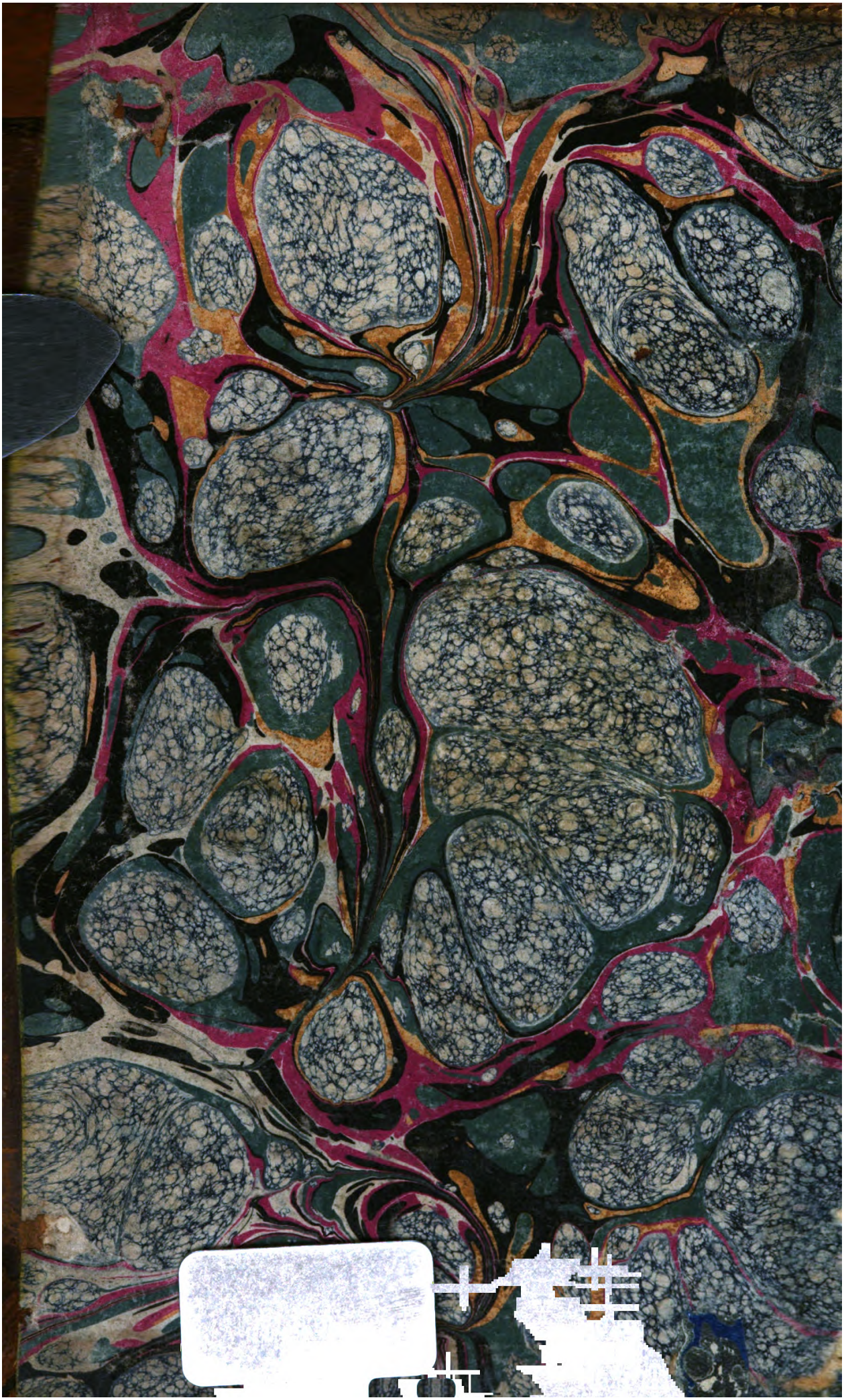

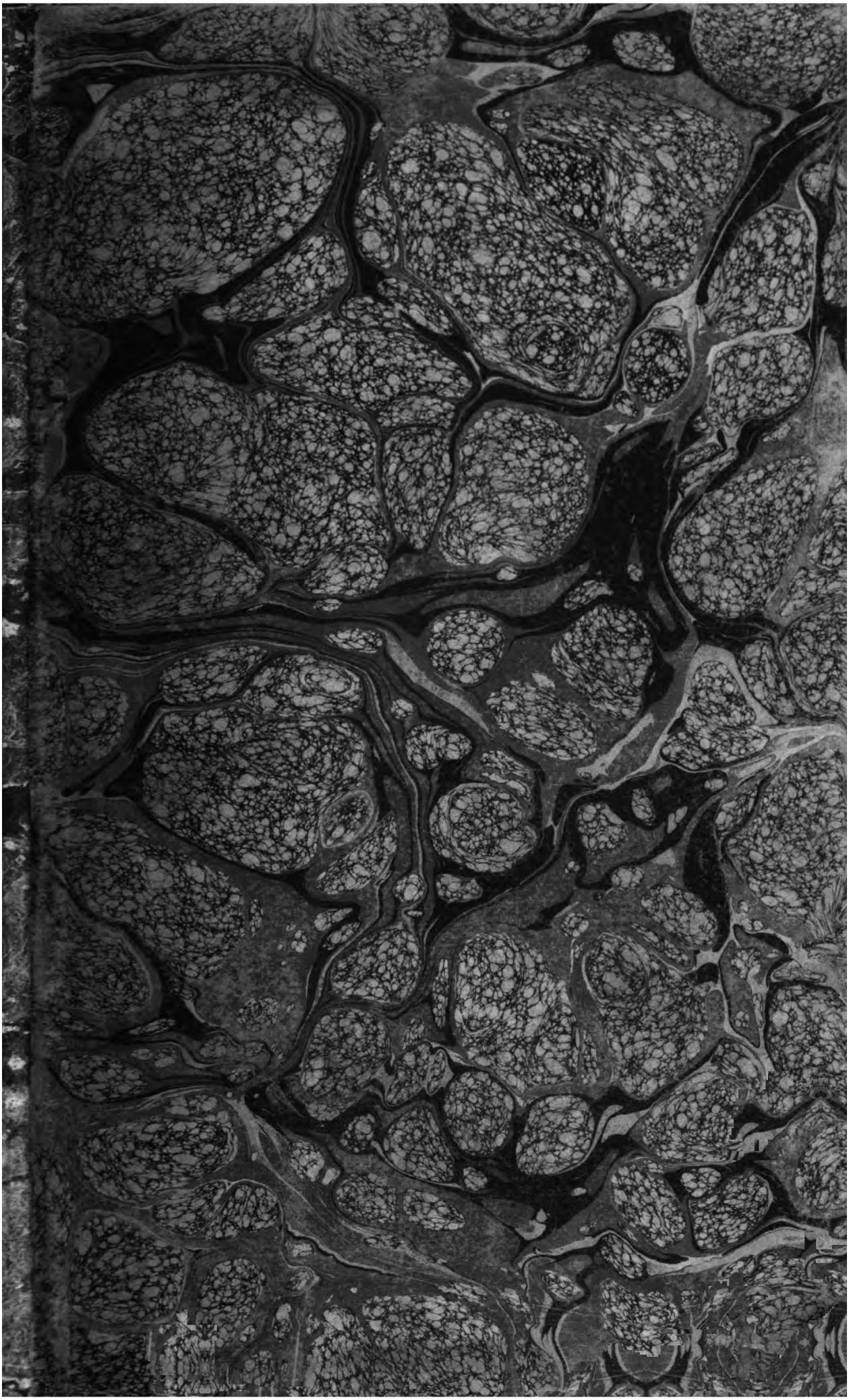

280 e 2889

THE

WORKS

OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. CUNDEE,

Ivy - Lane,

FOR J. WALKER, NO. 44, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1801.

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX;

A SATIRE:

IN FOUR DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST AND SECOND.

BY

PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum,
Tendunt extorquere poëmata—quid faciam vis?

HORACE, Ars Poet.

PITT claps his paws on *something* ev'ry day;
A *hiss* at ROYALTY—a poor old PLAY;
Meetings near Mother Redcap's (harmless things!),
Jokes on *Court-mummery*, smiles at QUEENS and KINGS;
Ere long, he leaps on PETER's *dove-like strains*;
And should the MUSE be *ravish'd*, what remains?

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY - SIX.

A SATIRE.

DIALOGUE I.

PETER.

AH, TOM! from ALMA MATER?

TOM.

Juſt imported,
FORTUNE a Jade, and ev'ry Guinea ſported.

PETER.

What! no rich Father then has flipp'd his wind,
And left a hogſhead of Bank-notes behind?
No good AUNT GRIZZLE, kind enough to die, 5
Left a long purſe to ſoothe the mournful ſigh,
And purchase PLEASURE's pretty recreations?

TOM.

I meet with no such kindneſs from *Relations!*
P-x on't, it now appears their cruel plan
To live as long and happy as they can; 10
To make their ſons in ſlavery *watch* and *pray*,
Till TIME and diſappointment turn them gray!

PETER.

True, TOM—when lively lads arrive at age
Dull fathers ſhould be huſtled off the stage,
And mothers (hiſs'd to heav'n to find employ) 15
Yield up their jointures to oblige their Boy.
Sons with *leſs ceremony* us'd to treat 'em—
Tied them to trees, for wolves to come and eat 'em:
Are Parents *old*, with any thing to give?
'Tis really *ſin* and *impudence* to *live*: 20
Gold ſhould change hands—not ſleep amid the cheſt—
Ye Gods, for Guineas what inglorious reſt!
Gold on Newmarket's panting ſteed ſhould fly,
And briſkly circle with the rattling die.

TOM.

TOM.

FRIENDSHIP! where art? in *books* and on the *tongue*; 25
Who mak'ſt, like LOVE, a *very pretty ſong:*
Too much a ſtranger to the *heart*, I ween!
Like Angels, *prais'd, admir'd*—but ſeldom *ſeen!*
Beſides *myſelf*, no Comforter have *I!*
No hopes from Parents, and no Friend to die. 30
Sweet Friendſhip ev'n for animals I love—
A dog, a cat, a monkey, parrot, dove;
With ALEXANDER's ſpirit charm'd, of courſe,
Who built a town in honour of his *horſe*.

PETER.

Now for the meaning of thy wild-gooſe chace: 35
What project, TOM? a penſion, or a place?

TOM.

Full of my mighty *ſelf*, from College down
I ruſh, to blaze a COMET on the town!

V. 34. *Who built a town.*] The city of Bucephalus.

To tear from SLAVERY's neck the galling chain,
And raiſe a Nabob-Fortune by my *brain;* 40
On ſkins of hungry wolves, the Courtiers, thrive,
A NIMROD! leaving not a Beaſt alive!
Tremble thou RICHMOND, HAWKSB'RY, and thou PITT
Too tremble, at the faulchion of my wit.
Tremble thou PORTLAND, MALMSB'RY, ROSE, DUNDAS!
Stripp'd be the Lion's hide, that holds an *Aſs.* 46
Roll my deep thunder round that REEVES's head,
Dark form! that ſtalking ſtrikes a world with dread:
All eye, all ear, at Midnight's guardleſs hour,
To ſeize a ſubject for the jail or Tow'r. 50
Fierce with the lightning's blaſting fire, my PEN,
Strike thou th' aſpiring heads of impious men.
Drag thou, my ARM, black GUILT to open Day!—
Such are my projects!—how d'ye like them, pray?

PETER.

Nobly reſolv'd! a pious reſolution, 55
Would FORTUNE kindly crown the *execution.*
But PITT deſpis'd the execrating noiſe
Of men and women—hooting girls and boys!

Smil'd

Smil'd at the rude ſalutes of ſtones and mire
That *diſcompos'd* his curls and gay attire; 60
And fated, had he fall'n, his gang to croſs,
PITT knew a ſimple life no public loſs;
Knew that a *Name* but mock'd a vengeful ſtone,
Whoſe ghoſt-like popularity was *gone*;
And knew, *his* flow'rs of ſpeech and breadth of ſoul 65
The State might find in many a dirty hole.
Safe 'mid the windings of his brazen tow'r,
Too well a MINISTER diſcerns his pow'r;
With high contempt he bids their fury flow,
And mocks the pop-guns of the WORLD below: 70
So deep in fat CORRUPTION's ſoil his roots,
The public blaſt but lops ſome wanton ſhoots;
The bullying *Trunk*, whoſe *members* brave the ſkies,
Firm in its hell-clad ſtrength, the ſtorm defies.

TOM.

I'll pour a broadſide into Courts.—

PETER.

Forbear. 75
Court-folly charms, of all, the eye and ear:

Sink it, and SATIRE mourns his uſeleſs dart;
While RIDICULE, a bankrupt, breaks his heart.

TOM.

I'll ſpread my ſentiments of Kings and Queens;
Truth guides my pen, and *Truth* the Poet ſcreens. 80

PETER.

Oh! what an inexperienc'd thing is youth!
How very little knoweſt thou of TRUTH!
TRUTH for a very dangerous Dame believe!
Too often, TOM, the faireſt forms deceive:
Mid WINTER's ſhiv'ring *ſcene* the ſimple hare 85
Finds in the pureſt ſnow a fatal ſnare:
Forth as ſhe ſcuds, to feed at early day,
The treach'rous *ſoftneſs* tells her winding way:
Where'er it feels her feet, the fair BETRAYER,
Informs the treach'rous Poacher where to ſlay her. 90
The MUSE that tells plain truth, with edge-tools ſports:
Go, deal in fiction, Man, and flatter Courts.

TOM.

TOM.

Nor ſhall the pompous LAWN my laſh eſcape,
That ſwelling lords it over ſimple CRAPE:
WHALES of the church, before my vengeance fly— 95
Devouring, mangling the poor helpleſs FRY:
PRIESTS! how unlike your healing, humble MASTER!
HE, Gilead's *Balm*; but *you*—a *bliſter-plaſter!*
Out with State-cancers! CAUSTIC, come, and KNIFE—
I'll gain FAME's *plaudit*, though I loſe my life. 100

PETER.

Sweet is her ſong—divine, like BANTI's breath;
Yet dear's the ballad, TOM, whoſe note is *death!*

TOM.

Perchance I venture on the *Hope-forlorn!*
Yet, HE who HONOUR courts, muſt DANGER ſcorn!

PETER.

PETER.

Thus, when a breach is made in ſome fair Town, 105
The VOLUNTEERS, agog to gain renown,
Beg hard to enter firſt, to fall with glory,
And give Poſterity a *beauteous ſtory*;
While *wiſer ſome*, averſe to *making mould*,
Would rather *tell* the tale, than have it *told*. 110

TOM.

I'll pierce of WIMBLEDON the midnight ſcene,
Where Taxes ſpring, and RIOT's orgies reign;
Expoſe the two DICTATORS to the Iſle—

PETER.

The world has mark'd them, and the COUPLE *ſmile*.

TOM.

What! is there not a bluſh?—a little glow, 115
To ſtain their marble countenances?

PETER.

No!
The MINISTER who bears a bluſhing face,
POOR MOLLY! is not fitted for his place.

With

With dog-like impudence, and dog-like ſtare,
To wonder, all the while he lays the *snare*, 120
" *That Gentlemen ſuſpect a harmleſs plan*;"
Such is the *Miniſter*, and ſuch the *Man*,
To dupe the State, and carry all before him!—

TOM.

So, then, my BULL of Satire cannot gore him?

PETER.

At ev'ry puſh the Man would only *laugh*, 125
And prove thy *bellowing Bull*, a *whining Calf*.
ROSE, ſpite of ridicule, enjoys his place,
And grins at ſuch as damn the want of grace;
While WYNDHAM, unabaſh'd, his heart unlocks,
And calmly meets the front of injur'd Fox. 130
One monoſyllable, whoſe name is AYE,
Weighs more than all a hundred *Bards* can ſay:
ONE daring MEMBER of a rotten borough
Is found of late, to poor Old ENGLAND's ſorrow,
Full ſtrong to give fair FREEDOM her death wound, 135
And hurl her heav'n-clad column to the ground.

MERIT

MERIT may walk to grafs, or munch the thiftle:
For PITT, the VIRTUES all may e'en go whiftle.
WORTH, like the worm beneath the cold hard ftone,
Crawls forth, and courts the funfhine of a Throne: 140
But, lo, its rays on diff'rent *Reptiles* fall,
That wriggling, clinging, lick the foot of Baal.

TOM.

PORTLAND fhall feel my fcourge—

PETER.

Why fo, poor MAN?
His GRACE is much the beft of all the Clan.
Though *dup'd* to join with Knaves his lucklefs doom,
'Mid *Rooks*, a pigeon with unfullied plume: 146
His colleagues, when compar'd to *Him*!—a day
Of wolf-like WINTER, and the lamb-like MAY;
The lane's courfe pebble, and Golconda's ftone;
The MEDICEAN VENUS, and a Joan. 150
His and their hearts are *oppofition-things;*
Diff'rent as dove-like Saints, and Vulture-Kings;

CYNTHIA, the world's delight, and Lady MARY;
Fam'd BELISARIUS, and old BAMFYLDE CAREY.

TOM.

Die then the *Embaſſy* that ſhames the LAND. 155

PETER.

Lord! TOM, the French have kill'd it to thy hand;
Then rein thy fury—ſpare thy idle breath—

TOM.

I'll fabricate the poetry of Death.
O'er many a neck my ſcymeter ſhall flame,
And HAVOCK's corſes form my road to Fame; 160
On SATIRE's burning coals *this* villain fries,
And roaſted *that* with ſkewers in his eyes:
I'll *match* the Knaves with tortures of all ſorts,
And make a charming little *hell* for COURTS.

PETER.

Heavn's! TOM, be cooler; take advice—

TOM.

TOM.

I won't— 165
"WILFUL will do't"—my ſoul is fix'd upon't.
Ah, PETER, you're a *courtier*.

PETER.

No ſuch thing:
I never drank at ADULATION's ſpring.

TOM.

No! PETER never dealt in praiſe!

PETER.

I *have*.
There is a time ere *any* man's a knave— 170
Some ſtart in youth, ſome ſin at bald fourſcore;
But known—the voice of Fame is heard no more.
VIRTUE's pure Robe with dirt I ſcorn to load,
Or offer incenſe to embalm a *Toad*.

True,

True, I *have flatter'd*—yes, my raptur'd *tongue* 175
Has pleas'd a *mistress* oft—and oft a *song:*
Yet for no *baseness* I invok'd the Nine—
A lovely ſubject, and a harmless line.
Let talents, virtues, meet my happy eyes;
I aſk not, truly, from *what soil* they riſe. 180
If 'mid the lorn cold vale of WANT they ſpring,
The MUSE ſhall hen-like ſpread her foſt'ring wing;
Or GRANDEUR's ſun-clad mountain, to their glory,
My verſe (though ſcarce believ'd) ſhall tell the ſtory:
Give me the riches, and I'll find the ſoul 185
To lead poor pining MERIT from her hole.
Friend to the ARTS, were GEORGE's millions mine,
What HEAV'NLY MAID in poverty ſhould pine?
For lab'ring GENIUS, palaces ſhould riſe;
Not for Court-ſycophants, the carrion flies: 190
Theſe would I flap—and change at once the ſcene;
To TASTE, the ATTIC NYMPH, reſtore her reign;
With RAPHAELS, TITIANS, the glad world renew,
And lead a ſecond ANGELO to view;
Bid, for our Board of Works, PALLADIOS ſpring, 195
And caſt a ray of glory round a King.
And, were I *King!* I ſolemnly proteſt,
That *Hardware-man,* that *Brazier,* MISTER WEST,

No

No more ſhould copper poor old WINDSOR's walls;
Nor BACON's lifeleſs lumber load Saint PAUL's. 200
Then ſhould yon nick-nam'd DOME (alas! how poor
In real merit!) ſhut its ſacred door
On *ſmugglers* in the trade, whom ART reviles;
Whoſe ſole pretenſions are—what? FOLLY's ſmiles.
Yet, is there ONE, whoſe bags with wealth run o'er, 205
Who loves the Arts, and *loves* to ſee them *poor*;
Proud of a lying, cringing Dedication,
That dubs him the MECÆNAS of the Nation?
Lo, there are Authors to proclaim his ſpirit,
And ſwear it ever in purſuit of Merit. 210

V. 200. BACON's lifeleſs lumber.] Two ſtatues *intended to adorn* St. Paul's Cathedral, and challenge the univerſe for ſculpture, They are ſaid to be *meant* for Howard and Johnſon. Much money has been given for digging the two miſerable objects out of the ſtone, and they have been *put up*: when will the poor expoſed figures, for the honour of our national taſte, and their own credit, be *taken down?*——*Riſum teneatis, amici?*

V. 201. Nick-nam'd DOME.] How the Academy came to be baptized *Royal*, I cannot conceive; as not a *ſpangle* of ROYAL MUNIFICENCE ever threw a ray around its walls. Had it not been for the annual Shillings of the charitable PUBLIC, it muſt have died of *famine* long ago.

TOM.

TOM.

Curs'd be the period, whether verſe or proſe,
That round a worthleſs head a glory throws—
Yields MERIT's meed to tinſel ſtars and ſtrings,
And *ſoul* to Mis'ry, though it dwelt with *Kings*.
Makes AV'RICE generous—the poor Ideot *wiſe*— 215
And lifts the Fool of Fortune to the ſkies.

PETER.

Yet are there knaves in theſe unbluſhing days,
To fabricate the lying ſong of praiſe!
What's ſtrange—The flatter'd fools, ſo dead to ſhame,
Strut in ſtol'n plumes, and boaſt th' imputed fame. 220
Tell KNIGHT he beats, in rural ſcenes, the *world*;
Nought for the falſehood at your head is hurl'd!

Say

V. 221. Tell KNIGHT.] A *Gentleman* who ſcrambled to Parnaſſus as he crept into the Borough of Ludlow; and who, obtaining the *alms* of CHARITY from a REVIEWER, informs the world that it is the free and unſolicited donation of FAME. A *Gentleman* who fancies his poor *cracked poſt-horn* to be the *trump* of HEROIC POETRY; and, aſhamed of being a contemptible *Mute* amidſt his Brethren of St. Stephen's, turns a roaring Bully amongſt the *Muſes*. Poſſeſſed of a ſchoolboy-power of mouthing a few Greek polyſyl-

 lables,

Say that he feels a POET's genuine fire,
His palſied hand like MILTON's ſweeps the lyre:
Not FLATTERY's *ſelf* can too much Fame allow; 225
For, lo, to PHŒBUS *ſelf* he ſcorns to bow.
Swear TASTE a poor *loſt ſheep* before *he* came;
At once he hears MESSIAH in his name:
He ſees the poor *fall'n Creature* TASTE *reſtor'd*;
And, proud of Vict'ry, feels himſelf the Lord! 230
Say WISDOM languiſh'd in barbaric gloom;
He ſees *his* GENIUS the wild waſte illume.

PETER.

Thus, when a NIGHT of ſhade involves the pole,
And clouds on clouds in murky maſſes roll;
SOL through the darkneſs bids his radiance flow, 235
And robes with golden light the world below!

TOM.

Call MASON, SHAKESPEAR; *Miſter* HAYLEY, POPE
Their jaws with ſudden inſpiration ope;

lables, who moſt ridiculouſly deems himſelf an *Ariſtarchus*; and who, childiſhly arrogating to himſelf the character of a Legiſlator of Taſte in Landſcape Scenery, has received a ſevere and merited caſtigation, from Men of real abilities, for his preſumption. A *Gentleman* who, deſpairing of a reputation, for *wit* equal to that of the famous or rather *in*-famous LORD ROCHESTER, has printed a work to prove that he is by far the Noble Earl's ſuperior in rage for a ſubject of *obſcenity*.

With fancied immortality they ſhine,
And all PARNASSUS thunders through their line: 240
No more the MUSES their loſt fav'rites mourn;
In MASON'S, HAYLEY'S page again they burn!
Tell BANKS he fills with honour NEWTON'S chair,
The weed-and-bird's-neſt-hunter will not *ſtare!*
Aloud with NEWTON'S fancied pow'rs he brays, 245
And ſtruts with NEWTON down to diſtant days!
Call WEST, CORREGIO; on his cloth diſplay'd,
Raptur'd he marks a breadth of *light* and *ſhades*,
His *copper* turns to *fleſh* of loveliest hue,
And ev'ry Cherub-SWEETNESS charms his view. 250
Or grant him RAPHAEL'S line and RAPHAEL'S grace,
He will not fling his bruſhes in your face:
Pronounce like matchleſs CLAUDE'S his landſcape *clear*,
He ſees the *brighteſt* clouds, the *pureſt* ſphere;
Surveys DAME NATURE'S forms with thrilling blood, 255
And counts a *thouſand leagues* along the *mud*.
Inform that Witch—of uglineſs the Queen,
Old SYCORAX, ſhe beats in mind and mien
Fair OXFORD; how the wrinkled Hag will ſmile,
And ſtretch her approbation-mouth a mile! 260

Call PORTEUS gen'rous, PORTEUS will not cry,
With hands uplifted, "*Jesu, what a lie!*"
No! on his lip a smile approving springs,
Sweet as the simper when he bows to Kings.
Praise STRELITZ, SCHWELLENBERG will scream,
" Mine Gote,
" England haf noting clevers as dat spote; 266
" Dere be de palace!—peepels of high bert,
" An bestest Princes dat's in all de ert."
Praise BRU——LL's brain—what farce! the Man receives it!
Swear that his *head* is *human*—he believes it: 270
Swear B-LL-R honours the huge wig and gown,
By heav'ns, the Fellow will not knock you down;
Nor turncoat W——M, to no party true,
Deny *sincerity* to be his due.
Praise HAWKESB'RY for his sweet ingenuous heart, 275
The Man has not the decency to *start*:

V. 261. Call PORTEOUS generous.] Her MAJESTY's *own* Bishop, the economical BISHOP of LONDON; who, on his exaltation, sent circular letters to the Clergy of his diocese, commanding them to inform him of the state of morality, religion, and the churches; at the same time, however, requesting that the answers might not weigh more than *one ounce*. Poor morality, poor religion, poor churches! What! not worth the *postage of a letter!*

Call

Call GRENVILLE *humble*—will you *ſhock* the Peer?
No, no! he liſtens with *unwounded* ear:—
CHATHAM, in naval matters, briſk and deep;
He drops the tortoiſe, and forgets his ſleep. 280
Tell PITT, the PEOPLE *love* him—PITT will ſmile,
And deem himſelf the *Fav'rite* of the Iſle:
Swear MODESTY no ſtranger to DUNDAS,
HAL feels the virtue on his *front of braſs*.

PETER.

Thus, ſhould SIR ISAAC (meanneſs to promote) 285
Form for ſome upſtart wretch a handſome coat;
Lo, from the *Conqueſt*, liſts of Sires appear,
And all the puddle of his blood runs *clear*.

V. 285. Thus, ſhould SIR ISAAC.] SIR ISAAC HEARD, Garter King at Arms.

END OF DIALOGUE I.

DIALOGUE II.

TOM.

O! For the ſoul of LEO, to inſpire
Our future Kings with GLORY's genuine fire!
Then would the happy PAINTER, and the BARD,
Of ſimple merit reap the rare reward!
Then would the varied Field of Letters bloom, 5
Smile on the eye, and yield the heav'ns perfume.

PETER.

Poor Field! at *preſent* much like Hounſlow Heath,
Whoſe chief production is the wood of Death.

V. 5. Hounſlow Heath.] The compariſon of the preſent barren Field of Literature to the Field of Gibbets is new, appoſite, and ingenious. Literature now is as dangerous as Murder. Let REEVES be the Interpreter, and every line of every pamphlet, verſe or proſe, ſhall by this *Gentleman*'s ſagacious commentary ſmell of *treaſon* as ſtrongly as the *whiſper* of an Anti-*Pittite* proclaims *rebellion*.—THE EDITOR.

TOM

TOM.

How is fair ART, and SCIENCE, in diſgrace!
What Patron meets them with a ſmiling face? 10
See, like a ſhadow, GENIUS, limping, poor,
In ſupplication at a GREAT MAN's door!—
And ſee with inſolence his *lacquey* treat him;
And were he *fat enough*, the *Dog* would eat him.

PETER.

O TASTE, O REASON, to our Iſle return! 15
Behold our GREAT for *littleneſſes* burn!
Charm'd with his wit, and tricks, and noſe, and hunch,
Not long ago, LORD PLYMOUTH purchas'd PUNCH:
And very ſoon, I ween, ſome *titled* NINNY,
Some moon-ey'd fool, will buy the FANTOCCINI. 20
Th' alarming voice of WAR muſt not be heard—
There are no FRENCH to pull us by the beard—
Invaſions! nonſenſe—What the pow'r of FRANCE;
What *Diſcord, Murder*, ſo the *Puppets dance?*

TOM.

This reddens my rough vengeance—fans my flame, 25
And goads my SATIRE's hawk to ſeek its game.

Yes! yes! I ſtand reſolv'd upon the matter—
Fry is the word, and brimſtone be my batter!

PETER.

Gods! what a furious Saracen art thou!
But what ſays PITT? will PITT thy rage allow? 30
Believe me, TOM, the blunderbuſs of Law
Makes a long ſhot—an engine form'd to *awe*—
By this has many a bird of Satire bled—
Be prudent, therefore, and revere the *lead*.
Think of thy baniſh'd *Nameſake!*

TOM.

What! TOM PAINE?
I *like* the Man—ſhould boaſt to *hold his train:* 36
TOM PAINE ſpeaks boldly out; and ſo I dare
Strike at Court Slaves, nor ſex nor order ſpare;
Spread o'er my quarry VICE, my eagle wings,
Nor dread the conflict, though oppos'd by *Kings!* 40

PETER.

Lo, that rich hour of Liberty gone by!
GRENVILLE's and PITT's bold acts thy rage defy:

PITT

PITT claps his paws on *ſomething* ev'ry day;
A *hiſs* at ROYALTY, a poor old PLAY,
Meetings near MOTHER REDCAP's (harmleſs things!) 45
Jokes on COURT-MUMMERY, ſmiles at QUEENS and KINGS:
Ere long he leaps on PETER's dove-like ſtrains;
And ſhould the MUSE be raviſh'd, what remains?
Behold the COURT, of *Hiſt'ry* grown ſo ſore,
I ſcarce dare mention—*Apple-dumpling* more, 50
Or Madam SCHWELLENBERG and ambling JACK,
For fear the PALACE might be on my back;
And that's a *heavy load*, the world will own,
Enough to make the mighty ATLAS groan:
Nor WHITBREAD's Brewhouſe, nor poor MOTHER JONES, 55
Nor HUNTING PARSONS, if I prize my bones;
LOUSE, BRICK-KILN, GARD'NERS, MUTTON, MOUSE-TRAP TOUR;
Such mention will not MINISTERS endure:

V. 44. A poor old PLAY.] Venice Preſerved; condemned by AUTHORITY to oblivion on account of the numerous and violent *plaudits* beſtowed on paſſages that ſeemed direct ſarcaſms on our present Rulers.

V. 51. Ambling JACK.] The Ass on which the GREAT MISTRESS OF THE ROBES was wont to take her airings, for health, through the Royal Gardens, which furniſhed much *miſfortune*, and *amuſement*.

Though

Though MINISTERS, as *blushing* HIST'RY shows,
Dar'd pull a goodly MONARCH by the nose; 60
Spat in his face, and threaten'd to dethrone him;
Roar'd out 'REFORM,' and forc'd themselves upon him:
Drunk with successes, seiz'd the old State-Thunder,
When uproar wild began, and Nation-plunder.
The "State's in danger," louder howl'd the storm, 65
Gagg'd ev'ry raven mouth that croak'd '*Reform.*'
Thus then it happens (save good MASTER REEVES),
The purest Patriots may be pick'd from *Thieves.*

PETER.

For ever sacred be the acts of Kings,
The founts of worship, honour, stars and strings! 70
Ev'n such as *Virtue damns*, the gentle MUSE
(So chang'd her nature!) shall not once abuse:
Peace to the ghost of NERO, great good man,
Beneath whose blade no blood in rivers ran!
Whose heart in MERCY's tender mould was made! 75
Peace to DOMITIAN's—peace to RICHARD's shade!

TOM.

Who is this Lord High-Paramount, this PITT?
What are his mighty acts, his wisdom, wit?

What

What his huge feats, with all his wondrous brags?
The Nation ſtripp'd, fair Liberty in rags, 80
With ſcarce a ſhift, gown, ſtocking, garter, ſandal;
Put up at *Garraway*'s by inch of candle.
A Booby who for vict'ries madly gapes,
And idly lab'ring brings us into ſcrapes;
Then bids us get ourſelves, with phiz devout, 85
And fear and trembling, pray'r, and ſtarving, *out!*
Thus, with an inſolence a name that lacks,
He flings his own d-mn'd ſins upon *our* backs.
Poor ENGLAND! to deſtruction he has brought it;
Then cries with ideot wonder, "Who'd have thought it!
Away with faſts that *gormandiſe* and *quaff*, 91
And give ev'n ſly HYPOCRISY a laugh!
Who will with lying impudence declare,
Nought fills his mouth upon that day, but Air?
What *Saints* the ſtomach's pinches will endure? 95
None!—ſave their pious Majeſties, I'm ſure.
But grant we *faſt*—are *faſts* of aught avail?
Behold the Poor with faſting lean and pale;
And ſtill the French, in lucky war employ'd,
Unlike Sennach'rib's hoſt, are not deſtroy'd. 100

PETER.

But, TOM, 'tis *Gentry* that muſt Heav'n implore;
G-d never liſtens to the ragged Poor.
When MINISTERS their blundering tricks betray,
'Tis *Gentry* only that muſt ſtarve and pray.
Yet at their dread petition Heav'n will ſtart, 105
Nor, cruel, run a Frenchman through the heart,
T' oblige a fooliſh Briton who ſhall cry,
I'm faſting, Lord; ſo let thy vengeance fly:
So far am I a *Quaker*, I muſt own,
And dare not thus addreſs th' eternal Throne. 110
Heav'n is moſt merciful—inclin'd to *ſpare*,
And ſcorns to kill a neighbour for a *pray'r*.
Indeed, whate'er the Biſhops may pretend,
In faſt and pray'r we ſeldom find a friend:
Faſts will not wet French powder; nor will words 115
Of pious imprecation blunt French ſwords:
Nor ſighs of *Saints* avert the flying ball:
The POPE muſt run from Rome, and Mantua fall.

TOM.

TOM.

How at each ſolemn phiz the DEV'L muſt grin!
All ſanctity without, and fraud *within!* 120
Put pray'rs before a Biſhop, and a *haunch*;
Alas! he quits not, for the *ſoul*, the *paunch:*
Meat muſt be watch'd, and roaſted in its prime;
Pray'rs for the Lord keep cold for any time.

PETER.

Thus, on a Sunday, Pious PARSON MOSS, 125
Afraid a tyger-appetite to croſs,
Left out good pray'rs, and ſtopp'd the organ's tongue,
That groaning meditated heav'nly ſong:
For, lo, too ſoon (to diſappoint the LORD)
The JUDGES' veniſon ſmoak'd upon the board! 130
Who can *reſiſt* when APPETITE feels bold?
And what DIVINE would eat his ven'ſon *cold?*

V. 125. Pious PARSON MOSS.] At the laſt Wells aſſizes, at the Cathedral, this ludicrous affair happened.

TOM.

TOM.

Well, ſince we muſt have this ſame idle day,
Shut up the ſhops, look dismal, ſtarve, and pray;
O give the Litany this ſupplication, 135
" Lord, kick two ſcoundrels from Adminiſtration!"

PETER.

Fie, fie, TOM—really you are too ſevere.

TOM.

Who with a velvet laſh would flog a Bear?

PETER.

Come, come—ſome merit muſt to PITT belong—

TOM.

I grant him *perſeverance*—grant him *tongue*. 140
With *words* I own the fellow well ſupplied,
Bombaſt, and phraſes ready cut and dried;
A formal, ſcowling, wiſdom-aping face;
An awkward geſture, an affected grace:

Cavil

Cavil and flimſy logic, to ſurpriſe, 145
And raiſe the whites of Country Members eyes.
When dead, what leaves this PITT to light mankind?
Not the dim luſtre of a *ſnail*, behind!
Grant from his duſt the world *one* ray may pick;
What is't?—the glimmer of a rotten ſtick! 150
What has PITT done for SUBJECT or for PRINCE?

PETER.

Good heav'ns, I've ſaid it, ſcarce a minute ſince!
Of ſcreech-owl SATIRE, PITT has ſhorn the wings,
That hooting hover'd round the thrones of KINGS;
Where, from the riſing to the ſetting ray, 155
Now ſoothing FLATT'RY pours the lark-like ray;
Where ſimp'ring Courtiers buz with praiſeful tongue,
Like gnats that hum to parting ſuns the ſong.
Friend to the State, with ſoldier, and with tar,
PITT fights our *juſt* and *neceſſary* war; 160
Improves our taxes, what would he have more?
And ſets an *honeſt ſpy* at ev'ry door.

TOM.

TOM.

For ſhame!—by *ridicule* you ward each ſtroke,
And make the Ruin of the State a *joke!*
Who from DAME JUSTICE ſnatch'd the bloodhound—?
'Tis PITT compaſſionates, 'tis PITT reprieves: 166
Caught in the trap, the dark Informer roar'd,
Till PITT the wretch to liberty reſtor'd.

PETER.

Thus, if we may compare great things with ſmall,
When DOCTOR JOHNSON lodg'd at KETTLE-HALL, 170
His philoſophic conſequence to ſhock,
FATE bade him put on MISTRESS THOMPSON's ſmock;

V. 170. When DOCTOR JOHNSON.] When JOHNSON lodged at Kettle-Hall, in the Univerſity of Oxford, at a Mr. Thompſon's a cabinet-maker; the maid, by an unfortunate miſtake, brought him one day a *chemiſe* of Mrs. Thompſon's to put on, inſtead of his own *ſhirt*. Contemplating on nothing but Ramblers and Idlers, and coloſſal Dictionaries, he ſhoved his arms and head and ſhoulders into the lady's linen before he diſcovered his error. "*Who* has cut off the ſleeves of my ſhirt? *Who* has cut off the ſleeves of my ſhirt?" exclaimed the enraged and hampered Moraliſt, with Stentorian vociferation, dancing and tugging and foaming for freedom.—This roar brought up poor trembling Mrs. Thompſon, who, with the moſt conſummate delicacy ſhutting her two chaſte eyes, ſlipped her hand into the room, and delivered her giant gueſt from his enchanted caſtle.

Wedg'd in the ſmock (a Lion in the toil),
He roar'd, and kick'd, and ſweated—huge turmoil!—
Stamp'd, bounc'd, and ran a Buffalo about, 175
Till MISTRESS THOMPSON let the ſavage out.

TOM.

Miſplac'd indeed is all your ridicule,
That means to thwart my plans by calling *fool.*

PETER.

Thus, when the PRESIDENT of frogs and flies,
And weeds and birds-neſts, wiſh'd in pomp to riſe, 180
And fill *(himſelf)* a throne ſublime and fair,
And give his hammer'd arm a Jove-like air;
Th' *uncourtly* DOCTOR, hoſtile to the ſcheme,
Gave a loud horſe-laugh, and diſſolv'd the *dream!*

V. 181. And fill *(himself)* a throne.] It is an incontrovertible fact that Sir Joſeph Banks propoſed the plan of a throne for himſelf, and benches for Foreign PRINCES aad AMBASSADORS beneath him, whoſe heads might be on the ſame plane with the moſt noble Preſident's *ten toes.* Dr. HORSLEY, the preſent Biſhop of Rocheſter, by a well-timed ridicule, put an end to the viſion of vanity.

TOM.

Still with more irony?—But I'll go on— 185
Who with calm ſpirit ſees the realm undone?
Who from the noble haunches of the State
Cuts fine fat ſlices for *his* dainty plate,
And bids the PEOPLE on the *offals* feed?
This fellow PITT!

PETER.

—A crying ſin indeed! 190
Thus ſaw I once a CUCKOO in a cage,
And THRUSH, a very *Purſer* of the age!
Boil'd beef, and cabbage, had the PAIR for dinner;
When, lo, the Thruſh (a knowing *Purſer-ſinner*),
Soon as he met a bit of beef, the elf 195
Sans cérémonie gobbled it *himſelf*:
But when a *ſtump of cabbage!*—chang'd his note,
He ramm'd it down the gaping *Cuckoo*'s throat.

TOM.

Behold the barracks, and our lot deplore;
Ere long a *damn'd Dragoon* at ev'ry door! 200
Then, lo, fair FREEDOM dead, who holds his hate,
Forc'd by a *faſcination* to her fate!

PETER.

PETER.

Thus when the wily SNAKE, beneath a tree,
Darts his red eyes upon his feather'd prey;
Poor Bird! no more he ſwells the ſong of love, 205
Waves the wild wing, and glides from grove to grove:
With panting heart he tries to ſhun the foe;
But, looking on the ſteady FIEND below,
In chains of fatal faſcination bound,
Captive he hops around him and around; 210
Till nearer, nearer drawn, with hopeleſs cries,
He drops upon the poiſon'd fang, and dies.

TOM.

So, then, you laugh at hopes of *Reformation?*

PETER.

PITT finds a tame old *Hack* in our *good* NATION;
Safe through the dirt, and ev'ry dangerous road, 215
The BEAST *conſents* to bear his galling LOAD;
And, ſpite of all that we can *ſing* or *ſay*,
FOOLS will be FOOLS, and MINISTERS—*betray*.

END OF DIALOGUE II.

AN

ODE

TO THE

LIVERY OF LONDON,

ON THEIR PETITION TO HIS MAJESTY FOR KICKING OUT HIS WORTHY MINISTERS.

——Quo ruitis, scelesti? HOR.

ALSO

An Ode to Sir Joseph Banks,

ON THE REPORT OF HIS ELEVATION TO THE IMPORTANT DIGNITY OF A PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

------Optat Ephippia Bos:

He becomes Honours as a Sow does a Saddle. *Proverbs.*

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Jeremi-ad to George Rose, Esq.

ODE

TO THE

LIVERY OF LONDON.

WHY, where the devil are ye rushing?
Thus to St. James's rudely pushing,
To force the King to turn out PITT, poor youth!
The *open* JENKINSON, the *blushful* ROSE;
DUNDAS, too, on whom Heav'n bestows
Cart-loads of modesty and truth!

If aught I know of QUEENS and KINGS,
Their GRACES will do no such things.
And who are *you*, in impudence so strong?
Know ye the rev'rence due to Thrones?
Down, Knaves, upon your marrow-bones,
As PRINCES never yet were in the *wrong*.

Ye think ye make a King and Queen
As CRISPIN makes a ſhoe, I ween;
And think, like humble ſhoes, too, ye may wear 'em:
Ye feel, by this time, I ſuppoſe,
That thoſe ſame ſhoes can gall your toes,
And find your corns not much inclin'd to bear 'em.

Old SOLOMON, of Wiſdom the great King,
Declareth, there's a time for *ev'ry thing*—
Methinks he might have left out *impudence:*
For who ſhould have the impudence to ſay,
That LIVERYMEN, compos'd of *common clay,*
Should boaſt to *Sovereigns* their ſuperior ſenſe;
Inform them that their MINISTERS tell lies,
Are raggamuffins, wicked, and unwiſe?

IMPERTINENCE gets ground, I greatly fear;
Such things are ſaid as I can ſcarcely bear:
With inſolence the PEOPLE tax poor PITT;
Now this is cruel!—'tis the poor man's *nature,*
As natural as for fiſh to cleave the water,
Monkeys to grin, dogs howl, and cats to ſpit.

Whoever knew a PITT that had humility?
Fling on the *blood*, then, all the *culpability*;
Since 'tis well known to all, that PITT and PRIDE
Are dove-tail'd—join'd as close as bones and hide!

The world abuseth ROSE in language rude,
For ignorance and base ingratitude,
And meanness; but 'tis cruel thus to flash—
The man had never any education—
The poorest tag-rag of the Scottish Nation;
Born in a stye, and, hog-like, fed on *wash*.

For Gratitude's a sentiment that springs
'Midst *Gentlefolks*, and *Nobles*, *Queens* and *Kings!*
Like pine-apples, whom soil the richest suits;
For pine-apples ne'er grow on cold, raw clay,
But fat manure, amid the solar ray,
That darts its golden influence to their roots.

What impudence, alas! to say,
" Sire, we resolve to have our way;
" And be it known,
" We'll have no levee-tricks, indeed,
" And our petition we will read;
" And you shall hear it on the throne!

" This

" This is our right by law accounted;
" So, pray your Majesty, get mounted."
Such is the saucy language ye have utter'd;
Which proves ye know not how your bread is butter'd.

At such rude treatment, GRANDEUR winces!
So far I'll take the part of Princes—
Monstrous! they have been scandalously treated;
Basted by saucy verse and prose—
God knows,
Dear souls! like bears by ruffian bull-dogs baited!

Poor LOUIS forc'd to run away,
Poor ARTOIS, not inclin'd to stay,
From France, like some hard-hunted badger, hast'neth;
Now billetted upon the Scots;
Sad fates! yea, most unpleasant lots!
But whom the Lord doth love, behold, he *chast'neth!*

Thus is the bible in their favour;
Yet MIS'RY breeds an ugly favour;
She smells of musty rags, and dirt, and nits—
I won't say bugs, and itch, and lice,
Wishing for ever to be nice,
As nicety a well-bred MUSE befits:

And yet it is a truth moſt melan*cholly*,
That MIS'RY's often the weak child of FOLLY.
PRINCES are bleſt with ſuch a *dove-like* nature!
Their hearts compos'd of ſuch nice ductile matter,
Turning like potter's clay to *any* forms!
But for their *ſubjects!*—heav'ns *their* hearts are rock;
Their manners borrow'd from the pig-ſtye, ſhock;
Their ſhapes, rank Calibans; their voices ſtorms!

Mild are the ſouls of princes, like new cheeſe!
And, like the cheeſe, of milk the ſimple child,
Too often ſuffer a *confounded ſqueeze*
From ſubjects by *equality* defil'd;
Who look with rapture on their grinning GRACES,
Enjoying their ſad torments and wry faces.

But why and wherefore, I can't tell the grounds;
No, verily, my wiſdom can't determine,
Why ſubjects ſhould become a pack of hounds,
And hunt their Sovereign Lords like *ſtinking* vermin;
For no one needs (I'm very ſure) be told,
Their ſouls are caſt in NATURE's ſweeteſt mould.

No,

No, no; they are not polecats, pretty creatures!
Choak not the NATION's chicks, nor ſuck its eggs!
Pleas'd with whate'er is *giv'n* (ſuch gentle natures)
Each Prince with ſo much ſweetneſs *bows* and begs!
No, never *kite-like* on a ſubject ſouſes,
And, ſweeping, carries off his lands and houſes!

"*There's odds in Goſſips,*" ſays an old adage,
Forgotten ah! in this degenerate age:
Subjects from fair decorum widely wander!
Now ev'ry tradeſman lifts his dirty noſe;
His teeth each working, poor mechanic ſhows,
And cries, "What's ſauce for *gooſe* is ſauce for *gander!*"

Thus, by the impudence of rogues and fools,
Are lofty thrones converted to joint-ſtools!
C— chriſten'd Fool's-caps—ſceptres turn'd to ſticks;
A —— ſmile proclaim'd an ideot grin;
A —— a jack-aſs in a lion's ſkin;
Courts, puppet-ſhows; and *Rev'rence*, monkey tricks!—
Tricks of a mean, ſubmiſſive clan,
That ſhame the dignity of MAN.

There's

There's not an Engliſhman, I do ſuppoſe,
That would not from his office kick *poor* ROSE,
And on his *honeſt earnings* lay his pats;
Eke on DUNDAS's, JENKINSON's *poor* ſouls!
And *eke* from *humble* RICHMOND tear his coals,
A * King's black preſent to his blacker brats.

Nor is there one who would not break, alack!
Our LORD MAYOR's wooden leg about his back!
Thus is POLITENESS turn'd a clown—
WISDOM in Gothic gloom benighted—
The world turn'd fairly upſide down,
I fear me, never to be righted.

When ſuch things are 'mongſt Cobblers, Tinkers, Tanners,
The Lord have mercy on the PEOPLE's *manners!*
Then, Sirs, no *more your* wanton venom ſpit
At KINGS and QUEENS, and worthy Miſter PITT:
Should the ſhip founder in this blowing weather,
Like friends and neighbours, let us ſink together.

* CHARLES the SECOND's Tax upon Coals, for the benefit of his Baſtards.

PART.

PART II.

THINK of old times, when *Royal Folk*
Made of their Subjects a mere joke:
Ev'n in the happy days of good QUEEN BET,
Mum was in Parliament the word—
Her very frown, a flaming ſword;
And ev'ry menace put it in a ſweat!

Think of the horſe-whipping ſhe gave
Th' AMBASSADOR—a ſaucy knave!
In Latin, too, to make the fellow wonder—
The man was frighten'd at her voice,
And could not then have had his choice;
He rather would have fac'd a clap of thunder.

Of Lords ſhe often lugg'd the ear;
And often would her HIGHNESS ſwear
On BISHOPS, *ſacred* men! enough to ſhock ye.
"Do this!" her Majeſty would ſay—
"Do that!—God's blood! I'll have my way!
"Quick, quick; or, d—n me, Parſons, I'll unfrock ye!"

What

What to her PARLIAMENT ſaid ſhe?
" Good Gentlemen, I muſt agree
" That ye are proper judges of the *weather*,
" And judges, too, of the *Highways*,
" *Hares*, *Pheasants*, *Partridges*, and *Jays*;
" And eke the art of *tanning leather*.
" But, as for *Sovereigns*, and *Dominion*,
" 'Tis too *ſublime* for *your* opinion."

Suppoſe the LIVERYMEN had boldly ſaid
To this SEMIRAMIS of lofty rule,
" Your Majeſty muſt knock off CECIL's head,
" And hang up ESSEX for a beaſt and fool:
" We reliſh not theſe men's adminiſtration;
" So, Ma'am, diſmiſs them, and oblige the nation:"—
What had the anſwer been
Of this great Queen?

Why, to the APOTHECARIES ſhe had roar'd—
" Ye knaves, who do more miſchief than the *ſword*!
" You vomits, glyſter-pipes—the dev'l confound ye!
" What to ſuch madneſs, raggamuffins, urges?
" Murderers! I'll make you ſwallow your own purges!
" In your own mortars, raſcals, will I pound ye!

" You,

" You, BAKERS, I ſhall heat your ovens, ſlaves,
" And ſerve you like the three Jew boys, ye knave
" Shadrach, and Meſhach, and Abednego:
" Browner than all your loaves, ſhall be your ſkins
" Then let us ſee, if, for your ſaucy ſins,
" Your God will deign to take you out or no.

" You, POULTERER, wag not thus your tongue ſo
loofe,
" For fear I pluck ye, as ye pluck your goofe.
" And, MASTER SKINNER, calm your upſtart pride—
" On Marſyas think your flaming rage to cool,
" Who, wreſtling with his betters, like a fool,
" Loſt, in his ſtruggle for the prize, his *hide!*

" And MASTER BARBER, mind the beard and wig;
" And MASTER PIPEMAKER, don't be a prig,
" And let that *clay* of yours be quite ſo *ſtiff;*
" Nor in your prowefs try to *ſmoke* a Queen,
" For fear her MAJESTY's ſharp wrath be ſeen,
" And ſend you to the devil on a *whiff.*

" *Leviathans*

"*Leviathans* be catechis'd by *ſprats!*
"Mind, if one more complaint ye bring,
"By G—, ye dangle like a pack of rats,
"All in a ſtring!"

Thus to thoſe men the great QUEEN BESS had ſaid,
Bridling and toſſing in contempt her head;
And thus the QUEEN, with equal fury bleſt,
Had ſmartly rapp'd the knuckles of the reſt.

Then, turning to her marv'ling Lords, her GRACE,
Wiping the ſweat that gemm'd her precious face,
Had ſaid, "God's-blood, my Lords, a fine diſcourſe!
"Thoſe fellows talk to *me*—the ſmall-beer dregs!
"*They* teach, forſooth, their grannum to *ſuck eggs!*
"They'll find the old gray mare the better horſe."

Then why ſhould *gentle* GEORGE of pow'r have leſs
Than that ſame furious AMAZON QUEEN BESS?

What ſaid her *loyal* PARLIAMENT again?
"We muſt not move her GRACE's *ire*—
"Lord, bleſs us! ſhould we once complain,
"The *fat will all be in the fire!*

" Low to her feet, like ſpaniels, we muſt crawl,
" Or, lo! ſhe'll play the devil with us all!"

