The Poems of Jonathan Swift, D.D., Volume 2 eBook

The Poems of Jonathan Swift, D.D., Volume 2 by Jonathan Swift

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POEMS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

POEMS ADDRESSED TO VANESSA AND STELLA

Cadenus and Vanessa[1]
1713

The shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature Man.
The brief with weighty crimes was charged
On which the pleader much enlarged;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money league;
Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,

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Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.
  The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes;
When the defendant's counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
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 celestial, chaste, refined,
Conceived and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers,
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare,
From visits to receive and pay,
From scandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
  In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow;
If a small breeze obstruct the course,
It whirls about, for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind:

Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame;
The faults must on the nymphs be placed
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,
That every article was true;
Nor further those deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
The cause appear'd of so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment seat,
Desired them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:
For if the heavenly folks should know
These pleadings in the courts below,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
And then, said she, my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky;
Or else, shut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth:
There live with daggled mermaids pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent.
  But since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by the king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,

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And on the right hand took their places
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 ashamed look'd down;
And 'twas observed, there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said, she must consult her books,
The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second:
She then referr'd them to a place
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.
  There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day;
And so she did; and then a third;
She heard it—there she kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.
  Now, gentle Clio, sing, or say
What Venus meant by this delay?
The goddess much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declined,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceived a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause

Far better than consulting laws.
  In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produced 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,
And thus debated with herself.
  Since men allege, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These will I gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.
  This said, she plucks in Heaven's high bowers
A sprig of amaranthine flowers.
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refined in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the newborn maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
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.

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The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help required:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspired
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "Vanessa be the name
By which thou shall be known to fame:
Vanessa, by the gods enroll'd:
Her name on earth shall not be told."
But still the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit.
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,
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:
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.
Wisdom's above suspecting wiles;
The Queen of Learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
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, judgment, wit.
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a stand;

She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praise;
That meat must be with money bought:
She therefore, upon second thought,
Infused, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there staid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She managed her estate with care,
Yet liked 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;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
  The Queen of Love was pleased, and proud,
To see Vanessa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame,
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books,
To study bright Vanessa's looks;
As she advanced, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be tried
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!"
Thus by the nymphs and swains adored,
My power shall be again restored,

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And happy lovers bless my reign—
So Venus hoped, but hoped in vain.
  For when in time the Martial Maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And, fired with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She'd all undo that she had done.
  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 given,
Or any brother god in Heaven:
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;
A shame to one so much adored
For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own:
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design:
She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's naught,
And must have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects.
  In proper season Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets,
(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 your talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shall quickly see,
Deceived thyself, instead of me;
For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
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;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But, using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course.
  The goddess thus pronounced her doom:
When, lo! Vanessa in her bloom
Advanced, like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far:
In a new world with caution slept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread:
Would seldom at the Park appear,
Nor saw the play-house twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclined
To know the converse of mankind.
  First issued from perfumers' shops,
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her how she liked the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
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;

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Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk’d till after nine:
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty’s praise;
Run o’er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
  With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat;
Farther than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom’s full extent;
And said, she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly placed
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer’d to dispute,
Alone distinguish’d man from brute:
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 named the ancient heroes round,
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 ranged
And gracefully her subject changed;
In vain! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
—That lady is the dullest soul!—
Then tapt their forehead in a jeer,
As who should say—She wants it here!
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!
  A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,

Came early, out of pure good will,
To see the girl in dishabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
While Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd
As came into her fancy first;
Named half the rates, and liked the worst.
To scandal next—What awkward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring?
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast:
I said her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was married to the Tunbridge beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight!
They rallied 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!

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With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.
  Filled with disdain, with rage inflamed
Both of herself and sex ashamed,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She’s not so handsome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!
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. [2]
I’ll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces has a better fancy;
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment how to buy a mask.
We begg’d her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told.
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.)
  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;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm’d with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa’s power unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspired;
Her virtues fewer swains admired.

So stars, beyond a certain height,
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit
She condescended to admit:
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held
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 placed it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise,
Would not be praised, yet loved to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make;
Whom Pallas once, Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
  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
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake;
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas now were grown;
And Cupid hoped they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:

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Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix’d,
Or, often blunted and recoil’d,
On Plutarch’s Moral struck, were spoil’d.
  The Queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates’ decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom’s aid,
Was, in the very search, betray’d.
  Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolved to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor,
Both to adore her, and instruct her:
I’ll give her what she most admires
Among those venerable sires.
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress’d by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate’er vexations love attend,
She needs no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.
  Cadenus many things had writ:
Vanessa much esteem’d his wit,
And call’d for his poetic works:
Meantime the boy in secret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierced the feeble volume through,

And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierced her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increased her smart.
  Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declined in health, advanced in years.
She fancies music in his tongue;
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
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,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit,
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
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;
Ideas came into her mind

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So fast, his lessons lagg’d behind;
She reason’d, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought;
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amazed to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seem’d to listen more
To all he spoke, than e’er before,
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 tired with lectures;
Which help’d to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventured to complain:
Said, she should be no longer teazed,
Might have her freedom when she pleased;
Was now convinced he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That every nymph with envy own’d,
How she might shine in the *grand monde*:
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister’d like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He waked, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill:
For nature must be nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their better;
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.
  Vanessa, fill’d with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
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
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use;
That virtue, pleased 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, said the nymph, to let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise;
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
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, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confined
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;

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Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face;
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget;
Or grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
[3]Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say, he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce;
The town would swear, he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid:
And every beau would have his joke,
That scholars were like other folk;
And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care—
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancied worse.—
  Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd every word he spoke;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans* consequence.
She rallied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
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,
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;
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself described,
His doctrines when she first imbibed;
What he had planted, now was grown;
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;
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that’s the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!
(Those authors he so oft had named,
For learning, wit, and wisdom, famed;)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish’d then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprise
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,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While every passion of her mind
In him is centred and confined.

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Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with such pains acquired,
By this new passion grew inspired;
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline:
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind;
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully applied,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes;
Each girl, when pleased with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When miss delights in her spinet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice:
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!

So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
’Tis merit must with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all she ever read!
And had a most discerning head!
  ’Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery’s the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
  So when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit placed,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne’er held possession of his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain’d to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When ’tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix’d with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue’s basis fix’d to last,
When love allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem:
With what devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.

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While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits;
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne:
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange
If both should now their stations change,
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
The science she designs to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
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,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.
Meantime the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.

She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise:
For though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent;
Though her design was not obtain'd:
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly tried,
Could better now the cause decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and, silence thrice proclaimed,
One lawyer to each side was named.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace;
And full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor spend their time to show their reading:
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the men.
  But in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
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 showing,
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,
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.

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She saw her favour was misplaced;
The fellows had a wretched taste;
She needs must tell them to their face,
They were a stupid, senseless race;
And, were she to begin again,
She'd study to reform the men;
Or add some grains of folly more
To women, than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot;
And this, or nothing else, would do't.
This might their mutual fancy strike;
Since every being loves its like.
"But now, repenting what was done,
She left all business to her son;
She put the world in his possession,
And let him use it at discretion."
The crier was order'd to dismiss
The court, who made his last "O yes!"
The goddess would no longer wait;
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to Heaven.

[Footnote 1: Hester, elder daughter of Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, a Dutch merchant in Dublin, where he acquired a fortune of some L16,000. Upon his death, his widow and two daughters settled in London, about 1710-11, where Swift became intimate with the family. See "Prose Works," especially Journal to Stella. After Swift became Dean of St. Patrick's, Vanessa and her sister, on their mother's death, returned to Ireland. The younger sister died about 1720, and Vanessa died at Marlay Abbey in May, 1723.]

[Footnote 2: A lace so called after the celebrated French Minister, Colbert. Planche's "British Costume," 395._W. E. B._]

[Footnote 3: See the verses "On Censure," vol. i, p.160.—*W. E. B.*]

TO LOVE[1]

In all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee!

So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
And yet so strong, thou triumph’st o’er the wise.
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.
Most nets are fill’d by want of thought and care
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare;
Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing part of life away.
But, what does most my indignation move,
Discretion! thou wert ne’er a friend to Love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering God is at his play,
Thou steal’st his golden pointed darts away:
Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
Convey’st malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedless God, suspecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her shepherd can find no return,
Laments, and rages at the power divine,
When, curst Discretion! all the fault was thine:
Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
And bred such feuds between those kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former scales, wherein he used to poise
Love against love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill’d up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches, still subside.
Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
And tell him, how thy children are undone:
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And strike Discretion to the shades below.

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[Footnote 1: Found in Miss Vanhomrigh's desk, after her death, in the handwriting of Dr. Swift.—*H.*]

A REBUS. BY VANESSA

Cut the name of the man [1] who his mistress denied,
And let the first of it be only applied
To join with the prophet[2] who David did chide;
Then say what a horse is that runs very fast;[3]
And that which deserves to be first put the last;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The name and the virtues of him I design'd.
Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's versed in the state;
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great;
Like a racer he flies, to succour with speed,
When his friends want his aid, or desert is in need.

[Footnote 1: Jo-seph.]

[Footnote 2: Nathan.]

[Footnote 3: Swift.]

THE DEAN'S ANSWER

The nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
On so mean a design, and a subject so low.
For mean's her design, and her subject as mean,
The first but a rebus, the last but a dean.
A dean's but a parson: and what is a rebus?
A thing never known to the Muses or Phoebus.
The corruption of verse; for, when all is done,
It is but a paraphrase made on a pun.
But a genius like hers no subject can stifle,
It shows and discovers itself through a trifle.
By reading this trifle, I quickly began
To find her a great wit, but the dean a small man.
Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
So the wit that is lavishly thrown away here,

Might furnish a second-rate poet a year.
Thus much for the verse, we proceed to the next,
Where the nymph has entirely forsaken her text:
Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season:
And what she describes to be merit, is treason:
The changes which faction has made in the state,
Have put the dean’s politics quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And, should he write pamphlets, no great man would read ’em;
And, should want or desert stand in need of his aid,
This racer would prove but a dull founder’d jade.

STELLA’S BIRTH-DAY MARCH 13, 1718-19

Stella this day is thirty-four,
(We shan’t dispute a year or more:)
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy size and years are doubled
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green;
So little is thy form declined;
Made up so largely in thy mind.
  O, would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.
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.

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STELLA’S BIRTH-DAY.[1] 1719-20

Written A.D. 1720-21.—*Stella*.

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 every friend.
And though the painting grows decay’d,
The house will never lose its trade:
Nay, though the treach’rous tapster,[2] Thomas,
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers’ hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We[3] think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.
  Now this is Stella’s case in fact,
An angel’s face a little crack’d.
(Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six:)
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel’s mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella’s eyes.
See, at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them to so small expense;
Their minds so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.
  Then, who can think we’ll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Nail’d to her window full in sight
All Christian people to invite.
Or stop and light at Chloe’s head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?
  Then, Chloe, still go on to prate

Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
But let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That should you live to see the day,
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could Art, or Time, or Nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at four-score.

[Footnote 1: Collated with Stella's own copy transcribed in her volume.—*Forster*.]

[Footnote 2: Rascal.—*Stella*.]

[Footnote 3: They.—*Stella*.]

TO STELLA, WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POEMS 1720

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As, when a lofty pile is raised,
We never hear the workmen praised,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones.
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approved in aftertimes;
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.
  Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp was strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.
  In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
As tradesmen show their trash at first;
But his pursuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.
A poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes:
Should but his Muse descending drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout;
Or patch his broken stocking soles;
Or send him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies and leaves the stars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
  Or, should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found

With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark’d with bloody tracks;[1]
Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks:
And radiant Iris in the pox.
These are the goddesses enroll’d
In Curll’s collection, new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know ’em,
If they should meet them in a poem.
  True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in 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.
  Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What stoics call without our power,
They could not be ensured an hour;
’Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you’re quite another thing.
  So Maevius, when he drain’d his skull
To celebrate some suburb trull,
His similes in order set,
And every crambo[2] he could get;
Had gone through all the common-places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces;
Before he could his poem close,

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The lovely nymph had lost her nose.
  Your virtues safely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.
  Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolved to mortify your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side.
  Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Moved by the lightest touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite,
Regardless both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all suspended wait,
Till time has 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 from you the world to hide;
In vain; for see, your friend has brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble, generous mind:
And may compare to AEtna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;
The heat that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Those who, in warmer climes, complain
From Phoebus' rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a shade.
  Yet, when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion, with a different turn,

Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the sun's heat, with different powers,
Ripens the grape, the liquor sours:
Thus Ajax, when with rage possest,
By Pallas breathed into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
  You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting by degrees,
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.
Stella, for once you reason wrong;
For, should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From passion you may then be freed,
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?
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.

[Footnote 1: At Bridewell; see vol. i, "A Beautiful Young Nymph," at p. 201.—*W. E. B*.]

[Footnote 3: A cant word for a rhyme.—*W. E. B.*]

TO STELLA VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS 1720

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Pallas, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human kind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.
  But (not in wrangling to engage
With such a stupid, vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs,
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.
  Those numerous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
  But, lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake:
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car;
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at piquet;
Or when a whore, in her vocation,
Keeps punctual to an assignation;
Or that on which his lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.
  In points of honour to be tried,
All passions must be laid aside:
Ask no advice, but think alone;
Suppose the question not your own.
How shall I act, is not the case;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In such a case would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
  Drive all objections from your mind,

Else you relapse to human kind:
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
A factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipt with nauseous fleer,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.
  Heroes and heroines of old,
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word:
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best:
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!
Base kings, and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate!
She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confined.
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
  Her hearers are amazed from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;

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Which, though her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through every motion steals.
  Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind?
No; ’twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul;
Then, to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
  How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Censure glut her spite,
If I should Stella’s kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride!
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call’d every power to ease my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief;
And, though by Heaven’s severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employ’d for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warm’d
With vigour and delight perform’d:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes:
Now with a soft and silent tread
Unheard she moves about my bed.
I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught;
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.
  Best pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;

For such a fool was never found,
Who pull’d a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decay’d.

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30, 1721

St. Patrick’s Dean, your country’s pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the rest attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female strains
The day that paid your mother’s pains;
Descend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
  When men began to call me fair,
You interposed your timely care:
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb’s eyes;
Show’d where my judgment was misplaced;
Refined my fancy and my taste.
  Behold that beauty just decay’d,
Invoking art to nature’s aid:
Forsook by her admiring train,
She spreads her tatter’d nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene changed, to change her part;
She, whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hiss’d.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.
  Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne’er resembled those:
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.

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You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o’er the skin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.
The sight of Chloe at fifteen,
Coquetting, gives not me the spleen;
The idol now of every fool
Till time shall make their passions cool;
Then tumbling down Time’s steepy hill,
While Stella holds her station still.
O! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women’s ruin’d cause,
Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
  Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o’er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone, then die to-morrow.

TO STELLA ON HER BIRTH-DAY, 1721-2

While, Stella, to your lasting praise
The Muse her annual tribute pays,
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines;

My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung.
For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They must have Stellas of their own;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE BY DR. DELANY

Amphora, quae moestum linquis, laetumque revises
  Arentem dominum, sit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depositum serves, neve opprime, marmor;
  Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

EPITAPH BY THE SAME

Hoc tumulata jacet proles Lenaea sepulchro,
Immortale genus, nee peritura jacet;
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo:
Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY: A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING THAT DAY DUG UP. 1722-3

Resolv'd my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or if, with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain,
It cost me Lord knows how much time
To shape it into sense and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curse,

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Long thinking made my fancy worse.
  Forsaken by th'inspiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's shrine:
I told him what the world would say,
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 Sheridan the rogue would sneer,
And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel'n anno ridet Apollo*.
I have assur'd them twenty times,
That Phoebus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phoebus inspired me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetic license;
And when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's[1] right as good as mine.
  Nor do I ask 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.
  Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints and you shall use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns,
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean White, Dean Daniel, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what dean soever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the crowd.
  But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs. Brent;[2]
For she, as priestess, knows the rites

Wherein the god of earth delights.
First, nine ways looking,[3] let her stand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunders'[4] cellar on the ground:
A spade let prudent Archy[5] hold,
And with discretion dig the mould.
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca,[6] Ford, and Grattans by.
  Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated toward the skies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire;
And Bacchus for the poet's use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sov'reign med'cine for the brains.
  You'll find it soon, if fate consents;
If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thousand Archys, arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.
  From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse;
But first let Robert[7] 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.

[Footnote 1: The Poet Laureate.]

[Footnote 2: "Mrs. Brent, my housekeeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle." "I dine *tete a tete* five days a week with my old presbyterian housekeeper whom I call Sir Robert." Swift to Pope. Pope's "Works," edit. Elwin and Courthope, vii, pp. 145, 212.—*W. E. B.*]

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[Footnote 3: She had a cast in her eyes.—*Swift.*]

[Footnote 4: The butler.]

[Footnote 5: The footman.]

[Footnote 6: Mrs. Dingley.]

[Footnote 7: The valet.]

STELLA AT WOOD PARK,
A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ., NEAR DUBLIN
1723

—cuicumque nocere volebat, Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.[1]

Don Carlos, in a merry spight,
Did Stella to his house invite:
He entertain’d her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o’er the servants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price:
Now at the table head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits:
She look’d on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn:
A haunch of ven’son made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
“Dear Madam, try this pigeon’s leg;”
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light she view’d the wine,
To see that ev’ry glass was fine.
At last, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high, and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he design’d.
The winter sky began to frown:
Poor Stella must pack off to town;
From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffey’s stinking tide in Dublin:

From wholesome exercise and air
To sossing in an easy-chair:
From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle[2] like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the household singly.
To be directed here by Dingley:[3]
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and God be thank it:
From every meal Pontac in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call,
To visits of Archdeacon Wall:
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean:
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by starving here.
  But now arrives the dismal day;
She must return to Ormond Quay.[4]
The coachman stopt; she look'd, and swore
The rascal had mistook the door:
At coming in, you saw her stoop;
The entry brush'd against her hoop:
Each moment rising in her airs,
She curst the narrow winding stairs:
Began a thousand faults to spy;
The ceiling hardly six feet high;
The smutty wainscot full of cracks:
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Lady-day;
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings like a poor Grisette,
While there are houses to be let.
  Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup:
When all the while you might remark,
She strove in vain to ape Wood Park.
Two bottles call'd for, (half her store,
The cupboard could contain but four:)
A supper worthy of herself,

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Five nothings in five plates of delf.
  Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
  Thus far in jest: though now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the least pretence;
Nor can be more securely placed
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
I must confess your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine;
And, though in miniature, you shine:
Yet, when you sigh to leave Wood Park,
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down,
We think you quite mistake the case,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood Park with you.

[Footnote 1: Horat., "Epist.," i, 18, 31.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: In its proper sense—to pick at table, to feed squeamishly.
  "With entremets to piddle with at hand."
BYRON, *Don Juan.—W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: The constant companion of Stella.]

[Footnote 4: Where the two ladies lodged.]

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR BEC [1] 1723-4

Returning Janus[2] now prepares,
For Bec, a new supply of cares,

Sent in a bag to Dr. Swift,
Who thus displays the new-year's gift.
  First, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leasings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on every side
With Stella's magisterial pride.
Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With six imagined cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus sends
Concerns by thousands for your friends.
And here's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Lest you the town may have less trouble in
Bring all your Quilca's [3] cares to Dublin,
For which he sends this empty sack;
And so take all upon your back.

[Footnote 1: Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.]

[Footnote 2: The sun god represented with two faces, one in front, and one behind, to whom the new year was sacred.—*W. E. B*.]

[Footnote 3: Country-house of Dr. Sheridan.]

DINGLEY AND BRENT[1] A SONG

To the tune of "Ye Commons and Peers."

    Dingley and Brent,
    Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was spoken;
    Whatever was said,
    They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own silly joking.

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Should Solomon wise
In majesty rise,
And show them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jest,
And please all the rest;
Comes Dingley, and asks you, what was it?
And, curious to know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

[Footnote 1: Dr. Swift's housekeeper.]

TO STELLA

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HER BIRTH, MARCH 13, 1723-4, BUT NOT ON THE SUBJECT, WHEN I WAS SICK IN BED

Tormented with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verse to Stella's native day:
But now unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light.
Ungrateful! since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble slave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in every word I speak,
She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears;
Although 'tis easy to descry
She wants assistance more than I;
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a stoic in her own.
When, among scholars, can we find
So soft and yet so firm a mind?
All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue higher;

Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.
Her firmness who could e'er have known,
Had she not evils of her own?
Her kindness who could ever guess,
Had not her friends been in distress?
Whatever base returns you find
From me, dear Stella, still be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue still a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promise to be good again;
Meantime, your other juster friends
Shall for my follies make amends;
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

VERSES BY STELLA

If it be true, celestial powers,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care:
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind,
What envious Time takes from my face
Bestow upon my mind!

A RECEIPT TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5

The Scottish hinds, too poor to house
In frosty nights their starving cows,
While not a blade of grass or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Must let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain:
Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
And nothing left but skin and bone;
Exposed to want, and wind, and weather,
They just keep life and soul together,
Till summer showers and evening's dew

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Again the verdant glebe renew;
And, as the vegetables rise,
The famish'd cow her want supplies;
Without an ounce of last year's flesh;
Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As rising from Medea's [1] kettle.
With youth and beauty to enchant
Europa's[2] counterfeit gallant.
  Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
If I compare you to a cow?
'Tis just the case; for you have fasted
So long, till all your flesh is wasted;
And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your skin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood.
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same
Nor aught of Stella but the name:
For what was ever understood,
By human kind, but flesh and blood?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former you;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jockey boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices o' quorum,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
But, lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case;
For if to Michaelmas you stay,

The new-born flesh will melt away;
The ’squires in scorn will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We’ll make it firm with beef and claret.

[Footnote 1: The celebrated sorceress, daughter of AEetes, King of Colchis, who assisted Jason in obtaining possession of the Golden Fleece.—*W. E. B*.]

[Footnote 2: Carried off by Jupiter under the form of a bull. Ovid, “Met.” ii, 836.]

STELLA’S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5

As when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say she’s past her dancing days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.
  Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confined 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 Phoebus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.

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At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You must be grave and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose:
But I'll be still your friend in prose:
Esteem and friendship to express,
Will not require poetic dress;
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.
  But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time sits 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.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight;
And wrinkles undistinguished pass,
For I'm ashamed to use a glass:
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
  No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit;
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see.
O ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight![1]

[Footnote 1: Now deaf, 1740.—*Swift*. This pathetic note was in Swift's writing in his own copy of the "Miscellanies," edit. 1727-32.—*W. E. B.*]

BEC'S[1] BIRTH-DAY NOV. 8, 1726

This day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one, she'd give it ye.

She chose a thread of greatest length,
And doubly twisted it for strength:
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.
Then who says care will kill a cat?
Rebecca shows they’re out in that.
For she, though overrun with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
  As, if the gout should seize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to the extremest parts,
They give the sick man joy, and praise
The gout that will prolong his days.
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, though philosophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca’s led;
Her hands and feet conduct her head;
By arbitrary power convey her,
She ne’er considers why or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-stander:
And all her bustling but supplies
The part of wholesome exercise.
Thus nature has resolved to pay her
The cat’s nine lives, and eke the care.
  Long may she live, and help her friends
Whene’er it suits her private ends;
Domestic business never mind
Till coffee has her stomach lined;
But, when her breakfast gives her courage,
Then think on Stella’s chicken porridge:
I mean when Tiger[2]has been served,

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Or else poor Stella may be starved.
  May Bec have many an evening nap,
With Tiger slabbering in her lap;
But always take a special care
She does not overset the chair;
Still be she curious, never hearken
To any speech but Tiger’s barking!
  And when she’s in another scene,
Stella long dead, but first the Dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will please her better!
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her.
A goodly set as can be found
Of hearty gossips prating round;
Fresh from a wedding or a christening,
To teach her ears the art of listening,
And please her more to hear them tattle,
Than the Dean storm, or Stella rattle.
  Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes,[3] waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elysian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her!

[Footnote 1: Mrs. Rebecca Dingley.]

[Footnote 2: Mrs. Dingley’s favourite lap-dog. See next page.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: Mercury.—Virg., “Aeneid,” iv.]

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER,

MRS. DINGLEY’S LAP-DOG

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

STELLA’S BIRTH-DAY

MARCH 13, 1726-7

This day, whate’er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills;
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.
  Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.
  Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice;
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes;)
Grant this the case; yet sure ’tis hard
That virtue, styled its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which, by remembrance, will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life’s declining part.
  Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employ’d to save
Despairing wretches from the grave;
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg’d from death before?

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So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain:
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
  Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends,
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where she has gone
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.
  O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!

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

DEATH AND DAPHNE

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730

Lord Orrery gives us the following curious anecdote respecting this poem:

"I have just now cast my eye over a poem called 'Death and Daphne,' which makes me recollect an odd incident, 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 to me with a seeming satisfaction, of which, at that time, I 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 through 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

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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 had 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!'"
—*Remarks on the Life of Swift*, Lond., 1752, p. 126.

Death went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay;
The phantom having humbly kiss'd
His grisly monarch's sooty fist,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, observing since the peace
The burial article decrease,
And vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declared in council Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That Death should get a numerous breed;
Young deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.
  A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau;
From her own head Megaera[1] takes
A periwig of twisted snakes:
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
(Like toupees[2] of this upper world)
With flower of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder of the sable kind
In line direct hung down behind:
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat:
His coat, a usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.
But, loath his person to expose
Bare, like a carcass pick'd by crows,

A lawyer, o’er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment case.
No new flux’d rake show’d fairer skin;
Nor Phyllis after lying in.
With snuff was fill’d his ebon box,
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops,
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful sounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!’
  Thus furnish’d out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-lane:[3]
The faculty, his humble friends,
A complimental message sends:
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangued, and welcomed him to town.
  But Death had business to dispatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And hearing much of Daphne’s fame,
His majesty of terrors came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To visit where she sat at cards;
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps,
She scarce remembers what is trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen except her own.
Charm’d with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket-glass drew slily out;
And grew enamour’d with her phiz,

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As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain;
Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau;
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If Chloe were a sharper still
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books.)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft a-week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied those Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades;
How pleasant on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and six!
  What pride a female heart inflames?
How endless are ambition's aims:
Cease, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee;
For, when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguished Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the suds.

[Footnote 1: Megaera, one of three Furies, beautifully described by Virgil, "Aeneid," xii, 846.—. *W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: Periwigs with long tails.]

[Footnote 3: Where the College of Physicians was situated at that time. See Cunningham's "Handbook of London."—*W. E. B.*]

DAPHNE

Daphne knows, with equal ease,
How to vex, and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devised
Surer ways to be despised;
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute, her chief delight,
Without one opinion right:
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say;
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows;
And, where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier;
All her spirits in a flame
When she knows she's most to blame.
  Send me hence ten thousand miles,
From a face that always smiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistence,
To be easy, keep your distance:
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her;
Lose not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought,
That she'll own, or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong;

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And reprove her when she's right;
She may then grow wise for spight.
  No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learnt her creed;
She's too cunning and too skilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth, and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful;
This is flattering and delightful:
That she throws away as foul;
Sits by this to dress her soul.
  Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you:
Heaven forbid he should despise thee,
But he'll never more advise thee.

RIDDLES BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS. WRITTEN IN OR ABOUT THE YEAR 1724

The following notice is subjoined to some of these riddles, in the Dublin edition: "About nine or ten years ago, (*i.e.* about 1724,) some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, used to entertain themselves with writing riddles, and send them to him and their other acquaintance; copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed, both here and in England. The author, at his leisure hours, fell into the same amusement; although it be said that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use. However, by the advice of some persons, for whom the author hath a great esteem, and who were pleased to send us the copies, we have ventured to print the few following, as we have done two or three before, and which are allowed to be genuine; because we are informed that several good judges have a taste for such kind of compositions."

PETHOX THE GREAT. 1723

FROM Venus born, thy beauty shows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy sire,

The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin singed the soil:
(From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal power descends to thee;)
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, show numerous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and all before,
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul descend;
Or from Parthenope[1] the proud,
Where numberless thy votaries crowd;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Vespuccio's name,[2]
For so conjectures would obtrude;
And from thy painted skin conclude;
Whether, as Epicurus[3] shows,
The world from justling seeds arose,
Which, mingling with prolific strife
In chaos, kindled into life:
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.
  Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd

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Thy head with sparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strew’d,
The bird of Pallas,[4] knows his post,
Thee to attend, where’er thou goest.
  Byzantians boast, that on the clod
Where once their Sultan’s horse hath trod,
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree:
The same thy subjects boast of thee.
  The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours seen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.
  With half a word when you require,
The man of business must retire.
  The haughty minister of state,
With trembling must thy leisure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The business of the nation stands.
  Thou darest the greatest prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack;
And, as an instance of thy power,
Enclose him in a wooden tower,
With pungent pains on every side:
So Regulus[5] in torments died.
  From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endued
With temperance and with fortitude,
With patience, which all ills supports,
And secrecy, the art of courts.
  The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But, having long conversed with you,
Knows how to scroll a billet-doux.
  With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen!
The Britons, once a savage kind,

By you were brighten’d and refined,
Descendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns:
But you have moulded them afresh,
Removed the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.
  Proteus on you bestow’d the boon
To change your visage like the moon;
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t’other half for private use.
  How famed thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pleias bright!
Outnumber’d, half encompass’d round,
You strove for every inch of ground;
Then, by a soldierly retreat,
Retired to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he traced,
Found all the realms before him waste:
You, o’er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march:
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol secured,
A siege as long as Troy endured.

[Footnote 1: Naples, anciently called Parthenope, from the name of the siren who threw herself into the sea for grief at the departure of Ulysses, and was cast up and buried there.—Ovid, “Met.,” xiv, 101.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: Americus Vespuccius, the discoverer of America in 1497. See Hakluyts “Navigations, Voyages, *etc*.,” vii, 161; viii, 449.—*W. E. B.*]

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[Footnote 3: See Lucretius, “De Rer. Nat.,” lib. i.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 4: Bubo, the owl.—*Dublin Edition*.]

[Footnote 5: Taken prisoner by the Carthaginians in the first Punic war, and ultimately tortured to death. See the story in Cicero, “De Officiis,” i, 13; Hor., “Carm.,” iii, 5.—*W. E. B.*]

ON A PEN. 1724

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white.
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes graced;
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg’d me from my mother’s side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stript me to the skin:
My skin he flay’d, my hair he cropt:
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick’d my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue and make me speak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust.
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not show his reading.
  Nay; man my master is my slave;

I give command to kill or save,
Can grant ten thousand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar’s brat a peer.
  But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr’d,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

ON GOLD

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth,
How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gaudy livery drest!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me; or my embraces shun.
Stabb’d to the heart, condemn’d to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian god, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods’ delight.
Soon would their altar’s flame expire
If I refused to lend them fire.

  By fate exalted high in place,
  Lo, here I stand with double face:
  Superior none on earth I find;
  But see below me all mankind
  Yet, as it oft attends the great,
  I almost sink with my own weight.

At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my look.
I sometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.
  I am a courtier in my way;
For those who raised me, I betray;
And some give out that I entice
To lust, to luxury, and dice.
Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pickt.
  By riding post, I lose my health,
And only to get others wealth.

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ON THE POSTERIORS

Because I am by nature blind,
I wisely choose to walk behind;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.
My words are few, but spoke with sense;
And yet my speaking gives offence:
Or, if to whisper I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am opprest:
And my oppression gives them rest.
  Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors every art instil.
By thousands I am sold and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But those who give me greatest pain.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who's but my caterer and taster?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I'm but a mere depender still:
An humble hanger-on at best;
Of whom all people make a jest.
  In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a different kind;
I'm too profuse, some censurers cry,
And all I get, I let it fly;
While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my purse.
But this I know, in either case,
They dare not charge me to my face.
'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I save,
Sometimes run out of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and spend,
My goings-out, and comings-in,
I cannot find I lose or win;
And therefore all that know me say,
I justly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led;
I last get up, and first a-bed;
Though, if I rise before my time,

The learn’d in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretell
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

ON A HORN

The joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn’d by nymphs with all their care!
I saw thee raised to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana’s infant face;
And whensoe’er you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia’s tresses play.
  To place thee in another view,
I’ll show the world strange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee!
The soul of man with spleen you vex;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives, and with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet some, who ne’er bestow’d thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Meantime, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain?
But the sly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

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ON A CORKSCREW

Though I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord’s commands obeys
With such insinuating ways.
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In scarlet some, and some in white;
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass:
O’er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out;
And still, the more I show my art,
The more they open every heart.
  A greater chemist none than I
Who, from materials hard and dry,
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.
  Although I’m often out of case,
I’m not ashamed to show my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the sideboard take my seat;
Yet the plain ’squire, when dinner’s done,
Is never pleased till I make one;
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the hand.
  I twice a-day a-hunting go;
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
And when I have him by the poll,
I drag him upwards from his hole;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I’m forced to leave a limb behind.
  I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS 1724

Come hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits.
Take wise advice, and look behind,
Bring all past actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass;
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial side!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the sad reverse appears!
  This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs:
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils:
Here, with an easy search, we find
The foul corruptions of mankind.
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors, who their country sold.
  This gulf insatiate imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes.
Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.
Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw;
All prompted by the same desire,
The vigorous youth and aged sire.
Behold the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make oblations at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
For, while the bashful sylvan maid,
As half-ashamed and half-afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part

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With that which dwelt so near her heart;
The courtly dame, unmoved by fear,
Profusely pours her offering here.
  A treasure here of learning lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.
  In at this gulf all offerings pass
And lie an undistinguish’d mass.
Deucalion,[1] to restore mankind,
Was bid to throw the stones behind;
So those who here their gifts convey
Are forced to look another way;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.
  Sad charnel-house! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home!
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here buried in one common grave!
Where each supply of dead renews
Unwholesome damps, offensive dews:
And lo! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls;
The food of worms and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
  See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn’d by female hands to die;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign’d to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.
  And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen;
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest;
I saw them of their garments stript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript,
Twice were they buried, twice were born,

Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember’d here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.
  Here oft the curious traveller finds
The combat of opposing winds;
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature’s laws;
Why at this cave’s tremendous mouth,
He feels at once both north and south;
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through clefts oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, opening all his stores,
Fierce AEolus in tempest roars.
  Yet, from this mingled mass of things,
In time a new creation springs.
These crude materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies;
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounced among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

[Footnote 1: Ovid, “Metam.,” i, 383.]

LOUISA[1] TO STREPHON. 1724

Ah! Strephon, how can you despise
Her, who without thy pity dies!
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair issue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred:
Embraced thee closer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why should my shepherd take amiss,
That oft I wake thee with a kiss?
Yet you of every kiss complain;
Ah! is not love a pleasing pain?

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A pain which every happy night
You cure with ease and with delight;
With pleasure, as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals less than kings.
  Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desperate nails;
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
  Consider, Strephon, what you do;
For, should I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin, (a numerous host,)
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains:
Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
And scorn the pleasures of a court;
From whom great Sylla[2] found his doom,
Who scourged to death that scourge of Rome,
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou like Alcides[3] shalt expire,
When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
And skin and flesh in pieces tore.
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be dyed,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

[Footnote 1: The solution is, *phtheirhiasis* morbus pedicularis. With this piece may be read Peter Pindar's epic, "The Lousiad."—W. E. B_.]

[Footnote 2: Plutarch tells how Sylla's body was so corrupted with these vermin, that they streamed from him into every place: *pasan estheta kai loutron kai aponimma kai sition anapimplasthai tou reumatos ekeinon kai tes phthoras. tosouton exenthei.* "Vita Syllae," xxxvi.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: Hercules, who died from wearing the shirt (given him by his wife as a charm against his infidelities) stained with the blood of Nessus, the centaur, whom Hercules had slain with a poisoned arrow. Ovid, “Epist. Heroid. Deianira Herculi,” and “Metam.,” lib. ix, 101.—*W. E. B.*]

A MAYPOLE. 1725

Deprived of root, and branch and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind:
And such is my prolific power,
They bloom in less than half an hour;
Yet standers-by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me.
My head with giddiness goes round,
And yet I firmly stand my ground:
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
E’er join’d such numbers hand in hand.
I join’d them fairly with a ring;
Nor can our parson blame the thing.
And though no marriage words are spoke,
They part not till the ring is broke;
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I’m but an idol raised on high;
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn’d Cromwellian, knock’d me down.
I lay a prisoner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old post restored all three—
I mean the church, the king, and me.

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ON THE MOON

I with borrow'd silver shine
What you see is none of mine.
First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar:
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.

What will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung, (and I this truth maintain,)
Like Pallas, from my father's brain.
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures Heaven or earth can yield;
Like Daphne sometimes in a tree;
Yet am not one of all you see.

ON A CIRCLE

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in every garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

ON INK

I am jet black, as you may see,
  The son of pitch and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree,
  I'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
  Like lofty Pindar, I can soar;

And raise a virgin to the sky,
  Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
  To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, ’tis cried about the street,
  And so applied to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic power:
  For with one colour I can paint;
I’ll make the devil a saint this hour,
  Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
  Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly show a reason why
  There should be quarrels among kings:

And, after all, you’ll think it odd,
  When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
  And show where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats:
  ’Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip their clients to their coats;
  Nay, give their very souls away.

ON THE FIVE SENSES

All of us in one you’ll find, Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He’s the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He’s our master, we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.
  One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,

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But the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.
If wine’s brought or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest.
  Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.
  Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.
  Do what is not fit to tell,
There’s but one of us can smell.

FONTINELLA[1] TO FLORINDA

When on my bosom thy bright eyes,
  Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the least love surprise,
  Yet endless tears flow down in streams;
There’s nought so beautiful in thee,
  But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare;
  In me you see them full as white:
The roses of your cheeks, I dare
  Affirm, can’t glow to more delight.
Then, since I show as fine a face,
  Can you refuse a soft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou’rt in thy prime!
  And so am I, while thou art here;
But soon will come the fatal time,
  When all we see shall disappear.
’Tis mine to make a just reflection,
  And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
  Treat not your lovers with disdain;
For time with beauty flies away,

And there is no return again.
To you the sad account I bring,
Life’s autumn has no second spring.

[Footnote 1: A fountain.]

AN ECHO

Never sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow,
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing,
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the lovesick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice:
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out:
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I’m vext, can’t keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear;
Much I dread the courtier’s fate,
When his merit’s out of date,
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS;

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By something form’d, I nothing am,
Yet everything that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet everywhere I may be seen;
In all things false, yet always true,
I’m still the same—but ever new.
Lifeless, life’s perfect form I wear,
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost:
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I’m in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone:
All things on earth I imitate
Faster than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar’s rags appear;
A giant now, and straight an elf,
I’m every one, but ne’er myself;
Ne’er sad I mourn, ne’er glad rejoice,
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne’er was born, nor e’er can die,
Then, pr’ythee, tell me what am I?

Most things by me do rise and fall,
And, as I please, they’re great and small;
Invading foes without resistance,
With ease I make to keep their distance:
Again, as I’m disposed, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks
And gamesome goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping swains,
Come dancing to me o’er the plains.
The greatest whale that swims the sea
Does instantly my power obey.
In vain from me the sailor flies,
The quickest ship I can surprise,
And turn it as I have a mind,

And move it against tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
I'll squeeze him to a little span;
Or bring a tender child, and pliant,
You'll see me stretch him to a giant:
Nor shall they in the least complain,
Because my magic gives no pain.

ON TIME

Ever eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

ON THE GALLOWS

There is a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt Heaven, and Earth, and Hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter:
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners with greatest ease
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state
(Or they can never pass the gate)
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on't,
If gravest parsons here advance,
They cannot pass before they dance;
There's not a soul that does resort here,
But strips himself to pay the porter.

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ON THE VOWELS

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

ON SNOW

From Heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can show such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark, when you squeeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of Heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

ON A CANNON

Begotten, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confined.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one, my soul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

ON A PAIR OF DICE

We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loss and gain,
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and some undone:
But men find it to their cost,
Few are made, but numbers lost.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

ON A CANDLE

TO LADY CARTERET

Of all inhabitants on earth,
To man alone I owe my birth,
And yet the cow, the sheep, the bee,
Are all my parents more than he:
I, a virtue, strange and rare,
Make the fairest look more fair,
And myself, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow still the fairer.
Like sots, alone I'm dull enough,
When dosed with smoke, and smear'd with snuff;
But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
I with double lustre shine.
Emblem of the Fair am I,
Polish'd neck, and radiant eye;
In my eye my greatest grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them subdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too;
Emblem of a monarch old,
Wise, and glorious to behold;
Wasted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal:
Emblem of the bashful dame,
That in secret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the secrets of her heart;
Various is my bulk and hue,
Big like Bess, and small like Sue:

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Now brown and burnish’d like a nut,
At other times a very slut;
Often fair, and soft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender:
Like Flora, deck’d with various flowers,
Like Phoebus, guardian of the hours:
But whatever be my dress,
Greater be my size or less,
Swelling be my shape or small,
Like thyself I shine in all.
Clouded if my face is seen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-sick maid,
Steel affords me present aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is spun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft revives my drooping head;
Yet I perish in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;
Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for those I live to please;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn:
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

TO LADY CARTERET

BY DR. DELANY

I reach all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a finger, or stirring a foot;
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and asunder,
Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side,
Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide;
Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things more.

All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Though sometimes they say, I bewitch and do harm;
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade:
And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you disgrace,
In magical mirror, I'll show you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have said,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers safe in my circle I dwell;
I love to look black too, it heightens my spell;
Though my magic is mighty in every hue,
Who see all my power must see it in you.

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT

WITH half an eye your riddle I spy,
I observe your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever passes is strain'd through glasses.
You say it is quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without stirring out;
No passion so weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, set it always in motion.
And as for trie tragic effects of its magic,
Which you say it can kill, or revive at its will,
The dead are all sound, and they live above ground:
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, since it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice such it cries at a touch;
'Tis a perfect milksop, grows drunk with a drop,
Another great fault, it cannot bear salt:
And a hair can disarm it of every charm.

TO LADY CARTERET

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BY DR. SWIFT

FROM India’s burning clime I’m brought,
With cooling gales like zephyrs fraught.
Not Iris, when she paints the sky,
Can show more different hues than I;
Nor can she change her form so fast,
I’m now a sail, and now a mast.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I sometimes live in house of hair,
And oft in hand of lady fair.
I please the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you’re the man.

ANSWERED BY DR. SHERIDAN

Your house of hair, and lady’s hand,
At first did put me to a stand.
I have it now—’tis plain enough—
Your hairy business is a muff.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once so like your masts and sails;
Your thing of various shape and hue
Must be some painted toy, I knew;
And for the rhyme to you’re the man,
What fits it better than a fan?

A RIDDLE

I’m wealthy and poor,
I’m empty and full,
I’m humble and proud,
I’m witty and dull.
I’m foul and yet fair:
I’m old, and yet young;
I lie with Moll Kerr,
And toast Mrs. Long.

ANSWER, BY MR. F——R

In rigging he’s rich, though in pocket he’s poor,
He cringes to courtiers, and cocks to the cits;
Like twenty he dresses, but looks like threescore;
He’s a wit to the fools, and a fool to the wits.
Of wisdom he’s empty, but full of conceit;
He paints and perfumes while he rots with the scab;
’Tis a beau you may swear by his sense and his gait;
He boasts of a beauty and lies with a drab.

A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM

SIR,
Pray discruciate what follows.

The dullest beast, and gentleman’s liquor,
When young is often due to the vicar,[1]

The dullest of beasts, and swine’s delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.[2]

The dullest beast, when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.[3]

The dullest beast, and a party distress’d,
When too long, is bad at best.[4]

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.[5]

The dullest beast, and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, though he be not fat.[6]

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.[7]

The dullest beast, and famed college for Teagues,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.[8]

The dullest beast, and a cobbler’s tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.[9]

The dullest beast, and that which you kiss,
May break a limb of master or miss.[10]

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Of serpent kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor mistress Dingley oft hath felt its bills.[11]

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.[12]

The dullest beast, and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.[13]

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil’d, to the hungry is charming.[14]

The dullest beast, and what’s cover’d with crust,
There’s nobody but a fool that would trust.[15]

The dullest beast, and mending highways,
Is to a horse an evil disease.[16]

The dullest beast, and a hole in the ground,
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.[17]

The dullest beast, and what doctors pretend,
The cook-maid often has by the end.[18]

The dullest beast, and fish for lent,
May give you a blow you’ll for ever repent.[19]

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.[20]

Wednesday Night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me, because I cannot do it.

