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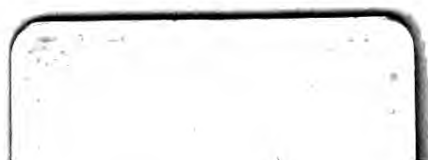
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Bot. from P.M. Bernard

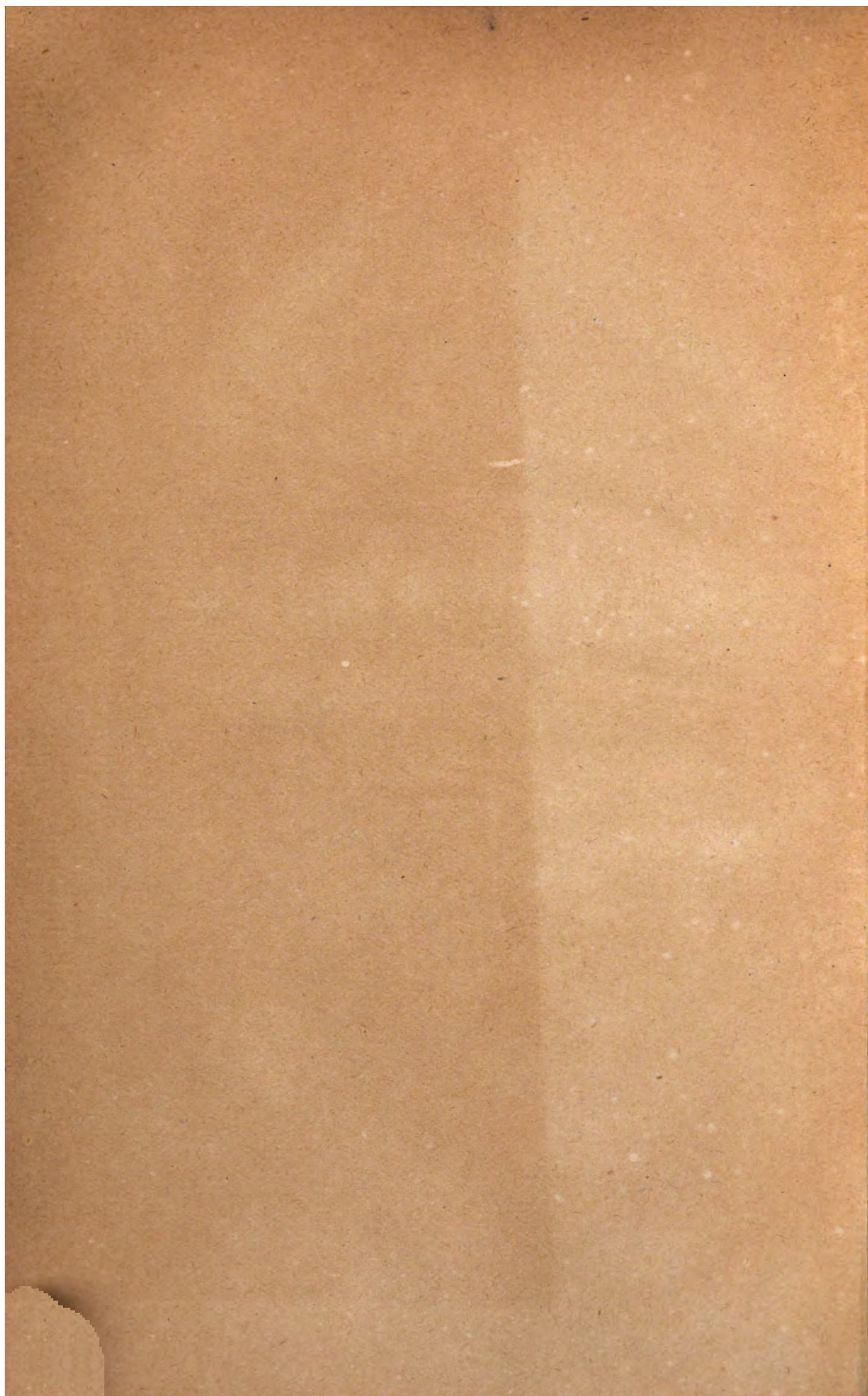
Copper basin
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ON THE
SCARCITY

OF THE

Copper Coin.

