

THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

FOR
W I T.

BEING A COLLECTION OF
JUGITIVE PIECES, IN PROSE AND VERSE,
NOT IN ANY OTHER COLLECTION.

WITH

SEVERAL PIECES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

A NEW EDITION,
CORRECTED, AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED,
IN SIX VOLUMES.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR J. DEBRETT, OPPOSITE BURLING
TON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.
M DCC LXXXVI.

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Contents of the Third Volume.

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THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
FOR
W I T.

THE COUNTRY GIRL;
A N * O D E.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, K. B.

THE country girl that's well inclin'd
To love, when the young 'squire grows kind,
Doubts between joy and ruin;
Now will, and now will not comply,
To raptures now her pulse beats high,
And now she fears undoing.

* Written on the change of the Ministry in 1742, when
William Pulteney, Esq; was created Earl of Bath.

Vol. III.

B

But

But when the lover, with his pray'rs,
 His oaths, his sighs, his vows, and tears,
 Holds out the proffer'd treasure ;
 She quite forgets her fear and shame,
 And quits her virtue, and good name,
 For profit mixt with pleasure.

So virtuous Pulteney, who had long,
 By speech, by pamphlet, and by song,
 Held patriotism's steerage,
 Yields to ambition mixt with gain,
 A treasury gets for * Harry Vane,
 And for himself a peerage.

Tho' with joint lives and debts before,
 Harry's estate was covered o'er,
 This Irish place repairs it ;
 Unless that story should be true,
 That he receives but half his due,
 And the new Countess shares it.

'Tis said, besides, that t'other || Harry
 Pays half the fees of Secretary
 To Bath's ennobled doxy ;
 If so—good use of pow'r she makes,
 The Treasury of each kingdom takes,
 And holds them both by proxy.

* Made Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.

|| Henry Furness, made Secretary to the Treasury,

Whilst her dear Lord obeys his summons,
 And leaves the noisy House of Commons,
 Amongst the Lords to nod ;
 Where, if he's better than of old,
 His hands perhaps a stick may hold,
 But never more a rod.

Unheard of, let him slumber there,
 As innocent as any peer,
 As prompt for any job :
 For now he's popular no more,
 Has lost the power he had before,
 And his best friends the mob.

Their fav'rites shou'dn't soar so high,
 They fail 'em when too near the sky,
 Like Icarus's wings ;
 And popularity is such,
 As still is ruin'd by the touch
 Of gracious-giving kings.

Here then, O Bath ! thy empire ends,
 Argyll with his Tory friends
 Soon better days restore ;
 For Enoch's fate and thine are one,
 Like him translated thou art gone,
 Ne'er to be heard of more.

A NEW ODE

TO A GREAT NUMBER OF GREAT MEN,
NEWLY MADE. BY THE SAME.

Jam nova progenies.

SEE, a new progeny descends
From Heav'n, of Britain's truest friends :
Oh Muse, attend my call !
To one of these direct thy flight,
Or, to be sure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

O Clio ! these are golden times ;
I shall get money for my rhymes ;
And thou no more go tatter'd :
Make haste then, lead the way, begin,
For here are people just come in
Who never yet were flatter'd.

But first to Carteret fain you'd sing ;
Indeed he's nearest to the King,
Yet careless how you use him ;
Give him, I beg, no labour'd lays ;
He will but promise if you praise,
And laugh if you abuse him.

Then

Then (but there's a vast space betwixt)
 The new-made Earl of Bath comes next,
 * Stiff in his popular pride ;
 His step, his gait, describe the man ;
 They paint him better than I can,
 Waddling from side to side.

Each hour a different face he wears,
 Now in a fury, now in tears,
 Now laughing, now in sorrow ;
 Now he'll command, and now obey,
 Bellows for liberty to-day,
 And roars for pow'r to-morrow.

At noon the Tories had him tight,
 With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at night,
 Each party try'd to've won him ;
 But he himself did so divide,
 Shuffled and cut from side to side,
 That now both parties shun him.

See yon old, dull, important * Lord,
 Who at the long'd-for money-board
 Sits first, but does not lead :
 His younger brethren all things make ;
 So that the Treasury's like a snake,
 And the tail moves the head.

* Lord Wilmington.

Why did you cross God's good intent ?

He made you for a President ;

Back to that station go :

Nor longer act this farce of power,

We know you mis'd the thing before*,

And have not got it now.

See valiant Cobham, valorous Stair,

Britain's two thunderbolts of war,

Now strike my ravish'd eye :

But oh ! their strength and spirits flown,

They, like their conquering swords, are grown

Rusty with laying by.

§ Dear Bat, I'm glad you've got a place,

And since things thus have chang'd their face,

You'll give opposing o'er :

'Tis comfortable to be in,

And think what a damn'd while you've been,

Like Peter, at the door.

* Upon the accession of George II. when it was the design of the Court to encrease the Civil List, Lord Wilmington, who was President of the Council, was offered the Treasury, if he would undertake that measure. His Lordship was afraid: upon which Sir Robert Walpole accepted the post, with that condition, and performed his promise.

§ The first Lord Bathurst, appointed Captain of the Band of Pensioners.

See

See who comes next—I kiss thy hands,
 But not in flattery, * Samuel Sandys ;
 For since you are in power,
 That gives you knowledge, judgment, parts,
 The courtier's wiles, the statesman's arts,
 Of which you'd none before.

When great impending dangers shook
 Its state, old Rome dictators took
 Judiciously from plough :
 So we, (but a pinch thou knowest)
 To make the highest of the lowest,
 Th' Exchequer gave to you.

When in your hands the seals you found,
 Did they not make your brains go round ?
 Did they not turn your head ?
 I fancy (but you hate a joke)
 You felt as Nell did when she woke
 In Lady Loverule's bed.

See Harry Vane in pomp appear,
 And, since he's made Vice-Treasurer,
 Grown taller by some inches :

* Made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

See * Tweeddale follow ‡ Carteret's call;
 See Hanoverian § Gower, and all
 The black funereal & Finches.

And see with that important face
 Berenger's clerk, to take his place,
 Into the Treasury come :
 With pride and meanness act thy part,
 Thou look'st the very thing thou art,
 Thou Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

Oh my poor country ! is this all
 You've gain'd by the long labour'd fall
 Of Walpole and his tools ?
 He was a knave indeed—what then ?
 He'd parts—but this new set of men
 A'n't only knaves, but fools.

More changes, better times this isle
 Demands : oh ! Chesterfield, Argyll,
 To bleeding Britain bring 'em :
 Unite all hearts, appease each storm ;
 'Tis yours such actions to perform,
 My pride shall be to sing 'em.

* Secretary of State for Scotland.

‡ Secretary of State for England.

§ Lord Privy Seal.

& First Lord of the Admiralty, Vice Chamberlain, &c.

AN ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM EARL OF BATH.

BY THE SAME.

*Neque enim lex justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

*Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi somnos adimunt; amatque
Janua limen.*

Ec. Ec. Ec.

HOR. Lib. I. Ode xxv.

GREAT Earl of Bath, your reign is o'er;
The Tories trust your word no more,
The Whigs no longer fear you;
Your gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
No crouds of coaches fill your yard,
And scarce a soul comes near you.

Few now aspire to your good graces,
Scarce any sue to you for places,
Or come with their petition,
To tell how well they have deserv'd,
How long, how steadily they starv'd
For you in opposition.

Expect to see that tribe no more,
 Since all mankind perceive that pow'r
 Is lodg'd in other hands :
 Sooner to Carteret now they'll go,
 Or ev'n (though that's excessive low)
 To Wilmington or Sandys.

With your obedient wife retire,
 And sitting silent by the fire,
 A sullen *tête à tête* ;
 Think over all you've done or said,
 And curse the hour that you were made
 Unprofitably great.

With vapours there, and spleen o'ercast,
 Reflect on all your actions past,
 With sorrow and contrition ;
 And there enjoy the thoughts that rise
 From disappointed avarice,
 From frustrated ambition.

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain,
 Of your deserting friends complain,
 That visit you no more ;
 But in this country 'tis a truth,
 As known as that love follows youth,
 That friendship follows pow'r.

Such

Such is the calm of your retreat !
 You through the dregs of life must sweat
 Beneath this heavy load ;
 And I'll attend you, as I've done,
 Only to help reflection on,
 With now and then an ode.

THE STATESMAN.

BY THE SAME.

*Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra, vel acti
 Tibia sumes celebrare, Clio ?
 Quem deum ? &c*

HOR. Lib. I. Ode xii.

WHAT statesman, what hero, what king,
 Whose name through the island is spread,
 Will you chuse, O my Clio ! to sing,
 Of all the great, living or dead ?

Go, my Muse, from this place to Japan,
 In search of a topic for rhyme :
 The great Earl of Bath is the man,
 Who deserves to employ your whole time.

But, howe'er, as the subject is nice,
 And perhaps you're unfurnish'd with matter,
 May it please you to take my advice,
 That you mayn't be suspected to flatter.

When you touch on his Lordship's high birth,
 Speak Latin as if you were tipsy :
 Say, we are all the sons of the earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew ;
 Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties.
 You may say, he is married ; that's true :
 Yet speak not a word of his Countess.

Leave a blank here and there in each page
 To enroll the fair deeds of his youth !
 When you mention the acts of his age,
 Leave a blank for his honour and truth !

Say, he made a great monarch change hands ;
 He spake — and the minister fell.
 Say, he made a great statesman of Sandys ;
 (Oh ! that he had taught him to *spen* !)

Then enlarge on his cunning and wit :
 Say, how he harangu'd at the Fountain ;
 Say, how the old patriots were bit,
 And a mouse was produc'd by a mountain.

Then say, how he mark'd the new year,
 By encreasing our taxes, and stocks :
 Then say, how he chang'd to a peer,
 Fit companions for Edgcumbe and Fox.

A NEW ODE.

BY THE SAME.

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?*

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 7.

WHAT (good Lord Bath) prim patriot now
With courtly graces woes thee?
And from St. Stephen's Chapel to
The House of Lords pursues thee?

How gay and debonnair you're grown!
How pleas'd with what is past!
Your title has your judgment shewn,
And choice of friends your taste.

With sparkling wits to entertain
Yourself and your good Countess,
You've hit on sweet lip'd Harry Vane,
And high bred Harry Furness.

But to direct the affairs of state,
What geniuses you've taken!
Their talents, like their virtues, great
Or all the world's mistaken.

The task was something hard, 'tis true,
Which you had on your hands ;
So, to please prince and people too,
You wisely pitched on Sandys.

O Britain ! never any thing
Could so exactly hit you :
His mien and manners charm'd the king,
His parts amaz'd the city.

But to make all things of a piece,
And end as you begun ;
To find a genius such as his,
What was there to be done ?

O where—where were he to be found ?
Such stars but rare appear !
Dart not their rays on ev'ry ground,
Gild ev'ry hemisphere.

But you with astronomic eyes,
Not Tycho Brahe's more true,
From far spy'd some bright orbs arise,
And brought them to our view.

* Sir John's clear head and sense profound
Blaz'd out in parliament ;
Gibbons, for eloquence renown'd,
To grace the court was sent.

* Sir John Ruthout.

To these congenial souls you join'd
 Some more, as choice and proper,
 Bright Bootle, darling of mankind!
 Good Limerick—and sage Hooper.

Such virtue and such wisdom shone
 In ev'ry chosen spirit!
 All men at least this truth must own,
 Your nice regard to merit!

What pray'rs and praise to you belong,
 For this blest reformation!
 Thou joy of ev'ry heart and tongue!
 Thou favour of the nation!

O Walpole, Walpole, blush for shame!
 With all your tools around you!
 Does not each glorious patriot name
 Quite dazzle and confound you?

Had you fought out this patriot race,
 Triumphant still you'd been;
 By only putting them in place,
 You had yourself kept in.

A N O D E,

FROM THE EARL OF BATH TO AMBITION.

BY THE SAME.

Peccat ad extremum ridendus.

AWAY, Ambition ! let me rest ;
 All party rage forfake my breast,
 And opposition cease.
 Arm me no more for future strife,
 Pity my poor remains of life,
 And give my age its peace.

I'm not the man you knew before,
 For I am Pulteney now no more,
 My titles hide my name.
 (Oh how I blush to own my case !)
 My dignity was my disgrace,
 And I was rais'd to shame.

To thee I sacrific'd my youth,
 Gave up my honour, friendship, truth,
 My king and country's weal.
 For thee I sinn'd against my reason ;
 The daily lie, the weekly treason,
 Proclaim'd by zeal.

For thee I ruin'd Orford's pow'r ;
 Oh ! had I well employ'd that hour,
 My reign had known no end :
 But then, (oh fool !) like Brutus, I
 Left able, pow'rful Antony,
 T'avenge his fallen friend.

He drives me to this abject state,
 And still he urges on my fate,
 And heaps my measure full :
 All Orford's wrongs are now repaid
 I'm fall'n into the pit I made,
 And roar in my own bull.

Leave me, and to great Varus go,
 On him resistless smiles bestow,
 Inflame his kindled heat :
 Display thy pow'r, thy temptings shew,
 Thy glorious height, the sunny brow,
 With all that charm and cheat.

Varus, on whom, while yet a child,
 You, Goddess, favourably smil'd,
 And form'd him for your tool ;
 Bid him the path of Greatness try,
 Teach him to conquer or to die,
 To ruin, or to rule.

Here all my views of greatness cease,
 I only ask content and peace,
 Which I will never barter
 For all the gifts that you can show'r;
 The pride of wealth, the pomp of pow'r,
 Employments and a garter.

But at that word what thoughts return!
 Again I feel Ambition burn,
 My dreams, my hopes obey;
 There all my wishes crown'd I feel,
 Enjoy the ribband, treas'ry, seal,
 Which vanish with the day.

SANDYS AND JEKYLL.

A NEW BALLAD.

BY THE SAME

Obstupuit steteruntque comæ.

VIRG.

'T WAS at the silent, solemn hour,
 When night and morning meet,
 In glided Jekyll's grimly ghost,
 And stood at Sandys's feet.

His face was like a winter's day,
 Clad in November's frown;
 And clay-cold was his shrivel'd hand,
 That held his tuck'd-up gown.

Sandys

quak'd with fear, th' effects of guilt,
 Whom thus the shade bespoke ;
 And with a mournful, hollow voice,
 The dreadful silence broke.

“ The night-owl shrieks, the raven croaks,
 The midnight bell now tolls ;
 Behold thy late departed friend,
 The Master of the Rolls !

And tho' by Death's prevailing hand
 My form may alter'd be ;
 Death cannot make so great a change,
 As times have wrought in thee.

Think of the part you're acting, Sandys,
 And think where it will end ;
 Think you have made a thousand foes,
 And have not gain'd one friend.

Oft hast thou said, our cause was good,
 Yet you that cause forsook ;
 Oft against places hast thou rail'd,
 And yet a place you took.

'Gainst those how often hast thou spoke,
 With whom you now assent !
 The court how oft hast thou abus'd,
 And yet to court you went !

How could you ~~we~~ for war with Spain
Yet make that war to cease?

How could you weep for England's debts,
Yet make those debts increase?

How could you swear your country's good
Was all your wish, or fear?

And how could I, old doating fool,
Believe you was sincere?

Thou art the cause why I appear
(From blissful regions drawn);
Why teeming graves cast up their dead,
And why the church-yards yawn,

Is owing all to thee, thou wretch!
The bill thou hast brought in
Opens this mouth, tho' clos'd by Death,
To thunder against Gin.

If of good-nature any spark
Within thee ~~thou~~ canst find,
Regard the message that I bring,
Have mercy on mankind!

But oh! from thy relentless heart,
The horrid day I see,
When thy mean hand shall overturn
The good design'd by me.

Riot and slaughter once again
 Shall their career begin,
 And every parish suckling babe
 Again be nurs'd with Gin.

The foldiers from each cellar drunk
 Shall scatter ruin far ;
 Gin shall intoxicate them, and
 Let slip those dogs of war.

This proves thee, Sandys, thy country's foe,
 And Defolation's friend.
 What can thy project be in this ?
 And what can be thy end ?

Is it, that, conscious of thy worth,
 Thy sense, thy parts, thy weight,
 Thou know'st this nation must be drunk
 Ere it can think thee great ?

Too high, poor wren ! hast thou been borne
 On Pulteney's eagle wings :
 Thou wert not form'd for great affairs,
 Nor made to talk with kings.

But where's thy hate to court and pow'r,
 Thy patriotism, Sandys ?
 Think'st thou that gown adorns thy shape,
 That purse becomes thy hands ?

As when the fox upon the ground
 A tragic mask espy'd,
 Oh ! what a spacious front is here !
 But where's the brains ? he cry'd.

So thou a Lord of Treasury
 And Chancellor art made ;
 Sir Robert's place, and robe, and seal,
 Thou hast ; but where's his head ?

Thou'rt plac'd by far too high ; in vain
 To keep your post you strive ;
 In vain, like Phaeton, attempt
 A chariot you can't drive.

Each act you do, betrays your parts,
 And tends to your undoing ;
 Each speech you make your dulness shews,
 And certifies your ruin.

Think not like oaks to stand on high,
 And brave the storms that blow ;
 But, like the reed, bend to the earth,
 And, to be safe, be low.

Poor in thyself, each party's joke,
 Each trifling songster's sport,
 Pelham supports thee in the House,
 The Earl of Bath at Court.

These

These are the men, that push thee on
 In thy own nature's smite ;
 So, like the moon, if thou could'st shine
 'Twould be by borrow'd light.

But soft, I scent the morning air,
 The glow-worm pales his light ;
Farquhar, remember me, it cry'd,
 And vanish'd out of sight."

Sandys trembling rose, frighted to death,
 Of knowledge quite bereft,
 And has, since that unhappy night,
 Nor sense, nor mem'ry left.

G I L E S E A R L E,
 AND
 † G E O R G E B U B B D O D D I N G T O N,
 ESQRS.

A D I A L O G U E.

BY THE SAME.

E. MY dear Pall-Mall, I hear you're got in favour,
 And please the Duke by your late damn'd beha-
 viour ;

* Chairman of the contested elections.

† Created Lord Melcombe in the first batch of Peers by Geo. III.

I live with Walpole, you live at his Grace's,
And thus, thank Heav'n, we have exchange'd our
places.

D. Yes, on the great Argyll I often wait,
At chaming Sudbrook, or in Bruton-street ;
In wit or politics, he's good at either ;
We pass our independent hours together.

E. By G—d that's heavenly : so in town you talk,
And round the groves at charming Sudbrook walk,
And hear the cuckow, and the linnet sing ;
L—d G—d ! that's vastly pleasant in the spring.

D. Dear witty Marlbro'-street, for once be wise,
Nor happiness, you never knew, despise :
You ne'er enjoy'd the triumph of disgrace,
Nor felt the dignity of loss of place.

E. Not lost my place ! yes, but I did, by G—d,
Tho' your description of it's very odd :
I felt no triumph, felt no dignity ;
I cry'd, and so did all my family.

D. What, shed a tear because you lost your place ?
Sure thou'rt the lowest of the lowest race :
Gods ! is there not in politics a time,
When keeping places is the greatest crime ?

E. Yes,

E. Yes sure, that doctrine I hav' earn't long since;
I once resign'd my place about the Prince:
But then I did it for a better thing,
And got by that the Green Cloth to the King.

D. Thou hast no taste to popular applause,
Who follow those that join in virtue's cause:
Argyll and I am prais'd by every tongue,
The burden of each free-born British song.

E. You, and the Duke, d'ye — you're popular?
By G—d they lye that tell you that you are:
Great Walpole now has got the Nation's voice,
The people's idol, and their monarch's choice.

D. When the excise scheme shall no more be blam'd;
When the convention shall no more be nam'd;
Then shall your Minister, and not till then,
Be popular, with unbrib'd Englishmen.

E. The excise, and the convention! d——n your
b——d,
You voted for them both, and thought them good;
Or did not like the triumph of disgrace,
And gave up your opinion, not your place.

D. To freedom and Argyll I turn my eyes;
For them I feel, by them I hope to rise;

And after years in ignominy spent,
I own my crime, and blush, and dare repent.

E. Sir, of repentance there's one charming kind,
And that's the voluntary only, and resign'd :
Your's is a damn'd, reluctant, forc'd repentance,
A Newgate malefactor's after-sentence ;
Who sighs, because he's lost the power to sin,
As you repent, that you no longer in.
But since we're rhyming, for once pray hear me,
While I like other poets, prophesy.
Whenever Walpole dies, and not before,
Then may Argyll come into pow' ;
And when he has been paid his long arrear,
And got once more 9000l. a year,
When ev'ry Campbell that attends his Grace,
Shall be return'd to parliament and place ;
When ev'ry Scotchman in his train is serv'd,
An Englishman may chance to be preferr'd.
This is a truth, I know it to my cost ;
He best can tell it who has felt it most.

THE HEROES:

A NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of—Sally in our Alley.

BY THE SAME.

OF all the jobs that e'er had past
 Our house, since times of jobbing,
 Sure none was ever like the last,
 Ev'n in the days of Robin :
 For he himself had blush'd for shame
 At this polluted cluster,
 Of fifteen nobles of great fame,
 All brib'd by one false muster.

Two Dukes on horseback first appear,
 Both tall and of great prowess ;
 Two little Barons in the rear,
 (For they're, you know the lowest :)
 But high and low they'll all agree
 To do whatever man dar'd ;
 Those ne'er so tall, and those that fall
 A foot below the standard.

Three regiments one Duke contents,
 With two more places you know ;
 Since his Bath knights, his Grace delights
In Tri-a-junct' in U-no.

Now Bolton comes with beat of drums,
 Tho' fighting be his loathing ;
 He much dislikes both guns and pikes,
 But relishes the cloathing.

Next doth advance, defying France,
 A peer in wond'rous bustle ;
 With sword in hand he stout doth stand,
 And brags his name is Ruffel :
 He'll beat the French from ev'ry trench,
 And blow them off the water ;
 By sea and land he doth command,
 And looks an errant otter.

But of this clan, there's not a man
 For bravery that can be
 (Tho' Anson should make a stir)
 Compar'd with Marquis Granby :
 His sword and dress both well express
 His courage most exceeding ;
 And by his hair, you'd almost swear
 He's valiant Charles of Sweden.

The next are Harcourt, 'Halifax,
 And Falmouth, choice commanders !
 For these the nation we must tax,
 But ne'er send them to Flanders.
 Two corps of men do still remain,
 Earl Cholmondely's and Earl Berkeley's ;
 The last, I hold, not quite so bold,
 As formerly was Herc'les.

And now, dear Gower, thou man of pow'r,
 And comprehensive noddle ;
 Tho' you've the gout, yet as you're stout,
 Why wa'n't you plac'd in saddle :
 Then you might ride to either side,
 Chuse which king you'd serve under ;
 But, dear dragoon, change not too soon,
 For fear of t'other blunder.

This faithful band shall ever stand,
 Defend our Faith's Defender ;
 Shall keep us free from popery,
 The French and the Pretender.
 Now God bless all our Ministry ;
 May they the Crown environ,
 To hold in chain whate'er prince reign,
 And rule with rods of iron !

ISABELLA; OR, THE MORNING.

BY THE SAME.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Duchess of Manchester is represented as rising from breakfast with her parrot, monkey, and lap-dog.—Dicky Bateman comes in with a Staffordshire teapot, with which the Duchess is charmed:——a smile ———She makes a fine speech upon the occasion, which is broken off by General Charles Churchill's coming in.—His character.—His first speech.—The Duchess shows him the teapot.—She tells him of fire-works to be sold at Margus's, which gives him an opportunity of telling a story of some he saw in Flanders. It appears from the very beginning of the story that it could have no end. It is broken off by the entrance of Charles Stanhope.—A smile on his coming in.—His character as a companion.—He gives an account of a polypus. The Duchess long for a polypus. Both the Charles's fall fast asleep, on each side of the Duchess. Contrast between Susanna and the two Elders.—The whole company roused by Lord Lovell's coming into the room.—His character.—He talks of the opera, of Chesterfield and Fanny.—Lady Fanny's looks owing to love.—The General begins the story*

* Lady F. Shirley.

of Miss How. The company's dismay described at the General's beginning a story.—The clock strikes three.—The Duchess rings to dress.—The company rises.—The departure of the company described.

In various talk the instructive hours they past.—MILT.

THE monkey, lap-dog, parrot, and her Grace,
Had each retir'd from breakfast to their place,
When, hark, a knock ! " See, Betty, see who's there."
" 'Tis Mr. Bateman, Ma'am, in his new chair."

" Dicky's new chair ! the charming'st thing in town,
" Whose poles are lacker'd, and whose lining's brown !"
But see, he enters with his shuffling gait ;
" Lord," says her Grace, " how could you be so
late !" }

" I'm sorry, Madam, I have made you wait,"

Bateman reply'd ; " I only staid to bring

" The newest, charming'st, most delightful thing !"

" Oh ! tell me what's the curiosity !

" Oh ! shew it me this instant, or I die !"

To please the noble dame, the courtly 'squire

Pruduc'd a *teapot*, made in Staffordshire :

With eager eyes the longing Duchess stood,

And o'er and o'er the shining bauble view'd.

Such were the joys touch'd young Atrides' breast,

Such all the Grecian host at once express'd,

When from beneath his robe—to all their view,

Laertes' son the fam'd Palladium drew.

So Venus look'd, and with such longing eyes,
 When Paris first produc'd the golden prize.
 "Such work as this," she cries, "can England do?
 It equals Dresden, and excells St. Cloud:
 All modern china now shall hide its head,
 And e'en Chantilly must give o'er the trade.
 For lace let Flanders bear away the bell,
 In finest linen let the Dutch excel;
 For prettiest stuffs let Ireland now be nam'd,
 And for best fancy'd silks let France be fam'd;
 Do thou, thrice happy England! still prepare
 This clay, and build thy fame on earthen-ware."

Much she'd have said, but that again she heard
 The knocker—and the General appear'd.

The Gen'ral! one of those brave old commanders,
 Who serv'd through all the glorious wars in Flanders;
 Frank and good-natur'd, of an honest heart,
 Loving to act the steady friendly part:
 None led through youth a gayer life than he,
 Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee:
 Sweet was his night, and joyful was his day;
 He din'd with Walpole, and with Oldfield lay:
 But with old-age its vices came along,
 And in narration he's extremely long;
 Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
 He each minute particular relates.

If

If you name one of Marlbro's ten campaigns,
 He tells you its whole history for your pains ;
 And Blenheim's field becomes, by his reciting,
 As long in telling as it was in fighting :
 His old desire to please is still express'd ;
 His hat's well cock'd, his periwig's well dress'd :
 He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
 And in the boxes with the beaux appears :
 His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays ;
 Still he looks chearful, still soft things he says ;
 And still rememb'ring that he once was young,
 He strains his crippled knees and struts along.
 The room he entered *smiling* ; which bespoke
 Some worn-out compliment, or thread-bare joke,
 (For not perceiving loss of parts, he yet
 Grasps at the shade of his departed wit.)
 " How does your Grace ? I hope I see you well :
 What a prodigious deal of rain has fell !
 Will the sun never let us see his face ?
 But who can ever want a sun that sees your Grace ! "

" Your servant, Sir—but see what I have got !
 Isn't it a prodigious charming *pot* ?
 And a'n't you vastly glad we make them here,
 For Dicky got it out of Staffordshire.
 See how the charming vine twines all about ?
 Lord ! what a handle !—Jesus ! what a spout !

And that old Pagog, and that charming-child !
If Lady Townshend saw them she'd be wild !”

To this the Gen'ral answer'd, “ Who would not ?
Lord ! ~~where~~ where could Mr. Bateman find this *pot* ?
Dear Dicky, could'n't you get one for me ?
I want some useful china mightily ;
Two jars, two beakers, and a *pot pourrie*.” }

“ Oh, Mr. Churchill, where d'ye think I've been ?
At Margus's, and there such fire-works seen.
So very pretty, charming, odd, and new ;
And, I assure you, they're right India too !
I've bought them all, there's not one left in town ;
And if you was to see them you would own
You never saw such fire-works any where.”
—“ Oh, Madam, I must beg your pardon there,”
The Gen'ral cry'd, “ for 'twas in the year ten—
No, let me recollect, it was not then ;
'Twas then year *eight*, I think, for then we lay
Encamp'd with all the army near Cambray—
Yes, yes, I'm sure I'm right by one event,
We supp'd together in Cadogan's tent,
Meredith, Lamley, and poor Geo. Grove,
And merrily the bumpers round we drove :
Marlbro's health we drank confounded hard ;
For he'd just beat the French at Oudenarde ;

And

And Lord Cadogan then had got by chance,
 The best champaign that ever came from France :
 And 'twas no wonder that it was so good,
 For some dragoons had seiz'd it on the road ;
 And they were told from, those they took it from,
 It was design'd a present for Vendosme.
 So we"—But see another Charles's face
 Cut short the Gen'ral, and relieves her Grace.

So, when one crop-sick parson, in a dose,
 Is reading morning service through his nose,
 Another in the pulpit straight appears,
 Claiming the tir'd-out congregation's ears,
 And with a duller sermon ends their pray'rs.
 For this old Charles is full as dull as 'tother;
 Bavius to Mœvius was not more a brother :
 From two defects this talk no joy affords,
 From want of matter, and from want of words.

"I hope," says he, "your Grace is well to day,
 And caught no cold by venturing to the play."

"Oh, Sir, I'm mighty well—won't you sit down ?
 Pray, Mr. Stanhope, what's the news in town ?"

"Madam, I know of none ; but I'm just come
 From seeing a curiosity at home :
 'Twas sent to Martin Folkes, as being rare,
 And he and Dasguliers brought it there :

It's call'd a *polypus*."—"What's that?"—"A creature,
 The wonderful'st of all the works of Nature :
 Hither it came from Holland where 'twas caught
 (I should not say it came, for it was brought :)
 To-morrow we're to have it at Crane-court :
 And 'tis a reptile of so strange a sort,
 That if 'tis cut in two, it is not dead ;
 Its head shoots out a tail, its tail a head ;
 Take out it's middle, and observe its ends,
 Here a head rises—there a tail descends ;
 Or cut off any part that you desire,
 That part extends, and makes itself entire :
 But what it feeds on still remains a doubt,
 Or how it generates is not found out :
 But at our board to-morrow 'twill appear,
 And then 'twill be consider'd and made clear
 For all the learned body will be there."

}

"Lord! I must see it, or I'm undone,"
 The Duchess cry'd ; "pray can't you get me one?
 I never heard of such a thing before,
 I long to cut it and make fifty more :
 I'd have a cage made up in taste for mine,
 And Dicky—you shall give me a design."

But here the Gen'ral to a yawn gave way,
 And Stanhope had not one more word to say,
 So stretch'd on easy chairs in apathy they lay ;

}

And

And on each side the Goddess they ador'd,
 One Charles sat speechless, and the other snor'd,
 When chaste Susanna's all-subduing charms
 Made two old lovers languish for her arms,
 Soon as her eyes had thaw'd the frost of age,
 Their passions mounted into lustful rage;
 With brutal violence they attack'd their prey,
 And almost bore the wish'd-for prize away.

Hail, happy Duchefs! 'twixt two Elders plac'd,
 Whose passions brutal lust has ne'er disgrac'd:
 No warm expressions make her blushes rise,
 No ravish'd kiss shoots lightning from your eyes:
 Let them but visit you, they ask no more,
 Guiltless they'll gaze, and innocent adore!

But hark! a louder knock than all before,
 "Lord!" says her Grace, "they'll thunder down my
 door!"

Into the room see, sweating Lovell break
 (The Duchefs rises, and the Elders wake)
 Lovell,—the oddest character in town;
 A lover, statesman, connoisseur, buffoon:
 Extract him well, this is his quintessence,
 Much folly, but more cunning, and some sense;
 To neither party is his heart inclin'd,
 He steer'd through both with politics refin'd;
 Voted with Walpole, and within Pulteney din'd.

}
 His

His Lordship makes a bow, and takes his seat,
Then opens with preliminary chat :

“ I’m glad to see your Grace—the Gen’ral too—

“ Old Charles, How is it? Dicky! how d’ye do?

“ Madam, I hear that you was at the play,

“ You did not say one word on’t yesterday;

“ I went, who’d no engagement any where,

“ To th’opera.”—“ Were there many people there?”

The Duchefs cry’d,—“ Yes, Madam, a great many,”

Says Lovell—“ there was Chesterfield and Fanny;

In that eternal whisper which begun

Ten years ago, and never will be done :

For tho’ you know he sees her ev’ry day,

Still he has ever something new to say :

There’s nothing upon earth so hard to me,

As keeping up discourse eternally ;

He never lets the conversation fall,

And I’m sure Fanny can’t keep up the ball :

I saw that her replies were never long,

And with her eyes she answer’d for her tongue.

Poor I! am forc’d to keep my distance now,

She won’t ev’n curt’sey if I make a bow.”

“ Why, things are strangely chang’d,” the Gen’ral
cry’d.

“ Ay, *Fortune de la guerre*,” my Lord reply’d :

“ But you and I, Charles, hardly find things so,

As we both did some twenty years ago.”

“ And

" And take off twenty years," reply'd her Grace,
 " 'Twould do no harm to Lady Fanny's face :
 My Lord, you never see her but at night,
 By th' advantageous help of candle-light,
 Drest out with ev'ry aid that is adorning :
 Oh, if your Lordship saw her in a morning !
 It is no more than Fanny once so fair ;
 No roses bloom, no lilies flourish there ;
 But hollow eyes, and pale and faded cheek,
 Repentance, love, and disappointment speak."

The Gen'ral found a lucky minute now
 To speak—" Ah, Ma'am, you did not know Miss
 How :

I'll tell you all her History," he cry'd—
 At this Charles Stanhope gap'd extremely wide ;
 Poor Dicky sat on thorns, her Grace turn'd pale,
 And Lovell trembled at th' impending tale.
 " Poor girl ! faith she was once extremely fair,
 Till, worn by love, and tortur'd by despair,
 Her pining cheek betray'd her inward smart,
 Her breaking looks foretold her breaking heart.
 At Leicester-house her passion first began,
 And Nanty Lowther was a pretty man :
 But when the Princess did to Kew remove,
 She could not bear the absence of her love ;
 Away she flew."—But here the clock struck three ;
 So did some pitying deity decree :

The

The Duchefs rings to drefs—and fee her maid
 With all the apparatus for her head ;
 Th' adorning circle can no longer ftay,
 Each riles, bows, and goes his different way.
 To ancient Boothby's ancient Churchill's flown ;
 Home to his dinner Stanhope goes alone :
 Dicky to aft with her, her Grace invites ;
 And Lovell's coachman drives unbid to White's.

THE CONQUERED DUCHESS;

A N O D E,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY FOX,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUCHESS OF MAN-
 CHESTER TO EDWARD HUSSEY, ESQ. NOW LORD
 BEAULIEU.

BY THE SAME.

CLIO, behold this charming day,
 The zephers blow, the fun looks gay,
 The fky one perfect blue ;
 Can you refuse at fuch a time,
 When Fox and I both beg for rhyme,
 To fing us fomething new ?

The Goddefs fmil'd, and thus begun :
 I've got a pleafing theme, my fon,
 I'll fing the Conquer'd Duchefs ;

I'll

I'll sing of that disdainful fair,
 Who, 'scap'd from Scotch and English snare,
 Is fast in Irish clutches.

Sunk is her pow'r, her sway is o'er,
 She'll be no more ador'd, no more

Shine forth the public care :
 Oh ! what a falling off is here,
 From her whose frowns made wisdom fear,
 Whose scorn begot despair !

Wide was the extent of her commands,
 O'er fertile fields, o'er barren lands

She stretch'd her haughty reign :
 The coxcomb, fool, and man of sense,
 Youth, manhood, age, and impotence,
 With pride receiv'd her chain.

