



## IRISH MASONIC JEWELS

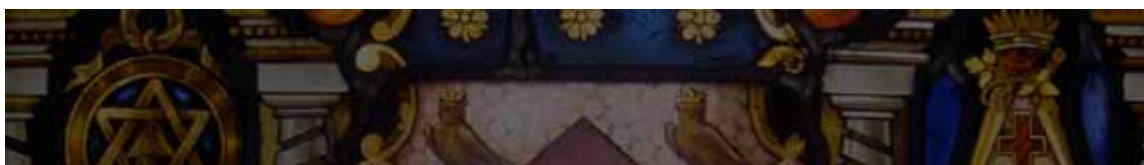
### THE TRINITY TRIPOS 1688

This pdf copy of The Trinity Tripos of 1688 is as you can see from the following page reproduced from the 1824 edition of Sir Walter Scott's "The Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D., Volume VI".

The Tripos appeared in Sir Walter Scott's publication as it was attributed to Jonathan Swift mainly as a result of the book by Rev. John Barrett, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin (1806 - 1821) entitled "An Essay on the Earlier Part of the Life of Swift" published in 1808.

You will note that the majority of the footnotes are from Rev. Barrett's book and their purpose is to identify the individuals referred to in the Tripos.

The consensus subsequently was, as you can see from my Paper, that the Tripos was not written by Swift and did not appear in later editions of the compilations of Swift's works by Sir Walter Scott.



THE  
**WORKS**  
OF  
**JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.**

DEAN OF ST PATRICK'S, DUBLIN ;

CONTAINING  
ADDITIONAL LETTERS, TRACTS, AND POEMS,  
NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED ;

WITH  
**NOTES,**  
AND  
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, .  
BY  
**SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.**

SECOND EDITION



VOLUME VI.

EDINBURGH :  
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1824.

**A TRIPOS,**  
**OR SPEECH, DELIVERED AT A COMMENCEMENT**  
**IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN,\***  
**HELD THERE, JULY 11, 1688,**  
**By MR JOHN JONES,**  
**THEN A. B., AFTERWARDS D. D.**

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## ACT I.

OCCIDIT miseros crambe repetita magistros.

Your *probabo, probabo*, is as dull as a Trinity Sunday sermon.

Dii boni, quas novas aves hic video ! Tot habemus barbaros ignoramos et foppas : tot doctores indoctos, rummos academicos, cives aldermanicos, rustieos personas, and so many pretty, pretty little rogues, that should I speak Latin, I should banter ten parts of the company. Wherefore, for the sake of the ladies, bullies, the Rums, and Fellow-commoners, I'll order it, (as I know you all would have it,) that the English be ten to one against the Roman.

Lenite clamorem, till I shew these gentlemen the civilities of the house.

Non temere decet quidem ut salutemus libenter. Salvete igitur quotquot reverenda vel ridicula, docta vel rummosa capita ; sed imprimis salvus sit Doctor Acton, (ut inquit Erasmus) Athleticè : superannuati omnes salvi sint pancraticè : et, si qui adsint cornuti, quod verisimile est, valeant tauricè ; deinde si quis adsit medicus immedicabilis,\* qui skulkat subter id manticæ, quod in

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\* The Reverend Michael Hewetson, whose sister's testament is afterwards given. He was admitted into college 18th July, 1660, took

tergo est, docto in cujus capite *Æsculapius* viget, sed in ossibus dominatus astronomiæ et effæto corpore totus inhæret Galenus et Hippocrates, si possibile sit, inquam, valeat ille; sed præ cæteris clericum istum clericorum salvere jubeo, who preaches in an oven, and is of the same name and heraldry with an eminent blind cobbler, who, when the kingdom was all out of the stitches, vampt himself a colonel; if his gravity be here, I salute him for seven several reasons.

First, Because he drinks and goes to the bog-house for fourteen reasons; but cannot give one for selling his organs to a mass-house.

Secondly, Because (according to his own phrase) he preaches by the London standard, which never lessened, as I know of, but thrice; and then Stillingfleet and Tillotson themselves were not one jot better or worse, unless we say with the poet,

*Sed malè dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.*

Thirdly, Because when he came from England, he wore as much silk for a doublet as made his sister (joy be with her, as he said) a manteau and petticoat. Quere, Whether then Mr Parson wore the breast-plate of righteousness? It is plain he did, and that his intentions were honourable, for the next Sunday following he preached,—Give Cæsar his due. It is ill-nature, then, in Bunbury's wife's husband to revile him for this;

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a master of arts' degree 27th February, 1681-2, and, in 1684, was tenant to the college for the lands of Coolremen, in the county of Donnegal.—Dr BARRETT.

and, to speak in the phrase of a pretty little Senior Fellow, There's no Jew but would be more gentle.

Fourthly, Because he consecrates as much water at once, as makes Christians for a month.

Fifthly, Because he invited to his sister's funeral none but (as he was pleased to call them) the cream of the parish; viz. those that kept coaches. Now himself upon himself: his conclusion in such a case will be thus, That all the curds and cream in the parish tour it in coaches, while the poor skim-milk and bonny-clobber trudge a-foot. I wonder, Mr Leeson, with his cream of Theology, is not his parishioner. There is a mess for the Freshmen. But,

Sixthly, Because he lives by the Canon, and yet corrects the Rubrick.

Seventhly, and lastly, Because he made himself a large and ponderous night-cap, after the exact model of his church; and this he did for two reasons:—

First, To shew that no noddle in the diocese could bear such a weight as his. Secondly, To cure a distemper, which, to the grief of his congregation, has troubled his brains these many years. Sed ad rem.

Salvus sit ille inter socios juniores cum pede brevi et naso rhinocerotis, who by his own sermon of angles and triangles, has thrice shewn his smattering in the mathematics. Valeat etiam Doctor ille Civilis, sed Polygamista, edentulus sed Polyglottus;\* qui adeo plenus est literis, ut in ipsa facie omnes linguarum characteres

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\* Conjectured by Dr Barrett to be Sir Dudley Loftus, eminent for his skill in Oriental languages. See Ware's Writers of Ireland, p. 254.

graphicè scribuntur : frustra igitur, reverende doctor, susurrant invidi, te jam senio confectum orientales linguas non callere, cum revera index tui animi sit vultus. Sed etiam atque etiam salvus sit purpuratus nos grandiloquus, cui dedit ore rotundo Musa loqui :—

Quem quoad faciem et linguam vocamus Ulyssem :  
Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses.—  
No Tartar is more fair, no Athenian better hung,  
Sol varnish'd o'er his face, and Mercury his tongue.—

Quoad altitudinem salutemus Ajacem, quod gracilitatem Tithonem, quoad caput versatile Priamum paralyticum, quod pedes Achillem, quoad crura denique, Colossum.

