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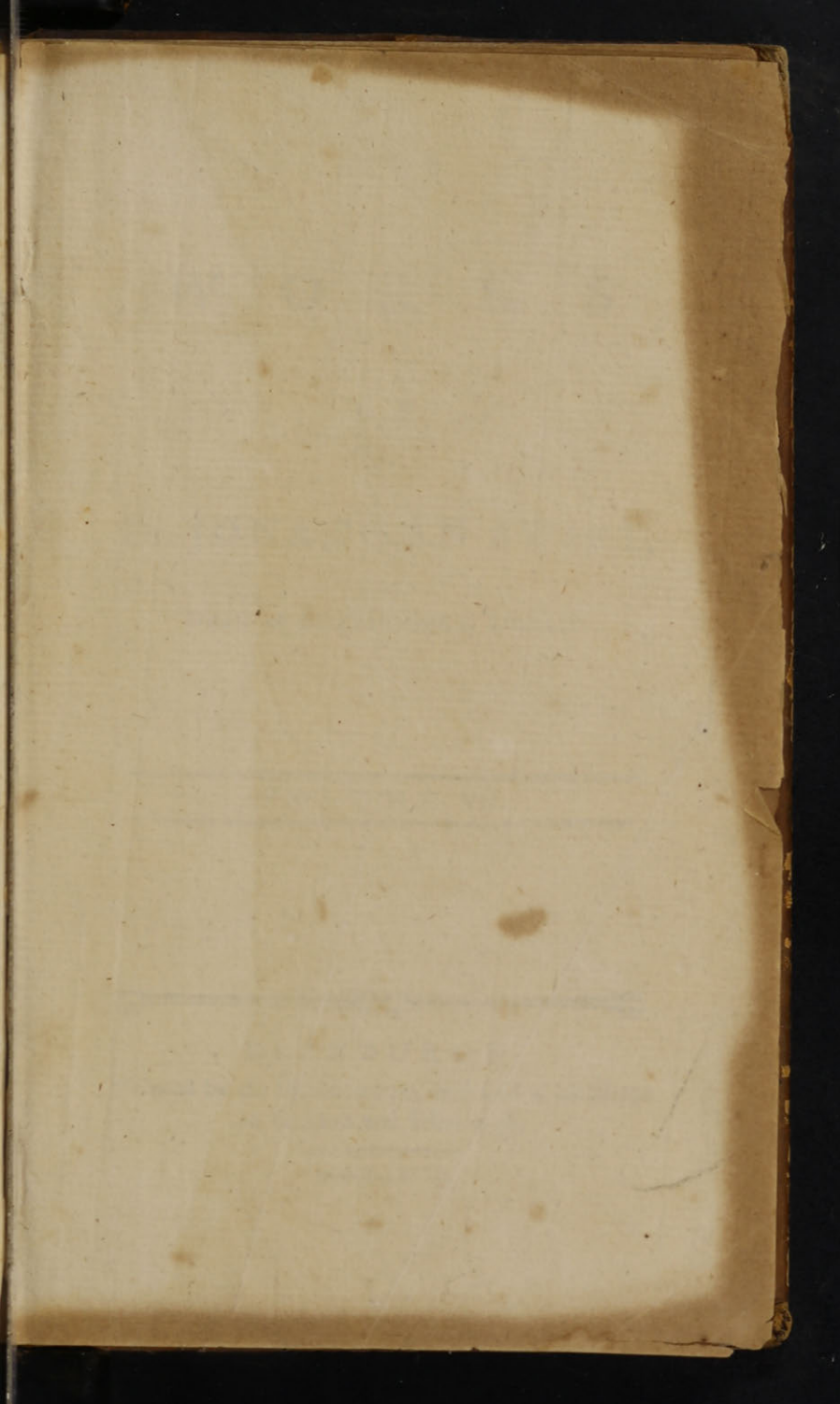


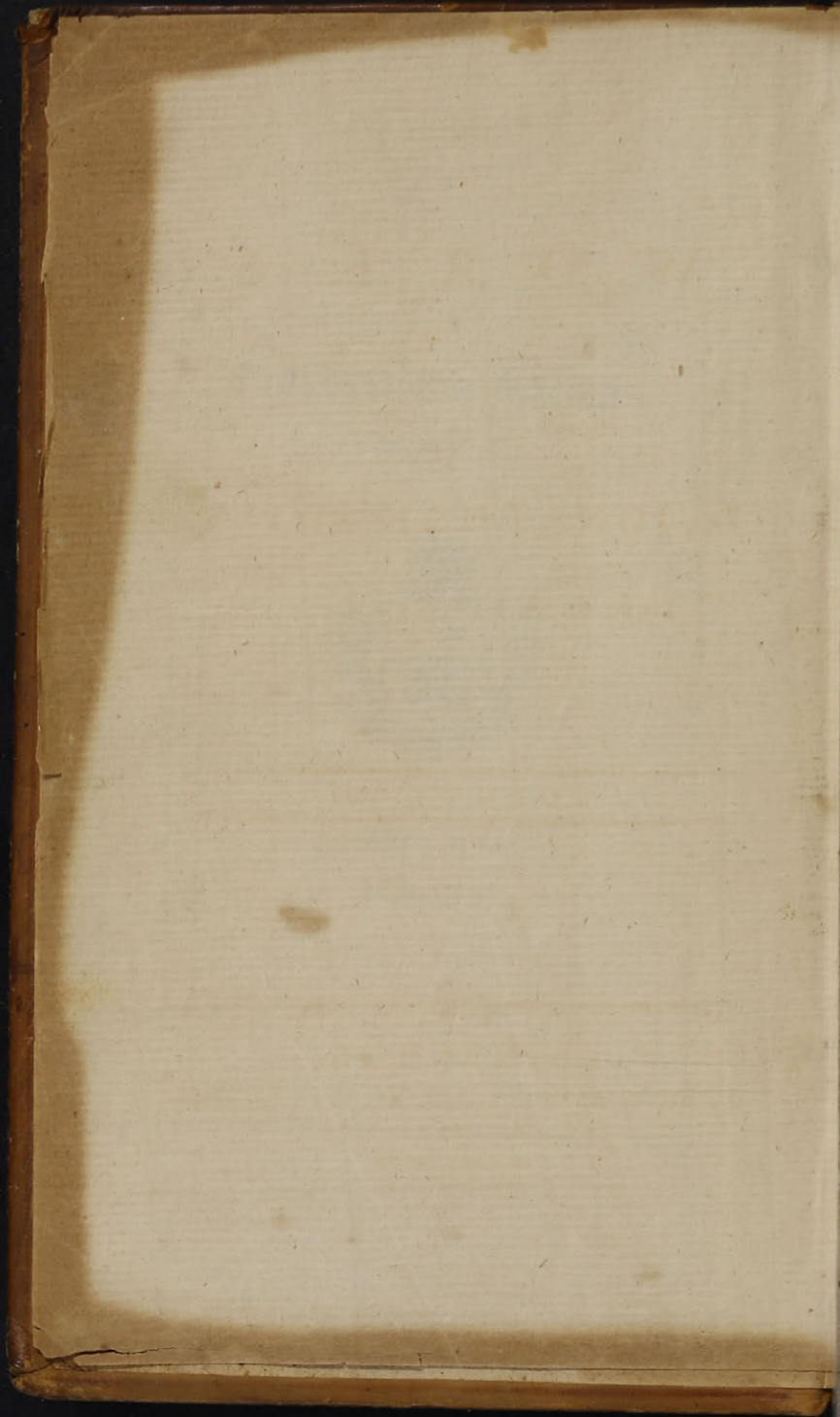
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THE
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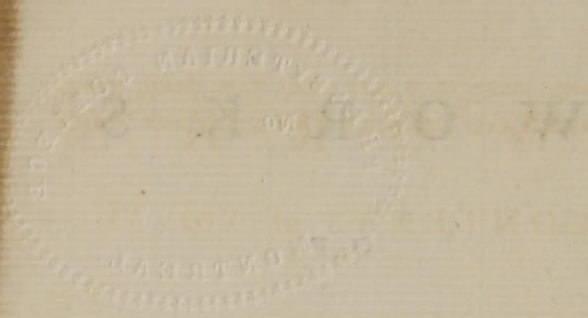
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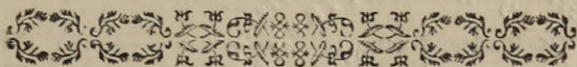


D. JONATHAN SWIFT

DOCTOR OF THEOLOGY

VOLUME VII

Printed by A. Millar, at the Theatre-Francoise, in London and Edinburgh.



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P R O P O S A L S

For printing a very curious Discourse, intitled,

ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ

O R,

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING,

THERE is now in the press, a curious piece, intitled, *Ψευδολογία πολιτική* or, *The Art of Political Lying*: consisting of two volumes, in *quarto*.

The PROPOSALS are,

I. That if the author meets with suitable encouragement, he intends to deliver the first volume to the subscribers by Hilary term next.

II. The price of both volumes will be, to the subscribers, fourteen shillings, seven whereof are to be paid down, and the other seven at the delivery of the second volume.

VOL. VII.

A

III. Those

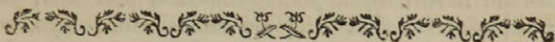
III. Those that subscribe for six, shall have a seventh *gratis*; which reduces the price to less than six shillings a volume.

IV. That the subscribers shall have their names and places of abode printed at length.

For the encouragement of so useful a work, it is thought fit the public should be informed of the contents of the first volume, by one who has with great care perused the manuscript.



THE



THE ART OF
POLITICAL LYING.

THE author, in his preface, makes some very judicious reflections upon the original of arts and sciences: that at first they consist of scattered theorems and practices, which are handed about amongst the masters, and only revealed to the *fili artis*, till such time as some great genius appears, who collects these disjointed propositions, and reduces them into a regular system. That this is the case of that noble and useful art of political lying, which, in this last age, having been enriched with several new discoveries, ought not to lie any longer in rubbish and confusion, but may justly claim a place in the Encyclopædia, especially such as serves for a model of education for an able politician. That he proposes to himself no small stock of fame in future ages, in being the first who has undertaken this design; and for the same reason he hopes the imperfection of his work will be excused. He invites all persons who have any talents that way, or any new discovery, to communicate their thoughts, assuring them that honourable mention should be made of them in his work.

The first volume consists of eleven chapters.

In the *first* chapter of his excellent treatise, he reasons philosophically concerning the nature of the soul of man, and those qualities which render

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it fufceptible of lies. He fupposes the foul to be of the nature of a *plano-cylindrical fpeculum*, or looking-glaſs; that the plain fide was made by God Almighty, but that the devil afterwards wrought the other into a cylindrical figure. The plain fide represents objects juſt as they are; and the cylindrical fide, by the rules of catoptries, muſt needs represent true objects falſe, and falſe objects true: but the cylindrical fide, being much the larger ſurface, takes in a great compaſs of viſual rays. That upon the cylindrical fide of the foul of man depends the whole art and ſucceſs of political lying. The author, in this chapter, proceeds to reaſon upon the qualities of the mind: as its peculiar fondneſs of the *malicious* and the *miraculous*. The tendency of the foul towards the *malicious*, ſprings from ſelf-love, or a pleaſure to find mankind more wicked, baſe, or unfortunate, than ourſelves. The deſign of the *miraculous* proceeds from the inactivity of the foul, or its incapacity to be moved or delighted with any thing that is vulgar or common. The author having eſtabliſhed the qualities of the mind, upon which his art is founded, he proceeds,

In his *ſecond* chapter, to treat of the nature of political lying; which he defines to be, “ the art of convincing the people of ſalutary falſhoods, “ for ſome good end.” He calls it an *art*, to diſtinguiſh it from that of telling truth, which does not ſeem to want art; but then he would have this underſtood only as to the invention, becauſe there is indeed more art neceſſary to convince the people of a ſalutary truth, than a ſalutary falſhood. Then he proceeds to prove, that there are ſalutary falſhoods, of which he gives a great many inſtances, both before and after the revolution; and demonſtrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the war ſo long, without ſeveral of theſe ſalutary falſhoods. He gives rules to calculate the
value

value of a political lie, in pounds, shillings, and pence. By *good* he does not mean that which is absolutely so, but what appears so to the artist, which is a sufficient ground for him to proceed upon; and he distinguishes the good, as it commonly is, into *bonum, utile, dulce, et honestum*. He shews you, that there are political lies of a mixed nature, which include all the three in different respects: that the *utile* reigns generally about the Exchange, the *dulce* and *honestum* at the Westminster end of the town. One man spreads a lie to sell or buy stock to greater advantage; a second, because it is honourable to serve his party; and a third, because it is sweet to gratify his revenge. Having explained the several terms of his definition, he proceeds,

In his *third* chapter, to treat of the lawfulness of political lying; which he deduces from its true and genuine principles, by inquiring into the several rights that mankind have to truth. He shews, that people have a right to private truth from their neighbours, and oeconomical truth from their own family; that they should not be abused by their wives, children, and servants; but that they have no right at all to political truth; that the people may as well all pretend to be lords of manors, and possess great estates, as to have truth told them in matters of government. The author, with great judgment, states the several shares of mankind in this matter of truth, according to their several capacities, dignities, and professions; and shews you that children have hardly any share at all; in consequence of which, they have very seldom any truth told them. It must be owned, that the author in this chapter has some seeming difficulties to answer, and texts of scripture to explain.

The *fourth* chapter is wholly employed in this question, "Whether the right of coinage of political lies be wholly in the government?" The author,

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thor, who is a true friend to English liberty, determines in the negative, and answers all the arguments of the opposite party with great acuteness: that as the government of England has a mixture of democratical in it, so the right of inventing and spreading political lies is partly in the people; and their obstinate adherence to this just privilege has been most conspicuous, and shined with great lustre of late years: that it happens very often, that there are no other means left to the good people of England, to pull down a ministry and government they are weary of, but by exercising this their undoubted right: that abundance of political lying, is a sure sign of true English liberty: that as ministers do sometimes use tools to support their own power, it is but reasonable that the people should employ the same weapon to defend themselves, and pull them down.

In his *fifth* chapter, he divides political lies into several species and classes, and gives precepts about the inventing, spreading, and propagating, the several sorts of them: he begins with the *rumores*, and *libelli famosi*, such as concern the reputation of men in power: where he finds fault with the common mistake, that takes notice only of one sort, *viz.* the detractory or defamatory, whereas in truth there are three sorts, the *detractory*, the *additory*, and the *translatory*. The *additory* gives to a great man a larger share of reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to serve some good end or purpose. The *detractory*, or defamatory, is a lie which takes from a great man the reputation that justly belongs to him, for fear he should use it to the detriment of the public. The *translatory* is a lie that transfers the merit of a man's good action to another, who is in himself more deserving; or transfers the merit of a bad action from the true author, to a person who is in himself less deserving. He gives several instances of very great strokes in all the three kinds, especially in the last, when it was necessary for the
good

good of the public to "bestow the valour and conduct of one man upon another, and that of many to one man," nay, even*, upon a good occasion, a man may be robbed of his victory by a person that did not command in the action. The restoring and destroying the public may be ascribed to persons who had no hand in either. The author exhorts all gentlemen practitioners to exercise themselves in the *translatory*, because the existence of the things themselves being visible, and not demanding any proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the public, but a false author, or a false cause; which is no great presumption upon the credulity of mankind, to whom the secret springs of things are for the most part unknown.

The author proceeds to give some precepts as to the *additory*: that when one ascribes any thing to a person which does not belong to him, the lie ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities: for example, one would not make the French King present at a Protestant conventicle; nor, like Queen Elisabeth, restore the overplus of taxes to his subjects. One would not bring in the Emperor giving two months pay in advance to his troops; nor the Dutch paying

* Major-General Webb obtained a glorious victory over the French near Wynendale in the year 1708. He was sent with 6000 of the confederate troops to guard a great convoy to the allied army besieging Lille; Count de la Motte came out from Ghent with near 24,000 men to intercept them; but Maj.-Gen. Webb disposed his men with such admirable skill, that notwithstanding the vast superiority of numbers, by the pure force of order and disposition the French were driven back in two or three successive attempts, and after having lost 6 or 7000 men, could be brought to charge no more. This may justly be reckoned amongst the greatest actions of that war: but the Duke of Marlborough's secretary, in his letter written to England, gave all the honour of it to Gen. Cadogan, the Duke's favourite, who did not come up till after the engagement. This was so related by Gen. Webb, that he left the army in disgust; and coming into England to do himself justice, received the unanimous thanks of the house of Commons for his eminent services by that great action; which was also acknowledged in a distinguishing manner by the King of Prussia, who bestowed on him the *order of generosity*.

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more than their *quota*. One would not make the same person zealous for a standing army and public liberty; nor an atheist support the church; nor a lewd fellow a reformer of manners; nor a hot-headed, crack-brained coxcomb forward for a scheme of moderation. But if it is absolutely necessary, that a person is to have some good adventitious quality given him, the author's precept is, that it should not be done at first *in extremo gradu*. For example; they should not make a covetous man give away all at once five thousand pounds in a charitable generous way; twenty or thirty pounds may suffice at first. They should not introduce a person of remarkable ingratitude to his benefactors, rewarding a poor man for some good office that was done him thirty years ago; but they may allow him to acknowledge a service to a person who is capable still to do him another. A man whose personal courage is suspected, is not at first to drive whole squadrons before him; but he may be allowed the merit of some squabble, or throwing a bottle at his adversary's head.

It will not be allowed to make a great man, that is a known despiser of religion, spend whole days in his closet at his devotion; but you may with safety make him sit out public prayers with decency. A great man, who has never been known willingly to pay a just debt, ought not all of a sudden to be introduced making restitution of thousands he has cheated; let it suffice at first to pay twenty pounds to a friend, who has lost his note.

He lays down the same rules in the *detractory* or *defamatory* kind; that they should not be quite opposite to the qualities the persons are supposed to have. Thus it will not be found according to the second rules of *pseudology*, to report of a pious and religious prince, that he neglects his devotion, and would introduce heresy; but you may report of a
merciful

merciful prince, that he has pardoned a criminal who did not deserve it. You would be unsuccessful, if you gave out of a great man, who is remarkable for his frugality for the public, that he squanders away the nation's money; but you may safely relate that he hoards it: you must not affirm he took a bribe; but you may freely censure him for being tardy in his payments; because, though neither may be true, yet the last is credible, the first not. Of an open-hearted generous minister you are not to say, that he was in an intrigue to betray his country; but you may affirm, with some probability, that he was in an intrigue with a lady. He warns all practitioners to take good heed to these precepts; for want of which, many of their lies of late have proved abortive, or short-lived.

In the sixth chapter he treats of the *miraculous*; by which he understands any thing that exceeds the common degrees of probability. In respect of the people it is divided into two sorts, the *τὸ φοβερόν*, or the *τὸ θυμοειδές*, *terrifying lies*, and *animating or encouraging lies*, both being extremely useful on their proper occasions. Concerning the *τὸ φοβερόν*, he gives several rules; one of which is, that terrible objects, should not be too frequently shewn to the people, lest they grow familiar. He says, it is absolutely necessary, that the people of England should be frighted with the French King and the pretender once a-year; but that the bears should be chained up again, till that time twelvemonth. The want of observing this so necessary a precept, in bringing out the *raw head and bloody bones* upon every trifling occasion, has produced great indifference in the vulgar of late years. As to the animating or encouraging lies he gives the following rules; that he should not far exceed the common degrees of probability; that there should be variety of them; and the same lie not obstinately insisted upon: that the promissory or prognosticating lies

should not be upon short days, for fear the authors should have the shame and confusion to see themselves speedily contradicted. He examines by these rules that well-meant, but unfortunate lye of the conquest of France, which continued near twenty years together * ; but at last, by being too obstinately insisted upon, it was worn thread-bare, and became unsuccessful.

As to the τὰ τεράτων, or the *prodigious*, he has little to advise, but that their comets, whales, and dragons should be fizeable; their storms, tempests, and earthquakes, without the reach of a day's journey of a man and horse.

The seventh chapter is wholly taken up in an enquiry, which of the two parties † are the greatest artists in political lying. He owns, that sometimes the one party, and sometimes the other, is better believed, but that they have both very great geniuses amongst them. He attributes the ill success of either party to their glutting the market, and retailing too much of a bad commodity at once : when there is too great a quantity of worms, it is hard to catch gudgeons. He proposes a scheme for the recovery of the credit of any party, which indeed seems to be somewhat chimerical and does not favour of that sound judgement the author has shewn in the rest of the work. It amounts to this, that the party should agree to vent nothing but truth for three months together, which will give them credit for six months lying afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almost impossible to find fit persons to execute this scheme. Towards the end of this chapter, he inveighs severely against the folly of parties in retaining scoundrels and men of low genius to retail their lyes ; such as most of the present news-writers are, who, except a strong bent and inclination towards the profession, seem to be

* During the reigns of K. Willam and Q. Anne.

† See the Examiner, No xiv. vol. 2.

wholly ignorant in the rules of *pseudology*, and not at all qualified for so weighty a trust.

In his next chapter he treats of some extraordinary geniuses, who have appeared of late years, especially in their disposition towards the *miraculous*. He advises these hopeful young men to turn their invention to the service of their country, it being inglorious, at this time, to employ their talent in prodigious fox-chases, horse-courses, feats of activity in driving of coaches, jumping, running, swallowing of peaches, pulling out whole sets of teeth, to clean, &c. when their country stands so much in need of their assistance.

The *eight* chapter is a project for uniting the several smaller corporations of liars into one society. It is too tedious to give a full account of the whole scheme: what is most remarkable is, that this society ought to consist of the heads of each party: that no lie is to pass current without their approbation, they being the best judges of their present exigencies, and what sort of lies are demanded: that in such a corporation there ought to be men of all professions, that the *τὸ πρόπον* and the *τὸ εὐλόγον*, that is, *decency* and *probability*, may be observed as much as possible: that, besides the persons above-mentioned, this society ought to consist of the hopeful geniuses about the town, (of which there are great plenty to be picked up in the several coffee-houses), travellers, virtuosos, fox-hunters, jockies, attornies, old seamen and soldiers out of the hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea: to this society, so constituted, ought to be committed the sole management of lying: that in their outer-room there ought always to attend some persons endowed with a great stock of credulity, a generation that thrives mightily in this soil and climate: he thinks a sufficient number of them may be picked up any where about the Exchange: these are to circulate, what the other coin; for no man spreads

12 THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

a lye with so good a grace, as he that believes it : that the rule of the society be to invent a lye, and sometimes two, for every day : in the choice of which great regard ought to be had to the weather, and the season of the year : your *φολοσα* or *terrifying lyes*, do mighty well in November and December, but not so well in May and June, unless the easterly winds reign : that it ought to be penal for any body to talk of any thing but the lye of the day ; that the society is to maintain a sufficient number of spies at court, and other places, to furnish hints and topics for invention, and a general correspondence of all the market-towns for circulating their lies ; that if any of the society were observed to blush, or look out of countenance, or want a necessary circumstance in telling the lye, he ought to be expelled, and declared incapable ; besides the roaring lies, there ought to be a private committee for whispers, constituted of the ablest men of the society. Here the author makes a digression in praise of the Whig-party, for the right understanding and use of *proof-lies*. A *proof-lye* is like a proof-charge for a piece of ordnance, to try a standard-credulity. Of such a nature he takes transubstantiation to be in the church of Rome, a proof-article, which if any one swallows, they are sure he will digest every thing else : therefore the Whig-party do wisely to try the credulity of the people sometimes by swingers, that they may be able to judge, to what height they may charge them afterwards. Towards the end of this chapter, he warns the heads of parties against believing their own lies, which has proved of pernicious consequence of late, both a wise party and a wise nation having regulated their affairs upon lies of their own invention. The causes of this he supposes to be too great a zeal and intenseness in the practice of this art, and a vehement heat in mutual conversation, whereby they persuade one another, that

that what they wish, and report to be true, is really so: that all parties have been subject to this misfortune. The Jacobites have been constantly infested with it; but the Whigs of late seemed even to exceed them in this ill habit and weakness. To this chapter the author subjoins a calendar of lies, proper for the several months of the year.

The *ninth* chapter treats of the celerity and duration of lies. As to the celerity of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible: he gives several instances of lies, that have gone faster than a man can ride post: your terrifying lies travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour; your whispers move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says, it is impossible to explain several phenomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of *synchronism* and *combination*. As to duration of lies, he says, there are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are some, which, like insects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lie surely to answer their purpose: to last just as long, and no longer, than the turn is served.

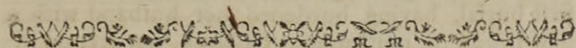
The *tenth* chapter treats of the characteristics of lies: how to know, when, where, and by whom invented? Your Dutch, English, and French ware are amply distinguished from one another; an Exchange lie from one coined at the other end of the town; great judgement is to be shewn as to the place, where the species is intended to circulate: very low and base coin will serve for Wapping; there are several coffee-houses, that have their particular stamps, which a judicious practitioner may easily know. All your great men have their proper *phantateustics*. The author says, he has attained by study and application to so great skill in this matter, that brings him any lie, he can tell whose image it bears so truly, as the
great

great man himself shall not have the face to deny it. The promissory lies of great men are known by shouldering, hugging, squeezing, smiling bowing; and their lies in matter of fact by immoderate swearing.

He spends the whole *eleventh* chapter on one simple question, *Whether a lie is best contradicted by truth, or by another lie!* The author says, that, considering the large extent of the cylindrical surface of the soul, and the great propensity to believe lies in the generality of mankind of late years, he thinks the properest contradiction to a lie is another lie. For example; if it should be reported, that the Pretender was at London, one would not contradict it, by saying he never was in England; but you must prove by eye-witnesses, that he came no farther than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus if it be spread about, that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health, and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman, who affirmed, that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and slavery into England, was signed the 15th of September; to which another answered very judiciously, not by opposing truth to his lie, that there was no such treaty; but that, to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjusted.

The account of the second volume of this excellent treatise is referred to another time.

REASONS



REASONS humbly offered by the company exercising the trade and mystery of UP-HOLDERS, against part of the BILL, for *the better viewing, searching, and examining drugs, medicines, &c.* 1724*.

B EING called upon by several retailers and dispensers of drugs and medicines about town, to use our endeavours against the bill now depending for viewing, &c. In regard of our common interest, and in gratitude to the said retailers and dispensers of medicines, which we have always found to be very effectual, we presume to lay the following reasons before the public against the bill.

That the company of upholders are far from being averse to the giving of drugs and medicines in general, provided they may be of such qualities as we require, and administered by such persons, in whom our company justly repose the greatest confidence: and provided they tend to the encouragement of trade, and the consumption of the woollen manufacture of this kingdom.

We beg leave to observe, that there hath been no complaint from any of the nobility, gentry, and citizens whom we have attended. Our practice, which consists chiefly in outward applications, having been always so effectual, that none of our patients have been obliged to undergo a second opera-

* In the year 1724 the physicians made application to parliament to prevent apothecaries dispensing medicine without the prescription of a physician: during which this tract was dispersed in the court of requests.

tion,

tion, excepting one gentlewoman; who, after her first burial, having burdened her husband with a new brood of posthumous children, her second funeral was by us performed without any further charges to the said husband of the deceased. And we humbly hope, that one single instance of this kind, a misfortune owing merely to the avarice of a sexton in cutting off a ring, will not be imputed to any want of skill, or care in our company.

We humbly conceive, that the power by this bill lodged in the censors of the college of physicians, to restrain any of his Majesty's subjects from dispensing, and well-disposed persons from taking what medicines they please, is a manifest incroachment on the liberty and property of the subject.

As the company, exercising the trade and mystery of upholders, have an undisputed right in and upon the bodies of all and every the subjects of the kingdom; we conceive the passing of this bill, tho' not absolutely depriving them of their said right, might keep them out of possession by unreasonable delays, to the great detriment of our company and their numerous families.

We hope it will be considered, that there are multitudes of necessitous heirs and penurious parents, persons in pinching circumstances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robust aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad understandings, single heirs of great estates, whereby the collateral line are forever excluded, reversionary patents, and reversionary promises of preferments, leases upon single lives, and play-debts upon joint-lives, and that the persons so aggrieved have no hope of being speedily relieved any other way, than by the dispensing of drugs and medicines in the manner they now are; burying alive being judged repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom.

That

That there are many of the deceased, who by certain mechanical motions and powers are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time, by any other well-ordered government: by want of a due police in this particular our company have been great sufferers.

That frequent funerals contribute to preserve the genealogies of families, and the honours conferred by the crown, which are no where so well illustrated as on this solemn occasion; to maintain necessitous clergy; to enable the clerks to appear in decent habits to officiate on Sundays; to feed the great retinue of sober and melancholy men, who appear at the said funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular employment. Moreover, we desire it may be remembered, that by the passing of this bill, the nobility and gentry will have their old coaches lye upon their hands, which are now employed by our company.

And we further hope, that frequent funerals will not be discouraged, as is by this bill proposed, it being the only method left of carrying some people to church.

We are afraid, that by the hardships of this bill our company will be reduced to leave their business here, and practise at York and Bristol, where the free use of bad medicines will be still allowed.

It is therefore hoped, that no specious pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited power for people to live (in defiance of art) as long as they can by the course of nature, to the prejudice of our company, and the decay of trade.

That as our company are like to suffer in some measure by the power given to physicians to dissect the bodies of malefactors, we humbly hope, that the manufacture of cases for skeletons will be reserved solely to the coffin-makers.

We likewise humbly presume, that the interests

of the several trades and professions, which depend upon ours, may be regarded; such as that of hear-fes, coaches, coffins, epitaphs, and bell-ropes, stone-cutters, feather-men, and bell-ringers; and especially the manufacturers of crapes; and the makers of snuff, who use great quantities of old coffins, and who, considered in the consumption of their drugs, employ by far the greatest number of hands of any manufacture of the kingdom.



To the Right Honourable the Mayor and Aldermen
of the city of London,

The humble PETITION of the Colliers,
Cooks, Cook-maids, Blacksmiths, Jack-
makers, Brafiers, and others,

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas certain virtuofi, difaffected to the government, and to the trade and profperity of this kingdoms, taking upon them the name and title of the *Catoptrical Viſtuallers*, have presumed by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the funbeams, by the help of certain glaſſes, to make, produce, and kindle up ſeveral new focus's, or fires, within theſe his Majeſty's dominions, and thereby to boil, bake, ſtew, fry, and dreſs all ſorts of viſtuals and proviſions, to brew, diſtill ſpirits, ſmelt oar, and in general to perform all the offices of culinary fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themſelves the monopoly of this their ſaid invention: We beg leave humbly to repreſent to your honours,

That ſuch grant or patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary your petitioners, their wives, children, ſervants, and trades on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the ſaid invention, but warming of cellars, and dreſſing of ſuppers in the winter-time. That the abolishing ſo conſiderable a branch of the coaſting trade, as that of the colliers, will deſtroy the navigation of this kingdom. That whereas the ſaid catoptrical viſtu-

allers talk of making use of the moon by night, as of the sun by day, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of tallow-chandlers, and impair a very considerable branch of the revenue, which arises from the tax upon tallow and candles.

That the said catoptrical victuallers do profane the emanations of that glorious luminary the sun, which is appointed to rule the day, and not to roast mutton. And we humbly conceive, it will be found contrary to the known laws of this kingdom, to confine, forestall, and monopolize the beams of the sun. And whereas the said catoptrical victuallers have undertaken, by burning-glasses made of ice, to roast an ox upon the Thames next winter: we conceive all such practices to be an incroachment upon the rights and privileges of the company of watermen.

That the diversity of exposition of the several kitchens in this great city, whereby some receive the rays of the sun sooner, and others later, will occasion great irregularity as to the time of dining of the several inhabitants, and consequently great uncertainty and confusion in the dispatch of business; and to those, who, by reason of their northern exposition, will be still forced to be at the expences of culinary fires, it will reduce the price of their manufacture to such inequality, as is inconsistent with common justice; and the same inconvenience will affect landlords in the value of their rents.

That the use of the said glasses will oblige cooks, and cook-maids to study optics and astronomy, in order to know the due distances of the said focuses or fires, and to adjust the position of their glasses to the several altitudes of the sun, varying according to the hours of the day, and the seasons of the year; which studies, at these years, will be highly troublesome to the said cooks and cook-maids, not to say any thing of the utter incapacity of some of
them

them to go through with such difficult arts ; or (which is still a greater convenience) it will throw the great art of cookery into the hands of astronomers and glass-grinders, persons utterly unskilled in other parts of that profession, to the great detriment of the health of his Majesty's good subjects.

That it is known by experience, that meat roasted with sun-beams is extremely unwholesome ; witness several that have died suddenly after eating the provisions of the said catoptrical victuallers ; forasmuch as the sun-beams taken inwardly render the humours too hot and adust, occasion great sweatings, and dry up the rectual moisture.

The sun-beams taken inwardly shed a malignant influence upon the brain, by their natural tendency towards the moon ; and produces madness and distraction at the time of the full moon. That the constant use of so great quantities of this inward light will occasion the growth of quakerism, to the danger of the church, and of poetry, to the danger of the state.

That the influences of the constellations, thro' which the sun passes, will, with his beams, be conveyed into the blood ; and when the sun is among the horned signs, may produce such a spirit of unchastity, as is dangerous to the honour of your worships families.

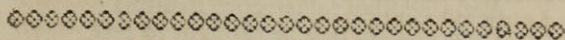
That mankind living much upon the seeds and other parts of plants, these being impregnated with the sun-beams, may vegetate and grow in the bowels, a thing of more dangerous consequence to human bodies than breeding of worms ; and this will fall heaviest upon the poor, who live upon roots ; and the weak and sickly, who live upon barley and rice-gruel, &c. for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent physicians, that the taste and property of the victuals is much altered to the worse by the said solar

lar cookery, fricassies being deprived of the *haut gout* they acquired by being dressed over charcoal.

Lastly, Should it happen by an eclipse of an extraordinary length, that this city should be deprived of the funbeams for several months: how will his Majesty's subjects subsist in the interim, when common cookery, with the arts depending upon it, is totally lost?

In consideration of these, and many other inconveniences, your petitioners humbly pray, that your honours would either totally prohibit the confining and manufacturing the funbeams for any of the useful purposes of life, or, in the ensuing parliament, to procure a tax to be laid upon them, which may answer both the duty and price of coals, and which we humbly conceive cannot be less than thirty shillings *per* yard square, reserving the sole right and privilege of the catoptrical cookery to the royal society, and to the commanders and crew of the bomb-vessels, under the direction of Mr. Whiston for finding out the longitude, who, by reason of the remoteness of their stations, may be reduced to straits for want of firing.

And we likewise beg, that your honours, as to the forementioned points, would hear the Reverend Mr. Flamstead, who is the legal officer appointed by the government to look after the heavenly luminaries, whom we have constituted our trusty and learned solicitor.



It cannot rain but it pours ;

O R,

London strowed with Rarities.

Being an account of the arrival of a white bear, at the house of Mr. Ratcliff in Bishopsgate-street ; as also of Faustina, the celebrated Italian singing woman ; and of the copper-farthing Dean from Ireland. And lastly of the wonderful wild man that was nursed in the woods of Germany by a wild beast, hunted and taken in toils ; how he behaveth himself like a dumb creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being called Peter ; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great astonishment of the quality and gentry, 1726.

WE shall begin with a description of Peter the savage, deferring our other curiosities to some following papers.

Romulus and Remus, the two famous wild men of antiquity, and Orfin that of the moderns, have been justly the admiration of all mankind : nor can we presage less of this wild youth, as may be gathered from that famous and well-known prophecy of Lilly's, which being now accomplished, is most easily interpreted :

When Rome shall wend to Benevento,
And Espagne break the Assiento ;

When

When eagle split shall fly to China,
 And Christian folks adore Faustina :
 Then shall an oak be brought to bed
 Of creature neither taught nor fed ;
 Great feats shall he atchieve——

The Pope is now going to Benevento : the Spaniards have broke their treaty ; the Emperor trades to China ; and Lilly, were he alive, must be convinced, that it was not the Empress Faustina, that was meant in the prophecy.

It is evident, by several tokens about this wild gentleman, that he had a father and mother like one of us ; but there being no register of his christening, his age is only to be guessed at by his stature and countenance, and appeareth to be about twelve or thirteen. His being so young was the occasion of the great disappointment of the ladies, who came to the drawing-room in full expectation of some attempt upon their chastity : so far is true, that he endeavoured to kiss the young Lady Walpole, who, for that reason, is become the envy of the circle ; this being a declaration of nature in favour of her superior beauty.

Aristotle saith, that man is the most mimic of all animals ; which opinion of that great philosopher is strongly confirmed by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endowed with that quality to an extreme degree. He received his first impressions at court : his manners are first to lick people's hands, and then turn his breach upon them ; to thrust his hand into every body's pocket : to climb over people heads ; and even to make use of the royal hand to take what he has a mind to. At his first appearance he seized on the Lord Chamberlain's staff, and put on his hat before the king ; from whence some have conjectured, that he is either descended from a grandee of Spain, or the Earls of Kinfales in Ireland. However, these are manifest

manifest tokens of his innate ambition ; he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimic quality he discovered what wild beast had nursed him : observing children to ask blessing of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a sow, and muttered some sounds in that humble posture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is Ulrich's natural brother, because of some resemblance of manners, and the officious care of Ulrich about him ; but the superiority of parts and genius in Peter demonstrates this to be impossible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious physician, who is intrusted with his education) yet he distinguishes objects by certain sounds framed to himself, which Mr. Rotenberg, who brought him over, understands perfectly. Beholding one day the shambles with great fear and astonishment, ever since he calls man by the same sound which expresseth wolf. A young lady is a peacock, old women magpies and owls ; a beau with a *toupee*, a monkey ; glass, ice ; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow ; an heap of gold, a turd. The first ship he saw, he took to be a great beast swimming on her back, and her feet tied above her ; the men, that came out of the hold, he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were so unlike their dame. He understands perfectly the language of all beasts and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one species. He can bring any beast he calls for, and no doubt is much missed now in his native woods, where he used to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and served as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warned a flock of sheep, that were driving to the shambles, of their danger ; and, upon uttering some sounds, they all fled. He takes vast pleasure in conversa-

tion with horses; and going to the Meuse to converse with two of his intimate acquaintances in the king's stables, as he passed by, he neighed to the horse at Charing-cross, being, as it were, surprized to see him so high: he seemed to take it ill, that the horse did not answer him; but I think no body can undervalue his understanding for not being skilled in statuary.

He expresseth his joy most commonly by neighing; and whatever the philosophers may talk of their risibility, neighing is a more noble expression of that passion than laughing, which seem to me to have something silly in it; and besides, is often attended with tears. Other animals are sensible they debase themselves by mimicking laughter; and I take it to be a general observation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkies and birds; witness Harlequins, Scaramouches, and Masqueraders; on the other hand, monkies, when they would look extremely silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to mankind. Love he expresseth by the cooing of a dove, and anger by the croaking of a raven; and it is not doubted, but that he will serve in time as an interpreter between us and other animals.

Great instruction is to be had from this wild youth in the knowledge of simples; and I am of opinion, that he ought always to attend the censors of the college in their visitation of apothecaries shops.

I am told, that the new sect* of herb-eaters intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world.

He sings naturally several pretty tunes of his own

Dr. Cheyne's followers,

composing,

composing, and with equal facility in the chromatic, inharmonic, and diatonic style, and consequently must be of infinite use to the academy in judging of the merits of their composers, and is the only person that ought to decide betwixt Cuzzoni and Faustina*.

I cannot omit his first notion of cloaths, which he took to be the natural skins of the creatures that wore them, and seemed to be in great pain for the pulling off a stocking, thinking the poor man was a-flaying.

I am not ignorant, that there are a disaffected people, who say he is a pretender, and no genuine wild man. This calumny proceeds from the false notions they have of wild men, which they frame from such as they see about the town, whose actions are rather absurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen who are ambitious to excel in this character, to copy this true original of nature.

The senses of this wild man are vastly more acute, than those of a tame one; he can follow the track of a man, or any other beast of prey. A dog is an ass to him for finding *troufles*; his hearing is more perfect, because his ears not having been confined by bandages, he can move them like a drill, and turn them towards the sonorous object.

“ Let us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and tame, that as this wild youth, by being brought to court, has been made a Christian; so such as are at court, and are no Christians, may lay aside their savage and rapacious nature, and return to the meekness of the gospel.”

* Two rival singers at that time in the Italian operas here.



The NARRATIVE of Dr. ROBERT NORRIS,
concerning the *strange* and *deplorable frenzy*
of Mr. JOHN DENNIS *, an officer of the
Custom-house.

Written in the year 1713.

IT is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is so dear to an honest man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the just vindication of his character, when it is injuriously attacked by any man. The person I have at present cause to complain of, is indeed in very malancholy circumstances, it having pleased God to deprive him of his senses, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I should be wanting in my duty, not only to myself, but also to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, should I suffer my profession or honesty to be undeservedly aspersed. I have therefore resolved to give the public an account of all that has pass'd between the unhappy gentleman and myself.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my closet, pondering the case of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my assistance her master would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt

* The History of Mr Dennis is to be seen in Jacob's Lives of the Poets; or in Mr Pope's Dunciad, among the note upon which the curious reader may find some extracts from his writings. The occasion of this narrative sufficiently appears from the Doctor's own words.

her sorrow, by enquiring her master's name and place of abode. She told me, he was one Master Dennis, an officer of the custome-house, who was taken ill of a violent frenzy last April, and had continued in those melancholy circumstances with few or no intervals. Upon this I asked her some questions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cause of his distemper was found out. Alas, Sir, says she, this day-fortnight, in the morning, a poor simple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no sooner entered the room, but he cried out, "the devil was come." He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word Cator, or Cato, or some such thing. Now, Doctor, this Cator is certainly a witch, and my poor master is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him say, Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pities my very heart, to think that a man of my master's understanding and great scholarship, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own print, should talk so outrageously. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horse-shoe, which is at this time nailed on the threshold of his door; but I don't find my master is at all the better for it; he perpetually starts and runs to the window when any one knocks, crying out, "'S death! a messenger from the French King! I shall die in the Bastile."

Having said this, the old woman presented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding hot. I therefore instantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near Charing-cross, up three pair of stairs, (which I should not have published in this manner, but that this lunatic conceals the place of his residence, on purpose to prevent

prevent the good offices of those charitable friends and physicians who might attempt his cure), when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman seated on his bed, with Mr. Bernard Lintot bookseller on the one side of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learned, calls himself a grammarian; the latitude of whose countenance was not a little eclipsed by the fulness of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale visage, and hang my cloaths on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, " 'S death, a Erenchman! I am betrayed to the tyrant! who could have thought the Queen would have delivered me up to France in this treaty, and least of all that you, my friends, would have been in a conspiracy against me?" —Sir, said I, here is neither plot nor conspiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your senses requires my attendance, and your friends for me on no other account. I then took a particular survey of his person, and the furniture and disposition of his apartment. His aspect was furious, his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered some matter of importance, but the sound seemed lost inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shaved, believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town, to take the first opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation when any thing was spoken, insomuch that he seemed not to have smoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel night-cap, which was exceedingly begrimed with sweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled

dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his stockings fell down to his ankles.

I observed his room was hung with old tapestry, which had several holes in it, caused, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers tyrants, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his room were pinned a great many sheets of a tragedy called Cato, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words absurd, monstrous, execrable, were every where written in such large characters, that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fire-side lay three farthings worth of small coal, in a spectator, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the same title, which his nurse informed me she had conveyed thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black art; for her master never read in them, but he was either quite moped, or in raving fits. There was nothing neat in the whole room, except some books on his shelves, very well bound and gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor, I believe, were any where else to be found; such as, Gibraltar, a comedy; Remarks on Prince Arthur; The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry; An Essay on Public Spirit. The only one I had any knowledge of was a Paradise Lost, interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuscripts, as thick as a pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas eve. On his table were some ends of verse and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half dead ale covered with a Longinus.

As I was casting mine eyes round on all this odd furniture with earnestness and astonishment, and in a profound silence, I was on a sudden surpris'd to hear the man speak in the following manner.

“ Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as
“ with your predecessor the famous Hippocrates,
“ whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for
“ in

“ in this very manner, to cure the philosopher De-
 “ mocritus ; he returned full of admiration at the
 “ wisdom of that person, whom he had supposed
 “ a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus Aristo-
 “ tle himself, and all the great ancients, spent their
 “ days and nights, wrapt up in criticism, and beset
 “ all around with their own writings. As for me,
 “ whom you see in the same manner, be assured I
 “ have none other disease than a swelling in my
 “ legs, whereof I say no more, since your art may
 “ farther satisfy you.”

