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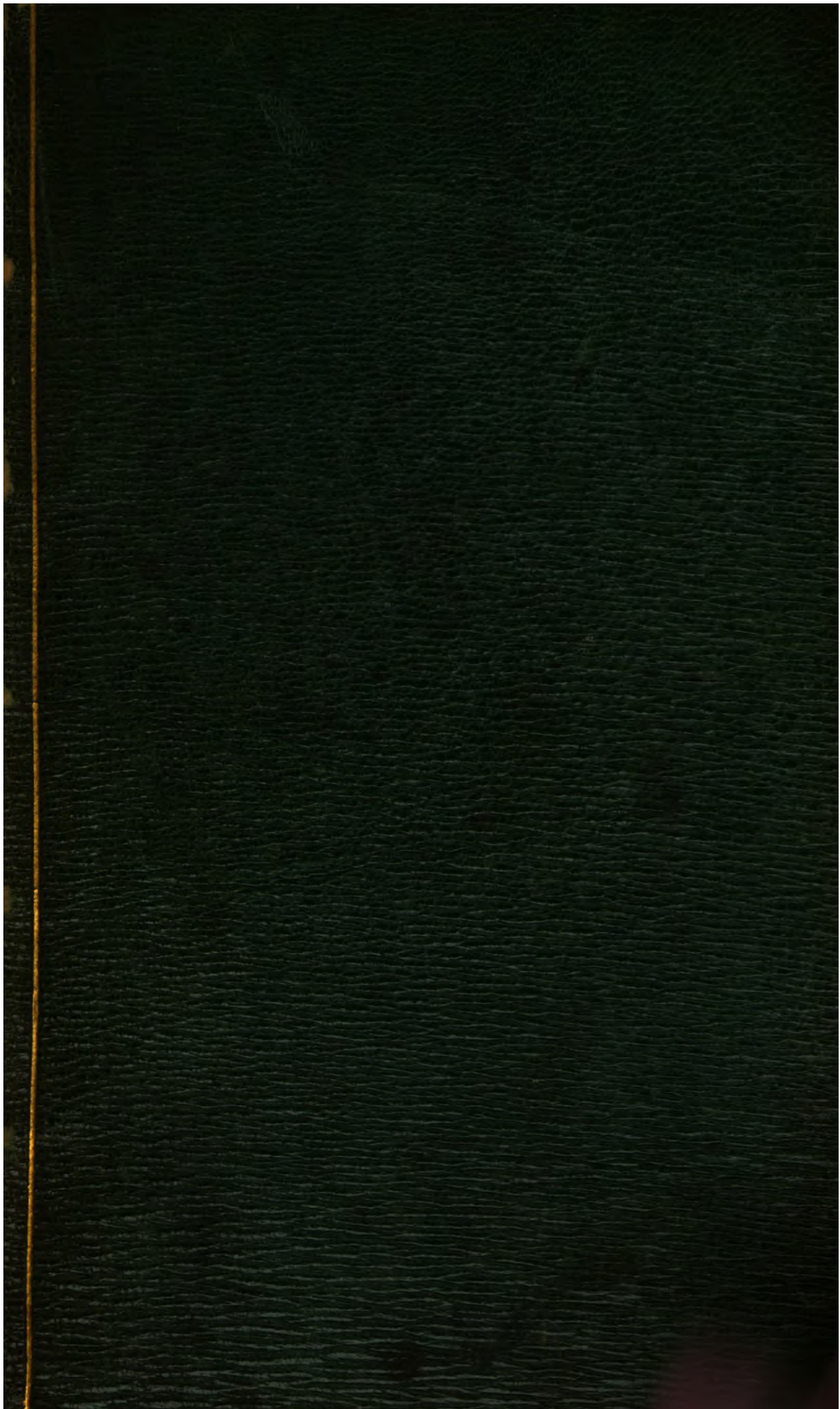
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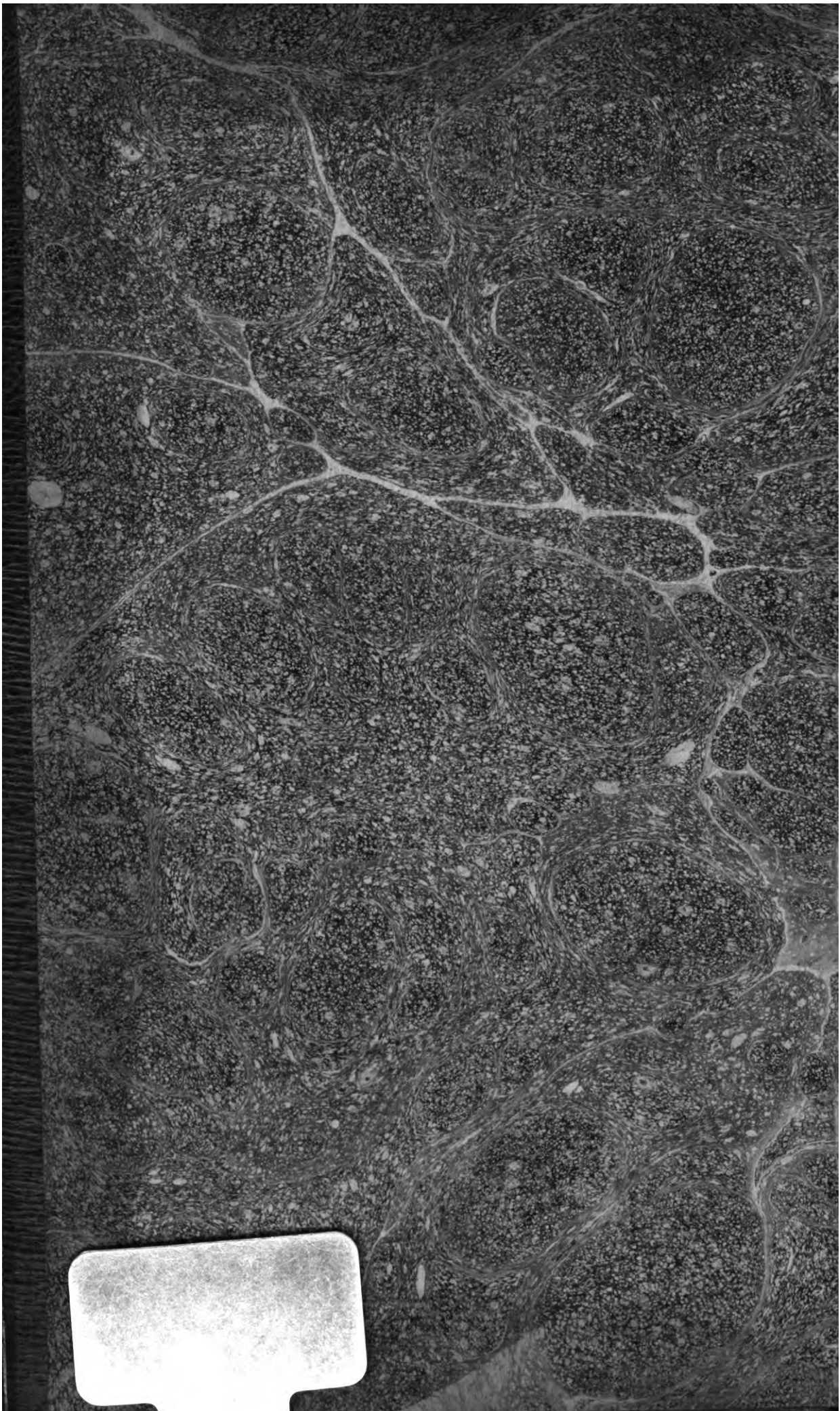
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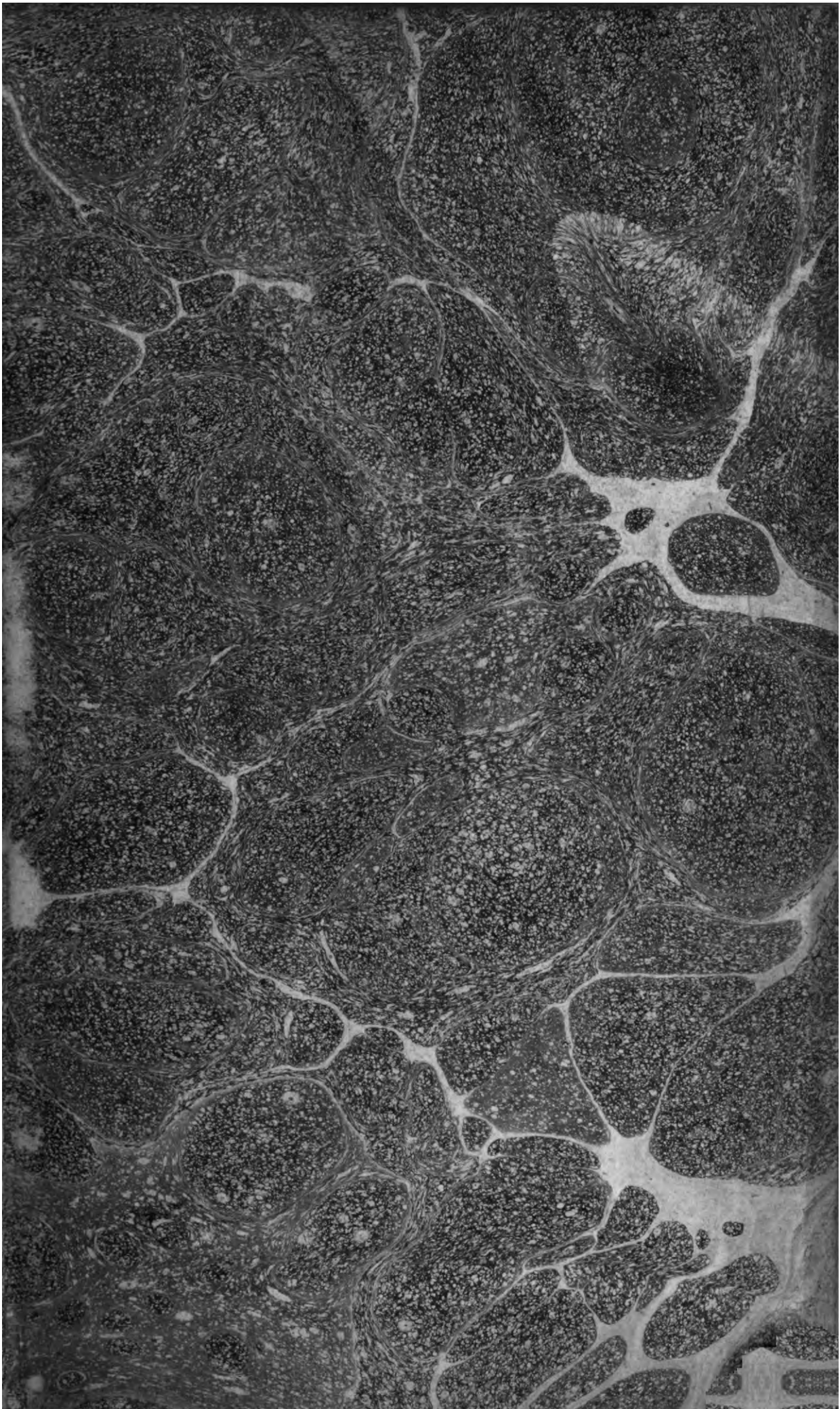


