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derfully! This will be acknowledged to be the case among the pilferers in our common streets; and among their brethren of the quill the conduct is so similar, that the writer of the subsequent Ode cannot consider the REVEREND CHARLES CHURCHILL in any other light than that of a CRITIC PICKING HIS POCKET; and as he is well informed that Mr. *John Fielding* has attained many points, highly serviceable to society, by *quick notice and sudden pursuit* among the nimble-fingered race, who infest this metropolis, he is in hopes that the same means will operate equally in the literary world. For this purpose, he now thinks proper to celebrate the egregious endowments of this New Adventurer; desiring it may be remembered, that this is the first notice he has given of him: for, notwithstanding the insinuations of Mr. *Churchill* and his friends, be it hereby known, that Mr. *Murphy* never wrote, or caused to be written, directly or indirectly, a single line in the *Critical Review*. In justice, however, to the public, and himself, he thinks it now incumbent on him to give the best description he can of the man who has, at two different times, made an attempt upon him. Should this furious *Drawcansir*, after this, think proper to proceed in his design, Mr. *Murphy*, in consideration of his being *unbeneficed*, and reflecting how hard the present dearth of provisions, and the *late Tax* upon PORTER, must bear upon the Reverend Bard, most heartily gives his consent to be abused by him “*Body, Soul, and Muse;*” as often as thirst or

iv A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

hunger shall prompt his genius : and should he be told hereafter, that the author of unpoetic libels is not hurt in his preferment, but that “ to one bishop, *Churchill* seems a wit,” he promises him to repine less at his success, though provoked, than Mr. *Churchill* and his little faction seem, unprovoked, to have done at Mr. *Murphy*'s.

Lincoln's-Inn, 11th
June, 1761.

P. S. To some particular ideas and modes of expression, which will be found in the following lines, the author persuades himself, that they who are acquainted with the stile and colouring of Mr. *Dryden* in the *Mac Flecknoe*, and Mr. *Pope* in the *Dunciad*, will take no exception, unless they should chuse to criticise the too manifest inferiority of his genius.

O D E



O D E

TO THE

N A I A D S O F F L E E T - D I T C H

I.



E nut-brown Naiads of that fable flood,
 To which auxiliar sewers their homage pay,
 And little rills, meand'ring o'er the mud,
 Wind from a thousand urinals their way,
 To swell his course, what time the king of dykes
 Into the silver *Thames* impetuous strikes ;
Each weed, that on the margin grows,
 Drinks *life and stench* as on he flows :

B

No

Now the rich stream of Nufance, foul and strong,
 With kennel-drains confederated, pours along ;
 O'er filth, and *Cloacina's* yellow reign ;
 Now, swelling o'er his banks amain,
 See him devolve, in fullen pride,
 Dead cats and dogs, and drunken bards, down headlong with
 the tide.

II.

Yes, nymphs, ye black-ey'd daughters of *Fleet-ditch*,
 When Midnight in her mantle, black as pitch,
 Led forth her shadowy train,
 On *Parnassus'* high domain,
 The Muse hath heard your piteous cry,
 Hath heard ye pierce the vaulted sky,
 And, like ten thousand grinding scizzars shrill,
 Your screams her ears with discord harsh did fill ;
 While you perform'd, thro' all the mire,
 The orgies of your footy quire ;
 Then sitting on the swampy bank,
 With fable ooze your tresses dank,
 Dirt still inspiring all your throng,
 From ev'ry breast burst forth the miserable song.

III.

“ Perdition, quick perdition, seize
 “ The caitiff, the pernicious man
 “ Who first the citizens to please
 “ Of a new bridge devis’d the plan!
 “ No longer our much-lov’d domain
 “ In dear stagnation shall remain;
 “ No more the mud-nymphs here shall keep
 “ Their lazy courts; no more shall sleep
 “ In puddle here; but o’er the bed
 “ Where gentle SMEDLEY plunged his head;
 “ Where fam’d OLDMIXON, awful fire!
 “ Souc’d in, and wallow’d in the mire;
 “ Where all our fav’rites lov’d to sink
 “ Inhaling vigour from the stink;
 “ This bed, the scene of all our joys
 “ In evil hour yon bridge destroys!
 “ May quick perdition seize the man
 “ Who big with ruin form’d the plan!

IV.