Sponte suâ properant, labor est inhibere volentes.

Anglicè,

With awkward gown tucked up, he scow'rs along,  
And at each stride measures a parasang.

Inter cæteros, peculiari dignus est salutatione bellus quidam homunculus ; I do not mean Mr Brady's pretty little man, but the neat, spruce, dapper, finical, nice, spark, who'd rather sing and dance in his chamber, than bowl without an umbrella : who constantly carries as many patch-boxes in his pocket, as would beautify our beadle ; as many several sorts of snuff, as would furnish Major-General Maccarty and Colonel Dempsy for a year, and as much essence as would perfume Sir Stampe's chamber ; as many comfits as would sweeten Mr Travers's hacksters ; together with as many jewels as would make Sir Jephson a gentleman, or buy Mr Delauny a coat of arms. Besides ; he has such a veneration for the fair sex, that he would not presume to visit a lady in a shirt he had worn a day, but by way of apology sent her this billet-doux :—

I'gad, madam, I beg your pardon ten thousand times for not paying my devoir to your ladyship to-day : of which transcendent happiness nothing under the planets could have deprived me, but the damned disappointment of my sempstress; by whose neglect I have at present but seven day-shirts : by which means I am unprovided with linen, and so rendered utterly incapable of attending your ladyship now : but as soon as my dress is agreeable, I fly with the wings of duty and obedience to implore your ladyship's mercy for my unfortunate absence, and will ever snatch at all opportunities of manifesting myself,

Madam, your ladyship's most humble and devoted  
Slave, to the stars or centre,

TOMMY WEAVER.\*

O curas hominum, O quantum est in rebus inane.  
Ipsissimum hunc homuncionem hoc in epigrammate  
notat Martialis :

Cotile, bellus homo es, &c.

Anglicè,

There's scarce a well-drest coxcomb, but will own  
Tommy's the prettiest spark about the town. )  
This all the tribe of fringe and feather say,  
Because he nicely moves by Algebra ;  
And does with method tie his cravat string,  
Takes snuff with art, and shews his sparkling ring ;  
Can set his fore-top, manage well his wig,  
Can act a proverb, and can dance a jig ;

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\* Thomas Weaver was of a family settled in the King's or Queen's county. He appears to have been admitted into the college, 9th November, 1678 ; and on February 25, 1688, had the grace for A. M. and his exercises were dispensed with.—Dr BARRETT.



Does sing French songs ; can rhyme, and furnish chat  
 To inquisitive Miss, from Letter or Gazette ;  
 Knows the affair of cockpit and the race,  
 And who were conquerors at either place ;  
 If Crop or Trotter took the prize away,  
 And who a fortune gain'd the other day.  
 He swings fring'd gloves, sees plays, writes billet-doux,  
 Fill'd up with beauty, love, oaths, lies, and vows ;  
 Does scent his eyebrows, perfum'd comfits eat,  
 And smells like phoenix' nest, or civet cat ;  
 Does shave with pumice stone, compose his face,  
 And rolls his stockings by a looking-glass.  
 Accomplish'd thus, Tommy, you'll grant, I hope,  
 A pretty spark at least, if not a fop.

*Finitâ salutatione (more Erasmano) paucis vobiscum confabulandum est. Sed uti solet graculus ille Maddison, mihi cordi est totum occupare sermonem ; I'll take all the chat to myself.*

*In familiaritatem me nuper exceperunt virtuosi, (hominum genus in minimis non minimùm laborans) et mihi quædam naturæ non vulgaria nota fecere ; quæ humanitatis ergo, et publicæ salutis gratiâ, in lucem jam profero.*

*First, Mr Allen's infallible cure for the maw-worms :*

*R. Poti fortis ab hatcho quartum unum ; rowlorum, sive brownorum sive alborum, ad minimum tres ; his addatur butyri culinaris quantum valet duos denarios, cum bunsho radishorum vel watergrassi ; deinde stomachi equini quantum sufficit. Hæc omnia horâ octavâ antemeridianâ quotidie devorentur, et certè vix ad prandium usque latrabit stomachus.*

*Secondly, Dr Molyneux,\* his rare discovery of part*

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\* Dr Thomas Molyneux, the younger brother of William Moly-

of the meat's sudden digestion and corruption in the mouth, thus :

R. Pinquis caponis leggum unum et wingum, tosti shouldro-motontis et carnis bovinæ unà slizum unum vel alterum ; anseris juvenilis cum sauso goosberiano modicum quid ; panis domestici lunsheum moderatum ; vini rubri et poti minoris pocula bina vel tria ; et, quod instar omnium est, foetidissimi spiritus quantum sufficit : compressu oris fiat bolus, et proculdubio inter hiatus dentium et super gingivas tam statim foetida fiat concoctio ; quod primus omnium mortalium, si modo credibile sit, ingenuus notavit ille medicus.

Thirdly, The College Butler's admirable invention of selling a mixture of ale and mum for ninepence *per* quart : and his water bewitched, viz. small beer and water, for a penny a bottle : likewise his elixir bonæ famæ, or cure for his first fault. The experiment of the liquids is wrought by the help of a trap-door at midnight.

The elixir is made thus :

R. Vini rubri flaskum duplex, Canarii, sive vini Hispanici, amphoram unam, vel alteram : academici et grubbinorum tolemanni quantum sufficit : deferantur ad cameram Junioris Decani, quo participante ingurgitentur omnia post nocturnum catalogum.

If this will not work the effect alone, I refer you to his wonderful sympathetic prescription, which is thus :

R. The tongue of Mother Jenkinson, *alias* Madam University, which will sooth the affections of the head

neux, the correspondent of Mr Locke, commenced M. D. July 1687. See an account of him in the *BIOGR. BRITAN.* vol. V. p. 3133, note A. edit. 1760.—Dr BARRETT.

of the society. This being done, let the patient dine thrice a week on a national dish ; and, if this fail, 'tis an odd thing, *nam probatum est*.

Moreover, I recommend to you,  
Dean Manby's and Archdeacon Baynard's ointment for a warping conscience.\*

Mr Oliver Talent's† prescription for the worms in the noddle.

Sir Conolly's new Treatise of Armory, entitled, *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*.

Madam Dicky Barry's ingenious machine for putting on finical bands.

