than fages,
She seems a medley of all ages,
With a huge fardingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a top-knot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye :
How soon have you restor'd her charms
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Drest her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great !
How fond we are to court her to our arms !
How much of Heaven is in her naked looks !

X.

Thus the deluding Muse oft' blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty, and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.
The rebel Muse, alas ! takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown ! what is it you intend ?
Ah ! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend !

Rather forgive what my first transport said :
 May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be shed,
 Lie upon you and on your childrens' head !
 For you (ah ! did I think I e'er should live to see
 The fatal time when that could be !)
 Have ev'n increas'd their pride and cruelty.
 Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
 Still boasting of her great unknown
 Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
 Or the vast charges of a smile ;
 Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
 You 've taught the covetous wretches to o'er-rate,
 And which they 've now the consciences to weigh
 In the same balance with our tears,
 And with such scanty wages pay
 The bondage and the slavery of years.
 Let the vain sex dream on ; the empire comes from us,
 And, had they common generosity,
 They would not use us thus.
 Well—though you 've rais'd her to this high degree,
 Ourselves are rais'd as well as she ;
 And, spite of all that they or you can do,
 'Tis pride and happiness enough to me
 Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

XI.

 Alas, how fleeting and how vain,
 Is ev'n the nobler man, our learning and our wit !
 I sigh whene'er I think of it :
 As at the closing of an unhappy scene

Of

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY. 19

Of some great king and conqueror's death,
When the sad melancholy Muse
Stays but to catch his utmost breath.
I grieve, this nobler work most happily begun,
So quickly and so wonderfully carry'd on,
May fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,
Although we boast our winter-sun looks bright,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son ;
It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it pass'd,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.
For, when the animating mind is fled
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again),
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy men shall dare
To be successors to these great unknown,
On Learning's high-establish'd throne.
Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth
From Ignorance's universal North,

And with blind rage break all this peaceful government :
 Yet shall these traces of your wit remain,
 Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
 Of conquest in your short and happy reign ;
 And to all future mankind shew
 How strange a paradox is true,
 That men who liv'd and dy'd without a name
 Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of Fame.

Written in a Lady's Ivory Table-book, 1699.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
 And think thou feest my owner's heart,
 Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
 As hard, as senseless, and as light ;
 Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
 But hid with caution from the wife.
 Here you may read, " Dear charming faint !"
 Beneath, " A new receipt for paint :"
 Here, in beau-spelling, " Tru tel deth ;"
 There, in her own, " For an el breth :"
 Here, " Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom !"
 There, " A safe way to use perfume :"
 Here, a page fill'd with billets-doux :
 On t'other side, " Laid out for shoes"—
 " Madam, I die without your grace"—
 " Item, for half a yard of lace."
 Who that had wit would place it here,
 For every peeping fop to jeer ?

In power of spittle and a clout,
 Whene'er he please, to blot it out ;
 And then, to heighten the disgrace,
 Clap his own nonsense in the place.
 Whoe'er expects to hold his part
 In such a book, and such a heart,
 If he be wealthy, and a fool,
 Is in all points the fittest tool ;
 Of whom it may be justly said,
 He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION.

1699.

TO their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland*,
 the humble petition of Frances Harris,
 Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries ;
 Humbly sheweth,
 That I went to warm myself in lady Betty's † chamber,
 because I was cold ;
 And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and
 six pence, besides farthings, in money and gold :
 So, because I had been buying things for my Lady last
 night,
 I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right.

* The earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterward Germaine.

Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very
 bad lock,
 Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows,
 is a very small stock,
 I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to
 my smock.

So when I went to put up my purse, as God would
 have it, my smock was unript,
 And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it flipt;
 Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady
 to bed;
 And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as
 my maidenhead.

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very
 light :

But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord! I
 thought I should have sunk outright.

Lord! Madam, says Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed, says
 I, never worse :

But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with
 my purse?

Lord help me! said Mary, I never stirr'd out of this
 place :

Nay, said I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's
 a plain case.

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm :
 However, she stole away my garters, that I might do
 myself no harm.

So I tumbled and tofs'd all night, as you may very well
 think,

But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

So

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION. 23

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and
fearch'd the folks round,

And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's * box, ty'd in a rag,
the money was found.

So next morning we told Whittle †, and he fell a-
fweearing :

Then my dame Wadgar ‡ came; and she, you know, is
thick of hearing.

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know
what a loss I have had ?

Nay, said she, my lord Colway's § folks are all very sad;
For my Lord Dromedary || comes a Tuesday without
fail.

Pugh! said I, but that's not the business that I ail.

Says Cary **, says he, I have been a servant this five and
twenty years, come spring,

And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a
thing.

Yes, says the steward ††, I remember, when I was at
my Lady Shrewsbury's,

Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of
gooseberries.

* Wife to one of the footmen.

† Earl of Berkeley's valet.

‡ The old deaf housekeeper.
Galway.

|| The earl of Drogheda, who with the primate was
to succeed the two earls.

** Clerk of the kitchen.

†† Ferris.

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full
of grief,

(Now you must know, of all things in the world, I hate
a thief).

However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse slyly
about :

Mrs. Dukes, said I, here's an ugly accident has hap-
pen'd out :

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse* ;
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.

'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and six pence,
makes a great hole in my wages :

Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these
ages.

Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body under-
stands,

That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go
without hands.

The *devil* take me ! said she (blessing herself) if ever
I saw 't !

So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as though I had call'd her
all to naught.

So you know, what could I say to her any more ?

I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well ; but then they would have had me gone to the
cunning man !

No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the *chaplain* will be
here anon.

* An usual saying of hers.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION. 25

So the *chaplain* * came in. Now the servants say he is
my sweetheart,

Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take
his part.

So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out
I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a *nativity*, when a body's
plunder'd?

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *parson* like
the *devil*!)

Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be
more civil;

If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says, d'ye
see,

You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I'd have you
to know.

Lord! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never thought
you so;

You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a *parson's*
wife;

I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all my
life.

With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as
who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me! and so went
away.

Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. *Lord!* said I,
what shall I do?

I have lost my *money*, and shall lose my *true love* too!

* Dr. Swift.

Then

Then my Lord call'd me: Harry*, said my Lord, don't
cry;

I'll give you something towards thy loss; and, says my
Lady, so will I.

Oh! but, said I, what if, after all, the chaplain won't
come to?

For that, he said, (an't please your *Excellencies*,) I must
petition you.

The premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire your *Ex-*
cellencies protection,

And that I may have a share in next Sunday's col-
lection;

And, over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies*
letter,

With an order for the *chaplain* aforesaid, or, instead of
him, a better:

And then your poor *petitioner*, both night and day,
Or the *chaplain* (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound,
shall ever *pray*.

A B A L L A D

ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC.

Written at the Castle of Dublin, 1699.

MY Lord †, to find out who must deal,
Delivers cards about,

But the first knave does seldom fail

To find the Doctor out.

* A cant of word of lord and lady B. to Mrs. Harris.

† The earl of Berkeley.

But

But then his Honour cry'd, Gadzooks!
 And seem'd to knit his brow:
 For on a knave he never looks
 But h' thinks upon Jack How*.

My Lady, though she is no player,
 Some bungling partner takes,
 And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,
 Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

Dame Floyd † looks out in grave suspense
 For pair-royals and sequents;
 But, wisely cautious of her pence,
 The castle feldom fréquents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting cafes,
 I'd won it on my word,
 If I had but a pair of aces,
 And could pick up a third.

But Weston has a new-cast gown
 On Sundays to be fine in,
 And, if she can but win a crown,
 'Twill just new-dye the lining.

“ ‡ With these is *Parson Swift*,
 “ Not knowing how to spend his time,
 “ Does make a wretched shift,
 “ To deafen them with puns and rhyme.”

* Paymaster to the army.

† See the verses on this lady, p. 38.

‡ See the note, p. 28.

A BALLAD, To the Tune of, THE CUT-PURSE*.

I.

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
 A friar would needs shew his talent in Latin ;
 But was forely put to't in the midst of a verse,
 Because he could find no word to come pat in :
 Then all in the place
 He left a void space,

And so went to bed in a desperate case :
 When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle !
 He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.

Cho. *Let censuring critics then think what they list :
 on't ;
 Who would not write verses with such an
 assistant ?*

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement :
 For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite ;
 That he came through the key-hole, or in at the casement ;
 And it needs must be one that could both read and
 write :

* Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verses in the author's room unfinished, wrote under them the concluding stanza ; which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.

Yet

Yet he did not know
 If it were friend or foe,
 Or whether it came from above or below :
 However, 't was civil in angel or elf,
 For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.

Chor. *Let censuring, &c.*

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
 In making a ballad, but was at a stand :
 He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains ;
 When he found a new help from invisible hand.
 Then, good Doctor Swift
 Pay thanks for the gift,
 For you freely must own, you were at a dead list :
 And, though some malicious young spirit did do't,
 You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.

Chor. *Let censuring, &c.*

T H E D I S C O V E R Y .

W H E N wise lord Berkeley first came here *,
 Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
 Nor thought to find so great a peer
 Ere a week past committing blunders.
 Till, on a day cut out by fate,
 When folks came thick to make their court,
 Out slipt a mystery of state,
 To give the town and country sport.

* To Ireland, as one of the lords justices.

Now

Now enters * Bush with new state airs,
 His lordship's premier minister ;
 And who in all profound affairs
 Is held as needful as his † clyster.
 With head reclining on his shoulder,
 He deals and hears mysterious chat,
 While every ignorant beholder
 Asks of his neighbour, who is that ?
 With this he put up to my lord,
 The courtiers kept their distance due,
 He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word ;
 Then to a corner both withdrew.
 Imagine now, my lord and Bush
 Whisping in junto most profound,
 Like good king ‡ Phyz and good king Ush,
 While all the rest stood gaping round.
 At length a spark not too well bred,
 Of forward face and ear acute,
 Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
 To over-hear the grand dispute ;
 To learn what Northern kings design,
 Or from Whitehall some new exprefs,
 Papiſts difarm'd, or fall of coin :
 For fure (thought he) it can't be lefs.

* Bush, by ſome underhand inſinuation, obtained the poſt of ſecretary ; which had been promiſed to Swift.

† Always taken before my lord went to council.

‡ See “ The Rehearſal.”

THE DISCOVERY.

31

My lord, said Bush, a friend and I,
Disguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,
Ere morning's dawn, stole out to spy
How markets went for hay and oats.
With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay ;
Puts this to 's excellency's snout,
And begs he would the other weigh.
My lord seems pleas'd, but still directs
By all means to bring down the rates ;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.
Our listener stood a while confus'd,
But, gathering spirits, wisely ran for 't,
Enrag'd to see the world abus'd
By two such whispering kings of Brentford.

T H E P R O B L E M.

“ THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS,
WHEN HE IS IN LOVE.”

DID ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ, the female sex ?
So sweet a passion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a stink ?
The ladies vow and swear, they 'll try,
Whether it be a truth or lye.
Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by stool and sweat,
Which brings a stink from every pore,
And from behind and from before ;

Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
 None but the favourite nymph can smell it.
 But now, to solve the natural cause
 By sober philosophic laws :
 Whether all passions, when in ferment,
 Work out as anger does in vermin ;
 So, when a weazel you torment,
 You find his passion by his scent.
 We read of kings, who, in a fright,
 Though on a throne, would fall to sh—.
 Beside all this, deep scholars know,
 That the main string of Cupid's bow
 Once on a time was an a— gut ;
 Now to a nobler office put,
 By favour or desert preferr'd
 From giving passage to a t— ;
 But still, though fix'd among the stars
 Does sympathize with human a—.
 Thus, when you feel an hard-bound breech,
 Conclude love's bow-string at full stretch,
 Till the kind looseness comes, and then
 Conclude the bow relax'd again.
 And now, the ladies all are bent
 To try the great experiment,
 Ambitious of a regent's heart,
 Spread all their charms to catch a f— ;
 Watching the first unfavoury wind,
 Some ply before, and some behind.
 My lord, on fire amidst the dames,
 F—ts like a laurel in the flames.

The fair approach the speaking part,
 To try the back-way to his heart.
 For, as when we a gun discharge,
 Although the bore be ne'er so large,
 Before the flame from muzzle burst,
 Just at the breech it flashes first :
 So from my lord his passion broke,
 He f—d first, and then he spoke.

The ladies vanish in the smother,
 To confer notes with one another ;
 And now they all agreed to name
 Whom each-one thought the happy dame.
 Quoth Neal, whate'er the rest may think,
 I'm sure 'twas I, that smelt the stink.
 You smell the stink ! by G—, you lye,
 Quoth Ross, for I'll be sworn 'twas I.
 Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear :
 Let's not fall out ; we all had share,
 And, by the most I can discover,
 My lord's an universal lover.

THE DESCRIPTION

OF

A SALAMANDER. 1706.

Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. x. c. 67. lib. xxix. c. 4.

AS mastiff dogs in modern phrase are
 Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæsar ;
 As pyes and daws are often styl'd
 With Christian nicknames, like a child ;

As we say Monsieur to an Ape,
 Without offence to human shape ;
 So men have got from bird and brute
 Names that would best their natures suit.
 The Lion, Eagle, Fox, and Boar,
 Were Heroes titles heretofore,
 Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit
 To shew their valour, strength, or wit :
 For what is understood by *fame*,
 Besides the getting of a *name* ?
 But, e'er since men invented guns,
 A different way their fancy runs :
 To paint a Hero, we inquire
 For something that will conquer *fire*.
 Would you describe Turenne or Trump ?
 Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
 Are these too low ?—then find out grander,
 Call my lord Cutts a Salamander.
 'Tis well ;—but, since we live among
 Detractors with an evil tongue,
 Who may object against the term,
 Pliny shall prove what we affirm :
 Pliny, shall prove, and we'll apply,
 And I'll be judg'd by standers-by.

First, then, our author has defin'd
 This reptile of the Serpent kind,
 With gaudy coat and shining train ;
 But loathsome spots his body stain :
 Out from some hole obscure he flies,
 When rains descend, and tempests rise,

Till

Till the sun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
I've seen a Snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish, and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the sky serene;
Then shrink into its hole again.
"All this we grant—why then look yonder.

"Sure that must be a Salamander!"

Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This Serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spues a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or lust, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And should some nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charlton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects

Her tainted carcase to pursue,
 As from the Salamander's spue ;
 A dismal shedding of her locks,
 And, if no leprosy, a pox.
 " Then I 'll appeal to each by-stander,
 " If this be not a Salamander ?"

T O T H E
 E A R L O F P E T E R B O R O W ,

Who commanded the BRITISH forces in SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
 The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
 And prints are crouded with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
 Sits up till midnight with his host,
 Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
 Flies like a squib from place to place,
 And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
 This day arriv'd, without his train,
 Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek
 Mordanto at Madrid to seek ;
 He left the town above a week.

Next day the postboy winds his horn,
 And rides through Dover in the morn :
 Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW. 37

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with her followers strown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone ;

His body active as his mind,
Returning found in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star ;
In senates bold, and fierce in war ;
A land commander, and a tar :

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-fake Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

THE queen has lately lost a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH * heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with SCOTCH.
Blest revolution ! which creates
Divided hearts, united states !

* The motto on queen Anne's coronation medal.

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

O N M R S. B I D D Y F L O Y D .

Or, the RECEIPT to form a BEAUTY *.

WHEN Cupid did his grandfire Jove intreat
 To form some Beauty by a new receipt,
 Jove sent, and found far in a country-scene
 Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene :
 From which ingredients first the dextrous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.

* An elegant Latin version of this little poem is in the sixth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies.

The

The Graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
 These Venus cleans from every spurious grain
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
 Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd;
 Then call'd the happy Composition *Floyd*.

A P O L L O O U T W I T T E D.

To the Honourable Mrs. FINCH, afterwards Countess of
 WINCHELSEA, under her name of ARDELIA.

PHOEBUS, now shortening every shade,
 Up to the northern *tropic* came,
 And thence beheld a lovely maid,
 Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
 Then lighted from his glittering coach;
 But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
 Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
 From common lightning of the skies,
 He fondly thought he might endure
 The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
 Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
 Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
 And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He, in the old celestial cant,
 Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx,
 Whate'er she would desire, to grant—
 But wife Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her, to beware
 Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
 Under pretence of taking air,
 To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
 As having malice in her heart;
 And was resolv'd upon a trial,
 To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my request, the virgin said;
 Let which I please of all the Nine
 Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
 Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
 The god could not refuse her prayer:
 He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
 Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due:
 But she the charm already tried.
 Thalia heard the call, and flew
 To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
 Apollo thought it vain to stay;
 Nor in her presence durst be rude;
 But made his leg, and went away.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour,
When on their Queen the Muses wait :
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power ;
For vows divine are kept by Fate.
Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke :
Deceitful Nymph ! I see thy art ;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I 'll disappoint its nobler part.
Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame ;
With every Muse to grace thy song,
May'st thou despise a poet's name !
Of modest poets thou be first ;
To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.
And last, my vengeance to complete,
May'st thou descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig ! and one that wears a gown !

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the RUINS of WHITEHALL, 1706*.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would over-load a team ;

* See the note, p. 46.

Lead them a dance of many a mile,
 'Then rear them to a goodly pile.
 Each number had its different power :
 Heroic strains could built a tower ;
 Sonnets, or Elegies to Chloris,
 Might raise a house about two stories ;
 A Lyric Ode would slate ; a Catch
 Would tile ; an Epigram would thatch.

But, to their own or landlord's cost,
 Now poets feel this art is lost.
 Not one of all our tuneful throng
 Can raise a lodging *for a song* :
 For Jove consider'd well the case,
 Observ'd they grew a numerous race ;
 And, should they build as fast as *write*,
 'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
 This evil therefore to prevent,
 He wisely chang'd their element :
 On earth the god of wealth was made
 Sole patron of the building trade ;
 Leaving the wits the spacious air,
 With licence to *build castles* there :
 And, 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
 To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Premising thus, in modern way,
 The better half we have to say :
 Sing, Muse, the house of poet Van
 In higher strains than we began.

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
 Is both a herald and a poet ;

No wonder then if nicely skill'd
 In both capacities to build.
 As herald, he can in a day
 Repair a *house* gone to decay ;
 Or, by *atchievement, arms, device,*
 Erect a new one in a trice ;
 And, as a poet, he has skill
 To build in speculation still.
 Great Jove ! he cry'd, the art restore
 To build by verse as heretofore,
 And make my Muse the architect ;
 What palaces shall we erect !
 No longer shall forsaken Thames
 Lament his old Whitehall in flames ;
 A pile shall from its ashes rise,
 Fit to invade or prop the skies.
 Jove smil'd, and, like a gentle god,
 Consenting with the usual nod,
 Told Van, he knew his talent best,
 And left the choice to his own breast.
 So Van resolv'd to write a farce ;
 But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
 With cunning that defect supplies :
 Takes a French play as lawful prize ;
 Steals thence his plot and every joke,
 Not once suspecting Jove would *smoke* ;
 And (like a wag fet down to write)
 Would whisper to himself, *a bite*.
 Then, from this motley, mingled style,
 Proceeded to erect his pile.

So men of old, to gain renown, did
 Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
 Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
 To turn the matter to a jest :
 Down from Olympus' top he slides,
 Laughing as if he 'd burst his sides :
 Ay, thought the God, are these your tricks ?
 Why then *old plays* deserve *old bricks* ;
 And, since you're sparing of your stuff,
 Your building shall be small enough.
 He spake, and, grudging, lent his aid :
 Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade
 (As being bricks at second-hand),
 Now move, and now in order stand.

The building, as the poet writ,
 Rose in proportion to his wit :
 And first the prologue built a wall
 So wide as to encompass all.
 The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
 Than a few scrubby trees before.
 The plot as yet lay deep ; and so
 A cellar next was dug below :
 But this a work so hard was found,
 Two acts it cost him under ground.
 Two other acts, we may presume,
 Were spent in building each a room :
 Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
 To raise a roof with act the fifth.
 The epilogue behind did frame
 A place not decent here to name.

Now

Now poets from all quarters ran
 To see the house of brother Van ;
 Look'd high and low, walk'd often round ;
 But no such house was to be found.

One asks the watermen hard-by,
 " Where may the poet's palace lie ?"

Another of the Thames inquires,
 If he has seen its gilded spires ?

At length they in the rubbish spy
 A thing resembling a goose-pye.

Thither in haste the poets throng,
 And gaze in silent wonder long,
 Till one in raptures thus began
 To praise the pile and builder Van.

Thrice happy poet ! who may'st trail
 Thy house about thee like a snail :
 Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
 Take journeys in it like a chaise ;
 Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
 Canst make it serve thee for a tilt !
 Capacious house ! 'tis own'd by all
 Thou 'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small
 For every wit in Britain's isle
 May lodge within thy spacious pile.
 Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
 Thy mother burnt, art born again,
 Born like a phoenix from the flame ;
 But neither *bulk* nor *shape* the same :
 As animals of largest size
 Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies ;

A type

A type of *modern* wit and style
The rubbish of an ancient pile.
 So chemists boast they have a power
 From the dead ashes of a flower
 Some faint resemblance to produce,
 But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
 So modern rhymers wisely blast
 The poetry of ages past;
 Which after they have overthrown,
 They from its ruins build their own.

THE HISTORY OF
 VANBRUGH'S HOUSE*.

WHEN mother Clud had rose from play
 And call'd to take the cards away,
 Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
 How *Miss* pick'd every painted card,
 And, busy both with hand and eye,
 Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
 Van's *genius*, without thought or lecture,
 Is hugely turn'd to *architecture* :
 He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
 Vow'd it was pretty for a child :
 It was so perfect in its kind,
 He kept the *model* in his mind.

* Dr. Swift made Sir John Vanbrugh ample amends for the pointed raillery of this and the preceding poem, in the Preface to his *Miscellanies*, 1727.

But,

But, when he found the boys at play,
 And saw them dabbling in their clay,
 He stood behind a stall to lurk,
 And mark the progress of their work ;
 With true delight observ'd them all
 Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
 The plan he much admir'd, and took
 The *model* in his table-book ;
 Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
 And so resolv'd a *house* to build ;
 A *real house*, with *rooms*, and *stairs*,
 Five times at least as big as theirs ;
 Taller than *Miss's* by two yards ;
 Not a sham thing of clay or cards :
 And so he did ; for, in a while,
 He built up such a monstrous pile,
 That no two chairmen could be found
 Able to lift it from the ground.
 Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
 Just in the place where first it grew :
 There all the little school-boys run,
 Envyng to see themselves out-done.

From such deep rudiments as these,
 Van is become by due degrees
 For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd,
 At court, Vitruvius the *second* :
 No wonder, since wise *authors* show,
 That *best foundations* must be *low* :
 And now the Duke has wisely ta'en him
 To be his *architect* at Blenheim.

But,

But, raillery for once apart,
 If this rule holds in every art ;
 Or if his Grace were no more skill'd in
 The art of battering walls than building,
 We might expect to see next year
 A *mouse-trap*-man chief engineer !

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

On the ever-lamented Loss of the Two YEW-TREES
 in the Parish of Chilthorne, Somerset. 1708.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of OVID.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
 The faints would often leave their cells,
 And stroll about, but hide their quality,
 To try good people's hospitality.
 It happen'd on a winter-night, 5
 As authors of the legend write,
 Two brother-hermits, faints by trade,
 Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
 Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
 To a small village down in Kent ; 10
 Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
 They begg'd from door to door in vain,
 Tried every tone might pity win ;
 But not a soul would let them in.
 Our wandering faints, in woful state, 15
 Treated at this ungodly rate,

Having

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON. 49

Having through all the village past,
 To a small cottage came at last !
 Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
 Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon ; 20
 Who kindly did these faints invite
 In his poor hut to pass the night ;
 And then the hospitable fire
 Bid goody Baucis mend the fire ;
 While he from out the chimney took 25
 A fitch of bacon off the hook,
 And freely from the fatteft side
 Cut out large flices to be fry'd ;
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brink, 30
 And saw it fairly twice go round ;
 Yet (what is wonderful !) they found,
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
 The good old couple were amaz'd, 35
 And often on each other gaz'd ;
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,
 And just began to cry, — What ar't !
 Then softly turn'd aside to view
 Whether the lights were burning blue. 40
 The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
 Told them their calling, and their errand :
 Good folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but *saints*, the hermits said ;
 No hurt shall come to you or yours : 45
 But for that pack of churlish boors,

Not fit to live on Christian ground,
 They and their houses shall be drown'd;
 Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
 And grow a church before your eyes. 50

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
 The roof began to mount aloft;
 Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher, 55
 Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
 And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
 But with the upside down, to show
 Its inclination for below : 60

In vain ; for a superior force
 Apply'd at bottom stops its course :
 Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
 'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost 65
 Lost by disuse the art to roast,
 A sudden alteration feels,
 Increas'd by new intestine wheels ;
 And, what exalts the wonder more,
 The number made the motion slower. 70

The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
 Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see 't ;
 But, slacken'd by some secret power,
 Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
 The jack and chimney, near ally'd, 75
 Had never left each other's side :

The



BAUCIS AND PHILEMON. 51

The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd; 80
And still its love to household-cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat, which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl, 85
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show, 90
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood, 95
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe *. 100

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;

* The tribes of Israel are sometimes distinguished in country churches by the ensigns given to them by Jacob.

Which still their ancient nature keep, 105
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most. 110

Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style ;
Then said, My house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine,
I 'm old, and fain would live at ease ; 115
Make me the *parson*, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels :
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve ; 120
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a fable hue ;
But, being old, continued just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.

His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues* : 125
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news ;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text ;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart ; 130

Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last ;
Against *dissenters* would repine,
And stood up firm for *right divine* ;

Found

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON. 53

Found his head fill'd with many a system : 135
 But classic authors, — he ne'er mis'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
 Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
 Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
 Good pinners edg'd with *colberteens* ; 140

Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
 Became black fatten flounc'd with lace.
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
 'Twas *Madam*, in her program-gown.
 Philemon was in great surprize, 145
 And hardly could believe his eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim ;
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
 Were several years this man and wife : 150
 When on a day, which prov'd their last,
 Discourfing o'er old stories past,
 They went by chance, amidst their talk,
 To the church-yard to take a walk ;

When Baucis haftily cry'd out, 155
 My dear, I fee your forehead fprout !
 Sprout ! quoth the man ; what 's this you tell us ?
 I hope you don't believe me jealous !
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
 And really yours is budding too — 160
 Nay, — now I cannot ftir my foot ;
 It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my Mufe ;
 In fhort, they both were turn'd to *yews*.

Old Goodman Dobson of the green 165
 Remembers, he the trees has seen ;
 He 'll talk of them from noon till night,
 And goes with folks to shew the fight ;
 On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
 He gathers all the parish there ; 170
 Points out the place of either *yew* ;
 Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew :
 Till once a parson of our town,
 To mend his barn, cut Baucis down ;
 At which 'tis hard to be believ'd 175
 How much the other tree was griev'd,
 Grew scrubbed, dy'd a-top, was stunted ;
 So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

E L E G Y

On the supposed DEATH of PARTRIDGE,
 the Almanack-Maker. 1708.

WELL ; 'tis as Bickerstaff has guess'd,
 Though we all took it for a jest :
 Partridge is dead ; nay more, he dy'd
 Ere he could prove the good 'squire ly'd.
 Strange, an astrologer should die
 Without one wonder in the sky !
 Not one of all his crony stars
 To pay their duty at his hearse !
 No meteor, no eclipse appear'd !
 No comet with a flaming beard !

The

ELEGY ON PARTRIDGE. 55

The sun has rose, and gone to bed,
 Just as if Partridge were not dead ;
 Nor hid himself behind the moon
 To make a dreadful night at noon.
 He at fit periods walks through Aries,
 Howe'er our earthly motion varies ;
 And twice a year he 'll cut th' *equator*,
 As if there had been no such matter.

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
 There is 'twixt * *cobling* and *astrology* ;
 How Partridge made his *optics* rise
 From a *shoe-sole* to reach the skies..

A list the cobbler's temples ties,
 To keep the hair out of his eyes ;
 From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*
 That princes wear derives from them :
 And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
 Adorn'd with *golden stars* and *rays* ;
 Which plainly shews the near alliance
 'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets science*.

Besides, that slow-pac'd sign Boötes,
 As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis :
 But Partridge ended all disputes ;
 He knew his trade, and call'd it † *boots*.

The *horned moon*, which heretofore
 Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
 Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
 And whence we claim our *shoeing-horns*,

* Partridge was a cobbler. † See his almanack.

Shews how the art of *cobling* bears
A near resemblance to the *spheres*.

A scrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the stars, foretel the weather ;
And what is *parchment* else but *leather* ?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for *almanacks* or *shoes*.

Thus Partridge by his wit and parts
At once did practise both these arts :
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are *leather*) ;
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light ;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.

Besides, he could confound the *spheres*,
And set the *planets* by the ears ;
To shew his skill, he Mars could join
To Venus in *aspect malign* ;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.

Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip king of Greece was dead,
His *soul* and *spirit* did divide,
And each part took a different side :
One rose a star ; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.

Thus

ELEGY ON PARTRIDGE. 57

Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The *cobling* and *star-gazing* part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.

Triumphant star! some pity show
On *coblers militant* below,
Whom roguish boys in stormy nights
Torment by pissing out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their smoke
Inclos'd *artificers* to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his *bide*,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd :
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy fides for *wax* :
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee *ends* ;
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an *awl* by heavenly art ;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
For want of room by Virgo's side,
She'll strain a point, and set astride,
To take thee kindly in *between* ;
And then the *signs* will be *thirteen*.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back
A *cobler*, *starmonger*, and *quack* ;

2

Who

Who to the *stars* in pure good-will
 Does to his best look upward still.
 Weep, all you customers that use
 His *pills*, his *almanacks*, or *shoes* :
 And you that did your fortunes seek
 Step to his grave but once a week :
 This earth, which bears his body's print,
 You 'll find has so much virtue in 't,
 That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
 Whate'er concerns you full as well,
 In *physick*, *stolen-goods*, or *love*,
 As he himself could, when above.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY. 1709.

S E V E N and ten addyd to nine,
 Of Fraunce her woe this is the fygne,
 Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
 Walke fans wetyng shoes ne hozen.
 Then comyth foorthe, ich understonde,
 From towne of stoffe to fattyn londe,
 An hardie chiftan*, woe the morne,
 To Fraunce that evere he was born.
 Then shall the fyshe † beweyle his boffe ;
 Nor shall grin berrys ‡ make up the losse.
 Yonge Symnele § shall again miscarrye :
 And Norways pryd § again shall marrey.
 And from the tree where bloums feele,
 Rife fruit shall come, and all is wele.

* D. of Marlborough.

† The Dauphin.

‡ D. of Berry. § The young Pretender. § Q. Anne.

Reaums

Reaums shall daunce honde in honde*,
 And it shall be merye in old Inglonde,
 Then old Inglonde shall be no more,
 And no man shall be forie therefore.
 Geryon † shall have three hedes agayne,
 Till Hapsburge ‡ makyth them but twayne.

A DESCRIPTION OF
 THE MORNING. 1709.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney coach
 Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
 Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
 And softly stole to discompose her own;
 The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
 Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
 Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
 The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
 The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
 The small-coal-man was heard with cadence deep
 Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
 Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet;
 And brick-duft Moll had scream'd through half the street.
 The turnkey now his flock returning fees,
 Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And school-boys lag with fatchels in their hands.

* By the Union. † A king of Spain slain by Hercules.

‡ The Archduke Charles was of the Hapsburg family.

A D E-

A DESCRIPTION OF
A CITY-SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics. 1710.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you 'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You 'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of *spleen*.

Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless queen
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,

And,

And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
 Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
 Sole coat! where dust cemented by the rain
 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
 To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The templar spruce, while every spout 's abroach,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
 The tuck'd-up femstrefs walks with hasty strides,
 While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's fides.
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
 Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
 While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
 And ever and anon with frightful din
 The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
 So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
 Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
 (Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
 Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through),
 Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
 And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
 And bear their trophies with them as they go:

Filths

Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
 What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
 They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
 From Smithfield or St 'Pulchre's shape their course,
 And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
 Fall from the *conduit* prone to Holbourn bridge.
 Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and
 blood,
 Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in
 mud,
 Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down
 the flood.

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE CHURCH-YARD
 OF CASTLENOCK. 1710.

WHOEVER pleaseth to enquire
 Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
 The grey old fellow poet * Joe
 The philosophic cause will show.
 Once on time a western blast
 At least twelve inches overcast,
 Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
 Which came with a prodigious fall;
 And tumbling topsy-turvy round
 Light with its bottom on the ground.
 For, by the laws of gravitation,
 It fell into its proper station.

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.

This

THE LITTLE HOUSE AT CASTLENOCK. 63

This is the little strutting pile,
You see just by the church-yard stile ;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock ;
And thus the steeple got a flock ;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls,
The steeple, *Knock* ; the vicar, * *Walls*.

