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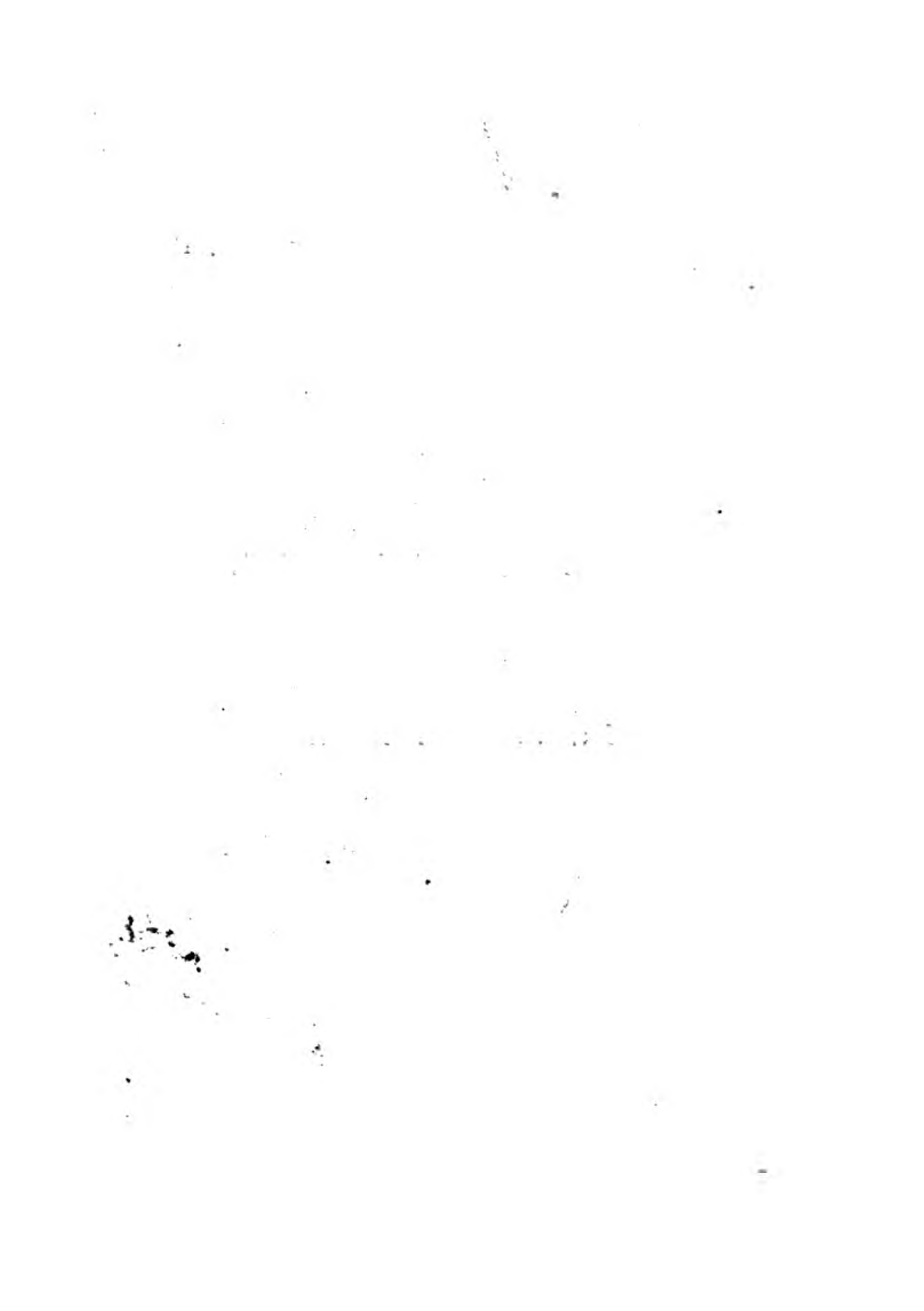
HEROIC EPISTLE

F R O M

MR. M\*\*\*LY, &c.

