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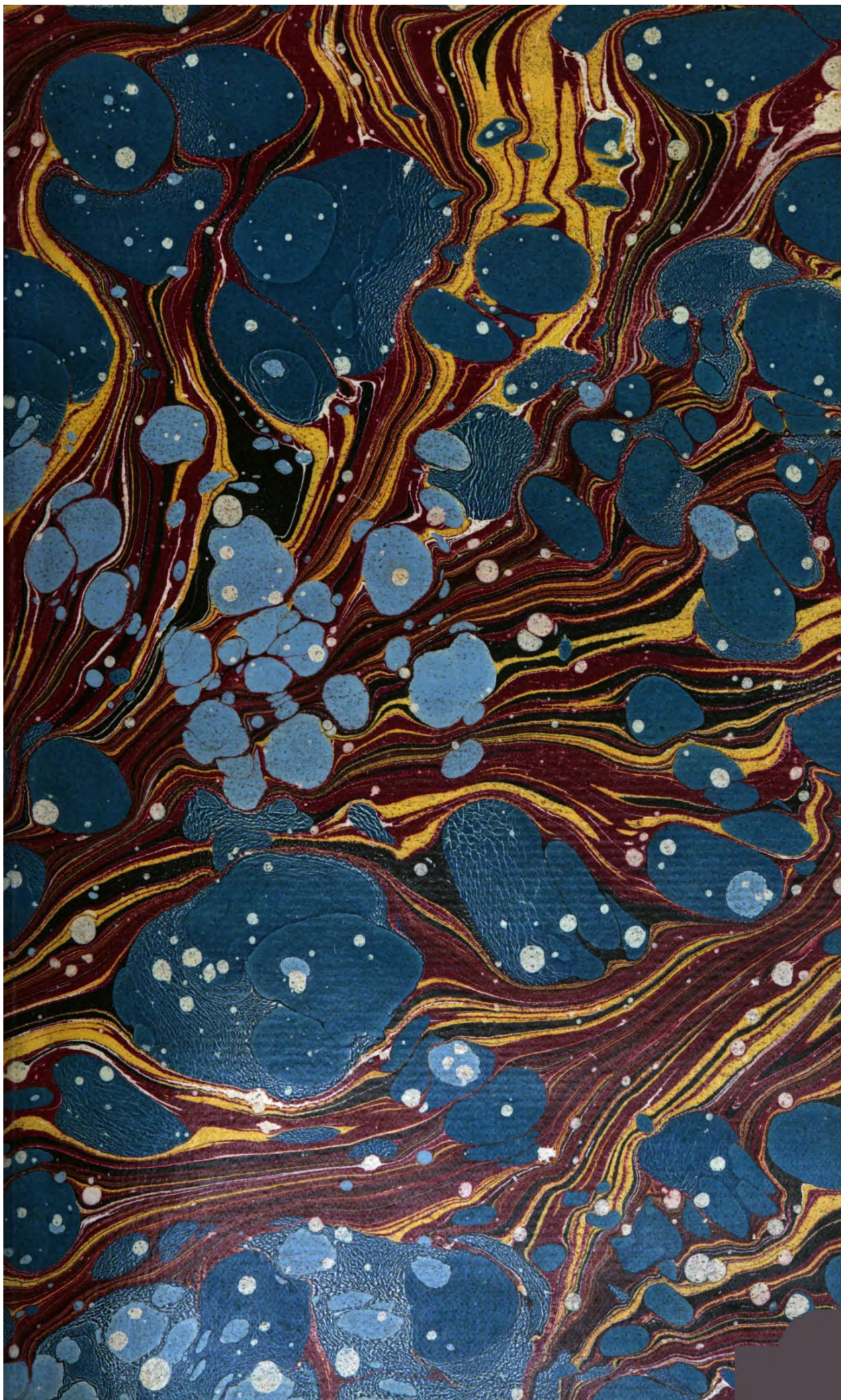


THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

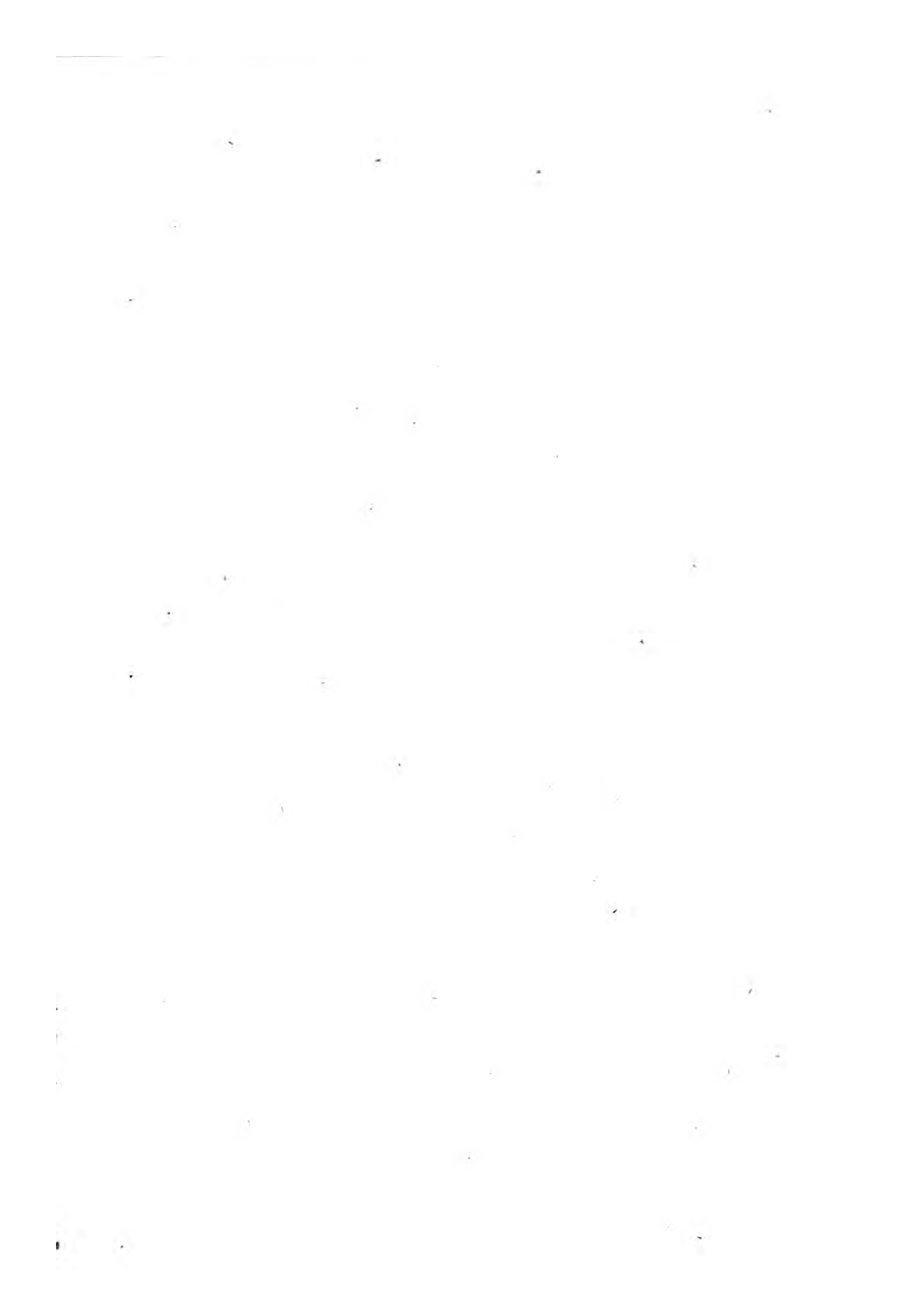
' In Paradise the Tree
Of Knowledge was the pride ;
By God's supreme decree,
The man who eat, then died.