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

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

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

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

Then Mrs Johnson ‡ gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it :

* Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.

† Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.

‡ Stella.

All

All that you make this stir about
 Is but a still which wants a spout.
 The reverend Dr. * Raymond guefs'd
 More probably than all the rest ;
 He said, but that it wanted room,
 It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

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

The clerk said to her, in a heat,
 What ! sell my master's country seat,
 Where he comes every week from town !
 He would not sell it for a crown.
 Poh ! fellow, keep not such a pother ;
 In half an hour thou 'lt make another.

Says † Nancy, I can make for miss
 A finer house ten times than this ;
 The dean will give me willow-sticks,
 And Joe my apron-full of bricks.

* Minister of Trim.

† The waiting-woman.

T H E V I R T U E S
O F
SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD.

1710.

THE rod was but a harmless wand,
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.

Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did :
His *rod* was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist;
But, when he *laid it down*, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.

So to her midnight-feasts the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magick of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch ;
But with the morning-dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.

They tell us something strange and odd
About a certain *magic rod**,

* The *virgula divina*, said to be attracted by minerals.

That, bending down its top, divines
 Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
 Where there are none, it stands erect,
 Scorning to shew the least respect;
 As ready was the *wand of Sid*
 To *bend* where *golden mines* were hid;
 In Scottish hills found precious ore*,
 Where none e'er look'd for it before;
 And by a *gentle bow* divin'd
 How well a *cully's* purse was lin'd;
 To a forlorn and broken *rake*
 Stood without motion, like a stake.

The *rod* of Hermes was renown'd
 For charms above and under ground;
 To sleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
 And drive departed souls to Styx.
 That *rod* was just a type of Sid's,
 Which o'er a British senate's lids
 Could scatter *opium* full as well,
 And drive as many *souls* to *hell*.

Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
 Which oft he us'd to *fish* withal;
 A *plaiice* was fasten'd to the hook,
 And many score of *gudgeons* took;
 Yet still so happy was his fate,
 He caught his *fish*, and sav'd his *bait*.

Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
 A circle with their *rod* describe,

* Supposed to allude to the Union.

Which

Which proves a magical redoubt
 To keep *mischievous spirits* out.
 Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
 And made a circle thrice as wide,
 Where *spirits* throng'd with hideous din,
 And he stood there to *take them in* :
 But, when th' enchanted *rod* was *broke*,
 They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.

Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
 Like Sid's, but nothing near so good ;
 That down from ancestors divine
 Transmitted to the hero's line ;
 Thence, through a long descent of kings,
 Came an HEIR-LOOM, as Homer sings.
 Though this description looks so big,
 That *sceptre* was a sapless twig,
 Which, from the fatal day, when first
 It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
 As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
 Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom, bore,
 Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
 In golden boughs, and golden fruit ;
 And he, the *dragon* never sleeping,
 Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
 No *bobby-horse*, with gorgeous top,
 The dearest in Charles Mather's * shop,
 Or glittering tinsel of May-fair,
 Could with this rod of Sid compare.

* An eminent toyman in Fleet-street.

Dear Sid, then, why wert thou so mad
 To break thy *rod* like naughty lad !
 You should have kifs'd it in your distrefs,
 And then return'd it to *your mistress* ;
 Or made it a Newmarket * switch,
 And not a *rod* for thy own breech.
 But since old Sid has broken this,
 His next may be a *rod in pifs*.

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE.

T O T H E

LORD TREASURER OXFORD. 1710.

ATLAS, we read in ancient fong,
 Was fo exceeding tall and ftrong,
 He bore the skies upon his back,
 Just as a pedlar does his pack :
 But, as a pedlar overprefs'd
 Unloads upon a stall to ref,
 Or, when he can no longer f,
 Defires a friend to lend a hand ;
 So Atlas, left the ponderous fpheres
 Should fink, and fall about his ears,
 Got Hercules to bear the pile,
 That he might fit and ref a while.

* Lord Godolphin is fatirized by Mr. Pope for a
 ftrong attachment to the turf. See his Moral Effays.

Yet Hercules was not so strong,
 Nor could have borne it half so long.
 Great statesmen are in this condition;
 And Atlas is a politician,
 A *premier* minister of state;
 Alcides one of second rate.
 Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise;
 Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
 Too long upon his single shoulders,
 Sink down he must, or find *upholders*.

A T O W N E C L O G U E. 1710.

Scene, THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

C O R Y D O N.

NOW the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
 No hail descends, and frosts can pinch no more,
 Whilst other girls confess the genial spring,
 And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties sing,
 Secure from cold their lovely necks display,
 And throw each useless chafing-dish away;
 Why sits my Phillis discontented here,
 Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
 Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
 Where Loves were wont to sport, and Smiles to play?

PHILLIS. Ah, Corydon! survey the 'Change around,
 Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:
 Alas! the day, when I, poor heedless maid,
 Was to your rooms in Lincoln's-Inn betray'd;
 Then how you swore, how many vows you made!

Ye listening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the soft accents to the gods above.

Alas! the day; for (oh, eternal shame!)
I sold you handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.

COR. When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
Red herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn Road.
Fleet-street transform'd become a flowery green,
And mas's be fung where operas are seen.
The wealthy cit and the St. James's beau
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing this to Jonathan's shall come,
At the Groom Porter's that play off his plum.

PHIL. But what to me does all that love avail,
If, whilst I doze at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My live-long hours in anxious cares are past,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
On templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
Expos'd in vain my glossy ribbands shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round; and, when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

COR. Hard fate of virtue, thus to be distressed,
Thou fairest of thy trade, and far the best!
As fruitmens stalls the summer-market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place
Plum-cake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that; so Phillis does appear
In play-house and in park, above the rest
Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

71

PHIL. And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amidst her toys, affects a faucy air,
And views me hourly with a scornful eye.

COR. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.

PHIL. With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past, and coming pain ;
'Tis now no secret ; she, and fifty more,
Observe the symptoms I had once before :
A second babe at Wapping must be plac'd,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.

COR. What I could raise I sent ; a pound of plums,
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums ;
To-morrow I intend him something more.

PHIL. I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.

COR. However, you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.

And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shop-boards fall, and bars resound ;
Each ready sempstrefs slips her pattins on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

1711.

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to *gold* :
He *chip'd* his *bread* ; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground :

F 4

A codlin,

A codling, ere it went his lip in,
 Would strait become a *golden* pippin :
 He call'd for drink ; you saw him sup
Potable gold in *golden cup* :
 His empty paunch that he might fill,
 He suck'd his victuals through a quill ;
 Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
 Or 't had been happy for *gold-finders* :
 He cock'd his hat, you would have said
 Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head :
 Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
 On *magazines* of *corn* or *hay*,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
 Of paltry *provender* and *bread* ;
 Hence by wise farmers we are told,
 Old *hay* is *equal to old gold* ;
 And hence a critic deep maintains,
 We learn'd to weigh our *gold* by *grains*.

This *fool* had got a *lucky bit* ;
 And people fancy'd he had wit.
 Two gods their skill in musick try'd,
 And both chose Midas to decide ;
 He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
 And gave it for Pan's oaten reed :
 The god of wit, to shew his grudge,
 Clapt *asses'* ears upon the judge ;
 A goodly pair, erect and wide,
 Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.

And now the virtue of his *hands*
 Was lost among Pactolus' sands,

Against

Against whose torrent while he swims,
 The *golden* scurf peels off his limbs :
 Fame spreads the news, and people travel
 From far to gather *golden* gravel ;
 Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
 Had lost his *art*, and kept his *ears*.

THIS tale inclines the gentle reader
 To think upon a certain *leader* ;
 To whom from Midas down, descends
 That virtue in the fingers' ends.
 What else by *perquisites* are meant,
 By *pensions*, *bribes*, and *three per cent*.
 By *places* and *commissions* sold,
 And turning *dung* itself to *gold* ?
 By starving in the midst of store,
 As t'other Midas did before ?

None e'er did modern Midas chuse,
 Subject or patron of his Muse,
 But found him thus their merit scan,
 That Phœbus must give place to Pan :
 He values not the poet's praise,
 Nor will exchange his *plumbs* for *bays* .
 To Pan alone rich misers call ;
 And there's the jest, for *Pan* is ALL.
 Here English wits will be to seek,
 Howe'er, 'tis *all one in the Greek*.

Besides, it plainly now appears
 Our Midas too hath *asses'* ears ;
 Where every fool his mouth applies,
 And whispers in a thousand lies ;

Such

Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an *ass*.

But *gold* defiles with frequent touch ;
There's nothing fouls the hand so much :
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws ;
Which while the *senate* strove to scour,
They wash'd away the *chemic* power.

While he his utmost strength apply'd,
To swim against this *popular tide*,
The *golden* spoils flew off apace ;
Here fell a *pension*, there a *place* ;
The *torrent* merciless imbibes.
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes ;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom ;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em !
And Midas now neglected stands,
With *asses' ears*, and *dirty hands*.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG: 1711.

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF
A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE*.

AN Orator *dismal* of *Nottinghamshire*,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and *want of a place*,
Is come up, *vi & armis*, to *break the queen's peace*.

* The lord treasurer having hinted a wish one evening
that a ballad might be made on the earl of Nottingham ;
this song was written and printed the next morning.

He

He has vamp'd an old speech, and the court, to their
 sorrow,
 Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.
 When once he begins, he never will flinch,
 But repeats the same note a whole day, like a Finch.
 I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,
 And, " Mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy."

T H E S P E E C H.

WHEREAS, *notwithstanding*, I am in great pain,
 To hear we are making a peace without Spain ;
 But, *most noble Senators*, 'tis a great shame,
 There should be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game*.
 The duke shew'd me all his fine house; and the dutchefs
 From her closet brought out a full purse in her clutches,
 I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
 His grace swore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t :
 My *long old-fashion'd pocket* was presently cramm'd ;
 And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.

But some will cry *Turn-coat*, and rip up old stories,
 How I always pretended to be for the Tories :
 I answer; the Tories were in my good graces,
 Till all my *relations* were put into *places*.
 But still I'm in principle ever the same,
 And will quit my best friends, while I'm *Not-in-game*.

When I and some others subscribed our names
 To a plot for expelling my master king James ;

I withdrew

I withdrew my subscription by help of a *blot*,
 And so might discover or gain by the plot :
 I had my advantage and stood at defiance,
 For Daniel was got from the den of the lions :
 I *came in* without danger, and was I to blame ?
 For, rather than *hang*, I would be *Not-in-game*.

I swore to the Queen, that the prince of Hanover
 During her sacred life would never come over :
 I made use of a *trope* ; that “ an heir to invite,
 “ Was like keeping her monument always in fight.”
 But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note ;
 And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
 That her Majesty stood in great need of a Tutor,
 And must have an *old* or a *young* Coadjutor :
 For why ; I would fain have put all in a flame,
 Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game*.

Now my new *benefactors* have brought me about,
 And I'll vote against Peace, *with* Spain, or *without* :
 Though the Court gives my *nephews*, and *brothers*,
 and *cousins*,

And all my whole family, places by dozens ;
 Yet, since I know where a *full-purse* may be found,
 And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound :
 Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
 And will neither regard my *figures* nor *tropes* ;
 I'll *speech* against peace while Dismal's my name,
 And be a *true* Whig, while I am *Not-in-game*.

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY *. 1711.

WHEN a holy black *Swede*, the son of Bob †,
 With a *saint* ‡ at his chin, and a *seal* † at his fob,
 Shall not see one § New-year's-day in that year,
 Then let old *England* make good chear :
Windsor || and *Bristow* || then shall be
 Joined together in the *Low-countrie* ||.
 Then shall the tall black *Daventry Bird***
 Speak against peace right many a word ;

* It is said, that Queen Anne had nominated Dr. Swift to an English bishoprick ; which was opposed by Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York, and the dutchefs of Somerset, who had prevailed on his grace to go with her to the queen to lay aside the nomination, which her majesty refused ; but, the dutchefs falling on her knees, and shewing the above prophecy to her majesty, the bishoprick was given to another. See p. 93.

† Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol, one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht.

‡ He was dean of Windsor, and lord privy seal.

§ The New Style (which was not used in Great-Britain and Ireland till 1752) was then observed in most parts of Europe. The bishop set out from England the latter end of December, O. S. ; and, on his arrival at Utrecht, by the variation of the style, he found January somewhat advanced.

|| Alluding to the deanry and bishoprick being possessed by the same person, then at Utrecht.

** Earl of Nottingham.

And

And some shall admire his conying wit,
 For many good *groats* his tongue shall slit.
 But, spight of the *Harpy* that *crawls on all four,*
 There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
 But *Englond* must cry alack and well-a-day,
 If the *stick* be taken from the *dead sea*.
 And, dear *Englond*, if aught I understond,
 Beware of *Carrots* * from *Northumberlond*.
Carrots sown *Thynne* † a deep root may get,
 If so be they are in *Somer set* :
 Their † *Conyngs mark* thou ; for I have been told,
 They *assassine* when young, and *poison* when old.
 Root out these *Carrots*, O thou §, whose name
 Is backwards and forwards always the same ;
 And keep close to thee always that *name*,
 Which backwards and forwards ¶ is almost the same.
 And, *Englond*, wouldst thou be happy still,
 Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill* **.

* The dutchefs of Somersset.

† Thomas Thynne of Longleate, esq; a gentleman of
 very great estate, married the above lady after the death
 of her first husband Henry Cavendish earl of Ogle,
 only son to Henry duke of Newcastle, to whom she had
 been betrothed in her infancy.

‡ Count Koningsmark.

§ ANNA.

¶ MASHAM.

** Lady Masham's maiden name was Hill.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M. 1712.

AS Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
 He took to the street, and fled for his life :
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble ;
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice —
 But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
 Too wise to take counsel, to proud to take warning,
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning :
 Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life ;
 Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

C O R I N N A. 1712.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
 Apollo play'd the midwife's part ;
 Into the world Corinna fell,
 And he endow'd her with his art.
 But Cupid with a Satyr comes ;
 Both softly to the cradle creep ;
 Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums,
 While the poor child lay fast sleep.
 Then Cupid thus : This little maid
 Of Love shall always speak and write.
 And I pronounce (the Satyr said)
 The world shall feel her scratch, and bite.

Her

Her talent she display'd betimes ;
 For in twice twelve revolving moons,
 She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
 And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old the subtle jade
 Stole to the pantry-door, and found
 The butler with my lady's maid :
 And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song, how little miss
 Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad :
 And how when master went to p—,
 Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette ;
 Marries for love, half whore, half wife.
 Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt ;
 Turns authoress, and is Curll's for life.

**TOLAND'S INVITATION to DISMAL,
 To dine with the CALVES-HEAD CLUB*.**

Imitated from HORACE, lib. I. epist. 5.

IF, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
 Upon a single dish, and tavern-wine,
 Toland to you this invitation sends,
 To eat the calves-head with your trusty friends.

* This poem, and that which follows it, are two of the *penny papers* mentioned in Swift's Journal to Stella, Aug. 7. 1712. They are here printed from folio copies in the Lambeth Library.

Suspend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
 Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
 To-morrow we our *mystic feast* prepare,
 Where thou, our latest *profelyte*, shalt share :
 When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell,
 How, by *brave hands*, the *royal traitor* fell ;
 The meat shall represent the *tyrant's* head,
 The wine his blood *our predecessors* shed ;
 Whilst an *alluding* hymn some artist sings,
 We toast, " Confusion to the race of kings !"
 At monarchy we nobly shew our spight,
 And talk *what fools call treason* all the night.

Who, by disgraces or ill-fortune sunk,
 Feels not his soul enliven'd when he 's drunk ?
 Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
 And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place :
 By force of wine, ev'n Scarborough is brave,
 Hal grows more pert, and Somers not so grave ;
 Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland sense,
 Montague learning, Bolton eloquence :
 Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never lose his wand ;
 And Lincoln then imagines he has land.

My province is, to see that all be right,
 Glassés and linen clean, and pewter bright ;
 From our *mysterious club* to keep out spies,
 And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
 You shall be coupled as you best approve,
 Seated at table next the men you love.

Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's Grace,
 Will come ; and Hampden shall have Walpole's place.

Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
 Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
 But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink;
 And honest Harry * is too apt to stink.

Let no pretence of business make you stay;
 Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
 If Guernsey calls, send word you 're gone abroad;
 He 'll tease you with King Charles and Bishop Laud,
 Or make you fast, and carry you to prayers:
 But, if he will break-in, and walk up stairs,
 Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
 Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

P E A C E A N D D U N K I R K ;

Being an excellent new SONG upon the Surrender of
 DUNKIRK to General HILL. 1712.

To the Tune of, "The King shall enjoy his own again."

I.

SPIGHT of Dutch friends and English foes,
 Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
 Holland got towns, and we got blows;
 But Dunkirk 's ours, we 'll hold it fast.
 We have got it in a string,
 And the Whigs may all go fwing,
 For among good friends I love to be plain;
 All their false deluded hopes
 Will or ought to end in ropes;
But the Queen shall enjoy her own again.

* Right Hon. Henry Boyle, mentioned twice before.

II.

Sunderland 's run out of his wits,
 And Dismal double-Dismal looks ;
 Wharton can only swear by fits,
 And strutting Hal is off the hooks,
 Old Godolphin full of spleen
 Made *false moves*, and lost his *queen* ;
 Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane :
 But a prince of high renown
 Swore he 'd rather lose a *crown*,
Than the Queen should enjoy her own again.

III.

Our merchant-ships may cut the Line,
 And not be snapt by privateers,
 And commoners who love good wine
 Will drink it now as well as peers :
 Landed-men shall have their rent,
 Yet our stocks rise *cent. per cent.*
 The Dutch from hence shall no more millions drain :
 We 'll bring on us no more debts,
 Nor with bankrupts fill Gazettes ;
And the Queen shall enjoy her own again.

IV.

The towns we took ne'er did us good :
 What signified the French to beat ?
 We spent our money and our blood,
 To make the Dutchmen proud and great :
 But the lord of Oxford swears,
 Dunkirk never shall be theirs.

The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain ;
 But true Englishmen may fill
 A good health to General Hill ;
For the Queen now enjoys her own again.

H O R A C E , B O O K I . E P . VII.

Addressed to the Earl of OXFORD, 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
 Returning home one day from court,
 (His mind with public cares possest,
 All Europe's business in his breast),
 Observ'd a *parson* near Whitehall 5
 Cheapening old authors on a stall.
 The priest was pretty well in case,
 And shew'd some humour in his face ;
 Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
 A perfect stranger to the spleen ; 10
 Of size that might a pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to fit still.
 My Lord (who, if a man may say 't,
 Loves mischief better than his meat)
 Was now dispos'd to crack a jest, 15
 And bid friend Lewis * go in quest
 ('This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
 And very much in Harley's favour),
 In quest who might this *parson* be, 20
 What was his name, of what degree ;

* Erasmus Lewis esq. the treasurer's secretary.

If possible, to learn his story,
 And whether he were Whig or Tory.
 Lewis his patron's humour knows,
 Away upon his errand goes, 25
 And quickly did the matter sift;
 Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
 A clergyman of special note
 For shunning those of his own coat;
 Which made his brethren of the gown 30
 Take care betimes to run him down:
 No libertine, nor over nice,
 Addicted to no sort of vice,
 Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought;
 Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat: 35
 In state opinions *à la mode*,
 He hated Wharton like a toad,
 Had given the *fashion* many a wound,
 And libel'd all the *junto* round:
 Kept company with men of wit, 40
 Who often father'd what he writ:
 His works were hawk'd in every street,
 But seldom rose above a sheet:
 Of late indeed the paper-stamp
 Did very much his genius cramp: 45
 And since he could not spend his fire,
 He now intended to retire.
 Said Harley, "I desire to know
 "From his own mouth if this be so;
 "Step to the Doctor strait, and say, 50
 "I'd have him dine with me to-day."

Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe my Lord had sent;
 So never offer'd once to stir;
 But coldly said, "Your servant, Sir!" 55
 "Does he refuse me?" Harley cry'd;
 "He does, with insolence and pride."

Some few days after Harley spies
 The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes
 At Charing-cross among the rout, 60
 Where painted monsters are hung out:
 He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
 Beckoning the Doctor to approach.

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
 Came sneaking to the chariot-side, 65
 And offer'd many a lame excuse:
 He never meant the least abuse —
 "My Lord — the honour you design'd —
 "Extremely proud — but I had din'd —
 "I'm sure I never should neglect — 70
 "No man alive has more respect —"
 "Well, I shall think of that no more,
 "If you'll be sure to come at four."

The Doctor now obeys the summons,
 Likes both his company and commons; 75
 Displays his talent, sits till ten;
 Next day invited comes again;
 Soon grows domestic, feldom fails
 Either at morning or at meals:
 Came early, and departed late; 80
 In short, the gudgeon took the bait.

My

My Lord would carry on the jest,
 And down to Windsor takes his guest.
 Swift much admires the place and air,
 And longs to be a *canon* there ; 85
 In summer round the park to ride,
 In winter, never to reside.

A *canon* ! that 's a place too mean ;
 No, Doctor, you shall be a *Dean* ;
 Two dozen *canons* round your stall, 90
 And you the tyrant o'er them all :

You need but cross the *Irish seas*,
 To live in plenty, power, and ease.
 Poor Swift departs ; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd money in his purse, 95
 Travels at least an hundred leagues,
 And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a *Dean* complete,
 Demurely lolling in his seat ;
 The silver verge, with decent pride, 100
 Stuck underneath his cushion-side ;
 Suppose him gone through all vexations,
 Patents, instalments, abjurations,
 First-fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats ;

Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats — 105
 (The wicked laity's contriving
 To hinder clergymen from thriving).

Now all the Doctor's money 's spent,
 His tenants wrong him in his rent ;
 The farmers, spitefully combin'd, 110
 Force him to take his tithes in kind :

And Parvifol * discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.

Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next, 115
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate ;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin, 120
Old Read † would hardly let him in.

Said Harley, " Welcome, Reverend Dean !
" What makes your worship look so lean ?
" Why, sure you won't appear in town
" In that old wig and rusty gown ? 125
" I doubt your heart is set on pelf
" So much, that you neglect yourself.
" What ! I suppose, now stocks are high,
" You 've some good purchase in your eye ?
" Or is your money out at use ?" — 130

" Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,"
(The Doctor in a passion cry'd)
" Your raillery is misapply'd ;
" Experience I have dearly bought ;
" You know I am not worth a groat : 140
" But you resolv'd to have your jest ;
" And 'twas a folly to contest ;
" Then, since you now have done your worst,
" Pray leave me where you found me first."

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman. SWIFT.

† The Lord Treasurer's porter.

H O R A C E ,

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

I 'VE often wish'd that I had clear,
 For life, fix hundred pounds a-year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terrace-walk, and half a rood 5
 Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my store ;
 ' But here a grievance seems to lie,
 ' All this is mine but till I die ; 10
 ' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
 ' To me and to my heirs for ever.

' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
 ' By any trick, or any fault ;
 ' And if I pray by reason's rules, 15
 ' And not like forty other fools :
 ' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker !

" To grant me this and t' other acre :
 " Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
 " Direct my plow to find a treasure !" 20

' But only what my station fits,
 ' And to be kept in my right wits,
 ' Preserve, Almighty Providence !
 ' Just what you gave me, competence :
 ' And let me in these shades compose 25
 ' Something in verse as true as prose ;
 ' Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
 ' Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'

In

In short, I 'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent ; 30
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown.
 " Lewis, the Dean will be of use, 35
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."

The toil, the danger of the seas,
 Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money 's found, 40
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
 " Let my Lord know you 're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away, 45

Not thinking it is levee-day ;
 And find his honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green :
 How should I thrust myself between ? 50

Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
 And, smiling, whispers to the next,
 " I thought the Dean had been too proud,
 " To jostle here among a croud !"

Another, in a surly fit, 55
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
 " So eager to express your love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove,

" But

HORACE, BOOK. II. SAT. VI. 91

“ But rudely prefs before a duke.”
I own, I ’m pleas’d with this rebuke, 60
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whifper, and withdraw ;
When twenty fools I never faw
Come with petitions fairly penn’d, 65
Defiring I would ftand their friend.

This humbly offers me his cafe —
That begs my intereft for a place —
A hundred other mens’ affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70

“ To-morrow my appeal comes on ;
“ Without your help, the caufe is gone —”

The duke expects my lord and you,
About fome great affair at two —

“ Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75

“ To get my warrant quickly fign’d :

“ Confider, ’tis my firft request.” —

Be fatisfy’d, I ’ll do my beft :

Then prefently he falls to teaze,

“ You may for certain, if you please ; 80

“ I doubt not, if his lordfhip knew —

“ And, Mr. Dean, one word from you —”

’Tis (let me fee) three years and more,

(October next it will be four) 85

Since Harley bid me firft attend,

And chofe me for an humble friend ;

Would take me in his coach to chat,

And question me of this and that ;

As

As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the wind?"

"Whose chariot's that we left behind?" 90

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country signs;

Or, "Have you nothing new to-day

"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"

Such tattle often entertains 95

My lord and me as far as Staines,

As once a week we travel down

To Windsor, and again to town,

Where all that passés *inter nos*

Might be proclaim'd at Charing-crofs. 100

Yet some I know with envy swell,

Because they see me us'd so well:

"How think you of our friend the Dean?"

"I wonder what some people mean!

"My lord and he are grown so great, 105

"Always together, *tête à tête*;

"What! they admire him for his jokes? —

"See but the fortune of some folks!"

There flies about a strange report

Of some express arriv'd at court: 110

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,

And catechis'd in every street.

"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;

"Inform us, will the Emperor treat?

"Or do the prints and papers lie?" 115

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!

"'Tis now no secret" — I protest

'Tis

H O R A C E, BOOK. II. SAT. VI. 93

'Tis one to me — “ Then tell us, pray,
“ When are the troops to have their pay ?” 120

And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost, 125
My choicest hours of life are lost ;

Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country feat !
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book ; 130
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town *.

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

[A few of the first lines are wanting.]

* * * * *
* * * * *

By an old ———— pursued
A crazy prelate †, and a royal prude ‡ ;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to rise ;
And, pausing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God ;

* See the rest of this satire among Mr. Pope's poems.

† Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York.

‡ Q. Anne.

So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime ;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in rhyme :
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit ;
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd, with too much grace ;
Nor shew'd the *parson* in his gait or face ;
Despis'd luxurious wines and costly meat ;
Yet still was at the tables of the great ;
Frequented lords ; *saw those that saw the Queen* ;
At Child's * or Truby's * never once had been ;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymens' gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.

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

And now, the public interest to support,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court ;
In favour grows with ministers of state ;
Admitted private, when superiors wait :
And Harley, not ashamed his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whispers in his ear :

* Coffee-houses much frequented by the Clergy.

The waiters stand in ranks ; the yeomen cry,
Make room, as if a duke were passing by.

Now Finch * alarms the lords : he hears for certain
 This dangerous priest is got behind the curtain.

Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
 That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.

Walpole and Aislabie †, to clear the doubt,
 Inform the Commons, that the secret 's out :

“ A certain doctor is observ'd of late

“ To haunt a certain minister of state :

“ From whence with half an eye we may discover

“ The peace is made, and Perkin must come over.”

York is from Lambeth sent, to shew the Queen

A dangerous treatise ‡ writ against the spleen ;

Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,

'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.

Poor York ! the harmless tool of others hate ;

He sues for pardon ||, and repents too late.

Now, angry Somers † her vengeance vows

On Swift's reproaches for her *****

From her red locks her mouth with venom fills ;

And thence into the royal ear instills.

The Queen incens'd, his services forgot,

Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot ¶.

* The earl of Nottingham. See above, p. 76.

† They both spoke against him in the H. of C.

‡ Tale of a Tub.

|| He sent a message, to ask Swift's pardon.

§ See the Windsor Prophecy, p. 78.

¶ The duke of Argyll.

Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head *.

While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight ;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.

By Harley's favour once again he shines ;
Is now carefs'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene :
Lord ! how were they mistaken in the Dean !
Now Delawarr † again familiar grows ;
And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.

The Scottish nation, whom he *durst* offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend ‡.

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

T H E F A G G O T .

Written when the Ministry were at Variance, 1713.

OBSERVE the dying father speak :
Try, lads, can you this bundle break ?
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.

* For writing " The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

† Then lord treasurer of the household, who cautiously avoided Swift whilst the proclamation was impending.

‡ He was visited by the Scotch lords more than ever.

They

They thought it was an old man's maggot;
 And strove by turns to break the faggot:
 In vain; the complicated wands
 Were much too strong for all their hands.
 See, said the fire, how soon 'tis done:
 Then took and broke them one by one.
 So strong you 'll be, in friendship ty'd;
 So quickly broke, if you divide.
 Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel:
 Here ends the fable and the moral.

This Tale may be apply'd in few words
 To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards;
 And others who in solemn sort
 Appear with slender wands at court;
 Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
 But lashing one another round:
 While wise men think they ought to fight
 With *quarter-staffs*, instead of *white*;
 Or constable with *staff* of peace
 Should come and make the clattering cease;
 Which now disturbs the Queen and court,
 And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.

In history we never found
 The Consuls' Fasces were unbound:
 Those Romans were too wise to think on 't,
 Except to lash some grand delinquent.
 How would they blush to hear it said,
 The Prætor broke the Consul's head!
 Or Consul, in his purple gown,
 Came up, and knock'd the Prætor down!

Come, Courtiers : every man his stick !
 Lord Treasurer, for once be quick :
 And, that they may the cloſer cling,
 Take your blue ribbon for a ſtring.
 Come, trimming Harcourt *, bring your mace ;
 And ſqueeze it in, or quit your place :
 Diſpatch, or elſe that rascal Northey †
 Will undertake to do it for thee :
 And, be aſſur'd, the Court will find him
 Prepar'd to *leap o'er ſticks*, or bind them.

To make the bundle ſtrong and ſafe,
 Great Ormond, lend thy General's ſtaff :
 And, if the Croſier could be cramm'd in,
 A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden †
 You 'll then defy the ſtrongeſt Whig
 With both his hands to bend a twig ;
 Though with united ſtrength they all pull,
 From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

LESBIA for ever on me rails,
 To talk of me ſhe never fails.
 Now, hang me but for all her art,
 I find, that I have gain'd her heart.
 My proof is thus : I plainly ſee,
 The caſe is juſt the ſame with me ;
 I curſe her every hour ſincerely,
 Yet, hang me but I love her dearly.

* Lord Chancellor.

† Sir Edward Northey, Attorney General.

E P I-

EPIGRAM. From the FRENCH*.

WH O can believe with common sense,
 A bacon-slice gives God offence ;
 Or, how a herring hath a charm
 Almighty vengeance to disarm ?
 Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
 Does he regard on what we dine ?

On a CURATE'S Complaint of HARD DUTY.

I MARCH'D three miles through scorching sand,
 With zeal in heart, and notes in hand :
 I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
 Using four legs, when two were weary :
 To three fair virgins I did tie men,
 In the close bands of pleasing Hymen :
 I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
 And purify'd their mother after.
 Within-an hour and eke a half,
 I preach'd three congregations deaf ;
 Where thundering out, with lungs long-winded,
 I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
 My emblem, the laborious fun,
 Saw all these mighty labours done
 Before one race of his was run. }
 All this perform'd by Robert Hewit :
 What mortal else could e'er go through it !

* Written extempore by a gentleman who was reproved by some of his companions for eating eggs and bacon on a fast-day.

A True and Faithful INVENTORY of the GOODS
 belonging to Dr. SWIFT, Vicar of LARACOR;
 Upon lending his House to the Bishop of MEATH,
 till his Palace was re-built.

A N oaken, broken elbow-chair ;
 A cawdle-cup, without an ear ;
 A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead ;
 A box of deal, without a lid ;
 A pair of tongs, but out of joint ;
 A back-sword poker, without point ;
 A pot that 's crack'd acrofs, around
 With an old knotted garter bound ;
 An iron lock, without a key ;
 A wig, with hanging, quite grown grey ;
 A curtain worn to half a stripe ;
 A pair of bellows, without pipe ;
 A dish which might good meat afford once ;
 An Ovid, and an old Concordance ;
 A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
 One is for meal, and one for water :
 There likewise is a copper skillet,
 Which runs as fast out as you fill it ;
 A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all :
 And thus his household-goods you have all,
 These to your Lordship, as a friend,
 Till you have built, I freely lend :
 They 'll serve your Lordship for a shift ;
 Why not, as well as Doctor Swift ?

CADENUS AND VANESSA*.

Written at Windsor, 1713.

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

* Founded on an offer of marriage made by Miss Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift, who was occasionally her preceptor. The lady's unhappy story is well known.

