

SATIRE.

5024. A Satire upon Physicians, or An English Paraphrase, with notes and references, of Dr. King's most memorable Oration, delivered at the Dedication of the Radclivian Library in Oxford. To which is added, A curious Petition to an Hon. House, in favour of Dr. King. 8°. *Lond.*, 1755.

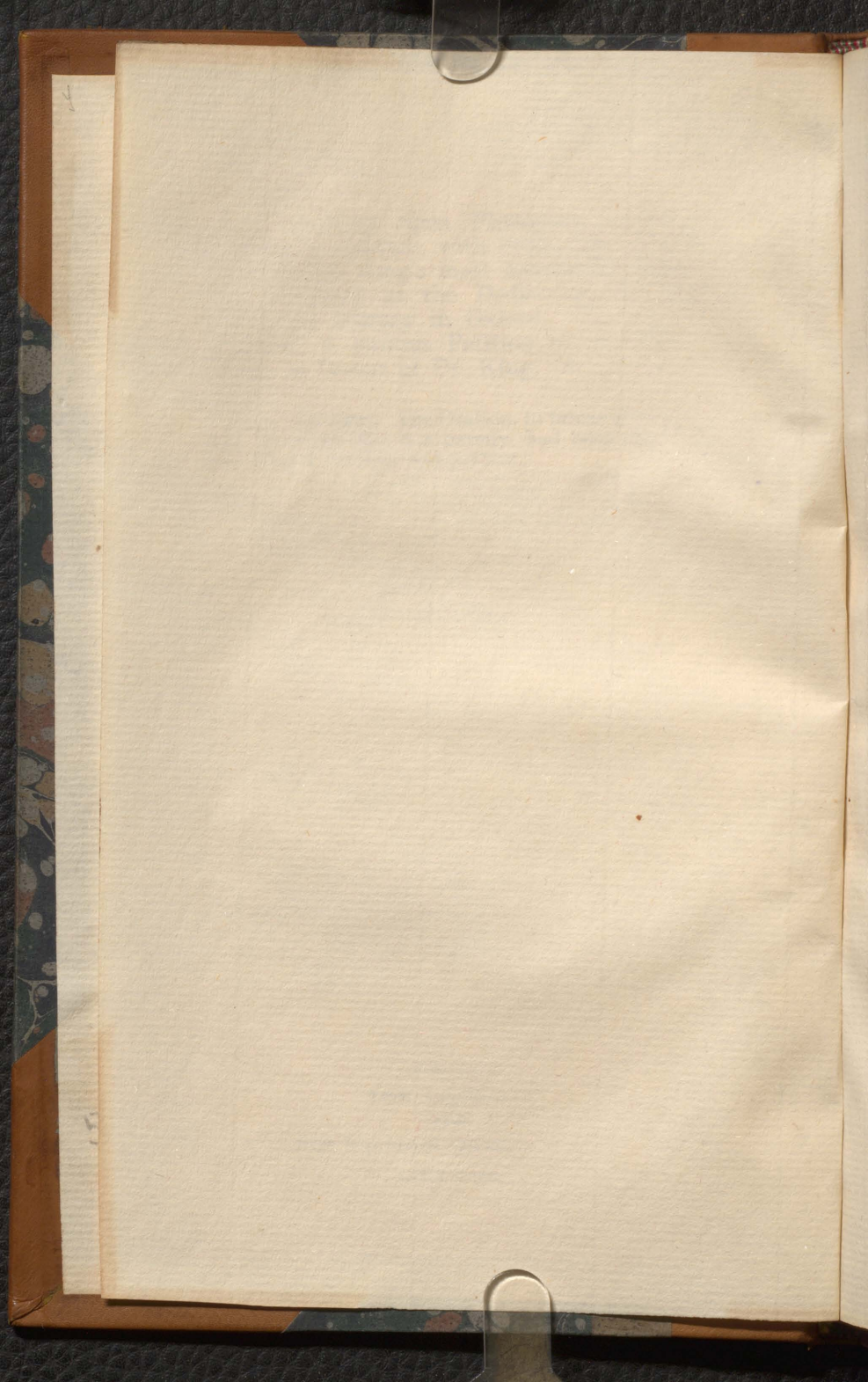
Anon. In verse. The Oration, in praise of Radcliffe, of which this is a parody, had been tinged with King's Jacobite sympathies.

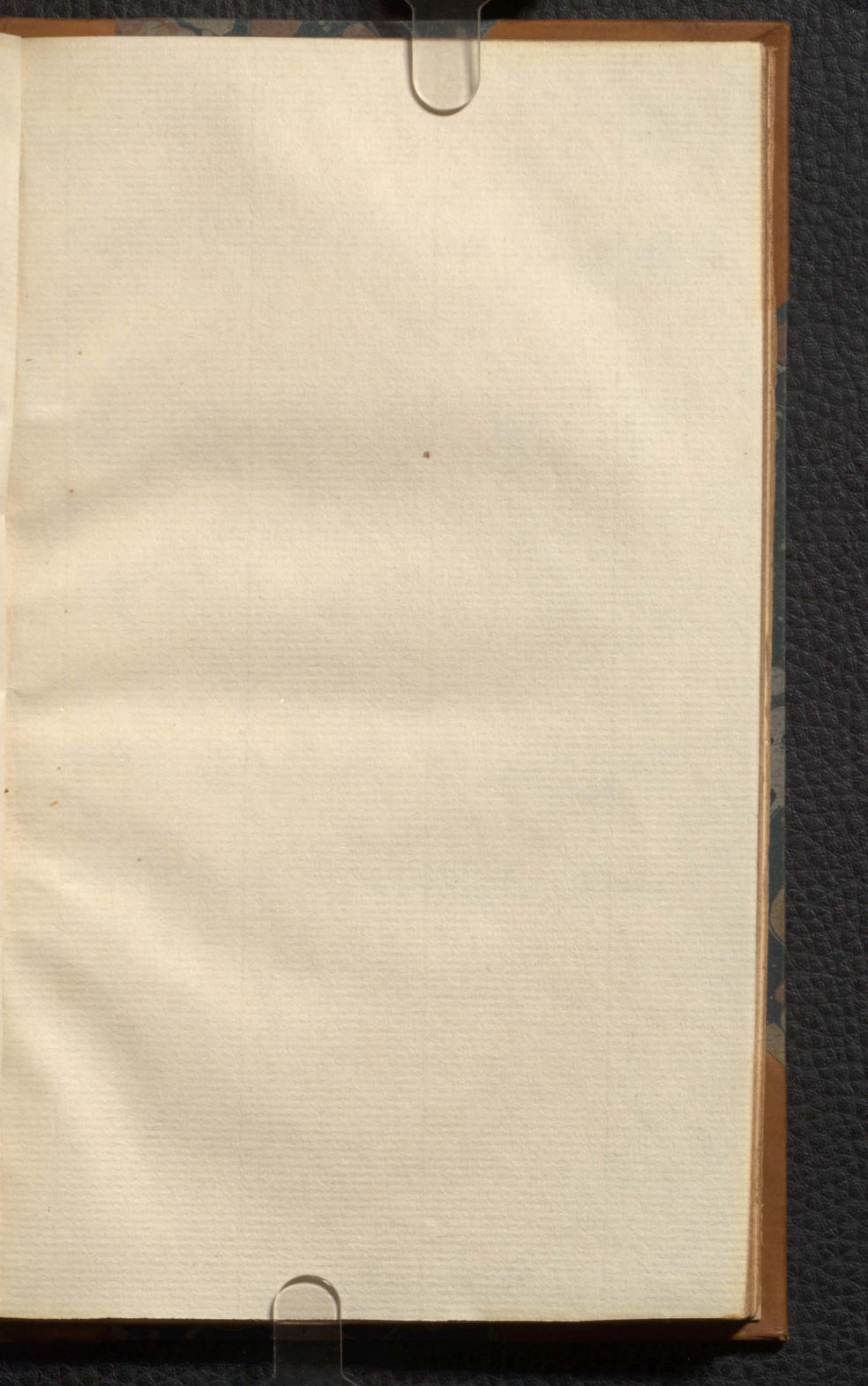
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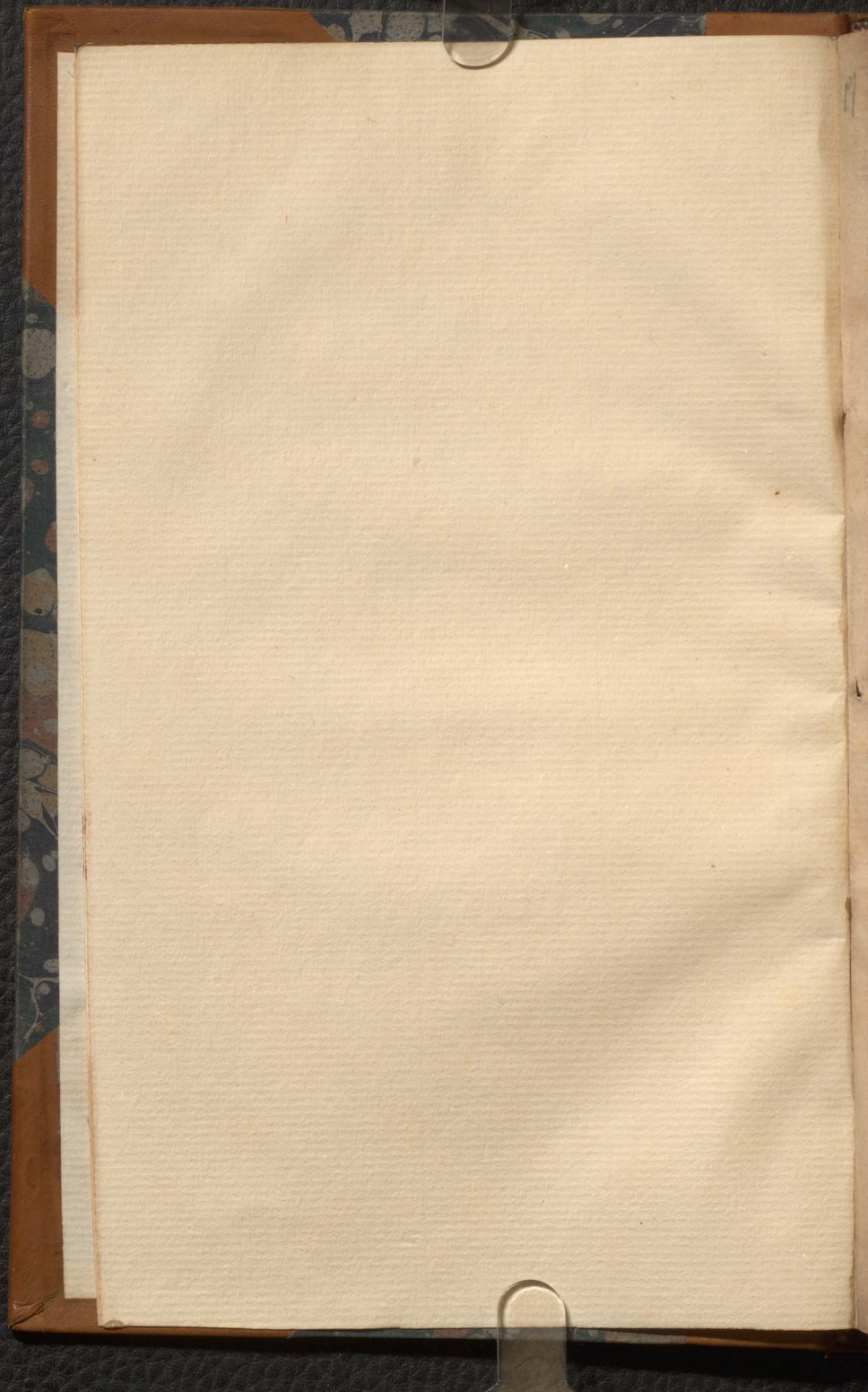
5024

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A

S A T I R E

U P O N

P H Y S I C I A N S,

O R A N

E N G L I S H P A R A P H R A S E, &c.