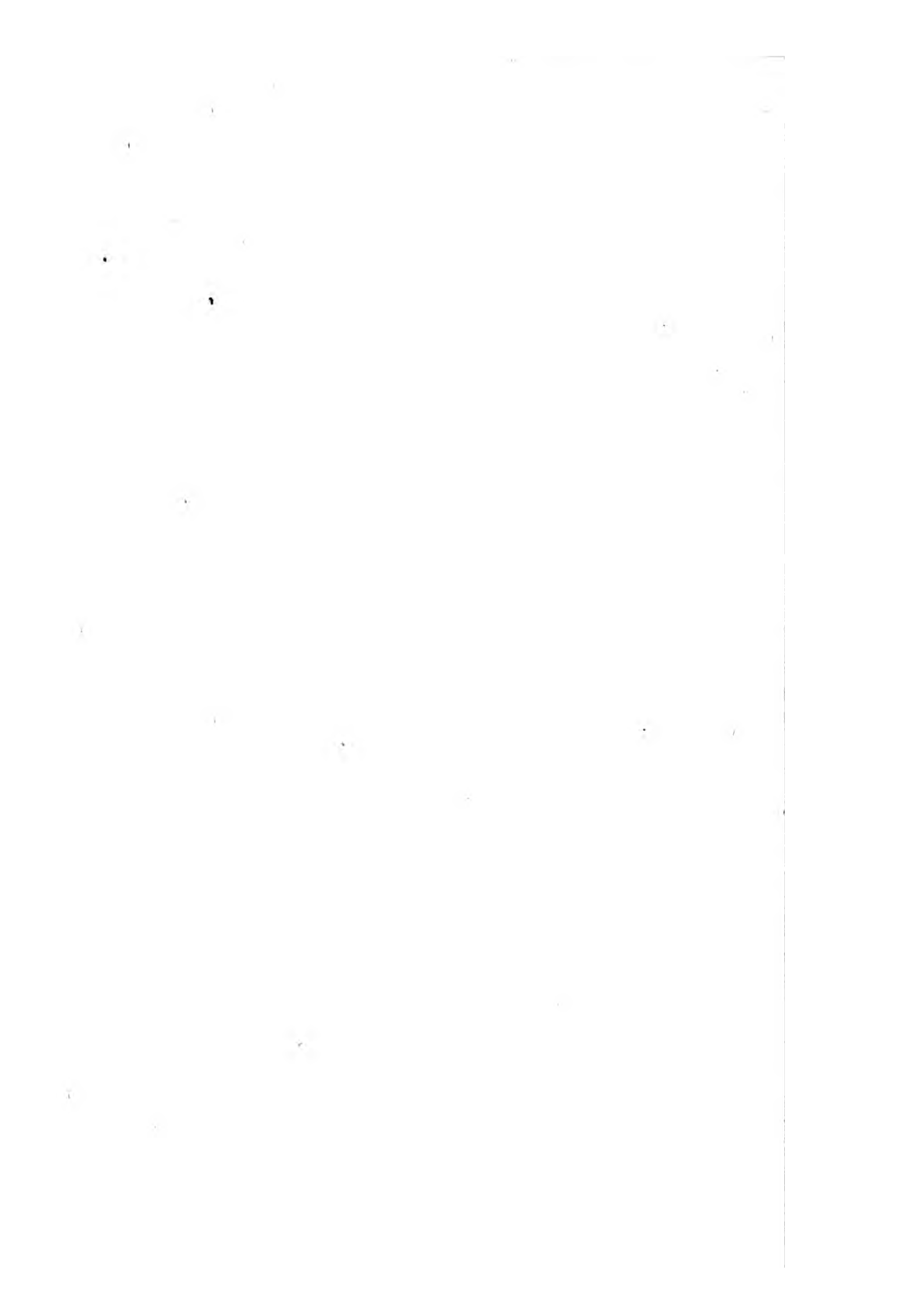
But Heaven in mercy since
Does him who tastes forgive ;
To know is no offence :
Now, he who eats, shall live.'

HENRY STEVENS of Vermont, FSA, &c
4 Trafalgar Square, London.

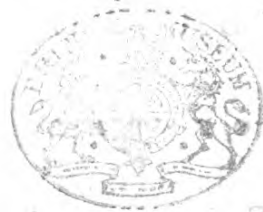


X





A
CONGRATULATORY POEM
ON THE
LATE SUCCESSES
OF THE
BRITISH ARMS, &c.



A
CONGRATULATORY POEM
ON THE
LATE SUCCESSES
OF THE
BRITISH ARMS,
PARTICULARLY
THE TRIUMPHANT EVACUATION
OF
BOSTON.

Fallere et effugere est Triumphus. HOR.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
AN ODE TO MR. PINCHBECK,
UPON HIS NEWLY-INVENTED
PATENT CANDLE-SNUFFERS.

DUBLIN:
Printed for W. WILSON, No. 6, Dame-street.
M, DCC, LXXVI.

2799. e. 60

D.B.M.
Nov 1861



A
CONGRATULATORY POEM
ON THE
LATE SUCCESSES
OF THE
BRITISH ARMS.

WHILE temper'd wisdom at the helm presides,
And equal justice Royal mercy guides;
On western plains the *British* lion frowns,
And conquers nations by deserting towns.
Oh, great refinement on the *Parthian's* strain!
Who fled indeed—but to return again.

