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CORRECTED AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED,

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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V O L. IV. ✓

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRET, OPPOSITE BURLING-  
TON HOUSE, IN PICCADILLY.

M.DCC.LXXXVI.

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veral interesting Tables. By JOHN LORD SHEF-  
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\* \* To this Edition is prefixed an Introduction,  
in Reply to the Remarks and Objections which have  
been published against this Work.

THE  
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL  
FOR  
W I T.

---

THE BRITISH AMBASSADRESS'S SPEECH \* TO THE  
FRENCH KING,

SOON AFTER THE PEACE OF UTRECHT.

**H**AIL! tripping Monarch, more successful far  
In arts of peace, than glorious deeds of war ;  
As Anna's great Ambassadors I come,  
With news that will rejoice both you and Rome.  
Ne'er did the French affairs so gaily smile  
This hundred years, as now in Britain's isle ;  
For there the rage of blind delusion reigns,  
And spreads her fury o'er the stupid swains.  
The L——s, the C——s, with the priests, conspire  
To raise your pow'r, and their own ruin hire.  
The Queen herself, with qualms of conscience prest,  
Seems to advance your cause above the rest :

\* Du—ss of Shrewsbury.

Her gen'rous temper can't forget so soon  
 The royal favours you have always done,  
 Both to her father and his injur'd son ;  
 And, therefore, is contriving every day  
 This mighty debt of gratitude to pay ;  
 For you she ceas'd the thunder of the war,  
 Laid up her fleet, and left the channel bare :  
 For you, the fighting Marlborough's disgrac'd,  
 And in his room a peaceful general plac'd :  
 For you she broke her word, her friends betray'd,  
 With joy look'd on, and saw them victims made,  
 She knows she has no right the crown to wear,  
 And fain would leave it to the lawful heir.  
 In order to effect this grand design,  
 And baffle all the Hanoverian line,  
 A set of ministers she lately chose,  
 To honour, and their country, equal foes :  
 Wretches ! whose indigence has made them bold,  
 Who would betray their native land for gold.  
 Oxford's the chief of this abandon'd clan ;  
 Him you must court, for he's your only man.  
 Dartmouth and Bolingbroke are friends to you ;  
 But 'tis not in their power much hurt to do.  
 But Oxford reigns prime minister of state,  
 Ruling the nation at a mighty rate :  
 He, like a conjurer with his magic wand,  
 Doth both the queen and parliament command.

Keep



Keep but that wily trickster still your friend,  
 He'll bring your wishes to a prosp'rous end ;  
 Give him but gold enough, your work is done :  
 He'll bribe the senate, and then all's your own.  
 Now is your time to push for Britain's crown,  
 And fix king James the third upon the throne.  
 A pow'rful fleet prepare ; you need no more  
 But land the exile on his native shore :  
 They'll soon depose the present reigning thing,  
 And in her room proclaim your fav'rite king.

Thus spake the gay ambassadress, when straight  
 Up rose the tyrant from his chair of state ;  
 With love transported, and a joyous air,  
 Within his trembling arms embrac'd the fair.  
 That night, as fame reports, and some have heard,  
 A pompous bed was instantly prepar'd,  
 Wherein the monarch and the heroine lay,  
 And spent their time in politics—and play.  
 The duke, o'erjoy'd that his Italian dame  
 Could in so old an hero raise a flame,  
 With an ambitious pleasure, as 'tis said,  
 Led her himself unto the royal bed.

THE REVIEW. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1719;  
AND NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

I.

SERENE the morn, the season fine,  
Great GEORGE advancing on the plain,  
To view his host, and concubine,  
The goodly blessings of his reign;

CHORUS.

The trumpets found,  
The courfers bound,  
The field all blaz'd with arms;  
His Trojans true  
Their tactics shew,  
And Helen shews her charms.

II.

The gods of war, and love, by turns,  
Preside upon his phiz;  
One while you think for war he burns,  
Another while for Mifs.

III.

You think, when he surveys his men,  
He'd waste the world for fame;  
And that he'd people it again,  
When he surveys the dame.

IV. But

## IV.

But all is farce, and nothing more ;  
 This am'rous martial wight  
 Age won't allow t'enjoy his whore,  
 Nor courage let him fight.

ON THE E— OF M——'S CARRYING THE SWORD  
 OF STATE.

WHEN P—— falling we beheld  
 From chancellor to M———D,  
 The shouting croud such pity shew'd  
 As he on others had bestow'd ;  
 The earl, who long had justice f——,  
 Knew all things might be bought with gold,  
 So purchas'd at the usual rate  
 The carrying of the sword of state :  
 Well pleas'd in office to appear,  
 Or judge, or executioner ;  
 As tho' his lordship 'twould avail  
 To bear the sword, who lost the seal.  
 These arts would small relief afford,  
 Did justice once but take the sword :  
 Were she not lame as well as blind,  
 Severe her sentence he would find ;  
 Worse than the worst that now he fears,  
 And feel the sword another bears.

# THE HIGHLANDERS' FLIGHT.

A NEW GRUB-STREET BALLAD.

*Vicit amor patriæ.*

WHEN an ample relief  
For Austria's fair chief  
At length was decreed by these islands ;  
We summon'd our ~~force~~,  
Dragoons, foot, and horse,  
And a regiment ~~fetch'd~~ from the Highlands \*.

In their own country plac'd  
They were cleverly clad,  
And seem'd as well furnish'd for war ;  
That one would have thought,  
They'd as fiercely have fought  
As a Croat, Pandour, or Hussar.

\* This regiment was review'd upon Finchley-common in 1743, preparatory to their march for Harwich, in order to embark for Germany, but as soon as the review was over, the men mutinied and deserted. Their plea was, that they had enlisted under a promise not to go abroad. They immediately began their march for Scotland, but were taken by a party of Wade's horse, near Oundle, in Northamptonshire. They were brought to the Tower, where three were shot, and the rest were sent to Gibraltar and the West Indies.

Our

Our troops crost the water,  
 The King follow'd after,  
 But the Highlanders would not go over ;  
 For though they all swear,  
 Yet none of them care  
 To fight for the House of Hanover.

They would not agree  
 To crossing the sea,  
 And a doubtful campaign to go thro' ;  
 For receiving their pay,  
 Their sixpence a day,  
 Was all they thought they must do.

They remember'd Argyll,  
 What he did ere while,  
 And they follow'd that step of his Grace's ;  
 Who seeing from far  
 That there must be a war,  
 Resign'd his command and his places.

So when danger was nigh  
 They determin'd to fly,  
 And on England each man turn'd his breech ;  
 And with joy they run home  
 To the place whence they come,  
 To beggary, oatmeal, and itch.

Do our regents act right,  
 Who hinder their flight,  
 And to Scotland won't let them repair ?  
 They are surely too strict,  
 For can they inflict  
 A worse punishment than to go there ?

O yes, there is one,  
 And I wish it was done,  
 In spite of all Semple † may say ;  
 Since they won't march, or fight,  
 Disband them outright,  
 And strip them of cloaths and of pay.

We have sometimes been told,  
 That the English of old  
 Have fled from their enemies' blows ;  
 But the Scotch, for their glory,  
 Are the first in all story,  
 That run without seeing their foes.

What then would they have done  
 At the attack of a town,  
 Where the bullets and bombs would have hit 'em ?  
 At the first walls or ditches,  
 If they'd had any breeches,  
 They certainly would have b ——— t 'em

† Lord Semple, their colonel.

George, stand thy own friend,  
 And never depend  
 On such Jacobite rebels as these are ;  
 They're for another king all,  
 And would fly to his call,  
 As Lepidus' troops did to Cæsar.

THE SURPRISING HISTORY OF A LATE  
 LONG ADMINISTRATION,

SHewing THE WONDERFUL TRANSACTIONS, THE WISE  
 NEGOTIATIONS, THE PRUDENT MEASURES, AND THE  
 GREAT EVENTS OF THAT MOST ASTONISHING PE-  
 RIOD.

BY TITUS LIVIUS, JUN.

PRINTED ORIGINALLY IN THE SIZE OF TOMMY THUMB'S  
 SONG BOOKS.



“ WHEREAS our trusty and well beloved Truffle  
 “ Mushroom, has at great labour and expence com-  
 “ piled the history of our administration : We have  
 “ thought proper, at his humble request, to permit

“ him to print it ; and we order that no other per-

“ son do presume to print the same at their peril.

“ Done as one of our greatest acts, this last

“ moment of our administration.

G——L.  
B——H.”

## INTRODUCTION.

THERE is not any thing so eagerly read by the public, as those shining periods of history which are filled up with the important negotiations and sagacious conduct of some great politician. But the qualities which must conspire to form an author capable of doing justice to so grand a period, are so rarely to be met with, that it will perhaps be esteemed an unpardonable presumption in a common writer, to attempt so arduous a task. Yet invited by the grandeur of the subject, and spurred on by the love of glory, who can forbear to enter on so great a design ? The work will immortalize the workman. In hopes therefore of a glorious immortality, and inspired with the dignity of the subject, I sit down to write the ensuing history with all the candour, truth, and impartiality that becomes an historian, entering on the performance of so elaborate and magnificent a work.



## PART THE FIRST.

ON the tenth day of February, one thousand seven hundred and forty-five, his grace the duke of Newcastle, and the right honourable the earl of Harrington, resigned the seals into his M——y's hands. And

The King was pleased to appoint the right hon. John earl Grenville to be principal secretary of state.

And now was to commence such a revolution in our political conduct as was to astonish all Europe. The king of France, the queen of Spain, the pope, the devil, and the pretender, were all to be demolished in the twinkling of an eye. It was prophesied by the London Evening Post, that several dark passages in our modern annals were to be cleared up; that certain trials, which had been for some time suspended, were to go on without a screen; and many other great things were to be accomplished. In order thereto several changes were to be brought about; one in particular is told by a tart historian of the present times in the following manner.

A certain wag, well known by the name of Will Waddel, played a comical unlucky trick the other day, with a companion of his who is lately come from Carlisle. Will told this youth, that he could procure him an admirable place in the family of a certain great man of his acquaintance; and accordingly took the youth, who had powdered and be-

dressed himself in a very smart manner, to the gentleman's house. Will went in to the gentleman, and left his friend without to cool his heels, as the phrase is, in the antechamber, having acquainted him, that he should soon be called in and hired. The Carlisle lad waited a long time expecting the return of Will, who had slipped down a pair of back stairs and departed; at last the house-maid coming to sweep the rooms, found this young man walking backward and forward, and instead of getting his place, he narrowly escaped being carried before justice De Veil, on suspicion of having a felonious design on the house.

Many other changes and experiments were to have been attempted; but heaven always tries the virtues of a hero by some disappointments, which balk his hopes, and baffle all his great designs; as you will see in the second part of our important history.

## PART THE SECOND.

ON the fourteenth day of the same month of February, in the very same year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-five, the right honourable earl Granville resigned the seals into his majesty's hands, which his majesty was pleased to deliver to his grace the duke of Newcastle, and to the right honourable the earl of Harrington. And thus endeth the second and last part of this astonishing administration-

tion, which lasted forty-eight hours, three quarters seven minutes, and eleven seconds ; which may truly be called the most wise, and most honest of all administrations ; the minister having, to the astonishment of all men, never transacted one rash thing ; and, what is more marvellous, left as much money in the treasury as he found in it. This worthy history I have faithfully recorded in this mighty volume, that it may be read with the valuable works of our immortal countryman Thomas Thumb, by our children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, to the end of the world.

#### A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION FROM CARDINAL RICHLIEU.

Mr. Campo, Savoyard and Frier, is to be the bearer to you of this letter : he is one of the most vicious persons that I ever yet knew, and hath earnestly desired me to give him a letter for you of recommendation, which to his importunity, I have granted ; for I should be sorry you should be mistaken in not knowing him, as very many others have been who are of my best friends. I am desirous to advertise you to take especial notice of him, and to say nothing before him in any sort ; for I may truly assure you, there can't be a more unworthy person in the world, I am sure, that as soon as you have any acquaintance with him, I will give you the advice, to write more on the subject.

of the holy order of St. Bennet, some news from me, by means of discreet, wise, and least amongst all I have conversed with, to write to you in his favour, and credence in his behalf and my merit (I assure you) rather than his, he deserves greatly your esteem, and backward to oblige him by being I should be concern'd if you were, already upon that account. Hence, and for no other motive, that you are obliged for my sake to pay him all possible respect, that may offend or displease him, say, he is a worthy man, and convincing argument of an than to be able to injure him. cease being a stranger to his virtue, & you will love him as well as I, and The assurance I have of your farther of him to you, or to say

THE

## THE LITCHFIELD DEFEAT.

**G**OD prosper long our noble king !

Our lives and safeties all ;

**A** woful horse-race late there did

At Whittington befall.

**G**reat Bedford's duke, a mighty prince !

A solemn vow did make,

**H**is pleasure in fair Staffordshire

Three Summer's days to take,

**A**t once to grace his father's race,

And to confound his foes :

**B**ut ah ! (with grief my muse does speak)

A luckless time he chose.

**F**or some rude clowns, who long had felt

The weight of Tax and Levy,

**E**xplain'd their case unto his Grace

By arguments full heavy.

\* At Litchfield races, in 1748, a riot happened upon the race-ground (Whittington Heath), in which the late duke of Bedford, and other gentlemen, were insulted and beaten. The rioters (the chief of whom was a Mr. Toll, dancing-master) were afterwards tried at the next Stafford assizes, and fined 6s. 6d. each for this offence.

" No Gow'r! they cry'd ; no tool of pow'r!"

At that the earl turn'd pale :——

" No Gow'r! no Gow'r, no tool of pow'r!"

Re-echo'd from each dale.

Then Bedford's mighty breast took fire,

Who thus, enrag'd, did cry,

" To horse, my Lords, my Knights, and 'Squires ;

" We'll be reveng'd, or die."

They mounted straight, all men of birth,

Captains of land and sea ;

No prince or potentate on earth

Had such a troop as he.

Great lords and lordships close conjoin'd,

A shining squadron stood :

But to their cost, the yeoman host

Did prove the better blood.

" A Gow'r, a Gow'r! ye sons of whore,

" Vile spawn of Babylon!"

This said, his grace did mend his pace,

And came full fiercely on.

Three times he smote a sturdy foe ;

Who undismay'd reply'd,

" Or be thou devil, or be thou duke,

" Thy courage shall be try'd."

The

The charge began ; but on one side  
 Some slackness there was found ;  
 The smart cockade in dust was laid,  
 And trampled on the ground.

Some felt fore-thwacks upon their backs,  
 Some, pains within their bowels;  
 All who did joke the Royal Oak  
 Were well rubb'd with its towels.

Then terror seiz'd the plumed troop,  
 Who turn'd themselves to flight ;  
 Foul rout and fear brought up the rear :  
 Oh ! 'twas a piteous fight !

Each warrior urg'd his nimble steed ;  
 But none durst look behind ;  
 Th' insulting foe, they well did know  
 Had got them in the wind ;

Who ne'er lost scent until they came  
 Unto the gallows tree :  
 " Now, said their foes, we'll not oppose  
 " Your certain destiny.

" No farther help of our's ye lack,  
 " Grant mercy with your doom !  
 " Trust to the care o' th' three legg'd-mare ;  
 " She'll bring you all safe home."

Then

Then wheel'd about, with this loud shout,  
 " Confusion to the Rump !"  
 Leaving each knight to mourn his plight  
 Beneath the triple stump. ———

Now heav'n preserve such hearts as these  
 From secret treachery !  
 Who hate a knave, and scorn a slave,  
 May such be ever free !

A TARPULIN OPINION UPON SOME NEW PRO-  
 MOTIONS.

JACK reckons up the admirals we have,  
 And wonders what a plague we mean by new ?  
 Why, faith ! half these might serve, if half were  
 brave,  
 But twice as many cowards are to few.

A N E P I G R A M.

SAYS Watkin to Cotton, " I thought my lord Gower  
 " (You told me) intended to leave us no more."  
 Says Cotton, " He has not." — Says Watkin, " You lye ;  
 " And you too, Sir John, have a place † by the bye.  
 " I thought all your boastings would end in a farce ;  
 " Pray where's the Broad Bottom ?" Says Cotton,  
 " My arse."

† Which happened to prove true.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF DR. HAYTER,  
BISHOP OF NORWICH,

SOON AFTER HE WAS DISMISSED FROM HIS POST OF  
GOVERNOR TO THE PRINCE OF WALES IN 1752.

NOT gentler virtues glow'd in Cambray's breast,  
Not more his young Telemachus was blest'd ;  
"Till envy, faction, and ambitious rage  
Drove from a guilty court the pious sage.  
Back to his flock with transport he withdrew,  
And but one sigh, an honest one he knew !  
O guard my royal pupil,       ! he said ;  
Let not his youth be, like my age, betray'd !  
I would have form'd his footsteps in thy way—  
But " vice prevails, and impious men bear sway."

A N O D E,

TO THE MOST UNPOPULAR MAN LIVING.

WRITTEN IN 1753.

SIR, while your heart with transport glows  
To find your most important nose  
    Lost in your P——ear ;  
Perceive you not, with strange surprize,  
How Fortune smiles on some folks lyes,  
    Tho' Truth herself appear ?

While



While your wise counsels, and your cares  
Affect a nation's vast affairs,

A kingdom, and a ———,  
Is all your breast calm and serene,  
As when you walk'd on \* Winton's Green,  
And dreamt of no such thing ?

Envy, you'll say, your worth attends  
Maliciously, like treach'rous friends,  
Perfidious to their trust ;  
Nor may ev'n Fortune's fav'rites find,  
That they alone, of all mankind,  
Escape by being *just*.

But say, since in a luckless hour  
You roll in wealth, and rose to pow'r,  
How relish you the scene ?  
Is then ambition quite as blest  
As she in Fancy's garb is drest ?—  
How feel you, Sir, within ?

Can you reflect, without remorse ?  
I fear you can—so much the worse—  
But, Sir, How are your dreams ?  
Free are they all from guilt and fear ?  
See you not injur'd Norwich there,  
Or Harcourt cross the Thames ?

\* The family feat.

Or

Or seem you lightly still to rise  
In visionary dignities,

With nothing to retard ?  
With ev'n Britannia's council's set,  
To weigh your merit to the state,  
And give the due reward !

Or wakeful to your country's call,  
Say rather, can't you sleep at all ?

—Not sleep a wink ?—Yet know  
For such desert, a proper state  
Is fix'd by the decrees of fate  
—Amongst the shades below.

\* Pirithöus and the † Lapithæ,  
Stretch'd at the royal banquet see——

\* Pirithous. A man who, to accomplish his ambitious views, went to hell, and was torn in pieces by Cerberus.

† Lapithæ. A people of Thessaly, who violated the laws of hospitality at a prince's table.

*Quid memorem Lapithas, Ixonia, Pirithoumque ?  
Quos super atra Silex jam jam lapsura, cadentique  
Imminet assimilis. Lucent genialibus altis  
Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ  
Regifico luxu : Furiarum maxima juxta  
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas,  
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.*

VIRG. Lib. 6.

(Thus

(Thus sung a bard of old)  
 A dire black stone, bound by a thread,  
 Trembled o'er each devoted head,  
 And all the mirth appall'd.

A Fury too, among the rest,  
 Uprear'd her dreadful snaky crest,  
 And hiss'd among the meat :  
 And, strange to tell ! th' unwelcome guest  
 Quite discompos'd the joyous feast,  
 And spoilt the regal treat.

The poets sing too, as I'm told,  
 (I mean they sung in times of old)  
 The dangers of the great ;  
 How Fortune's wheel, rolling about,  
 Whirls giddy mortals in, or out,  
 Fixt to no steady feat.

The lofty scaffold tow'rs on high,  
 And climbs ambitiously the sky ;  
 One rotten plank is found—  
 § Tumbles from its ærial height  
 The whole, by its unlucky weight,  
 A ruin on the ground.

§ ——— Numerosa parabat  
 Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset  
 Casus, et impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ.

JUV. Sat. 10.

The

The moral hence is mighty plain,  
 The avaricious, false and vain,  
     (If plain the muses speak)  
 When they unwieldy wealth desire,  
 When proudly they too high aspire,  
     Should look well to their *neck* !

## A S I M I L E.

**C**ORINNA, in the country bred,  
 Harbour'd strange notions in her head ;  
 Notions in town quite out of fashion :  
 Such as, that love's a dangerous passion ;  
 That virtue is the maiden's jewel ;  
 And, to be safe, she must be cruel.

Thus arm'd, she'd long secur'd her honour  
 From all assaults yet made upon her ;  
 Had scratch'd th' impetuous captain's hand ;  
 Had torn the lawyer's gown and band ;  
 And gold refus'd from knights and 'squires,  
 To bribe her to her own desires :  
 For, to say truth, she thought it hard  
 To be of pleasures thus debarr'd,  
 She saw by others freely tasted ;  
 So pouted, pin'd, grew pale, and wasted :  
 Yet, notwithstanding her condition,  
 Continued firm in opposition.

At

At length a troop of horse came down,  
 And quarter'd in a neighb'ring town.  
 The cornet he was tall and young,  
 And had a most bewitching tongue.  
 They saw and lik'd. The siege begun,  
 Each hour he some advantage won.  
 He ogled first;—she turn'd away;—  
 But met his eyes the following day.  
 Then her reluctant hand he seizes;  
 That soon she gives him, when he pleases.  
 Her ruby lips he next attacks:—  
 She struggles;—in a while she smacks.  
 Her snowy breast he then invades:  
 That yields too after some parades;  
 And of that fortress once possess'd,  
 He quickly masters all the rest.  
 No longer now a dupe to fame,  
 She smothers or resists her flame,  
 But loves without—or fear—or shame.

So have I seen the Tory race  
 Long in the pouts for want of place,  
 Never in humour, never well,  
 Wishing for what they dar'd not tell;  
 Their heads with country notions fraught,  
 Notions in town not worth a groat;  
 These tenets all reluctant quit,  
 And step by step at last submit  
 To reason, eloquence, and Pitt.

At first to Hanover a plum  
 Was sent—They say—“ a trivial sum,  
 “ But if he went one tittle further,  
 “ They vow’d and swore, they’d cry out murder.”  
 Ere long a larger sum is wanted ;  
 They pish’d and frown’d—but still they granted.  
 He push’d for more—and more again—  
 “ Well, money’s better sent than men.”  
 Here Virtue made another stand—  
 “ No—not a man shall leave the land.”  
 “ What?—not one regiment to Embden?”  
 They start ; but now they’re fairly hemm’d in.  
 These soon, and many more are sent.—  
 They’re silent—Silence gives consent.  
 Our troops, they now can plainly see,  
 May Britain guard in Germany :  
 Hanoverians, Hessians, Prussians,  
 Are paid t’oppose the French and Russians :  
 Nor scruple they with truth to say,  
 They’re fighting for America.  
 No more they make a fiddle-faddle  
 About an Hessian horse or saddle ;  
 No more of continental measures,  
 No more of wasting British treasures ;  
 Ten millions, and a vote of credit—  
 ’Tis right—he can’t be wrong who did it :  
 They’re fairly fous’d o’er head and ears,  
 And cur’d of all their rustic fears.

DOLL

## DOLL COMMON.

A FRAGMENT.

IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 So, lost to sense of shame and duty,  
 Doll came to town, to sell her beauty :  
 Cælia, her friend, with heart-felt pain,  
 Had preach'd up virtue's lore in vain :  
 In vain she try'd each winning art ;  
 For Doll had lewdness in her heart.  
 Thus bent to be a sordid whore,  
 She knock'd at Prostitution's door ;  
 Holles arose, and let her in,  
 And stroak'd her cheek, and chuck'd her chin ;  
 While far from whimpers, sobs, or weeping,  
 Doll curt'sy'd, and was soon in keeping :  
 Now in Hyde Park she flaunts day,  
 At night she flutters at the play.  
 This keeper, and a second died ;  
 Now Doll is humbled in her pride.  
 At length she comes upon the town ;  
 First palms a guinea, then a crown ;  
 Nay, Slander says, that underhand  
 The forlorn wretch would walk the Strand ;  
 Till grown the scorn of man and woman,  
 A pot of beer would buy Doll Common.

Mean time, deep smit with honest flame,  
 Cælia espous'd a youth of fame ;  
 From the chaste bed fair issue sprung ;  
 With peals of joy the country rung.  
 Again the matron pregnant grown,  
 Now hastens to lie in, in town.  
 There near the Park, Doll Common found her,  
 (Her little family around her)  
 Then Doll began—So, modest miss !  
 Is all your prud'ry come to this ?  
 Why, by your apron's round, I see,  
 You're e'en a strumpet rank, like me :  
 " Quite cur'd of all your rustic fears,  
 " And fairly fous'd o'er head and ears."  
 Coy simp'ring maids, I find can sin :  
 For shame, your belly's at your chin ;  
 In spite of all your virt'ous lore,  
 You're now become an arrant whore,

Fair Cælia's cheek a blush o'erspread ;  
 And thus with calm disdain she said ;  
 That love possesses me, 'tis true ;  
 Yet, heav'n be prais'd ! I am not you ;  
 " My head's with country notions fraught,  
 " Notions to you not worth a groat."  
 Aided by ev'ry virt'ous art,  
 A gen'rous youth has won my heart.

Yet



Yet never did I yield my charms,  
 Till honour led me to his arms.  
 My charms I never basely fold ;  
 I am no prostitute for gold ;  
 On my own rents I liv'd before,  
 Nor has my William added more.  
 Wealth is our scorn ; our humble labours  
 Aim but to serve, or save our neighbours.  
 See—Heav'n has blest our chaste embrace ;  
 Behold this little smiling race,  
 The offspring of an honest bed ;—  
 Here, Senegal, hold up your head :  
 This tawny boy, his parents' boast,  
 Shall bring us gold from Afric's coast.  
 And mark these twins of Indian mien,  
 This Louisbourg, and that Du Quesne :  
 Their bold and honest looks presage  
 They'll be our comfort in old age.  
 And if the babe that swells my womb,  
 To a propitious birth shall come,  
 O'erjoy'd I'll bless the happy day,  
 And call our child America.

Thus Cælia spake with modest grace,  
 But rage deform'd the harlot's face :  
 Her fiery eyes began to roll,  
 A hag in look, a fiend in soul :

And now she vomits forth the din  
 Of oyster-wenches drunk with gin.  
 Nay, rumour scruples not to tell ye,  
 The strumpet kick'd the matron's belly,  
 Of the fair coming birth afraid ;  
 For black abortion was her trade.

### CORINNA VINDICATED.

CORINNA, Virtue's child, and chaste  
 As vestal maid of yore,  
 Nor fought the nuptial rites in haste,  
 Nor yet those rites forswore.

Her, many a worthless knight, to wed,  
 Pursu'd in various shapes ;  
 But she, tho' chusing not to lead,  
 Would not be led by—apes.

Roysters they were, and each a mere  
 Penelope's gallant ;  
 They eat and drank up all her cheer,  
 And lov'd her into want.

See her by Walpole first address'd,  
 (But Walpole caught a tartar)  
 Him while an ill-earn'd ribband grac'd,  
 She wore a nobler garter.

A pair

A pair of brothers next advance,  
 Alike for business fit :  
 The filly 'gan to kick and prance,  
 And spurn the Pelham bit.

But who comes next ? O well I ken  
 Him playing fast and loose ;  
 Cease, Fox, the prey will ne'er be thine,  
 Corinna's not a goose.

See, last the man by heav'n design'd,  
 To make Corinna blest ;  
 To ev'ry virtuous act inclin'd,  
 All patriot in his breast.

He woo'd the fair with manly sense,  
 And, flattery apart,  
 By dint of sterling eloquence,  
 Subdu'd Corinna's heart.

She gave her hand—but left her hand,  
 So giv'n, should prove a curse,  
 The priest omitted, by command,  
 “ For better and for worse.”

SOME STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO NO MINISTER NOR GREAT MAN.

WITH all thy titles, all thy large estate,  
And all the favours which a king can grant,  
Something is wanting still to make THEE great,  
And still that something THOU wilt ever want.

For is it greatness, at a sumptuous board  
To feast a county, and to hear thy name  
'Mid noisy revels riotously roar'd,  
When longer than the banquet lasts not fame?

Or is it greatness in the pomp of pow'r  
Each morn a crowd obsequious to collect,  
Pleas'd to accept th' obeisance of an hour,  
When with the ~~levee~~ endeth all respect?

He who is great, some nobler purpose shews:  
Nor feasts, nor levees, HIS attention claim:  
That which is fit and right he first pursues,  
And after finds it justify'd by fame.

What tho' a fawning academic train,  
O shame to learning! on thy footsteps wait;  
'Tho' flatt'ring muses in a courtly strain  
Salute THEE pillar of the British state;

Yet

Yet in fair history's impartial page,  
 Penn'd nor in flatt'ring, nor invective strain,  
 Truth will report THEE to the future age  
 No statesman, but a courtier light and vain.

For hath THY civil prudence well upheld  
 The state, 'gainst foreign or domestic foe?  
 Was fierce rebellion by THY counsels quell'd?  
 By THEE averted Gallia's threaten'd blows?

Where was thy foresight, when the Gaul prepar'd  
 To seize the provinces of Albion's realm?  
 That foul disgrace with THEE tho' OTHERS shar'd,  
 Yet seiz'd they were, when THOU wert at the helm.

And tho' once more Britannia lifts her head,  
 By pow'rful nations sees herself rever'd,  
 And hails her valiant sons by glory led  
 T' assault that realm whence late assault she fear'd:

Yet from their deeds no honour THOU can'st gain,  
 Tho' vict'ry's laurels shad their brows entwine;  
 For when did'st THOU their arduous toils maintain?  
 Or of their bold exploits which was THINE?

Did'st THOU secure the harvest of the land  
 Amid invasion's threat, and war's alarm?  
 When martial weapons fill'd the reaper's hand,  
 Was it THY voice exhorted him to arm?

Have fleets and armies by **THY** orders mov'd  
 To distant lands and oceans far remote ?  
 And when success those orders hath approv'd,  
 Do crowds **THY** wisdom and **THY** spirit note ?

Yet in the triumph **THOU** assum'st a share,  
 Bustling, important, full of giddy zeal ;  
 And vainly sit'st with ministerial air,  
 A fly of state on glory's chariot-wheel,

## S T A N Z A S

ADDRESS'D TO A GREAT MINISTER AND GREAT MAN

**WITH** titles, honours, and a large estate,  
 And all a favour'd subject can possess,  
 Can aught be wanting still to make thee great,  
 Or can envenom'd slander make thee less ?

For sure 'tis greatness nobly to disdain  
 The high rewards that wait the statesman's toils,  
 And rather, with unsparing hand, to drain  
 Thy private wealth, than share the public spoils.

And sure 'tis greatness, to the muse's choir  
 Thy fost'ring care and bounty to extend,  
 With royal smiles her grateful train to fire,  
 And Attic grace with Spartan morals blend.

Who,

Who, such a length of years, 'midst party rage  
And veering patriots, with deserv'd applause,  
In place, in pow'r, has shewn from youth to age,  
True to his King, and to his country's cause ?

On whose firm credit, ere the terms were known,  
Have Britain's wealthy sons so oft rely'd,  
In whom such boundless confidence been shewn,  
Or on whose word such millions been supply'd ?

Hence, to thy toils, each distant nation pays  
That just regard which envy here denies ;  
Hence, future annals shall record thy praise,  
And lasting trophies to thy honour rise.

Who, when of old the public torrent ran,  
With hoist'rous rage, polluted from its source,  
In early life, with care and cost began  
To check, to turn, and regulate its course ?

Who, unreprouch'd, has since for half an age,  
In freedom's cause such steadfast zeal approv'd ?  
Who could th' esteem of Sire and Son engage,  
By each entrusted, and by each belov'd ?

And tho' detraction now these wreaths would tear,  
And break those bands whence all our triumphs  
flow,

Who plac'd our Tully in the consul's chair ?  
To whose advice this statesman do we owe ?

Say, when Hortensius in the senate rose,  
 Who on his rival fix'd his sov'reign's choice ?  
 That well weigh'd choice, deplor'd by Britain's foes,  
 And prais'd with transport by the public voice.

till may the world, distinguish'd pair, behold  
 What bliss your country to this union owes !  
 Still to the winds her conqu'ring flags unfold,  
 And pour her strength collected on her foes !

And oh ! in glorious radiance tho' the flies  
 Of envy float, on brisk but transient wing,  
 Their harmless rage regard with scornful eyes,  
 Nor heed their buzz—you cannot fear their sting.

## E P I G R A M,

### ON THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

**I**N ancient times the Roman laws decreed  
 A sure reward for ev'ry martial deed ;  
 And he who sav'd one Roman life, 'tis said,  
 A Civic crown embrac'd the hero's head.—  
 —Hail ! happy times, and justly golden nam'd !  
 He gave rewards where Britons would be blam'd.  
 He now, who saves our men, no crown obtains ;  
 Who saves our ships, we shoot him for his pains.  
 Since these are so, it follows then of course,  
 Small's the reward “ for him who saves our horse.”

O N



ON MR. PITT'S RESIGNATION, IN 1761:

**N**E'ER yet in vain did heav'n its omens send ;  
Some dreadful ills unusual signs portend !  
When Pitt resign'd, a nation's tears will own,  
“ Then fell the brightest jewel in the crown.”

ON THE DISMISSION

OF EARL TEMPLE FROM THE LIEUTENANCY OF  
THE COUNTY OF BUCKS, IN 1763.

