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A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
ODES, SONGS, AND EPIGRAMS,

AGAINST

*THE WHIGS,*

ALIAS

THE BLUE AND BUFF;

In which are included,

*Mr. HEWERDINE's Political Songs.*



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“ They’ve these and many gemmen more, all ready at a spurt,  
“ With coat and waitcoat *Buff* and *Blue*, they never mind a *sbirt*.”

WHIG BEGGARS.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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**T**HE subsequent Collection certainly contains strong and pointed facts against those POLITICAL IMPOSTORS, *self-denominated* "WHIGS." MEN whose character and conduct have so repeatedly, so justly roused the indignation and resentment of an enlightened, generous, and free People. History tells us, it was part of the office of the PUBLIC CENSOR at ROME to weed the Senate, and degrade its unworthy members; for it was neither thought safe or honorable, that men of *no estate*, of *infamous morals*, and *notoriously bad character*, should act and vote amongst Magistrates and Lawgivers. Such was the wise precaution, and the salutary application

plication of it among the Romans. A PUBLIC CENSOR in these times, though a *stranger* to our Constitution, would meet with a hearty welcome from its sincerest and best friends; his services might, in the course of the present Session, have been seasonably exerted in the cause of *moral truth* and *political consistency*—for it would have been in the highest degree criminal in such authority to have been inactive. When CHARLES FOX was declaiming in the House of Commons for the *religious* and *civil* rights of Dissenters! When EDMUND BURKE, in a *paroxysm of Loyalty* “*Hurl’d the King from the Throne, and reduced him to the situation of the meanest peasant in the land!*” When the same *worthy Patriot*, after a short lapse of time, *howled* in a fit of affection, for the fate of the KING of FRANCE! When BRINSLY SHERIDAN, acting the part of PUFF in the Critic, *seriously* assured the House of Commons, to delude his listening clients, the Tobacconists, That the history of his life, from Harrow school to the Cabinet confidence of Carleton House,  
 had

had been in a series of actions illustrative of the purest system of Ethics that the virtue of the human mind could devise. The DUKE of PORTLAND believed this declaration to be a sign of *honest confidence*, arising from a conviction of innocence, and a contempt of calumny:

“ Nam cum magna malæ superest audacia causæ  
 “ Creditur a multis fiducia.”—

The NOBLE DUKE may console himself in not being singular in his opinion. There are other DUKES who conceive the declaration of honest Sherry, as it is understood by his Grace of Portland.

It would be out of place here to pursue the Whigs further. In the compositions that follow, they are delineated with all the respect their moral merit and political conduct can claim. The opinion of a great majority of the people of England is, that the prospect of Whigs attaining place and power, will be realized

alized when Englishmen shall be insensible of *private worth* ; when their zeal for Mr. Pitt, the author of their commercial prosperity, shall abate ; and, above all, when their loyalty to the best of Kings shall be diminished.

A  
C O L L E C T I O N  
O F  
ODES, SONGS, EPIGRAMS, &c. &c.



CONSTITUTIONAL SONG.

**W**HEN LIBERTY, serenely bright,  
Her beams resplendent darted  
O'er this fam'd land, the sacred light  
Its genial pow'r imparted;  
Then thickest clouds that veil'd her rays  
By LIBERTY were driven,  
And Britons saw in WILLIAM blaze  
The *patriot flame* from heaven!

CHORUS.

Britons! revere, with hearts elate,  
The glorious Revolution,  
That firmly fix'd, in church and state,  
Your heaven-born CONSTITUTION!

B

Fair



( 2 )

Fair Freedom's temple tyrant JAMES  
With scepter'd sway invaded,  
And Conscience, with *her honest* claims,  
He scouted and degraded ;  
But Freedom rous'd, her legions led,  
And WILLIAM MONARCH seated ;  
Then Superstition hid her head,  
And F.ACTION was defeated.

*Chorus.*—Britons! revere, &c.

On Fame's unfading record stand,  
Immortal made by story,  
Illustrious worthies of our land,  
Proud Martyrs to its glory ;  
They bravely fought against all laws  
That dare fair Freedom fetter,  
The Constitution was their cause,  
The SPIRIT and the LETTER!

*Chorus.*—Britons! revere, &c.

Could ATHENS, GREECE, or ROME, so fam'd—  
Can one *surviving* nation  
A COMPACT boast, so wisely fram'd  
For FREEDOM's preservation?  
Ah no! but BRITONS, brave as free,  
Wou'd all rejoice to find, Sir,  
Their own *dear* rights of *Liberty*  
*Secur'd* to ALL MANKIND, Sir.

*Chorus.*—Britons! revere, &c.

Though

Though Cromwell's crew assume a name  
To shelter *deep intention*,  
Their principles to public fame  
Have still the same pretension ;  
To *Brookes's* be their tales consign'd  
Of "TORIES, WHIGS, and ROUND HEADS ;"  
Their state is *rotten*, for we find  
But few good hearts and sound heads.

*Chorus.*—Britons ! revere, &c.

These Whigs, we know them to a man,  
Fair Freedom ne'er wou'd barter ;  
Nor for the wealth of Indostan,  
Wou'd violate a charter ;  
So *Magna Charta*, Runymede,  
They're running thro' the nation,  
And in distress for pillars plead,  
To prop their reputation.

*Chorus.*—Britons ! revere, &c.

When *loyal* hearts, o'erwhelm'd with woe,  
Beheld their King afflicted ;  
These *worthy Whig-men* well we know  
By joy were *grief-restricted* ;  
And when the cheering change declar'd  
The malady departed,  
Loft Whigs at one another star'd,  
Their *Hopes* died *broken-hearted*.

*Chorus.*—Britons ! revere, &c.

( 4 )

The system of our club shall be  
To guard what we inherit,  
The sacred mansion, LIBERTY !  
With firmness strength and spirit !  
And let *Whig black-leg Patriots* know,  
Who 'gainst our rights contend, Sir,  
That they are Freedom's fatal foe,  
Who're not our *Sov'reign's* friend, Sir.—  
*Chorus.*—Britons ! revere, &c.

In *fifteen hundred eighty-eight*  
Th' Armada was defeated,  
In *sixteen hundred eighty-eight*  
Our freedom was completed,  
In *seventeen hundred eighty-eight*  
PITT's wise administration  
*Peace, Plenty, Splendour, Wealth and Weight,*  
Diffus'd throughout the Nation !  
*Chorus.*—Britons ! revere, &c.

THE WHIG BEGGARS.

I SING of *sturdy* Beggars, *mock* Patriots, and  
*sham* Whigs,

Who go to Clubs, know all the *rubs*, are up to all  
the rigs.

*And a begging let Whigs go, &c.*

The Captain of the *Gang* is Fox, the old defaulter's  
son,

By God, there's not a fault on earth—his *Honour*  
has not done.

The tenets CATILINE maintains, he values not a fig;  
For if a *Tory* he cou'd reign, he'd cease to be a *Whig*.

What cunning *can* that head contain? what wis-  
dom marks the look?

Of PORTLAND'S DUKE the *puppet*, and the *pigeon*  
of each *rook*.

This boasted *veil* of Virtue is the *vices* to conceal,  
Whilst *black-leg* Whigs, at *Faro*, game for the *public*  
*weal*.

Behold the *fry* of RUSSEL'S race, a *rich* and dainty  
dish,

For *hungry* Sharks of Buff and Blue, such *gudgeons*  
are the fish.

See

See SABLE SURRY'S veins brimful of good old Ho-  
ward's blood,  
And when these *leeches* suck it out, *red port* can  
make it good.

And there's the House of Cavendish, a *necessary*  
*groupe*,  
As rich as *Cræsus* ev'ry one, and ev'ry one a *dupe*.

And there's LORD DOLLY DERBY too, who fumbles  
*Farren* fair,  
LORD DOLLY means to wed the Maid, that SHE  
may get an Heir.

There's *brave* BURGoyNE the General, who never  
*ran away*,  
Because the Foe surrounded him, and *begg'd* that  
*he would stay*.

There's *Powel* BURKE the orator, and *mouth-piece*  
of the gang,  
He'll *tip* you touches of *sublime*—you never heard  
such *flang*.

And there is *Surface* SHERIDAN—How lives he?  
Why 'tis plain!  
By *duping* Dukes and Dutcheffes—and *shares* in  
Drury-lane!

There's

There's *valiant* MAJOR MOUNTEBANK, that *Mar-*  
*sbal Saxe* in war !  
Who *beats* his own Black, at a *blast*—Mendoza at  
*a spar*.

What *glorious* revolutions there will be in Church  
and State,  
When CHARLEY mounts the Diadem—the Mitre  
PARSON BATE.

All these, and many *Gemmin* more, they've ready  
at a spurt,  
With *Coat* and *Waistcoat* Buff and Blue—they never  
mind a *Shirt*.

But thanks to *honest* Statesmen, who keep such  
Strugglers down,  
For if again they get to Court, by God they'll *mill*  
*the Crown*.

*And a begging let Whigs go, &c.*

## THE IRISH DELEGATES.

GOOD people, my Ballad's a sad lamentation;  
 I feel more by half than my *mind* can *express* :  
 I am *one of five more* that left Ireland's *dear* nation,  
 To carry *our Regent* a loyal *Address*.  
 Pigmy GRATTAN, you see, said the PRINCE was in  
 Clover,  
 That his FATHER was sick, and would *scarcely*  
 die ;  
 But by *Jafus* he's well, and the *Regency's* over,  
 So, Pensioner GRATTAN, your tale's ail my eye !

At *London*, they call'd us a parcel of Paddies,  
 For voting the PRINCE what was *none of his own* :  
 Here we find all his *Rights*, are not *his*, but his  
 DADDY'S,  
 And his best way to *use 'em's*, to *let them alone*.  
 We pitied the case, and now make this confession,  
 Should *Saint Patrick* please the KING'S pow'r to  
 recall,  
 The way to *secure* all his rightful possession,  
 Would be *for* to make a *transfer* of *it all*.