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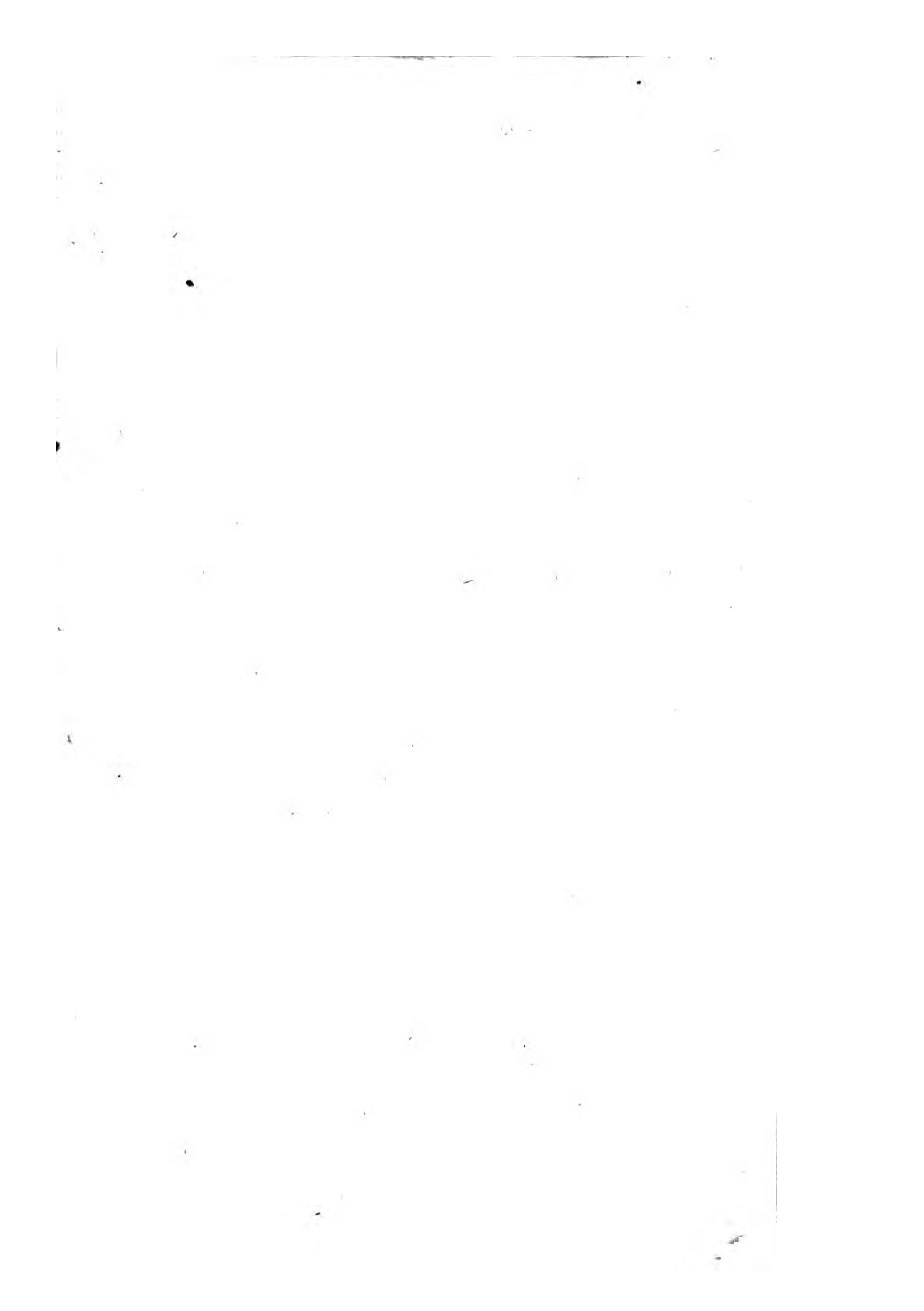


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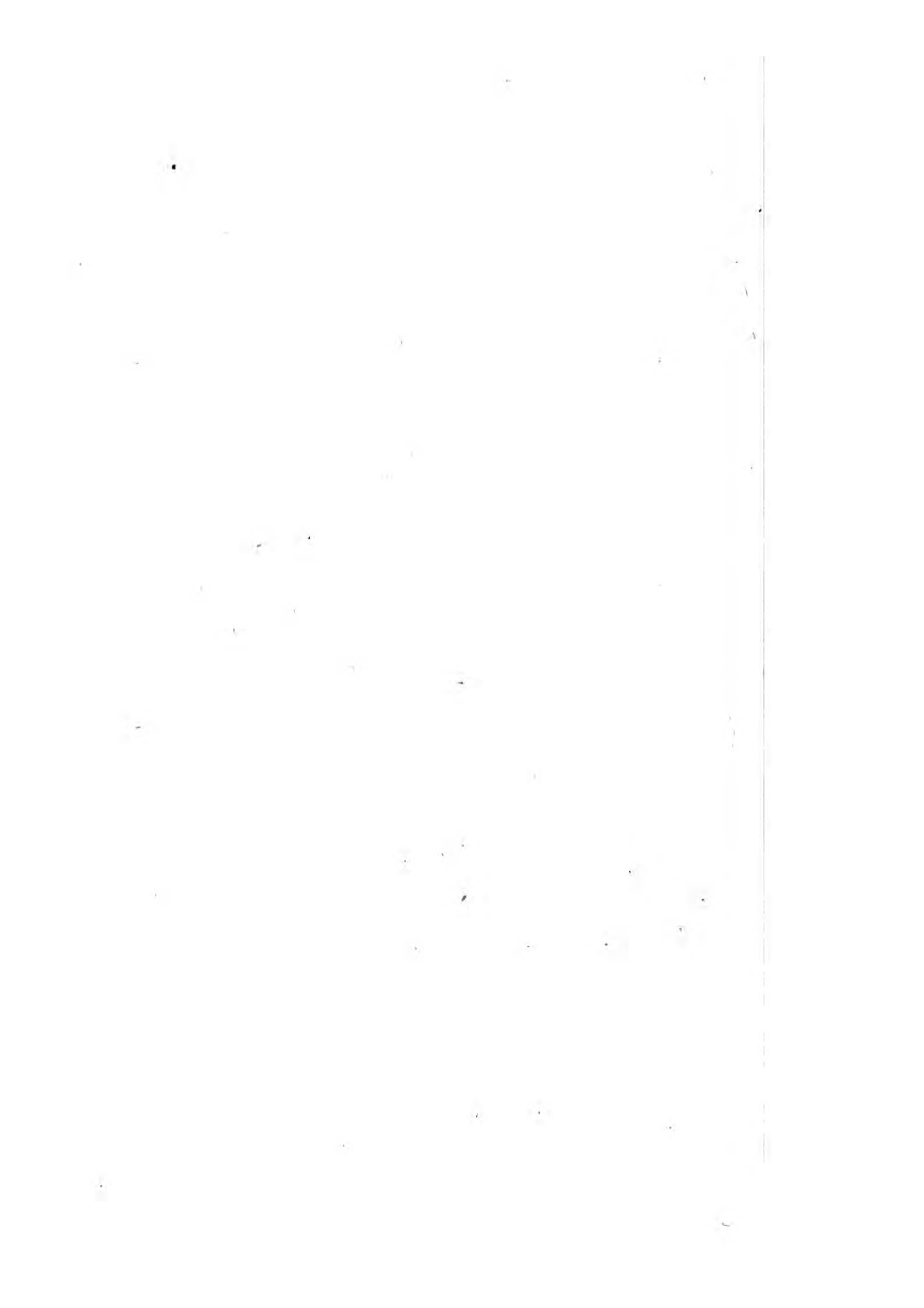
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THE  
P O E M S  
O F  
GEORGE HUDDSFORD, M. A.

LATE FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE,  
OXFORD.

*NOW FIRST COLLECTED.*

INCLUDING  
SALMAGUNDI, TOPSY-TURVY,  
BUBBLE AND SQUEAK, AND CRAMBE REPETITA.

WITH  
CORRECTIONS, AND ORIGINAL ADDITIONS.

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VOL. I.

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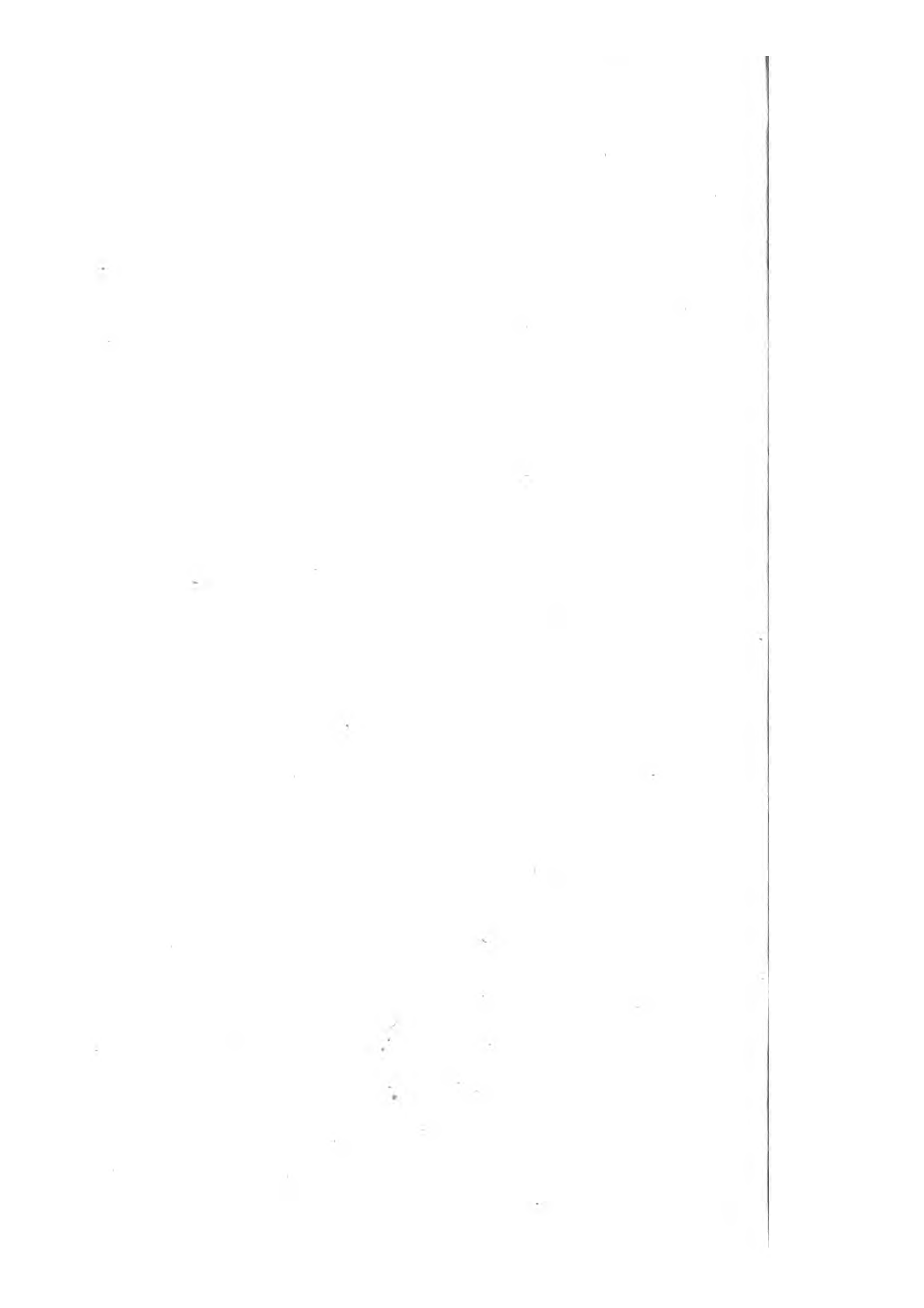
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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY,  
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1801.



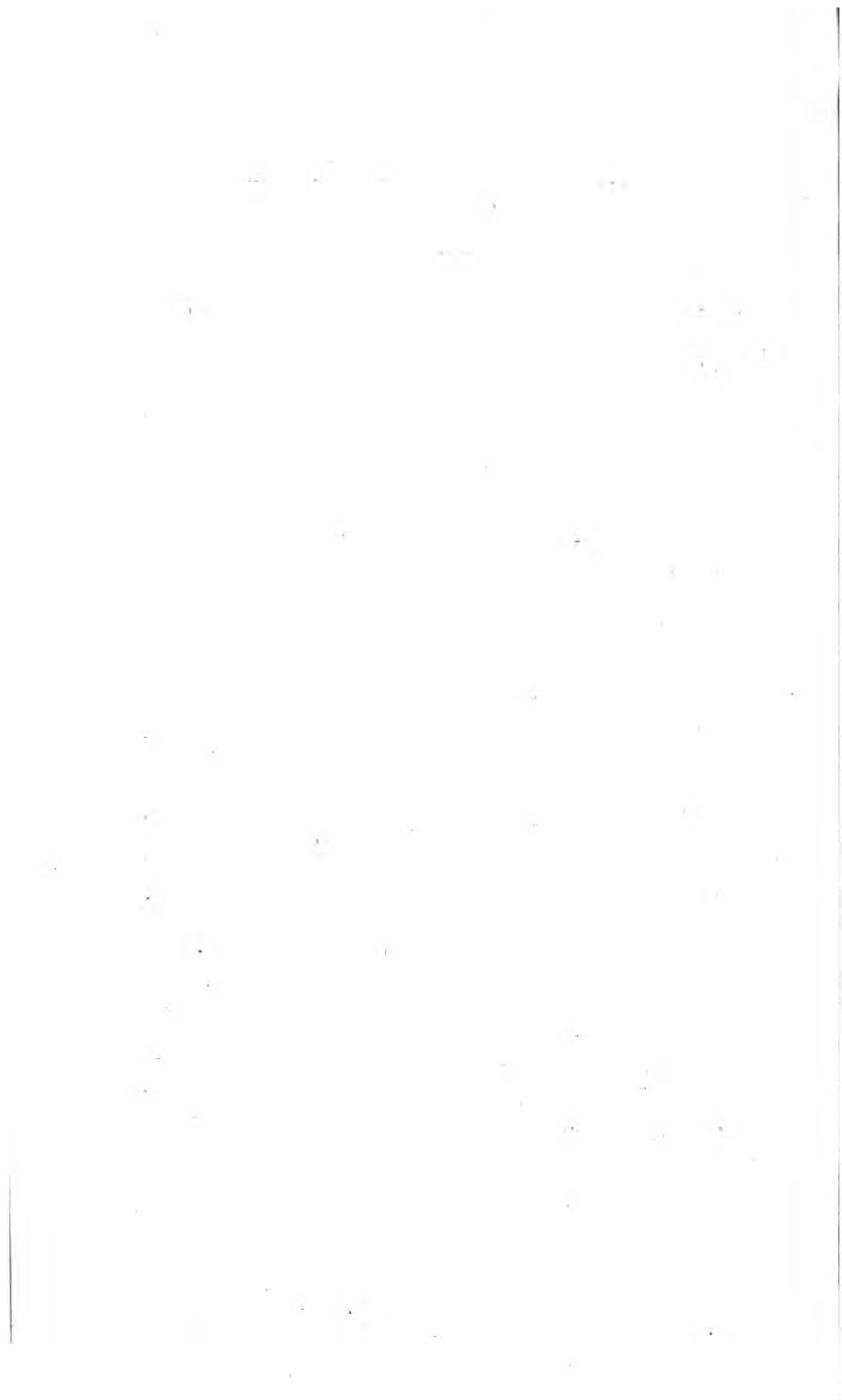


TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
**ALEXANDER LORD LOUGHBOROUGH,**  
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN,  
IN GRATITUDE FOR  
FAVOUR  
SPONTANEOUSLY CONFERRED,  
AND ENHANCED BY  
URBANITY AND LIBERAL CONDESCENSION,  
**THESE POEMS**  
ARE,  
WITH PERMISSION,  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY  
HIS LORDSHIP'S  
MOST OBEDIENT, AND  
OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

*March 1, 1801.*

GEORGE HUDDSFORD.