[Footnote 1: A swine.] [Footnote 2: A swallow.] [Footnote 3: A stallion.] [Footnote 4: A sail.] [Footnote 5: A spaniel.] [Footnote 6: A spur.] [Footnote 7: A soul.] [Footnote 8: A sloven.] [Footnote 9: A sallad.] [Footnote 10: A slip.] [Footnote 11: A sparrow.] [Footnote 12: A saddle.] [Footnote 13: A style.] [Footnote 14: A slice.] [Footnote 15: A spy.] [Footnote 16: A spavin.] [Footnote 17: A spit.] [Footnote 18: A skewer.] [Footnote 19: Assault.] [Footnote 20: A smock.]

PROBATUR ALITER

A long-ear’d beast, and a field-house for cattle,
Among the coals doth often rattle.[1]

A long-ear’d beast, a bird that prates,
The bridegrooms’ first gift to their mates,
Is by all pious Christians thought,
In clergymen the greatest fault.[2]

A long-ear’d beast, and woman of Endor,
If your wife be a scold, that will mend her.[3]

With a long-ear’d beast, and medicine’s use,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and spruce.[4]

A long-ear’d beast, and holy fable,
Strengthens the shoes of half the rabble.[5]

A long-ear’d beast, and Rhenish wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.[6]

A long-ear’d beast, and Flanders College,
Is Dr. T——l, to my knowledge.[7]

A long-ear’d beast, and building knight,
Censorious people do in spite.[8]

A long-ear’d beast, and bird of night,
We sinners art too apt to slight.[9]

A long-ear’d beast, and shameful vermin,
A judge will eat, though clad in ermine.[10]

A long-ear’d beast, and Irish cart,
Can leave a mark, and give a smart.[11]

A long-ear’d beast, in mud to lie,
No bird in air so swift can fly.[12]

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A long-ear’d beast, and a sputt’ring old Whig,
I wish he were in it, and dancing a jig.[13]

A long-ear’d beast, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable smell both morning and night.[14]

A long-ear’d beast, and the child of a sheep,
At Whist they will make a desperate sweep.[15]

A beast long-ear’d, and till midnight you stay,
Will cover a house much better than clay.[16]

A long-ear’d beast, and the drink you love best,
You call him a sloven in earnest for jest.[17]

A long-ear’d beast, and the sixteenth letter,
I’d not look at all unless I look’d better.[18]

A long-ear’d beast give me, and eggs unsound,
Or else I will not ride one inch of ground.[19]

A long-ear’d beast, another name for jeer,
To ladies’ skins there nothing comes so near.[20]

A long-ear’d beast, and kind noise of a cat,
Is useful in journeys, take notice of that.[21]

A long-ear’d beast, and what seasons your beef,
On such an occasion the law gives relief.[22]

A long-ear’d beast, a thing that force must drive in,
Bears up his house, that’s of his own contriving.[23]

[Footnote 1: A shovel.] [Footnote 2: Aspiring.] [Footnote 3: A switch.] [Footnote 4: A skewer.] [Footnote 5: A sparable; a small nail in a shoe.] [Footnote 6: A shock.] [Footnote 7: A sloven.] [Footnote 8: Asperse. (Pearce was an architect, who built the Parliament-House, Dublin.)] [Footnote 9: A soul.] [Footnote 10: A slice.] [Footnote 11: A scar.] [Footnote 12: A swallow.] [Footnote 13: A sty.] [Footnote 14: A sink.] [Footnote 15: A slam.] [Footnote 16: A slate.] [Footnote 17: A swine.] [Footnote 18: Askew.] [Footnote 19: A saddle.] [Footnote 20: A smock.] [Footnote 21: A spur.] [Footnote 22: Assault.] [Footnote 23: A snail.]

POEMS COMPOSED AT MARKET HILL

ON CUTTING DOWN THE THORN AT MARKET-HILL.[1] 1727

At Market-Hill, as well appears
  By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
  A spacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village maid,
  And on the boughs her garland hung,
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
  Secure from satyrs sat and sung.

Sir Archibald,[2] that valorous knight.
  The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come to listen with delight,
  For he was fond of rural strain.

(Sir Archibald, whose favourite name
  Shall stand for ages on record,
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
  Wise Hawthornden and Stirling’s lord.[3])

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Nor thou, Lord Arthur,[4] shall escape;
  To thee I often call’d in vain,
Against that assassin in crape;
  Yet thou couldst tamely see me slain:

“Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
  Or chid the Dean, or pinch’d thy spouse;
Since you could see me treated so,
  (An old retainer to your house:)

“May that fell Dean, by whose command
  Was form’d this Machiavelian plot,
Not leave a thistle on thy land;
  Then who will own thee for a Scot?

“Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
  Through all my empire I foresee,
To tear thy hedges join in leagues,
  Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

“And thou, the wretch ordain’d by fate,
  Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
To hack my hallow’d timber down;

“When thou, suspended high in air,
  Diest on a more ignoble tree,
(For thou shall steal thy landlord’s mare,)
  Then, bloody caitiff! think on me.”

[Footnote 1: A village near the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the Dean made a long visit. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by the knight. Yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the absence of Sir Arthur, who was, of course, highly incensed. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote this poem; which had the desired effect.]

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[Footnote 2: Sir Archibald Acheson, secretary of state for Scotland.]

[Footnote 3: Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who were both friends of Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.]

[Footnote 4: Sir Arthur Acheson.]

TO DEAN SWIFT BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON. 1728

Good cause have I to sing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier:
He, that of every ear's the charmer,
Now condescends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his strains;
Lives such a bard on British plains?
No; not in all the British court;
For none but witlings there resort,
Whose names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad;
And, sure as monument of brass,
Their fame to future times shall pass;
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly sung;
A subject for their genius fit;
He dares defy both sense and wit.
What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the least pretence
To common law, or common sense;
A bishop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons shine:
Nay, he can make, what's greater far,
A middle state 'twixt peace and war;
And say, there shall; for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-Hill! at least,
That court and courtiers have no taste:
You never else had known the Dean,
But, as of old, obscurely lain;
All things gone on the same dull track,
And Drapier's-Hill been still Drumlack;
But now your name with Penshurst vies,
And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or, "Mr. Dean—I should with joy
  Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to Aghnecloy;[1]
  Or Mr. Moore will take it ill."

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The house accounts are daily rising;
  So much his stay doth swell the bills:
My dearest life, it is surprising,
  How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff!
  And they must have three meals a-day,
Yet never think they get enough;
  His horses too eat all our hay.

O! if I could, how I would maul
  His tallow face and wainscot paws,
His beetle brows, and eyes of wall,
  And make him soon give up the cause!

Must I be every moment chid
  With [2] *Skinnybonia, Snipe*, and *Lean?*
O! that I could but once be rid
  Of this insulting tyrant Dean!

[Footnote 1: The seat of Acheson Moore, Esq., in the county of Tyrone.]

[Footnote 2: The Dean used to call Lady Acheson by those names. See “My Lady’s Lamentation,” next page.—*W. E. B.*]

ON A VERY OLD GLASS AT MARKET-HILL

Frail glass! thou mortal art as well as I;
  Though none can tell which of us first shall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT

We both are mortal; but thou, frailer creature,
  May’st die, like me, by chance, but not by nature.

EPITAPH IN BERKELEY CHURCH-YARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk’s fool,
  Men call’d him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make folks laugh,
  When wit and mirth were scarce.

Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
  What signifies to cry?
Dickies enough are still behind,
  To laugh at by and by.

Buried, June 18, 1728, aged 63.

MY LADY'S[1] LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN

JULY 28, 1728

Sure never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teazed day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To punish my sins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe,
With Skinny and Snipe:[2],
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.

The Dean never stops,
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite overrun
With rebus and pun.
  Before he came here,
To spunge for good cheer,
I sat with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or scratching my nose
And jogging my toes;
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he sees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I sink in the spleen,

A useless machine.
  If he had his will,
I should never sit still:
He comes with his whims
I must move my limbs;

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I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all squires,
Thro’ bogs and thro’ briers,
Where a cow would be startled,
I’m in spite of my heart led;
And, say what I will,
Haul’d up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter’d,
My spirits quite shatter’d,
I return home at night,
And fast, out of spite:
For I’d rather be dead,
Than it e’er should be said,
I was better for him,
In stomach or limb.
  But now to my diet;
No eating in quiet,
He’s still finding fault,
Too sour or too salt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick:
But trash without measure
I swallow with pleasure.
  Next, for his diversion,
He rails at my person.
What court breeding this is!
He takes me to pieces:
From shoulder to flank
I’m lean and am lank;
My nose, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not stay,
But meets it halfway;
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked sticks:
He swears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,

Or sharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks:
To ’scape them, Sir Arthur
Is forced to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tusks of a boar.
  Now changing the scene
But still to the Dean;
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he sees her but once,
He’ll swear she’s a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Thro’ each line of her face
Her folly can trace;
Which spoils every feature
Bestow’d her by nature;
But sense gives a grace
To the homeliest face:
Wise books and reflection
Will mend the complexion:
(A civil divine!
I suppose, meaning mine!)
No lady who wants them,
Can ever be handsome.
  I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff:
He haws and he hums,
At last out it comes:
What, madam? No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You’re now in your prime,
Make use of your time.
Consider, before
You come to threescore,
How the hussies will fleer
Where’er you appear;
“That silly old puss
Would fain be like us:
What a figure she made
In her tarnish’d brocade!”
  And then he grows mild:
Come, be a good child:
If you are inclined
To polish your mind,

Be adored by the men
Till threescore and ten,
And kill with the spleen
The jades of sixteen;
I'll show you the way;
Read six hours a-day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.
[To make you learn faster,
I'll be your schoolmaster
And leave you to choose
The books you peruse.[3]]
  Thus was I drawn in;
Forgive me my sin.
At breakfast he'll ask
An account of my task.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And as I am serious,
Is very imperious.

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No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But, instead of new plays,
Dull Bacon’s Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon.[4]
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
’Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confined.
  But while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean you will swear,
Is at study or prayer.
He’s all the day sauntering,
With labourers bantering,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
Whom he brings in among us
And bribes with mundungus. [He little believes
How they laugh in their sleeves.]
Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who’s master, who’s man;
Who makes the best figure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the best
At cracking a jest.
[Now see how he sits
Perplexing his wits
In search of a motto
To fix on his grotto.]
How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks,
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottos and seats;
Shows all his gewgaws,

And gapes for applause;
A fine occupation
For one in his station!
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
  But, O! how we laugh,
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green seat;
Or run helter-skelter,
To his arbour for shelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing:
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns to make fires;
But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:
No more need be said on't,
I smell when I tread on't.
  Dear friend, Doctor Jinny.
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No squire to be found
The neighbourhood round;
(For, under the rose,
I would rather choose those)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity,
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen;
May Walmsley give wine
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three spouses

Let you lie at friends' houses!

[Footnote 1: Lady Acheson.]

[Footnote 2: See *ante*, p.94 *W.—W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: Added from the Dean's manuscript.]

[Footnote 4: "The Pantheon," containing the mythological systems of the Greeks and Romans, by Andrew Tooke, A.M., first published, 1713. The little work became very popular. The copy I have is of the thirty-sixth edition, with plates, 1831. It is still in demand, as it deserves to be. Compare Leigh Hunt's remark on the illustrations to the "Pantheon," cited by Mr. Coleridge in his notes to "Don Juan," Canto I, St. xli, Byron's Works, edit. 1903.—*W. E. B.*]

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A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728

DERMOT, SHEELAH

A Nymph and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight;
Who wont to weed the court of Gosford knight;[1]
While each with stubbed knife removed the roots,
That raised between the stones their daily shoots;
As at their work they sate in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly flowing strain,
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT

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

SHEELAH

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

DERMOT

No more that brier thy tender leg shall rake:
(I spare the thistles for Sir Arthur’s[2] sake)
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rushy mat;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH

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.

DERMOT

At an old stubborn root I chanced to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug;
A longer ha'p'orth [3] never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shall share with me.

SHEELAH

In at the pantry door, this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt:
Dennis[4] was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my dear, shall have the bigger half.

DERMOT

When you saw Tady at long bullets play,
You sate and loused him all a sunshine day:
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
Or crack such lice as his between your nails?

SHEELAH

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

DERMOT

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!

SHEELAH

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

DERMOT

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
A pair of brogues [5] to bear thee dry to mass!
But see, where Norah with the sowins [6] comes—
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

[Footnote 1: Sir Arthur Acheson, whose great-grandfather was Sir Archibald, of Gosford, in Scotland.]

[Footnote 2: Who was a great lover of Scotland.]

[Footnote 3: Halfpenny-worth.]

[Footnote 4: Sir Arthur's butler.]

[Footnote 5: Shoes with flat low heels.]

[Footnote 6: A sort of flummery.]

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN[1] SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A BARRACK OR MALT-HOUSE. 1729

THE PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION

The author of the following poem is said to be Dr. J. S. D. S. P. D. who writ it, as well as several other copies of verses of the like kind, by way of amusement, in the family of an honourable gentleman in the north of Ireland, where he spent a summer, about two or three years ago.[2] A certain very great person,[3] then in that kingdom, having heard much of this poem, obtained a copy from the gentleman, or, as some say, the lady in whose house it was written, from whence I know not by what accident several other copies were transcribed full of errors. As I have a great respect for the supposed author, I have procured a true copy of the poem, the publication whereof can do him less injury than printing any of those incorrect ones which run about in manuscript, and would infallibly be soon in the press, if not thus prevented. Some expressions being

peculiar to Ireland, I have prevailed on a gentleman of that kingdom to explain them, and I have put the several explanations in their proper places.—*First Edition*.

Thus spoke to my lady the knight[2] full of care,
“Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton’s bawn, while it sticks in my hand
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack[6] or malt-house, we now must consider.
“First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t’us:
There’s nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a-day, and three hogsheads a-year;
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin

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A stone and a quarter of beef from my sir-loin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
  Thus ended the knight; thus began his meek wife:
"It must, and it shall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes
But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull rums.[5]
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain I'm sure will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
  Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
  But Hannah,[6] who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, "Madam, why surely my master's possess'd,
Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.[7]
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
  "Dear Madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a barrack whenever you please:
And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest,*

Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contrived
At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arrived;
Of this to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
"Now see, when they meet, how their honours behave;
'Noble captain, your servant'—'Sir Arthur, your slave;
You honour me much'—'The honour is mine.'—
''Twas a sad rainy night'—'But the morning is fine.'—
'Pray, how does my lady?'—'My wife's at your service.'—
'I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.'—

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’Good-morrow, good captain’—’I’ll wait on you down’—
’You shan’t stir a foot’—’You’ll think me a clown.’—
’For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther’—
’You must be obey’d—Your servant, Sir Arthur!
My humble respects to my lady unknown.’—
‘I hope you will use my house as your own.’”
“Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.”
“Pray, madam, be quiet: what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day to be sure, the captain will come,
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow.
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys holla.
See now comes the captain all daub’d with gold lace:
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
At last comes the troop, by word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the captain cries, STAND!
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
For sure I had dizen’d you out like a queen.
The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock’d: pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle;)
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it has spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
‘Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in.’
The captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyship curtseys half way to the ground.

’Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I’m sure he’ll be proud of the honour you do us;
And, captain, you’ll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
You’re heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year;
If I had expected so worthy a guest—’
’Lord, madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;
You banter me, madam; the kingdom must grant—’
‘You officers, captain, are so complaisant!’”—
“Hist, hussey, I think I hear somebody coming “—
“No madam: ’tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story,)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The dean and the doctor[8] have humbled their pride,
For the captain’s entreated to sit by your side;
And, because he’s their betters, you carve for him first;
The parsons for envy are ready to burst.

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The servants, amazed, are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose,
To peep at the captain in all his fine *clo'es.*
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;
And, 'madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose;
But the devil's as welcome, wherever he goes:
G—d d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—s! by their looks, they never keep Lent:
Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band:
(For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the captain supposed he was curate to Jinny.)
'Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a parson comes into a room;
G—d d—n me, he hobbles as bad as my groom;
A *scholard*, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a goose;
Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs,[9] and stuff
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation:
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life: [10]
So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.
"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.

So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the Dean,
As who should say, 'Now, am I skinny[11] and lean?'
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your ladyship walk?"
Her ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried, "Hussey, why sure the wench is gone mad!
How could these chimeras get into your brains!—
Come hither and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter I charge ye:
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

[Footnote 1: A bawn was a place near the house, enclosed with mud or stone walls, to keep the cattle from being stolen in the night, now little used.—*Dublin Edition*.]

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[Footnote 2: Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.]

[Footnote 3: John, Lord Carteret, then Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, since Earl of Granville, in right of his mother.]

[Footnote 4: The army in Ireland was lodged in strong buildings, called barracks. See “Verses on his own Death,” and notes, vol. i, 247.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 5: A cant-word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.]

[Footnote 6: My lady’s waiting-woman.]

[Footnote 7: Two of Sir Arthur’s managers.]

[Footnote 8: Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.]

[Footnote 9: Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.]

[Footnote 10: These four lines were added by Swift in his own copy of the Miscellanies, edit. 1732.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 11: Nicknames for my lady, see *ante*, pp. 94, 95.—*W. E. B.*]

DRAPIER’S-HILL.[1] 1730

We give the world to understand,
  Our thriving Dean has purchased land;
A purchase which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a-year;
Provided to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound;
And from his endless hoarded store,
To build a house, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur, too, shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier’s-Hill;
That, when a nation, long enslaved,
Forgets by whom it once was saved;
When none the Drapier’s praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing,
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs [2] are rotten,
His famous letters made waste paper,
This hill may keep the name of Drapier;

In spite of envy, flourish still,
And Drapier’s vie with Cooper’s-Hill.

[Footnote 1: The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlach, which he took of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that and Market-Hill; and intended to build a house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind.]

[Footnote 2: Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made, with devices in honour of the Dean, under the name of M. B. Drapier. See “Verses on his own death,” vol. i.—*W. E. B.*]

THE DEAN’S REASONS

FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER’S-HILL

I will not build on yonder mount;
And, should you call me to account,
Consulting with myself, I find
It was no levity of mind.
Whate’er I promised or intended,
No fault of mine, the scheme is ended;
Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
I have a hundred causes ready;
All risen since that flattering time,
When Drapier’s-Hill appear’d in rhyme.
  I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind;
The lowest boy in Martin’s school
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek, in deserts, Fields Elysian?

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To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?
  But here my lady will object;
Your deanship ought to recollect,
That, near the knight of Gosford[1] placed,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
  ’Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer’s plums;
Though I should see him twice a-day,
And am his neighbour ’cross the way:
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?
  Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friends withhold
Their gifts, as misers do their gold;
Their knowledge to themselves confined
Is the same avarice of mind;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford’s knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or with his fingers beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.
  But, as for me, who ne’er could clamber high,
To understand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;

My spirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter.
Nor can of metaphysics smatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of words intelligible;
And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust?
  Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms a union in the mind:
But here I differ from the knight
In every point, like black and white:
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met:
Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting kale;
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding pies.
  The neighbours wonder why the knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes:
His guests are few, his visits rare;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But seated in an easy-chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns:
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.

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

[Footnote 1: Sir Arthur Acheson's great-grandfather was Sir Archibald, of Gosford, in Scotland.]

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL 1730

From distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phoebus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:
By faction banish'd, here unite,
A Dean,[1] a Spaniard,[2] and a Knight;[3]
Unite, but on conditions cruel;
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well,
Condemn'd to live in service hard;
On either side his honour's guard:
The Dean to guard his honour's back,
Must build a castle at Drumlack;[4]

The Spaniard, sore against his will,
Must raise a fort at Market-Hill.
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At north and south are posted sentry;
While in his lordly castle fixt,
The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches most resent,
To be his slaves, must pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their chief,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
O Fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
To smile on those who are least worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His slaves have ten times more than he.
  Proud baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are thy services and sufferings?
What if for nothing once you kiss'd,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You lost a place and saved a bribe?
And then in surly mood came here,
To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd?
You never ventured to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compared with us?
  Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms:
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-Hill's[5] exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's-Mount descend,
And to the south my squadrons bend.

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New-River Walk, with friendly shade,
Shall keep my host in ambuscade;
While you, from where the basin stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan she wears;[6]
Then, lest upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,
And we of all our hopes deprived;
I have a stratagem contrived.
By these embroider'd high-heel shoes
She shall be caught as in a noose:
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have power to stir an inch:
These gaudy shoes must Hannah [7] place
Direct before her lady's face;
The shoes put on, our faithful portress
Admits us in, to storm the fortress,
While tortured madam bound remains,
Like Montezume,[8] in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
Stumbling at every step she trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuse;
They place before him gloves and shoes;
Which, when the brute puts awkward on:
All his agility is gone;
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.
  But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault;
The valiant Dennis,[9] you must fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon:[10]
Then, if we once can seize the key
And chest that keeps my lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion!
And, soon as we have gain'd possession,

We'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two;
Then, (let me see,) we'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write.
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer [11] to wear his hat;
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Leslie;
But, lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should over-top her,
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches lower.
  For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our interest to get rid of her;
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
As all your politicians wise,
Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise.

[Footnote 1: Dr. Swift.]

[Footnote 2: Colonel Henry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.—*Dublin Edition*.]

[Footnote 3: Sir Arthur Acheson.]

[Footnote 4: The Irish name of a farm the Dean took of Sir Arthur Acheson, and was to build on, but changed his mind, and called it Drapier's Hill. See the poem so named, and "The Dean's Reasons for not building at Drapier's-Hill," *ante*, p.107. _—W. E. B._]

[Footnote 5: A village near Sir Arthur Acheson's.]

[Footnote 6: A parody on the phrase, "As brave as his sword."—*Scott*.]

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[Footnote 7: My lady's waiting-maid.]

[Footnote 8: Montezuma or Mutezuma, the last Emperor of Mexico and the richest, taken prisoner by Hernando Cortes, about 1511, who also obtained possession of the whole empire. Hakluyt's "Navigations," *etc*., vols. viii, ix.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 9: The butler.]

[Footnote 10: The housekeeper.]

[Footnote 11: The agent.]

ROBIN AND HARRY.[1] 1730

Robin to beggars with a curse,
Throws the last shilling in his purse;
And when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.
  Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing
Gives them a penny and God's blessing;
But always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.
  Robin from noon to night will prate,
Run out in tongue, as in estate;
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a story twice:
And, if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five-and-fifty.
  It so fell out that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean cross'd;
(All for Love, or the World well Lost!) [2]
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house, if anybody come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse;
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.
  Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix,

To live without a coach-and-six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If gaffer Harry would endow her;
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a mess of broth.
  Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;
But, when espoused, he ran the fate
That must attend the married state;
From gold brocade and shining armour,
Was metamorphosed to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd;
Nor twice a-week will shave his beard.
  Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying those defects by dress,
Which I must leave the world to guess.

[Footnote 1: A lively account of these two gentlemen occurs in Dr. King's Anecdotes of his Own Times, p. 137 *et seq*., who confirms the peculiarities which Swift has enumerated in the text.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 2: The title of Dryden's Play, founded on the story of Antony and Cleopatra. —*W. E. B.*]

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A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH [l] 1730

Resolved my gratitude to show,
Thrice reverend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.
  Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind:
Nine more such champions as the Dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign;
How well to win the ladies' hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirits raised,
By you so oft, so highly praised!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward shame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To show my face with scornful air;
Let others match it if they dare.
  Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard who humbly deigns to chuse
Me for the subject of his Muse!
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.
  My heart with emulation burns,
To make you suitable returns;
My gratitude the world shall know;
And see, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
"A Panegyric on Dean Swift!"
And then, to mend the matter still,
"By Lady Anne of Market-Hill!"[2]
  I thus begin: My grateful Muse
Salutes the Dean in different views;
Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;

Robert and Darby's[3] coadjutor;
And, as you in commission sit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit;[4]
In each capacity I mean
To sing your praise. And first as Dean:
Envy must own, you understand your
Precedence, and support your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel[5] place.
In you such dignity appears,
So suited to your state and years!
With ladies what a strict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with so much complaisance,
As fits a princess in romance!
By your example and assistance,
The fellows learn to know their distance.
Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
No longer calls me snipe and slattern,
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.
  Proceed we to your preaching [5] next!
How nice you split the hardest text!
How your superior learning shines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera not so full pit
Is seen as when you mount our pulpit.
  Consider now your conversation:
Regardful of your age and station,
You ne'er were known by passion stirr'd
To give the least offensive word:
But still, whene'er you silence break,
Watch every syllable you speak:
Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.

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But then a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well become St. Patrick’s Dean,
Such reverential awe express,
That cowboys know you by your dress!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address and graceful port,
As clearly shows you bred at court!
  Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler scene.
When to the vault you walk in state,
In quality of butler’s [6] mate;
You next to Dennis [7] bear the sway:
To you we often trust the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart:
What pints may best for bottles pass
Just to give every man his glass:
When proper to produce the best;
And what may serve a common guest.
With Dennis you did ne’er combine,
Not you, to steal your master’s wine,
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome brother serving-men;
But that is with a good design,
To drink Sir Arthur’s health and mine,
Your master’s honour to maintain:
And get the like returns again.
  Your usher’s[8] post must next be handled:
How blest am I by such a man led!
Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship,
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though draggled round, I scorn to fret:
From you my chamber damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.
  Now as a jester I accost you;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.

You judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to spare;
By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size;
There's none so ignorant or weak
To take offence at what you speak.[9]
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or his grace;
With Teague O'Murphy, or an earl;
A duchess, or a kitchen girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
And Gahagan[10] take every joke.
  I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my tutor.[11]
Poor I, a savage[12] bred and born,
By you instructed every morn,
Already have improved so well,
That I have almost learnt to spell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me speak so fine.
How enviously the ladies look,
When they surprise me at my book!
And sure as they're alive at night,
As soon as gone will show their spight:
Good lord! what can my lady mean,
Conversing with that rusty Dean!
She's grown so nice, and so penurious,[13]
With Socrates and Epicurius!
How could she sit the livelong day,
Yet never ask us once to play?
  But I admire your patience most;
That when I'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,

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As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
  You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily.
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive:
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavoury smelling.
  Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter [14] never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their milk for babes of grace;
From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter;
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
The bishop with his foot may burn it,[15]
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy’d
To see thy deanship thus employ’d!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ache;
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceased;
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.
  Your reverence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labour less,)
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon;
Which in its jumblings round the skull,

Dilates and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst;
But squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.
  But you have raised your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill’d in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious traveller’s eyes,
That might be envied by the Greeks;
Raised up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine.
In separate cells, the he’s and she’s,
Here pay their vows on bended knees:
For ’tis profane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single;
And when she feels an inward motion,
Come fill’d with reverence and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush;
Here unobserved she boldly goes,
As who should say, to pluck a rose,[16]
  Ye, who frequent this hallow’d scene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own or Smedley’s lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb!
  Yet, when your lofty domes I praise
I sigh to think of ancient days.

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Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a-while.
  Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix’d beneath?
When Saturn ruled the skies alone,
(That golden age to gold unknown,)
This earthly globe, to thee assign’d,
Received the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars smoking round,
Were built to thee with offerings crown’d;
And here thy daily votaries placed
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam;
Though sometimes thou wert pleased to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink:
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer’d in some flowery vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale,
There many a flower abstersive grew,
Thy favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.
  But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove,
Then gluttony, with greasy paws
Her napkin pinn’d up to her jaws,
With watery chops, and wagging chin,
Braced like a drum her oily skin;
Wedged in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne’er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priests in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragouts;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees;

And, for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caviare.
  This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
Confined thee, goddess, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
First, lolling Sloth, in woollen cap,
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale Dropsy, with a sallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace:
And lordly Gout, wrapt up in fur,
And wheezing Asthma, loth to stir:
Voluptuous Ease, the child of wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth.
None seek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But, in their cells and vaults obscene,
Present a sacrifice unclean;
From whence unsavoury vapours rose,
Offensive to thy nicer nose.
Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the sceptre and the spade.
  Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches' side:
When from the homeliest earthen ware
Are sent up offerings more sincere,
Than where the haughty duchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar box?
  Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains,
Whose offerings, placed in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks;
Nor seldom grace the flowery downs,

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With spiral tops and copple [27] crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.[28]
  Hither, by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread;
Here when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here, by the sacred bramble tinged,
My petticoat is doubly fringed.
  Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with design;
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injured offering out.
But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
  Me Phoebus [29] in a midnight dream [30]
Accosting, said, "Go shake your cream [31]
Be humbly-minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style;
Teach Dennis how to stir the guile;[32]
With Peggy Dixon[33] thoughtful sit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.
Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth and pare thy nails;
At nicely carving show thy wit;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit:
Turn every way thy watchful eye,
And every guest be sure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be these thy arts;[34] nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
  "But Cloacina, goddess bright,

Sleek——claims her as his right;
And Smedley,[35] flower of all divines,
Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines."

[Footnote 1: The Lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.]

[Footnote 2: A village near Sir Arthur Acheson's house where the author passed two summers.—*Dublin Edition*.]

[Footnote 3: The names of two overseers.]

[Footnote 4: My lady's footman.]

[Footnote 4: Dr. Daniel, Dean of Down, who wrote several poems.]

[Footnote 5: The author preached but once while he was there.]

[Footnote 6: He sometimes used to direct the butler.]

[Footnote 7: The butler.]

[Footnote 8: He sometimes used to walk with the lady. See *ante*, p. 96.]

[Footnote 9: The neighbouring ladies were no great understanders of raillery.]

[Footnote 10: The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-Hill.]

[Footnote 11: See *ante*, "My Lady's Lamentation," p. 97.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 12: Lady Acheson was daughter of Philip Savage, M. P. for Wexford, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 13: Understood here as *dainty, particular.—W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 14: A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes.]

[Footnote 15: It is a common saying, when the milk burns, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it.]

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[Footnote 16: See vol. i, p. 203.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 27: Fragments of stone.]

[Footnote 28: Virg., “Aeneidos,” lib. vi.]

[Footnote 29: “Cynthius aurem Vellit et admonuit.”—VIRG., *Ecloga* vi, 3.]

[Footnote 30: “Post mediam noctem visus, cum somnia vera.”—HOR., *Sat*, I, x, 33.]

[Footnote 31: In the bottle to make butter.]

[Footnote 32: The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.]

[Footnote 33: Mrs. Dixon, the housekeeper.]

[Footnote 34: “Hac tibi erunt artes.”—VIRG., *Aen*., vi, 852.]

[Footnote 35: A very stupid, insolent, factious, deformed, conceited person; a vile pretender to poetry, preferred by the Duke of Grafton for his wit.]

TWELVE ARTICLES[1]

I
LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II
By disputing, I will never,
To convince you once endeavour.

III
When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV
When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.

V
When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne’er object a word.

VI
When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.

VII
Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII
Never more will I suppose,
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX
You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.

X
You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI
Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs:
That with me shall break no squares.[2]

XII
Never will I give advice,
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

[Footnote 1: Addressed to Lady Acheson.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: That is, will do no harm—we shall not disagree.
"At Blank-Blank Square;—for we will break no squares
By naming streets."
Don Juan, Canto XIII, st. xxv.
See Mr. Coleridge's note on this; Byron's Works, edit. 1903.—*W. E. B.*]

POLITICAL POETRY

PARODY

ON THE RECORDER OF BLESSINGTON'S ADDRESS TO QUEEN ANNE

Mr. William Crowe, Recorder of Blessington's Address to her Majesty, as copied from the London Gazette.

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty,

The humble Address of the Sovereign, Recorder, Burgesses, and Freemen, of the Borough of Blessington.

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May it please your Majesty, Though we stand almost last on the roll of boroughs of this your majesty's kingdom of Ireland, and therefore, in good manners to our elder brothers, press but late among the joyful crowd about your royal throne: yet we beg leave to assure your majesty, that we come behind none in our good affection to your sacred person and government; insomuch, that the late surprising accounts from Germany have filled us with a joy not inferior to any of our fellow-subjects.

We heard with transport that the English warmed the field to that degree, that thirty squadrons, part of the vanquished enemy, were forced to fly to water, not able to stand their fire, and drank their last draught in the Danube, for the waste they had before committed on its injured banks, thereby putting an end to their master's long-boasted victories: a glorious push indeed, and worthy a general of the Queen of England. And we are not a little pleased, to find several gentlemen in considerable posts of your majesty's army, who drew their first breath in this country, sharing in the good fortune of those who so effectually put in execution the command of your gallant, enterprizing general, whose twin-battles have, with his own title of Marlborough, given immortality to the otherwise perishing names of Schellenberg and Hogstete: actions that speak him born under stars as propitious to England as that he now wears, on both which he has so often reflected lustre, as to have now abundantly repaid the glory they once lent him. Nor can we but congratulate with a joy proportioned to the success of your majesty's fleet, our last campaign at sea, since by it we observe the French obliged to steer their wonted course for security, to their ports; and Gibraltar, the Spaniards' ancient defence, bravely stormed, possessed, and maintained by your majesty's subjects.

May the supplies for reducing the exorbitant power of France be such, as may soon turn your wreaths of laurel into branches of olive: that, after the toils of a just and honourable war, carried on by a confederacy of which your majesty is most truly, as of the faith, styled Defender, we may live to enjoy, under your majesty's auspicious government, the blessings of a profound and lasting peace; a peace beyond the power of him to violate, who, but for his own unreasonable conveniency, destructive always of his neighbours, never yet kept any. And, to complete our happiness, may your majesty again prove to *your own family*, what you have been so eminently to the true church, a nursing mother. So wish, and so pray, may it please your majesty, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, and devoted humble servants.

This Address was presented January 17, 1704-5.

MR. WILLIAM CROWE'S ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY, TURNED INTO METRE

Page 70

From a town that consists of a church and a steeple,
With three or four houses, and as many people,
There went an Address in great form and good order,
Composed, as ’tis said, by Will Crowe, their Recorder.[1]
And thus it began to an excellent tune:
Forgive us, good madam, that we did not as soon
As the rest of the cities and towns of this nation
Wish your majesty joy on this glorious occasion.
Not that we’re less hearty or loyal than others,
But having a great many sisters and brothers,
Our borough in riches and years far exceeding,
We let them speak first, to show our good breeding.
  We have heard with much transport and great satisfaction
Of the victory obtain’d in the late famous action,
When the field was so warm’d, that it soon grew too hot
For the French and Bavarians, who had all gone to pot,
But that they thought best in great haste to retire,
And leap into the water for fear of the fire.
But says the good river, Ye fools, plague confound ye,
Do ye think to swim through me, and that I’ll not drown ye?
Who have ravish’d, and murder’d, and play’d such damn’d pranks,
And trod down the grass on my much-injured banks?
Then, swelling with anger and rage to the brink,
He gave the poor Monsieur his last draught of drink.
So it plainly appears they were very well bang’d,
And that some may be drown’d, who deserved to be hang’d.
Great Marlbro’ well push’d: ’twas well push’d indeed:
Oh, how we adore you, because you succeed!
And now I may say it, I hope without blushing,
That you have got twins, by your violent pushing;
Twin battles I mean, that will ne’er be forgotten,
But live and be talk’d of, when we’re dead and rotten.
Let other nice lords sculk at home from the wars,
Prank’d up and adorn’d with garters and stars,
Which but twinkle like those in a cold frosty night;
While to yours you are adding such lustre and light,
That if you proceed, I’m sure very soon
’Twill be brighter and larger than the sun or the moon:
A blazing star, I foretell, ’twill prove to the Gaul,
That portends of his empire the ruin and fall.
  Now God bless your majesty, and our Lord Murrough,[2]
And send him in safety and health to his borough.

[Footnote 1: Subsequently M.P. for Blessington, in the Irish Parliament; he suffered some injustice from Wharton, when Lord-Lieutenant: he lost his senses, and died in 1710. See Journal to Stella, “Prose Works,” ii, pp. 39, 54; and Character of the Earl of Wharton, “Prose Works,” v, p. 27.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: Murragh Boyle, first Viscount Blessington, author of a tragedy, “The Lost Princess.” He died in 1712.—*W. E. B.*]

JACK FRENCHMAN’S LAMENTATION[1]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

To the Tune of “I tell thee, Dick, where I have been."[2]

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Ye Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your ears,
I'll sing you a song, (if I can,)
How Lewis le Grand
Was put to a stand,
By the arms of our gracious Queen Anne.

How his army so great,
Had a total defeat,
And close by the river Dender:
Where his grandchildren twain,
For fear of being slain,
Gallop'd off with the Popish Pretender.

To a steeple on high,
The battle to spy,
Up mounted these clever young men;[3]
But when from the spire,
They saw so much fire,
Most cleverly came down again.

Then on horseback they got
All on the same spot,
By advice of their cousin Vendosme,
O Lord! cried out he,
Unto young *Burgundy*,
Would your brother and you were at home!

While this he did say,
Without more delay,
Away the young gentry fled;
Whose heels for that work,
Were much lighter than cork,
Though their hearts were as heavy as lead.

Not so did behave
Young Hanover brave,[4]
In this bloody field I assure ye:
When his war-horse was shot
He valued it not,
But fought it on foot like a fury.

Full firmly he stood,
As became his high blood,

Which runs in his veins so blue:
  For this gallant young man,
  Being a-kin to QUEEN ANNE,
Did as (were she a man) she would do.

  What a racket was here,
  (I think ’twas last year,)
For a little misfortune in Spain!
  For by letting ’em win,
  We have drawn the puts in,
To lose all they’re worth this campaign.

  Though *Bruges* and Ghent
  To *Monsieur* we lent,
With interest they shall repay ’em;
  While *Paris* may sing,
  With her sorrowful king,
Nunc dimittis instead of *Te Deum*.

  From this dream of success,
  They’ll awaken, we guess,
At the sound of great Marlborough’s drums,
  They may think, if they will,
  Of Ahnanza still,
But ’tis Blenheim wherever he comes.

  O *Lewis[5]* perplex’d,
  What general next!
Thou hast hitherto changed in vain;
  He has beat ’em all round,
  If no new one’s found,
He shall beat ’em over again.

  We’ll let *Tallard* out,
  If he’ll take t’other bout;
And much he’s improved, let me tell ye,
  With *Nottingham* ale
  At every meal,
And good beef and pudding in belly.

  But as losers at play,
  Their dice throw away,
While the winners do still win on;
  Let who will command,
  Thou hadst better disband,
For, old Bully, thy doctors[6] are gone.

[Footnote 1: This ballad, upon the battle of Oudenarde, was very popular, and the tune is often referred to as that of “Ye Commons and Peers.”—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 2: “A Ballad upon a Wedding,” by Sir John Suckling, occasioned by the marriage of Roger Boyle, first Lord Orrery, with Lady Margaret Howard, daughter to the Earl of Suffolk. Suckling’s Works, edit. Hazlitt, vol. i, p. 42.—*W. E. B.*]

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[Footnote 3: In the Dutch accounts of the battle of Oudenarde, it is said that the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry, with the Chevalier de St. George, viewed the action at a distance from the top of a steeple, and fled, when the fate of the day turned against the French. Vendosme commanded the French upon that occasion.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 4: The Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George II, behaved with great spirit in the engagement, and charged, at the head of Bulau's dragoons, with great intrepidity. His horse was shot under him, and he then fought as stated in the text. Smollett's "History of England," ii, *125.—W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 5: Louis XIV.]

[Footnote 6: A cant word for false dice.—*Scott*.]

THE GARDEN PLOT

1709

When Naboth's vineyard[1] look'd so fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail
To bring the owner to a sale.
Jezebel saw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab grieved to be denied;
And thus accosted him with scorn:
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
A king, and weep! The ground's your own;
I'll vest the garden in the crown."
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head;
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became his forfeit guilt.

[Footnote 1: This seems to allude to some oppressive procedure by the Earl of Wharton in relation to Swift's garden, which he called "Naboth's Vineyard," meaning a possession coveted by another person able to possess himself of it (i Kings, chap, xxi, verses 1-10). For some particulars of the garden, see "Prose Works," xi, 415.—*W. E. B.*]

SID HAMET'S ROD

Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands, perhaps, were not so fair,

Yet had a Jezebel as near;
Hall, of small scripture conversation,
Yet, howe'er Hungerford's[1] quotation,
By some strange accident had got
The story of this garden-plot;—Wisely
foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezebel should please to want
His small addition to her grant:
Therefore resolved, in humble sort,
To begin first, and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave a third part, to save the other two.

[Footnote 1: Probably John Hungerford, a member of the October Club. "Prose Works," v, 209.—*W. E. B.*]

THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET[1] THE MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710[2]

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The rod was but a harmless wand,
  While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e’er he laid it down,
Twas a devouring serpent grown.
  Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till metamorphos’d by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist.
By the mere virtue of his fist:
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Resum’d the figure of a stick.
  So, to her midnight feasts, the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, rais’d by magic of her breech,
O’er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.
They tell us something strange and odd,
About a certain magic rod,[3]
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene’er the soil has golden mines;
Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect:
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid:
In Scottish hills found precious ore,[4]
Where none e’er look’d for it before;
And by a gentle bow divine
How well a cully’s purse was lined;
To a forlorn and broken rake,
Stood without motion like a stake.
  The rod of Hermes [5] was renown’d
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That rod was a just type of Sid’s,
Which o’er a British senate’s lids
Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.
Sid’s rod was slender, white, and tall,

Which oft he used to fish withal;
A PLACE was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of *gudgeons* took;
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish and sav'd his bait.
  Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe,
A circle with their rod describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt,
To keep mischievous spirits out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where spirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in;
But when th'enchanted rod was broke,
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.
  Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
Though down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the heroes line;
Thence, thro' a long descent of kings,
Came an HEIRLOOM,[6] as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That sceptre was a sapless twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian Pippin.
No hobby-horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's[7] shop,

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Or glittering tinsel of May Fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.[8]
  Dear Sid, then why wert thou so mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad?[9]
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then return'd it to your mistress;
Or made it a Newmarket switch,[10]
And not a rod for thine own breech.
But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a rod in piss.

[Footnote 1: Cid Hamet Ben Eng'li, the supposed inspirer of Cervantes. See "Don Quixote," last chapter.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: When Swift came to London, in 1710, about the time the ministry was changed, his reception from Lord Treasurer Godolphin was, as he wrote to Archbishop King, 9th Sept., "altogether different from what he ever received from any great man in his life, altogether short, dry, and morose." To Stella he writes that this coldness had "enraged him so that he was almost vowing revenge." On the Treasurer's enforced retirement, Swift's resentment took effect in the above "lampoon" which was read at Harley's, on the 15th October, 1710, and "ran prodigiously," but was not then "suspected for Swift's." See Journal to Stella, Sept. 9 and Oct. 15.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: The *virgula divina*, said to be attracted by minerals.—*Swift*.]

[Footnote 4: Supposed to allude to the Union.—*Swift*.]

[Footnote 5: Mercury's Caduceus, by which he could settle all disputes and differences. —*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 6: Godolphin's favour arose from his connexion with the family of Marlborough by the marriage of his son to the Duke's daughter, Henrietta Churchill.—-*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 7: An eminent toyman in Fleet Street.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 8: The allusion is to Godolphin's name, Sidney, and to his staff of office.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 9: A letter was sent him by the groom of the Queen's stables to desire he would break his staff, which would be the easiest way both to her Majesty and him. Mr.

Smith, Chancellor of the Exchequer, happening to come in a little after, my lord broke his staff, and flung the pieces in the chimney, desiring Mr. Smith to witness that he had obeyed the Queen's commands. Swift to Archbishop King, Sept. 9, 1710.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 10: Lord Godolphin is satirized by Pope for a strong attachment to the turf. See his "Moral Essays," Epist. I, 81-5.

"Who would not praise Patritio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,"
"He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet."]

THE FAMOUS SPEECH-MAKER OF ENGLAND

OR BARON (ALIAS BARREN) LOVEL'S CHARGE
AT THE ASSIZES AT EXON, APRIL 5, 17IO

Risum teneatis?—HORAT., *Ars Poetica*, 5.