Mr Scrogg's composition of puns.

Mr Griffiths's approved-of opium matutinum, for soaking.

Mr Downes's excellent *potio coffiana*, for expelling soporiferous humours.

Priscianus vulneratus, aliàs, *methodus credendi Articulos*, by the Rev. Dr King.‡

Doctor Nappier's§ Elegy on a broken Bellarmine of Ale, entitled, *Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori*.

An excellent engine for working embroidery, by my very good Lord Charlemont.

Likewise his Lordship's *Praxis Arithmetica*, shew-

\* For Peter Manby, Dean of Derry, see Ware's Account of the Writers of Ireland, p. 257.

John Baynard was Archdeacon of Connor : having (like Manby) apostatized to the Church of Rome, he resigned his Archdeaconry in 1691, to which Philip Mathews (nephew of Lemuel Mathews,) was collated.

† Oliver Tallant, admitted 20th May, 1677.

‡ Afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. He is here censured for the inaccuracy of his latinity.

§ Gerard Nappier, admitted 18th July, 1677.

ing that 24 and 24 make 48 : this, as simple as it seems to be, cost the Honourable Lord some pains, and his lady some blushes.

An infallible unguent for the spleen in the toe, by the Rev. Dr Foy.

And, lastly, Mr Smith's Art of Compliance, proving humility to be the practice of the age, and shewing how the College Butler may be the dear companion of the Junior Dean.\* For all which I refer you to the respective authors, except the last, which Mr Smith proves syllogistically thus :

Moris est humilitas, ergo  
Junior Decanus et Promus Senior  
possint esse magni.

Probo antecedens.

Si generosus marmorizat, cum puero,  
Anglicè, Plays marbles with his boy,

Tunc moris est humilitas.

Sed generosus marmorizat cum puero. Ergo, &c.

Probo minorem instaptiam.

Magister Sayers marmorizat cum puero,

Sed magister Sayers est generosus. Ergo, &c.

Probo aliter.

Si doctissimus, altissimus, necnon longè notissimus  
Doctor in Universitate scrubbat suas tabulas et brushat  
suas cathedras, tunc moris est humilitas.

Sed talis Doctor scrubbat suas tabulas, &c. Ergo, &c.

Hoc etiam probari potest instantiâ.

\* The College Butler, or Promus, was Mr Andrew Donnell. His son had been admitted a pupil under Mr Smith, a few days before the Tripos was delivered.—Dr BARRETT.

But the tall gentleman in the robes would not have it known. Cum itaque magister, (te Decanum alloquor) argumentis hisce validis vindicetur tua humilitas, quod obstat quo minus inter te et Danielum mutua foveatur familiaritas.

Ede, bibe, dormi, post mortem nulla voluptas,  
 Namque inter Tanaim nihil est socerumque Viselli.  
 Coach it away, then, and empty his pitchers:  
 A lord in Fingall plays tennis with ditchers.

Heu, heu, quanti hic desiderantur socci et handkerchiefi, tantum est inter vos clamoris, sudoris; tantum est hogorum, ut piget usque morari. Pergat igitur (ut inquit Dr Acton) suo modo Dominus Barry. Sed heus tu, Magister Will-be, sive graduate medioxime, Serenissimæ Elizabethæ dormiant cineres. Not a word of Protestant Bess.

## ACT II.

Oppon. Dom. Barry.—In tempore veni, quod omnium rerum est primum.

Nam vereor, Domine, you are brought as low as Witherton in Chevy Chase, or Mr Lloyd in the chapel. Ridicula capita! inepto risu res ineptior nulla est.

Absint joci, (as Sir Jephson said, when he had none,) res seria jam, imo de funeribus, agitur. Muliercula enim misella humanissima, nobis vicina, et Magistri Hewetson soror unica, non ita pridem moriebatur; nec amicorum immemor ingrata dicessit: sed quicquid vel corpusculi sui vel rei humano foret usui, hoc su-

premo testamento, amicis suis in formam subsequentem benigna legavit.

The last Will and Testament of Mrs Mary Hewetson.

She bequeathed her brains to a learned grave gentleman, who has shaken his own out of his noddle; whose name I was forbid to tell you, but I'll do as good as will, I'll find somebody here, that——Amoveate quæso, amoveate paulisper. Oh! salve, Magister Burrige;\* I remember Tommy Cox told me yours were addle, and therefore I present them to you, if her brother lays no claim to them.

Her tongue (which even after death is the cause of controversy) some affirm she left to Mrs Horncastle:† but the true opinion is, she bequeathed to Mrs Jenkinson, whose speaking organ (as I told you before) is employed in Mrs Donell's Elixir bonæ famæ.

Her teeth she left to Mrs Horncastle, who has such an unruly member of her own, that it needs at least a double guard.

She bequeathed her hair to Mr Leeson, to make him a wig.

Her coloured silk petticoat, to furnish Mr Delauny with a pair of breeches; and her looking-glass and night-

\* Ezekiel Burrige, who is mentioned in the beginning of the Second Act, was elected Scholar in June 1683, commenced A. B. February 1683-4, and A. M. July 1687. He is mentioned by Ware, in his Account of the Writers of Ireland, and by King, in his State of the Protestants.—Dr BARRETT.

† A person of this name is mentioned in King's State of the Protestants.

rail to my Lady Neddy Hall. Her tooth-pick to Dr Loftus, and patch-box to Mrs Lucy Coghill,\* which so disguised her at the Confirmation in St Werburgh's Church, that the zealous Archdeacon did not know Sir John's daughter; sed zelo verè Fitzgeraldina exclamavit, "My Lord, my Lord, her face is against the Canon: I know not who she is, and I won't present her."

Sed, reverende vir, monstrat tibi poeta, quo pacto agnosceres virginem.

Cui numerosa linunt stellantem splenia frontem,  
Ignoras, quæ sit? Splenia tolle, leges.

But to return; she left her courageous heart to pretty Mr Weaver.

Her beauty (now you all expect I'll say—to Sir Bayly and Fitzsimons,—no truly, but) to as worthy a gentleman, the Reverend the Provost: and her conscience to the clerk of the kitchen, of whom (by way of digression†) take this character:—

### A College Steward

is an animal mixture, a medley or hodge-podge of butcher and cook, of scullion and scholar. He lives‡ ne-

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\* Daughter of Sir John Coghill, and sister to Dr Marmaduke Coghill.

† These digressions, interspersed, may remind us of the digressions in the Tale of a Tub.

