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[ Revised Dec. 1929 ]

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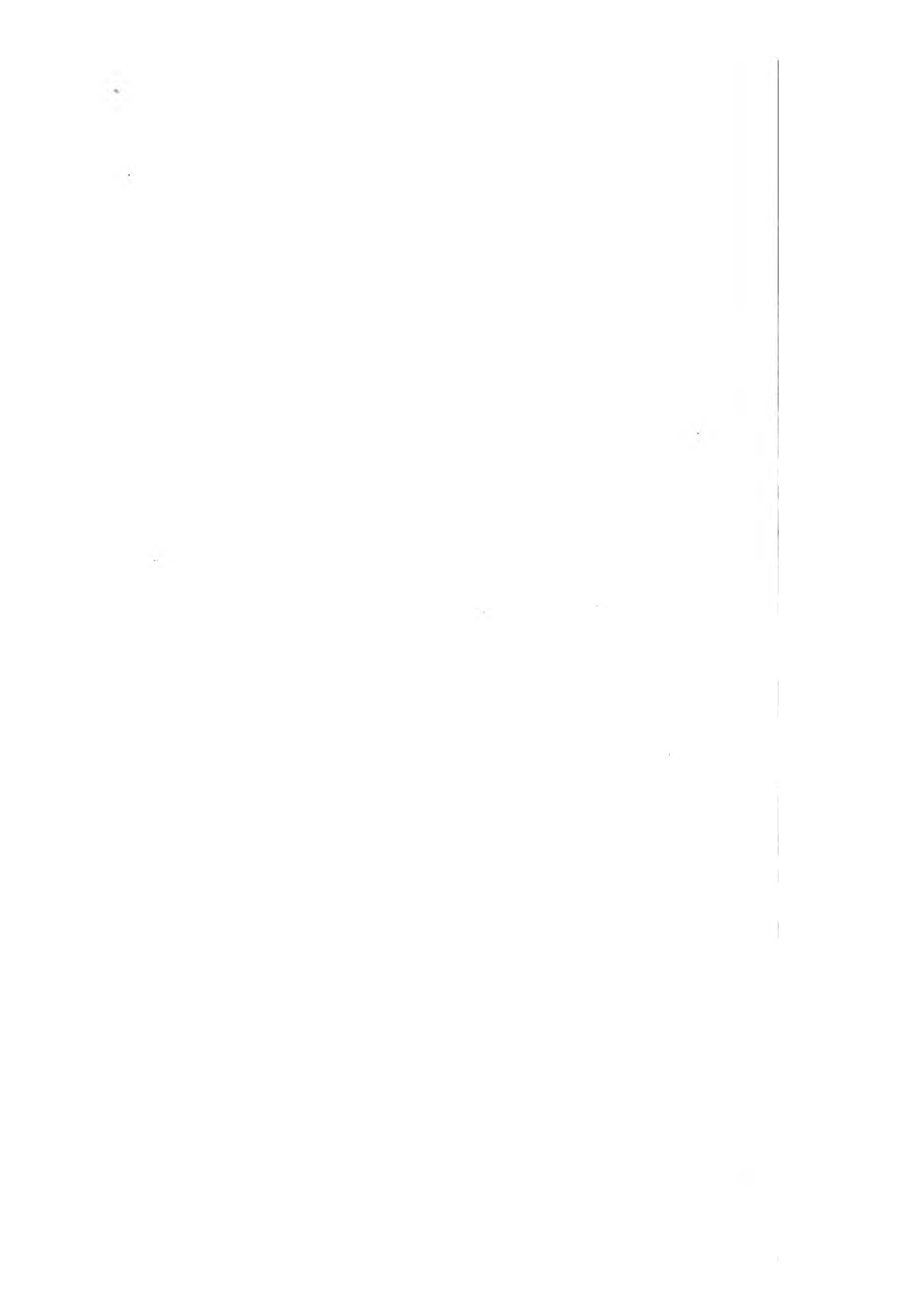
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*Wealth, or the Woody*;

A  
P O E M  
O N T H E  
S O U T H - S E A.

---

By Mr. ALLAN RAMSAIE

---

To which is Prefix'd,

A Familiar EPISTLE to  
*Anthony Hammond Esq;*

By Mr. SEWELL.