From London to Exon,
By special direction,
Came down the world's wonder,
Sir Salathiel Blunder,
With a quoif on his head
As heavy as lead;
And thus opened and said:

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Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest,

Her majesty, mark it,
Appointed this circuit
For me and my brother,
Before any other;
To execute laws,
As you may suppose,
Upon such as offenders have been.
So then, not to scatter
More words on the matter,
We're beginning just now to begin.
But hold—first and foremost, I must enter a clause,
As touching and concerning our excellent laws;
Which here I aver,
Are better by far
Than them all put together abroad and beyond sea;
For I ne'er read the like, nor e'er shall, I fancy
The laws of our land
Don't abet, but withstand,
Inquisition and thrall,
And whatever may gall,
And fire withal;
And sword that devours
Wherever it scowers:
They preserve liberty and property, for which men pull and haul so,
And they are made for the support of good government also.
Her majesty, knowing
The best way of going
To work for the weal of the nation,
Builds on that rock,
Which all storms will mock,
Since Religion is made the foundation.
And, I tell you to boot, she
Resolves resolutely,
No promotion to give
To the best man alive,
In church or in state,
(I'm an instance of that,)
But only to such of a good reputation
For temper, morality, and moderation.
Fire! fire! a wild-fire,
Which greatly disturbs the queen's peace

Lies running about;
And if you don't put it out,
(That's positive) will increase:
And any may spy,
With half of an eye,
That it comes from our priests and Papistical fry.
Ye have one of these fellows,
With fiery bellows,
Come hither to blow and to puff here;
Who having been toss'd
From pillar to post,
At last vents his rascally stuff here: Which to such as are honest must sound very oddly,
When they ought to preach nothing but what's very godly;
As here from this place we charge you to do,
As ye'll answer to man, besides ye know who.
Ye have a Diocesan,—[l]
But I don't know the man;—
The man's a good liver,
They tell me, however,
And fiery never!
Now, ye under-pullers,
That wear such black colours,
How well would it look,
If his measures ye took,
Thus for head and for rump
Together to jump;
For there's none deserve places,
I speak't to their faces,
But men of such graces,
And I hope he will never prefer any asses;
Especially when I'm so confident on't,
For reasons of state, that her majesty won't
Know, I myself I
Was present and by,
At the great trial, where there was a great company,

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Of a turbulent preacher, who, cursedly hot,
Turn'd the fifth of November, even the gun-powder plot,
Into impudent railing, and the devil knows what:
Exclaiming like fury—it was at Paul's, London—
How church was in danger, and like to be undone, And so gave the lie to gracious Queen Anne; And, which is far worse, to our parliament-men:
And then printed a book,
Into which men did look:
True, he made a good text;
But what follow'd next
Was nought but a dunghill of sordid abuses, Instead of sound doctrine, with proofs to't, and uses.
It was high time of day
That such inflammation
should be extinguish'd without more delay: But there was no engine could possibly do't, Till the commons play'd theirs, and so quite put it out.
So the man was tried for't,
Before highest court:
Now it's plain to be seen,
It's his principles I mean,
Where they suffer'd this noisy and his lawyers to bellow:
Which over, the blade
A poor punishment had
For that racket he made.
By which ye may know
They thought as I do,
That he is but at best an inconsiderable fellow.
Upon this I find here,
And everywhere,
That the country rides rusty, and is all out of gear:
And for what?
May I not
In opinion vary,
And think the contrary,
But it must create
Unfriendly debate,
And disunion straight;
When no reason in nature
Can be given of the matter,
Any more than for shapes or for different stature?

If you love your dear selves, your religion or queen,
Ye ought in good manners to be peaceable men:
For nothing disgusts her
Like making a bluster:
And your making this riot,
Is what she could cry at,
Since all her concern’s for our welfare and quiet.
I would ask any man
Of them all that maintain
Their passive obedience
With such mighty vehemence,
That damn’d doctrine, I trow!
What he means by it, ho’,
To trump it up now?
Or to tell me in short,
What need there is for’t?
Ye may say, I am hot;
I say I am not;
Only warm, as the subject on which I am got.
There are those alive yet,
If they do not forget,
May remember what mischiefs it did church and state:
Or at least must have heard
The deplorable calamities
It drew upon families,
About sixty years ago and upward.
And now, do ye see,
Whoever they be,
That make such an oration
In our Protestant nation,
As though church was all on a fire,—
With whatever cloak
They may cover their talk,
And wheedle the folk,
That the oaths

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they have took,
As our governors strictly require;—
I say they are men—(and I’m a judge, ye all know,)
That would our most excellent laws overthrow;
For the greater part of them to church never go;
Or, what’s much the same, it by very great chance is,
If e’er they partake of her wise ordinances.
Their aim is, no doubt,
Were they made to speak out,
To pluck down the queen, that they make all this rout;
And to set up, moreover,
A bastardly brother;
Or at least to prevent the House of Hanover.
Ye gentlemen of the jury,
What means all this fury,
Of which I’m inform’d by good hands, I assure ye;
This insulting of persons by blows and rude speeches,
And breaking of windows, which, you know, maketh breaches?
Ye ought to resent it,
And in duty present it,
For the law is against it;
Not only the actors engaged in this job,
But those that encourage and set on the mob:
The mob,[2] a paw word, and which I ne’er mention,
But must in this place, for the sake of distinction.
I hear that some bailiffs and some justices
Have strove what they could, all this rage to suppress;
And I hope many more
Will exert the like power,
Since none will, depend on’t,
Get a jot of preferment.
But men of this kidney, as I told you before.—
I’ll tell you a story: Once upon a time,
Some hot-headed fellows must needs take a whim,
And so were so weak
(Twas a mighty mistake)
To pull down and abuse
Bawdy-houses and stews;
Who, tried by the laws of the realm for high-treason,
Were hang’d, drawn, and quarter’d for that very reason.
When the time came about
For us all to set out,

We went to take leave of the queen;
Where were great men of worth,
Great heads and so forth,
The greatest that ever were seen:
And she gave us a large
And particular charge;—
Good part on't indeed
Is quite out of my head;—
But I remember she said,
We should recommend peace and good neighbourhood, wheresoever we came; and so I do here; For that every one, not only men and their wives, Should do all that they can to lead peaceable lives; And told us withal, that she fully expected A special account how ye all stood affected; When we've been at St. James's, you'll hear of the matter.
Again then I charge ye,
Ye men of the clergy,
That ye follow the track all
Of your own Bishop Blackall,
And preach, as ye should,
What's savoury and good;
And together all cling,
As it were, in a string;
Not falling out, quarrelling one with another,
Now we're treating with Monsieur,—that son of his mother.

Then proceeded on the common matters of the law; and concluded:

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Once more, and no more, since few words are best,
I charge you all present, by way of request,
    If ye honour, as I do,
    Our dear royal widow,
    Or have any compassion
    For church or the nation;
    And would live a long while
    In continual smile,
    And eat roast and boil,
    And not be forgotten,
    When ye are dead and rotten;
That ye would be quiet, and peaceably dwell,
And never fall out, but p—s all in a quill.

[Footnote 1: Dr. Offspring Blackall. He was made Bishop of Exeter in 1707, and died in 1716.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 2: Swift hated the word “mob,” and insisted that the proper word to use was “rabble.” See “Letters of Swift,” edit. Birkbeck Hill, p. 55; and “Prose Works,” ix, p. 35, *n.*—W. E. B._]

PARODY ON THE RECORDER’S SPEECH

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND, 4TH JULY, 1711

This city can omit no opportunity of expressing their hearty affection for her majesty’s person and government; and their regard for your grace, who has the honour of representing her in this kingdom.

We retain, my lord, a grateful remembrance of the mild and just Administration of the government of this kingdom by your noble ancestors; and, when we consider the share your grace had in the happy Revolution, in 1688, and the many good laws you have procured us since, particularly that for preventing the farther growth of Popery, we are assured that that liberty and property, that happy constitution in church and state, to which we were restored by King William of glorious memory, will be inviolably preserved under your grace’s administration. And we are persuaded that we cannot more effectually recommend ourselves to your grace’s favour and protection, than by assuring you that we will, to the utmost of our power, contribute to the honour and safety of her majesty’s government, the maintenance of the succession in the illustrious house of Hanover, and that we shall at all times oppose the secret and open attempts of the Pretender, and all his abettors.

THE RECORDER’S SPEECH EXPLAINED BY THE TORIES

An ancient metropolis, famous of late
For opposing the Church, and for nosing the State,
For protecting sedition and rejecting order,
Made the following speech by their mouth, the Recorder:
First, to tell you the name of this place of renown,
Some still call it Dublin, but most Forster’s town.

THE SPEECH

May it please your Grace,
We cannot omit this occasion to tell,
That we love the Queen’s person and government well;
Then next, to your Grace we this compliment make,
That our worships regard you, but ’tis for her sake:
Though our mouth be a Whig, and our head a Dissenter,

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Yet salute you we must, ’cause you represent her:
Nor can we forget, sir, that some of your line
Did with mildness and peace in this government shine.
But of all your exploits, we’ll allow but one fact,
That your Grace has procured us a Popery Act.
By this you may see that the least of your actions
Does conduce still the most to our satisfactions.
And lastly, because in the year eighty-eight
You did early appear in defence of our right,
We give no other proof of your zeal to your Prince;
So we freely forget all your services since.
It’s then only we hope, that whilst you rule o’er us,
You’ll tread in the steps of King William the glorious,
Whom we’re always adoring, tho’ hand over head,
For we owe him allegiance, although he be dead;
Which shows that good zeal may be founded in spleen,
Since a dead Prince we worship, to lessen the Queen.
And as for her Majesty, we will defend her
Against our hobgoblin, the Popish Pretender.
Our valiant militia will stoutly stand by her,
Against the sly Jack, and the sturdy High-flier.
She is safe when thus guarded, if Providence bless her,
And Hanover’s sure to be next her successor.
  Thus ended the speech, but what heart would not pity
His Grace, almost choked with the breath of the City!

BALLAD

To the tune of “Commons and Peers.”

    A WONDERFUL age
    Is now on the stage:
I’ll sing you a song, if I can,
    How modern Whigs,
    Dance forty-one jigs,[1]
But God bless our gracious Queen Anne.

    The kirk with applause
    Is established by laws

As the orthodox church of the nation.
    The bishops do own
    It's as good as their own.
And this, Sir, is call'd moderation.

    It's no riddle now
    To let you see how
A church by oppression may speed;
    Nor is't banter or jest,
    That the kirk faith is best
On the other side of the Tweed.

    For no soil can suit
    With every fruit,
Even so, Sir, it is with religion;
    The best church by far
    Is what grows where you are,
Were it Mahomet's ass or his pigeon.

    Another strange story
    That vexes the Tory,
But sure there's no mystery in it,
    That a pension and place
    Give communicants grace,
Who design to turn tail the next minute.

    For if it be not strange,
    That religion should change,
As often as climates and fashions;
    Then sure there's no harm,
    That one should conform.
To serve their own private occasions.

    Another new dance,
    Which of late they advance,
Is to cry up the birth of Pretender,
    And those that dare own
    The queen heir to the crown,
Are traitors, not fit to defend her.

    The subject's most loyal
    That hates the blood royal,
And they for employments have merit,
    Who swear queen and steeple
    Were made by the people,
And neither have right to inherit.

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The monarchy’s fixt,
By making on’t mixt,
And by non-resistance o’erthrown;
And preaching obedience
Destroys our allegiance,
And thus the Whigs prop up the throne.

That viceroy [2] is best,
That would take off the test,
And made a sham speech to attempt it;
But being true blue,
When he found ’twould not do,
Swore, damn him, if ever he meant it.

’Tis no news that Tom Double
The nation should bubble,
Nor is’t any wonder or riddle,
That a parliament rump
Should play hop, step, and jump,
And dance any jig to his fiddle.

But now, sir, they tell,
How Sacheverell,
By bringing old doctrines in fashion,
Hath, like a damn’d rogue,
Brought religion in vogue,
And so open’d the eyes of the nation.

Then let’s pray without spleen,
May God bless the queen,
And her fellow-monarchs the people;
May they prosper and thrive,
Whilst I am alive,
And so may the church with the steeple.

[Footnote 1: Alluding to the year 1641, when the great rebellion broke out. *Scott*.]

[Footnote 2: Lord Wharton.]

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE[1]

TO THE LORD TREASURER OXFORD
1710

Atlas, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as the pedler does his pack;
But, as the pedler overpress'd
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest awhile.
  Yet Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.
Great statesmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier minister of state;
Alcides one of second rate.
Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise;
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find upholders.

[Footnote 1: In these free, and yet complimentary verses, Swift cautions Oxford against his greatest political error, that affectation of mystery, and wish of engrossing the whole management of public affairs, which first disgusted, and then alienated, Harcourt and Bolingbroke. On this point our author has spoken very fully in the "Free Thoughts upon. The present State of Affairs."—*Scott*. See "Prose Works," v, 391.—*W. E. B*.]

LINES WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON MR. HARLEY'S BEING STABBED, AND ADDRESSED TO HIS PHYSICIAN, 1710-11 [1]

On Britain Europe's safety lies,
Britain is lost if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your skill:
Think what you save, or what you kill.

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[Footnote 1: For details of Guiscard's murderous attack on Harley, see Journal to Stella, March 8, 1710-11, "Prose Works," ii.—*W. E. B.*]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE. 1711

An orator *dismal* of *Nottinghamshire,*
Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
Out of zeal for his country, and want of a place,
Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the queen's peace.
He has vamp'd an old speech, and the court, to their sorrow,
Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins, he never will flinch,
But repeats the same note a whole day like a Finch.[1]
I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,'
And, "mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy."

THE SPEECH

Whereas, notwithstanding I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, most noble senators, 'tis a great shame,
There should be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game.*
The duke show'd me all his fine house; and the duchess
From her closet brought out a full purse in her clutches:
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
His grace swore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
My long old-fashion'd pocket was presently cramm'd;
And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
  But some will cry turn-coat, and rip up old stories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories:
I answer; the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places.
But still I'm in principle ever the same,
And will quit my best friends, while I'm *Not-in-game.*
  When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot for expelling my master King James,
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage, and stood at defiance,
For Daniel[2] was got from the den of the lions:

I came in without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than hang, I would be *Not-in-game.*
  I swore to the queen, that the Prince of Hanover
During her sacred life would never come over:
I made use of a trope; that “an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in sight.”
But, when I thought proper, I alter’d my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
That her Majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young coadjutor:
For why; I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game.*
  Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I’ll vote against peace, with Spain or without:
Though the court gives my nephews, and brothers, and cousins,
And all my whole family, places by dozens;
Yet, since I know where a full purse may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound:
Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes,
I’ll speech against peace while *Dismal’s* my name,
And be a true Whig, while I’m *Not-in-game.*

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[Footnote 1: Lord Nottingham's family name.]

[Footnote 2: This was the Earl's Christian name.]

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY[1] "About three months ago, at Windsor, a poor knight's widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave, the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty; but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case; which case was tied at the top, and sealed with St. George, the impression on black wax, very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it; but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. Woodward, F. R. S. where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

"The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present."—*Swift*.

The subject of this virulent satire was Elizabeth, Baroness Percy, daughter and heiress of Josceline, Earl of Northumberland, who died in 1670. She was born in 1666. In 1679 she was married to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, who died in 1680. In 1681, she married Thomas Thynne, a man of great wealth, a friend of the Duke of Monmouth and the Issachar of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel." A few months afterwards, in February 1681-2, Thynne was assassinated in the Haymarket by foreigners, who were devoted friends of Count Konigsmark, and appear to have acted under his direction. The Count had been in London shortly before Lady Ogle's marriage to Thynne, and had then paid his addresses to her. He fled the day after the murder, but was brought back, and was tried with the principals as an accessory, but was acquitted. Four months after the murder of Thynne, his widow was married to Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, on 30th May, 1682, and ultimately became the favourite and friend of Queen Anne, and a zealous partisan of the Whig party. Hence Swift's "Prophecy." See "State Trials," vol. ix, and "Notes and Queries," 1st S., v. 269.—*W. E. B.*

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When a holy black Swede, the son of Bob,[2]
With a saint[3] at his chin and a seal at his fob,
Shall not see one[4] New-Years-day in that year,
Then let old England make good cheer:
Windsor[5] and Bristol[5] then shall be
Joined together in the Low-countree.[5]
Then shall the tall black Daventry Bird[6]
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his coneying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
But spight of the Harpy[7] that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more
But England must cry alack and well-a-day,
If the stick be taken from the dead sea.[8]
And, dear Englond, if ought I understond,
Beware of Carrots[9] from Northumberlond.
Carrots sown Thynne a deep root may get,
If so be they are in Somer set:
Their Conyngs[10] mark thou; for I have been told,
They assassine when younge, and poison when old.
Root out these Carrots, O thou,[11] whose name
is backwards and forwards always the same;
And keep thee close to thee always that name
Which backwards and forwards is [12] almost the same.
And, England, wouldst thou be happy still,
Burn those Carrots under a Hill.[13]

[Footnote 1: Although Swift was advised by Mrs. Masham “not to let the Prophecy be published,” and he acted on her advice, many copies were “printed and given about, but not sold.” To Stella, Swift writes: “I doubt not but you will have the Prophecy in Ireland although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends.” See Journal to Stella, 26, 27 Dec. 1711, and Jan. 4, 1711-12.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: Dr. John Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 3: He was Dean of Windsor, and lord privy seal.]

[Footnote 4: The New Style, which was not adopted in Great Britain and Ireland till it was brought in by Lord Chesterfield in 1752, was then Observed in most parts of Europe. The bishop set out from England the Latter end of December, O. S.; and on his arrival at Utrecht, by the Variation of the style, he found January somewhat advanced.]

[Footnote 5: Alluding to the deanery and bishopric being possessed by the same person, then at Utrecht.]

[Footnote 6: Earl of Nottingham.]

[Footnote 7: Duke of Marlborough.]

[Footnote 8: The treasurer’s wand, taken from Harley, whose second title was Lord *Mortimer*.]

[Footnote 9: The Duchess of Somerset.[1]]

[Footnote 10: Count Konigsmark.[2]]

[Footnote 11: ANNA.]

[Footnote 12: MASHAM.]

[Footnote 13: Lady Masham’s maiden name.]

[embedded footnote 1: She had red hair, *post*, 165.]

[embedded footnote 2: Or Coningsmark.]

CORINNA,[1] A BALLAD 1711-12

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This day (the year I dare not tell)
  Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
  And he endued her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
  Both softly to the cradle creep;
Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums,
  While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then Cupid thus: "This little maid
  Of love shall always speak and write;"
"And I pronounce," the Satyr said,
  "The world shall feel her scratch and bite."

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

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

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

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

Her common-place book all gallant is,
  Of scandal now a cornucopia;
She pours it out in Atalantis
  Or memoirs of the New Utopia.

[Footnote 1: This ballad refers to some details in the life of Mrs. de la Riviere Manley, a political writer, who was born about 1672, and died in July, 1724. The work by which she became famous was "Secret memoirs and manners of several persons of quality of both sexes, from the New Atalantis." She was Swift's amanuensis and assistant in "The

Examiner," and succeeded him as Editor. In his Journal to Stella, Jan. 26, 1711-12, he writes: "Poor Mrs. Manley, the author, is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long. I am heartily sorry for her. She has very generous principles for one of her sort; and a great deal of good sense and invention: She is about forty, very homely and very fat." Swift's subsequent severe attack upon her in these verses can only be accounted for, but cannot be excused by, some change in his political views. See "The Tatler," Nos. 35, 63, *edit. 1786.—W. E. B.*]

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.[1] 1711-12

Collated with Stella's copy.—*Forster*.

Midas, we are in story told,[2]
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin.
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals thro' a quill.
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said

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Mambrino’s[3] helm adorn’d his head;
Whene’er he chanced his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin’d appear’d instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence, we are by wise farmers told[4]
Old hay is equal to old gold:[5]
And hence a critic deep maintains
We learn’d to weigh our gold by grains.
  This fool had got a lucky hit;
And people fancied he had wit,
Two gods their skill in music tried
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Ph[oelig]bus’ harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan’s oaten reed:
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapt asses’ ears upon the judge,
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
  And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus’ sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far, to gather golden gravel;
Midas, exposed to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.
  This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom, from Midas down, descends
That virtue in the fingers’ ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent.?
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t’other Midas did before?
  None e’er did modern Midas chuse
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,

That Phoebus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums [6] for bays.
To Pan alone rich misers call;
And there's the jest, for Pan is ALL.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
  Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas, too, has ass's ears:
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Thro' any ears but of an ass.
  But gold defiles with frequent touch,
There's nothing fouls the hand so much;
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which, while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic power.[7]
While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace,
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes,
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected stands,
With ass's ears, and dirty hands.

[Footnote 1: This cutting satire upon the Duke of Marlborough was written about the time when he was deprived of his employments. See Journal to Stella, Feb. 14, 1711-12, "Prose Works," ii, 337.]

[Footnote 2: Ovid, "Met.," lib. xi; Hyginus, "Fab." 191.—*W. E. B.*]

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[Footnote 3: Almonte and Mambrino, two Saracens of great valour, had each a golden helmet. Orlando Furioso took Almonte's, and his friend Rinaldo that of Mambrino. "Orlando Furioso," Canto I, St. 28. And readers of "Don Quixote" may remember how the knight argued with Sancho Panza that the barber's bason was the helmet of Mambrino.—"Don Quixote," pt. I, book 3, ch. 7.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 4: Stella.]

[Footnote 5: The Duke of Marlborough was accused of having received large sums, as perquisites, from the contractors, who furnished bread, forage, *etc*., to the army.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 6: Scott prints this word "plumes," substituting a false meaning for the real point of the poem.—*Forster*.]

[Footnote 7: The result of the investigations of the House of Commons was the removal of the Duke of Marlborough from his command, and all his employments.—*Scott*.]

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL[1] TO DINE WITH THE CALVES' HEAD CLUB

Written A.D. 1712.—*Stella.*
Imitated from Horace, Lib. i, Epist. 5.

Toland, the Deist, distinguished himself as a party writer in behalf of the Whigs. He wrote a pamphlet on the demolition of Dunkirk, and another called "The Art of Reasoning," in which he directly charged Oxford with the purpose of bringing in the Pretender. The Earl of Nottingham, here, as elsewhere, called Dismal from his swarthy complexion, was bred a rigid High-Churchman, and was only induced to support the Whigs, in their resolutions against a peace, by their consenting to the bill against occasional conformity. He was so distinguished for regularity, as to be termed by Rowe

"The sober Earl of Nottingham,
Of sober sire descended."—HOR., *Odes*, ii, 4.

From these points of his character, we may estimate the severity of the following satire, which represents this pillar of High-Church principles as invited by the republican Toland to solemnize the 30th January, by attending the Calves' Head Club.—*Scott*.

If, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish, and tavern wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calfs head with your trusty friends.
Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.

To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
Where thou, our latest proselyte, shall share:
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell,
How by brave hands the royal traitor fell;
The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
The wine, his blood our predecessors shed;
Whilst an alluding hymn some artist sings,
We toast, Confusion to the race of kings!
At monarchy we nobly show our spight,
And talk, what fools call treason, all the night.
  Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?

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Wine can clear up Godolphin’s cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine, ev’n Scarborough is brave,
Hal[2] grows more pert, and Somers not so grave:
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleaveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never lose his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.
  My province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
And Tories (dress’d like waiters) in disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the man you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond’s grace
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole’s place;
Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more;
But I love elbow-room whene’er I drink;
And honest Harry is too apt to stink.
  Let no pretence of bus’ness make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel[3] by the way.
If Guernsey calls, send word you’re gone abroad;
He’ll teaze you with King Charles, and Bishop Laud,
Or make you fast, and carry you to prayers;
But, if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squash to call a hackney chair.

[Footnote 1: Collated with Stella’s copy.—*Forster*. See Journal to Stella, July 1, 1712, “Prose Works,” ii, 375; and ix, 256, 287.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: Right Honourable Henry Boyle.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 3: Scott prints “comfort.”—*Forster*.]

PEACE AND DUNKIRK

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE SURRENDER OF DUNKIRK TO GENERAL HILL 1712

To the tune of “The King shall enjoy his own again.”

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

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

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

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The towns we took ne’er did us good:
  What signified the French to beat?
We spent our money and our blood,
  To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
    But the Lord of Oxford swears,
    Dunkirk never shall be theirs.
The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
    But true Englishmen may fill
    A good health to General Hill:
“For the Queen now enjoys her own again.”

HORACE, EPIST. I, VII
IMITATION OF HORACE
TO LORD OXFORD, A.D. 1713[1]

Harley, the nation’s great support,
Returning home one day from court,
His mind with public cares possest,
All Europe’s business in his breast,
Observed a parson near Whitehall,
Cheap’ning old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show’d some humour in his face;
Look’d with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My lord, (who, if a man may say’t,
Loves mischief better than his meat),
Was now disposed to crack a jest
And bid friend Lewis[2] go in quest.
(This Lewis was a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley’s favour)—
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
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;
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 [3] to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice;
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought;
Not rich, but owed no man a groat;
In state opinions a la mode,
He hated Wharton like a toad;
Had given 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:
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,
He now intended[4] to retire.
  Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth, if this be so:
Step to the doctor straight, and say,
I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor could believe my lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir,
But coldly said, "Your servant, sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cry'd:
"He does; with insolence and pride."
  Some few days after, Harley spies
The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross, among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopt his[5] coach,
Beck'ning the doctor to approach.
Swift, who could[6] neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to[7] the chariot side,

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And offer’d many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
“My lord—the honour you design’d—
Extremely proud—but I had dined—
I am sure I never should neglect—
No man alive has more respect”—
Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you’ll be sure to come at four.”
  The doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talent, sits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails,
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early, and departed late;
In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
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,
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:
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.
Poor Swift departed, and, what’s worse,
With borrow’d money in his purse,
Travels at least a hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
  Suppose him now a dean complete,
Demurely[8] lolling in his seat,
And silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion side.
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats.

(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.)
Now all the doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent,
The farmers spitefully combine,
Force him to take his tithes in kine,
And Parvisol[9] discounts arrears
By bills, for taxes and repairs.
  Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read[10] would hardly let him in.
  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
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!"
The doctor in a passion cry'd,
"Your raillery is misapply'd;
Experience I have[11] dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:
But you resolved to have your jest,
And 'twas a folly to contest;
Then, since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first."

[Footnote 1: Collated with Stella's copy.—*Forster*.]

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[Footnote 2: Erasmus Lewis, Esq., the treasurer’s secretary.]

[Footnote 3: By time.—*Stella*.]

[Footnote 4: Is now contented,—*Stella.*]

[Footnote 5: The.—*Stella.*]

[Footnote 6: Would.—*Stella.*]

[Footnote 7: By.—*Stella.*]

[Footnote 8: “Devoutly” is the word in Stella’s transcript: but it must be admitted that “demurely” is more in keeping.—*Forster*.]

[Footnote 9: The Dean’s agent, a Frenchman.]

[Footnote 10: The lord treasurer’s porter.]

[Footnote 11: I have experience.—*Stella*.]

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF

1713

A few of the first lines were wanting in the copy sent us by a friend of the Author’s from London.—*Dublin Edition*.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * By an old —— pursued,
A crazy prelate,[1] and a royal prude;[2]
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes On ev’ry genius that attempts to rise; And pausing o’er a pipe, with doubtful nod, Give hints, that poets ne’er believe in God. So clowns on scholars as on wizards look, And take a folio for a conj’ring book.
  Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime:
Nay, ’twas affirm’d, he sometimes dealt in rhyme; Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil’d divinity and wit:
He moved and bow’d, and talk’d with too much grace;
Nor show’d the parson in his gait or face;
Despised luxurious wines and costly meat;
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; saw those that saw the queen;

At Child’s or Truby’s,[3] never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secured by numbers from the laymen’s gibes;
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.
  But, after sage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dang’rous wit.
  And now, the public Int’rest to support,
By Harley Swift invited, comes to court;
In favour grows with ministers of state;
Admitted private, when superiors wait:
And Harley, not ashamed his choice to own, Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear, But St. John comes, and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks: the yeomen cry, *Make room*, as if a duke were passing by.
  Now Finch[4] alarms the lords: he hears for certain
This dang’rous priest is got behind the curtain. Finch, famed for tedious elocution, proves That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves. Walpole and Aislaby,[5] to clear the doubt, Inform the Commons, that the secret’s out: “A certain doctor is observed of late To haunt a certain minister

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of state: From whence with half an eye we may discover The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."
  York is from Lambeth sent, to show the queen
A dang'rous treatise[6] writ against the spleen;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
He sues for pardon,[7] and repents too late.
  Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ******* spouse:[8]
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear instils.
The queen incensed, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.[9]
Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head.[10]
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.
  By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the dean! Now Delawar[11] again familiar grows; And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose. The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend, Again apply that Swift would be their friend.[12]
  By faction tired, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile; Performs what friendship, justice, truth require: What could he more, but decently retire?

[Footnote 1: Dr. John Sharpe, who, for some unbecoming reflections in his sermons, had been suspended, May 14, 1686, was raised from the Deanery of Canterbury, to the Archbishopric of York, July 5, 1691; and died February 2, 1712-13. According to Dr. Swift's account, the archbishop had represented him to the queen as a person that was not a Christian; the great lady [the Duchess of Somerset] had supported the aspersion; and the queen, upon such assurances, had given away the bishopric contrary to her majesty's first intentions [which were in favour of Swift]. See Orrery's "Remarks on the Life of Swift," p. 48.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: Queen Anne.]

[Footnote 3: Coffeehouses frequented by the clergy. In the preceding poem, Swift gives the same trait of his own character:
  "A clergyman of special note

For shunning those of his own coat."
His feeling towards his order was exactly the reverse of his celebrated misanthropical expression of hating mankind, but loving individuals. On the contrary, he loved the church, but disliked associating with individual clergymen.—*Scott.* See his letter to Pope, Sept. 29, 1725, in Pope's Works, edit. Elwin and Courthope, vii, 53, and the unjust remarks of the commentators.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 4: Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham, who made a speech in the House of Lords against the author.]

[Footnote 5: John Aislaby, then M.P. for Ripon. They both spoke against him in the House of Commons.—*Scott.*]

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[Footnote 6: The Tale of a Tub.]

[Footnote 7: He sent a message to the author to desire his pardon, and that he was very sorry for what he had said and done.]

[Footnote 8: Insert *murder'd*. The duchess's first husband, Thomas Thynne, Esq., was assassinated in Pall Mall by banditti, the emissaries of Count Koenigsmark. As the motive of this crime was the count's love to the lady, with whom Thynne had never cohabited, Swift seems to throw upon her the imputation of being privy to the crime. See the "Windsor Prophecy," *ante*, p. 150.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 9: The Duke of Argyle.]

[Footnote 10: For writing "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."]

[Footnote 11: Then lord-treasurer of the household, who cautiously avoided Swift while the proclamation was impending.]

[Footnote 12: He was visited by the Scots lords more than ever.]

THE FAGOT[1]

Written in the year 1713, when the Queen's ministers were quarrelling among themselves.

Observe the dying father speak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And strove, by turns, to break the fagot:
In vain: the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
See, said the sire, how soon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So strong you'll be, in friendship ty'd;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel:
Here ends the fable, and the moral.
  This tale may be applied in few words,
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards;
And others, who, in solemn sort,
Appear with slender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,

But lashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarterstaffs instead of white;
Or constable, with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clatt'ring cease;
Which now disturbs the queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.
  In history we never found
The consul's fasces[2] were unbound:
Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent,
How would they blush to hear it said,
The praetor broke the consul's head!
Or consul in his purple gown,
Came up and knock'd the praetor down!
  Come, courtiers: every man his stick!
Lord treasurer,[3] for once be quick:
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt,[4] bring your mace;
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Dispatch, or else that rascal Northey[5]
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be assured, the court will find him
Prepared to leap o'er sticks, or bind them.
  To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy general's staff:
And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden!
You'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united strength they all pull,
From Somers,[6] down to Craggs[7] and Walpole.

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[Footnote 1: This fable is one of the vain remonstrances by which Swift strove to close the breach between Oxford and Bolingbroke, in the last period of their administration, which, to use Swift's own words, was "nothing else but a scene of murmuring and discontent, quarrel and misunderstanding, animosity and hatred;" so that these two great men had scarcely a common friend left, except the author himself, who laboured with unavailing zeal to reconcile their dissensions.—*Scott.* With this exception, the notes are from the Dublin Edition.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: The bundle of rods carried before the Consuls at Rome.]

[Footnote 3: The dilatory Earl of Oxford.]

[Footnote 4: Lord Chancellor.]

[Footnote 5: Sir Edward Northey, attorney-general, brought in by Lord Harcourt; yet very desirous of the Great Seal.]

[Footnote 6: Who had been at different times Lord Chancellor and President of the Council.]

[Footnote 7: Afterwards Secretary of State].

IMITATION OF PART OF THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE. [1] 1714

I 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 terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
  Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;[2]
But should be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this side Trent;[3]
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;
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 a hundred pound,

No matter where the money’s found,
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,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm’d by a triple circle round,
Chequer’d with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex’d,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
“I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a crowd!”
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit.
“So eager to express your love,
You ne’er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke.”
I own I’m pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
  I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn’d,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
  This humbly offers me his case;

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That begs my interest for a place;
A hundred other men’s affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
“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,
To get my warrant quickly sign’d:
Consider, ’tis my first request.”—
Be satisfied I’ll do my best:
Then presently he falls to tease,
“You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not if his lordship knew—
And Mr. Dean, one word from you[4]——”
’Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four,)
Since Harley bid me first attend,[5]
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As “What’s o’clock?” And, “How’s the wind?”
“Whose chariot’s that we left behind?”
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;[6]
And mark at Brentford how they spell
Hear is good Eal and Bear to cell.
Or, “Have you nothing new to-day
To shew from Parnell, Pope and Gay?”
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
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.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
“How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean!
My lord and he are grown so great,

Always together, *tete-a-tete*;
What! they admire him for his jokes?—
See but the fortune of some folks!”
  There flies about a strange report
Of mighty news arrived at court:
I’m stopp’d by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.
“You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great:
Inform us, will the emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?”
Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
“Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
’Tis now no secret”—I protest
It’s one to me—“Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?”
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly toss’d,
My choicest[7] hours of life are lost:
Yet always wishing to retreat,
O, could I see my country-seat!
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.[8]

[Footnote 1: Collated with Stella’s copy in the Duke of Bedford’s volume.—*Forster.*]

[Footnote 2: Here followed twenty lines inserted by Pope when he published the Miscellanies. The version is here printed as written by Swift.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: Swift was perpetually expressing his deep discontent at his Irish preferment, and forming schemes for exchanging it for a smaller in England, and courted Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole to effect such a change. A negotiation had nearly taken place between the Dean and Mr. Talbot for the living of Burfield, in Berkshire. Mr. Talbot himself informed me of this negotiation. Burfield is in the neighbourhood of Bucklebury, Lord Bolingbroke’s seat.—*Warton.*]

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[Footnote 4: Very happily turned from “Si vis, potes——.”—*Warton.*]

[Footnote 5: The rise and progress of Swift’s intimacy with Lord Oxford is minutely detailed in his Journal to Stella. And the reasons why a man, that served the ministry so effectually, was so tardily, and so difficultly, and so poorly rewarded, are explained in Sheridan’s Life of Swift. See also Coxe’s “Memoirs of Walpole.” Both Gay and Swift conceived every thing was to be gained by the interest of Mrs. Howard, to whom they paid incessant court.—*Bowles.*]

[Footnote 6: Another of their amusements in these excursions consisted in Lord Oxford and Swift’s counting the poultry on the road, and whichever reckoned thirty-one first, or saw a cat, or an old woman, won the game. Bolingbroke, overtaking them one day in their road to Windsor, got into Lord Oxford’s coach, and began some political conversation; Lord Oxford said, “Swift, I am up; there is a cat.” Bolingbroke was disgusted with this levity, and went again into his own carriage. This was
“Nugari et discincti ludere,” [HORAT., *Sat.*, ii, I, 73]
with a witness.—*Warton.*]

[Footnote 7: Stella’s transcript, “sweetest.”—*Forster.*]

[Footnote 8: Thus far was translated by Dr. Swift in 1714. The remaining part of the satire was afterwards added by Pope, in whose works the whole is printed. See Pope’s Works, edit. Elwin and Courthope.—*W. E. B.*]

HORACE, BOOK II, ODE I, PARAPHRASED ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ. 1714

Dick, thou’rt resolved, as I am told,
Some strange arcana to unfold,
And with the help of Buckley’s[1] pen,
To vamp the good old cause again:
Which thou (such Burnet’s shrewd advice is)
Must furbish up, and nickname Crisis.
Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E’er since Sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill’d the commons’ chair,)
That we a German prince must own,
When Anne for Heaven resigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou’lt keep a rout,
With—who is in—and who is out;
Thou’lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its secret causes trace,
The bucket-play ’twixt Whigs and Tories,

Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
Of tricks the Lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our plenipoes.
Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state:
And of that dreadful *coup d'eclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The queen, forsooth! (despotic,) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet atoned!
Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edged tools.
But, since thou'st got into the fire,
And canst not easily retire,

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Thou must no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;
Until thou shall have eased thy conscience,
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense;
And, when thou'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury Lane to shape thy style:
"To make a pair of jolly fellows,
The son and father, join to tell us,
How sons may safely disobey,
And fathers never should say nay;
By which wise conduct they grow friends
At last—and so the story ends."[2]
When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art;[3]
Which made thy closet much frequented
By buxom lasses—some repented
Their luckless choice of husbands—others
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Received from thee profound directions
How best to settle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
Didst in thy calling do thy best.
  But now the senate (if things hit,
And thou at Stockbridge[4] wert not bit)
Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with immortal honours crown,
While, patriot-like, thou'lt strut and frown.
  What though by enemies 'tis said,
The laurel, which adorns thy head,
Must one day come in competition,
By virtue of some sly petition:
Yet mum for that; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.
  Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe shrill or oyster-strumpet;
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,

And dazzle all the idol faces,
As through the hall thy worship paces;
(Though this I speak but at a venture,
Supposing thou hast tick with Hunter,)
Methinks I see a blackguard rout
Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is purely hung.
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to answer one syl-lable,
Except the matchless hero Abel.[5]
What though her highness and her spouse,
In Antwerp[6] keep a frugal house,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll soon enable thee to spend,
If to Macartney[7] thou wilt toast,
And to his pious patron's ghost.
Now, manfully thou'lt run a tilt
"On popes, for all the blood they've spilt,
For massacres, and racks, and flames,
For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
For inquisitions taught by Spain,
Of which the Christian world complain."
Dick, we agree—all's true thou'st said,
As that my Muse is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy genius has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for state affairs as fit
As mine for politics and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wise,
Nor higher than our talents rise;
To some snug cellar let's repair,
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honest ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port;
With which inspired, we'll club each night
Some tender sonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Phillips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jennys.

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[Footnote 1: Samuel Buckley, publisher of “The Crisis.”]

[Footnote 2: This is said to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town.—*Swift.*]

[Footnote 3: Alluding to Steele’s advice in “The Tatler” to distressed females, in his character of Bickerstaff.]

[Footnote 4: The borough which, for a very short time, Steele represented in Parliament.]

[Footnote 5: Abel Roper, the printer and publisher of a Tory newspaper called “The Post Boy,” often mentioned by Swift, who contributed news to it. See “Prose Works,” ii, 420; v, 290; ix, 183.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 6: The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough then resided at Antwerp.]

[Footnote 7: General Macartney, second to Lord Mohun, in the fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton. For an account of the duel, see Journal to Stella of Nov. 15, 1712, “Prose Works,” ii, and x, xxii, and 178.—W. E. B._]

DENNIS’ INVITATION TO STEELE

HORACE, BOOK I, EP. V

JOHN DENNIS, THE SHELTERING POET’S INVITATION TO RICHARD STEELE, THE SECLUDED PARTY-WRITER AND MEMBER,
TO COME AND LIVE WITH HIM, IN THE MINT 1714

Fit to be bound up with “The Crisis”

If thou canst lay aside a spendthrift’s air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we minters, with ragouts unstored,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby’s Christmas box,[1]
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks;
Since printing by subscription now is grown
The stalest, idlest cheat about the town;
And ev’n Charles Gildon, who, a Papist bred,
Has an alarm against that worship spread,
Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
And for new levies on proposals musing.
  ’Tis true, that Bloomsbury-square’s a noble place:

But what are lofty buildings in thy case?
What's a fine house embellish'd to profusion,
Where shoulder dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant seldom sallies,
But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs?
This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And cease to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
From Highgate's steep ascent and Hampstead's height,
With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's Field,
More durable and safe enjoyments yield.
  Here I, even I, that ne'er till now could find
Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
But ever was with jealousies possess'd,
Am in a state of indolence and rest;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
Nor looking upon strangers as on spies,[2]
But quite divested of my former spleen,
Am unprovoked without, and calm within:
And here I'll wait thy coming, till the sun
Shall its diurnal course completely run.
Think not that thou of sturdy bub shalt fail,
My landlord's cellar stock'd with beer

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and ale,
With every sort of malt that is in use,
And every country’s generous produce.
The ready (for here Christian faith is sick,
Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick)
Instantly brings the choicest liquors out,
Whether we ask for home-brew’d or for stout,
For mead or cider, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flask or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to swear
Was drunk by Pilkington[3]when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, so popularly known
For opposition to the church and crown,
Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
And almost give a sanction to the glass;
Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal
Against the late rejected commerce bill
Made thee rise up, like an audacious elf,
To do the speaker honour, not thyself.
  But if thou soar’st above the common prices,
By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis,
And nothing can go down with thee but wines
Press’d from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as thou lovest a wench;
Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
And, with us, hold contentment for a feast.
  The fire’s already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had struck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this act of grace, which by your leave
Susan would not have done on Easter Eve,
Had she not been inform’d over and over,
’Twas for th’ingenious author of The Lover.[4]
  Cease, therefore, to beguile thyself with hopes,
Which is no more than making sandy ropes,
And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
That must bewilder thee in faction’s cause.
Pr’ythee what is’t to thee who guides the state?
Why Dunkirk’s demolition is so late?
Or why her majesty thinks fit to cease

The din of war, and hush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to choose, and on what topics dwell;
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.
Rather let such poor souls as you and I,
Say that the holidays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's sun begins the week,
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff d to give field-itinerants relief.
  Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-sweeper's stept,
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o' th' water.
  Why has my Lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?

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He’s but a short remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is sad,
And, like a griping usurer, does spare
His money to be squander’d by his heir;
Flutter’d away in liveries and in coaches,
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whate’er the world may think,
I’ll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;
And, though I can’t put off a woful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within:
As, in despight of a censorious race,
I most incontinently suck my face.
What mighty projects does not he design,
Whose stomach flows, and brain turns round with wine?
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And fashion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even Somers to disclose his art
By racking every secret from his heart,
As he flings off the statesman’s sly disguise,
To name the cuckold’s wife with whom he lies.[5]
Ev’n Sarum, when he quaffs it’stead of tea,
Fancies himself in Canterbury’s see,
And S****, when he carousing reels,
Imagines that he has regain’d the seals:
W****, by virtue of his juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
Wine gives Lord Wingham aptitude of parts,
And swells him with his family’s deserts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of speech;
Whom in extremest poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th***n can Lechmere’s warmth not only ape,
But, half seas o’er, by its inspiring bounties,
Can qualify himself in several counties.
What I have promised, thou may’st rest assured
Shall faithfully and gladly be procured.
Nay, I’m already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, lest you at their sight shouldst make wry faces
The girl has scour’d the pots, and wash’d the glasses

Ta’en care so excellently well to clean ’em,
That thou may’st see thine own dear picture in ’em.
  Moreover, due provision has been made,
That conversation may not be betray’d;
I have no company but what is proper
To sit with the most flagrant Whig at supper.
There’s not a man among them but must please,
Since they’re as like each other as are pease.
Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word
They’ll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he’s no other invitation
From men of greater quality and station.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left:
But their discourses smell so much of theft,
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two such ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this trusty bearer write,
If I should any other scabs invite;
Though, if I may my serious judgment give,
I’m wholly for King Charles’s number five:
That was the stint in which that monarch fix’d,
Who would not be with noisiness perplex’d:
And that, if thou’lt agree to think it best,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.
  I’ve nothing more, now this is said,

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to say,
But to request thou'lt instantly away,
And leave the duties of thy present post,
To some well-skill'd retainer in a host:
Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
And o'er his grace's horses have an eye.
While thou, who slunk thro' postern more than once,
Dost by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, crossing o'er the Thames at Temple Stairs,
Leav'st Phillips with good words to cheat their ears.

[Footnote 1: Allusion to a pamphlet written against Steele, under the name of Toby (Edward King), Abel Roper's kinsman and shopman.]

[Footnote 2: Dennis had a notion, that he was much dreaded by the French for his writings, and actually fled from the coast, on hearing that some unknown strangers had approached the town, where he was residing, never doubting that they were the messengers of Gallic vengeance. At the time of the peace of Utrecht, he was anxious for the introduction of a clause for his special protection, and was hardly consoled by the Duke of Marlborough's assurances, that he did not think such a precaution necessary in his own case, although he had been almost as obnoxious to France as Mr. Dennis.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 3: Sir Thomas Pilkington, a leading member of the Skinners' Company, and a staunch Whig. He was elected Lord Mayor for the third time In 1690, and died in 1691. —*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 4: A comedy by Steele.]