These were the notes that reach’d the Muse’s ears;
 The Muses mark’d your unmelodious* tears.

* “Without the meed of some melodious tear.”

Then saw ye headlong down the steep
 Explore the bottom of the deep,
 Plung'd into endless night ;
 Ev'n now in ev'ry cell beneath
 Where toads obscene and adders breathe,
 Conceal'd from human sight !
 The virgins of poetic eye
 Can your disastrous state descry ;
 Can see from your dripping hair
 The faded honours rend away,
 Each feature fell with dire dismay,
 And all your flattern bosoms bare.

V.

Your screams too pierc'd the watchman's soul,
 Soho ! he cried, and couch'd his quiv'ring pole !
 Ah ! Naiads, cureless is your woe,
 Then let your sorrows flow ;
 Yes rant, and rave, and yell, and hiss,
 The more you cry, the less you'll ---- :
 Yes, o'er your heads a street shall rise
 Through which fair *Albion*, with surprize,
 Shall see rough Industry with eye intent,
 Adown his cheek, while wholesome dew-drops roll,
 Urge eager on, on schemes of riches bent,
 And lay his burden at the wish'd-for goal.

Thither

Thither *Pomona* her first fruits shall send,
 The gifts of *Golden CERES* that way bend ;
 Well-loaded Commerce o'er your heads shall bound,
 And with the gilded carr th' ecchoing pavement shall
 refund.

VI.

Ah! deem not, burghers of the dyke!
 That to insult ye all forlorn
 My willing hand the lyre doth strike ;
 Alas! you have full cause to mourn!
 To you no more shall much-lov'd SHIRLEY come,
 No more reveal the honours of his bum :
 No more you'll see him drunk with gin,
 No more admire his ghastly grin ;
 With him no longer now you'll flirt,
 And fling the mud, and fling the dirt :
 No more, alas! you'll bruise the toad,
 For him its venom to unload,
 And fill him with rank poison to the brim ;
 But now he'll look both impotent and grim ;
 His eyes sunk hollow in their pit,
 And nothing from his mouth to spit.

VII.

Where shall your CHURCHILL, in that dismal hour,
 When stopt are all your sewers, and all your pow'r,
 Where shall he wander? Not thy warbling fount

Aonian Aganippe; not thy shades

Laurell'd *Parnassus*; nor thy sacred mount

Thrice-honour'd *Pindus*; not the tuneful maids
 That with sweet airs bid *Isis* banks resound,

Or, knit in dance, where *Camus* winds along,
 With the young Graces, o'er th' enamell'd ground,

Move to some measure of immortal song;

Not these could ever charm, not these detain

His steps unhallow'd from your drear domain;

Your dripping arches, where the lazy flood

Just oozes thro', and stagnates into mud,

He still prefer'd;

There oft was heard

To your delighted ears to read his page,

His modern *Atalantis* of the Stage;

How wanton LUCY spreads her charms,

And clasps her fav'rite in her arms;

He told of wounds obscene, and am'rous scars,

In the soft conflict gain'd of *Venus'* wars;

Of the sweet thefts, and kind deceits,
 The falshoods, perjuries, and cheats,
 Of ev'ry actres and her crony
 Through the whole DRAMATIS PERSONÆ ;
 Through your vast courts, while all your strumpet brood
 Heard the lewd loves with wanton glee,
 And testify'd their joy in frantic mood,
 From ha! ha! ha!—to he! he! he!

VIII.

Not ev'n the solemn bell that tolls,
 The signal of departed souls,
 And bodies waiting fun'ral rite,
 With-held him from his dear delight,
 Tho' the pale corpse, from ev'ry sable shroud,
 Call'd for the last sad obsequies aloud!
 " Inter us, Doctor, by the Pow'rs above,
 " Nor grudge malignant to our clay-cold limbs,
 " One particle of earth ;—so lightly fall
 " Whate'er the *Critical Review* indites ;
 " Whate'er the MIMIC, in his pleasant vein,
 " Conceives of clumsy Curates ;---so may *Flexney*,
 " For each dull work, afford thee half a crown ;
 " And in *St. Giles's* none be happier thought
 " Than thy unclassic Muse :---though now in haste,

