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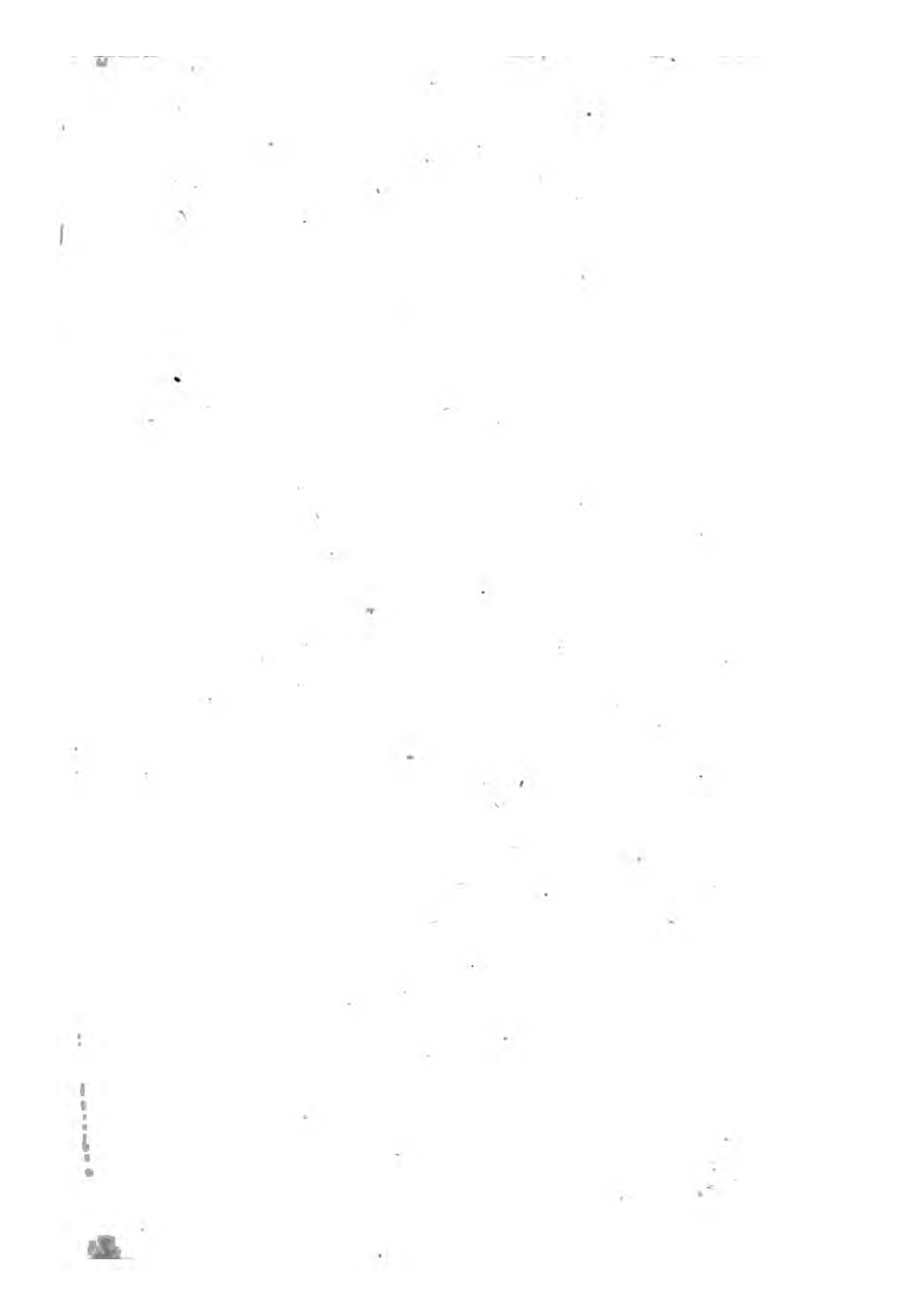


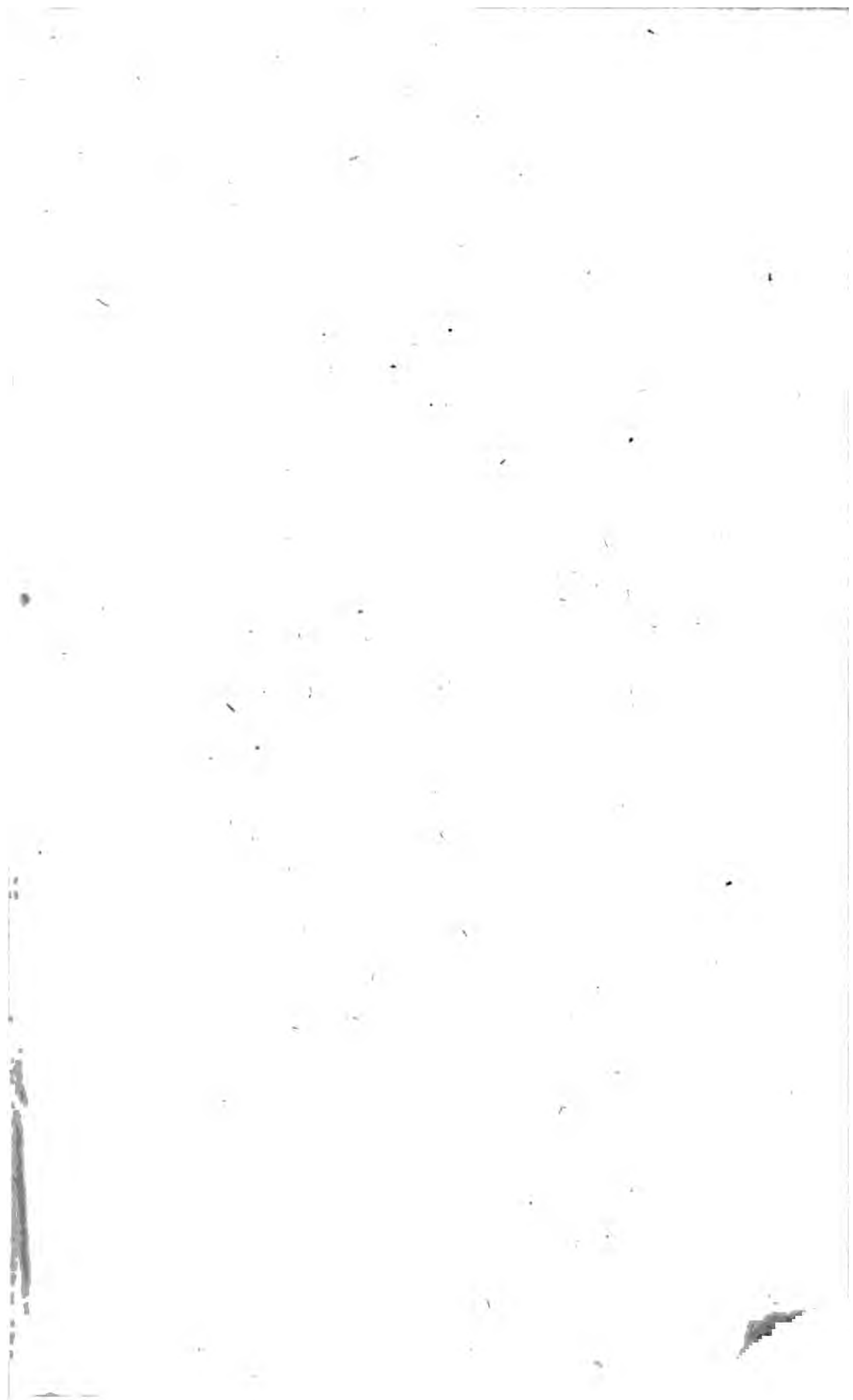
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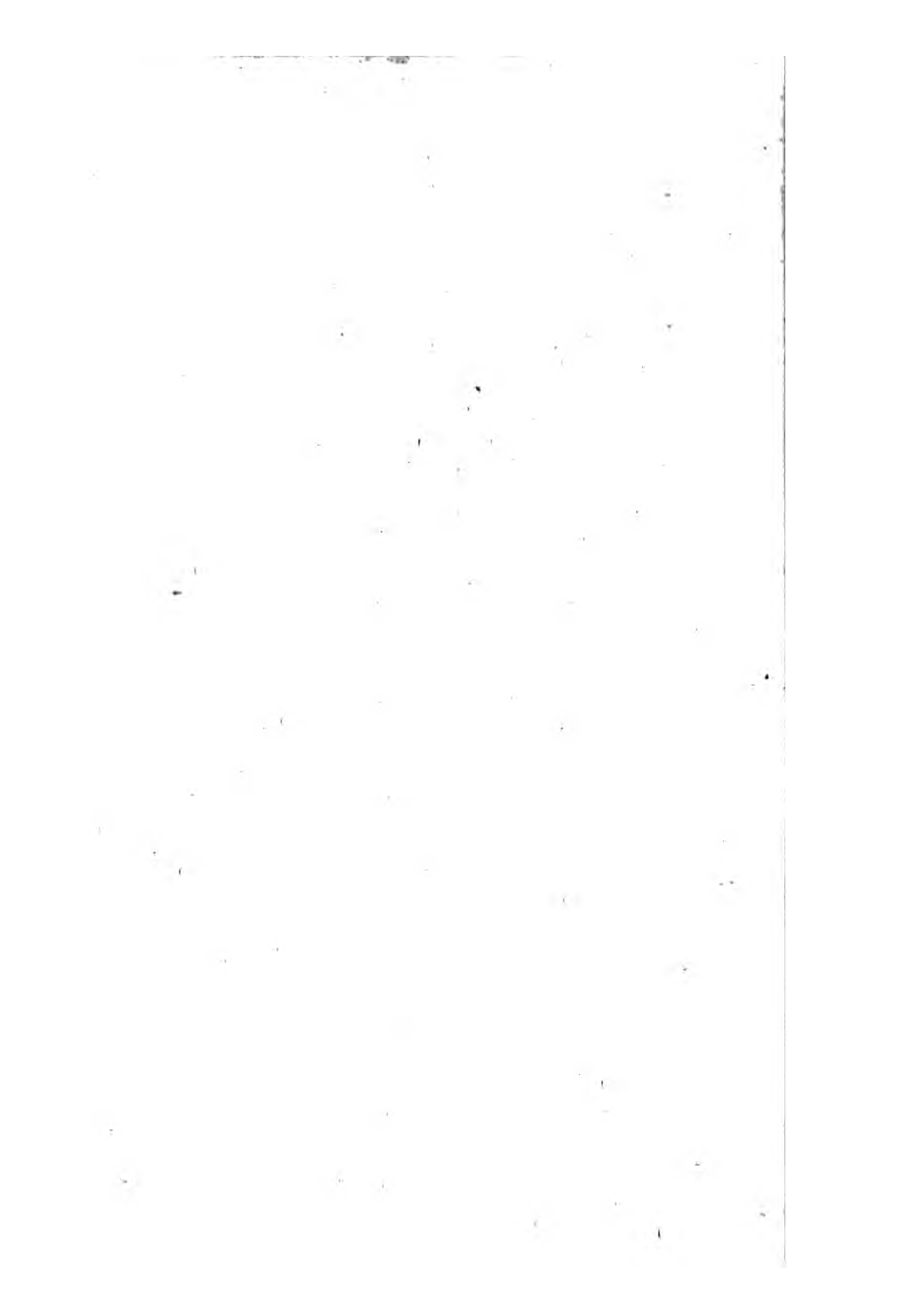


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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTIETH.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS;

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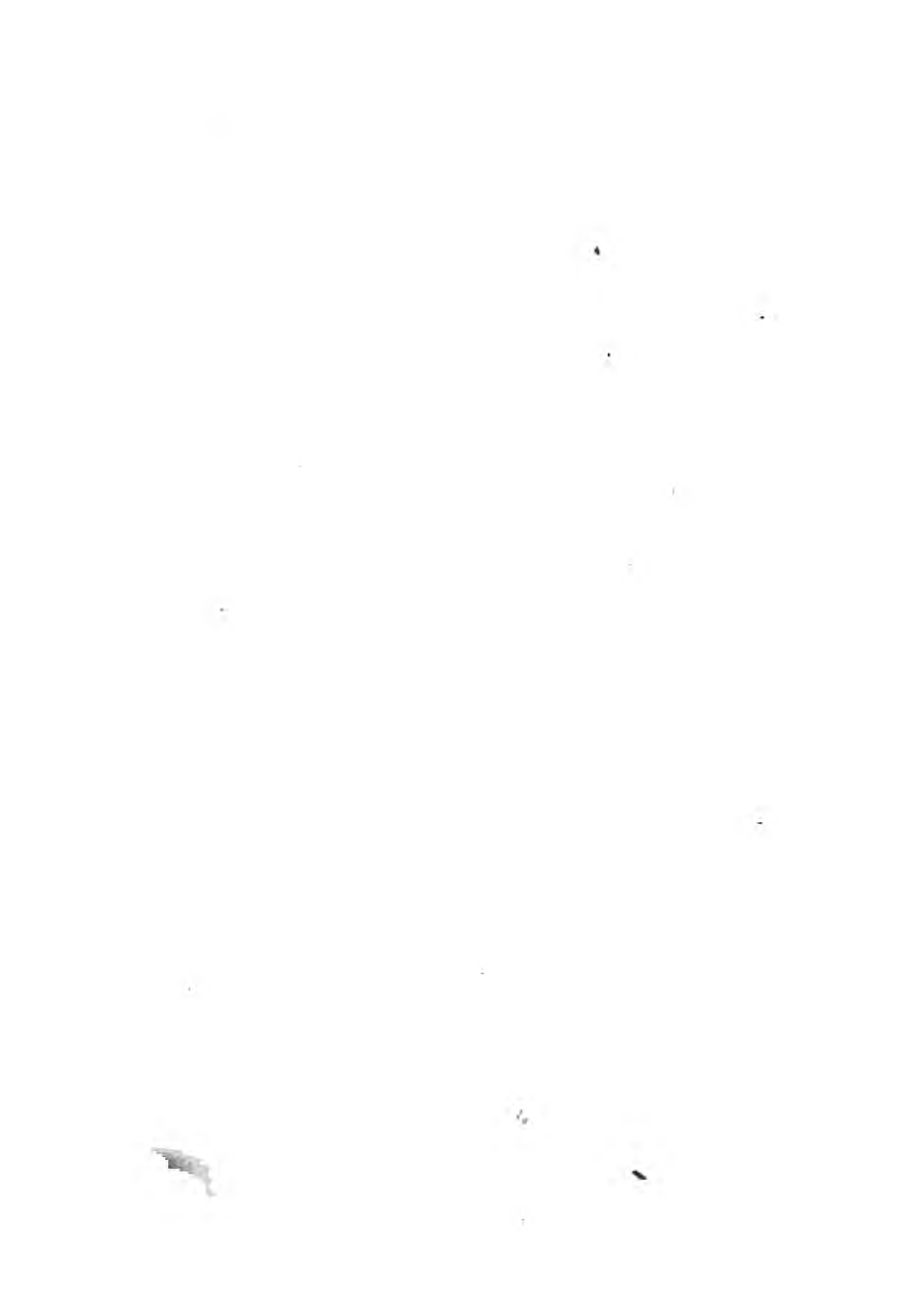
M D C C L X X I X.



S W I F T ' S

P O E M S.

VOLUME II.



[.]

P O E M S

By DR. SWIFT.



STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

March 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me :
This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old ;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills :
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days ;
From not the gravest of Divines
Accept for once some serious lines.

Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore ;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.

VOL. II.

B

Were

Were future happiness and pain
 A mere contrivance of the brain ;
 As atheists argue, to entice
 And fit their proselytes for vice
 (The only comfort they propose,
 To have companions in their woes) :
 Grant this the case ; yet sure 'tis hard
 That virtue, styl'd its own reward,
 And by all sages understood
 To be the chief of human good,
 Should acting die ; nor leave behind
 Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
 Which by remembrance will assuage
 Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,
 And strongly shoot a radiant dart
 To shine through life's declining part.

Say, Stella ; feel you no content,
 Reflecting on a life well-spent ?
 Your skilful hand employ'd to save
 Despairing wretches from the grave ;
 And then supporting with your store
 Those whom you dragg'd from death before ?
 So Providence on mortals waits,
 Preserving what it first creates.
 Your generous boldness to defend
 An innocent and absent friend ;
 That courage which can make you just
 To merit trampled in the dust ;
 The detestation you express
 For vice in all its glittering dress ;

That

That patience under tottering pain,
 Where stubborn Stoicks would complain;
 Must these like empty shadows pass,
 Or forms reflected from a glass?
 Or mere chimeras in the mind,
 That fly, and leave no marks behind?
 Does not the body thrive and grow
 By food of twenty years ago?
 And, had it not been still supply'd,
 It must a thousand times have died.
 Then who with reason can maintain
 That no effects of food remain?
 And is not virtue in mankind
 The nutriment that feeds the mind;
 Upheld by each good action past,
 And still continued by the last?
 Then, who with reason can pretend
 That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
 That true contempt for things below,
 Nor prize your life for other ends
 Than merely to oblige your friends;
 Your former actions claim their part,
 And join to fortify your heart.
 For Virtue in her daily race,
 Like Janus, bears a double face;
 Looks back with joy where she has gone,
 And therefore goes with courage on:
 She at your sickly couch will wait,
 And guide you to a better state.

B 2

O then,

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
 Take pity on your pitying friends !
 Nor let your ills affect your mind,
 To fancy they can be unkind.
 Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
 Who gladly would your suffering share ;
 Or give my scrap of life to you,
 And think it far beneath your due ;
 You, to whose care so oft' I owe
 That I 'm alive to tell you so.

H O R A C E , B O O K I . O D E X I V .

Paraphrased, and inscribed to IRELAND. 1726.

T H E I N S C R I P T I O N .

Poor floating isle, tost on ill-fortune's waves,
 Ordain'd by *fate* to be the land of slaves ;
 Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand :
 Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land ?
 Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
 Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail ;
 Let me suppose thee for a ship a-while,
 And thus address thee in the sailor's style :

UNHAPPY ship, thou art return'd in vain :
 New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.
 Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
 Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.

Loft

Loft are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide,
 Like faithful counsellors on either side.
 Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood
 The single pillar for his country's good,
 To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
 Behold it cracks by yon rough *eastern* wind.
 Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
 The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
 Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
 When the strong cords of union once are broke.
 Torn by a sudden tempest is thy fail,
 Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in a public cause
 His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,
 While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
 The people's voice expands his paper-fail;
 Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,
 Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
 The nation scar'd, the author doom'd to death,
 Who fondly put his trust in popular breath.

A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
 There's not a power above will help you now:
 A nation thus, who oft' Heaven's call neglects,
 In vain from injur'd Heaven relief expects.

'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke,
 That thy descent is from the British oak;
 Or, when your name and family you boast,
 From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
 Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
 Her sons descended from the British line;

Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
 On French records for twenty long campaigns :
 Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,
 She sav'd Britannia's rights, and lost her own.

In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
 Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted sides ;
 Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
 In the gay trappings of a birth-day night :
 They on the gold brocades and fattins rav'd,
 And quite forgot their country was enslav'd.
 Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,
 Nor change thy course with every sudden gust ;
 Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
 Who turn with every gale that blows from court.

Weary and sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
 Now for thy safety cares distract my mind ;
 As those who long have stood the storms of state
 Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
 Beware, and when you hear the furies roar,
 Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
 They lie, alas ! too easy to be found ;
 For thee alone they lie the island round.

VERSES ON THE SUDDEN DRYING-UP OF
 ST. PATRICK'S-WELL,
 NEAR TRINITY-COLLEGE, DUBLIN, 1726.

BY holy zeal inspir'd, and led by fame,
 To thee, once favourite isle, with joy I came :
 What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
 Had my own native Italy * o'er-run.
 Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
 Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.

Hither from Colchos †, with the fleecy ore,
 Jason arriv'd two thousand years before.
 Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,
 When haughty Britain was a land unknown ‡ :

* Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and where he received his mission ; and because he had his new birth there, hence, by poetical licence, and by scripture-figure, our author calls that country his native Italy. IRISH ED.

† Orpheus, or the antient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, says, that Jason, who manned the ship Argos at Theffaly, failed to Ireland. IRISH ED.

‡ Tacitus, in the life of Julius Agricola, says, that the harbours of Ireland, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than those of Britain. IRISH ED.

From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
 The glorious founder of their kingly race :
 Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
 Did once their land subdue and civilize :
 Their dress, their language, and the Scottish *name*,
 Confess the soil from whence the victors came *.
 Well may they boast that ancient blood, which runs
 Within their veins, who are thy younger sons †,

A con-

* The argument here turns on, what the author of course took for granted, the present Scots being the descendants of Irish emigrants. This fact, however true, was not in Dr. Swift's time ascertained with any degree of precision. Ireland even to this day "remains superstitiously devoted to her antient history," and "wraps herself in the gloom of her own legendary annals." Mr. Whitaker has displayed an uncommon fund of knowledge on this very curious subject, both in his "History of Manchester," and in "The Genuine History of the Britons asserted." N.

† "The Scots (says Dr. Robertson) carry their pretensions to antiquity as high as any of their neighbours. Relying upon uncertain legends, and the traditions of their bards, still more uncertain, they reckon up a series of kings several ages *before* the birth of Christ; and give a particular detail of occurrences, which happened in their reigns. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, John Major and Hector Boëthius published their Histories of Scotland; the former a succinct and dry writer, the latter a copious
 " and

ON ST. PATRICK'S WELL. 9

A conquest and a colony from thee:
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of slavery they felt:
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid*,
Those whom they could not conquer, they betray'd.

“and florid one; and both equally credulous. Not
“many years after, Buchanan undertook the same
“work; and if his accuracy and impartiality had been
“in any degree equal to the elegance of his taste, and
“to the purity and vigour of his style, his history might
“be placed on a level with the most admired composi-
“tions of the ancients. But, instead of rejecting the
“improbable tales of Chronicle-writers, he was at the
“utmost pains to adorn them, and hath clothed with
“all the beauties and graces of fiction those legends
“which formerly had only its wildness and extrava-
“gance.”—On the authority of Buchanan and his pre-
decessors the historical part of this poem seems founded,
as well as the notes signed IRISH ED. some of which,
I believe, were written by the Dean himself. N.

* In the reign of king Henry II, Dermot M'Morrough, king of Leinster, being deprived of his kingdom by Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, he invited the English over as auxiliaries, and promised Richard Strangbow earl of Pembroke his daughter and all his dominions as a portion. By this assistance, M'Morrough recovered his crown, and Strangbow became possessed of all Leinster. IRISH ED.

Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle !
 Not by thy valour, but superior guile :
 Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
 First taught thee human knowledge and divine * ;
 My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
 Made your sons converts both to God and sense :
 Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
 Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

Wretched Ierne ! with what grief I see
 The fatal changes Time hath made in thee !
 The Christian rites I introduc'd in vain :
 Lo ! infidelity return'd again !
 Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
 Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.

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

* St. Patrick arrived in Ireland in the year 431, and completed the conversion of the natives, which had been begun by Palladius and others. And, as bishop Nicholson observes, Ireland soon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Western Christians, as well as the English, had recourse, not only for instructions in the principles of religion, but in all sorts of literature, *viz. Legendi et Scholasticæ eruditionis gratiâ*. IRISH ED.

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

With

ON ST. PATRICK'S WELL.

21

With omens oft' I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I sent the magpye from the British foil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil ;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishops' geer,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here ;
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state ?

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

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

Where is the holy well that bore my name ?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came !
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,
And blessings equally on all bestows.
Here, from the neighbouring * nursery of arts,
The students, drinking, rais'd their wit and parts ;

* The university of Dublin, called Trinity College,
was founded by queen Elizabeth in 1591. IRISH ED.

Here,

Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
 Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
 Discourag'd youths ! now all their hopes must fail,
 Condemn'd to country cottages and ale ;
 To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
 And by their sweat procure a mean support ;
 Or, for the classicks, read " Th' Attorney's Guide ;"
 Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.

Oh ! had I been apostle to the Swifs,
 Or hardy Scot, or any land but this ;
 Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defied,
 And kept their liberty, or bravely died.
 Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
 The last invaders trampling on the first :
 Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
 Virtue herself would now return too late.
 Not half thy course of misery is run,
 Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
 Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
 Be all made captives in their native land ;
 When, for the use of no Hibernian born,
 Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn ;
 When shells and leather shall for money pass,
 Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass *.
 But all turn leasers to that † mongrel breed,
 Who, from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed ;

* Wood's ruinous project in 1724. IRISH ED.

† The absentees, who spent the income of their Irish estates, places, and pensions, in England. IRISH ED.

Who

ON ST. PATRICK'S WELL. 13

Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvests there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES

CALLED

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION,

BY WHICH HE MEANS PRIDE.

1726.

IF there be truth in what you sing,
Such god-like virtues in the king;
A minister * so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the common-weal:
If he † who in the chair presides
So steadily the senate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in the glorious scheme:
If every peer, whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest?

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

† Sir Spencer Compton, then speaker, afterwards earl of Wilmington.

No

No falsehood now among the great,
 And tradesmen now no longer cheat;
 Now on the bench fair Justice shines;
 Her scale to neither side inclines:
 Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
 And Mercy here exalts her throne:
 For such is good-example's power,
 It does its office every hour,
 Where governors are good and wise;
 Or else the truest maxim lyes:
 For so we find all ancient sages
 Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
 Through all the realm his virtues run,
 Ripening and kindling like the sun.
 If this be true, then how much more
 When you have nam'd at least a score
 Of courtiers, each in their degree,
 If possible, as good as he?

Or take it in a different view.
 I ask (if what you say be true)
 If you affirm the present age
 Deserves your satire's keenest rage:
 If that same *universal passion*
 With every vice hath fill'd the nation:
 If virtue dares not venture down
 A single step beneath the crown:
 If clergymen, to shew their wit,
 Praise *classicks* more than holy writ:
 If bankrupts, when they are undone,
 Into the senate-house can run,

And

ON DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES. 15

And sell their votes at such a rate,
As will retrieve a lost estate :
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich, and plague the poor :
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curst ?

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

QUOTH the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
And I 'll give you these delicate bits.

Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villain than you 're,
And besides must be out of my wits.

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

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

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night would be spent !
Your offers of bribery cease :
I 'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay rent,
Or else I may forfeit my lease.

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

ADVICE

A D V I C E

TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS. 1726.

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

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

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

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

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

* The original copy of Mr. Pope's celebrated translation of Homer (preserved in the British Museum) is almost entirely written on the covers of letters, and sometimes between the lines of the letters themselves. N.

T O

T O A L A D Y,

Who desired the AUTHOR to write some Verses
upon her in the Heroic Style.

Written at LONDON in 1726.

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

Hearken what my lady says:
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem too dull t'ye;
I can solve the diffi—culty.

You would teach me to be wise;
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;

How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die.

But t was decreed by Fate—

Mr. Dean, you come too late.

Well I know, you can discern,

I am now too old to learn :

Follies, from my youth instill'd,

Have my soul entirely fill'd ;

In my head and heart they center,

Nor will let your lessons enter.

Bred a fondling and an heirefs ;

Drest like any Lady Mayorefs ;

Cocker'd by the servants round,

Was too good to touch the ground ;

Thought the life of every lady

Should be one continual play-day—

Balls, and masquerades, and shows,

Vifits, plays, and powder'd beaux.

Thus you have my case at large,

And may now perform your charge.

Those materials I have furnish'd,

When by you refin'd and burnish'd,

Must, that all the world may know 'em,

Be reduc'd into a Poem.

But, I beg, suspend a while

That same poultry, burlesque style ;

Drop for once your constant rule,

Turning all to ridicule ;

Teaching others how to ape you ;

Court nor Parliament can 'scape you ;

Treat

Treat the publick and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.

Sing my praise in strain sublime :

Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.

'Tis but just, you should produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuse ;

Not to publish every trifle,

And my few perfections stifle.

With some gifts at least endow me,

Which my very foes allow me.

Am I spiteful, proud, unjust ?

Did I ever break my trust ?

Which of all our *modern* dames

Censures less, or less defames ?

In good-manners am I faulty ?

Can you call me rude or haughty ?

Did I e'er my mite withhold

From the impotent and old ?

When did ever I omit

Due regard for men of wit ?

When have I esteem express'd

For a coxcomb gaily dress'd ?

Do I, like the female tribe,

Think it wit to flee and gibe ?

Who with less designing ends

Kindlier entertains her friends ;

With good words and countenance sprightly,

Strives to treat them more politely ?

Think not cards my chief diversion :

'Tis a wrong, unjust aspersion :

Never knew I any good in 'em,
 But to dose my head like *laudanum*.
 We by play, as men by drinking,
 Pass our nights, to drive out thinking.
 From my ailments give me leisure,
 I shall read and think with pleasure ;
 Conversation learn to relish,
 And with books my mind embellish.

Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
 Mr. Dean, you must reply.

Madam, I allow 'tis true :
 All these praises are your due.
 You, like some acute philosopher,
 Every fault have drawn a gloss over ;
 Placing in the strongest light
 All your virtues to my sight.

Though you lead a blameless life,
 Are an humble prudent wife,
 Answer all domestic ends :
 What is this to us your friends ?
 Though your children by a nod
 Stand in awe without a rod ;
 Though, by your obliging sway,
 Servants love you, and obey ;
 Though you treat us with a smile ;
 Clear your looks, and smooth your style ;
 Load our plates from every dish ;
 This is not the thing we wish.
 Colonel —— may be your debtor ;
 We expect employment better.

You

You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.

Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it *tasting* and *imbibing* :

Metaphoric meat and drink

Is to understand and think :

We may carve for others thus ;

And let others carve for us ;

To discourse, and to attend,

Is, to *help* yourself and friend.

Conversation is but *carving* ;

Carve for all, yourself is starving :

Give no more to every guest,

Than he 's able to digest ;

Give him always of the prime ;

And but little at a time.

Carve to all but just enough :

Let them neither starve nor stuff :

And, that you may have your due,

Let your neighbours *carve* for you.

This comparison will hold,

Could it well in rhyme be told

How conversing, listening, thinking,

Justly may resemble drinking ;

For a friend a glass you fill,

What is this but to instill ?

To conclude this long essay ;

Pardon, if I disobey ;

Nor, against my natural vein,

Treat you in heroic strain.

I, as all the parish knows,
 Hardly can be grave in prose :
 Still to lash, and lashing smile,
 Ill befits a lofty style.
 From the planet of my birth
 I encounter vice with mirth.
 Wicked ministers of state
 I can easier scorn than hate ;
 And I find it answers right :
 Scorn torments them more than spight.
 All the vices of a court
 Do but serve to make me sport.
 Were I in some foreign realm,
 Which all vices overwhelm ;
 Should a monkey wear a crown,
 Must I tremble at his frown ?
 Could I not, through all his ermine,
 'Spy the strutting, chattering vermin ?
 Safely write a smart lampoon,
 To expose the brisk baboon * ?

When my Muse officious ventures
 On the nation's representers :
 Teaching by what *golden* rules
 Into knaves they turn their fools :
 How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
 At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull ;
 Let the vessel split on shelves ;
 With the freight enrich themselves :

* This poem, for an obvious reason, has been mutilated in many editions. N.

Safe

Safe within my little wherry,
 All their madness makes me merry :
 Like the watermen of Thames,
 I row by, and call them names ;
 Like the ever-laughing sage,
 In a jest I spend my rage
 (Though it must be understood,
 I would hang them, if I cou'd) :
 If I can but fill my nitch,
 I attempt no higher pitch ;
 Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
 Maxims wife to rule the state.
 Pulteney deep, accomplish'd St. Johns,
 Scourge the villains with a vengeance :
 Let me, though the smell be noisome,
 Strip their bums ; let * Caleb hoise 'em ;
 Then apply Alecto's whip,
 Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.

Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean :
 What can all this passion mean ?
 Mention courts ! you 'll ne'er be quiet
 On corruptions running riot.
 End as it befits your station ;
 Come to use and application :
 Nor with senates keep a fufs.
 I submit ; and answer thus :

* Caleb D'Anvers was the name assumed by Amhurst, the ostensible writer of *The Craftsman*. This unfortunate man was neglected by his noble patrons, and died in want and obscurity. N.

If the machinations brewing,
 To compleat the public ruin,
 Never once could have the power
 To affect me half an hour ;
 Sooner would I write in buskins,
 Mournful elegies on * Blueskins.
 If I laugh at Whig and Tory ;
 I conclude *à fortiori*,
 All your eloquence will scarce
 Drive me from my favourite farce.
 This I must insist on: for, as
 It is well observ'd by † Horace,
 Ridicule hath greater power
 To reform the world, than four.
 Horses thus, let jockies judge else,
 Switches better guide than cudgels.
 Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
 Only dulness can produce ;
 While a little gentle jerking
 Sets the spirits all a-working.

Thus, I find it by experiment,
 Scolding moves you less than merriment.
 I may storm and rage in vain ;
 It but stupifies your brain.
 But with raillery to nettle
 Sets your thoughts upon their mettle ;
 Gives imagination scope ;
 Never lets your mind elope ;

* The famous thief, who, whilst on his trial at the Old Bailey, stabbed Jonathan Wild. N.

† "Ridiculum acri, &c."

Drives

Drives out brangling and contention,
 Brings in reason and invention.
 For your sake, as well as mine,
 I the lofty style decline.
 I should make a figure scurvy,
 And your head turn topsy-turvy.

I, who love to have a fling
 Both at senate-house and king;
 That they might some better way tread,
 To avoid the public hatred;
 Thought no method more commodious,
 Than to shew their vices odious;
 Which I chose to make appear,
 Not by anger, but a sneer.

As my method of reforming
 Is by laughing, not by storming
 (For my friends have always thought
 Tenderness my greatest fault);
 Would you have me change my style?
 On your faults no longer smile;
 But, to patch up all our quarrels,
 Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals;
 Or from Solomon produce
 Maxims teaching Wisdom's use?

If I treat you like a crown'd-head,
 You have cheap enough compounded;
 Can you put-in higher claims,
 Than the owners of St. James.
 You are not so great a grievance,
 As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.

You

You are of a lower class
Than my friend Sir Robert Braf.
None of these have mercy found :
I have laugh'd, and lash'd them round.

Have you seen a rocket fly ?
You would swear it pierc'd the sky :
It but reach'd the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there :
Thousand sparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown :
See what mirth the sport creates ;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime,
Such a rocket is my Muse :
Should I lofty numbers chuse,
Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,
I should burst, and bursting drop ;
All my *fire* would fall in scraps ;
Give your head some gentle raps ;
Only make it smart a while :
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain ;
Make you able upon sight
To decide of wrong and right ;
Talk with sense whate'er you please on ;
Learn to relish truth and reason ?

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

A YOUNG

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT,

FOR

The Stay of the DEAN in ENGLAND. 1726.