[Footnote 5: See the Examiner, "Prose Works," ix, 171 *n.*, for the grounds of this charge.—*W. E. B.*]

IN SICKNESS

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1714

Soon after the author's coming to live in Ireland, upon the Queen's death.[1]—*Swift*.

'Tis true—then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither loved nor known?

My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul’s concern:
And those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Removed from kind Arbuthnot’s aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay,
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging, tender friend,
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burthen grown
To others, ere it be my own.
  Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick;
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expired to-day, entomb’d to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

[Footnote 1: Queen Anne died 1st August, 1714.]

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES[1]

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WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715, ON AN ATTEMPT TO REPEAL THE TEST ACT

A bitch, that was full pregnant grown
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here, and there, and everywhere,
To find an easy place to lay her.
  At length to Music's house[2] she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," said she,
"You see 'tis mere necessity
Hath sent me to your house to whelp:
I die if you refuse your help."
  With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful sigh, and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty[3] did so far prevail,
That Music gave her leave to litter;
(But mark what follow'd—faith! she bit her;)
Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;
For well she knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would suck her blood.
  But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone,
In civil terms, "My friend," said she,
"My house you've had on courtesy;
And now I earnestly desire,
That you would with your cubs retire;
For, should you stay but one week longer,
I shall be starved with cold and hunger."
The guest replied—"My friend, your leave
I must a little longer crave;
Stay till my tender cubs can find
Their way—for now, you see, they're blind;
But, when we've gather'd strength, I swear,
We'll to our barn again repair."
  The time pass'd on; and Music came
Her kennel once again to claim,
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;

Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cried—“A bite! bite!”

THE MORAL

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

[Footnote 1: *See post*, “A Tale of a Nettle.”]

[Footnote 2: The Church of England.]

[Footnote 3: A Scotch name for bitch, alluding to the kirk.]

HORACE, BOOK III, ODE II

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD TREASURER SENT TO HIM WHEN IN THE TOWER, 1716

These spirited verses, although they have not the affecting pathos of those addressed by Pope to the same great person, during his misfortunes, evince the firmness of Swift’s political principles and personal attachment.—*Scott.* See Moral Essays, Epistle V, Pope’s “Works,” edit. Elwin and Courthope, iii, 191.—*W. E. B.*

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How blest is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate’s attack;
With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.
  Virtue repulsed, yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
  Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die, for meriting to live.
  Next faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr’d!
He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me:
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
And though the villain’scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.

ON THE CHURCH’S DANGER

Good Halifax and pious Wharton cry,
The Church has vapours; there’s no danger nigh.
In those we love not, we no danger see,
And were they hang’d, there would no danger be.
But we must silent be, amidst our fears,
And not believe our senses, but the Peers.
So ravishers, that know no sense of shame,
First stop her mouth, and then debauch the dame.

A POEM ON HIGH CHURCH

High Church is undone,
As sure as a gun,
  For old Peter Patch is departed;
And Eyres and Delaune,
And the rest of that spawn,
  Are tacking about broken-hearted.

For strong Gill of Sarum,
That *decoctum amarum*,
  Has prescribed a dose of cant-fail;
Which will make them resign
Their flasks of French wine,
  And spice up their Nottingham ale.

It purges the spleen
Of dislike to the queen,
  And has one effect that is odder;
When easement they use,
They always will chuse
  The Conformity Bill for bumfodder.

A POEM
OCCASIONED BY THE HANGINGS IN THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN,
IN WHICH THE STORY OF PHAETHON IS EXPRESSED

Not asking or expecting aught,
  One day I went to view the court,
Unbent and free from care or thought,
  Though thither fears and hopes resort.

A piece of tapestry took my eye,
  The faded colours spoke it old;
But wrought with curious imagery,
  The figures lively seem’d and bold.

Here you might see the youth prevail,
  (In vain are eloquence and wit,)
The boy persists, Apollo’s frail;
  Wisdom to nature does submit.

There mounts the eager charioteer;
  Soon from his seat he’s downward hurl’d;
Here Jove in anger doth appear,
  There all, beneath, the flaming world.

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What does this idle fiction mean?
  Is truth at court in such disgrace,
It may not on the walls be seen,
  Nor e’en in picture show its face?

No, no, ’tis not a senseless tale,
  By sweet-tongued Ovid dress’d so fine;[1]
It does important truths conceal,
  And here was placed by wise design.

A lesson deep with learning fraught,
  Worthy the cabinet of kings;
Fit subject of their constant thought,
  In matchless verse the poet sings.

Well should he weigh, who does aspire
  To empire, whether truly great,
His head, his heart, his hand, conspire
  To make him equal to that seat.

If only fond desire of sway,
  By avarice or ambition fed,
Make him affect to guide the day,
  Alas! what strange confusion’s bred!

If, either void of princely care,
  Remiss he holds the slacken’d rein;
If rising heats or mad career,
  Unskill’d, he knows not to restrain:

Or if, perhaps, he gives a loose,
  In wanton pride to show his skill,
How easily he can reduce
  And curb the people’s rage at will;

In wild uproar they hurry on;—
  The great, the good, the just, the wise,
(Law and religion overthrown,)
  Are first mark’d out for sacrifice.

When, to a height their fury grown,
  Finding, too late, he can’t retire,
He proves the real Phaethon,
  And truly sets the world on fire.

[Footnote 1: “Metamorphoseon,” lib. ii.]

A TALE OF A NETTLE[1]

A man with expense and infinite toil,
By digging and dunging, ennobled his soil;
There fruits of the best your taste did invite,
And uniform order still courted the sight.
No degenerate weeds the rich ground did produce,
But all things afforded both beauty and use:
Till from dunghill transplanted, while yet but a seed,
A nettle rear’d up his inglorious head.
The gard’ner would wisely have rooted him up,
To stop the increase of a barbarous crop;
But the master forbid him, and after the fashion
Of foolish good nature, and blind moderation,
Forbore him through pity, and chose as much rather,
To ask him some questions first, how he came thither.
Kind sir, quoth the nettle, a stranger I come,
For conscience compell’d to relinquish my home,
’Cause I wouldn’t subscribe to a mystery dark,
That the prince of all trees is the Jesuit’s bark,[2]
An erroneous tenet I know, sir, that you,
No more than myself, will allow to be true.
To you, I for refuge and sanctuary sue,
There’s none so renown’d for compassion as you;
And, though in some things I may differ from these,
The rest of your fruitful and beautiful trees;
Though your digging and dunging, my nature much harms,
And I cannot comply with your garden in forms:
Yet I and my family, after our fashion,

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Will peaceably stick to our own education.
Be pleased to allow them a place for to rest ’em,
For the rest of your trees we will never molest ’em;
A kind shelter to us and protection afford,
We’ll do you no harm, sir, I’ll give you my word.
The good man was soon won by this plausible tale,
So fraud on good-nature doth often prevail.
He welcomes his guest, gives him free toleration
In the midst of his garden to take up his station,
And into his breast doth his enemy bring,
He little suspected the nettle could sting.
’Till flush’d with success, and of strength to be fear’d,
Around him a numerous offspring he rear’d.
Then the master grew sensible what he had done,
And fain he would have his new guest to be gone;
But now ’twas too late to bid him turn out,
A well rooted possession already was got.
The old trees decay’d, and in their room grew
A stubborn, pestilent, poisonous crew.
The master, who first the young brood had admitted,
They stung like ingrates, and left him unpitied.
No help from manuring or planting was found,
The ill weeds had eat out the heart of the ground.
All weeds they let in, and none they refuse
That would join to oppose the good man of the house.
Thus one nettle uncropp’d, increased to such store,
That ’twas nothing but weeds what was garden before.

[Footnote 1: These verses relate to the proposed repeal of the Test Act, and may be compared with the “Fable of the Bitches,” *ante*, p.181.]

[Footnote 2: In allusion to the supremacy of Rome.—*Scott*.]

A SATIRICAL ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL[1]

His Grace! impossible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all?
Well, since he’s gone, no matter how,

The last loud trump must wake him now;
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widows' sighs, nor orphans' tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
  Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.[2]

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[Footnote 1: The Duke of Marlborough died on the 16th June, 1722.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: See the “Fable of Midas,” *ante*, p. 150; and The Examiner, “Prose Works,” ix, 95.—*W. E. B.*]

POEMS CHIEFLY RELATING TO IRISH POLITICS

PARODY
ON THE SPEECH OF DR. BENJAMIN PRATT,[1]
PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES

Illustrious prince, we’re come before ye,
Who, more than in our founders, glory
To be by you protected;
Deign to descend and give us laws,
For we are converts to your cause,
From this day well-affected.[2]

The noble view of your high merits
Has charm’d our thoughts and fix’d our spirits,
With zeal so warm and hearty;
That we resolved to be devoted,
At least until we be promoted,
By your just power and party.

Urged by a passionate desire
Of being raised a little higher,
From lazy cloister’d life;
We cannot flatter you nor fawn,
But fain would honour’d be with lawn,
And settled by a wife.[3]

For this we have before resorted,
Paid levees[4] punctually, and courted,
Our charge at home long quitting,
But now we’re come just in the nick,
Upon a vacant[5] bishopric,
This bait can’t fail of hitting.

Thus, sir, you see how much affection,
Not interest, sways in this election,
But sense of loyal duty.
For you surpass all princes far,

As glow-worms do exceed a star,
In goodness, wit, and beauty.

To you our Irish Commons owe
That wisdom which their actions show,
Their principles from ours springs,
Taught, ere the deel himself could dream on't,
That of their illustrious house a stem on't,
Should rise the best of kings.

The glad presages with our eyes
Behold a king, chaste, vigilant, and wise,
In foreign fields victorious,
Who in his youth the Turks attacks,
And [made] them still to turn their backs;
Was ever king so glorious?

Since Ormond's like a traitor gone,
We scorn to do what some have done,
For learning much more famous;[6]
Fools may pursue their adverse fate,
And stick to the unfortunate;
We laugh while they condemn us.

For, being of that gen'rous mind,
To success we are still inclined,
And quit the suffering side,
If on our friends cross planets frown,
We join the cry, and hunt them down,
And sail with wind and tide.

Hence 'twas this choice we long delay'd,
Till our rash foes the rebels fled,
Whilst fortune held the scale;
But [since] they're driven like mist before you,
Our rising sun, we now adore you,
Because you now prevail.

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Descend then from your lofty seat,
Behold th' attending Muses wait
With us to sing your praises;
Calliope now strings up her lyre,
And Clio[7] Phoebus does inspire,
The theme their fancy raises.

If then our nursery you will nourish,
We and our Muses too will flourish,
Encouraged by your favour;
We'll doctrines teach the times to serve,
And more five thousand pounds deserve,
By future good behaviour.

Now take our harp into your hand,
The joyful strings, at your command,
In doleful sounds no more shall mourn.
We, with sincerity of heart,
To all your tunes shall bear a part,
Unless we see the tables turn.

If so, great sir, you will excuse us,
For we and our attending Muses
May live to change our strain;
And turn, with merry hearts, our tune,
Upon some happy tenth of June,
To "the king enjoys his own again."

[Footnote 1: Dr. Pratt's speech, which is here parodied, was made when the Duke of Ormond, Swift's valued friend, was attainted, and superseded in the office of chancellor of Trinity College, which he had held from 1688-9, by the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II.

There is great reason to suppose that the satire is the work of Swift, whose attachment to Ormond was uniformly ardent. Of this it may be worth while to mention a trifling instance. The duke had presented to the cathedral of St. Patrick's a superb organ, surmounted by his own armorial bearings. It was placed facing the nave of the church. But after Ormond's attainder, Swift, as Dean of St. Patrick's, received orders from government to remove the scutcheon from the church. He obeyed, but he placed the shield in the great aisle, where he himself and Stella lie buried, and where the arms still remain. The verses have suffered much by the inaccuracy of the noble transcriber, Lord Newtoun Butler.

The original speech will be found in the London Gazette of Tuesday, April 17, 1716, and Scott's edition of Swift, vol. xii, p. 352. The Provost, it appears, was attended by the Rev. Dr. Howard, and Mr. George Berkeley, (afterwards Bishop of Cloyne,) both of them fellows of Trinity College, Dublin. The speech was praised by Addison, in the Freeholder, No. 33.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: The Rev. Dr. Pratt had been formerly of the Tory party; to which circumstance the phrase, "from this day well-affected," alludes.—*Scott.*]

[Footnote 3: The statutes of the university enjoin celibacy.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 4: The provost was a most constant attendant at the levees at St. James's palace.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 5: The see of Killaloe was then vacant, and to this bishopric the Reverend Dr. George Carr, chaplain to the Irish House of Commons, was nominated, by letters-patent.—*Scott*.]

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[Footnote 6: Alluding to the sullen silence of Oxford upon the accession.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 7: This is spelled Chloe, but evidently should be Clio; indeed, many errors appear in the transcription, which probably were mistakes of the transcriber.—*Scott.*]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG[1] ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET. 1720-21

To the tune of “Packington’s Pound.”

Brocades, and damasks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
Are, by Robert Ballantine, lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
Whoe’er will not wear them is not the king’s lover.
    Though a printer and Dean,
    Seditiously mean,
Our true Irish hearts from Old England to wean,
We’ll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
  The Dean and his printer then let us cry fie on;
To be clothed like a carcass would make a Teague mad,
  Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
    Our wives they grow sullen
    At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.
Then we’ll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
  To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
  And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
    Therefore, I assure ye,
    Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the Dean’s book, they were in a great fury;
They would buy English silks for their wives and their daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
  And before *coram nobis* so oft has been call’d,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
  And if swearing can do’t shall be swingingly maul’d:
    And as for the Dean,

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

[Footnote 1: This ballad alludes to the Dean's "Proposal for the use of Irish Manufactures," for which the printer was prosecuted with great violence. Lord Chief-Justice Whitshed sent the jury repeatedly out of court, until he had wearied them into a special verdict. See Swift's Letter to Pope, Jan. 1721, and "Prose Works," vii, 13.—*W. E. B.*]

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS[1]

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

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

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

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

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

“Riches,” the wisest monarch sings,
  “Make pinions for themselves to fly;"[2]
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
  And geese their silver plumes supply.

No money left for squandering heirs!
  Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wish of Nero[3] now is theirs,
  “That they had never known their letters.”

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

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

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

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

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

A baited banker thus desponds,
  From his own hand foresees his fall,
They have his soul, who have his bonds;
  'Tis like the writing on the wall.[4]

How will the caitiff wretch be scared,
  When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepared,
  And all his grand account to make!

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

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

[Footnote 1: This poem was printed some years ago, and it should seem, by the late failure of two bankers, to be somewhat prophetic. It was therefore thought fit to be reprinted.—*Dublin Edition*, 1734.]

[Footnote 2: Solomon, Proverbs, ch. xxiii, v. 5.]

[Footnote 3: Who, in his early days of empire, having to sign the sentence of a condemned criminal, exclaimed: "Quam vellem nescire litteras!" Suetonius, 10; and Seneca, "De Clementia,", cited by Montaigne, "De l'inconstance de nos actions."—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 4: Daniel, ch. v, verses 25, 26, 27, 28.—*W. E. B.*]

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UPON THE HORRID PLOT
DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN, THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG,[1]
IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WHIG AND A TORY

I ask'd a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He answer'd, that a dog of late
Inform'd a minister of state.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers so?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;
And so a perjured dog denotes
Porter, and Pendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
  WHIG. But you must know this dog was lame.
  TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your evidence was lame:—proceed:
Come, help your lame dog o'er the stile.
  WHIG. Sir, you mistake me all this while:
I mean a dog (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.
  TORY. I'm still to seek, which dog you mean;
Whether cur Plunkett, or whelp Skean,[2]
An English or an Irish hound;
Or t'other puppy, that was drown'd;
Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every stander-by was marking,
That all the noise they made was barking.
You pay them well, the dogs have got
Their dogs-head in a porridge-pot:
And 'twas but just; for wise men say,
That every dog must have his day.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on't;
And look'd, since he has got his wish,
As if he had thrown down a dish,
Yet this I dare foretell you from it,
He'll soon return to his own vomit.
  WHIG. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.
  TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,

Since you can teach dead dogs to bite.
WHIG. I proved my proposition full:
But Jacobites are strangely dull.
Now, let me tell you plainly, sir,
Our witness is a real cur,
A dog of spirit for his years;
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is Harlequin, I wot,
And that's a name in every plot:
Resolved to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correspondence plainly dated,
Was all decipher'd and translated:
His answers were exceeding pretty,
Before the secret wise committee;
Confest as plain as he could bark:
Then with his fore-foot set his mark.
TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a dog in doublet:
The matter now no longer sticks:
For statesmen never want dog-tricks.
But since it was a real cur,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.
WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turnspit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occasion for a plot;
And when we found the dog begin it,
We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it.
TORY. I own it was a dangerous project,
And you have proved it by dog-logic.
Sure such intelligence between
A dog and bishop ne'er was seen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your bishops are all dogs indeed!

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[Footnote 1: In Atterbury's trial a good deal of stress was laid upon the circumstance of a "spotted little dog" called Harlequin being mentioned in the intercepted correspondence. The dog was sent in a present to the bishop from Paris, and its leg was broken by the way. See "State Trials," xvi, 320 and 376-7.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: John Kelly, and Skin, or Skinner, were persons engaged in the plot. Neynoe, whose declaration was taken before the lords of council, and used in evidence against the bishop, is "t'other puppy that was drown'd," which was his fate in attempting to escape from the messengers.]

A QUIBBLING ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT 1723

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate has sunk our Justice Boat;
Why should he sink, where nothing seem'd to press
His lading little, and his ballast less?
Tost in the waves of this tempestuous world,
At length, his anchor fix'd and canvass furl'd,
To Lazy-hill[1] retiring from his court,
At his Ring's end[2] he founders in the port.
With water[3] fill'd, he could no longer float,
The common death of many a stronger boat.
A post so fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on boats are placed, not boats on benches.
And yet our Boat (how shall I reconcile it?)
Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot.
With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack:
Had many pendants, but abhorr'd a Jack.[4]
He's gone, although his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.
  Behold the awful bench, on which he sat!
He was as hard and ponderous wood as that:
Yet when his sand was out, we find at last,
That death has overset him with a blast.
Our Boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry;
Charon in him will ferry souls to Hell;
A trade our Boat[5] has practised here so well:
And Cerberus has ready in his paws
Both pitch and brimstone, to fill up his flaws.
Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old post again.
The way is thus: and well deserves your thanks:
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,

Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
Form’d like the triple tree near Stephen’s Green:[6]
And, when we view it thus with thief at end on’t,
We’ll cry; look, here’s our Boat, and there’s the pendant.

THE EPITAPH

Here lies Judge Boat within a coffin:
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge! yes; where’s the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes you must agree,
No boat was better deckt than he.
’Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.[7]

[Footnote 1: A street in Dublin, leading to the harbour.]

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[Footnote 2: A village near the sea.]

[Footnote 3: It was said he died of a dropsy.]

[Footnote 4: A cant word for a Jacobite.]

[Footnote 5: In condemning malefactors, as a judge.]

[Footnote 6: Where the Dublin gallows stands.]

[Footnote 7: Query, whether the author meant scholar, and wilfully mistook?—*Dublin Edition.*]

VERSES OCCASIONED BY WHITSHED'S [1] MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724

Libertas *et natale solum:* [2]
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words translate:
Natale solum, my estate;
My dear estate, how well I love it,
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it,
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them till I squeeze their blood.
  Libertas bears a large import:
First, how to swagger in a court;
And, secondly, to show my fury
Against an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my pension;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal and turn out Broderick;[3]
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean,)
To humble that vexatious Dean:
And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret.[4]
Now since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true.
Libertas et natale solum:
You had good reason when you stole 'em.

[Footnote 1: That noted chief-justice who twice prosecuted the Drapier, and dissolved the grand jury for not finding the bill against him.—*F.*]

[Footnote 2: This motto is repeatedly mentioned in the Drapier's Letters.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 3: Allan Broderick, Lord Middleton, was then lord-chancellor of Ireland. See the Drapier's Letters, "Prose Works," vi, 135.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 4: Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.]

PROMETHEUS[1]
ON WOOD THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPENCE[2]
1724

When first the squire and tinker Wood
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chemic art
United close in ev'ry part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continued species;
And, by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression took.
  So, to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French, unite,
With equal interest, equal spite
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.
  A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites;

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So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough:
So by the kettle’s loud alarms
The bees are gather’d into swarms,
So by the brazen trumpet’s bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster;
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.
  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,
When Jove was young, was made of gold,
Prometheus once this chain purloin’d,
Dissolved, and into money coin’d;
Then whips me on a chain of brass;
(Venus[3] was bribed to let it pass.)
  Now while this brazen chain prevail’d,
Jove saw that all devotion fail’d;
No temple to his godship raised;
No sacrifice on altars blazed;
In short, such dire confusion follow’d,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow’d.
Jove stood amazed; but looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
’Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.
  Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Tied with the chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to shiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.

Ye powers of Grub-Street, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus?—Wood.
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him;

I mean his majesty, God bless him.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold,
Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Betwixt the king and us but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.
  But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus shall be tied,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.

[Footnote 1: Corrected from Swift's own MS. notes.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: To understand this and the following poems on Wood and his halfpence, they must be read in connexion with The Drapier's Letters, "Prose Works," vol. vi.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: Duchess of Kendal.—*Scott*.]

VERSES ON THE REVIVAL OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH,[1] DURING WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION, A. D. 1725

Quoth King Robin, our ribbons I see are too few
Of St. Andrew's the green, and St. George's the blue.
I must find out another of colour more gay,
That will teach all my subjects with pride to obey.
Though the exchequer be drain'd by prodigal donors,
Yet the king ne'er exhausted his fountain of honours.
Men of more wit than money our pensions will fit,
And this will fit men of more money than wit.
Thus my subjects with pleasure will obey my commands,
Though as empty as Younge, and as saucy as Sandes
And he who'll leap over a stick for the king,
Is qualified best for a dog in a string.

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[Footnote 1: See Gulliver's Travels, "Prose Works," ii, 40. Also my "Wit and Wisdom of Lord Chesterfield" and "Life of Lord Chesterfield" for a ballad on the order.—*W. E. B.*]

EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY

Carteret was welcomed to the shore
First with the brazen cannon's roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears:
But when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE ON OUR WANT OF SILVER, AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT. 1725

As when of old some sorceress threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believed with reason
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin,
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her silver face again.
Note here, that in the chemic style,
The moon is silver all this while.
So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician,[1]
Join'd with a brazen politician,[2]
Exposed, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment[3] of prodigious size;
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no silver to be seen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears

So loud till all the nation hears;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel
And drive the conjurors to the Devil;
And when the sky is grown serene,
Our silver will appear again.

[Footnote 1: The Duchess of Kendal, who was to have a share of Wood's profits.—*Scott.*]

[Footnote 2: Sir Robert Walpole, nicknamed Sir Robert Brass, vol. i, p. 219.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: The patent for coining halfpence.]

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725

By long observation I have understood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The first is an insect they call a wood-louse,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Enclosed *cap a pie*, in a strong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears;
And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone.[1]
The louse of the wood for a medicine is used
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruised.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive

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To swallow Will Wood, either bruised or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice possest,
Or sick of obstructions, and pains in her chest.
  The next is an insect we call a wood-worm,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch;
Because like a watch it always cries click;
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick:
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries click when it scratches the post;
But a kettle of scalding hot-water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd at the door
Of a governing statesman or favourite whore;
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretell,
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell.
But now, since the Drapier has heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him;
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of raps[2] in a caldron of oil.
Then choose which you please, and let each bring a fagot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot.

[Footnote 1: He was in jail for debt.]

[Footnote 2: Counterfeit halfpence.]

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER. 1725

Salmoneus,[1] as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad coppersmith of Elis:
Up at his forge by morning peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep;
Among a crew of roystering fellows

Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse;
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies:
With brass two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a clattering as they trod,
Of polish'd brass his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he must thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With squibs and crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To see the wicked varlet sprawling;
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.
  The moral of this tale is proper,
Applied to Wood's adulterate copper:
Which, as he scatter'd, we, like dolts,
Mistook at first for thunderbolts,
Before the Drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better)
Which lighting on the impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

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[Footnote 1: Who imitated lightning with burning torches and was hurled into Tartarus by a thunderbolt from Jupiter.—Hyginus, “Fab.”
“Vidi et crudelis dantem Salmonea poenas
Dum flammas louis et sonitus imitatur Olympi.”
VIRG., *Aen*., vi, 585.
And see the Excursus of Heyne on the passage.—*W. E. B.*]

WILL WOOD’S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,
SUPPOSED TO BE MADE, AND SUNG IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN,
BY WILLIAM WOOD, IRONMONGER AND HALFPENNY-MONGER. 1725

My dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright
They’ll give you delight;
Observe how they glisten and shine!

They’ll sell to my grief
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing or toss on the knife.

Come hither and try,
I’ll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing;
Come, threepence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding.[1]

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes:
When his pockets are cramm’d
With mine, and be d—d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here’s halfpence in plenty,
For one you’ll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink.
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
I’ll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade;[2]
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brass,
And then you’ll be all of a trade.

I’m a son of a whore
If I have a word more
To say in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not pass,
I must die like an ass;
And so I conclude my petition.

[Footnote 1: The Drapier’s printer.]

[Footnote 2: Two famous bankers.]

A NEW SONG ON WOOD’S HALFPENCE

Ye people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I’ll choose to be wiser than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

The halfpence are coming, the nation’s undoing,
There’s an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing;
In short, you must all go to wreck and to ruin.
Which, &c.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,

Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which, &c.

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The soldier is ruin’d, poor man! by his pay;
His fivepence will prove but a farthing a-day,
For meat, or for drink; or he must run away.
Which, &c.

When he pulls out his twopence, the tapster says not,
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor soldier must soon go to pot.
Which, &c.

If he goes to the baker, the baker will huff,
And twentypence have for a twopenny loaf,
Then dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.
Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The butcher and soldier must be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.
Which, &c.

The butcher is stout, and he values no swagger;
A cleaver’s a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger.
Which, &c.

The beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their price;
When nothing is left they must live on their lice.
Which, &c.

The squire who has got him twelve thousand a-year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have house-room, I fear.
Which, &c.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse;
But the squire is too wise, he will not take a souse.
Which, &c.

The farmer who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters and being so rash,
Will be kick’d out of doors, both himself and his trash.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mould.
Which, &c.

The wisest of lawyers all swear, they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current;
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure on't.
Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it would be very strange,
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swapping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them, but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his Majesty's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God bless the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise:
He shows us the cheat, from the end to the rise.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther, he shows it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.

That he and his halfpence should come to weigh down
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown:
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which, &c.

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This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book ’tis against Mr. Wood’s,
If you stand true together, he’s left in the suds.
        Which, &c.

Ye shopmen, and tradesmen, and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;
Or, egad, if you don’t, there’s an end of your credit.
        Which nobody can deny.

A SERIOUS POEM
UPON WILLIAM WOOD, BRAZIER, TINKER, HARD-WAREMAN, COINER, FOUNDER, AND ESQUIRE

When foes are o’ercome, we preserve them from slaughter,
To be hewers of wood, and drawers of water.
Now, although to draw water is not very good,
Yet we all should rejoice to be hewers of Wood.
I own it has often provoked me to mutter,
That a rogue so obscure should make such a clutter;
But ancient philosophers wisely remark,
That old rotten wood will shine in the dark.
The Heathens, we read, had gods made of wood,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good;
But this idol Wood may do us great evil,
Their gods were of wood, but our Wood is the devil.
To cut down fine wood is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much gold it will bring:
Then, if cutting down wood brings money good store
Our money to keep, let us cut down one more.
  Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood
(I forget in what church) an image of wood;
Concerning this image, there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole forest; nor was it a fiction.
’Twas cut into fagots and put to the flame,
To burn an old friar, one Forest by name,
My tale is a wise one, if well understood:
Find you but the Friar; and I’ll find the Wood.
  I hear, among scholars there is a great doubt,
From what kind of tree this Wood was hewn out,
Teague made a good pun by a brogue in his speech:
And said, “By my shoul, he’s the son of a BEECH.”
Some call him a thorn, the curse of the nation,
As thorns were design’d to be from the creation.

Some think him cut out from the poisonous yew,
Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.
Some say he's a birch, a thought very odd;
For none but a dunce would come under his rod.
But I'll tell the secret; and pray do not blab:
He is an old stump, cut out of a crab;
And England has put this crab to a hard use,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us ver-juice;
And therefore his witnesses justly may boast,
That none are more properly knights of the post,
  But here Mr. Wood complains that we mock,
Though he may be a blockhead, he's no real block.
He can eat, drink, and sleep; now and then for a friend
He'll not be too proud an old kettle to mend;
He can lie like a courtier, and think it no scorn,
When gold's to be got, to forswear and suborn.
He can rap his own raps[1] and has the true sapience,
To turn a good penny to twenty bad halfpence.

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Then in spite of your sophistry, honest Will Wood
Is a man of this world, all true flesh and blood;
So you are but in jest, and you will not, I hope,
Unman the poor knave for the sake of a trope.
’Tis a metaphor known to every plain thinker,
Just as when we say, the devil’s a tinker,
Which cannot, in literal sense be made good,
Unless by the devil we mean Mr. Wood.
  But some will object that the devil oft spoke,
In heathenish times, from the trunk of an oak;
And since we must grant there never were known
More heathenish times, than those of our own;
Perhaps you will say, ’tis the devil that puts
The words in Wood’s mouth, or speaks from his guts:
And then your old arguments still will return;
Howe’er, let us try him, and see how he’ll burn:
You’ll pardon me, sir, your cunning I smoke,
But Wood, I assure you, is no heart of oak;
And, instead of the devil, this son of perdition
Hath join’d with himself two hags in commission.
  I ne’er could endure my talent to smother:
I told you one tale, and I’ll tell you another.
A joiner to fasten a saint in a niche,
Bored a large auger-hole in the image’s breech;
But, finding the statue to make no complaint,
He would ne’er be convinced it was a true saint.
When the true Wood arrives, as he soon will, no doubt,
(For that’s but a sham Wood they carry about;[2])
What stuff he is made of you quickly may find
If you make the same trial and bore him behind.
I’ll hold you a groat, when you wimble his bum,
He’ll bellow as loud as the de’il in a drum.
From me, I declare you shall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And when to the joy of your hearts he has roar’d,
You may show him about for a new groaning board.
  Now ask me a question. How came it to pass
Wood got so much copper? He got it by brass;
This brass was a dragon, (observe what I tell ye,)
This dragon had gotten two sows in his belly;

I know you will say this is all heathen Greek.
I own it, and therefore I leave you to seek.
  I often have seen two plays very good,
Call’d Love in a Tub, and Love in a Wood;
These comedies twain friend Wood will contrive
On the scene of this land very soon to revive.
First, Love in a Tub: Squire Wood has in store
Strong tubs for his raps, two thousand and more;
These raps he will honestly dig out with shovels,
And sell them for gold, or he can’t show his love else.
Wood swears he will do it for Ireland’s good,
Then can you deny it is Love in a Wood?
However, if critics find fault with the phrase,
I hope you will own it is Love in a Maze:
For when to express a friend’s love you are willing,
We never say more than your love is a million;
But with honest Wood’s love there is no contending,
’Tis fifty round millions of love and a mending.
Then in his first love why should he be crost?

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I hope he will find that no love is lost.
  Hear one story more, and then I will stop.
I dreamt Wood was told he should die by a drop:
So methought he resolved no liquor to taste,
For fear the first drop might as well be his last.
But dreams are like oracles; ’tis hard to explain ’em;
For it proved that he died of a drop at Kilmainham.[3]
I waked with delight; and not without hope,
Very soon to see Wood drop down from a rope.
How he, and how we at each other should grin!
’Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
But soft! says the herald, I cannot agree;
For metal on metal is false heraldry.
Why that may be true; yet Wood upon Wood,
I’ll maintain with my life, is heraldry good.

[Footnote 1: Forge his own bad halfpence.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 2: He was burnt in effigy.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 3: The place of execution near Dublin.—*Scott*.]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,
UPON THE DECLARATIONS OF THE SEVERAL CORPORATIONS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN
AGAINST WOOD’S HALFPENCE

To the tune of “London is a fine town,” &c.

O Dublin is a fine town
  And a gallant city,
For Wood’s trash is tumbled down,
  Come listen to my ditty,
    O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

In full assembly all did meet
  Of every corporation,
From every lane and every street,
  To save the sinking nation.
    O Dublin, &c.

The bankers would not let it pass
  For to be Wood's tellers,
Instead of gold to count his brass,
  And fill their small-beer cellars.
    O Dublin, &c.

And next to them, to take his coin
  The Gild would not submit,
They all did go, and all did join,
  And so their names they writ.
    O Dublin, &c.

The brewers met within their hall,
  And spoke in lofty strains,
These halfpence shall not pass at all,
  They want so many grains.
    O Dublin, &c.

The tailors came upon this pinch,
  And wish'd the dog in hell,
Should we give this same Wood an inch,
  We know he'd take an ell.
    O Dublin, &c.

But now the noble clothiers
  Of honour and renown,
If they take Wood's halfpence
  They will be all cast down.
    O Dublin, &c.

The shoemakers came on the next,
  And said they would much rather,
Than be by Wood's copper vext,
  Take money stampt on leather.
    O Dublin, &c.

The chandlers next in order came,
  And what they said was right,
They hoped the rogue that laid the scheme
  Would soon be brought to light.
    O Dublin, &c.

And that if Wood were now withstood,
  To his eternal scandal,
That twenty of these halfpence should
  Not buy a farthing candle.
    O Dublin, &c.

The butchers then, those men so brave,
  Spoke thus, and with a frown;
Should Wood, that cunning scoundrel knave,
  Come here, we'd knock him down.
    O Dublin, &c.

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For any rogue that comes to truck
  And trick away our trade,
Deserves not only to be stuck,
  But also to be flay’d.
    O Dublin, &c.

The bakers in a ferment were,
  And wisely shook their head;
Should these brass tokens once come here
  We’d all have lost our bread.
    O Dublin, &c.

It set the very tinkers mad,
  The baseness of the metal,
Because, they said, it was so bad
  It would not mend a kettle.
    O Dublin, &c.

The carpenters and joiners stood
  Confounded in a maze,
They seem’d to be all in a wood,
  And so they went their ways.
    O Dublin, &c.

This coin how well could we employ it
  In raising of a statue,
To those brave men that would destroy it,
  And then, old Wood, have at you.
    O Dublin, &c.

God prosper long our tradesmen then,
  And so he will I hope,
May they be still such honest men,
  When Wood has got a rope.
    O Dublin is a fine town, &c.

VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE, WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER’S PRINTER

The church I hate, and have good reason,
For there my grandsire cut his weasand:
He cut his weasand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME

In church your grandsire cut his throat;
  To do the job too long he tarried:
He should have had my hearty vote
  To cut his throat before he married.

ON THE SAME

THE JUDGE SPEAKS

I’m not the grandson of that ass Quin;[1]
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin.
My grandame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a ’prentice.
This when my grandsire knew, they tell us he
In Christ-Church cut his throat for jealousy.
And, since the alderman was mad you say,
Then I must be so too, *ex traduce*.

[Footnote 1: Alderman Quin, the judge’s maternal grandfather, who cut his throat in church.—*W. E. B.*]

EPIGRAM

IN ANSWER TO THE DEAN’S VERSES
ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS [1]

What though the Dean hears not the knell
Of the next church’s passing bell;
What though the thunder from a cloud,
Or that from female tongue more loud,
Alarm not; At the Drapier’s ear,
Chink but Wood’s halfpence, and he’ll hear.

[Footnote 1: See vol. i, p. 284.]

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE XIV PARAPHRASED AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND 1726

THE INSCRIPTION

  Poor floating isle, tost on ill fortune’s waves,
  Ordain’d by fate to be the land of slaves;
  Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
  Thou fix’d of old, be now the moving land!

Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor style.

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Unhappy ship, thou art return’d in vain;
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.[1]
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
Lost are thy oars, that used thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors, on either side.
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood,
The single pillar for his country’s good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eastern wind;
Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel;
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union once are broke.
Tom by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.
  As when some writer in a public cause
His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people’s voice expands his paper sail;
Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags,
The nation scared, the author doom’d to death,
Who fondly put his trust in poplar breath.
  A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There’s not a power above will help you now;
A nation thus, who oft Heaven’s call neglects,
In vain from injured Heaven relief expects.
  ’Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke
That thy descent is from the British oak;
Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o’er the Gallic coast.
Such was Ierne’s claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,
She saved Britannia’s rights, and lost her own.
  In ships decay’d no mariner confides,
Lured by the gilded stern and painted sides:
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and satins raved,

And quite forgot their country was enslaved.
Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,
Nor change thy course with every sudden gust;
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
  Weary and sea-sick, when in thee confined,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind;
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

[Footnote 1:
  "O navis, referent in mare te novi
  Fluctus! O quid agis?"]

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

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By holy zeal inspired, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite isle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy[1] o'errun.
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
  Hither from Colchos,[2] with the fleecy ore,
Jason arrived two thousand years before.
Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown:[3]
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace[4]
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilize;
Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name,
Confess the soil from whence the victors came.
Well may they boast that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger sons.
A conquest and a colony from thee,
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of slavery they felt:
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid,[5]
Those whom they could not conquer they betray'd.
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
Not by thy valour, but superior guile:
Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine;
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense:
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
  Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
The fatal changes time has made in thee!
The Christian rites I introduced in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.
  By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land:
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing,[6]
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor scorpion's sting.
  With omens oft I strove to warn thy swains,

Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I sent the magpie from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishop’s gear,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here;
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state?
  As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!
  See, where that new devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.
Th’ amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,

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Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.
  Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom’s emblem once, which smoothly flows,
And blessings equally on all bestows.
Here, from the neighbouring nursery of arts,[7]
The students, drinking, raised their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improved their vein,
Their Phoebus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
Discouraged youths! now all their hopes must fail,
Condemn’d to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
And by their sweat procure a mean support;
Or, for the classics, read “The Attorney’s Guide;”
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.
  Oh! had I been apostle to the Swiss,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combined in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died;
Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
The last invaders trampling on the first;
Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run,
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When for the use of no Hibernian born,
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;
When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass,[8]
But all turn leasers to that mongrel breed,[9]
Who, from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvest there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
  I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign.

[Footnote 1: Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and whence he received his mission; and because he had his new birth there, by poetical license, and by scripture figure, our author calls that country his native Italy.—*Dublin Edition*.]

[Footnote 2: Orpheus, or the ancient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, says, that Jason, who manned the ship Argos at Thessaly, sailed to Ireland. And Adrianus Junius says the same thing, in these lines:
"Ilia ego sum Graiis, olim glacialis Ierne
Dicta, et Jasoniae puppis bene cognita nautis."—*Dublin Edition*.]

[Footnote 3: Tacitus, comparing Ireland to Britain, says of the former: "Melius aditus portusque per commercia et negotiatores cogniti."—*Agricola,* xxiv.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 4: Fordun, in his Scoti-Chronicon, Hector Boethius, Buchanan, and all the Scottish historians, agree that Fergus, son of Ferquard, King of Ireland, was the first King of Scotland, which country he subdued.—*Scott*.]

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[Footnote 5: In the reign of Henry II, 1172, Dermot Macmorrogh, King of Leinster, having been expelled from his kingdom by Roderick, King of Connaught, sought and obtained the assistance of the English for the recovery of his dominions. See Hume's "History of England," vol. i, p. 380.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 6: There are no snakes, vipers, or toads in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here till about the year 1700. The magpies came a short time before; and the Norway rats since.—*Dublin Edition*. These plagues are all alluded to in this and the subsequent stanzas.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 7: The University of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591.—*Dublin Edition*.]

[Footnote 8: Wood's ruinous project against the people of Ireland was supported by Sir Robert Walpole in 1724.—*Dublin Edition*.]

[Footnote 9: The absentees, who spent the income of their Irish estates, places, and pensions, in England.—*Dublin Edition*.]

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE,
CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION
1726

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king;
A minister[1] so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the commonweal;
If he[2] who in the chair presides,
So steadily the senate guides;
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in the glorious scheme;
If every peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend;
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest!
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat:
Now on the bench fair Justice shines;
Her scale to neither side inclines:
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne;
For such is good example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wise;

Or else the truest maxim lies:
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the sun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have named at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he?
  Or take it in a different view.
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage;
If that same universal passion
With every vice has fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown:
If clergymen, to show their wit,
Praise classics more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate-house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate,
As will retrieve a lost estate:
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich, and plague the poor:
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curst?

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[Footnote 1: Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. Young's seventh satire is inscribed to him.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 2: Sir Spencer Compton, then Speaker, afterwards Earl of Wilmington, to whom the eighth satire is dedicated. See vol. i, 219.—*W. E. B.*]

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726

Quoth the thief to the dog, let me into your door
And I'll give you these delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villain than you're,
And besides must be out of my wits.

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

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

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

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

A DIALOGUE[1] BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY 1728

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;
No, not among the priests and friars——
T. 'Twixt you and me, G—d d—n the liars!

M. The Tories are gone every man over
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then——
T. G—d d—n the liars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord, how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*Aside.*
T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish up
As Popish craft? did he not rail on't?
Show fire and fagot in the tail on't?
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 wrangling jars of Whig and Tory,
Are stale and worn as Troy-town story:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like Martin Marall,[2] gaping on,
Not minding when the song is done.

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When all the bees are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under,
Have dropt their arms, and seized the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian,
Thersites,[3] (he was your relation,)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he served, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treason,
Thy busy never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink,)
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side, so d—n'd a nuisance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.
T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It should be yours; but, d—n my blood!
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
[4]Keck at the memory of Glorious:[5]
'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.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above or from below,

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

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In every action thrusts his nose;
The reason why, no mortal knows:
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him if they could;
While, teasing all, by all he's teased,
How well are the spectators pleased!
Who in the motion[6] have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
  Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet-shows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in:
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound:
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interrupt all serious matter;
Are grown the nuisance of your clan,
Who hate and scorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories,
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd before they'd part with you.
  But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toil what hast thou got?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgraced at court.
  T. Got? D—n my blood! I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer—

Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne’er hold my peace, and ne’er stand still:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And sons of whores—behind their backs.
But could you bring me once to think,
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,
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 May-game;
Consume my vitals! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so;
I’d rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
  But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown’d, to live obscure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
“There’s nimble Tim a-passing by!”
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred?
Will none the Tory dogs pursue,
When through the streets I cry halloo?
Must all my d—n me’s! bloods and wounds!
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And when I roar, “a plot, a plot!”
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualified to swear and lie,

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Will they not trust me for a spy?
  Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you see the case is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town!
Or blest with such engaging parts
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the sable guard.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snow-ball destined at thy chops;
Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
  M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection;
Your parts are good, 'tis not denied;
I wish they had been well applied.
But now observe my counsel, *(viz.)*
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says *optat ephippia;*
(There's Latin, too, that you may see
How much improved by Dr.—)
I have a coat at home, that you may try:
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry;
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair;
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal, and so curl'd;
'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepared to take
The figure of toupee and snake.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, keep you the rear:
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate

My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile;
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air;
Some teach us in these dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age;
Some for the public service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro:
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonnyclabber;
Nor are we studious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human kind;
The various scenes of mortal life;
Who beats her husband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot-meal;

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One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold;
One shows how bravely Audouin died,
And at the gallows all denied;
How by the almanack ’tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
  T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time so long mispent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design’d,
Till politics debased my mind;
I give myself entire to you;
G——d d—n the Whigs and Tories too!

[Footnote 1: This is a severe satire upon Richard Tighe, Esq., whom the Dean regarded as the officious informer against Sheridan, in the matter of the choice of a text for the accession of George I, Swift had faithfully promised to revenge the cause of his friend, and has certainly fully redeemed his pledge, in this and the following pasquinades. Mad Mullinix, or Molyneux, was a sort of crazy beggar, a Tory politician in His madness, who haunted the streets of Dublin about this time. In a paper subscribed Dr. Anthony, apparently a mountebank of somewhat the same description, the doctor is made to vindicate his loyalty and regard for the present constitution in church and state, by declaring that he always acted contrary to the politics of Captain John Molyneux. The immediate occasion for publication is assigned in the Intelligencer, in which paper the dialogue first appeared.—*Scott*.