To

To be sure, now we seem like a set of sad Sinners—  
Are baited like *over-drove Bulls* thro' ache street;  
'Case we're fond of hard drinking, they ask us to  
    *Dinners,*  
And *cram us* with more than our *stomachs can ate.*  
And it is *Paddy GRATTAN's* curs'd false Divination  
Has brought down disgrace upon Ireland's dear  
    Land:  
We're the *Bulls* and the *Gulls* of his *damn'd Bother-*  
    *ation,*  
To make all the mischief *this Pensioner plann'd.*

When we *look back* and see the sad *Prospect before Us,*  
By *Patrick* it makes our *Hearts* bleed to the *Shoul;*  
'Tis swearing and roaring, and wailing in Chorus,  
And *BURKE diapasons* the whole with an howl.  
*Poor Creature,* they say he can't sleep on his pillow,  
But day and night foams like a turbulent Sea;  
Our Harps too we've hung on the branch of a  
    Willow,  
And ourselves *mane* to hang on the Trunk of the  
    Tree.



There's COURTNAY, who us'd to be jibing and  
jeering,

Has let all his jests from *Joe Miller* alone ;

Poor BRINSLEY gives over his flouting and fleering,

'Tis all up with FOX, and FITZPATRICK's a  
Drone.

Their Wit and their Humour are now in the wane,  
Sir,

For "*God save the King*," is the cry through the  
Land,

Whilst PITT and his Friends are as *brisk* as Cham-  
paign, Sir,

Because BY THE KING AND THE PEOPLE THEY  
STAND.

So a string of stout Members we're come o'er the  
Water,

'*Cafe Members* from Ireland have long been in  
vogue ;

Each Wife, each nate Widow, and delicate Daugh-  
ter,

Esteems *Paddy Wack* for the sake of his Brogue :

Then what's all this Bother 'bout *Bulls* that ye  
bore us,

That's *printed* in *Prints*, and in *Newspapers* full ;

Sure like *Irish Delegates* sent o'er before us,

Our *Tale* is no more than a Cock and a Bull.

HAMPSHIRE.

CONSTITUTIONAL SONG.

WHEN Boreas had brought down Distress on  
our Land,  
By Measures, Corruption, and Wickedness plann'd,  
This County conven'd, and in Freedom array'd,  
Swore the CAUSE of brave Britons, was basely be-  
tray'd.

*Sing Tantararara Rogues all.*

Then Fox was a *Mastiff*, a *Badger* LORD NORTH  
Who from snug Holes and Corners was soon bad-  
ger'd forth;  
But when out—*Dog* and *Badger*, Political Scrubs,  
Lick'd clean one another as *Bears* do their Cubs.

These are WHIGS—now attend to the Good they  
have done,  
They deserted a *Father* to favour a *Son*;  
And to Liberty hostile—attempt to o'erthrow  
PITT, the *Beast* of Britannia, the *Dread* of her Foe.

With Gratitude fraught, *Independance* was rouz'd,  
THIS CLUB the great Cause, " King and People"  
espous'd ;  
Phoenix like, from the Ashes of Old Whigs it rose,  
And resolv'd is to triumph o'er Freedom's worst  
Foes.

Now *Russell* obtrudes, and commands all your  
Votes,  
*Russell*, whom Whigs want to cram down your  
Throats ;  
But so good is the Cause, and so *Noble* the Choice,  
That Worth, Wealth, and Freedom give HEATH-  
COTE their Voice.

In the Veins of this stupid degenerate Race,  
Not a Drop of the Blood of *Old Russell* we trace ;  
Bubbles, they boast of a Title, a Name—  
But Freedom denies they inherit her Flame.

Then why is the Blood of *Old Russell* no more?  
And where was exhausted the *Patriot* Store ?  
" It was spilt on the Turf," as Historians say,  
When OLD BEDFORD got horse-whipp'd, and  
gallop'd away.

Then

( 13 )

Then shou'd Ruffell, *bis Cub*, lead us on to the  
Chace,  
From Cover to Cover well scented we'll trace;  
Tally O! HONEST HEATHCOTE the Victim will  
crush,  
Be in at his Death, and then cut off his Brush.  
*Sing Tantarara Rogues all.*

SONG.

SONG.

YE Hampshire Lads, whose honest Hearts,  
Cou'd never brook controlling ;  
Who spurn alike at Faction's Arts,  
And titled Knaves cajoling ;  
To Rights your Fathers sacred held,  
'Tis yours to give Protection ;  
Nor be by Bribes induc'd to yield  
The Freedom of Election.

To guard that Right,  
We'll now unite,  
And HEATHCOTE'S Star shall guide us :  
No *Prince* shall awe,  
No *Duke* give Law,  
No *Baby Lord* shall ride us.

When *Carleton House* its Mandates fends,  
Let *sapient St. John* heed 'em ;  
Thank Heav'n, no Regent now impends  
O'er Britain's Land of Freedom.  
Our Sov'reign's Rights we'll still support,  
And still regard our own, Sir ;  
Nor e'er to *Absalom* pay Court,  
While *David* fills the Throne, Sir.  
Let Faction's Tools  
Teach other Rules,

Their

Their Maxims ne'er shall guide us;  
No *Prince* shall awe,  
No *Peer* give Law,  
No *Baby Lordling* ride us.

The House of Russell long ago  
To Freedom's Sons was dear, Sir:  
Below the *Bedford Level* now  
Is sunk the *Bedford Peer*, Sir.  
In him no Patriot Sires we trace;  
'Tis the Object of his Soul, Sir,  
To start a Courser for the Race,  
A *Brother* for the Poll, Sir.  
For Hampshire's Prize,  
In vain he tries,  
To make Lord John bestride us:  
No *Prince* shall awe,  
No *Duke* give Law,  
No *Stranger Lordling* ride us.

With principles, at Brookes's taught,  
That best of Patriot Schools, Sir;  
With *Poulter's* pious Lessons fraught,  
And *Holmes's* Moral Rules, Sir,

This

This pliant Youth shall learn to stoop  
To serve his private Views, Sir;  
And those his Cunning cannot dupe  
His Party shall abuse, Sir.  
From such base Wights  
We'll guard our Rights,  
Their Maxims ne'er shall guide us, &c.

To public Trust, on diff'rent Ground,  
Shall HEATHCOTE rest his Claim, Sir,  
His Views no venal objects bound,  
Nor Faction taints his Name, Sir;  
No busy Tool of Party Zeal,  
*He heeds no Prince's Frown, Sir;*  
And whilst he guards the Public Weal,  
*He largely stakes his own, Sir.*  
To such a Knight,  
Our Troth we'll plight,  
No Strangers shall divide us, &c.

THE JOVIAL CREW  
OF  
DISSAPPOINTED BEGGARS.

*A New Song.*

Sung by the *Champions of Liberty.*

I SING of some Beggars as noble,  
As ever were foil'd at a Push ;  
They had done all the bufiness and trouble,  
And happy now at Beggar's Bush.

*Fal de ral, &c.*

One PORTLAND, the head of the Party,  
They say wants not honour or pence,  
But if he has aught for to beg,  
It is a only a little more sence.



One Alderman NORFOLK is next, Sir,  
A mendicant sure of Renown,  
He has lately been begging at Gloucester,  
And there was whipt out of the Town.

And there's the great Duke Piccadilly,  
Who begs not for pension or place,  
But, at the ensuing election,  
He begs you won't fumble Her Grace.

See the Man of the People's Petition,  
Who now leads that blind Beggar NORTH,  
To think of the curs'd Coalition—  
Oh damn it, that beggar'd them both.

There's SHERRY, a very good poet,  
Who aloud in St. Stephen's doth bawl,  
He's not only a beggar himself, Sir,  
But he's beggar'd his Creditors all.

And Orator BURKE, the fine speaker,  
Who has oft set asleep the whole house,  
But now his fine speeches they value  
No more than "*three skips of a louse.*"

Now

( 19 )

Now this is a truth we acknowledge,  
They well may rejoice at our fall,  
For if we had got into Office,  
By G-d we'd have beggar'd them all.

D 2

LORD

LORD JACK.

GO prattle to blockheads and fools, do you see,  
Of honour and truth, and the like,  
A pouch full of scandal and rhino give me,  
And 'ti'n't to a little I'll strike.

Tho' HEATHCOTE, with freedom and worth on his  
side,

May look on my efforts with scorn,

May look on my efforts with scorn,

I'll try the same arts that my Grandfire oft' tried,  
Before I or Lord Billy were born.

Though HAMPSHIRE myself and my friends may  
despise,

Their threats ne'er shall keep me aback,

For those bright little Guineas my Brother sup-  
plies,

For those bright little Guineas my Brother sup-  
plies,

Will strengthen the cause of LORD JACK.

Though PITT and his friends may harangue all  
the day,

Of freedom, and virtue, and such ;

For my part I never regard what they say,

'Tis all one to me as High Dutch ;

They

They may talk till they're hoarse, I will ne'er give  
my Vote,  
Without orders that come from below,  
Without orders that come from below,  
To the PRINCE and CHARLES FOX I my conscience  
devote,  
And SHERRI shall take it in tow.  
A shame and all decency still I'll despise,  
Nor by modesty e'er be kept back,  
For the bright little Guineas my Brother supplies,  
For the bright little Guineas my Brother supplies,  
Shall strengthen the cause of Lord JACK.

Says old GERTRUDE, " Dear Jacky, consider your  
youth,  
Dull silence will ne'er be a plea;  
I quake for to think how the Freemen, in truth,  
Will expect words and wisdom from thee."  
O Grannum, ne'er fear, for there's room in the  
House,  
Both for wise men and blockheads to boot,  
Both for wise men and blockheads to boot,  
Though my brains are not worth BURKE'S " Three  
Skips of a Loufe,"  
My head is well furnished without;

Though

Though the Ricemen of Hampshire a Lordling despise,

    Their scoffs shall ne'er keep me aback,  
For the little bright Guineas my Brother supplies,  
For the little bright Guineas my Brother supplies,  
    Shall strengthen the cause of Lord JACK.

No scruple of conscience I ever will know,

    But follow the faction I've join'd,  
And since to the DEVIL that faction must go,  
    By Jove I will not stay behind.

As for honour and virtue, and all those fine names,

    With them I have quarrell'd long since ;  
    With them I have quarrell'd long since ;

On my sense, if I'd any, my Party have claims,

    And my conscience I've sold to the Prince.

But my threats and my bribes should free HAMPSHIRE despise,

    I laughing will shew them my back ;  
For the bright little Guineas my Brother supplies,  
For the bright little Guineas my Brother supplies,  
    Will buy a snug seat for Lord JACK.

CHOICE SPIRITS

AT THE

S H A K E S P E A R E.

TUNE—“ *When all the Attic Fire,*” &c.