And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
 With impudence own'd all the fact;
 But, what the gentlest heart would vex, 25
 Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
 That modern love is no such thing
 As what those ancient poets sing;
 A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
 Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind; 30
 Which, having found an equal flame,
 Unites, and both become the same,
 In different breasts together burn,
 Together both to ashes turn.
 But women now feel no such fire, 35
 And only know the gross desire.
 Their passions move in lower spheres,
 Where'er caprice or folly steers.
 A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
 Or some worse brute in human shape, 40
 Ingross the fancies of the fair,
 The few soft moments they can spare,
 From visits to receive and pay;
 From scandal, politicks, and play;
 From fans, and flounces, and brocades, 45
 From equipage and park-parades,
 From all the thousand female toys,
 From every trifle that employs
 The out or inside of their heads,
 Between their toilets and their beds. 50
 In a dull stream, which moving flow,
 You hardly see the current flow;
 If

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 103

If a small breeze obstruct the course,
 It whirls about, for want of force,
 And in its narrow circle gathers 55
 Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers.

The current of a female mind
 Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
 Thus whirling round together draws
 Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws. 60

Hence we conclude, no womens hearts
 Are won by virtue, wit, and parts :
 Nor are the men of sense to blame,
 For breasts incapable of flame ;
 The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd, 65
 Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
 Had witness ready to attest,
 Who fairly could on oath depose,
 When questions on the fact arose, 70
 That every article was true ;

Nor further those deponents knew :—
 Therefore he humbly would insist,
 The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
 The cause appear'd of so much weight, 75
 That Venus, from her judgement-seat,
 Desir'd them not to talk so loud,

Else she must interpose a cloud :
 For, if the heavenly folk should know
 These pleadings *in the courts below*, 80
 That mortals here disdain to love,
 She ne'er could shew her face above ;

For gods, their betters, are too wise
 To value that which men despise,
 And then, said she, my son and I 85
 Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky ;
 Or else, shut out from heaven and earth,
 Fly to the sea, my place of birth ;
 There live, with daggled *mermaids* pent,
 And keep on fish perpetual Lent. 90

But, since the case appear'd so nice,
 She thought it best to take advice.
 The Muses, by their King's permission,
 Though foes to love, attend the session,
 And on the right hand took their places 95
 In order; on the left, the Graces :

To whom she might her doubts propose
 On all emergencies that rose.

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

The goddesses soon began to see,
 Things were not ripe for a decree ; 105
 And said, she must consult her books,
 The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.

First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
 To turn to Ovid, book the second ;
 She then referr'd them to a place 110
 In Virgil (*vide* Dido's case) :

As

As for Tibullus's reports,
 They never pass'd for law in courts :
 For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
 Still their authority was smaller. 115

There was on both sides much to say :
 She 'd hear the cause another day.
 And so she did ; and then a third
 She heard it—there she kept her word :

But, with rejoinders or replies, 120
 Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
 Demur, imparlance, and effoign,
 The parties ne'er could issue join :
 For sixteen years the cause was spun,
 And then stood where it first begun. 115

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say,
 What Venus meant by this delay.
 The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
 To see her empire thus declin'd,
 When first this grand debate arose, 130

Above her wisdom to compose,
 Conceived a project in her head
 To work her ends ; which, if it sped,
 Would shew the merits of the cause
 Far better than consulting laws. 135

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
 Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
 On whom the Queen of Love was bent
 To try a new experiment.
 She threw her law-books on the shelf, 140
 And thus debated with herself.

Since

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

This said, she plucks in heaven's high bowers
 A sprig of *amaranthine* flowers, 155
 In nectar thrice infuses bays,
 Three times refin'd in Titan's rays ;
 Then calls the Graces to her aid,
 And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid :
 From whence the tender skin assumes 160
 A sweetness above all perfumes :
 From whence a cleanliness remains,
 Incapable of outward stains :
 From whence that decency of mind,
 So lovely in the female kind, 165
 Where not one careless thought intrudes,
 Less modest than the speech of prudes ;
 Where never blush was call'd in aid,
 That spurious virtue in a maid,
 A virtue but at second-hand ; 170
 They blush, because they understand.

The

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 107

The Graces next would act their part,
And shew'd but little of their art ;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone ; 175
The outward form no help requir'd :
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair :
And said, " Vanessa be the name 180
" By which thou shalt be known to fame ;
" Vanessa, by the gods inroll'd !
" Her name on earth shall not be told."

But still the work was not complete ;
When Venus thought on a deceit, 185
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn.
To see a lovely infant born ;
A boy in yonder isle below, 190
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You 'd swear it is Apollo's son :
But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd ; 195
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.

Wisdom 's above suspecting wiles :
The Queen of Learning gravely smiles.
Down from Olympus comes with joy, 200
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy ;

Then

Then sows within her tender mind
 Seeds long unknown to womankind;
 For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
 The feeds of knowledge, judgement, wit. 205
 Her soul was suddenly endued
 With justice, truth, and fortitude;
 With honour, which no breath can stain,
 Which malice must attack in vain;
 With open heart and bounteous hand. 210
 But Pallas here was at a stand;
 She knew, in our degenerate days,
 Bare virtue could not live on praise;
 That meat must be with money bought:
 She therefore, upon second thought, 215
 Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
 Some small regard for state and wealth;
 Of which, as she grew up, there staid
 A tincture in the prudent maid:
 She manag'd her estate with care, 220
 Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
 But, lest he should neglect his studies
 Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
 (For fear young master should be spoil'd)
 Would use him like a younger child; 225
 And, after long computing, found
 'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
 The Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud,
 To see Vanessa thus endow'd:
 She doubted not but such a dame 230
 Through every breast would dart a flame;
 That

That every rich and lordly swain
 With pride would drag about her chain ;
 That scholars would forsake their books,
 To study bright Vanessa's looks ; 235
 As she advanc'd, that womankind
 Would by her model form their mind,
 And all their conduct would be try'd
 By her, as an unerring guide ;
 Offending daughters oft' would hear 240
 Vanessa's praise rung in their ear :
 Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
 Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
 Will thus be by her mother chid,
 " 'Tis what Vanessa never did !" 245
 Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
 My power shall be again restor'd,
 And happy lovers bless my reign—
 So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
 For when in time the Martial Maid 250
 Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
 She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
 And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
 To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
 She 'd all undo that she had done. 255
 But in the poets we may find
 A wholesome law, time out of mind,
 Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
 That gods, of whatso'er degree,
 Resume not what themselves have given, 260
 Or any brother-god in heaven ;

Which

Which keeps the peace among the gods,
 Or they must always be at odds :
 And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
 Must yield her foe the stronger cause ; 265
 A shame to one so much ador'd
 For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
 Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
 Would meet with better friends above.
 And though she must with grief reflect, 270
 To see a mortal virgin deck'd
 With graces hitherto unknown
 To female breasts, except her own ;
 Yet she would act as best became
 A goddess of unspotted fame. 275
 She knew, by augury divine,
 Venus would fail in her design :
 She study'd well the point, and found
 Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
 From premises erroneous brought, 280
 And therefore the deduction 's nought,
 And must have contrary effects,
 To what her treacherous foe expects.
 In proper season Pallas meets
 The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets 285
 (For gods, we are by Homer told,
 Can in celestial language scold) :
 Perfidious goddess ! but in vain
 You form'd this project in your brain ;
 A project for thy talents fit, 290
 With much deceit and little wit.

Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
 Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me :
 For how can heavenly wisdom prove
 An instrument to earthly love ? 295
 Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
 Thy votaries, for want of sense ?
 Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
 To manage thy abortive scheme :
 She 'll prove the greatest of thy foes ; 300
 And yet I scorn to interpose,
 But, using neither skill nor force,
 Leave all things to their natural course.

The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom :
 When lo ! Vanessa in her bloom 305
 Advanc'd, like Atalanta's star,
 But rarely seen, and seen from far :
 In a new world with caution stept,
 Watch'd all the company she kept,
 Well knowing, from the books she read, 310
 What dangerous paths young virgins tread :
 Would seldom at the Park appear,
 Nor saw the play-house twice a year ;
 Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
 To know the converse of mankind. 315

First issued from perfumers' shops,
 A croud of fashionable fops :
 They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play ;
 Then told the tattle of the day ;
 A duel fought last night at two, 320
 About a lady—you know who ;

Mention'd

Mention'd a new Italian, come
 Either from Muscovy or Rome ;
 Gave hints of who and who's together ;
 Then fell to talking of the weather ; 325
 Last night was so extremely fine,
 The ladies walk'd till after nine ;
 Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
 With nonsense every second word,
 With fustian from exploded plays, 330
 They celebrate her beauty's praise ;
 Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
 And tell the murders of her eyes.
 With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
 Scarce listening to their idle chat ; 335
 Further than sometimes by a frown,
 When they grew pert, to pull them down.
 At last she spitefully was bent
 To try their wisdom's full extent ;
 And said, she valued nothing less 340
 Than titles, figure, shape, and dress ;
 That merit should be chiefly plac'd
 In judgement, knowledge, wit, and taste ;
 And these, she offer'd to dispute,
 Alone distinguish'd man from brute : 345
 That present times have no pretence
 To *virtue*, in the noble sense
 By Greeks and Romans understood,
 To perish for our country's good.
 She nam'd the ancient heroes round, 350
 Explain'd for what they were renown'd ;

Then

Then spoke with censure or applause
 Of foreign customs, rites, and laws ;
 Through nature and through art she rang'd,
 And gracefully her subject chang'd ; 355
 In vain ! her hearers had no share
 In all she spoke, except to stare.

Their judgement was, upon the whole,
 —That lady is the dullest soul !—
 Then tip't their forehead in a jeer, 360
 As who should say—She wants it here !
 She may be handsome, young, and rich,
 But none will burn her for a witch !

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

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

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

Discourfing with important face,
 On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace ;
 Shew'd patterns just from India brought,
 And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
 Whether the red or green were best, 380
 And what they cost ? Vanessa guefs'd,

As came into her fancy first;
 Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
 To scandal next—What awkward thing
 Was that last Sunday in the ring? 385

I'm sorry Mopfa breaks so fast;
 I said, her face would never last.
 Corinna, with that youthful air,
 Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
 Her fondness for a certain Earl 390

Began when I was but a girl!
 Phillis, who but a month ago
 Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,
 I saw coquetting t'other night
 In public with that odious knight! 395

They raily'd next Vanessa's dress:
 That gown was made for old queen Bess.
 Dear Madam, let me see your head:
 Don't you intend to put on red?

A petticoat without a hoop! 400
 Sure, you are not ashamed to stoop!
 With handsome garters at your knees,
 No matter what a fellow sees.

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
 Both of herself and sex ashamed, 405
 The nymph stood silent out of spite,
 Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.

Away the fair detractors went,
 And gave by turns their censures vent.
 She's not so handsome in my eyes: 410
 For wit, I wonder where it lies!

She's

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 115

She's fair and clean, and that's the most :
 But why proclaim her for a toast ?
 A baby face ; no life, no airs,
 But what she learn'd at country-fairs ; 415
 Scarce knows what difference is between
 Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
 I'll undertake, my little Nancy
 In flounces hath a better fancy !
 With all her wit, I would not ask 420
 Her judgement, how to buy a mask.
 We begg'd her but to patch her face,
 She never hit one proper place ;
 Which every girl at five years old
 Can do as soon as she is told. 425
 I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
 Becomes the *creature* well enough.
 The girl might pass, if we could get her
 To know the world a little better.
 (*To know the world!* a modern phrase 430
 For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
 Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
 The Queen of Beauty lost her aim ;
 Too late with grief she understood,
 Pallas had done more harm than good ; 435
 For great examples are but vain,
 Where ignorance begets disdain.
 Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
 Against Vanessa's power unite :
 To copy her, few nymphs aspir'd ; 440
 Her virtues fewer swains admir'd.

So stars beyond a certain height
 Give mortals neither heat nor light.
 Yet some of either sex, endow'd
 With gifts superior to the croud, 445
 With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
 She condescended to admit :
 With pleasing arts she could reduce
 Mens talents to their proper use ;
 And with address each genius held 450
 To that wherein it most excell'd ;
 Thus, making others' wisdom known,
 Could please them, and improve her own.
 A modest youth said something new ;
 She plac'd it in the strongest view. 455
 All humble worth she strove to raise ;
 Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
 The learned met with free approach,
 Although they came not in a coach :
 Some clergy too she would allow, 460
 Nor quarrel'd at their awkward bow ;
 But this was for Cadenus' sake,
 A gownman of a different make ;
 Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
 Had fix'd on for her coadjutor. 465
 But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
 To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
 On Pallas all attempts are vain :
 One way he knows to give her pain ;
 Vows on Vanessa's heart to take 470
 Due vengeance, for her patron's sake.

Those

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 117

Those early seeds by Venus sown,
 In spite of Pallas, now were grown ;
 And Cupid hop'd, they would improve
 By time, and ripen into love. 475

The boy made use of all his craft,
 In vain discharging many a shaft,
 Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux :
 Cadenus warded off the blows ;
 For, placing still some book betwixt, 480
 The darts were in the cover fix'd,
 Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
 On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoil'd.

The Queen of Wisdom could foresee,
 But not prevent, the Fates' decree : 485
 And human caution tries in vain
 To break that adamantine chain.

Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
 By Love invulnerable thought,
 Searching in books for wisdom's aid, 490
 Was, in the very search, betray'd.

Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
 Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost :
 He could not answer to his fame
 The triumphs of that stubborn dame, 495
 A nymph so hard to be subdued,
 Who neither was coquette nor prude.
 I find, said he, she wants a doctor,
 Both to adore her, and instruct her :
 I'll give her what she most admires, 500
 Among those venerable fires.

Cadenus is a subject fit,
 Grown old in politicks and wit,
 Carefs'd by ministers of state,
 Of half mankind the dread and hate. 505
 Whate'er vexations love attend,
 She need no rivals apprehend.
 Her sex, with universal voice,
 Must laugh at her capricious choice.

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

Vanessa, not in years a score,
 Dreams of a gown of forty-four ; 525
 Imaginary charms can find
 In eyes with reading almost blind :
 Cadenus now no more appears
 Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
 She fancies musick in his tongue ; 530
 Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.

What

What mariner is not afraid
 To venture in a ship decay'd ?
 What planter will attempt to yoke
 A sapling with a falling oak ? 535
 As years increase, she brighter shines :
 Cadenus with each day declines :
 And he must fall a prey to time,
 While she continues in her prime.
 Cadenus, common forms apart, 540
 In every scene had kept his heart ;
 He d sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
 For pastime, or to shew his wit.
 But books, and time, and state affairs,
 Had spoil'd his fashionable airs : 545
 He now could praise, esteem, approve,
 But understood not what was love.
 His conduct might have made him styl'd
 A father, and the nymph his child.
 That innocent delight he took 550
 To see the virgin mind her book,
 Was but the master's secret joy
 In school to hear the finest boy.
 Her knowledge with her fancy grew ;
 She hourly press'd for something new ; 555
Ideas came into her mind
 So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind ;
 She reason'd, without plodding long,
 Nor ever gave her judgement wrong.
 But now a sudden change was wrought : 560
 She minds no longer what he taught.

Cadenus was amaz'd, to find
 Such marks of a distracted mind :
 For, though she seem'd to listen more
 To all he spoke, than e'er before, 565
 He found her thoughts would absent range,
 Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
 And first he modestly conjectures
 His pupil might be tir'd with lectures ;
 Which help'd to mortify his pride, 570
 Yet gave him not the heart to chide :
 But, in a mild dejected strain,
 At last he ventur'd to complain ;
 Said, she should be no longer teas'd,
 Might have her freedom when she pleas'd ; 575
 Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong
 To hide her from the world so long,
 And in dull studies to engage
 One of her tender sex and age ;
 That every nymph with envy own'd, 580
 How she might shine in the *grande monde* ;
 And every shepherd was undone
 To see her cloister'd like a nun.
 This was a visionary scheme :
 He wak'd, and found it but a dream ; 585
 A project far above his skill ;
 For nature must be nature still.
 If he were bolder than became
 A scholar to a courtly dame,
 She might excuse a man of letters ; 590
 Thus tutors often treat their betters :

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 121

And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.

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

Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong ;
Yet could such notions entertain 600
That all his lectures were in vain ?

She own'd the wandering of her thoughts ;
But he must answer for her faults.

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

Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use ;
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own ;

Can make us without fear disclose 610
Our inmost secrets to our foes :

That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.

Now, said the nymph, to let you see
My actions with your rules agree ; 615

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

I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit ;

You caution'd me against their charms, 620
But never gave me equal arms ;

Your

Your lessons found the weakest part,
 Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
 Cadenus felt within him rise
 Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprize. 625
 He knew not how to reconcile
 Such language with her usual style :
 And yet her words were so exprest,
 He could not hope she spoke in jest.
 His thoughts had wholly been confin'd. 630
 To form and cultivate her mind.
 He hardly knew, till he was told,
 Whether the nymph were young or old ;
 Had met her in a public place,
 Without distinguishing her face : 635
 Much less could his declining age
 Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage ;
 And, if her youth indifference met,
 His person must contempt beget :
 Or, grant her passion be sincere, 640
 How shall his innocence be clear ?
 Appearances were all so strong,
 The world must think him in the wrong :
 Would say, he made a treacherous use
 Of wit, to flatter and seduce : 645
 The town would swear, he had betray'd
 By magic spells the harmless maid :
 And every beau would have his jokes,
 That scholars were like other folks ;
 And, when Platonic flights were over, 650
 The tutor turn'd a mortal lover !
 So

So tender of the young and fair !
 It shew'd a true paternal care —
 Five thousand guineas in her purse !
 The Doctor might have fancy'd worse. — 655

Hardly at length he silence broke,
 And falter'd every word he spoke ;
 Interpreting her complaisance,
 Just as a man *sans consequence*,
 She raillied well, he always knew : 660
 Her manner now was something new ;
 And what she spoke was in an air
 As serious as a tragic player.

But those who aim at ridicule
 Should fix upon some certain rule, 665
 Which fairly hints they are in jest,
 Else he must enter his protest :

For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
 He may be caught with sober lies ;
 A science which he never taught, 670
 And, to be free, was dearly bought ;
 For, take it in its proper light,
 'Tis just what coxcombs call *a bite*.

But, not to dwell on things minute,
 Vanessa finish'd the dispute, 675
 Brought weighty arguments to prove
 That reason was her guide in love.

She thought he had himself describ'd,
 His doctrines when she first imbib'd :
 What he had planted, now was grown ; 680
 His virtues she might call her own ;

As

As he approves, as he dislikes,
 Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
 Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
 Attends us first, and leaves us last : 685
 Why she likes him, admire not at her ;
 She loves herself, and that 's the matter.
 How was her tutor wont to praise
 The geniuses of ancient days !
 (Those authors he so oft' had nam'd, 690
 For learning, wit, and wisdom, fam'd)
 Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
 For persons whom he never saw.
 Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
 He must adore such God-like men. 695
 If one short volume could comprize
 All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
 How would it be esteem'd and read,
 Although the writer long were dead !
 If such an author were alive, 700
 How all would for his friendship strive,
 And come in crouds to see his face !
 And this she takes to be her case.
 Cadenus answers every end,
 The book, the author, and the friend ; 705
 The utmost her desires will reach,
 Is but to learn what he can teach :
 His converse is a system fit
 Alone to fill up all her wit ;
 While every passion of her mind 710
 In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 125

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

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect
Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event ; 730
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes :
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought. 735
When Miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get ;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice ;
And oft' the dancing-master's art 740
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.

In learning let a nymph delight,
 The pedant gets a mistress by 't.
 Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
 Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame; 745
 And, though her arguments were strong,
 At least could hardly wish them wrong.
 Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
 But sure she never talk'd so well.
 His pride began to interpose; 750
 Preferr'd before a croud of beaux!
 So bright a nymph to come unfought!
 Such wonder by his merit wrought!
 'Tis merit must with her prevail!
 He never knew her judgement fail! 755
 She noted all she ever read!
 And had a most discerning head!
 'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
 That flattery 's the food of fools;
 Yet now and then your men of wit 760
 Will condescend to take a bit.
 So, when Cadenus could not hide,
 He chose to justify, his pride;
 Construing the passion she had shown,
 Much to her praise, more to his own. 765
 Nature in him had merit plac'd,
 In her a most judicious taste.
 Love, hitherto a transient guest,
 Ne'er held possession of his breast;
 So long attending at the gate, 770
 Disdain'd to enter in so late.

Love

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 127

Love why do we one passion call,
 When 'tis a compound of them all ?
 Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
 In all their equipages meet ; 775
 Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
 Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear ;
 Wherein his dignity and age
 Forbid Cadenus to engage.
 But friendship, in its greatest height, 780
 A constant, rational delight,
 On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
 When love allurements long are past,
 Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
 He gladly offers in return ; 785
 His want of passion will redeem
 With gratitude, respect, esteem ;
 With that devotion we bestow,
 When goddesses appear below.
 While thus Cadenus entertains 790
 Vanessa in exalted strains,
 The nymph in sober words intreats
 A truce with all sublime conceits :
 For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
 To her who durst not read romances ? 795
 In lofty style to make replies,
 Which he had taught her to despise ?
 But when her tutor will affect
 Devotion, duty, and respect,
 He fairly abdicates the throne ; 800
 The government is now her own ;

He has a forfeiture incurr'd ;
 She vows to take him at his word,
 And hopes he will not think it strange,
 If both should now their stations change. 805
 The nymph will have her turn to be
 The tutor ; and the pupil, he :
 Though she already can discern
 Her scholar is not apt to learn ;
 Or wants capacity to reach 810
 The science she designs to teach :
 Wherein his genius was below
 The skill of every common beau,
 Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
 Enough to read a lady's eyes, 815
 And will each accidental glance
 Interpret for a kind advance.
 But what success Vanessa met,
 Is to the world a secret yet.
 Whether the nymph, to please her swain, 820
 Talks in a high romantic strain ;
 Or whether he at last descends
 To act with less seraphic ends ;
 Or, to compound the business, whether
 They temper love and books together ; 825
 Must never to mankind be told,
 Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.
 Meantime the mournful Queen of Love
 Led but a weary life above.
 She ventures now to leave the skies, 830
 Grown by Vanessa's conduct wife :

For, though by one perverse event
 Pallas had cross'd her first intent ;
 Though her design was not obtain'd ;
 Yet had she much experience gain'd, 835
 And, by the project vainly try'd,
 Could better now the *cause* decide.
 She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martis,
 Should at their peril, without fail, 840
 Come and appear, and save their bail.
 All met ; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
 One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
 The judge discover'd in her face
 Resentments for her late disgrace ; 845
 And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
 Directed them to mind their brief ;
 Nor spend their time to shew their reading ;
 She 'd have a summary proceeding.
 She gather'd under every head 850
 The sum of what each lawyer said,
 Gave her own reasons last, and then
 Decreed the cause against the *men*.
 But, in a weighty case like this,
 To shew she did not judge amiss, 855
 Which evil tongues might else report,
 She made a speech in open court ;
 Wherein she grievously complains,
 " How she was cheated by the swains ;"
 On whose petition (humbly shewing, 860
 That women were not worth the wooing,

And that, unless the sex would mend,
 The race of lovers soon must end) —
 “ She was at Lord knows what expence
 “ To form a nymph of wit and sense, 865
 “ A model for her sex design’d,
 “ Who never could one lover find.
 “ She saw her favour was misplac’d ;
 “ The fellows had a wretched taste ;
 “ She needs must tell them to their face, 870
 “ They were a stupid, senseless race ;
 “ And, were she to begin again,
 “ She ’d study to reform the *men* ;
 “ Or add some grains of folly more
 “ To *women*, than they had before, 875
 “ To put them on an equal foot ;
 “ And this, or nothing else, would do ’t.
 “ This might their mutual fancy strike ;
 “ Since every being loves its *like*.
 “ But now, repenting what was done, 880
 “ She left all business to her son ;
 “ She puts the world in his possession,
 “ And let him use it at discretion.”
 The cryer was order’d to dismiss
 The court, so made his last *O yes !* 885
 The goddesses would no longer wait ;
 But, rising from her chair of state,
 Left all below at six and seven,
 Harness’d her doves, and flew to heaven.

T O L O V E*.

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

* Found in Miss Vanhomrigh's desk, after her death,
 in the hand-writing of Dr. Swift.

Cupid and Hymen thou hast fet at odds,
 And bred fuch feuds between thofe kindred gods,
 That Venus cannot reconcile her fons ;
 When one appears, away the other runs.
 The former fcales, wherein he us'd to poife
 Love againft love, and equal joys with joys,
 Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
 Where titles, power, and riches, ftill fubfide.
 Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
 And tell him, how thy children are undone ;
 Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
 And ftrike Difcretion to the fhades below.

O D E T O S P R I N G .

BY A L A D Y * .

HA I L, blufhing goddeffs, beauteous Spring,
 Who, in thy jocund train, doft bring
 Loves and Graces, fmiling Hours,
 Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers ;
 Come, with tints of rofeate hue,
 Nature's faded charms renew.

Yet why fhould I thy prefence hail ?
 To me no more the breathing gale
 Comes fraught with sweets ; no more the rofe
 With fuch transcendent beauty blows,
 As when Cadenus bleffed the fcene,
 And fhar'd with me thofe joys ferene ;
 When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
 Of friendship kindled new defire :

* This and the next ode have been afcribed to Vaneffa.
 Still

ODE TO SPRING.

133

Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths, which angels might have sung,
Divine, imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names!) in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies!

ODE TO WISDOM.

BY THE SAME.

OH, Pallas! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid,
By tender love deprest;
'Tis just that thou should'st heal the smart
Inflicted by thy subtle art,
And calm my troubled breast.

No random-shot from Cupid's bow,
But by thy guidance, soft and slow,
It sunk within my heart;
Thus, Love being arm'd with Wisdom's force,
In vain I try to stop its course,
In vain repel the dart.

O goddess! break the fatal league,
Let Love, with Folly and Intrigue,
More fit associates find!
And thou alone within my breast,
O! deign to soothe my griefs to rest,
And heal my tortur'd mind.

A REBUS. By VANESSA.

CUT the name of the man * who his mistress deny'd, }
 And let the first of it be only apply'd }
 To join with the prophet † who David did chide; }
 Then say what a horse is that runs very fast ‡;
 And that which deserves to be first put the last;
 Spell all then, and put them together, to find
 The Name and the Virtues of him I design'd.
 Like the Patriarch in Egypt, he 's vers'd in the state;
 Like the Prophet in Jewry, he 's free with the great;
 Like a racer he flies, to succour with speed,
 When his friends want his aid, or desert is in need.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
 I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
 Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
 On so mean a *design*, and a *subject* so low.
 For mean 's her *design*, and her *subject* as mean,
 The first but a Rebus, the last but a Dean.
 A Dean 's but a parson: and what is a Rebus?
 A thing never known to the Muses or Phœbus.
 The corruption of verse; for, when all is done,
 It is but a *paraphrase* made on a *pun*.
 But a genius like her's no subject can stifle,
 It shews and discovers itself through a trifle.

* Jo-seph. . . † Nathan. . . ‡ Swift.

By

By reading this *trifle*, I quickly began
 To find her a great *wit*, but the *dean* a small man.
 Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff,
 Which others for mantuas would think fine enough :
 So the *wit* that is lavishly thrown away here
 Might furnish a second-rate *poet* a year.
 Thus much for the *verse*, we proceed to the next,
 Where the Nymph has entirely forsaken her *text* :
 Her fine panegyricks are quite out of season,
 And what *she* describes to be *merit* is *treason* :
 The changes, which faction has made in the state,
 Have put the *dean's* politicks quite out of date :
 Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
 And, should he write *pamphlets*, no great man would
 read 'em ;
 And should *want* or *desert* stand in need of his aid,
 This *racer* would prove but a dull-founder'd *jade*.

HORACE, B. II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED.

Addressed to RICHARD STEELE, Esq. 1714.

“ En qui promittit cives, urbem sibi curæ,
 “ Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra deorum.”

HOR. 1 Sat. vi. 34.

DICK, thou 't resolv'd, as I am told,
 Some strange *arcana* to unfold,
 And, with the help of Buckley's pen,
 To vamp the good old cause again,
 Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is) 5
 Must furbish up, and nickname Crisis.

Thou pompously wilt let us know
 What all the world knew long ago,
 (E'er since Sir William Gore was mayor,
 And Harley fill'd the Commons' chair) 10
 That we a German Prince must own
 When Anne for heaven resigns her throne.
 But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout
 With—who is *in*—and who is *out*,
 Thou'lt rail devoutly at the *peace*, 15
 And all its secret *causes* trace,
 The *bucket-play* 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
 Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
 Of *tricks* the lord of Oxford knows,
 And errors of our Plenipoes. 20
 Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
 Portending ruin to our state;
 And of that dreadful *coup d'eclat*,
 Which has afforded thee much chat.
 The Queen, forsooth (*despotic*) gave 25
 Twelve *coronets* without *thy* leave!
 A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
 For which no heads have *yet* aton'd!
 Believe me, what thou'lt undertaken
 May bring in jeopardy thy bacon; 30
 For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
 Should never meddle with edg'd tools.
 But, since thou'rt got into the fire,
 And canst not easily retire,
 Thou must no longer deal in *farce*, 35
 Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;

Until

Until thou shalt have eas'd thy conscience,
 Of spleen, of politicks, and nonsense;
 And, when thou 'st bid adieu to cares,
 And settled Europe's *grand* affairs, 40
 'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
 For Drury-Lane to shape thy style :

“ To make a pair of jolly fellows,
 “ The son and father, join to tell us,
 “ How sons may safely disobey, 45
 “ And fathers never should say nay,
 “ By which wise conduct they grow friends
 “ At last—and so the story ends *.”

When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
 Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art †, 50
 Which made thy closet much frequented
 By buxom lasses—some repented
 Their luckless choice of husbands—others,
 Impatient to be like their mothers,
 Receiv'd from thee profound directions 55
 How best to settle their affections.
 Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
 Didst in thy calling do thy best.

But now the Senate (if things *hit*
 And thou at Stockbridge wert not *bit*) 60

* This is said to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town. SWIFT.—In some particulars it would apply to “ The Conscious Lovers.”

† There were some tolerable grounds for this reflection. Mr. Steele had actually a laboratory at Poplar.

Must

Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
 Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
 Thee with *immortal honours* crown,
 Whilst, *Patriot-like*, thou 'lt strut and frown.

What though by enemies 'tis said, 65
 The *laurel*, which adorns thy head,
 Must one day come in competition
 By virtue of some fly *petition* :
 Yet *mum* for that ; hope still the best,
 Nor let such cares disturb thy rest. 70

Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
 As bagpipe shrill, or oyster-strumpet ;
 Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
 With coat embroider'd richly shine,
 And dazzle all the *idol-faces* 75
 As through the *ball* thy worship paces ;
 (Though this I speak but at a venture,
 Supposing thou hast *tick* with Hunter)
 Methinks I see a *black-guard rout*

Attend thy coach, and hear them shout 80
 In approbation of thy tongue,
 Which (in their style) is *purely bung*,
 Now ! now you carry all before you !
 Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
 Pretend to answer one syl—lable, 85
 Except the matchless hero Abel *.

What though her highness and her spouse
 In Antwerp † keep a frugal house,

* Abel Roper.

† Where the duke of Marlborough then resided.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE I. 139

Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
 They 'll soon enable thee to spend, 90
 If to Macartney * thou wilt toast,
 And to his *pious patron's* ghost.
 Now manfully thou 'lt run a tilt
 " On *popes*, for all the blood they 've spilt,
 " For massacres, and racks, and flames, 95
 " For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
 " For inquisitions taught by Spain,
 " Of which the Christian world complain."
 Dick, we agree—all 's true thou 'lt said,
 As that my Muse is yet a maid. 100
 But, if I may with freedom talk,
 All this is foreign to thy walk :
 Thy *genius* has perhaps a knack
 At trudging in a beaten track,
 * But is for *state-affairs* as fit 105
 As mine for politicks and wit.
 Then let us both in time grow wise,
 Nor higher than our talents rise ;
 To some snug cellar let 's repair
 From duns and debts, and drown our care ; 110
 Now quaff of honest ale a quart,
 Now venture at a pint of port,
 With which inspir'd, we 'll club each night
 Some tender sonnet to indite,
 And with Tom D'Urfey, Philips, Dennis, 115
 Immortalize our Dolls and Jenneys.

* General Macartney, who killed duke Hamilton.

HORACE,

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS the sheltering Poet's INVITATION
to RICHARD STEELE, the secluded Party-writer,
and Member; to come and live with him in
THE MINT; 1714*.

Fit to be bound up with THE CRISIS.

IF thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we Minters, with ragouts unstor'd,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford :
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Christmas-box, 5
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks ;
Since printing by subscription now is grown
The stalest, idlest cheat about the town ;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a Papist bred,
Has an *alarm* against that worship spread, 10
Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
And for new levies on Proposals musing.
'Tis true, that Bloomsbury Square's a noble place :
But what are lofty buildings in thy case ?
What's a fine house embellish'd to profusion, 15
Where shoulder-dabbers are in execution ?
Or whence its timorous tenant seldom fallies,
But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs ?