Now, to return to PITT, ye roar,
" Out with the raſcal!—what a bore
" To keep a fellow that undoes the *realm!*
" A great *land-lubber! he, he, ſteer*
" The foundering ſhip from danger clear!
" Pretending puppy! *he, he* guide the helm?"

Not long ago, in *Paradiſe,*
Ye ſtuff'd his mouth with *figs* and *ſpice,*
To ſhow your love for him and all his ſchemes;
Drench'd him with treacle, till beſmear'd
Like AARON's patriarchal beard,
rom whence the oil of gladneſs flow'd in ſtreams.

His head with ev'ry grocer-glory crowning;
And now you are for kicking, hanging, drowning!
So different now, indeed, your carriage,
It puts me much in mind of marriage.

Now love, now hate; now ſmile, now tear;
Now ſun, now cloud, now miſt, now clear;
Now muſic, now a ſtunning clap of thunder;
Now perfect eaſe, now ſpiteful ſtrife,
So much like matrimonial life!
Pray read the pretty little ſtory under;
A tale well known:
'Tis JOHN and JOAN.

JOHN and JOAN.

A TALE.

HAIL, wedded Love! the BARD thy beauty hails;
Though mix'd, at times, with cock and hen-like *ſparrings:*
But *calms* are very pleaſant after *gales,*
And dove-like PEACE much ſweeter after *warrings.*

I've written—I forget the page, indeed;
But folks may find it, if they chooſe to read—
" That MARRIAGE is too *ſweet* without *ſome ſour*—
" *Variety* oft recommends a *flow'r.*

" Wedlock ſhould be like *Punch*, ſome ſweet, ſome acid;
" Then life is nicely *turbulent* and *placid*.

" A Picture that is all in *light*—
" Lord, what a thing! a very fright!
" No, let ſome darkneſs be diſplay'd;
" And learn to *balance* well with *shade*."

JOHN married JOAN—they frown'd, they ſmil'd;
Now parted, and now made a child:
Now tepid ſhow'rs of LOVE, now chilling *ſnows*;
Much like the ſeaſons of the year;
Or like a brook, now thick, now clear;
Now ſcarce a rill, and now a torrent flows.

One day they had a deſperate quarrel
About a little ſmall-beer barrel,
Without JOHN's knowledge ſlily tapp'd by JOAN;
For JOAN, t'*oblige* her *old friend* Hodge,
Thought aſking leave of JOHN was fudge;
And ſo ſhe wiſely left the leave alone.

It happ'd that JOHN and JOAN had not *two* beds
To reſt their angry, frowning brace of heads;
Ergo, there was but *one*
To reſt their gentle jaws upon.

I'll

" I'll have a *board* between us," cried the *Man*—
" With all *my* ſpirit, JOHN," replied the *wife*:
A *board* was plac'd, according to their plan:
Thus ended this barrier at once the ſtrife.

On the firſt night, the huſband lay
Calm as a clock, nor once wink'd over—
Calm as a clock, too, let me ſay,
JOAN never ſquinted on her lover.

Two, three, four nights, the ſulky PAIR,
Like two ſtill mice, devoid of care,
In philoſophic ſilence ſought repoſe;
On the fifth morn, it chanc'd to pleaſe
JOHN's noſe to ſneeze—
" God bleſs you, Dear!" quoth JOAN at JOHN's loud noſe.

At this JOHN gave a ſudden ſtart,
And popping o'er the hedge, his head—
" JOAN, did you ſay it from your *heart?*
" Yes, JOHN, I *did*, indeed, indeed!"
" You *did?*"—" Yes, JOHN, upon my word"—
" Zounds, JOAN, then take away the *Board!*"

Thus it will be with you and PITT agen;
Love will beam forth, that ev'ry love ſurpaſſes;
The GROCERS be *themſelves*, ſweet-tempered *men*,
And ſouſe him in a hogſhead of molaſſes.
Thus will CONTENTION take away the *bone*,
And you and PITT kiſs friends, like *John* and *Joan*.

ON A

ON A

REPORT

IN THE NEWSPAPERS,

THAT SIR JOSEPH BANKS WAS MADE A PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

AN ODE.

OPTAT EPHIPPIA BOS.

YE Gods! Sir JOSEPH of the Council Privy?
Inventive News-papers, I can't believe ye!
Impoſſible! ye certainly are fibbing!
Sir JOSEPH dubb'd a Counſellor of State!
'Tis laughing at too high a rate;
Lord! what a joke! ye certainly are ſquibbing!

Becauſe we have believ'd th' apoſtate PITT,
And ſhewn ſuch wond'rous want of wit,
Ye think that any fable will go down.
Now, pray be careful, Sirs, of what you print;
There's danger—yes, indeed, there's danger in't—
Woe to the wight that ridicules a Crown!

SIR JOSEPH is for *blunt** *conductors;*
A Monarch wanteth *ſharp* Inſtructors:
How can ſuch monstrous diſcords then agree?
Then pray ſpeak truth, ye men of news,
And do not thus the world amuſe;
It is not—cannot—muſt not be!

His M——Y is ſurely wiſe;
And wants no talk on butterflies,
On eggs and bird-neſts, newts and weeds;
He wants a man to talk on wars,
On dread invaſions, wounds, and ſcars,
On ſtumps and carcaſes, and heads.

After a butterfly to ſcamper,
And with a net his captive hamper,
SIR JOSEPH is expert, and muſt delight;
But, as for politics!—O Heav'n!
The Board muſt very hard be driv'n,
To chooſe a ſwearing Tadpole Knight!

* Notwithſtanding a thouſand experiments in favour of *pointed* Conductors, the Knight and Co. will not allow the ingenious Franklin, the Father of Electricity, to be in the right with reſpect to the ſuperiority of *points* to *nobs:* too obſtinate (and perhaps too *ignorant*) to be *convinced,* and too haughty to *yield.*

To

To give a breakfaſt in Soho,
SIR JOSEPH's very bitthereſt foe
  Muſt certainly allow him *peerleſs* merit;
Where, on a wag-tail, and tom-tit,
He *ſhines*, and ſometimes on a *nit*,
  Diſplaying pow'rs few Gentlemen inherit.

I grant he is no intellectual *lion*
Subduing ev'ry thing he darts his eye on;
  Rather, I ween, an intellectual *flea*,
Hopping on SCIENCE's broad bony back,
Poking its pert proboſcis of attack,
  Drawing a *drop* of blood, and fancying it a *ſea!*

But *ſhould* reports be true, alas!
(And marv'lous things oft come to paſs),
  Should he be *dubb'd* a King's adviſer;
'Twill be ſo wonderful a change—
So very, very, very ſtrange!
  What's ſtranger ſtill, the Council won't be *wiſer!*

From JOSEPH BANKS unto SIR KNIGHT,
Then PRIVY COUNSELLOR in ſpite

Of

Of Nature, brain, and education!
If, for the *laſt*, he hands *has* kiſs'd;
There's not a reptile on his liſt
E'er knew a ſtranger tranſmutation.

How could SIR JOSEPH have the face
To take ſo dignify'd a place?
But probably the Knight will ſay, the elf,
" Why ſhould not I, as well as ſome of thoſe
" Who this ſame wondrous Board compoſe?
" There are not wiſer fellows than *myſelf*."

To give the Devil his due,
That's true.—

While PITT harangues on France and Spain,
SIR JOSEPH's on a beetle's brain,
A fly, a toad, a tadpole's tail:
While PITT is on the Emperor's loan,
For Britain's jaws ſo hard a bone,
SIR JOSEPH's on a weed and ſnail!

While

While PITT is thinking of ſupplies,
And turns, poor man! his hopeleſs eyes
On what may lift us from the bog;
The Knight his head for flea-traps rakes,
Or louſe-traps, or deep ſtudying makes
A pair of breeches for a frog.*

While MAJESTY and his wiſe Nobles
Shall weep o'er England's groans and troubles,
Ordering great guns to make the Frenchmen caper;
Of reptiles will the Knight be dreaming,
And inſtruments for inſects ſcheming,
To ſtretch their little limbs on paper.

Gods! if amidſt ſome grand debate,
All for the good of our great State,
A *moth* ſhould flutter, would the man ſit quiet?
Forgetting State Affairs, the KNIGHT
Would ſeize his hat with wild delight,
And chacing, make the moſt infernal riot:

* See the works of Bonnet and Spalanzani, a pair of *Frog-Taylors*, who employed a great deal of time and ingenuity in cutting out taffety-breeches for the males of the little croaking nation, during their amours, in order to eſtabliſh ſome *beautiful* and *delicate* facts relative to impregnation.

O'erturning

O'erturning benches, ſtateſmen, ev'ry thing,
To make a pris'ner of the mealy wing!

Were BRUNSWICK here, I'd tell the KING OF GLORY
A ſimple ſtory;
An Æſop-tale, by way of illuſtration,
Proving SIR JOSEPH's awkward elevation.

As how a CAT did JUPITER implore,
(For cats like Chriſtians ſaid their pray'rs of yore)
That he would make her a young Lady fair;
And how, of rattling Thunder the GREAT GOD
Conſented to it with his uſual nod,
And made her *pretty too* as ſhe could ſtare.

And then *as how*, upon her wedding-night,
When in her DEARY's loving arms lock'd tight,
She heard behind the bed a rat;
Sudden from his embrace ſhe gave a ſpring,
Forgetting love, and kiſs, and ev'ry thing,
To catch the vermin like a cat:
And how, to puniſh her, with huge diſdain,
The angry GOD made MISS a Cat again.

Thus

Thus may the KING, like his great Brother JOVE,
Forget his partiality and love;
And as JOVE juſtly ſerv'd the Cat, to ſhame her;
So, from a Counſellor, the KING of MEN
May make the KNIGHT a *Grub-hunter* agen,
And bid him mind his butterflies and *hammer*.

*** Since the above ODE was given to the Printer, it is too true that the News-papers were in the right. The KNIGHT is *bonâ fide* dubbed a PRIVY COUNSELLOR. RIDICULE enjoys a *ſecond* feaſt on the occaſion. Her *firſt* treat was his elevation to the chair of the immortal NEWTON.

SIR JOSEPH muſt not complain at his being ſo frequently the ſubject of a poetical laugh; Folly is the natural and fair *game* of SATIRE. To wreak his revenge on the Muſe, by condemning her to ſilence, let him ceaſe *to play the fool*. *Amotâ cauſâ, tollitur effectus*—I beg the KNIGHT's pardon, for I recollect that he has forgotten all his Latin, and retains his native *vulgar* tongue only.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MY Bookſeller aſſuring me, with a moſt ſolemn countenance, that the Public expect more for their Half-Crown than was provided: in imitation of our moſt *compliable* ADMINISTRATION, I have *yielded* to their hungry wiſhes, and cooked up a pretty diſh of BUBBLE and SQUEAK.

The Compoſition is Elegiac, that is to ſay, full of complaint and tenderneſs; and I have moreover baptiſed it a *Jeremi-ad*, on account of a tender and ſublime reſemblance between *my* Song and the Songs of the Prophet. The birth of my *Jeremi-ad* immediately ſucceeded PITT's and GRENVILLE's two celebrated Bills of Terror.

It pathetically lamenteth the fallen ſtate of ONE of *our most admired* POETS, *videlicet*, MYSELF! and is addreſſed to Mr. GEORGE ROSE, of the Treaſury, a pains-taking man, of low extraction, pitiful talents, and of no education; but who, finding, in his journey from Scotland to England, a couple of ladders, very much like thoſe employed by Meſſieurs PITT, DUNDAS, JENKINSON, and Co. called IMPUDENCE and PERSEVERANCE, aſcended, like the aforeſaid *bold* Gentlemen, to nearly the ſame plane of elevation; ſhewing thereby the little or no importance of MERIT and MODESTY towards the attainment of Fortune and Honours.

A JEREMI - AD.

ADDRESSED TO

GEORGE ROSE, ESQ. OF THE TREASURY.

WHERE is the power of PETER?—where the quills
That from the *Porcupine* at Folly flew?
Where, where his *cannon* that in thunder kills?
The *ſword* of SATIRE that its thouſands flew?

The voice that like the rams-horns levell'd walls,
Has loſt its fury—to a whiſper dies!
The look of PITT the Poet's tongue appals!
"Curs'd be the BARD!" the POLITICIAN cries.

What fine large ſhot was mine for high-crown'd heads!
Thoſe glorious pheaſants! noble cocks and hens!
But now of *ſmaller* ſize I caſt my leads,
Forc'd (what a paltry mark!) to fire at *wrens*.

Now

No more I ſmile at Buc——am's fair houſe,
  Nor ſharpen, for a KING and QUEEN, my wit;
No more indulge my humour with a louſe,
  Content with humbler game, to crack a nit.

Now Madam SCHWELLENBURG her aſs may ſtraddle,
  And JACK may fly before a poking pin;
The Lady, frighten'd, tumble from the ſaddle,
  And ſhew her lovely legs without a grin.

The BARD, who bullied QUALITY with ſong,
  Muſt to the iron times his genius ſuit;
The BARD, in energy divinely ſtrong—
  The BARD, whoſe voice was thunder, muſt be *mute*.

In vain I gnaſh my teeth—my hour is o'er;
  The Stateſman triumphs!—all my cunning foils!
He careth not five farthings for my roar,
  But mocks the lion ſtruggling in his toils!

A hopeful CEDAR near th' Aonian fount,
  I puſh'd my daring top into the ſkies;
Grac'd with my large, luxuriant limbs the mount,
  And drew the wonder of a million eyes!

Struck

Struck (not *illumin'd*) by their ANGER's flame,
  Amid the work of terror, ſhook my form!
Low to the earth, my head with rev'rence came,
  And own'd the paſſing GENIUS of the Storm!

Who, who could fancy ſuch diſgrace, alas!
  Heav'ns! what a change!—a mighty change prevails!
The *ſecond* KING of BABYLON at graſs!
  SATIRE's ARCHANGEL fall'n to feed on *ſnails!*

Since PITT and GRENVILLE, daring dreadful things,
  Full of their *magnanimities*, agree
That PETER ſhall not laugh at QUEENS and KINGS,
  Permit me, *gentle* GEORGE, to laugh at *Thee*.

LIBERTY's LAST SQUEAK;

CONTAINING

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD,

AN ODE TO AN INFORMER, AN ODE TO JURYMEN,

AND

Crumbs of Comfort for the Grand Informer.

Now farewell to fair BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE;
  To WINDSOR, and RICHMOND, and KEW;
Farewell to the tale of the LOUSE!
  MOTHER RED-CAP, and MONARCHS, adieu!

LIBERTY's LAST SQUEAK.

AN

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

FAREWELL, O my PEN and my TONGUE!
To part with ſuch friends I am loath;
But, PITT, in majorities ſtrong,
Voweth horrible vengeance on both.

No more on a King or a Queen,
Apple-dumpling, and ſmuggling ſo ſweet;
Like their ſtomachs, your wit ſhall be keen,
Hogs, hay, and fat bullocks, and wheat.

No more upon ſmugglers at Court,
Mother SCHWELLENBERG, bulſes, and ſhawls;
Nor at levees and drawing-rooms ſport,
Where MAN, the poor ſycophant, *crawls.*

The meanneſs no more of *high folk*
In the rope of your ſatire ſhall ſwing;
For, behold, there is death in the joke
That ſquinteth at Queen or at King.

Thus untax'd by your ſatire, my friends,
COURTS ſmile at th' intended DECREE;
Thus the reign of poor RIDICULE ends,
And follies, like ſhawls, will *go free*.

Yes, FOLLY will prattle and grin
With her ſcourges OPPRESSION will riſe,
Since Satire's a damnable ſin,
And a ſin to be virtuous and wiſe.

But wherefore not laugh at a —?
And wherefore not laugh at a —?
A laugh is a laudable thing,
When people are ſilly and mean.

When we paid Civil Liſt without ſtrife,
When we paid the old QUACK for his cure,
When we pray'd at PEG NICHOLSON's knife,
The K— laugh'd at Us, to be ſure.

E'en

E'en the Minions of Courts will eſcape;
  DUNDAS, PITT, and JENKY, and ROSE,
Yes, SATIRE gets into a ſcrape,
  If ſhe takes the four R—s by the noſe.

No more muſt ye laugh at an aſs;
  No more run on Topers a rig,
Since PITT gets as drunk as DUNDAS,
  And DUNDAS gets as drunk as a pig.

A laugh at a DELEGATE hurts;
  Yes, 'twere dangerous to hazard your ſneers;
And mock the ſweet *mercy* of Courts,
  That return'd him his forfeited ears.

Now farewell to fair BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE,
  To WINDSOR, and RICHMOND, and KEW;
Farewell to the tale of the LOUSE!
  MOTHER RED-CAP, and MONARCHS, adieu!

Like ferrets, ſince all muſt be muzzled,
  (And *muzzled* indeed we ſhall *be!*)
Say, PITT, (for I'm grievouſly puzzled)
  May we venture a *horſe-laugh* at THEE?

ODE TO AN INFORMER.

NOW is the time, my FRIEND—'tis now or never—
Help, help of GOVERNMENT the *bold* endeavour!
So lately through a deep conſumption rubbing,
PREROGATIVE's upon his legs again!
He wields his knotty club with might and main,
For long the LAND has needed a ſound drubbing!

PREROGATIVE, ye Gods! will ſoon look fierce,
Hunt with his hounds the ſhops for prints and verſe,
And find the likeneſſes of *men on high*—
Make of the BOOKSELLERS and BARDS a haſh—
Smell *rank rebellion* in a *ſtar* or *daſh*,
And bid the ſneering culprit hang or fly.

Whoever mentions *pig*, or *gooſe*, or *pens*,
Skim-milk, or *corn*, or *man-traps*, *cocks* and *hens*,
Or *Frogmore Fête*, or *charities*, or *bulſe*,
The TURNKEY ſoon ſhall feel the culprit's pulſe.

Whoever

Whoever ſays that MAJESTY is *rich*,
Or calls DAME SCHWELLENBERG a *ſmuggling b—*,
Or ſwears HYPOCRISY has dwelt in *Courts*,
Blaſphemes, ſpeaks treaſon, and with edge tools ſports.

Who ſays of WIMBLEDON a ſlighting word,
Where PITT, the PUNCH of SHOWMAN HARRY, ſteals
To learn State tricks, behold the vengeful ſword
O'ertaking ſoon the ſwifteſt pair of heels!

Who mentions RICHMOND'S *courage* or his *coals*,
Muſt think upon the STOCK'S ignoble holes.

Whoever chriſtens but his *Dog*, TOM PAYNE,
(And many an itching tongue can ſcarce refrain),
The cur and maſter ſhall be brought to ſhame—
Nay, *Tom*, a common chriſtian name for *Cats*,
Muſt die; and lo, the HANOVERIAN RATS
Already loſe the *Hanoverian name*.

The name, TOM PAYNE, ſhould e'en a *Parrot* cry,
Make out his *mittimus*, and let him die:
Strike me that Bullfinch on the jaw,
That dares to warble *ça ira*.

God

God save the King, the world muſt *ſing* or *ſay*;
God save the King, the *ballad* of the day!

Our dogs ſhall learn of royalty to bawl;
Our cats, from roof to roof, of CÆSAR ſquall;
The beetles buz with royalty along—
The very owl "*God save the King!*" ſhall learn;
And barn, at midnight, hoot to brother barn;
And bat ſhrill ſhriek to bat th' inſpiring ſong.

What Journeyman will dare to mention *wages?*
Who talk about the hardſhips of the Poor?
Off with the villains to their iron cages,
Where whip-arm'd JUSTICE guards the gloomy door!

E'en on a *royal* horſe, or ſheep, or cur,
Let ſubjects, if they dare it, caſt a ſlur!
All that a Palace holdeth *ſmells* of *God:*
A PAGE's call is glory to our ears;
A COOK's ſalute a load of honour bears;
Nay, honour dwelleth in a SCULLION's nod.

Shoot all thoſe grumbling raſcals, the DISSENTERS,
And hang their hearts, like butchers meat, on *tenters*;

Fellows

Fellows that fain would be *Court-Gospel makers*;
Impale the goat-fac'd, unbelieving JEWS;
And then the knife of JUSTICE to amuse,
Cut out the tongues of all the groaning QUAKERS!

Return, return, ye glorious days agen,
When POW'R, the Giant, muzzled tongue and pen;
Saw what the soul was thinking, through the eye,
And crush'd it for a treasonable sigh!

The voice of LIBERTY has roar'd too long!
Pull out the wide-mouth'd strumpet's lawless tongue!
Off with the wonted crown that decks her head,
And place the *proper* FOOL'S-CAP in its stead.

SECOND

SECOND ODE TO AN INFORMER.

The great POET inviteth a *great* INFORMER to great wickedness!

R—, let thy ſoul enjoy the hour!
See NIGHT her griſly ſpectres pour!
The clock proclaims her at her highest noon;
Lone SILENCE ſhall our work befriend;
Her ſhoes of cygnet down ſhall lend;
The cloud's black mantle muffle the pale moon.

NEWGATE to brother TOW'R ſhall roar aloud:
" So thick the pris'ners my dark dwelling crowd,
" I cannot put a pin between the knaves;
" And glutted too, am I, and I, and I."
The TOW'R and echoing jails around reply—
" And I, and I, each loaded Compter raves."

The ſated PILLORY ſhall roar:
" I'm tir'd, I'm tir'd—can ſqueeze no more."

The

The GIBBET, ſurfeited with death, ſhall groan;
And, ſhuddering, lo, at human woes,
The TOMB its pond'rous jaw ſhall cloſe,
While PITY's fruitleſs tear embalms the ſtone.

Oh! would kind NIGHT extend th' *eternal* ſhade,
And help in MURDER's cauſe our panting breath!
For, lo! to MURDER with his reeking blade,
The beam of Morning ſeems the gloom of death.

Lo, where the INNOCENTS repoſe,
Our longing hands ſhall ſcatter woes,
And FEAR ſhall whiten ev'ry haggard face:
Sly to the pillow will we creep,
Daſh with rude arm the bonds of SLEEP,
And drag a *huſband* from a *wife's* embrace.

In vain ſhall TERROR lift the ſuppliant cry;
Our hearts, two rugged rocks, the ſound defy.

Behold, behold a youth with muddled brain,
Reeling, the Lord knows where, a little drunk,
Perhaps to ſlumber with a fav'rite punk:
The RASCAL mutters FREEDOM and TOM PAYNE.

Soon,

Soon, like a pair of eagles on a pig,
  On this poor midnight ſtroller let us fall;
Drag him before the JUSTICE and his WIG,
  And ſwear to treaſon that he did not bawl.

This will be pleaſant to our Lords on high,
  Who call the *under-world* of man,
  An aſsiſh, muliſh, pack-horſe clan,
Shreds of mortality, with ſcornful eye.

Look to the hiſtories of ancient times.
Their pleaſant proſe, and tale-recording rhimes:
  Kings were God's images—rever'd the throne:
SUBMISSION then, indeed, with eye-balls low'ring,
And ſuppliant hands and pray'r, and forehead cow'ring,
  Spoke treaſon, if ſhe call'd her ſoul her own.

Knock down the man who out of reaſon rules;
Believes that MONARCHS can be rogues and fools.
Virtues are transferable, juſt like ſtock,
With title-paſs, that dignifies a block.

Title on UGLINESS confers a bloom—
Bids carrion drop its ſtench, and breath perfume—

To

To *palaces* converts the meaneſt *houſe*,
And with an *eagle*'s pinion, mounts the *mouſe*.

Saddle black DESPOT for the field, ſo ſtrong,
With ſuch a ſpirit as no curb can tame:
His cheſt, like JOB's wild horſe, with thunder hung,
With mouth of bleeding foam, and eye of flame.

On DESPOT mounted, let us boldly ride,
And cover mountains with the crimſon tide.

B—— and K——, men of buſy merit,
Shall rouſe to cruſh the democratic ſpirit,
And at the pris'ners ſhake their lion-manes;
And CURTIS, now Lord-May'r, *now not ſo ſmall*,
Shall fill with culprits ſoon th' Egyptian Hall,
From hedges, ditches, alleys, courts, and lanes.

JUSTICE ſhall find briſk work upon her hand;
Pronounce *quick fate*, and thin a miſcreant land;
Thus lucky thriving, make, in blood campaigns,
A NABOB's fortune, by her *ropes* and *chains!*

ODE

ODE TO JURYMEN.

SIRS, it may happen, by the grace of God,
That I, GREAT PETER, one day come before ye,
To anſwer to the MAN of WIG, for Ode,
Full of ſublimity, and pleaſant ſtory.

Yes, it may ſo fall out that lofty men,
DUNDAS, and RICHMOND, HAWKSB'RY, PORTLAND,
PITT,
May wiſh to cut the nib of PETER's pen,
And, cruel, draw the holders of his wit;

Nay, Dame INJUSTICE in their cauſe engage,
To clap the gentle POET in a cage!
And ſhould a grimly JUDGE for *death* harangue,
Don't let the POET of the PEOPLE *hang*.

What are my crimes? A poor *tame* CUR am I,
Though *ſome* will ſwear I've ſnapp'd them by the heels;
A puppy's *pinch*, that's all, I don't deny;
But Lord! how ſenſibly a GREAT MAN feels!

A harmleſs joke, at times, on Kings and Queens;
  A little joke on lofty Earls and Lords;
Smiles at the ſplendid homage of Court ſcenes,
  The modes, the manners, ſentiments, and words:

A joke on Marg'ret Nicholſon's mad Knights;
  A joke upon the ſhave of Cooks at Court,
Charms the fair MUSE, and *eke* the world delights;
  A pretty piece of inoffenſive ſport.

Lo, in a little inoffenſive ſmile
  There lurks no lever to o'erturn the STATE,
And KING, and Parliament! intention vile!
  And hurl the QUEEN of NATIONS to her fate.

No gunpowder my modeſt garrets hold,
  Dark-lanterns, blunderbuſſes, maſks, and matches;
Few words my ſimple furniture unfold;
  A bed, a ſtool, a ruſty coat in patches.

Carpets, nor chandeliers ſo bright, are mine;
  Nor mirrors, ogling VANITY to pleaſe;
Spaniels, nor lap-dogs, with their furs ſo fine:
  Alas! my little liveſtock are—my fleas!

No, Sirs! I wiſh not to blow up the realm;
But thus I've pray'd—" Her life may ALBION keep!
" Curs'd be the treach'rous fiends, who, at the helm,
" Would ſink the VESSEL in the gaping Deep!"

" May LIBERTY ſit *firm* upon her throne;
" And he who dares to ſhake her, vengeance meet;
" No matter what his grandeur—let him groan,
" And HELL's beſt brimſtone the black miſcreant ſweat!

" No longer, like his dough, may our LORD MAY'R
" Turn pliable, and join the buſy REEVES—
" State Jackall hunting through the midnight air,
" Like Bow-ſtreet blood-hounds in purſuit of thieves!

" And ſhould a JUDGE (a JEFFERIES) ruſh to *kill*;
" Fierce, like the Lybian Savage from his den;
" Their glorious pow'rs, at once, may JURIES feel,
"And ſtill ſublimer, *feel* that they are MEN!

" May RICHMOND's DUKE, of valour find increaſe,
" And, by *example*, fire the SOLDIER ſouls;
" To invalids afford more frequent fleece,
" And bleſs the veterans with meat and coals!

" And

" And may his GRACE's fate-improving brains,
" With guns of *leather* much old DEATH ſurpriſe;
" Delight the TYRANT with his dread campaigns,
" And ſend his pale dominions *vaſt ſupplies*.

" May BRUDENELL's head in ſenſe and grace improve!
" In mercy's balm may B———'s heart be rich—
" Feel for a ſheep-ſtealer a little love;
" Whoſe fur-clad paws alike for *mutton* itch!

"May HEALTH, ſweet HEALTH, attend on CIVIL LIST,
" So very apt to ſink in a decline:
" Whom DOCTOR PITT with med'cines can aſſiſt—
" A *great* PHYSICIAN, whoſe preſcriptions *ſhine!*

" May KINGS and QUEENS, whom much the Muſe *reveres*,
" With *wonted charity* themſelves *comport;*
" And LADY TRUTH approach the Royal ears,
" And LADY WISDOM be receiv'd at COURT!

" No more in COURTS may weeds of Folly thrive,
" 'Mid royal ſmile, their ſunſhine, waxing ſtrong;
" Or roaring Laughter muſt be kept alive,
" And PETER's CLIO never want a ſong.

" May ev'ry King be *lov'd* by all the ARTS;
" And *eke* may all the arts be *lov'd* by *him;*
" And when his money from the purſe departs,
" Not play at ducks and drakes on waves of *whim!*

" Then for a ——, ſo *lofty* and ſo *ſweet,*
" Let not ECONOMY cry " Fie upon her!"
" But may ſhe give a pillow-caſe and ſheet
" To each poor ſlaviſh ſhiv'ring MAID of HONOUR!

" Perdition ſeize the MISER who denies
" A pittance to the helpleſs pining poor;
" Who, millions owning, ſtill with watchful eyes,
" Hawks at *freſh* bags of gold, and ſcreams for *more.*

" May yon SOCIETY ne'er want a *head,*
" Juſt like a paper kite that wants a *tail;*
" Now dipping, riſing, wild at random led,
" Up, down, here, there, the ſport of ev'ry gale.

" May CURATES *eat,* and *rear* their infant brood;
" Nay, put a little *fat* about their bones;
" Caſt from their wounded jaws the curb of blood,
" And daſh their *lawn-ſleev'd* RIDERS on the ſtones!

" And

" And may thoſe LAWNMEN, born to happier fate,
" Chace not the CURATE from their grand abode;
" But gravely *think* of Heav'n, as well as *prate*,
" And give a *leg of mutton* to their GOD!"

How baſe to preach of GOD's *exhauſtleſs* ſtore;
Of treaſures that to mortals will be given;
Yet ſooner truſt (as though they thought it *poor*)
The Bank of England than the Bank of HEAV'N!

How vile to preach of Heav'n's *large int'reſt*, too,
Seeming to place dependance on its word;
Yet on *ſky-credit* look ſo very blue,
As though 'twere *dang'rous lending* to the LORD!

Such is my ſong and fervent pray'r; and now
To PITT, DUNDAS, and JENKINSON, I bow,
That ſpotleſs TRINITY of courtly POW'R!
A *democratic raven*, turn'd *court throſtle!*
A *perſecuting* PAUL, a *meek* APOSTLE!
The *fouleſt* weed, the valley's *faireſt* flow'r!

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

FOR THE

GRAND INFORMER.

LORD! R——! why, what a moſt *unlucky* CHAP!
What! *Thou* a *pris'ner* in our hard State-trap,
The *roaring Lion* of Adminiſtration!
Then SHERIDAN has *nabb'd* the *Beaſt* at laſt;
Lock'd, in the iron gin of JUSTICE, faſt:
Fun for men, women, children of the nation!

R——, verily 'twas too bare-fac'd to ſay
SAINT STEPHEN'S *Members* might be *ſhorn* away,
And injure not the *Body*—what a dream!
Nay, that our *Lords* may feel alike the *blade*—
Thoſe *precious limbs*, ſo ſhelt'ring with cool ſhade,
From DESPOTISM'S *intolerable* beam;
Lopp'd off, without an injury to TRUNK!
Say, great INFORMER, wert thou *mad*, or *drunk?*

I ne'er ſaid *ſuch rude things* in all my life!
A joke upon a GREAT MAN and his WIFE

Forms all *my ſin*, though *Courtiers* foam around:
I, with my pretty *brazen* PIN and *ſmall*,
Juſt *ſcratch'd* the pretty flow'ry *capital*;
But *Thou* wouldſt drag the COLUMN to the *ground!*

PITT wiſhes to put forth his hand to *save*;
And *Giant* WYNDHAM, too, his *humble Slave*,
Sees thee with grief the *tenant* of the gin:
But LONDON views thee with a ſcornful ſmile—
Hears with much glee thy howl, and marks thy toil,
And looks with *triumph* on thy ſuffering ſkin.

"Is this the BAT," cries LONDON, "to devour
"The ſimple FLIES, at midnight's ſilent hour,
"Wheeling, with hunger keen, from ſtreet to ſtreet?
"Is this the mouſing Owl, that darkling ſtole
"In queſt of harmleſs victims from his hole;
"The *Bird obſcene*, whom now our mock'ries meet?

"The *Imp*, whoſe heart delights in NATURE'S *ſighs*,
"The *Eves-dropper*, with damned prying eyes,
"Who hunts th' unwary for the fangs of State!
"Is this the JUSTICE, of *moſt foul report*,
"Who, proud to pleaſe the Minions of a C——,
"Unſated, (a ſtaunch blood-hound) pants for *fate?*

" Is this the *Demon*, the ſworn foe of light,
" Curs'd by the beauteous WANDERERS of the night;
" Whoſe *ſoul*, in MIS'RY'S *moan*, a *music* hears,
" And toad-like, feeds its poiſon on her tears?

" Is this th' INFORMER, that, with bellowing breath,
" To whips and jails, each ſon of FREEDOM dooms;
" Whoſe life, (misnomer'd *life*) is *death*, *rank death*;
" *Putridity*—the noiſome *ſtench* of *Tombs*?"

Such is the cry of LONDON, luckleſs R——,
In language coarſe!—not good enough for *Thieves!*
Yet, Man, deſpair not—COURTS can ſet thee *free*—
And COURTS are known to *pity* R—— like *thee*.

THE

ROYAL VISIT

TO

EXETER;

A POETICAL EPISTLE,

BY

JOHN PLOUGHSHARE,

A FARMER OF MORTON HAMPSTEAD, IN THE COUNTY OF DEVON.

PUBLISHED BY

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

Well! in a come—KING GEORGE to town,
With doust and zweat az netmeg brown,
  The hosses all in smoke;
Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
Red colours vleein, roarin, zingin;
  Zo mad simm'd all the voke.

THE

ROYAL VISIT.

PART I.

I PROMIS'D thee, dear ZESTER NAN,
That thee ſhudſt hear vrom BRETHER JAN,
About the KING *wey ſpeed:*
And now I zet me down to write,
To tell thee ev'ry thing outright,
The whole that I've azeed.

Now meend me, NAN! all EXTER town
Was gapin, rennin up and down,
Vath, juſt leek vokes bewitch'd!
Lord! how they lang'd to zee the KING;
To hear un zay zom *marv'lous thing!*
Leek mangy dogs they itch'd;

Leek bullocks ſting'd by appledranes,
Currantin it about the lanes,
Vokes theeſe way dreav'd and that;
Zom hootin, heavin, ſoalin, hawlin!
Zom in the mucks, and pellum ſprawlin;
Leek pancakes all zo flat.

Hoſſes

Hoſſes and mares, aſſnegers, moyles,
Leaping the hedges, ditches, ſtiles,
  Hunderds comm'd in at leaſt;
Gallopin, trattin, ſpurrin, vallin,
Hallooin, laughin, cryin, ſquawlin,
  Vour mounted 'pon one beaſt.

The LADIES vrom the windors all
Pok'd vorth their powls, both gert and ſmall;
  Ecod, there were a power:
Their hair zo white I'd zexpence ſtake,
That from their powls I'd fairly ſhake
  A dezen zacks o' vlower.

To ſpoil good vlower, a ſpendthrift crew!
OULD TIME wull whitten vaſt anew,
  The locks o'um, never fear;
Bezides, it is a burnin ſhame,
And making of GOD's gifts a game,
  Conſiderin corn's ſo dear.

And yet the perty maids, I vow,
Make me vorgive, I can't tell how,

Thoſt

Thoſt 'tis a ſerious matter:
But what wey *zich* have *I* to do?
Vor Joan and Nell, and Madge and Sue,
My mouthe muſt only water.

But than agan, Iſs can't but zay,
Iſs could look at mun a whole day,
They look'd zo vair and vreſh;
Iſs long'd to gee zome hearty ſmacks
Upon their little roſy chacks,
They ſeem'd zech wholſome vleſh.

Well! in a come—KING GEORGE to town,
With douſt and zweat az netmeg brown,
The hoſſes all in ſmoke;
Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
Red colours vleeing, roarin, zingin,
So mad ſeem'd all the voke.

Wipin his zweatty jaws and poull,
All over douſt we ſpy'd 'SQUIRE ROLLE,
Cloſe by the KING's coach trattin:
Now ſhovin in the coach his head,
Meaning, we giſs'd, it might be zed.
"The 'SQUIRE and KING be chattin."

Now

Now goed the Aldermen and May'r *,
Zum wey crapp'd wigs, and zum wey hair,
The Royal Voke to ken;
When Meaſter MAY'R, upon my word,
Pok'd to the KING a gert long ſword,
Which he pok'd back agen.

Now thooſe that round Ould BURNET ſtood,
All zweard it clumzily was dood;
Yet SQUIRT, the peepel zay,
Brandiſh'd his gert horſe-glyſterpipe,
To make un in his leſſon ripe,
That took up half a day.

Now down long Voreſtreet did they come,
Zum hollowin, and ſcreechin zum;
Now tridg'd they to the DEAN'S,
Becaze the BISHOP zent mun word,
A could not meat and drink avoor'd,
A hadn't got the means.

A zaid, "that az vor he, poor man,
"A had not got a pot nor pan,

Mr. Burnet.

"No

" Nor ſpoon, nor knive, nor vork;
" That he was weak, and ould, and ſqueal,
" And zeldom made a hearty meal,
" And zeldom draed a cork."

Indeed a was a moderate man,
And zo war all the clargy clan
That with un uz'd to chatter;
Who if a ax'd mun to drink wine,
To one the wother they tipp'd the ſign,
And begg'd his charming water.

" And as vor rooms, why there agen,
" A could not lodge a cock nor hen,
" They war ſo ſmall," he ſaid;
And as vor beds they wudn't do—
" In number about one or two,
" Vor zelf and Joan the maid.

" In vooliſh things a wudn't be cort;
" 'Twas ſtoopid to treat yokes vor nort;
" No, 'twas not his dezire:
" Prefarment, too, was at an end;
" The KING wud never more vor'n zend,
" To lift'n one peg higher."

And

And yet they zay's a man of ſenſe,
Honeſt and juſt, but hoardth his pence—
  Can't peart wey drink nor meat:
And then, "what vor," the peeple rail,
"To greaze a vat old pig in the tail;
  "OLD WEYMOUTH of Longleat!"

Well! to the DEAN's bounce in they went,
And all the day in munchin ſpent,
  And guzlin too, no doubt:
And while the GENTRY drink'd within,
The MOB wey brandy, ale and gin,
  Got roarin drunk without.

PART

PART II.

NOW Vriday morning ſheen'd ſo bright;
But zome were up bevore 'twas light;
Wey zounds the ſtreets did ring:
" Lord, Lord, than ſofe, wer yow zo bleſt,
" To zee the ſhow among the reſt?
" Did yow than zee the KING!"

Now droo a ſmall * back-door wey ſtairs,
KING GEORGE went vorth to zay his pray'rs;
A pure and godly ſign:
And there he took his ſpyglaſs out,
Star'd up and down, and all about,
And ſimm'd to zay, " 'Tis vine."

Vull az an egg was all the Charch,
Vor voakes were mad az hares in March;

* His Majeſty did not, as was expected, enter in full proceſſion the large door of the Abbey; but ſlipped into a ſmall private one, to the no ſmall mortification of Meſſieurs Mayor, Aldermen, and Cavalcade.

And fath it was dam quare,
To zee ould Dames wey leathern chacks,
Hoiſted upon the fellows' backs —
A penny for a ſtare.

The QUEEN, ſhe ſhow'd zuch wive-leek care;
Zo kind upon un zo to ſtare;
To whiſper'n, and all that!
And, faggins, people leek'd it much,
Zo pleas'd to zee her love vor'n zuch—
To watch'n leek a cat.

Prayers over, now he ſpy'd the ruff,
And look'd it round and round enuff
And zoon beginn'd to ſpeak:
Zo zaid, "Neat, neat—clean, very clean;
"D'ye * mop it, mop it, Meaſter DEAN;
"Mop, mop it every week?"

"Sir," zaid DEAN BULLER to'n agen,
"'Tis not by moppin keep'd zo clean,

* This observation really took place at Exeter, as well as at Salisbury, some years since.

"What

" What ſtreek'th your royal eye;
" Vor, Zir, in all our Exter ſhops,
" We never meet wey zich long mops;
" Our mops dant reach zo high."

All people join to praiſe the DEAN,
He did zo well his zel demean;
No man behav'd more humbler:
Spar'd no expence—bort every thing—
To pleaſe forſeth the QUEEN and KING;
Vor which, they gid'n a *tumbler*.

Vor Royal voake, ſo gert withall,
The preſent ſimm'd moſt merty ſmall;
And zo zed all the city:
It was too ſneaken, fath and troth—
A poor groat glaſs between mun both!
No fath! it wazn't vitty.

Now to the tavern renn'd 'SQUIRE ROLLE,
To git the names of ev'ry zoul
That wiſh'd KING GEORGE to zee *:
The 'SQUIRE moſt kindly tould mun too,
How jeſt leek zoldiers they muſt do—
Bow down, and drap the knee.

* To be presented.

And

And zaid it never ſhud be miſs'd;
That when KING GEORGE's hand they kiſs'd,
  Leek viſh they muſt be *dum;*
And backwards crawl leek crabs away:
Good zound advice—much as to zay,
  " KINGS muſt not zee your b—m."

Now tridg'd to ALDERMEN and MAY'R,
'SQUIRE ROLLE, a ſpeech vor to prepare,
  To thank the KING vor commin:
" Lord! (cried the ALDERMEN and MAY'R)
" Why, MEASTER ROLLE, yow make us ſtare!
  " 'SQUIRE ROLLE, why yow be hummin!

" Why we be only men in trade;
" 'Tis true a vieow good pounds we've made—
  " Be tolerably rich:
" But thoff we've rak'd up zom vieow pence,
" It deth not vollow we've the ſence
  " To make the KING a *ſpeech.*

" Zend vor REKOREDER—put *he* too't—
" We'll warrant HAWTRY zoon wull doo't—

" Iſs,

"Ifs, ifs, he'll do the feat
"And as the man can logic chop,
"The doul's in't if he can't cook up
"Zomethin that's ſhort and zweet."

Now HAWTRY took a world o' pain—
He did zo draſh about his brain,
That was not over ſtor'd;
But vath, outleap'd a SPEECH at laſte,
That ſimm'd to pleaze KING GEORGE's taſte,
Speal'd right in ev'ry word.

Now to the rume, to zee the KING,
They all march'd off, a clever dring;
And there KING GEORGE a ſtude,
Receiving bows and ſcrapes and kiſſes,
Vor all the world leek handſome MISSES,
Expecting to be woo'd.

Jolly's a tinker ſtude 'SQUIRE ROLLE,
Sly winking, leek an ould grey owl,
To zee that nort went *wrong;*
Zo got behend, and wey a frown
He pull'd near twenty o'mun down
And twenty droad along.

The KING ſtude patient as a ſtock,
Vour hours at leaſt by Exter clock,
It zafely might be waager'd;
Zom makin their vine rev'rence ſpurn'd,
The KING was nearly overtern'd,
A Goſh! a was ſo badger'd.

Tag rag and bobtail, all kiſs'd hands,
Vrom neighb'ring pearts and voreign lands;
Aye! kiſsing 'twas anuff—
Had not the hand beed tight put on,
It waz zo mainly ſmack'd upon,
The voke had kiſs'd it *off*.

And fath, no woundy fuſs was made
'Bout dreſs amungſt the men in trade,
They thort o' no zich thing;
Wey derty ſharts and grizly beards,
Much leek a greazy pack o' keards,
They ſhuffled vore the KING.

Now Varmer TAB, I underſtand,
Drode his legs vore, and catch'd the hand,

And

And ſhak'd wey might and main:
" I'm glad your MEDJESTY to zee,
" And hope your MEDJESTY (quoth he)
" Wull nere be *maz'd* again."

" *Maz'd! maz'd!* what's *maz'd?*" than zed the KING;
" I never heer'd of zich a thing;
" What's *maz'd?*—what, what, my LORD?"
" Hem," zed my LORD, and blow'd his noſe;
" Hem, hem—SIR, 'tis, I do ſuppoſe,
" SIR—an old Dev'nſhire word."

And than my LORD a ſcratch'd his head,
And coughing wance or twiſs, he zed:
" I'll try to vend it out;"
And than agen he hemm'd and haad,
And puzlin while his pate a claw'd—
KING GEORGE he tern'd *about*.

PART III.

ZOM thort the KING wud march about,
And ſhow his zelf a bit, no doubt;
  Zee Guildhall, Circus, Caſtle;
Vor this, LORD FOSKY gid'n a ſhove;
But virm's a rock, nort made'n move,
  Zo 'twas in vain to wraſtle.

But this a did—now this was kind—
Knowin the people's longing mind,
  And being pretty tall,
A ſtude 'pon's tiptoes, it is zed;
And condeſcending, pok'd his head
  Over the BISHOP's wall

Zum of the Exter vokes ſuppoſe
They plainly zeed his royal noſe,
  And zum his royal eyes;
And, Lord! whatever peart they zeed,
In this they one and all agreed,
  'Twas glorious, gert, and wize.

'Tis zed, and I believe 'tis true,
He gid (but lookin rether blue)
  The *Hoſpital* a ken:
'Twas all a gid; but than quoth he,
" I'll something gee, my LORD, d'ye zee,
  " When I come here agen."

This, to be zure, look'd *cruel* kind
Towards the zick, and lame, and blind;
  What's thy opinion, NAN?
But rat it, theve net zeed a doit;
Zo 'tes no very gert exploit
  Of our SAMARITAN.

Zich perty promiſes, egoſh!
Zeem words o'cuſe—a pack o'troſh;
  Wind, faith! net one crume better;
I leek to zee voakes dra the *puſs*;
Parlaver is not worth a cuſs;
  I hate to hear voakes *chetter*.

But now to pleaſe the Royal chops,
Preſents vall'd in as thick as hops,

Viſh,

Viſh, vleſh, and vowl, and vruit;
'Twas who ſhud zay, I zent the KING
" Zich, zich, and zich, and zich a thing:"
The vokes were *mad* to do't.

Now let me tell thee, ZESTER NAN,
The KING's a jolley gentleman,
The QUEEN not very ugly!
Az vor the PRINCESSES, ſweet ſouls,
With roſy chucks, and flaxen polls
They angels look'd ſo ſmugly.

Mayhap, yow wud be glad to know
Zom more about the QUEEN, I trow—
I think I've zed anuff:
What voakes in general zay, is this:
" The oman is not much amiſs,
And tak'th a power o' ſnuff."

But Milliners of EXTER zwear,
That HER's and all her DAUGHTERS' geer
Was ſhellings net worth thirty;
That, Lord! they wear'd but little laces,
Their zilks mert bliſh to ſhow their faces,
Ould faſhion'd, ſtrip'd, and dirty.

Now

Now woundy mad was * MEASTER MARE,
To think a ſhud a veaſt prepare,
  Of vleſh, and vowl, and viſh;
Of ham, and terkie, gooze and muſtard,
Dumplin, and apple-pye, and cuſtard,
  As good az mouthe could wiſh.

Vor whan unto KING GEORGE a zends,
To tell'n the ALDERMEN, his vriends,
  Wud all be glad to zee'n;
The KING no notice tuke, 'tis zaid,
But, leek a piſky, laugh'd and play'd
  To puſh-pin wey the QUEEN.

Zo there the meal, vorzooth, was ſpoil'd,
The bak'd and roaſt, and vry'd and boil'd;
  Oh! 'twas a diſmal day;
The zyder, brandy, wine, and ale,
The gert gold † chair to hold his tail,
  Was money droad away.

* Burnet, the plumber.

† Made expreſſly, at a very great expence: indeed it did credit to the liberality of the Corporation.

It,

It, when KING GEORGE did leave the town,
The ALDERMEN, in red fur gown,
  And MARE, vore Guildhall houze,
Vurſt havin had a little veeding,
Leek ſoldiers form'd, to ſhow their breeding,
  And make their Zenday bows.

The KING, he ſpy'd mun vrom his coach,
Wey faces net pleaz'd over much,
  That did un much delight:
The Bench keep'd bowin up and down,
Till all the hoſſes rumps they vound,
  And KING's were out o' zight.

Than home they lerk'd, and drapt their furs
And tails between their legs, leek curs,
  Becaze they war zo zlighted;
But what was ten times worſe, poor ſouls,
Their wives leek devils claw'd their polls,
  Becaze they didn't git *knighted.*

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

Now, ZESTER NAN, by this yow zee,
What zort of vokes GERT PEOPLE be;
  What's *cheny* thoſt, is *clome;*
And, ZESTER, now I do believe,
That after this yow daan't much grieve,
  Becaze yow ſtaid at home.

Theeze once I've made my zelf a vool,
And now I feel my courage cool
  For zeeing ROYAL THINGS:
And whan my Bible next I rede,
Zo leet I worſhip all the breed,
  I'll *ſkep* the *book* of KINGS.

OUT AT LAST!

OR,

THE FALLEN MINISTER.

———————*Procumbit humi Bos.* VIRGIL.

" He's down! amid ST. STEPHEN'S walls,
" The mighty Beast in Thunder falls."

OUT AT LAST;

OR,

THE FALLEN MINISTER.

PROËMIUM.

SOME time ago the LYRIC PETER,
With much ſublimity of metre,
Did prophefy a MINISTER would *tumble!*
To verify the POET's ode,
Behold it pleaſeth MAN and GOD,
In anger, his HIGH MIGHTINESS to humble!
Good Man! but not the MAN of ROSS;
He's down! *procumbit humi Bos.*

How like unto a crow or rook,
Shot near his neſt, (a mortal wound),
He hung and bled, with downcaſt look,
Before he ſous'd at laſt to ground!
Yes! like thoſe *black* birds much too long we ſaw
The Culprit hanging by a ſingle claw.

What a vile bramble he has been,
May now with half an eye be ſeen.—
Look at us!—What poor ſhiv'ring ſheep, alack!
Naked and lank—moſt cloſely ſhorn!
This hooking, dragging Imp has torn
The healthful, warming fleece from every back!
Gone! gone ſome good-for-nothing ribs to treat;
But woe to that poor ſheep which dar'd to *bleat!*

Sing HEAVENLY MUSE, to whom our wool all goes:
To warm DUNDAS, LONG, WYNDHAM, CANNING,
ROSE,
Old LIVERPOOL and CUB, with each compeer.—
While *they* carouſing ſwill'd their toaſt and *ſack*,
We bit, in anguiſh, muſty bread and black,
And writhing got the gripes from dead ſmall-beer.

"Try PITT again," ſome fools exclaim.
He has been *tried*, and *tried*, and *tried*—
The hobbling NATION, ſtill more lame,
Has now nor crutch, nor aſs to ride.
"He'll *mend*," they roar.—*He mend!* the MUMMER—
Aye, mend juſt like ſour ale in ſummer.

Lo,

Lo, then, our ſad STATE CARPENTER diſmiſs'd!
No longer now his bungling *art* befools:
Yet from the ſervice when the man was hiſs'd,
Why leave behind his BUDGET and his TOOLS?

Glad as a bird that 'ſcapes the kite, I'll drop
The lamentations of poor JEREMIAH;
Of gay Pindarics open a freſh ſhop,
And pour the ſong of triumph with ISAIAH.

READER, in this my LYRIC ODE,
I imitate a MAN of GOD;
That POET of ſublimity, ISAIAH:
A man of quality, of note;
Of arms poſſeſſing a *rich coat*;
A Brother to the great KING AZARIAH.

Lord! how the POET did *beſpatter*
The Babylonian Monarch with his ſatire!
Were *I* to talk ſo of a *Britiſh King*,
What were my fate? Alas! a ſtring!
Not *ſtring*, dear reader, that the *ſhoulder decks*;
But *ſtring* that twines at Newgate round our *necks*.

ODE OF TRIUMPH.

TOSSING poor ENGLISMEN in ſcorn.
The BULL no more exalts his horn!
Thank GOD, the BEAST is put at laſt to pound!
And that he never may get out,
To make another curſed rout,
Forms many a hearty pray'r and wiſh profound.

What! is there not *one* ſong of ſorrow,
One tear of pity?—Let me ſay,
There's neither dirge nor tear *to-day*,
Whatever there may be *to-morrow*.
Nay, cannons roar applauſe—the bells are ringing—
And EARTH, rejoicing, breaketh into ſinging.

No more he turns the burning globe;
But on a dunghill, juſt like JOB,
Scratching, ſurveys his melancholy plight!
No more with HAL, his chum, to booze,
And for the State's ſalvation ſnooze,
He bids the Clarets and Champaigns good night.

But

But hark! OLD ENGLAND'S GENIUS ſings!
(Sounds that will pierce the ears of Kings)
" Harpoon'd art thou at laſt, thou flound'ring porpoiſe—
" Thou who haſt ſwallow'd all my rights,
" Gobbling the *mightieſt* juſt like mites—
" Devouring like a ſprat my *Habeas Corpus*."