" Yet tarry, Doctor, in mere pity, tarry ;
 " The dust thrice thrown, you then may wing your flight."
 He wings his flight, all-heedless of their prayer ;
 No dirge he mutters o'er the tomb ;
 But wages war with ev'ry nameless play'r,
 Irrev'rend war !---but now his doom
 With yours impends ;---what shall he do ?
 With tears, and sighs, and groans he'll rue
 Your empire's fall---no more he'll sit
 In foremost row before the astonish'd pit,
 In brawn **OLDMIXON'S** rival as in wit ;
 And grin dislike,
 And kiss the spike ;
 And twist his mouth, and wreath his head awry,
 The arch absurd quick glancing from his eye,
 And giggle,
 And wriggle,
 And fiddle,
 And piddle,
 And piddle-paddle,
 And fiddle-faddle,
 And shew with pious leer, and double chin,
 That arrogance and gospel dwell within.

IX.

Ah! *Parodiffa!* *Ironiffa* too!
 Soft *Simperilla!* mild, but never true,
Envyna pale! *Waggilla* once a maid,
 But now call'd in to each lewd scribbler's aid;
 Oh! all, ye mud-nymphs! Ah! the hours are fled
 When at his well-known voice your ev'ry head
 Above the filth you rais'd, and at the sight
 Of the dear Bard with frantic cries
 Of hideous joy the realms of light
 You pierc'd, then headlong from the skies
 (As *Arethusa* her son sprung from Gods)
 You led him flound'ring to your drear abodes.
 From hollow cells he heard the adders hiss,
 As first he enter'd on this world of p---.
 No water there from limpid sources springs,
 To chafe his head no nymph the towel brings.
 Far other rites your sisterhood employ,
 Far other orgies of obscener joy.
 With ordure fresh his body one anoints,
 And wakes new vigour in his languid joints;
 Another stradling o'er his head, with grace
 Lets fly the briny torrent in his face;

The briny torrent down his temples ran ;
 He breath'd *Fleet-ditch*, and stunk above a man.
 Then rowl'd his eyes, and star'd tremendous wit ;
 Though to mere mortals but a priest b-----.

Then bow'd his uncouth form and smil'd,
 And with soft prate the hours beguil'd ;
 With wonder ey'd the secret store

Of Inf'rence fly, and quaint conceit
 Like embryos on the swampy floor

Waiting from him their birth to meet.

He saw where essays against each good play,
 And much of libel upon merit lay ;
 'Gainst *Gray* and *Mason* much pert flimsy ode,
 Of yellow-tinctur'd *ROSCIAD* many a load ;
 Much *Gazetteer*, much *Craftsman* struck his view,
 Much of himself, and much of *Shirley* too !

He saw where scandal's streams arise,

And wind their urinary course along
 From Grubstreet bards ; the fount of lies !

Scanty at first, but swelling strong

From tributary urns ;

Joy o'er his visage burns,

As a view around he takes

Of *Criticism's* dull stagnate lakes ;

As *Defamation* pours and stinks along,
 As *Inuendo's* rills creep softly by,
 As *Irony* its bottom to the eye
 Betrays all foul! and *Malice*, deep and strong,
 Now flows amain with tide profound,
 Now shallow grown just murmurs o'er the ground.

X.

Joy fills his soul; joy sheds a mellow grace
 O'er the brown horrors of his walnut face;
 Of ev'ry stream he quaffs deep drafts immense,
 And drinks oblivion of all truth and sense;
 Intoxicates his brains, until in fuming rills
 At *Flexney's* door he all again distils.
 But ah! ye Naiads, now your reign is o'er,
 And now your *Unborn Bard* no more
 To your beloved haunts shall go,
 And woo his loves impure in grotts of mud below;
 No more seek inspiration at your shrine,
 But all alone, unheard, unknown he'll pine!
 Mirth shall no more revisit those dim eyes,
 Unless he hear when patient Merit sighs;

But

But Merit still shall hold her steady flight,
Though Malice all her deadliest shafts should aim;
Though clouds oft interpose shall rise to light,
And soar on wings, which her own hands have form'd, to Fame.

F I N I S.



















1. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1912, 5, 1-12

2. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1912, 5, 13-24

3. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1912, 5, 25-36

4. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1912, 5, 37-48

5. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1912, 5, 49-60

6. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1912, 5, 61-72

7. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1912, 5, 73-84

8. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1912, 5, 85-96

9. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1912, 5, 97-108