Here * Leicester offer'd brutal love,

Here gentle Cornbury gently strove

With sighs to fan desire ;

Here Churchill snor'd his hours away,

Here drowsy Stanhope every day

Sat out her Grace's fire.

* Called Lord Lovell in the preceding poem, having been at the writing of this advanced to the title of Earl of Leicester.

Here constant Bateman too we saw
Kneeling with reverential awe,

T'adore his high-flown choice ;
Where you, my Fox, have sigh'd whole days,
Forgetting king's and people's praise,
Deaf to ambition's voice.—

What cloaths you made ! how fine you dress !
What Dresden china for her feast !

But I'll no longer tease you ;
Yet 'tis a truth you can't deny,
Tho' Lady Caroline is nigh,
And does not look quite easy.

But careful Heaven design'd her Grace
For one of the Milesian race,

On stronger parts depending ;
Nature indeed denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence,
That beats all understanding :

Which to accomplish, Hussey came,
Op'ning before the noble dame

His honourable trenches ;
Nor of rebukes or frowns afraid,
He push'd his way (he knew his trade),
And won the place by inches.

Look down, St. Patrick, with success
Like Hufsey's all the Irish blefs,

May they all do as he does ;
And still preserve their breed the fame,
Cast in his mould, made in his frame,
To comfort English widows !

A N O D E,

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE CONQUERED
DUCHESS.

IN ANSWER TO THAT CELEBRATED PER-
FORMANCE.

BY EARL NUGENT.

WHAT clamour's here about a dame
Who, for her pleasure, barter's fame !
As if 'twere strange or new,
That ladies should themselves disgrace,
Or one of the Milesian race
A widow shou'd pursue.

She's better fure than Scudamore,
Who, while a Duchess, play'd the whore,
As all the world has heard ;
Wiser than Lady Harriet too,
Whose foolish match made such a do,
And ruin'd her and Beard.

Yet she is gay as Lady Vane,
 Who, should she list her am'rous train,
 Might fairly man a fleet;
 Sprightly as Orford's Countess, she,
 And as the wanton Townshend free,
 And more than both, discreet.

For she had patience first to wed
 Before she took the man to bed!
 And can you say that's bad?
 Like Diomede's, your arrows rove;
 Like him you wound the Queen of Love,
 And may like him run mad.

There was, Sir Knight, there was a time,
 If you invok'd your Muse for rhyme,
 That all the world stood gazing
 You sung us then of folks that sold
 Themselves and country too for gold,
 Or something as amazing:

How Sandys, in sense, and person queer,
 Jump'd from a patriot to a peer,
 No mortal yet knows why;
 How Pulteney truck'd the fairest fame
 For a Right Honourable name
 To call his vixen by.

How * Compton rose when Walpole fell,
 'Twas you, and only you could tell,
 And all the scene disclos'd :
 How Vane and Rushout, Bathurst, Gower,
 Were curs'd and stigmatiz'd by power,
 And rais'd to be expos'd.

To heights like these your Muse should fly,
 To others leave the middle sky,
 Whose wings are weak and flaggy :
 Leave these to some young Foppington,
 Who takes your leavings, Woffington,
 And tunes his odes to Peggy.

For you, who know the sex so well,
 Must own that women most excell
 When ruling, or when rul'd :
 While young, they others lead astray ;
 When old, they ev'ry call obey,
 Still fooling, or befool'd.

Scheme upon scheme still succeed,
 They ev'ry coxcomb's tale must heed,
 Until their brains grow muzzy ;
 And then by one false step 'tis seen,
 How slight the diff'rence is between
 The Duchess and the *Hussy*.

* Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, made First Lord of the Treasury, in the room of Sir Robert Walpole.

T H E

THE RURAL REFLECTIONS OF A WELCH POET*.

STOP, stop, my steed! hail, Cambria, hail,
With craggy cliffs and darksome vale,
May no rude steps defile 'em!

Your Poet with a vengeance sent
From London post, is hither bent,
To find a safe asylum.

Bar, bar the doors, exclude e'en Fear,
Who press'd upon my horse's rear,
And made the fleet still fleetier;
Here shall my hurried soul repose,
And, undisturb'd by Irish prose,
Renew my lyric metre.

Thus Flaccus, at Philippi's field,
Behind him left his little shield,
And sculk'd in Sabine
Had I not wrote that cursed ode,
My coward heart I ne'er had shew'd,
The jest of every tavern;

* The Author of the Conquered Duchefs, having, by that ode, excited the enmity of Mr. Hufsey (now Lord Beaulieu), and being by that gentleman threatened with chastisement, he left London; which gave occasion to the above satirical Reflection.

Ye guardians of Mercurial men,
I boast from you my sprightly pen,
I rhyme by your direction :
Why did you partial gifts impart ?
You gave a head, but gave no heart,
No heart for head's protection.

Hence 'tis my wit outruns my strength,
And scans each inch of Hufsey's length,
His length of sword forgetting :
Hence angry boys my rhyme provoke ;
I ne'er (too serious proves the joke)
Can think on't without sweating.

What the * Lieutenant once deny'd,
My inauspicious wit supply'd,
And forc'd me into action ;
To me, as to this scribe indite,
Hibernia's sons—I cannot write,
To give them satisfaction.

Fool, could I sing for ~~others~~ sport,
The taking of the Duchefs' FORT,
And which the way to win her ;
I, undisturb'd, my town enjoy'd,
Then (Nero like) with fire destroy'd,
By springing mines within her.

* Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Oh !

Oh ! had I sung sweet roundelay,
 Great George's birth, or New-year's-day,
 As innocent as Colly,
 Your other Pope, (oh hear, ye Nine !)
 He'd gladly all his odes refine,
 And screen himself in folly.

Ah ! since my fear has forc'd me hither,
 I feel no more that sweet blue weather
 The Muses most delight in ;
 Dark and more dark each cloud impends,
 And ev'ry message from my friends
 Conveys sad hints of fighting.

To harmless themes I'll tune my reed,
 Listen, ye lambkins, whilst you feed,
 Ye shepherds, nymphs, and fountains :
 Ye bees, with soporiferous hums,
 Ye pendent goats, if Hussey comes,
 Convey me to your mountains.

There may I sing secure, nor Fear
 Shall pull the songster by the ear,
 T'advise me while I am writing :
 Or if my satire will burst forth,
 I'll lampoon parsons in my wrath ;
 Their cloth forbids them fighting:

Whene'er

Whene'er I think, can Williams brook
 To sculk beneath this lonely nook,
 And tamely bear what few will ?
 Harcourt like Priam's son appears,
 Cries, as he shakes his bloody ears,
 Beware of Irish duel !

I flutter like Macbeth ! Arise
 Strange scenes, and swim before my eyes,
 Swords, pistols, bloody—shocking !
 Whole crouds of Irish crows my view,
 I feel th' involuntary dew
 Run trickling down my stocking.

Sure sign how all's within, I trow :
 Connel once forc'd such streams to flow,
 So dreadful he to meet is ;
 Should gentle Cornbury, Leicester, B—h,
 Or drowsy Stanhope wake in wrath,
 'Twould cause a diabetes.

Oh Patrick ! courage-giving saint,
 Reverse my pray'r thou late didst grant,
 Or I'm for ever undone !
 Rust all their pistols, break their swords,
 And if they'll fight it out in words,
 I'll come again to London.

T A R - W A T E R,

A B A L L A D,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE PHILIP
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, K. B.

SINCE good master Prior,

The tar-water 'squire,

Without being counted to blame,

Vulgar patrons hath scorn'd,

And his treatise adorn'd

With the lustre of Chesterfield's name

Great Mecænas of arts!

And all men of parts,

(Tho' they're not much the growth of the time,)

I hope 'twill be meet

To lay at your feet

The same lofty subject in rhyme.

Then come, let us sing!

Death, a fig for thy sting!

I think we shall serve thee a trick;

For the Bishop of Cloyne

Has at last laid a mine,

That will blow up both thee and Old Nick.

Have

Have but faith in his treatise,
 Tho' you've stone, diabetes,
 Gout, or fever, tar-water's specific ;
 If you're constive, 'twill work ;
 If you purge, 'tis a cork ;
 And, if old, it will make you prolific.

All ye fair ones, who lie sick,
 Leave off doctors and phyfic,
 Tar-water will cure all your ails ;
 Have you rheums or defluations,
 Or whims, or obstructions,
 It will set right your heads and your tails.

See, each tall slender maid
 Now lifts up her head,
 Like a beautiful fir on the mountain !
 While salubrious flow,
 From a fissure below,
 The streams of a * turpentine fountain.

Each nymph from afar
 Is so scented with tar,
 That, unless they're permitted to feel,
 All the devils in hell
 (So alike is the smell)
 Can't know — from a cart-wheel.

* Turpentine, the principal ingredient of tar, is thus extracted
 from the fir-tree

Great physician of state !

{Tho' call'd in so late

To a truly well-meant consultation),

In this fever of war,

Like the spirit of tar,

Thy skill must preserve this poor nation.

Tho' now quite exhausted,

Her vitals all wasted;

She's as meagre and weak as a lath ;

Yet we hope that thy art

Will recover each part,

Without the assistance of BATH.

A N O D E

TO SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

OCCASIONED BY THE PRECEDING ODE INSCRIBED
TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

WHO's this ? what ! Hanbury the lyric ?

Changing his notes to panegyric,

In fearful dread of fighting ?

But 'tis in vain ; for Hanbury swears,

If * Cynthius won't, he'll lug your ears,

And make you leave off writing.

* *Cynthius aurem vellit & a. manu.*

Think

Think you, because you basely fled
 To Saxony to hide your head,
 On odes you still may venture ?
 Or wipe off scandal left at home,
 By meanly daubing him, in whom
 All commendations centre ?

No ; Stanhope chuses thy abuse,
 Detesting such a filthy muse,
 Whose very praise is satire ;
 For well he knows the worthless knight is
 Just such another as Therfites,
 For bulk, abuse, and stature.

If charg'd with courage man should be,
 (Like powder in artillery,
 Proportion'd to the barrel,)
 Can'st thou, a blunderbuss so large,
 With scarce a pocket-pistol's charge,
 Presume to bounce or quarrel ?

Then quit these dangerous trifling lays,
 With low abuse, or empty praise,
 'Tis nonsense all and folly :
 Or, if you will be writing odes,
 Which ev'ry mortal here explodes,
 Write birth-day odes for Colly.

There may you stretch poetie wing,
Sing peace or war, " God blefs the King
And all his measures praise ;
Then, fould old Cibber chance to die,
And Hanbury lets you come and try,
Perhaps you'll get the bays.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF MATZEL, A FAVOURITE
BULL-FINCH.

ADDRESSED TO MR. STANHOPE, TO WHOM THE
AUTHOR HAD GIVEN THE REVERSION OF IT
WHEN HE LEFT DRESDEN.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

I.

TRY not, my Stanhope, 'tis in vain,
To ftop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honeft rage ;
Give forrow and revenge their fcope,
My prefent joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

II. Mat-

II.

Matzel's no more ! ye graces, loves,
 Ye linnets, nightingales, and doves,
 Attend th' untimely bier ;
 Let ev'ry sorrow be exprest,
 Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
 And drop the nat'ral tear.

III.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
 Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
 In thy funeral verse :
 My painful task shall be to write
 Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
 And hang it on thy hearse.

IV.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
 By fell Grimalkin's claws he died—
 But vengeance shall have way :
 On pains and tortures I'll refine ;
 Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine
 His nine will ill repay.

V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
 My bird, who, ne'er to return,
 Is fled to happier shades,

Where Lesbia shall for him prepare
The place most charming and most fair
Of all th' Elysian glades.

VI.

There shall thy notes in cypress grove
Sooth wretched ghosts that died for love ;
There shall thy plaintive strain
Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
To Procris yield some short relief,
And soften Dido's pain.

VII.

Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
And love thee with my love ;
While each attendant's soul shall praise
The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
And all his songs approve.

[61]

A N O D E.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE STEPHEN POYNTZ,
ESQ. &c. &c. &c.

BY THE SAME.

*Sensere quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nurita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset ———*

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Relique cultus pectora roborant.*

HOR. Lib. IV. Ode iv.

I.

WHILST William's deeds and William's praise
Each English breast with transport raise,
Each English tongue employ ;
Say, Poyntz, if thy elated heart
Assumes not a superior part,
A larger share of joy ?

II.

But that thy country's high affairs
Employ thy time, demand thy cares,
You should renew your flight ;
You only should this theme pursue—
Who can for William feel like you,
Or write like you can write ?

III.

Then to rehearse the hero's praise,
 To paint this sunshine of his days,
 The pleasing task be mine—
 To think on all thy cares o'er-paid,
 To view the hero you have made,
 That pleasing part be thine.

IV.

Who first should watch, and who call forth
 This youthful Prince's various worth,
 You had the public voice;
 Wisely his royal Sire consign'd
 To thee the culture of his mind,
 And England blest the choice.

V.

You taught him to be early known
 By martial deeds of courage shewn:
 From this, near Mona's flood,
 By his victorious father led,
 He flesh'd his maiden sword, he shed—
 And prov'd th' illustrious blood.

VI.

Of Virtue's various charms you taught,
 With happiness and glory fraught,
 How her unshaken pow'r

Is independent of success ;
 That no defeat can make it less,
 No conquest make it more.

VII.

This, after Tournay's fatal day,
 'Midst sorrow, cares, and dire dismay,
 Brought calm, and sure relief ;
 He scrutiniz'd his noble heart,
 Found Virtue had perform'd her part,
 And peaceful slept the chief.

VIII.

From thee he early learnt to feel
 The patriot's warmth for England's weal
 (True valour's noblest spring) ;
 To vindicate her church distressed ;
 To fight for liberty oppressed ;
 To perish for his King.

IX.

Yet say, if, in thy fondest scope
 Of thought, you ever dar'd to hope,
 That bounteous Heav'n so soon
 Would pay thy toils, reward thy care,
 Consenting bend to ev'ry pray'r,
 And all thy wishes crown.

X.

We saw a wretch with trait'rous aid,
Our King's and Church's right invade,
And thine, fair Liberty!
We saw thy hero fly to war,
Beat down Rebellion, break her spear,
And set the nations free.

XI.

Culloden's field, my glorious theme,
My rapture, vision, and my dream!
Gilds the young hero's days:
Yet can there be one English heart
That does not give thee, Poyntz, thy part,
And own thy share of praise?

XII.

Nor is thy fame to thee decreed
For life's short date: when William's head,
For victories to come,
The frequent laurel shall receive,
Chaplets for thee our sons shall weave,
And hang them on thy tomb.

A N E P I T A P H

ON THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS
WINNINGTON, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

NEAR his paternal seat, here buried lies,
The grave, the gay, the witty and the wise,
Form'd for all parts, in all alike he shin'd,
Variouſly great! a genius unconfin'd!
In converſe bright, judicious in debate;
In private amiable, and in public great:
With all the ſtateſman's knowledge, prudence, art,
With Friendſhip's open, undeſigning heart.
The friend and heir here join their duty: one
Ereſts the buſto, one inſcribes the ſtone.
Not that they hope from theſe his fame ſhould live,
That claims a longer date than they can give;
False to their truſts, the mould'ring buſts decay,
And, ſoon effac'd, inſcriptions wear away:
But Engliſh annals ſhall their place ſupply;
And while they live, his name ſhall never die.

TO MRS. BINDON, AT BATH.

BY THE SAME.

APOLLO of old on Britannia did ſmile,
And Delphi forſook for the ſake of this iſle;
Around

Around him he lavishly scatter'd his lays,
 And in every wilderness planted his bays :
 Then Chaucer and Spencer harmonious were heard,
 Then Shakespear, and Milton, and Waller appear'd ;
 And Dryden, whose brows by Apollo were crown'd,
 As he sung in such strains as the God might have
 own'd :

But now, since the laurel is given of late
 To Cibber, to Eusden, to Shadwell and Tate,
 Apollo hath quitted the isle he once lov'd,
 And his harp and his bays to Hibernia remov'd ;
 He vows and he swears he'll inspire us no more,
 And hath put out Pope's fires which he kindled
 before :

And further he says, men no longer shall boast
 A science their flight and ill treatment hath lost ;
 But that women alone for the future shall write ;
 And who can resist, when they doubly delight ?
 And lest we should doubt what he said to be true,
 Has begun by inspiring Saphira and You.

MRS. BINDON'S ANSWER.

WHEN home I return'd from the dancing last
 night,
 And elate by your praises attempted to write,
 I familiarly call'd on Apollo for aid,
 And told him how many fine things you had said.

He

He smil'd at my folly, and gave me to know,
 Your wit, and not mine, by your writings you shew;
 And then, says the God, still to make you more vain,
 He hath promis'd that I shall enlighten your brain,
 When he knows in his heart, if he speak but his
 mind,

That no woman alive can now boast I am kind:
 For since Daphne to shun me grew into a laurel,
 With the sex I have sworn still to keep up the quarrel.
 I thought it all a joke, 'till by writing to you,
 I have prov'd his resentment, alas! but too true.

SIR CHARLES'S REPLY.

I'LL not believe that Phœbus did not smile;
 Unhappily for you I know his stile:
 To strains like yours of old his harp he strung,
 And while he dictated Orinda sung.
 Did beauteous Daphne's scorn of proffer'd love
 Against the sex his indignation move?
 It rather made you his peculiar care,
 Convinc'd from thence, ye were as good as fair.
 As mortals, who from dust receiv'd their birth,
 Must, when they die, return to native earth;
 So too the laurel, that your brow adorns,
 Sprang from the fair, and to the fair returns.

A L A M E N T A B L E C A S E.

SUBMITTED TO THE BATH PHYSICIANS.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

YE fam'd phyicians of this place,
 Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case,
 Nor think that I am joking :
 When she wou'd, he can not comply,
 When he wou'd drink, she's not a-dry ;
 And is not this provoking ?

At night, when Strephon comes to rest,
 Chloe receives him on her breast,
 With fondly-folding arms ;
 Down, down he hangs his drooping head,
 Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
 Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
 With rising flame young Strephon burns,
 And fain, wou'd fain be doing ;
 But Chloe, now asleep or sick,
 Has no great relish for the trick,
 And sadly baulks his wooing.

O erue.

O cruel and disastrous case,
 When in the critical embrace
 That only one is burning!
 Dear doctors, set this matter right,
 Give Strephon spirits over night,
 Or Chloe in the morning.

A N O D E

ON MISS HARRIET HANBURY, AT SIX YEARS OLD.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHY shou'd I thus employ my time,
 To paint those cheeks of rosy hue?
 Why shou'd I search my brains for rhyme,
 To sing those eyes of glossy blue?

II.

The pow'r as yet is all in vain;
 Thy num'rous charms, and various graces;
 They only serve to banish pain,
 And light up joy in parents' faces:

III.

But soon those eyes their strength shall feel;
 Those charms their pow'rful sway shall find:
 Youth shall in crouds before you kneel,
 And own your empire o'er mankind.

IV. Then,

IV.

Then, when on Beauty's throne you sit,
And thousands court your wish'd-for arms,
My Muse shall stretch her utmost wit,
To sing the vict'ries of your charms.

V.

Charms that in time shall ne'er be lost,
At least while verse like mine endures;
And future Hanburys shall boast,
Of verse like mine, of charms like yours.

VI.

A little vain we both may be,
Since scarce another house can shew,
A poet that can sing like me,
A beauty that can charm like you.

A S O N G

ON MISS HARRIET HANBURY,

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. MR. BIRT.

BY THE SAME.

I.

DEAR Doctor of St. Mary's,
In the hundred of Bergavenny,
I've seen such a lass,
With a shape and a face,
As never was match'd by any.

II. Such

II.

Such wit, such bloom, and beauty,
Has this girl of Ponty Pool, fir,
With eyes that wou'd make
The toughest heart ache,
And the wisest man a fool, fir.

III.

At our fair t'other day she appear'd, fir,
And the Welshmen all flock'd and view'd her;
And all of them said,
She was fit to have been made
A wife for Queen Tudor.

IV.

They wou'd ne'er have been tir'd with gazing,
And so much her charms did please, fir,
That all of them staid
Till their ale grew dead,
Cold was their toasted cheese, fir.

V.

How happy the lord of the manor,
That shall be of her possesst, fir!
For all must agree,
Who my Harriet shall see,
She's a Harriet of the best, fir.

VI. Then

VI.

Then pray make a ballad about her ;
 We know you have wit, if you'd shew it :
 Then don't be aham'd,
 You can never be blam'd,
 For a prophet is often a poet.

VII.

But why don't you make one yourself then ?
 I suppose I by you shall be told, fir :
 This beautiful piece,
 Alas, is my niece !
 And besides she's but five years old, fir.

VIII.

But tho', my dear friend, she's no older,
 In her face it may plainly be seen, fir,
 That this angel at five
 Will, if she's alive,
 Be a goddess at fifteen, fir.

TO

MR. GARNIER AND MR. PEARCE, OF BATH.

A GRATEFUL ODE,

IN RETURN FOR THE EXTRAORDINARY KINDNESS
AND HUMANITY THEY SHEWED TO ME AND MY
ELDEST DAUGHTER, NOW LADY ESSEX, 1753.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHAT glorious verse from Love has sprung?
How well has Indignation sung?
And can the gentle Muse,
Whilst in her once belov'd abode
I stray, and suppliant kneel, an ode
To Gratitude refuse?

II.

Garnier, my friend, accept this verse,
And thou receive, well-natur'd Pearce,
All I can give of fame:
Let others, other subjects sing,
Some murd'rous chief, some tyrant king;
Humanity's my theme:

III. Whilst

III.

Whilst arts like yours, employ'd by you,
Make verse in such a theme your due,

To whom indulgent Heav'n
Its fav'rite pow'r of doing good,
By you so rightly understood,
Judiciously has given.

IV.

Behold! obedient to your pow'r,
Consuming fevers rage no more,
Nor chilling agues freeze:
The cripple dances void of pain,
The deaf in raptures hear again,
The blind transported sees.

V.

Health at your call extends her wing,
Each healing plant, each friendly spring,
Its various pow'r discloses:
O'er Death's approaches you prevail:
See Chloe's cheek, of late so pale,
Blooms with returning roses!

VI.

These gifts, my friends, which shine in you,
Are rare, yet to some chosen few,
Heav'n has the same assign'd:

Health waits on Mead's prescription still,
 And Hawkins' hand, and Ranby's skill,
 Are blessings to mankind.

VII.

But hearts like yours are rare indeed,
 Which for another's wounds can bleed,
 Another's grief can feel;
 The lover's fear, the parent's groan,
 Your natures catch, and make your own,
 And share the pains you heal.

VIII.

But why to them, Hygeia, why
 Dost thou thy cordial drop deny
 Who but for others live?
 Oh, Goddess, hear my pray'r! and grant
 That these that health may never want,
 Which they to others give.

CURIOUS DESCRIPTION OF
 WEST WYCOMBE CHURCH, &c.

BY JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

I Am just returned from a tour into Buckingham-
 shire, which has afforded me much pleasure. The
 noble prospect from Cliefden-house enchanted me,
 and

and I was in raptures with the many elegant beauties of Stowe. As an Englishman, I was pleased that all the great patriots and heroes of my country, Alfred King William the Third, Hampden, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. receive there that just tribute of praise, which this nation, while it remains free, will continue to pay to superior virtue. At Stowe both ancient and modern virtue are enshrined with grateful magnificence. Not only good-taste, but patriotism, are conspicuous in that delightful paradise, the favourite abode of the Virtues, Graces, and Muses. Stowe, however, has so often been described by abler pens, that I shall dwell no longer there, though I never leave it without the most sensible regret.

I returned by West Wycombe, and passed a day in viewing the villa of Lord Le Despencer, and the church he has just built on the *top* of a hill, for the convenience and devotion of the town at the *bottom* of it. I must own, the noble Lord's garden gave me no stronger idea of his virtue and patriotism, than the situation of the new-built church did of his piety. Some churches have been built from devotion, others from parade or vanity ; but I believe this is the first church which has ever been built for a prospect. The word *memento* in immense letters on the steeple, surprised and perplexed me. I could not find the *mori* : or perhaps the other word was *meri*, from the practice as well as the precept of the noble

noble Lord. As to the elegance of the Latin, his Lordship has embarrassed himself as little about that, as he has about the elegance of his English. *Memento mori* is besides more monkish, and therefore more becoming St. Francis. This conjecture, that the ~~other~~ word on the outside must be *meri*, is farther strengthened by the magnificent gilt ball on the top of the steeple, which is hollowed and made so very convenient in the inside for the celebration, not of devotional, but of convivial rites, that it is the best globe tavern I ever was in ; but I must own, that I was afraid my descent from it would have been as precipitate as his Lordship's was from a high station, which *turned his head too*. I admire likewise the silence and secrecy which reign in that great globe, undisturbed but by his jolly songs, very unfit for the profane ears of the world below. As to secrecy it is the most convenient place imaginable ; and it is whispered, that a negotiation was here *entamée* by the noble Lord himself, with Messrs. Wilkes and Churchill. The event will shew the amazing power of his Lordship's oratory ; but if from perverseness neither of those gentlemen then yielded to his wise reasons, nor to his dazzling offers, they were both delighted with his divine milk punch.

There is one remarkable temple in the gardens at West-Wycombe, dedicated ~~to~~ the Egyptian Hieroglyphic for ***. To this object his Lordship's de-

votion is undoubtedly sincere, though I believe now not fervent ; nor do I take him to be often prostrate, or indeed in any way very regular in his ejaculations. He is however here consistent ; for he keeps up the same public worship in the country, which he has been accustomed to in town. There was for many years in the great room at the King's-arms tavern, in Old Palace-yard, an original picture of Sir Francis Dashwood, presented by himself to the *Dilettanti* club. He is in the habit of a Franciscan, kneeling before the Venus of Medicis, his gloating eyes fixed, as in a trance, on what the modesty of nature seems most desirous to conceal, and a bumper in his hand, with the words *matri sanctorum* in capitals. The glory too, which till then had only enriched the sacred heads of our Saviour and the Apostles, is made to beam on that favourite spot, and seems to pierce the hallowed gloom of Maidenhead-thicket. The public saw, and were for many years offended with so infamous a picture ; yet it remained there till that club left the house. As to the temple I have mentioned, you find at first what is called an *error in limine* ; for the entrance to it is the same entrance by which we all come into the world, and the door is what some idle wits have called the Door of Life. It is reported, that, on a late visit to his Chancellor, Lord Bute particularly admired this building, and advised the noble owner to lay out the 500l. bequeathed to him by Lord Melcombe's

comb's will, for an erection in a Paphian column to stand at the entrance, and it is said he advised it to be made of Scottish pebbles. There are in these gardens no busts of Socrates, Epaminondas, or Hampden; but there is a most indecent statue of the unnatural fa-

and, at the entrance to the temple I have mentioned, are two urns sacred to the Ephesian matron, and to Potiphar's wife, with the inscriptions *Matronæ Ephesiæ Cineres*, *Dominæ Potiphar Cineres*. Between these urns, containing the sacred ashes of the great and virtuous dead, which are, with a happy propriety, *doubly gilt* (though not quite so strongly as that at Hammer-smith for the ashes of Lord Melcombe's—wife,) you ascend to the top of the building, which is crowned with a particular column, designed, I suppose, to represent our former very upright state, when we could say *fuimus tories*, *fuit ingens gloria*, and is skirted with very pretty underwood, the Cyprian myrtle, &c. the meaning of which I could not find out.

The house contains nothing remarkable, excepting only that there is on the grand stair-case a very moral painting of a maid stealing to her master's bed, laying at the same time her fingers on her lips, as if she were the *Dea Angerona* of West-Wycombe.

On my return I had the pleasure of seeing the noble Lord's elegant japanned coach; but while I was reading his new motto in Gothic letters, *Pro Magna*

Charta, the mob were hollowing *Liberty, Property, and no Excise!* and I was forced to make the best of my way to the Park, where I found a very odd thing which I mean to present to the society of antiquaries. It is a gold button, with IHS, and the sign of the cross, enamelled on it, which I guessed to belong to some concealed brother of the society of Jesus, tho' a servant in the green claimed it as the property of St. Francis, and said that it was a part of the *pontificalibus* worn by his master, when he officiated on certain festivals of high laugh at the mysteries of ———.

I made afterwards a little tour to the celebrated abbey of Medmenham, the description of which I am sure would entertain you; but I am too fair a man to disclose to the public the English Eleusinian mysteries of that renowned convent.

THE FOLLOWING CURIOUS PAPER WAS PUBLISHED
IN ONE OF THE PUBLIC PRINTS IN MARCH,
1763, AND IS SUPPOSED TO BE WROTE BY AN
§ ALDERMAN OF LONDON.

TO THE EDITOR.

— *Cretâ an carbone notandi?*

HOR.

THE following columns contain nothing, more than two separate lists of the celebrated personages

§ It is certain, that it was written by Mr. Wilkes,

who

who have at any time been honoured with abuse by the Auditor or North-Briton. These lists, I know, must necessarily be imperfect, because they are taken down merely upon memory; and because such keen satirists cannot so grossly have mispent their time, as to have lashed so few people: yet I have been the less curious to render these lists compleat, because I know that the writers in question are such stirring spirits, that they will each be continually swelling their several catalogues; for which reason I have contented myself with leaving certain vacant spaces, for the insertion of such names already distinguished as I must without doubt have omitted, or to be filled up as ~~time~~ time shall serve, and the Auditor or North-Briton shall hereafter please to direct.

Let us, however, do justice to the candour, as well as acrimony, of our political writers. They deal in panegyric, as well as satire. If they throw dirt with the scavenger's shovel, they also lay on praise with a trowel. Every modern controversial writer in politics sits down with Encomium on the right and Obloquy on the left, like Jupiter between the tubs of good and evil; or to ower my simile, like brother PAMPHLET in the *Upholsterer*, with white-wash in one hand, and black-ball in the other. All their characters, or rather caricatures, may be considered as the *rough draughts* of the masters in the modern school of crayons, who sometimes draw in chalk,

but most commonly in charcoal. It was my first intention to have given both the chalk and charcoal portraits of each of the great masters in question ; but I soon reflected that I might save that trouble by desiring your readers to take it for a general rule, that such as are blackened in the North-Briton, are, by act of grace, *white-washed* in the Auditor, and so *vice versa*. Every great character, like a post or a wainscot, is destined to be painted in different colours, at least twice over ; and in this various light we may at pleasure consider the two following columns, either as the two principal pillars of the temple of Slander, or the two tables in the temple of Fame. As we are now however in the very middle of Lent, I would have the noble lords and gentlemen, whose names appear in these lists, to regard the perusal of them as an act of humiliation and mortification ; I advise them to remember that they have been *told their own* by the great writers under whose awful names they are here arranged.

It must be premised, as our fixed opinion, that *the* Auditor is by far the most respectable character, and most polite writer of the two. The North-Briton founded the *netter trump of fame* at the very first onset, and furiously charged the Scots and the Ministry at once. The Auditor set out with professions of moderation and impartiality. He did not seek
for

for defamation, but it lay in his way, and he found it. He has indeed been as scurrilous as his neighbours, yet has he had the grace to inveigh against scurrility; which shews that he hath the *milk of human kindness* in his nature, though perhaps that milk may, by too long keeping, have turned sour in his breast. Mark his candid declarations in his first number! “The malevolent are not to expect
 “to be gratified with *slander*, the illiberal with *scurrility*, or the inconsiderate with *buffoonery*. Ingredients like these can have no admission into a
 “paper, which is undertaken upon principles laudable in themselves; which is intended to reconcile the minds of men to their own good, and to
 “one another; to refute or laugh out of countenance all party distinctions; to extinguish national
 “prejudices, and to recommend that spirit of concord, which alone can make us a successful, and
 “preserve us an happy people. In short, it is intended, in the conduct of this plan, to try whether it is not possible to talk *politics* with temper; to delineate characters with *decency*; to treat of
 “factions with *good-humour*; and to love our country without hating individuals.” Here are mild words; and yet in the second number he serves up no less than six or seven individuals, some of them no inconsiderable personages neither; and yet even this trifling inconsistency may be accounted for, if

we recollect that the Auditor himself begins his ninth number with this reflection: "It is a curse
 " entailed upon the retainers to despairing faction,
 " that they are not only *miserable men* and *wretched*
 " *writers*, but they must be *liars* into the bargain;
 " they must *forge crimes* to affright the people; they
 " must scatter abroad the words of prevarication, &c."

AUDITOR.

Duke of Cumberland

Duke of Newcastle

Duke of Devonshire

NORTH-BRITON.

P. D. of W.

Duke of Bedford

Earl Temple

Earl of Bute

Earl of Loudon

Earl of Litchfield

Earl of Talbot

Earl of Talbot's *Horse*

Lord Barrington

Lord Mansfield

Lord Eglington

Rt. Hon. Mr. Pitt

Rt. Hon. Mr. Fox

Rt. Hon. Mr. Legge

Rt. Hon. Mr. G. Grenville

Lord Mayor of London

Rt. Hon. Mr. Rigby

Sir James Hodges, Knt.

Hon. Horace Walpole

*Town Clerk of the City
 of London.*

AUDITOR.

AUDITOR.	NORTH-BRITON
The King of Prussia	Sir John Philips, Bart.
Author of the Address to the Cocoa-Tree	Sir Francis Dashwood, Bart.
Thomas Nuthall, Attor- ney	Samuel Touchet
Mr. Beardmore, ditto	Samuel Martin
Charles Churchill	Samuel Johnson
Charles Say	John Home
Charles Macklin, <i>alias</i> Mac-lochlin	David Mallet, <i>alias</i> Malloch
Dr. Stebbear	Arthur Murphy
John Wilkes	Dr. Burton
David Garrick	William Hogarth
The Toast - Master at Guildford	The Poet-Laureat
Col Lamb, Fishmonger	} Officers in the Militia.
Capt. Lamb, Auctioneer	
Mr. Hoyle	
Mr. Pond	
Mr. Arthur	
Counsellor Jones	

A U D I T O R.

NORTH-BRITON.

The Monitor

The Briton

The Whigs

The Tories

The Minority

The Majority

Against

War

Peace

The above lists not only shew who have been the butts of satire to each writer, but may also, with due attention to the turnings and windings in the Court Calendar, serve as unerring guide-posts to point out such as seem to be in the high road to abuse from either paper. Being made acquainted with the colour of the heroes of both parties, we know, that, if a great officer of the court should be turned out, or, to use the more courtly phrase, *resign*, the Auditor will immediately tear out the white leaf wherein he so lately sang his praises, and, like another *Peachum*, set his name down in his *black book*, and call on him to exercise the full powers of the christian virtue of *resignation*. We know too, that, if a noble member of one house should call forth an able commoner to lead the business of the other, the North-Briton will immediately open his deep mouth on the leader, and *maul* a manager with as great alacrity as Mr. *Fitzpatrick*. But as rules and precepts are never clearly enforced, unless illustrated by example, I will submit

a small

a small *peep into futurity* to your readers ; and as I have in some places above, rather made extraordinary distinctions in favour of the Auditor, I shall here pay my particular compliments to the North-Briton. We have already seen whom that writer has *abused* (craving his pardon for the grossness of the expression); and the Auditor's list of scandal (craving his pardon also) is a pretty exact catalogue of those whom the North-Briton has praised. I shall now, therefore, take upon me to predict, with as much sagacity as Partridge or even Bickerstaff, whom he *WILL praise*, whom he *will abuse*, and whom he *may possibly* praise or abuse ; and for the fulfilling these my predictions I refer to time, or even appeal to the *second sight* of the North-Briton himself. Some that are turned out, I know he will take every opportunity to *praise*, and that class I shall distinguish by *Chalk* ; some that are put in, I know he cannot resist the temptation of abusing, and that class I shall distinguish by *CHARCOAL*. But there are another class of a dubious, indeterminate *twilight* character, whose conduct will not suffer us to speak precisely of the *colour* of their intentions ; a kind of heterogeneous or amphibious animals, hermaphrodites or otters in politics, neither *in nor out, pro or con, court nor country, whig nor tory, Scot nor English*, who are, like Sir Anthony Branville, *in a state of fluctuation*, and hang like

Mahomet's coffin, in suspense; who seem ready to veer and turn, like approved weather-cocks, with every gust of politics; who stand between *aye* and *no*, like the ass of the schoolmen between two bundles of hay; or, like prince Volscius in love,—hip hop, hip hop, one boot on, the other boot off. These statesmen of the neuter gender we can place in neither list, and yet they seem to bid fair for a place in both. Where then can we station these lovers of *the golden mean*, but in the middle? In the middle, therefore, upon stools between both, one foot on one list, the other foot on the other list, I have placed one Right Honourable gentleman, as the grand archetype of political scepticism. Far be it from me to arraign such commendable prudence and moderation! But as the North-Briton is not such an admirer of impartiality, I have reason to think, that he will not long permit this gentleman to remain in a state of indifferency; he will not be contented to say of him, *ALBUS an ATER homo sit, nescio*; but having once brought himself to imagine that he has discovered the gentleman's *bias*, he will soon be induced to favour us with a portrait of so distinguished a personage either in chalk or in charcoal.