" THOU who didſt bind my ſons in chains,
" And nearly beatedſt out their brains,
" For fear their wrath might kindle riot;
" And after binding them in chains,
" And nearly beating out their brains,
" Didſt cry—' How tame they lie, poor things! how quiet!'

" Thou who didſt groaning Priſoners keep
" In Cold-bath Fields, like haplefs ſheep
" Whom horrid butchers mean to ſlay;
" Where ARIS with his iron rod,
" The PLUTO of the dark abode,
" Roaſted and broil'd in cook-like way
" The victims of his power and pride,
" And damn'd them all before they *died*.

" Art thou the Caitiff, with imperious frown,
" Who o'er the BARD didſt hold thy hempen ſtring;
" Threat'ning to hang him, if, to pleaſe the town,
" He dar'd to ſmile or wink at Q— or K—;
" Or dar'd (no matter how divine the Songs)
" To chaunt of Dumplings, Sheep, or PARSON YOUNGS;
" To mention kine and corn, and FAMINE's groans;
" Record wit Royal, and crack jokes on Thrones?"

Bold haſt thou ſaid, " Supreme I'll prate—
" I *will* be Miniſter of State,
" And ſwill from night to morn the Nation's wine:
" I *will* get drunk with honeſt HAL:
" The bottle my dear conſtant Baal,
" I'll daily kneel and hiccup at his ſhrine.

" Snoring upon the State machine
" My DROWSY BROTHER ſhall be ſeen,
" Who from his cradle never heard the *Lark*.
" I grant the man the wheels will *clog*,
" Lazy as *Ludlam*'s lazy dog,
" That held his head againſt the wall to *bark*.

" His

" His nose may like the bull-frog roar—
" The STATE shall pay him for the *snore*.

" I'll buffet OPPOSITION's waves:
" I have my creatures and my slaves;
" For any borough will I bring my man in:
" The poorest that crawls I'll raise,
" To yield his incense-pot of praise,
" From Greek-mouth'd BELGRAVE, to lame-Latin CANNING.

" I'll pension any fool or knave;
" The Nation's pocket, my poor slave,
" Shall open, nor dare make a pother—
" GIFFORD, that crooked Babe af Grace,
" And CANNING too, shall be in place,
" And get a pension for his Mother.

Lame-Latin CANNING]—This *Gentleman* was *ravished* from his Opposition-*Friends* on account of *supposed extraordinary* talents. A completer *take-in* of the *Knowing-ones* was never more laughably experienced amongst the Black-legs of the Turf. His "*Iter* ad MECCAM," for the University Prize, exhibited *such* proofs of ideas and scholarship as put the poor DEAN of Christ-Church to the blush. The *first* effort was condemned to the flames, though it obtained the Prize: the *second* was a cobbled piece of work between Mr. CANNING and SOMEBODY of Christ-Church, which with *difficulty* passed *muster*.

" Ev'n GR—V—R's Cobbler ſhall come forth,
" And hammer to the world my worth—
" Come

G—V—R's *Cobbler.*]—This is a moſt *extraordinary* fellow, ſpeculatively virtuous, and practically wicked—for ever bellowing in the cauſe of Religion and Morals, yet in the daily practice of every thing that ſhould fix him at the cart's-tail.—To juſtify the above aſſertions, accept, Reader, a *ſmall* ſketch of his life, and bluſh for the depravity of HUMAN NATURE! Taken from a Cobbler's Stall at Aſhburton, a little town in Devonſhire, by Mr. COOKESLY, a Surgeon of that place, who miſtook the *itch of rhyme* for the *inſpiration* of the MUSES, he was, by a ſubſcription of the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, placed at a Grammar School, and afterwards ſent to Exeter College—At this College, after his daily occupations of tolling the bell, waiting at dinner, and lighting the candles, he amuſed himſelf with writing ſcandalous lampoons on the heads of the College, as well as other reſpectable characters of the Univerſity—Noticed however by a Clergyman, he was introduced to Earl G. who ſoon found an *honourable employment* for him, luckily for his Lordſhip's pleaſures, and fortunately *congenial* to the diſpoſition of GIFFORD.—In a little time he tripped up the heels of his Oxford Friend, ouſted him from the houſe of G— by lying inſinuations, and publicly triumphed in his ſucceſs.—His next glorious action was to ſend a caſt-off Strumpet of his L—dſh—p to the Widow of his old Friend COOKESLY, who, for a livelihood, kept a creditable Boarding-ſchool.—She was recommended by *Gifford* as a *modeſt* young Lady, for education, which *modeſt young Lady*, in a few months, betrayed her old Cyprian propenſities, and very expeditiouſly *blasted* the School:—this was the ſubject of another triumph. To continue his progreſs in infamy with an equal ſplendor, he ſeduced a beautiful and innocent girl, called MARY WEEKS, a native of Aſhburton. Under the pretence of marrying her, a fellow with a ſurplice was prepared to execute this nefarious matter; the ſham ceremony was performed, the poor girl was ruin-
ed;

" Come hobbling forth without one blush of shame,
" With heel-taps, toe-caps, soles for worn-out Fame."

" I'll

ed; and after satiety had taken place with her infamous seducer, she was sent back to Ashburton, where she pined and died of a broken heart!!! To support the *credit* of his past achievements, he published a most dirty and scandalous Poem, called "The Ashburtoniad," abusing all his old and respectable Benefactors. Previously to the above act, he had obtained an ample subscription for a Translation of the Satires of Juvenal, which (happily for the Public, and paper, and print) he never performed.—To accommodate his MÆCENAS, he keeps a *creature* as a Decoy-duck, and has actually sent her to necessitous young women of beauty and innocence, under the pretext of learning to *read* and *write*. Such are *parts* of his life—HUNC, *tu Romane, caveto, hic niger est.*—It must not however be forgotten, that, for his atrocious calumnies, he was lately cudgelled in *one* WRIGHT's shop, a poor ignorant and pains-taking Bookseller in Piccadilly; and, in spite of the most solemn and tender protestations of his own head and shoulders, he with an unprecedented effrontery denied the fact; and notwithstanding a message, informing him that he was cudgelled, most *soundly* cudgelled, that he should be cudgelled again in order to *oblige* him, by producing a *complete conviction*, he had not the manners to answer the civility.

He continues in his favorite occupation of administering as Jackall to the constantly watering chops of the toothless Old Lion. To use another figure, he is still his *Lordship's Gamekeeper*, and guards the plump little *partridges* (which are exceedingly numerous on *all* his Lordship's Manors) with so much laudable assiduity from *Poachers*, that he has been amply and *gratefully* remunerated with an *honourable annuity* from GOVERNMENT!!!

As for Mr. GIFFORD's rhymes, they will appear extraordinary to such Readers (and they are not a few) as prefer bombast to sublimity. Bombast is the idol of the VULGAR—To *such*, the *attic simplicity* appears

" I'll hire each proſtituted Muſe,
" For mags, for newspapers, reviews;

" I'll

pears arrant *inſipidity*—the *vulgar eye* is ſooner faſcinated by the ſtiff, ſtaring cabbage-roſe brocade of the *Harlot*, than the modeſt and ſnowy robe of INNOCENCE. The ear of the *true* Critic diſtinguiſhes with facility the difference between the mellifluous tones of the Lyre of Apollo and the hard, ponderous ſounds of the hammered lapſtone. To indulge a Greek quotation from Proclus on Plato, without offence to his Pupil, the *learned* Lord BELGRAVE, Mr. WILLIAM GIFFORD is—Ιδιωτες εν Φιλοσοφοις, Φιλοσοφος δε εν Ιδιωταις—which I tranſlate thus: " He is a Poet with Poetaſters, and a Poetaſter with Poets," So much inequality pervades his verſe, that the FACULTY would pronounce his MUSE afflicted with the rickets. Still, to do him every juſtice, his various verſes are very *well* for a *Cobbler*; they muſt undoubtedly ſmell of the ſtall.

Quo ſemel est imbuta recens ſervabit odorem
Testa diu————

So ſingeth Horace, who, one would think, had peeped into futurity, and penned the happy line for poor CRISPIN.

So far from originality of thought and a luxuriance of imagery in his lines, there reigns a pitiable famine: aukward and obſcure inverſions, with a verboſe pompoſity, form the leading features of almoſt every couplet, Indeed, it were cruel to expect *more*. Sprung from a dunghill, and *old* before he was charitably taken from his ſtall, at the ſame time totally deſtitute of the poetical character, what could a few ſcraps of Latin and Greek do for an object whoſe ſole powers lay within the circumſcribed ſpace of a rhyme? A Riddle in the LADY'S DIARY—an Acroſtic in a NEWSPAPER—an abuſive Stanza in the ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEW, or a Criticiſm in the BRITISH CRITIC (equal, perhaps, to thoſe of poor paralytic PARSON NARES, a moſt feeble pillar of that falling fabric, and lately ſent for a maintenance to that

" I'll pay the ballad-ſinger's throat for praiſe:
" My viſage (hatchet-like, indeed!)
" In ſhops the gaping mob ſhall feed—
" My name on rails ſhall grace the King's highways;
" And trav'llers, whether they may ride or walk,
" Read '*Pitt for ever!*' in broad-ſtaring chalk.

" I'll place the CAPETS on the throne,
" And France her *worthy* Kings ſhall own;
" And

that idle and expenſive *Toyſhop* of the Nation, called the BRITISH MUSEUM)—form at preſent his amuſement. At the Houſe of GR--V--R he experiences a prodigality of praiſe. But his LORDSHIP and his LADIES are better qualified for writing the hiſtory of *Paphos* than *Parnaſſus*.

On the appearance of this *Gentleman's* laſt *lying* publication, which was in ſome meaſure anſwered by the *argumentum baculinum*, I entertained thoughts of a *formal execution* of the felon, in a ſolemn poetical epiſtle; but on reflexion, thinking him beneath the dignity of ſuch an exhibition, I determined to *hang him* in a *note*.

For, should the *Muſe*'s ſatire bid him die,
The GODDESS really *guillotines a Fly*.

Before I conclude, it may not be unacceptable to my Readers to be informed that his L-dſh-p ſometimes *kills his own mutton*—hunts without his Jackall—and ſucceeds. Witneſs the following little genuine epiſtle:

'DEAR G——,

'I am in luck to-day—ſprung a fine covey amongſt a parcel of 'brambles. Take care of the plump little bird that bears this letter '—clean her and comb her well, cut her nails close, and put her to bed. 'G——.'

" And BONAPARTE ſoon my rage ſhall feel;
" Crouch to my whip, whoſe laſh ſhall bring
" The daring Corſican, poor thing,
" Juſt like a whining ſpaniel to my heel."

Oft haſt thou ſaid, with ſcowling eye,
" The world I hate, deſdain, defy;
" I value neither Commoner nor Peer:
" He who attacks me, dearly pays:
" A man muſt have, the Proverb ſays,
" Good iron nails that ſcratches with a Bear.

" Art *Thou* the MAN who *bilk'd* poor PAUL,
" Who ſent his bears, the dev'l and all,
" To fight in BRITAIN's cauſe ſo hearty?
" Art *thou* the Man (whom nothing ſhames),
" Who made his *Office Clerks* call names,
" And fling their dirt at BONAPARTE?

Bold haſt thou ſaid, with dauntleſs *ſoul*,
" *I'll* damn the motion on *Ferrol*;
" No matter whether cowardice or not:
" Whatever was the crying ſin,
" SIR JAMES ſhall ſleep in a whole ſkin—
" HAL ſays too, PULTENEY muſt not go to *pot*.

" The

" The long mock'd world may roar--"Where's *ſhame?*"
" Thank heaven! we only know the *name*.

" *Safe* are my minions," thou art pleas'd to ſay;
" What ill they *do*, is quickly *done away*:
" *Such* (ſo ſecure is ev'ry culprit's lot)
" Muſt make *ſtrong int'reſt* to get hang'd or ſhot."

Thou, in thine inſolence, haſt ſaid,
" At ME the world ſhall cow'r afraid;
" Old GANGES humbly at my feet ſhall flow;
" MOGUL, NIZAM, and RAJAH bend;
" Slave-like their humble tribute ſend,
" And learn from ME their future fates to know.
" Thoſe dare not call my hard decrees *unjuſt*,
" But kiſs the foot that ſtamps them in the duſt.

" IND ſhall her ſtreams Pactolean pour;
" On *petticoats* her di'monds ſhow'r,
" And *ſtomachers* and *caps*, the *courtly* things:
" Th' *unchriſtian* TURK his gems ſhall ſend—
" His trembling tottering turban rend,
" To grace the beaver'd brows of *Chriſtian* Kings.

" PERU ſhall gild St. JAMES's walls and doors;
" And ravag'd MEXICO emblaze the floors."

Bold haſt thou ſaid—" I'll *curb* the P——;
" His bleeding mouth ſhall ſorely *wince*;
" I value not his birth, his pride, his ſtate:
" O'er Y—KE triumphant too I'll tow'r;
" And CL—CE ſhall not boaſt the pow'r
" To make a Gunner, or a Gunner's *mate*."

Such of Britannia's GENIUS is the ſong!
Now let the BARD the theme purſue,
And, with an equal ſpirit too,
In thunder drive the MUSE's car along.

POETA LOQUITUR.

Bold haſt thou ſworn—" the MUSE I'll check;
" Each with a halter round her neck,
" Shall ſing with trembling, trembling dread;
" Nay, ſhould APOLLO's ſong be ſharp,
" And on my power and glory harp,
" Off goes at one the fellow's head:

" I'll

" I'll make a puddle of their ſtreams,
" That give the BARDS their pretty dreams;
" And through the tuneful ſhades ſhall ſtray
" *My* Jack-aſſes, to graze and bray."

Thou 'rt an abominable branch:
No more ſhalt thou enjoy a haunch—
No more with HARRY booze from night to morn—
The Hackneymen, to thy amaze
Shall cry, " My money for my chaiſe;
" The money, Sir, to pay for hay and corn!
" Come, Sir, I know what's what, and *who* is *who*;
" I'll truſt no longer—d-mn me, if I *do*."

See the ſtern ſhade of CHATHAM riſe!
On *Thee* he darts his eagle eyes!

My Jack-aſſes]—The MATHIASES, the GIFFORDS, the B—'s, the C—'s, &c. &c. Will it be credited that an Adminiſtration ſo feeble ſhould not have ſelected *one tolerable literary pillar* to ſupport its imbecility? Where was HUNTSMAN-WYNDHAM's judgment, when he made choice of hounds to run down OPPOSITION? Heavens bleſs us! Not one decent dog in the pack—neither *noſe* nor *ſpeed!*—abſolutely a parcel of *yelping Curs!*

 " Food!

" Fool!" cries the angry, diſappointed Ghoſt:
" Was it for *this* I ſhow'd thy youth
" The paths of glory, and fair truth?
" Lo, by thy flagrant folly, all is loſt!
" Mad Boy! inſtead of WISDOM's ſprings, to court
" The dozing fountain of DUNDAS's port.

" The wonderous COLUMN of my hand,
" That puſh'd its head into the ſkies;
" Shook by thy damned wizard wand,
" Low! low! a ſplendid ruin lies!
" Toads for a dwelling the poor Pile invade,
" And ſhelter'd weeds of death, the fragment ſhade.
" Bluſh at the partners of thy toil,
" The refuſe of the groaning ISLE!"

Where is the EAGLE that, above,
Graſp'd daringly the bolts of JOVE,
And taught their fatal thunders where to roll?
Ah! forc'd his lofty perch to quit,
He dwindles to a poor tom-tit,
And ſkulks through humble hedges to his hole.

Is this the MAN who penſion'd ſpies,
Informers, that, with wolf-like eyes,
Prowl'd nightly, yelling, in purſuit of food?
Is this the MAN who put, alack,
Such *bugs* upon the NATION's back,
To gnaw and ſuck its beſt, its vital blood?

Where are thy buſtling Levees now?
Thy humble ſycophants to bow,
Obey thy mandate, and applaud thy wit?
Unnotic'd thou ſhalt lonely ride,
Attended only by thy *pride*,
That never, never yet forſook a PITT.

Cur-like ſhalt thou walk in and out,
Unnotic'd at her * GRACE's rout!
Unnotic'd, down thy throat, her paſtry poke:
No bumpkin, no poor country wight,
Shall, ſtealing near with curious ſight,
Watch if thy jaw-bones wag like thoſe of common folk!

* The jolly and hoſpitable DUCHESS of GORDON.

GEORGE ROSE's Papers ſhall turn tail—
Expoſe thy blunders, ſtorm and rail,
And ope of calumny the dirty ſprings,
While Anti-Jacobin Reviews
Shall cull the literary ſtews
For *flowers* to deck the COUNSELLOR of Kings.

Each Newſpaper that took delight
To make thee, like the ſnow-ball, white,
Will paint thee now as black as hell:
No more thy *voice angelic* hail,
But give thee horn, and hoof, and tail,
With CERBERUS's frightful yell!—
Paint thee a damned ſpirit from below,
Rais'd by ſome Wizard for the Nation's woe.

Lo! thou art ſprawling in the dirt!
The *Mob* their wanton jokes will ſpirt!—
Behold a ſable CHIMNEY-SWEEP appear!
And hark! a SCAVENGER, with eyes
Sparkling with rapture and ſurpriſe,
Exclaims—"Ah, MASTER BILLY, are you *there?*"
Then, anxious to reward thee, on they ruſh,
One with his *broom*, and t'other with his *bruſh!*
Hark!

Hark! AUTHORS braying round thee crowd,
And AUTHORESSES cry aloud—
" Villain! to wage a war with all the Muſes!"
And lo, the PRINTERS' Devils appear!
With ink thy viſage they beſmear,
While each in turn indignantly abuſes,
And more their pris'ner to disgrace,
They empt the pelt-pot in thy face!
Roaring, around thee as they caper,
" Take that, my boy, for Tax on Paper!"

And lo, with anger HARDY glows!
The Man of Leather, with delight,
Runneth his *awl* into thy noſe,
And ſtirrups thee with all his might.

" He wants *much mending*, d-mn my eyes!"
The punning Son of Criſpin cries—
" The ſhoe quite rotten—yes, the whole—
" Quite vaniſh'd ev'ry bit of *ſole*."

The pelt-pot.]—An utenſil amongſt Printers, containing a certain ſtale fluid for the benefit of the balls.

And, ſee! the GIRLS around thee throng—
" Art *thou* the Wight, thus ſtretch'd along,
" An enemy well known to Wives and Miſses?
" Art *thou* the man who doſt not care
" For oglings, ſqueezes of the FAIR;
" Nay, makeſt up *wry mouths* at woman's kiſses?"—
Then ſhall the NYMPHS apply their birchen rods,
And baſte thee worſe than PETER PINDAR's Odes.

And ſee poor PADDY with his pole!
" By Jaſus now, I'll *twig* his jowl,
" For leaving us poor Chriſtians in the lurch:
" Open your jaw-bones, Maſter Knave—
" Where be the promiſes ye gave,
" To give a bit of ſhove to MOTHER CHURCH?
" To a good market, faith! our hogs are *braught*—
" And ſo we're dead, and kill'd, and murder'd, all
for *naught!*"

The CATS ſhall ſpit at thee!—and, hark!
The CURS in yelling concert bark.
The Cats exclaim—" Our mice with famine moan!
" Not *one* fat mouſe is to be had!"
" Aye," cry the Curs, and What's more ſad,
" *We* cannot now obtain a well-pick'd bone!"

O FUR-

O FURCIFER—no, LUCIFER I mean—
How art thou fall'n! fall'n from the *ſtarry* ſphere!
Kick'd from the preſence of the K. and Q.—
From Burgundy, from Claret, to ſmall beer.

That feature of thy face call'd *noſe*,
Which now with many a rûby glows,
Shall loſe, alas! its wonted fire!
The Claret-luſtre ſhall expire!
For POVERTY's pale-fingers ſoon pick out
The bluſhing rubies of the richeſt ſnout.

The meaneſt of the mean ſhall ſcoff,
And cry, "I'm glad the fellow's off!"
The Taylor leaps in rapture from his board;
The Cobbler throws his ſhoe away;
The Waſherwoman flings her tray;
The Shoeblack drops his bruſh, and thanks the Lord:
To pot-houſes they run with loud acclaim,
To get more joyful news from GOSSIP FAME.

Fox, on thy fall, with ſcorn muſt look;
And pointed SHERIDAN and TOOKE

Will make thee tingle with the laſh of wit:
The pooreſt reptile of the Houſe,
The vileſt little Borough Louſe,
Will ſcratch and bite the back of BILLY PITT.

And HE, of whom the MUSES brag,
From his ſtretch'd jaws ſhall pull the gag,
And vengeful to thy head will give it wing:
Then ſhall he cry, with dauntleſs looks,
" I'll go again amongſt the COOKS,
" And tell *more* pretty tales of Q— and K—."

And He.]—My very *identical* and *numerical* SELF, whoſe innocent and improving rhymes falling ſome years ſince in the way of an irritable and offended Baſhaw, gave birth to an Act of Parliament vowing vengeance on the *Wight* that ſhould, by any proſe or poetical anatomy, dare exhibit the inſide of Heads Royal.

LORD

LORD AUCKLAND's TRIUMPH:

OR THE

DEATH OF CRIM. CON.

A Pair of Prophetic Odes.

I heard a voice—" CRIM. CON., CRIM. CON.,
Thou and thine empire are undone!
Woe to the men of lawless lives,
Who wink on other people's Wives!"

To which are added,

AN

ADDRESS TO HYMEN; AN ODE ON THE PASSIONS;

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN,

OR

The Rose and Strawberry,

A FABLE.

WITH A MOST INTERESTING POSTSCRIPT.

TO

LORD AUCKLAND.

MY GOOD LORD!

THE increaſing depravity of the FAIR SEX cries aloud for correction; Adultery is deemed a peccadillo, and Fornication a mere flea-bite: gigantic are the ſtrides that LEWDNESS has taken to ſubdue the moral world; her ſteps are like thoſe of Neptune, from promontory to promontory. The recent alterations in the Sex are alarming! every woman is elegant; every woman is accompliſhed; every woman is handſome; every woman is a witch. In ſhort, Beauty is ſo common, that I ſhould not wonder (ſuch is the caprice of mankind) at ſeeing a public advertiſement for UGLINESS. At every turn we pop upon a CLEOPATRA—and what muſt murder the bluſhing ſenſibilities of Modeſty, more than a *half* of thoſe CLEOPATRAS are to be purchaſed for *half*-a-crown. What dangerous traps of ſeduction! —what lures of loveliness! Even *I* (like your Lordſhip, rather the worſe for wear) meet the ſmile, the wink, the ſtare of those CIRCES, on whoſe lips are written in capitals (ſays a great * LYRIC POET)

"Kiſſes, O gentle Shepherd, for a crown."

The modeſt, the ingenious, the pious BISHOP of DURHAM has laudably exerciſed the pruning-knife of reform amongſt the OPERA DANCERS: he has lengthened their petticoats, circumſcribed their ſkips, and ſhaded their nudities. This *reverend*

* MYSELF.

BISHOP

BISHOP and his *reverend* LADY ſaw *ſo much* at the Opera as aſtoniſhed, confounded, and petrified. They ſaw on a Saturday, *with their own eyes*, the wanton BALLET break in on the holy Sabbath—They turned pale at the contamination—They remonſtrated, and threatened, and preached, but they could not *convince*. TAYLOR, the Manager, ſmiled at the BISHOP's and his LADY's reforming zeal: the Performers lifted up their eyes and noſes in contempt, while the diſpleaſed Audience exclaimed in a burſt of thunder, "Out, out, out,—out with the pair of old hypocrites!" My Lord, we may truly ſay with the nervous and moral *Juvenal*,

"Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
"In terris"—

Which may be thus *elegantly* rendered:

True—MODESTY in *Saturn*'s days was ſeen:
The dev'l a bit, indeed in George's reign.

But now, My LORD, for that ſpecies of vice ADULTERY, againſt whoſe brazen walls your Lordſhip means to make a puſh with your battering ram: That your bold attack may ſucceed, for the honour of morality, and the *honourable heads* of *great* FAMILIES, is my moſt devout deſire; and to encourage your Lordſhip in the day of battle, I dedicate to your Lordſhip theſe my Prophetic ODES.

I am, MY LORD, &c. &c.

P. P.

ARGUMENT TO ODE I.

The BARD, in the true ſpirit of prophetic poetry, commenceth his Ode with a compliment to WEDLOCK.—PETER treateth the hot-bed of Adultery with much poetical contempt.—He propheſieth the fall of CRIM. CON. her acquaintance with the Rakes.—In a ſublime ſtrain of inſult PETER queſtioneth CRIM. CON. and proclaimeth a total annihilation of her Rams-horns. PETER ſingeth of the wonders done by Rams-horns at JERICHO—he giveth ſome hiſtory of LORD AUCKLAND's Family, and biddeth them *beware* of defilement.—The Poet candidly accuſeth himſelf of having been a votary to *Pleasure*, and prettily and poetically depicteth the manner of his courtſhip; illuſtrating with a moſt apt and original compariſon. —The Poet abruptly bounceth off to attack the PRINCES of theſe Realms for not joining the pious efforts of LORD AUCKLAND, to deſtroy CRIM. CON.—PETER complimenteth the Bench of Biſhops for their furious abhorrence of CRIM. CON., for their intimate knowledge of Heaven, and for their great humility, but not for their great *poverty*, in which article theſe *holy* MEN have always varied from their *simple* PREDECESSORS, the Apoſtles.—PETER attacketh the Ladies' petticoats, or rather *no* petticoats.—The Bard, with a mighty Lyric jump, leapeth on the ſhoulders of KING DAVID, of *Israel*, and giveth him a ſtunning blow; and ſuddenly turning about, knocketh down KING HARRY, of *England;* concluding with a ſquint at ſome *modern* PRINCES.—PETER praiſeth the unparalleled, though *ungallant*, behaviour of a KING LOUIS, of *France*, of whom he relateth an entertaining and delicate ſtory, ending with ſomewhat more than a ſuſpicion that *certain Young Gentlemen* would not have ſhewn the *same* fortitude under the *same* circumſtances.

ARGUMENT TO ODE II.

An apologetic Song for INCONSTANCY, by a SON of the DEVIL.—This SON of a DEVIL pronounceth LOVE and a BUTTERFLY to be ſimilar BEINGS, and encourageth the idea—this DEMON wiſheth to take the licentious FRENCH NATION for a model, who wiſh to change a *Wife* as often as a *ſhirt*—this IMP continueth to faſcinate the mind by *beautiful* poetry in favour of the *unlicenſed* Paſſion LOVE.—PETER reprobateth ſuch notions, and prettily telleth, in *verſe*, a story, well known in *proſe*, of a KING of FRANCE, who had experienced a ſatiety on the beauties of his QUEEN.—PETER triumpheth in the future happiness of the BRITISH EMPIRE on the death of CRIM. CON.—PETER exhibiteth a natural picture of AGE, exulting, amidſt his imbecillities, in the idea of poſſeſſing blooming virgins, ſmiling at the ſame time at the horrors of horns.—PETER again, with his wonted candour, reverſeth the medal, and ſuggeſteth an inconveniency that may ariſe from the fate of CRIM. CON. in the character of a rotten Rake.—PETER here is truly moral as well as poetical.—Another RAKE is brought on the ſtage, who glorieth in the advantages to be obtained over a Wife, by this attack of LORD AUCKLAND.—PETER, replete with hiſtorical knowledge, relateth a ſtory of the great CATO, and alſo of the WISE MEN, not of GOTHAM, but of GREECE.—The BARD again ſingeth the ſong of triumph—he propheſieth,—He giveth a picture of the faſhionable Wives of the preſent day, who viſit TOM's and JOHN's in *Soho-ſquare*, with as much eaſe as Mrs. SNIP the Milliner.—PETER propheſieth peace in the houſe of WEDLOCK, and ſecurity to that bluſhful DAMSEL, CHASTITY.—The impudent and threatening Speech of MISS FORNICATION on the intended deſtruction of her Siſter CRIM. CON.

LORD AUCKLAND's TRIUMPH;

OR, THE

DEATH OF CRIM. CON.

SWEET is the ſong of wedded LOVE,
The echo of the turtle-dove;
Then who would turn that ſong to ſounds of woe?
Bright are the ſkies, and calm the ſcene
Where HYMEN holds his halcyon reign;
Then who would bid the howling tempeſt blow?
What but a Ruffian would the ſpot invade,
To daſh the beam of bliſs with helliſh ſhade?

Doubtleſs, ADULTERY's a fat hot-bed;
But what's the produce?--Heavens! a wanton weed.
No buds of promiſe ope their bloom,
And load the zephyr with perfume!

O SYREN of the CYPRIAN ISLE,
CRIM. CON. who by a touch and ſmile

Dar'ſt lure a lady from a ſpouſe's arms;
Make her deſert her babes, her kin,
To liſten to the voice of Sin,
That praiſeth of Variety the charms;
Thy lawleſs reign at length is o'er,
And rams-horns frighten Man no more.

Yes! there's an end of all thy wooing,
Thy dove-like billing, fluttering, cooing:
At THEE, thy vile companions, ev'ry Rake
Shall ſtart with horror, curſe thy name,
Fly from thy ſong of death with ſhame,
Avoid thee like the faſcinating ſnake
That wily won the world's firſt Madam,
And put that fatal trick on ADAM.

Tell me, where are thy rams-horns now,
To clap upon a Huſband's brow?
AUCKLAND has broken them to pieces:
And THOU ſhalt ſoon be put to death;
Unpitied, yield thy forfeit breath,
Except by wicked, wanton MISSES,

And

And wanton youths of our wild Nation,
Of *prudence* leſs poſſeſs'd than *paſſion.*

By rams-horns JERICHO fell down.
A very notable old town;
Yes, rams-horns laid the lovely City low:
Thus rams-horns alſo to the earth
Bring down the men of lofty birth,
And force them with humility to bow.
Look at Lord * * * whom high birth adorns,
How pitiful he ſquints amidſt his horns!

AUCKLAND, whoſe WIFE is charming and well-bred,
AUCKLAND, ah! rather in the *vale* of years,
Thinks Gentlemen ſhould have the proper *fears*,
And try to ward the antlers from the head.

Rare caution! how unlike ſome folk,
Of preſent and paſt times the joke;
Who, till the ſteed was ſtol'n, forbore,
What fools! to ſhut the ſtable door!

Yes, AUCKLAND has his wife and daughters too;
And as our ſex will never ceaſe to woo,

Their charms may fire ſome *tinder*-hearted Man!
A ſigh, a tear, a gentle ſqueeze,
A bed, a grot, a clump of trees,
Have favour'd many a Lover's artful plan.
What tho' LUCRETIAS? In a fatal hour,
The fam'd LUCRETIA fell by TARQUIN's pow'r.

AUCKLAND will give a deathful blow
To ſome ſad purlieus of SOHO:
No longer there ſhall lofty beds of down
Expect the muffled married DAME,
And bluſhleſs youth of lawleſs flame,
Secure from huſbands and the prying town.

There are, for wedded prey, who prowl,
And joy to hear the tempeſt howl;
O'er MATRIMONY's ſmile to caſt a cloud,
And put the modeſt LADY in her ſhroud!—
Such ſhall the MUSE to infamy conſign,
And cruſh with all the thunders of her line.

Bluſhing, I own, I've been in love with PLEASURE,
Look'd on the NYMPH's acquaintance as a treaſure;

Never

Never purſued her once with ſcoff and *hiſſes*;
But caught the little HUSSEY in my arms;
Ran o'er the pretty garden of her charms,
And pluck'd the cherries of her lips—call'd KISSES.

I never caſt off PLEASURE from me—no;
But hugg'd her, when I met with her—and *ſo*:
For lo! a piece of velvet was *my* ſoul!
Black velvet, mind! which when the GOD of Day
Doth viſit with his all enlivening ray,
Enjoys the radiance, and *devours* the *whole*.

Velvet, unlike the marble rock indeed,
Devoid of gratitude and grace;
Who, when the SUN would warm and gild his head,
Flings back the bleſſing in his face.

Yes! I was once a ſinner, I confeſs;
But now my morals wear a *ſober* dreſs.
Sorry am I for our good *Princes*,
(Indeed my tender conſcience *winces*)
To think they try to ſave CRIM. CON. the Jade!
The Biſhops in a goodly row,
All wiſh to give a fatal blow:
Such good examples *ſomewhat* might have ſway'd!

Rare ORACLES! ſo juſt, ſo ſweet, ſo wiſe,
So deep in all the ſecrets of the SKIES;
So prone to teach, aſſiſt, inſpire, and bleſs one,
From which HUMILITY might take a leſſon!

Sons of thoſe holy men of yore—
As *pious* but not *quite ſo poor*;
Since FORTUNE to the world's ſurpriſe,
On MERIT learns to *ope her eyes*.
Now, when a Biſhop* for a favour ſues,
Not, not in vain the plaintive TURTLE coos.

Ye GODS! how wicked are the times!
Ev'n *I* cry "Shame," the MAN of Rhymes!
And POETS are not overſtock'd with bluſhes.—
See! lovely MODESTY is gone
From BRITAIN, where ſhe fix'd her throne,
And IMPUDENCE to fill her ſtation ruſhes!

* The preſent BISHOP of LONDON (Dr. PORTEUS), I muſt indeed adduce as an exception. Wiſhing to turn his back on his R-y-l PATRONESS, on a vacancy in the SEE of Durham, he ſtrained every nerve to obtain the precious prize, worth nearly twenty thouſand pounds a year; the BISHOPRICK of LONDON, worth only *poor four thouſands* per annum, *ſcarcely ſufficient* to ſupply the *extenſive circle* of his charities! Good Man! he was diſappointed; not only diſappointed too; his prayer was conſidered as a piece of meanneſs and ingratitude.—If this be not a fact, I beg his LORDSHIP's pardon.

How

How loose our LADIES in attire,
To set our peeping Youth on fire!
A hundred instances I soon could pick ye!
Without a cap we view the Fair,
The bosom heaving, heaving bare;
The *hips* asham'd, *forsooth*, to wear a dicky: *—

Quite antique statues—such the dress,
It nothing leaves for FANCY's guess!

Look at our GRANNUMS, good old souls,
With caps and pinners, well mobb'd polls;
With warming dickies, high stiff stays,
To guard the neck from grasp and gaze.
How diff'rent from our modern FAIR,
Whose ev'ry beauty *takes the air!*

Alas! they heed no frost or snow,
Nor winds around that chilling blow,
And swing their muslin gossimer about:
Showing what MODESTY should veil;
Things very proper to conceal,
For legs and knees, and *so*, should ne'er *peep out*.

* A term used in the *polite* circles for a flannel petticoat.

KING DAVID ſet a very bad example—
KING HARRY, too a very ſhocking ſample
Of Wedlock's conſtant, chaſte, and lovely ſtate:
And many other Kings beſides, indeed,
Too prone on wild variety to feed,
Have broken MATRIMONY's tender pate:

Nay, many PRINCES *ev'ry day*
Do ſomething in this wicked way,
But not ſo *did* a King of France,
Whoſe ſtory ſeemeth quite romance.

A KING OF FRANCE AND THE FAIR LADY

AT BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

A TRUE STORY.

A KING of FRANCE upon a day,
With a fair LADY of his Court,
Was pleas'd at Battledore to play,
A very faſhionable ſport.

Into

Into the *bosom* of this fair COURT DAME,
Whose whiteness did the snow's pure whiteness shame,
KING LOUIS by an odd mischance did knock,
The SHUTTLECOCK,
Thrice happy rogue, upon the down of Doves,
To nestle with the pretty little LOVES!

"Now, SIRE, pray take it out"—quoth SHE
With an arch smile.—But what did he?
What? what to charming MODESTY belongs!
Obedient to her soft command,
He rais'd it—but not with his *hand!*
No marv'ling Reader, but the *chimney tongs.*

What a chaste thought in this good King!
How clever!
When shall we hear agen of such a thing?
Lord! never.

Now were *our* PRINCES to be pray'd
To such an act by some fair MAID,
I'll bet my life *not one* would mind it:
But *handy*, without more ado,
The YOUTHS would search the bosom *thro'*,
Although it took *a day* to find it!

ODE II.

NOW hear a Son of SATAN; how he ſings!
" CHLOE, thou art the ſweeteſt of ſweet things:
" I hate dull conſtancy—'tis ſuch a *bore:*
" It ruins LOVE—'tis ſuch a piece of lumber;
" Kind VENUS, let it not my back encumber.
" Come, CHLOE, come—thy beauties I adore:

" Come to the fields—thy huſband's gone to town—
" O come, and let me give thee a *green gown.*

" LOVE is a Butterfly that ſkims about
" From hill to vale, and ſtops at ev'ry flow'r;
" Sucks all the honey with its little ſnout,
" So pleas'd the rich ambroſia to devour:
" Then on wild wing, away it flies again,
" The SULTAN of the variegated plain.

" CHLOE, we'll imitate the ways of FRANCE;
" For CONSTANCY's a very dull romance—

" Fit

" Fit only for a poor old grunting DAME;
" And blind old DARBY, full of ail and groan,
" Forc'd to be led about by limping JOAN,
" Of girls the fitter, and of boys the game.

" But LOVE, my dear, is neither lame nor blind;
" All energy—his life, eternal ſpring;
" Roams the wide world as wanton as the wind,
" And ſcorns the fetters that would bind his *wing:*
" Then, CHLOE, learn to prize the varied kiſs,
" And prove of ſweet INCONSTANCY the bliſs."

Such was the ſong of thouſands—ſuch the ſong
Of one King LOUIS—of his Lady tir'd;
Who dragg'd with pain the marriage clog along,
And lo, a Lady of his Court deſir'd.

Yes, yes, His Majeſty, much, much to blame,
Had a colt's tooth, and lov'd another DAME.

His MINISTER (a *Biſhop*, I preſume)
Inform'd him of the danger of his ſoul,
And pointed ſtrongly to the day of doom,
And heav'n-ward his two eyes began to roll—

Much as to ſay, "O KING, if this way giv'n,
Your MAJESTY will never get to Heav'n."

"Stick to your virtuous Queen," the Biſhop *ſigh'd*:
"Go to the Devil," the King in ſecret cry'd.

The King, not reliſhing the Prieſt's inſtructions,
His heaps of quoted Scripture—ſage deductions,
Order'd him *partridge* conſtantly for dinner:
No diſh beſide—'twas partridge ev'ry day.
From this at length the Biſhop turn'd away,
Grew ſick, and groan'd like a repentant ſinner.

Many wry mouths he made—"*Toujours perdrix!*"
Partridge and Prieſt in ſhort could not agree:
He now felt *conſtancy* a *mawkiſh thing*.
A proſelyte with long long face he came.
Deſir'd to know the pretty Lady's name,
Turn'd pimp himſelf, and brought her to the King.

Die but CRIM. CON.—the region ſmiles,
And glory crowns the QUEEN of ISLES!

OLD-

OLD-AGE ſhall ſoon be hobbling ſeen
With blooming virgins of eighteen,
Panting, and coughing up an amourous ſigh:
Yes, wheezing, wrinkled AGE ſhall woo,
And paw and drivel, kiſs and coo,
And ſhake his crutches, and in triumph cry:

" Horns, I defy you—horns no more I *dread*;
" Fearleſs I wake, and fearleſs go to bed.
" In Wedlock's cage my nightingale ſhall ſing,
" And lull my ſenſes with a charming note:
" I dare that damned rakehell a RED COAT
" To pull a ſingle feather from its wing."

But then the batter'd RAKE will boaſt—
" Tho' paſt my prime, my vigour loſt,
" And full of holes my aching bones;
" Tho' gone my teeth, my cheeks all pale,
" And foul my breath that taints the gale,
" And NIGHT a witneſs of my groans;

" A virgin of a thouſand charms
" Shall bring her beauty to my arms;

" While

" While happy (from diſhonour ſafe)
" My head at *rams* and *bulls* ſhall laugh."

What modeſty the Man inſpires!
How ſweet the ſcheme the knave propoſes!
What juſtice too in his deſires!
A carrion on a bed of roſes!

" I will aſcend," (exclaims *another* RAKE)
" Yes, I will mount the higheſt places;
" The beds of virgin innocence ſhall ſhake;
" I'll kiſs the Daughters of the GRACES

" Thus will I ſpread (a king of bliſſes)
" Mine empire o'er the world of kiſſes.

" Wild as the roe my feet ſhall bound;
" I'll graze in ev'ry neighbour's ground;
" In vain my injur'd ſpouſe ſhall wake and weep:
" Well hamper'd by Lord AUCKLAND's chain,
" She dares not of her wrongs complain;
" Her ſighs muſt whiſper, and her anger ſleep."

How manners change!—The times of old,
When wives were lent and bought and ſold,
Muſt make a modern huſband ſmile!
CATO was often known to ſend
To this, and that, and t'other friend,
To lend his wife a little while.

If gone from Rome for air or water,
What then? why lend a pretty daughter.

What happen'd?—One of them was ſent to CATO,
With as much cordiality and eaſe,
As though the SAGE had begg'd for a potatoe,
A pot of muſtard, or a ſlice of cheeſe!

The *Grecian* SAGES alſo, (monſtrous ſtrange!)
All GENTLEMEN of moral lives,
Met juſt like horſe-dealers or Jews on 'Change,
To buy, and ſwop, and borrow wives.

Now from digreſſion to return,—
CRIM. CON. muſt die, and thouſands mourn.

No more ſhall wanton PRINCES now
Attempt to milk a ſubject's cow:

No

No more * JOHN T——DS ſhall attack a Ducheſs;
Who, chaſte as DIAN, ſcream'd for help,
And, ſtruggling with the wicked whelp,
Eſcap'd all ſpotleſs from his ſavage clutches.

No charming MISTRESS HODGES ſhall appear,
Nor MISTER HODGES aid his *tender* DEAR
To plant the horn upon his *willing* ſkull:
Lady CADOGANS, with inviting charms,
Lure no more pamper'd Parſons to her arms,
Help'd by that *pretty pimp*, MISS FARLEY BULL.

Lady WESTMEATHS no more ſhall riſe,
Victims of faſcinating eyes,
To fill the trump of ſcandal, and inſpire
Old Prudiſh Maids with jealous fits,
Drive virtuous wives out of their wits,
And ſet our envying, envying Youth on fire.

No BETTY LEEKES, to talk of a *loose* dreſs,
When BRADSHAW came to woo the noble Dame;
No *powder'd*, *towzled* couch their hours to bleſs,
No Coachmen to proclaim their acts of ſhame:

* The AUTHOR is miſtaken here. Her Grace was, at the time of his Lordſhip's amorous attack, in her weeds.—*The Editor.*

And laſt of all, no catering MISTER HOGG, *
To ſuit ſalacious taſtes with prurient prog,

No more ſhall HAWKERS gallop on,
Roaring away, "CRIM. CON. CRIM. CON."
While ABIGAILS from houſes, with a caper,
Ruſh, giggling, forth to buy the paper:
To ſhow their Ladies, happy, none will doubt it,
To wink and ſneer, and prattle *all about it.*

No more a COUNSEL'S bluſh ſhall ſpring,
Nor *loftier* B—R with ſweet grace
Hide in his handkerchief his face,
When evidence has been *too near* the thing.

COUNSEL will not be forc'd to ſay,
When did they kiſs?—in gariſh day,
Or by the candle's conſcious trembling light?
Were they in bed beneath the ſheet,
Snug in embrace—both *tête-à-tête?*
And what were *things* that might appear in ſight?
Such ſhall no more be heard in Court,
Making for idle ears a ſport.

* The Bookseller.

Too

Too often wives who loſe at play,
With *honour* debts of honour pay;
And ſlily to ſome Cyprian Fane repair—
Invoke of Love the ſaucy POW'R,
To CUPID ſacrifice an hour,
And lo! return with ſo much eaſe and air,
As though it were a millinery trip!
So out of breath in queſt of MISTRESS SNIP!

All in the houſe of Wedlock ſhall be quiet;
No ſighs to ſoften, and no pulſe to riot;
And CHASTITY, in danger now no more,
Shall ſleep without a *lock* upon her door.

" 'Tis a bad wind that blows no good,"—
A proverb older than the flood.
Cries pert MISS FORNICATION, with a wink,
" Aye, kill my SISTER—*do*—and ſoon
" I'll play young Ladies *ſuch* a *tune*;
" Aye, ſpinſter reputation *ſoon* ſhall ſink:

" I'll deal in billets-doux and ſighs;
" I'll open necks, and ſharpen eyes;

" I'll

" I'll make their gowns and petticoats of gauzes;
" I'll do the buſineſs of the maids;
" I'll make more routs and maſquerades;
" I'll ſharpen MISTER SATAN's claws.

" I'll order it with nymph and ſwain,
" That cheeks ſhall never *bluſh* again.

" I'll build to METHODISM more chapels,
" Where lad with laſs ſo ſweetly grapples
" Soon as the tell-tale candles are put out:
" Yes, yes, the *love feaſts* ſhall increaſe,
" And MODESTY, that mincing *piece*,
Shall ſay, " Good bye t'ye," to the groaning ROUT.

" I'll aid HYPOCRISY's dark cauſe,
" And for a *Parſon* chooſe a H——s; *
" I'll ope new turnpikes to ſalvation,
" Or I'm not chriſten'd FORNICATION."

Thus wildly ſhe exclaims! and, by the LORD,
I think the HUSSEY means to *keep her word!*

* While ALNWINKLE exiſts, the *conſcientious* act of this HUNTINGTONIAN APOSTLE will be remembered.

Thus

Thus have I pour'd a pair of ODES,
Which *ſome* may deem the ſongs of *Gods*;
But hark! a ſecond ſolemn voice I hear—
A ſecond awful voice, that cries,
" Bard, Bard, thine oracles are lies;
" CRIM. CON. has nought from AUCKLAND's rage to fear.
" *That* LORD from morn to night, and night to morn,
" Shall trembling view the viſionary *horn*."

ADVICE

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN;

OR,

The Rose and Strawberry,

A FABLE.

YOUNG WOMEN!—don't be fond of *killing*.
Too well I know your hearts unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm—
Too pleas'd a ſparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the ſoul
Of ev'ry Swain with LOVE's alarm.

Yet, yet, if PRUDENCE be not near,
Its *snow* may melt into a *tear*.

The dimpled ſmile, and pouting lip,
Where little CUPIDS nectar ſip,
Are very pretty lures, I own:
But ah! if PRUDENCE be not nigh,
Thoſe lips where all the CUPIDS lie,
May give a paſſage to a *groan*.

A Rose in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,
Her form to public notice pushing,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a Strawberry below,
Beneath a leaf, in secret blushing.

"Miss Strawberry," exclaim'd the Rose,
"What's beauty that no mortal knows?
"What is a charm, if never seen?
"You really are a pretty creature:
"Then wherefore hide each blooming feature?
"Come up, and shew your modest mien."

"Miss Rose," the Strawberry replied,
"I never did possess a pride
"That wish'd to *dash* the public eye:
"Indeed I own that I'm *afraid*—
"I think there's safety in the *shade*;
"Ambition causes many a sigh."

"Go, simple child," the Rose rejoin'd,
"See how *I* wanton in the wind:

"I feel

" I feel no danger's dread alarms:
" And then obſerve the God of Day,
" How amorous with his golden ray,
" To pay his viſits to my charms!"

No ſooner ſaid, but with a ſcream
She ſtarted from her fav'rite theme—
A clown had on her fix'd his *pat*.
In vain ſhe ſcreech'd—Hob did but ſmile;
Rubb'd with her leaves his noſe awhile,
Then bluntly ſtuck her in his hat.

ODE TO HYMEN.

O TELL me, Hymen, how it comes to paſs,
That folks live not in uniſon, alas!
That all thy votaries are not always bleſt?
Thy pretty *fane* is enter'd all ſo billing,
So am'rous, ſo obliging, ſmiling, willing;
When lo! Love's paſſion ſinks at once to reſt!

An ignorant poor bachelor am I,
And ſtupid, knowing not the reaſon why!

Love ſeems at firſt within the *torrid* zone,
Now to the *temperate*, lo, his courſe he bends;
Now to the *frigid* limpeth with a groan,
And now the ſweeteſt of all paſſions *ends!*

Look to the ſimple ſtate, the ſtate of clowns,
Born in a hut, and ſeldom from their downs!

Thus Lubin, in a Glo'ſter hamlet bred,
Soon as the honey-moon began to ſhine;
" Now, Deary," (I ſuppoſe the pair in bed)
" Now put thy pretty little *totes** to mine."

But when, ah me! the honey-moon was over,
Adieu the *Lover!*

And what the ſoul of delicacy ſhocks,
Inſtead of " Put thy pretty *totes* to mine,"
He turn'd his back and grunted like a ſwine,
" Why doſt not heave away thy d-mn'd greeat *hocks?*"

* An abbreviation, I preſume, of pettitoes, frequently uſed in Glocesterſhire.

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

THE PASSIONS are all prone to ſad diſorders,
Whoſe OBJECTS never ſhould approach their *borders!*
" O lead us not into temptation,"
Is a choice pray'r, and which I much admire—
So *many things* are dangerous to DESIRE,
So ripe for ſoul-aſſaſſination!

YOUNG WOMEN, *par exemple*, O how ſweet
How faſcinating each wild ſenſe they greet!
How much we long to ſmell to the fair flow'r!
How long the bluſhing peach to pluck it,
And ſuck it—
To uſe an *epicuriſh* phraſe, *devour!*

Now ſuch deſires are very dangerous things—
It does not ſignify to talk about it:
Yet seemed SOLOMON, firſt of wiſe Kings,
And *eke* his father DAVID, *much* to *doubt it*.

For wherefoe'er they meet a pretty LASS,
Snap was the word—they could not let her pafs.

How many a time I thought it not a fin
To prefs the virgin's cheek and dimpled chin,
And prefs her pouting lip, that dew-clad cherry;
And peep upon her neck of Alpine fnow,
And preffing, panting, to her bofom grow,
Rich banquet—*very*—I repeat it—*very!*

But lo! I ftand reform'd, thank Heav'n,
So much of grace to me is giv'n!—

O YOUTHS! whene'er the wifhes warm of nature,
Tumultuous rife—deftroy their dangerous dance;
The curb of REASON to your aid advance,
And fouf e them with her buckets of cold water.

No harm is in the PASSIONS, to be fure;
But then they muft not gallop wild to door:—
Clofe keep them, juft like hounds that long for hare;
Or muzzle them, indeed, like ferrets;
And thus fuppref s their wanton fpirits,
That lawlef s wifh to be as free as air.

Well

Well I remember, (but the times are paſt,
Thank Heav'n, this wickedneſs can't always laſt)
When if a petticoat but caught my eye—
A petticoat ſurrounding ſome fair maid,
Lord bleſs us! how my heart's briſk fountain play'd!
GRACE was abjur'd, and PRUDENCE forc'd to fly:
The PASSIONS ſudden wak'd to watch her,
And, hound-like, ſcamper'd in full cry to catch her.

The PASSIONS, as I've ſaid are far from *evil*;
But if not well confin'd, they play the devil.

Learn from *that* CANDLE—mark its *govern'd* flame,
How in its luſtre, gentle, ſteady, tame,
So mild, ſuch trembling modeſty, ſo quiet!—
But let him touch your curtains, or your bed,
Who on ſuch ſtuff delighteth to be fed,
Lo, in a brace of minutes, what a riot!
He pulls, (for nought th' unbridled ROGUE reveres)
Like SAMPSON, an old houſe about his ears!

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE READER.

IN my laſt Publication, called NIL ADMIRARI, or a SMILE at a BISHOP, I moſt *ingenuouſly*, and with a pretty portion of the *ars critica*, appreciated the merits of my own Work, with a view of aſſiſting ſome monthly ARISTARTCHUSES in their literary diſcuſſions, and of fixing the muzzle of reſtraint upon the mouth of CALUMNY: but *quod petimus eſt nuſquam!* I had reckoned without my hoſt. Indeed, I was deceived—the *Poet* was damned, and the *Man* overwhelmed with ſlander. Little MISTER MATHIAS, the ſon of a Cobbler (ſays Fame), nevertheleſs a rhyme-monger and critic, united in hoſtility againſt me, with little ſquinting MASTER ÆSOP GIFFORD, alſo a rhyme-monger and critic, although ſome years ago actually a *Cobbler* in the little town of Aſhburton, in the county of Devon. In interrupting my narrative for a minute or two, let me obſerve, that this MASTER ÆSOP GIFFORD has performed in ſeveral characters ſince his *elevation* from his STALL at Aſhburton, having been created a PETRONIUS, the ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM to the *honorable* Houſe of G———R; in which *laudable* ſituation he acquitted himſelf with ſo much *dexterity* and ſatisfaction to his *moſt noble* and *conſtant* and briſk EMPLOYER, as well as *great reputation* to himſelf, that he was appointed BEAR-LEADER to his LORDSHIP'S *hopeful* Son, to conduct him through the refined dominions of Italy, and to point out to him the beauties of Painting and Sculpture, the knowledge of which little ÆSOP had acquired

quired partly by *inſpiration*, and partly from the most excellent engravings in wood at the heads of ballads, which ſurrounded and adorned the inſide of his humble manſion, that is to ſay, his ſtall; eſpecially a portrait of ST. CRISPIN at work, forming a beautiful frontiſpiece to a ballad, whoſe well-known *exordium* floweth poetically *thus*:

> "*A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,*
> "*Which serv'd him for parlour, and kitchen, and all,*" &c.