BLLOW, ye Zephyrs, gentle gales ;
 Gently fill the swelling fails.
 Neptune, with thy trident long,
 Trident three-fork'd, trident strong ;
 And ye Nereids fair and gay,
 Fairer than the rose in May,
 Nereids living in deep caves,
 Gently wash'd with gentle waves ;
 Nereids, Neptune, lull asleep
 Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep ;
 All around, in pompous state,
 On this richer Argo wait :
 Argo, bring my Golden Fleece ;
 Argo, bring him to his Greece.
 Will Cadmus longer stay ?
 Come, Cadmus, come away ;
 Come with all the haste of love,
 Come unto thy turtle-dove.
 The ripen'd cherry on the tree
 Hangs, and only hangs for thee ;
 Luscious peaches, mellow pears,
 Ceres with her yellow ears,
 And the grape, both red and white,
 Grape inspiring just delight ;

All

All are ripe, and courting sue
 To be pluck'd and prefs'd by you.
 Pinks have lost their blooming red,
 Mourning hang their drooping head,
 Every flower languid seems,
 Wants the colour of thy beams,
 Beams of wondrous force and power,
 Beams reviving every flower.
 Come, Cadenus, blefs once more,
 Blefs again thy native shore ;
 Blefs again this drooping isle,
 Make its weeping beauties smile,
 Beauties that thine absence mourn,
 Beauties wishing thy return.
 Come, Cadenus, come with haste,
 Come before the winter's blast ;
 Swifter than the lightning fly ;
 Or I, like Vanessa, die.

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

YOU will excuse me, I suppose,
 For sending rhyme instead of prose,
 Because hot weather makes me lazy ;
 To write in metre is more easy.

While you are trudging London town,
 I'm stroling Dublin up and down ;

While

While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books :
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at ease,
I chuse companions as I please.
I'd rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself ;
For, after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance are the dead.
While you're in raptures with Faustina * ;
I'm charm'd at home with our Sheelina.
While you are starving there in state,
I'm cramming here with butchers meat.
You say, when with those lords you dine,
They treat you with the best of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay ;
Why so can we, as well as they.
No reason then, my dear good Dean,
But you should travel home again.
What though you may n't in Ireland hope
To find such folk as Gay and Pope ;
If you with rhymers here would share
But half the wit that you can spare,
I'd lay twelve eggs, that, in twelve days,
You'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.
Our weather's good, our sky is clear,
We've every joy, if you were here ;
So lofty and so bright a sky
Was never seen by Ireland's eye !

* Signora Faustina, a famous Italian singer.

I think it fit to let you know,
 This week I shall to Quilca go ;
 To see M'Fayden's horney brothers,
 First fuck, and after bull their mothers ;
 To see, alas ! my wither'd trees !
 To see what all the country sees !
 My stunted quicks, my famish'd beeves,
 My servants such a pack of thieves ;
 My shatter'd firs, my blasted oaks,
 My house in common to all folks ;
 No cabbage for a single snail,
 My turnips, carrots, parsnips, fail ;
 My no green peas, my few green sprouts ;
 My mother always in the pouts ;
 My horses rid, or gone astray ;
 My fish all stol'n, or run away ;
 My mutton lean, my pullets old,
 My poultry starv'd, the corn all fold.

A man, come now from Quilca, says,
 " *They* 've * stol'n the locks from all your keys :"
 But, what must fret and vex me more,
 He says, " *They* stole the keys before.
 " *They* 've stolen the knives from all the forks ;
 " And half the cows from half the sturks."
 Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
 " *They* 've stol'n the sturks from half the cows :"

* *They* is the grand thief of the county of Cavan ;
 for whatever is stolen, if you enquire of a servant about
 it, the answer is, " *They* have stolen it." FAULKNER.

With

A LETTER TO THE DEAN.

31

With many more accounts of woe ;
Yet, though the devil be there, I'll go :
Twixt you and me, the reason 's clear,
Because I 've more vexation here.

P A L I N O D I A.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

GREAT Sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whose verses far his rays out-shine,
Look down upon your quondam foe ;
Oh ! let me never write again,
If e'er I disoblige you, Dean,
Should you compassion show.

Take those Iambicks which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
And give them to your cook,
To finge your fowl, or save your paste,
The next time when you have a feast ;
They 'll save you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content ;
I give you then my free consent,
To sink them in the harbour :
If not, they 'll serve to set off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twist in locks ;
So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your phyſick take,
 I muſt intreat you then to make
 A proper application ;
 'Tis what I 've done myſelf before,
 With Dan's fine thoughts, and many more,
 Who gave me provocation.
 What cannot mighty anger do ?
 It makes the weak the ſtrong purſue,
 A gooſe attack a ſwan ;
 It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
 Her huſband's hands and face affail,
 While he 's no longer man.
 Though ſome, we find, are more diſcreet,
 Before the world are wondrous ſweet,
 And let their huſbands hector :
 But, when the world's aſleep, they wake,
 That is the time they chuſe to ſpeak ;
 Witness the curtain-lecture.
 Such was the caſe with you, I find :
 All day you could conceal your mind ;
 But when St. Patrick's chymes
 Awak'd your Muſe (my midnight curſe,
 When I engag'd for better for worſe),
 You ſcolded with your rhymes.
 Have done ! have done ! I quit the field,
 To you, as to my wife, I yield :
 As ſhe muſt wear the breeches ;
 So ſhall you wear the laurel crown,
 Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own ;
 The poet's only riches.

B E C ' S B I R T H - D A Y .

November 8, 1726.

TH I S day, dear Bec, is thy nativity ;
 Had Fate a luckier one, she 'd give it ye :
 She chose a thread of greatest length
 And doubly twisted it for strength ;
 Nor will be able with her shears
 To cut it off these forty years.
 Then who says care will kill a cat ?
 Rebecca shews they 're out in that.
 For she, though over-run with care,
 Continues healthy, fat, and fair.

As, if the gout should seize the head,
 Doctors pronounce the patient dead ;
 But, if they can, by all their arts,
 Eject it to th' extremest parts,
 They give the sick man joy, and praise
 The gout, that will prolong his days.
 Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
 Who drives her cares to hands and feet :
 For, though philosophers maintain
 The limbs are guided by the brain,
 Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
 Her hands and feet conduct her head,
 By arbitrary power convey her ;
 She ne'er considers why, or where :
 Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
 Her head is but a mere by-stander ;

And all her bustling but supplies
 The part of wholesome exercise.
 Thus nature hath resolv'd to pay her
 The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.

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

May Bec have many an evening nap,
 With Tiger slabbering in her lap ;
 But always take a special care
 She does not overset the chair !
 Still be she curious, never hearken
 To any speech but Tiger's barking !

And when she 's in another scene,
 Stella long dead, but first the Dean,
 May fortune and her coffee get her
 Companions that will please her better !
 Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
 Nor for neglects or blunders chide her,
 A goodly set as can be found
 Of hearty gossips prating round ;
 Fresh from a wedding or a christening,
 To teach her ears the art of listening,

* Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog. See next page.

And please her more to hear them tattle,
Than the Dean storm, or Stella rattle.

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

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER,
MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

PRAY steal me not; I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

Most of them written in 1726.

I. On a Window at an INN.

WE fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardships in pursuit of health;
From generous wines and costly fare,
And dozing in an easy-chair;
Pursue the Goddess Health in vain,
To find her in a country scene,
And every where her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in every face;
And still her favourites we meet,
Crouding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh! so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her full in view.

II. At an INN in ENGLAND.

THE glafs, by lovers nonfence blurr'd,
 Dims and obfcures our fight :
 So when our paffions Love hath ftirr'd,
 It darkens Reason's light.

III. ANOTHER.

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

IV. At CHESTER.

MY landlord is civil,
 But dear as the d—l :
 Your pockets grow empty,
 With nothing to tempt ye :
 The wine is fo four,
 'Twill give you a fcour ;
 The beer and the ale
 Are mingled with ftale.
 The veal is fuch carrion,
 A dog would be weary on.
 All this I have felt,
 For I live on a fmelt.

V. Another,

V. Another, in CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
 Are full of renown,
 And strangers delight to walk round 'em :
 But as for the dwellers,
 Both buyers and fellers,
 For me, you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

VI. Another, at HOLYHEAD*.

O NEPTUNE ! Neptune ! must I still
 Be here detain'd against my will ?
 Is this your justice, when I 'm come
 Above two hundred miles from home ?
 O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
 Half choak'd with dust, half drown'd with rains ;
 Only your Godship to implore,
 To let me kiss your other shore ?
 A boon so small ! but I may weep,
 Whilst you 're, like Baal, fast asleep.

VII. Another, written upon a WINDOW where
 there was no WRITING before.

THANKS to my stars, I once can see
 A window here from scribbling free :
 Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
 To scratch their paultry drabs on glass ;
 Nor party-fool is calling names,
 Or dealing crowns to George and James.

* These verses are signed J—K—, but written, as
 it is presumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.

VIII. On seeing V E R S E S written upon
W I N D O W S at I N N S.

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

IX. A N O T H E R.

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

X. A N O T H E R.

TH A T love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

TWO-fac'd Janus, god of Time !
 Be my Phœbus while I rhyme ;
 To oblige your crony Swift,
 Bring our dame a new-year's-gift :
 She has got but half a face ;
 Janus, since thou hast a brace,
 To my lady once be kind ;
 Give her half thy face behind.

God of Time, if you be wise,
 Look not with your future eyes ;
 What imports thy forward sight ?
 Well, if you could lose it quite.
 Can you take delight in viewing
 This poor * Isle's approaching ruin,
 When thy retrospection vast
 Sees the glorious ages past ?
 Happy nation, were we blind,
 Or had only eyes behind !

Drown your morals, madam cries,
 I'll have none but forward eyes ;
 Prudes decay'd about may tack,
 Strain their necks with looking back.-
 Give me Time when coming on :
 Who regards him when he's gone ?
 By the Dean though gravely told,
 New years help to make me old ;
 Yet I find a new year's lace
 Burnishes an old year's face :
 Give me velvet and quadrille,
 I'll have youth and beauty still.

* Ireland.

A P A S-

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written after the News of the * King's Death.

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

MARBLE-HILL is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now countess of Suffolk, and groom of the stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond-lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the Ice-house. Upon King George's death, these two houses met, and had the following Dialogue.

IN spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
 And all that he or they can say;
 Sing on I must, and sing I will
 Of Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill.

* George I. who died after a short sickness by eating a melon, at Osnaburg, in his way to Hanover, June 11, 1727.—The poem was carried to court, and read to king George II. and queen Caroline.

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

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth Marble-hill, right well I woen,
 Your mistress now is grown a queen :
 You 'll find it soon by woeful proof ;
 She 'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

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

MARBLE-HILL.

My house was built but for a show,
 My lady's empty pockets know ;
 And now she will not have a shilling,
 To raise the stairs, or build the cieling ;
 For all the courtly madams round
 Now pay four shillings in the pound :
 'Tis come to what I always thought :
 My dame is hardly worth a groat.

Had you and I been courtiers born,
 We should not thus have lain forlorn :
 For those we dextrous courtiers call,
 Can rise upon their masters' *fall*.
 But we, unlucky and unwise,
 Must *fall* because our masters *rise*.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

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

MARBLE-HILL.

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

RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here went the Dean, when he 's to seek,
 To sponge a breakfast once a week ;
 To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
 Complaints against the royal butter.
 But now I fear it will be said,
 No butter sticks upon his bread.

We soon shall find him full of spleen,
 For want of tattling to the queen ;
 Stunning her royal ears with talking ;
 His *reverence* and her *highness* walking :
 Whilst lady Charlotte *, like a stroller,
 Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
 A goodly fight to see her ride
 With ancient Mirmont † at her side.
 In velvet cap his head lies warm ;
 His hat for show beneath his arm.

MARBLE-HILL.

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

RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drowned,
 If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd-head :
 Except her majesty prevails
 To place me with the prince of Wales ;
 And then I shall be free from fears,
 For he 'll be prince these fifty years.
 I then will turn a courtier too,
 And serve the times, as others do.

* Lady Charlotte de Rouffy, a French lady.

† Marquis de Mirmont, a French man of quality.

Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
 I leave to your contriver, Pope :
 None loves his king and country better,
 Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
 In summer on my verdant lap :
 Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
 To Kensington, or hot St. James's ;
 Nor shall I dull in silence sit ;
 For 'tis to me he owes his wit ;
 My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
 Have taught him his poetic words.
 We gardens, and you wildernesses,
 Assist all poets in distresses.
 Him twice a week I here expect,
 To rattle Moody * for neglect ;
 An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
 In tippling at the *Dog and partridge* ;
 And I can hardly get him down
 Three times a week to brush my gown.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble-hill ;
 But hope to see you flourish still.
 All happiness—and so adieu.

MARBLE-HILL.

Kind Richmond-lodge, the same to you.

* The gardener.

DESIRE

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'TIS strange, what different thoughts inspire
In men, Possession and Desire !

Think what they wish so great a blessing;
So disappointed when possessing !

A moralist profoundly sage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)

Related thus the following tale.

Possession, and Desire his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race ;

And kept at first an equal pace :
'Tis said, their course continued long ;

For this was active, that was strong :
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misdled them many a league about.

Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right ;
Through slippery by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.

Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew :
Till, entering on a broad high-way,
Where *power* and *titles* scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground :
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again ;

And

And hasted forward to pursue
 Fresh objects fairer to his view ;
 In hope to spring some nobler game ;
 But all he took was just the same :
 Too scornful now to stop his pace,
 He spurn'd them in his rival's face.
 Possession kept the beaten road ;
 And gather'd all his brother strow'd ;
 But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
 Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.

Desire had now the goal in sight :
 It was a tower of monstrous height ;
 Where on the summit Fortune stands,
 A crown and sceptre in her hands ;
 Beneath a chasm as deep as hell,
 Where many a bold adventurer fell.
 Desire in rapture gaz'd a while,
 And saw the treacherous goddess smile ;
 But, as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
 She knock'd him with the sceptre down.
 He tumbled in the gulph profound ;
 There doom'd to whirl an endless round.

Possession's load was grown so great,
 He sunk beneath the cumberous weight :
 And, as he now expiring lay,
 Flocks every ominous bird of prey ;
 The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
 At once upon his carcase light,
 And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
 Regardless of his dying groans.

O N C E N S U R E . 1727.

YE wife, instruct me to endure
 An evil, which admits no cure ;
 Or, how this evil can be borne,
 Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
 Bare innocence is no support,
 When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
 Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit :
 All others, who inferior sit,
 Conceive themselves in conscience bound
 To join, and drag you to the ground.
 Your altitude offends the eyes
 Of those who want the power to rise.
 The world, a willing stander-by,
 Inclines to aid a specious lye :
 Alas ! they would not do you wrong ;
 But all appearances are strong !
 Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
 On what detracting people say ?
 For let mankind discharge their tongues
 In venom, till they burst their lungs,
 Their utmost malice cannot make
 Your head, or tooth, or finger ake ;
 Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
 Or put one feature out of place ;
 Nor will you find your fortune sink
 By what they speak or what they think ;
 Nor can ten hundred thousand lyes
 Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
 The most effectual way to baulk
 Their malice, is—to let them talk.

THE

THE FURNITURE
OF A WOMAN'S MIND. 1727.

A Set of phrases learnt by rote;
A passion for a scarlet-coat;
When at a play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg, or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;

Improving

Improving hourly in her skill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In chusing lace, a critick nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price ;
Can in her female clubs dispute,
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.

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

In party, furious to her power ;
A bitter Whig, or Tory squire ;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend ;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain ;

And, to defend the Whiggish cause,
 Her topicks from the Tories draws,
 O yes! if any man can find
 More virtues in a woman's mind,
 Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding*;
 She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
 Take notice, she has my commission
 To add them in the next edition;
 They may out-sell a better thing:
 So, halloo, boys; God save the king!

CLEVER TOM CLINCH

GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

AS clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
 Rode stately through Holbourn to die in his calling,
 He stopt at The George for a bottle of sack,
 And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
 His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches, were white;
 His cap had a new cherry ribband to tye't.
 The maids to the doers and the balconies ran,
 And said, "Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man!"
 But, as from the windows the ladies he spy'd,
 Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side;
 And, when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
 He swore from his cart, "It was all a damn'd lye!"
 The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
 Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:

* Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer. N.

Then



Then said, I must speak to the people a little ;
 But I'll see you all damn'd before I will * *whittle*.
 My honest friend † Wild may he long hold his place,
 He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
 Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
 Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade ;
 My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
 And thus I go off without prayer-book or psalm ;
 Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
 Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,
 WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

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

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

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

* A cant word for confessing at the gallows.

† The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving stolen goods.

‡ An allusion to the singularity mentioned p. 16. N.

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

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

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

Of Sherlock * thus, for preaching fam'd,
 The Sexton reason'd well ;
 And justly half the merit claim'd,
 Because he *rang the bell.*

A L O V E P O E M

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Written at LONDON in the Year 1727.

BY Poets we are well assur'd
 That Love, alas ! can ne'er be *cur'd* :
 A complicated heap of *ills*,
 Despising *boluses* and *pills*.

* The Dean of St. Paul's, father to the bishop. N.
 Ah !

Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
 Since first I gave my heart to you.
 Now, by your cruelty *hard-bound*,
 I strain my *guts*, my *colon* wound.
 Now jealousy my *grumbling tripes*
 Assaults with grating, grinding *gripes*.
 When pity in those eyes I view,
 My *bowels* wambling make me *sperw*.
 When I an amorous kifs design'd,
 I *belch'd* a hurricane of *wind*.
 Once you a gentle sigh let fall ;
 Remember how I *suck'd* it all :
 What *colic pangs* from thence I felt,
 Had you but known, your *heart* would melt,
 Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
 Till Nature pointed out a vent.
 How have you torn my heart to pieces
 With maggots, humours, and caprices !
 By which I got the *hæmorrhoids* ;
 And loathsome *worms* my *anus* voids.
 Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
 I feel my body all inflam'd ;
 Which, breaking out in *boils* and *blanes*,
 With *yellow filth* my linen stains ;
 Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd *thirst*,
 Small-beer I *guzzle* till I *burst* :
 And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
 Swell'd with a *dropsy*, like a porpoise ;
 When, if I cannot *purge* or *stale*,
 I must be tapp'd to fill a *pail*.

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S
IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

THE Dean would visit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but slight;
I said,—Why let him, if he will:
And so I bade Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected;
And so we saw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the Devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a rush,
Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaise.

Or you may say—My wife intends,
Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends,
And, Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.

Or, Mr. Dean—I should with joy
 Beg you would here continue still,
 But we must go to * Aghnacloy ;
 Or, Mr. Moore will take it ill.
 The house accounts are daily rising ;
 So much his stay doth swell the bills ;
 My dearest life, it is surprizing,
 How much he eats, how much he swills.
 His brace of puppies how they stuff !
 And they must have three meals a day,
 Yet never think they get enough ;
 His horses too eat all our hay.
 Oh ! if I could, how I would maul
 His tallow-face and wainfcot-paws,
 His beetle-brows, and eyes of wall,
 And make him soon give up the cause !
 Must I be every moment chid
 With † Skinny bonia, Snipe, and Lean ;
 Oh ! that I could but once be rid
 Of this insulting Tyrant Dean !

On a very old GLASS at MARKET-HILL.

FRAIL glass ! thou bear'st that name as well as I ;
 Though none can tell, which of us first shall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT.

ME only chance can kill ; thou, frailer creature,
 May'st die, like me, by chance ; but must by nature.

* The feat of Acheson Moore, Esq.

† The Dean used to call Lady Acheson by those names.

ON CUTTING DOWN THE OLD THORN

AT MARKET-HILL*.

AT Market-Hill, as well appears,
 By chronicle of ancient date,
 There stood for many hundred years
 A spacious thorn before the gate.
 Hither came every village-maid,
 And on the boughs her garland hung ;
 And here, beneath the spreading shade,
 Secure from Satyrs fate and fung.
 Sir Archibald †, that valorous knight,
 The lord of all the fruitful plain,
 Would come and listen with delight ;
 For he was fond of rural strain.

* A village near the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the Dean sometimes made a long visit. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by the Knight. Yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the absence of Sir Arthur; who was of course highly incensed, nor would see Swift for some time after. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote this poem; which had the desired effect. N.

† Sir Archibald Acheson, secretary of state for Scotland.

(Sir Archibald, whose favorite name
 Shall stand for ages on record,
 By Scottish bards of highest fame,
 Wife Hawthornden and Stirling's lord *.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

The

The owl foresaw, in penfive mood,
 The ruin of her ancient feat ;
 And fled in haste, with all her brood,
 To seek a more secure retreat.

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

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

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

But from the root a dismal groan
 First issuing struck the murderer's ears ;
 And, in a shrill revengeful tone,
 This prophecy he trembling hears :

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

“ And thy confederate dame, who brags
 “ That she condemn'd me to the fire,
 “ Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
 “ And wound her legs with every brier.

“ Nor

MARKET-HILL THORN.

89

- “ Nor thou, lord Arthur *, shalt escape ;
“ To thee I often call'd in vain,
“ Against that assassin in crape ;
“ Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain :
“ Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
“ Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy spouse ;
“ Since you could see me treated so
“ (An old retainer to your house) :
“ May that fell Dean, by whose command
“ Was form'd this Machiavilian plot,
“ Not leave a thistle on thy land ;
“ Then who will own thee for a Scot ?
“ Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
“ Through all thy empire I foresee,
“ To tear thy hedges, join in leagues,
“ Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.
“ And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
“ Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
“ With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
“ To hack my hallow'd timber down ;
“ When thou, suspended high in air,
“ Dy'st on a more ignoble tree
“ (For thou shalt steal thy landlord's mare),
“ Then, bloody caitif ! think on me.”

* Sir Arthur Acheson.

MY

M Y L A D Y ' S *
LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT
AGAINST THE DEAN.

July 28, 1728.

SURE never did man see
A wretch like poor
Nancy,
So teaz'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To punish my sins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe †:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never stops,
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite over-run
With rebus and pun.
Before he came here
To sponge for good cheer,
I fate with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or scratching my nose,
And jogging my toes;
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he sees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendu-
lum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I sink in the spleen,
An useless machine.
If he had his will,
I should never sit still:
He comes with his whims,
I must move my limbs;

* Lady Achefon.

† See p. 55.

I cannot

MY LADY'S LAMENTATION. 61

I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet ;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all Squires,
Through bogs and through
briers,
Where a cow would be
startled,
I'm in spite of my heart led ;
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up every hill ;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My spirits quite shatter'd,
I return home at night,
And fast, out of spite :
For I'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er should be said,
I was better for him
In stomach or limb.

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

Next for his diversion,
He rails at my person :

What court-breeding is
this !

He takes me to pieces :
From shoulder to flank
I'm lean and am lank ;
My nose, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin ;
My chin will not stay,
But meets it half way :
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked sticks :
He swears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,
Or sharp-pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks :
To 'scape them, Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tusk of a boar.

Now, changing the scene,
But still to the Dean :
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate ;
If he sees her but once,
He'll swear she's a dunce ;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books ;
Through each line of her
face

Her folly can trace ;

Which

Which spoils every feature
 Bestow'd her by nature;
 But sense gives a grace
 To the homeliest face :
 Wise books and reflexion
 Will mend the complexion :
 (A civil Divine !
 I suppose, meaning mine !)
 No lady who wants them
 Can ever be handsome.

I guess well enough
 What he means by this
 stuff :

He haws and he hums,
 At last out it comes :
 What, Madam? No walk-
 ing,
 No reading, nor talking?
 You're now in your prime,
 Make use of your time.
 Consider, before
 You come to threescore,
 How the huffies will flee
 Where'er you appear :
 "That silly old pufs
 Would fain be like us.
 What a figure she made
 In her tarnish'd brocade!"

And then he grows mild :
 Come, be a good child :

If you are inclin'd
 To polish your mind,
 Be ador'd by the men
 Till threescore and ten,
 And kill with the spleen
 The jades of sixteen ;
 I'll shew you the way :
 Read six hours a-day.
 The wits will frequent ye,
 And think you but twenty.

Thus was I drawn-in ;
 Forgive me my sin.
 At breakfast he'll ask
 An account of my task.
 Put a word out of joint,
 Or miss but a point,
 He rages and frets,
 His manners forgets ;
 And, as I am serious,
 Is very imperious.
 No book for delight
 Must come in my fight ;
 But, instead of new plays,
 Dull Bacon's Essays,
 And pore every day on
 That nasty Pantheon.
 If I be not a drudge,
 Let all the world judge.
 'Twere better be blind,
 Than thus be confin'd.

But,

MY LADY'S LAMENTATION. 63

But, while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will swear,
Is at study or prayer.

He's all the day fauntering,
With labourers bantering,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among
us

And bribes with mun-
dungus).

Hail fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet :
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man ;
Who makes the best figure,
The Dean or the digger ;
And which is the best
At cracking a jest.

How proudly he talks
Of zigzacks and walks ;
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves ;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottos and seats ;
Shews all his gew—gaws,
And gapes for applause ;
A fine occupation
For one in his station !

A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour ;
He calls it a bower.

But, oh ! how we laugh,
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green feat ;
Or run helter-skelter
To his arbor, for shelter
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing :
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns, to make
fires ;

But yet are so kind
To leave something be-
hind :

No more need be said on 't,
I smell when I tread on 't.

Dear friend, doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I 'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns ;

No

No 'Squire to be found	So may you be seen
The neighbourhood round	No more in the spleen !
(For, under the rose,	May Walmsley give wine,
I would rather chuse those);	Like a hearty divine !
If your wives will permit	May Whaley disgrace
ye,	Dull Daniel's whey-face !
Come here, out of pity,	And may your three spouses
To ease a poor lady,	Let you lie at friends
And beg her a play-day.	houses !

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who went to weed the court of * Gosford
Knight ;

While each with stubbed knife remov'd the roots,
That rais'd between the stones their daily shoots ;
As at their work they fate in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly-flowing strain
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than strongest weeds that grow these stones betwixt :
My spud these nettles from the stones can part ;
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

* Sir Arthur Acheson.

SHEELAH.

SHEELAH.

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

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg shall rake :
(I spare the thistles for Sir Arthur's * fake.)
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rusby mat;
The hardest bum will bruise with fitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear back-side;
Nor need I blush; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

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

SHEELAH.

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

* Who was a great lover of Scotland.

† Sir Arthur's butler.

DERMOT.

When you saw Tady at long-bullets play,
 You fate and lous'd him all a sun-shine day.
 How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
 Or crack such lice as his betwixt your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Onah stood behind a ditch,
 I peep'd, and saw you kifs the dirty bitch.
 Dermot, how could you touch these nasty fluts?
 I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Onah once I kifs'd, forbear to chide;
 Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side:
 But, if I ever touch her lips again,
 May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, though Tady's locks could hold
 Ten thousand lice, and every louse was gold;
 Him on my lap you never more shall see;
 Or may I lose my weeding-knife—and thee!

DERMOT.

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

* Shoes with flat low heels.

ON THE
 FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S-HOLE*,
 WITH THE DOCTOR † AT THEIR HEAD.

N. B. THE LADIES TREATED THE DOCTOR.

Sent as from an OFFICER in the ARMY. 1728.

FAIR ladies, number five,
 Who, in your merry freaks,
 With little Tom contrive
 To feast on ale and steaks;
 While he sits by a-grinning,
 To see you safe in Sot's-hole,
 Set up with greasy linen,
 And neither mugs nor pots whole:
 Alas! I never thought,
 A priest would please your palate;
 Besides, I'll hold a groat,
 He'll put you in a ballad;
 Where I shall see your faces
 On paper daub'd so foul,
 They'll be no more like Graces,
 Than Venus like an owl.

* An alehouse in Dublin, famous for beef-steaks.

† Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

F 2

And

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

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

Be by a Parson cheated !
 Had you been cunning stagers,
 You might yourselves be treated
 By Captains and by Majors.

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

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

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

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

* Dr. Sheridan was a school-master.

THE FIVE LADIES ANSWER
TO THE BEAU

With the WIG and WINGS at his HEAD.

YOU little scribbling beau,
What dæmon made you write?
Because to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment so scurvy,
I wish we had you here;
We 'd turn you topsy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we chose;
We 're sure a single Parson
Is worth an hundred Beaux.

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

Because around your cane
A ring of diamonds is set;
And you, in some bye-lane,
Have gain'd a paultry grizette:

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

We hate your empty prattle ;
 And vow and swear 'tis true,
 There 's more in one child's rattle
 Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY

TO THE

FIVE LADIES ANSWER.

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

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

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

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

* A clergyman in the North of Ireland, who had made proposals of marriage to Stella.

THE

T H E J O U R N A L
O F A M O D E R N L A D Y .

In a LETTER to a PERSON of QUALITY. 1728.

S I R,

I T was a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal —
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater ?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair ;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string ?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belye ?
Must never our misfortunes end ?
And have we lost our only friend ?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, &c.

[Here several verses are omitted.]

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

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

The journal of a modern dame
 Is by my promise what you claim.
 My word is past, I must submit;
 And yet perhaps you may be bit.
 I but transcribe; for not a line
 Of all the fatigue shall be mine.
 Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
 The common slanders of the times,
 Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
 And me my innocence secures.
 Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
 The annals of a female day.

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

" But

" But run to Tom, and bid him fix
 " The ladies here to-night by fix."
 " Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
 " He says, " His business is to know
 " If you 'll redeem the silver cup
 " He keeps in pawn?" — " First, shew him up."
 " Your dressing-plate he 'll be content
 " To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*
 " And, Madam, there 's my lady Spade
 " Hath sent this letter by her maid."
 " Well, I remember what she won;
 " And hath she sent so soon to dun?
 " Here, carry down those ten pistoles
 " My husband left to pay for coals:
 " I thank my stars, they all are light;
 " And I may have revenge to-night."
 Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
 She enters on her usual theme;
 Her last night's ill-success repeats,
 Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
 " She slipped *spadillo* in her breast,
 " Then thought to turn it to a jest:
 " There 's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
 " And to each other give the sign."
 Through every game pursues her tale,
 Like hunters o'er their evening ale.

Now to another scene give place:
 Enter the folks with silks and lace:
 Fresh matter for a world of chat,
 Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:

" Observe

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

You

You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit !

But let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her evening-tea ;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans ;
When, frightened at the clamorous crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty with blushing face :
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide ;
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air ;
Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst ;
And Vanity with pocket-glass,
And Impudence with front of brass ;
And study'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame ;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
An hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thousand were too few ?
Or how should I, alas, relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres ?

Now

Now comes the general scandal-charge ;
 What some invent, the rest enlarge ;
 And, " Madam, if it be a lye,
 " You have the tale as cheap as I :
 " I must conceal my author's name ;
 " But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
 Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
 Are you on vices most severe,
 Wherein yourselves have greatest share ?
 Thus every fool herself deludes ;
 The prudes condemn the absent prudes :
 Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
 Accuses Cloe's tainted breath ;
 Hircina, rank with sweat, perfumes
 'To censure Phyllis for perfumes ;
 While crooked Cynthia, sneering, says,
 That Florimel wears iron stays :
 Cloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
 Admires how girls can talk with fellows ;
 And, full of indignation, frets,
 That women should be such coquets :
 Iris, for scandal most notorious,
 Cries, " Lord, the world is so censorious !"
 And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
 Whispers that Sappho's hair is red :
 Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
 Talks half a day in praise of silence :
 And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
 Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now

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

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

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

A dread

A dreadful interval of spleen !
 How shall we pass the time between ?
 " Here, Betty, let me take my drops ;
 " And feel my pulse, I know it stops :
 " This head of mine, lord, how it swims !
 " And such a pain in all my limbs !"
 " Dear madam, try to take a nap" —
 But now they hear a footman's rap :
 " Go, run, and light the ladies up :
 " It must be one before we sup."

The table, cards, and counters, set,
 And all the gamester-ladies met,
 Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
 Our madam can sit-up all night ;
 " Whoever comes, I 'm not within." —
 Quadrille 's the word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her aid impart,
 Unskill'd in all the terms of art ?
 Or in harmonious numbers put
 The deal, the shuffle, and the cut ?
 The superstitious whims relate,
 That fill a female-gamester's pate ?
 What agony of soul she feels
 To see a knave's inverted heels !
 She draws up card by card, to find
 Good fortune peeping from behind ;
 With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
 In hope to see *spadillo* rise :
 In vain, alas ! her hope is fed ;
 She draws an ace, and sees it red ;

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

" And

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

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

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

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

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

A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
MAD MULLINIX* AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M. I OWN, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prythee, Tim, why all this clutter?

Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you search the kingdom round,
There 's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *priests* and *friars* —

T. 'Twixt you and me, G— d—n the lyars!

M. The Tories are gone every man o'er
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then —

T. G— d—n the lyars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?

M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aside*.

T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish-up
As *popish* craft? did he not rail on 't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on 't?

* A fictitious name. See the history of this poem in the "Intelligencer," N^o viii. N.

Proving the earl a grand offender,
 And in a plot for the Pretender ;
 Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
 Was then embarking at Avignon ?

[*A few dull lines are here purposely omitted.*]

M. These wrangling jars of Whig and Tory
 Are stale and worn as Troy-town story :
 The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
 And now you find you fought for nothing.
 Your faction, when their game was new,
 Might want such noisy fools as you ;
 But you, when all the show is past,
 Resolve to stand it out the last ;
 Like Martin Marrall *, gaping-on,
 Not minding when the song is done.
 When all the *bees* are gone to fettle,
 You clatter still your brazen kettle.
 The leaders whom you listed under
 Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder ;
 And when the war is past, you come
 To rattle in their ears your drum :
 And as that hateful hideous Grecian
 Therfites (he was your relation)
 Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
 With whom he serv'd, than by his foes ;
 So thou art grown the detestation
 Of all thy party through the nation :
 Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
 With plots, and Jacobites, and treason,

* A character in one of Dryden's comedies.

Thy

MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY. 83

Thy busy, never-meaning face,
 Thy screw'd-up front, thy state-grimace,
 Thy formal nods, important sneers,
 Thy whisperings foisted in all ears
 (Which are, whatever you may think,
 But nonsense wrapt up in a stink),
 Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
 To thy own side so d—n'd a nuisance,
 That, when they have you in their eye,
 As if the devil drove, they fly.

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

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
 The Tories! you are their *delight*;

* King William III.

And should you act a different part,
 Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
 Why, Tim, you have a taste I know,
 And often see a *puppet-show* :
 Observe, the audience is in pain,
 While Punch is hid behind the scene ;
 But, when they hear his rusty voice,
 With what impatience they rejoice !
 And then they value not two straws,
 How Solomon decides the cause,
 Which the true mother, which *pretender* ;
 Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
 Should Faustus, with the Devil behind him,
 Enter the stage, they never mind him :
 If Punch, to stir their fancy, shews
 In at the door his monstrous nose,
 Then sudden draws it back again ;
 O what a pleasure mixt with pain !
 You every moment think an age,
 Till he appears upon the stage :
 And first his bum you see him clap
 Upon the queen of Sheba's lap :
 The duke of Lorraine drew his sword ;
 Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
 Reviles all people in his jargon,
 And sells the king of Spain a bargain ;
 St. George himself he plays the wag on,
 And mounts astride upon the dragon ;
 He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
 Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks ;

MAD' MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY. 85

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

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

They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they 'd part with you.