I began now to be in hopes, that his case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone, but some timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries which, with the answers made to me, I shall set down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least circumstance in this narrative ; and I call my conscience to witness, as if upon oath, that I shall tell the truth, without addition or diminution.

Dr. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling?

Denn. By a criticism.

Dr. A criticism ! that's a distemper I never heard of.

Denn. 'S death, Sir, a distemper ! it is no distemper, but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a-day at it ; and are you a doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain ?

Dr. What made you sit so many hours, Sir ?

Denn. Cato, Sir.

Dr. Sir, I speak of your distemper ; what gave you this tumour ?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato *.

* Remarks upon Cato, published by Mr. D. in the year 1712.

Old Wom. For God's fake, Doctor, name not this evil spirit; it is the whole cause of his madness: alas! poor master is just falling into his fits.

Mr. Lintot. Fits! Z—— what fits! A man may well have swellings in his legs, that fits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the Remarks.

Dr. The remarks, what are those?

Denn. S'death! have you never read my remarks? I will be damned, if this dog Lintot ever published my advertisements.

Mr. Lintot. Z——! I published advertisement upon advertisement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G---, as much has been done for the book, as could be done for any book in Christendom.

Dr. We do not talk of books, Sir; I fear those are the fuel that feed the *delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this discourse.

I desire a word in private with this other gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible man: I suppose, Sir, you are his apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed, since he has been under your care! You remember, I suppose, the passage of Celsus, which says, if the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicaments at night? Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted stertoration by hellebore.

Gent. Sir, no such matter, you utterly mistake.

Dr. Mistake: am I not a physician? and shall an apothecary dispute my *nostrums*? You may perhaps have filled up a prescription or two of *Ratcliff's*, which chanced to succeed, and with that very prescription, injudiciously prescribed to different constitutions, have destroyed a multitude. *Pharmaco-*

pola componat, medicus solus prescribat. Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Denn. 'S death, Sir, my friend an apothecary! a base mechanic! He who, like myself, professes the noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry! Can you think I would submit my writings to the judgement of an apothecary! By the immortals, he himself inserted three whole paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my Public Spirit, nay, assisted me in my description of the furies and infernal regions in my Appius.

Mr. Lintot. He is an author; you mistake the gentleman, Doctor; he has been an author these twenty years to his booksellers knowledge, and no man's else.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Must our reputation be lost to all foreign countries! O destruction! perdition! *Opera! Opera*!* As poetry once raised cities, so when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr. Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no mischief.

Denn. O I am sick, sick to death!

Dr. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (say the modern physicians) is an excellent symptom. When a patient is sensible of his pain, it is half a cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am sick of the sentiments, of the diction, of the proterafis, of the epitafis, and the catastrophe.—Alas! what is become of the drama, the drama?

Old Wom. The dram, Sir! Mr. Lintot drank up

* He wrote a treatise proving the decay of public spirit to proceed from Italian operas.

all the gin just now; but I'll go fetch more presently!

Denn. O shameful want, scandalous omission! By all the immortals, here is no *peripetia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy; Z—— no change at all!

Old. Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch change.

Dr. Hold your peace, woman; his fit increases; good Mr. Lintot hold him.

Mr. Lintot. Plague on't! I'm damnably afraid, they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the devil would buy the Remarks? (*Here Mr. Lintot scratched his head.*)

Dr. Sir, I shall order you the cold bath to-morrow—Mr. Lintot, you are a sensible man; pray send for Mr. Verdier's servant, and as you are a friend to the patient, be so kind as to stay this evening, whilst he is cupped on the head. The symptoms of his madness seem to be desperate; for Avicen says, that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhausted. We must eradicate the undigested ideas out of the *pericranium*, and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Denn. Caitiffs, stand off! unhand me, miscreants! Is the man, whose whole endeavours are to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one assert, there is a *peripetia* in that vile piece, that's foisted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right hand, and Aristotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that support them. Am I to be assassinated? and shall a bookfeller, who hath lived upon

my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support?

Gent. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myself: I am also of the same opinion as to the *peripætia*.—Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I should conceive you to be a graduate physician; but by your indecent and boisterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent sort of person, I am loath to say *quack*, who, rather than his drugs should lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition found intellectuals, and unerring judgement: I beg you will not oblige me to resent these proceedings.

These were all the words that passed among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being necessary that we should make use of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whispered the old woman to go to Mr. Verdier's in Long-Acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glasses; in the mean time, by the assistance of Mr. Lintot, we locked his friend into a closet, who, it is plain from his last speech, was likewise touched in his intellects, after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedstead, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithstanding the most tender expressions we could use, to persuade him to submit to the operation, till the servant of Verdier arrived. He had no sooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glasses on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above mentioned bursting open the closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vast folio, which sorely bruised the shin of Mr. Lintot; Mr. John Dennis also, starting up with cupping-glasses on his head, seized
another

another folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the scull, just above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr. Verdier's servant is ready to attest upon oath, who taking an exact survey of the volumes, found that which wounded my head to be Gruterus's *Lampas Critica*, and that which broke Mr. Lintot's shin was Scaliger's *Poetics*. After this, Mr. John Dennis, strengthened at one by rage and madness, snatched up a peruke-block, that stood by the bed-side, and wielded it round in so furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glasses from the crown of his head, so that much blood tricked down his visage.—He looked so ghastly, and his passion was grown to such a prodigious height, that myself, Mr. Lintot, and Verdier's servant, were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. Lintot home with me, in order to have our wounds dressed, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into discourse with him about the madness of this person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation :

That on the 17th of May 1710, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr. John Dennis entered into his shop, and opening one of the volumes of the *Spectator*, in the large paper, did suddenly, without the least provocation, tear out that of No — where the author treats of poetical justice, and cast it into the street. That the said Mr. John Dennis, on the 27th of March 1712, finding on the said Mr. Lintot's counter a book called an *Essay on Criticism*, just then published, he read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to these two lines,

*Some have at first for wits, then poets, past,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.*

he flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried, "By G—d he means me."

That

That being in his company on a certain time, when Shakespear was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, he swore the said Shakespear was a rascal, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the said Shakespear.

That, about two months since, he came again into the shop, and cast several suspicious looks on a gentleman that stood by him, after which he desired some information concerning that person. He was no sooner acquainted, that the gentleman was a new author, and that his first piece was to be published in a few days, but he drew his sword upon him; and had not my servant luckily caught him by the sleeve, I might have lost one author upon the spot, and another the next sessions.

Upon recollecting all these circumstances, Mr. Lintot was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not but his whole narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reasons which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publish this whole unfortunate transaction.

In the first place, Mr. John Dennis had industriously caused to be reported, that I entered into his room, *vi et armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called *Coriolanus*, which he has had ready for the stage these four years.

Secondly, He hath given out, about Fleet-street and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookseller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuscripts, without paying him copy-money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no graduate physician, and that he had seen me upon a mountebank stage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the college there.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal Exchange, Customhouse, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign spy, employed by the French King to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burst from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the Bastile.

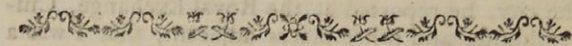
All which several assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this person be not out of his senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him to the full enjoyment of his understanding: so wisheth, as becometh a Christian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M. D.

From my house in Snow-hill,
July the 30th, 1713.

God save the Queen.





A full and true Account of a horrid and barbarous REVENGE by poison, on the body of Mr. EDMUND CURLL, bookseller.

With a faithful Copy of his last will and testament.

History furnisheth us with examples of many satirical authors who have fallen sacrifices to revenge, but not of any booksellers, that I know of, except the unfortunate subject of the following paper; I mean Mr. Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleetstreet, who was yesterday poisoned by Mr. Pope, after having lived many years an instance of the mild temper of the British nation.

Every body knows, that the said Mr. Edmund Curll, on Monday the 26th instant, published a satirical piece, intitled, *Court-poems*, in the preface whereof they were attributed to a lady of quality, Mr. Pope or Gay; by which indiscreet method, though he had escaped one revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now, on the Wednesday ensuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. Lintot, a neighbouring bookseller, desired a conference with Mr. Curll, about settling a title-page, inviting him at the same time to take a whet together. Mr. Pope, who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carried away by the instigation of the devil, found means to convey himself into the same room, under pretence of business with Mr. Lintot, who,

who, it seems is the printer of his Homer. This gentleman, with a seeming coolness, reprimanded Mr. Curll for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid poems: he excused himself by declaring, that one of his authors (Mr. Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the press, and wrote the preface. Upon this Mr. Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glass of sack to Mr. Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor in colour and taste, differed not from common sack, yet was it plain, by the pangs this unhappy stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven o'clock he went home, where his wife observing his colour changed, said, "Are you not sick, my dear?" He replied, "Bloody sick;" and incontinently fell a vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as grass. His wife had been just reading a book of her husband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind misgave her, that he was bewitched; but he soon let her know, that he suspected poison, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumstance of his interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lintot in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden alteration he observed in him: "Brother Curll, *says he*, I fear you have got the vomiting distemper; which, I have heard, kills in half an hour. This comes from your not following my advice, to drink old hock in a morning, as I do, and abstain from sack." Mr. Curll replied in a moving tone, "Your author's sack, I fear, has done my business." "Z — ds, *says Mr. Lintot*, my author! Why did not you drink old hock?" Notwithstanding which rough remonstrance, he did in the most friendly manner press him to take warm wa-

ter; but Mr. Curll did with great obstinacy refuse it; which made Mr. Lintot infer, that he chose to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the symptoms increased violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother Lintot, *says he*, I perceive my last hour approaching; do me the friendly office to call my partner Mr. Pemberton, that we may settle our worldly affairs." Mr. Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was hastening out of the room, while Mr. Curll raved aloud in this manner: "If I survive this, I will be revenged on Tonson; it was he first detected me as the printer of these poems, and I will reprint these very poems in his name." His wife admonished him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his stock and his soul and in the same instant Mr. Lintot whose goodness can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr. Pemberton. After some tears jointly shed by these humane booksellers, Mr. Curll being, as he said, in his perfect senses, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs. Curll having first put on his night-cap, in the following manner:

Gentlemen, in the first place, I do sincerely pray for forgiveness for these indirect methods I have pursued in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors names to things they never saw, publishing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg pardon of all persons of honour, lords spiritual and temporal, gentry, burgesses, and commonalty, to whose abuse I have any or every way contributed by my publications; particularly, I hope it will be considered, that if I have vilified his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, I have likewise aspersed the late Duke of Ormond;

if

if I have abused the Hon. Mr. Walpole, I have also libelled the Lord Bolingbroke: so that I have preserved that equality and impartiality, which becomes an honest man in times of faction and division.

I call my conscience to witnesses, that many of these things, which may seem malicious, were done out of charity: I having made it wholly my business to print for poor disconsolate authors, whom all other bookfellers refuse. Only God bless Sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no copy-money.

The second collection of poems, which I groundlessly called Mr. Prior's, will sell for nothing, and hath not yet paid the charge of the advertisements, which I was obliged to publish against him: therefore you may as well suppress the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Christian.

The French Cato, with the criticism, shewing how superior it is to Mr. Addison's, (which I wickedly ascribed to Madam Dacier), may be suppressed at a reasonable rate, being damnably translated.

I protest I have no animosity to Mr. Rowe, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect edition of his poems without his leave in quarto. Mr. Gildon's *Rehearsal*, or *Bays the younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr. Rowe; though, upon the faith of an honest man, I paid him double for abusing both him and Mr. Pope.

Heaven pardon me for publishing the *Trials of Sodomy*, in the Elzevir-letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir Richard Blackmore's *Essays* will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last, (which is near the whole impression, presents excepted), and let my poor widow have in exchange the sole property of the copy of *Madam Mascarany*.

[Here Mr. Pemberton interrupted, and would by no means consent to this article; about which some dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying person, if Mr. Lintot had not interposed, and Mr. Curll vomited.

What this poor unfortunate man spoke afterwards, was so indistinct, and in such broken accents, (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings, that the reader is intreated to excuse the confusion and imperfection of this account.

Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hicks's-hall for publishing Rochester's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwise be my best legacy to my dear wife, and helpless child.

The case of impotence was my best support all the last long vacation.

[In this last paragraph Mr. Curll's voice grew more free for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he spoke what follows from his close-stool.]

For the copies of noblemens and bishops last wills and testaments, I solemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpose of defamation; but merely as I thought those copies lawfully purchased from Doctors Commons, at one shilling apiece. Our trade in wills turning to small account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. Manwaring's *Life*, I ask Mrs Oldfield's pardon: neither his nor my Lord Hallifax's lives, though they were of service to their country, were of any to me: but I was resolved, since I could not print their works while they lived to print their lives after they were dead.

While

While he was speaking these words, Mr. Oldmixon entered. "Ah? Mr. Oldmixon, *said poor Mr. Curll*, to what a condition have your works reduced me! I die a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, in these my last moments I will be just to all men; you shall have your third share of the *Court-poems*, as was stipulated. When I am dead, where will you find another bookfeller? Your Protestant packet might have supported you, had you writ a little less scurrilously; there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr. Lintot interrupted, "Why not find another bookfeller, Brother Curll?" and then aside took Mr. Oldmixon aside, and whispered him: "Sir, as soon as Curll is dead, I shall be glad to talk with you over a pint at the Devil."

Mr. Curll now turning to Mr. Pemberton, told him, he had several *taking title-pages*, that only wanted treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired, that when they were written, his heirs might have some share of the profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible gripings; upon which Mr. Lintot advised him to repeat the Lord's prayer. He desired his wife to step into the shop for a Common-prayer book, and read it by the help of candle without hesitation. He closed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs. Curll to give forty shillings to the poor of the parish of St. Dunstan's, and a week's wages advance to each of his gentlemen-authors, with some small gratuity in particular to Mrs. Centlivre.

The poor man continued for some hours with all his disconsolate family about him in tears; expecting his final dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprizingly relieved by a plentiful foetid stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room.

room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the poison is still latent in his body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow degrees in less than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched stationer will not further pursue their revenge, or shorten this short period of his miserable life.



A further

A further ACCOUNT of the most DEPLO-
RABLE CONDITION of Mr. EDMUND
CURLL, bookseller.

THE public is already acquainted with the man-
ner of Mr. Curll's impoisonment by a faith-
ful, though unpolite historian of Grubstreet. I
am but the continuer of his history; yet I hope a
due distinction will be made between an undignified
scribler of a sheet and half, and the author of a
three-penny stitched book, like myself.

“ Wit, saith Sir Richard Blackmore*, proceeds
“ from a concurrence of regular and exalted fer-
“ ments, and an affluence of animal spirits rectified
“ and refined to a degree of purity.” On the
contrary, when the igneous particles rise with the
vital liquor, they produce an abstraction of the ra-
tional part of the soul, which we commonly call
madness. The verity of this hypothesis is justified
by the symptoms with which the unfortunate Mr.
Edmund Curll bookseller hath been afflicted, ever
since his swallowing the poison at the Swan-tavern
in Fleet-street. For though the neck of his retort,
which carries up the animal spirits to the head, is of
an extraordinary length; yet the said animal spirits
rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflam-
mable particles of this uncommon poison.

The symptoms of his departure from his usual
temper of mind were at first only “ speaking civilly
“ to his customers, singeing a pig with a new pur-

* Blackmore's *Essays*, vol. 1.

“ chafed libel, and refusing two and nine pence
“ for Sir Richard Blackmore’s Effays.”

As the poor man’s frenzy increas’d, he began to
“ void his excrements in his bed, read Rochester’s
“ bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a flap in
“ the chops, and would have kiss’d Mr. Pem-
“ berton’s a——, by violence.”

But at last he came to such a pass, that he would
“ dine upon nothing but copper plates, took a
“ clyster for a whipt syllabub, and made Mr. Lin-
“ tot eat a suppository, for a radish, with bread
“ and butter.”

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how
forely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll; at first she
privately put a bill into several churches, desiring
the prayers of the congregation for a wretched sta-
tioner’ distemper’d in mind. But when she was
sadly convinc’d, that his misfortune was public to
all the world, she writ the following letter to her
good neighbour Mr. Lintot.

A true copy of Mrs. Curll’s letter to Mr. Lintot.

WORTHY MR. LINTOT,

“ YOU and all the neighbours know too well
“ the frenzy with which my poor man is visi-
“ ted I never perceiv’d he was out of himself,
“ till that melancholy day that he thought he was
“ poison’d in a glass of sack; upon this he ran a-
“ vomiting all over the house, nay, in the new-
“ washed dining-room. Alas! this is the greatest
“ adversity that ever befell my poor man, since he
“ lost one testicle at school by the bite of a black
“ boar. Good Lord! if he should die, where should
“ I dispose of the stock? unless Mr. Pemberton or
“ you would help a distressed widow; for God
“ knows, he never published any books that lasted
“ above a week, so that if he wanted *daily books*,
“ we wanted *daily bread*. I can write no more, for I
“ hear

“ hear the rap of Mr. Curll’s ivory-headed cane up-
 “ on the counter.----Pray recommend me to your
 “ pastry-cook, who furnishes you yearly with tarts
 “ in exchange for your paper, for Mr. Curll has
 “ disobliged ours, since his fits came upon him ;---
 “ before that we generally lived upon baked meats.
 “ He is coming in, and I have but just time to put
 “ his son out of the way for fear of mischief: so
 “ wishing you a merry Easter, I remain your

“ Most humble servant,

“ C. CURLL.”

“ P. S. As to the report of my poor husband’s
 “ stealing o’ calf, it is really groundless, for he al-
 “ ways binds in sheep.”

But return we to Mr. Curll, who all Wednesday continued outrageously mad. On Thursday he had a lucid interval, that enabled him to send a general summons to all his authors. There was but one porter, who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs. Curll’s original letter, lie at Mr. Lintot’s shop to be perused by the curious.

Instructions to a porter how to find Mr Curll’s authors.

“ **A**T a tallow-chandler’s in Petty France, half-
 “ way under the blind arch, ask for the his-
 “ torian.

“ At the Bedstead and Bolster, a music-house in
 “ Moorfields, two translators in a bed together.

“ At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a
 “ schoolmaster with carbuncles on his nose.

“ At a blacksmith’s shop in the Friars, a Pinda-
 “ ric writer in red stockings.

“ In the Calendar-mill-room at Exeter-change,
 “ a composer of meditations.

“ At the Three Tobacco-pipes in Dog and Bitch
 “ yard, one that has been a parson, he wears a blue
 “ camblet coat, trimmed with black : my best writ-
 “ ter against revealed religion.

“ At Mr Summers a thief-catcher’s, in Lewk-
 “ ner’s lane, the man that wrote against the impie-
 “ ty of Mr Row’s plays.

“ At the Farthing pye-house in Totting-fields,
 “ the young man who is writing my new pastor-
 “ als.

“ At the Laundresses, at the Hole in the Wall
 “ in Curfitors-alley, up three pair of stairs, the au-
 “ thor of my *Church-history*, — if his flux be ov-
 “ er — You may also speak to the gentleman who
 “ lies by him in the flock-bed, my index-maker.

“ The Cook’s * wife in Buckingham-court : bid
 “ her bring along with her the similes, that were
 “ lent her for her next new play.

“ Call at Budge-row for the gentleman you used
 “ to go to in the cockloft; I have taken away the
 “ ladder, but this landlady has it in keeping.

“ I don’t much care if you ask at the Mint for the
 “ old beetle-browed critic, and the purblind poet
 “ at the alley over against St. Andrew’s Holborn.
 “ But this as you have time.”

All these gentlemen appeared at the hour ap-
 pointed in Mr. Curll’s dining-room, two excepted ;
 one of whom was the gentleman in the cock-loft,
 his landlady being out of the way, and the *gradus*
ad Parnassum taken down ; the other happened to
 be too closely watched by the bailiffs.

They no sooner entered the room, but all of
 them shewed in their behaviour some suspicion of
 each other ; some turning away their heads with an

* Mrs. Centlivre.

air of contempt; others squinting with a leer, that shewed at once fear and indignation, each with a haggard abstracted mein, the lively picture of scorn, solitude, and short commons. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and Libyan leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare; high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a housewife stands before her pales, surrounded by her geese; they hiss, they hiss, they gaggle, beat their wings, and down is scattered as the winter's snow, for a poor grain of oats, or tare, or barley. Such looks shot thro' the room transverse, oblique, direct; such was the stir and din, till Curll thus spoke, (but without rising from his close-stool.)

“ *Whores and Authors* must be paid beforehand
 “ to put them in good humour; therefore here is
 “ half a crown apiece for you to drink your own
 “ healths, and confusion to Mr Addison, and all
 “ other successful writers.

“ Ah, Gentlemen! what have I not done? what
 “ have I not suffered, rather than the world should
 “ be deprived of your lucubrations? I have taken
 “ involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three
 “ times have I been caned, once was I hunted,
 “ twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice
 “ was I tossed in a blanket; I have had boxes on
 “ the ear, slaps on the chops: I have been fright-
 “ ed, pumped, kicked, slandered, and beshitten.
 “ — I hope, Gentlemen, you are all convinced,
 “ that this author of Mr. Lintot's could mean no-
 “ thing else but starving you, by poisoning me. It
 “ remains for us to consult the best and speediest
 “ methods of revenge.”

He had scarce done speaking, but the historian proposed a history of his life. The Exeter-Exchange gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart Pindaric, says the red-stocking poet, would effectually do his business. But the

index-maker said, there was nothing like an index to his Homer.

After several debates, they came to the following resolutions.

“ Resolved, That every member of this society, according to his several abilities, shall contribute some way or other to the defamation of Mr. Pope

“ Resolved, That towards the libelling of the said Pope there be a sum employed not exceeding six pounds sixteen shillings and nine pence (not including advertisements).

“ Resolved, That he has on purpose, in several passages, perverted the true ancient Heathen sense of Homer, for the more effectual propagation of the Popish religion.

“ Resolved, That the printing of Homer’s battles at this juncture, has been the occasion of all the disturbances of this kingdom.

“ Ordered, That Mr. Barnevelt * be invited to be a member of this society, in order to make further discoveries.

“ Resolved, That a number of effective *errata’s* be raised out of Pope’s Homer (not exceeding 1746), and that every gentleman, who shall send in one error, for his encouragement shall have the whole works of this society *gratis*.

“ Resolved. That a sum not exceeding ten shillings and six-pence be distributed among the members of this society for coffee and tobacco, in order to enable them the more effectually to defame him in coffee-houses.

“ Resolved, That towards the further lessening the character of the said Pope, some persons be

* *The key to the lock*, a pamphlet written by Mr. Pope, in which *The rape of the lock* was with great solemnity proved to be a political libel, was published in the name of Eldras Barnevelt, apothecary.

“ deputed

“ deputed to abuse him at ladies tea-tables, and
 “ that in consideration our authors are not well-
 “ dressed enough, Mr. C-----y and Mr. Ke-----l be
 “ deputed for that service.

“ Resolved, That a ballad be made against Mr.
 “ Pope, and that Mr. Oldmixon *, Mr. Gildon †,
 “ and Mrs. Centlivre ‡, do prepare and bring in
 “ the same.

“ Resolved, That, above all, some effectual ways
 “ and means be found to increase the joint stock
 “ of the reputation of this society, which at present
 “ is exceeding low, and to give their works the
 “ greater currency; whether by raising the deno-
 “ mination of the said works by counterfeit title-
 “ pages, or mixing a greater quantity of the fine
 “ metal of other authors with the alloy of this so-
 “ ciety.

“ Resolved, That no member of this society for
 “ the future mix stout in his ale in a morning, and
 “ and that Mr. B----- remove from the Hercules
 “ and Still.

“ Resolved, That all our members (except the
 “ cook’s wife) be provided with a sufficient quan-
 “ tity of the vivifying drops, or Byfield’s *sal vola-*
 “ *tile*.

“ Resolved, That Sir Richard Blackmore || be
 “ appointed to endue this society with a large quan-

* Oldmixon was all his life a party-writer for hire: and after hav-
 ing falsified Daniel’s Chronicle in many places, he charged three emi-
 nent persons with falsifying Lord Clarendon’s history, which was dis-
 proved by Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, the only survivor of
 them.

† Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, who abused Mr Pope
 in several pamphlets and books printed by Curll.

‡ Mrs Susanna Centlivre, wife of Mr. Centlivre, yeoman of the
 mouth to his Majesty, wrote a song before she was seven years old,
 and many plays: she wrote also a ballad against Mr Pope’s Homer,
 before he began it.

|| Sir Richard Blackmore, in his Essays, vol. 2. p. 270. accused
 Mr Pope in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality,
 on the mere report of Curll, that he was author of a travestie on the
 first Psalm.

“ tity of regular and exalted ferments, in order to
 “ enliven their cold sentiments (being his true re-
 “ ceipt to make wits) *.”

These resolutions being taken, the assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a part in Mr. Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some advice to reinstate him in his health.

Mr. Gildon was of opinion, that, in order to drive a Pope out of his belly, he should get the mummy of some deceased moderator of the General Assembly in Scotland to be taken inwardly as an effectual antidote against Antichrist: but Mr. Oldmixon did conceive, that the liver of the person who administered the poison, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. Curll for these demonstrations of their zeal, a whole pile of Sir Richard's Essays on a sudden fell on his head; the shock of which in an instant brought back his delirium. He immediately rose up, overturned the close-stool, and besh--t the Essays (which may probably occasion a second edition), then without putting up his breeches, in a most furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his distempered imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their shelves, fluttering their leaves, and flapping their covers at him.

Now G--d damn all folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos! ungrateful varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my house without paying for your lodging! Are ye not the beggarly brood of fumbling journeymen! born in garrets among lice and cobwebs, nursed up on gray peas, bullock's liver, and porter's ale? ---- Was not the first light you saw, the farthing candle I paid for? Did you

* See page 47.

not come before your time into dirty sheets of brown paper? ---- And have not I cloathed you in double royal, lodged you handsomely in decent shelves, laced your backs with gold, equipped you with splendid titles, and sent you into the world with the names of persons of quality? Must I be always plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? Damn ye all, "ye wolves in sheeps cloathing; rags ye were, and to rags ye shall return." Why hold you forth your texts to me, ye paltry sermons? Why cry ye, ---- at every word to me, ye bawdy poets? To my shop at Tunbribe ye shall go, by G---, and thence be drawn like the rest of your predecessors, bit by bit, to the passage-house; for in this present emotion of my bowels, how do I compassionate those who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with.

Having said this, and at the same time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfinished sheets of the conduct of the Earl of Nottingham.

sacrifice to the Jews, as Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey did to the Papiſts?

Did not Themistocles let in the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a sum of money, where they barbarously put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus hath it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato (as the late Mr. Addison hath very well observed), though otherwise a gentleman of good sense, was not unſullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he sold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus for a hundred rix-dollars, which in our money will amount to two talents and thirty festertii, according to Mr. Demoiivre's calculation. See Hesiod in his seventh chapter of Feasts and Festivals.

Actuated by the same diabolical spirit of gain, Sylla the Roman consul shot Alcibiades the senator with a pistol, and robbed him of several bank-bills and chequer-notes to an immense value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied Christian burial. Hence comes the proverb, *Incidat in Syllam.*

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern instance, though well known and often quoted by historians, viz. Echard, Dionysius Halicarnassus, Virgil, Horace, and others: It is that, I mean, of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed Cleopatra Queen of Egypt of a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Anthony); all these things were found in Godfrey's breeches pocket, when he was killed at the siege of Damascus.

Who then can wonder, after so many great and illustrious examples, that Mr. Edmund Curll the stationer should renounce the Christian religion for the Mammon of unrighteousness, and barter his

precious faith for the filthy prospect of lucre in the present fluctuation of stocks?

It having been observed to Mr. Curll, by some of his ingenious authors, (who I fear are not overcharged with any religion), what immense fums the Jews had got by bubbles*, &c. he immediately turned his mind from the business, in which he was educated, but thrived little, and resolved to quit his shop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon falling into company with the Jews at their club, at the sign of the cross in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the most important points of the Christian faith, which he for some time zealously and, like a good Christian, obstinately defended. They promised him Paradise, and many other advantages hereafter; but he artfully insinuated, that he was more inclinable to listen to present gain. They took the hint, and promised him, that immediately upon his conversion to their persuasion he should become as rich as a Jew.

They made use likewise of several other arguments; to wit,

That the wisest man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure was a Jew, videlicet, Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew also. And most of the children of Israel are suspected for holding the same doctrine.

This Mr. Curll at first strenuously denied; for indeed he thought them Roman Catholics, and so far was he from giving way to their temptations, that to convince them of his Christianity he called for a pork grisking.

* *Bubble* was a name given to all the extravagant projects, for which subscriptions were raised, and negotiated at vast premiums in Change-alley, in the year 1720. A name, which alluded to their production by the ferment of the South-sea, and not to their splendor, emptiness, and inutility: for it did not become a name of reproach in this case, till time completed the metaphor and the bubble broke.

They

They now promised, if he would poison his wife, and give up his grifking, that he should marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made some impression on him.

They then talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not understanding, it was observed, had very great weight with him.

They now, perceiving that his godliness was only gain, desisted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak side, namely, that of avarice.

Upon which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the apostles creed, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the Nine and thirty articles for a bull *; but insisted hard upon black puddings, being a great lover thereof.

Joshua Pereira engaged to let him share with him in his bottomrye; upon this he was persuaded out of his Christian name; but he still adhered to black puddings.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with forty pound subscription in Ram's bubble; for which he was content to give up the four evangelists, and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but black pudding and circumcision; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a dispensation.

But, on the 17th of March, Mr Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforesaid. At his

* *Bulls and bears.* He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is proverbially said to *sell the skin before he has caught the bear*. It was the practice of stockjobbers in the year 1720, to enter into contract for transferring S. S. stock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to sell had frequently no stock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to receive any in consequence of his bargain; the seller was therefore called a *bear*, in allusion to the proverb; and the buyer a *bull*, perhaps only as a similar distinction. The contract was merely a wager to be determined by the rise or fall of stock; if it rose, the seller paid the difference to the buyer proportioned to the sum determined by the same computation to the seller.

entrance into the room, he perceived a meagre man, with a fallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long vestment. In his right hand he held a large pair of sheers, and in his left a red-hot searing-iron. At sight of this, Mr. Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by six Jews, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his breeches, threw him upon the table a pale pitiful spectacle.

He now intreated them in the most moving tone of voice, to dispense with that unmanly ceremonial, which if they would consent to, he faithfully promised, that he would eat a quarter of paschal lamb with them the next Sunday following.

All these protestations availed him nothing; for they threatened him, that all contracts and bargains should be void, unless he would submit to bear all the outward and visible signs of Judaism.

Our apostate hearing this, stretched himself upon his back, spread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he saw the high-priest take up the cleft stick, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several Christian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The savour of the effluvia that issued from him, convinced the old Levite, and all his assistants, that he needed no present purgation; wherefore, without further anointing him, he proceeded in his office; when, by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumcised, which, by the levitical law, is worse than not being circumcised at all, refused to stand to any of their contracts: wherefore they cast him forth from their synagogue; and he now remains a most piteous, woful, and miserable sight, at the sign of the Old Testament and Dial in Fleet-street; his wife, poor woman, is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing

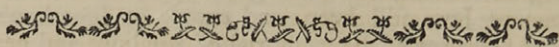
ing her hands, and tearing her hair ; for the barbarous Jews still keep, and expose at Jonathan's and Garaway's, the memorial of her loss, and her husband's indignity.

P R A Y E R.

[*To save the stamp*.*]

“ K E E P us, we beseech thee, from the hands of
 “ such barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit
 “ they abhor the blood of black puddings, yet thirst
 “ they vehemently after the blood of white ones.
 “ And that we may avoid such like calamities, may
 “ all good and well-disposed Christians be warned
 “ by this unhappy wretch's woful example, to abominate the hainous sin of avarice, which, sooner or latter, will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, Papists, Jews, and stockjobber's. *Amen.*”

* All forms of prayer and thanksgiving, books of devotion, &c. being excepted in the statute of 12 Anne (1712) charging pamphlets and papers contained in half a sheet with one halfpenny, and every such paper, being one whole sheet, with a stamp-duty of one penny for every copy.



GOD'S REVENGE against PUNNING.

Shewing the miserable fates of persons addicted to
this crying sin, in court and town.

MAnifold have been the judgements which heaven, from time to time, for the chastisement of a sinful people, has inflicted on whole nations. For when the degeneracy becomes common, it is but just the punishment should be general: of this kind, in our own unfortunate country, was that destructive pestilence, whose mortality was so fatal, as to sweep away, if Sir William Petty may be believed, five millions of Christian souls, besides women and Jews.

Such also was that dreadful conflagration ensuing, in this famous metropolis of London, which consumed, according to the computation of Sir Samuel Morland, one hundred thousand houses, not to mention churches and stables.

Scarce had this unhappy nation recovered these funest disasters, when the abomination of play-houses rose up in this land; from hence hath an inundation of obscenity flowed from the court and overspread the kingdom: even infants disfigured the walls of holy temples with exorbitant representations of the members of generation: nay, no sooner had they learned to spell, but they had wickedness enough to write the names thereof in large capitals: an enormity observed by travellers to be found in no country but England.

But when whoring and Popery were driven hence by the happy revolution; still the nation so greatly offended, that Socinianism, Arianism, and Whistonism

tonism, triumphed in our streets, and were in a manner become universal.

And yet, still after all these visitations, it has pleased heaven to visit us with a contagion more epidemical, and of consequence more fatal: this was foretold to us, first, by that unparalleled eclipse in 1714: secondly, by the dreadful corruption in the air this present year: and, thirdly, by the nine comets seen at once over Soho-square, by Mrs. Katharine Wadlington and others; a contagion that first crept in amongst the first quality, descended to their footmen, and infused itself into their ladies: I mean the woful practice of PUNNING. This does occasion the corruption of our language, and therein of the word of God translated into our language, which certainly every sober Christian must tremble at.

Now, such is the enormity of this abomination, that our very nobles commit punning not only over tea, and in taverns, but even on the Lord's-day, and in the King's chapel: therefore to deter men from this evil practice, I shall give some true and dreadful examples of God's revenge against punsters.

The Right Honourable — but it is not safe to insert the name of an eminent nobleman in this paper, yet I will venture to say, that such a one has been seen; which is all we can say, considering the largeness of his sleeves: this young nobleman was not only a flagitious punster himself, but was necessary to the punning of others, by consent, by provocation, by connivance, and by defence, of the evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully spared his neck, but, as a mark of reprobation, wried his nose.

Another nobleman of great hopes, no less guilty of the same crime, was made the punisher of himself with his own hand, in the loss of five hundred pounds at box and dice; whereby this unfortunate

fortunate young gentleman incurred the heavy displeasure of his aged grandmother.

A third of no less illustrious extraction, for the same vice, was permitted to fall into the arms of a Delilah, who may one day cut off his curious hair, and deliver him up to the Philistines.

Colonel F——, an ancient gentleman of grave deportment, gave into this sin so early in his youth, that whenever his tongue endeavours to speak common sense, he hesitates so, as not to be understood.

Thomas Pickle, gentleman, for the same crime banished to Minorca.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful officer in the army, turned a miserable invalid at Tilbury-fort.

— Eustace, Esq; for the murder of much of the King's English in Ireland, is quite deprived of his reason, and now remains a lively instance of emptiness and vivacity.

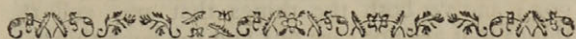
Poor Daniel Button for the same offence deprived of his wits.

One Samuel an Irishman, for his forward attempt to pun, was stunted in his stature, and hath been visited all his life after with bulls and blunders.

George Simmons, shoemaker at Turnstile in Holborn, was so given to this custom, and did it with so much success, that his neighbours gave out he was a wit. Which report coming among his creditors, no body would trust him; so that he is now a bankrupt, and his family in a miserable condition.

Divers eminent clergymen of the university of Cambridge, for having propagated this vice, became great drunkards and Tories.

From which calamities, the Lord in his mercy defend us all, &c. &c.



A wonderful PROPHECY taken from the mouth of the spirit of a person, who was barbarously slain by the Mohocks :

Proving also, that the said Mohocks and Hawcubites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelations ; and therefore that this vain and transitory world will shortly be brought to its final dissolution.

Breathed forth in the year 1712.

Woe ! Woe ! Woe !

WOE to London, Woe to Westminster ! Woe to Southwark ! and woe to the inhabitants thereof !

I am loath to say, Woe to the old and new churches, those that are built, and those that are not built !

But woe to the gates, the streets, and the houses ! Woe to the men, the women, and the children ! for the Mohocks and Hawcubites are already come : the time draweth near, and the end approacheth !

Not to mention the near resemblance betwixt the names of Mohock and Gog, Hawcubite and Magog, (though I think there is a great deal even in that), I shall go on to proceed in my more solid arguments, proving to you not only the things that are, but also the things that are not.

The things that are, are the Mohocks and Hawcubites ;

cubites ; the things that are not, are Gog and Magog ; and yet both the things that are, and the things that are not, are one and the same thing.

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For when the Mohocks and Hawcubites came, Satan came also among them ; and where Satan is, there are Gog and Magog also.

They have the mark of the beast in their foreheads, and the beast himself is in their hearts, their teeth are sharp like the teeth of lions, their tails are fiery like the tails of scorpions, and their hair is as the hair of women.

Here the spirit paused a while——and thus again proceeded.

Now listen to what is to come.

Those that are in shall abide in, and those that are out shall abide out.—Yet those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in.

Be not dejected — fear not—— but believe and tremble.

The lions of this world are dead, and the princes of this world are dead also, and the next world draweth nigh.

That ancient Whig, the Antichrist of St. John, shall lead the van like a young dragon, but he shall be cut piece-meal, and dispossessed.

The dragon upon Bow-church, and the grasshopper upon the Royal-Exchange, shall meet together upon Stocks-market, and shake hands like brethren.

Shake therefore your heads, O ye people ! my time is short, and yours is not long ; lengthen therefore your repentance, and shorten your iniquities.

Lo ! the comet appeareth in the south ! yea, it
appeareth

appeareth exceedingly. Ah, poor deluded Christians! Ah, blind brethren! think not that this baleful dog-star only shaketh his tail at you in wagging; no, it shaketh it as a rod. It is not a sporting tail, but a fiery tail, even as the tail of a harlot; yea, such a tail as may reach, and be told, to all posterity.

I am the porter that was barbarously slain in Fleet street: by the Mohocks and Hawcubites was I slain, when they laid violently hands upon me.

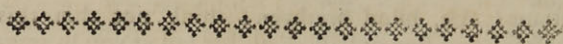
They put their hook into my mouth, they divided my nostrils asunder, they sent me, as they thought, to my long home; but now I am returned again to foretell their destruction.

The time is at hand, when the freethinkers of Great-Britain shall be converted to Judaism: and the Sultan shall receive the forekins of Toland and Collins * in a box of gold.

Yet two days, a day, and half a day, yea, upon the twelfth hour of the fourth day, those emblems of Gog and Magog, at the Guild-hall shall fall to the ground, and be broken asunder. With them shall perish the Mohocks and Hawcubites, and the whole world shall perish with them.

Here the spirit disappeared, and immediately there-upon held his peace.

Authors of several books in favour of infidelity.



The COUNTRY-POST.

From Tuesday, August the 12th, to Thursday, August the 14th.

From the hen-roost, August the 4th.

TWO days ago we were put in a dreadful consternation by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to fall upon us: he made several motions as if he designed to attack our left wing, which covered our infantry. We were alarmed at his approach, and upon a general muster of all our forces, the kitchen-maid came to our relief; but we were soon convinced, that she had betrayed us, and was in the interest of the kite aforesaid; for she twisted off two of our companions necks, and stript them naked: five of us were also clapped in a close prison, in order to be sold for slaves the next market-day.

P. S. The black hen was last night safely delivered of seven young ducks.

From the garden, August the 3d.

The boars have done much mischief of late in these parts, to such a degree, that not a turnip or carrot can be safe in their beds. Yesterday several of them were taken, and sentenced to have a wooden engine put about their necks to have their noses bored, and rings thrust through them, as a mark of infamy for such practices.

From

From the great pond, August the 1st.

Yesterday a large sail of ducks passed by here, after a small resistance from two little boys, who flung stones at them; they landed near the barn-door, where they foraged with very good success: while they were upon this enterprize, an old turkey-cock attacked a maid in a red petticoat, and she retired with great precipitation. This afternoon being somewhat rainy, they set sail again, and took several frogs. Just now arrived the parson's wife, and twenty ducks were brought before her in order to be tried, but for what crime we know not, however two of them were condemned; it was also observed, that she carried off a gossling and three sucking pigs.

*From the little fort at the one of the garden,
August the 5th.*

Last night two young men of this place made a detachment of their breeches, in order, as it is thought, to possess themselves of the two overtures of the said fort; but at their approach they heard great firing from the port-holes; they found them already bombarded by the rear-guard of Sarah and Suky, who fearing these young men were come to beat up their quarters, deserted their necessary posts, which were immediately taken possession of, notwithstanding they were much annoyed by reason of several stink-pots, that had been flung there the same morning.

From the barley-mow near the barn, August the 3d.

It was yesterday rumoured, that there was heard a mighty squeaking near this place, as of an army of mice, who were thought to lie in ambuscade in
the

the said mow : upon this the farmer assembled together a council of neighbours, wherein it was resolved, that the mow should be removed to prevent the farther destruction of the forage. This day the affair was put in execution; four hundred and seventy-nine mice and three large rats were killed, and a vast number wounded, by pitch-forks and other instruments of husbandry. A mouse, that was close pursued, took shelter under Dolly's petticoats, but by the vigilance of George Simmons he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way through a deep morass and crushed to death on the spot. There was nothing material happened the next day, only Cicily Hart was observed to make water under the said mow, as she was going a-milking,

From the great yard, August the 2d.

It is very credibly reported, that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the old red cock, and the pyed hen, they having of late appeared very much in public together : he yesterday made her a present of three barley-corns, so that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the same cock that fought a duel for her about a month ago.

From the 'Squire's house.

Sunday last there was a noble entertainment in our great hall, where were present the parson and the farmer: the parson eat like a farmer, and the farmer like a parson; we refer you to the curious in calculations to decide which eat most.

It is reported, that the minister christened a male child last week, but it wants confirmation.

From

From the justices meeting, August the 7th.

This day a jack-daw, well known in the parish, was ordered close prisoner to a cage, for crying *cuckold* to a justice of the *quorum*; and the some evening certain apples, for hissing in a disrespectful manner as they were roasting, were committed to Lambs-wool. The same day the said justices caused a pig to be whipt to death, and eat the same, being convicted of squeaking on the 10th of June.

From the church, August the 8th.

Divine service is continued in our parish as usual, though we have seldom the company of any of the neighbouring gentry; by whose manner of living it may be conjectured, that the advices from this place are not credited by them, or else regarded as matters of little consequence.

From the church-yard, August the 8th.

The minister, having observed his only daughter to seem too much affected with the intercourse of his bull and the cows of the parish, has ordered the ceremony for the future, to be performed not in his own court, but in the church-yard; where, at the first solemnity of that kind, the grave-stones of John Fry, Peter How, and Mary d'Urfey were spurned down. This has already occasioned great debates in the vestry, the latter being the deceased wife of the singing-clerk of this place.

Casualties this week.

Several casualties have happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much increased. There
have

have died of the falling-sickness two stumbling horses, as also one of their riders, Smothered (in onions) seven rabbits. Stifled (in a soldier's breeches) two geese. Of a fore throat, several sheep and calves at the butchers. Starved to death, one bastard child nursed at the parish-charge. Still-born, in eggs of turkeys, geese, ducks, and hens, thirty-six. Drowned, nine puppies. Of wind in the bowels, five bottles of small-beer. I have not yet seen the exact list of the parish-clerk, so that for a more particular account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the stocks, only that Dick Adams was set in them last Sunday for swearing.



A true and faithful NARRATIVE of what passed in LONDON, during the general consternation of all ranks and degrees of mankind, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday last.