## ADVERTISEMENT.

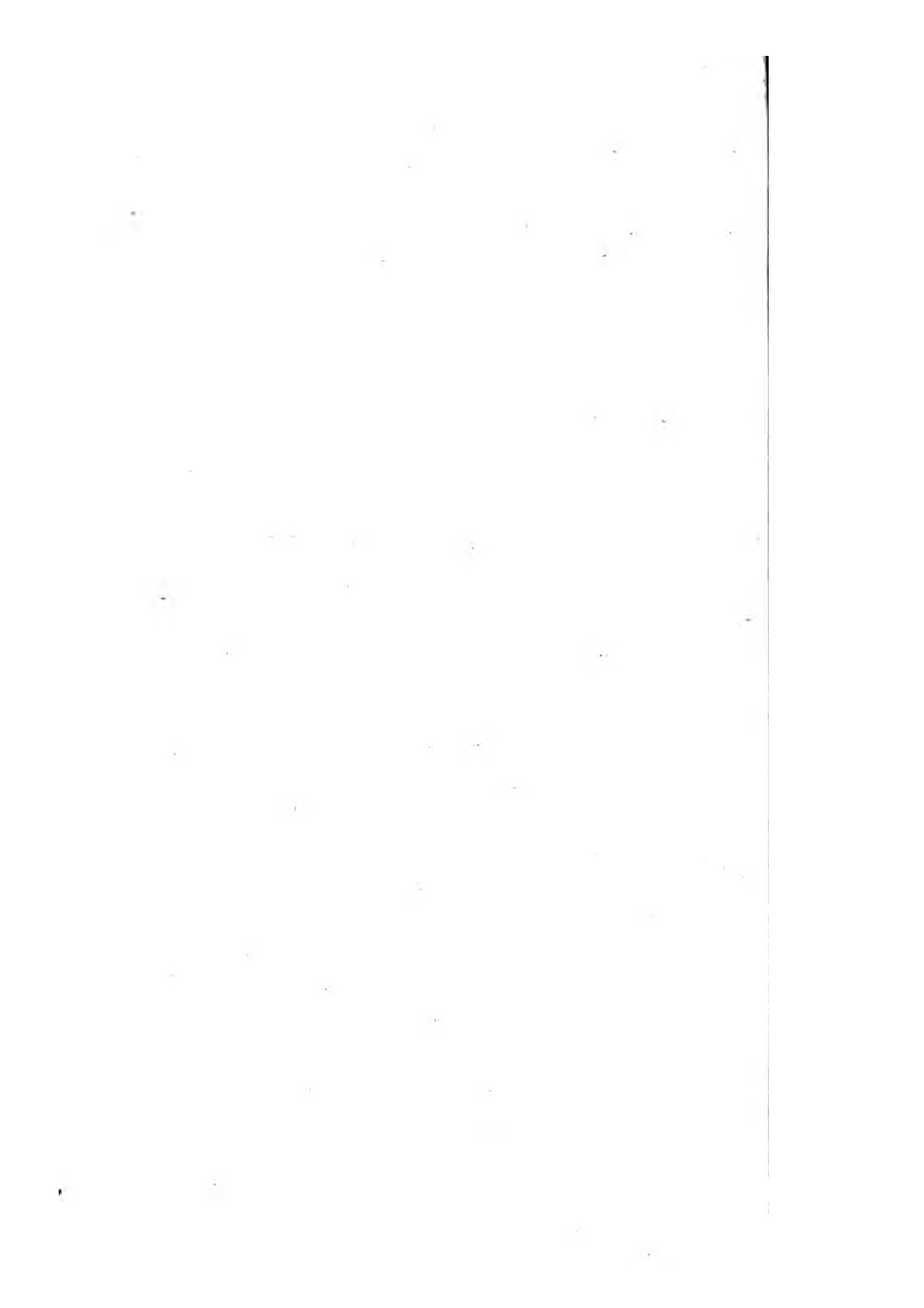
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*THE Author, whose name is prefixed to this Publication, feels it incumbent on him to apprise the Reader, that the shorter Compositions contained in the First Volume, are interspersed with the productions of abler pens than his own : these, having been almost all of them given to the public in former editions of his SALMAGUNDI (the favourable reception of which he is sensible that they have essentially promoted), he has here re-edited them. They will be found, in the Table of Contents, to be distinguished with asterisms, and attributed to their proper owners.*

*For the general contents of these little Volumes, he trusts he shall not incur the charge of presumption in expressing his hopes, that they will meet with a reception no less indulgent, collectively, than that with which they have been honoured, when separately published.*

*They have undergone a careful revisal, with occasional alterations, and the addition of some original productions.*





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**SALMAGUNDI.**

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**B**

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes the need for transparency and accountability in financial reporting.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and techniques used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the importance of using reliable sources and ensuring the accuracy of the information gathered.

3. The third part of the document focuses on the interpretation and analysis of the collected data. It discusses the various statistical and analytical tools used to identify trends and patterns in the data.

4. The fourth part of the document provides a detailed overview of the results and findings of the study. It includes a comprehensive analysis of the data and a discussion of the implications of the findings.

5. The final part of the document concludes the study and provides a summary of the key findings and recommendations. It emphasizes the need for continued research and monitoring to ensure the long-term success and sustainability of the organization.



P O E M S.

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TO RICHARD WYATT, Esq.

ON LEAVING HIS MANSION AFTER ASCOT RACES.

---

*Me ludit amabilis*  
*Insania.* Hor. lib. iii. Carm. 4.

---

CONGENIAL to my pensive breast  
O'ershadowing clouds the skies invest;  
Fast-falling showers deform the glade,  
No cheering ray dispels the shade,  
No lark's clear carol wakes the morn  
That, lowering, bids my steps forlorn

Abandon Surry's smiling plains,  
Fly the lov'd roof where Friendship reigns,  
Where liberal Mirth that care beguiles,  
And calm Contentment's heav'nly smiles  
Their heart-enlivening influence shed ;  
Where Time throws off his wings of lead,  
And clad in purple plumage light,  
Speeds swifter than the winds his flight.  
Thence as my devious course I steer,  
FANCY in fairy visions clear  
Bids, to beguile my 'tranced eyes,  
Past joys in sweet succession rise :  
Refreshing Zephyr's balmy breath  
Bids me inhale where Ascot Heath,  
Impregnated with mild perfume,  
Bares its broad bosom's purple bloom :  
Gives to my view the splendid crowd,  
The high-born racer neighing loud,  
The manag'd steeds that, side by side,  
Precede the glittering chariot's pride,  
Within whose silken coverture  
Some peerless Beauty sits secure,  
And, fatal to the soul's repose,  
Around her thrilling glances throws.

Enchantress, whose all-powerful spell  
We felt, when WARTON'S dulcet Shell  
(A choice libation at thy shrine)  
Pour'd the stream of Song divine,\*  
O FANCY! speed with me thy flight,  
O'er oaks in richest verdure dight,  
Whose writhed limbs of giant mould  
Wave to the breeze their umbrage bold;  
Bear me, embowering shades between,  
Through many a glade and vista green  
Whence silver streams are seen to glide,  
And towering domes th' horizon hide,  
To Leonard's forest-fringed Mound;  
Where lavish Nature spreads around  
Whate'er can captivate the sight,  
Elysian lawns, and prospects bright  
As visions of expiring saints,  
Or scenes that Harcourt's pencil paints.†  
Bear me where 'midst enamell'd meads  
Redundant Thames his bounty sheds,  
Teeming with many a plenteous freight:  
Where o'er the vale in antique state

\* The late Dr. WARTON'S exquisite Ode to Fancy.

† The Lady of General Harcourt, of St. Leonard's Hill.

Imperial Windsor's turrets frown,  
And massy fanes of old renown.  
Give me to gaze with ardent eye  
On gorgeous spoils of Chivalry ;  
To ken aloft the radiant rows  
Of banners won from Britain's foes ;  
Recall the glorious deeds of yore ;  
Shew the dark mail that Edward \* wore ;  
The falchion shew, whose thundering stroke  
Cressy's pale ranks impetuous broke ;  
From whose fell glare unnerv'd with dread  
Gallia's aspiring chieftains fled,  
Or from its edge, with nobler aim,  
Gather'd the meed of death and fame.

O FANCY ! give me to pervade  
Chambers in pictur'd pomp array'd,  
Peopling whose stately walls I view  
The godlike forms that Raffaele drew,  
Enraptur'd see his magic hand  
Wield the creative pencil-wand,

\* Edward, styled the Black Prince, from the sable armour which he wore, son of Edward the Third.

Whose touches animation give,  
 And bid th' insensate canvass live,  
 Glowing with many a deed divine  
 Achiev'd in holy Palestine.  
 The Passions feel its potent charm,  
 And round the mighty Master swarm :

Lo ! where Dismay with haggard-gaze \*  
 The death-smote Hypocrite surveys ;  
 Beholds his eyes convulsive roll,  
 And Fate arrest his sordid soul !

Lo ! motionless Attention stands, †  
 Where to the firmament his hands  
 Sublime the great Instructor rears !  
 While Athens rapt in wonder hears  
 Truth's energetic voice proclaim  
 Her unknown God's tremendous name !

Deep read in Superstition's lore,  
 Behold capricious Zeal adore, ‡

\* Cartoon.—The Death of Ananias, in the Royal apartments at Windsor Castle.

† Cartoon.—Paul preaching at Athens.

‡ Cartoon.—Paul and Barnabas at Lystra.



In sublunary weeds array'd,  
 The fabled Gods her fears have made !  
 " Those pow'rful sounds," she cries, " I know :  
 " Hark ! from the honied lips they flow  
 " Of Maia's Son !—Can Man dispense  
 " Activity to impotence ?  
 " Can energy of mortal hand  
 " The shrunk, distorted limb expand ?  
 " Inveterate force of ills confound,  
 " And bid the lame with transport bound ?—  
 " 'Tis Jove's,—the unexampled deed !  
 " To Jove th' Isaurian Steer shall bleed !  
 " To Jove the rich libations pour !  
 " Braid in bright wreaths each blooming flow'r,  
 " Swell each loud strain of festive mirth,  
 " To gratulate the Gods on earth !"—

Artist supreme ! by Nature taught  
 To clothe with life each glowing thought,  
 Too soon \* the destinies conspire  
 To quench thy pencil's hallow'd fire ;  
 Too soon the soul that warm'd thy clay  
 Aspir'd to realms of endless day

\* Raffaëlle died in 1520, at the age of 37 years.

On wings of ecstasy, to join  
Sages and saints, a band divine,  
Whose godlike forms (ere death withdrew  
The veil that darkens mortal view)  
Heav'n bade thy penetrative eye  
Amid her dazzling courts descry ;  
Thence bade thee trace the faultless line,  
Th' expressive grace, the chaste design,  
The mien that love and awe inspires,  
And wakes devotion's purest fires.  
Thy memory, still to genius dear,  
Britain's enlighten'd sons revere ;  
And grateful hail their Monarch's name,  
Whose liberal care thy labours claim :  
To heights impervious heretofore  
Who bids immortal Science soar ;  
Far seen in venerable pride,  
Whose regal seat, expanding wide  
Its portals at his high behest,  
Hails ev'ry Art, an honour'd guest :  
Beneath whose mild, auspicious reign  
The Genius old of Greece again,  
Awaken'd from his deep repose,  
In REYNOLDS' living canvass glows ;

Where Grace and Energy divine,  
With Beauty truly blent combine :  
And braids his deathless bays around  
The British Raffaele's brows renown'd.  
Lo ! by his daring hand pourtray'd,\*  
The sanguinary scene display'd  
Where martial peers, in glittering mail,  
Unfold their pennons to the gale ;  
O'er Normandy's dismantled plains  
Where iron-clad Contention reigns ;  
And Havoc waits (his tresses wet  
With gore) thy nod, Plantagenet !  
Wafted from Albion's Isle afar,  
Where wake her sons the storm of war ;  
Where, ravish'd from the parent stem  
To grace the Victor's diadem,  
Thy Lilies, France, no more assume  
The splendour of their wonted bloom ;  
No more with peerless lustre glow,  
But soil with blood their native snow!—

\* The Victories of Edward the Third, and Edward the Black Prince, painted by Mr. West.