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(Price One Shilling.)

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ENGLISH PARAPHRASE, &c.

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With NOTES and REFERENCES,

O F

Dr. KING's most *memorable* ORATION,

Delivered at the Dedication of the

RADCLIVIAN LIBRARY in OXFORD.

To which is added,

A curious Petition to an HON. HOUSE,

In Favour of Dr. KING.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, in *Pater-Noster Row*.

M.DCC.LV.

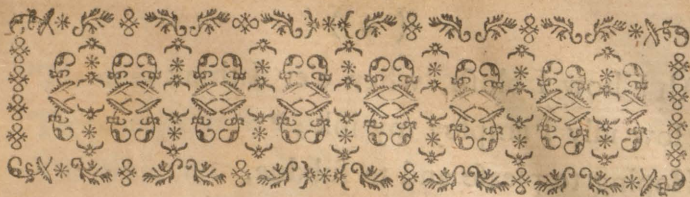
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Printed for R. GRAYSON in Pall-Mall
MDCCLXXII



A N

HEROIC PARAPHRASE,

In ENGLISH,

Of a late notable LATIN

ORATION, &c.



EARN'D Sages, Doctors most
profound;

For Wisdom fam'd, with Virtue
crown'd!

Nobles and Commons, Knights and Peers,

Who seem to me all Eyes and Ears!

In Freedom's cause while I engage,

My darling theme in youth and age!

B

Ah!

Ah ! how I blush, when e'er I think
 How idly I employ my ink ; *
 Hoping to please and to subdue,
 With eloquence, such folks as You !

In me, ah ! pity to behold !
 A Wretch quite wither'd, weak, and old ;
 Who now has pass'd, by heaven's decree,
 The dangerous year of *Sixty-three* ; †
 On asses milk, and caudle fed,
 I doddle on my cane to bed,
 Of every step I take, afraid ;
 My coat unbutton'd by my maid.
 My memory oft mistaking names,
 For G—RGE, I often think of J—MES ;
 Am grown so feeble frail a Thing,
 I scarce remember *who is King* !
 Th' imperial purple which does wear,
 A lawful or a lawless Heir !

But since you chuse me to proclaim
 And celebrate your *Radcliff*'s fame,
 Which fills these crouded Seats with rows
 Of Wits and Statesmen, Belles and Beaux ;

* *Delegatum hoc mihi officium cum minime suscipiendum oportere putarem. P. I.*

† *Quippe verebar infirmus & obliuiosus senex, & climactericum excedens annum. Ibid.*

'Tis mine, to pay * a homage due
 To patriots wise and learn'd like You.
 Yet 'tis in vain this Circle hopes
 A speech, enrich'd with flowers and tropes;
 In all I ever spoke or writ
 Preferring sacred truth to wit:
 The Poet's flight's too gay for those
 Who talk of serious things in prose.

Expect not, from a pen like mine,
 Periods that dazzle, bounce, and shine:
 That Eloquence which † domineers
 In Lawyers, Parsons, and in Peers;
 That forms a Court, nor will have done
 Attacking, 'till the Fort is won:
 That lifts to honour, power, and place,
 Dubs one his Worship, one his Grace;
 And with a servile flattering fawn
 Oft gains a star—sometimes the lawn.
 Such noisy Rhetoric alone
 Besieges first, then takes the throne;

* *Adductus sum eâ, qua vos me semper prosequuti estis benevolentia, & amplissimorum virorum, & optimorum civium admonitu, ut ne quâ hodie aut valetudinis, aut ætatis meæ excusatione vellem uti.* p. 1, 2.

† *Oratorium istud mihi deest ingenium, quod in foro, in senatu magno, in templis dominatur.—Ibid.—Nunc grandem sibi conficiendo pecuniam, nunc aditum faciendo ad omnes honores reipublicæ.* Ibid.

Filling our hungry Courtiers purses,
 With pilfer'd Gold, and *Britain's* curses :
 The nation's wealth who drain away,
 Levied by law, her debts to pay.

That ebbing life, which still remains
 And bubbles in my aged veins ;
 The latest breath, this bosom draws,
 Shall waste itself in *Britain's* cause :
 In sleep her wretched fate deplor'd,
 Till pleas'd, I dream of Kings *restor'd* ;
 Of Heroes, exil'd from their throne,
 By heaven call'd back to seize their own,
 — My spirits now begin to flow ;
 My heart forgets its patriot woe ;
 I bless the vision, and regain
 My raptur'd bosom's peace again :
 But wak'd, how dread is my surprize,
 To find that *Dreams* should tell us lies !
 That still the fates on *Britain* frown,
 And J—MES still lives, without a crown !

Let *Albion* then, whose glory still
 Should be the theme of every quill,
 With mine, * engage each upright heart,
 To act the godlike Hero's part ;

* *Qui amare patriam, venerare academiam nunquam desit.*
 Ibid.

And Guardians of her freedom strive
 To keep her dying fame alive.
 For her I labour, print, and pray;
 Watch half the night, toil half the day:
 And every month quite tire the press,
 With deepest groans for her distress:
 No Frosts or Snows my spirits damp,
 Still poring o'er my midnight lamp;
 Quite pensive for my Country's fate,
 With scarce one Coal within my Grate:
 Dosing, at last, I say my prayers,
 Bless *the right King*, and all his heirs —
 Tho' grown so old, I scarce can tell,
 Or who they are, or where they dwell!
 Oh! could I boast that youthful * fire,
 Which once this bosom did inspire;
 Which glow'd and flam'd in every vein,
 In *Orm—nd's*, and great *St. J—n's* reign:
 When *Britain* knew her rightful Kings,
 And Oaths were deem'd mere simple things;—

* Ipse præcipue nitar libero illo spiritu quem jam a primâ
 adolescentia nunquam mihi abfuisse liceat gloriari. p. 2.—
 Quique vires & facultatem suppeditare & sermones meos dicta-
 re & regere solet. Ibid.

Our learn'd * *Machaon's* fame should shine
 With rays of brightness half divine ;
 And *Phæbus'* self in skill should be
 An † *Opifer* less fam'd than He ;
 Who, some imagine, had the Odds
 Of half your fabled Physic Gods ;
 Since Deities did never fold
 Their shining Pills in leaves of gold ;
 Their heavenly Juleps not so clean,
 Or rich, as *Radcliff's* Drops terrene !
 A Guinea was *Apollo's* fee,
Radcliff had seldom less than three,
 For scarce two lines — “ Sir, you may do well,
 “ If you leave drams, and stick to gruel ;
 “ No fiery cordial nature wants ;
 “ Nothing so fatal, Sir, as *Nants* :
 “ 'Tis this that gives you all your pains,
 “ First numbs your nerves, then cracks your
 brains.”

No vulgar muse should tune her lays,
 The Hero, or the Saint to praise ; *

* A learned member of the College of Physicians when
Troy was besieged by the *Greeks*.

† *Opiferque per orbem, Dicor.* Ovid.

|| *Neque ego quemquam arbitror, aut malos viros satis recte
 reprehendere, aut bonos satis digne laudare posse, nisi qui fir-
 mata sit mente, &c.* p. 3.

Heroic

Heroic Acts should be enroll'd
 In lofty strains, sublime and bold.
 The victors at th' *Olympic* race,
 The Chiefs who fought at *Chivy-chase* ;
 At *Preston-pans* the trophies won,
 By *Blenheim's* laurels scarce out-done,
 Verdant and fair, should flourish still,
 Sung by some bard's immortal quill.
 'Twas *Maro's* verse, divine and high,
 That bore young *Cæsar* to the sky ;
 Great *Bolingbroke* a fame shall boast
 Till every page of *Pope* is lost,
 And with each godlike patriot vie
 Till *Swift's* immortal labours die.
 'Tis OXF—D only should record
 The Glories of *her absent Lord*.

'Twould throw a stain on *Radcliff's* name,
 Should quacks combine to blaze his fame ;
 In panegyric dip their quill,
 And gravely own his learned skill.
 'Twould be the same, should *Phillips* try
 To write in praise of Chastity ;
 When e'en a blush would be prophane
 In her, a T—ns—d, or a V—e.

No satire e'er so deeply stung
 As *Curl* applauding learned * *Young*.
 Whoe'er pretends to deal in satire, †
 Knows very little of the matter,
 Who values titles, or renown,
 The Licitor's rod, or Judge's frown.
 Whoever prints should boast, like me,
 A spirit daring, bold, and free ;
 That laughs at Courts, nor cares one whit
 For || *Bedford's*, or *Newcastle's* writ ;
 That dreads no warrants, fines, or laws —
 With griping fangs, and *Harpy* claws ;
 No difference owns, 'twixt great and small ;
 That boldly strikes, and flies at all :
 State honours thinks but servile loads,
 And hates your Courtiers worse than toads.

But since my wrinkles, nor my years,
 The blush which on each cheek appears,

* Dedication of his Works in two Volumes to Lord *Carpenter*.

† *Qui fortiter & constanter sentire, libere sed pudenter loqui assuefecerit.*—p. 3.

|| *Qui a potentibus istis, penes quos est summa rerum, petat nihil, speret nihil, & recti verique sibi conscius metuat nihil.*—
 Ibid.

(Dead weights upon my Genius hanging !)
 Serve to excuse me from Haranguing ;
 I treat you with no florid lines
 Of smooth-tongu'd speakers, court Divines ;
 Who oft gain mitres with a text,
 Vicars one day, and Lords the next.
 They're strains like theirs, which gain a place,
 And recommend, instead of Grace ;
 Plant Sycophants around a throne,
 And to a *Tully* change a Drone.

To me the Favourite Gods assign'd,
 A stripling yet, a daring mind :
 Early the thirst of fame began ;
 The beardless boy presag'd the man.
 With this I always rul'd at play,
 My sovereign will none durst gainsay ;
 With this I kept each foe in awe,
 Supreme at Cricket, Chuck, and Taw :
 A bat my sceptre, which display'd
 Its power on all who disobey'd.

Tho' creeping down life's slippery hill,
 Part of that spirit warms me still ;
 Still glows within this honest breast,
 To impious * Courts a foe profess ;

* *Exagitat & pungit improbos, avaros, invidios, ingratos, & istos omnes, qui dissimillimi sunt eorum, qui laudantur.*—p. 4.

A scourge to all pernicious Vermin,
 Tho' cloath'd in purple, furs and ermin.
 To my lov'd Country ever dear,
 For her I drop the patriot tear ;
 And weep to find such Schemes a brewing
 To cloud her fame, and work her ruin ;
 Who ne'er has been without a plague,
 Since kings were sent her from the *Hague*.

'Tis own'd, I ever have profest,
 Monarchs were Demi-gods at least ;
 And zealous for the royal line,
 Still battled for the *Right Divine* ;
 Insisted boldly tooth and nail,
 No laws could break a crown-entail
 Deem'd sacred, as I soon could show ye,
 From *Adam's* reign, quite down to *Noah* :
 The heir succeeding in his stead
 As soon as e'er the Sire was dead.
 How have I curst some folks by dozens,
 Instead of sons for crowning cozens ;
 Tho' never by the statute meant,
 And scarce the twentieth in Descent !

What *Briton* now, whose loyal breast
 Is with one patriot virtue blest ;

Whom zeal or honour does inspire ;
 That thinks with reason, writes with fire ;
 Whose conscious bosom ever right
 No censures awe, or courts affright :
 Like mine, an upright zealous foe
 To pomp, to pageantry, and show ;
 The *George*, the *Star*, the *Azure-string*,
 Gay glittering toys, to please a King :
 The ribbon and the garter'd knee,
 Laugh'd at alike, by you and me.