* This and the preceding poem are printed from
copies in the Lambeth Library, K. 1. 2. 29, 30. 4to.

JOHN DENNIS'S INVITATION. 141

This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
 • And cease to be improvidently nice ; 20
 Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
 From Highgate's steep ascent and Hampstead's height,
 With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's field,
 More durable and safe enjoyments yield.
 Here I, ev'n I, that ne'er till now could find 25
 Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
 But ever was with jealousies possess'd,
 Am in a state of indolence and rest ;
 Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
 Nor looking upon strangers as on spies, 30
 But quite divested of my former spleen,
 Am unprovok'd without, and calm within :
 And here I'll wait thy coming, till the sun
 Shall its diurnal course completely run.
 Think not that thou of sturdy butt shalt fail, 35
 My landlord's cellar's stock'd with beer and ale,
 With every sort of malt that is in use,
 And every county's generous produce.
 The *ready* (for here Christian faith is sick,
 Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick) 40
 Instantly brings the choicest liquors out,
 Whether we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,
 For mead or cyder, or, with dainties fed,
 Ring for a flask or two of white or red,
 Such as the drawer will not fail to swear 45
 Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.
 That name, methinks, so popularly known
 For opposition to the church and crown,

Might

Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
 And almost give a sanction to the glass ; 50
 Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal
 Against the late rejected *commerce-bill*
 Made thee *rise up*, like an audacious elf,
To do the speaker honour, not thyself.

But, if thou soar'st above the common prices, 55
 By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis,
 And nothing can go down with thee, but wines
 Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
 Bid them be brought ; for, though I hate the French,
 I love their liquors, as thou lov'st a wench ; 60
 Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
 And, with us, hold contentment for a feast.

The fire's already lighted ; and the maid
 Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
 Who never on a Saturday had struck, 65
 But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
 Think of this *act of grace*, which by your leave
 Susan would not have done on Easter Eve,
 Had she not been inform'd over and over,
 'Twas for th' ingenious Author of The Lover. 70

Cease therefore to beguile thyself with hopes,
 Which is no more than making sandy ropes,
 And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
 That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.
 Pry'thee what is 't to thee who guides the state ? 75
 Why Dunkirk's demolition is so late ?
 Or why her majesty thinks fit to cease
 The din of war, and hush the world to peace ?

The

JOHN DENNIS'S INVITATION. 143

The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to chuse, and on what topicks dwell; 80
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.
Rather let such poor souls as you and I
Say that the holydays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's fun begins the week, 85
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.

Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-sweeper's stept, 90
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire, 95
Explode the wits on t'other side o'th' water.

Why has my lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's-waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites? 100
He 's but a short remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is sad,
And, like a griping usurer, does spare
His money to be squander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches, 105
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;

And,

And, though I can't put off a woeful mien,
 Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within: 110
 As, in despite of a censorious race,
 I most incontinently suck my face.
 What mighty projects does not he design,
 Whose stomach flows, and brain turns round with wine?
 Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit, 115
 And fashion him to humour and to wit;
 Makes even S**** to disclose his art,
 By racking every secret from his heart,
 As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
 To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies. 120
 Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it stead of tea,
 Fancies himself in Canterbury's see,
 And S***** when he carousing reels,
 Imagines that he has regain'd the seals:
 W*****, by virtue of its juice, can fight, 125
 And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
 Wine gives lord William aptitude of parts,
 And swells him with his family's deserts:
 Whom can it not make eloquent of speech?
 Whom in extremeft poverty not rich? 130
 Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
 Th*****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
 But, half-seas-o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
 Can qualify himself in several counties.
 What I have promis'd, thou mayst rest assur'd, 135
 Shall faithfully and gladly be procur'd.
 Nay, I'm already better than my word,
 New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:

And,

JOHN DENNIS'S INVITATION. 145

And, lest thou at their fight shouldst make wry faces,
The girl has scower'd the pots, and wash'd the glasses,
Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou mayst see thine own dear picture in 'em.

Moreover, due provision has been made,
That conversation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper 145
To fit with the most flagrant Whig at supper.
There's not a man among them but must please,
Since they're as like each other as are peas.
Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word,
They'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third, 150
Provided he 'as no other invitation,
From men of greater quality and station.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left;
But their discourses smell too much of theft:
There would be no abiding in the room, 155
Should two such ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this trusty bearer write,
If I should any other scabs invite;
Though if I may my serious judgement give,
I'm wholly for King Charles's number five: 160
That was the stint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noisiness perplex'd:
And that, if thou 'lt agree to think it best,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.

I've nothing more, now this is said, to say, 165
But to request thou 'lt instantly away,
And leave the duties of thy present post,
To some well-skill'd retainer to a host;

Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
 And o'er his grace's horses have an eye. 170
 While thou, who'st slunk through postern more than
 once,
 Dost by that means avoid a croud of duns,
 And, crossing o'er The Thames at Temple-stairs,
 Leav'st Philips with good words to cheat their ears.

To LORD HARLEY, on his MARRIAGE, 1713.

A MONG the numbers who employ
 Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
 Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
 What friendship dictates more than wit.
 Forgive me, when I fondly thought
 (By frequent observations taught)
 A spirit so inform'd as yours
 Could never prosper in amours.
 The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
 With all acquir'd and natural parts,
 Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
 Was an unfortunate gallant.
 Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
 The Nymph had soon been brought to yield:
 Or, had embroider'd Mars pursued,
 The Nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
 Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
 Mark out the way where Daphne flew:
 For such is all the sex's flight,
 They fly from learning, wit, and light:

They

They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb, or a rake.

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

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

This character shall Ca'endish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are insolent and vain),
Madly aspir'd to wear her chain :
But Pallas, guardian of the Maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupify'd them all to stocks.
The Nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd :
For Pallas, with celestial light,
Had purify'd her mortal sight ;

Shew'd her the virtues all combin'd,
Fresh blooming, in young Harley's mind.

Terrestrial nymphs, by former arts,
Display their various nets for hearts :
Their looks are all by method set,
When to be prude, and when coquette ;
Yet, wanting skill and power to chuse,
Their only pride is to refuse.

But, when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below,
Round all the earth she casts her eyes ;
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best,
And bids the ravish'd youth be blest'd.

Thus the bright Empress of the Morn
Chose, for her spouse, a mortal born :
The Goddess made advances first ;
Else what aspiring hero durst ?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen ;
Still blushes, and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.

Diana thus, Heaven's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the Shepherd own'd her flame.

Thus Ca'endish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the Queen of Night,
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

I N S I C K N E S S .

Written in IRELAND, October 1714.

'T I S true — then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline ?

But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known ?
My state of health none care to learn ;
My life is here no soul's concern :
And those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more ;
Which those who tend the sick for pay
Can act as decently as they :
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.

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

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

Written in the Year 1715.

On an ATTEMPT to repeal the TEST ACT.

A BITCH that was full pregnant grown,
 By all the dogs and curs in town,
 Finding her ripen'd time was come,
 Her litter teeming from her womb,
 Went here and there, and every where,
 To find an easy place to lay-her.

At length to Musick's house * she came,
 And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
 "My only friend, my dear," said she,
 "You see 'tis mere necessity,
 "Hath sent me to your house to whelp;
 "I'll die, if you deny your help."

With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
 With artful sigh and feigned groan,
 With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
 Smooth Bawty † did so far prevail,
 That Musick gave her leave to litter;
 But mark what follow'd — faith! she bit her.

Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
 And broth enough to fill her paps;

* The church of England.

† A Scotch name for a bitch; alluding to the kirk.

For,

For, well she knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would suck her blood.

But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone ;
In civil terms, — “ My friend,” says she,
“ My house you 've had on courtesy ;
“ And now I earnestly desire,
“ That you would with your cubs retire :
“ For, should you stay but one week longer,
“ I shall be starv'd with cold and hunger.”

The guest reply'd — “ My friend, your leave
“ I must a little longer crave ;
“ Stay till my tender cubs can find
“ Their way — for now, you see, they 're blind ;
“ But, when we 've gather'd strength, I swear,
“ We 'll to our barn again repair.”

The time pass'd on ; and Musick came,
Her kennel once again to claim ;
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her ;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd — “ A bite ! a bite !”

T H E M O R A L.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armed force :
No sooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium's lost, and Priam falls.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.
TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,
LATE LORD TREASURER.

Sent to him when in the TOWER, 1716.

HOW blest is he, who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back;
Though fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the *staff**, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a feat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
He, who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me.
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Left, with the wicked, heaven involve the just?
And, though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

* The ensign of the lord treasurer's office.

P H Y L L I S ;

O R,

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE. 1716.

DESPONDING Phyllis was endued
 . With every talent of a prude :
 She trembled when a man drew near ;
 Salute her, and she turn'd her ear ;
 If o'er against her you were plac'd,
 She durst not look above your waist :
 She 'd rather take you to her bed,
 Than let you see her dress her head :
 In church you hear her, through the croud,
 Repeat the *absolution* loud :
 In church, secure behind her fan,
 She durst behold that monster *man* ;
 There practis'd how to place her head,
 And bit her lips to make them red ;
 Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
 Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
 And heave her bosom unaware,
 For neighbouring beaux to see it bare.
 At length a lucky lover came,
 And found admittance to the dame.
 Suppose all parties now agreed,
 The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
 The vicar and the ring bespoke :
 Guess, how could such a match be broke ?

See then what mortals place their blifs in !
 Next morn betimes the bride was miffing :
 'The mother scream'd, the father chid ;
 Where can this idle wench be hid ?
 No news of Phyl ! the bridegroom came,
 And thought his bride had skulk'd for fhame ;
 Because her father us'd to fay,
 The girl *had fuch a bashful way !*

Now John the butler muft be fent
 To learn the road that Phyllis went.
 The groom was wifh'd to faddle Crop ;
 For John muft neither light nor ftop,
 But find her, wherefoe'er ſhe fled,
 And bring her back, alive or dead.

See here again the devil to do !
 For truly John was miffing too :
 The horfe and pillion both were gone !
 Phyllis, it feems, was fled with John.

Old Madam, who went up to find
 What papers Phyl had left behind,
 A letter on the toilet fees,
To my much-honour'd father — thefe —
 ('Tis always done, romances tell us,
 When daughters run away with fellows)
 Fill'd with the choicelt common-places,
 By others us'd in the like cafes.

“ That long ago a *fortune-teller*.

“ Exactly faid what now befel her ;

“ And in a *glafs* had made her fee

“ A *ſerving-man* of low degree.

“ It

“ It was *her fate*, must be forgiven ;
 “ For *marriages were made in heaven* :
 “ His pardon begg’d : but, to be plain,
 “ She ’d *do ’t, if ’twere to do again* :
 “ Thank’d God, ’twas *neither shame nor sin* ;
 “ For John was come of *honest kin*.
 “ Love never thinks of rich and poor :
 “ *She ’d beg with John from door to door*.
 “ Forgive her, if it be a crime ;
 “ She ’ll never do ’t *another time*.
 “ She ne’er before in all her life
 “ Once disobey’d him, *maid nor wife*.
 “ One argument she summ’d up all in,
 “ The *thing was done, and past recalling* ;
 “ And therefore hop’d she should recover
 “ His favour, when his *passion’s over*.
 “ She valued not what others thought her,
 “ And was — his *most obedient daughter*.”

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

But what adventures more befel them,
 The Muse hath now no time to tell them,
 How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
 Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd :
 How oft' she broke her marriage vows
 In kindness to maintain her spouse,
 Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade ;
 For now the surgeons must be paid,
 To whom those perquisites are gone,
 In Christian justice due to John.

When food and raiment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a period to the farce,
 And with exact poetic justice ;
 For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess ;
 They keep, at Staines, the Old Blue Boar,
 Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM

THOMAM SHERIDAN. 1717.

DELICIÆ Sheridan Musarum, dulcis amice,
 Si tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
 Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
 Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
 Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum,
 Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
 Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
 Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas

Astitit;

Astitit ; & dixit, mentis præfaga futuræ,
 Heu, puer infelix ! nostro sub fidere natus ;
 Nani tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra ;
 Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam :
 Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
 Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
 Hoc animi dotes supplebunt ; teque docente,
 Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juvenus,
 Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
 Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, *salutifer* orbi.
 Ast, illi causas orant ; his infula visa est
 Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.

Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
 Consciis, expedias puero seu lætus Apollo
 Nascenti arrisit ; sive illum frigidus horror
 Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.

Quin tu altè penitusque latentia femina cernis,
 Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
 Erumpent, promis ; quo ritu sæpè puella
 Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitât ignes.

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

Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
 Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernus ;
 Sæpè puer tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga
 Cælumque terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

ADDRESSED TO ABP. KING. 1718.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best :

But never shall the Muse endure
To let your virtues lie obscure,
Or suffer Envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise ;
Your steady soul preserves her frame
In good and evil times the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your sacred presence aw'd ;
Your hand alone from gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish world in chains.

Him for a happy man I own,
Whose fortune is not overgrown ;
And happy he, who wisely knows
To use the gifts that Heaven bestows ;
Or, if it please the Powers Divine,
Can suffer want, and not repine.
The man, who infamy to shun
Into the arms of death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life his country or his friend.

To Mr. DELANY, Nov. 10, 1718.

TO you, whose virtues, I must own
 With shame, I have too lately known ;
 To you, by art and nature taught
 To be the man I long have fought,
 Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
 Plac'd you in life too far behind ;
 Or, what I should repine at more,
 Plac'd me in life too far before :
 To you the Muse this verse bestows,
 Which might as well have been in prose ;
 No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
 But simple topicks told in rhyme.

Talents for conversation fit,
 Are humour, breeding, sense, and wit :
 The last, as boundless as the wind,
 Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd :
 For, sure, by wit is chiefly meant
 Applying well what we invent.
 What humour is, not all the tribe
 Of logick-mongers can describe ;
 Here nature only acts her part,
 Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art ;
 For wit and humour differ quite ;
 That gives surprize, and this delight.
 Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
 Only by affectation spoil'd :

'Tis

'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.

Our conversation to refine,
Humour and wit must both combine :
From both we learn to railly well,
Wherein sometimes the French excel.
Voiture, in various lights, displays
That irony which turns to praise :
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule :
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair :
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire, where he most commends.

But, as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show,
Nor can arrive at silver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place :
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the difference lay abstruse
'Twixt raillery and gross abuse ;
To shew their parts, will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boisterous bears,
Always together by the ears ;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe ;
Who first run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town ;

Skill'd

Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence *The Club*.

I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar.

The mettled and the vicious steed
Differ as little in their breed ;
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh
As rudeness is to repartee.

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

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

You wonder now to see me write
So gravely on a subject light ;
Some part of what I here design
Regards a friend * of your's and mine ;
Who, neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,

* Dr. Sheridan.

But fallies oft' beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.

When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend to blame :
For, though men cry they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test ;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jest that is their own.

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

If he be guilty, you must mend him ;
If he be innocent, defend him.

* Which was afterwards the subject of several poems
by Dr. Swift and others.

A L E F T -

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER
TO DR. SHERIDAN*. 1718.

S I R,

DELANY reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and
cow-dung ;

We lye cramming ourselves, and are ready to burst,
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.

*Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

Though Delany advis'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor.

I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score ;
How many to answer ? One, two, three, four.

But, because the three former are long ago past,
I shall, for method sake, begin with the last.

You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the rising b'ow.

Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah ! yield.

So the French, when our Generals foundly did pay them :
Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly *Te Deum*.

So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run aground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round.

In every vile pamphlet you 'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our further advances.

* The humour of this poem is partly lost, by the impossibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.

My offers of peace you ill understood :
 Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
 'Twas to teach you in modefter language your duty ;
 For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye :
 As a good quiet foul, who no mischief intends
 To a quarrelsome fellow, cries, Let us be friends.
 But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
 The oftener you fall, the oftener you write ;
 And I 'll use you as he did that overgrown clown,
 I 'll first take you up, and then take you down :
 And, 'tis your own cafe, for you never can wound
 The worst dunce in your fchool, till he 's heav'd from
 the ground.

I beg your pardon for using my left-hand, but I was in great hafte, and the other hand was employed at the fame time in writing fome letters of bufinefs. — I will fend you the reft when I have leifure : but pray come to dinner with the company you met here laft.

A MOTTO for Mr. JASON HASARD,

W O O L L E N - D R A P E R in D U B L I N ;

Whofe Sign was the GOLDEN-FLEECE.

JASON, the valiant prince of Greece,
 From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece :
 We comb the wool, refine the ftuff,
 For modern Jafon, that 's enough.
 Oh! could we tame yon *watchful** Dragon,
 Old Jafon would have lefs to brag on.

* England.

T O

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718.

WHATE'ER your predecessors taught us,
 I have a great esteem for Plautus ;
 And think your boys may gather there-hence
 More wit and humour than from Terence.
 But as to comic Aristophanes,
 The rogue too vicious and too prophane is.
 I went in vain to look for Eupolis
 Down in the Strand *, just where the New Pole is ;
 For I can tell you one thing, that I can
 (You will not find it in the Vatican).
 He and Cratinus us'd, as Horace says,
 To take his greatest grandees for asses.
 Poets, in those days, us'd to venture high ;
 But these are lost full many a century.
 Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
 My judgement of the old Comedians.

Proceed to Tragicks : first, Euripides
 (An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
 Is rightly censur'd by the Stagirite,
 Who says, his numbers do not fadge aright.
 A friend of mine that author despises
 So much, he swears the very best piece is,
 For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's ;
 And that a woman, in these tragedies,
 Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.

* The fact may be true; but the rhyme cost me some
 trouble. SWIFT.

At least, I 'm well assur'd, that no folk lays
 The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
 But, above all, I prefer *Æschylus*,
 Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
 And now I find my Muse but ill able,
 To hold out longer in Trissyllable.
 I chose those rhymes out for their difficulty;
 Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye ?

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

MARCH 13, 1718-19.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
 (We sha' n't dispute a year or more) :
 However, Stella, be not troubled,
 Although thy fize and years are doubled,
 Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
 The brightest virgin on the green :
 So little is thy form declin'd ;
 Made up so largely in thy mind.

Oh, would it please the gods to *split*
 Thy beauty, fize, and years, and wit !
 No age could furnish out a pair
 Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair ;
 With half the lustre of your eyes,
 With half your wit, your years, and fize.
 And then, before it grew too late,
 How should I beg of gentle Fate
 (That either nymph might have her swain)
 To split my worship too in twain !

DR.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1719.

DEAR Dean, since in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
 Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle?
 'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
 In bed as I lay, Sir, a-tossing and turning.
 You 'll find, if you read but a few of your histories,
 All women as Eve, all women are mysteries.
 To find out this riddle I know you 'll be eager,
 And make every one of the sex a Belphegor.
 But that will not do, for I mean to commend them:
 I swear without jest I an honour intend them.
 In a sieve, Sir, their antient extraction I quite tell,
 In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
 This I told you before: do you know what I mean, Sir?
 "Not I, by my troth, Sir." — Then read it again, Sir.
 The reason I send you these lines of rhymes double
 Is purely through pity, to save you the trouble
 Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last;
 When your Pegafus canter'd it triple, and rid fast.
 As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
 With Phœbus's leave, to run with his asses,
 He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
 While your fiery steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, bastinaded.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
 Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
 And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
 I found you mistaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no sieve (for with that you begin),
 Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in.
 And that she's a riddle, can never be right,
 For a riddle is dark, but a woman is *light*.
 But, grant her a sieve, I can say something archer:
 Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen *searcher*.

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
 What name for a * maid, was the first man's damnation?
 If your worship will please to explain me this *rebus*,
 I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11,
 1719, past 12 at noon.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travelers at first incline
 Where-e'er they see the fairest sign;
 And, if they find the chambers neat,
 And like the liquor and the meat,
 Will call again, and recommend
 The Angel-inn to every friend.
 What though the painting grows decay'd,
 The house will never lose its trade:
 Nay, though the treacherous tapster Thomas
 Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
 As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
 In hopes that strangers may mistake it,

* *Vir Gin*, Man-trap.

We

We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.

Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An *angel's* face a little crack'd
(Could poets or could painters fix
How *angels* look at thirty-six) :
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an *angel's* mind ;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crouding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense ;
And puts them but to small expence ;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives
We really wonder how she lives !
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face ?
Or stop and light at Cloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed ?

Then, Cloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six, and thirty-eight ;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken ;
Your innuendos, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows :

And

And let me warn you to believe
 A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
 That, should you live to see the day
 When Stella's locks must all be grey,
 When age must print a furrow'd trace
 On every feature of her face;
 Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
 Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
 To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
 And hold for ever at fifteen;
 No bloom of youth can ever blind
 The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
 All men of sense will pass your door,
 And croud to Stella's at fourscore.

T O S T E L L A .

Who collected and transcribed his POEMS. 1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
 We never hear the workmen prais'd,
 Who bring the lime, or place the stones:
 But all admire Inigo Jones:
 So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
 Should be approv'd in after-times;
 If it both pleases and endures,
 The merit and the praise are yours.

Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
 When first for thee my harp was strung,
 Without one word of Cupid's darts,
 Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:

With

With Friendship and Esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.

In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new ;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort, that our own is best ;
The best we value by the worst
(As tradesmen shew their trash at first) :
But his pursuits were at an end,
Whom Stella chuses for a *friend*.

A Poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topicks like a parrot,
Invokes his Mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes :
Should but his Muse descending drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop ;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprize him with a pint of stout ;
Or patch his broken stocking-soals,
Or send him in a peck of coals ;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the stars behind :
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.

Or, should a porter make enquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phyllis, Iris ;
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine ;

Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
 With footmen tippling under ground ;
 The charming Sylvia beating flax,
 Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks ;
 Bright Phyllis mending ragged smocks ;
 And radiant Iris in the pox.
 These are the goddesses enroll'd
 In Curl's collection, new and old,
 Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
 If they should meet them in a poem.

True poets can depress and raise,
 Are lords of infamy and praise ;
 They are not scurrilous in satire,
 Nor will in panegyrick flatter.
 Unjustly poets we asperse ;
 Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,
 And all the fictions they pursue,
 Do but insinuate what is true.

Now, should my praises owe their truth
 To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
 What Stoics call *without our power* ;
 They could not be insur'd an hour :
 'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
 That must our expectation mock,
 And, making one luxuriant shoot,
 Die the next year for want of root :
 Before I could my verses bring,
 Perhaps you 're quite another thing.

So Mævius, when he drain'd his skull
 To celebrate some suburb trull,

His

His families in order set,
 And every crambo he could get,
 Had gone through all the common-places
 Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces :
 Before he could his poem close,
 The lovely nymph had lost her nose.

Your virtues safely I commend ;
 They on no accidents depend :
 Let malice look with all her eyes,
 She dares not say the poet lyes.

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
 Lest you should take them for a bribe,
 Resolv'd to mortify your pride,
 I'll here expose your weaker side.

Your spirits kindle to a flame,
 Mov'd with the lightest touch of blame ;
 And, when a friend in kindness tries
 To shew you where your error lies,
 Conviction does but more incense ;
 Perverseness is your whole defence ;
 Truth, judgement, wit, give place to spight,
 Regardless both of wrong and right ;
 Your virtues all suspended wait
 Till time hath open'd reason's gate ;
 And, what is worse, your passion bends
 Its force against your nearest friends,
 Which manners, decency, and pride,
 Have taught you from the world to hide :
 In vain ; for see, your friend hath brought
 To public light your only fault ;

And

And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind ;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire ;
The heat, that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.

Those who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a shade.

Yet, when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion with a different turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn :
So the sun's heat with different powers
Ripens the grape, the liquors sours :
Thus Ajax, when with rage possess'd
By Pallas breath'd into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy ;
But, blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.

You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which thus fermenting by degrees
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.

Stella, for once you reason wrong ;
For, should this ferment last too long,

By time fubfiding, you may find
 Nothing but acid left behind ;
 From paffion you may then be freed,
 When peevifhnefs and spleen fucceed.

Say, Stella, when you copy next,
 Will you keep ftrictly to the text ?
 Dare you let thefe reproaches ftand,
 And to your failing fet your hand ?
 Or, if thefe lines your anger fire,
 Shall they in bafe flames expire ?
 Whene'er they burn, if burn they muft,
 They 'll prove my accusation juft.

T O S T E L L A,

Vifiting me in my Sicknefs, 1720*.

PALLAS, obferving Stella's wit
 Was more than for her fex was fit,
 And that her beauty, foon or late,
 Might breed confufion in the ftate,
 In high concern for human-kind,
 Fix'd *honour* in her infant mind.

But (not in wranglings to engage
 With fuch a ftupid vicious age)
 If honour I would here define,
 It answers faith in things divine.
 As natural life the body warms,
 And, fcholars teach, the foul informs ;
 So honour animates the whole,
 And is the fpirit of the foul.

* See the verfes on her Birth-day, 1723-4.

Those numerous virtues which the tribe
 Of tedious moralists describe,
 And by such various titles call,
 True honour comprehends them all.
 Let melancholy rule supreme,
 Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
 It makes no difference in the case,
 Nor is complexion honour's place.

But, lest we should for honour take,
 The drunken quarrels of a rake;
 Or think it seated in a scar,
 Or on a proud triumphal car,
 Or in the payment of a debt
 We lose with sharpers at picquet;
 Or when a whore in her vocation
 Keeps punctual to an assignation;
 Or that on which his lordship swears,
 When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
 Let Stella's fair example preach
 A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd,
 All passions must be laid aside:
 Ask no advice, but think alone;
 Suppose the question not your own.
 How shall I act? is not the case;
 But how would Brutus in my place?
 In such a case would Cato bleed?
 And how would Socrates proceed?

Drive all objections from your mind,
 Else you relapse to human-kind:

Ambition

Ambition, avarice, and lust,
 And factious rage, and breach of trust,
 And flattery tipt with nauseous sneer
 And guilty shame, and servile fear,
 Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
 Will in your tainted heart preside.

Heroes and heroines of old
 By honour only were inroll'd
 Among their brethren in the skies,
 To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
 Ten thousand oaths upon record
 Are not so sacred as her word :
 The world shall in its atoms end,
 Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
 By honour seated in her breast
 She still determines what is best :
 What indignation in her mind
 Against enslavers of mankind !
 Base kings, and ministers of state,
 Eternal objects of her hate !

She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
 Courage to man alone confin'd.
 Can cowardice her sex adorn,
 Which most exposes ours to scorn ?
 She wonders where the charm appears
 In Florinel's affected fears ;
 For Stella never learn'd the art
 At proper times to scream and start ;
 Nor calls up all the house at night,
 And swears she saw a thing in white.

Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.

Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense ;
Which, though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud ;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through every motion steals.

Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind ?
No ; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul ;
Then, to compleat it every way,
He moulded it with female clay :
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.

How would ingratitude delight,
And how would censure glut her spight,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride !
When on my sickly couch I lay
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every power to ease my pains ;
Then Stella ran to my relief
With chearful face and inward grief ;
And, though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,

No cruel master could require,
 From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
 What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
 With vigour and delight perform'd:
 My sinking spirits now supplies
 With cordials in her hands and eyes;
 Now with a soft and silent tread
 Unheard she moves about my bed.
 I see her taste each nauseous draught;
 And so obligingly am caught,
 I bless the hand from whence they came,
 Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best pattern of true friends! beware:
 You pay too dearly for your care,
 If, while your tenderness secures
 My life it must endanger yours;
 For such a fool was never found,
 Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
 Only to have the ruins made
 Materials for an house decay'd.

A N E L E G Y

On the DEATH of DEMAR, the USURER;

Who died the sixth of July, 1720.

KNOW all men by these presents, Death the tamer
 By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar:
 Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
 Redeem him from his prison under ground.

His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
 Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
 Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
 His faithful steward in the shades below.
 He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
 He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk:
 And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
 He might be thought an object fit for alms.
 So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
 He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

Where'er he went, he never saw his *bettors*;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;
 And under *band* and *seal* the Irish nation
 Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
 In half a minute is not worth a groat.
 His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not save,
 Nor all his *interest* keep him from the grave.
 A golden monument would not be right,
 Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh London tavern *! thou hast lost a friend,
 Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:
 He *touch'd* the *pence*, when others *touch'd* the *pot*;
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
 On him could ever boast a power to seize;
 † But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spight
 † Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;

* A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.

† These four lines were written by Stella.

“ And, as he saw his darling *money* fail,
 “ Blew his last breath, to sink the lighter scale.”
 He who so long was *current*, 'twould be strange
 If he should now be *cry'd down* since his *change*.

The *sexton* shall green fods on thee bestow ;
 Alas, the *sexton* is thy *banker* now !
 A dismal *banker* must that *banker* be,
 Who gives no *bills* but of *mortality*.

E P I T A P H O N A M I S E R.

BENEATH this verdant *hillock* lies
 Demar, the *wealthy* and the *wise*.

His *heirs*, that he might safely rest,

Have put his *carcase* in a *chest* ;

The very *chest*, in which, they say,

His *other self*, his *money*, lay.

And, if his *heirs* continue kind

To that dear *self* he left behind,

I dare believe, that four in five

Will think his *better half* alive.

T O M R S. H O U G H T O N O F B O R M O U N T.

Upon praising her Husband to Dr. SWIFT.

YOU always are making a God of your Spouse ;

But this neither Reason nor Conscience allows :

Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,

And you adore him, because he adores you.

Your argument 's weak, and so you will find ;

For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

VERSES, WRITTEN ON A WINDOW,

At the DEANRY HOUSE, ST. PATRICK'S.

ARE the guests of this house still doom'd to be
 cheated? [treated.
 Sure, the fates have decreed they by halves should be
 In the days of good * John, if you came here to dine,
 You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good
 In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat, [wine.
 You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat.
 Oh, Jove! then how fully might all sides be blest,
 Would'st thou but agree to this humble request?
 Put both deans in one; or, if that 's too much trouble,
 Instead of the deans, make the deanry double.

ON ANOTHER WINDOW †.

A BARD, on whom Phœbus his spirit bestow'd,
 Resolving t' acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
 Found out a new method at once of confessing,
 And making the most of so mighty a blessing:
 To the God he 'd be grateful; but mortals he 'd chouse;
 By making his patron preside in his house;
 And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
 That the God would in honour bear most of th' expence:
 So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to treat
 With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat.
 Hence they, that come hither expecting to dine,
 Are always fobb'd off with sheer wit and sheer wine.

* Dean Sterne was distinguished for his hospitality.

† By Dr. Delany, in conjunction with Stella.

APOLLO

A P O L L O to the D E A N. 1720.

RIGHT trusty, and so forth—we let you to know
 We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
 For, first, I have often by chemists been told,
 Though I know nothing on 't, it is I that make gold,
 Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,
 That, since I was born, I hardly have spy'd it.
 Then it must be allow'd, that, whenever I shine,
 I forward the grafs, and I ripen the vine ;
 To me the good fellows apply for relief,
 Without whom they could get neither *claret* nor *beef* :
 Yet their wine and their victuals these curmudgeon
 lubbards
 Lock up from my sight in cellars and cupboards.
 That I have an ill eye, they wickedly think,
 And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.
 But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,
 I alone can inspire the poetical crowd :
 This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
 Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.
 This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
 Without troubling his head about judgement or wit.
 These gentlemen use me with kindness and freedom,
 And as for their works, when I please I may read 'em :
 They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,
 And the titles I view, when I shine on the walls.
 But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
 Whom I for your sake love better than any,

And, of *my mere motion and special good grace,*
 Intended in time to succeed in your place,
 On Tuesday the tenth feditiously came
 With a certain false traitress, one Stella by name,
 To the *deanry* house, and on the north glass,
 Where for fear of the cold I never can pass,
 Then and there, *vi & armis,* with a certain utensil,
 Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
 Did maliciously, falsely, and traiterously write,
 Whilst Stella aforefaid stood by with a light.
 My sister had lately depos'd upon oath,
 That she stopt in her course to look at them both :
 That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding ;
 And still, as he writ, stood smiling and reading :
 That her eyes were as bright as myself at noon-day,
 But her graceful black locks were all mingled with grey ;
 And by the description I certainly know,
 'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago ;
 Whom when I with the best of my talents endued
 On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude :
 That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
 Direct to the *north,* where I never yet went :
 That the letters appeared revers'd through the pane,
 But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right again ;
 Wherein she distinctly could read every line,
 And presently guess'd that the fancy was mine.
 She can swear to the person, whom oft' she has seen
 At night between Cavan Street and College Green.
 Now you see why his verses so seldom are shewn ;
 The reason is plain, they are none of his own ;

And

And observe while you live, that no man is shy
 To discover the goods he came honestly by.
 If I light on a thought, he will certainly steal it,
 And, when he has got it, find ways to conceal it :
 Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
 There 's scarce one in ten but what has my mark ;
 And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
 I 'll make it appear that they 're all stolen ware.
 But as for the poem he writ on your fash,
 I think I have now got him under my lash ;
 My sifter transcrib'd it last night to his sorrow,
 And the publick shall see 't, if I live till to-morrow.
 Through the *zodiac* around, it shall quickly be spread
 In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
 He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refusal,
 When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are usual :
 But the secret is this ; I did lately intend
 To write a few verses on you, as my friend :
 I studied a fortnight, before I could find,
 As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
 And resolv'd the next winter (for that is my time,
 When the days are at shortest) to get it in rhyme ;
 Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus ;
 When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
 Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
 (For I think in my conscience he deals with Old Nick)
 And, from my own stock provided with topicks,
 He gets to a window beyond both the tropicks ;
 There out of my sight, just against the *north* zone,
 Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own ;
And

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

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

BY DR. DELANY.

