

New York Journal, 5 December 1787

What in nature, observes a correspondent, is more despicable than a FOP,-----The Fop, says a modern poet, most resembles the gay mushroom;--as,

From his own dunghill lately sprung,
 So buxom, debonair, and young;
Yet on his brow sits empty scorn,--
 "He hates mechanics, meanly born."
Stranger to merit--genius--sense--
He owes his rise to impudence,
With strutting self-importance fraught,
Free--from each particle of thought;
He'll not debase himself to think,--
" 'Tis too damn'd low,"--but he will drink.
From his own lips his praises flow,
With--"Damme! I did so and so!--
I've e'en in paths of honor trod;
I'd soon, go to hell!--by God!--
Than lose my honor!"--yet his genius
Consists in blasphemy and meanness;
In what true honor interdicts,
And in diverting little tricks.
He'll, all at once, start from his chair,
Twirl his whip and sing an air,
Dance, to show his grace and shape,
Brisk and sprightly as an--Ape.
To the glass he often goes,
There adjusts his stock and clothes,
Meets his image with a glance,
Of the sweetest complaisance.
He's first,--and oft the only one,--
To laugh at his own jest or pun.
Suppose it is wond'rous witty,
But men of sense will--smile and pity.
 Such is the hero of my poem,
Readers--you must surely know him.

John P. Kaminski, *The Founders on the Founders: Word Portraits from the American Revolutionary Era*, Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 2008.