*James Manly  
Silversmith and Toyman.*





AN  
HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM

MR. M \* \* \* L Y,

AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS GOLD-  
COLOURED METAL,

QUITTING BUSINESS IN DUBLIN, AND  
GOING TO RESIDE IN LONDON,

TO

MR. P I N C H B E C K,

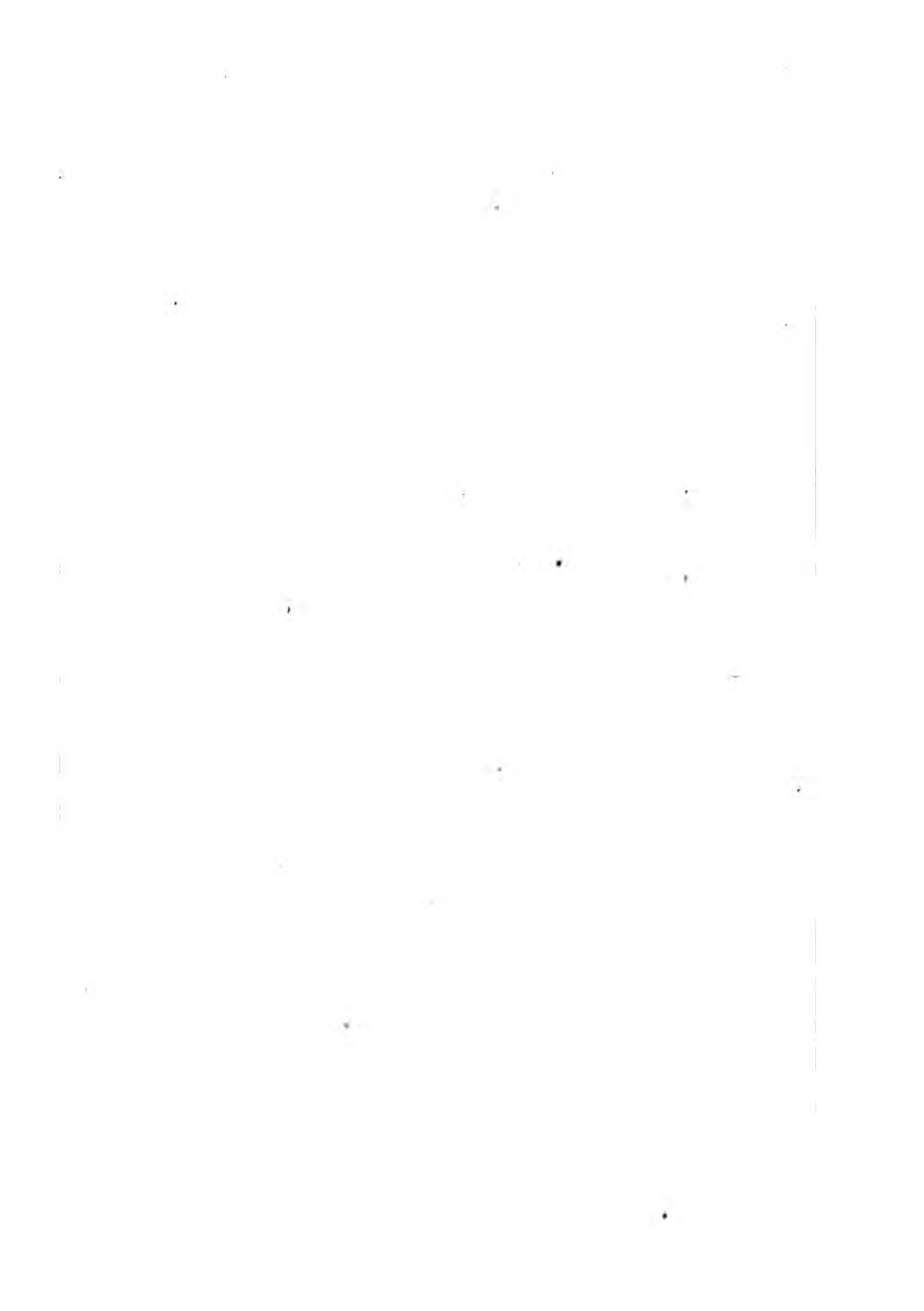
NOW IN LONDON.

*Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius.*

D U B L I N :

Printed for W. WILSON, No. 6, Dame-street.