When Fraud and Avarice are blam'd, *
 Tho' not a single soul is nam'd,
 Strait every fordid miser cries,
 At me that pointed arrow flies ;
 Altho' the shaft was meant to gall,
 Nor this, nor that, heaven knows, but all.
 Why ; if a coward should be nam'd,
 Must *C—pe* be nettled and inflam'd ?
 The spleen of every Dowd be rais'd,
 When beauteous young *K—ld—re* is prais'd ?
 Or *M—r—y* be with fury rack'd
 When-e'er she hears a whore attack'd ?

* *Abesse non potest, quin pecuniosissimi isti homines, medici, jurisconsulti, reverendi isti sacerdotes ac reverendissimi, qui omnia huic academice debent, nihil tamen reddunt, sibi exprobrari sentiunt, de immemori officio—p. 4.*

Some *exile prince* perhaps I praise,
 Drove from his throne in former days ;
 Still greater by his lost renown,
 And Royal still without a crown ;
 Malice, that moment, snaps the hint,
 And swears, there's something wicked in't :
 Denounces strait the traitor's doom,
 And swears I mean a *prince at Rome*.
 What-e'er I publish, Courts mistake it,
 And all is just what Juries make it.

Suppose, for instance, I should say,
 Some folks shift parties twice a day ;
 That birth and titles they disgrace,
 And sell a vote, to gain a Place ;
 Must it be thought, that *G—r* and *P—t*,
 Were those alone, I meant to hit ;
 When fifty other folks in power
 Are Whigs and Tories in an hour ;
 Now hot, now cool, now mild, now stale ;
 Who whistle round with every gale,
 That bears 'em to the wish'd for Port,
 And lands 'em safely at a Court ?

I paint, perhaps, to brand his shame,
 Some griping wretch, without a name,

Who

Who swears, when poring o'er his purse,
 'Tis better hang than to disburse ;
 That two-pence from his Thousands stole
 Quite cuts in two his fordid soul ;
 Who, if oblig'd sometimes to write,
 Begg scraps of paper to indite ;
 His choicest friends who never thanks
 For compliments, not sent in Franks ;
 Must *L—th—r* frown, and straitway think,
 It was at him, I aim'd my ink ;
 When twenty more the lash deserve,
 Who boast their *Plumb*, yet chuse to starve ?

On this august auspicious day, *
 Which calls such numbers to display,
 From every town and distant County,
 Your *Radcliff's* more than royal Bounty ;
 No wonder if his praise inflames
 Some *Reverend* and *Right Reverend* names ;
 With envy stung, who cannot hear
 His fame extoll'd without a tear.
 All by one † frugal maxim taught,
 Not from a pound to spare a groat ;

* *Cum in hac magnificentia rerum ad Radclivii laudes celebrandas accingamur, cum immortalia sua beneficia in nos collata commemoremus—p. 4.*

† *Neque causa convitii queritur, ut ii, qui Radclivium opibus & censu aquant, cum etiam naturæ dotibus, & virtutibus ingenii exæquant.—p. 4.*

When

When-e'er we ask 'em to repair
 Or help to build a *Hall* more fair,
 How few will plank a single floor,
 Pay for a window, or a door ;
 ' We must apply to abler men,
 ' Their portion, only one in ten ;
 ' 'Twixt law and cruel patrons vex,
 ' They scarce have nine-pence for a text ;
 ' How can such folks be thought to thrive
 ' In a thatch'd house, with children five ;'
 Then drop a blessing e'er they go,
 A sovereign balm for every woe !

These suck the stream from *Isis'* urn,
 Yet nothing, like the sea, return,
 Which fresh supplies still seems to lack,
 But never sends one Gallon back.

Blush every *College*, every *Hall* ;
Sophs, *Regents*, *Doctors*, one and all ;
 That e'er your Senate gave Degrees,
 And Scarlet robes, to sons like these ;
 Who, flaunting now in Lawn and Silk,
 Stab the kind breast, that gave 'em milk.

Yet sure in these disastrous * times
 Which turns our virtues into crimes,

* *In hoc adversissimo Academiae tempore, dent operam & auxilium.*—p. 5.

When merit is its own undoing,
 And conscience oft a wretch's ruin ;
 When wicked courts above declare
 Judgment against a harmless prayer ;
 Each son of *Ihs* should disburse
 Some little from his * golden purse ;
 Be grateful, generous, and contrive
 To keep his OXFORD's Fame alive ;
 In † history to claim a place,
 And *alma mater's* Annals grace ;
 Transmitting such illustrious sages,
 In honour, down to future ages ;
 To raise her Glory, be content
 To lose each year a quarter's rent :
 Such bounty would do little harm,
 Or to his pocket, or his farm ;
 All that he gives us, he may clear,
 In one close saving frugal year !
 If less to Balls he would resort,
 And turn his claret into port,
 Pleas'd with one Madam, wish no more ;
 Keeping two nags, instead of four !

* *Dent pro facultatibus : dent decimas : dent vicesimas.*—Ib.

† *Ut in annalibus nostris benignissimi liberalissimique habeantur, & prædicentur.*—Ibid.

How

How blest the days, * when *alma mater*
 Dreaded no dangerous dire *Delator* !
 When I and *Sb—pp—n* rul'd the roast,
 And JAMES was still the Favourite toast !
 No lurking spies then plagu'd and teiz'd us,
 We sang, and drank the healths that pleas'd us :
 With safety then our farce we play'd,
 Libell'd the king, for whom we pray'd ;
 And stickling for the *Right Divine*,
 Laugh'd at the Court, nor fear'd a fine :
 Quite safe in all we said in print,
 Seiz'd by no Greyhounds † for a hint.

How cruel now our Tyrant laws,
 ‡ *Whitmore* has felt, and wretched ‡ *Dawes* ;
 In a dark dungeon closely pent
 For a few Words, that little || meant ;
 For passing now and then an hour
 In ridiculing fools in power ;
 How hard, for words to be confin'd,
 Since words are nothing else, but wind ;

* *Qui nefariis suis consiliis, concionibus, falsimoniis, adjuvant, augentque eorum omnium, qui instas, & apertas inimicitias nobiscum gerunt, sceius & insaniam* —p. 25.

† *King's Messengers*, whose badge is a Greyhound.

‡ Prosecuted for a treasonable Riot in *Oxford* on cardinal *Stuart's* birth-day.

|| *Ignoscant imprudentibus.* —p. 30.

And of what use are breath and lungs,
If people must not use their tongues?

Where, *Britain*, are thy freedoms sinking,
When *Subjects* are excis'd for thinking?
Yet all thy debts must soon be paid,
Since taxes now on words are laid;
Our modern Laws exacting * fines,
For *songs* and *healths*, as well as *wines*!

With what dire dread do mortals stare
At the red Comet's blazing hair;
Which each sad breast with pain o'erwhelms,
Denouncing woes to wicked realms!
Just such a prodigy appears
One † *Radcliff* in a hundred years;
The flaming star does less surprize,
When gaz'd at by a thousand eyes.

See yon aspiring lofty Dome,
A rival proud to that of *Rome*,
Bears high its generous founder's name,
Unmatch'd in wisdom, arts, and fame;
Whoe'er like him aspires to shine,
Must be half mortal, half divine;

* *Ut nequis omnino unquam civis ingenuus, innocens, indemnatus vexetur, multetur, spoliatur.*—p. 30.

† *Vir qualis semel anno centesimo nascitur; & si privatus esse debeat, semel sexcentesimo.*—p. 5.

Freedom's lov'd Guardian, Britain's pride,
 Tho' man, to half the Gods ally'd.
 The *Vatican* now poorly looks,
 With all its lumber, lies, and books;
 And *Bodley's* fages, wits, divines,
 Begin to envy *Radcliff's* shrines;
 And long to change their musty seat,
 For shelves and lodging more compleat.

Had this fam'd * Pile in days of yore
 Been rais'd, each mortal would have swore,
 It was a prince, at least some peer,
 Who did the gorgeous palace rear;
 And must have thought the brick and stones
 Thus neatly rang'd by *Wren*, or † *Jones*;
 The structure no ignoble part,
 Of *Boyle's*, or of *Palladio's* art.

But now, alas! what different things
 Are modern from our antient Kings;
 In chests of Brass whose treasures rust,
 And yet behold *Whiteball* in dust!
 Our benches once no Judges saw,
 But those a little vers'd in law;

* *Perampla & magnifica bibliotheca regium esset aut principum virorum opus, si olim fuisset.*—p. 5.

† *Inigo Jones.*

And

And parts and virtue must combine,
Last age, to grace a Court-Divine !

* Princes once noble, generous, wise,
And learn'd themselves, did learning prize ;
To birth who ow'd not their renown,
But threw a lustre on the crown ;
They grac'd the Scepter which they bore,
And first deserv'd the crown they wore :
What climes do now such Worthies breed,
Such Heroes nurse—Ah, what indeed !
One JAMES, his purple to adorn,
In twenty Lustrums rarely born !
Had his Son prov'd a better Fighter,
How soon had I enjoy'd a mitre !
If *Falkirk's* field had been renown'd,
Viewing another ST—T crown'd,
The *German Nag*, which struts and charms
Some People in the Royal Arms,
We then had ventur'd to erase
And lodg'd the *Lyon* in his place.

Great *Radcliff*, to whose smiles we owe
Yon arching Dome, this brilliant Show,

* *Quum principes essent munifici, quum literarum fautores, quum ipsi etiam bonarum artium studiis haud mediocriter imbuti* page 5, 6.

Where Beauty all-triumphant fits
 Among a crowd of Beaux and Wits,
 To purchase titles and renown
 Ne'er basely chous'd, or robb'd the crown *,
 All quacks in physic and in state
 Were ever his eternal hate ;
 Who damn'd to *Erebus* and *Styx*
 All knaves, who throve by wicked tricks.

Our generous sage, *Apollo's* son,
 Relieving all, yet plund'ring none ;
 Got all his fame and riches fairly, †
 By watching late, and rising early ;
 Drank little, and but coarsely fed :
 Went often with his Pint to bed !
 Thus high, and higher still he soar'd,
 By all, but fools and knaves, ador'd ;
 Till lifted to the blest abodes,
 To sit, and smile, and feast with Gods ;
 Where stretch'd in Amarantine bowers,
 On beds of roses, banks of flowers,
 While Deities around him stand,
 He takes the cup from *Hebe's* hand ;

* *Bene & honeste parata, laboribus & vigiliis.*—p. 7.

† *Haud quidem constructa & coacervata, fuerat furtis & dolis,
 aut turpissimis venditionibus, aut iniquissimo scœnore.*—p. 6.

And crown'd with wreaths that never fade
Sips nectar, with great *Harvey's* shade.

No wonder then such matchless skill
His generous * purse so soon should fill ;
Such crowds each day of rich and poor
Early and late besieg'd his door,
And press'd so close, you scarce could know
The concourse from a *Lord-Mayor's Show* ;
Each drops a guinea at his shrine,
And vows his art is quite divine ;
Who to his couch no more confin'd,
Goes home and leaves the crutch behind.

He opens his † balsamic box,
Away fly ague, gout, and pox ;
The fever's flames less ardent glow,
The pain deserts the aching toe ;
Before he came the wretch half dead,
Up starts exulting from his bed ;
Deliver'd now from every ail
That plagu'd him quite from head to tail ;
And propt no longer on his stick,
Almost forgets he had been sick,

* *Cui, quasi ipsi Æsculapio, omnes unlique dona afferebant.*—
page 7.

† *In homine inerat cum magna quædam vis & ingenii acumen, tum sagacitas in morborum causis invenendis.*—*Ibid.*

He never climb'd three flights of stairs
 Each morning, to enrich his heirs ;
 Sauntering about whole nights and days
 At midnight routs, and bawdy plays.
 The greatest Joy his wealth could yield,
 Was to repair, † endow, and build ;
 In skill and knowledge to advance,
 To send young Doctors o'er to *France* ;
 O'er learned *Italy* to roam,
 And bring whole loads of Science home :
 With greater light to bless the age,
 Each dunce returning back a Sage !