WHEN all th' Election Hopes were fled,  
And Hack and Runners gone to bed,  
    The *Club* was left alone ;  
Each look'd dismay, a groan went round—  
The Garden trembled at the sound,  
    And echo'd groan for groan !

To chace the Horrors of the Night  
Fox took the Chair on TOWNSHEND's right,  
    And ev'ry face was cheer'd ;  
Yet all his powers of speech were vain—  
Ruin, with bailiffs in her train,  
    In various shapes appear'd.

DERBY

DERBY forgot his wonted glee,  
SURFACE was wrapped in reverie,  
    And HANGER swore a peal!  
GARROW was mute, Sir JEMMY figh'd,  
When COCKER op'd the portal wide,  
    And shew'd the—BEDFORD—Seal!

Reprieve!—Reprieve!—Lord RUSSELL cries,  
My BROTHER sends us the supplies:  
    In truth a goodly sum—  
*Pay to the Bearer on Demand—*  
Read this, my friend, and blefs the hand  
    From whence fuch bounties come.

BEDFORD's the toast, the chairman cry'd—  
BEDFORD! each *Blue* and *Buff* reply'd,  
    Roar till your heart-strings crack:  
Now let the night with mirth be crown'd;  
Our late despair in fong we drown'd—  
    Begin, my good Lord JACK.

TOWNSHEND.

I've kifs'd and I've prattled with many a maid,  
    And widows and wives have deceiv'd;  
But by G——, I'm determin'd to leave off the  
    trade,  
    For my character must be retriev'd.  
        But by, &c.

There's

There's HOOD is respected wherever he goes,  
For he fought, and he conquer'd at sea ;  
While I—— but I tell it ye under the Rose—  
Have no merit—by my *Pedigree*.  
Whilst I, &c.

*Mr. SHERIDAN.*

A pox o' your preaching about this or that,  
Indeed, my Lord JACK, you're become a d—d flat—  
BEDFORD sends us the needful, we'll touch up the  
Poll ;  
Then what's in HOOD's merit, but—Tol de rol rol ?  
Look at CHARLES and myself, from the hour we  
were born,  
We've laugh'd all Religion and Virtue to scorn ;  
Believe me, that outward Professions are all,  
And Honesty nothing, but—Tol de rol lol.

*Mr. FOX—TUNE, Vicar of Bray.*

In mine and GEORGE's early days,  
I wore a courteous garment ;  
I follow'd NORTH in all his ways,  
And so obtain'd Preferment.

E

A Levee.



A Levee-day I feldom mifs'd,  
No question difappointed;  
And, when the Royal Hand I kifs'd,  
I hail'd the Lord's anointed.

The Principles I then maintain'd,  
I valu'd not a Fig, Sir;  
'Twas all the fame to me who reign'd,  
A Tory or a Whig, Sir.

When NORTH my craving fuits refus'd,  
And I was almost ftarved;  
Prerogative I then abus'd,  
And from allegiance fwerved:  
To reign in Hell, than ferve in Heaven,  
I deem'd the better plan, Sir;  
So I rebell'd—from Court was driven,  
And turn'd the People's Man, Sir.

The Principles I *now* maintain  
I value not a Fig, Sir;  
And when a Tory I can reign,  
I'll ceafe to be a Whig, Sir.

(Interrupted by *Col. Hanger.*)

Let us take the road—  
Hark, I hear the found of coaches,  
HOOD's line our line approaches;  
An attack's better now than an Ode:

See

See the fwitch I hold—  
D—n my heart, but 'tis harder than brafs—  
B—t me blind, but 'twill guard ev'ry pafs—  
D—n my limbs, but 'twas *better than gold.*

*Delicate ADAIR.*

Lord have mercy, how he fwears!  
He makes my hair all stand on end.

*Col. STANHOPE.*

Four-and-twenty Voters all on a row,  
Four-and-twenty Voters all on a row,  
Whom do they poll for?—All for Hood!  
Knock them down—D—n their blood;  
Now they rife—now they fall,  
Dash their brains againft the wall;  
And may the Devil take them all.

And this is fiddle faddle, and fine fiddle faddle,  
Perhaps there'll be the Devil to pay;  
But we can fwear it all away,  
Come hither and be merry.

*Mr. BURKE—A Pindaric Ode.*

FILL high the sparkling bowl,  
The rich repast prepare ;  
Awake th' Olympic string,  
My fancy's on the wing,  
Bring me the Bill of Fare—  
And thro' the fields of rapture cut its way ;  
Now can I nobly think, and nobly dare,  
Can eat a Crocodile or Arctic Bear ;  
Now, honest Bribery, we'll prove thy sway :  
RUSSELL—'Twas bravely done,  
TOWNSHEND—To-morrow's fun  
Makes Covent-Garden an Arcadia !  
No more shall thirst and famine scowl ;  
'Tis vain grimace ;  
For BEDFORD's Grace  
Greets us, and gives us wherewithal to pay.  
Raise high the *Note*,  
Bank-Bill, or Draft—and hallow'd be the sign,  
True type of RUSSELL's long Illustrious Line ;  
In ev'ry Character a *Vote* ;  
No Treasury Bird can now with BEDFORD's Eagle  
vie :  
No ! grovelling things,  
I've clipt their wings  
With Scissars of OEconomy—

E'en

E'en the fate ICARUS, with pennons waxy,  
Shall never reach the bright Galaxy,

But soon

Fall from his tow'ring height, like a discharg'd  
Balloon.

Not so our Candidate should fall,  
Fix'd on a rock, like *Calpe* high,  
He, Fane of public Virtue, stands.

*A CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.*

TUNE—*We Three be poor Mariners.*

*Was then sung by*

*Admiral PIGOT, Captain BENTINCK, and Boat-  
swain SWAILE.*

*After this SIR J. ERSKINE began a Song of Fifty  
Stanzas; but before he had sung the Fifth, the other  
Members of the Club were all as fast as Watchmen;  
and at Five o'Clock Mr. CAMPBELL (the Master of  
the House) found SIR JAMES singing the following  
concluding Verse of the Song:*

Now all ye Voters that have votes,  
And eke you that have none,  
If you will take two guinea notes,  
I'll give each of you one.

FOX'S

FOX'S DINNER.

TUNE—*The Vicar and Moses.*

AT the Anchor and Crown,  
Of noisy renown,  
A mob of the ragged and rough ;  
All birds of a feather  
Assembled together,  
They call'd 'em the Squad Blue and Buff.  
Fal de ral.

And sure such a clan  
In the mem'ry of man,  
As I am a song-singing finner ;  
So shirtless a rout,  
With their elbows all out,  
E'er met—so to torture a dinner.  
Fal de ral,

The VERY FEW dishes  
Of meat, fowl, and fishes,  
Were gone in the wink of an eye ;  
And then round the table,  
Like builders of Babel,  
Cheese and bread—bread and cheese was the  
cry !

Fal de ral.

The

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The dinner gone out,  
The beer flew about,  
And was toasted away in a crack ;  
Full of Blue and Buff wit—  
“ Damnation to Pitt !”  
Success to the whores and Lord Jack !  
Fal de ral.

At the head of the gang  
Sat Charley the slang,  
His coat and he form'd coalition,  
The very fame day,  
As I have heard say,  
That North and he met in cohesion.  
Fal de ral.

His beard was as black  
As a chimney-sweep's sack,  
For he swore by deuce-ace not to shave it ;  
'Till Hood was turn'd out,  
By the Cavendish rout,  
When Pitt or the devil might have it.  
Fal de ral.

Then Charley he spoke—  
Sirs, 'tis seven o'clock,  
Besides we have got no more drink ;

We

( 32 )

We must go with dry throats,  
To make some more votes,  
Unless you come down the whip chink.  
Fal de ral.

But that we all know,  
The squad could not do,  
And so they went hungry away ;  
As hungry they came,  
And this is the fame,  
Of Saturday's glorious day !  
Fal de ral.

CARLO

CARLO KHAN—*The TORY.*

*A New Song.*

TUNE—“*The Vicar of Bray.*”

YE Britons all, attend my tale,  
And join my lamentation !  
In strains of heart-felt grief bewail  
Your hopeless situation !  
Deserted by the man whom still  
You thought your great defender,  
And open left,—a prey at will  
To POP'RY and PRETENDER.

CHORUS.

For sure a change, so wond'rous strange,  
Can scarce be match'd in story,  
That CARLO KHAN \*, “the People's Man,”  
Should turn an arrant Tory.

\* A Title given to Mr. F— on the miscarriage of his India Bill, in some productions of that time.

—————“ Illustrious Carlo Khan,  
“ The Prince's Prince, —the People's Man.”

F

When



When BOREAS \* sway'd the Helm of State,  
He always was complaining ;  
For ever foaming in Debate,  
And Ministers arraigning :  
The graspers of unlawful pelf,  
He thunder'd out their doom, Sir ;—  
“ *Afraid to trust his spotless self*  
“ *With Boreas in a Room, Sir.*”

But when the happy time came round,  
That party feuds should end, Sir,  
They join'd,—and loud encomiums crown'd  
Each “ *Honourable Friend,*” Sir.  
To boast the Friendship held so dear,  
Was never known to fail, Sir,—  
But, like a Male and Female Bear,  
They lick'd each other's tail, Sir.

When Indian jewels charm'd their fight,—  
To make the prize their own, Sir,  
They bravely traml'd on the Right  
Of Kingdom and of Crown, Sir.  
The charter'd claims of Britons, then,  
Were “ only wax and paper,”—

\* L—d N—h.

A puff,—the Sense of Englishmen,—  
And Public Faith—a vapour.

Then PITT was call'd to Government,  
At GEORGE's wife command, Sir;  
By Heav'n in tender mercy sent  
To save a sinking land, Sir.  
Then CARLO turn'd "the People's Friend,"  
And bawl'd against Taxation:  
Himself alone had skill to mend,  
And tinker up the Nation.

See him, in hopes of glorious sport,  
From Italy come flying \*;  
Like FALSTAFF tumbling up to Court,  
When HALL *the Fourth* was dying †:  
See him renounce his former vow,  
His former tenets vary;  
A Jacobite he stickles now  
For *Right Hereditary*.

Is this the man that blew so loud  
The trumpet of sedition;  
Who still harangu'd the gaping crowd  
Against their KING's *ambition*?

\* At the beginning of his Majesty's illness.