And which portraiture of ST. CRISPIN being repreſented with a crook back and ſquinting eyes, was often ſuppoſed by the apprentice girls and ſtable boys of the town, who were accuſtomed to lean on his bulk to hear his poetry and jokes, I ſay, this homely portraiture of the tutelar Saint of Cobblers, was ſuppoſed, by thoſe his companions, to be a likeneſs of HIMSELF; which idea he cunningly encouraged, having not only an itch *between his fingers*, but a brother itch in his *mind* to *cut a figure* in *print*. To proceed—The aforeſaid Gentlemen, fearful of their own abilities (for *modeſty* is of a timid diſpoſition) united themſelves with a young Gentleman, *cleped* MASTER CANNING, who, being a *forward* lad at ſchool, a *præcox ingenium*, compoſing in the ſhorteſt time the moſt copious parcels of Latin nonſenſe, hexameters and pentameters, (a common exerciſe for the advancement of ſenſe), was noticed and elected by ADMINISTRATION to high poſts, from an idea that a forward ſchool-boy would make a profound politician. Still to ſtrengthen the phalanx, the aforeſaid three young Gentlemen made a further union with a young Gentleman who received the *beſt* part of his education at that long-eſtabliſhed ſeminary celebrated for *turning out* as well as *turning off* genius of every deſcription, called NEWGATE. *Further ſtill* to augment their force, the aforeſaid four young Gentlemen united with a fifth, the *élève* of little ÆSOP, *viz* LORD POLUFLOSBOIO, whose

whose broadside of Greek once thundered with such an happy effect on the great Assembly of the Nation.

This formidable *Association*, with the motto of *Vis unita fortior* on their banners, having completed a battery called the ANTI-JACOBIN MAGAZINE and REVIEW, for the purpose of confounding the enemies of their country, supporting the cause of literature, and getting into lucrative employments, opened their fire on my poor Pamphlet, with a view to its utter annihilation.—To relinquish the metaphor, these men, wilfully and maliciously disregarding my fair and candid criticisms, have convinced me that all my attempts to produce a decent effect on them is labour thrown away; in short, that I have exhibited my imbecillity in trying to wash the blackamoor white. Violent has been the torrent issuing on me from those water-spouts of abuse!—Not only my *poetical*, but my *moral* character, which I thought a fine haunch of venison, has been converted into dog's meat under their paws. In all the calmness of reflection, when prejudice was asleep, I said to myself, What have I done to these fellows, that they should so sluice me with the muddy and stinking torrent of abuse?—I have, I confess, ventured to speak my thoughts of that rhyming humbug the Pursuits of Rancour, *alias Literature*,—the united composition of the aforesaid *Gentlemen* and LORD ——; and behold, I was to fall a martyr to my impartial decision. I *may* have said that the Authors of that boisterous unmeaning silly production, called the PURSUITS of LITERATURE, in which so many lines and half-lines are stolen, and such a *farrigo* of impertinent quotation introduced—I say, I *may* have called them the RAGMEN of PARNASSUS, the OLD CLOTHESMEN to the MUSES, *literary* PINCUSHIONS, composed of scraps and bran. I must confess that I have at times smiled at the unmeaning noisy lines of two wretched things called *Baviad* and *Mæviad*; and smiled more-

moreover at the ſelf-conſequence of their AUTHOR.—I *may* have ſaid that if MISTER ÆSOP GIFFORD, inſtead of BAVIADS and MÆVIADS, had only compoſed COBLERIADS, he would have been more at *home* on the ſubject; and really, no young man was *keener* in his profeſſion than little ÆSOP with his paring-knife in his hand—In ſhort; he was the *cobbling* WONDER of ASHBURTON and its vicinity, as no one of his profeſſion, like him,

(So ſhining was his genius) knew
The conſtitution of a ſhoe;
To put a heel tap (we'll ſuppoſe)
Or mend a ſole, or add a noſe!
And as for an old boot, in truth,
He gave it the black bloom of youth
Eke comely ears to an old pattin,
Till ſome vile demon cry'd—" Learn Latin."

I believe that I *may* have aſſerted that there is ſo much flatulence in thoſe compoſitions, that his MUSE previously to her beginning her ſong, muſt have made a hearty dinner upon boiled peas, a vegetable poſſeſſing much flatulent energy.—I *may* have aſſerted that STEPHEN DUCK the Threſher was a much ſuperior Poet to GIFFORD the Cobbler; as honeſt STEPHEN wrote common ſense and from the *heart*, and GIFFORD from a confuſed muddy brain, without feeling, and in general without the power of exhibiting a meaning.—I *may* have aſſerted as much, and more than that: I do aſſert it now, that the Thresher is a better writer than the Cobbler.—I *may* have ſaid, that when a man receiveth ſubſcription-money for a work, and without any intention to produce that work, he is a literary ſwindler, and deſerveth a rope.—I *may* have aſſerted that the dirtieſt of all occupations is a Pimp, I *may* have ſaid that the wretch who can write lampoons on the patrons who took him from the dung-hill, and placed him in a ſituation of reſpectability, is a ſcoundrel.

duel.—I *may* have ſaid that a fellow with the form of the letter Z, who publickly attacks an unfortunate woman for a diſorder of which the DIVINE BEING is the ſole author, is little leſs than a demon and a fool.—And finally, I *may* have declared that the wretch who, after the moſt important favours conferred on him by a friend, can, by the moſt infernal machinations, meditate the ruin of that friend, to pave the way for his own ambitious conſequence, is a villain.—But what is all this to ÆSOP?—Theſe reflections might have been *general*; but unfortunately for *me*, they have been conſidered as *particular*, ſo that *certain folk* have poſitively ſworn, in the language of an old ballad, "That was levell'd at me." I *may* have pronounced Mr. CANNING a feeble character (and I appeal to his ſpeeches for my juſtification)—I *may* have ſuggeſted that the puerile Letter ſent to *Bonaparte* could only be the work of MASTER CANNING; and that PITT and DUNDAS could not have been the authors of that weak performance but under the brain-deſtroying influence of the JOLLY GOD. For this then have I been perſecuted, grievouſly *perſecuted* in *proſe*; and I expect the ſame perſecution in *rhyme*, if not *poetry*. But, O aſtoniſhed Reader, not only theſe are my foes; but the *Squad* belonging to another *thing*, chriſtened the BRITISH CRITIC, (it ſhould have been named Britiſh *Hypocrite*, Religion being made a ſtalking-horſe for the purpoſes of Mammon) this *Squad* has ſpit its collected venom in my face—and for what? Have I been known to attack poor PARSON NARES's ſtill-born pious proſe lucubrations, or BELOE's rhymes?—I ſcorn to inſult the *dead*: Have I ever ſpoken diſreſpectfully of the critical ſagacity of MESSIEURS RIVINGTONS (two Bookſellers of Paul's Church-Yard) and their *reviewing* LADIES? I ſcorn to trample on paralytics.—Have I ever attacked the *military character* of Mr. FRANCIS RIVINGTON, whoſe ſword is as ſharp as his pen, and who is ready to ſtorm the

the loftieſt dunghill of the metropolis with as much intrepidity as was displayed by the commanding General at the battle of *Jemap!*—I have ſeen him on the plains of BRIDEWELL in his accoutrements, *out-Alexandering* ALEXANDER—I have ſeen him bayonet a pickpocket at a fire.—I have witneſſed his undaunted appearance, and maintain that he will be as formidable to his foes in the *field* as he is terrible to a poor petitioning, complaining, emaciated author in his *ſhop*, or to thoſe drudges the ſcavengers of his Review. Let juſtice be done—*fiat* JUSTITIA, *ruat cœlum.*—To uſe another claſſical quotation, *Amicus* PLATO, *amicus* SOCRATES, *ſed magis amica* VERITAS.—TRUTH and CANDOUR are the DEITIES at whoſe ſhrine I ſacrifice; or may I reſemble

A poor mean, ſneaking, literary ſhrimp!
Lie like M————s, and like G————*p*————!

To conclude—I ſhall forbear a long and elaborate criticiſm on the various and numerous beauties of my preſent production, contenting myſelf with *modeſtly* saying that my pair of Prophetic Odes is not a little in the Hebrew ſtyle, and which, without bluſhing, might admit of a compariſon with ſome Hebrew compoſitions of Lyric celebrity. Nay, I know ſome Readers that will aſſert perhaps of each of my Odes, that *decies repetita placebit*—others *centies*, and ſome *millies*, *peradventure*. To confeſs a truth, I am ſomewhat like my *great* COUSIN of THEBES in *one* reſpect, an *egotiſt*—indeed, I am told of it; but then, I am far from detracting, like him, from my contemporary rivals. I perſecute not with *calumny*; on the contrary, I return good for evil—MESSIEURS MATHIAS, and GIFFORD, and CANNING, and the GENTLEMAN of NEWGATE, and my Lord POLUFLOSBOIO, have received my *pity!* Their Purſuits, and their Ghoſts and their Baviads and Mæviads, and their ſpeeches, and their monthly criticiſm, ſhall never be cruelly dragged by *me* from the Lake of Oblivion,

Oblivion, to make a ſecond feaſt for the table of RIDICULE.—May they ſleep *in ſæcula ſæculorum* beneath the placid EXPANSE!

NIL

NIL ADMIRARI;

OR,

A SMILE AT A BISHOP:

OCCASIONED BY AN

HYPERBOLICAL EULOGY ON MISS HANNAH MORE,

By Dr. Porteus, in his late Charge to the Clergy.

———*Est modus in rebus.*——Hor.
There is reason in roasting eggs.

Lo, *Novelty* shall lead the World astray,
And cast e'en Bishops wide of Wisdom's bias;
A Mouse has prov'd the Lion of the Day;
Witness that miserable Imp M—th—s.

ALSO

EXPOSTULATION;

OR,

AN ADDRESS TO MISS HANNAH MORE.

Miss Hannah has no eagle wing to flee,
Whom thus thine adulation would *befool*:
Alas! a poor *Ephemeron* is She;
A *humming* Native of a Bristol Pool.

LIKEWISE,

Duplicity, or *The Bishop*; and *Simplicity*, or *The Curate*:

A PAIR OF TALES.

MOREOVER,

AN ODE

TO THE BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

AND, FINALLY,

AN ODE TO SOME ROBIN RED-BREASTS IN A COUNTRY CATHEDRAL.

TO

DR. B. PORTEUS,

LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

MY GOOD LORD!

AS your Lordſhip, in your late Charge to the Clergy, has almoſt exhauſted panegyric to compliment MISS HANNAH MORE on talents that are preſumed to have *worked wonders* in the cauſe of Religion and *high-toned* Morality, to uſe your Lordſhip's *fiddling* figure, I have taken the liberty of addreſſing a Poem to your Lordſhip on the ſubject of your moſt extraordinary eulogium. Your Lordſhip's *innumerable* virtues producing ſuch an enthuſiaſm of love and veneration, *particularly from the poor unbeneficed Members of the Church*, the conſtant objects of your Lordſhip's condeſcending and kind attentions, is univerſally *allowed*; but in regard to your Lordſhip's claim to Genius, Taſte, and the Chair of Ariſtarchus, I fear it will be as univerſally denied. But *non omnia poſſumus omnes*. A Biſhop may be an abſtemious, or a devouring Biſhop; a generous, or an avaricious Biſhop; a decent, or an *in*decent Biſhop; a believing, or an *un*believing Biſhop; a ſober, or a boozing Biſhop; a lazy, or a fox-hunting Biſhop (for I have ſeen all thoſe characters) :—he may, nevertheleſs, be no better than a *poor Curate* among the *Muſes*.

I am, MY LORD, &c. &c.

P. P.

THE

BISHOP OF LONDON's PANEGYRIC.

"MRS. HANNAH MORE, whoſe extraordinary and ver-
" ſatile talents can equally accommodate themſelves to the Cot-
" tage and the Palace, who, while ſhe is diffuſing among the low-
" er orders of people an infinity of little Religious Tracts, calcu-
" lated to reform and comfort in this world, and to ſave them in
" the next, is at the ſame time applying all the powers of a vi-
" gorous and highly-cultivated mind, to the inſtruction, im-
" provement, and delight of the moſt exalted of her own Sex.
" I allude more particularly to her laſt work on Female Educa-
" tion, which preſents to the Reader ſuch a fund of good ſenſe,
" of wholeſome counſel, of ſagacious obſervation, of a know-
" ledge of the world and of the female heart, of high-toned
" morality and genuine Chriſtian piety; and all this enlivened
" with ſuch brilliancy of wit, ſuch richneſs of imagery, ſuch
" variety and felicity of alluſion, ſuch neatneſs and elegance of
" diction, as are not, I conceive, eaſily to be found combined
" and blended together in any other work in the Engliſh lan-
" guage.

"Of her little tracts, no leſs than two millions were ſold in
" the firſt year! and they contributed, I am perſuaded, very es-
" ſentially to counteract the poiſon of thoſe impious and immo-
" ral pamphlets, which, as I have already ſtated, were dispers-
" ed over the kingdom in ſuch numbers by ſocieties of infidels
" and republicans."

NIL ADMIRARI.

THE ARGUMENT.

PETER prettily and poetically proclaimeth the pernicious effects of FLATTERY—he ſolemnly addreſſeth DOCTOR PORTEUS, as of the celebrated School of WARBURTON; loading the DOCTOR with appropriate and complimentary epithets.—Though PETER acknowledgeth the BISHOP's overmatch for the DEVIL and SIN, he denieth his powers over TASTE—ſhrewdly hinteth that a *wiſe* father may have a *foolish* ſon—proveth the BISHOP's want of critical *acumen* by his hyperbolical praiſes of Miſs HANNAH MORE, a rhyme-and-proſe Gentlewoman, born at BRISTOL—PETER having narrowly ſearched MISS HANNAH, and tried MISS HANNAH by his own Touchſtone, discovereth the metallic nature of MISS HANNAH's genius—PETER ſolemnly proteſteth that he cannot wade *twice* through MISS HANNAH's Works, deeming them, as Dr. Johnſon would have expreſſed himſelf, *pages of puerile vanity and intellectual imbecillity.*

SOFT is the voice of FLATT'RY! ſweet her ſong!
Ah, much too ſweet for man, vain man, I fear!
Her oil of fool, too fluent, glides along,
And winding, drops with *death*, into his ear.

O PORTEUS, of the WARBURTONIAN School,
Meek, modeſt, generous, diffident, and humble,
'Tis ſaid that *ſometimes* SAGES play the fool;
But when they ſtumble, with a *vengeance* ſtumble.

Though form'd to brighten all the human race,
  Rare flint and ſteel, illumining the dark!
Though, like an egg, ſo full of faith, and grace,
  Like thy great * PROTOTYPE of PRYOR *Park*;

Thou bravely furious for the fight, to tame
  OLD NICK, and eke his dirty MOTHER SIN,
With every ſort of weapon one can name,
  Ev'n from the thundering *cannon* to a *pin*;

Yet, PORTEUS, though a giant with thy blows,
  That SIN's and SATAN's hides with glory baſte,
A dwarf art thou, in fields of Verſe and Proſe—
  A very pigmy in the realms of TASTE.

What tho' thou rhyme haſt made, it does not follow,
  The CRITIC's laurel muſt thy temples ſhade;
A man may be deſcended from Apollo,
  And yet a *novice* in the critic trade.

Nay, man may ſcarce be equal to a *pun*;
  Yet ſprung from PHŒBUS, but without his art:
Leſs fit to guide the *chariot* of the SUN,
  Than that more humble vehicle, a *cart*.

* The late Biſhop Warburton, of lamb-like memory.

With ſighs I tell thee of MISS HANNAH MORE,
A MIGHTY GENIUS, in thy CHARGE diſplay'd!
Know, I have ſearch'd the DAMSEL o'er and o'er,
And only find MISS HANNAH, a *good* MAID.

Oft by my touchſtone have I try'd the LASS,
And ſee no ſhining mark of gold appear;
No, nor one beam of ſilver; ſome ſmall braſs,
And *lead* and glittering *mundic*, in thine ear.

A ſorry Critic, THOU, in proſe and metre,
Or thou hadſt judg'd her pow'rs a ſcanty rill;
Which, if thou wilt believe the word of PETER,
Crawls at the *bottom* of th' Aonian hill.

Twice can't I read *her* labours for my blood,
So *ſimply* mawkiſh, ſo *ſublimely* ſad!
I own MISS HANNAH's life is *very good*,
But then her verſe and proſe are *very bad*.

No MUSE e'er touch'd MISS HANNAH's lips with fire;
No fountain *hers* of bright imagination:
So little doth a *genuine* MUSE inſpire,
That GENIUS will not own her a *Relation*.

MISS HANNAH's graces dazzle not the view—
No bonfire ſhe—no SUN's meridian blaze:—
A *ruſh-light* 'midſt th' illuminating FEW;
A *farthing ruſh-light*, with its winking rays.

MISS HANNAH has no eagle-wing to flee,
Whom thus thine adulation can befool:
Alas! a poor *ephemeron* is SHE!
A *humming* NATIVE of a Briſtol pool.

ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT.

PETER ſorely complaineth of MISS HANNAH's cracked inſtrument —announceth Women ſuperior to MISS HANNAH.—MISS HANNAH laugheth in her ſleeve at the BISHOP's praiſe.—PETER thinketh that MOUNT PARNASSUS would have ſhed no tears, had MISS HANNAH never written—he blameth the BISHOP for making a *show* of MISS HANNAH.—PETER exhibiteth his candour, in condemning rather the flattery of the Biſhop, than MISS HANNAH's literary imbecillity.—PETER rippeth up the BLUE-STOCKING CLUB, for their fooliſh exhibition of MISS HANNAH—he acknowledgeth the power of NOVELTY, particularly with reſpect to a Pamphlet of one of the ſmaller Rats of the QUEEN's Cloſet, called MATHIAS—he giveth the *little* ANIMAL a good drubbing, —PETER hinteth at ſome of MISS HANNAH's *Clerical* Friends in the Reviews—ſenſibly animadverteth on the varniſh-eating power of Father TIME.

INDEED, MISS HANNAH has a *ſo-ſo* lyre;
So out of tune, it murders all the NINE:
She really playeth not with taſte or fire:
No, DOCTOR PORTEUS, no, thou GREAT DIVINE!

Know, PORTEUS, we have WOMEN of renown,
MISS HANNAH's equals, or my judgments fail:
Nay, numbers, I aver it! of whoſe gown
MISS HANNAH is not fit to hold the *tail*.

With ſmiles her eulogy MISS HANNAH hears;
Laughs in her ſleeve at all thy pompous praiſe:
In ſilence wrapp'd, perceives the aſs's ears,
And ſits complacent while her STENTOR brays.

Had WISDOM cruſh'd MISS HANNAH's forward quill—
Had SILENCE put a gag on HANNAH's tongue—
No crape had mourn'd upon the MUSES' hill,
Nor PHOEBUS blubber'd for the loſs of ſong.

Hadſt THOU not fondly dragg'd MISS HANNAH forth,
Plac'd her on high, and cried, "Behold a wonder!"
No ſoul had ſcrutiniz'd the Woman's worth;
Safe from the world *her weakneſs*, and *thy blunder*.

Thy praiſe of HANNAH is a pillar fair,
A lofty pillar, but ſupporting *what?*
Why, on its head, ſupporting high in air
A mole, a graſshopper, a mouſe, a rat.

Calm, but for thee, had HANNAH paſs'd along;
OBLIVION ready, with her ſhroud and ſpade,
To ſink her with a proſe and rhyming throng
In ſacred ſilence, and eternal ſhade.

But

But no! the BISHOP ſtops her on her way;
  Ah, wherefore?—GOD ALMIGHTY only knows!
To gibbet her amid the blaze of day,
  A piteous carcaſe for the critic crows.

People ſhould not run riot with applauſe;
  But ah! how many praiſe without pretence:
Bawl for a WORK with wide extended jaws;
  Of words a *deluge*, and a *drop* of ſenſe!

I cenſure not MISS HANNAH for ſad proſe—
  I cenſure not MISS HANNAH for ſad rhymes:
God ſees my heart! I only cenſure thoſe
  Whoſe flatteries damn the judgment of the TIMES.

The BAS-BLEU CLUB, grave GREYBEARDS, theſe old DAMES
  All-righteous, cramm'd to mouth with heav'nly manna,
Ambitious of a WIT among their names,
  Into their magic-lantern clapp'd MISS HANNAH:

Then bade the Biſhop look with wond'ring eyes—
  The Biſhop's wond'ring orbs enjoy'd the ſight—
"A Gianteſs of Genius!" PORTEUS cries,
  Forgetting *it* a *literary Mite.*

Yet

Yet NOVELTY ſhall lead the world aſtray,
And turn *ev'n Biſhops* off from WISDOM's *bias*;
A *Mouſe* ſhall ſtart the *Lion* of the day—
Witneſs that miſerable imp MATHIAS. *

Behold! this human *ſnake*, or human *toad*,
Sly, 'mid the windings of his murky hole,
Pour'd on the ſhrinking world his pois'nous load,
And on the ſighs of MERIT fed his ſoul.

But lo, of ſhort duration was his date!
Soon ſtopp'd the torrent of his wounding luſt:
JUSTICE ſtepp'd forth to give the FIEND his fate,
And cruſh'd him 'midſt the *Reptiles* of the duſt.

Though HANNAH's proſe preſent us nothing new—
Though HANNAH's verſe be lame, inſipid ſtuff;
Some *ſable* CRITIC, in ſome *kind* Review,
Shall give the little paper-kite a *puff*.

* This poor little WRETCH, whoſe pamphlet, *miſnomered* PURSUITS of LITERATURE, but whoſe true appellation ſhould have been PURSUITS of RANCOUR, dared not acknowledge *his own work*.—The enormity of its falſehood and impudence was quite a novelty, and, in ſpite of its contemptible imbecillity, gained the attention of the PUBLIC.—*This*, MATHIAS miſtook for Fame: ſtill he denied any connexion with the pamphlet—every paltry ſubterfuge was made uſe of, to eſcape detection. At length a few LITERARY HOUNDS ſeriouſly purſued him, hunted him fairly to his hole, and put the *vermin* to death.

At

At length comes TIME, with TRUTH's pervading ray,
To ſeparate the *Living* from the *Dead;*
Clears the dark clouds of PREJUDICE away,
And roaſts the varniſh off, by FLATT'RY ſpread.

And lo, this varniſh, with thy daubing bruſh
Smear'd o'er MISS HANNAH, muſt by TIME be roaſted;
The Nymph in all her nakedneſs will bluſh,
And *courtly* PORTEUS, for a Flatterer poſted.

ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT.

PETER fancieth that he hath put the BISHOP in a paſſion—he giveth his opinion of a Book called STRICTURES UPON FEMALE EDUCATION, with MISS HANNAH's name annexed—he ſubtracteth greatly from the merit of MISS HANNAH in thoſe Volumes.—PETER deſcribeth MISS HANNAH's mode of manœuvring, by two apt and beautiful compariſons, *Hemp* and *Leather*—he likeneth MISS HANNAH unto a Hen, who hatcheth the eggs of another Bird—he confeſſeth her exemplary piety and ſnow-like appearance, but ſeverely reprimandeth her uncharitableneſs towards the FRAIL-ONES of her own ſex—PETER praiſeth his own celeſtial diſpoſition in favour of fallen Beauty—he addreſſeth the barbarous part of the Female Creation; aſſerting that Love and an old Lady are not incompatible—he giveth the Judges a ſtroke for their amorous faces on trials of RAPE and CRIM. CON.—PETER windeth up ſublimely and charitably.

NOW, PORTEUS, I behold thee in a paſſion,
And thus exclaiming—"What! MISS HANNAH MORE
"No GENIUS! what is then her EDUCATION,
"So prais'd and echoed *o'er* and *o'er* and *o'er*?"

I'll tell thee, PORTEUS, what,—MISS HANNAH's STRICTURES
Are decent things—perhaps MISS HANNAH's *plan;*
But, truſt me, they are all ſome PARSON's pictures:
Theſe, HANNAH never *drew*, nor *colour'd*, man!

At

At times ſhe finds of *hemp* a little wad,
Begs ſome young LEVITE ſpin it :—nothing loth,
He adds large quantities of *flax*, kind lad,
And with the mixture fabricates a *cloth*.

Again—MISS HANNAH finds a ſcrap of leather,
Horſe-ſkin—and, ſlily, to ſome CRISPIN goes:
CRISPIN adds *calf-ſkin*—puts them both together,
And makes a tolerable pair of ſhoes.

MISS HANNAH may be aptly term'd a *Hen*,
Who ſits on PHEASANT's eggs, to kindneſs prone;
Hatches the birds, a pretty brood; but then,
Weak vanity, ſhe calls the CHICKS *her own*.

MISS HANNAH's *piety* we all admire,
Her life a field of Alpine ſnow ſo white!
And what our good opinion muſt inſpire,
With BISHOPS ſhe could *talk* from morn to night.

Oh, had *good* HANNAH been not ſo ſevere
On each young victim of her tempting bloom!
Inſtead of ſarcaſm dropp'd a pitying tear,
And with a beam of comfort chear'd her gloom!

I cannot

I cannot drag the NYMPH to *grinning day*:
I cannot curſe the NYMPH of *yielding* charms:
Inſtead of caſting the poor Girl away,
Lord! I would rather claſp her in my arms!

Hang on her lip, beſtow the generous kiſs;
Catch the pure drop that leaves her liquid eye:
And *gently* chiding the *unlicens'd bliſs*,
Reclaim the beauteous MOURNER with a *ſigh*.

O think of LOVE, ye LADIES of *hard hearts!*
Lo, NATURE weaves it cloſe in ev'ry cranny!
Ev'n from OLD WOMEN rarely it departs,
The ſubject ſweet of many a ſhaking GRANNY.

Ev'n Judges for their *gravity* rever'd,
I've ſeen upon CRIM. CON. with paſſion gape;
With wanton queſtions wag the watering beard,
Point the hot eye, and chuckle at a RAPE.

PRUDERY, I hate the hag, whoſe breath would blight
The opening buds of gentle MAY and JUNE;
Bleſt to ſpread darkneſs, like the cloud of night,
That hangs, a dirty malkin, on the moon!

Oh,

Oh, be the wounded *Prude* who dares *reprove*,
And furious charge the feeble MAID or DAME,
A NYMPH, who, cautious of the Torch of LOVE,
Has never *singed her honour* at its flame.

ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT.

PETER declareth that he liketh literary emulation amongst the SEX, but contendeth for fair play—that is to say, People should publish their own works.—PETER knoweth MISS HANNAH's havage, knoweth all her points, and pronounceth her unqualified for a first-rate Racer, whatever her powers amongst the Ponies.—PETER elucidateth the frauds in Literature, by a SMOCK race.—PETER turneth to the BISHOP, and asketh a shrewd question.—He solemnly calleth on the BISHOP's attention, and sayeth oracular things!—PETER supplicateth the BISHOP to think charitably of his rhyming intentions—he dreadeth the fatal effects of his flattery of MISS HANNAH; making her hold up her nose in contempt of the Under-World, knowing none but Quality.—PETER asserteth such flattery to be a Sin, as it stirreth up Pride, which every body knows ruined the DEVIL.—PETER citeth a Proverb taken from HELL—he again beggeth the BISHOP to think well of his intentions—proclaimeth his Love for BISHOPS, perhaps equal to that of the unbeneficed Clergy.—PETER draweth a parallel between BISHOPS of old, and BISHOPS of the present day—a terrible portrait of the OLD SCHOOL!—a most engaging one of the NEW.—PETER piously concludeth with a prayer for BISHOPS.

I LIKE a *rivalſhip* in art, I own—
Yes, let there be a ſpur to emulation:
But let fair JUSTICE ſit upon her throne,
And keep a little decent regulation.

Lo,

Lo, for the laurel prize MISS HANNAH ſtarts!
  But NATURE, to MISS HANNAH's heels unkind,
The hopes of honour and of glory thwarts!
  Left is MISS HANNAH's far, yes, far behind.

MISS HANNAH's heels are greaſy, let me ſay;
  MISS HANNAH's joints are very ſtiff *indeed:*
Her form is rather fitted for the *dray,*
  Than on NEWMARKET turf to ſhow a ſpeed.

Some years ago, I ſaw a female race;
  The prize a *ſhift*—a Holland ſhift, I ween:
Ten DAMSELS, nearly all in *naked grace,*
  Ruſh'd for the precious prize along the green.

SYLVIA, a charming laſs (who, if an *air*
  And *face* had been permitted to contend,
Had carried all before her) luckleſs FAIR!
  Was to her SISTER RACERS forc'd to bend.

When ORSON mounted on a goodly MULE,
  Whoſe love for SYLVIA to her cauſe inclind'd him,
In ſpite, ye Gods, of ev'ry racing rule,
  Whipp'd up the Damſel on the Beaſt behind him.

Then off he gallop'd, paſs'd each panting MAID,
Who mark'd the chear with diſappointed eyes;
Soon brought her in, unbluſhing at his aid,
And for his FAV'RITE boldly claim the PRIZE.

O ſay, has nought been very *like* it, here?
Did no *kind* SWAIN his hand to HANNAH yield—
No *Biſhop*'s hand to help a HEAVY REAR,
And bear the NYMPH triumphant o'er the field?

Liſt to the Oracles I now advance:—
A man ſtark blind ſhould never *races* run;
A cripple never ſhould pretend to *dance*;
A head of wax ſhould court the SUN.

Then bid MISS HANNAH MORE her pen confine:
Repreſs the vainly rhyming, proſing rage,
That makes us *ſinful* damn the nerveleſs line,
Un-JOB-*like curſe* the *pen'ry* of the page.

Good PORTEUS, think not ENVY prompts my ſtrain;
'Tis PITY, PITY bids me verſe compoſe.
Thy flattery's fumes muſt turn the VIRGIN's *brain*;
So fierce its incenſe burns beneath her noſe.

Oh,

Oh, hadſt thou crawl'd a *Curate*, let me ſay,
Harmleſs thy flatt'ry then had ſpent its breath;
Juſt whiſper'd to the world, and died away,
Like thy own Sermons, and *dead* Lines on DEATH.

MISS HANNAH's head is now among the clouds,
Borne by thy necromantic art of praiſe!
The NYMPH from *vulgar* eyes her glory ſhrouds,
To mix with *high-ton'd* quality her *rays*.

TO THEM MISS HANNAH, ſtrutting forth ſo fine,
In all thy *gaudy flow'rs* ſuperbly dreſt.
Muſt raiſe a ſmile on graver mouths than *mine*;
Such ſeeming mock'ry—ſuch a ſolemn jeſt!

An Oracle behold MISS HANNAH grown!
Each Child of *title* liſps MISS HANNAH's name;
A *Biſhop*'s *plaudit* ſanctifies a *Joan*:—
What better paſſport to the houſe of Fame?

Thus then, O MAN of GOD, thy flattery *ſins*;
For thou haſt conjur'd up the Woman's *vanity*—
Beſtow'd falſe conſequence on *heads* of *pins*,
And giv'n (O bluſh!) a ſubſtance to inanity.

Thus then thy praiſes of MISS HANNAH's head
  To Pride, that pitfall of old SATAN, win her!
PORTEUS, there is a proverb thou ſhouldſt read,
  "When FLATT'RERS meet, the *Devil goes to dinner*."

Deem not, *good* PORTEUS, that in this my ſong
  I mean to harrow up thy *humble* mind,
And ſtay that voice in London known ſo long;
  For balm and ſoftneſs an *Eteſian* wind.

My love for Biſhops is proverbial grown:
  Sweet is the race, and ſo MISS HANNAH ſays:
Where'er I wander, lo! I make it known!
  How different from the tribes of diſtant days!

Long were a BISHOP's tuſks in times of yore,
  His gaping gullet flam'd the track of Hell;
Loud as the Lybian Lion's was his roar,
  His frowns like lightning, *blaſting* where they fell.

Then PERSECUTION rais'd her Iron crow,
  And ſaw, with doting eye, her power diſplay'd;
Enjoy'd the flying brains at ev'ry blow,
  And bleſs'd the knives and hooks with which ſhe flay'd.

Grill'd,

Grill'd, roaſted, carbonaded, fricaſſeed
  Men, women, children, for the ſlighteſt things;
Burnt, ſtrangled, glorying in the horrid deed;
  Nay, ſtarv'd and flogg'd God's great VICEGERENTS,
    KINGS!

But things are chang'd—aſſume a different tone,
  The teeth of BISHOPS are a *gentle* ſet;
Content, if nought is near, to pick a bone;
  So little pamper'd with delicious meat.

How ſweet the ſmile, when Biſhop, Biſhop greets!
  How flow the honey'd ſtreams of ſalutation,
Ev'n in the middle of our London ſtreets:
  Rich leſſons of good-will to all the Nation!

No ſcorn now frowneth from a Biſhop's eye,
  No ſounds of anger from his lips eſcape;
Save on a *Curate*'s importuning ſigh,
  Save on the penury of *ragged crape*.

Now God preſerve the Biſhops, every ſkin,
  To blaze like beacons to the darken'd Nations;
To roaſt old SATAN, knock down Gammer SIN,
  And for a pack of raſcals hang the PASSIONS.

Thus ends my ſong, *perhaps* a child of FAME.—
And now, for Juſtice' ſake, let me petition:
Should FORTUNE chance to give thy CHARGE a *name*,
Omit MISS HANNAH's in the next Edition.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

MISS HANNAH MORE having, with unmerited ſeverity, nay, illiberality, attacked the poor Poets *en maſſe*, *alias* in a lump, in the following terms, viz. " The Poets again, who, to do them juſtice, are always ready to lend a *helping hand* when any *miſchief* is to be done;" I have, unlike MISS HANNAH, preſerved a Chriſtian ſpirit on the occaſion, a ſpirit which ſhe every where ſo fervently recommends, and *meekly* made my complaint in poetical expoſtulation, hoping that ſhe will, with the uſual aſſiſtance of her good friends the CLERGY, vouchſafe me an anſwer, in ſome meaſure to juſtify the ſlander, or expunge it in the next Edition of what are called *her* STRICTURES on FEMALE EDUCATION.*

P. P.

* Vide Strictures on Female Education, Vol. II. page 128.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet begs to be informed of the cauſe of MISS HANNAH's Wrath —he praiſeth the mildneſs of the POETS—he putteth ſly and ſhrewd Queſtions to MISS HANNAH.—PETER complaineth of MISS HANNAH's general ſarcaſm on himſelf and Brother Bards.—PETER puffeth *himſelf*—boaſteth of the ROYAL ATTENTION to his Works—alſo of one of the PRINCESSES, all the favourites of PETER, whom PETER admireth and laudeth—alſo of MISS TYRON, late Maid of Honour, and the preſent Maids of Honour—likewiſe of the immortal KOTSCIUSKO.—PETER with his accuſtomed liberality exhibiteth the reverſe of the medal, deſcribing the unfavourable opinion entertained of HIM by the BLUE-STOCKING CLUB—he giveth the anathema of a LITTLE old MAN in petticoats, called URGANDA, an important *Membreſs* of the *Society*, and much attended to in the Debates.—DAME URGANDA calleth upon MISS HANNAH to be the little DAVID of the Club, and ſtay GOLIAH PETER.—PETER cannot account for MISS HANNAH's attack on the POETS —He maketh MISS HANNAH a grand offer of compoſing a glorious panegyric on her ſplendid genius, the very inſtant MISS HANNAH informs him *where it is to be found.*

TO

MISS HANNAH MORE.

EXPOSTULATION.

SAY, angry HANNAH, on a gentle THRONG,
Why boils thus o'er the cauldron of thine ire?
A dove-like offspring are the SONS of SONG,
A cherub race the CHILDREN of the LYRE.

POETS

POETS were ever deem'd a ſacred Band,
Abounding with much virtue, meekneſs, grace;
Indeed a peaceful treaſure to the Land,
The ROBIN RED-BREASTS of the human Race.

Oh! has no Bard to HANNAH pour'd an air;
With HANNAH's *beauty* bid no ſtanza glow;
Her cheek's warm roſes, and her flaxen hair,
The lip of purple, and the neck of ſnow?

Oh! haſt thou paſt through life without a rhyme?
No ſweet acroſtic on thy liquid name?
No rebus, no conundrum's happy chime,
Proclaiming graces, and a hopeleſs flame?

Tell me, did no fond LOVER ever write
A decent diſtich on his *fav'rite* MAID?
Not to his dear LUCRETIA *once* endite?
For ſonneteering is the LOVER's trade!

Somewhat has wounded thee, 'tis very plain!
REVENGE, I fear, lies rankling in thine heart;
Then ſay thy cauſe of anger and diſdain—
Why on poor POETS haſt thou been ſo tart.

Much for the *Poet*'s character I feel—
And *me* a POET, MAJESTY will own;
Nay, nay, my glory why ſhould I conceal?
My works, morocco-gilt, are near the *Throne*.

The charming PRINCESSES who court the NINE,
Whom TASTE delighted proudly leads along—
THESE, with a ſmile, have read my early line,
And with their names ſhall grace my lateſt ſong.

MISS TRYON, MAID of HONOUR to the QUEEN,
In rich Morocco bid my works be bound:
Beneath the pillows of the *reſt*, I ween,
The Works of PETER PINDAR may be found.

Me KOTSCIUSKO deems a BARD DIVINE;
My works illum'd his dungeon * of affright:
'Twas there the HERO read my Lyric line,
Yea, read my lucubrations with delight.

TO ME the HERO rich FALERNIAN ſent,
To ſoothe the horrors of our gloomy weather;
TO HIM in LEICESTER-FIELDS with joy I went;
For BARDS and HEROES pair like Doves together.

* When a priſoner in Ruſſia.

Yet

Yet let me ſay, be done fair Juſtice too,
Some damn *in toto* my poor thoughts and ſtyle;
The toothleſs gums of half the grave BAS-BLEU,
Watering, and wondering how the world can *ſmile*.

URGANDA, with more beard than female grace,
If old Urganda has not learnt to ſhave,
Makes, at my name, moſt horrible grimace,
Screaming, "I'd buy a rope to hang the knave."

"My dereſt, ſweeteſt PANEGYRIST, MORE,
"Pray, pray oblige me with your flippant pen;
"Lord! you have ſo much wit—yes, ſuch a ſtore!
"Pray, HANNAH, cut us up this worſt of men.

"Oh, cut the fellow into mince meat, pray!—
"Whene'er I hear his name, I'm in a *ſtew*:
"He's worſe than JOHNSON, ten times, let me ſay,
"Who gave himſelf ſuch airs on the BAS-BLEU.

"O Lord! O Lord! what is PARNASSUS now?
"A diſmal, barren, melancholy waſte;
"Brambles, and weeds, and briars on the brow;
"No fruit—no fruit, to gratify the taſte.

In

" In ſhort, this once great celebrated Hill
" Exhibits only children at the nipple;
" A hoſpital indeed that *Idiots* fill,
" And every ſort of lame and hopping cripple.

" On YOU, our little DAVID, mind, we call,
" To knock this vile GOLIAH on the head:
" Down with him!—like a bullock let him fall;
" Down with him!—Lord! I long to ſee him *dead!*

" Then, *then*, the horrid monſter grins no more;
" *Then* at our Club the owl no longer hoots:
" *Thus* ſhall our Club the glorious deed adore."—
Thus ſpoke the little proud old Puss in boots!

But now to thee, *fair* HANNAH, to return,
For much I long thy fury's cauſe to know;
Nought have *I* done to bid thine anger burn;
My ink can never blot the veſt of ſnow.

Lo! to do juſtice,—with a liberal ſpirit,
I'm now on tip-toe, to begin my lays!
Hint to the POET but thy *various merit*,
I'll make PARNASSUS *thunder* with thy praiſe.

HOW

HOW unlike the Biſhops of *old* are our modern men of lawn! Formerly they were all pride, hypocriſy, inſolence, and rapacity; but behold! the preſent race are mild, affable, charitable, and generous; and though ſo eminently exalted above their half-ſtarved Curates, appear to have been bred (gentle Doves) in the boſom of HUMILITY.

DUPLICITY, OR THE BISHOP OF OLD.

A BISHOP, not a *Britiſh Biſhop*,—no—
(Ours are a ſweeter ſet of *Saints*, I trow)
Was by his SOVEREIGN ſent to rule abroad:
Immediately upon the news
Of his arrival, came ſome Jews
To compliment the mitred MAN of GOD.

" Jews!" bawl'd the Biſhop, in the direſt paſſion,
" D'ye think *I'll ſee* that vile apoſtate Nation?
" Run, PIERROT—drive them off—run faſter, faſter;
" Tell them they crucified my HEAVENLY MASTER."

" But SIR, but SIR," quoth PIERROT, ſtepping back,
Devoutly whiſpering in the Biſhop's ear—
" Theſe *Jews* bring PRESENTS! Lord! at leaſt a ſack."
" Ah! ah! replied the Biſhop—*leſs auſtere*—
" Theſe people could know *nothing* of the *ſin*—
" Poor creatures! well, well, PIERROT, *let 'em in.*"

SIMPLICITY.

SIMPLICITY, OR THE CURATE.

HOW difficult, alas! to pleaſe mankind!
One or the other every moment *mutters*:
This wants an eaſtern, that a weſtern wind;
A third, petition for a ſouthern, utters.

Some pray for rain, and ſome for froſt and ſnow:
How can Heav'n ſuit *all* palates?—I don't know.

Good LAMB, the Curate, much approv'd.
Indeed by all his flock *belov'd*,
Was one dry ſummer begg'd to pray for rain:
The PARSON moſt devoutly pray'd—
The pow'rs of pray'r were ſoon diſplay'd;
Immediately a *torrent* drench'd the plain.

It chanc'd that the Churchwarden, ROBIN JAY,
Had of his meadow not yet *ſav'd* the hay:
Thus was his hay to *health* quite paſt reſtoring.
It happen'd too that ROBIN was from home;
But when he heard the ſtory, in a foam
He ſought the PARSON, like a lion roaring.

"Zounds!

"Zounds! PARSON LAMB, why, what have you been doing?
"A pretty ſtorm indeed ye have been brewing!
"What! pray for *rain* before I *ſav'd* my hay!
"Oh! you're a cruel and ungrateful man!
"*I* that for ever help you all I can;
"Aſk you to dine with me and MISTRESS JAY,
"Whenever we have ſomething on the ſpit,
"Or in the pot a nice and dainty bit;

"Send you a gooſe, a pair of chicken,
"Whoſe bones you are ſo fond of picking;
"And often too a cag of brandy!
"*You* that were welcome to a treat,
"To ſmoke and chat, and drink and eat;
"Making my houſe ſo very handy!

"*You*, PARSON, ſerve one ſuch a ſcurvy trick!
"Zounds! you muſt have the bowels of OLD NICK.
"What! bring the flood of Noah from the ſkies,
"With *my* fine field of hay before your eyes!
"A numſcull, that I wer'n't of this aware!—
"Curſe me but I had ſtopp'd your pretty pray'r!

"Dear

" Dear MISTER JAY! (quoth LAMB) alas! alas!
" I never thought upon your field of grafs."—

" Lord! PARSON, you 're a fool, one might fuppofe—
" Was not the field juft underneath your *nofe?*
" This is a very pretty lofing job!"—
" Sir," quoth the Curate, know that HARRY COBB
" Your Brother Warden join'd, to have the pray'r."—
" COBB! COBB! why this for COBB was only *fport*:
" What doth COBB own that any rain can *hurt?*"
Roar'd furious JAY as broad as he could ftare.

" The fellow owns, as far as I can *larn,*
" A few old houfes only, and a barn,
" As that's the cafe, zounds! what are fhow'rs to *him?*
" Not NOAH's flood could make *his* trumpery *fwim.*

" Befides—why could you not for *drizzle* pray?
" Why force it down on *buckets* on the hay?
" Would *I* have play'd with *your* hay fuch a freak?
" No! I'd have ftopp'd the weather for a week."

" Dear MISTER JAY, I do proteft
" I acted folely for the beft;

" I do

" I do affirm it, MISTER JAY, indeed.
" Your anger for this *once* restrain,
" I'll never bring a drop again
" Till YOU and ALL THE PARISH are *agreed.*

ODE

TO THE

BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

ARGUMENT.

PETER addreſſeth the old LITERARY LADIES with much poetical ſolemnity—beggeth their pardon for taking liberties with MISS HANNAH MORE, one of the Columns of the BLUE-STOCKING CLUB—he hinteth to them that MISS HANNAH's laſt Book is not MISS HANNAH's.—PETER illuſtrateth MISS HANNAH's manœuvres by a ſublime compariſon of an old MOUSER and her DAUGHTER.—PETER indulgeth himſelf in another apt compariſon of a *Fish-theft*, thinking MISS HANNAH may, in a *sly way*, have *borrowed* her *last* PUBLICATION; and adviſeth the reſtoration to the *Proprietor*.

OLD CRITICS—GAMMER WISDOMS—*ſapient* DAMES,
Who, fond of being deem'd illuſtrious Names,
Proudly o'er MOUNT PARNASSUS caſt your ſhoes;
In grave Divan, who moſt *ſublimely* ſit,
Pronouncing judgment upon works of WIT,
Indeed on all the labours of the MUSE!
Accept a little Ode from PETER,
Who *charms* you *ſeldom* with his metre.

Wiſe

Wiſe DAMES, I know your motley CLUB
Has met with many a wanton drub
From that ſly PROTEUS, *clepped* RIDICULE;
Whoſe talent is to ſneer and laugh,
To call important matters *raff*,
And lower WISDOM ſometimes to a *fool*.

Now, Ladies, don't be in a paſſion,
Becauſe I've treated in ſuch faſhion
MISS HANNAH, whom you idolize and foſter:
I do aſſure you, SOLEMN DAMES,
MISS HANNAH with no merit *flames*,
No! ſhe's a *little bit* of an *Impoſtor*.

I know you call the Nymph, the SUN ſo bright:
Now, ſhe's MISS *Moon*—and *borroweth* all her *light*.

Who has not ſeen a kind old MOTHER CAT
Deliver a dead bird, or mouſe, or rat,
To her young kitten, MISS GRIMALKIN?
MISS catches it with raptur'd claws,
Locks it at once within her jaws,
Round with *cock'd tail*, and round triumphant walking;

So carefully her treaſure holding, watching,
And proudly purring "This is all *my catching*."

Has not MISS HANNAH been the kitten here?
Too ſtrongly ſhe reſembles it, I fear!

Believe me, your MISS HANNAH MORE,
As I have ſomewhere ſaid before,
  Starts like the COUNTRY LASSES for the *ſhift*;
And juſt like SYLVIA left behind
By rivals, much againſt her mind,
  Who ſtole before them by a lucky lift.

MISS HANNAH, too, a LUCKY *lift* has had
On ſome kind *Prieſt*'s—*perchance* a *Biſhop*'s *pad!*
MISS HANNAH's Work, ſo much beprais'd,
By Flattery's puff ſo highly rais'd;
  I ſay MISS HANNAH's pretty EDUCATION-book,
Of fiſhing parties ſtarts a ſtory,
Where one ſhall ſteal another's trout or dory,
  And ſlily pull it in on his own hook.

Now, LADIES, as your honours are at ſtake,
I beg you, for your reputation's ſake,

To

To ſift this petty larceny of the pen;
And as ye probably may find it out,
Confront Miss Hannah—kick up ſome ſmall rout—
And make her *give* the man his *fiſh* again.

ODE

TO

SOME ROBIN RED-BREASTS

IN A COUNTRY CATHEDRAL.

SWEET MINSTRELS of the ſounding choir,
Your ditties ſoothe, delight, inſpire;
That wake the echoes from their deep repoſe;
  Soft echoes dying through the Dome,
  (As though from SPIRITS of the tomb)
Soon as your voices ſink in plaintive cloſe!

Again, O! lull me with your lay,
And let it never die away.
How welcome riſe your hymns to Heav'n,
In gratitude ſo ſimply giv'n!
CELESTIALS ſmile upon your ſongs of praiſe:
  For to the chaſte angelic ear
  The grateful voice is ever near,
But loath'd the ſounds that AFFECTATION brays;
And yet how many a voice, and pipe, and chord,
Brays to the *praiſe* and *glory* of the LORD!

Hark!

Hark! hark! what rude diſcordant ſounds!
A jail broke looſe!—a pack of hounds!
No, 'tis a BISHOP, DEAN, and bawling BOYS!
What uproar wild! The wolves of Thrace
Howl to the moon with ſweeter grace;
Ev'n LYBIA's Lions make not half the noiſe,

What human brain the thunder bears;
A *kingdom* for a pair of *patent ears!*

Yet while they deal theſe direful ſounds;
Din that diſturbs, affrights, aſtounds;
How merciful is HEAV'N, to bear the *bother*,
And not knock one thick ſcull againſt the other!

Yet to the *praiſe* and *glory* of the Lord,
As oft they ope the volume of their throat,
Their gullets gape not of their *own accord*:—
'Tis money, money only, prompts the note.
Heav'n's Cherubs bluſh, and burning Seraphs ſtare,
To think that *bribes* muſt purchaſe praiſe and pray'r.

Sweet RACE, to you I turn again!
Now all the ear-diſtracting TRAIN

Has left the dome, the cherub PEACE reſtor'd.—
How different *your* delighting throats!
How different all *your* liquid notes!
How different too *your* merits with the LORD!
For how can Heav'n with *venal ſounds* be taken,
Tainted with ale and gin, and eggs and bacon?

Yes! all is huſh'd the vault along!
Reſume, reſume the choral ſong,
And make atonement for the horrid cry.
Lo! in her ſhroud, near yonder tomb,
A gentle SPECTRE breaks the gloom!
She liſtens!—lo! ſhe liſtens with a ſigh!
Ah! bid your airs divinely flow,
And, ſoothing, ſteal a tear from woe.

The deep'ning ſhades of NIGHT prevail,
They wrap the hollow-ſounding aiſle,
And ſteal each column from the eye:
What ſolemn ſolitude around!
Here NATURE's true Sublime is found,
Hence THOUGHT ſhould travel to the ſky!

Mild tenants of the FANE, farewell!
At early dawn I quit my cell,
And haſte, a PILGRIM, to theſe ſhrines again:
SIMPLICITY will join my way,
And liſten to your mingled lay,
And, liſt'ning, learn a leſſon from *your ſtrain*.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

As I am deſtitute of friends among the periodical Reviewers of Literature, I confeſs my fears of foul treatment, and tremble for this my *youngeſt* offspring; which, in a moment of ſpleen or ignorance, may be put to death by the tomahawk of Criticism. Now, as charity begins at home, and as every man is entitled to as much juſtice from *himſelf* as from his *neighbour*, I have, *ſans cérémonie*, given a free and impartial account of my own Pamphlet; thus anticipating the Reviewers, and at the ſame time hanging out a ſort of beacon to *guide* them, when it ſhall become the ſubject of their ſage animadverſion. In my diſcuſſion I have adopted the ariſtarchal ſtyle of the day, and perſonated a Reviewer totally unconnected with the Author; by which means I have avoided an *egotiſm*, ſo apt to gall the withers, or to uſe a more faſhionable phraſe, to wound the *amour-propre* of every candidate for a niche in the Temple of Fame.

NIL ADMIRARI, &c.

Works of real genius are ſuch *raræ aves*, ſuch literary phenomena, that it is with the utmoſt pleaſure we embrace every opportunity of relaxing from the ſeverity of criticiſm, to offer the meed of honeſt praiſe.