‡ The office of college steward was formerly exercised by a scholar of the house, who was called clerk of the kitchen. It is probable that he might derive some advantages from the punishment that consisted in depriving delinquents of commons. These advantages are here alluded to.



gatively by the privation of others, and mortifies more flesh than all the divines in the kingdom. Did he live among the ancients, he would be taken for a wrestling-master, with his skin oiled for the palæstra. Hence it comes to pass, that his greasy shirt pays his laundress, and finds her in soap and candles. You may follow him (like the old pye-woman) by his smell. Strangers passing by his door take it for the college chandler's: an ignorant woman went there, directed by her nose, to sell her kitchen-stuff. The butcher's dogs fawn upon him, and follow him for his hogoes. Without doubt, they fancy he carries a slaughter-house about him. He spends half his salary a-year in wash-balls, fuller's-earth, and socks. The scent of the kitchen has infected his breath, and poisoned his whole mass of blood. What the hyperbolical poet said of the Cappadocian, is verified in him, without a trope:

Vipera Cappadocem malesana momordit, at ipsa  
Gustato periit sanguine Cappadocis.

### Anglicè,

A famish'd rat, proggng one night for food,  
Bit Mr Hogoe's toe, and suck'd the blood:  
Then dull and drooping, the pensive vermin sat,  
Gorged with infectious gore, and pois'ning fat.

If he goes to market fasting, he taints all the meat he cheapens; therefore the butchers, in their own defence, treat him to a breakfast. Every Sunday morning he so stuffs himself, that if you come nigh him, you'll know what is for dinner. Every belch\* is a bill

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\* This reminds us of the author of the Tale of a Tub, who enlarges so much upon the *eructations* of the *Æolists*.



of fare ; his bed-fellow dreams of grubbins all night. One that lay with him by accident, fancied himself at the mouth of an oven, full of tainted mutton-pies. Mr Butler, junior,\* who, to stifle his hogoes, lies in his socks, would match him for a bed-fellow, provided that they lay heads and points. The pestilence of the head would be requited by the plague of the heels. Were he in orders, it would be dangerous for him to baptize ; he would make more ghosts than Christians, and, with good words, send the sucklings packing to the other world. Were he doctor in the civil law, his brother would rather not commence than kiss him : he would be as terrible as the old gentleman with the rainbow about his eyes. He never says grace before meat, and very good reason ; his victuals, like the Scotchman's snuff, will not bide a blessing : the holy words would transubstantiate them into maggots. The greatest sin he has to struggle with is the flesh ; and (which is wonderful) the oftener he gains the victory, the wickedder he becomes. He thwarts the Rubrick, and makes more Good Fridays than Sundays in the year. When we keep Lent,† he keeps Carnival ; and well he may, when other men fast for his sins. He takes upon him to be deputy-bursar, and is called Mr Steward ; but by the same figure, that the hangman is called the king's officer. In the kitchen, he rules the roast, is absolute lord over the cleavemen, half master of the scullions, and partly tutor, partly companion, to the cooks : but always sworn brother in iniquity to the clerks of the buttery, which brings me to consider them.

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\* Probably Brinsley Butler, at that time a student in the college.

† That is, when we, by way of punishment, are put out of commons, he derives some advantage to himself by it.

together in one word, and so have done. When these two meet, (like malevolent planets in conjunction,) 'tis ominous, and denotes a dearth in commons and sizings. Nay, sometimes it foretells a general punishment. The making of either of these, is the spoiling of a scholar ; as a gentleman, bound 'prentice, forfeits his heraldry, or the knighthood of an alderman spoils a cit. They live plentifully with traffic between themselves, and yet every day eat and drink their bargains. To conclude ; they cast up their sins once a-month, but do not repent, because their iniquities are confirmed by the senior fellows.

But to return to the will.

She bequeathed her breasts to Mrs Mary C——ll,\* of whom, hear the poet :

*Mammas atque tatas habet Afra ; sed ipsa tatarum  
Dici et mammarum maxima mamma potest.*

Her paint she left to one of those ladies ; and her nose she knew not whether to leave to Mr Loftus or Mr Lloyd ; but at last ordered it for the former ; and out of her great charity gave permission to the latter (I mean Mr Lloyd) to furnish himself after the Hudibrasian manner with a supplemental snout out of her posteriors.

Lastly, she bequeathed all her money for the founding and endowment of a new college, and therefore ordered that there be a fair tract of ground purchased out of Jack Cusack's estate, on a convenient part whereof there be erected a stately pile of building, after the model of Mr Allen's mansion-house. That Sir Butler's fa-

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\* Perhaps, Coghill.

mons library be bought for the college use, together with Stillingfleet's and Tillotson's Sermons for the assistance of young divines. That Mr Doyle, for his excellent morals and profound learning, be Provost; and Mr Boreman,\* for the same reasons, be Vice-Provost. That Nickumbottom be University orator; Sir Stampe,† singing-master and magician; and that ingenious bachelor of arts, who read out all Gassendus's Astronomy in a week, but the a's and b's, if Sir Moore pleases, be mathematic professor; and Dr Mercer be bursar. Several officers are yet wanting, as divinity professor, preachers, physicians, lecturers, surgeons, historians, chemists, civilians, register, linguist, and many others, all which are to be supplied by that colossus of learning, Mr Foley.

Hic vero dubium oritur; num Dr Mercer, cum sponsa sua (satis eleganti) inhabitare possit academiam; si negatur, tunc actum est de bursario, qui adeo integer vitæ, scelerisque purus: si affirmatur, dii boni, quam clamor necnon, rixosum habituri sumus collegium! nam fama refert esse inter illos conjugium conjurium, quod Martiali parum credibile videtur, ut ex his versiculis constat:

Cum sitis similes, paresque vita,  
Uxor pessima, pessimus maritus,  
Miror, non bene convenire vobis.

It was first ordered that Mr Lloyd should be the Uni-

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\* Edward Boreman, admitted 11th June, 1678: his name was taken off the books on 15th October, 1686.

† Timothy Stampe, admitted 16th May, 1682.

versity Poet ; ferunt autem, Magister, te quondam pessimum egisse poetastrum, ideoque

—— mutato nomine, de te  
Fabula narratur.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.—

Nam tu, Cosconi, disticha longa facis.

Hanc igitur provinciam habeat Dean Glandee, vel Mr Hewetson.

Ordered, moreover, that all the Fellows dine and sup constantly in the hall, uti apud nos moris est. Hortemur etiam, ut Præpositus parcius absit,\* and to be strictly observed, that all the students in the hall, especially at meat, speak Latin, as we do.