Now o'er the braid from FANCY'S loom  
The rich tints breathe a deeper gloom ;  
While, consecrated domes beneath  
Midst hoary shrines and caves of death,  
Secluded from the eye of day  
She bids her pensive votary stray.  
Brooding o'er monumental cells  
There awe-diffusing Silence dwells,  
Save when along the lofty fane  
Devotion wakes her hallow'd strain,  
When the vast organ's breathing frame  
Echoes the voice of loud acclaim,  
And the deep diapason's sound  
Thunders the vaulted ile around.  
From the broad window's fretted height  
Streams the rich flood of mellow'd light,  
That bids the pav'd expanse below  
With hues of gold and crimson glow,  
Reflected from the gorgeous pane,  
Where Picture holds her lasting reign :  
Where, in translucent glories dight,  
Selestial forms arrest the sight ;  
Th enraptur'd gazer's pow'rs control,  
And bathe in ecstasy the soul.

There, rang'd in reverend majesty,  
The taper shafts ascending high  
To decorate the crisped roof  
Their mingling branches shoot aloof:  
Where, blazon'd in projecting gold,  
Flame the proud crests of Barons bold.

Now beams on FANCY'S eye no more  
The spangled roof, the polish'd floor,  
The speaking chrystal's various stain  
Illumining the wondrous fane:  
Choirs, altars, shrines, illusive fade.—  
Enliv'ning Airs my sense invade:  
Encircled by the young and fair,  
The blithe Assembly's bliss I share;  
Swift o'er the lyre's harmonious strings  
His magic hand the minstrel flings;  
Responsive to the sprightly sound,  
The dancer's quivering feet rebound;  
Diffusing wide their silver rays,  
Aloft the sparkling lustres blaze;  
While milder emanations flow  
From love-enkindling orbs below.



Amid the soul-subduing scene  
Lo ! Fauconberg's majestic mien  
Conspicuous tow'rs above the rest :  
Impurpled plumes her brows invest,  
Amid whose trembling summits high  
Insidious Cupids ambush'd lie.  
To each enchanting Grace allied,  
Here Fancy bids fair Bouverie glide,  
Light as the breath of opening morn  
O'er beds of unsunn'd violets born,  
And win each heart, a willing prize,  
Unconscious of her victories.  
There Townshend threads the pleasing maze :  
Ah who can unenamour'd gaze !  
To fan the flame of chaste desire  
There Law's ingenuous charms conspire ;  
Smiles that enthral the ravish'd sense,  
The speaking eye's soft eloquence,  
And blush, whose living roses dye  
The shrine of Sensibility !  
Who the sweet magic can withstand  
Of powerful Nature's lavish hand  
Fresh as the spring, as Hebe fair,  
Where Egham sends a gentle Pair,

And bids the charm'd affections hail  
The **SISTER LILIES** of her Vale,  
Two sweeter blossoms ne'er the braid  
Of Flora's coronet display'd.  
The Measures cease—her tempting stores  
Around prolific **FANCY** pours ;  
The sumptuous board, extended wide,  
Her visionary viands hide :  
Beauty and youth the banquet share—  
Hence to the winds intrusive Care !  
Rigour unbend thy brow austere !  
The laughing Loves and Graces here  
Comus to his festive rites  
To mirth and genial cheer invites,  
And the blithe ivy-crowned Guest,  
Who thaws the Virgin's frozen breast  
With the liquid fires that glow  
Where his purple clusters grow.  
Fill'd to many a favorite name,  
I see the mantling nectar flame !  
Latent amid th' inspiring draught  
Speeds the blind God his subtle shaft,  
And while the flask his votary drains  
Despotic in his bosom reigns,

Whence, for the Nymph his soul admires,  
Th' involuntary sigh expires,  
And languor steals through every vein.—  
Now to the jocund dance again,  
And bid the merry tabor's sound,  
And harp's loud-echoing chime astound  
The drowsy steeds that through dun air  
Night's ebon-axled chariot bear !  
With frolic measures, sport and song,  
Pleasure's ecstatic reign prolong,  
'Till old Tithonus' Bride renews  
The lamp of morn, and heaven bestrews  
With roses, such as blushing speak  
Consent in Sappho's virgin-cheek :  
'Till, quite extinct each glimmering star,  
Hyperion mounts his radiant car,  
And wakes the breathing flow'rs that blow  
With richest tints of Iris' bow ;  
And fires old Ocean's flood, that pours  
His splendours round a thousand shores.  
Then home They hie, and, warm with wine,  
Still, as they press the couch supine,  
See fairy-visions round them float,  
List the soft lyre's imperfect note,

Exhaust th' imaginary vase,  
Fair forms in faltering measures chase,  
Catch from bright eyes th' ecstatic beam,  
And of ideal transports dream.

Divine Enchantress, FANCY! deign  
Still to prolong thy blissful reign!  
Frequent, to sooth my languid sense,  
Thy visionary balm dispense!  
Invest in varying colours bright  
Each grateful scene of past delight!  
Sweet dalliance let me hold with thee,  
Estrang'd from Sad Reality!

O deign to cheer my humble cell!  
Thence grave Parochial Cares expel:  
Shield me from swathed Infants' scream,  
And clouds of suffocating steam,  
That from the Gossip's bowl exhale,  
Mix'd with tobacco's potent gale!  
From Undertakers' gloomy brows,  
From Overseers' important bows,  
From ruthless Sexton's lethal face,  
And Beadles bristled o'er with lace!

Shield me from puritanic cant  
 Of Faded Maids, who matins haunt,  
 And, lowering o'er each lonely pew,  
 At once their sins and wrinkles rue !  
 My trembling ears, O FANCY, save  
 From Sternhold's inharmonious stave !  
 From the sad Brief's unpitied tale,  
 From Exposition trite and stale,  
 And many an opiate Inference !  
 Shield me from sounds at strife with sense !  
 From Pedantry of formal port,  
 And Consequence in cassoc short !

So, Goddess, thy propitious smile  
 Shall Time's ungenial flight beguile,  
 Wake into joy my pensive hours,  
 And strew life's barren path with flow'rs.  
 Nor shall the kindred Muse decline  
 To blend her simple blooms with thine ;  
 Blest, if the wreath by FANCY wove  
 Kind Friendship's partial voice approve ;  
 Nor sigh for unsubstantial bays  
 If WYATT's plaudit crown her lays,





## AMATORY ODES.

## O D E I.

LET the sons of Lucre pine  
For glittering heaps of golden ore,  
To swell th' accumulated store  
Contemn the terrors of the mine;  
Explore the caverns dark and drear  
Mantled around with deadly dew;  
Where congregated vapours blue,  
Fir'd by the taper glimmering near,  
Bid dire explosion the deep realms invade,  
And earth-born light'nings gleam athwart th' infernal  
shade.

Pride, on thy vesture's purple fold  
Let the sky-tinctur'd sapphire blaze,  
The emerald shed its milder rays,  
And rubies blush in circling gold:

Low at thy nod let suppliants bow,  
 And crested chiefs precedence yield;  
 Thy hand the rod of empire wield,  
 And wreaths of triumph grace thy brow:—  
 A nobler aim let my ambition own,  
 Be Love my empire, LESBIA'S heart my throne!

Where into rage the wint'ry blast  
 Awakes old ocean's sullen wave  
 Let Commerce urge her busy slave;  
 And elevate his trembling mast  
 Above the billowy precipice,  
 To meet the forked lightning's flash;  
 Then down th' adventurous vessel dash,  
 Found'ring within the black abyss:  
 Or let his freight secure the surges sweep,  
 And of their prey defraud the monsters of the deep:

My bark the tide of young desire,  
 O Venus to thy happy realm  
 Shall waft, fair Hope direct the helm,  
 Love's sighs the swelling sails inspire:  
 To Thee, bright offspring of the wave,  
 I'll many an amorous vow prefer:

From storms of hate thy mariner  
And blast of chill indifference save !  
So to thy pow'r I'll frame the votive lay,  
And moor'd in LESBIA'S arms confess thy sov'reign  
sway.

Amid ensanguin'd fields of war,  
Valour, be thy votary found :  
Where crimson banners wave around  
The martial clarion echoing far ;  
In vain gigantic Terror calls  
His spectre shapes, a ghastly band :  
Nor Discord hurling high his brand,  
Nor Danger's horrid front, appals ;  
Nor Death his unrelenting soul can tame,  
Or from his grasp withhold the glorious meed of  
Fame :

But let me wander far away  
From the loud drum and neighing steed,  
Thro' many a pansie-painted mead,  
Where Isis' bright-hair'd naiads stray ;  
High o'er my head a pendant bow'r  
Let the broad elm and branching pine

With intermingling umbrage twine ;  
 There Love's impassion'd song I'll pour,  
 And summon every wave that dances near,  
 Bridling his wanton speed, my LESBIA'S praise to hear.

Where the pale lamp's waning eye,  
 At ev'ning from some cloyster'd nook  
 Casts o'er the gloom a lingering look,  
 There let the Sage his labours ply ;  
 And many a feat of champion bold,  
 And many a legendary rhyme,  
 Snatch from the sepulchre of time ;  
 And frequent, as the night grows old,  
 At fear-engender'd forms recoil aghast,  
 And hear unhallow'd ghosts wail in each hollow blast :

But o'er my haunts with influence bland  
 Let Ev'ning fling her welcome shade :  
 Then mid the dance, O beauteous Maid !  
 Let me thine unreluctant hand  
 Enraptur'd seize :—or let the lyre,  
 Obedient to thy soft control,  
 Bind in harmonious chains my soul,  
 And ecstasy and bliss inspire :

While to the charmed ear in heav'nly strains,  
Enamour'd of thy touch, each trembling chord com-  
plains.

Then, Fairest ! let my bosom feel  
Thy smile's exhilarating pow'r,  
Grateful as, mid noon's sultry hour,  
The grot where trickling dews congeal :  
And, in the rich grape's purple tide  
When Joy and genial Pleasure swim,  
Do Thou but kiss its chrystal brim,  
And, to thy bard the goblet guide ;  
So shall my song exalt thy praise above  
Hebe, who bids o'erflow the nectar'd cup of Jove,

## O D E II.



Now hath the Sun his evanescent fires  
Quench'd in the billows of the western main :  
Sequester'd brakes enshroud the feathery choirs,  
And shelt'ring folds th' imprison'd herds retain.

Fall, ye deep shades ! unhear'd ye waters roll !  
Spread thy dominion, Silence, o'er the grove !  
For LESBIA sleeps :—nor cheers my pensive soul  
The glance of rapture, nor the voice of love.

Ye Winds, whose havoc-spreading pinions ply  
Their furious speed, and with dire yell invade  
This nether world, whose wasteful tyranny  
Pale Dryads mourn in many a ruin'd shade,

Wake not my love!—let not your thund'ring cry  
With dread alarm the haunts of peace infest;  
Here breathe in soft Æolian melody  
Each cadence sweet that soothes the soul to rest.

Ye Spectres (whom belated pilgrims fear,  
Issuing in throngs from charnel, vault, or tomb,  
What time deep-shadowing clouds thy radiant sphere,  
Cynthia! involve in night's meridian gloom,)

Hence to deserted fane or mouldering hall,  
Or the gaunt felon's ruthless course control!  
With monitory shriek the wretch appal,  
And to compunction wake his torpid soul:

But walk not near the couch where LESBIA lies  
Like some rich pearl in its enamell'd shell,  
Or sainted relick from profaner eyes  
Secluded in the dim shrine's silver cell.

Wanton, ye Fairies! round her tranquil bower,  
With blissful elves fantastic measures tread;  
O'er her soft eyelids dews of opiate power,  
Cull'd from choice blooms, in show'rs of fragrance shed:

Let your bright tapers' visionary ray  
The raven-tinctur'd robe of Night illumine;  
And streaming o'er your spangled crests display  
The wave-enamour'd halcyon's emerald plume!

And bid your Minstrel-Fays, a shadowy choir  
That charm the planets from their spheres sublime,  
Celestial songs, that love and joy inspire,  
Chaunt to their golden harps' harmonious chime!

And, when morn's purple streaks th' horizon stain,  
And fairies fly the peal of chanticleer,  
Let fancy still your glittering hues retain,  
Still let your wild notes tremble on her ear!

Then, **LESBIA!** wake thy beauties, fresher far  
Than Galatea boasted when she lav'd  
In the smooth deep her coral-axled car,  
And the stern heart of Neptune's Son enslav'd!

Wake at his call, to sooth whose soul in vain  
Morn sheds her radiant beam, her odorous airs,  
Save when, attentive to his artless strain,  
That radiant beam, those odours, **LESBIA** shares.



He asks no laureate wreath to deck his brows,  
No golden meed his bounded wishes claim :  
Blest if the object of his tenderest vows  
Smile on his lay :—for LESBIA'S smile is Fame.