Whene'er you ask'd his learn'd advice,
 You had no need to see him twice ;
 He felt your pulse, and strait would cry,
 ' Here, Sir,—'tis here your ailments lie ;
 ' I guess the source of all your pain,
 ' And feel it in each beating vein :
 ' I never yet a case mistook—
 ' But judg'd it from the Patient's look—
 ' Without one question ask'd, could say,
 ' Whence sprung his pains, and where they lay.

† *In istas sumptuosas ædes, in collegium universitatis, in alimēta academicorum, qui quinquennium in nobili peregrinatione consumere jubentur. p. 6.*

- ' At the first glance, I can descry
 ' The green-sick Virgin, by her eye. —
 ' Madam, I guess the pangs you feel ;
 ' Take which you please, a Spouse, or Steel :
 ' Tho' 'tis my thought, to give you rest,
 ' The first of these would please you best.' ||

Whene'er he took a patient's Fee,
 He chose the * open way and free ;
 (Unlike those Sycophants, who tell
 A gasping wretch, he'd soon be well)
 Told rich and poor, both low and high,
 That kings, like slaves, were born to die ;
 Nor whisper'd it, but spoke aloud —
 " —Dear friend, prepare to buy your Shrowd !
 " The Bishop's Tar will never do,
 " Nor the fam'd powder from *Peru* :
 " Not *Rock* himself, or *Ward* can cure ye,
 " You've lately lodg'd, I fear, in *Drury*.
 " That Hectic Cough you'll quickly rue,
 " Which soon will split your lungs in two.

|| *Hoc certe præcipuum ejus fuit, quod ingravescentes morbos, quam acutissime semper præsenferat.* p. 8:

* *Tam simplici & aperto erat pectore, ut, abhorrens ab aliorum consuetudine, nihil simularet aut dissimularet, nihil ægrotantibus sycophantiose faceret, aut diceret, ad captandum favorem, ne regibus quidem.* p. 8.

" You

" You sigh so deep, and heave and pant,
 " A coffin, Sir, is all you want.
 " Think on your Parson and your Text,
 " You'll want 'em both by *Sunday* next ;
 " Your sins and failings, great and small,
 " E'er 'tis too late, repent of all ;
 " No julep, potion, dose, or pill,
 " Could ever cure a man so ill ;
 " Then send for wax, and sign your will : † }
 " And e'er you leave the world, provide
 " For your next heir, and weeping Bride ;
 " Fixing what Portions you think due
 " To *Jack* and *Harry*, *Kate* and *Sue*."

Such counsel, kindly thus exprest,
 Was * welcome to the patient's breast:
 With whose advice the wretch complied,
 Paid him his usual Fee — and died.

How prudent was our learned Sage,
 The ‡ wife and upright to engage,

† *Res familiares placi de et ordinatè disponent ; liberis, pro-*
quinqvis, amicis non temerè providerent. p. 8.

* *Sive convalescerent, sive mortem ob'rent, summa gratia il-*
lustri medico referretur. p. 9.

‡ *Sedulo cavet, ut hujus testamenti jus in omne tempus firmum*
et inviolatum foret, probatissimos eos cives deligendo. p. 10.
Qui enim viri ! qui cives ! quam illustres, graves, diligentes !
 p. 11.

(Who

(Who would not change their fame so fair,
 For *P-lham's* Staff, or *Onsl-w's* Chair)
 To build and raise yon princely Dome,
 A rival own'd to that of *Rome*;
 And only wants a gilded Ball,
 To shine as bright as that of *Paul*;
 Which then beheld at distance looks
 More like a shrine for Gods, than books!
Troy's wall was built, else *Homer* lies,
 By two Free-mason Deities;
 For hireling Gods in antient time
 Blush'd not to work in sand and lime;
 Handled their trowel and their spade,
 Each a learn'd artist in his trade.
 Had † *Gibbs* then liv'd, he had been chose
 Their foreman, when the Turrets rose;
Vulcan had own'd the *Briton's* Skill;
 And *Neptune* paid him all his Bill;
 With him divided all their gains,
 And, bowing, thank'd him for his pains.

In yon proud Fabric can the Eye
 Discern one brick or stone awry?
 More boldly arch'd, and justly prais'd,
 Than that by Two Immortals rais'd!

† The Architect.

The builder's Genius how profound,
 How wide the Pile's capacious round ;
 The tower does now but faintly shine,
 Where mighty * *Tom* is toll'd at nine ;
 And *Radcliff's* dome the fame impairs
 Of || *Wainfleet's*, and of || *Wickham's* Squares.

With those elected to fulfil †
 Its noble Founder's generous will,
 It would be deem'd a crying Sin,
 Not first to name immortal † *W*——n ;
 O'er *Wallia's* hills his glory spread,
 † Immortal—tho' he now is dead ;
 A scourge to courts, who from a King
 Scorn'd to accept a Star, or String ;
 And never would consent to barter
 His faith and honour for a garter ;
 Since probity he seldom knew,
 Ty'd to a ribbon green or blue ;

* At *Christ Church*.

|| Founders of *Magdalen* and *New College*.

† *Dum superbam et splendidam hanc bibliothecam admiramus, Vobis, viri illustrissimi, liceat adjungere vestrum tanti operis ministrum.* p. 13.

† *Sir Watkin Williams Wynn*.

† *Eheu! qualis vir, et quantus interit! quam illustre pietatis veteris exemplum! eo enim nihil probius, castius, comius, verecundius, liberalius; generis humani decus!* p. 28.

Or

Or any Peer made better by't,
 For being dubb'd a *Windfor* knight.
 Oh death, how cruel are thy claws!
 How rigid, Heaven, thy partial laws!||
 To rob the world, and in a day
 An age's wonder snap away!
 What table now in * *Cambria* shines,
 With glossy hams, and smoaking chines?
 What generous board each day is pil'd,
 Like his, with roasted, bak'd, and boil'd?
 Whose bounty—an Election nigh,
 Did in one night, a cellar dry;
 Empty five grofs of *Florence* flasks,
 Nor leave one pint in twenty casks!
Wallia's sad Goats, now he is fled,
 In sighs lament their *Watkin* dead!
 From all his tops *Plinlimmon* mourns,
 And *Snowdon* back the groan returns!
 While *Conway's* pensive stream appears,
 Quite swell'd with *Denbigh's* grateful tears;
 Which ne'er must view her tables spread
 Again, with piles of white and red;

|| *Cujus mors semper deflenda, cujus laudes semper celebranda.* p. 29.

* *Quem patremfamilia nunc requirit domus sua! quem hospites hospitem! quem ego amicum!* Ibid

Nor hope to hear her evenings close
 With shouts—as when her *W*——*n* was chose!
 Tho' one is lost, we still adore
 Your *Radcliff*'s learn'd surviving four!
 With every grace and virtue fraught;
 What heights of sense, what depths of thought!
 No stain did e'er their conduct sully;
 A *Solon* one, and one a *Tully*:
 Who in each art and science vy'd,
 With *Locke* and *Newton*, *Boyle* and *Hyde*.
 Born to attract, and to engage,
 To brighten and reform an age;
 Whose merits in these wicked times,
 Atton'd for half the nation's crimes.
 But here I stop,—the Patriot's ear
 Is pain'd, a due applause to hear:
 Who, on Fame's highest summit rais'd,
 Blushes to have his merits prais'd;
 Nor for Ten Favours will allow
 A friend to make one single bow.

† *Eorum veracundiam, quum ipsi intersint meo sermoni, non
 ausim laudibus coram onerare eximias suas virtutes prædicando.*
 p. II.

‡ *Excellentem animum omni liberali doctrina excoluerint,
 cui etiam accesserit summa vitæ integritas, mira comitas, sua-
 vitasque morum, &c.* p. II.

But rambling thus, * I seem to *dream*,
 And almost had forgot my theme;
 Which should each breast with transport fill,
 The generous, noble RADCLIFF's *Will*;
 Which calls us here, this solemn day,
 His godlike bounty to display;
 And brand with marks of deepest shame
 The foes to his immortal name:
 A friend, while living, to distress,
 Nor ceasing still, tho' dead, to bless. †

How pious the great Patriot's cares
 To leave our OXFORD ‡ Sons his heirs!
 Inspir'd with maxims from his youth,
 Of honour, loyalty, and truth;
 Who dar'd his *rightful* Sovereign own,
 Tho' forc'd and banish'd from his throne.
 He never would consent, or yield
 Proud Foundling Hospitals to build;
 Nor like some folks bequeath his riches
 To nurture up your Sons of B——s;

* *Sed ad me revertor.* p. 18.

† *Possessiones, et spes suas omnes vir optimus donavit pietati.*
 p. 9.

‡ *Quæ sola istud, quo decessit, et quo rempublicam et academi-
 am sibi Hæredem instituit, HONESTISSIMUM scripsit tes-
 tamentum.* Ibid.

Or leave one groat, for frocks and food,
 To rear a base, and Bastard blood ;
 To buy shoes, stockings, bibs, and hats,
 For Citizens, and Courtiers Brats.

For godly ends his wealth to spare,
 He liv'd content with homely fare ;
 His taste by courts was not refin'd,
 On *Ortelans* he seldom din'd ;
 Nor touch'd, or *Cyprus*, or *Tokay*,
 Except on *one* auspicious day,—
 I quite forget the month and moon,
 But guess it some one day in *June*.

Let* *Ægypt*, *Gallia*, *Greece*, and *Rome*,
 With all their boast no more presume,
 To match your *Radcliff's* Attic Dome,
 Which Science chuses for her home.
 Whatever pedants think, 'tis Books
 That form our Statesmen, Clerks, and Cooks ;
 How odd would Serjeants seem in Courts
 Without their cases, and reports ;
 Just such a pack of aukward Sirs,
 As our Lord Mayors, without their Furr ;

* *Quid commemorem amplissimam eam Alexandrinam bibliothecam? Quid Attalicam? Quid Græcas omnes? Quid Romanas? Tum veteres, tum recentis?* p. 15.

Priests would each *Sunday* be perplext,
 Had critics not explain'd their text.
 With learning uninspir'd, our sons,
 Had still been *Vandals, Goths, and Huns*; †
 Our poets pleas'd us with the lays
 That once were sung in *Alfred's* days.
Drayton's had been the sweetest lyre,
 And *Quarles* been valued more than *Prior!*

If *Physic* had not gain'd a name
 By *Syd'n'am's* works, and *Radcliff's* fame,
 Great *Ward* and *Rock* might have been ta'en
 Among the wits of *Warwick-lane*;
 And *Britain* cur'd all mortal ills
 With *Berkley's* tar, and *Godfrey's* pills.
 Had faithful history * not shown,
 Not one in fifty could have known,
 What wise and antient sages taught,
 How well our sons once sang and fought;
 Guarded our rights by wholesome laws,
 And shed their blood in *Freedom's* cause;

† *Est omnibus perspicuum sine his adjunctis, nos ex moribus nostris Britannorum veterum, Saxonum et Normannorum, Barbariam non delere, aliorum non ferre potuisse.* p. 14.

* *Absque hac una re foret, ut non modo omnium gentium historiae, annales, chartae, monumenta, et acta publica, &c.* p. 14.

At

At Routs and Balls, and City-shows,
 What Covies had we lost of Beaux ;
 Consulting first the wise records,
 Which plan the suits of *Gallic* Lords ;
 If Taylors had not learn'd the art
 From *Paris*, how to dress a smart ;
 Nor known, what trimming was most fit
 To constitute a *British* wit ;
 What paint would best her youth repair,
 And shew a wrinkled Dowd more fair !