It was lately ordered, that, for the honour and dignity of the University, there should be introduced a society of Freemasons, consisting of gentlemen, mechanics, porters, parsons, ragmen, hucksters, bailiffs, divines, tinkers, knights, thatchers, cobblers, poets, justices, drawers, beggars, aldermen, paviours, sculls, freshmen, bachelors, scavengers, masters, sow-gelders, doctors, ditchers, pimps, lords, butchers, and tailors, who shall bind themselves by an oath, never to discover their mighty no-secret ; and to relieve whatsoever strolling distressed brethren they meet with, after the example of the fraternity of Freemasons in and about Trinity College ; by whom a collection was lately made for, and the purse of charity well

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\* It appears from the buttery-books, that Provost Huntington had generally a non co., and therefore was absent from the hall.

stuffed for, a reduced brother, who received their charity as follows in this list of benefactors :

From Sawny Richardson, a bottle of ale and two rolls.

From Mr Hassit, a pair of old shoes.

From a kind-hearted butcher at Lazy Hill, a calf's countenance.

\* From the Right Honourable Lord Charlemont, a cast hat.

From long Laurence, an inch of tobacco.

From Mr Ryder, a groat.

From Dr Gwithers, an old glister-pipe.

From Mr Marsh and Sir Tenison, a bundle of godly ballads.

From Mr Smith, an old pair of quilted stockings.

From a tapster at the sign of the Hog in Armour, a comfit.

From Sir Goodlet,\* a piece of an old Smiglesius for a natural use, cunningly procured by the means of Sir Goodlet.

From Sir Warren, for being freemasonized the new way, five shillings.

From Mr Edward Hall,† a pair of cast night gloves.

Lastly, from Mr Hancock, a slice of Cheshire cheese ; which the hungry brother eat up with such a gusto, and liked so well, that he stole away the rest in his breeches.

\* James Goodlat was admitted in February, 1683-4 : elected scholar in 1687.

† We must not confound this person with one of the same name among the then junior fellows. This last was Dr John Hall, whom Swift, in his account of Lord Wharton, mentions with approbation. To him the Tripos nowhere alludes.

Tam liberâ potitus contributione, frater scoundrellu sarcinulas suas discessurus colligit, et vultu hilari, ori solito, quadrangulum transit; dumque præ nimio gaudio porrectiore incedit fronte, altioresque tendit gressus, quisnam inter homines obviam dedit illi, nisi frater fraterrimus Cooper;\* qui ut fidelem novit hominem, festinatius accurrit, humaniter corripit dextram, utque moris est, spississimo conspuat basio: deinde Bibliothecam versus, comiter ambulant, ut inter cætera admirabilia Ridlæum† visitent: quem dum hospes curiosis lynceis oculis perscrutatur, et diligentius rimatur, quantum homuncionis iudices, carnifex, et medici, reliquerunt; proh dolor, inter partes an nobiliores, an posteriores nescio privatum fraternitatis notavit signum (Anglicè, the Freemasons' mark.) Quo viso, Dii boni, quanto clamore totam infecit domum. Ter et sæpius pulsavit pectus, exsanguis dilaniavit genas, et eheu nimium dilaceratas dilaceravit vestes. Tandem verò paulo modestius insaniens, hujusmodi versiculis ridiculum effudit dolorem.

EULOGIUM RIDLÆANUM. AN ELEGY UPON RIDLEY.

Unhappy brother, what can be  
 In wretchedness compared to thee,  
 Thou grief and shame of our society!  
 Had we in due time understood  
 That thou wert of the brotherhood,  
 By fraud or force thou had'st got loose  
 From shameful tree and dismal noose:

}

---

\* I find a person named Nat. Cooper, who, with Edward Hall, commenced A. B. in February 1682-3.

† Said to have been an informer against priests.

And now perhaps with life been blest,  
 As comely a brother as the best,  
 Not thus exposed a monumental jest;  
 When lady longs for college beer,  
 Or little dame or country squire  
 Walk out an afternoon, to look  
 On thee, and devil-raising book;  
 Who kindly rather chose to die,  
 Than blemish our fraternity;  
 The first of us e'er hang'd for modesty.  
 And now, alack and well-aday,  
 Thy parchment hide is stuff'd with hay:  
 Nay, worse; the Æsculapians,  
 Thy mighty misery to enhance,  
 Have cruelly cut thee out of countenance;  
 And, to shew witty spite, at once  
 Preserved thy skin and lost thy bones.  
 Thus here, in wooden hatch you stand,  
 With scornful musket at your hand:  
 The mice' and rats' mock sentinel,  
 A poor ridiculous spectacle  
 To gibing Joan, to Kate and Nan,  
 Thou worse than skeleton of man.—  
 So does he measure out his grief,  
 For loss of brother and of thief.  
 Nor less concern'd does Cooper stand;  
 But sobbing with his clout in hand,  
 And destitute of consolation,  
 Kept time with all his tribulation.  
 Their grumbling woe runs thro' and thro' them,  
 If all were known, 'twould quite undo them.  
 The sighs which up and downward go,  
 Their unfeign'd sorrow shew:  
 For the devil's in't, if they pretend,  
 Who vent their grief at either end.

Hoc munere elaborato, non diutius lacrymis indulgent,  
 sed dolore policè suppresso, taciti discedunt. Protinus



lodgum convocant, fratresque omnes certiores faciunt, quantum sibi infamiæ, et quantum miseriæ infelicissimo accedit fraterculo; graviter luget fraterculus et societas; et suspiriis ex imo pectore petitis, statim provisum est in posterum, nomen qui crucem meretur, vel qui suspendendus est, in societatem Freemasonorum admitti: quo autoritate statuto, et albo lodgi prolato, singuli, tam generosi quam scoundrelli, solidissimis basiis promiscuè dicunt valedictionem.

### ACT III.

*Enter a waddling Doctor, and his man, JAMES.*

*Doctor.* James, have you read out the chapter, and can you tell how many days work was the creation?

*James.* Marry, here's so many hard words, I can't remember.

*Doctor.* Well, but this is not the business now: you must get things in readiness against to-morrow.

*James.* Master, what's the matter with to-morrow, more than another day?

*Doctor. (Aside.)* Oh, the ignorance of those people who are not mathematicians!—I tell you a supernatural thing will happen.

*James. (Aside.)* Oh, oh! this is the eclipse\* now, I warrant.—Nay, master, as you say it, it is as sure as a gun.—Then what must I do, say you?