The preſent ſubject of our critical animadverſion is founded on that part of the Bishop of London's Charge to the Clergy which celebrates Miss Hannah More in the higheſt ſtrain of panegyric for her literary achievements. The Bishop's encomium created a riſible effect on his Audience. The Poet, among the

reſt, ſurveying it in a ridiculous point of view, thought it a fair object of attack; in conſequence, he has produced a SMILE at the expence of the BISHOP and his *fair Protégée*. It is with the moſt ſincere ſatisfaction that we can pronounce that PETER's Pegaſus has rather *improved* than *loſt* its ſpeed, nothing yet appearing of the *peccet ad extremum ridendus*—PETER is ſtill HIMSELF—The ſame fire, the ſame originality, the ſame poignant irony, the ſame *vivida vis animi*, the ſame luxuriancy of imagination, the ſame powers of pathos and ſublimity which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh him from contemporary authors, characteriſe the preſent performance.—Such a combination of various and oppoſite talents we never witneſſed in the ſame writer —to uſe an elegant and nervous expreſſion of his own, "he can be one minute an eagle ſublimely ſweeping the Heavens with his pinions, and the next, a little elegant wren twittering on the humble myrtles." Indeed, we may ſay of his works what the brave MARSHAL SAXE aſſerted of the behaviour of the Britiſh troops at Fontenoy, "It is an action we all muſt *admire*, but dare not *imitate*."

The number of literary abuſes that are continually taking place moſt certainly demands a reform. To beg a friend to correct the errors of *inadvertence*, or even now and then ſuggeſt an *idea*, is certainly not illaudable; but for an Author to ſend his bantling to people, to add and alter in ſuch a manner as that ſcarcely a ſingle lineament of the original features ſhall appear, certainly requires all the ſeverity of reprehenſion. PETER ſeems more than to ſuſpect that MISS MORE has been too much obliged to *ſomebody*; and really there is ſuch a wonderful difference betweeen this *laſt* Performance and ſeveral other pieces of this Lady's pen, that we muſt confeſs our aſtoniſhment at ſeeing her name prefixed to a work ſeemingly ſo *much* beyond *her* powers of accompliſhment, though not entitled to that *torrent*

rent of applauſe poured on it by the BISHOP of LONDON in his Charge to the Clergy. Indeed his Lordſhip's praiſe is of the moſt fulſome nature; and did we not *know* his Lordſhip's *moſt ingenuous* and *diſintereſted diſpoſition*, we ſhould have been tempted to ſuſpect an *intereſted alliance* between BISHOP and BOOKSELLER.

The EXPOSTULATION is a fair Piece of Satire, and executed in the Poet's happieſt manner; *pleine de bonnes plaiſanteries de tours heureux, d'eſprit, de bon goût, enfin de toutes les graces de la* POESIE, as a French critic would have expreſſed himſelf on the occaſion.

The Tales of the BISHOP and CURATE are told with neatneſs, preciſion, and humour.—The Author ſeems to have combined the cloſeneſs of ÆSOP with the elegance of PHÆDRUS and *naïveté* of FONTAINE.

The ODE to the BLUE-STOCKING CLUB is rather ſevere in ſome parts, but tempered with a pleaſantry that tickles even while it ſeems to wound.

The ODE to ſome ROBIN REDBREASTS in a Country Cathedral poſſeſſes an uncommon portion of poetical merit; diſplaying, at the ſame time, ſuch a benevolence and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition (truly characteriſtic of the Author) as muſt make ample atonement for all the ſins of his SATIRES.

It is with reluctance that we are obliged to cenſure our BROTHER LABOURERS in the field of CRITICISM, for endeavouring by the moſt illiberal methods to obſcure this POETICAL STAR of the *firſt magnitude*. Think, indignant READERS, of their either loading him with rancourous abuſe, or hiding his claſſic name amongſt

amongſt Bug-Doctors, Quacks, and Rat-catchers; bringing at the ſame time forwards mounted on the higheſt pedeſtal of their Reviews, miserable ABORTIONS clothed in all the gold-laced frippery of adulation, from which the PUBLIC muſt turn with contempt, diſguſt, and diſappointment. Inſtead of coming forwards, as the fair and candid INTERPRETERS of the MUSES, they are too many of them the partial TRUMPETERS of their own pigmy pretenſions; or deſpicable PIMPS, hired to debauch the PUBLIC TASTE, and miſlead the judgment; to diſplace the ſtatues of GENIUS, to make room for thoſe of ARROGANCE and FOLLY.

TALES

TALES OF THE HOY,

INTERSPERSED WITH

SONG, ODE, AND DIALOGUE.

Φιλέυσι μεν σε Μῦσαι,
Φιλέει δὲ Φοῖϐος, αὐτὸς
Λιγυρην δ' εδωκεν ὀίμην.

ANACREON.

The MUSES love thee dearly, PETER,
And eke the merry GOD of Metre,
Who gracious gave thee such a charming tongue:
We thought that AGE had quench'd thy fire,
Or LAW's rude hammer crush'd thy Lyre,
Or ROYAL WHISPER sooth'd the rage of SONG;
Or PENSION chang'd thy Harp's *uncourtly* strings,
And with her *golden scissars* clipp'd thy wings.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

IT were needleſs, O ILLUMINATED READER, to inform thee, that the hint of the TALES of the HOY is borrowed from CHAUCER, who borrowed *his* hint from the DECAMERON of BOCCACE, who borrowed *his* hint from the CENTO NOVELLE ANTICHE. Thou wilt perceive that I have deviated from my merry PREDECESSOR, by omitting a PRIZE-SUPPER for the beſt STORY-TELLER. I have alſo deviated, by introducing Ballad, Dialogue, &c. by way of taking off a fatiguing monotony; thus enlivening the ſcene by *diverſity*, which poſſeſſes a charm for the world in general.

Mine HOST of the HOY alſo differs from the HOST of the TABARD, by delivering his opinions in *proſe*, a more *natural mode* of communication, though not so difficult, and conſequently not ſo ingenious; difficulty and ingenuity being, in the preſent age, conſidered as *ſynonymous*, by a number of *profound Thinkers!* It would be thought preſumptuous, perhaps, to draw a parallel between HARRY BAILY, the HOST of the TABARD, and CAPTAIN NOAH, our Hoſt of the Hoy; but I muſt confeſs that I would rather be CAPTAIN NOAH than HARRY BAILY; not that HARRY BAILY was not a *clever fellow*—indeed he had humour, added to a ſhrewdneſs of obſervation; but HARRY BAILY had ſcarcely ever been out of the ſmoke of his own chimney: whereas CAPTAIN NOAH has been, like ULYSSES, a *great Traveller*; has ſailed to various parts of the Globe; was on board the very Ship of War with Mr. GEORGE ROSE, our preſent great and *excellent* SECRETARY of the TREASURY, when he was only a poor Purſer's Mate, and was with him too when he was elevated,

by Parliamentary Intereſt, to the rank of PURSER; and well remembers that he has often d-mned Mr. ROSE's rotten peas, ropy ſmall beer, hopping biſcuit, and horſe-beef. CAPTAIN NOAH was likewiſe with SIR JOSEPH BANKS at Otaheitee, when that great man, for the *honour* of his *country*, was tattoo'd and loſt his breeches in the boat with QUEEN OBEREAH. CAPTAIN NOAH alſo can play a country-dance on the fiddle, and dance the hays at the ſame time—nay, ſo far from being *illiterate*, he has publiſhed an *Acroſtic* in Mr. JOHN NICHOLS's Magazine; nay, CAPTAIN NOAH has actually given *literary hints* to MESSIEURS RIVINGTONS and their WIVES, of St. Paul's Church-yard, who preſide over the poetical part of a REVIEW called the BRITISH CRITIC, and before whoſe AWFUL TRIBUNAL this very work of mine, The TALES of the HOY, muſt one day *appear*, and, like themſelves, at the day of judgement, be *ſaved* or *damned!*

CAPTAIN NOAH poſſeſſes a more original caſt of character, a richer vein of humour, and a more univerſal knowledge; reſembling too very ſtrongly my late ingenious Friend GAINSBOROUGH, of painting excellence; that is to ſay, is *deſultory* in his converſation, deſpiſing the cold phlegmatic form of *connexion*, and taking a *hop*, *ſtep*, and *jump* over things—to borrow an image from the CAPTAIN's favourite and congenial element, making *ducks-and-drakes* with *diſcourse*. By the introduction of Dialogue, my WORK aſſumes a pretty dramatic form; and which, with the leave of our preſent PETRONIUS ARBITER of PLAYS, the *accompliſhed* LORD SALISBURY, may one day make its appearance on our Theatres; be honoured with the ROYAL PRESENCE and *ſmile*, *perhaps;* and prove that a PIECE may obtain ſuccess without the moſt diſtant obligations to FLAMES and SPECTRES.

TALES

TALES OF THE HOY.

'TWAS in that month when NATURE drear,
With ſorrow whimpering, drops a tear,
To find that WINTER, with a ſavage ſway,
Prepares to leave his HALL of STORMS,
And cruſh her flow'rs delightful forms,
And baniſh SUMMER's poor laſt lingering ray;

'Twas in that ſeaſon when the men of ſlop,
The JEW and GENTILE turn towards their ſhop,
In alley's dark of LONDON's ample round;
From MARGATE's handſome ſpot, and HOOPER's-HILL,
And DANDELION, where, with much good will,
Of butter'd rolls they ſwallow many a pound;

I too, the BARD, from THANET's pleaſant iſle,
Where at a Lodging-houſe, I liv'd in *ſtile*,
Prepar'd with GENTILE and with JEW to wander;
So pack'd up all my little *odds* and *ends*;
Took ſilent leave of all my MARGATE Friends,
And ſought a gallant Veſſel's GREAT COMMANDER;

Who, proud of empire, rul'd with conſcious joy
His wooden Kingdom, call'd a MARGATE HOY!

Lord! how my gaping READERS long to know.
Which gallant Veſſel's valiant LORD
(A natural curioſity I trow!)
Hail'd the GREAT POET and his TRUNK on board!
If KYDD, who nicks the paſſage to an inch,
Or HE, his high and mighty rival, FINCH.

No matter! Be it known to my Readers, that, on the day of my departure, on the green lap of MOTHER EARTH, on HOOPER'S-HILL, looking towards dear DANDELION of dancing memory, I thus broke forth into the Praiſe of MARGATE.

THE

THE PRAISE OF MARGATE.

DEAR MARGATE, with a tear I quit this isle,
Where all seem happy--sweethearts, husbands, spouses:
On ev'ry cheek, where PLEASURE plants a smile,
And PLENTY furnishes the People's houses.

What's BRIGHTON, when to thee compar'd!—poor thing;
Whose barren hills in mist for ever weep;
Or what is WEYMOUTH, tho' a QUEEN and KING
Wash, walk, and prattle there, and wake, and sleep?

Go bid the WHITING's, the boil'd WHITING's eye,
In brightness with the Gem of IND compare;
Or bid the skipping JACK-o'-LANTERN vie
With heav'n's keen flash that lights the realms of air:

Go bid the humble THORN, the CEDARS ape,
That to the stars their tops sublimely spread;
Go bid a CURATE in his tatter'd crape,
Like DOCTOR PORTEUS lift the lofty head.

Bid * ROSE's *Sun* like SOL with luſtre ſhine;
Or bid *that thing* miſnomer'd the TRUE BRITON,
Like brother Papers yield a decent line—
Poor dying IMPS, whom TRUTH and GENIUS ſpit on.

* A GREAT MAN, who deemed it politically neceſſary to create a couple of NEWSPAPERS to vouch for his *good* deeds, and varniſh *others*. The conſumptive ſtate of his two miſerable Bantlings, which GEORGE weakly imagined would prove to be a pair of ATLASSES to ſupport his *World* of Character, gave birth to the following ODE of CONDOLENCE.

AN

ODE OF CONDOLENCE

TO

GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

On his two NEWSPAPERS, *most unfortunately baptised,* "*The* SUN," *and* "*The* TRUE BRITON."

FORBEAR thee, GEORGE, ſuch whining, puling, ſighing,
Becauſe thy poor conſumptive BRATS are dying—
By *thee* begotten,—how could they be ſtrong?
So very like *thyſelf* in all their features!
Unhappy, miſerable, diſmal creatures,
The world now wonders they have liv'd ſo long.

What but inſanity could well expect
Perfection from ſuch radical defect?
A *ſow's* ear cannot make a purſe of *silk*;
We cannot to a *whale* convert the *shrimp*.
What folly too to put out each poor IMP
To NURSES yielding *not one drop of milk*.

Then prithee for thy Papers ſigh no more—
So *worthleſs*, for OBLIVION they are ripe;
Peace to their ſlumber, as their date is o'er—
Peace to their *ashes*, as they light my Pipe.

What

What too thy reputation's wing will raiſe,
And with a buſh of laurel deck thy name;
Lo! I, the ſweeteſt BARD of modern days,
Admiring turn the STENTOR of thy fame.

No ſooner had I finiſhed this pretty, plaintive, poetical encomium, but, in a tender dove-like ſtrain of delicate ſenſibility, very much like the HEBREW BARD weeping over his favourite JERUSALEM, I thus again broke out:

Whate'er from dirty THAMES to MARGATE goes;
However *foul*, immediately turns *fair!*
Whatever *filth* offends the LONDON noſe,
Acquires a fragrance ſoon from *Margate Air.*

Ev'n ROSE's NEWS-HUNTERS, his *ſcandal*-CRIMPS,
Are chang'd to *Wits*, ſo great are *Margate-Pow'rs;*
Yes! his poor *Trumpeters*, the noiſy IMPS,
Become ſweet *Philomels*, in *Margate Bow'rs!*

The TAYLOR here, the port of MARS aſſumes;
Who croſs-legg'd ſat in ſilence on his board—
Forgets his gooſe and rag-beſprinkled rooms,
And thread and thimble, and now ſtruts a LORD!

Here CRISPIN too forgets his end, and awl—
Here MISTRESS CLEAVER with importance looks!
Forgets the beef, and mutton on her ſtall,
And lights and livers dangling from the hooks.

Here MISTRESS TAP, from pewter pots withdrawn,
Walks forth in all the pride of paunch and geer;
Mounts her ſwoln heels on DANDELION's lawn,
And at the ball-room heaves her heavy rear.

Chang'd by their travels—mounted high in ſoul,
Here SUDS forgets whate'er remembrance ſhocks;
And MISTRESS SUDS forgetteth too the Pole,
Wigs, bob and pig-tail, baſons, razors, blocks!

Here too the moſt important DICKY DAB
With puppy-pertneſs, pretty, pleaſant PRIG,
Forgets the narrow, fiſhy houſe of CRAB,
And drives in Jehu-ſtile his whirling Gigg!

And here 'midſt all ſuch conſequence am *I*,
THE POET! *ſemper idem—juſt the ſame*—
Bidding old SATIRE's hawk at follies fly,
To fill the ſhops of BOOKSELLERS with *game*.

Now in ſorrow did I deſcend to the Pier, along-ſide of which Pier was the Veſſel ordained to *tranſport* me from MARGATE.

In ſorrow let me ſay, I deſcended, to go on board the VESSEL,

Which like gilt gingerbread did ride,
(How gariſh on the ſilver tide!)
To whoſe ſmart ribs was golden varniſh giv'n!
Her bluſhing enſign proudly waving—
Her pendant now in Ocean laving,
Now ſportive floating on the breeze to heav'n;
Like GAUDY MORTALS, ſteady now, now tripping;
Now in the *Zenith*—now to *Nadir* dipping:

At length I got me on board the Ark, where Maſter NOAH, *alias* the CAPTAIN, was buſy, amidſt ſcores of Paſſengers, of different faces, quality, and diſpoſitions, in getting ready for the Voyage.—The anchor was ſoon apeak, the ſails filled, and we were under way.

Now, as our immortal MILTON ſublimely would have ſung:

" With dewy gems adorning herb and flow'r,
" Mov'd meek-eye'd EVENING on the weſtern hills
" With modeſt mien, and on the calm expanſe

" Of

" Of OCEAN's mirror look'd, and looking ting'd
" Its heaving bosom with a roseate blush!
" A blush empyreal!—

Or, as the no less immortal Author of HUDIBRAS would have quaintly said;

" Now MADAM EVE, with gown of pink,
" Stepp'd down to NEPTUNE's tap to drink,
" Where PHŒBUS just before had been
" At his old fam'd Salt-water INN,
" (To end the labours of the day)
" And give his horses, oats, and hay,
" And bed, and clear their hoofs from gravel,
" To fit them for next morning's travel."

Again, as the illustrious BUTLER would have said, or sung:

NIGHT, in her weeds, with bats and owls
(Her usual equipage of fowls)
Came forth; and changing colour, DAY,
(According to her vulgar way)
Like healthy FELONS hang'd, alack!
Turn'd from deep red to dismal black.

And

And now CAPTAIN NOAH, with a voice more like that of the RAVEN than the NIGHTINGALE, moſt audibly yet civilly vociferated, "LADIES and GEMMEN of the *beſt* CABIN! pleaſe to walk below!" At ſuch ſummons we deſcended, where our PALINURUS thus began:

"LADIES and GEMMEN, you are all welcome on board; and as we ſhall not reach LONDON till to-morrow, in God's name let us drown old CARE in the BOWL.—Here's a pretty little Pond of punch; and when we ſuck that dry, we'll fill another and another; ſo God proſper the Veſſel, and ſend us a pleaſant paſſage! Long may we live, and merry be our hearts! Down with the French! and damn BUONAPARTE! Cheer up, lads and laſſes! While we live, let us *live!* We muſt all go at laſt to DAVY JONES's Locker—no help for it, all muſt go down—*fortune de la guerre!* We ſhall never be a day younger! May we kiſs whom we pleaſe, and pleaſe whom we kiſs! Love and opportunity! Liberty and property! Come, LADIES and GEMMEN, take your places around the old table—dip your whiſkers in the nectar! Drown old CARE, as I ſaid before! A light heart and a thin pair of breeches! There's a good God over our head! OLD ENGLAND for ever! Come, LADIES and GEMMEN, I'll be TOAST-MASTER. Here's my CHAIR of ſtate, and here's my HAMMER. I'll be the MISTER JUPITER TONANS of the night, as ſome Latin men have chriſtened me, with your leave—ſo, LADIES and GEMMEN, pleaſe to

to obey my orders. A TOAST-MASTER, LADIES and GEMMEN, is the greateſt man in the world—no appeal from a TOAST-MASTER. He is deſpotic—like our PRIME MINISTER, ſcorns to give a *reaſon* for what he does. LADIES and GEMMEN, a TOAST-MASTER is *all-wiſe;* let me *wickedly* ſay, *omnipotent,* for the CHAIR *muſt be ſupported;* and therefore he can command *every thing.* A TOAST-MASTER may ſay, 'MOAB ſhall be my waſhpot, and over EDOM will I caſt out my old ſhoe.' A TOAST-MASTER is the firſt man in the world—Were his MAJESTY of ENGLAND here *now,* in this very Cabin *here* (GOD bleſs him), and refuſed his glaſs, or contradicted me, or aſked a *reaſon,* I would order him a half dozen bumpers; if not contented with *that,* a pint of ſalt water; and were *his* MAJESTY to demand of *my* MAJESTY a *reaſon* for ſuch proceedings, then ſhould *my* MAJESTY order *his* MAJESTY a *pottle;* which if he refuſed, he ſhould be ſent to *Coventry* before he could ſay '*Peas.*'" The Captain ended; when the dark SOLEMNITY which ſaddens the faces of Engliſhmen who happen to be ſtrangers to one another, was converted into a ſmile that inſtantaneouſly ran over every countenance, by a ſort of happy contagion.

Thus oft it happens that the ſky
Throws horrid glooms upon the eye;

Breeds

Breeds clouds like malkins—old, black rags indeed!
The lands below look dismal, drear!
When suddenly, see SOL appear!
He pushes boldly through the DARK, his head!
At once the shadows to his glories yield,
And cheerful radiance flies from field to field.

CAPTAIN NOAH now mounted his large ELBOW-CHAIR, assumed his SCEPTRE, *alias* HAMMER, and, commanding silence, entered upon his song.

SONG.

AGAIN we begin to be BRITONS, my boys:
While united, success we command:—
Lo! each Tar on the OCEAN a triumph enjoys,
And Laurels shall cover the LAND.

Though surrounded by foes that in legions arise,
And cry for our ruin aloud,
The GENIUS of ENGLAND their fury defies,
And bursts like the SUN from a Cloud!

May the KING live for ever, the friend of our ISLE,
That revolts at the name of a SLAVE;
Whose eye for fair MERIT possesses a smile,
And a tear for the tomb of the BRAVE!

No

No Man to his Miſtreſs or Wife will return,
And ſay:—" I have fled from the FOE;
" My honour is gone, in the grave let me mourn
" A diſgrace that no BRITON ſhould know."

FRANCE, the beggar ſhall be of the year fifty-eight,
When for mercy ſhe put up her pray'r;
With nought but her perfidy left, and her ſpite,
And her pride, to conſole her deſpair.

The SPANIARD too late ſhall his folly confeſs,
When his Indies no longer remain;
And the DUTCHMAN, a Frog in the Days of QUEEN BESS,
Shall croak in his ditches again.

But how needleſs to talk of our proweſs in WAR,
And proclaim what a Univerſe knows!
Let LANGARA, DE GRASSE, and DE WINTER, declare
What it is to have BRITONS for Foes!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Mrs. BLISS, my good old acquaintance, here's ſucceſs to *you* and your pretty little white-legged chicken! A Song if you pleaſe! LOVE, almighty LOVE, I ſuppoſe

poſe, will be the ſubject. All alive! nymphs and ſhepherds—God's Lambs *will play!*

MISTRESS BLISS.

Indeed, Captain, my Song will be a *ſerious* one—nothing more nor leſs than an Epitaph on my poor dear Girl, Corinna; the beſt creature in the world, as well as the moſt beautiful—ſhe was cruelly uſed! ſhe died a martyr to the tender Passion.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

O! I recollect her. Poor Corinna!—I could *cry* for her, Mistress Bliss—a ſweet creature! ſo kind! ſo lovely! and ſo good-natured!—ſhe would not hurt a fly! Lord, Lord! tried to make every body happy. Gone! ha! Mistress Bliss? Gone!—poor ſoul! Oh! ſhe is in heaven, depend upon it—nothing can hinder it—O Lord, no!—nothing—An Angel, an Angel by this time—for it muſt give God very little trouble to make *her* an Angel, even if it were a *Firſt-rate*—ſhe was ſo charming.—Such terrible figures as my Lord C—d—n, or my Lady Mary, to be ſure, it would take at leaſt a *month* to make *ſuch ones* any thing *like* Angels—but poor little Corinna wanted very few repairs—Perhaps the ſweet little ſoul is now ſeeing what is going on in our Cabin—who knows? Charming little Corinna! Lord, how funny it was! for all the

world like a rabbit, or a ſquirrel, or a kitten playing with its tale! Gone! as you ſay, *gone!* Well, now for her Epitaph.

CORINNA's EPITAPH.

HERE ſleeps what was *innocence* once, but its ſnows
Were ſullied and trod with diſdain;
Here lies what was *beauty*, but pluck'd was its roſe,
And flung like a weed to the plain.

O PILGRIM, look down on her grave with a ſigh,
Who fell the ſad victim of *art*;
E'en CRUELTY's ſelf muſt bid her hard eye
A pearl of compaſſion impart.

Ah! think not, ye PRUDES, that a ſigh, or a tear,
Can offend of all Nature the GOD:
Lo! VIRTUE already has mourn'd at her bier,
And the LILY will bloom on her ſod.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very pretty! very clever! thank ye, MISTRESS BLISS rather doleful—very pretty though—touching and tender—it would do for my wife Mrs. NOAH, very well.

I wiſh

I wiſh Mrs. NOAH could have it. Have you nothing a little more lively, Mrs. BLISS? Come, come, ſomething giggiſh—ſomething merry—Poor ſweet CORINNA! Yes, ſomething alive. Have you not a *what-d'ye-call-it* about ye, a bit of gaiety or ſo? We muſt not be always at a *funeral*—muſt have a *courtſhip* and a *wedding* ſometimes—it would be a diſmal world elſe. Come, Mrs. BLISS, let us have ſomething in the *tol-de-rol-lol-way*—funny—hang diſmality—leave that to Parſons. I don't admire Parſons—a Parſon in queſt of preferment too is one of the ſaddeſt dogs in the world—you never have his opinion! ſo ſanctified too! demure as an *old Bawd* at a Chriſt'ning! O, d-mn it! and then a Parſon on board ſhip is the Devil!—I never ſailed with one but we had a *ſtorm*. Well, Mrs. BLISS! one more, and then I ſhall call on my little Sprig of Parnaſſus, MASTER TAGG.—Silence, Ladies and Gemmen!

SONG.

WHEN WILLIAM firſt woo'd, I ſaid *yes* to the ſwain,
And made him as bleſt as a LORD—
For ye VIRGINS around, in my ſpeech to be plain,
That NO is a dangerous word!
The Girl that will always ſay *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her Planet to die an Old Maid.

The Gentlemen ſeem one and all to agree,
That we're made of materials for kiſſing—
And if ſo, for I really believe it, good me!
What joys through one *no* might be miſſing!
Since the Girl that will always ſay *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her Planet to die an Old Maid.

Say *yes*, and of courtſhip ye finiſh the toil—
Whole mountains at once ye remove—
You brigthen the eyes of the Swain by a *ſmile*,
For ſmiles are the ſunſhine of Love!
Say *yes*, and the world will acquit you of *art*,
Since the *Tongue* will not *then* give the lie to the *Heart*.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very true, Mrs. BLISS—very true Song—very good—*no* is a dangerous word—and yet a *Biſhop* always ſays *no*, and is never *diſappointed*. Mr. BUCK, you are called on—Silence!

BUCK.

Mine is "The Widow of Epheſus," Captain—an *old* Tale.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A good ſubject to work on—a WIDOW—a nice bit of ſtuff—" WIDOW of EPHESUS," ha? Aye, aye,—a Greek Gentlewoman!—I have been in her country when we ſailed up the *Arches*—pretty Girls—Greek Girls! I uſed to get their little ſweet velvet ſkins *cheap*. Whip up their veils! Board their juicy lips! and give them a good Britiſh *ſmack*, that you might hear a mile! Oh, the Arches beat the LONDON MARKET all to pieces! Ladies and Gemmen, " The WIDOW of EPHESUS"—Silence!

THE WIDOW OF EPHESUS.

A TALE.

BALM are the ſighs for breathleſs Huſbands ſhed!
And *Pearl* the eye-drops that adorn the DEAD!

At EPHESUS (a handſome town of Greece)
There liv'd a LADY—a moſt lovely PIECE!
In ſhort, the charming *toaſt* of all the town:
In Wedlock's *velvet* bonds had liv'd the Dame—
Yes! brightly did the torch of HYMEN flame,
When DEATH, too cruel, knock'd her huſband down.

This was indeed a lamentable ſtroke!
PRUDENTIA's gentle heart was nearly broke!
Tears pea-like trickle, ſhrieks her face deform—
Sighs, ſighs ſucceeding, leave her ſnowy breaſt—
Winds, call'd hyſterical, expand her cheſt,
As tho' ſhe really had devour'd a *ſtorm*.

Now, fainting, calls ſhe on her poor dead LOVE,
How like the wailings of the widow'd Dove!

All Epheſus upon the wonder gaz'd!
Men, women, children, really were amaz'd.
'Tis true, a few OLD *Maids* abus'd the pother—
" Heav'ns! if one huſband dies, why take another!"
Said they—contemptuous cocking up the noſe:
" Ridiculous enough! and what about?
" To make for a *dead huſband* ſuch a rout!
" There are as fine as *he*, one might ſuppoſe.

" A body would preſume, by grief ſo mad,
" Another huſband was not to be *had*;
" But man are not ſo very ſcarce indeed—
" More than are *good*, there are, God mend the breed!"

Such

Such was the converſation of old Maids,
Upon this huſband's viſits to the ſhades.
At length her SPOUSE was carried to the *tomb*,
And poor PRUDENTIA mop'd amid the gloom.

One little lamp, with ſolitary beam,
  Shew'd the dark coffin that contain'd her DEAR,
  And gave a beauteous ſparkle to each tear,
That rill-like dropp'd—or rather like a *ſtream*.

Reſolv'd was SHE amid this tomb to ſigh ;
To weep, and wai' and groan, and ſtarve, and die—
  No comfort! no! no comfort would ſhe take:
Her Friends beheld her anguiſh with great pain,
Begg'd her to try amuſement, but in vain—
  " No! ſhe would periſh, periſh for his ſake!"

Her flaxen treſſes all diſhevell'd flow'd—
Her veſtments looſe—her tucker all abroad,
  Revealing *ſuch* fair ſwelling orbs of woe!
Her lids in ſwimming grief, now look'd on high,
Now downward droop'd, and now ſhe pour'd a ſigh
  How *tuneful*, on her dear pale Spouſe below.

Who would not covet death for ſuch ſweet ſighs,
And be bewail'd by *ſuch* a pair of eyes?

It happen'd that a Rogue, condemn'd to death,
Reſign'd (to pleaſe the Law) his roguiſh breath;
And near the vault did this ſame felon ſwing:
For fear the ROGUE's relations, or a friend,
Might ſteal him from the rope's diſgraceful end,
A ſmart young SOLDIER watch'd the Thief and ſtring.

This SON of MARS, upon his ſilent ſtation,
Hearing, at night, a diſmal lamentation,
Stole to the place of woe—that is, the tomb—
And, peeping in, beheld a beauteous face
That look'd with ſuch a charming tragic grace,
Diſplaying ſorrow for a huſband's doom.

The YOUTH moſt nat'rally expreſs'd ſurpriſe,
And ſcarcely could he credit his two eyes:
" Good God, MA'AM!—pray, MA'AM, what's the
" matter here?
" Sweet MA'AM be comforted—you *muſt*, you *ſhall!*
" At times misfortunes, ev'n the *beſt*, befall—
" Pray ſtop your grief, MA'AM, *ſave* that precious tear."
" Go

" Go, Soldier, leave me!" ſigh'd the FAIR again,
In *ſuch* a melting melancholy ſtrain,
Caſting her eyes of woe upon the YOUTH—
" I *cannot, will* not live without my love!"
And then ſhe threw her gliſt'ning eyes above,
That ſwam in tears of conſtancy and truth.

" Madam!" rejoin'd the YOUTH, and preſs'd her hand,
" Indeed you ſhall not my advice withſtand;
" For heav'n's ſake don't ſtay here to weep and howl!
" Pray take refreſhment!" Off at once he ſet,
And quickly brought the MOURNER drink and meat;
A bottle of Madeira, and a fowl;
And bread and beer,
Her heart to cheer.

" Ah! gentle YOUTH, you bid me eat in vain!
" Leave me! oh, leave me, SOLDIER, to complain!
" Yes, ſympathiſing Youth, withdraw your wine!
" My *ſighs* and *tears* ſhall be *my* only food—
" Thou kneweſt not my Huſband kind and good,
" For whom this heart ſhall ever, ever pine!

And then ſhe caſt upon the YOUTH an eye
All tender! ſaying, " SOLDIER, let me *die!*"

And then ſhe preſs'd his hand with friendſhip warm.
" You ſhall not die, by heav'n ! the Soldier ſwore ;
" No ! to the world ſuch beauty I'll reſtore,
" And give it back again its only charm !"

Such was th' effect of her delicious hand
That *charm'd* his ſenſes like a wizard's wand !

" What ! howl for ever for a breathleſs *clod !*
" Ma'am, you *ſhall* eat a leg of fowl, by G— !"
With that he clapp'd wine, fowl, bread, beer and all,
Without more ceremony, on the pall.
" Well, SOLDIER, if you *do inſiſt*," quoth ſhe,
All in a ſaint-like, ſweet, complying tone,
" I'll *try* if GRIEF will let me pick a *bone !*
" Your health, SIR"—" Thank you kindly, Ma'am,"
quoth he.

As grief abſorbs the ſenſes, the fair Dame
Scarce knew that ſhe was eating, or yet drinking!
So hard it is a roaring grief to tame,
And keep the ſighing, penſive ſoul from thinking ;

So that the fowl and wine *ſoon paſs'd* indeed—
Quickly away too ſtole the beer and bread

All

All down her pretty little ſwelling throat:
And now, whate'er philoſophers may think,
SORROW is much oblig'd to *meat* and *drink*,
Whoſe ſoothing virtues ſtop the plaintive *note*;

And, ſays the anatomic ART,
" The ſtomach's *very near* the heart."

PRUDENTIA found it ſo: a *gentler* ſigh
Stole from her lovely breaſt—a *ſmaller* tear,
Containing *leſs* of anguiſh, did appear
Within the pretty corner of her eye;
Her eye's dark cloud diſperſing too apace,
(Juſt like a cloud that oft conceals the Moon),
Let out a brighter luſtre o'er her face,
Seeming to indicate *dry weather* ſoon.

Her tongue too ſomewhat loſt its mournful ſtyle;
Her roſe-bud lips expanded with a *ſmile*;
Which pleas'd the gallant Soldier, to be ſure—
Happy to think he ſav'd the DAME from death—
Yes, from his hug *preſerv'd* the ſweeteſt *breath*,
And to a wounded heart preſcribed a cure.

Now

Now MARS's Son a minute left the Dame,
  To ſee if all went well with Rogue and rope;
But ere he to the fatal gibbet came,
  The Knave had deem'd it proper to *elope*.

In ſhort, attendance on the LADY's grief
Had loſt him his companion, the hang'd Thief,
  Whoſe Friends had kindly filch'd him from the ſtring.
Quick to the LADY did the Soldier run:
" Madam, I ſhall be hang'd, as ſure's a gun!
  " O Lord! the thief's gone off, and *I* ſhall ſwing!

" Madam, it was the royal declaration,
  " That if the ROGUE was carried off,
  " Whether by *ſoft* means or by *rough*—
" *No matter*,—*I* ſhould take his ſituation."

" O Lord, O Lord! my fate's decreed!
" O MA'AM, I ſhall be hang'd indeed!

" O Lord! O Lord! this comes of *creeping*
" To graves and tombs—this comes of *peeping*—

" This

" This is th' effect of running from my duty!
" O curſe my folly! What an ape
" Was I to let the Thief eſcape!
" This comes of fowl, and wine, and beer, and beauty!

" Yet MA'AM, I beg your pardon too,
" Since, *if* I'm hang'd, 'twill be for *you!*"

" Cheer up my gallant Friend," reply'd the Dame,
Squeezing his hand and ſmoothing down his face—
" No, no, you ſha'nt be hang'd, nor come to ſhame,
" My huſband here ſhall take the Fellow's place—

" Nought but a lump of clay can he be counted!
" Then let *him* mount"—and lo! the Corpſe was mounted;
Made a good thief—nay, ſo complete,
The people never ſmelt the cheat.

Now from the Gibbet to the Tomb again,
Haſte, arm-in-arm, the SOLDIER and the FAIR;
T'exchange for kiſſes, and the Turtle's ſtrain,
Sad hymns of *Death*, and ditties of *Deſpair*.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

There was a d-mned *Jade* for ye! What a ſniveling huſſey! It was a *devil* of a trick, to be ſure; but, "A *living Dog* is better than a *dead Lion*," as the ſaying is. The young SOLDIER, to be ſure, was not *much* to blame; for who would not rather be preſſing a little warm, beautiful fleſh and blood, and ogling lilies and roſes, than gaping in the cold all night at a dead Thief? LADIES and GEMMEN, ſilence! Now, MASTER TAGG, make me an *extempore* on this little drunken dog of a FLY, that I have juſt helped out of the Punch—there he is, rubbing his noſe with his two long arms, and rolling about like a ſhip in a ſtorm! Come, fire away! and I will afterwards tip you a ſpecimen of my LORD SALISBURY's poetry on a FLY that pitched on the cheek of a pretty woman at Hampton-Court. My Lord's Butler, who was my paſſenger the laſt trip, ſhewed it to me as a great curioſity—The KING and QUEEN have ſeen it, and *admired* it. All the ſervants agree that he is a peſtilent man for a rhyme—O Lord! there's a deal of genius among the Quality now—much improved of late—could not read nor write formerly, I've been told—now they write verſe and proſe like mad—and then there's my LORD CARLISLE can tip ye a hundred rhymes in half an hour—but my LADY does not like his verſes; for he ſcrawls the chairs and tables over, and walls, whenever the Poetry-fit is upon

upon him—and then he makes up *ſuch* wry mouths, and grins when he is going to be dilivered of verſes, as though be was bewitched. My LADY watches his face like a cat, and ſtalks behind him, with a bit of wet ſponge, to rub all out again, that the furniture mayn't be disfigured and ſpoiled. The ſervants are ordered too, by my LADY, to take notice of his rhyming *tantarums*, and be ready to *rub*. But, MASTER TAGG, the *extempore*—the *extempore* on the FLY, or you ſha'nt have your paſſage for *nothing!*

THE DRUNKEN FLY.

POOR little reeling, thoughtleſs ſoul,
To tumble drunk into the bowl!
  DEATH to thy thread had clapp'd his knife;
Go, wipe thy noſe and wings and thighs,
And brighten up thy maudling eyes,
  And thank the CAPTAIN for thy life.

In future, get not *quite* ſo drunk!
Thy girl, perhaps a Laſs of *ſpunk*,
  May wiſh thy amorous pow'rs to prove;
And ſhouldſt thou, drunk, the WANTON chaſe,
Ebriety may be bring *diſgrace*;
  And *who* would look a *fool* in Love?

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very well, very arch, MASTER TAGG—a *fly* hint—modeſt hint to certain young valorous, braggadocio, and tipling Fornicators. Now for my LORD SALISBURY'S FLY!

Verſes on a Fly that pitched on the Cheek of a moſt beautiful young Lady. By LORD SALISBURY.

HAPPY, happy, happy FLY!
Were I *you*, and *you* were I!
But *you* will always be a FLY,
And *I* remain LORD SALISBURY!

Ladies and Gemmen, a very pretty thought! tender and ſentimental, and touching. You ſee that my LORD is a dab at a diſtich. MASTER BARNACLE, a Tale or a Song!

MR. BARNACLE.

Both in *one*, CAPTAIN NOAH, and ſet to muſic by a charming fellow, WILL SHIELD, whom every body knows, and on whom ſome queer Genius wrote verſes, juſt after poor SHIELD'S brains were almoſt knocked out by the fall of the ſtatue of an Apollo on his head, from the ſummit of the organ, as he was playing.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Repeat them! repeat them!

Verſes on the Fall of the Statue of APOLLO *from the Summit of the Organ, on the Head of* SHIELD, *as he was playing.*

ON a day, on SHIELD's crown,
APOLLO leap'd down,
And, lo! like a bullock he fell'd him!
Now was not this odd?
Not at all—for the GOD
Was mad that a *mortal* excell'd him!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Funny, funny, funny! Fine man, SHIELD! Great at the Gamut—an Angel in his Airs—deep—deep Muſician! He carried me to the OPERA once, and told me all about the Singers—*Signor this*, and *Signor that*, who ſqualled away at a moſt cat-like rate! I was not much pleaſed with *that*; but a thought ſtruck me that pleaſed me wonderfully—it was to think that the deſcendants of thoſe *Rogues*, the ROMANS, who beat us poor BRITONS about like ſo much ſtockfiſh, a thouſand or two years ago, ſhould be forced—hæ! LADIES and GEMMEN—come, I muſt be decent—to loſe, to loſe—I mean to be made Eunuchs! and come a thouſand miles to ſquawl to us. Great change! wonderful change

change in the world! What *ups* and *downs!* Poor fellows! I *pity* them too—never have any children, I'm told—all dead men—blanks! blanks! cut off from the LADIES—great misfortune that! all done when young too—infants—babies! Were I ſerved the trick, I'd go to the world's end to cut their throats, *whoever* did it—father or mother—uncle or aunt—godfather or godmother—I'd *eunuch* them, with the Devil to 'em!—horrid, horrid, horrid! Mr. POPE, the great Poet, hath wrote upon that *Louſyweeſy*, or what is the young Lady's name, and *Ablard*—very fine, but I don't underſtand the whole, it is ſo wrapped up; but I gueſs, gueſs—a very peppery poem—and yet all young LADIES know it by heart—yes, yes, leave *them* alone to find out *what's what!*

JOAN of NAPLES uſed to have a bath under her window for the young men, where ſhe ſat and picked out thoſe for her pleaſure that ſhe liked beſt—bad, bad—ſhe ſhould have been put into the pillory! LADIES and GEMMEN, to order! A Song from Mr. BARNACLE!

POOR TOM.

NOW the rage of Battle ended,
And the FRENCH for mercy call,
DEATH no more in ſmoke and thunder
Rode upon the vengeful Ball.

Yet,

Yet, what brave and loyal HEROES
  Saw the Sun of morning bright—
Ah! condemn'd by cruel FORTUNE
  Ne'er to ſee the Star of NIGHT.

From the main-deck to the quarter
  Strew'd with limbs and wet with blood,
Poor TOM HALIARD, pale and wounded.
  Crawl'd where his brave Captain ſtood.

" O, my noble Captain! tell me,
  " Ere I'm borne a corpſe away,
" Have I done a Seaman's duty
  " On this great and glorious day?

" Tell a dying Sailor truly,
  " For my life is fleeting faſt;
" Have I done a Seaman's duty?
  " Can there ought my mem'ry blaſt?"

" Ah! brave TOM!" the Captain anſwer'd,
  " Thou a Sailor's part haſt done!
" I revere thy wounds with ſorrow—
  " Wounds by which our glory's won."

 " Thanks,

" Thanks, my Captain! life is ebbing
" Faſt from this deep-wounded heart;
" But, O grant one little favour,
" Ere I from the world depart:

" Bid ſome kind and truſty Sailor,
" When I'm number'd with the dead,
" For my dear and conſtant CATHERINE
" Cut a lock from this poor head!

" Bid him to my CATHERINE give it,
" Saying, Her's alone I die!
" KATE will keep the mournful preſent,
" And embalm it with a ſigh.

" Bid him too this letter bear her,
" Which I've penn'd with panting breath:
" KATE may ponder on the writing,
" When the hand is cold in death."

" That I will," reply'd the Captain,
" And be ever CATHERINE's friend."
" Ah! my good and kind Commander,
" Now my pains and ſorrows end!"

Mute

Mute towards his Captain weeping,
  TOM uprais'd a thankful eye—
Grateful then, his foot embracing,
  Sunk, with KATE on his laſt ſigh!

Who, that ſaw a ſcene ſo mournful,
  Could without a tear depart?
He muſt own a ſavage nature—
  PITY never warm'd his heart!

Now in his white hammock ſhrouded,
  By the kind and penſive Crew,
As he dropp'd into the Ocean,
  All burſt out—" Poor TOM, adieu!"

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Charming, charming! a thouſand pities ſuch a fine fellow ſhould be meat for the ſharks! BROOKE-WATSON-legs are good enough for *them!* Pity! pity! but it ca'n't be helped—a man is no more than a ſparrow with GOD! A ſtrange world this! very bad world indeed in ſome parts—*hogged* the moment it was launched—a number of rotten timbers! I think it muſt have been built by *contract*—yes! in ſome private Dock or other, ſure as fate! But we can't help it—if the ſhip

be leaky, we muſt keep the pumps agoing! All's one a hundred hence! What buſineſs have we to die? Fine fellow XERXES, when he cried to think that in a few years not a man of all his armies would be alive. Fine thought—pretty thought—natural too! I ſhould like to have ſhaken a paw with XERXES, poor fellow —but then I ſhould not have been *here*, LADIES and GENTMEN, to enjoy your good company! To order! to order!—MASTER SQUIBB, tumble up! examine your wallet, and give us ſomething good!

SQUIBB.

My dear Friend, my hearty honeſt hoſt of the Hoy, principal Proprietor of the Prince of Packets, upon my ſoul I have nothing to offer—not a bit of a Ballad—not a ſlice of a Song—nor a tittle of a Tale, to enliven the evening, and conjure up conviviality.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

What! not *you*, SQUIBB? the PRINCE of PARAGRAPH-MAKERS! the NABOB of NEWS! the IMP of invention! the LION of LEARNING! and the very PAPER-KITE of POLITICS! What, *you* aground?

SQUIBB.

Let me periſh, my dear Friend, if I poſſeſs a particle of power; I really, my dear Friend, am as ſtupid

as that ſtupid ſtock, my hum-drum CHUM, BARNABY BUFFLEHEAD, who never ſo much as *blundered* on a *bon-bot!*

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Come, come, no palavering *me* over, with my dear Friend, and dear Friend: I hate the word, there's ſo much hypocriſy in the world. Friendſhip is a *ſilent* Gentlewoman—makes no parade. The *true* heart dances no hornpipes on the tongue—a p-x on palaver, ſay I—ſo give us *ſomething*, MISTER MODESTY, if you pleaſe.

SQUIBB.

Upon my honour, Captain Noah.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A bumper of ſalt water for Maſter Squibb!

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Two bumpers of ſalt water to Maſter Squibb!

SQUIBB.

Upon my ſoul, Captain Noah, this is a very ſerious affair, d-mme!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Three bumpers of ſalt water to Maſter Squibb—and then hey for Coventry!

SQUIBB.

Well, I'll ſing! I'll ſing!

SONG.

DEAREST creature,
Of all nature;
Oh! die, I faint! &c.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Stop, for God's ſake, SQUIBB! I excuſe the reſt. No pig hung in a gate ever made a more diſmal noiſe —no dog ever bayed the moon ſo frightfully! Why, zounds! my cur Dumplin ſhould howl more muſically; and then the words, they put me in mind of that moſt maukiſh of all maukiſh ſtuff, the SORROWS of the HEART, baptiſed a novel. O the curſed traſh! Poor SQUIBB!

Why

Why, what a difference between thee and a Brother QUIDNUNC that failed with me laſt trip—I mean BRASS WILDFIRE, a piece of an Editor—a fine News-hunter—would ſpin ten paragraphs out of one. Oh! a Dare-devil—he told me all the ſecrets of his Pandemonium. He ſhowed me his Pocket-book—rich leſſons of Roguery!

SQUIBB.

Then he was a raſcal.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He was, he was, SQUIBB; but this muſt be ſaid in his favour, he had candour enough to *confeſs it*. No hypocrite, no—no hypocrite. He never wanted a bit of ſcandal—nor a breakfaſt—nor a dinner—nor tea—nor ſupper. He was a penſioner upon almoſt every profeſſion; he kept his feet dry by puffing a ſhoemaker; his legs warm by puffing a hoſier; his rump and back by puffing a taylor and mercer; his head by puffing a hatter; and, being able to ſwill porter with the gullet of a whale, he had always a pot ready for his maw, by immortaliſing an alehouſe. Lord, Lord! he frightened all the actors and actreſſes out of their ſenſes, and got half their ſalaries for puffs! and then for the fingers, he made their notes tremble again, poor little nightingales

SQUIBB.

A ſcoundrel!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—He uſed to get away all their trinkets from them—watch-ſeals, rings, etwees, and ſometimes a whole watch—orders for the Play and Opera, which he either made preſents of for future dinners, or ſold for ready-money.

SQUIBB.

A villain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—He never wanted news at a pinch; would ſpring from Dan to Berſheba in a twink. To enliven the paper he would fly to Conſtantinople, rouſe the Janiſſaries, hang up a Baſhaw of three tails, poiſon the Grand Mufti, ſet fire to the Saraglio, make the Ladies ſcamper forth in their ſmocks, and the Grand Signor run like a lamplighter in his ſhirt.

SQUIBB.

Fie! Captain Noah.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True as the goſpel, SQUIBB—At another time he would jump to Algiers, put out the eyes of a young Dey, ſtep a hundred miles into the country that refuſed tribute, and bring home a hundred hogſheads of ears—ſtep away into Egypt and overturn a pyramid with an earthquake—then hey for Smyrna, and kill a million or two with a plague.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—If he wanted a piece of Indian news—preſto, be gone! He murdered a whole ſhip's crew in the Straits of Malacca—put a ſhip for a fortnight on her beam ends in the Straits of Sundy—then faced about to Bengal and Madras, hopped to Seringapatam, ſhook down the palace about Tippoo's ears, tumbled Tippoo over the Gauts, and put out his eyes amongſt the Marattas.

SQUIBB.

Shameful, Captain!

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

All his own confeſſions, SQUIBB—Then he would ſet off for Bombay, ſink the Iſland of Elephanta in a volcano, dart through the Straits of Babelmandel, cut through the Red Sea, murder a few hordes of Arabs on the banks, demoliſh Suez, daſh through the Deſert, plunge into the Mediterranean, and ſet all the Iſlands of the Archipelago in open rebellion.

SQUIBB.

O! Captain.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—If he wanted to *fill* up, and wiſhed for a bit of news from Jamaica, he would conjure up his old friend, the Yellow-fever, and lay you dead thirty thouſand pounds-worth of officers in one room—ſet the council, aſſembly and governor, by the ears, and transfer the ſeat of government from Spaniſh-Town to Kingſton—hop up amongſt the Blue Mountains, infect young King Cudjoe with rebellion, and give the Iſland to the Negroes.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah, fie!

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—A rare fellow! He put a fine parcel of money into the pockets of the Proprietors—quite a FILCH! Oh, a blessed Babe of Grace! Did a family refuſe to take in the Paper to which he was a Hack, he would make the father a bankrupt, the mother a bawd, the ſons ſwindlers, and the daughters baſtards, big with child by the footmen or ſtable-boys.

SQUIBB.

Such a fellow ought to be hanged, my dear fellow.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He *did*, SQUIBB—If an author did not advertiſe in his Paper, he was ſure to be loaded with abuſe—was a dull hound—a thief:—then, as for ſcandal, he would invent a vile tale—put it into his Paper—get the abuſed parties about him—" It could not be helped, he had a handſome ſum for inſerting it. He muſt *live*—family of children—hard times—Open to all parties—nothing could be fairer; but if an anſwer were wiſhed, it ſhould be put in." Well, an anſwer is inſerted—he anſwers the anſwer with blacker inventions; goes to the houſe of the ſcandalized party, ſympathizes, promiſes, dines, ſups, tries to debauch the wife or daughter, empties their pockets, moves off,

and laughs at *them* as fools for not ſuſpecting *him* to be a villain!

SQUIBB.

Is it *poſſible?*

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Yes, very poſſible, SQUIBB—It is ſurpriſing that JUSTICE COLQUHOUN, who has written ſo much upon *abuſe*, ſhould omit this *Giant* of nuiſances, this d-mned plague to ſociety; but he was afraid, afraid, I ſuppoſe, of being ſtung to death by a hornet or two.

SQUIBB.

But we are not *all* alike, Captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

No, no, God forbid! God forbid! ſome pigeons, and many crows, I preſume—My little lovely LUCY LANGUISH, a Song from thy ſweet lips! Ladies and Gemmen, MISS LANGUISH's Song—Silence!

THE

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

LO! the Pipe of poor COLIN, mute, mute, how it lies!
No more to be ſwell'd by his hopes, or his ſighs!
"Go, leave me!" ſaid he, "ſince unpriz'd by the Fair."
Then he wiſtfully flung it away in deſpair.

Who, like COLIN, could give it of rapture the ſound,
Which the echoes with raptures repeated around?
Or give it, like COLIN, a ſoul to complain?
And who like the SHEPHERD e'er gave it in vain?

'Twas here, at the peep of the morn, that he ſtray'd
To ſoothe with its music the ear of the maid!
'Twas here that he wak'd its ſweet voice, to delight
(Not Philomel's ſweeter!) her ſlumber at night.

But vain were his vows, and the voice of his reed;
The heart of poor COLIN was fated to bleed!
See his grave! near yon tree his pale relicks are laid,
'Mid the bow'r that he planted, of silence and ſhade.

Ah!

Ah! blame not the NYMPH who was deaf to his tale,
Since her heart was betroth'd to a YOUTH of the Vale.
Come, VIRGINS, we'll gather the flow'rs of the grove
And ſtrew on the victim of SORROW and LOVE.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Poor fellow! poor fellow! terrible diſorder, LOVE! I think I ſee him now, juſt like PATIENCE on a monument, *ſmelling* at grief, as the Scotchman ſaid—yes, drooping, ſleeping, nodding, like the ſwallows in winter on the buſhes of the Thames, preparing to take a journey under water. Strange! ſtrange! that men and women *only* ſhould die for *Love!* Dogs and cats, and other animals, never feel the paſſions ſo ſenſibly.—LADIES and GEMMEN, ſuppoſe we *adjourn* the *court* for a handful of minutes, take a peep at MISTRESS MOON, and put a few queſtions to the weather.

To this propoſal we all agreed, CAPTAIN NOAH leading the way up to the deck.

Thus, as the FLOCKS amid the valley feed,
Behold! the BELLWEATHER, the Rover,
Like mortals, fickle, takes it in his head
To taſte a neighbouring field of clover!
He *dares* th' oppoſing hedge, he beats it *hollow*—
Mounts, leaps, and all the tribes of fleeces follow!

ODES

TO

INS AND OUTS.

——————exulet aula
Qui volet esse pius: Virtus et summa Potestas
Non coëunt. LUCAN.

He who would gain FAME's good report,
Must have no dealings with a COURT.
VIRTUE and POWER—*fair* and *foul* weather,
Were never known to *pig together.*

ODES

TO INS AND OUTS.