**T**O honour virtue in the lord of Stowe,  
The pow'r of courtiers can no farther go ;  
Forbid him court, from council blot his name,  
E'en these distinctions cannot rase his fame.  
Friend to the liberties of England's state,  
'Tis not to courts he looks to make him great ;  
He to his much lov'd country trusts his cause,  
And dares assert the honour of her laws.

ON 'THE THIRTIETH OF NOVEMBER,  
BEING ST. ANDREW'S DAY, AND THE BIRTH-DAY  
OF THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

**H**AIL, black November ! in whose foggy rear  
Rich Autumn lingers ere he leaves the year ;  
The late ripe cath'rine peach adorns thy train,  
And luscious medlars rot beneath thy reign.

And now while Andrew and Augusta smile,  
 Charming new sons to cheer our gloomy isle,  
 In the same flow'ry bed fair union shews,  
 Beauteously twin'd, a thistle and a rose.

## STANZAS BY LORD CAPEL;

WRITTEN WHEN HE WAS A PRISONER IN THE  
 TOWER, DURING CROMWELL'S USURPATION.

### I.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;  
 Swell, curl'd waves, high as Jove's roof;  
 Your incivilities do plainly shew,  
 That innocence is tempest proof,  
 Tho' surly Nereus frowns, my thought are calm:  
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

### II.

That which the world miscalls a jail,  
 A private closet is to me;  
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail.  
 And innocence my liberty:  
 Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,  
 Make me no pris'ner, but an anchoret.

### III.

Here sin, for want of food must starve,  
 Where tempting objects are not seen;  
 And these strong walls do only serve  
 To keep rogues out, and keep me in.

Malice

Malice is now grown charitable, sure ;  
I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

IV.

And whilst I wish to be retir'd,  
Into this private room I'm turn'd ;  
As if their wisdom had conspir'd  
The salamander should be burn'd.  
Or, like those sophists who would drown a fish,  
I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

V.

The Cynic hugs his poverty,  
The Pelican her wilderness ;  
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be  
Naked on frozen Caucasus.  
Contentment feels no smart ; Stoics, we see,  
Make torments easy by their apathy.

VI.

I'm in this cabinet lock'd up,  
Like some high-prized margarite ;  
Or like some great mogul or pope,  
I'm cloister'd up from public sight.  
Retir'dness is a part of majesty,  
And thus, proud sultan ! I'm as great as thee.

VII. These

## VII.

These manacles upon mine arm  
 I as my mistress' favours wear ;  
 And for to keep mine ancles warm,  
 I have some iron shackles there.  
 These walls are but my garrison ; this cell,  
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

## VIII.

Thus he that struck at Jason's life,  
 Thinking to make his purpose sure,  
 By a malicious friendly knife  
 Did only wound him to his cure.  
 Malice, we see, wants wit ; for what is meant  
 Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th' event.

## IX.

Altho' I cannot see my king,  
 Neither in person, nor in coin ;  
 Yet contemplation is a thing  
 That renders what I have not, mine.  
 My king from me no adamant can part,  
 Whom I do wear engraven in my heart.

## X.

Have you not heard the nightingale,  
 A pris'ner close kept in a cage,  
 How she doth chant her wonted tale  
 In that her narrow hermitage ?

Ev'n

Ev'n that her melody doth plainly prove,  
Her boughs are trees, her cage a pleasant grove.

XI.

My soul is free as is the ambient air,  
Which doth my outward parts  
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair  
To company my solitude.  
What tho' they do with chains my body bind,  
My king can only captivate my mind.

XII.

I am that bird which they combine  
Thus to deprive of liberty ;  
And tho' my corpse they can confine,  
Yet maugre that my soul is free.  
Tho' I'm mew'd up, yet I can chirp and sing,  
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

*In some copies of this poem, the following stanza is inserted between the seventh and eighth :*

When once my prince affliction hath,  
Prosperity doth treason seem ;  
And for to smooth so rough a path,  
I can learn patience from him.  
But now to suffer shews a legal part ;  
When kings want ease, subjects must learn to smart.

*But*

*But this stanza utterly destroys the uniformity of the poem, and is inconsistent with every other part of it. The design of the whole is, to represent as benefits what bad by his enemies been intended as punishments; and to shew, that "malice" wit to effect its purpose:" but this stanza contains an acknowledgement, that malice has effected its purpose upon him; that he suffers; and that it is fit he should suffer. For this reason, and because it is not in all copies, it is omitted in this, either as composed by the author, and afterwards rejected, or as interpolated by some other.*

## V E R S E S.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

GO soul, the body's guest,  
 Upon a thankless errant,  
 Fear not to touch the best,  
 The Truth shall be thy warrant.  
 Go, since I needs must dye,  
 And give them all the lye.

Go, tell the Court it glowse  
 And shines like painted wood;  
 Go tell the Church it shoves  
 What's good, does no good.  
 If court and church replye,  
 Give court and church the lye.

Tell

Tell Potentates they live  
 Acting, but oh! their actions  
 Not lov'd unless they give!  
 Not strong, but by their factions,  
 If potentates replye,  
 Give potentates the lye.

Tell me not of high condition,  
 That rule affairs of state;  
 Their purpose is ambition;  
 Their practice only hate.  
 And if they do replye,  
 Then give them all the lye.

Tell those that brave it moste,  
 They begge more by spendinge;  
 Who, in their greatest coste,  
 Seek nothing but commendinge.  
 And if they make replye,  
 Spare not to give the lye.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion;  
 Tell Love it is but luste;  
 Tell Time it is but motion;  
 Tell Flesh it is but duste.  
 And wish them not replye,  
 For thou must give the lye.

Tell

Tell Age it daily wasteth ;  
 Tell Honour how it alters ;  
 Tell Beautye that it blasteth ;  
 Tell Favour that she falters.  
 And as they do replye,  
 Give every one the lye.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles  
 In fickle points of niceness ;  
 Tell Wisdom she entangles  
 Herself in over-wisenes.  
 And if they do replye,  
 Then give them both the lye.

Tell Physic of her boldnes ;  
 Tell Skill it is pretension ;  
 Tell Charity of coldnes ;  
 Tell law it is contention.  
 And if they yield replye,  
 Then give them still the lye.

Tell Fortune of her blindnes ;  
 Tell Nature of decay ;  
 Tell Friendship of unkindnes ;  
 Tell Justice of delay.  
 And if they do replye,  
 Then give them all the lye.

Tell



Tell Artes they have no foundness,  
 But vary by esteeming; ;  
 Tell Skollers lack profoundness,  
 And stand too much on seeming.  
 If artes and skollers replye,  
 Give artes and skollers the lye.

Tell Faith its fled the cittye ;  
 Tell how the country errethe ;  
 Tell Manhood shakes of pytie ;  
 Tell Virtue least preferreth.  
 And if they do replye,  
 Spare not to give the lye.

So when thou hast, as I  
 Commanded thee, done blabbing ;  
 Althoughe to give the lye  
 Deserves no less than stabbing ;  
 Yet stab at thee who will,  
 No stab the soul can kill.

### A PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

WRITTEN IN 1764.

GO, Truth, unwelcome guest !  
 Upon a thankless errant ;  
 Fear not to touch the best,  
 For truth is a safe warrant.  
 Go, since thou needs must die,  
 And give them all the lye.

Go,

Go, tell the Tory faction,  
 Now in their noontide hour,  
 England won't bear an action  
 Of arbitrary power.  
 If Tories should reply,  
 Give Tories all the lye.

Go, tell th' ennobled thief,  
 While cares oppress him most,  
 He ne'er shall taste relief  
 From guilt—from Ayliffe's ghost.  
 And if the thief reply,  
 Then give the thief the lye.

Go, tell the Scottish Thane,  
 Rais'd high by r—— lust,  
 That lust shall prove his bane,  
 And lay him in the dust.  
 And should the Thane reply,  
 Then say, Proud Thane, you lye.

Go, tell the immortal Pitt,  
 Author of England's glory,  
 He shall recorded sit  
 Foremost in future story.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* Cætera defunt.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

SAY, when will England be from faction freed ?  
 When will domestic quarrels cease ?  
 Ne'er till that wish'd for epitaph we read,  
 " Here lies the man that made the peace." E. G.

A SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT VERSIFIED.

TO THE GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, AND FREEHOLDERS  
 OF THE COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER. \*

A Courtier profess'd, much esteem'd by the great,  
 As a weather-cock fixt to a point, or as fate,  
 I send my best compliments round the whole thire ;  
 A steady old boy, and a young volunteer :  
 Tho' as fate I am fix'd, and resolv'd to abide,  
 In turns, as it happens, by this or that side ;

• To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of the county  
 of Gloucester.

GENTLEMEN,

THOUGH I am fixed as fate to abide by the determination  
 of the general meeting of the 13th instant, permit me to de-  
 clare my wishes that Lord Coleraine may be the object of your  
 choice, as I know him to be a man of honour and principle.  
 and most obnoxious to the late convention of the 28th of March.

I have the honour to be,

Grosvenor-street,

Gentlemen,

April 4, 1763.

Your obliged and devoted servant,

N. BERKLEY.

Permit

Permit me, good people, to now recommend  
 This very good lord, and my very good friend;  
 Pray, let him have yours, as I give him my voice,  
 And make this choice object your object of choice,  
 I know him—that's all—he will stick to his plan,  
 Like a harmless, obnoxious, pretty sort of a man.  
 My merits you know, and you'll thank me, I'm clear  
 For thinking so much of your cyder this year:  
 In behalf of which tax I'd be proud to divide,  
 Tho' the whole house oppos'd, with my \* friend on  
 my side.

Obnoxious I am, and obnoxious is he,  
 And obnoxious this lord—so obnoxious all three.  
 I rely on your favours—so grant me this suit,  
 And depend on my service to tell my Lord Bute.

### ON LORD BOTETOURT'S

BEING APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA  
 IN THE ROOM OF SIR JEFFERY AMHERST,  
 DISMISSED.

**N**OW tremble, colonists! your time is come:  
 From matchless genius wait your settled doom.  
 C-nw-y no more shall weave your filken chains;  
 Play with your bit, or trifle with your reins.  
 Fame sends his son to curb your flaming state;  
 'Tis Botetourt, and he is fix'd as fate.

L. V

Sir J——D——d.

CN

## ON A CERTAIN LAWYER'S •

TAKING A PATENT OF PRECEDENCE IN 1764.

SEE! from his colours turncoat Yorke retreat!  
 And humbly cast himself at Grenville's feet;  
 Warm from his heart, in copious music now,  
 Prerogative's melodious accents flow;  
 While tame fervility, with longing eyes,  
 Courts, and would hope, a Henley's seal the prize.†  
 Why lives not Churchill's spirit to rehearse  
 Such prostitution in immortal verse;  
 And, on the strong foundation of such shame,  
 Erect a monument to Norton's fame?  
 Tho' dead the muse, yet hist'ry still remains,  
 And truth, to blush at such unmanly strains.

## ON MR. YORKE'S

TAKING A PATENT OF PRECEDENCE IN 1764.

YORKE's great humility, I own,  
 At first may seem a stretcher;  
 He takes a patent from the crown,  
 To sit — below Sir Fletcher. ||

• The late Hon. Charles Yorke.

† Lord Henley, afterwards Earl of Northington, was at that time Lord Chancellor.

|| Norton, afterwards Lord Grantley.

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M

ON A COUNSELLOR'S HAVING HIS HAT STOLEN IN  
WESTMINSTER-HALL.

**SHOULD'ST** thou to justice, honest thief, be led,  
Swear that you stole his hat who had no head.  
That plea alone all danger shall remove,  
Nor judge, nor jury can the damage prove.

A N O D E, 1764.

**WHENCE** can arise these dread alarms ?

Why are the rabble up in arms ?

And why this mighty faction ?

No Mary Squires, no Cock-lane ghost,

No witch to drown, no priest to roast,

No batteaux-plats upon our coast,

To keep their minds in action :

Nor lord to hang, nor chief to shoot,

No bonfires now for Clive or Coote,

No Indian spoils to share.

That Halifax distress'd our trade,

How much his service was o'er-paid,

And what a shameful peace we made,

Is all an old affair.

Implore

Implore of heaven some phantom new,  
 'Till war shall be again in view,

To keep the people quiet ;  
 Else shall we be at wondrous pains,  
 Since there's no foe abroad remains,  
 To knock out one another's brains,  
 In party-feuds and riot.

Who then to seek in such a case  
 But those true patriots out of place,

Those only men of merit ;  
 Not who from principle resign'd,  
 But those not let to stay behind,  
 They always can an object find

That's worthy such a spirit.  
 Yes, when their hopeful schemes are cross'd,  
 Their incense gone, their fai'ries lost,

They've quite sufficient reason ;  
 (So 't'as been judg'd, at least of late,)  
 To set at variance king and state

That perturbation to create,  
 But little short of treason.

How oft in this unsteady realm,  
 Shall headstrong faction seize the helm

Thro' popular delusion !

Confess no sov'reign but the mob,  
 And being each assign'd his job,

Their country thus combine to rob,  
 And spoil its constitution.

Chatham, thy cause was sure the worst,  
Yet own'd in ev'ry cause the first

For virtues as for birth ;

Tears at thy death from all sides flow,  
But had'st thou died some years ago,  
The public had not honour'd so

Thy then unfulfilled worth.

Is there no praise, no glory due,  
To Gr—— now, nor e'en to you

When out of opposition ?

There S—— — is endear'd to fame,  
There C—— — too, a fav'rite name,  
Nor one nor t'other was to blame

In fight or expedition.

These all are blest'd with wealth and parts,  
With knowing heads, and honest hearts ;

They love the common-weal ;

G——'s a p—— of vast renown,  
T—— owes nothing to the crown,  
But cringing to a giddy town

Displays a noble zeal.

S—— has judgment, L—— sense,  
B—— harangues in mood and tense,

H—— shews both wit and reading,

T—— stability and truth,  
P—— integrity and youth,

Nor W——, nor B—— are uncouth

In visage or in breeding.

Rare



Rare heroes these to brave their ———,  
 So good, so wise, to every thing,  
     Great oracles of freedom ;  
 Fit leaders of a clam'rous throng,  
 'Gainst all in office, right or wrong,  
 In hopes, no doubt, before 'tis long,  
     That they shall supersede 'em.

Let's sift both parties man by man,  
 For ere since government began,  
     E'en to this very hour,  
 The nation's faith has been abus'd,  
 We've been too easily amus'd,  
 With cant of patriotism us'd,  
     To cover lust of pow'r.

Many there are both out and in,  
 Dispos'd to go thro' thick and thin,  
     And so I end my story,  
 Inscrib'd to H———— and to H————,  
 Statesmen who often have been try'd  
 And always chuse the strongest side,  
     Be't either Whig or Tory.

## A P A R O D Y

UPON THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF CHEVY CHASE.

1776.

**G**OD prosper long our noble king,  
 Our lives and safeties all !  
 What woeful discord once there did  
 In Britain's isle befall !

To drive three kingdoms, hound and horn,  
 Earl St———t took his way ;  
 The child may rue that was not born  
 A Scotsman on that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
 A vow to God did make,  
 A daughter of this Scottish peer's  
 His son to wife should take ;

The choicest honours of the land  
 To win and bear away :  
 The tidings to Earl Temple came,  
 At Cotes's where he lay ;

Who sent Lord Percy present word  
 He would prevent his sport ;  
 The stately Earl, not fearing this,  
 Did daily go to court.

With

With five and forty bowmans \* bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need,  
To cringe and bow aright.

These gallant heroes soon began  
To gain the ——— ear;  
At Christmas they great places got,  
As plainly doth appear;

And, ere the spring was o'er, they did  
A thousand boons obtain,  
Which once possess'd they shrewdly went  
To crave for more again.

The bowmans muster'd at Whitehall †,  
Their votes were all secure;  
And sixteen of the u—r h—e  
Each day were guarded sure.

Wild Highlanders forsook their holds,  
Proud offices to take;  
And commissaries from the dales,  
Did princely fortunes make.

\* See Bowman in the farce of *Lethe*.

† The Cockpit

To Sion-house Earl Percy went,  
 ('Twas in the Gazetteer ;)  
 Quoth he, Lord B— hath promised  
 This day to meet me here ;

If that I thought he would not come,  
 No longer would I stay ;  
 With that his Lordship's gentleman  
 Did on the stair-case say,

“ Lo ! yonder doth Lord B— appear,  
 “ I see his star so bright ;  
 “ Full twenty yeomen, clad in plaids,  
 “ Are marching in our fight,

“ All men of pleasant Tiviotdale,  
 “ Fast by the river Tweed ;”  
 Then call my son, (the C— —s said)  
 And sign the deeds with speed.

For now to the degree of Duke  
 My husband I'll advance ;  
 And while he pranks it here at home,  
 Why I'll parade in France.

The bridegroom spoke the lady fair,  
 Then mounted on his horse,  
 And so without his beaver rode,  
 Like Charles of Charing-crofs.

He

He wish'd for tilts and tournaments,  
That he might break a spear ;  
The C——s, with a herald's voice,  
Proclaim'd it far and near.

Young Percy on his long-tail'd steed,  
Molt like a warrior bold,  
Pranc'd foremost of the company,  
His housing fring'd with gold.

Now all the chiefs in pow'r agreed,  
That they might nothing fear,  
To send such terms to W-ll—m P—t  
As he might deign to hear.

The first that did the tender make,  
Was noble St———t, he,  
Who said, If thou wilt list with us,  
Thou pr—y f—l shalt be :

So we'll cajole the clam'rous throng,  
Whilst I am still in play ;  
And half the charges of the state  
Thyself shalt give away.

Nay, hear me, B—, the patriot cry'd,  
For ere I hold with thee,  
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,  
I too an Earl must be.

Thy measures I will then adopt,  
 And all employments fill,  
 With Sh—lb—e, B— — —, and such folk,  
 Tho' they had done me ill.

Let thou and I the burthen try,  
 And set the rest aside ;  
 Mackenzie to his post restor'd,  
 Nor C—md—n's suit deny'd.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,  
 Will B—ckf—d was his name ;  
 Who said, I would not have it told  
 On London 'Change for shame ;

That e'er such treaty was on foot,  
 While I stood looking on ;  
 You are two earls, said Will B—ckf—d,  
 And I a 'squire alone.

I'll do the best that do I may,  
 This session—if you stand,  
 And, for reward, I then shall claim  
 A peerage of the land.——

Our new allies did such dismiss  
 Were found not staunch and true ;  
 The Yorkshire and the Suffex Whigs  
 At once they overthrew.

To drive the city hound and horn,  
 Lord Ch———m had the bent ;  
 To move addressees at Guildhall,  
 In vain Hal. C——nw—— sent.

To quell a mob themselves had rais'd,  
 Were new expedients found,  
 Whilst many of our fairest laws  
 Lay trampled on the ground.

O Lord ! it was a grief to see,  
 And likewise for to hear,  
 The dire reproaches Ch———m bore  
 From t'other patriot p——r.

At last these two great ea——ls did meet,  
 Like ministers of might ;  
 But for the nation's interest,  
 Of that they made but flight.\*.

They talk'd until they both did sweat,  
 With an outrageous zeal ;  
 And hugely struggled which of them  
 Should rule the common-weal.

Yield thee, Earl Temple, C——— cry'd,  
 In faith I will thee bring,  
 Where thou shalt high advanced be  
 By G——— our British ——.

The public good I'll freely give,  
And thus report of thee,  
Thou art by far the fittest man  
To head the tr--f--y.

To th' Earl of Ch----- T-----e said,  
Thy proffers I do scorn;  
I will not yield to any Scot--  
That ever yet was born.

With that there came a statesman keen,  
Who long had lurk'd below ;  
And to Earl T-----e's firm resolve  
Did give the final blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,  
" No terms I'll have at all,  
" But with my gentle brother George  
" Will henceforth rise or fall."

Then stalking off, E--l C----- took  
The tall man by the hand,  
And said, E--l T-----e, for thy ease,  
I'd give half Py--f--'s land.

O Lord ! my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake ;  
For sure there's scarce a Lord alive  
But would such bargain take.

A  
A knight



A knight among the Scots there is,  
Whom no one dare deny ;  
For him my cousin H-gl-y's wrath  
I must and shall defy.

Sir H——y R-ch--rt is he call'd,  
Of head and heart most bright ;  
Nor do I know so quick a man  
For parlance or for fight.

He led our expeditions all,  
Without or dread or fear,  
And is in war, as politics,  
A hardy pioneer.

And there's a Duke of force and might,  
Is full a match for G——r ;  
Nor did he treat like Ro—k———m,  
Who turn'd me from his door.

So thus did both these patriots jar,  
Whose virtue none could stain ;  
E—l Ch——— said I still perceive  
We may be friends again.

He had a crutch beneath his arm,  
Made of a trusty tree ;  
A paper in his couty hand,  
A cloth yard long, had he.

To this new list of pen—rs,  
 Some friends of Stowe he set ;  
 E—l T——e took and rubb'd them out,  
 E'en while the ink was wet.

• Their squabbles held till close of day,  
 From the meridian sun ;  
 And when they rung the dinner bell,  
 The meat was over done.

With the E—l T——e there remain'd  
 The Lord of L-ttl-t-n ;  
 And with his Grace of Bloomsbury,  
 R—gby that bold baron.

With stout Sir Fl-tch-r fell Sir C——les,  
 A scribe of good account ;  
 And D-dsw-ll the exchequer man,  
 Whose prowess did surmount.

Now poor Sir John I needs must wail,  
 Like one in doleful dumps ;  
 For, getting on the tr--f--ry bench,  
 He never stirr'd his stumps.

And with old Wine——— did fall  
 The sturdy doctor H——y ;  
 Nor New —— would quit the field  
 Whilst he had strength to stay.

Nor

Nor S—d—h, nor yet Hal—x,  
 Could either saved be ;  
 Lord Car—f—t was carry'd off,  
 Against his will went he.

And the Lord Eg—t likewise  
 Forsook the admiralty ;  
 And twenty more, or knights, or p--rs,  
 Were shortly forc'd to fly.

Of fifty true-born Englishmen,  
 Staid in but two or three ;  
 The rest live at their country-seats,  
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next month will many m-mb--s come,  
 Their raskness to bewail ;  
 And say if they are not restor'd,  
 Why they must go to jail.

Their wives do play so much at cards,  
 And throw such sums away,  
 Would serve to keep a score of w—s,  
 If they were clad in clay.

The news was unto Paris brought,  
 And eke the court of Spain ;  
 Earl Tem— in the ministry  
 Would scarce have weight again.

Oh heavy news ! John Wilkes did say,  
Churchill \* can witness be,  
I have not any patron more  
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to St. J——s's came,  
Within a shorter space,  
That Richard Gr—v—e, lord of Stowe,  
Refus'd to take a place.

Then God be with him, said the court,  
Sith 'twill no better be ;  
We trust there are about the helm  
Five hundred good as he.

Yet shall not G——r nor W—tw—th say  
But we will vengeance take :  
And just revenge shall on them fall,  
For dearest St——'s sake.

This vow was then full well perform'd  
When ——— came to town ;  
With P—s and P—— C——rs,  
Men but of fl——t renown.

And of the rest of true account,  
Why they were all p—t by ;  
To make a D—— of Sir H—— S——,  
Who m—e him—f P——y.

\* See CHURCHILL's satires.

God save the king, and bless the land,  
In plenty, joy, and peace ;  
And grant henceforth that all regard  
To b—th and m-rit cease.

W. Y. W.

## A NEW POLITICAL CREED,

FOR THE YEAR MDCCLXVI.

*Quicunque vult.*

**W**Hoever will be saved ; before all things it is necessary that he should hold the Chatham faith.

Which faith, except every man keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall sink into oblivion.

And the Chatham faith is this : that we worship one minister in trinity, and the trinity in unity :

Neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance.

For the privy seal is a minister, the secretary is a minister, and the treasurer is a minister.

Yet there are not three ministers, but one minister ; for the privy seal, the secretary, and the treasurer are all one.

Such as the privy seal is, such is the secretary, and such is the treasurer.

The privy seal is self-create, the secretary is self-create, and the treasurer is self-create.

The

The privy seal is incomprehensible, the secretary is incomprehensible, and the treasurer is incomprehensible.

The privy seal is unresponsive, the secretary is unresponsive, and the treasurer is unresponsive.

And yet there are not three incomprehensibles, three self-created, or three unresponsibles : but one incomprehensible, or self-create, and one unresponsive.

For like 'as we are compelled by the Christian verity, to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord :

So are we forbidden by the articles of the Chatham alliance, to say there are three ministers :

So that in all things, the unity in trinity, and trinity in unity, are to be worshipped ; and he who would be saved, must thus think of the ministry.

Furthermore, it is necessary to elevation, that he also believe rightly of the qualities of our minister.

For the right faith is, that we believe and confess, that this son of man is something more than man ; has total perfection, though of an unreasonable soul, and gouty flesh consisting.

Who suffered for our salvation, descended into opposition, rose again the third time, and ascended into the house of peers.

He sitteth on the right hand of the ———, from whence he shall come to judge the good and the bad.

And

And they that have done good, shall go into patent places ; and they that have done bad, shall go into everlasting opposition.

This is the Chatham faith ; which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be promoted.

As he was in the beginning, he is now, and ever will be.

Then all the people, standing up, shall say,  
O blessed and glorious trinity, three persons and one minister, have mercy on us miserable subjects !

## T H E   E A R L.

### A N   O D E.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

*Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides gaxis, &c.*

L. I. Od. 29.

MY Lord ! great commoner no more ;  
You number your new titles o'er,  
Earl, Viscount, P-ns-nt, ~~Ch~~-th-m :  
Before you your supporters set,  
Your ermine robes, and coronet,  
And gaze in raptures at 'em.

What servile bard shall greet your ear  
With the enchanting sound of peer ?

Delightful

Delightful name to mention !  
 What chaplain shall inform mankind,  
 With how much virtue you have join'd  
 A title to a pension !

Who can unroll the book of fate,  
 And tell what ministers of state  
 May govern this great nation ?  
 Where is the prophet can disclose  
 What strange materials may compose  
 Some new administration ?

Jacob Henriques, born to guide,  
 At privy-council may preside,  
 And rule the common-weal ;  
 Hill, secretary we may see,  
 Derrick, lord chamberlain may be,  
 And Buckhorfe privy seal :

Since you, once emulous of fame,  
 Have meanly barter'd your good name  
 For scorn, contempt, and raillery ;  
 Broke ev'ry promise you have made,  
 And shamefully together laid  
 The Pitt and upper gallery.



## THE CORONET:

## A S O N G.

**H**OW happy a state does lord C——m possess,  
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less !  
 On his pension and place he depends for support,  
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

How blest has his time been ! what days has he  
 known !

**N**ow sweet with fair E——r the moments have flown !  
 Since first in DOM. COM. his harangue he began,  
 Which convinc'd the whole house he was more than a  
 man.

He bully'd Sir Robert, he censur'd the k— ;  
 He rail'd at the garter, and call'd it a string :  
 He bellow'd and bawl'd, 'till his worship was hoarse,  
 "He'd be damn'd ere he'd thus be a cornet of horse."

He thunder'd so long, and he thunder'd so well,  
 They thought 'twas a fiend that had broke loose from  
 hell ;  
 He rais'd such a din, and he made such a clatter,  
 That Sir Robert, abash'd, quite forgot all his matter.

What's now to be done, or what's now to be said ?  
 Quoth Sir Robert, I tremble, by G—, for my head :  
 But

But to silence his clack, and to hide my disgrace,  
I'll give cornet P— a vice-treasurer's place.

No longer a cornet, no longer a slave,  
No longer the terror and scourge of a knave;  
He yields to C——n, at B——y winks,  
Now a patriot he rose, now a placeman he sinks.

In the van of dame Fortune behold him advance,  
With his place for a target, his tongue for a lance;  
But depriv'd of his place, ambition was crost,  
And the cornet's gay hours in a moment were lost.

Now behold him a bellowing patriot again,  
Like Demosthenes, stemming the torrent in vain.  
See his eyes how they roll! hark, his diction how strong!  
Gods! how mellow his voice! his oration how long!

Thus oppos'd and opposing, the same tale he told,  
“As he ne'er had been bought, so he ne'er would  
“be sold;”

That his country (fine words!) was far dearer than  
life!

Than the whole race of G——les, than E——r his  
wife.

How stubborn the trials which patriots endure!  
Yet to conquer their whims, you must gild well the  
lure;

For

For we all know 'tis senseless, whate'er they may mut-  
ter,

To quarrel, like fools, with their bread and their  
butter.

To cut short my tale, and to close the last scene,  
Like a storm when 'tis hush'd, see the patriot serene ;  
In a twinkling behold a bright coronet rise,  
How it ties up his tongue ! how it dazzles his eyes !

With the hoard of mad Pynsent, a pension, a place,  
~~With a peerage,~~ the badge of his lordship's disgrace ;  
With a load of gold boxes, from boroughs and cities,  
With his blust'ring speeches, and half-written ditties :

May he spend, yet unpity'd, the rest of his days,  
Unambitious of sway, undeserving of praise ;  
Unhuzza'd by a mob, unendear'd to his friends,  
Ever rack'd by the gout, ever tortur'd by fiends !

Ye chronicle wits, ministerially wise,  
Who to-morrow revere, what to-day ye despise ;  
Be my sentence confirm'd—since the die is now cast,  
“ That a coroner damns ev'ry patriot at last.”

A TRIFLER.

A N

## AN EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY\*.

HAVING heard that your doggrel's in mighty re-  
nown,

(For a great many people can read in this town)

And not without some little cause to expect

Such flatt'ry, as goes to one's heart to reject :

I have dipp'd in the standish, intending to try

My right-hand at verse—tho' the muse is but shy.

You have heard of the wonderful works of one Pitt,

Who so oft in dem. com. has brought forth a good

hit :

Lord ! Sir, there was hardly a man of them all,

If he wrestled with Will, but was sure of a fall.

Since the days of Sir Richard †,

No mortal has e'er been so loud or so long.

With large words in Latin, in patriot oration,

He led by the nose many heads of this nation ;

And, t' enable his spirits and purse to hold out,

He receiv'd a fine snuff-box at ev'ry good bout ;

The lid and the rims were all lacquer'd with gold,

And might, if they are not already, be sold ;

Mr. deputy Hodges, and arms of the city,

I dare say together look wonderful pretty.

\* This epistle has been ascribed to Chr. Anstey, Esq.

† Blackmore. See the Dunciad.

The deputy deals in profound allegory,  
 And holds in his hand a good \* key for history :  
 But as I was saying, or going to say,  
 This Pitt was a marvellous man in his day :  
 He made us, like so many bees in a hive,  
 Sweat and toil to pay taxes, that battle might thrive :  
 And really, dear friend, do but give him his due,  
 He made both the French and the Spaniards look  
 blue.

Our soldiers most ardently pray'd for their foes,  
 And then beat their brains out, as all the world knows.  
 Our gen'ral once chanc'd to be slaughter'd—and then  
 Pitt said he was sorry—said Beckford, Amen.

It would do your heart good, should you e'er come  
 to town,

To hear how their parliament speeches go down :  
 There a party to swallow, a party to pour,  
 So the gulpers stand gaping for sense by the hour.  
 They're sure, honest souls ! he can ne'er be in jest,  
 Who harangues till he's hoarse, and knocks oft on  
 his breast.

In a winter or two, I suppose each oration,  
 Well chew'd, will again be spew'd out on the nation :  
 For the substance of matter continues the same,  
 As Newton avers, tho' it changes its name ;  
 So for aught one can tell, e'en this letter of mine  
 May make, turn'd to prose, a young senator shine.

\* Vide speeches of common-council.

Three mighty great things are time, manner, and  
 place,  
 To give both our laws and ourselves a good face !  
 But I stop—for digressions, when once they've the  
 rein,  
 Throw us off, tug as hard as we can at the mane.

A man that is gouty, or has a lame leg,  
 Elsewhere for self-int'rest, may set up to beg ;  
 Not so at Saint Stephen's—when cripples come  
 there,  
 All subscriptions requested, they solemnly swear,  
 Are for poor old Britannia, whose back is quite bare.  
 With one hand in flannel, and one on his side,  
 He would gently begin, like an infantine tide ;  
 And, as that by degrees all the bank overflows,  
 So from whispers he soon came to brawling and blows:  
 “ Those Germans may shift for themselves as they  
 like ;

As long as Great Britain has round her a dyke  
 To defend her from harm, let her rest in content ;  
 Not a man, not a shilling, shall from her be sent.”  
 This doctrine was orthodox only a while,  
 For he has, Sir, a vast variation of style.  
 Of late we have heard him rebuking his brother,  
 For provoking pert boys to bepils their own mother.

He

He spoke like an angel, a great many say,  
 And beat six or seven quit out of their play,  
 Being serious and comic, being grave, being gay. }  
 How are innocent quarrels embowel'd since then,  
 For statues to honour that best of all men !  
 Buckles, buttons, and studs, in America worn,  
 Signs, ribbons, and tea-pots, with Pitt they adorn ;  
 The good folks of Bath, to exceed all the rest,  
 Rous'd old royal Bladud, asleep in his nest ;  
 They rous'd him, I say, when he strait fell a praising,  
 In strong black letter print, which was us'd former  
 days in :

But now, that king Bladud's again under ground,  
 They have alter'd their tone, and are looking around  
 For the coohrns of rhyme with scurrility stor'd,  
 To sling at the head of the god they ador'd.  
 'Tis amazing to think, but the men of this land,  
 Who are not lords themselves, cannot oft understand  
 How virtue and sense can reside in a peer—  
 And Pitt is become my lord Chatham. I fear  
 This vulgar opinion 'bout lords is not true ;  
 For since I've been from home, I have seen one or  
 two,  
 Who were rul'd by their wives, and went in the  
 rain,  
 Which shews wisdom and goodness, I think, very  
 plain.

