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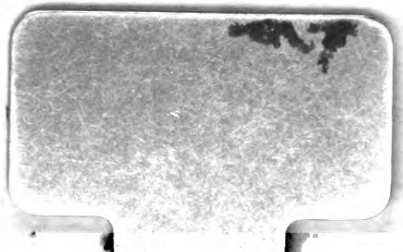
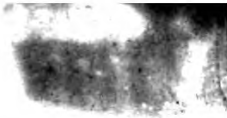
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FOR THE

LAUREATSHIP:

WITH A

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE,

BY

SIR JOHN HAWKINS, KNT.

EIGHTH EDITION.

GAUDES CARMINIBUS: CARMINA POSSUMUS  
DONARE, ET PRETIUM DICERE MUNERIS.

HOR.

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MDCCLXXXVII.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

1950-1951

PHYSICS 101

LECTURE NOTES

BY

ROBERT R. WATSON

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

1950

CHICAGO, ILL.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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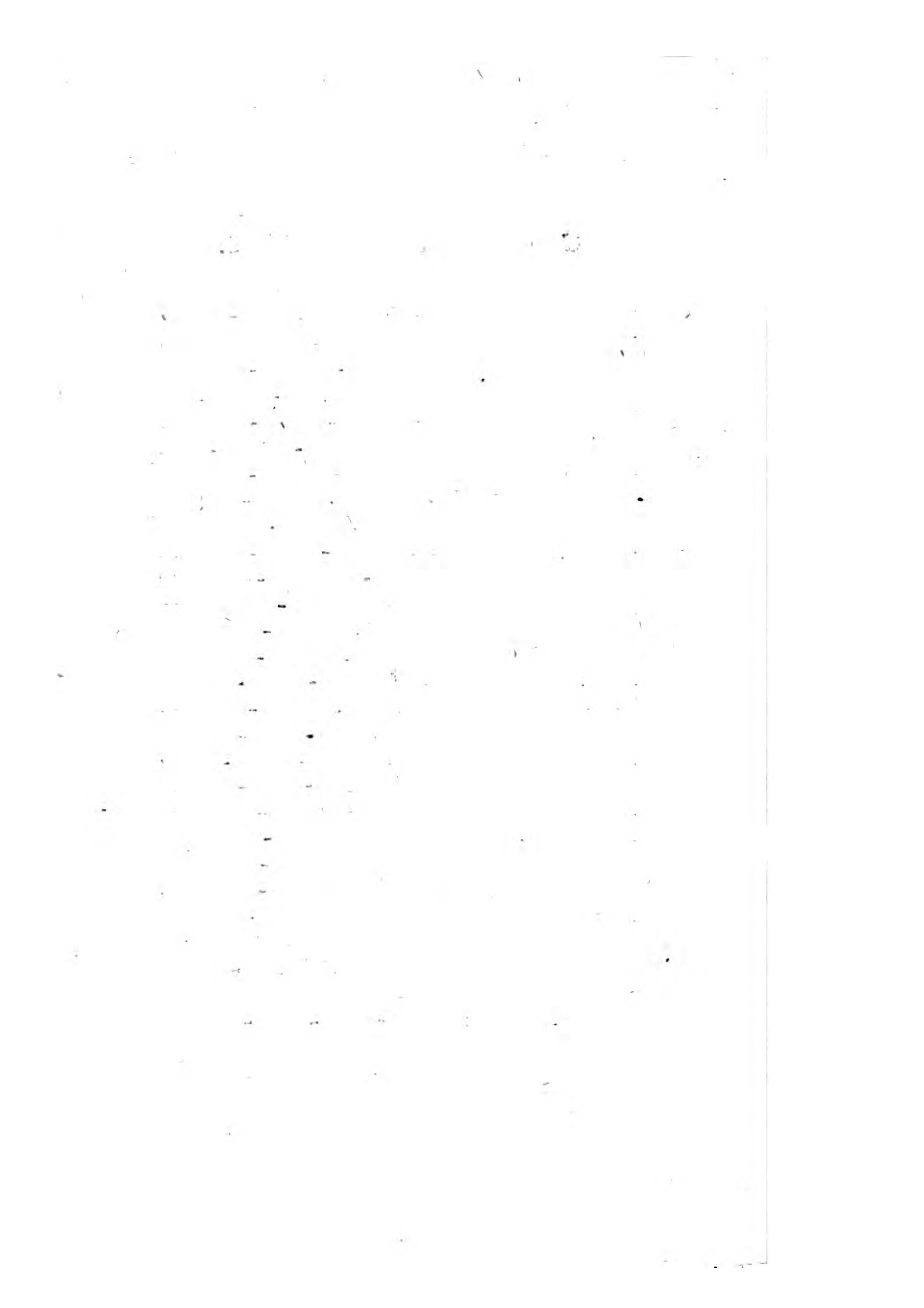
1950

PHYSICS 101

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“ Church

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## PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE,

BY THE

E D I T O R.

**H**A V I N G, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six, put forth A HISTORY OF MUSIC, in five volumes quarto, (which buy) notwithstanding my then avocations as Justice of the Peace for the county of Middlesex and city and liberty of Westminster ; I, Sir John Hawkins, of Queen-square, Westminster, Knight, do now, being still of sound health and understanding, esteem it my bounden duty to step forward as Editor and Reviser of THE PROBATIONARY ODES. My grand reason for undertaking so arduous a task is this ; I do, from my  
a soul

soul believe that Lyric Poetry is the own,  
 if not twin-sister of Music; wherefore,  
 as I had before gathered together every  
 thing that any way relates to the one,  
 with what consistency could I forbear to  
 collate the best effusions of the other?—  
 I should premise, that in volume the first  
 of my quarto history, chap. I. page 7, I  
 lay it down as a principle never to be  
 departed from, that “ *The Lyre is the  
 prototype of the fidicinal species.*” And  
 accordingly I have therein discussed at  
 large, both the origin, and various im-  
 provements of the Lyre, from the Tor-  
 toise-shell scooped and strung by Mer-  
 cury on the banks of the Nile, to the  
 Testudo, exquisitely polished by Terpan-  
 der, and exhibited to the Ægyptian Priests.  
 I have added also many choice engravings  
 of the various antique Lyres, viz. the  
 Lyre of Goats-horns, the Lyre of Bulls-  
 horns, the Lyre of Shells, and the Lyre  
 of both Shells and Horns compounded;  
 from all which I flatter myself, I have  
 indu-

indubitably proved the Lyre to be very far superior to the Shank bone of a Crane, or any other Pipe, Fistula, or Calamus, either of Orpheus's or Linus's invention; aye, or even the best of those pulsatile instruments, commonly known by the denomination of the drum.

Forasmuch, therefore, as all this was finally proved and established by my History of Music, I say I hold it now no alien task to somewhat turn my thoughts to the late divine specimens of Lyric Minstrelsy. For although I may be deemed the legal Guardian of Music alone, and consequently not in strictness bound to any farther duty than that of her immediate Wardship; (See Burn's Justice, article Guardian) yet surely, in equity and liberal feeling, I cannot but think myself very forcibly incited to extend this tutelage to her next of kin; in which degree I hold every individual follower of THE LYRIC MUSE, but more especially all such part of them as

a 2

have

have devoted, or do devote their strains to the celebration of those best of themes, the reigning King and the current Year; or in other words, of all Citharistæ Regis, Verificatores Coronæ, Court Poets, or as we now term them, Poets Laureats.—Pausanias tells us, that it pleased the God of Poets himself, by an express oracle, to order the inhabitants of Delphi to set apart for Pindar one half of the first fruit offerings, brought by the religious to his shrine, and to allow him a place in his temple, where, in an iron chair, he was used to sit and sing his hymns in honour of that God. Would to heaven that the Bench of Bishops would in some degree, adopt this excellent idea!—or at least that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and the other Managers of the Abbey Music Meetings, would in future allot the occasional vacancies of Madam Mara's seat in the Cathedral Orchestra, for the reception of the reigning Laureat, during  
the

the performance of that favourite constitutional ballad, " May the King live for ever." It must be owned, however, that the Laureatship is already a very kingly settlement; one hundred a year, together with a tierce of Canary, or a butt of sack, are surely most princely endowments, for the honour of literature and the advancement of poetical genius. And hence (thank God and the King for it) there scarcely ever has been wanting some great and good man both willing and able to supply so important a charge.—At one time we find that great immortal genius, Mr. Thomas Shadwell, (better known by the names of Og and Mac Flecknoe) chanting the prerogative praises of that blessed æra.—At a nearer period, we observe the whole force of Colley Cibber's genius devoted to the labours of the same reputable employment.—And finally, in the example of a Whitehead's Muse, expatiating on the virtues of our gracious

cious Sovereign, have we not beheld the best of Poets, in the best of Verses, doing ample justice to the best of Kings? —The fire of Lyric Poesy, the rapid lightning of modern Pindarics, were equally required to record the Virtues of the Stuarts, or to immortalize the Talents of a Brunswick.—On either theme there was ample subject for the boldest flights of inventive genius, the full scope for the most daring powers of poetical creation; from the free unfettered strain of liberty in honour of Charles the First, to the kindred Genius and congenial Talents that immortalize the Wisdom and the Worth of George the Third.—But on no occasion has the ardour for prerogative panegyrics so conspicuously flamed forth, as on the late election for succeeding to Mr. Whitehead's honours. To account for this unparalleled struggle, let us recollect that the ridiculous reforms of the late Parliament having cut off many gentlemanly offices, it was a necessary consequence that the few which

were

were spared became objects of rather more emulation than usual. Besides, there is a decency and regularity in producing at fixed and certain periods of the year, the same settled quantity of metre on the same unalterable subjects, which cannot fail to give a particular attraction to the Office of the Laureatship, at a crisis like the present.—It is admitted, that we are now in possession of much sounder judgment, and more regulated taste than our ancestors had any idea of; and hence does it not immediately follow, that the occupancy of a poetical office, which, from its uniformity of subject and limitation of duty, precludes all hasty extravagance of style, as well as any plurality of efforts, is sure to be a more pleasing object than ever to gentlemen of regular habits and a becoming degree of literary indolence? Is it not evident too, that in compositions of this kind, all fermentation of thought is certain in a very short time  
to



to subside and settle into mild and gentle composition—till at length the possessors of this grave and orderly office prepare their stipulated return of metre, by as proportionate and gradual exertions, as many other classes of industrious tenants provide for the due payment of their particular rents? Surely it is not too much to say, that the business of Laureat to his Majesty is, under such provision, to the full as ingenious, reputable, and regular a trade, as that of Almanack Maker to the Stationers' Company. The contest therefore for so excellent an office, having been warmer in the late instance than at any preceding period, is perfectly to be accounted for; especially too at a time, when, from nobler causes, the Soul of Genius may reasonably be supposed to kindle into uncommon enthusiasm, at a train of new and unexampled prodigies. In an age of Reform; beneath the mild sway of a British Augustus; under the Ministry

nistry of a pure immaculate Youth ; the Temple of Janus shut ; the Trade of Otaheite open ; not an angry American to be heard of, except the Lottery Loyalists ; the fine Arts in full Glory ; Sir William Chambers the Royal Architect ; Lord Sydney a Cabinet Minister ! —What a golden æra ! From this auspicious moment, Peers, Bishops, Baronets, Methodists, Members of Parliament, Chaplains, all genuine Beaux Esprits, all legitimate heirs of Parnassus, rush forward, with unfeigned ardour, to delight the world by the united efforts of liberal genius and constitutional loyalty. The illustrious candidates assemble—the wisest of Earls sits as Judge—the architect of Buffos becomes his assessor—the Odes are read—the election is determined—how justly is not for us to decide. To the great Tribunal of the Public the whole of this important contest is now submitted.—Every document that can illustrate, every testimony that  
b tends

tends to support the respective merits of the Probationers, is impartially communicated to the world of letters.—Even the Editor of such a collection may hope for some reverfionary fame from the humble, but not inglorious, task, of collecting the fcattered rays of Genius.—At the eve of a long laborious life, devoted to a Sister Mufe, (vide my History, printed for T. Payne and Son, at the Mews-Gate) poffibly it may not wholly appear an irregular vanity, if I fometimes have entertained a hope that my tomb may not want the fymphathetic record of Poetry.—I avow my motive.—

It is with this expectation I appear as an Editor on the prefent occafion.—The Authors whofe Compoftions I collect for public notice are twenty-three. The odds of furvivorship, according to Doctor Price are, that thirteen of thefe will outlive me, myfelf being in clafs III. of his ingenious tables.—Surely, therefore, it is no mark of that fanguine difpofition

position which my enemies have been pleased to ascribe to me, if I deem it possible that some one of the same thirteen, will requite my protection of their harmonious effusions with a strain of elegiac gratitude, saying, possibly, (pardon me, ye Survivors that may be, for presuming to hint the thought to minds so richly fraught as yours are) saying, I say,

Here lies Sir John Hawkins,  
Without his shoes or stockings\*!

\* Said Survivors are not bound to said Rhime, if not agreeable.

THE FOLLOWING excellent observations on the LYRIC STYLE, have been kindly communicated to the EDITOR by the Rev. THOMAS WARTON—They appear to have been taken almost verbatim from several of the former works of that ingenious author; but chiefly from his late edition of *Milton's Minora*. We sincerely hope, therefore, that they may serve the double purpose of enriching the present collection, and of attracting the public attention to that very critical work from which they are principally extracted.

### THOUGHTS ON ODE WRITING.

ΩΔΗ Μολπη Carmen, Cantus, Cantilena, Chanfon, Canzone, all signify what Anglicè we denominate ODE—Among the Greeks, Pindar; among the Latins, Horace; with the Italians, Petrarch; with the French, Boileau; are the principes hujusce scientiæ—Tom Killigrew took the lead in English Lyrics; and indeed, till our own Mason, was nearly unrivalled—Josephus Miller too  
hath

hath penned something of the Odaic, *inter* his *Opera Minora*. My grandfather had a MS. Ode on a Gillyflower, the which, as our family had it, was an *esquissè* of Gammer Gurton's: and I myself have seen various Cantilenes of Stephen Duck's of a pure relish—Of Shadwell, time hath little impaired the fame—Colley's Bays rust cankereth not—Dr. Casaubon measures the Strophe by Anapæsts—In the Polyglott, the epitrotus primus is the metrimensura.—I venture to recommend “Waly, waly, up the bank,” as no bad model of the pure Trochaic—There is also a little simple strain, commencing “Saw ye my father, saw ye my mother;” which to my fancy, gives an excellent ratio of hendecasyllables.—Dr. Warton indeed prefers the Adonic, as incomparably the neatest, ay, and the newest *μολπης μέτρον*.—A notion too has prevailed, that the Black Joke, or *Μελαμφυλλαι Δαφναι* is not the “*cosa deta in prosa mai, ne in rima;*” whereas the *Deva Cestrensis*,

or

or Chevy Chase, according to Dr. Joseph Warton, is the exemplar of,

Trip and go,  
Heave and hoe,  
Up and down,  
To and fro.

Vide Nashe's Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600,

I observe that Ravishment is a favourite word with Milton, Paradise Lost, B. V. 46. Again, B. IX. 541. Again, Com. V. 245.---Spenser has it also in Astrophel. st. 7.—Whereof I earnestly recommend early rising to all minor Poets, as far better than sleeping to concoct surfeits. Vid. Apology for Smeectymnus.—For the listening to Thrustles or Thrushes, awaking the *lustless* Sun, is an unreprieved or innocent pastime: As also are *cranks*, by which I understand cross purposes. Vid. my Milton, 41.—“*Fill-  
ing a wife with a daughter fair,*” is not an unclassical notion (Vid. my Milton,

39.) if, according to Sir Richard Brathwaite, “ She had a dimpled chin, made  
 “ for love to lodge within,” (vid. my Milton 41.) “ While the *cock*,” vid. the same, 44.—Indeed, “ My mother said  
 “ I could be no *lad*, till I was twentye,” is a passage I notice in my Milton with a view to this; which see; and therein also of a shepherdes, “ *taking the tale*.”—’Twere well likewise if Bards learned the Rebeck, or Rebible, being a species of Fiddle; for it solaceth the fatigued spirit much; though, to say the truth, we have it; ’tis present death for Fiddlers to tune their Rebecks, or Rebibles, before the great Turk’s grace. However, *Middleton’s Game of Chess* is good for a Poet to peruse, having quaint phrases fitting *to be married to immortal verse*. JOSHUA POOLE, of Clare-hall, I also recommend as an apt guide for an alumnus of the Muse.—Joshua edited a choice Parnassus 1657, In the which I find many “ delicious, mellow hangings” of  
 poesy—



poesy—He is undoubtedly a “sonorous  
 “dactylist”—and to him I add Mr. Jenner, Proctor of the Commons, and Commissary of St. Paul’s, who is a gentleman of indefatigable politeness in opening the Archives of a Chapter-house, for the delectation of a sound critic. *Tottell’s Songs and Sonnets of uncertain Authors* is likewise a *butful*, or plenteous work. I conclude with assuring the Public, that my brother remembers to have heard my father tell his (i. e. my brother’s) first wife’s second cousin, that he, once, at Magdalen College, Oxford, had it explained to him, that the famous passage, “His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff,” has no sort of reference to verbal criticism and stale quotations.

RECOM-

RECOMMENDATORY  
TESTIMONIES.

---

ACCORDING to the old and laudable usage of Editors, we shall now present our Readers with the judgments of the learned concerning our Poets.—These Testimonies, if they proceed from critical pens, cannot fail to have due influence on all impartial observers.—They *pass* an author from one end of the kingdom to the other, as rapidly as the pauper Certificates of Magistracy.—Indeed it were much to be wished, that as we have no State Licenser of Poetry, it might at least be made penal, to put forth rhymes without previously producing a certain number of sureties for their goodness and utility; which precaution, if assisted with a few other regulations, such as requiring all Practitioners in Verse to take out a License, in the manner of many other Dealers in Spirits, &c. could not fail to introduce good order among this class of Authors, and also to bring in a handsome sum towards the aid of the public revenue.—Happy indeed will be those Bards, who are supplied with as reputable vouchers as those which are here subjoined

*Testimonies of Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY'S  
good Parts for Poetry.*

MISS HANNAH MORE.

“ SIR JOSEPH, with the gentlest sympathy, begged me to contrive that he should meet *Lactilla*, in her morning walk, towards the Hot-Wells. I took the proper measures for this *tête-à-tête* between my two *naturals*, as I call this uneducated couple.—It succeeded beyond my utmost hopes.—For the first ten minutes they exchanged a world of simple observations on the different species of the brute creation, to which each had most obligations.—*Lactilla* praised her Cows—Sir Joseph his Hogs.—An artless eelogue, my dear madam, but warm from the heart.—At last the Muse took her turn on the *tapis* of simple dialogue.—In an instant both kindled into all the fervors, the delightful fervors,  
that

that are better imagined than described—Suffice it to relate the sequel.—*Laſtilla* pocketed a generous half-crown, and Sir Joſeph was enchanted! Heavens! what would this amiable Baronet have been with the education of a Curate?”

MISS HANNAY MORE'S LETTER TO  
THE DUCHESS OF CHANDOS.

---

OF THE SAME.

By JONAS HANWAY, *Eſq.*

“ In ſhort, theſe poor children who are employed in ſweeping our chimnies, are not treated half ſo well as ſo many black Pigs—nor, indeed, a hundredth part ſo well, where the latter have the good fortune to belong to a benevolent maſter, ſuch as Sir Joſeph Mawbey—a man who, notwithſtanding he is a bright Magiſtrate, a diligent Voter in Parliament, and a chaſte Huſband, is never-

theless Author of not a few fancies in the poetical way."

THOUGHTS ON OUR SAVAGE TREATMENT OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

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*Testimonies in Favour of Sir CECIL WRAY, Bart.*

DR. STRATFORD\*.

ALCANDER, thou'rt a God, more than a God!  
Thou'rt pride of all the Gods,—thou mount'ft by  
woes—  
Hell squeaks, Eurus and Auster shakes the skies—  
Yet shall thy barge dance through the hissing wave,  
And on the foaming billows float to heaven !—

EPISTLE TO SIR CECIL WRAY, UNDER  
THE CHARACTER OF ALCANDER.

\* Author of 58 Tragedies, only one of which, to the disgrace of our Theatres, has as yet appeared,

## OF THE SAME.

By MRS. GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.

“ I WAS sitting one evening, (as indeed I was wont to do, when out of cash,) astride the ballustrade of Westminster-bridge, with my favourite little dog under my arm. I had that day parted with my diamond wind-mill.—Life was never very dear to me—but a thousand thoughts then rushed into my heart, to jump this world, and spring into eternity.—I determined that my faithful Pompey should bear me company.—I pressed him close, and actually stretched out, fully resolved to plunge into the stream; when luckily (ought I to call it so?) that charming fellow, (for such he then was) Sir Cecil Wray, catching hold of Pompey’s tail, pulled him back, and with him pulled back me.—In a moment I found myself in a clean hackney-coach, drawn by grey horses, with a remarkable civil coachman, fainting in my Cecil’s arms; and

and though I then lost a little diamond pin, yet (contrary to what, I hear, has been asserted) I NEVER prosecuted that gallant Baronet ; who, in less than a fortnight after, with his usual wit and genius, dispatched me the following extempore poem :

While you prepar'd, dear Anne, on Styx to fail—  
Lo! one dog fav'd you by another's tail.

To which, in little more than a month, I penned, and sent the following reply :

You pinch'd my dog, 'tis true, and checked my fail—  
But then my pin—ah, there you squeez'd *my* tail.

NINTH VOLUME OF MRS. GEORGE ANNE  
BELLAMY'S APOLOGY, NOW PREPARING  
FOR THE PRESS,

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*Testimony of the great Parts of* CONSTAN-  
TINE, LORD MULGRAVE, *and his*  
*Brethren.*

MR. BOSWELL.

“ AMONG those who will vote for continuing the old established number of our Session Justices, may I not count  
on

on the tribe of Phipps---they love good places, and I know Mulgrave is a bit of a poet as well as myself; for I dined in company once, where he dined that very day twelvemonth. My excellent wife, who is a true Montgomery, and whom I like now as well as I did 20 years ago, adores the man who felt for the maternal pangs of a whelpless bear. For my own part, however, there is no action I more constantly ridicule, than his Lordship's preposterous pity for those very sufferings which he himself occasioned, by ordering his sailors to shoot the young bears.— But though *I* laugh at *him*, how handsome will it be if *he* votes against Dundas to oblige *me*. My disliking him and his family, is no reason for his disliking me—on the contrary, if he opposes us, is it not probable that that great young man, whom I sincerely adore, may say, in his own lofty language, “ Mulgrave, Mulgrave, don't vex the Scotch—don't provoke 'em, God damn your ugly head —if



—if we don't crouch to Bute, we shall all be turned out, God eternally damn you for a stupid boar, I know we shall. Pardon me, great Sir, for presuming to forge the omnipotent bolts of your incomparable thunder.

APPENDIX TO MR. BOSWELL'S PAMPHLET  
ON THE SCOTCH JUDGES.

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*Testimony of* NATHANIEL WILLIAM  
WRAXALL, *Esq. his great Merit.*

LORD MONBODDO.

“ SINCE I put forth my last volume, I have read the excellent Ode of Mr. Wraxall, and was pleased to find that bold apostrophe in his delicious lyric,

“ Hail Ouran Outangs! Hail Anthropophagi!”

My principals are now pretty universally known; but on this occasion I will repeat them succinctly. I believe, from the bottom of my soul, that all mankind are absolute Ouran Outangs. That the  
feudal

feudal tenures are the great cause of our not retaining the perfect appearance of Ourans.—That human beings originally moved on all fours—That we had better move in the same way again—That there has been Giants ninety feet high—That such Giants ought to have moved on all fours—That we all continue to be Ouran Outangs still—some more so—some less—but that Nathaniel William Wraxhall, Esq. is the truest Ouran Outang in Great-Britain, and therefore ought immediately to take to all fours, and especially to make all his motions in Parliament in that way.

POSTSCRIPT TO LORD MONBODDO'S  
ANCIENT METAPHYSICS.

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*Testimony of the great Powers for Poesy,  
innate in MICHAEL ANGELO  
TAYLOR, Esq.*

DR. BURNEY.

I SHALL myself compose Mr. Taylor's Ode—His merit I admire—his  
d origin

origin I have traced—He is descended from Mr. John Taylor, the famous Water-Poet, who with good natural talents, never proceeded farther in education than his Accidence.—John Taylor was born in Gloucestershire—I find that he was bound apprentice to a Waterman—but in process of time kept a public-house in Phoenix-alley, Long-acre\*.—Read John's modest recital of his humble culture——

“ I must confess I do want eloquence,  
 “ And never scarce did learn my Accidence;  
 “ For having got from Possum to Posslet,  
 “ I there was gravell'd, nor could farther get.”

John wrote fourscore Books, but died in 1654.—Here you have John's Epitaph—

\* This anecdote was majestically inserted in my manuscript copy of Handel's Commemoration, by that Great Personage to whose judgment I submitted it. (I take every occasion of shewing the insertion as a good puff.—I wish, however, the same hand had subscribed for the book.) I did not publish any of the said alterations in that work, reserving some of them for my Edition of *The Taylorias*

“ Here

“ Here lies the Water Poet, honest John,  
 “ Who rowed on the streams of Helicon;  
 “ Where, having many rocks, and dangers past,  
 “ He at the haven of heav’n arrived at last.”

There is a print of John, holding an oar in one hand, and an empty purse in the other.—Motto—*Et habeo*, meaning the oar—*Et careo*—meaning the cash.—It is too bold a venture to predict a close analogy ’twixt *John* and *Michael*—Sure am I,

If Michael goeth on, as Michael hath begun,  
 Michael will equal be to famous Taylor John.

I shall publish both the Taylors’ works, with the score of Michael’s Ode, some short time hence, in as thin a quarto as my Handel’s Commemoration, price one guinea in boards, with a view of John’s house in Phoenix-alley, and Sir Robert’s carriage as Sheriff of London and Middlesex.

*Testimony for PEPPER ARDEN, Esq.—In Answer to a Case for the Opinion of GEORGE HARDINGE, Esq. Attorney General to her Majesty.*

I HAVE perused this Ode, and find it containeth *eight hundred and forty-seven WORDS—two thousand one hundred and four SYLLABLES—four thousand three hundred and forty-four LETTERS\**.—It is, therefore, my opinion, that said Ode is a good and complete title to all those fees, honours, perquisites, emoluments, and gratuities, usually annexed, adjunct to, and dependant on, the office of Poet Laureat, late in the occupation of William Whitehead, Esq. defunct.

G. HARDINGE,

\* See the learned Gentleman's arithmetical Speech on the Westminster Scrutiny.

*Testimony*

*Testimony in favour of Sir RICHARD  
HILL, Bart.*

LORD GEORGE GORDON.

*To the* EDITOR *of the* PUBLIC ADVERTISER,

MR. PRINTER,

I CALL upon all the Privy Council, Charles Jenkinson, Mr. Bond, and the Lord Mayor of London, to protect my person from the Popish Spies set over me by the Cabinet of William Pitt.—On Thursday ult. having read the Ode of my friend, Sir Richard, in a print amicable to my Protestant Brethren, and approving it, I accordingly visited that pious Baronet, who, if called on, will verify the same.—I then told Sir Richard what I now repeat, that George the Third ought to send away all Papist Ambassadors.—I joined Sir Richard, Lady Hill, and her cousin, in an excellent hymn, turned from the 1st of Matthew,

thew, by Sir Richard.—I hereby recommend it to the 80 Societies of Protestants in Glasgow, knowing it to be found orthodox truth; for that purpose, Mr. Woodfall, I now entrust it to your special care, conjuring you to print it, as you hope to be saved.

Salmon begat Booz—  
Booz begat Obed—  
Obed begat Jesse, so as  
Jesse begat David.

AMEN.

And I am, S I R,

Your humble Servant,

GEO. GORDON.

*Testimony*

*Testimony in Favour of MAJOR JOHN  
SCOTT'S Poetical Talents.*

WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

*In an Extract from a private Letter to a  
Great Personage.*

“ I TRUST, therefore, that the rough diamonds will meet with your favourable construction.—They will be delivered by my excellent friend Major John Scott, who, in obedience to my orders, has taken a seat in Parliament, and published sundry tracts on my integrity. I can venture to recommend him as an impenetrable arguer, no man's propositions flowing in a more deleterious stream; no man's expressions so little hanging on the thread of opinion.—He has it in command to compose the best and most magnificent Ode on your Majesty's birth-day.

What can I say more?

A FULL



[ xxxvi ]

A FULL AND TRUE  
A C C O U N T

O F T H E

REV. THOMAS WARTON'S ASCENSION

F R O M

CHRIST-CHURCH MEADOW, OXFORD,

(In the Balloon of James Sadler, Pastry-Cook to the said University) on Friday the 20th of May, 1785, for the purpose of composing a sublime ODE in honour of his Majesty's Birth-Day; attested before JOHN WEYLAND, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Oxford †.

**I**T was in obedience to the advice of my brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, that I came to a determination on the 5th of May ult. to compose my first Birth-day

† It cannot fail to attract the Reader's particular attention to this very curious piece, to inform him, that Signor Delpini's decision, in favour of Mr. Warton, was chiefly grounded on the new and extraordinary style of writing herein attested.

Ode,

Ode, at the elevation of one mile above the earth, in the Balloon of my ingenious friend, Mr. James Sadler, of this city. Accordingly, having agreed for the same, at a very moderate rate per hour, (I paying all charge of inflating, and standing to repairs) at nine in the morning, on Friday the 28th of said month, I repaired to Christ-church-meadow, with my ballast, provisions, cat, speaking-trumpet, and other necessaries.—It was my first design to have invited Dr. Joseph to have ascended with me; but apprehending the malicious construction that might follow on this, as if, forsooth, my intended Ode was to be a joint production, I e'en made up my mind to mount alone.—My provisions principally consisted of a small pot of stewed prunes, and half of a plain diet-bread cake, both prepared and kindly presented to me by the same ingenious hand which had fabricated the Balloon. I had also a small subsidiary stock, viz.

e

a loaf

a loaf of Sandwiches, three bottles of old ale, a pint of brandy, a sallad ready mixed, a roll of collared eel, a cold goose, six damson tartlets, a few china oranges, and a roasted pig of the Chinese breed ; together with a small light barometer, and proper store of writing utensils, but no note, memorandum, nor loose hint of any kind, so help me God !—My ascension was majestic, to an uncommon degree of tardiness. I was soon constrained therefore to lighten my Balloon, by throwing out some part of my ballast, which consisted of my own History of Poetry, my late edition of Milton's Minora, my Miscellaneous Verses, Odes, Sonnets, Elegies, Inscriptions, Monodies, and Complaints ; my Observations on Spencer, the King's last Speech, and Lord Mountmorres's pamphlet on the Irish Resolutions. On throwing out his Lordship's Essay, the Balloon sprang up surprizingly ; but the weight of my provisions still retarding  
the

the elevation, I was fain to part with both volumes of my Spencer, and all of my last edition of Poems, except those that are marked with an asterisk, as never before printed: which very quickly accelerated my ascension—I now found the barometer had fallen four inches and six lines in eight minutes.—In less than eleven minutes after I had ascended very considerably indeed, the barometer having then fallen near seventeen inches; and presently after I entered a thick black cloud, which I have since found rendered me wholly obscured to all observation. In this situation I lost no time to begin my Ode; and accordingly, in the course of 25 minutes, I produced the very lines which now commence it. The judicious critic will notice that absence of the plain and trite style which mark the passage I refer to; nor am I so uncandid to deny the powerful efficacy of mist, darkness, and obscurity, on the sublime and mysterious topics I there touch on: It

cannot fail also to strike the intelligent observer, that the expression so much commented on, of "*No echoing car,*" was obviously suggested by that very car in which I myself was then seated—Finding however that, together with the increased density of the overshadowing cloud, the coldness also was proportionably increased, so as at one time to freeze my ink completely over for near 20 minutes, I thought it prudent, by means of opening the valve at the vortex of my Balloon, to emit part of the ascending power. This occasioned a proportionate descent very speedily: but I must not overlook a phænomenon which had previously occurred——It was this: On a sudden the nibs of all my pens (and I took up 48, in compliment to the number of my Sovereign's years) as if attracted by the polar power, pointed upwards, each pen erecting itself perpendicularly, and resting on the point of its feather. I found also, to my no small  
 fur-

surprize, that during the whole of this period, every one of my letters was actually cut topsy-turvy wise; which I rather mention, to account for any appearance of a correspondent inversion in the course of my ideas at that period.

On getting nearer the earth, the appearances I have described altogether ceased, and I instantly penned the second division of my Ode; I mean that which states his most excellent Majesty to be the patron of the fine arts. But here (for which I am totally at a loss to account) I found myself descending so very rapidly, that even after I had thrown out not only two volumes of my History of Poetry, but also a considerable portion of my pig, I struck, nevertheless, with such violence on the weather-cock of a church, that unless I had immediately parted with the remainder of my ballast, excepting only his Majesty's Speech, one pen, the paper of my Ode, and a small ink-bottle, I must infallibly have been a-ground. Fortunately,

fortunately, by so rapid a discharge, I procured a quick re-ascension; when immediately, though much pinched with the cold, the mercury having suddenly fallen 22 inches, I set about my concluding stanza, viz. that which treats of his Majesty's most excellent chastity. And here I lay my claim to the indulgence of the critics to that part of my Ode; for what with the shock I had received in striking on the weather-cock, and the effect of the prunes which I had now nearly exhausted, on a sudden I found myself very much disordered indeed. Candour required my just touching on this circumstance; but delicacy must veil the particulars in eternal oblivion. At length, having completed the great object of my ascent, I now reopened the valve, and descended with great rapidity. They only who have travelled in Balloons, can imagine the sincere joy of my heart, at perceiving Dr.

Joseph

Joseph cantering up a turnip-field near Kidlington Common, where I landed exactly at a quarter after two o'clock; having, from my first elevation, completed the period of five hours and fifteen minutes; four of which, with the fraction of ten seconds, were entirely devoted to my Ode.—Dr. Joseph quite hugged me in his arms, and kindly lent me a second wig, (my own being thrown over at the time of my striking) which, with his usual precaution, he had brought in his pocket, in case of accidents. I take this occasion also to pay my thanks to Thomas Gore, Esq. for some excellent milk-punch, which he directed his butler to furnish me with most opportunely; and which I then thought the most solacing beverage I ever had regaled withal. Dr. Joseph and myself reached Oxford in the dilly by five in the evening, the populace most handsomely taking off the horses for something more than the last  
half



half mile, in honour of the first Literary  
Aeronaut of these kingdoms—

*As witness my hand this 22d of May, 1785.*

THOMAS WARTON.

C E R T I F I C A T E .

*County of Oxford to wit,  
22d of May 1785.*

} THIS is to certify, to  
all whom it may concern, That the  
aforesaid Thomas and Joseph Warton  
came before me, one of his Majesty's Jus-  
tices of the Peace for the said county, and  
did solemnly make oath to the truth of  
the above case.

His

Sworn before me, JOHN † WEYLAND.

Mark.

LAUREAT

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## LAUREAT ELECTION.

**O**N the demise of the late excellent Bard, William Whitehead, Esq. Poet Laureat to his Majesty, it was decidedly the opinion of his Majesty's great superintendant Minister, that the said office should be forthwith declared elective, and in future continue so; in order as well to provide the ablest successor on the present melancholy occasion, as also to secure a due preference to superior talents, upon all future vacancies: It was in consequence of this determination, that the following Public Notice issued from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and became the immediate cause of the celebrated contest that is recorded in these pages.

A

ADVER-

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*Lord Chamberlain's Office, April 26.*

IN order to administer strict and impartial justice to the numerous Candidates for the vacant POET LAUREATSHIP, many of whom are of illustrious birth, and high character,

NOTICE is hereby given, That the same form will be attended to in receiving the names of the said Candidates, which is invariably observed in registering the Court Dancers. The list to be finally closed on Friday evening next.

Each Candidate is expected to deliver in a PROBATIONARY BIRTH-DAY ODE, with his name, and also personally to appear on a future day, to recite the same before such literary judges as the Lord Chamberlain, in his wisdom, may appoint.

LAUREAT

## LAUREAT ELECTION.

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The following Account, though modestly stiled a *Hasty Sketch*, according to the known delicacy of the Editorial Style, is in fact *A Report*, evidently penned by the hand of a Master.

### HASTY SKETCH of *Wednesday's Business at the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.

**I**N consequence of the late general notice, given by public advertisement, of an *open election* for the vacant office of *Poet Laureat* to their Majesties, on the terms of Probationary Compositions, a considerable number of the most eminent characters in the fashionable world assembled at the *Lord Chamberlain's Office*, Stable-yard, St. James's, on Wednesday last, between the hours of twelve and two, when Mr. *Ramus* was immediately dispatched to Lord Salisbury's, acquainting his Lordship therewith, and soliciting his attendance to receive the several candidates, and admit their respective tenders.

His Lordship arriving in a short time after, the following Noblemen and Gentlemen were immediately presented to his Lordship by *John Calvert, jun. Esq.* in quality of Secretary to the Office. *James Eley, Esq.* and *Mr. Samuel Betty*, attending also as first and second Clerk, the following list of candidates was made out forthwith, and duly entered on the roll, as a preliminary record to the subsequent proceedings.

The Right Rev. Dr. William Markham,  
Lord Archbishop of York.

The Right Hon. Edward, Lord Thurlow,  
Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

The most Noble James, Marquis of Graham.

The Right Hon. Harvey Redmond, Viscount  
Mountmorres, of the kingdom of Ireland.

The Right Hon. Constantine, Lord Mulgrave, ditto.

The Right Hon. Henry Dundas.

Sir George Howard, K. B.

Sir Cecil Wray, Baronet.

Sir Joseph Mawbey, ditto.

Sir Richard Hill, ditto.

Sir Gregory Page Turner, ditto.

The Rev. William Mason, B. D.

The

The Rev. Thomas Warton, B. D.

The Rev. George Prettyman, D. D.

The Rev. Joseph Warton, ditto.

Pepper Arden, Esq. Attorney-General to his Majesty.

Michael Angelo Taylor, Esq. M. P.

James M'Pherson, Esq. ditto.

Major John Scott, ditto.

Nath. William Wraxhall, Esq. ditto.

Monf. Le Mefurier, Membre du Parlement d'Angleterre.

The several candidates having taken their places at a table provided for the occasion, the Lord Chamberlain, in the politest manner, signified his wish that each candidate would forthwith recite some sample of his poetry as he came provided with for the occasion ; at the same time most modestly confessing his own inexperience in all such matters, and intreating their acquiescence therefore in his appointment of his friend, *Mr. Delpini*, of the Haymarket Theatre, as an active and able assessor on so important an occasion. Accordingly *Mr. Delpini* being immediately introduced, the several candidates proceeded to recite their compositions, according to their  
rank

rank and precedence in the above list—both his Lordship and his assessor attended throughout the whole of the readings with the profoundest respect, and taking no refreshment whatsoever, except some China oranges and biscuit, which were also handed about to the company by *Mr. John Secker*, Clerk of the Household, and *Mr. William Wise*, Groom of the Buttery.

At half after five, the readings being completed, his Lordship and *Mr. Delpini* retired to an adjoining chamber; *Mrs. Elizabeth Dyer*, Keeper of the Butter and Egg Office, and *Mr. John Hook*, Deliverer of Greens, being admitted to the candidates with several other refreshments suitable to the fatigue of the day. Two Yeomen of the Mouth, and a Turn-broacher attended likewise; and indeed every exertion was made to conduct the little occasional repast that followed with the utmost decency and convenience; the whole being at the expence of the Crown, notwithstanding every effort to the contrary on the part of *Mr. Gilbert*.

At length the awful moment arrived, when the *detur digniori* was finally to be pronounced on the busy labours of the day—never did  
 Lord

Lord Salisbury appear to greater advantage—never did his assessor more amusingly console the discomfitures of the failing candidates—every thing that was affable, every thing that was mollifying, was ably expressed by both the judges ; but poetical ambition is not easily allayed. When the fatal *fiat* was announced in favour of the Rev. Thomas Warton, a general gloom overspread the whole society—a still and awful silence long prevailed. At length Sir Cecil Wray started up, and emphatically pronounced, *a scrutiny! a scrutiny!*—A shout of applause succeeded—in vain did the incomparable Buffo introduce his most comic gestures—in vain was his admirable leg pointed horizontally at every head in the room—a scrutiny was demanded—and a scrutiny was granted. In a word, the Lord Chamberlain declared his readiness to submit the productions of the day to the inspection of the public, reserving nevertheless to himself and his assessor, the full power of annulling or establishing the sentence already pronounced. It is in consequence of the above direction, that we shall now give the public the said PROBATIONARY VERSES, commencing with those, however, which are  
the



the production of such of the candidates as most vehemently insisted on the right of appeal, conceiving such priority to be in justice granted to the persons whose public spirit has given so lucky a turn to this poetical election. According to the above order, the first composition that we lay before the public, is the following :—

N<sup>o</sup>. I.

## I R R E G U L A R O D E .

The WORDS by SIR CECIL WRAY, BART.

The SPELLING by MR. GROJAN, *Attorney at Law*.

**H**ARK! hark!—hip! hip!—hoh! hoh!  
 What a mort of bards are a finging!  
 Athwart—across—below—  
 I'm fure there's a dozen a dinging!  
 I hear sweet Shells, loud Harps, large Lyres—  
 Some, I trow, are tun'd by 'Squires—  
 Some by Priests, and some by Lords!—while JOE and I  
 Our *bloody hands* hoist up, like meteors, on high!  
 Yes, *Joe* and I  
 Are em'lous—Why?  
 It is because, great CÆSAR, you are clever—  
 Therefore we'd fing of you for ever!  
 Sing—sing—sing—sing—  
 God save the King!  
 Smile then, CÆSAR, smile on *Wray*!  
 Crown at last his *poll* with bay!—  
 Come, oh! bay, and with thee bring  
 Salary, illustrious thing!—  
 Laurels vain of Covent-garden,  
 I don't value you a farding!—

B

Let

Let sack my soul cheer,  
 For 'tis sick of small beer!  
 CÆSAR! CÆSAR! give it—do!  
 Great CÆSAR giv't all, for my Muse 'doreth you!—  
 Oh fairest of the Heavenly Nine,  
 Enchanting *Syntax*, Muse divine!  
 Whether on *Phæbus*' hoary head,  
 By blue-ey'd *Rhadamanthus* led,  
 Or with young *Helicon* you stray,  
 Where mad *Parnassus* points the way;—  
 Goddess of *Elizium*'s hill,  
 Descend upon my *Pæan*'s quill.—  
 The light Nymph hears—no more  
 By *Pegasus*' meand'ring shore,  
*Ambrosia*, playful boy,  
 Plumps her *je ne sçai quoi*!—  
 I mount!—I mount!—  
 I'm half a *Lark*—I'm half an *Eagle*!  
 Twelve stars I count—  
 I see their dam—she is a *Beagle*!  
 Ye Royal little ones,  
 I love your flesh and bones—  
 You are an arch, rear'd with immortal stones!  
*Hibernia* strikes his harp!  
 Shuttle, fly!—woof! wed! warp!  
 Far, far, from me and you,  
 In latitude North 52.—  
 Rebellion's hush'd,  
 The merchant's flush'd;—  
 Hail awful *Brunswick*, *Saxe-Gotha*, hail!  
 Not *George*, but *Louis*, now shall turn his tail!

Thus,

Thus, I a-far from mad debate,  
Like an old wren,  
With my good hen,  
Or a young gander,  
Am a by-stander,  
To all the peacock pride, and vain regards of state!—  
Yet if the laurel prize,  
Dearer than my eyes,  
Curs'd *Warton* tries  
For to surprize,  
By the eternal God I'll SCRUTINIZE!

Nº. II.

ODE ON THE NEW YEAR,

BY LORD MULGRAVE.

STROPHE.

O for a Muse of Fire,  
With blazing thumbs to touch my torpid lyre !  
Now in the darksome regions round the Pole,  
Tigers fierce, and Lions bold,  
With wild affright would see the snow-hills roll,  
Their sharp teeth chattering with the cold,—  
But that Lions dwell not there——  
Nor beast, nor Christian—none but the *White Bear* !  
The White Bear howls amid the tempest's roar,  
And list'ning Whales swim headlong from the shore !