ON Tuesday the 13th of October, Mr. Whiston held his lecture near the Royal Exchange, to an audience of fourteen worthy citizens, his subscribers and constant hearers. Besides these there were five chance auditors for that night only, who had paid their shillings a-piece. I think myself obliged to be very particular in this relation, lest my veracity should be suspected; which makes me appeal to the men who were present; of which I myself was one. Their names are,

Henry Watson, *haberdasher.*
 George Hancock, *druggist.*
 John Lewis, *dry-salter.*
 William Jones, *corn-chandler.*
 Henry Theobald, *watch-maker.*
 James Peters, *draper.*
 Thomas Floyer, *silver smith.*
 John Wells, *brewer.*
 Samuel Greg, *soap-boiler.*
 William Cooley, *fish-monger.*
 James Harper, *hosier.*
 Robert Tucker, *stationer.*
 George Ford, *ironmonger.*
 Daniel Lynch, *apothecary.*

William Bennet,
 David Somers,
 Charles Lock.
 Leonard Daval,
 Henry Croft,

} *apprentices.*

Mr. Whiston began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his advertisement) he thought himself in duty and conscience obliged to change the subject-matter of his intended discourse.—Here he paused, and seemed for a short space, as it were, lost in devotion and mental prayer; after which, with great earnestness and vehemence he spake as follows :

“ Friends and fellow-citizens, all speculative science is at an end : the period of all things is at hand ; on Friday next this world shall be no more
 “ Put not your confidence in me, brethren ; for
 “ to-morrow-morning, five minutes after five, the
 “ truth will be evident ; in that instant the comet shall appear, of which I have heretofore
 “ warned you. As ye have heard, believe. Go
 “ hence, and prepare your wives, your families,
 “ and friends, for the universal change.”

At this solemn and dreadful prediction, the whole society appeared in the utmost astonishment ; but it would be unjust not to remember, that Mr. Whiston himself was in so calm a temper as to return a shilling a-piece to the youths, who had been disappointed of their lecture, which I thought, from a man of his integrity, a convincing proof of his own faith in the prediction.

As we thought it a duty, in charity to warn all men ; in two or three hours the news had spread thro’ the city. At first indeed our report met with but little credit, it being by our greatest dealers in stocks thought only a court-artifice to sink them, that some choice favourites might purchase at a lower rate ;
 for

for the South-sea that very evening fell five *per cent.* the India eleven; and all the other funds in proportion. But at the court-end of the town our attestations were entirely disbelieved, or turned into ridicule; yet nevertheless the news spread every where, and was the subject-matter of all conversation.

That very night (as I was credibly informed) Mr. Whiston was sent for to a great lady, who was very curious in the learned sciences, and addicted to all the speculative doubts of the most able philosophers; but he was not now to be found: and since, at other times he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he concealed himself to attend the great business of his soul: but whether it was the Lady's faith, or inquisitiveness, that occasioned her to send, is a point I shall not presume to determine. As for his being sent for to the secretary's office by a messenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriously false, and indeed at first it had little credit with me, that so zealous and honest a man should be ordered into custody as a seditious preacher, who is known to be so well affected to the present happy establishment.

It was now I reflected with exceeding trouble and sorrow, that I had refused family-prayers for above five years, and (though it had been a custom of late entirely neglected by men of any business or station) I determined within myself no longer to omit so reasonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my wife with my intentions: but two or three neighbours having being engaged to sup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily spent at cards, I was prevailed upon by her to put it off till the next day; she reasoning that it would be time enough to take off the servants from their business (which this practice must infallibly occasion for an hour or two every day), after the comet had made its appearance,

Zachary Bowen, a quaker, and my next neighbour, had no sooner heard of the prophecy, but he made me a visit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obstinate in his unbelief; for, said he, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impossibilities; for were these things to happen, they must have been foreseen by some of our brethren. This indeed (as in all other spiritual cases with this set of people) was his only reason against believing me; and, as he was fully persuaded, that the prediction was erroneous, he, in a very friendly manner, admonished me against selling my stock at the present low price; which, he said, beyond dispute must have a rise before Monday, when this unreasonable consternation should be over.

But on Wednesday morning (I believe to the exact calculation of Mr. Whiston) the comet appeared: for at three minutes after five, by my own watch, I saw it. He indeed foretold, that it would be seen at five minutes after five, but as the best watches may be a minute or two too slow, I am apt to think his calculation just to a minute.

In less than a quarter of an hour all Cheapside was crowded with a vast concourse of people, and notwithstanding it was so early, it is thought, that through all that part of the town, there was not a man, woman, or child, except the sick or infirm, left in their beds. From my own balcony, I am confident, I saw several thousands in the street, and counted at least seventeen, who were upon their knees, and seemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them indeed appeared to be old women about fourscore; the six others were men in an advanced life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this nature may be passed over by the greater historians of our times, as conducting very little or nothing to the
unravelling

unravelling and laying open the deep schemes of politicians and mysteries of state ; for which reason, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the facts, which in the space of three days came to my knowledge, either as an eye-witness, or from unquestionable authorities ; nor can I think this narrative will be entirely without its use, as it may enable us to form a more just idea of our countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their faith, religion, morals, and politics.

Before Wednesday noon the belief was universal, that the day of judgement was at hand, inasmuch that a waterman of my acquaintance told me, he counted no less than one hundred and twenty-three clergymen, who had been ferried over to Lambeth before twelve o'clock ; these, it is said, went thither to petition, that a short prayer might be penned, and ordered, there being none in the service upon that occasion. But as in things of this nature it is necessary that the council be consulted, their request was not immediately complied with ; and this I affirm to be the true and only reason, that the churches were not that morning so well attended ; and is in no ways to be imputed to the fears and consternation of the clergy, with which the freethinkers have since very unjustly reproached them.

My wife and I went to church (where we had not been for many years on a week day) and, with a very large congregation, were disappointed of the service. But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of a prentice, in our absence, we had a piece of fine cambric carried off by a shop-lifter : so little impression was yet made on the minds of these wicked women !

I cannot omit the care of a particular director of the bank ; I hope the worthy and wealthy knight will forgive me, that I endeavour to do him justice ; for it was unquestionably owing to Sir Gilbert Heathcote's

Heathcote's sagacity*, that all the fire-offices were required to have a particular eye upon the bank of England. Let it be recorded to his praise, that, in the general hurry, this struck him as his nearest and tenderest concern; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of his books, bills, and bonds, I was informed, his mind was wholly turned upon spiritual matters; yet ever and anon, he could not help expressing his resentment against the Tories and Jacobites, to whom he imputed that sudden run upon the bank, which happened on that occasion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employed all the Wednesday morning to make up such an account, as might appear fair, in case he should be called upon to produce it on the Friday; but was forced to desist, after having for several hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a resolution to trust the many hundred articles of his secret transactions upon paper.

Another seemed to be very melancholly, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was the terror of being tried in a court that could not be influenced, and where a majority of voices could avail him nothing. It was observed too, that he had few visitors that day; this added so much to his mortification, that he read through the first chapter of the book of Job, and wept over it bitterly: in short he seemed a true penitent in every thing, but in charity to his neighbour. No business was that day done in his counting-house; it is said too, that he was advised to restitution, but I never heard that he complied with it, any farther

* Sir Gilbert Heathcote had before signalized his care for the Bank, when in equal danger, by petitioning against the Lord Treasurer Godolphin's being removed, as a measure that would destroy the public credit.

than in giving half a crown a-piece to several crazed, and starving creditors, who attended in the outward room.

Three of the maids of honour sent to countermand their birth-day cloaths: two of them burnt all their collections of novels and romances, and sent to a bookseller's in Pallmall to buy each of them a bible, and Taylor's holy living and dying. But I must do all of them the justice to acknowledge, that they shewed a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and restrained themselves from these innocent freedoms and little levities so commonly incident to young ladies of their profession. So many birth-day suits were countermanded next day, that most of the taylors and mantua-makers discharged all their journeymen and women. A grave elderly lady, of great erudition and modesty, who visits these young ladies, seemed to be extremely shocked by the apprehensions, that she was to appear naked before the whole world; and no less so, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might so much divert her thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt answers to the interrogatories that might be made her. The maids of honour, who had both modesty and curiosity, could not imagine the sight so disagreeable as was represented; nay, one of them went so far as to say, she perfectly longed to see it; for it could not be so indecent, when every body was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themselves to be seen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a looking-glass to be set by it. So much are these young ladies both by nature and custom addicted to cleanly appearance.

A west-country gentleman told me, he got a church-lease filled up that morning, for the same sum which had been refused for three years successively. I must impute this merely to accident; for I cannot
 imagine,

imagine, that any divine could take the advantage of his tenant in so unhandſome a manner; or that the ſhortneſs of the life was in the leaſt his conſideration: though I have heard the ſame worthy prelate aſperſed and maligned ſince upon this very account.

The term being ſo near, the alarm among the lawyers was inexpressible, though ſome of them, I was told, were ſo vain as to promiſe themſelves ſome advantage in making their defence, by being verſed in the practice of our earthly courts, It is ſaid too, that ſome of the chief pleaders were heard to expreſs great ſatisfaction, that there had been but few ſtate-trials of late years. Several attornies demanded the return of fees, that had been given the lawyers: but it was answered, the fee was undoubtedly charged to their client, and that they could not connive at ſuch injuſtice, as to ſuffer it to be funk in the attorneys pockets. Our ſage and learned judges had great conſolation, inſomuch as they had not pleaded at the bar for ſeveral years; the barrifters rejoiced in that they were not attornies, and the attornies felt no leſs ſatisfaction that they were not pettifoggers, ſcriveners, and other meaner officers of law.

As to the army, far be it from me to conceal the truth. Every ſoldier's behaviour was as undiſmayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial diſpoſition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more oaths than are requiſite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning in the parade in St. James's Park. But poſſibly it was by choice, and on conſideration, that they continued this way of expreſſion, not to intimidate the common ſoldiers, or give occaſion to ſuſpect, that even the fear of damnation could make any impreſſion upon their ſuperior officers. A duel was fought
the

the same morning between two colonels, not occasioned (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's head; that being a point, which might at such a juncture have been accommodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a Lady, it was judged it could not be put off at this time, above all others, but demanded immediate satisfaction: I am apt to believe, that a young officer, who desired his surgeon to defer putting him into a salivation till Saturday, might make this request out of some opinion he had of the truth of the prophecy; for the apprehensions of any danger in the operation could not be his motive, the surgeon himself having assured me, that he had before undergone three several operations of the like nature with great resignation and fortitude.

There was an order issued, that the chaplains of the several regiments should attend their duty; but as they were dispersed about in several parts of England, it was believed that most of them could not be found, or so much as heard of till the great day was over.

Most of the considerable physicians, by their outward demeanor, seemed to be unbelievers; but at the same time, they every where insinuated, that there might be a pestilential malignancy in the air, occasioned by the comet, which might be armed against by proper and timely medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approached, the Christian resignation of the people increased, and most of them (which was never before known) had their souls more at heart than their bodies.

If the reverend clergy showed more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great charge of souls; and what confirmed me, in this opinion was, that the degrees of apprehension and terror could be distinguished to be greater or

less, according to their ranks and degrees in the church.

The like might be observed in all sorts of ministers, though not of the church of England; the higher their rank, the more was their fear.

I speak not of the court, for fear of offence; and I forbear inserting the names of particular persons, to avoid the imputation of slander, so that the reader will allow the narrative must be deficient, and is therefore desired to accept hereof, rather as a sketch than a regular circumstantial history.

I was not informed of any persons who shewed the least joy, except three malefactors, who were to be executed on the Monday following, and one old man, a constant church-goer, who, being at the point of death, expressed some satisfaction at the news.

On Thursday morning there was little or nothing transacted in Change-alley; there were a multitude of sellers, but so few buyers, that one cannot affirm the stocks bore any certain price, except among the Jews, who this day reaped great profit by their infidelity. There were many who called themselves Christians, who offered to buy for time, but as these were people of great distinction, I chuse not to mention them, because in effect it would seem to accuse them both of avarice and infidelity.

The run upon the bank is too well known to need a particular relation; for it never can be forgotten, that no one person whatever (except the directors themselves, and some of their particular friends and associates) could convert a bill all that day into specie; all hands being employed to serve them.

In the several churches of the city and suburbs there were seven thousand two hundred and forty-five, who publicly and solemnly declared before the congregation, that they took to wife their several
kept

kept mistresses, which was allowed as valid marriage, the priest not having time to pronounce the ceremony in form.

At St. Bride's church in Fleet-street, Mr. Woolston (who writ against the miracles of our Saviour), in the utmost terrors of conscience, made a public recantation. Dr. Mandevil* (who had been groundlessly reported formerly to have done the same) did it now in good earnest, at St. James's gate; as did also at the Temple-church several gentlemen, who frequent coffeehouses near the bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them, that they dropt dead on the spot; but I will not record their names, lest I should be thought invidiously to lay an odium on their families and posterity.

Most of the players, who had very little faith before, were now desirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embraced the Roman Catholic religion; the same thing was observed of some bawds and ladies of pleasure.

An Irish gentleman, out of pure friendship, came to make me a visit, and advised me to hire a boat for the ensuing day, and told me, that unless I gave earnest for one immediately, he feared it might be too late; for his countrymen had secured almost every boat upon the river, as judging that, in the general conflagration, to be upon the water would be the safest place.

There were two lords, and three commoners, who, out of a scruple of conscience, very hastily threw up their pensions, as imagining a pension was only an annual retaining bribe. All the other great pensioners, I was told, had their scruples quieted by a clergyman or two of distinction, whom they happily consulted.

* Author of *The fable of the bee*, a book intended to subvert not only religion but virtue, by shewing that private vices are public benefits.

It was remarkable, that several of our very richest tradesmen of the city, in common charity, gave away shillings and sixpences to the beggars, who plyed about the church-doors; and, at a particular church in the city, a wealthy church warden, with his own hands distributed fifty twelve-penny loaves to the poor, by way of restitution for the many great and costly feasts which he had eaten of at their expence.

Three great ladies, a valet de chambre, two lords, a custom-house officer, five half pay captains, and a baronet, (all noted gamesters), came publickly into a church at Westminster, and deposited a very considerable sum of money in the minister's hands; the parties whom they had defrauded being either out of town, or not to be found. But so great is the hardness of heart of this fraternity, that, among either the noble or vulgar gamesters, (though the profession is so general), I did not hear of any other restitution of this sort. At the same time, I must observe, that (in comparison of these) through all parts of the town, the justice and penitence of the highwaymen, house-breakers, and common pick-pockets, was very remarkable.

The directors of our public companies were in such dreadful apprehensions, that one would have thought a parliamentary inquiry was at hand; yet so great was their presence of mind, that all the Thursday morning was taken up in private transfers, which, by malicious people, was thought to be done with design to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private confessions of particular ladies to their husbands; for as their children were born in wedlock, and of consequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious task to record them as bastards; and particularly after their several husbands have so charitably forgiven them.

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The evening and night through the whole town were spent in devotions both public and private; the churches, for this one day, were so crowded by the nobility and gentry, that thousands of the common people were seen praying in the public streets. In short, one would have thought the whole town had been really and seriously religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different persuasions kept by themselves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other.

At length Friday came, and the people covered all the streets; expecting, watching, and praying. But, as the day wore away, their fears first began to abate, then lessened every hour; at night they were almost extinct, till the total darkness, that hitherto used to terrify, now comforted every free-thinker and atheist. Great numbers went together to the taverns, bespoke suppers, and broke up whole hogheads for joy. The subject of all wit and conversation was to ridicule the prophecy, and rally each other. All the quality and gentry were perfectly ashamed, nay, some utterly disowned that they had manifested any signs of religion.

But the next day, even the common people, as well as their betters, appeared in their usual state of indifference. They drank, they whored, they swore, they lyed, they cheated, they plundered, they gamed, they quarrelled, they murdered. In short, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any instances of what will be so easily credited; but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. Woolston advertised, in that very Saturday's Evening Post, a new treatise against the miracles of our Saviour; and that the few who had given up their pensions the day before, solicited to have them continued; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any ministerial point, I am informed was readily granted.

The

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The T A T T L E R *.

NUMBER V.

————— *Loceratque, trahitque*
Molle pecus —————

VIRG.

From Tuesday, Jan. 23. to Saturday, Jan. 27. 1710.

A MONGST other services I have met with from some critics, the cruellest for an old man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my bed, but pursue me to my very dreams. I must not dream but when they please, nor upon long continued

* N. B. The two following Tatlers are not in the four volumes published by Sir Richard Steele.

In the preface to the Tatler, vol. 14. Sir Richard Steele speaks thus of Dr. Swift "I have, in the dedication of the first volume, made my acknowledgements to Dr. SWIFT; whose pleasant writings, in the name of *Bickerstaff*, created an inclination in the town towards any thing that could appear in the same disguise. I must acknowledge also, that, at my first entering upon this work, a certain uncommon way of thinking, and a turn in conversation peculiar to that agreeable gentleman, rendered his company very advantageous to one, whose imagination was to be continually employed upon obvious and common subjects, tho' at the same time obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His verses on the *Shower in town*, and the *Description of the morning*, are instances of the happiness of that genius, which could raise such pleasing ideas upon occasions so barren to an ordinary invention."

subjects,

subjects, however visionary in their own natures; because there is a manifest moral quite through them, which to produce as a dream is improbable and unnatural. The pain I might have had from this objection is prevented, by considering they have missed another, against which I should have been at a loss to defend myself. They might have asked me, whether the dreams I publish can properly be called *Lucubrations*, which is the name I have given to all my papers, whether in volumes or half sheets; so manifest a contradiction *in terminis*, that I wonder no sophister ever thought of it. But the other is a cavil. I remember, when I was a boy at school, I have often dreamed out the whole passages of the day; that I rode a journey, baited, supped, went to bed, and rose next morning: and I have known young ladies, who could dream a whole contexture of adventures in one night, large enough to make a novel. In youth the imagination is strong, not mixed with cares, not tinged with those passions that most disturb and confound it; such as avarice, ambition, and many others. Now, as old men are said to grow children again, so in this article of dreaming, I am returned to my childhood. My imagination is at full ease, without care, avarice, or ambition, to clog it; by which, among many others, I have this advantage, of doubling the small remainder of my time, and living four and twenty hours in the day. However, the dream I am going now to relate is as wild as can well be imagined, and adapted to please these refiners upon sleep, without any moral that I can discover.

“ It happened, that my maid left on the table in
“ my bed-chamber one of her story-books, (as she
“ calls them), which I took up, and found full of
“ strange impertinence, fitted to her taste and con-
“ dition, of poor servants who came to be ladies,
“ and serving men of low degree who married
“ kings

“ kings daughters. Among other things, I met
“ this sage observation, that a lion would never
“ hurt a true virgin. With this medley of
“ nonsense in my fancy I went to bed, and
“ dreamed that a friend waked me in the morn-
“ ing, and proposed for pastime to spend a few
“ hours in seeing the parish-lions, which he had
“ not done since he came to town; and be-
“ cause they shewed but once a-week, he would
“ not miss the opportunity. I said I would hon-
“ our him; although, to speak the truth, I was
“ not fond of those cruel spectacles; and if it were
“ not so ancient a custom, founded, as I had
“ heard, upon the wisest maxims, I should be apt
“ to censure the inhumanity of those who intro-
“ duced it.” All this will be a riddle to the wak-
“ ing reader, until I discover the scene my imagina-
“ tion had formed, upon the maxim that a lion will
“ never hurt a true virgin. “ I dreamed that, by a
“ law of immemorial time, a he-lion was kept in
“ every parish, at the common charge, and in a
“ place provided adjoining to the church-yard;
“ that before any one of the fair sex was married,
“ if she affirmed herself to be a virgin, she must
“ on her wedding-day, and in her wedding-cloaths,
“ perform the ceremony of going alone into the
“ den, and stay an hour with the lion let loose,
“ and kept fasting four and twenty hours on pur-
“ pose. At a proper height above the den, were
“ convenient galleries for the relations and friends
“ of the young couple, and open to all spectators.
“ No maiden was forced to offer herself to the
“ lion; but, if she refused, it was a disgrace to
“ marry her, and every one might have liberty of
“ calling her a whore. And methought it was as
“ usual a diversion to see the parish lions, as with
“ us to go to a play or an opera. And it was rec-
“ koned convenient to be near the church, either
“ for

“ for marrying the virgin, if she escaped the trial,
“ or for burying her bones when the lion had de-
“ voured the rest, as he constantly did.”

To go on therefore with the dream : “ We cal-
“ led first (as I remember), to see St. Dunstan’s
“ lion : but we were told, they did not shew to-
“ day. From thence we went to that of Covent-
“ garden, which, to my great surprize, we found
“ as lean as a skeleton, when I expected quite the
“ contrary ; but the keeper said it was no wonder
“ at all, because the poor beast had not got an
“ ounce of woman’s flesh, since he came into the
“ parish. This amazed me more than the other,
“ and I was forming to myself a mighty veneration
“ for the ladies in that quarter of the town ;
“ when the keeper went on, and said he wondered
“ the parish would be at the charge of maintaining
“ a lion for nothing. Friend, said I, do you call it
“ nothing to justify the virtue of so many ladies ;
“ or hath your lion lost his distinguishing faculty ?
“ Can there be any thing more for the honour of
“ your parish, than that all the ladies married in
“ your church were pure virgins ? That is true,
“ said he, and the doctor knows it to his sorrow ;
“ for there hath not been a couple married in our
“ church since his worship came amongst us. The
“ virgins hereabouts are too wise to venture
“ the claws of the lion ; and, because no body will
“ marry them, have all entered into a vow of vir-
“ ginity ; so that in proportion we have much the
“ largest nunnery in the whole town. This man-
“ ner of ladies entering into a vow of virginity,
“ because they were not virgins, I easily conceived :
“ and my dream told me, that the whole kingdom
“ was full of nunneries plentifully stocked from
“ the same reason.

“ We went to see another lion, where we found
“ much company met in the gallery. The keeper
“ told us, we should see sport enough, as he cal-
“ led

“ led it ; and in a little time we saw a young beau-
 “ tiful lady put into the den, who walked up to-
 “ wards the lion with all imaginable security in her
 “ countenance, and looked smiling upon her lover
 “ and friends in the gallery ; which I thought no-
 “ thing extraordinary, because it was never known
 “ that any lion had been mistaken. But however,
 “ we were all disappointed ; for the lion lifted up
 “ his right paw, which was the fatal sign, and ad-
 “ vancing forward, seized her by the arm, and be-
 “ gan to tear it. The poor lady gave a terrible
 “ shriek, and cried out, *The lion is just, I am no*
 “ *virgin! Oh! Sappho, Sappho!* She could say no
 “ more, for the lion gave her the *coup de grace* by
 “ a squeeze in the throat, and she expired at
 “ his feet. The keeper dragged away her body
 “ to feed the animal, after the company should be
 “ gone ; for the parish lions never used to eat in
 “ public. After a little pause, another lady came
 “ on towards the lion in the same manner as the
 “ former. We observed the best finell her with
 “ diligence. He scratched both her hands with
 “ lifting them to his nose, and laying one of his
 “ claws on her bosom drew blood : however he let
 “ her go, and at the same time turned from her
 “ with a sort of contempt, at which she was not a
 “ little mortified, and retired with some confusion
 “ to her friends in the gallery. Methought the
 “ whole company immediately understood the
 “ meaning of this ; that the easiness of the lady
 “ had suffered her to admit certain imprudent and
 “ dangerous familiarities, bordering too much up-
 “ on what is criminal ; neither was it sure, whe-
 “ ther the lover then present had not some sharers
 “ with him in those freedoms, of which a lady can
 “ never be too sparing.
 “ This happened to be an extraordinary day :
 “ for a third lady came into the den, laughing
 “ loud, playing with her fan, tossing her head, and
 “ smiling

“ smiling round on the young fellows in the gallery. However, the lion leaped on her with great fury, and we gave her for gone; but, on a sudden he let go his hold, and turned from her as if he were nauseated; then gave her a lash with his tail; after which she returned to the gallery, not the least out of countenance: and this, it seems, was the usual treatment of coquets.

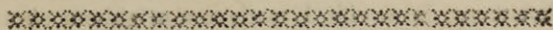
“ I thought we had seen enough; but my friend would needs have us go and visit one or two lions in the city. We called at two or three dens where they happened not to shew; but we generally found half a score young girls between eight and eleven years old, playing with each lion, sitting on his back, and putting their hands into his mouth; some of them would now and then get a scratch, but we always discovered upon examining, that they had been hoydening with the young apprentices. One of them was calling to a pretty girl about twelve years old, who stood by us in the gallery, to come down to the lion; and, upon her refusal, said, *Ah! Miss Betty, we could never get you to come near the lion, since you played at hoop and hide with my brother in the garret.*

“ We followed a couple with the wedding folks, going to the church of St. Mary Ax. The lady, though well stricken in years, extremely crooked and deformed, was dressed out beyond the gaiety of fifteen. having jumbled together, as I imagined, all the tawdry remains of aunts, god-mothers, and grandmothers, for some generations past. One of the neighbours whispered me, that she was an old maid, and had the clearest reputation of any in the parish. There is nothing strange in that, thought I, but was much surprized when I observed afterwards, that she went toward the lion with distrust and

“ concern. The beast was lying down ; but upon
 “ fight of her snuffed up his nose two or three
 “ times, and then giving the sign of death, pro-
 “ ceeded instantly to execution. In the midst of
 “ her agonies she was heard to name the words *fa-*
 “ *taly* and *artifices* with the utmost horror, and fe-
 “ veral repeated execrations ; and at last conclud-
 “ ed, *Fool that I was to put so much confidence in the*
 “ *toughness of my skin !*
 “ The keeper immediately set all in order again
 “ for another customer, which happened to be a
 “ famous prude, whom her parents, after long
 “ threatenings and much persuasions, had, with
 “ the extremest difficulty, prevailed on to accept a
 “ young handsome goldsmith, who might have
 “ pretended to five times her fortune. The fa-
 “ thers and mothers in the neighbourhood used to
 “ quote her for an example to their daughters ;
 “ her elbows were rivetted to her sides, and her
 “ whole person so ordered as to inform every body
 “ that she was afraid they should touch her. She
 “ only dreaded to approach the lion because it was
 “ a he-one, and abhorred to think a male a-
 “ nimal should presume to breathe on her. The
 “ sight of a man at twenty yards distance made her
 “ draw back her head. She always sat upon the
 “ farther corner of the chair, although there were
 “ six chairs between her and her lover, and with
 “ the door wide open, and her little sister in the
 “ room. She was never saluted but at the tip of
 “ the ear ; and her father had much ado to make
 “ her dine without her gloves, when there was a
 “ man at table. She entered the den with some
 “ fear, which we took to proceed from the
 “ height of her modesty, offended at the sight of
 “ so many men in the gallery. The lion, behold-
 “ ing her at a distance, immediately gave the dead-
 “ ly sign, at which the poor creature (methinks I
 “ see her still) miscarried in a fright before us all.

The

“ The lion seemed to be as much surprized as we,
 “ and gave her time to make her confession ;
 “ *That she was five months gone by the foreman of*
 “ *her father's shop ; that this was her third big-bel-*
 “ *ly : and when her friends asked, why she would*
 “ *venture the trial ? she said, her nurse told her,*
 “ *that a lion would never hurt a woman with child.*”
 Upon this I immediately awaked, and could not help wishing, that the deputy censors of my late institution were endued with the same instinct as these parish lions.



N U M B E R XX. *

—*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*
Emollit mores.—

Ovid.

From Saturday, March 3. to Tuesday, March 6.
 1710.

From my own apartments in Channel-row, March 5.

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the French call *Les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other, Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be per-

* This Tatler should be hung up in every Squire's hall in England. *Orery.*

petually

petually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation fall into the same boisterous familiarities, that one observes amongst them, when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances it is odd to consider, that, for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted, and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the mean time, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand; the girl returned instantly with a beer-glass full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gilly-flowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but Madam vowed I should drink it off; for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff, says the lady, you must eat a wing to oblige me;" and so put a couple on my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal; as often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the
servant

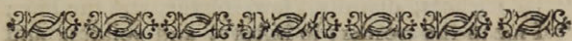
servant brought me a brimmer of Ochober. Some time after dinner I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent, on going, they ordered the stable-door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, what would I have for supper? I said, I never eat any thing at night; but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, "That this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market? that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss." The Lady went, and left me to her husband; for they took special care I should never be alone; as soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment, and constantly, as they came in and went out, made a curtesy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and *your humble servant, pretty Miss*. Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired, at my usual hour, to go to my repose, and was conducted to my bed-chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to-bed; and, upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should awake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break thro' all measures to get away; and, after, sitting down

to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neat tongues, venison pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

It is evident, that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgement of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it. I cannot so easily excuse the more refined critics upon behaviour, who having professed no other study, are yet infinitely defective in the most material parts of it. Ned Fashion has been bred all his life about court, and understands to a title all the punctilios of a drawing-room. He visits most of the fine women near St. James's, and upon every occasion says the civilest and softest things to them of any man breathing. To Mr. Isaac * he owes an easy slide in his bow, and a graceful manner of coming into a room: but in some other cases he is very far from being a well-bred person. He laughs at men of far superior understanding to his own for not being as well-dressed as himself; despiseth all his acquaintance who are not of quality, and in public places hath on that account often avoided taking notice of some among the best speakers of the house of Commons. He railleth strenuously at both universities before the members of either; and is never heard to swear an oath, or break in upon religion and morality, except in the company of divines. On the other

* A famous dancing master in those days,

hand, a man of right sense hath all the essentials of good-breeding, although he may be wanting in the forms of it. Horatio hath spent most of his time at Oxford; he hath a great deal of learning, an agreeable wit, and as much modesty as may serve to adorn, without concealing his other good qualities. In that retired way of living he seemeth to have formed a notion of human nature, as he hath found it described in the writings of the greatest men, not as he is likely to meet with it in the common course of life. Hence it is, that he giveth no offence, but converseth with great deference, candour, and humanity. His bow, I must confess, is somewhat awkward; but then he hath an extensive, universal, and unaffected knowledge, which may, perhaps, a little excuse him. He would make no extraordinary figure at a ball; but I can assure the ladies in his behalf, and for their own consolation, that he has writ better verses on the sex than any man now living, and is preparing such a poem for the press as will transmit their praises and his own to many generations.



N U M B E R CCXXX *.

Thursday, September 28. 1710.

From my own apartments, September 27.

THE following letter hath laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters, which

* The letter to the Lord high Treasurer upon the same subject with this *Tatler*, is printed in the fourth of these volumes. It is said, that
Vol. VII. N the

which I had overlooked ; but it opens to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and application to amend errors, which are become so universal. The affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment ; so that, whatever discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the subject the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the world, without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq;

SIR,

“ There are some abuses among us of great consequence, the reformation of which is properly your province ; although, as far as I have conversant in your papers, you have not yet considered them. These are, the deplorable ignorance that for some years hath reigned among our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of our stile. I say nothing here of those who handle particular sciences, divinity, law, physick, and the like ; I mean the treaders in history, and politics, and the Belles Lettres, together with those by whom books are not translated, but (as the common expressions are) *done out of French, Latin, or other languages, and made English*. I cannot but observe to you, that, until of late years, a Grubstreet book was always bound in sheep-skin, with suitable print and paper, the price never above a shilling, and taken off wholly by common tradef-

the author writ some other *Tatlers*, and several *Speſtators*, and furnished hints for many more ; particularly, *The Tables of fame*. *The life and adventures of a shilling*. *The account of England by an Indian King*, and some others : but, as we are informed, he would never tell his best friends the particular papers. *Dub edit*.

“ men

“ men or country pedlars ; but now they appear
 “ in all sizes and shapes, and in all places ; they
 “ are handed about from lapsuls in every coffee
 “ house to persons of quality ; are shown in West-
 “ minster-hall and the Court of Requests : you may
 “ see them gilt, and in royal paper, of five or six
 “ hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would
 “ engage to furnish you with a catalogue of Eng-
 “ lish books, published within the compass of seven
 “ years past, which at first hand would cost you an
 “ hundred pounds, wherein you shall not be able
 “ to find ten lines together of common grammar or
 “ common sense.

“ These two evils, ignorance and want of taste,
 “ have produced a third, I mean the continual
 “ corruption of our English tongue, which, with-
 “ out some timely remedy, will suffer more by the
 “ false refinements of twenty years past, than it
 “ hath been improved in the foregoing hundred.
 “ And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge upon,
 “ leaving the former evils to your animadversion.

“ But instead of giving you a list of the late re-
 “ finements crept into our language, I here send
 “ you a copy of a letter I received some time ago,
 “ from a most accomplished person in this way of
 “ writing, upon which I shall make some remarks.
 “ It is in these terms.

S I R,

I could'n't get the things you sent for all about
 town---I tho't to ha' come down myself, and then I'd
 ha' bro't 'um, but han't don't, and I believe I can't
 do't, that's pozz.---Tom begins to g'imself airs, be-
 cause he's going with the *plenipo's*.---'Tis said the
 French King will *bamboozel us agen*, which causes
 many *speculations*. The *Jacks*, and others of that
 kidney, are very *uppish*, and alert upon't, as you may
 see by their *phizz's*. Will Hazard has got the *hipps*,
 having lost to the tune of five hunder'd pound, tho'

he understands play very well; *nobody better*. He has *promis't* me upon *Rep* to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakness *he's* too apt to give into, *tho'* he hath as much wit as any man, *no body more*: he has lain *incog* ever since-- The *mob's* very quiet with us now.--- I believe you *tho't* I *banter'd* you in my last like a *country put*. ---I *shan't* leave town this month, &c.

“ This letter is in every point an admirable pattern of the present polite way of writing; nor is it of less authority for being an epistle; you may gather every flower of it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness, from the books, pamphlets, and single papers, offered us every day in the coffeehouses. And these are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense, humour, and learning, which formerly were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit, who died forty years ago, were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be able to read this letter? and after he had got through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye, is the *breaks* at the end of almost every sentence; of which I know not the use; only that it is a refinement, and very frequently practised. Then you will observe the abbreviations and elisions, by which consonants of most obdurate sounds are joined together, without one softening vowel to intervene: and all this only to make one syllable of two, directly contrary to the example of the Greeks and Romans; altogether of the Gothic strain, and of a natural tendency towards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables, and uniting of mute consonants; as it is observable in all the northern languages. And this is still more visible in the next refinement which consisteth in pronouncing the first syllable
“ in

" in a word that hath many, and dismissing the
 " rest; such as *phizz*, *hipps*, *mobb*, *pozz*, *rep*, and many
 " more, when we are already overloaded with mo-
 " nosyllables, which are the disgrace of our lan-
 " guage. Thus we cram one syllable, and cut off
 " the rest; as the owl fattened her mice after she
 " had bit off their legs to prevent them from run-
 " ning away; and if ours be the same reason for
 " maiming of words, it would certainly answer the
 " end; for I am sure no other nation will desire to
 " borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly
 " split, and therefore only in their way to perfec-
 " tion, as *incog*. and *plenipo*; but in a short time,
 " it is to be hoped, they will be further docked to
 " *inc*. and *plen*. This reflection hath made me of
 " late years very impatient for a peace, which I be-
 " lieve will save the lives of many brave words as
 " well as men. The war hath introduced abun-
 " dance of polysyllables, which will never be able
 " to live many more campaigns. *Speculations*, *o-*
 " *perations*, *preliminaries*, *ambassadors*, *palisadoes*,
 " *communications*, *circumvallations*, *battalions*, as
 " numerous as they are. if they attack us too fre-
 " quently in our coffee-houses, we shall certainly
 " put them to flight, and cut off the rear.

" The third refinement observable in the letter I
 " send you, consisteth in the choice of certain words
 " invented by some pretty fellows, such as *banter*,
 " *bamboozle*, *country-put*, and *kidney*, as it is there
 " applied; some of which are now struggling for
 " the vogue, and others are in possession of it. I
 " have done my utmost for some years past to
 " stop the progress of *mob* and *banter*, but have been
 " plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed
 " by those who promised to assist me.

" In the last place, you are to take notice of cer-
 " tain choice phrases scattered through the letter;
 " some of them tolerable enough, till they were
 " worn to rags by servile imitators. You might
 " easily

“ easily find them, although they were not in a
 “ different print, and therefore I need not disturb
 “ them.

“ These are the false refinements in our stile,
 “ which you ought to correct; first, by arguments
 “ and fair means; but if those fail, I think you
 “ are to make use of your authority as censor, and
 “ by an annual *index expurgatorius* expunge all
 “ words and phrases that are offensive to good
 “ sense, and condemn those barbarous mutilations
 “ of vowels and syllables. In this last point, the
 “ usual pretence is, that they spell as they speak:
 “ a noble standard for language! to depend upon
 “ the caprice of every coxcomb, who, because
 “ words are the cloathing of our thoughts, cuts
 “ them out and shapes them as he pleaseth, and
 “ changes them oftener than his dress. I believe
 “ all reasonable people would be content, that such
 “ refiners were more sparing of their words and
 “ liberal in their syllables. On this head I should
 “ be glad you would bestow some advice upon se-
 “ veral young readers in our churches, who, com-
 “ ing up from the university full fraught with ad-
 “ miration of our town-politencs, will needs correct
 “ the stile of their prayer-books. In reading the
 “ absolution they are very careful to say *pardons*
 “ and *absolves*, and in the prayer for the royal fa-
 “ mily, it must be *endue’um*, *enrich’um*, *prosper’um*,
 “ and *bring’um*: then in their sermons they use all
 “ their modern terms of art, *sham*, *banter*, *mob*,
 “ *bubble*, *bully*, *cutting*, *shuffling*, and *palming*; all
 “ which, and many more of the like stamp, as I
 “ have heard them often in the pulpit from some
 “ young sophisters, so I have read them in some of
 “ those sermons that have made a great noise of
 “ late. The design, it seems, is to avoid the dread-
 “ ful imputation of pedantry; to shew us, that
 “ they know the town, understand men and man-
 “ ners,

“ners, and have not been poring upon old unfashionable books in the university.

“I should be glad to see you the instrument of introducing into our stile, that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in human life, which the politer ages always aimed at in their building and dress, (*simplex munditiis*), as well as their productions of wit. It is manifest, that all new-affected modes of speech, whether borrowed from the court, the town, or the theatre, are the first perishing parts in any language; and, as I could prove by many hundred instances, have been so in ours. The writings of Hooker, who was a country clergyman, and of Parsons the Jesuit, both in the reign of Queen Elifabeth, are in a stile that, with very few allowances, would not offend any present reader; much more clear and intelligible, than those of Sir H. Wotton, Sir Rob. Naunton, Osburn, Daniel the historian, and several others who writ later, but being men of the court, and affecting the phrases then in fashion, they are often either not to be understood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.

“What remedies are to be applied to these evils, I have not room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your paper: besides, I think, it is our office only to represent abuses, and yours to redress them.

I am, with great respect,

S I R,

Yours, &c.”



A MEDITATION upon a BROOMSTICK.

According to the stile and manner of the Honourable ROBERT BOYLE'S Meditations*.

Written in the year 1703.

THIS single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest: it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vye with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk: it is now at best but the reverse of what it was; a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air: it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery; and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself. At length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sigh'd, and said within myself, SURELY MORTAL MAN IS A BROOMSTICK! Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair

* This paper was wrote in derision of the stile and manner of Mr. Robert Boyle. To what a height must the spirit of sarcasm arise in an author, who could prevail upon himself to ridicule so good a man as Mr. Boyle! But the sword of wit, like the scythe of time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every object that accidentally lies in its way. However sharp and irresistable the edge of it may be, Mr. Boyle will always remain invulnerable. *Orrery.*

on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable; until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a perriwig; valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head: but now, should this our *broomstick* pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber; we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a *broomstick*, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man but a topsy-turvey creature? his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational; his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth. And yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be an universal reformer and corrector of abuses; a remover of grievances; rakes into every flut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretendeth to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till worn to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

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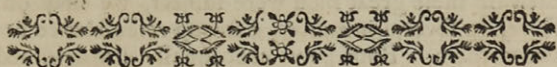
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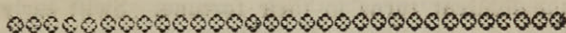
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MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.



A CRITICISM on these MISCELLANIES.

THE poetical performances of Dr. Swift ought to be considered as occasional poems, framed either to please or vex some particular persons. We must not suppose them designed for posterity. If he had cultivated his genius in that way, he must certainly have excelled, especially in satire. We see fine sketches in several of his pieces: but he seems more desirous to inform and strengthen his mind, than to indulge the luxuriancy of his imagination. He chuses to discover and correct errors in the works of others, rather than to illustrate and add beauties to his own. Like a skilful artist, he is fond of probing wounds to their depth, and of enlarging them to open view. He prefers caustics, which erode proud flesh, to softer balsamics, which give more immediate ease. He aims to be severely useful, rather than politely engaging: and as he was either not formed, or would not take pains to excel in poetry, he became, in some measure, superior to it; and assumed more the air and manners of a critic, than of a poet. Had he lived in the same age with Horace, he would have approached nearer to him than any other poet: and if we may make an allowance for the different course of

study, and different form of government, to which each of these great men were subject, we may observe, in several instances, a strong resemblance between them. Both poets are equally distinguished for wit and humour. Each displays a peculiar felicity in diction. But, of the two, Horace is the more elegant and delicate: while he condemns, he pleases. Swift takes pleasure in giving pain. The dissimilitude of their tempers might be owing to the different turns in their fortune. Swift early formed large views of ambition, and was disappointed. Horace, from an exiled low state, rose into affluence, and enjoyed the favour and friendship of Augustus. Each poet was the delight of the principal persons of his age. *Cum magnis vixisse*, was not more applicable to Horace than to Swift. They both were temperate, both were frugal, and both were of the same Epicurean taste. Horace had his Lydia, Swift had his Vanessa. Horace had his Mecænas and his Agrippa; Swift had his Oxford and his Bolingbroke. Horace had his Virgil, Swift had his Pope.

Swift, who had the nicest ear, is remarkably chaste and delicate in his rhymes. A bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital sins in poetry; and yet it is a sin into which some of our greatest poets have fallen; Dryden frequently, Pope sometimes. The former was embarrassed with a wife and family; and was often under such necessitous circumstances, as to be obliged to publish, or to want subsistence. The latter was in a less confined, and in a much more easy situation. He was naturally judicious, and uncommonly attentive to maintain the dignity of his character. Although his body was weak, his mind was equal to the weight of his laurel crown; and he wore it not only with ease but majesty. Take him as a poet, *we shall not see his like again.*

The

The Dean kept company with many of the fair sex; but they were rather his amusement than his admiration. He trifled away many hours in their conversation, he filled many pages in their praise, and, by the power of his head, he gained the character of a lover, without the least assistance from his heart. To this particular kind of pride, supported by the bent of his genius, and joined by the excessive coldness of his nature, Vanessa owed the ruin of her reputation; and from the same causes Stella remained an unacknowledged wife. If we consider Swift's behaviour, so far only as it relates to women, we shall find, that he looked upon them rather as busts, than as whole figures. In his panegyrical descriptions, he has seldom descended lower than the centre of their hearts; or if ever he has designed a complete statue, it has been generally cast in a dirty, or in a disagreeable mould; as if statuary had not conceived, or had not experienced, that justness of proportion, that delicacy of limb, and those pleasing and graceful attitudes which have constituted the sex to be the most beautiful part of the creation. If you review his several poems to Stella, you will find them fuller of affection than desire, and more expressive of friendship than of love. For example,

- “ Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
 “ When first for thee my harp I strung;
 “ Without one word of Cupid's darts,
 “ Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
 “ With friendship and esteem possest,
 “ I ne'er admitted love a guest.” Vol. vii.

Most of the poems which are absolutely addressed to Stella, or which describe her in a variety of attitudes, turn upon her age: a kind of excuse perhaps for Swift's want of love.

It is impossible for me to pass a very minute comment upon the various poems wrote by Swift. They are not only mingled improperly, in point of dates and subjects, but many, very many of them, are temporary, trifling, and I had almost said puerile. Several of them are personal, and consequently scarce amusing; or at least they leave a very small impression upon our minds. Such indeed as are likely to draw your attention, are exquisite, and so peculiarly his own, that whoever has dared to imitate him in these, or in any of his works, has constantly failed in the attempt. Upon a general view of his poetry, we shall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, surprising, heteroclitic genius; luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humourous in his descriptions, and bitter, exceeding bitter, in his satire. The restlessness of his imagination, and the disappointment of his ambition, have both contributed to hinder him from undertaking any poetical work of length or importance. His wit was sufficient to every labour: no flight could have wearied the strength of his pinions: perhaps, if the extensive views of his nature had been fully satisfied, his airy motions had been more regular, and less sudden. But he now appears like an eagle, that is sometimes chained; and at that particular time, for want of nobler and more proper food, diverts his confinement, and appeases his hunger, by destroying the gnats, butterflies, and other wretched insects that unluckily happen to buzz or flutter within his reach.