A hardy race invert the sacred words,
And forge the spade and pruning hook to swords;
The teeming foil a *Colchian* harvest rears,
It's little phalanx ev'ry furrow bears; 10
Wide and more wide the dragon's teeth are cast,
And new-born hosts amaze the pathless waste.

Surrounded, famish'd, by a desp'rate pack,
 Fear in their van, and slaughter at their back.
 Their vauntive foes the *British* chiefs defy,
 They spread their canvas, and victorious fly.
 Yes—witness Gods!—they leave the fatal strand,
 Untar'd, unfeather'd, by a rebel band.
 Let Gazetteers the pompous story shape,
 And spread the glories of a proud escape; 20
 Let pension'd senators pursue the boast,
 And trim the laurels of a vagrant host;
 Let true-born *Scots* their Io-pœans sing,
 And praise the heroes as they love their king;
 And let that king his glorious meed bestow,
 And toast the chieftains when the goblets flow:
 Then shall the muse attend the festive throng,
 And swell the plaudits with her first-born song.
 A bard, un plac'd, unpension'd, and unpaid,
 His free-will off'ring brings, th' *Aonian* maid. 30
 He seeks nor bishopric, nor gen'ral's staff;
 Enough for him—to make his readers laugh;
 Enough for him, shou'd *Clio's* sacred smile
 The toils of *N—*, and *M—'s* fears beguile;

L. 26. A great personage gave General *Carleton* and his brave troops the very first toast the day the news of the relief of *Quebec* was received.

Enough if ONE a moment's audience spare
From buttons, snuffers, nut-crackers, and prayer.

Exalted heroes! that the deep explore
To find *new Scotlands* on the western shore.
Not sent, as fools might idly dream—to fight—
But, nobler task!—to prove your passive might; 40
That *British* suff'rings might the rebel scare
(A gracious prince the subject's blood will spare)
With patience firm, as anchoret of old,
You rose triumphant over want and cold.
But nought avails to fly the desp'rate band,
Misguided zealots other arts demand.
Farewel the theatre! whose nightly state
Recall'd the glories of the day's debate.
Where puny ensign boy'd some am'rous queen,
And real captains were in buskins seen: 50
Where scenic pomp aton'd for want of food,
And infant gen'rals learn'd the trade of blood,
Beheld the mimic with the true contend,
And falling there prepar'd them for their end.

Behold, a *Scotia* spreads her friendly plains,
Where cold and hunger purify the brains

L. 49. Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatness.

SHAKESPEARE.

With skill to scent advantage from afar,
 With arts of peace, and stratagems of war :
 There learn to fend your missionary band,
 Your ministers of peace with sword in hand, 60
 Lead conquering foes by second-fighted charms
 To trust your promises before their arms,
 With suppliant voice the savage tribes implore,
 To dip the tomohawk in *British* gore,
 And rouse the negro slave with prosp'rous art,
 To plant the ponyard in his master's heart :
 Your tapst'ried deeds in *Kew* shall be display'd,
 And bloom when *Churchill's* and young *Ammon's* fade !

But, mark that train, so gallant, trim and bold,
 Exhaling civet, and emblaz'd with gold! 70
 The powder'd darlings of the young and gay,
 In nasty transports plough their wat'ry way ;
 From safe parade, where tempting *Floras* rove,
 From wars of *Venus*, and from wounds of love,
 From nightly frays where caitiff watchman sunk,
 Rebellious waiter, or tempestuous punk,
 With syringe arm'd and essence box they go,
 To launch their thunders on the trembling foe.
 A thousand masters join'd the youth to train ;
 The *surgeon* taught them a contempt of pain, 80

The wary *catchpole* lent his fullen aid,
 And soon they learn'd to shun an ambuscade;
 To painful vigils were the youths enur'd,
 And courtly mask and midnight ball endur'd;
 The pealing dice-box and the drum's alarms
 Have tun'd their organs to the din of arms;
 Perch'd on their ensigns naked *Venus* stands,
 And sheds infection o'er rebellious lands.

Each anxious hour shall bear some murd'rous tale,
 And glorious carnage load the tainted gale; 90
 Each valiant *Scot* the rebel scalp shall tear,
 And filken lords the bloody token wear,
 Knights of the scalp, with honour'd badges red,
 While *Windsor's* champions hide the faded head.