\* In "the Art of verifying Dates," mention is made of an eclipse of the sun, on the 5th November, 1686, and of another eclipse on 30th April, 1688. One of them is probably alluded to here.



*Doctor.* Go to the steward and provide double commons; and be sure you call at the chandler's, for to-morrow I dine by candlelight.

*James.* Oh, the wonderful wonderfulness of you scholars! And what mun I bring drink in?

*Doctor.* A material question:—in the tankard, and do that in the morning.

*James.* Marry, but I had better buy a pitcher, so I had; and then I need not go so often as I do. This tankard, I wish it were hanged, so I do.

*Doctor.* What ails you at it? Why do you grumble?

*James.* Grumble, quoth-a? I am sure it wears me more shoe-leather than a little; and I cannot say my prayers in a morning for it, so I can't.

*Doctor.* If I thought it did you any injury; or contributed to the doing you any harm, or were an irregular vessel, I would part with it; I would entertain it no more than I did my bed: go, then, and bring a pitcher.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter SAINTY ASHE,\* and SAMUEL FOLEY, Senior Fellows.*

*Sainty.* Where do you keep your eclipse† to-morrow?

*Sam.* In my chamber. I do not care for groping my way to my dinner.

*Sainty.* What, will it be total? No glimmering to be allowed to eat our meat by?

\* The Reverend St George Ashe, Swift's tutor.

† In the Philosophical Transactions, we have an account of an eclipse observed at Dublin in 1684, by Ashe and Molyneux.

*Sam.* So it seems. I have taken a great deal of pains to calculate it, and can now demonstrate it.

*Sainty.* If you please, I would be very glad to see your calculation.

*Sam.* Thus then :—*Invenitur ex tabulis plenilunium medium, addita, dimidia, lunatione; et tunc, ex postaphæresi et motu lunæ horario, inveniantur digiti ecliptici et parallexis altitudinis.*

*Sainty.* 'Tis wonderful well; from whence I conclude, we are all like to be in the dark.

*Sam.* Ay, doubtless; or I'll burn my books. I would not want this little smattering in astronomy for a great deal, I protest.

*Sainty.* I confess there's some advantage in it.

*Sam.* Advantage! I could not live without it. I cut my hair by the stars; and will tell the physiognomy and sex of my child, before my wife's brought to bed.

*Sainty.* But do the planets never wander? are you not sometimes mistaken?

*Sam.* Oh, never; at least in things of this kind: it is as easy to calculate an eclipse, as to curl; and if you doubt in any point, I'll——

*Sainty.* No, no, I'm satisfied: 'twill be as clear as the sun.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### *The Scene, DROGHEDA.*

*Enter MR DOYLE\* and his Damsel, NELLY: after them the Tapster, with a porringer of burnt brandy and a mutton-pie.*

*Doyle.* Come, Nelly, sit down, and give me a kiss.

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\* We are now come to the infamous Bernard Doyle, who is the

*Nelly.* Fough, sir, stand off. I protest you smell so strong of brandy and tobacco, a body can't endure you.

*Doyle.* Nay, leave this peevish humour, and sit down :

next person censured in the Tripos. He was admitted as a sizar on 14th April, 1678, under the tuition of Richard Acton, at the age of nineteen, and was born at Athlone. On 11th July, 1685, he had the grace of the House for A. M. "per specialem gratiam." He was usher of the school at Drogheda; and on the merit of conforming to the religion of James II. sought to be admitted to the place of a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. To this end he presented a mandamus from the King on February 13, 1687-8, directed to the Provost and Senior Fellows, and dated January 11, 1687-8, which required them to admit the said Doyle to a Fellowship, then vacant (by the cession of Dr George Mercer, who is mentioned also in the Tripos,) or the first that should become so, without taking any oath but that of a Fellow. When this oath was tendered to him by them, he refused to take it, as it was inconsistent with the religion he professed. And it having been represented by the College to the Lord Lieutenant, that Doyle was a person of shameful ignorance and scandalous immorality, he was pleased to order the Mayor of Drogheda to take examinations upon oath relative to Mr Doyle's conduct, while usher of that school. For this purpose Mr Downes, one of the Fellows, went down thither; and it was proved, by examinations taken on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of March, that Doyle was guilty of fornication (having had two bastards,) drunkenness, theft, and other crimes, such as violently assaulting and beating various persons. Notwithstanding this representation, Doyle persevered in his applications to Lord Tyrconnel, and spared no kind of scandalous assertions against the College; but, in the meantime, Mr Arthur Hasset procured a mandamus in his own favour, which he presented to the Provost and Fellows on the 16th April, 1688, and having satisfied them on the points which they proposed to him, he was sworn and admitted as Fellow. He is mentioned in the Tripos, as is also Eleanor Wall, who was one of Doyle's mistresses.—DR BARRETT.

if you knew who I'm to be, you'd be as kind to me, as to the smith's boy.

*Nelly.* Pr'ythee, let go my apron, and do not pull me so.

*Doyle.* But you won't hear me!—I tell you, woman, as simple as I stand here, I'm to be a Fellow of Dublin College.

*Nelly.* You a Fellow! Never the sooner for an hasty word. Pray, keep your filthy hand away, or I'll cry out, so I will. Come, come, sir, don't think you are with Peggy what-do-you-call-her.

*Doyle.* But I'll tell you, Nelly,——

*Nelly.* Tell me no tellings; keep down your fingers, and do not you tear my petticoats. I'm afraid 'twas for what you did in the blankets, the Dean\* made you stand in the white sheet.

*Doyle.* Here, drawer, t'other porringer of brandy, and so to pay. That, and this quarter cob, will put you into a little better humour. Come let us——now let us——

*Nelly.* In verity, Mr Doyle, you have the cunningest way with you of pleasing a woman.—You see how loath I am to refuse a gentleman that's just on the point of preferment: but hold, there's somebody coming.

*Enter the Drawer.*

*Drawer.* This makes two and twopence now, besides the nineteen and sevenpence before; and my mistress bid me tell you she can trust no longer.

*Doyle.* Why so, you scoundrel?

---

\* Tobias Pullein, the great patron of Doyle, until the enormities of the latter caused him to withdraw his protection.

*Drawer.* Because you put her off with mandrakes from the King.

*Doyle.* Bid your mistress go hang herself; and look for her money, you whore's kitling. (*Throws the mutton-pie at him.*) (*Exit Drawer, maundering.*)

*Nelly.* Why so sleepy, Mr Doyle?