## O D E III.



FATE gave with unrelenting speed to fly  
The genial hours that Love and LESBIA bless'd ;  
Sad, on her ear I pour'd the parting sigh,  
Sad, on her hand the parting kiss impress'd.

NOR LESBIA, generous maid, her hand withdrew,  
Nor did her ear disdain the parting sigh ;  
Swift to her cheek the living crimson flew,  
Soft pity fill'd her breast and sympathy.

There all the gentle Charities reside,  
With liberal sentiment, and chaste desire ;  
And banish cold reserve, and ruthless pride,  
That bid affection's trembling flame expire.

“ Farewell the Bard,” she cried “ whose grateful Muse  
“ Bade many a vocal shade my name resound :  
“ And, rich in Fancy’s visionary hues,  
“ With many a fairy wreath my tresses bound :

“ Still on those artless wreaths shall LESBIA smile,  
“ Still shall her partial voice applaud thy lay,  
“ Bid unexpected joy thy cares beguile,  
“ And hope’s pure radiance gild each rising day.”

Ah! far from Love, from LESBIA, doom’d to fly,  
Cheerless and sad I trace life’s gloomy scene,  
And faintly hope’s far distant ray descry,  
While clouds and darkness fill the void between!

The seaman thus the beacon’s friendly fires  
Dejected views, while the black billows swell,  
And from the haven that his soul desires  
Remorseless winds his labouring bark repel.

What lenitive can ease the bosom’s pain,  
What charm the fever of the mind remove?  
Can Solitude, can Silence, break the chain  
That’s forg’d by friendship, sympathy, and love?

Then let me shun the day-star's glittering beam,  
And seek in solitary glens repose:  
O'er the dim margin of some nameless stream,  
Her pendant shade where the sad willow throws.

Or trace the gloom of some sepulchral grove  
Where mouldering shrines a death-like stillness breathe;  
To all the soft anxieties of love  
Insensible as those that sleep beneath.

Delusive hope!—say, where the solitude  
That to intrusive Love access denies?  
Say, where the hallow'd haunt whose glooms exclude  
LESBIA'S enchanting form from Fancy's eyes?—

Then bid the flood that swells the wanton vine  
O'erflow the lucid vase with roses crown'd;  
Prepare the feast—and let the God of Wine  
Bathe with his purple balm my amorous wound!

Let the ripe cluster's animating tide  
Pervade with genial flow my languid frame,  
Till Passion's sad solitudes subside,  
Till fades, all pow'rful Love, thy fatal flame.

Ah! midst the sons of Revelry in vain  
 Thy captive, LESBIA, struggles to be free!  
 God of the grape, thy goblets while I drain,  
 Still sways my breast Love's mightier Deity!—

Let Harmony from her enchanting shell  
 Pour the sweet note that soothes affliction's sigh:  
 Now the full chord's deep modulation swell,  
 Now wake the joy-inspiring symphony;

Such as resounding from thy golden strings,  
 Divine Alcæus! charm'd hell's shadowy throng;  
 While combatants renown'd and tyrant kings  
 Conquer'd or bled in thine immortal song.\*

Say, could the voice of Melody subdue  
 The pangs that tortur'd ghosts were doom'd to bear,  
 And lull to strange repose the serpent-crew  
 That hiss, Alecto, in thine iron hair? †

\* —te sonantem pleniùs aureo,  
 Alcæe, plectro — —  
 Pugnas et exactos Tyrannos.  
 † — illis carminibus —  
 ————— intorti capillis  
 Eumenidum recreantur angues.

*Horat. lib. ii. Ode 13.*

Then let the cares that rend a lover's breast  
The magic of that voice resistless prove!—  
Still breathes th' enamour'd Bard his fond request  
In vain—for Music is the food of Love.

When Eve's mild-echoing songs the vale pervade,  
Thy milder accents, Nymph belov'd, I hear:  
When the sad lute complains, by fancy's aid  
Thy soft expression soothes my ravish'd ear.

Sweet the wild echoes of the valley,—Sweet  
Warbles the soft lute's melancholy note:  
But strains with richer melody replete  
From LESBIA'S lips on gales of fragrance float.—

Not Music, Wine, nor Solitude, can quell  
The tumults that this bleeding bosom knows.  
Then visit, God of Sleep, my pensive cell,  
And to my soul restore its lost repose!

Auspicious to my pray'r the gloomy God  
Bids the deep shadows of the night arise;  
O'er my lone couch extends his sable rod,  
And seals with opiate charm his suppliant's eyes.

Ah! whence that Virgin Bloom, on night's dun pall  
 Whose glance with pity's mild effulgence beams?  
 Dear Sov'reign of my soul, at Fancy's call  
 'Tis LESBIA comes to bless her Poet's dreams!

Less lovely midst the never-fading flowers  
 Of Paradise the fabled Houri strays!  
 Less fair the nymphs of Schiras' cypress bowers  
 That bloom in amorous Hafez' glowing lays!\*

Dazzling the Phrygian Boy's enraptur'd sight  
 Not Venus 'self with charms that rivall'd thine,  
 'Mid the broad shades of Ida's piny height  
 To beauty's meed preferr'd her claim divine!

“ To Fairy glades, Blest Vision! lead the way,  
 “ O'er sands of gold where liquid chrystal roves;  
 “ Where drinks unclouded summer's genial ray  
 “ Incense exhal'd from aromatic groves:

\* Schiras or Scheraz, the capital of Ancient Persia: said to derive its name from Cyrus.—The Poet Hafez, the Anacreon of the East, was entombed in this city, rich in nature's choicest luxuriance, and overshadowed with cypresses of unrivalled elevation and beauty.

- “ Where o’er each shadowy dell and oak-crown’d steep  
“ Celestial forms in bright succession glide;  
“ Where light-rob’d nymphs th’ unbending blossoms  
    sweep,  
“ Or rise in radiance from the tranquil tide:
- “ Where, LESBIA! as I raise the song to Thee,  
“ The list’ning Fauns their antic dance refrain;  
“ And dulcet sounds of airy minstrelsy  
“ From harps unseen accompany the strain.
- “ And while th’ impassion’d lay thy praises breathes  
“ Each ruder gale subsides, ambrosial showers  
“ Embathe the lavish blooms, and living wreaths  
“ Of brighter green array the magic bow’rs.
- “ And Love, light hovering in the balmy air,  
“ Fires his proud torch and nerves his golden bow,  
“ And braids his roseate bands for Thee, my Fair!  
“ And bids thy brest his gentlest transports know.
- “ Thine eyes confess his pow’r:—Stay waning Night!  
“ Start not, Hyperion, from thine orient goal!  
“ Ye blissful dreams, ye visions of delight,  
“ Ye dear delusions, still possess my soul!”—



Dissolving at th' unwelcome gleam of dawn,  
The spell that sway'd my captive sense expires:  
No liquid chrystal laves the fairy lawn;  
No viewless minstrels wake celestial lyres;

No spicy groves unfading foilage spread;  
Beneath their nectarine freight no branches bend;  
No sylvan bands fantastic measures tread;  
No pearl-crown'd sisters from the wave ascend:

The laughing meads where flow'rs spontaneous grew,  
The landscape's various grace, the genial skies  
In cloudless azure dress'd elude my view;  
And glowing Fancy's bright creation dies.

But THOU, blest object of my hopes and fears,  
Still shall the Muse's living meed be thine,  
While grace enchants, while gentleness endears,  
While admiration bends at Beauty's shrine:

LESBIA! for Thee affection's genuine glow  
Shall realize gay Fancy's fairy dream:  
For Thee, th' impassion'd tear, the lay shall flow,  
Warm from my heart while flows life's crimson stream.

## O D E IV.

TO LESBIA'S LUTE.



YE powerful strings, from whose vibration flows  
Joy's thrilling tide and sadly pleasing woe :  
Soothing the sense, yet to the soul's repose  
Destructive as the nerve of Cupid's bow !

With gentlest melody in LESBIA'S ear  
(If any mortal sounds have pow'r to tell)  
Whisper how much I hope—how much I fear—  
The pity I implore—the pains I feel.

When her light touch calls forth th' enlivening strain,  
Bid rapture float upon the charmed air :  
Tell her, when sad th' expressive notes complain :  
“ So breathes thy bard the sigh of deep despair.”

Of yore such sounds, as thrill th' enamour'd breast  
When LESBIA'S hands the silver chords embrace,  
Could lull th' embattled elements to rest,  
Bend knotted oaks, and tame a ruthless race :

Yet, LESBIA! like thy lute tho' Orpheus strung  
His lyre to strains divine, its amorous Lord  
For Thee had left Euridice unsung,  
And Pluto's gloomy confines unexplor'd.

## O D E V.

T O

THE NAIAD OF GLYMPTON BROOK.

---

NAIAD, unseen of mortal eyes,  
Whose light steps haunt this Current lone,  
Where gentle Zephyr's balmy sighs,  
With thy wild wave in unison,  
Blend their aërial melodies ;

Let me to thy deserted shades  
Reveal the never-dying flame  
That all my pensive soul pervades,  
And teach thine echoes LESBIA'S name  
Ere the soft light of evening fades !

Unheard, unnotic'd, let me rove  
Thy trembling osier wreaths among,  
And woo the Muse where none reprove  
Affection's unambitious song,  
Nor chide the plaint of hopeless love.

There, when the day's dim eyelids close,  
Hide me within some shadowy cave ;  
And, minist'ring to calm repose,  
Ah softly bid thy babbling wave  
Kiss the dank sedge that round it grows !

No angler's cruel arts are mine,  
Ye timid tenants of the brook !  
Thrown from my hand no viewless line,  
Disguis'd by me no treacherous hook,  
Bids you your little lives resign.

Nor this pellucid rill refrain  
To sip, ye minstrels of the air !  
Your downy plumage to distain  
With blood no fatal tube I bear,  
Nor pay with death your artless strain.

That breast no savage joys can share,  
Where glow Affection's generous fires :  
Soft Pity finds her mansion there,  
All whom the breath of life inspires  
By her own sorrows taught to spare.

Mine, gentle NAIAD ! be the dell  
Whose clear stream laves thy chrystal grot:  
Within its confines let me dwell,  
By all but One dear Maid forgot,  
And bid a world of cares farewell.

Oft let me view thy trembling tide  
Chequer'd with Cynthia's silver light,  
What time, in Fancy's train descried,  
Before my fascinated sight  
Past Joy's illusive phantoms glide.

Hopeless of happier hours to come,  
No more array'd in flattering hues  
For me the buds of Pleasure bloom :  
Yet deigns, at Fancy's call, the Muse  
To gild Affliction's deepening gloom.

With LESBIA's praise the strain shall glow ;  
Oh may she taste each bliss supreme  
That hope can paint, or love bestow ;  
And calm as Glym's sequester'd stream  
May her life's gentle current flow !

Wind, lovely Brook, thy murmuring way,  
Still with my sorrows sympathize :  
So may thy banks fresh flow'rs inlay,  
Thy waves in rich redundance rise,  
Mild Zephyrs on thy bosom play !

If Zephyr should his breath deny,  
My sighs shall fan thy flowery beds :  
If parching rays thy channel dry,  
The tears desponding Passion sheds  
Shall its exhausted stream supply.

## ELEGY.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

---

ON sapphire throne, o'er Heav'n's unnumber'd fires  
The moon in full-orb'd majesty presides ;  
Calm are the seas, a favouring breeze transpires,  
While thro' the waves the Vessel smoothly glides :

Beyond th' horizon's bound the mind extends,  
To the sought shores where Hope delusive leads ;  
And flattering Fancy keen regret suspends  
For absent kindred, friends, and native meads :

Till Sympathy from brooding Memory's stores  
Culls thorns, and plants them in the bleeding breast ;  
Sunk into gloom the mind no more explores  
Hope's future dawn, and pants in vain for rest.



What tho' the seas are calm, the skies serene,  
Thus anguish dictates the desponding strain :  
" To Friendship fear presents a gloomier scene,  
" The whirlwind's fury and tempestuous main.

" Ev'n now perhaps from many a kindred eye  
" My dubious fate compels the generous tear,  
" And ev'ry passing cloud that veils the sky  
" Chills some fond anxious breast with boding fear.

" In my Love's bosom deeper sorrows roll,  
" Frantic with dread she sighs, implores, she raves ;  
" Whilst Horror paints me, to her-sickening soul,  
" Dash'd on a rock, or whelm'd beneath the waves."

Father of Heav'n, whose power controls the storms,  
O let thy mercy hear a wanderer's pray'r !  
Check the wild fears connubial fondness forms,  
And save the tender Mourner from despair !

For Me,—whate'er thy sov'reign will shall doom,  
Still give me faith to bear that lot resign'd :  
That faith which bursts the confines of the tomb,  
And, heav'n-aspiring, soothes th' afflicted mind.

## P H I L E M O N .

## AN ELEGY.

---

WHERE shade yon yews the churchyard's lonely  
    bourn,  
With faltering step, absorb'd in thought profound,  
PHILEMON wends in solitude to mourn,  
While Evening pours her deep'ning glooms around.