While I have been reading over his poems, I have considered him as an Egyptian hieroglyphic; which though it had an unnatural, and frequently an indecent appearance, yet it always contained some secret marks of wisdom, and sometimes of deep morality. The subjects of his poems are often
nauseous,

nauseous, and the performances beautifully disagreeable.

The lady's dressing-room, [vol. viii.] has been universally condemned as deficient in point of delicacy, even to the highest degree. The best apology that can be made in its favour, is to suppose, that the author exhibited his Celia in the most hideous colours he could find, lest she might be mistaken as a goddess, when she was only a mortal. External beauty is very alluring to youth and inexperience; and Swift, by pulling off the borrowed plumes of his harpy, discovers at once a frightful bird of prey, and by making her offensive, renders her less dangerous and inviting. Such, I hope was his design. But let his views and motives have been ever so beneficial, his general want of delicacy and decorum must not hope even to find the shadow of an excuse; for it is impossible not to own, that he too frequently forgets that politeness and tenderness of manners, which are undoubtedly due to humankind. From his early and repeated disappointments, he became a misanthrope. If his mind had been more equal and content, I am willing to believe, that he would have viewed the works of nature with a more benign aspect. And perhaps, under a less constant rotation of anxiety, he might have preserved his senses to the last scene of life, and might have enjoyed that calm exit from the stage, for which his friend Horace so earnestly supplicates Apollo.

- “ *Frui paratis et valido mihi,*
 “ *Latoe, dones, et precor, integra*
 “ *Cum mente; nec turpem senectam*
 “ *Degere, nec cithara carentem.*”

His pride was so great as scarce to admit any body to the least share of his friendship, except such who could amuse him, or such who could do him honour.

honour. To these two different classes, we owe many of his poems. His companions and humble followers find themselves immortalized by the insertion of their names in addresses to Stella, or in other miscellaneous pieces, written in an easy, although not in a careless manner. His more exalted friends, whose stations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different style; and you will perceive a real dignity, and a most delicate kind of wit, in all his poems to Lord Oxford, Lord Peterborough, Lord Cartaret (now Earl of Granville). Mr. Pulteney (now Earl of Bath); and I think I may particularly add, in a poem to the Countess of Winchelsea (under the name of *Ardelia*), and another to Mrs. Bidley Floyd. These names abetted him in his pursuit of fame. They reflected back the glory which he gave. But still I cannot recollect one poem, nay scarce a couplet, to his noble patron Lord Bolingbroke. In that instance he has been as silent, as Virgil has been to Horace; and yet he certainly had not a grain of envy in his composition.

I think I can discern a third kind of style in his poems addressed to Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, Dr. Delany, and Dr. Young. When he writes to them, there is a mixture of ease, dignity, familiarity, and affection. They were his intimate friends, whom he loved sincerely, and whom he wished to accompany into the poetical regions of eternity.

As to the poem called *Death and Daphne*, [vol. 7.]; I recollect an odd accident relating to that nymph. Swift, soon after our acquaintance, introduced me to her, as to one of his female favourites. I had scarce been half an hour in her company, before she asked me if I had seen the Dean's poem upon *Death and Daphne*? As I told her I had not, she immediately unlocked a cabinet, and bringing out the manuscript, read it me with a seeming satisfaction, of which at that time I doubted

doubted the sincerity. While she was reading, the Dean was perpetually correcting her for bad pronunciation, and for placing a wrong emphasis upon particular words. As soon as she had gone thro' the composition, she assured me smilingly, that the portrait of Daphne was drawn for herself. I begged to be excused from believing it, and protested that I could not see one feature that had the least resemblance. But the Dean immediately burst into a fit of laughter: "You fancy," says he, "that you are very polite; but you are much mistaken. That lady had rather be a Daphne drawn by me, than a Sacharissa by any other pencil." She confirmed what he said with great earnestness; so that I had no other method of retrieving my error, than by whispering in her ear as I was conducting her down stairs to dinner, that indeed I found

"Her hand as dry and cold as lead."

You see the command which Swift had all over his females; and you would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and an assiduity, that are seldom paid to the richest, or the most powerful lovers; no, not even to the Grand Signior himself.

To these ladies Swift owed the publication of many pieces, which ought never to have been delivered to the press. He communicated every composition as soon as finished, to his female senate: who not only passed their judgement on the performance, but constantly asked, and almost as constantly obtained a copy of it. You cannot be surpris'd, that it was immediately afterwards seen in print; and, when printed, became a part of his works. He lived much at home, and was continually writing, when alone. Not any of his senators presumed to

approach him, when he signified his pleasure to remain in private, and without interruption. His night-gown and slippers were not easier put on or off, than his attendants. No prince ever met with more flattery to his own person, or more devotion to his own mandates. This despotic power not only blinded him, but gave a loose to passions that ought to have been kept under a proper restraint. I am sorry to say, that whole nations are sometimes sacrificed to his resentment: for reflections of that sort appear to me the least justifiable of any kind of satire. You will read his *acerrima* with indignation, and his *minutiae* with regret. Yet I must add, that since he has descended so low as to write, and still so much lower as to print riddles, he is excellent even in that kind of versification. The lines are smoother, the expressions are neater, and the thought is closer pursued, than in any other riddler whatever. But Swift composing riddles, is Titian's painting draught-boards; which must have been inexcusable, while there remained a signpost-painter in the world.

As to the two Latin poems, "An epistle to Dr. Seridan" [vol. 7.], and "A description of the rocks at Carbery in Ireland" [vol. 7.], the Dean was extremely solicitous, that they should be printed among his works; and what is no less true than amazing, he assumed to himself more vanity upon these two Latin poems, than upon many of his best English performances. It is said, that Milton, in his own judgement, preferred the Paradise Regained to the Paradise lost. There possibly might be found some excuse for such a preference; but in Swift's case there can be none. He understood the Latin language perfectly well, and he read it constantly: but he was no Latin poet. And if the *Carberia rupes*, and the *Epistola ad Thomam Sheridan*, had been the produce of any other author, they

they must have undergone a severe censure from Dr. Swift.

The two poems, intitled, "The life and genuine character of Dr. Swift," and, "Verses on the death of Dr. Swift," &c. are poems of great wit and humour. The first was artfully published by Dr. Swift in a manner so different from those rules of poetry to which he confined himself, that he hoped the public might mistake it for a spurious or uncorrect copy, stolen by memory from his original poem. He took great pleasure in this supposition; and I believe it answered his expectation. One of his strictest rules in poetry was to avoid triplets. What can have given rise to so nice a peculiarity, is difficult to determine. It might be owing only to a singular turn of thinking. But the reason which he publicly assigned, seemed not so much against the practice itself, as against the poets who indulged themselves in that manner of writing. "A custom" (according to the Dean's opinion) "introduced by laziness, continued by ignorance, and established by false taste." With deference to so great a critic, 'tis a custom that has frequently been pursued with remarkable success. Mr. Dryden abounds in triplets; and in some of his most elegant poems, the third concluding verse forms the finest climax in the whole piece. Mr. Waller, the father of all flowing poetry, has generally reserved the nicest point of wit to his triplicate line. And, upon an impartial inquiry, it is almost to be questioned, whether, in many instances, this despicable triplet may not add a greater beauty to a poetical composition, than any other circumstance. To be confined, on any terms, by the links of rhyme, is of great disadvantage to our English poetry. The finest poem that we can boast, and which we equalize, and perhaps would willingly prefer to the Iliad, is void of these fetters. But when it is our

destiny to wear chains, surely we may be allowed to make them as light and easy as we can.

The second poem, "Verses on the death of Dr. Swift" [vol. 7.] is a most pointed piece of sarcasm. Not any of the Dean's poems have more wit; nor are any of them more severe. In it he has summoned together his whole powers of satire and poetry. It is a parting blow; the legacy of anger and disappointment. But as the two last lines are grammatically incorrect, and as they were not inserted in the first edition published at London, I cannot tell how they have crept into a poem, that is otherwise as exactly polished as any of Swift's nicest compositions. *Orrery.*

The merits of Dr. Swift in the character of a poet are considerably great. His descriptions, wherein there constantly appear the distinguishing marks of his own peculiar talents, are extremely just and lively: many of his groups are not to be excelled by any painter's imagination: his rhymes and his numbers are chaste and delicate; and in places, when, rather by accident than choice, he rises from the earth, and soars into the regions of poetry, he is equal to the finest masters among the Greeks and Romans, his ideas are lofty, and his versification musically sonorous. And yet, after all, he is not to be considered in the light of a professed poet; the multitude of his writings on various subjects, both in verse and prose, being an evident demonstration, that he was superior to any particular course of learning. He was born to be the encourager of virtue, and the terror of the wicked. He never sat musing in his elbow-chair upon new subjects, for the exercise of his genius, and the advancement of his fame; but writ occasionally to please and to reform the world, as either politics or humour gave the spur to his faculties. There are but few of his poems that seem to have been the labour of more than one day,

day, how greatly soever they might have been corrected and polished afterwards to his own liking before he transcribed them fair.

There indisputably runs a vein of satire throughout all his writings : but, as he declares that no age could have more deserved it, than that particular age wherein he was destined to live ; he is intitled to all the praise we can bestow upon him, for exerting his whole abilities in the defence of honour, virtue, and his country. In his general satire, where perhaps thousands were equally meant, he hath never once through malice inserted the name of any one person ; the vice nevertheless he exposeth to contempt and ridicule. But in particular satire, when egregious monsters, traitors to the weal public, and slaves to party, are the objects of his resentment, he lashes without mercy ; well knowing, that infamy, which is perhaps a taste of hell, is the only punishment which in this world can be inflicted upon such rebels to society, as, either by craft or corruption, bid defiance to the laws.

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of Dr. Swift was a bright and clear genius ; so extremely piercing, that every the most striking circumstance, arising from any subject whatever, quickly occurred to his imagination ; and these he frequently so accumulated one upon another, that perhaps, beyond all other poets, of all ages and countries, he deserves in this particular to be the most universally admired. And this choice of circumstances, if any stress can be laid on the opinion of Longinus, that great director of our taste and judgement, renders a composition truly noble and sublime. The most remarkable pieces of this sort, are, " The furniture of a woman's mind ; Betty the Grizette ; The journal of a modern lady ; His poem on reading Dr. Young's satires ; Mordant ; The description of a city-shower ; The description

“ scription of Quilca ; The description of the
 “ morning ; and, The place of the damned.” This
 power of the mind gave him also that desperate
 hand, as Pope terms it, in taking off all sorts of
 characters. To omit those of a political nature, see
 “ The progress of poetry ; The second part of
 “ Traulus ; The progress of love ; The character
 “ of Corinna ; and, The beautiful young nymph
 “ just going to bed ; where you will find, that his
 imagination could even dream in the character of
 an old battered strumpet. And, from the same in-
 exhaustible fund of wit, he acquired the historic arts
 both of designing and colouring, either in groups,
 or in single portraits. How exact, how lively, and
 spirited, is that groupe of figures in “ The journal
 “ of a modern lady ?” [Here the passage is insert-
 ed, beginning thus :

“ But let me now a while survey,” &c. l. 116.

and ending,

“ Flew hov’ring o’er each female head.” l. 135.

And for a single portrait, if we consider the de-
 sign, the attitude, the drapery, or the colouring,
 what is it that can excel the representation of Cassi-
 nus in “ The tragical elegy ?” [Here the passage is
 inserted, beginning thus :

“ He seem’d as just crept out of bed,” &c. l. 11.

and ending thus,

“ On embers place’d, to drink it hot. l. 28.

Throughout all his poetical writings, although
 many of them be dedicated immediately to the fair
 sex, there cannot be found, to the best of my re-
 collection, one single distich, addressed in the cha-
 racter of a lover to any one person. If he writ any
 poems of that sort in his younger days, they must have
 been

been destroyed, if they be not concealed. Those verses upon women, which are deemed the most satirical, were written principally with a view to correct their foibles, to improve their taste, and to make them as agreeable companions at threescore, as at the age of five and twenty. By what I can hear the most exceptionable of his poems in that way have produced some very extraordinary effects in the polite world. This was in truth the ultimate design of his writing "The lady's dressing room," and other pieces, which are acknowledged to be somewhat liable to censure on account of their indelicacy.

Among the admirers of Dr. Swift, many have compared him to Horace, making proper allowances for the respective ages in which they severally flourished. The resemblance however between them is not so exceedingly strong, as that a similitude and manner of writing could have excited the least degree of emulation between them, further than to be equally renowned for their peculiar excellencies. Each of them had, independent of what is generally called a fine taste, a thorough knowledge of the world, superadded to an abundance of learning. Both the one and the other of these great men held the numerous tribe of poets, as well as that motley generation of men called *critics*, in the utmost contempt; and at the same time, have manifested themselves to be incomparable judges of all that is truly excellent, whether in books or men. Neither of them had the least regard for the Stoics: and whatever may be said of their being of the Epicurean taste, which, if rightly understood, is far from being inconsistent with the highest virtue: neither of them was attached to any particular system of philosophy. Homer was the darling author both of Horace and Swift. Horace declares, in his epistle to Lollius, that Homer had abundantly more good sense and wisdom than
all

all the philosophers ; and Swift's opinion was, that Homer had more genius than all the rest of the world put together. Yet neither the one nor the other of them have attempted to imitate his manner ; but, like heroes of a bold and true spirit, have industriously followed the bent of nature, and struck out originals of their own. But however strong may be supposed the resemblance between Horace and Swift, they were in fact, upon the whole, quite different men. Their tempers, their complexions, and their fortunes, were totally unlike. Each of them had in many respects greatly the advantage of the other.

Poetry was in Homer the business of his life ; every desire, every comfort, and every passion of his mind, was centered in the Muses : he followed the example of the Greek poets, *præter laudem nullius avarus*. Poetry in Swift was only an appendage to his character : he wore it as an emblem of wit and spirit, which gave him an air of grandeur in the republic of letters. Horace, by diverting his thoughts from all sublunary affairs, and perpetually ranging about from flower to flower, among the gardens and groves, and wildernesses of the Greeks, with infinite labour extracted, like an industrious bee, the quintessence of their sweets ; and by frequently experimenting all the changes of harmony, is deservedly the joy and admiration of the poetical world, for the music of his lines, and the variety of his numbers. His addresses to the Emperor, to Agrippa, to Pollio, and his panegyric on Drusus, are prodigiously sublime ; but his hymns to the Muses, to Mercury, to Pan, to Apollo and Diana, to Venus, to his lyre, and to Bacchus, are absolutely raptures of poetry, even the divine spirit of that *amabilis insania*, "that delightful madness," which is only to be felt, impossible to be described. His verses nevertheless are but few in number ; the whole of his works, at a random computation, amounting only

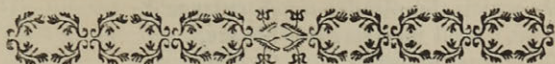
to about 7000 lines ; whereof not above one half are of that species of poetry on which he desired to fix all his pretensions to fame. And it was upon these only he bestowed the greater part of his life. Swift, on the contrary, from the age of one and twenty, was deeply immersed in politics during his whole life ; sometimes fighting the battles of church and state against a virulent, opposing faction, which threatened to undermine the constitution ; sometimes resisting the torrent of ecclesiastical, and frequently the torrent of ministerial power, whenever the rights of the clergy, or the liberties of his country, were occasionally invaded ; and generally fighting with beasts of one species or other, like a fierce and bold champion, resolutely bent on either death or victory : yet still he could find opportunities, by snatching hours of leisure, to write poetry for his amusement. He had read many of the Greek and Latin poets ; relished and admired what was agreeable to his own taste ; but never devoted either his thoughts or his time to Apollo and the Muses. Throughout his whole works there is no such thing as an ode to Calliope, to Mercury, to Venus, to Apollo and Diana, to his lyre, to Bacchus, or to Pan ; nothing which was ever intended as a rapture of poetry. Is it not then somewhat very amazing, if we consider him in this fair and true light, that he should produce, by the mere force of taste and abilities, without any laboured correction at all, such wonders in the poetic strain, as to make any of the most partial of his admirers, not only prefer him to all the poets of these later centuries, but compare him to that immortal genius of the Augustan age, whose whole delight, speculation, and amusement, whether in bed or in the fields, was in meditating, writing, polishing, or correcting his verses ? *Swift.*

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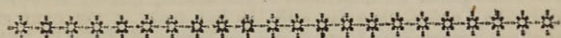
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MISCELLANIES IN VERSE †.



N. B. Whatever verses are marked with an asterisk * prefixed, are not Dr. Swift's.

CADENUS and VANESSA.

Written *anno* 1713.

THE *shepherds* and the *nymphs* were seen
 Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
 The counsel for the fair began,
 Accusing the false creature, *man*.

The

† The following poems chiefly consist either of humour or satire, and very often of both together. What merit they may have, we confess ourselves to be no judges of in the least; but, out of due regard to a writer, from whose works we hope to receive some benefit, we cannot conceal what we have heard from several persons of great judgement, that the author never was known, either in verse or prose, to borrow any thought, simile, epithet, or particular manner of stile; but whatever he writ, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is an original in itself.——Although we are very sensible, that in some of the following poems, the ladies may resent certain satirical touches against the mistaken conduct in some of the fair sex; and that some warm persons on the prevailing side may censure this author, for not thinking in public matters exactly like themselves; yet we have been assured, by several judicious and learned gentlemen,

The brief with weighty crimes was charge'd, 5
 On which the pleader much enlarge'd ;
 That Cupid now has lost his art,
 Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart ;—

His

that what the author hath here writ, on either of those two subjects, hath no other aim than to reform the errors of both sexes. If the public be right in its conjectures of the author, nothing is better known in London, than that while he had credit at the court of Q. Anne, he employ'd so much of it in favour of Whigs in both kingdoms, that the ministry us'd to rally him as the advocate of that party ; for several of whom he got employments, and preserv'd others from losing what they had : of which some instances remain even in this kingdom. Besides, he then writ and declared against the pretender with equal zeal, though not with equal fury, as any of our modern Whigs ; of which party he always profess'd himself to be as to politics, as the reader will find in many parts of his works, *Dub. edit. 1735.*

This poem is founded upon an offer of marriage, made by a young lady to her preceptor. Whether such an incident really happened, or what gave the poet occasion to suppose it, need not here be inquired. His principal design is to expose the faults and follies in both sexes, by which love is degraded, and marriage rendered subservient to fordid purposes.

This poem, one of the greatest length, and, I believe, the longest ever compos'd by the Dean, is of a very extraordinary nature, and upon a very extraordinary subject. As a poem, it is excellent in its kind, perfectly correct, and admirably conducted.

Vanity makes terrible devastation in a female breast. It batters down all restraints of modesty, and carries away every seed of virtue. Vanessa was excessively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but in general fictitious. She was fond of dress ; impatient to be admir'd ; very romantic in her turn of mind ; superior, in her own opinion, to all her sex ; full of pertness, gaiety, and pride ; not without some agreeable accomplishments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel ; ambitious, at any rate, to be esteem'd a wit ; and, with that view, always affecting to keep company with wits ; a great reader, and a violent admirer of poetry ; happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine ; but still aiming and intending to be his wife ; by nature haughty and disdainful, looking with the pity of contempt upon her inferiors, and with the smiles of self-approbation upon her equals ; but upon Dr. Swift with the eyes of love. Her love was founded in vanity, or, to use a more fashionable phrase, in taste. His own lines are the best proof of my assertion. [Here the particular passage is inserted, beginning thus,

" Cadenus

His altar now no longer smokes,
 His mother's aid no youth invokes : 10
 This tempts freethinkers to refine,
 And bring in doubt their powers divine ;
 Now

“ Cadenus many things had writ, *l.* 510.

and ending thus,

“ Nor farther looks, but thinks him young, *l.* 531.]

The poem itself is dated in the year 1713, when Swift was in his meridian altitude; favoured by the courtiers; flattered, feared, and admired, by the greatest men in the nation.

By the verses which I have already recited, it may be presumed, that the lady was first smitten with the fame and character of Cadenus, and afterwards with his person. Her first thoughts pursued a phantom; her latter passion desired a substance. The manner in which she discovered her inclinations, is poetically described in these lines. [The passage here inserted, begins thus,

“ She own'd the wandring of her thoughts, *l.* 602.

and ends thus,

“ Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart, *l.* 623.]

Supposing this account to be true, and I own I can scarce think it otherwise, it is evident, that the fair Vanessa had made a surprising progress in the philosophic doctrines which she had received from her preceptor. His rules were certainly of a most extraordinary kind. He taught her, that vice, as soon as it desired shame, was immediately changed into virtue; that vulgar forms were not binding upon certain choice spirits, to whom either the writings or the persons of men of wit were acceptable. She heard the lesson with attention, and imbibed the philosophy with eagerness. The maxims suited her exalted turn of mind. She imagined, that if the theory appeared so charming, the practice must be much more delightful. The close connection of soul and body seemed to require, in the eye of a female philosopher, that each should succeed the other in all pleasurable enjoyments. The former had been sufficiently regaled; why must the latter remain unsatisfied? “Nature,” said Vanessa, “abhors a *vacuum*, and Nature ought always to be obeyed.” She communicated these sentiments to her tutor; but he seemed not to comprehend her meaning, nor to conceive the *distinctio rationis* that had taken rise in his own school. He answered her in the *non essential modes*. He talked of friendship, of the delights of reason, of gratitude, respect and esteem. He almost preached upon virtue, and he muttered some indistinct phrases concerning chastity.

Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
 And marriage grown a money-league.
 Which crimes aforesaid (*with her leave*)
 Were (*as we humbly did conceive*)

Against

So unaccountable a conduct in Cadenus may be thought rather to proceed from defects in nature, than from the scrupulous difficulties of a tender conscience. Such a supposition will still appear more strong, if we recollect the distant manner in which Swift cohabited with Stella, colder, if possible, after, than before she was his wife: and I now recollect some of his own lines, that seem to confirm the surmise, as they contain an insinuation against Vanessa, not, perhaps so much intended to wound her reputation, as to save his own. [The passage here inserted, begins thus,

“ But what success Vanessa met, *l. 818.*

and ends thus,

“ Nor shall the conscious muse unfold, *l. 827.*]

It is impossible to read this cruel hint without great indignation against the conscious muse, especially as it is the finishing stroke of a picture, which was already drawn in too loose a garment, and too unguarded a posture. In this instance, I am afraid, the Dean must remain inexcusable.

Vanessa, in some time after the death of her sister, retired to Selbridge. Spleen and disappointment were the companions of her solitude. The narrowness of her income, the coldness of her lover, the loss of her reputation, all contributed to make her miserable, and to increase the frenzied disposition of her mind. In this melancholy situation she remained several years; during which time Cadenus visited her frequently. Their particular conversation, as it passed without witnesses, must for ever remain unknown: but, in general, it is certain, that she often pressed him to marry her. His answers were rather turns of wit than positive denials; till at last, being unable to sustain her weight of misery any longer, she writ a very tender epistle to Cadenus, insisting peremptorily upon as serious an answer, and an immediate acceptance, or absolute refusal of her as his wife. His reply was delivered by his own hand. He brought it with him when he made his final visit at Selbridge, and throwing down the letter upon her table, with great passion hastened back to his horse, carrying in his own countenance the frown of anger and indignation.

Dr. Swift had a natural severity of face, which even his smiles could scarce soften, or his utmost gaiety render placid and serene: but when that sternness of visage was increased by rage, it is scarce possible to imagine looks or features that carried in them more terror and austerity. Vanessa had seen him in all tempers, and from his
 outward

Against our sov'reign lady's peace,
 Against the statute in that case,
 Against her dignity and crown:
 Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

20
 The

outward appearance she guessed at the inward contents of his letter. She read it with as much resolution as the present cruelty of her fate, and the raging pride of her heart would permit. She found herself entirely discharc'd from his friendship and conversation. Her offers were treated with insolence and disdain. She met with reproaches instead of love, and with tyranny instead of affection. She had long thrown away the gentle lenitives of virtue; which, upon this occasion, might have proved healing ingredients to so deep and so dangerous a wound. She had preferred wit to religion, she had utterly destroyed her character and her conscience; and she was now fallen a prey to the horror of her own thoughts.

*Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
 Mortem orat: totæ cæli convexa tueri.*

She did not survive many days the letter delivered to her by Cadmus. — Thus perished at Selbridge, under all the agonies of despair, Mrs. Esther Vanhomrigh; a miserable example of an ill-spent life, fantastic wit, visionary schemes, and female weakness. *Orrey.*

This poem is built on the finest model; supported with infinite humour, wit, and gaiety; embellished with ideas the most lovely and delicate; beautifully adorned with variety of the most attractive images; and conducted throughout the whole with such perfect regularity, that, beyond all other pieces, whether of Dr. Swift, or any poet that ever writ in English, it appears calculated to abide the severest examination of critics.

In the apparatus of this poem we find, that Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, having cause to be afraid, upon hearing the merits of a trial between the nymphs and shepherds, that her sovereignty might be called in question, on account of that wretched corrupted taste which prevails among the youth of both sexes, resolves on a political expedient to maintain the dignity of her throne, and to reduce her rebellious subjects unto their loyalty, their chains, and their obedience.

Now, this debate, which was spun out for sixteen years between the nymphs and shepherds, is supposed to have commenced only some few days before the birth of Vanessa. But the Cyprian Queen having, in order to try an experiment, selected Vanessa, upon the day of her birth, from all the rest of the little female world, adorns her with every grace and beauty, that is supposed to attract the admiration of the shepherds. And, to complete her design, she prevails on the goddess of learning (although by a stratagem) to pour down all
 her

The *nymphs* with scorn beheld their foes;
 When the *defendant's* counsel rose,
 And, what no lawyer ever lack't,
 With impudence own'd all the fact;

But

her gifts into the bosom of this delightful girl. [Here some verses are inserted, beginning thus,

“ Thus, to the world's perpetual shame, *l.* 432.

and ending thus,

“ Give mortals neither heat nor light, *l.* 443]

Here let us stop, and take an impartial view of this enchanting fair. With regard to the beauty, the elegance, the graces, and the sweetness of her person, she is beyond all contradiction, to use an expression of Parael,

“ All bright as an angel new-dropt from the skies.

And with regard to the accomplishments of the mind, her soul is endued with knowledge, judgement, wit, decency, modesty, truth, justice, fortitude, honour, pettiness, generosity, wisdom, and every other virtue which can possibly enter into the composition of the most illustrious character. She had a soul worthy to be the inhabitant of so beautiful, so angelic, a mansion. However, to speak as a critic, it matters not whether Vanessa be a real or a fictitious character. If indeed the character be drawn from real life, we must insist upon it, that Vanessa behaved herself, throughout all the habitudes and vicissitudes of life, with unblemished honour; as in truth her character would not otherwise have been even poetically just; and consequently the poem, instead of being universally admired for its superior excellencies, would (to speak in the stile of critics) have been damned, on its first appearance, for its inaccuracies and inconsistencies. On the other hand, if the character be fictitious, the whole is a fable; and consequently there never existed any such person as the charming Vanessa. It is certain, however, that among the poets we frequently meet with characters, especially when compliments are addressed to some particular favourites in the *grande monde*, which are partly real, and partly fictitious. What I mean by real is, when some person really and truly existing, is generally understood to be the object of the poet's complaisance; and what I mean by fictitious is, when the poet, without any regard to truth, elegantly displays the fineness and delicacy of his own taste, in all the carresses of gallantry, politeness, courtship, and address, unto this real, not imaginary lady. For example, were a poet to insert the name of some little, nut-brown, trifling girl, under the portrait of all that is beautiful, accomplished, and adorable, in the fairest of the creation; his compliment would nevertheless

But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
That modern love is no such thing,
As what those ancient poets sing ;

A fire

nevertheless be extremely polite ; no matter for the resemblance. Pictures, we all know, are designed for posterity ; and posterity cares not whether in fact the picture was drawn from the life, or was only imaginary. They see ; they are pleas'd ; they inquire no further. The most remarkable instance of this kind that we know of among all the poets, ancient or modern, is that of Prior's Chloe, who was a cheerful, gay, facetious, old woman, that used to laugh with a profusion of good humour, until she was almost ready to die, at the conceit of her being a poet's flame. And Prior, we may be sure, was equally delighted with the excellence of her understanding. Vanessa was perhaps another remarkable instance of this kind : for, as the poet has expressly declared, that " her name on earth shall not be told," we are by no means at liberty to form any conjectures about her. It is affirmed, however, that Vanessa was in love with Cadenus, and declared it to him after a strange manner. That Vanessa might have liked Cadenus, at least the poetical Vanessa, we cannot make any sort of doubt, because we are expressly told so. The manner in which she declared her passion to him, is only to be collected from the poem itself ; wherein we find, that, after an apology founded on maxims truly philosophical, she reveals her sentiments in the following terms. [Here some verses are inserted, beginning thus,

" I knew, by what you said and writ, *l.* 618.

and ending thus,

" Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart, *l.* 623.]

The remainder of the conversation between Cadenus and Vanessa, for half a dozen pages together, is evidently nothing more than a flight of imagination, wholly designed for the entertainment of those who have a relish for composition, and a taste for poetry. But supposing it was some real Vanessa that liked Cadenus ; or, in plain terms, supposing that Miss Vanhomrigh, had a passion for Dr. Swift, is there any crime in love ? Far from it : the voice of God, and the voice of nature, speak the direct contrary. The worst that can be said of it, is, that Vanessa, who had really and truly been educated under the inspection of Cadenus, (a man beyond all others upon earth, whose delight was to give instruction to young people, and especially to young women), had not sufficiently considered, that in love we are all sportsmen, careless of joys that are within our reach, and perpetually driving after the flying game. Nevertheless, to maintain the dignity of her sex, and to apologize for this little failure in point of discretion, (that cool, sober quality, not virtue, of the mind ; which

A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
 Conceived and kindled in the mind;
 Which having found an equal flame
 Unites, and both become the same,

30

In

frequently, or rather notoriously, presides in that breast where every humane, generous, and spirited affection of the soul is wanting), she availeth herself of the Doctor's own maxims, before she adventures to impart the most tender of her sentiments to an old experienced man, whose heart, like a rock of adamant, was incapable of impressions. [Here some verses are inserted, beginning thus,

“ She well remember'd to her cost, *l.* 604.

and ending thus,

“ Now, said the nymph, &c. *l.* 614.]

However, in justice to the honour and reputation of Vanessa, we are obliged to remark, that Cadenus, from his earliest youth, had been always a courtier of the women, as far as words, and terms, and politeness, and gallantry, without professing any degree of sincerity, constancy, and love, can recommend a cavalier to their service. And this we are told in the following lines.

“ Cadenus, common forms apart,
 “ In ev'ry scene had kept his heart,
 “ Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
 “ For pastime, or to shew his wit,” *l.* 540.—543.

But sure it is, that courtship and address, without any protestations of fidelity and love, may be carried somewhat too far; as the deportment of Cadenus to the beautiful and accomplished Vanessa, in this poetical representation of gallantry, sufficiently demonstrates. Is it therefore any matter of astonishment, that Vanessa (before whom Cadenus might have sighed and languished, and to whom at particular times he might have both vowed and written) should have been encouraged to hope, as she liked his person, and was enamoured of his writings, that she might have carried off 'so glorious a prize from all the rest of her contemporaries? Allowing this to have been the case, which is perhaps agreeable to truth, as well as to common report, Vanessa's declaration to her admired Cadenus, may without violence be interpreted into a gentle demand of those tender affections, which, from the current of his behaviour towards her, she had a right to expect.

I have been assured, that Miss Vanhomrigh was, in her general converse with the world, as far from encouraging any stile of address, inconsistent with the rules of honour and good breeding, as any woman alive. Neither can it be said, if any conclusions may

te

In diff'rent breasts together burn,
 Together both to ashes turn.
 But women now feel no such fire,
 And only know the gross desire, 35
 Their passions move in lower spheres,
 Where'er caprice or folly steers.
 A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
 Or some worse brute in human shape, 40
 Ingross the fancies of the fair,
 The few soft moments they can spare,
 From visits to receive and pay;
 From scandal, politics, and play;

be drawn from her appearance and behaviour in Ireland, that she was either a vain woman, or fond of dress; although she was extremely nice and delicate, as well in the cleanliness of her person, as in every thing she wore. Her only misfortune was, that she had a passion for Dr. Swift, which was not to be conquered; although it is a point incontestible, that Dr. Swift had never once made her the most distant overtures of marriage. And this passion was in all probability the remote cause of her death. She languished for some years; and fell into a consumption; neither was she convinced that Dr. Swift was married to Mrs. Johnston, until about two months before her decease. She was at last carried off by a fever, in the year 1723, and in the 37th year of her age.

Thus died at Selbridge, worthy of an happier fate, the celebrated Mis. Esther Vanhomrigh, a martyr to love and constancy.

“ Hered in Death's cold, frozen arms,
 “ Lie deep intomb'd Vanessa's charms;
 “ Transfix'd by Love's unerring dart,
 “ The gentle fair indulg'd the smart;
 “ For twice six long revolving years
 “ Her days were spent in sighs and tears;
 “ Her tender frame at last decay'd,
 “ She quits the world a lifeless shade;
 “ Nor can, alas! the grave secure
 “ Her virtues uncorrupt and pure!
 “ Vanessa's fate in mournful strains
 “ Bewail, ye nymphs, and shepherd swains;
 “ Ye tuneful choirs, to whom belong
 “ The powers of verse, in plaintive song
 “ Bewail the nymph, who dy'd to prove,
 “ *That reason was her guide in love.*”

Swift.

From fans, and flounces, and brocades, 45
 From equipage and park-parades,
 From all the thousand female toys,
 From ev'ry trifle that employs
 The out or inside of their heads,
 Between their toilets and their beds. 50
 In a dull stream, which, moving flow,
 You hardly see the current flow;
 If a small breeze obstructs the course,
 It whirls about for want of force,
 And in its narrow circle gathers 55
 Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers:
 The current of a female mind
 Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind;
 Thus whirling round, together draws
 Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws. 60
 Hence we conclude, no womens hearts
 Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
 Nor are the men of sense to blame,
 For breasts incapable of flame;
 The fault must on the *nymphs* be place'd, 65
 Grown so corrupted in their taste.
 The pleader, having spoke his best,
 Had witness ready to attest,
 Who fairly could on oath depose,
 When questions on the fact arose, 70
 That ev'ry article was true;
Nor further those deponents knew:
 Therefore he humbly would insist,
 The bill might be with costs dismiss.
 The cause appear'd of so much weight, 75
 That Venus, from her judgement-seat,
 Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
 Else she must interpose a cloud:
 For if the heav'nly folk should know
 These pleadings *in the courts below*, 80
 That mortals here disdain to love,
 She ne'er could shew her face above;
 For

For gods, their betters, are too wise
 To value that which men despise.
 And then, said she, my son and I 85
 Must stroll in air, 'twixt earth and sky;
 Or else, shut out from heav'n and earth,
 Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
 There live with daggled *mermaids* pent,
 And keep on fish perpetual *lent*. 90
 But, since the case appear'd so nice,
 She thought it best to take advice.
 The Muses, by their king's permission,
 Though foes to love, attend the session,
 And on the right hand took their places 95
 In order; on the left, the Graces:
 To whom she might her doubts propose
 On all emergencies that rose.
 The Muses oft were seen to frown;
 The *Graces* half-asham'd look down; 100
 And, 'twas observ'd, there were but few
 Of either sex among the crew,
 Whom she or her assessors knew. }
 The goddesses soon began to see,
 Things were not ripe for a decree; 105
 And said, she must consult her books,
 The *lovers'* *Pletas*, *Bractions*, *Cokes*.
 First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
 To turn to Ovid, book the second;
 She then referr'd them to a place 110
 In Virgil, (*vide Dido's case*):
 As for Tibullus's reports,
 They never pass'd for law in courts:
 For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
 Still their authority was smaller 115
 There was on both sides much to say;
 She'd hear the cause another day:
 And so she did, and then a third;
 She heard it—there she kept her word:
 But with rejoinders and replies, 120
 Long bills and answers stuff'd with lies,

Demur,

Demur, imparlance, and effoign,
 The parties ne'er could issue join :
 For sixteen years the cause was spun,
 And then stood where it first begun. 125

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say,
 What Venus meant by this delay
 The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
 To see her empire thus declin'd,
 When first this grand debate arose, 130
 Above her wisdom to compose,
 Conceived a project in her head
 To work her ends; which, if it sped,
 Would shew the merits of the cause
 Far better than consulting laws. 135

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

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

This said, she plucks in heav'n's high bow'rs
 A sprig of *amaranthine* flow'rs, 155
 In nectar thrice infuses bays,
 Three times resin'd in Titan's rays ;
 Then calls the *Graces* to her aid,
 And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid :

From

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

135

From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes :

160

From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains :

From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind ;

165

Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes ;

Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,

A virtue but at second-hand ;
They blush, because they understand.

170

The *Graces* next would act their part,
And shew'd but little of their art ;

Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone ;

175

The outward form no help requir'd :
Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd

That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair :

And said, "*Vanessa* be the name

180

" By which thou shalt be known to fame ;

" *Vanessa*, by the gods inroll'd :

" Her name on earth—shall not be told."

But still the work was not complete ;
When Venus thought on a deceit.

185

Drawn by her doves away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies :

Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born ;

A boy in yonder isle below,

190

So like my own without his bow,

By beauty could your heart be won,

You'd swear it is Apollo's son.

But it shall ne'er be said, a child

So hopeful has by me been spoil'd ;

195

I have enough besides to spare,

And give him wholly to your care.

Wisdom's

- Wisdom's above suspecting wiles :
 The queen of learning gravely smiles,
 Down from Olympus comes with joy, 200
 Mistakes Vanessa for a boy ;
 Then sows within her tender mind
 Seeds long unknown to womankind :
 For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
 The seeds of knowledge, judgement, wit. 205
 Her soul was suddenly endu'd
 With justice, truth, and fortitude ;
 With honour which no breath can stain,
 Which malice must attack in vain ;
 With open heart and bounteous hand. 210
 But Pallas here was at a stand ;
 She knew in our degen'rate days
 Bare virtue could not live on praise ; —
 That meat must be with money bought :
 She therefore, upon second thought, 215
 Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
 Some small regard for state and wealth ;
 Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
 A tincture in the prudent maid :
 She manage'd her estate with care, 220
 Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
 But, lest he should neglect his studies
 Like a young heir the thrifty goddess
 (For fear young master should be spoil'd)
 Would use him like a younger child ; 225
 And, after long computing, found
 'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
 The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
 To see Vanessa thus endow'd :
 She doubted not but such a dame 230
 Thro' ev'ry breast would dart a flame ;
 That ev'ry rich and lordly swain
 With pride would drag about her ;
 That scholars would forsake their books
 To study bright Vanessa's looks : 235
 As

As she advance'd, that womankind
 Would by her model form their mind,
 And all their conduct would be try'd
 By her, as an unerring guide ;
 Offending daughters oft would hear
 Vanessa's praise rung in their ear :
 Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
 Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
 Will thus be by her mother chid,
 " 'Tis what Vanessa never did." 240

Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
 My pow'r shall be again restor'd,
 And happy lovers bless my reign —
 So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain. 245

For when in time the *martial maid*
 Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
 She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
 And fir'd with indignation vows,
 To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
 She'd all undo that she had done. 250

But in the poets we may find,
 A wholesome law, time out of mind,
 Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
 That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
 Resume not what themselves have giv'n,
 Or any brother-god in heav'n ;
 Which keeps the peace among the gods,
 Or they must always be at odds :
 And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
 Must yield her foe the stronger cause ; 260

A shame to one so much ador'd
 For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
 Besides, she fear'd the queen of love
 Would meet with better friends above,
 And tho' she must with grief reflect,
 To see a mortal virgin deck'd
 With graces hitherto unknown
 To female breasts, except her own ; 270

Yet she would act as best became
 A goddess of unspotted fame. 275
 She knew, by augury divine,
 Venus would fail in her design :
 She study'd well the point, and found
 Her foe's conclusions were not found,
 From premises erroneous brought, 280
 And therefore the deduction's nought,
 And must have contrary effects,
 To what her treach'rous foe expects.
 In proper season Pallas meets
 The queen of love, whom thus she greets; 285
 (For gods, we are by Homer told,
 Can in celestial language scold).
 Perfidious goddess! but in vain
 You form'd this project in your brain,
 A project for thy talents fit, 290
 With much deceit and little wit.
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
 Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me :
 For how can heav'nly wisdom prove
 An instrument to earthly love? 295
 Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
 Thy votaries for want of sense?
 Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
 To manage thy abortive scheme :
 She'll prove the greatest of thy foes; 300
 And yet I scorn to interpose.
 But using neither skill nor force,
 Leave all things to their nat'ral course.
 The goddess thus pronounce'd her doom :
 When, lo! Vanessa in her bloom 305
 Advance'd, like Atalanta's star,
 But rarely seen, and seen from far :
 In a new world with caution stept,
 Watch'd all the company she kept,
 Well knowing, from the books she read, 310
 What dang'rous paths young virgins tread :
 Would

- Would seldom at the park appear,
 Nor saw the playhouse twice a-year;
 Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
 To know the converse of mankind. 315
 First issu'd from perfumer's shops
 A croud of fashionable fops:
 They ask'd her how she lik'd the play?
 Then told the tattle of the day;
 A duel fought last night at two, 320
 About a lady—you know who;
 Mention'd a new Italian, come
 Either from Muscovy or Rome;
 Gave hints of who and who's together:
 Then fell to talking of the weather; 325
 Last night was so extremely fine,
 The ladies walk'd till after nine,
 Then in soft voice, and speech absurd,
 With nonsense ev'ry second word,
 With rustian from exploded plays, 330
 They celebrate her beauty's praise;
 Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
 And tell the murders of her eyes.
 With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
 Scarce list'ning to their idle chat; 335
 Further than sometimes by a frown,
 When they grew pert, to pull them down.
 At last she spitefully was bent
 To try their wisdom's full extent;
 And said she valu'd nothing less 340
 Than titles, figure, shape and dress;
 That merit should be chiefly plac'd
 In judgement, knowledge, wit, and taste;
 And these, she offer'd to dispute,
 Alone distinguish'd man from brute: 345
 That present times have no pretence
 To virtue, in the noble sense
 By Greeks and Romans understood,
 To perish for our country's good,

She nam'd the ancient heroes round, 350
 Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
 Then spoke with censure, or applause,
 Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
 Through nature and through art she range'd,
 And gracefully her subject change'd : 355
 In vain : her hearers had no share
 In all she spoke, except to stare.
 Their judgement was upon the whole,
 —That lady is the dullest soul—
 Then tipt their forehead in a jeer, 360
 As who should say — she wants it here;
 She may be handsome, young, and rich,
 But none will burn her for a witch.
 A party next of glitt'ring dames,
 From round the purlieu of St. James, 365
 Came early out of pure good-will,
 To see the girl in deshabille.
 Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
 Grew louder all the way up stairs;
 At entrance loudest; where they found 370
 The room with volumes litter'd round.
 Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
 Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
 They call'd for tea and chocolate,
 And fell into their usual chat, 375
 Discourfing, with important face,
 On ribands, fans, and gloves and lace;
 Shew'd patterns just from India brought,
 And gravely ask'd her what she thought;
 Whether the red or green were best, 380
 And what they cost? Vanessa guest
 As came into her fancy first;
 Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
 To scandal next — What awkward thing
 Was that last Sunday in the ring? 385
 I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
 I said her face would never last.

Corinna,

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

141

Corinna, with that youthful air,
 Is thirty, and a bit to spare :
 Her fondness for a certain Earl
 Began when I was but a girl.
 Phillis, who but a month ago
 Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,
 I saw coquetting t'other night
 In public with that odious knight.

390

395

They rally'd next Vanessa's dress :
 That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
 Dear Madam, let me see your head :
 Don't you intend to put on red ?
 A petticoat without a hoop !
 Sure, you are not ashamed to stoop
 With handsome garters at your knees,
 No matter what a fellow sees.

400

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
 Both of herself and sex ashamed,
 The nymph stood silent out of sight,
 Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
 Away the fair detractors went.

405

And gave by turns their censures vent.
 She's not so handsome in my eyes :
 For wit, I wonder where it lies.

410

She's fair and clean, and that's the most :
 But why proclaim her for a toast ?
 A baby face, no life, no airs,
 But what she learn'd at country-fairs ;
 Scarce knows what difference is between
 Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.