M,DCC,LXXVIII.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**C**ONVERSING with an ingenious friend (Mr. DOGGREL, author of Heroic Epistles from Mr. TWISS to DONNA TERESA PINNA, &c. and of a work now in the press, called EVERY MAN HIS OWN STORY-TELLER) he assured me, an Heroic Epistle without notes, was as aukward as a beau full drest without a sword. As I knew the gentleman was skilled in the art of book-making, and had amassed some money by it; I resolved, tho' this trifle neither requires nor deserves explanatory notes, to add such an ornamental appendage; besides, the swelling a work to a six-penny touch is a circumstance not to be neglected by a prudent publisher: I availed myself therefore of an offer which my friend the manager of the theatre made of accommodating me with a set of notes. And in gratitude to Mr. DOGGREL for his hint, cancelled from my books a debt of four pounds five shillings and seven pence, which he owed me, and presented him with a set of coat buttons of my metal; a button and loop for his hat, and a cane, all which he exhibits with great success every concert night at the ROTUNDA.

J. M.



## HEROIC EPISTLE, &amp;c.

*PINCHBECK*, to thee these warning lines I  
 send ;  
 And in the rival prove myself the friend.  
 Blest in thy master, in thy metal grac'd,  
 Caress'd at court, and near a monarch plac'd,—

L. 1. *Pinchbeck.*] This celebrated gentleman hath long been, to his honour, rival of all the artists who work in what is commonly called sterling metal: but, as I never dishonoured my profession by making use of said metal, the public may think an attempt to rival him ungenerous. I acknowledge I at first thought so; but, hearing that he had partly laid aside his original plan, and begun to work in pure gold, my indignation got the better of my scruples, and determined me not only to improve on his plan, but to invent a metal so far superior to his, as not to be inferior to gold itself: and I have the satisfaction to declare I succeeded, having frequently sold it as such to many of my customers.



How soon, alas ! terrestrial blessings end !  
 Even in perfection to decay they tend ;  
 Behold the fatal crisis of thy fame :  
 Ev'n now the gods are lab'ring for thy shame.  
 These lines declare thy glories are no more.—  
 A mighty rival from th' *Hibernian shore*,\* 10

\* *A Grand Sale by Auction,*

To commence on Thursday, the 7th of May,

And continue until all are Sold,

THE entire stock in trade of J——s M——LY, jeweller, D——-st——, *Dublin*, who is going to settle in *London*.—There is a general assortment of *found* and fashionable goods, to the amount of some thousand pounds : —It consists of many hundred ounces of fashionable plate, plated candlesticks, dish-rings, salvers, goblets, egg-cups, ink-stands, &c. &c. gold seals and rings ; pearl pins and clumps ; set pins, shoe, knee and stock buckles ; gold hoops, broaches, locketts, &c. &c. steel and metal men and womens watch chains, and elegant trinkets of all sorts ; some silver and metal watches ; new fashioned silver, pinch-beck, steel, black, sanguine, and plated shoe and knee buckles ; silver, metal, ivory, bone, and wood hafted table knives and forks ; pen-knives, scissars, razors, japanned tea-trays, waiters, baskets, &c. &c. guns and pistols ; walking canes and sticks ; a large quantity of *Irish mounted oaks* ; plated bits, spurs, boot and bridle buckles ; horn, box, and ivory combs and brushes ; tambour, Morocco leather, and

A mighty rival shall confound thy pride,  
 And seize thine empire, or at least divide.  
 Soon shall thy paltry metal cease to shine ;  
 And blush, (if brass can blush) compar'd to mine :

Liverpool pocket-books ; best enamelled, London gilt, plated, and best livery buttons, yellow and white metal—gentlemen would do well to attend the sale of these *buttons* ; it is well-known they are the best ever imported into this kingdom. Also, some sets of fine *fancy and club buttons* metal and silver ; a few sets of the finest finished metal shoe, knee, and stock-buckles, ever seen in this kingdom : with many hundreds of articles, too numerous to insert.

The morning sale will commence at eleven, and the evening at six o'clock. The room is elegantly lighted, and there are *seats for the ladies*, to whom all possible attention will be paid.---As there is *generally* a polite company, they may be assured of being treated with every mark of respect.

As soon as the stock in trade is disposed of, the household furniture, and interest in the lease of his house, will also be sold, if not disposed of by private contract. For further particulars, apply to said M——LY, who will shew and treat for the same, with all the shop glass-cases, and fixtures---and as it is *incumbent on him to settle with his creditors*, he requests all who are indebted to him will discharge their accounts.

N. B. Such of the debts as are not discharged before the close of his sale, will be positively *sold by auction*---Printed catalogues will be given two days before they are put up, specifying the *parties names, places of abode, and sums due* : They will be all proved, without any expence to the purchaser.