ANTISTROPHE. (By *Brother HARRY.*)

Farewell awhile, ye summer breezes !  
What is the life of man ?  
A span !  
Sometimes it thaws, sometimes it freezes,  
Just as it pleases !  
If Heaven decrees, fierce whirlwinds rend the air,  
And then again (behold !) 'tis fair !

Thus

Thus peace and war on earth alternate reign :  
 Auspicious GEORGE, thy powerful word  
 Gives peace to France and Spain,  
 And sheaths the martial sword !

STROPHE II. (By *Brother* CHARLES.)

And now gay Hope, her anchor dropping,  
 And blue-ey'd Peace, and black-ey'd Pleasures,  
 And Plenty, in light cadence hopping,  
 Fain would dance to WHITEHEAD's measures.  
 But WHITEHEAD now in death reposes,  
 Crown'd with laurel ! crown'd with roses !  
 Yet we, with laurel-crown'd, his dirge will sing,  
 And thus deserve fresh laurels from the KING.

N<sup>o</sup>. III.

O D E,

By SIR JOSEPH MAWBEEY, BART.

STROPHE.

HARK!—to yon heavenly skies,  
Nature's congenial perfumes upwards rise!  
From each throng'd fye  
That saw my gladfome eye,  
Incense, quite smoaking hot, arose,  
And caught my *seven sweet senses*—by the *nose*!

AIR—*accompanied by the LEARNED FIG.*

Tell me, dear Muse, oh! tell me, pray,  
Why JOEY's fancy friks so gay:  
Is it!—you flut it is—some *holy—holiday*!—  
[*Here Muse whispers I,—Sir Joseph.*]  
Indeed?—Repeat the fragrant sound!  
Push love, and loyalty around,  
Through *Irish, Scotch*, as well as *British* ground!

CHORUS.

For this BIG MORN  
GREAT GEORGE was born!  
The tidings all the Poles shall ring!  
Due homage will I pay,  
On this, thy native day,  
GEORGE, *by the grace of God, my rightful KING!*  
AIR.

AIR—*with Lutes.*

Well might my dear lady fay,  
 As lamb-like by her side I lay,  
 This very, very morn;  
     Hark! JOEY, hark!  
     I hear the lark,  
 Or else it is—the sweet *Sowgelder's* horn!

ANTISTROPHE.

Forth, from their ftyes, the bristly victims lead;  
 A score of Hogs, flat on their backs, shall bleed.  
 Mind they be such on which good Gods might feast!  
     And that  
     In lily fat,  
 They cut six inches on the ribs, at least!

DUET—*with Marrow-bones and Cleavers.*

*Butcher* and *Cook* begin!  
 We'll have a royal greasy chin!  
 'Tis bits so nice and rare,—  
     Prepare! Prepare!  
     Let none abstain,  
     Refrain!  
 I'll give 'em pork in plenty—cut, and come again!

RECITATIVE.

Hog! Porker! Roaster! Boar-stag! Barbicue!  
 Cheeks! Chines! Crow! Chitterlings! and Hafelet new!  
 Springs! Spare-ribs! Saufages! Sous'd-lugs! and Face!  
 With piping-hot Pease-pudding—plenteous place!  
Hands!



Hands! Hocks! Hams! Haggis, with high fea'sning  
fill'd!  
Gammons! Green Griskins! on gridirons grill'd!  
Liver! and Lights! from Plucks that moment drawn,  
Pigs' Puddings! Black and White! with **Canterbury**  
Brawn!—

TRIO.

Fall too  
Ye Royal crew!  
Eat! Eat your bellies full! pray do!  
At treats I never wince:—  
The Queen shall say,  
Once in a way,  
Her Maids have been well cramm'd—her young ones  
din'd like Princes!

FULL CHORUS—*accompanied by the whole HOGGERY.*

For this BIG MORN  
GREAT GEORGE was born!  
The tidings all the Poles shall ring!  
Due homage will I pay,  
On this thy native day,  
**GEORGE!** *by the grace of God, my rightful KING!!!!*

Nº. IV.

O D E,

By SIR RICHARD HILL, BART.

HAIL pious Muse of faintly love,  
 Unmix'd, unstain'd with earthly dross!  
 Hail Muse of *Methodism*, above  
 The Royal Mews at Charing-cross!  
 Behold both hands I raise;  
 Behold both knees I bend;  
 Behold both eye-balls gaze!  
 Quick, Muse, descend, descend!  
 Meek Muse of *Madan*, thee my soul invokes—  
 Oh point my pious puns! oh sanctify my jokes!

II.

Descend, and, oh! in mem'ry keep—  
 There's a time to wake—a time to sleep—  
 A time to laugh—a time to cry—  
 The *Bible* says so—so do I!—  
 Then broad-awake, oh, come to me!  
 And thou my *Eastern star* shalt be!

III.

MILLER, bard of deathless name,  
 MOSES, wag of merry fame;  
 Holy, holy, holy pair,  
 Hearken to your vot'ry's pray'r!

C

Grant

Grant, that like Solomon's of old,  
 My faith be still in *Proverbs* told;  
 Like his, let my religion be  
 Conundrums of divinity.

And oh! to mine, let each strong charm belong,  
 That breathes falacious in the *wise man's* song;  
 And thou sweet bard, for ever dear  
 To each impassion'd, love-fraught ear,  
 Soft, luxuriant ROCHESTER!  
 Descend, and ev'ry tint bestow,  
 That gives to phrase its ardent glow;  
 From thee, thy willing *Hill* shall learn  
 Thoughts that melt, and words that burn:  
 Then smile, oh, gracious, smile on this petition!  
 'So *Solomon*, gay *Wilmot* join'd with thee,  
 Shall shew the world that such a thing can be,  
 As, strange to tell!—a *virtuous Coalition*!—

## IV.

Thou too, thou dread and awful shade  
 Of dear departed WILL WHITEHEAD,  
 Look through the blue ætherial skies,  
 And view me with propitious eyes!  
 Whether thou most delight'ft to loll  
 On *Sion's* top, or near the *Pole*!  
 Bend from thy *mountains*, and remember still,  
 The wants and wishes of a lesser *Hill*!  
 Then, like *Elijah*, fled to realms above,  
 To me, thy friend, bequeath thy hallow'd cloak,  
 And by its virtue Richard may improve,  
 And in *thy habit* preach, and pun, and joke!

*The Lord doth give—The Lord doth take away.—*

Then good *Lord Sal'sbury* attend to me,—  
Banish these sons of *Belial* in dignay ;

And give the praise to a true *Pharisee* :  
For sure of all the *scribes* that *Israel* curst,  
These *scribes* poetic, are by far the worst.  
To thee, my *Samson*, unto thee I call—  
Exert thy *jaw*—and straight disperse them all—  
So, as in former times, the *Philistines* shall fall !

Then as 'twas th' beginning,

So to th' end 't shall be ;

My Muse will ne'er leave singing

**THE LORD OF SAL'SBURY!!!**

Nº. V.

D U A N,

IN THE TRUE OSSIAN SUBLIMITY.

By MR. MACPHERSON.

DOES the wind touch thee, O Harp?  
Or is it some passing Ghost?  
Is it thy hand,  
Spirit of the departed *Scrutiny*?  
Bring me the Harp, pride of CHATHAM!  
Snow is on thy bosom,  
Maid of the modest eye!  
A song shall rise!  
Every soul shall depart at the found!!!  
The wither'd thistle shall crown my head!!!  
I behold thee, O King!  
I behold thee fitting on mist!!!  
Thy form is like a watery cloud,  
Singing in the deep like an oyster!!!!  
Thy face is like the beams of the setting moon!  
Thy eyes are of two decaying flames!  
Thy nose is like the spear of ROLLO!!!  
Thy ears are like three bossy shields!!!  
Strangers shall rejoice at thy chin!

Thy

The ghosts of dead Tories shall hear me  
In their airy hall!

The wither'd thistle shall crown my head!  
Bring me the Harp,  
Son of CHATHAM!

But Thou, O King! give me the Laurel!

N<sup>o</sup>. VI.

THOUGH the following *Ossianade* does not immediately come under the description of a *Probationary Ode*,—yet, as it appertains to the nomination of the *Laureat*, we class it under the same head. We must at the same time compliment Mr. *Macpherson* for his spirited address to Lord Salisbury on the subject. The following is a copy of his letter:—

MY LORD,

I TAKE the liberty to address myself immediately to your Lordship, in vindication of my poetical character, which, I am informed, is most illiberally attacked by the Foreign Gentleman, whom your Lordship has thought proper to select as an assessor on the present scrutiny for the office of Poet Laureat to his Majesty. Signor Delpini is certainly below my notice—but I understand his objections to my *Probationary Ode* are two;—first, its conciseness; and next, its being in *prose*. For the present I shall wave all discussion of these  
frivo-

frivolous remarks ; begging leave, however, to solicit your Lordship's protection to the following *Supplemental Ode*, which I hope, both from its *quantity* and its *style*, will most effectually do away the paltry, insidious attack of an uninformed reviler, who is equally ignorant of British Poetry and of British Language.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most obedient,

and faithful servant,

J. MACPHERSON.



T H E

## S O N G O F S C R U T I N A .

By MR. MACPHERSON.

HARK! 'Tis the dismal found that echoes on thy roofs,  
 O *Cornwall*; Hail! double-face fage! Thou worthy son of  
 the chair-borne *Fletcher*! The Great Council is met to  
 fix the seats of the chosen Chief; their voices resound in  
 the gloomy Hall of Rufus, like the roaring winds of the  
 Cavern—Loud were the cries for *Rays*, but thy voice, O  
*Foxan*, rendered the walls like the torrent that gusheth from  
 the Mountain-side. *Cornwall* leaped from his throne and  
 screamed—The friends of *Gwelfo* hung their heads—How  
 were the mighty fallen!—Lift up thy face, *Dundaffo*,  
 like the brazen shield of thy chieftain! Thou art bold to  
 confront disgrace, and shame is unknown to thy brow,  
 —but tender is the youth of thy Leader; who droopeth  
 his head like a faded Lily—leave not *Pitto* in the day of  
 defeat, when the Chiefs of the Counties fly from him like  
 the herd from the galled Deer.—The friends of *Pitto* are  
 fled. He is alone—he layeth himself down in despair,  
 and sleep knitteth up his brow.—Soft were his dreams on  
 the green bench—Lo! the spirit of *Jenky* arose, pale as  
 the mist of the morn,—twisted was his long lank form—  
 his eyes winked as he whispered to the child in the cradle.  
 “ Rife, he sayeth—arise bright babe of the dark closet!  
 The shadow of the Throne shall cover thee, like wings  
 of

of a hen, sweet Chicken of the Back-stair brood! Heed not the Thanes of the Counties; they have fled from thee, like Cackling Geese from the hard bitten Fox; but will they not rally and return to the charge? Let the host of the King be numbered; they are as the sands on the barren shore.—There is *Powno*, who followeth his mighty leader, and chaceth the stall-fed stag all day on the dusty road.—There is *Howard*, great in arms, with the beaming star on his spreading breast.—Red is the scarf that waves over his ample shoulders—Gigantic are his strides on the terrace, in pursuit of the Royal footsteps of lofty *Georgia*.

No more will I number the sitting shades of Jenky; for behold the potent spirit of the black-browed *Jacko*,—’Tis the *Ratten Robinso*, who worketh the works of darkness! Hither I come, said *Ratten*—Like the mole of the earth; deep caverns have been my resting place, the ground *Rats* are my food.—Secret minion of the Crown, raise thy soul! Droop not at the spirit of *Foxan*. Great are thy foes in the fight of the many-tongued war.—Shake not thy knees, like the leaves of the *Aspen* on the misty hill—the doors of the stairs in the postern are locked; the voice of thy foes is as the wind, which whistleth through the vale; it passeth away like the swift cloud of the night.

The breath of *Gwelfo*, stilleth the stormy seas.—whilst thou breathest the breath of his nostrils, thou shalt live for ever.—Firm standeth thy heel, in the Hall of thy Lord. Mighty art thou in the fight of *Gwelfo*! illustrious leader of the friends of *Gwelfo*! great art thou, O lovely imp of the interior closet! O lovely Guardian of the Royal Junto!

N<sup>o</sup>. VII.

MR. MASON having laid aside the more noble subject for a Probationary Ode, viz. the Parliamentary Reform, upon finding that the Rev. Mr. *Wyvil* had already made a considerable progress in it, has adopted the following.—The argument is simple and interesting, adapted either to the harp of *Pindar*, or the reed of *Theocritus*, and as proper for the 4th of June, as any day of the year.

It is almost needless to inform the public, that the University of Oxford has earnestly longed for a visit from their Sovereign, and, in order to obtain this honour without the fatigue of forms and ceremonies, they have privately desired the Master of the Stag-hounds, upon turning the stag out of the cart, to set his head in as straight a line as possible, by the map, towards Oxford;—which probably, on some auspicious day, will bring the Royal Hunt to the walls of that city. This expedient, conceived in so much wisdom, as well as loyalty, makes the subject of the following

I R R E-

## I R R E G U L A R O D E,

By MR. MASON.

## I.

O! green-rob'd Goddess of the hallow'd shade,  
 Daughter of Jove, to whom of yore  
 Thee, lovely Maid, LATONA bore,  
 Chaste virgin, Empress of the silent glade;  
 Where shall I woo thee?—Ere the dawn,  
 While still the dewy tiffue of the lawn  
 Quivering spangles to the eye,  
 And fills the soul with nature's harmony!  
 Or 'mid that murky grove's monastic night,  
 The tangling net-work of the woodbine's gloom,  
 Each zephyr pregnant with perfume,—  
 Or near that delving dale, or mossy mountain's height,

## II.

When *Neptune* struck the scientific ground,  
 From *Attica's* deep-heaving side,  
 Why did the prancing horse rebound,  
 Snorting, neighing all around,  
 With thund'ring feet and flashing eyes,—  
 Unless to shew how near allied,  
 Bright science is to exercise!

## III.

If then the *horse* to wisdom is a friend,  
 Why not the *hound*? why not the *horn*?

D 4

While

While low beneath the furrow sleeps the corn,  
 Nor yet in tawny vest delights to bend!  
 For Jove himself decreed,  
 That DIAN, with her sandall'd feet,  
 White ankled Goddess, pure and fleet,  
 Should, with every Dryad lead,  
 By jovial cry o'er distant plain,  
 To *England's Athens, Brunswick's sylvan train!*

## IV.

*Diana*, Goddess all discerning!  
*Hunting* is a friend to learning!  
 If the stag, with hairy nose,  
 In Autumn ne'er had thought of love!  
 No buck with swollen throat the does  
 With dappled sides had try'd to move,—  
 Ne'er had *England's King*, I ween,  
 The Muses' seat, fair *Oxford*, seen.

## V.

Hunting, thus, is learning's friend!  
 No longer, Virgin Goddess, bend  
 O'er *Endymion's* roseate breast;—  
 No longer, vine-like, chastly twine  
 Round his milk-white limbs divine!—  
 Your brother's car rolls down the East—  
 The laughing hours bespeak the day;  
 With flowery wreaths they strew the way!  
 Kings of sleep! ye mortal race!  
 For *George* with *Dian*, 'gins the Royal chase!

VI.

Visions of bliss, you tear my aching sight,  
 Spare, O spare your poet's eyes!  
 See every gate-way trembles with delight,  
 Streams of glory streak the skies;  
     How each College sounds,  
     With the cry of the hounds!  
 How *Peckwater* merrily rings!  
 Founders, Prelates, Queens, and Kings,—  
 All have had your hunting-day!—  
 From the dark tomb then break away!  
 Ah! see they rush to *Friar Bacon's* tower,  
 Great *George* to greet, and hail his natal hour!

VII.

*Radcliffe* and *Wolsey*, hand in hand,  
 Sweet gentle shades, there take their stand  
     With *Pomfret's* learned Dame;  
 And *Bodley* join'd by *Clarendon*,  
 With loyal zeal together run,  
     Just arbiters of fame!

VIII.

That fringed cloud sure this way bends,—  
 From it a form divine descends,—  
*Minerva's* self;—and in her rear,  
 A thousand saddled steeds appear!  
 On each she mounts a learned son,  
     Professor, Chancellor, or Dean;  
 All by hunting madness won,  
     All in *Dian's* livery seen.

How

How they despise the tim'rous *Hare!*  
Give us, they cry, the furious *Bear!*  
To chase the *Lion*, how they long,  
Th' *Rhinoceros* tall, and *Tiger* strong.  
Hunting thus is learning's prop,  
Then may hunting never drop;  
And thus an hundred *Birth-Days* more,  
Shall Heav'n to *George* afford from its capacious store,

## O D E.

BY THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

## I.

INDITE, my Muse!—*indite! subpoena'd* is thy lyre!  
 The praises to *record*, which *rules of Court* require!  
 'Tis thou, Oh *Clio!* Muse divine,  
 And best of all the *Council Nine*,  
 Must *plead my cause!*—Great HATFIELD'S CECIL bids  
 me sing,—  
 The tallest, fittest man, to walk before the King!

## II.

Of *Salisbury's Earls* the First (so tells th' historic page)  
 'Twas Nature's will to make most wonderfully sage;  
 But then, as if too lib'ral to his mind,  
 She made him crook'd before, and crook'd behind\*.

\* Rapin observes, that Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury, was of a great genius; and though crooked before and behind, Nature supplied that defect with noble endowments of mind.



'Tis not, thank Heav'n! my *Cecil*, so with thee;  
 Thou last of Cecils, but unlike the first;—  
 Thy body bears no mark'd deformity;—  
 The God's *decreed*, and *judgment was revers'd!*  
 For veins of Science are like veins of Gold!  
 Pure, for a time, they run;  
 They end as they begun—  
 Alas! in nothing but a heap of mould!

## III.

Shall I, by eloquence controul,  
 Or *challenge* fend to mighty ROLLE,  
 Whene'er on Peers he vents his gall?  
 Uplift my hands to pull his nose,  
 And twist and pinch it, 'till it grows  
 Like mine, aside, and small?  
 Say, by what *process* may I once obtain  
 A *verdict*, Lord, not let me *sue* in vain!  
 In Commons, and in *Courts* below,  
 My *actions* have been try'd,—  
 There, *clients* who pay most, *you know*,  
 Retain the strongest side!  
 True to these *terms*, I preach'd in politics for *Pitt*  
 And *Kenyon's law* maintain'd against his Sovereign's *writ*!  
 What tho' my father be a porpus,  
 He may be mov'd by *Habeas Corpus*,—  
 Or by a *call*, whene'er the State  
 Or *Pitt* requires his vote and weight,—  
 I tender *bail* for Bootle's *warm* support,  
 Of all the plans of Ministers and Court!

And

IV.

And Oh! should *Mrs. Arden* blefs me with a child,  
 A lovely boy, as beauteous as myself, and mild;  
 The little *Pepper* would some caudle lack:  
     Then think of *Arden's* wife,  
     My pretty *Plaintiff's* life,  
 The best of caudle's made of best of sack!  
     Let thy decree  
     But favour me,  
 My *bills* and *briefs*, *rebutters* and *detainers*,  
     To *Archy* I'll resign  
     Without a *fee* or *fine*,  
*Attachments*, *replications*, and *retainers*!  
     To *Juries*, *Bench*, *Exchequer*, *Seals*,  
 To *Chanc'ry Court*, and *Lords*, I'll bid adieu;  
     No more *demurrers* nor *appeals*; —  
 My *writs of error* shall be *judg'd* by you.

V.

And if perchance great *Doctor Arnold* should retire,  
 Fatigu'd with all the troubles of St. James's Choir;  
 My Odes two merits shall unite;  
     \* BEARCROFT, my friend,  
     His aid will lend,  
 And fet to music all I write!

\* This Gentleman is a great performer upon the Piano Forte,  
 as well as the Speaking Trumpet and Jew's Harp.

Let me then, Chamberlain, without a *flaw*,  
For June the Fourth prepare,  
The praises of the King  
In *legal lays* to sing,  
Until they rend the air,  
And *prove* my equal fame in *poesy* and *law*!

Nº. IX.

PROBATIONARY ODES

FOR THE LAUREATSHIP.

O D E,

By NATHANIEL WILLIAM WRAXHALL,

Esq. M. P.

I.

MURRAIN seize the House of Commons!

Hoarse catarrh their windpipes shake!

Who, deaf to travell'd Learning's summons,

Rudely cough'd whene'er I spake!

*North*, nor *Fox's* thund'ring course,

Nor e'en the Speaker, tyrant, shall have force

To save thy walls from nightly breaches,

From *Wraxhall's* votes, from *Wraxhall's* speeches.

*Geography*, terraqueous maid,

Descend from globes to statesmen's aid!

Again to heedless crowds unfold

Truths unheard, tho' not untold:

Come, and once more unlock this vasty world—

Nations attend! the *map* of *Earth's* unfurl'd!

E 2

Begin

II.

Begin the song, from where the Rhine,  
 The Elbe, the Danube, Weser rolls —  
*Joseph*, nine circles, forty fees are thine —  
 Thine, twenty million souls —  
 Upon a marish flat and dank  
 States, Six and One,  
 Dam the dykes, the seas embank,  
 Maugre the Don!  
 A gridiron's form the proud Escorial rears,  
 While South of Vincent's Cape anchovies glide:  
 But, ah! o'er Tagus, once auriferous tide,  
 A priest-rid Queen, Braganza's sceptre bears —  
 Hard fate! that Lisbon's Diet-drink is known  
 To cure each crazy *constitution* but her own!

III.

I burn! I burn! I glow! I glow!  
 With antique and with modern lore!  
 I rush from Bosphorus to Po —  
 To Nilus from the Nore.  
 Why were thy Pyramids, O Egypt! rais'd,  
 But to be measur'd, and be prais'd?  
 Avaunt, ye Crocodiles! your threats are vain!  
 \* On Norway's seas, my foul, unshaken,  
 Brav'd the Sea-Snake and the Craken!  
 And shall I heed the River's scaly train?

Afric,

Afric, I scorn thy Alligator band!  
 Quadrant in hand  
 I take my stand,  
 And eye thy mofs-clad needle, Cleopatra grand!  
 O, that great Pompey's pillar were my own!  
 Eighty-eight feet the shaft, and all one stone!  
 But hail, ye loft Athenians!  
 Hail also, ye Armenians!  
 Hail once ye Greeks, ye Romans, Carthaginians!  
 Twice hail ye Turks, and thrice ye Abyffinians!  
 Hail too, O Lapland, with thy squirrels airy!  
 Hail, Commerce-catching Tipperary!  
 Hail, wonder-working Magi!  
 Hail Ouran-Outangs! Hail Anthropophagi!  
 Hail, all ye cabinets of every state,  
 From poor Marino's Hill, to Catherine's Empire great!  
 All have their chiefs, who speak, who write, who seem  
 to think,  
*Caermarthens, Sidneys, Rutlands, paper, pens, and ink!*

IV.

Thus, through all climes, to earth's remotest goal,  
 From burning Indus to the freezing Pole,  
 In chaises and on floats,  
 In dillies, and in boats;  
 Now on a camel's native stool;  
 Now on an afs, now on a mule.  
 Nabobs and Rajahs have I seen;  
 Old Bramins mild, young Arabs keen:

Tall

Tall Polygars,  
Dwarf Zemindars,  
Mahommed's tomb, Killarney's lake, the fane of Ammon,  
With all thy Kings and Queens, ingenious Mrs. Salmon\*:  
Yet vain the majesties of wax!  
Vain the cut velvet on their backs——  
GEORGE, mighty GEORGE, is flesh and blood——  
No head he wants of wax or wood!  
His heart is good!  
(As a King's shou'd)  
And every thing he says is understood!

\* Exhibits the Wax Work in Fleet-street.

Nº. X.

ODE FOR NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

By SIR GREGORY PAGE TURNER, BART. M. P.

Lord Warden of Blackheath, and Ranger of Greenwich  
Hill, during the Christmas and Easter Holidays.

STROPHE.

O DAY of high career!  
First of a month,—nay more—first of a year!  
A *monarch day*, that hath indeed no peer!  
Let huge *Buzaglos* glow  
In ev'ry corner of the isle,  
To melt away the snow:  
And like to *May*,  
Be this month gay;  
And with her at hop—step—jump—play,  
Dance, grin, and smile:  
Ye too, ye *Maids of Honour*, young and old,  
Shall each be seen,  
With a neat *warming patentiz'd machine!*  
Because, 'tis said, that *chastity* is cold!

ANTI-



ANTIſTROPHE,

But ah! no roſes meet the ſight ;  
 Nor *yellow* buds of *ſaffron* hue,  
 Nor *azure* bloſſoms of *pale blue*.  
 Nor tulips, pinks, &c. delight.  
 Yet on fine *tiffany* will I  
     My genius try,  
 The ſpoils of *Flora* to ſupply,  
 Or ſay my name's not GREGO—RY!  
 An *artificial* Garland will I bring,  
     That *Clement Cottrell* ſhall declare,  
         With courtly air,  
 Fit for a Prince—fit for a KING!

EPODE,

Ye *millenery fair*,  
 To me, ye Muſes are ;  
 Ye are to me *Parnaffus'* MOUNT!  
 In you, I find an *Aganippe* FOUNT!  
     I venerate your *muffs*,  
     I bow and kiſs your *ruffs*.  
 Inſpire me, O ye *Siſters* of the *frill*,  
 And teach your votariſt how to *quill*!  
     For oh!—'tis true indeed,  
     That he can ſcarcely read!  
 Teach him to *founce*, and diſregard all quippery,  
 As crapes and blonds, and ſuch like frippery ;  
 Teach him to *trim* and *whip* from ſide to ſide,  
 And *puff*, as long as puffing can be try'd,

In *crimping* metaphor h'ell dash on,  
For *point*, you know, is out of fashion:

O crown with bay his tête,  
*Delpini*, arbiter of fate!

Nor at the trite conceit let wtlings sport,  
A PAGE should be a *Dangler* at the court!

O D E,

By MICHAEL ANGELO TAYLOR, Esq. M. P.

Only Son of Sir ROBERT TAYLOR, Knt. and late Sheriff—also Sub-Deputy, Vice-Chairman to the Irish Committee, King's Counsel, and Welsh Judge Elect, &c. &c.

I.

HAIL, all hail, thou natal day!  
Hail the very half hour, I say,  
On which Great GEORGE was born!  
Tho' scarcely fledg'd, I'll try my wing—  
And tho', alas! I cannot sing,  
I'll crow on this illustrious morn!  
Sweet bird, that chirp'st the note of folly,  
So pleasantly, so drolly!—  
Thee oft, the stable-yards among,  
I woo, and emulate thy song!  
Thee, for my emblem still I choose!  
Oh! with thy voice inspire a *Chicken of the Muse!*

And

II.

And thou, great Earl, ordain'd to sit  
 High arbiter of verse and wit,  
 Oh crown my wit with fame!  
 Such as it is, I prithee take it;  
 Or if thou can'st not find it, make it;  
 To me 'tis just the same.  
 Once a white wand, like thine, my father bore:  
 But now, alas! that white wand is no more!  
 Yet though his pow'r be fled,  
 Nor Bailiff wait his Nod nor Gaoler;  
 Bright honour still adorns the head  
 Of my Papa, Sir *Robert Taylor*!  
 Ah, might that honour on his son alight!  
 On this auspicious day  
 How my little heart wou'd glow,  
 If, as I bend me low,  
 My gracious King wou'd say,  
 Arise, SIR MICHAEL ANGELO!  
 O happiest day, that brings the happiest Knight!

III.

Thee, too, my *fluttering* Muse invokes,  
 Thy guardian aid I beg,  
 Thou great ASSESSOR, fam'd for jokes,  
 For jokes of face and leg!  
 So may I oft' thy stage-box grace,  
 (The first in beauty as in place)  
 And smile, responsive to thy changeful face!

For say, renowned mimic, say,  
 Did e'er a merrier crowd obey  
     Thy laugh-provoking summons,  
 Than with fond glee, enraptur'd fit,  
 Whene'er with *undefining wit*,  
     I entertain the Commons?  
 Lo! how I shine St. Stephen's boast!  
 There, first of *Chicks*, I rule the *roast*!  
     There I appear,  
     Pitt's *Chanticleer*,  
 The *Bantam Cock* in opposition!  
     Or like a *hen*,  
     With watchful ken,  
 Sit close and hatch—the Irish propositions!

## IV.

Behold, for this great day of pomp and pleasure,  
 The House adjourns, and I'm at leisure!  
     If *thou* art so, come, Muse of sport,  
     With a few rhymes,  
     Delight the times,  
 And coax the Chamberlain, and charm the Court!  
     By Heaven she comes!—more swift than prose,  
     At her command, my metre flows;  
 Hence ye weak warblers of the rival lays!  
     Avaunt, ye Wrens, ye Goslings, and ye Pies!  
     The *Chick of Law* shall *win* the prize!  
     The *Chick of Law* shall *peck* the bays!  
 So, when again the State demands our care,  
 Fierce in my laurel'd pride, I'll take the Chair!—

GILBERT,

GILBERT, I catch thy bright invention,  
 With somewhat more of *found retention* \* !  
 But never, never on thy *prose* I'll border—  
*Verse*, lofty-founding *Verse*, shall “ *Call to Order!*”  
 Come, sacred Nine, come, one and all,  
 Attend your fav'rite Chairman's call!  
 Oh! if I well have chirp'd your brood among,  
 Point my keen eye, and tune my brazen tongue!  
 And hark! with Elegiac graces,  
 “ I beg that gentlemen may take their places!”  
 Didactic Muse, be thine to state,  
 The rules that harmonize debate!  
 THINE, mighty CLIO, to resound from far,  
 “ —The door! the door!—the bar! the bar!”  
 Stout *Pearson* damns around, at her dread word;—  
 “ Sit down!” cries *Clementson*, and grasps his silver  
 sword.

## V.

But lo! where Pitt appears to move  
 Some new resolve of hard digestion!  
 Wake then, my Muse, thy gentler notes of love,  
 And in persuasive numbers, “ *put the Question.*”  
 The question's gain'd!—the Treasury-Bench rejoice!  
 “ All hail, thou *least* of men” (they cry) with mighty  
 voice!

\* No reflection on the organization of Mr. Gilbert's brain, is intended here; but rather a pathetic reflection on the continual Diabetes of so great a Member!

—Blest sounds! my ravish'd eye surveys  
 Ideal Ermine, fancied Bays!  
 Wrapt in St. Stephen's future scenes  
 I fit perpetual Chairman of *the Ways and Means!*  
 Cease, cease, ye Bricklayer-Crew, my fire to praise,  
 His mightier offspring claims immortal lays!  
 The father climb'd the ladder, with a hod,  
 The son, like *General Jackoo*, jumps alone, by God!

O D E,

By MAJOR JOHN SCOTT, M. P. &c. &c.

I.

WHY does the loitering sun retard his wain,  
When this glad hour demands a fiercer ray ?  
Not so he pours his fire on Delhi's plain,  
To hail the Lord of Asia's natal day,  
There in mute pomp and cross-legg'd state,  
The *Raja Pouts* MAHOMMED SHAH await.

There *Malabar*,

There *Bijnagar*,

There *Oude* and proud *Babar*, in joy confederate.

II.

Curs'd be the clime, and curs'd the laws, that lay  
Insulting bonds on George's sovereign sway !

Arise, my soul, on wings of fire,

To God's anointed, tune the lyre ;

Hail ! George, thou all-accomplish'd King !

Just type of him who rules on high !

Hail ! inexhausted, boundless spring  
Of sacred truth and Holy Majesty !

Grand



Grand is thy form,—'bout five feet ten,  
 Thou well-built, worthiest, best of men!  
 Thy chest is stout, thy back is broad,—  
 Thy Pages view thee, and are aw'd!  
 Lo! how thy white eyes roll!  
 Thy whiter eye-brows stare!  
     Honest soul!  
 Thou'rt witty, as thou'rt fair!

III.

North of the Drawing-room, a closet stands:  
 The sacred nook, St. James's Park commands!  
 Here, in sequester'd state, Great GEORGE receives  
 Memorials, treaties, and long lists of thieves!  
 Here all the force of sov'reign thought is bent,  
 To fix Reviews, or change a Government!  
 Heav'ns! how each word with joy *Caermarthen* takes!  
 Gods! how the lengthen'd chin of *Sidney* shakes!  
     Blessing and bless'd the sage associates see,  
     The proud, triumphant league of incapacity.  
         With subtle smiles,  
         With innate wiles,  
 How do thy tricks of state, Great GEORGE, abound!  
 So in thy Hampton's mazy ground,  
     The path that wanders  
         In meanders,  
         Ever bending,  
         Never ending,  
 Winding runs the eternal round.

Perplex'd, involv'd, each thought bewilder'd moves;  
 In short, quick turns the gay confusion roves;  
 Contending themes the embarrass'd listener baulk,  
 Lost in the labyrinths of the devious talk!

IV.

Now shall the levee's ease thy soul unbend,  
 Fatigu'd with Royalty's feverer care!  
 Oh! happy few! whom brighter stars befriend,  
 Who catch the chat—the witty whisper share!  
     Methinks I hear  
     In accents clear,  
 Great Brunswick's voice still vibrate on my ear—  
     “ What?—what?—what?  
     “ Scott!—Scott!—Scott!  
     “ Hot!—hot!—hot!  
     “ What?—what?—what?”  
 Oh! fancy quick! oh! judgment true!  
     Oh! sacred oracle of regal taste!  
 So hasty, and so generous too!  
 Not one of all thy questions will an answer wait!  
     Vain, vain, oh Muse, thy feeble art,  
 To paint the beauties of that head and heart!  
     That heart where all the virtues join!  
     That head, that hangs on many a sign!

V.

Monarch of mighty *Albion*, check thy talk!  
 Behold the *Squad* approach, led on by *Palk*!  
*Smith*, *Barwell*, *Call*, *Vanfittart*, form the band!—  
 Lord of *Britannia*!—let them kiss thy hand!—

For *sniff*\*!—rich odours scent the sphere!  
 'Tis Mrs. *Hastings*' self brings up the rear!  
     Gods! how her diamonds flock  
     On each unpowder'd lock!  
 On every membrane see a topaz clings!  
 Behold!—her joints are fewer than her rings!  
     Illustrious dame! on either ear,  
     The *Munny Begums*' spoils appear!  
 Oh! Pitt, with awe behold that precious throat,  
 Whose necklace teems with many a future vote!  
 Pregnant with *Burgage* gems each hand she rears;  
 And lo! depending *questions* gleam upon her ears!  
 Take her, great George, and shake her by the hand;  
 'Twill loose her jewels, and enrich thy land.  
 But oh! reserve one ring for an old stager;  
 The *ring* of future marriage for her *Major*!

\* *Sniff* is a new interjection for the sense of smelling.

N<sup>o</sup>. XIII.

I R R E G U L A R O D E .

By THE RT. HON. HARRY DUNDAS, Esq.

Treasurer of the Navy, &c. &c. &c.

I.

HOOT! hoot away!

Hoot! hoot away!

Ye lawland Bards! who' are ye aw?

What are you fangs? what aw your lair too boot?

Vain are your thoughts the prize to win,

Sae dight your gobs, and stint your fenseless din;

Hoot! hoot away! hoot! hoot!—

Put oot aw your Attic feires,

Burn your lutes, and brek your leyres;

A looder, and a looder note I'll stricke:—

Na watter drawghts fra' Helicon I heed,

Na will I moont your winged steed—

I'll moont the Hanoverian horse, and ride him whare

I leike!—

II.

Ye lairdly fowk, wha form the courtly ring,  
 Coom, lend your lugs, and listen wheil I sing!  
 Ye canny maidens tee! wha aw the wheile,  
 Sa sweetly luik, sa sweetly smeile;  
 Coom hither aw, and roond me thrang,  
 Wheil I lug oot my peips, and gi' ye aw a canty fang.  
 Weel faur his bonny bleithsome hairt!  
 Wha, gifted by the gods abuin,  
 Wi' meikle taste, and meikle airt,  
 Fairst garr'd his canny peipe to lilt a tune!  
 To the sweet whuffel join'd the pleesan drane,  
 And made the poo'rs of music aw his ain.  
 On thee, on thee I caw—thou deathless spreight!  
 Doon fra thy thrane, abuin the lift sa breight;  
 Ah! smeile on me, instruct me hoo to chairm;  
 And, fou as is the baug beneath my arm,  
 Inspaire my faul, and geide my tunefome tongue.  
 I feel, I feel, thy poo'r divine!  
 Lawrels! kest ye to the ground,  
 Aroond my heed, my country's pride I tweine—  
 Sa sud a Scottish baird be croon'd—  
 Sa sud gret GEORGE be sung!—

III.

Fra hills, wi' heathers clad, that smeilan bluum  
 Speite o' the northern blaiſt;  
 Ye breether bairds, descend, and hither coom!

Let

Let ilka ane his baugpipe bring,  
 That foonds fa sweetly, and fa weel;  
 Sweet foonds! that please the lugs o' sic a king;  
 Lugs that in mufic's foonds ha' mickle taste.  
 Then, hither hafte, and bring them aw,  
 Baith your muckle peipes and fmaw;  
 Now, laddies! lood blaw up your chanterers;  
 For, luik! whare, cled in claies fa leel,  
 Canny *Montrose's* fon leads on the ranterers.  
 Thoo *Laird o' Graham!* by manie a cheil ador'd,  
 Who boasts his native fillabeg restor'd;  
 I croon thee—maifter o' the spowrt!  
 Bid thy breechless loons advaunce,  
 Weind the reel, and wave the daunce;  
 Noo they rant, and noo they loup,  
 And noo they shew their brawny doup,  
 And weel, I wat, they please the lasses o' the court.  
 Sa, in the guid buik are we tauld,  
 Befoor the halie ark,  
 The guid King David, in the days of auld;  
 Daunc'd, like a wuid thing, in his fark;  
 Wheil Sion's dowghters ('tis wi' sham I speak't)  
 Aw heedless as he strack the facred strain,  
 Keck'd, and lawgh'd,  
 And lawgh'd, and keck'd,  
 And lawgh'd, and keck'd again.  
 Scarce could they keep their watter at the feight,  
 Sa mickle did the King their glowran eyne delight.

Anewgh!

IV.

Anewgh! anewgh! noo haud your haund!  
 And flint your spowrts awee:  
 Ken ye, whare clad in eastlan spoils sa brave,  
     O'ersheenan aw the lave;  
     He comes, he comes!  
 Aw hail! thoo Laird of pagodas and lacks!  
 Weel could I tell of aw thy mighty awks;  
 Fain wad my peipe, its loudest note,  
 My tounge, its wunsome poor'rs, devote,  
     To gratitude and thee;  
 To thee, the sweetest o' thy ain parfooms,  
     Orixa's preide sud blaze  
     On thee, thy gems of purest rays;  
 Back fra' this faund, their genuine feires sud shed,  
 And *Rumbold's* Crawdle vie wuth *Hastings's* Bed.  
 But Heev'n betook us weil! and keep us weise!  
     Leike thunder, brustan at thy dreed command!  
     "Keep, keep thy tounge," a warlock cries,  
     And waves his gowden waund.

V.

Noo, laddies! gi' your baugpipes breeth again;  
 Blaw the loo'd, but solemn, strain:  
 Thus wheil I hail with heart-felt pleasure,  
     In majesty sedate,  
     In pride elate,  
 The smuith cheeks Laird of aw the treeasure;

Onward

Onward he stalks in frounan state ;  
 Na fuilish smiles his broos unbend,  
 Na wull he bleithsome luik on aw the lasses lend.  
 Hail to ye, lesser Lairds! of mickle wit;  
 Hail to ye aw, wha in weise council sit,  
 Fra' *Tommy Toon* send up to *Wully Pitt* !  
 Weel faur your heeds! but noo na mair  
 To ye maun I the fang confeine;  
 To nobler fleights the muse expands her wing.  
 'Tis he, whose eyne and wit sa brightly sheine,  
 'Tis GEORGE demands her care ;  
 Breetons! boo down your heed, and hail your King!  
 See! where with Atlantean shoulder  
 Amazing each beholder,  
 Beneath a tott'ring empire's weight,  
 Full six feet high he stands, and therefore—great!

VI.

Come then, aw ye Poor's of vairse!  
 Gi' me great GEORGE's glories to rehearse ;  
 And as I chaunt his kingly awks,  
 The list'nan world fra me fall lairn  
 Hoo swuft he rides, hoo slow he walks,  
 And weel he gets his Queen wi' bairn.  
 Give me, with all a Laureat's art to jumble,  
 Thoughts that soothe, and words that rumble!  
 Wisdom and Empire, Brunswick's Royal line,  
 Fame, Honour, Glory, Majesty divine!  
 Thus, crooned by his lib'ral hand,  
 Give me to lead the choral band;—

Then,



Then, in high-sounding words, and grand,  
Aft fall my pipe swell with his princely name,  
And this eternal truth proclaim :  
'Tis GEORGE, Imperial GEORGE, who rules BRI-  
TANNIA's land !

Nº. XIV.

O D E,

By DR. JOSEPH WARTON,

In humble Imitation of BROTHER THOMAS.

O! for the breathings of the *Doric ote!*  
 O! for the *warblings* of the *Lesbian lyre!*  
 O! for th' *Alcean trump's* terrific note!  
 O! for the *Theban eagle's* wing of fire!  
 O! for each stop and string that swells th' *Aonian quire!*  
 Then should this hallow'd day in *worthy strains* be sung,  
 And with *due laurel wreaths* thy cradle, *Brunswick, hung!*  
 But tho' uncouth my numbers flow  
 —From a rude reed,—  
 That drank the dew of *Ifis' lowly mead,*  
 And *wild pipe,* fashion'd from th' *embatted sedge*  
 Which on the *twilight edge*  
 Of my own *Cherwell* loves to grow:  
 The god-like theme alone  
 Should bear me on its *towering wing;*  
 Bear me undaunted to the throne,  
 To view with fix'd and stedfast eye  
 —The delegated majesty  
 Of heaven's dread lord, and what I see to sing.

H

Like

Like heaven's dread lord, great George his voice can  
raise,

From babes and sucklings' mouths to hymn his *perfect*  
*praise,*

*In poesy's trim rhymes and high resounding phrase.*

*Hence, avaunt! ye savage train,*

That drench the earth and dye the main

With the tides of hostile gore:

Who joy in *war's terrific charms,*

To see the steely gleam of arms,

And hear the cannon's roar;

Unknown the god-like virtue how to yield,

To Creffy's or to Blenheim's *deathful* field;

Begone, and fate your Pagan thirst of blood;

Edward, fell homicide, awaits you there,

And Anna's hero, both unskill'd to spare

Whene'er the foe their slaught'ring sword withstood.

The pious George to *white-stoled* peace alone

His olive sceptre yields, and *palm encirc'd* throne.

Or if his high decree

On the *perturbed* sea

The bloody flag unfurls;

Or o'er the embattl'd plain

Ranges the martial train;

On other heads his bolts he hurls.

Haughty subjects, *wail and weep,*

Your angry master *ploughs the deep.*

Haughty subjects, swol'n with pride,

Tremble at his *vengeful stride.*

While the regal command

Desp'rate ye withstand,

He bares his red right hand.

As when Eloim's pow'r,  
 In Judah's rebel hour,  
 Let fall the fiery show'r  
 That o'er her parch'd hills desolation spread,  
 And heap'd her vales with mountains of the dead.  
 O'er Schuylkill's *cliffs the tempest roars* ;  
 O'er Rappahanock's recreant shores ;  
 Up the *rough rocks of Kipps's-bay*  
 The huge Anspachar *wins his way*,  
 Or *fears the falcon from the fir-cap'd side*  
 Of each high hill that hangs o'er Hudson's haughty tide.  
 Matchless victor, mighty lord !  
 Sheath the devouring sword !  
 Strong to punish, *mild to save*,  
 Close *the portals of the grave*.  
 Exert thy first prerogative,  
 Ah! spare thy subjects blood, and let them *live* ;  
 Our *tributary breath*,  
 Hangs on thine for life or death.  
 Sweet is the balmy breath of orient morn,  
 Sweet are the honied treasures of the bee ;  
 Sweet is the fragrance of the scented thorn,  
 But sweeter yet the voice of royal clemency.  
 He hears, and from his *wisdom's perfect day*  
 He sends a bright effulgent ray,  
 The nations *to illumine far and wide*,  
 And feud and discord, war and *strife subside*,  
 His moral sages, *all unknown t'untie*  
 The wily rage of human policy,  
 Their equal compasses expand,  
 And mete the globe with philosophic hand,

No partial love of country binds  
 In selfish chains the lib'ral minds,  
 O gentle Landsdown! ting'd with thy philanthropy,  
 Let other monarchs vainly boast  
 A lengthen'd line of conquer'd coast,  
 Or boundless sea of tributary flood,  
 Bought by as wide a sea of blood—  
 Brunswick, in more *saint-like guise*  
 Claims for his spoils a purer prize,  
 Content at every price to buy  
 A conquest o'er himself, and o'er his progeny.  
 His be *domestic glory's radiant calm*—  
 His be *the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm*—  
 His be *the throne with peaceful emblems hung,*  
 And mine the laurel'd lyre, to those mild conquests strung!