PEEP INTO FUTURITY,—

FROM THE NORTH BRITON.

CHALK.

CHARCOAL.

The Right Hon. Charles Townshend.

Duke of Grafton
Duke of Portland
Thomas Prowse, Esq;
Edward Popham, Esq;

Ld Mayor of London
Earl of Powis
Lord Grosvenor
Lord Strange
Sir A m. Wodehouse
Sir Cha. Mordaunt
Welbore Ellis
James Ofwald
Bamber Gascoyne
Paul Whitehead.

N O T E S

**ON MR. CHURCHILL'S FRAGMENT OF A DEDICATION
TO THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.**

BY THE SAME.

THERE is nothing in the poet's works more highly finished than this fragment. A most happy vein
of

of irony runs through the whole, and the grave Cervantes' mask of humour never once falls off. Though we have only a part of what was intended, yet the episcopal hero shines so much in the different lights of a pious prelate, a profound critic, an exemplary clergyman, and a meek divine, that we are at a loss which we ought the most to admire.

The benevolence of the Bishop only remains unsung: I mean, his benevolence to man. As to the other due benevolence of which St. Paul speaks, it ought in strictness to be considered as a part of justice, or family duty, to good Mrs. W——. I need not tell so great a scholar as her husband, that Horace calls it *uxorius annis*. I will only add my wishes, in the words of this dedication, that, as the Bishop and his wife are most uniformly join'd, it may continue *regularly flowing from that wholesome source his——mind*.

I ask no favour, not one note I crave.

In the Candidate he says,

Nor foul-gall'd *bishop* damn me with a note.

. My mortal journey done.

The last act of his life was an act of humanity and friendship. Mr. Wilkes, under the despotic administration of the Thane's deputies, had the honour of being an exile. Mr. Churchill came to France on
a visit

a visit to a friend, and died of a military fever at Bonlogne on the 4th of November, 1764. The goodness of his heart, and the firmness of his philosophy, were in full lustre during the whole time of a very severe illness; nor were the amazing faculties of his mind in the least impaired till a few moments before his death.

An inscription, in the close stile of the ancients, engraven on a sepulchral urn of alabaster, gives us his true character, as a friend, a poet, and a patriot.

CAROLO CHURCHILL,
Amico jucundo,
Poetæ acri,
Civi optimè de patria merito,
P.

Johannes Wilkes, 1765.

In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe.

The reverend emissary of Lord H—, who waited on the poet soon after the advertisement of Ayliffe's Ghost by C. Churchill, can best explain this passage. The untimely death of the author deprived us of that elegy; but his Lordship was convinced at last, that every man has NOT his price.

Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share.

The irony here is best explained by a passage in the Duellist :

No husband, tho' he's truly wed ;
 Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
 No father :——

—— By mistaken Kings

Titles are oft misplac'd.

The same spirit of discernment, and attention to reward all true merit, which advanced the immaculate —— to be secretary of state, and the brave —— to be steward of the household, gave Mr. —— the peerage. An universal odium had long pursued his name. Many breaches of private faith had left him not the least share of confidence with any friend ; and repeated violations of public trust had ruined him in the opinion of mankind, when it pleased —— the —— to sign a patent, commanding us always to call him the Right Honourable Lord ——.

Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
 Where fifty Cupids, as in ambush, lie.

I never could form an adequate idea of what Virgil calls the *lætos oculis honores*, the *lumen purpureum*, till I was blessed with a sight of W—— W——, Lord B—— of G——. His fine eye carries us even beyond what a pagan poet could possibly conceive ;

conceive; for it beams forth all the meekness and forbearance, all the mildness and benevolence, of that Gospel which is engraven on his heart. The beauty and symmetry of features in his face are indeed admirable; but beauty and symmetry are by no means confined to his face. His whole figure excels the most perfect Grecian forms, and in my opinion is a superior composition to the Belvidere Apollo. The harmony of the soul, too, seems exactly answerable to that of the body. Among all the arts of ancient Egypt, which the B—— so much admires, I must regret ~~that~~ the art of embalming in a manner to preserve every the minutest feature, is now totally lost. The W—— set of features might otherwise have convinced our children's children, that the most heavenly fire of the eye, and true dignity of aspect, may be tempered with grace and sweetness. Our posterity in that case would have exclaimed as we do now; *how meek, how gentle, how forbearing, was this primitive christian!*

Oh! what a grace is seated on that brow!

This loss is the more to be lamented, because the heir to his fortunes is unhappily not the heir to his graces. It is generally allowed, that the boy does not in the least resemble him, but seems to be of quite another mould, or *Potter's* earth.

After the B—— of G——, though at a great distance, comes F—— Lord H——d, most happy in

that kind of look which steals the heart at first glance, tho' the soul still sits at squat, and peeps not from it's hole.

If I was forced to name a third human face divine, after all beauty and harmony have been nearly exhausted by the other two, it should be that of Mr. M——. I do not however insist upon this, because I know good judges differ as to him; and Mr. Quin once, pointing to M——, whispered a friend; *Sir, if that fellow is not a villain, God Almighty does not write a legible hand.*

Those, sheep, which never heard their shepherd's
voice;

Which did not know, yet wou'd not learn the way;
Which stray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I shou'd
stray;

Instead of the two last lines, these were in the first MSS.

Which accents of rebuke could never bear,
Nor would have heeded Christ, had Christ been there.

Much did I wish, tho' little cou'd I hope
A friend in him, who was the friend of Pope.

I shall give only one instance of the B——'s
friendship

friendship for Mr Pope. The judicious public applied to the duke of Chandos the character of *Timon*, in Pope's poetical epistle to the Earl of Burlington. Mr. Pope denied that he meant any allusion to his Grace, and published a formal justification of himself in a prose letter to the same Earl. He says, "a report, which, in regard to that noble person, was impertinent; in regard to me, villainous—his humanity feels a concern for the injury done to me." —Warburton's edition, vol. VIII. p. 194. This injury is however done him after his death, and this villainy is charged on him, by his friend, the B——p. After these lines,

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land,
follows this note:—"Had the poet lived but three years longer, he had seen this *prophecy* fulfilled." Vol. III. p. 288. This can only allude to the present state of Cannons, the Duke of Chandos's seat near Edgware.

Are these a Christian B——'s ideas of friendship? The total disregard of truth, which Pope has shewn on this occasion, admits of no apology; but it ill became a friend to prove to the world, that the poet had solemnly asserted a falsehood. The four lines are, we are told, a *prophecy* of the fate of Cannons; and

we

We receive this information from a man, who is appointed by the author himself to explain and illustrate his works. The character of *Timon* is in every part that of the Duke of Chandos, except a trifling circumstance or two purposely disguised. The veil Pope used was too thin and flimsy. Even in his defence we see his guilt. He says, "I had ~~no~~ great cause
 " to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty
 " should be applied to one ; since, by that means,
 " nineteen would escape the ridicule." Is not this a plain confession, that the character was applicable to the Duke, since it belonged to all the twenty ? A man, who makes free with truth, will generally, sooner or later, be detected. The public at the very time despised the meanness of the poet, and will now equally condemn the baseness of such a friend. Pope however deserved only such a friend as this W——, from his treachery and breach of faith to Lord Bolingbroke, in regard to the Letters on the Idea of a Patriot King. His three most remarkable friends were Swift, Bolingbroke, and, in the decline of life, the B—— of G——. W—— has taken much pains to prove that the two former, though men of genius, were very worthless characters, but has only inadvertently shewn that the last is the most worthless of the three, without being a man of genius.

The B—— has remarked, that the most sacred of
 all

all private ties are friendship and gratitude. The force of his friendship we have seen in respect to Mr. Pope. The strength of gratitude Mr. Pitt found in his Bishop to equal what the Duke of Newcastle experienced in the greatest part of the bench, very apt, in their own phrase, to forget their maker.

Might like himself teach his adopted son,

'Gainst all the world, to quote a W——.

The poet does not mean his adopted son, master W——; but the sense is, he might teach me as an adopted son, &c.

Mr. Edwards, in the *Canons of Criticism*, has given us several instances from the notes on Shakespeare, that the B—— has adhered to W—— against all the world. I shall add only one from the commentator on Pope.

Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert ;

Secker is decent, Rundle has a heart.

The note is, " These words are *another* instance of " the malignity of the public judgment. The poet " thought, and not without reason, that they conveyed a very high idea of the worthy person to " whom they are applied ; to be decent (or to become every station of life in which a man is " placed) being the noblest encomium on his wisdom and virtue." Pope, Warburton's edition, vo'. IV. p. 323. To be barely decent is however very

penurious

penurious praise, and in this passage is almost an insult; for it is remarkable, that Secker's being only decent, is followed, or rather contrasted, with the high compliment to Rundle of having a heart. The true meaning is evident from another passage of this very author,

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

Vol. III. p. 205.

The poet must have enjoyed to a high degree his taste for ridicule with a pedant who believed that he was complimenting when he was sneering. The B—— of Oxford did not at that time thank Pope for the praise of being barely decent; and, after all, decency is too often like gravity, a mere outward form to conceal some inward defects of the mind.

I may now ask, whether those words, or, as the B—— ought to have said, the remarks on those words, are an instance of the malignity of the public judgment, or of the folly of one private judgment?

The other instance of the malignity of the public judgment, to which the B—— alludes, is the censure which he says has been passed on the following lines:

Let humble Allen, with an aukward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

I must confess that I never heard these lines censured. I have heard them commended. The
public

public indeed passed a slight reproof on an alteration made by Pope in the first line, at Mr. Allen's desire. The B—— has not noticed it among the variations. In the old edition it stood, *Let low-born Allen*, which agreed better with the *awkward shame*. The epithet humble by no means suited the man, who could not disguise that quaker-pride, which is the most disgusting thing in the world, and ridiculously assumes the name of humility.

And Potter trembles even in his grave.

Thomas Potter, Esq; of Ridgmont, in Bedfordshire. He was son of a late Archbishop of Canterbury, but far from being himself a bigot. He was even suspected to be well inclined towards several mistaking men, who differ from the Church of England. It is however certain he never went so far as to join in communion with any of the sectaries. He had great abilities for parliament, and was no less amiable in private life. The liveliness of his wit sometimes indeed carried him too far, and even revealed religion did not always escape his ridicule : but we ought to remember Martin Luther's apology for himself ; *Consider I was bred a Monk*. It is to be presumed, that he kept at least a strict guard over his tongue when he was with good Mr. Allen, or with the B—— of G—— and his lady, at least in the latter period of his life. In the former, if we believe the poet,

neither

neither he nor the B—— were very exemplary. In the third book of the Duellist it is said that the B——

liv'd with finners,
Herded with infidels for dinners ;
With such an emphasis and grace
Blasphem'd, that Potter kept not pace.

The B—— seems by this to have out-stripped the layman in the race of infidelity, if the picture is not rather overcharged.

This gentleman's many accomplishments and acquired talents, with a high admiration of their two characters, recommended him to the friendship of the post master of Bath, and his episcopal nephew. His fine natural parts introduced him to the intimacy of the niece, no incompetent judge. Yet this excellent lady could not help sometimes lamenting that Tom was vastly wild;

———— then calls her child,
And swears that *Tom* was vastly wild.

Duellist, Book III.

I rather mention this circumstance, that posterity may not be misled. Some have imagined, from this passage, that the child was christened *Thomas*. It is a mistake ; he was not named after his father, but after his uncle, Mr. Allen. We have church authority for this. The baptismal register informs us, that we ought to call the boy, *Ralph, Ralph*.

With

With all the conscious pride of innocence,
 Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,
 Bear witness to himself, whilst all men knew,
 By Gospel rules, his witness to be true.

This alludes to what passed in the — of —
 on the 15th of November, 1763. The B— of
 — made a complaint against Mr. W— of a
 b— of p—, that the name of — had been
 put by him to a variety of notes in a wicked poem,
 called, *An Essay on Woman*. It is said that those
 notes were of an erudition so deep and so uncommon,
 that the learned — might have been suspected of
 being the author, but at the same time of so ludicrous
 a cast, it was highly improbable a grave divine could
 employ his time in that way. This matter is now
 fully cleared up; for the B—, rising in his place,
 and with the utmost solemnity laying his hand on
 his heart, declared, that he did not write *any one*
 of those notes, and called *his* God to witness the
 truth of the assertion. He obtained in this in-
 stance full credit to what he affirmed. What a pity
 it is, that, to vindicate his reputation, he did not at
 the same time deny the notes on Shakespeare and
 Pope?

The christian zeal of the B— did not end with
 his own vindication. It flamed forth with becoming
 fury against the poem itself, which he declared was
 worthy of the devil; then, after a short pause, added

—no, *I beg the devil's pardon, for he is incapable of writing it.*—He would not venture even there a little satire, but as a well bred Frenchman, with a *pardonnez-moi* to temper it. He is fearful of offending, equally prudent and polite, and keeps a very good look-out into futurity. He remembers the caution of the wary Spaniard, who always said, My good Lord the Devil, that he might in all events be in favour *below*. A few years ago the B—— published a treatise upon Grace, or the Office and Operations of the Holy Spirit. In the preface he says, *I have a master above, and I have one below.* Lord B—— has been his master above. Is the person whose pardon he begged his master below?

Pitied himself, in turn had pitied you.

———— Seriously, my
Lord of G—— is to be pitied.

Pope, Warburton's edition, vol. IV. 197.

But you, my Lord, renounced attorneyship.

The commentator of Pope has been careful to give us not only all the blots in the foul copy of the Poet, but most of the variations in the printed editions. One, however, which is remarkable, he has omitted. In the first book of the Dunciad we read, according to the B——'s edition,

What

What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide

Vol. V. p. 101.

But no notice is taken of the former editions published by Pope himself, in several of which we read,

But what can I? my Flaccus cast aside,

Take up the *attorney's* (once my better) *guide*,
with this note, "In allusion to his first profession
"of an attorney." The B ——— could not bear to
copy these words, which are spoken by Cibber the
hero of the *Dunciad*, who was no dunce. Did he
fear they would rather lead the reader to one of the
low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band, to a *re-*
verend Flamen in his lengthened dress, formerly an
attorney?

Dunciad, b. 2. ver. 354.

The name and profession of attorney my Lord did indeed renounce; the wrangling and cavilling, the subterfuges and mean arts of vile attornies (as Pope calls them, vol. III. p. 247.) may be found in all his controversial writings. He can, however, at a pinch still do business for himself as an attorney, and, in the idea of the world, Mr. Allen's Will does honour to the proficiency he made in his former trade.

Doctor, Dean, Bishop, Glo'ster, and my Lord.

It is always difficult to mount the first step of the ladder of preferment; this simple title of Doctor

would not for above thirteen years take to the name of W———. In 1741, Pope says, I have received some chagreen at the delay of your degree at Oxon. Vol. IX. p. 341. There was indeed no small delay from the University. At last, in 1754, the degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred on him by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The B——k of G——— paid the petticoat obligations which a Princess had to Mr. and Mrs. Allen during her residence at Prior Park.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXPLANATORY NOTE OF
A PASSAGE IN MR. CHURCHILL'S CANDIDATE,
WHERE HE SPEAKS OF MEDMENHAM-ABBAY.

——“ Whilst womanhood, in habit of a nun,
“ At Medmenham lies, by *backward* monks undone
“ A nation's reckoning, like an alchouse score,
“ Whilst *Paul* the aged chalks behind the door,
“ Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up,
“ D——— shall pour, from a communion-cup,
“ Libations to the Goddess without eyes,
“ And hob or nob in cyder or excise.”

BY THE SAME.

MEdmenham, or, as it is pronounced, Mednan
Abbey, is a very large house on the banks of the
Thames

Thames, near Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. It was formerly a convent of Cistercian monks. The situation is remarkably fine. Beautiful hanging woods, soft meadows, a crystal stream, and a grove of venerable old elms near the house, with the retiredness of the mansion itself, made it as sweet a retreat as the most poetical imagination could create. Sir F—— D——, Sir T——s S——, P——l W——d, Mr. Wilkes, and other gentlemen to the number of twelve, rented the abbey, and often retired there in the summer. Among other amusements, they had sometimes a mock celebration of the more ridiculous rites of the foreign religious orders among the Roman Catholics; of the Franciscans in particular, for the gentlemen had taken that title from the founder, Sir F—— D——. *Paul* the aged was secretary and steward to the order. Mr. Wilkes had not been at the abbey for many months before the publication of this poem in 1764.

No prophane eye has dared to penetrate into the English Eleusinian mysteries of the *Chapter-Room*, where the monks assembled on all solemn occasions, the more secret rites were performed, and libations poured forth in much pomp to the *Bona Dea*. I shall only venture to relate what many mortal eyes have seen, and *sit mihi fas audita loqui*.

Over the grand entrance was the famous inscription on Rabelais's Abbey of THELEME, *Fay ce que*

voudras. At the end of the passage over the door was, *Aude, hospes, contemnere opes.* At one end of the refectory was Harpocrates, the Egyptian god of silence; at the other, the goddess Angerona; that the same duty might be enjoined to both sexes.

The garden, the grove, the orchard, the neighbouring woods, all spoke the loves and frailties of younger monks, who seemed at least to have *sinned naturally.* You saw in one place—*Ici pâma de joie des mortels le plus heureux.*—In another very imperfectly—*Mourut un amant sur le sein de sa dame.*—In a third—*En cet endroit mille baisers de flamme furent donnés, Et mille autres rendus.*—Against a fine old oak was

Hic satyrum natus victorem victa subegit. *

At the entrance of a cave was the Venus, stooping to pull a thorn out of her foot. The statue turned from you, and just over the two nether hills of snow were these lines from Virgil:

Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas :

Hac iter Elyzium nobis : at læva malorum

Exercet pœnas, et ad impia Tartara mittit.

On the inside of the cave, over a mossy couch, was the following exhortation :

Ite, agite, O juvenes ; pariter sedate medullis

Omnibus inter vos ; non murmura vestra columbæ.

Brachia non hederæ, non vincant oscula conchæ.

The favourite doctrine of the abbey is certainly not *penitence* ; for in the centre of the orchard was

a gro-

a grotesque figure, and in his hand a reed stood flaming, tipped with fire, to use Milton's expression, and you might trace out

PENITENTO

non

PENITENTI.

On the pedestal was a whimsical representation of Trophonius's cave, from whence all creatures were said to come out melancholy. Among that strange, dismal group, you might however remark a cock crowing, and a Carmelite laughing. The words *gallum galinaceum et sacerdotem gratis* were only legible*.

Near the abbey was a small, neat temple, erected to Cloacine, with the inscription, *This chapel of ease was founded in the year 1760.* Facing the entrance in the inside,

Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,

Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

The curious and entertaining description of West Wycombe church, published in the first part of the New Foundling Hospital for Wit, page 42, will enable the reader to give a shrewd guess at the *Goddes without eyes*, to whom Sir F—— D—— not only poured libations from a communion-cup, but actually built a temple in his gardens at West Wycombe.

* Omne animal post coitum triste est, præter gallum gallinæcum, et sacerdotem gratis fornicantem.

THE TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.

TO THE COUNTESS TEMPLE.

BY THE SAME.

THE Muses and Graces to Phœbus complain'd,
 " That no more on the earth a Sappho remain'd;
 " That their empire of wit was now at an end,
 " And on beauty alone the sex must depend;
 " To the men he had giv'n all his fancy and fire;
 " Art of healing to * Armstrong, as well as his
 lyre."

When Apollo reply'd, " To make you amends,
 " In one fair you shall see wit and virtue, good friends;
 " The Grecian's high spirit and sweetness I'll join
 " With a true Roman virtue, to make it divine:
 " Your pride and my boast, thus form'd, would you
 know,
 " You must visit the earthly elysium of Stowe."

TO A LADY, WHO SANG IN TOO LOW A VOICE.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN beauteous Laura's gentle voice
 Divides the yielding air,
 Fix'd on her lips, the fault'ring sounds
 Excess of joy declare.

* Dr. John Armstrong, author of The Art of Preserving Health, &c.

There

There ling'ring round the rosy gate,
 They view their fragrant cell,
 Unwilling to depart that mouth
 Where all the Graces dwell.

Some tuneful accents strike the sense
 With soft imperfect sound,
 While thousand others die within,
 In there own honey drown'd.

Yet thro' this cloud, distinct and clear
 Sweet sense directs its dart ;
 And while it seems to shun the ear,
 Strikes full upon the heart.

TO L A U R A, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BY THE SAME.

REVOLVING years add, Laura, to your charms,
 And bolder throbs my pulse to love's alarms ;
 Yet shall those heavenly charms at last decay,
 And this my sprightly pulse forget to play :
 Then wisely let me all my hours employ ;
 Too swift they fly, but be they wing'd with joy.
 May Wit and Beauty their blest pow'rs unite,
 Wit rule the day, and Beauty rule the night ;
 The pleasing chase may I thro' life pursue,
 A'l day with *Daphnis*, and all night with *you* !

TO MISS WILKES,

ON HER BIRTH DAY, AUGUST 16, 1767.

WROTE IN FRANCE.

BY THE SAME.

AGAIN I tune the vocal lay
 On dear Maria's natal day :
 This happy day I'll not deplore
 My exile from my native shore :
 No tear of mine to day shall flow
 For injur'd England's cruel woe ;
 For impious wounds to Freedom given,
 The first most sacred gift of Heaven.
 The Muse with joy shall prune her wing,
 Maria's ripen'd graces sing,
 And at seventeen, with truth shall own
 The bud of beauty's fairly blown :
 Softness and sweetest innocence
 Here shed their gentle influence ;
 Fair Modesty comes in their train
 To grace her sister Virtue's reign ;
 Then to give spirit, taste, and ease,
 The sov'reign art, the art to please,
 Good-humour'd wit, and fancy gay,
 To-morrow chearful as to day,
 The sun-shine of a mind serene,
 Where all is peace within, are seen,

• What

What can the grateful Muse ask more?
 The gods have lavish'd all their store,
 Maria shines their darling care;
 Still keep her, Heaven, from every snare!
 May still unspotted be her fame,
 May she remain through life the same,
 Unchang'd in all—except in name!

TO MISS WILKES,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, AUGUST 16, 1768.

WROTE IN PRISON.

BY THE SAME.

How shall the Muse in prison sing!
 How prune her drooping ruff'd wing!
 Maria is the potent spell
 Ev'n in these walls all grief to quell,
 To cheer the heart, rapture inspire,
 And wake to notes of joy the lyre;
 The tribute verse again to pay,
 On this auspicious festive day.
 When doom'd to quit the patriot band,
 And exil'd from my native land,
 Maria was my sure relief,
 Her presence banish'd every grief;
 Pleasure came smiling in her train;
 And chas'd the family of Pain.

Let lovers every charm admire,
 The easy shape, the heav'nly fire
 That, from those modest-beaming eyes,
 The captive heart at once surprize :
 A father's is another part,
 I praise the virtues of the heart ;
 And wit so elegant and free,
 Attemper'd sweet with modesty.
 Yet may kind Heaven a lover send,
 Of sense, of honour, and a friend ;
 Those virtues always to protect,
 Those beauties—never to neglect.

E P I T A P H,

IN THE BURIAL-GROUND OF CLAULLYUN CHAPEL,
 IN NORTH WALES, ON THE TOMB-STONE OF THE
 REV. EVAN LLOYD, DECEASED.

WRITTEN BY THE SAME.

O Pleasing poet, friend for ever dear,
 Thy memory claims the tributary tear ;
 In thee were join'd whate'er mankind admire,
 Keen wit, strong sense, the poet's, patriot's fire :
 Temper'd with gentleness such gifts were thine ;
 Such gifts with heart-felt anguish we resign !

THE FOLLOWING SIX LINES ARE NOT INSERTED
IN MR. CHURCHILL'S WORKS, THOUGH WELL
KNOWN TO BE WRITTEN BY HIM.

PROUD Buckingham, for law too mighty grown,
A patriot dagger prob'd, and from the throne
Sever'd its minion. In succeeding times,
May all those Fav'rites who adopt his crimes,
Partake his fate, and every Villiers feel
The keen, deep scorchings of a Felton's steel!

ON SEEING MR. LLOYD'S OPERA INSCRIBED TO
MR. COLMAN.

BY THE SAME.

AH! what a dearth of patrons in this age,
To cherish authors, and protect the stage.
The wits all rivalry of genius smother,
And dedicate their works to one another.

ON THE MONUMENTS IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

BY THE SAME.

IN fam'd cathedral, who'd expect
Pallas, a heathen goddess,
To lift her shield, come to protect
Lord Stanhope!—this most odd is!

Or to see Hercules, a son
 Of Jupiter (as fabled),
 Hov'ring, like old nurse, o'er an Admiral's bust,
 As if his pupil, or by him enabled.

What could they more,
 In times of yore,
 Do, heroes to defend?
 What could our stage exhibit more,
 Than make the Gods descend?

Verger, or Beadle, who thou art,
 That hast the supervising part,
 Fain would I mace lay thee on;
 For Dean's-Yard boys, with much surprise,
 Being thus greatly edify'd,
 May throw their books of Heathen Gods aside;
 And, shortly, there (I fear) see rise
 In statuary, *The whole Pantheon.*

VERSES WRITTEN IN WINDSOR PARK.

IN THE YEAR 1762.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN Pope to Satire gave its lawful way,
 And made the Nimrods of mankind his prey;
 When haughty Windsor heard, thro' ev'ry wood,
 Their shame, who durst be great, yet not be good;
 - Who

Who drunk with pow'r, and with ambition blind,
 Slaves to themselves, and monsters to mankind,
 Sinking the man to magnify the prince,
 Were heretofore what Stuarts have been since :
 Could he have look'd into the womb of time,
 How might his spirit, in prophetic rhyme,
 Inspir'd by virtue, and for freedom bold,
 Matters of diff'rent import have foretold !
 How might his Muse, if any Muse's tongue
 Could equal such an argument, have sung
 One William who makes all mankind his care,
 And shines the saviour of his country there ;
 One William who to ev'ry heart gives law ;
 The son of George, the image of Nassau !

POETICAL DESCRIPTION OF A GREAT FUNERAL.

BY A LATE CELEBRATED BARD*.

I.

A Tale I will tell you with great indignation,
 A reproach it must bring on the whole English nation ;
 Our good old King's funeral a raree-show made,
 While the Dean for the fight hath largely been paid.
Derry down.

* Supposed to be Mr. Churchill.

II. Old

II.

Old Peter was ne'er made a joke of before,
Tho' a rendezvous oft for each politic whore ;
But before this grand farce the Dean seized the keys,
And for prophanation he took double fees.

Derry down.

III.

'Without paying toll he swore none should be there,
And lest they shou'd sculk he forbid public pray'r ;
The keys of the vaults and odd places took,
And threaten'd the servants, bell, candle, and book.

Derry down.

IV.

Now the Chapter conven'd, old —— took the chair,
And the mask laid aside with a true priestly air :
On this happy occasion, my friends, 'tis my will,
We strive in convention our pockets to fill.

Derry down

V.

His health in a bumper went chearfully round,
And each wish'd, he declar'd, to see the King crown'd,
And most fervently pray'd, should Heaven him call,
It might be (tho' late) yet while they had a stall.

Derry down.

VI.

To business now, cries the mitred old Peer,
Ways and means are the things for which we met

Rise, B—— P——, and the rest in your turns,
We will fix it this night and admit no adjourns.

Derry down.

VII.

But then, said the Dean, ere this matter we settle,
Here F——'s the key, go fetch t'other bottle;
Nay, frown not, good F——, because I bid you,
I would have sent T——, but he'd have stole two.

Derry down.

VIII.

Then each rosy Pr——d got up from his chair,
~~And touching~~ the matter his mind did declare;
But one by the Mammon being tickl'd full fore,
Thought it fit the procession shou'd pay at the door.

Derry down.

IX.

At length they resolv'd, and in minute-book scroll'd,
Three scaffolds to build—be the C——'s cajol'd;
But one for the servants his L——p allow'd,
Which favour being told, the honest blocks bow'd.

Derry down.

X.

Then carpenters vile with their hammering rend
The roof of St. Peter, and the dead do offend;
For Sir Isaac cried out, What a pox do ye there?
For God's sake—ye're mad—see you've shatter'd my
sphere!

Derry down.

XI. Old

XL.

Old — shook his head, and said, Sure 'twas prophane
 For a man of his parts to take God's name in vain ;
 And bid him of such naughty words to beware,
 Lye down in his place—try the circle to square.

Derry down.

XII.

Each Verger soon followed the Bishop's example,
 And boldly on decency ventur'd to trample ;
 Like the Chapter in filling their pockets combine,
 One sells ham and rolls, t'other porter and wine.

Derry down.

XIII.

Eight strikes—the bell tolls—and the show doth begin,
 And half-crowns and twelvers fly thick to get in ;
 Such crowding and bribing, yourself wou'd have
 sworn

'Twas paradise gate and the faint at the door.

Derry down.

XIV.

Arrived, Harry's chapel at length they ascend,
 And — hastens the service to end ;
 Dust to dust, cries the Dean, flap the corpse was in-
 terr'd,
 And the music struck up—Long live George the
 Third !

Derry down.

CITY

CITY LATIN;

O R,

Critical and political remarks on the Latin inscription on laying the first stone of the intended new bridge at Black Friars. Proving almost every word and every letter of it to be erroneous, and contrary to the practice of both ancients and moderns in this kind of writing: interspersed with curious reflections on antiques and antiquity, with a plan or pattern for a new inscription. Dedicated to the venerable Society of Antiquaries. By the Rev. BUSBY BIRCH, LL.D. F.R.S. F.A.S. F.G.C. and M.S.E.A.M.C. i. e. Member of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.

BY BONNEL THORNTON.

*Quis expedituit Salmasio suam Hundredam,
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?*

MILT

THOUGH I cannot but applaud the zeal and affection which our worthy citizens of London have expressed towards the *Great Minister*, in their inscription on laying the first stone of the intended new bridge, yet I could wish they had been contented with expressing it in their own native language; which will probably last as long as the bridge, though built on *Elliptic* arches.

There

There were doubtless among them persons of sufficient abilities for such a task : witness the late address of the Lord-Mayor and Aldermen ; witness the address of the Common Council ; witness the address of the Merchants ; all which, we may venture to say, have not been outdone by the addresses of any other Mayors, Aldermen, and Corporations, or even of our two Universities.—Where then was the necessity that the inscription in question should be couched in an unknown tongue ? Unknown we may call it to most of our citizens, whose knowledge in Latin *scarcely* extends further than the famed Ashley's motto,—*pro bono publico* ; though it must be allowed, that many of them are conversant in the French, Spanish, Italian, German, High Dutch, Low Dutch, and Hebrew.

I know not, whether this Latin inscription (if it may be called Latin) was drawn up by the Reverend Ordinary of Newgate, or my Lord-Mayor's Chaplain, or the Master of Merchant-Taylors or Paul's schools, or even the Charter-House ; but the following remarks will, I think, sufficiently prove the author to be wholly ignorant of *Classical Latinity*, and an entire stranger to the usual stile of *Inscriptions*.

But it will be necessary, in order to refresh the reader's memory, that I should transcribe this inscription,

scription, together with its *English* translation, as it has appeared in the public papers; though there is great reason to imagine, that it was originally first drawn up in *English*, by some learned *deputy* or other, and afterwards *done into Latin*, as the phrase is; which, if this be the case, will readily account for the many *Anglicisms* that occur in it.

Ultimo die Octobris, anno ab incarnatione
MDCCLX.

auspicatissimo principe GEORGIO Tertio

regnum jam ineunte,

pontis hujus, in reipublicæ commodum,

urbisq; majestatem,

(latè tum flagrante bello)

a S. P. Q. L. suscepti,

primum lapidem posuit

THOMAS CHITTY, Miles.

Prætor :

ROBERTO MYLNE, Architecto.

Utque apud posteros extet monumentum

voluntatis suæ erga virum,

qui vigore ingenii, animi constantia,

probitatis & virtutis suæ felici quadam contagione,

(favente Deo

faustisque GEORGII Secundi auspiciis)

imperium Britannicum

in Asia, Africa, & America,

restituit, auxit, & stabilivit,

nec non patriæ antiquum honorem & auctoritatem

inter Europæ gentes instauravit ;

cives Londinenses, uno consensu,

huic ponti inscribi voluerunt nomen

GULIELMI PITT.

Englisched thus.

On the last day of October, in the year 1760,
and in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of

GEORGE the Third,

Sir THOMAS CHITTY, Knight, Lord-Mayor,

laid the first stone of this bridge,

undertaken by the Common Council of London,

(amidst the rage of an extensive war)

for the public accommodation,

and ornament of the city :

ROBERT MYLNE being the Architect.

And that there might remain to posterity
a monument of this city's affection to the man,
who, by the strength of his genius,

the steadiness of his mind,

and a certain kind of happy contagion of his
probity and spirit,

(under the divine favour

and fortunate auspices of **GEORGE the Second**)

recovered, augmented, and secured,

the British empire,

in Asia, Africa, and America,

and restored the ancient reputation

and influence of his country

amongst the nations of Europe ;

the citizens of London have unanimously voted this
bridge to be inscribed with the name of

WILLIAM PITT.

Ultimo Die Octobris.

The last day of October : This is a very bald expression, and but a little removed from a downright *Anglicism*. *Die Octobris XXXI.* would have been more in the inscription taste, which delights in these capital numerals. But, if they must have it the *LAST day*, *postremo* is undoubtedly the classical word; and, as elegance of construction should be particularly regarded in these little things, it should also have been placed after *Die Octobris*, and not before it. *Die Octobris postremo*. It is strange, that when *postero*, or *posteriore*, might have served instead of a better word, that the author should unluckily pitch upon poor *Ultimo*.

Anno ab Incarnatione.

If our author had known any thing of precision, he would certainly have added *N. S. J. C. i. e. Nostri Salvatoris Jesu Christi*, which would likewise have looked very pretty, since nothing in works of this kind is so pretty as single capitals. But why could not simply *Anno Domini* have served his turn, as brevity is no less to be consulted in inscriptions? I suppose he was afraid, lest posterity should mistake it for the *year of the Lord Mayor*. However, if the author had been the least acquainted with the custom of the *Romans* on these occasions, he might have borrowed a very elegant phrase from them, I mean, *Anno Urbis Condite*,

Conditæ, which would have preserved to posterity the precise æra when the city of *London* was first built; and this, there is no doubt, might have been accurately fixed by the *Antiquarian* society, assisted in their enquiries by the ruins of the city-gates.