“Having lately had an account, that a certain person of some distinction swore in a public coffee-house, that party should never die while he lived, (although it has been the endeavour of the best and wisest among us, to abolish the ridiculous appellations of Whig and Tory, and entirely to turn our thoughts to the good of our prince and constitution in church and state,) I hope those who are well-wishers to our country, will think my labour not ill-bestowed, in giving this gentleman’s principles the proper embellishments which they deserve; and since Mad Mullinix is the only Tory now remaining, who dares own himself to be so, I hope I may not be censured by those of his party, for making him hold a dialogue with one of less consequence on the other side. I shall not venture so far as to give the Christian nick-name of the person chiefly concerned, lest I should give offence, for which reason I shall call him Timothy, and leave the rest to the conjecture of the world.”—*Intelligencer*, No. viii. See an account of this paper in “Prose Works,” ix, 311.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: “Sir Martin Marall,” one of Dryden’s most successful comedies. See Malone’s “Life of Dryden,” p. 93.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: “Ilias,” lib. ii, 211, *seq.*—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 4: To reach at vomiting.]

[Footnote 5: King William III.]

[Footnote 6: Old word for a puppet-show.—*Scott*.]

TIM AND THE FABLES

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MY meaning will be best unravell’d,
When I premise that Tim has travell’d.
In Lucas’s by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable:
And found, as he the pages twirl’d,
The monkey who had seen the world;
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix’d a cut to every tale.)
The monkey was completely drest,
The beau in all his airs exprest.
Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish’d every feature in’t,
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Just as they look’d in the original.
“By —,” says Tim, and let a f—t,
“This graver understood his art.
’Tis a true copy, I’ll say that for’t;
I well remember when I sat for’t.
My very face, at first I knew it;
Just in this dress the painter drew it.”
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave;
He now began to storm and rave:
“The cursed villain! now I see
This was a libel meant at me:
These scribblers grow so bold of late
Against us ministers of state!
Such Jacobites as he deserve—
D—n me! I say they ought to starve.”

TOM AND DICK[1]

Tim[2] and Dick had equal fame,
  And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
  But Dick had seen the college.

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

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
  But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
  But Dick was from an oven.[3]

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

Dick would make a woful noise,
  And scold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
  And held them in subjection.

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

Dick was come to high renown
  Since he commenced physician;
Tom was held by all the town
  The deeper politician.

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

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

Dick with zealous noes and ayes
  Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house 'tis all he says;
  But Tom is eloquenter.

[Footnote 1: This satire is a parody on a song then fashionable.—*Scott*.]

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[Footnote 2: Sir Thomas Prendergast. See *post*, “The Legion Club.”]

[Footnote 3: Tighe’s ancestor was a contractor for furnishing the Parliament forces with bread during the civil wars. Hence Swift calls him Elsewhere Pistorides. See “Prose Works,” vii, 233; and in “The Legion Club,” Dick Fitzbaker.—*W.E.B*.]

DICK, A MAGGOT

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

CLAD ALL IN BROWN

TO DICK[1]

  Foulest brute that stinks below,
    Why in this brown dost thou appear?
  For wouldst thou make a fouler show,
    Thou must go naked all the year.
Fresh from the mud, a wallowing sow
Would then be not so brown as thou.

  ’Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
    His hide emits a foulness out;
  Not one jot better looks the sun
    Seen from behind a dirty clout.
So t—ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body's clothed like thy soul:
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
As shrivell'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou wouldst be pelted worse than they're.

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

[Footnote 1: This is a parody on the tenth poem of Cowley's "Mistress," entitled, "Clad all in White."—*Scott*.]

DICK'S VARIETY

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

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But then consider Dick, you'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scours the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture everywhere,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare,
He'd have them tried at the assizes
For priests and jesuits in disguises;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And listing troops for the Pretender.
But Dick can f—t, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by his ears,
Next moment in the House of Peers;
Now scolding at my Lady Eustace,
Or thrashing Baby in her new stays.[1]
Presto! begone; with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the antichamber thrusting
His nose, to get the circle just in;
And damns his blood that in the rear
He sees a single Tory there:
Then woe be to my lord-lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't[2]

[Footnote 1: "Dick Tighe and his wife lodged over against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times; ... I am told she is the most urging, provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffling puppy, very apt to resent."—Journal to Stella, "Prose Works," ii, 229.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: Farquhar, who inscribed his play of the "Inconstant" to Richard Tighe, has painted him in very different colours from those of the Dean's satirical pencil. Yet there may be discerned, even in that dedication, the oulines of a light mercurial character, capable of being represented as a coxcomb or fine gentleman, as should suit the purpose of the writer who was disposed to immortalize him.—*Scott*.]

TRAULUS. PART I

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN[1] 1730

Tom.
Say, Robin, what can Traulus[2] mean
By bellowing thus against the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and Jacobite, and libeller,
Yet cannot prove a single fact?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

R, Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
He only meant it for your good:
His friendship was exactly timed,
He shot before your foes were primed:
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
By G—! I'll bring you off as clean—"[3]
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
"'Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session,

It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.

T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own, his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he's possest
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture to the devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him legion.
Of brethren he's a false accuser;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his sire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best;
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The Dean had felt their stings before;
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.
What spirit, since the world began,
Could always bear to strive with man?
Which God pronounced he never would,
And soon convinced them by a flood.
Yet still the Dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

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[Footnote 1: Son of Dr. Charles Leslie.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 4: Joshua, Lord Allen. For particulars of the satire upon this individual, see "Advertisement by Swift in his defence against Joshua, Lord Allen," "Prose Works," vii, 168-175, and notes.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: This is the usual excuse of Traulus, when he abuses you to others without provocation.—*Swift*.]

TRAULUS. PART II

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed;
By the dam from lordlings sprung.
By the sire exhaled from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
  View him on the mother's side,[2]
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unsaid.
  Let me now the vices trace,
From the father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?
Herald, lend the Muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandsire:[1]
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;

Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher’s guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher, doom’d for life
In his mouth to wear a knife:
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants’ vital blood.
  Lastly, let his gifts be tried,
Borrow’d from the mason’s side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True indeed I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder:
May he at his latter end
Mount alive and dead descend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produced him, can you tell?
Human race, or imps of Hell?

[Footnote 1: The mother of Lord Alen was sister to Robert, Earl of Kildare.—*Scott*]

[Footnote 2: John, Lord Allen, father of Joshua, the Traulus of the satire, was son of Sir Joshua Allen, Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1673, and grandson of John Allen, an architect in great esteem in the reign of Queen Elizabeth._Scott_]

A FABLE OF THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS

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One time a mighty plague did pester
All beasts domestic and sylvester,
The doctors all in concert join’d,
To see if they the cause could find;
And tried a world of remedies,
But none could conquer the disease.
The lion in this consternation.
Sends out his royal proclamation,
To all his loving subjects greeting,
Appointing them a solemn meeting:
And when they’re gather’d round his den,
He spoke,—My lords and gentlemen,
I hope you’re met full of the sense
Of this devouring pestilence;
For sure such heavy punishment,
On common crimes is rarely sent;
It must be some important cause,
Some great infraction of the laws.
Then let us search our consciences,
And every one his faults confess:
Let’s judge from biggest to the least
That he that is the foulest beast,
May for a sacrifice be given
To stop the wrath of angry Heaven.
And since no one is free from sin,
I with myself will first begin.
I have done many a thing that’s ill
From a propensity to kill,
Slain many an ox, and, what is worse,
Have murder’d many a gallant horse;
Robb’d woods and fens, and, like a glutton,
Devour’d whole flocks of lamb and mutton;
Nay sometimes, for I dare not lie,
The shepherd went for company.—
He had gone on, but Chancellor Fox
Stands up——What signifies an ox?
What signifies a horse? Such things
Are honour’d when made sport for kings.
Then for the sheep, those foolish cattle,
Not fit for courage, or for battle;
And being tolerable meat,
They’re good for nothing but to eat.
The shepherd too, young enemy,

Deserves no better destiny.
Sir, sir, your conscience is too nice,
Hunting’s a princely exercise:
And those being all your subjects born,
Just when you please are to be torn.
And, sir, if this will not content ye,
We’ll vote it nemine contradicente.
Thus after him they all confess,
They had been rogues, some more some less;
And yet by little slight excuses,
They all get clear of great abuses.
The Bear, the Tiger, beasts of flight,
And all that could but scratch and bite,
Nay e’en the Cat, of wicked nature,
That kills in sport her fellow-creature,
Went scot-free; but his gravity,
An ass of stupid memory,
Confess’d, as he went to a fair,
His back half broke with wooden-ware,
Chancing unluckily to pass
By a church-yard full of good grass,
Finding they’d open left the gate,
He ventured in, stoop’d down and ate
Hold, says Judge Wolf, such are the crimes
Have brought upon us these sad times,
’Twas sacrilege, and this vile ass
Shall die for eating holy grass.

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS.[1] 1731

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Old Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who ruled all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly ’tis Satan, Archbishop of Hell.
And He was a primate, and He wore a mitre,
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles,
Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
You’d swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny:[2]
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious,
I wish I could find him out one more commodious;
But, this I am sure, the most reverend old dragon
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there incog,
To give them by turns an invisible jog.
Our bishops, puft up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour’d with whip and with spur
In vain—for the devil a parson would stir.
So the commons unhors’d them; and this was their doom,
On their crosiers to ride like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop’d so fast, on the road you may find ’em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind ’em.
Lord Bolton’s good grace, Lord Carr and Lord Howard,[3]
In spite of the devil would still be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.
  When Christ was betray’d to Pilate the pretor
Of a dozen apostles but one proved a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.
  What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy forsooth must take up with their leavings;
If making divisions was all their intent,
They’ve done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;
And so may such bishops for ever divide,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst!
  Now hear an allusion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider our emblem is right;

The bishops divide, but the clergy unite.
Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them, “divide and ye govern.”
But courage, my lords, though it cannot be said
That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head;
I’ll hold you a groat (and I wish I could see’t)
If your stockings were off, you could show cloven feet.
  But hold, cry the bishops, and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer affections could ever be shown,
Than saving your souls by damning our own?
And have we not practised all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building you spittals!
You are only to live four years without victuals.
Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bless the Church and three of our mitres;
And God bless the Commons, for biting the biters.

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[Footnote 1: Occasioned by two bills; a Bill of Residence to compel the clergy to reside on their livings, and a Bill of Division, to divide the church livings. See Considerations upon two Bills, “Prose Works,” iii, and Swift’s letter to the Bishop of Clogher, July, 1733, in which he describes “those two abominable bills for enslaving and beggaring the clergy.” Edit. Scott, xviii, p. 147. The bills were passed by the House of Lords, but rejected by the Commons. See note, next page.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: Dr. Tennison, Bishop of Ossory, who promoted the Bills. See “Prose Works,” xii, p.26.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: Theophilus Bolton, Archbishop of Cashel from 1729 to 1744; Charles Carr, Bishop of Killaloe from 1716 to 1739; and Robert Howard, Bishop of Elphin from 1729 to 1740, who voted against the bills on a division.—*W. E. B.*]

HORACE, BOOK IV, ODE IX

ADDRESSED TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ.[1]
LATE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
  O! too nice, and too severe!
Think not, that my country song
  Shall displease thy honest ear.
Chosen strains I proudly bring,
  Which the Muses’ sacred choir,
When they gods and heroes sing,
  Dictate to th’ harmonious lyre.
Ancient Homer, princely bard!
  Just precedence still maintains,
With sacred rapture still are heard
  Theban Pindar’s lofty strains.
Still the old triumphant song,
  Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcaeus boldly sung,
  Warns, instructs, and pleases well.
Nor has Time’s all-darkening shade
  In obscure oblivion press’d
What Anacreon laugh’d and play’d;
  Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!
Gentle Sappho, love-sick muse,
  Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tenderest notes infuse
  Melting rapture, soft desire.

Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
  By a painted fopling won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
  Fondly pleased to be undone.
Nor young Teucer’s slaughtering bow,
  Nor bold Hector’s dreadful sword,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
  Sow’d the field with hostile blood.
Many valiant chiefs of old
  Greatly lived and died before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
  Waged the ten years’ famous war.
But their names, unsung, unwept,
  Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
  And shall now no more be known.
Virtue, which the poet’s care
  Has not well consign’d to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
  Some old king, without a name.
But, O Humphry, great and free,
  While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
  Dark oblivion ne’er shall spread.
When the deep cut notes shall fade
  On the mouldering Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
  The perishing inscription;
Forgotten all the enemies,

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Envious G——n’s cursed spite,
And P——l’s derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night;
Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th’ unclouded sun.
Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth stand,
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.
Falsely we call the rich man great,
He is only so that knows
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.
He in wealth or poverty,
Fortune’s power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death abhors and flies:
Flies from death!—no, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.
This the sovereign man, complete;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wise; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art he.

[Footnote 1: Elected M. P. for Dublin, by the interest of Swift, in the name of the Drapier. See Advice to the Freemen of the City of Dublin, *etc*., “Prose Works,” vii, 310. —*W. E. B.*]

ON MR. PULTENEY’S[1] BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731

SIR ROBERT,[2] wearied by Will Pulteney’s teasings,
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
Resolved that Will and he should meet no more,

Full in his face Bob shuts the council door;
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves, or lash a suburb wench.
Yet still St. Stephen’s chapel open lies
For Will to enter—What shall I advise?
Ev’n quit the house, for thou too long hast sat in’t,
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
There near thy master’s throne in shelter placed,
Let Will, unheard by thee, his thunder waste;
Yet still I fear your work is done but half,
For while he keeps his pen you are not safe.
  Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral when applied to you.

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

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Thus was the hare pursued, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, shall thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
Nor can you go to Hell before you die.
So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.[3]

[Footnote 1: Right Honourable William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath.]

[Footnote 2: Sir Robert Walpole, at that time Prime Minister, afterwards first Earl of Orford.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: This hunting ended in the promotion of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but Earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but Earl of Bath. —*H.*]

ON THE WORDS BROTHER PROTESTANTS AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS, SO FAMILIARLY USED BY THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TEST-ACT IN IRELAND 1733

AN inundation, says the fable,
Overflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples swim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns,
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another."

Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, “Dear sir, your brother loving.”
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
About St. James’s, cry, “We courtiers.”
Thus Horace in the house will prate,
“Sir, we, the ministers of state.”
Thus at the bar the booby Bettesworth,[1]
Though half a crown o’erpays his sweat’s worth;
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton[2] his brother sergeant.
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are brother Protestants and Christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
As well may say man did beget it.
And maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
  Yet critics may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What Protestant can be so sottish,
While o’er the church these clouds are gathering
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
  As Moses, by divine advice,

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In Egypt turn’d the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden’d than Egyptians
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn’d to lice, infest the king:
For pity’s sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.
  Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose ’em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—“Thou’rt my father.”
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.

[Footnote 1: These lines were the cause of the personal attack upon the Dean. See “Prose Works,” iv, pp. 27,261. _—W. E. B._]

[Footnote 2: Henry Singleton, Esq., then prime sergeant, afterwards lord-chief-justice of the common pleas, which he resigned, and was some time after made master of the rolls.—*F.*]

BETTESWORTH’S EXULTATION

UPON HEARING THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY
IN DR. SWIFT’S WORKS.
BY WILLIAM DUNKIN

Well! now, since the heat of my passion’s abated,
That the Dean hath lampoon’d me, my mind is elated:—
Lampoon’d did I call it?—No—what was it then?
What was it?—’Twas fame to be lash’d by his pen:
For had he not pointed me out, I had slept till
E’en doomsday, a poor insignificant reptile;
Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,
Obscure, and unheard of—but now I’m notorious:
Fame has but two gates, a white and a black one;
The worst they can say is, I got in at the back one:

If the end be obtain’d ’tis equal what portal
I enter, since I’m to be render’d immortal:
So clysters applied to the anus, ’tis said,
By skilful physicians, give ease to the head—
Though my title be spurious, why should I be dastard,
A man is a man, though he should be a bastard.
Why sure ’tis some comfort that heroes should slay us,
If I fall, I would fall by the hand of AEneas;
And who by the Drapier would not rather damn’d be,
Than demigoddized by madrigal Namby?[1]
  A man is no more who has once lost his breath;
But poets convince us there’s life after death.
They call from their graves the king, or the peasant;
Re-act our old deeds, and make what’s past present:
And when they would study to set forth alike,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colours but strike,
Whatever the subject be, coward or hero,
A tyrant or patriot, a Titus or Nero;
To a judge ’tis all one which he fixes his eye on,
And a well-painted monkey’s as good as a lion.

[Footnote 1: Ambrose Philips. See *ante*, vol. i, p. 288.—*W. E. B.*]

AN EPIGRAM

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The scriptures affirm (as I heard in my youth,
For indeed I ne’er read them, to speak for once truth)
That death is the wages of sin, but the just
Shall die not, although they be laid in the dust.
They say so; so be it, I care not a straw,
Although I be dead both in gospel and law;
In verse I shall live, and be read in each climate;
What more can be said of prime sergeant or primate?
While Carter and Prendergast both may be rotten,
And damn’d to the bargain, and yet be forgotten.

AN EPIGRAM INSCRIBED TO THE HONOURABLE SERGEANT KITE

In your indignation what mercy appears,
While Jonathan’s threaten’d with loss of his ears;
For who would not think it a much better choice,
By your knife to be mangled than rack’d with your voice.
If truly you [would] be revenged on the parson,
Command his attendance while you act your farce on;
Instead of your maiming, your shooting, or banging,
Bid Povey[1] secure him while you are haranguing.
Had this been your method to torture him, long since,
He had cut his own ears to be deaf to your nonsense.

[Footnote 1: Povey was sergeant-at-arms to the House of Commons.—*Scott*.]

THE YAHOO’S OVERTHROW, OR, THE KEVAN BAYL’S NEW BALLAD, UPON SERGEANT KITE’S INSULTING THE DEAN [1]

To the Tune of “Derry Down.”

Jolly boys of St. Kevan’s,[2] St. Patrick’s, Donore
And Smithfield, I’ll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Has insulted us all by insulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the de’il did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse!
Knock him down, *etc*.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, *etc*.

This pedler, at speaking and making of laws,
Has met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years,
What honester folk never durst for their ears.
Knock him down, *etc*.

Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother Protestants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the same,
What the de'il is't to him whence the devil they came.
Knock him down, *etc*.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, *etc*.

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He only the rights of the clergy debates;
Their rights! their importance! We'll set on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less;
What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, *etc*.

At length his old master, (I need not him name,)
To this damnable speaker had long owed a shame;
When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, *etc*.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounced, and he swore how he swore.[3]
Knock him down, *etc*.

Though he cringed to his deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And slitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zags were more fit for the shears.
Knock him down, *etc*.

On this worrier of deans whene'er we can hit,
We'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the dean of all deans, though he wears not a sword.
Knock him down, *etc*.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for insulters of deans.
Knock him down, *etc*.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends,
To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be friends:
But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.
Knock him down, *etc*.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That sergeant-at-law whom we call Kite the Second,

You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his superiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
Knock him down, *etc*.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide; Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife; He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

[Footnote 1: GRUB STREET JOURNAL, No. 189, August 9,1734.—"In December last, Mr. Bettesworth, of the city of Dublin, serjeant-at-law, and member of parliament, openly swore, before many hundreds of people, that, upon the first opportunity, by the help of ruffians, he would murder or maim the Dean of St. Patrick's, (Dr. Swift.) Upon which thirty-one of the principal inhabitants of that liberty signed a paper to this effect: 'That, out of their great love and respect to the Dean, to whom the whole kingdom hath so many obligations, they would endeavour to defend the life and limbs of the said Dean against a certain man and all his ruffians and murderers.'

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With which paper they, in the name of themselves and all the inhabitants of the city, attended the Dean on January 8, who being extremely ill in bed of a giddiness and deafness, and not able to receive them, immediately dictated a very grateful answer. The occasion of a certain man's declaration of his villanous design against the Dean, was a frivolous unproved suspicion that he had written some lines in verse reflecting upon him."—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 2: Kevan Bayl was a cant term for the rabble of this district of Dublin.]

[Footnote 3: Swift, in a letter to the Duke of Dorset, January, 1733-4, gives a full account of Bettesworth's visit to him, about which he says that the serjeant had spread some five hundred falsehoods.—*W. E. B.*]

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL,[1] AND BETTESWORTH

Dear Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move?
The world is in doubt whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound who attempted the Drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And say of the man what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains,
Say then more than they, nay, lavishly flatter;
Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter;
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
Like very foul mops, dirty more than they clean.

[Footnote 1: Dr. Theophilus Bolton, a particular friend of the Dean.—*Scott*.]

ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1733[1]

Ye paltry underlings of state,
Ye senators who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,

Who, for a dinner, sell a vote;
Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops, far removed from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*!
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain; remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champagne at court,
And choose to dine at home with port:
Let prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric muse
Virtue or innocence abuse;
And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * *
* * * *

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[Footnote 1: In the Dublin Edition, 1729—*Scott*.]

ON NOISY TOM

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I, SAT. VI, PARAPHRASED 1733

If Noisy Tom[1] should in the senate prate,
“That he would answer both for church and state;
And, farther, to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection;”
All mortals must be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
“What! thou, the spawn of him[2] who shamed our isle,
Traitor, assassin, and informer vile!
Though by the female side,[3] you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king:
What was thy grandsire,[4] but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a-year:
Whose master Moore[5] preserved him from the halter,
For stealing cows! nor could he read the Psalter!
Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chase
Thy founder’s grandson,[6] and usurp his place?
Just Heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good?[7]
Then vote a worthy citizen to jail,[8]
In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!"[9]

[Footnote 1: Sir Thomas Prendergast. See *post*, p. 266.]

[Footnote 2: The father of Sir Thomas Prendergast, who engaged in a plot to murder King William III; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet.—*F*.]

[Footnote 3: Cadogan’s family.—*F*.]

[Footnote 4: A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmel assizes to be hanged for stealing cows.—*F*.]

[Footnote 5: The grandfather of Guy Moore, Esq., who procured him a pardon._—F._]

[Footnote 6: Guy Moore was fairly elected member of Parliament for Clonmel; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of parson-hunters, petitioned the House against him; out of which he

was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.—*F*.]

[Footnote 7: "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat."—*F*.]

[Footnote 8: Mr. George Faulkner. Mr. Sergeant Bettesworth, a member of the Irish Parliament, having made a complaint to the House of Commons against the "Satire on Quadrille," they voted Faulkner the printer into custody (who was confined closely in prison three days, when he was in a very bad state of health, and his life in much danger) for not discovering the author.—*F*.]

[Footnote 9: Among the poems, *etc*., preserved by Mr. Smith are verses on the same subject and person with these in the text. The verses are given in Swift's works, edit. Scott, xii, 448.—*W. E. B.*]

ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY 1734-5

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Make Rundle bishop! fie for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the isle of saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost:
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling orthodox with Arians?
  Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew:
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence,
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at most,
Who know there is a Holy Ghost;
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never-heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known
They gave what never was their own.
  Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a Christian more than they.
  We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.
  There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity.
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believed a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so Gospel-ward devout.
While others, hither sent to save us
Come but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon, and the German line.
  Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who shew'd a better *jus divinum*?
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refused *episcopari*.
  Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus;
Or sell his children, house, and lands,

For that one gift, to lay on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, “Magus, prithee,
Be gone: thy money perish with thee.”
Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a score of chaps,
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a-year.
  Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handiwork of God;
Though e’en the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God’s anointed,
And well we know, the *conge* regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishoprics are held in fee.
  Dear Baldwin[1] chaste, and witty Crosse,[2]
How sorely I lament your loss!
That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

[Footnote 1: Richard Baldwin, Provost of Trinity College in 1717. He left behind him many natural children.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 2: Rector of St. Mary’s Dublin, in 1722; before which time he had been chaplain to the Smyrna Company. See the Epistolary Correspondence, May 26, 1720. —*Scott*.]

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EPIGRAM

Friend Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadst been better sped,
Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head;
A head, so weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB

1736

The immediate provocation to this fierce satire upon the Irish Parliament was the introduction of a Bill to put an end to the tithe on pasturage, called *agistment*, and thus to free the landlords from a legal payment, with severe loss to the Church.

As I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge
By the prudent architect,
Placed against the church direct,[1]
Making good my grandam's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.[2]
  Tell us what the pile contains?
Many a head that has no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion[3] Club.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear:
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief's a hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
  Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder proof)

Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every skull,
When the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy that harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.
  Yet should Swift endow the schools,
For his lunatics and fools,
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in
And a hole above for peeping.
  Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a-picking straws,
Let them rave of making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th'orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.

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Let Sir Tom,[4] that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjured rebel, bribed accuser,
Lay thy privilege aside,
From Papist sprung, and regicide;
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about thy hole.
Come, assist me, Muse obedient!
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
See, the Muse unbars the gate;
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the soul:[5]
Styx, through Hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow’d to tell
What I heard in yonder Hell.
Near the door an entrance gapes,[6]
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwigg’d with snakes,’[7]
See the dreadful strides she takes!
By this odious crew beset,[8]
I began to rage and fret,
And resolved to break their pates,
Ere we enter’d at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick[9]
Whisper’d me, “Lay down your stick.”
What! said I, is this a mad-house?
These, she answer’d, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.

In the porch Briareus stands,[10]
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.[11]
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred[12] brutes
All involved in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian steams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop.
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away,
Bravely I resolved to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half-a-crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featured brawler?
Is it Satan? No; 'tis Waller.[13]
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are Hell and murther;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd Throp.[14]
Keeper, show me where to fix

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On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker,[15] Dick the player,[15]
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your piss;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and stink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though ’tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion’s rods, perhaps, may tame them.
  Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak:
Who is he? ’Tis humdrum Wynne,[16]
Half encompass’d by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingham,[17]
For he never fails to bring ’em;
And that base apostate Vesey
With Bishop’s scraps grown fat and greasy,
While Wynne sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
(Yet would gladly see the hunks,
In his grave, and search his trunks,)
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court against the nation.
  Those are Allens Jack and Bob,[18]
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brain-sick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Hoath, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.
  There sit Clements, Dilks, and Carter;[19]
Who for Hell would die a martyr.
Such a triplet could you tell

Where to find on this side Hell?
Gallows Carter, Dilks, and Clements,
Souse them in their own excrements.
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
  Bless us! Morgan,[20] art thou there, man?
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman?
Chairman to yon damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what, learned Morgan
Metamorphosed to a Gorgon![21]
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not surprise one!
To turn thy nourishment to poison!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They'll come down to right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms, prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze;[22]
And to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:

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You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them:
Form their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I assure you,
You will need no *car'catura;*
Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face.
  Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
"Pray, be patient; you shall find
Half the best are still behind!
You have hardly seen a score;
I can show two hundred more."
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
"May their god, the devil, confound them!"[23]

[Footnote 1: St. Andrew's Church, close to the site of the Parliament House.]

[Footnote 2: On a scrap of paper, containing the memorials respecting the Dean's family, there occur the following lines, apparently the rough draught of the passage in the text:
  "Making good that proverb odd,
  Near the church and far from God,
  Against the church direct is placed,
  Like it both in head and waist."—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 3: From the answer of the demoniac that the devils which possessed him were Legion.—St. Mark, v, 9.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 4: Sir Thomas Prendergast, a prominent opponent of the clergy, and a servile supporter of the government. See the verses on "Noisy Tom," *ante*, p. 260.]

[Footnote 5: "Di quibus imperium est animarum umbraeque silentes Sit mihi fas audita loqui."—VIRG., *Aen*., vi, 264.]

[Footnote 6: “Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae;”—273.]

[Footnote 7:”——Discordia demens Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.”—281.]

[Footnote 8: “Corripit his subita trepidus, ——strictamque aciem venientibus offert.”—-290.]

[Footnote 9: “Et ni docta comes tenues sine corpore vitas.”—VIRG., *Aen*., vi, 291.]

[Footnote 10: “Et centumgeminus Briareus.”—287.]

[Footnote 11: The Right Honourable Walter Carey. He was secretary to the Duke of Dorset when lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The Duke of Dorset came to Ireland in 1731.]

[Footnote 12: “Two hundred” written by Swift in the margin.—*Forster*.]

[Footnote 13: John Waller, Esq., member for the borough of Dongaile. He was grandson to Sir Hardress Waller, one of the regicide judges, and who concurred with them in passing sentence on Charles I. This Sir Hardressmarried the daughter and co-heir of John Dowdal of Limerick, in Ireland, by which alliance he became so connected with the country, that after the rebellion was over, the family made it their residence.—-*Scott*.]

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[Footnote 14: Rev. Roger Throp, whose death was said to have been occasioned by the persecution which he suffered from Waller. His case was published by his brother, and never answered, containing such a scene of petty vexatious persecutions as is almost incredible; the cause being the refusal of Mr. Throp to compound, for a compensation totally inadequate, some of the rights of his living which affected Waller's estate. In 1739, a petition was presented to the House of Commons by his brother, Robert Throp, gentleman, complaining of this persecution, and applying to parliament for redress, relative to the number of attachments granted by the King's Bench, in favour of his deceased brother, and which could not be executed against the said Waller, on account of the privilege of Parliament, *etc*. But this petition was rejected by the House, *nem. con.* The Dean seems to have employed his pen against Waller. See a letter from Mrs. Whiteway to Swift, Nov. 15, 1735, edit. Scott, xviii, p. 414.—*W. E. B*.]

[Footnote 15: Richard Tighe, so called because descended from a baker who supplied Cromwell's army with bread. Bettesworth is termed the *player*, from his pompous enunciation.]

[Footnote 16: "Right Honourable Owen Wynne, county of Sligo.—Owen Wynne, Esq., borough of Sligo.—John Wynne, Esq., borough of Castlebar."]

[Footnote 17: "Sir John Bingham, Bart., county of Mayo.—His brother, Henry Bingham, sat in parliament for some time for Castlebar."]

[Footnote 18: John Allen represented the borough of Carysfort; Robert Allen the county of Wicklow. The former was son, and the latter brother to Joshua, the second Viscount Allen, hated and satirized by Swift, under the name of Traulus. The ancestor of the Allens, as has been elsewhere noticed, was an architect in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign; and was employed as such by many of the nobility, particularly Lord Howth. He settled in Ireland, and was afterwards consulted by Lord Stafford in some of his architectural plans.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 19: There were then two Clements in parliament, brothers, Nathaniel and Henry. Michael Obrien Dilks represented the borough of Castlemartye. He was barrack-master-general.]

[Footnote 20: Doctor Marcus Antonius (which Swift calls his "heathenish Christian name") Morgan, chairman to that committee to whom was referred the petition of the farmers, graziers, *etc*. against tithe agistment. On this petition the House reported, and agreed that it deserved the strongest support.]

[Footnote 21: Whose hair consisted of snakes, and who turned all she looked upon to stone.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 22: A suggestion that if the tithe of *agistment* were abolished, the clergy might be sent to graze.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 23: On the margin of a Broadside containing this poem is written by Swift:
"Except the righteous Fifty Two
To whom immortal honour's due,
Take them, Satan, as your due
All except the Fifty Two."—*Forster.*
probably the number of those who opposed the Bill.—*W. E. B.*]

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ON A PRINTER'S[1] BEING SENT TO NEWGATE

Better we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves;
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors, as our tyrants;
And swagger while the coast is clear:
But should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dares not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian,[2] leap at flies.

[Footnote 1: Mr. Faulkner, for printing the "Proposal for the better Regulation and Improvement of Quadrille."]

[Footnote 2: "Inter initia principatus cotidie secretum sibi horarum sumere solebat, nec quicquam amplius quam muscas captare ac stilo praeacuto configere; ut cuidam interroganti, essetne quis intus cum Caesare, non absurde responsum sit a Vibio Crispo, *ne muscam quidem*" (Suet. 3).—*W. E. B.*]

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL;
OR, A NEW BALLAD, WRITTEN BY A SHOE-BOY, ON AN ATTORNEY
WHO WAS FORMERLY A SHOE-BOY

"Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro."[1]

WITH singing of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that's all;
One bought him a brush, and one a black ball;
For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
The clothes on his back as being but such;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with clouts, ball, and brush,
He gallantly ventured his fortune to push:
Vespasian[2] thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for't.

But as a wise fiddler is noted, you know,
To have a good couple of strings to one bow;
So Hartley[3] judiciously thought it too little,
To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
He finds out another profession as fit,
And straight he becomes a retailer of wit.
One day he cried—“Murders, and songs, and great news!”
Another as loudly—“Here blacken your shoes!”
At Domvile’s[4] full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits;
Lick’d all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing;
Such bastings effect upon him could have none:
The dog will be patient that’s struck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
So expert and so active at brushes and ball,
Was moved with compassion, and thought it a pity
A youth should be lost, that had been so witty:
Without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
And now we’ll suppose him an eminent clerk!
Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees;
Suppose him a miser, attorney, *per* bill,
Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
Yet, would you believe, though I swore by the Bible,
That he took up two news-boys for crying the libel?

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[Footnote 1: Variation from Ovid, “Met.,” ii, 541: “Qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo.”—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: So in *Hudibras*, Pt. II, Canto II:
“*Vespasian* being dawb’d with Durt,
Was destin’d to the Empire for’t
And from a Scavinger did come
To be a mighty Prince in *Rome*.”]

[Footnote 3: Squire Hartley Hutcheson, “that zealous prosecutor of hawkers and libels,” who signed Faulkner’s committal to prison. See “Prose Works,” vii, 234.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 4: Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper office.—*F.*]

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE BY WAY OF DEFENCE OF HARTLEY HUTCHESON, ESQ. BY JAMES BLACK-WELL, OPERATOR FOR THE FEET

But he by bawling news about,
And aptly using brush and clout,
A justice of the peace became,
To punish rogues who do the same.

I sing the man of courage tried,
O’errun with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker’d mind, and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it)
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn’d I mean;—for who would chuse
So vile a subject for the Muse?
’Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he’d parch before the grate,
Or wind the jack’s slow-rising weight,
(Such toils as best his talents fit,)
Or polish shoes, or turn the spit;
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
Squire Domvile’s family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;
Believes that persecuting wit

Will prove the surest way to it;
So with a colonel[1] at his back,
The Libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than alderman o'ercharged with liquor:
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleased to live in future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.
  So, Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libellers of kings;
Or if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated father Jove aloud,
Only in light to show his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.
  And so the Ephesian villain [2] fired
The temple which the world admired,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

[Footnote 1: Colonel Ker, a Scotchman, lieutenant-colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence against The printer.—*F*.]

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[Footnote 2: Herostratus, who set fire to the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, 356 B.C.—-*W. E. B.*]

AY AND NO

A TALE FROM DUBLIN.[1] WRITTEN IN 1737

At Dublin's high feast sat Primate and Dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean:
Quoth Hugh of Armagh, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cause is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the Primate, "if causes we sift,
This mischief arises from witty Dean Swift."
The smart one replied, "There's no wit in the case;
And nothing of that ever troubled your grace.
Though with your state sieve your own notions you split,
A Boulter by name is no bolter of wit.
It's matter of weight, and a mere money job;
But the lower the coin the higher the mob.
Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
The Irish dear joys have enough common sense,
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
It is a pity a prelate should die without law;
But if I say the word—take care of Armagh!"

[Footnote 1: In 1737, the gold coin had sunk in current value to the amount of 6_d._ in each guinea, which made it the interest of the Irish dealers to send over their balances in silver. To bring the value of the precious metals nearer to a par, the Primate, Boulter, who was chiefly trusted by the British Government in the administration of Ireland, published a proclamation reducing the value of the gold coin threepence in each guinea. This scheme was keenly opposed by Swift; and such was the clamour excited against the archbishop, that his house was obliged to be guarded by soldiers. The two following poems relate to this controversy, which was, for the time it lasted, nearly as warm as that about Wood's halfpence. The first is said to be the paraphrase of a conversation which actually passed between Swift and the archbishop. The latter charged the Dean with inflaming the mob, "I inflame them?" retorted Swift, "were I to lift but a finger, they would tear you to pieces."—*Scott*.]

A BALLAD

Patrick astore,[1] what news upon the town?
By my soul there’s bad news, for the gold she was pull’d down,
The gold she was pull’d down, of that I’m very sure,
For I saw’d them reading upon the towlsel[2] *doore*.
Sing, och, och, hoh, hoh.[3]

Arrah! who was him reading? ’twas *jauntleman* in ruffles,
And Patrick’s bell she was ringing all in muffles;
She was ringing very sorry, her tongue tied up with rag,
Lorsha! and out of her shteeple there was hung a black flag.[4]
Sing, och, &c.

Patrick astore, who was him made this law?
Some they do say, ’twas the big man of straw;[5]
But others they do say, that it was Jug-Joulter,[6]
The devil he may take her into hell and *Boult-her!*
Sing, och, &c.

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Musha! Why Parliament wouldn't you maul,
Those *carters*, and paviours, and footmen, and all;[7]
Those rascally paviours who did us undermine,
Och ma ceade millia mollighart[8] on the feeders of swine!
    Sing, och, &c.

[Footnote 1: Astore, means my dear, my heart.]

[Footnote 2: The Tholsel, where criminals for the city were tried, and where proclamations, *etc*., were posted. It was invariably called the Touls'el by the lower class.]

[Footnote 3: It would appear that the chorus here introduced, was intended to chime with the howl, the *ululatus*, or funeral cry, of the Irish.]

[Footnote 4: Swift, it is said, caused a muffled peal to be rung from the steeple of St. Patrick's, on the day of the proclamation, and a black flag to be displayed from its battlements.—*Scott*.]

[Footnote 5: The big man of straw, means the Duke of Dorset, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; he had only the name of authority, the essential power being vested in the primate.]

[Footnote 6: Jug-Joulter means Primate *Boulter*, whose name is played upon in the succeeding line. In consequence of the public dissatisfaction expressed at the lowering the gold coin, the primate became very unpopular.]

[Footnote 7: "Footmen" alludes to a supporter of the measure, said to have been the son or grandson of a servant.]

[Footnote 8: Means *"my hundred thousand hearty curses* on the feeders of swine."]

A WICKED TREASONABLE LIBEL[1]

While the king and his ministers keep such a pother,
And all about changing one whore for another,
Think I to myself, what need all this strife,
His majesty first had a whore of a wife,
And surely the difference mounts to no more
Than, now he has gotten a wife of a whore.
Now give me your judgment a very nice case on;
Each queen has a son, say which is the base one?
Say which of the two is the right Prince of Wales,
To succeed, when, (God bless him,) his majesty fails;

Perhaps it may puzzle our loyal divines
To unite these two Protestant parallel lines,
From a left-handed wife, and one turn'd out of doors,
Two reputed king's sons, both true sons of whores;
No law can determine it, which is first oars.
But, alas! poor old England, how wilt thou be master'd;
For, take which you please, it must needs be a bastard.

[Footnote 1: So the following very remarkable verses are entitled, in a copy which exists in the Dean's hand-writing bearing the following characteristic memorandum on the back: "A traitorous libel, writ several years ago. It is inconsistent with itself. Copied September 9, 1735. I wish I knew the author, that I might hang him." And at the bottom of the paper is subjoined this postscript. "I copied out this wicked paper many years ago, in hopes to discover the traitor of an author, that I might inform against him." For the foundation of the scandals current during the reign of George I, to which the lines allude, see Walpole's Reminiscences of the Courts of George the first and second, chap, ii, at p. cii, Walpole's Letters, edit. Cunningham.—*W. E. B.*]

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EPIGRAMS AGAINST CARTHY BY SWIFT AND OTHERS

CHARLES CARTHY, a schoolmaster in the city of Dublin, was publisher of a translation of Horace, in which the Latin was printed on the one side, and the English on the other, whence he acquired the name of Mezentius, alluding to the practice of that tyrant, who chained the dead to the living.

Carthy was almost continually involved in satirical skirmishes with Dunkin, for whom Swift had a particular friendship, and there is no doubt that the Dean himself engaged in the warfare.—*Scott*.

ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE

Containing, on one side, the original Latin, on the other, his own version.

This I may boast, which few e'er could,
Half of my book at least is good.

ON CARTHY MINOTAURUS

How monstrous Carthy looks with Flaccus braced, For here we see the man and there the beast.

ON THE SAME

Once Horace fancied from a man,
He was transformed to a swan;[1]
But Carthy, as from him thou learnest,
Has made the man a goose in earnest.

[Footnote 1:
"Jam jam residunt cruribus asperae
Pelles, et album mutor in alitem
Superne, nascunturque leves
Per digitos humerosque plumae."
Lib. ii, Carm. xx.]

ON THE SAME

Talis erat quondam Tithoni splendida conjux,
Effulsit misero sic Dea juncta viro;

Hunc tandem imminuit sensim longaeva senectus,
  Te vero extinxit, Carole, prima dies.

IMITATED

So blush’d Aurora with celestial charms,
So bloom’d the goddess in a mortal’s arms;
He sunk at length to wasting age a prey,
But thy book perish’d on its natal day.

AD HORATIUM CUM CARTHIO CONSTRICTUM

Lectores ridere jubes dum Carthius astat?
Iste procul depellit olens tibi Maevius omnes:
Sic triviis veneranda diu, Jovis inclyta proles
Terruit, assumpto, mortales, Gorgonis ore.

IMITATED

Could Horace give so sad a monster birth?
Why then in vain he would excite our mirth;
His humour well our laughter might command,
But who can bear the death’s head in his hand?

AN IRISH EPIGRAM ON THE SAME

While with the fustian of thy book,
  The witty ancient you enrobe,
You make the graceful Horace look
  As pitiful as Tom M’Lobe.[1]
Ye Muses, guard your sacred mount,
  And Helicon, for if this log
Should stumble once into the fount,
  He’ll make it muddy as a bog.

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[Footnote 1: A notorious Irish poetaster, whose name had become proverbial.—*Scott.*]

ON CARTHY'S TRANSLATION OF LONGINUS

High as Longinus to the stars ascends,
So deeply Carthy to the centre tends.

RATIO INTER LONGINUM ET CARTHIUM COMPUTATA

Aethereas quantum Longinus surgit in auras,
Carthius en tantum ad Tartara tendit iter.

ON THE SAME

What Midas touch'd became true gold, but then, Gold becomes lead touch'd lightly by thy pen.

CARTHY KNOCKED OUT SOME TEETH FROM HIS NEWS-BOY

For saying he could not live by the profits of Carthy's works, as they did not sell.

I must confess that I was somewhat warm, I broke his teeth, but where's the mighty harm? My work he said could ne'er afford him meat, And teeth are useless where there's nought to eat!

TO CARTHY
On his sending about specimens to force people to subscribe to his Longinus.

Thus vagrant beggars, to extort
By charity a mean support,
Their sores and putrid ulcers show,
And shock our sense till we bestow.

TO CARTHY
On his accusing Mr. Dunkin for not publishing his book of Poems.

How different from thine is Dunkin's lot!
Thou'rt curst for publishing, and he for not.

ON CARTHY'S PUBLISHING SEVERAL LAMPOONS, UNDER THE NAMES OF INFAMOUS POETASTERS

So witches bent on bad pursuits,
Assume the shapes of filthy brutes.

TO CARTHY

Thy labours, Carthy, long conceal'd from light,
Piled in a garret, charm'd the author's sight,
But forced from their retirement into day,
The tender embryos half unknown decay;
Thus lamps which burn'd in tombs with silent glare,
Expire when first exposed to open air.

TO CARTHY, ATTRIBUTING SOME PERFORMANCES TO MR. DUNKIN

From the Gentleman's London Magazine for January.

My lines to him you give; to speak your due,
'Tis what no man alive will say of you.
Your works are like old Jacob's speckled goats,
Known by the verse, yet better by the notes.
Pope's essays upon some for Young's may pass,
But all distinguish thy dull leaden mass;
So green in different lights may pass for blue,
But what's dyed black will take no other hue.

UPON CARTHY'S THREATENING TO TRANSLATE PINDAR

You have undone Horace,—what should hinder
Thy Muse from falling upon Pindar?
But ere you mount his fiery steed,
Beware, O Bard, how you proceed:—
For should you give him once the reins,
High up in air he'll turn your brains;
And if you should his fury check,
'Tis ten to one he breaks your neck.

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DR. SWIFT WROTE THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM

On one Delacourt’s complimenting Carthy on his Poetry

Carthy, you say, writes well—his genius true,
You pawn your word for him—he’ll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world, become each other’s bail.

POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. SHERIDAN

Some ancient authors wisely write,
That he who drinks will wake at night,
Will never fail to lose his rest,
And feel a streightness in his chest;
A streightness in a double sense,
A streightness both of breath and pence:
Physicians say, it is but reasonable,
He that comes home at hour unseasonable,
(Besides a fall and broken shins,
Those smaller judgments for his sins;)
If, when he goes to bed, he meets
A teasing wife between the sheets,
’Tis six to five he’ll never sleep,
But rave and toss till morning peep.
Yet harmless Betty must be blamed
Because you feel your lungs inflamed
But if you would not get a fever,
You never must one moment leave her.
This comes of all your drunken tricks,
Your Parry’s and your brace of Dicks;
Your hunting Helsham in his laboratory
Too, was the time you saw that Drab lac a Pery
But like the prelate who lives yonder-a,
And always cries he is like Cassandra;
I always told you, Mr. Sheridan,
If once this company you were rid on,
Frequented honest folk, and very few,
You’d live till all your friends were weary of you.
But if rack punch you still would swallow,
I then forewarn’d you what would follow.
Are the Deanery sober hours?