Nº. XV.

P I N D A R I C,

*By the* RIGHT HON. HERVEY REDMOND,

LORD VISCOUNT MOUNTMORRES,

Of Castle Morres, of the Kingdom of Ireland, &c. &c.

I.

AWAKE, Hibernian lyre, awake,  
To harmony thy strings attune,  
O *tache* their trembling tongue to *spake*  
The glories of the fourth of June.  
Auspicious morn!  
When George was born  
To grace (by deputy) our Irish throne,  
North, south, *aiste*, west,  
Of King's the best,  
Sure now he's *aquall'd* by himself alone!  
Throughout th' astonish'd globe so loud his fame shall  
ring,  
The *dif* themselves shall *bare* the strains, the dumb shall  
sing.

Sons

## II.

Sons of Fadrúig\*, strain your throats,  
 In your native Irish lays,  
 Sweeter than the screech owl's notes,  
 Howl aloud your sov'reign's praise.  
 Quick to his hallow'd fane be led  
 A milk-white BULL, on soft potatoes fed :  
 His curling horns and ample neck  
 Let wreaths of verdant shamrock deck,  
 And perfum'd flames, to *rache* the sky,  
 Let fuel from our bogs supply,  
 Whilst we to George's health, a'en 'till the bowl runs o'er,  
 Rich *frames* of usquebaugh and sparkling whiskey pour.

## III.

Of dithless fame immortal heirs,  
 A brave and patriotic band,  
 Mark where Ierne's *Voluntaires*,  
 Array'd in bright disorder stand.  
 The Lawyer's corps, red fac'd with black,  
 Here drive the martial merchants back ;  
 Here Sligo's bold brigade advance,  
 There Lim'rick legions sound their drum ;  
 Here Gallway's gallant squadrons prance,  
 And Cork Invincibles are overcome !

\* Ancient Irish name given to St. Patrick.

The Union firm of Coleraine,  
 Are scatter'd o'er the warlike plain,  
 While Tipperary infantry pursues  
 The Clognikelty horse, and Ballyshannon blues.  
 Full fifty thousand men we shew  
 All in our Irish manufactures clad,  
 Whaling, manœuv'ring to and fro,  
 And marching up and down like mad.  
 In freedom's holy cause they bellow, rant, and rave,  
 And scorn themselves to know what they themselves  
 would have !  
 Ah ! should renowned Brunswick chuse,  
 (The warlike monarch loves reviews)  
 To see these heroes in our Phanix fight,  
 Once more, amidst a wond'ring crowd,  
 The enraptur'd prince might cry aloud,  
 " Oh ! Amherst what a hiv'nly fight \* !"  
 The loyal crowd with shouts should rind the skies,  
 To have their sov'reign make a speech so wise !

IV.

These were the bands, mid tempests foul,  
 Who taught their master, somewhat loth,  
 To grant (Lord love his lib'ral foul !)  
 Commerce and constitution both.

\* The celebrated speech of a Great Personage, on reviewing the camp at Cox-heath, in the year 1779, when a French invasion was apprehended ; the report of which animating apostrophe is supposed to have struck such terror into the breasts of our enemies, as to have been the true occasion of their relinquishing the design.



Now *pace* restor'd,  
 This gracious lord  
 Would *tache* them, as the scriptures say,  
 At *laiste*, that if  
 The Lord doth give,  
 The Lord doth likewise take away.  
 Fradom like this who *iver* saw?  
 We will, henceforth, for *iver* more,  
 Be after making *iv'*ry law,  
 Great Britain shall have made before \*

## V.

Hence, loath'd Monopoly,  
 Of Av'rice foul, and Navigation bred,  
 In the drear gloom,  
 Of British Custom-house Long-room,  
 'Mongst cockets, clearances, and bonds unholy,  
 Hide thy detested head.  
 But come; thou goddess, fair and free,  
 Hibernian reciprocity!  
 (Which *manes*, if right I take the plan;  
 Or *ilse* the traity devil burn!  
 To get from England all we can!  
 And give her nothing in return!)  
 Thee, JENKY, skill'd in courtly lore,  
 To the *swate* lip'd William bore,

\* Vide the Fourth Proposition.

He Chatham's son, (in George's reign  
 Such mixture was not held a stain)  
 Of garish day-light's eye afraid,  
 Through the postern-gate convey'd ;  
 In close and midnight cabinet,  
 Oft the secret lovers met.  
 Hasten thee, nymph, and quick bring o'er  
 Commerce, from Britannia's shore ;  
 Manufactures, arts, and skill,  
 Such as may our pockets fill.  
 And, with thy left hand, gain by stealth,  
 Half our sister's envied wealth,  
 Till our island shall become  
 Trade's complete *imporium*\*,  
 These joys, if reciprocity can give,  
 Goddess with thee henceforth let Paddy live !

## VI.

Next to great George be peerless Billy sung :—  
 Hark ! he *spakes* ! his mouth he opes !  
 Phrases, periods, figures, tropes,  
*Strame* from his mellifluous tongue—  
 Oh ! had he crown'd his humble suppliant's hopes,  
 And given him near his much lov'd Pitt,  
 Beyond the limits of the bar to sit,  
 How with his praises had St. Stephen's rung !  
 Though Pompey boast not all his patron's pow'rs,  
 Yet oft have kind Hibernia's Peers  
 To *rade* his *spaa*ches lent their ears ;  
 So in the Senate, had his tongue, for hours.

\* Vide Mr. Orde's Speech.

Foremost, amid the youthful yelping pack,  
That crow and cackle at the Premier's back,  
A flow of Irish rhetorick let loose,  
Beneath the *Chicken* scarce, and far above the *Goose*.

Nº. XVI.

I R R E G U L A R O D E .

By EDWARD LORD THURLOW,

Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

I.

DAMNATION feize ye all,  
Who puff, who thrum, who bawl and squall!  
Fir'd with ambitious hopes in vain,  
The wreath, that blooms for other brows, to gain;  
Is THURLOW yet so little known?—  
By G—d I swore, while GEORGE shall reign,  
The Seals, in spite of changes, to retain,  
Nor quit the Woolfack till he quits the Throne!  
And now, the Bays for life to wear,  
Once more, with mightier oaths, by G—d I swear!  
Bend my black brows that keep the Peers in awe,  
Shake my full-bottom wig, and give the nod of law.

## II.

What § tho' more sluggish than a toad,  
     Squat in the bottom of a well,  
 I too, my gracious Sov'reign's worth to tell,  
 Will rouse my torpid genius to an Ode !  
     The toad a jewel in his head contains—  
     Prove we the rich production of my brains!  
 Nor will I court, with humble plea,  
     Th' *Aonian* Maids to inspire my wit ;  
 One mortal girl is worth the *Nine* to me ;—  
     The prudes of *Pindus* I resign to *Pitt*.  
 His be the classic art, which I despise ;—  
 THURLOW on Nature, and himself, relies.

## III.

'Tis mine to keep the conscience of the King ;  
     To me, each secret of his heart is shown :  
 Who then, like me, shall hope to sing  
     Virtues, to all but me, unknown ?  
     Say who, like me, shall win belief  
     To tales of his paternal grief,  
     When civil rage with slaughter dy'd  
     The plains beyond th' Atlantic tide ?  
     Who can, like me, his joy attest,  
     Though little joy his looks confess,

§ This simile of myself I made the other day, coming out of Westminster Abbey. Lord *Uxbridge* heard it. I think, however, that I have improved it here, by the turn which follows.

When

When Peace, at *Conway's* call restor'd,  
 Bade kindred nations sheathe the sword?  
 How pleas'd he gave his people's wishes way,  
 And turn'd out *North*, when *North* refus'd to stay!  
 How in their sorrows sharing too, unseen,  
 For *Rockingham* he mourn'd, at *Windsor* with the Queen!

## IV.

His bounty, too, be mine to praise,  
 Myself th' example of my lays.  
 A *Teller* in reversion I;  
 And unimpair'd I vindicate my place,  
 The chosen subject of peculiar grace,  
 Hallow'd from hands of *Burke's* œconomy:  
 For \* so his royal word my Sovereign gave;  
 And sacred here I found that word alone,  
 When not his Grandfire's *Patent*, and his own,  
 To *Cardiff*, and to *Sondes*, their posts could save.  
 Nor should this chastity be here unfung,  
 That chastity, above his glory dear;

\* I cannot here with-hold my particular acknowledgments to my virtuous young friend, Mr. Pitt, for the noble manner in which he contended, on the subject of my reversion, that the most religious observance must be paid to the *Royal promise*. As I am personally the more obliged to him, as in the case of the *Auditors of the Imprest* the other day, he did not think it necessary to shew any regard whatever to a *Royal Patent*.

But

\* But *Hervey* frowning, pulls my ear,  
Such praise, she swears, were satire from my tongue.

V.

Fir'd at her voice, I grow prophane,  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!  
To THURLOW's lyre more daring notes belong.  
Now tremble every rebel soul!  
While on the foes of GEORGE I roll  
The deep-ton'd execrations of my song.  
In vain my brother's piety, more meek,  
Would preach my kindling fury to repose;  
Like *Balaam's* ass, were he inspir'd to speak,  
'Twere vain! resolv'd I go to curse my Prince's foes:

VI.

"Begin! Begin!" fierce *Hervey* cries,  
See! the *Whigs*, how they rise!  
What petitions present!  
How teize and torment!  
D—mn their bloods, d—mn their hearts, d—mn their  
eyes.  
Behold yon sober band  
Each his notes in his hand;

\* I originally wrote this line,

But *Hervey* frowning, as she hears, &c.

It was altered as it now stands, by my d—mn'd Bishop of a brother, for the sake of an allusion to *Virgil*.

——— *Cynthius aurem*

*Vellit, et admonuit.*

The

The Witnesses they, whom I brow-beat in vain;  
Unconfus'd they remain.

Oh! d—mn their bloods again!

Give the curses due

To the factious crew!

Lo! *Wedge-wood* too waves his \* *Pitt-pots* on high!

Lo! he points, where the bottoms yet dry,

The *Visage immaculate* bear!

Be *Wedge-wood* d—mn'd, and double d—mn'd his ware.

D—mn *Fox* and d—mn *North*;

D—mn *Portland's* mild worth;

D—mn *Devon* the good,

Double d—mn all his name;

D—mn *Fitzwilliam's* blood,

Heir of *Rockingham's* fame;

D—m *Sheridan's* wit,

The terror of *Pitt*;

D—mn *Loughb'rough*, my plague—wou'd his *bagpipe*  
were split!

D—mn *Derby's* long scroll,

Fill'd with names to the brims:

D—mn his limbs, d—mn his foul,

D—mn his foul, d—mn his limbs!

\* I am told, that a scoundrel of a Potter, one Mr. *Wedge-wood*, is making 10,000 vile utensils, with a figure of Mr. Pitt in the bottom; round the head is to be a motto,

We will spit,

On Mr. *Pitt*,

And other such d—mn'd rhymes, suited to the uses of the different vessels.

With



With *Stormont's* curs'd din,  
Hark ! *Carlisle* chimes in ;  
D—mn *them* ; d—mn all the partners of their sin ;  
D—mn them, beyond what mortal tongue can tell ;  
Confound, sink, plunge them all to deepest, blackest  
Hell !

Nº. XVII.

IRREGULAR ODE FOR MÛSIC,

*By the Rev. DR. PRETTYMAN.*

*The Notes (except those wherein Latin is concerned) by*

JOHN ROBINSON, *Esq.*

RECITATIVE, *by Double Voices.*

\* HAIL to the LYAR ! whose all persuasive strain,  
 Wak'd by the master-touch of art,  
 And prompted by th' inventive brain,  
 † Winds its sly way into the easy heart.

S O L O.

\* Hail to the LYAR !] It was suggested to me, that my friend the Doctor, had here followed the example of Voltaire, in deviating from common orthography.—*Lyar*, instead of *Lyre*, he conceives to be a reading of peculiar elegance in the present instance, as it puts the reader in suspense between an inanimate and a living instrument. However, for my own part, I am rather of opinion, that this seeming mis-spelling arose from the Doctor's following the same well-known circumspection which he exercised in the case of Mr. Wedgwood, and declining to give his Ode *under his hand*; preferring to repeat it to Mr. Delpini's Amanuensis, who very probably may have committed that, and similar errors in orthography.

† Winds its sly way, &c.] A line taken in great part from Milton. The whole passage (which it may not be unpleasing to re-

S O L O.

\* Hark! do I hear the golden tone?—  
 Responsive now! and now alone!  
 Or does my fancy rove?  
 Reason-born Conviction, hence!—  
 † And frenzy-rapt be ev'ry sense,  
 With the *Untruth* I love.  
 Propitious Fiction aid the song;  
 Poet and Priest to thee belong.

S E M I - C H O R U S.

‡ By thee inspir'd, e'er yet the tongue was glib,  
 The cradled infant lisp'd the nurs'ry fib;

call to the recollection of the reader) has been closely imitated by my friend Prettyman, in a former work.

“ I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
 “ And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,  
 “ Baited with reasons not unplaussible,  
 “ *Wind me into the easy-bearded man,*  
 “ And hug him into snares.”

COMUS.

\* Golden tone, &c.] The epithet may seem at first more proper for the instrument, but it applies here with great propriety to the sound. In the strictest sense, what is golden sound but the sound of gold? and what could arise more naturally in the writer's mind upon the present occasion?

† Frenzy-rapt, &c.] *Auditis? An me ludit amabilis  
 Infania?—*

‡ By thee inspir'd, &c.] In the first manuscript:  
 “ While yet a cradled child, he conquer'd shame,  
 “ And lisp'd in fables, for the fables came.”

See P O P E.  
 Thy

Thy vot'ry in maturer youth,  
 Pleas'd, he renounc'd the name of Truth;  
 And often dar'd the specious to defy,  
 Proud of th' expansive, bold, uncover'd lie.

A I R.

Propitious FICTION, hear!  
 And smile, as erst thy father smil'd  
 Upon his first-born child,  
 Thy sister dear;  
 When the nether shades among,  
 \* Sin from his forehead sprung.

FULL CHORUS.

Grand deluder! arch-impostor!  
 Countervailing *Orde* and *Foster*!  
 Renown'd Divine!  
 The palm is thine:  
 Be thy name or fung, or *bist*,  
 Alone it stands—CONSPICUOUS FABULIST!

\* Sin from his forehead sprung.]

“ A goddess armed

“ Out of thy head I sprung.”

See MILTON'S Birth of Sin.

RECITATIVE *for the celebrated Female Singer from  
Manchester. Symphony of Flutes—pianissimo.*

Now in cotton robe array'd,  
Poor manufacture, tax-lamenting maid,  
Thy story heard by her devoted wheel,  
Each busy-founding spindle hush'd—

FUGUE.

Now, dreading Irish rape,  
Quick shifting voice and shape—

DEEP BASS, *from Birmingham.*

With visage hard, and furnace flush'd,  
And black-hair'd chest, and nerve of steel,  
The sex-chang'd lift'ner stood  
In furly penfive mood.

A I R, *accompanied with double Bassoons, &c.*

While the promise-maker spoke  
The anvil mis'd the wonted stroke ;  
In air suspended hammers hung,  
While *Pitt's* own frauds came mended from that tongue,

PART OF CHORUS REPEATED.

Renown'd Divine, &c.

A I R.

## A I R.

Sooth'd with the sound the Priest grew vain,  
 And all his tales told o'er again,  
     And added hundreds more ;  
 By turns to this, or that, or both,  
 He gave the sanction of an oath,  
     And then the whole forswore.  
 " Truth," he sung, " was toil and trouble,  
 " Honour but an empty bubble"—  
*Glo'ster's* aged—*London* dying—  
 Poor, too poor, is simple lying!  
 If the lawn be worth thy wearing,  
 Win, oh ! win it, by thy swearing !

## FULL CHORUS REPEATED.

Grand deluder ! arch-impostor, &c.\*

\* The quick transition of persons must have struck the reader in the first part of this Ode, and it will be observable throughout: Now Poet, now Muse, now Chorus; then Spinner, Blacksmith, &c. &c. The Doctor skips from point to point over Parnassus, with a nimbleness that no modern imitator of Pindar ever equalled.— Catch him, even under a momentary shape, who can. I was always an admirer of tergiversation, and (as my flatterers might say) no bad practitioner; but it remained for my friend to shew the sublimity to which the figure I am alluding to (I do not know the learned name of it) might be carried.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

PART

## P A R T II.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompanied.*

Enough the parents praise—see of Deceit,  
 The fairer progeny ascends!  
*Evasion*, nymph of agile feet,  
 With half-veil'd face;  
*Profession*, whispering accents sweet  
 And many a kindred *Fraud* attends;  
 Mutely dealing courtly wiles  
 Fav'ring nods, and hope-fraught smiles,  
 A fond, amusive, tutelary race,  
 That guard the home-pledg'd faith of Kings—  
 Or flitting, light, on paper wings;  
 Speed Eastern guile across this earthly ball,  
 And waft it back from *Windsor* to *Bengal*.  
 But chiefly thee I woo, of changeful eye,  
 In courts y'clept *Duplicity*!  
 Thy fond looks on mine imprinting,  
 Vulgar mortals call it squinting—  
 Baby, of Art and Int'rest bred,  
 Whom, stealing to the back-stairs head,  
 In fondling arms—with cautious tread,  
 \* Wrinkle-twinkle *Jenky* bore,  
 To the baize-lin'd closet door.

A I R.

\* Wrinkle-twinkle, &c.] It must have been already observed by the sagacious reader, that our author can coin an epithet

## A I R.

Sweet nymph, that liv'ft unseen  
 Within that lov'd recess—  
 Save when the Clofet Councils prefs,  
 And junto's speak the thing they mean ;  
 Tell me, ever busy power,  
 Where shall I trace thee in that vacant hour ?  
 Art thou content, in the sequefter'd grove,  
 To play with hearts and vows of love ?  
 Or emulous of prouder sway,  
 Dost thou to list'ning Senates take thy way ?  
 Thy presence let me still enjoy  
 With *Rose*, and the lie-loving boy.

as well as a fable. Wrinkles are as frequently produced by the motion of the part as by the advance of age. The head of the distinguished personage here described, though in the prime of its faculties, has had more exercise in every sense than any head in the world. Whether he means any allusion to the worship of the rising sun, and imitates the Persian priests, whose grand act of devotion is to turn round; or whether he merely thinks that the working of the head in circles will give analogous effect to the species of argument in which he excels, we must remain in the dark; but certain it is, that whenever he reasons in public, the *capital* and wonderful part of the frame I am alluding to, is continually revolving upon its axis; and his eyes, as if dazzled with rays that dart on him exclusively, twinkle in their orbs at the rate of sixty twinkles to one revolution. I trust I have given a rational account, and not far-fetched, both of the wrinkle and twinkle in this ingenious compound.

A I R.



A I R.

\* No rogue that goes  
Is like that *Rose*,  
Or scatters such deceit :  
Come to my breast—  
There ever rest  
Associate counterfeit !

P A R T III.

L O U D S Y M P H O N Y .

But lo ! what throngs of rival bards !  
More lofty themes ! more bright rewards !  
See Sal'fbury, a new Apollo fit !  
Pattern and arbiter of wit !  
The laureate wreath hangs graceful from his wand ;  
Begin ! he cries, and waves his whiter hand.  
'Tis *George's* natal day—  
Parnassian Pegasus away—

\* No rogue that goes, &c.] The candid reader will put no improper interpretation on the word rogue. Pretty rogue, dear rogue, &c. are terms of endearment to one sex ; pleasant rogue, witty rogue, apply as familiar compliments to the other : Indeed, *facetious rogue* is the common table appellation of this gentleman in Downing-street.

Grant me the more glorious steed  
 Of royal *Brunswick* breed \*—  
 I kneel, I kneel ;  
 And at his snowy heel,  
 Pindarick homage vow ;—  
 He neighs ; he bounds ; I mount, I fly—  
 The air-drawn crozier in my eye,  
 The visionary mitre on my brow—  
 Spirit of hierarchy exalt thy rhyme,  
 And dedicate to George the lie sublime.

A I R *for a Bishop.*

† Hither, brethren, incense bring,  
 To the mitre-giving king ;  
 Praise him for his first donations ;  
 Praise him for his blest translations,  
 Benefices, dispensations. }

\* It will be observed by the attentive reader, that the thought of mounting the Hanoverian Horse, as a Pegasus, has been employed by Mr. Dundas, in his Ode preserved in this collection. It is true, the Doctor has taken the reins out of his hands, as it was time somebody should do. But I hereby forewarn the vulgar Critic, from the poor joke of making the Doctor a horse-stealer.

† Hither, brethren, &c.] When this Ode is performed in Westminster Abbey (as doubtless it will be) this Air is designed for the Reverend, or rather the Right Reverend Author. The numerous bench (for there will hardly be more than three absentees) who will begin to chaunt the subsequent chorus from their box at the right hand of his most sacred Majesty, will have fine effect both on the ear and eye.

By the powers of a crown ;  
 By the many made for one ;  
 By a monarch's awful distance,  
 Rights divine, and non-resistance,  
 Honor, triumph, glory give—  
 Praise him in his might !  
 Praise him in his height !  
 The mighty, mighty height of his prerogative !

RECITATIVE *by an Archbishop.*

Orchestras, of thousands strong,  
 With Zadoc's zeal each note prolong—  
     Prepare !  
     Prepare !  
*Bates* gives the animating nod—  
 Sudden they strike—unnumber'd strings  
 Vibrate to the best of Kings—  
 Eunuchs, Stentors, double bafes,  
 Lab'ring lungs, inflated faces,  
     Bellows working,  
     Elbows jerking,  
     Scraping, beating,  
     Roaring, Sweating.  
 Thro' the old Gothic roofs be the chorus rebounded,  
 'Till Echo is deafen'd, and thunder dumb-founded :  
 And now another pause—and now another nod  
 —All proclaim a present God !

\* *Bishops*

\* *Bishops and Lords of the Bedchamber.*  
 George submissive Britain sways;  
*Heavy* Hanover obeys.

Proud

\* Lords of the Bed-chamber, &c.] Candour obliges us to confess; that this designation of the performers, and in truth the following stanza, did not stand in the original copy, delivered into the Lord Chamberlain's Office. Indeed, Signor Delpini had his doubts as to the legality of admitting it, notwithstanding Mr. Rose's testimony, that it was actually and *bona fide* composed with the rest of the Ode, and had only accidentally fallen into the same drawer of Mr. Pitt's bureau in which he had lately mislaid Mr. Gibbins's note. Mr. Banks's testimony was also solicited to the same effect; but he had left off vouching for the present session. Mr. Pepper Arden, indeed, with the most intrepid liberality, engaged to find authority for it in the statutes at large: on which Signor Delpini, with his usual terseness of repartee, instantly exclaimed, Ha! ha! ha! However, the difficulty was at length obviated by an observation of the noble Lord who presided, that in the case of the King versus Atkinson, the House of Lords had established the right of judges to amend a record, as Mr. Quarme had informed his Lordship immediately after his having voted for that decision.

*Here end Mr. Robinson's notes.*

" A present God,  
 " Heavy Hanover,  
 " Abject Commons," &c.

The imitation will be obvious to the classical reader.

——Præfens divus habebitur  
 Augustus, *abjectis* Britannis,  
 Imperio, *gravibusque* Persis.

HOR.

All the editors of Horace have hitherto read *adjectis* Britannis. Our author, as found a critic as a divine, *suo periculo*, makes the alteration of a single letter, and thereby gives a new and peculiar force to the application of the passage.—N. B. *Abject*, in the author's understanding of the word, means that precise degree of

Proud Ierne's volunteers,  
 Abject Commons, prostrate Peers—  
 All proclaim a present God—  
 (On the necks of all he trod)  
 A present God!  
 A present God!

*Hallelujah!*

submission due from a free people to monarchy. It is further worthy remark, that Horace wrote the Ode alluded to, before Britain was subjected to absolute sway; and consequently the passage was meant as a prophetic compliment to Augustus. Those who do not think that Britain is yet sufficiently *abject*, will regard the imitation in the same light. We shall close this subject by observing, how much better GRAVIBUS applies in the imitation than in the original; and how well the untruth of Ierne's volunteers joining in the deification, exemplifies the dedicatory address of the *lie SUBLIME*.

N<sup>o</sup>. XVIII.

I R R E G U L A R O D E.

*By the* MARQUIS OF GRAHAM.

I.

HELP! help! I say, Apollo!  
 To you I call, to you I hollo;  
 My Muse would fain bring forth;—  
 God of Midwives come along,  
 Bring into light my little song,  
 See how its parent labours with the birth!  
 My brain! my brain!  
 What horrid pain!  
 Come, now prithee come, I say;  
 Nay, if you won't, then stay away—  
 Without thy help I've sung full many a lay.

}

II.

To lighter themes let other bards resort;  
 My verse shall tell the glories of the Court.  
 Behold the Pensioners, a martial band;  
 Dreadful, with rusty battle-ax in hand—  
 Quarterly and daily waiters,  
 A lustier troop, ye brave Beefeeders,

Sweepers,

Sweepers, Marshals, Wardrobe brushers,  
 Patrician, and Plebeian ushers ;  
 Ye too, who watch in inner rooms ;  
 Ye Lords, ye Gentlemen, and Grooms ;  
 Oh ! careful guard your royal Master's slumber,  
 Lest factious flies his sacred face incumber.  
 But ah ! how weak my song !  
 Crouds still on crouds impetuous rush along :  
 I see, I see, the motley group appear,  
 Thurlow in front, and Chandos in the rear ;  
 Each takes the path his various genius guides—  
 O'er Cabinets *this*, and *that* o'er Cooks presides !

III.

Hail ! too ye beds where, when his labour closes,  
 With ponderous limbs great CINCINNATUS doses !  
 Oh ! say what fate the Arcadian King betides  
 When playful Mab his wandering fancy guides,  
     Perhaps he views his HOWARD's wit  
     Make SHERIDAN submissive fit ;  
     Perhaps o'er foes he conquest reaps ;  
     Perhaps some ditch he dauntless leaps ;  
     Now shears his people, now his mutton ;  
     Now makes a Peer, and now a button,  
 Now mightier themes demand his care ;  
     HASTINGS for assistance flies ;  
 Bulfes glittering skim the air ;  
     Hands unstretch'd would grasp the prize,  
 But no diamond they find there ;  
     For awak'd, by amorous pat,  
 Good lack ! his gentle CHARLOTTE cries,  
     What would your Majesty be at ?

The

The endearing question kindles fierce desire,  
 And all the monarch owns the lover's fire ;  
 The pious King fulfils the heav'nly plan,  
 And little annual BRUNSWICKS speak the mighty man !

IV.

At Pimlico an ancient structure stands,  
 Where Sheffield erst, but Brunswick now commands ;  
 Crown'd with a weathercock that points at will,  
 To every part but Constitution-hill—

Hence Brunswick, peeping at the windows,  
 Each star-light night,  
 Looks with delight,  
 And sees unseen,  
 And tells the Queen,

What each who passes out or in, does.

Hence too, when eas'd of Faction's dread,  
 With joy surveys,  
 The cattle graze,

At half a crown a head—

Views the canal's transparent flood,

Now fill'd with water, now with mud :

Where various seasons, various charms create,  
 Dogs in the summer swim, and boys in winter skait.

V.

Oh! for the pencil of a Claud Lorain,

Apelles, Austin, Sayer, or Luke the Saint—

What glowing scenes ;—but ah! the grant were vain,

I know not how to paint—

Hail! Royal Park! what various charms are thine—

Thy patent lamps pale Cynthia's rays outshine—

Thy



Thy limes and elms with grace majestic grow,  
     All in a row ;  
 Thy Mall's smooth walk, and sacred road beside,  
 Where Treasury Lords by Royal Mandate ride.  
     Hark ! the merry fife and drum ;  
     Hark ! of beaus the busy hum ;  
 While in the gloom of evening shade,  
 Gay wood-nymphs ply their wanton trade ;  
 Ah ! nymphs too kind, each vain pursuit give o'er—  
 If Death should call—you then can walk no more !  
     See the children rang'd on benches ;  
     See the pretty nursery wenches ;  
     The cows, secured by halters, stand  
     Courting the ruddy milk-maid's hand.  
 Ill-fated cows, when all your milk they've ta'en,  
 At Smithfield fold, you'll fatten'd be, and slain.—

VI.

Muse, raise thine eyes and quick behold,  
 The Treasury-office fill'd with gold ;  
 Where Eliot, Pitt, and I, each day  
 The tedious moments pass away,  
 In business now, and now in play —  
 The gay Horse-guards, whose clock of mighty fame,  
 Directs the dinner of each careful dame ;  
 Where soldiers with red coats equipp'd,  
 Are sometimes march'd, and sometimes whipp'd.  
     Let them not doubt——  
 'Twas heav'ns eternal plan  
 That perfect bliss should ne'er be known to man.  
 Thus Ministers, are in,—are out,  
     Turn and turn about.—

Even

Even Pitt himself may lose his place,  
 Or thou, Delpini, sovereign of grimace,  
 Thou, too, by some false step, may'st meet disgrace. }

VII.

Ye feather'd choristers your voices tune,  
 'Tis now, or near the fourth of June ;  
 All nature smiles—the day of Brunswick's birth  
 Destroy'd the iron-age, and made an heav'n on earth.  
 Men and beasts his name repeating,  
 Courtiers talking, calves a bleating ;  
     Horses neighing,  
     Asses braying,  
 Sheep, hogs, and geese, with tuneful voices sing,  
     All praise their King,  
 George the Third, the Great, the Good.  
     France and Spain his anger rue ;  
     Americans, he conquer'd you,  
 Or would have done it if he cou'd.  
     And 'midst the general loyal note,  
     Shall not his *gossling* tune his throat ;  
     Then let me join the jocund band,  
     Crown'd with laurel let me stand ;  
 My grateful voice shall their's as far exceed,  
 As the two leg'd excels the base four-footed breed.

N<sup>o</sup>. XIX.

L E T T E R

FROM THE

RT. HON. LORD VISCOUNT MOUNTMORRES,

TO THE EARL OF SALISBURY.

MY LORD,

BIENG informed from undoubted authority, that the learned *Pierot*, whom your Lordship has thought proper to nominate to the dignity of your Affeffor, knows no language but his own, it feemed to me probable he might not underftand *Iriſh*.—Now as I recollect my laſt Ode to have proceeded on the orthography of that kingdom, I thought his entire ignorance of the tongue might perhaps be ſome hindrance to his judgment, upon its merit. On account of this unhappy ignorance, therefore, on the part of the worthy *Buffo*, of any language but *Italian*, I have taken the liberty to preſent your Lordſhip and him with a ſecond Ode, written in *Engliſh*; which I hope  
he

he will find no difficulty in understanding, and which certainly has the better chance of being perfectly correct in the true English idiom, as it has been very carefully revised and altered by my worthy friend, Mr. *Henry Dundas*.

I have the honour to be,  
My Lord,  
Your Lordships devoted servant,  
MOUNTMORRES.

O D E,

By the RT. HON. HARVEY REDMOND MORRES,  
LORD VISCOUNT MOUNTMORRES,  
Of the Kingdom of Ireland, &c.

I.

YE gentle Nymphs who rule the Song,  
Who stray *Theſſalian* groves among,  
With forms ſo bright and airy ;  
Whether you pierce *Pierian* ſhades,  
Or, leſs refin'd, adorn the glades,  
And wanton with the luſty blades  
Of fruitful *Tipperary* ;  
Whether you ſip *Aonias*' wave,  
Or in thy ſream, fair *Liffy*, lave ;  
Whether you taſte ambroſial food,  
Or think *potatoes* quite as good,  
Oh, liſten to an *Iriſh* Peer,  
Who has woo'd your ſex for many a year.

}

II.

*Gold!*—thou bright benignant pow'r!  
Parent of the jocund hour,  
Say, how my breaſt has heav'd with many a ſtorm,  
When thee I worſhipp'd in a *female* form !  
Thou, whoſe high and potent ſkill,  
Turns things and perſons at thy will!

Thou,

Thou, whose omnipotent decree,  
 Mighty as Fate's eternal rule,  
 Can make a wise man of a fool,  
 And grace e'en loath'd Deformity.  
 Can straitness give to her that's crook'd,  
 And Grecian grace to nose that's hook'd;  
 Can smooth the mount on *Laura's* back,  
 And wit supply to those that lack :  
 Say, and take pity on my woes,  
 Record my throbs, recount my throes ;  
     How oft I figh'd,  
     How oft I dy'd :  
     How oft difmiss'd,  
     How seldom kifs'd ;  
 How oft fair *Phyllida*, when thee I woo'd,  
 With cautious foresight all thy charms I view'd,  
     O'er many a sod,  
     How oft I trod,  
     To count thy acres o'er ;  
     Or spent my time,  
     For marle or lime,  
     With anxious zeal to bore \* !

\* When Lord Mountmorres went down into the country, some years ago, to pay his addressees to a lady of large fortune, whose name we forbear to mention, his Lordship took up his abode for several days in a small public-house in the neighbourhood of her residence, and employed his time in making all proper enquiries, and prudent observation upon the nature, extent, and value of her property :—he was seen measuring the trees with his eye, and was at last found in the act of boring for marle; when being roughly interrogated by one of the lady's servants, to avoid chastisement he confessed his name, and delivered his amorous credentials. The amour terminated as ten thousand others of the noble Lord's have done !

How

How *Cupid* then all great and powerful fate,  
 Perch'd on the vantage of a rich estate ;  
 When, for his darts, he us'd fair spreading trees,  
 Ah ! *who* cou'd fail that shot with shafts like these !

III.

Oh, sad example of capricious Fate !  
 Sue *Irishmen* in vain ?—  
 Does *Pompey's* self, the proud, the great,  
 Fail e'en a maid to gain ?  
 What boots my form so tall and slim,  
 My legs so stout—my beard so grim ?  
 Why have I *Alexander's* bend ?  
 Emblem of conquest never gain'd !  
 A nose so long—a back so strait—  
 A chairman's mien—a chairman's gait ?  
 Why wasted ink to make orations ?  
 Design'd to teach unlist'ning nations !  
 Why have I view'd th' ideal clock †,  
 Or mourn'd the visionary hour ?  
 Griev'd to behold with well-bred shock,  
 The fancy'd pointer verge to four ?

† An allusion is here made to a speech published by the noble Lord, which, as the title-page imports, was intended to have been spoken; in which his Lordship, towards the conclusion, gravely remarks:—  
 “ Having, Sir, so long encroached upon the patience of the House, and  
 “ observing by the clock that the hour has become so excessively late,  
 “ nothing remains for me but to return my sincere thanks to you, Sir,  
 “ and the other gentlemen of this House, for the particular civility,  
 “ and extreme attention, with which I have been heard :—the interest-  
 “ ing nature of the occasion has betrayed me into a much greater length  
 “ than I had any idea originally of running into; and if the casual  
 “ warmth of the moment has led me into the least personal indelicacy  
 “ towards any man alive, I am very ready to beg pardon of him and  
 “ this House, Sir, for having so done.”

Then

Then, with a bow, proceed to beg,  
 A general pardon on my leg—  
 “ Lament that to an hour so late,”  
 “ ’Twas mine to urge the grave debate,”  
 “ Or mourn the rest, untimely broken !”  
 All this to say—all this to do,  
 In form so native, neat, and new,  
 In speech *intended* to be spoken !—  
 But fruitless all, for neither here or there,  
 My *leg* has yet obtain’d me *place*, or *fair* !

IV.

*Pompeys* there are of every shape and size :  
 Some are the Great y-clep’d, and some the Little ;  
 Some with their deeds that fill the wond’ring skies,  
 And some on ladies’ laps that eat their vittles !  
 ’Tis *Morres*’ boast—’tis *Morres*’ pride,  
 To be to both ally’d !—  
 That of all various *Pompeys*, he  
 Forms one complete *epitome* !  
 Prepar’d alike fierce Faction’s host to fight,  
 Or, thankful, stoop *official crumbs* to bite—  
 No equal to himself on earth to own ;  
 Or watch, with anxious eye, on *Treasury-bone* !  
 As Rome’s fam’d chief, imperious, stiff, and proud ;  
 Fawning as curs, when supplicating food !  
 In him their several virtues all reside,  
 The peerless Puppy, and of Peers the pride !

V.

Say, Critic *Buffo*, will not powers like these,  
 E’en thy refin’d fastidious judgment please ?

A common



A common *butt* to all mankind,  
 'Tis my hard lot to be ;  
 O let me then some justice find,  
 And give the BUTT to me !  
 Then dearest DE'L,  
 Thy praise I'll tell,  
 And with *unprostituted* pen,  
 In *Warton's* pure and modest strain,  
 Unwarp'd by Hope—unmov'd by Gain,  
 I'll call thee “ best of husbands,” and “ most chaste of  
 men !”

Then from my pristine labours I'll relax :

*Then will I lay the Tree unto the § Ax !*

Of all my former grief—

Resign the bus'ness of the anxious chace,

And for past failures, and for past disgrace,

Here find a snug relief !

The vain pursuit of female game give o'er,

And, hound of *Fortune*, scour the town no more !

§ This line is literally transcribed from a speech of Lord *Mountmorres's*, when Candidate some years ago for the Representation of the City of Westminster.

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Nº. XX.

I R R E G U L A R O D E,

F O R T H E

K I N G ' s B I R T H - D A Y .

*By* S I R G E O R G E H O W A R D , K . B .

C H O R U S .

Re mi fa sol,  
Tol de rol lol.

I.

MY Muse, for George prepare the splendid song!  
Oh may it float on Schwellenburgen's voice!  
Let Maids of Honour sing it all day long,  
That Hoggaden's fair ears may hear it, and rejoice.

II.

What subject first shall claim thy courtly strains?  
Wilt thou begin from Windfor's sacred brow,  
Where erst, with pride and pow'r elate,  
The Tudors fate in fullen state,  
While Rebel Freedom, forced at length to bow,  
Retir'd reluctant from her fav'rite plains?

N

Ah!

Ah! while in each insulting tower you trace  
 The features of that tyrant race,  
 How wilt thou joy to view the alter'd scene!  
 The Giant Castle quits his threat'ning mien;  
 The levell'd ditch no more its jaws discloses,  
 But o'er its mouth, to feast our eyes and noses,  
 Brunswick hath planted pinks and roses;  
 Hath spread smooth gravel walks, and a small bowling  
 green!

III.

Mighty Sov'reign! Mighty Master!  
 George is content with lath and plaister!  
 At his own palace-gate  
 In a poor porter's lodge, by Chambers plann'd,  
 See him, with Jenky, hand in hand,  
 In serious mood,  
 Talking! talking! talking! talking!  
 Talking of affairs of State,  
 All for his country's good!  
 Oh! Europe's pride! Britannia's hope!  
 To view his turnips and potatoes,  
 Down his fair Kitchen-garden's slope  
 The victor monarch walks like Cincinnatus,  
 See, heavenly Muse! I vow to God  
 'Twas thus the laurel'd hero trod—  
 Sweet rural joys! delights without compare!  
 Pleasure shines in his eyes,  
 While George with surprize,  
 Sees his cabbages rise,  
 And his 'sparagus wave in the air!

But

IV.

But hark! I hear the found of coaches,  
 The Levee's hour approaches—  
 Haste, ye Postillions! o'er the turnpike road;  
 Back to St. James's bear your royal load!  
 'Tis done—his smoaking wheels scarce touch'd the  
 ground—

By the Old Magpye and the New,  
 By Colnbrook, Hounslow, Brentford, Kew,  
 Half choak'd with dust the monarch flew,  
 And now, behold, he's landed safe and found—  
 Hail to the blest who tread this hallow'd ground!

Ye firm, invincible beefeaters,  
 Warriors, who love their fellow-creatures,  
 I hail your military features!  
 Ye gentle Maids of Honour, in stiff hoops,  
 Buried alive up to your necks,  
 Who, chaste as Phoenixes in coops,  
 Know not the danger that await your sex!  
 Ye Lords empow'rd by fortune or desert,  
 Each in his turn to change your Sovereign's shirt!  
 Ye Country Gentlemen, ye City May'rs,  
 Ye Pages of the King's back stairs,  
 Who in these precincts joy to wait—  
 Ye courtly wands, so white and small,  
 And you, great pillars of the State,  
 Who at Stephen's slumber, or debate,  
 Hail to you all!!!

C H O R U S .

Hail to you all!!!

V.

Now, heavenly Muse, thy choicest song prepare :  
 Let loftier strains the glorious subject suit :  
 Lo! hand in hand advance th' enamour'd pair,  
 This Chatham's son, and that the drudge of Bute ;  
 Proud of their mutual love,  
 Like Nisus and Euryalus they move,  
 To Glory's steepest heights together tend,  
 Each careless for himself, each anxious for his friend!  
 Hail! associate Politicians!  
 Hail! sublime Arithmeticians!  
 Hail! vast exhaustless source of Irish Propositions!  
 Sooner our gracious King  
 From heel to heel shall cease to swing;  
 Sooner that brilliant eye shall leave its socket;  
 Sooner that hand desert the breeches pocket,  
 Than constant George consent his friends to quit,  
 And break his plighted faith to Jenkinson and Pitt!

C H O R U S.

Hail! most prudent Politicians!  
 Hail! correct Arithmeticians!  
 Hail! vast exhaustless source of Irish Propositions!

VI.

Oh! deep unfathomable Pitt!  
 To thee Ierne owes her happiest days!  
 Wait a bit,  
 And all her sons shall loudly sing thy praise!  
 Ierne, happy, happy Maid!  
 Mistress of the Poplin trade!

Old

Old Europa's fav'rite daughter,  
Whom first, emerging from the water,  
In days of yore,  
Europa bore,  
To the celestial Bull!  
Behold thy vows are heard, behold thy joys are full!  
Thy fav'rite Resolutions greet,  
They're not much chang'd, there's no deceit;  
Pray be convinc'd, they're still the true ones,  
Though sprung from thy prolific head,  
Each Resolution hath begotten new ones,  
All like their fires, all Irish born and bred!  
Then haste, Ierne, haste to sing,  
God save great George! God save the King!  
May thy sons' sons to him their voices tune,  
And each revolving year bring back the fourth of June!

N<sup>o</sup>. XXI.

## A D D R E S S.

AGREEABLY to the request of the Right Reverend Author, the following Ode is admitted into this collection; and I think it but justice to declare, that I have diligently scanned it on my fingers; and, after repeated trials, to the best of my knowledge, believe the Metre to be of the Iambic kind, containing three, four, five, and six feet in one line, with the occasional addition of the hypercatalectic syllable at stated periods. I am therefore of opinion, that the composition is certainly verse; though I would not wish to pronounce too confidently. For further information I shall print his Grace's letter

To SIR JOHN HAWKINS, BART.

SIR JOHN,

AS I understand you are publishing an authentic Edition of the Probationary Odes, I call upon you to do me the justice of inserting

ing the enclosed. It was rejected on the Scrutiny by Signor Delpini, for reasons which must have been suggested by the malevolence of some rival. The reasons were, 1st, That the Ode was nothing but prose, written in an odd manner; and, 2dly, That the metre, if there be any, as well as many of the thoughts, are stolen from a little Poem, in a Collection called the UNION. To a man, blest with an ear so delicate as your's, Sir John, I think it unnecessary to say any thing on the first charge; and as to the second, (would you believe it?) the Poem from which I am accused of stealing, is my own! Surely an Author has a right to make free with his own ideas, especially when, if they were ever known, they have long since been forgotten by his readers. You are not to learn, Sir John, that *de non apparentibus & non existentibus eadem est ratio*: and nothing but the active spirit of literary jealousy, could have dragged forth my former Ode from the obscurity, in which it has long slept, to the disgrace of all good taste in the present age. However, that you and the public may see, how little I have really taken, and how much I have opened the thoughts, and improved the language of  
that



that little, I send you *my Imitations of myself*, as well as some few explanatory Notes, necessary to elucidate my classical and historical allusions.