415

I'll undertake, my little Nancy
 In flounces hath a better fancy.
 With all her wit, I would not ask
 Her judgement how to buy a mask.

420

We begg'd her but to patch her face,
 She never hit one proper place ;
 Which ev'ry girl at five years old
 Can do, as soon as she is told.

425

I own

I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
 Becomes the *creature* well enough.
 The girl might pass, if we could get her
 To know the world a little better.
 (*To know the world!* a modern phrase
 For visits, ombre, balls, and plays). 430
 Thus to the world's perpetual shame,
 The *queen of beauty* lost her aim.
 Too late with grief she understood,
 Pallas had done more harm than good : 435
 For great examples are but vain,
 Where ignorance begets disdain,
 Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
 Against Vanessa's pow'r unite :
 To copy her few nymphs aspir'd ; 440
 Her virtues fewer swains admir'd.
 So stars beyond a certain height
 Give mortals neither heat nor light.
 Yet some of either sex, endow'd
 With gifts superior to the croud, 445
 With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
 She condescend to admit.
 With pleasing arts she could reduce
 Mens talents to their proper use ;
 And with address each genius held 450
 To that wherein it most excell'd ;
 Thus making others wisdom known,
 Could please them, and improve her own.
 A modest youth said something new ;
 She plac'd it in the strongest view. 455
 All humble worth she strove to raise ;
 Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
 The learned met with free approach,
 Although they came not in a coach :
 Some clergy too she would allow, 460
 Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow.
 But this was for Cadenus' sake,
 A gownman of a diff'rent make ;

Whom

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

143

Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor. 465

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs:
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take 470
Due vengeance for her patron's fake.

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

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

The *queen of wisdom* could foresee,
But not prevent, the fates decree: 485
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamant chain.

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

Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame, 495

A nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires 500
Among those venerable fires.

Cadenus

Cadenus is a subject fit,
 Grown old in politics and wit,
 Carefs'd by ministers of state,
 Of half mankind the dread and hate : 505
 Whate'er vexations love attend,
 She need no rivals apprehend.
 Her sex, with universal voice,
 Must laugh at her capricious choice.
 Cadenus many things had writ : 510
 Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
 And call'd for his poetic works :
 Mean time the boy in secret lurks,
 And, while the book was in her hand,
 The urchin from his private stand 515
 Took aim, and shot with all his strength
 A dart of such prodigious length,
 It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
 And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
 Some lines, more moving than the rest, 520
 Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
 And, borne directly to the heart,
 With pains unknown, increas'd her smart.
 * Vanessa, not in years a score,
 Dreams of a gown of forty-four ; 525
 Imaginary charms can find
 In eyes with reading almost blind :
 Cadenus now no more appears
 Declin'd in health, advance'd in years.
 She fancies music in his tongue, 530
 Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
 What mariner is not afraid
 To venture in a ship decay'd ?

* The Poet having before shewed the cause of Vanessa's disappointment, here represents Vanessa, who was intended to animate every woman to imitation, and inspire every man with love, as compelled to make advances to one who had scarce sensibility enough to understand them.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE. 145

What planter will attempt to yoke
 A sapling with a falling oak ? 535
 As years increase, she brighter shines ;
 Cadenus with each day declines ;
 And he must fall a prey to time,
 While she continues in her prime,
 Cadenus, common forms apart, 540
 In ev'ry scene had kept his heart ;
 Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
 For pastime, or to shew his wit.
 But time, and books, and state-affairs,
 Had spoil'd his fashionable airs : 545
 He now could praise, esteem, approve,
 But understood not what was love.
 His conduct might have made him styl'd
 A father, and the nymph his child.
 That innocent delight he took 550
 To see the virgin mind her book,
 Was but the master's secret joy
 In school to hear the finest boy.
 Her knowledge with her fancy grew ;
 She hourly press'd for something new ; 555
Ideas came into her mind
 So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind ;
 She reason'd without plodding long,
 Nor ever gave her judgement wrong.
 But now a sudden change was wrought ; 560
 She minds no longer what he taught.
 Cadenus was amaz'd to find
 Such marks of a distracted mind :
 For, though she seem'd to listen more
 To all he spoke, than e'er before, 565
 He found her thoughts would absent range,
 Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
 And first he modestly conjectures
 His pupil might be tir'd with lectures ;
 Which help'd to mortify his pride. 570
 Yet gave him not the heart to chide ;

But in a mild dejected strain,
 At last he ventur'd to complain;
 Said, she should he no longer teas'd;
 Might have her freedom when she pleas'd; 575
 Was now convince'd, he acted wrong
 To hide her from the world so long,
 And in dull studies to engage
 One of her tender sex and age;
 That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd, 580
 How she might shine in the *grand monde*,
 And ev'ry shepherd was undone
 To see her cloister'd like a nun.
 This was a visionary scheme:
 He wak'd, and found it but a dream; 585
 A project far above his skill;
 For nature must be nature still.
 If he was bolder than became
 A scholar to a courtly dame,
 She might excuse a man of letters;
 Thus tutors often treat their betters: 590
 And, since his talk offensive grew,
 He came to take his last adieu.
 Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
 Would still her dignity maintain, 595
 Instructed from her early years
 To scorn the art of female tears.
 Had he employ'd his time so long
 To teach her what was right and wrong,
 Yet could such notions entertain, 600
 That all his lectures were in vain?
 She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts;
 But he must answer for her faults.
 She well remember'd, to her cost,
 That all his lessons were not lost. 605
 Two maxims she could still produce,
 And sad experience taught their use;
 That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
 Knows nothing which it dares not own;

Can make us without fear disclose
 Our inmost secrets to our foes :
 That common forms were not design'd
 Directors to a noble mind*.

Now,

* Vanessa, conscious that her passion was virtuous, had no motive to conceal it : for " virtue knows nothing that it dares not own." She therefore confessed it to Cadenus, contrary to the common forms, which require that the first address should be made by the man. For common forms are only for common minds ; they only veil defects, and are not necessary, where defects are not found.

Lord Orrery has been so far from acting upon the principle on which Mr. Pope framed this petition in his universal prayer,

" Teach me———
 " To hide the fault I see,"

that where he has not found the appearance of a fault, he has laboured hard to make one. An instance of which will be found in his remark upon a maxim of Cadenus to Vanessa :

" That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
 " Knows nothing which it dares not own,"

" He taught her," says his Lordship, " that vice, as soon as it defied shame, was immediately changed into virtue." But the most obvious and natural meaning is just contrary : That we desire to conceal no act which upon reflection we do not discover to be vicious, because virtue is pleased in proportion as it is displayed. And indeed these verses could not be supposed an apology for lewdness, if his Lordship believed his own assertion, that the Dean " was not to be swayed " by deliberate evil."

Lord Orrery says, above, p. 125. That Dr. Swift taught Vanessa, " that vice, as soon as it defied shame, was immediately changed into virtue." If Cadenus ever instilled that maxim into the soul of Vanessa, we must, I am afraid, give him entirely up to censure, as an agent for the prince of darkness. But, without any racking, or transmutation of words, Swift's maxim was,

" That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
 " Knows nothing which it dares not own ;
 " Can make us without fear disclose
 " Our inmost secrets to our foes."

A maxim which every man of honour would instil into the hearts of his children ; and which Dr. Swift himself hath occasionally expressed

Now, said the nymph, I'll let you see
 My actions with your rules agree ; 615
 That I can vulgar forms despise,
 And have no secrets to disguise.
 I knew, by what you said and writ,
 How dang'rous things were men of wit ;
 You caution'd me against the charms, 620
 But never gave me equal arms ;
 Your lessons found the weakest part,
 Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
 Cadenus felt within him rise
 Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprize. 625

fed in other terms highly advantageous, on seeing verses written upon windows.

“ The sage, who said he should be proud
 “ Of windows in his breast,
 “ Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
 “ That might not be confest ;
 “ His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
 “ His breast again would cover,
 “ And fairly bid the devil take
 “ The di'mond and the lover.”

And such were the noble sentiments of that old Roman, I forget his name, whose reply to an architect could have proceeded only from the mouth of an hero. The architect made him an offer, upon his giving him so much money, to contrive a house for him in such a manner, as that none from abroad should possibly look into it. I will give you double the sum, replied the hero, if you will contrive a house for me in such a manner, as that every one that pleases may look into every corner of it.

This maxim of the Doctor's

“ That common forms were not design'd
 “ Directors to a noble mind,”

is so clear and plain, that it can no more be tortured into an encouragement to vice, as Lord Orrery alledges, above, p. 125. than the second commandment into an encouragement to idolatry. Where do we find in the lines one syllable relating either to vice or virtue ? Are common forms either vices or virtues ? Whoever can imagine them to be either the one or the other, must have a certain vacuity in his brain for the reception of the most gross and palpable absurdities.

Swift.

He

He knew not how to reconcile
 Such language with her usual style :
 And yet her words were so express'd,
 He could not hope she spoke in jest.
 His thoughts had wholly been confin'd 630
 To form and cultivate her mind.
 He hardly knew till he was told,
 Whether the nymph were young or old ;
 Had met her in a public place,
 Without distinguishing her face : 635
 Much less could his declining age
 Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage :
 And if her youth indiff'rence met,
 His person must contempt beget :
 Or, grant her passion be sincere, 640
 How shall his innocence be clear ?
 Appearances were all so strong,
 The world must think him in the wrong :
 Would say, he made a treach'rous use
 Of wit to flatter and seduce : 645
 The town would swear he had betray'd
 By magic spells the harmless maid :
 And ev'ry beau would have his jokes,
 That scholars were like other folks :
 That, when Platonic flights were over, 650
 The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.
 So tender of the young and fair !
 It shew'd a true paternal care——
 Five thousand guineas in his purse !
 The Doctor might have fancy'd worse.—— 655
 Hardly at length he silence broke,
 And falter'd ev'ry word he spoke ;
 Interpreting her complaisance,
 Just as a man *sans consequence*.
 She rally'd well, he always knew : 660
 Her manner now was something new ;
 And what she spoke was in an air
 As serious as a tragic player,
 But

But those who aim at ridicule,
 Should fix upon some certain rule, 663
 Which fairly hints they are in jest,
 Else he must enter his protest :
 For let a man be ne'er so wise,
 He may be caught with sober lies ;
 A science which he never taught, 670
 And, to be free, was dearly bought ;
 For take it in its proper light,
 'Tis just what coxcombs call a *bite*.
 But not to dwell on things minute,
 Vanessa finish'd the dispute, 675
 Brought weighty arguments to prove
 That reason was her guide in love.
 She thought she had himself describ'd,
 His doctrines when she first imbib'd :
 What he had planted, now was grown ; 680
 His virtues she might call her own ;
 As he approves, as he dislikes,
 Love or contempt her fancy strikes,
 Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
 Attends us first, and leaves us last : 685
 Why she likes him, admire not at her ;
 She loves herself, and that's the matter.
 How was her tutor wont to praise
 The geniuses of ancient day !
 (Those authors he so oft had nam'd, 690
 For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd) ;
 Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
 For persons whom he never saw.
 Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
 He must adore such godlike men. 695
 If one short volume could comprize
 All that was witty, learn'd, and wise
 How would it be esteem'd, and read,
 Although the writer long were dead ?
 If such an author were alive, 700
 How all would for his friendship strive,
 And

And come in crowds to see his face!
 And this she takes to be her case.
 Cadenus answers ev'ry end,
 The book, the author, and the friend ; 705
 The utmost her desires will reach,
 Is but to learn what he can teach :
 His converse is a system fit
 Alone to fill up all her wit ;
 While ev'ry passion of her mind 710
 In him is center'd and confin'd.
 Love can with speech inspire a mute,
 And taught Vanessa to dispute.
 This topic, never touch'd before,
 Display'd her eloquence the more : 715
 Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
 By this new passion grew inspir'd :
 Through this she made all objects pass,
 Which gave a tincture o'er the mass ;
 As rivers, though they bend and twine, 720
 Still to the sea their course incline ;
 Or, as philosophers, who find
 Some fav'rite system to their mind,
 In ev'ry point to make it fit
 Will force all nature to submit. 725
 Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
 His lessons would have such effect,
 Or be so artfully apply'd,
 Insensibly came on her side.
 It was an unforeseen event ; 730
 Things took a turn he never meant.
 Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
 Appears a hero in our eyes :
 Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
 Will have the teacher in her thought. 735
 The nymph in sober words intreats
 A truce with all sublime conceits :
 For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
 To her who durst not read romances ?

In

- In lofty stile to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise? 740
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates his throne ;
The government is now her own : 745
But though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose ; 750
Preferr'd before a croud of beaux !
So bright a nymph to come unfought !
Such wonder by his merit wrought !
'Tis merit must with her prevail ;
He never knew her judgment fail. 755
She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head.
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the fool of fools ;
Yet now and then your men of wit 760
Will condescend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify, his pride ;
When Miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get ; 765
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools can have his choice :
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight, 770
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame ;
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet ; 775
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear ;

Wherein

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

153

Wherein his dignity and age Forbid Cadenus to engage.	
But friendship, in its greatest height, A constant rational delight, On virtue's basis fix'd to last, When love's allurements long are past, Which gently warms, but cannot burn, He gladly offers in return ;	780
His want of passion will redeem With gratitude, respect, esteem ; With that devotion we bestow, When goddesses appear below.	785
While thus Cadenus entertains Vanessa in exalted strains, Constr'ing the passion she had shown, Much to her praise, more to his own, Nature in him had merit place'd, In her a most judicious taste.	790
Love hitherto a transient guest, Ne'er held possession in his breast ; So long attending at the gate, Disdain'd to enter in so late.	795
Love, why do we one passion call, When 'tis a compound of them all ? He has a forfeiture incurr'd ; She vows to take him at his word, And hopes he will not think it strange,	800
If both should now their stations change.	805
The nymph will have her turn to be The tutor ; and the pupil, he ; Though she already can discern, Her scholar is not apt to learn ; Or wants capacity to reach	810
The science she designs to teach ; Wherein his genius was below The skill of ev'ry common beau ; Who, though he cannot spell, is wise Enough to read a lady's eyes,	815
VOL. VII. U	And

And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success Vanessa met,
Is to the world a secret yet*.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain, 720
Talks high in a romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the bus'ness, whether
They temper love and books together; 825
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold †
Mean while the mournful queen of love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies, 830
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise:
For though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent,
'T' though her design was not obtain'd;
Yet had the much experience gain'd, 835

* The event of Vanessa's suit is judiciously omitted, as foreign to the plan and design of the poem.

† Lord Orrery says, above, p. 126. "It is impossible to read this 'cruel hint, without great indignation against the conscious muse.' — But is there no allowance to be made for the rants and vagaries of an heteroclitic genius? Or would any poet, who had the least spark of honour, supposing he had been so unfortunate as to have had amours with a lady, have told the story, or given the least intimation of it? Is one part of a poem "to be thought fine painting, but, in "general, fictitious," and another part of the same to be interpreted, by the raking and torturing of a conjecture, into the most solid, prosaic, and impure of all imaginable ideas? However, do not, in fact, all professed admirers of particular women temper love and other amusements together in the days of courtship? If then Candemus and Vanessa be conjectured to have tempered love and books together; why should they be supposed to have transgressed the rules of honour beyond the rest of the world? But allowing it were just that our indignation should rise against the conscious muse, (as indeed I am told Miss Vanhomrigh herself was extremely angry with the Doctor on account of these lines), the higher surely that our indignation should be inflamed against her, the more ought Vanessa to be cleared and justified. *Swijt.*

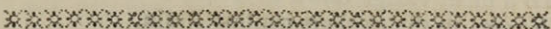
And,

And, by the project vainly try'd,
 Could better now the cause decide.
 She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina prox' die Martis,
 Should at their peril, without fail, 840
 Come and appear, and save their bail.
 All met; and silence thrice proclaim'd,
 One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
 The judge discover'd in her face
 Resentment for her late disgrace; 845
 And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
 Directed them to mind their brief;
 Nor spend their time to shew their reading;
 She'd have a summary proceeding.
 She gather'd under ev'ry head 850
 The sum of what each lawyer said,
 Gave her own reasons last, and then
 Decreed the cause against the men.
 But, in a weighty cause like this,
 To shew she did not judge amiss, 855
 Which evil tongues might else report,
 She made a speech in open court;
 Wherein she grievously complains,
 "How she was cheated by the swains;"
 On whose petition, (humbly shewing 860
 That women were not worth the wooing,
 And that, unless the sex would mend,
 The race of lovers soon must end),
 "She was at Lord knows what expense
 "To form a nymph of wit and sense, 865
 "A model for her sex design'd,
 "Who never could one lover find.
 "She saw her favour was misplace'd;
 "The fellows had a wretched taste:
 "She needs must tell them to their face, 870
 "They were a senseless, stupid race;

“ And were she to begin agen,
 “ She’d study to reform the men * ;
 “ Or add some grains of folly more
 “ To women, than they had before, 875
 “ To put them on an equal foot ;
 “ And this, or nothing else would do’t.
 “ This might their mutual fancy strike ;
 “ Since ev’ry being loves its like.
 “ But now repenting what was done, 880
 “ She left all bus’ness to her son ;
 “ She put the world in his possession,
 “ And let him use it at discretion.”
 The cry’r was order’d to dismiss
 The court, so made his last *O yes!* 885
 The goddess would no longer wait !
 But, rising from her chair of state,
 Left all below at six and sev’n,
 Harnes’d her doves, and flew to heav’n.

* As the women in their manners and dress imitate what the men
 approve, their faults and follies are little more than the consequences
 of the false taste of their admirers; who cannot surely be urged by a
 stronger motive to correct it.





BAUCIS and PHILEMON*.

Imitated from the eighth book of Ovid.

Written about the year 1708.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The fains would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd of a winter-night,
As author's of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, fains by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,

* In this tale there is not only abundance of wit and pleasantry, but some peculiar happy strokes, which, although but very rarely to be found in the works of the finest authors, are the distinguishing marks of an improved, consummate genius. The reader of taste and learning cannot but observe how exactly the sound doth echo to the sense in the following lines.

- “ They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
“ The roof began to mount aloft ;
“ Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter ;
“ The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.” l. 51.—54.

And yet, if possible, even these lines are excelled by the following dithich :

- “ The groaning chair began to crawl,
“ Like a huge snail along the wall.” l. 85. 86.

There are many examples in Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Horace, Shakespear, and Milton, which, for the same reason, are universally admired above all other passages in those sublime poets. *Swift*.

Disguis'd

Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
 To a small village down in Kent ; 10
 Where, in the strollers canting strain,
 They begg'd from door to door in vain,
 Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win ;
 But not a soul would let them in.
 Our wand'ring saints in woful state, 15
 Treated at this ungodly rate,
 Having through all the village past,
 To a small cottage came at last ;
 Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
 Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon ; 20
 Who kindly did these saints invite
 In his poor hut to pass the night ;
 And then the hospitable fire
 Bid goody Baucis mend the fire ;
 While he from out the chimney took 25
 A sitch of bacon off the hook,
 And freely from the fattest side
 Cut out large slices to be fry'd ;
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'm drink,
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brink, 30
 And saw it fairly twice go round ;
 Yet (what is wonderful !) they found,
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
 As if they had not touch'd a drop,
 The good old couple were amaz'd, 35
 And often on each other gaz'd ;
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,
 And just began to cry, — What art !
 Then softly turn'd aside, to view
 Whether the lights were burning blue. 40
 The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
 Told them their calling, and their errand :
 Good folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but *saints*, the hermits said ;
 No hurt shall come to you or yours : 45
 But for that pack of churlish boors,
 Not

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

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

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

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

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

A wooden jack, which had almost 65
 Lost by disuse the art to roast,
 A sudden alteration feels,

Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
 And, what exalts the wonder more,
 The number made the motion slow'r. 70

The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
 Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't;
 But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
 Now hardly moves an inch an hour.

The jack and chimney near ally'd, 75
 Had never left each other's side:

The chimney to a steeple grown,
 The jack would not be left alone;
 But, up against the steeple rear'd,
 Became a clock, and still adher'd; 80

And still its love to household cares,
 By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
 Warning the cook-maid not to burn
 That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The

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

The porringers, that in a row
 Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show; 90
 To a less noble substance change'd,
 Were now but leathern buckets range'd:

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

A bedstead of the antique mode,
 Compact of timber many a load,
 Such as our ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphos'd into pews;
 Which still their ancient nature keep, 105
 By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

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

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

He spoke; and presently he feels
 His grazier's coat fall down his heels:

* Of the twelve tribes of Israel, which in country churches are sometimes distinguished by the ensigns appropriated to them by Jacob on his death-bed.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE. 161

He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve; 120

His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a fable hue;
But, being old, continu'd just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.

His talk was now of tithes and dues: 125
He smock'd his pipe, and read the news;

Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christ'nings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart; 130

Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;

Against Dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for *right divine*;
Found his head fill'd with many a system: 135
But classic authors, — he ne'er mis'd 'em.

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

Her petticoat transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounce'd with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her program gown.

Philemon was in great surprize, 145
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were sev'ral years this man and wife; 150
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discourfing o'er old stories past,

They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out, 155
My dear, I see your forehead sprout!

Sprout, quoth the man ; what this you tell us ?
 I hope you don't believe me jealous ;
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
 And really yours is budding too — 160
 Nay, — now I cannot stir my foot ;
 It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my muse ;
 In short, they both were turn'd to yews.

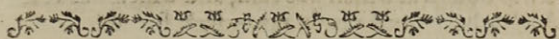
Old Goodman Dobson of the green 165
 Remembers, he the trees has seen ;

He'll talk of them from noon to night,
 And goes with folks to shew the fight ;
 On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
 He gathers all the parish there ; 170
 Points out the place of either yew ;

Here Baucis, there Philemon grew :
 Till once a parson of our town,
 To mend his barn, cut Baucis down ;
 At which 'tis hard to be believ'd 175

How much the other tree was griev'd,
 Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted ;
 So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.





A DESCRIPTION of a CITY-SHOWER.

In Imitation of VIRGIL's Georgics.

Written in the year 1712.

Careful observers may foretel the hour
 (By sure prognostics) when to dread a show'r.
 While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
 Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
 Returning home at night, you'll find the sink 5
 Strike your offended sense with double stink.
 If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
 You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
 A coming show'r your shooting corns preface,
 Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage: 10
 Saunt'ring in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
 He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
 Mean while the south, rising with dabbled wings,
 A fable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
 That swill'd more liquor than it could contain, 15
 And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
 Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
 While the first drizzling show'r is borne aslope;
 Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
 Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean: 20
 You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop
 To rail; she singing still whirls on her mop.
 Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
 But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,

And wafted with its foe by vi'lent guff, 25
 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was duft*.
 Ah! where muft needy poets feek for aid,
 When duft and rain at once his coat invade?
 Sole coat, where duft cemented by the rain
 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy ftain. 30
 Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
 'To fhops in crouds the daggled females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The templar fpruce, while ev'ry fpout's abroach, 35
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet feems to call a coach.
 'The tuck'd-up femftrefs walks with hafty ftrides,
 While ftreams run down her oil'd umbrella's fides.
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a fhed. 40
 Triumphant Tories †, and defponding Whigs ‡,
 Forget their feuds, and join to fave their wigs.
 Box'd in a chair the beau impatient fits,
 While fpouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits;
 And ever and anon with frightful din 45
 The leather founds; he trembles from within.
 So when 'Troy chairmen bore the wooden fteed,
 Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
 ('Thofe bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
 Inftead of paying chairmen, run them through), 50

* 'Twas doubtful which was fea, and which was fky.

Garth's difp.

† This was written in the firft year of the Earl of Oxford's mini-
ftry.

‡ As *Whig* and *Wig* only differ by an afpiration, which is fcarce to
be diftinguifhed, it may be thought an exception to the Dean's re-
markable exactnefs, that he has made them rhyme: but the fame
thing was afterwards done by Mr. Pope, either upon the Dean's au-
thority, or becaufe he did not think it liable to objection:

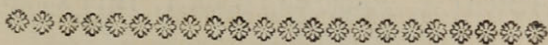
*A joke on Jekyll or fome odd old Whig.
Who never chang'd his principles or Wig.*

Laocoon

Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go :
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell 55
What street they fall'd from, by their sight and smell
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn bridge. 60

* Sweepings from butchers stalls, dung, guts, and }
blood, mud, }
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in }
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down }
the flood.



A DESCRIPTION of the MORNING.

Written about the year 1712.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own :
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door 5
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.

* These three last lines were intended to ridicule the practice of modern poets, who make three lines rhyme together, which they call *triplets*; and the last line two or more syllables longer than the rest, which they call an *alexandrine*. These triplets and alexandrines were brought in by Dryden and other poets in the reign of Charles II. They were merely the effects of haste, idleness, and want of money; and have been wholly avoided by the best poets since these verses were written.

Now

Observ'd a parson near Whitehall 5
 Cheap'ning old authors on a stall.
 The priest was pretty well in case,
 And shew'd some humour in his face;
 Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
 A perfect stranger to the spleen; 10
 Of size that might a pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to fit still.
 My Lord (who, if a man may say't,
 Loves mischief better than his meat)
 Was now dispos'd to crack a jest, 15
 And bid friend Lewis * go in quest,
 (This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
 And very much in Harley's favour),
 In quest, who might this parson be,
 What was his name, of what degree, 20
 If possible, to learn his story,
 And whether he were Whig or Tory.
 Lewis his patron's humour knows,
 Away upon his errand goes,
 And quickly did the matter sift; 25
 Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
 A clergyman of special note
 For shunning those of his own coat;
 Which made his brethren of the gown
 Take care betimes to run him down: 30

5. ——— *Conspexit, ut aiunt,*

*Adrasum quendam vacua tonsoris in umbra
 Cultello proprios purgantem leniter unguis.*

15. *Demetri, (puer hic non laeve jussa Philippi
 Accipiebat), abi, quaere, et refer: unde domo, quis,
 Cujus fortunae, quo sit patre, quove patrone?*
 23. 25. *It, redit, et narrat, Volteium nomine Maenam.*

* Erasmus Lewis, Esq; private secretary to the Earl of Oxford.

No libertine, nor over nice,
 Addicted to no sort of vice,
 Went where he pleas'd said what he thought,
 Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
 In state-opinions *a la mode*, 35
 He hated Wharton * like a toad,
 Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
 And libell'd all the *junto* round;
 Kept company with men of wit,
 Who often father'd what he writ: 40
 His works were hawk'd in ev'ry street,
 But seldom rose above a sheet:
 Of late indeed the paper stamp
 Did very much his genius cramp:
 And, since he could not spend his fire, 45
 He now intended to retire.
 Said Harley, I desire to know
 From his own mouth if this be so;
 Step to the Doctor's strait, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to-day. 50
 Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe my Lord had sent;
 So never offer'd once to stir;
 But coldly said, *Your servant, Sir.*

31. — *Tenui censu, sine crimine notum,
 Et prosperare loco, et cessare, et quaerere, et uti,
 Gaudentem*——

47. *Scitari libet ex ipso quodcumque refers. Dic
 Ad coenam veniat. Non sane credere Maena;
 Mirari secum tacitus.*

54. *Benigne, respondet.*

* Earl of Wharton, father to the Duke of Wharton who died in France.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

169

- Does he refuse me? Harley cry'd:
 He does, with insolence and pride. 55
 Some few days after Harley spies
 The Doctor, fasten'd by the eyes
 At Charing-cross, among the rout,
 Where painted monsters are hung out: 60
 He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
 Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.
 Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
 Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
 And offer'd many a lame excuse: 65
 He never meant the least abuse——
My Lord——the honour you design'd——
Extremely proud——but I had din'd——
I'm sure I never should neglect——
No man alive has more respect—— 70
 “ Well, I shall think of that no more,
 “ If you'll be sure to come at four.”
 The Doctor now obeys the summons,
 Likes both his company and commons;
 Displays his talent, sits till ten 75
 Next day invited comes again;

55. *Negat ille mihi?*

56. — *Negat improbus, et te
 Negligit, aut horret.*

57. — *Volteium mane Philippus
 Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello
 Occupat, et salvere jubet prior.*

65. — *Ille Philippo
 Excusare laborem.——*

71. — *Sic ignovisse putato
 Me tibi, si coenas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo
 Post nonam venies——*

74. *Ut ventum ad caenam est, dicenda, tacenda locu-*
tus.

Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi saepe

VOL. VII.

Y

Soen

Soon grows domestic; seldom fails
 Either at morning or at meals;
 Came early, and departed late:
 In short, the gudgeon took the bait. 80
 My Lord would carry on the jest,
 And down to Windsor takes his guest.
 Swift much admires the place and air,
 And longs to be a canon there;
 In summer round the park to ride, 85
 In winter, never to reside.
 A *canon!* that's a place too mean;
 No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean;
 Two dozen canons round your stall,
 And you the tyrant o'er them all: 90
 You need but cross the Irish seas,
 To live in plenty, pow'r, and ease.
 Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd money in his purse;
 Travels at least an hundred leagues, 95
 And suffers numberless fatigues.
 Suppose him now a Dean complete,
 Devoutly lolling in his seat;
 The silver virge, with decent pride,
 Stuck underneath his cushion-side, 100
 Suppose him gone through all vexations,
 Patents, instalments, abjurations,
 First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
 Dues, payments, fees, demands, and—cheats,

*Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,
 Mane cliens, et jam certus conviva:——*

81. — *Jubetur*

*Rura suburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
 Impositus mannis, arvum coelumque Sabinum
 Non cessat laudare.*

87. — *Videt, ridetque Philippus.*

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

171

(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving),
Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmer's spitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind;
And Parvifol * discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs †.

105

110

Pooꝝ

107. — *Oves furto, morbo periere capellae;
Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando;*

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.

† Upon Dr. Swift's arrival in Ireland to take possession of his deanery, he found the violence of party raging in that kingdom to the highest degree. The common people were taught to look upon him as a Jacobite; and they proceeded so far in their detestation, as to throw stones and dirt at him as he passed through the streets. The chapter of St. Patrick's, like the rest of the kingdom, received him with great reluctance; they thwarted him in every point that he proposed. He was avoided as a pestilence; he was opposed as an invader; he was marked out as an enemy to his country. Such was his first reception as Dean of St. Patrick's. Fewer talents, and less firmness, must have yielded to so outrageous an opposition; *sed contra audentior ipse*. He had seen enough of human nature, to be convinced, that the passions of low, self-interested minds ebb and flow continually. They love they know not whom, they hate they know not why: they are captivated by words, guided by names, and governed by accidents. *Sacheverel and the church* had been of as great service to one party in the year 1710, as Popery and slavery were to the other in the year 1713. But, to shew the strange revolutions in this world, Dr. Swift, who was now the detestation of the Irish rabble, lived to be afterwards the most absolute monarch over them that ever governed men.

His first step was, to reduce to reason and obedience his rev. brethren the chapter of St. Patrick's: in which he succeeded so perfectly and so speedily, that, in a short time after his arrival, not one member of that body offered to contradict him, even in trifles. On the contrary, they held him in the highest respect and veneration; so that he sat in the chapter-house, like Jupiter in the synod of the gods. Whether fear or conviction were the motives of so immediate a change, I leave you to consider; but certain it is,

Viro Phoebi chorus affurrexerit omnis.

Y 2

However,

Poor Swift, with all his losses vext,
 Not knowing where to turn him next,
 Above a thousand pounds in debt, 115
 Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
 Rides day and night at such a rate
 He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
 But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
 Old Read * would hardly let him in. 120
 Said Harley, Welcome, Rev'rend Dean;
 What makes your Worship look so lean?
 Why, sure, you won't appear in town
 In that old wig and rusty gown?
 I doubt your heart is set on pelf 125
 So much that you neglect yourself.
 What! I suppose now stocks are high,
 You've some good purchase in your eye;
 Or is your money out at use? —
 'Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce, 130
 (The Doctor in a passion cry'd),
 Your raillery is misapply'd;
 Experience I have dearly bought;
 You know I am not worth a groat:

113. *Offensus damnis, media de nocte caballum
 Arripit, iratusque Philippi tendit ad aedes.*

121. *Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque Philippus
 Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentusque videris
 Esse mihi.*

However, Swift made no longer a stay in Ireland, in the year 1713, than was requisite to establish himself as Dean, and to pass through certain customs and formalities, or, to use his own words,

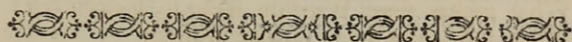
——— *Through all vexations, &c. l. 101.—104. Orrery.*

* The Lord Treasurer's porter.

But

But 'tis a folly to contest, 135
 When you resolve to have your jest;
 Then, since you now have done your worst,
 Pray leave me where you found me first*.

136. *Quod te per genium, dextramque, deosque penates
 Obsecro, et obtestor, vitæ me redde priori.*



HORACE, Lib. ii. Sat. 6. part of it
 IMITATED †.

Written about the Year 1713.

I'VE often wish'd, that I had clear
 For life six hundred pounds a-year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terras walk, and half a rood 5
 Of land set out to plant a wood.
 Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my store;

1. *Hoc erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,
 Hortas ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paulum silvæ super his foret.*

7. — *Auclius atque
 Dii melius fecere.—*

* In England, where he seems by this poem to solicit a settlement in the manner peculiar to himself.

† This poem was written about the same time with the preceding, and apparently with the same view. — It was afterwards enlarged by Mr. Pope. See Warburton's edition of Pope's works, vol. 4.

But

But should be perfectly content,
 Could I but live on this side Trent, 10
 Nor cross the *channel* twice a-year
 To spend six months with *statesmen here*.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown.
 " Lewis the *Dean* will be of use ; 15
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."

The toil, the danger of the seas,
 Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
 Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found, 20
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. *Dean*, go change your gown,
 " Let my Lord know you're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away, 25
 Not thinking it is levee-day ;

And find his honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Checquer'd with ribands blue and green ;
 How should I thrust myself between ? 30
 Some wag observes me thus perplex't,
 And smiling whispers to the next,

" I thought the *Dean* had been too proud
 " To juggle here among a croud."
 Another in a furly fit, 35
 Tells me, I have more zeal than wit ;
 " So eager to express your love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove,

17. *Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
 Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.*

35. *Quid vis, insane, et quas res agis? improbus urget,
 Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat.
 Ad Mæcænatem memovi si mente recurras.
 Hoc juvat, et mellis est, non mentiar. —*

" But

- " But rudely press before a Duke." 40
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the word should know.
 I get a whisper and withdraw,
 When twenty fools I never saw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd, 45
 Desiring I would stand their friend.
 This humbly offers me his case——
 That begs my int'rest for a place——
 An hundred other mens affairs
 Like bees are humming in my ears. 50
 " To-morrow my appeal comes on,
 " Without your help the cause is gone"——
 The Duke expects my Lord and you
 About some great affair at two——
 " Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind 55
 " To get my warrant quickly sign'd :
 " Consider, 'tis my first request."——
 Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best :
 Then presently he falls to tease,
 " You may for certain, if you please ; 60
 " I doubt not, if his Lordship knew——
 " And, Mr. Dean, one word from you"——
 'Tis (let me see) three years and more
 (October next it will be four)
 Since Harley bid me first attend, 65
 And chose me for an humble friend ;
 Would take me in his coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that ;

44. —— *Aliena negotia centum
 Per caput et circa saluunt latus.*
 60. —— *Si vis potes, addit et instat.*
 63. *Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
 Ex quo Mecenas me coepit habere suorum
 In numero ; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
 Vellet iter faciens. et cui concedere nugas.*

As, "What's o'clock?" and, How's the wind?
 "Whose chariot's that we left behind?" 70
 Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country-signs;
 Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
 "From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"
 Such tattle often entertains 75
 My Lord and me as far as Stains,
 As once a-week we travel down
 To Windsor, and again to town,
 Where all that passes *inter nos*
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross. 80
 Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me us'd so well:
 "How think you of our friend the *Dean*?
 "I wonder what some people mean;
 "My Lord and he are grown so great, 85
 "Always together, *tête à tête*,—
 "What they admire him for his jokes—
 "See but the fortune of some folks!"
 There flies about a strange report
 Of some express arriv'd at court, 90
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
 "You, Mr. *Dean*, frequent the great;
 "Inform us, will the *Emp'ror* treat?
 "Or, do the prints and papers lie?" 95
 Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
 "Ah! Doctor, how you love to jest!
 "'Tis now no secret"—I protest
 'Tis one to me.—"Then tell us, pray,
 "When are the troops to have their pay?" 100

81. ——— *Subjeñior in diem et horam
 Invidia.*

89. *Frigidus a rostris manat per compita rumor;
 Quicumque obvius est, me consulit.*

And

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

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

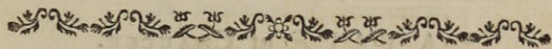
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country-feat !
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book !

And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town !

101. *Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.*

108. *O rus, quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus
horis*

Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ ?



* The happy Life of a Country-Parson.

In Imitation of MARTIAL †.

PARson, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A wife that makes conserves ; a steed
That carries double when there's need ;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe-pig, and mortuary guinea ;

§

* This and the two following poems were written by Mr. Pope.

Gazettes sent *gratis* down and frank'd,
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd ;
 A large concordance, bound long since ;
 Sermons to Charles the First when Prince ; 10
 A chronicle of ancient standing ;
 A Chrysoftom to smooth thy hand in ;
 The Polyglott,—three parts,—my text,—
 Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next,—
 Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,— 15
 To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
 Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife ;
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill ;
 And fast on Fridays—if he will ; 20
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,
 Talk with church-wardens about pews,
 Pray heartily for some new gift,
 And shake his head at Doctor Swift.



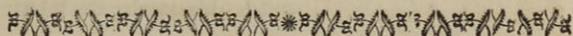
* A TALE of CHAUCER.

Lately found in an old manuscript.

WOMEN, though not fans lecherie,
 Ne fwinken but with secrecie :
 This in our tale is plain y-fond,
 Of clerk that wonneth in Ireland ;
 Which to the fennes hath him betake 5
 To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
 Right then there passen by the way.
 His aunt, and eke her daughters tway :
 Ducke in his trowzes hath he hent
 Not to be spied of ladies gent. 10
 " But ho ! our nephew, (crieth one),
 " Ho ! quoth another, couzen John ;

And

And stoppen, and lough, and callen out, —
 This fely clerk full low doth lout.
 They asken that, and talken this. 15
 “ Lo here is *coz*, and here is *Miss*.”
 But as he gloz'd with speeches foote,
 The ducke fore tickleth his erse roote ;
 Fore-piece and buttons all to-brest,
 Forth thrust a white neck and red crest. 20
Te-he, cry'd ladies ; clerke nought spake ;
 Miss star'd ; and gray ducke crieth *quaa*ke.
 “ O moder, moder, (quoth the daughter),
 “ Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter ?
 “ Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke. 25
 “ Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke.”



* The ALLEY.

An Imitation of SPENCER.

IN ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tide,
 A narrow pass there is, with houses low ;
 Where ever and anon the stream is ey'd,
 And many a boat soft sliding to and fro.
 There oft' are heard the notes of infant-wo, 5
 The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall ;
 How can ye, mothers, vex your children so ?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
 And, as they crouchen low, for bread and butter
 call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by ;

And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
 At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen, 15
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry :
 Now finging shrill, and scolding oft between ;
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neighbour-
 hood, I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passengers annoy)
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies ; 20
 The whim'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
 Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries :
 The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
 And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound ;
 To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ; 25
 The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
 And curs, girls, boys, and scolds in the deep base
 are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
 Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days,
 Baskets of fish at Bilingigate did watch, 30
 Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :
 There learn'd she speech from tongues that never
 cease.

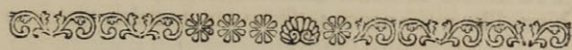
Slander beside her, like a magpye, chatters,
 With envy, (spitting cat) dread foe to peace :
 Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters, 35
 And, vexing ev'ry wight, tears cloaths and all to
 tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
 Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall :
 She scratch'd, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band ;
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all ; 40
 Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call.
 Whene'er she pass'd by a lane or nook,
 Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,
 Nor never did askance like modest virgin look. 45
 Such

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town :
 Woolwich and Wapping, smelling itrong of
 pitch :
 Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown ;
 And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
 Grots, statues, urns, and Jo--n's *dog* and *bitch* : 50
 Ne village is without on either side,
 All up the silver Thames, or all a-down ;
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are
 ey'd
 Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's
 tow'ry pride.



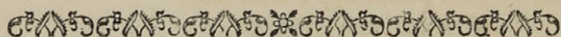
* The CAPON'S TALE.

To a Lady who fathered her Lampoons
 upon her acquaintance.

IN Yorkshire dwelt a sober yeoman,,
 Whose wife, a clean, pains-taking woman,
 Fed numerous poultry in her pens,
 And saw her cocks well serve her hens.
 A hen she had, whose tuneful clocks 5
 Drew after her a train of cocks ;
 With eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant,
 You would have sworn this hen a pheasant.
 All the plum'd *beau-monde* round her gathers ;
 Lord ! what a bruffling up of feathers ! 10
 Morning from noon there was no knowing,
 There was such flutt'ring, chuckling, crowing :
 Each forward bird must thrust his head in,
 And not a cock but would be treading.

Yet

Yet tender was this hen so fair, 15
 And hatch'd more chicks than she could rear.
 Our prudent dame bethought her then
 Of some dry nurse to save her hen:
 She made a capon drunk; in fine,
 He eat the fops, she sipp'd the wine; 20
 His rump well pluck'd with nettles stings,
 And claps the brood beneath his wings.
 The feather'd dupe awakes content,
 O'erjoy'd to see what God had sent;
 Thinks he's the hen, clocks, keeps a pother, 25
 A foolish foster-father-mother.
 Such, Lady Mary, are your tricks;
 But since you hatch, pray own your chicks;
 You should be better skill'd in nocks,
 Nor, like your capons, serve your cocks. 30



VERSES written in a lady's ivory table-book.

Written in the year 1706.

Peruse my leaves thro' ev'ry part,
 And think thou see'st my owner's heart,
 Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
 As hard, as senseless, and as light;
 Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes, 5
 But hid with caution from the wife.
 Here you may read, *Dear charming saint,*
 Beneath, *A new receipt for paint:*
 Her in beau-spelling, *Tru tel deth;*
 There in her own, *Far an el breth:* 10
 Here

Here, *Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom :*
 There, *A safe way to use perfume :*
 Here a page fill'd with *billetdoux :*
 On t'other side, *Laid out for shoes ;*
Madam, I die without your grace ; 15
Item, for half a yard of lace.
 Who that had wit would place it here,
 For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer ?
 In pow'r of spittle, and a clout,
 Whene'er he please, to blot it out ; 20
 And then to heighten the disgrace,
 Clap his own nonsense in the place,
 Whoever expects to hold his part
 In such a book, and such a heart,
 If he be wealthy and a fool, 25
 Is in all points the fittest tool ;
 Of whom it may be justly said,
 He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.



Mrs. HARRIS's PETITION*.

Written in the year 1701.

To their Excellencies,

The LORDS JUSTICES of Ireland †,

*The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries,*

Humbly sheweth,

THAT I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's ‡
chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds four shillings and
six-pence, besides farthings, in money and gold;

* When the Earl of Berkeley was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, Swift's true poetical vein (Pindaric flights being entirely out of the road of his talents) began to discover itself in some occasional pieces which he writ in those times, particularly in the Ballad on the game of traffic [vol. 8.], in the Ballad to the tune of the cut-purse, and in Mrs. Harris's petition. These poems are all wrong dated in the several editions of his works. It appears to a demonstration they were all written in the year 1699.—The petition of Mrs. Harris, although it may be ranked in that class of poetry which is called low humour, is full of mirth and raillery. The Doctor himself and Mrs. Harris, are the two principal characters, against whom the ridicule is immediately pointed. However, there is one beautiful stroke of nature in this poem worthy to be remarked, which in the way of characterising can never be excelled by any effort of genius. Do but observe the answer of the old deaf housekeeper in the following lines:

Then my dame Wadgar came, &c. l. 25. to l. 29.

In one word, whoever can read this petition of Mrs. Harris without feeling some extraordinary pleasure, hath in my opinion, neither wit, humour, judgement, nor any taste for poetry in his whole composition. *Swift.*

† Earl of Berkeley, and Earl of Galway.

‡ Lady Betty Berkeley.

So,

So, because I had been buying things for my Lady
last night,

I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was
right.

Now, you must know, because my trunk has a
very bad lock,

Therefore all the money I have, which, God⁵
knows, is a very small stock,

I kept in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next
to my smock.

So, when I went to put up my purse, as God would
have it, my smock was unript,

And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down
it flipt :

Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my
Lady to bed ;

And, God knows, I thought my money was as
safe as my maidenhead.

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

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

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

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

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

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

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm :

However, she stole away my garters, that I might
do myself no harm.