---

The SECOND EDITION Corrected.

---

L O N D O N;

Printed for T. JAUNCY at the *Angel* without  
*Temple-Bar.* M.DCC.XX.  
(Price Six-pence.)

21.





A N  
E P I S T L E  
T O

*Anthony Hammond Esq;*

With the following P O E M.



*By a FRIEND.*



F, HAMMOND, I know who, and  
what you are,

You want no Praises, and no Censure  
fear ;

To such a Character I safely send

These Lays, secure of Fame, if you commend.

A

Y E T



Y E T as you teach, you willingly will hear,  
 And to *Trans-Twedal* Muses lend an Ear;  
 In native Words, where easy Numbers roll,  
 Brighter like *Stars*, as nearer to the *Pole*.  
 See then ! how Nature and how Genius reigns,  
 As well on *Scotia's* as *Arcadia's* Plains ;  
 While blithsome *Allan* bids the *Dryads* flock  
 From Woods to Town, and sign to *South-Sea*  
*Stock*.  
 Great *South-Sea Stock* ! O *Allan* ! we must part,  
 That very Name has stole away my Heart.

Y O U see, dear Sir, how soon I am betray'd,  
 And yet from hence some Inference may be  
 made,

As

As said a puzzled Priest (but not in Rhyme)  
And then deferr'd it to another Time.

SO will not I, and if I could pursue,  
Or answer half my pre-proportion'd View,  
“ I'd paint a *King*, by former Monarchs press'd,  
“ A sinking People, and a Land distress'd ;  
“ A Chaos Debt, that roll'd without Repose,  
“ But when he spoke, a new *Creation* rose.”

THUS far I try'd, but Numbers are in vain  
To raise a HENRY's, or a GEORGE's Reign.

WHO could conceive such Tides of Wealth  
to roll,  
Till *Blount* refin'd the Scheme that *H—y* stole?  
A 2 Where

Where none repine, where ev'ry Burden's eas'd,  
And e'en the Envious dare not seem displeas'd.

SEE there how each successful in his Gain,  
Imputes the Project to his own dear Brain;  
The Publick Good within his Circle draws,  
And looks with Scorn on *Fellows* and on *Harwes* :  
None leave the Mart, retaining still their Store ;  
Bid them retreat, they think they merit more.

FEW, very few, for nobler Ends design'd,  
Have on the fordid Use of Wealth refin'd,  
Courted by Fortune, wisely they carest  
The happy Minute, to make others blest ;

Mourning

Mourning to see the lavish Bounty thrown  
On *Alley-Scouts* and *Stock-Jobbers* alone,  
They took the wayward Goddess in the Mood,  
And condescended to be *richly good*,

THESE we have seen, these, HAMMOND,  
we commend,

Who know the Value of a wanting Friend :  
In such a Harvest gen'rous Spirits reap  
Intrinsic Worth, and purchase Virtue cheap.  
Such may *Knight* find, who gathers but to give,  
And *Pack* and *Goode* into their Souls receive :  
Such virtuous *Campbell* fasten to his Breast ;  
*None know the Price of Merit, but the Best.*

THUS

THUS, HAMMOND, in a loose unpolish'd  
Strain,

I recommend the *Scottish* Muse's Vein ;  
Unapt to flatter, and in Wealth untry'd,  
In this strange Journey I but act the *Guide* ;  
And, like a *Guide*, may make the Country  
known,  
And yet not boast one Acre of my own.



# W E A L T H :

O R,

## *The* W O O D Y.

---

*Illi robur & æs triplex*

*Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci*

*Commisit pelago ratem*

*Primus* —————

H O R.

Daring and unco' stout he was,  
With Heart hool'd in three Sloughs of Brass,  
Wha ventur'd first upon the Sea  
With Hempen Branks, and Horse of Tree.

---

By Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.

---

L O N D O N, Printed for T. JAUNCEY. 1720.