MDCCLX.

It may seem odd, that I should find fault with these innocent letters; but preciseness obliges me to point out, that they are never applied in this manner in *Latin* inscriptions. Had the author but dipped into *Montfaucon's* or *Graevius's Antiquities*, or even *Stow's Survey of London*, he would have found, that, instead of CC, he should have used CIO; and the least observation would have informed him, that a point or dot was necessary after some of the letters, as thus, M.DCIO.LX. The virtuoso's eye must be as much hurt by the vulgar MDCCLX, as it would be by the barbarous *Arabic numerals* 1760.

Auspicatissimo Principe GEORGIO Terio Regnum *con-*
ineunte.

Auspicatissimo (the most auspicious), besides being a most egregious *Anglicism*, is, at best, but a very doubtful compliment to his present Majesty. I have looked into *Holyoak's* dictionary, as it is vulgarly called, though the first and best impression properly styles it *Vocabularium a Sancta Quera*. There I find

Vol. III.

G

Auspicius

Auspiciatus [ab *Auspicium*] *auspicious*, malo sensu frequenter usitat. Omen auspicatum, *i. e.* corvorum, Cic. Auspicata Mulier. PLAUT. A bad Ulomar. Now, among the most numerous and most illustrious tribe of *issimi*, could not the author have culled out some choice epithet of the superlative degree, that would not be liable to a double meaning? Surely he might have met with *pick and chuse* in abundance from the dedications to foreign potentates; such as in those to the French King, *Christianissimo*; to the Spaniard, *Catholicissimo*; to his Holiness the Pope, *Sacro-Sanctissimo*. But the epithet, that might at once have occurred to our author, as most suitable to his present Majesty's character, (and, I am sure, every one will agree with me) is OPTIMO.

To proceed Our author is so desirous of setting down at length what ought to be expressed in figures only (contrary to the known rules of inscription-writing) that here again he must substitute *Georgio Tertio* instead of *Georgio III.* as he would needs have *ultimo die Octobris*, in the room of *die Octobris XXXI.* I ask him, did he ever see *Tertius* or *Secundus* upon an halfpenny, a coin the nearest approaching to the copper medals of the Cæsars? No. Even Charles the Second, who would not stile himself either *II.* or *Secundus* (for fear, I suppose, of offending the Puritans), elegantly stamped himself, on his earliest coins, *Carolus a Carolo*; and I could not have

have blamed our author, if, instead of lengthening out III. to *Tertio*, he had further extended it into *Georgio a Friderico a Georgio a Georgio*.

Regnum jam ineunte.

It is hoped, that the news-papers, magazines, and other faithful histories of the present times, will convince posterity that his Majesty King *George the Third* was, on the last day of *October*, 1760, actually in the kingdom; otherwise, from the above expression, they might naturally conclude the contrary, since *regnum jam ineunte* can only be construed, *just now coming into the kingdom*; and should the unfortunate *Tertio* in the line above, happen to be defaced or worn out, posterity will be apt to imagine, that the bridge was begun to be built at the time that *George the First* landed on the shore from Hanover.

Pontis hujus, in reipublicæ commodum urbisque majestatem.

Here again my friend *Holyoak* must be called in to inform our author, that the proposition *in* with an accusative case following it, generally signifies *against*, and not *for*; so that the sense of this passage might be, that the bridge was set on foot *to the detriment of the public, and derogatory of the majesty of the city of London*. Nor would this interpretation appear

G 2

strange,

strange, considering the great disputes that have arisen about the form and construction of its arches. But allowing this sentence to bear a good meaning, it is certainly necessary to make a slight transposition of the words thus . . . *In Reipublicæ Majestatem, Urbisque Commodum* . . . for every one must agree with me, that the bridge is undoubtedly erected for the accommodation of the city.

Before I have done with this passage, I must remark, that every *classic* eye must be offended with seeing *reipublicæ* spelt at length, and made only one word of; whereas it ought to have been split in two, or, at least, contracted to *reip.* or *reipubl.* or to *Rpublicæ*, or simply *R. P.* which latter is perhaps the most elegant way of writing it, as it is certainly the most ancient, and, (what must further recommend it) consists only of capitals.

Latè tum flagrante Bello.

What must posterity suppose from this sentence (which is put in a parenthesis, and might indeed be better omitted), but that the bridge was built purely on account of the war? And can they conceive any other reason, but that it was merely designed for the conveniency only of the trained bands crossing the water? Otherwise, what signifies it, whether the bridge was built in war-time or in peace? Suppose our worthy citizens had set about it at the time of
the

the last dreadful fire by St. *Magnus* church, the inscription in that case might have run *Latè tum flagrante IGNI* . . . and this too with some shadow of a meaning, as it might have been supposed, that the espousers of *Black Friars* bridge thereby meant to express their secret wish, that the fire might reach as far as its antagonist, the temporary bridge. But, after all, what has *tum* to do in this passage? Is it placed there to signify, that the war raged on the last day of *October* particularly, or at the very instant of my Lord-mayor's laying the first stone?

Pontis hujus

a S. P. Q. L. suscepti.

Here the author has for once awkwardly attempted to copy the usage of the ancients on their public inscriptions. Every school-boy can tell him, that *S. P. Q. R.* signifies the whole state of *Rome*, that is, the senate and the people: but let us examine, whether *S. P. Q. L.* comprehends the whole city of *London*. Now, it is well known, that the commonwealth of *Rome* was made up only of two bodies, to wit, the senate and the people; whereas the city it composed of,

1. The Lord-mayor, or *prætor*.

2. The Aldermen, or *aldermanni* (there being no *Latin* term equal to their dignity).

G 3

3. The

3. The Common-council-men, or *Communis Concilii Fratres*.

4. The ordinary freemen, or *Liberti*.

Therefore the above capitals are not sufficient to denote this extensive corporation, but they should stand thus :

a P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L.

i. e. *Prætoris, Aldermannis, Communis Concilii Fratribus, Libertisq; Londinensibus*. And how much more noble do these numerous capitals look (P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L.) than the sneaking S. P. Q. R. of the *Romans* !

But what are we to understand by *Pontis suscepti* ? Let us again consult *Holyoak*, and he will inform us, that *suscipere opus*, or *suscipere negotium* may signify to undertake any work or business ; but *suscipere onus*, or *suscipere pontem*, must have a different construction ; and *Pontis a S. P. Q. L. suscepti*, in this place, can only be understood, that the Lord-mayor, Aldermen, Common Council, and Citizens, took up the bridge on their shoulders, and carried it clear off.

Primum Lapidem posuit

THOMAS CHITTY, Miles,

Prætor :

ROBERTO MYLNE *Architecto*.

The superficial common scholar will hardly conceive

ceive that any mistakes can possibly have been made in this plain and simple sentence ; but any one who is conversant in the method of inscriptions, will discover many blunders.

I am credibly informed, that the first plate, on which the inscription was engraved, was obliged to be laid aside on account of the engraver, who did not understand *Latin*, cutting the line... *Tho. Chitty Miles*, (as if it was Mr. *Tho. Chitty Miles*) instead of *Thomas Chitty, Miles, a knight* : and no wonder that the ignorant artist should commit such a blunder, when the manuscript had it originally *Thos.* a barbarous abbreviation of *Thomas*, and the word *Dominus*, as *Latin* for *Sir*, (i. e. *Knight*) instead of *Miles*. But does not any one see, that *Chitty* should have been *Chittius*, or rather *Chitteius*, as in the next line *Mylne* should be *Mylneio* ; *Thomas Chitteius, Roberto Mylneio* ? It is, indeed, a pity, that these words will not bear to be converted into true *Latin*, like my friend *Holyoak* into *Sancta Quercus* ; or as the Rev. *George White* stiled himself * *Agricola Candidus*. But

* This excellent genius formerly published a *Latin* news-paper and stiled himself by the name above-mentioned. He was indeed, obliged to have recourse to the *Greek* language, as well as the *Latin*, on this occasion. Finding out that *George*, or rather *Georgius*, would in *Greek* characters be Γεωργιος, and then finding out (in *Schrevelius's* *Lexicon*) that this meant *Agricola*, he very happily first græcized, thence latinized, his *prænomēn* into that excellent appellation.

as this cannot be, they ought, at least, to have a *Latin* termination; and every judge of antiquity will agree with me, that, without this addition, these names will sound no better than the familiar appellations of *Tom Chitty* and *Bob Mylne*.

*Uique apud Posteror extet Monumentum Voluntatis suæ
erga Virum.*

Voluntatis suæ: It is hard to determine, whether this means the *Bridge's* affection, or *Thomas Chitty's* and *Robert Mylne's*, whose names immediately go before; but it is obvious, that in the first line the author has a double meaning, and intends a compliment to one of the city structures. . . *Ut apud Posteror extet MONUMENTUM*; that the MONUMENT may stand to posterity. In return for this patriotic wish, I would propose, that as some have idly conceived a prejudice against *Elliptic* arches (the most strong and beautiful of any), this line should be fixed on the centre arch, with a slight alteration.

APUD POSTEROS EXTET PONS.

*Qui Vigore Ingenii, Animi Constantiâ,
Probitatis & Virtutis suæ felici quadam Contagione.*

The first line might have been this, that, or t'other; but in the name of *Latin*, what is this *felici quadam Contagione*? . . . By a certain kind of a sort of an happy contagion . . . of what? . . . *Probitatis
& Vir-*

& *Virtutis suæ* . . . his own probity and virtue. Stay . . . I shall wear out poor *Holyoak*, having used him at, and ever since I left, school . . . but no matter . . . let me see . . . oh . . . *Contagio*, f. [*α* contactus, *contangere*] *Contagion* . . . Now for his instances . . . *Ab his contagionem spirat*, TER. and many others, not one of which but gives the word in a bad sense. But even allowing that *Contagio* may be taken in a good sense, as it is qualified with the epithet of *felix*, the line, after twisting and winding it which way you please, can only be understood, that Mr. Pitt caught the happy contagion of his own probity and spirit. But the author undoubtedly intended an innuendo by this passage, that the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, and the rest of the Citizens, were infected with the same probity and spirit.

*Imperium Britannicum
in Asiâ, Africâ, et Americâ,
restituit, auxit, et stabilivit.*

From the order of the words, and from the common method observed in inscriptions, posterity will doubtless conceive, that the author meant to particularize the different successes of our arms in different parts of the globe; and they will naturally understand this passage as follows:

<i>In Asiâ</i>	<i>In Africâ</i>	<i>In Americâ</i>
<i>restituit,</i>	<i>auxit,</i>	<i>stabilivit :</i>

that is, he restored the *British* empire in *Asia*, he augmented it in *Africa*, he secured it in *America*.

Every body knows, that inscriptions should be as plain as possible, and the least liable to have their sense mistaken : I therefore cannot suppose, that our author should depart from this known rule, but rather imagine, that some officious would-be-critic foisted in this line about *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America*, because *Europe* happens to come in the next sentence, and he was willing to have all the four quarters of the globe together. I am convinced, that our author would rather have brought in all the four winds, and have written it, *in Euro, in Boreâ, in Austro, &c.* Or had he said, *tum in Asiâ, tum in Africâ, et Americâ, restituit, auxit, et stabilivit*, there could have been no room to doubt of its meaning.

Necnon patriæ antiquum Honorem et Auctoritatem inter Europæ Gentes instauravit.

A little lad, a relation of mine, who is in the third form at *Westminster* school, happened to call upon me just as I had finished my last remark. I set him to construe this passage. He began . . . *Necnon*, also . . . *instauravit*, he, he, he, [restored, child] restored . . . *antiquum honorem*, the ancient honour . . . *et auctoritatem*, and the authority . . . [good boy ! wonderful !] . . . *patriæ* . . . [well !] of their countries . . . [*their* countries, child ?] . . . Yes, uncle, *inter Europæ Gentes*, among the nations of *Europe*. Upon my word, the boy set the passage in a different light to what perhaps I should have seen it in ; and posterity

rity must consider our great patriot as the patriot of all countries, foes or friends, when they understand, from this sentence (as it cannot be well construed otherwise) *that he restored the ancient honour and authority [not only of his own, but] of each their several respective countries to all the nations of Europe.* Had, indeed, the little word *sux* here happened to have slipped in . . . *Patriæ suæ antiquum Honorem & Auctoritatem,* &c. it would have given the sentence that meaning which the author doubtless intended it should convey.

*Cives Londinenses, uno Consensu,
huic Ponti inscribi voluerunt Nomen
GULIELMI PITT.*

It cannot be sufficiently lamented, that the inscription throughout is so intirely devoid of the genuine marks of just and classical composition. I have pointed out the egregious ignorance of the author, in this kind of writing, in his very first line, *in vestibulo*, as it were; and he has shewn no less ignorance in the conclusion. *Cives Londinenses* . . . What a pity it is that he had not made use of that magnificent range of capitals, P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L. as before recommended! but how shocking is it, that the ignorant has not had reading enough to know, that the letters C. L. (nothing more than C. L.) were more full, more expressive, or more intelligible, and more im-

scriptive by themselves, than with the useless addition of *ives undinenses* !

The common reader will hardly imagine that I should be able to spy out any mistake in the last line, *Gulielmi Pitt* ; but I hope to prove, to the satisfaction of every body, at least of every *antiquary*, that the author is wrong in both the *christian* and *surname* of this gentleman. First then, it is well known, that the word *Gulielmi* was never used in inscriptions, except upon the barbarous modern medals, or coins, of King *William III*. I wonder the author did not write it *Williami*, which is certainly as good *Latin* for *William* as the strange *Gulielmi* ; at least, he might have *barbaro-latinized* it into *Wilbelmi*, or (as the chaste *Roman* alphabet abhorred a *VV* or *W*) called *Vilbelmi*. But, if it must be something like *Gulielmi*, is it not notorious, that it should be spelt *Guilelmi*, and not *Gulielmi*, as it is vulgarly and ignorantly written ?

But to come to the name *Pitt* O what a glorious opportunity was here let slip of naturalizing an *English* name into the *Latin* tongue, by a *latinization* of it ! *Pitt ! Pitt !* a low *English* word ! Sink, ditch, bog, quagmire, would found equally noble. But if, instead of this, it had been written *Fossa*, how grandly would that have founded ! And, surely, every admirer of antique learning will agree with me, that *Fossa ! Guillemi Fossæ !* . . . would have

Have made the illustrious name of the *Fossas* adored and remembered to all posterity.

As to the objection, which will possibly be raised, that posterity may perhaps apprehend the word *Fossa* to mean *Ditch* instead of *Pitt*, that can have no force at all, as they will easily find, that, though *Will Pitt* was at the head of the Ministry at this present time, there was no such person joined with him in the administration as *Will Ditch*. It is true, indeed, that the city formerly joined *two* names together in their presentation of their freedom and gold boxes: it might therefore be a matter of some wonder, that they did not think fit to couple them on the present occasion, and at the same time that they immortalized *Guilelmus Fossa*, they did not pay the same honours to *Henricus Bisonus Crus*.

And now I have touched upon the subject of converting *English* proper names into *Latin*, I shall beg leave to enlarge upon it a little further, and to shew its peculiar elegance and propriety. We cannot but be sensible, that most of our *English* names, which have any meaning at all, are borrowed from the lowest, and sometimes the most ridiculous, as well as offensive objects. Thus, for instance, what can be more shocking to a delicate ear, than *Mangey*, *Rag*, *Belcher*, *Gorge*, *Grub*, *Trollop*, *Nanny*, *Hussey*, &c. &c. &c. not to mention some others, that border

der very nearly on indecency. Many, again, take their appellation from the lowest tradesmen and mechanics ; such as Smith, Mason, Gardener, Packer, Dyer, Turner, Taylor, Cook, Cooper, Carter, Draper, Glover, Butcher, Plumber, Painter, Carpenter, &c. Almost all kinds of beasts, birds and fishes, are also to be found among us ; as Buck, Stag, Hart, Hind, Fox, Hare, Bull, Bullock, Lamb ;—Duck, Drake, Gosling, Crow, Hawk, Kite, Heron, Crane, Parrot, Partridge, Cock, Woodcock ;—Sprat, Herring, Crab, Whiting, Salmon, &c. The four quarters of the wind, East, West, North, and South, are also frequently used as surnames ; and almost all the colours of the rainbow are appropriated to the same purposes ; as Green, Scarlet, Grey, Brown, Black, Blackhall, Blackmore, White, Whitehead, Redhead, &c. Even the different parts of our habitations furnish us with no inconsiderable number of names : we have House, Garden, Court, Wall, Hall, Kitchen, Garret, Stair, Chambers, Wood, Stone, Lock, Key, Street, Lane, &c. We have also Fields, Meadows, Hills, Rivers, Lakes, Ponds, Pools, Dykes, Hedges, &c. in abundance. Some parts of the body likewise serve for the same end ; as Head, Scull, Leg, Foot, Trotter, &c. But why need I dwell any longer on this subject ? There are Rich and Poor, Sharp and Blunt, Young and Eld, Long and Short, Small
- and

and Great, Walker and Rider, Swift, Hastings, and On-flow ; with a variety of other names taken from the most common actions of our lives.

Let us then suppose, that these names, or the most vulgar and disagreeable of them, were to be changed into *Latin*: it would perhaps be objected, that the words in either language would still bear the same import ; yet it must be allowed, that the sound being altered, the ear is not so immediately shocked, or the mind so directly struck, with the vulgarness or indelicacy of their meaning. For instance, though the name *Butcher* should of right belong to nobody but a *Dutchman*, the Latin word *Eruſator* greatly alleviates the filthiness of its meaning by the magnificence of its sound : at least, it would not be inferior to the title of that Emperor, who laid a tax on a certain natural evacuation, and was thence, by his flatterers, stiled *Urinator*. Besides, there are a great many *English* names, that nearly resemble those of the most illustrious families and offices in old *Rome*: thus the *Smiths*, by a very fair allusion, might be stiled *FABRICII*, the *Gardeners* *HORTENSII*, the *Taylors* *SARTORII*, the *Drapers* *TOGATI*, the *Masons* *ÆDILES*, &c. &c. &c. So in other instances, *Long* would be readily converted into *LONGINUS*, as *Short* would be *CURTIVS*, *Great* or *Greathead* might be called *MAXIMUS*, or *CAPITO MAXIMUS* ; *Young* (especially the reverend satirist of that name) would not be improperly

improperly stiled JUVENALIS, as *Eld* or *Oldban* might fairly make SENECA; *Swiſt* or *Hastings* is FESTINUS, and *Onslow* directly answers to LENTULUS. So also among the colours, *White* may be either ALBIUS or CANDIDUS, as *Black* or *Blackall* may at once assume the title of the Emperor NIGER: and pray what is FUCUS, to whom *Horace* addresses one of his odes, but downright *Brown*? Suppose, therefore, a gentleman of the name of *Wenman* or *Warton*, would he not be proud to be called after CICERO, who received that name on account of a *wen* or *wart* growing on the side of his face? And the *Italian* musician, whom the courtesy of the galleries have, in a manner, naturalized by the appellation of *Nosy*, would, I believe, very readily exchange it for that of the Poet NASO; whom we may conclude to have been so called for the very same reason, if we consider his supposed intimacy with a certain lady of the first fashion in his time.

But the utility of this proceeding is still further evident from the practice of other nations in affairs of this kind. The *French*, perhaps conscious of the lightness and futility of their own language, always make use of this manner of writing on their public monuments; and their famous *Academy of Inscriptions*, &c. was established for scarce any other purpose than to find out proper *Latin* words for the names of those illustrious personages, who are, by these means,

means, to be immortalized. Thus, on a medal struck in memory of their famous poet *Racine*, that word signifying a *Root*, they have called him *Radix*; on another, in honour of the two *Corneilles*, father and son, they have been contented, by a slight mutation, to stile them *Cornelii Pat. et Fil. i. e. Pater et Filius*; but, I am informed, they are preparing another also for the *son* of the latter, on which is to be inscribed the classical name of CORNELIUS NEPOS. . . . *Nepos*, in their language, signifying the *Petit-Fils*, or *Grandson*.

The *Dutch* (who have always preserved a true taste for compositions of this kind, as well as for the finest branch of criticism, that of emending letters) are very accurate in the translations of their excellent *Dutch* names into *Latin*. One instance may suffice for all. In the church of *Rotterdam*, on the monument of that famous Burgomaster (the first projector of stock-jobbing), Gynheer Wan Kugger-Bugger Kiggledy-Wiggledy Kelter-Skelter, he is concisely stiled in the most elegant latinity . . . *Omnium Gatherum*.

Having then these great examples before our eyes, what should hinder this nation, which, though slow at invention, is ever ready at improvement, from making itself equally remarkable for its taste in similar undertakings? A noble opportunity offers itself in the public monument shortly to be erected; and, if the inscription concerning a city bridge must

be in *Latin*, the inscription on this monument will undoubtedly be in the same language; at least it ought to be so, if for no other reason, than that the name of *Wolf* will admit to be *latinized* into *Lupus*.

But to return from this digression . . . As I have found so much fault with the present form of the *city inscription*, I may be asked, perhaps, what other could I substitute in its stead? To this I answer . . . If we would consult elegance, clearness, strength and brevity of expression, if we would regard the usual practice in these cases, it should certainly run somewhat in the following manner :

NON. VIII. MENS.
A. U. C. MM.C LXXIX.
T. CHITTEIO PR.
PONT.
A. P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L. CONSTR.
LAP. P. P.

What can be more plain and intelligible than this? What can look nobler and more significant than this? An antiquarian could hang over it with rapture for hours, nay, years together, and find out the beauty of every single capital. But, as the author of the prolix and wordy *city inscription* will doubtless be puzzled to get at its meaning, I will condescend to become a decypherer to his ignorance.

NON.

NON. VIII. MENS. *Nonis Octavi Mensis*, on the nones of the eighth month, that is, *October 31.*

If we look, indeed, into the *Roman* calendar, as adapted to ours, at the end of the dictionaries, we shall find it differently set down; but, alas! the editors have never considered the *alteration of the style.*

A. U. C. MM.C.LXXIX. *Anno Urbis Conditæ*, in the year from the first building of the city 2179.

The ~~date~~ of this æra is modestly set down from authentic records; but there are traces of its foundation much earlier; though it does not appear, either from *Stow's Survey*, or *Maitland's History of London*, that the Mayors were called *Lords*, or that any of the Citizens were *knighted*, till a long while after this period.

T. CHITTEIO PR. *Thomâ Chitteio Prætoræ*, *Thomas Chitty* being Mayor.

Though no one can be better affected to his Majesty than myself; yet I thought it unnecessary, in a city inscription, to mention the time of his *beginning to reign*, especially if no better expression can be found than *regnum jam ineunte*. It is sufficient to remark the precise date by the manner I have done; from the year of the first building of the city; but, if this should be uncertain, authentic records

records will fully prove it, by informing posterity in what year *Thomas Chitty* was Mayor; and, as to *Georgio Tertio Regnum jam ineunte*, it might as well have been said *Thomâ Chitty Mayoralum jam exeunte*, *Thomas Chitty* just going out of his Mayoralty.

PONT. A. P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L. CONSTR.
LAP. P. P. *Pontis a Prætoribus, Aldermannis, &c.*
(as explained before) *construendi Lapis primus ponebatur*, of a bridge to be built by the Mayor, Aldermen, &c. the first stone was laid. . . . This is clear, short, and significant. . . . But you will say, as a compliment to Mr. *Pitt* is necessary, how is that to be expressed? Why in the same concise and intelligible manner.

GUIL. FOSSÆ
PATR. PATRIÆ D.D.D.

Is there any occasion to explain these letters? *Guilermo Fossæ Patri Patriæ Datur, Dicatur, Dedicatur*, dedicated to *William Pitt*, the father of his country.

It is now high time to have done with this dry and uninteresting subject; for so it may appear to all who are not conversant in antiquity; and though I could easily have confirmed my remarks by numerous quotations from ancient and modern

authors and critics, yet I chuse rather to leave it to the true virtuoso to determine whether my criticisms are just or groundless. I shall only observe further, that, as the inscription, which has given rise to this little work, is said to have been engraven on *pure tin*, I think, with more propriety, it might have been upon *pure lead*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My publisher having informed me, that this pamphlet was refused a place in the Daily Advertiser, I sent my amanuensis to Jenour over the door, to know the reason; but the fellow having been accustomed only to set down so many words, without knowing, or even enquiring after, their meaning . . . consequently having very little practice of memory . . . he quite forgot what was said to him. I must therefore desire Jenour over the door will be pleased to acquaint my publisher, why the same favour should not be shewn by him to my learned labours, as to other works of genius and literature; especially as Jenour over the door could not have read a line of my work, as the advertisement was sent him before it was published.

A L Y R I C

A LYRIC EPISTLE.

TO MY COUSIN SHANDY, ON HIS COMING TO TOWN.

BY J. S. HALL, ESQ.

DEAR SHANDY,

YOU know there goes a tale,
 How Jonas went aboard a whale,
 Once for a frolic,
 And the whale set sail
 With a fair gale,
 And got the cholic ;
 And after a great splutter
 Spew'd him up, upon the coast,
 Just like a woodcock on a toast,
 With trail and butter.
 I should have thought him much to blame,
 Had he gone back the way he came.
 So when you're over head and ears in debt,
 You'll fume and fret ;
 When once you're wip'd clean, if you presume
 To plunge yourself again, fret on and fume.
 So when a man has lost his wife,
 He makes a pother.
 But he deserves to lose his life,
 If he will ever venture on another.

So when a miss just enters in her teens,
 She makes a coil,
 Because she knows not what she means
 —You lose your labour and your oil.
 But by and by,
 After you have taken your degrees,
 If you will try,
 You'll be install'd with ease,
 And you may take a flight
 Upright,
 Like me,
 And drop like Icarus into a vacant sea.
 And so, because comparisons are odious,
 Pray tell me plain,
 Whether the theatre in Drury-lane,
 Or that of York, is most commodious ;
 And to oblige you,
 I'll tell you a story of Elijah :—
 As he was walking by a wood in sober sadness,
 Close by a mob of children stood,
 Commenting on his sober mood,
 And taking it for madness :
 In their opinions
 They hung together just like onions,
 And back'd them, like such sort of folks,
 With a few stones, and a few jokes ;
 Till, weary of their pelting and their prattle,
 He order'd out his bears to battle :

It

It was delightful fun
 To see them run
 And eat up the young cattle.
 Now, had Elijah chang'd the scene,
 From thinking and walking
 To drinking and talking,
 Or any pleasant situation,
 It would have cur'd the spleen,
 And sav'd a lapidation.

Your affectionate cousin,

ANTONY SHANDY.

AN EPISTLE

TO THE GROWN GENTLEWOMEN THE MISSES OF****

BY THE SAME.

La musica et gli abiti sono della vagha invencione di Bartolomeo
 Cogliane, poeta lirico et virtuoso della camera della sua excel-
 lenza la Signora Contessa **** procuratrice di San Giacomo.

LADIES, I love you dearly,
 And for a proof I send this letter;
 To deal with you sincerely,
 I dare not offer any better.

Mandy

Many of your mamas
 Would look upon it as a sin,
 Because,
 They and their daughters are so near akin,
 It would be wading both through thick and thin.
 Time also, the best tutor of all others,
 Has open'd my deluded eyes ;
 I have made fools enow amongst your mothers ;
 I wish it was as easy to make you wife.

This, says Miss Notable, is positive grimace ;
 He thinks to rub the mould off an old face
 By being smart and fly :
 Just as a housewife thinks you'll eat
 Her fusty meat,
 When it is season'd in a pyc.

Miss Notable, you are a cynic ;
 And though in Greek it means a bitch,
 I only mean you are a mimic,
 When you set up to be a witch.
 Can you imagine me so queer
 An engineer,
 To think of making my advances
 By fancies ?
 I know that an approach is made
 Sideways, and by insinuation ;
 I know my trade ;

But not by a rhetorical,
 Or metaphorical,
 Or verbal disputation,
 But by a real zig-zag operation.
 I would as soon attempt to take a city
 With sugar plumbs,
 Instead of bombs,
 As take a miss by being witty :
 Or to take you,
 When you're in cue,
 To romp and grapple,
 Like Eve,
 Taking you only by the sleeve,
 And pulling out an apple.
 A miss that's brought up in a boarding-school,
 Or in a cloyster,
 Is like a fool,
 And like an oyster :
 For though a bungler can't get at her,
 An oyster-monger, who has thought on't well,
 And understands the matter,
 Contrives a way into the shell,
 Like any eel
 Into a wheel
 Of wicker,
 Gobbling the oyster and the liquor.

The reason why she is like a stool, methinks
Is this ;

(I do not mean a stool that stinks,
That never can be like a miss)

I mean a stool,
Not in the nature of a chair,
But a mere tool,
Placed in a corner here and there,
With an intent

Not to be useful—but for ornament ;
Just like the image of a Chinese lubbard,
Sitting upon a chimney-piece or cupboard.

Yet when a drawing-room is full,
Or when a company draws near
That blessed sphere,
Where all are happy that are dull,
And they are taken up with some debater,
You clap you down slipping aside,
And so your stool is occupy'd
Sooner or later.

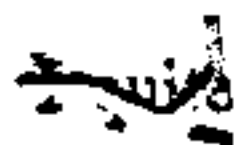
And so a miss that's thrown aside like lumber,
Although they watch her,
Will find occasions without number,
If any one's inclin'd to catch her.

When a man's saying all he has to say,
And something comes across the way,
Without a provocation,

I do not call it a digression,
 But a temptation
 Which requires discretion:
 And therefore I petition
 For leave to give a definition
 Of the word Reputation :
 'Tis an impression or a seal
 Engrav'd, not upon steel,
 On a transparent education,
 Which, held up to the light,
 Discovers all the strokes and touches
 That mark the lady of a knight,
 A mantua-maker or a duchess.
 A miss brought up in fairy courts,
 Practis'd in sublunary sports,
 And contemplations in the dark,
 Is apt to be surpriz'd
 By a superior power, disguis'd
 Like an attorney's clerk ;
 Oft in the darkest night, when every head
 Is wrapt in sleep,
 And free from cares,
 He sallies from the deep,
 Stealing up the back stairs,
 And without dread
 He'll creep
 Upon you unawares
 Into your bed,

A fairy is a cunning elf,
 And seldom meditates a rape
 In any shape
 That you suspect yourself.
 Sometimes in front he will appear
 Just like a barber's block,
 And sometimes hang upon your rear,
 Dress'd in your footman's frock.
 When once you are enchanted,
 You are commonly possess'd all night,
 Like an house that's haunted,
 And, like a haunted house, a priest must set you
 right.
 And then, by reason of your tender age,
 You are no less in danger
 From HAMLET and RANGER,
 The enchanters of the stage :
 You are not open to so many snares,
 From dancers, fingers,
 And fiddle-stringers,
 As from players.
 Players make love by letters patent,
 All other artists are excluded,
 And now and then it has so happen'd,
 The law has been eluded ;
 And by a trick of a logician,
 No lawyer's whim :

For instance, if the artist's a musician,
 You must convert the proposition,
 That is, you must make love to him.
 I do not mean, my dears,
 To alarm you with my fears,
 Though I could bring examples recent,
 And make reflections,
 To shew that such amours are neither decent,
 Nor good for your complexions.
 Let but a single spark of fire fall
 Into a powder magazine,
 It blows up all,
 Quite and clean.
 So when you have finish'd a neat billet doux
 All but the stopping,
 And you're in raptures leaning,
 A drop of ink, you know not how,
 Comes dropping,
 And blots out all the meaning.
 If you delight in fops,
 And will be always tasting and touching,
 You may meet fops where a few drops
 Will blot your 'scutcheon :
 Your face breaks out in spots, or you're inflated
 To a degree,
 So as to be
 Homunculated,



I quite forgot, I was in such a trance,

To give a hint,

Asquint,

About a country-dance.

Dancing contributes greatly, 'tis confess'd,

To open and dilate your chest,

And is exceeding good

To purify the blood

And humours ;

But if you sit too long, and cool too quick,

Your hand is seiz'd and you fall sick.

It feels as if it felt — all over — tumours,

Shaking, as if you shook a stick,

Tingling and numb,

Finger and thumb,

Paralytic.

If people would but stick to their professions,

You would be dancing,

Not sitting and romancing,

Like an old justice at a sessions.

Supposing now you have escaped all rocks,

Not without many shocks

Amongst the shoals of calumny and rancour,

Thank Heaven you are not stranded ;

Throw out your anchor,

And then do what you please when you are landed.

Sure I speak plain enough, you understand

That I would have you marry out of hand ;

Whether you wed a coxcomb or a sloven,
 By fair means or by coyin ;
 Marriage resembles a perpetual oven.
 Your chief expence and trouble's in the making,
 Which need not be repeated,
 Unless you are cheated,
 From the first time you put a cake in ;
 For after that, without being heated,
 It will continue fit for baking ;
 Constantly ready night and day,
 If you don't bake at home, your neighbour may.
 Do but contemplate a pudding's end ;
 There is a string goes round about

Her snout :

The string is very much the pudding's friend,
 He keeps her within bounds, or else she would be
 spoil'd,

And by his means she gets well boil'd.

Look at that spit again ;

What is it keeps your meat from burning ?

It is a chain

That humours it in turning,

And by that means, as you have often boasted,

Your meat is always nicely roasted.

Just such another tye is marriage ;

I take the marriage-noose, or wedding-ring,

If you are prudent in your carriage,

To be a pudding-string ;

And -

And for the marriage-chain, 'tis prov'd as clear as glass
To be but a jack-chain—a chain for a jack-ass.

'Tis all made out as fine as silk ;
Now attend, my lovely lasses,
And I'll provide you all with asses.
—You shall not want for asses milk.

I wish a miss was like a leek,

Whose head is long,

And strong,

Altho' the tail

Be frail

And weak.

I could say in three words all that I have to speak ;

Dissemble

Whether you resemble

The proud or meek.

Meekness and pride alike inflame desire,

A truth well known among the wenchers ;

So oil or brandy thrown into the fire

Are neither of them quenchers ;

Take that which suits you best, my gentle dames,

Either will do to set a house in flames.

'Tis not sufficient to inflame,

You must provoke, but you must tame.

Observe the anglers,

They don't take every fish that comes ;

So many of your dangles

Are but bull-heads and millers' thumbs.

A captain, or some pretty fellow,
 May dangle with you at a rout ;
 Just as they fish for salmon with a menow,
 Or a red clout :
 But when you walk with Strephon arm in arm
 And feel all over new-milk warm,
 Whilst he complains of penalties and pains,
 You'll seem
 Like an iced cream,
 If you have any brains.

Adam was weary of a single life,
 And seeing Eve bathful and nice,
 He thought her fitter for a wife
 Than any beast in Paradise.
 So when a 'squire sees a maiden coy,
 He makes a jointure,
 And in a fit of joy
 Prefers her to a pointer.
 Milton's *delay*, it is no word of my inventing,
 Lies in a point,
 If you can hit the joint,
 Between forbidding and consenting :
 Just like the cream of which you have been told,
 Delicious, when 'tis not too cold.
 All small delays are right ;
 They make folks keen,
 Whether they mean
 To play or fight.

So at a battle and a cocking,
 The combatants, before they let them go,
 Stand a little while and crow.
 And when you throw the stocking,
 After the bride and bridegroom's bedded,
 The bride, encouraged by that pause,
 Yields to the laws,
 And is beheaded.

A LYRIC EPISTLE.

TO THE GROWN GENTLEMEN, THE STUDENTS OF
 DIVINITY IN ——— COLLEGE, OXFORD.

BY TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Experientia docet.

BY THE SAME.

GENTLEMEN, I am your friend and adviser,
 As a proof of which I send you this letter,
 To make you all wiser,
 And in the end, perhaps, a good living the better.
 As you are design'd
 For the service of the church,
 I'll tell you my mind:
 I would not have you enter
 Into orders at a venture,
 Left in a twenty-pound curacy you should be left in
 the lurch.