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

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

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and
 fearch'd the folks round,
 And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's box ty'd in a rag
 the money was found.
 So next morning we told Whittle*, and he fell
 a-swearing;
 Then my Dame Wadger † came; and she, you
 know, is thick of hearing: 25
 Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know
 what a loss I have had?
 Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's ‡ folks are all ve-
 ry fad;
 For my Lord Dromedary || comes a Tuesday with-
 out fail.
 Pugh! said I, but that's not the bus'ness that I
 ail.
 Says Cary **, says he, I have been a servant this
 five and twenty years, come spring, 30
 And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a
 thing.
 Yes, says the steward, I remember, when I was at
 my Lady Shrewsbury's,
 Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of
 gooseberries.
 So I went to the party suspected, and I found her
 full of grief,
 (Now you must know, of all things in the world, I
 hate a thief).
 However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse slyly 35
 about:
 Mrs. Dukes ††, said I, here's an ugly accident has
 happen'd out:

* Earl of Berkeley's valet.

† The old deaf housekeeper.

‡ Galway.

|| Drogheda, who, with the Primate, was to succeed the two
 Earls.

** Clerk of the kitchen.

†† A servant, wife to one of the footmen.

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a
louse ††;

But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the
house.

'Tis true, seven pounds four shillings and six-pence
makes a great hole in my wages: 40

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

Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body un-
derstands,

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

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

So she roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd
her all to naught. 45

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

I e'en left her, and came away as wife as I was be-
fore,

Well, but then they would have had me gone to the
cunning man:

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

So the chaplain * came in, Now, the servants say
he is my sweetheart, 50

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

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

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

(Now, you must know, he hates to be call'd par-
son like the devil)

Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you
to be more civil: 55

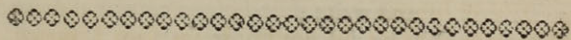
†† An usual saying of hers.

* The author.

If your money be gone, as a learned divine says,
 d'ye see,
 You are no text for my handling ; so take that from
 me :
 I was never taken for a conjurer before, I'd have
 you to know.
 Lord! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never
 thought you so ;
 You know, I honour the cloth ; I design to be a
 parson's wife ; 60
 I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in all
 my life.
 With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as
 who should say,
 Now you may go hang yourself for me, and so went
 away.
 Well : I thought I should have swoon'd. Lord !
 said I, what shall I do ?
 I have lost all my money, and shall lose my true
 love too. 65
 Then my Lord call'd me : Harry *, said my Lord,
 don't cry,
 I'll give you something towards thy loss : and says
 my Lady, so will I.
 Oh! but, said I, what if, after all, my chaplain
 won't come to ?
 For that, he said, (an't please your Excellencies), I
 must petition you.
 The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your
 Excellencies protection, 70
 And that I may have a share in next Sunday's col-
 lection ;
 And, over and above, that I may have your Ex-
 cellencies letter,
 With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, in-
 stead of him a better :

* A cant word of my Lord and Lady to Mrs Harris.

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



*Lady Betty Berkeley, finding in the author's room some verses * unfinished, underwrit a stanza of her own, with raillery upon him; which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.*

Written in the year 1703.

To the Tune of *The cutpurse.*

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would needs shew his talent in Latin :

But was forely put to't in the midst of a verse,
Because he could find no word to come pat in :
Then all in the place 5
He left a void space,

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

Chorus. *Let censuring critics then think what they
list on't; 10
Who would not write verses with such an
assistant?*

* These verses are called, A ballad on the game of traffic, and may be found among the posthumous poetry.

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement ;
 For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite,
 That came thro' the key-hole, or in at the casement ;
 And it needs must be one that could both read
 and write ; 15
 Yet he did not know
 If it were friend or foe,

Or whether it came from above or below :
 Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf, 19
 For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.

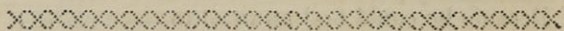
Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
 In making a ballad, but was at a stand :
 He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains ;
 When he found a new help from invisible hand,
 Then good Doctor Swift, 26
 Pay thanks for the gift,

For you freely must own you were at a dead lift :
 And, though some malicious young spirit did do't,
 You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.

Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*



VANBRUGH'S HOUSE:

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was
 burnt.

Written in the year 1706.

I N times of old, when time was young,
 And poets their own verses sung,

- A verse could draw a stone or beam,
 That now would overload a team;
 Lead them a dance of many a mile,
 Then rear them to a goodly pile. 5
 Each number had its diff'rent pow'r;
 Heroic strains could build a tow'r;
 Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
 Might raise a house about two stories; 10
 A lyric ode would slate; a catch
 Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
 But, to their own, or landlord's cost,
 Now poets feel this art is lost.
 Not one of all our tuneful throng 15
 Can raise a lodging for a song:
 For Jove consider'd well the case,
 Observ'd they grew a num'rous race;
 And should they build as fast as write,
 'Twould ruin undertakers quite. 20
 This evil therefore to prevent,
 He wisely change'd their element:
 On earth the god of wealth was made
 Sole patron of the building trade;
 Leaving the wits the spacious air, 25
 With licence to build castles there:
 And, 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
 To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
 Premising thus, in modern way,
 The better half we have to say: 30
 Sing, Muse, the house of poet Van
 In higher strains than we began.
 Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
 Is both a herald and a poet;
 No wonder then if nicely skill'd 35
 In both capacities to build.
 As herald, he can in a day
 Repair a house * gone to decay;

* House, family.

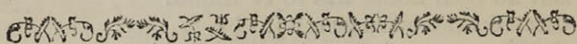
Or by atchievement, arms, device,
 Erect a new one in a trice ; 40
 And as a poet, he has skill
 To build in speculation still.
 Great Jove ! he cry'd, the art restore
 To build by verse as heretofore,
 And make my muse the architect ; 45
 What palaces shall we erect !
 No longer shall forsaken Thames
 Lament his old Whitehall in flames ;
 A pile shall from its ashes rise,
 Fit to invade or prop the skies. 50
 Jove smil'd, and like a gentle god,
 Consenting with the usual nod,
 Told Van, he knew his talent best,
 And left the choice to his own breast.
 So Van resolv'd to write a farce ; 55
 But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
 With cunning that defect supplies ;
 Takes a French play as lawful prize ;
 Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
 Not once suspecting Jove would smoke ; 60
 And (like a wag) sat down to write,
 Would whisper to himself, a bite.
 Then from the motley, mingled style
 Proceeded to erect his pile.
 So men of old, to gain renown, did 65
 Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
 Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
 To turn the matter to a jest :
 Down from Olympus' top he slides,
 Laughing as if he'd burst his sides : 70
 Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks ?
 Why then old plays deserve old bricks ;
 And since your sparing of your stuff,
 Your building shall be small enough.
 He spake, and, grudging, lent his aid : 75
 Th' experience'd bricks that knew their trade,
 (As

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

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- (As being bricks at second hand),
 Now move, and now in order stand.
 The building, as the poet writ,
 Rose in proportion to his wit : 80
 And first the prologue built a wall,
 So wide as to encompass all.
 The scene, a wood, produce'd no more
 Than a few scrubby trees before.
 The plot as yet lay deep ; and so 85
 A cellar next was dug below :
 But this a work so hard was found,
 Two acts it cost him under ground.
 Two other acts, we may presume,
 Were spent in building each a room. 90
 Thus far advance'd, he made a shift
 To raise a roof with act the fifth.
 The epilogue behind, did frame
 A place not decent here to name.
 Now poets from all quarters ran 95
 To see the house of brother Van ;
 Look'd high and low, walk'd often round ;
 But no such house was to be found.
 One asks the watermen hard by,
 " Where may the poet's palace lie ?" 100
 Another of the Thames inquires,
 If he has seen its gilded spires ?
 At length they in the rubbish spy
 A thing resembling a goose-pye.
 Thither in haste the poets throng, 105
 And gaze in silent wonder long,
 Till one in raptures thus began
 To praise the pile and builder Van.
 Thrice happy poet ! who mayst trail
 Thy house about thee like a snail ; 110
 Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
 Take journeys in it, like a chaise ;
 Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
 Canst make it serve thee for a tilt.

Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all, 115
 Thour't well contriv'd, though thou art small:
 For ev'ry wit in Britain's isle
 May lodge within thy spacious pile.
 Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
 Thy mother burnt, art born again, 120
 Born like a Phoenix from the flame;
 But neither bulk nor shape the same:
 As animals of largest size
 Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
 A type of modern wit and style, 125
 "The rubbish of an ancient pile."
 So chymists boast they have a pow'r
 From the dead ashes of a flow'r
 Some faint resemblance to produce,
 But not the virtue, taste, or juice. 130
 So modern rhymers wisely blast
 The poetry of ages past;
 Which, after they have overthrown,
 They from its ruins build their own.



The HISTORY of VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

Written in the year 1708.

WHEN mother Clud had rose from play,
 And call'd to take the cards away,
 Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
 How Miss pick'd every painted card,
 And, busy both with hand and eye, 5
 Soon rear'd a house too stories high.
 Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
 Is hugely turn'd to architecture:

He

He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
 Vow'd it was pretty for a child : 10
 It was so perfect in its kind,
 He kept the model in his mind,
 But when he found the boys at play,
 And saw them dabbling in their clay,
 He stood behind a stall to lurk, 15
 And mark the progress of their work,
 With true delight observ'd them all
 Raking up mud to build a wall.
 The plan he much admir'd, and took
 The model in his table-book ; 20
 Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
 And so resolv'd a house to build :
 A real house, with rooms, and stairs,
 Five times at least as big as theirs ;
 Taller than Miss's by two yards ; 25
 Not a sham thing of clay or cards.
 And so he did ; for in a while
 He built up such a monstrous pile,
 That no two chairmen could be found
 Able to lift it from the ground. 30
 Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
 Just in the place where first it grew .
 There all the little schoolboys run,
 Envyng to see themselves out-done.
 From such deep rudiments as these, 35
 Van is become by due degrees
 For building fam'd. and justly reckon'd
 At court Vitruvius the second :
 No wonder, since wise authors show,
 That best foundations must be low ; 40
 And now the Duke * has wisely ta'en him
 To be his architect at Blenheim.

* The Duke of Marlborough, to whom Q. Anne gave the palace of Woodstock, for his Grace's victory over the French and Bavarians at Blenheim, Aug. 2. 1704.

But with the morning-dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms. 20

They tell us something strange and odd
About a certain magic rod,
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the foil has golden mines *;
Where there are none, it stands erect, 25

Scorning to shew the least respect;
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid;
In Scottish hills found precious ore †,
Where none e'er look'd for it before; 30
And by a gentle bow divin'd
How well a cully's purse was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken rake,
Stood without motion, like a stake.

The rod of Hermes was renown'd 35
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That rod was just a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids 40
Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.

Sid's rod's was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to fish withal;
A plaice was fasten'd to the hook, 45
And many score of gudgeons took:
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish, and sav'd his bait.

Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe
A circle with their rod describe, 50

* The *virgula divina*, or divining rod, is described to be a forked branch of a hazel or willow, two feet and an half long. It is to be held in the palms of the hands, with the single end elevated about eighty degrees, and in this position is said to be attracted by minerals and springs, so as by a forcible inclination to direct where they are to be found.

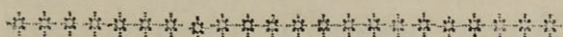
† Supposed to allude to the union of the two kingdoms.

Which proves a magical redoubt
 To keep mischievous spirits out.
 Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
 And made a circle thrice as wide,
 Where spirits throng'd with hideous din, 55
 And he stood there to take them in :
 But when th' enchanted rod was broke,
 They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.

Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
 Like Sid's, but nothing near so good ; 60
 That down from ancestors divine
 Transmitted to the hero's line ;
 Thence, through a long descent of kings,
 Came an heir-loom, as Homer sings.
 Though this description looks so big, 65
 That sceptre was a sapless twig,
 Which from the fatal day, when first
 It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
 As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
 Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore. 70
 Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
 In golden boughs, and golden fruit ;
 And he, the dragon, never sleeping,
 Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
 No hobby-horse, with gorgeous top, 75
 The dearest in Charles Mather's shop*,
 Or glitt'ring tinsel of May-fair,
 Could with this rod of Sid compare.

Dear Sid, then why wert thou so mad
 To break thy rod like naughty lad? 80
 You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
 And then return'd it to your mistress ;
 Or made it a Newmarket switch,
 And not a rod for thy own breech.
 But, since old Sid has broken this, 85
 His next may be a rod in pifs.

* An eminent toyman in Fleet street.



A T L A S ;

O R,

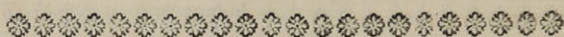
The MINISTER of STATE.

To the Lord Treasurer OXFORD.

Written in the year 1712.

A TLAS, we read in ancient song,
 Was so exceeding tall and strong,
 He bore the skies upon his back,
 Just as a pedlar does his pack :
 But, as a pedlar overpress'd 5
 Unloads upon a stall to rest,
 Or, when he can no longer stand
 Desires a friend to lend a hand ;
 So Atlas, left the pond'rous spheres
 Should sink, and fall about his ears, 10
 Got Hercules to bear the pile,
 That he might sit and rest a while.
 Yet Hercules was not so strong,
 Nor could have borne it half so long.
 Great statesmen are in this condition ; 15
 And Atlas is a politician,
 A *premier* minister of state :
 Alcides one of second rate.
 Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise,
 Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies 20
 Too long upon his single shoulders,
 Sink down he must, or find upholders.

The



The DESCRIPTION of a SALAMANDER *.

*Out of Pliny's Natural History, lib. 10. c. 67. and
lib. 29. c. 4.*

Written in the year 1706.

AS mastiff dogs in modern phrase are
 Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæsar ;
 As pyes and daws are often styl'd
 With Christian nicknames, like a child ;
 As we say Monsieur to an ape, 5
 Without offence to human shape ;
 So men have got from bird and brute
 Names that would best their natures suit.
 'The lion, eagle, fox, and boar,
 Were heroes titles heretofore. 10
 Bestow'd as hi'roglyphics fit
 To shew their valour, strength, or writ :
 For what is understood by fame,
 Besides the getting of a name ?
 But, e'er since men invented guns, 15
 A diff'rent way their fancy runs :
 To paint a hero, we inquire
 For something that will conquer fire.

* This excessive bitter description of a salamander was occasioned by the Duke of Marlborough's giving that appellation to Lord Cutts, after he had come off victorior, and without a wound, from an engagement with part of the French army, whose fire was so extremely brisk, and so incessantly poured in upon the English forces, that it was supposed nothing but a salamander could have lived in the midst of it. *Swift.*

Would

Would you describe Turenne * or Trump † ?
Think of a bucket or a pump. 20

Are these too low?—then find out grander,
Call my Lord Cutts a Salamander ‡.
'Tis well;—but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue.

Who may object against the term, 25
Pliny shall prove what we affirm;
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by standers-by.

First, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the serpent kind, 30
With gaudy coat, and shining train;
But loathsome spots his body stain:
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend, and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air; and then 35
Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
I've seen a snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice, 40
Burnish, and make a gaudy show,
Become a gen'ral, peer, and beau,
Till peace hath made the sky serene;
Then shrink into its hole again.

*All this we grant—why then look yonder, 45
Sure that must be a salamander!*

* The famous Marechal Turenne, General of the French forces, said to have been the greatest commander of the age.

† Van Trump, Admiral of the States General in their last war with England, eminent for his courage and his victories.

‡ Lord Cutts. Salamander was a name given him by his flatterers, upon his having survived an engagement in which he stood an incessant fire for many hours. He is said frequently to have lamented himself in these terms: "G—d—n my bl—d, I'm the most un-lucky dog upon earth; for I never engaged an enemy without " being wounded, nor a whore without being p—x'd."

Farther, we are by Pliny told,
 This serpent is extremely cold ;
 So cold that, put it in the fire,
 'Twill make the very flames expire : 50
 Besides, it spues a filthy froth
 (Whether through rage, or lust, or both)
 Of matter purulent and white,
 Which happening on the skin to light,
 And there corrupting to a wound, 55
 Spreads leprosy and baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd beau,
 By age and claps grown cold as snow,
 Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
 Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame : 60
 And should some nymph who ne'er was cruel,
 Like Charleton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
 Receive the filth which he ejects,
 She soon would find the same effects
 Her tainted carcase to pursue, 65
 As from the salamander's spue ;
 A dismal shedding of her locks,
 And, if no leprosy, a pox.

*Then I'll appeal to each by-stander,
 If this be not a salamander ?* 70



MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

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Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobling * and astrology; 20
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.

A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the diadem 25

That princes wear derives from them;
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays;
Which plainly shews the near alliance
'Twixt cobling and the planets science. 30

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

The horned moon, which heretofore 35
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns.
And whence we claim our shoeing-horns,
Shews how the art of cobling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres. 40

A scrap of parchment hung by geometry
(A great refinement in barometry)
Can, like the stars, foretel the weather;
And what is parchment else but leather?
Which an astrologer might use 45
Either for almanacks or shoes.

Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boading owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather) 50
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,

* Partridge was a cobbler.

† See his almanack.

And in his fancy fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling star. 55

Besides, he could confound the spheres,
And set the planets by the ears;
To shew his skill, he Mars could join
To Venus in aspect malign; 60
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wound that Venus made.

Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip King of Greece was dead,
His soul and spirit did divide, 65
And each part took a diff'rent side:
One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.

Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The cobling and star-gazing part, 70
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.
Triumphant star! some pity shew,
On coblers militant below,
Whom roguish boys in stormy nights 75
Torment, by pissing out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their smoke
Inclos'd artificers to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
Mayst follow still thy calling there. 80
To thee the Bull will lend his hide.
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd:
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax;
Then Ariadne kindly lends 85
Her braided hair to make thee ends:
'The point of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heav'nly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife. 90

For want of room by Virgo's side,
 She'll strain a point, and sit astride *,
 To take thee kindly in between ;
 And then the signs will be thirteen.

The E P I T A P H.

" **H**ERE, five feet deep, lies on his back
 " A Cobler, Starmonger, and Quack ;
 " Who to the stars, in pure good-will,
 " Does to his best, look upward still.
 " Weep, all you customers that use 5
 " His pills, his almanacks, or shoes :
 " And you that did your fortunes seek,
 " Step to his grave but once a-week :
 " This earth, which bears his body's print,
 " You'll find has so much virtue in't, 10
 " That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
 " Whate'er concerns you full as well,
 " In physic, stolen goods, or love,
 " As he himself could, when above."



* VERSES to be prefixed before BERNARD
 LINTOT's New Miscellany †.

SOME Colinæus ‡ praise, some Bleau †,
 Others account them but so so ;
 Some Plantin ‡ to the rest prefer,
 And some esteem old Elzevir ‡ ;

* ——— Tibi brachia contrahet ingens

Scorpius, &c.

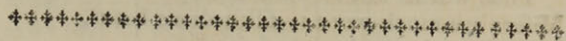
† The Oxford and Cambridge miscellany, 8vo.

‡ Printers famous for having published fine editions of the Bible,
 and of the Greek and Roman classics.

Others

Others with Aldus † would besot us ; 5
 I, for my part, admire Lintotus.—
 His character's beyond compare,
 Like his own person, large and fair.
 They print their names in letters small,
 But LINTOT stands in capital : 10
 Author and he with equal grace
 Appear, and stare you in the face.
 Stephens prints Heathen Greek, 'tis said,
 Which some can't construe, some can't read ;
 But all that comes from Lintot's hand, 15
 Ev'n Rawlinson might understand.
 Oft in an Aldus, or a Plantin,
 A page is blotted, or leaf wanting :
 Of Lintot's books this can't be said,
 All fair, and not so much as read. 20
 Their copy cost 'em not a penny
 To Homer, Virgil, or to any ;
 They ne'er gave sixpence for two lines
 To them, their heirs, or their assigns :
 But Lintot is at vast expense, 25
 And pays prodigious dear for — sense,
 Their books are useful but to few,
 A scholar, or a wit or two ;
 Lintot's for gen'ral use are fit ;
 For some folks read, but all folks sh— 30





* To Mr. JOHN MOORE,

Author of the celebrated WORM-POWDER †.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
 Deceiv'd by shews and forms!
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth, 5
 Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
 A while he crawls upon the earth,
 Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,
 E'er since our grandam's evil; 10
 She first convers'd with her own kind,
 That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name;
 The blookhead is a slow-worm;
 The nymph, whose tail is all on flame, 15
 Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
 That flutter for a day;
 First from a worm they take their rise,
 And in a worm decay. 20

† This poem was wrote by Mr. Pope,

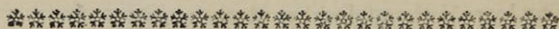
The flatterer an earwig grows ;
 Thus worms suit all conditions ;
 Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
 And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen 25
 By all their winding play :
 Their conscience is a worm within,
 That gnaw them night and day.

Ah, Moore ! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise, 30
 If thou could'st make the courtier void
 The worm that never dies.

O ! learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
 Who sett'st our entrails free !
 Vain is thy art, thy powder vain, 35
 Since worms shall eat e'en thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
 Some few short years no more !
 Ev'n Button's wits * to worms shall turn, 40
 Who maggots were before.



* VERSES occasioned by an *Ec.* at the
 end of Mr. D'URFY's name in the title to
 one of his plays †.

JOVE call'd before him t'other day
 The vowels, U, O, I, E, A ;

* Button's coffeehouse, in Covent-Garden, frequented by the wits
 of that time.

† This accident happened by Mr. D'Urfy's having made a flourish
 there, which the printer mistook for an, &c.

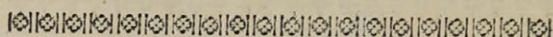
All diphthongs, and all consonants,
 Either of England, or of France;
 And that all were, or wish'd to be,
 Rank'd in the name of Tom D'Urfy. 5
 Fierce is this cause, the letters spoke all,
 Liquids grew rough, and mutes turn'd vocal.
 These four proud syllables alone
 Were silent, which by fate's decree 10
 Chim'd in so smoothly, one by one,
 To the sweet name of Tom D'Urfy.
 N, by whom names subsist, declar'd,
 To have no place in this was hard;
 And Q maintain'd 'twas but his due 15
 Still to keep company with U;
 So hop'd to stand no less than he
 In the great name of Tom D'Urfy.
 E shew'd, a comma ne'er could claim
 A place in any British name; 20
 Yet, making here a perfect botch,
 Thrusts your poor vowel from his notch;
Hiatus mi valde defendus!
 From which, good Jupiter, defend us!
 Sooner I'd quit my part in thee, 25
 That be no part in Tom D'Urfy.
 P protested, puff'd, and swore,
 He'd not be serv'd so like a beast;
 He was a piece of emperor,
 And made up half a pope at least; 30
 C vow'd he'd frankly have releas'd
 His double share in Cæsar Caius
 For only one in *Tom Durfeius*,
 I, consonant and vowel too,
 To Jupiter did humbly sue, 35
 That of his grace he would proclaim
Durfeius his true Latin name:
 For though without them both 'twas clear
 Himself could ne'er be Jupiter;
 D d 2 Yet

Yet they'd resign that post so high 40
 To be the genitive, *Durfei*.
 B and L swore b----- and w-----s;
 X and Z cry d, p----x and z-----s;
 G swore by G---d, it ne'er should be;
 And W would not lose, not he, 45
 An English letters property
 In the great name of Tom D'Urfy.
 In short, the rest were all in fray,
 From Christ-crofs to *et cetera*.
 They, though but standers-by, too mutter'd; 50
 Diphthongs and triphthongs swore and flutter'd;
 That noise had so much right to be
 Part of the name of stuttering T—
 T—Tom--a---as—De--D'Ur---fy---fy. }
 Then Jove thus spake : With care and pain 55
 We form'd this name, renown'd in rhyme :
 Not thine, immortal Neufgermain * !
 Cost studious cabalists more time,
 Yet now, as then, you all declare, }
 Far hence to Egypt you'll repair, 60
 And turn strange hi'roglyphics there,
 Rather than letters longer be,
 Unless i' th' name of Tom D'Urfy.
 Were you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,
 To foreign letters could I say ? 65
 What if the Hebrew next should aim
 To turn quite backward D'Urfy's name ?
 Should the Greek quarrel too, by Styx, I
 Could never bring in Phi and Xi;
 Omicron and Omega from us
 Would each hope to be O in Thomas : 70
 And all th' ambitious vowels vie
 No less than Pythagoric Y,
 To have a place in Tom D'Urfy. }

* A poet, who us'd to make verses ending with the last syllables of the names of those persons he praised; which Voiture turned against him in a poem of the same kind.

Then,

Believe him, he has known the world too long,
 And seen the death of much immortal song. 20
 He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
 As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
 Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
 The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
 Fame is at best an unperforming cheat; 25
 But 'tis substantial happiness to eat.
 Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
 Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.



* PROLOGUE to The three hours after
 marriage.

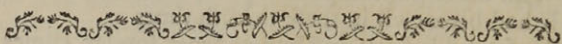
Authors are judg'd by strange capricious rules;
 The great ones are thought mad, the small
 ones fools:
 Yet sure the best are most severely fated;
 For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
 Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor; 5
 But fool 'gainst fool is barb'rous civil war.
 Why on all authors then should critics fall?
 Since some have writ, and shewn no wit at all,
 Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it:
 Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French who
 made it." 10
 By running goods these graceless owlers gain;
 Theirs are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
 But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
 Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common
 draught,
 They pall Moliere's and Lopez' sprightly strain, 15
 And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.

How

How shall our author hope a gentler fate,
 Who dares most impudently not translate !
 It had been civil in these ticklish times
 To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes.
 Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end, 21
 But spare Old England, least you hurt a friend.
 If any fool is by your satire bit,
 Let him hiss loud, to shew you all he's hit.
 Poets make characters, as salesmen cloaths : 25
 We take no measure of your fops and beaus;
 But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
 And fit yourselves like chaps in Monmouth-street,
 Gallants! look here: this fool's cap * has an
 air
 Goodly and smart, with ears of Issachar. 30
 Let no one fool ingross it, or confine,
 A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
 But poets in all ages had the care
 To keep this cap, for such as will, to wear.
 Our author has it now, (for ev'ry wit 35
 Of course resign'd it to the next that writ);
 And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly thrown †;
 Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

* Shews a cap with ears. † Flings down the cap and exit.





* SANDY'S GHOST;

O R.

A proper new BALLAD on the new OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, as it was intended to be translated by persons of quality.

YE Lords and Commons, men of wit
 And pleasure about town,
 Read this, ere you translate one bit
 Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all!
 Nor think your verses Sterling,
 Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
 And scribble in a *berlin*:

For not the desk with silver nails,
 Nor bureau of expense,
 Nor standish well japann'd, avails
 To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
 With faucer eyes of fire,
 In woful wife did fore affright
 A wit and courtly 'squire.

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth!
 Like puppy tame, that uses
 To fetch and carry in his mouth
 The works of all the muses,

20
 Ah!

Ah ! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil ;
And sell his soul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil ?

A desk he had of curious work, 25
With glittering studs about ;
Within the same did Sandys lurk,
Though Ovid lay without.

Now, as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the sprite so thin, 30
And from the key-hole bolted out
All upright as a pin.

With whifkers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff compos'd most dully,
This 'squire he dropt his pen full soon, 35
While as the light burnt bluely,

Ho ! Master Sam, quoth Sandys' sprite,
Write on, nor let me scare ye ;
Forsooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To Budget seek, or Carey, 40

I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter !
See first the merry P—— comes
In haste without his garter.

Then lords and lordings, 'squires and knights, 45
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers :
Garth at St. James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan, 50
Tom Burnet or Tom D'Urfy may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

If Justice Philips' coſtly head
 Some frigid rhymes diſburſes :
 They ſhall like Perſian tales be read, 55
 And glad both babes and nurſes.

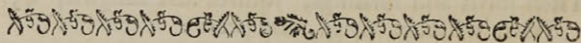
Let Warwick's nurſe with Aſh——t join,
 And Ozel's with Lord Hervey's,
 Tickell and Addiſon combine,
 And Pope tranſlate with Jervis. 60

L—— himſelf, that lively lord,
 Who bows to ev'ry lady,
 Shall join with F—— in one accord,
 And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye ladies too draw forth your pen ; 65
 I pray where can the hurt lie ?
 Since you have brains as well as men,
 As witneſs Lady Wortley.

Now, Tonſon, liſt thy forces all,
 Review them, and tell noſes : 70
 For to poor Ovid ſhall befall
 A ſtrange *metamorphoſis*.

A *metamorphoſis* more ſtrange
 Than all his books can vapour——
 "To what (quoth 'ſquire) ſhall Ovid change?" 75
 Quoth Sandys, *To waſte paper*.

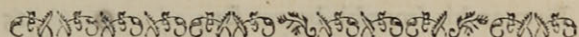


* U M B R A.

Cloſe to the beſt-known author Umbra fits,
 The conſtant index to all Button's wits.

Who's

Who's here ? cries Umbra : only Johnson — *Oh !*
Your slave, and exit ; but returns with Rowe :
Dear Rowe let's sit and talk of tragedies : 5
 Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.
 Then up comes Steele : he turns upon his *heel,*
 And in a moment fastens upon *Steele ;*
 But cries as soon, *Dear Dick, I must be gone ;*
For if I know his tread, here's Addison. 10
 Says Addison to Steele, 'Tis time to go :
 Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe.
 Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
 E'en sits him down, and writes to honest Tickell.
 Fool? 'Tis in vain from wit to wit to roam ; 15
 Know, sense, like charity, *begins at home.*



* D U K E upon D U K E.

An excellent new Ballad.

To the Tune of *Chevy-chace.*

TO lordings proud I tune my lay,
 Who feast in bow'r or hall :
 Though Dukes they be, to Dukes I say,
 That pride will have a fall.

Now, that this fame it is right sooth, 5
 Full plainly doth appear,
 From what befel John Duke of Guise,
 And Nic. of Lancaftere.

When Richard Cœur-de Lion reign'd,
 (Which means a lion's heart), 10
 Like him his barons rage'd and roar'd ;
 Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough :
 Such honour did them prick ;
 If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff ; 15
 And if your a—fe, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose,
 At every turn fell to't ;
 Come near, they trod upon your toes ;
 They fought from head to foot, 20

Of these the Duke of Lancastere
 Stood paramount in pride ;
 He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
 His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver fat ; 25
 So broad, it hid his chin ;
 For why ? he deem'd no man his mate,
 And fear'd to tan his skin,

With Spanish wool he dy'd his cheek,
 With essence oil'd his hair ; 30
 No vixen civet-eat so sweet,
 Nor could so scatch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
 Though made full short by God ;
 And when all other Dukes did bow,
 This Duke did only nod. 35

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair
 To Guise's Duke was he :
 Was ever such a loving pair ?
 How could they disagree ? 40

Oh, thus it was : He lov'd him dear,
 And cast how to requite him ;
 And having no friend left but this,
 He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate quill, 45
 And thus he did indite ;
 " This eve at whilk ourself will play,
 Sir Duke ! be here to-night."

Ah no ! ah no ! the guileless Guise
 Demurely did reply ; 50
 I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
 So sure the gout have I.

The Duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
 And fiercely drove them on ;
 Lord ! Lord ! how rattled then thy stones, 55
 O kingly Kensington !

All in a trice he rush'd on Guise,
 Thrust out his lady dear ;
 He tweak'd his nose, trode on his toes,
 And smote him on the ear. 60

But mark, how 'midst of victory
 Fate plays her old dog-trick !
 Up leap'd Duke John, and knock'd him down,
 And so fell down Duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic ! oh Nic. alas ! 65
 Right did thy gossip call thee :
 As who should say, Alas the day
 When John of Guise shall maul thee !

For on thee did he clap his chair
 And on that chair did fit ; 70
 And look'd, as if he meant therein
 To do——what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woful Duke !
 Thy mouth yet durst not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there 75
 A t——d, instead of trope.

" Lie

“ Lie there, thou caitiff vile !” quoth Guife ;
 “ No *sheet* is here to save thee :
 “ The casement it is shut likewise ;
 Beneath my feet I have thee. 80

“ If thou hast aught to speak, speak out.”
 Then Lancastere did cry,
 “ Know’st thou not me, nor yet thyself ?
 “ Who thou, and who am I ?

“ Know’st thou not me, who (God be prais’d) 85
 “ Have brawl’d and quarrel’d more,
 “ Than all the line of Lancastere,
 “ That battled heretofore ?

“ In fenates fam’d for many a speech,
 “ And (what some awe must give ye, 90
 “ Though laid thus low beneath thy breach)
 “ Still of the council privy ;

“ Still of the *duchy* chancellor ;
 “ *Durante life* I have it ;
 “ And turn, as now thou dost on me, 95
 “ Mine a—e on them that gave it.”

But now the servants they rush’d in ;
 And Duke Nic. up leap’d he :
 I will not cope against such odds,
 But, Guife ! I’ll fight with thee : 100

To-morrow with thee will I fight
 Under the green-wood tree ;
 “ No, not to-morrow, but to-night
 “ (Quoth Guife) I’ll fight with thee.

And now the sun declining low 105
 Bestreak’d with blood the skies ;
 When, with his sword at saddle-bow,
 Rode forth the valiant Guife.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

223

Full gently prance'd he o'er the lawn :
 Oft roll'd his eyes around, 110
 And from the stirrip stretch'd to find
 Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,
 Long look'd the field all o'er :
 At length he spy'd the merry-men brown, 115
 And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicolas
 Did wave his wand so white,
 As pointing out the gloomy glade
 Wherein he meant to fight. 120

All in that dreadful hour so calm
 Was Lancastere to see,
 As if he meant to take the air,
 Or only take a fee.

And so he did——for to New Court 125
 His rowling wheels did run ;
 Nor that he shunn'd the doubtful strife ;
 But bus'ness must be done.

Back in the dark by Brompton-park,
 He turn'd up through the gore ; 130
 So slunk to Cambden house so high,
 All in his coach and four.

Meanwhile Duke Guise did fret and fume,
 A fight it was to see,
 Benumb'd beneath the evening-dew 135
 Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
 Sore mutt'ring all the way,
 " The day I meet him, Nic. shall rue
 " The cudgel of that day. 140
 " Meantime

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 20
 The *thing*, we know, is neither rich nor rare;
 And wonder how the devil it got there.

Are others angry? I excuse them too:
 Well may they rage; I give them but their due.
 Each man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 25
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify? for who can *guess*?
 The wretch * whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 30
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains six lines a-
 year;

In sense still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
 † Johnson, who now to sense, now nonsense lean-
 ing, 35

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
 And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 ‡ It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
 Should modest satire bid all these *translate*,
 And own that nine such poets make a Tate; 40
 How would they fume, and stamp, and roar, and
 chafe!

How would they swear not Congreve's self was safe!
 Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
 Apollo kindled, and fair *fame* inspires;
 Bless'd with each talent and each art to please, 45
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
 View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 50

* Philips. † Author of the Victim, and Cöbler of Preston.

‡ Verse of Dr. Ev.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and, and yet afraid to strike.
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 55
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers as besiege'd,
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblige'd;
 Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best; 60
 Like Cato, gives his little senate laws,
 And sits attentive to his own applause;
 While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise——
 What pity, heav'n! if such a man there be? 65
 Who would not weep, if Addison were he!

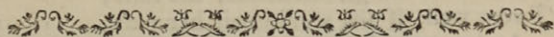


* M A C E R.

When simple Macer now of high renown;
 First fought a poet's fortune in the town;
 'Twas all th' ambition his great soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steel.
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford, 5
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the town,
 And in a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
 There he stopt short, nor since has writ a tittle.
 But has the wit to make the most of little; 10
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 † Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

† He requested by public advertisements the aid of the ingenious to make up a miscellany in 1713.

So some coarse country-wench, almost decay'd, 15
 Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid :
 Awkward, and fupple each devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good lady twice a-day ;
 Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her *simplicity* : 20
 In a translated suit then tries the town,
 With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own ;
 But just endur'd the winter she began,
 And in four months a batter'd harridan.
 Now nothing's left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
 To bawd for others, and go shares with punk. 26

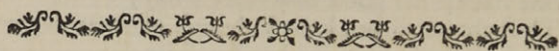


* SYLVIA ; a FRAGMENT.

SYLVIA my heart in wondrous wise alarm'd,
 Aw'd without sense, and without beauty charm'd ;
 But some odd graces and fine flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad :
 Her tongue still run on credit from her eyes, 5
 More pert than witty, more a wit than wise :
 Good-nature, she declar'd it, was her scorn,
 Though 'twas by that alone she could be borne :
 Affronting all, yet fond of a good name ;
 A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame : 10
 Now coy, and studious in no point to fall,
 Now all agog for D—y at a ball :
 Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres.
 Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take ; 15
 But ev'ry woman's in her soul a rake.
 Frail, fev'rish sex ! their fit now chills, now burns :
 Atheism and superstition rule by turns ;

And the mere Heathen in her carnal part
Is still a sad good Christian at her heart.

20



* ARTEMISIA.

Though Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in some things, methinks, she fails;
'Twere well, if she would pair her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

5

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness and so much pride
Are oddly join'd by Fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

10

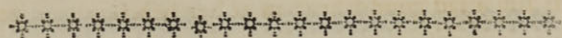
She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part, except her face;
All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

15

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpye hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

30

* PHRYNE.



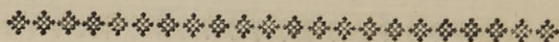
* P H R Y N E.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind ;
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade :
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And agents from each foreign state 5
 Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether th' Italian, or the Dutch,
 Spaniard or French came to her ;
 To all obliging she'd appear ; 10
 'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynbeer*,
 'Twas *S' il vous plait, Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religions, climes,
 At length she turns a bride : 15
 In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair,
 Which curious Germans hold so rare, 20
 Still vary shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new titles with new forms ;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.



On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD*:

O R,

The RECEIPT to form a BEAUTY.

Written in the Year 1707.

WHen Cupid did his grandfire Jove intreat
 To form some beauty by a new receipt,
 Jove sent, and found far in a country scene
 Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene: 5
 From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the aukward, and the coy.
 The graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
 These Venus cleans from ev'ry spurious grain
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain. 10
 Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd;
 Then call'd the happy composition *Floyd*.

* This poem is allowed by all persons of taste and judgement, to be such a masterpiece in its kind, that it must abide the test of all future ages. *Swift*.



APOLLO OUTWITTED.

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

Written in the year 1707.

PHœbus, now short'ning ev'ry shade,
Up to the northern tropic came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays, 5
Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach;
But fence'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure 10
From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks, 15
And guess'd his bus'ness ere he spoke.

He in the old celestial cant
Confest his flame, and swore by Styx
Whate'er she would desire to grant—
But wife Ardelia knew his tricks. 20

Ovid

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

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial, 25
 As having malice in her heart;
 And was resolv'd upon a trial,
 To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my request, the virgin said;
 Let which I please of all the Nine 30
 Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
 Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
 The god could not refuse her pray'r:
 He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head. 35
 Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due:
 But she the charm already try'd:
 Thalia heard the call, and flew
 To wait at bright Ardelia's side. 40

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

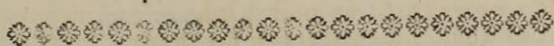
He hop'd to find some lucky hour, 45
 When on their queen the muses wait;
 But Pallas owns Ardelia's pow'r;
 For vows divine are kept by fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke;
 Deceitful nymph, I see thy art; 50
 And, though I can't my gift revoke,
 I'll disappoint its nobler part.

Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
 And be thou negligent of fame ;
 With ev'ry muse to grace thy song, 55
 May'st thou despise a poet's name.

Of modest poets be thou first ;
 To silent shades repeat thy verse,
 Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
 Yet hardly dare one line rehearse. 60

And last, my vengeance to complete,
 May you descend to take renown,
 Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
 A Whig *, and one that wears a gown.



* I M P R O M P T U.

To Lady WINCHELSEA.

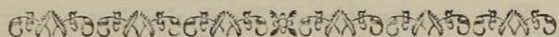
Occasioned by four satirical verses on *women-wits*
 in *The Rape of the Lock*.

IN vain you boast poetic names of yore,
 And cite those Sapphos we admire no more :
 Fate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit ;
 But doom'd it then when first Ardelia writ ;
 Of all examples by the world confest, 5
 I knew Ardelia could not quote the best ;
 Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
 Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
 'T'o write their praise you but in vain essay ;
 Ev'n while you write, you take that praise away : 10

* To understand what the Doctor meaneth by a whig in this passage, consult vol. 4.

And then, before it grew too late,
 How should I beg of gentle fate,
 (That either nymph might have her swain),
 To split my Worship too in twain.

15



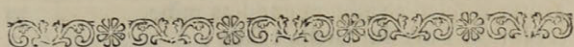
STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
 Where'er they see the fairest sign;
 And if they find the chambers neat,
 And like the liquor and the meat,
 Will call again, and recommend
 The Angel-inn to ev'ry friend. 5
 What though the painting grows decay'd?
 The house will never lose its trade:
 Nay, though the treach'rous tapster Thomas
 Hangs a new angel two doors from us, 10
 As fine as dawber's hands can make it,
 In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
 We think it both a shame and sin
 To quit the true old Angel-inn.
 Now this is Stella's case in fact; 15
 An angel's face, a little crackt;
 (Could poets, or could painters fix
 How angels look at thirty-six):
 This drew us in at first to find
 In such a form an angel's mind; 20
 And ev'ry virtue now supplies
 The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
 See at her levee crouding swains,
 Whom Stella freely entertains
 With breeding, humour, wit, and sense; 25
 And puts them but to small expense;

G g 2

Their

Their mind so plentifully fills,
 And makes such reasonable bills,
 So little gets for what she gives,
 We really wonder how she lives! 30
 And, had her stock been less, no doubt
 She must have long ago run out.
 Then who can think we'll quit the place,
 When Doll hangs out a newer face;
 Or stop and light at Cloe's head, 35
 With scraps and leavings to be fed?
 Then, Cloe, still go on to prate
 Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
 Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
 Your hints, that Stella is no chicken; 40
 Your inuendos, when you tell us
 That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
 And let me warn you to believe
 A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
 That, should you live to see the day 45
 When Stella's locks must all be gray,
 When age must print a furrow'd trace
 On ev'ry feature of her face;
 Though you and all your senseless tribe,
 Could art, or time, or nature bribe, 50
 To make you look like beauty's queen,
 And hold for ever at fifteen;
 No bloom of youth can ever blind
 The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
 All men of sense will pass your door, 55
 And croud to Stella's at fourscore.



STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY;

A great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that
Day dug up. 1722.

Resolv'd my annual verse to pay,
 By duty bound, on Stella's day,
 Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
 I gravely sat me down to think :
 I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head, 5
 But found my wit and fancy fled :
 Or, if with more than usual pain,
 A thought came slowly from my brain,
 It cost me Lord knows how much time
 To shape it into sense and rhyme : 10
 And, what was yet a greater curse,
 Long thinking made my fancy worse.
 Forfaken by th' inspiring Nine,
 I waited at Apollo's shrine ;
 I told him what the world would say, 15
 If Stella were unsung to-day ;
 How I should hide my head for shame,
 When both the Jacks and Robin came :
 How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
 How Sh — n the rogue would sneer, 20
 And swear it does not always follow,
 That *semel 'n anno ridet Apollo*.
 I have assur'd them twenty times,
 That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes ;
 Phœbus inspir'd me from above, 25
 And he and I were hand and glove.
 But, finding me so dull and dry since,
 They'll call it all poetic licence ;
 And

And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think Euclid's right as good as mine. 39

Nor do I atk for Stella's sake ;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake :
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander-by.

Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle. 35

Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints, and you should use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold, 40
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean W——, Dean D——, and Dean Smedley,
'That, let what dean so ever come, 45
My orders are, I'm not at home ;
And, if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the croud.

But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent * ; 50
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand ;
Let her describe a circle round 55
In Saunder's † cellar on the ground :
A spade let prudent Archy ‡ hold,
And with discretion dig the mould :
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca ||, Ford, and Grattons ** by. 60

Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated tow'rds the skies !

* The Housekeeper.

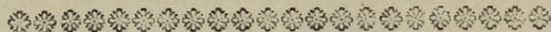
† The butler.

‡ The footman.

|| A lady, friend to Stella.