T O

Mr. *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

**T**OO blindly partial to my native Tongue,  
Fond of the Smoothness of our *English* Song ;  
At first thy Numbers did uncouth appear,  
And shock'd th'affected Niceness of the Ear.  
Thro' Prejudice's Eye each Page I see,  
Tho all were Beauties, none were so to me.  
Yet shame'd at last, whilst all thy Genius own,  
To have that Genius hid from me alone,  
Resolved to find, for Praise or Censure, cause,  
Whether to join with all, or all oppose ;  
Careful I read thee o'er and o'er again,  
At length the useful Search requites my Pain,  
My false Distaste to instant Pleasure's turn'd,  
As much I envy as before I scorn'd :  
And thus the Error of my Pride to clear,  
I sign my honest Recantation here.

*C. B.*



A N  
O D E  
T O

*ALLAN RAMSAY,*

Occasioned by his P O E M on the  
S O U T H - S E A : And attempted in  
his Style.

By a Scots Gentleman.

I.



O W, *Allie*, I maun fairly own

Your Pow shou'd wear the *Bays*,

Or Pouch be fill'd with Gowd tell'd down,

For your wiel worded *Lays*.

[a]

II.



## II.

I've read your *Wealth* or *Woody* o'er,  
 Wi' Fouk o' the *South-Sea*;  
 Wha faw some *Beauties*, hid afore,  
 When 'twas explain'd by *Me*.

## III.

A' fay ye are an unca' Chiel,  
 Ay blythfom, gay, and glad,  
 And ilka thing ye tell fae wiel,  
 Grows greater by your \**Trade*.

## IV.

I meet wi' nane wha dare deny,  
 That ye shou'd hae a Skair,  
 Whan Gowd, like Hail-ftanes frae the Sky,  
 Is got withouten Care.

---

\* N. B. *His being a Wig-maker, adds to his Character of a Poet.*

V.

They own, and a' seem wiel content,  
 In *Stocks* their *Bard* shou'd be ;  
 But ne'er a Saul will gie consent,  
 To *put you in*, for me.

VI.

Ilk ane likes what he has fae wiel,  
 That nane will quat the *Grup*,  
 And make a *Transfer* to a *Chiel*,  
 Wha drinks a toomer *Cup*.

VII.

I fear, my *Allie*, ye shall fare  
 Sic as my *fell* has done,  
 For aft the wise *Fouk gang A—bare*,  
 Whan *Fools bra' Breiks* get on.

[a 2]

VIII.

## VIII.

Lang hae I, like the hungry Fox,

Glowr'd at the rich *South-Sea* ;

But, wanting Cash, I find *my Stocks*,

As crabbed as *his Tree*.

## IX.

Yet I'll no thraw my Gab and Gloom,

At them that's gotten Geer ;

Far fairer Days may chance to come,

Wi' Fortune less severe.

## X.

Atho my Muse, a paughty Witch,

Wad rather starve than beg ;

I may perchance at length grow rich,

Nor care for *Stocks* a Feg.

XI.

Aft hae I dawted her to sing,  
In Great *Newcastle's* Praise ;  
Wi' *Sunderland* gar Mountains ring,  
And *Crags* frae Mortals raise :

XII.

But she, in spite o' me, jogs on  
In her auld wayward way ;  
Tho I should e'en pike a bare Bone,  
Or fast the live-lang Day.

XIII.

Tho' *Roths, Isla, Hynford, Stairs,*  
*Pack, Mordaunt, Campbel, Knight,*  
*Gordon* or *Goode*, wha hae large *Skairs*,  
Bad me foul *Fattery* write :

XIV.

XIV.

Tho' a' thae Fouk are good as great,  
 And gather but to gie ;  
 Yet my daft Muse wad yield to Fate,  
 Before she tell'd a Lye.

XV.

Sic is the Temper o' the Jade——  
 Tho' in plain sooth, my *Allie*,  
 'Twixt you and me, I wish I had  
 A *Paper Bonny-Wallic*.

XVI.

If ony sonfy *South-Sea* Saul  
 Wad prove I am nae \* *Poet* ;  
 By putting in a Stock, tho' small,  
 For me, he'll fairly do it.

---

\* *Mr. Ramfay says, in his Poem,*  
 " For he's nae Poet wants the second Sight.

## XVII.

Allie, gen I ken you aright,

Ye'll quat for a round Sum,

A' Title to the *second Sight*,

For filler's nae *four Plum*.