I am, SIR JOHN,

With every wish for your success,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM YORK.

P I N D A R I C O D E,

By DR. W. MARKHAM,

Lord Archbishop of York, Primate of England, and  
Lord High Almoner to his Majesty, formerly Preceptor  
to the Princes, Head Master of Westminster School,  
&c. &c. &c.

S T R O P H E I.

THE priestly mind what virtue so approves,  
And testifies the pure prelatie spirit,  
As loyal gratitude?  
More to my King, than to my God, I owe;  
God and my father made me man,  
Yet not without my mother's added aid;  
But GEORGE, without, or God, or man,  
With grace endow'd, and hallow'd me Archbishop,

A N T I S T R O P H E I,

In Trojan PRIAM's court a laurel grew;  
So VIRGIL sings. But I will sing the laurel,

IMITATIONS OF MYSELF,

*Strophe I.*

This goodly frame what virtue so approves,  
And testifies the pure æthereal spirit,  
As mild benevolence?

*My Ode to Arthur Onslow, Esq.*

Q

Which

Which at St. JAMES'S blooms.

O may I bind my brows from that blest tree,  
 Not flourishing in native green,  
 Refresh'd with dews from AGANIPPE'S spring;  
 But, \* like the precious plant of DIS,  
 Glitt'ring with gold, with royal sack irriguous,

E P O D E I.

So shall my aukward gratitude,  
 With fond presumption to the Laureat's duty  
 Attune my rugged numbers blank.  
 Little I reck the meed of such a song;  
 Yet will I stretch aloof,  
 And tell of Tory principles,  
 The right Divine of Kings;  
 And Power Supreme, that brooks not bold contention;  
 Till all the zeal monarchical  
 That fired the Preacher, in the Bard shall blaze,  
 And what my Sermons were, my Odes once more  
 shall be.

\* See Virgil's *Æneid*, b. vi.

IMITATIONS OF MYSELF,

*Epode I.*

How shall my aukward gratitude,  
 And the presumption of untutor'd duty  
 Attune thy numbers all too rude?  
 Little he recks the meed of such a song;  
 Yet will I stretch aloof, &c.

*Ibid.*

STROPHE

S T R O P H E II.

\* Good PRICE, to Kings and me a foe no more,  
By LANSDOWN won, shall pay with friendly censure  
His past hostility.

Nor shall not He assist, my pupil once,  
Of stature small, but doughty tongue,  
Bold ABINGDON, whose rhetoric unrestrain'd,  
Rushes, more lyrically wild,

† Than GREENE's mad lays, when he out-pindar'd  
PINDAR.

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

With him too EFFINGHAM his aid shall join,  
‡ Who, erst by GORDON led, with bonfires usher'd  
His Sov'reign's natal month.

Secure in such allies, to princely themes,  
To HENRYS and to EDWARD's young,

E's

\* During the Administration of Lord SHELBURNE, I was told by a friend of mine, that Dr. PRICE took occasion in his presence, to declare the most lively abhorrence of the damnable heresies, which he had formerly advanced against the *Jure divino* doctrines, contained in some of my Sermons.

† See a translation of PINDAR, by EDWARD BURNABY GREENE.

‡ This alludes wholly to a private anecdote, and in no degree to certain malicious reports of the noble Earl's conduct during the riots of June, 1780.

IMITATIONS OF MYSELF.

*Antistrophe II.*

To HENRYS and to EDWARDS old,  
Dread names, I'll meditate the faithful song, &c.

*Ibid.*

Dear

Dear names, I'll meditate the faithful song ;  
 How oft beneath my birch fevere,  
 Like EFFINGHAM and ABINGDON, they tingled :

## E P O D E II.

Or to the YOUTH IMMACULATE  
 Ascending thence, I'll sing the strain celestial,  
 By PITT, to bless our isle restor'd.  
*Trim* plenty, *not luxuriant* as of old,  
 Peace, laurel-crown'd no more ;  
 \* Justice, that smites by scores, unmov'd ;  
 And Her, of verdant locks,  
 Commerce, like Harlequin, in motely vesture,  
 † Whose magic sword with sudden sleight,  
 Wav'd o'er the HIBERNIAN treaty, turns to bonds,  
 The dreams of airy wealth, that play'd round PATRICK'S  
 † eyes.

\* The present Ministry have twice gratified the public, with the awfully sublime spectacle of twenty hanged at one time.

† These three lines, I must confess, have been interpolated since the introduction of the fourth Proposition in the new *Irish* Resolutions. They arose, however, quite naturally out of my preceding personification of Commerce.

‡ I have taken the liberty of employing *Patrick* in the same sense as *Paddy*, to personify the people of *Ireland*. The latter name was too colloquial for the dignity of my blank verse.

## IMITATIONS OF MYSELF.

*Epode II.*

Justice with steady brow,  
*Trim* plenty, *Laureat* peace, and *green-hair'd* commerce,  
 In flowing robe of *thousand bues*, &c.

On this imitation of myself, I cannot help remarking, how happily I have now applied some of these epithets, which, it must be confessed, had not half the propriety before.

STROPHE

S T R O P H E III.

But lo! yon bark, that rich with India spoils,  
 O'er the wide-swelling ocean rides triumphant,  
     Oh! to BRITANNIA'S shore  
 In safety waft, ye winds, the precious freight!  
     'Tis HASTINGS; of the prostrate EAST  
 Despotic arbiter; whose \* bounty gave  
     My MARKHAM'S delegated rule  
 To riot in the plunder of BENARES.

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

How yet affrighted GANGES, oft distain'd  
 With GENTOO carnage, quakes thro' all his branches!  
     Soon may I greet the morn,  
 When, HASTINGS screen'd, DUNDAS and GEORGE'S  
     name

\* One of the many frivolous charges brought against Mr. Hastings by factious men, is the removal of a Mr. FOWKE, contrary to the orders of the Directors, that he might make room for his own appointment of my son to the Residency of BENARES. I have ever thought it my duty to support the late Governor-General, both at Leadenhall and in the House of Peers, against all such vexatious accusations.

IMITATIONS OF MYSELF.

*Strophe III.*

Or trace her navy, where in towering pride  
 O'er the wide-swelling waste it rolls avengeful.

*Ibid.*

Thro'

Thro' BISHOPTHORP'S \* glad roofs shall found,  
 Familiar in domestic merriment;  
 Or in thy chosen PLACE, ST. JAMES,  
 Be carol'd loud amid th' applauding IMHOFFS!

## E P O D E III.

When Wealthy Innocence, pursued  
 By Factious Envy, courts a Monarch's succour,  
 Mean gifts of vulgar cost, alike  
 Dishonour him, who gives, and him, who takes.  
 Not thus shall HASTINGS fav'd,  
 Thee, BRUNSWICK, and himself disgrace.

\* As many of my Competitors have complained of Signor Del-  
 pini's ignorance, I cannot help remarking here, that he did not  
 know *Bishopthorp* to be the name of my palace, in Yorkshire; he did  
 not know Mr. Hastings's house to be in St. James's-place; he did  
 not know Mrs. Hastings to have two sons by Mynheer *Imhoff*, her  
 former husband, still living. And what is more shameful than all  
 in a Critical Assessor, he had never heard of the poetical figure, by  
 which I elegantly say, *thy place, St. James's*, instead of *St. James's-*  
*place*.

## IMITATIONS OF MYSELF.

*Antistrophe* III.

How headlong Rhone and Ebro, erst distain'd  
 With Moorish carnage, quakes thro' all her branches!  
 Soon shall I greet the morn,  
 When, Europe saved, BRITAIN and GEORGE'S name  
 Shall found o'er FLANDRIA'S level field,  
 Familiar in domestic merriment;  
 Or by the jolly mariner  
 Be carol'd loud adown the echoing Danube.

*Ibid.*

O may

\* O may thy blooming Heir  
 In virtues equal, be like thee prolific!  
 Till a new race of little GUELPHS,  
 Beneath the rod of future MARKHAMS train'd,  
 Lisp on their Grandfire's knee his mitred Laureat's  
 lays.

\* Signor Delpini wanted to strike out all that follows, because truly it had no connection with the rest. The transition, like some others in this and my former Ode to Arthur Onslow, Esq. may be too fine for vulgar apprehensions, but it is therefore the more Pindaric.

IMITATIONS OF MYSELF.

*Epode III.*

O may your rising hope,  
 Well-principled in every virtue, bloom,  
 'Till a fresh-springing flock implore,  
 With infant hands, a Grandfire's powerful prayer,  
 Or round your honour'd couch their prattling sports pursue.

*Ibid.*



O D E,

By the REV. THOMAS WARTON, B. D.,

Fellow of Trinity College, in Oxford, late Professor of  
Poetry in that University, and now Poet Laureat to his  
Majesty.

AMID the thunder of the war,  
True Glory guides no echoing car ;  
Nor bids the sword her bays bequeath ;  
Nor stains with blood her brightest wreath :  
    No plumed host her tranquil triumphs own ;  
Nor spoils of murder'd multitudes she brings,  
To swell the state of her distinguish'd kings,  
    And deck her chosen throne.  
On that fair throne, to Britain dear,  
    With the flowering olive twin'd,  
High she hangs the hero's spear ;  
And there, with all the palms of peace combin'd,  
Her unpolluted hands the milder trophy rear,  
To kings like these, her genuine theme,  
    The Muse a blameless homage pays ;  
To GEORGE, of kings like these supreme,  
She wishes honour'd length of days,  
Nor prostitutes the tribute of her lays.

II.

'Tis his to bid neglected genius glow,  
 And teach the regal bounty how to flow ;  
 His tutelary sceptre's sway  
 The vindicated Arts obey,  
 And hail their patron King :  
 'Tis his, to Judgment's steady line  
 Their flights fantastic to confine,  
 And yet expand their wing :  
 The fleeting forms of Fashion to restrain,  
 And bind capricious Taste in Truth's eternal chain.  
 Sculpture, licentious now no more,  
 From Greece her great example takes,  
 With Nature's warmth the marble wakes,  
 And spurns the toys of modern lore ;  
 In native beauty, simply plann'd,  
 Corinth, thy tufted shafts ascend ;  
 The Graces guide the painter's hand,  
 His magic mimicry to blend.

III.

While such the gifts his reign bestows,  
 Amid the proud display,  
 Those gems around the throne he throws  
 That shed a softer ray :  
 While from the summits of sublime Renown  
 He wafts his favour's universal gale,  
 With those sweet flowers he binds a crown  
 That bloom in Virtue's humble vale.

With rich munificence, the nuptial tye,  
Unbroken, he combines :—  
Conspicuous in a nation's eye,  
The sacred pattern shines !  
Fair Science to reform, reward, and raise,  
To spread the lustre of domestic praise ;  
To foster Emulation's holy flame,  
To build Society's majestic frame :  
Mankind to polish and to teach,  
Be this the monarch's aim ;  
Above Ambition's giant-reach  
The monarch's meed to claim,

THE illustrious *Arbiters*, of whom we may with great truth describe the noble Earl as the very *alter-ipse* of *Mæcenas*, and the worthy *Pisrot*, as the most correct counterpart of *Petronius*, had carefully revised the whole of the preceding productions, and had indulged the defeated ambition of restless and aspiring Poetry, with a most impartial and elaborate *Scrutiny*, (the whole account of which, faithfully translated from the Italian of *Signor Delpini*, and the English of the *Earl of Salisbury*, will, in due time, be submitted to the inspection of the curious) were preparing to make a legal return, when an event happened that put a final period to their proceedings.—The following is a correct account of this interesting occurrence :

ON Sunday the 17th of the present month, to wit, July, Anno Domini,

1785, just as his Majesty was ascending the stairs of his gallery, to attend divine worship at WINDSOR, he was surprized by the appearance of a little, thick, squat, red-faced man, who in a very odd dress, and kneeling upon one knee, presented a piece of paper for the Royal acceptation. His Majesty, amazed at the sight of such a figure in such a place, had already given orders to one of the attendant beef-eaters to dismiss him from his presence, when by a certain hasty spasmodic mumbling, together with two or three prompt quotations from Virgil, the person was discovered to be no other than the Rev. Mr. *Thomas Warton* himself, dressed in the official vesture of his professorship, and the paper which he held in his hand being nothing else but a fair-written petition, designed for the inspection of his Majesty, our gracious Sovereign; made up for the seeming rudeness of the first reception, by a hearty embrace on recognition; and

and the contents of the petition being forthwith examined, were found to be pretty nearly as follows.—We omit the common-place compliments generally introduced in the exordia of these applications, as “relying upon your Majesty’s well-known clemency;” “convinced of your Royal regard for the real interest of your subjects;” “penetrated with the fullest conviction of your wisdom and justice,” &c. &c. which, though undoubtedly very true, when considered as addressed to George the Third, *might*, perhaps, as matters of mere form, be applied to a Sovereign, who neither had proved wisdom nor regard for his subjects in one act of his reign, and proceed to the substance and matter of the complaint itself. It sets forth, “That the Petitioner, Mr. *Thomas*, had been many years a maker of Poetry, as his friend Mr. *Sadler*, the pastry-cook, of Oxford, and some other creditable  
“witnesses

“ witnessés could well evince : that  
 “ many of his works of fancy, and more  
 “ particularly that one, which is known  
 “ by the name of his *Criticisms upon*  
 “ *Milton*, had been well received by the  
 “ learned ; that thus encouraged, he  
 “ had entered the list, together with  
 “ many other great and respectable can-  
 “ didates, for the honour of a succession  
 “ to the vacant *Laureatship* ; that a de-  
 “ cided return had been made in his fa-  
 “ vour by the officers best calculated to  
 “ judge, namely, the Right Hon. the Earl  
 “ of Salisbury, and the learned *Signor Del-*  
 “ *pini*, his Lordship’s worthy coadjutor ;  
 “ that the Signor’s delicacy, unhappily  
 “ for the Petitioner, like that of Mr.  
 “ *Corbett*, in the instance of the West-  
 “ minster election, had inclined him to  
 “ the grant of a SCRUTINY ; that in con-  
 “ sequence of the vexatious and pertina-  
 “ cious perseverance on the part of several  
 “ gentlemen in this illegal and oppres-  
 “ five

“ five measure, the Petitioner had been  
 “ severely injured in his spirits, his com-  
 “ forts, and his interest: that he had  
 “ been for many years engaged in a most  
 “ laborious and expensive undertaking,  
 “ in which he had been honoured with  
 “ the most liberal communications from  
 “ all the universities in Europe, to wit, a  
 “ splendid and most correct edition of the  
 “ *Poemata Minora*, of the immortal Mr.  
 “ *Stephen Duck*; that he was also under  
 “ positive articles of literary partnership  
 “ with his brother, the learned and well-  
 “ known Dr. *Joseph*, to supply two pages  
 “ per day in his new work, now in the  
 “ press, entitled his *Essay on the life and*  
 “ *writings* of Mr. THOMAS HICKA-  
 “ THRIFT; in both of which great un-  
 “ dertakings, the progress had been most  
 “ essentially interrupted by the great anx-  
 “ iety and distress of mind, under which  
 “ the Petitioner has for some time labour-  
 “ ed, on account of this inequitable scru-  
 “ tiny;



“ tiny ; that the Petitioner is bound by  
 “ his honour and his engagement to pre-  
 “ pare a new Ode for the birth-day of  
 “ her most gracious Majesty, which he  
 “ is very desirous of executing with as  
 “ much poetry, perspicuity, and origi-  
 “ nality, as are universally allowed to  
 “ have characterised his last effusion, in  
 “ honour of the Natal Anniversary of  
 “ his Royal Master’s sacred self ; that  
 “ there are but six months to come for  
 “ such a preparation, and that the Peti-  
 “ tioner has got no farther yet than  
 “ ‘ Hail Muse !’ in the first stanza, which  
 “ very much inclines him to fear he shall  
 “ not be able to finish the whole in the  
 “ short period above-mentioned, unless  
 “ his Majesty should be graciously pleased  
 “ to order some of his Lords of the Bed-  
 “ chamber to assist him, or should com-  
 “ mand a termination to the vexatious  
 “ enquiry now pending. In humble  
 “ hopes that these several considerations  
 “ would

“ would have their due influence with  
 “ his Majesty, the Petitioner concludes  
 “ with the usual prayer, and signed him-  
 “ self as underneath, &c. &c. &c.

THO. WARTON, B. D. &c. &c.”

Such was the influence of the above admirable appeal on the sympathetic feelings of Majesty, that the sermon, which we understand was founded upon the text, “ *Let him keep his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no untruth,*” and which was *not* preached by Dr. *Prettyman*, was entirely neglected, and a message instantly written, honoured by the Sign Manual, and directed to the office of the Right Hon. Lord *Sydney*, Secretary for the Home Department, enjoining an immediate redress for Mr. *Thomas*, and a total suspension of any further proceedings in a measure which (as the energy of Royal eloquence expressed it) was of such unexampled injustice, illegality and

Q

oppres-

oppression, as that of a *scrutiny after a fair poll, and a decided superiority of admitted suffrages*. This message, conveyed, as its solemnity well required, by no other Person than the Honourable young *Tommy* himself, Secretary to his amazing father, had its due influence with the Court; the Noble Lord broke his wand; Mr. *Delpini* executed a *chacone*, and tried at a *somerset*; he grinned a grim obedience to the mandate, and calling for pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following letter to the Printer of that favourite diurnal vehicle through whose medium these effusions had been heretofore submitted to the public:

“ *Monfieur,*

“ On vous requis, you are hereby com-  
 “ mandie not to pooblifh any more of de  
 “ *Ode Probationaire—mon cher ami, Mon-*  
 “ *fieur George le Roi*, fays it be ver bad to  
 “ vex *Monfieur le petit homme avec le*  
 “ grand paunch—*Monfieur Wharton*, any  
 “ more

“ more vid s̄crutinée ; je vous commande  
 “ derefore to finif—Que le Roi foit loué !  
 “ —God save de King ! mind vat I fay—  
 “ ou le grand George and le bon Dieu  
 “ damn votre ame & bodie, vos jambes,  
 “ & vos pies, for ever and ever—pour  
 “ jamais.

“ Signed,

“ D E L P I N I .”

Nothing now remained, but for the  
 Judges to make their return, which hav-  
 ing done in favour of Mr. *Thomas Warton*,  
 the original object of their preference,  
 whom they now pronounced duly elected,  
 the following Imperial Notice was pub-  
 lished in the succeeding Saturday's *Ga-  
 zette*, confirming the Nomination, and  
 giving legal Sanction to the Appoint-  
 ment.

## P R O C L A M A T I O N.

To all CHRISTIAN PEOPLE to whom  
these presents shall come, greeting,

KNOW YE, That by and with the  
advice, consent, concurrence, and appro-  
bation of our right trusty and well-be-  
loved counsils, James Cecil, Earl of Sa-  
lisbury, and Antonio Francisco Ignacio  
Delpini, Esq. Aur. and Pierot to the  
Theatre-royal, Hay-market, WE, for  
divers good causes and considerations us  
thereunto especially moving, have made,  
ordained, nominated, constituted, and ap-  
pointed, and by these presents do make,  
ordain, nominate, constitute, and appoint,  
the Rev. Thomas Warton, B. D. to be  
our true and only legal Laureat, Poet,  
and Poetaster; that is to say, to pen,  
write, compose, transpose, select, dictate,  
compile, indite, edite, invent, design,  
steal,

steal, put together, transcribe, frame, fabricate, manufacture, make, join, build, scrape, grub, collect, vamp, find, discover, catch, smuggle, pick up, beg, borrow, or buy, in the same manner and with the same privileges as have been usually practised, and heretofore enjoyed by every other Laureat, whether by our Sacred Self appointed, or by our Royal predecessors, who now dwell with their fathers: And for this purpose, to produce, deliver, chaunt, or sing, as in our wisdom aforesaid we shall judge proper, at the least three good and substantial Odes, in the best English or German verse, in every year, that is to say, one due and proper Ode on the Nativity of our blessed Self; one due and proper Ode on the Nativity of our dearest and best beloved Royal Consort, for the time being; and also one due and proper Ode on the day of the Nativity of every future Year, of which God grant We may see many.

And

And we do hereby most strictly command and enjoin, that no Scholar, Critic, Wit, Orthographer, or Scribbler, shall, by gibes, sneers, jests, judgments, quibbles, or criticisms, molest, interrupt, incommode, disturb, or confound the said Thomas Warton, or break the peace of his orderly, quiet, pains-taking and inoffensive Muse, in the said exercise of his said duty. And we do hereby will and direct, that if any of the person or persons aforesaid, notwithstanding our absolute and positive command, shall be found offending against this our Royal Proclamation, that he, she, or they being duly convicted, shall, for every such crime and misdemeanor, be punished in the manner and form following; to wit—For the first offence he shall be drawn on a sledge to the most conspicuous and notorious part of our ever faithful city of London, and shall then and there, with an audible voice, pronounce, read, and deliver three several  
 printed

printed speeches of our right, trusty, and approved MAJOR JOHN SCOTT.—For the second offence, that he be required to translate into good and lawful English one whole unspoken speech of our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, Lord Viscount MOUNTMORRES, of the kingdom of *Ireland*;—and for the third offence, that he be condemned to read one whole page of the Poems, Essays, or Criticisms of our said Laureat, Mr. Thomas Warton.—And whereas the said office of Laureat is a place of the last importance, inasmuch as the person holding it has confided to him the care of making the Royal virtues known to the world; and we being minded and desirous that the said T. Warton should execute and perform the duties of his said office with the utmost dignity and decorum, Now KNOW YE, That we have thought it meet to draw up a due and proper Table of Instructions, hereunto annexed, for  
the



the use of the said Thomas Warton, in his said poetical exercise and employment, which we do hereby most strictly will and enjoin the said Thomas Warton to abide by and follow, under pain of incurring our most high displeasure.

Given at our Court at St. James's, this 30th day of May, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five.

*Vivant Rex & Regina.*

TABLE

TABLE OF INSTRUCTIONS

F O R T H E

REV. THOMAS WARTON,

B. D. and P. L. &c. &c.

*Chamberlain's Office, May 30th, 1785.*

1st, THAT in fabricating the catalogue of Regal Virtues (in which task the Poet may much assist his invention by perusing the Odes of his several predecessors) you be particularly careful not to omit his Chastity, his Skill in Mechanics, and his Royal Talent of Child-getting.—

2dly, It is expected that you should be very liberally endowed with the gift of Prophecy; but be very careful not to predict any event but what may be perfectly acceptable to your Sovereign, such as the subjugation of America, the destruction of the Whigs, long-life, &c. &c.

R

3dly,

3dly, That you be always provided with a due assortment of true, good-looking, and legitimate words; and that you do take all necessary care not to apply them but on their proper occasions; as for example, not to talk of dove-eyed peace, nor the gentle olive, in time of war; nor of trumpets, drums, fifes, nor \* ECHOING CARS in time of peace—as for the sake of poetical conveniency, several of your predecessors have been known to do.

4thly, That as the Sovereign for the time being must always be the best, the greatest, and the wisest, that ever existed; so the year also for the time being must be the happiest, the mildest, the fairest, and the most prolific that ever occurred.—What reflections upon the year past you think proper.

\* It is evident from this expression, that these instructions had not been delivered to Mr. Warton at the time of his writing his last famous Ode on the Birth-day of his Majesty; a circumstance which makes that amazing Composition still more extraordinary.

5thly,

5thly, That Music being a much higher and diviner science than Poetry, your Ode must always be adapted to the Music, and not the Music to your Ode.—The omission of a line or two cannot be supposed to make any material difference either in the poetry or in the sense.

6thly, That as these sort of invitations have of late years been considered by the Muses as mere cards of compliment, and of course have been but rarely accepted, you must not waste more than twenty lines in invoking the Nine, nor repeat the word “Hail!” more than fifteen times at farthest.

7th, and finally, That it may not be amiss to be a little intelligible\*.

\* This is an additional proof that Mr. Warton had not received the Instructions at the time he composed his said Ode.

F I N I S.

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thentic Anecdotes, of the principal Flag Officers in  
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T H E  
ALBUM OF STREATHAM;  
O. R.,  
MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,  
HARRY AND BILLY; AN ECLOGUE:  
JEKYLL; AN ECLOGUE:  
THE BULSE; AN ODE:  
THE JOURNAL OF THE RIGHT HON.  
HENRY DUNDAS: AND,

THE ODE  
ON THE RESTORATION OF HIS MAJESTY,  
RECITED BY MRS. SIDDONS, AT BROOKES'S GALA,  
TUESDAY, THE 23<sup>D</sup> OF APRIL, 1789.

WRITTEN BY MR. MERRY.

---

Tune potes dulces, ingrata, relinquere nugas?  
Dic mihi, quid melius defidiosus ages? MARTIAL.

---

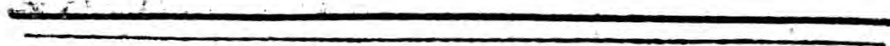
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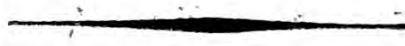


T H E

A L B U M:

O R,

MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.



**D**URING the late bustle---the most awful, we are assured from *undoubted* authority---that ever agitated these realms; when Ministers, with unheard-of sagacity, were employed in defeating the machinations of our foes, before they had existence, and overturning plans, of which no political microscope has yet discovered the *Embrio*,---Mr. *Steele's* hospitable Mansion at STREATHAM assumed a complexion not at all agreeing with the festivity of its owner. It was there, that, in defiance

B

of



of the *Proclamation*, each sabbath was spent in debate; it was from thence, that *dispatches* were *dispatched* without number, and without end, until Ministers had accomplished their own *wise* purposes, in a manner peculiar to themselves, and, to use an appropriate line of the late Dr. *Johnson*,

Had *killed* the yet *unanimated* young.

These important concerns, however, being at an end;---and *Gallic faith* being bound up to its propriety, in declarations and counter-declarations of the strongest parchment, it became necessary to seek an interval of relaxation.---Mr. *Dundas* was the first to propose a freer circulation of the bottle; but this proposition was strenuously opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on account of the danger of *nocturnal* travels; and as strongly by the Solicitor General, lest, by any unfortunate accident, he should be betrayed from his usual *consistency*. The Attorney General declared himself inclined to neither side; upon which Mr. *Martin* cast a shrewd glance on Mr. *Arden's nose*, and laughed very heartily. Mr. Alderman *Wilkes* reminded the company of the *decorous* example which it was necessary for them to set to his Majesty's subjects;---but Mr. *Beaufoy* terminated the contest, by rising to address the company in that graceful manner so peculiar

cular to himself. Having composed his countenance---moulded his *chapeau* into the size of a tennis-ball---and disposed of his legs in such a manner, that one might not run away from the other---after an exordium of only half an hour, he assured them, “ that he was *experimentally* convinced of the dangers of the measure proposed by the Treasurer of the Navy; and that nothing but a total abstinence from wine, could exempt that *body politic*---which the nation so deservedly held dear---from the morbid humours arising from its *deleterious* qualities.”

His Grace of *Richmond* next proposed, that the company should attend him into the meadow at the bottom of the garden, where, with their assistance, he offered to erect a model in clay, by which he would demonstrate, that, with his newly-invented redoubts, a garrison of 5000 men could defend themselves for a given time against a force superior, by as many hundreds.---It is impossible for us to say, how this proposal would have been received, as, in that instant, the Right Hon. Mr. *Cornwall* was observed to make a number of wry faces, occasioned, as he said, by a violent *cholic*. The blue room was instantly ordered to be aired, for the venerable invalid; and in order to bring a speedier lumber to his relief, Major *Scott* was directed to

attend him, and to read over his comments on the Preface to *Bellendenus*.

Mr. *Grenville* then mentioned the excessive fatigue which he had undergone in pursuing the *French Minister*---who was pursuing the *French King*---who was pursuing the cock pheasants round his hunting-feat. He therefore declared himself incapable of any violent exercise, and only proposed a game at *Cribbage*, to which Mr. *M. A. Taylor* having assented, they retired together to the little parlor for that purpose.

Col. *Barre*---being desirous that some mode of recreation should be adopted, in which it would be possible for him to participate, expressed his wish, that, being seated together, each person should tell a *story* in turn. This proposal was very strongly seconded by Sir *Geo. Howard*, who promised, if it was adopted, to enrich his *narrative* with a great number of *royal bon mots*;---yet the proposition was strongly resisted by Mr. *Dundas*, who declared, that having lately heard so many *Oriental Tales*, he was absolutely sickened by the idea;---and Lord *Sydney*, mentioning also that some sneers might be cast on the amusement, as only fit for *old Women*, the Colonel gave a nod of negligence, and went quietly to sleep.

After

After a few minutes spent in farther hesitation by the rest of the company, Mr. *Steele* suggested, as a more eligible mode of amusement than any that had yet been offered, that an *Album* should be immediately opened; to which each person present, and every future visitor, should be solicited to commit some *poetical* effusion of the moment. They could perhaps promise themselves, he said, as much *variety* as filled the vase at *Bath Easton*, with as much *sublimity* as appears at the *Album* at Sir *W. F-----n's*. At all events, it was certain, that such a number of *curious originals* might be procured by this means, as would not only beguile the present moment, but would even expand the ideas, and enrich the collections, of posterity.

This proposal,---through complaisance to their Host, we must suppose, for we cannot think that any thing like *vanity* could have influence in so august an assembly,---was assented to by every individual present; and the eagerness with which the task was pursued, being in proportion to its novelty, the *Album*, in three or four days, was nearly filled. It was not at first intended, that this collection should be made public. It was fixed, on the contrary, that the *modest muse* of Mr. *Dundas*, and the *chaste* inspirer from whom the *Premier* caught his flame, should together hide their heads in secrecy.

It

It was even cruelly determined, that the *eloquence* of Mr. *Martin*---the *wit* of Sir *Joseph Marbey*---the *brief epigrams* of Major *Scott*---and the *attic strains* of Lord *Sydney*---should be for ever lost to the world. But from our first knowledge, that such a treasure existed, our efforts to obtain a view were unremitting, and---we are happy to add---that they have been successful. We shall therefore now present our readers with a few “EXTRACTS from the ALBUM at STREATHAM,” curtailed only in those parts which the haste of the Noble and Honorable writers may have rendered unequal to the rest, or which allude to such *jokes*, as, though laughable in the circle where they originated, might probably fail of exciting a smile, if communicated to the public eye.

EXTRACTS

E X T R A C T S,

No. II.

F R O M T H E

A L B U M at S T R E A T H A M.

---

WHEN, in consequence of Mr. *Steele's* proposal, and the general determination, the ALBUM was produced, a degree of anxious diffidence appeared in every face.----Mr. *Dundas*----though posterity will scarcely believe it---was observed to blush ;---Mr. *Rolle* hid his face behind the *round hat*, of oratorical notoriety; upon which Mr. *Drake, jun.* in a speech which lasted one minute and thirty-five seconds, remarked on the difficulty of the task, and concluded with his usual happiness of quotation, by reciting the line from *Virgil*.

Opstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.——

The remarkable volume, which lay on the table, it appeared, had been originally intended for entering the vast amount of ministerial savings, and for  
noting

noting the arithmetical progression, in which they should hasten---to extinguish one debt by creating another.---It was now, on the contrary, to be more innocently employed in receiving *fictions* of another kind, and taken from the *Epic* task of bold imposition, to the *Pastoral divertissements* of mutual compliment or general adulation.

Mr. *Pitt* was first called on to favour the company with the effusions of his muse: but hastening *in medias res*, we shall omit to tell---how with reluctant modesty he declined the precedence---and how with proportioned urgency they insisted on his right;---how with meek diffidence the Premier at length took up the pen;---and how with a voice, sweet as one of *Longman* and *Broderip's Celestinis*, Lord *Mulgrave* whispered his congratulations on the occasion.---It will be sufficient for us to communicate the following extracts from this inestimable performance, accompanied by a hope, that in some future edition we may be enabled to lay the whole before our readers.

## O D E.

Awake ! awake ! some virgin muse,  
 And kindred energies infuse ;  
 Pure as this spotless page must be the strain,  
 Which to th'expecting croud  
 Shall speak our joys aloud,  
 For PEACE restor'd,  
 Not by the sword,  
 But by our councils, in snug sapience plann'd ;  
 For hostile machinations crost,  
 For PEACE restor'd—ere it was lost,  
 To bless—at small expence—this happy land.

In a strain of grateful humility, he then proceeds, after some general congratulation, to compliment very highly the exertions of his coadjutors on this trying occasion.---The truth of the following lines, we make no doubt, will be admitted instantly by every reader :

Of pow'rs congenial—for each other form'd,  
 And by an equal flame of genius warm'd,  
 When *Sydney's* labours meet the loud acclaim,  
 Then shall *Carmarthen* share the meed of fame ;  
 When *Mulgrave's* praise shall sound from ev'ry tongue ;  
 Then shall *Dundas's* purity be sung ;  
 And *Arden* and *Macdonald*,—honor'd pair !  
 Living or dead, a kindred praise shall share.  
 So when my *Grenville's* parts shall fill the strain,  
 Their eulogy shall *Hawkebury's* virtues gain.



This beautiful Antistrophe he then concludes with infinite modesty.

With humble note——with more obscure regard,  
 Then shall my labours find a full reward,  
 When future ages all our deeds shall scan,  
 And speak of each——as MINISTER and MAN!

In a digression of about a hundred lines, he then, as if gaining confidence from his association with such *respected* names, dwells with considerable force on the terrors of the *French* cabinet, the alarms of *Spain*, and the general convulsion of *Europe*, during the late memorable negotiation. Speaking of the situation of *Holland*, he uses a most sublime simile, comparing the perturbation of their spirits to the waves that foam after an inundation from one of their sluices, when

Borne by the rushing tide,  
 Their \* drunken hopes all chang'd to stern despair,  
 The MYNHERRS see their chattels floating wide,  
 And beat their breasts, and tear their hair,  
 And curse their fated shore  
 For watry ruin mark'd——for dark complottings more.

Returning from this digression to scenes less distant, the Right Honorable Poet seems to have caught new fire.---To those who are well acquainted with

\* Was the hope *drunk*, wherein you dress yourself?

with his abilities, this circumstance will appear by no means strange, as they must frequently have observed, that nothing so powerfully calls forth the effervescence of his Genius, as his being indulged in speaking for half an hour, on a business no way pertinent to the subject in hand.---Such was the fire which suddenly kindling, dictated the following bold Apostrophe :

Now strike the lyre again  
 A louder——yet a louder strain,  
*St. Stephen's* opes its venerable doors !  
 I see the hostile phalanx move,  
 Their firm-set strength to prove ;  
 But soon the event shall prove their contest vain.  
 ---First, my *Beaufoy*, his skill to try,  
 On Dulness' chords his hands shall lay ;  
 Pleas'd with the sound, he knows not why,  
 His strains complacently shall lead the way.  
 In order due, then next shall *Martin* rise,  
 Whilst Folly jingles all her bells ;  
 Thro' the long period still he tries,  
 And on the monstrous *Coalition* dwells,  
 Till sense repugnant flies the sound,  
 And sombrous vapours fill the Dome around.  
 Thy speech too, *Grenville*, still to nought is fix'd,  
 Sad proof of thy disorder'd state,  
 Of differing themes, the veering jargon mix'd,  
 Calls general Pity for thy hapless fate.  
 Then next *Dundas*, his eyes on fire,  
 Wak'd by a thousand secret stings,  
 On *India's* woes shall touch the lyre,  
 Till sympathy resound from all its strings.

Whilst *Mulgrave* sad, as fix'd Despair,  
 In fullen strains his grief beguiles ;  
 The solemn, strange and mingled air  
 At times is dull——at times he grimly smiles,

The Poet then proceeds, with the same happiness of discrimination, to characterize the other less distinguished supporters of the present administration :---after complimenting each on his genius, sagacity, &c. or the inferior, but not less useful qualities of Intrepidity of face, or callous Insensibility to argument, he concludes with the following exhortation :

Then each, my friends, pursue his separate course,  
 A certain victory it is yours to gain,  
 On souls like yours——all reasoning loses force,——  
 To powers like yours——all *Opposition's* vain !

Some Hypercritics may perhaps object to the freedom with which Mr. *Pitt*, in this spirited Ode, has treated some of his friends and intimates,---But they are to recollect, in the first place, that the piece in question was by no means designed for publication ; and in the second, they should know that such is the *Amor Patriæ* which actuates our Premier, that when the *public good* is in question, he makes no scruple of acting in concert with persons, whose principles and abilities he holds in equal and professed contempt !

EXTRACTS

## E X T R A C T S,

No. III.

F R O M T H E

A L B U M at S T R E A T H A M.

WHEN Mr. *Pitt* had received the general congratulations for the excellent Ode with which he had honored the ALBUM:---The truly *illustrious* Lord *Hawkesbury* was called on to favor the company with a specimen of his poetic powers ; but in the instant, whilst he was preparing to comply, a violent blast was heard from a Sow-gelder's horn, which excited a momentary laugh; and immediately after, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, Sir *Joseph Mawbey* was announced !

A proposal was then made by Mr. *Steele*, that as the first visitor, the Baronet should have the precedence, and he was accordingly informed of the nature of the institution, and of the compliment intended him,---Sir *Joseph* rose, with his usual *grace*,  
to

to make a speech on the occasion, but, as he drew forth his handkerchief, scented with *Mosenu's* best lavender water, he unfortunately fished from his pocket, the engraver's *bill* for etching the curious portrait of the honorable baronet, which embellishes the front of the *European Magazine*.---The paper was picked up by Mr. *Dundas*, who archly observed to Sir *Joseph*, as he returned it, that it wanted a *receipt*.

This perverse accident, which would have discomposed any other than the grave Baronet, had no effect whatever on the solemnity of his countenance; it, on the contrary, furnished a subject for his muse, who, after a labour of one hour, forty-five minutes, and eleven seconds, by the Baronet's own stop-watch, brought forth the following very brilliant and epigrammatic stanzas:

THE Honors some deride of Fame,  
 And scorn the whistling of a name;  
 With others still she finds regard,  
 And forms their hope and their reward.  
 So when I'm dead—or else retir'd,  
 In *Copper* be this face admir'd;  
 And by the graver's art still seen;  
 —Fit index of the mind within!  
 Thus, SYDNEY, when thy toils are o'er;  
 When rank and office are no more,

Appropriate honors crown thine head,  
 And be thy form rever'd—in *Lead*.—  
 So DUNDAS, when his powers are wither'd,  
 And when he's to his fathers gather'd,  
 When all his *honor'd* days shall pass,  
 Shall live in monumental—*Brass*,  
 Nor, GRENVILLE, shall thy fame expire,  
 Thy great, *vast* head shall all admire;  
 For when thy glorious race is run,  
 And thy *Negotiations* done,  
 As high in fame, as high in blood,  
 Thy beauteous bust shall smile—in *Wood*.  
 And when their friends their loss shall grieve,  
 In *Bronze* shall SCOTT and ARDEN live.  
 —Dull Epitaphs may then be spar'd,  
 The worth of each may be inferr'd,  
 Whilst History's bright page shall tell,  
 What feats we did—and *eke* how well.  
 And,—such th'extent of mortal pride,—  
 How we were born—and how we dy'd.

The poetic beauties of the above delicious *morceau*  
 must be too evident to the reader of taste to require  
 any comment.---We shall only observe with what  
 amazing coolness and Stoicism the Baronet speaks of  
 his own *death*;---an event which would doubtless fill  
 every lover of his country with inconsolable affliction.  
 The Borough of *Southwark* would mourn that elo-  
 quence which enforced the *mild* authority of the  
*Surry* justices, and charmed all hearers---at Quarter  
 Sessions;---*Vauxhall* would mourn that Wit which  
 cheered

cheared its walks, and that Dignity which was so frequently the ornament of its Bar \*;---nay, even the envious *Dog* and *Duck* must mourn the loss of that Worth which has so greatly contributed to the essential interests of Religion and Morality---by silencing its organ!

We cannot forbear to remark also, with what a happy delicacy the Baronet adverts to the late important negotiations of the Right Hon. Mr. *Grenville*.---The *plural* number very neatly implies that the above will not remain a *single* exertion of his diplomatic talents, but that such was his address and dexterity, that his grateful country may place the most secure reliance on him on every future occasion.----The genius of the POET, in this instance, can only be equalled by that of the NEGOCIATOR.

We should not omit to add, that Mr. *Dundas* made some objections to the word "*eke*," which occurs towards the conclusion of this beautiful poem, as being in his opinion too antique;---but Mr. Alderman *Wilkes*, who, since the late proclamation

\* Though the Hon. Baronet has too great a respect to the admonitions of his Lady, and too strong an aversion to the profligacy of the age, to venture his person in the *Walks*; yet he so constantly takes his situation at the *Bar*, that he has been more than once mistaken for *Parveyor* of the *Ham* and *Cbickens*.

mation, never goes without a Bible in his pocket, produced from the Version of the Psalms such a number of passages where it was used, that he not only silenced the cavil, but also shamed that *infidel* want of recollection, which the Treasurer of the Navy had betrayed, in making the exception.

This discussion being ended, Lord *Hawkesbury* was again called on, but his Lordship requesting to be indulged with more time, several others offered themselves :---When the voice of Mr. *Drake*, jun. being particularly *in Alt*, he obtained an immediate attention. He was proceeding to address himself to Mr. *Pitt*, beginning his speech with these lines from *Horace*,

Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia solus,  
Res Britannas armis tuteris, moribus ornes—

but was informed by Mr. *Steele*, that his speech would be dispensed with on this occasion; upon which this young Orator, who may justly be stiled “the *classical* Hope of *Britain*,” sat down, and produced the following lines:

R E C I T A T I V E.

Begin, begin the strain my Muse!  
*Nec satis scio*—what I yet shall chuse,  
Whether to sing of great St. *Stephen*'s wars,  
Where syllogisms take the place of scars.

D

Or



Or thank the Gods—*pro jam secura pace,*  
Tho' Whigs, still boding evil, would out-face ye.

Yes!—*Eloquence* shall claim the Song,  
For which the young politic sinners long,  
Who want some wary friend to tell 'em,  
What dire heart-burnings thence arise,  
What breaths convuls'd! what ardent eyes,  
*Quas inimicitias et funebre bellum!*

With thee, oh! PITT, my strains begin,  
Skilled *country Gentlemen* to win,  
By declamation fluent,  
Struck with the sound, with eager gaze,  
Thy thicken'd ranks shall pour their praise,  
—*Et in absurda ruent.*

Nor thou, *Dundas*, should'st pass unsung,  
Had but my wayward Muse the tongue,  
Or *Eloquence* to shew how,  
I still admire—"thy gift of speche,"  
And how I strive in vain to reach,  
*Τες λογες ες ακρω.*

But, 'spite of Laughter's deaf'ning din,  
See poor \* Sir GREGORY strive to win  
The Palm----of speaking well;  
But wiser WRAXALL knows 'tis true,  
And will aver it—*Que le jeu,*  
*Ne vaut pas la chandelle*

To

\* The influence of *Nervous Affections* of late is truly wonderful, of which the case of Sir G. P. Turner is an instance. We must declare in contradiction to all the newspapers, that no mem-

To learn from *Mulgrave*, then I'll try,  
Silent t'attend, with downcast eye  
    To speeches, till I'm weary ;  
Or check *Beaufoy*, when language mincing,  
'Till haply I at length convince him  
    — *Quæ virtus sit flere.*

The applauses which Mr. *Drake* received for this equally learned and witty *jeu d'esprit*, will, we are certain, be echoed by all our readers, without exception.---The advantages which this gentleman derives from thus mixing the flowers of every language, as well in his vernacular Poetry, as in his Parliamentary Declamation, are so obvious, that we are not without a hope to see this style, both shortly and universally adopted.

member cons his speeches better ; and yet, the effect of the bagpipe on the human urine, is absolutely nothing to the sympathy which appears between the vocal organs of the Hon. Baronet, and the risible muscles of his hearers.

TRANSLATIONS

*For the Benefit of COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.*

*Nec satis scio*—I am not quite determined.

*Pro jam secura pace*—for peace which is now secured.

*Quas inimicitias et funebre bellum*—what enmity and what dreadful warfare.

*Et in absurda ruent,*—and then be as *absurd* as you can wish them.

Τῆς λογῆς ἑς ἀκρω,—the Discourses which I hear.

*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*—the Game is not worth the candle—i. e. great labour is expended on a worthless object.