** Friends of the author.

The god of winds, and god of fire,
 Did to its wondrous birth conspire;
 And Bacchus, for the poet's use,
 Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice. 65
 See! as you raise it from its tomb,
 It drags behind a spacious womb,
 And in the spacious womb contains
 A sov'reign med'cine for the brains. 70
 You'll find it soon, if fate consents;
 If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
 Ten thousand Archys arm'd with spades,
 May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.
 From thence a plenteous draught infuse, 75
 And boldly then invoke the muse;
 (But first let Robert**, on his knees,
 With caution drain it from the lees);
 The muse will at your call appear,
 With Stella's praise to crown the year. 80



STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1724.

AS when a beauteous nymph decays,
 We say, she past her dancing days;
 So poets lose their feet by time,
 And can no longer dance in rhyme
 Your annual bard had rather chose 5
 To celebrate your birth in prose:
 Yet merry folks, who want by chance
 A pair to make a country-dance,
 Call the old housekeeper, and get her
 To fill a place for want of better: 10

** The valet.

While Sheridan is off the hooks,
 And friend Delany at his books,
 That Stella may avoid disgrace,
 Once more the Dean supplies her place.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth! 15

Have always been confin'd to youth ;
 The god of wit and beauty's queen,
 He twenty-one, and she fifteen.

No poet ever sweetly sung,
 Unless he were, like Phœbus, young ; 20

Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
 Unless, like Venus, in her prime.

At fifty-six, if this be true,

Am I a poet fit for you ?

Or, at the age of forty-three, 25

Are you a subject fit for me ?

Adieu ! bright wit, and radiant eyes,

You must be grave, and I be wise.

Our fate in vain we would oppose ;

But I'll be still your friend in prose : 30

Esteem and friendship to express,

Will not require poetic dress ;

And if the muse deny her aid

To have them sung, they may be said.

But, Stella, say, what evil tongue 35

Reports you are no longer young ;

That Time fits with his scythe to mow

Where erst sat Cupid with his bow ;

That half your locks are turn'd to gray ?

I'll ne'er believe a word they say. 40

'Tis true, but let it not be known,

My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown :

For nature, always in the right,

To your decays adapt my sight ;

And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass, 41

For I'm asham'd to use a glass ;

And till I see them with these eyes,

Whoever says you have them, lies.

No

Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard 25
 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, 30
 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 35
 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: 40
 So providence on mortals waits,
 Preserving what it first creates:
 Your gen'rous boldness to defend
 An innocent and absent friend;
 That courage which can make you just 45
 To merit humbled in the dust;
 The detestation you express
 For vice in all its glitt'ring dress;
 That patience under tort'ring pain,
 Where stubborn Stoics would complain: 50
 Must these like empty shadows pass,
 Or forms reflected from a glass?
 Or mere chimæras in the mind,
 That fly, and leave no marks behind?
 Does not the body thrive and grow 55
 By food of twenty years ago?
 And had it not been still supply'd,
 It must a thousand times have dy'd.
 Then who with reason can maintain,
 That no effects of food remain? 60
 And is not virtue in mankind
 The nutriment that feeds the mind;

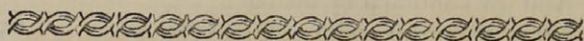
Upheld

Upheld by each good action past,
 And still continu'd by the last?
 Then, who with reason can pretend
 That all effects of virtue end? 65

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, 70
 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, 75
 And therefore goes with courage on.
 She at your sickly couch will wait,
 And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever Heav'n intends,
 Take pity on your pitying friends! 80
 Nor let your ills affect your mind,
 To fancy they can be unkind.
 Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
 Who gladly would your sufferings share;
 Or give my scrap of life to you, 85
 And think it far beneath your due:
 You, to whose care so oft I owe
 That I'm alive to tell you so,





* To Mrs MARTHA BLOUNT †.

Sent on her birth-day, June 15.

OH, be thou blefs'd with all that Heav'n can
 fend,
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a
 friend!
 Not with those toys the female race admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire;
 Not as the world its pretty slaves rewards, 5
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
 Young without lovers, old without a friend;
 A sop their passion, but their prize a fot;
 Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot! 10
 Let joy, or ease, let influence, or content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face;
 Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear:
 'Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft dream, or ecstacy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
 And wake to raptures in a life to come! 20

† This poem was wrote by Mr. Pope. It appears from his will, that he had a sincere regard and long affection for the lady to whom it is addressed.

* S O N G.



* S O N G. By a person of quality.

I Said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
 Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or
 aking,
 What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in
 what nation,
 By turns has not taught thee a pit---a---patation ?

Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this sober re-
 reply :
 See the heart without motion, though Cælia pass⁵
 by !
 Not the beauty she has, or the wit that she borrows,
 Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

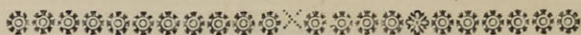
When our Sappho appears, she whose wit's so re-
 fin'd,
 I am forc'd to applaud with the rest of mankind ;
 Whatever she says, is with spirit and fire ;
 Ev'ry word I attend ; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
 Ever gazing on heav'n, though man is her aim :
 'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes ; 15
 Those stars of this word are too good for the skies.

But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her wit so genteel, without art, without care ;
 When she comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
 The leaping, the akings, return all again, 20

O

O wonderful creature! a woman of reason?
 Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season!
 When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
 Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dream'd it
 was she?



* B A L L A D.

O F all the girls that e'er was seen.
 There's none so fine as Nelly,
 For charming face, and shape, and mien.
 And what's not fit to tell ye.
 Oh! the turn'd neck and smooth white skin 5
 Of lovely dearest Nelly!
 For many a swain it well had been,
 Had she ne'er pass'd by Calai.

For when as Nelly came to France,
 (Invited by her cousins), 10
 Across the Tuilleries each glance
 Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens,
 The King, as he at dinner sat,
 Did beckon to his *buffar*,
 And bid him bring his taby-cat, 15
 For charming Nell to buss her.

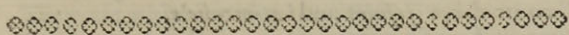
The ladies were with rage provok'd
 To see her so respected:
 The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
 And puss her tail erected.
 But not a man did look employ, 20
 Except on pretty Nelly:
 Then said the Duke de Villeroy,
Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!

But

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

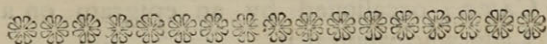
- 247
- But who's that grave philosopher 25
That carefully looks at 'er?
By his concern it should appear,
The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier fly),
He on his child does leer too : 30
I wish he has no mind to try
What some papas will here do.
- The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praises,
Admir'd her rose, and *lys sans farde*, 35
Which are your *termes Francoises*),
Then might you see a painted ring
Of dames that stood by Nelly ;
She like the pride of all the spring,
And they like *fleurs de palais*. 40
- In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
I saw this charming Nelly,
Where shameless nymphs expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each alley :
But Venus had a brazen face, 45
Both at Versailles and Meudon,
Or else she had resign'd her place,
And left the stone she stood on,
- Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian : 50
Lord ! how those foreigners would stare !
But I should turn Pigmalion :
For spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight so,
As does that part that lies between 55
Her left toe and her right toe.

ODE,



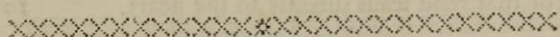
* EPIGRAM on the feuds about HANDEL and BONONCINI.

Strange! all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!



* On Mrs. TOFTS.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus
along:
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have
dy'd.



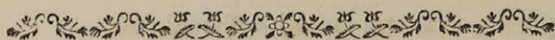
TWO OR THREE;

OR,

A Receipt to make a CUCKOLD.

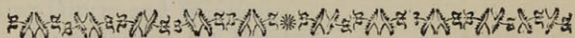
TWO or three visits, and two or three bows,
Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
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Two or three kisses, with two or three figs,
 Two or three *Jesuſes* and *Let-me-die's*,
 Two or three squeezes, and two or three towzes, 5
 With two or three thousand pound loft at their }
 houſes, }
 Can never fail cuckolding two or three ſpouſes. }



* On a LADY who p---t at the tragedy of
 CATO; occasioned by an epigram on a
 Lady who wept at it.

WHILE maudlin Whigs deplor'd their Cato's
 fate,
 Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia fate :
 But, while her pride forbids her tears to flow,
 The gushing waters find a vent below :
 Though ſecret, yet with copious grief ſhe mourns,
 Like twenty river-gods with all their urns. 6
 Let others ſcrew their hypocritic face,
 She ſhews her grief in a ſincerer place :
 There nature reigns, and paſſion void of art ;
 For that road leads directly to the heart. 10

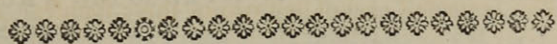


* EPIGRAM, in a maid of honour's
 prayer-book.

WHEN Iſrael's daughters mourn'd their paſt of-
 fences,
 They dealt in ſackcloth, and turn'd cinder-wenches :

But

But Richmond's fair ones never spoil their locks ;
 They use white powder, and wear Holland smocks.
 O comely church ! where females find clean linen
 As decent to repent in, as to sin in. 6



E P I G R A M.

Written in the year 1712.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to the street, and fled for his life ;
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the
 rabble ;
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice— 5
 But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
 Too wise to take counsel, to proud to take warning.
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
 Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life ;
 Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife. 10



* The BALANCE of EUROPE.

NOw Europe's balance'd, neither side prevails,
 For nothing's left in either of the scales.

* * * * *

* A PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE to Mr. THOMAS SNOW, goldsmith, near Temple-bar; occasioned by his buying and selling the third South-sea subscriptions, taken in by the directors at a thousand *per cent.* †.

DIdstain not, Snow, my humble verse to hear;
Stick thy black pen a while behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grows black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and sable locks, 5
In crouds of brokers overawe the stocks;
Suspend the wordly bus'ness of the day,
And to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South sea rocks and shelves, where thousands
drown'd!

When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st; no bill was sent unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's * boards,
And * Atwill's self was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou stood'st; an Indian king in size and hue! 15
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.

† In the year 1720, the South-sea company, under pretence of paying the public debt, obtained an act of parliament for enlarging their capital, by taking into it all the debts of the nation incurred before the year 1716, amounting to 31,664,551 l. Part of this sum was subscribed into their capital at three subscriptions; the first at 300 l. *per cent.* the second at 400 l. and a third at 1000 l. Such was the insatiation of the time, that these subscriptions were bought and sold at exorbitant premiums; so that 100 l. South-sea stock subscribed at 1000 l. was sold for 1200 l. in Exchange alley.

* Names of eminent goldsmiths.

Why

Why did 'Change-alley waste thy precious hours
 Among the fools who gap'd for golden show'rs?
 No wonder, if we find some poets there,
 Who live on fancy, and can feed on air; 20
 No wonder *they* were caught by South-sea schemes,
 Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
 No wonder *they* their third subscription fold
 For millions of imaginary gold;
 No wonder that *their* fancies wild can frame 25
 Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,
 Though change'd throughout in substance and in
 name,

But *you* (whose judgement scorns poetic flights)
 With contracts furnish boys for paper-kites.

Let vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat, 30
 Who ruins thousands for a single groat:
 I know thou scorn'st his mean, his sordid mind;
 Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.
 Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
 And still believe the fleeting vision true; 35
 They sell the treasures which their slumbers get,
 Then wake and fancy all the world in debt.
 If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
 Yet be diverted by this moral tale.

Through fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious
 feat, 40

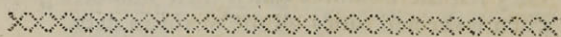
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
 Where wrapp'd in contemplation, and in straw,
 The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.
 There in full opulence a *banker* dwelt,
 Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt: 45
 His side-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
 And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours
 In raising piles of straw and twisted bow'rs,
 A poet enter'd of the neighbouring cell, 50
 And with fix'd eye observ'd the structure well:
 A sharpen'd skew'r cross his bare shoulders bound
 A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.

The

The banker cry'd, " Behold my castle-walls,
 " My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals, 55
 " With land of more than twenty acres round!
 " All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound,"
 The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
 So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law).
 The banker's brain was cool'd; the mist grew
 clear; 60

The visionary scene was lost in air.
 He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
 And fear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good:
 Yet loath the sum entire should be destroy'd,
 " Give me a penny, and thy contract's void." 65
 The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd:
 " Shall I, ye gods, (he cries) my debts compound!"
 So saying, from his rug the skew'r he takes,
 And on the stick ten equal notches makes;
 With just resentment flings it on the ground; 70
 " There, take my tally * of ten thousand."



The SOUTH-SEA 1721.

YE wise philosophers! explain
 What magic makes our money rise,
 When dropt into the Southern main?
 Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told; 5
 Presto be gone——'Tis here agen;
 Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
 Here's ev'ry piece as big as ten.

* Charles II. having borrowed a considerable sum, gave tallies as a security for the repayment; but soon after, shutting up the exchequer, these tallies were as much reduc'd from their original value, as the South-sea had exceeded it.

Thus

- Thus in a basin drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim : 10
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal seems to trim.
- It rises both in bulk and height ;
Behold it swelling like a fop !
The liquid medium cheats your sight ; 15
Behold it mounted to the top ?
- In stock three hundred thousand pound ;
I have in view a lord's estate ;
My manors all contiguous round ;
A coach and six, and serv'd in plate, 20
- Thus the deluded bankrupt raves.
Puts all upon a desp'rate bet ;
Then plunges in the southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears—in debt.
- So, by a calenture misled, 25
The mariner with rapture sees
On the smooth ocean's azure bed
Enamel'd fields, and verdant trees.
- With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks 30
It must be some enchanted grove ;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he sinks.
- Two hundred chariots, just bespoken,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drawn'd, the harness broke ; 85
And here the owners find their graves.
- Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led,
They with their spoils went safe before ;
His chariots tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the Red-sea shore. 40
Rais'd

Rais'd upon *Hope's* aspiring plumes,
 The young advent'rer o'er the deep
 An eagle's flight and state assumes,
 And scorns the middle way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight ; 45
 With *wax* the *father* bound them fast ;
 The *wax* is melted by the height,
 And down the tow'ring boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain 50
 The rashness of the Cretan youth ;
 Describe his fall into the main,
 And from a fable form a truth.

His *wings* are his *paternal* rent ;
 He melts his *wax* at ev'ry flame ;
 His credit sunk, his money spent. 55
 In *Southern* seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
 Why in your dang'rous gulf profound,
 Where hundred and where thousands fell
 Fools chiefly float, the wise are drown'd ? 60

So have I seen from Severn's brink
 A flock of *geese* jump down together,
 Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
 And swimming never wet a feather.

One fool may from another win, 65
 And then get off with money stor'd :
 But if a sharper once comes in,
 He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
 The great ones swallow up the small ; 70
 So fares it in the Southern Sea ;
 The whale directors eat up all.

When

When *flock* is high, they come between,
 Making by second hand their offers:
 Then cunningly retire unseen, 75
 With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonshine night
 An afs was drinking at a stream,
 A cloud arose, and stopt the light
 By intercepting ev'ry beam. 80

The day of judgment will be soon,
 (Cries out a sage among the croud);
 An afs hath swallow'd up the moon:
 The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor *subscriber* to the sea 85
 Sinks down at once, and there he lies:
Directors fall as well as they;
 Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes rising from the main,
 Can soar with moisten'd wings on high; 90
 'The moisture dry'd, they sink again,
 And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
 Come here their losses to retrieve;
 Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops, 95
 Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
 As poets feign; but where's the moral?
 It shews the queen of love intends
 To search the deep for pearl and coral. 100

The sea is richer than the land,
 I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
 Which now I clearly understand;
 For by the sea she meant the *South*.
 VOL. VII. K L Thus

- Thus by *directors* we are told, 105
 Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes ;
 Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold.
 Look round, and see how thick it lies.
- Oh! would those patriots be so kind,
 Here in the deep to wash their hands ; 110
 Then, like Pactolus, we should find
 The sea indeed had *golden sands*.
- A shilling in the Bath you fling,
 The silver takes a nobler hue
 By magic virtue in the spring, 115
 And seems a guinea to your view.
- But, as a guinea will not pass
 At market for a farthing more,
 Shewn through a multiplying glass,
 Than what it alwas did before ; 120
- So cast it in the Southern seas,
 And view it through a *jobber's* bill ;
 Put on what spectacles you please,
 Your guinea's but a guinea still.
- One night a fool into a brook 825
 Thus from a hillock looking down,
 The golden stars for guineas took,
 And silver Cynthia for a crown.
- The point he could no longer doubt ;
 He ran, he leap'd into the flood ; 130
 There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
 All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.
- Upon the waters cast thy bread*
And after many day thou'lt find it ;
 But gold upon this ocean spread 135
 Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.
- There

- There is a gulf where thousands fell;
 Here all the bold advent'urers came;
 A narrow sound, though deep as hell;
 'Change-alley is the dreadful name. 140
- Nine times a-day it ebbs and flows;
 Yet he that on the surface lies,
 Without a pilot, seldom knows
 The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.
- Subscribers here by thousands float, 145
 And jostle one another down;
 Each paddling in his leaky boat,
 And here they fish for gold, and drown.
- Now bury'd in the depth below,
 Now mounted up to heav'n agen,
 They reel and stagger too and fro,
 At their wits end, like drunken men *.* 150
- Mean time secure on Garr'way † cliffs
 A savage race, by shiprecks fed,
 Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
 And strip the bodies of the dead. 155
- But these, you say, are factious lies,
 From some malicious Tory's brain
 For where *directors* get a prize,
 The Swifs and Dutch whole millions drain. 160
- Thus, when by rooks a Lord is ply'd,
 Some cully often wins a bet,
 By vent'ring on the cheating side,
 Though not into the secret let.

* Psal. cvii.

† Coffeehouse in 'Change alley.

- While some build castles in the air, 165
 Directors build them in the seas :
 Subscribers plainly see 'em there ;
 For fools will see as wise men please.
- Thus oft by mariners are shown
 (Unless the men of Kent are liars) 170
 Earl Goodwin's castles overflown,
 And palace-roofs, and steeple-spires.
- Mark where the fly directors creep,
 Nor to the shore approach too nigh !
 The monsters nestle in the deep 175
 To seize you in your passing by.
- Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
 Who, taught by instinct how to shun
 The crocodile that lurking lies,
 Run as they drink, and drinking run. 180
- Antæus could, by magic charms,
 Recover strength whene'er he fell :
 Alcides held him in his arms,
 And sent him *up in air to hell*.
- Directors thrown into the sea, 185
 Recover strength and vigour there ;
 But may be tam'd another way,
 Suspended for a while in air.
- Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
 By long experience we have found, 190
 What planet rul'd when you were born ;
 We see you never can be drown'd.
- Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
 Nor come within your cully's reach ;
 For if the sea should sink so low, 195
 To leave you dry upon the beach ;
- You'll

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk :
 Your foes already waiting stand,
 To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
 While you lie helpless on the sand. 200

Thus, when a whale hath lost the tide,
 The coasters croud to seize the spoil ;
 The monster into parts divide,
 And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

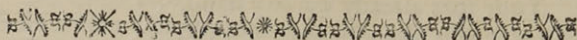
Oh ! may some western tempests sweep 205
 These locusts, whom our fruits have fed,
 That plague, directors, to the deep,
 Driv'n from the South-sea to the Red !

May he, whom nature's laws obey,
 Who lifts the poor, and sinks the proud, 210
Quiet the raging of the sea,
And still the madness of the croud !

But never shall our isle have rest,
 Till those devouring swine run down,
 (*The devils leaving the possess'd*), 215
 And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
 Computing all their cost and trouble,
 Directors promises but wind,
 South-sea at best a mighty bubble. 220

*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
 Arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas.*
 VIRG.



* A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
 And left the nation free ;
 When *Ay* said *Ay*, and *No* said *No*,
 Without a place or fee ;
 Then Satan thinking things went ill, 5
 Sent forth his spirit call'd *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
 And four fair suits he wore ;
 His troops they are with red and black 10
 All blotch'd and spotted o'er ;
 And ev'ry house, go where you will,
 Is haunted by the imp *Quadrille, &c.*

III.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
 Which well court-cards they name ; 15
 And, statesman-like, calls in the king
 To help out a bad game :
 But, if the parties manage ill,
 The king is forc'd to lose *Codille, &c.*

IV.

When two and two were met of old, 20
 Though they ne'er meant to marry,
 They were in Cupid's books inroll'd,
 And call'd a *party quaree* :
 But now, meet when and where you will,
 A *party quaree* is *Quadrille, &c.* 25

V. The

V.

The commoner, and knight, the peer,
 Men of all ranks and fame,
 Leave to their wives the only care
 To propagate their name;
 And well that duty they fulfil, 30
 When the good husband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous case,
 In comes th' apothecary;
 And to the doctor cries, alas!
Non debes quadrillare. 35
 The patient dies without a pill;
 For why? the doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VII.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
 The Muscovite grow louder;
 Britain, to curb her neighbours proud, 40
 Would want both ball and powder;
 Must want both sword and gun to kill;
 For why? the gen'ral's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VIII.

The King of late drew forth his sword,
 (Thank God 'twas not in wrath), 45
 And made of many a 'squire and lord
 An unwash'd Knight of Bath:
 What are their feats of arms and skill?
 They're but nine parties at *Quadrille*, &c.

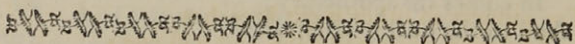
IX.

A party late at Cambray met, 50
 Which drew all Europe's eyes;
 'Twas call'd in Postboy and Gazette
 The *quadruple allies*:
 But some body took something ill,
 So broke this party at *Quadrille*, &c. 55

X. And

X.

And now God save this noble realm,
 And God save eke Hanover ;
 And God save those who hold the helm,
 When as the King goes over :
 But let the King go where he will, 60
 His subjects must play at *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.



* M O L L Y M O G .

O R,

The FAIR MAID of the Inn †.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you discover
 What hath been the cause of your woes,
 Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover ?
 I've seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

O nephew ! your grief is but folly ; 5
 In town you may find better prog ;
 Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
 A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
 That women at best are a clog : 10
 But I'm not so easily frightened
 From loving my sweet Molly Mog.

† The Rose-inn at Ockingham in Berkshire.

The schoolboy's desire is a play-day ;
 The schoolmaster's joy is to flog ;
 The milk-maid's delight is on May-day ; 15
 But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

Will-o'-wisp leads the traveller a-gadding
 Thro' ditch and thro' quagmire and bog :
 But no light can set me a-madding,
 Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog. 20

For guineas in other mens breeches
 Your gamesters will palm and will cog :
 But I envy them none of their riches,
 So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

The heart, when half wounded, is changing, 25
 It here and there leaps like a frog :
 But my heart can never be ranging,
 'Tis so fix'd upon sweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
 In pleasure is thought but a hog : 30
 All the sex cannot give so good measure
 Of joys, as my sweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
 My senses all lost in a fog ;
 And nothing can give satisfaction 35
 But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
 Comes Cupid and gives me a jog ;
 And I fill all the paper with writing
 Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog. 40

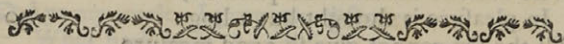
If I would not give up the three Graces,
 I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
 And at court all the drawing-room faces,
 For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

Those faces want nature and spirit, 45
 And seem as cut out of a log:
 Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
 Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

Those who toast all the family royal
 In bumpers of *hogan* and *nog*, 50
 Have hearts not more true or more loyal
 Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
 And writing another eclogue;
 Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis 55
 He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
 Then jealousy sets me agog;
 To be sure she's a bit for the vicar,
 And so I shall lose Molly Mog. 60



* A new SONG of new SIMILES.

MY passion is as mustard strong;
 I fit all sober sad,
 Drunk as a piper all day long,
 Or like a March hare mad.
 Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
 I drink, yet can't forget her; 5
 For, though as Drunk as David's fow,
 I love her still the better.

Pert

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
 If Molly were but kind ; 10
 Cool as a cucumber could see
 The rest of woman-kind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er ;
 Lean as a rake with sighs and care, 15
 Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
 And soft as silk my skin ;
 My cheeks as fat as butter grown ;
 But as a goat now thin ! 20

I, melancholy as a cat,
 Am kept awake to weep ;
 But she, insensible of that,
 Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone ; 25
 She laughs to see me pale,
 And merry as a grig is grown,
 And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
 Is busy as a bee ! 30
 Hearts found as any bell or roach,
 Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail,
 The fine men croud about her :
 But soon as dead as a door-nail 35
 Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears ;
 O were we join'd together !
 My heart would be set free from cares,
 And lighter than a feather. 40

268 MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

As fine as fivepence is her mien ;
 No drum was ever tighter ;
 Her glance is as the razor keen,
 And not the sun is brighter,

As soft as pap her kisses are ;
 Methinks I taste them yet ;
 Brown as a berry is her hair,
 Her eyes as black as jet. 45

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
 Her pretty hand invites :
 Sharp as a needle are her words ;
 Her wit like pepper bites. 50

Brisk as a body louse she trips,
 Clean as a penny drest ;
 Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
 Round as the globe her breast. 55

Full as an egg was I with glee,
 And happy as a king ;
 Good Lord ! how all men envy'd me !
 She lov'd like any thing. 60

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
 Change'd as her sex must do ;
 Though seeming as the turtle kind,
 And like the gospel true.

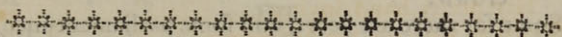
If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who would take Peru !
 Great as an emp'ror should I be,
 And richer than a Jew. 65

Till you grow tender as a chick,
 I'm dull as any post :
 Let us like burs together stick,
 And warm as any toast. 70

You'll

You'll know me truer than a dye,
 And wish me better sped,
 Flat as a flounder when I lie, 75
 And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, she'll drop a tear,
 And sigh perhaps, and wish,
 When I am rotten as a pear,
 And mute as any fish. 80



* NEWGATE'S GARLAND.

Being a new Ballad, shewing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife, by Mr. Blake, alias Bluefkin, the bold highwayman, as he stood at his trial in the Old Bailey, 1725.

To the tune of the Cutpurse.

I.

YE gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice
 In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
 Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose;
 Ye honest poor rogues, who die in your shoes,
 Attend and draw near, 5
 Good news ye shall hear,

How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear,
 How Bluefkin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
 And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

II.

When to the old Bailey this Bluefkin was led, 10
 He held up his hand; his indictment was read;
 Loud

Loud rattled his chains; near him Jonathan stood;
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.

Then, hopeless of life,

He drew his penknife, 15

And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife.

But forty pounds paid her, her grief shall appease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

III.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the King's gold, and leave him but a
crown: 20

Some say there are peers, and some parliament-men,
Who meet once a-year to rob courtiers agen.

Let them all take their swing

To pillage the King,

And get a blue ribband instead of a string. 25

Now Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inven-
tions,

Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pensions;

Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees 30

To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees.

Since this happy day

Now ev'ry man may

Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway.

For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease; 35

And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the excise;

But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.

Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,

As yet only venture to steal from the altar. 40

But now to get gold,

They may be more bold,

And rob on the highway, since Jonathan's cold:

For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease;

And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please. 45

Some

VI.

Some by public revenues, which pass'd thro' their hands,

Have purchas'd clean houses, and bought dirty lands:

Some to steal from a charity think it no sin,

Which at home (says the proverb) does always begin.

But, if ever you be 50

Assign'd the trustee,

Treat not orphans like masters of the chancery;

But take the highway, and more honestly seize;

For ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

VII.

What a pother has here been with Wood and his brass! 55

Who would modestly make a few halfpennies pass!

The patent is good, and the precedent's old,

For Diomede changed his copper for gold:

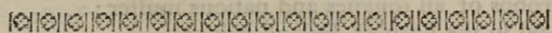
But if Ireland despise

The new halfpennies, 60

With more safety to rob on the road I advise:

For Blue-skin's sharp penknife hath set thee at ease;

And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.



P R O M E T H E U S.

On Wood * the patentees Irish halfpence.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

AS when the 'squire and tinker, Wood,

Gravely consulting Ireland's good,

Together mingled in a mass

Smith's dust and copper, lead and brass;

* See an account of Wood's project in the Drapier's letters, vol. 3.

The mixture thus by chymic art 5
 United close in ev'ry part,
 In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
 Appear'd like one continu'd species ;
 And by the forming engine struck,
 On all the same impressi'on stuck : 10
 So, to confound this hated coin,
 All parties and religions join ;
 Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
 Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
 Scotch, Irish, English, French, unite, 15
 With equal int'rest, equal spite ;
 Together mingled in a lump,
 Do all in one opinion jump ;
 And ev'ry one begins to find
 The same impressi'on on his mind. 20
 A strange event ! whom gold incites
 To blood and quarrels, brass unites :
 So, goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
 Will serve for folder well enough :
 So, by the kettle's loud alarm, 25
 The bees are gather'd to a swarm ;
 So, by the brazen trumpet's bluster,
 Troops of all tongues and nations muster :
 And so the harp of Ireland brings
 Whole crouds about its brazen strings. 30

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
 But fasten'd to his throne above,
 So strong, that from the lower end,
 They say, all human things depend.
 This chain, as ancient poets hold, 35
 When Jove was young, was made of gold.
 Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
 Dissolv'd, and into money coin'd ;
 Then Whips me on a chain of brass :
 (Venus was brib'd to let it pass *) 40

* A great lady was said to have been bribed by Wood,

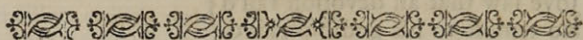
Now, while this brazen chain prevail'd,
 Jove saw that all devotion fail'd ;
 No temple to his godship rais'd ;
 No sacrifice on altars blaz'd ;
 In short, such dire confusion follow'd, 45
 Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd,
 Jove stood amaz'd ; but, looking round,
 With much ado the cheat he found ;
 'Twas plain he could no longer hold,
 The world in any chain but gold ; 50
 And to the god of wealth, his brother,
 Sent Mercury to get another.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
 Ty'd with a chain himself had made,
 On icy Caucasus to shiver, 55
 While vultures eat his growing liver.

III.

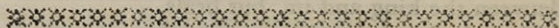
Ye pow'rs of Grubstreet, make me able
 Discreetly to apply this fable ;
 Say, who is to be understood
 By that old thief Prometheus ? Wood. 60
 For Jove, it is not hard to guess him ;
 I mean his Majesty, God blefs him.
 The thief and blacksmith was so bold,
 He strove to steal that chain of gold
 Which links the subject to the king, 65
 And change it for a brazen string,
 But sure, if nothing else must pass
 Between the king and us, but brass,
 Although the chain will never crack,
 Yet our devotion may grow slack. 70

But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
 This brazen chain into a rope ;
 With which Prometheus shall be ty'd,
 And high in air for ever ride ;
 Where, if we find his liver grows 75
 For want of vultures, we have crows,



* STREPHON and FLAVIA.

WITH ev'ry lady in the land
 Soft Strephon kept a pother ;
 One year he languish'd for one haud,
 And next year for the other.
 Yet when his love the shepherd told 5
 To Flavia fair and coy,
 Reserv'd, demure, than snow more cold,
 She scorn'd the gentle boy.
 Late at a ball he own'd his pain ;
 She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore, 10
 With all the marks of high disdain,
 She'd never hear him more.
 The swain persifted still to pray,
 The nymph still to deny ;
 At last the vow'd she would not stay ; 15
 He swore she should not fly.
 Enrag'd she call'd her footman strait,
 And rush'd from out the room.
 Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate,
 And lay with Ralph at home. 20



C O R I N N A.

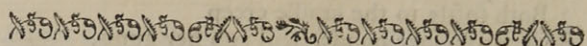
Written in the year 1712.

THIS day, (the year I dare not tell)
 Apollo play'd the midwife's part ;
 Into the world Corinna fell,
 And he endow'd her with his art ;

But

- But Cupid with a Satyr comes ; 5
 Both softly to the cradle creep
 Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums,
 While the poor child lay fast asleep.
 Then Cupid thus : This little maid
 Of love shall always speak and write : 10
 And I pronounce (the Satyr said)
 The world shall feel her scratch and bite.
 Her talent she display'd betimes ;
 For in twice twelve revolving moons
 She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes, 15
 And all her gestures weré lampoons.
 At six years old the subtle jade
 Stole to the pantry-door, and found
 The butler with my Lady's maid ;
 And you may swear the tale went round, 20
 She made a song how little Miss
 Was kiss'd and flobber'd by a lad ;
 And how when Master went to p——,
 Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.
 At twelve a wit and a coquette ; 25
 Marries for love, half whore, half wife :
 Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt ;
 Turns auth'ress, and is Curll's for life.
 Her common-place book all gallant is,
 Of scandal now a *cornucopia* ; 30
 She pours it out in Atalantis *,
 Or memoirs of the New Utopia.

* The Atalantis was written by Mrs. Manley ; and may be considered as a pander for the stews, who gains admittance into good company by a genteel appearance, and good address.



* The QUIDNUNCKIS.

A TALE occasioned by the death of the Duke
Regent of FRANCE.

HOW vain are mortal man's endeavours!
 (Said at Dame Elleot's †, Mr. T—s);
 Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
 Oh! may all statesmen die prepar'd!
 I do foresee (and for foreseeing
 He equals any man in being)
 The army ne'er can be disbanded.
 —I with the King were safely landed.
 Ah friends! great changes threat the land!
 All France and England at a stand!
 There's Meroweis—mark! strange work!
 And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk—
 The Pope—An India merchant by
 Cut short the speech with this reply.
 All at a stand? you see great changes! 15
 Ah, Sir! you never saw the Ganges:
 There dwells the nation of Quidnunckis,
 (So Monomotapa calls monkies):
 On either bank, from bough to bough,
 They meet and chat (as we may now):
 Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
 They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug;
 And, just as chance or whim provoke them,
 They either bite their friends, or stroke them.
 There have I seen some active prig, 25
 To shew his parts, beset the twig;

† A coffee-house near St. James's.

Lord ! how the chatt'ring tribe admire !
 Not that he's wifer, but he's higher ;
 All long to try the vent'rous thing,
 (For pow'r is but to have one swing). 30
 From side to side he springs, he spurns,
 And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
 Thus as in giddy freaks he bounces,
 Crack goes the twig, and in he founces !
 Down the swift stream the wretch is borne ; 35
 Never, ah never, to return !
 Z——ds ! what a fall had our dear brother ?
Morbleu! cries one, and *Damme,* t'other.
 The nation gives a gen'ral screech ;
 None cocks his tail, none claws his breech ; 40
 Each trembles for the public weal,
 And for a while forgets to steal.
 A while all eyes intent and stiddy
 Pursue him whirling down the eddy :
 But, out of mind when out of view, 45
 Some other mounts the twig anew ;
 And bus'ness, on each monkey shore,
 Runs the same track it run before.

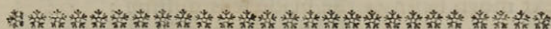
A Y and NO: A FABLE.

IN fable all things hold discourse ;
 Then words, no doubt, must talk of course.
 Once on a time, near Channel-row †,
 Two hostile adverbs, Ay and No,

† Channel row is a dirty street near the parliament-house, Westminster.

Were haft'ning to the field of fight, 5
 And front to front stood opposite.
 Before each gen'ral join'd the van,
 Ay, the more courteous knight, began :
 Stop, peevish particle, beware !
 I'm told you are not such a bear, 10 }
 But sometimes yield, when offer'd fair.
 Suffer yon folks a while to tattle ;
 'Tis we who must decide the battle.
 Whene'er we war on yonder stage
 With various fate, and equal rage, 15
 The nation trembles at each blow,
 That No gives Ay, and Ay gives No :
 Yet in expensive long contention
 We gain nor office, grant, or pension :
 Why then should kinsfolks quarrel thus ? 20
 (For two of you make one of us *).
 To some wise statesman let us go,
 Where each his proper use may know :
 He may admit two such commanders.
 And make those wait who serv'd in Flanders. 25
 Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
 A treas'ry-lord, not Mr. Y — g.
 Obsequious at his high command
 Ay shall march forth to tax the land.
 Impeachments No can best resist, 30
 And Ay support the civil list :
 Ay quick as Cæsar wins the day ;
 And No, like Fabius, by delay.
 Sometimes in mutual fly disguise,
 Let Ay's seem No's, and No's seem Ay's ; 35
 Ay's be in court's denials meant,
 And No's in bishops give consent.
 Thus Ay propos'd — and for reply
 No for the first time answer'd Ay,
 They parted with a thousand kisses,
 And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

* In English two negatives make an affirmative.



P H I L L I S;

O R,

The PROGRESS of LOVE.

Written in the year 1716,

DEsponding Phillis was endu'd
 With ev'ry talent of a prude ;
 She trembled when a man drew near ;
 Salute her, and she turn'd her ear ;
 If o'er against her you were place'd, 5
 She durst not look above her waist :
 She'd rather take you to her bed,
 Then let you see her drefs her head :
 In church you hear her, through the croud,
 Repeat the absolution loud : 10
 In church secure behind her fan,
 She durst behold that monster man ;
 There practis'd how to place her head,
 And bit her lips to make them red ;
 Or on the mat devoutly kneeling, 15
 Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
 And heave her bosom unaware,
 For neighb'ring beaux to see it bare.
 At length a lucky lover came,
 And found admittance to the dame. 20
 Suppose all parties now agreed,
 The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
 The vicar and the ring bespoke :
 Guess, how could such a match be broke ?

See

280 MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

See then what mortals place their blifs in! 25
 Next morn betimes the bride was miffing :
 The mother fcream'd, the father chid ;
 Where can this idle wench be hid ?
 No news of Phil ! the bridegroom came,
 And thought his bride had skulk'd for fhame ; 30
 Becaufe her father us'd to fay,
 The girl had fuch a bashful way.
 Now John the butler muft be fent
 To learn the road that Phillis went.
 The groom was wifh'd to faddle Crop ; 35
 For John muft neither light nor ftop,
 But find her, wherefoe'r fhe fled,
 And bring her back, alive or dead.
 See here again the devil to do ;
 For truly John was miffing too : 40
 The horfe and pillion both were gone !
 Phillis, it feems, was fled with John.
 Old Madam, who went up to find
 What papers Phil had left behind,
 A letter on the toilet fees, 45
 To my much honour'd father—— thefe.
 ('Tis always done, romances tell us,
 When daughters run away with fellows),
 Fill'd with the choicest common places,
 By others us'd in the like cafes. 50
 " That long ago a fortune-teller
 " Exactly faid what now befel her ;
 " And in a glafs had made her fee
 " A ferving man of low degree.
 " It was her fate, muft be forgiven ; 55
 " For marriages were made in heaven ;
 " His pardon begg'd ; but, to be plain,
 " She do't, if 'twere to do again :
 " Thank'd God, 'twas neither fhame nor fin ;
 " For John was come of honeft kin, 60
 " Love never thinks of rich and poor :
 " She'd beg with John from door to door.
 Forgive

- " Forgive her, if it be a crime ;
 " She'll never do't another time.
 " She ne'er before in all her life 65
 " Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife.
 " One argument she summ'd up all in,
 " The thing was done, and past recalling ;
 " And therefore hop'd she should recover
 " His favour, when his passion's over. 70
 " She valu'd not what others thought her,
 " And was —— his most obedient daughter."
 Fair maidens, all attend the muse,
 Who now the wand'ring pair pursues :
 Away they rode in homely fort, 75
 Their journey long, their money short ;
 The loving couple well bimir'd ;
 The horse and both the riders tir'd ;
 Their victuals bad, their lodging worse ;
 Phil cry'd, and John began to curse ; 80
 Phil wish'd, that she had strain'd a limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him ;
 John wish'd, that he had broke a leg,
 When first for her he quitted Peg.
 But what adventures more besel 'em. 85
 The muse hath now no time to tell 'em ;
 How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
 Till Phillis all her trinkets pawn'd ;
 How oft she broke her marriage-vows,
 In kindness to maintain her spouse, 90
 Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade ;
 For now the surgeons must be paid,
 To whom those perquisites are gone,
 In Christian justice due to John.
 When food and raiment now grew scarce, 95
 Fate put a period to the farce,
 And with exact poetic justice ;
 For John is landlord, Phillis hostess :
 They keep at Staines the Old Blue Boar,
 Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore. 100



The PROGRESS of POETRY.

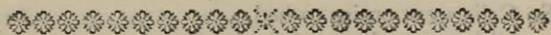
Written in the year 1720.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
 Has fed without restraint or trouble,
 Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
 Can scarce get o'er the barn-door fill!
 And hardly waddles forth to cool 5
 Her belly in the neighb'ring pool;
 Nor loudly cackles at the door;
 For cackling shews the goose is poor.
 But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
 And round the barren common strays, 10
 Hard exercise and harder fare
 Soon make my dame grow lank and spare:
 Her body light, she tries her wings,
 And scorns the ground, and upward springs;
 While all the parish, as she flies, 15
 Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.
 Such is the poet fresh in pay,
 (The third night's profits of his play);
 His morning draughts till noon can swill
 Among his brethren of the quill: 20
 With good roast beef his belly full,
 Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
 Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
 What poet e'er could take his flight?
 Or stuff'd with phlem up to the throat, 25
 What poet e'er could sing a note?
 Nor Pegasus could bear the load
 Along the high celestial road;

The

The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth
To raise the lumber from the earth. 30

But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail;
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two years coat so smooth and bare, 35
Through ev'ry thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case: 40
Now his exalted spirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
And up he rises, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grubstreet rings.



The PROGRESS of BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1720.

WHEN first Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and steams her looks disgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high, 5
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
 All parallels exactly run : 10
 If Celia should appear too soon.
 Alas the nymph would be undone!

To see her from her pillow rise,
 All reeking in a cloudy steam,
 Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes, 15
 Poor Strephon, how would he blaspheme !

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
 So graceful in their proper place,
 Remove them to a diff'rent site,
 They form a frightful hideous face : 20

For instance, when the lily skips
 Into the precincts of the rose,
 And takes possession of the lips,
 Leaving the purple to the nose.

So Celia went entire to bed, 25
 All her complexion safe and sound ;
 But when the rose, white, black, and red,
 Though still in fight, had change'd their ground,

The black, which would not be confin'd,
 A more inferior station seeks, 30
 Leaving the fiery red behind,
 And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
 By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
 Each colour to its place and use, 35
 And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her early self no more ;
 But fill'd with admiration stands,
 As other painters oft adore
 The workmanship of their own hands. 40
 Thus

- Thus after four important hours,
 Celia's the wonder of her sex :
 Say, which among the heav'nly pow'rs
 Could cause such marvellous effects ?
- Venus, indulgent to her kind, 45
 Gave women all their hearts could wish,
 When first she taught them where to find
 White lead and Lusitanian * dish.
- Love with white lead cements his wings :
 White lead was sent us to repair 50
 Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
 A lady's face, and China ware.
- She ventures now to lift the sash ;
 The window is her proper sphere :
 Ah lovely nymph ! be not too rash, 55
 Nor let the beaux approach too near :
- Take pattern by your sister star ;
 Delude at once, and bless our sight ;
 When you are seen, be seen from far,
 And chiefly chuse to shine by night. 60
- But art no longer can prevail,
 When the materials all are gone ;
 The best machanic hand must fail,
 Where nothing's left to work upon.
- Matter, as wise logicians say, 65
 Cannot without a form subsist ;
 And form, say I, as well as they,
 Must fail, if matter brings no grist.
- And this is fair Diana's case ;
 For all astrologers maintain, 70

* Portugal.

Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she's in her wane :

While * Partridge wisely shews the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his pois'nous claws 75
Attacks her in the milky way :

But Gadbury *, in art profound,
From her pale checks pretends to show,
That swain Endymion † is not found,
Or else that Mercury's her foe. 80

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

Yet, as she waxes, she grows discreet 85
Till midnight never shews her head :
So rotting Celia strolls the street,
When sober folks are all a-bed.

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia but of mortal race, 90
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of her face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain :
No painting can restore a nose. 95
Nor will her teeth return again.

Ye pow'rs who over love preside !
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If you would have us well supply'd,
Send us new nymphs with each new moon. 100

* Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.

† Endymion, a young shepherd, of whom Diana was feigned to be enamoured.



P E T H O X the G R E A T.

Written in the Year 1723.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty shows ;
 But who thy father, no man knows :
 Nor can the skilful herald trace
 The founder of thy ancient race :
 Whether thy temper full of fire, 5
 Discovers Vulcan for thy fire ;
 'The god who made Scamander boil,
 And round his margin finge'd the foil,
 From whence, philosophers agree,
 An equal pow'r descends to thee! 10
 Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
 'The high descent from whence you came ;
 And, as a proof, shew num'rous scars
 By fierce encounters made in wars,
 Those honourable wounds you bore 15
 From head to foot, and *all before* ;
 And still the bloody field frequent,
 Familiar in each leader's tent :
 Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
 You from the neighb'ring Gaul descend ; 20
 Or from Parthenope * the proud,
 Where numberless thy vot'ries croud :
 Whether thy great forefathers came
 From realms that bear Vesputio's name ;
 For so conject'ers would obtrude, 25
 And from thy painted skin conclude :

* Naples.