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

T. Got? D—n my blood! *I frank my letters,*
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer —
Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still:
I part with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And sons of whores — behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That, when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fame and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and common-weal,
And fret the Tories' soul to death,
I did but lose my precious breath;
And, when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;
Consume my vitals! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.

But

MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY. §7

But how, my friend, can I endure,
 Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
 No little boys and girls to cry,
 "There 's nimble Tim a-passing by?"
 No more my dear delightful way tread
 Of keeping up a *party hatred*?
 Will none the Tory *dogs* pursue,
 When through the streets I cry *halloo*?
 Must all my d—n me's! bloods and wounds!
 Pass only now for empty sounds?
 Shall Tory rascals be elected,
 Although I swear them disaffected?
 And, when I roar, "A plot, a plot!"
 Will our own party mind me not?
 So qualify'd to swear and lye,
 Will they not trust me for a *spy*?

Dear Mullinix, your good advice
 I beg; you see the case is nice:
 O! were I equal in renown,
 Like thee to please this thankless town!
 Or, blest'd with such engaging parts
 To win the truant school-boys' hearts!
 Thy virtues meet their just reward,
 Attended by the *sable guard*.
 Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
 The snow-ball destin'd at thy chops:
 Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
 Allure the cinder-picking fair.

M. No more — in mark of true affection,
 I take thee under my protection:

Your parts are good, 'tis not deny'd ;
 I wish they had been well apply'd .
 But now observe my council, (*viz.*)
 Adapt your habit to your phyz ;
 You must no longer thus equip ye,
 As Horace says, *optat ephippia* ;
 (There 's Latin too, that you may see
 How much improv'd by Dr. ———).
 I have a coat at home, that you may try ;
 'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry .
 My hat has much the nicer air ;
 Your block will fit it to a hair .
 That wig, I would not for the world
 Have it so formal, and so curl'd ;
 'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
 When I have lain in it a week,
 You 'll find it well prepar'd to take
 The figure of toupee and snake .
 Thus dress'd alike from top to-toe,
 That which is which 'tis hard to know ;
 When first in public we appear,
 I 'll lead the van, you keep the rear ;
 Be careful, as you walk behind ;
 Use all the talents of your mind ;
 Be studious well to imitate
 My portly motion, mien, and gait ;
 Mark my address, and learn my style,
 When to look scornful, when to smile ;
 Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
 But keep your swearing to the last .

Then

Then at our leisure we 'll be witty,
 And in the streets divert the city ;
 The ladies from the windows gaping,
 The children all our motions aping.
 Your conversation to refine,
 I'll take you to some friend of mine ;
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
 To mend the world by useful arts ;
 Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
 Direct the zenith of the sky ;
 Some have the city in their care,
 From noxious steams to purge the air ;
 Some teach us in these dangerous days
 How to walk upright in our ways ;
 Some whose reforming hands engage
 To lash the lewdness of the age ;
 Some for the public service go
 Perpetual envoys to and fro ;
 Whose able heads support the weight
 Of twenty ministers of state.
 We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
 Of parties o'er our *bonny-clabber* :
 Nor are we studious to enquire,
 Who votes for manors, who for hire :
 Our care is, to improve the mind
 With what concerns all human-kind ;
 The various scenes of mortal life ;
 Who beats her husband, who his wife ;
 Or how the bully at a stroke
 Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.

One tells the rife of cheefe and oatmeal ;
 Another when he got a hot meal ;
 One gives advice in proverbs old,
 Instructs us how to tame a scold ;
 One fhews how bravely Audouin dy'd,
 And at the gallows all deny'd ;
 How by the *almanack* 'tis clear,
 That herrings will be cheap this year.

T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
 My precious time fo long mis-fpent,
 By nature meant for nobler ends :
 O, introduce me to your friends !
 For whom by birth I was defign'd,
 Till politicks debas'd my mind :
 I give myself entire to you ;
 G— d—n the Whigs and Tories too !

T I M * A N D T H E F A B L E S .

M^Y meaning will be best unravel'd,
 When I premise that Tim has travel'd.

In Lucas's by chance there lay
 The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
 Tim fet the volume on a table,
 Read over here and there a Fable ;
 And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
 The Monkey who had feen the world :
 (For Tonfon had, to help the fale,
 Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)

* See an account of him in the "Intelligencer," N^o x.

TIM AND THE FABLES. 91

The Monkey was completely drest,
The Beau in all his airs exprest.
Tim, with surprize and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd every feature in 't,
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the sidge in all,
Just as they look'd in the original.
"By —," says Tim, and let a fart,
"This graver understood his art.
"'Tis a true copy, I 'll say that for 't ;
"I well remember when I sat for 't.
"My very face, as first I knew it ;
"Just in this dress the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave,
He now began to storm and rave :
"The cursed villain ! now I see
"This was a libel meant at me :
"These scribblers grow so bold of late
"Against us ministers of state !
"Such Jacobites as he deserve —
"D—n me ! I say, they ought to starve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

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

Dick.

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

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

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was best at borees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
And Dick curse all the Tories.

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

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

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

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

Dick

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

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
 Could roar as loud as Stentor,
 In the house 'tis all he says ;
 But Tom is eloquenter.

D I C K.

A M A G G O T.

AS when, from rooting in a bin,
 All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
 A lively maggot fallies out,
 You know him by his hazel snout :
 So when the grandson of his grandfire
 Forth issues wriggling, Dick Drawcanfir,
 With powder'd rump and back and side,
 You cannot blanch his tawny hide ;
 For 'tis beyond the power of meal
 The gipsy visage to conceal :
 For, as he shakes his wainscot chops,
 Down every mealy atom drops,
 And leaves the tartar phiz, in show
 Like a fresh t—d just dropt on snow.

C L A D

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.
IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

FOULEST brute that stinks below,
Why in this brown dost thou appear?
For, would'st thou make a fouler show,
Thou must go naked all the year.
Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow
Would then be not so brown as thou.
'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
His hide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t—ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.
Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body's cloathed like thy soul;
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.
Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their *exalted* bodies are,
As shrivel'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou would'st be pelted worse than they're.

Yet,

CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

95

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

DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools,
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules.
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C——,
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I listen to the noise
Of ideots roaring to the boys;
To better judgements still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in;
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.

But then consider Dick, you'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scowrs the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;

He 'd

He 'd have them try'd at the affizes
 For priests and jesuits in disguises;
 Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
 And listing troops for the pretender.

But Dick can fart, and dance, and frisk,
 No other monkey half so brisk;
 Now has the speaker by the ears,
 Next moment in the house of peers;
 Now scolding at my lady Eustace,
 Or thrashing Baby in her new stays.
 Presto! be gone! with t'other hop
 He 's powdering in a barber's shop;
 Now at the anti-chamber thrusting
 His nose to get the circle just in,
 And d—ns his blood, that in the rear
 He sees one single Tory there:
 Then, woe be to my lord lieutenant,
 Again he 'll tell him, and again on 't.

A N E P I T A P H

ON

GENERAL GORGES* AND LADY MEATH†.

UNDER this stone lie Dicky and Dolly;
 Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy;
 For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

* Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath. N.

† Dorothy dowager of Edward earl of Meath. She was married to the General in 1716; and died Apr. 10, 1728: her husband survived but two days. N.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL GORGES, &c. 97

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear :
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a year ;
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms cross'd ;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he lost :
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he cry'd ;
To live without both full three days he try'd :
But lik'd neither loss, and so quietly dy'd.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after :
Then, reader, pray shed some tears of salt-water ;
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

Meath smiles for the jointure, though gotten so late ;
The son laughs, that got the hard-gotten estate ;
And Cuffe * grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest—*sic transit gloria mundi !*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY latest tribute here I send,
With this let your collection end.

Thus I consign you down to fame

A character to praise or blame :

And, if the whole may pass for true,

Contented rest, you have your due.

Give future times the satisfaction,

To leave one handle for detraction.

* John Cuffe of Desart, Esq; married the general's
eldest daughter. N.

DR. SWIFT'S COMPLAINT,
ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS:
WITH AN ANSWER.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone;

ANSWER.

Except the first, the fault 's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burthen grown :

ANSWER.

Because to few you will be shewn.

Give them good wine, and meat to stuff,

You may have company enough.

DOCTOR.

No more I hear my church's bell,

Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANSWER.

Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

DOCTOR.

At thunder now no more I start,

Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANSWER.

Think then of thunder when you fart.

DOCTOR.

And, what 's incredible, alack !

No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have skill,

Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;

But louder than a bell, or thunder;

That does, I own, increase my wonder.

DR.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,
ON
SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

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

[*The rest is wanting.*]

ON
PADDY'S CHARACTER
OF THE INTELLIGENCER*.

AS a thorn-bush, or oaken-bough,
Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,

Above

* Dr. Sheridan was publisher of the "Intelligencer,"
a weekly paper, written principally by himself; but Dr.

Above the door, at country-fair,
 Betokens *entertainment there* ;
 So *bays* on poets' brows have been
 Set, for a sign of wit within.
 And, as ill neighbours in the night
 Pull down an ale-house bush for spite ;
 The laurel so, by poets worn,
 Is by the teeth of Envy torn ;
 Envy, a canker-worm, which *tears*
 Those sacred leaves that *lightning spares*.

And now t' exemplify this moral:
 Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel
 (Which, measur'd on his head, was found
 Not long enough to reach half round,
 But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd,
 A trophy, on his temple-side) ;
 Paddy repin'd to see him wear
 This badge of honour in his hair ;
 And, thinking this cockade of wit
 Would his own temples better fit,
 Forming his Muse by Smedley's † model,
 Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
 Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
 Hums like a hornet at his nose,

Swift occasionally supplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation those papers received, attacked them violently both in conversation and in print ; but unfortunately stumbled on some of the numbers which the Dean had written, and all the world admired ; which gave rise to these verses. N.

Dean of Ferns. See the next poem. N.

At



At length presumes to vent his satire on
 The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
 The *eagle* in the tale, ye know,
 Teaz'd by a buzzing wasp below,
 Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to rest
 Securely in the thunderer's breast :
 In vain ; even there, to spoil his nod,
 The *spiteful insect* stung the god.

P A R O D Y

ON A

CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY*.

Written in Latin by himself.

THE very reverend Dean Smedley,
 Of *dullness, pride, conceit*, a medley,
 Was equally allow'd to shine
 As *poet, scholar, and divine* ;
 With *godliness* could well dispense,
 Would be a *rake*, but wanted sense ;
 Would strictly after Truth enquire,
 Because he dreaded to come nigh her.
 For Liberty no champion bolder,
 He hated *bailiffs* at his shoulder.
 To half the world a standing jest,
 A perfect *nuisance* to the rest :
 From many (and we may believe him)
 Had the best wishes they could give him.

* The original is in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

To all mankind a constant friend,
 Provided they had *cash* to lend.
 One thing he did before he went hence,
 He left us a *laconic* sentence,
 By cutting of his phrase, and trimming,
 To prove that Bishops were old women.
 Poor Envy durst not shew her phiz,
 She was so terrified at his.
 He waded; without any shame,
 Through thick and thin to get a name,
 Tried every sharpening trick for bread,
 And after all he seldom sped.
 When Fortune favour'd, he was nice ;
 He never once would cog the *dice* :
 But, if she turn'd against his play,
 He knew to stop *à quatre trois*.
 Now sound in mind, and sound in *corpus*,
 (Says he) though swell'd like any *porpoise*,
 He heys from hence at forty-four
 (*But by his leave he sinks a score*)
 To The East Indies, there to cheat,
 Till he can purchase an estate ;
 Where, after he has fill'd his chest,
 He'll mount his *tub*, and preach his best,
 And plainly prove, by dint of text,
 This world is his, and theirs the next.
 Left that the reader should not know
 The bank where last he set his toe,
 'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ship,
 And gave his creditors the slip.

But

CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY. 103

But lest *chronology* should vary,
Upon the Ides of February ;
In seventeen hundred eight and twenty,
To Fort St. George a *pedlar* went he.
Ye Fates, when all he gets is spent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT !

PAULUS. BY MR. LINDSAY*.

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

“ A SLAVE to crowds, scorch'd with the summer's
“ heats,
“ In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats ;
“ While smiling Nature, in her best attire,
“ Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.
“ Can he, who knows that real good should please,
“ Barter for gold his liberty and ease ?”—
Thus Paulus preach'd :—When, entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore :
He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,
Forgets the sun, and dozeth on the laws.

T H E A N S W E R.

B Y D R. S W I F T.

LINDSAY mistakes the matter quite,
And honest Paulus judges right.

Then, why these quarrels to the fun,
Without whose aid you 're all undone ?

* Mr. Lindsay, a polite and elegant scholar, at that time an eminent pleader in Dublin, afterwards one of the justices of the court of common-pleas. N.

Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?
 Did Paulus e'er the sun forget;
 The influence of whose golden beams
 Soon licks up all unfavoury steams?
 The sun, you say, his face hath kiss'd:
 It has; but then it greas'd his fist.
 True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
 Have always been Apollo's friends.
 Not for his superficial powers
 Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
 Not for inspiring poets brains
 With pennylefs and starveling strains;
 Not for his boasted healing art;
 Not for his skill to shoot the dart;
 Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
 Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
 But for a more substantial cause—
 Apollo's patron of the laws;
 Whom Paulus ever must adore,
 As parent of the golden ore,
 By Phœbus, an incestuous birth,
 Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
 By Phœbus first produc'd to light;
 By Vulcan form'd so round and bright:
 Then offer'd at the shrine of justice,
 By clients to her priests and trustees.
 Nor, when we see Astræa stand
 With even balance in her hand,
 Must we suppose she hath in view,
 How to give every man his due;

Her

Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priests' the lawyers gold.

Now, should I own your case was grievous,
Poor sweaty Paulus, who 'd believe us ?

'Tis very true, and none denies,

At least, that such complaints are wise :

'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat you more,

To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur !*

But, since the truth must needs be stretched,

To prove that lawyers are so wretched ;

This paradox I 'll undertake,

For Paulus' and for Lindsay's sake ;

By topicks, which, though I abomine 'em,

May serve as arguments *ad hominem* :

Yet I disdain to offer those

Made use of by detracting foes.

I own, the curses of mankind

Sit light upon a lawyer's mind :

The clamours of ten thousand tongues

Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs.

I own, his conscience always free

(Provided he has got his fee) ;

Secure of constant peace within,

He knows no guilt, who knows no sin.

Yet well they merit to be pitied,

By clients always over-witted.

And though the gospel seems to say

What heavy burthens lawyers lay

Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,

Nor lend a finger to the labour,

Always

Always for saving their own bacon :
 No doubt, the text is here mistaken :
 The copy's false, and sense is rack'd :
 To prove it, I appeal to fact ;
 And thus by demonstration shew
 What burthens lawyers undergo.

With early clients at his door,
 Though he was drunk the night before,
 And crop-sick with unclubb'd-for wine,
 The wretch must be at court by nine ;
 Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
 As ridden by a midnight hag :
 Then, from the bar, harangues the bench,
 In English vile, and viler French,
 And Latin, vilest of the three ;
 And all for poor ten moidores fee !
 Of paper how is he profuse,
 With periods long, in terms abstruse !
 What pains he takes to be prolix,
 A thousand lines to stand for fix !
 Of common sense without a word in !
 And is not this a grievous burden ?

The lawyer is a common drudge,
 To fight our cause before the judge :
 And, what is yet a greater curse,
 Condemn'd to bear his client's purse ;
 While he, at ease, secure and light,
 Walks boldly home at dead of night ;
 When term is ended, leaves the town,
 Trots to his country-mansion down ;

And,

And, disencumber'd of his load,
 No danger dreads upon the road ;
 Despiseeth rapparees, and rides
 Safe through the Newry mountains fides.

Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on,
 To state this question *pro* and *con*.
 My satire may offend, 'tis true ;
 However, it concerns not you.
 I own, there may, in every clan,
 Perhaps, be found one honest man ;
 Yet link them close, in this they jump,
 To be but rascals in the lump.
 Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
 He's much the same his brethren are ;
 Well taught by practice to imbibe
 The fundamentals of his tribe :
 And, in his client's just defence,
 Must deviate oft' from common sense ;
 And make his ignorance discerned,
 To get the name of Council Learned
 (*As lucus comes à non lucendo*),
 And wisely do as other men do :
 But shift him to a better scene,
 Among his crew of rogues in grain ;
 Surrounded with companions fit,
 To taste his humour, sense, and wit ;
 You'd swear he never took a fee,
 Nor knew in law his A, B, C.

'Tis hard, where dulness over-rules,
 To keep good sense in crowds of fools.

And we admire the man, who faves
 His honesty in crowds of knaves ;
 Nor yields up virtue, at discretion,
 To villains of his own profession.
 Lindsay, you know what pains you take
 In both, yet hardly fave your stake ;
 And will you venture both anew,
 To sit among that venal crew,
 That pack of mimic legislators,
 Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters !
 For, as the rabble daub and rifle
 The fool who scrambles for a trifle ;
 Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
 Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd ;
 You must expect the like disgrace,
 Scrambling with rogues to get a place ;
 Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
 Your numerous virtues foully stain'd ;
 Disclaim for ever all pretence
 To common honesty and sense ;
 And join in friendship with a strict tye,
 To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe * .

* This gentleman, who was a privy counsellor, incurred the severe displeasure of the Dean, who has taken several opportunities of censuring him. N.

A D I A L O G U E
B E T W E E N
A N E M I N E N T L A W Y E R *,
A N D
D R. J O N A T H A N S W I F T, D. S. P. D.
I n A L L U S I O N t o H O R A C E, B o o k I I. S a t. I.
“ S u n t q u i b u s i n S a t i r a, &c.”

D R. S W I F T.

S I N C E there are persons who complain
There 's too much fatire in my vein ;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding ;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not sparing even men of letters :
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What 's your advice ? Shall I give o'er ?
Nor ever fools or knaves expose
Either in verse or humourous prose ;
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my scrutoire lock up my quill ?

L A W Y E R.

Since you are pleas'd to condescend
To ask the judgement of a friend,

* Mr. Lindsay. See p. 103.

Your

Your case consider'd, I must think
 You should withdraw from pen and ink,
 Forbear your poetry and jokes,
 And live like other Christian folks ;
 Or, if the Muses must inspire
 Your fancy with their pleasing fire,
 Take subjects safer for your wit
 Than those on which you lately writ.
 Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
 And follow the prevailing sect ;
 Assert, that Hyde *, in writing story,
 Shews all the malice of a Tory ;
 While Burnet †, in his deathless page,
 Discovers freedom without rage.
 To Woolston ‡ recommend our youth,
 For learning, probity, and truth ;
 That noble genius, who unbinds
 The chains which fetter free-born minds ;
 Redeems us from the slavish fears
 Which lasted near two thousand years ;
 He can alone the priesthood humble,
 Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Must I commend against my conscience
 Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense ?

* Edward Hyde, the first earl of Clarendon, who wrote the History of the Civil Wars. N.

† The celebrated Bp. of Salisbury. N.

‡ A degraded clergyman of the church of England, who wrote against the miracles of Christ. N.

To

To such a subject tune my lyre,
 And sing like one of Milton's choir,
 Where devils to a vale retreat,
 And call the laws of Wisdom Fate,
 Lament upon their hapless fall,
 That Force free Virtue should enthrall?
 Or shall the charms of Wealth and Power
 Make me pollute the Muses' bower?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
 Hear from my desk the words that follow:
 "Some, by philosophers misled,
 "Must honour you alive and dead;
 "And such as know what Greece hath writ,
 "Must taste your irony and wit;
 "Whilst most that are, or would be great,
 "Must dread your pen, your person hate;
 "And you on Drapier's * hill must lie,
 "And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM. 1729.

AN afs's hoof alone can hold
 That poisonous juice, which kills by cold.
 Methought, when I this poem read,
 No vessel but an afs's head

* In the county of Armagh; where Dr. Swift, in the year 1729, had some thoughts of building; as appears by several of the following Poems. N.

Such

Such frigid fustian could contain;
 I mean, the head without the brain.
 The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
 Went down like stupifying draughts:
 I found my head began to swim,
 A numbness crept through every limb.
 In haste, with imprecations dire,
 I threw the volume in the fire:
 When (who could think?) though cold as ice,
 It burnt to ashes in a trice.
 How could I more enhance its fame?
 Though born in snow, it dy'd in flame.

A N E P I S T L E

T O

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

B Y D R. D E L A N Y. 1729.

“Credis ob hoc, me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
 “Propter quod, vulgus, crassaque turba rogat.”
 MART. Epig. lib. ix.

THOU wise and learned ruler of our isle,
 Whose guardian care can all her griefs beguile;
 When next your generous soul shall condescend
 T' instruct or entertain your humble friend;
 Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
 On some high theme you learnedly enlarge;

OF

Of all the ways of wisdom reason well,
 How Richelieu rose, and how Sejanus fell :
 Or, when your brow less thoughtfully unbends,
 Circled with Swift and some delighted friends ;
 When, mixing mirth and wisdom with your wine,
 Like that your wit shall flow, your genius shine ;
 Nor with less praise the conversation guide,
 Than in the public councils you decide :
 Or when the Dean, long privileg'd to rail,
 Asserts his friend with more impetuous zeal ;
 You hear (whilst I sit by abash'd and mute),
 With soft concessions shortening the dispute ;
 Then close with kind enquiries of my state,
 " How are your tithes, and have they rose of late ?"
 " Why, Christ-Church is a pretty situation,
 " There are not many better in the nation !
 " This, with your *other things*, must yield you clear
 " Some six—at least five hundred pounds a year."

Suppose, at such a time, I took the freedom
 To speak these truths as plainly as you read 'em
 (You shall rejoin, my lord, when I've replied,
 And, if you please, my lady shall decide) :

" My lord, I'm satisfied you meant me well ;
 " And that I'm thankful, all the world can tell :
 " But you'll forgive me, if I own th' event
 " Is short, is very short, of your intent ;
 " At least, I feel some ills unfelt before,
 " My income less, and my expences more."

" How, doctor! double vicar! double rector!
 " A dignitary! with a city lecture!

“ What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what fines—

“ what rent !

“ Why, doctor!—will you never be content ?”

“ Would my good lord but cast up the account,

“ And see to what my revenues amount

“ My titles ample ! but my gain so small,

“ That one good vicarage is worth them all :

“ And very wretched sure is he, that's double

“ In nothing but his titles and his trouble.

“ Add to this crying grievance, if you please,

“ My horses founder'd on Fermanah ways ;

“ Ways of well-polish'd and well-pointed stone,

“ Where every step endangers every bone ;

“ And, more to raise your pity and your wonder,

“ Two churches—twelve Hibernian miles afunder !

“ With complicated *cures*, I labour hard in,

“ Besides whole summers absent from my garden !—

“ But that the world would think I play'd the fool,

“ I'd change with Charley Grattan for his school*—

“ What fine cascades, what vistas, might I make,

“ Fixt in the centre of th' Iernian lake !

“ There might I sail delighted, smooth and safe,

“ Beneath the conduct of my good Sir Ralph † :

“ There's not a better steerer in the realm ;

“ I hope, my lord, you'll call him to the *helm*.”—

“ Doctor—a glorious scheme to ease your grief !

“ When *cures* are cros, a school's a sure relief.

* A free-school at Inniskillen, founded by Erasmus Smith, esq. N.

† Sir Ralph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of Erin.

“ You

" You cannot fail of being happy there,
 " The lake will be the Lethe of your care :
 " The scheme is for your honour and your ease ;
 " And, doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
 " Meanwhile, allowing things below your merit,
 " Yet, doctor, you've a philosophic spirit ;
 " Your wants are few, and, like your income, small,
 " And you've enough to gratify them all :
 " You've trees, and fruits, and roots, enough in store ;
 " And what would a philosopher have more ?
 " You cannot wish for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"
 " My lord, I've not enough to buy me books—
 " Or pray, suppose my wants were all supplied,
 " Are there no wants I should regard beside ?
 " Whose breast is so unmann'd, as not to grieve,
 " Compass'd with miseries he can't relieve ?
 " Who can be happy—who should wish to live,
 " And want the godlike happiness to give ?
 " (That I'm a judge of this, you must allow :
 " I had it once—and I'm debarr'd it now.)
 " Ask your own heart, my lord ; if this be true,
 " Then how unblest am I ! how blest are you !"
 " 'Tis true—but, doctor, let us waive all that—
 " Say, if you had your wish, what you'd be at."
 " Excuse me, good my lord—I won't be founded,
 " Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded.
 " My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
 " Nor is it fit I should prescribe to you.
 " Yet this might Symmachus himself avow,
 " (Whose rigid rules are antiquated now)—

“ My lord, I'd wish to *pay the debts I owe*—
 “ I'd wish besides—to *build, and to bestow.*”

AN EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE

FROM

A CERTAIN DOCTOR

TO

A CERTAIN GREAT LORD.

Being a CHRISTMAS-BOX for Dr. DELANY.

AS Jove will not attend on less,
 When things of more importance press :
 You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,
 That you, a low Hibernian bard,
 Should cool your heels a while, and wait
 Unanswer'd at your *patron's* gate ;
 And would my lord vouchsafe to grant
 This one, poor, humble boon I want,
 Free leave to play his *Secretary,*
 As Falstaff acted old King Harry ;
 I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print :
 Folks shrug, and cry *There's nothing in't.*
 And, after several readings over,
 It shines most in the marble cover.

How could so fine a taste dispense,
 With mean degrees of wit and sense ?
 Nor will my lord so far *beguile*
 The *wise and learned of our isle ;*

To

To make it pass upon the nation,
 By dint of his sole approbation.
 The task is arduous, patrons find,
 To warp the sense of all mankind :
 Who think your Muse must first aspire,
 Ere he advance the doctor higher.

You 've cause to say he *meant you well* :
 That you *are thankful*, who *can tell* ?
 For still you 're short (which grieves your spirit)
 Of his intent ; you mean, your merit.

Ah ! *quanto rectius, tu adpente,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte ?
 Smedley *, thou Jonathan of Clogher,
 " When thou thy humble lay dost offer
 " To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
 " Thy thanks and verse devoid of art :
 " Content with what his bounty gave,
 " No larger income dost thou crave."

But you must have cascades, and all
 Ierne's lake, for your canal,
 Your viftos, barges, and (a pox on
 All pride !) our Speaker for your coxon :
 It 's pity that he can't bestow you
 Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
 Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
 Held monarchs labouring at the oar ;
 And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,
 Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.

* See a Petition to the duke of Grafton, vol. I. p. 158.

How different is this from Smedley !
 (His name is up, he may in bed lie)
 " Who only asks 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
 " Must in the ambient hedge be seen ;
 " But Nature freely takes her course,
 " Nor fears from him ungrateful force :
 " No sheers to check her sprouting vigour,
 " Or shape the *yew*s to antic figure."

But you forsooth your *all* must squander
 On that poor spot, call'd Dell-ville, yonder :
 And when you 've been at vast expences
 In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
 Your assets fail, and cash is wanting ;
 Nor farther buildings, farther planting :
 No wonder, when you raise and level,
 Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
 Here a convenient box you found,
 Which you demolish'd to the ground :
 Then built, then took up with your arbour,
 And set the house to Rupert Barber.
 You sprang an arch, which, in a scurvy
 Humour, you tumbled topsy-turvy.
 You change a circle to a square,
 Then to a circle as you were :
 Who can imagine whence the fund is,
 That you *quadrata* change *rotundis* ?

To Fame a temple you erect,
 A Flora does the dome protect;
 Mounts, walks, on high; and in a hollow
 You place the Muses and Apollo;
 There shining 'midst his train, to grace
 Your whimsical poetic place.

These stories were of old design'd
 As fables: but you have refin'd
 The poets' mythologic dreams,
 To real Muses, gods, and streams.
 Who would not swear, when you contrive thus,
 That you're Don Quixote Redivivus?

Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
 Which only Winter's rain supplies.
 Oh! couldst thou, by some magic spell,
 Hither convey St. Patrick's well!
 Here may it re-assume its stream*,
 And take a greater Patrick's name!

If your expences rise so high;
 What income can your wants supply?
 Yet still you fancy you inherit
 A fund of such superior merit,
 That you can't fail of more provision,
 All by my *lady's* kind decision.
 For, the more livings you can fish up,
 You think you'll sooner be a bishop:
 That could not be *my lord's intent*,
 Nor can it *answer the event*.

* See Dr. Swift's verses on the drying-up of this well,
 in this volume, p. 7.

Most think what has been heap'd on you
 To other sort of folk was due :
 Rewards too great for your *flim-flams*,
Epistles, riddles, epigrams.

Though now your depth must not be founded,
 The time was, when you 'd have compounded
 For less than Charley Grattan's school :
 Five hundred pound a year's no fool !

Take this advice then from you friend,
 To your ambition put an end.
 Be frugal, Pat : pay what you owe,
 Before you *build* and you *bestow*.
 Be modest ; nor address your betters
 With begging, vain, familiar letters.

A passage may be found *, I've heard,
 In some old Greek or Latian bard,
 Which says, " Would crows in silence eat
 " Their offals, or their better meat,
 " Their generous feeders not provoking
 " By loud and unharmonious croaking :
 " They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,
 " Live on, and stuff to boot their maws."

* Hor. Lib. I. Ep. xvii.

A L I B E L
ON THE REVEREND
D R. D E L A N Y,
AND HIS EXCELLENCY
JOHN LORD CARTERET. 1729^a

DELUDED mortals, whom the *great*
Chuse for companions *tete à tete* ;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will ;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *lordship* was so kind ;
How many pleasant things he spoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at every *joke* :
Swear he 's a most facetious man ;
That you and he are *cup* and *can* :
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake *preferment's* road.

Suppose my *lord* and you alone ;
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now :
Or, mention but a vacant *post*,
He'll turn it off with, "Name your toast :"
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.

For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench ;

So men of wit are but a kind
 Of pandars to a vicious mind ;
 Who proper objects must provide
 To gratify their lust of pride,
 When, wearied with intrigues of state,
 They find an idle hour to prate.
 Then, shall you dare to ask a *place*,
 You forfeit all your *patron's* grace,
 And disappoint the sole design,
 For which he fummon'd you to *dine*.

Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
 And one poor office, half his days :
 While Montague, who claim'd the station
 To be Mæcenas of the nation,
 For poets open table kept,
 But ne'er consider'd where they slept :
 Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
 Was easy, though they wanted shoes ;
 And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
 A shilling to discharge his chair :
 Till prudence taught him to appeal
 From Pæan's fire to *party* zeal ;
 Not owing to his happy vein
 The fortunes of his later scene,
 Took proper *principles* to thrive ;
 And so might every *dunce* alive.

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

Thus

Thus Gay, the *bare* with many friends,
 Twice seven long years the *court* attends :
 Who, under tales conveying truth,
 To virtue form'd a *princely* youth * :
 Who paid his courtship with the croud
 As far as *modest pride* allow'd ;
 Rejects a servile *usher's* place,
 And leaves St. James's in disgrace.

Thus Addison, by lords careft,
 Was left in foreign lands distrest ;
 Forgot at home, became for hire
 A traveling tutor to a *'squire* :
 But wisely left the Muses' hill,
 To business shap'd the *poet's* quill,
 Let all his barren laurels fade,
 Took up himself the *courtier's* trade,
 And, grown a *minister of state*,
 Saw poets at his levee wait.

Hail, happy Pope ! whose generous mind
 Detesting all the statesman kind,
 Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unseen,
 Refus'd the visits of a queen.
 A soul with every virtue fraught,
 By *sages*, *priests*, or *poets* taught ;
 Whose filial piety excels
 Whatever Grecian story tells ;
 A genius for all stations fit,
 Whose *meanest* talent is his *wit* ;

* William duke of Cumberland, son to George II.

His heart too great, though fortune little,
 To lick a *rascal statesman's* spittle ;
 Appealing to the nation's taste,
 Above the reach of want is plac'd :
 By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
 Which Homer never could alive ;
 And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
 Despising *slaves* that *cringe* for bread.

True *politicians* only pay
 For solid *work*, but not for *play* ;
 Nor ever chuse to work with tools
 Forg'd up in *colleges* and *schools*.
 Consider how much more is due
 To all their *journeymen* than you :
 At table you can Horace quote ;
 They at a *pinch* can bribe a vote :
 You shew your *skill* in Grecian story ;
 But they can manage Whig and Tory :
 You, as a *critick*, are so curious
 To find a verse in Virgil spurious ;
 But they can smoke the deep designs,
 When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.

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

But,

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

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

But here again you interpose—
 Your favourite *lord* is none of those
 Who owe their virtues to their stations,
 And characters to dedications :
 For keep him in, or turn him out,
 His *learning* none will call in doubt ;

His *learning*, though a *poet* said it
 Before a play, would lose no credit;
 Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
 Although to praise it Phillips writ.
 I own, he hates an action base,
 His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
 Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
 Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
 Can sometimes drop a *voter's* claim,
 And give up party to his fame.
 I do the most that *friendship* can;
 I hate the *vice-roy*, love the *man*.

But you who, till your fortune's made,
 Must be a *sweetener* by your trade,
 Should swear he never meant us ill;
 We suffer sore against his will;
 That, if we could but see his heart,
 He would have chose a milder part:
 We rather should lament his case,
 Who must obey, or lose his *place*.

Since this reflexion slipt your pen,
 Infert it when you write again:
 And, to illustrate it, produce
 This *simile* for his excuse:

“ So to destroy a guilty land
 “ An * *angel* sent by *heaven's* command,
 “ While he obeys *almighty* will,
 “ Perhaps may feel *compassion* still;

* “ So when an angel by divine command,” &c.

ADDISON'S Campaign.

“ And

“ And wish the task had been assign’d
 “ To *spirits* of less gentle kind.”

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

“ So, to effect his *monarch's* ends,
 “ From *hell* a *vice-roy* devil ascends ;
 “ His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,
 “ The contributions of the *damn'd* ;
 “ Which with unsparing hand he strows
 “ Through *courts* and *senates* as he goes ;
 “ And then at *Beelzebub's black ball*
 “ Complains his *budget* was too small.”

Your *simile* may better shine
 In verse ; but there is *truth* in mine.
 For no imaginable things
 Can differ more than gods and kings :
 And *statesmen* by ten thousand odds
 Are angels just as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY,
ON THE
LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

“ — Tanti tibi non fit opaci
“ Omnis arena Tagi.” Juv.