It's tinkling vile the royal ears shall wound ;  
 But mine regale them with a silver sound.  
 Then shalt thou hide thine abject head for fear,  
 And *Britain's* monarch *M—ly's* metal wear ;  
 That metal, precious as in days of old,  
 The brass of *Corinth* and barbaric gold.           20  
 Yet why from thee the honest truth disguise ?  
 'Tis real gold ; thou may'st believe thine eyes.  
 I sunk it's worth, to shun a conjurer's fame,  
 And sold my metal by an humbler name.  
 I knew that av'rice with insatiate rage  
 Pursu'd of old the *Rosycrucian* sage ;  
 How chains were heap'd, and racks were stretch'd  
                   in vain,  
 To wring their secret from the mystic train.—

L. 20. *The Brass of Corinth.*] I am told that *Corinthian* brass is as valuable, in the opinion of antiquarians, as real gold, I have therefore an intention of advertising to make antique statues, basso-relievos, and medals in *Corinthian* brass of my own invention, which I will sell cheaper than *Christie, Langford*, or any other dealers in antiquities by twenty-five per cent.

L. 28. *To wring their secret.*] No tortures shall ever wring my secret from me ; but, if any person has a mind to find it out, let him buy my metal and try experiments on it.

What gold I made was, therefore, fold by stealth ;  
 Left, haply, men should kill me for my wealth. 30  
 The secret, long within my bosom nurst,  
 Is grown so vast, I now must speak or burst.  
 Hear me the great and wond'rous truth impart,—  
 That *M—ly* has reviv'd the long-lost art,  
 So wish'd, so sought by alchymist of old ;  
 The mighty secret of creating gold :  
 And, should a war the public coffers drain,  
 My ready aid shall make them full again.

Come, *Pinchy!* come, all workman as thou art,  
 Oppose thyself, dispute a monarch's heart ; 40  
 Thy shallow pride, thou vain aspirer ! raise,  
 And plume thy little worth with borrow'd praise :  
 Thy snuffers vaunt, and bid thy buttons shine :  
 But, were th' inventions ? shall the praise be  
     thine ?

L. 38. *My ready aid, &c.*] This is a glorious undertaking, when the greatest statesmen of the present age found their reputation on being able to *borrow*. I am of Falstaff's opinion that "Borrowing but lingers out the disease;" and if the practice of borrowing continues, and our ministers do not discover some other merit to found their reputation on, it is very obvious that the public must resort to me at last.

L. 43. *Thy snuffers vaunt.*] The greatest merit this gentleman's snuffers possess, is that they require *both hands*.

We know from whence thy best productions came.  
Enjoy the profit ; but resign the fame.

By works imputed *M—ly* ne'er was known ;  
But genuine wreaths and glories all his own.  
Go, see or feel the canes his hand has wrought :  
'Twas heaven itself inspir'd the godlike thought ;  
That all mankind according canes might find, 51  
And ev'ry staff bespeak it's owner's mind.  
Lest pond'rous clubs should load the tender hand,  
My care supply'd the *Macaroni* band  
With sticks well suited to such dapper elves,  
As light, as frail, and slender as themselves ;  
With tassel grac'd, as they with bunch of hair,  
The taper canes the wearer's form declare :  
For rev'rend seniors, wealthy, grave and old,  
Substantial canes I made with heads of gold : 60  
Then, for divines, of apostolic look,  
A staff of eb'ny with an ivory crook :

L. 52. *And ev'ry staff.*] I made some canes proper for members of parliament, with the following motto, " The labourer is worthy of his hire." I never sold more than one, and that to a gentleman who had long been in opposition : he bought it as he passed my door to attend the minister's levy, where he forgot it, and, I am informed, has ever since voted with the court.