A

SATYR.

— *Ridentem dicere verum*
Quid vetat? —



Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIX.





ADVERTISEMENT.

THE chief Reason of publishing the following *Satyr*, was a Paragraph in the *Caledonian Mercury*, assuring the Author of the best Poem on the *Scarcity of the Copper Coin*, a *Premium* of Four Guineas.

This Subject, at first View, will appear to be pretty barren: It is no easy Matter to account for the Decrease of our Halfpence, especially as they are current in no other Kingdom.

A great many plausible Things may be advanced, such as the vast Multitudes of Poor, who swarm in every Part of the Nation, and pick up a large Quantity of the *Copper Species*; these, tho' they disperse the most of it again, yet allowing them only to lay aside 40 Halfpence each, in a Year, will soon (considering their Number) make them scarce.

The Duke of *L——d——le* coined 40000 Stone of *Copper*, tho' he had only a Licence for 6000, for which a Process was designed to be raised against him and the Managers of the *Mint*.

We

We cannot certainly trace the Antiquity of the *Copper Coin* in *Scotland*; some *Virtuosi* place its Original as high as the Reign of King *David*, others incline to think it was only introduced in the Days of King *James II.* I shall leave it to others to determine, whether its being us'd at all be a Loss or Advantage to the Nation.

In writing my Thoughts upon this Subject, I judg'd the loose satyrical Way the most proper, as hereby I endeavour to inspire into my Country Men a just Indignation at a Set of Men, whose Arts have so near ruined us.



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— *Ridentem dicere verum*
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OW, Barbers, Bakers, Coblers, Buyers,

Sellers,

Hosts, Ale-Wives, Drawers, Cryers, and Re-
tailers,

Country and Town, with one Consent, declare

Some Men are R—s, and *Copper* wondrous

rare,

Now,

Now, all the honest Halfpence in a Shire,
 Were quite too little for one C—m—'s Hire;
 Would scarcely to Sir R—t buy a Garter,
 Or plead Admission with a Statesman's Porter.
 Whence comes this Famine? This great Dearth
 of Pence ?

From Want of Mines ? or R—l Negligence ?

DID not the cruel Halter, and the Law,
 Keep *Vulcan's* publick-minded Sons in Awe,
Britain would never feel the Pence decrease,
 But Tinker-Mints stamp royal Images ;
 Good Sand and Brass would prove our current
 Coin,

And R—b instead of E—d—le purloin:

MANY a *Charles* of E—d—le's Creation,
 Who serv'd the Army first, and then the Nation;

And,

And, since their Births, have wander'd many Miles,
 From the South Border to the Western Isles ;
 Have been in Prisons long by Misers kept,
 Oft gladed Beggars, and with Ale-Wives slept ;
 Now, sunk with Toil, and impotent thro' Age,
 Would beg Allowance to go off the Stage ;
 Unthankful People cry, A Cheat, a Cheat,
 Tho' they have bought these People's Fat ⁿ ers
 Meat.

The *Williams*, too, of the same Fate complain,
 And to the *Georges* call for Aid—in vain ;
 For they, regardless of the publick Need,
 And Friends Distress are lazy to succeed :
 'Tis sure they have no State-Affairs to do ;
 'Tis Gold buys Votes, or they'd have swarm'd
 ere now,

Copper serves only for the meaner Sort

Of People ; *Copper* never goes at Court.

And since one Shilling can full Twelve Pence
weigh,

Silver is better far in *Germany*.

'Tis true the Vulgar seek it, What of that ?

They are not Statesmen, — let the Vulgar wait.