*Quæ virtus sit filere*—what virtue is in silence.

EXTRACTS

## E X T R A C T S,

No. IV.

F R O M T H E

A L B U M at S T R E A T H A M.

THE applauses which were bestowed on Sir *Joseph Mawbey*, and Mr. *Drake*, jun. for their respective *Jeux d'Esprit*, inserted in the last number, it would surpass our limits to enumerate.---Mr. *Wilkes*, however, speaking of the quotations of the latter, mentioned, in his usual sarcastic manner, something of the *purpureus pannus*; but Sir *Watkin Lewes*, on the contrary, in the true spirit of a city joker, compared them to so many *plumbs* in a *pudding*.

These comments were interrupted by three formal knocks at the door, after which his Grace the Duke of *Richmond* entered the room, accompanied by his confidential friend, Mr. *James Luttrell*. His Grace then presented to Mr. *Steele* his contribution for  
the

the ALBUM, but with such a reluctant condescension as the *Irish Giant* may be supposed to exhibit in stooping to play at *marbles*.---He then, in a manner equally *gracious*, proceeded to inform him, that his friend had lent his assistance to the composition, by answering the questions which his Muse had dictated, in the manner of an *echo* from a distant part of the chamber!---This singular *duet* we have now the honor of laying before our readers,

## O D E.

Not the Muse—but Memory come,  
 Bring the spirit-stirring drum,  
 And all the clangors of the war.  
 For these—at *distance due*—I love to hear  
 Let the fifes now shrilly sound,  
 Let the chargers beat the ground ;  
 Let *Mars* appear in his ensanguin'd car :  
 Bring the trumpet's stern alarm —  
 But ah!—for fear of harm —  
 Pray bring them not too near.  
 —And now my fated soul shall haste to pry  
 Into the secrets of futurity,  
 Would Inspiratiou haply come ?

*Luttrell.* ————— I come.

Say then shall *Cornwall's* vote still cross each scheme,  
 And all my glorious plans but prove a dream.

*Luttrell.* ————— A dream.

Must

Must then ? ah ! must each proud erection fall—  
 Bastions, redoubts—nay, counterescarp and all ?

*Luttrell.* — Counterescarp and all.

And speak, shall *Pitt* o'erturn each bold design.

And but disgrace and vain command be mine ?

*Luttrell.* — And mine.

Shall then no *walls* this fated isle defend,

And must her *Navy* prove her only friend ?

*Luttrell.* — Her only friend.

First let Destruction, pouring forth her cup,

“ Confound and swallow *Navigation* up : ”

Be all the winds untied to make foul weather,

“ And Nature's germins tumble all together ! ”

But—say, shall *Landſdown* mock me with his smile,

Nor *Dundas* praise,—nor *Pitt* commend my toil ?

*Luttrell.* — End thy toil.

We feel it impossible to describe, how, whilst this wonderful performance was read, his Grace sat ;---“ his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling ! ” And glancing, no doubt, over *ideal* castles, and visionary *chevaux de frize*---until he at last started up, and repeated with enthusiasm, those lines which he has partly borrowed from the immortal *Shakespeare*, in which action he unfortunately trod on the toe of *Lord Rawdon* ; but no sooner did his Grace perceive the accident, than---such is the force of *habitual politeness*,---his passion immediately subsided, and he begged pardon of the noble Peer with a readiness and an energy which no language but his own could express.

The

The comments and the eulogies on his Grace's ode were extremely numerous; the idea of introducing the *Echo* was in particular admired, as being highly poetic, beautiful, and uncommon.---The late Doctor *Johnson*, it was observed, used frequently to relate of an high personage,---that he teized him with a number of *multifarious* questions;---but then, added the Doctor, he had the complaisance to answer them all himself.---It was therefore suggested by the Duke of *Queensberry* to Sir *George Howard* to convey the mention of this *simple contrivance* to that personage; as, by thus *conversing* with an *Echo*, he might save himself the trouble of uttering, at least, the half of his discourse.

The other observations we shall, for the present, pass over, hastening forward, as our readers must do, when they are informed, that the next production came from the *erudite pen* of the most noble the Marquis of *Lansdown*, who, passing by accident, was called in by his old, and *grateful* pupil, Mr. *Pitt*, and prevailed on to honor the ALBUM with the following Ode to *Sincerity*; which we shall submit, without any comment, leaving our readers to decide both on its poetic beauties, and its *appropriation* to the well-known character of that Nobleman.

O D E.

ODE to SINCERITY.

NYMPH of the spotless robe, draw nigh,  
With breast still pervious to each eye,  
    And charm me with thy pow'r :  
Long has my soul thy force confess'd,  
And still shalt thou remain its guest,  
    —As fits the present hour.

Sweet Being ! feldom found on earth,  
Thee have I worship'd from my birth,  
    —Whene'er convenience suited ;  
With doubtful tale, of varied hue,  
Still to the changing purpose true,  
    These lips were ne'er polluted,

Thro' the dark *wood*, and mournful yews,  
With pensive step on thee I muse,  
    Sequester'd from the croud :  
And were I forc'd to place and pow'r,  
Thee still I'd worship ev'ry hour,  
    —When state affairs allow'd.

As bending 'fore thine honor'd shrine,  
Thy praise then, heav'n-born nymph ! be mine,  
    'Twill gain new store of credit ;  
Tho' by the wreath that decks thy brow,  
Nay, by thy sacred self, I vow,  
    —I scarce can think I need it.



So when in future times the bard,  
To each shall fix their due award,  
    And *Eden's* truth relate ;  
When *Sydney's* eloquence is told,  
And *Hawkebury's* high descent enroll'd,  
    As sapient as he's great :—

When *Fox's* want of candour's fung,  
And *Sheridan's* dull, powerless tongue ;  
    The fame of *Burke* expir'd ;  
Then,—so immortal fates decree,  
Then I, sweet Nymph ! shall dwell with thee,  
    And be with thee admired.

## E X T R A C T S,

No. V.

F R O M T H E

A L B U M at S T R E A T H A M.

NO sooner had the rolling wheels of the Marquis of *Lansdown's* carriage announced his departure, than the toil of criticism was begun. His ODE TO SINCERITY, inserted in the last number of these *Extracts*, was received with much and various animadversion. The concluding compliment to the *eloquence* of Lord *Sydney*, and the *purity* of Mr. *Eden*, was particularly noticed. Some contended that it was *literally* meant; while others, knowing the peculiar *forte* of the noble Marquis, received it as a specimen of his incomparable *irony*. The dispute was referred to Mr. *Wilkes*, who, taking in the whole room with a *single glance*, saw which way the majority were inclined, and therefore declared it to be as literal truth---as ever the noble Marquis had spoken on a *public* occasion.

*Par nobile fratrum!* exclaimed Mr. Drake, jun. at this instant; when the company turning round, saw Lord *Hawkesbury* and Mr. *Grenville* enter hand in hand, bearing their joint contribution to the ALBUM.---A momentary smile took place on observing a strange contrast in the appearance of this poetic pair.---The one “A muse-rid mope, aduft, and thin,” the other chubby, robust and corpulent, particularly towards the *lower extremities*. The latter appeared like a well-fed Banker’s Clerk; the former like an apprehensive Poet presenting a dedication to a surly patron. But passing over any farther description, we shall hasten to present their highly valued communication, in the following Dialogue:

*Hawksb.* Ye swains of *Windsor*’s heights begin the song,

*Grenv.* Ye nymphs around *Whitehall* attune the lay;

*H.* To courtly themes still courtly strains belong,

*G.* With such we celebrate this festive day.

*H.* Say, shall we sing of Royal G——’s praise?

Or shall we make *ourselves* the dearer theme?

*G.* Thro’ him we rose—more grateful shall it seem,

To him the panegyric song to raise.

HAWKESBURY.

From G——, my strain begins, whose actions bold,

Shall fill each ear—wherever they are told;

From G——, Compassion’s meek and general heir,

Whose Sheep and Subjects are his equal care.

GREN-

GRENVILLE.

Me, too, he favors—he my muse inspires,  
And from her lips the thankful verse requires ;  
Yet would she rise on *twice* as bold a wing,  
If MULGRAVE had not equal cause to sing.

HAWKESBURY.

Me, RICHMOND still with glance indignant eyes,  
When in the House, from crimson'd seat I rise ;  
But vain th'indignant glance on me shall prove,  
While cheer'd by Royal Confidence and Love.

GRENVILLE.

See, BURGESS court for HASTINGS' fallen state,  
Whilst SCOTT and NICHOLLS their dull tale repeat ;  
And humbled IMPEY bows with distant pray'r,  
That Impudence, like mine, should be my care.

HAWKESBURY.

If thanks for these favors e'er I feel,  
Let ingrate friends each secret art reveal,  
Let me be mock'd by mutes I now despise,  
Nay, more—in my defence let ARDEN rise ?

GRENVILLE.

If e'er Ingratitude this bosom sways,  
May BURKE impeach me,—or may DUNDAS praise ;  
May I be stript of perquisite and place,  
And curs'd with MARTIN's wit and MULGRAVE's face.

Of

Of the striking beauties of this production we shall only remark how happily the compliment is paid in the third stanza to the *pastoral* character of the great personage alluded to. His expanded mind, it is well known, can readily pass from adjusting a *subsidy*, to regulate the price of *skimmed milk*; and from settling regimental *linings*, and *pocket-boles*, with a first Lord of the Admiralty, can pass by an easy transition, to enquire the price of a poppy-coloured *ribbon*:---We must suppose, however, that it was merely the necessity of the metre, which in the passage above mentioned, caused the noble Poet to place the *sheep* before the *subjects*.

It may also be necessary to remark on the delicate accuracy of calculation with which Mr. *Grenville*, in the fourth stanza, insinuates a complaint, that he is only *joint* Pay-master of the forces; and his spleen against the noble Lord who shares that office, seems again to break out in the last line by the mention of a face so much resembling the once celebrated *Heidegger*, of deformed memory.

We shall now pass over some other compositions, which are not distinguished by any prominent feature, to take notice of the production of an Honorable Baronet, who has lately given so much exercise to the risibility of the House of Commons; and

and we make no doubt, but much curiosity will be excited when we mention the name of Sir GREGORY PAGE TURNER,

O D E.

OH! thou who rul'st the parts of speech,  
Noun, Adjective and Verb—come teach  
My fault'ring tongue to join 'em.  
Or if that boon I can't obtain,  
Let not the pray'r prove quite in vain,  
Say—whence shall I purloin 'em!

Goddeſs of Eloquence attend,  
Ah! prove for once Sir *Gregory's* friend,  
And aid his ſtraying wit;—  
So ſhall th'unmanner'd laughs ceaſe,  
And he have leiſure thus in peace  
To watch, and vote for PITT.

So like BEAUFOY, ſhall he declaim,  
And pour along the tinkling ſream  
Of elocution bland,  
His graceful perſon rais'd to view,  
The ruffe ſeen—of whiteſt hue—  
From Lady TURNER's hand.

Then Goddeſs—if intent to charm,  
Thou e'er aſſumeſt a mortal form,  
And call'ſt at *Portland* place,  
There a rich offering ſhall be thine,  
Rich—from my Lady's taſte and mine,  
A fruit of *Flander's* lace.

There

There shall thy vot'ry own thy praise,  
 To thee the grateful altar raise,  
     And there the incense burn ;  
 When he can ridicule defy,  
 And 'scape th'insulting keen reply,  
     He'll laugh then—in his turn.

The Honorable Baronet was not contented with delivering this elegant production, but he insisted also on reading it to the company. The second stanza was scarce finished, when Mr. *Dundas*, who sat behind him, laughed, and then threw the blame on an unfortunate *parrot*, which was placed in the corner of the room. The Baronet proceeded---another titter ensued---and the blame again fell on the same culprit. A third interruption having taken place, Sir *Gregory* flew into a rage,---would certainly have wrung its neck off the unfortunate *parrot*, if Mr. *Wilkes* had not good-naturedly interfered, archly observing at the same time,---“ that it was a pity there should be any dispute, where the *nature* of both parties was so perfectly *congenial!*”

E X T R A C T S,

No. VI.

F R O M T H E

A L B U M at S T R E A T H A M.

---

WE should extend these extracts too far, if we were to give in detail the various contributions which were successively inserted in the ALBUM;----nor would the public derive much entertainment from perusing a description of the Scotch Boroughs by Mr. *Dundas*,----though written in the style of *M<sup>c</sup>Pberfon*, and elucidated into obscurity by the *profound* notes of his friend Mr. *Ilay Campbell*---we beg his pardon---by the *eloquent* Lord Advocate of *Scotland*.

Yet, that curiosity may not be entirely ungratified, we shall subjoin a short extract, copied *litteratim* from the text of the Right Honorable Writer.

F

“ Dark



“ Dark was the mornè, and looring loked the sun on the ungeelded hills. Bleak was the blast which came wheestling fræ the North, and howled in the face of Hænry, journeying o’er the plains of Fife.”

“ The chief of the eager eye, loked aroound for a timous shelter, but Defolation had there taken her abode. He fought e’en a friendly tree, but soon he bo’od his forrowing head---for not a tree was to be foond.”

“ The sun was hid behind a wat’ry cloud---but bright was the sun, and gladfome was the cloud, when compared to the face of Hænry.”

“ The angry sperit of the waters poured cataracts fræ the skies, and streamed in dark torents adoon the heath clad mounts. The wanderer still sped him onward;---tho’ oft, striking against the pointed rock he fell, and as he fell the *barwoebes* rattled in his pocket.”

“ Yet sweeter was this defolation to the soul of Hænry, than *aw* the gauds of soothern cleemates.--- The sun at length unveiled his golden *veefage*, and the hopes of the chief were brightened with the view:---rude tho’ the prospect lay, his soul was cheered, and he *strod* along rejoicing in the scene.”

The

The *learned* Annotator on this sublime description, adds for the information of posterity, that the above passage alludes to an incident which occurred to Mr. *Dundas* himself in his late visit to *Scotland*, and quotes his countryman Mr. *Boswell*, Sir *John Hawkins*, &c. in proof that *great men* may be allowed to narrate *little things*, particularly of themselves. The mention of the "*bawbees*," his Lordship speaks of as a most beautiful instance of what may be called the *minute descriptive*; and from the epithet "*whistling*," applied to the winds, he remarks, rather inappositely we must confess, that his Right Honorable friend is passionately fond of *music*; and that he is not only partial to his national music, played on that bewitching instrument the *bagpipe*, but speaks also with rapture of the *notes* of *Signor Rumholdt*, a *foreign composer*!

From the same principle of brevity, though we greatly felicitate ourselves on the copiousness of our fund---we shall pass over---an ADDRESS to MERCURY, as the patron of *thieving* and *horse racing*, by his Grace the Duke of *Queensberry*;---the *Orators*, a *Rhapsody*, by the Right Hon. the Earl of *Abingdon*;---and the TRIUMPH of the GRACES, a *Cantata*, though written with some luxuriance, and much appropriation, by Lord *Mulgrave*.

The next production which demands our notice, was occasioned by an event rather unexpected at *Streatham* :---we mean a visit from Lord *Westcote* and Mr. *Minchin*. These twin-models of firmness and integrity were received with his usual politeness, by the owner of the mansion; but Mr. *Pitt* was observed, immediately on their entrance, to *shuffle* out of the room with infinite *dexterity*. They received several compliments on their *conversion*, which a wicked wit---we believe it was Mr. *Wilkes*---compared to that of St. *Paul*.---To perpetuate the memory of this *glorious* event, it was agreed to celebrate it by the following Ode. Mr. *Rose* furnished the *music*. The poetry was contributed by the parties undermentioned.

O D E.

O D E.

## STROPHE the First.---LORD WESTCOTE,

*Janus!* attend thy vot'ry's pray'r!  
 Bring with thee all the changeful powers,  
 That rule the variegated hours,  
 And, versatile themselves,—make such their care:  
 Come from thy darksome cells,  
 Where the *Camelion* dwells,  
 Reflecting, at thy feet, his varied rays,  
 Do thou inspire the Muse,  
 Whatever strain she chuse,  
 To thank this chosen few;  
 Teach us to pour the ardent lay  
 Which haply may repay  
 For their protecting smiles, the tribute due.  
 Then stern CONTEMPT shall hiss in vain,  
 Or GRATITUDE complain,  
 And HONOUR's voice be lost in SYDNEY's praise.

CHORUS,

## C H O R U S,

*Accompanied alternately by Kettle-drums and the Flute  
obligato.*

Hushed be the seas  
Whilst WESTCOTE strifes the lyre,  
And in changeful lays,  
Yet to the subject true,  
We—as it is due——  
With general voice proclaim his praise.

## ANTISTROPHE the First.—Mr. MINCHIN.

'Tis done—the inspiration comes;  
I feel,—I feel the genial flame.  
Let trumpets sound and kettle drums,  
Whilst I proclaim  
That PITT and *Prudence* are the same,  
Long enrolled in weakened numbers,  
Wrapt in deep politic slumbers,  
I vainly thought—INTEGRITY was *Fame*.  
The generous impulse long I thought to share,  
When *Prudence* \* pluck'd me by the ear,  
And pointed to the Treasury Gate,  
Where jests and smiles prevail within,  
The gratulation bland—the chuckling grin,  
—Without——pale Envy sighs,  
And Hunger stares with eager eyes,  
And Discontent and poor Dependence wait.

\* *Aurem vellit, et admonuit.*

VIRG.

Then

Then by the offices you bear,  
By all the sweets of Patronage and Place,  
Indulge us with a share,  
And take repentant finners into grace.  
Take —————  
Take us but *in*—we care not how or where.

STROPHE the Second.---LORD MULGRAVE.

Revolving in mine alter'd soul  
The various turns of fate below,  
From this firm breast a sigh now stole,  
And tears began to flow.  
Thinking—Ah ! lamentable case,  
I might perchance, like you, be out of place ;  
Then come *regenerate* sons of Grace,  
Behind the Treasury Bench ye both shall sit,  
And own the *saving* powers of Pitt ;  
There to forget the wars you erst did wage,  
When the snug sinecure quells you patriot rage,  
And glad Expectancy shall end in place.

ANTISTROPHE the Second.---Mr. WILBERFORCE.

Now strike the changing lyre again,  
A louder—yet a louder strain !  
Thus should we celebrate the festive day,  
And the event which brings our joy,  
So Fox and *Friendship* shall in vain essay  
The impulse strong of interest to destroy.

Now

Now bold Corruption high shall lift her head,  
Whilst Honor sickens—Gratitude lies dead

Let Eloquence pour forth her lore,  
And lead Conviction in her train,——  
Let virtue try her energetic pow'r,  
On SOULS resolv'd like *these*, their efforts must be vain.

EXTRACTS,

## E X T R A C T S,

No. VII.

F R O M T H E

A L B U M at S T R E A T H A M.

---

THE performance of the preceding Ode was received with as awful a silence as the reception of the noble and honorable poets was marked with distant and ceremonious respect. Lord *Westcote* having approached Lord *Mulgrave* for the purpose of holding some *confidential* chat, the *ursine* countenance of the latter,---though some may doubt the fact,---actually took a more repulsive form!---the trembling convert bowed and retreated with precipitation. Mr. *Minchin* drew near Lord *Sydney* with a similar intent, but his Lordship's countenance---like *spectres* extending themselves before they disappear,---grew in an instant so enormously long, that, though a Colonel of Militia, Mr. *Minchin* was struck with terror!---In vain they addressed themselves to all

G

around;



around. Mr. *Arden* turned up his nose in contempt; and Mr. *McDonald* closed his *penetrating* eyes, as if overtaken by an untimely slumber. They could not obtain a glance from the *all-surveying* *Jack Wilkes*, nor a syllable even from the *garrulity* of Sir *George Howard*. They were therefore compelled with much reluctance to retire, and were attended to their carriage only by the hospitable owner of the mansion.

As soon as the Premier was informed of their departure, he re-entered the drawing-room, and the conversation took its wonted turn.---The *Attorney-general* was called on for his poetic contribution, which he at first declined, as being without a *Precedent*; but being afterwards prevailed on, he penned with much facility some dozen *Hudibrastic* lines; but as the introductory part, consisted merely of compliments to his associates, who are beyond all praise, we have selected the following lines from the conclusion:

\* \* \* \* \*

In flowing verse for me t' exhibit,  
 Would ask an high poetic gibbet;  
 To *legal* fictions still devoted,  
 Nought else of mine shall e'er be quoted.

Convinced

Convinced I should, till I were weary,  
 The Muses call by—*Certiorari* ;  
 Nor would *nine* writs of *Fieri facias*,  
 Make the coy nymphs, a whit more gracious.  
 As soon shall *Kenyon* give good cheer,  
 Or Sir *John Miller* charm each ear ;  
 As soon shall *Wilkes* not look askance,  
 Or father \* *Bootle* hornpipes dance ;  
 As soon shall *Pitt* grow fond of Woman,  
 Or *Beaufoy* speak in accents human ;  
 Sooner shall *Stanhope* cease his din,  
 Or Raven *Watson* learn to sing,  
 Than I, forgetting briefs and fees,  
 In poetry shall aim to please ;  
 Or quitting more substantial fare,  
 Lift with the muse, and live on air,

Though the *modesty* of this learned gentleman thus declines the toils and honors of Parnassus, we are certain that from the above specimen, many of our readers will be found to regret his determination, and to exclaim nearly in the language applied to a noble Lord of the same profession,

“ How smart a *Poet*, was in PEPPER lost ?

G 2

The

\* *Wilbraham Bootle*, Esq; M. P. who has the honor of calling the learned writer son-in-law, weighs about 18 stone.

The next application was made with more success to Major *Scott*, whose excellence at puff, pamphlet, or paragraph, epigram, or essay, sonnet, or satire, were too well known to admit of any excuse;---the Major pleaded however his lowness of spirits, the situation of his friend Mr. *Hastings*, and the anxiety which he had so long felt on that occasion, adding in the language of the poet,

“ What mourner ever felt poetic fires ? ”

But being reminded that elegy or epigram were equally acceptable, and that each person was at liberty to indulge the mirthful mood, or the emotions of his sensibility, the Major sat down, and with his usual fluency produced the following

STANZAS.

## S T A N Z A S.

Great HASTINGS ! for whom Britain now prepares  
 To praise thy conduct, or condemn thy wars ;  
 Thou ! who on Coromandel's swarthy coast,  
 Of *Rajahs* humbled at thy feet could boast ;  
 Of kneeling *Nabobs*---then neglected things ;  
 Of prostrate *Viziers*---tributary kings !  
 Is there an hapless hour reserved for me,  
 To sing thy lot in strains unworthy thee ?  
 In phrases like thine own could I relate,  
 The various turns of unexpected fate !  
 The world th'unfollied GOVERNOR in thee,  
 The perfect POET should behold in me.  
 Yet 'round thy with'ring honors let me twine,  
 To thee my rise was due,---my griefs be also thine.

## II.

Thou *orient* EAGLE ! aided by whose flight,  
 SCOTT---wren obscure---first saw the realms of light ;  
 STAR of the *Morning*, whose wide spreading rays,  
 Bade Asia's fallow tribes with terror gaze,  
 Whose lustrous beams o'er secret treasures pour'd,  
 Affrighted *Nizams*, or on *Begums* lour'd.  
 Shorn of those beams---in gloomy eclipse cast,  
 " Are all thine honors come to this at last ?"  
 Where now the crouded suitors at thy gate,  
 The *Salams* \* paid to oriental state ?

Thy

\* The eastern salutation.

Thy \* *Vakeels*, † *Harcarrahs*, ‡ *Huceabadors*,  
 And all the luxuries of distant shores?  
 All, all are fled!--there now no pomps await,  
 No eager suitors throng thy op'ning gate;  
 Yet round thy with'ring honors shall I twine,  
 To thee my rife was due---my griefs be also thine,

## III.

I view'd thee late--how fatal was the view?  
 Kneel at the bar, and scarce could think 'twas you!  
 I saw the crouded rows in solemn state,  
 And awful judgment fit on HASTING'S fate,  
 Tho' Beauty, in each form she could assume,  
 Smil'd o'er the scene, and half dispell'd its gloom;  
 Yet no relief to me cou'd beauty give,  
 No kind confolement could my heart receive.  
 At each harangue, I saw thine alter'd eye,  
 And my breast struggled with the full reply;  
 But, ah! my friend--no Manager was I!  
 For IMPEY tho' the tear mine eye still pours,  
 Our useful IMPEY!--prior claims are yours.  
 Then round thy with'ring honors still I'll twine,  
 To thee my rife was due--my griefs be also thine.

## IV.

But, ah! my sympathy can nought avail,  
 Whilst rig'rous statutes purge the general weal.  
 Adjur'd by Eloquence thy victims rise,  
 And bleeding stand confes'd to British eyes;

Their

\* Stewards or Agents.

† Sedan-bearers.

‡ Persons who supply and manage the enormous tobacco-pipes  
 used in India.

Their dark foul wrongs the forrowing BEGUMS speak,  
 And blach the rubies of each beauteous cheek.  
 —Then say, one ray of hope dost thou retain,  
 And think'ft thou these appeals can all prove vain?  
 Yes! Though whole nations shall thy deeds revile,  
 Still shalt thou find relief in THURLOW's smile;  
 Perchance with him in gloomy triumph share,  
 And see their prayers for justice—lost in air!  
 So shalt thou still on iv'ry beds repose,  
 And hidden BULSES long-lost rays disclose.  
 Then round thy leafy honors shall I twine,—  
 To thee my rise was due—my joys shall then be thine.

The beauties of those Stanzas are sufficiently obvious;—the *orientalism* of some passages, the *pathos* of the whole, and above all the *gratitude* of the honorable writer, must be of themselves too impressive to require any comment or elucidation.

The *Editor* of the ALBUM has now to announce to his readers,---what he is certain must strike them with infinite concern---that the remaining parts of that inestimable work have suddenly and unaccountably disappeared!---Whether they have evaporated *in fumo* with the official records at the India House against Sir *Elijab Impey*, or have been stolen like the Great Seal by the flagitious instruments of opposition

position;---whether they repose with the *eloquence* of Sir *Joseph Mawbey*, the *truth* of Mr. *Bankes*, or the *modesty* of Mr. *Grenville*; are all questions beyond his power to determine. He is therefore compelled reluctantly to conclude, though not without expressing his sense of the approbation with which he has been received.

T H E

B U L S E,  
A

PINDARIC ODE.

---

STROPHE the First.

WHENCE upon the dazzled sight,  
Beams the strong reflected light?  
Whence proceed those lucid rays,  
That on the bard's rapt fancy blaze;  
It is! it is!—the well-known *Bulse*;  
Sent to feel the Royal pulse—  
To fire the poet's brain,  
To call his ardent strain:  
And tune his honor'd lyre  
To mortal lays—that never shall expire,  
The while it sheds its lustre o'er the cheek of Night.

ANTISTROPHE the First.

Hail brightest gem of orient birth!  
Happiest produce of the earth!  
Yet happier, brighter far thy present state;  
Doom'd to charm a monarch's eye,  
Who aided by thy magnifying power  
Another *Herschel!*—can espy  
In *Hastings'* conduct all that's good and great.  
Whilst viewing thee  
With ceaseless glee,  
In solitude he spends the grateful hour.

H

EPODE



## E P O D E the First.

Yet are not thy charms confin'd  
 To Royal GEORGE'S eye or mind,  
 Thou Talisman of more than magic force ;  
 For peerless *Jenky* \*—back-stair wight,  
 Anxious to behold thy light,  
     Gently creeping,  
     Slily peeping,  
 In practic'd paces to the closet stole.  
 Propitious Fate in time direct his course——  
 The monarch to his favorite's fight  
 Displays thy charms, and agitates his soul.

## S T R O P H E the Second.

Swift his fancy onward flies,  
 Like meteors through the skies :  
 And to thy native spot his vision bears,  
     There shapes a different form assume,——  
     Imaginary harvests bloom,  
 And war's loud tumults seem,—the Music of the Spheres.  
 The “ Oppressor's wrong ”—the Matron's woe—  
 The Virgin's tears—fell Rapine's blow——  
 The sacred Robe of Justice all conceals,  
 Whilst o'er each sense thy wond'rous radiance steals.  
     Extatic dreams his soul possessed,  
 For lo! there shines upon his breast

\* The hypercritical reader may perhaps think this appellation somewhat beneath the dignity of the Ode ; but as in our opinion, there is as little honour in *another* name, we have chosen that by which the party is best known.

A STAR *ideal* of thy fragments made,  
 When by the artist's cautious hand,  
 At sovereign G——'s dread command,  
 Thy polish'd worth is to the world display'd.

ANTISTROPHE the Second.

Hence results the mighty change——  
 Hence his glowing fancy burns——  
 And hence his thoughts with wond'rous range,  
 O'er Peers and Commoners revolve by turns.  
 He sees the fluent, *placid*, *Sydney*, bow,  
 And looks to *sapient Carmarthen's* aid——  
 Peruses *Lansdown's* dark *ambiguous* brow——  
 And as a favorite is the B——p's G——  
 To *Canterbury* gives the nod,  
 And sees the *mitred* corps with pliant haste array'd.  
 Then backward bids obedient memory run,  
 To view the *Major's* fond assiduous pains,  
 And mark the mighty things he would have done,  
 If niggard Nature had but given him—brains ;  
 Pity dropping from his eyes,  
*Nicholls* next he sees arise,  
 Dull “ as the weed that roots on *Lethe's* shore ;”  
 And *Burgefs*, with complacent grin,  
 Still th'eternal nonsense spin,  
 And rival \* *Campbell* in somnific power,  
 Whilst *sage Macdonald* martyrs *Hastings's* cause,  
 And owls exulting hoot the fit applause.

With

\* The present L—d A—— of *Scotland*, a gentleman as remarkable for political *acumen*, as his predecessor had been for *modest consistency*, and who sometimes actually escapes without disapprobation in the H—— of C—— because he is not *heard*.

## E P O D E the Second,

In extacy, thus *Jenky's* soul,  
 Ranged thro' the circle of his power,  
 Whilst the monarch's optics roll,  
 And fix alternate on the gem,  
 Fated to grace his diadem.  
 With splendor Eastern \* *Nizams* never knew ;  
 With brilliance to make German cousins stare,  
 And light each scene from *Buckingham* to *Kew*. —  
 When Justice from her sphere descending,  
 Majesty with Anger blending,  
 Appeared before the contemplative pair ;  
 At her approach the Gem no longer bright,  
 Dimm'd by superior radiance falls unseen,  
 The Monarch looked a broader stare,  
 A fallow paleness marked the favorite's fright,  
 And stern Conviction chased them from the scene.

\* When the celebrated subject of this Ode was first presented, some ingenious gentlemen feigned that it came from the Nizam of the Decan : but this must have been a falshood, for it was never believed at Court.

( 53 )

T H E

J E K Y L L,

A

POLITICAL ECLOGUE.

(BY THE AUTHORS OF THE ROLLIAD, &c.)

---

J E K Y L L, the wag of Law, the scribler's pride,  
CAME to the Senate sent, when TOWNSEND dy'd.  
So LANSDOWN will'd—the old hoarse rook at rest.  
*A jack-daw phoenix* chatters from his nest.  
Statesman, and Lawyer now, with clashing cares  
The important youth roams thro' the Temple-squares,  
Yet stays his step, where with congenial play  
The well-known fountain babbles day by day :  
The little fountain!—whose restricted course,  
In low faint Effays owns its shallow source :  
There, to the tinkling jet, he tun'd his tongue,  
While *Lansdown's* fame, and *Lansdown's* fall he sung.

“ Where

“ Where were our friends, when the remorseless crew  
“ Of felon Whigs,—great *Lansdown*'s pow'r o'erthrew?  
“ For neither then within *St. Stephen*'s wall  
“ Obedient *Westcote* hail'd the Treasury-call ;  
“ Nor Treachery then had branded *Eden*'s fame,  
“ Or taught mankind the miscreant *Minchin*'s name.  
“ Joyful no more—(tho' *Tommy* spoke so long !)  
“ Was high-born *Howard*'s cry, or *Powney*'s prattling tongue.  
“ Vaid was thy roar. *Mahon* !—tho' loud and deep ;  
“ Nor our own *Gilbert* could be rous'd from sleep.  
“ No bargain yet the tribe of *Phipps* had made ;  
“ *Lansdown* ! you fought in vain ev'n *Mulgrave*'s aid :  
“ *Mulgrave*—at whose harsh scream, in wild surprize  
“ The *speeeblefs* Speaker lifts his drowsy eyes.  
“ Ah ! hapless day ! still as thy hours return,  
“ Let Jesuits, Jews, and sad Dissenters mourn :  
“ Each Quack, and sympathizing juggler groan,  
“ While bankrupt brokers echo moan for moan.  
“ Oh ! much lov'd Peer ! my Patron ! Model ! Friend !  
“ How does thy alter'd state my bosom rend !  
“ Alas ! the ways of Courts are strange, and dark !  
“ *Pitt* scarce would make thee now a Treasury-Clerk !”

Stung with the maddening thought—his griefs, his fears,  
Dissolve the plaintive Counsellor in tears.

“ How oft (he cries) has wretched *Lansdown* said——  
“ Curs'd be the toilsome hours by statesmen led !  
“ Oh ! had kind Heaven ordain'd my humbler fate,  
“ A Country Gentleman's—of small estate !  
“ With *Price* and *Priestley* in some distant grove,  
“ Blest I had led the lowly life I love.  
“ Thou, *Price* ! had deign'd to calculate my flocks !  
“ Thou, *Priestley* ! sav'd them from the lightning's shocks !

“ Unknown

“ Unknown the storms and tempests of the state,  
 “ Unfelt the mean ambition to be great,  
 “ In *Borwood's* shade had past my peaceful days,  
 “ Far from the Court and its delusive ways.  
 “ The crystal brook my beverage ; and my food  
 “ Hips—cornels—haws—and berries of the wood.

“ Blest Peer ! eternal wreaths adorn thy brow,  
 “ Thou Cincinnatus of the British plough !  
 “ But rouse again thy talents and thy zeal ;  
 “ Thy Sovereign sure must wish thee Privy Seal.  
 “ Or what—if from the Seals thou art debarr'd ?  
 “ *Chandos* at least he might for thee discard.  
 “ Come, *Lansdown* ! come—thy life no more thy own ; —  
 “ Oh ! brave again the smoke and noise of town :  
 “ For Britain's sake, the weight of greatness bear,  
 “ And suffer honors thou art doom'd to wear.  
 “ To thee, her Princes, lo ! where *India* sends,  
 “ All *Benfield's* here,—and there all *Hastings's* friends :  
 “ *Macpherson*—*Wraxall*—*Sullivan* behold !  
 “ Call---*Barwell*---*Middleton*—with heaps of gold :  
 “ *Rajabs*—*Nabobs*---from *Oude*---*Tanjore*---*Arcot*,  
 “ And see ! (nor oh ! disdain him) *Major Scot* !  
 “ Ah ! give the *Major* but one gracious nod !  
 “ Ev'n *Pitt* himself once deign'd to court the *Squad* !  
 “ Oh, be it theirs, with more than patriot heat,  
 “ To snatch thy virtues from their lov'd retreat,  
 “ Drag thee reluctant to the haunts of men,  
 “ and make thee Minister !—Oh God ! but when !”

Thus

Thus mouru'd the youth---'till sunk in penfive grief,  
 He woo'd his handkerchief for soft relief ;  
 In either pocket, either hand he threw ;  
 When lo ! from each a precious tablet flew.  
 'Thus---his sage patron's wond'rous speech on trade !  
 This---his own book of sarcasms, ready made !  
 Tremendous book !---thou motley magazine  
 Of stole severities, and pilter'd spleen !  
 Oh ! rich in ill ! — within thy leaves entwinn'd,  
 What glittering adders lurk to sting the mind !  
 Satire's Museum---with Sir *Ashton's* lore,  
 The Naturalist of malice, eyes thy store ;  
 Ranging with fell *Virtu* his poisonous tribes  
 Of embryo sneers, and animalcule gibes.  
 Here insect puns their feeble wings expand,  
 To speed, in little flights, their Lord's command ;  
 There, in their paper chrysalis, he sees,  
 Specks of bon mots, and eggs of repartees.  
 In modern spirit ancient wit he steeps ;  
 If not its gloss, the reptile's venom keeps :  
 Thy quaintness, *Dunning* ; ---but without thy sense,  
 And just enough of *Bearcroft*, for offence.

On these lov'd leaves a transient glance he threw ;  
 But weightier themes his anxious thoughts pursue :  
 Deep senatorial pomp intent to reach,  
 With ardent eyes he hangs o'er *Lansdown's* speech :  
 Then loud the youth proclaims the enchanting words,  
 That charm'd the noble natures of the Lords.  
 " Loft and obscur'd in *Borwood's* humble bow'r,  
 " No party-tool---no candidate for pow'r, —  
 " I come, my Lords---an Hermit from my cell,  
 " A few blunt truths in my plain style to tell.

“ Highly

" Highly I praise your late commercial plan ;  
 " Kingdoms should all unite---like man and man :  
 " The *French* love peace ; ambition they detest ;  
 " But *Cberburg's* frightful works deny me rest.  
 " With joy I see now wealth for Britain shippid :  
 " *Lisbon's* a froward child---and should be whipp'd :  
 " Yet *Portugal's* our old and best Ally !  
 " And *Gallic* faith is but a slender tie.  
 " My Lords !---the Manufacturer's a fool !  
 " The Clothier too knows nothing about wool !  
 " Their interests still demand your constant care ;  
 " *Their* fears are *mine*---*their* griefs are *my* despair.  
 " My Lords ! my soul is big with dire alarms :  
 " *Turks*---*Germans*---*Russians*---*Prussians*---all in arms !  
 " A noble Pole---(I'm proud to call him friend !)  
 " Tells me of things---I cannot comprehend.  
 " Your Lordship's hairs would stand an end, to hear  
 " My last dispatches from the Grand Vizier.  
 " The fears of *Dantzic*---Merchants can't be told :  
 " Accounts from *Cracow*---make my blood grow cold.  
 " The state of *Portsmouth*, and of *Plymouth Docks*,  
 " Your trade---your taxes---army---navy---stocks,---  
 " All haunt me in my dreams :---and, when I rise,  
 " The Bank of England scares my opening eyes.  
 " I see---I know some dteadful storm in brewing,  
 " Arm all your coasts---your navy is your ruin.  
 " I say it still :--- (but let me be believ'd)  
 " In *this* your Lordships have been much deceiv'd.  
 " A noble Dnke affirms I like his plan :  
 " I never *did*, my Lords---I never *can*.  
 " Shame on the slanderous breath ! which dares instill  
 " That I, who now condemn, advis'd the ill.



“ Plain words, thank Heaven ! are always understood ;  
“ I *could* approve, I said---but not I *would*.  
“ Anxious to make the noble Duke content,  
“ My view was just to seem to give consent,  
“ While all the world might see that nothing less was meant.”

While *Jekyll* thus the rich exhaustless store  
Of *Lansdown's* rhetorick ponders o'er and o'er ;  
And, wrapt in happier dreams of future days,  
His patron's triumphs in his own surveys ;  
Admiring barristers in crowds resort,  
From Figtree---Brick---Hare---Pump- -and Garden Court ;  
Anxious they gaze, and watch with silent awe  
The motley son of politics and law.

Meanwhile, with softest smiles and courteous bows,  
He, graceful bending, greets their ardent vows.  
“ Thanks, generous friends ! (he cries) kind Templars,  
“ thanks !

“ Tho' now, with *Lansdown's* band pour *Jekyll* ranks,  
“ Think not, he wholly quits black-letter cares :  
“ Still, still the Lawyer with the Statesman shares.  
“ But see ! the shades of night o'er spread the skies !  
“ Thick fogs and vapours from the *Thames* arise !  
“ Far different hopes our separate toils inspire ;  
“ To parchment, you, and precedent retire !  
“ With deeper bronze your darkest looks imbrown,  
“ Adjust your brows for the demurring frown ;  
“ Brood o'er the fierce rebutters of the bar,  
“ And brave the issue of the gowned war.

“ Me, all unpractis'd in the bashful mood,  
“ Strange novice thoughts, and alien cares delude ;  
“ Yes, modest Eloquence ! ev'n I must court  
“ For once, with mimic vows, thy coy support.

“ Oh !

“ Oh ! wou’dst thou lend the semblance of thy charms !  
“ Feign’d agitations, and assum’d alarms,  
“ ’Twere all I’d ask !—but for one day alone  
“ To ape thy downcast look—thy suppliant tone ;—  
“ To pause—and bow with hesitating grace,—  
“ Here try to falter—there a word misplace ;  
“ Long banished blushes this pale cheek to teach,  
“ And act the miseries of a maiden speech !”

JOURNAL

OF THE

Right Hon. HENRY DUNDAS.

---

*October, 1787.*

TOLD the Chairman the Company had long been in want of four regiments of King's forces—said it was the first he had heard of it—told him he must require them as absolutely necessary for the safety of India—the man appeared staggered, reminded me of my usual caution; grumbled out something about recruits being cheaper; muttered that I expected too much from him, and talked of preserving ap-

appearances.—Called him a fool, and ordered him to do as he was bid.

*October, November, December, January.*—Employed in disputes with those damned fellows the Directors—would not have my regiments—told them they must—swore they would not—believe the Chairman manages very badly—threatened to provide transports, to carry out the troops at the Company's expence—found afterwards I had no right—ordered PITT to bring in a Declaratory Bill !

*February 25th*—Bill brought in—badly drawn—turn away RUSSEL, and get another Attorney General—could not make MULGRAVE speak—don't see what use he's of.

*March 3d.*—Bill read a second time—SHERIDAN very troublesome—much talk about the constitution—wish PITT would not let people wander so from the question.

*March 5th.*—Bill in a Committee—Members begin to smell mischief—don't like it—PITT took fright and shammed sick—was obliged to speak myself—resolved to do it once for all—spoke four hours—so have done my duty, and let PITT now get out of the scrape as well as he can,

*March 7th.*—PITT moved to recommit the bill—talked about checks and the constitution—believe he's mad. Got into a damned scrape about cotton—second time I've been detected—won't speak any more.—N. B. Not to let BARING come into the Direction again. Fox spoke—PITT could not answer him, and told the House he was too hoarse—forgot at the time to disguise his voice.

*March 9th.*—Got THURLOW to dine with us at *Wimbledon*—gave him my best Burgundy and Blasphemy, to put him into good humour.—After a brace of bottles, ventured to drop a hint of business—THURLOW damned me, and asked PITT for a sentiment—PITT looked foolish—GRENVILLE wife—MULGRAVE stared—SYDNEY's chin lengthened—tried the effects of another bottle.—PITT began a long speech about the subject of our meeting—SYDNEY fell asleep by the fire—MULGRAVE and GRENVILLE retired to the old game of the board, and played push-pin for ensigncies in the new corps—GRENVILLE won three.—Mem.—To punish their presumption, will not let either of them have one.

THURLOW very queer.—He swore the bill is absurd, and my correspondence with those  
 cursed

curfed Directors damned ftupid.—However will vote and fpeak with us—PITT quite fick of him—fays, he growls at every thing, propofes nothing, and fupports any thing.

N. B. Muft look about for a new Chancellor; SCOTT might do, but cants too much about his independence and his confcience—what the devil has he to do with independence and confcience—befides he has a fnivelling trick of retracting when he is caught in a lie—hate fuch puling fellows—GEORGE HARDING much better—muft try him tho'—will order him to fpeak on Wednesday.

Took PITT to town in my chariot—drove to Berkeley-ftreet—got PITT to the door, but he would not come in—lounged an hour with CHARLOTTE—promifed her a company in one of the new regiments for a difbanded private of the Horfe Guards.—Why not order the whole houfe to be qualified at DRUMMOND's, and charge it to the Company's fecret fervice?

*March 10th.* Sent for TWINING—when he came, had by me a large bafon of his SOUCHONG—drank it without a wry face—the moft naufeous black draught I ever fwallowed—fwore it was excellent—quoted a fentence from Cicero, which I got from PRETTYMAN  
for

for the occasion—promised to put **TWINING** on my House-list next year, give him one of the Chairs, and put the Tea-Trade under the Secret Committee;—**TWINING** to procure a requisition for a General Court—gave him hints for a speech—to abuse **BARING** damnably.

Called at **WHITEHALL**—took away the last letters from **CORNWALLIS**, that **PITT** may not see them before they are *properly copied* out by my private Secretary—Left orders for **PITT** and **SYDNEY** to follow me to my house, where they would find my dispatches for India ready for signing.