PARNASSUS, February the twenty-seventh.

The Poets assembled here on the eleventh,
 Conven'd by Apollo, who gave them to know,
 He'd have a vicegerent in his empire below ;

But

But declar'd that no Bard should this honour inherit,
 Till the rest had agreed he surpass'd them in merit.
 Now this, you 'll allow, was a difficult case,
 For each Bard believ'd he'd a right to the place ;
 So; finding th' assembly grow warm in debate,
 He put them in mind of his Phaëton's fate :
 'Twas urg'd to no purpose ; disputes higher rose,
 Scarce Phœbus himself could their quarrels compose ;
 Till at length he determin'd that every Bard
 Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.

First, one who believ'd he excell'd in translation,
 Found his claim on the doctrine of man's transmigration :

“ Since the soul of great Milton was given to me,

“ I hope the convention will quickly agree.”

“ Agree !” quoth Apollo : “ from whence is this fool ?

“ Is he just come from reading Pythagoras at school ?

“ Be gone ! Sir, you've got your subscriptions in time,

“ And given in return neither reason nor rhyme.”

To the next, says the God, “ Though now I won't
 “ chuse you,

“ I'll tell you the reason for which I refuse you :

“ Love's goddess has oft' to her parents complain'd

“ Of my favouring a Bard who her empire disdain'd ;

“ That, at my instigation, a poem you writ,

“ Which to beauty and youth prefer'd judgement and
 “ wit ;

“ That, to make you a Laureat, I gave the first voice,

“ Inspiring the Britons t'approve of my choice.

“ Jove sent her to me, her power to try ;

“ The Goddess of Beauty what God can deny ?

“ She

“ She forbids your preferment ; I grant her desire.

“ Appease the fair Goddess : you then may rise higher.”

The next that appear'd had good hopes of succeeding,
For he merited much for his wit and his breeding.

'Twas wise in the Britons no favour to show him,

He else might expect they should pay what they owe him.

And therefore they prudently chose to discard

The Patriot, whose merits they would not reward.

The God, with a smile, bad his favourite advance,

“ You were sent by Astræa her Envoy to France :

“ You bent your ambition to rise in the state ;

“ I refuse you, because you could stoop to be great.”

Then a Bard who had been a successful Translator.

“ The Convention allows me a Versificator.”

Says Apollo, “ You mention the least of your merit ;

“ By your works it appears you have much of my

“ spirit.

“ I esteem you so well, that, to tell you the truth,

“ The greatest objection against you's your youth :

“ Then be not concern'd you are now laid aside ;

“ If you live, you shall certainly one day preside.”

Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,

“ 'Twas I taught your subjects to walk through the

“ streets.”

“ You taught them to *walk* ! why, they knew it before :

“ But give me the Bard that can teach them to *soar*.

“ Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I'll confess,

“ Who lately attempted my style with success ;

“ Who writes like Apollo has most of his spirit,

“ And therefore 'tis just I distinguish his merit ;

“ Who

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS. 189

“ Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
“ His judgement alone can set bounds to his wit ;
“ Like Virgil correct, with his own native ease,
“ But excels even Virgil in elegant praise ;
“ Who admires the ancients, and knows 'tis their due,
“ Yet writes in a manner entirely new ;
“ Though none with more ease their depths can explore,
“ Yet whatever he wants he takes from my store ;
“ Though I 'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can see,
“ In scorning to borrow from any but me ;
“ It is owing to this, that, like Cynthia, his lays
“ Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays.”

This said, the whole audience soon found out his drift ;
The convention was summon'd in favour of Swift.

The RUN upon the BANKERS. 1720.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one general sweep,
Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are said to represent the seas ;
Which, breaking *bankers* and the *banks*,
Resume *their own* whene'er they please.

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

Because

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

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

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

No money left for squandering heirs !
Bills turn the lenders into debtors :
 The wish of Nero now is theirs,
 " That they had never known their letters."

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

Conceive the whole enchantment broke ;
 The witches left in open air,
 With power no more than other folk,
 Expos'd with all their *magic* ware.

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

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS. 191

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

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

A *baited* banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall;
They have his *soul*, who have his *bonds*;
'Tis like the *writing on the wall*.

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

For in that universal *call*
Few bankers will to Heaven be mounters;
They 'll cry, "Ye shops, upon us fall!
"Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

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

THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST,
Translated almost literally out of the Original Irish. 1720.

O ROURK'S noble fare will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there, or those who were not.
His revels to keep, we sup and we dine
On seven score sheep, fat bullocks, and swine.
Uisquebaugh to our feast in pails was brought up,
An hundred at least, and a madder * our cup.
O there is the sport! we rise with the light
In disorderly sort from snoring all night.
O how was I trick'd! my pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd, I lost my new cloak.
I'm rifled, quoth Nell, of mantle and kercher †:
Why then fare them well, the de'el take the searcher.
Come, harper, strike up; but, first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup: ah! this has some favour.
Orourk's jolly boys ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till, rous'd by the noise and musical clatter,
They bounce from their nest, no longer will tarry,
They rise ready drest, without one *ave-mary*.
They dance in a round, cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground did not burst with their stamping.
The floor is all wet with leaps and with jumps;
While the water and sweat splish-splash in their pumps.
Bless you late and early, Laughlin O Enagin!
By my hand ‡, you dance rarely, Margery Grinagin.
Bring straw for our bed, shake it down to the feet,
Then over us spread the winnowing sheet:

* A wooden vessel. † Handkerchief. ‡ An Irish oath.

To shew I don't flinch, fill the bowl up again ;
 Then give us a pinch of your sneezing, *a yean* *.
 Good Lord ! what a fight, after all their good cheer,
 For people to fight in the midst of their beer !
 They rise from their feast, and hot are their brains,
 A cubit at least the length of their skeans †.
 What stabs and what cuts, what clattering of sticks ;
 What strokes on the guts, what bastings and kicks !
 With cudgels of oak well harden'd in flame,
 An hundred heads broke, an hundred struck lame.
 You churl, I 'll maintain my father built Lusk,
 The castle of Slain, and Carrick Drumrusk :
 The earl of Kildare and Moynalta his brother,
 As great as they are, I was nurs't by their mother.
 Ask that of old *madam* ; she 'll tell you who 's who
 As far up as Adam, she knows it is true.
 Come down with that beam, if cudgels are scarce,
 A blow on the weam, or a kick on the a—se.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

On a SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET †, 1720.

To the tune of, " Packington's Pound."

BROCADOS and damasks, and tabbies, and gawses,
 Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
 With forty things more : now hear what the law says,
 Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the king's lover.

* Irish for a woman. † Daggers or short-swords.

‡ Proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures,
 for which Waters the printer was severely prosecuted.

Though a printer and dean

Seditiously mean

Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean ;
We 'll buy English filks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,

The dean and his printer then let us cry fye on ;
To be cloath'd like a carcase, would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.

Our wives they grow fullen

At wearing of woollen,

And all we poor shop-keepers must our horns pull in.
Then we 'll buy English filks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,

To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire ;
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,

And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.

Therefore I assure ye,

Our noble grand jury,

When they saw the dean's book, they were in a great fury :
They would buy English filks for their wives and their
daughters,

In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is finning,

And before *corum nobis* so oft' has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if swearing can do't, shall be swingingly mawl'd :

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET. 195

And as for the dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he 'll scarce come off clean.
Then we 'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

1720.

WHEN first Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face :
But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears.
'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run :
If Celia should appear too soon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone !
To see her from her pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon! how would he blaspheme !
Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different scite,
They form a frightful hideous face :

For instance, when the lily skips
 Into the precincts of the rose,
 And takes possession of the lips,
 Leaving the purple to the nose :
 So Celia went intire to bed,
 All her complexion safe and sound ;
 But, when she rose, white, black, and red,
 Though still in fight, had chang'd their ground.
 The black, which would not be confin'd,
 A more inferior station seeks,
 Leaving the fiery red behind,
 And mingles in her muddy cheeks.
 But Celia can with ease reduce,
 By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
 Each colour to its place and use,
 And teach her cheeks again to blush.
 She knows her *early* self no more,
 But fill'd with admiration stands ;
 As other painters oft' adore
 The workmanship of their own hands.
 Thus, after four important hours,
 Celia's the wonder of her sex :
 Say, which among the heavenly powers
 Could cause such marvelous effects ?
 Venus, indulgent to her kind,
 Gave women all their hearts could wish,
 When first she taught them where to find
 White-lead and Lusitanian * dish.

* Portugal.

Love

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

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

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

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

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

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

While Partridge * wisely shews the cause
 Efficient of the moon's decay,
 That Cancer with his poisonous claws
 Attacks her in the *milky way* :

* Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.

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

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

Yet, as she waxes, she grows discreet,
 Till midnight never shews her head :
 So rotting Celia strolls the street,
 When sober folks are all a-bed :

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

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

Ye powers, who over love preside !
 Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
 If ye would have us well supply'd,
 Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon !

* A young shepherd, of whom Diana was feigned to be enamoured.

† John Flamsteed, the celebrated astronomer royal.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

TH E farmer's goose, who in the stubble
 Has fed without restraint or trouble,
 Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
 Can scarce get o'er the barn-door fill ;
 And hardly waddles forth to cool
 Her belly in the neighbouring pool ;
 Nor loudly cackles at the door ;
 For cackling shews the goose is poor.

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

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

The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth,
To raise the lumber from the earth.

But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-years coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case:
Now his exalted spirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
And up he rises, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grubstreet rings.

THE SOUTH SEA PROJECT. 1721.

“ Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
“ Arina virum, tabulæque, et Troia gaza per undas.”

VIRG.

YE wise philosophers, explain
What magick makes our money rise,
When dropt into the Southern main;
Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?
Put in your money fairly told;
Presto! be gone — 'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's every piece as big as ten.

Thus



Thus in a basin drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim ;
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The ponderous metal seems to swim :
It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a fop ;
The liquid medium cheats your sight ;
Behold it mounted to the top !
In stock three hundred thousand pounds ;
I have in view a lord's estate ;
My manors all contiguous round ;
A coach and six, and serv'd in plate !
Thus, the deluded bankrupt raves ;
Puts all upon a desperate bet ;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears — in debt.
So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture fees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamel'd fields and verdant trees :
With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove ;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he sinks.
Five hundred chariots, just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like

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

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

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

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

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

Inform us, you that best can tell,
 Why in yon' dangerous gulph profound,
 Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wise* are drown'd ?

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

But,

THE SOUTH SEA PROJECT.

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But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact,
Directors better knew their tools;
 We see the nation's credit crackt,
 Each knave hath made a thousand fools.

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

As fishes on each other prey,
 The great ones swallowing up the small;
 So fares it in the Southern Sea;
 The whale *directors* eat up all.

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

So, when upon a moon-shine night
 An afs was drinking at a stream;
 A cloud arose, and stopt the light,
 By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgement will be soon
 (Cries out a sage among the croud);
 An afs hath swallow'd up the moon!
 (The moon lay safe behind the cloud).

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

So

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

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

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

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

Thus by *directors* we are told,
 "Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes;
 Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
 Look round, and see how thick it lies:

We, Gentlemen, are your assisters,
 We'll come, and hold you by the chin. —"
 Alas! all is not gold that glisters,
 Ten thousand sink by leaping in.

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

A shilling in the *batb* you fling,
The silver takes a nobler hue,
By magic virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more,
Shewn through a multiplying-glass,
Than what it always did before:

So cast it in the *Southern* seas,
Or view it through a *jobber's* bill;
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea's but a guinea still.

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

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leapt into the flood:
There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

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

There is a gulph, where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow sound, though deep as hell;
'Change-Alley is the dreadful name.

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

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

“ * Now bury'd in the depth below,
 “ Now mounted up to Heaven again,
 “ They reel and stagger to and fro,
 “ At their wits end, like drunken men.”

Mean time, secure on Garraway † cliffs,
 A savage race by shipwrecks fed,
 Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
 And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lyes,
 From some malicious Tory's brain;
 For, where *Directors* get a prize,
 The Swifs and Dutch whole millions drain.

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

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

* Psalm cvii.

† A coffee-house in Change-Alley.

Thus

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

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

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
 Who, taught by instinct how to shun
 The crocodile, that lurking lies,
 Run as they drink, and drink and run.

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

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

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

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

You 'll

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

Thus, when a whale hath lost the tide,
The coasters crowd to seize the spoil ;
The monster into parts divide,
And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

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

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

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

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

THE DOG AND SHADOW.

ORE cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis,
 Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago :
 Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et alte
 Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
 Ore cibus, nec non simulachrum corripit una.
 Occupat ille avibus deceptis faucibus umbram ;
 Illudit species, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

T O A F R I E N D,

Who had been much abused in many different LIBELS.

THE greatest Monarch may be stabb'd by night,
 And fortune help the murderer in his flight ;
 The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
 Yet safe from injur'd innocence escape ;
 And Calumny, by working under ground,
 Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.

What's to be done ? Shall Wit and Learning chuse
 To live obscure, and have no fame to lose ?
 By Censure frighted out of Honour's road,
 Nor dare to use the gifts by Heaven bestow'd ?
 Or fearless enter in through Virtue's gate,
 And buy distinction at the dearest rate ?

BILLET to the COMPANY of PLAYERS.

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

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

THE PROLOGUE.

OUR set of strollers, wandering up and down,
 Hearing the house was empty, came to town;
 And, with a licence from our good Lord Mayor,
 Went to one Griffith, formerly a player;
 Him we persuaded with a moderate bribe,
 To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,
 To let our company supply their places,
 And hire us out their scenes, and cloaths, and faces.
 Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
 I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
 When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
 There's not a creature here you ever knew.
 The former folks were servants to the king;
 We, humble strollers, always on the wing.

Now,

Now, for my part, I think upon the whole,
Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.

Stay, let me see—Three hundred pounds a year,
For leave to act in town? 'Tis plaguy dear.

Now, here 's a warrant; Gallants, please to mark,
For three thirteens and six pence to the clerk.

Three hundred pounds! were I the price to fix,
The publick should bestow the actors six.

A score of guineas, given under-hand,
For a good word or so, we understand.

To help an honest lad that 's out of place,
May cost a crown or so; a common case:

And, in a crew, 'tis no injustice thought
To ship a rogue, and pay him not a groat.

But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of servants paying wages?

I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part!

I told him what it was to be a stroller:

How free we acted, and had no comptroller:

In every town we wait on Mr. Mayor,

First get a licence, then produce our ware;

We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;

Huzza! (the school-boys roar) the players are come!

And then we cry, to spur the bumpkins on,

Gallants, by Tuesday next we must be gone.

I told him, in the smoothest way I could,

All this and more, yet it would do no good.

But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,

He that has shone with Betterton and Wilks,

To whom our country has been always dear,
 Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
 Owns all your favours, here intends to stay,
 And, as a stroller, act in every play :
 And the whole crew this resolution takes,
 To live and die all strollers for your sakes :
 Not frightened with an ignominious name,
 For your displeasure is their only shame..

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

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

E P I G R A M .

GREAT folks are of a finer mold ;
 Lord ! how politely they can scold !
 While a coarse English tongue will itch,
 For whore and rogue ; and dog and bitch.

PROLOGUE to a **PLAY** for the **Benefit** of the
DISTRESSED WEAVERS. By **Dr. SHERIDAN.**

Spoken by **Mr. ELRINGTON.** 1721.

GREAT cry and little wool—is now become
 The plague and proverb of the Weaver's loom :
 No wool to work on, neither west nor warp ;
 Their pockets empty, and their stomachs sharp.

Provok'd.

Provok'd, in loud complaints to you they cry :
 Ladies, relieve the weavers ; or they die !
 Forfake your silks for stuffs ; nor think it strange,
 To shift your cloaths, since you delight in change.
 One thing with freedom I'll presume to tell—
 The men will like you every bit as well.

See I am dress'd from top to toe in stuff ;
 And, by my troth, I think I'm fine enough :
 My wife admires me more, and swears she never,
 In any dress, beheld me look so clever.
 And, if a man be better in such ware,
 What great advantage must it give the fair !
 Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds :
 Silks come from maggots, callicoes from weeds :
 Hence 'tis by sad experience that we find
 Ladies in silks to vapours much inclin'd—
 And what are they but maggots in the mind ?
 For which I think it reason to conclude
 That cloaths may change our temper like our food.
 Chintzes are gawdy, and engage our eyes
 Too much about the party-colour'd dyes :
 Although the lustre is from you begun,
 We see the rainbow, and neglect the sun.

How sweet and innocent 's the country maid,
 With small expence in native wool array'd ;
 Who copies from the fields her homely green,
 While by her shepherd with delight she 's seen !
 Should our fair ladies dress like her in wool,
 How much more lovely, and how beautiful,

Without their Indian drapery, they 'd prove,
 Whilst wool would help to warm us into love!
 Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
 We 'd all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

EPILOGUE, BY THE DEAN.

Spoken by Mr. GRIFFITH.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
 When charity begins to tread the stage?
 When actors, who, at best, are hardly favers,
 Will give a night of benefit to Weavers?
 Stay—let me see, how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, From his Grace * an hundred pound.
 Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
 And then comes in the *item* of the actors.
Item, The actors freely gave a day—
 The Poet had no more who made the Play.
 But whence this wondrous charity in Players?
 They learnt it not at Sermons, or at Prayers:
 Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
 (To own the truth) we have some private ends.
 Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
 Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
 We 'll dress in *manufactures* made at home;
 Equip our *kings* and *generals* at The Comb †.

* Abp. King.

† A street famous for Woollen Manufactures.

We 'll

We'll rig from Meath-street Ægypt's haughty queen,
 And Antony shall court her in *ratteen*.
 In *blue shalloon* shall Hannibal be clad,
 And Scipio trail an Irish *purple plaid*.
 In *drugget* dress'd, of thirteen pence a yard,
 See Philip's son amidst his Persian guard ;
 And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
 With fifty yards of *erape* shall sweep the stage.
 In short, our kings and princesses within
 Are all resolv'd this project to begin ;
 And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
 Must imitate the fashion of the Court.

Oh ! could I see this audience clad in *stuff*,
 Though money's scarce, we should have trade enough :
 But *chintze*, *brocades*, and *lace*, take all away,
 And scarce a crown is left to see a play.
 Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
 Between the Weavers and us Play-house Kings ;
 But Wit and Weaving had the same beginning ;
 Pallas first taught us Poetry and Spinning :
 And, next, observe how this alliance fits,
 For Weavers now are just as poor as Wits :
 Their brother quill-men, workers for the stage,
 For sorry *stuff* can get a crown a page ;
 But Weavers will be kinder to the Players,
 And sell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs.
 And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
 The Poet's wit, than in the Player's dressing.

A POEM, BY DR. DELANY,
On the preceding PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.

“ Fœmineo generi tribuantur ”

THE Muses, whom the richest silks array,
Refuse to fling their shining gowns away :
The pencil cloaths the Nine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictur'd maids ;
Far above mortal-dress the sisters shine,
Pride in their Indian robes, and must be fine.
And shall two Bards in concert rhyme and huff,
And fret these Muses with their Play-house stuff ?

The Player in mimic piety may storm,
Deplore the Comb, and bid her Heroes arm :
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curse the Belles and Chintzes of the age :
Yet still the Artist Worm her Silk shall share,
And spin her thread of life in service of the fair.

The Cotton-plant, whom satire cannot blast,
Shall bloom the favourite of these realms, and last ;
Like yours, ye Fair, her fame from censure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes :
Your injur'd plant shall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.

Some Bard, perhaps, whose landlord was a Weaver,
Penn'd the low Prologue, to return a favour :
Some neighbour Wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his friend, and wove the Epilogue.

Who

Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
 For such Wool-gathering Sonnetteers as these?
 Hence then, ye *homespun* Witlings, that persuade
 Miss Cloe to the fashion of her maid.

Shall the *wide* Hoop, that standard of the town,
 Thus act subservient to a Poplin Gown?

Who'd smell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
 The under-petticoat be made of stuff.

Lord! to be wrapt in flannel just in May,
 When the fields dress'd in flowers appears so gay!
 And shall not Miss be *flower'd* as well as they? }

In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
 Work'd to a quilt, or studded in a chair!

The skin, that vies with silk, would fret with stuff;
 Or who could bear in bed a thing so rough?

Ye knowing Fair, how eminent that bed,
 Where the Chintze diamonds with the Silken Thread,

Where rustling curtains call the curious eye,
 And boast the streaks and paintings of the sky!

Of flocks they'd have your milky ticking full;
 And all this for the benefit of wool!

“But where,” say they, “shall we bestow these
 “Weavers,

“That spread our streets, and are such piteous cravers?”

The Silk-worms (brittle beings!) prone to fate,
 Demand their care to make their webs complete:

These may they tend, their promises receive;

We cannot pay *too much* for what *they* give!

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE.

BY DR. DELANY*.

'TIS so old, and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
 You're sometimes in pleasure, though often in
 pain in 't.

'Tis so large you may lodge a few friends with ease in 't.
 You may turn and stretch at your length if you please
 in 't;

'Tis so little, the family live in a press in 't,
 And poor lady Betty † has scarce room to dress in 't;
 'Tis so cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in 't,
 And so hot in the summer, you're ready to fry in 't;
 'Tis so brittle 'twould scarce bear the weight of a tun,
 Yet so staunch, that it keeps out a great deal of fun;
 'Tis so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite
 through it,

And you're forc'd every year in some part to renew it,
 'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little,
 'Tis so staunch, and so crazy, so strong, and so brittle,
 'Tis at one time so hot, and another so cold,
 It is part of the new, and part of the old;
 It is just half a blessing, and just half a curse—
 I wish then, dear George, it were better or worse.

* The seat of George Rochfort, esq. (father to the
 earl of Belvidere); where Dr. Swift and an agreeable
 sett of friends spent part of the summer of 1721.

† Daughter to the earl of Drogheda, and the wife of
 Mr. Rochfort.

THE

THE COUNTRY-LIFE.

Part of a Summer spent at GAULSTOWN-HOUSE.

THALIA, tell in sober lays,
 How George*, Nim†, Dan ‡, Dean §, pass their days;
 And, should our Gaulstown's art grow fallow,
 Yet *Neget quis carmina Gallo?*
 Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I 5
 Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
 Begin, my Muse. First from our bowers
 We sally forth at different hours;
 At seven the Dean, in night-gown drest,
 Goes round the house to wake the rest; 10
 At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
 Go to the Dean, to read Lucretius;
 At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
 And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
 And when she has him by the neck fast, 15
 Halls him, and scolds us down to breakfast.
 We squander there an hour or more,
 And then all hands, boys, to the oar,
 All, heteroclite Dan except,
 Who neither time nor order kept, 20

* Mr. Rochfort.

† His brother, Mr. John Rochfort; who was called Nimrod, from his great attachment to the chace.

‡ Rev. Daniel Jackson.

§ Dr. Swift.

But,

But, by peculiar whimsies drawn,
 Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn;
 O'ersees the work, or Dragon * rows,
 Or mars a text, or mends his hose;
 Or—but proceed we in our journal— 25
 At two, or after, we return all :
 From the four elements assembling,
 Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling :
 From airy garrets some descend,
 Some from the lake's remotest end : 30
 My Lord † and Dean the fire forsake,
 Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake :
 The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
 And lady Betty foundly chides them.
 Now water's brought, and dinner's done : 35
 With " Church and King " the lady's gone :
 (Not reckoning half an hour we pass
 In talking o'er a moderate glass).
 Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
 Steals off to dose away his beef ; 40
 And this must pass for reading Hammond—
 While George and Dean go to backgammon.
 George, Nim, and Dean, set out at four,
 And then again, boys, to the oar.
 But when the sun goes to the deep 45
 (Not to disturb him in his sleep,

* A small boat so called.

† Mr. Rochfort's father was lord chief baron of the
 exchequer in Ireland.

Or

Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
 His candle out, and he a-bed)
 We watch his motions to a minute,
 And leave the flood when he goes in it. 50

Now stinted in the shortening day,
 We go to prayers, and then to play,
 Till supper comes; and after that
 We sit an hour to drink and chat.

'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
 By Adam * lighted, walk up stairs. 55

The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
 And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
 So when the circle we have run,
 The curtain falls, and all is done. 60

I might have mention'd several facts,
 Like episodes between the acts;
 And tell who loses and who wins,
 Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins;
 How Dan caught nothing in his net, 65
 And how the boat was upset.

For brevity I have retrench'd
 How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
 It would be an exploit to brag on,
 How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon; 70
 How steady in the storm he sat,

And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat:
 Now Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
 Still brings us hares, when he can catch them:

* The butler.

THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK,
TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

July 15, 1721, at night.

I'D have you t' know, George*, Dan †, Dean ‡, and
Nim §,
That I've learned how verse t' compose trim.
Much better b' half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him,
And th't I'd rid'cule their 'nd your flam-flim,
Ay' b't then, p'rhaps, fays you, t's a m'rry whim
With 'bundance of mark'd notes i' th' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be morose 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'stle put m' in a meagrim;
Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' slim,
Th' last bowl 't Helsham's did m' head t' swim,
So th't I h'd man' aches n' 'v'ry scrubb'd limb,
Cause th' top of th' bowl I'h'd oft us'd t' skim;
And b'sides D'lan' swears th't I'h'd swallow'd f'v'r'l brim-
mers, 'nd that my vis'ge's cov'r'd o'er with r'd pim-
ples: m'r'o'er though m' scull were (s' tis n't) 's
strong's tim-
ber, 't must have ak'd. Th' clans of th' c'lledge
Sanh'drim,
Pres'nt the'r humbl' and 'fect'nate respects; that 's t' say,
D'lan', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dic' St'wart, H'lsham,
capt'n P'rr' Walin', 'nd Longsh'pks Timm ||.

* Geo. Rochfort.

† J. Rochfort.

‡ Mr. Jackson.

§ Dr. Swift.

|| Dr. James Stopford, afterwards bishop of Cloyne.

GEORGE

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER.

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

One letter still another locks,
 Each groov'd and dove-tail'd like a box ;
 Thy Muse is tuckt-up and fuccinct ;
 In chains thy syllables are linkt ;
 Thy words together ty'd in small hanks,
 Close as the Macedonian phalanx ;
 Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
 Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
 The critick to his grief will find,
 How firmly these indentures bind.
 So, in the kindred painter's art,
 The shortening is the nicest part.

Philologers of future ages,
 How will they pore upon thy pages !
 Nor will they dare to break the joints,
 But help thee to be read with points :
 Or else, to shew their learned labour, you
 May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
 Where they need not lose a bit
 Or of thy harmony or wit.
 To make a work compleatly fine,
 Number and weight and measure join ;
 Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
 Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
 All must allow your numbers more,
 Where twenty lines exceed fourscore ;
 Nor can we think your measure short,
 Where less than forty fill a quart,
 With Alexandrian in the close,
 Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

GEORGE

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION
TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulstown, Aug. 2d, 1721.

DEAR Tom, this verse, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the *end's good metre*,
Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation comes,
your *friends you 'd meet here*.

For why should you stay in that filthy hole, I mean the
city so smoaky,

When you have not one friend left in town, or at least
not one that 's *witty, to joke w'ye?*

For, as for honest John *, though I am not sure on 't,
yet I 'll be *hang'd, left be*

Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that great
peer the lord *Anglesey*.

Oh! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may have
one come to town, but I don't know whether he be
friend or *foe, Delany*:

But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and
you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know there 's
no delaying ye.

Oh! I forgot too; I believe there may be one more, I
mean that great fat joker, *friend Helsham, be*

That wrote the prologue †, and if you stay with him,
depend on 't, in the *end, he 'll sham ye*.

Bring

* Supposed to mean Dr. Walmsley.

† One spoken by young Putland, in 1720, before
Hippolytus; in which Dr. Sheridan (who had written

Bring down Long Shanks Jim too ; but, now I think
 on 't, he 's not yet come from *Courtown, I fancy* ;
 For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there
a-courting sly Nancy.

However, bring down yourself, and you bring down all;
 for, to say it *we may venture,*

In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's jokes,
 and the soft soul of amorous *Jemmy, center.*

P O S T S C R I P T .

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

I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can boast
 of, your own spirit of *pun, and own wit.*

And now I hope you 'll excuse this rhyming, which I
 must say is (though written somewhat at *large*) *trim*
and clean ;

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

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

a prologue for the occasion) was most unexpectedly and
 egregiously laughed at. Both the prologues are printed
 in the " Supplement to Swift's Works."

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, Esq.

Upon his incomparable V E R S E S, &c.

By Dr. DELANY, in SHERIDAN'S Name*.

HAIL, human compound quadrifarious,
 Invincible as Wight Briareus !
 Hail ! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
 Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon !
 O may your vastness deign t'excuse
 The praises of a puny Muse,
 Unable, in her utmost flight,
 To reach thy huge Colossian height.
 T'attempt to write like thee were frantic,
 Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.

Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
 Thy vast, thy bold Cambyfian vein,
 Pour'd out t' enrich thy native isle,
 As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
 Oh, how I joy to see thee wander,
 In many a winding loose mæander,
 In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
 And ending in a clink quadruple ;
 Loud, yet agreeable withal,
 Like rivers rattling in their fall !
 Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
 Where wit and majesty combine ;

* These were all written in circles.

Where every line, as huge as seven,
 If stretch'd in length, would reach to Heaven :
 Here all comparing would be flandering,
 The least is more than Alexandrine.

Against thy verse Time fees with pain,
 He whets his envious scythe in vain ;
 For, though from thee he much may pare,
 Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.

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

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

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

Thy verse — (Ye Gods ! I cannot bear it)
 To what, to what shall I compare it ?
 'Tis like, what I have oft' heard spoke on,
 The famous statue of Laocoon.

'Tis

'Tis like, — O yes, 'tis very like it,
 The long, long string, with which you fly kite.
 'Tis like what you, and one or two more;
 Roar to your Echo * in good-humour ;
 And every couplet thou hast writ
 Conclude like *Rattab-whittab-whit* †.

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN,
 Upon his Verses written in Circles. By Dr. SWIFT.

IT never was known that circular letters,
 By humble companions, were sent to their betters :
 And, as to the subject, our judgement, *meberc'le*,
 Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
 But now for your verses ; we tell you, *imprimis*,
 The segment so large 'twixt your reason and rhyme is,
 That we walk all about, like a horse in a pound,
 And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
 Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
 To give us your measures of line by a quadrant.
 But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd metre,
 In each single verse, took up a diameter.
 But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
 George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre † ?
 'Twill appear, to your cost, you are fairly trepann'd,
 For the chord of your circle is now in their hand.

* At Gaulstown, there is a remarkably famous echo.

† An allusion to the sound produced by the echo.

‡ Their figures were in the centre of the verses.

The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
 By which your jade Pegafus, fixt in a tether,
 As her betters are us'd, shall be lash'd round the ring,
 Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the string.
 Will Hancock declares, you are out of your compass,
 To encroach on his art by writing of bombasts;
 And has taken just now a firm resolution
 To answer your style without circumlocution.

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

On Dr. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES.

By Mr. GEORGE ROCHFORD.

W I T H music and poetry equally blest,
 A bard thus Apollo most humbly address:
 " Great author of harmony, verses, and light!
 " Assisted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
 " Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day,
 " My verse is neglected, my tunes thrown away.
 " Thy substitute here, Vice-Apollo ‡, disdains
 " To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains;

* The lady of George Rochford, esq.

† Miss Thomason, lady Betty's daughter.

‡ See "Apollo to the Dean," p. 183.

" Thy manual signet refuses to put
 " To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
 " Be thou then propitious, great Phoebus; and grant
 " Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
 " Though the Dean and Delany transcendently shine,
 " O brighten one solo or sonnet of mine.
 " With them I'm content thou shouldst make thy abode;
 " But visit thy servant in jig or in ode.
 " Make one work immortal: 'tis all I request."
 Apollo look'd pleas'd; and, resolving to jest,
 Reply'd, " Honest friend, I've consider'd thy case:
 " Nor dislike thy well-meaning and humourous face.
 " Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great;
 " Thy works shall continue: and here 's the receipt.
 " On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-strings spend:
 " Write verses in circles: they never shall end."