Loud shrieks the blast, the sleety torrent drives,  
Wide spreads the tempest's desolating power ;  
To grief alone PHILEMON reckless lives,  
No rolling peal he heeds, cold blast, or shower.

For this the date that stampt his partner's doom ;  
His trembling lips receiv'd her latest breath.  
" Ah ! wilt thou drop one tear on EMMA's tomb ?"  
She cried : and clos'd each wistful eye in death.

No sighs he breath'd, for anguish riv'd his breast,  
Her clay-cold hand he grasp'd, no tears he shed,  
'Till fainting nature sunk by grief oppress'd,  
And ere distraction came all sense was fled.

Now time has calm'd, not cur'd PHILEMON'S woe,  
For grief like his life-woven never dies ;  
And still each year's collected sorrows flow,  
As drooping o'er his EMMA'S tomb he sighs.

## THE POET AND THE ROSE.

FROM GAY.



Go, Rose, my CHLOE'S bosom grace!  
How happy should I prove,  
Might I supply that envied place  
With never fading love!  
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye  
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die!

Know, hapless Flow'r, that thou shalt find  
More fragrant roses there:  
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd  
With envy and despair!  
One common fate we both must prove;  
You die with envy, I with love,

IDEM

LATINÈ REDDITUM.



I, ROSA, deliciae florum, properare memento  
Quà niveo invitat pectore pulchra CHLOE !  
O, mihi si liceat tali requiescere nido,  
Quàm vellem vestro nuncius ire loco !  
Sic, O sic positum, rari Phœnicis ad instar,  
Fragranti extinctum morte perire juvat !

At, Flos infelix, caveas ! formosius ardet,  
Dulcè magis redolet, candidus iste sinus :  
Vincendi Nympham spem frustrà pascis inanem ;  
En folia arescunt, ecce recline caput !  
Et Flos et Dominus fato moriuntur eodem,  
Te flamma invidiae, Me meus urit amor.

## WHITSUNTIDE.

WRITTEN AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE  
ON THE IMMEDIATE APPROACH OF THE HOLIDAYS.

---

HENCE, thou fur-clad Winter, fly !  
Sire of shivering Poverty !  
Who, as thou creep'st with chilblains lame  
To the crowded charcoal flame,  
With chattering teeth and ague cold,  
Scarce thy shaking sides canst hold  
While Thou draw'st the deep cough out :  
God of Foot-ball's noisy rout,  
Tumult loud and boist'rous play,  
The dangerous slide, the snow-ball fray.

But come, thou genial Son of Spring,  
WHITSUNTIDE ! and with thee bring  
Cricket, nimble boy and light,  
In slippers red and drawers white,

Who o'er the nicely-measur'd land  
Ranges around his comely band,  
Alert to intercept each blow,  
Each motion of the wary foe.

Or patient take thy quiet stand,  
The angle trembling in thy hand,  
And mark, with penetrative eye,  
Kissing the wave the frequent fly,  
Where the trout, with eager spring,  
Forms the many-circled ring,  
And, leaping from the silver tide,  
Turns to the sun his speckled side.

Or lead where Health, a naiad fair,  
With rosy cheek and dripping hair,  
From the sultry noon-tide beam,  
Laves in Itchin's crystal-stream.

Thy votaries, rang'd in order due,  
To-morrow's wish'd-for dawn shall view  
Greeting the radiant star of light  
With Matin Hymn and early rite :

E'en now, these hallow'd haunts among,  
To Thee we raise the Choral Song ;\*  
And swell with echoing minstrelsy  
The strain of joy and liberty.

If pleasures such as these await  
Thy genial reign, with heart elate  
For THEE I throw my gown aside,  
And hail thy coming, WHITSUNTIDE.

\* A Latin song, called "DOMUM," sung with instrumental accompaniment, on the day before the commencement of their Whitsuntide vacation, by the scholars of Winchester College. The words "Matin Hymn, &c." in the preceding couplet refer to other ancient customs of that venerable seminary.



## CHRISTMAS.

---

HENCE, Summer, indolently laid  
To sleep beneath the cooling shade !  
Panting quick with sultry heat,  
Thirst and faint Fatigue retreat !

Come, CHRISTMAS ! father Thou of Mirth,  
Patron of the festive hearth,  
Around whose social ev'ning flame  
The jovial song, the winter game,  
The chase renew'd in merry tale,  
The season's carols never fail.  
Who, tho' Winter chill the skies,  
Canst catch the glow of exercise,  
Following swift the foot-ball's course ;  
Or with unresisted force,

Where Frost arrests the harden'd tide,  
Shooting athwart the rapid slide.

Who, ere the misty morn is grey,  
To some high covert hark'st away ;  
While Sport, on lofty courser borne,  
In concert winds his echoing horn  
With the deeply-thund'ring hounds,  
Whose clangour wild, and joyful sounds,  
While echo swells the doubling cry,  
Shake the woods with harmony.  
How does my eager bosom glow  
To give the well known tally-ho !  
Or shew, with cap inverted, where  
Stole away the cautious hare !

Or, if the blast of Winter keen  
Spangles o'er the silvery green,  
Booted high thou lov'st to tread,  
Marking, thro' the sedgy mead,  
Where the creeping moor-hen lies,  
Or snipes with sudden twittering rise :  
Or joy'st the early walk to take  
Where, thro' the pheasant-haunted brake

Oft as the well-aim'd gun resounds,  
The eager-dashing spaniel bounds.

For thee of buck my breeches tight,  
Clanging whip, and rowels bright,  
The hunter's cap my brows to guard,  
And suit of sportive green 's prepar'd :  
For, since these delights are thine,  
CHRISTMAS, with thy bands I join.

## FREE IMITATION OF A LATIN ODE,

BY WALTER DE MAPES,

ARCHDEACON OF OXFORD IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

I.

I'LL in a tavern end my days  
 'Midst boon companions merry,  
 Place at my lips a lusty flask  
 Replete with sparkling sherry,  
 That angels hov'ring round may cry,  
 When I lie dead as door-nail:  
 " Rise, genial Deacon, rise and drink  
 " Of the well of Life Eternal."

---

CANTILENA.

I.

MIHI est propositum in tabernâ mori,  
 Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,  
 Ut dicant, cùm venerint Angelorum chori:  
 " Deus sit propitius huic Potatori!"

## II.

'Tis wine the fading lamp of life  
Renews with flame celestial,  
And elevates th' enraptur'd sense  
Above this globe terrestrial :  
Be mine the grape's pure juice, unmix'd  
With any base ingredient !  
Water to heretics I leave,  
Sound churchmen have no need on't.

---

  
CANTILENA.

## II.

Poculis accenditur animi lucerna ;  
Cor imbutum Nectare volat ad superna ;  
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in tabernâ  
Quàm quod aquâ miscuit præsulis Pincerna.

## III.

Crosiers for lordly priests provide,  
 Let warriors wield the truncheon;  
 I ask no implements beside  
 A tankard and a luncheon:  
 Verses and odes without good cheer  
 I never could indite 'em,  
 Sure he who meager days devis'd  
 Is d——d ad infinitum!

---

## CANTILENA.

## III.

Suum cuique proprium dat Natura munus,  
 Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos;  
 Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus,  
 Sitim et jejunium odi tanquam funus.

## IV.

When I exhaust the bowl profound  
And gen'rous liquor swallow,  
Bright as the beverage I imbibe  
The gen'rous numbers follow;  
Your sneaking water-drinkers all  
I utterly condemn 'em,  
He that would write like Homer,  
Must drink like Agamemnon.

---

## CANTILENA.

## IV.

Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo,  
Non possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo;  
Nihil valet penitùs quod jejunos scribo,  
Nasonem post calices facilè præibo.

v.

Mysteries and prophetic truths,  
 I never could unfold 'em  
 Without a flagon of good wine  
 And a lusty slice of cold ham ;  
 But when my flagon I have drain'd,  
 And eat what's in the dish up,  
 Tho' I am but an Archdeacon, I  
 Can preach like an Archbishop.

---

## CANTILENA.

v.

Mihi nunquàm spiritus prophetiæ datur  
 Nisi cùm fuerit venter benè satur :  
 Cùm in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur  
 In me Phœbus irruit ac miranda fatur.



S O N G.  

---

TO CHLOE kind and CHLOE fair,  
With sparkling eye and flowing hair,  
Tune the harp, and raise the song ;  
Such as to Beauty doth belong !

Let the strain be sweet and clear ;  
Such as through the listening ear,  
In well according harmony,  
May with the 'tranced soul agree !

She is Pleasure's blooming Queen :  
In the morn more fresh her mien,  
When awaken'd from repose,  
Than the summer's dewy rose :  
In the ev'ning brighter far  
Than the ocean-bathed star.

And when Night, the friend of love,  
Bids the silent hour improve,  
To the ravish'd senses She  
Gives joy, and bliss, and ecstasy.

THE  
 RENOWNED HISTORY AND RARE  
 ACHIEVEMENTS  
 OF  
 JOHN WILKES.  
 AN HEROIC BALLAD.

DICERE RES GRANDES NOSTRO DAT MUSA POETÆ.

*Persius, Sat. 1.*

FULL often I have read, inscrib'd  
 On parchment and on vellum,  
 The deeds of ancient heroes and  
 The chances that befel 'em ;  
 And ballads I have heard rehears'd  
 By harmonists itinerant,  
 Who modern worthies celebrate,  
 Yet scarcely make a dinner on't :  
 Some of whom sprang from noble race,  
 And some were in pigstye born ;

Dependent upon royal grace,  
 Or triple tree of Tyburn.  
 And sundry gallants yet unsung,  
 Who scarcely have their fellows,  
 Amendments move in parliament,  
 Or live by mending bellows :  
 But of all who were or will be sung  
 In solemn stave or ditty,  
 There's none can vie with **JOHNNY WILKES,**  
 The Chamberlain of the City.

## CHORUS.

*JOHN WILKES he was for Middlesex,  
 They chose him knight of the shire :  
 And he made a fool of Alderman BULL,  
 And call'd Parson HORNE a lyar.*

Homer, for provender and fame,  
 When he was blind and pennyless,  
 Descanted of the Spartan Dame  
 Who a cuckold made of Menelaus :  
 His heroes' sounding names you've heard,  
 Whose blood or brains were spill'd in

Troy's siege, as long as Nestor's beard,  
 Which rooks their nests did build in.  
 Virgil Æneas sung, of yore  
 Approv'd a valiant soldier ;  
 Thro' slaughter, smoke, and flame, he bore  
 His dad upon his shoulder :  
 (Else had some swaggering Grecian boy  
 Soon made a hole in his skin,  
 And spitted him in burning Troy  
 To roast like a pork griskin.)  
 Æneas hence for piety  
 Was fam'd, or folks belie him ;  
 Yet Helenus was as good as he,  
 And chaplain to King Priam.  
 But why the merits do I vaunt  
 Of chaplain or of layman ?  
 JOHN WILKES was brave as John of Gaunt,  
 Religious as a Bramin :  
 Where wit or weapon came in play  
 Nothing for JOHN was too hard ;  
 He wrote against the King all day,  
 And at night he fought his Steward.\*

\* A minute detail of the duel which Mr. Wilkes fought with Lord Talbot, Steward of the Household, is given in "Letters to and from Mr. Wilkes," published in 1769.

Eke was he Friar of Medenham,\*  
 And liv'd in orthodoxy ;  
 For, when he could not pray himself,  
 The Monkey was his proxy.

## CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex, &c.*

Old Shylock, the Jew-broker,  
 Was both covetous and cruel ;  
 He hoarded up his ducats, and  
 He dined on watergruel ;  
 And, when Anthonio could not pay  
 The monies he had borrow'd,  
 He pull'd out his snickersnee  
 With imprecations horrid :  
 " Thy bond is forfeited," he cried,  
 " The penalty, I ask it ;

\* For an account of the Monks of Medenham, and the consternation excited among the members of that irreverend order, during the celebration of their scandalous rites, by BROTHER WILKES'S MONKEY, consult the third volume of "CHRYSAL," or "The Adventures of a Guinea." And for a particular description of Medenham Abbey, see the "Letters to Mr. Wilkes" beforementioned.