Not a maker of ballads in all this great town,  
But is priming his piece to knock poor Chatham  
down ;

Nay, the ladies that traffic in love round the Garden,  
Drink his downfall in gin, to the very last farthing.  
The news-papers all are as fly as they can be  
With W——'s and P——'s and \* \* \* \* \*, I hope  
you understand me,

For my part (for I think 'tis a shame to stand out,  
And see a poor lord so belabour'd about)  
As I find, upon trial, a knack to compose  
A caustic in verse, ten times hotter than prose,  
I'm resolv'd in some Chronicle soon to have at 'em,  
Subscribing myself at the bottom Phil-Chatham.

I may do him much good, and one knows not for  
certain,  
He may leave me a box, when he thinks of de-  
parting ;

Or perhaps (which is more to be wish'd for by far)  
He may make me Jackall in his next German war.

I am, dear friend, yours sincerely.



P R O P O S A L S

FOR PRINTING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

(Taken from Mr. Hogarth's famous picture of Mr. Garrick,  
in the character of Richard the Third)

THE PRINT OF A LATE COMMONER.

This Print will be published before the opening of the next  
session of p———t.

A SPECIMEN OF THE WORK.

THE late G—t C—— will be lying on his couch,  
dressed with his coronet and robes, and his hands and  
feet wrapped up in flannel, and starting at the ghosts  
that appear to him in his sleep, and address him in  
imitation of the ghosts in Shakespeare.

*Enter the ghost of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough.*

The first was I that help'd thee to be known,  
But not the last that finds thee an apostate.  
In the debate, O think on Marlborough,  
And shrink in terror of thy guiltiness.

*Enter the ghost of Robert Earl of Orford.*

When I was living, my fair character  
By thee was punched full of deadly holes ;

Think on the Tower and me, despair and die;  
The injur'd Orford bids thee droop and die.

*Enter the ghost of Ralph Allen, Esq.*

Let me be laid within thy bosom, Ch——m,  
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame and sorrow;  
I thought thee once deserving of my friendship;  
But now a convert made by truth and justice  
I join thy new pursuers, once thy friends:  
If any pains can adequate thy crimes,  
May they, thou arch impostor, now await thee.

*Enter the ghost of Sir William Pynsent.*

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow;  
Pynsent that rais'd thy fortune—not thy fame.  
Think on my wronged heirs, who now with justice  
Curse the false patriot in their humble state,  
And join with me to execrate his baseness;  
Let all their wrongs to-morrow be remember'd,  
And sink thy edgeless tongue.

*Chorus of English ghosts destroyed in Germany.*

Awake, awake, inhuman murderer!  
Think how we bled to raise thy once lov'd name,  
Which now, alas! lies bury'd in a title,  
Bloody and guilty; guilty, now awake,  
To future peers a terrible example.

*The*

*The ghost of William Earl of Bath.*

Brother in guilt, remember me to-morrow ;  
 Let not my fate o'erwhelm thy trembling soul !  
 I that was waisted to death by fulsome honours :  
 Poor Bath !

Unpitied and dishonour'd, now appear  
 To warn thee of the danger of to-morrow.  
 O think on me !

This print will be distributed gratis to the late G——t  
 C——r's remaining friends in the common-coun-  
 cil, as few copies will now serve for that purpose.

Subscriptions to be taken in at Mr. Dingley's,  
 at North-End; at Alderman Beckford's in Soho-  
 Square ; and at the Peer's new friend, Colonel W.  
 Barré, vice-treasurer of Ireland.

## THE RATS AND THE CHEESE.

IF bees a government maintain,  
 Why may not rats, of stronger brain  
 And greater pow'r, as well be thought  
 By Machiavelian axioms taught ?  
 And so they are, for thus of late  
 It happen'd in the rats' free state.

Their prince (his subjects more to please)  
 Had got a mighty Cheshire cheese,

In which his ministers of state  
Might live in plenty, and grow great.

A pow'ful party strait combin'd,  
And their united forces join'd,  
To bring their measures into play,  
For none so loyal were as they ;  
And none such patriots to support  
As well the country as the court.  
No sooner were those dons admitted,  
But (all those wond'rous virtues quitted)  
Regardless of their prince, and those  
They artfully led by the nose,  
They all the speediest means devise  
To raise themselves and families.

Another party, well observing  
These pamper'd were, while they were starving,  
Their ministry brought in disgrace,  
Expell'd them, and supply'd their place :  
These on just principles were known  
The true supporters of the throne ;  
And for the subject's liberty  
They'd (marry would they) freely die ;  
But, being well fix'd in their station,  
Regardless of their prince and nation,  
Just like the others, all their skill  
Was how they might their paunches fill.

On this, a rat not quite so blind  
In state-intrigues as human-kind,  
But of more honour, thus reply'd ;  
Confound ye all on either side !  
All your contentions are but these,  
Whose arts shall best secure the cheese.

E P I G R A M.

SAYS great William Pitt, with his usual emotion,  
“ The peers are no more than a drop in the ocean\*.”  
The city adore him ; how charming a thing !  
To pull down the peers, and to humble the king ;  
But summon'd to court, he reflects on his words,  
And to balance the state, takes a seat with the lords.

A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN RALPH AND HODGE.

RALPH.

ADzooks ! master Hodge, you are welcome to town ;  
How fares all our friends in the west ?  
Is Cic'ly alive, and Thomas and Joan,  
And Marg'ry and Kate, and the rest ?

\* Vide the wisest speech he ever made.

E 4

H O D G E

H O D G E.

Aye, aye, they're all well, and desires their love,  
 And good wishes to you and to aunt ;—  
 But I heates to be plagued with their nonsense  
 above

All things, but this curfed long jaunt.  
 I long for the news—Is 'squire Wilkes come to  
 town ?

May we hope to be guided by Pitt ?  
 We're hugely difmay'd to hear 'un run down—  
 Zouns ! I thought the town-folks had more wit.

R A L P H.

As to Wilkes, my old friend, he remains where he  
 was ;

And as to his friends—why plague rat 'em ;  
 But poor 'squire Pitt (all flesh is but grafs)  
 Lies decently bury'd in Chatham.

ON THE POLITICAL DEATH  
 OF THE LATE GREAT COMMONER.

HERE dead to fame lies patriot Will,  
 His monument his feat ;  
 His titles are his epitaph,  
 His robe his winding sheet.

O N

ON A LATE WHIMSICAL EVENT  
 THAT BEFEL SIR — AT THE CASTLE INN AT  
 MARLBOROUGH,  
 IN THE MONTH OF FEB. 1767.

AT Marlbro' inn oblig'd to stop  
 My tir'd mare, and bait her ;  
 While eating of my mutton chop,  
 I thus address'd the waiter :

Who's on my right ? I hear a moan :  
 —In state Sir Robert lying.  
 Who's on my left ? I hear a groan :  
 —In state L— C— dying.

Then, prithee, tell me what's to pay,  
 (Deuce take your introduction)  
 For I no longer here will stay,  
 Between DEATH and DESTRUCTION.

ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

PROSE-driving dunces, waddling fools in rhyme,  
 Scoundrels of ev'ry kind, by vengeance led,  
 Spit forth your venom, poison all our clime,  
 Churchill, who scourg'd you to your holes, is  
 dead !

J. C.

**IN PROCE BLADYDE**

To William Pitt, sendethe greetynge.

**W**OND'rous goode dothe founte dispense,  
 More wond'rous farre dothe flowe thyne eloquence.  
 My springes may aide some palsyed lymb to free ;  
 Thy mightier cure—must not compared be,  
 Britannia's self restor'd—to libertie.  
 Ye kyndrede streames, O! keepe youre wontede  
 course :

Let ages probe your uncorrupted source.

May humble crutch be decke poore Bladyde's  
 thryne :

Britannia's harte be offered uppe at thyne.

Bath, July 18, 1767.

SOME years ago there was printed the double-faced letter of cardinal Richlieu. An invention of the like kind is the Jesuits Double-faced Creed, which was published in the history of Popery, 1679, and which, according to the different readings, may suit either Papist or Protestant. 'Tis a true portrait of the followers



lowers of Ignatius Loyola, and worthy a place in the New Foundling Hospital for Wit.

### THE JESUITS DOUBLE-FACED CREED.

I hold for faith	What England's church allows,
What Rome's church faith	My conscience disavows.
Where the king is head	The flock can take no shame,
The flock's misled	Who hold the Pope supreme.
Where the altar's dress	The worship's scarce divine,
The people's blest	Whose table's bread and wine.
He is an ass	Who their communion flies,
Who shuns the mass	Is catholic and wise.

### IN LATIN.

Pro fide teneo sana	Quae docet Anglicana
Affirmat quae Romana	Videntur mihi vana,
Supremus quando rex est	Tum plebs est fortunata,
Erraticus tum Grex est	Cum caput fiat papa,
Altare cum ornatur	Communio fit inanis
Populus tum beatur	Cum mensa vino panis,
Asini nomen meruit	Hunc morem qui non capit,
Missam qui deseruit	Catholicus est & sapit.

### HINTS FOR A POLITICAL PRINT.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1767.

**H**IS Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is said to have a singular turn for portrait painting, which he willingly employs in the service of his friends. He performs gratis, and seldom gives them the trouble of sitting for their pictures. But I believe the talents of this ingenious nobleman never

had so fair an occasion of being employed to advantage as at present. It happens very fortunately for him, that he has now a set of friends, who seem intended by nature for the subjects of such a pencil. In delineating their features to the public, he will have an equal opportunity of displaying the delicacy of his hand, and, upon which he chiefly piques himself, the benevolence of his heart. But considering the importance of his present cares, I would fain endeavour to save him the labour of the design, in hopes that he will bestow a few moments more upon the execution. Yet I will not presume to claim the merit of invention. The blindness of chance has done more for the painter than the warmest fancy could have imagined ; and has brought together such a group of figures as I believe never appeared in real life, or upon canvas, before.

Your principal character, my lord, is a young d— mounted upon a lofty phaeton ; his head grows giddy ; his horses carry him violently down a precipice ; and a bloody carcase, the fatal emblem of Britannia, lies mangled under his wheels. By the side of this furious charioteer sits Caution without Forefight, a motley thing, half military, scarce civil. He too would guide ; but, let who will drive, is determined to have a seat in the carriage. If it be possible, my lord, give him to us in the attitude of an  
orator

orator eating the end of a period, which may begin with, "I did not say I would pledge myself."—The rest he eats.

Your next figure must bear the port and habit of a judge; the laws of England under his feet, and before his distorted vision, a dagger, which he calls the law of nature, and which marshals him the way to murder the c—ft——n.

In such good company the respectable p—— of the c———l cannot be omitted. A reasonable number of decrees must be piled up behind him, with the word REVERSED in capital letters upon each of them, and out of his decent lips a compliment à la Tilbury, "Hell and d—n blast you all!" N. B. It would not be amiss to give him the air of farting at the decrees above-mentioned.

There is still a young man, my lord, who I think will make a capital figure in the piece. His features are too happily marked to be mistaken. A single line of his face will be sufficient to give us the heir apparent of Loyola, and all the college. "A little more of the devil, my lord, if you please, about the eyebrows; that's enough, a perfect Malagrida, I protest!" So much for his person; and as for his mind, a blinking bull-dog placed near him will

will form a very natural type of all his good qualities.

These are the figures, which are to come forward to the front of the piece. Your friendship for the — of — will naturally secure a corner in the retirement for him and his curtain. Provided you discover him on a bed, with a magic wand in his hand, any one of Aretine's postures will suit him; for if fame be not too partial, there is certainly a bed, upon which he has exhibited with uncommon grace and activity in them all.

If there be still any vacancies in the canvass, you will easily fill them up with fixtures or still life. You may shew us half a paymaster for instance, with a paper stuck upon the globe of his eye, and a label out of his mouth, No, Sir I'm of t'other side, Sir. How I lament that sounds cannot be conveyed to the eye!

You may give us a C———r in Ch——— and a S——— at W——— seeming to pull at two ends of a rope, while a slip-knot in the middle may really strangle three-fourths of the army; or a lunatic brandishing a crutch, or brawling through a grate, or writing with desperate charcoal a letter to North-America; or a Scotch secretary teaching the Irish people the true pronunciation of the English language. That barbarous

people are but little accustomed to figures of oratory, so that you may represent him in any attitude you think proper, from that of Sir G——t E——, down to Gov. J——ne. These, however, are but the flighter ornaments of composition, and so I leave them to the choice of your own luxurious fancy.

The back-ground may be shadowed with the natural obscurity of the Scotch clerks, and Scotch secretaries, who may be itched out to the life, with one hand grasping a pen, the other rivetted in their respective posteriors. Your southern writers are apt to rub their foreheads in the agony of composition; but with Scotsmen, the seat of inspiration lies in a lower place, which, while the furor is upon them, they lacerate without mercy. By this delectable friction, their imaginations become as prurient as their backsides, and the latter are relieved from one sort of matter, while their brains are supplied with another. Every thing they write in short is polished *ad unguem*.

But amidst all the licence of your wit, my Lord, I must intreat you to remember that there is one character too high, and too sacred even for the pencil of a peer, though your Lordship has formerly done business for the family. Besides, the attempt would be unnecessary. The true character of that great  
person

person is engraven in the hearts of the Irish nation ;  
and as to a false one, they need only take a survey of  
the person and manners of their chief governor, if,  
in the midst of their distresses, they can laugh at the  
perfect caricature of a K——.

CORREGGIO.

## THE ANALOGY

### BETWEEN LEGISLATION AND HORSE-RACING.

THE swift-pac'd hours convoke again  
Our senate on Newmarket's plain ;  
They mind not here who's out, who's in——  
Their contest is, who most shall win.  
Here too they drop all party rage——  
Far diff'rent heats their thoughts engage.

Once on the turf I'll boldly venture,  
My Pegasus the lists shall enter ;  
Jockies, his wings ye need not dread——  
They're weighted by his rider's lead.

I've heard their is a near alliance  
'Twix ev'ry lib'ral art and science ;  
So the same features we may trace in  
Both legislation and horse-racing.

Good

Good laws require good heads to make 'em;  
And so do bets, to lay, or take 'em.

Laws are design'd to keep rogues under;  
To save your house and purse from plunder.  
And he whose noble genius aims  
To shine at these Olympic games,  
And cannot, with superior flight,  
Out-wit the knave, the biter bite,  
Must leave the turf, or ever curse  
The mis'ries of an empty purse.

I've heard it said, our senate shou'd  
Enact their laws for gen'ral good;  
And therefore should have hearts that feel  
Most warmly for the common-weal.  
And who can doubt but they inherit  
This noble and exalted spirit,  
That can consign their thousands o'er  
To wretches they ne'er saw before?  
When too (to heighten their deserving)  
Their wives and families are starving?

Does not the saddle represent  
Taxes, clapt on by parliament?  
Nor has the nation shewn bad sport:  
'We humbly thank their honours for't:

Tho'

Tho' some have made complaint of late,  
 Their backs were gall'd with over-weight;  
 And that their sides had sorely felt  
 The whip and spur full freely dealt;  
 Yet hope these patriot-jockies will  
 At length, to shew true sportsman's skill,  
 Pull in their steeds, quite out of breath,  
 Nor push the willing tits to death.

Proceed, ye two-fold legislators  
 Of horses and your fellow creatures;  
 Keep well your seats, nor vote nor ride,  
 On post's or ministry's wrong side;  
 So shall the purse your pockets fill,  
 And grooms, and statesmen praise your skill.

**THE EARL OF NORTHINGTON'S TOAST,**  
 ON THE SEVERAL CHANGES IN THE MINISTRY,  
 GIVEN IN 1766.

**WHAT** that rogue loses, this rogue wins;  
 Both are birds of a feather;  
 "Here's damn the Outs, and damn the Ins,  
 \* "And damn them all together."

**THE**



THE OFFER OF A YOUNG MINISTER \*  
TO THE PUBLIC,

IN THIS TIME OF NECESSITY.

SINCE the state is in want of some bold forward  
youth,

Who can guide with discretion, with spirit, and truth;  
With a view, my good people, our measures to mend,  
Permit me to point out my young hearty friend;  
He is resolute, easy, obedient, and clear,  
And I think, if I know him, he'll do for a year.

He's form'd cap-à-pié in the best modern way;  
And—as long as he's pleas'd—is too true to betray;  
His wit is so striking, he'll dare to engage  
Great M—f—d, the wonder and gem of the age;  
So shrewd—that, if factions surround him, he'll  
trick 'em,  
As ably as Rockingham, Grafton, or Wickham.

As Apelles selected from each Grecian face,  
To paint his fam'd Venus, some beauty or grace,  
So he, from each statesman who shines at this time,  
To make himself perfect, has skim'd off the cream.

\* General Conway, when secretary of state in July, 1765.

From

From B—e he learnt courage, intrigue from his  
brother,  
And craft from 'em both ; for they're shades to each  
other.

From Chatham he learnt to harangue and dispute  
For American rights, ere he crept to Lord Bute :  
From Camden's kind, liberal, generous soul,  
To give the crown pow'r 'bove legal controul :  
Lord Clare taught him friendship, Lord Sandys  
ready wit,  
And Charles when to yield to the spur and the bit.

With Holland he studied the passions of men,  
And knows all their price from one hundred to ten :  
All the arts of stock-jobbing each broker could bring,  
He possesses, improv'd by Lord Hertford this spring :  
And, to sum up this prodigy all in one line,  
“ My friend in political merit's a mine ; ”  
A mine, that if work'd, large resources will yield,  
To the court, to the senate, the council, and field ;  
As he sprung from the dirt, so in dirt he'll live on,  
And will perish in sin—for the good of the c—n.  
If these are not qualities worthy to rule,  
Ye may take Bute and Holland, with all the Scotch  
school.

## A N E P I G R A M

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE,

ON READING A PARAGRAPH IMPORTING THE RE-  
TIREMENT OF A CERTAIN GREAT FAVOURITE.

AS the Devil and B— were conversing of late,  
Of the Ins and the Outs, and the care of the state;  
I fancy, cry'd Satan, my worthy old friend,  
You and I shall go downward before we ascend :  
My honest colleague, reply'd B—, that's a shock,  
Ascend I can all-ways — (perhaps to the b—.)  
You know, answer'd Lucifer, long I've been true ;  
But if party's too pow'rful, what can we do ?  
Ken me reeght, says my Lord, it admits nae dispute,  
Aw the laddies in Scotland will screen Janny B—.  
You're a fool, answer'd Lucifer ; balance the scales ;  
Your own country detests you, Go—run into Wales.

POLLY CLARK.

# ON THE KING,

DECLARING THAT HE WOULD HAVE NO MONEY  
SPENT ON ELECTIONS,  
BUT THAT " HE WOULD BE TRIED BY HIS  
COUNTRY."

TRY'D by your country! To your people's love,  
Amiable Prince, so soon appeal!  
Stay, till the tender sentiments improve,  
Ripening to gratitude from zeal.

Years hence (yet ah! too soon) shall Britain see  
The trial of thy virtues past;  
Who could foretell that your first wish would be,  
What all believe will be your last?

## EPIGRAM.

BY AN ETON BOY.

AS, on a board well-pois'd, boys sink and rise,  
As scales, one falling, t'other upward flies,  
The sons of Westminster and Eton school;  
Hold, in affairs of state, divided rule.  
† Pulteney was down, and envying || Walpole's height,  
Strove long, in vain, to rise above the knight.

† Bred at Westminster.

|| Bred at Eton.  
The

The † Pelhams next rose up to high renown,  
 But cunningly they first pull'd Walpole down.  
 † Granville aloft was, like a meteor seen,  
 He blaz'd one morn, and disappear'd at e'en.  
 || Fox in his bold attempt was soon laid sprawling;  
 Just on his rise, he fell, for fear of falling.  
 Quick † Hollis mounted, ever in a hurry,  
 And on the rising side up started † Murray.  
 That scale is sinking now: 'tis tit for tat:  
 Beware, ye Westminster, of || Pitt and P ratt.

## L I N E S

POSTED UP AT THE SUN-FIRE OFFICE IN CORNHILL,  
 ON CLOSING THE POLL FOR THE CITY OF LONDON.  
 MARCH, 1768.

BRITANNIA TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

**D**ROOP not, my son; thy laurels cannot fade,  
 Tho' venal citizens deny thee aid.  
 On me, on me, their barb'rous rage they turn;  
 My rights they trample, and my altars spurn.  
 I too must fall!—Too well, alas! I see  
 Each shaft that wounds thy breast is aim'd at me;  
 Droop not, my son, nor ask a nobler fate  
 Than bravely falling with a falling state.  
 Thou didst not fall, till worth, till honour fled:  
 Thou didst not fall, till Freedom's self was dead.

† Bred at Westminster. || Bred at Eton.

BALLAD

B A L L A D

ON THE GENERAL ELECTION,

1768.

**H**AIL, glorious time,  
 (Fit subject for rhyme)  
 That ev'ry distinction can level :  
 When the gentleman greets  
 Each blackguard he meets,  
 And pride must descend to be civil.

The elegant peer  
 Must guzzle strong beer  
 With freemen, to gain their protection ;  
 And all who aspire  
 To be knights of the shire,  
 Get drunk to secure their election.

How fervent the zeal  
 That candidates feel !  
 The friendship they vow how sincere !  
 But 'tis easy to guess,  
 When such zeal they profess,  
 That the time of election draws near.

By

By flatt'ring and treating  
At every meeting,  
With the voters they try to prevail :  
No words can describe  
How they promise and bribe ;  
Such eloquence never can fail.

## A POLITICAL GENEALOGY.

ARBITRARY power begot oppression ;  
Oppression begot tumult ;  
Tumult Begot revenge ;  
Revenge begot murder ;  
Murder begot thanks ;  
Thanks begot perjury ;  
And perjury begot acquittal.

*Sic transit gloria mundi !*

## D I R E C T I O N S

TO THE HERALDS

FOR NEW PAINTING THE CITY ARMS.

OUT with that cross from London's shield,  
'Twill Harley's year not suit :  
Out with the sword ! and for them paint  
The petticoat and boot.

Nor watchful of so vile a charge,  
 Let dragons spread the wing;  
 But, like the rescu'd boot, by posts  
 Supported let it swing.

Swing, as himself deserves; and oh!  
 To gain him like reward,  
 Still let the good old motto prompt,  
 DIRECT US, GRACIOUS LORD, \*

# THE CAMPAIGN 1768.

BY CAPT. T——.

FIAT Justitia, Ruat Cœlum,  
 We'll maul the rogues if we can fell 'em.  
 Justitia Fiat, Cœlum Ruat,  
 Be sure the gun you level true at.  
 Cœlum, Justitia, Ruat, Fiat,  
 And shoot the man I cock my eye at.  
 Justitia, Fiat, Ruat, Cœlum,  
 Obey the words of Justice Gillam,  
 And if the rascals halloo—kill 'em.

}

\* DOMINE DIRIGE NOS.—The Latin motto to the city arms.



THE FOLLOWING IS THE  
I N S C R I P T I O N  
ON THE TOMB-STONE OF MARSHAL THOMAS.

UNDER this stone lies Marshal Thomas !

'Tis very well ;

We thank thee, hell,

For taking such a rascal from us.

T O T H E E D I T O R.

THE following is the most exact copy I could procure of the Latin inscription upon the column intended very soon to be erected in the centre of the area, before a very grand house, now building on a pleasant spot not far from town. It is supposed to have been written by the celebrated Mons. de Bougainville, professor in the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres at Paris, the same who writ the Latin epitaph on the marble monument, sent over to Quebec, for the Baron de Dieskau.

In Memoriam

Nob. Dom. Vice Com. H ———

In hac viciniâ olim defuncti

Ob dimidiam rei familiaris partem

sibi legatam,

(Uxore et fratris filio defuncti nobilis

etiam superstitibus)

Et nullam aliam ob gratiam de illo  
 bene merenti,  
 Nisi quòd ægroto in extremâ valetudine  
 assiduè affuit,  
 Atque in ipsius mortis articulo  
 Testamentum supremum  
 composuit,  
 Edificium hoc ex lateribus constructum,  
 Viatorum admiratio,  
 Vicinorum  
 Ut monumentum fidèlis amicitiae  
 Et domicilium sibimet ipsi accommodatum,  
 A possessore præsentis,  
 Attornato artis suæ haud imperito,  
 Extremâ licet senectute,  
 Erigitur.

Idus Jul. An., Sal. 1768.

Accede, viator, contemplare, et si  
 poteris, imitare.

TO A CERTAIN MAGISTRATE,

(RIGHT HON. T. HARLEY)

ON THE DEDICATION OF A TOWER TO HIM  
 IN THE ISLE OF THANET.

CURS'D by the friends of liberty restor'd,  
 By Tories prais'd, by Jacobites ador'd;  
 What else remain'd to stigmatize thy cause?  
 Nought—but expiring H—d's last applause.

INSCRI

## INSCRIPTION FOR THE VILLA

OF A DECAYED STATESMAN ON THE SEA-COAST.

BY MR. GRAY. \*

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,  
 Here Holland form'd the pious resolution,  
 To smuggle some few years, and strive to mend  
 A broken character, and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice,  
 (Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighb'ring sand)  
 Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,  
 And mariners, tho' shipwrecked, dread to land.

Here reigns the blust'ring North, and blighting East;  
 No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;  
 Yet nature cannot furnish out the feast:  
 Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

Now mould'ring fanes and battlements arise,  
 Arches, and turrets nodding to their fall;  
 Unpeopled palaces delude his eyes,  
 And mimic desolation covers all:

“ Ah! (said the fighting peer) had B\*\*e been true,  
 “ Nor Shelburne's, Calcraft's, Rigby's friendship  
 vain, ”

“ Far other scenes than these had crown'd our view,  
 “ And realiz'd the ruins that we feign.

\* Not printed in his works.

“ Purg’d by the sword, and beautify’d by fire  
 “ Then had we seen proud London’s hated walls;  
 “ Owls might have hooted in St. Peter’s choir,  
 “ And Foxes flunk, and litter’d in St. Paul’s.”

# J E M M Y T W I T C H E R,

OR THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP.

BY THE SAME.

**W**HEN fly Jemmy Twitcher had smugg’d up his  
 Face,

With a lick of court white-wash, and pious grimace,  
 A wooing he went, where three sisters of old  
 In harmless society guttle and scold.

Lord! sister, says Physic to Law, I declare,  
 Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air!  
 Not I for the Indies!—You know I’m no prude—  
 But his name is a shame—and his eyes are so lewd!  
 Then he shambles and straddles so oddly—I fear—  
 No—at our time of life ’twould be silly, my dear.

I don’t know, says Law, but methinks for ~~his~~ look,  
 ’Tis just like the picture in Rochester’s book:  
 Then his character, Phizzy—his morals—his life—  
 When she died, I can’t tell—he once had a wife:—  
 They say he’s no Christian, loves drink and whoring,  
 And all the town rings of his swearing and roaring

And filching, and lying, and Newgate-bird tricks ;—  
Not I—for a coronet, chariot and fix.

Divinity heard, between waking and dozing,  
Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing :  
From table she rose, and with bumper in hand,  
She stroked up her belly, and stroked down her band,  
What pother is here about wenching and roaring !  
Why David loved catches, and Solomon whoring :  
Did not Israel filch from the Egyptians of old,  
Their jewels of silver, and jewels of gold ?  
The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lye ;  
He drinks—so did Noah ;—he swears—so do I :  
To reject him for such peccadillos were odd ;  
Besides, he repents—for he talks about God—

[To Jemmy]

Never hang down your head, you poor penitent elf,  
Come buss me—I'll be Mrs. Twitcher myself.

# IMITATION, ANACREON, ODE XLVI.

TO J. W. ESQ.

WOULD you wish to serve the state,  
Would you strive with honours due,  
That a court confess you great,  
You, my friend, wrong schemes pursue.

Wisdom that I know is your's,  
 Brightest talents too you boast ;  
 But where gold extends its curse,  
 All intrinsic merit's lost.

'Tis the quantum that you pay,  
 For the corporation bought :  
 'Tis how ductile you obey,  
 By the grand dictator taught. \*

Curs'd be he, the wretch of ~~you~~ ore,  
 Who, from womb of parent earth,  
 First produc'd the tempting ore,  
 Poison to all moral worth !

This domestic peace destroys,  
 This dissolves all human ties ;  
 Yerg'd by this, a brother's joys  
 Are a brother's sacrifice.

This, where in the raptur'd soul  
 Love should boast his purest fire,  
 Does each gen'rous thought controul,  
 Bids profession's vow expire.

\* Cet admirable maître des muets, quand il leur donne ses premières leçons, forme avec ses mains dans leurs organes la disposition qui est pour prononcer chaque lettre.

LAMY.

This

This (and let bold honour mourn,  
Hearing the recorded tale)

This ~~turn~~ P—— a villain turn,  
This confines a Wilkes in gaol.

Newport, Isle of Wight, Sept. 12.

## E P I S T L E

TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ. IN CONFINEMENT.

WHILE ev'ry truly English breast  
Swells with regret and rage possess'd,  
And mourns, O Wilkes, thy doom!  
I rather joy, who hope to view  
Thy steady soul her plan pursue,  
And equal ancient Rome.

See M—— d, impotent of soul,  
In pale and silent malice fowl,  
And yield to Y——s the blow!  
Vain all their rage! thy nobler heart  
Invulnerable scorns the dart,  
Nor heeds the feeble foe.

Thus faithful to his country's good,  
Unmov'd the menac'd Roman stood  
At all the Punic rage;  
Bravely he met the death he dar'd,  
Nor fear'd the cruel pains prepar'd,  
Their malice to assuage.

Nor less the malice of thy foes  
 I deem, O man of many woes !  
 And much-enduring mind !  
 Nor less shall be thy fame : I see  
 Thy rescu'd country smile on thee,  
 And glory gleam behind.

But should a venal senate fear  
 To check oppression's proud career,  
 Nor vindicate thy wrong,  
 Let Hope, with Conscience to attend,  
 Be thy inseparable friend,  
 And speed the hours along.

Then let no pensive thought be thine,  
 Nor let thy patriot heart repine,  
 But be these things thy sport ;  
 For know—that time shall set thee free,  
 Unthank'd relentless m——y,  
 Unthank'd a thoughtless court.

Oxford, June 30, 1768.



## THE WHOLE PRESENT DISPUTE

IN LAW AND POLITICS.

To contradict Wilkes, now M—— replies,  
 'Twixt Tenor and Purport no difference lies;  
 They both in one meaning appear to entwine,  
 Like tendrils that twist round the stem of a vine,  
 Tho' the one suits your purpose, the other suits }  
 mine.

To M—— cries Wilkes, I pray you, my lord,  
 Give its own honest meaning to each proper word;  
 Suppose you should make a proposal to B——,  
 To bring in his C— (tho' we hope he can't do't)  
 The Purport means only, his kinsman to bring  
 Thro' Scotland to England, and here make him k—:  
 But the Tenor implies, and with very good reason,  
 The unmaking another; and that's, you know, trea-  
 son.

## THE LION IN THE TOILS.

A POLITICAL FABLE. BY MR. KENRICK.

*Ex ungue leonem.*

Committed by the hand of power  
 To close confinement in the Tower,  
 Where many a dangerous beast we know  
 Is lodg'd for royal raree-show;

A lion, in a leopard's skin,  
 His spots without, his heart within,  
 Held forth to privilege his paw,  
 And claim'd protection of the law.

Alarm'd, the forest stare awhile !  
 The asses bray ! the foxes smile !  
 And tygers tam'd, untry'd, condemn  
 Their brother brute  
 The sages of the law  
 The nature of his crimes occult,  
 While, wavering 'twixt the wrong and right,  
 They let him loose, and hope his flight ;  
 'Till, basely hurt in bloody fray,  
 To distant lands he's lur'd away.

Let justice bring him now to shame :  
 The absent ever are to blame.  
 Accus'd he stands of horrid crimes,  
 Strange to these loyal, pious times !  
 Against his king—a bishop nods—  
 Nay, more, he scratch'd against the gods,  
 Behold the impious traitor's claw,  
 Known, and obnoxious to the law.

The lion heard, and, with disdain,  
 Returning to his native plain,

Demande

Demands the records just and true,  
 The fine and punishment, his due.  
 Appall'd deluded justice stands,  
 Her trembling in her hands,  
 Nor holds uprais'd th' avenging blade  
 Without the rancorous lynx's aid.

Again the snare of power is spread,  
 Inclosing his devoted head ;  
 Again is urg'd the shame and sin  
 Of spots upon a leopard's skin ;  
 When lo ! he casts his wanton spoils,  
 And proves a lion in the toils.

## HARRY AND NANCY.

WRITTEN IN 1768.

AN ELEGY, IN THE MANNER OF TIBULLUS.

### I.

CAN Apollo resist, or a poet refuse,  
 When Harry and Nancy solicit the muse ?  
 A statesman, who makes the whole nation his care,  
 And a nymph, who is almost as chaste as she's fair.

### II.

Dear spongy had led such a damnable life,  
 He determin'd to keep any whore but his wife :  
 So Harry's affairs, like those of the state,  
 Have been pretty well handled and tickled of late.

### III. From

III.