PROLOGUE.

I HATE moſt COURTIERS, from my ſoul!
Upon each other how they ſcowl!
Yet all *politeneſs—wonderful* good-nature—
Each tries to get the *firſt* employ,
By ev'ry engine *to deſtroy*,
Yet *bows*, and *ſmiles*, and ſtill perſiſts to *flatter*;
And when his rival he has ſent to *hell*,
Kind whiſpers—"Sir, I hope I ſee you *well*."

How like old OCEAN the old knave!
This moment placid, ſmooth, a bright expanſe—
The next he thunders, raiſes every wave,
Roars, riots, tumbles, kicks up *ſuch* a dance,
Booms o'er the ſhip with *ſuch* a ſhock,
And heaves her on the fatal rock!

Within a little hour, one little hour,
No more his foamy billows tow'r;

But all ſo *crouching*, *humble*, *gentle*, rot 'em!
With timid motion they advance,
Seem *ſorry* for the *ſad miſchance*,
And, winding round the wreck, they *kiſs its bottom*.

Reader, didſt ever ſcald thy mouth with *cuſtard*?
Then thou haſt curs'd it twenty times, or more.
Or, didſt thou ever to a *Cat* give *muſtard*?
If ſo, GRIMALKIN ſcratch'd, and ſpit, and ſwore.

Thus at my rhymes our COURTIERS ſwear and ſpit,
Ready to ſlay me—tear me bit by bit.—

I dearly love to hitch the rogues in *rhyme*,
And tell the world each various crime;
And folly too, ah, often felt and ſeen!
Indeed the act of many a COURT
Would yield the Nation charming ſport,
And chaſe the gloomy cloud of SPLEEN;
But that this folly mingles with *much harm*—
Aye, there's the rub!—the rub, too, to *alarm*.

But,

But, Sirs, I'll have my thoughts, and ſpeak them too,
  In ſpite of Miniſterial chains:
If a Court Scoundrel meet my view,
  I'll laugh at penalties and pains;
Smile at the Ribbands that their ſhoulders deck,
And wiſh them good tight ropes about their neck.

  I'll *have* my thoughts, and *print* them too,
Ev'n ſhould there be an *Imprimatur*;
  Sing *what* is *what*, and who is who,
And, *Independent*, ſcorn to *flatter*.

There may be Miniſterial chains,
Not only for the tongue, but *brains:*
The time *may* come when Miniſterial ſway
Makes deſpotiſm the order of the day—
Still will I talk and write as I think fit,
Whether MAN *John* be ADDINGTON or PITT.

ODE II.

TO THE K——

Written immediately on Mr. PITT's Retreat from Administration.

AN'T pleaſe your M——Y, I'm very glad,
And ſo are all of us (of late ſo ſad),
That you have thrown the JONAS overboard.
See! ſee the drowning cat! he ſpreads his claws!
Quickly, for God's ſake, Sir, chop off his paws!—
He dies, by not a *ſingle ſigh* deplor'd.
To DAVY JONES's locker let him go,
And with old NEPTUNE *booze* below—
Bad ſtuff though, NEPTUNES *maukiſh brine!*
He'd rather *touch* DUNDAS's *wine.*

PITT, Sir, has been a ſhocking ſteward,
And made us all, poor creatures, chew hard:
We ſcarce can put a *mouſe* into the pot;
And yet he leaves behind, I fear,
Something that will not *touching* bear,
Like powder of a poſt that has the *rot.*

And

And FAME each day ſings louder, Sir, and louder,
" State-pillars will be made of this ſame powder."
Now rotten wood, according to my *nouſe*,
Is bad material to ſupport a houſe.

PITT deem'd himſelf an *Eagle*—what a *flat !*
What *was* he?—a poor wheeling, fluttering *Bat*—
An Imp of Darkneſs—buſy catching *flies !*
Here, there, up, down, off, on—ſhriek, ſhriek—
ſnap, ſnap—
His gaping mouth a very lucky trap,
Quick ſeizing for his hungry maw—Supplies.

PITT makes, 'tis true, a monſtrous noiſe—
He who's ſeduc'd muſt be beſotted.
The ſound may fright the ears of boys—
A cannon's thunder, but not *ſhotted.*

No FARMER with more true delight
E'er ſaw a ſaucy, ſoaring KITE
Fetch'd by a leaden meſſenger to ground,
Than WE, when MAJESTY thought fit,
And *wiſely* too, to humble PITT,
Headlong into the gulf profound,

Sunk him to hell—at leaſt *his loweſt* hell,
Where PRIDE's prick'd bladder could no longer ſwell.

No FARMER with a greater glee
Beholds a dying Fox, than WE
Mark'd the laſt ſtruggles of poor BILLY PITT:
On every viſage ſee a ſmile!
JOY triumph's through the echoing iſle!
Upon his name POSTERITY ſhall ſpit.

Poor baniſh'd LIBERTY again
To BRITAIN's fair and wide domain,
Shall bring her throne, her ſacred throne:
The voice that long has learnt to mourn,
Shall hail with rapture her return,
And change for ſounds of joy the hopeleſs groan.

Well, SIRE, whatever be th' event,
You do things with the beſt intent;
Diſtreſs'd when FORTUNE mars a patriot plan:
And know, each true-born Briton ſings,
" Health and long life to virtuous Kings!
" We love the MASTER, but deteſt the *Man*."

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

SIRE! if your MAJESTY ſo pleaſe,
And, SIRE, it may be done with eaſe,
I'll make a bargain.—Keep out PITT for ever,
My ſong ſhall be the ſong of praiſe;
To Kings an *altar* will I raiſe;
And never tear it down—no, never, never.
And ſhould it pleaſe th' ALMIGHTY to take PIE,
SIRE, I'm your *Bard*—your *Laureat*—I—yes, I!

I think this muſt be *ſome temptation*,
Conſidering my *vaſt* reputation.

ODE III.

TO LORD H———Y.

SWEET is the MUSES's voice to *me!*
Nothing ſo clever, nought *more mighty,*
For taking from the heart *ennui,*
The ſpleen, blue devils, *tædium vitæ.*
Sweet alſo is the ſweet CREMONA's tongue.
Making the hours dance merrily along.

But, ah! not ſweet indeed to *me,*
Are ſounds in Parliament *from thee:*
Through my whole frame ſuch *torpors* creep—
I ſtretch, gape, yawn, and fall aſleep.

Surely our men of *worſhip* ſhould be *wise,*
Think deeply, and with ſpeech *ſurpriſe:*
But titles only the mad MILLION *hails!*
Juſt like BIRD-fanciers, heedleſs of the *ſong,*
Who aſk *what feathers* to the birds belong,
That, Baſhaw-like, gain glory by their *tails.*

Thou

Thou deem'ſt thyſelf a firſt-rate SHIP of WAR—
  Inform one, H—KSB—Y, art thou *mad?*
What ſays each honeſt, grinning TAR?
  " O, d—n my eyes! this is too bad!"
Then flings his *quid* away, and raves,
" A *gooſe-feather* upon the waves!"

  Now let me own, JACK's *cat* is much too *ſmart*:
'Mid the loud ſtorm, and on the ocean's ſwell,
  H—KSB—Y, I'll tell thee truly what thou *art*—
        A ſimple COCKLE-SHELL!
Slipp'd from a ſtubborn rock into the ſea.—
  " Ah," thou exclaimeſt, " *who's* that ſtubborn rock?
" I wonder *who* that rock can be!"
  PITT! PITT!—Lord, thou art ſtupid as a ſtock!

  H—KSB—Y, amid this boiſterous gale,
Since thou art mounted upon high,
On pinion wild with dauntleſs eye,
  Let me inſtruct thee with a Tale.—
        'Tis of an Owl,
        A *ſolemn* fowl,
And very much conceited—much like *thee*:
Excuſe this quaker-proneness to be *free*.

AN

AN OWL, a bachelor of no great ſoul,
Nor intellect, but very, very proud,
The tenant of a little dirty hole,
Wiſh'd from obſcurity to clear the cloud:
Yes, OWL muſt have his ſails unfurl'd,
And mount majeſtic on the world.

Cloſe to his ivy-houſe liv'd CROW,
Who on his errands us'd to go.
" CROW," ſaid the OWL, upon a day,
" I'm ſick of ſolitude and gloom:
" A bird of my deep ſenſe and plume
" Should *mount* amid the blaze of day.
" In ſhort, dear CROW, I wiſh to *wed*,
" And, mind me, take unto my bed
" A BIRD of *birth*, the EAGLE's daughter,
" MISS EAGLET."—" Ah," replied the Crow,
Ready to ſplit his ſides with laughter,
" Indeed! and are things really *ſo?*
" Right, Sir, to alter your condition—
" O Lord there's nothing like *ambition!*"

" Well, CROW, you'll quickly ſeek the realms above,
" With my propoſals to the BIRD of JOVE."

CROW

CROW takes his leave, aſcends the ſkies,
And to the EAGLE's palace flies
The black AMBASSADOR from OWL;
Delivers his credentials to his GRACE,
With AUCKLAND's diplomatic face,
Conceiving, like a *penetrating* fowl,
How politics would go *above;*
What anſwer leave the BIRD of JOVE.

Thus ſpake the Royal Bird:—" SIR CROW,
" To my LORD OWL be pleas'd to go,
" And tell him that I like the match:
" I'm much oblig'd to him, indeed,
" For honouring the Eagle breed:
" I've been a good while on the watch
" To throw a *little luſtre* round my houſe:
" Commend me to the THUNDERBOLT of MOUSE.

" MISS EAGLET is at his command—
" Shall join his LORDSHIP in the ſtraw;
" Who ſuch alliance cannot well withſtand;
" Happy to take him by the *claw.*
" Bid him aſcend *ſans cérémonie—free,*
" And *pick his mouſe* to-day with *me.*"

Off

Off flew at once the ſable fowl,
And quickly reach'd the houſe of OWL,
And told him all that he had ſeen and heard.
OWL inſtant comb'd, and waſh'd his face,
Cut all his claws to *ſuch* a grace,
Trimm'd all his feathers nicely—clipp'd his beard;
Bid to his humble hole good-night,
And roſe amid the realms of light.

Mounted a mile or two, behold,
The ſun's bright blaze of burniſh'd gold
Flaſh'd on the OWL's poor weak and watering eyes:
Juſt like a paper-kite, whoſe ſtring
Deſerting, leaves him on the wing,
To totter, dip, mount, fall agen, and riſe;
So ſhuffled OWL, loſt, reeling blind,
The ſport of every guſt of wind,
Till down he fell with phiz of woe,
The jeſt of ev'ry bird below.

Now, H—KSB—Y, tell the Man of Rhyme,
How feeleſt thou *thy* flight ſublime?

Thy

Thy weak eyes ſeem already *winking*.
Poor Bird! I fear 'tis quickly over!
Yes, yes, already I discover
Symptoms of *ſinking*.

PITT's mouth may make a little blaſt—
The PAPER-KITE comes down *at laſt*,
And ſharply watching are we all;
And when laid flat upon the ground,
Thy *paper ſtuff* we ſhall ſurround,
And make us merry at thy FALL!

Remember *Icarus*'s height—
Perhaps the obſervation *ſtings*;
Thou ſhouldſt have aſk'd, before thy flight,
DAME WISDOM *for a pair of wings*.

ODE

ODE IV.

TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PRAY MISTER ADDINGTON, *go out*—
Your *change* on madneſs ſeems to border.
You're a good School-miſtreſs no doubt,
To keep the *noiſy Brats* in order.
But to be *Miniſter !*—God bleſs ye !
Why, what the Devil could poſſeſs ye ?

Pray, MISTER ADDINGTON, *go out*,
And let ſome *abler* man come in—
Such child's play !—What are you about ?
The NATION's really in a grin ;
And yet it ought *to cry*, Heav'n knows !
So nearly going to the CROWS.

Good MISTER ADDINGTON, *go out*—
Go calmly out, nor make a pudder ;
And don't like GRENVILLE puſh your ſnout
Beneath the good old STATE-Cows udder.

Poor BEAST ! *ſhe* can't thy thirſt ſupply !
PITT's *famiſh'd Calves* have ſuck'd her *dry*.

And hear me, Sir—learn ſome ſmall wit—
Don't be the dirty tool of PITT :
Think on a Tale—the MONKEY and the CAT.
Cheſſnuts were roaſting in the fire :
JACK's jaws both water'd with deſire ;
He begs MISS PUSS to lend her pretty pat ;
Then handy, as the handieſt ſtroker,
He makes her velvet paw a *poker*—
And ſtirs away at *ſuch a rate !*
PUSS ſqualls—but what is that to PUG ?
He holds poor MISS GRIMALKIN ſnug,
And gets the cheſtnuts from the grate :
JACK grins—indulges his rogue jaws—
PUSS goes in mourning for her claws.

NOW MISTER CHANCELLOR will ſay I *ſquint ;*
That as to my ſurmiſe there's nothing in't :
NOW MISTER CHANCELLOR, I call no names ;
But lo ! the FATHER of REFORM
Will take you by perſuaſion, or by ſtorm,
And put your pretty fingers in the *flames*.

He

He wants *that organ* in your mouth call'd *Tongue;*
And, like an *organ* in the Houſe of God,
With deep-ton'd energy, divinely ſtrong,
That fills with holy awe the dread abode:
He wiſhes your's to ſtun Saint Stephen's ſphere,
And get him ſome ten thouſand pounds a year!

Yes, you muſt thunder for a penſion!
For ſervices of *high pretenſion*;
For Him who, lab'ring with the happieſt pains,
Sav'd England's life by *daſhing out her brains.*

ODE V.

TO GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

FORC'D from affairs of State, George Rose,
With pretty Treaſury pickings, goes;
In humble hut, on Scotia's plains,
To feaſt upon his *honeſt* gains.

Thus with a dainty heap of apples,
With teeth and claws, a Hedge-hog grapples,

The

The epicure, and eats his fill:
  Yet on the heap behold him roll,
  And loaded ſteal into his hole,
A golden pippin on each quill.—
  Thus loaded into Scotland goes
  Ex-Secrétaire GEORGE HEDGE-HOG ROSE.

Fed like a horſe in a King's ſtable,
GEORGE didſt thou happy riſe from table,
As Horace ſays, "*Uti conviva ſatur?*"
I really think 'twas no ſuch matter.

  Forc'd from the ven'ſon of the State;
  Forc'd to deſert a well-cramm'd plate;
Forc'd from the trifles, and the jelly;
  Forc'd from a thouſand ſweet *nick-nackeries*,
  Prettily made by State-Cook quackeries,
To fill each crevice of thy bloated belly—
  Looking a downright foot-ball by its tumour,
  I think thou gotteſt up in a bad humour—
  Yes, GEORGE, thy ſtomach it is ſuch,
  It thinks it cannot have *too much*.

  Yet, why art thou not dubb'd a LORD,
  To riſe with *luſtre* from the Board,

As *title* much the vulgar world bewitches?
Then mayſt thou ſeek the barren heath,
Or dell, where firſt thou dreweſt breath,
And blaze the JACK-O'-LANTERN of the ditches!

JOAN JENKINSON, aud MADGE, and BET,
And PEG, and NAN, a *ſav'ry* SET,
Have ris'n to *Ladyſhip* in this kind reign:
They ride to Court, obtain a ſmile,
Make dips and curtſies all *in ſtyle*,
And carry off kind *nods* from Q— and K—.
Now this was all old JENKY's doing,
By dint of labour and Court-wooing.

Haſt thou not too ſome poor relations
Wiſhing to change their ragged ſtations,
And on the bright Court hemiſphere be *ſtars*?
If *favour* will not gain it—*buy*,
And hoiſt thy COUSIN JOANS on high,
Upon the *virtuous* plunder of our wars.

Sure, thou mayſt do all this with eaſe,
As honours are as thick as fleas,

Pitching

Pitching on *this* man's ſhoulders, now on *that*.
As HERALDRY has wond'rous charms,
HEARD ſhall *invent* a coat of arms,
And to a TYGER turn a *mangy* cat.

ODE VI.

WHEN PITT was out of office puſh'd,
What horror ſmote the LEVEE MOB!
Mad into Street of Downing ruſh'd
His minions, always ready for a *job*:

A moſt obſequious *ſtud* of hacks,
Who bore him on their humble backs
Through *dirty lanes*, through thick and thin:
No matter what the object, no;
When PITT *commands—it muſt be ſo;*
Whether to *clothe* the naked Realm, or *ſkin*.

MUSE, would it be too harſh to ſay,
The tumult on that kick-out day

Was mob-like at a houſe on fire;
Where *friends*, amid the conflagration,
With a kind thief-acceleration,
Whip off the goods they guarded by *deſire*.

Unfeeling as a ſtone, or harder,
In ruſh'd Lord G——— to the Larder,
Caught up a gooſe for ſelf and wife:
In ran DUNDAS with hungry paunch,
Snatch'd up a turbot and a haunch:
In bounc'd CHARLES LONG, and, with his butcher's knife,
(For in the plunder *he* muſt alſo join)
And cut off ſlices from a fat *ſirloin*.

In ſcamper'd WYNDHAM—"Where's *my* ſhare?
"I *muſt* be partner in the ſpoils:"
Then up he caught an old jack hare,
A *proper* preſent for his toils.

"*I* muſt have ſomething," CANNING cries,
And faſtens on ſome rich mince pies,

As

As dext'rous as the reſt to rifle:
  Ecod! and he muſt ſomething do
  For *Mother* and for *Siſters* too,
So ſteals some ſyllabubs and *trifle.*

  But where was JUSTICE all the while,
  That things were going off *in ſtyle?*
Poor Gentlewoman! ſhe was gagg'd and bound;
  Her even ſcales, alas! abhorr'd,
  In pieces broken with her ſword;
Nor were the faſces to be found.

  Such were the *Guardians* of the State.
Juſt like a ſhoal of ſharks who ſwam in,
  With maws as wide as the Park gate,
To ſave (by eating us) from *famine!*

Some syllabubs and trifle.] With a miniſterial fortune by matrimony; with *Sinecures,* &c. to a large amount, ſqueezed from the vitals of the Nation; this *modest* and *generous Youth* could not *afford* to yield his poor *Mother,* MISTRESS HUNN, *alias* MISTRESS REDDISH, *alias* MISTRESS CANNING, a *pittance.*—No! the Kingdom muſt be *saddled* with Five Hundred Pounds a year for her *ſupport. Such* is the *laudable* diſtribution of public treaſure! ſuch are the DEPOSITARIES of the national confidence! and of *such* we are *ordered* not to *complain,* for fear of the imputation of *Jacobinism!!!*

ODE VII.

POSSESS but *faith*, 'twill move a mountain:
Thus ſays the Bible, the great fountain,
The ſacred fountain of immortal truth.
There are who ſay that BILLY PITT
In this dear war has ſhown his wit—
Lord! what a ſtateſman!—what a clever youth!
Keen as the keeneſt eagle's view,
There's *nothing* that he cannot do.

Yes, have a portion of credulity,
And claw a pyramid, you'll pull it t' ye.

Credulity's a pretty ſand
To blind the people of the land:
O yes, it blinds weak women, and weak men,
Much like the ſand that boys, in fun,
Fire from an engine called a *gun*,
To knock down a poor humming-bird, or wren.

THE

THE DOCTORS:

A TALE.

A FELLOW troubled with the itch
(Like Courtier-men) of getting rich,
And learning that a Doctor, (not a *Quack*),
By means of a moſt potent pill,
Did verily and truly fill
Full many a time with gold his ſack—
Reſolv'd, by pill, to make a fortune too,
So ſet about it without more ado.
Hoiſt but the ſtandard, folks will come,
With heads as empty as the *drum*.
The Quack puffs off his pill—none doubt him,
And numbers quickly flock'd about him:
A BUMPKIN came among the rest,
And thus the Man of Pill addreſt:
" *Zur*, hearing what is come to paſs,
" That your fine pill hath cur'd the KING,
" And able to do every thing,
" D'ye think, *Zur*, that t'will make me vind my Ass?
" I've loſt my aſs, *Zur*, zo ſhould like to try it:
" If this be your opinion, *Zur*, I'll buy it."

"Undoubtedly!" the Quack replied,
"Yes, MASTER HOB, it ſhould be tried:"
Then down HOB's gullet, cure or kill,
The grand Impoſtor puſh'd the pill.
HOB paid his fee, and off he went;
And trav'lling on about an hour,
His bowels ſore with pains were rent;
Such was the pill's *ſurpriſing* pow'r.

No longer able to contain,
HOB, in a hurry, left the lane:
How decent!—what can decency ſurpaſs?
And ſought the grove—where HOB's two eyes,
Wide ſtaring, ſaw with huge ſurpriſe
His long-ear'd ſervant JACK, his ASS!
Ye Gods! how happy was the meeting!
HOB kiſſing Jack, and Jack, HOB greeting.

"Adzooks! a lucky pill!" quoth HOB:
"Yes, yes, the pill hath done the job."
PILL grew the ſubject of the village tattle:
At laſt it gain'd a heap of fame;
Not only good for *blind* and *lame*,
But good, too, for recovering all *ſtray'd cattle*.

Now

Now ponder well, ye Parents dear—
PITT's no *Catholicon*, I fear:
PITT is a violent *cathartic*,
Creating very grievous gripes
(In butcher phrase) among our *tripes*,
Making the stomach, head, and heart sick:

Producing much evacuation
Unto a poor consumptive NATION,
That wants *restoratives* called *Pounds*,
To give her strength, and heal her wounds.

Though *clever* in his Treasury *rostrum*,
PITT never yet possess'd a *nostrum*
For bringing *all stray'd Millions* back again:
The Guineas he sent out, we find,
Were like so many beetles, blind,
Rambling the Lord knows where, like show'rs of rain,
Making the German regions smile,
Instead of ALBION's famish'd Isle.

THE

THE HEDGE-HOGS:

A FABLE.

THE Hedge-hogs in a war moſt fatal,
A war commenc'd with the Dog-Nation,
Like us, unlucky, loſing each land-battle,
And trembling all for their ſalvation,
Agreed to furniſh contribution,
With patriotic reſolution,
As much as every Hedge-hog could afford:
One of the tribe, no Hedge-hog ſubtler,
An ELWES or a Sir JOHN CUTLER,
And maſter of a comfortable hoard,
Affected to be ſcarcely worth a crown,
Therefore unable to *come down.*

The Hedge-hog Council ſent to let him know
The *tide* could never be ſo *low:*

" Enter my houſe, and be convinc'd," quoth *he.*
The Meſſengers ſtepp'd in, and pry'd about:
Appearances left not a doubt—
Of wealth a veſtige not a ſoul could ſee:

In full conviction then they left the door:
" 'SQUIRE HEDGE-HOG certainly is very poor."

As from the door, the humble door
Of our 'SQUIRE HEDGE-HOG all *ſo poor*,
Fully convinc'd, they paſs'd along;
A hillock of freſh earth appear'd,
Seeming but very lately rear'd:
This hatch'd ſuſpicions ſomewhat ſtrong.

With teeth and claws they op'd the mound—
Where *ſuch* a treaſure ſoon was found!
Forth trots the *poverty-ſtruck* 'Squire,
Begging and praying beyond meaſure,
They would not take away his treaſure:
" Was ſorry he had been ſo great a liar;

" Was ready with his *quota* to the State,
" T' aſſiſt the war and give the Dogs their fate."
But, no—it was againſt the laws: they found
He could not have it—no ſuch thing,
As treaſure *under ground*
Belong'd of *right* unto the *King*.

Thus

Thus was 'SQUIRE HEDGE-HOG very fairly bit.
Now to apply this fable to 'SQUIRE PITT :—

PITT, canſt thou ſay with a good grace,
That thine is not a *hedge-hog caſe?*
Believe me, thou'rt not *poor in purſe,*
However thou mayſt be in *ſpirit*:
Thine *income,* for the NATION'S curſe,
Is much, I fear, beyond thy *merit.*

The Cinque Ports, with a few *remunerations,*
Prove to JOHN BULL ſome *trifling* obligations,
Which WYNDHAM *cheeſe-parings* might call;
Which *cheeſe-parings,* if in *my paw'r,*
Should, in the ſpace of half an hour,
Return to where they ſtarted, like a *ball.*

Had JUSTICE nicely weigh'd thy *true* deſert,
What had ſhe giv'n?—I'll tell thee *what*—
The DAME had giv'n to pleaſe thy *lofty* heart,
Juſt *half enough* to feed a *Rat*:

An

An animal of vicious nature,
Who, after breakfafting, and dining,
And fupping in a houfe, and undermining,
Leaves it a prey to *fire* and *water*,
(As foon as all the plunder ceafes),
To tear it in a thoufand pieces.

ODE VIII.

TO PITT.

" BLESSED are thofe who nought expect,
" For they fhall not be difappointed;"
But thou didft hope a *grand effect*—
Great fighings from the LORD'S ANOINTED.

Strong was thy hope that MAJESTY would fend,
Of terror full, to his *good friend*
Of DOWNING STREET pofte-hafte away,
Petitioning—" PITT, all is over,
" The FRENCH will quickly land at Dover,
" And no one to oppofe and flay:

Of

" Of ſtrength thou art a mighty tow'r:
" Come, come, and all thy thunder pour;
" Without *thee*, England meets her fate—
" Haſte, haſte, and ſave a ſinking State!"

Such were a very flattering ſound!
How had the echoes rung around!
But no ſuch voice, alas! was ever heard!
No thunder roll'd, no tempeſt blew;
But eaſy quite as an *old ſhoe*,
SAINT JAMES's for thy loſs appear'd.
Soft as a cat's, indeed, was thy retreat,
That moves *down ſtairs* upon her velvet feet.

But prithee ſwallow, PITT, a queſtion,
That mayn't agree with thy digeſtion:
Where was the bluſh, the bluſh of *ſhame*,
When, to exalt the *blind* and *lame*,
Thou gav'ſt of eloquence *that* dainty diſh?
Yet people will in anſwer ſay,
" 'Tis the world's way—
" We never hear a man cry, 'STINKING FISH!' "

STINKING FISH.]—A few of his fellow-labourers in the political vineyard, that remained after his expulſion. Mr. PITT's *eulogium* on thoſe rags of his Adminiſtration produced a univerſal ſmile, even from his *own Party*.

TO

TO PITT, IN CONTINUATION.

'TIS whiſper'd thou wert turn'd to door,
Moſt *Job-like*, very, very poor.
Poor man! poor man! ah, what a pity!
Farewell to dinners in the city!
Farewell to GROCERS *ev'ry one*—
OTHELLO's occupation's gone!
Yet greater men than thee have fall'n from glory:
Witneſs the following little ſtory.

THE SULTAN AND THE DOG.

A MIGHTY SULTAN of the Eaſt,
On every dainty us'd to feaſt:
(How different from the beggar and his bone!)
Who drank, too, Burgundy, I ween:
For every thing *in ſtyle* was ſeen,
Becoming one who ſat upon a *throne*.

It chanc'd that WAR, all powerful war,
So apt the wiſeſt ſchemes to mar,

And

And change the maſter to the humble *ſlave*,
Fix'd on the SULTAN his ſteel claws,
Clapp'd an embargo on his jaws,
And *words*, *hard words*, inſtead of victuals, gave.

The KING was *beat*—to priſon ſent, in ſhort—
Coarſe was his fare, the coarſeſt ſort:
A jug of milk was ſent to him for dinner:
Enter a dog, who, while the KING
Was muſing on ſome *lofty thing*,
Stole ſlily to the milk, the thieviſh ſinner;
Forc'd in his head, and lapp'd *each drop*, no doubt,
But could not get his head felonious *out*.

So off, with his jugg'd jowl, the raſcal ran.
The Monarch, ſmiling, mark'd the theft,
And of his dinner though bereft,
With much good-humour thus began:

" FORTUNE's a *fickle* DAME: but *yeſterday*
" An HUNDRED CAMELS ſcarce could bear
" My *quantities* of kitchen-ware,
" And now a *Cur* can carry it away!"

O, with

Oh, with a diſpoſition ſoft as ſilk,
So *humble*, *affable* and *mild*;
Art *thou* reduc'd, too, to a *jug of milk*,
Sweet NATURE'S CHILD?
Speak—Did the *famiſh'd wolves*, alas!
Eat *all* the fleſh of the dead Ass,
And leave thee nothing but the bones?
Say, hadſt thou not the face to mump
One ſteak, from the poor NATION'S *rump*,
To calm gaunt FAMINE'S hollow moans?

Ah, me! we all are very poor;
Tax'd to the very eyes, I'm ſure!
Where is the *article* that pays no *duty?*
Nought 'ſcapes!—not WOMAN'S *faſcinating beauty!*

Lo, many a little charming PHILLIS,
For vending roſes ſweet, and lilies,
And love-inſpiring, luſcious, balmy kiſſes;
Although the growth of *their own cheek;*
Although the growth of *their own neck;*
Although the growth of *their own lip*, ſweet MISSES;

Are forc'd to BRIDEWELL's horrid fare,
For dealing in *unlicens'd* ware—
Spoil'd all their pretty hops, and ſkips, and glee,
Becauſe the JUSTICE had not got his *fee*.

ODE IX.

TO PITT AGAIN.

SAY, PITT, doſt thou ſo eaſy part
With pow'r, the idol of thy heart,
And, philoſophic, yield to thy diſgrace;
Leave Downing-Street and ſtately rooms,
For ſecreſy and ſpectre glooms
Of ſolitary, poor PARK PLACE;
To live within a little hole,
As melancholy as a mole?

Thou thoughteſt we ſhould all wear mourning,
Black, weeping all for thy returning—

All with white handkerchiefs to catch wet ſorrow:
Ah, know there are not ten who care
Five farthings were they now to hear
That thou wert in a jail to-morrow.

PITT, thou haſt been in office long enough:
Yes, thou haſt had a *handſome ſwing*;
Thy hide, too, like a bull-hide tough,
Has met, indeed, with many a *ſting*,
Or *dart*, that muſt have kill'd all but the man
Whoſe *modeſty* not only took our flour
(The *conſcientious Miller* of the hour),
But made its bow, too, to the *bran*:
Nay ready, too, upon its back,
To carry off the very *ſack!*

Suſpended on a bit of ſteel,
Employ'd in *ſniggling*,
A large and ſlippery EEL,
The world ſeems glad to ſee thee wriggling.

How haſt thou work'd for life and ſoul,
To ſlip again into thy hole!
Aye, gape, and writhe, and ſpread thy fin,
Poor MASTER FISH, you won't get in.

A bungling Chemiſt, thou haſt manag'd badly;
Manag'd the State-alembic ſadly,
With all thy cunning and thy pains:
The finer parts are off! in *air!*
Howe'er thine ignorance may ſtare,
And nought but *caput mortuum* remains.

So much, PITT, for our *ſublimed* conſtitution,
The ſubject of thy fierce and ceaſeleſs fires!
And, lo, by dint of time and reſolution,
Thou haſt well *crucibled* thy COUNTRY 'SQUIRES;
And MOTHER BANK, the blindeſt of old CRONES,
Extracting heaps of gold from STOCKS and STONES.

When ye began this *righteous* war,
Where was your tutelary ſtar?
Ye never dreamt of danger till *too late.*
" A war with FRANCE! oh, that's ſoon o'er;
" A fox-chaſe, fox-chaſe, nothing more;
" Fun, fun—juſt courſing a poor hare, or cat."

Such was your ſpeech: but, Sir, it *doth appear,*
That this ſame cat is now become a *Bear,*
Whoſe claws have lately held you *ſnug,*
And giv'n a curſed *Corniſh hug.*

ODE

ODE X.

TO HENRY DUNDAS, ESQ.

FOR a great Empire, faſt undoing,
Something indeed ſhould have been *brewing*,
Better than brandy and ſtrong beer:
Something was wanting, to my humble thinking,
Beſides good eating and hard drinking,
To keep the leaky ſhip from *foundering* clear:
Yet 'tis well known that e'er the VESSEL's ſunk,
The ſailors commonly *get drunk*.

Now thou art off, I long to ſee,
In thine own language, "*Wha wants me?*"
It will not be at all ſurpriſing
To catch thee, HARRY, *advertiſing*.
If mad to face a *ſecond ſtorm*
Take an Advertiſement *in form*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A *ſteady* MAN, near ſixty years of age,
Would very willingly engage
As *Butler* to a MINISTER of STATE,
And overlook the *Plate*.

But ſhould the Plate *by chance* be carried off,
And not a hogſhead or a bottle left;
He begs to ſay, he won't be fool enough
To *anſwer* for the *leakage*, or the *theft*.

If *wanted*, he can have, by God's good grace,
An *exc'lent character* from his LAST PLACE.
Pleaſe to direct to MISTER H. DUNDAS,
At the *old Sign*—the BOTTLE and the GLASS.

A MORAL CONCLUSION.

IN this world's wild, uncertain chaſe,
What ſtrange events at times take place!
Some bright with *joy*, ſome black with *ſorrow!*
Omnium eſt rerum viciſſitudo!
To *day* what wonders *I* and *you* do,
That happen not again *to-morrow!*

HAWKSB'RY and WYNDHAM, CANNING, LONG,
Were *under-ſtrappers* to WILL PITT;
Forerunners, oft they gave their tongue
Before the GREAT MAN pour'd his wit.

Thus

Thus PAUL's four ſmall clock-quarters ('prentice boys)
Inſtruct their mighty Maſter when to ſound:
PAUL ſolemn liſtens to the tinkling noiſe,
Then breaks in thunder to the world around!

But Herald Underſtrappers now no more,
PITT out of office, the broad farce is o'er;
Flung from his pedeſtal amid the rabble,
Deep thundering PITT is—poor old GOODY GABBLE.

Ah me! *ſic tranſit gloria mundi*—
Such things will *be* 'till moon and ſun die,
And EARTH our aſhes, our pale embers cover:
And really, when we ſum up *all*,
What's life?—A blaſt—a little ſquawl.—
DEATH's calm muſt come at laſt, and all *is over*—
All in our tombs in peace—not *one*
To read "*Hic jacet*" on the *ſtone!*

JULIA,

OR,

THE VICTIM OF LOVE;

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Illa mihi sancta est; illius dona sepulchro,
Et madefacta meis, serta feram lacrymis.

TIBULLUS.

From mem'ry, nought shall force her form away,
For ever sacred and for ever dear:
I'll seek her tomb at morn and closing day,
And wet each flow'r I offer with a *tear.*

JULIA,

OR,

THE VICTIM OF LOVE.

SHE is dead, who gave life to the groves,
And covers our valley with gloom!
She who led all the Pleaſures and Loves,
Now joins the pale band of the Tomb.

She whoſe beauty commanded the heart,
So prais'd, ſo ador'd, ſo deſir'd;
Sunk, the innocent victim of art,
And the paſſion her beauty inſpir'd.

Yet ſilent was ſhe on the Swain
Whoſe cruelty doom'd her to mourn;
In ſecret her ſoul would complain,
In ſecret her anguiſh would burn.

Tho' faint was the bluſh on her cheek,
And deep in her boſom the thorn;
A ſmile 'midſt her ſorrows would break,
Like a ray through the clouds of the morn.

She

She would ſit near yon willow and ſigh,
And pant in the ſhade of the trees:
" Sweet ZEPHYR, bring health," ſhe would cry;
But HEALTH never came with the breeze.

And oft ſhe would drink of the brook,
But HEALTH never came with the rill;
Then around on the heights ſhe would look,
But HEALTH never came to the hill.

On her Dog ſhe look'd down with a tear,
And ſigh'd as ſhe patted his head,
" Poor FIDELLE! thou wilt ſuffer, I fear,
" When thy Miſtreſs, who loves thee, is dead.

" *Thou* haſt ever been conſtant and kind;
" *My* fondneſs ne'er met with a *ſlight:*
" In *thee* a firm friendſhip I find;
" How unhappy when out of my ſight!

" When with ſpeed I could travel the plain,
" With thy Miſtreſs to ſport was thy pride;
" And now I am weak and in pain,
" Thou art heartleſs and dull by my ſide.

" When

" When I'm gone, thou, poor fellow, wilt pine,
" And ſeek me, uneaſy, around;
" Beſeeching the ſwains, with a whine,
" To tell where thy Friend may be found.

" Shouldſt thou find my cold dwelling at laſt,
" Near my ſod thou wilt mope the long day:
" Nor the night, nor the rain, nor the blaſt,
" Nay, nor hunger will force thee away."

Thus ſhe ſpoke to her Fav'rite, whoſe eye
Was fix'd upon thoſe of the MAID:
Then he lick'd her fond hand at her ſigh,
As if conſcious of all ſhe had ſaid!

Sweet Nymph! what a ſudden decay!
Now her limbs ſhe could ſcarcely ſuſtain;
Now her head would ſink feebly away,
Like the lily preſs'd down by the rain.

At length on her pillow ſhe fell;
In ſilence we watch'd her laſt breath:
When ſhe bade us for ever farewell,
How divine, tho' the whiſper of Death!

No

No ſtruggle in dying ſhe knew,
  Life paſs'd with ſuch ſweetneſs away!
So calm from the world ſhe withdrew,
  Her laſt ſigh ſeem'd the zephyr of May.

Beneath a *plain* ſtone ſhe is laid,
  For needleſs of *praiſe* is the tale;
Since the virtues that ſhone in the MAID,
  May be ſeen in the tears of the VALE.

TO THE READER.

THE unfortunate ſubject of this ELEGIAC BALLAD was a young LADY, poſſeſſed of uncommon beauty, united with a highly-cultivated intellect, and the moſt faſcinating manners. A *tender* attachment, terminating in diſappointment, ſo affected her ſpirits as to occaſion a fatal decline. Her LOVER, from whoſe profeſſions of regard ſhe expected every happineſs, deſerted her almoſt in the hour of leading her to the Hymenæal altar: deluded by the idea of immenſe riches, he gave his hand to another; thus ſacrificing peace, honour, aud humanity, at the tinſel ſhrine of Fortune. His marriage, as might be expected, commencing with infamy, terminated in ſorrow, and ſhortened a life, that ſeemed to poſſeſs a claim to longevity. His laſt hours were thoſe of repentance and horror: before his death he frequently viſited the grave of his beloved but deſerted JULIA, and ſtrewed flowers, mingled with ſighs, on her sod; and if a long and unfeigned contrition might be allowed to *atone* for the inſanity of a moment, his tears muſt have obliterated his offences. Naturally of a poetical turn, he wrote a number of what he modeſtly called his *love trifles*, and ſent occaſionally to his Miſtreſs during the paroxyſm of his paſſion, ſome of which we have ſubjoined, that ſeem to breathe a ſpirit of ſincerity, whoſe foundation one would imagine could never have been ſhaken by the feeble arm of a puerile ambition.

ELEGY

ELEGY I.

He despairs of obtaining the smiles of his Mistress.

WHAT are the thunders of the ruthleſs wind?
And what the billows that tumultuous roll?
Calms to the raging tempeſt of my mind,—
Rills to the reſtleſs ſurges of my ſoul.

Intent to pleaſe, I vainly urge my toil;
No hopes, alas! the VIRGIN's looks impart:
O tell me, JULIA, what can win thy ſmile?
O ſpeak, and heave the *mountain* from my heart.

What can I do to win a cruel maid?
The front of DANGER willing would I brave:
No coward terror can this heart invade,
Whoſe chiefeſt glory is to be thy *ſlave*.

FATE holds no horror while I pleaſe my FAIR;
Then, JULIA, bid me my fond paſſion *prove*:
All, all thy rigour can command I dare,
But loſe thine image, and forget to love.

ELEGY

ELEGY II.

Instead of composing for fame, he resolves to write the praises of JULIA.

NO more I'll idly pour the line for praiſe:
Far loftier hopes my glowing fancy move;
I aſk the MUSES for their ſweeteſt lays,
To tell a beauteous MAID how much I *love*.

Vain are our vows to FAME! alas, how vain!
She waits to ſee us on the mournful bier;
Before ſhe yields of eulogy the ſtrain,
What cruel mockery to the lifeleſs ear!

To JULIA's hand I own my wiſh aſpires:
Mean are *my* merits—*hers* how far above!
Yet can I boaſt what only *ſhe* requires,
A heart to guard her, and a ſoul to love.

Tho' Courts admir'd, the modeſt JULIA choſe
The ſilent ſhade, remote from public view:
How like the berry that in ſecret glows,
And hides beneath a leaf its bluſhful hue!

Few are the wiſhes of the conſtant PAIR:
  What tho' no gold their humble cot diſplays?
CONTENT, their gueſt, thus cries with careleſs air,
  "Go, leave us, WEALTH, and palaces emblaze."

In *rural* bowers CONTENT delights to dwell;
  To cull the ſweets of NATURE's ſimple vale;
To join the *hermit* in the moſſy cell,
  And join the *nymphs* and *ſhepherds* of the dale.

To FORTUNE's tinſel ſhrine let *others* bow,
  And to their wiſhes rear the golden pile;
To one fair VIRGIN while I breathe *my* vow,
  And let *my* only treaſure be *her ſmile*.

ELEGY III.

He complains of JULIA'*s not keeping her appointment to meet him.*

WHAT demons keep my ſoul's delight away,
  And cruel thus my fondeſt wiſh invade?
Alas! I tremble at the ſetting ray!
  Pale EVENING waves around an envious ſhade!

How expectation loads th' important hour!
  Impatience wilder with each moment grows!
Thou loit'ring FAIR ONE, bless th' appointed bow'r,
  And snatch thy lover from a thousand woes.

From vale to vale my eager gaze I strain;
  From glade to glade with wild emotion move;
Now turn and sigh, now move and turn again,
  Devour each sound, and chide my ling'ring love.

Desponding, now upon the ground I lie,
  And, anxious, murmur to the desert air;
Now call on slumber to my closing eye:
  But slumber lights not on the lids of care.

Dark as the bosom of the stormy deep,
  Wild as its waves my thoughts succeeding roll;
Cool reason vainly soothes the wretch to sleep—
  Oh! what is reason to the love-sick soul?

Ye sweet companions of my lonely bow'r,
  Whose simple melodies my shades inspire:
Oh, that my bosom felt your happy hour!
  Oh, that my voice could join your cheerful choir!

Light as your wing that ſkims the midway ſky,
From joy to joy my heart ſo lately flew:
With me my moments never left a ſigh,
Nor bath'd my lids in ſorrow's baleful dew.

Hate to the nymph I vow, and cold diſdain;
Yet at each idle ſound alarm'd, I ſtart;
To meet her, panting, every nerve I ſtrain,
And ſhow too plain her triumph o'er my heart.

Where is my love? alas! my tranſports die:
My cheek, that redden'd with deſpair, turns pale;
With diſappointment drops my clouded eye,
Each pining feature tells a mournful tale.

See, ſee, the ſun deſcends beneath the deep;
Behold the melancholy bird of night!—
In vain along the winding gloom I weep,
And wiſh in vain to ſtay the parting light.

ELEGY

ELEGY IV.

Disappointed at not meeting JULIA, *he accuses her of inconstancy.*

FAINT as the luſtre of a lonely ſtar,
That ſheds through night's abyſs his diſtant fire.
HOPE feebly glimmer'd on my heart's deſpair:
Behold, behold, at length her lamp expire!

Know, lovely VIRGIN, thy deluding art
Hath lodg'd a thouſand ſcorpions in my breaſt,
Oh, ſay what happier rival wins thy heart?
Say, am I there no more a welcome gueſt?

To a *falſe* FAIR-ONE have I told my tale?
For a *falſe* FAIR-ONE fondly ſigh'd ſo long?
Why, dear deceiver, did thy charms prevail?
Thy charms the ſubject of my ev'ry ſong.

Ye ſwains who heard ſo oft my raptur'd lays,
Falſe is the damſel that your wonder drew;
Ye nymphs who liſten'd to the laviſh'd praiſe,
My ſoul's ſoft idol proves at length untrue.

NYMPHS of the vale, for *me* your pity ſpare;
Let not my fate, ye SWAINS, your pity draw
Alas! for faithleſs beauty drop the tear,
And grieve ſo fair a diamond holds a flaw.

Can FALSEHOOD's ſtain that dove-like heart defile?
Ah, ſee the tear by bluſhing HONOUR ſhed!
Lurks perfidy beneath that heavenly ſmile?
See LOVE with horror mark the guilty maid!

Yet, yet the tyrant of my breaſt ſhe reigns:
Reſtleſs for *her* it heaves with conſtant ſighs;
My wounded heart of *cruelty* complains,
Yet ſoftly pleads her pardon while it dies.

ELEGY V.

He condemns the licentiousness of the age.

TO falſe delights the YOUTH of BRITAIN fly,
Who court for happineſs the WANTON's arms;
Who darts on *all* the fond inflaming eye,
And *choiceleſs* yields to *all*, for gold, her charms.

When in the SYREN's fond embrace you ſigh,
And on her lips impreſs the burning kiſs,
Doth FRIENDSHIP mingle with th' unhallow'd joy,
Or LOVE's pure ſpirit ſwell the ſurge of bliſs?

When

When droops enjoyment, what is then the Fair?
A *flow'r* that blooms, but quickly doom'd to fade;
A *ſun* that pours a momentary glare,
And 'mid the tempeſt ſinks o'erwhelm'd in ſhade.

O ſwains, to MODESTY's fair daughters turn:
By *mental* beauty let your hearts be led:
Bid by your flight the venal FAIR-ONE mourn,
And preſs in tears her ſolitary bed.

When round your neck her fondling arms ſhe glues,
And, bent to pleaſe, exhauſts each winning art;
With falſe delights ſhe ſhamefully ſubdues,
And leads the PASSIONS captive, not the *heart*.

Their midnight orgies whilſt they madly hold,
I of a tender MAID ſhall be poſſeſt:
What bliſs her tender beauties to enfold,
And ſoothe my ſlumbers on her faithful breaſt.

TIME from her boſom all its ſnows may ſteal,
His iron hand her cheek's pure bluſh invade;
Still to my JULIA will I fondly kneel,
And love her moſt when all her roſes fade.

Who ſpurns the weeping FAIR-ONE from his breaſt,
Hard is his heart—in ev'ry virtue poor:
Hard is his heart to wound the fair DISTREST,
Who ſighs that ſhe can charm his eye no more.

Cruel to bid with grief her boſom heave,
Becauſe her cheeks no longer glowing warms:
Baſe, to forget the joys her beauty gave—
And oh, forget it *faded in his arms!*

SONG.

FROM her, whoſe ev'ry ſmile is love,
I haſte to ſome far diſtant cell:
My ſighs too weak the maid to move,
I bid the flatterer HOPE farewell.

Yet, as I quit her vale, my ſighs
At ev'ry ſtep for JULIA mourn;
My anxious heart within me dies,
And, panting, whiſpers, "*O return.*"

Deluded

Deluded heart! thy folly know,
  Nor fondly nurſe a fatal flame:
By abſence thou wilt loſe thy woe,
  And only *flutter* at her name.

SONG.

O SUMMER, thy preſence gives warmth to the vale;
  The ſong of the warbler enlivens the groves;
The pipe of the ſhepherd too gladdens the gale:
  Alas! but I hear not the voice of my love.

The lilies appear in their faireſt array;
  To the vallies the woodbines a fragrance impart;
The roſes the pride of their bluſhes diſplay;
  Alas! but I meet not the nymph of my heart.

Go, ſhepherds, and bring the ſweet wanderer here,
  The boaſt of her ſex, and delight of the ſwains;
Go, zephyr, and whiſper this truth in her ear,
  That the PLEASURES with JULIA are fled from the plains.

If

If thus to the maid thou my wiſhes declare,
  To the cot ſhe has left ſhe will quickly return;
Too ſoft is her boſom to give us deſpair,
  That ſooner would ſigh than *another*'s ſhould mourn.

SONG.

ON JULIA.

ERE 'witching love my heart poſſeſt,
  And bade my ſighs the nymph purſue;
Calm as the infant's ſmiling reſt,
  No anxious hope nor fear it knew.

But doom'd, ah! doom'd at laſt to mourn,
  What tumults in that heart aroſe!
An ocean tumbling wild, and torn
  By tempeſts from its deep repoſe.

Yet let me not the virgin blame,
  As though *ſhe* wiſh'd my heart deſpair;
How could the maid ſuſpect a flame,
  Who never knew that ſhe was *fair*?

TO JULIA.

FROM her whom ev'ry heart muſt love,
And ev'ry eye with wonder ſee;
My ſad, my lifeleſs ſteps remove—
Ah! were ſhe fair alone for *me!*

In vain to ſolitudes I fly,
To bid her form from mem'ry part;
That form ſtill dwells on mem'ry's *eye*,
And roots it's beauties in my heart.

In ev'ry roſe that decks the vales,
I ſee her cheek's pure bluſh appear:
And when the lark the morning hails,
'Tis JULIA's voice ſalutes my ear.

Thus let me rove the world around,
Whatever beauty's charm can boaſt,
Or ſoothe the ſoul with ſweeteſt ſound,
Muſt paint the idol I have loſt.

SONG.

SONG.

BY JULIA.

WHEN love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,
She hides the tender thought in vain;
How oft a bluſh, a ſigh, a tear,
Betrays the sweetly-anxious pain!

Dear youth! a mutual flame I own:
The ſorrows of thy breaſt are mine;
Thy virtues all my heart have won,
That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn—
I truſt the drop that dims thine eye;
I ſee fair *Truth* thy lips adorn,
And hear her voice in ev'ry *ſigh*.

TO JULIA.

WRITTEN NEAR HER GRAVE.

MUCH-injur'd MAID, who liest pale below,
To *thee* a PILGRIM ſad I ſteal away;
In mournful ſilence ſteal, o'erpower'd with woe,
To bathe with floods of penitence thy clay.

Oh!

Oh! can thy gentle ghost the *wretch* forgive,
Who seeks thy ſod at this lone hour of night—
A wretch, whoſe greateſt hardſhip is to *live*,
Who, dead to pleaſure, ſickens at the light?

Oh! if my grief could ſoothe the ſweeteſt SHADE,
And pardon gain, which JUSTICE muſt deny;
Near JULIA's aſhes ſhould this FORM be laid;
Its crimes forgotten—then what bliſs to die!

Tir'd of the world, my heart no longer prays
(What others covet) for extended years:
For who would madly court a length of days,
To count (alas!) the moments by his tears?

ELEGY.

TO JULIA.

Detained in Italy by contrary winds, he expresses his ardent desire for sailing for England.

FAR from my JULIA's arms I lonely ſigh,
And wiſh to claſp thy beauties, but in vain;
The ſurly winds my only wiſh deny,
Yet would I dare the dangers of the MAIN.

Ye

Ye wind and waves, how cruel to combine!
O let my pray'rs your rude rude pity prove;
Think of the gloomy moments that are mine!
Alas! ye know not what it is to *love!*

To ſtately ſtructures now I urge my way,
And weakly think the minutes to beguile;
But anxious LOVE will not be led aſtray:
LOVE goads my boſom for the virgin's ſmile.

Now where the PAINTER ſhews his mimic art,
I ſtrive to free my ſoul from LOVE's alarms;
Lo, ev'ry VENUS but augments my ſmart,
And to my view preſents thy *brighter* charms.

To MUSIC now fatigu'd I yield my ear,
But MUSIC cannot the dull hours controul;
With cold indifference ev'ry chord I hear,
While not a ſound deſcends into my *ſoul.*

Oft as I mark the tribes of air, I cry,
"How with your pinions would I mount the wind!
"Oh! with what rapture lifted, cleave the ſky,
"And, turn'd to Britain, leave my cares behind!"

In

In wiſhes thus, I daily waſte my breath,
Chain'd by the tempeſt to this hated ſhore;
When ſhall I leave, alas! this land of death,
For life and thee, to part, my LOVE, no more?

ELEGY.

To a Friend, describing the horrors of his situation after the death of JULIA.

FRIEND of my boſom, all my joys are o'er—
Peace, gentle Peace, alas! no longer mine:
Since JULIA, once my idol, lives no more,
To gloom and ſolitude I ſteal to pine.

There, as I ſit upon the ſod, and ſigh,
I hear reproof from every happy dove;
In fancy's ear they cooing ſeem to cry,
"We know not of inconſtancy in love."

Lo, darkneſs, tenfold darkneſs ſuits my ſoul!
The haunts of ſpectres let me court to weep;
The beach where black with fate the billows roll,
And tempeſts raiſe the thunders of the DEEP.

Thou

Thou telleſt me that TIME a balm will bring,
  Soothe ev'ry ſigh, and calm my keeneſt woes:
Go, ſeek in winter's wild the blooms of ſpring;
  Go, whiſper to the reſtleſs ſurge, repoſe!

Love, injur'd LOVE, a ſure revenge can boaſt;
  Love hears my groan, and mocks my ſoul's deſpair.
"Bleed, VICTIM, bleed," he cries—"thy all is loſt;
  "Such be their portion who deceive the FAIR!"