## XVIII.

Wiel, may it be thy hap, dear Lad,

To hae Lands, Coach and Wine,

And high your Head 'mang rich Fouk had,

As now amang the *Nine*.

## XIX.

Gang on to sha, in native Lays,

How wiel a *Scot* can write,

Whan Merit gies a Theme for Praise,

And Nature does endite.

## XX.

L 10 J

XX.

Whilst I, scarce skill'd to make a Rhyme,

Admire your Warks fae rare,

Wi' simple Sangs beguile my Time,

Nor \* *have*, nor *want*, nor *care*.

---

\* *Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo. The Author's Motto.*

*J. M.*



( 11 )



# WEALTH:

OR,

*The WOODY.*



*HALIA*, ever welcome to this Isle,

Descend, and glad the Nation with  
a Smile;

See frae yon Bank, where *South-Sea* ebbs and  
flows,

How Sand-blind Chance *Woodies* and *Wealth*  
bestows :

B

Aided



Aided by thee I'll sail the wond'rous Deep,  
And throw the crouded Alleys cautious creep.  
Ventorious Task to plough the fwelling Wave,  
Or in Stockjobbing prefs my Guts to fave ;  
But naething can our wilder Passions tame,  
Wha rax for Riches or immortal Fame.

LONG had the Grumblers us'd this mur-  
m'ring Sound,

*Poor Britain in her Publick Debt is drown'd!*

At fifty Millions late we started a',

And wow we wonder'd how the Debt wad fa',

But fonfy Sauls wha first contriv'd the Way,

With Project deep our Charges to defray ;

O'er

O'er and aboon it Heaps of Treasure brings,

That Fouk be gues become as rich as Kings.

Lang Heads they were that first laid down  
the Plan,

Into the which the Round anes headlang ran,

Till overstockt they quat the Sea, and fain  
wa'd be at Land.

Thus when braid Flakes of Snaw have clad the  
Green,

Aften I have young sportive Gilpies seen,

The waxing Ba' with meikle Pleasure row,

Till past their Pith, it did unwieldy grow.

'TIS strange to think what Changes may  
appear

Within the narrow Circle of a Year;

B 2

How

How can ae Project, if it be well laid,  
Supply the simple Want of trifling Trade!

Saxty lang Years a Man may rack his Brain,  
Hunt after Gear baith Night and Day wi'  
Pain,

And die at last in Debt instead of Gain.

But O *South-Sea*! what mortal Mind can run  
Throw a' the Miracles that thou hast done?

Nor scrimply thou thy self to Bounds confines,  
But, like the Sun, on ilka Party shines;

To Poor and Rich, the Fools as well as Wife,  
With Hand impartial stretches out the Prize.

LIKE *Nilus* swelling frae his unkend Head,  
Frae Bank to Brae o'erflows ilk Rig and Mead,

Intilling

Instilling lib'ral Store of genial Sap,  
Whence Sun-burn'd Gyphies reap a plenteous  
Crap ;  
Thus flows our Sea, but with this Diff'rence  
wide,  
But anes a Year their River heaves his Tide ;  
Ours aft ilk Day, t' enrich the Common-Weall,  
Bangs o'er its Banks, and dings *Ægyptian Nile*.

YE Rich and Wise, we own Success your  
Due,  
But your Reverse their Luck with Wonder view.  
How without thought these dawted Petts of Fate  
Have jobb'd themfells into sae high a State,

By

By pure Instinct sae leal the Mark have hit,  
Without the use of either Fear or Wit,  
And ithers wha last Year their Garrets kept,  
Where Duns in Vision fash'd them while they  
slept,  
Wha only durst in Twilight or the Dark  
Steal to a common Cook's with haff a Mark,  
A' their hale Stock. — Now by a canny Gale,  
In th' o'erflowing Ocean spread their Sail ;  
While they in gilded Galleys cut the Tide,  
Look down on Fisher-Boats wi' meikle Pride.