From fourteen to forty our provident Nan  
Had        d her life to the study of man ;  
And thought it a natural change of her station,  
From riding St. George, to ride over the nation.

IV.

Secret service had wasted the national wealth,  
But now—'tis the price of the minister's health :  
An expence which the treasury well may afford ;  
She who serves him in bed, should be paid at the  
      board.

V.

So lucky was Harry, that nothing could mend  
His choice of a mistress, but that of a friend ;  
A friend so obliging, and yet so sincere,  
With pleasure in one eye, in t'other a tear.

VI.

My friend holds the candle—the lovers debate,  
And among them, God knows how they settle the  
      state ;  
Was there ever a nation so govern'd before,  
By a jockey and gambler, a p—p and a w—— ?

ON THE D. OF BEDFORD'S ARRIVAL IN IRELAND:  
1768.

I.

**SOFTLY** sweet in Lydian measure,  
Let the flute resound our pleasure;  
Stop the noise of rattling drums:  
For the **Great Peace-Maker** comes.

II.

Let no din of frightful war  
With dread alarms his fancy scare;  
Nor let the thund'ring cannons roar,  
'To speak his welcome to the shore.

III.

You vile, you venal, slavish band,  
In useless pageantry that stand,  
Begone! he likes not your parade;  
He hates a martial cavalcade.

IV.

But let the gently lulling lute  
In mildest strains the chief salute:  
And let the thrum of light guitar  
With grateful trifling please his ear.

V.

Ye matrons, twine the olive wreath,  
                                   : friends thro' him still breathe;  
 Ye maids, who have not lost a spouse,  
 Adorn with thistle ev'ry house.

VI.

Ye ladies fair, shew your regards,  
 And strew the streets with heaps of cards;  
 Be PAM with glad amazement dumb;  
 His servant and his patron's come.

Ye sons of ALMA, tune your lays,  
 And sing your worthy fav'rite's praise;  
 Extol the heroes of his name,  
 Whose valour won immortal fame.

VIII.

Chiefs, who the sword for freedom drew,  
 Alike to prince and people true;  
 Nor barter'd shame for sordid pelf;  
 Nor made the public yield to self.

IX.

Last in the glorious record be  
 The MARTYR for sweet LIBERTY;  
 Who for religion nobly bled,  
 And for his virtue lost his head.

X. In

## X.

In these bright patterns of renown,  
Trace worth continual handed down ;  
Then        what virtue of a man  
Adorns this worthy ?—if you can.

## XI.

Describe his dangers on the main,  
Or on the great Newmarket plain ;  
His wounds of honour in the face,  
Or stripes his back got at a race.

## XII.

Display, to the admiring nations,  
His wond'rous skill in negotiations :  
Or, what more near engage his heart,  
The trick of the stock-jobbing art.

## XIII.

The losses tell, which haughty Spain  
Sorely lamented once in vain :  
Soon he with gen'rous ease restor'd  
The earnings of the British sword.

## XIV.

Describe the fall of Gallic pride,  
Her arms o'erthrown on ev'ry side ;  
And, that so high her crest's now rais'd  
Be this great Duke    hirelings prais'd.

Ireland, Sept. 6, 1768.

# THE MIDDLESEX ELECTION;

A BALLAD ON THE SAME OCCASION;

TO THE TUNE OF CHEVY CHASE.

**G**OD prosper long our noble king,  
And eke his subjects too :  
And grant such deeds as now I sing  
We never more may rue.

In seventeen hundred sixty-eight,  
All on a summer's  
Grim death did on member wait,  
And took him clean away.

O! then a writ was issu'd out,  
To chuse a member in ;  
And soon began a mighty rout  
For Proctor and for Glynn.

When as the day advanced nigh,  
Each party did its best ;  
And Horne (who scorns to tell a lye)  
Turn'd Proctor's cause to jest.

Some worthy wights, the Lord knows who,  
Of Irish strength assur'd,  
Provided many a gallant crew,  
True men, I'll pawn my word.

Such



Such crowds to Brentford town did hie,  
As fill'd the place outright ;  
While thousands knew not where to lie,  
And so—sat up all night.

At length the fatal morning came,  
O had it ne'er arriv'd !  
For many a wight crawl'd home quite lame,  
Full glad that he surviv'd.

Soon as the rising sun had clear'd  
The gloomy shades of  
All on the hustings they appear'd—  
O ! 'twas a glorious fight !

With ribbon and with star bespread,  
(Given by the good old king)  
Sir William hung his languid head,  
And look'd like any thing.

The serjeant held his head upright,  
For conscious still was he,  
That those who do the deed that's right,  
Have real cause for glee.

Mr. O'Murphy too was there,  
High counsellor at law—  
His bus'ness was to strut and stare,  
And find or make a flaw.

Count

Count Gambler look'd as who shou'd say,

“ I'll : fix to one

“ That Beauchamp Proctor gets the day :”

“ I take it, damme.”—“ Done.”

Whilst bustling still from place to place,

Old Brentford's priest was seen,

Who for this meal said many a grace,

And fervent pray'r, I ween.

And still to heighten all they could

This mighty

Close by the hustings numbers stood,

Like—soldiers all a-row.

The clock told two, up flew the hat,

(A signal for each wonder)

And soon the freeholders' lay flat

As ever lay a flounder.

Then eyes and sculls, and arms and legs,

Were darken'd, fractur'd, broke ;

And those who could not keep their pegs,

Amend the joke.

And many a ribbon flew about,

(For favo then were common)

And hundreds of the rabble rout

Were dizen'd out like yeomen.

What

What they did more, let other bards  
 In other guise declare ;  
 For, truth to say, they play'd their cards,  
 To make all England stare.

Now God preserve our noble king,  
 And grant henceforth, for aye,  
 No future poet e'er may sing  
 The deeds of such a day !

ON THE INVESTITURE OF CARDINAL DE BERNIS,  
 WITH A BLUE RIBBON      VERSAILLES.

PUBLISHED A FEW MONTHS AFTER THE INSTAL-  
 LATION OF THE EARL OF BUTE AT WINDSOR.

THE exaltation of De Bernis, who was naturally of a very amorous constitution, and seemed to have no other recommendation than his person, and art to please the fair sex, provoked the nobility and gentry beyond all moderation : so that when he was invested with the order of the Holy Ghost, in the chapel of Versailles, there was,

scroll of paper thrown out of the gallery among the knights, on which was wrote a French parody on the hymn called Veni Creator, and thus translated :

Thou

Thou holy spirit, power divine,  
 Do thou for France's glory, deign  
 On this new minister to shine,  
 And lighten up his clouded brain.

Of twelve unlearn'd thou heretofore  
 Didst raise up miracles to thee ;  
 Renew those miracles once more,  
 By giving sense to poor Bernis.

His bosom with thy flames possess ;  
 On him the love of heaven pour,  
 That he may kiss the ladies less,  
 And lest of all—La Pompadour.

Bernis, invested with the rank of a minister, and decked out with a blue ribbon, could not, doubtless, but appear more agreeable in the eyes of his protectress; and she, never easy, day and night, out of his company, looked upon his athletic constitution, and consummate knowledge in the art of love, to be such superior talents, as made him extremely capable of unravelling the most knotty, and most arduous affairs of state; imagining with great reason, that in the course of an administration, which she alone had put into his hands, he would certainly take no step without first consulting her.

## E P I G R A M.

O Bute ! if, instead of contempt, and of odium,  
 You'd wish to obtain universal elogium,  
 From your breast to your gullet transfer the blue  
     string,  
 Our hearts are all yours at the very first swing.

## ODE TO COLONEL L——.

*Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ?  
 Quo sese ore ferens ! quam forti pectore & armis !*

O Thou, whom adverse fates ordain  
 To rivet fast Britannia's chain,  
     And bend her to controul ;  
 Firm as Alcides tho' thou stand,  
 The curses of an injur'd land  
     Shall shake thy guilty soul.

Tho' high enroll'd thy name appears  
 With hireling commoners and peers,  
     Curs'd guardians of a throne !  
 Tho' jockey Grafton, who can spark it  
 In Britain's senate or Newmarket,  
     Adopt thee for his own :

Yet spite of all the venal tribe,  
 Tho' M——d plead, or H——d bribe,

Swift

Swift vengeance shall pursue ;  
 Tho' blundering N-rt-n act his part  
 With Henley's \* head, and Ryder's heart,  
 —Fit advocate for you.

With such abettors of his pride,  
 Gods ! what had G—ft—n left untry'd,  
 Possess'd of such a tool !  
 But heav'n, in pity to mankind,  
 That Fl—tch—r for a knave design'd,  
 Foredoom'd him to a fool.

Say, then, bepowder'd and becurl'd,  
 The jest, the play-thing of the world,  
 An officer, a beau !  
 Safe in the general contempt,  
 What evil geniūs thee could tempt  
 To rise thy country's foe !

O slender youth, so nice and trim,  
 So neat in feature and in limb,  
 With wreathed roses crown'd,  
 What easy maid with sandy locks,  
 Receives thy vows, thy love, thy p—  
 Or is miss ——— found ?

\* Orator Henley.

Far

Far other arts, far other charms,  
 Than lur'd the fair one to thy arms,  
     Thy dangers will require ;  
 When patriot Glynn's learn'd voice shall rouse,  
 Or Burke loud thunder through the house,  
     With all the British fire :

Then shalt thou wish, but wish in vain,  
 Thou ne'er hadst left dull Oxford's plain,  
     To seek a warmer fun ;  
 Thy courage there might daunt a proctor,  
 Thy wit and genius dupe a doctor,  
     Or bilk a brawling dun.

So when black louring clouds deform  
 The angry skies, to meet the storm  
     A butterfly may soar——  
 But baffled soon, at random hurl'd,  
 His gilded wings in vain unfurl'd,  
     He falls to rise no more.

Will B—df—d, doom'd to drudge thro' life,  
 Slave to his avarice and wife,  
     For thee his hoards dispense ?  
 Or R—gby, by his back and fist  
 Advanc'd in black corruption's list,  
     Engage in thy defence ?

With double weight of brass and lead,  
 Tho' vet'ran Bullface shake his head,  
     And sweat to earn his fee,  
 Each flower of Billingsgate his boast :  
 —He cannot reason, well thou know'st,  
     But he shall roar for thee.

With pedant scowl and fretful look,  
 Now Bl—ckf—e talks without his book,  
     Now Th—rl—e croaks his wrath ;  
 As wise, if not so loud as N——s,  
 Bewilder'd M—rt—n spits and stares—  
     All petulance and froth.

Say, fluent D—nning, classic Y—ke,  
 Dare you refuse the dirty work,  
     And hope ye still to rise ?  
 Alas ! not less your silence stung  
 Their cause, than W—rb—rn's bold tongue  
     Confronting all their lyes.

But trust not thou the brazen lungs  
 Of lawyers, placemen's oily tongues—  
     Nor Mungo's journals quote ;  
 Tho' Cl—re in tinsel rhet'ric shine,  
 And sophists all their webs refine, .  
     To guard a lying vote,



W—ym—th, B—rr—gt—n combine  
 To mark the way that must be thine,  
 The blood-stain'd path to power—  
 Thou too shalt soon in thunder speak,  
 And all pale G—ft—n's vengeance wreak  
 In one devoted hour.

While many an Allen's fall shall grace  
 Thy triumphs in the glorious chace,  
 Till Britain, gag'd and chain'd,  
 Her idle charters thrown aside—  
 Admit the sword her laws to guide,  
 As when a Stuart reign'd.

Avert, kind heav'n ! the black presage,  
 Nor let us see a Charles's age,  
 In all its woes renew'd !  
 —Full oft at Freedom's holy shrine  
 Have Britain's sons with zeal divine  
 Libations made in blood.

Yet if the rites our fires enjoy'd  
 From thy free gift, must be destroy'd,  
 And freedom quit our shore—  
 On him that asks in bonds to live,  
 And dares his country's fall survive,  
 All thy red vengeance pour.

D A R G O.

G 2

O N

## ON MR. SECRETARY BRADSHAW.

ESTATE and honours !—mere caprich !  
 Better be fortunate than rich :  
 Since oft we find, or soon, or late,  
 Is verify'd what proverbs prate.

Sure 'twill be reckon'd a manoeuvre,  
 That Bradshaw, once so mean and pauvre,  
 Should for his life, and his two sons,  
 (For so they say the patent runs)  
 Be vested with a pension clear,  
 Of fifteen hundred pounds a year :  
 For doing what ? —“ Aye, there's the question,”  
 “ Fierce the assault, unarm'd the bastion.”

But lo ! at hand, I 'spy another,  
 In dirty work his elder brother,  
 Who, for perusing records dusty,  
 We dub a knight o'th' order Trusty ;  
 Quip him with shield and coat of mail  
 Of impudence, that ne'er can fail :  
 And humbly hope they'll set a price on  
 The industry of Jerry Dyson.  
 Who, from his being so deep read,  
 Doth much resemble Nimming Ned,

That

That steals and pilfers all he can,  
Tho' on a widely different plan.

Unless they'll add a trifle more,  
It is not worth his while to pore :  
His present salary scarce produces  
Him spectacles for private uses :  
And if wit fail, or sight grow dim,  
A spectacle they'd make of him :  
Therefore, the sovereign balm to cure  
Decay of sight's—a sinecure !

Whatever comes within his grapple,  
He'll pocket—"as one would an apple."  
It matters not, peerage or pension,  
To either he has vast pretension,  
But, with submission, would much rather  
Kiss hands for both of them together.

No doubt they'll fit with ease and grace,  
Happily form'd in cast of face  
That ne'er knew blush—except in th' dark,  
Or higher soar'd than to be clerk,  
A clerk i'th' office where he now  
Makes better men with homage bow.

## THE STATE COACH.

## A T A L E.

IN IMITATION OF THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

**O**NCE on a time a grand lord-may'r  
 (No matter when, no matter where)  
 Kept a huge pompous coach of state,  
 Of most enormous bulk and weight ;  
 And on the times of public joy,  
 To wheel about the pond'rous toy,  
 He kept besides a noble string  
 Of horses, fit to draw the king ;  
 All of high blood, all beasts of breeding,  
 But vicious from excess of feeding ;  
 Of course intractable and heady,  
 Yet in one point perversely steady,  
 Viz. each good steed was true and hearty  
 To his own interest, and his party ;  
 Nay, this curs'd spirit had possess'd  
 To such degree each sturdy beast,  
 That not a single chuff would move  
 From threats or soothing, fear or love,  
 Unless in partnership he drew  
 With those of his confed'rate crew ;  
 Tho' thus the clumsy and the clever,  
 All-pair'd oft, hobbled on together,

Hence

Hence when the Coach was order'd out,  
 Buck would refuse to match with Stout,  
 At least one inch would not proceed  
 Unless impetuous Di'mond led,—  
 Who when of late our grand premier,  
 And then uncheck'd in his career,  
 While he tugg'd on the vast machine  
 O'er rough and smooth, through thick and thin,  
 Would often with their rapid turn  
 Make the wheels creak and axle burn ;  
 Yet give the haughty devil his due,  
 Though bold his quarterings, they were true :  
 Yes, let us not his skill disparage,  
 He never once o'erfet the carriage,  
 Though oft he whirl'd it, one would think,  
 Just o'er the pitfall's headlong brink ;  
 While at each hair-breadth 'scape, his foes  
 Would cry, there, there, by G-d, it goes !  
 And as stiff Buck would ne'er submit  
 But on these terms to champ the bit,  
 Stout in return was full as sullen,  
 Nor the same harness would he pull in,  
 Unless by cautious Duke preceded,  
 Or by pacific Sawney headed :  
 The body-coachman, hence unable  
 To rule the refractory stable,  
 Was forc'd to leave the saucy brutes  
 To terminate their own disputes ;

And when they deign'd to wear the traces,  
 Chuse their own partners and their places;  
 But, tir'd themselves with these distractions,  
 Resolv'd at last the several factions  
 (For in their anger all had wit)  
 Some terms of union to admit,  
 Which, that more firmly they might bind,  
 Drawn in this form by all were sign'd:

We, the contracting steeds, (express  
 Here was the name of each prime beast,  
 As Di'mond, Sawney, Duke) however  
 Determin'd not to work together,  
 Yet by these presents are agreed  
 Together peaceably to feed:  
 On this account then (work or play)  
 Let each receive his 'custom'd pay:  
 Confirm we by concurring votes  
 To each his daily peck of oats:  
 Besides, omit we by no means  
 Proportion'd quantities of beans;  
 Nor yet warm mashes when we chuse 'em,  
 Nor Bracken's balls when pleas'd to use 'em;  
 For as 'tis likely from full feeding,  
 At times, diseases may be breeding,  
 'Tis right for ev'ry horse that is sick,  
 Who finds the food should find the physic.

These previous articles now clos'd,  
 Here prudent Di'mond interpos'd,  
 Long fam'd for his contempt of self,  
 And views which center'd not in self,  
 "How chang'd at present!" (or no more  
 Wears he that mask which once he wore.)  
 Quoth he, (wrapp'd round with many a clout  
 His greasy heels, the horses gout)  
 "Snug now ourselves and our dependants,  
 "Shall we neglect our dear descendants,  
 "Nay, e'en from scripture we should learn  
 "For our own households due concern ;  
 "Lest we incur then, to our shame,  
 "Of infidels th' accursed name.  
 "Provide we next (if such your will is)  
 "For all our present colts and fillies ;  
 "No matter, tho' for this supply  
 "We drain our master's coffers dry ;  
 "Stretch we the grant too, if ye please,  
 "E'en to the future colts of these ;  
 "Then to their coltlings in entail,  
 "Till issue of such issue fail ;—  
 "Well, bullies, are you all content ?"  
 Each steed here snorted his assent ;  
 And, more t' express their joy of heart,  
 Al. let at once th' obstreperous f—t ;  
 The mews, thro' all its spacious round,  
 Re-echo'd to th' unmanner'd sound ;

And now adjusted their pretensions,  
 And thus secur'd their long-breath'd pensions,  
 Like porkers fattening in the sty,  
 On their fat rumps at ease they lie ;  
 Uplitter'd to their ears in straw,  
 Yet not a single beast will draw.

Dogs ! to reduce you all to reason,  
 I wish, at least, for some short season,  
 That in your present master's stead,  
 Too meek to tame so rough a breed,  
 Too mild to curb your factious spirit,  
 Too good to treat ye as ye merit,  
 Stern boisterous Cromwell from the dead,  
 Or bluff old Hall would lift his head,  
 That I might see you bound and skip  
 Beneath their disciplining whip ;  
 That I might see your pamper'd hides  
 Flogg'd, till from out your furrow'd sides  
 Spun, in each part, the fizy blood,  
 Too rich from sloth and copious food ;  
 That thus let out at all these sluices,  
 It may purge off its vicious juices ;  
 While I should hear you, at each jerk,  
 Cry, Lash no more, we'll work, we'll work !



## E P I G R A M.

**O**F Outs and Ins, the common sins  
     public speculation ;  
 Ins have been Outs, and Outs been Ins,  
     And both have robb'd the nation.

Since both alike one plan pursue,  
     Of mal-administration,  
 Of each sort raise a chosen few  
     To an exalted station.

My views are far from sinister  
     To work a reformation ;  
 I'd make Jack Ketch prime minister  
     Of each man's elevation.

## ON THE OUTS AND INS.

**T**HE Outs much like an empty stomach are,  
     That frets and keeps a coil for diet ;  
 The Ins, to one that's full you may compare,  
     Which well contented is, and quiet.  
 A vessel full, when struck, makes no replies,  
 But th' empty barrel always makes a noise :  
 Thus he that's in no 'ccasion has to quarrel ;  
 But he that's out, is like an empty barrel.

## A C H A R A C T E R.

**O**F vice the secret friend, the foe profess'd,  
 Of every talent to deceive possess'd ;  
 As mean in household savings, as profuse  
 In vile corruption's scandalous abuse ;  
 Mentally blind, on whom no ray of truth  
 E'er glanc'd auspicious, e'en in bloom of youth ;  
 Perfidious, arbitrary, proud and base,  
 With all the sins that damn'd the Stuart race ;  
 Without one virtue to secure from shame  
 The flatt'ring promise of an early fame :  
 Thou tinsel pageant of a summer day !  
 But winter stern shall tear thy mask away ;  
 Shall drag at once into abhorred light  
 A heart best hid beneath the veil of night.  
 Nought will avail thy silly, simpering smile,  
 No artifice can his rough hand beguile ;  
 One general indignation will be shewn ;  
 Contempt, at last, is into hatred grown.  
 What, tho' inimitable Churchill's hearse  
 Sav'd thee from all the vengeance of his verse,  
 Macaulay shall in nervous prose relate  
 Whence flows the venom that distracts the state,  
 Thy name will sink in hist'ry's awful page,  
 Curs'd by thy native land from age to age :——  
 Sure, as that sack-inspired Whitehead sings  
 And Scotch addressers hail the—best of kings.

ALLEN'S GHOST.

T H E

## THE ANSWER.

*Risum teneatis amici ?*

**T**o hear your complaints I shall ever be ready,  
 And not to redress them I swear I am steady.  
 It gives me concern that you come here misled :  
 Your Remonstrance, I hold, is not over well-bred.  
 To arraign my Mama, and my Minion, must be  
 Disrespectful at least both to them and to me ;  
 Besides, 'tis injurious, tho' true, to be told  
 That my P—t's bought, that the people are sold ;  
**For of places and pensions a monstrous profusion**  
**Is plac'd in my hands by our wise constitution.**

In spite of my modesty too I must raise,  
 Since you will not do it, my own song of praise.  
 The law of the land to respect is my glory !  
 And as I was born and bred a staunch Tory,  
 If you dare to insult or trifle with law,  
 Like Nero, by M\*\*\*\*\*S I'll keep you in awe.  
 I scorn to encroach on the one house or t'other ;  
 I only c\*\*\*\*\* them ; then why such a pother ?  
 Too well I remember the oath that I made,  
 The best of k—gs never your rights will invade ;  
 From a beggarly spot we were call'd, and we came  
 Those rights to defend ; then may I not claim,  
 Since the ty\*\*\*t to play I so seldom endeavour,  
 That the cry of my people should be G—e for ever ?  
Then

Then laughing, he publish'd this gracious command ;  
Instead of my a—se let them all kiss my hand.

## A CONVERSATION

BETWEEN THE TWO HEADS UPON TEMPLE-BAR ;  
ON OCCASION OF THE MERCHANTS ADDRESS,  
MARCH, 1769.

**SAYS** Townly to Fletcher, What causes this rout !  
Pray what are the people of London about ?  
Such noise I ne'er heard—'tis a shame and disgrace—  
No man can be easy or safe in his place.

I'll tell you, says Fletcher, if rightly I guess,  
The merchants are met with their loyal address ;  
My eyes are not clear, you may fairly suppose ;  
But it smells pretty strong—I can trust to my  
nose. ———

Quoth Townley, Gude troth, tho' my eyes are but  
dim,

You are certainly right, for there's Eddy B—m ;  
And, as i'm alive, there's our favourite Charley,  
And ass-men, and mule-men, and W——s, and  
H—l—y.

“ What ! H—l—y, that liv'd in the city's great  
“ house,

“ Who made all the mob once as still as a mouse ?

Yes,

“ Yes, H—l-y, the man——(good lord, how the  
“ folks hoot !)

“ The man that seiz’d petticoat, gibbet, and  
“ boot.”

“ But who’s he before, on the woundy fine horse ?

“ He’s as stiff as his majesty at Charing-cross.”

“ Why he, Sir, though stately, and blust’ring in  
“ look,

“ Strip off his fine gear, and he’s only a—Cook.”

“ And who are all those, whom the mob treat un-  
“ civil ?”

“ Why Dutchmen, and Scotchmen, and Jews—and  
“ the devil.”

“ Jews, Dutchmen, and Scotchmen, present an ad-  
“ dress ?”

“ Yes.”—The devil was right, then—he could do  
no less.

An address in these times !——it is much, very  
much—

An English address carry’d up by the Dutch !

’Tis nat’ral for Scotchmen, I know, to rebel ;

To be loyal——’tis strange !——but ’tis all very  
well——

This incense of brimstone some noses may suit ;

Tho’ Britons dislike it, it likes my Lord B—e.

The Macs have all steadily join’d in the work,

All the Macs in the city, excepting Mac Quirk—

But

But see how the mob there are breaking their pates,  
 'Tis time that we stop them, so shut up the gates;  
 For if they go on with addresses and letters,  
 We must shortly resign—and make room for our  
 betters.

TEMPLE-BAR.

A DIALOGUE

AT ST. JAMES'S GATE, ON THE SAME OCCASION,  
 BETWEEN A NOBLE LORD AND THE MOB.

L O R D.

OH! Englishmen, Englishmen, can't you be  
 quiet?  
 For your wives and your 'children's sake, do not  
 riot;  
 The duty I owe to my k—— and to you,  
 Makes me beg you'll disperse, lest the cause you  
 should rue.  
 You've insulted the crown; and for these honest  
 cits,  
 You've scar'd the poor gentlemen out of their wits.

When

When they muster'd at 'Change, they were decent  
and clean ;

But are now so bedaub'd, they're not fit to be seen.  
I am sent by the k— to intreat you'll disperse ;  
And hark ye, you fellow there, drive off that hearse.  
If you don't go away, all the the guards will be sent ;  
'Tis a desperate step, and I dread the event.  
I suppose you're set on by some rascal or other,  
And have had money giv'n you to make all this  
pother.

M O B.

The cause by your lordship is falsely ascrib'd,  
For tho' we are poor, yet we scorn to be brib'd ;  
Beside we declare, were we ever so willing,  
We don't know a man who would give us a shilling.

L O R D.

Now I vow and declare, though I hate all this  
strife,  
Yet the people of England I love as my life.  
I would down on my knees in the dirt and the mire,  
If it would but induce you, my friends, to retire.

M O B.

M O B.

My lord, with submission, we must interpose ;  
'Twere a terrible pity to dirt these fine cloaths.

L O R D.

My cloaths I don't mind ; and as for the dirt,  
I value it not, 'tis the fashion at court.  
I know you're all loyal, I wish I could serve you ;  
From the danger that threatens, I fain would pre-  
serve you ;  
So I beg you'll disperse, and go home to your  
wives,  
Nor foolishly stay at the risk of your lives.  
If recourse must be had to the milit'ry power,  
I dread the event of a single half-hour.  
If such tumults as these were in France or in  
Spain,  
Five hundred by this time had surely been slain ;  
But the k— loves you all with such ardent affection,  
He would lay down his life for the people's protec-  
tion.

M O B.

Oh ! God bless the k—, he's the Best of mankind ;  
We wish those about him were all of his mind ;



No guards would be wanting to keep us in awe,  
 As we honour his name, and we reverence the law.  
 Let elections be free ; and whoever we chuse,  
 His seat in the house you should never refuse :  
 And if great men were honest, the poor would be  
     quiet ;  
 So yourselves you may thank for this bustle and riot.

O D E,

FOR THE INSTALLATION OF AUGUSTUS HENRY,  
DUKE OF GRAFTON, CHANCELLOR OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

BY MR. GRAY.

A I R.

**HENCE!** avaunt! 'tis holy ground,  
Comus and his midnight crew,  
And Ignorance with looks profound,  
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue!  
Mad Sedition's cry prophane,  
Servitude that hugs her chain,  
Nor in these consecrated bow'rs  
Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent train in flow'rs;

C H O R U S.

Nor Envy pale, nor creeping Gain,  
Dare the muses' walk to stain,  
While bright-ey'd Science walks around;  
Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground.

R E C I T.

G R A Y

T R A V E S T I E.

A I R.

**H**ENCE! avaunt! 'tis venal ground,  
 Wilkes and all his free-born crew;  
 Within our pale no room is found,  
 Ye modern Algernons, for you.  
 Mute be the bold Alcaic strain  
 Of liberty, that spurns a chain,  
 Nor in these pliant courtly bow'rs  
 Let harsh Philippic weeds choke adulation's flow'rs.

C H O R U S.

Virtue hence! with brow severe!  
 Public-spirit come not near,  
 While servile int'rest walks around;  
 Hence! avaunt! 'tis venal ground!

R E C I-

## R E C I T A T I V E.

From yonder realms of empyrean day  
 Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay !  
 There sit the faintèd sage, the bard divine,  
 The few whom Genius gave to shine,  
 Thro' ev'ry unborn age, and undiscover'd clime :  
     Rapt in celestial transport they ;  
     Yet hither oft a glance from high  
     They send of tender sympathy,  
 To bless the place, where on their op'ning soul  
     First the genuine ardour stole ;  
     'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,  
     And as the choral warblings round him swell,  
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,  
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

## A I R.

“ Ye brown o'er-arching groves,  
 “ That contemplation loves,  
 “ Where willowy Camus lingers with delight,  
 “ Oft at blush of dawn  
 “ I've trod your level lawn,  
 “ Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia's silver light,  
 “ In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,  
 “ With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melan-  
     choly.”

R E C I-

## R E C I T A T I V E.

From yonder realms of ministerial day  
 Steals on my ear the soothing lay ;  
 There mitred hirelings, dukes divine  
 The lead which Fortune made to shine,  
 Thro' ev'ry age corrupt, and unenlighten'd clime,  
 Warm in the royal sunshine they ;  
 Yet hither oft a glance from high  
 They send of tender sympathy,  
 To bless the place, where on their venal soul  
 The pand'ring eye of favour stole ;  
 N—t—e beams a fost'ring ray,  
 And while his mid-day splendors play,  
 A hoary train of priests, from stalls sublime,  
 Bask in his beams, and bless the golden time.

## A I R.

“ Ye brown o'er-arching groves,  
 “ Which adulation loves,  
 “ Where willowy Camus lingers with delight,  
 “ Oft at blush of dawn,”  
 I've wish'd for sleeves of lawn—  
 Oft woo'd the gleam of Bute's bright northern light,  
 In crowded levees, far from Virtue's haunt,  
 With flatt'ry on my tongue, and temporizing cant.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth,  
 With solemn steps and slow,  
 High potentates, and dames of royal birth,  
 And mitred fathers in long order go ;  
 Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow  
 From haughty Gallia torn ;  
 And sad Chatillon on her bridal morn,  
 That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare ;  
 And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,  
 The rival of her crown and of her woes ;  
 And either Henry there,  
 The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord  
 That broke the bonds of Rome.  
 Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,  
 Their human passions move no more,  
 Save charity that glows beyond the tomb.

## [ ACCOMPANIED. ]

All that on Granta's fruitful plain  
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,  
 And bade their awful fanes and turrets rise,  
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning, come,  
 And thus they speak in soft accord  
 The liquid language of the skies.

## RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth,  
 With solemn step, and slow,  
 High potentates, and dames of royal birth,  
 And mitred Mothers in long order go—  
 Great G——, with the trophies on his brow,  
 From bleeding England torn—  
 While W——y, widow'd on her bridal morn,  
 Weeps for her absent love, and B——d dim,  
 False M——ue, and all the rav'nous crew,  
 That England's constitution flew,  
 And lopp'd each vig'rous limb.  
 A band accurs'd of m——l l——ds  
 Who forg'd for Britons—chains;  
 Their wives, their dammed triumphs o'er,  
 Their hopes to stand are now no more,  
 Despair alone remains.

## [ACCOMPANIED.]

All that on Granta's thirsty plain  
 Rich streams of regal bounty drank,  
 For whom our awful fanes and turrets sprung  
 To hail their F——y's festal morning come,  
 And sweetly sing on Camus' bank  
 The liquid lyes of flattery's tongue.

Q U A R T E T T O.

What is grandeur ? what is pow'r ?  
 Heavier toil ! superior pain !  
 What the bright reward of gain ?  
 The grateful memory of the good :  
 Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,  
 The bees collected treasure sweet ;  
 Sweet music's fall—but sweeter yet  
 The still small voice of Gratitude !

R E C I T A T I V E.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,  
 The venerable Margaret see—  
 Welcome, my noble son, she cries aloud,  
 To this thy kindred train and me,  
 Pleas'd in thy lineaments to trace  
 A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace !

A I R

Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye  
 The flower unheeded shall descry,  
 And bid it round heav'n's altars shed  
 The fragrance of its blushing head ;  
 Shall raise from earth the latent gem,  
 To glitter on the diadem.



## Q U A R T E T T O.

What is grandeur? what is pow'r?  
 —The mead of bribes, and falsehood's balm!  
 What is foul corruption's palm?  
 —The curse of every child of grace.—  
 Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,  
 The bees collected honey sweet—  
 Sweet music's fall; but sweeter yet  
 To us, a pension or a place.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

**Foremost**, and leaning from her golden cloud,  
 The goddess of corruption see—  
 Welcome, my wayward son, she cries aloud,  
 To this thy kindred train and me,  
 1 Pleas'd in thy lineaments to trace  
 Thy monarch's smile, the premier's grace!

## A N T H R.

Thy wily heart, thy poaching eye  
 Some wanton h—l—t shall descry,  
 Shall round thy trunk her tendrils curl,  
 And bid her all charms unfurl,  
 With Love's Bewitching tricks enthrall,  
 And raise her—to encrease her fall.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,

Not obvious, not obtrusive she;

No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings,

Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd

Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:

She reveres herself and thee!

With modest pride, to grace thy youthful brow,

The laureat wreaths that Cecil wore, she brings,

And to thy just, thy gentle hand

Submits the fasces of her sway,

While spirits blest above, and men below,

Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay!

## G R A N D C H O R U S.

Through the wild waves as they roar,

With watchful eye, and dauntless mien,

Thy steady course of honour keep;

Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore—

The star of Brunswick shines serene,

And gilds the horrors of the deep.