You think, perhaps, by studying divinity,
 And acquiring a little classical latinity,
 By being grave and sober,
 And not drinking too much wine and October,
 That you may rise in time to the mitre ;
 You may as well suppose,
 Even tho' it stinks in your nose,
 That a dirty shirt at college,
 Worn a week in pursuit of useless knowledge,
 May by Saturday night be grown whiter.

But as the dirt
 Wears not off the shirt,
 So I'll tell you what :
 Let not any one be so queer
 An engineer,
 As to think of making his advances
 By such fancies ;
 For that is not,
 Whatever the novice believes,
 The way to get his arms into a pair of lawn sleeves.
 I know my trade,
 Which tho' it be made
 By some a mighty serious occupation,
 I have found that to laugh
 Is better by half,
 And more likely to get a presentation.
 'Tis all a mere hum
 To stand preaching hum-drum,

And

And telling old tales of repentance ;

You had better burlesque

Both pulpit and desk,

And turn up your female acquaintance :

I do not mean in the way of carnality,

That would ill agree with a parson's formality ;

But in the way of science,

That's privileg'd to set all decorum at defiance.

Thus, to make your devotion

Assist your promotion,

Your way is, with luscious romances

To tickle your patron's fancies ;

To whom you will never do well

To talk about heaven or hell,

Unless in the way of digression,

To vary the turn of expression.

There's ne'er a lord or 'squire,

Tho' senseless as king Log,

When once set agog

After a miss Tawdry,

By the help of your bawdry,

But will give you as good a living as you can desire :

And thus a prebendary,

By one bold vagary,

Tho', as I was a saying,

He would never ~~get~~ anything by praying,

May sometimes a fortune acquire ;

Believe

Believe me—Experto

Crede Roberto.

Do you think it hard to get

A sufficient stock of wit,

And due portion of learning or fun ?

Lord ! be your tale as dull

As e'er enter'd barren skull,

Mix it well with that fame——

(I mean * * * * without a name)

In one page a squint,

In the next a broad hint,

And, the world to a nut-shell, 'twill run.

Indeed, as to the subject matter,

Of that you must learn the scientific matter ;

And if you're to seek,

Consult—do you see—

The Venus Physique

Of the sage Maupertuis ;

Or, rather,

What my father,

Or, more precisely, my uncle and he

Determined about the Homunculi,

With which the young ladies are inflated,

When they are first articulated.

But as precept is enforce'd by example,

I shall here give you a little sample.

When you treat of ~~these subjects~~ to be dreaded,

Wherein the maidens are beheaded,

Begin

Begin by advancing the notion
 (That is in your prolegomena),
 That all natural phenomena
 Are the effects of matter and motion ;
 So that the blow
 May be either fast or slow,
 If so be that the momentum
 Of the rentum skentum

Be in both cases equal ;
 And that the attraction and repulsion
 Occasion the same revulsion,
 When the like is the sequel.
 Or thus ; by the doctrine of propagation,
 As illustrated by electrification,
 When by means even of a bit of wire
 Two bodies are set on fire ;
 Say when, by virtue of due constriction,
 The tubes are right in friction,

Propria quæ maribus ;
 If the vibrations be not strong,
 Whether they be short or long,

Cæteris paribus,
 The effect is the same,
 To light up a mutual flame.

A learned smattering
 Thus setting you once chattering,
 You run readily into a stile,
 And at critics may venture to smile ;

For what need there any skill
 To say whate'er one will,
 Or to write even the son of Aristarchus dead ?
 When allowed by profession,
 Full power of digression,
 And to set down whate'er comes into one's head :
 It may be done with as much ease
 As a blackbird whistles,
 Or as I write such epistles
 As these.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

A SENTIMENTAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN TWO SOULS,

IN THE PALPABLE BODIES OF AN ENGLISH LADY
 OF QUALITY, AND AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

BY THE SAME.

Tristram Shandy presents his compliments to the Gentlemen of Ireland, and begs their acceptance of a sentimental offering, as an acknowledgement due to the country where he was born.

PREFATORY CHAPTER.

I Neither say, nor ~~ever~~ say, that it consists in the frequency Heaven forbid it should; but I do

say, believe, and maintain, that the happiness of life depends upon it.

As a total privation embitters all other blessings, an abundance thereof is more than a palliative for every evil under the sun. In low life, how inventive! how subtle! how full of resources! even to lay the storms of adversity under contribution! like the Switz peasant, buried in his cottage for three long winter months under a mountain of snow, it turns the most dreary and uncomfortable habitation into a kind asylum from the inclemency of fortune.

How sharp is the tooth of adversity! how terrible are its ghastly wounds! Your favourite child drowned! A hog jostled him over the bank into the river, as he was playing with his companions by the water-side.

Your cow, the support of three others, lost in labour; and the flattering hopes of a golden calf for ever blasted! Hunger, where is thy sting? Nakedness, where is thy reproach?—Within that tattered blanket thou wilt find consolation and refreshment, and pass, perhaps, as precious moments as my Lord Mayor in his connubial bed of damask—the motto on which I have always looked upon as foolish, wicked, and presumptuous.

—O Lord, shew us the way. *Dirige nos, Domine*; foolish, because it is against a wife run without an exception

exception—*nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*—presumptuous and wicked, as it audaciously presupposes a sufficient ability annexed to the incumbent, of performing the journey by himself, without any antecedent preparation—except a guide.—After all, I believe it is only a mistake of the Court of Aldermen—If they had consulted their chaplain upon the occasion, he would have set them right—for they undoubtedly meant to say *Erige nos, Domine*—that it may please thee to raise up those that fall, to strengthen such as do stand, and to comfort and help the weak-hearted—for the rest, he would have said, my Lady Mayorefs will, as in duty bound, infallibly continue to direct and guide you in the right way.

VOL. XII.—CHAP. XIII.

TELL Lady Betty Oméga that breakfast waits.—Her Ladyship is coming, your Honour.—My dear, you look divinely to day—you absolutely grow younger.—There is no impossibility in growing handsomer Sir Phelim—kind treatment may do that without a miracle; but as to growing younger, it is one of those fashionable compliments that rather mortifies than ~~pleases~~ ^{befides} the foolish vanity it supposes in the person it is addressed to—it infi-

nuates that one's beauty, in the natural course of things, ought to be in its declension.

However, if I really am handsomer to-day than I was yesterday, it cannot be helped—I know I am quite a journal; I am *journaliere*, and I ask yesterday's pardon: besides, you know, I never look well in the morning, without I have had a very good night.—Now and then I have observed, Lady Betty, that a very good morning has produced the same effect—upon the whole, Lady Betty, few women have better nights than your Ladyship, which is the reason, I suppose, of your-looking so much handsomer in a morning than most women in general do.—Sir Phelim, I confess, from your behaviour, I have no reason to think time has made any great havock of my charms.—I heartily wish that all my countrywomen, who have been as long married, and have had as many children, could say the same thing—but tenderness is little known, and attention less, to the moody husbands of this island.—You seem to make a distinction, my dear, where there is none. If there is tenderness, there will be attention of course; at least, the latter cannot exist without the former, for a length of years, with that *rigour* and *punctuality* that, I flatter myself, mine has always been marked with; but as you were going to pass a compliment indirectly upon my countrymen, Lady Betty, give me leave, as their representative,

representative, to shew you for once, that it is possible for an Irishman to possess a small share of modesty;—with your permission, therefore, we will change the subject.

What have you got in your hand, my dear?—An employment for you, Sir Phelim.——Nothing can come more apropos, my dear, for I am woefully *desœuvré*; I have just received an account that my behaviour in our silly parliament has incurred the indignation of the Almighty; and this notification is accompanied with a ministerial thunderbolt; that is, I must put on sackcloth, or turn out of my Irish employment. The condition tells you that I have resigned, and I am ready to accept of one from you, upon any terms.——'Tis what I have long expected, Sir Phelim; but thanks to my uncle, who is in heaven, they cannot so easily turn you out of a good English estate.——These foolish people don't know that we can make a shift to exist comfortably, even in the country, with hardly a christian to converse with.—Our resources that way are certainly few.—The parson's wife, you know, is only a christian by courtesy, as her husband is a gentleman.—My neighbour, your hesitation in former days, when you were a knight in arms, is of a dubious kind.—I always recall that scene with pleasure.—The first time I ever saw you, Sir Phelim, was at the widow Wadman's, at that time—
a fine

a fine romping girl, just upon the point of marriage with her late husband; a very unsuitable match, I thought, both as to age, disposition, and constitution: then and there were you doing duty upon her after a review ball, where you had the honour to be her partner.—However, as the widow possesses three good points of Christianity, Faith, Hope, and Charity—at least passive Charity—if you will answer for the active—for her good works, Sir Phelim, she shall pass for a christian in this position—with such aide-de-camps would I bury myself alive with you, Sir Phelim, rather than bend to the very best of them—my family pride is not a bit lessened by my connection with you.—I shall never forget my saucy, sneering brother's speech to me before we were married—I had twenty reasons, for which you must give me credit for never mentioning it to you till this moment.—Lady Betty, said he, I hear you are going to be married to one of the greatest O's in all Ireland.—Our family, sister, is proud enough without bringing so great a personage into it to make us prouder—A prince they tell me; the thirteenth of his illustrious name—a circumstance that, I think, Lady Betty will not overlook in the number of his accomplishments.—In order to understand this, which Lady Betty herself possibly never did *altogether*, I must inform the reader, that it was a custom in the ~~Irish~~ Thanistry, which

which is still continued by some of the ancient families of that kingdom, for the Thane, as also for the heir apparent, at the age of 24 to make his trial of manhood.

—After the carousal, they proclaim the number of lances that he breaks in the ring, by which proclamation he acquires a right to add the number to his name as a title of distinction.—This custom was preserved in Sir Phelim's family—his grandfather was Artus the ninth—his father Manus the eleventh—and he himself Phelim the thirteenth.

—Sir John Davies, in his reports upon cases in Irish Thanistry, makes no mention of this usage; from whence I conclude, that the native, or, as he calls them, the mere Irish, were unwilling to part with that Thanish prerogative. He grounds the legal discountenance of Irish customs upon their unreasonableness and inconvenience; and this usage, falling under the same general reason, ought to have been abolished like the rest; for it can never appear, that the breaking so great a number of lances, consecutively upon a given day, was either reasonable or convenient.—Lady Betty, for your compliment of burying yourself alive with me, I can do no less than burn myself alive with you. We both speak metaphysically; but I mean plainly, that I shall always retain the same ardent passion. As to your brother, I saw his Lordship has always thought
~~proper~~

proper to make me the subject of his wit—but I had rather talk about my employment—If it is in the least inconsistent with my obligations to Lady Betty, mind, I renounce it.—I think you are well enough acquainted with that Lady Betty—Sir Phelim, to be sure that she will never engage you in an undertaking to her own wrong—You must be sensible, my dear, laying one hand upon his, whilst she poured out a basin of tea with the other,—how uncommonly tenacious I am of my own right.—I know nobody that holds it faster, or maintains it more resolutely, said Sir Phelim, with an equivocal smile, which Lady Betty received with a suffusion that went off in a simper.—I know, said he, my dear, his mouth returning to its natural decorum, and his eyes only reflecting the simper back again—I know you are tenacious of your right, at the same time doing homage to her hand, as an acknowledgment of her claim.—That picture upon your bracelet, said he, is not more your property than the original—All the merit of either is derived from the situation in which you have placed them.—Your muffin will be cold, Sir Phelim.—But why omit my friend Toby, Lady Betty, out of your Christian catalogue? What do you take him for, my dear?—Not for a Mahometan, Sir Phelim, believe me—I dare say you would sooner doubt his own than the immateriality of the widow's soul.—What is your opinion of the widow's soul,

soul, Sir Phelim?—Nothing but matter can touch, or be touched, says my Lucretius and your Marchetti.—Do you think matter can make any impression there, Sir Phelim?—My dear Lady Betty, it is the only foible you have, and one so flattering in some respects to the person you intend it for, that he may very well bear with—Upon my honour and conscience—I know 'tis in vain—and seriously upon any other point I should feel myself mortified, to find such a declaration heard with a smile of incredulity by Lady Betty—which puts me in mind of Toby, for I had almost-lost him—Toby, then, is no Mahometan and I defy you to make a Jew of him; so if ~~he is~~ not a Christian, he must be something, whatever that be, very near as good—his elder brother is at your service—make what you will of him; I think him as queer a heathen as Diogenes, or any crack-brained philosopher amongst them—His lady has, indeed, the air of a scripture-piece under the old coverture—but none of the languishing penitence of Magdalen; none of the sweet resignation of a hundred beauties that ministered in the new covenant—But as I was saying, or going to say, I wish we were this moment upon that famous topic, which, you may remember, was cut short so ridiculously—nice situations and trying points was the subject.

—Poor Toby, how wretchedly must he have come off with his refinements upon self-denial, if we ~~could~~

could have had an opportunity to reduce them to practice—nothing I fear less than contempt from that exalted being for whose sake he spun them so fine—you cannot have forgot his astonishment at the case I put, the widow present—I steal to the captain's bed with my bed-gown loose, disorder in my eyes, a glow upon my cheeks, a taper in my trembling hand, and a story of a ghost upon my faltering tongue, with other pretty circumstances that you have ingeniously and generously thrown in!—I am infinitely obliged to you, Sir Phelim, both for your drawing and the kind use you have made of it.—Upon which Toby made a low bow—your Ladyship's politeness gave you the slip, you could hold out no longer, and a loud laugh was the consequence.—Never bow was more misplaced—never bow more involuntary, not excepting the mechanical bow of a whole congregation—I can compare it only to the bow of a felon when a judge has passed sentence of death upon him.—Compare it to nothing, Sir Phelim; let it stand by itself, as it is very well able to do—And then, Lady Betty, that charming mixture of confusions between them, quite of different natures, and from separate causes.—The apology too, as extraordinary as the bow; in short, it was altogether one of those scenes the French call *impayable*.——I remember it well, my dear, and was quite delighted when you stept up to his assistance; it was painful to

~~see~~ III.

see

see so good a creature suffer——but I own I had not those feelings for Mrs. Wadman——our observations were the same with respect to the different natures and causes of their confusion.—Every body is not blest with our penetration, Sir Phelim——I wish you would bestow a little of yours upon your poor friend——I cannot spare him a bit of mine; you know I have occasion for it all, Sir Phelim—But you shake your noddle at me, and begin to look whimsical; let us leave off, then, just as abruptly as you and Toby did——I am very compassionate when I see people struggling with their misfortunes, and endeavouring to conceal their distress; so prepare to receive ployment with a double acknowledgment.——~~What~~ I brought down to breakfast was a review.—I hope your Ladyship is not so unmerciful as to turn me over to the company of Caledonian pedlars.—A laudable partiality to the learned Irish, Sir Phelim—Upon my word, Lady Betty, those northern lights always chill me——If you had said blights, Sir Phelim, the conceit would have been more intelligible—I do think a western aspect more genial; but I tell you now, Sir Phelim, they shall not chill you—on the contrary, I have brought you a Greek epigram that will make you warm with laughing.

—Then it is none of their translation, I'll be sworn—It is not, Sir Phelim—the translation may be a very good one, and I hope it will—but at present ~~there~~

there is none at all.—These gentlemen declare it is a case of laughter reserved only for the *bonne bouche* of those who understand Greek.

—Here a pause ensued by an attempt of Sir Phelim to make a diversion—Pshaw, Sir Phelim, I will have my way at least for once in my life—Now I understand you—As a dabler in that language, and in poetry, you are willing to contribute to my entertainment in every shape.—I have as little opinion of their reserved cases as of their criticisms, and I heartily wish, both for my sake and every bodies sake, that they would always write in Greek.—For your sake, Sir Phelim! God forbid you should ever turn author.—If I should, Lady Betty, I am no Tory—I can never attempt to impose the slavish doctrine upon a pupil of Mrs. Macaulay—that *writing* is the same thing as *acting*—besides, a bird in the hand, Lady Betty—The reader may imagine that he spoke metaphorically a second time—by no means—It was literally so.—Phelim the thirteenth had actually put a bird into Lady Betty's hand—but she resolutely followed her purpose, without parting, however, with the bird already in her possession.

—I confess, Sir Phelim, I have a violent curiosity; by which it appears that curiosity is the strongest passion of the sex—I won't absolutely call it a longing, because you may refuse me, if you chuse rather to amuse yourself than gratify me; but if you are

not *positively determined*, most certain it is, I have an impatience to know what that risible subject can be, that no body must laugh at that does not understand Greek—and which, they say, is published for the emolument of a grave and learned bench.—That may be, said Sir Phelim, running his eye over it; but they have not paid much regard to the ease and interest of the ladies, in whose beds, after the fatigues of the bench, their gravities repose, like Phœbus in the lap of Thetis.—You provoking wretch you, don't tantalize me so; my dear Sir Phelim, translate it directly, put me out of my pain, and make me as merry as a Greek—Pronounced short and quick by way of what the rhetoricians call a paronomasia, which is only a pun upon grig—at the same time, either to shew her firmness and contempt of all vulgar opinions, or because she knew she could recover it when she pleased, she let go her bird——If that is the case, my dear—dence take the epigram—the sooner I set about it the better.—But I must tell you, my dear, 'tis not only shockingly obscene, but abominable.—I'll try, however, to give it a twist, and change the situation, and see what that will do—for your's is really a longing case, Lady Betty, or you never would have thrown cold water upon my proposal for a compromise—therefore, as I cannot think of amusing myself exclusively, I'll proceed to an employment more agreeable to Lady Betty.——Very complaisant on your side,

side, most disinterested Sir Phelim—So then, in obedience to my commands, you are proceeding, I see to the writing table—how long do you think you will be proceeding about it?—Not long—scarce so long as the time of action in a drama.—How should I know how long that is?—Why, then, give me, Lady Betty, a quarter of an hour for the whole performance—but don't leave the room—if you do, I'll throw up my employment.—And if you do, Sir Phelim—you shall have no other—till you shew your abilities in the office I have assigned you—still the strongest proofs of the superiority and absolute dominion of curiosity—in the mean time I'll write a few cards—then give a loose to meditation, and try whether I can, by dint of ingenuity, arrive at any sort of guess about the emolument.—Lady Betty, the *quart d'heure de Rabelais* is over—my reckoning is paid—great wits don't always jump.—I'll lay you double the value that you have not hit upon the true emolument—but have you given it the twist you talked of, and changed the situation?—I have very properly, and I hope effectually, my dear—there is nothing in it now either against the law or the gospel—before, it was in open defiance of both—and for that reason, no doubt, it afforded so much entertainment to our modest and chaste critics, that they selected it out of a whole bundle for such merry Grecians as

themselves——here it is for you, Lady Betty—take it, and much good may it do you !

THE EMOLUMENT ; OR, THE WAY TO CONVERT
FEMALE SINNERS.

WHAT ! big with child, and face to face ;

Will you be foolish all your lives ?

This is the proper time and place

To make *true converts* of your wives :

Give them no comfort, nor relief,

Till they turn over a new leaf ;

Let them ~~be~~ brought upon their knees—

In night-caps muffled, like deserters,

Then work upon them by degrees,

Like gentle and humane *converters*——

Take time exactly in the nick,

Make the best use of their condition ;

Push home, and touch them to the quick,

Till they give signs of true contrition.

Convert from *Cumtum vertere*. Contrition from *Cumtum*
terere. JACOB'S Law Dictionary.

I am forry, Sir Phelim, I gave you so much trouble
—what you have made of it you know best—twisting
enough there is of conscience ; but how you can
value yourself upon mending the situation, I don't
comprehend—

comprehend—it is not easy to conceive a worse——
this good it has done me, however—I never will be
so peremptory in my curiosity again—for the future,
Sir Phelim, you shall go on in your own way.

—But pray, Sir Phelim, read the Greek.—How do
you like it, my dear?—It is very musical——what's
the meaning of *pugie πύγῃ*, Sir Phelim?—So pretty
a sound ought to have a pretty meaning.——You are
in the right of it——for it is a complex idea of
beauty, modesty, firmness, joined with great sensibi-
lity, and an air of grandeur and dignity into the bar-
gain——And pray, what does that complication of
merit mean?——Upon honour, it means your Lady-
ship's backside—And, upon my honour, I had much
rather it stood for another complex idea, particularly
in our situation.——Here I must step in again to
inform the reader, that Sir Phelim lived near White-
hall, the house fronting the water, by which means
Lady Betty's ears were often wounded by that vulgar
monosyllable which is the disgrace of our language,
and which those low people are so fond of for its
peculiar roughness.——In Greek it does very often
stand for that complex idea.——I don't know whe-
ther 'tis Greek or Hebrew, or what it stands for, but
it sounds very like Italian—What do you laugh at,
Sir Phelim?—some conceit, I suppose, that I can-
not enter into.—It is not fit you should my dear.—
~~Fit or unfit~~, my curiosity is at an end.——but

don't let us loose this fine day, Sir Phelim.—I don't intend you should, my dear—the chariot is ready at the door—I'll just step up stairs with you, and lay you on a little rouge, because I propose to leave you with Reynolds this morning for an hour or two——Rouge always gives, you know, at least I know, an inexpressible sweetness to your eyes—besides, it may not be so adviseable to leave you with him to morrow—you may not, perhaps, have so good a night, or so good a morning.—Go, you foolish creature, said Lady Betty, locking her arm in his.——Thus talking, arm in arm, with Miltonic happiness ; they ascended into Lady Betty's dressing-room, and from thence (after he had laid on the rouge) descending in the same manner, they stepped into the chariot and drove to

REYNOLDS'S.

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TWO LYRIC EPISTLES:

OR, MARGERY THE COOK-MAID TO THE CRITICAL
REVIEWERS.

*I write a sad hand, but my Sister Margery she writes
better.*

BY THE SAME.

BY the backside ! † good lack, good lack !
Chain'd to the chimney corner like a monkey,
You are as spiteful as a black,
That has been drinking drink for drunk.

I think I see my master leap and skip,
And whisk about his tail ;
Just like a pinnacle when she makes a trip,
And whisks about her fail.

So have I seen a Highlander retire,
And turn about to court the wind,
Shot by a cinder leaping from the fire
Amongst his precious parts behind.

Laugh

† Vide CRITICAL REVIEW for December, 1761. Article,
Fables for grown Gentlemen.

1761. If the poor Highlander's backside be bound in chains,
we think he has some reason to complain. If the author him-
self was, like a monkey, chained to the chimney, corner by the

Laugh ! no he need not be afraid ;
 Though 'twould be comical, no doubt ;
 To see him squatting like a maid,
 And making water like a spout.

But I should laugh at you reviewers,
 If I could see your buttocks bare,
 Genteely truss'd and pink'd with skewers,
 And nicely larded like a hare.

Nay, I could wish,
 To see your backsides sing'd and lead,
 Just like your fav'rite dish,
 A singed head ;
 To smell them savoury and reeky.
 Like Cocky Leaky.

And as your cook, at a smith's forge,
 Gives the fine flavour of the wool
 To a sheep's skull,
 Which makes you eat 'till you regorge ;

So, the communication is so great
 Between your brains and your backside ;
 Between the feat
 Of laziness and feat of pride ;

backside, he might afford some diversion to Margaret the cockmaid,
 but it is to be supposed he would not much relish the restraint.

That

That tho' the brains of all your jokers
 Never struck fire into a single joke,
 Yet if your bums were fing'd with poker,
 Your brains, perhaps, might yield a little smoke.

Spite of your heavy jokes,
 That fall upon the head,
 Like apoplectic strokes,
 Or Pigs of lead ;

We'll laugh, to see your Highland sparks,
 Your Highland breeding, and good manners,
 To see them strut about the parks,
 With shirts displayed behind, like banners :

Shewing our maids, and modest wives,
 Such modest fights,
 As make their husbands weary of their lives,
 They make them pass such restless nights.

Our lovers sicken, and despair,
 Dejection preys upon our beaux ;
 The expectations of our fair
 Are rais'd so highly by their shews.

The Indians, I'm told, are more polite,
 They don't produce their brawny powers ;
 By the new their powers by candle-light,
 Amongst their favourite squaws, at certain hours.

Good firs, if I a right can read,
 You are design'd for books,
 Just, as your friends, beyond the Tweed,
 For gardeners and cooks.

Your pride and laziness, I guess,
 Disorder and torment your minds,
 And bring your country to distress,
 For want of labourers and hinds.

I think, like you, it is a shame
 That its best blood should now be bleeding;
 And blame
 The government for such proceeding,

I would have sent the very worst,
 I would have sent you all a packing;
 You should have gone the very first,
 Your'e good enough for a good thwacking.

But I'm weary of inditing
 Such letters;
 And so I take my leave of writing,
 And leave you to my betters.

EPISTLE THE SECOND.

YOU who assemble in disguise,
 And take your stands in secret places,
 Spitting into our mouths and eyes,
 With a pretence to wash our faces !

But when you spy a Scotchman walking,
 His air and manner is so pleasing,
 That you immediately leave hawking,
 And offer him a pickle of your sneezing.

I do not want to rob you of your snuff,
 Give it your countrymen, it likes me well ;
 But do not fright us, like Macduff,
 Calling aloud to ring the alarum bell :
 Suspend your prudence, swallow your spittle,
 And listen to an Englishman a little.

You know you spit at us, and hawk and cough,
 As if you had a charter ;
 And also know we wipe it meekly off,
 Like Charles the blessed martyr :

Whilst you go on, abuse, and rail,
 As if we were not fellow-creatures,
 Beating you like a flail,
 And bruising all our English features.

If we poor Englishmen but smile,
It is high treason,
Tho' we are smiling all the while,
Both with good nature and good reason;

Not throwing dirt at a whole nation †,
But laughing at the folly of a few,
Whose prejudice and affectation
Become them just as they do you.

As if they were a chosen race,
Clear and exempted, by their birth,
From all the vices that disgrace
All other children of the earth.

I very readily excuse
Your want of complaisance
To my strange Muse,
Dress'd in the careless dress of France,
A la Fontaine,
A flatterer, but quite plain.

According to your notions,
You must dislike the flimsy wench;
Her dress and all her motions
Are so intolerably French;

† According to the reviewers, the greatest pleasure that
whole English nation enjoys, is to see their ~~beasts~~ of
Britain, in their theatres, represented as a parcel of scoundrels.

*A graceless copy of a graceless hobler,
Just like a gouty shoe made by a cobbler.

You think the bagpipes notes are sweeter
Than any pipe or any string ;
The ass preferr'd the cuckow's song and metre
To all the warblers of the spring ;
Either the organs or the fowl
Of you *and asses are so drole* §.

Your ignorance and want of *sense*,
Your want of ears, I do forgive ;
But unprovok'd malevolence
I'll never pardon whilst I live :
Such your attempt to prove me to the north
A foe to its acknowledg'd worth.

In every country I despise
A heart that's arrogant and narrow,
As much as I esteem and prize
David Hume and David's marrow.
Now to conclude,
I am yours reviewing or review'd.

* The reviewers say, that the verses in the Fables for grown
Gentlemen hobble strangely, from fourteen to two syllables : that
may partly be owing to their want of ears ; they must have the
refutation to Fontaine.

§ Lyrical Links to the Reviewers.

But

But as my fables are not to your liking,
 Witness the fable of last year †,
 I send you something that's more striking,
 Concise and clear;
 I think you call it in your brogue
 An apologue.

THE APOLOGUE.

SOME folks get no more by their reading
 And meditations,
 Than apes and monkeys by their breeding
 And observations :
 This I agree,
 May be apply'd either to you or me.

The fable that comes after
 Can only be apply'd to you;
 If it excites a little laughter,
 It answers all my view.

An ape, by trade an imitator,
 Had spent the best part of his days,
 Like a reviewer or translator
 Of farces, interludes, and plays,
 For ever copying, and itching
 To shew his talents in the kitchen.

† The ass, the cuckow, and the lark.

He would divert you, if you were not nice
 And difficult to please,
 By cracking lice,
 And catching fleas;
 Which he would chew,
 And cram into a kitten's maw.

In short,
 Jacko had study'd many a trick,
 Which tricks, instead of making sport,
 Would oft'ner make you sick:
 Yet he would make you, now and then,
 Laugh like the foolishhest of men.

The cook-maid by the fire was fast asleep,
 No kind of harm suspecting,
 Jacko the Ape was playing at bopeep,
 Reviewing and reflecting:
 Whether from liquor or from whim,
 The cook-maid laid in a strange trim.

Hard by, a razor, left upon a chair,
 By Jacknapes was quickly seiz'd;
 The cook maid's beard, expos'd and bare,
 The grinning villain rubb'd and greas'd;
 Then snapp'd his fingers and look'd grave,
 Flourish'd his razor, and began to shave.

Jacko

Jacko proceeded without dread,
Chatter'd, and did not care a fig ;
Poor Margery was hack'd, and bled,
Like an assassinated pig.

Rous'd, by her pains, like frantic sleepers,
She snatch'd a pan of boiling broth,
Bubbling and running o'er with froth,
And threw it into Jacko's peepers :
Which blinded him, and spoil'd him past all cure,
Both for a shaver and reviewer.

*Grazie a gl' inganni tuoi,
Alfin respiro, O Nice ;
Alfin d'uno infedele
Ebber gli dei pietà.*

Metastasio.

T O M I S S ———.

BY THE SAME.

THANKS to your wiles, deceitful fair !
The gods, so long in vain implor'd,
At last have heard a wretch's prayer ;
At last I find myself restor'd.

From /

From thy bewitching snares and thee ;

I feel for once this is no dream ;

I feel my captive soul is free,

And I am truly what I seem.

I cannot now, as heretofore,

Put on indifference or disdain,

To smother flames that burn no more,

To hide a passion void of pain.

Without a blush your name I hear,

No transient glow my bosom heats ;

And, when I meet your eye, my dear,

My fluttering heart no longer beats.

I dream, but I no longer find

Your form still present to my view ;

I wake, but now my vacant mind

No longer waking dreams of you.

Absent, for you no more I pine,

But wander careless day or night ;

Present, no word, no look, no sign,

Argues disturbance or delight.

I hear your praise, no tender flame

Now thrills responsive through my veins ;

No indignation, only shame,

For all my former wrongs remains.

I meet

I meet you now without alarms,
Nor longer fearful to displease ;
I talk with ease about your charms,
E'en with my rival talk with ease.

Whether in angry mood you rise,
Or sweetly sit with placid guile,
Vain is the lightning of your eyes,
And vainer still your gilded smile.

Loves in your smiles no longer play ;
Your lips, your tongue, have lost their art ;
Those eyes have now forgot the way
That led directly to my heart.

Whether with grief the mind's diseased,
Or the unburthen'd spirit's glad ;
No thanks to you when I am pleased,
You have no blame when I am sad.

Hills, woods, and lawns, and bleating flocks,
Without you, captivate me still ;
But dreary moors and naked rocks,
Tho' with you, make my blood run chill.

Here me ; and judge if I'm sincere :
That you are beauteous still I swear ;
But oh ! no longer you appear,
The fairest, and the only fair.

Hear

Hear me ; but let not truth offend :

In that fine form, in many places
I now spy faults, my lovely friend, —
Which I mistook before for graces.

And yet, tho' free, I thought at first,
With shame my weakness I confess,
My agonizing heart would burst,
The agonies of death are less.

Who would not, when his soul's oppress'd,
Gladly possess himself again ?
To pluck a serpent from his breast,
Who would not bear the sharpest pain.

The little songster, thus you see,
Caught in the cruel school-boy's toils,
Struggling for life, at last, like me,
Escapes, and leaves his feather'd spoils.

His plumage soon resumes its gloss,
His little heart soon waxes gay ;
Nor falls, grown cautious from his loss,
To artifice again a prey.

Perhaps you think I only feign,
I do but strive against the stream ;
Else why for ever in this strain,
Why talk upon no other theme ?

It

It is not love, it is not pique,
 That gives my whole discourse this cast;
 'Tis nature that delights to speak
 Eternally of dangers past.

Carousing o'er the midnight bowl,
 The foldier never ceasing prates;
 Shews every scar to every soul,
 And every hair-breadth 'scape relates.

Thus the poor galley-slave, releas'd
 From pains as great, and bonds as strong,
 On his past sufferings seems to feast,
 And hug the chain he dragg'd so long.

To talk is all that I desire;
 When once I let my larum go,
 I never stop, nor once enquire,
 Whether you're entertain'd or no.

Which of us has most cause to grieve?
 Which situation would you choose?
 I, a capricious tyrant leave,
 And you, a faithful lover lose.

I can find maids in every rout,
 With smiles as false, and forms as fine;
 But yet must search the world throughout
 To find a heart as true as mine.

T O L O L L I U S.

BY THE SAME.

TH O' born in an ungenial clime,
Where T. with brawls his tribute pays,
*Tis possible, my Lord, for Time
To fancy these uncommon lays.

If Shakespear every muse inspire,
Sole fovereign of the tuneful throng,
Praise still is due to Cowley's lyre,
And Gray's sweet melancholy song.

Prior shall live with laughing eye
Amongst the vivid sons of Fame;
Maids ever weep, and widows sigh,
And burn with Eloisa's flame.

Not Sparta's queen alone has tripp'd;
Charm'd with fine breeding and fine cloaths,
Other fair princesses have flipp'd *,
And troubled the whole world's repose.

* Brantôme furnishes us with many examples of royal
frailty.

Teucer is not the only prince
Famous for shooting the † long bow ;
Troy has been lost before, and since,
By cunning, with a patriot shew.

Heroes have bled, as well as Hector,
Both for their minions and chaste wives ;
Else how had Cromwell been Protector,
Or Charles and Edward lost their lives ?

Pitts, with the same aspiring mind,
In dark oblivion are gone down ;
But they had not the luck to find
Churchills to hand them to renown.

Worth, undistinguish'd by applause,
But equals sloth ; nor shall the chief
In livid silence guard our laws,
Forgotten like a mouldy brief.

Supremely wise when wisdom's wanted,
Prudent where caution is a merit,
Upright, inflexible, undaunted,
Pure and enlighten'd like a spirit.

† Cydonio arcu—the Cretan or long bow. See St. Paul's Epistle to Titus, chap. i. v. 12. *Χαντες αρις βουκαν*. The Stuart race of princes were as famous as Teucer for the Cretan bow.

Sworn enemy to falshood base,
 Against corruption firm and steady,
 Not for one single heat or race,
 But always booted, always ready.

You rose at Freedom's sacred call,
 Snatch'd her from th' invading great,
 Added new trophies to her hall,
 And fix'd the Goddess in her seat.

'Tis the wise use, not the possessing
 The smiles of Fortune or of Kings,
 That can make Wealth a real blessing,
 Or take from Poverty her slings.

That dignifies the virtuous man,
 Scorning, tho' poor, to flinch or falter,
 Who for his prince, or his dear clan,
 Despises th' impending halter.

T O M Æ C E N Á S.

[i. e. LORD BUTE.]

BY THE SAME.

OFFSPRING of British Kings of yore,
 To put your spirits in fine tune,
 I have some Burgundy in store,
 With roses for the tenth of June.

Quit those damp glades, nor musing mope,
 Enchanted, with your arms across,
 Fix'd like a statue on a slope,
 Or the pagoda like a Joss.

Let not the noise of yon black city
 One moment discompose your peace ;
 Look down on pomp awhile with pity,
 And let fastidious plenty cease.

A grateful change to homely fare,
 A cot, a barn-door fowl, and mutton,
 Oft smooth the anxious face of Care,
 And Squeamishness herself turns glutton.

Now Phœbus rages, now the swain
 With languor drives his fainting sheep
 From the parch'd meads and sultry plain,
 To silver streams and thickets deep.