I thought that GRANDEUR with a liberal hand
  Could ſtrew my path of life with ſweeteſt flow'rs;
That WEALTH omnipotent could TIME command,
  And from his pinions pluck his whiteſt hours.

Conſtant in MEM'RY's eye her form appears—
  Where'er I tread, a ſource of woe I find;
In ev'ry rill methinks I ſee her tears,
  And hear her ſighs in ev'ry paſſing wind.

What now remains, my horrors to beguile?
  Away, ye dreams of grandeur, wealth, away!
Who cannot give my cheek one little ſmile,
  Nor bribe a ſingle moment to be *gay*.

ORSON AND ELLEN;

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

Sequiturque patrem, non passibus æquis.

VIRGIL.

I try t'excel in LEGENDARY TALE,
The LADY, GENTLEMAN, and MISS, of rhyme;
In vain, alas! my creeping efforts fail!
Far, far unequal to *their* MARCH SUBLIME.

ORSON AND ELLEN.

CANTO I.

" TURN, FARMER, turn thy horſe's head,
" And taſte my ale ſo bright,"
Cry'd BONIFACE, whoſe ſign diſplay'd
The LION in his might.

Yet how unlike the ROYAL BEAST,
Who for his phiz ne'er ſat?
Wherefore deriding tongues did call
The ſign, the OLD red CAT!

Yea, much unlike indeed was *it!*
JOVE's Eagle and a Gander,
MATTHIAS and the tuneful POPE,
Lord ROLLE and ALEXANDER.

" Who boaſts ſuch ale?" quoth BONIFACE;
" No Landlord that draws breath.
" A gallon I could fairly drink,
" Ev'n in the pangs of death!"

Young ORSON from his horſe leap'd off,
And ſhook the Landlord's hand,
Then ſought a room to taſte this ALE,
The beſt in all the land.

The Landlord had a red round face,
Which ſome folks ſaid, in fun,
Reſembled his Red Lion's phiz;
And ſome, the riſing ſun.

Large ſlices from his cheeks and chin,
Like beef-ſteaks, one might cut;
And then his paunch, for goodly ſize,
Beat any brewer's butt.

This Landlord was a boozer ſtout,
A ſnuff-taker and ſmoker;
And 'twixt his eyes a noſe did ſhine
Bright as a red-hot poker.

Were gunpowder put on his ſnout,
Nor flint it would require,
And ſteel, to make the ſable grains
Flaſh off in ſudden fire.

Thus

Thus when we ſee a noſe ſo red,
It is as day-light clear,
That ruby noſe is not maintain'd
On water or ſmall beer.

Young ORSON was a comely youth,
Stout as an oaken tree;
A farm he had in TAUNTON VALE,
And money, too, had HE!

Whene'er he ſpy'd a buxom LASS,
His chops began to water;
And as the kites on pigeons pounce,
The Rogue was ſure to pat her.

But he his neck to Wedlock's yoke
Would not conſent to bow;
Quoth he, "The man who milk can buy,
"Should never keep a cow!"

Of lovely Maids at leaſt a ſcore
Did rue his wanton tricks!
A mournful band! a ſable lift!
Like moles between cleft ſticks!

Now at the table BONIFACE
And ORSON ſat them both,
While 'twixt the twain a pewter-pot
Did mantling foam with froth.

Now ORSON rais'd the pewter-pot,
And blew the froth away!
And having drank, he smack'd his lips,
And cheerily did ſay;

"OLD BONIFACE, thou'rt in the right!
"Thy taſte is ſound enough;
"I wiſh my cellar now could boaſt
"A *tun* of ſuch rare ſtuff!"

Sweet ELLEN gave the pot with hands
That might with thouſands vie;
Her face, like veal, was white and red,
And ſparkling was her eye.

Her ſhape the poplar's eaſy form,
Her neck the lily's white,
Soft heaving like the ſummer wave,
And lifting rich delight.

And

And o'er this neck of globe-like mould,
  In ringlets wav'd her hair:
Ah, what ſweet contraſt for the eye,
  The jetty and the fair!

Her lips like cherries moiſt with dew,
  So pretty, plump, and pleaſing!
And like the juicy cherry, too,
  Did *ſeem* to aſk for *ſqueezing*.

Yet ELLEN modeſt was withal,
  And kept her charms in order;
For BEAUTY is a dangerous gift,
  And apt to breed diſorder.

Yet what is Beauty's uſe, alack!
  To market can it go?
Say, will it buy a loin of veal,
  Or rump of beef? No, no.

Will Butchers ſay, "Chooſe what you pleaſe,
  Miſs NANCY and Miſs BETTY?"
Or Gard'ners, "Take my beans and peas,
  "Becauſe ye are ſo pretty?"

Too oft alas! a DAUGHTER's charms
Increase a PARENT's cares;
For daughters and *dead fish*, we find,
Were never *keeping* wares.

Yet ſpotleſs was this virgin's heart—
Quite ſpotleſs, too, her fame!
And if a ſwain but kiſſ'd her neck,
It ſhow'd the bluſh of ſhame!

For once a ſaucy Oxford youth
Dar'd kiſs it to a glow—
How like the modeſt bluſh of morn
Upon a hill of ſnow!

Yet bluſhes are exceeding ſcarce;
The GREAT FOLK ſcorn to name 'em,
Since FASHION, ruling with ſtrong ſway,
Has bid all COURTS diſclaim 'em.

Yes, yes! a bluſh is vaſtly ſcarce!
O fie, O fie upon't!
And when it glows, lo! FASHION calls
The VIRTUE, *mauvaiſe honte!*

Oh! can the GREAT for MODESTY
Not care a ſingle ruſh!
Ah! never be a BRITISH MAID
A ſtranger to a *bluſh!*

Ah! who can pierce the ſimple heart,
Give modeſty a fear—
Raiſe with rude hands the burning bluſh,
And force the pearly tear?

Yet there are *Demons* who delight
Her panting heart to wound,
Darken with ſorrow's cloud her eye,
And force the groan profound.

Ah! wanton FASHION, thou looſe *Dame*,
Who biddeſt ev'ry Man ſee
The charms which darkneſs ſhould conceal,
And Man ſhould only *fancy*.

The ancle, nay, the knee and thigh,
Are ſecrets now no more!
God bleſs us! every day, of each
A man may ſee a *ſcore!*

The

The BISHOP was not in the wrong,
But really in the right,
Who at the Opera ſaw *ſuch things*
As ſhock'd his holy ſight.

Yet ſome have ſaid, yea, loudly ſaid,
With many a ſcornful jeer—
"A poor old wither'd blinking fool,
"What buſineſs had he there?

"If BISHOPS and their WIVES will leave
"Their CHURCH for wanton places;
"'Tis rank hypocriſy to make
"A ſet of prudiſh faces."

Now ORSON's eyes forſook the pot,
And mark'd the Maid with fire,
For ELLEN's fair and artles look
Did kindle high deſire.

For BEAUTY doth poſſeſs the charm
To pull abroad men's eyes,
And wake the wiſhes of the ſoul,
And bid the PASSIONS *riſe*.

For

For why? Becauſe 'tis NATURE's plan
  The world ſhould be ſupported;
Therefore, wherever BEAUTY ſmiles,
  It will be preſs'd and courted.

Thus amber doth attract the ſtraws,
  The loadſtone draws the needle;
And drawn, too, are the female heels
  By tabor, pipe, and fiddle.

Now ORSON whiſper'd to himſelf,
  " Gad's bob! if things go right,
" With that nice GIRL who gave the pot
  " I'll ſleep this very night!"

O monſtrous thought! O wicked wiſh!
  O ſoul deſtroying ſin!
Yet for his ſoul (O graceleſs youth!)
  He did not care one pin.

Thus on the dolphin's beauteous ſcale!
  The ſhark he opes his jaw!
Poor fiſh! who, ere he danger feels,
  Is in the tyrant's maw.

Thus

Thus SPIDERS when they ſee a FLY,
How bailiff-like they watch it!
And ere, poor imp, he thinks of harm,
The grimly raſcals catch it.

CANTO II.

FAIR ELLEN liv'd with BONIFACE,
Nor Scorn'd her humble ſphere;
And with unſullied fame ſhe drew
Her cuſtomers their beer

How neat was ELLEN in her dreſs!
As neat as a new pin!
By this ſhe brought full many a pound
To BONIFACE's inn.

Thus goldfinches, in fields well plac'd
The diſtant birds engage,
And by their dainty forms and voice
Invite them to their cage.

And

And thus the PASTRY-COOKS ſhould do,
To ſell their tarts and pies;
Put in their ſhop ſome pretty LASS,
To hook in paſſing eyes.

For many a man, whoſe appetite
Deſires nor pie nor tart,
May like to ſqueeze a charming girl,
And ogle for her heart.

Nay, MILLINERS ſhould do the ſame,
For cuſtom if they hope;
And many a trade beſides ſhould *keep*
A nice TIT in the ſhop.

And let me own, in times of yore,
When love was ſeldom quiet,
But quicken'd night and day my blood,
And bred a conſtant riot;

I bought my garters and my gloves,
Wherever *beauty ſhone;*
When UGLINESS was in a ſhop,
I let that ſhop alone.

For

For beauty may be well compar'd,
I think, unto a hook;
Which, baited with a lady-bird,
Draws fiſhes from the brook.

ELLEN was chaſte as new-fall'n ſnow,
And modeſt in her air;
Unlike ſome laſſes, common known
As is a BARBER's chair.

Of goodly parents ſhe was born,
But in diſguiſe did rove,
Becauſe a YOUTH to her was falſe—
She left her vale for love.

Six years ſhe paſs'd in ſervitude,
At laſt forgot the ſigh;
Her Lover's image forc'd no more
The pearl-drops from her eye.

Yet many a month ſhe ceas'd to ſmile,
And droop'd the languid head;
And many a lonely walk ſhe took,
The ſecret tear to ſhed.

"Ah!

" Ah! happy birds," ſhe oft would ſigh
" Amid the tuneful grove—
" You bear no guile within your hearts,
" You break no vows of love.

" Alas, 'tis *Man* alone deceives:
" *He* wins the witleſs heart;
" Then meanly treads it in the duſt,
" And triumphs in his art."

Thus in her ſolitary walk
Would ELLEN ſay and ſigh;
And then ſweet ditties ſhe would ſing,
Of MAIDS for love that *die*.

For SORROW liſtens with fond ear
To MUSIC's plaintive flow;
Devours the ſweetly-dying ſtrain,
And feeds on tales of woe.

The PARISH 'SQUIRE, though wedded HE
Unto a LADY fair,
Hath often at the LION ſtopp'd,
On ELLEN's charms to ſtare.

For

For married eyes, if not well watch'd,
  Are very apt to ſtray;
For which ſome ladies give their lords
  A leſſon night and day.

And very properly, I wot;
  For eyes of married men
Should only on *one* object look,
  Whereas they ſtare on *ten*.

A married man ſhould winkers wear,
  Like coach-horſes and cart;
To rule the eyes, thoſe ſquinting pimps,
  That oft ſeduce the heart.

For ſo deprav'd our ſex, I've known
  A man deep read in books,
Who had a jewel of a wife,
  Yet kiſs'd his greaſy cooks.

And what did make it ten times worſe,
  T' increaſe his lady's woes;
He kept the baſtards of thoſe cooks
  All underneath her noſe;

Who,

Who, if ſhe dar'd to ſpeak or weep,
He inſtantly would kick her;
And oft (to uſe a Devonſhire phraſe)
The gentleman would *lick* her.

Ah! MATRIMONY, thou art like
To JEREMIAH's figs;
The good were *very good*, the *bad*
Too ſour to give the pigs.

Now to fair ELLEN to return—
The PARSON of the pariſh,
Although his *mouth* was moſt devout,
His *eyes* were oft vagariſh.

For oft on BONIFACE he call'd,
The news to aſk or tell;
Hoping his ale was freſh and good,
And that his hogs were well.

And was fair ELLEN in the way,
He catechis'd the MAID;
"Hoping ſhe always went to church,
"And like a chriſtian pray'd."

And gently would he ſqueeze her hand
  When nobody was near;
And kindly pat her roſy cheek,
  With many a holy leer.

And when the PARSON took a draught,
  He did perſuade the LASS
To wet her lovely lips, and leave
  A kiſs within the glaſs.

For ev'n the graveſt of DIVINES
  To BEAUTY's empire yield;
And ſpite of all their zeal and grace,
  OLD NICK hath won the field.

Lo! BISHOP KEPPEL felt the charm,
  And waver'd from his duty:
Confirming once a nice young MAID,
  He gave up GOD for BEAUTY;

So preſſ'd her head with *amorous* hand,
  When lo, two large black pins,
That ſlily lurk'd within her hair,
  Attack'd him for his ſins.

Deep

Deep in his flesh they urg'd their way:
When, starting, the DIVINE
Exclaim'd, "G—d d—mn the head! I think
"The girl's a *porcupine*."

OLD SNUFFLE too, the Parish Clerk,
Did sometimes call for ale;
And knew not (when the MAID was near)
If *mild* it was, or *stale*.

Of spectacles that rode his nose,
He wink'd through each horn'd glass;
And goat-like, lick'd his watering lips,
That long'd to buss the lass.

Than o'er his Bible in the pew,
Of pounds I would lay ten,
Old SNUFFLE would much rather say,
O'er ELLEN's lips, *amen*.

The dullest eye can beauty see,
'Tis lightning on the sight;
Indeed it is a general bait,
And man, the fish, will bite.

Now BONIFACE talk'd of LORD ROLLE,
A LORD in fight ſo friſky;
Who made an old DAME* prisoner,
And took away her whiſky.

And eke on trav'ling corpſes ſeiz'd,
As fierce as any ſhark;
And bullied, like a thunder-ſtorm,
The Parson and the Clerk.

And now they talk'd of SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
Once deem'd a glorious thing;
Praiſ'd and ſupported by the GREAT,
Admir'd by QUEEN and KING.

But now 'gainſt Sunday ſchools, alack,
The great folk turn their faces;
For fear the Poor, by learning, ſhould
Grow wiſer than their *Graces*.

For no *great man* indeed can bear
That *man* of *low degree*
Should read and write, ſince that poor man
May be as wiſe as HE.

* Actually in IRELAND, where his Lordſhip performed prodigies of valour.

There

There is a lofty Dame call'd PRIDE,
With corns upon her toes;
On which the *mob* is apt to tread,
And very oft, God knows.

Now this high Dame companion is
Of Lords, and Dukes, and Kings;
And Ducheſſes, and eke of Queens,
Indeed, and ſuch like things.

And lo! ſhe whiſpers to the GREAT
To keep themſelves aloof;
Nay, cruſh the poor like ſome ſad worm
Beneath a horſe's hoof.

And lo! the GREAT her counſel take,
And ears of poor folks crop;
Nay, flog the poor at times, poor ſouls!
As ſchoolboys flog a top.

Now of a Princeſs ſweet they talk'd,
And pitied her hard fate;
"O Lord! O Lord!" ſaid BONIFACE,
"Heav'n keep me from high ſtate!"

"Poor LADY!" ORSON pitying ſaid,
"I've ſeen her many a time;
"And ſeen the BABY too with tears,
"And aſk'd about her crime.

"However people may invent,
"Whatever folks ſhall ſay,
"I won't believe—but think her ſtill
"A JEWEL flung away."

"Such ſweetneſs never could offend—
"Then what's her guilt?" I cry'd;
"But folks ſeem'd all afraid to ſpeak,
"And ſhook the head, and ſigh'd."

Then ELLEN ſaid, "I would not be
"A PRINCESS, for the world."—
"Thou'rt more," quoth ORSON, "or may I
"To Old Nick's houſe he hurl'd!"

"Thou art a QUEEN," exclaims the youth;
And for a kiſs he ſtarts—
"Who! I?" rejoin'd th' aſtoniſh'd MAID—
"Yes, *thou*—the *queen* of *hearts*."

The

The MAID receiv'd the YOUTH's ſalute
With ſuch a modeſt air,
As though from MISTRESS STEVENSON's,*
The EMPRESS of Queen's-ſquare.

Now, gentle Reader, with thy leave,
I'll reſt my tuneful tongue;
And ſhun of nightingales the fate,
Who die by too much ſong.

CANTO III.

AND now they talk'd of good great men,
Who by their merits riſe;
When BISHOP PORTEUS was the theme;—
Great, though of little ſize:

Who, though before the CHANCELLOR
He humbly bore the mace,
Did at the *laſt* a mitre wear;
Such friends are FAITH and GRACE.

* A lady who keeps a boarding-ſchool.

Now BONIFACE did loud exclaim,
For wond'rous proud was he:
" D'ye know that this same BISHOP's wife
" No better was than *me?*

" No better, though the lofty wife
" Of this moſt grand DIVINE!
" Her father did an alehouſe keep,
" No better, man, than *mine!*

" There Madam PORTEUS, a young maid,
" Did draw the ale and beer;
" And drew good cuſtomers, 'tis ſaid,
" Indeed from far and near.

" When Parſon PORTEUS trudg'd that way—
" Now ſee how things may hap!
" And, ſweating, took a pint of *ſtout*
" From this young MAIDEN's tap.

" Now LOVE within the pewter pot,
" So wond'rous is his art,
" Lurk'd ſly, and as the PARSON ſwill'd,
" Slipp'd down into his *heart.*

" At once he glow'd with furious flame,
" And ey'd the comely SHE ;
" And very ſoon he ſqueez'd her hand,
" For wounded much was HE.

" Thus, when the linnet flies to drink
" To ſome fair cryſtal ſpring,
" By lime-twigs quickly is he caught,
" And cannot move a wing.

" Now ſoon as the young girl's PAPA
" The courtſhip did explore,
" He took them by the ſhoulders both,
" And ſhov'd them both to door.

" As ADAM and his deareſt EVE
" Left Eden with a tear;
" So PORTEUS with his ſweetheart left
" The tap-room and the beer.

" Forth wander'd they in homely plight,
" Griev'd that their plan miſcarried ;
" But ſoon in ſpite of poverty,
" The loving pair were married.

" Nor

" Nor proud is MISTRESS PORTEUS now,
" Though lofty is her lot;
" For glad is ſhe old friends to ſee,
" And *eke* a pewter pot."

Thus ended BONIFACE; and now
They talk'd of HANNAH MORE,
Whoſe fame the Biſhop's trumpet ſounds,
That makes a mighty roar.

Then on each other they did wink,
Which thus might be tranſlated;
Some people may a mitre wear,
And yet be *ſhallow-pated.*

And now they prais'd the BISHOP's care,
Who makes it all his pride
To ſee the CLERGY *well* behave,
And on their CURES reſide.

For, lo! the BISHOP finds it hard
Unto their Cures to pull 'em;
Tho' he, *good* man, for reaſons *wiſe*,
Doth ſeldom preach at FULHAM.

" I fear

"I fear ſome Biſhop's are in fault,"
Quoth BONIFACE, and ſigh'd—
"They are a proud and haughty ſet."—
"Too true," the youth replied.

"Over poor Curates' backs, alas,
"How Jehu-like they drive!
"And, Lord! how theſe old drones will ſuck
"The honey of the hive!"

Of Dame RELIGION now they talk'd,
Belov'd by each DIVINE;
Who thinks their wealthy Patroneſs
All in a deep decline.

To bring her back to health again,
Of *recipes* a ſcore
Good Doctor PORTEUS jointly wrote
With *Parſon* HANNAH MORE.

For, lo! the DAME with thoſe great *folk*
Has always been in favour;
For which they both for her would fight,
And riſk their all to ſave her.

Moſt

Moſt groſſly ſhe was us'd in FRANCE;
Moſt cruelly, alack!
Her pockets pick'd, and her beſt clothes
All pilfered from her back.

The FRENCH ſwore ſhe a baſtard was
Of ſome old canting FRIAR;
And from her childhood known to be
A hypocrite and liar.

Her rings they robb'd, and di'monds too;
Her gold they ſtole by tuns;
With which they ſhot and powder bought,
Swords, muſkets, and great guns.

Not only this, indeed, was done
By this ſame rabble rout;
They broke the bones of SAINTS, and kick'd
The SAINTESSES about.

Such was their treatment by the mob,
Such rage did Hell inſpire;
If *gold*, they coin'd them; and if *wood*,
The put them in the fire.

Old

Old jawbones of the ſainted tribes,
  Old teeth, old nails, old noſes,
Old toes, old ſhoes, that wonders work'd,
  As every one ſuppoſes.

Old wigs, and night-caps, gowns, and rags,
  Spoon, trencher, knife and fork,
Pap-ſpoon, and frying-pan, and ſpit,
  That many a marvel work.

" RELIGION was a gentle maid,"
  Quoth BONIFACE agen—
" In the year *one*; but *ſince* ſhe's ſpoil'd
  " By wicked artful men.

" The BISHOPS taught her to be proud,
  " And heap of wealth a ſtore;
" To paint her cheeks, and wear the garb
  " Of ſome ſad tawdry w——.

" I think ſhe is too well dreſs'd out
  " By ev'ry great Divine."—
" Indeed," quoth ORSON with a ſigh,
  " I think ſhe goes too fine."

Of

Of PETER PINDAR now they talk'd,
Who ſo *divinely* ſings;
Renown'd from pole to pole for ODES,
And *compliments* to KINGS.

Then, raptur'd, on his works they dwelt,
And on his high pretenſion;
Lamenting much he had not got
From MAJESTY a penſion:

While PARASITES, and PIMPS to Lords,
Enjoy'd their wealth and ſtate;
While he, poor ſoul, did make wry mouths
Upon an empty plate.

On which they ſagely did remark,
That ſlight was Merit's meed;
And that the SUN, for *one* fair *flow'r*,
Did foſter many a *weed*.

" I have his works," quoth BONIFACE,
" This moment in my houſe;
" Pray, FARMER, did you ever read
" His POEM on a LOUSE?

" And

" And APPLE DUMPLINGS, and choak'd SHEEP,
" The PILGRIMS and the PEAS;
" The BRICK-KILN, BREWHOUSE, PARSON YOUNG,
" And SONGS that Ladies pleaſe?"

" This GREAT MAN's Poems I have read;
" Yes, over, Sir, and over,"
Quoth ORSON with a wink and ſmile
That pleaſure did diſcover.

" But then," ſaid he, and gave a ſhrug,
" *Some* ALDERMEN and MAY'R
" Swore that his impudence is ſuch,
" It briſtled up their hair:

" Said that he grins too much at COURTS,
" And never would refrain;
" And in reſpect of titled folk,
" Was wicked as TOM PAYNE.

" They call'd him ev'ry name that's bad,
" Turk, Infidel, and Jew;
" And wanted, when they burnt his books,
" To burn the *Author too*."

 " O ſhame-

" O ſhameful ALDERMEN and MAY'R,
" To burn ſo ſweet a bard!"
Cry'd BONIFACE—" alas! alas!
" 'Twas very, very hard.

" The JUSTICE too, I do ſuppoſe,
" Did hate him from his marrow;
" And with as much good-will would ſhoot
" The *Poet* as a *ſparrow*.

" I hope this wond'rous man of verſe
" Is ſteel'd with reſolution;
"As virtuous people, in all times,
" Have ſuffered perſecution."

And now they talk'd of one GEORGE ROSE,
Who, born in low eſtate,
Did mount to worſhip and to wealth—
So very blind is FATE.

Of GEORGE's *Mother* then they talk'd,
Her hut, and dirty geer;
And ſaid, that GEORGE allow'd his DAM
But thirty pounds a year.

Poor

Poor CRONE, who ſwore ſhe would have more,
Or, lo! his pride to ſting,
She'd run to London in her rags,
And ſhow them to the KING.

But GEORGE diſliketh much to hear
About his Scottiſh home;
Thus *ſcabby heads*, the proverb ſays,
For ever hate a *comb*.

And now of HAWKESBURY they talk'd,
Who wrote in *Mags* for hire:
Whoſe works, till in the chimney put,
Ne'er felt one ſpark of *fire*.

Of *taxes* now they talk'd, and curs'd
The EMPEROR o'er and o'er;
And then on PAUL they pour'd ſome gall,
And very loudly ſwore.

"The GAME LAWS too," quoth BONIFACE,
"Provoke me to the quick;
"We muſt not knock a pheaſant down,
"Although 'tis with a *ſtick*.

" Curſe on the JUSTICES, the thieves,
" That ſend a man to jail,
" For touching, with an inch of gun,
" A partridge or a quail:

" Who threat my *licence* too to take,
" And *ding*, and huff, and vapour,
" Becauſe I won't be *humm'd*, and buy
" GEORGE ROSE's ſtupid PAPER!" *

Now talk'd they of the PRINCESSES
ELIZABETH and MARY,
Whoſe taſte in all the poliſh'd arts
Is moſt extraordinary.

* *Which* of the two Papers is meant by BONIFACE, we cannot ascertain; as the SUN was accuſtomed to *lick up* the *leavings* of the poor dead or *dying* TRUE BRITON, and diſgorge for the *benefit* of the PUBLIC; either of thoſe Newſpapers, therefore, may be alluded to by the Landlord, as their respective merits are rather *beneath the dignity of criticiſm*. We muſt ſay, indeed, that every exertion has been made, particularly by the POST-OFFICE, to *cram* their traſh down the throats of the nauſeating PEOPLE of ENGLAND. A newſpaper is made the *test* of our political principles.—Is the MORNING POST, or the COURIER, or the MORNING CHRONICLE called for, the man is branded with the odious name of *Jacobin*. Yet who reads of a *defeat* in theſe Miniſterial hirelings? *Pœans* are for ever ſung: *British Laurels* neither decreaſe nor fade—all alive and blooming! VICTORY attends the chariot of every *British Mars*—and the *fool's cap* which the conquering and contemptuous enemy now and then clapped on the heads of ſome of our Generals, has been, by the *hocus pocus* of a miſrepreſenting newſpaper, converted into a TRIUMPHAL CROWN.

Then of the ſweetneſs of their looks,
  Their manners all ſo mild;
That win, where'er they paſs, the heart
  Of man, and maid and child.

And let me alſo join *my* praiſe,
  Before I further ſing;
The MUSE with rapture oft hath mark'd
  The daughters of the KING.

And if *her* voice could pour a ſtrain,
  To yield their hearts delight;
Lo! all PARNASSUS with their names
  Should ring from morn to night.

CANTO IV.

NOW NEGRESS NIGHT came ſolemn down
  To put to rooſt the fowls;
To bid her bats a hunting go,
  And likewiſe all her owls.

And eke ſhe op'd the dreary tombs,
T' enjoy her spectre races;
Unlocking GHOSTS, to frighten folk
With ſhrouds and mealy faces.

And now amid the hags and owls,
And gliding ſpectres pale,
Mute SILENCE, with her feet in felt,
Did ſtalk from vale to vale.

The birds their thatch and buſhes ſought,
Forſaking trees and ſprings,
To hide their ſlumbering heads beneath
Thoſe downy quilts, their wings.

Now DARKNESS, with her pinions black,
All waving wide outſpread,
Mov'd ſolemn, and with HORROR join'd,
Did wrap the world in ſhade.

Now THEFT and MURDER fly ſtole forth
From caves of DREAD and DEATH,
In queſt of damned deeds, to roam
The wild and ſpectred heath;

To

To meet ſome WANDERER of the ſhade,
And make his life their food;
To ſeize his throat with ruffian graſp,
And plunge their knives in blood.

And now amid the London ſtreets,
Poor outcaſts from their home,
The female bands, ah! loſt to fame,
(Sweet BEAUTY's wrecks!) did roam.

For *theſe*, let PITY heave the sigh,
And PRUDENCE ſtay her rage;
And rather curſe ſeducing *pimps*,
The G—FF—DS of the age:

Who prowl where INNOCENCE appears,
And watch for BEAUTY's ſmile;
To tear the roſe-bud from its bed,
Then *ſtamp* it in the ſoil.

Now artfully, with rueful face,
Did ORSON, cunning ſpark,
Step to the door, and cry, "It rains—
"And, Lord! how diſmal dark!

" And then the wind it is ſo high,
" That I can ſcarcely ſtand;
" And then the ſky's like murder black,
" I cannot ſee my hand."

" Sleep here, my friend," the LANDLORD ſaid:
" A bed, but not of flocks,
" Is thine—of feathers nice and ſoft,
" Pick'd all from hens and cocks.

" Fine too the ſheets—like lilies white,
" And warm too is the rug;
" And truſt me that it has not got
" A ſingle flea or bug.

" A little ſupper we will have;
" And, if I'm not miſtaken,
" Thou likeſt *meat*—now what doſt ſay,
" My friend, to eggs and bacon?"

To which the ſmiling YOUTH reply'd,
" I'm vaſtly fond of hog;
" And when 'tis fry'd with eggs, I vow
" I know no prettier prog."

Now

Now ELLEN, with a knife ſo keen,
  To ſlice the fleſh began;
And then ſhe broke twelve new-laid eggs,
  And put them in the pan.

But growing warm againſt the hog,
  The eggs unpleaſant *mutter'd*;
While, waxing hotter 'gainſt the eggs,
  The hog with fury *ſputter'd*.

Alas! how much like man and wife!
  What pity ſuch things be!
Who at each other fiercely ſpit,
  And often diſagree.

The eggs and bacon ſoon werefry' d,
  And plac'd upon the table;
When ORSON and the LANDLORD eat
  As much as they were able.

And now the merry mug went round,
  And many a tale they told;
And many a wanton joke they crack'd,
  Some new, and others old.

While ELLEN, buſy at her work,
Seem'd not one word to hear;
But not a ſerious word or joke
Eſcap'd the MAIDEN's ear.

For where is ſhe, the MAID, I wot,
'Mongſt high or humble folk,
That liketh not a merry tale,
Nor yet a wanton joke?

Now BONIFACE to ORSON ſaid,
" As we no longer munch,
" Suppoſe, my friend, with this our ale,
" We take a glaſs of punch?"

To which the YOUTH did anſwer make,
" Dear friend with all my heart;
" And ELLEN ſhall the lemons ſqueeze,
" And likewiſe take a part.

" And ELLEN too with *us* ſhall ſit,
" And take her cheerful glaſs;
" For what is meat, and drink, and life,
" Without a charming laſs?"

Now

Now ELLEN did the lemons ſqueeze,
The ſugar put, and rum in;
And made what e'en a *King* would call
A bowl of liquor *humming*.

" LANDLORD," quoth ORSON, " with your leave,
" And ELLEN's *too* I mean,
" I'll take a kiſs from her nice lips,
" That would adorn a QUEEN."

" Aye," cry'd the LANDLORD, " kiſs her, man,
" She's ſweeter than the roſe;
" A kiſs can do no mighty harm;
" So, GIRL, hold up thy noſe."

Then from thoſe cherries of delight
He kiſſes took a ſcore;
And, but for decency, the rogue
Had raviſh'd twenty more.

For kiſſes are the food of love,
Well known in ev'ry nation;
And ſuch a dainty diſh, indeed,
Will ne'er be out of faſhion.

And ladies lips the *out-works* I
To ladies hearts may call;
Soon as the *firſt* are ſtorm'd, the *laſt*
Moſt nat'rally will fall.

"Now ſing a ſong," ſaid BONIFACE,
"Thy beſt, and do not grudge it."
"Yes, that I will," the YOUTH reply'd,
"I've many in my budget."

Then ORSON op'd his throat, and ſang,
Both loud, and ſweet, and clear,
A ſong that much the LANDLORD charm'd,
And *caught* fair ELLEN's ear.

SONG,

BY ORSON.

I OWN I am fickle: to PHILLIDA's ear
I firſt told the ſtory of Love;
Kiſs'd her hand, preſs'd her lip with what ardour ſincere!
And declar'd that I never would rove.

But

But my ſighs were ſcarce breath'd when CHLOE
tripp'd by:
The NYMPH was no longer my boaſt;
From PHILLIDA's beauty away went the ſigh,
And my heart to ſweet CHLOE was loſt.

Could I dream of a change, when CHLOE was mine?
"No, no," I a thouſand times ſwore;
"My heart cannot rove from a girl ſo divine;
"No, no, it will wander no more."

But FATE, who delighted to laugh at the SWAIN,
Preſented a damſel more fair;
My heart! the ſad rogue, turn'd inconſtant again,
And ſigh'd to CORINNA his pray'r.

With CORINNA I ſwore, "Ev'ry hour *muſt* be bleſt;
"Theſe eyes ſhall no other purſue;"
When agen, to alarm with new tumults my breaſt,
Thou, SYLVIA, beam'ſt full on my view.

But, SYLVIA, I'm ſure thou haſt *nothing* to fear,
That my heart for another can pine;
Since, to make it a traitor, a GIRL muſt appear
Whoſe beauty is *equal* to *thine*.

"Now

" Now ſing thy ſong," the lark-like YOUTH
To BONIFACE did ſay;
When BONIFACE moſt loudly ſung
This merry roundelay.

SONG,

BY BONIFACE.

TOPER, drink, and help the houſe—
Drink to ev'ry honeſt fellow;
Life was never worth a louſe
To the man who ne'er was mellow.

How it ſparkles! here it goes!
Ale can make a blockhead ſhine;
Toper, torch-like may thy noſe
Light thy face up, juſt like mine!

See old SOL, I like his notion,
With his whiſkers all ſo red;
Sipping, drinking from the ocean,
Boozing till he goes to bed,

Yet

Yet poor beverage to regale!
Simple ſtuff to help his race—
Could he turn the ſea to ale,
How 'twould make him mend his pace!

Now BONIFACE to ELLEN ſaid,
" Now for thy roundelay;"
The DAMSEL bluſh'd, and hemm'd, and bluſh'd,
And then ſhe ſung away.

SONG,

BY ELLEN.

ADIEU to the grotto and glade!
Adieu to the ſong of the grove!
Since COLIN is gone from the ſhade,
Adieu to the valley of LOVE!

When a garland he wove for my hair,
When he gave me his hand at the ſtile,
How buxom and ſweet was the air!
How the fields were all cloth'd with a ſmile!

But

But NATURE ſeems chang'd to my mind—
The fields are all dark on my eye;
Each ſong is a dirge on the wind,
And the flowers ſeem all drooping to die.

All alone muſt I wander at morn,
And lonely at eve a poor ghoſt;
While each object around me forlorn,
Will pity the peace I have loſt.

Then aſk me not, virgins, to ſtay;
With a ſigh ſeems the zephyr to blow;
And the runlet that murmurs away,
To wind with a *murmur* of woe.

O ye virgins! O ſhepherds! farewell!
I wander in ſecret to pine;
May content be the gueſt of *your* cell,
Who has long been a ſtranger to *mine!*

The YOUTH upon her tuneful lips
Did full of rapture glote;
And ſeem'd ſo pleas'd as though he could
Have gallop'd down her throat.

He

He look'd and ſigh'd, and ſigh'd and look'd
With longing wiſhful eye;
And felt his heart all flutt'ring beat,
And *gueſs'd* the reaſon why.

For who can ſee the lovely MAID,
And feel not ſweet deſire?
With *him* may LIFE's fair proſpect's fade,
And HOPE itſelf expire!

The CLOCK, the cryer ſhrill of time,
That tick'd behind the door,
Now with his hammer ſtruck the bell
Twelve times, and lo! no more.

And now the fire was all put out,
Which BONIFACE did water;
For fear a ſpark might burn the houſe,
And make a ſerious matter!

For fire, permitted once to rule,
Conſumeth all it handles;
Ev'n from the palaces of kings,
Down to a pound of candles.

The

The cat amid the aſhes purr'd
(For purs to cats belong);
While chimney-minſtrels, *crickets* call'd,
Did join GRIMALKIN's ſong.

O gentle CRICKETS, to your airs
I've liſten'd o'er and o'er
O lucky IMPS, where'er ye dwell,
That houſe is never poor.

Old TOWZER too lay ſtretch'd along,
And yelping much did keep;
And with his trembling joints did chaſe
The rabbits in his ſleep;

Eager he ſeem'd to hunt indeed
The nibblers to their holes:
Thus *dogs* can dream like *gentlemen*,
Although they have no ſouls.

Now BONIFACE ſaid, "Sir, good night,"
And ſhook young ORSON's fiſt.
"Good night," agen young ORSON ſaid,
And then he ELLEN kiſs'd;

And

And on her pouting lip he left
A thouſand wanton wiſhes:
" Good night," quoth he, " fair MAID, whoſe eyes
" Eclipſe thy pewter dishes."

Yes, 'twas a kiſs!—a kiſs indeed!—
A very *wanton* kiſs!
Which ſeem'd upon her mouth to ſay,
I long for *higher* bliſs.

CANTO V.

NOW all was mute as death, and ſtill,
As ſtill as any mouſe;
Save the red noſe of BONIFACE,
That echo'd through the houſe.

Lo, noſes are on various ſcales,
Some long, and others ſhort;
Thoſe ſilent letting in the air,
While theſe as loudly ſnort.

Now all, I ſay, was *huſh*, except
Old BONIFACE's noſe;
When ORSON, ſoftly, left his bed—
With keen deſires he roſe.

For youth and health too oft, alas!
A lawleſs love ſuggeſt:
His pulſe beat high and quick, his heart
Did bump againſt his breaſt.

Now ORSON, ſoft as mouſing cats,
To ELLEN's room did ſteal;
All in his ſhirt he ſtole, and found
His mouſe—a lovely meal.

Much like a gliding ghoſt he look'd,
That nightly mortal ſcares;
Or parſon, with his ſurplice on,
Beginning to ſay prayers.

MISS MOON, as though on purpoſe, roſe,
Reſolv'd to make him bleſt;
And through the caſement bright did ſhine
On ELLEN and her neſt.

Her

Her bosom like the lily fair,
  Within her linen white,
Heav'd up and down like gentle waves
  Amid the silver'd night.

Her cheek was like the rose in dew;
  Her lip with moisture glow'd;
And o'er her iv'ry neck her hair
  In ringlets easy flow'd.

Calm as the cradled infant's breath,
  Her breath the DAMSEL drew;
While dreams unto her sleeping eye
  Presented swains to view.

Through country scenes she seem'd to walk,
  And now she cross'd a stile;
And to her LOVER stretch'd her hand,
  And gave it with a smile;

When suddenly she drew it back,
  And wak'd with dread and fear;
And cry'd, in sweet astonish'd tone,
  "O gemini! what's here?"

" My dearest GIRL," then ORSON said,
And clasp'd her in his arms;
" No harm, my Love," and then he clasp'd,
And clasp'd agen her charms.

And then she lost her strength, poor MAID;
Her struggles soon were o'er;
Her voice too, sinking, died, and lo,
She word spake never more!

Hiatus maximè deflendus * * * * *

Thus TARQUIN stole, in dead of night,
To fair LUCRETIA's arms;
And, to her vast astonishment,
Did rifle all her charms.

In vain the struggling DAME preferr'd
Her chastity to death;
The TYRANT still rush'd on, and, lo,
With kisses stopp'd her breath.

What VIRTUE well could do, she did
Amid this wild love-storm;
But sweet TEMPTATION swell'd *his* lust,
For BEAUTY stamp'd *her* form.

Thus

Thus was LUCRETIA's luſtre loſt,
  The DAME indeed undone;
And thus, a *ſimile* to uſe,
  A *cloud* eclips'd the *ſun*.

Yet Beauty is a 'witching thing,
  And mocks the wiſeſt plan;
The PASSIONS, lo, wild horſes too,
  That gallop off with man.

Man is a cock-boat in a ſtorm,
  When OCEAN makes a pudder;
Toſs'd like a cockle-ſhell about,
  That cannot rule its rudder.

But ſoon ADULTERY * ſhall die,
  For ſoon the law begins;
And FORNICATION too, 'tis hop'd,
  Will ſuffer for her ſins.

* Here I reckoned without mine hoſt, LORD AUCKLAND's *pious* endeavours having miſcarried. The BISHOPS, however, full of zeal and good works, ſince the expulſion of the *ſacred* ORDER from France, ſtill vow vengeance on *horns*.

And MODESTY, a baniſh'd laſs,
  Deſpis'd by nine in ten,
Shall leave her flocks and humble vale,
  To viſit COURTS again.

Now to fair ELLEN to return,
  Who now ſat up in bed,
And, ſighing ſweet, on ORSON's breaſt
  Did lean her bluſhing head:—

" O cruel, cruel, cruel YOUTH,"
  The gentle ELLEN cry'd;
" My virgin treaſures ere you robb'd,
  " I wiſh that I had dy'd.

" Ah! to what SWEETHEART can I ſay,
  " Should I e'er chance to wed,
" I come unſpotted to thy arms,
  " A *virgin* to thy bed?

" Can I, with guilt within my heart,
  " To his careſſes turn;
" Receive his love who thinks me *pure*,
  " And kiſs for kiſs return?

" Avaunt,

" Avaunt, Deception! come, DESPAIR!
" My innocence is gone!
" And thou, my SPOILER, leave to tears
" And ſighs a wretch undone.

" O! had the YOUTH that once I lov'd
" Within theſe arms been preſt;
" Then ſhould I have no cauſe to mourn,
" For then had I been bleſt.

" O dareſt YOUTH! farewell, farewell!
" Ah! woe, ah! woe is me!
" I never now can be thy bride,
" And far am I from *thee!*"

Now tears did trickle down her cheek—
" Adieu," quoth ſhe, " adieu;
" Though *thou* inconſtant was to *me*,
" To *thee* I prov'd moſt true."

Then ORSON ſaid, " What YOUTH is this,
" For whom thou ſigheſt now?"
" A YOUTH," ſaid ſhe, " who lives afar,
" Who love to me did vow.

" But riches forc'd me from his arms,
" And men do wealth adore;
" And thus he left my heart to pine,
" For I was very poor.

" A DAMSEL richer far than me
" Did win his heart away;
" At which I left my native vale,
" For there I could not ſtay.

" For who can bear the ſcoffs and jeers,
" That bitter flow like gall?
" So, when I loſt my SWEETHEART's love,
" Alas! I loſt my all.

" Yet was I *pure*, unlike the girls
" Who, long before they wed,
" Submitting to a LOVER's pray'r,
" Conſent to go to bed.

" Where now he is, GOD only knows:
" Five years it is, and more,
" That here in HAMPSHIRE I have dwelt,
" And here my love deplore.

" Me-

" Methought that when the mug of beer
" This very night I drew,
" The YOUTH I fondly thought my own,
" Did much resemble *you*.

" Did ORSON know but *half* my soul,
" He sure would pity give;
" But I am ruin'd now, alas!
" And am not fit to live."

" My ELLEN sweet," the YOUTH reply'd,
And hugg'd her to his heart;
" Behold the ORSON thou hast lost,
" And we will never part.

" I am not married—no, my dear,—
" To wed I now am free;
" And I have search'd half England through,
" Again to look on *thee*.

" But thou wer't gone the Lord knows where,
" And wer't not to be found;
" But all the neighbours said with sighs,
" That surely thou wer't drown'd."

" O ORSON dear! (the MAID reply'd)
" And am I in *thine* arms?"—
" Thou art, thou art!" rejoin'd the YOUTH,
And clofely prefs'd her charms.

" How was't I knew thee not?" quoth fhe—
Quoth he, " I wasn't fo big;
" For *now* thou feeft I wear my hair,
" And *then* I wore a *wig*."

" Ah me! I recollect," fhe faid,
" Full well thy natty bob;
" And then I only wore my hair,
" But *fince* I've worn a *mob*."

" Ah! ELLEN," cry'd the raptur'd YOUTH,
" The reafon now is plain;
" The *mob* and *ribbon* were the caufe
" I knew thee not again."

Now in each other's warm embrace,
They kifs'd with fond delight:
For, lo, the greateft blifs on earth
Is LOVE's delicious rite!

Now MORNING peep'd upon the houſe;
  And now, with cheerful ray,
Upon the window blaz'd the ſun,
  And all the world was gay.

The chirping ſparrows came in flocks,
  And linnets with a tune,
And round the houſe in gambols flew,
  To hail the honeymoon.

The wrens delighted cock'd their tails,
  And twitter'd many an air;
And robins trilling, through the panes
  Peep'd in upon the pair.

The cocks and hens diſplay'd their flames;
  And ev'ry duck and drake,
And gooſe and gander, on the morn
  Did love delicious make:

And *eke* the pigeons, birds of love
  Did wanton on the thatch;
And coo'd and bill'd, and flapp'd their wings,
  In honour of the match.

And

And lo! as though they knew th' affair,
All frisky was the lambs;
And dancing, full of life, the ewes
Made merry with the rams.

And now of love they took their fill,
Nor for the Parson tarried;
But lo, next day they went to church,
And *decently* were married.

NEW-

NEW - OLD BALLADS.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THE following Ballads were compoſed ſeveral years ago, in imitation of Authors of the Reigns of HARRY *the* EIGHTH, ELIZABETH, *and* JAMES, *and ſent to ſome of my literary friends as innocent deceptions.*

P. P.

NEW - OLD BALLADS.

Written by QUEEN ELIZABETH, *during her Impriſonment at Woodſtock.*

AH! woe is mee, who ſighe forlorne,
Sith woe has fixed depe his thorne
In thys poor harte!
The milkmaids ſonge when morne doeth ſmyle,
And Phebus gildeth fielde and ſtyle,
Doth greefe emparte.

I envy birdes that cleave the ſkye:
Ye live in freedom, imps! I ſighe,
Then droppe a teare:
And eke I caſt an envious looke
Upon the little babbling brooke
That runneth neare.

Like the ſwete brook I wiſh to flee
From fielde to fielde in merry glee;

But

But my poore harte doth pant in vayne
To joine the milkmayde on the plaine,
Who ſeems ſo bleſt!
Diſpayre approaches, and thus cryes:
" To FREEDOM ceaſe to turn thine eyes,
" Sith I'm thy gueſt."
O drear companion! ah, moſt drear!
Whoſe voice is horror to mine ear!

TO THE GLASS.

GIVE me the glaſſe that felt her lippe,
And happy, happy ſhall I ſippe:
And when is fled the daintie wyne,
Something remaineth ſtill divyne.

Heaven's dews that on the flower doe falle,
Make them to ſmyle and fayre withal;
And thus the dewe of her ſweet kiſſe
Doth bathe my heart with balmy bliſſe:

But dewes to vapoure flye awaye,
While her rich fragrance laſts for aye.

J. D.

TO

TO THE DAISIE.

O MODEST flower! thou telleſt of the Springe!
Welcome unto this little fielde of myne!
With joy I ſee thee from the green earth ſpringe,
And ſmiling in thy ſilvery veſture ſhine!

Ah! nought diſturbeth thy fayre tender frame;
Zephyrus kiſſeth thee, and taſtes thy ſweet:
Thou doſt not chide the wanton rogue—no blame,
Nor biddeſt him ſighe lowly at thy feet.

Agayne he whiſpereth love; and now agayne
He taſteth of thy honey'd leaves, and ſighs!
And though he wantons, thou doſt not complayne;
Thy little ſnowy boſom nought denies.

O gentle Daiſie! ſpeak to her I love
When ſhe doth come, and caſteth looks on thee;
Perſuade her my pure paſſion to approve,
And not with coldneſs from her ſhepheard flee:

But imitate thy ways, and learne thy ſmyle,
When I, like Zephyrus, doe preſs her cheke;
Then may no tempeſt rude thy form defyle,
And of thy ſhowy beauties make a wreck!

A PRAISE OF FAYRE GERALDINE,

BY LORD SURREY.

I SIGHE mournfulle for GERALDINE,
For lovelie GERALDINE I playne;
And oft I wiſh her harte was mine;
But vaine are ſighes, and teares are vaine.

But ſhe perchaunce mote cruel be,
Aud ſlighten of Cupid the bande,
Becauſe ſhe may not fynde a he
That meriteth her lilied hande.

Ah me! ſith none but *ſuch* may wooe,
And turn to her with hope his eyes;
Far hence fayre GERALDINE muſt goe,
And ſeek a lover in the ſkyes.

BALLADE OF LOVE.

THOU art the loadſterre of my love,
  Which love doth many tempeſts fynde;
But thou canſt all the ſtormes remove,
  And whiſper calme unto my mynde.
Thy balme breathe can fille the ſayle,
And bleſs me with a proſperous gale.

But, no—for this I may not hope;
  On rocks thou doomeſt me to mourne:
My veſſel without maſte or rope,
  All on the black rock piece-meal torne:
And there I wis without a ſighe,
Thou letteſt my poore veſſel lye.

But if thy ſmile would fix on me,
  A ſafe porte then my ſhippe may fynde;
Then Phœbus' beams break out, I ſee,
  And leave the toſſing waves behinde.
With jocund heart then I do prove,
Thou art the loadſterre of my love.

BALLADE OF GRIEF.

I KNOW not joy, when far from thee,
For thou art all the world to me:
Then come away.
Though thou art farre, yet Love's ſwift darte,
For ever flying, wounds my harte,
From day to day.

I ſeeke to ſlepe away the hours,
But thy image my calme devours,
And kepes me waking:
And when, alack! I cloſe myne eye,
I ſtarte, and with keene anguiſh ſighe,
" *Thour't me forſaking!*"

Then come, fayre Mayde, and with thee bringe
In thy twin cheeks the bloſſom'd Springe,
And Sommer's gold
In thy twin eyes, that I may find
The Sommer's beam within my mind,
Not Winter's cold.

THE

THE PETITION OF THE LOVER.

AH! ſay not "No," unto my pray'r,
  For I have loved thee full long;
To theſe twin eyes thou art moſt fayre,
  Surpaſſing praiſe of ſweeteſt ſong.
Then ſay not "No" unto my prayer,
But be ſo kynde as thou art fayre.

Why art thou with rare beauty bleſt?
  Only to bleſs mankynde, I wiſs;
Not for to robbe the harte of reſt,
  But fill it with a ſea of bliſſe.
Then ſay not "No" unto my pray'r,
But be ſo kynde as thou art fayre.

The ſunne was made to warme the earte,
  And plenty make, and kepe off blite;
So ſhould thy beauty's ſunne give birthe
  To our ſouls harveſts of delyte.
Then ſay not "No" unto my prayer,
But be ſo kynde as thou art fayre.

ON AN INCONSTANT.

THOSE peerleſs lips are both forſworne;
Thoſe lips that roſes blooms adorn,
Ah, too deceiving fayre!
I thought no guile upon thy tongue,
I thought that mouth could ſay no wrong,
Nor lay for hearts a ſnare.

But now I ſee thy vaine, vaine mind,
And now thy cruelty I find
That taketh pride in woe;
In every ſigh thy guile I hear,
And ſee my wrongs in ev'ry tear
Which Sorrow bids to flow.

Where'er I go, I hear thy name,
And hear fierce Anger cry out "Shame!"
On beauty ſo renown'd.
Know, beauty was deſign'd for joy,
Which thou doſt cruelly employ
To give the world a wound.

THE

THE LOVERS PITYE.

MY lute, who makedſt ſweeteſt ſound,
Awake thee now, alack! to playne;
Sith my poore harte doth feel a wound,
And never may rejoice again!
Oh, let thy ſounds with my ſighs flow,
For her who lies in deth below!

O lute! how jocund was thy voice
When ſhe did make thy chords rejoice,
When roſes bluſhed on her cheek!
But now that ſhe in deth lies pale,
Thy voice must tell a doleful tale,
And every harte with ſorrow breake!

My lute, thou muſt no more be gladde,
But tune to dying ſtraines and ſadde,
And think no more of *jouiſſance*.
Griefe openeth of myne eyes the ſpringes,
And oft my teares will wet thy ſtringes,
And make thee mourne our dread miſchance.
Then liſt to me, my favourite lute—
Be ſadde, or lye for ever mute!

TO A FLY,

BY THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, IN PRISON.

THOU little animal, I wiſs,
Thou ſeemeſt me a child of bliſs,
And runneſt, fleeſt here and there
Withoute a pang, and eke a tear;
While, borne to thinke of scepters, I
Do envy thee, thou little Fly!

Fortune doth make small giftes to me,
But what is mine I give to thee:
The bread, the wine upon my boarde,
I yield to thee with much accorde.
Come when thou list, and to thy mynde
Thou ſomething to thy taſte ſhalt fynde.

Though gladde thou friſkeſt to and fro,
Thy life, poor worme, is ſhorte, I know;
A little while thy legs outſpread,
I ſee thee on the table ded;
And, while thou art at peace, I wail,
And think on thy lyfe's little tale.

But

But while thou canſt my crumbs enjoy,
Thou here may hum withoute annoy;
Runne here and there, and ſpread thy wing,
And with thy own companions ſing.
Though man be cruel unto me,
My hand ſhall give delyte to thee.

ON THE FAYRE GERALDYNE.

GOE, Muse, to HUNSDON, and espye
What giveth to myne harte a ſighe;
And yet to every other harte
Bright floodes of joyance doeth emparte.