† See Shakspeare's Henry the Fourth.

The slave of pow'r, behold him shine,  
And quickly change his song, Sir,  
And boldly plead the *Right Divine*  
*Of Princes—to do wrong, Sir!*

CHORUS.

O tell it not in Askelon!  
Let not Philistia \* glory,  
That CARLO KHAN, "the People's Man,"  
Is turn'd an arrant Tory!

Since CARLO's patriotic date  
Has fairly made its end, Sir,  
We'll drink the man who in each state  
Has *prov'd* himself our friend, Sir :—  
May PITT—our great deliv'rer's days,  
Be happy, glorious, long, Sir,  
And may he merit future praise,  
Who yet has ne'er been wrong, Sir.

\* France.

PLASTERS.

PLASTERS *for the* DELEGATES.

“ Why then, I claps a *hot Trencher* to the Part.”

*Dr. LAST's Examination.*

*BLOOD and oons!* what a pretty *Mistake* have we  
made!

What ever *so* fail'd, as our *Irish vagary*?  
You may say what you will (not that I am *afraid*),  
But I never before was in such a *Quandary*!

CHORUS.

Have a boo, have a boo, whilst we were able,  
Have a boo, have a boo, my heart 'gins to fail:  
'S *blood* !see how we're hooted and hiss'd by the  
*Rabble,*  
Like a *Dog with a Canister ty'd to his Tail.*

The *great Irish Staple*, be sure, is a *Blunder*—  
But of all we e'er made, *this exceeds them by far*;  
JOE MILLER OF COURT'NAY might sure *stare*  
*with wonder,*  
And commit all their *Jokes* to the *Delegates'*  
*care.*

Have a boo, &c.

Our

Our *Dear Shouls*, as they fit 'cross the *Poles of their  
Chairs*,

Don't rise from their seats to salute as we pass;  
Expecting to see us, like *Bulls led in pairs*—

But by *Jafus* the say, that *ache BULL* is an—*Afs!*

Have a boo, &c.

Why the *Devil* can't they as well mind their *own  
bus'ness*,

What is it to them, if *we're Affes*, or what?

To be *shure* we came o'er to *present an Address*—

And *present it we would*, whether *REGENT* or *NOT*,

Have a boo, &c.

Some *damn'd filly fellow* just hinted his mind,

To save us *disgrace*, from a national blunder,

That instead of a *REGENT*, a *KING* we *might* find,

Who *fruitless* would make *all our rare schemes* for  
*plunder!*

Have a boo, &c.

“Oh, boo!” cried we out—Before we get there,

To be *shure* *FOX* and *SHERRY* will *settle* the  
matter;

We

We *must* find *the* PRINCE Regent—at least *never*  
*fear,*

If not on the *other*—on *this* side the water.

Have a boo, &c.

I wish, like *shrewd* SHANNON, myself I could

HALVE,

And so be on *both sides* the water at once!

Send my *Proxy* to PITT, as a wholesome *lip-salve,*

And give him *with us*—a d—d rap on the *sconce.*

Have a boo, &c.

The joke, d'ye see, how we all should delight in,

When *Billy* parades with this vote all about :

That SHANNON should choose such a new mode of  
fighting,

And vote a man *in*, while—he's voting him *out.*

Have a boo, &c.

This *Trick*, that *Rogue* SHANNON so *cleverly* plays,

A *Match* for all PITT's *Tricks* on us will be  
found :

Tho'—I wish he *escapes* the old *Proverb*, which says,

'Tween two fools, an' *your Honour* may come to  
the *Ground.*

Have

( 40 )

Have a boo, have a boo, whilst we were able,  
Have a boo, have a boo, my heart 'gins to fail :  
'Sblood! *see* how we're hooted and his'd by the  
*Rabble,*  
Like a *Dog with a Canister ty'd to his Tail.*

*The*

*The BISHOPS' ALARMS.*

*A new Song to the Tune of "Derry down."*

IF once the DISSENTERS could get in the Church  
We Bishops and Pastors they'd leave in the lurch;  
To our surplice and robes they would make no ob-  
jection,  
But would gladly embrace the *Sanctorum's* pro-  
tection.

Derry down, down, down derty down.

Our gowns of rich silk, and our sleeves of fine lawn,  
Would over their backs and their shoulders be  
drawn,  
In our *coaches* they'd ride, and put us on their  
*nags*,  
They would take our *whole* garments, and give us  
their *rags*.

Derry down, &c.

Our Liturgy then would be turn'd topsy-turvy,  
And treated like one that was plagu'd with the  
scurvy;  
Such cleansing and purging the Church would  
endure,

It is much to be fear'd she would die in the cure.

Derry down, &c.



The doctrines decreed at the Council of Nice  
Would then be subverted by *Priestley* and *Price* ;  
For creeds and our forms would be found so fal-  
lacious,  
They wou'd all be turn'd out with good St. *Alba-*  
*nasius*.

Derry down, &c.

Ye Lords and ye Commons, withhold your consent  
To aid these encroachers, and give them content ;  
Exert all your labours to keep the said TEST,  
And let not such shepherds our sheepfolds infest.

Derry down, &c.

O strengthen your forces to guard this our land,  
Who knows what disasters may now be at hand ;  
If you grant the request of these men their full  
scope,  
As sure as you're born they will bring in the  
POPE !

Derry down, &c.

Then the *Doll* of LORETTO, bedizzen'd and  
drest,  
To England may come to be worship'd and blest,  
And pilgrims again may in fashion appear,  
And we all may be sent a long walk once a year.

Derry down, &c.

In

In offices civil, as well as divine,  
These subtle intruders would willingly shine ;  
The Lord May'r, to the Church's perpetual dif-  
grace,

*May go to the Meeting with SWORD and with  
MACE.*

Derry down, &c.

Our streets will be crowded, and fill'd all our pews,  
With Papists, Mahometans, Gentoos, and Jews ;  
Confusion, disorder, and rude innovation  
Will forely perplex all the brains of the nation.

Derry down, &c.

Then, Senators, leave to Dissenters their preaching,  
Let them make what they will of their *praying* and  
*teaching* ;

Let *us* grant them in Heaven a prosperous birth,  
*But inheritance none of the things of this earth.*

Derry down, &c.

*THE GREAT ANNIVERSARY!*

*ODE, by the HISTORIC MUSE.*

GENTLE Butchers! ring your cleavers—  
Royal Coblers! Barbers! Weavers!  
Chimney-sweepers! and Coal-heavers,  
    Leave your work, and come away!  
Coopers, down with adze and wimble!  
Taylors, drop the yard and thimble!  
Link-boys and Lamp-lighters nimble,  
    Come, and keep this Holiday!

Drink and drive away the vapours—  
When the night comes, light your tapers;  
Dance and sing, and cut high capers,  
    Dedicate this day to mirth!  
Let this day be ne'er neglected!  
But, like CHRISTMAS, be respected—  
FOX this day was first elected—  
    FOX, *the greatest man on Earth!*

Not the glorious REVOLUTION,  
Checking lawless persecution,  
Which secur'd our CONSTITUTION  
    Free from overturning shocks—

Not

Not the BRUNSWICK *Coronation*,  
Chafing POP'RY from the nation,  
E'er deserv'd commemoration,  
Like th' ELECTION of CHARLES FOX!

When the HERO tells his story,  
Acts of splendor, deeds of glory,  
Will diffuse their light before ye—  
Then bestow your loud applause!  
WALTER TYLER, clad in armour!  
MASTER CADE, the great Reformer!  
CROMWELL's *self* never was warmer  
Than CHARLES FOX in Virtue's cause!

C\*\*\*\*\* and B\*\*\*\*, by joint endeavour,  
*Thirteen Provinces* did sever  
From the BRITISH CROWN for ever!  
Noble CHARLES, and loyal BURKE!  
*Irish Independence* rearing,  
Kingdoms two asunder tearing,  
Make the CROWN not worth the wearing—  
This, indeed, is glorious work!

*Gallant* CHARLES, the Nation's blessing,  
Eas'd your SHOPS of tax distressing,  
Laid thereon by PITT, oppressing—  
Hail, for ever, BLUE and BUFF!

Still

Still there's something more provoking,  
PITT has laid a tax on *smoking*,  
Whilst your wives and mothers, croaking—  
Dread another tax on *Snuff*.

TOAST the PRINCE and ROYAL BROTHERS,  
Whilst some folks, in places other,  
Toast his FATHER and his MOTHER—  
Drink the PEOPLE'S MAJESTY !  
Drink about, ye *thirsty fishes* !  
Toasting, with sincerest wishes,  
RUSSELLS, BENTINCKS, CAVENDISHES,  
With FITZWILLIAM, ever free !

*Godlike* CHARLES, the World's *Eighth Wonder* !  
In St. STEPHEN'S squeaking thunder,  
Keeps the frightened Members under :  
Oh ! let FOX be ne'er cast out !  
Rise ! ye gallant sons of freedom !  
Damn the laws, and never heed 'em !  
Wealthy villains only need 'em—  
Honest poor can live without.

See the SIRE, by SON forsaken—  
F— persuades the *Heir mistaken*,  
The Prerogative to weaken—  
Thanks to CHARLES'S soothing tongue !  
When

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When he speaks—Huzza!—encore him!  
Tumble down, and kneel before him!  
Kiss his *shoe-string*, and adore him—

CHARLES from *Freedom's Goddess* sprung!

At next WESTMINSTER ELECTION,  
Guard with care against defection;  
Give delinquents just correction—

Bring a *Hundred Thousand Votes!*

Collar MAGISTRATES, and fright 'em—  
Meet your foes, and boldly fight 'em—  
SAMSON like, with jaw-bone smite 'em,

Make clean work, and cut their throats.

PATRIOTIC

PATRIOTIC RECOLLECTIONS.

I'M an ORATOR—going *Down-bill*,  
My Lungs are grown husky of late ;  
My Tongue, tho' it cannot *lie still*,  
Has, alas ! not much longer to *prate*.

My Memory, *loose* as a *sieve*,  
Is daily exhausting its store ;  
My invention has nothing to give,  
But the—*Truths* it has given *before*.

To my Speech, for prolixity known,  
No longer the *Members* incline ;  
One half have forgot how I *shone*—  
One half never knew me to *shine*.

From the day when my labours began,  
To the hour that now sees me decay,  
Opposition has been my sole plan,  
*Throwing* *cats* in the *Minister's* way.