Did they the royal Navy's Aid implore,

To teach the *Spaniards* to give plund'ring o'er,

And what's already plunder'd to restore,

It were no Wonder if they sued in vain ;

How dreadful is the Armament of *Spain* !

But could *Britannia* its dread *Philip* meet ;

Yet, ah ! how powerful the *Peruvian* Fleet !

Pacifick C — r minds the publick Weal,

And mourns the Hardships which his Subjects feel ;

Like

Like *Jove* quaffs *Nectar*, while the World's
at Odds,

And laughs at all the Squables of the Gods ;
Yet *Jove* sometimes with Thunderbolts will
scourge,

But yet we never heard the Guns of *Gr—e*;
Had we no Gold, we could not wonder much,
Gold is too courtly for the vulgar Touch ;
This is the current Species of the State,
And still goes round the Circle of the Great ;
From Kings to Peers, from Peers to Commons ;
then

From Commons buys its Way to Kings again ;
Besides, since Princes deal in Exportation,
This Ware can never overstock the Nation ;

While

While it must foreign Ladies Wants supply,

It will not hoarded with its Owners ly.

But when did ever weighty, clumsy Pence,

(Poor vulgar Metal, without Excellence)

E'er visit Court, or leave the *British* Shore?

It e'en must trudge at Home amongst the Poor.

HOW much to Statesmens Tricks our Coun-

try owes,

The present Deluge of our Mis'ry shows.

Sir R——t rules, —'tis true, —but what of that?

He says we're happy, and who dares dispute?

W——e, the mighty Statesman, O the Wonder!

That ne'er went wrong, and ne'er committed

Blunder,

By Nature form'd to act the *Patriot's* Part,

Abhors Corruption from his very Heart;

He never brib'd, —good Man! —who could
have thought it?

And Place and Pension he—he never sought it,

How many handsom Treaties has he made?

And how improv'd our home and foreign Trade?

How many Allies now has *Britain* got?

And all her humble Servants,—Are they not?

Craftsman, be mute, or write in his Defence,

And, *Littleton*, talk henceforth *Common-Sense*.

Conjoin'd with him another Hero stands,

Lieutenant-General of his venal Bands.

The Muse's Song the mighty *I*—*ay* claims;

For noblest Projects in his Breast he frames:

Unwearied still he acts with vast Applause;

A *Mob'le perpetuum* in his Country's Cause;

B

A

A Foe to Brib'ry, with an honest Zeal
 Trips up and down to serve the Common Weal ;
 All false Returns, unfair Elections hates ;
 'Tis honest Men and Means that *I—ay* rates.
 This *Scotland* feels, for, since he had the Rule,
 The Bench of Justice has not got one F—l,
 Nor one of all our Sixteen Peers been made
 his Tool.

Lord! what a Set of empty-noddl'd Squires,
 The wise Sir *R—t* for his Purpose hires ;
 Like fanded Hal'pence, spread thro' all the Land
 Tho' little worth, yet ever at Command ;
 Whose Talents ly in trav'ling much at Home,
 Their nicer Ears can't bear the thund'ring Drum.
 Indeed 'twere Pity the gay Thing should quit
 His Bottle, Whore, the Play-House and the Pit :

Since

Since *Drury-Lane* has such prevailing Charms,
 'Twill keep our young Nobility from Arms ;
 In foreign Climes how nauseous is the Air ?
 They could not breathe in *Hungary*, I'll swear :
 With their nice Taste could *Oczakow* agree ?
 They'd die away in the *Malade de Pai*'.

HOW happy he ! blest with his native Store,
 Can quaff his Bottle, and enjoy his Whore ;
 Can dress, pimp, prattle, flatter, and what not ?
 Shine at the Court, or in a Senate vote ;
 At Play-House ogle, faunter in the *Mall*,
 Be gay, game, hunt, drink, dance, laugh loud,
 — that's all ;

From vulgar Bounds with brave Disorder part,
And snatch an Oath beyond the Rules of Art,
 Get drunk, bed with a Doxy, shew the Town
 The Odds betwixt a Gentleman and Clown.