Be witness for me all ye powers.
The cloth is laid at eight, and then
We sit till half an hour past ten;
One bottle well might serve for three
If Mrs. Robinson drank like me.
Ask how I fret when she has beckon’d
To Robert to bring up a second;
I hate to have it in my sight,
And drink my share in perfect spite.
If Robin brings the ladies word,
The coach is come, I ’scape a third;
If not, why then I fall a-talking
How sweet a night it is for walking;
For in all conscience, were my treasure able,
I’d think a quart a-piece unreasonable;
It strikes eleven,—get out of doors.—
This is my constant farewell
  Yours,
    J. S.

October 18, 1724, nine in the morning.

You had best hap yourself up in a chair, and dine with me than with the provost.

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW[1] IN THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT KILMORE

Resolve me this, ye happy dead,
Who’ve lain some hundred years in bed,
From every persecution free
That in this wretched life we see;
Would ye resume a second birth,
And choose once more to live on earth?

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[Footnote 1: Soon after Swift's acquaintance with Dr. Sheridan, they passed some days together at the episcopal palace in the diocess of Kilmore. When Swift was gone, it was discovered that he had written the following lines on one of the windows which look into the church-yard. In the year 1780, the late Archdeacon Caulfield wrote some lines in answer to both. The pane was taken down by Dr. Jones, Bishop of Kilmore, but it has been since restored.—*Scott.*]

DR. SHERIDAN WROTE UNDERNEATH THE FOLLOWING LINES

Thus spoke great Bedel[1] from his tomb:
"Mortal, I would not change my doom,
To live in such a restless state,
To be unfortunately great;
To flatter fools, and spurn at knaves,
To shine amidst a race of slaves;
To learn from wise men to complain
And only rise to fall again:
No! let my dusty relics rest,
Until I rise among the blest."

[Footnote 1: Bishop Bedel's tomb lies within view of the window.]

THE UPSTART

The following lines occur in the Swiftiana, and are by Mr. Wilson, the editor, ascribed to Swift.—*Scott.*

"—— The rascal! that's too mild a name;
Does he forget from whence he came?
Has he forgot from whence he sprung?
A mushroom in a bed of dung;
A maggot in a cake of fat,
The offspring of a beggar's brat;
As eels delight to creep in mud,
To eels we may compare his blood;
His blood delights in mud to run,
Witness his lazy, lousy son!
Puff'd up with pride and insolence,
Without a grain of common sense.
See with what consequence he stalks!
With what pomposity he talks!
See how the gaping crowd admire
The stupid blockhead and the liar!

How long shall vice triumphant reign?
How long shall mortals bend to gain?
How long shall virtue hide her face,
And leave her votaries in disgrace?
—Let indignation fire my strains,
Another villain yet remains—
Let purse-proud C——n next approach;
With what an air he mounts his coach!
A cart would best become the knave,
A dirty parasite and slave!
His heart in poison deeply dipt,
His tongue with oily accents tipt,
A smile still ready at command,
The pliant bow, the forehead bland—”

* * * * *

* * * * *

ON THE ARMS OF THE TOWN OF WATERFORD[1]

—URBS INTACTA MANET—semper intacta manebit,
Tangere crabrones quis bene sanus amat?

[Footnote 1: While viewing this town, the Dean observed a stone bearing the city arms, with the motto, URBS INTACTA MANET. The approach to this monument was covered with filth. The Dean, on returning to the inn, wrote the Latin epigram and added the English paraphrase, for the benefit, he said, of the ladies.—*Scott.*]

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TRANSLATION

A thistle is the Scottish arms,
Which to the toucher threatens harms,
What are the arms of Waterford,
That no man touches—but a ——?

VERSES ON BLENHEIM[1]

Atria longa patent. Sed nec cenantibus usquam
  Nec somno locus est. Quam bene non habitas!
MART., lib. xii, Ep. 50.

See, here's the grand approach,
That way is for his grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and there the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock;[2]
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mind how wide the hall is made;
The chimneys are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind:
The galleries contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council-chamber to debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

[Footnote 1: Built by Sir John Vanbrugh for the Duke of Marlborough. See vol. i, p. 74. —W.E..B_]

[Footnote 2: A monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock was placed over two of the portals of Blenheim House; "for the better understanding of which device," says Addison, "I must acquaint my English reader that a cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a Frenchman, as a lion is the emblem of the English nation," and compares it to a pun in an heroic poem. The "Spectator," No. 59. —*W. E. B.*]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG[1] UPON THE LATE GRAND JURY

Poor Monsieur his conscience preserved for a year,
Yet in one hour he lost it, ’tis known far and near;
To whom did he lose it?—A judge or a peer.[2]
Which nobody can deny.

This very same conscience was sold in a closet,
Nor for a baked loaf, or a loaf in a losset,
But a sweet sugar-plum, which you put in a posset.
Which nobody can deny.

O Monsieur, to sell it for nothing was nonsense,
For, if you would sell it, it should have been long since,
But now you have lost both your cake and your conscience.
Which nobody can deny.

So Nell of the Dairy, before she was wed,
Refused ten good guineas for her maidenhead,
Yet gave it for nothing to smooth-spoken Ned.
Which nobody can deny.

But, Monsieur, no vonder dat you vere collogue,
Since selling de contre be now all de vogue,
You be but von fool after seventeen rogue.
Which nobody can deny.

Some sell it for profit, ’tis very well known,
And some but for sitting in sight of the throne,
And other some sell what is none of their own.
Which nobody can deny.

But Philpot, and Corker, and Burrus, and Hayze,
And Rayner, and Nicholson, challenge our praise,
With six other worthies as glorious as these.
Which nobody can deny.

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There's Donevan, Hart, and Archer, and Blood,
And Gibson, and Gerard, all true men and good,
All lovers of Ireland, and haters of Wood.
    Which nobody can deny.

But the slaves that would sell us shall hear on't in time,
Their names shall be branded in prose and in rhyme,
We'll paint 'em in colours as black as their crime.
    Which nobody can deny.

But P——r and copper L——h we'll excuse,
The commands of your betters you dare not refuse,
Obey was the word when you wore wooden shoes.
    Which nobody can deny.

[Footnote 1: This is an address of congratulation to the Grand Jury who threw out the bill against Harding the printer. It would seem they had not been perfectly unanimous on this occasion, for two out of the twelve are marked as having dissented from their companions, although of course this difference of opinion could not, according to the legal forms of England, appear on the face of the verdict. The dissenters seem to have been of French extraction. The ballad has every mark of being written by Swift.—*Scott.*]

[Footnote 2: Whitshed or Carteret.]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON HIS GRACE OUR GOOD LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, stood high in Swift's estimation by his opposition to Wood's coinage.

BY HONEST JO. ONE OF HIS GRACE'S FARMERS IN FINGAL

I sing not of the Drapier's praise, nor yet of William Wood,
But I sing of a famous lord, who seeks his country's good;
Lord William's grace of Dublin town, 'tis he that first appears,
Whose wisdom and whose piety do far exceed his years.
In ev'ry council and debate he stands for what is right,
And still the truth he will maintain, whate'er he loses by't.
And though some think him in the wrong, yet still there comes a season
When every one turns round about, and owns his grace had reason.
His firmness to the public good, as one that knows it swore,
Has lost his grace for ten years past ten thousand pounds and more.

Then come the poor and strip him so, they leave him not a cross,
For he regards ten thousand pounds no more than Wood's dross.
To beg his favour is the way new favours still to win,
He makes no more to give ten pounds than I to give a pin.
Why, there's my landlord now, the squire, who all in money wallows,
He would not give a groat to save his father from the gallows.
"A bishop," says the noble squire, "I hate the very name,
To have two thousand pounds a-year—O 'tis a burning shame!
Two thousand pounds a-year! good lord! And I to have but five!"
And under him no tenant yet was ever known to thrive:
Now from his lordship's grace I hold a little piece of ground,
And all the rent I pay is scarce five shillings in the pound.

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Then master steward takes my rent, and tells me, “Honest Jo,
Come, you must take a cup of sack or two before you go.”
He bids me then to hold my tongue, and up the money locks,
For fear my lord should send it all into the poor man’s box.
And once I was so bold to beg that I might see his grace,
Good lord! I wonder how I dared to look him in the face:
Then down I went upon my knees, his blessing to obtain;
He gave it me, and ever since I find I thrive amain.
“Then,” said my lord, “I’m very glad to see thee, honest friend,
I know the times are something hard, but hope they soon will mend,
Pray never press yourself for rent, but pay me when you can;
I find you bear a good report, and are an honest man.”
Then said his lordship with a smile, “I must have lawful cash,
I hope you will not pay my rent in that same Wood’s trash!”
“God bless your Grace,” I then replied, “I’d see him hanging higher,
Before I’d touch his filthy dross, than is Clandalkin spire.”
To every farmer twice a-week all round about the Yoke,
Our parsons read the Drapier’s books, and make us honest folk.
And then I went to pay the squire, and in the way I found,
His bailie driving all my cows into the parish pound;
“Why, sirrah,” said the noble squire, “how dare you see my face,
Your rent is due almost a week, beside the days of grace.”
And yet the land I from him hold is set so on the rack,
That only for the bishop’s lease ’twould quickly break my back.
Then God preserve his lordship’s grace, and make him live as long
As did Methusalem of old, and so I end my song.

TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

A POEM

Serus in coelum redeas, diuque
Laetus intersis populo.—HOR., *Carm.* I, ii, 45.

Great, good, and just, was once applied
To one who for his country died;[l]
To one who lives in its defence,
We speak it in a happier sense.
O may the fates thy life prolong!

Our country then can dread no wrong:
In thy great care we place our trust,
Because thou’rt great, and good, and just:
Thy breast unshaken can oppose
Our private and our public foes:
The latent wiles, and tricks of state,
Your wisdom can with ease defeat.
When power in all its pomp appears,
It falls before thy rev’rend years,
And willingly resigns its place
To something nobler in thy face.
When once the fierce pursuing Gaul
Had drawn his sword for Marius’ fall,
The godlike hero with a frown
Struck all his rage and malice down;
Then how can we dread William Wood,
If by thy presence he’s withstood?
Where wisdom stands to keep the field,
In vain he brings his brazen shield;
Though like the sibyl’s priest he comes,
With furious din of brazen drums
The force of thy superior voice
Shall strike him dumb, and quell their noise.

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[Footnote 1: The epitaph on Charles I by the Marquis of Montrose:

“Great, good, and just! could I but rate
My griefs to thy too rigid fate,
I’d weep the world in such a strain
As it should deluge once again;
But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
More from Briareus’ hands than Argus’ eyes,
I’ll sing thine obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thine epitaph in blood and wounds.”

See Napier’s “Montrose and the Covenanters,” i, 520.—*W. E. B.*]

TO THE CITIZENS[1]

And shall the Patriot who maintain’d your cause,
From future ages only meet applause?
Shall he, who timely rose t’his country’s aid,
By her own sons, her guardians, be betray’d?
Did heathen virtues in your hearts reside,
These wretches had been damn’d for parricide.
  Should you behold, whilst dreadful armies threat
The sure destruction of an injured state,
Some hero, with superior virtue bless’d,
Avert their rage, and succour the distress’d;
Inspired with love of glorious liberty,
Do wonders to preserve his country free;
He like the guardian shepherd stands, and they
Like lions spoil’d of their expected prey,
Each urging in his rage the deadly dart,
Resolved to pierce the generous hero’s heart;
Struck with the sight, your souls would swell with grief,
And dare ten thousand deaths to his relief,
But, if the people he preserved should cry,
He went too far, and he deserved to—die,
Would not your soul such treachery detest,
And indignation boil within your breast,
Would not you wish that wretched state preserved,
To feel the tenfold ruin they deserved?
  If, then, oppression has not quite subdued
At once your prudence and your gratitude,
If you yourselves conspire not your undoing,
And don’t deserve, and won’t draw down your ruin,

If yet to virtue you have some pretence,
If yet ye are not lost to common sense,
Assist your patriot in your own defence;
That stupid cant, “he went too far,” despise,
And know that to be brave is to be wise:
Think how he struggled for your liberty,
And give him freedom, whilst yourselves are free.
M. B.

[Footnote 1: The Address to the Citizens appears, from the signature M. B., to have been written by Swift himself, and published when the Prosecution was depending against Harding, the printer of the Drapier’s Letters, and a reward had been proclaimed for the discovery of the author. Some of those who had sided with the Drapier in his arguments, while confined to Wood’s scheme, began to be alarmed, when, in the fourth letter, he entered upon the more high and dangerous matter of the nature of Ireland’s connection with England. The object of these verses is, to encourage the timid to stand by their advocate in a cause which was truly their own.—*Scott.*]

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PUNCH’S PETITION TO THE LADIES

——Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames!——VIRG., *Aen.*, iii.

This poem partly relates to Wood’s halfpence, but resembles the style of Sheridan rather than of Swift. Hoppy, or Hopkins, here mentioned, seems to be the master of the revels, and secretary to the Duke of Grafton, when Lord-Lieutenant. See also Verses on the Puppet-Show.—*Scott.* See vol. i, p. 169.—*W. E. B.*

Fair ones who do all hearts command,
And gently sway with fan in hand
Your favourite—Punch a suppliant falls,
And humbly for assistance calls;
He humbly calls and begs you’ll stop
The gothic rage of Vander Hop,
Wh’invades without pretence and right,
Or any law but that of might,
Our Pigmy land—and treats our kings
Like paltry idle wooden things;
Has beat our dancers out of doors,
And call’d our chastest virgins whores;
He has not left our Queen a rag on,
Has forced away our George and Dragon,
Has broke our wires, nor was he civil
To Doctor Faustus nor the devil;
E’en us he hurried with full rage,
Most hoarsely squalling off the stage;
And faith our fright was very great
To see a minister of state,
Arm’d with power and fury come
To force us from our little home—
We fear’d, as I am sure we had reason,
An accusation of high-treason;
Till, starting up, says Banamiere,
“Treason, my friends, we need not fear,
For ’gainst the Brass we used no power,
Nor strove to save the chancellor.[1]
Nor did we show the least affection
To Rochford or the Meath election;
Nor did we sing,—’Machugh he means.’”
“You villain, I’ll dash out your brains,
’Tis no affair of state which brings

Me here—or business of the King's;
I'm come to seize you all as debtors,
And bind you fast in iron fetters,
From sight of every friend in town,
Till fifty pound's to me paid down."
—"Fifty!" quoth I, "a devilish sum;
But stay till the brass farthings come,
Then we shall all be rich as Jews,
From Castle down to lowest stews;
That sum shall to you then be told,
Though now we cannot furnish gold."
Quoth he, "thou vile mis-shapen beast,
Thou knave, am I become thy jest;
And dost thou think that I am come
To carry nought but farthings home!
Thou fool, I ne'er do things by halves,
Farthings are made for Irish slaves;
No brass for me, it must be gold,
Or fifty pounds in silver told,
That can by any means obtain
Freedom for thee and for thy train."
"Votre tres humble serviteur,
I'm not in jest," said I, "I'm sure,
But from the bottom of my belly,
I do in sober sadness tell you,
I thought it was good reasoning,
For us fictitious men to bring
Brass counters made by William Wood
Intrinsic as we flesh and blood;
Then since we are but mimic men,

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Pray let us pay in mimic coin.”
  Quoth he, “Thou lovest, Punch, to prate,
And couldst for ever hold debate;
But think’st thou I have nought to do
But to stand prating thus with you?
Therefore to stop your noisy parly,
I do at once assure you fairly,
That not a puppet of you all
Shall stir a step without this wall,
Nor merry Andrew beat thy drum,
Until you pay the foresaid sum.”
Then marching off with swiftest race
To write dispatches for his grace,
The revel-master left the room,
And us condemn’d to fatal doom.
Now, fair ones, if e’er I found grace,
Or if my jokes did ever please,
Use all your interest with your sec,[2]
(They say he’s at the ladies’ beck,)
And though he thinks as much of gold
As ever Midas[3] did of old:
Your charms I’m sure can never fail,
Your eyes must influence, must prevail;
At your command he’ll set us free,
Let us to you owe liberty.
Get us a license now to play,
And we’ll in duty ever pray.

[Footnote 1: Lord Chancellor Middleton, against whom a vote of censure passed in the House of Lords for delay of justice occasioned by his absence in England. It was instigated by Grafton, then Lord-Lieutenant, who had a violent quarrel at this time with Middleton.—*Scott.*]

[Footnote 2: Abridged from Secretary, *rythmi gratia.—Scott.*]

[Footnote 3: See Ovid, “Metam.” xi, 85; Martial, vi, 86.—*W. E. B.*]

EPIGRAM

Great folks are of a finer mould;
Lord! how politely they can scold!
While a coarse English tongue will itch,
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

EPIGRAM ON JOSIAH HORT[1]

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM, WHO, ON ONE OCCASION, LEFT HIS CHURCH DURING SERVICE IN ORDER TO WAIT ON THE DUKE OF DORSET[2]

Lord Pam[3] in the church (you'd you think it) kneel'd down;
When told that the Duke was just come to Town—
His station despising, unawed by the place,
He flies from his God to attend to his Grace.
To the Court it was better to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion.

[Footnote 1: See vol. i, "The Storm," at p. 242.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: Lionel Cranfield, first Duke of Dorset, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1730 to 1735.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: Pam, the cant name for the knave of clubs, from the French *Pamphile*. The person here intended was a famous B. known through the whole kingdom by the name of Lord Pam. He was a great enemy to all men of wit and learning, being himself the most ignorant as well as the most vicious P. of all who had ever been honoured with that Title from the days of the Apostles to the present year of the Christian Aera. He was promoted *non tam providentia divina quam temporum iniquitate E-scopus*. From a note in "The Toast," by Frederick Scheffer, written in Latin verse, done into English by Peregrine O Donald, Dublin and London, 1736.—*W. E. B.*]

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EPIGRAM[1]

Behold! a proof of *Irish* sense;
  Here *Irish* wit is seen!
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
  We build a magazine.

[Footnote 1: Swift, in his latter days, driving out with his physician, Dr. Kingsbury, observed a new building, and asked what it was designed for. On being told that it was a magazine for arms and powder, "Oh! Oh!" said the Dean, "This is worth remarking; my tablets, as Hamlet says, my tablets"—and taking out his pocket-book, he wrote the above epigram.—*W. E. B.*]

TRIFLES

GEORGE ROCHFORT'S VERSES
FOR THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S,
AT LARACOR, NEAR TRIM

MUSA CLONSHOGHIANA

That Downpatrick's Dean, or Patrick's down went,
Like two arrand Deans, two Deans errant I meant;
So that Christmas appears at Bellcampe like a Lent,
Gives the gamesters of both houses great discontent.
  Our parsons agree here, as those did at Trent,
Dan's forehead has got a most damnable dent,
Besides a large hole in his Michaelmas rent.
  But your fancy on rhyming so cursedly bent,
With your bloody ouns in one stanza pent;
Does Jack's utter ruin at picket prevent,
For an answer in specie to yours must be sent;
So this moment at crambo (not shuffling) is spent,
And I lose by this crotchet quaterze, point, and quint,
Which you know to a gamester is great bitterment;
But whisk shall revenge me on you, Batt, and Brent.
Bellcampe, January 1, 1717.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER[1]

TO DR. SHERIDAN, 1718

Delany reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue, That we both act the part of the clown and cow-dung; We lie cramming ourselves, and are ready to burst, Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.

Pudet haec opprobria, I freely must tell ye, *Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*
Though Delany advised you to plague me no longer, You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor[2]; I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score; How many to answer? One, two, three, or four, But, because the three former are long ago past, I shall, for method-sake, begin with the last. You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe, Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the rising blow. Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field, Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield.
So the French, when our generals soundly did pay them,
Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly, *Te Deum.*
So the famous Tom Leigh[3], when quite run a-ground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round:
In every vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our farther advances.

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

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I was in great haste, and the other hand was employed at the same time in writing some letters of business. September 20, 1718.—I will send you the rest when I have leisure: but pray come to dinner with the company you met here last.

[Footnote 1: The humour of this poem is partly lost, by the impossibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.—*H*.]

[Footnote 2: Bishop of Bangor. For an account of him, see “Prose Works,” v, 326.—*W. E. B*.]

[Footnote 3: Frequently mentioned by Swift in the Journal to Stella, “Prose Works,” ii, especially p. 404.—*W. E. B.*]

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK’S IN ANSWER TO HIS LEFT-HANDED LETTER

Since your poetic prancer is turn’d into Cancer,
I’ll tell you at once, sir, I’m now not your man, sir;
For pray, sir, what pleasure in fighting is found
With a coward, who studies to traverse his ground?
When I drew forth my pen, with your pen you ran back;
But I found out the way to your den by its track:
From thence the black monster I drew, o’ my conscience,
And so brought to light what before was stark nonsense.
When I with my right hand did stoutly pursue,
You turn’d to your left, and you writ like a Jew;
Which, good Mister Dean, I can’t think so fair,
Therefore turn about to the right, as you were;

Then if with true courage your ground you maintain,
My fame is immortal, when Jonathan's slain:
Who's greater by far than great Alexander,
As much as a teal surpasses a gander;
As much as a game-cock's excell'd by a sparrow;
As much as a coach is below a wheelbarrow:
As much and much more as the most handsome man
Of all the whole world is exceeded by Dan.
T. SHERIDAN.

This was written with that hand which in others is commonly called the left hand.

Oft have I been by poets told,
That, poor Jonathan, thou grow'st old.
Alas, thy numbers failing all,
Poor Jonathan, how they do fall!
Thy rhymes, which whilom made thy pride swell,
Now jingle like a rusty bridle:
Thy verse, which ran both smooth and sweet,
Now limp upon their gouty feet:
Thy thoughts, which were the true sublime,
Are humbled by the tyrant, Time:

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Alas! what cannot Time subdue?
Time has reduced my wine and you;
Emptied my casks, and clipp'd your wings,
Disabled both in our main springs;
So that of late we two are grown
The jest and scorn of all the town.
But yet, if my advice be ta'en,
We two may be as great again;
I'll send you wings, you send me wine;
Then you will fly, and I shall shine.

This was written with my right hand, at the same time with the other.

How does Melpy like this? I think I have vex'd her;
Little did she know, I was *ambidexter*.
T. SHERIDAN.

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN

REVEREND AND LEARNED SIR,

I am teacher of English, for want of a better, to a poor charity-school, in the lower end of St. Thomas's Street; but in my time I have been a Virgilian, though I am now forced to teach English, which I understood less than my own native language, or even than Latin itself: therefore I made bold to send you the enclosed, the fruit of my Muse, in hopes it may qualify me for the honour of being one of your most inferior Ushers: if you will vouchsafe to send me an answer, direct to me next door but one to the Harrow, on the left hand in Crocker's Lane.

I am yours,
Reverend Sir, to command,
PAT. REYLY.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim. HOR., *Epist*. II, i, 117

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM THOMAM SHERIDAN

Deliciae, Sheridan, Musarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,

Aequivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum,
Quae melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
Astitit; et dixit, mentis praesaga futurae,
Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grex hinc Paeonius venit, ecce, salutifer orbi;
Ast, illi causas orant: his insula visa est
Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.
  Natalis te horae non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius, expedias puero seu laetus Apollo
Nascenti arrisit; sive ilium frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.
  Quin tu alte penitusque latentia semina cernis
Quaeque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu saepe puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitat ignes.
  Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aere natus:
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
Pessundat: nam saepe vides in stipite matrem.
  Aureus at ramus, venerandae dona Sibyllae,
Aeneae sedes tantum patefecit Avernas;
Saepe puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
Et coelum, terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

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Ad te, doctissime Delany,
Pulsus a foribus Decani,
Confugiens edo querelam,
Pauper petens clientelam.
Petebam Swift doctum patronum,
Sed ille dedit nullum donum,
Neque cibum neque bonum.
Quaeris quam male sit stomacho num?
Iratus valde valde latrat,
Crumenicidam ferme patrat:
Quin ergo releves aegrotum,
Dato cibum, dato potum.
Ita in utrumvis oculum,
Dormiam bibens vestrum poculum.

Quaeso, Reverende Vir, digneris hanc epistolam inclusam cum versiculis perlegere, quam cum fastidio abjecit et respuebat Decanus ille (inquam) lepidissimus et Musarum et Apollinis comes.

Reverende Vir,

De vestra benignitate et clementia in frigore et fame exanimatos, nisi persuasum esset nobis, hanc epistolam reverentiae vestrae non scripsissem; quam profecto, quoniam eo es ingenio, in optimam accipere partem nullus dubito. Saevit Boreas, mugiunt procellae, dentibus invitis maxillae bellum gerunt. Nec minus, intestino depraeliantibus tumultu visceribus, classicum sonat venter. Ea nostra est conditio, haec nostra querela. Proh Deum atque hominum fidem! quare illi, cui ne libella nummi est, dentes, stomachum, viscera concessit natura? mehercule, nostro ludibrium debens corpori, frustra laboravit a patre voluntario exilio, qui macrum ligone macriorem reddit agellum. Huc usque evasi, ad te, quasi ad asylum, confugiens, quem nisi bene nossem succurrere potuisse, mehercule, neque fores vestras pultussem, neque limina tetigissem. Quam longum iter famelicus peregi! nudus, egenus, esuriens, perhorrescens, despectus, mendicans; sunt lacrymae rerum et mentem carnaria tangunt. In via nullum fuit solatium praeterquam quod Horatium, ubi macros in igne turdos versat, perlegi. Catii dapes, Maecenatis convivium, ita me pictura pascens inani, saepius volvebam. Quid non mortalium pectora cogit Musarum sacra fames? Haec omnia, quae nostra fuit necessitas, curavi ut scires; nunc re experiar quid dabis, quid negabis. Vale.

Vivitur parvo male, sed canebat
Flaccus ut parvo bene: quod negamus:
Pinguis et laute saturatus ille
    Ridet inanes.

Pace sic dicam liceat poetae
Nobilis laeti salibus faceti
Usque jocundi, lepide jocantis
    Non sine cura.

Quis potest versus (meditans merendam,
Prandium, coenam) numerare? quis non
Quot panes pistor locat in fenestra
    Dicere mallet?

Ecce jejunus tibi venit unus;
Latrat ingenti stomachus furore;
Quaeso digneris renovare fauces,
    Docte Patrone.

Vestiant lanae tenues libellos,
Vestiant panni dominum trementem,
Aedibus vestris trepidante penna
    Musa propinquat.

Nuda ne fiat, renovare vestes
Urget, et nunquam tibi sic molestam
Esse promittit, nisi sit coacta
    Frigore iniquo.

Si modo possem! Vetat heu pudor me
Plura, sed praestat rogitare plura,
An dabis binos digitos crumenae im-
    ponere vestrae?

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TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK’S

Dear Sir, Since you in humble wise
  Have made a recantation,
From your low bended knees arise;
  I hate such poor prostration.

’Tis bravery that moves the brave,
  As one nail drives another;
If you from me would mercy have,
  Pray, Sir, be such another.

You that so long maintain’d the field
  With true poetic vigour;
Now you lay down your pen and yield,
  You make a wretched figure.

Submit, but do’t with sword in hand,
  And write a panegyric
Upon the man you cannot stand;
  I’ll have it done in lyric:

That all the boys I teach may sing
  The achievements of their Chiron;
What conquests my stern looks can bring
  Without the help of iron.

A small goose-quill, yclep’d a pen,
  From magazine of standish
Drawn forth, ’s more dreadful to the Dean,
  Than any sword we brandish.

My ink’s my flash, my pen’s my bolt;
  Whene’er I please to thunder,
I’ll make you tremble like a colt,
  And thus I’ll keep you under.
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK’S

Dear Dean, I’m in a sad condition,
  I cannot see to read or write;

Pity the darkness of thy Priscian,
  Whose days are all transform’d to night.

My head, though light, ’s a dungeon grown,
  The windows of my soul are closed;
Therefore to sleep I lay me down,
  My verse and I are both composed.

Sleep, did I say? that cannot be;
  For who can sleep, that wants his eyes?
My bed is useless then to me,
  Therefore I lay me down to rise.

Unnumber’d thoughts pass to and fro
  Upon the surface of my brain;
In various maze they come and go,
  And come and go again.

So have you seen in sheet burnt black,
  The fiery sparks at random run;
Now here, now there, some turning back
  Some ending where they just begun.
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

AN ANSWER, BY DELANY, TO THOMAS SHERIDAN

Dear Sherry, I’m sorry for your bloodsheded sore eye,
And the more I consider your case, still the more I
Regret it, for see how the pain on’t has wore ye.
Besides, the good Whigs, who strangely adore ye,
In pity cry out, “He’s a poor blinded Tory.”
But listen to me, and I’ll soon lay before ye
A sovereign cure well attested in Gory.
First wash it with *ros*, that makes dative *rori*,
Then send for three leeches, and let them all gore ye;
Then take a cordial dram to restore ye,
Then take Lady Judith, and walk a fine boree,
Then take a glass of good claret *ex more*,
Then stay as long as you can *ab uxore*;
And then if friend Dick[1] will but ope your back-door,

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he
Will quickly dispel the black clouds that hang o’er ye,
And make you so bright, that you’ll sing tory rory,
And make a new ballad worth ten of John Dory:
(Though I work your cure, yet he’ll get the glory.)
I’m now in the back school-house, high up one story,
Quite weary with teaching, and ready to *mori*.
My candle’s just out too, no longer I’ll pore ye,
But away to Clem Barry’s,[2]—there’s an end of my story.

[Footnote 1: Dr. Richard Helsham.]

[Footnote 2: See “The Country Life,” i, 140.]

A REPLY, BY SHERIDAN, TO DELANY

I like your collyrium,
Take my eyes, sir, and clear ye ’um,
’Twill gain you a great reputation;
By this you may rise,
Like the doctor so wise,[1]
Who open’d the eyes of the nation.

And these, I must tell ye,
Are bigger than its belly;—
You know, there’s in Livy a story
Of the hands and the feet
Denying of meat,—
Don’t I write in the dark like a Tory?

Your water so far goes,
’Twould serve for an Argus,
Were all his whole hundred sore;
So many we read
He had in his head,
Or Ovid’s a son of a whore.

For your recipe, sir,
May my lids never stir,
If ever I think once to fee you;
For I’d have you to know,

When abroad I can go,
  That it’s honour enough, if I see you.

[Footnote 1: Probably Dr. Davenant.]

ANOTHER REPLY, BY SHERIDAN

My pedagogue dear, I read with surprise
Your long sorry rhymes, which you made on my eyes;
As the Dean of St. Patrick’s says, earth, seas, and skies!
I cannot lie down, but immediately rise,
To answer your stuff and the Doctor’s likewise.
Like a horse with a gall, I’m pester’d with flies,
But his head and his tail new succour supplies,
To beat off the vermin from back, rump, and thighs.
The wing of a goose before me now lies,
Which is both shield and sword for such weak enemies.
Whoever opposes me, certainly dies,
Though he were as valiant as Conde or Guise.
The women disturb me a-crying of pies,
With a voice twice as loud as a horse when he neighs.
By this, Sir, you find, should we rhyme for a prize,
That I’d gain cloth of gold, when you’d scarce merit frize.

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN

Dear Tom, I’m surprised that your verse did not jingle;
But your rhyme was not double, ’cause your sight was but single.
For, as Helsham observes, there’s nothing can chime,
Or fit more exact than one eye and one rhyme.
If you had not took physic, I’d pay off your bacon,
But now I’ll write short, for fear you’re short-taken.
Besides, Dick[1] forbid me, and call’d me a fool;
For he says, short as ’tis, it will give you a stool.

BOOKRAGS

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In libris bellis, tu parum parcis ocellis;
Dum nimium scribis, vel talpa caecior ibis,
Aut ad vina redis, nam sic tua lumina laedis:
Sed tibi coenanti sunt collyria tanti?
Nunquid eges visu, dum comples omnia risu?
Heu Sheridan caecus, heu eris nunc cercopithecus.
Nunc bene nasutus mittet tibi carmina tutus:
Nunc ope Burgundi, malus Helsham ridet abunda,
Nec Phoebe fili versum quis[2] mittere Ryly.
Quid tibi cum libris? relavet tua lumina Tybris[3]
Mixtus Saturno;[4] penso sed parce diurno
Observes hoc tu, nec scriptis utere noctu.
Nonnulli mingunt et palpebras sibi tingunt.
Quidam purgantes, libros in stercore nantes
Lingunt; sic vinces videndo, mi bone, lynces.
Culum oculum tergis, dum scripta hoc flumine mergis;
Tunc oculi et nates, ni fallor, agent tibi grates.
Vim fuge Decani, nec sit tibi cura Delani:
Heu tibi si scribant, aut si tibi fercula libant,
Pone loco mortis, rapis fera pocula fortis
Haec tibi pauca dedi, sed consule Betty my Lady,
Huic te des solae, nec egebis pharmacopolae.
Haec somnians cecini,

JON. SWIFT.

Oct. 23, 1718.

[Footnote 1: Dr. Richard Helsham.]

[Footnote 2: Pro potes.—*Horat.*]

[Footnote 3: Pro quovis fluvio.—*Virg.*]

[Footnote 4: Saccharo Saturni.]

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN, IN REPLY

Tom, for a goose you keep but base quills,
They’re fit for nothing else but pasquils.

I’ve often heard it from the wise,
That inflammations in the eyes
Will quickly fall upon the tongue,
And thence, as famed John Bunyan sung,
From out the pen will presently
On paper dribble daintily.
Suppose I call’d you goose, it is hard
One word should stick thus in your gizzard.
You’re my goose, and no other man’s;
And you know, all my geese are swans:
Only one scurvy thing I find,
Swans sing when dying, geese when blind.
But now I smoke where lies the slander,—
I call’d you goose instead of gander;
For that, dear Tom, ne’er fret and vex,
I’m sure you cackle like the sex.
I know the gander always goes
With a quill stuck across his nose:
So your eternal pen is still
Or in your claw, or in your bill.
But whether you can tread or hatch,
I’ve something else to do than watch.
As for your writing I am dead,
I leave it for the second head.

Deanery-House, Oct. 27, 1718.

AN ANSWER BY SHERIDAN

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Perlegi versus versos, Jonathan bone, tersos;
Perlepidos quidem; scribendo semper es idem.
Laudibus extollo te, tu mihi magnus Apollo;
Tu frater Phoebus, oculis collyria praebes,
Ne minus insanae reparas quoque damna Dianae,
Quae me percussit radiis (nec dixeris ussit)
Frigore collecto; medicus moderamine tecto
Lodicem binum premit, atque negat mihi vinum.
O terra et coelum! quam redit pectus anhelum.
Os mihi jam siccum, liceat mihi bibere dic cum?
Ex vestro grato poculo, tam saepe prolato,
Vina crepant: sales ostendet quis mihi tales?
Lumina, vos sperno, dum cuppae gaudia cerno:
Perdere etenim pellem nostram, quoque crura mavellem.
  Amphora, quam dulces risus queis pectora mulces,
Pangitur a Flacco, cum pectus turget Iaccho:
Clarius evohe ingeminans geminatur et ohe;
Nempe jocosa propago, haesit sic vocis imago.

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718

Whate’er your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence;
But as to comic Aristophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand,[1] just where the New Pole[2] is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.
Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old comedians.
  Proceed to tragics: first Euripides
(An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly censured by the Stagirite,
Who says, his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much he swears the very best piece is,

For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's;
And that a woman in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.
At least I'm well assured, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Eschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
  And now I find my Muse but ill able,
To hold out longer in trissyllable.
I chose those rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

[Footnote 1: N.B.—The Strand in London. The fact may not be true; but the rhyme cost me some trouble.—*Swift*.]

[Footnote 2: The Maypole. See "The Dunciad," ii, 28. Pope's "Works," Elwin and Courthope, vol. iv.]

THE ANSWER, BY DR. SHERIDAN

Sir,

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I thank you for your comedies.
I'll stay and read 'em now at home a-days,
Because Parcus wrote but sorrily
Thy notes, I'll read Lambinus thoroughly;
And then I shall be stoutly set a-gog
To challenge every Irish Pedagogue.
I like your nice epistle critical,
Which does in threefold rhymes so witty fall;
Upon the comic dram' and tragedy
Your notion's right, but verses maggotty;
'Tis but an hour since I heard a man swear it,
The Devil himself could hardly answer it.
As for your friend the sage Euripides,
I[1] believe you give him now the slip o' days;
But mum for that—pray come a Saturday
And dine with me, you can't a better day:
I'll give you nothing but a mutton chop,
Some nappy mellow'd ale with rotten hop,
A pint of wine as good as Falern',
Which we poor masters, God knows, all earn;
We'll have a friend or two, sir, at table,
Right honest men, for few're comeatable;
Then when our liquor makes us talkative,
We'll to the fields, and take a walk at eve.
  Because I'm troubled much with laziness,
  These rhymes I've chosen for their easiness.

[Footnote 1: N.B.—You told me you forgot your Greek.]

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT 1718

Dear Dean, since in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, sir, a-tossing and turning.
You'll find if you read but a few of your histories,
All women, as Eve, all women are mysteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the sex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them;
I swear without jest I an honour intend them.
In a sieve, sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before; do you know what I mean, sir?

“Not I, by my troth, sir.”—Then read it again, sir.
The reason I send you these lines of rhymes double,
Is purely through pity, to save you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last,
When your Pegasus canter’d in triple, and rid fast.
  As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phoebus’s leave, to run with his asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery steed is whipp’d, spurr’d, bastinaded.

THE DEAN’S ANSWER

In reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crack’d,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.
  A woman’s no sieve, (for with that you begin,)
Because she lets out more than e’er she takes in.
And that she’s a riddle can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But grant her a sieve, I can say something archer;
Pray what is a man? he’s a fine linen searcher.
Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid,[1] was the first man’s damnation?
If your worship will please to explain me this rebus,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phoebus.

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From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11, 1718, past 12 at noon.

[Footnote 1: A damsel, *i.e.*, *Adam's Hell*.—*H.* Vir Gin.—*Dublin Edition.*]

DR. SHERIDAN'S REPLY TO THE DEAN

Don't think these few lines which I send, a reproach,
From my Muse in a car, to your Muse in a coach.
The great god of poems delights in a car,
Which makes him so bright that we see him from far;
For, were he mew'd up in a coach, 'tis allow'd
We'd see him no more than we see through a cloud.
  You know to apply this—I do not disparage
Your lines, but I say they're the worse for the carriage.
  Now first you deny that a woman's a sieve;
I say that she is: What reason d'ye give?
Because she lets out more than she takes in.
Is't that you advance for't? you are still to begin.
Your major and minor I both can refute,
I'll teach you hereafter with whom to dispute.
A sieve keeps in half, deny't if you can.
D. "Adzucks, I mistook it, who thought of the bran?"
I tell you in short, sir, you[1] should have a pair o' stocks
For thinking to palm on your friend such a paradox.
Indeed, I confess, at the close you grew better,
But you light from your coach when you finish'd your letter.
Your thing which you say wants interpretation,
What's name for a maiden—the first man's damnation?
A damsel—Adam's hell—ay, there I have hit it,
Just as you conceived it, just so have I writ it.
Since this I've discover'd, I'll make you to know it,
That now I'm your Phoebus, and you are my poet.
But if you interpret the two lines that follow,
I'll again be your poet, and you my Apollo.
Why a noble lord's dog, and my school-house this weather,
Make up the best catch when they're coupled together?

From my Ringsend car, Sept. 12, 1718, past 5 in the morning, on a repetition day.

[Footnote 1: Begging pardon for the expression to a dignitary of thechurch.—*S.*]

TO THE SAME. BY DR. SHERIDAN

12 o’Clock at Noon Sept. 12, 1718.

SIR,
Perhaps you may wonder, I send you so soon
Another epistle; consider ’tis noon.
For all his acquaintance well know that friend Tom is,
Whenever he makes one, as good as his promise.
Now Phoebus exalted, sits high on his throne,
Dividing the heav’ns, dividing my crown,
Into poems and business, my skull’s split in two,
One side for the lawyers, and t’other for you.
With my left eye, I see you sit snug in your stall,
With my right I’m attending the lawyers that scrawl
With my left I behold your bellower a cur chase;
With my right I’m a-reading my deeds for a purchase.
My left ear’s attending the hymns of the choir,
My right ear is stunn’d with the noise of the crier.
My right hand’s inditing these lines to your reverence,
My left is indenting for me and heirs ever-hence.
Although in myself I’m divided in two,
Dear Dean, I shall ne’er be divided from you.

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THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S

TO THOMAS SHERIDAN

SIR, I cannot but think that we live in a bad age, *O tempora, O mores!* as 'tis in the adage. My foot was but just set out from my cathedral, When into my hands comes a letter from the droll. I can't pray in quiet for you and your verses; But now let us hear what the Muse from your car says.

Hum—excellent good—your anger was stirr'd;
Well, punners and rhymers must have the last word. But let me advise you, when next I hear from you, To leave off this passion which does not become you; For we who debate on a subject important, Must argue with calmness, or else will come short on't.
For myself, I protest, I care not a fiddle,
For a riddle and sieve, or a sieve and a riddle;
And think of the sex as you please, I'd as lieve
You call them a riddle, as call them a sieve.
Yet still you are out, (though to vex you I'm loth,)
For I'll prove it impossible they can be both;
A school-boy knows this, for it plainly appears
That a sieve dissolves riddles by help of the shears;
For you can't but have heard of a trick among wizards,
To break open riddles with shears or with scissars.

Think again of the sieve, and I'll hold you a wager,
You'll dare not to question my minor or major.[1]
A sieve keeps half in, and therefore, no doubt,
Like a woman, keeps in less than it lets out.
Why sure, Mr. Poet, your head got a-jar,
By riding this morning too long in your car:
And I wish your few friends, when they next see your cargo,
For the sake of your senses would lay an embargo.
You threaten the stocks; I say you are scurrilous
And you durst not talk thus, if I saw you at our ale-house.
But as for your threats, you may do what you can
I despise any poet that truckled to Dan
But keep a good tongue, or you'll find to your smart
From rhyming in cars, you may swing in a cart.
You found out my rebus with very much modesty;
But thanks to the lady; I'm sure she's too good to ye:
Till she lent you her help, you were in a fine twitter;
You hit it, you say;—you're a delicate hitter.
How could you forget so ungratefully a lass,
And if you be my Phoebus, pray who was your Pallas?

As for your new rebus, or riddle, or crux,

I will either explain, or repay it by trucks; Though your lords, and your dogs, and your catches, methinks, Are harder than ever were put by the Sphinx. And thus I am fully revenged for your late tricks, Which is all at present from the

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

From my closet, Sept, 12, 1718, just 12 at noon.

[Footnote 1: Ut tu perperam argumentaris.—*Scott.*]

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S

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SIR,
Your Billingsgate Muse methinks does begin
With much greater noise than a conjugal din.
A pox of her bawling, her *tempora et mores!*
What are times now to me; a'nt I one of the Tories?
You tell me my verses disturb you at prayers;
Oh, oh, Mr. Dean, are you there with your bears?
You pray, I suppose, like a Heathen, to Phoebus,
To give his assistance to make out my rebus:
Which I don't think so fair; leave it off for the future;
When the combat is equal, this God should be neuter.
I'm now at the tavern, where I drink all I can,
To write with more spirit; I'll drink no more Helicon;
For Helicon is water, and water is weak;
'Tis wine on the gross lee, that makes your Muse speak.
This I know by her spirit and life; but I think
She's much in the wrong to scold in her drink.
Her damn'd pointed tongue pierced almost to my heart;
Tell me of a cart,—tell me of a ——,
I'd have you to tell on both sides her ears,
If she comes to my house, that I'll kick her down stairs:
Then home she shall limping go, squalling out, O my knee;
You shall soon have a crutch to buy for your Melpomene.
You may come as her bully, to bluster and swagger;
But my ink is my poison, my pen is my dagger:
Stand off, I desire, and mark what I say to you,
If you come I will make your Apollo shine through you.
Don't think, sir, I fear a Dean, as I would fear a dun;
Which is all at present from yours,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

THE DEAN TO THOMAS SHERIDAN

SIR,
When I saw you to-day, as I went with Lord Anglesey,
Lord, said I, who's that parson, how awkwardly dangles he!
When whip you trot up, without minding your betters,
To the very coach side, and threaten your letters.
Is the poison [and dagger] you boast in your jaws, trow?
Are you still in your cart with *convitia ex plaustro*?
But to scold is your trade, which I soon should be foil'd in,
For scolding is just *quasi diceres*—school-din:
And I think I may say, you could many good shillings get,

Were you drest like a bawd, and sold oysters at Billingsgate;
But coach it or cart it, I'd have you know, sirrah,
I'll write, though I'm forced to write in a wheelbarrow;
Nay, hector and swagger, you'll still find me stanch,
And you and your cart shall give me *carte blanche*.
Since you write in a cart, keep it *tecta et sarta*,
'Tis all you have for it; 'tis your best Magna Carta;
And I love you so well, as I told you long ago,
That I'll ne'er give my vote for *Delenda Cart-ago*.
Now you write from your cellar, I find out your art,
You rhyme as folks fence, in *tierce* and in *cart*:
Your ink is your poison, your pen is what not;
Your ink is your drink, your pen is your pot.