I new-modell'd a Proverb, when young,  
And from thence drew my practical rules—  
For, said I, "*Whate'er* is *must be* WRONG,"  
That 'tis RIGHT—none can fancy but Fools.

This

This oracular maxim I deem'd  
A sure *passport* to credit and pay;  
And the Senate, exclusively seem'd  
The true field for its fullest display.

So the *Senate* I chose for my walk,  
And forsook *Bar* and *Pulpit* untry'd—  
'Twas the *bent* of my *Genius*—to talk—  
And *objection* prompt matter supply'd.

When a *Patriot* his *Rhet'ric* prepares,  
Some *Rival* in power to scout,  
THE TAP'STRY OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS  
He adroitly presents INSIDE-OUT.

Tho' its *pattern* be *splendid* and *rich*,  
'Tis the *knots*, *tags*, and *flocks* he *assaults*;  
*Faults* make the *best figure* in *Speech*,  
And, of course, I saw nothing *but* faults.

For ten years together at least,  
Poor NORTH did I harass and goad;  
I call'd him WRETCH, ROBBER, and BEAST—  
I detested him—*worse* than a *Toad*.

'Twas my pride all his plans to perplex,  
All his errors with treach'ry to tax;  
To magnify all his defects,  
And to threaten his head with an Axe.

H

But



But to Party conviction must bend,  
And opinions shift round with the tide—  
NORTH now is my very dear Friend,  
And we *fulminate both* on a *side*.

For I heard a sweet little Tom-tit  
Sing one day at my Beaconsfield box,  
“ That NORTH was an *Angel* to PITT,  
“ And THURLOW an *Ideot* to FOX.”

How should PITT come by knowledge or worth?  
What's the skill that *Prosperity* shows?—  
*Disappointment's* the merit of NORTH,  
And *his* fame from calamity flows.

They but ask'd me the Commons to check,  
If suspicion should glance at their names  
I suppos'd the whole House at our beck,  
So acceded with ease to their claims.

But, alas! my *presumption* was *rash*,  
That our Party all search could out-vote ;  
So BEMBRIDGE, good soul, *lost* his *cash*,  
And P——L, my *Friend*, cut his throat.

To the HOUSE tho' I call'd him my *Guide*,  
Through the *Quicksands* of *Office* to *steer* ;  
To his JURY—the *whole* I *denied*,  
And *swore* he'd been *mad* for a year.

I engag'd

I engag'd long ago in a scheme  
To pocket Five Hundred per cent.  
The *salvation* of INDIA my theme,  
A *round sum* for *myself* the intent.

But the *venture* prov'd *woefully cross*,  
And a *heavy sad balance* accru'd—  
*Honest SULLIVAN* paid up *his* los's—  
*Mine* stands, as it ever has stood.

In vain, each SABBATICAL YEAR,  
My LEAN CREDITORS *urge* the demand;  
As a *Member*, I've nothing to fear—  
I'm SECURE by the LAW of the LAND.

But e'er since, I've ne'er fail'd of a *knock*  
At the *Company's gains*, where I might:  
And I'd *starve* 'em, aye, *bankrupt* their *Stock*  
Had I means to effect it, to-night.

*Erst* the KING was for ever in *debt*,  
Tho' his *Civil List* mounted so *high*:  
No wonder—ere *hungry* he *ate*,  
And *drank*—long before he was *dry*.

These profligate courses to stop  
I may vaunt, all the glory was mine;  
'Twas *my Bill* made him *dine* on a *chop*,  
And *set* a *due stint* on his *wine*.

Yet, to *feeling* of LOYALTY prone,  
I still greet him a Courtier complete ;  
Tho' I'd *hurl him to day* from his THRONE,  
I *to-morrow* can *kneel* at his feet.

But ill luck all my measures attends,  
On my side Fortune never was warm ;  
In spite of my PARTY—my FRIENDS—  
My MERIT, my TOILS, my REFORM.

For *the thousand* in BROCKLESBY'S will,  
Which his *vanity*, LIVING, has paid,  
If it bring no more *grift* to the mill,  
Is unworthy the fufs it has made.

Yet th' *example*, perhaps, may *gain ground*,  
And thus give my *Friend's bounty* a lift ;  
Then SIR JOSHUA'S purse may compound,  
For the meanness of BROCKLESBY'S gift.

But I guess what he meant well enough,  
By this pompous display of esteem—  
To atone for the stinging rebuff  
Which he knows I attribute to him.

When JOHN HUNTER forbade us his door,  
As we went his *Museum* to view ;—  
On my saying I'd call there no more—  
John replied, "*The more loss, Sir, to you.*"

But.

But whatever the praise he may boast,  
I submit not to judge with the throng—  
His *ingratitude* pleased *me* most,  
To the *Master* who fed him so long.

'Tis *Philosophy*, GREATNESS of *mind*,  
From the *shackles* of *prejudice* free ;  
'Tis my own just contempt of mankind—  
Lord V\*\*\*\*Y can witness for me.

The man, who my *Bond* would *enforce*,  
Which his *kindness* forebore till too late,  
Put an end to my friendship of course—  
Yet did not assist his estate.

Could he think me so *weak* as to *pay*  
What the *Law* could no longer *compel* ?  
Need I care what HIS *Creditors* say ?  
—I know my OWN *int'rest* too well.

And *retiring*, unconscious of shame,  
To the *Villa* I bought with *his* loan ;  
With the *Statute* I *cancel* his *claim*,  
And feel it securely my own.

I observ'd, in a fit of despair,  
The *Treasures* by *Placemen* possess ;  
And the *profits*—I hop'd not to *share*,  
I concluded, were better *suppress*.

It would add to my credit, I thought;

To pull a *fat Paymaster down* :

CHARLES FOX 'twould not injure a groat ;

And RIGBY was firm to the Crown.

*Four Thousand a year, in his place,*

Was no more than a *drop to the Sea* ;

COMPARISON *alters the CASE*---

'Twere the *wealth of both INDIES to me.*

I've a Cousin,---" God help him !"---abroad,

Where the SUN *burns him up to a COAL* ;

Where by *system* rogues rob and defraud---

Where a Governor ranfacks the whole.---

'Twas not fit a Reform *too severe*

Should my own *precious relatives* squeeze ;

So while *cutting off RIGBY's gains here,*

I procur'd an *addition to HIS.*

DOCTOR LEACH *my fine Speeches* cajol'd,

By whose aid he found means to set fail :

Whom we promis'd whole *mountains of Gold,*

In return for his *Bond* and his *Bail.*

But WILL, by this credit equipt,

A plentiful fortune has won ;

And the *Bond*---his remembrance has slipt,

As it ought---now his business is done.

When

When NORTH was kick'd out, 'twas *my* fate  
To *step* into the PAYMASTER'S *shoes* ;  
“ Good Lord ! ” how I wept, when *too late*,  
To have stripp'd the *poor Post* of its *dues*.

But my grief was consol'd in a trice,  
By a couple of rascals in grain ;  
And I yielded to POWELL'S advice,  
Join'd with BEMBRIDGE'S *Leger-de-main*.

To be sure, by a *sight* of my *own*,  
I have furnish'd my *Brother* with *bread* ;  
And brought him in triumph to town—  
Where he long had not ventur'd his head ;

By a *sinecure* worthy his *skill*  
And *knowledge profound* in the *Laws*,  
'Twas the *Office* of *Council* to fill  
In a *Suit*—where I *manage* the *Cause*.

He wore the *Tye-wig*—*shew'd* his *face* ;  
I *pleaded*, and *pleaded*, and *pleaded* ;  
All our hopes were to *spin* out the *Case*—  
And, for *once*, in *my life* I *succeeded*.

If we gain but *five years* more delay,  
On *surveying* his *Creditors* round,  
We compute, at *Ten Guineas* a *day*,  
He'll discharge—*Half a Crown* in the *Pound*.

Some

Some base *Cavillers* hint, in the dark,  
That I share in DICK'S fees for advice;  
But I spurn at the silly remark—  
All the world knows my feeling's too nice.

All the world knows my grief and despair  
On the Commons' late censuring vote,  
For a mere *Peccadillo*, I swear,  
And meant too *their* ends to promote.

Tho' my Friends muster'd strong on my side,  
The next House of its wrath to cajole,  
Tho' expedients of *all sorts* we try'd,  
By *Epistle*, as well as *Parole*—

*Still* I feel my *mind's frame* out of joint :  
*Still* I shudder when'er I look back ;  
For I could but just carry my point,  
To persist in the weary attack.

Thus, betwixt apprehension and hope,  
Must my dregs of life bitterly flow—  
If the Commons allow me but scope,  
I've at least one sure string to my bow.

Yet, alas! there's no other event  
(And the *Sun* of my *Fame* is near set),  
For the *noon-tide* of TALENTS *mis-spent*,  
Than an *Ev'ning* of *cheerless* regret.

DERBY'S

*DERBY'S DINNER.*

A PARTY-COLOURED SONG.

Captum te nidore suæ putat illæ culinæ  
Nec male coniectat : Quis enim tam *nudus*.—

JUVENAL.

IN times so eventful, my Muse might seem mad,  
If she once fail'd to mark the designs of the Squad;  
She knows all their haunts—where they *plot, drink,*  
and *play,*  
Knows they're deeply in debt, but knows *not* when  
*they'll pay.*

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

When Lord-loving EDMUND, and mob-stirring  
DICK,  
Of each other's politics grew mighty fick,  
To settle their stomachs, to quiet their gall,  
Lord Doll gave his treat, and fung "Liberty  
Hall!"

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

After dinner in style was serv'd up, and 'tis true,  
A dinner's an object to bare "BUFF and BLUE;"

I

DICK



DICK SHERRY gave sentiment—DERBY gave—  
And *moral decorum* CHARLES kick'd out of doors.

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

Come MORRIS, said CATILINE—give us a song—  
Brother BURKE, brother SHERRY, we're both in  
the wrong;

So 'gainst PITT and his surplus let's each a stave  
sing,

To any one tune, saving " *God save the King !*"

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

STAVE BY MORRIS.

Let the young Tory PITT prate of spendings and  
savings,

The country's cash we want--but to gratify our  
cravings;

Let him drown the nation's debt in fund *pro bone*  
finking,

While we, to drown our cares, only crave a fund  
for drinking.

Bow wow wow.