In Freedom's temple *Pollio* chose†
 His learned authors to repose ;
 An useful hint,‡ that all like me
 Should speak their meaning frank and free,
 Without a dread of *Willes* or *Lee*.
 Ah, in what Isle has *Radcliff* built !
 In one o'erwhelm'd with every guilt ;
 Which ne'er has been without a plague,
 Since Kings were sent us from the *Hague*.
 Where Liberty no more remains,
 Our very tongues now bound in chains ;

† *Asinius Pollio, vir doctus, et præclarus Orator, Bibliothecam concinnavit et instruxit in atrio templi Libertatis. p. 15.*

‡ *Quo significari voluit, ibi solum esse literis locum, ubi libertati est locus. Ibid.*

'Tis now a crime—*Treason* almost,
 For friends to drink a favourite Toast.
 Shou'd we by chance but name a bribe,
 We nettle all the venal tribe ;
 A warrant, fummons, or a writ,
 The modern pay of harmless wit.
 We dare not nurse a loyal thought,
 Or say, how bravely ST—RT fought,
 But twenty swear, that we defame,
 And leave a stain on WILLIAM'S name ;
 Quite dangerous now to praise a saint,
 For virtues, which the wicked want !

Shall blustering Bullies * then be prais'd ;
 For These the victor's arch be rais'd ;
 Purchase a wreath, and win renown,
 For tumbling walls and castles down ;
 On pedestals their statues gilt,
 For streams of blood their fury spilt ;
 While *Westminster's* proud Hall is fill'd
 With pikes and spears of warriors kill'd.

Must *Isis'* Bards, on bended knees,
 Pay homage to such Curs as These ; †

* *Qui cæde hominum, et everfione urbium maxime delectentur, et non modo hostibus, sed suis moliantur exitium.* p. 16.

† *Hoscine ut colat populus ? Hoscine verò ut nos Oxonienses colamus ? Cujus honori invident, &c.* Ibid.

Rank them with Deities above,
 Call one a *Mars*, and one a *Jove* ;
 Who threaten, plunder, swear, defy,
 And drink our strong-beer cellars dry :
 Scarce with three meals a day content,
Pagans who seldom fast in *Lent* ;
 Who persecute our *loyal sons*,
 And plague and teaze us worse than *Duns*.

Could these but compass their design,
 Their horse would in our *chapels* dine ;
 Our Churches, Colleges, and Halls,
 Be soon converted into Stalls ; †
 And all our Quadrangles each day,
 Instead of gowns, be fill'd with hay ;
 Generals would rule us, and instead
 Of Doctors, Colonels be our head ;
 Tall Grenadiers, and fierce Dragoons,
 Our silver change to wooden spoons ;
 In our Beaufets of any kind,
 Not one poor tankard left behind ;
 To toast each eve a stated health
 To J—y, and his Commonwealth.

† *In possessiones nostras irruere,, et pulcherrima hæc ædificia
 in equestrum stabula convertere optarent, &c. p. 16.*

Should these be deify'd in Ink,*
 In lace bedaub'd who strut and stink ;
 Each week who multiply their sins,
 Scarce leave one maid in twenty Inns ;
 Extoll'd, in prose and graceless rhymes,
 For worse than any *Pagan* crimes :—
 If works like these are call'd divine,
 The worshipp'd *Plague* should have its shrine.

Suppose we grant that *Philip's* son †
 In *Greece* had forty battles won ;
 That *Cæsar's* victor-troops in *Gaul*,
 Were bold, and daring fellows all ;
 Yet if they ravish'd maids and spouses,
 And burnt down honest people's houses ;
 And after every well fought battle
 Drove off the farmers flocks and cattle.—
 This *Julius*, and this *Alexander*,
 Tho' doubtless each a brave Commander ;
 For wasting realms, and firing cities,
 Were nothing better than Banditties. ‡

* *Quam me pudet turpis istius oratorum et poetarum assentationis, quæ tales viros, immanitate naturæ insignes, semideos fecit & prædicavit.*—p. 17.

† *Quid si gloriosi milites Alexandri & Cæsares, perpetuo victores fuerint.* Ibid.

‡ *Quid est enim, si hoc non est scelus ?* Ibid.

Ah! when I sit me down, and moan*
 The mischief bloody Wars have done,
 What streams of gore the sword has spill'd,
 What numbers each Campaign has kill'd ;
 What ruffles have been torn, what swarms
 Have lost their wigs, their legs, and arms !
 Ah! how each wretch's fate I rue,
 Which splits my bleeding heart in two !
 I feel the pangs the dying feel,
 And curse the edge of murdering steel.

Let Heroes boast of their renown,
 The laurel wreath, and Victor's crown,
 Who view with smiles the sanguine plain,
 Nor breathe a sigh for millions slain ;
 'Tis *Satan* only, not the Lord,
 Who whets their dire relentless sword ;
 Inspires with rage these cut-throat elves,
 Who only fight t'enrich themselves.

Their sword, if wild ambition draws,
 Not Freedom, and their Country's cause ;
 Which cowards should inspire to fight,
 To do an injur'd nation right ;

* *Quam cogito, quæ res modo gestæ sunt in omnibus Europæ regionibus, tot munitas, & expugnatas urbes, tot incendia, & vastationes, &c.—p. 17.*

The Cook-maid who can raise a tart ;
 The master in the Potter's art ;
 Or he, who makes us osier wheels
 To catch our lobsters, crabs, and eels ; †
 The Quacks, who *Moorfield* stage adorn,
 And sell you plaisters for your corn ;
 Are better folks than Rakes in Red,
Eugene or *Churchill*, ever bred.
 But think not here, that I degrade
 All masters in the fighting trade ;
 Or that I meant to hint, or say,
 They only fir'd, and fought for pay ;
 When plund'ring troops are lash'd, 'tis known
 To all, I never mean our own ; *
 I ever lov'd, (this speaks my heart)
 To take the Honest soldiers part ;
 Pronounc'd 'em civil, courteous, brave,
 Not one in fifty found a knave ;
 Witness fam'd *Preston's* glorious plain
C—pe's dastard troops by thousands slain ;
 Whose ratling thunders all must own,
 Tho' distant, shook the *British* throne ;

† *Qui primus invenit, quo artificio fingatur olla fictilis, aut textatur qualus vimineus, cum multo melius meruisse, &c.* p. 18.

* *Nisi, qui pro patria pugnaverint, quales sunt nostri; & quos id propterea, libenter secerno.*—p. 18.

'Twas not vile plunder, but renown,
 The hopes of Empire, and a Crown,
 That did the gallant troops inspire,
 And fill'd each heart with loyal fire;
 Who ne'er could faint, or feel a dread,
 When high-born CH—LES their squadrons led,
 But now returning to my speech †
 One favour humbly I beseech;—
 With patience that you would attend
 To your lov'd *Radcliff's* glorious end.
 When destiny his fate had read,
 E'er heaven cut short life's brittle thread,
 He still, to virtue's interest true,
 Had twenty pious works to do;
 Who breathless now his heaven implor'd,
 To see his *Britain's* fame restor'd;
 A blessing which he hop'd to meet
 To make his Grave more soft and sweet;
 When age our strength has wither'd quite,
 And turn'd our brown hairs into white;
 With languors we almost expire,
 Close hovering o'er a parlour fire;

† *Sed ad me revertor, ne fortasse excidat animo, &c.* p. 18.

* *Extrema vitæ tempora, quæ nos senes nobis debemus, quæ otio & quieti, ille impertivit patriæ.*—p. 19.

Forgetting now both friends and foes,
 We only live to *dream* and doze:
 The sweetest joy by age possess'd,
 A night cap, and twelve hours of rest.

But he, a friend for ever dear,
 Ne'er to be nam'd without a tear,
 Tho' sixty winters now had shed
 Their snows upon his reverend head,
 Each night till twelve was kept awake,
 For *Britain's* good, and Freedom's sake,
 In sleep, his favourite darling themes
 Which pleas'd the patriot's soul in *dreams*.

'Twas he, amongst the righteous rest,
 Who with a *Peace* all *Europe* blest;
 Which did her bloody Jars compose,
 Sav'd us, at once, and pleas'd our foes:
 Paid all our debts, our credit rais'd;
 Which *Bourbon*, tho' our rival, prais'd;
 Nor mention'd yet its chief renown,
 Which almost gave our J—MES a crown;
 Which I, which *Britain* hop'd—but Oh!
 Unkind and cruel stars said, No!

† *Iis interfuit consiliis, quæ orbi christiano, bellis jam fatigato, pacem æquissimam, honestissimam, ac nobis utilissimam, redderent conficerentque.* Ibid.

A fashion once in former times
 Prevail'd, for folks to blush at crimes ;
 When modesty her colour spread,
 And stain'd the guilty cheek with red.
 'Twas mine, to hail those golden days,*
 When virtue only challeng'd praise ;
 When the staunch patriots of the Isle
 Were favour'd with the royal smile ;
 And piety and zeal alone †
 Claim'd the first honours from the throne ;
 In law our *Serjeants* then were skill'd,
 And learned *Clerks* our pulpits fill'd ;
 Mild were our laws, our *Judges* meek,
 And *Doctors* knew a little *Greek*.

But now that golden age, alas !
 Is chang'd to one of solid Brass ;
 Its tyrant laws each day we feel,
 Chastis'd with whips, and rods of steel ;
 Our cruel statutes now deny
 The subjects right to perjury,

* *Scipissime mihi gratulor me vixisse illis temporibus, cum neminem hominem Britannum puderet seculi, &c. p. 19.*

† *Dum Britannis antiqua manebat frugalitas & disciplina, atque ardens libertatis conservandæ studium, &c. p. 20.*

‡ *Nunc vero, quam immutata sunt omnia ! Ibid.*

Forbid to curse a King to day
 We swore last sessions to obey !
 People when tir'd with fowl or fish,
 May change them for some other dish ;
 Vary their dinners, if they like
 A turbot better than a pike ;
 Just as they please, if folks may deal
 In beef or mutton, pork or veal ;
 They sure are of a right possess,

To chuse the *King* they like the best.
 As long as pious OXFORD chose
 Her trust in patriots to repose ;
 And none prefer'd to power or place,
 But Heroes fam'd for gifts of grace ;
 Her wisdom own'd, her zeal admir'd,
 By her example nobly fir'd
 All *Britain's* boroughs, and her shires,
 Were eas'd of all their pangs and fears.
 Her sons had all their rules by rote,
 Well tutor'd, e'er they gave their vote—

' Before his interest you espouse,*
 ' Or send a member to the house,

* *Cæteræ hujus insulæ civitates idem ac vos, ACADEMICI, de senatoribus eligendis sibi cavendum & providendum censebant qui & quales essent candidati &c.*—p. 20.

' Into his virtues first enquire,
 ' The morals of your knight or squire ;
 ' What joints each day he boil'd or roasted,
 ' What arms, what blood, his Grandfire boasted;
 ' Unto what party most inclin'd,
 ' Whether of Whig, or Tory kind ;
 ' How many quarts of red and white
 ' He swallowed down each *loyal* night ;
 ' If pleas'd to chaunt the golden tune,
 ' Sang here *the blessed tenth of June* ;
 ' What his fam'd triumphs in the field,
 ' What hares and foxes he has kill'd ;
 ' If e'er he curs'd *Culloden's* plain,
 ' If WILLIAM's wreaths e'er gave him pain ;--
 ' To whose dread sword *Britannia* owes
 ' Her Hero's shame, and all her woes.'

Had *Albion's* sons, of all degrees,
 Been guided by such rules as these ;
 Titles and honour, wealth and power
 Had still been virtue's happy dower ;
 From courts corruption then had fled ;
 Lost Freedom rais'd her drooping head ;
 No sycophants besieg'd the throne,
 And *exil'd* monarchs had their own.

Forgive these sighs, this falling tear,
 Which wets these cheeks, when e'er I hear,

My country stain'd with every crime
Unheard of, in a *Nero's* time.

What fordid arts ! what venal tribes ! *

What felling votes ! what taking bribes !

What not ! What vast expence, and pride !

And forty other *whats* beside !

Knaves now make money of their lies †

And tell their very perjuries ;

Their fins as open now to all

As mutton at a Butcher's stall.

From whence the source of all our woe,
The spring from whence such mischiefs flow ?

