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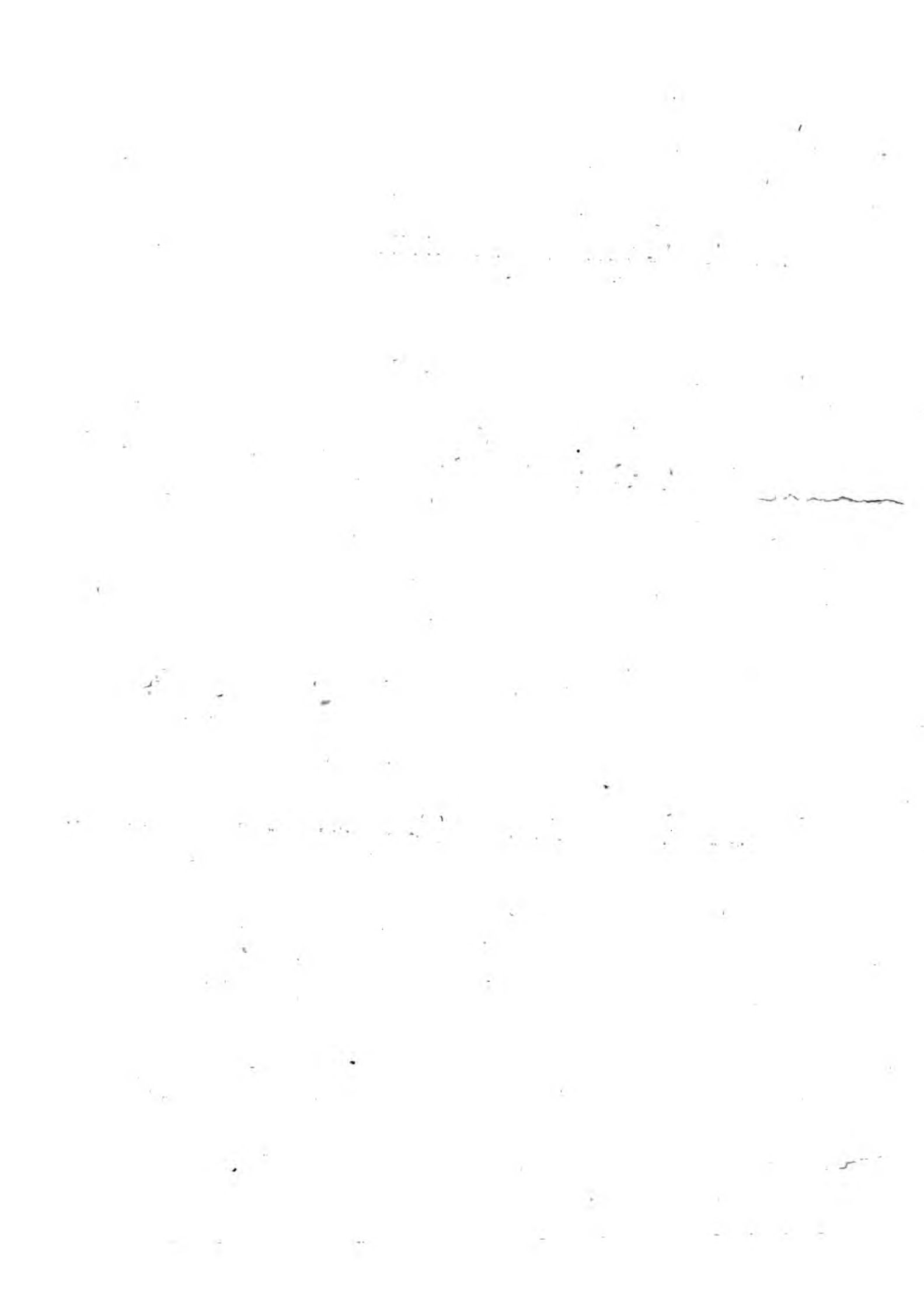
HEROIC POSTSC

T O

T H E P U B L I



[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]



*Wm Mason luth.*

A N

HEROIC POSTSCRI

T O

T H E P U B L I C,

Occasioned by their favourable Reception of a late

HEROIC EPISTLE

To Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, Knt.

