

There kick'd and cudgel'd *Rolli* might ye view,  
 The very worstead still look'd black and blue;  
 130 Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,  
 As from the blanket high in air he flies,  
 And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows  
 Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings and blows?  
 In ev'ry loom our labors shall be seen,  
 135 And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

See in the circle next, *Eliza* plac'd;  
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waste;  
 Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,  
 In flower'd brocade by bounteous *Kirkall* dress'd,  
 140 Pearls on her neck, and roses in her hair,  
 And her fore-buttocks to the navel bare,  
 The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high  
 " The salient spout, fair-streaming to the sky;  
 " His be yon *Funo* of majestic size,  
 145 " With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.  
 " This *China-Jordan*, let the chief o'ercome  
 " Replenish, not ingloriously, at home.

*Ch—ud* and *Curl* accept this glorious strife;  
 (Tho' one his Son dissuades, and one his Wife)  
 150 This on his manly confidence relies;  
 That on his vigor and superior size.  
 First *Ch—ud* lean'd against his letter'd post:  
 It rose, and labor'd to a curve at most:

So *Jove's* bright bow displays its watry round,  
 155 (Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)  
 A second effort brought but new disgrace,  
 For straining more, it flies in his own face,  
 Thus the small jett which hasty hands unlock,  
 Spirts in the gard'ners eyes who turns the cock:  
 160 Not so from shameless *Curl*: Impetuous spread  
 The stream, and smocking, flourish'd o'er his head,  
 So; fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns,)  
*Eridanus* his humble fountain icorns,  
 Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;  
 165 His rapid waters in their passage burn:

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;  
 Still happy, Impudence obtains the prize.

Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought day;  
 And the pleas'd dame soft-smiling leads the way.  
 170 *Ch—ud*, through perfect modesty o'ercome,  
 Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented-home:

But now for *Authors* nobler palms remain:  
 Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his train:  
 Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair;  
 175 He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare:  
 His honour'd meaning, *Dulness* thus exprest.  
 "He wins this Patron who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state,  
 With ready quills the Dedicators wait,

180 Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,  
 And instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ;  
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,  
 He struts *Adonis*, and affects grimace :  
*Rolli* the feather to his ears conveys,  
 185 Then his nice taste directs our *Operas* :  
 \* \* his mouth with *Classic* flatt'ry opes,  
 And the puffed *Orator* burks out in tropes.  
 But *Oldisworth* the *Poet's* healing balm  
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm ;  
 190 Unlucky *Oldisworth* ! thy lordly master  
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain  
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,  
 A youth unknown to *Phæbus*, in despair,  
 195 Puts his last refuge all in Heav'n in Prayer.  
 What force have pious vows ? the *Queen of Love*  
 His Sister sends, her vot'refs, from above.  
 As taught by *Venus*, *Paris* learnt the art  
 To touch *Achilles'* only tender part,  
 200 Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,  
 He marches off, his *Grace's Secretary*.  
 Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess's cries)  
 And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of *Noise*  
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,  
 With *Shakespear's* nature, or with *Johnson's* art,