The bankrupt nation shall be well repaid,
 For commerce lost, and *British* fame decay'd;
 If freedom from her last abode she chafe
 (That fiend detested by a kingly race)
 If, while each town and hamlet smoaks around,
 And not a peasant tills the ravag'd ground; 100
 She builds on cities raz'd, and myriads slain,
 A barren right, to tax a desert plain.

Be common truths perceiv'd by common men,
 Our *Palinurus* boasts a clearer ken :
 His eyes are purg'd with euphrasy and rue,
 And human laws invert, and passions too.
 A backward wisdom breathes in ev'ry plan,
 And all his politics reflect the man.
 He bids our warfare with our thrift agree ;
 To gain we lavish, and to conquer flee. 110
 A triumph 'tis— when half an army dies ;
 'Tis art, 'tis conduct, when the remnant flies.
 Ye gods ! what conquests claim the *British* tyre !
 Besieging foes, unhurt, untouch'd, retire.
 Not sottish tyranny, not creeping art,
 The head unjudging; and unfeeling heart,
 Not rash malevolence, not childish heat,
 Not regal dulness, plans of power defeat,
 And vet'ran hosts to rebel bands betray
 By puny handfuls, a defenceless prey ; 120
 Or bid them rocks and shoals and quicksands brave,
 While warring winds and wintry billows rave.
 On kings and senates hot-brain'd zealots fall,
 Unjudging fots!—'tis deep contrivance all !

L. 104. Even *Palinurus* nodded at the helm. POPE.

L. 105. Purg'd with euphrasy and rue
 The visual nerve.— MILTON.

For wisdom wears the mask of old-wives dreams,
 Distracted counsels, and unmeaning schemes,
 Thus from their guard rebellious chiefs to throw,
 And rush to vengeance in a final blow.

But will the clamours of the mob be stay'd?
 Those noisy fools, that call a spade a spade. 130
 Should scriblers rage, and discontents be loud :
 Some new *Regatta* shall amuse the croud,
 Or chariot races sooth the gaping throng,
 And peers contending ply the nimble thong.
 Should yet the croud some ruder sport demand,
 Let hardy bull-bait still the clam'rous band,
 A baited statesman in the circle roar,
 And growling patriots revel in his gore ;
 Let courtly scribes their grateful fable spread,
 And heap the plain with mountains of the dead, 140
 That fainting stocks a transient breath may gain,
 Ere forc'd *Gazettes* revive th' ideal slain.

Yet while abroad such trophies wait our arms,
 Domestic terrors spread their dire alarms,
 In every vault are lurking *Fauxes* found,
 And sulph'rous trains, and deadly snares surround ;
 Not traps, and spring-guns half such terror shed
 Round *Cockney's* garden-pots, and fallad-bed.

To seize his prey the dreadful *Sheriff* flies
 And brings, like *Bayes*, an army in disguise. 150
 In tasks so bold can city men engage ?
 Can turtle feasts inspire such mighty rage ?
 Does party zeal th' imperial victim claim ?
 Or mad ambition prompt the daring aim ?
 Presumptuous banker ! stay thine impious hand ?
 Nor drown with scalding tears a loyal land.
 Distraction ! horror ! see our sorrows flow—
 Wilt thou a king to famish'd lions throw ?
 But heavenly guards, that watch o'er pious men,
 Shall wait our *Daniel* in the lions den ; 160
Charles Jenkinson, like *Habakkuk* shall stand,
 A bowl of pottage in his friendly hand ;
 Oh ! cool the mefs with pious breath some *Scot*,
 For *Scotish* mouths can blow both cold and hot.

When fears like these perplex a pious reign,
 What god, what Atlas shall the weight sustain ?
 What mighty hand the pond'rous motions roll,
 When state convulsions shake the labouring pole ?
 In clumsy strength see heavy *Boreas* stand,
 The *Tuscan* column of a sinking land, 170
 Where state empirics post their rubric bills
 Of pocky nostrums, and of gilded pills ;

L. 150. Vide Rehearfal.

Let *Minden's* hero, like some new *Alcide*,
 Partake the burthen and the fame divide,
 Ere yet he feel, in wild confusion hurl'd,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of world.
 The bashful offspring of a virtuous fire
 From bawds, and bullies shall a while retire,
 A while his parasite, and whore, forsake,
 And dipp'd by impudence in *Stygian* lake, 180
 Come arm'd for fight in glorious want of shame,
 And blast the laurels of his father's fame.
 His bodkin spear the forward stripling draws,
 And boyish pertness props a desp'rate cause.
 Ye busy fiends ! prolong your favourite's date
 And spare him, *Venus*, for a ripen'd fate ;
 So may this age portentous guilt survey,
 And courtly sunshine lend its soft'ring ray.
 For ev'ry wretch the master's closet find,
 A friendly *Lazar-house* for spotted minds ; 190
 Imperfect virtue may the guilty fear,
 And dread infection when a villain's near ;
 A pious prince may call him to the throne,
 Transform'd he stands,—religion's, and his own—
 The filthy ulcer of the soul is dry'd,
 By healing gold, with royal skill apply'd.