But, for the youth, whose vast aspiring soul  
 Designs the capture of some watchman's pole,  
 Whose nightly prowess lamps and windows own,  
 And path with broken heads and glafs bestrown,  
 I trimm'd the sapling from *Hibernian* woods,  
 And arm'd the puissant hands of youthful bloods :  
 Some quaint device the brazen head exprest,  
 Some sentence apt, to fire the youthful breast. 70  
 Alas ! with tears, of sapplings I indite,  
 And fearful agues shake me while I write.  
 The first I made was shatter'd on my skull :  
 (*Perillus* handsell'd thus his brazen bull.)  
 'Twas by a drunken tar ; " Come on, my boy,"  
 He said, " the labour of thy hand enjoy"—

But, why th' excursive strain ? return we then :  
 Too long has *M—ly* dwelt with little men.  
 Thou, tho' my rival, fear not for thy life ;  
 For *M—ly* dares thee to no martial strife. 80  
 Come, *Pinchy!* come ; for what hast thou to  
 dread ?  
 Should pistols load the hand that toils for bread ?

L. 70. *Some sentence apt, &c.*] Clubs with mottos.

Ev'n *Alley's* self the blood-stain'd combat flies ;  
 He makes the pistol ; but he never tries.  
 No garden doors with fatal aim I spoil ;  
 My house resounds not with the fencer's toil.  
 Such are the cruel studies of the land :  
 But, *Pinchy*, do they suit an artist's hand ?  
 No :—be it his, with soft beseeching art,  
 To shew his wares, and charm the virgin's heart. 90  
 Let bankrupt senators with scriv'ners fight ;  
 And priests and statesmen vaunt their warlike  
     might.  
 Lo, *M—ly* calls ; but not to deathful fields ;  
 And tools of art, not vengeful sword, he wields.  
 Come, *Pinchy*, come, th' eventful trial dare :  
 Thy choicest metal and thy tools prepare.  
 Come, let us work before the royal eyes ;  
 And rank at court shall be the victor's prize.  
 Be witness, heav'n, if *M—ly* shuns the strife.—  
 I'll make a button with thee for thy life,     100  
 And drive thee forth, amidst the hooting train,  
 To mend old kettles in some dirty lane.

L. 100. *I'll make a button.*] Some time since, a certain  
 culprit under sentence of death, offered, on condition of par-  
 don, to discover some of the secrets of my business ; at which  
 time, and for six weeks afterwards, I made more *buttons* than  
 ever *Pinchbeck* made in his life.

Thine ear, thou caitiff button-maker ! lend ;  
 For *M—ly*, trust me, warns thee as a friend.  
 Destroy thy tools, and sell thy stock in trade ;  
 Shut up thy shop, and see thy debts be paid.  
 Pass some few months, in *London* I shall dwell :  
 And thou,—not ev'n a thimble shalt thou sell.

How oft, at sales of hardware have I said, 109  
 “ Curse on all toys, but those which *M—ly* made :  
 “ His, light as air, and bright as summer skies,  
 “ The pockets load not, while they feast our  
   eyes.  
 “ Let city honours wait a brazier's name,  
 “ Strong be his work, and pond'rous be his fame :  
 “ Before true hardware all such views remove.  
 “ Are strength and thickness what in toys we love ?  
 “ Should at my feet the may'r of *Dublin* fall,  
 “ Himself, his mace, his chain, I'd scorn them all ;  
 “ Not *Dublin's* sheriff would I deign to be :  
 “ No, no,—a place at *Britain's* court for me. 120  
 “ Is there a place where hardware is more dear  
 “ Than *Britain's* court, be *M—ly* planted there.”

L. 121. *Where hardware is more dear.*] A truly great personage is so attentive to the exact oeconomy of his time, that every room in his house has two or three clocks or



Perhaps, had due distinction crown'd my toil,  
 I ne'er had wish'd to leave this little isle ;  
 I still had bless'd it with my golden ore,  
 And buttons such as men shall see no more.  
 In vain *Hibernians* toil, a luckless band,  
 Like *seers*, unhonour'd in their native land.  
 Here scarce a homespun methodist is fed ;  
 And not a quack must hope for daily bread. 130  
 They starve and pine beneath our leaden sky ;  
 Take their own nostrums, in despair, and die :  
 Or else, to *Britain*, nurse of quacks, they run,  
 To seek a gen'rous race, and genial fun ;  
 There, hatch'd mature, the fost'ring radiance own,  
 And sit on paper wings thro' many a town.

In vain our land her brawny sons may boast,  
 The gaze and wonder of a *British* toast ;  
 The manly strength, by sinewy legs express'd, 139  
 The breadth of shoulder, and the swelling chest.

watches in it. Happy state! where persons in high station are so attentive to number their days: We may hope that they will, sometime or other, incline their hearts unto wisdom;—at least, we may be sure that all their measures will be *well-timed*, whether they commence a war, or review a navy.