AS some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till scaping oft' without a wound
Lessens the terror of the found ;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops.
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame ;
When first in print you see him dread
Each pop-gun level'd at his head :
The lead yon critic's quill contains,
Is destin'd to beat out his brains :
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his soul !
Concluding, that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.
But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping ;

That,

That, missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

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

'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art,
How *pain* they might from *pleasure* part;
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail.
'Thus *fame* and *censure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd?

'Tis eminence makes envy rise;
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.

You say, the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.

Then, if you find the terms too hard,
 No longer my advice regard :
 But raise your fancy on the wing ;
 The Irish *senate's* praises sing ;
 How jealous of the nation's freedom,
 And for corruptions, how they weed 'em ;
 How each the public good pursues,
 How far their hearts from private views ;
 Make all true patriots, up to shoe-boys,
 Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys ;
 Thus grown a member of the club,
 No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft' am I for rhyme to seek !
 To dress a thought, may toil a week :
 And then how thankful to the town,
 If all my pains will earn a crown !
 Whilst every critick can devour
 My work and me in half an hour.
 Would men of genius cease to write,
 The rogues must die for want and spite ;
 Must die for want of food and raiment,
 If scandal did not find them payment.
 How chearfully the hawkers cry
 A satire, and the gentry buy !
 While my hard-labour'd poem pines
 Unfold upon the printer's lines.

A *genius* in the reverend gown
 Must ever keep its owner down ;
 'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
 And spoils the credit of the function.

Round

ON THE LIBELS AGAINST DR. DELANY. 131

Round all your brethren cast your eyes ;
Point out the surest men to rise ;
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob ;
Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
Than suffer men of parts to rise ;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight.
For, as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians ;
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit *free-thinkers*.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times :
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Shew reason, grammar, truth, or sense ?
For though the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt :
By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate :
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon your conscience lull ;

If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.

When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a Sooterkin ;
Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe :
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muses' fame ;
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain ?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.
Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite ?
Shew me the same numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yesterday :

You

ON THE LIBELS AGAINST DR. DELANY. 133

You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poet's nest;
What spunging-house, in dread of jail,
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are nettled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day.
Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige them so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libel'd — Let us know,
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise:
And praise bestow'd on Grub-street rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till criticks blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyrick.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING
A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 1729.

TO form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best :
And, should it be your hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddeffes beside.

Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern ;
Because they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his son :
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove :
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant ;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his fire ;
For Jove, as every school-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose :
And sure no Christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a Heathen !

TO MAKE A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 135

Or, if to blasphemy it tends,
 That 's but a trifle among friends,
 Your Hero now another Mars is,
 Makes mighty armies turn their a—s.
 Behold his glittering faulchion mow
 Whole squadrons at a single blow;
 While Victory, with wings outspread,
 Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
 His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
 Or pawing into dead mens' paunches:
 As Overton has drawn his fire,
 Still seen o'er many an ale-house fire.
 Then from his arms hoarse thunder rolls,
 As loud as fifty mustard-bowls:
 For thunder still his arm supplies,
 And lightning always in his eyes.
 They both are cheap enough in conscience,
 And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
 The rumbling words march fierce along,
 Made trebly dreadful in your song.
 Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
 To sing of wars, chuse peaceful times:
 What though, for fifteen years and more,
 Janus had lock'd his temple-door;
 Though not a coffee-house we read in
 Hath mention'd arms on this side Sweden;
 Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,
 Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
 Thou still with battles stuff thy head full:
 For, must thy hero not be dreadful?

Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
 Your conqueror is become Apollo :
 That he 's Apollo is as plain as
 That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas ;
 But that he struts, and that he squints,
 You 'd know him by Apollo's prints.
 Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
 For yours can shine both day and night.
 The first, perhaps, may once an age
 Inspire you with poetic rage ;
 Your Phœbus Royal, every day,
 Not only can inspire, but pay.

Then make this new Apollo fit
 Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
 " How from his altitude he stoops
 " To raise up Virtue when she droops ;
 " On Learning how his bounty flows,
 " And with what justice he bestows :
 " Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam !
 " Be witnesses if I tell a sham.
 " What prodigies in Arts we drain,
 " From both your streams, in George's reign.
 " As from the flowery bed of Nile" —
 But here 's enough to shew your style.
 Broad inuendos, such as this,
 If well applied, can hardly miss :
 For, when you bring your song in print,
 He 'll get it read, and take the hint,
 (It must be read before 'tis warbled,
 The paper gilt, and cover marbled),

And

TO MAKE A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 137

And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter.

And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)

Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains :

For patrons never pay so well,
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.

Next call him Neptune : with his trident :

He rules the sea ; you see him ride in 't ;

And, if provok'd, he foundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.

He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late ;

And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not disoblige them ;

And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.

'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,

Our ink is black, our paper white ;

And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,

We blacken what was white before :

I think this practice only fit

For dealers in satiric wit,

But you some white-lead ink must get,

And write on paper black as jet ;

Your interest lies to learn the knack

Of whitening what before was black.

Thus your encomium, to be strong,

Must be applied directly wrong.

A tyrant for his mercy praise,
 And crown a royal duncce with bays :
 A squinting monkey load with charms,
 And paint a coward fierce in arms.
 Is he to avarice inclin'd ?
 Extol him for his generous mind :
 And, when we starve for want of corn,
 Come out with Amalthea's horn.
 For all experience this evinces
 The only art of pleasing princes :
 For princes love you should descant
 On virtues which they know they want.
 One compliment I had forgot,
 But songsters must omit it not ;
 I freely grant the thought is old :
 Why, then, your hero must be told,
 In him such virtues lie inherent,
 To qualify him God's vicegerent ;
 That, with no title to inherit,
 He must have been a king by merit.
 Yet, be the fancy old or new,
 'Tis partly false, and partly true :
 And, take it right, it means no more
 Than George and William claim'd before.
 Should some obscure inferior fellow,
 Like Julius, or the Youth of Pella,
 When all your list of Gods is out,
 Presume to shew his mortal snout,
 And as a Deity intrude,
 Because he had the world subdued ;

Oh,

TO MAKE A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 139

Oh, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults. —

Of Gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook-in all the rest.

Now, Birth-day Bard, with joy proceed
To praise your Empress and her breed.

First of the first, to vouch your lies,

Bring all the females of the skies ;

The Graces, and their mistress Venus,

Must venture down to entertain us :

With bended knees when they adore her,]

What dowdies they appear before her !

Nor shall we think you talk at random,

For Venus might be her great-grandam :

Six thousand years has liv'd the Goddess,

Your Heroine hardly fifty odd is.

Besides, your songsters oft' have shown

That she hath Graces of her own :

Three Graces by Lucina brought her,

Just three, and every Grace a daughter.

Here many a king his heart and crown

Shall at their snowy feet lay down ;

In royal robes, they come by dozens

To court their English German cousins :

Besides a pair of princely babies,

That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.

Now see her seated in her throne

With genuine lustre, all her own ;

Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,

Her splendor is but borrow'd light ;

And

And only with her Brother linkt
 Can shine, without him is extinct.
 But Carolina shines the clearer
 With neither spouse nor brother near her ;
 And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
 Though George is gone a thousand miles.
 Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
 Attended by her heavenly race ;
 And sees a son in every God,
 Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.

Now sing his little Highness Freddy,
 Who struts like any king already :
 With so much beauty, shew me any maid
 That could resist this charming Ganymede !
 Where majesty with sweetness vies,
 And, like his father, early wife.
 Then cut him out a world of work,
 To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk :
 Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
 And golden times, and halcyon days ;
 And swear his line shall rule the nation
 For ever — till the conflagration.

But, now it comes into my mind,
 We left a little Duke behind ;
 A Cupid in his face and size,
 And only wants to want his eyes.
 Make some provision for the youngker,
 Find him a kingdom out to conquer :
 Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
 Make Gulliver his commodore ;

Into

TO MAKE A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 145

Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.
A skilful critick justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough:
Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clicks to Caroline.
Hail! Queen of Britain, Queen of rhymes!
Be sung ten hundred thousand times!
Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happiness they knew:
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring consonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young! — in song.
What though the royal carcase must,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust;

Those

Those elements her name compose,
 Like atoms, are exempt from blows,
 Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
 Yet still you must consult your maps ;
 Find rivers with harmonious names,
 Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
 Britannia long will wear like steel,
 But Albion's cliffs are out at heel ;
 And patience can endure no more
 To hear the Belgic lion roar.
 Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
 But proud Iberia soundly maul :
 Restore the ships by Philip taken,
 And make him crouch to save his bacon.
 Nassau, who got the name of Glorious
 Because he never was victorious,
 A hanger-on has always been ;
 For old acquaintance bring him in.

To Walpole you might lend a line,
 But much I fear he 's in decline ;
 And, if you chance to come too late,
 When he goes out, you share his fate,
 And bear the new successor's frown ;
 Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.

Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
 To praise your hero for devotion ;
 Nor entertain a thought so odd,
 That princes should believe in God ;
 But follow the securest rule,
 And turn it all to ridicule :

'Tis

TO MAKE A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 143

'Tis grown the choicest wit at Court,
And gives the matter of his sport.
For, since they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark :
'That found Divine the truth hath spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains fold, or meanings double.

Supposing now your song is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune :
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

B O U T S R I M É S.

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

O UR school-master may rave i'th' fit
Of classic beauty *hæc & illa*,
Not all his birch inspires such wit
As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toast, in bright champain,
Nymphs higher born than Domitilla ;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
In Berkeley's tar, or fars-parilla.

- At Goodman's-Fields I've much admir'd
 The postures strange of Monsieur Brilla;
 But what are they to the soft step,
 The gliding air, of Domitilla?
- Virgil has eterniz'd in song
 The flying footsteps of Camilla:
 Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
 He might have dreamt of Domitilla.
- Great Theodose condemn'd a town
 For thinking ill of his Placilla,
 And deuce take London, if some knight
 O' th' city wed not Domitilla!
- Wheeler, Sir George, in travels wise,
 Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
 But O! the empress has not eyes,
 Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.
- Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
 Pil'd on the mules of king At-tila,
 Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
 Or garter, snatch'd from Domitilla.
- Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
 Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
 —'bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd let
 To verse — but now for Domitilla.
- Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
 To the fair Sylphid Momentilla,
 And thus I offer up my catch
 To th' snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR,

The HUE and CRY after the ATTORNIES,
upon their riding the CIRCUIT.

NOW the active young attornies
Briskly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horses of their clients,
Like so many little Mars's
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd,
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,
And with whips and spurs so neat,
And with jockey-coats compleat,
And with boots so very greasy,
And with saddles eke so easy,
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day,
Bridles destin'd far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big, Sir,
And with powder'd caps and wigs, Sir,
And with ruffles to be shewn,
Cambrick ruffles not their own,
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the fight,

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L

Shirts

Shirts be-wrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters,
With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies,
And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—
And with very little pence,
And as very little sence,
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the foldier from the sutler ;
From the vintner and the taylor,
Like the felon from the jaylor ;
Into this and t'other county,
Living on the public bounty ;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage ;
Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,
Thorough stinking lanes and alleys,
Some to — kifs with farmers spouses,
And make merry in their houses ;
Some to — tumble country wenches
On their rushy-beds and benches,
And, if they begin a fray,
Draw their swords, and — run away ;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee ;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot,

Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
 Safely glad to sup their porridge,
 And Vacation 's over — then,
 Hey, for London town again.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd,
 As rational, the human-kind.
 “Reason,” they say, “belongs to man;”
 But let them prove it if they can.
 Wise Aristotle and Smiglefius,
 By ratiocinations specious,
 Have strove to prove with great precision,
 With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum;
 But, for my soul, I cannot credit 'em,
 And must, in spite of them, maintain,
 That man and all his ways are vain;
 And that this boasted lord of nature
 Is both a weak and erring creature;
 That instinct is a surer guide
 Than reason-boasting mortals pride;
 And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
 Who ever knew an honest brute
 At law his neighbour prosecute;
 Bring action for assault and battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?

O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politicks disturb their mind ;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who 's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go,
To treat as dearest friend, a foe :
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place ;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob ;
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noster-row :
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pick-pockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds :
No single brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape ;
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion :
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses :
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state ;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors :
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.

He

He in his turn finds imitators ;
 At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
 Their masters' manners still contract ;
 And footmen lords and dukes can act.
 Thus, at the court, both great and small
 Behave alike ; for all ape all.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

THE life of man to represent,
 And turn it all to ridicule,
 Wit did a *puppet-show* invent,
 Where the chief actor is a fool.
 The gods of old were logs of wood,
 And worship was to *puppets* paid ;
 In antic drefs the idol stood,
 And priest and people bow'd the head.
 No wonder then, if art began
 The simple votaries to frame,
 To shape in *timber* foolish man,
 And consecrate the *block* to fame.
 From hence poetic fancy learn'd
 That trees might rise from human forms,
 The body to a trunk be turn'd,
 And branches issue from the arms.
 Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
 That man 's a blockhead, have confest ;
 Powel * and Stretch * the hint pursue ;
 Life is a farce, the world a jest.

* Two famous puppet-show men.

The same great truth South Sea * hath prov'd
 On that fam'd theatre, the *alley* ;
 Where thousands, by directors mov'd,
 Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
 The same a Harlequin is now ;
 The former was *buffoon* above,
 The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
 Where various images appear ;
 In different parts of youth and age
 Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
 False pomp conceals mere wood within ;
 And legislators rang'd in state
 Are oft' but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
 And timber as a lord take place ;
 A statue may put on a frown,
 And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
 And made to act for ends unknown ;
 By the mere spring of wires they play,
 And speak in language not their own.

Too oft', alas ! a scolding wife
 Usurps a jolly fellow's throne ;
 And many drink the cup of life,
 Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

* See the poem on the South Sea, vol. I. p. 200.

In short, whatever men pursue,
 Of pleasure, folly, war, or love ;
 This mimic race brings all to view :
 Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
 Mortals to please and to deride ;
 And, when death breaks thy vital band,
 Thou shalt put on a *puppet's* pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
 Thy image shall preserve thy fame ;
 Ages to come thy worth shall own,
 Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a *farce* in vain,
 Before he looks in nature's glass ;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
 Nor *pedantry* for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
 And chatter in a mystic strain,
 Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
 And shews some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
 And turn thy stage into a school,
 The jest of Punch will ever be,
 And stand confess the greater fool.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

W H E T H E R

HAMILTON'S BAWN should be turned into a
BARRACK or a MALT-HOUSE. 1729.

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight * full of care,
 " Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
 " This Hamilton's bawn †, whilst it sticks on my hand,
 " I lose by the house what I get by the land ;
 " But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
 " For a *barrack* ‡ or *malt-house*, we now must consider.
 " First, let me suppose I make it a *malt-house*,
 " Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us ;
 " There 's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
 " I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain ;
 " A handsome addition for wine and good chear,
 " Three dishes a day, and three hogheads a year ;
 " With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd ;
 " No little scrub joint shall come on my board ;
 " And you and the Dean no more shall combine
 " To stint me at night to one bottle of wine ;

* Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose feat this was written.

† A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's feat. F.

‡ The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called barracks. F.

" Nor

“ Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
 “ A stone and a quarter of beef from my furloin.
 “ If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant ;
 “ My dear, I have ponder’d again and again on’t :
 “ In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
 “ Whatever they give me, I must be content,
 “ Or join with the court in every debate ;
 “ And rather than that, I would lose my estate.”

Thus ended the Knight: thus began his *meeek* wife :

“ It *must*, and it *shall* be a *barrack*, my life.
 “ I’m grown a mere *mopus* ; no company comes,
 “ But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull * Rums.
 “ With Parsons what lady can keep herself clean ?
 “ I’m all over daub’d when I sit by the Dean.
 “ But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
 “ The Captain, I’m sure, will always come here ;
 “ I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
 “ For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe ;
 “ Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 “ Will tell him that Chaplains should not be so pert ;
 “ That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
 “ And not among ladies to give themselves airs.”

Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain ;
 The Knight his opinion resolved to maintain.

But Hannah †, who listen’d to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a taste,

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. F.

† My lady’s waiting-woman. F.

As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be drest,
 Cry'd, " Madam, why surely my master 's possess't.
 " Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
 " I'd rather the *baron* were sunk under ground.
 " But madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
 " When I saw him so often with * Darby and Wood.
 " And now my dream 's out; for I was a-dream'd
 " That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
 " And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
 " And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
 " Dear madam, had you but the spirit to teaze,
 " You might have a *barrack* whenever you please:
 " And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
 " That for twenty denials you would not give out.
 " If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
 " Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
 " And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
 " With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
 " But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
 " And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
 " Dear madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
 " An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
 " For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
 " I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
 " I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
 " At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
 " Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
 " And waits on the Captain betimes the next morning.

* Two of Sir Arthur's managers. F.

" Now

THE GRAND QUESTION. 155

- “ Now see, when they meet, how their Honours behave ;
“ Noble Captain, your servant ”—“ Sir Arthur, your
“ slave ;
“ You honour me much ”—“ The honour is mine. ”—
“ Twas a sad rainy night ”—“ But the morning is fine. ”
“ Pray how does my Lady ? ”—“ My wife ’s at your
“ service. ”—
“ I think I have seen her picture by Jervas. ”—
“ Good-morrow, good Captain. I ’ll wait on you
“ down. ”—
“ You sha ’n ’t stir a foot ”—“ You ’ll think me a clown :
“ For all the world, Captain— ” “ Not half an inch far-
“ ther. ”—
“ You must be obey ’d ! ”—“ Your servant, Sir Arthur !
“ My humble respects to my Lady unknown. ”—
“ I hope you will use my house as your own. ”
“ Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
“ Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate. ”
“ Pray, madam, be quiet ; what was it I said ?
“ You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
“ Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come,
“ At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.
“ Now, madam, observe how he marches in state :
“ The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate :
“ Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
“ Tantara, tantara ; while all the boys hollow.
“ See now comes the Captain all daub ’d with gold lace :
“ O la ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ;
“ And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
“ With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand ;
“ And

THE GRAND QUESTION. 157

- “ You banter me, madam ; the kingdom must grant—”
“ You officers, Captain, are so complaisant !”
“ Hift, huffy, I think I hear somebody coming—”
“ No, madam ; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
“ To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story)
“ The Captain at dinner appears in his glory ;
“ The Dean and the * Doctor have humbled their pride,
“ For the Captain's entreated to fit by your side ;
“ And, because he's their betters, you carve for him
“ first ;
“ The Parsons for envy are ready to burst.
“ The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
“ To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table ;
“ And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
“ To peep at the Captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
“ Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man,
“ Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue ran ;
“ And, madam, says he, if such dinners you give,
“ You'll ne'er want for Parsons as long as you live.
“ I ne'er knew a Parson without a good nose ;
“ But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes :
“ G—d—n me ! they bid us reform and repent,
“ But, z—s ! by their looks they never keep Lent :
“ Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
“ You cast a sheep's eye on her Ladyship's maid :
“ I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
“ In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band
“ (For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a nimy,
“ That the Captain suppos'd he was Curate to Jinny).
* Doctor Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood. F.
“ Whenever

" Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
 " A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
 " Observe how a Parson comes into a room ;
 " G— d—n me ! he hobbles as bad as my groom ;
 " A *scholar*, when just from his college broke loose,
 " Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose ;
 " Your * *Novels*, and *Bluturcks*, and *Omurs*, and stuff,
 " By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
 " To give a young gentleman right education,
 " The army's the only good school in the nation :
 " My school-master call'd me a dunce and a fool,
 " But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school ;
 " I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
 " And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
 " He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
 " But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life :
 " So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
 " The first man I robb'd was a Parson, by G—.
 " Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
 " But the fight of a book makes me sick to this day."
 " Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
 " And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
 " So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the Dean,
 " As who shou'd say, *Now, am I † skinny and lean ?*
 " But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
 " And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
 Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
 Till she heard the Dean call, " Will your Ladyship
 " walk ?"

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

† Nick-names for my lady.

Her

Her Ladyship answers, " I'm just coming down :"
 Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cry'd, " Huffy, why fure the *wench* is gone mad !
 " How could these *chimera's* get into your brains ?—
 " Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
 " But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
 " Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers :
 " For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye :
 " Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*."

T O D E A N S W I F T.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON.

GOOD cause have I to sing and vapour,
 For I am landlord to the Drapier :
 He, that of every ear's the charmer,
 Now condescends to be my farmer,
 And grace my villa with his strains ;
 Lives such a bard on British plains ?
 No ; not in all the British court ;
 For none but witlings there resort,
 Whose names and works (though dead) are made
 Immortal by the Dunciad ;
 And, sure as monument of brass,
 Their fame to future times shall pass,
 How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
 Of brazen knight they vainly sung :
 A subject for their genius fit,
 He dares defy both sense and wit.

What

What dares he not ? He can, we know it,
 A laureat make that is no poet ;
 A judge, without the least pretence
 To common law, or common sense ;
 A bishop that is no divine ;
 And coxcombs in red ribbons shine :
 Nay, he can make, what 's greater far,
 A middle-state 'twixt peace and war ;
 And say, there shall, for years together,
 Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
 Happy, O Market-hill ! at least,
 That court and courtiers have no taste :
 You never else had known the Dean,
 But, as of old, obscurely lain ;
 All things gone on the same dull track,
 And Drapier's-hill * been still Drumlack ;
 But now your name with Penshurst vies,
 And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

D R A P I E R ' S - H I L L .

WE give the world to understand,
 Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land ;
 A purchase, which will bring him clear
 Above his rent four pounds a year ;

* The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drum-
 lack, which he rented of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat
 lay between that and Market-hill; and intended to build an
 house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind. F.

Provided, to improve the ground,
 He will but add two hundred pound ;
 And, from his endless hoarded store,
 To build a house, five hundred more.
 Sir Arthur too shall have his will,
 And call the mansion Drapier's Hill :
 That, when a nation, long enslav'd,
 Forgets by whom it once was sav'd ;
 When none the Drapier's praise shall sing ;
 His signs aloft no longer swing ;
 His medals and his prints forgotten ;
 And all his * handkerchiefs are rotten ;
 His famous Letters made waste-paper ;
 This hill may keep the name of Drapier ;
 In spite of envy, flourish still,
 And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

T H E D E A N ' S R E A S O N S
 F O R N O T B U I L D I N G A T D R A P I E R ' S H I L L .

I WILL not build on yonder mount :
 And, should you call me to account,
 Consulting with myself, I find,
 It was no levity of mind.
 Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
 No fault of mine, the scheme is ended :

* Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and hand-
 kerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the Dean,
 under the name of M. B. Drapier. F.

Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
 I have a hundred causes ready :
 All risen since that flattering time,
 When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.

I am, as now too late I find,
 The greatest cully of mankind :
 The lowest boy in Martin's school
 May turn and wind me like a fool.
 How could I form so wild a vision,
 To seek, in deserts, Fields Elysian ?
 To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
 With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians ?

But here my Lady will object ;
 Your Deanship ought to recollect,
 That, near the Knight of Gosford plac'd,
 Whom you allow a man of taste,
 Your intervals of time to spend
 With so conversable a friend,
 It would not signify a pin
 Whatever climate you were in.

'Tis true, but what advantage comes
 To me from all a usurer's plumbs ;
 Though I should see him twice a day,
 And am his neighbour cross the way ;
 If all my rhetoric must fail
 To strike him for a pot of ale ?

Thus, when the learned and the wise
 Conceal their talents from our eyes,
 And from deserving friends withhold
 Their gifts, as Misers do their gold ;

Their

REASONS FOR NOT BUILDING, &c. 163

Their knowledge to themselves confin'd
Is the same avarice of mind ;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's Knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight ;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart :
Still rapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep ;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum ;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.

But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To understand Malebranche or Cambray ;
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless ;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb ;
My spirits with my body propping,
Both hand in hand together jogging ;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphysics smatter ;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of worlds intelligible ;
And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head ;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the Knight sublime and me,

If when I talk, as talk I must,
 't is but prating to a bust?
 Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
 It forms an union in the mind :
 But here I differ from the Knight
 In every point, like black and white :
 For none can say that ever yet
 We both in one opinion met :
 Not in philosophy, or ale ;
 In state-affairs, or planting cale ;
 In rhetoric, or picking straws ;
 In roasting larks, or making laws ;
 In public schemes, or catching flies ;
 In parliaments, or pudding-pies.
 The neighbours wonder why the Knight
 Should in a country life delight,
 Who not one pleasure entertains
 To cheer the solitary scenes :
 His guests are few, his visits rare ;
 Nor uses time, nor time will spare ;
 Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls ;
 Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls ;
 But, seated in an easy chair,
 Despises exercise and air.
 His rural walks he ne'er adorns ;
 Here poor Pomona sits on thorns :
 And there neglected Flora settles
 Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
 Those thankless and officious cares
 I us'd to take in friends affairs,

From

REASONS FOR NOT BUILDING, &c. 165

From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain :
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the Knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase ;
May nothing interrupt his peace !
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after, pound :
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire :
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and flocks may freely pillage :
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves :
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine.
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will ?

A PANEGYRICK ON THE DEAN,

In the PERSON of a LADY in the NORTH *. 1730.

RESOLV'D my gratitude to show,
Thrice reverend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd ;
Your favours left too long unpaid ;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.

* The lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.

Indulgent you to female kind,
 To all their weaker sides are blind ;
 Nine more such champions as the Dean
 Would soon restore our ancient reign.
 How well, to win the ladies hearts,
 You celebrate their wit and parts †
 How have I felt my spirits rais'd,
 By you so oft', so highly prais'd !
 Transform'd by your convincing tongue
 To witty, beautiful, and young,
 I hope to quit that aukward shame,
 Affected by each vulgar dame,
 To modesty a weak pretence ;
 And soon grow pert on men of sense ;
 To shew my face with scornful air ;
 Let others match it, if they dare.

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

My heart with emulation burns
 To make you suitable returns :
 My gratitude the world shall know :
 And see, the printer's boy below ;
 Ye hawkers all, your voices lift ;
 " A Panegyrick on Dean Swift !"
 And then, to mend the matter still,
 " By Lady Anne of Market-hill."

thus

I thus begin : My grateful Muse
 Salutes the Dean in different views ;
 Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor ;
 * Robert and Darby's coadjutor :
 And, as you in commission sit,
 To rule the dairy next to † Kit.

In each capacity I mean
 To sing your praise. And first as Dean :
 Envy must own, you understand your
 Precedence, and support your grandeur :
 Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
 Except to give Dean Daniel place.
 In you such dignity appears ;
 So suited to your state and years !
 With ladies what a strict decorum !
 With what devotion you adore 'em !
 Treat me with so much complaisance,
 As fits a princess in romance !
 By your example and assistance,
 The *fello-ws* learn to know their distance.
 Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
 No longer calls me *snipe* and *slattern* ;
 Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
 Offend me with the least rebuke.

Proceed we to your ‡ preaching next ;
 How nice you split the hardest text !

* The names of two overseers.

† My lady's footman.

‡ The author preached but once while he was there. F.

How your superior learning shines
 Above our neighbouring dull divines !
 At Beggar's Opera not so full pit
 Is seen, as when you mount our pulpit.

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

Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
 I lead you to a nobler scene.
 When to the vault you walk in state,
 In quality of *butler's-mate* ;
 You next to Dennis bear the sway •
 To you we often trust the key :

• The butler.

Nor

A PANEGYRICK ON THE DEAN. 169

Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart :
What pints may best for bottles pass,
Just to give every man his glass :
When proper to produce the best ;
And what may serve a common guest,
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to steal your master's wine ;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome *brother* serving-men ;
But that is with a good design,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine ;
Your master's honour to maintain ;
And get the like returns again.

Your * *usber's* post must next be handled :
How blest'd am I by such a man led !
Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship :
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though daggled round, I scorn to fret :
From you my chamber-damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.

Now as a *jester* I accost you ;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to spare ;
By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size ;

* He sometimes used to walk with the lady. F.

There's †

There's none so ignorant or weak
 * To take offence at what you speak.
 Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
 Whether with Dermot, or His Grace;
 With Teague O' Murphey, or an earl;
 A dutchefs, or a kitchen-girl.
 With such dexterity you fit
 Their several talents with your wit,
 That Moll the chamber-maid can smoke,
 And Gahagan † take every joke.

I now become your humble fuitor
 To let me praise you as my ‡ *tutor*.
 Poor I, a savage bred and born,
 By you instructed every morn,
 Already have improv'd so well,
 That I have almost learnt to spell:
 The neighbours, who come here to dine,
 Admire to hear me speak so *fine*.
 How enviously the ladies look,
 When they surprize me at my book!
 And sure as they're alive at night
 As soon as gone will show their spight:
 Good lord! what can my Lady mean,
 Conversing with that rusty Dean!

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

† The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-Hill. See above, p. 59.

‡ In bad weather the author used to direct my lady her reading. F.,

She's

A PANEGYRICK ON THE DEAN. 272

She's grown so nice, and so *penurious*,
With Socrates and Epicurius.

How could she fit the live-long day,
Yet never ask us once to play?

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

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

You merit new employments daily :
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily,
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive ;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes ;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault :
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean ;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in ;
And cure the rank unfavory smelling.

Now enter as the dairy hand-maid :
Such charming * butter never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their *milk* for *babes of grace* ;

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes. F.

From

From *tubs* their snuffling nonsense utter :
 Thy *milk* shall make us *tubs* of butter,
 The bishop with his *foot* may burn it*,
 But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
 How are the servants overjoy'd
 To see thy Deanship thus employ'd !
 Instead of poring on a book,
 Providing butter for the cook !
 Three morning-hours you tofs and shake
 The bottle till your fingers ake :
 Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
 The butter from the whey to part :
 Behold a frothy substance rise ;
 Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
 The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd ;
 And out you squeeze an ounce at least.

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

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

But

A PANEGYRICK ON THE DEAN. 1731

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

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

Yet, when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.

Permit

Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe;
Why are thine altars fixt beneath?

When Saturn rul'd the skies alone
(That *golden age* to *gold* unknown),
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars *smoaking* round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd:
And here thy daily votaries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam
(Though sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink).
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flowery vale,
Were, wafted by a gentle gale,
There many a flower-absterfivè grew,
Thy favorite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.

But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then *gluttony* with greasy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,

With

With watery chaps, and wagging chin,
 Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
 Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,
 And on her plate a treble share,
 As if she ne'er could have enough,
 Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
 She sent her priest in wooden shoes
 From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
 Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
 To dress their soups and fricassees;
 And, for our home-bred British cheer,
 Botargo, catsup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
 Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell:
 Sprung from her womb that impious line,
 Contemners of thy rites divine.
 First, lolling *stob* in woollen cap
 Taking her after-dinner nap:
 Pale *dropsy* with a fallow face,
 Her belly burst, and slow her pace:
 And lordly *gout*, wrapt up in furr:
 And wheezing *asthma*, loth to stir:
 Voluptuous *ease*, the child of *wealth*,
 Infecting thus our hearts by stealth.
 None seek thee now in open air,
 To thee no verdant altars rear;
 But in their cells and vaults obscene
 Present a sacrifice unclean;
 From whence unfavory vapours rose,
 Offensive to thy nicer nose.

Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
 As nature prompts, his offering pays?
 Here nature never difference made
 Between the sceptre and the spade.

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

Yet some devotion still remains
 Among our harmless northern swains,
 Whose offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
 Adorn our crystal rivers' banks;
 Nor seldom grace the flowery downs,
 With spiral tops and cople-crowns;
 Or gilding in a sunny morn
 The humble branches of a thorn.
 So, poets sing, with golden bough
 The Trojan hero paid his vow.

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

Be witness for me; nymph divine,
 I never robb'd thee with design:

Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injur'd offering out.

But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.

In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head ;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.

Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
Accosting said, * " Go shake your cream."
Be humbly-minded, know your post ;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style :
Teach Dennis how to stir the † *guile* :
With ‡ Peggy Dixon thoughtful fit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.
Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails :
At nicely-carving shew thy wit ;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit :
Turn every way thy watchful eye ;
And every guest be sure to ply :
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be these thy arts ; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.

* In the bottle, to make butter. F.

† The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time. F.

‡ Mrs. Dixon, the house-keeper. F.

But Cloacina, goddess bright,
 Sleek ——— claims her as his right :
 And Smedley, flower of all divines,
 Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

T W E L V E A R T I C L E S .

- I. **L** E S T it may more quarrels breed,
 I will never hear you read.
- II. By disputing, I will never,
 To convince you, once endeavour.
- III. When a paradox you stick to,
 I will never contradict you.
- IV. When I talk, and you are heedless,
 I will shew no anger needless.
- V. When your speeches are absurd,
 I will ne'er object a word.
- VI. When you furious argue wrong,
 I will grieve, and hold my tongue.
- VII. Not a jest or humourous story
 Will I ever tell before ye :
 To be chidden for explaining,
 When you quite mistake the meaning.
- VIII. Never more will I suppose,
 You can taste my verse or prose.
- IX. You no more at me shall fret,
 While I teach, and you forget.
- X. You

TWELVE ARTICLES.

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- X. You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.
- XI. Shew your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit ;
Give yourself ten thousand airs ;
That with me shall break no squares.
- XII. Never will I give advice,
Till you please to ask me thrice :
Which, if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.
- Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL. 1739.

FROM distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends ;
Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codlin ripen'd :
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause :
By faction banish'd, here unite,
A Dean *, a Spaniard †, and a Knight ‡ ;

* Dr. Swift.

† Col. Harry Leslie, who served and lived long
in Spain. See p. 189.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheson.

N 2

Unite,

Unite, but on conditions cruel ;
 The Dean and Spaniard find it too well,
 Condemn'd to live in service hard ;
 On either side his honour's guard :
 The Dean, to guard his honour's back,
 Must build a castle at Drumlack ;
 The Spaniard, fore against his will,
 Must raise a fort at Market-hill.
 And thus the pair of humble gentry
 At *north* and *south* are posted centry ;
 While, in his lordly castle fixt,
 The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt :
 And, what the wretches most resent,
 To be his slaves, must pay him rent ;
 Attend him daily as their *chief*,
 Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
 Oh, Fortune ! 'tis a scandal for thee
 To smile on those who are least worthy :
 Weigh but the merits of the three,
 His slaves have ten times more than he.

Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia !

The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye :
 Of their two fames the world enough rings :
 Where are *thy* services and sufferings ?
 What if for nothing once you kist,
 Against the grain, a monarch's fist ?
 What if, among the courtly tribe,
 You lost a place, and sav'd a bribe ?
 And then in furlly mood came here
 To fifteen hundred pounds a year,

And

REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL. 181

And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd ?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus ?
Are you to be compar'd with us ?

Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms ;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right ;
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led ;
While I from Drapier's-mount descend,
And to the south my squadrons bend.
New-river-walk with friendly shade
Shall keep my host in ambuscade ;
While you, from where the basin stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win ;
I hold intelligence within.