*Doyle.* Oh, this scowering and lying most plagues me. Here, Nelly, here's to you. Aw, Aw, I am damn'd sleepy, e'gad, damn'd sleepy. (*Drops asleep.*)

*Nelly.* Lie there, for a drunken sot. The collegians are like to have a sweet tool of thee for a Fellow. But let me see what we have got in his pockets. Out upon the scoundrel! nothing but a pair of beads, two inches of tobacco, and one of pipe. (*The scene closes.*)

And here we leave him, and as he sleeps, take a view of his breeches; which I would describe, but they have so many ends, I know not where to begin. He that would presume to mend them would run the risk of a tinker botching a kettle; for, hydra-like, out of one hole would come three or four. You may compare them to Jason's ship; they have not one jot of their primitive stuff left: or to Dr Mercer's yarn stockings, that were darned into worsted. The lining had served a long apprenticeship for itself; and therefore away it crept to set up for itself at the paper-mill. They were most worn at the codpiece, and least at the pockets. The crow that borrowed feathers from her neighbours is the living emblem of these. Should every tailor's boy take his own cabbage, Mr Doyle would be an heathen philosopher. Doll Kitchen coming into his kennel before he rose, thought he had purloined her mop. By their shreds of all nations, you would have thought they belonged to one of the Freemasons that

built Babel: but by the multiplicity of white fleas, you would swear they had been campaigning with the Vacancy. 'Tis almost incredible so many cattle should thrive on so bare a pasture. Every night he dares venture them off, he's in danger of losing them. Once when he lay without them, they crept from the garret to the street-door; and had bid him adieu for ever, but his landlady seized them by an *habeas corpus*, and brought them to him with a pair of tongs. I believe, the ladies for once are tired of the breeches; and therefore, as Dean Glandee says, "This one word of comfort, and so have done." One morning, crawling their progress, they were devoured by a monkey, and the next day poor pug died of Pym's disease.

Quid obstat, Dii boni, quominus Dr Bladen fiat Episcopus? Why should not Nick Knight be Dean of St Patrick's? En hominem, qui sodalitium ambit! (ut inquit Mr Griffith) qui licet socius sit, nollem tamen ut socius esset meus. Et jam in mentem venit mihi, unde est quod nondum reddit socius ille erraticus; ni fallor, causam assignat Barclæus poeta hunc in modum:

Urbs spatiosa, potens opibus, tectisque superba,

O et præsidium, deliciæque meæ.

Quicquid mortalis fingit solertia curæ,

Vel natura suo parturit alma sinu;

Hæc tu sola dabis, &c.

Anglicè.\*

Let formal priests look grave and dull at home,

To whom the worth of a licentious town

Nor the gay blessings of a Court are known.

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\* This piece of poetry seems levelled at John Griffith, a Senior Fellow, then absent by a King's letter.—DR BARRETT.

Thither my wiser inclinations tend,  
 Where I a chirping bottle with a friend  
 May drink without control, nor stand in fear  
 Of every saucy ill-bred censorer ;  
 Where I may strut along the Mall, look big  
 In point cravat, and toss a flaxen wig ;  
 Dress in a gaudy waistcoat, and may wear  
 A sword, cock'd hat, gold fringe, and whatsoe'er  
 The libertine town affords, to charm the fair.

}

**Mirror quod his de causis Magister Patrickson non huc  
 usque commoratus est Londini : sed**

Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,  
 Tantum habet et gaudii.

Salve, Magister, gratulor tibi reduci ; sunt qui affirmant te pedestri itinere Londinum versus ambulasse, quod mihi equidem vix credibile videtur ; perfacetus etenim Miles† se tibi socium præbuit, et jucundus comes est pro vehiculo (a good companion is as good as a coach.)

*Enter* SIR MICHAEL CREAGH,† *and another Alderman.*

*Alderman.* I have been man and boy in this town, let

\* I suppose the person here alluded to may have been Miles Sumner, who originally received his education in Trinity College : after leaving it, he had a command in the army of the Parliament during the Civil Wars. He was made, by the then ruling powers, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1652. He died shortly before the delivering of this piece. See more of him in the Harleian Miscellany.—**DR BARRETT.**

† Sir Michael Creagh was Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1688, and represented that city in the Parliament of 1689. He was paymaster-general of King James's army.—**DR BARRETT.**



me see, some six and fifty years, and never knew the little penny so hard to be got as now.

*Sir Michael.* Never despair, old boy. We have a brave young prince,\* and the world's our own.

*Alderman.* Nay, I have not remembered salt butter so scarce a commodity, I know not the day when.

*Sir Michael.* Hang sorrow. Boy, fill me a glass of wine; more, more yet, fill it higher still. So here, Father Greybeard, here is a health to the family of the Créaghs.

*Alderman.* I pledge you, if it be sack. But, now I think on't, Sir Michael, who was your father?

*Sir Michael.* My father was a worthy gentleman, inferior to none of his rank, upon my honour.

*Alderman.* Adsheartlikens, you may be mistaken in that, I assure you.

*Sir Michael.* Mistaken? No, sir; he was a travelling merchant; one that saw more towns than you have done chimneys.

*Alderman.* But, under favour, Sir Michael, I have heard scollards say he was a losopher?

*Sir Michael.* Ay, that may be too: he always took delight to carry books about with him.

*Alderman.* But take me along with you: you reprehend me not; they say he carried books on his back.

*Sir Michael.* I say, I say he was a north-country merchant, as I told you before. Come drink your wine, and let us begone. [*Exeunt.*]

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\* The son of James II., born 10th June, 1688.—DR BARRETT.



Now you'll ask, to what end I brought all these on the stage : to which I answer, I brought them in by head and shoulders, and out by head and shoulders, for nothing at all, as Mr Bayes did his beasts.

Plurimis denuo salutatis et tot hominum ordinibus comiter exceptis, videor forsan reprehensione dignus, quod Machaonas omnes (Anglicè, the Simplers) negliger prættermisi. Cur autem tristia horum fata et lacrymabilis nova metamorphosis non vos diutius latent, cum certiores facti eritis ingenuos hosce Æsculapii filios in plantas transmigrasse ; injuriâ tamen non sum arguendus, quod schemate mortuos non excepi, the sad causes of whose death are at large described in this

## HEROIC POEM.

A worthy sage dwelt at All-Hallows,  
That did defy all gaols and gallows :  
His punctual honesty was such,  
Some authors write, he had too much :  
And lo ! Actonio was his name,  
Actonio loudly sung by Fame :  
A wight inferior to none  
For ponderosity of bum,\*  
And that took more pains to go,  
Than coarse Jephsonio would to plow :  
A mortal enemy to punning,  
Nor mightily inclined to running.  
He still with care did guard his heart  
From all the wounds of Cupid's dart,

---

\* In a Satire written in 1682, upon the Members of the College, Acton is thus described :

Next him sat Acton's belly, big as tun.