L.128. *Like Seers.*] It is said in scripture; a prophet has no honour in his own country.

Few *Clodias*, shine amidst the titled band ;  
 And she, even she, gives with a sparing hand :  
 For, fond of pleasure, fonder still of gain,  
 Her scanty aids penurious life sustain.  
 No,—'tis to *England* merit must resort ;  
 And with our beef our striplings we export :  
 There many a relict shall their talents own ;  
 And many an heiress shall their labours crown.  
 Thus, cabbage barely grows where seed is shed ;  
 But thrives, transplanted to a foreign bed. 150

One sole exception to the truth is found,  
 That *Irish* merit starves on *Irish* ground.  
 Thou, <sup>\*</sup>*Kitty* ! thou, to controvert this truth,  
 Long may'st thou shine, and ravish ev'ry youth :  
 May *Hudson's* hand thy failing tooth repair ;  
 And friendly *Sparks* preserve thy flowing hair.  
 Like *Ninon*, may'st thou boast unfading charms,  
 And take, at ninety, lovers to thine arms.  
 Thus double gifts shall ev'ry heart engage,  
 Of youth the graces, and the skill of age. 160  
 Here might'st thou read,—had *Kitty* learn'd to read,  
 The grateful tribute to thy fame decreed.  
 I gave thee toys, thy board was deck'd by me ;  
 Nor asked I gold,—three kisses were my fee.  
*Kitty* ! for thee the *Paphian* queen ordains  
 A kindly interchange of love and gains.

*\* Kitty Cut-a-dash, a famous  
 Courtesan in Dublin.*

Thou dost not drive, like me, a losing trade ;  
Too happy fair ! thou art before hand paid.

Ah ! wretched I !—my soft relenting heart !  
Why with my goods on shallow credit part ? 170  
My golden hopes as court, so weak, so fond ;—  
All quench'd and cold, as iron in a pond ;  
For ever lost, like love of honey-moon,  
A courtier's promise, or an old lampoon ;  
No grateful meed on Irish plains I find,  
No brags is valued, but the brags of mind.  
Here, notes protested ever flit around ;  
And parting groans of bankrupt wretches sound.  
Ah, sottish race ! ungrateful, and unjust ;  
I gave them gold as plenteous as the dust ; 180  
I gave them trinkets, bracelets, seals and rings,  
And buttons, too, that seem'd the toil of kings.  
Ah ! what avails ? since ev'ry vulgar ass,  
Who blunders wretched daubs in filthy brags,  
And scarcely knows a hammer from a file,  
May sooner hope to gain the viceroy's smile.  
His smile facetious, dealt with so much glee,  
On all the croud, is ne'er indulg'd to me.  
Ah, fool ! I hop'd to palate *H-r-n's* wine ;  
To joke with *B—k—m*, and sometimes dine, 190

L. 189. *H-r-n's Wine.*] This description may induce many readers to think the person alluded to here must be some eminent wine-merchant : I therefore think it necessary to acquaint my reader, that I mean a gentleman of liberal

When chance the table yielded wholesome food,  
 Nor fasts were ordered for the public good ;  
 Then, with a peerage or a title grac'd,  
 To shine at court, in my own metal lac'd.

Ah, foolish race ! ye little knew that heav'n  
 So great a blessing had in *M—ly* given.  
 To common braziers left, ungrateful band !  
 Soon shall ye miss the wonders of my hand.  
 Heav'n first gave hardware for some wretch's aid,  
 Some pining lover, or desponding maid. 200  
 It pleads, it speaks, confesses am'rous fire,  
 Adorns the person, kindles fond desire ;  
 On afs's skin it pours out all the heart ;  
 Can shape to eyebrows, grace to nails impart ;

education, uncommon volubility, and a celebrated orator in a famous debating club.—I have heard him make excellent speeches at the Athenian academy.

L. 190. *B—k—m.*] A merry middle-aged gentleman, of uncommon animal spirits, brilliant fancy, sparkling wit, and a flowing vein of urbanity. He is an excellent fellow at a catch, or a bacchanalian song ; and a number of his *bon mots* will appear in a new edition of Joe Miller which is now in the press.

L. 204. *Grace to nails.*] Modern painters talk much of their new-discovered line of *Beauty* ; the great lord Chesterfield, in his laborious dissertations on the *Graces*, has found out the line of grace ; which he clearly proves to be a *small arc of a circle*.