*March 11.*—Dined with the **DIRECTORS**—almost too late;—*London Tavern* not near enough.—Mem. to order the Directors in future always to dine in my neighbourhood, and allow them to charge the additional coach-hire to the Company—Why not buy a *long stage* to carry them about wherever I may want them?

**PITT** frightened when we got into the City, lest the mob should hiss—talked about *Grocers' Hall* and better times;—asked me if I was not glad they were going to pull down *Temple-bar*, and hoped there would be no further occasion for it. Tried to prevent his being melancholy—threw a shilling among the blackguards—

would not do—no huzzaing.—N. B. Not to forget to make the Chairman repay me, the money being disbursed in the Company's service.

Got to the LONDON TAVERN at six. Drew up my Commissioners in the passage, and gave them their orders—told PITT to follow next to me, and bid MULGRAVE speak in his upper voice, and be affable.—Tried to laugh as we entered the room—MULGRAVE put us out by one of his growling sighs—damn the fellow! must get rid of him.—Told DEVAYNES to laugh for us all—did it well—make him Chairman next year.

Dinner good—don't see why we should not dine with them always.—N. B. Ordered twelve dozen of their claret to be carried to *Wimbledon*.—LUSHINGTON grumbled, and asked by what authority I did it?—A very troublesome fellow that—remove him.

PITT peevish and out of spirits; ordered MOTTEUX to sing a song—began "*Ab si vous pouvez comprendre.*" PITT turned red, and thought the Chairman alluded to some dark passages in the India Bill—endeavoured to pacify him, and told *the Secret Committee* to give us a soft air; they sung in a low voice "*the*  
"*cause*"



“ *cause I must not, dare not tell.*”—MANSHIP groaned, and drank Colonel CATHCART. By G—, if I thought he meant to betray me, I’d indict him for perjury!—Somebody struck up “ *if you trust before you try.*”—PITT asked if the Directors wished to affront him, and began a long harangue about his regard and friendship for the Company;—*nine* Directors offered to swear for it—told them they need not—bowed, and thanked me.

LE MESURIER begged our attention to a little French Air, “ *Sous le nom de l’amité en fesse on abonde*”—*curfed mal-a-propos.*

PITT swore he was insulted, and got up to go away. The Alderman, much terrified at what he had done, protested solemnly he meant no offence, and called God to witness, it was a very harmless song he learnt some time ago in *Guernsey*—Could not appease PITT—so went away with him, after ordering MULGRAVE not to let SYDNEY drink any more wine, for fear he should begin talking.

PITT desired the servants to put out the flambeaux, as we went through the city—(a sad coward!) asked me if I did not think Fox’s a very able speech—sighed, and said he had promised to answer it to-morrow—wished however

ever to do nothing in a hurry—expressed much diffidence in his own abilities, and paid me many compliments—thought I had a fine opportunity to shew my talents—assured me he should think nothing of waving *his* right to reply; and that he had not the least objection to letting *me* answer Fox—begged to decline the offer. N. B. He seemed very uneasy, and much frightened—never knew him *diffident* before—wish to-morrow was well over.

Came home—opened a bottle of champagne which I brought in the carriage with me from the Directors' dinner—looked over my list of *levee* men—found nine field officers yet unprovided for.—Wrote to Ross, enclosing the copy of a letter to be sent to me from Lord C—LL—s, requiring more King's troops;—finished my bottle, and went to bed.

*March 12.*—Went to the levee—HE looked furly—would hardly speak to me—don't like him—must have heard that I can govern INDIA without consulting him.—Nothing ever escapes that *damned* fellow SHERIDAN!

Between four and five went to the House—worse than the levee—PITT would not speak, pretended it was better to wait for Fox—put

K

him

him in mind of the excuse he made at the end of the last debate, and his *promise* to answer *calumnies*—don't mind promises—a damned good quality that—but ought to consider his friends—GEO. HARDINGE spoke in consequence of my orders—forgot I was sitting below him—attacked Lord NORTH's administration—got into a cursed scrape with POWIS—won't do for the CHANCELLOR—why not try BURGESS?—SCOTT defended what he he had said in the last debate—made it worse than ever—quoted from DEBRETT's debates—talked about an *adder*—thought he was alluding to PITT—our lawyers somehow don't answer—ADAM and ANSTRUTHER worth them all—can't they be bought?—*Scotchmen!*—damned strange if they can't—Mem. to tell ROSE to found them.

ADAM severe on me and the rest that have betrayed Lord NORTH—a general confusion all round PITT—no one to defend us—VILLIERS grinned—GRAHAM simpered—MULGRAVE growled—by G—d I believe PITT enjoyed it—always pleased when his friends get into a scrape.—Mem. to give him a lecture upon that.—MULGRAVE spoke at last—wish he'd held his tongue—SHERIDAN answered

swered him—improves every day—with we had him—very odd so clever a fellow shouldn't be able to see his own interest—wouldn't venture on a reply myself, for fear of another lick from that clumsy boor Sir EDWARD ASTLEY—said my long speech was dull and tiresome—what's the matter with the fellow?—used to vote with us—believe LANDSOWN's got him.—Mem. to tell STEELE to look out for another Member for the county of Norfolk.

Jogged PITT—told him SHERIDAN's speech *must* be answered—said, *I* might do it then, for *he couldn't*—PULTENEY relieved us a little, pretending to be gull'd by the *checks*—too great nonsense to have any effect on the House—BASTARD forgot his last abuse of PITT, and talked again about confidence; but was against the Bill—what's confidence without a vote?—came to a division at last—better than the former—had whipped in well from SCOTLAND—the House seems tired—hope we shan't have much more of this.

Mem. to give orders to MANNERS to make a noise, and let no body speak on third reading—a very useful fellow that MANNERS —

does more good sometimes than ten speakers.

March 14th. God's infinite mercy be praised, AMEN! This is the last day that infernal DECLARATORY BILL stays in the House of Commons—as for the *Lords*—but that's no business of mine;—only poor SYDNEY!—Well—God bless us all—AMEN!

Got up and wrote the above, after a very restless night—went to bed again—but could not sleep—troubled with the *blue devils*—thought I saw POWIS—recovered myself a little, and fell into a slumber.—Dreamt I heard SHERIDAN speaking to me through the curtains—woke in a fright, and jumped out of bed.

Went down stairs—found some of the DIRECTORS waiting in the hall—*damned their bloods*, and told them this was all their doing—informed me a General Court was called by the enemy—bid them make such a noise, that nobody might be heard—DEVAYNES undertook it—ordered the SECRET COMMITTEE to stay, and sent the rest about their business.

After breakfast wrote to HAWK—Y, and begged his acceptance of a *Lieut. Colonelcy*,

2 *Majorities, a Collectorship, 3 Shawls, and a piece of India Muslin* for the young ladies—sent back one of the *Shawls*, and said he'd rather have another *Collector's place*—Damnation! but it must be so, or SYDNEY will be left to himself.—N. B. Not to forget THURLOW's *Arrack and Gunpowder Tea, with the India Crackers* for his children.

MULGRAVE called to know if I wanted him to speak to-day—told him not—had enough of him last time.

Went down to the House—ANSTRUTHER played the devil with all our *checks and guards*—serves us right for introducing such nonsense—GEORGE NORTH asked when I meant to open my budget—said, when the RAVENSWORTH arrives—pray God she be lost! Mem. When I do open my budget, to state all the accounts in *Tales, Pagados, and Mohurs*—has a fine effect on the country gentlemen, and prevents many impertinent observations.

Waited very patiently for PITT's *promised answer to Fox's calumnies* till eight o'clock—fresh enquiries about it every minute—began to be very uneasy—saw OPPOSITION sneering—SHERIDAN asked PITT if he was *hoarse* yet—looked exceed-

exceedingly foolish—pitied him, and, by way of relieving his awkward situation, spoke myself—made some of my boldest assertions—said a good thing about “*A Mare’s Nest*”—coined a few clauses, which I assured the House were in Fox’s Bill, and sat down with much applause—was afterwards unfortunately detected in every thing I had said, and universally scouted by all sides.—Mem. I should not have got into that scrape, if I had not tried to help a friend in distress.—N. B. Never to do it again—there’s nothing to be gained by it.

As soon as I recovered myself, asked PITT whether he really meant to answer Fox, or not.—Owned at last, with tears in his eyes, he could not muster courage enough to attempt it—sad work this!—N. B. Observed GRENVILLE made a note, that a man need not be an orator, to be *Chancellor of the Exchequer*—he seemed pleased with the precedent.

Nothing left for it but to cry *question!*—divided—only 54 majority—here’s a job!

SHERIDAN read a cursed malicious paper, in which he proved PITT an impostor; and that what Fox had openly demanded, the *Board of Controul* had secretly stolen.—Brother Commissioners all turned pale—was obliged to  
rub

rub their noses with *Thieves Vinegar*, and then slunk out of the House as fast as I could.—N. B. Believe old PEARSON's sneering son of a bitch—tried to whistle as I went through the lobby—asked me if I was unwell—damn his impudence.

Came home in a very melancholy mood — returned thanks in a short prayer for our narrow escape—drank a glass of brandy—confessed my sins — determined to reform, and sent to WILBERFORCE for a good book—a very worthy and religious young man that—like him much—always votes with us.

Was beginning to grow very dejected, when ROSE called to inform me of an excellent scheme about BANK STOCK—a snug thing, and not more than twenty in the secret—raised my spirits again —told the servant I would not trouble Mr. WILBERFORCE—ordered a bottle of best Burgundy—set to it with ROSE, hand to fist — congratulated one another on having got the DECLARATION BILL out of our House---and drank good luck to SYDNEY, and a speedy progress through the Lords.



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# HARRY AND BILLY:

## AN ECLOGUE.

---

WITH lust for pow'r, with fear to lose it  
press'd,

(Alternate tyrants of his fordid breast)

Once had *Scotch Harry* plann'd a scheme, to prove  
If *Billy's* faith prevail'd o'er strong self-love.

A secret note with trembling haste he writes,  
Himself to *Holwood's* well-known bow'r invites;  
Suggestions dark, and dubious words, disclose  
That his sad heart is torn with weighty woes,  
To *Billy's* ear that he must hints commend  
On which their fame, and dearer place, depend.

*Billy* approaching, sent his lurid eye  
To ask if yet his darling *Thane* was nigh.  
He sees—but ah! perceives no wonted haste—  
On the low ground the *Scot's* regards are plac'd;  
His artful bosom heaves dissembl'd sighs,  
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.  
Attentive stood the anxious boy—the man  
Broke silence first. The tale alternate ran.

## H A R R Y.

SINCERE, oh tell (if e'er in early youth  
 Thy lips familiar spoke one word of truth)  
 Doth some base *Englishman* with me divide  
 Thy heart?— or hath it own'd an earlier guide?  
 If so, with pity view my abject state;  
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate;  
 Give to some native boy my vacant place;  
 Some jobbing Chief of *England's* hated race.  
 And only, as the Sun's revolving ray  
 Brings back each year this melancholy day,  
 Think that thy faithful *Harry* lives to see  
*Landsdowne* and *North* betray'd in vain for thee.  
 For oh! too long securely have I view'd  
 These treach'rous steps by public scorn pursu'd.—  
 Now the lewd rabble pelt me as I pass;  
 E'en *Thurlow* scouts, and *Jenky* rumps *Dundas*.  
 Fate calls aloud, and chides my fond delay  
 —Perhaps a pump awaits my longer stay—  
 Then keep *thy* place, dear youth, nor vainly stoop  
 To save a wretched *Scot*, of his own schemes the  
 dupe.

## B I L L Y.

What are our nerves, if, when in act to rob,  
 We dread the senseless clamour of a mob?  
 Whose wit like thine the various fraud supplies?  
 Ah! where are *Billy's* hopes if *Harry* flies?  
 Not my own Doctor half so dear is lov'd,  
 Though, since a Bishop, much in fibs improv'd.  
 But if thy pitiful, ill-boding fear  
 Idly resigns—*four thousand pounds a year,*  
 Ne'er

Ne'er shall malicious *Whigs*, in scoffing story,  
 Tell of *Scotch Harry* sold by *Pitt the Tory*.  
 Faithful I follow, and resigning, own  
 That I, of all mankind, can act with thee alone.

## H A R R Y.

Let caution yet obstruct thy vent'rous way ;  
 Think what the Country Gentlemen will say !  
 —*That their pure Billy evil courses took ;*  
*His father's fame—(the last pretence !)—forsook ;*  
*That, fond of guile, and ardent for intrigue,*  
*He with a SCOTCHMAN join'd in hateful league.*  
 Then stay behind, brave youth, nor rashly stoop  
 To save a banish'd man, of his own tricks the dupe.

## B I L L Y.

Let *Banks* and *Wilberforce* their censures choose ;  
 Let *Bastard* blast me, or let *Rolle* accuse :  
 Of all my crimes may I by *Wilkes* be told ;  
 Let *Fanny Burton* flout, or *Pulteney* scold ;  
 To the censorious world this truth be known—  
 That safely *Pitt* with thee can trust himself alone !

## H A R R Y.

Right well I know thy dubious speech abounds  
 In slippery suavity, and suasive sounds ;  
 Gay, bold, and saucy too, I know thee now,  
 While at thy shrine obedient placemen bow.  
 But when this fond, delusive dream is past,  
 Thyself, deceiving all, deceiv'd at last ;  
 When the gay scene of wealth and pow'r is clos'd,  
 And *Fox* defies thy feeble force oppos'd ;

When

When thy proud crest is humbl'd to the dust,  
 And none will join the man whom none can trust ;  
 When reason triumphs, and when *Whigs* prevail,  
 'Tis tow'ring zeal—fictitious spunk—will fail.  
 Then keep the Treas'ry-Bench, dear youth, nor  
     stoop  
 To join an odious *Scot*, of his own wiles the dupe.

## B I L L Y.

Each inconsistent part I well can act ;  
 Affirm, deny, misconstrue, and retract.  
 Most grim is *Mulgrave*, and sublimely dull ;  
 Nor wit can penetrate *Lloyd Kenyon's* skull ;  
 Charm'd by no feature, by no sense misled,  
 Scarce from my *Bogy's* b— we know his head ;  
 The fat, blank mind, the shapeless traits disclose,  
 Foul and indecent had he lost his nose.  
 These yet are ours, the haughtiest foes to meet :  
 Troops such as these can never know defeat.

Then near thee, doubt not, steadfast I'll remain,  
 And loudly swear thou'rt honest in the grain.  
 Though my half-principles may not allow  
 Me ev'ry pledge at once to disavow,  
 Each fraudulent aid, insidious, I'll supply,  
 Veil'd in the garb of Freedom's best ally ;  
 Blest when my deep hypocrisy hath shewn,  
 That I, of all mankind, am fit for thee alone.

## H A R R Y.

But say, ambitious Boy, can'tt thou sustain  
 Sad disappointment's unrelenting reign ?

When

When brib'd majorities no more will vote,  
 Nor nasty *Shuckb'rough* strain his noisy throat —  
 No well - cramm'd rows thy profing schemes to  
 hear,

No *Cornwall's* nod thy climaxes to chear,  
 Say—wilt thou not, repining, fend thine eye  
 Around the dismal waste—and sneaking, try  
 (For well thou know'ft no treach'ry is too late)  
 With *Hawkefbury's* help, to find the poftern gate ?  
 Search if the well-known ftairs thou can'ft difcern ;  
 Stairs never barr'd to faithlefs *Pitt's* return ?  
 Will not weak *Billy* then exhausted droop,  
 And leave a haplefs man, of guilt and him the  
 dupe ?

B I L L Y.

No, *Harry*, no—one facred oath hath ty'd  
 Our faith—one destiny our life fhall guide.—  
 When at the Houfe we lofe the well fought day,  
 To fome cheap tavern we'll together ftray ;  
 Deep in dull Port my bootlefs cares I'll drench,  
 Nor blufh with thee to fhare fome buxom wench.  
 And when, at night, with wine and toil opprest,  
 Sweet flumber *thou* enjoy'ft, and wholefome reft,  
 Loft in fond eafe, and amorous neglect,  
 Sly and fedate, thy pockets I'll protect.  
 Thus, crown'd with blifs, the circling hours fhall  
 fly ;

All night we'll revel, and all day we'll lie.  
 Then *Harry* be convinc'd, and grateful own,  
 That I, of all mankind, am fit for thee alone.

H A R R Y.

## H A R R Y.

Idly thou talk'ft of wenches and of wine,  
 Or in luxurious plenty hop'ft to dine ;  
 For thou muft mix with men—thy friends abjur'd  
 —From native wilds, in hopes of plunder lur'd ;  
 (The chofen kindred of thy *Harry's* breed)  
 Train'd by harfh fortunē to each desp'rate deed ;  
 Fierce with long hunger—prostitute for bread ;  
 By filth corrupted, and with brimftone fed ;  
 Their only joy—their glowing hides to fcratch ;  
 Their fole employment—vagrant lice to catch.  
 A barb'rous fpeech thy claffic ear muft wound,  
 Inur'd to elocution's foftest found,—  
 Till, by fad habit, brought from bad to worfe,  
 On BRUNSWICK's facred race thou join'ft the re-  
 bel curfe !

Now, *Billy*, now, the laft reflection make :  
 What thou would'ft follow, what thou would'ft  
 forfake.

No half-faced fellowship our ftars allow ;  
 No quibbling promifes can gull me now.  
 To the laft dregs of meannefs thou muft ftoop,  
 Or leave a hated *Scot*, of guilt and thee the dupe.

## B I L L Y.

Oh grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates  
 Doom thee to fuffer what thy int'reft hates !  
 Mix thee among the poor—or make thee run  
 Near the bafe coufins, whom thy pride would  
 fhun !

But,

But, sure, thy *Billy's* heart could never err  
E'en 'mongst the best—if *Harry* still were there.

Chiefly for thee I practis'd ev'ry cheat  
Of mimic virtue and refin'd deceit :  
Well skill'd to puzzle, and perplex the sense,  
My choicest tropes were us'd for thy defence ;  
The charms of flow'ry speech no more I'll prize,  
But in *broad Scotch* my little wit disguise—  
Breeches no more these harmless limbs shall wear  
To the rude winds magnificently bare—  
Loft to the World—to *English* eyes unknown,  
*Billy* shall joy to skulk, and live for thee alone !

## H A R R Y.

Oh wand'ring levity !—Oh shameless boast !  
Oh honour lightly won, and lightly lost !  
Now shall each song, in rueful notes, proclaim  
*The Youth well backney'd in the ways of shame :*  
Baseness no more for friendly zeal mistake,  
Thou lov'st corruption for corruption's sake.  
All sacrific'd ! to join a vagrant troop  
That owns a guilty man, of his own arts the dupe.

## B I L L Y.

Are there not halters ?—Eggs ?—Impeachments ?  
—Blocks ?  
Have we brib'd *Sheridan*, or poison'd *Fox*,  
That this dire word escapes the tuneful tongue,  
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung ?  
Drag forth my actions to severest test,  
*Rose* and *Jack Robinson*, who know me best !

M

Of



Of *Eden's* faith, and *Westcote's* firmness tell,  
 And—last of modern rats—how *Minchin* fell;  
 Then loud proclaim if my unpractis'd heart  
 E'er seem'd inclin'd to act a knavish part,  
 Or knows one fault—or other crime can own  
 Than that, of all mankind, it feels like thine alone.

## H A R R Y.

Vainly thou say'st, our principles agree,  
 And of congenial feelings talk'st to me—  
 Our mushroom bands have sprung from For-  
 tune's sport,  
 Or from the crimes and follies of a court;  
 No fix'd desert denotes our casual rise,  
 Nor firm try'd faith, nor Friendship's holy ties.  
 By nature prompted, and for treach'ry paid,  
 Alike with force or cunning we invade.  
 To the gull'd mob delusive vows we bear,  
 Or with sly whispers win the Monarch's ear.  
 Dup'd by those arts that taught thee first to rise,  
 Take back thy silly heart—an easy sacrifice.

Why should'st thou rave? Let honour judge  
 our cause

By the first rules of its eternal laws—  
 I saw thee first in Opposition's train,  
 Young, giddy, petulant, perverse, and vain:  
 No ardent impulse thy stern heart obey'd;  
 But stiff reserve and tim'rous caution sway'd.  
 Apt to my purpose, I my snares begun,  
 I came, I bow'd, I flatter'd, and I won—

But

But now—for well I guess thy parting pow'r  
In BRUNSWICK's frown that never seem'd to  
four)

Warn'd, I retire to seek the distant cells,  
Where, in the lonely wood, my *Lansdowne* dwells ;  
With him not long in solitude to mourn ;  
With him in happier times to place return.  
For lo—the God accepts the patriot's vow ;  
And smiles returning soften BRUNSWICK's  
brow !

All hope to join us from thy heart remove ;  
For well he knows thy tricks, and oft hath try'd  
thy love.

B I L L Y.

Of all egregious knaves art thou the worst—  
Or I, of fools, the most completely curst ?  
—Yet will I go with thee—and, slave, attend  
On him who well may spurn the name of Friend.  
Oh—may he rule himself the Treas'ry Board,  
And make me what he likes—an humble Lord !

H A R R Y.

Most holy *Prettyman* ! Oh hear me swear  
By thy quick genius—sadly lost in pray'r—  
By thy gilt Bible, erst the fav'rite prize  
When *Banks* with thine, vainglorious match'd his  
lies\*,

No miscreant *Scot* am I ; no wretch forlorn ;  
No branded victim ; yet of public scorn ;

\* Vide The Lyar's Political Eclogue.

Hail'd by each voice THE MONARCH OF BENGAL,  
 From *Ganges'* wealthy stream to *Leadenhall!*  
 No ragged cousins tease me now for jobs :  
 Long since hath *Campbell* made them all Nabobs.  
 Contractors here my princely steps attend ;  
 Committees there—and here Directors bend.  
 Mine their whole wealth, their Patronage, and  
     State ;  
 My smile is Providence, my frown is Fate.  
 Not BRUNSWICK's self can drive me from  
     my feat,  
 Nor, scornful, seek I *Bowood's* poor retreat ;  
 But on bold guilt and impudence rely ;  
 Despise the People, and the King defy.

( 85 )

O D E

ON THE

RESTORATION OF HIS MAJESTY;

RECITED BY

MRS. SIDDONS,

AT BROOKES'S GALA, ON TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1789.

WRITTEN BY MR. MERRY.

---

**R**EFULGENT from his zenith'd height,  
The vast orb show'rs the living light,  
While roseate Beauty hails the bounteous stream;  
Gigantic Ocean drinks the blaze,  
Wild on his boundless billows plays,  
And shakes his glitt'ring tresses to the beam.

But see, engender'd in the gloom  
Of fullen Night's unhallow'd womb,  
Dim clouds arise, and vapours fell;  
Onward they speed their baneful flight,  
Spread o'er the heav'ns their shad'wy spell,  
Deform the promis'd day, and veil the glorious  
light.

\* M 2

Ah!

Ah! now far off the tim'rous Pleasures haste,  
 Sad Silence slumbers in the list'ning waste;  
 From her lorn cave pale Melancholy steals,  
 And scarce a sigh her secret pang reveals;  
 Hush'd are the Zephyrs, mute the tuneful grove,  
 The notes that wak'd to joy, the gales that  
 whisper'd love.

—But short the mornful change—behold  
 Again from high the radiant splendour roll'd;  
 See, the fresh flow'rs with brighter tints are  
 spread,  
 And richer colours paint the mountain's head;  
 The wanton river, more luxuriant leads  
 His silv'ry current through the laughing meads;  
 A sweeter song the feather'd minstrel tries;  
 Far sweeter perfumes from the blossoms rise;  
 'Tis Nature's incense fills the bright'ning  
 skies.

—So when thy lustre, GEORGE, awhile  
 Was lost to Britain's forrowing isle,  
 Apall'd, we shrunk beneath the blow;  
 The boldest heart confest dismay,  
 Despair o'ercast our Glory's day,  
 Witness'd a Sov'reign's worth, and spoke a na-  
 tion's woe.

—But

—But rising now to transport from her fears,  
 Health be to GEORGE, our King, Britannia cries;  
 Waft the warm wish, ye gales that rise,  
 Spread the glad sound, ye echoing spheres,  
 Where'er Britannia proud her victor-sceptre rears:  
 Let distant Continents declare,  
 The glorious cause that wakes a nation's care,  
 When in disaster's heavy hour,  
 Dire sickness clouds the Monarch's brow—  
 'Tis that unshrinking from his hallow'd vow,  
 That Monarch, to his free-born people just,  
 Reigns but for those who gave him power,  
 And makes it glory to deserve the trust.  
 Long rest the sceptre in his equal hand,  
 And to his sway may Heav'n propitious be;  
 Long may he rule a willing land,  
 But oh! FOR EVER MAY THAT LAND BE FREE!

—Have we not seen a threat'ning world combine,  
 To tear the laurels from Britannia's shrine;  
 Seen countless navies load the weary main,  
 Legions on legions swell th' embattl'd plain?  
 Yes, with disdain have seen them, and they know  
 How quick the bold presumption ends in woe:  
 As when of yore, on Poictier's purple field,  
 Gaul's regal lord resign'd his lillied shield,  
 When CRESSY'S troops the sable Chief rever'd,  
 And first ICH DIEN on his plumes appear'd.  
 So STILL, the vanquish'd foes of Albion find,  
 Nought can resist th' unconquerable mind;

From

From Elliot's thunder, Rodney's rage they fly,  
 Fate gives th' inspiring word—'Tis GEORGE and  
 LIBERTY.

Fairy people! ye who dwell  
 In fragrant ev'ning's vap'ry cell,  
 To the clear moon oft' repair,  
 And quaff the spirit of the air!  
 Bear Britannia's votive wreath,  
 Where the gentlest zephyrs breathe:  
 Lave it in the saphire tides,  
 Where immortal Fame resides;  
 Mark the leaves which valour wove,  
 Gather'd by the hand of love;  
 Virtue blest'd them as she view'd,  
 'Tis the wreath of gratitude!

—Yet still a nobler palm to Britain's heir,  
 Let the fond ardour of affection bear;  
 Just so the favour'd PRINCE, in whom we trace  
 The brightest glories of the Brunswick race,  
 Unfeign'd benevolence, grace, void of art,  
 The mildest nature, and the firmest heart;  
 Feelings, that share the grateful bliss they give,  
 When blushing bounty bids the suff'rer live;  
 The pride of gen'rous worth which pants to prove  
 His dearest birth-right is the People's love;  
 His best ambition to revere that law,  
 Which holds the free-born heart in willing awe.

Such

Such are the virtues happy Britons own,  
 Diffuse reflected lustre on a throne.  
 And, lo! HIBERNIA, from her fertile coast,  
 Leans o'er the lucid waves to hear the boast;  
 Then gaily strikes her harp's melodious string,  
 And with the fond applauses greets the spring,  
 Greets the light blast which jocund speeds away,  
 To where th' Atlantic clasps the sinking day.  
 Speed ye soft gales, our nation's honour raise,  
 And blend in kindred fame fraternal praise;  
 Tho' thou, ingenuous YORK, all praise disclaim,  
 And in a brother's glory seek thy fame,  
 Howe'er with conscious worth thy bosom glows,  
 Thou art the foe of none but Freedom's foes.  
 Blest be those youths whose love and duty wait,  
 To guard the public Parent of the state—  
 And blest the Father, who when ills invade,  
 From Heav'n and nature claims the surest aid!

Sullen Hate and Party spleen,  
 Pride and Envy quit the scene!  
 Friendship here, and Pleasure bind  
 Flow'ry fetters on the mind,  
 Female charms around conspire—  
 Beaming love, and soft desire;  
 Forms celestial, that surpass  
 Those beheld in Fancy's glass,  
 When the youthful Poet's eye  
 Meets the vision'd extacy.  
 Sons of Freedom hither haste,  
 Only you the bliss can taste,

Only



( 90 )

Only you have pow'r to prove  
What is Beauty, what is Love.  
Sons of Freedom hither throng,  
Join with us the loyal song,  
Till in glad concord ev'ry heart agree,  
BRUNSWICK'S blest line—BRITANNIA'S li-  
berty.

F I N I S.

5.

A  
 P A R O D Y  
 OF THE  
 S O N G S  
 IN THE BURLETTA OF  
 M I D A S,

AS THEY ARE NOW SINGING

BY THE FOLLOWING

ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES:

HER M——Y,	MR. PITT.
HIS R. H. THE P. OF W.	MR. FOX.
HIS R. H. P. W. H.	MRS. FITZHERBERT.
PRINCESSES.	MADAM SCHWELLEBERG.
DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.	MR. BURKE.
DUCHESSSES OF GORDON AND DEVONSHIRE.	MR. SHERIDAN.
THE LORD CHANCELLOR.	DR. WARREN.

DUET of a PITTITE and a RAT.  
 RATS in Chorus, EX-MINISTERS in Chorus,  
 PARLIAMENT in Chorus.

A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

————— “*inducere Plumas*  
 Undique collatis *Membris.*”

L O N D O N :  
 Printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, opposite Burlington-House,  
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M.DCC.LXXXIX.

[ Entered at STATIONERS' HALL. ]

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S O N G S, &c.

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S C E N E I.

*The Curtain rising, discovers the Queen's Cabinet Council seated at Buckingham House, in full Assembly. They address her Majesty in Chorus, accompanied by all the Instruments.*

*Chorus of all the Ex-Ministers.*

A I R I.

GEORGE in his chair,  
By his Popish fair,  
With his nods,  
Men and Gods  
Thinks to awe ;  
But let Will  
Shew a bill,  
On our rights  
Throw some lights,  
He'll tremble at the law.

( 6 )

Cock of the school,  
Tho' Dick and Charley's tool,  
Of Buff and Blue the law,  
Even Pitt,  
Tho' so fit  
By his wit,  
Must soon quit,  
And make room for men of straw.  
But Parliament  
With one consent,  
Will force them to withdraw.

AIR

A I R II.

SCENE. *A Dressing Room at Kew.*

The Q——N and PR——E of W——.

THINK not, lewd Son,  
That your mother's undone,  
Because you're by rascals applauded;  
By all that is light,  
Charlotte will have her right,  
Nor be of dues Royal defrauded.

I'll worry the hearts  
Of your buff and blue smarts,  
And stir up my Pitt to oppose them;  
My wavering friends  
I will baulk of their ends,  
Or into Rats metamorphose them.

A I R

A I R III.

SCENE—*Carleton House.*

*The* CHANCELLOR *and* P—— *of* W——s.

BE by your friends advised,  
Too rash, too hafty lad,  
The world, spite of your wise head,  
Will *also* deem *you* mad.

Think what a fate attends you,  
If Willis, 'stead of Fox,  
Your tutor is, and sends you  
To Kew, without your locks.

A I R

A I R IV.

SCENE—*A private Closet in Carleton House.*

P—— of W——, and Dr. W——N.

P——E,

I.

SINCE you mean to hire for service,  
Come and join the buff and blue ;  
You can help to bring us notice  
Of whate'er is done at Kew.

Fa la la.

II.

You must not dispute for wages,  
For I have not much to give ;  
But if you could gain the Pages,  
We might all in splendour live.

Fa la la.

III.

Join with me, and when all's over,  
When I am a King indeed,  
You and your's shall live in clover ;  
You'll be double, triple feed.

Fa la la.

B

Dr.



Dr. W——N.

IV.

Come, strike hands, I take your offer,  
With young Pitt I should fare worse,  
For tho' he'd accept my proffer,  
Not a doit would he disburse.

Fa la la .

PR——E. Do, strike hands; 'tis kind I offer,

Dr. WARREN. I strike hands, and take your offer,

PR——E. With young Pitt you would fare  
worse.

Dr. WARREN. With young Pitt I should fare  
worse.

PR——E. For, tho' he'd accept your proffer,

Dr. WARREN. For, tho' he'd accept my proffer,

PR——E. Not a doit would he disburse.

Dr. WARREN. Not a doit would he disburse.

Fa la la.

*Exeunt, dancing and singing.*

A I R

( 11 )

A I R V.

SCENE—*Downing Street.*

*Mr. PITT and Mr. ROSE.*

I.

BURKE is known  
To mischief prone,  
And so is Sheridan, Sir ;  
But the head  
That most I dread,  
Is that of Carlo Khan, Sir :  
For he will drink  
Until he blink,  
Yet talk like any man, Sir.

II.

Silly boys  
The rogue decoys,  
From duty to their mother  
Pleas'd to find  
The P——nce so blind,  
He tampers with his brother :  
But ere 'tis long,  
The wicked throng  
Will fight with one another.

B 2 .

A I R

A I R VI.

SCENE—*The Committee Room at the House of Commons. Dr. Willis under Examination : Burke very violent.*

Mr. PITT *sings.*

Pray, Edmund, please to moderate the rancour  
of your tongue,

Why will you thus my doctor dear despise ?

Remember that your judgement's weak, and fits  
of passion strong,

May soon make you become his prize.

Ply him,

Try him,

But do not defy him :

He'll stop your freak,

If him you pique,

By looking in your eyes !

A I R

A I R VII.

SCENE—*The Palace at Kew.*

Trio of the QUEEN, P—— OF W——, and  
PRINCESSES.

PRINCESSES.

Ah ! ah !

Mamma !

Mamma, how can you be so hard-hearted

To the gentle P— of Wales ?

Ah, fure ! tho' you he has *often* thwarted,

He's the best of all your males.

Q——N.

Girls, for you my fears perplex me,

I'm alarm'd on your account !

P—— OF W——.

Mother, cease to teaze and vex me,

I, my father's throne will mount.

A I R

A I R VIII.

SCENE—*An Eating Room at Carleton House.*

P— OF W— *sings, seated between* GEO. H—R  
*and* CAPT. M—S.

*Hour—Midnight.*

Shall a country put, not fit to wipe my shoes,

Dare my amours controul ?

Shall the *Prince of Wales* not have a right to  
choose

His wife for Goodman *Rolle*?

No—I'll fend him to the Tower ;

I'll teach him how to prate

Of the actions of the great ;

And when I'm in the height of pow'r,

I'll feize on his estate.

A I R

A I R IX.

SCENE—*A Cabin in the “ Pegase,” with Hammocks, &c.*

*Prince WILLIAM HENRY is discovered, sitting at a Table, with a Tankard, Pipes, and Tobacco before him. Wowski asleep near him.*

PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY *sings.*

Frederic wenches and drinks ;  
George in his station so high,  
Is but a fool if he thinks,  
That he's as happy as I.  
Charley schools him  
And rules him,  
And leads his Highness a weary life.  
I have a beauty  
Tho' footy,  
I'd not exchange for his merry wife.  
She will fluster  
And bluster  
Because she a Duchess will never be ;  
But my pet,  
Black as jet,  
Needs not title, nor house, nor annuity.

A I R

A I R X.

SCENE—*Palace at Kew.*

MADAME SCHWELLENBERG *sings.*

ALL around in council how they fit,

Hit,

Fit,

To have turned out Pitt!

Routing,

Scouting,

At you pouting,

Jeering,

Sneering,

At the loyal cit.

There is old Queensbury smirks like a bad

Lad,

Glad

That the *King* is *mad!*

Waiting,

Prating,

While Burke rating,

Uses the mother as he did the dad.

A I R

A I R XI.

SCENE—*The Club at Brookes's. Faro Table laid.*

CHARLES FOX *sings.*

SURE I shall run with impatience distracted,  
To see my purposes thus counteracted!  
When I get up to express my vexation,  
Pitt on his legs takes the opposite station.  
With these restrictions  
My pow'r is curtail'd;  
Sure such afflictions  
No man e'er bewail'd.  
As for the Queen and her orator Pitt, Sir,  
They've a fine game, but we soon will be quit, Sir.

C

AIR



A I R XII.

SCENE—*A certain White House in Pall Mall.*

*Mrs. FITZHERBERT sings.*

I.

HE's as loose a drunken fellow,  
As e'er paid his court to me :  
But I ne'er shall wear the willow,  
For no longer is he free.

II.

Tho' my rival cast a hawk's eye,  
I defy what she may do ;  
He can't wed the little doxy,  
He has won and wed me too.

III.

Back to France they say he'll send me,  
But I vow I will not go ;  
Nym and Bardolph both befriend me,  
Falstaff only is my foe.

AIR

A I R XIII.

SCENE—*The House of Lords. The Commons attending.*

*The* REGENT,

*Seated in his Chair of State, sings.*

House of Lords, affuage my anguish,  
House of Commons, ease my pain !  
Longer do not let me languish,  
One kind bill will make me reign.

*(Apart, winking to Sheridan.)*

Did you know the buck that courts you,  
He, perhaps, might sue in vain ;  
Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you  
Soon will wish for Dad again.

A I R      XIV.

SCENE *continues.*

*Both Houses of Parliament in Chorus.*

We know you caper and modulate prettily,  
And are not wanting in beauty and grace;  
And that your counsellors speechify wittily,  
But their proceedings are shabby and base.

And Burke so noisy, so rude, and so violent,  
With his Teague's voice, has so broguish a tone,  
That if you'll banish them when you are made  
Regent,  
You may count on all the votes as your own.

A I R XV.

SCENE—*The Drawing Room at St. James's.*

*Duchesses of GORDON and DEVONSHIRE meet at the Enquiries.*

D—ss of G—N. My Buff and Blue Duchefs, what  
think you that Fox  
Will keep his place maugre the fall of the stocks?

D—ss of D—SHIRE.—And do you, my Scotch  
woman, fancy that Pitt  
Will e'er on the Treafury Bench again fit?

D—ss of G—N.—Fox we'll chace,

D—ss of D—SHIRE.—Pitt out of place.

*Both.* I foon fhall have to condole with your Grace.

D—ss of G.—Your canvaffing talents ere long  
you'll employ,

And many a freeman with kifles decoy.

D—ss of D.—Your fuppers and balls have too  
often prevail'd,

With half-ftarving members, when coaxing has  
fail'd.

D—ss

D—ss of G.—Fox we'll uncase,

D—ss of D.—Vile race !

BOTH.—I'll humble the vanity of your Grace,

D—ss of G.—Ma'am, your assurance,

D—ss of D.—And, Ma'am, your high airs,

D—ss of G.—Must cease with the influence—

D—ss of D.—Of the back stairs.

D—ss of G.—No more of these freedoms, my  
lady, I beg,

D—ss of D.—The Pittite's conceit must be  
lower'd a peg,

D—ss of G.—Poor spite !

D—ss of D.—Pride hurt !

D—ss of G.—Words trite !

D—ss of D.—Rare flirt !

D—ss of G.—You shew your fine teeth, but  
you never will bite ;

D—ss of D.—Your Billy will soon be reduc'd  
to his shirt,

[*Exeunt, scolding.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

A I R I.

SCENE—*The Duchess of Rutland's House in  
Albemarle Street.*

*Duchess of Rutland sings.*

I.

O what pleasures would abound,  
Could my Billy keep his ground !  
Charles and Sheridan,  
Burke the merryman,  
I would banish to Lob's pound.

II.

O how happy should I be,  
Would the Regent think like me !  
As for madam Fitz,  
And such naughty chits,  
I would drown them in the sea !

A I R

A I R II.

SCENE—*Mrs. FITZ*—*T's House in Pall Mall.*

*Mrs. FITZ*—*T sings.*

NE'ER will I be left in the lurch,  
For I am your honest rib,  
Although we were not wed in church ;  
If this you deny, you fib.  
Th' apprehension  
Of Rolle's intention,  
Hath made you mention  
To me a pension ;  
But, Sir, I spurn it,  
And will return it,  
Or else will burn it,  
And you may learn it  
In a newspaper squib.

A I R

A I R III.

SCENE—*The Treasury.*

ROSE *and* STEELE *attending.*

PITT *sings.*

If to George's strong box,  
The Regent and Fox  
Steal sily the treasure to plunder;  
In Court I'll attack 'em,  
Though Loughborough back 'em,  
My courage shall make the world wonder,

II.

To the Prince, if he stumple,  
I'll fail not to grumble,  
Whatever disgrace may befall me;  
With truth I'll o'erbear him,  
With law I'll ensnare him,  
And force the wild youth to recal me.

D

A I R



A I R IV.

SCENE—*Carleton House Gardens.*

*Mrs. FITZ*—*T sings.*

In his Royal attirement,  
His charms brighter shine ;  
And his first speech, as Regent,  
Was downright divine.  
But the station,  
That the nation  
To me doth decree,  
If mistress,  
My distress  
Prodigious will be.

A I R

A I R V.

SCENE—*Carleton House. The Council Chamber.  
The Cabinet sitting.*

P—E *sings.*—Master Will,  
And his Regency Bill,  
I wish they were funk in the ocean.

Fox *sings.* — If you'll command  
The venal band,  
I'll venture to hazard the motion.

BURKE.—And I'll have a fling,  
And make his ears ring ;

SHERIDAN. And I all his gibes will repay him.  
I'll taunt !

F—X. I'll vaunt !

B—KE. I'll flaunt !

PR—E. I'll daunt !

ALL. And I'll warrant the House will betray  
him.

*The PR—E.* — For all his cheats,  
And popular feats,  
My right to circumscribe, Sir,  
A scheme I'll try  
To make him fly,  
And spare nor oath nor bribe, Sir.  
Arraigned he shall be  
Of treason to me,

*B—KE.*—And I with abuse will dismay him,  
I'll rant,

*SH—N.* I'll cant,

*F—X.* I'll pant,

*P—E.* I'll grant,

*ALL.* And I warrant the House will betray him.

A I R VI.

*Dialogue between a PITTITE and a RAT.*

SCENE—*The House of Commons; behind the  
Speaker's Chair,*

PITTITE.—Have the Dukes in Piccadilly  
Coax'd you to abandon Billy?  
Or are you become a rat,  
'Cause your heart goes pit-a-pat  
For the love of a Foxite filly?

II.

RAT. Can a member pretend to be wise,  
Who the offers of friends will despise;  
Who, when ministers can't stand,  
And changes are at hand,  
Will not leave them for those that rise?

PITTITE. You're a mercenary grub,

RAT. You're the tool of an artful scrub,  
Your betters you snub,

PIT-

- PITTITE.** Who will lend me a club  
This insolent hireling to drub?  
You're a mercenary grub.
- RAT.** You are fool'd by an artful scrub,
- PITTITE.** Who will meet with many a rub.
- RAT.** Who's a mere whipt syllabub.
- PITTITE.** A guinea for a club.
- RAT.** A tale of a tub!
- PITTITE.** This muckworm to drub.
- RAT.** But my noble cub,
- PITTITE.** Since he does not mind a snub,
- RAT.** Will me his champion dub.

A I R VII.

SCENE—CHARLES FOX'S *House in St. James's Street. A back Room.*

FOX, SHERIDAN, and BURKE are discovered sitting at a Table.

DUCK BURKE attending without the door as Council.

FOX.        Sure you'll not endeavour  
              To disserve  
              From our favour,  
              The great Saviour,  
              In Eastern climes,  
              Of Britannia's domain.

BURKE.      Yes, I will detect him!

FOX.        They'll protect him,  
              And direct him.

BURKE.      You'll reject him.

FOX.        I respect him.

BURKE.      You'll neglect him.

SHERIDAN.    With twenty crimes  
              I'll his character stain.

FOX.        When did he injure you, that you're  
              thus spiteful?

BURKE.

BURKE. He turn'd out Will Burke, and 'twould  
be delightful,  
To bring him on his knees,  
Or to get his rupees,  
That I may befriend him.

FOX. You he will never bribe,  
For he has got a scribe,  
That can well defend him.

BURKE and } What care we for his defence !  
SHERIDAN. } He shan't prove his innocence.

FOX. He'll try, he'll try ;  
I will no hand have in this vile proceed-  
ing.

SHERIDAN. But if your heart I melt with Cheyt  
Sing bleeding ?

FOX. Well, if you can shew cause,  
And, if by British laws,  
He can be indicted :  
I then, perhaps, may join ;  
But, with your taking coin  
I am not delighted.

BURKE and } Oh ! leave that affair to us !  
SHERIDAN. } We are not so scrupulous.

FOX. Oh ! fye. Oh ! fye.

A I R

A I R . . . VIII.

SCENE—*York House—after Dinner, Bottles and  
Glasses, &c.*

PRINCE *sings.*

WHAT a devilish ado,  
Before I am appointed !  
Tory you, and Whig you,  
Until I am anointed,  
To the Rats that vote with me,  
I cannot give preferment ;  
For they've clipp'd in committee  
The Powers of the Regent.