L. 173. Who eased *Atlas* of his burthen.

Brothers in mischief ! partners in disgrace !
 What envious fiends embroil a kindred race ?
 Who feel no principle, who boast no skill,
 Shou'd prove at least, unanimous in ill. 200
 Shall *N*—, *G*—, and *R*— disagree ?
 Such feuds become the principled and free.
 One only warfare souls, like yours, should know,
 The friend of *Britain* is your native foe.
 Oh pledge your amity in rebel blood !
 Why should your squabbles glad the patriot brood ?

When kingly bounty wells in secret streams,
 And stealthy synods ripen closet schemes :
Shebbeare and *Tucker* sneak in deep debate
 At midnight hour to plot a people's fate. 210
 In lowering majesty *Pomposo* stands,
 A mighty standish arms his heavy hands,
 Sublime on stilts he darts the scornful ken
 On poor *trifyllables* of little men ;
 His notions ask sesquipedalian words,
 And scorn the drefs that common speech affords ;
 Well-marshal'd sentence, the gigantic phrase,
 And maxim quaint the gaping croud amaze ;
 Wide and more wide he bids the sophism fly,
 And thrusts a paradox in every eye. 220

The pious preacher, hoary babe of grace,
 Around our standard calls the chosen race :
 When Majesty with beggar's-box must sue,
 And crave an alms, a people to subdue ;
 When charity completes what senates plan'd,
 And fleets and hosts go begging thro' the land ;
 He teaches misers ill-got wealth to bless,
 And spare a part to monarchs in distress.

Oh ! ne'er, tho' shame, and ruin, shou'd attend,
 Ne'er shall the master to the vassal bend, 230
 While *British* veins can pour a drop of blood,
 While yet a vessel rides the crimson'd flood ;
 Tho' faction rave, tho' party scriblers rage,
 And headstrong patriots ceaseless combat wage ;
 With noble pride we scorn the vulgar throng,
 And boast at least a firmness in the wrong.

Thus the slow ass with fortitude untam'd,
 For length of ears and obstinacy fam'd,
 Treads down the fence, and spoils the cultur'd ground,
 Tho' mastiffs bay, tho' peasants hoot around, 240
 Tho' half the village at his heels arise,
 And ceaseless cudgels vibrate in his eyes.

F I N I S.



12 JY 86
HOUSE

O D E

T O

MR. PINCHBECK,

ON HIS NEWLY-INVENTED

PATENT CANDLE-SNUFFERS.