By the AUTHOR of that EPISTLE.

Sicelides musæ, paullo majora canamus.



VIRGI

THE FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ALMON, opposite BURLINGTON-HOUSE, in PICCADILLY.

MDCCLXXIV.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

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1962

PROFESSOR

1962

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AN HEROIC POSTSCRIPT

T O

T H E P U B L I C

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**I** THAT of late, Sir William's Bard, and Squire,  
March'd with his helm and buckler on my lyre,  
(What time the Knight prick'd forth in ill-starr'd haste,  
Comptroller General of the works of taste,)

B.

N O T E S.

Verse 1. [I that of late]

*Ille ego qui quondam, &c.* VIRGIL, or somebody for him.

Verse 4. [Works of taste] Put synonymously for his Majesty's works.  
*liam's title page.*

Now to the Public tune my grateful lays, 5  
 Warm'd with the sun-shine of the Public praise ;  
 Warm'd too with mem'ry of that golden time,  
 When Almon gave me reason for my rhyme ;  
 — glittering orbs, and, what endear'd them more,  
 Each glittering orb the sacred features bore 10  
 Of George the good, the gracious, and the great,  
 Infil'd, unsweated, all of sterling weight ;  
 Or, were they not, they pass'd with current ease,  
 Good seemings then were good realities :  
 No Senate had convey'd, by smuggling art, 15  
 Pow'r to the mob to play Cadogan's part ;  
 Now, thro' the land, that impious pow'r prevails,  
 All weigh their Sov'reign in their private scales,

And

N O T E.

Verse 16. [Cadogan's part] Master of the Mint.

And find him wanting : all save me alone,  
 For, sad to say ! my glittering orbs are gone.  
 But ill befeems a Poet to repent,  
 Lightly they came, and full as lightly went.  
 Peace to their manes ! may they never feel  
 Some keen Scotch banker's unrelenting steel ;  
 While I again the Mufe's fickle bring  
 To cut down Dunces, wherefoe'er they spring,  
 Bind in poetic sheaves the plenteous crop,  
 And stack my full-ear'd load in Almon's shop.  
 For now, my Mufe, thy fame is fixt as fate,  
 Tremble ye Fools I feorn, ye Knaves I hate ;  
 I know the vigour of thy eagle wings,  
 I know thy ftrains can pierce the ear of Kings.

## N O T E.

Verfe 19. [And find him wanting.] Thou art weighed in the balances, and art wanting. Daniel, chap. 8, v. 27.

Did China's monarch here in Britain doze,  
 And was, like western Kings, a King of Prose,  
 Thy song could cure his Asiatic spleen,  
 And make him wish to see and to be seen ;  
 That solemn vein of irony so fine,  
 Which, e'en Reviewers own, adorns thy line,

35

Would

## N O T E S.

Verse 34. [A King of Prose.] Kien-Long, the present Emperor of China is a poet. M. de Voltaire did him the honour to treat him as a brother above two years ago; and my late patron, Sir William Chambers, has given a fine and most intelligible prose version of an ode of his Majesty upon tea, in his postscript to his Dissertation. I am, however, vain enough to think, that the Emperor's composition would have appeared still better in my heroic verse; but Sir William forestalled it; on which account I have entirely broke with him.

Verse 37. [That solemn vein of irony.] "A fine vein of solemn irony runs through this piece." See *Monthly Review*, under the article of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.

Would make him soon against his greatness sin,  
 Desert his sofa, mount his palanquin,  
 And post where'er the Goddess led the way,  
 Perchance to proud Spithead's imperial bay ;  
 There should he see, as other folks have seen,  
 That ships have anchors, and that seas are green,  
 Should own the tackling trim, the streamers fine,  
 With Sandwich prattle, and with Bradshaw dine,  
 And then sail back, amid the cannon's roar,  
 As safe, as sage, as when he left the shore.