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE,
CUT IN SILK AND PAPER.

TO fair Lady Betty, Dan sat for his picture,
 And defy'd her to draw him so oft' as he *piqu'd* her.
 He knew she 'd no pencil or colouring by her,
 And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.
 Come fit, says my Lady; then whips up her scissar,
 And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, Sir.
 Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprize
 How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his eyes;
 But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit,
 That his thin lantern jaws all her art would defeat.

Lady

Lady Betty observ'd it, then pulls out a pin,
 And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin;
 And, to make roasted filk to resemble his raw-bone,
 She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
 Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
 From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose.
 And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
 'Tis certain the copy had out-done the original.

Well, that's but my out-side, says Dan with a vapour.
 Say you so, says my Lady; I've lin'd it with paper.

PATR. DELANY *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

C L A R I S S A draws her scissars from the case
 To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face.
 One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin,
 A nick produc'd a mouth, and made him grin,
 Such as in taylors' measure you have seen. }
 But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
 For which grey worsted-stocking paint supplies.
 Th' unravel'd thread through needle's eye convey'd
 Transferr'd itself into his paste-board head.
 How came the scissars to be thus out-done?
 The needle had an eye, and they had none.
 O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan —
 You'll swear the paste-board was the better man.
 "The devil! says he, the head is not so full!"
 Indeed it is — behold the paper skull.

T H O. S H E R I D A N *sculp.*

O N

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

DAN'S evil genius in a trice
 Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice.
 Cloe, observing this disgrace,
 On Pam cut out his rueful face.
 By G—, say Dan, 'tis very hard,
 Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. ROCHFORD *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
 To give us a description graphic
 Of Dan's large nose in modern Sapphic;
 I spend my time in making Sermons,
 Or writing libels on the Germans,
 Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.
 But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
 And look in English, French, and Scotch for 't,
 At last I 'm fairly forc'd to botch for 't.
 Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
 And tell, who was it could direct her
 To draw the face of such a spectre.
 I must confess, that as to me, Sirs,
 Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
 I now could safely swear it is hers.

'Tis

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

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

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

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

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

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprize
Thy nose outshining Cælia's eyes.

JON. SWIFT.

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

“ My verse little better you 'll find than my face is,
“ A word to the wife — *ut pictura poësis.*”

THREE merry lads, with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own ;

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

237

As if they 'd run it down much better
 By number of their feet in metre,
 Or that its red did cause their spite,
 Which made them draw in black and white.
 Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
 They were inspir'd by what they drew.
 Let then such criticks know, my face
 Gives them their comeliness and grace :
 Whilst every line of face does bring
 A line of grace to what they sing.
 But yet, methinks, though with disgrace
 Both to the picture and the face,
 I should name them who do rehearse
 The story of the picture-farce ;
 The Squire, in French as hard as stone,
 Or strong as rock, that 's all as one,
 On face on cards is very brisk, Sirs,
 Because on them you play at whisk, Sirs.
 But much I wonder, why my crany
 Should envy'd be by De-el-any :
 And yet much more, that half-name fake
 Should join a party in the freak.
 For sure I am it was not safe
 Thus to abuse his better half,
 As I shall prove you, Dan, to be,
Divisim and conjunctively.
 For if Dan love not Sherry, can
 Sherry be any thing to Dan ?
 This is the case whene'er you see
 Dan makes nothing of Sherry ;

Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
 Then Dan would be poor Sherridane;
 'Tis hard then he should be decry'd
 By Dan with Sherry by his side.
 But, if the case must be so hard,
 That faces suffer by a card,
 Let criticks censure, what care I?
 Back-biters only we defy,
 Faces are free from injury.

MR. ROCHFORD'S REPLY.

YOU say your face is better hung
 Than ours — by what? by nose or tongue?
 In not explaining, you are wrong
 to us, Sir.

Because we thus must state the case,
 That you have got a hanging face,
 Th' untimely end 's a damn'd disgrace
 of noose, Sir.

But yet be not cast down: I see
 A weaver will your hangman be;
 You 'll only hang in tapestry
 with many.

And then the ladies, I suppose,
 Will praise your longitude of nose,
 For latent charms within your cloaths,
 dear Danny.

Thus

Thus will the fair of every age
 From all parts make their pilgrimage,
 Worship thy nose with pious rage
 of love, Sir.

All their religion will be spent
 About thy woven monument,
 And not one orison be sent
 to Jove, Sir.

You the fam'd idol will become,
 As gardens grac'd in ancient Rome,
 By matrons worship'd in the gloom
 of night.

O happy Dan ! thrice happy fure !
 Thy fame for ever shall endure,
 Who after death can love secure
 at fight.

So far I thought it was my duty
 To dwell upon thy boasted beauty ;
 Now I 'll proceed a word or two t'ye
 in answer

To that part where you carry on
 This paradox, that rock and stone
 In your opinion are all one.
 How can, Sir,

A man of reasoning so profound
 So stupidly be run aground,
 As things so differently to confound
 t' our senses?

Except

DR. DELANY'S REPLY.

ASSIST me, my Muse, whilst I labour to limn him :
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ per similem.

You look and you write with so different a grace,
 That I envy your verse, though I did not your face.
 And to him that thinks rightly, there 's reason enough,
 Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.

But much I 'm amaz'd you should think my design }
 Was to rhyme down your nose, or your harlequin grin, }
 Which you yourself wonder the de'el should malign. }
 And if 'tis so strange, that your monstership's crany
 Should be envy'd by him, much less by Delany.
 Though I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
 I envy the painter, although not the picture.
 And justly she 's envy'd, since a fiend of Hell
 Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.

Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
 That we were inspir'd by the subject we drew.
 Inspir'd we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
 Yet not by your nose, but the fair-one that drew it:
 Had your nose been the Muse, we had ne'er been inspir'd,
 Though perhaps it might justly 've been said we were fir'd.

As to the division of words in your staves,
 Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,
 I meddle not with 't, but presume to make merry,
 You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry :
 Now if Dan 's a half, as you call 't o'er and o'er,
 Then it can't be deny'd that Sherry's two more.

For pray give me leave to say, Sir, for all you,
 That Sherry 's at least of double the value.
 But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the verse :
 So crouds in a concert (like actors in farce)
 Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce.
 But be that as 'twill, you 'll know more anon, Sir,
 When Sheridan sends to Merry Dan answer.

}

S H E R I D A N ' S R E P L Y .

THREE merry lads you own we are ;
 'Tis very true, and free from care,
 But envious we cannot bear,

believe, Sir.

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
 Were you like Nereus soft and fine,
 We should not in the least repine,

or grieve, Sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
 That roughness best becomes a man ;
 'Tis women should be pale and wan,

and taper.

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
 Who comb their brows and sleek their chops,
 Are but the offspring of toy-shops,

meer vapour.

We know your morning-hours you pass
 To cull and gather out a face ;
 Is this the way you take your glass ?

Forbear it.

Those

SHERIDAN'S REPLY. 243

Those loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but spoil it,
It looks as if you did par-boil it:

Drink claret,

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wane,
Or breast of goose when 'tis pick'd clean,

or pullet.

See what by drinking you have done:
You've made your phiz a skeleton,
From the long distance of your crown,

t' your gullet!

A R E J O I N D E R,
BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

WEARIED with faying grace and prayer,
I hasten'd down to country air,
To read your answer, and prepare

reply to 't.

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

Ah! fly-boot!

It must be so! what else, alas
Can mean by culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilet, glafs,

and box-comb?

R 2

But

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

er coxcomb ?

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes, and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,

nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scare-crow of skin and bone ;
To be call'd lean by a skeleton,

who 'd bear it ?

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

you flout me

'Bout latent charms beneath my cloaths ;
For every one that knows me knows
That I have nothing like my nose

about me.

pass now where you flier and laugh,
'Cause I call Dan my better half !
Oh there you think you have me safe !

But hold, Sir.

Is not a penny often found
'To be much greater than a pound ?
By your good leave, my most profound

and bold Sir.

Dan's

JACKSON'S REJOINDER. 245

Dan's noble mettle, Sherry base ;
So Dan's the better, though the less,
An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass,
dull pedant !

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes *sher*, and RI. makes *ry*,
Good spelling-master ! your crany
has lead on 't.

ANOTHER REJOINDER,
BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you 'd ne'er have bated,
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
poetaster ?

Henceforth acknowledge, that a nose
Of thy dimension's fit for prose,
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy master.

Blush for ill-spelling, for ill-lines,
And fly with hurry to *ramines* ;
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaster.

I hear with some concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the score
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, Sir.

R 3 Thy

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your banishment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent

and cry on.

I maul'd you, when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff;
For know, prostration is enough

to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

BY THE DEAN.

"Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens præmia rixæ,
"Si risca est, ubi tu pulsas ego vapulo tantum."

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

TO you victorious and brave,
Your now-subdued and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon;
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I vanish'd fled the town,
Pursued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd I cry *peccavi*,
And prostrate supplicate *pour ma vie*,
Your mercy I rely on;
For you, my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in punishing,
Will shew yourself a lion.

Alas!

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION. 247

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

They tempted me t' attack your highness,
And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my spleen
But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield small relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every stroke goes to my heart,
And at each lash I feel the smart
Of lash laid on by you.

To the Rev. DANIEL JACKSON;

To be humbly presented by Mr. SHERIDAN in
Person, with Respect, Care, and Speed.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my trust, nor ask,
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my task,
Pray send me an acquittance.

R 4

Too

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the sky ;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak
In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a week,
Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
Yet are you not my debtor ;
For, as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Just as he did before ;
And, when he's lash'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on school-boys bums,
The more they frisk and skip :
The school-boy's top but louder hums,
The more they use the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
(A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye,
For, soon as he gets up again,
He'll strut, and cry, *Victoria!*

TO DANIEL JACKSON. 229

At every stroke of mine, he fell,
'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd ;
But his impenetrable shell
Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
Will clamber up a wall ;
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why should you, or I,
Attack his pericrany ?
And, since it is in vain to try,
We 'll send him to Delany.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Lean Tom, when I saw him, last week, on his horse
awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, that, in spite of what our
foe says,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphosis.
For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
With a sort of allusion to Putland * or Harrison)
Yet, by my description, you 'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask, can I mañ
This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent animäl ?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I should be gläd then of it.

* Alluding to the Prologue, mentioned above, p. 227.

T O D R. S H E R I D A N,

On his "ART OF PUNNING."

HAD I ten thousand *mouths* and *tongues*,
 Had I ten thousand pair of *lungs*,
 Ten thousand *sculls* with *brains* to think,
 Ten thousand *standishes* of *ink*,
 Ten thousand *hands* and pens to write
 Thy praise I'd *study day and night*.

Oh may thy Work for ever live!
 (Dear Tom, a friendly zeal forgive,)
 May no vile miscreant fawcy Cook
 Presume to tear thy *learned Book*,
 To *singe his Fowl* for nicer guest,
 Or *pin it on the Turkey's breast*.
 Keep it from *pasty bak'd* or *flying*,
 From *broiling stake*, or *fritters frying*,
 From *lighting pipe*, or *making snuff*,
 Or *casin' up a feather muff*,
 From all the several ways the Grocer
 (Who to the learned world's a foe, Sir,)
 Has found in *twisting, folding, packing*,
 His *brains* and ours at once a *racking*.
 And may it never *curl the head*,
 Of either *living block* or *dead*!
 Thus, when all dangers they have past,
 Your *leaves*, like *leaves of brass*, shall last.
 No *blast* shall from a *Critick's breath*,
 By *vile infection*, cause their *death*,
 Till they in *flames* at last expire,
 And help to set the world on fire.

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT.

On his Birth-day, Nov. 30, 1721.

ST. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
 My early and my only guide,
 Let me among the rest attend,
 Your pupil and your humble friend,
 To celebrate in female strains
 The day that paid your mother's pains ;
 Descend to take that tribute due
 In gratitude alone to you.

When men began to call me fair,
 You interpos'd your timely care ;
 You early taught me to despise
 The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes ;
 Shew'd where my judgement was misplac'd ;
 Refin'd my fancy and my taste.

Behold that beauty just decay'd,
 Invoking art to nature's aid :
 Forsook by her admiring train,
 She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain ;
 Short was her part upon the stage ;
 Went smoothly on for half a page ;
 Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
 As the scene chang'd, to change her part :
 She, whom no lover could resist,
 Before the second act was his'd.
 Such is the fate of female race
 With no endowments but a face ;
 Before the thirtieth year of life,
 A maid forlorn, or hated wife.

Stella

Stella to you, her tutor, owes
 That she has ne'er resembled those ;
 Nor was a burden to mankind
 With half her course of years behind.
 You taught how I might youth prolong,
 By knowing what was right and wrong ;
 How from my heart to bring supplies
 Of lustre to my fading eyes ;
 How soon a beauteous mind repairs
 The loss of chang'd or falling hairs ;
 How wit and virtue from within
 Send out a smoothness o'er the skin :
 Your lectures could my fancy fix,
 And I can please at thirty-six.
 The sight of Cloe at fifteen
 Coquetting, gives not me the spleen ;
 The idol now of every fool
 Till time shall make their passions cool ;
 Then tumbling down time's steepy hill,
 While Stella holds her station still.
 Oh ! turn your precepts into laws,
 Redeem the women's ruin'd cause,
 Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
 That men may bow their rebel necks.
 Long be the day that gave you birth
 Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth ;
 Late dying may you cast a shred
 Of your rich mantle o'er my head ;
 To bear with dignity my sorrow,
 One day *alone, then die to-morrow.*

T O S T E L L A,
ON HER BIRTH-DAY, 1721-22.

WHILE, Stella, to your lasting praise
The Muse her annual tribute pays,
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung:
For none among the upstart race
Of Poets dare assume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They must have Stella's of their own;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.
BY DR. DELANY.

AMPHORA, quæ mortuum linquis, lætumque revises
Arentem dominum, sit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depositum serves, neve opprime, marmor;
Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

EPITAPH,

EPITAPH, BY THE SAME.

HOC tumulata jacet proles Lenæa sepulchro,
 Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet;
 Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo;
 Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY;

A great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that
 Day dug up. 1722-3.

RESOLV'D my annual verse to pay,
 By duty bound, on Stella's day,
 Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
 I gravely sat me down to think:
 I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head,
 But found my wit and fancy fled:
 Or, if with more than usual pain,
 A thought came slowly from my brain,
 It cost me lord knows how much time
 To shape it into sense and rhyme:
 And, what was yet a greater curse,
 Long thinking made my fancy worse.
 Forfaken by th' inspiring Nine,
 I waited at Apollo's shrine:
 I told him what the world would say,
 If Stella were un Sung to-day;

How

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 255

How I should hide my head for shame,
 When both the Jacks and Robin came;
 How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
 How Sheridan the rogue would sneer,
 And swear it does not always follow,
 That *semel'n anno ridet Apollo*.

I have assur'd them twenty times,
 That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
 Phœbus inspir'd me from above,
 And he and I were hand and glove.
 But, finding me so dull and dry since,
 They'll call it all poetic licence;
 And, when I brag of aid divine,
 Think Eufden's right as good as mine.

Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
 'Tis my own credit lies at stake:
 And Stella will be fung, while I
 Can only be a stander-by.

Apollo, having thought a little,
 Return'd this answer to a tittle.

Though you should live like old Methusalem,
 I furnish hints, and you shall use all 'em,
 You yearly sing as she grows old,
 You'd leave her virtues half untold.
 But, to say truth, such dulness reigns,
 Through the whole set of Irish deans,
 I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
 Dean W—, Dean D—, and Dean Smedley,
 That, let what Dean soever come,
 My orders are, I'm not at home;

And,

And, if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the croud.

But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent ;
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of *earth* delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand ;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunders' cellar on the ground :
A spade let prudent Archy hold,
And with discretion dig the mould
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.

Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated towards the skies !
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire ;
And Bacchus for the poet's use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See ! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sovereign medicine for the brains.

You 'll find it soon, if fate consents ;
If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thousand Archys arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.

From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse

(But

(But first let Robert, on his knees,
 With caution drain it from the lees):
 The Muse will at your call appear,
 With Stella's praise to crown the year.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY
 ON THE DEATH OF
 A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

HIS Grace! impossible! what dead!
 Of old age too, and in his bed!
 And could that mighty warrior fall,
 And so inglorious, after all!
 Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
 The last loud trump must wake him now:
 And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
 He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
 And could he be indeed so old
 As by the news-papers we're told?
 Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
 'Twas time in conscience he should die!
 This world he cumber'd long enough;
 He burnt his candle to the snuff;
 And that's the reason, some folks think,
 He left behind *so great a f—k*.
 Behold his funeral appears,
 Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
 Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
 Attend the progress of his hearse.

But what of that? his friends may say,
 He had those honours in his day.
 True to his profit and his pride;
 He made them weep before he dy'd.

Come hither, all ye empty things!
 Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings!
 Who float upon the tide of state;
 Come hither, and behold your fate:
 Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
 How very mean a thing 's a Duke;
 From all his ill-got honours flung,
 Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

“Non domus aut fundus—”

HOR.

IT was, my lord, the dextrous shift
 Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift,
 But now St. Patrick's faucy dean,
 With silver verge and surplice clean,
 Of Oxford, or of Ormond's grace,
 In looser rhyme to beg a place.
 A place he got, yclept *a stall*,
 And eke a thousand pounds withal;
 And, were he a less witty writer,
 He might as well have got a mitre.

Thus I, the Jonathan of Cloghet,
 In humble lays, my thanks to offer,

Approach

Approach your grace with grateful heart,
 My thanks and verse both void of art,
 Content with what your bounty gave,
 No larger income do I crave :
 Rejoicing that, in *better times*,
 Grafton requires my loyal lines.
 Proud ! while my patron is polite,
 I likewise to the patriot write !
 Proud ! that at once I can commend
 King George's and the Muses' friend !
 Endear'd to Britain ; and to thee
 (Disjoin'd, Hibernia, by the sea),
 Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
 Employ'd in guardian toils and cares ;
 By love, by wisdom, and by skill ;
 For he has sav'd thee 'gainst thy will.

But where shall Smedley make his nest,
 And lay his wandering head to rest ?
 Where shall he find a decent house,
 To treat his friends, and cheer his spouse ?
 Oh ! *tack*, my lord, some pretty cure ;
 In wholesome soil, and æther pure ;
 The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
 In either angle shady bowers.
 No gay parterre, with costly green,
 Within the ambient hedge be seen :
 Let Nature freely take her course,
 Nor fear from me ungrateful force ;
 No sheers shall check her sprouting vigour,
 Nor shape the yews to antic figure :

A limpid brook shall trout supply,
 In May, to take the mimic fly;
 Round a small orchard may it run,
 Whose apples redden to the sun.
 Let all be snug, and warm, and neat;
 For fifty turn'd a safe retreat.
 A little Euston may it be,
 Euston I'll carve on every tree.
 But then, to keep it in repair,
 My lord—*twice fifty pounds* a year
 Will barely do; but if your grace
 Could make them *hundreds*—charming place!
 Thou then wouldst shew another face.

Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
 Midst snowy hills, inclement skies;
 One shivers with the Arctic wind,
 One hears the *polar axis* grind.
 Good John * indeed, with beef and claret,
 Makes the place warm that one may bear it.
 He has a purse to keep a table,
 And eke a soul as hospitable.
 My heart is good; but affets fail,
 To fight with storms of snow and hail.
 Besides, the country's thin of people,
 Who seldom meet but at the steeple:
 The strapping dean, that's gone to Down,
 Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown,
 When, much fatigued with sermon-study,
 He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;

* Bp. Sterne.

S M E D L E Y ' S P E T I T I O N . 261

No fit companion could be found,
To push the lazy bottle round ;
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, *bis clerk was orthodox.*

Ah! how unlike to Gerard-street,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet ;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they trowl along ;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-feed does in plenty grow ;
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at seven, " Hot mutton-pies !"
There lady Luna in her sphere
Once shone, when Paunceforth was not near ;
But now she wanes, and, as 'tis said,
Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endless to write down
All the amusements of the town ;
And spouse will think herself quite undone,
To trudge to Connor * from sweet London ;
And care we must our wives to please,
Or else—we shall be ill at ease.

You see, my lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only some convenient *tack*,
Some parsonage-house, with garden sweet,
To be my late, my last retreat ;
A decent church close by its side,
There, preaching, praying, to reside ;

* The bishoprick of Connor is united to that of
Down ; but there are two deans.

And, as my time securely rolls,
To save my own and other souls.

THE DUKE'S ANSWER.
BY DR. SWIFT.

DEAR Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory shines ;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified :
I hope, to make you yet as clean
As that same Viz, St. Patrick's dean.
I'll give thee *surplice, verge, and stall,*
And may be something else withal ;
And, were you not so good a writer,
I should present you with a mitre.
Write worse then, *if you can*—Be wise—
Believe me, 'tis *the way to rise.*
Talk not of *making of thy nest :*
Ab! never lay thy head to rest !
That head so well with wisdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought !
While others rack their busy brains,
You are not in the least at pains.
Down to your deanry now repair,
And build *a castle in the air.*
I'm sure a man of your fine sense
Can do it with a small expence.
There your *dear spouse* and you together
May breathe your bellies full of *æther.*

When

When lady Luna is your neighbour,
 She'll help your *wife* when she's in labour;
 Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
 For she herself oft' *falls in pieces*.
 There you shall see a *raree-sheew*
 Will make you scorn this *world below*,
 When you behold the milky way,
 As white as snow, as bright as day;
 The glittering constellations roll
 About the grinding Arctic pole;
 The lovely tingling in your ears,
 Wrought by the musick of the spheres—
 Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
 You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
 Nor shall she think that she is *undone*
 For quitting her beloved London.
 When she's exalted in the skies,
 She'll never think of mutton-pies;
 When you're advanc'd above *dean Viz*,
 You'll never think of goody Griz.
 But ever, ever, live at ease,
 And strive, and strive, *your wife to please*;
 In her you'll centre all your joys,
 And get ten thousand *girls and boys*:
 Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
 And they like stars shall *rise and set*.
 While *you and spouse*, transform'd, shall soon
 Be a *new sun* and a *new moon*:
 Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
 For then your horns shall be your pride.

VERSES BY STELLA.

IF it be true, celestial Powers,
 That you have form'd me fair,
 And yet, in all my vainest hours,
 My mind has been my care :
 Then, in return, I beg this grace,
 As you were ever kind,
 What envious Time takes from my face,
 Bestow upon my mind !

JEALOUSY. BY THE SAME*.

O Shield me from his rage, celestial Powers ;
 This tyrant, that embitters all my hours !
 Ah, Love ! you've poorly play'd the hero's part :
 You conquer'd, but you can't defend, my heart.
 When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
 I thought this monster banish'd from your train :
 But you would raise him to support your throne ;
 And now he claims your empire as his own.
 Or tell me, tyrants ! have you both agreed,
 That where one reigns, the other shall succeed ?

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

WOULD you that Delville I describe ?
 Believe me, Sir, I will not gibe :
 For who would be fatirical
 Upon a thing so very small ?

* On the publication of "Cadenus and Vanessa."

You

You scarce upon the borders enter,
 Before you 're at the very centre.
 A single crow can make it night,
 When o'er your farm she takes her flight :
 Yet, in this narrow compass, we
 Observe a vast variety;
 Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
 Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
 And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
 And hay, and grafs, and corn, it yields ;
 All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
 Without the mowing or the reaping :
 A razor, though to say 't I'm loth,
 Would shave you and your meadows both.

Though small 's the farm, yet here 's a house
 Full large to entertain a mouse ;
 But where a rat is dreaded more
 Than savage Caledonian boar ;
 For, if it 's enter'd by a rat,
 There is no room to bring a cat.

A little rivulet seems to steal
 Down through a thing you call a vale,
 Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
 Like rain along a blade of leek ;
 And this you call your sweet *meander*,
 Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
 Could he but force his nether bill
 To scoop the channel of the rill.
 For sure you 'd make a mighty clutter,
 Were it as big as city-gutter.

Next

Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
 Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
 And round this garden is a walk,
 No longer than a taylor's chalk;
 Thus I compare what space is in it,
 A snail creeps round it in a minute.
 One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
 Up through a tuft you call your trees:
 And, once a year, a single rose
 Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
 In vain then you expect its bloom!
 It cannot blow, for want of room.
 In short, in all your boasted feat,
 There 's nothing but yourself that 's GREAT.

On one of the Windows at DELVILLE.

A Bard, grown desirous of saving his self,
 Built a house he was sure would hold none but
 himself.

This enrag'd god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
 And bid him go ask what his votary meant.
 "Some foe to my empire has been his adviser:
 "'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser!
 "Tell him, Hermes, from me, tell that subject of mine,
 "I have sworn by The Styx, to defeat his design;
 "For wherever he lives, the Muses shall reign;
 "And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous train."

CARBERIÆ

CARBERIÆ RUPES,
IN COMITATU CORGAGENSI. 1723.

ECCĒ ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice summo
 Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
 Decidit in fluctus : maria undique & undique saxa
 Horrisono stridore tonant, & ad æthera murmur
 Erigitur ; trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis.
 Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
 Æquorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur :
 Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant,
 Jam cadit in præceps moles, & verberat undas.
 Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse Tonantem
 Montibus impositos montes, & Pelion altum
 In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculasse gigantum.
 Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
 Exesa è scopulis, & utrinque foramina pandit,
 Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
 Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
 Formantur ; moles olim ruitura supernè.
 Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
 Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.
 Sed, cum sævit hyems, & venti, carcere rupto,
 Immensoſ volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis ;
 Non obsessæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
 Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
 Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ :
 Littora littoribus reboant ; vicinia latè,

Gens affueta mari, & pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, & longè fugit, arva relinquens.

Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi falientis aquæ de fummo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linqunt.

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

C A R B E R Y R O C K S,

TRANSLATED BY DR. DUNKIN.

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

Ofc'

Oft' too with hideous yawn the cavern wide
 Presents an orifice on either side,
 A dismal orifice, from sea to sea
 Extended, pervious to the God of Day:
 Uncouthly join'd, the rocks stupendous form
 An arch, the ruin of a future storm:
 High on the cliff their nests the Woodquests make,
 And Sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak Winter with his fullen train
 Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;
 When o'er the craggy steep without control,
 Big with the blast, the raging billows roll;
 Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
 Darted from Heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
 Oft' as on impious men his wrath he pours,
 Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded towers,
 Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
 Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
 The neighbouring race, though wont to brave the shocks
 Of angry seas, and run along the rocks,
 Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
 Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.

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

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

UPON THE HORRID PLOT
DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN,
The Bishop of ROCHESTER'S French Dog*.

In a Dialogue between a WHIG and a TORY. 1722.

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He answer'd, that a *dog* of late
Inform'd a minister of state.

Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers so?

A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;
And so a perjur'd *dog* denotes
Porter, and Prendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.

WHIG. But, you must know, this *dog* was lame.

TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your *evidence* was lame: — proceed:
Come, help your *lame dog* o'er the style.

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

TORY. I'm still to seek, which *dog* you mean;
Whether our Plunkett, or whelp Skeep,
An English or an Irish hound;
Or t' other puppy, that was drown'd;

* See the "State Trials," Vol. VI.

PLOT DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN. 275

Or Mafon, that abandon'd bitch :
Then pray be free, and tell me which :
For every stander-by was marking
That all the noise they made was *barking*.
You pay them well; the *dogs* have got
Their dogs-heads in a porridge pot :
And 'twas but just; for wise men say,
That *every dog must have his day*.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of *nog* on 't;
He'd either *make a bog or dog on 't* ;
And look'd, since he has got his wish,
As if he had *thrown down a dish*.
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll soon *return to his brown vomit*.

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

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

WHIG. I prov'd my proposition full :
But *jacobites* are strangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witness is a real *cur*,
A dog of spirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears ;
His name is *Harlequin*, I wot,
And that 's a name in every *plot* :
Resolv'd to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education ;
His correspondence plainly dated
Was all decypher'd and *translated* :

His answers were exceeding pretty
 Before the secret wise committee :
 Confest as plain as he could bark :
 Then with his fore-foot set his *mark*.

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

WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in ;
 A turn-spit in the royal kitchen.
 Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
 We had occasion for a plot :
 And, when we found the *dog* begin it,
 We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it.

TORY. I own, it was a dangerous project ;
 And you have prov'd it by *dog-logick*.
 Sure such intelligence between
 A *dog* and bishop ne'er was seen,
 Till you began to change the breed ;
 Your bishops all are *dogs* indeed !

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,
A House of CHARLES FORD, Esq; near DUBLIN.

1723.

“ — Cuicumque nocere volebat,
“ Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.”

DON Carlos, in a merry spight,
Did Stella to his house invite :
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price :
Now at the table-head she fits,
Presented with the nicest bits :
She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn :
A haunch of venison made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg ;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light she view'd the wine,
To see that every glass was fine.
At last, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,

Don Carlos now began to find
 His malice work as he design'd.
 The winter-sky began to frown ;
 Poor Stella must pack off to town :
 From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
 To Liffy's stinking tide at Dublin :
 From wholesome exercise and air,
 To fofling in an easy chair :
 From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
 To piddle like a lady breeding :
 From ruling there the household singly,
 To be directed here by Dingley * :
 From every day a lordly banquet,
 To half a joint, and *God be thanked* :
 From every meal Pontack in plenty,
 To half a pint one day in twenty :
 From Ford attending at her call,
 To visits of — — —
 From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
 To the poor doings of the Dean :
 From growing richer with good chear,
 To running-out by starving here.

But now arrives the dismal day ;
 She must return to Ormond Quay †.
 The coachman stopt ; she look'd, and swore
 The rascal had mistook the door :
 At coming in, you saw her stoop ;
 The entry brush'd against her hoop :

* The constant companion of Stella.

† Where the two ladies lodged.

Each moment rising in her airs,
 She curst the narrow winding stairs :
 Began a thousand faults to spy ;
 The ceiling hardly six feet high ;
 The smutty wainscot full of cracks ;
 And half the chairs with broken backs :
 Her quarter 's out at Lady-day ;
 She vows she will no longer stay
 In lodgings like a poor Grizette,
 While there are lodgings to be let.

Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
 She sent for company to sup :
 When all the while you might remark,
 She strove in vain to ape Wood-park.
 Two bottles call'd for (half her store ;
 The cupboard could contain but four) :
 A supper worthy of herself,
 Five nothings in five plates of *delf*.

Thus for a week the farce went on ;
 When, all her country-savings gone,
 She fell into her former scene,
 Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.

Thus far in jest : though now, I fear,
 You think my jesting too severe ;
 But poets, when a hint is new,
 Regard not whether false or true :
 Yet raillery gives no offence,
 Where truth has not the least pretence ;
 Nor can be more securely plac'd
 Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.

I must confess, your wine and vittle
 I was too hard upon a little :
 Your table neat, your linen fine ;
 And, though in miniature, you shine :
 Yet, when you sigh to leave Wood-park,
 The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
 To languish in this odious town,
 And pull your haughty stomach down ;
 We think you quite mistake the case,
 The virtue lies not in the place :
 For, though my raillery were true,
 A cottage is Wood-park with you.

COPY OF THE BIRTH-DAY VERSES

ON MR. FORD.

COME, be content, since out it must,
 For Stella has betray'd her trust ;
 And, whispering, charg'd me not to say
 That Mr. Ford was born to-day ;
 Or, if at last I needs must blab it,
 According to my usual habit,
 She bid me, with a serious face,
 Be sure conceal the time and place ;
 And not my compliment to spoil,
 By calling this your native soil ;
 Or vex the ladies, when they knew
 That you are turning forty-two :
 But, if these topicks shall appear
 Strong arguments to keep you here,

I think,

I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good-manners must give place to profit.

The nymphs with whom you first began
Are each become a *harridan* ;
And Montague so far decay'd,
Her lovers now must all be paid ;
And every belle that since arose
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,
Of rheumatism and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign.
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile or The Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your person and your cause,
If once they get you on the spot,
You must be guilty of the plot :
For, true or false, they 'll ne'er enquire,
But use you ten times worse than Prior*.

In London ! what would you do there ?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear
(Nay, would it not your passion raise
Worse than a pun, or Irish phrase ?)
To see a scoundrel strut and hector,
A foot-boy to some rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground ?

* The celebrated poet.

Observe where bloody * * * * * stands
 With torturing engines in his hands,
 Hear him blaspheme, and swear, and rail,
 Threatening the pillory and jail :
 If this you think a pleasing scene,
 To London strait return again ;
 Where, you have told us from experience,
 Are swarms of bugs and presbyterians.

I thought my very spleen would burst,
 When Fortune hither drove me first ;
 Was full as hard to please as you,
 Nor persons names nor places knew :
 But now I act as other folk,
 Like prisoners when their jail is broke.