STAVE

STAVE BY DUKE OF P——

When Prime Minister I'm made,  
With patronage invested,  
"BLUE and BUFF" be not afraid!  
Not one shall be arrested;  
Of mortgage, bond, and note of hand,  
The public P—— shall ease you;  
Your creditors, by my command,  
Shall but for *Orders* teaze you.

STAVE BY SHERRY.

The P—— is the Sun of my table,  
His beams to me incline;  
The Planet am I, not able,  
Without his help, to shine;  
Then put the toast round to the French, Sirs,  
"Destruction to all KINGLY power!"  
But to PRINCES who laugh, drink, and  
wench, Sirs,  
May Fortune her favours e'er shower!

STAVE BY CHARLES *the Pious, and Dissenter the  
most Devout.*

Priests, Bishops, and Deacons, might all to a  
man,

Pronounce it both fin and a libel,  
Yet were I Financier, my very first plan  
Would be to tax every Bible.

Epistle, belief, gospel, pray'r-book and creed,  
Doubtless luxuries are to the soul, Sir,  
Therefore, if of taxing the State stood in need,  
Why, on them too I'd levy the toll, Sir.

PADDY BURKE next struck up in harmonious tones,  
And PADDY in Loyalty--equals PAUL JONES!  
"Mr. Chairman," he cried, "I most humbly  
*besache,*  
That instead of a Song--you'll *axcept* of a *Spache*."

NOW MANAGER MAGPYE--BURKE'S senses doth  
keep,

Bid EDMUND to sing, and not *talk* them to sleep;  
"So I will," replied EDMUND, "and sing too,  
sublime,"

And said he, "Brother Manager--*kape* me in  
time."

AIR

AIR BY BURKE.

There was a Louse got into my Wig.  
    Hic, hoc, horum, et sublime O!  
It gave THREE SKIPS, and danc'd a jig,  
    And mov'd in Minuet time O!  
But when the *Comb* my brown Bob curl'd,  
    Hic, hoc, horum, et sublime O!  
*Little Louse* from his THRONE WAS HURL'D,  
    And cut off in his prime O!

STAVE BY PATRICK COURTENAY, *in a big Passion.*

When Fox takes the reins in Britannia's Car,  
If I once get in place, be it Peace, be it War--  
Like the Steed in the Stall, when the Stable's on  
    fire,  
I'll sooner than quit it in *blazes expire!*

To fing hub-bub-boo, did-a-roo,  
    Scarce am I able,  
Arrah! hub-bub-boo, what must I do?  
Not a coat to my back, not a joint on my table,  
Not a *boot* for my *foot*, not a *leg* for my *shoe*.

STAVE

STAVE BY SIR GREY COOPER, *straining and quavering.*

Britons are *bound* State Debts to pay,  
The maxim needs no urging,  
By Taxes then to *cleanse* away,  
Britons are *forely* purging.

CHORUS--1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6!

DERBY now try'd *in vain*, to make friends of sworn  
foes,  
For DICK foam'd and look'd red--EDMUND turn'd  
*up* his Nose,  
And some folks shrewdly think, they ne'er mean  
to embrace,  
'Till EDMUND gets *pension'd*--and DICK gets a  
*Place*.

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

But our vessel of State is well mann'd, steer'd, and  
stor'd,  
She wants not a Blue and Buff Sailor on board;  
If the CREW man a Vessel---that Vessel, you'll say,  
Should be first that weighs anchor for *Botany Bay*.

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

Now

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Now the Party broke up, and then *Demagogue* Fox,  
From his pocket produc'd packs of Cards, Dice,  
and Box ;

Flats and Sharps took the hint, all went deeply  
to play,

And each Rook pluck'd his Pigeon before break  
of day.

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

*The PRIVATE REFLECTIONS of a PATRIOT.*

A CERTAIN great Patriot, whose name you  
may guess,  
By Providence given, this country to bless,  
Who conceiving a plan,  
Like a very wise man,  
To make himself greater, has made himself less;  
Thus spoke, as he faunter'd in Brookes's alone,  
" Let me see what I've done for the People or  
Throne.

At my first setting out, as my talents were  
bright,  
I got some preferment, but that was so flight,  
That my profit by day was *dispos'd* of by night.

When encumber'd with debts, men of honour  
must pay,  
I applied for more places---Lord Boreas said,  
Nay ;  
So I voted against him the very next day.

Then,

Then, 'midst various changes of hopes and of  
fears,  
'Midst the Muses and Graces, Jews, Jockies, and  
Peers,  
I found out the means to rub on a few years.

During this, my Lord Boreas went on very  
well ;  
His friends procur'd places as fast as they fell,  
And I wish'd him and all his dependants at hell.

At St. Stephen's I found there was little to do,  
The House ill attended, the Speakers were few,  
Till the Americans kick'd up a hurliburloo.

Here a new piece of bus'ness was thrown on  
my hands ;  
The State call'd 'em rebels, I call'd 'em our  
friends ;  
And I did all I could for to further their ends.

In vain did the minister drain our resources,  
My speeches went over by various courses,  
Before we had embark'd, nay, or voted our  
forces.

K

At



At length France and Spain were engag'd in  
the broil ;  
Here was something to fight for, some prospect of  
spoil ;  
And the national spirit was ready to boil.

Their navy 'gainst ours I was sure could not  
stand,  
And as that would undo all the schemes I had  
plann'd  
We voted that Keppel should have the command.

Such cooks as this Keppel must sure spoil the  
broth,  
He was bold at manœuv'ring, at fighting was loth,  
'Nor suffer'd the sun to go down on his wrath.'

So we lost a good day ; but it answer'd my  
ends,  
For he threw all the blame upon Sandwich's  
friends,  
And their quarrel could ne'er make the nation  
amends.

Distresses by land followed losses by sea ;  
If a conquest we gain'd, 'twas the bite of a flea ;  
But if we were beaten, 'twas apples to me.

At

At length, to secure the Congress their powers,  
Conway mov'd that Sir Guy should be snug in  
his tow'rs,  
At the moment that victory must have been ours.

That bus'ness thus settled, I then went to work,  
My Lord North and his crew to unseat with a  
jerk;  
And, to aid my design, call'd in *trumpeter Burke*.

And thus we enlisted a number of troops ;  
Opposition was form'd into various groups ;  
And Rockingham stood at the head of our *dupes*.

So Lord North was dismiss'd, and we gain'd the  
ascendant,  
And the Marquis brought in every needy de-  
pendant,  
Then stole off to heaven with virtues transcen-  
dent.

Shelburne seiz'd on his seat; I disputed his  
claim ;  
He call'd me a liar ; I call'd him the same ;  
And from that time determin'd to play a *deep*  
*game*.

So I quitted my place, and those followed that  
would,  
Resolving to do all the mischief we could ;  
And as for Lord Thurlow, why, G--d d--mn his  
blood !

Shelburne made up a peace, and I own, what is  
true,  
I abus'd him and all the new Ministers too,  
Because 'twas *the best thing* I thought they could  
do.

But to cover the better this deep disposition,  
I lamented the Loyalists' wretched condition,  
And form'd with Lord Boreas a grand Coalition :

*On principle form'd it* ; and who but must say,  
Self-interest's a principle pow'rful in fway,  
And that principle led us to draw the same way.

With this phalanx, 'gainst him and his measures  
we roar'd ;  
Lord Boreas was *hear-him'd*, and I was encor'd,  
And Burke on *balloons* of sublimity soar'd.

So

So Shelburne was turned out of very good  
bread,  
And my friend, Duke or no Duke, was plac'd in  
his stead,  
A good honest soul, but no tongue in his head.

Pitt and Townshend were forc'd to walk down  
the back-stair,  
And so 'twould have been had old Chatham been  
there ;  
For, like Brentford's usurpers, we each seiz'd a  
chair.

And " who were so happy, so happy as we !"  
Constitutional questions debated might be ;  
But no question could sever my colleague and me.

Thus our friends carried every new motion  
before 'em,  
Even Majesty's self was not one of the Quorum,  
Till I brought in---"*Ah ! nunc renovare dolorem !*"

My reform Bill—'twas hard such a project  
should fail,  
So strong in effect, and so mild in detail ;  
*God damme*, 'twas dress'd like a *whore in a veil !*

With

With the Commons it met with but faint op-  
position,  
But the Peers, through the gauze, saw the vile im-  
position,  
And tripp'd up the heels of my strumpet Ambi-  
tion.

Then all secret advisers I loudly abus'd,  
Through a certain young Gentleman's ear I'd in-  
fus'd  
With a drug that one Shaftesbury formerly us'd.

The Bill was thrown out ; we remov'd from  
our quarters,  
And our gang all resign'd with the spirit of mar-  
tyrs ;  
So the Company sav'd both their chattels and  
charters.

Now each day some new bar to my project  
reveals,  
A firm Ministry presently trod on our heels,  
And Thurlow, that bane to my hopes, got the  
Seals.

But,

But, what was still worse, nay, a d---mnable  
thing,  
The voice of the people, that once us'd to sing  
"God bless Mr. Fox," now cry'd "God bless the  
King!"

Yet one comfort was left us, the Commons  
were ours;  
So we mov'd that the House must include the  
three pow'rs,  
And we voted Prerogative quite out of doors:

'Twas an obsolete right, and of course must be  
wrong.  
Mov'd, "that friends to the King make no use of  
their tongue,"  
That "Peers are old women, and Pitt is too  
young."

In the sad day of sickness and national moan,  
When EDMUND the sovereign "hurl'd from the  
throne,"  
My zeal and my loyalty luminous shone,

The right of the Commons a Regent to name,  
I maintain'd, would extinguish bright Liberty's  
flame ;  
For the PRINCE, not the People, the right was to  
claim.

PITT foil'd this attack on the public weal ;  
Then I join'd the *Dissenters*, who like myself feel  
For old *Mother Church* no *extravagant zeal*.

*Playing* with Kippis, with Priestley and Price,  
The game went on smoothly, till Pitt in a trice  
Detected us all---and our damn'd *loaded dice*.

Then I parted with one that I urg'd to attack  
The rights of election---I mean my LORD JACK ;  
As *I found* so I left him *sans shirt* to his back.

Thus his reflections the PATRIOT did close :  
Abandon'd of friends, and oppress'd by my foes---  
What is to become of me? *Beelzebub knows !*

What

[*What WHIGS are good for,*

AND

*What they are not good for.*

TUNE—*Roast Beef of Old England.*

JOHN BULL honest Fellow, give ear to my Song,  
'Twill confirm what is right, and condemn what  
is wrong,  
Not a word but of Truth shall escape from my  
Tongue,

About the bad Whigs of Old England,  
The bad bottom beggarly Whigs.