Such is thy pow'r, O Goddess of the song,  
 Come then and guide my careless pen along ;

## C

## N O T E.

Verse 43. [There should he see.] A certain naval event happened  
 calendar months after the publication of the Heroic Epistle. 'Twas imp  
 ing the necessary preparations, it could have been sooner. Facts are stub

t keep it in the bounds of sense and verse,  
 or, like Mac-Homer, make me gabble Erse.  
 s, let the flow of these spontaneous rhymes  
 truly touch the temper of the times,  
 at he who runs may read; while well he knows 55  
 write in metre, what he thinks in prose;  
 shall my song, undisciplin'd by art,  
 nd a sure patron in each English heart.  
 this it's fate, let all the frippery things 60  
 -plac'd, be-pension'd, and be-starr'd by Kings,  
 own on the page, and with fastidious eye,  
 se old young Fannius, call it blasphemy.

Let

### N O T E S.

Verse 52. [Nor like Mac-Homer.] See, if the reader thinks it worth while, a late edition of the Iliad.

Verse 62. [Like old young Fannius.] The noble personage here alluded to, being said to read the Heroic Epistle, said, "No, it was as bad as blasphemy."

Ver.

Let these prefer a levee's harmless talk,  
 Be ask'd how often, and how far they walk,  
 Proud of a single word, nor hope for more,  
 Tho' Jenkinson is blest with many a score :  
 For other ears my honest numbers sound,  
 With other praise those numbers shall be crown'd,  
 Praise that shall spread, no pow'r can make it less,  
 While Britain boasts the bulwark of her press.  
 Yes, sons of freedom ! yes, to whom I pay,  
 Warm from the heart, this tributary lay ;

Verse 62. [Fannius.] Before I sent the M. S. to the press, I discovered, a  
 accidental blot had made all but the first syllable of this name illegible. I was  
 therefore, whether to print it Fannius or Fannia. After much deliberation, I  
 best to use the masculine termination. If I have done wrong, I ask pardon, not  
 the Author, but the Lady. *The Editor.*



"That lay shall live, tho' Court and Grub-street sigh,  
Your young Marcellus was not born to die.

The Muse shall nurse him up to man's estate,

75

And break the black asperity of fate——

Admit him then your candidate for fame,

Pleas'd if in your review he read his name,

Tho' not with Mason and with Goldsmith put,

Yet cheek by jowl with Garrick, Colman, Foote ;

80

But if with higher Bards that name you range,

His modesty must think your judgment strange——

So

## N O T E.

Verse 76. [And break the black asperity of fate.]

————— " *Si qua fata aspera rumpas,*

*Tu Marcellus eris.*"

VIRGIL.

So when o'er Crane-Court's philosophic Gods,  
 The Jove-like majesty of Pringle nods,  
 If e'er he chance to wake on Newton's chair,  
 He "wonders how the devil he came there."

Whate'er his fame or fate, on this depend ;  
 He is, and means to be his country's friend.  
 'Tis but to try his strength that now he sports  
 With Chinese gardens, and with Chinese courts :  
 But if that country claim a graver strain,  
 If real danger threat fair Freedom's reign,  
 If hireling P\*\*rs, in prostitution bold,  
 Sell her as cheaply as themselves they fold ;  
 Or they, who honour'd by the People's choice,  
 Against that People lift their rebel voice,  
 And, basely crouching for their paltry pay,  
 Vote the best birthright of her sons away,

Permit a nation's in-born wealth to fly

In mean, unkingly prodigality ;

100

Nor, e'er they give, ask how the sums were spent,

So quickly squander'd, tho' so lately lent——

If this they dare ; the thunder of his song,

Rolling in deep-ton'd energy along,

Shall strike, with Truth's dread bolt, each miscreant's name,

105

Who, dead to duty, senseless e'en to shame

Betray'd his country. Yes, ye faithless crew,

His Muse's vengeance shall your crimes pursue,

Stretch you on satire's rack, and bid you lie

Fit garbage for the hell-hound, Infamy.

110

**F I N I S.**