## R E C I T A T I V E.

Lo ! Granta waits to lead her courtly band,  
 Nor coy, nor a recluse is she ;  
 No praise sincere, no heart-sprung incense flings,  
 Nor dares with honest phrase, and plain,  
 Sully the glories of thy reign—  
 She reveres herself—not thee !  
 With selfish pride to grace thy spurious pow'r,  
 The fading wreaths, which int'rest wove, she brings,  
 And to the pressure of thy hand  
 The matron yields her wither'd charms,  
 Whilst prebendaries, deans, and b — — ps cow'r,  
 To bring her to thy false adult'rous arms.

## G R A N D C H O R U S.

While the wild waves boil and roar,  
 From the threat'ning tempest flee,  
 The serpent course, of traitors' keep ;  
 Cautious sail—nor quit the shore ;  
 If Brunswick's star should set to thee,  
 'Twould wreck thee in the howling deep.

## A N O T H E R.

## A I R.

**H**ENCE! avaunt! 'tis sacred ground,  
 Let pallid Freedom ever fly,  
 Let Innocence in chains be bound,  
 Nor e'er come Truth or Virtue nigh!  
 Opposition's cry prophane,  
 Liberty that scorns the chain,  
 Nor in these consecrated fields,  
 Let injur'd Justice weep, that she to tyrants yields,

## C H O R U S.

Nor dare, bright Truth! the patriot's friend,  
 The minister's high walk offend,  
 While stern-ey'd F—tz—y stalks around;  
 Hence! avaunt! 'tis sacred ground.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

From yonder realms of ministerial sway  
 Bursts on my ear th' applauding lay:  
 There sit the pension'd sage, the peer prophane,  
 The few whom interest gives to reign  
 O'er every unborn place, or yet unclaim'd domain.  
 Deep in the nation's business they,  
 Yet hither oft a glance from high,  
 They send of triumph and of joy,

To

To bless the place, where first, on Freedom's soul,  
He bade the Scottish thunder roll.

'Twas N—t—n rais'd that deep-ton'd voice,  
And as discordant murmurings round him rose,  
The Sp—k—r's self bends from his chair on high,  
And shakes his awful wig, and joins the courtly cry.

## A I R.

Ye high o'er-hanging walls  
That sure no monarch loves,  
Where fain would freedom linger with delight,  
Oft at the break of day,  
He's fought your wearied way ;  
Oft by the glare of flambeaux glitt'ring light,  
In chariot close, fresh from the haunts of folly,  
With N—ncy by his side, sworn foe to melancholy.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

But hark ! the door's unbarr'd, and marching forth,  
With gouty steps and slow, .  
Gen'ral and thrives, and peers of royal birth,  
And mitred bishops home to dinner go ;  
N—th, with th' exchequer laurels on his brow,  
From haughty Gr—nv—lle torn,  
And sad F—tzip—ck on his bridal morn,  
That weeps his fault too late ; and proud D—nd—s ;  
And watchful Dy—n ; and the paler B—ke,  
The rival of his fortune, and his place ;  
And either Onf—w there,

The Sp—k—r's son, and the majestic chief,  
 That trains the Surrey bands ;  
 Their triumphs, their addresses o'er,  
 Their county interest moves no more,  
 Save at Th—s D-tt-n, or in O—kh—m lands.

[ACCOMPANIED.]

He that on Thames' greedy shore,  
 For streams of royal bounty sighs ;  
 And they who wait for fickle Fortune's call,  
 To hail their F—tz—y's fav'rite morning come ;  
 And thus they speak in flatt'ry's guise,  
 The liquid language of Whitehall——

• Q U A R T E T T O.

What are pensions without power ?  
 Heavy toil, insipid pain !  
 Who but would wish like thee to gain  
 The guidance of the public weal ?  
 Sweet is D—nd—s's golden show'r,  
 Cli-e's visionary treasure sweet,  
 Sweet H—ll—d's rise, but sweeter yet,  
 The still small place of privy seal.

R E C I

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Foremost, and leaning from her gilded coach,  
 The venerable Gert——de see ;  
 Welcome, my noble friend, she cries, approach  
 To thy new-kindred train and me,  
 Pleas'd in thy future breed to trace  
 A R—ff—'s fire, a Wr——ttfl—y's grace.

## A I R.

Thy practis'd heart, thy judging eye,  
 The bet unheeded shall descry,  
 And bid it through Newmarket shed  
 Fresh honour on thy well-known head,  
 Shall raise at White's thy drooping heart,  
 To glitter in a gamester's part.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Lo! London waits to lead another band,  
 Not flatt'ring nor addressing thee ;  
 No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings,  
 Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd  
 Profane thy sov'reign's royalty of mind :  
 She can prize herself and thee.  
 With conscious joy to grace thy youthful brow,  
 The ornaments which cits oft wear she brings,  
 Then with a just and equal hand,  
 She rids thee of thy N-ncy's sway :  
 While ladies rang'd above, and boys below,  
 Join with glad voice the loud triumphant lay.

## G R A N D C H O R U S.

Through the broad streets as they roar,  
 With watchful eye and dauntless mien,  
 Thy steady conduct ne'er relax,  
 Nor heed their noise, nor fear the Tow'r:  
 The star of S—rt shines serene,  
 And gilds the horrors of the ax.

## TO ANY MINISTER OR GREAT MAN.

**W**HETHER you lead the patriot band,  
 Or in the class of courtiers stand,  
 Or prudently prefer  
 The middle course, with equal zeal  
 To serve both king and common-weal,  
 Your grace, my lord, or sir!

Know, minister! whate'er your plan,  
 Whate'er your politics, great man,  
 You must expect detraction;  
 Though of clean hand and honest heart,  
 Your greatness must expect to smart  
 Beneath the rod of faction.

Like blockheads, eager in dispute,  
 The mob, that many-headed brute,

All



All bark and bawl together ;  
 For continental measures some,  
 And some cry, **Keep your troops at home,**  
 And some are pleas'd with neither.

Lo ! a militia guards the land :  
 Thousands applaud your saving hand,  
 And hail you their protector ;  
 While thousands censure and defame,  
 And brand you with the hideous name  
 Of state-quack and projector.

Are active, vig'rous means preferr'd—  
 Lord ! what harangues are hourly heard  
 Of wasted blood and treasure !  
 Then all for enterprize and plot,  
 And, pox o' this unmeaning Scot !  
 If cautious be your measure.

Corruption's influence you despise ;  
 These lift your glory to the skies,  
 Those pluck your glory down ;  
 So strangely diff'rent is the note  
 Of scoundrels that have right to vote,  
 And scoundrels that have none.

Ye then who guide the car of state,  
 Scorning the rabble's idle prate,  
 Proceed as ye design'd;  
 In rugged ways, the reins and steeds  
 Alone the skilful driver heeds,  
 Nor stays to cut behind.

ON PART OF THE UNIVERSITY CHURCH IN OXFORD  
 BEING CONVERTED INTO A LAW-SCHOOL.

YES, yes; you may rail at the Pope as you please,  
 But, trust me, that miracles never will cease.  
 See here—an event that no mortal suspected!  
 See Law and Divinity closely connected!  
 To prove the old proverb, which long hath seem'd  
 odd,  
 That the nearest the church are the farthest from God.

## E L E G Y

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE KING.

PEACE to thy royal shade, illustrious King!  
 Sleep sweetly on beneath thy blazon'd tomb;  
 Nor yet be startled, tho' a tale I sing,  
 Might call up spirits from the Stygian gloom.

How blest were once the subjects of thy sway!  
 And blessings still they hop'd from such a root.  
 But ah! the flatt'ring prospect fades away!  
 Keen northern blasts have spoilt the promis'd fruit!

The



The darling object of the British state,  
 A native prince, on whom we counted high,  
 No sooner mounted on thy vacant seat,  
 Than joy began to smile in ev'ry eye.

But, ah! how dark are heav'n's mysterious ways!  
 In error's mazes how are mortals led!  
 Blasted the wreaths, and wither'd all the bays,  
 We fondly wove to crown his regal head.

The partial minion, fraught with subtle wiles,  
 Soon gain'd his confidence by hellish art:  
 Nor can the nation's censures, nor her smiles,  
 Correct his judgment, or reform his heart.

Alas! how blind to fortune, and to fame,  
 Must be the prince who hugs within his breast  
 A foe that always cavill'd at his claim,  
 And strove the sceptre from his hand to wrest.

Yet such there is—ye heav'ns forgive the sight!  
 Nor cou'd a Junius wake him from his dream;  
 In vain the people pray, the patriots write,  
 He nods supine o'er Tweeda's tainted stream.

Ill-fated hour! when on thy guileless youth,  
 The northern star its baneful influence shed,  
 Turn'd all thy footsteps from the ways of truth,  
 And mark'd to vengeance thy ————!

Can



Can nothing rouse thee—nothing wake thy soul ?  
 O may some vision of the midnight hour,  
 Some dying Charles, before thy fancy roll,  
 And teach thee goodness equal to thy pow'r !

Remember, Sire, or, if thou hast not read,  
 Turn o'er the sad, but wise historic page ;  
 There was a people fold their prince's head,  
 And there are villains born in ev'ry age.

Oh then awake ! the voice of truth attend !  
 And tho' the novel sound may grate thine ear,  
 Resolve at last to be thy country's friend ;  
 For all thy peace and safety center there.

'Tis heav'n that speaks ; and tho' thou art a king,  
 In spite of fraud, in fawning flattery's spite,  
 Thou, soon or late, shall feel the truths I sing,  
 For all thy conduct must be brought to light.

And what a weight thy lab'ring soul shall press !  
 How wilt thou stand amid the dark despair,  
 When millions tell thee all their deep distress  
 Could never pierce thine adamant ear ?

In time be wise ; drive traitors from thy breast ;  
 And let the just, the honest, round thee move ;  
 So shall the sinking state once more be blest,  
 And thou be happy in thy people's love !



T H E

## “ FIRST WISH OF MY HEART,” &amp;c.

’T WAS the wish of thy heart to rivet the chain,  
 That festers poor man to the bone ;  
 ’Twas the wish of thy heart to quicken the pain  
 That imbitters his bitterest groan.

Those blessings which reason and freedom enjoy  
 (For freedom and reason are one)

’Twas the wish of thy heart to ensnare or destroy ;  
 —That wish—thank resistance!—is gone.

And now ’tis its wish to cajole and deceive,  
 To weep, and by weeping betray :  
 For fools will imagine, and courtiers conceive,  
 That tears can wipe murder \* away.

But wing’d upon fire, the first wish of thy heart  
 Long since has been known to the skies ;  
 Tho’ dabbl’d in blood it was loth to depart,  
 And felonious it flags as it flies.

\* The D—— of M—— is desired to remember Mr. Yorke.



E X T E M P O R E,

ON READING IN THE PAPERS THAT

“ The Ottoman Court pays great attention to the representations  
“ lately sent by General Paoli.”

IN vain the Corsicans to Christians sue ;  
On savage minds the cause of virtue works ;  
From this strange conduct, it appears too true,  
The Turks turn Christians, and the Christians  
Turks.

W. W.

TO THE CONQUEROR

OF LOUISBOURG, NEWFOUNDLAND, AND CANADA,  
ON THE LATE NOBLE:REWARD FOR ALL  
HIS VICTORIES.

“ LET Amherst fall !” Corruption said :  
Obedient to her call,  
Our statesmen, knowing in their trade,  
Re-echo’d; “ Let him fall !—

He never bent before thy throne,  
Nor dragg’d thy golden yoke ;  
Then let him fall !—and let thy son,  
Thy H——h strike the stroke.”

Thrice



Thrice loud the Gallic cock did crow,  
 And thrice Britannia figh'd;  
 Blush'd while the v——n gave the blow,  
 And sunk beneath the tide.

Yet trembling for her darling land,  
 Red with maternal shame,  
 To Clio flew, whose honest hand  
 Gives infamy or fame.

With downcast eyes she spoke her fear,  
 Indignant told her grief;  
 And pray'd the pitying muse to tear  
 The black, the guilty leaf—

And ne'er to future ages tell  
 (Her Britain's foulest stain)  
 How H——gh rul'd, and Amherst fell,  
 While B—f—k seem'd to r——n.

Justice stood by; she bent her bow,  
 Refus'd Britannia's pray'r;  
 Cry'd, "Hear th' irrevocable vow,  
 'Tis by myself I swear!

No times shall wipe away their crimes:  
 The names in this true page  
 Shall blacken through succeeding times,  
 And stink from age to age.

While



While ev'ry clime, from pole to pole,  
 Shall Amherst's deeds record,  
 The good—with envy view his soul,  
 The brave—revere his sword.

And when at last to taste repose,  
 Which statesmen never know,  
 To joy's eternal fount he goes,  
 Where statesmen seldom go ;

In that dread hour, when fate shall bid  
 Stern death to set him free,  
 He'll smile at death, as late he did,  
 Base H — h, at thee.

Then the Canadian, grateful, shall,  
 Low bending o'er his grave,  
 Sigh, while his tears sincerely fall :  
 He conquer'd but to save !

And Britain's froward, headstrong child,\*  
 When Britain is no more,  
 Shall teach the yet untrodden wild  
 His mem'ry to adore.

Yes, Amherst ! dear to Fame and me,  
 Thy worth shall never die :  
 Time, sinking by the fates decree,  
 In vast eternity,

\* America.

E'en



E'en in the cold embrace of death,  
 Still careful of thy fame,  
 Shall with his last, his parting breath,  
 Pronounce our Amherst's name."

# THE ANSWER.

LET Amherst go, his sov'reign said,  
 Obedient to the call:

Our loyal hero shook his head,  
 "I will not go at all."

For those who bend before the throne,  
 Are deem'd but witless folk;  
 What pity, that he did not know  
 His place was strait bespoke!

Thrice were the minister's commands;  
 The warrior thrice deny'd;  
 Nor blush'd when Botetourt kiss'd hands,  
 And he was set aside.

No pension from his plunder'd land  
 Would he receive for shame!  
 Nor yet temptation could withstand,  
 To make some modest claim.

With downcast eyes, a list unfurl'd  
 Where peerage stood in chief;  
 Mine's thro' one quarter of the world,  
 Etceteras many a leaf.

O ne'er



One'er let future ages count,  
 As Britain's foulest stain,  
 Such subjects priz'd to like amount,  
 While Brunsw—k seem'd to reign.

Discord stood by—with haggard brow,  
 To Wil—s's jail repair;  
 Our patriots all are conning now  
 A universal prayer.

There liberty shall stamp your crimes  
 In virtue's sacred page;  
 A champion fitted for the times,  
 To gull a senseless age.

While ev'ry clime, from pole to pole,  
 Must Amherst's deeds record;  
 And all confess, upon the whole,  
 His is undue reward.

True; he was ten times better paid  
 Than Mordaunt \* or Turenne : †  
 But match him at the fighting trade,  
 These were but trifling men.

\* Mordaunt, the great earl of Peterborough.

† Turenne, James, French general in the reign of Louis the  
 Fourteenth.



So now at last, to taste repose,  
 Observant of his vow,  
 Most Cincinnatus-like he goes,  
 To grumble o'er the plough.

In that cool hour, when reason does  
 From passion set him free;  
 He'll pine to death, that e'er he was  
 Dup'd to this strange degree.

While o'er his tomb the Indians cry,  
 " Rest his ambitious soul;  
 Had he succeeded by the bye,  
 We'd starv'd for want of coal."

This, Britain's froward, headstrong child,  
 Has foreign laurels worn;  
 We saw Wolfe earn 'em in the wild,  
 Now from his trophies torn.

Yet Amherst who no victories gain'd  
 Like Bradd—k, blunder'd not;  
 Our public chest he never drain'd,  
 Nor shar'd what agents got.

This we will own with our last breath,  
 Still careful of his fame;  
 And grant, that at the hour of death,  
 All generals boast the same.



## ODE TO LORD NORTH,

ON HIS BEING APPOINTED COMMANDER IN CHIEF  
OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. 1770.

O Thou, whom placemen all adore,  
Of the exchequer chancellor,  
And first lord of the treasury,  
How can a muse, in humble strain,  
Pretend thy merits to explain,  
Or how in numbers measure you!

Let G—ft—n, shunning public strife,  
Shrink in the bosom of his wife,  
Scared at the York petition;  
But thou shalt still maintain the field,  
With \* heart in two-fold conscience steel'd,  
And combat opposition.

Bold in their front tho' Dowdeswell stand,  
With string of motions in his hand,  
Maxims of hard digestion!  
Unanswer'd they shall perish all,  
Clogg'd with amendments in their fall,  
Or choak'd by previous question.

\* Illi robur & æs duplex.

Whilst thou, like Falstaff, tak'st the floor,  
 With men in buckram thirteen score,  
 No cause you have to fear him :  
 The Sp—k—r too, with looks so big,  
 Waits but the motion of thy leg  
 To point, and call out—Hear him !

On either hand, from left to right  
 The chiefs all marshall'd for the fight,  
 Press to partake thy glory :  
 There B—rr—nt-n, with sugar'd tongue,  
 De G—y the old, and Fox the young,  
 The flower of oratory.

Here P—lm—f—n, and blundering Cl—re,  
 And patient Mungo every where,  
 And Th—r—oe puts his case in ;  
 While all amid th' opposing rout  
 The dauntless R—g—y, tall and stout,  
 Pushes a modest face in.

E—l—t, with accents broad and strong,  
 And J—k—f—n, with arms so long,  
 Still join to help the farce on :  
 Ellis and St—ge their voices lend,  
 With O—fl—w, Wilkes's only friend,  
 That since has sued the parson.

With

With crest erect, like Priam's son,  
Lead but your trusty Trojans on,  
    Regardless of desertion,  
Like Swifts, they faithfully obey ;  
Like Swifts, too, they must have their pay,  
    Post, pension, and reversion.

In other fields let G—ft—n reap  
A victory more safe and cheap,  
    With stars and garters hemm'd in ;  
W—m—th to answer Richmond's duke,  
And sober S—ndw—h to rebuke  
    Both Rockingham and Camden.

With Scottish p—rs complete sixteen,  
B——ps in meet array are seen,  
    Content—to earn promotion ;  
And M—sf—d, ever constant found,  
And M—hm—t ready to propound  
    In Erse a midnight motion.

Great polar star, who now secure  
Beams in the sky the cynosure  
    Of courtly navigation,  
Oh, deign to shed thy influence forth  
On him whose needle points at North,  
    Without a variation !

A CARD.

## A C A R D.

Norwich, Feb. 3, 1770.

**CINDARETTA** congratulates her much-loved Colonel Hurlo-Thrumbo, and honours him for his bold and spirited reflections on the base-born electors of Westminster, not worthy to enter the gates of his majesty's palace.

Tommy grows a fine boy; and will be big enough for an ensign in his papa's company of militia in a year or two: I brings him to London the first of April, and you will shew him St. James's, and all the fine folks, but within "the gates of his majesty's palace," on account of his birth: I charge you don't let him come near any of the vulgar mechanics, or base-born mob of Westminster petitioners.

For the better understanding of the above card, we have subjoined a pastoral poem, first published during the late contested election for the county of Norfolk.

## C I N D A R E T T A.

A MOCK-PASTORAL POEM.

## A R G U M E N T.

Cindaretta, Cook-maid to Colonel Hurlo-Thrun  
 (so called from a famous speech made at a cou-  
 meeting, in which he “hurl’d defiance” in  
 face of his electors) being enamoured of his  
 parts and august deportment, after having born  
 him two children, complains of his long absence  
 on the annual exercise of the Norfolk militia,  
 where he commanded in person.

DOWN dropt her brush; the dish-clout thrown  
 aside,

And lost was all the kitchen’s silver pride;  
 Scarce would the deep majestic bellows blow,  
 The labouring jack would hardly, hardly go;  
 Dull was the bras, unwash’d her earthen-ware,  
 And Tabby slept neglected in the chair:  
 Love wrought the change, ’twas love that had be-  
 tray’d,

When thus in doleful dumps bewail’d the maid:

“Go, gentle gales! and bear my sighs away!

“Ah! why so long does Hurlo-Thrumbo stay?

“Why form’d Dame Nature women’s love so strong,

“Or, why art thou so tempting and so long?

“Resound



- ' Refound my tubs, my hollow tubs refound ;  
 ' Ah me ! that love should give so deep a wound !  
 " Why in that house\* should'st thou so strive to shine ?  
 " Is it more clean or better kept than mine ?  
 ' Alas ! I'm told (but they are lyes, I ween)  
 ' That dirty house no mortal yet could clean :  
 ' Rub as they will, and polish as they can,  
 " Pensions and bribes will iron mould the man :  
 " Go, gentle gales ! and bear my sighs away !  
 " Ah ! why so long does Hurlo-Thrumbo stay ?  
 " Why seeks my soldier forts or city walls,  
 " When I can make my love less hurtful balls ?  
 " Why to the camp must Hurlo-Thrumbo fly,  
 " When I can raise, and you besiege a pye ?  
 " If thou must fight, for thou art born to wield,  
 " O ! fight in paste the heroes of the field :  
 ' Go, gentle gales ! and bear my sighs away !  
 " Ah ! why so long does Hurlo-Thrumbo stay ?  
 " When yester morn I turn'd my jack around,  
 " The salt-box fell portentous to the ground :  
 " Thrice mew'd the cat, and thrice she flew on Tray ;  
 " Oh ! think on this, and thy election day !  
 " Die, Cindaretta ! ease thy hateful smart ;  
 " Ambition's now the mistress of his heart :  
 " Go, gentle gales ! and bear my sighs away !  
 " Ah ! why so long does Hurlo-Thrumbo stay ?

\* H — e of C — s.

" Ah me ! each object that these eyes can view,  
 " Brings to my mind some pleasing form of you :  
 " When in this hand the polish'd spit I hold,  
 " Thy shape is here, for thou art long and cold :  
 " If I the cleaver take, the joint to part,  
 " Thy absence then is cleaving of my heart ;  
 " Or, if I strive my kitchen fire to mend,  
 " Those eyes are flaming at the poker's end.  
 " Go, gentle gales ! and bear my sighs away !  
 " Ah ! why so long does Hurlo-Thrumbo stay ?"

Thus wail'd she tearful to herself alone,  
 The hollow tubs re-echoing every groan :  
 When lo ! her much-lov'd hero stood to view,  
 And her heart flutter'd as she nearer drew :  
 She fought the garret for her Sunday's pride,  
 Pinn'd on her nims, and brush'd the fleas aside.  
 The busy sylphs attend the dressing fair,  
 This clears the scurf, and this pork-lards her hair :  
 This with its breath reduc'd her tear-swoln eye,  
 Another fans the pouting nostrils dry :  
 Down came the damsel with superior grace,  
 With all the stew-pan's radiance in her face :  
 So dredg'd, so finish'd, and so soft her look,  
 Now trips a goddess, and now smiles a cook :  
 Flies to her hero, with restless charms,  
 And clasps the long, cold col'nel in her arms.

T H E L Y E.

I.

GO, Truth, old-fashion'd guest,  
To teach unwelcome news,  
Thyself shalt bear the test,  
When all do thee refuse.  
Go both to low and high,  
And give them all the lye.

II.

Go tell the — he's weak,  
And obstinate withal;  
Tell him (for Truth will speak)  
He's lost the love of all;  
And if he will reply,  
Fear not to give the lye.

III.

Tell statesmen they're not whole,  
By vice uninterrupted;  
In body and in soul  
They're shamefully corrupted.  
If statesmen will reply,  
Give statesmen all the lye.

IV.

Go tell the court, it skreens  
Knaves, murd'ers, and defaulters;  
It scoundrels entertains  
That worthy are of halters;

And if it dare reply,  
Then give it straight the lye.

V.

Go tell the church it slumbers,  
And orders gives to fools ;  
Say, churchmen there are numbers,  
Who dullness learn by rules :  
And if the church reply,  
Dare yet to give the lye.

VI.

Go tell the lawyers' courts,  
Their lingering far worse is,  
With pleas, demurs, reports,  
Than all our other curses :  
And if they dare reply,  
Quick give them all the lye.

VII.

Go tell physicians grave,  
Who boast their mighty skill,  
Some few indeed they save,  
But many more they kill :  
And if they will reply,  
Fail not to give the lye.

VIII.

Go tell the stage directors,  
True taste with them sure scarce is,  
While they are such protectors  
Of baby-pleasing farces :

And

And as they yield reply,  
So give them all the lye.

IX.

Away, and fear not, though  
They think thee quite uncouth ;  
For thou may'st let them know,  
Thy name is Downright Truth :  
And wish them no reply,  
For thou must give the lye.

THE PETTICOAT ADMINISTRATION.

BY CAPT. T——.

*Peace, idiot man ; woman shall ever rule ;  
How oft to her you've prov'd yourself a fool !*

LONG have the men triumphant reign'd  
Over this giddy nation ;  
But neither law or truth maintain'd,  
'Tho' each maintain'd his station.

In government there is no truth,  
Lord Egmont swears, odd rat 'em,  
'Tis prov'd by Jemmy Twitcher's mouth,  
And by the earl of Chatham.

The outs they rail at those who're in ;  
The ins at those who'r out  
Whigs roar to-day for Wilkes and Glynn,  
And then for John of Bute.

No cod-smack shifts her sails so quick,  
Nor makes so many tacks;  
They lye, they swear, at nothing slick,  
At Arthur's, or Almack's.

The ribband I this day had given,  
'Twas yesterday to two;  
To-morrow 'twill be hung on seven,  
And then, the Lord knows who!

Away with falique law and rule;  
Why, give it to our war-sons?  
Instead of dangling on a fool—  
Pray hang it on Miss Parsons!

But now, to cut the matter short,  
Grieve not that all are mad;  
When lying is the master's forte,  
Servants will be as bad.

I therefore to the world propose,  
No more of Wilkes and Bute;  
Let them be friends, who've long been foes,  
In air Sir Fletcher mute.

Senate, attend: I have a plan  
Drawn up by hands not common;  
'That government may end in man,  
And now commence in woman.

I think

I think I see the statesman stare,  
 The law and clergy spar,  
 While foldiers bend unto the fair,  
 And like the softer war.

I know no man dare disapprove  
 The plan which now I draw ;  
 Charlotte, she is the queen we love,  
 Of England and her law.

Grafton the president shall be  
 Of council, for she's able ;  
 Then you'll have cards and burgundy,  
 Down to the chaplain's table.

The treasury let Kingston take ;  
 Yet, that is scarce enough  
 Two paltry fireworks to make,  
 And buy her pins and snuff.

Thy daughters, Har——n, and thee,  
 What little post will charm ye ?  
 The navy treasurer one shall be,  
 The other pay the army.

Northumberland master of the horse  
 Altride shall nobly pass ;  
 And, to help out her gen'rous purse,  
 Shew too the Queen's fine ass.

One for the household we must find,  
 There Ch—d— let us hitch in ;  
 She's of a plain and homely mind,  
 And fit to fill a kitchen.

Th' exchequer, who's so fit to grace  
 As lovely Mrs. Pitt ?  
 Especially since she's out of place,  
 And loves to pick a bit.

Sweet lady Sarah, \* she shall rule  
 Where she can move and feel ;  
 She shall command each am'rous fool,  
 And have the privy seal.

Let's for a lord chief justice look—  
 What, for the common pleas ?  
 There shove my lady B—lb—ke,  
 She can divorce with ease.

Poor lady V—e, I'm much afraid  
 Pension or place can't hold ;  
 Unless 'tis at the board of trade,  
 And she's for trade too old.

If Richmond's ranger will but please  
 Great lady E——e's rigg,  
 Let her plough up the park for pease  
 To feed her fav'rite pig.



For maids of honour, we must choose  
Men who are strong and stout;  
When ladies call that won't refuse,  
Nor slur what they're about.

Earl P—y then shall take the lead,  
That man of muckle might;  
Sprung from old Chevy-chace's breed,  
And form'd for love's delight.

Sweet lady P——y shall no more  
Complain of loveless nights;  
Her gentle spouse shall be turn'd o'er  
From am'rous court delights.

M—e, V——s, A——, and Lord C—k,  
Shall close this smirking train;  
Well made for maids of honour work,  
Too delicate for pain.

Now let us fill three holy fees,  
Sobriety can't slur 'em;  
Women can pray with as much ease  
As Bristol, York, or Durham.

V—fi—t, St—h—e, A——er, now  
Supply those holy places;  
Cards to the chaplains pray allow,  
~~But disavow all graces!~~

For praying and religion too  
 Have got at such a top,  
 We're lost, unless your doctrine new  
 To goodness puts a stop.

Old Canterbury shall not have  
 A 'tifficky old grunter,  
 With one foot sinking in the grave,  
 While we've a Kitty H—er.

Pem——e so well on honour writes,  
 Must sermons make in plenty;  
 They'll pass your time 'tween meals and White's,  
 His doctrine will relent ye.

Old lady Huntingdon no more  
 Shall be resorted to;  
 Who won't quit Satan and threescore,  
 For heaven in twenty two.

Sweet bishop Kitty, when you pray,  
 Who will refuse to kneel?  
 You will reduce each son of clay,  
 Though he were stiff as steel.

For London, one both wife and grave  
 Must be, yet soft and barren;  
 Sir George, we must your goodness crave,  
 To spare us bishop Warren.

To

To one I'll give the Admiralty,  
 Who'll rule it with a nod ;  
 She shall an Amphitrite be,  
 And rule each liquid god.

Earl P—y's lady there shall reign,  
 Per terram et per mare,  
 And make our sea-gulls still remain  
 The gallant aves raræ.

As for the rest, I wou'dn't place  
 Under their skill a skuller ;  
 Pray, do you think old Neptune's face  
 Was ever seen by Buller?

Who can controul the navy board,  
 Like Kn—es sweet, fair, and gay ?  
 With captains she will then be stor'd,  
 And trick them of their pay.

The wond'rous wife Sir Thomas Slade,  
 Who other's genius mocks,  
 Shall fly to madam Ben—k's aid,  
 To make chain-pumps and blocks.

Fair H—n—y, C—l—r, B—by,  
 Shall roll in routs and cards ;  
 They shall the three surveyors be  
 Of all the royal yards.

For

For poet-laureat we must chuse  
 A wench behind the curtain ;  
 An am'rous, incoherent muse,  
 A Philippina Burton.

For secretaries of the state,  
 By heavens I'll find a score,  
 Wiser and of a higher date,  
 Than any men in store.

Macaulay, first department grace,  
 Lenox shall then come a'ter :  
 If ye want Greek in such a place,  
 What think ye of Miss Carter ?

Now Ireland's lord lieutenant make !  
 A spendthrift she must be,  
 A giddy, gambling, gallant rake,  
 And lady A——— she.

For this, good doctor, I'll be bail ;  
 She cannot be revil'd,  
 or if the men at court should fail,  
 She'll get you all with child.

For Mrs. Gibson, who's so wise ?  
 Her parts have no deception :  
 For youth and age she will suffice,  
 And please with quick conception.

O! she

O! she will give ye special sport,  
 What nurfes shall we need!  
 What cradles then will wag at court,  
 To hush this pretty breed!

Let L—ham command a fleet,  
 Boscawen taught her how;  
 And since she did the admiral beat,  
 The French she must bring low.

To fight ~~the~~ some's an easy trade,  
 Our arms let \* Garnier lead!  
 She'll trim ten, like the Orlean maid,  
 Or lord George Sackville's breed.

One shall command our horse, won't flinch,  
 Well known to every trooper;  
 In charging she'll not lose an inch,  
 I'll warrant Lucy Cooper.

If ye approve this little sketch,  
 I'll end all perturbation;  
 And with the aid of good Jack Ketch,  
 Will calm this frantic nation.

MOLLY MACHIAVEL.

\* Now Mrs. May.

TO

TO MISS MOLLY MACHIAVEL,

ON HER PETTICOAT ADMINISTRATION.

I.

**WHAT!** all the posts of honour gone !

Who can refrain from laughter,  
To see the T—wnsh—nd's left alone,  
The mother and the daughter !

II.

**Long** and well known to public fame,  
For gallantry and wit,  
**The** dowager puts in her claim,  
And swears she'll have a bit.

III.

**With** Williams, Winnington, it seems,  
A merry life she led ;  
**And** hackney'd in all ways and means,  
She was to business bred.

IV.

**The** back-stairs be her province then,  
The bed-chamber without ;  
**And** but the very best of men  
Will e'er get in or out.

✓ V. Arm'd.

V.

Arm'd with a battle-axe in hand,  
 Love's emblem in a storm;  
 Who shall the pensioners command?  
 The gay, the gallant O——.

VI.

Dear Molly, then, for once be kind,  
 Their proper posts assign 'em,  
 And if a chaster pair you find,  
 With pleasure they'll resign them.

ON SOME ENCROACHMENTS ON THE RIVER.

FOUR Scotchmen, by the names of Adams,  
 Who keep their coaches, and their madams,  
 Quoth John, in sulky mood, to Thomas,  
 Have stole the very river from us.

O, Scotland! long it has been said  
 Thy teeth are sharp for English bread;  
 What! seize our bread and water too,  
 And use us worse than jailors do!  
 'Tis true 'tis hard!—'tis hard 'tis true!

Ye friends of George, and friends of James,  
 Envy us not our river Thames:  
 The Pr——s, fond of raw-bon'd faces,  
 May give you all our posts and places;  
 Take all—to gratify your pride,  
 But dip your oatmeal in the Clyde.

LONDINENSIS.