True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan she wears ;
Then, left upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd ;
I have a stratagem contriv'd.
By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes
She shall be caught as in a noose ;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She 'll not have power to stir an inch :
These gaudy shoes must Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face ;

The shoes put on, our faithful portress
 Admits us in, to storm the fortress;
 While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
 Like Montezume, in golden chains,
 Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
 Stumbling at every step she trod.
 Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
 To catch a monkey by a wile,
 The mimic animal amuse;
 They place before him gloves and shoes;
 Which when the brute puts aukward on,
 All his agility is gone:
 In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
 The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.

But let us on our first assault
 Secure the larder and the vault:
 The valiant Dennis * you must fix on,
 And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon †:
 Then, if we once can seize the key
 And chest, that keeps my lady's tea,
 They must surrender at discretion;
 And, soon as we have gain'd possession,
 We'll act as other conquerors do,
 Divide the realm between us two:
 Then (let me see) we'll make the Knight
 Our clerk, for he can read and write;
 But must not think, I tell him that,
 Like Lorimer ‡ to wear his hat:

* The butler.

† The house-keeper.

‡ The agent.

Yet,

Yet, when we dine without a friend,
 We'll place him at the lower end.
 Madam, whose skill does all in drefs lie,
 May ferve to wait on Mrs. Leslie;
 But, lest it might not be fo proper
 That her own maid should over-top her,
 To mortify the creature more,
 We'll take her heels five inches lower.

For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
 'Twill be our interest to get rid of her:
 And, when we execute our plot,
 'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
 As all your politicians wife
 Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise.

T R A U L U S.

A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

T O M A N D R O B I N. 1730.

THE FIRST PART.

Tom. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus* mean
 By bellowing thus against the Dean?
 Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
 Papist, and Jacobite, and Libeler;
 Yet cannot prove a single fact?

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

* Lord Allen. D. S.

T. What mischief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him ?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and flaver it
In vain against the people's favourite ?
Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier ?

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

T. Such friendship never man profess,
The Dean was never so carest ;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier ?

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

T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes ;
And, though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence ;
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
But turns aside like mad Ulysses :
While Traulus all his ordure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come these inconsistent fits ?

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

T. Agreed : and yet, when Towzer snaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,

Hangs

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

R. Tom, you mistake the matter quite ;
 Your barking curs will seldom bite ;
 And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
 He barks as fast as he can utter.
 He prates in spite of all impediment,
 While none believes that what he said he meant ;
 Puts in his finger and his thumb
 To grope for words, and out they come.
 He calls you rogue ; there 's nothing in it,
 He fawns upon you in a minute :
 " Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood !
 " He only meant it for your good :
 " His friendship was exactly tim'd,
 " He shot before your foes were prim'd.
 " By this contrivance, Mr. Dean ;
 " By G— ! I 'll bring you off as clean —*"
 Then let him use you e'er so rough,
 " 'Twas all for love," and that 's enough.
 But, though he sputter through a fession,
 It never makes the least impression :

* This is the usual excuse of Traulus, when he abuses you to others without provocation. F.

What-

Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.

T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can fet the mastiff on your back.

I own, his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he 's possest,
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps ;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide ;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture, to the devil assign'd ;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him *legion*.
Of *brethren* he 's a *false accuser* ;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer ;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar ;
The marks peculiar of his fire.

Or, grant him but a drone at best ;
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The Dean had felt their stings before ;
And must their malice ne'er give o'er ?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose ?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.

A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most ;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant ;
A traitor to the vices regnant.

What

What spirit, since the world began,
 Could *always* bear to *strive with man*?
 Which God pronounc'd, he never would,
 And soon convinc'd them by a flood.
 Yet still the Dean on freedom raves;
 His spirit always strives with slaves.
 'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
 And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

T R A U L U S.

THE SECOND PART.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
 Motley fruit of mungril seed;
 By the *dam* from lordlings sprung,
 By the *fire* exhal'd from dung:
 Think on every vice in both,
 Look on him, and see their growth.
 View him on the mother's side,
 Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
 Positive and over-bearing,
 Changing still, and still adhering;
 Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
 Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
 When his friends he most is hard on,
 Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
 Reputation ever tearing,
 Ever dearest friendship swearing;

Judgment

Judgment weak, and passion strong,
 Always various, always wrong;
 Provocation never waits,
 Where he loves, or where he hates;
 Talks whate'er comes in his head;
 Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
 From the *father's* scoundrel race.
 Who could give the looby such airs?
 Were they *masons*, were they *butchers*?
 Herald, lend the Muse an answer
 From his *atavus* and grandfire:
 This was dextrous at his trowel,
 That was bred to kill a cow well:
 Hence the greasy clumsy mien
 In his dress and figure seen;
 Hence the mean and fordid soul,
 Like his body, rank and foul;
 Hence that wild suspicious peep,
 Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
 Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
 How to cut your throat and smile;
 Like a butcher, doom'd for life
 In his *mouth* to wear his *knife*;
 Hence he draws his daily food
 From his tenants vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be try'd,
 Borrow'd from the mason's side:
 Some perhaps may think him able
 In the state to build a Babel;

Could

Could we place him in a station
 To destroy the old *foundation*.
 True indeed, I should be gladder,
 Could he learn to mount a *ladder*.
 May he at his latter end
 Mount alive, and dead descend !
 In him tell me which prevail,
 Female vices most, or male ?
 What produc'd him, can you tell ?
 Human race, or *imps of bell* ?

R O B I N A N D H A R R Y * .

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

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

Robin, from noon to night, will prate,
 Runs-out in tongue, as in estate :
 And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
 Will not have one new thing to say.
 Much talking is not Harry's vice :
 He need not tell a story twice :
 And, if he always be so thrifty,
 His fund may last to five and fifty.

* Sons of Dr. Leslie. Harry was a colonel in the Spanish service. See above, p. 179. N.

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

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

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

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

ROBIN AND HARRY.

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

TO BETTY THE GRIZETTE. 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty!
 Never may the Muse forget ye:
 How thy face charms every shepherd,
 Spotted over like a leopard!
 And thy freckled neck, display'd,
 Envy breeds in every maid,
 Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
 Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
 Or a tawny speckled pippin,
 Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.

And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,
 Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.

Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
 Evermore thy tongue supply.
 And thy memory is loaded
 With old scraps from plays exploded:
 Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
 Suited to all christian folks:
 Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
 Blunder'd out a thousand times.

Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
 Which can ne'er be worse for wearing.
 Picking wit among collegians,
 In the play-house upper regions ;
 Where, in eighteen-penny gallery,
 Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery :
 But thy merit is thy failing,
 And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endued
 To be scurrilous and rude ;
 When you pertly raise your snout,
 Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout ;
 This among Hibernian asses
 For sheer wit and humour passes.
 Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
 Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.
 TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY,
 BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

DEATH went upon a solemn day
 At Pluto's hall his court to pay :
 The phantom, having humbly kist
 His grisly monarch's footy fist,
 Presented him the weekly bills
 Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
 Pluto, observing since the peace
 The burial-article decrease,

And

And, vext to see affairs miscarry,
 Declar'd in council, Death must marry ;
 Vow'd he no longer could support
 Old batchelors about his court ;
 The interest of his realm had need
 That Death should get a numerous breed ;
 Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
 Proficient in their father's trade,
 With colonies might stock around
 His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquettes below
 Was call'd, to rig him out a beau :
 From her own head Megæra takes
 A periwig of twisted snakes ;
 Which in the nicest fashion curl'd
 (Like *toupets* of this upper world),
 With flour of sulphur powder'd well,
 That graceful on his shoulders fell ;
 An adder of the fable kind
 In line direct hung down behind ;
 The owl, the raven, and the bat,
 Clubb'd for a feather to his hat ;
 His coat, an usurer's velvet pall,
 Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.
 But, loth his person to expose
 Bare, like a carcase pickt by crows,
 A lawyer o'er his hands and face
 Stuck artfully a parchment-case.
 No new-fluxt rake shew'd fairer skin ;
 Nor Phyllis after lying-in.

With snuff was fill'd his ebon box
 Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
 Nine spirits of blaspheming fops
 With aconite anoint his chops ;
 And give him words of dreadful sounds,
 G—d d—n his blood ! and b—d and w—ds !

Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
 To take a house in Warwick-lane :
 The *faculty*, his humble friends,
 A complimental message sends :
 Their president in scarlet gown
 Harangued, and welcom'd him to town.

But Death had business to dispatch ;
 His mind was running on his march.
 And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
 His *majesty of terrors* came,
 Fine as a colonel of the guards,
 To visit where she fate at cards :
 She, as he came into the room,
 Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
 And now her heart with pleasure jumps ;
 She scarce remembers what is trumps ;
 For such a shape of skin and bone
 Was never seen, except her own :
 Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
 Her pocket-glass drew shyly out ;
 And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
 As just the counterpart of his.
 She darted many a private glance,
 And freely made the first advance ;

Was of her beauty grown so vain,
 She doubted not to win the *swain*.
 Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
 Than with her wit to entertain him.
 She ask'd about her friends below ;
 This meagre fop, that batter'd beau :
 Whether some late departed toasts
 Had got gallants among the ghosts ?
 If Clœ were a sharper still
 As great as ever at quadrille ?
 (The ladies there must needs be rooks,
 For cards, we know, are Pluto's books !)
 If Florimel had found her love,
 For whom she hang'd herself above ?
 How oft' a week was kept a ball
 By Proserpine at Pluto's hall ?
 She fancied those Elyfian shades
 The sweetest place for masquerades :
 How pleasant, on the banks of Styx,
 To troll it in a coach and six !

What pride a female heart inflames !
 How endless are ambition's aims !
 Cease, haughty nymph ; the Fates decree
 Death must not be a spouse for thee :
 For, when by chance the meagre shade
 Upon thy hand his finger laid,
 Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
 His matrimonial spirit fled ;
 He felt about his heart a damp,
 That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp :

Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the fuds.

D A P H N E .

DAPHNE knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devis'd
Surer ways to be despis'd:
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say:
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows;
And, where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and fillier:
All her spirits in a flame
When she knows she 's most to blame.
Send me hence ten thousand miles,
From a face that always smiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a Fury in her heart.

Ye who hate such inconstance,
 To be easy, keep your distance ;
 Or in folly still befriend her,
 But have no concern to mend her.
 Lose not time to contradict her,
 Nor endeavour to convict her.
 Never take it in your thought,
 That she 'll own, or cure a fault.
 Into contradiction warm her,
 Then, perhaps, you may reform her :
 Only take this rule along,
 Always to advise her wrong ;
 And reprove her when she 's right ;
 She may then grow wise for spight.

No — that scheme will ne'er succeed,
 She has better learnt her creed :
 She 's too cunning, and too skilful,
 When to yield, and when be wilful.
 Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
 One for truth, and one for errors :
 That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful ;
 This is flattering and delightful :
 That she throws away as foul ;
 Sits by this, to dress her soul.

Thus you have the case in view,
 Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you,
 Heaven forbid he should despise thee !
 But will never more advise thee.

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE. BY DR. DELANY. 1730.

“ — Quis iniquæ

“ Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se ?”

JUV.

IN ancient times, as bards indite,
 (If clerks have conn'd the records right)
 A Peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway
 His subjects with delight obey :
 His tail was beauteous to behold,
 Replete with goodly eyes and gold
 (Fair emblem of that Monarch's guise,
 Whose train at once is rich and wise).
 And princely rul'd he many regions,
 And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.
 A Pheasant Lord *, above the rest,
 With every grace and talent blest,
 Was sent to sway, with all his skill,
 The sceptre of a neighbouring hill †.
 No science was to him unknown,
 For all the arts were all his own :
 In all the living learned read,
 Though more delighted with the dead :
 For birds, if ancient tales say true,
 Had then their Popes and Homers too,

* Lord Carteret, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

† Ireland.

Could read and write in prose and verse,
 And speak like ***, and build like Pearce*.
 He knew their voices, and their wings,
 Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings;
 Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
 And who attain'd the true sublime:
 Their merits he could well descry,
 He had so exquisite an eye;
 And when that fail'd, to shew them clear,
 He had as exquisite an ear.
 It chanc'd, as on a day he stray'd,
 Beneath an Academic shade,
 He lik'd, amidst a thousand throats,
 The wildness of a Woodlark's † notes,
 And search'd, and spy'd, and seiz'd his game,
 And took him home, and made him tame;
 Found him on trial true and able,
 So cheer'd and fed him at his table.

Here some shrewd critick finds I 'm caught,
 And cries out, "Better fed than taught" —
 Then jests on *game* and *tame*, and reads
 And jests, and so my tale proceeds.

Long had he study'd in the Wood,
 Conversing with the wife and good;
 His soul with harmony inspir'd,
 With love of truth and virtue fir'd:
 His Brethren's good and Maker's praise
 Were all the study of his lays;

* A famous modern architect.

† Dr. Delany.

Were all his study in retreat,
 And now employ'd him with the Great:
 His friendship was the sure resort
 Of all the wretched at the Court;
 But chiefly merit in distress
 His greatest blessing was to bless. —

This fix'd him in his Patron's breast,
 But fir'd with envy all the rest:
 I mean that noisy craving crew,
 Who round the Court incessant flew,
 And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
 To fill the maws of sons and cousins:
 "Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,
 "To every thought of common good,
 "Confining every hope and care"
 To their own low contracted sphere.
 These ran him down with ceaseless cry,
 But found it hard to tell you why,
 Till his own worth and wit supply'd
 Sufficient matter to deride:
 "'Tis Envy's safest, surest rule,
 "To hide her rage in ridicule:
 "The vulgar eye she best beguiles,
 "When all her snakes are deck'd with smiles:"
 Sardonic smiles, by rancour rais'd!
 "Tormented most when seeming pleas'd!"
 Their spight had more than half expir'd,
 Had he not wrote what all admir'd;
 What morsels had their malice wanted,
 But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!



How had his sense and learning griev'd them,
But that his charity reliev'd them!

“ At highest Worth dull Malice reaches,
“ As flugs pollute the fairest peaches :
“ Envy defames, as harpies vile
“ Devour the food they first defile.”

Now ask the fruit of all his favour —

“ He was not hitherto a favourer” —
What then could make their rage run mad?
“ Why what he *hop'd*, not what he had.

“ What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
“ Or racks, or rods, to punish hopes ?
“ Th' inheritance of Hope and Fame
“ Is seldom Earthly Wisdom's aim ;
“ Or, if it were, is not so small,
“ But there is room enough for all.”

If he but chance to breathe a song
(He seldom sang, and never long) ;
The noisy, rude, malignant croud,
Where it was high, pronounc'd it loud :
Plain Truth was Pride ; and what was sillier,
Easy and Friendly was Familiar.

Or, if he tun'd his lofty lays,
With solemn air to Virtue's praise,
Alike abusive and erroneous,
They call'd it hoarse and unharmonious :
Yet so it was to souls like theirs,
Tuneless as Abel to the Bears !

A Rook * with harsh malignant caw
Began, was follow'd by a Daw †

* Dr. T——r.

† Right Hon. Rich. Tighe.

(Though

(Though some, who would be thought to know,
Are positive it was a Crow);

Jack Daw was seconded by Tit,
Tom Tit * could write, and so he writ;
A tribe of tuneless praters follow,
The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow;
And twenty more their throats let loose,
Down to the witlefs waddling Goose.

Some pick'd at him, some flew, some flutter'd,
Some hiss'd, some scream'd, and others mutter'd:
The Crow, on carrion went to feast,
The Carrion Crow condemn'd his taste:
The Rook in earnest too, not joking,
Swore all his finging was but croaking.

Some thought they meant to shew their wit,
Might think so still — “but that they writ” —
Could it be spight or envy; — “No —
“Who did no ill, could have no foe.” —
So Wise Simplicity esteem'd,
Quite otherwise True Wisdom deem'd;
This question rightly understood,
“What more provokes than doing good?
“A soul ennobled and refin'd
“Reproaches every baser mind:
“As strains exalted and melodious
“Make every meaner musick odious.” —

At length the Nightingale † was heard,
For voice and wisdom long rever'd,

* Dr. Sheridan.

† Dean Swift.

Esteem'd.

Esteem'd of all the wise and good,
 The Guardian Genius of the wood :
 He long in discontent retir'd,
 Yet not obscur'd, but more admir'd,
 His brethren's fervile souls disdain'd,
 He liv'd indignant and complaining :
 They now afresh provoke his choler
 (It seems the Lark had been his scholar,
 A favourite scholar always near him,
 And oft' had wak'd whole nights to hear him) :
 Enrag'd he canvasses the matter,
 Exposes all their senseless chatter,
 Shews him and them in such a light,
 As more enflames, yet quells their spight.
 They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
 For rage had rais'd it very high :
 Sham'd by the wisdom of his Notes,
 They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE

OF THE

PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

IN ancient times, the wise were able
 In proper terms to write a fable :
 Their tales would always justly suit
 The characters of every brute.
 The ass was dull, the lion brave,
 The stag was swift, the fox a knave ;

The

The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound would scent, the wolf would prole;
A pigeon would, if shown by Æsop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up.
Far otherwise a great Divine
Has learnt his Fables to refine :
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather :
You see him first the peacock bring,
Against all rules, to be a king ;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wise.
Now, pray, observe the Doctor's choice,
A peacock chose for flight and voice :
Did ever mortal see a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock ?
And for his singing, Doctor, you know,
Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
He squalls in such a hellish noise,
It frightens all the village boys.
This peacock kept a standing force,
In regiments of foot and horse ;
Had statesmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind
(And this was thought the highest post ;
For, rule the rump, you rule the roast).
The doctor names but one at present,
And he of all birds was a pheasant.
This pheasant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ ;

And,

ANSWER TO PHEASANT AND LARK. 205

And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he says, and I allow,
Were scholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricassees and olios.
This Pheasant, by the Peacock's will,
Was Viceroy of a neighbouring hill;
And, as he wander'd in his Park,
He chanc'd to spy a Clergy Lark;
Was taken with his person outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d:
Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the Tale is pleasant,
Himself the lark, my Lord the pheasant:
A lark he is, and such a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:
And though he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;
Though 'tis a maxim you must know,
Who does no ill, can have no foe;
Yet how shall I express in words
The strange stupidity of birds?
This Lark was hated in the wood,
Because he did his brethren good.
At last the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the Doctor by the chin:
We all can find out what he means,
The worst of disaffected Deans:

Whose wit at best was next to none,
 And now that little next is gone.
 Against the Court is always blabbing,
 And calls the Senate-house a Cabin ;
 So dull, that, but for spleen and spite,
 We ne'er should know that he could write ;
 Who thinks the nation always err'd,
 Because himself is not preferr'd :
 His heart is through his Libel seen,
 Nor could his malice spare the Queen ;
 Who, had she known his vile behaviour,
 Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.
 A noble Lord * hath told his pranks,
 And well deserves the nation's thanks.
 Oh ! would the Senate deign to show
 Resentment on this public Foe ;
 Our Nightingale might fit a cage,
 There let him starve, and vent his rage ;
 Or would they but in fetters bind,
 This enemy of human-kind !
 Harmonious Coffee †, show thy zeal,
 Thou champion for the common-weal :
 Nor on a theme like this repine,
 For once to wet thy pen divine :
 Bestow that Libeler a lash,
 Who daily vends seditious trash :
 Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
 But in the praise of virtue is dumb :

* L. Allen, the same who is meant by Traulus. D. S.

† A Dublin Garreter.

ANSWER TO PHEASANT AND LARK. 207

That Scribler lash, who neither knows
The turn of verse, nor style of prose;
Whose malice, for the worst* of ends,
Would have us lose our English friends;
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Jove send this Nightingale may fall,
Who spends his day and *Night in gall!*
So, Nightingale and Lark, adieu;
I see the greatest owls in you
That ever screecht, or ever flew.

ON THE IRISH-CLUB.

YE poultry underlings of state,
Ye senators, who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote;
Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops far remov'd from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs* and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*?

* See a new song on a seditious pamphlet, vol. I. p. 193.
Take

Take my advice ; to make you safe,
 I know a shorter way by half.
 The point is plain : remove the cause ;
 Defend your liberties and laws.
 Be sometimes to your country true,
 Have once the public good in view :
 Bravely despise Champagne at Court,
 And chuse to dine at home with Port :
 Let Prelates, by their good behaviour,
 Convince us they believe a Saviour ;
 Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
 This country, now their own, for nought.
 Ne'er did a true satiric Muse
 Virtue or Innocence abuse ;
 And 'tis against poetic rules
 To rail at men by nature fools :
 But * * * * *
 * * * * *

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE*.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
 A rich Divine * began to woo
 A handsome, young, imperious girl,
 Nearly related to an Earl.
 Her parents and her friends consent,
 The couple to the temple went :
 They first invite the Cyprian queen ;
 'Twas answer'd, " She would not be seen : "

* The date and hero of this poem are unknown. N.
The

The Graces next, and all the Muses,
 Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
 Juno attended at the porch,
 With farthing-candle for a torch;
 While mistress Iris held her train,
 The faded bow distilling rain.
 Then Hebe came, and took her place,
 But shew'd no more than half her face.

Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
 In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
 The wedding-day, you take me right,
 I promise nothing for the night.
 The Bridegroom, drest to make a figure,
 Assumes an artificial vigour;
 A flourish'd night-cap on, to grace
 His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
 Like the faint red upon a pippin,
 Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And thus set out this happy pair,
 The Swain is rich, the Nymph is fair;
 But, what I gladly would forget,
 The Swain is old, the Nymph coquette.
 Both from the goal together start;
 Scarce run a step before they part;
 No common ligament that binds
 The various textures of their minds;
 Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
 Less corresponding than their years.
 Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
 She rises to her tea at noon.

While he goes out to cheapen books,
 She at the glass consults her looks ;
 While Betty 's buzzing in her ear,
 Lord, what a dress these parsons wear !
 So odd a choice how could she make !
 Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.
 Then, on her fingers ends, she counts,
 Exact, to what his age amounts.
 The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
 Is sixty, if he be a day ;
 His ruddy cheeks are no disguise ;
 You see the crows-feet round his eyes.

At one she rambles to the shops,
 To cheapen tea, and talk with fops ;
 Or calls a council of her maids,
 And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
 Her weighty morning-busines o'er,
 Sits down to dinner just at four ;
 Minds nothing that is done or said,
 Her evening-work so fills her head.
 The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
 Is maukish, and his stomach gone ;
 In thread-bare gown, would scarce a louse hold,
 Looks like the chaplain of his household ;
 Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
 In French brocades, and Flanders lace ;
 He wonders what employs her brain,
 But never asks, or asks in vain ;
 His mind is full of other cares,
 And, in the sneaking parson's airs,

Computes, that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.

Canst thou imagine, dull Divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine?
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire as well as pride;
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.

If in her coach she 'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her cloaths,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly Divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hastening to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her Ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon:
She 'll say, and she may truly say 't,
She can't abide to stay out late,

But now, though scarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
 Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarry'd:
 The cause, alas, is quickly guest;
 The town has whisper'd round the jest.
 Think on some remedy in time,
 You find his Reverence past his prime,
 Already dwindled to a lath;
 No other way but try the Bath.

For Venus, rising from the ocean,
 Infus'd a strong prolific potion,
 That mix'd with Acheloüs' spring,
 The *horned* flood, as poets sing,
 Who, with an English beauty smitten,
 Ran under-ground from Greece to Britain;
 The genial virtue with him brought,
 And gave the Nymph a plenteous draught;
 Then fled, and left his horn behind,
 For husbands past their youth to find:
 The Nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
 Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
 Where childless wives troud every morn,
 To drink in Acheloüs' horn.
 And here the father often gains
 That title by another's pains.

Hither, though much against the grain,
 The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
 He, for a while, would not consent,
 But vow'd his money all was spent:
 His money spent! a clownish reason!
 And must my Lady slip her season?

The

The Doctor, with a double fee,
 Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.
 Here all diversions of the place
 Are proper in my Lady's case :
 With which she patiently complies,
 Merely because her friends advise ;
 His money and her time employs
 In musick, raffling-rooms, and toys ;
 Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
 Since others oft' have found one there :
 Where if the Dean by chance appears,
 It shames his cassock and his years.
 He keeps his distance in the gallery,
 Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery ;
 For 'twould his character expose
 To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So have I seen, within a pen,
 Young ducklings foster'd by a hen ;
 But, when let out, they run and muddle,
 As instinct leads them, in a puddle :
 The sober hen, not born to swim,
 With mournful note clucks round the brim.

The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
 Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
 A victim to the last essays
 Of vigour in declining days,
 He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
 (What could he less ?) his whole estate.

The widow goes through all her forms :
 New-lovers now will come in swarms.

Oh, may I see her soon dispensing
 Her favours to some broken ensign !
 Him let her marry, for his face,
 And only coat of tarnish'd lace ;
 To turn her naked out of doors,
 And spend her jointure on his whores ;
 But, for a parting present, leave her
 A rooted pox to last for ever !

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD ;

OR THE

TRUE ENGLISH DEAN*

TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of England, who love us so dear,
 And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
 (A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year
 For the good of our church, a true English Dean.
 A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape,
 The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Chester,
 And there he grew fond of another man's wife ;
 Burst into her chamber, and would have carest'd her ;
 But she valued her honour much more than her life,
 She bustled and struggled, and made her escape
 To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

* Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes. F.

III. The

III.

The Dean he pursued, to recover his game ;
And now to attack her again he prepares :
But the company stood in defence of the dame,
They cudgel'd, and cufft him, and kick'd him down
stairs.

His Deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore ;
No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The Dean, and his landlord a jolly comrade,
Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight ;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his Deanship to ape
In every debauch but committing a rape.

VI.

This Protestant zealot, this English divine,
In church and in state was of principles found ;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a Tory should live above ground.
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape ?

VII.

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
 Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesiae* ;
 Who 'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam* ?
 And precedents we can produce, if it please ye :
 Then why should the Dean, when whores are so cheap,
 Be put to the peril and toil of a rape ?

VIII.

If fortune should please but to take such a crotchet
 (To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)
 To give thee *lawn sleeves*, a *mitre*, and *rochet*,
 Whom wouldst thou resemble ? I leave thee a guesser.
 But I only behold thee in Atherton's * shape,
 For *sodomy* hang'd ; as thou for a rape.

IX.

Ah ! dost thou not envy the brave colonel Chartres,
 Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore-and-ten ?
 To hang him, all England would lend him their garters,
 Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.
 Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
 For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were so willing :
 He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall ;
 He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling ;
 But here was to pay the devil and all.
 His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap,
 And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

* A bishop of Waterford, of infamous character. N.

XI.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice :
 Why are they so wilful to struggle with men ?
 If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
 No Devil nor Dean could ravish them then.
 Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
 Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our Church and our State dear England maintains,
 For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad ;
 She sends us our Bishops and Judges and Deans ;
 And better would give us, if better she had.
 But, lord ! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
 When the good English Dean is hang'd up for a rape !

ON STEPHEN DUCK,
 THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM. 1730.

THE thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail,
 The proverb says, *no fence against a flail*.
 From *threshing* corn he turns to *thresh* his brains ;
 For which her Majesty allows him *grains*.
 Though 'tis confess'd, that those, who ever saw
 His poems, think them all not worth a *straw* !
 Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threshing *stubble* &
 Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

THE

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 1730.

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

By haughty Cælia spent in dressing;

The Goddess from her chamber issues,

Array'd in lace, brocades, and tiffues.

Strephon, who found the room was void,

And Betty otherwise employ'd,

Stole in, and took a strict survey

Of all the litter as it lay :

Whereof, to make the matter clear,

An *inventory* follows here.

And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,

Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd;

Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,

And turn'd it round on every side :

In such a case, few words are best,

And Strephon bids us guess the rest ;

But swears, how damnably the men lie

In calling Cælia sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces

The various combs for various uses ;

Fill'd-up with dirt so closely fixt,

No brush could force a way betwixt ;

A paste of composition rare,

Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.

A forehead-cloth with oil upon 't,

To smooth the wrinkles on her front :

Here

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 219

Here alum-flower, to stop the steams
Exhal'd from four unfavory streams ;
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died ;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
Here galley-pots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste ;
Some with pomatums, paints, and fops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.
Hard-by a filthy basin stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands ;
The basin takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits, and here she spues.

But, oh ! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and bestim'd,
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grim'd ;
No object Strephon's eye escapes ;
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps ;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes ;
Or greasy coifs, or pinner's recking,
Which Cælia slept at least a week in ?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round ;

Or

Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.

The virtues we must not let pass
Of Cælia's magnifying-glass ;
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on 't,
It shew'd the visage of a giant :
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Cælia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail ;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest ?
And must you needs describe the chest ?
That careless wench ! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner !
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite ?
In vain the workman shew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go through *thick and thin*.
He lifts the lid : there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.

As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew,

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 221

He still was comforted to find
 That *hope* at last remain'd behind:
 So Strephon, lifting up the lid,
 To view what in the chest was hid,
 The vapours flew from out the vent;
 But Strephon, cautious, never meant
 The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
 And foul his hands in search of *hope*.

O! ne'er may such a vile machine
 Be once in Cælia's chamber seen!
 O! may she better learn to keep
 Those *secrets of the boary deep* *!

As mutton-cutlets, † *prime of meat*,
 Which, though with art you salt and beat,
 As laws of cookery require,
 And roast them at the clearest fire;
 If from adown the hopeful chops
 The fat upon a cinder drops,
 To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
 Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
 And up exhales a greasy stench,
 For which you curse the careless wench:
 So things which must not be exprest,
 When *plumpt* into the reeking chest,
 Send up an excremental smell
 To taint the parts from whence they fell:
 The petticoats and gown perfume,
 And waft a stink round every room.

* Milton.

† Prima virorum.

Thus

Thus finishing his grand survey,
 The swain disgusted slunk away ;
 Repeating in his amorous fits,
 " Oh ! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh— !"
 But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
 Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping :
 His foul imagination links
 Each dame he sees with all her stinks ;
 And, if unfavoury odours fly,
 Conceives a lady standing by.
 All women his description fits,
 And both ideas jump like wits ;
 By vicious fancy coupled fast,
 And still appearing in *contrast*.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
 To all the charms of woman-kind.
 Should I the Queen of Love refuse,
 Because she rose from stinking ooze ?
 To him that looks behind the scene,
 Statira's but some pocky quean.

When Cælia all her glory shows,
 If Strephon would but stop his nose,
 Who now so impiously blasphemes
 Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
 Her washes, slops, and every clout,
 With which he makes so foul a rout :
 He soon would learn to think like me,
 And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
 Such order from confusion sprung,
 Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from dung.

THE POWER OF TIME. 1730.

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

ON MR. PULTENEY'S
 BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

SIR Robert, weary'd by Will Pulteney's teazings,
 Who interrupted him in all his leafings,
 Resolv'd that Will and he should meet no more :
 Full in his face Bob shuts the council-door ;
 Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
 To punish thieves, or lash a suburb-wench.
 Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
 For Will to enter.—What shall I advise ?
 Ev'n quit the HOUSE, for thou too long hast sat in't,
 Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent ;
 There, near thy master's throne in shelter plac'd,
 Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waste.
 Yet still I fear your work is done but half :
 For, while he keeps his pen, you are not safe.

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

A hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds
 By often shifting into distant grounds ;

Till,

Till, finding all his artifices vain,
 To save his life he leap'd into the main.
 But there, alas ! he could no safety find,
 A pack of *dog-fish* had him in the wind.
 He scours away ; and, to avoid the foe,
 Descends for shelter to the shades below :
 There Cerberus lay watching in his den
 (He had not seen a hare the lord knows when).
 Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head ;
 Away the hare with double swiftness fled ;
 Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies
 (Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
 How was the fearful animal distress'd !
 Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest :
 Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
 Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
 He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear :
 He left his scut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare pursued, though free from guilt ;
 Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
 Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware,
 Thou art not half so nimble as a hare :
 Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky ;
 Nor can you go to *hell*, before you die.
 So keen thy *hunters*, and thy *scent* so strong,
 Thy *turns* and *doublings* cannot save thee long *.

* This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but earl of Orford ; and Will was no longer his opponent, but earl of Bath. H.

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H

O N

FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG*.

Hic infra situm est corpus
 FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
 ad BUDINDAM occisi, A. D. 1690.
 DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
 atque etiam petierunt,

Ut HÆREDES DUCIS monumentum
 In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent;
 Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
 diu ac sæpè orando nil profecère;
 Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,
 † Saltem ut scias, hospes,
 Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres
 delitescunt.

“ Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
 “ Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.”

A. D. 1731.

* The duke was unhappily killed, in crossing the river Boyne, July 1, 1690; and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a small monument to his honour, at their own expence.

† The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the epitaph with, were “ Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus,
 “ quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineres delitescunt.”

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

TWO college fophs of Cambridge growth,
 Both special wits, and lovers both,
 Conferring as they us'd to meet
 On love, and books, in rapture sweet
 (Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
 Cassinus this, and t' other Peter);
 Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
 To chat a while, and warm his nose:
 But such a sight was never seen,
 The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
 He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
 One greasy stocking round his head,
 The other he sat down to darn
 With threads of different-colour'd yarn;
 His breeches torn exposing wide
 A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
 Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
 But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
 A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown
 (A rug; for night-gown he had none).
 His jordan stood in manner fitting
 Between his legs to spew or spit in;
 His ancient pipe, in fable dy'd,
 And half unsmok'd, lay by his side.

Him

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

Why, Cassy, thou wilt doze thy pate:
 What makes thee lie a-bed so late?
 The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
 Their mattins chant in every bush:
 And I have heard thee oft' salute
 Aurora with thy early flute.

Heaven send thou hast not got the hyps!
 How! not a word come from thy lips?

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

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

Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
 Yet ask I must. Is Cælia dead?

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

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

Oh, Peter, would it were no more!

Why, plague confound her sandy locks!
 Say, has the small or greater pox
 Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
 Be easy, 'tis a common case.

Oh, Peter! beauty's but a varnish,
 Which time and accidents will tarnish:
 But Cælia has contriv'd to blast
 Those beauties that might ever last.

Nor can imagination guess,
 Nor eloquence divine express,
 How that ungrateful charming maid
 My purest passion has betray'd.
 Conceive the most invenom'd dart
 To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.

Why, hang her; though she seem so coy,
 I know she loves the barber's boy.

Friend Peter, this I could excuse;
 For every nymph has leave to chuse;
 Nor have I reason to complain,
 She loves a more deserving swain.
 But, oh! how ill hast thou divin'd
 A crime, that shocks all human-kind;
 A deed unknown to female race,
 At which the sun should hide his face:
 Advice in vain you would apply—
 Then leave me to despair and die.
 Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
 These elegies and sonnets burn;
 And on the marble grave these rhymes,
 A monument to after-times:
 "Here Cassy lies, by Cælia slain,
 "And dying never told his pain."

Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
 The loud Cerberian triple bark.
 And there—behold Alecto stand,
 A whip of scorpions in her hand.
 Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
 Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry.