BY

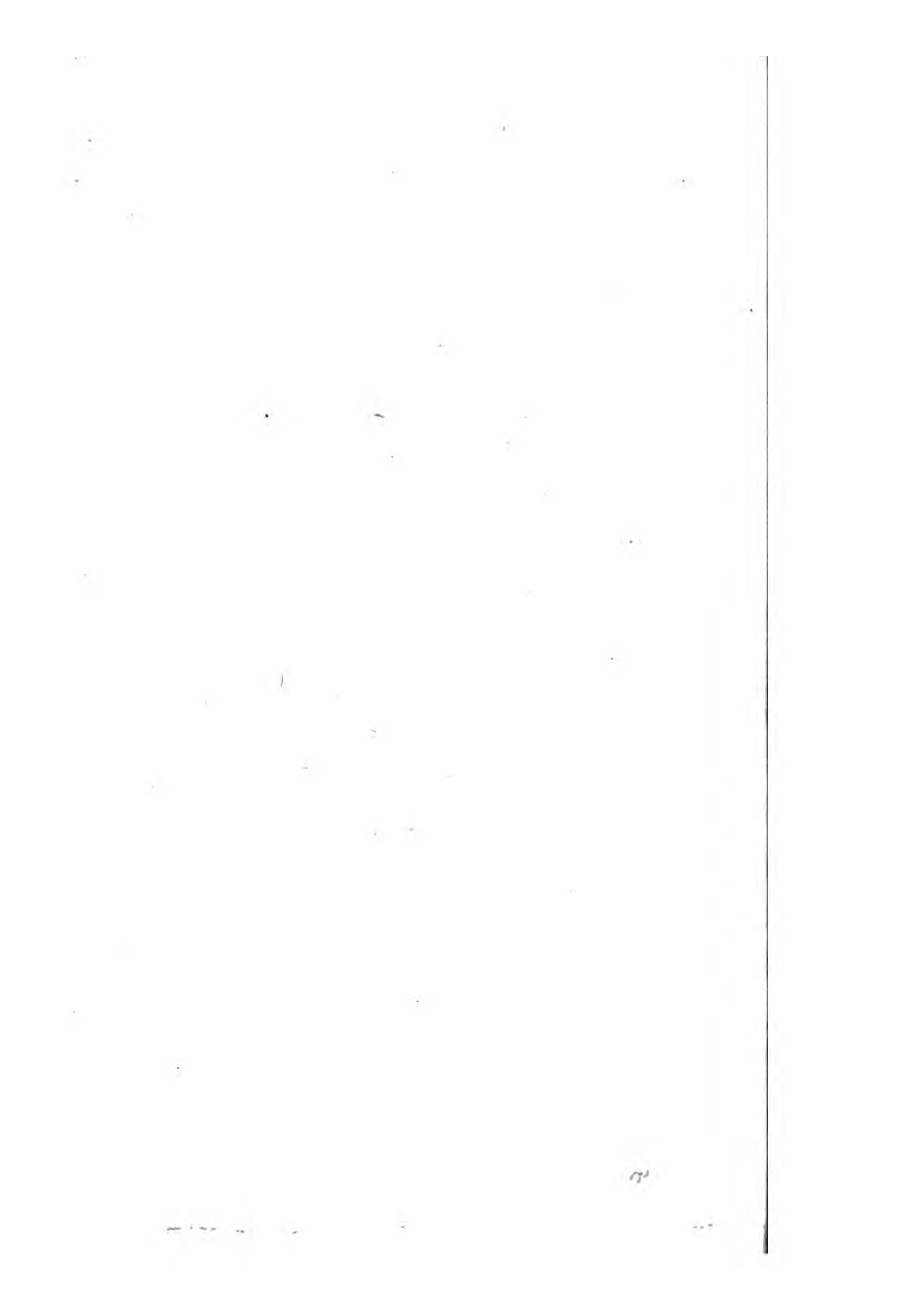
MALCOLM M'GREGGOR, Esq.

Author of the HEROIC EPISTLE to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS,
and the HEROIC POSTSCRIPT.

Quosque ergo frustra pascemus ignigenum istum?

APULEII, Met. Lib. 7.

Why should a Patent be granted to this Candle-Snuffer in vain?



ADVERTISEMENT.

EVER since my first publication, the curiosity, not to say anxiety, of the world concerning my name, has been so great, that it has frequently given me pain to conceal what the world will now see it was not possibly in my power to discover.

IN short, I had no name, till the royal favour lately restored my very ancient and honourable clan to its pristine title and honours. I was therefore in the same deplorable case with a certain nameless lady, whom I have long had the honour to call my neighbour, and who, I sincerely hope, will soon, by the same favour, be restored to that title, which, upon my honour, I believe, she has erroneously, and not intentionally forfeited.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

I HAVE only to add, that now, when the Public is in possession of my real name, it will not, I hope, suffer any national prejudice to prevent it from receiving this my first lyrical attempt with its former candour. But I must needs say, that if this Ode does not sell as well as Mr. CUMBERLAND's, I shall be apt to impute it, not to any inferiority, of lyrical ordonance, but merely to its having been written by a *Scotchman*.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE,

MAY 6, 1776.

O D E

T O

M R. P I N C H B E C K.

I.

ILLUSTRIOUS *Pinchbeck!* condescend,
Thou well-belov'd, and best king's-friend,
These lyric lines to view ;
O! may they prompt thee, ere too late,
To snuff the candle of the state,
That burns a little blue.

II.

It once had got a stately wick,
When in its patent-candlestick
The revolution put it ;
As white as wax we saw it shine
Thro' two whole lengths of *Brunswick's* line,
'Till *B*— first dar'd to smut it.

III.

Since then—but wherefore tell the tale?
Enough, that now it burneth pale,
And forely wafes its tallow:
Nay, if thy poet rightly weens,
(Though little skill'd in ways and means)
Its save-all is but shallow.

IV.