LIBERTY

## LIBERTY HALL.

**O**LD Homer! but what have we with him to do?  
 What are Grecians or Trojans to me or to you?  
 Such heathenish heroes no more I'll invoke;  
 Choice spirits assist me, attend hearts of oak.

Toll, loll, &c.

Sweet Peace, belov'd handmaid of science and art,  
 Unanimity, take your Petitioner's part;  
 Accept of my song, 'tis the best I can do—  
 But first, may it please ye, my service to you.

Perhaps my address you may premature think;  
 Because I have mention'd ~~no~~ toast as I drink;  
 There are many fine toasts, but the best of them all  
 Is the toast of the times; that is, Liberty-hall

That fine British building by Alfred was fam'd,  
 Its grand corner-stone Magna Charta is nam'd;  
 Independency came at Integrity's call,  
 And form'd the front pillars of Liberty-hall.

That manor our forefathers bought with their blood,  
 And their sons, and their sons sons, have prov'd the  
       deeds good;

By that title we'll live, by that title we'll fall,  
 For life is not life out of Liberty-hall.

In



In her mantle of honour, each star-spangled fold,  
 Playing bright in the sunshine, the burnish of gold;  
 Truth beams on her breast; see, at Loyalty's call,  
 The Genius of England in Liberty-hall.

The sweet-smelling courtlings of ribband and lace,  
 The spaniels of power, and bounty's disgrace,  
 So supple, so servile, so passive ye fall:  
 But passive-obedience lost Liberty-hall.

But when Revolution had fettled the crown,  
 And natural-reason knock'd tyranny down,  
 No frowns cloath'd with terror appear'd to appall,  
 The doors were thrown open of Liberty-hall.

See England triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,  
 Her standard is Justice, her watch-word be FREE;  
 Our king is our countryman, Englishmen all,  
 God bless him, and bless us, in Liberty-hall.

Ou vere is des all—Monsieur wants to know;  
 'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainebleau:  
 'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,  
 For Liberty-hall is an Englishman's heart.

O D E

TO SAINT STEPHEN.

*Par pari referto.*

I.

**FIRST** martyr of unlawful power!  
Protect us in this threat'ning hour,  
O let not truth to numbers yield!  
From priests, apostates, knaves' designs,  
Defend thy temple, guard thy shrines,  
Our father's sanctuary and shield.

II.

Shall reptiles foul—those walls profane,  
Where Hampden, Pym, bade Freedom's train  
Assert the native rights of man?  
Leagued in banditti they appear,  
With racks and slavery in their rear,  
And black corruption in the van.

III.

See jockey Grafton's whipper-in  
The miserable farce begin,  
Horse-mouthing, splutt'ring, blust'ring North;  
Mark how each puppet plays its antic,  
Ambler the dull, or Clare the frantic—  
Just as their master calls them forth.

IV. Not

## IV.

Not O——w's self secure can dose,  
 Order'd his brainlet's skull t' expose,  
 And L——ne too must be display'd;  
 To shew the statesman's magic tricks,  
 From what a pair of wretched sticks,  
 Two lordly placemen may be made.

## V.

Barrington's namby-pamby vile  
 Might raise too the contemptuous smile,  
 But horror checks our just disdain.  
 O had thy dulness but inspir'd  
 Th' imperial guard, no Scot had fir'd,  
 No Briton fall'n on yonder plain! \*

## VI.

Then had the poppies round thy head,  
 Ustain'd with blood, their influence shed,  
 Mild as they sleepy Fox adorn;  
 Nor hadst thou shewn how seldom part  
 The senseless head, th' unfeeling heart;  
 Nor hadst thou turn'd to hate our scorn.

## VII.

Ah! gentle Conway! fix'd at last,  
 No longer veer'd by ev'ry blast,

\* St. George's Fields.

Int'rest

Int'rest 'gainst honour nicely weigh.  
Remember Townshend's doubtful fame,  
Remember Yorke—the Trimmer's shame  
O'ertakes thy ling'ring long delay.

VIII.

Welcome, hereditary worth,  
No doubt, no blush belies thy birth,  
Prone as th' infernal fiends to evil.  
If that black face, and that black heart,  
Be not Holland's counterpart,  
Holland himself's the devil.

IX.

Hear, hear him! peace! each hoary pate!  
While ribaldry succeeds debate,  
Learn pun and wit, from youth high metttled—  
Spain soon shall rue his sage advice,  
Soon Reynard! (by his box and dice)  
Shall all thy long accounts be settled.

X.

Shake off thy maiden fears—arise,  
Smooth-spoken Rigby, claim thy prize—  
Burnish thy shining front anew.  
Shall Fox, shall Harley, Luttrell dare,  
With thine their foreheads to compare,  
Great boatswain of the Bloomsbury crew?

XI. Say,

XI.

Say, brother Nares, and brother Leigh,  
How earn you here the paltry fee?  
What cause, what int'rest brought ye in?  
For shame! in filken gowns appear!  
Ye've not the soul—ah! blush to wear  
The robe of independent Glynn.

XII.

The filken livery Wallace graces,  
And Thurlow knows it leads to places,  
And soon may be with ermine lin'd.  
Proceed sweet Shot and Rot! nor fear,  
While Bully Norton holds the chair,  
Fresh wreaths thy placid brows shall bind.

XIII.

Oh! 'till such petty tyrants cease  
To mar our freedom and our peace,  
A truce, kind heaven! with Bourbon's pride:  
Grant us but vigour to oppose  
These spoilers, these domestic foes,  
Britons can fear no power beside!

## A F R A G M E N T.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MONODY TO THE  
MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY, &c.

**C**OME, my dear girl, let's seek the peaceful vale,  
Where honour, truth, and innocence prevail :  
Let's fly this cursed town, a nest of slaves,  
Where fortune smiles not but on fools or knaves !  
Who merit claim proportion'd to their gold,  
And truth and innocence are bought and sold ;  
An humble competence we have in store,  
Mere food and raiment—kings can have no more—  
A glorious patriarchal life we'll lead ;  
See the fruits ripen, and the lambkins feed ;  
Frequent observe the labours of the spade,  
And joy to see each yearly toil repaid.

In some sequester'd spot a bow'r shall stand,  
The grateful task of thy Lorenzo's hand ;  
Where the sweet woodbine clasps the mantling vine,  
Emblem of faithful loves—like Nan's and mine.  
Here will we sit, when ev'ning shades prevail,  
And hear the night-bird tell its plaintive tale ;  
'Till Nature's voice shall summon us away,  
To gather spirits for th' approaching day—  
Then on thy breast I'll lay my weary head,  
A pillow softer than a monarch's bed !

## A P R E F A C E

By James Thomson, author of the Seasons, &c. to Milton's *Areopagitica*, a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing : not inserted in Milton's works (printed with Milton's speech, as a pamphlet, for A. Millar, in the Strand, 1738.)

*This is true liberty, when free-born men,  
Having to advise the public, may speak free,  
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise ;  
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace ;  
What can be juster in a state than this ?*

EURIPID. HICETID.

THERE is no need of a Preface to recommend this admirable defence of the best of human rights, to any one who has ever heard of the Divine Milton : and it is impossible to produce better arguments, or to set them in a more convincing, awakening light.

Is it possible that any free-born Briton, who is capable of thinking, can ever lose all sense of religion and virtue, and of the dignity of human nature to such a degree, as to wish for that universal ignorance, darkness, and barbarity, against which the absolute freedom of the press is the only preservative ? For what else spreads light, or diffuses knowledge through the world ? But it seems, as a sense of the

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value of health is sometime in the midst of its full enjoyment; so men through a habit of liberty may become insensible of its inestimable worth: otherwise, would not every one awake, rouse himself, and say, when the most dear and valuable of all the privileges that government is designed to protect, is menaced, that he will sooner part himself, than with that liberty, without which life is not worth the having: that he will sooner suffer his eyes to be put out, than his understanding to be extinguished? We are told in a history of a \* people that after they had been inured to slavery, were in a panic fear when their liberty was offered to them. And this terrible effect of slavery ought to make every lover of mankind tremble at the thoughts of any steps or approaches towards the diminution of liberty. "For without it, as Homer has told us, men soon cease to be men: they soon cease to be rational creatures."

Now without the absolute unbounded freedom of writing and publishing, there is no liberty; no shadow of it: it is an empty sound. For what can liberty mean, if it does not mean the liberty of exercising, improving, and informing our understandings? "A people have liberty, said a truly good † king of England, when they are free as thought

\* The Cappadocians.

† Elfrid.

" is





geon : we may breathe, but we cannot be said to live.

If the end of governors and government is not to diffuse with a liberal, unsparing, equal hand, true rational happiness ; but to make the bulk of mankind beasts of burden, that a few may wallow in brutish pleasures : then it is consistent politics, to root out the desire and love of light and knowledge. Certain Scythian slaves, that they might work the harder, had only their eyes destroyed. But to extinguish human understanding, and ~~establish~~ a kingdom of darkness, is just so far more barbarous than even that monstrous cruelty, as the mind excels the body ; or as understanding and reason are superior to sense. Cardinal Richlieu says, in his Political Testament, “ That subjects with knowledge, sense and reason, “ are as monstrous as a beast with hundreds of eyes “ would be ; and that such a beast will never bear “ its burthen peaceably. Whence he infers, it is im- “ possible to promote despotic power, while learn- “ ing is encouraged and extended. The people must “ be hood-winked, or rather blinded, if one would “ have them tame and patient drudges. In short, “ you must treat them every way like pack-horses, or “ mules, not excepting the bells about their necks, “ which, by their perpetual jingling, may be of use “ to drown their cares.” Now this is plain dealing, and

and consistent politics." But to talk of liberty and free government, public good and rational happiness, as requiring limitations on the press, and licensers of books, is as absurd, as to speak of liberty in a dungeon, with chains on every limb. Hobbes too was consistent with himself, and advises those who aim at absolute dominion, to destroy all the ancient Greek and Latin authors; because if they are read, principles of liberty, and just sentiments of the dignity and rights of mankind must be imbibed. But can there be more glaring bare faced nonsense than to say, "That the very support of a free constitution requires the extinction of the press?" that is, the extinction of the only means of knowing what we are as men and christians: what our natures are capable of: what is our just happiness, and how we ought to be treated by our governors: that is, by those whom we have entrusted with the management of our interests and concerns.

I hope it will never be this nation's misfortune to fall into the hands of an administration, that do not from their souls abhor any thing that has but the remotest tendency towards the erection of a new and arbitrary jurisdiction over the press: or can otherwise look upon any attempt that way, than as the greatest impiety, the cruelest, the wickedest, the most irreligious thing that can be imagined. Would it not be

sacrilegiously robbing God of the only worship he  
 delights in, the worship of the heart and understand-  
 ing? Can there be religion or virtue without reason,  
 thought, and choice? Or can reason, thinking,  
 knowledge and choice, subsist without the only con-  
 ceivable means of making men wise and understand-  
 ing, rational and virtuous? What is the kingdom of  
 Christ? Doth not our Saviour delight in calling it  
 light, and a kingdom of light? And what did he  
 come to destroy but the kingdom of darkness? And  
 can there be a kingdom of light, without the liberty,  
 the unconstrained liberty of diffusing light and know-  
 ledge? What is the reformation, or what does it  
 mean but the liberty, the absolute and perfect liberty  
 of correcting and refuting errors, and of undeceiving  
 mankind? What is it that we call Protestantism,  
 but a resolution stedfastly and undauntedly to oppose  
 all encroachments upon rational liberty, the liberty  
 of the judgment and understanding; and to maintain  
 it as our most valuable treasure, our greatest and no-  
 blest privilege, in comparison of which, all other  
 rights are mean and trifling, and hardly deserve the  
 name of blessings and advantages? A free Protestant  
 country, without the liberty of the press, is a con-  
 tradiction in terms; it is free slavery, or enchained  
 liberty. Light and darkness are not more opposite  
 than liberty and the deprivation of the means of  
 being rational.

Who,

Who, that loves mankind, is not sorry, that any thing is ever published tending to confound men's understandings, mislead their judgments, or deprave their morals ? But is there any more likely method for sense to prevail against absurdities, than leaving her at full liberty to paint them in their native colours ? Can truth be better armed against error than with the mighty blade of uncontrouled reason ? Or virtue more surely triumph over immorality, than by the vigorous execution of the truly wholesome laws purposely framed for her support ?

I hate all calumny and defamation, as I hate the corruption of the heart, from which alone it can proceed ; and do with the utmost zeal detest those prophaners of liberty, who, pretending to be friends to it, have recourse to such black diabolical methods. But I take the laws already in force amongst us, to be a more than sufficient preservative (at least as far as human prudence is able to provide) against all the abusive overt-acts, I am now expressing my abhorrence of : and as such we have reason to esteem them very valuable securities of our liberties and reputations. But because wicked things are published, must there be no publishing ? I know it is objected, that there is a medium between an absolute liberty of the press, and an absolute suppression of it. Which I admit ; but yet aver the medium (by which either

K 4

licensing

licensing or nothing at all is meant) is far worse on all accounts, than either extreme. For though we are indeed told, that licensers would serve us with wholesome goods, feed us with food convenient for us, and only prevent the distribution of poison : sure such cant was never meant to impose on any, but those who are asleep, and cannot see one inch before them. Let no true Briton therefore be deceived by such fallacious speeches, but consider the necessary consequences which must follow, and he will soon find, that it is the flattering language of the strange woman [in the Book of Proverbs] who, with her fair smooth tongue, beguileth the simple, and leadeth them as an ox to the slaughter : that plausible and deceitful language leadeth into the chambers of darkness and death. But this subject is fully handled in the excellent treatise subjoined. I will only propose to the consideration of all lovers of religion, virtue, science and mankind, the few following queries ; and every one ought, methinks, to propose them to himself every day of his life, as making a fundamental catechism. For if the truths, which these contain, are not fundamental, man is not a man, but a beast : religion and virtue are empty names.

1. What is our most valuable part, or what is it that maketh us capable of religion, virtue, and rational

rational happiness? Is it not our reason or understanding?

2. What then is the noblest privilege that belongs to man? Is it not the free exercise of his understanding, the full use of all the means of advancing in virtue and knowledge?

3. What is it then that is, and must be, the chief end of government to encourage and promote? Is it not knowledge, virtue and religion?

4. And can knowledge, virtue, or religion be promoted, if the only means of promoting them are taken away? For what are the means of promoting them, but the liberty of writing and publishing, without running any risque but that of being refuted or ridiculed, where any thing advanced chances to labour under the just imputation of falshood or absurdity?

## A T H O U G H T

ON SEEING RACES ADVERTISED FOR RUNNY-MEAD,

TIME can effect it; whatsoe'er the change,  
However whimsical, however strange;  
Experience teaches, that each fleeting hour  
In Time's long roll bears record of his pow'r.

That sacred place, \* where Rome with manly sense  
 Warmly harangu'd in Liberty's defence ;  
 Where Eloquence around her thunders hurl'd,  
 And held in awe the conqu'rors of the world :  
 There the sleek heifer, and unyoked steer,  
 In harsh, slow, sullen lowings strike the ear ;  
 Where learning's pupils once improv'd their taste,  
 Now sensual gluttony provides his feast.

Thus, in our British annals, do we read,  
 Near Thames's silver waters lies a mead,  
 Where England's barons, bold in freedom's cause,  
 Compell'd their king to ratify her laws :  
 With constancy maintain'd the subjects' right,  
 And serv'd a sov'reign in his own despight.  
 That mead, whereon their honest claims to seal,  
 They risk'd their private, for the public weal ;  
 Shame on the age ! that once so glorious place  
 Is now the scene of action for—a race ;  
 Where fraud successful drains th' unwary purse ;  
 And private gain becomes a public curse.  
 Blotted from hist'ry, that once hallow'd ground,  
 Shall shine in Walker for its turf renown'd.  
 Time, thou hast made a wond'rous change indeed,  
 A Cow-stall of a Forum—a Course of Runny-mead.

VICISSITUDINARIUS,

\* The Forum at Rome is now become a Flesh-market.



E P I G R A M

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE DUKE OF  
NEWCASTLE.

BY CAPT. THOMSON.

NEWCASTLE dead ! confusion seize  
The wretch who reads it at his ease ;  
Nor dreams what England has to dread,  
S—t alive, and Pelham dead !

LETTER FROM ABERDEEN.

Marischal College, Aberdeen, 1767.

A Very whimsical controversy has arisen lately in our society, which entirely takes up at present the attention of every critic in North-Britain.—It arose from as whimsical a circumstance. An exercise was imposed some time ago in this our college, of which the following line, taken from Sallust's *De republica ordinanda*, was the theme :

*Hæc igitur multitudo, malis moribus Im-buta, parum  
mibi-idonea videtur ad capeffendam rempublicam.*

The imposition was intended as a punishment, and, therefore, to render it as difficult as possible to a native of North-Britain, it was directed to be wrote in English.—The poor lad whose task it was,

unfortunately stumbled at the threshold : for, being but little acquainted with this foreign language, he translated Im-buta into Im-buted ; and gave for his reason, that in this place he could find no word in the English tongue so proper——The professor, disgusted at the translation, and enraged at the reason, reported it to the seniors ; who, after much altercation agreed, that the word Im-buted is a very fit and proper translation of Im-buta, whenever that word is used in a bad meaning, such as *Veneris malis Im-buta*, Sallust.—*Animus Im-butus malis artibus*. Idem, &c.—And they determined to send a deputation from their body to their chancellor, the Earl of B——, to intreat that the word Im-buted may be inoculated into the English language : and they submit it to his lordship and the English nation to determine, whether the acceptance of that word shall be dated from his lordship's admittance into Clifden house, or from his accession.

And they humbly pray, that the word may accordingly be inserted in all future editions of the English dictionaries : recommending it particularly to Dr. Johnson, to make use of this short definition of the word Pension——*Manus in Im-butum*.—*Hor. Epod.*—which they presume most applicable at present to the word Pension in general, and to his own in particular.

In

In the mean time, till the fate of this important word is determined, the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh, (of which his lordship the Earl of B—— is likewise an honorary member) and all other learned bodies in this part of the world, are preparing themselves, with the utmost industry, to be ready to take either side of the question, according as his lordship shall determine.

They, who are supposed to be the best judges of this matter, pretend, that the word will certainly be rejected by their chancellor ; but accepted with much pleasure by the whole English nation : and they imagine, that on all future occasions, authors will not say, that such a one has poisoned a youthful mind, but that he has Im-buted a youthful mind. Not that he has instilled into him unconstitutional principles ; but that he has Im-buted into him unconstitutional principles. The word Im-buted being much more expressive than insinuated or poisoned.

They think too, that its use will, for some years to come, be much more extensive in political papers than almost any other in the language ; and particularly that, in all future changes of the ministry, instead of the old, improper, and worn-out phrases of resigned and appointed, they will, with much more precision and propriety, say—such a one has been Buted out of, or Im-buted into, this or that high

high office and employment. For it is notorious that, as Cicero says,

*Non docti, sed facti; non instituti, sed Im-buti sunt.*

Our northern etymologists discover likewise something very extraordinary in the etymology of this word, which particularly justifies its adoption. For Vossius, Gesner, &c. say—*Videtur primo dictum esse hoc verbum de nutricibus mammam præbentibus, et illius papillæ os offerentibus (quod Græci Bym vel Bymæ est) parvorum.* And Festus, *Im-butum est, quod cuiuspiam rei succum bibit: unde infantibus an velint bibere dicentes syllaba Bu, contenti sumus.*

Now they pretend that the syllable Bu is a sort of political Shibboleth amongst you in England; and that state-infants are not permitted, by the great state-nurse, to suck the milk of the nation, unless they pronounce this syllable Bu, or B——, distinctly and readily.

For my own part, I take no share in this controversy; for I am at present too deeply engaged in a work, wherein I shall endeavour to investigate the principles, and demonstrate the utility of the establishment of the lords and gentlemen of the police in Scotland, who receive about 8000l. a year from

the

the revenue of England: And, as I cannot learn that they have even had a meeting since the union, it is with great difficulty that I can procure materials for this my work.

## THE CHURCH'S LAMENTATION.

UPON AN ATTEMPT INTENDED TO BE MADE TO  
REDUCE HER TO A LEVEL, IN POINT OF LAW,  
WITH THE KING, LORDS, COMMONS, AND EVERY  
OTHER SUBJECT OF THE REALM.

BY \* DR. GARLIC.

ADDRESSED TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A Learned divine,  
At the commons' great shrine,  
Thus offer'd the church's complaint;  
True primitive grace  
Spread a calm o'er his face,  
And his looks spoke the heart of a faint.

\* A divine, who had some years ago seen the poor in France eat a great deal of garlic, in consequence of his remark, advised the cultivation of it in a sermon delivered at Bristol, or a neighbouring church; and advised the use of it to the poor in times when wheat was dear, and corn at a high price. For this counsel he was driven out of the city by the populace, and ever after enjoyed the title of Dr. Garlick.

O sons

O sons, wise and great,  
Sent to watch o'er the state,  
Who never leave griefs in the lurch,  
Who have powers express,  
To make laws and redress,  
In pity consider the church.

Consider her age,  
And the truths from her page,  
Which have flow'd since the great sin of Eve;  
Consider her cares  
For the poor, and her pray'rs,  
And leave her not hopeless to grieve.

O think heretofore  
She had plenty in store,  
To clothe and solace the poor stranger;  
Poor widows she fed,  
Poor guests found a bed,  
And their asses eat hay at her manger.

'Twas then she made laws,  
To support her own cause,  
And save her from laymen's foul play;  
Her great plea of time  
Was ne'er felt as a crime,  
But stood like a rock till to-day.

But

But now that sweet scene,  
 So blest'd, so serene,  
 Like a vision delusive is past !  
 Farewel gentle peace,  
 Law, glory, increase,  
 The church's bright day's overcast !

No coffer well lin'd  
 (That content to her mind)  
 Exhibits the means to relieve :  
 No stranger, no poor,  
 Ever enter her door,  
 For, alas ! she has nothing to give.

Her tithes are neglected,  
 Her sons are dejected,  
 But suffer with meekness of spirit ;  
 Forgive their abusers,  
 Do good to accusers,  
 For that is the true line of merit.

No more mild and sleek,  
 Joy dimples their cheek,  
 And calms the warm zeal of their soul ;  
 But meager and pale  
 They start, stamp and rail,  
 At the thoughts of an human controul.

Provisions

Provisions are dear,  
 And the modes of the year  
 Demand a conformity there ;  
 Their wives must go clean,  
 And their daughters be seen,  
 Or the church may perhaps want an heir.

Yet in this sorry state,  
 So uncourteous is fate,  
 They are doom'd to a still lower fall :  
 For a Papist, or Jew,  
 (If relation says true)  
 Is forming a plot to take all.

A plot which intends,  
 For unjust wicked ends,  
 To level the church with the law :  
 To bring sacred things  
 To the level of kings,  
 And her curtain of night to undraw.

To you, in this case,  
 The true guardians of grace,  
 She humbly addresses her suit ;  
 'Tis you must befriend her,  
 The church's defender,  
 When heretics grasp at her fruit.



## ODE FOR THE YEAR 1776.

BY W. WHITEHEAD, POET LAUREAT.

ON the white rocks which guard her coast,  
 Observant of the parting day,  
 Whose orb was half in ocean lost,  
 Reclin'd, Britannia lay.  
 Wide o'er the wat'ry waste  
 A pensive look she cast ;  
 And scarce could check the rising sigh,  
 And scarce could stop the tear which trembled in  
 her eye.  
 " Sheathe, sheathe the sword, which thirsts for blood,  
 (She cry'd) deceiv'd, mistaken men !  
 Nor let your parent o'er the flood,  
 Send forth her voice in vain !  
 Alas ! no tyrant she,  
 She courts you to be free :  
 Submissive, hear her soft command,  
 Nor force unwilling vengeance from a parent's  
 hand."  
 Hear her, ye wise, to duty true,  
 And teach the rest to feel ;  
 Nor let the madness of a few  
 Distress the public weal !  
 So shall the opening year assume,  
 Time's fairest child, a happier bloom ;

The

The white wing'd hours shall lightly move,  
 The sun with added lustre shine!—  
 “To err is human”—Let us prove  
 “Forgiveness is divine!—

ANOTHER ODE FOR 1776.

I.

ON the green banks which guard her strand,  
 Regardful of the rising day,  
 Whose radiant orb illum'd her land,  
 America reclining lay.  
 Far o'er the boist'rous main  
 Her aching eye-balls strain;  
 Yet she disdain'd to heave a single sigh,  
 Or drop a single tear from her enraged eye.

II.

“In vain, she cry'd, the sword ye wield,  
 Ye poor, deceiv'd, mistaken men!  
 Old Freedom's sons disdain to yield,  
 Tho' they have sued in vain!  
 In truth, no rebels we,  
 Who live but to be free;  
 Who ne'er deny'd your mild command,  
 But scorn to sink beneath your wrathful hand.

III. Learn

## III.

Learn to be wise, and learn to know,  
 What all the world must own,  
 Your blessings from our blessings flow,  
 While commerce guards the throne.  
 Learn this, and let each future year  
 More radiant than the rest appear :  
 Let peace and plenty smile again,  
 And let fair Freedom shine ;  
 Thine was the fault, Britannia, then  
 Be reparation thine."

## AN IMPROMPTU,

ON RAISING THE LAND-TAX FOR 1776.

FOUR shillings in the pound we see,  
 And well may be contented,  
 Since \* wars that ne'er were meant to be,  
 Are happily prevented.

Besides, North absolute become,  
 Might plunder ev'ry penny ;  
 Then blame him not for taking some,  
 Thank him for leaving any.

\* With France and Spain.

A PANE-

## A P A N E G Y R I C.

**H**AIL! minister, by paradoxes great!  
 Proceeds it from thy genius or thy fate?  
 Courtier complete, with manners most polite;  
 Without thy Prince's love—a favourite;  
 Not eloquent, tho' voluble of tongue,  
 And thy first honours from corruption sprung;  
 From ruin and distress advanc'd to power,  
 From gaol to court, the creature of an hour:  
 Hated by each, and yet upheld by all;  
 Hooted in streets, applauded in the hall;  
 By giving—rich, still able to supply  
 Fresh credit for each want, and every lye;  
 French insults, pad-lock'd swords, and tame cam-  
     paigns,  
 (Thy measures now) were crimes in former reigns;  
 What then was construed treason by our laws,  
 Is now thy glory, and demands applause:  
 If thou art easy, who dares feel his pain?  
 'Tis bold to sigh, rebellion to complain;  
 Ev'n public debts transform themselves to gain.  
 The change that seem'd to force thee from the stage,  
 To sue for shelter from the people's rage;  
 Pye-ball'd with dirt and glory, brought thee on,  
 And turn'd thy sanctuary to a throne.

## THE LUNATIC.

**C**OME here to me, ye fighting fools !  
 Here bend your course !—Attend my rules :  
 Ye, who mighty wars maintain :  
 I've all the wars of Europe in my brain.  
     See me, see me soar on high !  
     See me reach the azure sky !  
     Hear me the celestials hail !  
     With fifty thousand yankies at my tail.  
         See how briskly we put on !  
         Marching thro' the Torrid Zone !  
 'To storm Jove's temples, put the gods to flight,  
 And snuff the candles of eternal light.  
 How obedient to my nod,  
     Each martial hero flying !  
 Enthron'd I'll be !—each trembling god  
     An humble victim lying.  
 Let the globe dance a hornpipe !—Here! Washing-  
     ton ! Howe !  
 Brother madmen !—attend me !—I'll whisper ye  
     now :—  
 Let's climb yon mount so high,  
     And there disturb the weather ;  
 Pull down the rainbow from the sky,  
     And tie both ends together.

To

To commemorate the Naval Review at Portsmouth,  
the Oratorio of Alexander's Feast is to be per-  
formed at one of the Theatres Royal, by command  
of his ———, with the following alterations, by  
W—— W——, Esq; Poet Laureat.

**ALEXANDER'S FEAST, PARODIED;  
OR, THE GRAND PORTSMOUTH PUPPET-SHEW.**

ACT THE FIRST.

R E C I T A T I V E.

'T WAS at the royal show, and ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~  
Of all the navy which at Portsmouth lay;

Aloft in laughing state,

B——'s monarch fat,

And look'd serenely gay.

Goldstick, and other peers were plac'd around,

Their hair in bags, or filken ribbons bound;

So should, ye fair, our men of arms be crown'd!

Charlotte smil'd sweetly at his side,

Yet inwardly, alas! she sigh'd

At G——'s folly, and at Twitcher's pride.

A I R.

Happy, happy, happy pair,

How they rejoice!

How they rejoice!

To see the weather grown so fair!

Chorus, and the same.

R E C I -

RECITATIVE.

Then Sandwich plac'd on high,  
Amid the tuneful band,  
Struck the loud kettle-drums with mighty  
hand;  
he deaf'ning notes ascend the sky,  
And sound along the strand.

RECITATIVE.

From Fred'rick began the strain,  
Who left Germania's bleak domain  
For England—such the pow'r of Stuart's reign  
Augusta then his Highness woo'd,  
Got children, as all Princes shou'd,  
When he to Saxe-Gotha press'd,  
And while he sought her snowy breast:  
Then round her waist his arms he spread,  
And stamp'd an image of himself—a Prince without  
a head.

CHORUS.

The list'ning tars admire the lofty sound;  
A Prince without a head they shout around;  
A Prince without a head—the vaulted skies re-  
bound.

AIR.

Not us'd to hear  
Such truths sincere,

At first he shrinks  
Before he thinks,  
That tars must have their jeer.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The praise of Pinchy then the great musician sung,  
Of Pinchy in invention ever young ;  
The jolly dog in triumph comes,  
(Sandwich beats the kettle-drums)  
Flush'd with a purple grace,  
He shews his merry face ;  
Make room, the Sov'reign cries—he comes ! he  
comes !

A I R. [Accompanied by a curious musical clock.]

Pinchy's ever fertile brain  
Did patent snuffers first ordain ;  
Pinchy's nicknacks are a treasure,  
Pinchy's toys a monarch's pleasure.  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure,  
Sweet as pleasure after pain.

C H O R U S.

Pinchy's nicknacks are a treasure, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sooth'd with the sound the King grew vain,  
Sail'd thro' his navy once again,  
And in idea thrice he drubb'd the great d'Elain ;  
Sand-



Sandwich beheld the madnefs rise,  
His glowing cheeks, his fullen eyes;  
And while he France and Spain defy'd,  
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

R E C I T A T I V E. [Accompanied.]

He chofe a mournful mufe,  
Soft pity to infufe.

A I R.

He fung, Britannia, great and good,  
By too fevere a fate,  
Fallen from her high eftate,  
Defencelefs on the flood.  
To ruin and deftruction led,  
By Scotchmen, whom her bounty fed;  
On the bare fea expos'd ſhe lies,  
To France an eafy facrifice!

C H O R U S.

Behold, Britannia, great and good,  
Defencelefs on the flood;  
On the bare fea expos'd ſhe lies,  
To France an eafy facrifice!

R E C I T A T I V E.

With downcaft looks the cloudy monarch fat,  
Revolving in his alter'd foul  
The various turns of chance below,  
And now and then a figh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.

RECITATIVE.

But Sandwich, tho' with vast surprize,  
He saw the monarch's weeping eyes,  
Told him it would not be amiss—  
“The more he cry'd, the less he'd —!”

RECITATIVE. [Accompanied.]

Softly sweet in Scottish measures,  
The bagpipe soothes his soul to pleasures.

AIR.

War, he fung, is toil and trouble,  
Honour—but an empty bubble;  
Ease and comfort still refusing;  
Fighting still, and still destroying:  
Though a crown be worth thy loosing,  
Turning buttons worth enjoying.  
But soon again shall sit beside thee;  
Take the friends the Scots provide thee.

War he fung, &c. repeated again.

CHORUS.

Glad Sawney rends the skies with loud applause;  
So B—e was crown'd, and Scotland won the cause.

AIR.

The Prince, his joy unable to contain,  
Sigh'd for the Thane,  
Who caus'd his pain,

And

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.  
At length, with failing and with finging tir'd,  
Home to his bed the drowfy King retir'd.

CHORUS REPEATED.

Glad Sawney rends the skies with loud applause;  
So B—e was crown'd, and Scotland won the cause.

[End of the First Act.]

ACT THE SECOND.

RECITATIVE. [Accompanied]

Now strike the kettle-drums again,  
A louder yet—and yet a louder strain!  
Break his bands of sleep afunder,  
And rouse him with salutes as loud as thunder.

CHORUS.

Break, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Hark! hark! the martial sound  
Has rais'd up his head  
After sh——g a bed,  
And amaz'd he stares around.

AIR.

Revenge, revenge, bold Sandwich cries,  
See the furies arise;

See the snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes.

A I R.

Behold, a mournful band,  
Without arms in their hand !  
These are British troops, that in battle were ta'en,  
And captive remain  
Beyond th' Atlantic main.

R E C I T A T I V E. [Accompanied.]

Give the vengeance due  
To Burgoyne's injur'd crew—  
Behold, how they p<sup>r</sup>ec up their arms all on high,  
How they point to the army of Gates,  
And dine in dumb despair off \* broken plates !

A I R.

The nobles applaud with a furious frown,  
And the K—g with a tom'hawk wou'd fain knock  
them down.

\* After the capitulation, General Burgoyne, and his principal officers, dined with General Gates, a description of which entertainment, and the table furniture, appeared some time ago in the public papers.

A I R.

Campbell † shall lead the way,  
And guide him to his prey,  
And like another Dunmore fire another town.