'Tis Luxury, that Hag of *Styx* ‡

Which plays these wanton wicked tricks ;

That often prompts heroic Sinners,

To sell a farm to buy two dinners ;

This melts our gold and silver down,

And bankrupts half the starving town ;

* *Nunc vero, quam immutata sunt omnia ! quam nullam habet populus corruptissimus pudorem !* &c. p. 20.

† *Qui suffragia sua, sæpe etiam & perjuriam suam, tam palam & aperte vendit, quam qui pisces & carnes in macello vendunt.* p. 20.

‡ *Si quæritis, quid sit causæ, quamobrem plebs nostra ita turpiter se inverterit, uno verbo respondeam—Luxuries ;* p. 21.

Infects our courts, our bar, and benches,
 And turns our warriors into wenches ;
 In lace, and paint, and birth-day cloaths
 Our nymphs outdone by *female* beaux ;
 The country maid, who sells her milk,
 Is now adorn'd and clad in filk,
 Fancies herself quite rude and rough,
 Without her velvet hood and muff. *

Long, long, our vices to restrain,
 Has pious *H—nly* preach'd in vain ;
Whitefield may roar, and *Wesley* storm,
 And sweat, and labour to reform ;
 Each day, with *Rock*, may mount the stage,
 In hopes to mend a wicked age.
 But ah ! vile Rakes who hear the text
 One hour, to *Drury* drive the next ;
 To *Con*, or *M—rr—y* post away,
 At prayers and pox'd in half a day.
 Justice and law may still do more,
Feilding may lash, or cart a whore ;
 Grave prelates preach, and courts harangue,
 And Judges fine, commit, or hang ;

* *Ad omnes ordines hominum, etiam infimos manavit.*—*Ibid.*

Spite of the pulpit, bar, or press,
 Britain has scarce one rogue the less,
 Still daring vice triumphant reigns,
 And Tyburn still its rights maintains ;
 That festering wound the commonweal
 Laments, no Doctor's salve can heal.
 'Tis heaven alone must interpose,
 To curb and crush its impious foes :
 No remedy besides is sure,
 Since OXFORD'S self despairs to cure.

What scenes have these sad eyes beheld !
 This anxious breast what sorrows swell'd !
 Her wings venality has spread ;*
 Corrupts the heart, and turns the head !
 Peers, Commons, Slaves, of all degrees,
 Before they vote, are paid their fees.
 Whene'er two candidates appear,
 Or for a Borough or a Shire,
 And rich and wise contend for sway, †
 The first is sure to win the day.

* *Hinc in oppidis, in agris, ad minima, ad maxima, voluntati divitum obtemperatur.*—p. 21.

† *Quos improbiſſimos & patriæ inſenſiſſimos ducebant, iis ſe totos tradiderint.* Ibid.

Gold now is *Britain's* God—for This
 The nun will hug, the vestal kifs ;
 Juries will hang, and Judges draw
 And quarter folks, against the law.
 This bids even pride descend so low,
 To clasp some lordly patron's toe ;
 To wait, like lacquies, in the street,
 And lick the dust beneath his feet :
 The high, the low, the fat, the tall,
 Cook, coachman, butler, page, and all—
 Men, maids, and masters, young and old,
 Lye, pilfer, swear, and cheat for gold.

I would——but *dare* no farther go ;*
 For fear of making *Lee* my foe.
 'Tis this that does my rage withhold,
 And makes your orator less bold :
 Nothing's so great a foe to wit,
 As warrants, and a serjeant's writ.
 'Tis only these that wake my fears ;
 I hold my tongue to save my ears :
 'Tis these that do my spleen allay,
 In dread of *Pelham's* wolves of prey ;†

* *Hinc*——PLURA paranti dicere & volenti mebercule per-
 timescendum est, ne vocem mihi eripiant immanissimi lupi.—
 p. 22.

† *Lupi mærim videre priores.*—p. 22.

Who worry, butcher, plague, and seize,
Both friends and foes—whoe'er they please.

Our chambers now are fill'd with spies, †
Who send to court their weekly lies;
Swearing we wish for JAMES's heirs,
Tho' kneeling then devout at prayers.
A *loyal* health we dare not drink:
Are scarce allow'd the power to think.
Shall These accuse, inform, declame,
And swear away our OXFORD's fame;
Her sons in blackest colours paint
For boasting virtues, which they want.

Oh! Guardian bold! oh! happy VICE!
I call thee *happy* once and twice.
Thy sufferings but augment thy fame,
And spread a lustre round thy name;
As the bright sun is brighter made,
And draws new glories from a shade.
We envy thee, thy virtues prize,
When Dunces scorn, and Courts despise!

† *Detestabiles isti delatores, qui ita res nostras modo turbant, ut sua cum infamia Academiæ dedecus conjungere sperarent.*
p. 22.

|| *Id dolere magis, an ei gratulari debeam, haud satis scio.*
p. 22, 3.

As matters at *St. James's* go,
 No wonder if each hated foe
 Of ours, to make him some amends,
 Should find at court so many friends : *
 In history 'twas never read,
 That fools e'er prais'd a wiser head ;
 But ever lick'd those senseless elves
 As weak and brainless as themselves.
 It was, and ever will be thus,
 That virtue's foes, are foes to us. †
 'Tis not our morals they disclaim,
 They envy us our learned fame ;
 Which spreads so far, and shines so bright,
 It dazzles and confounds their sight :
 Quite blind, by its strong lustre made ;
 As Owls see clearest in the shade.
 Our glory safe, let other folks
 Enjoy their satire, wit, and jokes ;
 Deride our *loyal* speech's beauty,
 And charge us with a want of duty :

* *Ne miremini unde tales viri & omnes calumniatores nostri patrociniū invenerint, &c. p. 23.*

† *Non potest fieri, quin ii, qui liberalem doctrinam virtutemque ipsam semper male oderunt, hasce sedes liberali omni doctrina, & virtute ornatissimas aperte oderint, p. 23.*

Let them despise, and laugh their fill,
The world will think us *honest* still.

We sent to court a learn'd address, †
With others meant to grace the press;
Our doctors all appear'd in red,
Our Guardian Leader at their head:
We there breath'd out our hearty prayers
For our good king, and all his heirs;
Call'd ourselves subjects good and loyal
To him, and all the Branches Royal;
We thank'd him for our happy Peace,
Our Rights secur'd, and Trade's increase.
For lifting high our fame again,
Sinking the fleets of *France* and *Spain*;
And yet, for all our love and zeal
Profess'd to serve the commonweal,
What usage did our Patriots find?
A scornful Court—a Prince unkind;
Ne'er troubling, with our speech, his head,
But sent, ah! sent it back unread!
Nay seem'd to frown—as who should say,
Trudge home, to OXFORD post away;

† *Gratulationes laudationesque, quas ex more nos decernimus, sive ad præstandum officium, sive ad ineundam gratiam, frustra sint, repudientur, etiam loco criminis putentur.* p. 24-5.

Correct your homely coarse Address,
 Your thoughts more loyally exprefs,
 And cook for Courts a better mess:
 This, one half rude, the other rough,
 A mere ragout of kitchen stuff.—
 Thus boys are often huff'd at schools,
 Or lash'd, for breaking *Lilly's* rules.

That all are bad, should courts agree,
 For the loose freaks of two or three?
 Oh! Justice, whither art thou fled!
 Where, *Solon*, thy wise statutes read!
 If one wild Rake offends the laws,
 Must every man be deem'd a *Dawes*?
 As if in towns, where plots are hatching,
 Treason should, like plague, be catching;
 Infect whole cities; as the fore,
 Of one bad sheep, that taints a score.

'Tis scarce a wonder, courts should blame,*
 And tear in pieces OXFORD's fame;
 Who the same wicked arts employ
 Their bleeding country to destroy!

* *Non est hodie spatium, de pravitate horum hominum & injuriis conquerendi, ac permittendi vela dolori meo. p. 25.*

Yet who can stop the sigh, when Those, †
 Plot, swear, and live her greatest foes,
 Each quarter who receive her pay,
 And eat her mutton twice a day ;
 Have every thing their hearts desire, —
 Beds, chambers, blankets, books, and fire :
 That *These* should act the traitor's part, —
 Stab their dear parent to the heart !
 This gives our breasts their pangs and pains,
 Confounds us, and half turns our brains,
 To find our Fame to shatters tore,
 By graceless sons we nurs'd before.

Let then our *Oxford's* daring foes ;
 Her sons, who triumph in her woes —
 Deride a while — if Heaven but lend
 A few years more to its best friend,
 Her impious members shall repent
 More than they ever did in *Lent*,
 When my learn'd volumes have display'd
 The wicked tricks her Turncoats play'd ;

† *Complures in sinu almæ matris nostræ educati, quique quotidianis ejus fructibus aluntur & crescunt, eam tamen, mente infidelissima, & paricidali aggrediuntur.* p. 24.

* *In iis libris, quibus Academiam defendere cogito, in acerrimos istos adversarios, & obtrectatores nostros studiosius & liberius inquiram.* p. 25.

Each drop that issues from my Quill,
 Shall sure as Aquafortis kill ;
 A wound into each bosom dart,
 And sting these vipers to the heart.

But tho' I dip my pen in Gall,
 Think not I mean to blacken all :
 So candid, and so well inclin'd,
 So great a lover of mankind,
 My charity could ne'er suppose,*
Britain's wise Guardians were her foes ;
 I always take our rulers part,
 And hate Invectives from my heart,
 Nor ever could impute the crimes
 Just hinted, to our godly Primes,
 But the lewd Genius of the times. }
 Some inauspicious stars above,
Saturn, or Venus, Mars, or Jove,
 Have club'd together to devise
 These mischiefs in the plotting skies ;
 Look'd red and angry, and from thence
 Darted their baleful influence.

* *Id quidem, non præclaris nostris reipublicæ custodibus, (quos ego sane quam diligenter observo omnes) sed diffiillimo huic tempori, & seculi moribus & vitiis, & invido cuidam & sinistro fato assignandum oportet. p. 27.*

Not wicked Courts, as some suppose ;
 The Planets only are our foes !
 And where can man a refuge find,
 If Stars are cros, and Heaven unkind ?
 If they resolve no more to smile ;
 But rain down plagues upon our isle !

Since then I would, but dare not fight,
 To do my injur'd country right.—
 To save her from the last despair,
 Sure I may breathe one pious prayer ; *
 And *here* my zeal begins to burn !
 One word would save her yet—RETURN ! †
 (Some wits perhaps may think from hence,
 I use it in a wicked sense ;
 And as my meaning they expound,
 May find rank Treason in the found,)
 But since I mean not to abuse it,
 With *Holles'* leave once more I use it.

Genius of Britain, free and bold,
 That didst enflame, in days of old,

* *Quoniam in hunc statum planè pervenimus, ut nihil nisi preces et vota res nostras adjuvare, aut nobis superesse videantur,*
 p. 28.

† REDEAT (*neque fugit hoc verbum meum, qu'ppe meum ab inficetis & malevolis viris improbari, iterandum est tamen*)
 REDEAT.—p. 29.

Thy

Thy generous sons to plead the cause,
 Of injur'd rights, and patriot laws ;
 RETURN ! once more RETURN ! and smile,
 Upon thy once DEAR favourite Isle ;
 Each virtuous breast again inspire,
 With that celestial glowing fire,
 Which taught 'em nobly how to act,
 When their dear freedom was attack'd :
 Without thy help, each mother's son,
 In *Britain*, must be quite undone !
 Expect, if lawless power prevails,
 Nothing but halters, fines, and goals ;
 Our tatter'd students thro' the Town
 In raggs—without a cap or gown.

Once more, *Astræa* ! visit earth,
 A sacred goddess by thy birth !
 Thy antient seat once more regain,
 Preside in courts, in senates reign ;
 Thou Goddess, thou, ah ! clip the claws,
 Of all our cruel harpy laws ;
 That people may enjoy their ease,
 And use their inkhorns, as they please ;

* REDEAT nobis *Astræa* nostra, aut quocunque nomine ma-
 lit vocari ipsa *Iustitia*.—p. 29.