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To my goddess Melpomene, pride of her sex,
I gave, as you beg, your most humble respects:
The rest of your compliment I dare not tell her,
For she never descends so low as the cellar;
But before you can put yourself under her banners,
She declares from her throne you must learn better manners.
If once in your cellar my Phoebus should shine,
I tell you I'd not give a fig for your wine;
So I'll leave him behind, for I certainly know it, What he ripens above ground, he sours below it. But why should we fight thus, my partner so dear With three hundred and sixty-five poems a-year? Let's quarrel no longer, since Dan and George Rochfort Will laugh in their sleeves: I can tell you they watch for't. Then George will rejoice, and Dan will sing highday: Hoc Ithacus velit, et magni mercentur Atridae.
JON. SWIFT.

Written, signed, and sealed, five minutes and eleven seconds after the receipt of yours, allowing seven seconds for sealing and superscribing, from my bed-side, just eleven minutes after eleven, Sept. 15, 1718.

Erratum in your last, 1. antepenult, pro "fear a *Dun*" lege "fear a *Dan*:" ita omnes MSS. quos ego legi, et ita magis congruum tam sensui quam veritati.

TO DR. SHERIDAN[1]

Dec. 14, 1719, Nine at night.
SIR,

It is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain English tell us so?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies[2] this night.

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you; and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanery; and the boy here had not been sent, to let Alexander know I was here, I should have missed the letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mrs. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wish Alexander safe at St. Catherine's to-night, with all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour:

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would present my humble service to my Lady Mountcashel; but truly I thought she would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

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1 P.S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
Much plague it created. I scolded and rated;
My soul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated: the case I have stated;
And me you have cheated. My stable's unslated.
Come back t'us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wish you translated,
For teasing me.

2 P.S.

Mrs. Dingley desires me singly
Her service to present you; hopes that will content you;
But Johnson madam is grown a sad dame,
For want of your converse, and cannot send one verse.

3 P.S.

You keep such a twattling with you and your bottling;
But I see the sum total, we shall ne'er have a bottle;
The long and the short, we shall not have a quart,
I wish you would sign't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing,[3] I'd be glad for a knoggin:[4]
But I doubt 'tis a sham; you won't give us a dram.
'Tis of shine a mouth moon-ful, you won't part with a spoonful,
And I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble,
You see I won't stop, till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum, is a poor supernaculum;
Though perhaps you may tell it, for a grace if we smell it.
STELLA.

[Footnote 1: In this letter, though written in prose, the reader, upon examining, will find each second sentence rhymes to the former.—*H.*]

[Footnote 2: Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.—*F.*]

[Footnote 3: A phrase used in Ireland for a specious appearance of kindness without sincerity.—*F.*]

[Footnote 4: A name used in Ireland for the English quartern.—*F.*]

DR. SHERIDAN'S ANSWER

I'd have you to know, as sure as you're Dean,
On Thursday my cask of Obrien I'll drain;
If my wife is not willing, I say she's a quean;
And my right to the cellar, egad, I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
Go tell her it over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For, should it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguish my poetic vein;
And then I should be as stupid as Kain,
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd but twain.
Now Wardel's in haste, and begins to complain;
Your most humble servant, dear Sir, I remain,
T. S.—N.

Get Helsham, Walmsley, Delany,
And some Grattans, if there be any:[1]
Take care you do not bid too many.

[Footnote 1: *I.e.* in Dublin, for they were country clergy.—*F.*]

DR. SWIFT'S REPLY

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The verses you sent on the bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I must confess, as a dean and divine,
I think you inspired by the Muses all nine.
I nicely examined them every line,
And the worst of them all like a barn-door did shine;
O, that Jove would give me such a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked design;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
You would really on Thursday leave St. Catharine,[1]
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a swine;
With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,
Nor after your victuals lie sleeping supine;
So I wish you were toothless, like Lord Masserine.
But were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,[2]
I wish you would tell me which way you incline.
If when you return your road you don't line,
On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In square, or in opposite, circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thursday be salter than brine;
I hope you have swill'd with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan shall be with us with nose aquiline.
If you do not come back we shall weep out our eyne;
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got I hear is a chine;
But if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine;
I hope you will not think this a pasquine.

[Footnote 1: The seat of Lady Mountcashel, near Dublin.—*F.*]

[Footnote 2: Pietro Aretino (1492-1557), an Italian poet noted for his satirical and licentious verse,—*W. E. B.*]

A COPY OF A COPY OF VERSES FROM THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK, TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.[1]

Written July 15, 1721, at night.

I’d have you t’ know, George, Dan, Dean, and Nim,
That I’ve learned how verse t’ compose trim,
Much better b’half th’n you, n’r you, n’r him,
And that I’d rid’cule their’nd your flam-flim.
Ay b’t then, p’rhaps, says you, t’s a merry whim,
With ‘bundance of mark’d notes i’ th’ rim,
So th’t I ought n’t for t’ be morose ‘nd t’ look grim,
Think n’t your ‘p’stle put m’ in a megrim;
Though ’n rep’t’t’on day, I ‘ppear ver’ slim,
Th’ last bowl’t Helsham’s did m’ head t’ swim,
So th’t I h’d man’ aches ’n v’ry scrubb’d limb,
Cause th’ top of th’ bowl I h’d oft us’d t’ skim;
And b’sides D’lan’ swears th’t I h’d swall’w’d s’v’r’l brim-
Mers, ’nd that my vis’ge’s cov’r’d o’er with r’d pim-
Ples: m’r’o’er though m’ scull were (’s ’tis n’t) ’s strong’s tim-
Ber, ‘t must have ach’d. Th’ clans of th’ c’llege Sanh’drim,
Pres’nt the’r humbl’ and ‘fect’nate respects; that’s t’ say,
    D’ln’, ‘chlin, P. Ludl’, Dic’ St’wart, H’lsham, Capt’n
    P’rr’ Walmsl’, ’nd Long sh’nks Timm.[2]

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[Footnote 1: For the persons here alluded to see “The Country Life,” vol. i, p. 137.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: Dr. James Stopford, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.]

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN’S ANSWER

Dear Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulstown lads (for such they are)
Besides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the smoothness of thy lines:
Smooth as our basin’s silver flood,
Ere George had robb’d it of its mud;
Smoother than Pegasus’ old shoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we set our a—s,
Is not so smooth as are thy verses;
Compared with which (and that’s enough)
A smoothing-iron itself is rough.
  Nor praise I less that circumcision,
By modern poets call’d elision,
With which, in proper station placed,
Thy polish’d lines are firmly braced.[1]
Thus a wise tailor is not pinching,
But turns at every seam an inch in:
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne’er be smooth, nor hold their stitches.
Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
When smooth’d by rubbing them together;
Thy words so closely wedged and short are,
Like walls, more lasting without mortar;
By leaving out the needless vowels,
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each grooved and dovetail’d like a box;
Thy muse is tuckt up and succinct;
In chains thy syllables are linkt;
Thy words together tied in small hanks,
Close as the Macedonian phalanx;[2]
Or like the *umbo*[3] of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic, to his grief will find,
How firmly these indentures bind.

So, in the kindred painter's art,
The shortening is the nicest part.
  Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to show their learned labour, you
May backward be perused like Hebrew,
In which they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and measure join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty;
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the close,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.[4]

[Footnote 1: In the Dublin edition:
  "Makes thy verse smooth, and makes them last."]

[Footnote 2: For a clear description of the phalanx, see Smith's "Greek and Roman Antiquities," p. 488.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: The projection in the centre of the shield, which caused the missiles of the enemy to glance off. See Smith, as above, p. 298.—*W. E. B.*]

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[Footnote 4: See *post*, the poems on Dan Jackson's Picture.—*W. E. B.*]

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN

Gaulstown, Aug. 2, 1721.

Dear Tom, this verse, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the end's good metre, Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation comes, your friends you'd meet here. For why should you stay in that filthy hole, I mean the city so smoky, When you have not one friend left in town, or at least not one that's witty, to joke w' ye? For as for honest John,[1] though I'm not sure on't, yet I'll be hang'd, lest he Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that great peer the Lord Anglesey.[2] O! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may have one come to town, but I don't know whether he be friend or foe, Delany: But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know there's no delaying ye. O! I forgot too: I believe there may be one more, I mean that great fat joker, friend Helsham, he That wrote the prologue,[3] and if you stay with him, depend on't, in the end, he'll sham ye. Bring down Longshanks Jim[4] too; but, now I think on't, he's not yet come from Courtown,[5] I fancy; For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there a-courting sly Nancy. However, bring down yourself, and you bring down all; for, to say it we may venture, In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's jokes, and the soft soul of amorous Jemmy, centre.

POSTSCRIPT

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a gun, and own it; I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can boast of, your own spirit of pun, and own wit. And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which I must say is (though written somewhat at large) trim and clean; And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual
  Your most dutiful and obedient

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

[Footnote 1: Supposed to mean Dr. Walmsley.—*F.*]

[Footnote 2: Arthur, Earl of Anglesey.—*Scott.*]

[Footnote 3: It was customary with Dr. Sheridan to have a Greek play acted by his head class, just before they entered the university; and, accordingly, in the year 1720, the Doctor having fixed on Hippolytus, writ a prologue in English, to be spoken by Master Thom. Putland, one of the youngest children he had in his school. The prologue was very neat and elegant, but extremely puerile, and quite adapted to the childhood of the speaker, who as regularly was taught and rehearsed his part as any of the upper lads

did theirs. However, it unfortunately happened that Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, had promised Sheridan that he would go and see his lads perform the tragedy. Upon which Dr. Helsham writ another prologue, wherein he laughed egregiously at Sheridan's;

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and privately instructed Master Putland how to act his part; and at the same time exacted a promise from the child, that no consideration should make him repeat that prologue which he had been taught by Sheridan. When the play was to be acted, the archbishop attended according to his promise; and Master Putland began Helsham's prologue, and went through it to the amazement of Sheridan; which fired him to such a degree (although he was one of the best-natured men in the world) that he would have entirely put off the play, had it not been in respect to the archbishop, who was indeed highly complimented in Helsham's performance. When the play was over, the archbishop was very desirous to hear Sheridan's prologue; but all the entreaties of the archbishop, the child's father, and Sheridan, could not prevail with Master Putland to repeat it, having, he said, promised faithfully that he would not, upon any account whatever; and therefore insisted that he would keep his word.—*F.*]

[Footnote 4: Dr. James Stopford, Bishop of Cloyne.—*F.*]

[Footnote 5: The seat of —— Hussay, Esq., in the county of Kildare.—*F.*]

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE VERSES. BY DR. DELANY IN SHERIDAN'S NAME[1]

Hail, human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as wight Briareus![2]
Hail! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-bodied Geryon![3]
O may your vastness deign t' excuse
The praises of a puny Muse,
Unable, in her utmost flight,
To reach thy huge colossian height!
T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.
  Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
Thy vast, thy bold Cambysian[4] vein,
Pour'd out t' enrich thy native isle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
O, how I joy to see thee wander,
In many a winding loose meander,
In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall!

Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majesty combine;
Where every line, as huge as seven,
If stretch’d in length, would reach to Heaven:
Here all comparing would be slandering,
The least is more than Alexandrine.
  Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
He whets his envious scythe in vain;
For though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.
  Thou hast alone the skill to feast
With Roman elegance of taste,
Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
As Pompey’s caterer of courses.
  O thou, of all the Nine inspired!
My languid soul, with teaching tired,
How is it raptured, when it thinks
Of thy harmonious set of chinks;
Each answering each in various rhymes,
Like echo to St. Patrick’s chimes!
  Thy Muse, majestic in her rage,
Moves like Statira[5] on the stage;

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And scarcely can one page sustain
The length of such a flowing train:
Her train of variegated dye
Shows like Thaumantia's[6] in the sky;
Alike they glow, alike they please,
Alike imprest by Phoebus' rays.
  Thy verse—(Ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what shall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft heard spoke on,
The famous statue of Laocoon.
'Tis like,—O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long, long string, with which you fly kite.
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo[7] in good humour;
And every couplet thou hast writ
Concludes with Rhattah-whittah-whit.[8]

[Footnote 1: These were written all in circles, one within another, as appears from the observations in the following poem by Dr. Swift.—*F.*]

[Footnote 2: The hundred-armed giant, "centumgeminus Briareus," Virg., "Aen.," vi, 287; also called Aegaeon, "centum cui brachia dicunt," Virg., "Aen.," x, 565; see Heyne's notes.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: A mythic king, having three bodies, whose arms were carried off by Hercules.—Lucr., v, 28, and Munro's note; Virg. "Aen.," vii, 662, and viii, 202:

"maxumus ultor
Tergemini nece Geryonae spoliisque superbus
Alcides aderat taurosque hac victor agebat
Ingentis, vallemque boves amnemque tenebant."—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 4: Cambyses, the warrior king of Persia, whose name is the emblem of bravado.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 5: Represented as the perfection of female beauty in "Cassandra," a romance by La Calprenede, romancier et auteur dramatique, 1610-1663,—*Larousse.*—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 6: Iris, daughter of Thaumas, and the messenger of Juno, descending and returning on the rainbow.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 7: At Gaulstown there is so famous an echo, that if you repeat two lines of Virgil out of a speaking-trumpet, you may hear the nymph return them to your ear with great propriety and clearness.—*F.*]

[Footnote 8: These words allude to their amusements with the echo, having no other signification but to express the sound of stones when beaten one against the other, returned by the echo.—*F.*]

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN UPON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES BY DR. SWIFT

It never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions were sent to their betters,
And, as to the subject, our judgment, *meherc'le*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verses; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The segment so large 'twixt your reason and rhyme is,
That we walk all about, like a horse in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your measures of line by a quadrant.

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But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd metre,
In each single verse, took up a diameter.
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre?[1]
'Twill appear to your cost, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand.
The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegasus, fix'd in a tether,
As his betters are used, shall be lash'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the string.
Will Hancock declares, you are out of your compass,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombast;
And has taken just now a firm resolution
To answer your style without circumlocution.
  Lady Betty[2] presents you her service most humble,
And is not afraid your worship will grumble,
That she make of your verses a hoop for Miss Tam.[3]
Which is all at present; and so I remain—

[Footnote 1: There were four human figures in the centre of the circular verses.—*F.*]

[Footnote 2: Daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochfort, Esq. —*F.*]

[Footnote 3: Miss Thomason, Lady Betty's daughter, then, perhaps, about a year old; afterwards married to Gustavus Lambert, Esq., of Paynstown, in the county of Meath. —*Scott.*]

ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORT

With music and poetry equally blest,
A bard thus Apollo most humbly addrest:
"Great author of harmony, verses, and light!
Assisted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day,
My verse is neglected, my tunes thrown away.
Thy substitute here, Vice Apollo, disdains
To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains;
Thy manual signet refuses to put
To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.

Be thou then propitious, great Phoebus! and grant
Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
Though the Dean and Delany transcendently shine,
O brighten one solo or sonnet of mine!
With them I'm content thou shouldst make thy abode;
But visit thy servant in jig or in ode;
Make one work immortal: 'tis all I request."
  Apollo look'd pleased; and, resolving to jest,
Replied, "Honest friend, I've consider'd thy case;
Nor dislike thy well-meaning and humorous face.
Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great;
Thy works shall continue; and here's the receipt.
On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-strings spend:
Write verses in circles: they never shall end."

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE, CUT IN SILK AND PAPER[1]

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To fair Lady Betty Dan sat for his picture,
And defied her to draw him so oft as he piqued her,
He knew she'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.
Come sit, says my lady; then whips up her scissar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, sir.
Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprise
How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit,
That his thin lantern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty observed it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin:
And, to make roasted silk to resemble his raw-bone,
She raised up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose;
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.
  Well, that's but my outside, says Dan, with a vapour;
Say you so? says my lady; I've lined it with paper.

PATR. DELANY *sculpsit*.

[Footnote 1: See vol. i, p. 96. Dan Jackson's nose seems to have been a favourite subject for raillery, as in this and some following pieces.—*W. E. B.*]

ON THE SAME PICTURE

Clarissa draws her scissars from the case
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face;
One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin,
A nick produced a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in tailor's measure you have seen.
But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which gray worsted stocking paint supplies.
Th' unravell'd thread through needle's eye convey'd,
Transferr'd itself into his pasteboard head.
How came the scissars to be thus outdone?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan—
You'll swear the pasteboard was the better man.
"The devil!" says he, "the head is not so full!"
Indeed it is—behold the paper skull.

THO. SHERIDAN *sculp.*

ON THE SAME

If you say this was made for friend Dan, you belie it,
I'll swear he's so like it that he was made by it.

THO. SHERIDAN *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE

Dan's evil genius in a trice
Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Chloe, observing this disgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G—, says Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. ROCHFORT *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE

Whilst you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern sapphic;

I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

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But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in English, French, and Scotch for't,
At last I'm fairly forced to botch for't.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre?

I must confess, that as to me, sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
I now could safely swear it is hers.

'Tis true, no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly shows,
That not the wisest mortal knows
What fortune may befall his nose.

Show me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song or two at most:

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries who shall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise
Thy nose outshining Celia's eyes.

JON. SWIFT.

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE

My verse little better you'll find than my face is;
A word to the wise—*ut pictura poesis*.

Three merry lads, with envy stung,
Because Dan’s face is better hung,
Combined in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own;
As if they’d run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre.
Or that its red did cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as ’twill, this is most true,
They were inspired by what they drew.
Let then such critics know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace:
While every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.
But yet, methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I should name them who do rehearse
The story of the picture farce;
The squire, in French as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that’s all as one,
On face on cards is very brisk, sirs,
Because on them you play at whisk, sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envied be by De-el-any:
And yet much more, that half-namesake
Should join a party in the freak.
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be,
Divisim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be anything to Dan?
This is the case whene’er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or should Dan be by Sherry o’erta’en
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane
’Tis hard then he should be decried
By Dan, with Sherry by his side.
But, if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

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MR. ROCHFORT’S REPLY

You say your face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by nose or tongue?
In not explaining you are wrong
to us, sir.

Because we thus must state the case,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th’ untimely end’s a damn’d disgrace
of noose, sir.

But yet be not cast down: I see
A weaver will your hangman be:
You’ll only hang in tapestry
with many;

And then the ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your longitude of nose,
For latent charms within your clothes,
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worship thy nose with pious rage
of love, sir:

All their religion will be spent
About thy woven monument,
And not one orison be sent
to Jove, sir.

You the famed idol will become,
As gardens graced in ancient Rome,
By matrons worshipp’d in the gloom
of night.[1]

O happy Dan! thrice happy sure!
Thy fame for ever shall endure,
Who after death can love secure
at sight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boasted beauty;

Now I'll proceed: a word or two t' ye
in answer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and stone
In your opinion, are all one:
How can, sir,

A man of reasoning so profound
So stupidly be run a-ground,
As things so different to confound
t'our senses?

Except you judged them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block;
Such an experimental stroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A proper judge on this occasion;
'Gainst feeling there's no disputation,
is granted:

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one assertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the same,
Endeavouring to have your name
refined, sir:

You'll see most grossly you mistook,
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took,)
you'll find, sir,

S, H, E, she—and R, I, ri,
Both put together make Sherry;
D, A, N, Dan—makes up the three
syllables;

Dan is but one, and Sherry two,
Then, sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

[Footnote 1: Priapus, the god of procreation and fertility, both human and agricultural, whose statues, painted red, were placed in gardens. Confer Horat., Sat. I, viii, 1-8; Virg., “Georg.”, iv, 110-11. In India, the same deity is to be seen in retired parts of the gardens, as he is described by Horace—“ruber porrectus ab inguine palus”—and where he is worshipped by the matrons for the same reason.—*W. E. B.*]

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DR. DELANY’S REPLY

Assist me, my Muse, while I labour to limn him. *Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae persimilem.* You look and you write with so different a grace, That I envy your verse, though I did not your face. And to him that thinks rightly, there’s reason enough, ’Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.
But much I’m amazed you should think my design
Was to rhyme down your nose, or your harlequin grin, Which you yourself wonder the de’el should malign. And if ’tis so strange, that your monstership’s crany Should be envied by him, much less by Delany; Though I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And justly she’s envied, since a fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.
Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inspired by the subject we drew.
Inspired we were, and well, sir, you knew it;
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it;
Had your nose been the Muse, we had ne’er been inspired,
Though perhaps it might justly ’ve been said we were fired,
As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman’s horn-comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with ’t, but presume to make merry,
You call’d Dan one half, and t’other half Sherry:
Now if Dan’s a half, as you call’t o’er and o’er,
Then it can’t be denied that Sherry’s two more.
For pray give me leave to say, sir, for all you,
That Sherry’s at least of double the value.
But perhaps, sir, you did it to fill up the verse;
So crowds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce.
But be that as ’twill, you’ll know more anon, sir, When Sheridan sends to merry Dan answer.

SHERIDAN’S REPLY

Three merry lads you own we are;
’Tis very true, and free from care:
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, sir:

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus soft and fine,

We should not in the least repine,
or grieve, sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
That roughness best becomes a man;
’Tis women should be pale, and wan,
and taper;

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows, and sleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-shops,
mere vapour.

We know your morning hours you pass
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glass?
Forbear it:

Those loads of paint upon your toilet
Will never mend your face, but spoil it,
It looks as if you did parboil it:
Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
That they’re like Cynthia in the wane,
Or breast of goose when ’tis pick’d clean,
or pullet:

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See what by drinking you have done:
You’ve made your phiz a skeleton,
From the long distance of your crown,
t’ your gullet.

A REJOINDER BY THE DEAN IN JACKSON’S NAME

Wearied with saying grace and prayer,
I hasten’d down to country air,
To read your answer, and prepare
reply to’t:

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
I must suspect you mean the latter—
Ah! slyboot!

It must be so! what else, alas!
Can mean by culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilet, glass,
and box-comb?

But be’t as ’twill, this you must grant,
That you’re a daub, whilst I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scarecrow of skin and bone;
To be called lean by a skeleton,
who’d bear it?

’Tis true, indeed, to curry friends,
You seem to praise, to make amends,
And yet, before your stanza ends,
you flout me,

’Bout latent charms beneath my clothes,
For every one that knows me, knows

That I have nothing like my nose
about me:

I pass now where you fleer and laugh,
’Cause I call Dan my better half!
O there you think you have me safe!
But hold, sir;

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound!
By your good leave, my most profound
and bold sir,
Dan’s noble metal, Sherry base;
So Dan’s the better, though the less,
An ounce of gold’s worth ten of brass,
dull pedant!

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes sher, and RI makes ry,
Good spelling-master: your crany
has lead in’t.

ANOTHER REJOINDER BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON’S NAME

Three days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you’d ne’er have bated
And art thou forced to yield, ill-fated
poetaster?

Henceforth acknowledge, that a nose
Of thy dimension’s fit for prose;
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy master.

Blush for ill spelling, for ill lines,
And fly with hurry to Rathmines;[1]
Thy fame, thy genius, now declines,
proud boaster.

I hear with some concern your roar
And flying think to quit the score,
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, sir.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm grieved to hear your banishment,
But pleased to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you, when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff;
For know, prostration is enough
to th' lion.

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[Footnote 1: A village near Dublin.—*F.*]

SHERIDAN’S SUBMISSION BY THE DEAN

Miserae cognosce prooemia rixae,
Si rixa est ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.[1]

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Presents, as ’tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

To you, victorious and brave,
Your now subdued and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon;
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I vanquish’d, fled the town
Pursued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch’d, I cry *peccavi*,
And prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie*;
Your mercy I rely on;
For you my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in punishing,
Will show yourself a lion.

Alas! sir, I had no design,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For spite I ne’er had any;
’Twas the damn’d squire with the hard name;
The de’il too that owed me a shame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t’ attack your highness,
And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I’ve nothing left to vent my spleen
But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield small relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every stroke goes to my heart

And at each lash I feel the smart
  Of lash laid on by you.

[Footnote 1: Juvenalis, Sat. iii, 288.—*W. E. B.*]

THE PARDON

The suit which humbly you have made
Is fully and maturely weigh’d;
  And as ’tis your petition,
I do forgive, for well I know,
Since you’re so bruised, another blow
  Would break the head of Priscian.[1]

’Tis not my purpose or intent
That you should suffer banishment;
  I pardon, now you’ve courted;
And yet I fear this clemency
Will come too late to profit thee,
  For you’re with grief transported.

However, this I do command,
That you your birch do take in hand,
  Read concord and syntax on;
The bays, your own, are only mine,
Do you then still your nouns decline,
  Since you’ve declined Dan Jackson.

[Footnote 1: The Roman grammarian, who flourished about A.D. 450, and has left a work entitled “Commentariorum grammaticorum Libri xviii.”—*W. E. B.*]

THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF DANIEL JACKSON

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

  —mediocribus esse poetis
  Non funes, non gryps, non concessere columnae.[1]

To give you a short translation of these two lines from Horace’s Art of Poetry, which I have chosen for my neck-verse, before I proceed to my speech, you will find they fall naturally into this sense:

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For poets who can’t tell [high] rocks from stones,
The rope, the hangman, and the gallows groans.

I was born in a fen near the foot of Mount Parnassus, commonly called the Logwood Bog. My mother, whose name was Stanza, conceived me in a dream, and was delivered of me in her sleep. Her dream was, that Apollo, in the shape of a gander, with a prodigious long bill, had embraced her; upon which she consulted the Oracle of Delphos, and the following answer was made:

You’ll have a gosling, call it Dan,
And do not make your goose a swan.
’Tis true, because the God of Wit
To get him in that shape thought fit,
He’ll have some glowworm sparks of it.
Venture you may to turn him loose,
But let it be to another goose.
The time will come, the fatal time,
When he shall dare a swan to rhyme;
The tow’ring swan comes sousing down,
And breaks his pinions, cracks his crown.
From that sad time, and sad disaster,
He’ll be a lame, crack’d poetaster.
At length for stealing rhymes and triplets,
He’ll be content to hang in giblets.

You see now, Gentlemen, this is fatally and literally come to pass; for it was my misfortune to engage with that Pindar of the times, Tom Sheridan, who did so confound me by sousing on my crown, and did so batter my pinions, that I was forced to make use of borrowed wings, though my false accusers have deposed that I stole my feathers from Hopkins, Sternhold, Silvester, Ogilby, Durfey, *etc*., for which I now forgive them and all the world. I die a poet; and this ladder shall be my Gradus ad Parnassum; and I hope the critics will have mercy on my works.

Then lo, I mount as slowly as I sung,
And then I’ll make a line for every rung;[2]
There’s nine, I see,—the Muses, too, are nine.
Who would refuse to die a death like mine!

1. Thou first rung, Clio, celebrate my name; 2. Euterp, in tragic numbers do the same. 3. This rung, I see, Terpsichore’s thy flute; 4. Erato, sing me to the Gods; ah, do’t: 5. Thalia, don’t make me a comedy;
6. Urania, raise me tow’rds the starry sky: 7. Calliope, to ballad-strains descend, 8. And Polyhymnia, tune them for your friend; 9. So shall Melpomene mourn my fatal end.

POOR DAN JACKSON.

[Footnote 1: A variation from:
“mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnae.”
Epist. ad Pisones.—W. E. B.]

[Footnote 2: The Yorkshire term for the rounds or steps of a ladder; still used in every part of Ireland.—*Scott*.]

TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON
TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY MR. SHERIDAN IN PERSON,
WITH RESPECT, CARE, AND SPEED.
TO BE DELIVERED BY AND WITH MR. SHERIDAN

DEAR DAN,

Here I return my trust, nor ask
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform’d my task,
Pray send me an acquittance.

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Too long I bore this weighty pack,
  As Hercules the sky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
  Let me be stander-by.

Not all the witty things you speak
  In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a-week,
  Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
  Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worse,
  I ne’er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
  Just as he did before;
And, when he’s lash’d a hundred times,
  He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on school-boys’ bums,
  The more they frisk and skip:
The school-boys’ top but louder hums
  The more they use the whip.

Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
  (A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious dirty road,
  Outgo the prancing steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
  And lay him flat before ye,
For soon as he gets up again,
  He’ll strut, and cry, Victoria!

At every stroke of mine, he fell,
  ’Tis true he roar’d and cried;
But his impenetrable shell
  Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
  Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
  Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why should you, or I,
  Attack his pericrany?
And, since it is in vain to try,
  We'll send him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT

Lean Tom, when I saw him last week on his horse awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his sorcery,
But, I think, little Dan, that in spite of what our foe says,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoses,
For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
With a sort of allusion to Putland or Harrison)
Yet, by my description, you'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask, can I maul
This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I should be glad then of it.

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

A Highlander once fought a Frenchman at Margate,
The weapons a rapier, a backsword, and target;
Brisk Monsieur advanced as fast as he could,
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood;
While Sawney with backsword did slash him and nick him,
While t'other, enraged that he could not once prick him,
Cried, "Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,
Me'll fight you, begar, if you'll come from your door!"
  Our case is the same; if you'll fight like a man,
Don't fly from my weapon, and skulk behind Dan;
For he's not to be pierced; his leather's so tough,
The devil himself can't get through his buff.
Besides, I cannot but say that it is hard,

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Not only to make him your shield, but your vizard;
And like a tragedian, you rant and you roar,
Through the horrible grin of your larva's wide bore.
Nay, farther, which makes me complain much, and frump it,
You make his long nose your loud speaking-trumpet;
With the din of which tube my head you so bother,
That I scarce can distinguish my right ear from t'other.

You made me in your last a goose;
  I lay my life on't you are wrong,
To raise me by such foul abuse;
  My quill you'll find's a woman's tongue;
And slit, just like a bird will chatter,
  And like a bird do something more;
When I let fly, 'twill so bespatter,
  I'll change you to a black-a-moor.

I'll write while I have half an eye in my head;
I'll write while I live, and I'll write when you're dead.
Though you call me a goose, you pitiful slave,
I'll feed on the grass that grows on your grave.[1]

[Footnote 1; *See post*, p. 351.—*W. E. B.*]

SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

I can't but wonder, Mr. Dean,
To see you live, so often slain.
My arrows fly and fly in vain,
But still I try and try again.
I'm now, Sir, in a writing vein;
Don't think, like you, I squeeze and strain,
Perhaps you'll ask me what I mean;
I will not tell, because it's plain.
Your Muse, I am told, is in the wane;
If so, from pen and ink refrain.
Indeed, believe me, I'm in pain
For her and you; your life's a scene
Of verse, and rhymes, and hurricane,

Enough to crack the strongest brain.
Now to conclude, I do remain,
Your honest friend, TOM SHERIDAN.

SWIFT TO SHERIDAN

Poor Tom, wilt thou never accept a defiance,
Though I dare you to more than quadruple alliance.
You're so retrograde, sure you were born under Cancer;
Must I make myself hoarse with demanding an answer?
If this be your practice, mean scrub, I assure ye,
And swear by each Fate, and your new friends, each Fury,
I'll drive you to Cavan, from Cavan to Dundalk;
I'll tear all your rules, and demolish your pun-talk:
Nay, further, the moment you're free from your scalding,
I'll chew you to bullets, and puff you at Baldwin.

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound up my head! You a gentleman! Marry come up! I wonder where you were bred. I'm sure such words does not become a man of your cloth; I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth. Yes, you call'd my master a knave; fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a shame For a parson who should know better things, to come out with such a name. Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin; And the Dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin: He

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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 hoddy doddy. And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse, Because my master, one day, in anger, call'd you a goose: Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October, And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart, drunk or sober: Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge, Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your wicked college. You say you will eat grass on his grave:[1] a Christian eat grass! 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 believe that's a true story: 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. Everybody knows that I love to tell 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; I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the year. And Saunders, the man, says you are always jesting and mocking: Mary, said he, (one day as I was mending my master's stocking;) My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school— I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool. Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-clout to his tail. And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter; For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Marget she writes better. Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from prayers: And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs; Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand; And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to 'command,

MARY.

[Footnote 1: See *ante*, p. 349.—*W.E.B*.]

A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE

Come sit by my side, while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle;
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit;
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas,[1] Ford,[2] Grattan,[3] and Merry Dan,[4]
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan?

[Footnote 1: Dr. Thos. Sheridan.]

[Footnote 2: Chas. Ford, of Woodpark, Esq.]

[Footnote 3: Rev. John Grattan.]

[Footnote 4: Rev. Daniel Jackson.]

ON STEALING A CROWN, WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP

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Dear Dean, since you in sleepy wise
Have oped your mouth, and closed your eyes,
Like ghost I glide along your floor,
And softly shut the parlour door:
For, should I break your sweet repose,
Who knows what money you might lose:
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thousand pound?
Then sleep, my friend; dear Dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk:
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat:
Nor can I the least difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens[1] and sixpence-ha'penny
To eat my meat and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut—
But 'tis observed, that men in gowns
Are most inclined to plunder crowns.
Could you but change a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the lady[2] at St. Catherine's
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham,[3]
And for his victuals, let a ragman dish 'em.

Saturday night.

[Footnote 1: A shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.—*F.*]

[Footnote 2: Lady Mountcashel.—*F.*]

[Footnote 3: Agmondisham Vesey, Esq., of Lucan, in the county of Dublin, comptroller and accomptant-general of Ireland, a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Dean had a great esteem.—*Scott*.]

A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY PERFORMED AT MR. SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL. SPOKEN BY ONE OF THE SCHOLARS

AS in a silent night a lonely swain,
'Tending his flocks on the Pharsalian plain,
To Heaven around directs his wandering eyes,
And every look finds out a new surprise;
So great's our wonder, ladies, when we view
Our lower sphere made more serene by you.
O! could such light in my dark bosom shine,
What life, what vigour, should adorn each line!
Beauty and virtue should be all my theme,
And Venus brighten my poetic flame.
The advent'rous painter's fate and mine are one
Who fain would draw the bright meridian sun;
Majestic light his feeble art defies,
And for presuming, robs him of his eyes.
Then blame your power, that my inferior lays
Sink far below your too exalted praise:
Don't think we flatter, your applause to gain;
No, we're sincere,—to flatter you were vain.
You spurn at fine encomiums misapplied,
And all perfections but your beauties hide.
Then as you're fair, we hope you will be kind,
Nor frown on those you see so well inclined
To please you most. Grant us your smiles, and then
Those sweet rewards will make us act like men.

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THE EPILOGUE

Now all is done, ye learn’d spectators, tell
Have we not play’d our parts extremely well?
We think we did, but if you do complain,
We’re all content to act the play again:
’Tis but three hours or thereabouts, at most,
And time well spent in school cannot be lost.
But what makes you frown, you gentlemen above?
We guess’d long since you all desired to move:
But that’s in vain, for we’ll not let a man stir,
Who does not take up Plautus first, and conster,[1]
Him we’ll dismiss, that understands the play;
He who does not, i’faith, he’s like to stay.
Though this new method may provoke your laughter,
To act plays first, and understand them after;
We do not care, for we will have our humour,
And will try you, and you, and you, sir, and one or two more.
Why don’t you stir? there’s not a man will budge;
How much they’ve read, I leave you all to judge.

[Footnote 1: The vulgar pronunciation of the word construe is here intended.—*W. E. B.*]

THE SONG

A parody on the popular song beginning,
“My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent.”

My time, O ye Grattans, was happily spent,
When Bacchus went with me, wherever I went;
For then I did nothing but sing, laugh, and jest;
Was ever a toper so merrily blest?
But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown,
Because I must go to my wife back to town;
To the fondling and toying of “honey,” and “dear,”
And the conjugal comforts of horrid small beer.
  My daughter I ever was pleased to see
Come fawning and begging to ride on my knee:
My wife, too, was pleased, and to the child said,
Come, hold in your belly, and hold up your head:
But now out of humour, I with a sour look,

Cry, hussy, and give her a souse with my book;
And I'll give her another; for why should she play,
Since my Bacchus, and glasses, and friends, are away?
  Wine, what of thy delicate hue is become,
That tinged our glasses with blue, like a plum?
Those bottles, those bumpers, why do they not smile,
While we sit carousing and drinking the while?
Ah, bumpers, I see that our wine is all done,
Our mirth falls of course, when our Bacchus is gone.
Then since it is so, bring me here a supply;
Begone, froward wife, for I'll drink till I die.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S GIVEN HIM AT QUILCA. BY SHERIDAN 1723

How few can be of grandeur sure!
The high may fall, the rich be poor.
The only favourite at court,
To-morrow may be Fortune's sport;
For all her pleasure and her aim
Is to destroy both power and fame.
  Of this the Dean is an example,
No instance is more plain and ample.
The world did never yet produce,
For courts a man of greater use.

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Nor has the world supplied as yet,
With more vivacity and wit;
Merry alternately and wise,
To please the statesman, and advise.
Through all the last and glorious reign,
Was nothing done without the Dean;
The courtier’s prop, the nation’s pride;
But now, alas! he’s thrown aside;
He’s quite forgot, and so’s the queen,
As if they both had never been.
To see him now a mountaineer!
Oh! what a mighty fall is here!
From settling governments and thrones,
To splitting rocks, and piling stones.
Instead of Bolingbroke and Anna,
Shane Tunnally, and Bryan Granna,
Oxford and Ormond he supplies,
In every Irish Teague he spies:
So far forgetting his old station,
He seems to like their conversation,
Conforming to the tatter’d rabble,
He learns their Irish tongue to gabble;
And, what our anger more provokes,
He’s pleased with their insipid jokes;
Then turns and asks them who do lack a
Good plug, or pipefull of tobacco.
All cry they want, to every man
He gives, extravagant, a span.
Thus are they grown more fond than ever,
And he is highly in their favour.
  Bright Stella, Quilca’s greatest pride,
For them he scorns and lays aside;
And Sheridan is left alone
All day, to gape, and stretch, and groan;
While grumbling, poor, complaining Dingley,
Is left to care and trouble singly.
All o’er the mountains spreads the rumour,
Both of his bounty and good humour;
So that each shepherdess and swain
Comes flocking here to see the Dean.

All spread around the land, you’d swear
That every day we kept a fair.
My fields are brought to such a pass,
I have not left a blade of grass;
That all my wethers and my beeves
Are slighted by the very thieves.
  At night right loath to quit the park,
His work just ended by the dark,
With all his pioneers he comes,
To make more work for whisk and brooms.
Then seated in an elbow-chair,
To take a nap he does prepare;
While two fair damsels from the lawns,
Lull him asleep with soft cronawns.
  Thus are his days in delving spent,
His nights in music and content;
He seems to gain by his distress,
His friends are more, his honours less.

TO QUILCA A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN, IN NO VERY GOOD REPAIR. 1725

Let me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain:
Chimneys, with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces:
In vain we make poor Sheelah[1] toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want, in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE 1725

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Far from our debtors; no Dublin letters;
Not seen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE

A companion with news; a great want of shoes; Eat lean meat or choose; a church without pews; Our horses away; no straw, oats, or hay; December in May; our boys run away; all servants at play.

A FAITHFUL INVENTORY
OF THE FURNITURE BELONGING TO —— ROOM IN T. C. D.
IN IMITATION OF DR. SWIFT'S MANNER.
WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1725

——quaeque ipse miserrima vidi.[1]

This description of a scholar's room in Trinity College, Dublin, was found among Mr. Smith's papers. It is not in the Dean's hand, but seems to have been the production of Sheridan.

Imprimis, there's a table blotted,
A tatter'd hanging all bespotted.
A bed of flocks, as I may rank it,
Reduced to rug and half a blanket.
A tinder box without a flint,
An oaken desk with nothing in't;
A pair of tongs bought from a broker,
A fender and a rusty poker;
A penny pot and basin, this
Design'd for water, that for piss;
A broken-winded pair of bellows,
Two knives and forks, but neither fellows.
Item, a surplice, not unmeeting,
Either for table-cloth, or sheeting;
There is likewise a pair of breeches,
But patch'd, and fallen in the stitches,
Hung up in study very little,
Plaster'd with cobweb and spittle,
An airy prospect all so pleasing,
From my light window without glazing,
A trencher and a College bottle,
Piled up on Locke and Aristotle.
A prayer-book, which he seldom handles

A save-all and two farthing candles.
A smutty ballad, musty libel,
A Burgersdicius[2] and a Bible.
The C****[3] Seasons and the Senses
By Overton, to save expenses.
Item, (if I am not much mistaken,)
A mouse-trap with a bit of bacon.
A candlestick without a snuffer,
Whereby his fingers often suffer.
Two odd old shoes I should not skip here,
Each strapless serves instead of slippers,
And chairs a couple, I forgot 'em,
But each of them without a bottom.
Thus I in rhyme have comprehended
His goods, and so my schedule's ended.

[Footnote 1: Virg., "Aen.," ii, 5.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: Francis Burgersdicius, author of "An Argument to prove that the 39th section of the Lth chapter of the Statutes given by Queen Elizabeth to the University of Cambridge includes the whole Statutes of that University, with an answer to the Argument and the Author's reply." London, 1727. He was one of those logicians that Swift so disliked.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 3: Illegible. John Overton, 1640-1708, a dealer in mezzotints.—*W. E. B.*]

PALINODIA[1]

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE XVI

Great Sir, than Phoebus more divine,
Whose verses far his rays outshine,
  Look down upon your quondam foe;
O! let me never write again,
If e'er I disoblige you, Dean,
  Should you compassion show.

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

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

Or, when you next your physic take,
I must entreat you then to make
  A proper application;
'Tis what I've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts and many more,
  Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the strong pursue,
  A goose attack a swan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her husband's hands and face assail,
  While he's no longer man.

Though some, we find, are more discreet,
Before the world are wondrous sweet,
  And let their husbands hector:
But when the world's asleep, they wake,
That is the time they choose to speak:
  Witness the curtain lecture.

Such was the case with you, I find:
All day you could conceal your mind;
  But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awaked your muse, (my midnight curse,
When I engaged for better for worse,)
  You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field,
To you as to my wife, I yield:

As she must wear the breeches:
So shall you wear the laurel crown,
Win it and wear it, ’tis your own;
The poet’s only riches.

[Footnote 1: Recantation.—*W. E. B.*]

A LETTER TO THE DEAN WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726. BY DR. SHERIDAN

You will excuse me, I suppose,
For sending rhyme instead of prose.
Because hot weather makes me lazy,
To write in metre is more easy.
While you are trudging London town,
I’m strolling Dublin up and down;
While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix’d in an elbow-chair at ease,
I choose companions as I please.
I’d rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself;
For, after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance are the dead.
While you’re in raptures with Faustina;[1]
I’m charm’d at home with our Sheelina.
While you are starving there in state,
I’m cramming here with butchers’ meat.
You say, when with those lords you dine,
They treat you with the best of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why, so can we, as well as they.
No reason then, my dear good Dean,
But you should travel home again.
What though you mayn’t in Ireland hope
To find such folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would share
But half the wit that you can spare,
I’d lay twelve eggs, that in twelve days,

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You’d make a dozen of Popes and Gays.
  Our weather’s good, our sky is clear;
We’ve every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and so bright a sky
Was never seen by Ireland’s eye!
I think it fit to let you know,
This week I shall to Quilca go;
To see M’Faden’s horny brothers
First suck, and after bull their mothers;
To see, alas! my wither’d trees!
To see what all the country sees!
My stunted quicks, my famish’d beeves,
My servants such a pack of thieves;
My shatter’d firs, my blasted oaks,
My house in common to all folks,
No cabbage for a single snail,
My turnips, carrots, parsneps, fail;
My no green peas, my few green sprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horses rid, or gone astray;
My fish all stolen or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry starved, the corn all sold.
A man come now from Quilca says,
“*They*’ve[2] stolen the locks from all your keys;”
But, what must fret and vex me more,
He says, “*They* stole the keys before.
They’ve stol’n the knives from all the forks;
And half the cows from half the sturks.”
Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
“*They*’ve stol’n the sturks from half the cows:”
With many more accounts of woe,
Yet, though the devil be there, I’ll go:
’Twixt you and me, the reason’s clear,
Because I’ve more vexation here.