O! could I sing these worthy Statesmens Praise
 In Strains befitting, I should gain the Bays ;
 Poor *Celley Cibber* soon deposed would be,
 And *G——e* transfer the Laureate to me.

WHILE such do manage, let all Wonder cease :
 'Tis false, our Trade and Pence do both increase.
 Time was, 'tis true, when Mints coin'd Half-
 pence faster,

When *R——e* the elder *L——d——le* was Master,
 Who, to supply the Army and himself,
 The Church's Roof converted into Pelf,
 Whatever royal Licence might allow,
 Good Man ! he thought Six thousand Stone too
 few,

Among so many Sons of *Mars* to deal,
 And help a needful Friend he lik'd as well,

So paid their Due, appropriate what was o'er;
 Their Portion Six, his only Thirty Four.

CAN that be true which honest People say,
 That we bear nothing Home, and much away ;
 That there are mighty Multitudes of such
 Who have too little, or who have too much :
 The latter to the former still are Foes,
 These Courtiers call'd, the murmuring Vulgar
 those.

Hence some Mens Profit, hence come some Mens
 Ills,

Prosp'rous Excise, Sir R——t's righteous Bills ;
 Upright Elections, where much honour'd Squires,
 And frugal Burghers, never take no Hires ;
 Things are well manag'd, and there's no refusing
 A courtly Member of Sir R——t's chusing,

Who

Who may, like him, treat the aspiring Great,
 And by his YES and No make an Estate:
 He may indeed give Conscience in to Boot,
 But what of that — if all is well without?
 Hence Gaugers, Waiters, Custom-Officers,
 Well-fed Collectors, and Commissioners,
 Clerks, Supervisors, a tremendous Band,
 Like *Egypt's* Locusts eat up all the Land.
 Hence Beggars, in Proportion to Excise,
 And Trade declining, in such Numbers rise,
 As Courtiers Gold, they Pence monopolize.

WHAT various Ills, O *Scotia*, hast thou seen?
 And what Misfortune has the U—n been?
 Enflav'd, excis'd by a corrupted Crew,
 A curs'd, a brib'd, a damn'd abandon'd few;

Who

Who set their Conscience and their Votes to Sale;
 And trudge to *London* for their private Weal;
 All join'd to drain their Country's little Store,
 And only leave the Halfpence to the Poor.

Poor *Scotia* now is over-run with Whores,

'Tis all the *Copper* we preserve as ours :

But why should we at such a Thing repine,

Ev'n foreign Whores at C——t are current Coin;

O! When again shall *Caledonia* see

Its pristine Age, when happy, great and free;

Above Corruption, and deserv'dly great,

Her Aid was courted by each foreign State ;

While by her Sons the great *Gustavus* own'd

His Vict'ries gain'd, his Head with Laurels crown'd;

Happy the Age of *Scotian* Liberties !

Much Virtue, small Estates, and no Excise :

When

When *Scotsmen* were content with *Scotish* Coin,
 And Gentlemen for thistl'd Pence could dine :
 When honest Merks did ev'ry Thing but bribe,
 And virtuous Dollars were an useful Tribe :
 Ere *Whiteball* Fairs and *Sterling* came in Fashion,
 And *English* Plenty 'poverish'd our Nation :
 Ere *English* Peers, t'undo their Debtors, lent,
 And stole our Money *South* at Four *per Cent* :
 Ere Squires expos'd their Consciences to Sale,
 And publick Agents fought their private Weal :
 Then Gentlemen could live on honest Pence,
 Content with Nature, and with plain good Sense ;
 Drunk their own Beer, and eat their native Meats,
 Rich tho' they had not thousand Pound Estates ;
 Went not beyond the *Tweed* to serve the Crown,
 And had good Laws and Halfpence of their own.



FINIS.