C H O R U S.

The nobles applaud, &c.  
The four following lines being repeated :—

RECITATIVE. [Accompanied.]

Not long ago,  
When statesmen knew that western winds cou'd  
blow,  
And Scotchmen yet were mute,  
Great Pitt, uncircumscrib'd by B—e,  
With noble fire  
lann'd such amazing deeds as made the world  
admirer.

G R A N D C H O R U S.

At ength, to blast our glory, came,  
That Scotchman of detested name ;

† The author means that officer, who said in the House of Commons, that one regiment would march from one end of America to the other ; that was considered as very presuming by many diffident people, who were not soldiers ; but, in justice to Mr. C——, it must be suggested, he meant the marching from the end of the continent to the other *à la manière de Burgoyne*.

The dark deceiver, in a curfed hour,  
Poifon'd his Royal Master's mind;  
And fraught with treachery defign'd,  
Made Britain fue for peace to Bourbon's  
power!

RECITATIVE.

Your voices tune, and raife them high,  
Till they echo from the vaulted fky  
The Thane's detefted name.  
To him and N—th we jointly owe  
The ill we now have learn'd to know;  
Sound loudly then their fhame.

RECITATIVE.

Let B—e and N—th divide the block,  
Or both at Tyburn fwing;  
And then, as late in Portfmouth dock,  
We'll chaunt, " God fave our King !"

GRAND CHORUS,

By all the Minority, and every good Subject in the Kingdom.

The four preceding lines repeated.



## ODE \* TO THE ———.

*Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus,  
Res nostras armis tuteris, moribus ornes,  
Legibus emendes; in publica comoda pacem,  
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.*

**AWAKE**, my Muse, awake and speak

In ancient Erse, or modern Greek,

The feats of ———'s reign;

——— the great lord of earth and sea,

bids th' Atlantic swell with tea,

**The Tweed** distill champaigne.

**Nor** thou, most gracious ———, refuse

To help my weak untutor'd muse,

And aid her trembling wing;

Inform'd by thy Promethean fire

To noblest heights she shall aspire,

And paint a patriot ———.

\* The Birth-day Odes, though full of the finest poetry and most solid argument, have been always treated with neglect, under pretence, that the Author is pensioned by his ———, and therefore constrained to "come before his presence with a song, to be thankful unto him, and to speak good of his name." As the Author of the following stanzas (whatever may be his expectation) is not yet provided for by the court, he hopes to be treated by the public with greater indulgence. But whatever may be the success of his labours, he must still be happy, in the consciousness of having done all in his power, to rescue the first and greatest character in these kingdoms, from the aspersions of a malevolent and treasonable faction.

For sure to thee indulgent heaven  
 A general patent must have given  
 To change the heart and brains ;  
 Blockheads from thee have learnt to rule,  
 While H-we and C-rit-n go to school  
 To cowards—to —s.

In vain unnat'ral hooks and eyes  
 Conjoin'd in foul rebellion rise,  
 And strive t' eclipse thy glories ;  
 Thro' many ages yet unborn  
 Thy well-turn'd buttons shall be worn,  
 The grace of future Tories.

W——d to thee shall tune his lays,  
 E'en J——nson's self shall toil to raise  
 A temple to thy fame ;  
 And H-me's historic pen shall place  
 Before his fav'rite Stuart race  
 His ———'s brighter name.

With them thy commons shall unite ;  
 Those who can neither read nor write  
 With supple votes shall thank ye,  
 For twenty new created p—rs,  
 And almost twenty privateers  
 Retaken from the Yankee.



——, a loyal subject grown,  
 From rebel arms shall guard the throne,  
 And screen the affrighted nation,  
 ——, at whose command we see  
 Purport with tenor disagree,  
 And juries out of fashion.

S——h, so pious and so good  
 In ethics and religion's road,  
 Shall be thy son's preceptor;  
 —— shall fit him for the field,  
 And Pinchbeck teach him how to wield,  
 And how to shape his sceptre.

In him thy virtues shall remain,  
 'To curb the pride of France and Spain,  
 And put them in a panic;  
 When thou (sad thought!) shall yield to death,  
 Thou, the defender of our faith,  
 Our father! ——! mechanic!

But tho' that dreadful hour must come,  
 till thy surviving brains and bum  
 In either house shall shine;  
 We'll cut them into little stars,  
 More bright than Jupiter or Mars,  
 To make the Tories fine.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-TWO;

OR, A SKETCH OF THE TIMES :

A N O D E.

ADDRESSED TO SIR JAMES LOWTHER, BARONET,

*O decus Phœbi & dapibus supremi*

*Grata testudo Jovis, ô laborum*

*Dulce leni men, mibi cunque salve,*

*Ritè vocanti.*

HOR.

FOR Lowther weave the wreath of fame !

Let ages hence record his name,

His

—All Paris gilds one gaudy bark,

*Pour plaire aux dames, et Grand Monarque,*

But Lowther builds alone !

Proceed, Sir Knight—to scare our foes,

But don't the Irish Earl oppose,

That premier of all schemers !

And, ere your seventy-four you dip,

You'll get a star to guide your ship,

—Blue ribband for the streamers !

Sing muse the men—proud Albion's boast !

Who ope their purse to guard our coast,

And save the land from plunder ;

—That France and Spain, with dread surprize,

May see a glorious navy rise,

To make all Europe wonder.

Grea

Great Sm—th his Viz'ray coin \* displays,  
Compounding rupees R—mb—ld pays,

(The Advocate is dumb :)

Twitcher's old board will purchase ships,  
H—rl-y and Co. subscribe for ships,  
And Atk—nf-n for rum !

Even crozier'd M—rk—m drops his mite,  
Nay, H—rtf—rd lends one guinea (light)

At gentle Conw—y's pressing ;

Newcastle grants a whole week's fees,  
And Scotia's sixteen—all their trees,  
The loyal kirk—their blessing.

† A time-keeper gives Rich—nd's grace,  
Which measur'd rapid Sackville's pace

At Minden battle's din ;

—Sword—pistols too ! (as ordnance store)

And to enhance the present more,  
By R—wd—n sends them in.

## The

\* A peculiar species of oriental coinage, (much above the common standard) in which the East-India company's troops are usually paid.—For a particular explanation of this valuable coin, vide Major Scott's pamphlet.

† This identical watch has been tried against Mr. Harrison's improved Time-keeper, and was found much superior.—On Lord Carmarthen's motion to degrade Lord S—lle from the rank

The gallant R—dn—y won't refuse,  
 Who drubb'd the French—and spoil'd the Jews,  
 And brought us home such riches ;  
 —Now Mynheers groan on 'Statia's shore,  
 Bare rump'd (as Graham's bonny corps)  
 Since V—ugh—n fold their breeches.

Tho' England's sun sinks in the socket,  
 Sh—b—ne has \* twilight in his pocket,  
 To renovate it's rays ;  
 —America will hug his chain,  
 Her independence will disdain,  
 And bless her brighter days.

rank of peerage, his Grace observed, “ had I been examined as  
 “ a witness, I would have removed a difficulty which from the  
 “ day of his trial till the present hour continued unexplained ;  
 “ this was the point of time between Prince Ferdinand's hav-  
 “ ing sent an order to the noble lord to advance with the ca-  
 “ valry, and its arrival ; as I had my watch in my hand the  
 “ whole time, and particularly knew that the time was one  
 “ hour and an half.”

\* This metaphorical expression, so beautiful in poetry, and  
 true in philosophy, the author has borrowed from one of the  
 Earl of Sh—lb—ne's sublime orations.—“ I would,” said his  
 Lordship, (after prophesying that England's sun would set for  
 ever if independence was granted to America) “ keep up a  
 “ little twilight to light up another—and another—and  
 “ another sun.”

The

The Spaniard roars for his old rib,  
 But Eliott padlocks Donna Gib,  
 And swears he ne'er shall kiss her ;  
 —Yet as she only swells our debts,  
 Since Twitcher shew'd her naked Streights,  
 Some think—we scarce should miss her.

From eastern climes come peace and joy,  
 Where once we bled for Ragaboy,  
 Whose virtues shine in story !  
 —Tremendous Hyder flies our coast,  
 Stuart (unfear'd by Pigot's ghost)  
 Revives Old England's glory.

Why in the land of saints this riot ?  
 Why, Paddy, will you not be quiet ?  
 Let Flood your charter shape ;  
 —Britannia means to give you blifs,  
 Then prithee wait the willing kiss,  
 And don't commit a rape.

On peace and fencibles rely,  
 And Sh-lb—ne's word (a sacred tye!)  
 Which made his tenants merry :  
 —No petty arts debase his mind,  
 For honour's-self his leaves sign'd, \*  
 Ask—volunteers of Kerry.

\* See an admirable and unanswerable defence of the Earl of  
 Shelburne, &c. printed by Debrett, p. 35.

What wild commotions shake our age !

Religion's storm—then party's rage ;

—A dead calm of a sudden !

Each season shoots out something new ;

Alarms we must have, false or true,

Or John can't eat his pudding.

Bibles we saw crown G-rd-n's head,

Mad treason fire her M-nf—ld's bed ;

Lords--commons---soldiers gaze !

Thro' every street—No popery rings,

Whilst pious Wilkes, like Simeon, sings,

To see the King's Bench blaze !

Ah, where was mighty Cæsar then ?

—The best of kings—the best of men,

With legs all arm'd in leather ;

Tho' round him Franklin's fire-balls flew,

Hyde Park—St. James's—saw him too

On horseback in hot weather !

Am—rst, who joys in dire alarms,

Stepp'd forth ;—beef-eaters flew to arms,

And Hotspur Jell. grew vain ;

—The guards he lodg'd in King's-Place flew ;

In Pudding-Alley, the Horse Blues ;

—His post—Blow-bladder Lane.

From

From courtiers \* burst those flaming ills ;

And patriots, brib'd by congress bills,

Were ripe for revolution !

—A spell at length a Scotch † witch threw ;

The army, constables all grew,

And fav'd the constitution.

Now, for more knights each county cries !

As those they have a'n't very wise,

The cause of all our sorrows ;

This point Old Sarum's Pitt will touch,

Whilst young Will'—lights his father's crutch

To fire the rotten boroughs.

But lest state creditors should squeak,

Let Sh-lb—ne save the state, and break

Th' ungrateful Dutch, confound them !

—As reynard wife, he'll-trick such foes,

Who lur'd the seas up to his nose,

Then took a plungè, and drown'd them.

Fitzmaurice still shall grace my lays,

No dupe, like North, to public praise,

\* Lord Shelburne proved this beyond a possibility of doubt in his excellent speech on that occasion.

† Lord Mansfield's doctrine, that every soldier, by the common law of England, has a right to use his musket and bayonet for the preservation of the peace, any thing therein contained to the contrary thereof notwithstanding.

Parts—honour—wit—miscarry :  
 Low at his feet kneel Fox and Burke,  
 Whilst Dundas shakes his brazen dirk,  
 And flings his targe o'er Barré. \*

## THE HEN AND THE GOLDEN EGGS ;

A FABLE ; ADDRESSED TO THE MINISTER.

**H**AD Æsop been living, what mortal so able  
 To write your Gazettes ? as he dealt much in fable :  
 Yet tho' he is dead, he can be your adviser—  
 Read one of his fables, 'twill make you much wiser.

A hen, we are told,

Laid an egg that was gold

Each day to her mistress and master ;

But the cormorant crew

Thought one egg too few,

So they sigh'd that she did not lay faster.

Their hearts were form'd of ministerial steel ;

They had no feeling but what hands can feel.

With shame I must tell ye,

They ripp'd up her belly,

To rifle a mine full of ore ;

But the hen being dead,

It need not be said,

They found that she could lay no more.

\* Ut pictura poësis.—A print of this spirited attack will  
 be speedily published.

The



The force of this fable, and its application,  
Is felt by your Lordship, as well as the nation ;  
Neither you nor your gang, I am sure, need be told,  
That America yielded her tribute of gold.

Had you listen'd to Penn,  
And foster'd your hen,  
What regular wealth would have flow'd from her  
then !

But your ravenous crew,  
Not content with their due,  
Destroy'd the poor bird where for refuge she flew.  
The muse from your folly this consequence gathers :  
Those who murder'd the fowl, will be choak'd with  
the feathers. C. W.

#### AMERICAN EPIGRAM. \*

SOME mice deep intrench'd in a rich Cheshire cheese,  
Grimalkin long wish'd to devour ;  
Secure, from their numbers, they liv'd at their ease,  
And bravely defied all his power.

In vain all the day he sat watching their holes,  
All his tricks and his force were in vain ;  
Each effort convinc'd him the vermin had souls,  
Determin'd their cheese to maintain.

\* From a Boston news-paper, printed in October, 1775.

Grimalkin,

Grimalkin, deep vers'd in political schools,  
 Affected the siege to give o'er,  
 Supposing the mice were such ignorant fools,  
 They would venture abroad as before.

But as he retreated, a spirited mouse,  
 Whom time had bedappl'd with grey,  
 Cry'd, " All your finesse we don't value a sou,  
 " No more to your cunning a prey :

" This cheese by possession we claim as our own,  
 " Fair Freedom the claim doth approve ;  
 " Our wants are but few, and not ~~many~~ ~~more~~ ~~than~~ ~~one~~ ~~alone~~  
 " Sufficient those wants to remove.

" No cat will we own, with ambition run mad,  
 " For our king———so move off in a trice ;  
 " If we find from exper'ence, a king must be had,  
 " That king shall be chose by the mice."

# THE SAILOR'S ADDRESS.

[To the Tune of Hearts of Oak.]

## I.

**COME** listen, my cocks, to a brother and friend;  
One and all to my song, gallant sailors, attend:  
Sons of freedom ourselves, lets be just as we're brave,  
Nor America's freedom attempt to enslave.

## CHORUS.

**Firm as oak** are our hearts, when true glory depends;  
Steady boys, steady,  
We will always be ready,  
**To fight** all our foes, not to murder our friends.

## II.

True glory can ne'er in this quarrel be won;  
If New England we conquer, Old England's undone;  
On our brethren then why attempt to fix chains?  
For the blood of Great Britain flows warm in their  
veins.

## CHORUS.

Firm as oak, &c.

## III.

Shall courtiers' fine speeches prevail to divide  
Our affections from those who have fought by our side;  
And who often have ~~jeer'd~~ us to sink in the main,  
The proud-boasting navies of France and of Spain?

## CHORUS.

Firm as oak, &c.

IV. For

IV.

For that Ad——ty L——d, Jemmy Twitcher, who  
cares !

Let him practice his catches, impose on his peers ;  
The time is at hand, his own doctrine to teach,  
By woeful experience, what 'tis for to 'peach.

C H O R U S.

Firm as oak, &c.

V.

Near relations of some who at court now do thrive,  
The Pretender did join in the year forty-five ;  
And many in favour, disguis'd with high names,  
While they roar out for George, in their hearts are  
for James.

C H O R U S.

Firm as oak, &c.

VI.

Of such men as these let us scorn to be tools,  
Dirty work to perform ; do they take us for fools ?  
Brave failors know better than thus to be bamn'd ;  
Let 'em turn out themselves, lads, and fight and  
be d——d.

C H O R U S.

Firm as oak, &c.

VII. To

VII.

To the ground may dispute with our Colonies fall,  
And George long in splendour reign king of us all ;  
And may those who would fet the two lands by  
the ears,

Be put in the bilboes, and brought to the jeers

C H O R U S.

Firm as oak, &c.

E P I G R A M

ON SIR PETER PARKER'S WOUND OFF SULLIVAN'S  
ISLAND.

*Si verè dixit Hudibras, " quod podice bonos est ;"*  
*Consequitur, Petrus nihil honoris habet.*

IF " honour in the breech is lodg'd,"  
As Hudibras hath shewn,  
It may from hence be fairly judg'd  
Sir Peter's honour's gone.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF BRIGADIER GENERAL MERCER  
OF VIRGINIA, SLAIN IN THE ACTION NEAR  
PRINCETON, JANUARY 3, 1777.

*Et generis jactatus honos, dominatio regum,  
Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedere bani,  
Supremam simul hanc expectant omnia noëlem:  
Scilicet ad Lethum ducit honoris iter.*

ANOTHER patriot claims the votive strain,  
Fresh laurels spring around the honour'd hero;  
Lamented Mercer, erst in battle slain,  
Be thine the offering of my artless verse.

'Tis nature bids the manly tear to flow,  
In rich oblations o'er the closing urn;  
Guiltless of art, unusual feelings glow,  
And hard'ned chiefs involuntary mourn.

But say—what \* cause—from sweet domestic ease,  
Call'd forth the patriot to the doubtful strife;  
From scenes where affluence lavish'd all to please—  
The fondling infant, and the tender wife?

\* Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato,  
Civillisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma.

Those soft endearments are, alas!—no more;  
 No kindred tie his willing step detains;  
 Resolv'd, he leaves Virginia's friendly shore,  
 To guard the soil, where heav'n-born freedom reigns.

The naked Indian, or the wily Gaul,  
 The painted savage, and the untutor'd band;  
 On those no more his angry weapons fall—  
 A foe more savage dares his chast'ning hand.

Now Sol up-rising gilds the distant spire,  
 Paints the dun umbrage of the western wood;  
 O'er hapless Princeton sheds his genial fire,  
 Rousing the Briton to new scenes of blood.

Loud sounds the martial trumpet from afar,  
 The watchful cavalry invest the ground;  
 The beat of drums proclaim th' approaching war,  
 Whilst frighted he aids bear the tidings round.

The distant hills on each horizon blaze  
 With polish'd arms, and troops in vain parade;  
 No ling'ring terror either host delays,  
 To meet the foe in hostile pomp array'd.

Intrepid Mercer leads th' embattled van,  
 His great example ev'ry soldier fires;  
 Thro'out the deep'ning line from man to man,  
 The pulse of glory ev'ry breast inspires.

Swift on the foe, the dauntless warrior springs,  
 Braves the loud cannon's desolating force ;  
 Dares the grim terrors of their circling wings,  
 And strews the field with many a bleeding corpse.

But pierc'd he falls, he welters on the ground ;  
 The ruffian foe rejoice with savage cries ;  
 While reeking bay'nets blush from wound to wound,  
 Stabbing the hero, as he vanquish'd lies.

A corps reserv'd (tho' panting for the deed)  
 Indignant view'd the tragic scene from far ;  
 Onward they furious rush'd with vengeful speed,  
 Ply'd the loud cannon, and renew'd the war.

Forc'd from their murd'ring work, the villains fly,  
 In broken columns, o'er the bloody field ;  
 Some breathless faint, some main'd expiring lie,  
 While others trembling to the victors yield.

In vain they shun the vengeance of our arms,  
 In vain the terrors of the war decline ;  
 The grateful chace each patriot bosom warms,  
 And show'rs destruction on their routed line.

Revenge appeas'd, with ample vict'ry crown'd,  
 For Mercer mangled, and for Haselet slain,  
 Sees Britain's miscreants strew the purpled ground,  
 A grateful offering on the well fought plain.

Now,



Now, what was virtue (which the just admire)  
Soul of the patriot, instinct of the brave ;  
Quench'd is that spark that fed the genial fire,  
And Mercer slumbers in the peaceful grave.

Olympus' tow'ring heights, those blest abodes,  
Where Freedom sheds her fair auspicious ray,  
Glorious he seeks, and, mix'd with kindred gods,  
Breathes the pure æther of eternal day.

Philadelphia, Jan. 31, 1777.

### THE RISING GLORY OF AMERICA.

NO more of Memphis and her mighty kings,  
Or Alexandria, where the Ptolemies  
Taught golden Commerce to unfurl her sails,  
And bid fair Science smile : no more of Greece,  
Where Learning next her early visit paid,  
And spread her glories to illumine the world——  
No more of Athens, where she flourished,  
And saw her sons of mighty genius rise——  
Smooth-flowing Plato, Socrates, and him  
Who with resistless eloquence reviv'd  
The spirit of Liberty, and shook the thrones  
Of Macedon and Persia's haughty kings——  
No more of Rome, enlighten'd by her beams,  
Fetters kindling there the fire of eloquence  
And poetry divine, imperial Rome !

Whose wide dominion reach'd o'er half the globe ;  
 Whose eagle flew o'er Ganges to the east,  
 And in the west far to the British isles——  
 No more of Britain and her kings renown'd,  
 Edwards and Henrys, thunderbolts of war ;  
 Her chiefs victorious o'er the Gallic foe ;  
 Illustrious senators, immortal bards,  
 And wise philosophers, of these no more :  
 A theme more new, tho' not less noble, claims  
 Our ev'ry thought on this auspicious day,  
 The rising glory of this western world,  
 Where now the dawning light of Science spreads  
 Her orient ray, and wakes the muse's song ;  
 Where Freedom holds her sacred standard high,  
 And Commerce rolls her golden tide profuse  
 Of elegance, and ev'ry joy of life.

Now thro' the veil of ancient days review  
 The period fam'd, when first Columbus touch'd  
 The shore so long unknown ; thro' various toils,  
 Famine and death, the hero made his way.  
 Fam'd Cabot too may claim our noblest song,  
 Who from th' Atlantic surge descry'd these shores,  
 As he coasted from the Mexic bay  
 To Acady, and piny Labradore.  
 Nor less than him the muse would celebrate  
 Bold Hudson, stemming to the Pole, thro' seas  
 Vex'd with continual storms, thro' the cold straits,  
 Where

Where Europe and America oppose  
 Their shores contiguous, and the northern sea  
 Confin'd, indignant, swells and roars between,  
 With these be number'd in the list of fame  
 Illustrious Raleigh, hapless in his fate:  
 Forgive me, Raleigh, if an infant muse  
 Borrows thy name to grace her humble strain;  
 By many nobler are thy virtues sung;  
 Envy no more shall throw them in the shade;  
 They pour new lustre on Britannia's isle.  
 Thou too, advent'rous on th' Atlantic main,  
 Burst thro' its storms, and fair Virginia hail'd.  
 The simple natives saw thy canvas flow,  
 And gaz'd aloof upon the shady shore:  
 For in her woods America contain'd,  
 From times remote, a savage race of men,  
 Shut from the light of science and of truth  
 They wander'd blindfold down the steep of time;  
 Far from the reach of fame they liv'd unknown,  
 In listless slumber and inglorious ease;  
 To them fair Science never op'd her stores,  
 Nor sacred Truth sublim'd the soul to God;  
 No fix'd abode their wand'ring genius knew,  
 No golden harvest crown'd the fertile glebe;  
 No city then adorn'd the river's bank,  
 Nor rising turret overlook'd the stream.  
 Now view the prospect chang'd; far off at sea  
 The mariner descries our spacious towns;

He hails the prospect of the land, and views  
A new, a fair, a fertile world arise.

But hear, my friends, and let us trace the steps  
By which this recent happy world arose  
To this fair eminence of high renown,  
This height of wealth, of liberty and fame.

————— By persecution wrong'd,  
And Popish cruelty, our fathers came  
From Europe's shores to find this blest retreat,  
Secure from tyranny and hateful man.  
For this they left their country and their friends,  
And plough'd th' Atlantic waves in quest of peace;  
Sought out uncultivated tracks and wilds,  
And fram'd new plans of cities, governments,  
And spacious provinces: why should I name  
Thee, Penn, the Solon of our western lands?  
Sagacious legislator, whom the world  
Admires, tho' dead: an infant colony,  
Nurs'd by thy care, now rises o'er the rest,  
Like that tall pyramid on Memphis' strand  
O'er all the lesser piles, they also great.  
Why should I name those heroes so well known,  
Who peopled all the rest from Canada  
To Georgia's further coasts, West Florida,  
*Or Apalachian mountains? Yet Indian tribes,*  
With deadly malice arm'd, and black design,  
Oft murder'd half the hapless colonies.

What heart but mourns the untimely fate of Wolfe,  
Who

Who dying, conquer'd ; or he who bravely fell  
 By Monangahela and the Ohio's stream !  
 What could avail, O Braddock, then the flame,  
 The gen'rous flame which fir'd thy martial soul !  
 What could avail Britannia's warlike troops,  
 Choice spirits of her isle ? What could avail  
 America's own sons ? The skulking foe  
 Hid in the forest lay, and fought secure.  
 What could the brave Virginians do, o'er-power'd  
 By such vast numbers, and their leader dead !  
 'Midst fire and death they bore him from the field,  
 Where in his blood full many a hero lay.  
 'Twas there, O Halket, thou so nobly fell !  
 Thrice valiant Halket, early son of fame !  
 But why, alas, commemorate the dead !  
 And pass those glorious heroes by, who yet  
 Breathe the same air, and see the light with us ?  
 A Washington now lives, among the sons  
 Of fame well known, bright as the morning star  
 Among the lesser lights ; a patriot skill'd  
 In all the glorious arts of peace and war.  
 — Enough of war ; more noble riches flow  
 From agriculture, and th' industrious swain  
 Who tills the fertile vale, or mountain's brow ;  
 Nor less from golden commerce flow the streams  
 Of richest plenty on our smiling land.  
 Far to the East our fleets on traffic sail,  
 And to the West, thro' boundless seas, which not

Old Rome, nor Tyre, nor mightier Carthage knew.  
 Daughter of Commerce, from the hoary deep  
 New-York, emerging, rears her lofty domes,  
 And hails from far her num'rous ships of trade,  
 Like shady forests rising on the waves.  
 And Philadelphia, mistress of our world,  
 The seat of arts, of science, and of fame,  
 Derives her grandeur from the pow'r of trade.  
 Hail, happy city ! where the muses stray,  
 Where deep philosophy convenes her sons,  
 And opens all her secrets to their view !  
 America ! O happy land ! the last,  
 The best of countries, where the arts shall rise,  
 And grow luxuriant ; for ev'n now we boast  
 A Franklin, skill'd in deep philosophy ;  
 A genius : as th' electric fire,  
 Bright as the light'ning's flash, explain'd so well  
 By him, the rival of Britannia's sage.  
 This is a land where the more noble light  
 Of holy revelation beams ; the star  
 Which rose from Judah lights our skies : we feel  
 Its influence, as once did Palestine  
 And Gentile lands, where now the ruthless Turk,  
 Wrapt up in darkness, sleeps dull life away.  
 'Tis true, no human eye can penetrate  
 The veil obscure, and in fair light disclos'd  
 Behold the scenes of dark futurity ;  
 Yet if we reason from the course of things,

And

And downward trace the vestiges of time;  
 The mind prophetic grows, and pierces far  
 Thro' ages yet unborn. We saw the states  
 And mighty empires of the East arise,  
 In swift succession from the Assyrian  
 To Macedon and Rome; in Britain thence  
 Dominion drove her car; she stretch'd her reign  
 O'er many isles, wide seas, and peopled lands.  
 Now, in the West, a continent appears;  
 A newer world new opens to her view;  
 She hastens onward to th' Americ shores,  
 And bids a scene of recent wonders rise:  
 New states, new empires, and a race of men  
 High rais'd in glory; cities and people  
 Num'rous as sand upon the ocean shore.  
 Th' Ohio then shall glide by many a town  
 Of note; and where the Mississippi stream,  
 By forests shaded, now runs weeping on,  
 Nations shall grow, and states not less in fame  
 Than Greece and Rome of old: we too shall boast  
 Our Alexanders, Pompeys, heroes  
 That in the womb of time yet dormant lie,  
 Waiting the joyful hour for life and light.  
 Far in the Arctic skies a Peterburgh,  
 A Bergen, or Archangel lifts its spires  
 Glitt'ring with ice; far in the West appears  
 A new Palmyra or an Ecbatan;  
 And in the South I see a Babylon,

A Nineveh where Oronoque descends  
 With waves discolour'd from the Andes high,  
 Winding himself around an hundred isles,  
 Where splendid buildings glitter o'er his tide.  
 To mighty nations shall the people grow,  
 Who cultivate the banks of many a flood,  
 In crystal currents poured from the hills  
 Call'd Apalachio, to lave the sands  
 Of Carolina, Georgia, and the plains  
 Stretch'd out from thence far to the burning line,  
 St. John's, or Clarendon, or Albemarle.  
 And thou, Potowmack, navigable stream,  
 Rolling thy waters thro' Virginia's groves,  
 Shall vie with Thames, the Tiber, or the Rhine;  
 For on thy banks I see an hundred towns,  
 And the tall vessels wafted down thy tide;  
 Hoarse Niagara's stream, now roaring on  
 Thro' woods and rocks, and broken mountains torn  
 In days remote far from their ancient beds,  
 By some great monarch taught a better course;  
 Or clear'd of cataracts, shall flow beneath  
 Unnumber'd boats, and merchandize and men:  
 And from the coasts of piny Labradore,  
 A thousand navies crowd before the gale,  
 And spread their commerce to remotest lands,  
 Or bear their thunder round the conquer'd world.



And here fair Freedom shall or ever reign.

I see a train, a glorious train appear,  
Of patriots plac'd in equal fame with those  
Who nobly fell for Athens or for Rome;  
The sons of Boston, resolute and brave,  
Who, when their country's cause shall need, when  
some

Mad tyrant, with oppressive hand, shall dare  
T' infringe their rights, will resolutely brave  
His dark designs, or struggling, nobly die.  
The firm supporters of our injur'd rights  
Shall lose their splendors in the brighter beams  
Of patriots fam'd, and heroes yet unborn.

I see a Homer and a Milton rise  
In all the pomp and majesty of song,  
Which gives immortal vigour to the deeds  
Achiev'd by heroes in the field of fame.  
A second Pope, like that Arabian bird  
Of which no age can boast but one, may yet  
Awake the muse by Schuylkill's silent stream,  
And bid new forests bloom along her banks.  
And Susquehanna's rocky stream unfung,  
In bright meander winding round the hills,  
Where first the mountain nymph sweet Echo heard  
The uncouth music of my rural lay,  
Shall yet re-murmur to the tragic sound  
Of song heroic, when in future days

Some noble Hampden rises into fame:  
 Now in the bow'rs of Tuscorora's hills,  
 As once on Pindus, all the muses stray;  
 New Theban bards high soaring reach the skies,  
 And swim along thro' azure streams of air.  
 Or Roanoke's and James's limpid waves,  
 How sweet their music murmurs in the gale!  
 Another Denham celebrates their flow  
 In gliding numbers and harmonious lays.  
 And when a train of rolling years are past,  
 (So sang the exil'd Seer in Patmos isle,)  
 A new Jerusalem sent down from heav'n  
 Shall grace our happy earth: perhaps this land,  
 Whose virgin bosom shall then receive, tho' late,  
 Myriads of saints, with their Almighty King,  
 To live and reign a thousand years,  
 Thence call'd Millennium. Paradise anew  
 Shall flourish; no dang'rous tree or deathful  
 Fruit shall grow; no tempting serpent to  
 Allure the soul from native innocence;  
 No thistle here, or briar, or thorn shall spring  
 Earth's curse before: the lion and the lamb,  
 In mutual friendship link'd, shall browse the shrub;  
 And tim'rous deer with rabid tygers stray  
 O'er mead, or lofty hill, or grassy plain.  
 The happy people, free from second death,  
 Shall find secure repose. Such days the world,  
 And such America, thou first may have,

When

When ages yet to come have run their round,  
And future years of bliss alone remain.

This is thy praise, America, thy pow'r;  
Hail, happy land! by science visited,  
The seat of empire and of freedom too;  
The final stage, where time shall introduce  
Renowned characters, and glorious  
Of high invention, and of wond'rous art,  
Which not the ravages of Time shall waste,  
Till he himself has run his long career;  
Till final Ruin, with her fiery car,  
Rides o'er creation, and all nature's works  
Are lost in chaos, and the womb of night!

## ON THE PROSPECT OF ARTS AND SCI. ENCES IN AMERICA.

WRITTEN NEAR FIFTY YEARS AGO BY THE CE-  
LEBRATED DR. GEORGE BERKELEY, DEAN OF  
DERRY, AND AFTERWARDS LORD BISHOP OF  
CLOYNE, WHILE HE WAS IN AMERICA.

THE muse, disgusted at an age and clime  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun  
 And virgin earth such scenes ensue,  
 The force of art by nature seems out-done,  
 And fancied beauties by the true :

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,  
 Where nature guides, and virtue rules :  
 Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,  
 The pedantry of courts and schools :

There shall be seen another golden age,  
 The rise of empire and of arts,  
 The good and great inspiring epic rage,  
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts ;

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay :  
 Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
 When heav'nly flame did animate her clay,  
 By future ages shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way :  
 The four first acts already past,  
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day :  
 Time's noblest offspring is the last.

## I M P R O M P T U.

## L O G I C A N D M O R A L S.

## ADDRESSED TO LORD SHELBURNE.

"In the late Reform," said his Lordship in the House of Peers,  
 "more has been done than was promised ; for great part  
 "might have been eluded."

BY promises Shelburne can ne'er come to shame ;  
 To elude and perform, he proves are the same ;  
 Be this his state-maxim, he'll shine in this art,  
 His head yields such logic, such morals his heart :  
 Rail no more then ye factions, but candidly own,  
 North, or Wentworth, ne'er gave such support to  
 the throne !

## A N O T H E R.

ON SEEING GENERAL ARNOLD AGAIN AT COURT,  
 THE DAY THAT LORD SHELBURNE KISSED  
 HANDS ON HIS LATE APPOINTMENT.

IN Wentworth's splendour, Arnold kept his den ;  
 In Shelburne's twilight, lo ! he crawls again !

## O D F,

## ADDRESSED TO GENERAL ARNOLD.

WELCOME one Arnold to our shore !