+ *Amandetque procul* (oh procul!) a civibus nostris grassa-
 tiones, superbas dominationes, infames delatores, &c. p. 30.

Let not the guiltless feel thy strokes,
 For a few harmless merry Jokes ;
 Unheard their cause, be sent to jail,
 For healths, when overcome with ale ;
 Who ne'er were known once to commit
 Such frolics in a sober fit ;
 In every college, every hall,
 Good, loyal, serious subjects all :
 And zealous for the royal line,
 In none more zealous than in mine.
 To me who pay a just regard ;
 Who often pray, and study hard ;
 Fond of the precepts I instil,
 Nor ever act against my will.

Return blest —, the task be thine
 To form our manners and refine !
 Look sweet, and on thy *Britain* smile !
 Drive each curst lawyer from thy Isle ;
 Like *Prussia's* monarch, make a stand,*
 Nor leave one Lawyer in the land ;
 Locusts, that pester us, and plague
 Worse than those Vermin once at *Prague* ;

* *O! honoratum, semper et honorandum prudentissimi illius regis Borussiae nomen!*—p. 30. in notis.

Upon

Upon our beef who dine and sup,
Eat half our pork and puddings up.

Goddeſs, return! and let our houſes
Be grac'd with bluſhing, modeſt ſpouſes ;†
Who pay their Lords a homage due,
Virtuous, fair nymphs, and chaſt like you.
By thee, be all our Senates fill'd,
With patriots in our laws well ſkill'd ;
Who, tho' they want your matchleſs parts,
Your learned heads, and upright hearts,
Yet, ah! 'twould be a ſcandal quite,
To chuſe 'em e'er they learn'd to write,
Or could a ſtateſman's judgment ſhew,
When to pronounce their *Aye*, and *No*.

Goddeſs! once more and I have done!
Oh! ſmile upon thy begging ſon!
Be it thy taſk, and kindly care,
(It is my laſt and parting prayer)
That all our doctors may be ſages,
The wonder of all future ages ;

† *Ut ſæminæ omnes ſint quam ſimillimæ huic præſtantî
nympharum cohorti.*—p. 31.

‡ *Coerceant milites ; ut nequis omnino unquam civis ingenuus,
innocens, indemnatus vexetur, multetur, ſpolietur!*—p. 30.

Our Bachelors and Masters grave,*
 With modesty our Sophs behave,
 Study at stated hours, and dine,
 And always be in bed by nine :
 But never venture up their stairs,
 Before they first have said their prayers.

When met, *one nameless day in June,*
 Let no base spies molest our tune ;
 Nor interrupt our *loyal strain---*
---The king shall have his own again ;
 None creep into our club by stealth,
 And plague us for an honest health ; †
 Thou Goddess pleas'd to hear us sing,
 For well thou weetest who is King !
 Our bottles and our pipes before us,
 Thou too perhaps may'st join the Chorus !

Whene'er you chuse a worthy heir
 To grace and fill your *Arran's* chair ;
 Let him, his station to adorn,||
 Be learn'd, polite, and nobly born ;

* *Ut Juvenes nostri sint modesti, frugi, studiosi, senes sint docti, graves, honesti ! ut senatus hic academicus semper servet constantiæ famam, & tenorem suum !*—p. 32.

† *Nihil censeat, aut temporum metu, aut aliorum more lous & ingenuis civibus indignum !*—p. 32.

|| *Nequem nobis adfiscamus dominum superbum, immitem, avarum, indoctum, impium.—Sed præfatum facilem & benignum, literis a pueritia deditum, inclyto prognatum genere !* &c. p. 33.
 I
 (*Antis*

(*Anfis* can tell you by his books,
 Who sprang from Porters, who from Dukes ;
 And knows your wise men, from your fools,
 By chevrons, crosses, bends, and gules)
 Into his parts and birth enquire,
 What Patriot Hero was his Sire ;
 If skill'd in *Greek* and *Latin* found ;
 His heart sincere, and *Morals* found ;
 True to the crown, and---ever since
 We lost him, *loyal to his prince* !
 And long your senate need not muse,
 Wife *Cham* will guide you who to chuse !
 No courtly fool, no royal slave !
 But one, like *Ormond*, just and brave ;
 Inspir'd by virtue, who would drain
 In Freedom's cause each generous vein.

May such our Courts and Councils sway !
 Such the lov'd Patriots we obey !
 By these your OXFORD's fame shall rise,
 As high and higher than the skies,
 While, curs'd by MY avenging ink,
 ALL BASE INFORMERS STARVE AND STINK.

F I N I S.

An APPENDIX.

THE following piece of humour having been the occasion of much pleasantry, about the year 1722, (in which year the Doctor's unlucky Genius put him upon offering himself a Candidate to represent the *University of Oxford* in Parliament, and thereby brought upon him the forest disgrace that ever ambition felt) I hope the readers of these pages will not be displeas'd at seeing it in print. By the turn of the raillery, the Doctor appears to have been much the same character then and ever since——A person of unbounded Pride, and arrogantly laying claim to the fairest Honours; Vain beyond his Circumstances; Impatient of Disappointment; a Zealot, mistrusted by his own Party; and a Creature despis'd and laugh'd at by his Enemies.

Dr. KING's PETITION,

IN IMITATION OF

Mrs. HARRIS's, in *Swift's* Miscellanies:

TO THE HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
the petition of Dr. *King*,
Whom the Heads of Houses, next to Dr. *Harrison*, hate like any thing.—

THAT your petitioner was made Head, because
there were no people in the *Hall*;

That your petitioner having no money, in the
late Election lost it all;

That your Petitioner was call'd by the fitting
Burgeffes Dr. *Harrison's* Tool,

And so tho' your Petitioner stood for a Parlia-
ment Man, yet he went for a Fool.

Upon which, Dr. *Harrison* could not help saying
when he came from *Fermore*,

That Dr. *Clark* was an ignorant Scoundrel, and
Bromley a d—d stupid son of a W—re;

- That* Dr. Clark was elected, tho' Mr. Stanford
declar'd, at *Baliol* Gaudy,
- That* he bow'd as stiff as if he had a stake run
thro' his Body ;
- That* your Petitioner bought two Tye-Wigs in
Honour of his Mother ;
- That* your Petitioner wore one himself, and lent
Dr. *Harrison* the other ;
- That* your Petitioner hopes this HONOURABLE
HOUSE will think it no Sin is,
- If, upon the Account of the Election, he lent
Mr. *Penn* of *Baliol* two Guineas ;
- That* your Petitioner had had *nineteen* more
Votes,
- If *nineteen* Country Curates had had time to pull
off their Boots ;
- That* your Petitioner thinks that damn'd rogue,
the Vice-Chancellor, in a pet
Order'd the Election not to be on *Sunday*, 'cause
your Petitioner's friends were in debt.
- That* your Petitioner was in hopes of one Vote
more having,
- Because he told Mr. *Tristram* of *Pembroke* to de-
dicate his *Vida* to Lord *Craven*.
- That*

That, if it had not been for the d---d Principal,
your Petitioner affirms, to his Knowledge,
An itch of serving your Petitioner had ran thro'
Jesus College ;

That when Dr. *Harrison* acquainted the Vice-
Chancellor with his Political Conjectures,
He desir'd Dr. *Harrison* to read his *Historical*
Lectures ;

That your Petitioner can prove, That even their
own party allows,

There were some Fellows of *All-Souls* who voted
for a Man of their own House ;

That some people have compar'd your Petitioner
to Sir *Martin Marrall*, in a joke,

Because, tho' your Petitioner open'd his Mouth,
it was Dr. *Harrison* spoke ;

That your Petitioner is now in Danger of losing
his Goods and Chattels,

But he hop'd the first Session would have paid
off his *Battels* ;

That when this affair was come pretty near a
Decision,

It was scandalously reported that your Petitioner
design'd to petition ;

That

That your petitioner has lost both his Election
and Place,

Which is as true to be sure as how that *Dr Har-*
rison has got a Prize-fighter's Face ;

That your Petitioner thinks it a matter of
Grievance to the Nation,

That when *Dr. Harrison* sent, the Vice-Chan-
cellor would not dismiss the Convocation,

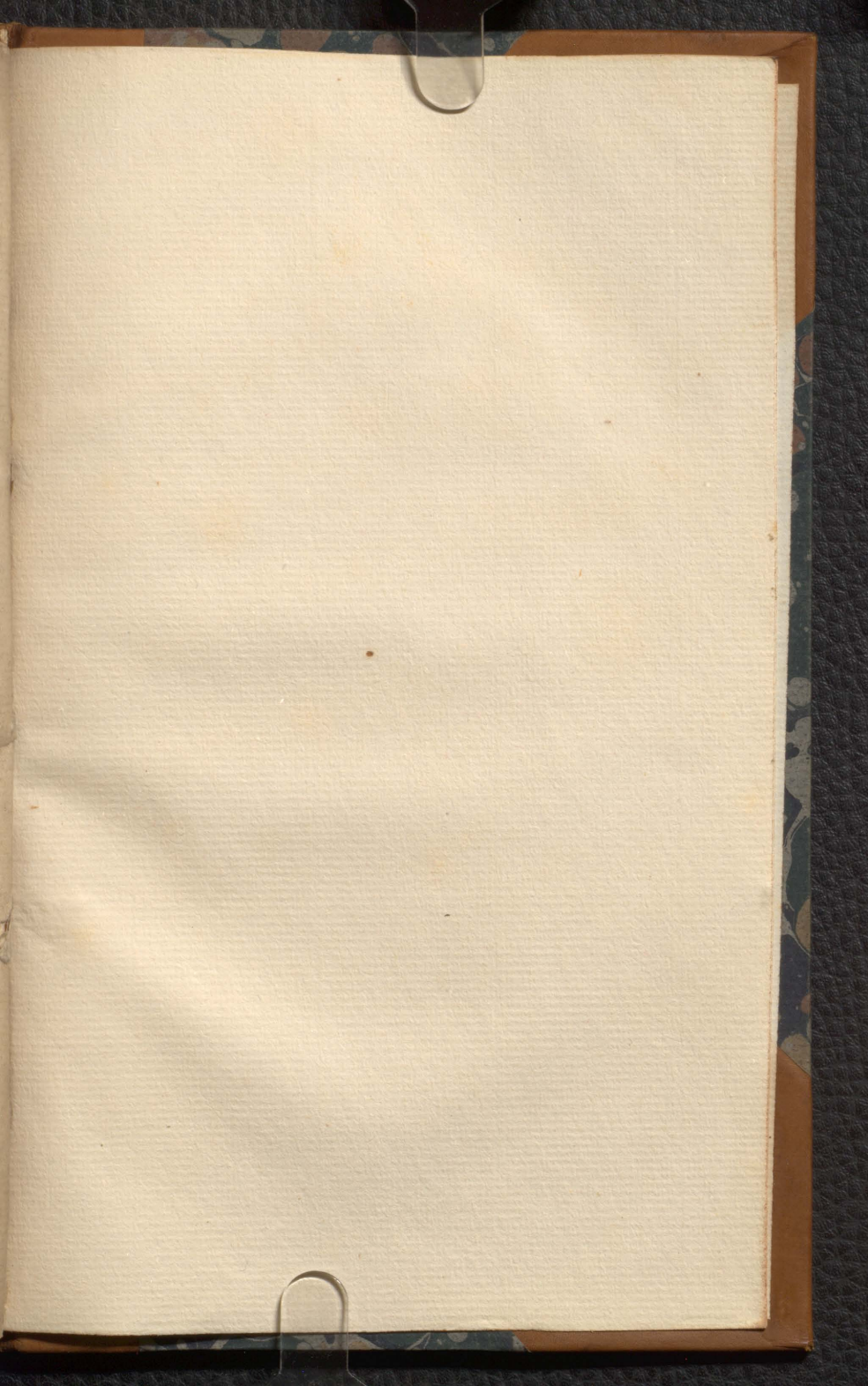
Which, with other Grievances, he humbly
conceives deserves a *Royal Visitation.*