" Ay, and a pound of Christian flesh  
 " I'll cut from thy bread-basket."  
 But, when poor Sylva John besought  
 That he would but name his pay-day,  
 John swore that he had no such word  
 In his Encyclopedia :  
 Whereat this patient Israelite  
 He waxed wondrous ire :  
 But lo ! JOHN chous'd him of his bond,  
 And he burnt it in the fire.\*

## CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex, &c.*

\* Mr. Wilkes, having been repeatedly solicited by Sylva, a Jew, to discharge a bond and other securities, which he had given him to a considerable amount, at length appointed a day and hour for that express purpose, inviting his creditor to breakfast with him at the same time. The Jew, punctual to his engagement, met with the most flattering reception, and sat down to a special *déjuné diné* most exquisitely seasoned with the wit and vivacity of his host, who unlocked his *scrutoire* and made a display of cash and bank notes, minutely inquiring of Sylva the amount of what he owed him, and whether he had brought with him every receipt which was requisite to exonerate his debtor from future demands. The bond and necessary papers were of course produced, and freely submitted by Sylva (whom the fascinat-

Fair Hannah Snell her farthingale  
 Pull'd off and, under cover  
 Of breeches and a soldier's coat,  
 Pursued her absent lover :  
 Her bodkin to a pike transform'd,  
 She brandish'd in her right hand,  
 And Frenchmen's souls, thro' eyelet holes  
 I' their carcasses, she frighten'd :  
 This female musqueteer her foes  
 As flat as flounders laid 'em ;  
 Powder and ball serv'd her instead  
 Of powder and pomatum.  
 Paris, for love of Helena,  
 Kindled a fierce combustion ;  
 Consum'd in flames the town of Troy,  
 And Priam's breeches fustian.  
 And great Alcides, son of Jove,  
 Mauge his strength and valour,

ing pleasantry of his host had thrown intirely off his guard) to  
 Mr. Wilkes's inspection, who, availing himself of the confidence  
 reposed in him, instantaneously committed them to the flames ;  
 and seizing the poker, which he had purposely suffered to be-  
 come red hot in the fire, employed it in keeping his distracted  
 creditor at bay till the bond, &c. &c. were consumed to ashes.

This detail is faithfully given from the statement of the un-  
 lucky sufferer himself.



For love of beauteous Omphale  
 Became a woman's taylor :  
 He, who th' Augëan stables cleans'd,  
 A kerchief hemm'd to please her :  
 Antæus once he squeez'd to death,  
 But now became mop-squeezer :  
 Yet all this he endur'd for love,  
 And eke bore many an hard drub :  
 But for love of Parson Horne's lac'd coat  
 JOHN—stole away his Wardrobe.\*

## CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex, &c.*

\* The articles comprized in this clerical wardrobe, for the satisfaction of the curious reader, are subjoined, viz.

- |                                     |          |
|-------------------------------------|----------|
| 1 Suit of scarlet and gold,         | } cloth. |
| 1 Suit of white and silver,         |          |
| 1 Suit of blue and silver; camblet. |          |
| 1 Suit of flowered silk.            |          |
| 1 Suit of black silk.               |          |
| 1 Black velvet surtout.             |          |

These many-coloured Canonicals which our hero, retorting a quotation of Horace upon his quondam intimate, (and, what is no less extraordinary than it is evident from his own letter, misunderstanding the passage itself) calls, the "Vestimenta pretiosa of Eutrapelus," his reverend Correspondent, it seems,

Mahomet, marching at the head  
 Of his victorious rabble,  
 His apostolic mission prov'd  
 With sword irrefragable ;  
 A heaven of wine and women preach'd,  
 To make men more devout ;  
 And if he fail'd to turn their brains  
 His Saracens beat 'em out :  
 Gabriel took Mahomet to heav'n  
 And did a mule provide him ;  
 And thus JOHN WILKES to Brentford rode  
 With Parson Horne beside him :  
 There 'mongst the men of Middlesex  
 Renown and fame he got him,  
 And chosen was to mend the state,  
 Because 'twas old and rotten :  
 And Chamberlain was after made  
 For 's just and righteous dealings ;  
 They wisely trusted to his charge  
 All their half-crowns and shillings.

entrusted to his custody in May, 1767, and charges him with  
 having pawned in Paris to supply his necessities in the Sep-  
 tember following. See pages 37, 39, 40, 67. of *Controversial*  
*Letters of John Wilkes, Esq. &c.*—Williams, Fleet-street, 1771.

Then a fig for Mecca's saint, a fig  
 For Tartar, Turk, or Saracen !  
 Our Chamberlain, that rascal race,  
 Excels beyond comparison :  
 Their Prophet was an arrant cheat ;  
 JOHN WILKES is no impostor:  
 He cares no more for the Alcoran  
 Than for the Pater Noster.

## CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex, &c.*

Renown'd in ancient story was  
 St. George, the Capadocian,  
 Whose spear, like turkey-rhubarb, set  
 The dragon's guts in motion.  
 Achilles Hector did assail,  
 Transfix'd him with his javelin,  
 Then dragg'd him at his horse's tail  
 Round every Trojan ravelin.  
 Ryance his mantle lined with beards  
 Of kings, instead of ermine ; \*

\* See the Ballad :—

“ When Arthur, at Camelford, kept his Court royal. ”

*Reliques of Antient Poetry.*

And Arthur's royal chin to shave  
 With 's broad-sword did determine ;  
 But Arthur quell'd the Welchman's boast,  
 He kill'd him dead as door-nail,  
 And sent him down his cheese to toast  
 At Pluto's fire infernal.  
 Intrepid Guy of Warwick to  
 A giant gave defiance,  
 Cut off his head and made him an  
 Example to all giants :  
 A fierce dun cow came in his way,  
 And on the head he knock'd her ;  
 But valorous JOHN WILKES, he cow'd  
 Sir William Beauchamp Proctor.

## CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex, &c.*

King Nebuchadnezzar  
 Liv'd in a costly palace ;  
 He wore a crown of gold, and drank  
 Out of a golden chalice :  
 He was the cock of eastern kings  
 And Babylon he builded ;

His mutton was in silver serv'd  
And his gingerbread was gilded.  
In Dura's plain, this prince profane,  
A golden giant set up,  
So big the guildhall giants he  
Could both of them have eat up!  
A swinging dog, taller than Og,  
The monster-king of Basan ;  
Colbrand and Pantagruel eke  
He would have turn'd his —— on.  
Forthwith the monarch gave command  
That men of every nation  
Should to his idol bow the knee,  
And pay him adoration :  
And certain honest Israelites,  
Who disobey'd his motion,  
He in a fiery furnace cast,  
To kindle their devotion ;  
To broil and spitchcock 'em like eels  
It was his royal pleasure :  
Yet scap'd unsear'd each Hebrew beard—  
No God-a-mercy—'Nezzar !  
For, furnace-proof, Shadrach and Co.  
Combustibles were lost on ;

Faith had envelop'd them, I trow,  
 With gabardine *ἀκαυστον* :\*  
 Abash'd the tyrant stood amidst  
 His parasites and pandars,  
 To see his bonfire set at nought  
 By a leash of Salamanders :  
 But when a brother of their tribe  
 His bond produced, and boasted  
 He'd be too hard for WILKES, sly JOHN  
 The Jew completely *roasted*.

## CHORUS.

JOHN WILKES *he was for Middlesex, &c.*

Your Ostrich, he will swallow brass,  
 And iron he loves dearly :  
 He'll pick up a gross of tenpenny nails  
 As cocks and hens do barley.  
 Powell, as some folks take small beer  
 To cool 'em when they 've drank hard,  
 Steep'd in his brandy capsicum,  
 Like burrage in cold tankard :  
 And redhot coals, instead of rolls,  
 Ate for his breakfast duly,

\* The breast-plate of faith. 1 *Thess.* v.

Who, through faith, quenched the violence of fire. *Hebr.* xi.

Burnt brimstone, gunpowder, and pitch,  
To him were soup and bouillie :  
Sky-rockets, 'stead of sausages,  
Ran hissing down his weasen ;  
Wash'd down with aqua-fortis strong,  
To keep his guts from freezing.  
The Dragon of Wantley churches ate,  
(He us'd to come on a Sunday)  
Whole congregations were to him  
A dish of Salmagundi :  
He gave no quarter, no not he,  
To clergymen or laymen :  
Crack'd ev'n the Sexton's jobberknowl,  
And spoil'd him for saying amen :  
He pouch'd the Prebendaries all,  
Who ne'er gave him an ill word ;  
Snapp'd up the Dean, as snug in his stall  
As a maggot in a filbert.  
The Corporation worshipful  
He valued not an ace,  
But swallow'd the Mayor, asleep in his chair,  
And pick'd his teeth with the mace.  
He brows'd on monumental brass  
Fix'd in the wall o' th' cloysters ;

And shoals of bawling choristers  
He ate, like scallop'd oysters.  
He quarrell'd with the steeple clock  
And ate him while he was striking ;  
Bell-ropes he munch'd for chitterlings,  
Tho' they wer'n't so much to his liking :  
Tombstones and monuments he took  
For pills to cool his palate ;  
And cropt the church-yard yew-trees all—  
They serv'd him for a sallad.  
The organ that so loud did roar  
Devour'd he in his frolick ;  
And batten'd on the bellows-blower,  
For he fear'd not the wind-colick.  
To 'scape his sacrilegious maw  
This Dragon he gave none chance,  
But swallow'd the knave that set the stave,  
And felt no qualm of conscience :  
Parsons were his black-puddings, and  
Fat Aldermen his capons ;  
And his tid-bit, the collection plate  
Brimful of Birmingham halfpence.  
Clerks, Curates, Rectors, Bishops ate  
This Dragon most uncivil ;



And (but he never comes to church)  
He would have eat the Devil.  
But the men of Aylesbury esteem  
JOHN WILKES a greater rarity :  
They made Him trustee for their school,  
And He swallow'd up the Charity.

## CHORUS.

*JOHN WILKES he was for Middlesex,  
They chose him knight of the shire :  
And he made a fool of Alderman BULL,  
And call'd Parson HORNE a liar.*

S O N G.  

---

THO' Fortune may boast at her shrine  
That the world's adoration is paid,  
No idol shall she be of mine :  
No devotion I owe the blind jade :  
Yet rich in affection I live,  
For tell me what boon so divine  
Has a world of luxuriance to give  
As one smile, my dear Mary ! of thine ?

The glitt'ring distinctions of state  
May the envy of sycophants move ;  
But who would forego, to be great,  
Independance, contentment, and love ?  
Gems and ore do not fall to my share,  
But what gem can such transport impart  
As one glance of thy kindness, my Fair !  
What mine 's half so rich as thy heart ?

With Fate let them quarrel that choose,  
Chagrin shall ne'er furrow my brow,  
To the pray'r of thy swain let the Muse,  
Dear Maid ! be propitious as Thou.  
Then a truce with thy counsels, old Care,  
Not a sigh at thy bidding I'll breathe :  
For, though sombre the garb that I wear,  
Yet light is my heart underneath.

A C R U S T  
 FOR  
 A C O N V E Y A N C E R.

---

HEAR, with patient attention, a tragical tale,  
 Which will make our episcopal Synod turn pale,  
 Who from these simple stanzas—if ever they read 'em—  
 Will find that the lawyers must soon supersede 'em.

*Derry down, &c.*

For our Bishops so learn'd, and our Deans orthodox,  
 And Rectors take little account of their flocks,  
 But leave unconcern'd their lay-lambs in the lurch :—  
 So Conveyancers henceforth must govern the church.

The gods—Epicurus averr'd long ago—  
 With indiff'rence beheld revolutions below;  
 They drank nectar and feasted, nor cared half-a-crown  
 Though mankind, like the French, turn'd the globe upside  
 down :

Thus our gossips aver that their lordships in lawn  
 Have from things of *this* world their attention withdrawn,  
 And, intent on *the next*, of each church leave the care  
 To Curates no better than him of Q\*\*\*\*'s square.

And in truth to this Curate old Nick ow'd a grudge;  
 For—although in the pulpit as grave as a judge—  
 Yet folks, who his conduct have narrowly scann'd,  
 Say he did not put quite enough starch in his band.

That, besides, he'd imbib'd an heretical notion,  
 That “ a Parson *may laugh*—till he's rais'd to promotion:”  
 Nay a joke had been heard at a vestry to crack,  
 And would dabble in rhyme though his coat it was black.

Some, who held themselves censors of no little note,  
 Said he'd preach better doctrine than—ever he wrote:  
 But, *what's worst*, in the service, no vacuum or gap,  
 No pause he'd allow for—good Christians to nap.

Though they own'd, to atone for the last mention'd crime,  
 He'd engag'd an Assistant who read to slow time:  
 So, should slumber, in spite of his efforts, o'ertake 'em,  
 No danger there was that his colleague might wake 'em.—

Yet—as if these *high* crimes were but slight pec-  
cadilloes—

The parishioners rested at ease on their pillows,  
Their pastors they follow'd, their puddings they ate 'em ;  
And so they may still—would John H\*\*\*\*\*y let 'em.

A Conveyancer he is—employ him who list :  
Forbidding his aspect, and close is his fist ;  
With more coin in his pocket than brains in his  
head,  
Yet a book he has written that nobody read : \*

\* The Life of Lord Mansfield.

“ Sooner shall \_\_\_\_\_

“ Great Mansfield fall by an attorney's hand.

“ See a long law-life, in 4to. of the great Earl Mansfield, Lord Chief  
“ Justice of the King's Bench, by Mr. Holliday, in a very peculiar  
“ style indeed. For the greater part, it is a bundle of reports and law  
“ pleadings strung together. It is astonishing to me that conveyancers  
“ and attorneys, *who really appear not to know how to construct a*  
“ *single sentence without provoking a smile at some error in gram-*  
“ *mar, language, or metaphor,* will think themselves qualified to  
“ deliver down to posterity the lives of great men. Luckily Mr.  
“ Holliday's zeal does not offend us in rhyme. The friendship and  
“ the verse of Pope, as well as the splendour of his own abilities,  
“ and the dignity of their high exertions, have secured an eternity of  
“ reputation to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, which *can never fall,*  
“ *even by Mr. Holliday's attempt.*”—Pursuits of Literature, 7th edit.  
page 322.