Thy deeds on Fame's strong pinions bore,

Spread

Spread loyalty and reason :

O ! had success thy projects crown'd,  
Proud Washington had bit the ground,  
And Arnold punish'd treason.

Around you press the sacred band,  
Germain will kneel to kiss your hand,  
Galloway his plaudits blend :  
Sir Hugh will hug you to his heart,  
The tear of joy from Twitcher start,  
And Cockburn hail his friend.

Since you the royal levees grace,  
Joy breaks thro' Denbigh's dismal face,  
Sir Guy looks brisk, and capers ;  
Grave Amherst teems with brilliant jests,  
The refugees are Stormont's guests,  
His wine's a cure for vapours.

Mild Abingdon shouts out your praise,  
Burgoyne himself will tune his lays,  
To sing your skill in battle ;  
Greater than Hans who scal'd the Alps,  
Or Indian chiefs who brought him scalps,  
Instead of Yankee cattle.

For camp or cabinet you're made,  
A Jockey's half a courtier's trade,

And

And you've instinctive art ;  
 Although your outside's not so dress'd,  
 Bid Mansfield dive into your breast,  
 And then report your heart.

What think you of this rapid war ?  
 Perhaps you'll say we've march'd too far,  
 (And spar'd when we should kill ;)  
 Was it by courting to and fro,  
 That Sackville beat the daring foe,  
 Or bravely standing still ?

Heroic Sackville, calm and meek,  
 Tho' Ferdinando smote his cheek,  
 He never shook his spear :  
 (That spear in Gallic blood fresh dyed)  
 But, like Themistocles, he cryed,  
 Frappez, \* mon prince !—but hear,

As yet we've met with trifling crosses,  
 And prov'd our force e'en by our losses,  
 (Conquest or death's the word :)  
 Britons, strike home !—Be this your boast,  
 After two gallant armies lost,  
 Sir Henry—has a third.

\* The author had this anecdote from Sir J. Irwin. See Plutarch's Lives.

Worn out with toils and great designs,  
 Germain to you the seals resigns,  
     Your worth superior owns ;  
 Would rev'rend Twitcher now retreat,  
 We still might keep a greater fleet,  
     By bribing o'er Paul Jones.

O'er Twitcher's breast, and Germain's too,  
 Fix Edward's star and ribbon blue,  
     To ravish all beholders ;  
 That when to heaven they get a call,  
 Their stars (like Eli's cloak) may fall  
     On Paul's and Arnold's shoulders.

Carmarthen, ope your sacred gates,  
 The gen'rous, valiant Germain waits,  
     Who held the Atlantic steerage :  
 (He'll shine a jewel in the crown)  
 When Arnold knocks all traitors down,  
     He, too, shall have a Peërage !

Should faithless Wedderburne decline  
 To rank his name, Germain, with thine,  
     This truth (unfeed) I'll tell you,  
 Rise a Scotch Peer—right weel I ween,  
 You'll soon be chose—one of sixteen,—  
     Dare Grafton then expel you ?

AMERICA,



## A M E R I C A,

A N O D E.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

WRITTEN IN 1776.

Ἄλλ' ἔν μέρησθ' ἄν' ἰγὼ προλέγω·  
 Μηδὲ πρὸ αἵτης θηάθεντες  
 Μίμψασθε τύχην· μηδὲ ποτ' εἴπη-  
 θ' ὥς Ζεὺς ὑμᾶς εἰς ἀπρόοπτον  
 Πῆμα εἰσέβαλεν· μὴ δὴτ', αὐτοὶ  
 Δ' ὑμᾶς αὐτῆς εἰδούλης γὰρ,  
 Κἄν ἐξαίφνης, ἔδῃ λαθραίως,  
 Εἰς ἀπέραντον δίκλυν αἵτης  
 Ἑμπλεθήσισθ' ὑπ' ἀνόιας.

ÆSCHYLUS.

I. 1.

FAR o'er the western azure main,  
 The adverse coast, about to gain,  
 Appear'd the fatal barks that bore  
 Our hostile legions to a kindred shore.  
 Sunk was the sun, and dark the seas;  
 The wild waves murmur'd round the prow;  
 And dismal sounds were wafted in the breeze,  
 Confus'd alarms, and shrieks of distant woe.  
 Fix'd, as rooted in the tide,  
 Each keel at once forgot to glide:  
 Pale horror damp'd the watchful pilot's brow;  
 Hush'd were the winds above, and still'd the floods  
 below.

II. 2.

I. 2.

As from behind the storm  
 The pale moon glimmers with malignant light,  
 Sudden an aery form  
 Glanc'd on their startled eyes, athwart the night.  
 The semblance sad and meek it bore  
 Of him, whom to the desert shore  
 Religion led, and Freedom's holy flame.  
 \* There Justice pois'd her equal scale,  
 Taught savage chiefs her shrine to hail,  
 And wreath'd her bloodless laurels

I. 3.

“ Fled are the hours of peace !  
 “ From Boston's plain the flames arise ;  
 “ With ruddy horror blaze the western skies ;  
 “ Nor yet,” he cries, “ they cease.  
 “ I hear the clarion's 'dire alarms ;  
 “ Her thousand warriors Freedom arms :  
 “ From the bleak Atlantic main  
 “ To dark Ontario's piny shore ;  
 “ From Georgia's citron groves and fertile plain ;  
 “ To Ohio's stream I see their myriads pour.

\* The moderation and good faith of the founder of Pennsylvania is yet remembered by the Indians. They call him their father Penn, and every dispute of theirs with that colony has been settled amicably, without bloodshed ; which has been owing as much to their respect for its legislator as to the equitable conduct of its inhabitants.

“ Before

" Before them Conquest lifts her spear ;  
 " On the broad base of equal laws,  
 " By Wisdom fix'd, the rising states appear ;  
 " Justice avows, and heaven asserts their cause.  
 " Brightening thro' ages the fair prospect glows,  
 " Nor long futurity reveals the distant close.

II. 1.

" But thou, thy \* suppliant sons afar  
 " Who vexest with injurious war,  
 " Unnatural mother, hear thy doom !  
 " Devoted Britain, mark thy ills to come !  
 " Enfeebled by Corruption's sway,  
 " The ruin of a mighty state,  
 " Unhonour'd shalt thou sink to swift decay :  
 " Each art, each virtue, fled, that made thee great.  
 " Torn from its base thy column lies,  
 " Forgotten all thy victories ;  
 " In the throng'd port thy cross is seen no more ;  
 " Lost are thy boasted laws, o'erthrown thy balanc'd  
 " pow'r.

II. 2.

" To peaceful realms the sword  
 " In evil hour the proud Iberian bore ;  
 " Tho' empires own'd him Lord,  
 " And wealth uncounted swell'd his fatal store.

\* We ask but for peace, liberty and safety."

Address of the Congress to the People of England.

" From

" From \* Cusco's mournful vale the cries  
 " Of guiltless blood ascend the skies ;  
 " To mutual slaughter rush the frantic band :  
 " The fathers crimes their offspring bear,  
 " The tardy vengeance still they fear,  
 " While bigot slavery wastes the destin'd land.

II. 3.

" Spirits of heroes old,  
 " Who erst your country's rights assail'd  
 " Challeng'd in arms ; and now heaven's guardian  
 " shield  
 " O'er struggling freedom hold ;  
 " Rescuing her unpolluted shrine,  
 " In other climes her sons ye join.

\* The massacre of the innocent Peruvians, at the famous interview of their emperor with Pizarro and his Spaniards, in the valley near Cusco, was quickly followed and revenged by the cruelties attending the civil wars in that country among the conquerors. Pizarro, after sacrificing Almagro to his ambition, who had been his friend, and his original partner in the conquest of Peru, was himself assassinated, at noon, in his palace, by the nephew and partisans of his rival. That fardid and cruel avarice which first carried the sword thither, turned it against every one by whose death the ruffians could hope for plunder ; and history affords scarce any thing more inhuman and perfidious than what the Spaniards suffered from each other, except the miseries they had before inflicted on the mild and helpless Indians.

" Heaven

" Heaven her blazing portal spreads ;  
 " Shafts of glory pierce the night ;  
 " Lo ! the bright van the \* royal patriot leads,  
 " Founder of laws, and arbiter of right ;  
 " Pensive his brow, as when oppress'd  
 " By Danish pride his realm he view'd :  
 " Girt with his peers † Fitzwalter lifts his crest,  
 " With ‡ him, who ill-star'd Henry's arms  
 " withstood ;  
 " See Spencer's foe, fierce Lancaster || appear,  
 " And § Kent too early slain, and Treffel's \*\* brow  
 " severe.

\* Alfred was the first who compiled a body of laws for the whole kingdom. Blackstone's Introduction.

† The leader of the barons who compelled King John to sign Magna Charta.

‡ Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, headed the opponents of Henry III.

|| The Earl of Lancaster was principal of the league against the Spencers, favourites of Edward II. who ruined that unfortunate prince, by alienating the affections of his people.

§ Edmund, Earl of Kent, was a young man of an amiable character, and of the blood royal. He joined in the opposition to the Spencers, but was afterwards put to death by the intrigue of the queen mother of Edward III. for endeavouring to remove her and Mortimer from the station they had usurped and filled so ill.

\*\* William Treffel, Chief Justice of England, was named procurator of the people, to resign back to Edward II. their fealty at his deposition, and to renounce their allegiance to him.

## III. 1.

“ Frowning from Chalgrave’s sanguine field,  
 “ In timely death his virtue seal’d,  
 “ \* The right he bled for, to maintain ;  
 “ Hampden in sun-bright mail augments the train.  
 “ Victims of Stuart’s bigot pride ;  
 “ Nor are ye absent, generous pair,  
 “ † In many a year of adverse fortune tried,  
 “ Leicester’s firm son, and Bedford’s gentle heir.

\* He was killed in a skirmish in the beginning of the civil wars, while the parliament’s cause was yet that of liberty and the people. There seems a great similitude in the cases of Hampden refusing the payment of ship-money, and the American denial of parliamentary taxation. The British parliament seems to stand nearly in the same relation to America, as the King to the people of England ; each possesses a constitutional supremacy, which invests them with the most important powers ; but each is bound to abstain from invading a right which our constitution expressly reserves to the people ; the only sure defence against the despotism of a king at home, or a nation at a distance.

† Whoever has seen the letters of Algernon Sydney, will easily estimate the worth of that truly great character. A modern reader will be much struck with the following passage from one of his father, the Earl of Leicester. “ It was not  
 “ God’s will that the King should follow the advice I gave  
 “ him, to accommodate his differences with the Scots and not  
 “ to make war, where nothing was to be gained, and much  
 “ might be lost.”

“ Join’d

“ Join’d in love, in fate ye fell !  
 “ Still the just muse your fame shall tell,  
 “ Where Freedom holds on earth her hallow’d seat ;  
 “ And nations yet unborn the pious strains repeat.

III. 2.

“ Ye too, they cry, be bold !  
 “ Uncheck’d by secret guile, or force abhorr’d,  
 “ Your charter’d rights uphold ;  
 “ And dauntless brave the mercenary sword.  
 “ To heaven Oppression rears her head,  
 “ Her scourge the prostrate kingdoms dread ;  
 “ But short her rule, and fleeting is her hour.  
 “ The rod avenging Justice bears,  
 “ And when are past the appointed years,  
 “ Smites with a giant’s force, and quells her power,

III. 3.

“ Fast by the sapphire throne  
 “ Its adamant beam the balance sways,  
 “ In which the deeds of men th’ Eternal weighs :  
 “ Thence the decrees are known  
 “ That set the suffering nations free,  
 “ And bear to virtue victory.

“ Cherish deeds by heaven approv’d,  
 “ And virtues equal to thy doom.  
 “ Thrice happy land! See on thy plains belov’d  
 “ \* The sacred muse her promis’d seat assume,  
 “ As o’er the main thy towers arise,  
 “ Spreading their salutary light;  
 “ And bless with hope the weary’d seaman’s eyes,  
 “ Worn with th’Atlantic storm, and wrapt in night,  
 “ Thy genial breast shall still the unhappy greet,  
 “ Refuge of injur’d worth, and freedom’s last retreat.”

### PROPOSAL FOR A NEW DICTIONARY.

**T**HERE are in every language, ancient and modern, certain heterogeneous words, and anomalous expressions, which render it more difficult to be acquired by students and foreigners; than even the most licentious idiomatic phrases, or the most irregular combination of sentences. In vain may the laborious lexicographer boast of having traced every radical word through a collateral serie of parallel ramifications. The philologist still toils with hopeless

\* However convulsions like these in America may retard the progress of the arts during their continuance, they make abundant recompence, by forcing the minds of men to uncommon exertions. The strength thus acquired cannot fail of producing the noblest fruits, when the return of peace and establishment of freedom permits them to be occupied with those objects.

investigation,



Investigation, and finds himself bewildered in the maze of petty familiarity, and entangled in colloquial barbarisms. The ebullitions of convivial or epistolary humour, and the sallies of dramatic hilarity, the lucubrations of the perodical essayist, the sportive vein, and dry intelligence of our diurnal, nocturnal, and hebdomadal historians, are almost totally unintelligible, for want of an adequate interpretation. To remedy this defect in English literature, I have, with infinite labour, compiled a vocabulary or glossary, intended as a supplement to a larger and more solemn dictionary. It is easy to foresee, that the idle and illiterate will complain that I have encreased their labours, by endeavouring to diminish them; and that I have explained what is more easy, by what is more difficult—*Ignotum per ignotius*. I expect, on the other hand, the liberal acknowledgments of the learned. He who is buried in scholastic retirement, secluded from the assemblies of the gay, and remote from the circles of the polite, will at once comprehend the definitions, and be grateful for such a seasonable and necessary elucidation of his mother-tongue. Annexed to this letter is a short specimen of the work, thrown together in a vague and desultory manner, not even adhering to alphabetical copcatenation. The whole will be comprised in two folio volumes, and will appear some time within the ensuing twenty years.

In the mean-while, subscriptions are taken in at all the most eminent booksellers in London and Westminster; of whom may be learnt all further particulars relative to this arduous and important undertaking.

## S P E C I M E N.

*Higgledy-piggledy*—Conglomeration and confusion.

*Hurly-burly*—Extreme tumult and uproar.

*Scribble-scrabble*—Pages of inanity,

*See saw*—Alternate preponderation.

*Tittle-tattle*—Futile conversation.

*Mum-chance*—Mental torpidity.

*Fee ! Fau ! Fum*—Gigantic intonations.

*Arfy-varfy* } An inversion of capitals and funda-  
*Topsy-turvy* } mentals.

*Hobble-de-hoy*—Adolescence, between the period of puberty and virility.

*Tit for Tat*—Adequate retaliation.

*Shilly-shally*—Hesitation and irresolution.

*Willy-nilly*—The execution of an act maugre the consent of another.

*Dingle-dangle*—Aerial suspension.

*Hurry-scurry*—Inordinate precipitation.

*Riddlerce*—An ænigmatic exordium.

*Ding-dong*—Tintinnabulory chimes, used metaphorically to signify dispatch and vehemence.

*Tag-rag* } The lowest plebeians.—See *base-born*, and  
*Riff-raff* } *scum of the earth*.

*N incompoo*

*Nincompoop* } Asinine wretches.  
*Ninnyhammer* }

*Hocus-focus*—Pseudo-necromancy.

*Jemminy-cremminy*!—An emasculate obtestation.

*Rigmaroli*—Discourse, incoherent and rhapsodical.

*Zig-zag*—Transverse angles.

*Crinkum-crankum*—Lines of irregularity and involu-  
tion.

*Helter-skelter*—*quasi b. lariter & celeriter*, signifying mo-  
tion of equal jocundity and velocity.

*Hodge-podge*—A culinary mixture of heterogeneous  
ingredients, applied metaphorically to all  
discordant combinations.

\* \* \* \* \*

Philological disquisitions are but ill adapted to the  
readers of a fugacious paper. Having, therefore,  
already given a sufficient indication of my purpose to  
the philosopher, the academic, and the scholar, I  
shall at present add no further interpretations; but  
in order to convince the learned of the necessity and  
importance of the work announced to them, I shall  
somewhat enlarge the catalogue of terms that demand  
explication; which, like base metal among legiti-  
mate coin, have, by long usage, become current in  
our language; and without which the commerce of  
the world, or even the traffic of letters, can with  
difficulty be maintained either with profit or delecta-  
tion. To explain them may be some glory: it

would be more substantial fame to contribute to their extirpation.

## C A T A L O G U E.

Wishy-wathy,	Hoddy-doddy,
Mess-medley,	Niddy-noddy,
Fiddle-faddle,	Huff-bluff,
Slap-dash,	Tory-rory,
Slap-bang,	Whisky-frisky,
Hum-drum,	Snickersnee,
Harum-scarum,	Tuzzy-muzzy,
Rantum-scantum,	Gimminy-gomminy,
Pit-pat,	Wig-wam,
Chit-chat,	Flin flin,
Prittle-prattle,	Namby-pamby,
Holly-toity,	Hob or Nob,
Tip-top,	Bamboozle,
Bubble-bubble,	Hurdy-gurdy,
Humpty-dumpty,	Hum-strum,
Hugger-mugger,	Diddle-daddle,
Hiccius-docius,	Humbug,
Shiddlecum-sh—e,	Snip-snap,
Knick-nack,	Full-but,
Pell-mell,	Fal-lal,
Whipper-snapper,	Rolly-poly, &c. &c.

It is easy, from this specimen, to suppose extension and amplification. Printed authorities will be subjoined

subjoined as vouchers, for the existence of every term and word that shall be cited, and its various significations, where there are more than one, properly explained. He who writes the dictionary of any tongue, may be considered as labouring in a coal-mine: but he who collects the refuse of a language, claims more than ordinary commiseration, and may be said to sift the cinders.

LEXIPHANES.

## A PERSIAN SONG,

TRANSLATED BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

**SWEET** maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,  
And bid these arms thy neck infold;  
That rosy cheek, that lily hand  
Would give thy poet more delight  
Than all Bócara's vaunted gold,  
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon \* liquid ruby flow,  
And bid thy pensive heart be glad.  
Whate'er the frowning zealots say,  
Tell them their Eden cannot flow  
A stream so clear as Roenabad,  
A bow'r so sweet as Mofellay.

\* A melead ruby is a common periphrasis for wine in the Persian poetry. See Hafez, Ode 22.

Oh ! when these fair, perfidious maids,  
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,  
 Their dear destructive charms display,  
 Each glance my tender breast invades,  
 And robs my wounded soul of rest,  
 As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow ;  
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,  
 New lustre to those charms impart ?  
 Can cheeks where living roses blow,  
 Where nature spreads her richest dye,  
 Require the borrow'd gloss of art ?

Speak not of fate—ah ! change the theme,  
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,  
 Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom :  
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream ;  
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,  
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless pow'r,  
 That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame\*  
 Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy :  
 For her how fatal was the hour,  
 When to the banks of Nilus came,  
 † A youth so lovely and so coy !

\* Zelcikha, Potiphar's wife.

† Joseph.

But, ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear;  
 (Youth should attend when those advise  
 Whom long experience renders sage)  
 While music charms the ravish'd ear,  
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,  
 Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!  
 And yet, by heav'n, I love thee still:  
~~Can aught be cruel from thy lip?~~  
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word,  
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,  
~~Which nought but drops of honey sip?~~

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,  
 Like orient pearls at random strung;  
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,  
 But, oh! far sweeter, if they please,  
 The nymph for whom these notes are sung.



## FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The following performance, though bearing the name of a most respectable writer, has been some time handed about in manuscript as the production of an excellent Hibernian dramatic author. \* It has been frequently copied, and given to particular friends, by one of whom an imperfect transcript was committed to the press in Ireland. As it has been much sought after, you will oblige many of your readers by inserting this *jeu d'esprit* more correct than it has hitherto appeared. The author of it, who is known to entertain sentiments of the highest respect for the person whose name he waggishly assumes, will pardon the liberty taken with his work, when he reflects on the number of persons to whom the reading of it will afford entertainment.

I am, &amp;c.

J. P. D.

## A TOUR TO CELBRIDGE,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE love of variety is a passion naturally implanted in the human breast, nor perhaps is the rational segregated from the brute creature, by any more discernible discrimination than an eager desire to visit different countries, to explore new objects,

\* Mr. Jephson,

and



and to accumulate fresh materials for the variability of contemplative investigation. Sir Thomas Brown says, that were the regions of his second state of existence left to his election, he would choose to be the inhabitant of a planet, rather than of a fixed star. Without staying to examine, whether there is not more of humour than solidity in this whimsical preference, we may venture to pronounce that the faculties of the mind stagnate by confinement, and that change of place will naturally produce vicissitude of ideas. There is, besides, this certain advantage in travelling; it makes us independent of other mens labour; observation rescues from prejudice, teaches to moderate credulity, and assists to detect imposition. I was naturally led to these reflections by a retrospect to the occurrences of a day lately spent in the vicinage of Dublin. Having visited every thing worthy the notice of a stranger in the metropolis of Ireland, and being fatigued by conviviality without conversation, society without selection, constitutional bumpers, and stale anecdotes, I determined to explore the banks of the Liffey, and to search among the annicolists for that entertainment which eluded my pursuit in the urbanity of the capital; letters, which the officiousness of friends, rather than any solicitation on my part, had put into my hands at my leaving London, served to introduce me among

N 6

others



others to two ladies who happened to be at that time resident in Dublin. The name of Mrs. Greville is too well known in the world of taste and fashion to depend for celebrity on the perishable memorial of a fugitive itinerary; and Mrs. Jephson possesses all the powers of captivation, without brandishing any of the weapons of allurements. I had scarcely intimated to these ladies my satiety of the town, and my wish for a rural excursion, when Mrs. Greville offered me a place in her coach, which had been just ordered to the door to convey Mrs. Jephson, a dignified clergyman, then present, and herself, to the seat of Colonel Marlay, at Celbridge. The clergyman I afterwards found to be the brother of Colonel Marlay, whose villa was to be the Calpe of our peregrination; as I liked the company I did not hesitate to accept the accommodation. Though we passed with a rapid velocity over little more than three leagues of high road to Celbridge, I observed many stately mansions, many well disposed enclosures, and more towering plantations than any eye but that of a native of Scotland could discover in the black circumference of the whole Caledonian horizon. The pleasure I received from the transient contemplation of such scenes, was often interrupted by the sight of tattered mendicants, who crawled from their hamlets of mud on the way side, to howl for charity, or to gaze in



in torpid suspension at the ordinary phenomenon of a passing equipage. National reflections are always illiberal, and often ill-founded; the poverty of the lower class of people in Ireland is generally imputed to laziness; but sagacity will not rest satisfied with such a solution, especially when it is considered that the risk of a halter is intuitively preferable to the certainty of famine, and that the rags of these miserable bipeds might be mended with less trouble than they are worn; and in a shorter time than, if they are shaken off, they can again be indued. This remark must however occur to every sojourner in Ireland, that the transitions in the scale of opulence are by means gradual as in England, from abundance to competency, from luxury to convenience, from the elegancies to the necessities of life; but from superfluities to indigence, from the riot of profusion to the foulest dregs of squalidity and wretchedness; so that there seems to be few intermediate links in the great descending chain of property. When the strepituousness of total progression rendered the modulation of ordinary discourse inaudible, the ladies and the dean hast recourse to song, that we might not rely solely for our entertainment on the gratification of vision; the dean began by chaunting some verses of a sublime anthem, in a strain of harmony, which might have excited extraordinary emotions in a Webster



ster or a Manzuoli; the ladies, who joined in the  
 chorus, assured me, he was a perfect master of the  
 scientific part of music, and my auditory organs did  
 justice to his powers of vocal execution: by degrees  
 the serious tenor of sacred melody was exchanged for  
 the lighter airs of the Beggar's Opera; and before  
 we reached the Cherry-tree (a magnificent public-  
 house at the village of Lucan, within a league of  
 Celbridge) our small company had vocalized all the  
 songs in the opera in such a manner as I never heard  
 them executed upon any theatre in London. An  
 overturn, occasioned by our coachman's driving over  
 some pigs and children who were lying together in  
 the middle of the road, obliged us to descend from  
 our vehicle at the Cherry-tree. While the carriage  
 was refitting, and the ladies re-adjusting their dresses,  
 which had suffered some discomposure from the acci-  
 dent, I entered into conversation with the publican.  
 I was naturally led to make some enquiries about the  
 place I was going to visit, and the character of the  
 owner. The substance of my host's information was,  
 that Celbridge was reckoned one of the most beauti-  
 ful villas on the river; but esquire Connolly's was  
 the grandest seat in the whole world: the colonel,  
 he told me, had long served in the army with great  
 reputation, and had quitted it on some disgust, or to  
 have more leisure for the business of agriculture in  
 which

which he takes great delight, and is very skilful. His cloathing was of goats-skins fastened together with leather thongs, and girt round the middle by a gash, which he had worn in all the late wars. Since his retirement he had never shaved his beard, which hung below his waist, and was quite white, though his age was but little on the dusky side of fifty. His love of sequestration being generally known, his gate was seldom besieged with idle visitors, and many were deterred from approaching it by the fear of a twelve pounder planted at the orifice of a side-wall, commanding the entrance to the mansion; this piece of ordnance being loaded up to the muzzle with boiled potatoes, spontaneously discharged its vegetable ammunition in the faces of all who laid hold of his knocker without business or invitation.

This account was so choaked with colloquial barbarism and idiomatic anomaly, that I had some trouble to select a little grain of the narrator's meaning from the rank exuberance of his unweeded diction. In a short time afterwards we set forwards, and arrived at the place of our destination. My curiosity was first excited by the aperture in the wall, which might have been intended for the purpose mentioned by my communicative landlord; but as the party came by invitation, I had little fear of suffering by any sudden explosion.

Colonel

Colonel Marlay met us soon after our entrance, and received us with that polite and disengaged affability more proper to the character of a soldier and a gentleman than to the savage rusticity of discontent and solitude.

Though it is too commonly the practice of compilers of journals to swell their meagre pages with unimportant events and trivial circumstances, to present little to the reader but what was too obvious to escape notice, or too insignificant to deserve it : yet I shall not think the little dignity of these sheets impaired by a particular description of this gentleman's dress and figure. By comparing the authenticity of ocular knowledge with the fallaciousness of legendary rumour, conviction will at last find her sober medium between the dangerous austerity of heterodox rejection, and the despicable acquiescence of passive credulity. The beard excepted, which hung thick, long, and albescent below his breast, there was no circumstance of singularity in the colonel's appearance. He wore his hair in the military fashion, tied behind with a ribbon ; a bright garnet-coloured cloth, ornamented with a well-fancied brass button, was his superior tegument ; over a tunic of silk proper for the solstitial season, and elegantly wrought in the tambour with variegated embroidery of flowers and foliage ; from below the genual articulation to the succedent

cated division of the body, he was covered with ~~ash-~~  
 coloured Indian linen, of a tenuity almost transpa-  
 rent, through which the contour of femoral rotundity  
 filled the eye with a satisfactory plumpness. Minutiae  
 like these might probably have escaped my notice,  
 had they not seemed greatly to attract the attention  
 of the ladies. It is natural to look at what we see  
 others examine. Besides I was summoned to more  
 than a superficial survey by the accounts I had just  
 received from him of the Cherry-tree.—Were I able  
 to recollect or describe the particular scite and com-  
 binations of objects which constitute the beauties of  
 Celbridge, I should not scruple upon the whole to  
 pronounce it beautiful. Impressions from things which  
 environ us generally precede examination of their  
 cause; the philosopher may, if he pleases, contend  
 that the heat is not in the fire; but in the body which  
 it consumes or warms. Yet when any grateful revo-  
 lution is wrought almost instantaneously in our inter-  
 nal sensations, we must conclude, that such effect  
 has been produced less by our disposition to receive  
 pleasure at the time, than by the aptitude of the ob-  
 jects around us to excite it. Scarcely had I taken a  
 survey of the place from a spot of some eminence,  
 when I found a complacent serenity, a mellow com-  
 posure of thought, like genial sunshine, diffused all  
 over my frame. The lively sallies of my companions  
 of



of the way, poignant without malice, and frolicksome without fatuity, had occasioned some paroxysms of hilarity, that bordered upon turbulence, but these spasms of the mind were immediately tranquilised by the placidness of the scene before me. I felt pleasure without irritation, and in the sedateness of contentment lost all appetite for the delirium of extasy. I could not indeed forbear laying hold of the fair hand of one of the ladies, and crying out with the enamoured Gallus,

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycoris :*

*Hic nemus : hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.*

My Lycoris, seeming to conceive the full force of this passionate distich, with an amiable subrision of countenance, led me forward to a spot at no great distance, called the island. We passed into it over a bridge of one small arch ; it is nearly triangular in form, contains about five acres of Irish mensuration, and is thus completely insulated. On one side flows the main course of the river Liffey, and on the other a stream branches from the river, and being forced above its level by mounds, contains a sufficient weight of the fluid thus compressed, to circumvolute a mill-wheel for the comminution of corn ; near one angle of the base, and at no great distance from the mill, the



the shining surface of the water in its course forms a cascade by breaking over its rampart; down the side of this it falls in one pellucid sheet, and disdaining the opposition of the rock, beneath it, hurries on with foaming precipitation to rejoin the parent river, from whence it seems to have been reluctantly separated. The island is little indebted for variety to any inequality in its surface; yet the water with which it is environed, the intermixture of forest trees and odorous shrubs with which it is planted, and the healthful verdure of the turf, where it is unsheltered, conspire to bestow upon it a very captivating amenity. Some part of the estate of Celbridge, with the mansion, and this island, belonged once (as I am informed) to Mrs. Vanhomrigh; a name which perhaps might have been preserved only in some musty title deed, had not Swift conferred immortality on the female who bore it, by substituting for the dissonant Batavian, the softer poetical denomination of Vanessa. Close to the stream I was shewed this lady's bower; it is umbrageous and refrigeratory, obliged to a small degree of art for having conducted some luxuriant branches of the marginal trees for a canopy, for raising a bank of earth by way of seat, covered with such flowers as delight in the shade, and for having placed there a few wooden benches about the size of  
the

the human body; these have fallen to the ground less in appearance through the lapse of time, than from the reiterated impulse of external concussion. The laurel tree is the only standard evergreen here, and flourishes near the bower in great abundance——

Whether it was mentioned to me seriously by dean Marlay, or was only the extemporaneous effusion of female pleasantry, I cannot now precisely determine, but I think I heard that Vanessa, when mistress of Celbridge, had put down a laurel for a very brilliant couplet, of which Dr. Swift, for her own vanity, told her she was the subject, and he the author. Had the subsequent possessors of Celbridge with counteractive industry deracinated a laurel for every distich published by the posthumous editors, disgraceful to the memory of that singular genius, the island of Celbridge would be destitute of a laurel. We left the bower, the laurels, and the island, and proceeded to an irregular bridge of I know not how many arches. From the central part of this bridge, some miles of the river, and the gentle declivities of the ground, appear to great advantage. Colonel Marlay possesses a considerable tract on each side of the river, a circumstance of distinguished advantage, as the view from either bank cannot be prejudiced by the malicious hostilities of an opposite neighbour, nor by a cause less reprehensible, though more to be apprehended,

the vicious appetite for altering the landscapes of nature without genius to embellish them. As both shores call him master, he can sleep secure without the fear that his verdant banks will be tortured into terrace, the winding stream quadrated into fish-ponds; that hares and grey-hounds of lead may take their eternal station in the fields before him; or that a white-washed Neptune will be for ever recumbent in his sight upon an urn like a bagpipe, from which can issue neither moisture nor melody.

While I was admiring the fantastical ramifications of some umbelliferous plants that hung over the margin of the Liffey, the fallacious bank, imperceptibly corroded by the moist tooth of the fluid, gave way beneath my feet, and I was suddenly submerged to some fathoms of profundity; presence of mind in constitutions not naturally timid is generally in proportion to the imminence of the peril; having never learned to move through the water in horizontal progression, had I desponded, I had perished; but being for a moment rais'd above the element by my struggles, or by some felicitous casualty, I was sensible of the danger, and instantly embraced the means of extrication; a cow at the moment of my lapse had entered the stream within the distance of a protruded arm, and being in the act of transverse navigation

navigation to seek the pasture of the opposite bank, I laid hold on that part of the animal which is loosely pendant behind, and is form'd by a continuation of the vertebræ; in this manner I was safely conveyed to a fordable passage, not without some delectation from the sense of progress without effort on my part, and the exhilarating approximation of more than problematical deliverance. Though in some respect I resemble the pilot of *Gyas jam senior madidaque fluens in veste*; yet my companions, unlike the barbarous Phrygian spectators, forbore to acerbitate the uncountness of embarrassment; shrieks of complorance testified sorrow for my submersion, and safety was made more pleasant by the felicitations of sympathy; as the was over, I took no umbrage at a little risibility excited by the feculency of my visage, upon which the cow had discharged her graminous digestion in a very ludicrous abundance; about this time the bell summoned us to dinner, and as the cutaneous contact of irrigated garments is neither pleasant nor salubrious, I was easily persuaded by the ladies, to divest myself of mine; colonel Marlay obligingly accommodated me with a loose covering of camblet; I found it commodious and more agreeable than the many compressive ligatures of modern drapery. That their might be no violation of decorum,

corum, I took care to have the loose robe fastened close before with small cylindrical wires, which the dainty fingers of the ladies easily removed from their own dress, and inserted into mine at such proper intervals as to leave no aperture that could awaken the susceptibility of temperament, or provoke the ecstasies of levity.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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