I come,

I come, I come, Medusa! see,
 Her serpents his direct at me.
 Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:
 “* Avaunt—ye cannot say ’tis I.”

Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
 I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
 But now, by friendship’s sacred laws,
 I here conjure thee, tell the cause;
 And Cælia’s horrid fact relate:
 Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.

To force it out, my heart must rend:
 Yet when conjur’d by such a friend—
 Think, Peter, how my soul is rackt!
 These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact.
 Now bend thine ear, since out it must;
 But, when thou seest me laid in dust,
 The secret thou shalt ne’er impart,
 Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
 (How would her virgin soul bemoan
 A crime to all her sex unknown!)
 Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
 The blackest of all female deeds;
 Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
 Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;
 Nor let the Zephyrs’ treacherous gale
 Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
 Nor to the chattering feather’d race
 Discover Cælia’s foul disgrace.

* See Macbeth.

But, if you fail, my spectre dread,
 Attending nightly round your bed :
 And yet I dare confide in you :
 So take my secret, and adieu.
 Nor wonder how I lost my wits :
 Oh ! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh— !

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH
 GOING TO BED.

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
 For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;
 Never did Covent-garden boast
 So bright a batter'd strolling toast !
 No drunken rake to pick her up ;
 No cellar, where on tick to sup ;
 Returning at the midnight hour,
 Four stories climbing to her bower ;
 Then, seated on a three-legg'd chair,
 Takes off her artificial hair.
 Now picking out a crystal eye,
 She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
 Her eye-brows from a mouse's hide
 Stuck on with art on either side,
 Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
 Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em.
 Now dextrously her plumpers draws,
 That serve to fill her hollow jaws.

Untwists

Untwists a wire, and from her gums
 A set of teeth completely comes.
 Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
 Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
 Proceeding on, the lovely Goddess
 Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
 Which, by the operator's skill,
 Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
 Up goes her hand, and off she slips
 The bolsters that supply her hips.
 With gentlest touch she next explores
 Her shankres, issues, running sores;
 Effects of many a sad disaster,
 And then to each applies a plaister
 But must, before she goes to bed,
 Rub off the daubs of white and red,
 And smooth the furrows in her front
 With greasy paper stuck upon't.
 She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
 And then between two blankets creeps.
 With pains of love tormented lies;
 Or, if she chance to close her eyes,
 Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
 And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
 Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
 At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
 Or to Jamaica seems transported
 Alone, and by no planter courted;
 Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
 Surrounded with a hundred stinks,

Belated, seems on watch to lie,
 And snap some cully passing by ;
 Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
 On watchmen, constables, and duns,
 From whom she meets with frequent rubs ;
 But never from religious clubs,
 Whose favour she is sure to find,
 Because she pays them all in kind.

Corinna wakes. A dreadful fight !
 Behold the ruins of the night !
 A wicked rat her plaister stole,
 Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
 The crystal eye, alas ! was mis'd ;
 And pufs had on her plumpers p—s'd.
 A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas :
 And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.

The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
 Must every morn her limbs unite.
 But how shall I describe her arts
 To recollect the scatter'd parts ?
 Or shew the anguish, toil, and pain,
 Of gathering up herself again ?
 The bashful Muse will never bear
 In such a scene to interfere.
 Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
 Who sees, will spue ; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON

STREPHON AND CHLOE. 1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
 By every fize of poets fung :
 So beautiful a nymph appears
 But once in twenty thousand years ;
 By Nature form'd with nicest care,
 And faultless to a single hair.
 Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
 Confess'd her of no mortal race :
 And then so nice, and so genteel ;
 Such cleanliness from head to heel :
 No humours gross, or frowzy steams,
 No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
 Before, behind, above, below,
 Could from her taintless body flow :
 Would so discreetly things dispose,
 None ever saw her pluck a rose.
 Her dearest comrades never caught her
 Squat on her hams, to make maid's water :
 You 'd swear that so divine a creature
 Felt no necessities of nature.
 In summer had she walk'd the town,
 Her arm-pits would not stain her gown :
 At country-dances not a nose
 Could in the dog-days smell her toes.
 Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
 Like ivory dry, and soft as wax.

Her

Her hands, the softest ever felt,
 Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.

Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
 Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.

While she ingrosses every swain,
 You but o'er half the world can reign.
 Think what a case all men are now in,
 What ogling, fighting, toasting, vowing!
 What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
 What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
 What sword-knots! what poetic strains!
 What billet-doux, and clouded canes!

But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
 He blew a settlement along;
 And bravely drove his rivals down
 With coach and fix, and house in town.
 The bashful nymph no more withstands,
 Because her dear papa commands.
 The charming couple now unites:
 Proceed we to the marriage-rites.

Imprimis, at the temple-porch
 Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
 The smiling Cyprian Goddess brings
 Her infant-loves with purple wings:
 And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
 Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
 The Muses next in order follow,
 Conducted by their squire, Apollo:
 Then Mercury with silver tongue;
 And Hebe, goddess ever young.

Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
 Walk hand in hand, and side by side ;
 She by the tender Graces drest,
 But he by Mars, in scarlet vest.
 The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
 And Phoebus fung th' *epithalamium*.
 And last, to make the matter sure,
 Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
 Luna was absent, on pretence
 Her time was not till nine months hence.

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

But still the hardest part remains :
 Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
 How with so high a nymph he might
 Demean himself the wedding-night :
 For, as he view'd his person round,
 Mere mortal flesh was all he found :
 His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
 Were duly wash'd, to keep them sweet
 (With other parts that shall be nameless,
 The ladies else might think me shameless).
 The weather and his love were hot ;
 And, should he struggle, I know what—
 Why, let it go, if I must tell it—
 He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it ;
 While she, a goddess dy'd in grain,
 Was unsusceptible of stain,

And,

And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin
 Exhal'd *ambrosia* from within.
 Can such a deity endure
 A mortal human touch impure?
 How did the humbled swain detest
 His prickly beard, and hairy breast!
 His night-cap, border'd round with lace,
 Could give no softness to his face.

Yet, if the Goddess could be kind,
 What endless raptures must he find!
 And Goddesses have now and then
 Come down to visit mortal men;
 To visit and to court them too:
 A certain Goddess, God knows who,
 (As in a book he heard it read)
 Took Colonel Peleus to her bed.
 But what if he should lose his life
 By venturing on his heavenly wife?
 (For Strephon could remember well,
 That once he heard a school-boy tell,
 How Semele of mortal race
 By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
 And what if daring Strephon dies
 By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes?

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

Now *ponder well, ye parents dear;*
 Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;

And

And make them every afternoon
 Forbear their tea, or drink it soon;
 That, ere to bed they venture up,
 They may discharge it every sup;
 If not, they must in evil plight
 Be often forc'd to rise at night.
 Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
 Nor let them taste what causes wind:
 ('Tis this the sage of Samos means,
 Forbidding his disciples beans.)
 O! think what evils must ensue;
 Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue:
 And, when she once has got the art,
 She cannot help it for her heart;
 But out it flies, ev'n when she meets
 Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.
Carminative and diuretic
 Will damp all passion sympathetic:
 And Love such nicety requires,
 One *blast* will put out all his fires.
 Since husbands get behind the scene,
 The wife should study to be clean;
 Nor give the smallest room to guess
 The time when wants of nature press;
 But after marriage practise more
 Decorum than she did before;
 To keep her spouse deluded still,
 And make him fancy what she will.

In bed we left the married pair:
 'Tis time to shew how things went there.

Strephon,

Strephon, who had been often told
 That fortune still assists the bold,
 Resolv'd to make the first attack ;
 But Chloë drove him fiercely back.
 How could a nymph so chaste as Chloë,
 With constitution cold and snowy,
 Permit a brutish man to touch her ?
 Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
 Resistance on the wedding-night
 Is what our maidens claim by right :
 And Chloë, 'tis by all agreed,
 Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
 Yet some assign a different reason ;
 That Strephon chose no proper season.

Say, Fair-ones, must I make a pause,
 Or freely tell the secret cause ?

Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
 Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
 This point must needs be settled first :
 The bride must either void or burst.
 Then see the dire effects of pease ;
 Think what can give the colic ease.
 The nymph, oppress'd before, behind,
 As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
 Steals out her hand, by nature led,
 And brings a vessel into bed ;
 Fair utensil, as smooth and white
 As Chloë's skin, almost as bright.

Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
 As from a mossy cliff distil,

Cry'd

Cry'd out, Ye Gods! what sound is this?
 Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, ——?
 But when he smelt a noisome steam,
 Which oft' attends that luke-warm stream:
 (Salerno both together joins,
 As sovereign medicines for the loins;)
 And though contriv'd, we may suppose,
 To slip his ears, yet struck his nose:
 He found her, while the scent increas'd,
 As *mortal* as himself at least.
 But soon, with like occasions prest,
 He boldly sent his hand in quest
 (Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
 To reach the pot on t' other side:
 And, as he fill'd the reeking vase,
 Let fly a rouser in her face.

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

Adieu to ravishing delights,
 High raptures, and romantic flights;
 To goddesses so heavenly sweet,
 Expiring shepherds at their feet;
 To silver meads and shady bowers,
 Dress'd up with amaranthine flowers.

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

On box of cedar fits the wife,
 And makes it warm for *dearest* life;
 And, by the beastly way of thinking,
 Find great society in stinking.
 Now Strephon daily entertains
 His Chloe in the homeliest strains;
 And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
 With interest pays him back his own.
 No maid at court is less ashamed,
 Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
 Than she to name her parts behind,
 Or when a-bed to let out wind.

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

To see some radiant nymph appear
 In all her glittering birth-day-gear,
 You think some Goddess from the sky
 Descended, ready cut and dry:
 But, ere you sell yourself to laughter,
 Consider well what may come after;
 For fine ideas vanish fast,
 While all the gross and filthy last.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day
 When Chloe stole your heart away,

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

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

Unjustly all our nymphs complain
 Their empire holds so short a reign ;
 Is after marriage lost so soon,
 It hardly holds the honey-moon :
 For, if they keep not what they caught,
 It is entirely their own fault.
 They take possession of the crown,
 And then throw all their weapons down :
 Though, by the politician's scheme,
 Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
 Those arts, by which at first they gain it,
 They still must practise to maintain it.

What various ways our females take
 To pass for wits before a rake !
 And in the fruitless search pursue
 All other methods but the true !

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

Why is a handsome wife ador'd
 By every coxcomb but her lord ?
 From yonder puppet-man inquire,
 Who wisely hides his wood and wire ;
 Shews Sheba's queen completely drest,
 And Solomon in royal vest :
 But view them litter'd on the floor,
 Or strung on pegs behind the door ;
 Punch is exactly of a piece
 With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.

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

What

STREPHON AND CHLOE. 243

What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble ?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a basis unsecure ?
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life :
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away ;
Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble ?
On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round ;
Let prudence with good-nature strive,
To keep esteem and love alive.
Then, come old age when'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still :
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

A P O L L O ;

O R,

A P R O B L E M S O L V E D. 1731.

A P O L L O, god of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chemists by their books ;
As handsome as my Lady's page ;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.

R 2

His

His wig was made of sunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays ;
Not all the court of heaven could show
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand ;
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold :
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more!)

Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.

Three weighty causes were assign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His fing'ring was another fault ;
For he could reach to *B* in *alt* :
And, by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such fingers are like Nicolini.
At last, the point was fully clear'd ;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

1731.

ALL folks, who pretend to *religion* and *grace*,
 Allow there's a HELL, but dispute of the place :
 But, if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
 The *place of the damn'd*—I'll tell you my mind.
 Where-ever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
 Most certainly there is HELL to be found :
 Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *critics*, damn'd *blockheads*, damn'd
 knaves,
 Damn'd *senators* brib'd, damn'd prostitute *slaves* ;
 Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords* and damn'd
 squires ;
 Damn'd *spies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends*, and damn'd
 liars ;
 Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *station* ;
 Damn'd *time-serving priests* all over the *nation* ;
 And into the bargain I'll readily give you
 Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counsellors privy*.
 Then let us no longer by *parsons* be flamm'd,
 For we know by these *marks* the place of the damn'd :
 And HELL to be sure is at Paris or Rome.
 How happy for us that it is not at *home* !

J U D A S. 1731.

BY the just vengeance of incens'd skies,
 Poor Bishop Judas late repenting dies.
 The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
 Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe ;
 Which though his conscience forc'd him to restore
 (And, parsons tell us, no man can do more) ;
 Yet, through despair, of God and man accurst,
 He lost his bishoprick, and hang'd or burst.
 Those former ages differ'd much from this ;
 Judas betray'd his master with a kifs :
 But some have kifs'd the gospel fifty times,
 Whose perjury 's the least of all their crimes ;
 Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
 Yet keep their bishopricks, and 'scape the cord :
 Like hemp, which, by a skilful spinster drawn
 To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.

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

AN

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY*. 1731.

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

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

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

Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
 Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames :

* The Dean, having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and stewards (which however proved to be a mistake), wrote this Epistle to his Friend.

† The countess of Suffolk. N.

Their passions not more impotent and cold,
 Than those of poets to the *lust* of gold.
 With Pæan's purest fire his favourites glow,
 The dregs will serve to ripen ore below ;
 His meanest work : for, had he thought it fit,
 That wealth should be the appennage of wit,
 The god of *light* could ne'er have been so *blind*
 To deal it to the worst of human-kind.

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

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

Now let me shew how Bob and you agree :
 You serve a *potent prince*, as well as he.
 The *ducal* coffers, trusted to your charge,
 Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge :
 His vassals easy, and the owner blest ;
 They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.
 Not so a nation's revenues are paid :
 The servant's faults are on the master laid.

The people with a sigh their taxes bring;
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the King.

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

Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At least, *before your master's debts are paid*:
Nor *in a palace, built with charge immense,*
Presume to treat him at his own expence.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
With interest, and a *premium* paid beside,
The master's pressing wants must be supply'd;
With hasty zeal behold the *steward* come
By his own credit to advance the sum;
Who, while *th' unrighteous mammon* is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treasurer! what could *he* do more?
He lends my Lord what was my Lord's before.

The law so strictly guards the Monarch's health,
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth:
The council sit; approve the doctor's skill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.

But

But the *state empiric* acts a safer part ;
And, while he *poisons*, *wins* the royal heart.

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

Suppose your Lord a trusty servant send
On weighty business to some neighbouring friend :
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.

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

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

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

A dextrous steward, when his tricks are found,
Husb-money sends to all the neighbours round ;
His master, unsuspecting of his pranks,
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks.

And,

And, should a friend attempt to set him right,
 His Lordship would impute it all to spite;
 Would love his favourite better than before,
 And trust his honesty just so much more.
 Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
 Are sunk by *premier ministers of state*.

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

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

In every court the parallel will hold;
 And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
 The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,
 Contrives, as he is *bated*, to be *fear'd*:
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs;
 For *vengeance* more *imbroils*, than *skill repairs*.

So robbers (and their ends are just the same),
To 'scape inquiries, *leave the house in flame.*

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

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS*.

1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly describe
 A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
 And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
 Why truly 'tis Satan, arch-bishop of hell.
 And HE was a primate, and HE wore a mitre
 Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
 How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
 But he has the odds, who *believes and who trembles*.
 Could you see his grim *grace*, for a pound to a penny,
 You 'd swear it must be the *baboon* of Kilkenny:
 Poor Satan will think the comparison odious;
 I wish I could find him out one more commodious.
 But this I am sure, the *most reverend old dragon*
 Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
 And all men believe he resides there *incog*.
 To give them by turns an invisible jog.
 Our bishops, puffed up with wealth and with pride,
 To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
 They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,
 In vain—for the devil a parson would stir.
 So the Commons unhors'd them; and this was their
 doom,
 On their crosiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.

* Occasioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of commons.

Though

Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find
'em,

And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em,
Lord Bolton's good grace, lord Car, and lord Howard,
In spite of the devil, would still be untoward :
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.

When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apostles but one prov'd a traitor :
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven ;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.

What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings !
And the clergy forsooth must take up with their leavings.
If making *divisions* was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant ;
And so may such bishops for ever *divide*,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst !

Now hear an allusion : — A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider, our emblem is right ;
The bishops *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.
Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head :
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them ; *divide, and ye govern*.
But courage, my lords ; though it cannot be said
That one *cloven tongue* ever sat on your head ;
I'll hold you a groat (and I wish I could see 't),
If your stockings were off, you could shew *cloven-feet*.

But

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS. 251

But hold, cry the bishops; and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer affections could ever be shewn,
Than saving your souls by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building you spittals?
You are only to live four years without victuals.
Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bless the Church and three of our mitres;
And God bless the Commons, for *biting the biters*.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT*.

Occasioned by reading the following MAXIM in
ROCHEFOUCAULT, “ Dans l’adversité de nos
“ meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque
“ chose, qui ne nous déplait pas.

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

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

* Written in November 1731. — There are two distinct poems on this subject, one of them containing many spurious lines. In what is here printed, the genuine parts of both are preserved. N.

This maxim more than all the rest 5
 Is thought too base for human breast:
 "In all distresses of our friends,
 "We first consult our private ends;
 "While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
 "Points out some circumstance to please us." 10
 If this perhaps your patience move,
 Let reason and experience prove.
 We all behold with envious eyes
 "Our equals rais'd above our size.
 "Who would not at a crowded show 15
 "Stand high himself, keep others low?
 "I love my friend as well as you:
 "But why should he obstruct my view?
 "Then let me have the higher post;
 "Suppose it but an inch at most. 20
 "If in a battle you should find
 "One, whom you love of all mankind,
 "Had some heroic action done,
 "A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
 "Rather than thus be over-topt, 25
 "Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
 "Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 "Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
 "How patiently you hear him groan!
 "How glad, the case is not your own! 30
 What poet would not grieve to see
 "His brother write as well as he?
 "But, rather than they should excel,
 "Would wish his rivals all in hell?

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. 257

“ Her end when emulation misses, 35
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses :
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human-kind ! fantastic race !
Thy various follies who can trace ? 40
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station
'Tis all to me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire ; 5
Yet, when you sink, I seem the highest
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine :
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six ; 50
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, “ Pox take him and his wit ! ”
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humourous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend, 55
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce.
Refin'd at first, and shew'd its use,
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose ; 60
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside ;

If with such talents Heaven hath blest'd 'em, 65
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

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

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

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends 75

Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:

“ See, how the Dean begins to break! 80

“ Poor gentleman, he droops apace!

“ You plainly find it in his face.

“ That old vertigo in his head

“ Will never leave him, till he 's dead.

“ Besides, his memory decays: 85

“ He recollects not what he says;

“ He cannot call his friends to mind;

“ Forgets the place where last he din'd;

“ Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;

“ He told them fifty times before. 90

“ How does he fancy, we can fit

“ To hear his out-of-fashion wit?

“ But he takes up with younger folks,

“ Who for his wine will bear his jokes.

“ Faith!

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. 259

“ Faith ! he must make his stories shorter,
“ Or change his comrades once a quarter :
“ In half the time he talks them round,
“ There must another set be found.

“ For poetry, he ’s past his prime :
“ He takes an hour to find a rhyme ; 100
“ His fire is out, his wit decay’d,
“ His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
“ I ’d have him throw away his pen ; —
“ But there ’s no talking to some men !”

And then their tenderness appears 105
By adding largely to my years :

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

In such a case, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend. 120

With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d’ye’s come of course,
And servants answer, “ Worse and worse !”)

Would please them better, than to tell, 125
That, " God be prais'd, the Dean is well."

'Then he, who prophesy'd the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
" You know I always fear'd the worst,
" And often told you so at first." 130

He 'd rather chuse that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lye.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain 135
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;

What gave me ease, and how I slept? 140
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivelers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast, 145
They must be verify'd at last.

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

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
" Oh! may we all for death prepare!
" What has he left? and who 's his heir?

" I know

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. 261

“ I know no more than what the news is ; 155
 “ ’Tis all bequeath’d to public uses.
 “ To public uses ! there ’s a whim !
 “ What had the publick done for him ?
 “ Mere envy, avarice, and pride :
 “ He gave it all — but first he dy’d. 160
 “ And had the Dean, in all the nation,
 “ No worthy friend, no poor relation ?
 “ So ready to do strangers good,
 “ Forgetting his own flesh and blood !”
 Now Grubstreet wits are all employ’d ; 165
 With elegies the town is cloy’d :
 Some paragraph in every paper,
 To *curse* the Dean, or *blefs* the Drapier.
 The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame. 170
 “ We must confess, his case was nice ;
 “ But he would never take advice.
 “ Had he been rul’d, for aught appears,
 “ He might have liv’d these twenty years :
 “ For, when we open’d him, we found, 175
 “ That all his vital parts were found.”
 From Dublin soon to London spread,
 ’Tis told at court, “ The Dean is dead.”
 And Lady Suffolk *, in the spleen,
 Runs laughing up to tell the Queen. 180
 The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, “ Is he gone ! ’tis time he should.

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean. N.

“ He 's dead, you say ; then let him rot ;

“ I 'm glad the *medals** were forgot.

“ I promis'd him, I own ; but when? 185

“ I only was the Princess then :

“ But now, as consort of the King,

“ You know, 'tis quite another thing.”

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,

Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy : 190

“ Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,”

Cries Bob, “ I 'm sorry for the news :

“ Oh, were the wretch but living still,

“ And in his place my good friend Will!

“ Or had a mitre on his head, 195

“ Provided Bolingbroke were dead !”

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains :

Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains !

And then, to make them pass the glibber,

Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber. 200

He 'll treat me as he does my betters,

Publish my will, my life, my letters ;

Revive the libels born to die ;

Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent 205

How those I love my death lament.

Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay

A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear

To bite his pen, and drop a tear. 210

* Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the Princess. N.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. 263

The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 " I 'm sorry — but we all must die !"

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
 All fortitude of mind supplies :
 For how can stony bowels melt 215
 In those who never pity felt !

When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear ; 220
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between :
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling ;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts 225
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps :

" The Dean is dead : (Pray what is trumps ?)

" Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !

" (Ladies, I 'll venture for the vole.) 230

" Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall :

" (I wish I knew what king to call.)

" Madam, your husband will attend

" The funeral of so good a friend.

" No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight ; 235

" And he 's engag'd to-morrow night :

" My Lady Club will take it ill,

" If he should fail her at quadrille.

" He lov'd the Dean — (I lead a heart.)

" But dearest friends, they say, must part. 240

“ His time was come ; he ran his race ;
 “ We hope he 's in a better place.”

Why do we grieve that friends should die ?
 No loss more easy to supply.

One year is past ; a different scene ! 245

No farther mention of the Dean,
 Who now, alas ! no more is miss'd,
 Than if he never did exist.

Where 's now the favourite of Apollo ?
 Departed : — *and his works must follow* ; 250

Must undergo the common fate ;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.

Says Lintot, “ I have heard the name ; 255

“ He dy'd a year ago.” — “ The same.”
 He searches all the shop in vain.

“ Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane :

“ I sent them, with a load of books,

“ Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's. 260

“ To fancy they could live a year !

“ I find you 're but a stranger here.

“ The Dean was famous in his time,

“ And had a kind of knack at rhyme.

“ His way of writing now is past : 265

“ The town has got a better taste.

“ I keep no antiquated stuff ;

“ But spick and span I have enough.

“ Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em :

“ Here 's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem. 270

“ This

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. 265

“ This ode you never yet have seen,
 “ By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
 “ Then here ’s a letter finely penn’d
 “ Against the Craftsman and his friend :
 “ It clearly shews that all reflection 275
 “ On ministers is disaffection.
 “ Next, here ’s Sir Robert’s vindication,
 “ And Mr. Henley’s last oration.
 “ The hawkers have not got them yet :
 “ Your Honour please to buy a set ? 280
 “ Here ’s Wolston’s tracts, the twelfth edition ;
 “ ’Tis read by every politician :
 “ The country-members, when in town,
 “ To all their boroughs send them down ;
 “ You never met a thing so smart ; 285
 “ The courtiers have them all by heart :
 “ Those maids of honour, who can read,
 “ Are taught to use them for their creed.
 “ The reverend author’s good intention
 “ Hath been rewarded with a pension* : 290
 “ He doth an honour to his gown,
 “ By bravely running *priest-craft* down :
 “ He shews, as sure as God ’s in Gloucester,
 “ That Moses was a grand impostor ;
 “ That all his miracles were cheats, 295
 “ Perform’d as jugglers do their feats :
 “ The church had never such a writer :
 “ A shame he hath not got a mitre !”
 Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose ; 300

* Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston. N. Where,

Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.

And while they tofs my name about,
With favour some, and some without ;

One, quite indifferent in the cause, 305

My character impartial draws :

“ The Dean, if we believe report,

“ Was never ill-receiv'd at court.

“ Although, ironically grave,

“ He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave : 310

“ To steal a hint was never known,

“ But what he writ was all his own.”

“ Sir, I have heard another story ;

“ He was a most *confounded* Tory,

“ And grew, or he is much bely'd, 315

“ Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd.”

“ Can we the Drapier then forget ?

“ Is not our nation in his debt ?

“ 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters !” —

“ He should have left them for his *bettors* ; 320

“ We had a hundred *abler men*,

“ Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*. —

“ Say what you will about his *reading*,

“ You never can *defend* his *breeding* ;

“ Who, in his *satires* running riot, 325

“ Could never leave the *world* in *quiet* ;

“ Attacking, when he took the *whim*,

“ *Court*, *city*, *camp* — all one to him. —

“ But why would he, except he *slobber'd*,

“ Offend our *patriot* great Sir Robert, 330

“ Whose

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. 267

- “ Whose *counsels* aid the fovereign power
 “ To save the nation every hour !
 “ What *scenes* of evil he unravels
 “ In *satires, libels, lying travels* ;
 “ Not sparing his own *clergy cloth,* 335
 “ But *eats* into it, like a *moth* !”
 “ Perhaps I may allow the Dean
 “ Had too much satire in his vein,
 “ And seem’d determin’d not to starve it,
 “ Because no age could more deserve it. 340
 “ Yet malice never was his aim ;
 “ He lash’d the vice, but spar’d the name.
 “ No individual could resent,
 “ Where thousands equally were meant :
 “ His satire points at no defect, 345
 “ But what all mortals may correct ;
 “ For he abhorr’d the senseless tribe
 “ Who call it humour when they gibe :
 “ He spar’d a hump, or crooked nose,
 “ Whose owners set not up for beaux. 350
 “ True genuine dulness mov’d his pity,
 “ Unless it offer’d to be witty.
 “ Those who their ignorance confess,
 “ He ne’er offended with a jest ;
 “ But laugh’d to hear an ideot quote 355
 “ A verse from Horace learn’d by rote.
 “ Vice, if it e’er can be abash’d,
 “ Must be or *ridicul’d,* or *lash’d.*
 “ If you *resent* it, who ’s to blame ?
 “ He neither knows *you,* nor your *name.* 360
 “ Should

- " Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
 " Because its *owner* is a *duke* ?
 " His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 " Were always of the middling kind ;
 " No fools of rank or mongrel breed, 365
 " Who fain would pass for lords indeed :
 " Where titles give no right or power,
 " And peerage is a wither'd flower ;
 " He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 " If such a wretch had known his face. 370
 " On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 " He vented oft' his wrath in vain :
 " ***** squires to market brought ;
 " Who sell their souls and ***** for nought ;
 " The ***** ***** go joyful back, 375
 " To rob the church, their tenants rack,
 " Go snacks with ***** justices,
 " And keep the peace, to pick up fees :
 " In every jobb to have a share
 " A gaol or turnpike to repair ; 380
 " And turn ***** to public roads
 " Commodious to their own abodes.
 " He never thought an honour done him,
 " Because a peer was proud to own him ;
 " Would rather slip aside, and chuse 385
 " To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 " And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 " So often seen caressing Chartres.
 " He never courted men in station,
 " *Nor persons held in admiration* , 390
 " Of

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. 269

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

“ But power was never in his thought,
 “ And wealth he valued not a groat :
 “ Ingratitude he often found,
 “ And pity'd those who meant the wound :
 “ But kept the tenor of his mind, 45
 “ To merit well of human-kind :
 “ Nor made a sacrifice of those
 “ Who still were true, to please his foes.
 “ He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
 “ To reconcile his friends in power ; 430
 “ Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 “ While they pursued each other's ruin.
 “ But, finding vain was all his care,
 “ He left the court in mere despair.
 “ And, oh ! how short are human schemes ! 435
 “ Here ended all our golden dreams.
 “ What St. John's skill in state affairs,
 “ What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
 “ To save their sinking country lent,
 “ Was all destroy'd by one event. 440
 “ Too soon that precious life was ended,
 “ On which alone our weal depended.
 “ When up a dangerous faction starts,
 “ With wrath and vengeance in their hearts ;
 “ By *solemn league and covenant bound*, 445
 “ To ruin, slaughter, and confound ;
 “ To turn religion to a fable,
 “ And make the government a Babel ;
 “ Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 “ Corrupt the senate, rob the crown ; 450
 “ To

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

271

- “ To sacrifice Old England’s glory,
 “ And make her infamous in story :
 “ When such a tempest shook the land,
 “ How could unguarded Virtue stand !
 “ With horror, grief, despair, the Dean 455
 “ Beheld the dire destructive scene :
 “ His friends in exile, or the Tower,
 “ Himself within the frown of power ;
 “ Pursued by base-invenom’d pens,
 “ Far to the land of f—— and fens ; 460
 “ A servile race in folly nurs’d,
 “ Who truckle most, when treated worst.
 “ By innocence and resolution,
 “ He bore continual persecution ;
 “ While numbers to preferment rose, 465
 “ Whose merit was to be his foes ;
 “ When *ev’n his own familiar friends,*
 “ Intent upon their private ends,
 “ Like renegadoes now he feels,
 “ *Against him lifting up their beels.* 470
 “ The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
 “ An infamous destructive cheat ;
 “ Taught fools their interest how to know,
 “ And gave them arms to ward the blow.
 “ Envy hath own’d, it was his doing, 475
 “ To save that hapless land from ruin ;
 “ While they who at the steerage stood,
 “ And reap’d the profit, fought his blood.
 “ To save them from their evil fate,
 “ In him was held a crime of state. 480
 “ A wicked

" A wicked monster on the bench,
 " Whose fury blood could never quench;
 " As vile and profligate a villain,
 " As modern Scroggs, or old Treffilian;
 " Who long all justice had discarded, 485
 " *Nor fear'd be God, nor man regarded;*
 " Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 " And make him of his zeal repent:
 " But Heaven his innocence defends,
 " The grateful people stand his friends; 490
 " Not strains of law, nor judges frown,
 " Nor topics brought to please the crown,
 " Nor witnesses hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 " Prevail to bring him in convict.
 " In exile, with a steady heart, 495
 " He spent his life's declining part;
 " Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 " Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
 " Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
 " Was to be held a *misanthrope*. 500
 " This into general *odium* drew him,
 " Which if he lik'd, *much good may 't do him*.
 " His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
 " But *discontent* against the times:
 " For, had we made him *timely* offers 505
 " To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other *brethren* of his *gown*;
 " For *party* he would scarce have bled: —
 " I say no more — because he 's *dead*. — 510
 " What

- “What *writings* has he left behind?”
 “I hear they ’re of a different kind :
 “A few in *verse* ; but most in *prose* —”
 “Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose : —
 “All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*, 515
 “To *palliate* his friend Oxford’s crimes ;
 “To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
 “As never favouring the Pretender :
 “Or *libels* yet conceal’d from sight,
 “Against the *court* to shew his *spite* : 520
 “Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third* ;
 “A *lye* at every *second word* —
 “Offensive to a *loyal ear* : —
 “But — *not one sermon*, you may *swear*.”
 “He knew an hundred pleasing stories, 525
 “With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
 “Was chearful to his dying-day ;
 “And friends would let him have his way.
 “As for his works in verse or prose,
 “I own myself no judge of those. 530
 “Nor can I tell what criticks thought them ;
 “But this I know, all people bought them,
 “As with a moral view design’d,
 “To *please* and to *reform* mankind :
 “And, if he often mis’d his aim, 535 }
 “The *world* must own it to their *shame*,
 “The *praise* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*. }
 “He gave the little wealth he had
 “To build a house for fools and mad ;

" To shew, by one fatiric touch, 540
 " No nation wanted it so much.
 " That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 " I wish it soon may have a better.
 " And, since you dread no farther *lashes*,
 " Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*." 545

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS*.

TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR,

Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

WHEN I left you, I found myself of the grape's
juice sick;

I 'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick;

And the patientest patient that ever you knew sick;

Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.

I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick;

She mended at first, but now she 's a-new sick.

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

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

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

Lady Santy got out of the church when she grew sick,

* This medley (for it cannot be called a poem) is given as a specimen of those *bagatelles* for which the Dean hath perhaps been too severely censured. Some which were still more exceptionable are suppressed. N.

And,

And, as fast as she could, to the deanry flew sick.
 Miss Morice was (I can you assure 'tis true) sick:
 For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
 Such musick would make a fanatick or Jew sick,
 Yet, ladies are seldom at *ombre* or *lue* sick:
 Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she does brew, sick.
 My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
 And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick;
 But you learned doctors can make whom you chuse sick:
 And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick;
 For the smell of them made me like garlick and rue sick,
 And I got through the crowd, though not let by a clue,
 sick.
 You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
 But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) sick,
 And those, to be sure, stuck together like glew, sick.
 So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they
 screw, sick,
 You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, sick;
 So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

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

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

THE Doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew fick :
 I know it has made a fine lady in blue fick,
 For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew fick,
 Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew fick :
 Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew fick,
 And made all the rest of the folks in the pew fick ;
 The surgeon who bled her his lancet out drew fick,
 And stopt the distemper, as being but new fick.
 The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew fick ;
 Had we two been there, it would have made me and
 you fick :

A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew fick ;
 Did you ever know one in a very good Q fick ?
 I 'm told that my wife is by winding a clue fick ;
 The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue fick.

There 's a gamester in town, for a throw that he
 threw fick,
 And yet the old trade of his dice he 'll pursue fick ;
 I 've known an old miser for paying his due fick ;
 At present I 'm grown by a pinch of my shoe fick,
 And what would you have me with verses to do fick ?
 Send rhymes, and I 'll send you some others in lieu fick.

Of rhymes I 've a plenty,

And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire you will carry both these to the Doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

“ Can

“ Can you match with me,
 “ Who fend thirty-three ?
 “ You must get fourteen more,
 “ To make up thirty-four :
 “ But, if me you can conquer,
 “ I ’ll own you a strong cur *.”

This morning I ’m growing by smelling of yew fick ;
 My brother ’s come over with gold from Peru fick ;
 Last night I came home in a storm that then blew fick ;
 This moment my dog at a cat I halloo fick ;
 I hear, from good hands, that my poor cousin Hugh ’s fick ;
 By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw fick :
 And now there ’s no more I can write (you ’ll excuse)
 fick ;

You see that I scorn to mention word musick.