And yet was plump and soft confest,  
 All but his petrified breast,  
 That still, alas, did stubborn prove  
 To all the charming powers of love :  
 In town or court, no beauteous dame  
 E'er fann'd his passion to a flame ;  
 For though he enjoy'd luxurious peace,  
 Melting his hours in holy ease,  
 He ne'er was vexed by that unruly member,  
 But lived as chaste as cold December :  
 Though Cupids in his eyes did play,  
 Yet in his heart Diana lay.  
 Lively and sanguine was his face,  
 Though phlegmatic the other place;  
 Colour as good as ever struck,  
 But other things belied his look.  
 When drowsy Aurora rubb'd her eyes,  
 And came down stealing from the skies,  
 While that Sol's nags at mangers tarry,  
 Before the clerks say, Ave-Mary ;  
 Actonio, with his learned friends,  
 From soaking downy bed descends,  
 And with the charioteer's assistance,  
 Heaving himself with all puissance,  
 He waddles into coach marine,  
 And jogs his way, a simpleing.  
 And now they reach the enchanted shore;  
 Where Circe, in the days of yore,  
 By powerful herbs disposed of doom,  
 And magic spells did charm the moon :  
 Whilst tired here with the toils of day,  
 Our hero picking scions lay ;  
 Rolling securely on the grass,  
 Too nigh a fatal precipice,  
 Adown,\* adown he drops,  
 'Twixt cruel unrelenting rocks,

---

\* In "The Lady's Dressing-room," we have an instance of Swift using this uncommon word, *adown*.

Three times he made effort to rise,  
 But thrice and thrice would not suffice;  
 His weighty crupper kept him down,  
 To seas and rocks to make his moan.

Dumque\* hic vicini maris auget murmura, dum liquido dolore tristissimum plorat fatum, et philosophorum adagiis se miserum solari conatur, Æsculapius filii sui querelis mitem præbens aurem, et paternâ commotus misericordia, heroem nostrum in umbilicum Veneris transformavit.

Socii nequicquam plorant amissum:  
 Non illos Cereris, non illos cura quietis  
 Abstrahere inde potest.

Sed iteratis clamoribus surdum feriunt littus: ægra terque quaterque pulsant pectora: altâ voce deorum proclamant tyrannidem; nec diutius insano luctui indulgent, sed pedibus telluri affixis, pellibusque in cortices mutatis,

—nulli color qui fuit ante, manet.

Singulis novæ subeunt formæ; et mirâ quadam metamorphosi in plantas proinde, ut hic sequitur, transmutantur:

Magister Downes in cupressum; Magister Smith in pinguidinem (Anglicè) fat-wort; Magister Scroggs in hyacinthum; Mr Lloyd in quercum; Magister Ashe into a red-headed poppy; Sir Fitzsimons, who always dropt after, (as our town of Berwick-upon-Tweed,) into a thistle, which still retains its primitive roughness;

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\* These lines strongly resemble the style of John Barclay. At the beginning of the ARGENTIS we find the words, "sermonem occupavit," as in this Tripos, in Act I. we find, "totum occupare sermonem."

Magister Sayers in Narcissum, de quo olim Buchananus sic :—

Nescio an inspexti Narcissi, Posthume, fontem :  
 Hoc scio, deliras, Posthume, amore tui.  
 Ille tamen meritò : nam quod malesanus amavit,  
 Ante quidem id multis causa furoris erat.  
 At tua non paulo est major vesania, qui te,  
 Sed sine rivali, Posthume, solus amas.

Sed dicat mihi quis, quod in totâ hâc corona, vel potius crowdo et presso, nondum vidi dominum Terrill : ni fallor, if he be not here, he's at home with his wife, who, to gain entirely his affections, sent him this stratagemical epistle.

The quondam widow, Sir Terrill's mistress, hearing he had laid siege to the bookbinder's sister, and therefore fearing he should give her the willow, partly to be revenged of her rival, partly to secure him to herself, writes to him this epistle :—

Sir,—I am informed you design to *bind* yourself to the stationer's sister ; if so, take it from a friend, she's a gentlewoman in *folio*, and consequently will be very tedious to a young student. I was concerned to hear the crafty citizen intended to put into your hands the lumber of his shop ; and therefore entreat you, if you have any kindness for yourself, to have nothing to do with that musty piece, whose *worm-eaten cover* may inform you she has been cheapened above these twenty years ; and the reason she did not go off is, she was found so old and thumbed that she was not fit to be *perused*, and of so little value that none thought her worthy the *press*. Besides, sir, she has lived some time in a learned house, where, it may be presumed, for good

reasons, that some of the young scholars, for their curiosity, might ruffle her *leaves*.—If what I've said cannot dissuade you, do but turn her over carefully, and 'tis very probable you'll find she has been abused, at least in the *sheets*, if not in the setting forth of a *new edition* blotted in the *impression*.

Sir, your humble servant,

JANE BANKS.

And, now, belike I have made a fair afternoon's work on't. I have not left myself one friend of the Mammon of Unrighteousness. If I go to the kitchen, the steward will be my enemy as long as he breathes; if to the cellar, the butler will dash my ale with water; and the clerk of the buttery will score up my offences five-fold. If I betake myself to the library, Ridley's ghost will haunt me, for scandalizing him with the name of freemason. If I fly to the divines for succour, Dean Manby and Archdeacon Baynard will pervert me; Dr King will break my head because I am a Priscian; and Dr Foy is so full of spleen he'll worry me. Mrs Horncastle and Sir Maddison will talk of me. Mother Jenkinson won't furnish me with cale and bacon on Christmas-day, and Dr Loftus will bite me. The Virtuosi will set their brains a-work for gimcracks to pull my eyes out. The freemasons will banish me their lodge, and bar me the happiness of kissing long Lawrence. And the astronomers won't allow me one good star, nor inform me when the sun will be totally eclipsed, that I may provide myself with candles. Mr Loftus and Mr Lloyd will nose me; Mr Allen will eat me without salt; Dr Acton, too, I fear, will *fall* on me. Nay, the very provost will shake

his head at me, and scour away from me.—But that which makes my calamity most insupportable, and me weary of your company, is, that in all my tribulation you do nothing but laugh at me,—and therefore I take my leave.