CHORUS of RATS.

*Sixteen at a Time.*

O judicious, sober, Regent !  
Who shall oppose our sober Regent !

E.

AIR



A I R IX.

*Scene continues at York House.*

*The Company drunk.*

PRINCE *sings.*

I'M given to understand that you are playing all a  
game,  
And trying whether Pitt or Fox shall govern *you*  
in my name ;  
Now I tell you once for all, that neither Fox nor  
Pitt's the man,  
But the object of my choice is Richard Brinsley  
Sheridan.

CHORUS *of RATS.*

O judicious, sober, Regent !  
Who shall oppose our sober Regent !

A I R

A I R X.

SCENE—*The Presence Chamber at St. James's.*

*The REGENT in a Chair of State, and the two Houses of Parliament bringing up Addresses,*

PRINCE *sings,*

Now I'm seated,  
I'll be treated  
Like my Daddy on his Throne ;  
In my presence,  
Scoundrel Peafants  
Shall not call their votes their own,  
My behest is,  
He who best is,  
Must be ministerial chief ;  
Dick shall be,  
Mon cher ami,  
But Pitt I'll banish like a thief,

CHORUS,

O judicious, sober Regent !  
Who shall oppose our sober Regent !

A I R XI.

*Scene continues, with Ministers, Rats, Beef-Eaters,  
and Attendants.*

PRINCE *sings.*

I.

WHAT means all this pother about Pitt or Fox,  
Disputing to keep the key of my strong box ?  
Too long I've been plagued by th' immaculate droll,  
And therefore I banish him, toll de roll loll.

II.

Maria a dozen long months me deny'd,  
And swore she would never be aught but my bride ;  
Yet only one friend did this lady extol,  
When mention'd in Parliament, toll de roll loll.

III.

My friends are a medley, a chance medley race,  
All start in full cry to obtain a good place ;  
But Dick for his speeches in praise of my Moll,  
I'll recompense lavishly, toll de roll loll.

At

At present I'm forc'd to give smiles for rewards,  
As I have no money, and cannot make Lords ;  
But patience—I'll even be with Pitt and Rolle ;  
For Daddy is mortal ;——so toll de roll loll.

AIR

## A I R XII.

SCENE—*A Dressing Room at Mrs. FITZ—T's, in Pall Mall.—REGENT kneels and sings. Mrs. FITZ—T weeping. Ministers attending without.*

AH! happy hours how fleeting,  
 Ye danc'd on down away,  
 When my soft vows repeating,  
 On your fat lap I lay!  
 But from your charms when funder'd,  
 As Rollo's threats presage;  
 Each hour will seem a hundred,  
 Each day appear an age.

[*The Ministers form two Ranks, while SHERIDAN crowns him with Ivy. Doors then thrown open.*]

CHORUS of *New MINISTERS and RATS.*

See, triumphant fits the heir,  
 Crown'd with ivy, void of care!  
 Exil'd Pitt shall wander far,  
 Or return unto the bar;  
 While with echoing shouts of praise,  
 We the Regent's glory raise,

A I R

A I R XIII.

SCENE—*The Court in Gala.*

QUEEN, *in deep Mourning.*

REGENT *in his Robes of State, sings.*

No, 'tis not a sham,  
But a Regent I am,  
Duke of Corn——ll, and heir to the realm ;  
For the scurvy decree,  
That you past against me,  
You no longer shall stay at the helm. (*To Pitt.*)

II.

Thou, a meddling Old Queen, (*To Her M—y.*)  
Full of envy and spleen,  
To Mecklenburgh soon shall return ;  
Thy Pitt in disgrace,  
Must abandon his place,  
And respect for his betters shall learn.

III. Be

III.

Be first Lord—an estate            *[To Sheridan.]*

You know how to create.

When you get the strong chests of my Dad ;

Be happy, while I

To my widow do fly,

And rejoice that the K—g is so mad !

IV.

To the bright God of day,

Let us dance, sing, and play,

Clap hands every lass with her lad ;

Now critics lie snug,

Not a hiss, groan, or shrug ;

Remember the poet is mad.

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T H E  
PROSPECT BEFORE US.

B E I N G  
A SERIES OF PAPERS,

U P O N

*The Great Question*

WHICH NOW AGITATES

THE PUBLIC MIND,

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A NEW POSTSCRIPT.

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L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR J. ALMON, FLEET-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.





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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*THE following series of Papers appeared in three of the daily prints, according to the dates prefixed to each of them, and (as the author has been informed) excited at least so much notice as he hopes will justify his publishing them in a form less fugitive and more capable of effect, than the dispersed, divided state they have before been seen in.*

*Stronger motives from recent events now concur to prompt this course. The extraordinary declaration of Mr. Pitt on the 11th instant, "That the Prince of Wales had no better right to administer the Government, during his father's incapacity, than any other subject of the realm," calls for and claims the repetition and dissemination of every thing that may tend to enlighten the nation upon this momentous question.*

*With that view the author has been induced to add a Postscript to the Papers which have already appeared; the more decisively to shew, that the sophistry of the Ministerialists, has not the slightest foundation in law, in legal analogy, the spirit of the constitution, or the history of the country.*

*N. B. As the time is short between the publication of this pamphlet and the discussion of this great point in both Houses of Parliament, those who have read these articles in the public prints had, perhaps, better proceed at once to page 73.*

December 15, 1788.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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T H E  
PROSPECT BEFORE US.

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NUMBER I.

*November 28, 1788.*

**I**N this reading age, it cannot be doubted that the melancholy situation of the King has pointed the curiosity of the nation in general, to a perusal of such sources of information, as may tend to throw any light upon a case so extraordinary.—The history of British Regencies cannot, at this time, be otherwise than generally known; and this reasonable presumption confines the writer, upon that part of his subject, rather to deductions resulting from the history of Regencies, than to a detail of the history itself.

As it is a character of imposture to be mysterious, so it is the object of truth to

B

seek

seek the tribunal of true intelligence. The writer of this paper affects no other knowledge upon this occasion than is accessible to every person who will take a little and but a little trouble; and as he is satisfied his argument will be the more convincing as the reader gains information, he shall in his progress make such references to authority, as will enable every person fully to decide upon the justness of his reasoning.

All the popular histories of England, are so clearly arranged, that the heads of the several chapters will direct the inquirer to the precise passages which relate the Regencies that have taken place in this kingdom, and which are severally, in the reigns of Henry III. Edward III. Richard II. Henry VI. Edward V. and VI. together with some that took place, and some that were projected, since the accession of the present family to the crown of England.

Not any two of these Regencies are marked by an exact similitude in all parts; but throughout the whole of them there is one predominating feature, namely, that whether

ther in the minority, the absence, or the disability of the Sovereign, the royal authority has commonly been conferred upon the *next heir to the crown, capable of executing its duties*. There are two circumstances strongly demonstrative of the public sense upon this point. Henry V. designed, upon his death bed, the Duke of Gloucester for the Regency of England; yet, with all the love of all the nation for that illustrious Prince, his will, in this instance, was directly set aside, and the Duke of Bedford, the elder brother, and presumptive heir to the crown, named to that office by Parliament, Gloucester being restrained from all power excepting in Bedford's absence. The other case occurs in the minority of Edward V. Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. the next heir to the crown *capable of executing the office*, immediately upon his brother's death, was appointed Regent, or Protector, during his nephew's minority; and though the Queen-mother suspected him of designs upon the crown, though his bloody and ambitious nature was manifest to the nation, no opposition whatever was made to his being called

to this high station—inſomuch, that all the hiſtorians (Sir Thomas Moore, Hume, &c.) deſcribe that devolution of power in theſe words, “ *he being by the cuſtoms of the realm entitled to the Protectorſhip.*”

The Regencies of the Earl of Pembroke, in the minority of Henry III. and of the Duke of Somerſet, in that of Edward VI. operate not the leaſt againſt this maxim; there not being at either of theſe periods any one of the blood royal *capable of executing the duties.*

During the reign of Henry VI. there were no leſs than *three* Regencies, or Protectorates; (for the ſpecies of magiſtrate appointed in the minority, abſence, or diſability of a King is ſometimes called Regent, ſometimes Protector, Guardian, or Lieutenant) and theſe three Regencies, ſtill ſtronger than the former caſes, ſhew in whoſe perſon the right exiſts, when neceſſity calls for it, as the reader will obſerve.

In the year 1454, upon a declared incapacity in Henry VI. the Duke of York was made Protector; but the inſtrument which confers the power, expreſsly limits the duration of *it to the majority of the Prince of Wales.*

The quarrels York and Lancafter commenced at this time. In a few months after this Regency was conferred, the families took arms.—The first battle of St. Albans was fought, which threw the King entirely into the hands of York; yet even then, in this desperate situation of the King's affairs, when the Protectorship was again conferred both by King and Parliament upon the Duke of York, the provision is revived, which was to terminate his authority *the moment the Prince of Wales came of age.*

After a succession of years, and a series of sad events, another Regency took place in the lifetime of this unhappy monarch; namely, that of the Duke of Clarence, with Lord Warwick, in 1470; and the instrument which constitutes this Regency, limits likewise its duration *to the majority of the Prince of Wales.* Hence it is evident who would have been Regent during the disabilities of Henry VI. if his son, the Prince of Wales, had been of age to assume that office. (These facts the reader will find in all the histories of England; and the instruments alluded to in the 11th volume of Rymer.)

Thus



Thus far then we are gotten.—That by the laws and customs of the realm, the next heir to the crown, *capable of executing the duties*, has the clear right to be Regent, when a Regent has been necessary; and that if, unhappily, a necessity calls now for such an appointment, the person appointed must of necessity be the Prince of Wales.

Let not the reader be too quick in declaring this preamble, as to the strict right to Regency, useless,\* as no body doubts it. Before I have done, he will perhaps think this preamble not at all a loss of time.

\* When this passage was first written, the writer little foresaw that any doubt would indeed have been raised upon this position; and still less, that it would be so daringly proclaimed, and from such a quarter.

## NUMBER II.

November 29. 1788.

W HETHER any necessity exists, in fact, for the appointment of a Regent, is a nice point, on which the writer touches not at present. Hereafter it will be a part of the object of this paper decently to discuss that subject on the grounds of such data as have reached the public ear. For the immediate purpose it is sufficient to suppose, that the necessity does certainly exist; and that the place of the Sovereign in the actual government of the country must be supplied by his son and legal successor. This granted, the next proper consideration is, *what species of Regency* it is fit to appoint?

A full precedent, that comes exactly up to all the parts of this truly singular case, is undoubtedly not to be found in the English annals; yet, though no such precedent is to be found, the course proper to be now adopted is so clear, so plain, so evident, so obvious to every observer, and so unavoidable by any set  
of

of men who are not abandoned to every sense of political duty, that neither the present Ministry, nor the present Parliament will, if they act upon pure motives, have any difficulty to extricate both themselves and the nation from this rare and unexampled exigence.

The course is this :

To transfer the kingly power from the reigning Sovereign, who unfortunately *cannot* execute it, to his son and legal successor, *who can*—with all the authority, with all the vigour, and with all the force that the constitution deposits in the chief magistrate of this free country, without any sort of alienation, division, or diminution whatsoever.

This is the course fit to be adopted ; and I do affirm, that the man who would act otherwise, the man who would clog the proposed Regency with any other restraints than our form of government has imposed upon the crown itself, falls directly into this dilemma—He either libels the constitution under which he lives, or libels the character of the Prince of Wales ; and, in so far as the libel operates, virtually incapacitates him for the  
the

the succession to the throne of these kingdoms. I shall explain myself so as to be comprehended by even the most confused understanding.

If we are sincere in thinking our monarchy, limited as it is, the best possible form of government, nothing but hard necessity can ever tempt us to alter it. If it were the will of God to call his present Majesty out of this mortal life, it is admitted the Prince of Wales would instantly succeed to the monarchy, without any change whatever in the essence of the government; but if there occur a middle case, where the Sovereign is, though not naturally, yet politically demised, what is the first point most eligible to be accomplished? Evidently this—to retain, whatever might be the form, the *soul and substance* of that much-prized government, without any alteration that is not forced by that to which all things must yield, *necessity*. Now as no necessity of any kind exists to depart from the principles and practice of the constitution, in the proposed Regency, a quiet transfer of the kingly power, during the King's political demise, to the undoubted heir of

the crown, who is grown into a legal, a moral, and intellectual maturity, is the only measure that can be fairly attempted, without implying that either *the constitution is defective, or the Prince of Wales is unfit to govern.*

Whether the constitution is defective, whether it admits any improvement, or whether this is the right time to make the attempt, these are questions foreign to the immediate purpose. As they are not avowed to be the grounds of action, they cannot be pertinent points of argument to this subject; but it follows as an undeniable conclusion to the imposition of any restraints upon the Regency of the *Prince of Wales*, that are unknown to the crown in the present structure of the government, that the same restraints *should be* placed upon the Royal Authority, if his Majesty was naturally deceased, and the succession proceeded in its usual regularity.

If our form of government is excellent under a magistrate with the name of a King, it is no less excellent under a magistrate with the name of a Regent, who is *the undoubted heir* to that title. If the Prince of Wales, being

being the *apparent undoubted heir* to that title, is unfit to be trusted with the powers of government as Regent, he is no less unfit to be trusted with them as King. I say, as “*apparent undoubted heir*,” for upon *that fact* rests ALL the difference between the proposed, and every past Regency. The reader will see by and by, that the uniform motive for all the clogs that have been imposed upon all former Regencies during minorities and incapacities, is the *very reason* why there should be no clogs at all upon the Regency now proposed; those alone excepted which the constitution has placed upon the Sovereign himself.

In most of the Regencies which have taken place in this country, there have been various restraints, and these variously modified; but these restraints are notoriously known to have been prompted by the jealousy entertained of the ambition of the Regents, and the fears excited for the life and safe succession of the minor monarchs, the Regents commonly being the presumptive heirs of the crown. No character for virtue or moderation exempted the Regents from the shackles of a council, or could prevail with the Par-

liament to leave the person of the minor in their power.—A Guardian or Protector of the minor's person had generally been appointed, and the vigilance of the Parliament and the people for his personal security, was always remarkable.

This is no local terror. Lewis XIV. in absolute dread of the ambition of the Duke of Orleans, the presumptive heir to the crown of France, appointed one of his illegitimate sons Regent of the kingdom during the minority of his great grand-son and heir apparent. This arbitrary designation being obnoxious to law and common sense, was indeed set aside immediately upon the King's death, by the very Parliament who were persuaded, in his lifetime, to register it; and the Regency conferred upon Philip of Orleans, according to the customs of the monarchy; but provision was previously made for the life and safety of the infant King.

Thus it was proper to place restraints that insured the legal succession upon the Earl of Lancaster, in the minority of Edward III. upon John of Ghent, in that of Richard II. upon the Duke of Bedford and his brother  
Humphry,

Humphry, in that of Henry VI. because these were the nearest relatives of the rightful heirs; because they were all ambitious, and some of them ferocious men. The want of this precaution in Edward IV. and the want of powers in his Queen after the King's death, threw the minority of Edward V. into the sole discretion of the Duke of Gloucester, and he, in one year, annihilated the whole royal family. Councils of Regency, clogs and restraints are natural and necessary to Regents of this description, in order to guard against the worst, against any danger to the *safe succession of the rightful heir*; but what is the world to think of clogs, restraints, and councils of Regency, unknown to the constitution, when the proposed Regent is no other than the *rightful heir himself*.

Hence then it is manifest, that as the restraints imposed upon Regents in former ages, resulted principally from the zeal of the nation to preserve the succession in the legal line of hereditary right, the motive that in those times induced the adoption of them, is the *very best reason* to abandon all thoughts of  
reviving



reviving them under the present circumstances.

The safety of the rightful heir to the crown alone could be their object ; for the structure of the sort of government which prevailed under those councils of Regency, inverted every principle of sound policy, and the governments themselves were a fruitful source of evil while they subsisted.

## NUMBER III.

December 1, 1788.

THERE is no axiom in our civil system more indisputable than this, *that the prerogatives of the crown cannot be divided.* They may be abridged, circumscribed, diminished, limited, some of them perhaps totally taken away—but *they cannot be divided.* The discreet exercise of these prerogatives, is the great desideratum in the wisdom of a British King! He may, indeed, by an evil use of them, destroy both himself and his country; but at all events *they are his.* The two Houses of Parliament, by their very genius and constitution, are liable to faction; it is the great and main distinction between these two and the other estate, that the latter is secured from such a vice—how? By its *unity, simplicity, and individuality.*

All the vast prerogatives which center in the crown were given, without doubt, for the public good, and when exerted upon *any other* principle, it is an abuse of the trust, and  
a fraud

a fraud upon the law. But these powers cannot be shared out nor parcelled, nor participated ; their great faculty of benefit consisting in their *indivisibility*.

This, I affirm, is the genuine spirit of the British constitution.

The division of the powers of the executive branch can only *spring from ignorance ; must produce, while it lasts, perpetual mischief ; and has every tendency to terminate in despotism.*

This opinion I set forth as a GRAND MAXIM, challenging any person to controvert it, and appealing to history for a proof of its soundness.

Whichever is the object of the suspected conspiracy of the present moment against the constitutional powers of the rightful Regent, to divide his authority, by the institution of a council of Regency, or by the junction of any other person in the Regency itself, is in fact a matter of the most perfect indifference. They are both, perhaps equally, by their essence and construction, the certain infallible source of national evil ; and the difficulty consists alone in devising which of the two schemes is most pernicious.

Let

Let us see how the thing stands upon the face of history.

The only prosperous Regency that ever prevailed in this country, either in the minority or disability of a King, was that of the Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Henry III. Pembroke, on the death of King John, had all the military strength in his own hands, and the Barons conferred upon him ALL but the *name* of royalty. At that time the whole kingdom was convulsed: a rebellion raged in the heart of it; the Dauphine of France, invited by many of the English nobility to the crown of England, was here upon the spot, prosecuting his title at the head of a French army. Pembroke, enabled by the concentration of powers in his own person to give effect to his native valour and wisdom, in a *short time* routed the French out of his country; subdued the mutinous disposition of the nobles; conciliated all interests in the young king's favour, and left the kingdom at the time of his death in a flourishing and formidable state.

Now let the reader mark what followed.

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After

After the death of this illustrious man, the Regency was *divided* between the Bishop of Winchester and Hubert de Burgo. From the moment of that division, all the affairs of the kingdom went into confusion. Disorder at home, and disgrace abroad, came instantly upon the country ; and all the historians of this period unanimously attribute to this *divided Regency*, not only all the miseries which occurred in their own time, but the having sown the seeds of all the calamities which afflicted this country for the fifty-three years of Henry's reign that followed.

But then perhaps these evils sprung more from the wickedness or incapacity of the Regents themselves, than the division of their authority—Nothing like it. Hubert was a man of extraordinary virtue and undoubted genius ; but the priest, in the true spirit of the craft, fought for his share of the power inch by inch ; and all Hubert's ability and good meaning were utterly useless to himself and the nation.

*He could do nothing.*

Thus again, in the minority of Edward III. the royal powers were parcelled out among  
a council

a council of Regency. The Queen-mother, an abandoned woman, warped the majority of the council to her own vile ends; and nothing but the glorious spirit of young Edward, outstripping time as it were, and bounding into manhood, though young in years, could have saved the country from the destruction that hung over it, in consequence of *a council of Regency*, and the *division of the kingly authority*.

So too, in the minority of Richard II. the division of power between the Regent and the Council of Regency brought on all the early, and insured many of the late misfortunes of that calamitous reign. The affairs of the nation lay stagnant, from the jealousy and emulation of these two co-ordinate authorities, insomuch that the supplies raised for the public service, were, at one time, placed in the hands of two aldermen of London, for the express purpose of shewing the Regent, that the council could be as mischievous as they pretended to fear he would be.

Better known and more recent are the evils which resulted from a division of the powers

of government, between the Regent and the Council of Regency, in the minority of Henry VI. The speedy loss of the kingdom of France (an event, which, whether good or bad for this nation, demonstrates the impracticability of any efficient government, under a systematic division of the executive authority) the endless discord between the Regent and Council, and all the external, and all the dismal domestic miseries of that period, call loudly upon the nation never again to risk a division of the powers of government, unless that division is as utterly unavoidable.

The Regency of the Duke of Gloucester, which ended in the destruction of Edward V. and the usurpation of Richard III. affords not much example either way, excepting in this : It proves that these councils are capable of being made an instrument of evil, though few instances exist of any national good being derived from them. Had Richard, when Regent, of his own mere authority, ordered the murder of Rivers, Vaughan, Gray, &c.—the friends and relatives of the minor King, the nation had probably then caught the alarm, the overturn of the government

vernment been possibly prevented, and the royal family saved from slaughter—but Richard knew full well, that the Council, though he could suppress any inclination of theirs to do good, were capable under his auspices of the widest mischief; and he accordingly sanctioned his first cruelties by their authority. The Council confederated in these barbarities, headed by Buckingham and Hastings, who never foresaw the aims of Richard; nor once imagined that these iniquitous proceedings would be shortly visited upon themselves.

The Council at this time, though not, strictly speaking, a Council of Regency, appointed Richard *Protector*, without waiting the authority of Parliament; and that appointment was, perhaps, the cause of all the subsequent calamities. *Regent* he was by the late King's will, and by the customs of the realm; but it no way followed, that he should be *Protector* of the minor King's *person*.

The probability is, however, that in the state of the country, and of the court at that crisis; nothing could, with effect, resist the machinations



machinations of a Prince of Richard's artifice, ability, and ambition.

With respect to the Council of Regency in the minority of Edward VI. it is never mentioned but as one of those melancholy instances, which prove that times unhappily occur, where nothing can be found to exceed the despotism and folly of the King, but the fervility and baseness of the people. A Council of sixteen persons *co-ordinate in power*, possessing *all* the royal authority; a Sub-council of twelve more added to this sixteen: this is indeed such a monster in polity as could not probably enter the head of any other human being that ever existed, except the capricious tyrant who formed it. All the effects of this division of the royal power were perfectly answerable to the institution. Nothing resulted from it wise, consistent, or constant; each man was a king, and each King was jealous of his fellow King. They united at first to raise themselves into high honours—then sometimes united to destroy the country, and ultimately destroyed each other.

Thus

Thus it stands upon the face of history.— Every Regency of former ages is fraught with examples to deter posterity from ever attempting any division of the regal powers, which is not *compelled by an inevitable destiny*. Where, then, the present Ministry can find any authority in English annals to make the attempt, is indeed hopeless to search.

In the Regency bill of 1751, they have no countenance; because times and things are diametrically reversed. And here the circumstances of the day suggest a curious reflection. Upon that occasion, the fathers of the two great rival statesmen of the present moment acted memorable parts. Both of them were in office, both supported a bill which appointed a Regent, restrained by a Council of Regency; and the events which are now in prospect, shall perhaps exhibit another specimen of marked degeneracy in some of their issue. Yet not in the sentiments of *any* great man, who bore his share in those transactions, can any thing be found to lend the least gloss to the suspected projects of the present moment. The Prince of Wales of that day was *a boy*—the Prince of this day is A MAN,  
bright

bright in every quality that can grace his station. Between the two periods and the two events, there is no circumstance of affinity whatever.—Yet, then, did Lord Chatham, then did Lord Holland, though they differed vehemently upon collateral points, both maintain the maxims which I have here maintained ; that the executive power should never be divided, *unless when compelled by inevitable necessity*. Lord Chatham concurred in making a woman Regent, and that woman a foreigner, in order *to secure the safe succession of the rightful heir*. Lord Holland concurred in making this woman and this foreigner Regent, and passing by the Duke of Cumberland with all that Prince's known love for this country (the liberties of which he preserved with his blood), with all his valour, with all his wisdom, and with all those virtues which made him the idol of the English nation—the better *to secure the safe succession of the rightful heir*. Nay, those eminent qualities, and this very popularity of the Duke of Cumberland, were the grounds of superseding him in the Regency, and selecting the late Princess Dowager of Wales for that office.

office. But a woman and a foreigner was a novel kind of Regent ; and the fears created by her sex and her country, alone induced what division was then designed of the powers of government—a just and sufficient reason, if any reason could reconcile any division whatever !

But if the measure of *that day* could be construed into any defence of the project *now* talked of ; how would the great men of that period, were they living to behold it, look back with horror at their fatal precaution ? How dart their indignation at those who should dare to pervert their zeal for the *safe succession* of the *heir apparent* of our diadem, to the *annihilation of the rights of the heir apparent himself* ! !

If my Lord Mansfield were asked, and whilst he yet remains amongst us, to shed a lustre on the land, which his genius has so long adorned,—let him be asked, whether he, or any other of the illustrious characters who promoted that bill, ever apprehended it could be made a precedent for a time when a *Prince of Wales himself* was to be the Regent, and that

that Prince near *seven and twenty years of age.*

Such an impious plot would rouse him, even upon the verge of the grave, from the contemplation of eternity—The little gasp which the goodness of God still grants him, the last faint light that glimmers in the socket, could not but blaze a little while he vindicated himself and his cotemporaries from such an abandoned sacrifice of all their duties, as this charge would imply against them.

Lord Mansfield would *now* say, as he *then* said, “ The division of the royal authority is  
 “ certainly unconstitutional. Councils of  
 “ Regency are undoubtedly liable to faction,  
 “ and Regents with sovereign authority are  
 “ not so ; but Regents with sovereign au-  
 “ thority, might usurp the crown to the  
 “ prejudice of the rightful heirs ; and Re-  
 “ gents who *can only be subjects*, should not  
 “ have sovereign authority. We must pro-  
 “ vide, at once, *for the safety of the rightful*  
 “ *heir*, and of *the nation*, in case of a mino-  
 “ rity ; because minorities are always weak  
 “ governments, and may again be, as they  
 “ have

“ have been heretofore, productive of the  
 “ greatest mischief to the nation, if not  
 “ previously provided for.”

The very same reasons which induced the legislature in the year 1751 to pass a Regency bill, occasioned a revival of its provisions in the year 1765, in the fifth of George III. The two cases were similar in all respects. In both, the heir-apparent was *a child*: the mother was a foreigner in both; and in both, the fears of a long minority suggested the measure. The present Queen, a foreigner, and an alien to the blood royal, having no pretensions to the throne, was deemed the fittest guardian of her son's person; she was deemed too the fittest Regent in his minority, as she could not be reasonably supposed to have any views distinct from the welfare of her own progeny. The legislature again passed by the Duke of Cumberland, a hero and a statesman, because with all his virtues they would not hazard even the *possibility* of an usurpation. They selected *a woman*, and that woman, a *foreigner*, for the *same reason*, and for no other. Yet let me ask, *was* a woman and a foreigner the best calculated

E 2

person

person to govern this country? Surely not; and therefore to guard against continental intrigues, or any other unfortunate bias, a Council of Regency was appointed to direct her; not as matter of choice, but the result of dreadful necessity. The safe succession of the *true Prince* was the great motive to the government then instituted; which government by the same law that gave it existence, was to crumble into atoms the moment he attained his *eighteenth year*. But now, when by the singular visitation of Providence, a Regency becomes requisite, we are threatened with the renewal of those provisions, unpopular as they were, whose only justification was their necessity—to preserve *the rights of the true Prince*, when the Prince was *in his cradle*—and all this is to be struggled for at a time when the Regent *can be no other than the true Prince himself*.

To conclude this point in the words of Lord Mansfield, “*minorities are always weak governments.*” They are so to a proverb. What then should tempt us to form exactly *such* a government as *matter of choice*—to form a government in its genius and construction

struction vicious and defective, un-compelled by any necessity of any kind, and without any good motive, or any just reason under heaven——To hazard all the evils inseparable from the sort of government that *must* be resorted to in minorities, at a time when the proposed Regent and rightful heir to the crown is of competent maturity—To risk all the perils we have been forced, in past times, to undergo, in our anxiety to escape usurpations; at a time when the person to be entrusted with power has the *legal, apparent, direct, undoubted* inheritance of the crown—who, if his father was naturally demised, would *confessedly* succeed to the sovereignty of the empire—all its prerogatives, powers, rights, and royalties, remaining unabated, and unimpaired; and when superadded to all this, every event in history that assimilates at all with the case in question, every maxim, every analogy of law, and every principle of constitution, expressly discountenance and condemn the attempt?

Why I think this attempt is, or was intended, it is right the reader should know; and he shall know.



## NUMBER IV.

December 2, 1788.

**T**HE flagitiousness of an attempt to violate the most popular principles of the constitution, in clogging the government of a Prince of Wales under the present circumstances, in any other way than by the known practice of our system the crown itself is restrained by, might well induce every person to doubt that any conspiracy has, in fact, been formed for such a purpose; but the rumour comes in a shape much too questionable to be rejected with total indifference. It comes from no less a quarter than a cabinet minister, and that cabinet minister the Duke of Richmond.

Now, one is puzzled to think how a man of Mr. Pitt's acknowledged craft can have designed, or designing, can, before the time, have propagated a scheme, which *to a certainty* must, upon the long run, accomplish his own political destruction; and which, if even abandoned as too hopeless an iniquity, must entail upon himself all the consequences of having, at least, meditated the project.

The

The truth, perhaps, lies a little under the surface.\*

That the Duke of Richmond has sent forth this report, *I do know*—that Mr. Pitt has encouraged him, *I do believe*—that Mr. Pitt was ever in earnest, *I doubt*.

A man of Mr. Pitt's cunning might think he saw his object in founding the sense of men through such a medium as the Duke of Richmond, and in selecting his Grace for the purpose, it is at least manifest that he knew his man. Never sure was agent better suited to an office—never was mortal better calculated to promulgate the thing which was at once preposterous and odious.

If the plan was well received, it was easy to avow it; if it met with execration, the minister was sure he could screen himself behind the Duke's *best* fortification—the impregnable bulwark of his characteristic caprice and absurdity, and his Grace be never a whit the worse.

Surely insanity is at this time contagious; and if it were possible that a person of the

\* The conjecture here thrown out has been verified by the events which have occurred since the first publication of this letter.

Duke of Richmond's rank and high station could ever descend to the humility of favouring the public with his sentiments through the humble medium of a newspaper, one might be justified in attributing to his Grace some of the lucubrations which have, since his Majesty's illness, appeared in some of the ministerial prints; if so I may call them, without offence, and I am sure I mean them none. The lucubrations I allude to have gravely assured the public, that the business of government could go on perfectly well in the management of our most excellent Ministry, notwithstanding the King's supposed incapacity for any one legal operation; and this assertion is indeed the less improbable to be the Duke's, as he knows the fact to be otherwise.

Perhaps, however, these writers are only idle, ignorant men, who, in giving these opinion, speak to the best of their judgments, and have no worse motive in what they put forth to this end, than a wish for the duration of the minister's power.

The Duke of Richmond, however, knows much better. He knows, that with regard  
to

to all the essential functions of the monarchy, the government *stands still*.—*Hinc ille lacrimæ*.—Hence the mad fantasies that have issued from this infuriated oracle: but not mad nor ignorant is Mr. Pitt all the while; and as I think he is neither, nothing less than hearing it proclaimed by his own lips, shall ever convince me that he really meditates the perpetration of such a scheme.

And it is not his virtue that dissuades me from believing it; for with *that*, at least, I think he does not abound. It is not his genius that prohibits the supposition, for (though it were folly to deny that he has great and shining abilities) an expansion of mind, to reach all the bearings of so vast a wickedness, I fairly do not think him gifted with.—But it is Mr. Pitt's *prudence* which inclines me to refuse all credit to the report.

It is his prudence which I trust to, and which must have long since informed him that an endeavour to entrench himself in power, by an attack upon the royal rights of the true heir to the crown of Great-Britain, will open to the world the naked nature of his own mind; and stamp him

with the most unmagnanimous, the most vile, the most fordid love of office. His prudence, which must convince him that in such an attempt, he must relinquish, *for ever*, all pretence to the slightest dignity of character.

As his enemy, I might rejoice at such a hardy and flagrant iniquity, *and sure he has no friend* if this course is recommended to him. None but the locusts who cling to him while he has power—none but the leeches who stick upon him while yet he can ooze out any thing; and who will fall off when they have absorbed the seats of corruption—none but *these* can seriously advise him to this desperate undertaking.

Indeed there is another, and but one other consideration, that might encourage Mr. Pitt to this tremendous experiment:

He might cast his look a few years back, and say to himself this, “ I KNOW it is possible for a bad servant to instigate a good sovereign to plight his royal word, that he should not dissolve his Parliament, at the very time it was determined to dissolve it; therefore it is necessary to guard against a  
similar

similar evil in future times : I *know* it is possible a House of Commons might exist which would resist all the threats of civil extinction ; all the blandishments of power, and all the bribes of office, rather than sacrifice their sense of public duty ; it is therefore proper to restrain a prerogative which may annihilate such a body in punishment for such independence,—I know it is possible to defeat the most virtuous exertion of the democracy of England by a dark faction of the Peerage ; and it is therefore fit to curb the great prerogative of lifting men to that high dignity, who (as suited the ends of a Minister, or the whim of a King) may best promote the profligate purpose of the moment.” Or finally, and in a word, he may from an aggregate result of the whole tenor of his own political life, make one more stout, resolute, dashing determination ; and, having trampled upon the most fundamental privileges of the Commons of England, to *procure* his present office, he should think it but consistent to strip away the most sacred rights of the crown to *preserve* it !

Here let us pause a little.

Having shewn, that if there exist at this time a necessity for a Regent, that Regent must, *according to the spirit of the constitution*, be the Prince of Wales. Having shewn that all restraints upon Regencies in former ages have been imposed only to secure the safe succession of the rightful heir, these restraints cannot, *according to the spirit of the constitution*, be now revived, when, for the first time in our history, in consequence of a situation without example, the Regent *can be no other* than the rightful heir himself. Let us for argument suppose this appointment actually made, as I doubt not it will be, undivided in its power, unclogged by any fetters, not placed by the constitution upon the crown itself, and then let us contemplate THE PROSPECT BEFORE US.

This contemplation naturally branches into two views: First, the personal qualities of the Prince himself; secondly, his supposed political predilections.

First then, the Prince himself.

## NUMBER V.

*December 3, 1788.*

As the eulogies of prosperity are always suspicious, it may not be amiss to say (and yet perhaps it is idle to say it) that if this page have any complexion of panegyric, the writer's sincerity should be the less questioned, as the high person it speaks of has been the subject of his praise, in terms more gay, more studied, though not less true, than he shall now appear in; long, long before his accession to the royalties of these realms, seemed to lay, in the probable course of nature, within his reach, for at least a score of years.—Indeed, if a man may be allowed to speak at all of himself, I am not very conscious of being inclined to select the season of good fortune for the commendation of any body.

Personal comparison is generally thought an invidious, and must be always a delicate task; but that delicacy is *here* so much above all common cases, that in truth no artifice of discrimination



discrimination, no nicety of phrase, and no dexterity or delineation could secure the attempt from being thought at least irreverend. I shall escape the charge by avoiding the attempt altogether.

Self-love is the universal principle of human action, and the love of ease, as an emanation from it, is common to all mankind. There is no superiority more intolerable in social circles, than that species which is intellectual; and people always seek for their intimate companions such men as preclude all necessity for care in conversation, or vigilance in manners. Great talents are, indeed, admired, but they are admired at a distance; and it is from the operation of this very principle, that the world receives with more than common pleasure such calumnies against men of genius, as tend to level them down to the ordinary standard. Princes are but men, and no more exempted from this weakness than the bulk of their fellow-creatures. Obligated by their station to assume in public a character which is not required of common mortals, they are, perhaps, more anxious than other people to repose and to  
relax

relax in their private scenes. Though placed by fortune at the head of mankind, they know there is another kind of greatness which crowns cannot confer; and the embarrassing presence of which they are apt to shun perhaps too sedulously.—Thence the saying of philosophers, “that princes are fond of bad company.” Hence Montesquieu remarks, “That, after all, he cannot help having some compassion for princes, who are generally surrounded, from the cradle to the grave, with knaves and scoundrels.”

From this foible the greatest prince of modern times, the late King of Prussia himself, was not wholly free, and he had the pleasure to jest at himself for indulging it; but men of the character here alluded to, and who, in general, surrounded him, were, I suspect, more frequently the subject of his jest.

A pamphlet which the friends of Mr. Hastings thought it might be for his interest to send forth a couple of years since, informs us that the Prince of Wales’s private familiars, “*are the most obscure and unprincipled individuals with which this capital teems;*”  
and

and the diurnal vouchers of Mr. Pitt's merit acquaint us, that the political party, whom this Prince is supposed to grace with his countenance are “ *a gang of beggars, gamblers, and vagabonds.*”—I shall state, both the one and the other somewhat differently, and I apprehend I shall be a little nearer the truth.

The Prince of Wales's private companions have never been any other than were suitable to his character and time of life. They have always been the junior nobility and gentry of the three kingdoms he was born to govern, without distinction as to the place of their nativity. Men of rank and due recommendation from foreign countries it has been his *settled custom* to treat with an attention which at once marked the hospitality of the nation, and the dignity of the host. To say that he shines in this character with peculiar brightness—to say that in all the graces of address and deportment which adorn the exterior,—those graces which throw a lustre over the most barren minds, but which when united with mental cultivation, exhibit a gentleman in the most finished splendor; to say this of the

the

the Prince of Wales, is but to echo the sense of all Europe, which has long since pronounced him as having no rival in these accomplishments, among the courts of Christendom. Indeed his talent this way is so singular, its powers of acting so curious and creative, that no image can be formed from description of its force and effect; for as no art can teach it, no language can paint it; and to be comprehended, it must be seen.

There is a kind of practice which the customs of amusement among European nations require gentlemen to be expert in, and which by their very nature, render those who try them, in general lucky and successful, if they but escape ridicule, which this Prince makes an act of nameless elegance, and a source even of fame. Whether softened by society, or melted by amusement; in any enjoyment of mirth, frolic, or hilarity, these graces never are, for they never can be shaken off: In the promotion or fruition of pastime—In extending the jest, or circulating the pleasantries (and no man can enjoy the one, or excite the other better than himself), the Prince is never once extinct about him. He

can call him up at any moment, not by aufterly interpoſing his rank; not by a lofty aſſumption from the altitude of his ſphere; but by an innate intrinsic dignity which is planted all about him; by a peculiar majeſty of manner which ſeems as it were *to grow out of him.*

Theſe are faculties with which no ſhallow man was ever gifted. The Prince of Wales is in fact a true genius. Parts more lively and quick, a diſcernment of characters more acute and keen, an underſtanding more ſharp and comprehensive, no man is bleſſed with. His converſation is unembarrasſed and eloquent; his language pure, without care, and flowing with fluency. With the cultivation of his mind I profeſs not to be acquainted; but from ſome few of his private letters, which accident has thrown in my way, I entertain a very high opinion of his attainments. His correſpondence with a great perſon upon a late occaſion, is ſaid to have been managed with ſingular ſkill, with a ſpirit tempered by duty; a ſenſe of right, qualified by a becoming ſubmiſſion; the greateſt accuracy of expreſſion, and the moſt logical arrangement

arrangement of reasoning. This correspondence is lost to the world, and it is fit it should; but the opinion of one of the most judging men in Great Britain, and of one of the very best \* men under heaven, (who differed in opinion from the Prince upon that very occasion) is perfectly well-known, and was this, “ That in his whole life, he never heard a man maintain his argument with more ability and eloquence.”

Indeed, the powers of that man must be prodigious, who, in the same moment, and at the same table, could have exacted the loudest praises, from the most venerable, the most sapient †, and most cultivated Peer in this country, for a display of deep knowledge and sound judgment upon the most important subjects; and who could instantly turn aside and discourse a man of quite another description upon a trite topic of the current fashion, with a fitness and vivacity becoming the light nature of the object, and the lighter head of the party.

\* The Duke of Portland. † Lord Mansfield.

Variety and versatility of talents he undoubtedly possesses in the first perfection. The gift of accommodating himself to the situation he is placed in—of lowering or exalting conversation to the capacity or inclination of his society, no man can have in a higher degree. He never encumbers with his greatness, nor represses reasoning from difference in opinion.—His good nature is great, because his good sense is so; and his politeness is flattering, because it is unaffected.

Princes are said to have few friends, and the maxim is commonly true, without doubt. It admits, however, its exceptions—and this is one of them; for I do verily believe, there is not a man about the Prince of Wales, who does not love him with the cordial glow of a private gentleman.

*Swift* remarks, that every man thinks himself a statesman. He might have added, that every man thinks himself qualified to advise a Prince. Whoever has looked with a little closeness at those who by habit or situation surround the Prince of Wales, cannot fail to have observed, now and then, an  
anxiety

anxiety for favour, somewhat bordering upon jealousy. They would *all* be favourites. But this, though not unnatural nor unusual in courts, is both intemperate and unreasonable. Each has his share, and should be content ;— not of an attention which is at the same time silly and treacherous, but of a substantial amity which is manly and sincere.

It is hard to tell which most abounds, the folly or the malignity of mankind. This Prince has been charged with suffering men to hurt their fortunes in supporting his society. *The charge is a calumny.* He can no more teach them all wisdom, than he can give them wealth. And it happens, that I know from the most perfect authority, that where this charge was *first* pointed, he actually cautioned the person against the consequence of extravagance. His advice was not followed, though his prediction was verified. But his friendship was faithful, for an honourable testimony exists of it at this moment.

Praises have not unfrequently been poured out upon the Prince of Wales for a zeal to promote the arts ; but as far as any facts have



have reached the writer's knowledge, those praises have commonly come from quarters who were seeking some little interests of their own.

The lesser arts have been improving in England, in these latter years ; but they have, to use Goldsmith's words, " supplanted the rights of their eldest sister," the noblest of all arts. Since the accession of the House of Brunfwick, it cannot be denied that literature in general has been upon the decline in this country ; but the causes seem not difficult to be traced, so far as the protection of royalty may effect its welfare. The two first Kings of that family were foreigners by education, and could not be sensible of the charms of composition, in a language, whose beauties they were not acquainted with. The countenance of the third Prince has been bestowed upon arts of another kind ; which, though not great, were amusing and harmless. The little that has been done for the interest of letters, has been done only by Lord Bute, whatever his errors were in other respects ;— and it will be a memorable proof of the King's entire difference in things of this sort,

to have discouraged a small addition to poor Johnson's pension, when his health required a journey to the south of Europe, a man to whom any Prince might have been proud to have contributed length of days, and increase of comfort.

The same spirit of freedom and of justice which has prompted this sentiment, compels me to say, that I am not acquainted with any thing which challenges much fame in this way even for the Prince of Wales himself; but I give a man of his endowments full credit for a true taste, and that his heart is generous and magnificent, I am \* thoroughly convinced:—But in truth, his sphere is narrow; and if his power was more ample, its inaction might perhaps be fully jus-

\* The late Sir John Elliot related the following anecdote to the writer of this pamphlet. The Prince of Wales, a few years since, took up *Armstrong's Economy of Love*, and read the poem without once putting down the book. In a transport of admiration, he asked for the author; the author was quite easy about his fame and his poetry; but the Prince was informed, there was a surviving brother of his, not in the most flourishing circumstances. From means at that time notoriously scanty, he sent him a present, which was worthy of the donor; and which, to repeat Sir John's own words, "gave the poor gentleman a comfortable winter."

tified in the paucity of objects that are worthy his patronage. Of *that kind of genius* there is scarcely any existing amongst us.

It has sometimes been objected, that those who were commonly near the Prince of Wales, were not in general the wisest men in the world. The Prince of Wales knows men of all endowments, and he comes into business with that great advantage. No man has a keener talent at finding out the predominating excellence,—and all the kind of persons alluded to have contributed in their several styles, to his innocent entertainment. To have “*no fool to laugh at,*” has been counted one of the inflictions of Providence upon as witty and able a man as ever this country produced ; and the Prince of Wales in fact yields not to the Duke of Buckingham himself, of whom this was said, in making the weak and the ludicrous of many men who surrounded him, a source of amusement, as full of mirth, and more free from mischief than the Duke.

But to make equality of powers *indispensible* in those, who by age and by fortune are his appropriate intimates, would in fact have driven him to solitude ; for in all the  
circles

circles of our youthful nobility, he could not find his own match; and I pronounce this opinion with a perfect certainty of being right—that, taken for all in all, and rank and royalties out of the question, *he is himself the first young man in Great Britain!!*

Such, in my judgment, is the Prince of Wales; and from this sketch of him, the reader will form his own opinion of the Prospect before us, in so far as depends upon *his personal qualities*. What depends upon his supposed political predilections, we shall see by and bye.