I ’ll do my best,
 To fend the rest ;
 Without a jest,
 I ’ll stand the test.

These lines that I fend you, I hope you ’ll peruse fick ;
 I ’ll make you with writing a little more news fick ;
 Last night I came home with drinking of booze fick ;
 My carpenter swears that he ’ll hack and he ’ll hew fick :
 An officer’s lady, I ’m told, is tattoo-fick ;
 I ’m afraid that the line thirty-four you will view fick.

Lord ! I could write a dozen more ;
 You see, I ’ve mounted thirty-four.

* The lines “ thus marked ” were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Helsingham’s twenty lines ; and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the same paper. N.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BUSTS* IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732.

" Sic fibi lætantur Docti."

WITH honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
 How are these venerable buſtoes grac'd !
 O Queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
 For love of arts and piety renown'd !
 How do the friends of virtue joy to ſee
 Her darling ſons exalted thus by thee !
 Nought to their fame can now be added more,
 Rever'd by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

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

A CONCLUSION drawn from the above EPIGRAMS,
 and ſent to the DRAPIER.

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

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

HER majeſty never ſhall be my exalter ;
 And yet ſhe would raiſe me, I know, by a halter !

* Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaſton.

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER-BOOK FINELY BOUND
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1732.

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

TO thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send;
Small is the present, but sincere the friend.
Think not so poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
Though tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace;
Though paste-boards, glittering like a tinsel'd coat,
A rafa tabula within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices, should provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A sinking country and an injur'd state
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth reason to defend the land;
Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprize
Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes:
Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
Inform the judgement, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart.
The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more:

But lead us inward to those golden mines,
 Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
 So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
 With bloom of beauty grac'd, with shape and air ;
 How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
 Her form excell'd by her celestial mind !

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH
 ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK,
 ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.
 BY DR. DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came,
 To serve a proud Iernian dame :
 Was long submitted to her will ;
 At length she lost me at *quadrille*.
 Through various shapes I often pass'd,
 Still hoping to have rest at last ;
 And still ambitious to obtain
 Admittance to the patriot dean ;
 And sometimes got within his door,
 But soon turn'd out to serve the poor* ;
 Not strolling Idleness to aid,
 But honest Industry decay'd.

* Alluding to 500 *l.* a year lent by the Dean, without interest, to poor tradesmen. F.

VERSES ON A SILVER STANDISH. 281

At length an artist purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the shape you see.

This done, to Hermes, I apply'd :

“ O Hermes ! gratify my pride ;

“ Be it my fate to serve a sage,

“ The greatest genius of his age ;

“ That matchless pen let me supply,

“ Whose living lines will never die !”

I grant your suit ; the God reply'd,
And here he left me to reside.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY

THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

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

THE

THE BEASTS CONFESSIO
 N
 TO THE PRIEST,
 ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE
 THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732.

WHEN beasts could speak (the learned say,
 They still can do so every day),
 It seems, they had religion then,
 As much as now we find in men.
 It happen'd, when a plague broke out
 (Which therefore made them more devout),
 The king of brutes (to make it plain,
 Of quadrupeds I only mean)
 By proclamation gave command,
 That every subject in the land
 Should to the priest confess their sins ;
 And thus the pious wolf begins.
 Good father, I must own with shame,
 That often I have been to blame :
 I must confess, on Friday last,
 Wretch that I was ! I broke my fast :
 But I defy the basest tongue
 To prove I did my neighbour wrong ;
 Or ever went to seek my food
 By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.
 The ass, approaching next, confess'd,
 That in his heart he lov'd a jest :

A wag

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

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

The mimic ape began his chatter,
 How evil tongues his life bespatter :
 Much of the censuring world complain'd,
 Who said, his gravity was feign'd :
 Indeed the strictness of his morals
 Engag'd him in an hundred quarrels :

He

He saw, and he was griev'd to see 't,
 His zeal was sometimes indiscreet :
 He found his virtues too severe
 For our corrupted times to bear :
 Yet such a lewd licentious age
 Might well excuse a Stoic's rage.

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

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

The lawyer swears (you may rely on 't)
 He never squeez'd a needy client ;

* The priest his confessor.

And

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

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

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

Would

Would rise by merit to promotion ;
Alas ! a mere chimeric notion.

The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin ; (and God forgive him !)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave :
But see how Satan spreads his snares ;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part :
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance :
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended ;
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat ;
Says grace before and after meat ;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries shops ;
And hates to cram the sick with slops :
He scorns to make his art a trade ;
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire ;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.

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

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

The sharper swore, he hated play,
 Except to pass an hour away :
 And well he might ; for, to his cost,
 By want of skill, he always lost ;
 He heard there was a club of cheats,
 Who had contriv'd a thousand feats ;
 Could change the stock, or cog a dye,
 And thus deceive the sharpest eye :
 Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
 His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

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

I would

I would accuse him to his face
 For libeling the four-foot race.
 Creatures of every kind but ours
 Well comprehend their natural powers;
 While we, whom *reason* ought to sway,
 Mistake our talents every day.
 The ass was never known so stupid
 To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
 Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
 There to be stroak'd, and fed with pap,
 As Æsop would the world persuade;
 He better understands his trade:
 Nor comes, whene'er his lady whistles;
 But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
 Our author's meaning, I presume, is
 A creature *bipes et implumis*;
 Wherein the moralist design'd
 A compliment on human-kind:
 For here he owns, that now and then
 Beasts may *degenerate* into men.

ADVICE TO A PARSON. 1752.

WOULD you rise in the *church*? be stupid and dull;
 Be empty of learning, of insolence full;
 Though lewd and immoral, be formal and grave,
 In flattery an *artist*, in fawning a *slave*:
 No merit, no science, no virtue, is wanting
 In him that's accomplish'd in *cringing* and *canting*.

Be studious to practise true *meanness of spirit* ;
 For who but lord Bolton * was mitred for *merit* ?
 Would you wish to be wrapt in a *rochet* ? in short,
 Be pox'd and profane as F—n or Horte †.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a Stoick,
 Can wish to die in strains heroic,
 No real fortitude implies :
 Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise.
 Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
 Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
 Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
 Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
 Thy thread-bare gown, thy cassock rent,
 Thy credit funk, thy money spent,
 Thy week made up of fasting-days,
 Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,
 And, to complete thy other curses,
 The quarterly demands of nurses,
 Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
 And fly for refuge to the grave :
 And, O, what virtue you express,
 In wishing such afflictions less !

But, now, should Fortune shift the scene,
 And make thy Curateship a Dean ;

* Then archbishop of Cashel.

† At that time bishop of Kilmore.

THE PARSON'S CASE. 291

Or some rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride ;
With labour small, and income great ;
With chariot less for use than state ;
With swelling scarf and glossy gown,
And license to reside in town ;
To shine, where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffee-house, or court,
And weekly persecute his Grace,
With visits, or to beg a place ;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach ;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine ;
Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days ?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES.

1733.

POOR ladies ! though their business be to play,
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day :
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then ?
Had women been the makers of our laws
(And why they were not, I can see no cause) ;
The men should slave at cards from morn to night ;
And female pleasures be to read and write.

U 2

A LOVE

A LOVE SONG,
IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI. Mournful

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
 Softly seeks her silent mate,
 See the bird of Juno stooping;
 Melody resigns to fate.

On the Words BROTHER PROTESTANTS,
 and FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

So familiarly used by the Advocates for the Repeal of
 the TEST-ACT in IRELAND. 1733.

AN inundation, says the fable,
 O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
 Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
 Were down the sudden current borne;
 While things of heterogeneous kind
 Together float with tide and wind.
 The generous wheat forgot its pride,
 And sail'd with litter side by side;

Uniting all, to shew their amity,
 As in a general calamity.
 A ball of new-dropt horse's dung,
 Mingling with apples in the throng,
 Said to the pippin plump and prim,
 "See, brother, how we apples swim."

Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
 An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns:
 "Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
 "Must take no fees of one another."
 Thus to a Dean some Curate sloven
 Subscribes, "Dear Sir, your brother loving."
 Thus all the footmen, shoe-boys, porters,
 About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
 Thus H—e in the house will prate,
 "Sir, we the ministers of state."
 Thus at the bar the blockhead Bettefworth,
 Though half a crown o'er pays his sweat's worth,
 Who knows in law nor text nor margin,
 Calls Singleton his brother serjeant.
 And thus fanatic faints, though neither in
 Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
 Are Brother Protestants and Christians,
 As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
 But in no other sense, than nature
 Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
 Lice from your body suck their food;
 But is a louse your flesh and blood?
 Though born of human filth and sweat, it
 May as well be said man did beget it.

But maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.

Yet criticks may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What Protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?

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

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

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW;

OR,

THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,
UPON SERJEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the Tune of, Derry down.

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettsworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Hath insulted us all by insulting the Dean.

Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a Lawyer, where the De'el did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse?

Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like so lampooning, than pleading at bar.

Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years,
What honest folks never durst for their ears.

Knock him down, &c.

Of

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW. 297

Of all fizes and forts, the fanatical crew
Are his Brother Protestants, good men and true,
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbant's the fame,
What the De'cl is 't to him whence the Devil they came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and
Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the Taylor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! We'll set on new
rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood, at less:
What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his Old Master (I need not him name)
To this damnable Speaker had long ow'd a shame;
When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole Satire had been
The oppression of Virtue, not wages of Sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how he
swore.

Knock him down, &c.
Though

Though he cring'd to his Deanship in very low
 strains,
 To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
 And flitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
 While his own afs's zaggs were more fit for the shears.
Knock him down, &c.

On this Worrier of Deans whene'er we can hit,
 We'll shew him the way how to crop and to slit;
 We'll teach him some better addrefs to afford
 To the Dean of all Deans, though he wears not a sword.
Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
 And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
 We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with
 grains,
 A modus right fit for insulters of Deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends,
 To the Dean he shall go; they shall kifs and be friends:
 But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
 A face for to kifs, without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
 That serjeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
 You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his superiors,
 May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
Knock him down, &c.
 What

What care we how high runs his passion or pride ?
 Though his soul he despises, he values his hide ;
 Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife ;
 He 'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.

Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE
 ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL,
 AND BETTESWORTH.

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

O N P O E T R Y :

A R H A P S O D Y. 1733.

ALL human race would fain be *wits*,
 And millions miss for one that hits.
 Young's universal passion, *pride*,
 Was never known to spread so wide.
 Say, Britain, could you ever boast 5
 Three poets in an age at most ?
 Our chilling climate hardly bears
 A *spring* of bays in fifty years :
 While every fool his claim alledges,
 As if it grew in common hedges, 10
 What reason can there be assign'd
 For this perverseness in the mind ?
 Brutes find out where their talents lie :
 A *bear* will not attempt to fly ;
 A founder'd *horse* will oft' debate, 15
 Before he tries a five-barr'd gate ;
 A *dog* by instinct turns aside,
 Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
 But *man* we find the only creature
 Who, led by *folly*, combats Nature ; 20
 Who, when *she* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
 With obstinacy fixes there ;
 And, where his genius least inclines,
 Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Not



Not *empire* to the rising sun. 25
 By valour, conduct, fortune won;
 Not highest *wisdom* in debates
 For framing laws to govern states;
 Not skill in sciences profound
 So large to grasp the circle round: 30
 Such heavenly influence require,
 As how to strike the *Muse's lyre*.

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

What hope of custom in the *fair*,
 While not a soul demands your ware?
 Where you have nothing to produce 45
 For private life, or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
 You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
 For poets, law makes no provision;
 The wealthy have you in derision; 50
 Of state-affairs you cannot smatter;
 Are awkward when you try to flatter:
 Your portion, taking Britain round,
 Was just one annual hundred pound;

Now

Now not so much as in remainder, 55
 Since Cibber brought-in an attainder ;
 For ever fix'd by right divine
 (A monarch's right) on Grubstreet line.

Poor starveling bard, how small thy gains !
 How unproportion'd to thy pains ! 60

And here a *simile* comes pat in :
 Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
 The guests in less than half an hour
 Will more than half a score devour.

So, after toiling twenty days 65
 To earn a stock of pence and praise,
 Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
 Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea :

Gone to be never heard of more,
 Gone where the *chickens* went before. 70

How shall a new attempter learn
 Of different spirits to discern,
 And how distinguish which is which,
 The poet's vein, or scribbling itch ?
 Then hear an old experienc'd finner, 75
 Instructing thus a young beginner.

Consult yourself ; and if you find
 A powerful impulse urge your mind,
 Impartial judge within your breast
 What subject you can manage best ; 80
 Whether your genius most inclines
 To satire, praise, or humourous lines,
 To elegies in mournful tone,
 Or prologue sent from hand unknown.

Then,

ON POETRY.

303

Then, rising with Aurora's light, 85
 The Muse invoc'd, sit down to write;
 Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
 Enlarge, diminish, interline;
 Be mindful, when invention fails,
 To scratch your head, and bite your nails. 90

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

To statesmen would you give a wibe, 95
 You print it in *Italic type*.

When letters are in vulgar shapes,
 'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
 But, when in *capitals* express'd,
 The dullest reader smoaks the jest: 100
 Or else perhaps he may invent
 A better than the poet meant;
 As learned commentators view
 In Homer more than Homer knew.

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

The

The product of your toil and sweating ; 115
 A bastard of your own begetting.
 Be sure at Will's, the following day,
 Lie snug, and hear what critics say ;
 And, if you find the general vogue
 Pronounces you a stupid rogue, 120
 Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
 Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
 Be silent as a politician,
 For talking may beget suspicion :
 Or praise the judgement of the town, 125
 And help yourself to run it down.
 Give up your fond paternal pride,
 Nor argue on the weaker side :
 For poems read without a name
 We justly praise, or justly blame ; 130
 And critics have no partial views,
 Except they know whom they abuse :
 And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
 Depend upon 't their judgement 's right.
 But if you blab, you are undone : 135
 Consider what a risk you run :
 You lose your credit all at once ;
 The town will mark you for a dunce ;
 The vilest doggrel, Grubstreet sends,
 Will pass for yours with foes and friends ; 140
 And you must bear the whole disgrace,
 Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
 Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
 And sent in quires to line a trunk,

If still you be dispos'd to rhyme, 145
 Go try your hand a second time.
 Again you fail: yet *Safe* 's the word;
 Take courage and attempt a third.
 But first with care employ your thoughts
 Where critics mark'd your former faults; 150
 The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
 The *similes* that nothing fit;
 The *cant* which every fool repeats,
 Town-jests and coffee-house conceits,
 Descriptions tedious, flat and dry, 155
 And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
 Or where we find your fury set
 Against the harmless alphabet;
 On A's and B's your malice vent,
 While readers wonder whom you meant; 160
 A public or a private *robber*,
 A *statesman*, or a South-sea *jobber*;
 A *prelate* who no God believes;
 A parliament, or den of thieves;
 A pick-purse at the bar or bench, 165
 A dutchess, or a suburb-wench:
 Or oft', when epithets you link
 In gaping lines to fill a chink;
 Like stepping-stones, to save a stride,
 In streets where kennels are too wide; 170
 Or like a heel-piece, to support
 A cripple with one foot too short;
 Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
 To moorlands of a different parish.

So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
 Drag different ways in miry grounds.
 So geographers in Afric maps
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,
 And o'er unhabitable downs
 Place elephants for want of towns. 175
 180

But, though you miss your third essay,
 You need not throw your pen away.
 Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
 To spring more profitable game.
 From party-merit seek support ; 185
 The vilest verse thrives best at court.

A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
 Will never fail to bring-in pence :
 Nor be concern'd about the sale,
 He pays his workmen on the nail. 190

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
 Inherits every virtue round,
 As emblems of the sovereign power,
 Like other baubles in the Tower :
 Is generous, valiant, just, and wise, 195
 And so continues till he dies :

His humble *senate* this professes,
 In all their *speeches, votes, addresses.*
 But once you fix him in a tomb ;
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom ; 200
 And each perfection, wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his death confuted.
 The loads of poems in his praise,
 Ascending, make one funeral blaze :

As soon as you can hear his knell,
 This god on earth turns devil in hell :
 And lo ! his ministers of state,
 Transform'd to imps, his levee wait ;
 Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
 They ply their former arts below ;
 And, as they sail in Charon's boat,
 Contrive to bribe the judge's vote ;
 To Cerberus they give a sop,
 His triple-barking mouth to stop ;
 Or in the ivory gate of dreams
 Project excise and South-sea schemes ;
 Or hire their party-pamphleteers
 To set Elysium by the ears.

210

215

Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
 Employ your Muse on kings alive ;
 With prudence gathering up a cluster
 Of all the virtues you can muster,
 Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
 Lay humbly at your monarch's feet ;
 Who, as the odours reach his throne,
 Will smile, and think them all his own ;
 For *law* and *gospel* both determine
 All virtues lodge in royal ermine :
 (I mean the oracles of both,
 Who shall depose it upon oath.)
 Your garland in the following reign,
 Change but the names, will do again.

220

225

230

But, if you think this trade too base,
 (Which seldom is the dunce's case,)

Put on the critick's brow, and sit 235
 At Will's the puny judge of wit.
 A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
 With caution us'd, may serve a while.
 Proceed no further in your part,
 Before you learn the terms of art ; 240
 For you can never be too far gone
 In all our modern criticks' jargon :
 Then talk with more authentic face
 Of *unities, in time and place* ;
 Get scraps of Horace from your friends, 245
 And have them at your fingers ends ;
 Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
 And at all hazards boldly quote ;
 Judicious Rymer oft' review,
 Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu. 250
 Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
 For these our criticks much confide in
 (Though merely writ at first for filling,
 To raise the volume's price a shilling).
 A forward critick often dupes us 255
 With sham quotations *peri hupsous* :
 And if we have not read Longinus,
 Will magisterially outshine us.
 Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
 Procure the book for love or money, 260
 Translated from Boileau's translation,
 And quote *quotation on quotation*.
 At Will's you hear a poem read,
 Where Battus from the table-head,

Reclining

Reclining on his elbow-chair, 265

Gives judgement with decisive air ;

To whom the tribe of circling wits

As to an oracle submits.

He gives directions to the town,

To cry it up, or run it down ;

270

Like *courtiers*, when they send a note,

Instructing members how to vote.

He sets the stamp of bad and good,

Though not a word be understood.

Your lesson learn'd, you 'll be secure

275

To get the name of *connoisseur* :

And, when your merits once are known,

Procure disciples of your own.

For poets (you can never want them)

Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,

280

Computing by their pecks of coals,

Amount to just nine thousand souls :

These o'er their proper districts govern,

Of wit and humour judges sovereign.

In every street a city-bard

285

Rules, like an alderman, his ward ;

His undisputed rights extend

Through all the lane, from end to end ;

The neighbours round admire his *sbrewdness*

For songs of *loyalty* and *lewdness* ;

290

Out-done by none in rhyming well,

Although he never learn'd to spell.

Two bordering wits contend for glory ;

And one is Whig, and one is Tory :

And this for epics claims the bays, 295
 And that for elegiac lays :
 Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
 By lovers spoke in Punch's booth ;
 And some as justly fame extols
 For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls. 300
 Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
 And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town :
 Tigellius plac'd in Phœbus' car
 From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar :
 Harmonious Cibber entertains 305
 The court with annual birth-day strains ;
 Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace ;
 Where Pope will never show his face ;
 Where Young must torture his invention
 To flatter *knaves*, or lose his *pension*. 310
 But these are not a thousandth part
 Of jobbers in the poet's art,
 Attending each his proper station,
 And all in due subordination,
 Through every alley to be found, 315
 In garrets high, or under ground ;
 And when they join their *pericranies*,
 Out skips a *book of miscellanies*.
 Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
 Lives in a state of war by nature. 320
 The greater for the smallest watch,
 But meddle seldom with their match.
 A whale of moderate size will draw
 A shoal of herrings down his maw ;

A fox

A fox with geese his belly crams ; 325
 A wolf destroys a thousand lambs :
 But search among the rhyming race,
 The brave are worry'd by the base.
 If on Parnassus' top you fit,
 You rarely bite, are always bit. 330
 Each poet of inferior size
 On you shall rail and criticise,
 And strive to tear you limb from limb ;
 While others do as much for him.
 The vermin only tease and pinch 335
 Their foes superior by an inch.
 So, naturalists observe, a flea
 Hath smaller fleas that on him prey ;
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*. 340
 Thus every poet in his kind
 Is bit by him that comes behind :
 Who, though too little to be seen,
 Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen ;
 Call dunces fools and sons of whores, 345
 Lay Grub-street at each other's doors ;
 Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
 And curse our modern poetasters ;
 Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
 How genius is no more rewarded ; 350
 How wrong a taste prevails among us ;
 How much our ancestors outsung us ;
 Can personate an awkward scorn
 For those who are not poets born ;

And all their brother-dunces lash, 355
 Who croud the prefs with hourly trash.

O Grub-street ! how do I bemoan thee,
 Whose graceless children scorn to own thee !
 Their filial piety forgot,
 Deny their country, like a Scot ; 360

Though, by their idiom and grimace,
 They soon betray their native place :
 Yet *thou* hast greater cause to be
 Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
 Degenerate from their ancient brood, 365
 Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still,
 To purchase fame by writing ill.
 From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
 How few have reach'd the *low sublime* ! 370

For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
 Blackmore alone his place supply'd :
 And, lest a chasm should intervene,
 When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
 The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee, 375
 Great poet of the *hollow tree*.

But ah ! how unsecure thy throne !
 A thousand bards thy right disown :
 They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
 Duncenia to a common-weal ; 380

And with rebellious arms pretend
 An equal privilege to *descend*.

In bulk there are not more degrees
 From *elephants* to *mites* in cheese,

, Than

O N P O E T R Y.

313

Than what a curious eye may trace
 In creatures of the rhyming race.
 From bad to worse, and worse they fall;
 But who can reach the worst of all?
 For though, in nature, depth and height
 Are equally held infinite :

385

In poetry, the height we know;
 'Tis only infinite below.

390

For instance : when you rashly think,
 No rhymer can like Welsted fink,
 His merits balanc'd, you shall find
 The Laureat leaves him far behind.

395

Concannen, more aspiring bard,
 Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
 Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops:
 The rest pursue as thick as hops.

400

With heads to points the gulph they enter,
 Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
 And, as their heels elated rise,
 Their heads attempt the nether skies.

O, what indignity and shame,
 To prostitute the Muse's name!
 By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
 The plagues and scourges of mankind;
 Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
 And every vice that nurses both.

405

410

Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
 Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
 Whom never faction could bespatter,
 Nor minister nor poet flatter;

What

What justice in rewarding merit ! 415
 What magnanimity of spirit !
 What lineaments divine we trace
 Through all his figure, mien, and face !
 Though peace with olive bind his hands,
 Confess'd the conquering hero stands. 420
 Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
 Dread from his hand impending changes.
 From him the Tartar and Chinese,
 Short by the knees, intreat for peace.
 The *consort* of his throne and bed, 425
 A perfect goddess born and bred,
 Appointed sovereign judge to sit
 On learning, eloquence, and wit.
 Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
 (Late, very late, O may he rule us !) 430
 What early manhood has he shown,
 Before his downy beard was grown !
 Then think, what wonders will be done
 By going on as he begun,
 An heir for Britain to secure 435
 As long as sun and moon endure.
 The remnant of the royal blood
 Comes pouring on me like a flood.
 Bright goddesses, in number five ;
 Duke William, sweetest prince alive. 440
 Now sing the *minister of state*,
 Who shines alone without a mate.
 Observe with what majestic port
 This Atlas stands to prop the court :

Intent

Intent the public debts to pay, 445
 Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
 Thou great vicegerent of the king,
 Thy praises every Muse shall sing !
 In all affairs thou sole director,
 Of wit and learning chief protector ; 450
 Though small the time thou hast to spare,
 The church is thy peculiar care.
 Of pious prelates what a flock
 You chuse, to rule the fable flock !
 You raise the honour of the peerage, 455
 Proud to attend you at the steerage.
 You dignify the noble race,
 Content yourself with humbler place.
 Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
 To titles give the sole pretence. 460
 St. George beheld thee with delight
 Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
 When on thy breasts and sides Herculean,
 He fix'd the *star* and *string cerulean*.
 Say, poet, in what other nation 465
 Shone ever such a constellation !
 Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
 And tune your harps, and strow your bays :
 Your panegyricks here provide ;
 You cannot err on flattery's side. 470
 Above the stars exalt your style,
 You still are low ten thousand mile.
 On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
 Of incense many a thousand load ;

But

But Europe mortify'd his pride, 475
 And swore the fawning rascals ly'd.
 Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
 Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
 Exactly true ! invidious poet !
 'Tis fifty thousand times below it. 480
 Translate me now some lines, if you can,
 From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
 They could all power in Heaven divide,
 And do no wrong on either side ;
 They teach you how to split a hair, 485
 Give George and Jove an equal share.
 Yet why should we be lac'd so strait ?
 I 'll give my monarch butter-weight.
 And reason good ; for many a year
 Jove never intermeddled here : 490
 Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
 Did ever we desire his aid :
 We now can better do without him,
 Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera desiderantur.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX. IMITATED.

TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ.*. 1733.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
 O ! too nice, and too severe !
 Think not, that my *country* song
 Shall displease thy honest ear.

* Lord mayor of Dublin. N.

Chofen

TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ. 317

Chosen strains I proudly bring;
Which the Muses' sacred choir,
When they gods and heroes sing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.
Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Just precedence still maintains;
With sacred rapture still are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty strains.
Still the old triumphant song,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
Warns, instructs, and pleases well.
Nor has Time's all-darkening shade
In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!
Gentle Sappho, love-sick Muse,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tenderest notes infuse
Melting rapture, soft desire.
Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
By a painted fopling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
Fondly pleas'd to be undone.
Nor young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hostile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly liv'd and died, before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Wag'd the ten years famous war.
But their names, un Sung, unwept,
Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
And shall now no more be known.
Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king without a name.
But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.
When the deep-cut notes shall fade
On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription;
Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's cursed spite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night:
Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded sun.

TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ. 319

Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth stand ;
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.
Falsely we call the rich man great ;
He is only so that knows
His plentiful or small estate
Wifely to enjoy and use.
He, in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies ;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death abhors and flies :
Flies from death ! — No, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.
This the sovereign man, compleat ;
Hero ; patriot ; glorious ; free ;
Rich and wise ; and good and great ;
Generous Humphry, thou art He.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN. 1733.

“ To make a writer miss his end,
“ You 've nothing else to do but mend.

I OFTEN try'd in vain to find
A simile for woman-kind,

A simile

A *simile* I mean to fit 'em,
 In every circumstance to hit 'em.
 Through every beast and bird I went,
 I ranfack'd every element;
 And, after peeping through all nature
 To find so whimsical a creature,
 A *cloud* presented to my view,
 And strait this parallel I drew :

Clouds turn with every wind about,
 'They keep us in suspense and doubt,
 Yet oft' perverse, like woman-kind,
 Are seen to scud against the wind :
 And are not women just the same ?
 For, who can tell at what they aim ?

Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
 When bellowing they discharge their thunder :
 So when th' alarum-bell is rung
 Of Xanti's everlasting tongue,
 The husband dreads its loudness more
 Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.

Clouds weep, as they do, without pain ;
 And what are tears but womens' rain ?

The *clouds* about the welkin roam ;
 And ladies never stay at home.

The *clouds* build castles in the air,
 A thing peculiar to the fair ;
 For all the schemes of their forecasting
 Are not more solid, nor more lasting.

A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark,
 Such is a lady with her spark ;

Now

NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

321

Now with a sudden pouting gloom
 She seems to darken all the room ;
 Again she 's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
 And all is clear when she has smil'd.
 In this they 're wondrously alike
 (I hope the *simile* will strike);
 Though in the darkest dumps you view them,
 Stay but a moment, you 'll see through them.

The *clouds* are apt to make reflection,
 And frequently produce infection ;
 So Cælia, with small provocation,
 Blasts every neighbour's reputation.

The *clouds* delight in gaudy show
 (For they, like ladies, have their bow) ;
 The gravest matron will confess,
 That she herself is fond of dress.

Observe the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
 What various colours are display'd ;
 The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
 In that great drawing-room the sky ;
 How do these differ from our Graces,
 In garden-silks, brocades, and laces ?
 Are they not such another fight,
 When met upon a birth-day night ?

The *clouds* delight to change their fashion :
 (Dear ladies, be not in a passion !)
 Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
 Who every hour delight in change.

In them and you alike are seen
 The sullen symptoms of the spleen ;

The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.

In evening fair you may behold
The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.

Grave matrons are like *clouds* of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and flow;
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.

Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Cloe I pursue,
No heaven besides I have in view.

Thus, on comparison, you see,
In every instance they agree,
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a *cloud*.

A N S W E R. BY DR. SWIFT.

PRESUMPTUOUS Bard! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show
Inferior mortals *there* below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?

ANSWER TO SHERIDAN'S SIMILE. 329

Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse*?

We hardly thunder thrice a year;
The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear:
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she 's cloudy.

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

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

A *cloud* in proper seasons pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.

When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages,
But woman is a curst inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fire-works, she can burn in water.

For ficklenefs how durft you blame us,
 Who for our conftancy are famous ?
 You 'll fee a *cloud* in gentle weather
 Keep the fame face an hour together ;
 While women, if it could be reckon'd,
 Change every feature every fecond.

Obferve our figure in a morning,
 Of foul or fair we give you warning ;
 But can you guefs from woman's air
 One minute, whether foul or fair ?

Go read in ancient books enroll'd
 What honours we poffefs'd of old.

To difappoint Ixion's rape
 Jove drest a *cloud* in Juno's fhape ;
 Which when he had enjoy'd, he fwore,
 No goddeffs could have pleas'd him more ;
 No difference could he find between
 His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen :
 His *cloud* produc'd a race of Centaurs,
 Fam'd for a thoufand bold adventures ;
 From us defcended *ab origine*,
 By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*,
 But fay, what earthly nymph do you know,
 So beautiful to pafs for Juno ?

Before Æneas durft aspire
 To court her majesty of Tyre,
 His mother begg'd of us to drefs him,
 That Dido might the more carefs him :
 A coat we gave him, dy'd in grain,
 A *flaxen* wig and *clouded* cane

(The

(The wig was powder'd round with fleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet),
With which he made a tearing show ;
And Dido quickly *smoak'd the beau*.

Among your females make enquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris ?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd ?
And yet her father is a *cloud*.

We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.

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

Compare us then to female race !
We, to whom all the gods give place !
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions !

You find the gods in Homer dwell
 In seas and streams, or low as hell :
 Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
 No higher climb than mount Olymp
 (Who makes you think the *clouds* he pierces ?
 He pierce the *clouds* ! he kifs their a—es) ;
 While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
 Are loftier by a mile at least :
 And, when Apollo fruts on Pindus,
 We see him from our kitchen-windows ;
 Or, to Parnaffus looking down,
 Can piss upon his laurel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly ;
 In vehicles they mount the sky :
 When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
 He comes full gallop on his eagle.
 Though Venus be as light as air,
 She must have doves to draw her chair.
 Apollo stirs not out of door
 Without his lacker'd coach and four.
 And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
 Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*.
 But we can fly where'er we please,
 O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas :
 From east to west the world we roam,
 And in all climates are at home ;
 With care provide you as we go
 With sun-shine, rain, and hail, or snow.
 You, when it rains, like fools, believe
 Jove pisses on you through a sieve :

ANSWER TO SHERIDAN'S SIMILE. 327

An idle tale, 'tis no such matter ;
We only dip a sponge in water ;
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes.
As you shall to your sorrow know ;
We 'll watch your steps where'er you go :
And, since we find you walk a-foot,
We 'll soundly souce your frize-furtout.

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

'Tis fung, wherever Cælia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads ;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs ;
'Tis fung ; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle ;
But, though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better ;
While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty heightening,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning ;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.

But gods like us have too much sense
 At poets flights to take offence :
 Nor can hyperboles demean us ;
 Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.
 We own your verses are melodious ;
 But such comparisons are odious.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

O R,

A NEW BALLAD, written by a SHOE-BOY, on an
 ATTORNEY who was formerly a SHOE-BOY.

“ Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro.”

WITH finging of ballads, and crying of news,
 With whitening of buckles, and blacking of
 shoes,

Did Hartley* set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
 And moneyless too, but not very dirtless ;
 Two pence he had gotten by begging, that 's all ;
 One bought him a *brush*, and one a *black ball* ;
 For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
 The cloaths on his back as being but such ;
 Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with *clouts*, *ball*, and *brush*,
 He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to push :
 Vespasian *thus*, being bespatter'd with dirt,
 Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for 't.

* See the next poem.

But

But as a wise fiddler is noted, you know,
 To have a good couple of strings to one bow;
 So Hartley judiciously thought it too little,
 To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
 He finds out another profession as fit,
 And straight he becomes a retailer of wit.
 One day he cried--“Murders, and songs, and great news!”
 Another as loudly—“Here blacken your shoes!”
 At Domvile’s * full often he fed upon bits,
 For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits;
 Lick’d all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
 And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing:
 Such bastings effect upon *him* could have none;
 The dog will be patient, that’s struck with a bone.
 Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
 So expert and so active at *brushes* and *ball*,
 Was mov’d with compassion, and thought it a pity
 A youth should be lost, that had been so witty:
 Without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
 And now we’ll suppose him an eminent clerk;
 Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
 Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees,
 Suppose him a miser, attorney *per* bill,
 Suppose him a courtier — suppose what you will —
 Yet would you believe, though I swore by the Bible,
 That he took up two *news-boys* for crying the *libel*?

* Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper-office. N.

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY
FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE,
By Way of Defence of HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, Esq.

“ But he by bawling news about,
“ And aptly using brush and clout,
“ A justice of the peace became,
“ To punish rogues who do the same.” HUD.

By JAMES BLACK-WELL, Operator for the Feet.

I SING the man of courage try'd,
O'er-run with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face ;
The first who made (let none deny it),
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.

The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean ; — for who would chuse
So vile a subject for the Muse ?

'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he 'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the *jack's* slow-rising weight
(Such toils as best his talents fit),
Or polish *shoes*, or turn the *spit* ;
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
'Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame ;

Believes

APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE. 33*

Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it ;
So, with a Colonel * at his back,
The Libel feels his first attack ;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another Patriot Drapier ;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than alderman o'ercharg'd with liquor ;
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about ;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet ;
Well pleas'd to live to future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.

So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libelers of kings ;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through ;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated Father Jove aloud,
Only in light to shew his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.

And so th' Ephesian villain fir'd
The temple which the world admir'd,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

* Colonel Ker, a mere Scotchman, Lieutenant Colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence against the printer. IRISH ED.
D R.

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD
ON BALLYSPELLIN*.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyspellin.

Though pox or itch your skins enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you 've been
A month at Ballyspellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
When she's at Ballyspellin.

The footy brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyspellin.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As Rose, or bright Dunkelling:
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
Were he at Ballyspellin.

* A famous spaw in the county of Kilkenny, where the Doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite lady. N.