Come then, ingenious artist, come,
And put thy finger, and thy thumb,
Into each polish'd handle;
On thee alone our hopes depend,
Thy king's, and eke thy country's friend,
To trim *Old England's* candle.

V.

But first we pray, for its relief,
Pluck from its wick, each tory thief,
It else must quickly rue it;
* While *N*— and *M*— sputter there,
Thou'lt ne'er prevent with all thy care,
The melting of the fuel.

* These initials, like those in the banns of marriage published
between *N.* and *M.* may be filled up at the Reader's pleasure.

Vide Common Prayer Book,

VI.

There's *Twitcher* too, that old he-witch,
Sticks in his bole as black as pitch,

* And makes a filthy pother ;
When curst with such a sorry fiend,
And lighted too at either end,
'Twill soon be in a smother.

VII.

I fear me much in such a plight,
Those tapers blest would lose their light,
Canadian fanes that deck ;
Which pious —*— ordains to blaze,
And gild with their establish'd rays,
Our lady of *Quebec*.

VIII.

† His arms, thou hallowed image ! blest,
And surely thou canst do no less,

* Our ingenious inventor's snuffers are peculiarly calculated to remedy this evil, to which indeed all candles are more or less subject. *See the Patentee's Advertisement.*

† It is humbly presumed that the classical Reader will here perceive a boldness of transition, only to be equalled by *Pindar*, and perhaps by *Horace*, in some of his sublimer odes.

He is thy faith's defender ;
 Thou owest thy place to him alone,
 As other *Jacobites* have done,
 And not to the pretender.

IX.

Haste then, and quash the hot turmoil,
 That flames in *Boston's* angry soil,
 And frights the mother-nation :
 Know, lady ! if its rage you stop,
Pinchbeck shall send you, from his shop,
 A most superb oblation.

X.

His patent-snuffers, in a dish
 Of burnish'd gold ; if more you wish,
 His cyclops shall bestir
 Their brawny stumps, and for thy sake,
 Of *Pinchbeck's* own mixt-metal make
 A huge extinguisher.

XI.

To form the mass ———, thy zeal
 Shall furnish that well-temper'd steel,

Thou didst at *Minden* brandish ;
 Nor yet shall *G—*'s reverend dean,
 Counting its worth, refuse, I ween,
 His ponderous leaden standish.

XII.

Poor Doctor *Johnson*, I'm afraid,
 Can give but metaphoric aid ;
 His style's case-harden'd graces :
M'Pherson, without shame, or fear,
Sir John Dalrymple, and *Shebbeare*
 Shall melt their brazen faces.

XIII.

And sure, this mixt metallic stuff,
 Will yield materials large enough . . .
 To mold the mighty cone ;
 But how transport it, when 'tis cast
 Across the deep *Atlantic* vast,
 'Twill weigh some thousand stone ?

XIV.

“ Leave that to me,” our lady cries,
 “ Howe'er gigantic be its size,

“ I have a scheme in petto ;
 “ I’ll fly with it from shore to shore,
 “ Safe as my footy fister bore,
 “ Her cottage to *Loretto*.

XV.

“ Swift to the congress with my freight
 “ I’ll speed, and on their heads its weight
 “ Soufe with such skill and care ;
 “ That *Puttnam*, *Washington* beneath,
 “ And grasping *Lee* shall wish to breathe
 “ * A pint of *Priestley’s* air.

* This great philosopher has lately discovered a method of fabricating a new species of air, of so infinitely superior salubrity and duration to that vulgar atmospherical air, which for want of better we have been obliged to breathe for upwards of five thousand years, that it is to be supposed that no *macaroni*, *savoir vivre*, or in plain *English*, no body that knows what’s what, will in future condescend to respire any air, that is not sealed with the doctor’s own arms, and signed with his own hand-writing. It is to be feared, however, that his pneumatic vials will be liable to be counterfeited, as our philosopher has not interest enough at court to procure a patent. Indeed were such a patent granted, it might supersede Mr. *Pinchbeck’s*; because that in this air a candle is found to burn with so bright and continued a flame, that it could never want snuffing.

See Vol. II. of Dr. Priestley’s Experiments on Air.

XVI.

“ The deed is done, thy foes are dead,
“ No longer *England*, shalt thou dread
“ Such presbytarian huffers ;
“ Thy candle’s radiance ne’er shall fade
“ With now and then a little aid,
“ From *Pinchbeck’s* patent-snuffers.”

F I N I S.



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