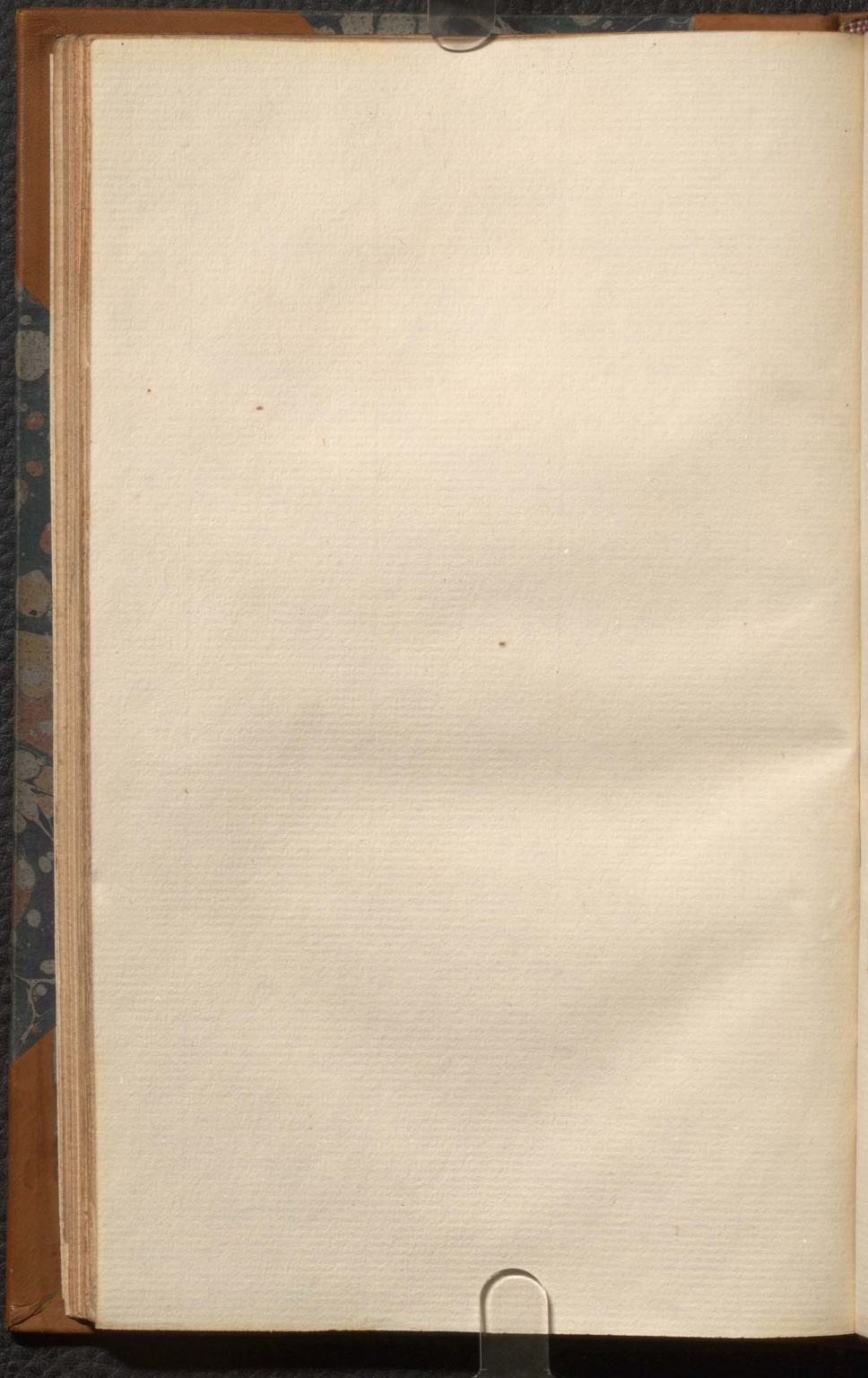


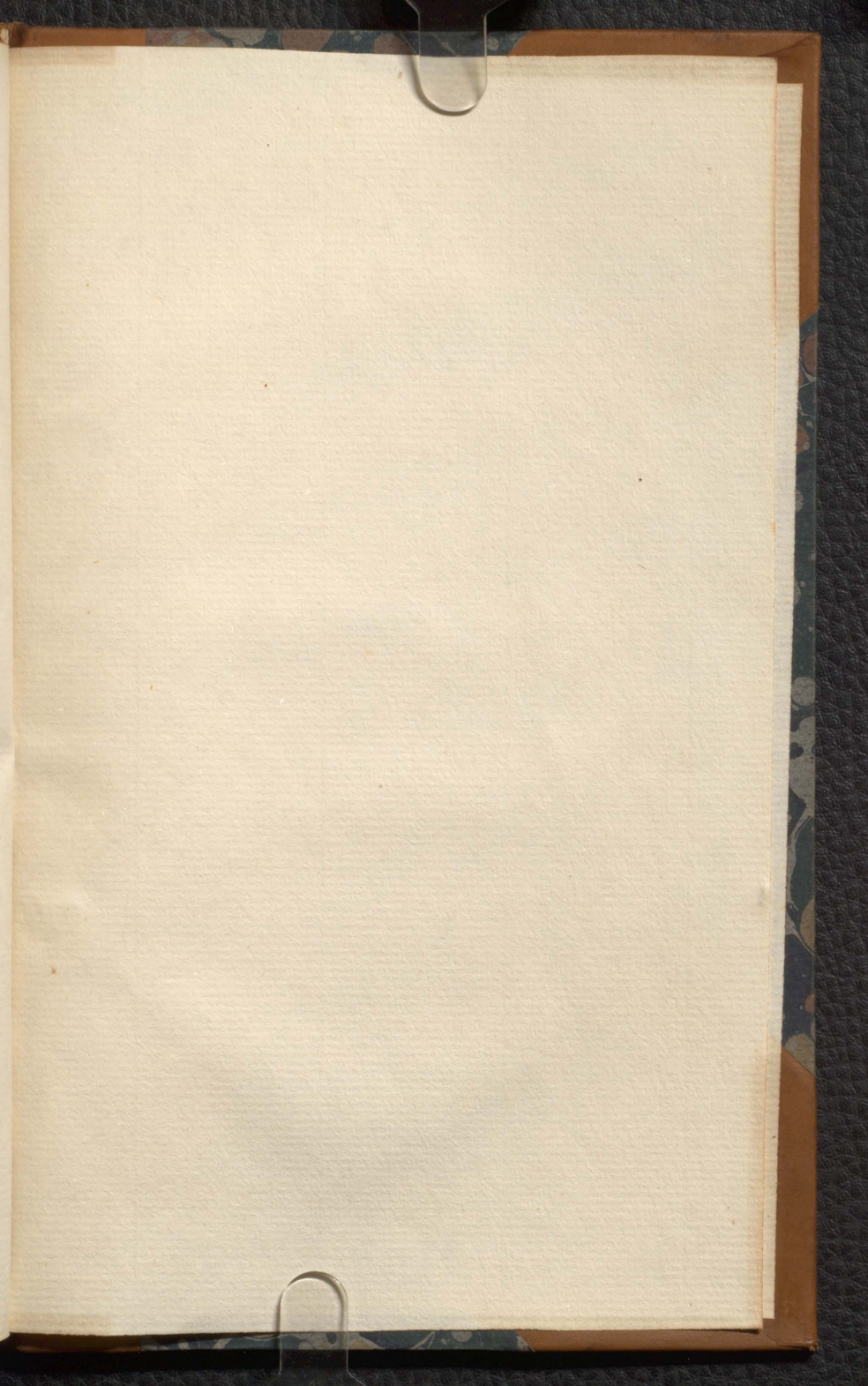
F I N I S.

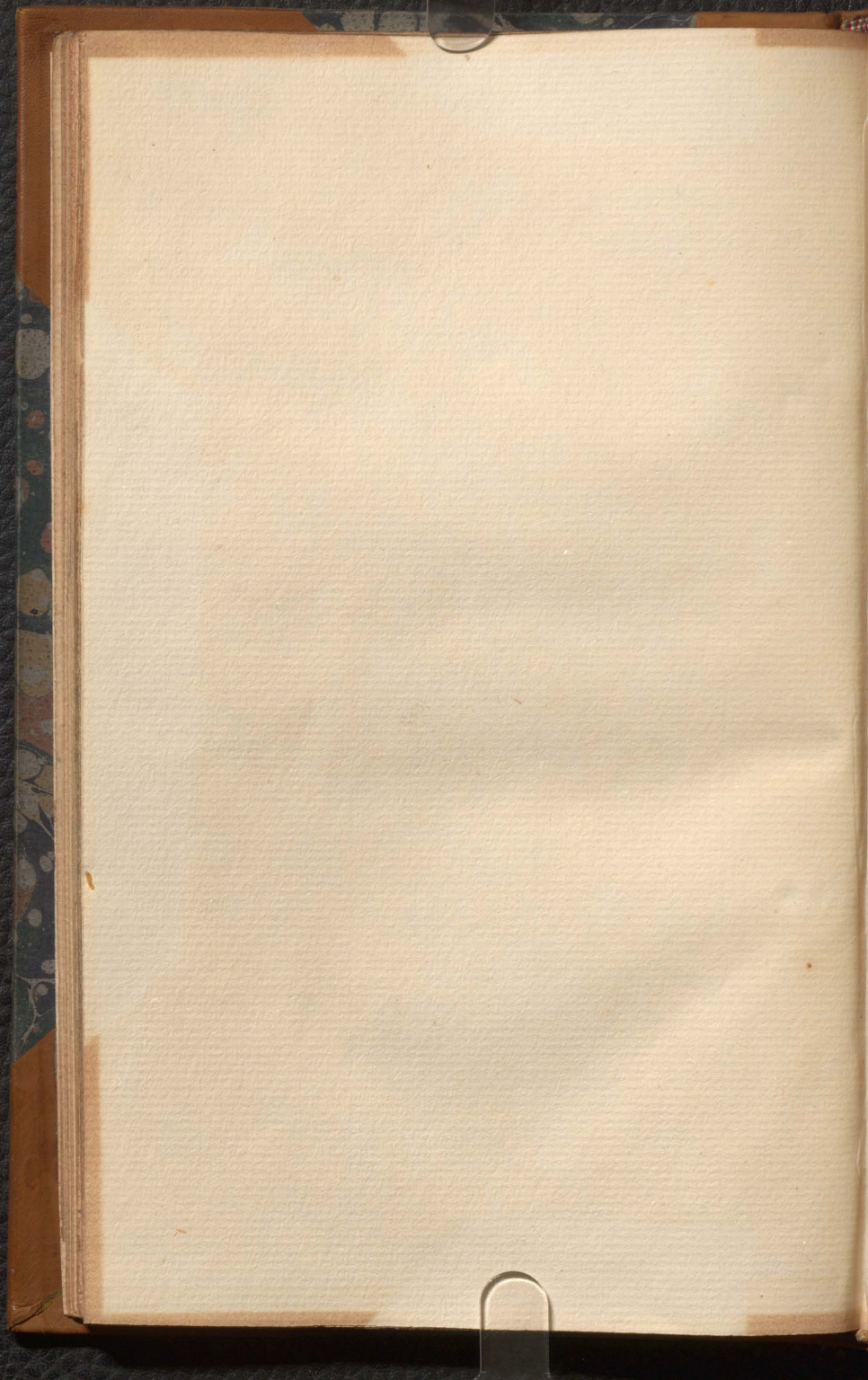
That your petition has lost both its Election
 and Place,
 Which is as true as to be sure as how that Dr. Hays
 says has got a Prize-fighter's Face;
 That your Petitioner thinks it a matter of
 Grievance to the Nation,
 That when Dr. Hays for the Vice-Chan-
 cellor would not dismiss the Convocation,
 Which, with other Grievances, he humbly
 conceives deserves a Royal Pardon.

L I V I S









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