Upon the Thames there's not a breeze,
 No zephyr with expiring breath,
 To animate those horrid trees,
 Silent and motionless as death.

There you form all your decent plans,
 To righteousness give a new birth ;
 And with your Tories and your clans
 Govern the princes of the earth.

Heaven

Heaven kindly keeps us in the dark,
 And, spight of all our fine-spun schemes,
 Laughs, when we over shoot the mark, —
 Both at our fears and sanguine dreams.

The present's all we have to heed,
 Futurity is like a current,
 Now smooth and pleasant as the Tweed,
 Now dreadful like a Highland torrent ;

Tumbling with fury down the vale,
 The rocks resound, the mountains rattle ;
 Pines float along with groves of cale,
 Huts, plaids, blue bonnets, and black cattle.

Happy is he who lives to-day,
 Lives for himself, 'tis so much gain,
 Whether the next be sad or gay,
 Or the sun never rise again.

'Tis done—nor can the power of Fate
 Cancel or set the deed aside ;
 Nor Fortune's insolence and hate,
 That loves to mortify our pride.

Let her pursue her cruel sport,
 Past pleasures cannot be destroy'd ;
 She cannot, as she does at court,
 Vacate what we have once enjoy'd.

Faithful while she continues mine ;
 But if she violates my bed,
 The painted harlot I resign,
 And Virtue, tho' unportion'd, wed.

When the storm beats, and seas run high,
 I shall not importune with prayers
 The angry princes of the sky,
 To spare my curious Cyprian wars.

Nor dup'd by Hope, like many a one,
 Stay blubbering beneath the deck ;
 But, when both mast and rudder's gone,
 Take to my boat and leave the wreck.

T O D A N I E L W E B B, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

I WOULD, with all my heart and soul,
 Send every friend a golden bowl,
 And with each bowl a purse of gold,
 To fill the bowl and make it smile,
 And to secure the bowl awhile
 From being either pawn'd or sold.

To every military friend,
 Heroic tripods I would send,
 Tripods fit only for brave fellows ;

That

That is to say, crutches a pair,
And one stout leg of the same ware,
Made like the nosse of a bellows.

Pictures I'd send of every school,
I am so generous a fool,
With statues too, and busts for niches ;
These I would send to none but you,
The prince and mirror of virtù,
If I was master of such riches.

As to virtù, that point's decided,
You are sufficiently provided :
All that you want of me is metre ;
You may have plenty at my forge,
I need not steal, like thrifty George,
From Paul, in order to pay Peter.

I know the prince of lyric song,
Easy, yet elegantly strong ;
And know that Beckford's head of marble ;
I mean that head the sculptor made,
That marble head will sooner fade,
Than any songs the Muses warble.

Your fame must fly with wings of paper,
Be you a Wolfe, a Howe, a Draper,
Victor at Minden or at Canna ;

Or legislator great as he,
 That led the Jews through the Red Sea,
 And ~~pamper'd~~ them with quails and manna.

Great bards great favours can bestow,
 In heaven above or hell below ;
 They can convey you with a nod,
 From Styx, whenever they think fit,
 And call you up to heaven by writ,
 And make you an immortal god.

Lollius with Æacus may dwell,
 Minos and he may judge in hell,
 When ~~future~~ poets sing his worth ;
 Bute may, like Enoch, be translated,
 Then made a star, and made related
 To *slow Boots* of the North *.

And

* I know there is a classical authority for this epithet.

Sive est arctophylax, sive est tigris ille Bootes.

Ov. Fast. lib. 4. 405.

Yet I cannot help fancying the author wrote *Sly* instead of *Slow Boots* : he is represented in his northern situation watching his charge with unremitting vigilance ; and I am apt to believe, that our *Sly Boots* is a contraction of *Bootes*. I have seen the same thought in a manuscript collection of verses composed by the Professors of a famous University upon the Revolution in
 1760.

And S——ch, if the Muses please,
 Shall outwit Mercury with ease,
 And my Lord Duke outshine Apollo,
 And each Olympic peer-outvie
 Castor, the Jockey of the sky,
 And R——by bold beat Bacchus hollow.

1760. It was beautifully pursued in the verses of the Astronomy
 Professor, which struck me so that I still retain them.

Attendant upon Charles's wane,
 Bootes, commonly called Bute,
 The brightest star in all his train,
 Without all manner of dispute.

May thou for ever fixt remain,
 Cunning and watchful as the dragon;
 Lest Urfa Minor break his chain,
 And overturn the northern waggon.

SEVEN POETICAL TALES,

BY

SIR GREGORY GANDER, KNT.

*Qu'il est insensé, qu'il est dupe,
Celui qu'attriste son talent !
Tant qu'il amuse, il est charmant.
Il perd son prix dès qu'il occupe.*

DORATI

INTRODUCTION.

LADIES,

I'VE often thought it was a pity
That you should ever go to hell ;
Your little persons are so pretty,
And they become your souls so well.
Besides, I know your hearts are good
If they were rightly understood ;
Though, by some wonderful fatality,
You seldom practice your morality.

One beauty is seduc'd by pleasure,
A second led away by fashion,
A third is caught for want of leisure .
To put her virtue in a passion.

Others,

Others, untainted by desire,
 To priests their virgin flow'r have given,
 To save their precious souls from fire,
 And pay the turnpikes up to heaven.
 Now this would be extremely well :
 But you're so apt to kiss and tell.
 Or else some prudes observe your fall ;
 And they're such damn'd ill-natur'd elves,
 They never pick you up themselves,
 But stand and bawl,
 Calling your neighbours one and all.

Then issues forth a noisy group,
 Talking as fast as they can utter,
 Like amorous turkies in a coop,
 Or empty bottles in a gutter.
 Then they're so full of spite,
 Because their features put us in a fright,
 Should you but chance to get the vapours,
 By over-studying and reading,
 They swear at once that you are breeding,
 And put you in the papers.

But what is harder still is this,
 (I know the thoughts of your Mamas)
 Should any of you act amiss,
 They'll swear my verses were the cause.

They'll all be canvassing and gleaning,
 Raking each verse to find a meaning.
 Whereas, you'll know, if you
 I never think—I don't indeed.
 I only pass the rainy weather
 Instringing a few rhimes together;
 And then I call them tales, you know,
 As I call this an Introduction,
 Because 'tis only meant for show,
 Not for amusement or instruction.
 For Poets, when their works are long,
 Must deck them with some previous rhyme,
 Just as a hero sings a song,
 To tell you he's distress'd for time.

I.

THE BROTHERS.

A T A L E.

IMITATED FROM DORAT.

WHO hath been deaf to Patrick's fame?
 Who hath not heard Hibernia's name,
 Where Patrick preach'd God's holy rites,
And made his bulls and profelytes?
 Who hath not seen that genial climate,
 Where all are zealous as the Primate,
 To put in force the law of Moses,
 By multiplying human noses?

Here, if tradition be believ'd,
 In days of yore three brothers liv'd,
 With youth, and health, and power elate,
 Taking delight in worldly riches:
 And heedless of that blessed state,
 Where saints sing psalms without their breeches
 Throughout their manor's wretched round
 They kill'd the game, and poach'd the ground,
 And seiz'd on every wand'ring fair,
 And truss'd her like a hare:

While the poor clown, with streaming eyes,
And hands uplifted to the skies,

Explored each saint to save from slaughter

His poultry and his daughter ;

And every climacteric beauty,

Anxious and trembling for her child,

Wish'd in her stead to pay the duty,

And be defil'd.

Yet mid the wreck one harmless maid,

One meek, unnotic'd flower,

Beneath a cassock's fost'ring shade,

Escap'd the stormy blast of power.

No storms disturb the Curate's peace,

And Nancy was the Curate's niece.

Poor Innocent ! She little knew

To fix the rake's disorder'd view ;

No art had she, no studied guile,

Nought but the meek, imploring eye,

The trembling blush, the fearful smile,

Of unsuspecting modesty !

The Parson calmly pass'd his life

In training Nancy for a wife,

Preaching the force of special grace,

Inculcating some moral duty ;

Or sometimes spitting in her face

In commendation of her beauty.

But heav'n at times, to prove its saints,
 Their wisest measures circumvents.

At the next village ~~was~~ a ball,
 Which drew the neighbours one and all,
 Both old and young, both girls and boys,
 To dance, make love, and make a noise.
 What joy in Nancy's face appears!—
 But how to calm her uncle's fears?

Those Brothers!—True.—But at sixteen

'Tis time to see, and to be seen;

So, spite of all the Priest may say,

Nancy resolves to have her way.

Alas! how vain that threat'ning look;

That angry frown, that stern rebuke!

The stern rebuke, the angry frowns,

His weak, relenting heart disowns.

Ah! when the palpitating veil

Betray'd her bosom's anxious swell,

'That bosom, where each wakening sense

'Thrill'd with desire and diffidence,

When fondly to his heart it prest,

Could anger chill the uncle's breast!

At length the wish'd-for sun arose,

The ass stood saddled in the yard,

And Thomas in his Sunday cloaths,

Stept forth the beauty's destin'd guard.

The

The march began. The way was long,
 But Tom, by many a rustic song,
 And ~~and~~ of many a wond'rous feat,
 Contriv'd the weary way to cheat.
 And now the distant chimes they hear,
 And now the distant spires appear,
 And now—but at a narrow pass,
 Our travelling pair observ'd a change
 Most inconceivable and strange
 In the behaviour of the ass.
 This ass was rather hard to curry,
 It always put him in the vapours,
 And made him scramble and cut capers,
 Just like a Dutchman in a hurry.
 'Tis also said, that in the summer,
 When he was thinking of his wife,
 And all the joys of social life,
 He grew as noisy as a drummer;
 Chaunting, like any Pagan bard,
 His charmer's panegyrics,
 Manœuvring in the parson's yard,
 Throwing the geese into hysterics.
 But here the ass was in the right,
 The Brothers put him in a fright:
 And now emerging from a ditch,
 They told the girl she was a bitch,

And held a pistol to her breast,
 With a blaspheming exhortation,
 To set her mind at rest,
 And quietly submit to violation.

“Hold, hold, your honours,” Thomas cries,
 (This stratagem his fear supplies)
 “She is no maid, upon my life,
 “This is our Nancy, she’s my wife;
 “I know your honours wo’n’t disgrace
 “And cuckold me before my face!”

“’Tis well,” the savages reply’d, —
 “But Nancy is so young a bride,
 “Friend Tom will surely be so good
 “To pay once more his marriage dues:
 “’Tis our request, he can’t refuse,
 “Besides—we’ll kill him if he should.”

Ah, Thomas! could thy single hand
 Their whole united strength withstand?
 Could’st thou by cunning, force, or wit—
 ’Tis vain! and Thomas must submit.—
 Yet in her tears he bore a part,
 And sympathiz’d with Nancy’s heart.
 Griev’d to behold th’ insulted maid,
 Her every charm at once display’d;

[~~am~~]

Those globes her flays were wont to kiss,
 And those, by no fond flays confin'd.
 Which by a fine antithesis
 Nature thought fit to place behind ;
 The taper legs, the rounded thighs,—
 But, Ladies,—Thomas was a man.
 We cannot always shut our eyes ;
 Do what we can,
 Nature will take us by surprize.
 He saw poor Nancy in a trance,
 And this redoubled his contrition ;
 Then he examin'd her position,
 And then he took another glance,
 And executed his commission.
 Awed by the sight, the Parson's beast
 Forgot his natural depravity,
 Publish'd the banns with proper gravity,
 And sanctified the feast.

But then the Brothers ?—they retir'd,
 With hopes of newer pleasures fir'd.
 Yet, wretched fiends ! ye ne'er shall know
 The joys true fondness can bestow :
 When age shall chill each lustful breast,
 And bid those stormy passions rest,
 In that dread calm shall conscience rise,
 And echoing in your wounded ears,

Each father's curse, each virgin's cries,
 Wake your rack'd souls to ceaseless fears.
 While Thomas, and his lovely bride,
 (For soon their plain and artless tale
 Shall o'er the uncle's wrath prevail)
 By closest, dearest ties allied,
 At once to love and virtue true,
 Their guiltless hands to heaven shall raise,
 Repay their joys with heart-felt praise,
 And even waste one pray'r for You.

II.

THE USELESS PRECAUTION.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

HUSBANDS are such provoking fellows !
 I've often wish'd it was high treason
 For any husband to be jealous,
 Whether he had or had not reason.
 I hate a husband like a Tory.
 But to proceed——
 Now, Ladies, you have heard my creed,
 Pray be so kind to hear my story.

There

There liv'd a Don, no matter where,
 As jealous as his wife was fair.
 The Dame was cautious in her carriage,
 So very cautious, you'd have thought her
 Not Eve's, but only Adam's daughter,
 His daughter by a second marriage.
 Was most severe on worldly dames,
 And damn'd the devil, and call'd him names.
 But all her virtue was in vain,
 She could not calm his troubled brain.
 For all the plans that Madam could devise,
 Gall'd by the matrimonial chain,
 Her husband never clos'd his eyes;
 His doubts return'd with double force,
 Buzzing about his ears, like flies
 That buzz about a poor gall'd horse.

To strengthen the devotion of his bride,
 A thousand bars and bolts he try'd,
 All guarded by a maiden aunt;
 A dragon fierce and gaunt,
 A cold, chaste, meagre female devil,
 As scraggy as a walking ladder,
 And so impertinently civil,
 She follow'd like the Lady's shadow.
 But what he deem'd his coup de maitre,
 Was a strange kind of nomenclature.

Containing an exact relation
 Of every stratagem and trick
 Devis'd by Woman or Old Nick,
 Since cuckold-making came in fashion.

This serv'd to calm his jealous fear.
 But did it answer? You shall hear.
 Once on a time, it came to pass
 That good Aunt Deborah and Co
 Went out to mass,
 As having no where else to go;
 And as they went, a shower came dropping,
 And gave them both a sopping.
 This was no shower of common water,
 For that had been a trifling matter;
 This was not water fit for drinking,
 For since its solar distillation,
 By an improper education,
 It had acquir'd a trick of flinking.

What's to be done in this event?
 A gentle youth by chance was near,
 Who, while the Aunt for cloaths was sent,
 Wip'd from the fair-one's eye each falling tear.
 The Fair, lest meddling prudes should scold,
 Or else by her devotions led,
 Or else for fear of catching cold,
 Took refuge in the stripling's bed.

So while the Don was making a clatter,
 Kicking the maiden aunt down stairs,
 Cursing all the saints by pairs,
 Tearing his hair and nomenclature,
 Sweating and stewing like a sausage——
 To pass his time our curious boy
 Was sailing on the sea of joy,
 Sailing to find the north-east passage.

III.

THE CANTERBURY TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

'T WAS in the times of elves and fairies,
 Creatures that no man could confide in,
 With griffins to supply their dairies,
 And dragons for their common riding,
 Who put poor sophists in a maze,
 Confounded nature tête à tête,
 And criticiz'd the book of fate
 A thousand different ways ;——
 In short, it was in Arthur's days,
 CAPRONE liv'd, a courteous wight,
 Young, rich, and handsome, and a knight ;

Not

Not like the blustering knights of fable,
A gentle knight, a knight of Arthur's table.

And so—I don't know why—
Our hero took it in his head
To womanize a maid;
And so he was condemn'd to die.
Madam, you think this mighty odd,
~~And~~ so I think it ~~was~~, by G—d.
But one mistake I do believe
Heighten'd the nature of his crime,
'Twas that the youth, from want of time,
Had never ask'd the Lady's leave.
Now this appear'd to all the quorum
A most prodigious indecorum:
To see a stripling at his years
Such an œconomist in tears!
Beginning, like a common boor,
At the wrong end of an amour!

But Arthur's Queen, who understood
The force of youthful flesh and blood,
And who, as ancient poets sing,
When wearied with the pomp of pow'r,
Would sometimes pass a leisure hour
In cuckolding the King,
Most humbly begg'd to take upon her
—the vindication of her sex's honour.

The penance she impos'd was this :
 " That culprit in one year must find
 " That idol of the female mind
 " Which charms alike Mama and Miss,
 " And reigns unrival'd o'er all womankind.
 " Should he return without success,
 " The court no longer term could give,
 " But that in justice they could do no less
 " Than hang him up to teach him how to live

Now might I tell (as Smollet erst has done)
 How oft he slept
 At wretched inns,
 And wept
 His sins,
 That forc'd him thus like English Lord to run,
 And still at every post enquire
 The object of all womankind's desire.
 Some nam'd the glory of high blood,
 The reputation of a face,
 Or the sweet liberty of widowhood,
 Or the delights of flattery and praise ;
 And some pretended in one spot to find
 The great controul'er of the female mind.
 This spot's the strangest and the oddest !
 Madam, you not hide your face—
 My Muse is so extremely modest
 She will not name the place.

It is a kind of secret locket,
 A locket that a lady carries
 For her virginity to sleep in.
 It sleeps as if 'twas in her pocket,
 Until she marries,
 When 'tis no longer worth the keeping.

But to my tale. The day was come
 When poor CAPRONE must come home.
 By constant disappointments cross'd,
 He journey'd on pensive and mute,
 For well he knew that all was lost,
 And if he gave up the pursuit,
 He with it must give up the ghost.

While thus disconsolate he rode
 Through the thick horrors of an aged wood,
 A thousand dulcet sounds were heard,
 A thousand angel forms appear'd:
 But while he flew along the path,
 The dancers vanish'd with as much dispatch
 As the fiddlers do at Bath
 When Mr. Wade holds up his watch.
 Instead of these, upon the green,
 Sedately sitting on her bum,
 Like Contemplation, sucking either thumb,
 A female form was seen.

Not

Not of those forms which at each glance inspire
 The strong convulsive throbbings of desire,—
 But rather like a kitchen fender
 To keep us from Love's fire;
 For she was uglier than the Witch of Endor.
 At such a sight, the Knight,
 Though not exactly in a fright,
 Yet felt a sort of tribulation,
 And panic,
 Not being used to incantation
 And operations satanic;
 Manœuvres such as “entre nous”
 Might startle either me or you.

But she, who guest
 At the occasion of his fears,
 Promis'd to save his neck and ears,
 If he would grant her one request.
 The Knight you'll think was nothing loth,
 So that the oath
 Was quickly ratified by both.

And now, with exhortations meet,
 The female Mansfield takes her seat;
 While anxious for the dread decree,
 The Jury sit with solemn eyes,
 Ruminating, and looking wise,
 Like oxen in a reverie.

Then

Then thus our Hero to the court
Made his report : ———

“ The Master-mover of your sex,
“ The cause of all your arts and wiles,
“ Your well-dissembled tears and smiles
“ With which mankind you sooth or vex,
“ Seem kind and civil,
“ Or play the devil,
“ Is the insatiate love of rule.
“ If I’m deceiv’d,
“ Friend Satan is a fool,
“ And shall no longer be believ’d.”

The answer was by all applauded,
And he with liberty rewarded.

But still new storms, which there is no foreseeing,
O’ercloud the passage of this wretched life ;
For now the cursed hag insists on being—
O strange and horrible !—his wife !
In vain he swore ’twas worse than porter’s work,
Worse than the galley of a Turk,
With such a worn-out wither’d witch to wed,
A damn’d sexagenary maidenhead ;
His oath is past, and he is put to bed !
The bride so sweetly her soft wishes mutter’d,
You would have sworn her mouth was butter’d ;

'Till grown impatient with desire,
 She fum'd, and gap'd, and sputter'd,
 Just like an oyster in the fire.
 Yet all in vain ;
 CAPRONE could not ease her pain ;
 For the good witch had such a face and shape, as
 Would damp the vigour of a young Priapus.
 Her nose—you'd swear had been forgot,
 But through her nostrils without pain
 You might have look'd into her brain,
 And trac'd each wand'ring thought.
 Her eyes—but they long since had fled,
 And taken refuge in her head,
 So I can't tell with much precision
 Whether they were black or blue.
 Her eyelids, like the beauties of a Jew,
 Seem'd just escap'd from circumcision.

Now, Ladies, you may see
 My Tale draws near to a conclusion, *
 Or what we call catastrophe,
 By the confusion
 Among the Dramatis Personæ.
 We've left our Hero in a scrape,
 And in some danger of a rape ;
 But soft—the Lady thus address'd CAPRONE :—

" Canst

“ Canst thou, regardless of the vow
 “ For which I sav’d thy forfeit life,
 “ Canst thou no other gift allow,
 “ But the cold, empty name of wife?
 “ Alas! to what shall Virtue trust,
 “ By the keen glance of Envy view’d,
 “ If every wrinkle can disgust
 “ The flattering eye of Gratitude?
 “ Say, does thy foolish pride disdain
 “ Within this wither’d breast to reign?
 “ Speak but the word, and I assume
 “ The vernal rose’s morning bloom:
 “ All that the stoic breast can warm;
 “ Each grace of feature, shape, and hue;
 “ More than thy youthful thought can form,
 “ Or Fancy’s pencil ever drew.
 “ Yet think’st thou, that by passion fann’d,
 “ Thy flame shall never, never fail?
 “ Shall ne’er Reflection’s meddling hand
 “ From Folly snatch fair Beauty’s veil?
 “ Say, can thy jealous fear provide
 “ ’Gainst each insidious winning art,
 “ Each wile by foul Seduction try’d,
 “ To gain, and to corrupt the heart?
 “ Reflect! and let the fatal doom
 “ By calm Discretion’s hand be sign’d:
 “ ~~Not vainly~~ seek from beauty’s bloom
 “ What only centres in the mind!”

At first he ponder'd,
 And then look'd wise, and blunder'd,
 And wonder'd,
 And tost and flounder'd,
 Just like the famous pigs of yore,
 The pigs that jump'd into the water,
 The pigs that had "le diable au corps,"
 The pigs that play'd "le diable à quatre."

At length recovering, God knows how,
 "Madam," says he, "you must allow
 "'Twas no excessive predilection
 "Either for your parts or figure,
 "But a redundancy of vigour,
 "That brought me into this connection.
 "But since the fatal knot is tied,
 "The only way to shew my wit
 "Is to submit,
 "And to be govern'd by my bride.
 "To you my power I resign,
 "My life, my fortune, all is thine."

He spoke—at once each wrinkle disappears,
 And every word blots out the trace of years.
 But now, dear Muse! my earnest pray'r is,
 That you'd not take these damn'd vagaries;

Do not my richest colours taint,
 Nor some curs'd sign-post beauty paint,
 Some goddess of a city ball,
 In whose fat cheeks the red and white
 Most matrimonially unite,
 Like brick and mortar on a wall :
 You've heard of Venus' shape and air—
 With them let Fancy deck the fair.
 Is Fancy of the task afraid?—
 Steal them from Gr—nby ready made.
 Gr—nby, of half her charms bereft,
 Will be unconscious of the theft.
 Here Nature seem'd to mock Pygmalion's art,
 All that proportion, all that form can give,
 Venus once more had play'd Prometheus' part,
 And bid the beauteous wonder love, and live.
 To meet the touch now rose her eager breast,
 As proud to feel the passion it inspir'd,
 And now, by meddling Modesty repress'd,
 Slow, and reluctant, from the hand retir'd.
 Her eyes a thousand tender thoughts reveal'd,
 And blushes told whate'er those eyes conceal'd.

The youth beheld, and madd'ning with desire,
 Impetuous rush'd upon the tender maid ;
 The tender maid, with well-dissembled fire,
 And feign'd reluctance, each embrace o'erpaid.

With plaintive notes, half smother'd, half express'd,
 She seem'd, like Philomel, her fate to mourn;
 Yet strain'd the rude invader to her breast,
 And met, like Philomel, the fatal thorn;
 In speechless transport clos'd her languid eye,
 And on his trembling lip pour'd forth her parting
 sigh!

IV.

THE MUSSULMAN'S DREAM.

FROM DORAT.

THE zephyrs were hush'd, the seraglio was still,
 The sun faintly gleam'd from the verge of the hill,
 From their prisons emerg'd the disconsolate fair,
 To brood on their sorrows, and taste the fresh air,
 With ugly black eunuchs in terrible rows,
 To scare the young people, and frighten the-crows;
 The Mufti, by sudden devotion inspir'd,
 From church to the flesh and the devil retir'd,
 Well pleas'd on his favourite's breast to recline,
 And drown all reflection in gallons of wine.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile, amid the deepening shade,
 With downcast eyes, and aching breast,
 The youthful USBECK stray'd.
 With rage his country's wrongs he saw,
 His God degraded, and mankind oppress'd,
 By stern Mohammed's law.
 " O thou, All-seeing Pow'r ! " he cried,
 " Who view'st each thought yet lab'ring in my mind,
 " Say, in what secret cell,
 " Far from the glance of feeble human kind,
 " Doth pure Religion dwell ?
 " Ah, where doth Truth reside ?
 " Speak, pitying pow'r ! and let that awful breath
 " Which clears the sullied face of day,
 " Sweep with resistless force these fanes away,
 " By superstition rais'd and bought with death !
 " Beneath their ruins crush each impious priest,
 " Who reeling from th' unhallow'd feast,
 " Presumes his guilty hands to raise
 " In all the mockery of pray'r.
 " Let thy whole race the father's bounties share,
 " All earth thy temple, all our bliss thy praise."

Thus USBECK spoke. Now, Ma'am, you know
 There's nothing easier than talking :
 But you are soon fatigued with walking
 If you keep talking as you go.

So that, as strange as it may seem,
 It very naturally came to pass,
 That USECK fell asleep upon the grass,
 And then he dreamt, and this was USECK's dream.

From the low turf that props his wearied head,
 Far as his eye can stretch its dazzled sight,
 He sees thin wavy clouds in columns spread,
 While all th' horizon glows with streams of light.
 Slow breathes the gale, when to his ravish'd view
 The opening clouds unnumber'd nymphs display,
 Whose naked limbs, bath'd in celestial dew,
 Soften with milder beams the blaze of day.
 Smiling the wantons glide: no envious veil
 Steals from his longing eye the feast it loves,
 Save the soft hair that floats on every gale,
 And every whispering wishful sigh removes.

Long had he gaz'd;—when thro' the groaning sky
 Fierce lightnings flash'd, and echoing from on high
 A voice that shook all nature's frame
 In thunder spoke—"Bless'd be Mohammed's name:"
 "Bless'd be his name!"—th' angelic choirs reply.
 At length the Prophet's form appear'd;
 Young faucy cupids fluttering round,
 His brows with myrtle chaplets crown'd,
 Or stroak'd his sacred beard.

“ USBECK,” he cry’d, “ thy doubts repress,
 “ All human kind, as well as you,
 “ The same dark, doubtful path pursue,
 “ Blunder through life, and walk by guess.
 “ Must he, whose first creative glance
 “ Call’d forth all nature from the womb of night,
 “ At each weak mortal’s call advance,
 “ To purge the films that cloud his feeble sight ?
 “ The God who lives through all this teeming globe,
 “ Attendant on each puny sect,
 “ Their wild unmeaning rites direct,
 “ Or chuse the colours of a Mufti’s robe ?

“ ’Tis true, from fiction’s mystic cloud
 “ I rose to guide th’ adoring croud,
 “ But, more than reason’s boasted ties,
 “ My useful frauds their rage restrain ;
 “ Then bear the dogmas you despise
 “ And learn to guide—not break the rein ;
 “ Go, USBECK, at those alters bend,
 “ There vow by every sacred tie,
 “ To be thy God’s, thy country’s friend,
 “ The guardian of humanity ;
 “ Wrench’d from the hand of furious zeal
 “ To Justice give th’ avenging steal ;
 “ Let every crime thine anger fear,
 “ Let every sorrow claim thy tear ;

“ Let Want her long-lost comforts know,
 “ Unseen the source from whence they flow.
 “ Behold the law by heaven impress’d,
 “ The code of every virtuous breast,
 “ ’Tis nature’s voice, ’tis true religion,
 “ ’Tis Numa’s and Mohammed’s creed,
 “ From all their idle fables freed,
 “ Th’ inspiring nymph, and whispering pigeon.

“ But free from each feverer duty,
 “ Fear not through Pleasure’s paths to swerve,
 “ But in the smiles of yielding Beauty,
 “ Receive the meed your toils deserve.
 “ The God who rears the vernal rose,
 “ Fram’d not in vain this sweeter flower;
 “ Then freely taste what he bestows,
 “ And by thy raptures speak his power.
 “ Voluptuous, but without excess,
 “ Know every joy that love supplies;
 “ In the spare cup of happiness
 “ Each drop is counted by the wise.
 “ Let Thought refining on delight,
 “ Let Fancy all her arts employ,
 “ And every feeling sense unite
 “ To fix the momentary joy.
 “ Thus, when thy soul to heaven shall rise,

“ That

“ That love, which kindling in thy mind,
 “ Beam’d rays of comfort on mankind,
 “ Shall bless thee in thy native skies.
 “ To crown thy virtue’s finish’d course,
 “ These **Houris** all their charms display,
 “ And joys, eternal as their source,
 “ Reward the merits of a day.”

Tho’ the speech of the prophet was rather too long,
 The old gentleman seem’d not so much in the wrong.
 This **USBECK** confess’d, when with sudden surprise,
 In the arms of **SELIMA** he open’d his eyes.

The tender **SELIMA**, the slave whom he lov’d,
 Who in search of her Lord through the forest had
 rov’d,

Requesting each echo that dwelt in the shade,
 To protect a philosopher stolen or stray’d,
 And from whom he receiv’d the reward of his labours,
 After sleeping all night for the good of his neighbours.
 Though the girl was no **Houri**, to mere sons of clay
 Plain woman may prove as instructive as they;
 So not misemploy’d were the moments he stole
 While rehearsing the raptures design’d for his soul.
 Henceforth, of impostors he ceas’d to complain,
 For a fool more or less never troubled his brain,
 Left the Priest with the **Mufti** to drink at their lei-
 sure,

And confess’d that true wisdom is center’d in pleasure.

V.

THE FRIENDS.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

THOMAS and Ned were merry fellows,
 Fellows of a superior mind,
 Never squeamishly inclin'd,
 Never splenetic or jealous,
 But satisfied, when hardly press'd,
 To lay their eggs in the same nest.
 At length, a small dispute was bred
 By these excessive condescensions,
 At length a pullet shew'd her head
 To which they had the same pretensions ;
 The pullet grew bigger and bigger,
 Each claim'd the pullet as his own,
 Disdain'd copartnership of vigour,
 And, Cæsar like, would reign alone.

This storm had scarcely spent its rage,
 When it was follow'd by another ;
 'Twas when the pullet came of age,
 To learn and labour like her mother :

'Tis true, she was a lovely chicken,
 Like Cavendish, or Venus, fair,
 Fit for any monarch's picking,
 Fit for the tooth of my Lord Mayor.
 Yet, 'twas a shocking sight to see
 The conscript fathers disagree.
 No longer anxious to instruct,
 And to confirm her in her duty,
 They quarrel'd for the usufruct
 Of Miss's innocence and beauty.
 But whether Tom, or Ned, or both,
 Had the good luck their point to gain,
 I'll take my oath,
 I know no more than La Fontaine.

VI.

THE MUTUAL CONFESSION.

A T A L E.

FROM L'ALMANAC DES MUSES.

A Certain Lord, by his physician,
 Was sent upon a visit to Old Nick,
 Where he beheld his Coachman Dick
 Dispatch'd upon the same commission.

“ My

- “ My Lord!—I hope your Lordship’s well!—
 “ I’m charm’d to see so good a master:—
 “ But tell me, pray, what strange disaster
 “ Has brought you with such speed to hell?”
 “ You know, my friend,” the Peer reply’d,
 “ My spotless wife, as chaste as fair,
 “ Had crown’d my labours with an heir.
 “ Some wise intrigues and tricks I try’d,
 “ To bless this worthy object of my care,
 “ But I unfortunately died,
 “ So now you see I’m sentenc’d to be fry’d.
 “ But you, my good old friend, whose grave
 “ Even I bedew’d with many a tear,
 “ So faithful, so attach’d a slave——
 “ Pray, what the devil brought you here?”
 “ Alas, my Lord!—that son of your’s—God rot
 him!
 “ Your faithful slave is damn’d for having got
 him!”

VII.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

A T A L E.

FROM THE SAME.

“ A Miracle ! a miracle, my friends !”

(Th’ enraptur’d Selim cry’d)

“ Behold, the raging tempest ends,

“ Mohammed to my pray’r attends,

“ And checks th’ insulting tide.

“ For while it thunder’d and it lighten’d,

“ I turn’d to Mecca’s seven-times sacred site,

“ (I could not speak, I was so frighten’d)

“ Our Prophet beaming through the gloom of night,

“ Dispel’d at once the elemental strife,

“ And deign’d to save his faithful servant’s life.”

“ Is the man mad, or only drunk ?”

(An old Egyptian screams)

“ Believe me, friend, our bark had funk,

“ Spite of your Prophet and his beams ;

“ But thro’ the storm, at my request,

“ At once the mighty Apis came,

“ Before these eyes he stood confess’d,

“ With tail of fire, and horns of flame.

“ I saw

“ I saw him shake his awful brow,
 “ (All nature trembled at his nod)
 “ And hail’d with tears the mystic God,
 “ The heir apparent of a Cow !”

‘ Good folks,’ exclaim’d a Cherokee,
 ‘ ’Tis pity you should disagree.
 ‘ Why so abusive in your speeches ?
 ‘ The real sage such language scorns.
 ‘ Why can’t you dress the Bull in breeches,
 ‘ And deck the Prophet with his rival’s horns ?
 ‘ Yet, Sirs, transform them as you please,
 ‘ It will not much improve your creed :
 ‘ If you would know who calm’d the seas,
 ‘ Know ’twas my whip that did the deed.’—
 “ —Your whip, Sir!”—‘ Yes.’—“ Your most obe-
 dient !
 “ A very pleasant, safe expedient,
 “ A fairy, Sir, perhaps, or witch.”—
 ‘ —Good Sirs, repress these impious sneers !
 ‘ This whip, resounding on my breech,
 ‘ Made the Great Hare prick up his mighty ears ;
 ‘ Squatting upon his radiant form,
 ‘ He smil’d to see his bleeding slave,
 ‘ And with his heav’nly paw dispers’d the storm,
 ‘ And smooth’d the troubled wave.’

While

While thus they quarrel'd, and disputed,
 Denied, asserted, and confuted,
 A sage Chinese, who near them sat,
 And listen'd to the whole debate,
 Seizing a favourable pause,
 Thus op'd his Asiatic jaws.

“ Friends, you're so learned and so funny,
 “ That I could hear you talk all night ;
 “ I'd bet the Captain any money,
 “ That all are vastly in the right.
 “ But yet, to set my mind at rest,
 “ Be pleas'd to grant me one request.
 “ I ask not, that your pow'rful pray'rs,
 “ Address'd to Prophets, Bulls, and Hares,
 “ Should dry the swelling ocean's source,
 “ Or check the whirlwind's rapid course,
 “ Or give to age the bloom of youth,
 “ Or make a traveller tell truth.—
 “ But since that pow'r we all respect,
 “ In forming you his perfect creatures,
 “ At first thought proper to neglect
 “ The usual complement of features ;—
 “ This single proof I would propose—
 “ That all the three sit down together,
 “ To nature leave the winds and weather,
 “ And beg of heaven another inch of nose.”

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. JONES's Nephew, of the Old Bailey, being daily apprised (since his arrival from abroad) of the many fraudulent and evasive ways practised by a man in the environs of Fleet-street who writes himself Jones ; which is an open imposition, having no right thereto, but only calculated to delude the unwary : therefore Mr. Jones's nephew, finding it absolutely necessary, at the request of his friends, and in justice to the public, hereby declares, upon his honour, that there is not any one of the name of Jones existing in the profession, the person alluded to and meant for such, that has given so much univereal satisfaction, being Williams, a native of Radnorshire, South Wales, nephew to Mr. Jones, the second, the last, and the only one of the profession that ever was, or will be, in the family.