Whether,

Whether, as Epicurus shows,
 The world from juggling seeds arose,
 Which, mingling with prolific strife
 In chaos, kindled into life; 30
 So your production was the same,
 And from contending atoms came.
 Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
 Thy head with sparkling rubies round :
 Beneath thy decent steps the road 35
 Is all with precious jewels strow'd.
 'The bird of Pallas * knows his post,
 Thee to attend, where-e'er thou go'st.
 Byzantians boast, that on the clod
 Where once their *Sultan's* horse hath trod, 40
 Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree :
 The same thy subjects boast of thee.
 The greatest lord, when you appear,
 Will deign your livery to wear,
 In all the various colours seen 45
 Of red, and yellow, blue, and green.
 With half a word, when you require,
 The man of bus'ness must retire.
 The haughty minister of state
 With trembling must thy leisure wait; 50
 And, while his fate is in thy hands,
 The bus'ness of the nation stands.
 Thou dar'st the greatest prince attack,
 Canst hourly set him on the rack,
 And, as an instance of thy pow'r,
 Inclose him in a wooden tow'r : 55
 With pungent pains on ev'ry side,
 So Regulus in torments dy'd.
 From thee our youth all virtues learn,
 Dangers with prudence to discern ; 60
 And well thy scholars are endu'd
 With temp'rance, and with fortitude;

* Eubo, the owl.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE. 289

With patience, which all ills supports ;
And secrecy, the art of courts.

The glitt'ring beau could hardly tell, 65
Without your aid, to read or spell ;
But having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.

With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in ev'ry noble race ? 70
In whom thy features, shape, and mien
Are to the life distinctly seen.

The Britons once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Descendants of the barb'rous Huns, 75
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns :

But you have molded them afresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs, 80

Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon ;
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private use.

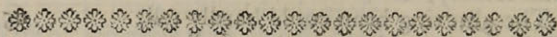
How fam'd thy conduct in the fight 85
With * Hermes, son of Pleias bright !
Outnumber'd, half encompass'd round,
You strove for ev'ry inch of ground ;

Then, by a soldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial seat. 90
The victor, when your steps he trace'd,
Found all the realms before him waste ;

You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march ;
The wondrous arch behind you fell, 95
And left a chasm profound as hell :

You, in your capitol secur'd,
A siege as long as Troy endur'd.

* Mercury.



The Lamentation of GLUMDALCLITCH
for the loss of GRILDRIG †.

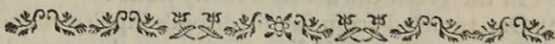
A PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair ;
No British Miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and hawl'd in her thread, 5
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed ;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow ; 10
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears :
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a show'r of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house, 15
Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouse.
" Was it for this (she cry'd) with daily care,
" Within thy reach I set the vinegar,
" And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
" While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd ; 20
" Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
" And all the little monsters of the brook !
" Sure in that lake he dropt ; my Grilly's drown'd !"
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

† See Gulliver's travels, in vol. 5.

- " Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast; 25
 " But little creatures enterprize the most.
 " Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
 " Nay mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
 " Nor fear the marbles, as they bounding flew:
 " Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you. 30
 " Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
 " Who from a *page* can ever learn the truth?
 " Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
 " To some lord's daughter sold the living toy, 33
 " Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play, 35
 " As children tear the wings of flies away.
 " From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
 " And never will return, or bring thee home.
 " But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
 " How then thy fairy footsteps can I find? 40
 " Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone
 " In the green thicket of a mossy stone:
 " Or, tumbled from the toadstool's flipp'ry round,
 " Perhaps all maim'd lie grov'ling on the ground?
 " Dost thou, imbosom'd in the lovely rose? 45
 " Or sunk within the peach's dow repose?
 " Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
 " Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head.
 " O shew me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flow'r
 " Where sleeps my Grildrig in his'fragrant bow'r!
 " But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves 51
 " On little females, and on little loves;
 " Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
 " The baby play-things that adorn thy house,
 " Doors, windows, chimnies, and the spacious rooms,
 " Equal in size to cells of honey-combs; 56
 " Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
 " Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thine oar?
 " Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
 " Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again? 60
 " And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
 " To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
 " O o 2 " My

" My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
 " Mimic the actions of a real man?
 " No more behold thee turn my watch's key, 65
 " As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
 " How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
 " A dish of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head?
 " How chafe the mite that bore thy cheese away,
 " And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?" 70
 She said; but broken accents stopt her voice,
 Soft as the speaking-trumpets mellow noise;
 She fobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
 Which seem'd like two broad fans in misty skies.
 O squander not thy grief! those tears command 75
 To weep upon our god in Newfoundland:
 The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
 And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.



* MARY GULLIVER to Captain LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining epistle.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
 —What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's
 embrace?
 Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
 And wak'd and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
 In

In five long years I took no second spouse; 5
 What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
 Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
 Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
 'Tis said, that thou shouldst *cleave unto thy wife*;
 Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life. 10
 Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan!
 Be kind at least to these; they are thy own:
 Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
 The honest number that you left behind.
 See how they pat thee with their pretty paws? 15
 Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
 Thy Christian feed, our mutual flesh and bone:
 Be kind at least to these, they are thy own.

Biddel *, like thee, might farthest India rove;
 He change'd his country, but retain'd his love. 20
 There's Captain Pennel * absent half his life,
 Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife.
 Yet Pennel's wife is brown, compar'd to me,
 And Mrs. Biddel sure is fifty-three.

Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut: 25
 Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
 I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
 At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
 Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
 What mean those visits to thy sorrel mare? 30
 Say, by what witchcraft, or what dæmon led,
 Prefer'st thou litter to the marriage-bed!

Some say the devil himself is in that mare:
 If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by pray'r.
 Some think you mad, some think you are possess'd. 35
 That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
 Vain means, alas, this frenzy to appease!
 That straw, that straw would heighten the disease.

My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
 Witnesses two lovely girls, two lovely boys) 40

* Names of the sea-captains mentioned in Gulliver's travels.

Alone I prefs; in dreams I call my dear,
 I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
 I wake, I rise, and, shiv'ring with the frost,
 Search all the house; my Gulliver is lost!
 Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries; 45
 The windows open, all the neighbours rise;
 "Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!"
 The neighbours answer, "With the sorrel mare."

At early morn I to the market haste,
 (Studious in ev'ry thing to please thy taste); 50
 A curious fowl and sparagras I chose,
 (For I remember you were fond of those):
 Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats:
 Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.

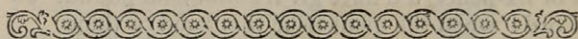
Others bring goods and treasures to their houses,
 Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses: 56
 My only token was a cup like horn,
 That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
 'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
 The groom and sorrel mare preferr'd to me! 60

These for some moments when you deign to quit,
 And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
 'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know;
 For pleas'd remembrance builds delight in wo.
 At ev'ry danger pants thy consort's breast, 65
 And gaping infants squawl to hear the rest.
 How did I tremble when, by thousands bound,
 I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground?
 When scaling armies climb'd up ev'ry part,
 Each step they trod I felt upon my heart, 70
 But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
 King, Queen, and nation, flaring with amaze,
 Full in my view how all my husband came!
 And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
 Those spectacles ordain'd thine eyes to save, 75
 Were once my present; love that armour gave.
 How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
 For when he sign'd thy death, he sentence'd me.

When

When folks might see thee all the country round
 For six-pence, I'd have giv'n a thousand pound. 80
 Lord! when the giant-babe that head of thine
 Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
 When in the marrow-bone I see thee ramm'd,
 Or on the house-top by the monkey cramm'd,
 The piteous images renew my pain, 85
 And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
 But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
 Pray heav'n, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
 Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her case:
 Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all disgrace! 90
 O may the king that one neglect forgive,
 And pardon her the fault by which I live!
 Was there no other way to set him free!
 My life, alas! I fear, prov'd death to thee.

O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
 Teach me to woo thee by thy best-lov'd name! 96
 Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
 So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
 When on the monarch's ample hand you fate,
 And hollow'd in his ear intrigues of state; 100
 Or Quibus Flestrin more endearment brings,
 When like a mountain you look'd down on kings:
 If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
 Or Glumglum's humbler title soothe thine ear:
 Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose, 105
 To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm thro' the nose,
 I'd call the Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name;
 Thy childrens noses all should twang the same.
 So might I find my loving spouse of course
 Endu'd with all the virtues of a horse. 110



* TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, the MAN-
MOUNTAIN:

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

IN amaze
 Loft, I gaze;
 Can our eyes
 Reach thy fize?
 May my lays 5
 Swell with praise,
 Worthy thee!
 Worthy me!
 Muse, inspire
 All thy fire! 10
 Bards of old
 Of him told,
 When they said,
 Atlas' head
 Propt the skies; 15
 See! and believe your eyes!

See him stride
 Valleys wide,
 Over woods,
 Over floods! 20
 When he treads,
 Mountains heads
 Groan and shake;
 Armies quake:

Let

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE. 297

Let his spurn 25

Overturn

Man and steed:

Troops, take heed!

Left and right,

Speed your flight! 30

Left an host

Beneath his foot be lost.

Turn'd aside

From his hyde

Safe from wound 35

Darts rebound.

From his nose

Clouds he blows:

When he speaks,

Thunder breaks! 40

When he eats,

Famine threats!

When he drinks,

Neptune shrinks!

Nigh thy ear, 45

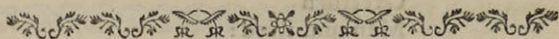
In mid air,

On thy hand

Let me stand;

So shall I,

Lofty poet! touch the sky. 50



* A Gentle ECHO on WOMAN.

In the DORIC Manner.

Shepherd,

ECHO, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly answer questions: shall I try?
Echo, *Try.*

Shepherd,

What must we do our passion to express?
Echo, *Presf.*

Shepherd,

How shall I please her who ne'er lov'd before?
Echo, *Before.*

Shepherd,

What most moves women, when we them address?
Echo, *A dress.*

Shepherd,

Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore?
Echo, *A door.*

Shepherd,

If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
Echo, *Lyar.*

Shepherd,

Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her?
Echo, *Buy her.*

Shepherd,

When bought, no question, I shall be her dear?
Echo, *Her deer.*

Shepherd,

But deer have horns; how must I keep her under?
Echo, *Keep her under.*

Shepherd,

Shepherd,
How shall I hold her ne'er to part afunder?

Echo, *A—se under,*

Shepherd,
But what can glad me, when she's laid on bier?

Echo, *Beer.*

Shepherd,
What must I do when woman will be kind?

Echo, *Be kind.*

Shepherd,
What must I do when woman will be cross?

Echo, *Be cross.*

Shepherd,
Lord! what is she that can so turn and wind?

Echo, *Wind.*

Shepherd,
If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?

Echo, *Blows.*

Shepherd,
But if she bang again, still should I bang her?

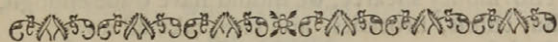
Echo, *Bang her.*

Shepherd,
Is there no way to moderate her anger?

Echo, *Hang her.*

Shepherd,
Thanks, gentle Echo; right thy answers tell,
What woman is, and how to guard her well.

Echo, *Guard her well.*



EPILOGUE to a Play for the Benefit of the
WEAVERS in Ireland, 1721.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage?

P p 2

When

When actors, who at best are hardly saviors,
 Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
 Stay, — let me see, how finely will it found! 5
Imprimis, from his Grace * a hundred pound:
 Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
 And then comes in the *item* of the actors:
Item, the actors freely give a day, —
 The poet had no more who made the play. 10
 But whence this wondrous charity in play'rs?
 They learn'd it not at sermons, or at pray'rs.
 Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
 To own the truth, we have some private ends,
 Since waiting-women, like exacting jades, 15
 Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
 We'll dress in manufactures made at home,
 Equip our kings and gen'als at the Comb *:
 We'll rig in Meath-street Ægypt's haughty queen;
 And Anthony shall court her in rateen. 20
 In blue shalloon shall Hannibal be clad,
 And Scipio trail an Irish purple plad.
 In druggot dress'd, of thirteen pence a-yard,
 See Philip's son amidst his Persian guard;
 And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage, 25
 With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
 In short, our kings and princesses within
 Are all resolv'd the project to begin;
 And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
 Must imitate the fashions of the court. 30
 Oh! could I see this audience clad in stuff,
 Tho' money's scarce, we should have trade enough,
 But chints, brocades, and lace, take all away,
 And scarce a crown is left to see a play.
 Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs,
 Between the weavers and us playhouse kings: 36
 But wit and weaving had the same beginning;
 Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning.

* Dr. William King, Archbishop of Dublin.

• A street in Dublin famous for woollen manufactures.

Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
 The bow'rs that hold those nymphs divine;
 Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
 With footman tipping under ground;
 The charming Sylvia beating flax, 45
 Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracts;
 Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks;
 And radiant Iris in the pox.

These are the goddesses inroll'd
 In Curll's collection †, new and old, 50
 Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
 If they should meet them in a poem.

True poets can depress and raise,
 Are lords of infamy and praise;
 They are not scurrilous in satire, 55
 Nor will in panegyric flatter.
 Unjustly poets we asperse;
 Truth shines the brighter clad in verse;
 And all the fictions they pursue,
 Do but insinuate what is true. 60

Now, should my praises owe their truth
 To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
 What Stoics call "without our pow'r,"
 They could not be insur'd an hour:
 'Twere grafting on an annual stock, 65
 That must our expectation mock,
 And, making one luxuriant shoot,
 Die the next year for want of root:
 Before I could my verses bring,
 Perhaps you're quit another thing. 70

So Mævius, when he drain'd his scull
 To celebrate some suburb-trull,
 His similes in order set,
 And ev'ry crambo he could get;
 Had gone thro' all the common places 75
 Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:

† See an account of Curll, in vol. 7.

Before he could his poem close,
 The lovely nymph had lost her nose.
 Your virtues safely I commend ;
 They on no accidents depend : 80
 Let Malice look with all her eyes,
 She dares not say the poet lies.
 Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
 Lest you should take them for a bribe,
 Resolv'd to mortify your pride, 85
 P'll here expose your weaker side.
 Your spirits kindle to a flame,
 Mov'd with the lightest touch of blame ;
 And when a friend in kindness tries
 To shew you where your error lies, 90
 Conviction does but more incense ;
 Perverfeness is your whole defence ;
 Truth, judgement, wit, gave place to spight,
 Regardless both of wrong and right ;
 Your virtues all suspended wait 95
 Till Time hath open'd Reason's gate ;
 And, what is worse, your passion bends
 Its force against your nearest friends ;
 Which manners, decency, and pride,
 Have taught you from the world to hide : 100
 In vain ; for see, your friend hath brought
 To public light your only fault ;
 And yet a fault we often find
 Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind ;
 And may compare to *Ætna's* fire, 105
 Which, tho' with trembling all admire ;
 The heat that makes the summit glow,
 Enriching all the vales below
 Those who in warmer climes complain
 From *Phœbus'* rays they suffer pain, 110
 Must own, that pain is largely paid
 By gen'rous wines beneath a shade.
 Yet, when I find your passions rise,
 And anger sparkling in your eyes,

I grieve

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE. 305

I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant. 115

One passion with a diff'rent turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn.
So the sun's heat with diff'rent pow'rs
Ripens the grape, the liquor fours. 120

Thus Ajax, when with rage possess'd
By Pallas breath'd into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by resentment, seeks 125
For vengeance on his friends, the Greeks.

You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting, by degrees
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees. 130

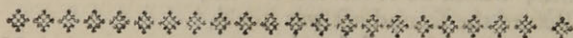
Stella, for once you reason wrong;
For, should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind:
From passion you may then be freed, 135
When peevishness and spleen succeed.

Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand? 140
Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

307

She, whom no lover could resist,
 Before the second act was hits'd.
 Such is the fate of female race
 25
 With no endowments but a face ;
 Before the thirti'th year of life
 A maid forlorn or hated wife.
 Stella to you, her tutor, owes
 That she has ne'er resembled those ;
 30
 Nor was a burden to mankind
 With half her course of years behind.
 You taught how I might youth prolong,
 By knowing what was right and wrong ;
 How from my heart to bring supplies
 35
 Of lustre to my fading eyes ;
 How soon a beauteous mind repairs
 The loss of change'd or falling hairs ;
 How wit and virtue from within
 Send out a smoothness o'er the skin :
 40
 Your lectures could my fancy fix,
 And I can please at thirty-six.
 The sight of Chloe at fifteen
 Coquetting, gives not me the spleen ;
 The idol now of every fool
 45
 'Till time shall make their passions cool ;
 Then tumbling down time's steepy hill,
 While Stella holds her station still.
 Oh ! turn your precepts into laws,
 Redeem the womens ruin'd cause,
 50
 Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
 That men may bow their rebel necks.
 Long be the day that gave you birth
 Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth ;
 Late dying may you cast a shred
 55
 Of your rich mantle o'er my head ;
 To bear with dignity my sorrow,
 One day alone, then die to-morrow,



The JOURNAL of a MODERN LADY.

Written in the year 1728.

IT was a most unfriendly part
 In you who ought to know my heart,
 So well acquainted with my zeal
 For all the female commonweal.—
 How could it come into your mind
 To pitch on me, of all mankind, 5
 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; 10
 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 belie?
 Must never our misfortunes end? 15
 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, 20
 Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engage'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. 25
 My word is past, I must submit;
 And yet perhaps you may be bit.

I but

I but transcribe; for not a line
 Of all the satire shall be mine.
 Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes 30
 '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. 35

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 fore against her will, 40
 She sat all night up at Quadrille.
 She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
 And asks if it be time to rise;
 Of headach and the spleen complains;
 And then to cool her heated brains, 45
 Her nightgown 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?" 50
 "Well, if I ever touch a card!
 "Four mattadores, and lose *codill*!
 "Depend upon't, I never will.
 "But run to Tom, and bid him fix
 "The ladies here to-night by six." 55
 Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
 He says his bus'ness is to know
 If you'll redeem the silver cup
 He keeps in pawn?—"Why, shew him up."
 Your dressing-plate he'll be content 60
 To take, for int'rest *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?" 65
 "Here,

" Here, carry down these 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, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream, 70
 She enters on her usual theme :
 Her last night's ill-success repeats,
 Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats :
 " She slipt *Spadills* in her breast,
 " Then thought to turn it to a jest ; 75
 " There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
 " And to each other give the sign,"
 Through ev'ry game pursurs her tale,
 Like hunters o'er their ev'ning ale.

Now to another scene give place : 80
 Enter the folks with silk and lace :
 Fresh matter for a world of chat,
 Right Indian this, right Mechlin that :
 Observe this pattern ; there's a stuff ;
 I can have customers enough. 85
 Dear Madam, you are grown so hard——
 This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard :
 Madam, if there be truth in man,
 I never sold so cheap a fan.

This bus'ness of importance o'er, 90
 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 95
 I never can have time to dress ;
 No woman breathing takes up less ;
 I'm hurry'd so, it makes me sick ;
 I wish the dinner at Old Nick.
 At table now she acts her part, 100
 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 ; 105
 " 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 ev'ry guest, 110
 Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
 In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
 Which modern ladies call polite ;
 You see the booby husband sit
 In admiration at her wit ! 115

But let me now a while survey
 Our Madam o'er her ev'ning-tea ;
 Surrounded with her noisy clans
 Of prudes, coquetts, and harridans ;
 When, frighted at the clam'rous crew, 120
 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 ; 125
 Hypocrisy with frown severe,
 Scurrility with gibing air ;
 Rude Laughter seeming-like to burst,
 And Malice always judging worst ;
 And Vanity with pocket-glass, 130
 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 hov'ring o'er each female head. 135

Why should I ask of thee, my muse,
 An hundred tongues, as poets use,

When

When, to give ev'ry dame her due,
 An hundred thousand were too few ?
 Or, how should I, alas ! relate 140
 The sum of all their senseless prate,
 Their innuendo's, hints, and slanders,
 Their meanings lewd, and double entendres ?
 Now comes the gen'ral scandal charge ;
 What some invent, the rest enlarge ; 145
 And, " Madam, if it be a lie,
 " 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, 150
 Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
 Are you on vices most severe,
 Wherein yourselves have greatest share ?
 Thus ev'ry fool herself deludes ;
 The prudes condemn the absent prudes : 155
 Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
 Accuses Chloe's tainted breath ;
 Hircina, rank with sweat, perfumes
 To censure Phillis for perfumes ;
 While crooked Cynthia sneering says, 160
 That Floramel wears iron stays :
 Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
 Admires how girls can talk with fellows,
 And, full of indignation, frets,
 That women should be such coquets : 165
 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, 170
 Talks half a day in praise of silence :
 And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
 Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE. 313

Now voices over voices rise,
 While each to be the loudest vies; 175
 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 chatt'ring makes a louder din 180
 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; 185
 Far less the rabble roar and rail,
 When drunk with four election-ale.

Nor do they trust their tongue alone,
 But speak a language of their own;
 Can read a nod, a shrug, a look, 190
 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. 195

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 I on this morning sent?" 200
 "I'd lay my life he never went:
 "Past six, and not a living soul!
 "I might by this have won a vole."
 A dreadful interval of spleen!
 How shall we pass the time between? 205
 "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—— 210
 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, 215
 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, 220
 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 ? 225
 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, 230
 In hopes 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 ; 235
 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 ? 240
 “ 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.” 245
 Lord ! Madam, you have lost codill :
 I never saw you play so ill.

Nay,

" Nay, Madam, give me leave to fay
 " 'Twas you that threw the game away;
 " When Lady Tricksey play'd a four, 250
 " 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, 255
 " 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 260
 A mattadore is in her hand.
 " Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
 " I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
 And, truly, Madam, I know when
 Instead of five you scor'd me ten. 265
 Spadillo here has got a mark;
 A child may know it in the dark:
 I guess the hand; it seldom fails:
 I wish some folks would pare their nails.

While thus they rail, and scold and storm, 270
 It passës but for common form;
 And conscïous that they all speak true,
 And give each other but their due,
 It never interrupts the game,
 Or makes them sensible of shame. 275

The time too precious now to waste,
 And supper gobbled up in haste,
 Again afresh to cards they run,
 As if they had but just begun.
 Yet shall I not again repeat, 280
 How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
 At last they hear the watchmen knock,
 " A frosty morn——past four o' clock."

The chairmen are not to be found,
 " Come, let us play the other round." 285

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

Unlucky Madam, left in tears, 290
 (Who now against Quadrille forswears),
 With empty purse and aching head,
 Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.



The COUNTRY-LIFE.

Part of a Summer spent at the house of
 GEORGE ROCHFORD, Esq;

Written in the year 1723.

THALIA, tell in sober lays,
 How George, Nim, Dan, Dean pass their days,
 Begin, my muse. First from our bow'rs
 We sallie forth at diff'rent hours ;
 At seven the Dean, in nightgown drest, 5
 Goes round the house to wake the rest ;
 At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
 Go to the Dean to read Lucretius ;
 At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
 And kisses George, and ends our lectures ; 10
 And when she has him by the neck fast,
 Hauls him, and scolds us down to breakfast.

We

We squander there an hour or more,
 And then all hands, boys, to the oar, 15
 All, heteroclite Dan except,
 Who neither time nor order kept,
 But, by peculiar whimsies drawn,
 Peeps in the pond to look for spawn;
 O'ersees the work, or Dragon * rows,
 Or mars a text, or mends his hose; 20
 Or——but proceed we in our journal——
 At two, or after, we return all:
 From the four elements assembling,
 Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
 From airy garrets some descend, 25
 Some from the lake's remotest end:
 My Lord and Dean the fire forsake,
 Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake:
 The loit'ers quake, no corner hides them,
 And Lady Betty soundly chides them. 30
 Now water's brought, and dinner's done:
 With church and king the Lady's gone;
 (Not reck'ning half an hour we pass
 In talking o'er a mod'rate glass)
 Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief 35
 Steals off to dose away his beef;
 And this must pass for reading Hammond——
 While George and Dean go to backgammon.
 George, Nim, and Dean set out at four,
 And then again, boys to the oar, 40
 But when the fun goes to the deep,
 (Not to disturb him in his sleep,
 Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
 His candle out, and he abed),
 We watch his motions to a minute, 45
 And leave the flood, when he goes in it
 Now stinted in the short'ning day,
 We go to pray'rs, and then to play,

* My Lord Chief Baron's smaller boat.

Till supper comes ; and after that
 We fit an hour to drink and chat. 50
 'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
 By Adam * lighted, walk up stairs.
 The weary Dean goes to his chamber ;
 And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
 So when the circle we have run, 55
 The curtain falls, and all is done.

I might have mention'd several facts,
 Like episodes between the acts ;
 And tell who loses, and who wins,
 Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins ; 60
 How Dan caught nothing in his net,
 And how the boat was overfet.
 For brevity I have retrench'd
 How in the lake the Dean was drench'd ;
 It would be an exploit to brag on, 65
 How valiant George rode o'er the dragon.
 How steady in the storm he sat,
 And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat :
 How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
 Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em : 70
 How skilfully Dan mends his nets ;
 How fortune fails him when he sets :
 Or how the Dean delights to vex
 The ladies, or lampoon the sex :
 Or how our neighbour lifts his nose, 75
 To tell what ev'ry schoolboy knows ;
 Then with his finger on his thumb
 Explaining, strikes opposers dumb :
 Or how his wife, that female pedant,
 (But now there need no more be said on't,) 80
 Shews all her secrets of housekeeping ;
 For candles how she trucks her dripping ;
 Was forc'd to send three miles for yeast,
 To brew her ale, and raise her paste ;

* The Butler.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE. 319

Tells ev'ry thing that you can think of, 85
 How she cur'd Tommy of the chincough;
 What gave her brats and pigs the measles;
 And how her doves were kill'd by weasles;
 How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
 She had with dreams the other night. 90

But now, since I have gone so far on,
 A word or two of Lord Chief Baron *;
 And tell how little weight he sets
 On all Whig-papers, and gazettes:
 But for the politics of Pue †, 95
 Thinks ev'ry syllable is true.

And since he owns the King of Sweden
 Is dead at last, without evading,
 Now all his hopes are in the Czar:

"Why, Muscovy is not so far: 100

"Down the Black-sea, and up the Streights,

"And in a month he's at your gates:

"Perhaps, from what the packet brings,

"By Christmas we shall see strange things."

Why should I tell of ponds and drains. 105

What carps we met with for our pains;

Of sparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable

To choak the girls, and to consume a rabble?

But you, who are a scholar, know

How transient all things are below, 110

How prone to change is human life!

Last night arriv'd Clem. * and his wife——

This grand event hath broke our measures;

Their reign began with cruel seizures:

The Dean must with his quilt supply 115

The bed in which those tyrants lie:

Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his *jordan*,

(My Lady says, she can't afford one);

* Mr. Rochfort's father.

† A Tory news-writer,

* Mr. Clement Barry.

George is half scar'd out of his wits,
 For Clem. gets all the dainty bits. 120
 Henceforth expect a diff'rent survey,
 This house will soon turn topsy-turvey :
 They talk of further alterations,
 Which causes many speculations.



A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written in the year 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 removed the roots
 That rais'd between the stones their daily fhoots ;
 As at their work they sat in counter-view, 5
 With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.
 Sing, heavenly muse ! in sweetly-flowing strain,
 The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

Der. 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, 11
 No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

She. My love for gentle *Dermot* faster grows,
 Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
 Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again ; but oh ! 15
 Love rooted out, again will never grow.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, whose great grandfather was Sir Archibald of Gosford in Scotland.

Der.

Der. No more that brier thy tender legs shall rake ;
 (I spare the thistle for Sir Arthur's * fake).
 Sharp are the stones ; take thou this rusby mat ;
 The hardest bum will bruise with fitting squa. 20

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

Der. At an old stubborn root I chance'd to tug ; 25
 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.

She. In at the pantry-door this morn I slipt,
 And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt ; 30
 Dennis † was out, and I got hither safe ;
 And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

Der. When you saw Tady at long-bullets play,
 You sat and lous'd him all the sun-shine day.
 How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales, 35
 Or crack such lice as his between your nails ?

She. When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
 I peep'd and saw you kiss the dirty bitch.
 Dermot, how could you touch those nasty fluts !
 I almost wish'd this spud were in your gus. 40

Der. If Oonah once I kiss'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.

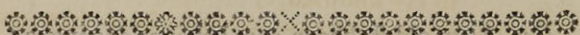
She. Dermot, I swear, tho' Tady's locks could hold
 Ten thousand lice, and ev'ry louse was gold, 46

* Who is a great lover of Scotland.

† Sir Arthur's butler.

Him on my lap you never more should see;
Or may I lose my weeding knife——and thee.

Der. Oh! could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
A pair of brogues to bear thee dry to mafs! 50
But see where Norah with the sowins comes——
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.



MARY the Cook-maid's Letter to Dr.
SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my
mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where
you were bred.
I am sure such words do not become a man of your
cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and
troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr. She-
ridan! 'tis a shame 5
For a parson, who should know better things, to
come out with such a name:
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a
shame and a sin;
And the Dean, my master, is an honest man
than you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger, than you
have in your whole body:
My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-
shank'd hoddy doddy: 10

And

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an
 excuse.
 Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you
 goose ;
 Which, and I am sure, I have been his servant four
 years since October,
 And he never call'd me worse than *sweetheart*,
 drunk or sober :
 Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd
 to my knowledge, 15
 Though you and your come-rogues keep him out
 so late in your wicked college.
 You say you will eat grafs on his grave : A
 Christian eat grafs !
 Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose
 or an ass :
 But that's as much as to say, that my master should
 die before ye ;
 Well, well, that's as God pleases ; and I don't be-
 lieve that's a true story : 20
 And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
 master ; what care I ?
 And I don't care who knows it ; 'tis all one to
 Mary.
 Every body knows that I love to tell the truth, and
 shame the devil.
 I am but a poor servant ; but I think gentlefolks
 should be civil.
 Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day
 that you was here ; 25
 I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the
 year.
 And Saunders the man says you are always jesting
 and mocking :
 Mary, said he, (one day, as I was mending my ma-
 ster's stocking),

My master is so fond of that minister that keeps
the school——

I thought my master a wise man, but that man
makes him a fool. 30

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of
ale

He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin
a dishclout to his tail.

And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct
this letter;

For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Marget
she writes better.

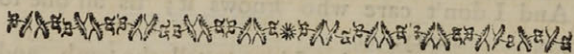
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before
my master comes from pray'rs; 35

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him com-
ing up stairs.

Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could
write written hand:

And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to
command.

MARY.



A DIALOGUE between Mad MULLINIX
and TIMOTHY.

Written in the Year 1720.

M. I Own, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prithee, 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; 5

No

No not among the *priests* and *friars*—

T. 'Twixt you and me. G — damn the liars.

M. The Tories are gone ev'ry man over
To our illustrious house of Hanover; 10
From all their conduct this is plain
And then—

T. ——— G— damn the liars again,
Did not an Earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts? 15

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

T. Did not an able statesman-bishop
This dang'rous horrid motion dish-up
As Popish craft? did he not rail on't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on't? 20
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.

M. These brangling jars of Whig and Tory 25
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; 30
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out at last;

Like Martin Marall, gaping on *,
Nor minding when the song is done.
When all the bees are gone to settle 35

You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you lifted under,
Have drop'd their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;

* Sir Martin Marall is a character in one of Dryden's comedies. Sir Martin was to irogenade his mistress; but as he could not play, his man undertook to conceal himself, and do it for him, while he should thrum the instrument; but this ingenious project miscarried, by the Knight's continuing his exercise when the music was at an end.

And when the war is past, you come
 To rattle in their ears your drum ; 40
 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 45
 Of all thy party through the nation :
 Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
 With plots and Jacobites, and treason ;
 Thy busy, never-meaning face,
 Thy screw'd-up front, thy state grimace, 50
 Thy formal nods, important sneers,
 Thy whisp'rings 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, 55
 To thy own side so damn'd a nuisance,
 That when they have you in their eye,
 As if the devil drove, they fly.
 7. My good friend Mullinix, forbear ;
 I vow to G—, you're too severe : 60
 If it could ever yet be known
 I took advice, except my own,
 It should be yours : but d— my blood,
 I must pursue the public good :
 The faction (is it not notorious ?) 65
 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 his statue round. 70
 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, 75
 The Tories terror, scourge, and flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite ;
 The Tories, you are their delight ;
 And should you act a diff'rent part,
 Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart. 80
 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, 85
 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. 90
 Should Faustus, with the devil behind him,
 Enter the stage, they never mind him :
 If Punch, to spur their fancy, shows
 In at the door his monstrous nose,
 Then sudden draws it back again ; 95
 O what a pleasure mix'd with pain !
 You ev'ry 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. 100
 The Duke of Lorrain drew his sword ;
 Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
 Revil'd all people in his jargon,
 And sold the King of Spain a bargain ;
 St. George himself he plays the wag on, 105
 And mounts astride upon the dragon ;
 He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
 Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks ;
 In ev'ry action thrusts his nose ;
 The reason why, no mortal knows : 110
 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

While teasing all, by all he's teas'd, 115
 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, 120
 Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
 Be foundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
 Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
 "The world consists of puppet-shows;"
 Where petulant conceited fellows 125
 Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
 So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
 Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up troubl' in;
 You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
 Put all your brother-puppets out, 130
 Run on in a perpetual round
 To tease, perplex, disturb, confound,
 Intrude with monkey grin and clutter
 To interrupt all serious matter,
 Are grown the nuisance of your clan, 135
 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. 140
 But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
 By all this coil what hast thou got?
 If Tories must have all the sport,
 I fear you'll be disgrace'd at court.
 7. Got? D—— my blood, I frank my letters, 145
 Walk to my place before my betters,
 And, simple as I now stand here,
 Expect in time to be a peer——
 Got? D—— me, why I got my will!
 Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still: 150
 I fart with twenty ladies by;
 They call me beast; and what care I?
 I bravely

I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
 And sons of whores——behind their backs.
 But could you bring me once to think, 155
 That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
 Revile and slander, fume and storm,
 Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
 With such a constant loyal zeal
 To serve myself and commonweal, 160
 And fret the Tories souls 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 maygame;
 Consume my vitals! they should know, 165
 I am not to be treated so;
 I'd rather hang myself by half,
 Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
 But how, my friend, can I endure,
 Once so renown'd, to live obscure? 170
 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, 175
 When through the streets I cry, Halloo?
 Must all my d—mee's, bloods, and wounds,
 Pass only now for empty sounds?
 Shall Tory rascals be elected,
 Although I swear them disaffected? 180
 And when I roar, *A plot, a plot,*
 Will our own party mind me not?
 So qualified to swear and lie,
 Will they not trust me for a spy?
 Dear Mullinix, your good advice 185
 I beg; you see the case is nice:
 O! were I equal in renown,
 Like thee to please this thankless town!
 Or bless'd with such engaging parts
 To win the truant schoolboys hearts! 190
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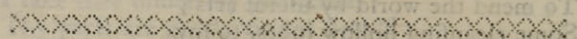
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
 Attended by the sable guard.
 Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
 The snow-ball destin'd at thy chops :
 Thy graceful steps, and col'nel's air, 195
 Allure the cinder-picking fair.

M. No more — in mark of true affection,
 I take thee under my protection :
 Thy parts are good, 'tis not deny'd ;
 I wish they had been well apply'd. 200
 But now observe my counsel, (*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 205
 How much improve'd by Doctor ———).
 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. 210
 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 215
 The figure of toupee or 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, keep you the rear ; 220
 Be careful, as you walk behind ;
 Use all the talents of your mind ;
 Be studious well to imitate
 My portly motion, mien, and gate ;
 Mark my address, and learn my file, 225
 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; 230
 The ladies from the windows gaping,
 The children all our motions aping.
 Your conversation to refine,
 I'll take you to some friends of mine,
 Choice spirits, who employ their parts 235
 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; 240
 Some teach us in these dang'rous 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 245
 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: 250
 Nor are we studious to inquire,
 Who votes for manors, who for hire:
 Our care is to improve the mind
 With what concerns all humankind;
 The various scenes of mortal life, 255
 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 rise of cheese and oat-meal;
 Another when he got a hot meal; 260
 One gives advice in proverbs old,
 Instructs us how to tame a scold;
 Or how by almanacks 'tis clear,
 That herrings will be cheap this year.
 7. Dear Mullinix, I now lament 265
 My precious time so long mis-spent,

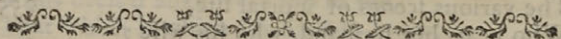
By nature meant for nobler ends :
 O, introduce me to your friends!
 For whom by birth I was design'd,
 Till politics debas'd my mind :
 I give myself entire to you ;
 G—d—— the Whigs and Tories too.



* EPITAPH OF BY-WORDS.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought *mighty odd*
 Ev'ry word she e'er heard in this church about
 God,

To convince her of *God* the good Dean did endeavour;
 But still in her heart she held *nature* more *clever*.
 Tho' he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
 Upon something or other she found better *fun*.
 For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
 Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
 In this world she despis'd ev'ry soul she met here;
 And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but *queer*. 10



EPIGRAM, on seeing a worthy Prelate go
 out of Church in the time of DIVINE
 SERVICE, to wait on his Grace the Duke
 of D——.

LOrd Pam in the church (could you think it?)
 kneel'd down ;
 When told the Lieutenant was just come to town,
 His

PERSISTED,
 In spite of AGE and INFRMITIES,
 In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
 Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
 His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
 His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Nor was he more singular
 In the undeviating *pravity* of his manners,
 Than successful

In accumulating WEALTH:
 For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
 Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
 And without BRIBE-WORTHY service,
 He acquired, or more properly created,
 A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only person of his time,
 Who could CHEAT without the mask of HONESTY,
 Retain his primeval MEANNESS,
 When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a-year;
 And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he
 DID,
 Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not do.

Oh indignant reader!
 Think not his life useless to mankind!
 PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable designs,
 To give to after ages
 A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
 Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
 In the sight of GOD,
 By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of
 ALL MORTALS.

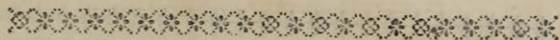
and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. This epitaph contains his character, very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.——This gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a-year estate in land, and about an hundred thousand in money. *Pope.*



* *Joannes jacet hic Mirandula—cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges—forsan et Antipodes.*

Applied to FRANCIS CHARTRES.

Here Francis Chartres lies—be civil!
The rest God knows—perhaps the devil.



* E P I G R A M.

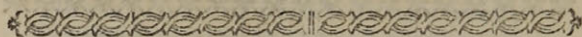
Peter complains, that God has given
To his poor babe a life so short:
Consider, Peter, he's in heav'n;
'Tis good to have a friend at court.



* A N O T H E R.

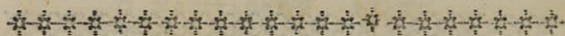
YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's no body at home.

* EPI-



* E P I T A P H.

WELL then, poor G — lies under ground!
 So there's an end of honest Jack.
 So little justice here he found,
 'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.



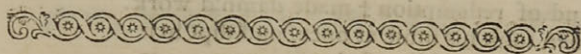
* EPIGRAM on the Toasts of the KIT-KAT Club.

Anno 1716.

WHence death-less *kit-kat* took its name,
 Few critics can unriddle;
 Some say from pastry-cook it came,
 And some from cat and fiddle.
 From no trim beau its name it boasts,
 Grey statesmen, or green wits;
 But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
 Of old cats and young kits.

5

* To



* To a LADY, with the Temple of Fame.

WHAT'S fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only reputation:
About them both why keep we such a pothor?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.



* VERSES to be placed under the Picture
of ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET; contain-
ing a complete Catalogue of his Works.

SEE who ne'er was nor will be half read!
Who first sung Arthur †, then sung Alfred †;
Prais'd great Eliza || in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cry'd, Hang her!
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—, §
And hang'd up Marl'rough in arras **:
Then hiss'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite;
Made ev'ry reader curse the light ††;
Maul'd human wit in one thick satire ††;
Next, in three books, sunk human nature |||, ¶

† Two heroic poems in folio, twenty books.

‡ Heroic poems in twelve books.

|| Heroic poems in folio, ten books.

** Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry-weaver.

†† Hymn to the light.

‡‡ Satire against wit.

¶¶ Of the nature of man.

Undid creation * at a jerk,
 And of redemption † made damn'd work.
 Then took his muse at once, and dipt her
 Full in the middle of the scripture :
 What wonders there the man grown old did ! 15
 Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded :
 Made David ‡ seem so mad and freakish,
 All thought him just what thought King Achish.
 No mortal read his Solomon ||,
 But judg'd R'oboam his own son. 20
 Moses ** he serv'd as Moses Pharaoh,
 And Deborah as the Siferah ;
 Made Jeremy †† full sore to cry,
 And Job ††† himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow ; 25
 Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo ?
 Shall David as Uriah slay him ?
 Or dext'rous Deb'rah Siferah him ?
 Or shall Eliza lay a plot
 To treat him like her sifter Scot ? 30
 Shall William dub his better end ||| ?
 Or Marlborough serve him like a friend ?
 No, none of these—heav'n spare his life !
 But send him, honest Job, thy wife.

* Creation, a poem, in seven books.

† The Redeemer, another heroic poem, in six books.

‡ Translation of all the Psalms.

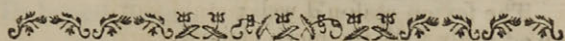
|| Canticles and Ecclesiastes.

** Paraphrase of the canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.

†† The Lamentations.

††† The whole book of Job, a poem in folio.

||| Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.



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, 5
Then different studies chuse;
The Dean sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the muse.

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

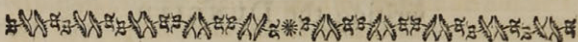
Each atom by some other struck, 15
All turns and motions tries:
Till in a lump together stuck,
Behold a poem rise!

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

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

* A polite turn is given to this incident by Mr. Pope, in his letter to Dr. Sheridan.

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



* BOUNCE to FOP.

An epistle from a dog at Twickenham to a dog at court.

TO thee, sweet Fop, these lines I send,
 Who, though no spaniel, am a friend,
 Though once my tail in wanton play,
 Now frisking this and then that way,
 Chance'd with a touch of just the tip 5
 To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ship :
 Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off !
 Sure Bounce is one you never read of.
 Fop ! you can dance, and make a leg,
 Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg, 10
 And (what's the top of all your tricks)
 Can stoop to pick up strings and sticks.
 We country-dogs love nobler sport,
 And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
 Fie, naughty Fop ! where'er you come, 15
 To fart and piss about the room,
 To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
 And, when they think not of you—snap !
 The worst that envy or that spite
 E'er said of me, is, I can bite ; 20
 That idle gypsies, rogues in rags,
 Who poke at me, can make no brags ;
 And

And that to towze such things as flutter,
To honest Bounce is bread and butter.

While you, and ev'ry courtly fop,
Fawn on the devil for a chop,
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat;
And, let me tell you, have a nose,
(Whatever stinking fops suppose),
That, under cloth of gold or tiffue,
Can smalla a plaister, or an issue.

Your pilf'ring lord with simple pride
May wear a picklock at his side;
My master wants no key of state,
For Bounce can keep his house and gate.

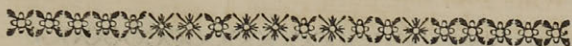
When all such dogs have had their days,
As knavish Pams, and fawning Trays;
When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Venis,
And motley, squinting Harlequinis*,
Shall lick no more their ladies br—,
But die of looseness, claps, or itch;
Fair Thames from either echoing shore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See Bounce, like Berecynthia, crown'd
With thund'ring offspring all around;
Beneath, beside me, and at top,
A hundred sons, and not one fop!

Before my children set your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief;
Not one without permission feed,
(Though some of J—n's hungry breed):
But whatsoe'er the father's race,
From me they suck a little grace:

Or

* *Alii legunt Harvequinis.*



* On the Countess of BURLINGTON cutting PAPER.

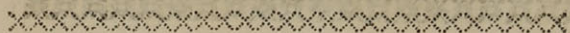
PALLAS grew vap'rish once and odd ;
 She would not do the least right thing,
 Either for goddesses or for god,
 Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and "Use" (he cry'd) "those eyes 5
 "So skilful, and those hands so taper ;
 "Do something exquisite and wise" —
 She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

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

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

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



On a certain LADY at court.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon,
 (Envy, be silent, and attend!)
 I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour! 5
 Nor grave through pride, or gay through folly;
 An equal mixture of good humour,
 And sensible soft melancholly.

"Has she no faults then," (Envy says), "Sir?"
 Yes, she has one, I must aver: 10
 When all the world conspires to praise her,
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

END of Vol. VII.