If you have London still at heart,
 We 'll make a small one here by art ;
 The difference is not much between
 St. James's-Park and Stephen's-Green ;
 And Dawson-street will serve as well
 To lead you thither as Pall-Mall.
 Nor want a passage through the palace,
 To choque your fight, and raise your malice :
 The Deanry-house may well be match'd,
 Under correction, with the Thatcht*.
 Nor shall I, when you hither come,
 Demand a crown a quart for stum.
 Then, for a middle-aged charmer,
 Stella may vye with your Monthermer ;

* A famous tavern in St. James's-street.

She 's now as handsome every bit,
 And has a thousand times her wit.
 The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
 Will half supply a Gay and Pope.
 Corbet*, though yet I know his worth not,
 No doubt, will prove a good Arbuthnot.
 I throw into the bargain Tim;
 In London can you equal him?
 What think you of my favourite clan,
 Robin †, and Jack, and Jack and Dan;
 Fellows of modest worth and parts,
 With chearful looks and honest hearts?
 Can you on Dublin look with scorn?
 Yet here were you and Ormond born.
 Oh! were but you and I so wise,
 To see with Robert Grattan's eyes
 Robin adores that spot of earth,
 That literal spot which gave him birth;
 And swears, "Belcamp ‡ is, to his taste,
 "As fine as Hampton-court at least."
 When to your friends you would enhance
 The praise of Italy or France,
 For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
 We gladly hear you, and submit:
 But then, to come and keep a clutter,
 For this or that side of a gutter,

* Dr. Corbet, afterwards dean of St. Patrick's.

† R. and J. Grattan, and J. and D. Jackson.

‡ In Fingall, about five miles from Dublin.

To live in this or t' other isle,
 We cannot think it worth your while ;
 For, take it kindly or amifs,
 The difference but amounts to this,
 We bury on our fide the channel
 In linen ; and on your's in flannel*.
 You for the news are ne'er to feek ;
 While we, perhaps, may wait a week :
 You happy folks are fure to meet
 An hundred whores in every ftreer ;
 While we may trace all Dublin o'er
 Before we find out half a fcore.

You fee my arguments are ftrong ;
 I wonder you held out fo long :
 But, fince you are convinc'd at laft,
 We 'll pardon you for what is paff.
 So — let us now for whiff prepare ;
 'Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned 's a bully ;
 Will cudgels Befs, yet Will 's a cully.
 Die Ned and Befs ; give Will to Joan,
 She dares not fay her life 's her own.
 Die Joan and Will ; give Befs to Ned,
 And every day fhe *combs his head*.

* The law for burying in woolen was extended to
 Ireland in 1733.

A QUIBBLING ELEGY,
ON JUDGE BOAT. 1723.

TO mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath *sunk* our justice *Boat*.
Why should he *sink*, where nothing seem'd to press,
His *lading* little, and his *ballast* less?
Tost in the *waves* of this *tempestuous* world,
At length, his *anchor* fixt and *canvas* furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end * he *founders* in the *port*.
With *water* † fill'd, he could no longer *float*,
The common death of many a stronger *boat*.

A post so fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on *boats* are plac'd, not *boats* on *benches*.
And yet our *Boat* (how shall I reconcile it?)
Was both a *Boat*, and in one sense a *pilot*.
With every *wind* he *sail'd*, and well could *tack* ‡
Had many *pendents*, but abhorr'd a *Jack* †.
He 's gone, although his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a *rope*.

Behold the awful *bench*, on which he sat!
He was as *hard* and ponderous *wood* as that:
Yet, when his *sand* was out, we find at last,
That death has *overset* him with a *blast*.

* Two villages near the sea.

† It was said he died of a dropfy.

‡ A cant word for a Jacobite.

Our *Boat* is now *sail'd* to the Stygian ferry,
 There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry :
 Charon in him will ferry souls to hell ;
 A trade our *Boat* * hath practis'd here so well :
 And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
 Both *pitch* and *brimstone*, to fill up his *flaws*.
 Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
 We may place *Boat* in his old *post* again.
 The way is thus ; and well deserves your thanks :
 Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
 Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
 Form'd like the triple-tree near Stephen's-green † ;
 And, when we view it thus with thief at end on 't,
 We'll cry ; look, here 's our *Boat*, and there 's the *pendant* :

T H E E P I T A P H .

H E R E lies judge *Boat* within a coffin ;
 Pray, gentle-folks, forbear your scoffing.
 A *Boat* a judge ! yes ; where 's the blunder ?
 A *wooden* judge is no such wonder.
 And in his robes, you must agree,
 No *Boat* was better *deckt* than he.
 'Tis needless to describe him fuller ;
 In short, he was an able *sculler*.

* In condemning malefactors, as a judge.

† Where the Dublin gallows stands.

PETHOX* THE GREAT. 1723.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty shows ;
 But who thy father, no man knows :
 Nor can the skilful herald trace
 The founder of thy ancient race ;
 Whether thy temper, full of fire,
 Discovers Vulcan for thy fire,
 The god who made Scamander boil,
 And round his margin fing'd the foil
 (From whence, philosophers agree,
 An equal power descends to thee) ;
 Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
 The high descent from whence you came,
 And, as a proof, shew numerous scars
 By fierce encounters made in wars,
 Those honourable wounds you bore
 From head to foot, and *all before*,
 And still the bloody field frequent,
 Familiar in each leader's tent ;
 Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
 You from the neighbouring Gaul descend ;
 Or from Parthenope the proud,
 Where numberless thy votaries croud ;
 Whether thy great forefathers came
 From realms that bear Vesputio's name
 (For so conjecturers would obtrude ;
 And from thy painted skin conclude) ;

* This name is plainly an *anagram*.

Whether,

Whether, as Epicurus shows,
 The world from juggling seeds arose,
 Which, mingling with prolific strife
 In chaos, kindled into life :
 So your production was the same,
 And from contending atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
 Thy head with sparkling rubies round :
 Beneath thy decent steps the road
 Is all with precious jewels strow'd.
 The bird of Pallas knows his post,
 Thee to attend, where'er thou goest.

Byzantians boast, that on the clod
 Where once their Sultan's horse hath trod,
 Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree :
 The same thy subjects boast of thee.

The greatest lord, when you appear,
 Will deign your livery to wear,
 In all the various colours seen
 Of red and yellow, blue and green.

With half a word, when you require,
 The man of business must retire.

The haughty minister of state
 With trembling must thy leisure wait ;
 And, while his fate is in thy hands,
 The business of the nation stands.

Thou dar'st the greatest prince attack,
 Canst hourly set him on the rack ;
 And, as an instance of thy power,
 Inclose him in a wooden tower,

With

With pungent pains on every side :
So Regulus in torments dy'd.

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

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

With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race !
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen !
The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Descendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns :
But you have moulded them afresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.

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

How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pleias bright !

Out-number'd, half encompass'd round,
 You strove for every inch of ground ;
 Then, by a soldierly retreat,
 Retir'd to your imperial feat.
 The victor, when your steps he trac'd,
 Found all the realms before him waste :
 You, o'er the high triumphal arch
 Pontific, made your glorious march ;
 The wondrous arch behind you fell,
 And left a chasm profound as hell :
 You, in your capitol secur'd,
 A siege as long as Troy endur'd.

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S
 LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my
 mother bound my head !
 You a gentleman ! marry come up ! I wonder where
 you were bred.
 I'm sure such words do not become a man of your cloth ;
 I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.
 Yes, you call'd my master a knave : fie, Mr. Sheridan !
 'tis a shame
 For a parson, who should know better things, to come
 out with such a name.
 Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan ! 'tis both a shame
 and a sin ;
 And the Dean my master is an honestest man than you
 and all your kin :

He

THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER. 287

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

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

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

Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you goofe;
Which, and I am fure I have been his fervant four
years fince Ofober,

And he never call'd me worfe than fweet-heart, drunk
or fober :

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

Though you and your come-rogues keep him out fo late
in your college.

You fay you will eat grafs on his grave : a christian eat
grafs !

Whereby you now confefs yourfelf to be a goofe or an
afs :

But that 's as much as to fay, that my master fould die
before ye ;

Well, well, that 's as God pleafes ; and I don't believe
that 's a true ftory :

And fo fay I told you fo, and you may go tell my
master ; what care I ?

And I don't care who knows it ; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and fham
the devil ;

I am but a poor fervant ; but I think gentlefolks fould
be civil.

Befides,

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

I remember it was on a Tuesday of all days in the year.
And Saunders the man says you are always jesting and
mocking :

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

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

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

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a
dish-clout to his tail.

And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this
letter ;

For I write but a sad scrawl ; but my sister Marget, she
writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my
master comes from prayers ;

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up
stairs ;

Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could
write written hand :

And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to com-
mand,

MARY.

A NEW

A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT
FOR BEC*. 1723-4.

RETURNING Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new supply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
Who thus displays the New-year's-gift.
First, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leafings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on every side
With Stella's magisterial pride.
Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With six imagin'd cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus sends
Concerns by thousands for your friends:
And here 's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Lest you the town may have less trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca's † cares to Dublin,
For which he sends this empty sack;
And so take all upon your back.

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

† A country-house of Dr. Sheridan.

DINGLEY AND BRENT*.

A S O N G.

To the tune of, "Ye Commons and Peers."

DINGLEY and Brent,
 Wherever they went,
 Ne'er minded a word that was spoken;
 Whatever was said,
 They ne'er troubled their head,
 But laugh'd at their own filly joking.

Should Solomon wise
 In majesty rise,
 And shew them his wit and his learning;
 They never would hear,
 But turn the deaf ear,
 As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jest,
 And please all the rest;
 Comes Dingley, and asks you, What was it?
 And, curious to know,
 Away she will go
 To seek an old rag in the closet.

* Dr. Swift's house-keeper.

T O S T E L L A. 1723-4.

Written on the DAY of her BIRTH, but not on
the SUBJECT, when I was sick in Bed.

TORMENTED with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains ?

Time was, when I could yearly pay

My verse on Stella's native day :

But now, unable grown to write,

I grieve she ever saw the light.

Ungrateful ! since to her I owe

That I these pains can undergo.

She tends me, like an humble slave ;

And, when indecently I rave,

When out my brutish passions break,

With gall in every word I speak,

She, with soft speech, my anguish hears,

Or melts my passions down with tears :

Although 'tis easy to descry

She wants assistance more than I ;

Yet seems to feel my pains alone,

And is a Stoic in her own.

When, among scholars, can we find

So soft, and yet so firm a mind ?

All accidents of life conspire

To raise up Stella's virtue higher ;

Or else to introduce the rest

Which had been latent in her breast.

Her firmness who could e'er have known,
 Had she not evils of her own ?
 Her kindness who could ever guess,
 Had not her friends been in distress ?
 Whatever base returns you find
 From me, dear Stella, still be kind.
 In your own heart you 'll reap the fruit,
 Though I continue still a brute.
 But, when I once am out of pain,
 I promise to be good again :
 Meantime, your other juster friends
 Shall for my follies make amends :
 So may we long continue thus,
 Admiring you, you pitying us.

O N D R E A M S .

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

“*Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris,*” &c.

THOSE dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
 And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
 Jove never sends us downward from the skies ;
 Nor can they from infernal mansions rise ;
 But are all mere productions of the brain,
 And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
 The mind unburden'd sports in various whims ;
 The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
 The scenes and actions of the day before.

The

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
 To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
 With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
 The murderer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The foldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
 And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
 With like remorse his brother of the trade,
 The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
 And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.
 Nor less Tom-t—d-man, of true statesman mold,
 Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer fees,
 And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
 His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,
 Fancies his finger's in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's prayers,
 Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
 The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
 Nor unsuccessful waits for dead mens shoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplex,
 As if he was awake, nods o'er his text :
 While the fly mountebank attends his trade,
 Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days
 Bedaub's the guilty great with nauseous praise :
 And Dick the scavenger with equal grace :
 Flirts from his cart the mud in * * * * * 's face.

WHITSHED'S * MOTTO
ON HIS COACH. 1724.

LIBERTAS et natale solum :

Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?

But let me now the words translate :

Natale solum, my estate ;

My dear estate, how well I love it !

My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it.

They swear I am so kind and good,

I hug them, till I squeeze their blood.

Libertas bears a large import :

First, how to swagger in a court ;

And, secondly, to shew my fury

Against an un-complying jury ;

And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,

To favour Wood, and keep my pension ;

And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,

Get the great seal, and turn out Broderick ;

And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)

To humble that vexatious Dean ;

And, sixthly, for my soul, to barter it

For fifty times its worth to Carteret †.

* The chief justice who prosecuted the Drapier.

† Lord lieutenant of Ireland.

Now,

WHITSHED'S MOTTO. 295

Now, since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true.

Libertas et natale solum :

You had good reason, when you stole 'em.

Sent by Dr. DELANY to Dr. SWIFT,

In order to be admitted to speak to him,

when he was DEAF, 1724.

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

T H E A N S W E R.

THE wise pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
Why are we then so fond of two,
When by experience one would do?

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

But yet the point is not so clear in
 Another case, the sense of hearing :
 For, though the place of either ear
 Be distant, as one head can bear ;
 Yet Galen most acutely shews you,
 (Consult his book *de partium usu*)
 That from each ear, as he observes,
 There creep two auditory nerves,

Not

Not to be seen without a glass,
 Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
 Thence to the neck; and moving thorow there
 One goes to this, and one to t'other ear;
 Which made my grand-dame always stuff her ears,
 Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers.
 You see my learning; but, to shorten it,
 When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
 To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
 And thus I solve this hard *phenomenon*.

'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
 To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
 Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
 Would guard your nose against a post:
 Without your legs, two legs of wood
 Are stronger and almost as good:
 And as for hands, there have been those
 Who, wanting both, have us'd their toes*.
 But no contrivance yet appears
 To furnish artificial ears.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

To a Friend who married a Shrew. 1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a din,
 That Will durst hardly venture in:
 He markt the conjugal dispute;
 Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;

* There have been instances of a man's writing with his foot.

But,

But, when he saw his friend appear,
 Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear !
 At sight of Will, she bawl'd no more,
 But hurry'd out, and clapt the door.

Why Dick ! the devil's in thy Nell,
 (Quoth Will) thy house is worfe than hell :
 Why what a peal the jade has rung !
 D—n her, why don't you slit her tongue ?
 For nothing else will make it cease.
 Dear Will, I suffer this for peace :
 I never quarrel with my wife ;
 I bear it for a quiet life.

Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it ;
 Bids us to *seek peace, and ensue it.*

Will went again to visit Dick ;
 And entering in the very nick,
 He saw virago Nell belabour,
 With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour :
 Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
 Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.

But now, to make my story short,
 Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
 Why, Dick, thy wife has devilish whims ;
 Ods-buds ! why don't you break her limbs ?
 If she were mine, and had such tricks,
 I'd teach her how to handle sticks :
 Z—ds ! I would ship her to Jamaica,
 Or truck the carrion for *tobacco* :
 I'd fend her far enough away—
 Dear Will ; but what would people say ?

Lord!

Lord ! I should get so ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out shame.

Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit ;
But who believ'd him, when he said it ?
Can he, who makes himself a slave,
Consult his peace, or credit save ?
Dick found it by his ill success,
His quiet small, his credit less.
She serv'd him at the usual rate ;
She stunn'd, and then she broke, his pate :
And, what he thought the hardest case,
The parish jeer'd him to his face ;
Those men, who wore the breeches least,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
At home he was pursued with noise ;
Abroad was pester'd by the boys :
Within, his wife would break his bones ;
Without, they pelted him with stones :
The 'prentices procur'd a *riding* *,
To act his patience, and her chiding.

False patience and mistaken pride !
There are ten thousand Dicks beside ;
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

* A well-known humourous cavalcade, in ridicule of a scolding wife and hen-pecked husband.

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

Inscribed to Lord CARTERET, 1724.

“Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus.” VIRG.

ONCE on a time, a righteous Sage,
Griev'd at the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervent prayer :

“O Jove, if Virtue be so fair
“As it was deem'd in former days
“By Plato and by Socrates,
“Whose beauties mortal eyes escape,
“Only for want of outward shape ;
“Make then its real excellence,
“For once, the theme of human sense ;
“So shall the eye, by form confin'd,
“Direct and fix the wandering mind ;
“And long-deluded mortals see
“With rapture what they us'd to flee.”

Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bless and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a son and heir :
An heir ; and, stranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer ;
But prodigies are wrought, to prove
Nothing impossible to Jove.

Virtue was for this sex design'd
In mild reproof to woman-kind ;



In manly form to let them see,
 The loveliness of modesty,
 The thousand decencies that shone
 With lessen'd lustre in their own ;
 Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
 And some thought modish to despise.

To make his merit more discern'd,
 He goes to school—he reads—is learn'd ;
 Rais'd high, above his birth, by knowledge,
 He shines distinguish'd in a college ;
 Resolv'd nor honour, nor estate,
 Himself alone should make him great.
 Here soon for every art renown'd,
 His influence is diffus'd around ;
 Th' inferior youth, to learning led,
 Less to be fam'd than to be fed,
 Behold the glory he has won,
 And blush to see themselves outdone ;
 And now, inflam'd with rival rage,
 In scientific strife engage,
 Engage ; and, in the glorious strife,
 The arts new-kindle into life.

Here would our Hero ever dwell,
 Fix'd in a lonely learned cell ;
 Contented to be truly great,
 In Virtue's best-belov'd retreat ;
 Contented he—but Fate ordains,
 He now shall shine in nobler scenes
 (Rais'd high, like some celestial fire,
 To shine the more, still rising higher) ;

Completely

Completely form'd in every part,
 To win the soul, and glad the heart.
 The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
 Lovely alike, or heard, or seen ;
 The outward form and inward vie,
 His soul bright beaming from his eye,
 Ennobling every act and air,
 With just, and generous, and sincere.

Accomplish'd thus, his next resort
 Is to the council and the court,
 Where Virtue is in least repute,
 And Interest the one pursuit ;
 Where *right* and *wrong* are bought and sold,
 Barter'd for beauty, and for gold ;
 Here Manly Virtue, even here,
 Pleas'd in the person of a peer,
 A peer ; a scarcely-bearded youth,
 Who talk'd of justice and of truth,
 Of innocence the surest guard,
 Tales here forgot, or yet unheard ;
 That he alone deserv'd esteem,
 Who was the man he wish'd to seem ;
 Call'd it unmanly and unwise,
 To lurk behind a mean disguise ;
 (Give fraudulent Vice the mask and screen,
 'Tis Virtue's interest to be seen ;)
 Call'd want of shame a want of sense,
 And found, in blushes, eloquence.

Thus, acting what he taught so well,
 He drew dumb Merit from her cell,

Led with amazing art along
 The bashful dame, and loos'd her tongue ;
 And, whilst he made her value known,
 Yet more display'd and rais'd his own.

Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
 He rises to the highest stations
 (For where high honour is the prize,
 True Virtue has a right to rise) :
 Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
 To Wealth and Vice in high degree :
 Exalted Worth disdains to owe
 Its grandeur to its greatest foe.

Now rais'd on high, see Virtue shows
 The godlike ends for which he rose ;
 For him, let proud Ambition know
 The height of glory here below,
 Grandeur, by goodness made compleat !
 To bless, is truly to be great !
 He taught how men to honour rise,
 Like gilded vapours to the skies,
 Which, howsoever they display
 Their glory from the god of day,
 Their noblest use is to abate
 His dangerous excess of heat,
 To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
 And bless the earth with genial showers.

Now change the scene ; a nobler care
 Demands him in a higher sphere * :

* Lord Carteret had the honour of mediating peace
 for Sweden with Denmark and with the Czar.

Distress

Distress of nations calls him hence,
 Permitted so by Providence ;
 For models, made to mend our kind,
 To no one clime should be confin'd ;
 And Manly Virtue, like the sun,
 His course of glorious toils should run ;
 Alike diffusing in his flight
 Congenial joy, and life, and light.
 Pale Envy sickens, Error flies,
 And Discord in his presence dies ;
 Oppression hides with guilty dread,
 And Merit rears her drooping head ;
 The arts revive, the vallies sing,
 And winter softens into spring :
 The wondering world, where'er he moves,
 With new delight looks up and loves ;
 One sex consenting to admire,
 Nor less the other to desire ;
 Whilst he, though seated on a throne,
 Confines his love to one alone ;
 The rest condemn'd, with rival voice
 Repining, do applaud his choice.

Fame now reports, the Western Isle
 Is made his mansion for a while,
 Whose anxious natives night and day
 (Happy beneath his righteous sway)
 Weary the gods with ceaseless prayer,
 To bless him, and to keep him there ;
 And claim it as a debt from fate,
 Too lately found, to lose him late.

VERSES on the UPRIGHT JUDGE,
who condemned the DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

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

O N T H E S A M E.

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

O N T H E S A M E.

(The JUDGE speaks.)

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

* An alderman

R I D D L E S,
BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS,
Written in or about the Year 1724.

I. On a PEN.

IN youth exalted high in air,
 Or bathing in the waters fair,
 Nature to form me took delight,
 And clad my body all in white,
 My person tall, and slender waist,
 On either side with fringes grac'd ;
 Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
 And dragg'd me from my mother's side :
 No wonder now I look so thin ;
 The tyrant stript me to the skin :
 My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt ;
 At head and foot my body lopt :
 And then, with heart more hard than stone,
 He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
 To vex me more, he took a freak
 To slit my tongue, and make me speak :
 But, that which wonderful appears,
 I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
 He oft' employs me in disguise,
 And makes me tell a thousand lies :
 To me he chiefly gives in trust
 To please his malice or his lust,
 From me no secret he can hide ;
 I see his vanity and pride :

And

And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line :
The lawyer must forget his pleading ;
The scholar could not shew his reading.

Nay ; man my master is my slave :
I give command to kill or save,
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

II. On GOLD.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gawdy livery drest !
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me ; or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian God, consulting strove

To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the Gods delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

BY fate *exalted high* in place,
Lo, here I stand with *double face*;
Superior none on earth I find;
But see *below me* all mankind.
Yet, as it oft' attends the great,
I almost *sink* with my own *weight*.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my *look*.
I sometimes give advice in *writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.

I am a courtier in my way;
For those who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
And some give out, that I entice
To lust, and luxury, and dice;
Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pickt.

By riding *post*, I lose my health;
And only to get others wealth.

IV. On the POSTERIOURS.

BECAUSE I am by nature *blind*,
I wisely chuse to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my *face*.

My *words* are few, but spoke with *sense*;
 And yet my *speaking* gives offence :
 Or, if to *whisper* I presume,
 The company will fly the room.
 By all the world I am *opprest*;
 And my *oppression* gives them *rest*.

Through me, though fore against my will,
Instructors every art instil.
 By thousands I am *sold* and bought,
 Who neither get nor lose a groat ;
 For none, alas ! by me can gain,
 But those who give me *greatest pain*.
 Shall man presume to be my master,
 Who's but my *caterer* and *taster* ?
 Yet, though I always have my will,
 I'm but a meer *depender* still :
 An humble *hanger on* at best ;
 Of whom all people *make a jest*.

In me detractors seek to find
 Two vices of a different kind :
 I'm too profuse, some censurers cry,
 And all I get, I *let it fly* :
 While others give me many a curse,
 Because too close I hold my *purse*.
 But this I know, in either case
 They dare not charge me to my *face*.
 'Tis true indeed, sometimes I *save*,
 Sometimes *run out* of all I have ;
 But, when the year is at an end,
 Computing what I *get* and *spend*,

My *goings-out*, and *comings-in*,
 I cannot find I lose or win ;
 And therefore all that know me say,
 I justly keep the *middle way*.
 I'm always by my betters led ;
 I last *get up*, and first *a-bed* ;
 Though, if I rise *before my time*,
 The learn'd in sciences sublime
 Consult the stars, and thence foretel'
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

V. On a Horn.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
 Domestic subject for disputes,
 Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
 Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care !
 I saw thee rais'd to high renown,
 Supporting half the British crown ;
 And often have I seen thee grace
 The chaste Diana's infant face ;
 And whensoever you please to shine,
 Less useful is her light than thine :
 Thy numerous fingers know their way,
 And oft' in Celia's tresses play.

To place thee in another view,
 I'll shew the world strange things and true :
 What lords and dames of high degree
 May justly claim their birth from thee.
 The soul of man with spleen you vex :
 Of spleen you cure the female sex.

Thee

Thee for a gift the courtier sends
 With pleasure to his special friends :
 He gives, and, with a generous pride,
 Contrives all means the gift to hide :
 Nor oft' can the receiver know,
 Whether he has the gift or no.
 On airy wings you take your flight,
 And fly unseen both day and night ;
 Conceal your form with various tricks ;
 And few know how or where you fix :
 Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
 That they to others give thee most.
 Mean time, the wise a question start,
 If thou a real being art ;
 Or but a creature of the brain,
 That gives imaginary pain ?
 But the fly giver better knows thee ;
 Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

VI. On a CORKSCREW.

THOUGH I, alas ! a prisoner be,
 My trade is prisoners to set free.
 No slave his lord's commands obeys
 With such *insinuating* ways.
 My genius *piercing, sharp, and bright,*
 Wherein the men of wit delight.
 The clergy keep me for their ease,
 And *turn and wind* me as they please.
 A new and wondrous art I show
 Of raising spirits from below ;

In *scarlet* some, and some in *white* :
 They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
 In at each *mouth* the *spirits* pass,
 Distinctly seen as through a glass :
 O'er *head* and *body* make a rout,
 And drive at last all *secrets* out :
 And still, the more I show my art,
 The more they *open every heart* . . .

A greater chemist none than I,
 Who from *materials hard and dry*
 Have taught men to *extract* with skill ;
 More precious juice than from a still . . .

Although I 'm often *out of case*,
 I 'm not ashamed to show my *face*.
 Though at the tables of the great
 I near the side-board take my seat ;
 Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner 's done,
 Is never pleas'd till I make one :
 He kindly bids me near him stand ;
 And often takes me by the *hand*.

I twice a day a *hunting* go ;
 Nor ever fail to *seize my foe* ;
 And, when I have him by the *pole*,
 I drag him upwards from his *hole* ;
 Though some are of so stubborn kind,
 I'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.

I hourly wait some fatal end ;
 For I can *break*, but scorn to *bend*.

VII.

The GULPH of all HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

COME hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits.

Take wise advice, and *look behind*,

Bring all *past* actions to thy mind.

Here you may see, as in a glass,

How soon all human pleasures pass.

How will it mortify thy pride,

To turn the true impartial side!

How will your eyes contain their tears,

When all the sad *reverse* appears!

This cave within its womb confines

The last result of all designs:

Here lie deposited the spoils

Of busy mortals' endless toils:

Here, with an easy search, we find

The *foul corruptions* of mankind.

The wretched purchase here behold

Of traitors, who their country sold.

This gulph insatiable imbibes

The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes.

Here, in their proper shape and mien,

Fraud, perjury, and guilt, are seen.

Necessity, the tyrant's law,

All human race must hither draw;

All prompted by the same *desire*,

The vigorous youth, and aged fire.

Behold,

Behold, the coward and the brave,
 The haughty prince, the humble slave,
 Physician, lawyer, and divine,
 All make *oblations* at this shrine.
 Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
 And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
 For, while the bashful sylvan maid,
 As half ashamed, and half afraid,
 Approaching finds it hard to part
 With that which dwelt so *near her heart*;
 The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
 Profusely pours her *offerings* here.

A treasure here of *learning* lurks,
 Huge heaps of never-dying works :
 Labours of many an ancient sage,
 And millions of the present age.

In at this gulph all offerings pass,
 And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
 Deucalion, to restore mankind,
 Was bid to throw the stones *behind* ;
 So those who here their gifts convey
 Are forc'd to *look another way* ;
 For few, a chosen few, must know
 The mysteries that lie below.

Sad charnel-house ! a dismal dome,
 For which all mortals leave their home !
 The young, the beautiful, and brave,
 Here bury'd in one common grave !
 Where each supply of *dead* renews
 Unwholesome *damps*, *offensive deors* :

And

And lo! the *writing on the walls*
 Points out where each new *victim* falls ;
 The *food of worms* and beasts obscene,
 Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where those mangled corpses lie,
 Condemn'd by female hands to die ;
 A comely dame, once clad in white,
 Lies there consign'd to endless night ;
 By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
 And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.

And here six virgins in a tomb,
 All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
 Oft' in the train of Venus seen,
 As fair and lovely as their queen :
 In royal garments each was drest,
 Each with a gold and purple vest ;
 I saw them of their garments stript,
 Their throats were cut, their bellies ript,
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn ;
 But now dismember'd here are cast,
 And find a resting-place at last.

Here oft' the curious traveler finds
 The combat of *opposing winds* :
 And seeks to learn the secret cause,
 Which alien seems from nature's laws ;
 Why at this *cave's* tremendous *mouth*,
 He feels at once both *north* and *south* :
 Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
 Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent :

Or whether, *opening all his stores,*
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.

Yet, from this *mingled mass* of things,
In time a new creation springs.
These *crude* materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies :
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

LOUISA * to STREPHON.

AH! Strephon, how can you despise
Her, who without thy pity dies ?
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you ;
Fair issue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred ;
Embrac'd thee closer than a wife ;
When thee I leave, I leave my life .
Why should my shepherd take amiss,
That oft' I wake thee with a kiss ?
Yet you of every kiss complain ;
Ah! is not love a pleasing pain ?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with ease and with delight ;

* This Riddle is solved by an Anagram.

With

With pleasure, as the poet sings,
 Too great for mortals less than kings.
 Cloe, when on thy breast I lie,
 Observes me with revengeful eye :
 If Cloe o'er thy heart prevails,
 She'll tear me with her desperate nails ;
 And with relentless hands destroy
 The tender pledges of our joy.
 Nor have I bred a spurious race ;
 They all were born from thy embrace.
 Consider, Strephon, what you do ;
 For, should I die for love of you,
 I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost ;
 And all my kin (a numerous host,
 Who down direct our lineage bring
 From victors o'er the Memphian king ;
 Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
 Who never fled the bloody plains,
 Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
 And scorn the pleasures of a court,
 From whom great Sylla found his doom,
 Who scourg'd to death that scourge of Rome)
 Shall on thee take a vengeance dire ;
 Thou, like Alcides, shalt expire,
 When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
 And skin and flesh in pieces tore.
 Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
 Cut from the piece that made her shift,
 Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,
 And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX.

DEPRIV'D of root, and branch, and rind,
 Yet flowers I bear of every kind ;
 And such is my prolific power,
 They bloom in less than half an hour ;
 Yet standers-by may plainly see
 They get no nourishment from me.
 My head with giddiness goes round ;
 And yet I firmly stand my ground :
 All over naked I am seen,
 And painted like an Indian queen.
 No couple-beggar in the land
 E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand ;
 I join them fairly with a *ring* ;
 Nor can our parson blame the thing :
 And, though no marriage words are spoke,
 They part not till the *ring* is broke ;
 Yet hypocrite-fanatics cry,
 I'm but an idol rais'd on high :
 And once a weaver in our town,
 A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
 I lay a prisoner twenty years,
 And then the jovial cavaliers
 To their old post restor'd all three,
 I mean the church, the king, and me.

X. On

X. On the Moon.

I WITH borrow'd silver shine,
 What you see is none of mine.
 First I shew you but a quarter,
 Like the bow that guards the Tartar;
 Then the half, and then the whole,
 Ever dancing round the pole.
 And, what will raise your admiration,
 I am not one of GOD's creation,
 But sprung (and I this truth maintain)
 Like Pallas from my father's brain.
 And, after all, I chiefly owe
 My beauty to the shades below.
 Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
 A man, a woman, lion, bear,
 A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
 All figures heaven or earth can yield;
 Like Daphne sometimes in a tree:
 Yet am not one of all you see.

XI. On a CIRCLE.

I 'M up and down, and round about,
 Yet all the world can't find me out,
 Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
 They never yet could find my measure.
 I 'm found almost in every garden,
 Nay in the compass of a farthing.
 There 's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
 Can move an inch except I will.

XII. On

XII. On INK.

I AM jet-black, as you may see,
 The son of pitch, and gloomy night :
 Yet all that know me will agree,
 I'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyrick high,
 Like lofty Pindar, I can soar ;
 And raise a virgin to the sky,
 Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
 To-morrow of a bitter juice ;
 Like milk, 'tis cry'd about the street,
 And so apply'd to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic power :
 For with one colour I can paint ;
 I'll make the devil a faint this hour,
 Next make a devil of a faint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
 Provide me but with paper wings ;
 And fairly shew a reason, why
 There should be quarrels among kings.

And, after all, you'll think it odd,
 When learned doctors will dispute,
 That I should point the word of GOD,
 And shew where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats :
 'Tis I that must the lands convey,
 And strip the clients to their coats ;
 Nay, give their very souls away.