A profligate Crew, and a crimp'd cozen'd Clan ;  
Beggars, Blockheads, and Bankrupts, and Tools to  
*a Man ;*  
As hostile to Peace as Morality's Plan,  
Are the bad Whigs, &c.

But to pigeon a P—— or to outwit a Jew ;  
To find Horns for a Husband, and W—— for a  
flew,  
To stir up a Mob—and give Faction her clue,  
They are the best Whigs, &c.

L

To



To impede our State-pilots, and by a long Speech  
Swear the Vessel of State's run ashore on the beach,  
Between FATHER and SONS to effect a wide Breach,  
They are the best Whigs, &c.

To *smile* with *fanatics*—make MOTHER-CHURCH  
*frown*,  
To *cabbage* a CHARTER, to *grasp* at a CROWN ;  
To *shock* the whole State—and to *shake* the Stocks  
down,  
They are the best Whigs, &c.

To dish up dup'd Dukes, puny Peers, wealthy  
Heirs,  
And to Brabant consign 'em to brood o'er their  
Cares,  
Then allow them BOARD WAGES to nurse their  
Affairs,  
They are the best Whigs, &c.

Perjur'd Paupers to poll and to start Men of Straw,  
To collar the Quorum—to lay down the Law!—  
In Honour and Virtue—to find out a Flaw,  
They are the best Whigs, &c.

**BRITANNIA** to crush—to mock her sworn Foe,  
Her Revenues to raise, make her Commerce to  
flow;

Freedom's **RIGHTS** to defend— good Example to  
show,

They are the worst Whigs, &c.

Then of **PITT**, our **STATE WATCHMAN**, let's  
cheerfully sing,

And of **THURLOW** the Patrole—and Justice the  
**KING**,

And when **WHIGS** break the Peace may they all  
of them swing,

Like other bad Whigs, &c.

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CONSTITUTIONAL SONG

Of the CLUB call'd

“ VIVE LE ROI!”

WHEN the radiant rob'd Goddess of Liberty fled  
Her influence divine o'er our Isle;  
From her Pow'r omnipotent—Tyranny fled,  
And Britiannia, *long griev'd*, 'gan to smile.  
VIVE LE ROI! Huzza, Huzza, VIVE LE ROI!

The *Soldier*, the *Sailor*, the *People*, impell'd  
By Liberty's sacred Flame,  
King William enthron'd, in whose Worth was  
beheld  
Each Virtue true Freedom cou'd claim.  
Vive le Roi, &c.

Tho' Foes to the Crown our mild Monarch's fair  
Fame  
May with Envy envenom'd decry;  
Yet, such pois'nous Darts of Detraction's foul Aim,  
His various fraught Virtues defy.  
Vive le Roi, &c.

Ofc

Oft has Genius, neglected, been rais'd by *his* Pow'r,  
And its Blossoms unfolded have blown ;  
The Heart-chilling Gale chang'd to genial Show'r,  
Has the *Fruit* to Maturity grown.  
Vive le Roi, &c.

The Vet'ran high soaring on Victory's Wing,  
And whose Motto is "Conquer or Die!"  
To meet the Reward of his Country and King,  
On Hope's full-plum'd Pinion shall fly.  
Vive le Roi, &c.

Ne'er shall lawless Ambition maintain its career,  
Nor shall Faction with Freedom contend ;  
For the Rights of the Crown we as FREEMEN revere,  
And as BRITONS are bound to defend.  
Vive le Roi, &c.

Each Heart then, enliven'd by Loyalty's Cause,  
Push the Soul-stirring Wine swiftly round ;  
Exclaim in a Volley of Joy and Applause,  
For the Nation re-echoes the sound.  
Vive le Roi, &c.

( 78 )

A N  
HEROIC EPISTLE

TO THE

M A N OF THE P E O P L E.

HAIL! Charley, Saviour of a desp'rate land,  
Flourish the feather'd sceptre in thy hand!  
If not where Congress lately rous'd our spleen,  
And thirteen stripes are now triumphant seen;  
Yet where the sun on idol pagods shines,  
And flaming rubies ripens and refines;  
From you conspicuous in these dregs of times,  
With patriot eloquence unmasking crimes.

Perish the thought! that e'er the lust of sway  
Should fire the Hero *dup'd by lust of play*.  
Perish the thought! tho' you've been steep'd in  
    stews,  
That grov'ling interest should point your views;  
By breaking laws, in justice others fail,  
You step o'er law, to balance justice' scale;  
By treating freedom as you'll serve the King,  
(As eunuchs by castration learn to sing)

**Curtailing**

Curtailling rights which troublesome were grown,  
 You seat fair Freedom firmlier on her throne.  
 For what are *Charters* to thy spacious mind,  
 Which grasps at once the good of human kind,  
 And paltry individuals leaves to rave,  
 Who faith and fees to legislature gave.

In vain may P— and W— in ruth,\*  
 (With as much modesty at least as youth)  
 To prop our beauteous constitution call,  
 And fear for English honour in its fall.  
 In vain may \*\* nice distinctions draw ;  
 W— curse all swindling : Th— grumble law :  
 You tread a downward passage to the skies,  
 As skilful divers by their sinking rise ;  
 And plunging boldly from old Thames's side,  
 Emerge triumphant on the Ganges' tide.  
 From flaming *Chartres* a fair Phoenix springs,  
 Bearing a labell'd title, *King of Kings!*  
 Ground in the magic mill contriv'd by you,  
 Britannia wonders at her rosy hue.

\* If the reader cannot find an interpretation of this truly classical word in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, he is desired to consult *Archæological Epistle*.

V. 31. The Company is not bankrupt, but insolvent.—See *Debates*.

Hail

Hail to the new-pois'd sphere! hail golden  
times!

When Leaden-hall is purg'd of all its crimes.  
To thee! to thee! Directors shall give place,  
And cousin George \* the Bua † of thy grace.

" *Empires in Empires,*" as ye sail around,  
Ye fages in balloons, repeat the sound.

As some old scraper grudg'd his maffy stores,  
Dreads to the world to open his dark doors,  
Should a fly spendthrift wriggle to his side,

Tho' tough the miser, many a winter try'd,  
The parasite each hiccup hears with dread,

And wonders, long before he was not dead;  
Laments how wan! his pulse's languid beat!

Holds out a truce with Death, that specious cheat!

Doctors and 'Pothecaries do the feat!

\* Left this should be mistaken for the name of some old companion at the Faro table, from the familiar epithet of propinquity to Charles, be it known that the Personage here intended was once stiled King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, &c. &c.

† The Bua is the nominal King of Tonquin, where the Chouah, or Foxite, claims all the executive powers of government.

Ver, 65. Te duce si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,  
Irrita perpetuâ solvent formidine terras.

VIRE,

IN,

In vain Gripe grasps his bags with swimming  
eyes,  
The false friend seizes them, he dies! he dies!  
So you, with remedies unknown before,  
Directors quack, their cholic is no more.

Let others glimm'ring politics pursue,  
The northern star is ever in thy view ;  
Safe shalt thou brave the tempests of the deep,  
While liberty and honour, sinking, weep ;  
No more shall Gallia, Spain, or Holland fret,  
Presto! the Indian sponge shall wipe away our  
debt.

The lucubrations soon, of Dr. Price,  
Shall cover *cheefecakes*, or *envelope spice*.

Flow, rhet'ric, flow, from thy delightful source,  
Untir'd unstopp'd, unrivall'd in thy course,  
On whose smooth waves e'en children safely play,  
Tho' the smooth waves to kingdoms fate con-  
vey ;  
While Wit her posies scatters as they glide,  
And pearls and diamonds lurk beneath the tide ;  
While journals, that would disembogue the store,  
With Ganges' num'rous mouths, have need of  
more.



Dreaming their wealth, how swells Joe Miller's  
page!  
What new Lyceums glad a future age!

A many-headed monster some may trace  
Like Janus thou hast got a *double face* ;  
One mark'd by age with characters of truth,\*  
The other smiling with perpetual youth.  
Blest *Coalition!* where we see combin'd,  
All that can raise the laughter of mankind ;  
Where, spite of fretful Virtue's prudish frown,  
The bawd and strumpet play upon the town.  
Though Scott may basely black quotations † frame,  
Lo! Sheridan defends thy righteous aim,  
And seven bright Angels issue from thy throne,  
All dress'd in linen *whiter than thy own.*

Let fordid souls (for such there are at Court)  
With thy respectful name un pitying sport.

\* See Revelations, Chapter xiii. and blest Providence, who  
hath given our Senators piety in this infidel age!

† Ver. 121. This alluding to an anecdote of scandalous History,  
the world (for all the world will undoubtedly read this Poem) is  
assured, that it will be developed very shortly in a New Ata-  
lantis.

As

As water from an eminence descends,  
 As cork floats in it, as flame upward sends,  
 As odour springs from incense, smoke from  
     coals,  
 As owls love solitude, as herrings shoals,  
 As birds their hairy houses build in trees,  
 As wasps suck honey, and as flow'rets bees,  
 As toasts delight in public to be seen,  
 As the bowl rolls along the level green,  
 As children's little minds are fix'd on fruit,  
 Bishops on ease, and bigots on dispute,  
 As critics true on Aristotle dote,  
 As yea and nay the Quakers meek denote,  
 As the smooth mirrors to the face is true,  
 Punning and pleasantry they have in view,  
 Dear as to maiden seventy beauty's name,  
 To Poet dreams of universal fame.  
 But thou'rt a Fox that, leaping o'er all mounds,  
 Their yell despisest, and will tire those hounds.

From dirty nostrums, never hoarse tho' loud,  
 Thou shalt no more deal nostrums to the croud;  
 Camels, or elephants, shall gladly kneel,  
 To bear the great restorer of their weal.  
 With virtuous ARMSTED, the GRACES' care,  
 Even Mahomed shall envy such a FAIR:

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And for a moment stooping from his sphere,  
Ravish'd, on luxury thy lectures hear ;  
Then own, surpris'd, the blisful scenes he drew,  
Prophet of pleasure ! are refin'd by you ;  
While Cachemirians, fairer than the spring,  
With *muffled noses* shall salute thee, King !