There may thou ſee a ſunne that cloude
Didde never yet with darkneſs ſhroude;
And ſtraunge, no mortals on that ſunne
Withouten hurte may looke uponne.

Now, Ladye Muſe, ſhould it be ſo,
Thou doeſt not this my loadſterre knowe,
Goe unto HUNSDON, caſte thyne eien
On all the world's fayre GERALDYNE.

THE

THE BRENNED MOTH,

A BALLADE.

AH! ſilly Moth, what has thou done?
To ſuch miſhap why didſt thou runne?
Brent be thy legges, and eke thy wings,
And fate doth pierce thee with his ſtings.

What folly could thy mynde perſwade
To leave thy fields of dew and ſhade,
Where glow-worms light with lanterns ſheen
The little elves that praunce the green?

There mighteſt thou on pennons light
Enjoy the ſilence of mute nighte,
And flicker hill and vale around,
Withoute a foe—withoute a wound.

Poor fly!—but why thy folly blame?
We, wiſer mortals, act the ſame!
On mad ambitious fires we gaze,
And, doating, periſh in the blaze.

WYATT

WYATT

TO BRYAN, FROM HIS PRISON.

THE ſummer of my hope is ded,
Whyche made my daies ſo paſſing fayre:
Now HOPE no more may lift her hed,
Sore chilled by wynter of deſpayre.

But, BRYAN, my dark priſon doore
Doeth boaſt of lyght when thou doſt come;
Syth FRENDSHIPP's ſun hath beames a ſtore,
To make a palace of a tombe.

Then come, and FRENDSHIPP's beame y ſpred,
And I'll forget that HOPE is ded.

WYATT

TO POINS, IN PRAISE OF LIBERTY.

TO crawle in courtes is bondage harde!
For who y chooſeth chaines I wot?
Yet ſome, for pleaſures of rewarde,
Wi flatter—and blow colde and hot.

But

But Liberty will I emplore,
Though Poverty knock at my doore.

What be our wants?—ſome thinges, not all.
Contentment lyeth not in heaps;
Who hath a littel field, though ſmall,
It grete is, if enough he reaps.

Then Liberty will I emplore,
Though Poverty knock at my doore.

SIR T. WYATT.

Retired to the Country, to ARLINGTON, *where he paſſed a life of tranquility: he deſpiſed* HARRY *the* EIGHTH'S *Court.*—WYATT *boaſts of his liberty.*

FREE am I nowe—I courtes do follow not,
But myne own pleaſure dayly I perſue;
I aſk aboute no courtiers—no, God wot,
Sith I to courtes have bidden longe adieu:
For when at Courtes, on hands and knees they crawl,
Like whipped dogs, and be for aye inthrall.

When morne doth glifter, oft bayte I myne hook,
  And forthe I go the rivers banke befyde;
And there I privilye do fearche the brooke,
  And trye if fifh unneath the furface glyde.
And often do I bring them to the lande,
And then unhooke them with a happy hande.

She whoame I love doth fumtime ftraye,
  And fees me dragge the prif'ner from the floude;
And that it is moft cruelle, fhe doth faye,
  To fpille of little fifhe the harmleffe bloode.
" Eche little fifh," fhe telleth with a teare,
" Which thou doft kille, perchaunce hath got his dere."

And oft fhe pulleth a fifh from my hande,
  And putteth him agayne into the brooke;
Sayinge, " Go fifhe, thyne liberty commande,
  " And learne t'avoide, poore foole, the hyden hooke."
And then fhe fmylinge doth a moral fynde,
And lykeneth fifhe betray'd to woman-kynde.

A BAL-

A BALLADE OF PRAYER,

BY SIR JAMES MELVILLE.

Addreſſed to QUEEN ELIZABETH, *on his preſuming to liſten privately to Her Majeſty while ſhe played on the Virginals.*

DELIVERED BY LORD HUNSDON.

OH! in your gracious goodneſſe deigne
To pardon mee, moſt mighty Queen,
Who dared (not to be forgeven)
To heare on erth the ſonges of heaven!

I ſtrofe to flye from ſoche ſwete ſounde,
But nail'd was I unto the grounde;
My feet, entraunced, could not move,
And all my mynde was loſt in love.

What puniſhment your gracious ſenſe
Ordaineth for my rude offence,
Yet be it grate, and life deſtroye,
It may not equal my *paſt joye.*

If

If you would more than cruel be,
  Deth muſt not be devis'd for me;
But take my ears quick ſenſe away,
  When you, grate QUEENE, ſhall ſinge and playe.

BALLADE,

BY VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

WHERE is the MAYDE that erſt was myne,
  Who did with love myne harte begile?
No more on me doeth beauty ſhine,
  No more I proudly boaſte her ſmile.

The roſes of her cheek ſo bright,
  Her lippe of berries purple hue,
No more for me may bluſh delyte;
  To them may Fanſie ſay adieu.

When I did firſt her lookes beholde,
  Me ſeemes 'twas ſummer in her eye;
Me ſeemes I mark'd two ſunnes of golde,
  Upon her face's ſmiling ſkye.

Me

Me ſeemes that on her roſeate cheeke
  I ſpyed the ſeaſon of the SPRINGE;
And when that ſhe did courteous ſpeke,
  The feather'd minſtrels ſeem'd to ſinge.

But all is paſt and gone, I weene:
  From her I meet with icy cold:
I marke no more her eyes bright ſheen,
  Nor marke her ſunnes of brighteſt golde.

Sadde is the chaunge ſith ſhe's unkynde:
  Now cloudes all mirkie darke my daye;
For ZEPHYRUS blow wynter wyndes,
  And froſt hath kill'd the gentle MAY.

BALLADE.

COULDST thou looke into myne harte,
  Thou wouldſt ſee a manſion drear;
Some old haunted tower aparte,
  Where the ſpectre bands appear:
Sighing, gliding, ghoſtly forms,
'Mid the ruin ſhook by ſtorms.

Yet

Yet my harte, whiche Love doth ſlighte,
  Was a palace paſſing fair;
Which did hold thyne image bright,
  Thee the QUEEN of BEAUTY rare;
Which the laughing Pleaſures fill'd,
And fair Fortune's ſunne did gild.

When ſhall my poor harte, alas,
  PLEASURE's palace be againe?
That ſweete MAYDE, may come to paſs,
  When thou ceaſeſt thy diſdaine:
For thy ſmiles, like beams of day,
Baniſh ſpectre forms away.

A BALLADE.

THE maid who pants for lover's ſighs,
  Doth lay for her own peace a ſnare;
She rues the conqueſts of her eyes,
  And mourns that ſhe was ever fair:

  Then, laſſes, mind the proverb well,
  "Too oft the pitcher went to well."

Where BEAUTY doth diſplay its roſe,
In tribes the buſy ſwains are found;
And where the richeſt nect'rine grows,
The hungry flies will buzz around:

Then, laſſes, mind the proverb well,
" Too oft the pitcher went to well."

THE THREAT OF OBERON THE FAIRY.

MAIDENS fair, attend to me:
Conſtant to your ſhepherds be:
If ye break your vows of love,
Ye my rage will ſorely prove.

I know all your dreams by night;
Therefore fear, O MAIDS, my ſpite:
All your ſecret thoughts I know;
Fear then my ſharp anger's blow.

And, O MEN! I pray, beware;
Do not harm the MAIDENS fair;
Sigh not love, and then betray,
If ye wiſh my rage away.

By

By the moon's pure beam I ſwear,
If I mark a virgin tear,
I will give the SEHPHERD dread
And will tear him from his bed.

If I hear a SHEPHERD ſigh,
MAIDS, in jeopardy ye lye;
Spoil'd will be the dimple ſleek,
Breaſt of ſnow, and roſy cheek.

LOVE our Fairy train delights,
While we ſport in moony nights;
Eke our elfin KING and QUEENE,
As they gambol on the greene,

LOVE was ſent to ſoften woe,
Sent to bleſs the world below;
Full of ſmile, with roſes crown'd:
Why ſhould LOVE then feel a wound?

A BALLADE OF WYNTER.

LOUD blowe the wyndes with bluſtering breath,
And ſnows fall cold upon the heath,
  And hill and vale looke drear;
The torrents foam with headlong roar,
And trees their chilly loads deplore,
  And droppe the icy tear.

The little birdes, with wiſhfull eye,
For almes unto my cottage flye,
  Sith they can boaſte no hoarde:
Sharpe in myne houſe the pilgrims peep,
But Robin will not diſtance keepe,
  So percheth on my boarde.

Now on the cradle doth he hye,
And kenneth down, with connying eye,
  Upon my babe below;
And finding comfort in my cote,
He tweedles forth a ſimple note,
  And ſhakes his wings of ſnow.

Come in, ye little minſtrels ſwete,
And from your feathers ſhake the ſleete,

And

And warme your freezing bloode:
No cat ſhall touch a ſingle plume;
Come in, ſweet choir—nay, fill my room,
And take of grain a treat.

Then flicker gay about my beams,
And hoppe and doe what pleaſaunt ſeemes,
And be a joyfull throng,
Till Spring cloath the naked grove;
Then go and build your neſts, and love,
And thank me with a ſong.

TO HER HIGH MAJESTY,

On her vouchſafing to reward her humbleſt of Servants,
EDWARD FAIRFAX.

BRIGHT SUN of ENGLAND, nay, a SUN
That hath ſo bright a cercle run,
And on far realms doth ſpread a blaze!
The humbleſt ſervant of your iſle
Doth thank your beauty for the ſmile
That graceth me with golden rays.

Though homely be my Muſe's ſpeeche
And poore, your praiſe can make it rich,
  Such is the power of your high name.
What you, greet QUEEN, may deign to praiſe,
Altho' a dwarf you to a giant can it raiſe,
  Sith your voice is the voice of FAME.

With a Gyfte of a GLOW-WORM *to the fayre* GERALDINE *in the Country.*

FAYRE GERALDINE, behold, I bring
  This elfin IMP that gildeth night;
So beauteous was it 'mid the ſhade,
  So calm, ſo mild its lonely light,
The inſects of the dew-dropp'd fielde
To its pure beame did homage yielde.

When firſt I didde this worm eſpye,
Aloude I ſaid, and with a ſighe,
" Oh, little IMP of night, I ſee
" Semblance of GERALDINE in thee."
Amid the ſhade as it doth ſhyne,
So fares it with fayre GERALDINE.

This

This worm beneath the leaf doth hyde,
Deſyring not to be eſpied;
Natheleſs it yieldeth all ſo brighte
A Jewel to emblazon night:
And thus on this dark worlde do ſhyne
The wit and charmes of GERALDINE.

BALLADE ON THE VIOLET.

SWEETE infant of the fielde, myne eye
Doth joye thy modeſt form to meet,
  For thou goode news doth ſay;
How WINTER, with his horrid yell,
Hath bid at laſte his rode farewell,
  And borne his blaſts away.

While WYNTER his wilde rule did ſpread,
Thou couldſt not ſhow thy tender head,
  But from his rage didſt hide;
And golden cup, and primroſe pale,
Did peeping tremble in their vale,
  And eke the daiſie pied.

The ſurly wight your robes had torne,
And on his wings of tempeſt borne,
  And ſcatter'd through the ſkies;
But now the gentle Zephyr's breath
Doth whiſper, "There's no dread of death,"
  And bids you fearleſs riſe.

Sweet is thy lot, O little flower!
Like man thou doſt not life devour,
  Well pleas'd on *dews* to dine—
Of heaven's pure balm to make thy fayre;
What pity 'tis we cannot ſhare
  An innocence like thine!

BALLADE.

TO A FISH OF THE BROOKE.

WHY flyeſt thou away, with fear?
Truſt me, there's nought of danger near,
  I have no wicked hooke,
All cover'd with a ſnaring bait,
Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,
  And dragge thee from the brooke.

O harm-

O harmleſs tenant of the flood,
I do not wiſh to ſpill thy blood;
For Nature unto thee
Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charme thy life,
As ſhe hath done for me.

Enjoy thy ſtreame, O harmleſs fiſh;
And when an angler, for his diſh,
Through gluttony's vile ſin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee *out*,
God give thee ſtrength, O gentel trout,
To pull the raſkall *in!*

TO THE LARK.

O LITTLE harbinger of day,
Who welcomeſt the bluſhing light!
With glee I liſt thy cheerful lay,
Sweet recompence for dreary night.

O'er fair ASTRÆA's roſy bow'r,
Go, tuneful ſprite, and wave thy wing;
Go, charm ASTRÆA's morning hour,
To *her* thy choiceſt ditties ſing.

For,

For, if thou pleaſe that peerleſs Queen,
  Thrice lucky were thy little voice;
For when ASTRÆA gladde is ſeen
  Her ſmile doth all the *world* rejoice.

ANCIENT SIMPLICITY.

FOLK be too fond of mounting FORTUNE's wheel;
  And though ſhe humbleth thouſands in the muck,
Ambition's flame their brenning boſoms feel,
  Pardie! they muſt crawl up, and try their luck.

But when *aloft*—themſelves they ſcarcely know,
Deſpitefull ſquinting on the world below;
But when they tremble, none lament their thrall,
But grin, and point their finger to their fall.

To ſhew that I am now not uttering lies,
I'll tell a little tale in Æſop guiſe.

THE YOUNG CROWS AND THE YOUNG WRENS.

A TALE.

A Crow upon a lofty tree
Did build her ſticky neſt;
And younglings did ſhe bring to light,
In number five at leaſt.

One morning, on a ſummer's day,
Did peep eche youngling Crow,
And ſpied upon a brambling buſh
Some youngling Wrens below.

Theſe ſimple Wrens in happy glee
Did ſpread their little wing;
And lightſome, hopp'd from buſh to buſh,
And merrily did ſing.

"Poor humble creatures," cry'd the Crows,
"Eche is a beggar wight;
"Look up to *us*, and ſee our ſtate,
"Our houſes lofty hight.

"*We* look into the beamy ſkies,
"While you through hedges wade;
"*We* gaze upon the morning ſun,
"While *ye* are loſt in ſhade.

"Poor

" Poor imps, departe, nor here offend;
" Take off eche ſelie face;
" This hill was only made for *crows*,
" Then do not us diſgrace.

" If you do not this region quit,
" We'll dung upon you ſoon."
The ſmiling Wrens made anſwer none,
But trill'd their little tune.

Short time had paſs'd, when ſuddenly
Grim BOREAS 'gan howl;
The thunder crack'd, the lightning flaſh'd,
And frighted man and fowl.

While thus the dredefull thunder crack'd,
And lightning broad did flaſh;
The limb whereon the Crows were perch'd
Did give a ſudden craſh.

Down came the limb, and with it down
Did tumble eche young Crow;
Some broke their legs, and ſome their wings,
And doleful look'd below.

'Twas

'Twas now the time for Wrens to jeer;
So forth did fly the train,
And, twittering, ſaw with ſmiles the Crows
All ſprawling on the plain.

Then taunting an arch Wren began:
" Sir CROWS, of *high* renowne,
" Ye came, by this your dirty trim,
" All in a *hurry* down.

" And by the looke of all your limbs,
" And feathers ſous'd with rain,
" It will be ſome ſmall time before
" Your Graces mount again.

" Proud fooles, how ſelie ye deſcend
" From ſkies to *dirty fens!*
" Thank Heaven, with *hedges* we're content,
" And happy to be *Wrens.*"

To

To AUTHORS *that indite on the paſſion of* LOVE.

YE who do ſongs of love indite,
Knoweth not well of that ye write,
  Sith ye nere with the paſſion ſtrove;
Go moan, and hide in groves, and ſighe,
Adore her name, and wiſh to dye,
  And then ye well may wryte of love.

But ye may anſwer make, and cry,
" Where is the object for our ſigh?
  " Who is the mayde may make hearts pine?"
Ah, did ye never marke a mayde
That wandereth in WINDSOR ſhade,
  Then larne—it is fayre GERALDINE.

SURRY.

BALLADE.

WHEN SUMMER's bloome did paynte my cheeke,
  I thought of FRENDSHIP's tye;
Of frendſhip I could onely ſpeke,
  Unweting ſo was I.

But now I find this grievous truthe,
That frendſhip is the dream of *youthe*.

Although I lov'd the fayreſt MAYDE,
  My ladye I would yield,
To give a frend a hand of aid,
  And be that frend's bold ſhield.

But now I fynde, etc.

Alas, I mete with no return,
  For love I mete with hate;
Inſtead of ſmyle myne eyes do mourne
  With early tears and late!

But now I fynde, etc.

FRENDSHIP's a ſunne, I whilom ſayd,
  That warmeth every harte;
But now that hartes of ice are made,
  Whiche winter's colds emparte;

But now I fynde, etc.

FRENDSHIP, ſayd I, a forme doth boaſt,
  A gyant's forme, I ween;
But now I ſee him, a poore ghoſt,
  With pale and dreary mien.

But now I fynde, etc.

Then

Then let no MYNSTRELL, in his song,
  Of FRENDSHIP take the parte;
Syth 'tis a vertue of the *tongue*
  But never of the *harte*.

But now I fynde, etc.

ODES

ODES, &c.

ODES, &c.

TO CYNTHIA IN TOWN.

CYNTHIA, the DRYADS are in tears,
Becauſe thou viſit'ſt not their groves;
The GRACES grieve, and CUPID ſwears,
And very ſullen look the LOVES.

The NAIADS through the vales declare,
No rill of theirs ſhall purl away;
The LARK too ſcorns to mount in air,
And vows to keep his neſt all day.

The SUN reſolves to hide his head,
And blot his luſtre from the ſkies;
Yet that were little loſs indeed,
While we poſſeſſ'd that pair of eyes.

Well then, to *pique* thee, from each lay,
From all my lines I'll blot thy *name*.
" Aye, do," I hear thee ſmiling ſay,
" And blot what only gives them *fame*."

ODE.

The Poet *describeth the former and present state of his wishes.*

Tempora mutantur.

COURTIERS are juſt ſo many goats—that leap
From rock to rock, upon the cloud-capp'd ſteep,
That overhangs a ſea that foams around;
Slip but a foot! *ſouse!* down they are, and drown'd:
Yet how folks ſcramble, one and all,
To mount the ridge, and get a fall!

I own'd I've listen'd to Ambition's tales,
Sigh'd for Life's *mountains*, and diſdain'd its *vales;*
My youngling ears moſt greedy drank her ſtory!
With Kings and Queens, Lord! how was I in love!
Tried to make wings, (alas! I *vainly* ſtrove)
Poor fly! to buzz within their orbs of glory.

Yes, vain were my endeavours all,
And ſtill am I ordain'd to *crawl!*
Although so lofty in my rhyme.
Heavens! how my fibres felt the rack,
When Pye obtain'd the royal ſack,
And Parsons ſmooth'd the Ode with *chime!*

Thus can't I to the PALACE go, alack!
All the COURT CRAWLERS would be on my *back*;
Biting and ſcratching, nibbling, ſwarming—
A circumſtance, alas! alarming.

There would be LIVERPOOL, I do ſuppoſe,
And CARDIGAN, and SALISB'RY, and ROSE,
Making a diabolic rout:
" Off with him—turn the fellow out!"

Cut off from CÆSAR and his WIFE,
I paſs of ſolitude a life;
To CYNTHIA's beauty tune the willing lyre;
And while I gain *her* lovely ſmile,
(The ſweeteſt that adorns our iſle!)
I feel for COURTS no more a fierce deſire:

So little raptur'd with a *royal mien*,
I would not give *one pin* to kiſs a *Queen*.

ODE

ON THE ANCIENTS.

" ALL has been ſaid—the world has nought to yield:
" Alas! there's nothing new beneath the SUN:
" The ANCIENTS with their hooks have reap'd the
" field;
" All that can be imagin'd has been done.
" The ANCIENTS for the MODERNS were too ſtout;
" Yes! the deep mine of knowledge is work'd out."

So cries the world! but who are theſe that ſpeak?
Men of no *nouſe*, moſt wonderfully weak!
If things are *ſo*, why, what a fate is mine!
Lord help the MUSE! ſhe never penn'd a line.

Reap the whole field! not *half on't*, I'll be ſworn:
They've only taken a few ſheaves of corn.
The mine exhauſted! Poh! I'll hear no more—
They've only gather'd a few grains of ore.

Appear but GENIUS, GENIUS ſoon will find
New matter to improve and charm mankind;

Teach

Teach on the wildeſt heath the roſe to blow:
GENIUS, the rod of MOSES at the rock,
Shall, by a magical and happy ſtroke,
Bid the rich ſtream of wit and wiſdom flow.

The brains of men, in general, are a *pool*,
Wrapp'd in death-ſtillneſs, comfortably dull;
Like motionleſs poor LETHE, void of ſpirit.
But now and then (like MILTON, for example,
Or SHAKESPEARE, each indeed a beauteous ſample,)
Into exiſtence pops a WIGHT of merit:
An OCEAN, lo, his brave ideas riſe,
That mounts, and with its thunders ſhakes the *ſkies!*

ODE

TO AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS.

SHALL VIRTUE feel the cruel blow,
Her tears to earth unheeded flow,
Her ſoul unheard complain?
Say, will no MUSE proclaim the wrong?
Why ſleeps the thunder of her ſong,
While PITY mourns in vain?

With every beauty to inſpire
Of LOVE the ſoft and chaſte deſire,
  And bleſs the nuptial tie;
With every gentler charm of mind,
Can FATE, to peerleſs worth unkind,
  Condemn thy heart to ſigh?

Without a friend, in ſoothing ſtrain,
To ſteal thy boſom from its pain,
  I hear thy plaintive voice;
And hear the ſnakes of ENVY hiſs,
While, happy at thy vaniſh'd bliſs,
  The imps of HELL rejoice.

Yet through the cloud that hides thy head,
By CALUMNY's foul vemon ſpread,
  I mark a golden ray;
TIME on his wing, (for JUSTICE reigns)
To calm thy life's tempeſtuous ſcenes,
  Shall waft the ſmiles of MAY.

Hark! to ſuppreſs the ſwelling tear,
A voice prophetic hails thine ear:

" Thy

" Thy BABE ſhall rule ador'd;
" On BRITAIN's throne, to crown her fame,
" The ſhouts of millions ſhall proclaim
" ELIZA's reign reſtor'd."

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

O GODDESS of the tuneful quire,
Upon my knees I muſt deſire
You'll give your INSTRUMENT a ſmart jobation:
Happy am I a BAND to meet,
To give my ears a pretty treat,
And fill my heart with ſweeteſt animation.

I like an OVERTURE, I needs must own—
Of muſic 'tis a very noble diſh:
But here's the devil—while *ſome* with ſolemn groan,
Bawl *fleſh*, lo, *others* are exclaiming *fiſh*;
Bending with ſounds of BABEL our poor ears,
Much like the noiſes of the BULLS and BEARS.*

Proud on his nimbler neighbour to advance,
Like elephants that fain would learn to dance,

* At the Stock Exchange.

The DOUBLE BASS attempts his aukward jigs,
Grunting and ſnufling like a ſow and pigs.

Ambitious, this moſt lab'ring BASS
Gives to the VIOLINCELLO chace,
Who on the TENOR preſſes like the wind,
Who preſſes cloſely on the SECOND FIDDLE,
Who preſſes ſharply on FIRST TWEEDLE TWEEDLE,
Who leeps the *bridge*, and leaves them all *behind*.

Alas! are theſe the *modes* to melt the ſoul,
Soothe ev'ry ſigh, and ev'ry care controul?
If *this* be muſic, let me leave the riot,
And be the *world of quavers* ever quiet!

PETER's TRIUMPH.

TO THE MUSE.

MUSE, we have finiſh'd now our ODES,
And verily the ſongs of GODS:
But let me tell thee, MUSE, and much it pains,
That thoſe great traffickers in *words*,
Thoſe high and mighty pompous LORDS,
The BOOKSELLERS, will barely give me *grains*

" *Hogs waſh* is good enough"—they cry:
Thus can I neither roaſt nor fry.

'Tis hard that my poor mental mill
Is never ſuffer'd to lie ſtill;
Such, ſuch indeed the avarice of the clan:
Forc'd, ev'ry minute of the hour,
To grind, forſooth, for them the *flour*,
And feed myſelf, alas! upon the *bran*.

Hard is their bridle—Lord! with pains I ſhrink;
Too hard upon my bleeding jaws they pull!
What ſhame that they, the lazy imps, ſhould drink
Claret and Burgundy from my poor ſkull;
And, with a ſaucy mortifying ſneer,
Bid me be happy upon dead ſmall beer!

I boaſt *one* conſolation, I allow—
My name will never be forgotten:
When to POSTERITY I make my bow,
Thoſe rogues are in oblivion rotten.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

BENJAMIN COUNT RUMFORD,

KNIGHT OF THE WHITE EAGLE, &c.

MUSE, at the sound of RUMFORD, *raise* thy voice
And bid our kitchen furniture rejoice!
Though scant our store, a hempen string, alack!
(The simple substitute for spit and jack)
A knife and fork, a dish, a spoon, and platter,
Shall *stir their stumps*, and make a jovial clatter;
The broom shall hop, as merry as a *grig*;
And, pleas'd, the dainty dishclout dance a jig.

EPISTLE

TO

COUNT RUMFORD.

THE BARD whoſe harp immortaliz'd the *louſe*
For which he ne'er receiv'd a *ſingle* ſouſe;
Prais'd MADAM SCHWELLENBERG in lofty ſtyle,
For which he never gain'd a *ſingle* ſmile;

Prais'd MADAM SCHWELLENBERG.]—Though I have here accuſed this Lady of *ingratitude;* perhaps, if her laſt Will and Teſtament were to be *ſeen,* I might alter my opinion.—*Where is* this WILL, I wonder?—Why does it not appear at Doctors' Commons?—Is it *ashamed to shew its face?* What has it done with the pearls and diamonds, preſents from the poor perſecuted family of the HASTINGS?—Is it with the TAYLOR in PIMLICO, to whom her poor body was ſent about an hour or two after the ſoul had forſaken its tenement?—Should not this Will be publicly advertiſed?—Am I certain that it doth nor contain ſome handſome bequeſt; at leaſt a *tender* memorial to *me,* who (ſhe very well knew) muſt loſe *much* by her *death?*—Is this an unreaſonable conjecture? I know the Will has been *read,* and I know *parts* of it.—O ye *poor* relations of MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, now crawling in piteous plight in obſcure holes in GERMANY, muſt ye *forfeit* the little pittance bequeathed, if ye *dare* approach GREAT BRITAIN? Such was a cruel clauſe of the Will!—Had ye *enough to purchaſe mourning,* O ye poor diſappointed relations of MADAM SCHWELLENBERG? Perhaps ye might have been *troublesome,* had ye come to England—if ſo, things are beſt as they are.

Gave

Gave to eternity the SHAVEN GROUP,
Yet never ſaw a ladlefull of ſoup;
Prais'd thankleſs Lords beſides, and Knight and Squire—
Now to a YANKEY tunes the willing lyre:
Spite of th' ingratitude of COOKS and . . . .
Strikes to COUNT RUMFORD'S *tuneful* name the ſtrings,
Who from his fav'rite little RUMFORD came,
To build on *ſmoke* his fortune, and his fame.

MUSE, at the ſound of RUMFORD *raiſe* thy voice,
And bid our kitchen furniture rejoice!
Tho' ſcant our ſtore, a hempen ſtring, alack!
(The ſimple ſubſtitute for ſpit and jack)
A knife and fork, a diſh, a ſpoon, and platter,
Shall *ſtir their ſtumps*, and make a jovial clatter;
The broom ſhall hop, as merry as a *grig*;
And, pleas'd, the dainty diſhclout dance a jig;
Expreſſing thus in gratitude their ſouls
To HIM whoſe wiſdom ſaves us *pecks* of coals;

His favourite little Rumford.]—*Once* an obſcure village, in North America, but fortunately illuminated by the nativity of the COUNT, who indeed drew his firſt breath there, and afterwards, in quality of a pedagogue, immortalized it by his *Abecedarian* power, teaching little children to read, ſpell, and write, with the moſt conſummate ability.

And

And means (for PITT's d-mn'd taxes this require)
To teach us ſoon to roaſt *without a fire.*
Friend to thy fame (and may it laſt thee long!)
Though G— and BANKS grow jealous of the SONG;
Howe'er its praiſe may wound *ſome* COURTLY FOLKS
That SONG ſhall thunder to the MAN of SMOKE!

KNIGHT of the DISHCLOUT, wherefoe'er I walk
I hear thee, RUMFORD, all the *kitchen talk:*
Note of melodious cadence on the ear,
Loud echoes RUMFORD *here*, and RUMFORD *there!*
Lo, ev'ry parlour, drawing-room I ſee,
Boaſts of thy ſtoves, and talks of *nought* but *thee.*
Yet, not *alone* my LADY and young MISSES,
The *Cooks themſelves* could ſmother thee with kiſſes!
Yes! MISTRESS COOK would ſpoil a gooſe, or ſteak,
To twine her greaſy arms around thy neck.
Through newſpaper, through magazine, review,
Happy mine eyes thy ſplended track purſue—
Thy ſage opinion in each journal read—
A vein of ſilver 'midſt a load of lead!

High o'er the wondering world VANBUTCHELL tow'rs
And on the *ruptur'd* mob his truſſes pours:—

High mounted KATERFELTO and his CAT,
Proud of the voice of FAME, in glory ſat:—
High o'er the world the mighty MERLIN ſits,
Though much of gall his jealous mouth emits!
Endeavouring, lo, thy name's bright beam to ſhade,
The WIZARD ſwears that thou haſt *ſtol'n his trade*;
Learn'd from *his* matchleſs art to conjure up,
From ſhades below, a *ſhilling's-worth of ſoup*;
And mean'ſt on *other tricks* to put thy *pats*;
Plunder chair-yelping curs, and ſquawling cats;
With all their love-ſongs of ſweet execution,
To pleaſe and *lull* the ROYAL INSTITUTION.—

High o'er the world SIR JOSEPH ſoars ſublime,
The great and fertile ſubject of my rhyme:—
Yet higher *thou* ſhalt mount, whoſe angry toe
Kick'd from thy ſhop the HERO of SOHO;

Stol'n his trade.]—Indeed Mr. MERLIN has *seemingly* juſt cauſe of complaint: but as the *minds* of thoſe GREAT MEN are ſurpriſingly *similar*, why may not a coincidence of thought occaſionally take place, and produce *similar discoveries?*

Kick'd from thy shop.]—Sir J. BANKS is *bonâ fidê* ouſted; and poor GARNET, a moſt ingenious chymiſt, was attacked for a difference in opinion.

And

And aiming, too, at GARNET's luckleſs crown,
Didſt, with thy *leaden* journal, knock him down:
For *who* with *ſage opinion*, dares appear,
While RUMFORD's mouth of oracles is near?
Behold th' ELECTOR bowing to his merit!
BAVARIA owns his beggar-hunting ſpirit;
Who, when poor MUNICH trembled, almoſt loſt,
With god-like ardour pierc'd th' EGYPTIAN HOST,
And ſeiz'd (which hiſtory muſt ever note)
And ſeiz'd!—a daring GIPSEY by the throat;

And

A GIPSEY *by the throat.*]—Here I muſt beg pardon of my readers for violating hiſtory.—The COUNT ſlightly ſays, that at the head of the ELECTOR's troops he made but *one* Gipſey his priſoner, and that he only *tapped* him on the ſhoulder.—Such is the COUNT's *modesty*.—A HERO is the laſt man in the world to ſpeak of his own *exploits*; but let me quote the COUNT's own words, who, like *Cæsar*, can *write* as well as *fight*.

" NEW-YEAR'S DAY (ſays the COUNT in his hiſtory) having from *time immemorial* been conſidered in Bavaria as a day peculiarly ſet apart for giving ALMS, and the BEGGARS never failing to be *all out* on that occaſion; I *chose that moment, as being the most favourable* to MY OPERATIONS. Early in the morning of the *first* of *January*, One THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED and NINETY, the OFFICERS and NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS of the three regiments of INFANTRY in garriſon were ſtationed in the different ſtreets, where they were *directed* to *wait for further orders*.

And *gave* him (what ſuch bravery can reward!)
And *gave* him!—to the SERJEANT of the GUARD—

"Having in the mean time aſſembled at my LODGINGS the FIELD OFFICERS and all CHIEF MAGISTRATES of the town, I made them acquainted with my intention, to proceed *that very morning* to the *execution* of a PLAN I had *formed*, for *taking up the* Beggars, and aſked their *immediate assistance.*

"To ſhow the PUBLIC that it was not my wiſh to carry this meaſure into *execution*, by *military force alone* (which might have rendered the meaſure odious), but that *I was disposed* to ſhow all *becoming deference* to the CIVIL AUTHORITY, I begged the MAGISTRATES to accompany me, and the FIELD OFFICERS of the garriſon, in the *execution* of the *first* and moſt difficult part of the UNDERTAKING, that of ARRESTING the BEGGARS. This they moſt readily conſented to, and WE *immediately sallied* out into the ſtreet, MYSELF accompanied by the CHIEF MAGISTRATE of the town, and each of the FIELD OFFICERS by an INFERIOR MAGISTRATE. We were hardly got into the ſtreet, when we were accoſted by a BEGGAR, who aſked us for ALMS. I *went up to him*, and laying my hand *gently* on his ſhoulder, told him, from henceforwards *begging* would not be *permitted* in MUNICH. I then *delivered* him over to the ORDERLY SERJEANT; and then turning to the OFFICERS and MAGISTRATES who accompanied me, I begged they would *take notice* that I had MYSELF, WITH MY OWN HANDS, arreſted the firſt Beggar," &c. &c. *Vide* the COUNT'S ESSAYS, Vol. I. p. 41. third Edition.

Such is the COUNT'S elegant aud nervous narrative of that glorious day which emancipated MUNICH from the *Tyranny* of the BEGGARS! With the Hero of Antiquity, the COUNT RUMFORD may not only ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*, but moreover add SCRIPSI, to encreaſe the catalogue of his *wonders.*

For which th' ELECTOR deck'd the MAN of STOVE,
With *true blue* RIBBONS, and the BIRD of JOVE!
GREAT MAN! whoſe pow'r inventive daily rakes
Balm from a bog, and dinners from a J—kes!
GREAT MAN! whoſe fertile genius could contrive
To ſoften rocks, and *flay* the flints *alive;*

And

Balm from a bog.]—His firſt and grand object being to complete the ſum total of human happineſs, by a prudent attention to economy, he ſhows how from the { *recre* / *excre* } mentitious parts of human food and fuel, as well as from many hitherto ſhamefully neglected *natural productions,* to derive a wholeſome and pleaſing and nutritious diet.—There is a filthy old proverb (that I cannot repeat) inſtructing people how to grow rich;—and which proverb, though treated as ludicrous by our anceſtors, will be ſoon pronounced a ſerious economical maxim. After many labourious days and ſleepleſs nights, the COUNT has at laſt ſucceeded in the detection of that grand *desideratum, before* and *since* the days of the great MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, viz. the extraction of *sunbeams* from *cucumbers;* ſo that any gentlemen may ſtore up *heat* and *light* for the winter, in the ſame way *ice* is preſerved for the ſummer. This fortunate diſcovery (it will be obſerved) ſuperſedes all his former methods of ſaving fuel, and conſequently precludes all further reſearches in the *consolidation* of *ſmoke* and the *conversion* of *soot* into *sea-coal.*

Flay the flints alive, &c.]—With a machine which the Count invented on the Continent, he *flays* flints, and by an *Alkali sui generis* converts them into palatable ſoups and jellies; and he is now carrying on a proceſs for preparing their ſkins to make purſes for ſuch as have money, and tobacco-pouches for ſuch as have none.

And make (though ENVY unbelieving grins)
Pouches, and handſome purſes of their *ſkins;*
Nay *more* (but yet, methinks, a *dangerous hint)*
To perfect jelly turn the hardeſt flint;
For, hence an *inconvenience* may ariſe—
To this diſcovery ROGUES will turn their eyes:
The FELONS dread, for robbery, murder, rape,
Will *eat* their *various dwellings*, and *eſcape;*
Taught by thine art of turning *ſtones* to *jellies*,
Fly with the walls of NEWGATE in their *bellies*.

The PHILOSOPHICAL TINKERS and BELLOWS-MENDERS, *whose ideas he has generously* adopted, make kettles, ſaucepans, frying-pans, ſalamanders, ſkillets, ſtewers, roaſters, toaſters, &c. &c. of the moſt aſtoniſhing and unheard-of powers; ſome of theſe utenſils rendering ſhoe-leather as maſticable as beef-ſteaks, and the tougheſt horſe-hide as tender as the beſt veal in Leadenhall Market. By a little higher charge of heat; bones, hair, horns, hoof, ſhells and claws, are reduced to a jelly; and chopped ſtraw, bean-huſks, potato-ſkins, &c. are turned into palatable ſpoon-meat. The extenſive uſe and application of theſe inventions, eſpecially in the preſent times of famine, muſt be obvious to the intelligent.—Already the workmen are ſo far reconciled to this new *species* of food, that they begin to make themſelves comfortable meſſes of their old aprons and leather breeches. In ſhort, the COUNT is not without hopes of introducing the animal food of the ancient and modern SCYTHIANS, and the more cooling vegetable diet of KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

GREAT

GREAT MAN! whoſe TINKERS form, from various metals,
Grillers and broilers, ſalamanders, kettles!
Steamers and bakers, frying-pans and ſtewers,
Skillets and ſaucepans, roaſters, toaſters, brewers.
Some, bleſt indeed with ſuch ſtupendous pow'r,
Shall change old *ſhoes* to *beef* in half an hour;
And turn, amidſt the wonders of the ſhop,
The *Tinker's apron* to a *mutton-chop*.
Bones, oyſter-ſhells, and hair, and hoofs, and claws,
Shall form, too, jellies for the *niceſt* jaws:
Thus ſhall the *cuckold*, who his *honours* ſcorns,
Bleſs his dear wife, and fatten on his *horns!*

GREAT KING of FIRE, who know'ſt the pow'rs of meat,
And know'ſt how neceſſary 'tis to *eat;*
And yet, not only eat, but eat with *pleaſure*,
Without one bit of bolting—quite at *leiſure!*
By which ſlow movement in the maſtication,
Millions may ſoon be ſav'd to this poor Nation!
What gratitude, what thanks, to thee are due,
Inſtructing a great empire how to *chew!*

In work-houſes, where ignorance abounds,
And all the Poor, voracious, feed like hounds,
Sharp *Overſeers* ſhall at the table ſtand,
And give the *word*, with *Serjeant-like* command:
Thus will their crackling jaws in concert chime,
And, like a fiddler's elbow, move in *time*.
Oh! if I, too, might cater for the belly,
Old fiddle-ſtrings ſhould make us *vermicelli*;
Cockchaffers, with a very trifling art,
Compoſe a pie—at leaſt a pretty tart;
Soap-ſuds to ſyllabubs and trifles change,
And bullocks lights and livers to bla'mange;
And ſheeps-dung, without quantities of ſtudying,
Glean'd from the field produce a fine plum-pudding.
A wool-ſtuff'd pin-cuſhion would make a *puff*,
And tripe ſtart forth from breeches of old buff;
And, with SIR JOSEPH's leave, with fiſh might paſs
His *fleas*, his *fav'rite fleas*, for *lobſter-ſauce*.
But what an inſolence in *me* to prate!
Pretend to *him* to open WISDOM's gate,

Oh! if I, too, &c.]—The EXPERIMENTAL DINNERS promiſed by the COUNT, are expected by the Members of the R. I. with great avidity.—Graſs broth, flint ſoup, fricaſſed leather-breeches, ſtewed old ſhoes, &c. &c. will ſoon be forth-coming, ſet on the table too by AUTOMATICAL WAITERS, to the vaſt ſurpriſe and inſtruction of all BEHOLDERS!!!

Who

Who ſpurns advice, like weeds, where'er it ſprings,
Diſdaining counſel, though it comes from *Kings*.
Yet ſay, why PHYSIC from thy houſe exclude?
On PHYSIC, ponder—what a public good!
HYGEIA weeps, poor NYMPH, to be neglected—
Shame on thee! let the FAIR-ONE be protected.—
Of PHYSIC didſt thou never own the ſkill?
Say, did thy *purity* ne'er need a *pill?*
Go, go! harangue the MEMBERS—goad 'em, goad 'em!
And make them ſend away for DOCTOR BRODUM;
Or DOCTOR MEYRSBACH, who with ſapience ſees
A mighty Empire fall by *toaſted Cheeſe:*
Or doughty DOCTOR SOLOMON invite,
Who cuts the *talons* of DISEASE, the KITE,
That hovering, threat'ning, ſpread abroad, prepare
To lug us *Goſlings* to the *fields of Air*.

Disdaining counsel.]—Here I muſt beg leave to *quarrel* with the COUNT.—Although a man may, like the COUNT, poſſeſs *extraordinary intellect*, and although a man may be the *best judge* of *himself*, nevertheleſs it is *indecorous* to treat the opinions of *others* with contempt.—The COUNT's conſtant aſſertion is, "I never was yet in the wrong—I know *every thing*." Granting this to be true, the declaration is nevertheleſs *arrogant and supercilious*.

Yet ſay, why Physic.]—"All diſcuſſion relative to Religion and Medicine will be careſully avoided."—*Journal of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.*

And

And why DIVINITY be baniſh'd, pray?
Souls are of *ſome importance*, let me ſay.
In GOD's name, ſend a card to ROWLAND HILL,
Who to a tittle knows his MAKER's will:
The film of darkneſs baniſh'd from his eyes,
He kens the darkeſt ſecrets of the ſkies;
Of CHERUBIM and SERAPHIM the HOST,
As though they wrote the PARSON ev'ry poſt.
HILL knows what SATAN *does*, and *means* to do;
Knows all the plottings of th' infernal CREW;
The tools, the tortures for a ſinful ſoul;
And what the fire to roaſt it—*wood* or *coal!*
Oh, while MECHANICS hold with thee a ſway,
And Blackſmiths, Tinkers, hammer it away—
While ſuch obtain thy ſmile, a lucky lot,
Let not *ingenious* ARIS be forgot!
To ſhine a *worthy member*, ARIS ſighs—
Aloft his *Excellency* lifts his eyes:
PITT's boſom friend, O grant him then his pray'r,
Whoſe *gags* and *hand-cuffs*, wond'rous worth declare;
Whoſe *whips* of thong, to radiant wire allied,
Tickled with neateſt touch the human hide.
With rapture have I viſited thy HOUSE,
And marvell'd at thy vaſt extent of *nouſe*.

Thanks

Thanks to thy care that, 'midſt its ample round,
Soup, tea and toaſt, and coffee, may be found,
And wine, and punch, and porter, freſh'ning draught,
Mending the monſtrous *wear* and *tear* of thought.—
Thus a *new birth* ſhall RUMFORD's glory tell,
And from its bowels ſpring a GRAND HOTEL!

Yet 'mid thine HOUSE's philoſophic glooms,
Since CONVERSATION has its *private* rooms,
Extend the thought by love delicious led;
And give of GRAHAM the *celeſtial Bed!*

Soup, tea and toast, &c.]—" To render the Houſe of the Inſtitution more pleaſant and agreeable to ſuch Proprietors and Subſcribers as frequent it, an additional room has been lately ſet apart for their private and excluſive uſe:—this has been called the *Conversation Room,* and is diſtinguiſhed by an inſcription over the door. As converſation in the Reading Rooms could not fail to interrupt thoſe who read, the Managers are confident, that all thoſe who frequent the Houſe will be ſo ſenſible of the reaſonableneſs of the regulation, as to abſtain from converſation in the Reading Rooms when any perſon engaged in reading is preſent.

" To render the Converſation Room ſtill more uſeful and agreeable, it will be furniſhed with a collection of good Maps; and, as ſoon as ſome neceſſary previous arrangements (which are now actually making) ſhall be finiſhed, thoſe who frequent this Room will be furniſhed, at the moſt reaſonable prices, from the Houſekeeper's Room below, with Soups of various kinds, Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, and other refreſhments."—*Vide the Count's Journal.*

In,

In, would ſubſcriptions like a torrent pour!
NYMPHS of *delight* would leave each CYPRIAN
BOWER—
The BOND-STREET LOUNGERS to thy call repair,
And form, like SMITHFIELD, a perpetual Fair.
Say, canſt thou make (whoſe brains have not their
fellows)
Fire blow itſelf without a pair of bellows?
Soon ſhall we ſee a HAUNCH, with equal wit,
Turn round and roaſt itſelf without a ſpit;
Fiſh without frying-pans come hot and hot,
And dumplings boil themſelves without a pot;
Nay more, *Automata* ſhall riſe!—I ſee
A pin purſue, and pierce the nimble flea;
Now in the bedſtead old, or in the rug,
Pluck from its lurking hole the wounded bug:—
Untouch'd, the handkerchief ſhall wrap the noſe;
Untouch'd, the penknife, cut the corn-clad toes;
Untouch'd, the comb the vermin tribe aſſail,
And ſciſſars opening clip the finger nail—
The ſoap unaided the rich ſuds ſhall ſpread,
And razors trimly ſhave the beard and head:
Formal as PITT the Treaſury Bench ſhall riſe,
And bowing ope the budget for *ſupplies*;

The

The Church's *deſk* put forth its pious pray'rs,
And LINCOLN'S PULPIT preach like PARSON NARES.
Great Man! the culinary tactics ſtudying,
Inſtructing *worlds* to *eat* a HASTY PUDDING—

Preach like PARSON NARES.]—A ſtaunch ſtickling PARSON for *preferment*, the ſalvation of souls and the State.—Newſpapers, pamphlets, magazines, reviews, ballads, &c. proclaim the merits of our LINCOLN'S-INN PREACHER.—The pulpit itſelf is a weekly witneſs of his various enthuſiaſm—He does not yet deem himſelf *properly* remunerated—Is there nothing more for the poor gaping Prieſt?

HASTY PUDDING] —" The HASTY PUDDING being *ſpread out equally* on a *plate*, while hot, an EXCAVATION is made in the *middle of it*, with a SPOON; into WHICH EXCAVATION a piece of BUTTER, as large as a NUTMEG, is put; and UPON IT, a SPOONFUL of BROWN SUGAR, or, *more commonly* MELASSES. The BUTTER being ſoon *melted* by the *heat* of the PUDDING, mixes with the SUGAR, or MELASSES, and forms a SAUCE; *which* being *confined* in the EXCAVATION made for it, OCCUPIES the MIDDLE of the PLATE. The PUDDING is then *eaten* with—a SPOON, each SPOONFUL of it being *dipt* into the SAUCE, before it is *carried* to the MOUNH; *care being had, in taking it up*, to *begin* on the OUTSIDE, or *near* the BRIM of the PLATE; and to APPROACH the CENTRE by regular ADVANCES, in *order* not to *demolish* too ſoon the EXCAVATION which forms the RESERVOIR for the SAUCE."

Such are the COUNT'S culinary tactics in regard to the *ſiege* of a HASTY PUDDING. Nobler Generalſhip perhaps was never exhibited by MARLBOROUGH, TURENNE, or even BONAPARTE himſelf.

To

To thee poor Poets ſhall their offerings bring,
Who roaſt, like *me*, their victuals by a *ſtring*,
All ſtruggling with a laudable intention,
Who beſt ſhall praiſe thee for thy *vaſt invention.*
And ſince thy ſkill (believe me not in joke)
Contriveth *traps* to catch our London ſmoke;
Soon, very ſoon, mayſt thou proclaim aloud,
(Rare news for Farmers) *traps* to catch a *cloud*—
Quick on his *pris'ner* HOB will lay his hands,
And tap his watery belly for the lands;
And thus our Parſons will be ſav'd the *pain*
Of putting Heaven *in mind* to *ſend down* rain.

O why will SCANDAL thus let looſe her tongue,
And call the voice of KNOWLEDGE, FOLLY's ſong?
Great are the beauties of *aſſociation!*
What charming union, *ſoup* and *converſation!*
Aſſiſting each the other with delight;
Thus BABES are pleaſed their *alphabet* to *bite*;
And thus, without the harmleſs fraud diſcerning,
With *gingerbread* the urchins ſwallow *learning*.—
I know that ENVY turns her head away,
And calls the INSTITUTION puppet play;
But ah! in cenſure people ſhould be *mild;*
PHILOSOPHY *herſelf* was *once* a *child:*

Yet ſtill thoſe rude ſounds ſtab mine ear's poor drum;
" A *bite—palaver—nonſenſe, fudge,* a *hum.*"
In vain WITS call thee (blaſting thy machines)
" A *walking bundle* of old *Magazines.*"
Believe me, immortality is ſure:
Long as thy chimneys ſhall thy praiſe endure;
OBLIVION ne'er ſhall ſwallow RUMFORD's name,
Aloft aſcending, lo, thy *radiant Fame,*
With thy own curling clouds of ſmoke ſhall riſe,
And *ſun-like* give them *luſtre* on the ſkies!
I know they mock thee, (in their laughter looſe)
Becauſe thou ſweep'ſt a chimney with a *gooſe;*
I know the world a jealous ſpirit foſters,
And chriſtens thee the weakeſt of *Impoſtors;*
Stead of a war-horſe, one of FOLLY's *hacks;*
The *Prince,* the *King,* the *Emp'ror* of the *Quacks.*"

Sweeps a chimney with a gooſe.]—The COUNT certainly lays claim to the invention of ſweeping chimneys with a gooſe, by forcing down the animal alive, with a ſtring about its neck, from the top of the chimney; when the poor creature, by flapping its wings, as it is pulled up and down, ſends the ſoot about its buſineſs: but it is really an Iriſh diſcovery, uſed alſo to extinguiſh fires in chimneys, by which means the gooſe becomes roaſted at no expence. No bad hint this, for the COUNT's economical ſyſtem!

Sir

Sir JOSEPH of thy journals makes his ſport;
Laughs at thy DINNERS, keeps thee from our COURT,
Or long, *long* ſince hadſt thou receiv'd commands
To come and *lounge* at levees, and *kiſs hands.*
Yes! to eclipſe thy blaze, behold him ſtrain,
And rummage the *dark coal-hole* of his *brain*;
But not *one nob* is in it, do not doubt:
All, long ago, (believe me) *all* burnt out!
Too plain I ſee him (jealous of thy name,)
Try ev'ry *jockey-trick* to *paſs* thy fame:
In vain! the fates againſt the KNIGHT combine—
Strive as he liſt, the glorious race is *thine:*
To ſnap more ſnakes, SIR JOSEPH means, I know,
And ſwallow alligators in SOHO:
More tadpoles down his cable gullet pour,
And frogs, and butterflies, a mealy ſhow'r:

Laughs at thy Dinners.]—Take, gentle Reader, the COUNT's own words from his *own Journal,* on the ſubject of what he calls EXPERIMENTAL DINNERS—"In order that the Proprietors and Subſcribers may be enabled to judge, from actual experiment, of the merit of any new method of Cooking, or of any new diſh that may be propoſed, a *Dining-Room* has been built, and will ſoon be ready for uſe, at the houſe of the Inſtitution, in which the Managers will occaſionally order *Experimental Dinners*, to which the Proprietors and Subſcribers will be invited, in as far as the accommodation will admit; the expence of ſuch dinners to be defrayed by thoſe who partake of them."

From

From hieroglyphics a *new name* he ſeeks,
And taſtes and pores on Babylonian Bricks:
Still, with his SQUIRE, the KNIGHT in *fancy* ſees;
Fame in his blankets—lobſters lodg'd in fleas;
And ſwearing that in future nought ſhall foil 'em,
Has oder'd honeſt JONUS to *reboil* 'em.

Unrivall'd RUMFORD, ere I cloſe my ſong,
Hear, hear an oracle from PETER's tongue:
Great ſcholarſhip with *wiſdom* link'd are *rare;*
Yet theſe unite in THEE, I do declare—
For ſcholars ſeldom are the moſt *diſcerning:*
'Tis true, each PRISCIAN ſwallows *loads* of learning;
Yet a poor *moth,* (that paper idolizer)
Devouring wit, but not a *whit* the *wiſer.*

O ſince, from every corner of our ISLE,
Books court thy hand to gain thy gracious ſmile;
Regard *my* offer, nor the trifle ſlight;
Receive a Poet's *ſolitary mite;*

Still with his Squire.]— Honeſt JONAS DRYANDER, the *ſine quo non* of SIR JOSEPH.

A *little* incenſe to embalm thy ſhrine;
A LIFE exceedingly reſembling *thine;*
The HIST'RY of that HERO with a *hunch*—
The *laughable*, the *immortal* MISTER PUNCH.

INDEX.

INDEX

TO THE

FIFTH VOLUME.

A.

B.

C.

D.

INDEX.

E.

F.

G.

H.

I.

K.

L.

INDEX.

Passions,

INDEX.

P.

R.

S.

T.

V

W.

Y.

J. Cundee, Printer, Ivy-lane.