MEAN time the Thinkers wha are out of  
Play,

For their ain Comfort kenna what to fay ;

That

That the Foundation's loose fain wa'd they shaw;  
And think na but the Fabrick soon will fa ;  
That's a' but Sham—for inwardly they fry,  
Vext that their Fingers were na in the Pye.  
Faint-hearted Wights, wha dully stood afar,  
Tholling your Reason great Attempts to marr ;  
While the brave Dauntless, of sic Fetters free,  
Jumpt headlong glorious in the Golden Sea ;  
Where now like Gods they rule each wealthy  
Jaw,  
While you may thump your Pows against the  
Wa.

ON Summer's E'en the Welkin cawm and  
fair,

When little Midges frisk in lazy Air,

Have

Have you not seen thro' ither how they reel,  
And Time about how up and down they wheel?  
Thus Eddies of Stockjobbers drive about ;  
Upmost to Day, the Morn their Pipe's put out.  
With pensive Face, whene'er the Market's hy,  
*Menutius* cries, Ah ! what a Gowk was I !  
Some Friend of his, wha wisely seems to ken  
Events of Causes mair than ither Men,  
Push for your Interest yet, Nae Fear, he crys,  
For *South-Sea* will to twice ten hunder rise.  
Waes me for him that fells paternal Land,  
And buys when Shares the highest Sums de-  
mand :

He

He ne'er shall taste the Sweets of rising Stock,  
Which faws neist Day : nae Help for't, he is  
broke.

DEAR Sea, be tenty how thou flows at  
Shams

Of *Hogland Gad'rens* in their froggy Dams,  
Left in their muddy Bogs thou chance to sink,  
Where thou may't stagnate, fyne of Course  
maun stink.

THIS I foresee (and Time shall prove I'm  
right ;

For he's nae Poet wants the second Sight)

When Autumn's Stores are ruck'd up in the Yard,

And Sleet and Snaw dreeps down cauld Win-  
ter's Beard ;

C

When



When bleak *November* Winds make Forests bare,  
And with splenetick Vapours fill the Air :  
Then, then in Gardens, Parks, or silent Glen,  
When Trees bear naithing else, they'll carry  
Men,  
Wha shall like paughty *Romans* greatly swing  
Aboon Earth's Difappointments in a String.  
Sae ends the tow'ring Saul that downa fee  
A Man move in a higher Sphere than he.

H A P P Y that Man wha has thrawn up a  
Main,  
Which makes some Hundred Thousands a'  
his ain,  
And comes to Anchor on fae firm a Rock,  
*Britannia's* Credit, and the *South-Sea* Stock.

Ilk blythfome Pleasure waits upon his Nod,  
And his Dependents eye him as a God.  
Clofs may he bend *Champain* frae E'en to Morn,  
And look on Cells of *Tippony* with Scorn:  
Thrice lucky Pimps, or smug-fac'd wanton Fair,  
That can in a' his Wealth and Pleasures skair.  
Like *Jove* he fits, like *Jove*, high Heaven's  
    Goodman,  
While the inferior Gods about him stand,  
Till he permits, with condescending Grace,  
That ilka ane in Order take their Place.  
Thus with attentive Look mensfow they fit,  
Till he speak first, and shaw some shining Wit:  
Syne circling wheels the flattering Gaffaw,  
As well they may; he gars their Beards wag a'.

Imperial Gowd, what is't thou canna grant?  
Possess'd of thee, what is't a Man needs want?  
Commanding Coin, there's naithing hard to thee:  
I canna gues how rich Fouk come to die.

UNHAPPY Wretch, link'd to the threed-  
bare Nine,  
The dazling Equipage can ne'er be thine:  
Destin'd to toil thro Labyrinths of Verse,  
Dar'ft speak of great Stockjobbing as a Farce?  
Poor thoughtless Mortal, vain of airy Dreams,  
Thy flying Horse, and bright *Apollo's* Beams,  
And *Helicon's* wersh Well thou ca's Divine,  
Are naithing like a Mistrefs, Coach, and Wine.

WAD

W A D some good Patron (whose superior  
Skill,  
Can make the *South-Sea* ebb and flow at will)  
Put in a Stock for me, I own it fair,  
In Epick Strain I'd pay him to a Hair ;  
Immortalize him, and whate'er he loves,  
In flowing Numbers I shall sing, *Approves* ;  
If not, Fox-like, I'd thraw my Gab and Gloom,  
And ca' your Hundred Thousand a *four Plum*.

A. R A M S A Y.



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