We

We men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling :
The reason 's plain ; the ladies reign,
They 're queens at Ballyspellin.
By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
Their power at Ballyspellin.
Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A stream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyspellin.
Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in
With so much grace, I 'm sure no place
Can vie with Ballyspellin.
No politicks, no subtle tricks,
No man his country felling :
We eat, we drink ; we never think
Of these at Ballyspellin.
The troubled mind, the puffed with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in ;
And they are sure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyspellin.
Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
No sextons here are knelling :
Come, judge and try, you 'll never *die*,
But *live* at Ballyspellin ;

Except you feel darts tip't with steel,
Which here are every belle in :
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyspellin.

Good chear, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your fight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep found,
No noisy dogs a-yelling ;
Except you wake, for Cælia's sake,
All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in ;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone ; I think I've none,
Unless I should bring hell in ;
But, since I'm here to heaven so near,
I can't at Ballyspellin !

A N S W E R .

A N S W E R.

B Y. D R. S W I F T*.

DARE you dispute, you faucy brute,
 And think there's no refelling
 Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
 You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
 Your medicine is repelling;
 Your water's mud, and fours the blood,
 When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
 You thither are compelling,
 Will back be sent worse than they went,
 From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
 Name honest doctor Pellin;
 So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
 To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
 When you went colonelling;
 But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues,
 That met at Ballyspellin.

* This answer was resenting by Dr. Sheridan, as an affront on himself and the lady he attended to the spaw. N.

Our

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
 Who sowing make with shelling,
 At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
 Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript,
 To wash herself our well in ;
 A bum so white ne'er came in sight,
 At poultry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear,
 Of Holland not an ell in ;
 No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
 Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
 All other nymphs expelling ;
 Because he gets a few grifettes
 At lousy Ballyspellin.

There 's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
 Just o'er against The Bell-inn ;
 Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
 Round all your Ballyspellin ?

We have a girl deserves an earl ;
 She came from Enniskillin :
 So fair, so young, no such among
 The belles at Ballyspellin.

How would you stare, to see her there,
 The foggy mist dispelling,
 That clouds the brows of every blowse
 Who lives at Ballyspellin !

ANSWER TO SHERIDAN'S BALLAD. 337

Now as I live, I would not give
A stiver for a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
Deserves a good cudgelling :
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts,
At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone, to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling ;
As proper quite as those you write,
To force in Ballyspellin.

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. VI.

P A R A P H R A S E D.

IF noisy Tom * should in the senate prate,
“ That he would answer both for church and state ;
“ And, further to demonstrate his affection,
“ Would take the kingdom into his protection : ”
All mortals must be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his fire ?
“ What ! thou, the spawn of him † who sham'd our isle,
“ That traitor, assassin, informer vile !

* Sir Thomas Prendergast. IRISH ED.

† The father of Sir Thomas P——, who engaged in a plot to murder king William III ; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet. Ibid.

“ Though by the female fide * you proudly bring,
 “ To mend your breed, the murderer of a king :
 “ What was thy grandsire † but a mountaineer,
 “ Who held a cabbin for ten groats a year ;
 “ Whose master Moore ‡ preserv'd him from the halter,
 “ For stealing cows ; nor could he read the Pfalter !
 “ Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chace
 “ Thy founder's grandson §, and usurp his place ?
 “ Just heaven ! to see the dunghill bastard brood
 “ Survive in thee, and make the proverb good ¶ !
 “ Then vote a worthy citizen ** to jail,
 “ In spite of justice, and refuse his bail !”

* Cadogan's family. IRISH ED.

† A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows. Ibid.

‡ The grandfather of Guy Moore, esq; who procured him a pardon. Ibid.

§ Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonme, but Sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of Parson-hunters, petitioned the house against him; out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be. Ibid.

¶ “ Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat.” Ibid.

** Mr. George Faulkner. See the verses in the following page. N.

On

On a **PRINTER'S** being sent to **NEWGATE**.

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

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT*.

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
 I sunk from reverie to rest.
 An horrid vision seiz'd my head,
 I saw the graves give up their dead!
 Jove, arm'd with terrors, bursts the skies,
 And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
 Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
 The world stands trembling at his throne!

* That this poem is the genuine production of the Dean, Lord Chesterfield bears ample testimony in his Letter to M. Voltaire, Aug. 27, 1752. N.

While each pale finner hung his head,
 Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said :
 “ Offending race of human-kind,
 “ By nature, reason, *learning*, blind ;
 “ You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside ;
 “ And you who never fell, *through pride* ;
 “ You who in different sects were sham'd,
 “ And come to see each other damn'd
 “ (So some folk told you, but they knew
 “ No more of Jove's designs than you) ;
 “ —The world's mad business now is o'er,
 “ And I resent these pranks no more.
 “ —I to such blockheads set my wit !
 “ I damn such fools !—Go, go, you're *bit*.”

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN
 ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,
 WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND.
 BY DR. J. SICAN*.

—[Horace speaking]

YOU'VE read, Sir, in poetic strain,
 How Varus and the Mantuan swain
 Have on my birth-day been invited
 (But I was forc'd in verse to write it)

* This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunately murdered in Italy. N.

Upon

ON SWIFT'S BIRTH-DAY. 341

Upon a plain repast to dine,
 And taste my old Campanian wine ;
 But I, who all punctilios hate,
 'Though long familiar with the great,
 Nor glory in my reputation,
 Am come without an invitation ;
 And, though I'm us'd to right Falernian,
 I'll deign for once to taste Iernian ;
 But fearing that you might dispute
 (Had I put on my common suit)
 My breeding and my *politesse*,
 I visit in a birth-day dress ;
 My coat of purest Turkey red,
 With gold embroidery richly spread ;
 To which I've sure as good pretensions
 As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
 What though proud ministers of state
 Did at your anti-chamber wait ;
 What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns
 Have at your levee paid attendance ;
 And Peterborough and great Ormond,
 With many chiefs who now are dormant,
 Have laid aside the general's staff
 And public cares, with you to laugh ;
 Yet I some friends as good can name,
 Nor less the darling sons of Fame ;
 For sure my Pollio and Mæcenas
 Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
 Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
 Though they made Lewis beg a parley ;

And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
 I'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
 You'll boast, perhaps, your favourite Pope ;
 But Virgil is as good, I hope.
 I own indeed I can't get any
 To equal Helsham and Delany ;
 Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
 A Grecian isle Hippocrates ;
 Since Tully liv'd before my time,
 And Galen blest'd another clime.

You'll plead perhaps, at my request,
 To be admitted as a guest,
 " Your hearing 's bad !"—But why such fears ?
 I speak to eyes, and not to ears ;
 And for that reason wisely took
 The form you see me in, a book.
 Attack'd by slow-devouring moths,
 By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths ;
 By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
 By Crecch's rhymes and Dunster's prose ;
 I found my boasted wit and fire
 In their rude hands almost expire :
 Yet still they but in vain assail'd ;
 For, had their violence prevail'd,
 And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
 They would have partly miss'd their aim ;
 Since all my spirit in thy page
 Defies the Vandals of this age.
 'Tis yours to save these small remains
 From future pedants' muddy brains,

And

ON SWIFT'S BIRTH-DAY. 343

And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You best know how—which way?—TRANSLATE.

O N P S Y C H E*.

AT two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire :
So loitering, so active ; so busy, so idle ;
Which hath she most need of, a spur or a bridle ?
Thus a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.
She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain ;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To please you, she knows how to chuse a nice bit ;
For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, she will trace every market,
It would do your heart good, to see how she will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts ; for, it plainly appears,
She saves half her victuals, by feeding your ears.

THE DEAN AND DUKE. 1734.

JAMES BRYDGES and the Dean had long been
friends ;
James is beduk'd ; of course their friendship ends :
But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke.
Yet, since just Heaven the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,

* Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady,
mother to the author of the preceding poem. N.

His wings are clipp'd : he tries no more in vain
 With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
 Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
 The Duke and Dean seem near upon a level.
 Oh ! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humphry,
 From bailiff's claws thou scarce could'st keep thy bum
 free.

A Duke to know a Dean ! go, smooth thy crown :
 Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
 Well, but a Duke thou art ; so pleas'd the King :
 Oh ! would his Majesty but add a string !

O N

DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY*.

MAKE Rundle bishop ! fie for shame !
 An Arian to usurp the name !
 A bishop in the isle of Saints !
 How will his brethren make complaints !
 Dare any of the mitred host
 Confer on him the Holy Ghost ;
 In mother-church to breed a variance,
 By coupling Orthodox with Arians ?
 Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
 What is there in it strange or new ?
 For, let us hear the weak pretence,
 His brethren find to take offence ;
 Of whom there are but four at most,
 Who know there is an Holy Ghost :

* Promoted to that see in February, 1734-5. N.
 The

The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.

Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He 's still a Christian more than they.

We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.

There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity.
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so gospel-ward devout.
While others, hither sent to save us,
Came but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon and the German line.

Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who shew'd a better *jus divinum*?
From antient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *episcopari*.

Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus;
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay-on hands:

But

But all his gold could not avail
 To have the Spirit fet to sale.
 Said furly Peter, " Magus, pr'ythee,
 " Be gone : thy money perish with thee."
 Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
 He might have found a score of chaps :
 Could he but make his gift appear
 In rents three thousand pounds a year.

Some fancy this promotion odd,
 As not the handy-work of God ;
 Though e'en the bishops disappointed
 Must own it made by God's anointed,
 And, well we know, the *congé* regal
 Is more secure as well as legal ;
 Because our lawyers all agree,
 That bishopricks are held in fee.

Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse,
 How forely I lament your loss !
 That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
 Should slip your time of dropping guineas ;
 For, had you made the king your debtor,
 Your title had been so much better.

E P I G R A M.

FRRIEND Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
 Upon his reverential rump.
 Poor rump ! thou hadst been better sped,
 Had thou been join'd to Boulter's head :
 A head, so weighty and profound,
 Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHA-

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, and DESCRIPTION of the LEGION-CLUB. 1736.

AS I stroll the city, oft' I
 See a building large and lofty,
 Not a bow-shot from the college;
 Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
 By the prudent architect, 5
 Plac'd against the church direct,
 Making good my grand-dame's jest,
 "Near the church" — you know the rest.
 Tell us, what the pile contains?
 Many a head that holds no brains. 10
 These demoniacks let me dub
 With the name of Legion-club.
 Such assemblies, you might swear,
 Meet when butchers bait a bear;
 Such a noise, and such haranguing, 15
 When a brother thief is hanging:
 Such a rout and such a rabble
 Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble;
 Such a crowd their ordure throws
 On a far less villain's nose. 20
 Could I from the building's top
 Hear the rattling thunder drop,
 While the devil upon the roof
 (If the devil be thunder-proof)
 Should with poker fiery red 25
 Crack the stones, and melt the lead;

Drive them down on every scull,
 While the den of thieves is full ;
 Quite destroy the harpies' nest ;
 How might then our isle be blest ! 30
 For Divines allow, that God
 Sometimes makes the devil his rod ;
 And the Gospel will inform us,
 He can punish sins enormous.

Yet should Swift endow the schools, 35
 For his lunatics and fools,
 With a rood or two of land ;
 I allow the pile may stand.

You perhaps will ask me, Why so ?
 But it is with this proviso : 40
 Since the house is like to last,
 Let the royal grant be pass'd,
 That the club have right to dwell
 Each within his proper cell,
 With a passage left to creep in, 45
 And a hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in,
 Sell the nation for a pin ;
 While they sit a-picking straws,
 Let them rave at making laws ; 50
 While they never hold their tongue,
 Let them dabble in their dung :
 Let them form a grand committee,
 How to plague and starve the city ;
 Let them stare, and storm, and frown, 55
 When they see a clergy-gown ;

Let

Let them, ere they crack a louse,
 Call for th' orders of the house;
 Let them, with their gosling quills,
 Scribble senseless heads of bills.
 We may, while they strain their throats,
 Wipe our a—s with their votes.

60

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

65

70

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

75

80

See, the Muse unbars the gate !
 Hark, the monkeys, how they prate !
 All ye gods who rule the foul !
 Styx, through hell whose waters roll !

* A privy-counsellor, mentioned in p. 337. N.

Let me be allow'd to tell 85
 What I heard in yonder hell.

Near the door an entrance gapes,
 Crouded round with antic shapes,
 Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
 Causeless Joy, and true Despair; 90
 Discord periwigg'd with snakes,
 See the dreadful strides she takes!

By this odious crew beset,
 I began to rage and fret,
 And resolv'd to break their pates, 95
 Ere we enter'd at the gates;

Had not Clio in the nick
 Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
 What, said I, is this the *mad-house*?
 These, she answer'd, are but shadows, 100
 Phantoms bodiless and vain,
 Empty visions of the brain.

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

Clio, who had been so wise 110
 To put-on a fool's disguise,
 To bespeak some approbation,
 And be thought a near relation,
 When she saw three hundred brutes
 All involv'd in wild disputes,

Roaring

THE LEGION-CLUB.

351

Roaring till their lungs were spent,
 PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
 Now a new misfortune feels,
 Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
 Never durst a Muse before
 Enter that infernal door ;
 Clio, stifled with the smell,
 Into spleen and vapours fell,
 By the Stygian steams that flew
 From the dire infectious crew.
 Not the stench of Lake Avernus
 Could have more offended her nose ;
 Had she flown but o'er the top,
 She had felt her pinions drop,
 And by exhalations dire,
 Though a goddess, must expire.
 In a fright she crept away ;
 Bravely I resolv'd to stay.

When I saw the keeper frown,
 Tipping him with half a crown,
 Now, said I, we are alone,
 Name your heroes one by one.

Who is that hell-featur'd brawler ?
 Is it Satan ? No, 'tis Waller.
 In what figure can a bard dress
 Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress ?
 Honest keeper, drive him further,
 In his looks are hell and murder ;
 See the scowling visage drop,
 Just as when he murder'd T—p.

115

120

125

130

135

140

Keeper,

Keeper, shew me where to fix 145
 On the puppy pair of Dicks ;
 By their lantern jaws and leathern,
 You might swear they both are brethren :
 Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
 Old acquaintance, are you there ? 150
 Dear companions, hug and kifs,
 Toast Old Glorious in your pifs ;
 Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
 Let them starve and stink together ;
 Both are apt to be unruly, 155
 Lash them daily, lash them duly ;
 Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
 Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.
 Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
 Sweetly snoring in his cloak : 160
 Who is he ? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
 Half encompass'd by his kin :
 There observe the tribe of Bingham,
 For he never fails to bring them ;
 While he sleeps the whole debate, 165
 They submissive round him wait ;
 Yet would gladly see the hunks
 In his grave, and search his trunks.
 See, they gently twitch his coat,
 Just to yawn and give his vote, 170
 Always firm in his vocation,
 For the court, against the nation.
 Those are A—s Jack and Bob,
 First in every wicked job,

THE LEGION-CLUB.

353

Son and brother to a queer
Brainfick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And H—th, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name. 180

There sit Clements, D—ks, and Harrison:
How they swagger from their garrison!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side hell?
Harrison, and D—ks, and Clements, 185
Keeper, see they have their payments,
Every mischief 's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bless us, Morgan! art thou there, man!
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman! 190
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what! learned Morgan
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks, I own, 195
Half convert me to a stone.

Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother. 200
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!

Morgan, would it not surprize one !

205

Turn thy nourishment to poison !

When you walk among your books,

They reproach you with their looks ;

Bind them fast, or from their shelves

They will come and right themselves ;

210

Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,

All in arms prepare to back us :

Soon repent, or put to slaughter

Every Greek and Roman author.

Will you, in your faction's phrase,

215

Send the clergy all to graze ;

And, to make your project pass,

Leave them not a blade of grass ?

How I want thee, humorous Hogarth !

Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.

220

Were but you and I acquainted,

Every monster should be painted :

You should try your graving-tools

On this odious groupe of fools ;

Draw the beasts as I describe them

225

From their features, while I gibe them ;

Draw them like ; for I assure you,

You will need no *car'atura* ;

Draw them so, that we may trace

All the soul in every face.

230

Keeper, I must not retire,

You have done what I desire :

But I feel my spirits spent

With the noise, the sight, the scent.

“ Pray

THE LEGION-CLUB.

355

“ Pray be patient; you shall find
“ Half the best are still behind :
“ You have hardly seen a score ;
“ I can shew two hundred more.”
Keeper, I have seen enough. —
Taking then a pinch of snuff, 240
I concluded, looking round them,
“ May their god, the devil, confound them !”

AN APOLOGY, &c.

A LADY, wife as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment :
So hearing of a grave Divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But, you must know, he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite ;
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession :
And, if you 'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you 'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell ;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before ;
Which made it more surprizing how
He should be sent for thither now.

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

What was the message I receiv'd ?
 Why certainly the Captain rav'd !
 To dine with her ! and come at three !
 Impossible ! it can't be me.
 Or may be I mistook the word ;
 My Lady — it must be my Lord.

My Lord's abroad ; my Lady too :
 What must th' unhappy Doctor do ?
 " Is Captain Cracherode here, pray ?" — " No."
 " Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
 Am I awake, or do I dream ?
 I'm sure he call'd me by my name ;
 Nam'd me as plain as he could speak ;
 And yet there must be some mistake.

Why,

Why, what a jest should I have been,
 Had now my Lady been within !
 What could I 've said ? I 'm-mighty glad
 She went abroad — she 'd thought me mad.
 The hour of dining now is past :
 Well then, I 'll e'en go home and fast ;
 And, since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
 I think I 'm very fairly off.
 My Lady now returning home,
 Calls, " Cracherode, is the Doctor come ?"
 He had not heard of him — " Pray see,
 " 'Tis now a quarter after three."
 The Captain walks about, and searches
 Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches ;
 Examines all the servants round,
 In vain — no Doctor 's to be found.
 My Lady could not chuse but wonder :
 " Captain, I fear you 've made some blander :
 " But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
 " I 'll try his manners once again ;
 " If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,
 " My son shall never see a college."
 The Captain was a man of reading,
 And much good sense, as well as breeding,
 Who, loath to blame, or to incense,
 Said little in his own defence.
 Next day another message brought :
 The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
 Is dress'd, and stealing through the croud,
 Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd ;

Panting — and faltering ~~—~~ humm'd and ha'd,
 “ Her Ladyship was gone abroad ;
 “ The Captain too — he did not know
 “ Whether he ought to stay or go ;”
 Begg'd she 'd forgive him. In conclusion,
 My Lady, pitying his confusion,
 Call'd her good-nature to relieve him ;
 Told him, she thought she might believe him ;
 And would not only grant his suit,
 But visit him, and eat some fruit ;
 Provided, at a proper time
 He told the real truth in rhyme.
 'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
 She 'd hear of no excuse in prose.
 The Doctor stood not to debate,
 Glad to compound at any rate ;
 So, bowing, seemingly comply'd ;
 Though, if he durst, he had deny'd.
 But first, resolv'd to shew his taste,
 Was too refin'd to give a feast :
 He 'd treat with nothing that was rare,
 But winding walks and purer air ;
 Would entertain without expence,
 Or pride, or vain magnificence :
 For well he knew, to such a guest
 The plainest meals must be the best.
 To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
 Simplicity alone is rare ;
 Whilst high, and nice, and curious meats,
 Are really but vulgar treats.

Instead

Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
 The costly boasts of regal rooms,
 Thought it more courtly and discreet
 To scatter roses at her feet ;
 Roses of richest dye, that shone
 With native lustre, like her own :
 Beauty that needs no aid of art
 Through every sense to reach the heart.
 The gracious dame, though well she knew
 All this was much beneath her due,
 Lik'd every thing — at least thought fit
 To praise it *par maniere d' acquit*.
 Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can't bear
 The scorching sun, or chilling air ;
 Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
 Whether he shews or hides his beams :
 Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
 Starts at the rustling of the trees ;
 And scarce can speak for want of breath,
 In half a walk fatigued to death.
 The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
 T' apologize his late offence :
 " Madam, the mighty power of use
 " Now strangely pleads in my excuse :
 " If you unus'd have scarcely strength
 " To gain this walk's untoward length ;
 " If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
 " Through long disuse of solitude ;
 " If, long confin'd to fires and screens,
 " You dread the waving of these greens ;

“ If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
“ Of city-fogs and crouded rooms,
“ Do now solicitously shun
“ The cooler air and dazzling fun;
“ If his majestic eye you flee,
“ Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
“ Consider what it is to bear
“ The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;
“ 'To see th' important man of dress
“ Scoffing my college-awkwardness;
“ To be the strutting cornet's sport,
“ To run the gauntlet of the court,
“ Winning my way by slow approaches,
“ Through crouds of coxcombs and of coaches,
“ From the first fierce cockaded centry,
“ Quite through the tribe of waiting-gentry;
“ To pass so many crouded stages,
“ And stand the staring of your pages;
“ And, after all, to crown my spleen,
“ Be told — “ You are not to be seen :”
“ Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
“ The awe of your majestic air.
“ And can I then be faulty found,
“ In dreading this vexatious round ?
“ Can it be strange, if I eschew
“ A scene so glorious and so new ?
“ Or is he criminal that flies
“ The living lustre of your eyes ?”

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
 Upon a chick and pint of wine.
 On rainy days I dine alone,
 And pick my chicken to the bone :
 But this my servants much enrages,
 No scraps remain to save board-wages.
 In weather fine I nothing spend,
 But often sponge upon a friend :
 Yet, where he 's not so rich as I,
 I pay my club, and so good b' ye.

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

A P P L E S.

COME buy my fine wares,
 Plumbs, apples, and pears,
 A hundred a penny,
 In conscience too many :
 Come, will you have any ?
 My children are seven,
 I wish them in Heaven ;
 My husband a sot,
 With his pipe and his pot,
 Not a farthing will gain them,
 And I must maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

A S P A R A G U S .

R I P E 'sparagrafs,
 Fit for lad or lads,
To make their water pass:
 O, 'tis pretty picking
 With a tender chicken!

O N I O N S .

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

O Y S T E R S .

CHARMING oysters I cry:
 My masters, come buy,
 So plump and so fresh,
 So sweet is their flesh,

No Colchester oyfter
 Is sweeter and moister ;
 Your stomach they settle,
 And rouse up your mettle ;
 They 'll make you a dad
 Of a lass or a lad ;
 And madam your wife
 They 'll please to the life ;
 Be she barren, be she old,
 Be she slut, or be she scold,
 Eat my oysters, and lye near her,
 She 'll be fruitful, never fear her.

H E R R I N G S.

BE not sparing,
 Leave off swearing.
 Buy my herring
 Fresh from Malahide *,
 Better never was try'd.
 Come, eat them with pure fresh butter and mustard,
 Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
 Come, six-pence a dozen to get me some bread,
 Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

O R A N G E S.

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

* Near Dublin.

ON ROVER. A LADY'S SPANIEL.
INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER*.

HAPPIEST of the spaniel-race,
Painter, with thy colours grace :
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye ;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribbons bound ;
And the *muscly* swelling breast
Where the Loves and Graces rest ;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black ;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines ;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the *velvet* ear ;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the *veiny* temples flow.

With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid ;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, mystic power)
In a *downy* slumber place
Happiest of the Spaniel race ;
While the soft perspiring Dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,

* In ridicule of Philips's poem on Miss Carteret and written, it has been said, "to affront the lady of archbishop Boulter." N.

On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers !
With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest drefs,
Limpid *rivers* smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those *rivers* blowing ;
Curling *wood-bine*, *myrtle* shade,
And the gay enamel'd mead ;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the Spring ;
Where the breathing field and grove
Sooth the heart, and kindle love ;
Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colours of resemblance chuse,
Make of *lineaments* divine,
Daply female *spaniels* shine,
Pretty *fondlings* of the fair,
Gentle *damfels*, gentle *care* ;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Croud each feature, croud each grace,
Which compleat the desperate face ;
Let the spotted wanton Dame
Feel a new resistless flame ;
Let the happiest of his *race*
Win the fair to his *embrace*.
But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to fight their joys reveal,
Lest the *pencil* and the Muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

AY AND NO,
A TALE FROM DUBLIN. 1737.

AT Dublin's high feast sat P^rimate and Dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean.
Quoth Hugh of Armagh *, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the P^rimate, "if causes we sift,
"This mischief arises from witty Dean Swift."
The smart-one replied, "There 's no wit in the case;
"And nothing of that ever troubled your Grace.
"Though with your state-sieve your own notions you
 "split,
"A Boulter by name is no *bolter* of wit,
"It is matter of weight, and a mere money-jobb;
"But the lower the coin, the higher the mob.
"Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
"That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke,
"The Irish dear-joys have enough common sense,
"To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
"It is pity a P^relate should die without law;
"But if I say the word — take care of Armagh!"

Dr. SWIFT'S Answer to a Friend's Question.

THE furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are these:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And, next, the pot that boils the meat;

* Dr. Hugh Boulter.

ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION. 367

The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glafs in which I drink;
The shelves on which my books I keep;
And the bed on which I sleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the store that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintery night;
To these we add a thing below,
More for use reserv'd than show:
These are what the Dean do please;
All superfluous are but these.

APOLLO'S EDICT*.

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our Viceroy there;
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspir'd her Son!
What cannot our Vicegerent do,
As Poet and as Patriot too?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where He leads the way:
Then study to correct your taste;
Nor *beaten* paths be longer trac'd.

* This poem was originally written in 1720; the latter part of it was re-published in 1743, on the death of the Countess of Donegal. N.

No simile shall be begun,
 With *rising* or with setting sun;
 And let the *secret head of Nile*
 Be ever banish'd from your isle.

When wretched lovers live on air,
 I beg you 'll the Camelion spare;
 And, when you 'd make a hero grander,
 Forget he 's like a Salamander.

No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usber'd-in the Day,
 Or ever name the *milky-way*.

You all agree, I make no doubt,
 Elijah's *mantle* is worn out.

The *bird of Jove* shall toil no more
 To teach the humble Wren to soar.
 Your Tragic Heroes shall not rant,
 Nor Shepherds use *poetic cant*.
 Simplicity alone can grace
 The manners of the rural race.
 Theocritus and Philips be
 Your guides to *true* simplicity.

When Damon's *soul shall take its flight,*
 Though Poets have the second-sight,
 They shall not see a *trail of light*.
 Nor shall the *vapours upward rise,*
 Nor a *new star* adorn the skies:
 For who can hope to place one there,
 As glorious as Belinda's *hair*?
 Yet, if his name you 'd eternize,
 And must exalt him to the skies;

Without

Without a *star*, this may be done :
So Tickell mourn'd his Addison.

• If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of *halcyon-days* ;
Nor let my votaries shew their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's-Hill ;
For know, I cannot bear to hear
The mimickry of *deep, yet clear*.

Whene'er my Viceroy is address'd,
Against the Phoenix I protest.
When Poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins.

When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of *coral*, teeth of *pearl*.
Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
However beauteous, for his mother :
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Cælia's eye.
With women-compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid, what need they roam,
Whom Fate has amply blest at home ?

Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace ;
The glory of the Granard race ;
Now destin'd by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.

Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you 'd consign to endless fame ?

Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
 Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid;
 Nor need you on the Graces call, —
 Take qualities from Donegal.

E P I G R A M *.

BEHOLD! a proof of Irish sense!
 Here Irish wit is seen!
 When nothing 's left, that 's worth defence,
 We build a magazine.

EPIGRAMS, occasioned by Dr. SWIFT's intended
 Hospital for IDEOTS and LUNATICKS.

I.

THE Dean must die — our Ideots to maintain.
 Perish, ye Ideots! and long live the Dean!

* The Dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense; at which time his guardians, or physicians, took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for. To which Dr. Kingbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city." "Oh! oh!" says the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an *item* of that. This is worth remarking: my tablets, as Hamlet says, my tablets — memory put down that!" — Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote. N.

II. O GENIUS

II.

O GENIUS of Hibernia's state,
 Sublimely good, feverely great!
 How doth this latest act excel
 All you have done or wrote so well!
 Satire may be the child of spite,
 And Fame might bid the Drapier write:
 But to relieve, and to endow,
 Creatures that know not whence or how,
 Argues a soul both good and wise,
 Resembling *Him* who rules the skies.
He to the thoughtful mind displays
 Immortal skill ten thousand ways;
 And, to compleat his glorious task,
 Gives what we have not sense to ask!

III.

LO! Swift to Ideots bequeaths his store:
 Be wise, ye rich! — consider thus the poor!

On the DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S Birth-day*,

Nov. 30, ST. ANDREW'S-DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
 When half the world to rest were gone,
 Intrans' d in softest sleep I lay,
 Forgetful of an anxious day;
 From every care and labour free,
 My soul as calm as it could be.

* See, in Parnell's Poems, an elegant compliment on the same occasion. N.

The Queen of Dreams, well pleas'd to find
 An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
 With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
 And there she drew St. Patrick's Dean.
 I straight beheld on either hand
 Two Saints, like Guardian Angels, stand,
 And either claim'd him for their son;
 And thus the high dispute begun.

St. Andrew first, with reason strong,
 Maintain'd to him he did belong :

“ Swift is my own, by right divine,
 “ All born upon this day are mine.”

St. Patrick said, “ I own this true,

“ So far he does belong to you :

“ But in my church he 's born again,

“ My son adopted, and my Dean.

“ When first the *Christian-truth* I spread,

“ The poor within this isle I fed,

“ And darkest errors banish'd hence,

“ Made knowledge in their place commence ;

“ Nay more, at my divine command,

“ All *noxious creatures* fled the land.

“ I made both Peace and Plenty smile.

“ Hibernia was my favourite isle ;

“ Now *bis* — for he succeeds to me,

“ Two *angels* cannot more agree.

“ His joy is, to relieve the poor ;

“ Behold them weekly at his door !

“ His knowledge too, in brightest *rays*,

“ He like the sun to all conveys,

“ Shews .

" Shews *wisdom* in a single page,
 " And in one hour instructs an age.
 " When ruin lately stood around
 " Th' inclosures of my *sacred ground*,
 " He gloriously did interpose,
 " And sav'd it from invading foes ;
 " For this I claim immortal Swift;
 " As my own son, and Heaven's best gift."

The Caledonian Saint, enrag'd,
 Now closèr in dispute engag'd,
 Effays to prove, by transmigration,
 The Dean is of the Scottish nation ;
 And, to confirm the truth, he chose
 The loyal soul of great Montrose.
 " Montrose and He are both the same,
 " They only differ in the name :
 " Both, heroes in a righteous cause,
 " Assert their liberties and laws ;
 " He 's now the same, Montrose was then,
 " But that the *sword* is turn'd a *pen* ;
 " A *pen* of so great power, each word
 " Defends beyond the hero's *sword*."

Now words grew high — we can 't suppose
 Immortals ever come to blows ;
 But, lest unruly passion should
 Degrade them into flesh and blood,
 An *angel* quick from Heaven descends,
 And he at once the contest ends :

" Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
 " Ye both mistake the present case ;

“ One *kingdom* cannot have pretence
 “ To so much virtue ! so much sense :
 “ Search Heaven’s record ; and there you ’ll find,
 “ That He was born for all mankind.”

EPISTLE to ROBERT NUGENT, Esq;
 with a PICTURE of DEAN SWIFT.
 BY DR. DUNKIN*.

TO gratify thy long desire
 (So Love and Piety require),
 From Bindon’s † colours you may trace
 The Patriot’s venerable face,
 The last, O Nugent ! which his art
 Shall ever to the world impart ;
 For know, the prime of mortal men,
 That matchless monarch of the pen
 (Whose labours, like the genial sun,
 Shall through revolving ages run,
 Yet never, like the sun, decline,
 But in their full meridian shine),
 That ever-honour’d, envied Sage,
 So long the wonder of his age,
 Who charm’d us with his golden strain,
 Is not the shadow of the Dean :

* This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at a period when all suspicion of flattery must vanish, reflects the highest honour on the ingenious Writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Dr. Swift. N.

† Samuel Bindon, esq; a celebrated painter. N.

He

He only breathes Bœotian air —
 “ Oh! what a falling-off was there !”

Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
 Invention, Wit, and Humour die;
 And what remains against the storm
 Of Malice, but an empty form?
 The nodding ruins of a pile,
 That stood the bulwark of this isle;
 In which the sisterhood was fix'd
 Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
 Impartial Reason, Thought profound,
 And Charity, diffusing round,
 In cheerful rivulets, the flow
 Of Fortune to the sons of woe?

Such once, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
 Endued with each exalted gift.
 But, lo! the pure æthereal flame
 Is darken'd by a misty steam:
 The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
 The rose is wither'd ere it fell.
 That godlike supplement of law,
 Which held the wicked world in awe,
 And could the tide of faction stem,
 Is but a shell without the gem.

Ye sons of genius, who would aim
 To build an everlasting fame,
 And, in the field of letter'd arts,
 Display the trophies of your parts,
 To yonder mansion turn aside,
 And mortify your growing pride.

Behold the brightest of the race,
 And Nature's honour, in disgrace :
 With humble resignation own,
 That all your talents are a loan ;
 By Providence advanc'd for use,
 Which you should study to produce.
 Reflect, the mental stock, alas !
 However current now it pass,
 May haply be recall'd from you
 Before the Grave demands his due.
 Then, while your morning-star proceeds,
 Direct your course to worthy deeds,
 In fuller day discharge your debts ;
 For, when your sun of reason sets,
 The night succeeds ; and all your schemes
 Of glory vanish with your dreams.

Ah ! where is now the supple train,
 That danc'd attendance on the Dean ?
 Say, where are those facetious folks,
 Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
 And with attentive rapture hung
 On wisdom dropping from his tongue ;
 Who look'd with high disdainful pride
 On all the busy world beside,
 And rated his productions more
 Than treasures of Peruvian ore ?

Good Christians ! they with bended knees
 Ingulph'd the wine, but loath the lees,
 Averting (so the text commands),
 With ardent eyes and up-cast hands,

The

The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes,
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mungrils, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals;
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying-glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The founder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a fore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;
Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.
But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his past heroic deeds,

In mansions of unbroken rest,
 The bright republick of the blest'd !
 Irradiate his benighted mind
 With living light of light refin'd ;
 And these the blank of thought employ
 With objects of immortal joy !

Yet, while he drags the sad remains
 Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
 Above the views of private ends,
 The tributary Muse attends,
 To prop his feeble steps, or shed
 The pious tear around his bed.

So Pilgrims, with devout complaints,
 Frequent the graves of martyr'd Saints,
 Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
 And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

INSCRIPTION intended for a MONUMENT. 1765.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
 What added honours can the Sculptor give ?
 None. — 'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
 Must bid the Sculptor and his Marble live.

EPIGRAM occasioned by the above INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier *birth* two realms contend;
 And each asserts her Poet, Patriot, Friend :
 Her mitre jealous Britain may deny ;
 That loss Iernia's laurel shall supply :
 Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread ;
 Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

1766.

B. N.
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