WILLIAMS, Jones's Nephew.

White Ball, No. 25, Fleet-Lane, near
the Old Bailey, Aug. 9, 1774.

N. B. Any one presuming to personate him for the future will be prosecuted ; likewise, shall the man persist in his obstinate opinion, he will find his real name and occupation inserted.

A gentleman, lately returned from Chester, has sent us the following curious advertisement, which, for its very great singularity, we think may prove entertaining to our readers :

PETER STORY, farrier, takes this method to acquaint the public, that, provided he is encouraged by any number of supportable gentlemen, &c. so far as 100 guineas, that he designs to publish a small BOOK, which will be a most elegant instructor for farriery, &c. as undoubtedly, according to his deserving character, may prove very beneficial, and worth some millions of pounds to the inhabitants of Great Britain in general, and the city of Chester in particular, where he now intends to settle.

He infallibly cures the following distempers, viz. ulcers upon any part of the human body, excepting the vocal part ; itch, without the least danger, &c. the prick of a thorn, wild warts upon horses, &c. the pole evil, quiterbone, fistula, brokenbone, glanders, bloody spaven, ringbone, misbleeding in the neck, lameness in the hoofs, &c. ulcers inside and outside, guelding and nicking in a very safe way of recovery, that all the hair of the tails will be secured ; destroying of rats very punctually described, the bite of a mad dog, and manching : all the above cures may be done, if not inside, between the expence of one farthing and sixpence. N. B. That, if any of his directions may be judged by any sufficient majority to be defraudable, he'll suffer being gibbeted alive.

N. B. That

N. B. That the said Peter Story was brought up to the abovementioned farriery from his youth: he lived three years as a foreman with the most noted Mr. Dick Bevin, late of the Bridge-street, Chester, deceased, who has been for series of years a chief farrier, under the command of seven regiments of horse; at length he grew fat and gouty, so that he was disabled from his profession, and in the mean while the said Peter Story, owing to a great practice, improved himself incomparable, and now being his own master these 25 years ago, he has studied upon several articles of his own invention, which in general proves most effectual. Any gentleman, &c. that shall favour him with their custom, shall be most humbly acknowledged by their most devoted humble servant, Peter Story, at Glascod, near St. George, upon the great turnpike-road from London to Holyhead.

The following bite upon the public was of so extraordinary a nature, that it deserves to be recorded, as it shows, that a foolish credulity and ridiculous curiosity seem to have banished common sense from the quality and gentry of this great metropolis. Towards the middle of January, 1749, the following advertisement appeared in the news-papers.

AT the New Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Monday next, the 16th instant, to be seen a person who performs

performs the several most surprizing things following, viz. First, he takes a common walking-cane from any of the spectators, and thereon plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprizing perfection. Secondly, he presents you with a common wine bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine: this bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he (without any equivocation) goes into it, in sight of all the spectators, and sings in it: during his stay in the bottle, any person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle.

Those on the stage or in the boxes may come in masked habits (if agreeable to them), and the performer (if desired) will inform them who they are.

Stage 7s. 6d. Boxes 5s. Pitt 3s. Gallery 2s.

To begin at half an hour after six o'clock.

☞ Tickets to be had at the Theatre.

The performance continues about two hours
and a half

N. B. If any gentlemen or ladies, after the above performances (either singly or in company, in or out of mask) are desirous of seeing a representation of any deceased person, such as husband or wife, sister or brother, or any intimate friend of either sex, (upon making a gratuity to the performer) shall be gratified, seeing and conversing with them for some minutes, as if alive: likewise (if desired) he will tell
you

you your most secret thoughts in your past life ; and give you a full view of persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive.

For those gentlemen and ladies who are desirous of seeing this last part, there is a private room provided.

These performances have been seen by most of the crowned heads of Asia, Africa, and Europe, and never appeared public any where but once ; but will wait of any at their houses, and perform as above, for five pounds each time.

There will be a proper guard to keep the house in due decorum.

This other advertisement was also published at the same time, which, one would have thought, was sufficient to prevent the former's having any effect.

Lately arrived from Italy,

“ SIG. Capitello Jumphedo, a surprizing dwarf, no taller than a common tavern tobacco-pipe ; who can perform a great many wonderful equilibres on the slack or tight rope : likewise, he'll transform his body in above ten thousand different shapes and postures ; and after he has diverted the spectators two hours and a half, he will open his mouth wide, and jump down his own throat. He being the most wonderfullst wonder of wonders as ever the world wonder'd

wonder'd at, would be willing to join in performance with that surprizing musician on Monday next, in the Hay-Market.

“He is to be spoke with at the Black Raven in Golden-lane, every day from seven to twelve, and from twelve all day long.”

Nevertheless, the contrivance took, and the play-house was crouded with Dukes, Duchesses, Lords, Ladies, &c. the consequence of which will appear from the following paragraph.

Last night (viz. Monday, Jan. the 16th) the much-expected drama of the bottle conjurer of the New Theatre in the Hay-Market, ended in the tragi-comical manner following. Curiosity had drawn together prodigious numbers. About seven, the theatre being lighted up, but without so much as a single fiddle to keep the audience in good humour, many grew impatient. Immediately followed a chorus of cat-calls, heightened by loud vociferations, and beating with sticks; when a fellow came from behind the curtain, and bowing, said, that if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned. At the same time, a wag crying out from the pit, that if the ladies and gentlemen would give double prices, the conjurer would get into a point bottle; presently a young gentleman in one of the boxes seized a lighted candle, and threw it on the stage. This served as the charge for founding to battle. Upon this, the

greatest part of the audience made the best of their way out of the theatre ; some losing a cloak, others a hat, others a wig, and others hat, wig, and swords also. One party, however staid in the house, in order to demolish the inside, when the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke to pieces the scenes, pulled down the boxes, in short, dismantled the theatre entirely, carrying away the particulars above-mentioned into the street, where they made a mighty bonfire ; the curtain being hoisted on a pole by way of a flag. A large party of guards were sent for, but came time enough only to warm themselves round the fire. We hear of no other disaster than a young nobleman's chin being hurt, occasioned by his fall into the pit, with part of one of the boxes, which he had forced out with his foot. 'Tis thought the conjurer vanished away with the bank. Many enemies to a late celebrated book concerning the ceasing of miracles, are greatly disappointed by the conjurer's non-appearance in the bottle ; they imagining, that his jumping into it would have been the most convincing proof possible, that miracles are not yet ceased.

Several advertisements were printed afterwards, some serious, others comical, relating to this whimsical affair ; among the rest was the following, which, we hope, may be a means of curing this humour for the future.

This

This is to inform the Public,

THAT, notwithstanding the great abuse that has been put upon the gentry, there is now in town a man, who, instead of creeping into a quart or pint bottle, will change himself into a rattle ; which he hopes will please both young and old. If this person meets with encouragement to this advertisement, he will then acquaint the gentry where and when he performs.

The reason assigned, in another humorous advertisement, for the conjurer's not going into the quart bottle, was, that after searching all the taverns, not one could be found.

ON THE ABOVE TRANSACTION IN THE
HAY-MARKET.

WHEN conjurers the quality can bubble,
And get their gold with very little trouble,
By putting giddy lies in public papers, —
As jumping in quart bottles, — such like vapours ;
And further yet, if we the matter strain,
Would pipe a tune upon a walking-cane :
Nay, more surprising tricks ! he swore he'd shew
Grannum's who dy'd a hundred years ago : —
'Tis whimsical enough, what think ye, sirs ?
The quality can ne'er be conjurers, —
The de'el a bit : — no, let me speak in brief,
The audience fools, the conjurer a thief.

TWO EXTRAORDINARY ADVERTISEMENTS
FROM THE LONDON EVENING POST OF
DECEMBER 12, AND 22, 1767.

December 6th, 1767.

WHEREAS a person who stiles himself Major Brereton, has falsely and scandalously aspersed the characters of several gentlemen, members of the *Jockey Club*; it is unanimously agreed, at a general meeting of the *Jockey Club*, held this day at the Star and Garter tavern, Pall-Mall, that the said Brereton be expell'd the new coffee-room; at Newmarket; a society instituted purposely to exclude all persons, except those whose conduct and characters entitle them to be received into the company of gentlemen.

Grafton,
Ancaster,
Kingston,
Northumberland,
Up. Offory,
Ashburnham,
G. Selwyn,
Tho. Penton, jun.
John Scot,
Richard Cox,
John Calvert,
March and Ruglen,
Orford,
Tho. Shirley,

Robert Pigott, jun.
Fr. Naylor,
C. Boothby Skrymsher,
Bolingbroke,
T. Charles Bunbury,
Waldegrave,
Robert Brudenell,
George Cavendish,
George Lane Parker,
Barrymore,
Bridgewater,
Gower,
Granby,
J. S. Douglass,

WHEREAS

WHEREAS an advertisement has been published in this paper, signed by twenty-eight persons (many of whom are of high rank and distinction), to inform the world that they thought fit to expel me the new coffee-room of Newmarket, as unworthy to be received into the company of gentlemen, because I have (as some of them say) falsely and scandalously aspersed the characters of several members of the *Jockey Club*; I think it incumbent on me to declare (for the further information of the public) that the supposed false and scandalous aspersion therein alluded to, is my having told his Grace the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Offory, that certain members of that club had cheated them and me at cards, at the last meeting at Newmarket: I told them publicly, because I saw it with my own eyes. I told them so not in secret, but in the presence of the accused, the same day in which they had cheated. I still insist upon the truth of what I have said, and am ready to attest it upon oath. I do not here mention the names of the persons who were guilty of cheating, because I should thereby incur a prosecution, which, I have no doubt, those Gentlemen would take the advantage of: but being now in London, and finding it the only safe way of publishing my case, I take this method to declare, that I am ready to inform any gentlemen whom these persons are, together with all the circumstances of their behaviour.

WILLIAM BRERETON.

HUMOROUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHEREAS a person, who stiles himself Esquire Ketch, has falsely and scandalously aspersed the characters of several gentlemen, members of the Black-leg Club; it is unanimously agreed, at a meeting of the Black-leg Club held this day at the Pillory and Tumbrel Tavern, Tyburn, that the said Ketch be expelled the old hazard-room called Hell, at Newmarket; a society instituted purposely to exclude all persons, except those whose *conduct & characters* entitle them to be received into the *company* of gentlemen.

Mat o'the Mint,
Nimming Ned,
Jack Bagshot,
Jemmy Twitcher,
John Buckhorse,
Henry Trigger,
Timothy Shuffle,
Cogging Jack,
Anthony Sweepstakes,
Timothy Diver,
John Filch,
Will. o'the Turf,
Anthony Win-all,
Pious George,

John Blueskin,
Tricking Tom,
Jonathan Wild,
Thomas Dupe,
Crook-finger'd Jack,
John Peachum,
Henry Mac Heath,
Will. of Paddington,
Knowing Will,
Timothy Skull,
John Thieftaker,
Blaspheming Ned,
Will. Desperate,
George Slug.

In the Press,

T H E P A R A L L E L ;

OR,

THE TWO JOHNS, DUKES OF BEDFORD ;

JOHN, REGENT OF FRANCE,

AND

JOHN, THE EMBASSADOR :

With LETTERS and ANECDOTES.

Right tall he made himself to shew,

Tho' made full short by God :

And when all other Dukes did bow,

This Duke did only nod.

SWIFR.

To which is added,

A S U P P L E M E N T,

Which continues the story to the present time.

Next Month,

Will be sold, by *Inch of Candle*, to the highest Bidder,

The Earl of Hertford's B I B L E :

(The owner having no further occasion for it :)

It is *butefully* printed in the *minion* letter on *royal* paper ; *half bound* ; *double gilt* ; and has a *fine broad phylactery* running round the borders.

With notes, comments, and illustrations, in manuscript,

By *David Stuart Mac Sceptick*, Esq.

Late Chaplain in Ordinary, and Secretary of Embassy,
and now Secretary to the Right Hon. G——C——.

* * * A considerable sum has been offered for the *good-will* of this Bible, being a *lucky one*. It is admirably fitted for telling of fortunes, and discovering stolen goods, with the aid of a *key*. On the white paper at the beginning, are the names and time of birth of his L——p's numerous and hopeful progeny, with their places, pensions, reversions, and grants. And on the white paper at the latter end, is a *practical* dissertation, in his own hand-writing, on the text—*In godliness there is great gain*.

For further particulars enquire at the Chamberlain's office; the borough of Orford; the castle of Dublin; Kensington palace; the Secretary of State's office; the office of Ordnance; the Secretary of State's office in Ireland, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

In the press, and speedily will be published,
 Price 2s. 6d. bound in red leather,
The CONWAY Court Register.

In this register is contained a full account of all the offices, civil and military; pensions, reversions, grants, governments, titles, &c. &c. lately given to, and now held by, that family and its allies, in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America. The public may be assured that no pains have been
 spared

spared to make this book complete; notwithstanding that it has been maliciously asserted, in order to prejudice the sale, that the number of offices, &c. has been so great, and some of the grants so secret, that no private person could come at the exact knowledge of them. If after this register is printed off, any new employments should be bestowed on that family, they will be printed on a separate sheet, and given gratis to the purchaser of this book.

N. B. By way of an appendix, will be printed a correct list of the offices from which the friends of General Conway have been lately removed.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION DECIDED.

TO break his word, or lose his place,
Is Conway's meditation;
I own it is a weighty case,
And well worth consideration.

But, sir, your brother, nephew, wife,
Consult on this occasion;
They'll give, I vouch it on my life,
Right solid consolation.

IT being mutually resolved to dissolve the partnership account subsisting between John and Mary Spindle, husband and wife, in the parish of ———, and to carry on the business of matrimony on each their separate account; if any gentleman or lady has any claim of love or affection on either of the said partners, they are desired to bring the same to be satisfied; and whoever is indebted to them, are hereby required to pay the said debts to either of the partners, on account of the said separation, as soon as is convenient.

THE members of the society corresponding with the incorporated society in Dublin for propagating the human species in foreign parts, are desired to take notice, that a monthly meeting of their standing committee will be held at ———, on Friday next, at twelve o'clock precisely.

M I S S I N G,

SUPPOSED to be stolen, from a boarding-school near ———, a beautiful young lady, aged seventeen, daughter of the late Earl of ———, and heiress to thirty thousand pounds independent of her mother.

She

She was observed to walk in the back garden after dinner with Mr. Macmulla the dancing master, and is supposed to have made her escape with him through the yew-hedge. She took nothing with her but a bottle of aqua vitæ from her governess's china closet, the second volume of Pamela, and the marriage-service torn out of the common-prayer book.

If offered to be married to Mr. Macmulla, pray stop her.

STOLEN OR STRAYED,

FROM Miss Trolly and Co's lace shop, in Duke's-court, a small bay filley, coming fifteen this grass; she has a black spot just under her left eye, a cock'd tail, goes well upon her legs, and is fit for any weight.

She had been some time in training for a colonel of the guards, but is supposed to have been rode away with by an attorney's clerk going on the western circuit.

Whoever brings her to Mrs. Trolly's above-mentioned, or to the guard-room at Whitehall, shall have fifty guineas reward, and no questions asked.

TO BE SEEN AT THE COVENTRY CROSS,
A CAST of the Grecian Venus, in plaister of Paris. It has been greatly admired by the curious, is allowed to be the work of a masterly hand, and the completest model in the universe.

NOW SELLING OFF AT PRIME COST,
THE remainder of the stock in trade of an eminent clergyman leaving off business, and retiring to a b——k; consisting of a complete set of manuscript sermons for the whole year, with the fasts and festivals, including a deification of King Charles for the 30th of January; a culvern charged and primed for the 5th of November, with a rod for the whore of Babylon; the sins of the nation described, in a discourse fit for the next solemn fast; charity, accession, antigallican, and small-pox sermons, some half finished tracts against the Athanasian Creed, the marriage-act, and the Thirty-nine Articles, with several other curious particulars: The whole to be viewed till the time of sale, which will begin punctually at twelve o'clock.

L O S T,

IN the dark walk at Vauxhall, on Tuesday the 24th instant, two female reputations : one of them had a small spot occasioned by some dirt thrown upon it last week in the road to Ranelagh ; the other never soiled. Whoever will bring them back to the owners, shall receive five thousand pounds, with thanks.



D R O P P E D,

FROM a lady's tongue in the left-hand stage-box, at Drury-lane play-house, on Saturday last, five severe innuendoes concerning lady C——; four bitter reflections on the Duchesse of H——; some abuse to Miss Maria W——; a panegyric on S——'s beauty; two small oaths, and a white lye about Spanish paint.

If the above should be offered to be retailed, or repeated by any who overheard, pray stop them, and give notice to Mr. F——, at his register-office in the Strand, and you shall have half a guinea reward.



M U S T B E S O L D,

THE owner being a bankrupt, a vote for a member of ——, for the borough of —— at the next general election. To prevent trouble, the price is fourscore pounds.

TO MR. SYKES, OF LIVERPOOL:

FROM MR. ALMON, IN HOLLAND.

WRITTEN IN 1758.

FROM Belgia's clime, a clime of old,
Renown'd in ancient fame,
I write, my friend, and dare be bold,
To emulate thy name.

On ev'ry man, in ev'ry clime,
Impartially I look,
Thy noble precepts ev'ry time
Occur in ev'ry book.

O happy thou at home can range,
Can read the Muse's lays,
With ev'ry age in hist'ry change,
Can swell the pomp of praise.

From Hector's time to Marlbro's days,
When Marlbro' was rever'd,
When English ensigns once were praise,
And shouts and songs were heard.

From Pindar's Ode to Chaucer's Tale,
From Chaucer down to Pope;
Thy little bark along can sail,
With loftier ships can cope.

While you at home within your shade,
 Each theory can peruse,
 Abroad I thro' each winding glade,
 Each practice now pursues.

What boots it still, my dearest friend,
 If I all nations see,
 And not a line to thee I send,
 Nor thou a line to me ?

Adieu to whom my bosom turns,
 With whom I've left my care ;
 Adieu for whom my friendship burns,
 Adieu to Albion's fair !

Ye charmers of the happy land,
 May war's destructive arms,
 Ne'er thunder o'er your fertile strand,
 Nor fright you with alarms.

Adieu to parties, your domestic broils,
 To Whigs and Tories laws,
 To nameless things, and fruitless toils,
 And to your *good old cause* !

It grieves me not, who reigns at home,
 Or who's rever'd abroad ;
 If I in other nations roam,
 Can find the cleanest road.

A S K E T C H.

WRITTEN ON THE CHANGE OF THE MINISTRY IN
JULY, 1765.

BY THE SAME.

Disce omnes.

HOW vain are hopes ! how changeable is man !
Shall Whigs complete what Jacobites began ?
Whigs do I call them ? Heav'ns ! how false the
claim !

Ne'er let the *Slaves* profane that sacred name.
Who is their leader ? Who directs the band ?
By whom are all their feeble measures plann'd ?
E'en by that haughty, timid, treacherous thing,
Who fears a shadow,—yet who rules a k—.

Close to his standard, trembling, first appears,
An hoary dotard, bent by weight of years ;
The arch preceptor in corruption's school,
In worth a bankrupt, and in sense a fool ;
A would-be Jove to grasp the golden show'r,
With hands unnerved scrambling still for pow'r ;
True to no party, steady to no plan,
Three-score and twelve, and never yet a man.

Next comes the pale, unfledg'd, ill-tutor'd boy,
Newmarket's glory, and the Cock-pit's joy ;
(None need I mention, for he shines at all,
Except but one—the Cock-pit at Whitehall)

From honour's paths his wildness to restrain,
A staunch, old Tory bears the stripling's train.

Let these contrasted specimens suffice
To place her guides before Britannia's eyes :
Then let her judge ; and if the picture's just,
Shall she trust them, who can't each other trust ?
Various as winds, in this they all agree,—
To Aaron's golden calf to bend the knee.
Their boasts of freedom let one line refute,—
Dare they dismiss th' acknowledg'd friends of BUTE ?

TO THE LATE MINORITY.

WRITTEN ON READING THE HISTORY OF THEIR
CONDUCT, ENTITLED, "AN HISTORY OF
THE LATE MINORITY," &c.

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1765.

BY THE SAME.

Sunt certi denique fines.

AND does it gall you then, ye *venal* crew ?
Does *histry* wring your souls, because 'tis *true* ?
O worst of libels ! satire most severe !
When truth convictive strikes the culprit's ear ;
When conscious *guilt* stands glaring in his eye,
And his face owns it, tho' his words deny.
Let *minions* rave, and *pension'd* creatures rail,
Truth is all pow'rful, and must still prevail.

Look back, ye slaves, to that ill-omen'd day,
When blushing *freedom* mark'd your treach'rous
way,

Fraught with *deceit*, and eager to *betray*;
Deserted TEMPLE, foremost on the plain,
Where wav'd her banners, call'd you back in vain;
PITT's voice in thunder warn'd you from a throne,
Where BURE in splendid usurpation shone,
King-like array'd with honours not his own!
While all around his servile cringing clan
Pursued the traces of the *fav'rite's* plan;
And brainless heads, false hearts, and servile hands,
Enforc'd obedience to his worst commands.
Freedom, un plac'd, was robb'd of all her charms,
And foul Oppression won you to her arms.

Ye weak supporters of a desperate cause,
Deserve for once your country's just applause;
Your bungling talents now can only suit
The dark, insidious stratagems of BURE;
Resign, retire, forego the dangerous field,
Saul's armour leave to those who best can wield.

The pond'rous shield which TEMPLE's arm could
bear,
Shall feebly Rockingham presume to wear?
The tow'ring helmet sure can never fit
Richmond or Conway, that was made for PITT.

Genius

Genius of England ! freedom's guardian ! rise —
 To save thy sons some glorious means devise ;
 To head thy pow'rs be some great chief explor'd,
 Nor let each *puny whisperer* seize thy sword.

TO THE LORD OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN IN 1770.

BY THE SAME.

Dabis, improbe, pœnas.

WHERE wilt thou stop, thou all-corrupting
 Thane,

Who render'st all the patriot's labours vain !
 Who prov'st by titles, ribbons, or by gold,
 That boasted virtue may be bought, and sold !
 That stubborn pride can stoop to aid thy plan—
 That Chatham doats, tho' Pitt was once a man !

Shall there not rise some great superior force,
 To check thy mad ambition in its course ?
 To drag thee, struggling, from behind the throne,
 And make thy head for thy false heart atone ?
 Shalt thou of goodness taint the purest spring,
 By hell-born magic fascinate thy king ?
 And shall not Freedom's enterprising arm
 Cut through the gordian knot that binds the charm ?

Else's'd

Bless'd be the man, who, virtuous, just, and brave,
Shall stretch his hand his country's rights to save,
Ere Albion's sons become no longer free,
And all her chiefs unpopular, like thee!

One man*, like Abdiel, all thine arts hath found,
Firm 'midst desertion, 'midst corruption found;
One whose quick eye can penetrate thy wiles,
Thy frowns who dreads not, nor who courts thy
 smiles;
Who loves a Brunswick, hates a Stuart reign,
But most abhors a kingdom-grasping Thane.
Beware his vengeance; for the day will come,
Big with ripe fate, and black with gath'ring doom,
When thy just sov'reign, yielding to the call
Of groaning millions, urging on thy fall,
Will from thy dazzling greatness hurl thee down,
And vindicate the honour of his crown.

T O A L A D Y,

WITH A SET OF BOOKS, CONSISTING OF A COL-
LECTION OF FUGITIVES.

BY THE SAME.

ACCEPT, dear girl, the trifle that I send,
The simple tribute of a faithful friend;

* Earl Temple.

Who knows thy worth, and far esteems it more
Than the rich diamond from Golconda's shore.

In many a serious, many a comic fit,
By various hands these jeux d'esprit were writ ;
Some pains I took the Foundlings to collect,
More judgment it requir'd what to reject.
Had I your skill, your quick discerning parts,
Without much pains I should have pleas'd all hearts.
Such as they are, accept 'em, they are yours,
And may amuse you at your leisure hours.

E P I T A P H

IN BOVINGDON CHURCH-YARD, IN HERTFORD-
SHIRE.

THE BODY OF MRS. ELIZABETH ALMON,
Wife of Mr. JOHN ALMON.

Nat. Dec. 25, 1737. *Nup.* Oct. 27, 1760.
Ob. Aug. 31, 1781.

This Stone is inscribed by her disconsolate Husband.

FOR thee my thoughts all pleasures shall forego
For thee my tears shall stream in silent woe.
First taught by thee the highest bliss to prove,
The force, the truth, the purity of love ;
Sacred to thee the gift I will confine,
Join thee at death—and be for ever thine.

* Altered from Rowe.

ON THE DEATH OF ———.

IRREGULAR.

BY THE SAME.

AH! ——— fairer than the new-blown rose,
 Queen of ev'ry soft desire;
 One moment stay—one grave shall close
 Each raptur'd bosom's fire.
 With eager haste I clasp'd my arms
 Around her snowy neck:
 She strove to speak, but death alarms;
 She from th' embrace must break.
 Then parting from me clos'd her eyes,
 I seal'd 'em with a kiss;
 Each limb extended lifeless lies,
 —Those limbs of former bliss.
 Oh say, bright cherubs, say,
 Did you e'er convey
 To death's pale regions yet, so fair a shade!
 Let Time, with all his num'rous train
 Of mourning lovers, sing this strain,
 And saints and angels guide 'em thro' the glade.

TO MR. SYKES, OF LIVERPOOL.

WRITTEN UPON AN INTENTION OF GOING ABROAD,
IN 1782. .

BY THE SAME.

O Sykes ! the pupil's fav'rite, and the Muse's friend,
No more in Albion's clime the Muse shall send
A verse to thee ; 'tis fate, not fancy leads
Through foreign climes ; through foreign meads
The Muse shall stray—perhaps not gain a grace
Sacred with relics of the Roman race.

O be thou blest'd, retir'd, and great, and free,
Nor pant for quiet, with a fate like me !
Be happy in thy shade, and known to few,
Let my remembrance spring again to view,
How many hours, and days, and years we've past,
Our social friendship, and our parting last !
——'s no more ! —— fair ——'s dead,
And love forgot, and ev'ry pleasure fled !

When war shall cease, these jarring times be o'er,
And hush'd the trumpet's and the cannon's roar,
Convey me, Fortune, where some other scene
Presents its view—suppose the banks of Seine.

No more is left for solitude and me,
But bootless toil, and painful mem'ry.

BY THE SAME.

WRITTEN IN 1783.

WHEN Henry frown'd, and Wolfey lost
The power he basely had purloin'd;
The nation found, that, to their cost,
Both king and people had been blind.

It is with small things, as with great,
The principle's alike in all;
The passions rise, like Wolfey's state,
And ebb, like Wolfey, to their fall.

When pallid toil, and jealous care,
Were fast exhausting nature's store;
In anxious hope, I wish'd to share
Of nature's blessings something more :

In a pure air, and near a stream,
On a dry soil, with verdure crown'd,
Confronted by the morning gleam,
By tufted hills the prospect bound ;

I built a house : to steal from time
A few more years, and cheer the ray
Of life's cold evening, ere the prime
Of sweet enjoyment felt decay.

But death approach'd, like Henry's frown,
 And ruin'd all this scheme of bliss ;
 Robb'd me of all I had, to own
 This lengthen'd source of happiness.

As Wolsey vain, I thought 'twas fix'd,
 That Time alone could shift the scene ;
 That fate, suspended, stood betwixt
 Returning health, and weak'ning pain ;†

But death prevail'd ; and then I found
 My much-lov'd scheme an idle toy ;
 Error had led me blindly round
 Her giddy maze, a foolish boy.

The heart was good, the head was wrong ;
 I meant to eke the date of life ;
 To pass the social hours among
 My friends, my children, and my wife.

The die is cast ;—it must not be ;—
 Death has destroy'd this golden dream ;
 Like Wolsey now, I vainly see
 The treach'ry of each flatt'ring aim.

† Mrs. A. was in a declining state of health when she left London.

Whate'er

Whate'er my lot, no more set plans
 On me shall urge their tempting force ;
 Chance shall direct through life's quick-sands ;
 No human skill can change her course.

T O M R. ———,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE

CAN I, who love and am belov'd again,
 In this the happiest far of happy men,
 With eyes regardless thy affliction see ?
 Can I be happy, and not pity thee ?

Each other loss by time is worn away,
 Or love, or fame, or fortune may repay :
 But when we lose the fond, the faithful fair,
 Soft partner of our joys and of our care,
 No second charmer can the loss repair. }

Yet cease to mourn—two charmers still remain
 To cheer declining life, and ease your pain.
 In your lov'd daughters that resemblance lives,
 Which still encreasing, still new pleasure gives.
 May choicest blessings mark their cheerful way,
 Easy each life, and innocently gay !
 May love and fortune smile upon their youth,
 Their age be crown'd with constancy and truth !

And

And when thy cares no farther may extend,
 But life exhausted hastens to an end;
 Then may thy closing eyes behold each man
 Who lives for them, when you no longer can;
 Safe in whose arms each gains the happy shore,
 When each indulgent parent is no more.

ON QUITTING BOOKSELLING.

L E A V E trade with but three hundred pounds
 a-year,
 When house-rent, beef, and mutton are so dear!
 Sure, cries a friend, your head's not very clear. }

A N S W E R.

ON diff'rent tradesmen diff'rent fates attend,
 Who deals in *lead*, the laws become his friend,
 And will from thieves his property defend; }
 But if I purchase learning, genius, wit,
 They are not *tangible*, and I am bit.
 Happy am I to 'scape with three *whole* hundred,
 Or, by this time, of *half* on't I'd been plunder'd.

L I N E S

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN IN RETIREMENT,
ON HEARING THAT HE HAD BEEN CHARGED
WITH MISANTHROPY.

WHEN I enter'd the world in the prime of my youth,
With the strongest attachment to virtue and truth ;
Sincerely I hop'd *that* attachment to find
In all my concerns and affairs with mankind.
With sorrow I speak it, I very soon found,
That *virtue* was nought but an impotent sound :
Too plainly I saw, and too keenly I felt,
That the *truth* on the lips of my friends rarely dwelt.
Yes—the men who profess'd the most cordial esteem,
And my praise ever made, without ceasing, their
theme,

Deceived me with promises, flowing and fair,
And reduc'd me to live upon little but air ;
They made me with grief and with pity discern,
That to live in the world, we to suffer must learn.
Despairing then friendship with mortals to meet,
I shelter'd my head in the shades of retreat.
By many I'm call'd an unfociable elf ;
A man whose attention's confin'd to himself ;
But after the shocks I've from *friendship* endur'd,
I'm almost, indeed, of *philanthropy* cur'd.
The *moth* round the candle will play till it dies ;
When a *man* has been burnt, from a furnace he flies.

THE

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

AN ODE.

IN ALLUSION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

WRITTEN IN 1775.

I.

WHERE roams the genius of the British Isle,
The awful spirit of the ancient times ?
Sun-born, the child of fire, what distant climes
Lure thy lorn steps from this thy native soil ?

II.

Ye oaks of everlasting growth,
Ye black pines waving in the clouds,
Ye mountains, red with heaven's wrath,
Ye rocks, whose heads the vapour shrouds,
Say, have ye seen him ?—By his tread
Well known of thundering sound,
His voice of whirlwind, and his head
With blazing meteors crown'd.

III.

Say, Etna, seest thou from thy burning throne,
Or o'er the land, or o'er the wide-spread seas,
The path or shadow of a son free-born ;
Or hearest thou around thy triple zone,
Or in the scorching beam, or sea-borne breeze,
Save groans of abject woe, or taunts of swelling
scorn ?

N 2

Then

Then dwells he not with thee ;—his fullen ear,
Not music floating on Sicilian gales,

His eye, not beauty panting with desire,
His heart, not Ceres' mantle in the vales,

His soul, not Bacchus rob'd with purple fire,
One moment can detain to thraldom near,
The sickly child of sloth, and pale unmanly fear.

IV.

O mountain Appenine ! and distant thou,

The fairest and the tallest of the plain,

That near Olympian Pisa wreath'dst thy brow

With laurels won beneath thy fair domain,

Howe'er thou'rt call'd !—And thou of surer name,

That near the haunted stream,

Inspir'dst the poet's dream !——

And northern ye, that, like a chain,

Bind in Epirus golden plain !——

Ceraunian mountains, thunder scarr'd !

And ye that like a rampart stood,

Linkt in holy brotherhood,

And saw the routed Persian host,

Their pride, their hope, their glory lost,

When the sea-scourging Xerxes dar'd,

In thought, but vainly dar'd to yoke the Grecian fame.

V.

Alas, the days that ye have seen

Are now as if they ne'er had been !

Groveling

Groveling Superstition creeps
 Thro' your vales and o'er your steeps,
 Like a black and baleful mist
 Withering every manly power,
 Treasur'd in the patriot breast,
 Against the great decisive hour.

VI.

O lands, rever'd of old, the gaze of all,
 How vast your zenith's height, how deep your fall!
 Here the mooned Prophet raves
 'Midst a dark'ned land of slaves;
 There the spotted dragon flings
 Woes, desolations, deaths, from his terrific wings.

VII.

Turn we hence—the Muse disdains
 To seek her son amidst ignoble chains.
 See, she wings her rapid flight
 To the Pyrenean height:
 She casts her eyes, and views on either hand
 Two sister queens, but of a various land;
 Each head with fair and flowery garlands crown'd,
 But ah, their feet in galling shackles bound!
 In tarnisht state sits one forlorn,
 With wither'd bays and trophies torn;
 Buxom, blithe, and debonaire,
 Sings the other spite of care:

Genius, science, arts and arms,
 Wait upon her careless charms:
 A race so bright, a land so fair,
 What pity Freedom dwells not there!

VIII.

Northward to the Alpine ridge
 Now she turns her lofty head;
 Instant she lights; the massy bridge
 Shakes beneath her sounding tread.

She asks of every hill and every dale,
 If he, the son she seeks, inhabits there.
 No answer comes upon the lonely gale;
 "Alas, thy son is vainly fought for here!"

IX.

Onward she moves;—when from Helvetia's hill
 A mournful accent strikes her troubled ear:
 Her daring archer she remembers still,
 When lo! his cloud-clad spirit g'ided near.

X.

M U S E.

Hast thou seen my favourite son,
 Once of thee so lov'd and known?
 He who whisper'd in thine ear,
 When the arrow, wing'd with fear,

At

At a tyrant's stern command
 Fled from forth thy parent hand ;
 Once of thee so lov'd and known,
 Hast thou seen my favourite son ?

XI.

S P I R I T.

In vain, alas, thy favourite son
 Of me was lov'd, of me was known !
 Long since he fled, and left this land
 A slave to every slave's command :
 Petty tyrants rule her now,
 And all in vain I drew the bow.

XII.

M U S E.

Northward perhaps he dwells ; the rigorous North
 Is still propitious to the patriot flame :
 Perhaps thine eye descry'd him passing forth,
 Perhaps thine ear retains his distant fame.
 Say, doth he wander o'er the hollow plains
 Of Dalecarlia, were he wont to stray,
 And hear amid the miner's clanking chains
 Big groans burst forth for that auspicious day,
 When he, the hero, patriot, sage, and king,
 Should raise the voice, and lift the shining spear,
 That, like a comet leaping from his sphere,
 Pointed the path to liberty amain,
 And flash'd red vengeance on the cruel Dane ;
 Whereof remotest lands and latest times shall ring.

XIII.

S P I R I T.

Alas, no more he wanders there,
 No sounds congenial catch his ear,
 No more the torch of Freedom lights
 Their weary days, their tedious nights;
 All dreary, dark, and wild!
 O land, deserted and forlorn,
 Never, ah never shall return
 Thy summer-sun; thy leaf is fled,
 Virtue and Liberty are fled,
 The parent with the child!