When romps are ended, recomposes hair,  
 And wards suspicions from the yielding fair.  
 Whatever sages teach, or poets sing,  
 Most arts of pleasing do from hardware spring.  
 What shining tresses? iv'ry tooth bestows?  
 But comb, or tooth-pick,—that from hardware  
                   flows. 210

Whence does the penknife speak the lover's flame?  
 And every tree confess his idol's name?  
 Whence does the poet on the window write?  
 And set his mistress in the fairest light?  
 Or, whence the smelling-bottle yields its aid,  
 In throng'd assemblies to the fainting maid?  
 Whence are the thousand nameless toys, that teach  
 The charming manual expletives of speech?  
 The fan, all-eloquent in female hand;  
 The snuff-box, dear when talk is at a stand; 220  
 And, for a plaything, while the youth reveals  
 His tender wish, the watch with jingling seals.  
 Who bids a ray from spangled buttons dart,  
 And kindle tumults in the virgin's heart?  
 Who cuts the polish'd steel? or lays the foil?  
 These, am'rous youth! all these are *M—ly's* toil.  
 Wherever reas'ning creatures rise to birth,  
 See hardware valued o'er the peopled earth;  
 A means of pleasing, studied by the wise,  
 Lov'd by the fool, as pleasing to the eyes, 230  
 The naked *Indian* speaks it's worth, who dwells  
 With innate rapture on his beads and bells.

Hail, useful trade! too little understood :

A skilful hardware-man's a public good.

*Hibernians*, blest! could ye that blessing feel,  
With such a workman both for brass and steel :

Too late, too late, ye shall my loss deplore ;

Too late, too late, regret my golden ore ;

And sue with bended knees to keep me on your  
shore. }

Long as the summer to some hungry bard, 240

Whose piece, 'till winter, managers retard ;

Long as the night that harras'd bridegrooms prove,

Who meet for gold some hoary relict's love ;

Long as the time to youthful sparks, that lie

Hid in some closet from a husband's eye ;

Long as to bedded brides the moments flow,

While jovial souls detain their grooms below ;

So long to me the weary moments roll,

That from *St. James's* hold th' aspiring soul.

There fair ambition spreads her stately charms ; 250

And there a *Cæsar* courts me to his arms.

O'er *England's* treasures *M—ly* shall preside ;

Controul her coinage, her finances guide :

L. 235. *Hibernians blest, &c.*] *O fortunatos nimium, &c.*

VIRGIL.

L. 244. *Long as*] *Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica,*  
&c.

HORACE.

L. 253. *Controul her coinage, her finances guide.*] No one can have better pretensions to this employment, because no other person is possessed of the secret of making a *substitute*

No more shall fleets be mann'd with flesh and blood,  
 His *Dedal* hand shall fashion men of wood;  
 On active springs shall ev'ry figure run,  
 The musket shoulder, or bestride the gun.

Ye winds, arise, to fill the swelling sails!  
 To *England* bear me, ye propitious gales!  
 There I—But, ah! What cares distract my mind!  
 How can I fly, and leave my debts behind? 261  
 Ambition calls me there; here, debts are due;—  
 Which to forsake, ye gods! or which pursue?

for gold; I call it a substitute in complaisance to common opinion; tho' I have proved incontestibly that it is *equal* to gold in every respect, and deserves a preference, being a *home manufacture*. Now, if I am employed, I propose to pay off the national debt in six years, which will be a time necessary to make gold equal to one hundred and sixty millions; and I challenge the present ministry to perform it in twenty times that space. I am aware that many exceptions will arise against taking my metal in lieu of *Exchequer Bills*, *Consol. long Annuities*, &c. but when we consider the uncertainty of receiving *real gold*, and the positive certainty of my being capable of keeping my word, I make no doubt but all objections will vanish, and the nation look on me as the favourer of my country. At the same time I propose that the present revenue be handed over to my management, free from parliamentary enquiry; and I pledge my word to the public not to ask any additional supply, unless to increase the revenue of the civil list, the demands of which have at all times been considered by the public as a compliment, as may appear by numerous addresses: and I further promise, if our arms succeed with the same eclat that they have for these four

Ill fare his spirit ! scatter'd be his dust !  
 Who first took honest tradesmen's goods on trust :  
 Ye vengeful demons ! lash his guilty shade,  
 For all the wretches bankruptcy hath made.  
 To *Jews* more welcome are a herd of swine,  
 Than ticking customers to shop of mine :  
 More welcome catcalls to an author's ears ; 270  
 A war proclaim'd to coward captain's fears ;  
 Or to some mimic, one of churlish race,  
 Who takes not rail'ry with a patient grace.