XIII. ALL

XIII. On the FIVE SENSES.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
 Brethren of a wondrous kind;
 Yet among us all no brother
 Knows one tittle of the other;
 We in frequent councils are,
 And our marks of things declare,
 Where, to us unknown, a clerk
 Sits, and takes them in the dark.
 He's the register of all
 In our ken, both great and small;
 By us forms his laws and rules,
 He's our master; we his tools;
 Yet we can with greatest ease
 Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,
 Yet no watch the rest will keep,
 But the moment that he closes,
 Every brother else reposes.

If wine's bought, or victuals drest,
 One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding steel,
 One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thousand cannons roar,
 Add to them ten thousand more,
 Yet but one of us is found
 Who regards the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
 There's but one of us can smell.

XIV.

FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my bosom thy bright eyes,
 Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,

I feel not the least love-surprize,

Yet endless tears flow down in streams ;

There 's nought so beautiful in thee,

But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare ;

In me you see them full as white.

The roses of your cheeks, I dare

Affirm, can't glow to more delight.

Then, since I shew as fine a face,

Can you refuse a soft embrace ?

Ah ! lovely nymph, thou 'rt in thy prime !

And so am I whilst thou art here ;

But soon will come the fatal time,

When all we see shall disappear.

'Tis mine to make a just reflexion,

And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may ;

Treat not your lovers with disdain ;

For time with beauty flies away,

And there is no return again.

To you the sad account I bring,

Life's autumn has no second spring.

XV. On

XV. On an ECHO.

NEVER sleeping, still awake,
 Pleasing most when most I speak;
 The delight of old and young,
 Though I speak without a tongue.
 Nought but one thing can confound me,
 Many voices joining round me;
 Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
 Like the labourers of Babel.
 Now I am a dog, or cow,
 I can bark, or I can low,
 I can bleat, or I can sing,
 Like the warblers of the spring.
 Let the love-sick bard complain,
 And I mourn the cruel pain;
 Let the happy swain rejoice,
 And I join my helping voice;
 Both are welcome, grief or joy,
 I with either sport and toy.
 Though a lady, I am stout,
 Drums and trumpets bring me out:
 Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
 Join in all the din of battle.
 Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
 When I 'm vext, can't keep me under;
 Yet so tender is my ear,
 That the lowest voice I fear;
 Much I dread the courtier's fate,
 When his merit 's out of date,
 For I hate a silent breath,
 And a whisper is my death.

XVI. On a SHADOW IN A GLASS.

BY something form'd, I nothing am,
 Yet every thing that you can name ;
 In no place have I ever been,
 Yet every where I may be seen ;
 In all things false, yet always true,
 I 'm still the same — but ever new.
 Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
 Can shew a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
 Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear. }
 All shapes and features I can boast,
 No flesh, no bones, no blood — no ghost :
 All colours, without paint, put on,
 And change like the cameleon.
 Swiftly I come, and enter there,
 Where not a chink lets in the air ;
 Like thought, I 'm in a moment gone,
 Nor can I ever be alone ;
 All things on earth I imitate,
 Faster than nature can create ;
 Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
 Anon in beggar's rags appear ;
 A giant now, and strait an elf,
 I 'm every one, but ne'er myself ;
 Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
 I move my lips, but want a voice ;
 I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die,
 Then prythee tell me what am I.

XVII. MOST

XVII.

MOST things by me do rise and fall,
 And as I please they 're great and small;
 Invading foes, without resistance,
 With ease I make to keep their distance;
 Again, as I 'm dispos'd, the foe
 Will come, though not a foot they go.
 Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
 And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
 And lowing herds, and piping swains,
 Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
 The greatest whale that swims the sea
 Does instantly my power obey.
 In vain from me the sailor flies,
 The quickest ship I can surprize,
 And turn it as I have a mind,
 And move it against tide and wind.
 Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
 I 'll squeeze him to a little span;
 Or bring a tender child and pliant,
 You 'll see me stretch him to a giant;
 Nor shall they in the least complain,
 Because my magick gives no pain.

XVIII. On TIME.

EVER eating, never cloying,
 All devouring, all destroying,
 Never finding full repast,
 Till I eat the world at last.

XIX. On the GALLOWS.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
 That stands 'twixt heaven, and earth, and hell,
 Where many for a passage venture,
 Yet very few are fond to enter ;
 Although 'tis open night and day,
 They for that reason shun this way :
 Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
 They can't come near it for their blood ;
 What other way they take to go,
 Another time I'll let you know.
 Yet commoners with greatest ease
 Can find an entrance when they please.
 The poorest hither march in state
 (Or they can never pass the gate),
 Like Roman generals triumphant,
 And then they take a turn and jump on 't.
 If gravest parsons here advance,
 They cannot pass before they dance ;
 There 's not a soul that does resort here,
 But strips himself to pay the porter.

XX. On the VOWELS.

WE are little airy creatures,
 All of different voice and features,
 One of us in glass is set,
 One of us you'll find in jet,
 T' other you may see in tin,
 And the fourth a box within,
 If the fifth you should pursue,
 It can never fly from you.

XXI. On SNOW.

FROM heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
 No lady alive can shew such a skin.
 I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
 But heavy and dark, when you squeeze me together.
 Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
 Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
 Though so much of Heaven appears in my make,
 The foulest impressions I easily take.
 My parent and I produce one another,
 The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XXII. On a CANNON.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying with noise,
 The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
 Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
 I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
 For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
 But all I delight in is pieces of lead ;
 Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
 Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
 One property more I would have you remark,
 No lady was ever more fond of a spark ;
 The moment I get one, my soul's all a-fire,
 And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

XXIII. On a Pair of DICE.

WE are little brethren twain,
 Arbiters of los and gain,
 Many to our counters run,
 Some are made, and some undone :
 But men find it to their cost,
 Few are made, but numbers lost.
 Though we play them tricks for ever,
 Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIV. On a CANDLE.

TO LADY CARTERET.

OF all inhabitants on earth,
 To Man alone I owe my birth,
 And yet the Cow, the Sheep, the Bee,
 Are all my parents more than he :
 I, a virtue, strange and rare,
 Make the fairest look more fair ;
 And myself, which yet is rarer,
 Growing old, grow still the fairer.
 Like sots, alone I 'm dull enough,
 When dos'd with smoak, and smear'd with snuff :
 But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
 I with double lustre shine.
 Emblem of the Fair am I,
 Polish'd neck, and radiant eye ;
 In my eye my greatest grace,
 Emblem of the Cyclops' race ;
 Metals I like them subdue,
 Slave like them to Vulcan too.

R I D D L E S.

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Emblem of a monarch old,
 Wife, and glorious to behold;
 Wasted he appears, and pale,
 Watching for the public weal:
 Emblem of the bashful dame,
 That in secret feeds her flame,
 Often aiding to impart
 All the secrets of her heart:
 Various is my bulk and hue,
 Big like Bess, and small like Sue;
 Now brown and burnish'd like a nut,
 At other times a very slut;
 Often fair, and soft, and tender,
 Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender;
 Like Flora deck'd with fairest flowers,
 Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours:
 But, whatever be my drefs,
 Greater be my size or less,
 Swelling be my shape or small,
 Like thyself I shine in all.
 Clouded if my face is seen,
 My complexion wan and green,
 Languid like a love-sick maid,
 Steel affords me present aid.
 Soon or late, my date is done,
 As my thread of life is spun;
 Yet to cut the fatal thread
 Oft' revives my drooping head:
 Yet I perish in my prime,
 Seldom by the death of time;

Die.

Die like lovers as they gaze,
 Die for those I live to please ;
 Pine unpitied to my urn,
 Nor warm the fair for whom I burn ;
 Unpitied, unlamented too,
 Die like all that look on you.

XXV. TO LADY CARTERET.
 BY DR. DELANY.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
 Without stretching a finger, or stirring a foot,
 I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
 Though many and various, and large and afunder.
 Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side,
 Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide :
 Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
 Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things more.
 All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
 Though sometimes, they say, I bewitch and do harm ;
 Though cold, I inflame ; and though quiet, invade ;
 And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.
 A thief that has robb'd you, or done you disgrace,
 In magical mirrour I 'll shew you his face :
 Nay, if you 'll believe what the poets have said,
 They 'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
 Like conjurers safe in my circle I dwell,
 I love to look black too, it heightens my spell ;
 Though my magick is mighty in every hue,
 Who see all my power must see it in You.

ANSWERED

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an *eye* your riddle I spy.
 I observe your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
 And whatever passes is strained through glasses.
 You say it is quiet : I flatly deny it.
 It wanders about, without stirring out ;
 No passion so weak but gives it a tweak ;
 Love, joy, and devotion, set it always in motion.
 And as for the tragic effects of its magick
 Which you say it can kill, or revive at its will,
 The dead are all found, and revive above ground,
 After all you have writ, it cannot be wit ;
 Which plainly does follow, since it flies from Apollo.
 Its cowardice such, it cries at a touch,
 'Tis a perfect milkop, grows drunk with a drop.
 Another great fault, it cannot bear salt :
 And a hair can disarm it of every charm.

XXVI. TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. SWIFT.

FROM India's burning clime I'm brought,
 With cooling gales like Zephyrs fraught.
 Not Iris, when she paints the sky,
 Can shew more different hue than I ;
 Nor can she change her form so fast,
 I'm now a sail, and now a mast.
 There am red, and there am green,
 A beggar there, and here a queen.

I some-

I fometimes live in house of hair,
 And oft' in hand of lady fair.
 I please the young, I grace the old,
 And am at once both hot and cold.
 Say what I am then, if you can,
 And find the rhyme, and you 're the man.

ANSWERED BY DR. SHERIDAN.

YOUR house of hair and lady's hand
 At first did put me to a stand.
 I have it now — 'tis plain enough —
 Your hairy business is a *muff*.
 Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
 At once so like your masts and sails;
 And for the rhyme to *you 're the man*,
 What fits it better than a *fan*?

A R E C E I P T

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

THE Scottish hinds, too poor to house
 In frosty nights their starving cows,
 While not a blade of grafs or hay
 Appears from Michaelmas to May,
 Must let their cattle range in vain
 For food along the barren plain.
 Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
 And nothing left but skin and bone;

Expos'd

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH.

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Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
 They just keep life and foul together,
 Till summer-showers and evening's dew
 Again the verdant glebe renew;
 And, as the vegetables rise,
 The famish'd cow her want supplies:
 Without an ounce of last year's flesh;
 Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;
 Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
 As rising from Medea's kettle,
 With youth and beauty to inchant
 Europa's counterfeit gallant.

Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
 If I compare you to the cow?
 'Tis just the case; for you have fasted
 So long, till all your flesh is wasted,
 And must against the warmer days
 Be sent to Quilca down to graze;
 Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
 Will soon your appetite repair:
 The nutriment will from within,
 Round all your body, plump your skin;
 Will agitate the lazy flood,
 And fill your veins with sprightly blood:
 Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
 Nor aught of Stella but the name;
 For what was ever understood,
 By human kind, but flesh and blood?
 And if your flesh and blood be new,
 You 'll be no more the former *you*;

But

But for a blooming nymph will pass,
 Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,
 Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd :
 While all the 'squires for nine miles round,
 Attended by a brace of curs,
 With jocky boots and silver spurs,
 No less than justices *o' quorum*,
 Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
 Shall leave deciding broken pates,
 To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
 But, lest you should my skill disgrace,
 Come back before you 're out of case :
 For if to Michaelmas you stay,
 The new-born flesh will melt away ;
 The 'squire in scorn will fly the house
 For better game, and look for grouse ;
 But here, before the frost can mar it,
 We 'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5.

AS, when a beauteous nymph decays,
 We say, she 's past her dancing-days ;
 So poets lose their feet by time,
 And can no longer dance in rhyme.
 Your annual bard had rather chose
 To celebrate your birth in prose :
 Yet merry folks, who want by chance
 A pair to make a country-dance,

Call

Call the old house-keeper, and get her
 To fill a place, for want of better :
 While Sheridan is off the hooks,
 And friend Delany at his books,
 That Stella may avoid disgrace,
 Once more the Dean supplies their place.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth !
 Have always been confin'd to youth ;
 The god of wit and beauty's queen,
 He twenty-one, and she fifteen.
 No poet ever sweetly sung,
 Unless he were, like Phœbus, young ;
 Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
 Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
 At fifty-six, if this be true,
 Am I a poet fit for you ?
 Or, at the age of forty-three,
 Are you a subject fit for me ?
 Adieu ! bright wit, and radiant eyes !
 You must be grave, and I be wise.
 Our fate in vain we would oppose :
 But I 'll be still your friend in prose :
 Esteem and friendship to express,
 Will not require poetic dress ;
 And, if the Muse deny her aid
 To have them *sung*, they may be *said*.

But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
 Reports you are no longer young ;
 That Time fits, with his scythe, to mow
 Where erst sat Cupid with his bow ;

That

That half your locks are turn'd to grey?
 I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
 'Tis true, but let it not be known,
 My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown:
 For nature, always in the right,
 To your decays adapts my sight;
 And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
 For I'm asham'd to use a glass;
 And till I see them with these eyes,
 Whoever says you have them, lies.

No length of time can make you quit
 Honour and virtue, sense and wit:
 Thus you may still be young to me,
 While I can better *hear* than *see*.
 Oh, ne'er may Fortune shew her spight,
 To make me *deaf*, and mend my *sight*!

A N E P I G R A M
 O N W O O D ' S B R A S S - M O N E Y .

CARTERET was welcom'd to the shore
 First with the brazen cannons roar;
 To meet him next the soldier comes,
 With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
 Approaching near the town, he hears
 The brazen bells salute his ears:
 But, when Wood's brass began to found,
 Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE,

A S I M I L E,
ON OUR WANT OF SILVER:
And the only WAY to REMEDY it. 1725.

AS when of old some forcerers threw
O'er the moon's face a fable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believ'd with reason
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her *silver* face again
(Note here, that in the chemic style,
The moon is *silver* all this while).

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

* A great lady was said to have been bribed by Wood.

† The patent for coining half-pence.

Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
 There was no silver to be seen.
 But to this parchment let the Drapier
 Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
 And ring Wood's copper in our ears
 So loud till all the nation hears ;
 That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
 And drive the conjurers to the devil ;
 And, when the sky is grown serene,
 Our silver will appear again.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

BY long observation I have understood,
 That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
 The first is an insect they call a *wood-louse*,
 That folds up itself in itself for a house,
 As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
 Inclos'd *cap-a-pe* in a strong coat of mail.
 And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
 In fillets of brafs roll'd up to his ears :
 And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
 To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone *.
 The louse of the *wood* for a medicine is us'd,
 Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruis'd.
 And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
 To swallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,

* He was in gaol for debt.

She need be no more with the jaundice possess'd,
Or sick of *obstructions*, and *pains in her chest*.

The next is an insect we call a *wood-worm*,
That lies in old *wood* like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch;
Because like a watch it always cries *click*:
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick:
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries *click* when it scratches the post.
But a kettle of scalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected:
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the
door

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

* Counterfeit half-pence.

ON WOOD THE IRON-MONGER. 1725.

SALMONEUS, as the Grecian tale is,
 Was a mad copper-smith of Elis ;
 Up at his forge by morning-peep,
 No creature in the lane could sleep ;
 Among a crew of roystering fellows
 Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse :
 His wife and children wanted bread,
 While he went always drunk to bed.
 This vapouring scab must needs devise
 To ape the thunder of the skies :
 With *brass* two fiery steeds he shod,
 To make a clattering as they trod.
 Of polish'd *brass* his flaming car
 Like lightning dazzled from afar,
 And up he mounts into the box,
 And he must thumder, with a pox.
 Then furious he begins his march,
 Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch :
 With squibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
 Among the trembling croud below.
 All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
 To pacify this angry deity :
 When Jove, in pity to the town,
 With real thunder knock'd him down.
 Then what a huge delight were all in,
 To see the wicked varlet sprawling ;
 They search'd his pockets on the place,
 And found his copper all was base ;

They

They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brags for thunder.

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

WILL WOOD'S PETITION
TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND;

Being an excellent NEW SONG, supposed to be made
and sung in the Streets of DUBLIN, by WILLIAM
WOOD, Iron-monger and Half-penny-monger.

1725.

MY dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my half-pence so fine ;
So fair and so bright,
They 'll give you delight ;
Observe, how they glisten and shine !
They 'll sell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife ;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or tofs on the knife.

Come

Come hither, and try ;
 I 'll teach you to buy
 A pot of good ale for a farthing :
 Come ; three-pence a score,
 I ask you no more,
 And a fig for the Drapier and Hardinge *.
 When tradesmen have gold,
 The thief will be bold,
 By day and by night for to rob him :
 My copper is such,
 No robber will touch,
 And so you may daintily bob him.
 The little black-guard,
 Who gets very hard
 His half-pence for cleaning your shoes :
 When his pockets are cramm'd
 With mine and be d—'d,
 He may swear he has nothing to lose.
 Here 's half-pence in plenty,
 For one you 'll have twenty,
 Though thousands are not worth a pudden :
 Your neighbours will think,
 When your pocket cries chink,
 You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.
 You will be my thankers,
 I 'll make you my bankers,
 As good as Ben Burton or Fade † :

* The Drapier's printer.

† Two famous bankers.

For nothing shall pass
 But my pretty brass,
 And then you 'll be all of a trade.
 I 'm a son of a whore
 If I have a word more
 To say in this wretched condition.
 If my coin will not pass,
 I must die like an ass ;
 And so I conclude my petition.

A NEW SONG
 ON WOOD'S HALF-PENCE.

YE people of Ireland, both country and city,
 Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty:
 At this time I 'll chuse to be wiser than witty.

Which nobody can deny.

The Half-pence are coming, the nation's undoing,
 There 's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and
 brewing ;

In short, you must all go to rack and to ruin.

Which, &c.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
 And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
 Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.

Which, &c.

The Soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay ;
 His five pence will prove but a farthing a day,
 For meat, or for drink ; or he must run away.

Z 4

Which, &c.

When

When he pulls out his two pence, the Tapster says not,
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor Soldier must soon go to pot.

Which, &c.

If he goes to the Baker, the Baker will huff,
And twenty pence have for a two-penny loaf,
Then, dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.

Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The Butcher and Soldier must be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.

Which, &c.

The Butcher is stout, and he values no swagger;
A cleaver 's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger.

Which, &c.

The Beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they must live on their lice.

Which, &c.

The Squire possess'd of twelve thousand a year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have house-room, I
fear.

Which, &c.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse;
But the Squire 's too wise, he will not take a mouse.

Which, &c.

The

SONG ON WOOD'S HALF-PENCE. 345

The Farmer, who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters, and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his trash.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leaves that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mold.
Which, &c.

The wisest of Lawyers all swear, they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current;
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure on 't.
Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it would be very strange,
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swapping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his Majesty's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God blefs the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise:
He shews us the cheat, from the end to the rise.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther he shews it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.
That

That he and his half-pence should come to weigh down
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown;
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.

Which, &c.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book against Mr. Wood's;
If you stand true together, he's left in the fuds.

Which, &c.

Ye shop-men and trades-men and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;
Or egad, if you don't, there's an end of your credit.

Which nobody can deny.

A S E R I O U S P O E M

Upon WILLIAM WOOD, Brasier, Tinker,
Hardwareman, Coiner, Founder, and Esquire.

WHEN foes are o'ercome, we preserve them from
slaughter,

To be *brewers* of *wood*, and *drawers* of water.

Now, although to *draw water* is not very good;

Yet we all should rejoice to be *brewers* of *Wood*.

I own, it has often provok'd me to mutter,

That a rogue so *obscure* should make such a clutter:

But ancient Philosophers wisely remark,

That old rotten *Wood* will shine in the *dark*.

The Heathens, we read, had *Gods* made of *Wood*,

Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good:

But this idol *Wood* may do us great evil;

Their *Gods* were of *Wood*; but our *Wood* is the *Devil*.

To

To cut down fine *Wood*, is a very bad thing;
 And yet we all know much *gold* it will bring.
 Then, if cutting down *Wood* brings money good store,
 Our money to keep, let us *cut down one more*.

Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood
 (I forget in what church) an image of *Wood*.
 Concerning this image, there went a prediction,
 It would burn a whole *forest*; nor was it a fiction.
 'Twas cut into faggots and put to the flame,
 To burn an old Friar, one *Forest* by name.
 My tale is a wise one, if well understood:
 Find you but the *Friar*; and I'll find the *Wood*.

I hear, among scholars there is a great doubt
 From what kind of tree this *Wood* was hewn out.
 Teague made a good pun by a *brogue* in his speech;
 And said, *By my shoul, he's the son of a BEECH*.
 Some call him a *Thorn*, the curse of the nation,
 As *Thorns* were design'd to be from the creation.
 Some think him cut out from the poisonous *Yew*;
 Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
 Some say he's a *Birch*, a thought very odd;
 For none but a *dunce* would come under his *rod*.
 But I'll tell you the secret; and pray do not blab:
 He is an old stump, cut out of a *Crab*;
 And England has put this *Crab* to a hard use,
 To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us *verjuice*;
 And therefore his *witnesses* justly may boast,
 That none are more properly knights of the *Post*.

I ne'er could endure my talent to smother:
 I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.

A joiner,

A joiner, to fasten a saint in a *nicb*,
 Bor'd a lage *auger-hole* in the image's breech.
 But, finding the *statue* to make no complaint,
 He would ne'er be convinced it was a *true saint*.
 When the *true Wood* arrives, as he soon will, no doubt,
 (For that 's but a *sham Wood* they carry about*;))
 What *stuff* he is made of you quickly may find,
 If you make the same trial, and *bore* him *behind*.
 I'll hold you a groat, when you *wimble* his *bum*,
 He'll bellow as loud as the *Devil* in a *drum*.
 From me, I declare, you shall have no denial;
 And there can be no harm in making a trial:
 And, when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
 You may shew him about for a new *groaning-board*.

Hear one story more, and then I will stop.
 I dreamt *Wood* was told he should die by a *drop*:
 So methought he resolv'd no liquor to taste,
 For fear the *first drop* might as well be his *last*.
 But *dreams* are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
 For it prov'd that he died of a *drop* at *Kilmainham* †.
 I wak'd with delight; and not without hope,
 Very soon to see *Wood drop* down from a *rope*.
 How he! and how we, at each other should grin!
 'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
 But soft! says the Herald; I cannot agree;
 For *metal* on *metal* is false *Heraldry*.
 Why, that may be true; yet *Wood* upon *Wood*,
 I'll maintain with my life, is *Heraldry* good.

* He was frequently burnt in effigy.

† Their place of execution.

T O D R. S H E R I D A N.

Dec. 14, 1719*, 9 at night.

S I R,

IT is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you, in plain English, tell us so?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies † this night:

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you; and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanry; and the boy here had not been sent to let Alexander know I was here; I should have missed the letter out-right.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

* This is probably dated too early.

† Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson.

I wish

I wish Alexander safe at St. Catharine's to-night, with
all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour :
But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so
late at this time of year, when one would not turn
out a dog that one valued ; I appeal to your friend
Mr. Connor

I would present my humble service to my lady Mount-
cashel ; but truly I thought she would have made ad-
vances to have been acquainted with me, as she
pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my
paper is ended.

1 P. S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you'd dated :
Much plague it created. I scolded and rated ;
My soul is much grated ; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited :
Your man is belated ; the case I have stated ;
And me you have cheated. My stable's unflated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head ; and wish you translated,
For teasing me.

2 P. S.

Mrs Dingley desires me singly
Her service to present you ; hopes that will content you ;
But Johnson madam is grown a sad dame,
For want of converse, and cannot send one verse.

3 P. S.

You keep such a twattling with you and your bottling ;
But I see the sum total, we shall ne'er have a bottle ;

The

The long and the short, we shall not have a quart.
 I wish you would sign 't, that we have a pint.
 For all your colloguing, I 'd be glad of a knoggin :
 But I doubt 'tis a sham; you won't give us a dram.
 'Tis of shine a month moon-full, you won't part with
 a spoonfull,
 And I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.
 You see I won't stop, till I come to a drop ;
 But I doubt the oraculum is a poor supernaculum ;
 Though perhaps you tell it for a grace, if we smell it.

STELLA.

T O Q U I L C A,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr. SHERIDAN,

In no very good Repair, 1725.

LET me thy properties explain :
 A rotten cabbins dropping rain ;
 Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoak ;
 Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteds broke.
 Here elements have lost their uses,
 Air ripens not, nor earth produces ;
 In vain we make poor Sheelah * toil,
 Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
 Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
 The goddess Want in triumph reigns :
 And her chief officers of state,
 Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

* The name of an Irish servant.

The

The BLESSINGS of a COUNTRY-LIFE. 1725.

FAR from our debtors ; no Dublin letters ;
Not seen by our betters.

The PLAGUES of a COUNTRY-LIFE.

A companion with news ; a great want of shoes ;
Eat lean meat, or chuse ; a church without pews.
Our horses astray ; no straw, oats, or hay ; [play.
December in May ; our boys run away ; all servants at

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

I'D have you to know, as sure as you 're Dean,
On Thursday my cask of Obrien I'll drain :
If my wife is not willing, I say she 's a quean ;
And my right to the cellar, egad, I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain :
Go tell her it over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain ;
For, should it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguish my poetic vein ;
And then I should be as stupid as Kain, [twain.
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd but
Now Wardel 's in haste, and begins to complain ;
Your most humble servant, Dear Sir, I remain,

T. S—N.

Get Helsham, Walmsley, Delany,
And some Grattans, if there be any * :
Take care you do not bid too many.

* *i. e.* in Dublin, for they were country-clergy.

D R. S W I F T ' S A N S W E R.

TH E verses you sent on the bottling your wine
 Were, in every one's judgement, exceedingly fine;
 And I must confess, as a dean and divine,
 I think you inspir'd by the Muses all nine.
 I nicely examin'd them every line,
 And the worst of them all like a barn-door did shine.
 Oh, that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!
 With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine.
 I know they have many a wicked design;
 And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
 However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
 You would really on Thursday leave St. Catharine*,
 Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a swine;
 With me you 'll no more have a stomach to dine,
 Nor after your vittles lie sleeping supine:
 So I wish you were toothless, like lord Mafferine.
 But, were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
 I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
 If, when you return, your road you don't line,
 On Thursday I 'll pay my respects at your shrine,
 Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
 In square, or in opposite circle, or trine.
 Your beef will on Thursday be falter than brine:
 I hope you have swill'd, with new milk from the kine,
 As much as the Liffey 's outdone by the Rhine;

* The feat of lady Mountcashel, near Dublin.

And Dan shall be with us, with nose aquiline.
 If you do not come back, we shall weep out our eyne:
 Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
 The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine:
 But, if too many come, your madam will whine;
 And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
 But enough of this poetry Alexandrine:
 I hope you will not think this a *pasquine*.

A P O R T R A I T
 FROM THE LIFE.

COME sit by my side, while this picture I draw:
 In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
 A temper the devil himself could not bridle;
 Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
 As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
 She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit:
 A house-wife in bed, at table a flattern;
 For all an example, for no one a pattern.
 Now tell me, friend Thomas *, Ford †, Grattan ‡, and
 merry Dan ||,
 Has this any likeness to good madam Sheridan?

* Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

† Charles Ford of Woodpark, Esq.

‡ Reverend John Grattan.

|| Reverend Daniel Jackson.

UPON STEALING A CROWN

WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, since you in sleepy wise
 Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes;
 Like ghost, I glide along your floor,
 And softly shut the parlour-door:
 For should I break your sweet repose,
 Who knows what money you might lose;
 Since oftentimes it has been found,
 A dream has given ten thousand pound?
 Then sleep, my friend; dear dean, sleep on,
 And all you get shall be your own;
 Provided you to this agree,
 That all you lose belongs to me.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

SO, about twelve at night, the punk
 Steals from the cully when he's drunk;
 Nor is contented with a treat,
 Without her privilege to cheat.
 Nor can I the least difference find,
 But that you left no clap behind.
 But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
 My twelve thirteens* and six-pence ha'penny.

* A shilling passeth for thirteen pence in Ireland.

To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
 And then to give me such a deadly cut —
 But 'tis observ'd, that men in gowns
 Are most inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.
 Could you but *change* a crown as easy
 As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye !
 I thought the lady * at St. Catharine's
 Knew how to set you better patterns ;
 For this I will not dine with Agmondisham †,
 And for his victuals let a ragman dish 'em.

T H E S T O R M ;
 M I N E R V A ' S P E T I T I O N .

PALLAS, a goddess chaste and wise,
 Descending lately from the skies,
 To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
 He 'd give his orders for a storm ;
 A storm, to drown that rascal Horte,
 And she would kindly thank him for 't :
 A wretch ! whom English rogues, to spite her,
 Had lately honour'd with a mitre.

The god, who favour'd her request,
 Assur'd her he would do his best :
 But Venus had been there before,
 Pleaded the bishop lov'd a whore,

* Lady Montcashel.

† Agmondisham Vesey esq; a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Dean had a great esteem.

And

And had enlarg'd her empire wide ;
He own'd no deity beside.

At sea or land, if e'er you found him
Without a mistress, hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death, the bishop's bench,
Till Horte arriv'd, ne'er kept a wench ;
If Horte must sink, she grieves to tell it,
She 'll not have left one single prelate :
For, to say truth, she did intend him,
Elect of Cyprus *in commendam*.

And, since her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favour.

Then Proteus urg'd the same request,
But half in earnest, half in jest ;
Said he — “ Great sovereign of the main,
“ To drown him, all attempts are vain ;
“ Horte can assume more forms than I,
“ A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy ;
“ Can creep or run, can fly or swim,
“ All motions are alike to him :
“ Turn him adrift, and you shall find
“ He knows to sail with every wind ;
“ Or, throw him overboard, he 'll ride
“ As well against, as with the tide.
“ But, Pallas, you 've apply'd too late ;
“ For 'tis decreed, by Jove and Fate,
“ That Ireland must be soon destroy'd,
“ And who but Horte can be employ'd ?
“ You need not then have been so pert,
“ In sending Bolton * to Clonfert.

* Afterwards archbishop of Cashell.

" I found you did it, by your grinning ;
 " Your business is, to mind your spinning.
 " But how you came to interpose
 " In making bishops, no one knows :
 " Or who regarded your report ;
 " For never were you seen at court.
 " And if you must have your petition,
 " There 's Berkeley * in the same condition :
 " Look, there he stands, and 'tis but just,
 " If one must drown, the other must ;
 " But, if you 'll leave us bishop Judas,
 " We 'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.
 " Now, if 'twill gratify your spight,
 " To put him in a plaguy fright,
 " Although 'tis hardly worth the cost,
 " You soon shall see him soundly tost.
 " You 'll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn
 " (And every moment take a dram)
 " His ghastly visage with an air
 " Of reprobation and despair :
 " Or else some hiding-hole he seeks,
 " For fear the rest should say he squeaks ;
 " Or, as Fitzpatrick † did before,
 " Resolve to perish with his whore ;
 " Or else he raves, and roars, and swears,
 " And, but for shame, would say his prayers.
 " Or, would you see his spirits sink,
 " Relaxing downwards in a sink ?

* Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, and afterwards bishop of Cloyne.

† Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the packet-boats in the bay of Dublin, in a great storm.

" If

"If such a fight as this can please ye,
 "Good madam Pallas, pray be easy,
 "To Neptune speak, and he'll consent;
 "But he'll come back the knave he went."

The goddess, who conceiv'd an hope,
 That Horte was destin'd to a rope,
 Believ'd it best to condescend
 To spare a foe, to save a friend:
 But, fearing Berkeley might be scar'd,
 She left him Virtue for a guard.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

OH, heavenly-born! in deepest dells
 If fairest science ever dwells
 Beneath the mossy cave;
 Indulge the verdure of the woods:
 With azure beauty gild the floods,
 And flowery carpets lave;
 For melancholy ever reigns
 Delighted in the sylvan scenes
 With scientific light;
 While Dian, huntress of the vales,
 Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
 Though wrapt from mortal sight.
 Yet, goddess, yet the way explore
 With magic rites and heathen lore
 Obstructed and depress'd:
 Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,
 Untaught, not uninspir'd, to shine,
 By Reason's power redress'd.

When

When Solon and Lycurgus taught,
 To moralize the human thought
 Of mad opinion's maze,
 To erring zeal they gave new laws.
 Thy charms, O Liberty, the cause
 That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Afræa gild the morn,
 Or bid a hundred suns be born,
 To hecatomb the year ;
 Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
 In vain the zodiac system rolls,
 In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
 Bring sweet Philosophy along
 In metaphysic dreams ;
 While raptur'd bards no more behold
 A vernal age of purer gold
 In Heliconian streams.

Drive Thraldom with malignant hand,
 To curse some other destin'd land
 By Folly led astray :
 Ierne bear on azure wing ;
 Energic let her foat, and sing
 Thy universal sway.

So, when Amphion bade the lyre
 To more majestic sound aspire,
 Behold the madding throng,
 In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
 To sculpture turn'd by magic sound
 And petrifying song.

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