XIV.

M U S E.

Say, doth he walk upon the face of earth,
 Or lies he buried in the gulphy wave;
 Or some enchantress frowning on his birth
 Lulls in her lap, or locks him in her cave?
 Time was, one touch of this resounding lyre
 Rous'd him from line to line, from pole to pole;
 Sublim'd him to the height of martial fire,
 Or soft entranc'd to peace his melting soul.
 Where sleeps he now?—The Goddess bow'd her
 head,
 No answer came—the cloud-clad sp'rit was fled.

XV. She

XV.

She turn'd her steps ;—when from the Arctic shore
 A voice was heard across th' Atlantic roar :
 “ He lives ! he lives ! ” the enraptur'd Goddess cries,
 Then instant springs aloft and cleaves the skies ;
 To the huge Andes points her eager way ;
 Stately she lights, and thus begins her lay :—

XVI.

Ye giant hills, ye first-born of the earth,
 That with Titanian fronts assail the skies !
 Ye mighty race, who saw great Nature's birth,
 And all the pigmy mountains round you rise,
 Then when the waters fled
 To their capacious bed,
 And left the round earth rob'd in green,
 Spangled with lakes and hills between !
 Ye with solemn song I greet,
 And on your tall heads plant my feet,
 A stranger erst ;—but now a voice divine
 Calls me to wait at Freedom's sacred shrine.

XVII.

Lo ! across the Darien land,
 Bending to the dexter hand,
 Lies a crescent-formed bay,
 Once with fluttering streamers gay :
 Commerce, the queen, her breast unbound,
 Nourish'd all her children round ;

Yet still with filial duty warm,
 Own'd the sweet parental charm,
 That binds with strong but gentle reign,
 Beyond the tyrant's iron chain.

XVIII.

Now other sights and other sounds arise;
 Black waves the flag upon the mournful shore;
 In dread confrontment the red banner flies,
 And hell's own engines wait the time to roar.

XIX.

Seest thou not a form divine
 Of the ancient Genii line,
 Such as Rome and Athens own'd,
 When on Freedom's base enthron'd?
 'Tis he, long sought, through fears and toils,
 The Genius of the British Isles!——
 Awful like a God he stands;
 The thronging nations lift their hands,
 And, as they pour the ardent vow,
 Catch inspiration from his brow.

XX.

Softly, ah softly wake the sleeping fire,
 Rouse not the angry lightning's utmost force;
 A parent's breast must meet its destin'd course,
 A parent's breast must bleed beneath its ire.

Be

Be firm, but calmly firm;—maintain the right
That Nature gives, and free-born manhood
claims :

Pursue the radiant track where Virtue lights,
And on her sacred column grave your names.

But ah, if heedless duty aught hath err'd,
If Freedom kindling in too fierce a blaze,
That heaven-descended scroll hath aught impair'd,
The thrice dear charities of human race !

O Mercy ! stoop thou from thy golden skies,
Thy charmed veil among the nations cast,
Wave thy soft wand of pity o'er their eyes,
And tears on either face blot out the past.

So sung the Muse ; the hills the strain prolong,
And heaven in thunder ratify'd the song.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A PEER.

OCCASIONED BY THE REPORT OF A PROMOTION.

TAKE a man who by nature's a true son of earth,
By rapine enrich'd, tho' a beggar by birth ;
Of genius the lowest, ill-bred and obscene,
Of morals most wicked, most nasty in mien ;

By none ever trusted, yet ever employ'd,
 In blunders most fertile, of merit quite void;
 A scold in the senate, abroad a buffoon,
 The scorn and the jest of all courts but his own;
 A slave to that wealth which ne'er made him a friend,
 And proud of that cunning which ne'er gain'd an end;
 A dupe in each treaty, a *Suiss* in each vote,
 In manners and form a complete *Hottentot*;
 Such a one could you find, of all men I'd commend
 him,

But be sure let the curse of each *Briton* attend him,
 Thus fitly prepar'd, add the grace of a throne,
 The folly of monarchs, and screen of a crown.
 Take a Prince for this purpose without ears or eyes,
 And a long parchment patent stuff'd brimful of lies;
 These mingled together a *Fiat* shall pass,
 And a thing strut a Peer, that before was an ass.

Probatum est.

KING STEPHEN AND HIS COURTIER.

A MORAL TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY LUKE LACKRENT, LL. B.

WITH A PREFACE BY HIS UNCLE LANCELOT.

PREFACE.

THE family of the Lackrents have been versifiers,
 if not poets, time immemorial. Indeed, were I to
 trace

trace out all the collateral branches of it from its first founder Sir Jethro Lackrent, Temp. *Rich^d. Secun.* & *Henrⁱ. Quart.* who married a base-born daughter of Geoffrey Chaucer's, I could prove that Otway, Dryden, and many other poets of prime note, had some of Sir Jethro's blood in their veins; nay, I could make out this relationship full as clearly as some persons do, who, by a like genealogical process, prove themselves to be cousins, no farther off than in a fourteenth or fifteenth remove, of his present Majesty: but this would look ostentatious, and is not perhaps much to the purpose; my present business being to give the world my own opinion of my nephew's composition. The boy calls it foolishly a moral tale: I cannot conceive why; except that, like the fashionable *Contes Moraux* among the French, it has no morality in it. But (though I don't like he should ape the French) I would not quarrel with the title, were the tale itself a little more probable. As to his anachronism at the beginning, the lad was himself aware of it, and has ingeniously enough apologized for it, by introducing a certain adept in *antiquarianity* (if I may be permitted to coin a word) as pointing out the blunder, and receiving a proper rebuff from the author on the occasion. But it is the egregious flattery which he puts in his Courtier's mouth that I cannot away with: the trite privilege which poets claim, *quidlibet audendi*, will not here serve for Luke's
excuse

excuse in the least, *quod mihi ostendis sic incredulus odi*. My nephew, I know, would here plead in his own defence, that no flattery can be too gross to put into a courtier's mouth: but here I deny the position *est modus in rebus*, there are bounds of probability fixed even to a courtier's flattery: for instance, I can easily conceive that a courtier might say, and perhaps think, that his royal master was the *only patriot* in his kingdom; but this is far, very short of that outrageous prostitution of truth which Luke's courtier ventures upon; and yet the impudent rogue declares his tale is founded on fact. But methinks I hear my reader say, "If the merit of your nephew's poetry depend on such an improbable circumstance, why publish it, why expose him to the censure of the reviewers? You will have him torn to pieces by their critical teeth, without redemption on his part, and without pity on theirs." No, my good reader! here you are mistaken: a small paper like this will be below their notice as public censors. The eagle disdains to pounce upon the wren or the chaffinch. In the confined atmosphere through which my paper will circulate, he may imp his infant plumes with much security. I know people will find fault with the tale itself; yet (if a fond uncle's partiality does not much deceive me) I think they will like his manner of telling it; they will, I trust, agree with me, that the boy has already got such a knack of free and easy rhyming,

the *sine qua non* of modern poetry, that in time he may come to something, and perhaps beat all your odes, your solemn blank verses (blank often with a vengeance) your finging tragedies, your crying comedies, out of the pit.—I am aware, however, that, before Luke can achieve this, he must be a little better versed in the *το περὶ* than he is at present; and where can he learn this better than in the college where he now resides? He must afterwards be further instructed in *gli Costumi*; and that he will also be, when, in going to Westminster-hall from the Inns of Court (to which I mean shortly to send him), he calls in at the exhibitions of painting by the way, and picks up law and virtù together in the same morning. In the mean time I beg the reader's indulgence to my nephew's first essay of the kind, diverting myself, while I am correcting the press for him, with thinking how pleased the poor boy will be to read himself in print.

T H E T A L E.†

AVAUNT! ye vile disloyal throng,
Who thinks a monarch may do wrong;
I'll prove, in every rebel's spite,
Ev'n all he touches must do right.

King

† King Stephen presented a watch to one of his courtiers cycloped Smelt, and condescended to regulate it with his own

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him half a crown,*

*In which a watch this King did wear,
All in a fob of fustian brown.——*

“Heav’ns !” cries Dean Mills, in sage amaze,
“A watch, and worn in Stephen’s days !
“This anecdote we do not read
“In Baker, Holingshead, or Speed.

“*Watches when first invented — seek ’em*
“*In Brother Trusler’s Vade Mecum.*
“*—See here—first brought to England—ev’n*
“*So late as fifteen ninety-seven.*
“*—Now Stephen reign’d’——*

I care not when,
Doctor, you interrupt my pen.
’Tis rude to stop a staunch old Tory
Thus at the outset of his story :
If other folks me tripping catch
About King Stephen and his watch,

royal hands. Smelt being in a promiscuous company [the meeting at York in 1779], enquiry was made after the hour of the day. Watches were drawn out, when the differences were marked, and consisted, as usual, in the variation of some minutes, from one to ten or fifteen. The royal watch alone was before the foremost an hour and a half, and was consequently reprobated as heretical. Smelt, however, insisted that his was right, and *must* be right, being regulated by infallible royalty, &c. &c.

You prudently should wink, I ween ;
 You—a grave churchman ; nay, a Dean !

With watch in fob, as first I said,
 King Stephen strutted o'er the mead,
 And met a Courtier slim, yet sleek,
 With foretop high, and smirking cheek,
 Supple his loins, his hamstrings weak ;
 Who crouch'd, and stretch'd his beak before,
 Like goose approaching a barn door.
 “ Hold up thy head,” King Stephen cry'd,
 “ And walk a while at our left side.
 “ Sir Coutier ! of our courtly train
 “ We hold thee the most gallant swain ;
 “ Nor is there any 'squire we know
 “ Who speaks so smooth, or bows so low ;
 “ Whether from nature or from art,
 “ Yet sure we are thou top'st thy part.
 “ Here take this watch, we've set it so,
 “ To tell thee when to come and go,
 “ To fetch and carry as we please ;”—
 He bow'd, then took it on his knees.

Some six months after (scene the same),
 With cap in hand our courtier came
 To meet King Stephen in his walk ;
 When, as fit prelude to more talk,
 The King said, “ Courtier, what's o'clock ?”

The Courtier in his true blue frock

Making a most obsequious slide,
 Produc'd his watch with humble pride,
 And, in a soft and filken tone,
 Cry'd, " Sire ! 'tis half an hour past one."

" Past one ! odds body," said the King,
 " Look at the sun, 'tis no such thing ;
 " He is not near his noon-tide height,
 " Beshrew me, 'tis not much past eight."

" My Liege," replied the dainty creature,
 " I rest upon my regulator :
 " This best of watches, best of things,
 " Giv'n by the very best of Kings,
 " Is ever present to my view ;
 " The sun may err, *it* must be true.
 " O ne'er shall my disloyal eyes
 " Trust yon vague time-piece of the skies.
 " That sun—I thank him for his light,
 " It shews me this more splendid sight,
 " This pledge of your refulgent favour ;
 " But let not the vain thing endeavour,
 " To shine the ruler of my time :
 " No, gracious Sire, both eve and prime,
 " Your gift shall regulate my motions,
 " My meals, secretions, nay, devotions.
 " And may you, Sire ! (which Heav'n forbend)
 " With one dread frown my being end,

“ If e’er my faith so far should falter,
 “ As dare the watch you set to alter !
 “ Which, like its donor, day and night,
 “ Still tick-tacks obstinately right ;
 “ Whose every wheel disdains to run,
 “ Directed by yon factious fun,
 “ And goes, my Sov’reign, I assure ye,
 “ As well *de facto* as *de jure*.”

King Stephen smil’d, and gracious cry’d,
 “ Troth thou hast taken the right side ;
 “ The fun’s a Whig : as I’m a sinner,
 “ ’Tis time to dress and go to dinner.”

THE PATRIOTS.

IN seventeen hundred and forty-five,
 When black Rebellion was alive,
 And with a giant-stride came forth
 From her bleak den the stormy North ;
 Jack, who, by creditors unkind,
 Had long in prison been confin’d,
 At window bars, half-starv’d, half-bare,
 Standing to breathe the wholesome air,
 Who should pass by, in martial-geer,
 But swaggering Tom, the grenadier.

- “ Hollo—now Thomas, what’s the crack ?”
 “ Why, worse than bad enough, friend Jack :
 “ They say—(damn him)—the young Pretender
 “ Eids fair to be our Faith’s Defender ;
 “ And rebels now are brim with hope
 “ To bring in Charley and the Pope.”
 Quo’ Jack, with lengthen’d rueful face,
 “ Good heav’n forbid !—if that’s the case,
 “ Our liberty’s for ever gone,
 “ And poor Old England quite undone.”
 “ Our liberty !” cries Tom—“ what’s worse,
 “ A thousand times a greater curse,
 “ If the Pretender mounts the throne,
 “ Damme—our dear religion’s gone !”

Thus Jack in jail exclaims and fears
 Freedom will be abolish’d ;
 While swaggering Tom, soldier-like, swears
 The church will be demolish’d.

A N O D E,

IN IMITATION OF CALLISTRATUS.

BY SIR WILLIAM* JONES.

SUNG BY MR. WEBB, AT THE SHAKESPEARE TA-
VERN, ON TUESDAY THE 14TH DAY OF MAY,
1782, AT THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE
SOCIETY FOR CONSTITUTIONAL INFORMATION.

VERDANT myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my biting falchion wreathe :
Soon shall grace each manly side,
Tubes that speak, and points that breathe.

Thus, Harmodius, shone thy blade !
Thus, Aristogiton, thine !
Whose, when Britain fights for aid,
Whose shall now delay to shine ?

Dearest youths, in islands blest,
Not, like recreant idlers, dead ;
You with fleet Pelides rest,
And with godlike Diomed.

Verdant myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my thirsty blade entwine :
Such, Harmodius, deck'd thy side !
Such, Aristogiton, thine !

They

They the base **Hipparchus** flew,
At the feast for **Pallas** crown'd ;
Gods ! how swift their poniards flew !
How the monster ting'd the ground !

Then, in Athens, all was peace,
Equal laws and liberty :
Nurse of arts, and eye of **Greece** !
People valiant, firm, and free !

Not less glorious was thy deed,
Wentworth, fix'd in **Virtue's** cause :
Nor less brilliant be thy meed,
Lenox, friend to equal laws !

High in Freedom's temple rais'd,
See Fitz-Maurice beaming stand,
For collected virtues prais'd,
Wisdom's voice, and Valour's hand !

Ne'er shall Fate their eyelids close ;
They, in blooming regions blest,
With **Harmodius** shall repose,
With **Aristogiton** rest.

Noblest chiefs, a hero's crown
Let the Athenian patriots claim :
You less fierce'y won renown ;
You assum'd a milder name.

They through blood for glory strove,
 You more blisful tidings bring ;
 They to death a *tyrant* drove,
 You to fame *restor'd* a KING..

Rise, Britannia, dauntless rise !
 Cheer'd with triple Harmony,
Monarch good, and *nobles* wise,
People valiant, firm, and FREE !

A N O D E,

IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

BY SIR WILLAIM JONES.

Οὐ λίθοι ἔδῃ ξύλα, ἔδῃ
 Τέχνη τεκτόνων αἱ πόλεις εἰσὶν,
 Ἄλλ' ὅπῃ ποτ' ἄν ὦσιν ἈΝΔΡΕΣ
 Αὐτὰς σῶζειν εἰσότης,
 Ἐνθαῦτα τείχη καὶ πόλεις.

ALC. quoted by ARISTIDES.

WHAT constitutes a state ?
 Not high-rais'd battlements or labour'd mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate ;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd ;
 Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
 No starr'd and spangled courts,
 Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride :

No;

No;—MEN, high minded MEN,
 With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
 Men, who their *duties* know,
 But know their *rights*, and, knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long aim'd blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State;
 And sov'reign LAW, *that state's collected will*,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend *Discretion* like a vapour sinks,
 And e'en the all-dazzling *Crown*
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
 Such *was* this heav'n-lov'd isle,
 Than *Lesbos* fairer and the *Cretan* shore!
 No more shall Freedom smile?
 Shall *Britons* languish, and be MEN no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

O D E

OCCASIONED BY SIR WILLIAM BROWNE'S LEGACY
OF TWO GOLD MEDALS, TO BE DISPOSED OF
ANNUALLY, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF
POETRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Arma virumque!

Arms and the Knight!

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

IN an age of such unbounded liberty as the present, when even the * Regius Professor of Divinity himself dares publicly advance a vindication of the absurd principles of the Revolution, what are we not to expect?

Is there no chosen † *David* in the University, who will boldly go forth, and bid defiance to this proud and gigantic Philistine? Must the sublime doctrine of passive-obedience and non-resistance fall into disrepute?

I trust there are some devout men in this pious seminary of sound learning, and religious education, who would not blush to profess tenets which I once was weak enough to believe were inculcated only in

* See a sermon lately published by Dr. Watson.

† Caledonia has long boasted of such a champion.

the loyal Universities of St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.

My learned Tutor, in particular, for whom all men profess the sincerest veneration and esteem, has delivered such divine doctrines from the pulpit, as doubtless must render him, in the eyes of all good men, truly worthy of the *highest elevation*.

There is one expression in the discourse to which I mean particularly to allude, which surely deserves to be engraven in letters of gold,

“EVEN A NERO WAS COMMANDED TO BE OBEYED.”

To him likewise we are indebted for the subject of the Odes for the present year; a subject than which none can be imagined more excellent, since, as Waller very justly observed, on an occasion at least as remarkable as the present, “poets always excel in —fiction.”

Eman. Coll. June 10th, 1776.

THE ODE.

I.

FAIR Granta! bid thy sons rehearse
In polish'd strains, and easy verse,

The praises of the Knight
Who bade those annual orbs to rise,
Whose lustre gilds thy *cloudless* skies,
And blinds our dazzled sight.

II. Those

II.

Those golden rays with Phœbus' fire
Shall each poetic breast inspire :

Such pow'r each beam displays,
Thy splend'rid stile full many a bard
* Shall equal, O sublime L--y--d !
And thine, sublimer H---s !

III.

To thee such blessings while we owe,
Which none, Sir William, could bestow
With wisdom less than thine !
Lives there that mean, that abject man,
Who would to thy exalted plan
A selfish cause assign ?

IV.

“ Those orbs, on which with joy we gaze,
“ Thy vanity first gave to blaze ;”
Thus envious Malice cries :
But all thy friends, too modest Browne !
To whom thy meekness well was known,
Such idle tales despise.

* See two late Poems upon Duelling, which obtained, and
scarcely very deservedly, Mr. Seaton's prize.

V.

Nor needs, immortal bard ! thy name
Such small addition to its fame :

In Truth's unfullied page,
The fame thy works have gain'd, shall last
Long as the genuine Attic taste
Which marks this happy age !

VI.

No ! thou didst only mean to prove
Of ev'ry Muse thy ardent love,

And *gild* the path to fame ;
—And let not Granta's sons despair !
Some favour'd bard thy praise may share,
And emulate thy name !

VII.

While we thy care, Sir William, boast,
We know not which t' admire the most,
Thy wisdom, or thy taste !

They bid the book-worm poet speak

* Horatian Latin, Sapphic Greek,

Nor wit in English waste.

VIII. They

* It was stipulated in Sir William Browne's will, that the
odes written for his medals should be, one in Greek, in imita-

VIII.

They bid (well-knowing Granta's throne
Is ever fill'd by those alone .

Whom genius deigns to blefs)
The sage Vice-chancellor decide
Who shall enjoy the wish'd for pride
Thy honours to possess.

IX.

Sure Phœbus' self the fav'rite plan
Thy happy genius first began
His constant care has made :
A miracle for thee has shewn,
And once in M-gd-l-n has been known
To give unlook'd-for aid !

X.

Thy plains, Newmarket ! never taught
* Young W-ll-p so divine a thought
That good Sir William's praise

tion of Sappho ; the other in Latin, after the manner of Horace.

The subject given out last year was, " Laus Gulielmi Browne ;" that for the present, " Bellum Americanum."

The Vice-chancellor names the subject, and confers the prizes.

* The Honourable and Reverend Mr. W-ll-p, Master of M-gd-l-n college, was V---ch--cell-r last year.

† Should by his Horace be bestow'd;
Or by chaste Sappho's tender ode,
And soft, love-breathing lays.

XI.

Who could a nobler subject chuse
To animate a classic Muse?

‡ F-r-m-r! that task is thine!
Unwilling we're compell'd to own
Thy praise itself, Sir William Browne!
A subject less divine.

XII.

Yes, by thy Shakespeare's genius fir'd,
Or by the self-same Muse inspir'd,

That made him all her care,
Thou bid'st us sing great G--ge's host,
And, Boston! yelling on thy coast,
The deep-mouth'd dogs of war.

† Sir William was remarkably fond of this author, whose works he always carried in his pocket, and even ordered by his will that they should be buried with him in his coffin, which order was punctually obeyed.

‡ Dr. F-r-m-cr, master, and at the same time tutor, of Em-n--l college, bears the office of V--ch--c-ll-r this year.

XIII.

Sure, Sapphò, thy melodious shell
On such a theme will love to dwell !

* in P-re-y's youthful train
Some gentle Phaon's am'rous aid
Shall bid each beauteous Yankee maid
Display her charms in vain.

XIV.

Nor shalt thou Horace ! e'er complain ;
Vict'ries, like those of--*--'s reign,
Augustus *never* knew.

Fair Concord's desolated vale,
And Bunker's Hill, shall tell a tale
Some may forever rue !

XV.

And thou, illustrious H—e ! shall shine
In each immortal classic line,
And brighten ev'ry page !
Great Xenophon ! thou dar'st retreat
On board the gallant British fleet ,
To follow noble G—ge !

* Why in vain ? The author must surely mean, that Sappho, with so many kind Phaons to console her, would have no occasion to indulge the peculiar passion to which she is said to have been unhappily addicted: he cannot certainly hint, that the fair Americans would in vain display their charms to so many English Phaons ; especially, as we may fairly conclude they would naturally be proud to imitate that gallantry for which their noble leader, P-re-y, has ever been so remarkable.

XVI.

Oh ! by thy bright example fir'd,
Should C-rl--n wish to be admir'd,
And give his foes a check ;
Soon shall we see his bolder train
Launch on the bosom of the main,
Escape——and *burn* Quebec !

XVII.

What yet remains ? a pious pray'r
That Neptune's all-propitious care
Some gentle gales may fend,
Such as of late our transports knew :
* Sure softer zephyrs never blew
'Twixt London and Gravesend :

XVIII.

Then to the bard who dares to chuse
A theme so great, the smiling Muse
Shall give the golden fee ;
† And, F-rm-r ! since thy plastic hand
Alone the noble outline plann'd,
A bishopric to thee !

* If there is any obscurity in this passage, Sir P-t-r P--rk-r
is humbly requested to favour the public with an explanation.

† There is no doubt, from the well-known*humility of the
worthy doctor, that he would be happy in having an opportu-
nity put into his power of refusing an offer of this nature.

THE PRESENT AGE.

NO more, my friend, of vain applause,
Nor complimentary rhymes :
Come, Muse, let's call another cause,
And sing about the Times.

For, of all ages ever known,
The present is the oddest ;
As all the men are honest grown,
And all the women, modest.

No lawyers now are fond of fees,
Nor clergy of their dues :
Few people at the play one fees,
At church, what crowded pews !

No courtiers now their friends deceive
With promises of favour ;
For what they make 'em once believe,
They faithfully endeavour.

Our nobles !—Heav'n defend us all !
I'll nothing say about 'em :
For they are great, and I'm but small ;
So, Muse, jog on without 'em.

Our gentry ! what a virtuous race !
 Despising earthly treasures ;
 Fond of true honour's glorious chace,
 And quite averse to pleasures.

The ladies dress so plain, indeed,
 You'd think 'em Quakers all :
 Witness the wool-packs on their head,
 So comely ! and so small !

What tradesman now forsakes his shop
 For politics, or news ?
 Or takes his dealer at a hop,
 Through interested views ?

No soaking sot his spouse neglects
 For mugs of mantling nappy ;
 Nor madly squanders his effects,
 To make himself *quite happy*.

Our frugal taste the state secures,
 Whence, then, can woe begin ?
 For lux'ry's all turn'd out of doors,
 Frugality took in.

Hence all the plenty of the times !
 Hence all provisions cheap !
 Hence dearth of follies and of crimes !
 Hence all complaints asleep !

Vile cuckold-making is forgot ;

No ladies now in *keeping* !

No debtors in our prisons rot !

No creditors a-weeping !

(So frequent once) the French disease

Is grown near out of knowledge ;

And doctors take but mod'rate fees

In country, town, or college.

No pleasure-chaises fill the streets,

Or crowd the roads on Sunday ;

So horses, lab'ring through the week,

Obtain a respite one day.

See ! gamesters, jugglers, swearers, lyars,

Despis'd, and out of fashion ;

And modern youth, grown self-deniers,

Fly all unlawful passion.

Happy the nation thus endow'd !

So void of want and crimes !

All zealous for their neighbour's good ;

Oh, these are glorious times !

Your character ! (with wond'ring stare,

Says Tom) is mighty high, fir !

But pray forgive me, if I swear,

I think 'tis all a LYE, fir !

Ha! think you so, my honest clown?

Then take another light on't;

Just turn the picture *upside-down*,

I fear you'll see the right on't.

O. W.

ON THE DEATH OF YORICK, THE REVEREND MR.
STERNE, AUTHOR OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, &c.

WITH wit and genuine humour to dispel,
From the desponding bosom, gloomy care,
And bid the gushing tear, at the sad tale
Of hapless love or filial grief, to flow
From the full sympathising heart, were thine
These pow'rs, O Sterne! But now thy fate demand
(No plumage nodding o'er the emblazon'd hearse,
Proclaiming honours, where no virtue shone)
But the sad tribute of the heart-felt sigh.
What, tho' no taper cast its deadly ray,
Or the full choir sing requiems o'er the tomb,
The humbler grief of friendship is not mute;
And poor Maria, with her faithful kid,
Her auburn tresses carelessly entwin'd
With olive foliage, at the close of day
Shall chaunt her plaintive vespers at thy grave.
Thy shade too, gentle monk, 'mid awful night,
Shall pour libations from its friendly eye;
For erst his sweet benevolence bestow'd
Its generous pity, and bedew'd with tears
The sod, which rested on the aged breast.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING LINES ON
THE DEATH OF YORICK.

Wit, humour, genius, thou had'st, all agree ;
One grain of wisdom had been worth all three.

SO !—this is *wisdom*—to insult the dead ;
Heap fancied crimes upon a mortal's head !
Well—be it so—such wisdom, and such art,
Shall never—never shall approach my heart.
Whatever Yorick's lot, in whate'er state,
I'd gladly risk it in the hour of fate,
Sooner than join with thee !—I would say rather,
Unto *Corruption*—Thou shalt be my father.
* *Be thine, the avenging angel's lot, decreed*
“ To point each fault, and aggravate each deed.
“ Angel of mercy ! thy sweet task be mine,
“ To blot them, ere they reach the throne divine !”
Yorick, farewell ! peace dwell around thy stone :
Accept this tribute from a friend unknown.
In human breasts while pity has a claim,
Le Fevre's story shall enhance thy fame ;
Toby's benevolence each heart expand,
And faithful Trim confess the master's hand.
“ † One generous tear unto the monk you gave :
“ O! let me weed this *nettle* from thy grave !”

* Vide *Tristram Shandy*.

† See *Sentimental Journey*.

ON THE DEATH OF HER SACRED MAJESTY
QUEEN CAROLINE.

Ιση Θεοισι πλην τὸ κατθανεῖν μόνον.

EURIP.

BY MISS CARTER.

[NOT IN HER POEMS.]

WHEN heav'n's decrees a prince's fate ordain,
A kneeling people supplicate in vain.
Too well our tears this mournful truth express,
And in a Queen's a parent's loss confess;
A loss the gen'ral grief can best rehearse,
A theme superior to the power of verse.
Tho' just our grief, be ev'ry murmur still,
Nor dare pronounce his dispensations ill;
In whose wise councils, and disposing hand,
The fates of monarchies and monarchs stand;
Who only knows the state for either fit,
And bids the erring sense of man submit.

Ye grateful Britons, to her mem'ry just,
With pious tears imbalm her sacred dust.
Confess her grac'd with all that's good and great,
A public blessing to a favour'd state;
Patron of freedom and her country's laws,
Sure friend to virtue's and religion's cause;
Religion's

Religion's cause ! whose charms superior shone
 To ev'ry gay temptation of a crown !
 Whose awful dictates all her soul possess'd,
 Her one great aim to make a people blest'd.

Ye drooping Muses, mourn her hasty doom,
 And spread your deathless honours round her tomb !
 Her name to long succeeding ages raise,
 Who both inspir'd and patroniz'd your lays.
 Each gen'rous art, sit pensive o'er her urn,
 And ev'ry grace, and ev'ry virtue, mourn !
 Attending angels, bear your sacred prize
 Amidst the radiant glories of the skies,
 Where godlike princes, who below pursu'd,
That noblest end of rule—the public good,
 Now sit secure, their gen'rous labour past,
 With all the just rewards of virtue grac'd.
 In that bright **train** distinguish'd let her move,
 Who built her empire on a people's love!

THE EASY CHAIR.

COME, thou indulgent friend to soft repose,
 Whether with crimson, green, or yellow lin'd ;
 Come with thy downy lap, and let's embrace,
 While thus supine I sink into thy arms.
 When man can't saunter thro' the silent grove,

Or

Or under shade to tufted trees, alone
 Indulge in solitude his weary hours ;
 When chilling damps, or winter's nipping frost,
 Denies access to silent hawthorn bow'rs :
 Oh grant him, heav'n ! grant him your next best gift,
 The soft, reclining, gentle, Easy Chair :
 There, if by gambol, or in jocund dance,
 Or if by skating o'er the frozen stream
 (Health breeding exercise) he chance to tire,
 There brisk Activity gives up her sway
 And yields dominion to all-powerful Ease.
 Hail, smiling Ease ! philosophy's great pride,
 Mother of Meditation, and the nurse
 Of all the tribes in sportive Fancy's train.
 Without thy care great Newton ne'er had found
 The laws of nature, or discover'd worlds.
 Hail, cheerful ruler of the mental pow'rs !
 Here now accept a vot'ry at thy shrine,
 And cheer with smiles a wearied son of Care !

C. B.

R E T I R E M E N T.

A N O D E.

BY JAMES BEATTIE, A. M.

SHOOK from the purple wings of ev'n
 When dews impearl the grove,
 And from the darkening verge of heav'n
 Beams the sweet star of love ;

Laid on a daisy sprinkled green,
 Beside a plaintive stream,
 A meek-ey'd youth of serious mien
 Indulg'd this solemn theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd
 High o'er the glimmering dale !
 Ye groves, along whose windings wild
 Soft sighs the faddening gale ;
 Where oft lone Melancholy strays,
 By wilder'd Fancy sway'd,
 What time the wan moon's yellow rays
 Gleam through the chequer'd shade !

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms,
 Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
 Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
 To your retreats I fly ;
 Deep in your most sequester'd bower
 Let me my woes resign,
 Where Solitude, mild modest power,
 Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair !
 Thy heavenly smile how win !
 Thy smile, that smooths the brow of care,
 And stills each storm within !

O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
 Thine ardent vot'ry bring,
 And bless his hours, and bid them move
 Serene on silent wing?

Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind
 With dreams of former days,
 When soft on Leisure's lap reclin'd
 He carol'd sprightly lays :
 Blest days ! when Fancy smil'd at Care,
 When Pleasure toy'd with Truth,
 Nor Envy with malignant glare
 Had harm'd his simple youth.

'Twas then, O Solitude ! to thee
 His early vows were paid,
 From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
 Devoted to the shade.
 Ah ! why did Fate his steps decoy,
 In stormy paths to roam,
 Remote from all congenial joy !—
 O take thy wanderer home.

Henceforth thy awful haunts be mine !
 The long-abandon'd hill ;
 The hollow cliff, whose waving pine
 O'er hangs the darksome rill ;

Whence

Whence the scar'd owl on pinions grey
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,
 And down the lone vale sails away
 To shades of deep repose.

O while to thee the woodland pours
 Its wildly warbling song,
 And fragrant from the waste of flowers
 The zephyr breathes along ;
 Let no rude sound invade from far,
 No vagrant foot be nigh,
 No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
 Flash on the startled eye.

Yet if some pilgrim 'mid the glade
 Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
 O guard from harm his hoary head,
 And listen to his lore !
 For he of joys divine shall tell,
 That wean from earthly woe,
 And triumph o'er the mighty spell
 That chains this heart below.

For me no more the path invites
 Ambition loves to tread ;
 No more I climb those toilsome heights,
 By guileful Hope misled :

Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

AN EPITAPH

BY MR. PULTENEY, AFTERWARDS EARL OF BATH,
AND INSCRIBED ON A STONE THAT COVERS
HIS FATHER, MOTHER, AND BROTHER.

YE sacred spirits! while your friends distress'd
Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the bless'd;
O let the pensive Muse inscribe that stone,
And with the gen'ral sorrows mix her own:
The pensive Muse!—who from this mournful hour
Shall raise her voice, and wake the string no more!
Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive:
'Tis all a brother, all a son can give.

A RECEIPT HOW TO MAKE L'EAU DE VIE.

BY THE LATE MR. CHARLES KING.

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF A LADY.

GROWN old, and grown stupid, you just think me fit,
To transcribe from my grandmother's book a receipt;
And

And a comfort it is to a wight in distrefs,
 He's of some little use—but he can't be of lefs.
 Were greater his talents—you might ever command
 His head—(“that's worth nought”)—then his
 heart and his hand.

So your mandate obeying, he fends you, d'ye fee,
 The genuine receipt to make L'eau de la Vie.

Take seven large lemons, and pare them as thin
 As a wafer, or, what is yet thinner—your skin ;
 A quart of French brandy, or rum is ftill better ;
 (For you ne'er in receipts fhould ftick close to the
 letter :)

Six ounces of fugar next take, and pray mind
 The fugar muft be the beft double refin'd ;
Boil the fugar in near half a pint of fpring-water,
 In the neat filver faucepan you bought for your
 daughter ;

But be fure that the fyrup you carefully skim,
 While the fcum, as 'tis call'd, riles up to the brim :
 The fourth part of a pint you next muft allow
 Of new milk made as warm as it comes from the cow.
 Put the rinds of the lemons, the milk, and the fyrup,
 With the rum, in a jar, and give 'em a ftir up :
 And if you approve it, you may add fome perfume ;
 Goa-ftone, or whatever you like in its room.
 Let it ftand thus three days, but remember to fhake it ;
 And the clofer you ftop it, the richer you make it.

Then

Then filter'd through paper, 'twill sparkle and rise,
 Be as soft as your lips, and as bright as your eyes.
 Last, bottle it up; and, believe me, the Vicar
 Of E—— himself ne'er drank better liquor:
 In a word, it excels, by a million of odds,
 The nectar your sister presents to the Gods.

E P I T A P H

FOR AN INFANT, WHOSE SUPPOSED PARENTS WERE
 VAGRANTS.

BY THE REV. MR. O. OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

WHEN no one gave the cordial draught,
 No healing art was found,
 My God the sov'reign balsam brought,
 And death reliev'd the wound.

What, though no mournful kindred stand
 Around the solemn bier,
 No parents wring the trembling hand,
 Or drop the tender tear.

No costly oak, adorn'd with art,
 My infant limbs inclose;
 No friends a winding-sheet impart,
 To deck my last repose.

Yet,

Yet, hear, ye great ones ! hear ye this,

Hear this, ye mighty proud !

A spotless life my coffin is

And innocence my shroud.

My name unknown, obscure my birth ;

No fun'ral rites are giv'n ;

But though deny'd God's courts on earth,

I tread his courts in heav'n.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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Calcutta-27.