*Sir CHARLES MILLS's Feast.*

*An Hampshire Ode.*

'T WAS at a sumptuous banquet giv'n by Mills,  
To chase the thoughts of nomination ills,  
    In his arm chair sedate,  
    The penfive landlord fate,  
Whilst either eye the patriot tear distills.  
Around were plac'd the Bloomsb'ry crew,  
Dress'd in the uniform of Buff and Blue ;  
A fightly garb—*more fightly when 'twas new.*  
    The *unhang'd* CHEATER by his side,  
    Sat fullen sad, and would ave cry'd,  
But that his iron heart such marks of grief deny'd.  
    Gen'rous, gen'rous, gen'rous host ;  
    None but such guests,  
    None but such guests,  
    None but such guests,  
Should feast at such a landlord's cost !

The dinner o'er, the toasts gone round,  
    Alas ! on ev'ry tongue  
    A melancholy silence hung ;  
P——r the means to chase that silence found,  
And bid the Chairman ask from ev'ry guest a song.  
    **To**

To Cheater's Bridewell muse,  
With courtly look the Chairman sues;  
The grateful culprit knew not to refuse.  
Straight from his cheek the half-chew'd quid he  
drew;  
For ah! no songster yet at once could *sing* and  
*chew*.

S O N G.

Ye scamps, ye pads, ye poachers, and pris'ners all  
at large,  
Here's quarters good, and cram and fwig, and all  
at MILLS's charge;  
To make a row for Ruffel's fake we're keeping  
up the ball;  
There's ne'er a rogue in Hampshire now needs  
*fag it at Mill Doll*.  
With my row row row dow.

We are all jolly poachers here, let Huftey's  
knight beware,  
For Bedf--d's bribes are *man-traps* sure, the party's  
*lies* a snare :

And

And tho' at nomination work our *snoozers* miss  
their aim,  
Yet when the poll comes on, my lads, we'll go  
*another game.*

With a row, &c.

Long time I poach'd for Heathcote's hares, and  
feldom miss'd my *mark.*

And 'cause I knew the deed was wrong, I did it  
*in the dark.*

But little thought my roguery would gain so much  
applause ;

And I should be a poacher here to poach in Ruf-  
fel's cause.

With a row, &c.

My former occupation gone, I'll stick to this that's  
new ;

No more a rogue and vagabond, since qualified  
by you.

Then here's to Fox and all our friends, and may  
they 'scape a fall,

And *Cheater* ne'er be sent to *quad*, and doom'd to  
thump *Mill Doll.*

With a row, &c.

The

The list'ning guests admire the *culprit's* song,  
And loudest praises burst from Miller's tongue.  
Cheater to its place the much-lov'd *quid* re-  
stor'd,  
And for a song besought the *banquet's* lord.

*Stanza extempore by Sir C. MILLS.*

I'm given to understand there's like to be a  
pother here,  
Because, d'ye see, the parliament can hardly live  
another year ;  
And if you'll roar in Ruffel's cause, and vote as  
I direct ye,  
With all my power and property from prisons I'll  
protect ye.

*CHORUS by the Party.*

Thanks to our worthy host, our patron and pro-  
tector,  
His will be our law, his vote our director.

Sooth'd with the sound the knight grew vain,  
And sung his stanza o'er again ;  
Again the song the chorus join'd, and bumpers  
clos'd the strain.

Old

Old B—t next the Chairman call'd,  
B---t, whom now no fell remorse appall'd,  
For ruthless vengeance shed  
On Antrim's guiltless head :  
Antrim, who erst this Shylock's writ enthral'd,  
Obedient to the Chairman's call,  
That his own acts he fung, and Antrim's fall.

SONG by Mr. B——t.

If into your debt  
A poor voter shou'd get,  
And your bribes to corrupt him should fail, Sir,  
His mortgage or bond  
Make him pay, or abscond,  
Or else let him rot in a gaol, Sir.

So Antrim, whose pride,  
All my threats had defied,  
No means did I scruple to ruin ;  
With action I gaol'd him,  
And had they not bail'd him,  
By G—d I'd have wrought his undoing.

The patriots rend the roof with loud applause,  
And prais'd the despot's zeal, employ'd in *freedom's*  
*cause.*

N

Then



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Then softly sweet, and with a modest air,  
The gentle T——s thus address'd the Chair :

S O N G.

TUNE—*In Infancy.*

In Hampshire, Sir, my means are small,  
My int'rest small I fear ;  
A single tenement is all,  
The rent three pounds a-year.

Yet ev'ry scheme and trick I'll try,  
To banish Heathcote hence,  
And what I want in property,  
Make up in *impudence.*

P—th next in turn to sing appear'd,  
And thus the patriot parson volunteer'd :

S O N G.

TUNE—*Vicar of Bray.*

To grace the Bar was first my plan,  
But law had no attraction ;  
I'm now ordain'd a holy man,  
Yet Minister to faction:

For

For this my function I'll forego,  
And from my duty swerve, Sir;  
And tho' a Priest in outward shew,  
Within I'll Mammon serve, Sir.

Our great Whig cause I will maintain,  
Until my dying day, Sir;  
If thus preferment I can gain,  
'Tis much the better way, Sir.

When George with grievous ills was press'd,  
And wanted our allegiance;  
His son as Sov'reign we address'd,  
And offer'd him obedience.  
And now I'll quit to serve his friend,  
My holy occupation,  
And if our party gain their end,  
Work out my own salvation.

My Lord of W—— shall be,  
Until my dying day, Sir.  
The god of my idolat'ry,  
The power whom I obey, Sir.

The guests applaud the pious Churchman's strain;  
Not one dissenting voice; e'en B---n cried AMEN.

Sir Charles in ecstacy of soul,  
From Crawley's curate snatch'd the bowl;  
And W—— the word ——  
To the good prelate's health a deep libation pour'd;  
And drank the whole:  
Another bowl, the curate cries;  
Then with large draughts the guests he plies.  
P—r from B—m asked a song, but sleep had clos'd  
his eyes:  
Wak'd by the call, the drousy 'Squire  
Rais'd his drooping noodle higher;  
And would have fung,  
But that his tongue,  
In concert with his eyes, had lost its wonted  
fire;  
Whilst frequent hiccups from his lab'ring breast,  
At once the pow'r of wine and potent punch con-  
fess'd.

Now on Sir Charles the Curate turn'd his eyes.  
And thought he saw a sudden madness rise;  
Whilst Cheater on his side  
His imprecation loud  
On Heathcote's soul bestow'd,  
And both the man and magistrate defy'd.

At

At Heathcote's name the knight look'd wildly  
round ;

And, starting from his chair,  
Revenge, revenge! he cry'd, on Ruffell's foe;  
Heathcote, 'tis Ruffell guides the blow!  
And wou'd have fell'd him to the ground;  
But Heathcote was not there.

The Curate loudly mourn'd to see  
Sir Charles's wild ebriety,  
Yet half conceal'd his pain ;  
At length with friendly hand he led  
His hospitable host to bed,  
And fought the guests again.

Thus at Sir Charles's festive board,  
To pensive Whigs was mirth restor'd,  
And drown'd in wine their woes.  
May Crawley's Curate long attend,  
When *drunk*, to lead him *by the hand*,  
When *sober*—*by the nose*.

E P I G R A M S.

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SPARRING.

*The WITS of the PARTY, it seems, are not yet at  
“ Their Wit’s End.” We understand the follow-  
ing comes from the pen of Lord DERBY himself.*

---

—*Tantæne animis Cælestibus Iræ?* VIRG.

Was ever Lord so serv’d? as I’m a finner,  
No good arises from MY DINNER!  
For BURKE and SHERRY shun each other’s  
fight:  
So, spite of all my treats—most gentle Reader,  
It seems I’ve only been—COCK-FEEDER—  
And cramming these two *Game-Cocks* for the  
fight!

HORACE,

HORACE, Ode IV. Book IV.

“ Fortes creantur fortibus, et bonis,  
“ Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum  
“ Virtus; nec imbellem feroces,  
“ Progenerant aquilæ columbam.”

*Translated by Lord J. RUSSELL.*

BRAVE *Sires* beget brave Sons, 'tis said;  
Such honour all my Sires have had,  
E'en from their earliest stock;  
How then can Hampshire dare to doubt  
That Lord JOHN RUSSELL will turn out  
*A Chip of the Old Block?*

BY THE SAME.

BRAVE *Sires* beget brave Sons, 'tis said;  
One RUSSELL bravely lost his head,  
And so would I, Lord JOHN;  
But as my head may, where it stands,  
As well serve all my patriot ends,  
I'd rather keep it on.

By

BY THE SAME.

I've heard my brother say upon the course,  
That there is nothing like *the breed* of a horse;  
And that 'twould be a prodigy most rare,  
To see a *cart* colt out of a *blood* mare.

BY THE SAME.

" Fortes creantur fortibus, et bonis,"  
Worth fifty votes this line alone is;  
For—if good Fathers get good Sons, d'ye see,  
I shew my noble pedigree,  
And half my work is done:  
This would be a *more* lucky hit,  
But that it makes as well for PITT,  
For *He's his Father's Son*.

BY THE SAME.

BRAVE *men* beget brave Sons, 'tis true,  
And so do bulls and horses too;  
A tree is known by its fruits:  
And shall it be of RUSSELLS told,  
That the new stock is worse than th' old?  
They must be *bastard shoots*.

BY

BY THE SAME.

GOOD *Fathers* get good Sons, 'tis said,  
From whom then was my Grandfire bred ?  
For Junius and Dalrymple too,  
Prove him t' have been *a very Jew* ;  
Egad, this circumstance is curious,  
And *my Nobility* perhaps is spurious.

*Addressed to a great ORATOR, and a great ———.*

THREE thousand pounds to get a feat !  
Why, DICK, you're surely mad :  
A "*Habeas Corpus*" is your fate,  
Get *Cash* for that, my lad ! •

PORTLAND HOUSE *is now to have a new Motto,*  
*from an old Prologue :*

" THIS is the Old *Mag-pie*, and *that is*—the new  
one ;

" But in fact, honest Customers, this is—the *true*  
*one.*"



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*The PALL-MALL HOUSE is to have this Inscript-  
tion :*

Come in, honest lads! let's be jovial and merry,  
For *tumbling* and *tricks*, you may trust *little*  
SH-RRY.

F I N I S.