[Footnote 1: Signora Faustina, a famous Italian singer.—*Dublin Edition.*]

[Footnote 2: *They* is the grand thief of the county of Cavan, for whatever is stolen, if you enquire of a servant about it, the answer is, “They have stolen it.” *Dublin Edition.*—*W. E. B.*]

AN INVITATION TO DINNER
FROM DOCTOR SHERIDAN TO DOCTOR SWIFT
1727

I’ve sent to the ladies this morning to warn ’em,
To order their chaise, and repair to Rathfarnam;[1]
Where you shall be welcome to dine, if your deanship
Can take up with me, and my friend Stella’s leanship.[2]
I’ve got you some soles, and a fresh bleeding bret,
That’s just disengaged from the toils of a net:
An excellent loin of fat veal to be roasted,
With lemons, and butter, and sippets well toasted:
Some larks that descended, mistaking the skies,
Which Stella brought down by the light of her eyes;
And there, like Narcissus,[3] they gazed till they died,
And now they’re to lie in some crumbs that are fried.
My wine will inspire you with joy and delight,
’Tis mellow, and old, and sparkling, and bright;
An emblem of one that you love, I suppose,
Who gathers more lovers the older she grows.[4]
Let me be your Gay, and let Stella be Pope,
We’ll wean you from sighing for England I hope;
When we are together there’s nothing that is dull,
There’s nothing like Durfey, or Smedley, or Tisdall.
We’ve sworn to make out an agreeable feast,
Our dinner, our wine, and our wit to your taste.

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Your answer in half-an-hour, though you are at prayers; you have a pencil in your pocket.

[Footnote 1: A village near Dublin, where Dr. Sheridan had a country house.]

[Footnote 2: Stella was at this time in a very declining state of health. She died the January following.—*F.*]

[Footnote 3: The youth who died for love of his own image reflected in a fountain, and was changed into a flower of the same name. Ovid, "Metam.," iii, 407.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 4: He means Stella, who was certainly one of the most amiable women in the world.—*F.*]

ON THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE[1] WITH THE DOCTOR[2] AT THEIR HEAD

N.B. THE LADIES TREATED THE DOCTOR.
SENT AS FROM AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY. 1728

Fair ladies, number five,
  Who in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
  To feast on ale and steaks;

While he sits by a-grinning,
  To see you safe in Sot's Hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
  And neither mugs nor pots whole;

Alas! I never thought
  A priest would please your palate;
Besides, I'll hold a groat
  He'll put you in a ballad;

Where I shall see your faces,
  On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
  Than Venus like an owl.

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

It fills my heart with woe,
  To think such ladies fine
Should be reduced so low,
  To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parson cheated!
  Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
  By captains and by majors.

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

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

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

Then leave him to his birch;[3]
  And at the Rose on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
  I'll treat you with burgundy.

[Footnote 1: An ale-house in Dublin, famous for beef-steaks.—*F.*]

[Footnote 2: Doctor Thomas Sheridan.—*F.*]

[Footnote 3: Dr. Sheridan was a schoolmaster.—*F.*]

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BEAU

WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD
BY DR. SHERIDAN

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

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

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You thought to make a farce on
  The man and place we chose;
We’re sure a single parson
  Is worth a hundred beaux.

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

Because around your cane
  A ring of diamonds is set;
And you, in some by-lane,
  Have gain’d a paltry grisette;

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

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

THE BEAU’S REPLY TO THE FIVE LADIES’ ANSWER

Why, how now, dapper black!
  I smell your gown and cassock,
As strong upon your back,
  As Tisdall[1] smells of a sock.

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

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

But Satan never saw
  Such haggard lines as these:

They stick athwart my maw,
  As bad as Suffolk cheese.

[Footnote 1: Dr. William Tisdall, a clergyman in the north of Ireland, who had paid his addresses to Mrs. Johnson. He is several times mentioned in the Journal to Stella, and is not to be confused with another Tisdall or Tisdell, whom Swift knew in London, also mentioned in the Journal.—*W. E. B.*]

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD ON BALLY-SPELLIN.[1] 1728

All you that would refine your blood,
  As pure as famed Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year
  To drink at Ballyspellin.

Though pox or itch your skins enrich
  With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you've been
  A month at Ballyspellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
  When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
  When she's at Ballyspellin.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
  Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux,
  By dint of Ballyspellin.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
  As Rose,[2] or bright Dunkelling:
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
  Were he at Ballyspellin.

We men submit as they think fit,
  And here is no rebelling:
The reason's plain; the ladies reign,
  They're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
  They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
  Their power at Ballyspellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns
  I know, because I fell in

A stream, which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyspellin.

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Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
  To bring their Anne or Nell in,
With so much grace, I’m sure no place
  Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politics, no subtle tricks,
  No man his country selling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
  Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puff’d with wind,
  Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
  By drinking Ballyspellin.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
  From chin to toe though swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
  A cure at Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
  No sextons here are knelling;
Come, judge and try, you’ll never die,
  But live at Ballyspellin.

Except you feel darts tipp’d with steel,
  Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
  We die at Ballyspellin.

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
  Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
  Each day at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
  No noisy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Celia’s sake,
  All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she,
  No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
  Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
  Unless I should bring Hell in;
But, since I'm here to Heaven so near,
  I can't at Ballyspellin!

[Footnote 1: A famous spa in the county of Kilkenny, "whither Sheridan had gone to drink the waters with a new favourite lady." See note to the "Answer," *post*, p. 371.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: Ross.—*Dublin Edition.*]

ANSWER.[1] BY DR. SWIFT

Dare you dispute, you saucy brute,
  And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
  You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you flounce, I here pronounce,
  Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and sours the blood
  When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
  You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than they went,
  From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
  Name honest Doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
  To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
  When you went colonelling:
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues,
  You met at Ballyspellin.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
  Who sowins[2] make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
  Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript,
  To wash herself our well in,
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
  At paltry Ballyspellin.

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Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear;
  Of Holland not an ell in,
No, not a rag, whate'er your brag,
  Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
  All other nymphs expelling:
Because he gets a few grisettes
  At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
  Just o'er against the Bell inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
  Round all your Ballyspellin?

We have a girl deserves an earl;
  She came from Enniskellin;
So fair, so young, no such among
  The belles of Ballyspellin.

How would you stare, to see her there,
  The foggy mists dispelling,
That cloud the brows of every blowse
  Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now, as I live, I would not give
  A stiver or a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
  That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
  Deserves a good cudgelling:
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts
  At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
  Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
  To force in Ballyspellin.

[Footnote 1: This answer, which seems to have been made while Swift was on a visit at Sir Arthur Acheson's, "in a mere jest and innocent merriment," was resented by Sheridan as an affront on the lady and himself, "against all the rules of reason, taste, good nature, judgment, gratitude, or common manners." See "The History of the

Second Solomon," "Prose Works," xi, 157. The mutual irritation soon passed, and the Dean and Sheridan resumed their intimate friendship.—*W. E. B.*]

[Footnote 2: A food much used in Scotland, the north of Ireland, and other parts. It is made of oatmeal, and sometimes of the shellings of oats; and known by the names of sowins or flummery.—*F.*]

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS[1]

TO DR. HELSHAM [2]

Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

SIR,

When I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice sick;
I'm so full of pity I never abuse sick;
And the patientest patient ever you knew sick;
Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick:
She mended at first, but now she's anew sick.
Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue sick.
Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-sick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and you stew, sick?
Lady Santry got out of the church[3] when she grew sick,
And as fast as she could, to the deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick,
Yet, ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sick.
Nor is old Nanny Shales,[4] whene'er she does

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brew, sick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick:
But you learned doctors can make whom you choose sick:
And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick:
For the smell of them made me like garlic and rue sick,
And I got through the crowd, though not led by a clew, sick.
Yet hoped to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) sick,
And those, to be sure, stuck together like glue sick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they screw, sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, sick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

[Footnote 1: This medley, for it cannot be called a poem, is given as a specimen of those *bagatelles* for which the Dean hath perhaps been too severely censured.—*H.*]

[Footnote 2: Richard Helsham, M.D., Professor of Physic and Natural Philosophy in the University of Dublin, born about 1682 at Leggatsrath, Kilkenny, a friend of Swift, who mentions him as "the most eminent physician in this city and kingdom." He was one of the brilliant literary coterie in Dublin at that period. He died in 1738.—*W. E. B.*.]

[Footnote 3: St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the music on St. Cecilia's day was usually performed.—*F.*]

[Footnote 4: *Vide* Grattan, *inter* Belchamp and Clonshogh.—*Dublin Edition.*]

TO DR. SHERIDAN

Nov. 23, at night.

If I write any more, it will make my poor Muse sick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER

The Doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew sick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,

For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew sick:
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick:
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick,
The surgeon who bled her his lancet out drew sick,
And stopp'd the distemper, as being but new sick.
The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and you sick:
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glue sick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clew sick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme[1] and by rue sick.
There's a gamester in town, for a throw that he threw sick,
And yet the whole trade of his dice he'll pursue sick;
I've known an old miser for paying his due sick;
At present I'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick?
Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others in lieu sick.
Of rhymes I have plenty,
And therefore send twenty.

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Answered the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire you will carry both these to the Doctor together with his own; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

I was at Howth to-day, and staid abroad a-visiting till just now.

Tuesday Evening, Nov. 23, 1731.

"Can you match with me,
Who send thirty-three?
You must get fourteen more,
To make up thirty-four:
But, if me you can conquer,
I'll own you a strong cur."[2]

This morning I'm growing, by smelling of yew, sick;
My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick;
Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sick;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick;
I hear from good hands, that my poor cousin Hugh's sick;
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick:
And now there's no more I can write (you'll excuse) sick;
You see that I scorn to mention word music.
I'll do my best,
To send the rest;
Without a jest,
I'll stand the test.
These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peruse sick;
I'll make you with writing a little more news sick; Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick; My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll hew sick. An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick; I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view sick.
Lord! I could write a dozen more;
You see I've mounted thirty-four.

[Footnote 1: Time.—*Dublin Edition.*]

[Footnote 2: The lines "thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Helsham's twenty lines; and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the same paper.—*N.*]

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY
OF THE GOODS BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT, VICAR OF LARACOR.

UPON LENDING HIS HOUSE TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH,
UNTIL HIS OWN WAS BUILT[1]

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

[Footnote 1: This poem was written by Sheridan, who had it presented to the Bishop by a beggar, in the form of a petition, to Swift's great surprise, who was in the carriage with his Lordship at the time.—*Scott.*]

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A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES
WITH USEFUL ANNOTATIONS, BY DR. SHERIDAN[1]
1733

To make a writer miss his end,
You've nothing else to do but mend.

I often tried in vain to find
A simile[2] for womankind,
A simile, I mean, to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.[3]
Through every beast and bird I went,
I ransack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature,
To find so whimsical a creature,
A cloud[4] presented to my view,
And straight this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet, oft perverse, like womankind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For who can tell at what they aim?[5]
Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When, bellowing,[6] they discharge their thunder:
So, when the alarum-bell is rung,
Of Xanti's[7] everlasting tongue,
The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.
Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?
The clouds about the welkin roam:[8]
And ladies never stay at home.
The clouds build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair:
For all the schemes of their forecasting,[9]
Are not more solid nor more lasting.
A cloud is light by turns, and dark,
Such is a lady with her spark;
Now with a sudden pouting[10] gloom
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she's pleased, his fear's beguiled,[11]
And all is clear when she has smiled.
In this they're wondrously alike,

(I hope the simile will strike,)[12]
Though in the darkest dumps[13] you view them,
Stay but a moment, you'll see through them.
  The clouds are apt to make reflection,[14]
And frequently produce infection;
So Celia, with small provocation,
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.
  The clouds delight in gaudy show,
(For they, like ladies, have their bow;)
The gravest matron[15] will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.
  Observe the clouds in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd;
The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the sky;
How do these differ from our Graces,[16]
In garden-silks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birth-day night?
  The clouds delight to change their fashion:
(Dear ladies, be not in a passion!)
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.
  In them and you alike are seen
The sullen symptoms of the spleen;
The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.
  In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fringed with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.[17]
  Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,

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Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquettes,[18] like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.
  Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No heaven besides I have in view.
  Thus, on comparison,[19] you see,
In every instance they agree;
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim[20] it then aloud,
That every woman is a cloud.

[Footnote 1: The following foot-notes, which appear to be Dr. Sheridan's, are replaced from the Irish edition:]

[Footnote 2: Most ladies, in reading, call this word a *smile*; but they are to note, it consists of three syllables, si-mi-le. In English, a likeness.]

[Footnote 3: Not to hurt them.]

[Footnote 4: Not like a gun or pistol.]

[Footnote 5: This is not meant as to shooting, but resolving.]

[Footnote 6: This word is not here to be understood of a bull, but a cloud, which makes a noise like a bull, when it thunders.]

[Footnote 7: Xanti, a nick-name for Xantippe, that scold of glorious memory, who never let poor Socrates have one moment's peace of mind; yet with unexampled patience, he bore her pestilential tongue. I shall beg the ladies' pardon if I insert a few passages concerning her; and at the same time I assure them, it is not to lessen those of the present age, who are possessed of the like laudable talents; for I will confess, that I know three in the city of Dublin, no way inferior to Xantippe, but that they have not as great men to work upon.

When a friend asked Socrates, how he could bear the scolding of his wife Xantippe? he retorted, and asked him, how he could bear the gaggling of his geese? Ay, but my

geese lay eggs for me, replied his friend; so doth my wife bear children, said Socrates. —*Diog. Laert.*

Being asked at another time, by a friend, how he could bear her tongue? he said, she was of this use to him, that she taught him to bear the impertinences of others with more ease when he went abroad.—*Plat. De Capiend. ex host. utilit.*

Socrates invited his friend Euthymedus to supper. Xantippe, in great rage, went in to them, and overset the table. Euthymedus, rising in a passion to go off, My dear friend, stay, said Socrates, did not a hen do the same thing at your house the other day, and did I show any resentment?—*Plat. de ira cohibenda.*

I could give many more instances of her termagancy, and his philosophy, if such a proceeding might not look as if I were glad of an opportunity to expose the fair sex; but, to show that I have no such design, I declare solemnly, that I had much worse stories to tell of her behaviour to her husband, which I rather passed over, on account of the great esteem which I bear the ladies, especially those in the honourable station of matrimony.]

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[Footnote 8: Ramble.]

[Footnote 9: Not vomiting.]

[Footnote 10: Thrusting out the lip.]

[Footnote 11: This is to be understood not in the sense of wort, when brewers put yeast or harm in it; but its true meaning is, deceived or cheated.]

[Footnote 12: Hit your fancy.]

[Footnote 13: Sullen fits. We have a merry jig, called Dumpty-Deary, invented to rouse ladies from the dumps.]

[Footnote 14: Reflection of the sun.]

[Footnote 15: Motherly woman.] [Footnote 16: Not grace before and after meat, nor their graces the duchesses, but the Graces which attended on Venus.]

[Footnote 17: Not Flanders-lace, but gold and silver lace. By borrowed, I mean such as run into honest tradesmen's debts, for which they were not able to pay, as many of them did for French silver lace, against the last birth-day.—Vid. the shopkeepers' books.]

[Footnote 18: Girls who love to hear themselves prate, and put on a number of monkey-airs to catch men.]

[Footnote 19: I hope none will be so uncomplaisant to the ladies as to think these comparisons are odious.]

[Footnote 20: Tell the whole world; not to proclaim them as robbers and rapparees.]

AN ANSWER TO A SCANDALOUS POEM

Wherein the Author most audaciously presumes to cast an indignity upon their highnesses the Clouds, by comparing them to a woman. Written by DERMOT O'NEPHELY, Chief Cape of Howth.[1]

BY DR. SWIFT

ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE CLOUDS

N.B. The following answer to that scurrilous libel against us, should have been published long ago in our own justification: But it was advised, that, considering the

high importance of the subject, it should be deferred until the meeting of the General Assembly of the Nation.

[Two passages within crotchets are added to this poem, from a copy found amongst Swift's papers. It is indorsed, "Quaere, should it go." And a little lower, "More, but of no use."]

Presumptuous bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show
Inferior mortals there below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse?
We hardly thunder thrice a-year;
The bolt discharged, the sky grows clear;
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.
[How useful were a woman's thunder,
If she, like us, would burst asunder!
Yet, though her stays hath often cursed her,
And, whisp'ring, wish'd the devil burst her:
For hourly thund'ring in his face,
She ne'er was known to burst a lace.]

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Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blamed for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps ethereal,
Compared for mischief to venereal?
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, ’tis true, but never wound.
You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight,
Foretell a storm to last till night.
A cloud in proper season pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design’d
To pour down curses on mankind.
When Sirius[2] o’er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages;
But woman is a cursed inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fireworks, she can burn in water.
For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You’ll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon’d,
Change every feature every second.
Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from women’s air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
Go read in ancient books enroll’d
What honours we possess’d of old.
To disappoint Ixion’s[3] rape
Jove dress’d a cloud in Juno’s shape;
Which when he had enjoy’d, he swore,
No goddess could have pleased him more;
No difference could he find between
His cloud and Jove’s imperial queen;

His cloud produced a race of Centaurs,
Famed for a thousand bold adventures;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors, called *nubigenae*;
But say, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to pass for Juno?
  Before AEneas durst aspire
To court her majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him:
A coat we gave him, dyed in grain,
A flaxen wig, and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet)
With which he made a tearing show;
And Dido quickly smoked the beau.
  Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a cloud.
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.
  'Tis known that Socrates the wise
Adored us clouds as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And died defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain;
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:

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And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
  Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as Hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp.
Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! he kiss their a—es;
While we, o'er Teneriffa placed,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.
  Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle;
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair;
Apollo stirs not out of door,
Without his lacquer'd coach and four;
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin:
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a sponge in water,
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes;

As you shall to your sorrow know;
We'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And, since we find you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly souse your frieze surtout.
  'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phoebus ever shows his face;
For, when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side;
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!
'Tis sung, wherever Celia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs;
'Tis sung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.
  Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a cloud.
  But gods like us have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence;
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compared to Venus.
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.
[Observe the case—I state it thus:
Though you compare your trull to us,
But think how damnably you err
When you compare us clouds to her;

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From whence you draw such bold conclusions;
But poets love profuse allusions.
And, if you now so little spare us,
Who knows how soon you may compare us
To Chartres, Walpole, or a king,
If once we let you have your swing.
Such wicked insolence appears
Offensive to all pious ears.
To flatter women by a metaphor!
What profit could you hope to get of her?
And, for her sake, turn base detractor
Against your greatest benefactor.
  But we shall keep revenge in store
If ever you provoke us more:
For, since we know you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly drench your frieze surtout;
Or may we never thunder throw,
Nor souse to death a birth-day beau.
  We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.]

[Footnote 1: The highest point of Howth is called the Cape of Howth.— *F.*]

[Footnote 2: The Dogstar.—Hyginus, "Astronomica."]

[Footnote 3: Who murdered his father-in-law, and was taken into heaven and purified by Jove, but when, after he had begot the Centaurs from the cloud, he boasted of his imaginary success with Juno, Jupiter hurled him into Tartarus, where he was bound to a perpetually revolving wheel. "Volvitur Ixion: et se sequiturque fugitque." Ovid, "Metam.," iv, 460. Tibullus tells the tale in one distich, lib. I, iii:
  "Illic Junonem tentare Ixionis ausi
  Versantur celeri noxia membra rota."—*W. E. B.*]

PEG RADCLIFFE THE HOSTESS'S INVITATION

To the Reverend Dr. Swift, D.S.P.D. written with a design to be spoken by her on his arrival at Glassnevin, Dr. Delany having complimented him with a house there. From the London and Dublin Magazine for June, 1735. The lines are probably by Delany or Sheridan.

Though the name of this place may make you to frown, Your Deanship is welcome to *Glassnevin* town; [1]A glass and no wine, to a man of your taste, Alas! is enough, sir, to break it in haste; Be that as it will, your presence can't fail To yield great delight in drinking our ale; Would you but vouchsafe a mug to partake, And as we can brew, believe we can bake. The life and the pleasure we now from you hope, The famed Violante can't show on the rope; Your genius and talents outdo even Pope. Then while, sir, you live at Glassnevin, and find The benefit wish'd you, by friends who are kind;
One night in the week, sir, your favour bestow,
To drink with Delany and others your know: They constantly meet at Peg Radcliffe's together, Talk over the news of the town and the weather; Reflect on mishaps in church and in state, Digest many things as well as good meat; And club each alike that no one may treat. This if you will grant without coach or chair, You may, in a trice, cross the way and be there; For Peg is your neighbour, as well as Delany, A housewifely woman full pleasing to any.

[Footnote 1: A pun on *Glassnevin—Glass—ne, no, and* vin, *wine.—Scott.*]

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VERSES BY SHERIDAN

When to my house you come, dear Dean,
Your humble friend to entertain,
Through dirt and mire along the street,
You find no scraper for your feet;
At which you stamp and storm and swell,
Which serves to clean your feet as well.
By steps ascending to the hall,
All torn to rags by boys and ball,
With scatter'd fragments on the floor;
A sad, uneasy parlour door,
Besmear'd with chalk, and carved with knives,
(A plague upon all careless wives,)
Are the next sights you must expect,
But do not think they are my neglect.
Ah that these evils were the worst!
The parlour still is farther curst.
To enter there if you advance,
If in you get, it is by chance.
How oft by turns have you and I
Said thus—"Let me—no—let me try—
This turn will open it, I'll engage"—
You push me from it in a rage.
Turning, twisting, forcing, fumbling,
Stamping, staring, fuming, grumbling,
At length it opens—in we go—
How glad are we to find it so!
Conquests through pains and dangers please,
Much more than those attain'd with ease.
Are you disposed to take a seat;
The instant that it feels your weight,
Out goes its legs, and down you come
Upon your reverend deanship's bum.
Betwixt two stools, 'tis often said,
The sitter on the ground is laid;
What praise then to my chairs is due,
Where one performs the feat of two!
Now to the fire, if such there be,
At present nought but smoke we see.
"Come, stir it up!"—"Ho, Mr. Joker,
How can I stir it without a poker?"
"The bellows take, their batter'd nose

Will serve for poker, I suppose.”
Now you begin to rake—alack
The grate has tumbled from its back—
The coals all on the hearth are laid—
“Stay, sir—I’ll run and call the maid;
She’ll make the fire again complete—
She knows the humour of the grate.”
“Pox take your maid and you together—
This is cold comfort in cold weather.”
Now all is right again—the blaze
Suddenly raised as soon decays.
Once more apply the bellows—“So—
These bellows were not made to blow—
Their leathern lungs are in decay,
They can’t even puff the smoke away.”
“And is your reverence vext at that,
Get up, in God’s name, take your hat;
Hang them, say I, that have no shift;
Come blow the fire, good Doctor Swift.
If trifles such as these can tease you,
Plague take those fools that strive to please you.
Therefore no longer be a quarrel’r
Either with me, sir, or my parlour.
If you can relish ought of mine,
A bit of meat, a glass of wine,
You’re welcome to it, and you shall fare
As well as dining with the mayor.”
“You saucy scab—you tell me so!
Why, booby-face, I’d have you know
I’d rather see your things in order,
Than dine in state with the recorder.

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For water I must keep a clutter,
Or chide your wife for stinking butter;
Or getting such a deal of meat
As if you'd half the town to eat.
That wife of yours, the devil's in her,
I've told her of this way of dinner
Five hundred times, but all in vain—
Here comes a rump of beef again:
O that that wife of yours would burst—
Get out, and serve the boarders first.
Pox take 'em all for me—I fret
So much, I shall not eat my meat—
You know I'd rather have a slice."
"I know, dear sir, you are not nice;
You'll have your dinner in a minute,
Here comes the plate and slices in it—
Therefore no more, but take your place—
Do you fall to, and I'll say grace."

VERSES ADDRESSED TO SWIFT AND TO HIS MEMORY

TO DR. SWIFT ON HIS BIRTH-DAY[1]

While I the godlike men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold;
Revered antiquity explore,
And turn the long-lived volumes o'er;
Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus, shine
In every excellence divine;
I grieve that our degenerate days
Produce no mighty soul like these:
Patriot, philosopher, and bard,
Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
"Spare your reflection," Phoebus cries;
"'Tis as ungrateful as unwise:
Can you complain, this sacred day,
That virtues or that arts decay?

Behold, in Swift revived appears:
The virtues of unnumber'd years;
Behold in him, with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and sage unite;
And know, Ierne in that name
Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame."

[Footnote 1: Written by Mrs. Pilkington, at the time when she wished to be introduced to the Dean. The verses being presented to him by Dr. Delany, he kindly accepted the compliment.—*Scott.*]

ON DR. SWIFT 1733

No pedant Bentley proud, uncouth,
Nor sweetening dedicator smooth,
In one attempt has ever dared
To sap, or storm, this mighty bard,
Nor Envy does, nor ignorance,
Make on his works the least advance.
For *this*, behold! still flies afar
Where'er his genius does appear;
Nor has *that* aught to do above,
So meddles not with Swift and Jove.
A faithful, universal fame
In glory spreads abroad his name;
Pronounces Swift, with loudest breath,
Immortal grown before his death.

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S A BIRTH-DAY POEM. NOV. 30, 1736

To you, my true and faithful friend,
These tributary lines I send,
Which every year, thou best of deans,
I'll pay as long as life remains;
But did you know one half the pain
What work, what racking of the brain,
It costs me for a single clause,
How long I'm forced to think and pause;
How long I dwell upon a proem,
To introduce your birth-day poem,

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How many blotted lines; I know it,
You'd have compassion for the poet.
  Now, to describe the way I think,
I take in hand my pen and ink;
I rub my forehead, scratch my head,
Revolving all the rhymes I read.
Each complimental thought sublime,
Reduced by favourite Pope to rhyme,
And those by you to Oxford writ,
With true simplicity and wit.
Yet after all I cannot find
One panegyric to my mind.
Now I begin to fret and blot,
Something I schemed, but quite forgot;
My fancy turns a thousand ways,
Through all the several forms of praise,
What eulogy may best become
The greatest dean in Christendom.
At last I've hit upon a thought——
Sure this will do—— 'tis good for nought——
This line I peevishly erase,
And choose another in its place;
Again I try, again commence,
But cannot well express the sense;
The line's too short to hold my meaning:
I'm cramp'd, and cannot bring the Dean in.
O for a rhyme to glorious birth!
I've hit upon't——The rhyme is earth——
But how to bring it in, or fit it,
I know not, so I'm forced to quit it.
  Again I try—I'll sing the man—
Ay do, says Phoebus, if you can;
I wish with all my heart you would not;
Were Horace now alive he could not:
And will you venture to pursue,
What none alive or dead could do?
Pray see, did ever Pope or Gay
Presume to write on his birth-day;
Though both were fav'rite bards of mine,
The task they wisely both decline.

With grief I felt his admonition,
And much lamented my condition:
Because I could not be content
Without some grateful compliment,
If not the poet, sure the friend
Must something on your birth-day send.
I scratch'd, and rubb'd my head once more:
"Let every patriot him adore."
Alack-a-day, there's nothing in't—
Such stuff will never do in print.
Pray, reader, ponder well the sequel;
I hope this epigram will take well.
In others, life is deem'd a vapour,
In Swift it is a lasting taper,
Whose blaze continually refines,
The more it burns the more it shines.
I read this epigram again,
'Tis much too flat to fit the Dean.
Then down I lay some scheme to dream on
Assisted by some friendly demon.
I slept, and dream'd that I should meet
A birth-day poem in the street;
So, after all my care and rout,
You see, dear Dean, my dream is out.

EPIGRAMS
OCCASIONED BY DR. SWIFT'S INTENDED HOSPITAL
FOR IDIOTS AND LUNATICS

I

The Dean must die—our idiots to maintain!
Perish, ye idiots! and long live the Dean!

II

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O Genius of Hibernia’s state,
Sublimely good, severely great,
How doth this latest act excel
All you have done or wrote so well!
Satire may be the child of spite,
And fame might bid the Drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how
Argues a soul both good and wise,
Resembling Him who rules the skies,
He to the thoughtful mind displays
Immortal skill ten thousand ways;
And, to complete his glorious task,
Gives what we have not sense to ask!

III

Lo! Swift to idiots bequeaths his store:
Be wise, ye rich!—consider thus the poor!

IV

Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
This makes the Dean for kindred *thus* provide.

ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK’S BIRTH-DAY BEING NOV. 30, ST. ANDREW’S DAY

Between the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to rest were gone,
Entranced in softest sleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My soul as calm as it could be.
  The queen of dreams, well pleased to find
An undisturb’d and vacant mind,
With magic pencil traced my brain,
And there she drew St. Patrick’s Dean:
I straight beheld on either hand
Two saints, like guardian angels, stand,
And either claim’d him for their son,
And thus the high dispute begun:
  St. Andrew, first, with reason strong,

Maintain’d to him he did belong.
“Swift is my own, by right divine,
All born upon this day are mine.”
  St. Patrick said, “I own this true
So far he does belong to you:
But in my church he’s born again,
My son adopted, and my Dean.
When first the Christian truth I spread,
The poor within this isle I fed,
And darkest errors banish’d hence,
Made knowledge in their place commence:
Nay more, at my divine command,
All noxious creatures fled the land.
I made both peace and plenty smile,
Hibernia was my favourite isle;
Now his—for he succeeds to me,
Two angels cannot more agree.
  His joy is, to relieve the poor;
Behold them weekly at his door!
His knowledge too, in brightest rays,
He like the sun to all conveys,
Shows wisdom in a single page,
And in one hour instructs an age
When ruin lately stood around
Th’enclosures of my sacred ground,
He gloriously did interpose,
And saved it from invading foes;
For this I claim immortal Swift
As my own son, and Heaven’s best gift.
  The Caledonian saint, enraged,
Now closer in dispute engaged.
Essays to prove, by transmigration,
The Dean is of the Scottish nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he chose
The loyal soul of great Montrose;
“Montrose and he are both the same,
They only differ in the name:

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Both heroes in a righteous cause,
Assert their liberties and laws;
He’s now the same Montrose was then,
But that the sword is turn’d a pen,
A pen of so great power, each word
Defends beyond the hero’s sword.”
  Now words grew high—we can’t suppose
Immortals ever come to blows,
But lest unruly passion should
Degrade them into flesh and blood,
An angel quick from Heaven descends,
And he at once the contest ends:
  “Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
Ye both mistake the present case;
One kingdom cannot have pretence
To so much virtue! so much sense!
Search Heaven’s record; and there you’ll find
That he was born for all mankind.”

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, ESQ.[1]

WITH A PICTURE OF DR. SWIFT. BY WILLIAM DUNKIN, D.D.

To gratify thy long desire,
(So love and piety require,)
From Bindon’s colours you may trace
The patriot’s venerable face.
The last, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchless monarch of the pen,
(Whose labours, like the genial sun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the sun, decline,
But in their full meridian shine,)
That ever honour’d, envied sage,
So long the wonder of the age,
Who charm’d us with his golden strain,
Is not the shadow of the Dean:

He only breathes Boeotian air—
“O! what a falling off was there!”
  Hibernia’s Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die;
And what remains against the storm
Of Malice but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the bulwark of this isle?
In which the sisterhood was fix’d
Of candid Honour, Truth unmix’d,
Imperial Reason, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffusing round
In cheerful rivulets to flow
Of Fortune to the sons of woe?
  Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift,
But lo! the pure ethereal flame
Is darken’d by a misty steam:
The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither’d ere it fell.
That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.
  Ye sons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And in the field of letter’d arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature’s honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanced for use,
Which you should study to produce
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,
May haply be recall’d from you
Before the grave demands his due,
Then, while your morning star proceeds,

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Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.
  Ah! where is now the supple train,
That danced attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung,
On wisdom, dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?
  Good Christians! they with bended knees
Ingulf'd the wine, but loathe the lees,
Averting, (so the text commands,)
With ardent eyes and upcast hands,
The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats, from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actaeon's horrid pack
Of yelling mongrels, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals;
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a sore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;
Since all the monsters which he drew

Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.
  But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death:
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his past heroic deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the bless'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refined;
And there the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
  Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.
  So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

[Footnote 1: Created Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare, Dec. 20, 1766.—*Scott.*]

ON THE DRAPIER. BY DR. DUNKIN.[1]

Undone by fools at home, abroad by knaves,
The isle of saints became the land of slaves,
Trembling beneath her proud oppressor's hand;
But, when thy reason thunder'd through the land,
Then all the public spirit breathed in thee,
And all, except the sons of guilt, were free.
Blest isle, blest patriot, ever glorious strife!
You gave her freedom, as she gave you life!
Thus Cato fought, whom Brutus copied well,
And with those rights for which you stand, he fell.

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[Footnote 1: See the translation of Carberiae Rupes in vol. i, p. 143. In the select Poetical Works of Dr. Dunkin, published at Dublin in 1770, are four well-chosen compliments to the Dean on his birth-day, and a very humorous poetical advertisement for a copy of Virgil Travestie, which, at the Dean's request, Dr. Dunkin had much corrected, and afterwards lost. After offering a small reward to whoever will restore it, he adds,

"Or if, when this book shall be offer'd to sale,
Any printer will stop it, the bard will not fail
To make over the issues and profits accruing
From thence to the printer, for his care in so doing;
Provided he first to the poet will send it,
That where it is wrong, he may alter and mend it."—*N.*]

EPITAPH PROPOSED FOR DR. SWIFT. 1745

HIC JACET
DEMOCRITVS ILLE NEOTERICVS, RABELAESIVS NOSTER,
IONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P. HVIVS CATHEDRALIS NVPER DECANVS;
MOMI, MVSARVM, MINERVAE, ALVMNVS PERQVAM DILECTVS;
INSVLSIS, HYPOCRITIS, THEOMACHIS, IVXTA EXOSVS;
QVOS TRIBVTIM SVMMO CVM LEPORE
DERISIT, DENVDAVIT, DEBELLAVIT.
PATRIAE INFELICIS PATRONVS IMPIGER, ET PROPVGNATOR
PRIMORES ARRIPVIT, POPVLVMQVE INTERRITVS,
VNI SCILICET AEQVVS VIRTVTI.
HANC FAVILLAM
SI QVIS ADES, NEC PENITVS EXCORS VIDETVR,
DEBITA SPARGES LACRYMA.

EPIGRAM ON TWO GREAT MEN. 1754

Two geniuses one age and nation grace!
Pride of our isles, and boast of human race!
Great sage! great bard! supreme in knowledge born!
The world to mend, enlighten, and adorn.
Truth on Cimmerian darkness pours the day!
Wit drives in smiles the gloom of minds away!
Ye kindred suns on high, ye glorious spheres,
Whom have ye seen, in twice three thousand years,
Whom have ye seen, like these, of mortal birth;
Though Archimede and Horace blest the earth?
Barbarians, from th' Equator to the Poles,

Hark! reason calls! wisdom awakes your souls!
Ye regions, ignorant of Walpole’s name;
Ye climes, where kings shall ne’er extend their fame;
Where men, miscall’d, God’s image have defaced,
Their form belied, and human shape disgraced!
Ye two-legg’d wolves! slaves! superstition’s sons!
Lords! soldiers! holy Vandals! modern Huns!
Boors, mufties, monks; in Russia, Turkey, Spain!
Who does not know SIR ISAAC, and THE DEAN?

TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR SWIFT

When wasteful death has closed the Poet’s eyes,
And low in earth his mortal essence lies;
When the bright flame, that once his breast inspired,
Has to its first, its noblest seat retired;
All worthy minds, whom love of merit sways,
Should shade from slander his respected bays;
And bid that fame, his useful labours won,
Pure and untainted through all ages run.
  Envy’s a fiend all excellence pursues,

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But mostly poets favour’d by the Muse;
Who wins the laurel, sacred verse bestows,
Makes all, who fail in like attempts, his foes;
No puny wit of malice can complain,
The thorn is theirs, who most applauses gain.
  Whatever gifts or graces Heaven design’d
To raise man’s genius, or enrich his mind,
Were Swift’s to boast—alike his merits claim
The statesman’s knowledge, and the poet’s flame;
The patriot’s honour, zealous to defend
His country’s rights—and *faithful to the end*;
The sound divine, whose charities display’d
He more by virtue than by forms was sway’d;
Temperate at board, and frugal of his store,
Which he but spared, to make his bounties more:
The generous friend, whose heart alike caress’d,
The friend triumphant, or the friend distress’d;
Who could, unpain’d, another’s merit spy,
Nor view a rival’s fame with jaundiced eye;
Humane to all, his love was unconfined,
And in its scope embraced all human kind;
Sharp, not malicious, was his charming wit,
And less to anger than reform he writ;
Whatever rancour his productions show’d,
From scorn of vice and folly only flow’d;
He thought that fools were an invidious race,
And held no measures with the vain or base.
  Virtue so clear! who labours to destroy,
Shall find the charge can but himself annoy:
The slanderous theft to his own breast recoils,
Who seeks renown from injured merit’s spoils;
All hearts unite, and Heaven with man conspires
To guard those virtues she herself admires.
  O sacred bard!—once ours!—but now no more,
Whose loss, for ever, Ireland must deplore,
No earthly laurels needs thy happy brow,
Above the poet’s are thy honours now:
Above the patriot’s, (though a greater name
No temporal monarch for his crown can claim.)
From noble breasts if envy might ensue,

Thy death is all the brave can envy you.
You died, when merit (to its fate resign’d)
Saw scarce one friend to genius left behind,
When shining parts did jealous hatred breed,
And ’twas a crime in science to succeed,
When ignorance spread her hateful mist around,
And dunces only an acceptance found.
What could such scenes in noble minds beget,
But life with pain, and talents with regret?
Add that thy spirit from the world retired,
Ere hidden foes its further grief conspired;
No treacherous friend did stories yet contrive,
To blast the Muse he flatter’d when alive,[1]
Or sordid printer (by his influence led)
Abused the fame that first bestow’d him bread.
Slanders so mean, had he whose nicer ear
Abhorr’d all scandal, but survived to hear,
The fraudful tale had stronger scorn supplied,
And he (at length) with more disdain had died,
But since detraction is the portion here
Of all who virtuous durst, or great, appear,
And the free soul no true existence gains,
While earthly particles its flight restrains,

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The greatest favour grimful Death can show,
Is with swift dart to expedite the blow.
So thought the Dean, who, anxious for his fate,
Sigh'd for release, and deem'd the blessing late.
And sure if virtuous souls (life's travail past)
Enjoy (as churchmen teach) repose at last,
There's cause to think, a mind so firmly good,
Who vice so long, and lawless power, withstood,
Has reach'd the limits of that peaceful shore,
Where knaves molest, and tyrants awe, no more;
These blissful seats the pious but attain,
Where incorrupt, immortal spirits reign.
There his own Parnell strikes the living lyre.
And Pope, harmonius, joins the tuneful choir;
His Stella too, (no more to forms confined,
For heavenly beings all are of a kind,)
Unites with his the treasures of her mind,
With warmer friendships bids their bosoms glow,
Nor dreads the rage of vulgar tongues below.
Such pleasing hope the tranquil breast enjoys,
Whose inward peace no conscious crime annoys;
While guilty minds irresolute appear,
And doubt a state their vices needs must fear.

R——T B——N.

Dublin, Nov. 4, 1755.

[Footnote 1: Compare the Earl of Orrery's "Verses to Swift on his birthday" (vol. i, 228) with his "Remarks on the Life and writings of Swift." And see *post*, p. 406. The next line refers to Faulkner.—*W. E. B.*]

A SCHOOLBOY'S THEME

The following lines were enclosed in a letter from Mr. Pulteney, (afterwards Earl of Bath,) to Swift, in which he says—"You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster school on this theme, —*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*"

Dulce, Decane, decus, flos optime gentis Hibernae
  Nomine quique audis, ingenioque celer:
Dum lepido indulges risu, et mutaris in horas,
  Quo nova vis animi, materiesque rapit?
Nunc gravis astrologus, coelo dominaris et astris,
  Filaque pro libitu Partrigiana secas.
Nunc populo speciosa hospes miracula promis,
  Gentesque aequoreas, aeriasque creas.
Seu plausum captat queruli persona Draperi,
  Seu levis a vacuo tabula sumpta cado.
Mores egregius mira exprimis arte magister,
  Et vitam atque homines pagina quaeque sapit;
Socraticae minor est vis et sapientia chartae,
  Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis opus.

VERSES ON THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

BY MR. JAMES STERLING, OF THE COUNTY OF MEATH

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While the Dean with more wit than man ever wanted,
Or than Heaven to any man else ever granted,
Endeavours to prove, how the ancients in knowledge
Have excell'd our adepts of each modern college;
How by heroes of old our chiefs are surpass'd
In each useful science, true learning, and taste.
While thus he behaves, with more courage than manners,
And fights for the foe, deserting our banners;
While Bentley and Wotton, our champions, he foils,
And wants neither Temple's assistance, nor Boyle's;
In spite of his learning, fine reasons, and style,
—Would you think it?—he favours our cause all the while:
We raise by his conquest our glory the higher,
And from our defeat to a triumph aspire;
Our great brother-modern, the boast of our days,
Unconscious, has gain'd for our party the bays:
St. James's old authors, so famed on each shelf,
Are vanquish'd by what he has written himself.

ON DR. SWIFT'S LEAVING HIS ESTATE TO IDIOTS

Swift, wondrous genius, bright intelligence,
Pities the orphan's, idiot's want of sense;
And rich in supernumerary pelf,
Adopts posterity unlike himself.
To one great individual wit's confined!
Such eunuchs never propagate their kind.
Thus nature's prodigies bestow the gifts
Of fortune, their descendants are no Swifts.
When did prime statesman, for a sceptre fit
His ministerial successor beget?
No age, no state, no world, can hope to see
Two SWIFTS or WALPOLES in one family.

ON SEVERAL PETTY PIECES

LATELY PUBLISHED AGAINST DEAN SWIFT, NOW DEAF AND INFIRM

Thy mortal part, ingenious Swift! must die,
Thy fame shall reach beyond mortality!
How puny whirlings joy at thy decline,
Thou darling offspring of the tuneful nine!

The noble *lion* thus, as vigour passes,
The fable tells us, is abused by *asses*.

ON FAULKNER’S EDITION OF SWIFT

Ornamented with an Engraving of the Dean, by Vertue.

In a little dark room at the back of his shop,
Where poets and scribes have dined on a chop,
Poor Faulkner sate musing alone thus of late,
“Two volumes are done—it is time for the plate;
Yes, time to be sure;—but on whom shall I call
To express the great Swift in a compass so small?
Faith, *Vertue* shall do it, I’m pleased at the thought,
Be the cost what it will—the copper is bought.”
Apollo o’erheard, (who as some people guess,
Had a hand in the work, and corrected the press;)
And pleased, he replied, “Honest George, you are right,
The thought was my own, howsoe’er you came by’t.
For though both the wit and the style is my gift,
’Tis VERTUE alone can design us a SWIFT.”

EPIGRAM ON LORD ORRERY’S REMARKS ON SWIFT’S LIFE AND WRITINGS

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A sore disease this scribbling itch is!
  His Lordship, in his Pliny seen,[1]
Turns Madam Pilkington in breeches,
  And now attacks our Patriot Dean.

What! libel his friend when laid in ground:
  Nay, good sir, you may spare your hints,
His parallel at last is found,
  For what he writes George Faulkner prints.

Had Swift provoked to this behaviour,
  Yet after death resentment cools,
Sure his last act bespoke his favour,
  He built an hospital—for fools.

[Footnote 1: Lord Orrery translated the letters of the younger Pliny.—*Scott.*]

TO DOCTOR DELANY

ON HIS BOOK ENTITLED “OBSERVATIONS ON
LORD ORRERY’S REMARKS”

Delany, to escape your friend the Dean,
  And prove all false that Orrery had writ,
You kindly own his Gulliver profane,
  Yet make his puns and riddles sterling wit.

But if for wrongs to Swift you would atone,
  And please the world, one way you may succeed,
Collect Boyle’s writings and your own,
  And serve them as you served THE DEED.

EPIGRAM

On Faulkner’s displaying in his shop the Dean’s bust in marble, (now placed in the great aisle of St. Patrick’s church), while he was publishing Lord Orrery’s Remarks.

Faulkner! for once you have some judgment shown,
By representing Swift transform’d to stone;
For could he thy ingratitude have known,
Astonishment itself the work had done!

AN INSCRIPTION

Intended for a compartment in Dr. Swift’s monument, designed by Cunningham, on College Green, Dublin.

Say, to the Drapier’s vast unbounded fame,
  What added honours can the sculptor give?
None.—’Tis a sanction from the Drapier’s name
  Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

June 4, 1765.

AN EPIGRAM OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION

Which gave the Drapier birth two realms contend;
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loss Ierne’s laurel shall supply;
Through life’s low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

W. B. J. N.

1766.

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