Bear me, some god, with all my stock away !  
 Where ev'ry chap shall ready money pay ;  
 No trust be given, no goods on credit sold,  
 No books be kept, but drive a trade of gold.  
 Such was the trade, while yet the world was young ;  
 And such the *Golden Age* by poets sung :  
 No ladies flaunted in unpaid for state ; 280  
 No starving tradesmen linger'd at the gate ;  
*Arcadian* merchants ne'er were known to fail,  
 Nor clam'rous duns were heard in *Tempe's* vale.

years past, that the nation shall have no further occasion to look to any other object than my *metal* for support.

L. 277. *Drive a trade of gold.*] I mean my beautiful metal, not that which is imported from abroad, and which has caused so much difference in opinion and ill-will in the nation: I have heard that the mines of Wicklow produce gold; but I believe in such small quantities, that all of it put together would not answer the demands of one session of parliament.



On *Peneus'* flow'ry bank no bailiffs rov'd,  
 No pris'ners then were known, but youths that  
 lov'd.

The *Silver Age* saw credit first 'mongst men,  
 And merchant's debts were first compounded then;  
 Yet debts, ev'n then, were often paid thro' shame;  
 And men would blush to bear a bankrupt's name.  
 The *Brazen Age* display'd a bolder race 290  
 Who fear'd not goals, and thriv'd on acts of grace:  
 Then princely fortunes were by bankrupts made,  
 And patient toils were scorn'd, and honest trade.  
 These iron-days, a steely offspring yield;  
 To pay their debts, they dare you to the field.  
 From brazen fathers spring the harden'd sons,  
 Who beat their creditors, and kill their duns.  
 Oh, had I liv'd among the shepherd bands!  
 Where bright *Pactolus* rolls his golden sands.  
 There had I plac'd my forge, there moulded toys;  
 And work'd for honest maids and village boys. 301

Sure heav'n inspires!—a quaint device I've found:  
 Go, boy, and summon straight th' attornies round.  
 I'll sell my debts;—an auction I decree.  
 Who loves a law-suit, let him buy from me.

L. 286. *The Silver Age, &c.*] *Primos viderunt argentea  
 secula Machos, &c.* JUVENAL.

L. 304. *Auction I decree.*] To shew that his ambition is  
 not ill founded, Mr. M—ly displays his skill in finance.—

What! not a bidder from the swarming fry!  
 Not ev'n a law-suit tempts you then to buy.  
 Hark! *England* summons;—I obey the call:  
 Take, take my debts, my creditors, and all.

All eyes to charm and ravish ev'ry heart, 310  
 Behold I bear two wonders of my art:  
 A present for thy friend and master's hand,  
 I feed a flea, unconscious of command,  
 He plays and bounds upon a lady's breast,  
 Which never lips but his and *M—ly's* prest.  
 But soon, alas! his halcyon days shall end;  
 A golden yoke his restive neck shall bend,  
 With golden chains to car of iv'ry tied,  
 Slow shall he hop, and drag his punishment and  
 pride.

To shew my skill, the mulcibers prepare 320  
 A bright donation for the travell'd fair,  
 Who thron'd, 'midst belles and beaus at *Easton* sits  
 The nodding queen of sleepy water wits.  
 A vase to *M—ll-r* sacred and the nine,  
 The metal precious, but the work divine,

## C

Were this scheme of his adopted with regard to the national debt, it might turn to good account: and yet, perhaps, were the national debts set up to auction, like Mr. *M—ly's*, they might not find bidders.

There grav'd, once more her suppers feast our eyes  
 (The trap doors open, and the tables rise)  
 With *Phæbus* standing on his head pourtray'd,  
 And muses dreaming in the poppy shade.—  
 But I am summon'd; lo the attending croud— 330  
 The sale begins, the hammer sounds aloud.  
 Hear it not, *Pinchy!* for it is thy knell,  
 To kings and courts it rings thy long farewell.

F I N I S.