## NUMBER VI.

November 4, 1788.

**T**HE political predilections of a Prince of Wales, are at all times of the utmost importance to the people of this country. They are of more importance at this time, than in any period of our history, as the weight and privileges of the people have been more depressed, and the influence and prerogatives of the crown more exalted by Mr. Pitt in his five years administration, than my Lord Stafford ever aimed at, or the loftiest minister of Charles II. ever ventured to wish for. Hereafter I shall *prove* the fact I am now content with *asserting*.

The monarch is unfit to govern any people whose constitution he is ignorant of. The Prince of Wales must be supposed thoroughly to understand the genius of the British constitution; concluding from all that has appeared of his political conduct.

He knows that although the blood of the  
Planta-

Plantagenets and Stuarts flows through his veins; though his ancestors are renowned for their valour, and illustrious for their origin every way; yet that his family has acceded to the throne of these kingdoms, not upon the ground of hereditary right; though upon a much nobler title.—He knows their exaltation to the British throne was occasioned by that STUPENDOUS EVENT which proved there was an original contract between King and people, the breach of which might forfeit the King's personal title, and involve the rights of his posterity—That event which asserted this sacred sentiment—that the Prince who would sway the sceptre of the British nation, *must not* destroy its liberties. He knows this was brought about by the union of great names, great talents, and great families, in at least a divided state of the public mind; and that plots, commotions, and rebellions have sometimes agitated the country, which had their source in the discontent of many persons against that act—that it was not till after a succession of years; after the sweet experience of the system it produced in the mild, moderate, constitutional use of

the regal prerogatives in the hands of the Brunfwick Princes, that this mighty measure became *fo* reconciled, and wrought *such* a change in its adverfaries, that the royal family now upon the throne of Great Britain are, in fact, more deeply feated in *all* their people's hearts, than any other race of Princes upon earth.

Of fuch an event; (fo far from diftant, that many men now living recollect the time it happened) of their defcendants, who accomplished a thing fo good and fo glorious for his own family, it would ill become a Brunfwick Prince to difcover oblivion or neglect. And if a monarch of that race was ever to commence his career with a manifef antipathy to the men whofe ancestors accomplished fo great a work, againft the moft formidable difficulties, and whofe free and loyal principles ftill remain immutable, it might naturally be expected that his whole reign would be one fucceffive ftuggle againft the fpirit of liberty; and if it fhould happen to terminate in the lofs of an empire, it would be but *reaping the produce of the feed that was fown!*

Such

Such a Prince may, indeed, have many private virtues, but posterity, who could only know him in the sad effects of his reign, and the historian's narrative, would, perhaps, shew his memory but little quarter.

These antipathies have never yet appeared in the Prince of Wales. On the contrary, he has discovered the most avowed, the most constant, and cordial attachment to those principles, and sincerely cherished those very men—not “*a gang of gamblers, beggars, and vagabonds,*” as they are stiled by Mr. Pitt's panegyrist, but such men as I shall describe them.

Whoever looks over the history of his country, and observing those great names who by valour, or by wisdom, or by hospitality, have in the earliest times spread a lustre around them, and is curious to inquire concerning their posterity—will find them in *that party*, as it is commonly called, which the Prince of Wales graces with his attachment. Whoever, in perusing past times, feels his bosom swell at the exploits of those who, while any thing worth notice is recorded in our annals, are found to have been  
foremost



foremost in swelling the pomp of victory, and raising the military renown of our nation, and is curious to know the public conduct of their descendants in the present times, will find them in *that party*. Whoever, zealous and warm for civil liberty, that noblest work of man, reads with admiration and with wonder the hardy, intrepid, unbending spirits, who in the teeth of tyranny, public baseness, or popular illusion, have with firm, unchanging, invincible determination, placed men's rights upon the base of law, out of peril from the oppressor's grasp, or the caprice of the multitude, and is desirous to hear of their posterity, will find them in *that party*. In *that party* they will find the sons of those who, in all circumstances, and under all threats of power and seductions of corruption, were *never once* known to desert the people. They will find in it the issue of those who fought, who bled, who perished for the freedom we now enjoy, and whose blood redeemed it upon a scaffold.

Men of great fortunes are supposed to be the most interested in the liberties of their country. The supposition is an error. Pri-

vate

vate property is safe in most countries, for it is not the interest of the worst tyrants to disturb it; and perhaps men who have only their parts and their activity to help them forward, have the deepest stakes in a free state, because *there* alone they can be sure of making any impression.

Yet if wealth and wide possession can add importance or lustre to a cause, in *that party* will be found the greatest fortunes of every kind, the greatest landed property, the most ancient and extensive holdings, with all the rights and honourable appendages which accompany them. So that for antiquity and nobleness of blood, for renown in arms, and for civil reputation, for tried impregnable virtue, for the greatest and most extensive property, this party comprehends whatever the country has, which is *most* respectable, and *most* distinguished.

The men themselves too are the genuine heirs of the wealth and worth of their ancestors; generous, magnificent, just, honourable, polite, open and sincere: descending into popular circles, and mingling with the mass of their countrymen, not with a constrained

strained complaisance or factitious humility, which insult in their condescension, and which cannot pass upon the most shallow; but melting and mixing with their fellow citizens in the free flow of one good common cause; like a rich river that receives the adjacent streams, and rolls along in one full, clear, incorporated current.

For abilities of every kind, the most various and transcending, those amongst them who are destined for active scenes are so established and so famed, that no new idea could be given to the nation by even the most detailed applauses. Their second, nay their third ranks, are filled with men more capable of governing an empire, than the whole combined phalanx of their antagonists. In fact, what are their antagonists?

I would not do the thing myself which I condemn in others. Hard words are not the types of truth, and a good cause disdains the aid of calumny. But what are their antagonists? Are they not the shreds and patches, the scraps and fragments of every little faction that has existed in the country these thirty years. A kind of chips that  
have

have fallen from the trunk of other parties, and sunk undistinguished into the heap of common rubbish, until called into being by the mysterious resurrection of 1783. Without concert, or attachment, or sincerity, or sympathy of any other kind than results from their common avarice of their stations and salaries. Without public principle to cement them in private friendship, or private friendship to unite them in public principle. Feeble, foolish, arrogant, weak and preposterous. The man would have been deemed a Bedlamite, who would have asserted at their formation, that they could subsist a month; and yet they subsist at this moment, to the utter astonishment of all the world, after attempting and perpetrating (as I shall prove in due time) more follies, more absurdities, and more iniquities, than any ministers that ever filled the offices of government for thrice the space of time.

And yet they tell us Mr. Pitt is popular. Is he so indeed? Why, then, let us look this popularity straight in the face.

## NUMBER VII.

December 8, 1788.

**T**HE writer is induced to interrupt the arrangement he proposed in the last Number of this article, and to forego the consideration of Mr. Pitt's alledged popularity until his next publication; by the wish of saying something more upon a subject which more immediately engages the public interest.

As the situation of the kingdom in the present exigence is on all hands admitted to be *new*, so too must be the act which is to extricate the kingdom from this exigence. The public emergency which bears the greatest similitude to our dilemma at this moment, is undoubtedly the crisis of the Revolution in 1688; and in many respects the operations of both periods must be alike. At this moment it is manifest, that there exists in this country no Legislature. To make laws is the very essence of legislation, and where there is no third estate to ratify the  
acts

acts of the two other estates, no law can be made. It has been a doubt with some of the most venerable parliamentary authorities among us, whether in fact the House had upon their meeting at the end of the prorogation a fortnight ago, any capacity for any parliamentary proceeding whatever; the thing being without example for the parliament to assemble, after the prorogation, without the presence of the King, or some message, or some commission from the crown; and the Speaker felt this difficulty so strong, that he questioned the power of the House to issue a writ for the borough of Colchester.

Admitting, however, that the powers of each House to remedy this great evil may not be disputed, the thing to be done, cannot be done as an ordinary act of legislation. Either the Prince of Wales, upon the declaration of his father's incapacity, *succeeds of right* to the execution of the sovereignty during the existence of that incapacity; or the investiture of him, or of any other person, with that power, must resemble the measure of the convention in 1688.

If the Prince has this right, the govern-

ment remains *entire*, notwithstanding the incapacity of the king. If he has not the right, then the frame of the government is dissolved as in 1688, and all the principles then adopted must be admitted now, the difference consisting only in their application.

At that time there was no legislature and no government; neither the one nor the other exists at this time; and the cause of the defect resulting in both instances from the want of a King: a virtual vacancy of the throne is now implied, as an actual vacancy was then asserted. But in that case the actual vacancy of the throne arose from the incapacity of a King to govern in consequence of being expelled for his crimes: the virtual vacancy of the throne in this case arises from the incapacity of a King to govern, in consequence of the act of God. The King however existing in the very plenitude of his subjects' affection.

Here let me observe, that this paper affecting to be no more than a piece of reasoning (weak perhaps and forceless) cannot justly incur the charge of premunire, disloyalty, or disaffection. Not one word can be intended,

intended, because not one such sentiment pervades the bosom of the writer, to the prejudice of King George the Third's regal title, or of his personal virtues. And with regard to the disorder, which to the wide regret of all his people, afflicts his Majesty; if any persons have really attempted to exaggerate that melancholy situation, it is difficult to say whether the attempt was most abominable or foolish. To *wish* the King worse is wicked, and to *seem* to wish it, is weak. After professing a just horror at any such practice, it is only necessary for me to add, that I shall meddle not at all with the nature or degree of the Sovereign's malady: all that is pertinent to the drift of this argument, being his declared incapacity to govern.

Although so much has been said upon the *choice* of a Regent, and the division of his power, it will appear from the deepest research into the nature of our constitution and the spirit of our laws, not only that no other person can be Regent, except the Prince of Wales, and that he must be Regent, with sovereign authority, without subverting all the fundamentals of law and constitution;



but that it is maintainable in argument, though the first found of the position will come with surprize upon the reader, that the Prince of Wales is at this moment, namely, during his father's incapacity, in the *spirit of the constitution*, King of England \*.

I say, *maintainable in argument*, not to propagate any idea of sedition or disloyalty, but to bottom the Prince's right to a *Sovereign Regency*, in ground so impregnable, that it cannot be assailed by any thing to be drawn from the laws of regal succession in this country, or deduced from the genius of this constitution.

All writers, both upon civil and common law, agree, that there is a civil as well as a natural death. They agree, that the King, who is utterly incapable of any function of Sovereignty, is *civilly* dead. They agree, that though there is a distinction between a right, and the exercise of a right; yet, that a permanent and immoveable incapacity to exercise a right, extinguishes in consequence the right itself. It is a maxim of the laws of

\* The reader will observe by the date of this letter, that it was published before any of the discussions took place upon this point in either House of Parliament.

England,

England, *that the throne is never vacant.* Utter incapacity to govern, constitutes a civil death. The King, who is civilly dead, cannot fill the throne; then, if the throne of England is never vacant, who fills it at this moment?

As to the cases which constitute the sort of incapacity, which incapacity constitutes a vacancy of the throne, the fullest possible discussion took place at the Revolution. Some of the greatest men that ever lived in England, lived at that moment. The nation was ransacked for ability to represent the people in the famous Convention Parliament, and each House selected its most renowned leaders, for the great conference that took place on the 5th of February, 1689. The transactions of that illustrious day, are recorded with an accuracy that has never been called in question; and, upon that occasion, as well as during the whole progress of that mighty business, the incapacity under which our Sovereign unhappily now labours, was repeatedly alluded to, as one of the cases that constituted a civil death.

Among other opinions, it may be worth the reader's while to notice the following:

Sir Robert Sawyer. “ Suppose the King  
“ had entered into a monastery, that is a ci-  
“ vil death, when he renounces the civil ad-  
“ ministration of his government, that is a  
“ civil death ; if he is incapable of govern-  
“ ment, then he is civilly dead. For there  
“ is a civil as well as a natural death, and  
“ the King, *though living, may be dead in ef-*  
“ *fect.*” The Bishop of Ely—“ There is a  
“ natural incapacity for the exercise of the  
“ right, such as sickness, *lunacy*, infancy,  
“ doating old age, or *incurable disease*. The  
“ highest instance of an abdication is *when*  
“ *a Prince is unable to execute his power.*”

Sir George Treby, “ The King that *can-*  
“ *not*, or will not, administer the govern-  
“ ment, *is no longer King*, which is a suffi-  
“ cient reason to declare the throne vacant.”

Mr. Finch. “ Suppose it the case of a  
“ *lunatic*, the nation may provide for the  
“ government.”

Mr. Dolben. “ Relinquishing the govern-  
“ ment, or by death, in either case it is a  
“ demise. In the *necessity of government* all  
“ these cases have the *same consequence*.  
“ When the interruption is *in the administra-*  
“ *tion,*

“ *tion, it is demised.* Where there is the  
“ *same mischief,* there must be the *same re-*  
“ *medy.*”

Sir Richard Temple. “ Suppose it the  
“ case of a *lumatic,* would not *that* be a va-  
“ cancy ?”

Such are some of the opinions, that at the Revolution prevailed as to the causes that constituted incapacities, and in consequence of those incapacities, vacancies of the throne. The reader will apply them as he thinks fit upon the present occasion, and according to their value.

Here it is necessary to observe that the doctrines in favour of King James the Second's son, during this celebrated conference, apply with irresistible force at the present moment; because they were drawn from the hereditary nature of the British monarchy, and though urged by the Tories, were admitted by the Whigs, as the undoubted laws of succession to the British crown; which it was not the object of the Revolution at all to infringe upon. To get rid of James altogether was the first object; and the second was to blink

the rights of his son ; but the principles of hereditary succession remained, and remain to this hour exactly as in former ages.

The use of this remark the reader will see if he applies to the case in question, the doctrines of Succession universally admitted by Whigs and Tories, by all classes of men, and by all descriptions of reasoners at the time of the Revolution.

If, then, natural incapacity constitutes a civil death, and a civil death a virtual, if not an absolute vacancy of the Throne, let us see, by the test of Revolution principles, who has the right to execute the government.

Lord Clarendon. “ Admit the throne to  
“ be vacant from whatever cause, must it  
“ not be supplied by *those* who should have  
“ come in, if *the King was dead* ?”

Lord Nottingham. “ Admitting the  
“ throne to be vacant as to *the King*, how  
“ can it be so as to his *heirs* ? for the course  
“ of inheritance to the crown of England is  
“ by our law so provided for, that no attain-  
“ der of the heir of the crown will bar his  
“ succession to the throne, as it doth the de-  
“ scent

“ scent of any common person. The King  
“ being dead *civilly*, the *next in course*  
“ ought to come in, as by hereditary suc-  
“ cession : for I know *no distinction* between  
“ succession in the case of a *natural death*,  
“ and those in the case of a *civil one*.”

To those two authorities I may add two thousand, but those are sufficient ; for they vindicate the principles of succession to the British crown, and all parties, and all sides admitted them. Now as to the *necessity* that presses upon *us*, how comes all this discussion, if there be no necessity? “ If,” says Sir Richard Temple, “ the throne is not vacant  
“ *how are we here assembled without a King ?*”  
“ How,” adds Mr. Paul Foley, “ should  
“ we be debating about the settlement of  
“ the Sovereignty, *but that we have no*  
“ *King ?*”

But when *we* have a King *de jure*. We have so ; and what is a King *de jure*, who cannot be at the same time a King *de facto*?  
“ Nobody can say,” observes Mr. Pollexfen,  
“ There is any distinction in fact, between  
“ government and the exercise of the govern-  
“ ment ; for whoever takes from the King

“ the exercise of the government, takes  
 “ from the King his kingship, for the  
 “ power and *the exercise of power* are so join-  
 “ ed, they cannot be severed.”

For one hundred years we have heard of  
*a King of England de jure*, whose pretence  
 has been the scoff of Europe. It is a claim  
 indeed which made at Rome, excites but ri-  
 dicule; which made at Kew, can under the  
 present circumstances excite but affliction;  
 and which can only be made at Carlton-house,  
 with any benefit to the nation, or any safety  
 to the crown itself; because *there alone*, the  
*fact*, and the *right* can exist together.

It is reported that the old maxim, *nemo est  
 heres viventis* is to be revived to the preju-  
 dice of the Prince of Wales on this occasion;  
 and a \* cabinet Minister is said to have de-  
 clared, that if his Majesty lived these fifty  
 years in his present situation, his eldest son  
 is only his first subject, having *no more right*  
 to administer the government than the  
 meanest of his subjects. If this report is

\* The author was well informed as to the fact that  
 this was a cabinet doctrine; only instead of the oldest, it  
 has been first openly proclaimed by the youngest Minister.

true,

true, all I can say is, that Dr. Addington has been rashly ridiculed for a supposed notion of madness being *contagious*.—READING, it seems, is not the only place where the atmosphere is charged with this new kind of distemper; and I cannot help observing, that if “*doating old age*” be allowed, as advanced at the Revolution, to incapacitate a King from executing his functions, it should likewise disable a Minister from advising in his councils.

A maxim, contradicted by the tide of experience, can have but little weight; and this very maxim is rejected and refuted by the uniform practice of the laws of England, which bear any analogy to the present subject. In all cases where lunacy is legally established, it is the settled custom of the Court of Chancery to give the care of the property to the heir at law, or to that person nearest of kin, who is most interested in the success of that property. The application of the maxim too, upon the present occasion, will be justly denied; for the word *viventis*, or *life*, does not bear upon the case; lunacy, whether in sovereign or subject, being



ing in every civil sense, *a demise*. With what face then, or force, a maxim, (never formed for an occasion that is unexampled in our annals) can be revived or contended for here, there is sure no conceiving; and, if the unbought opinion of lawyers is of any consideration, it is no light succour to my argument, that all Westminster-hall is of the same sentiment.

And indeed who suffers by the admission of this reasoning? Not King George. III. surely! For if it pleased Heaven to restore him to the capacity of government, who is there so diabolical that would dispute his title? For such a recovery too, the nation would have the best authority. Not that of a Margaret of Anjou, but of Charlotte of Mecklenburgh, the shrewdness of whose understanding was never called in question, who is a mirror of connubial virtue, and the theme of universal praise—no other I suppose than this excellent Princess would be made guardian of the King's person.

In this great business, it were without doubt indecent to be precipitate; but to delay without just reason the settlement of the  
kingdom,

kingdom, is a public crime. No evil can befall this country greater than that which it now suffers; namely, the non-existence of any Government. If there be any just ground to hope for the King's speedy recovery, the delay is a virtue:—if there be none; and if it should turn out, that the protraction, which is expected to be proposed by the Ministry, should only arise from their reluctance to risk their places, no language can be too strong to describe their baseness.

———— “ Even handed justice  
 “ Returns the ingredients of our poisoned  
 chalice  
 “ To our own lips.”——

That ambition and love of power which Mr. Pitt was wont to charge upon others, are now retorted by staring, flagrant facts upon himself. King Edward II. and King Richard II. lost their crowns and their lives for putting into the hands of a few favourites too much power and emolument: and yet all that was ever in the hands of Piers Gavaston, Hugh Le Despencer, and Robert Vere, the favourites of these Princes, makes  
 not

not a tenth part of what is possessed at this moment, and has been for a long time back, by William Pitt and his family. William Pitt, William Pitt's brother, his brother's father-in-law, and his first cousins, have among them all the influence, all the power, and all the patronage of the whole British Empire. England, Ireland, Scotland, Asia, and America, Navy, Army, and Revenue, all, *all*, are centered in the family of William Pitt.

Still, however we are told Mr. Pitt is high in the estimation of many—He may be so, for there is no answering for the folly of mankind, He may be the admiration of thousands,—for Jack of Leyden and Lord George Gordon were so. His plans may be thought wise—for numbers believed in the Cock-lane Ghost and the Bottle Conjuror. He may be deemed disinterested—for Nero was counted merciful, and John Wilkes patriotic. But the bubbles burst at length, and nothing remained but fallacy and imposture.

And Mr. Pitt *may be* deemed popular, but it shall be my task to prove that he *ought not*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

December 15, 1788.

AT the close of the foregoing papers, the writer but little suspected that a few days would demonstrate the necessity of the pains he had taken in vindicating the title of the Prince of Wales to the Regency of the kingdom, under the present circumstances of the Regal Authority. Nothing less than divination could have foreseen the event of last Wednesday, when the Minister of King George the Third declared, in the face of the House of Commons of England, that the Eldest Son of that King “ HAD NO  
“ MORE RIGHT TO ADMINISTER THE  
“ GOVERNMENT DURING HIS FATHER’S  
“ INCAPACITY THAN ANY OTHER SUB-  
“ JECT OF GREAT BRITAIN.” This  
L extraordinary

extraordinary declaration will perhaps render many parts of the preceding pages not wholly useless, which, at the time of writing them, appeared to the author in some measure superfluous : as he conceived it not within the scope of human folly, or human wisdom, that any person would propagate any doubt upon the *great leading* principle of the WHOLE.

That doubt, however, having been proclaimed with the most intrepid determination, the author hopes that the following observations will be admitted to be not an useless addition to what he has already written.

Indeed much of what he should have urged has been anticipated in the speech, on Thursday night, of one of the most acute, one of the most penetrating, comprehensive, enlightened, and eloquent men in Great Britain—of a man who unites the greatest perfections of genius and study ; who animates the most logical and detailed reasoning with the most natural and best placed energies ; and who tempers the most vigorous efforts of a powerful mind with the minutest perspicuity,

spicuity, and the most convincing correctness; succinct though elaborate, clear however brief or abridged, and always learned though for ever ingenious; forming an assemblage of merits that rank him among the first ornaments of the present or of any former parliament—I can mean no other than my Lord Loughborough.

When this nobleman's speech on Thursday night is answered, even *I* shall own myself a convert, and bow to the talisman that opens my intellect. But it is not in man's faculty to answer that speech; and thus far I will venture to prophesy, that he who attempts it will be disgraced and defeated.

The Prince of Wales, who is levelled by Mr. Pitt to the condition of the meanest subject of the realm, is regarded by the law of England as synonymous with the King himself.—The words of Lord Coke, which I believe Lord Loughborough forgot on Thursday night are, *in consideratione juris idem persona nobiscum*. By a statute of the 25th of Edward III. “ To conspire the death of the Prince of Wales is as much high treason, as to conspire the death of

“ the King.” These are the very words of Blackstone\*; and this constitutes a distinction between the Heir Apparent and ALL OTHER subjects of Great Britain. Thus far the law—And if these two distinctions do not demonstrate him as *the inevitable administrator* of the royal authority during his father’s incapacity, when combined with all the other considerations that affect this case, then I may safely affirm that there is no sense in the law itself, no spirit in the constitution, and no such thing extant as political fitness,

As to the *political fitness*, even these bad men have not the presumption to deny it; but the reader will see in a moment that the matter may not be a jot the better by this qualification. The Minister affirms that the Prince has *no more right than any subject*; but that it is *fit* to invest him with a portion of the sovereign authority.—Mr. Pitt shall not skulk the rights of the Prince of Wales under the doctrine of expedience, nor escape the natural consequences of his own principles, because he *dares not* carry them into practice

\* See his first volume, page 225.

The Prince has no more right than any other person;—good—then *any other person may be* appointed—It is a clear result of the first position. See then to what this mischievous man would drive the nation, and what a prospect of peaceful times his principles open for his country, which would raise an authority within the state, paramount to the Prince of Wales, at the age of twenty-seven; when his father is as useless to all the ends of kingship, as if he were absolutely in his grave. What security is there for the person of the Prince of Wales under a Regent that supersedes him in the sovereign authority? By the Regent it is meant not only to restore the government, but the legislature. The legislature can alter the succession, and may disinherit the Prince of Wales.

Is this a vague fear?—Let the reader be patient a while, and I will prove to him it is not so.

**THIS VERY THING HAPPENED** in a case the most similar to the present of any that has ever existed, since our nation had a name.

Upon a supposed incapacity in King Henry VI. the Duke of York was made Regent in 1460.



1460. All the power was placed in the hands of the Regent: and how did he use it? Thus. He passed a law expressly disinheriting the Prince of Wales, declaring himself and his successors rightful heirs of the crown after King Henry's death, and investing himself with all the power during Henry's life; to the utter exclusion of the Prince of Wales and his heirs for ever.

This is a fact upon record, as indubitable as life. And why shall not this happen to-morrow, if any other than the Prince of Wales become Regent, as by Pitt's denial of the Prince's right, any other *may*?—The only answer I can have is this—that the thing I have stated happened in times of violence.

They *were* times of violence, indeed, and the reader will presently see it is for the interest of my argument that they were so, when I shall point out to him the diabolical use which the Ministry, or their confederates have attempted to make of the transactions of those very times upon the present occasion.

Well, but all these terrors are obviated by Mr. Pitt's intimation of Friday night, namely, that though he denies the *right*, he means

to confirm the *fact*, and make the Prince Regent! Are they so?—He means “to place a barren sceptre in his hand,” and strip him of a part of the executive powers.

Suppose the Prince of Wales rejects a power which implies diffidence, and may entail disgrace upon him.—Are *then* the terrors imaginary which I have here suggested from the experience of past times? And why, unless to insult him, is the thought conceived of suspending any part of the regal functions? In this place I must re-affert one of the positions of the preceding pages, and affirm again, that reducing or dividing the royal authority “*is either a libel on the constitution or the Prince.*” If the constitution is good, keep it *entire*. If the Prince is unsafe with the regal power as Regent, he is unsafe with them as King, and therefore unfit to govern. For HE, unlike *all former Regents*, can have no temptation to *usurp*, the right being incontrovertibly *his own*.

There is another most serious view of this extraordinary undertaking. If the Prince is

\* See page 8.

refused the Regency as matter of right, or he reject it if clogged with any dishonourable compact, and the Irish recognize his clear title to the government of their country, during his father's incapacity, how then stands it with the two nations? The Irish love the Hanover family in their hearts. Ireland is the only part of this empire that has not, at one time or other since their accession, rebelled against them. The Protestants love them for the stability of their property; the Catholics for putting an end to the barbarous persecutions under which they laboured for ages. *My life I would stake upon their decision in favour of the Prince of Wales,*—for that nation can have no common interest with a cabal in Downing-street. The Guardian \* Genius of their constitution is here upon the spot, and will, I am persuaded, narrowly watch every step of these transactions. He who with the strong hand of irresistible eloquence redeemed their liberties a few years since, and, with the same superior ability, defended them so lately

\* Mr. Grattan.

against

against the plots of Pitt and Jenkinson, will not hazard their existence by that which *he knows* would be a subversion of the constitution. This is indeed a most serious consideration. Never were two kingdoms connected by so nice and curious a link as these sister islands; and perhaps any other course than that which it is the object of this argument to recommend, may cut the strings for ever that twist them now together.

Scotland, too, is another object; and the Scotch, as Lord Stormont in the first instance declared, would deem the supercession of the Prince of Wales in such a case a breach of the spirit of the Union.

I will go much farther, and in plain, clear, unambiguous phrase, affirm, that unless the Prince of Wales has *a right* to administer the government, from the moment his father's incapacity or civil demise is declared by each House of Parliament, *that the frame of the government is actually dissolved, and the present Parliament has no more authority to dispose of the sovereignty, without consulting the people of England, than the assembly called by King William at his landing in 88, and which*

*was composed of all the Parliaments of James and the latter years of Charles II. would have had to bestow the crown, in the first instance, upon the Prince of Orange, without being delegated by the people of England for that purpose.*

Either this is a revolution, or it is not; if not, the Prince's right, on the declaration of his father's incapacity or civil demise, is clear and certain. If it is a revolution, then is there an open robbery committed by the two Houses of Parliament upon the people of England, in assuming the right of disposing of the sovereign authority without their consent. When they elected this House of Commons they had no contemplation of a dissolution of the government, and never could have commissioned their present Representatives to unsettle the nation, as Pitt's principles plainly go to. And the fraud upon the people is so much the more, as the project now avowed is a libel upon the glorious Revolution in 1688, because it alters the constitution as then established—inasmuch as it threatens to change the *genius* and *nature* of the executive branch of our government,  
by

by suspending or alienating a part of the royal prerogatives, without any charge of the least abuse of these prerogatives.

In this argument I feel myself supported by the very fundamentals of the constitution. A revolution is brought about, *and no necessity avowed for it*—the prerogatives of the executive branch taken away, *and no abuse even hinted at*—there is an assumption of power to do the GREATEST POSSIBLE ACT, *when no legal authority exists in the country to do even the smallest act*—a settlement of the nation, and an institution of a new species of third estate are attempted, upon a virtual dissolution of the frame of the government, and *not one citizen or elector in Great Britain consulted.*

THIS IS THE FACT, let sophistry gloss it as it may, and again I will state the case, for it cannot be stated too often: Either the frame of the government is dissolved, or it is not. If *not*, it is because *the Prince's right is positive*. If it *is*, then every citizen of Great Britain has an inherent indefeasible right of opinion, and *should be consulted.*

These are the desperate plights to which the nation is driven by Mr. Pitt's manœuvres, and this is the sad alternative which stares us in the face, *if we travel out of the high road of the constitution.* By the discussion of the Prince's *right*, no good *can* follow, and great evil *may*—By the decision of it against his right (if it were possible for madness, ignorance, and corruption to succeed in so deciding it) I know no misfortune to which a wise man might not look, as an event at least possible to this country. If, after the King's incapacity were declared in Parliament, an address to the Prince was presented, to assume the government during the existence of that incapacity, the rights of son and father remained sacred, and every thing would be quiet; but by the perverse, the damnable agitation, which Pitt forces forward of the *right*, such calamities spring up to view, that he who can behold them without horror, must have nerves of adamant.

FOR

FOR something that is here to follow, it behoves me to apologize to the reader.

A pamphlet, under the title of “Considerations on the Regency,” has been diligently circulated by the friends of the Ministry. That pamphlet pretends to answer some of the reasoning of the preceding pages; and for taking any notice of it, in my judgment, an apology is due to the reader and to *myself*; not because the work is feeble, its assertions false, and its tendency wicked; but because the mode of reply it has adopted, is the exploded trick, of opposing *affirmation to fact* any *authority*.

For instance. I have said\*, that by the customs of the realm, the nearest male relation to the crown, capable of executing the duty, has commonly been Regent, or Protector. This author answers me by asserting—“that this is by no means true †.” How is such a point to be decided?—by re-

\* See page 3 of this pamphlet.

† See page 13 of the Considerations.

forting



forting to the facts, and consulting the authorities. The facts are these—The Earl of Lancaster, in the minority of Edward III.; the Duke of Lancaster, in that of Richard II. (presumptive heir of the crown); the Duke of Bedford, in that of Henry VI. (presumptive heir of the crown); the Duke of Gloster after him (presumptive heir of the crown); another Duke of Gloster, in that of Edward V. the nearest male capable of the office. Such are the facts; and the reader will turn to his history, to prove them. Now for authority.

No historian ever lived, who has, or who deserves, a juster character for the veracity of his narratives, than David Hume; whatever objections may be raised against some of his deductions in the latter part of his history of England. In page 272 of his third volume the reader will find these words. They were written before I was born, and could not have been designed to suit the present discussion. “ The Duke of Gloster, *being*  
 “ *the nearest male of the royal family capable*  
 “ *of exercising the government, seemed entitled,*  
 “ *by*

“ by the customs of the realm, to the office of  
“ Protector; and the Council, not waiting  
“ for the consent of Parliament, made no  
“ scruple of investing him with that high  
“ dignity.”

Exactly of a-piece with the above are all the other parts of this ministerial performance; and I should dismiss it now to that obscurity it must shortly sink into, if it were not combined too much with the great subject that at this time fills the public mind; and if the precise resemblance of its principles with those intimated by Mr. Pitt on Friday night, did not lift it into a sinister importance by manifesting too plainly the quarter it proceeded from.

The whole drift of these manœuvres of the Ministry is to make the present incapacity of the King a parallel to that of Henry VI. and some extracts from the Rolls of Parliament are placed as an appendix to the work alluded to, evidently to make the conduct of the Duke of York's partizans in that memorable period, an example for the present moment.

Men's

Men's motives can only be judged of by their actions; and here I affirm that in no crisis of civil strife, when factions went the greatest lengths, and ambition broke through every boundary; when every line of legal order has been trampled under foot, and nations been convulsed to the highest pitch of distraction; was there ever an attempt made more flagitious and abandoned, than to make the parliamentary transactions upon Henry the Sixth's incapacity a model for the present exigence.

Before I prove this point, let me be allowed to rectify an error which goes a greater way than may be at first imagined.

The authority of the Duke of York in Henry the Sixth's incapacity, which the writer for the Ministry exultingly alludes to, *did not* originate with Parliament. It was conferred by the King in his own Council, though afterwards increased and defined by that assembly, to which increase and definition the King *consented*. Now as this should not be taken, nor any other point of fact, upon any word, or upon that of any anonymous writer,

writer, I will refer the reader to the sources of proof for all my assertions\*: let it be observed then, that *subsequent to that instrument* are all the parliamentary transactions upon this subject.

My object in specifying this point, is to contradict an assumption, that seems to have gone forth, as if the *two Houses* of Parliament had given all his authorities to the Duke of York; whereas in fact, every power from first to last was given by the King's consent in his legislative capacity. Henry's illness did not resemble that of his present Majesty. His inefficiency arose more from a feeble frame, and a driveling understanding, than any thing like the dreadful malady which has subdued every function of rational movement in King George the Third; and the former monarch was, in the worst moments, capable of doing that which preserved the *legislative integrity* of the government. No suc-

\* See in Rymer, volume 11th, page 344, the instrument done by the King in council, which gave York the first power, dated the 13th of February, 1454; see also the 5th volume of the Rolls of Parliament, page 239, No. 24. See Cotton's Abridgement of the Records of the Tower of London, page 651, and all the common Histories of England.

cour, therefore, can be found in the events of these times to the monstrous positions now advanced, namely, that the two Houses can perform *that*, which *can be no other than* a legislative act.

And I have heard that Mr. Fox has been accused of deserting his Whig principles, in maintaining the reverse of this position:--- Is the whole nation frantic?—and is the grave-digger, in Hamlet's observation, verified at last, “ that in England all the folks are mad alike ?”

Accused of deserting his principles, for denying that, which two of the most notorious laws in our statute book make it *a premunire* to maintain, viz. That any two of the three estates can make law : and surely altering the nature and genius of the executive authority, or meddling with the very smallest of its prerogatives can be no other than a legislative proceeding.

If Mr. Fox denied that the people of England could not, upon just grounds, and upon an adequate provocation, alter the succession and confer the sovereignty *where they pleased*, he would indeed renounce his principles,  
and

and with all my adoration of his character, I should be the first to renounce him. Yet even such a measure, though perhaps the noblest exertion of popular power, could not be done as *a legislative act*. It would be going back to first principles, and acting by an authority which transcends all local institutions.—The capacity of the two Houses, in their present state, is not to *make* law but to *declare* it, not to *give* but to *recognize* right. *To give is to legislate*; they cannot legislate without the first estate; and if that estate is extinct, they *cannot* create one, without consulting the people,—for the extinction once admitted, the dissolution of the government follows of necessity, and the nation is thrown back again upon first principles.

Perhaps I have said this before, but no matter, it cannot be repeated too often: I write in a hurry, and this subject is too vast to allow any care for critical composition.

I shall now proceed to the close of this discourse, by shewing the reader, according to my promise, the iniquity of making the parliamentary operations upon Henry the Sixth's incapacity (which I understand, make

a considerable part of the precedents, to be this day delivered to the members of each House of Parliament, and which the writer for the Ministry most diligently quotes in his appendix), any example for the present times, unless to deter and terrify us.

Does the reader know the history of England at the period alluded to? If he does not, it is an evil to himself and to his country; for, as all are interested, all should be informed upon a subject, in which, *perhaps*, all may be forced to take a part not merely speculative.

If by any convulsion of Europe it should happen, that the Cardinal of York, the grandson of King James II. should be enabled to prefer, by active operations, his claim to the crown of King George III. at this moment, what would be the conduct of a citizen of this empire? I apprehend it would be this: He would shoot the Cardinal through the heart, as an incendiary that meant to light the kingdoms into civil flames. This he would take, as the shortest course, and not waste time in scrutinizing his title.

Exactly the counterpart of this hypothesis  
of

of the Cardinal of York was the conduct of Richard Duke of York in the reign of king Henry VI.

Henry was the third King of the house of Lancaster, and George is the third King of the house of Brunswick. The Lancaster family reigned for sixty-three years; the Brunswick family for seventy-three years. The two first Lancastrian Princes were great men, and brought much renown upon the nation; the two first Brunswick Princes were great men likewise, and brought fame and fortune to the nation. Some misfortunes happened under the third King of the house of Lancaster—may I be allowed to say, that *some* have been experienced under the third King of the house of Brunswick? The chief difference between the two cases would consist in the disparity which exists between the personal characters of the two Princes, and in the closer proximity of the blood of Lancaster to Richard II. than of the blood of Brunswick to James II. Their titles too, in fact, were similar; for Henry IV. grounded his claim upon the voice of the nation, and George I. never affected any other claim.

We



We shall not now inquire which had the strict right to the crown of England, of two Princes who have been in their graves above three hundred years. Yet as nearly as it is possible for two cases to be, was the dispute of Richard Duke of York for the crown of England with King Henry VI. as if the Cardinal of York were to emerge at this moment from the conclave, and, by some extraordinary revolution, were enabled to contend for the British diadem with King George III.

Now who was this Duke of York? Besides being first Prince of the blood, he inherited all the vast possessions of the dukedoms of York and Clarence, the earldoms of Cambridge, Ulster, and Marche; he was, in a word, the richest subject that ever obeyed the scepter of Great-Britain.

He was married into the House of Nevil, which formed within itself a knot of nobility, wealth, and power, that never before, nor ever since, were united in one family in these kingdoms. Of this family were the Lords Westmoreland, Salisbury, Latimer, Fauconberg, Abergavenny, and last, and  
greater

greater than all the rest, Warwick, commonly stiled the King-maker.—The Duke of York had likewise the Earl of Devonshire devoted to him from private love, and the family of Norfolk, from their hereditary rancour to the House of Lancaster. The reader can form no image of the power of these mighty Barons from any comparison with modern nobility. In a word, all the rest of England united could not make a House of Commons against Richard and his friends, and they were *themselves* almost the whole House of Lords.

Such was the Duke of York, and such his connections. For twenty years he is known to have meditated \*the crown of Henry, but being of an irresolute temper, and for those times of a placid disposition, he abstained for a long time from openly prosecuting his object, though he had taken all private care to secure its success.

But time grew heavy at length, and ambition roused him into action. So early as

\* Hollingshed, Hall, Grafton, Hume, Rapin, &c. &c.

1452 he appears in open arms at the head of ten thousand men against the King's authority, and met Henry himself in Kent to give him battle, with scarcely any pretext for such violence. However, as he was the next heir to the crown, his friends persuaded him to desist for the present, and he dismissed his army. Things remained for a little time in a deceitful tranquillity, until an event which soon followed, drove York forth again, and developed all his views; namely, the Queen of Henry being delivered of a Prince of Wales, which cut off all hopes of his own peaceful succession to the throne.

Then indeed the oracle was understood, and York's power felt in every quarter. At this time commenced the King's infirmity, which rendered him unfit to govern, and Margaret, with the King's Council, were forced to give the Regency of the kingdom to this very Duke of York, \* whose views upon the crown no man was a stranger to.

The Parliament was devoted to him, and went greater lengths in increasing his power

\* Rymer, vol. 11th, page 344.

than

than a person ignorant of the intrigues of those times could think the Duke himself wished them to go \*. But it was essential for Richard to preserve a character for moderation, in order to reconcile the nation to unsettle the government, and hence his coyness and coquetry with the Parliament as to the extent of his own powers †, and his solicitude to have a council:—A council then they gave him of his own bosom friends, and all the authority he could desire.

Being convinced myself of the truth of my arguments, it is my wish to convince others; and as I would not have any material point depend upon my anonymous affirmation, I shall regularly refer the reader to the most indubitable proofs of the veracity of my allegations. David Hume could not have written to decide between the Prince of Wales and the modern King-maker—William Pitt, and his words upon this subject are as follow: “ Men who thus entrusted  
 “ soveraign authority to one, that had such  
 “ evident and strong pretensions to the

\* Rolls of Parliament, vol. 5th, page 240.

† Ibid. page 242.

“ crown, were not surely averse to his taking immediate and full possession of it \*.

Undoubtedly not. *His* object was *their* object; he deemed it expedient to put on a shew of moderation to beguile the public; and the Parliament acted their part in the farce to a miracle—*Yet such is the Parliament quoted by Pitt’s advocate as a model for these times.*

The limitations to the Duke of York’s power at this time were two—first the majority of the Prince of Wales; and secondly, King Henry’s own pleasure. It pleased the King in about a year after this delegation, to revoke the power †. He did so; and in less than a month after the revocation, the Duke appeared in open arms against his acknowledged sovereign, fought him at St. Alban’s, killed five thousand of his troops, and among the rest the Duke of Somerset, the Earls of Northumberland and Stafford, Lord Clifford, and many other nobles, and took Henry himself prisoner.

A parliament met in about two months

\* Hume, vol. 3d, page 199.

† Rymer, vol. 11th, p. 363.

after this event.—And what would the reader suppose to be their first operation? The impeachment of York without doubt——.

Their first measure was to grant an indemnity to all the Yorkists for this open treason; and to restore the Regency again to Richard, going over the same ceremony as to the extent \* and nature of his powers as upon the former occasion—*Yet this is the parliament quoted by Pitt's advocate as a model for the present times.*

Queen Margaret, a woman of great spirit and enterprize, forced her husband in Richard's absence, to appear in the House of Lords, and to resume his power. Richard pretended a concurrence with this resumption, but directly entered upon measures to ensure the success of the claim which he soon after openly made upon the crown.

After various intrigues and negotiations, they came again to blows, and the battles of Bloreheath and Northampton were fought. A Parliament was called in the King's name who was again the Duke's prisoner; before

\* Rymer, Roll. Parl. Cotton, &c. &c.

which Parliament, Richard expressly opens his claim to the crown.

What do the Parliament upon this occasion? They directly recognize Richard's claim; they invest him with all the power during Henry's life, declare him and his posterity rightful heirs to the crown upon Henry's death, and disinherit the Prince of Wales and his heirs for ever.\* The unfortunate King (who was Richard's prisoner) consented to all this violence; and the destruction of the royal family was accomplished by a regular act of Parliament.

This was the last act of Richard's Parliaments, for he lost his life at the battle of Wakefield in the same year; and yet these are the Parliaments whose transactions are cited as an example for the present moment. From the bad conduct of these very Parliaments, sprung all the calamities of this dreadful quarrel, which, to use the words of Hume, "was not finished in less than a course of thirty years, which was signa- lized by twelve pitched battles, which

\* Cotton, page 365-6-7. Hollingshed, Hume, Grapton, Rapin.

" opened

“ opened a scene of extraordinary fierceness  
“ and cruelty, is computed to have cost the  
“ lives of eighty princes of the blood, and  
“ almost entirely annihilated the ancient  
“ nobility of England\*.” Such is the genuine character of these Parliaments, and from this brief but faithful picture of them, let the world judge of the men who quote them as guides upon the present occasion.

Is there a man who can look back at these scenes, without shuddering to the very center of his frame? Is there a man who has ever read the lamentable relations of that series of civil slaughters, without affliction and horror? Is there a man who can think of those who would risk the revival of such events, without eternal abomination?

The Parliaments alone, of those times, are accountable to God and man for all those evils. Had they resisted the Duke of York in any one of his proceedings, the people would have decided against innovations upon the settled establishment; and this bloody tragedy had perhaps never been acted. But these Parliaments were his picked and chosen

\* Vol. 3d, page 200.

instruments;



instruments; and their sanction lent him authority, and encouraged his operations.

The devotion of these three Parliaments to the purposes of the Duke of York, is one of the most notorious facts in English history, and because it *is* that notorious fact, I can say, without fear of being in the wrong, that the man who would make *their* measures a model for *the present times*, is a villain and a traitor.

For the present those men may escape who recommend such things; but there is an immortal spirit of exemplary justice in the law of England, which cannot fail, one day or other, to hurl its vengeance upon their guilty heads, and which will teach mankind his useful lesson,—— that ambition itself has limits in times like the present, and that pride, revenge, and avarice shall not with impunity presume to disturb the tranquillity of nations.

F I N I S.