And projected, besides, a *Commercial Canal*,  
 Which no water replenish'd, and none ever shall :  
 Yet the drift on't was such as (to make him amends)  
 Fill'd his own, while it emptied the fobs of his friends.\*

To the gizzard it griev'd this pestiferous Don,  
 That matters at church went so quietly on.  
 Thought he: these viles Curates I'll haul o'er the  
     coals,  
 And jobation bestow—for the good of their souls.

I'm unjustly accounted a niggard, I trow,  
 Since, if *one hand* withholds, I with *t'other* bestow :  
 This truth I'll our church reformation make good in ;  
 They shall taste my *rebuke* who ne'er tasted my *pudding*.

But although for her sons I've a tickler of birch,  
 I've an high veneration for Good Mother Church :  
 And—unless for reproof when she needs my assistance—  
 To evince my respect—I still keep at a distance. †

\* The reader, who would be more fully informed on this head, will please to consult the *Contributors* to Mr. H's Commercial undertaking, who are *well qualified* to give him the *proper explanation*.

† The pious Conveyancer has *no seat* in his parish church.

To the vestry, indignant, he then stalk'd away,  
 Where church-wardens and sides-men sat rang'd in array:  
 And so grim did he look that their conclave astounded  
 Thought they saw Hamlet's ghost, or Don Quixotte dis-  
 mounted.

“ He was led there ”—he said, when he first stood before  
 'em—

“ Lest one should be wanting to make up their quorum : ”  
 Now though this his exordium he knew was a lie,  
 'Twas but one of a dozen he'd got cut and dry,

Then he open'd and emptied a budget so black,  
 Of charge and surcharge on divinity's back :  
 What ! charge and surcharge a poor Curate—O fye on't !  
 But who knows?—he mistook him perhaps for his client.

“ In sooth, my good sirs, you two *Parsons* have got :  
 “ One gets on whip and spur, t'other drawls like a sot :  
 “ *One* scampers away, sirs, to preach at Spring Gardens,\*  
 “ And, how t'other limps after him, cares not three  
 “ farthings.

\* Spring Garden's Chapel, where the Curate was engaged as morn-  
 ing preacher.



“ In charity, sirs, I your case would amend,  
“ Who, with *two ghostly guides*, can on neither depend—  
“ For when *one* goes to heaven, by what I can find  
“ From my gossip’s reports, he will leave you behind :

“ And I doubt with *the other* no better you’ll fare,  
“ He’s so tardy that he nor you scarce will get there :  
“ Then—which ever you trust to—you’ll all be made  
fools :  
“ Down your souls must go, dish’d ’twixt two spiritual  
stools.”—

“ But all this, I maintain, is no subject of laughter  
“ Amongst *us sound churchmen* who think on hereafter ;  
“ Then so much for the Next World :—And now, sirs,  
the bills  
“ Give me leave to prefer of your Secular ills.

“ And I think, I should soften the bowels of Jews,  
“ When I shew how your Parsons will thin all your  
pews :  
“ The Church-wardens’ receipts—they’ll be not worth a  
tester ;  
“ Then adieu to roast turkey at Christmas and Easter !

" For I'm credibly told by respectable folks,  
 " What with this Jack of Styles and that other of Nokes,  
 " Your two black-coats I mean, whose deserts I've dis-  
   cuss'd  
 " Quite impartial:—for, faith! I don't know which is  
   worst.

" That confusion at church has took place of devotion,  
 " Men, women, and children, are all in commotion,  
 " Girls titter, as if they were looking a farce on,  
 " When to publish the banns comes your *galloping*  
   Parson:

" And when, in his turn, reads your Reverend *Drone*,  
 " Your ailes they all cough, all your galleries groan ;  
 " Your wives cry ; " Good by t'ye."—Your brats turn  
   their backs,  
 " And old maids, stiff as buckram, their muscles relax.

" But to strike you with dread, consternation, and awe,  
 " Know, to boot, the great Lord at the head of the law  
 " To this scandalous state of affairs is no stranger.  
 " 'Tis not fit that He should, when the church is in  
   danger.

“ This calamitous truth, sirs, it shocks me to mention :  
 “ To have taken a pew was his Lordship’s intention,  
 “ And had my good Lord at Q\*\*\*\*’s square took a pew,  
 “ Why—perhaps you had seen there John H\*\*\*\*\*y too.

“ His Lordship, to shew he was not over nice,  
 “ Condescended to visit your church once or twice ;  
 “ And, I’ll stake all my *vast Biographical fame* !—  
 “ Twice my Lord went away, sirs, as wise as he came.

“ Sirs, believe me, my Lord went away quite disgusted :  
 “ Or—Conveyancer H\*\*\*\*\*y ’s not to be trusted !  
 “ And, if there you can catch him again, for your pains  
 “ You shall take out and butter John H\*\*\*\*\*y’s brains.

“ No,—depend on’t, his Lordship has beat his retreat :  
 “ For he since at the Foundling *applied for a seat*,  
 “ Where all things, *of course*, must be done with de-  
     corum ;  
 “ Since Conveyancer H\*\*\*\*\*y ’s one of the quorum.”

Thus Conveyancer H\*\*\*\*\*y clos’d his attack,  
 Thought his worship :—The Curate I’ve thrown on his  
     back :

I've in Chancery put him ;—he ne'er can appeal,  
 Since sentence against him has pass'd the Great Seal.

The church-bell it rang ;—hied the Curate away,  
 Glad enough to escape with old ladies to pray,  
 And “ Deliver us”—'tis thought in his Litany cried—  
 “ From Conveyancers, Lord, and the Devil beside !”

But when he got home and had wetted his whistle,  
 Of the noble Law-Lord, in respectful epistle,  
 To be told if his Lordship's opinion—he pray'd—  
 Had been by this Conveyancer truly convey'd.

And, whate'er you may think on't, with great conde-  
 scension

To his query my Lord gave immediate attention ;  
 And absolv'd from all censure the church of Q\*\*\*\*'s  
 Square :

For his Lordship—God bless us !—*had never been there !!!*

And obligingly deign'd to inform him beside ;  
 For a seat at the Foundling he ne'er had applied !  
 And to worship his Maker his Lordship's research  
 Was confin'd to the pale of his own parish church.—

Then for LYING John H\*\*\*\*\*y who cares a straw?  
Let the Tail of the church bless the Head of the law.  
And may Providence—mending their morals and din-  
ners—  
From Conveyancing Saints guard all Clerical Sinners!  
*Derry down, &c.*

## THE NOBLE SANS-CULOTTE.

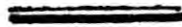
A BALLAD,

IN HONOUR OF A CERTAIN EARL

WHO STYLED HIMSELF

A SANS-CULOTTE CITIZEN,

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



RANK, character, distinction, fame,  
And noble birth forgot,  
Hear Stanhope, modest Earl, proclaim  
Himself a Sans-Culotte !

Of pomp and splendid circumstance  
The vanity he teaches ;  
And spurns, like Citizen of France,  
Both coronet and breeches.

But, thrown away on lordly ears,  
 His counsel none attend :  
 No pattern take his brother Peers  
 By Stanhope's *latter end*.

Let Commoners for Britain's weal  
 Their patriot bottoms bare :  
 Lords are no Sans-Culottes :—they veil  
 That part with special care.

They vaunt aristocratic tails  
 In silk and velvet 'dight :  
 And, well accoutred, each assails  
 With taunts a *naked* wight.

“ At one end, says the noble Peer,  
 “ No breeches I retain :  
 “ From this confession we infer  
 “ At t'other end no brain.

“ Whoe'er *alike unfurnish'd* views  
 “ Both nether end and upper,  
 “ May swear there's not a pin to choose  
 “ "Twixt pericrane and crupper."

But what care WE for lordly spies,  
 A ministerial band,  
 The *nakedness* who scrutinize  
 Of Opposition land ?

What tho' they deem us poor and bare,  
 Like those lean kine Egyptian—  
 Patriots there are who breeches wear—  
 When paid for by *Subscription*.

With nature's buff (tho' *Buff* and *Blue*  
 Be scant) provided each is :  
 No fustian if our bottoms shew,  
 There's *plenty* in—our speeches.

Nay, what if brains and breeches fail,  
 Let's hear no more about 'em ;  
 Since Stanhope, ay, and L\*\*\*\*\*dale,  
 Can make a shift without 'em.

Say, for what purpose and intent  
 Are brains and breeches fit ?  
 Breeches to *hide* our shame are meant,  
 Brains serve to *shew* our wit.



Then, to the case in point you know,  
Both must be misapplied  
Till L\*\*\*\*\*dale has wit to shew,  
And Stanhope shame to hide.—

God save King George, and give his grace  
To George the Prince of Wales ;  
And to all British Peers a case,  
Wherein to keep their tails !

Queen Charlotte's welfare Heav'n promote,  
And show'r its gifts upon her ;  
And from each noble Sans-Culotte  
Defend the Maids of Honour !

## B A L L A D

ON THE BREAKING OF THE WATER-HEAD,  
NEAR WINDSOR GREAT PARK,  
COMMONLY CALLED THE POND-HEAD.

---

WHEN \*\*\* was employ'd to construct the Pond Head,  
As he ponder'd the task, to himself thus he said:  
" Since a Head I must make, what's a head but a  
Noddle?  
" So I think I had best take my own for a model."

*Derry down, &c.*

Then his work our Projector began out of hand,  
The outside he constructed with rubbish and sand,  
But brains on this Head had been quite thrown away,  
Those he kept for himself, so he lined it with clay.

An head thus compacted and well put together  
Bade defiance, he thought, both to water and weather,  
With profound admiration must strike all beholders,  
And all heads must surpass but the head on his  
shoulders.

The fam'd Friar Bacon he 'counted an ass,  
Tho' the head that He made was a blockhead of brass ;  
And he little suspected it e'er should be said,  
That himself all this while was not right in his Head.

But the water at length, to his utter dismay,  
A bank-ruptcy made, and his Head ran away ;  
'Twas a thick head for certain ; but, had it been  
thicker,  
No head can endure that is always in liquor.

It was owing no doubt to some capital error,  
That one Broken Head struck the country with terror ;  
Yet 'twas well for the folks whom this deluge sur-  
rounded  
That, born to be hang'd, there were none of them  
drowned.

Trump's Mill in the bottom was never supplied,  
Since first it went round, with so plenteous a tide :  
Yet the Miller he wish'd that our Head-maker's skill  
Less water had sent and more grist to his mill.

Our Projector in truth left him little to brag on,  
When his meal-sacks march'd off without horses or  
waggon ;  
And to rescue himself he must fain stir his stumps :  
Such an odd trick was play'd on this Miller of  
Trump's !

Yet \*\*\* full as ill as the Miller has sped,  
And atones for his fault with the loss of his Head :  
Tho' some folks will tell you, (believe 'em who list)  
Long ago had he lost it, 't would ne'er have been  
miss'd.

Now, although I must own 'tis a difficult case,  
In discussing this head, to preserve a grave face ;  
More compassion its Maker may challenge than satire,  
Since 'tis plain that he can't keep his Head above  
water.

This at least may be urg'd in his favour I deem ;  
 His is not the first Head which has gone with the  
 stream :

And—as for his Honour—'tis safe you may swear,  
 Since Butler has told us that lodges elsewhere.\*

Hence, by way of a Moral, the fallacy 's shewn  
 Of the maxim that Two Heads are better than One ;  
 For none e'er was so scurvily dealt with before,  
 By the Head that he made, and the Head that he wore.

*Derry down, &c.*

\* ——— Hudibras gave him a twitch,  
 As quick as light'ning in the br—ch,  
 Just in the place where honour 's lodg'd,  
 As wise philosophers have judg'd,  
 Because a kick in that place more  
 Hurts Honour than deep wounds before.

*Hudibras, Part ii. c. 3.*

## WILLIAM OF WICKHAM,

## A SONG,

FOR THE WICCAMICAL ANNIVERSARY, HELD AT  
THE CROWN AND ANCHOR TAVERN.

---

I SING not your heroes of ancient romance :  
Capadocian George, or Saint Dennis of France ;  
    No chronicler I am  
    Of Troy and King Priam,  
And those crafty old Greeks who to fritters did fry 'em :  
But your voices, brave boys, one and all I bespeak 'em,  
In due celebration of WILLIAM of WICKHAM.

## CHORUS.

*Let WICKHAM's brave boys, at the Crown and the Anchor,  
The flask never quit 'till clean out they have drank her ;  
And united maintain, whether sober or mellow,  
That old BILLY WICKHAM was a very fine fellow.*

Hear the Lover, you'll learn, from his tragical stories  
 Of hard-hearted Phœbe, Corinna, and Chloris,  
     For some sempstress or starcher  
     That rascally archer  
 Call'd Cupid, has made him as mad as a March hare :  
 But at WICKHAM'S brave boys should he brandish his  
     dart,  
 We'll drown the blind rogue in a Winchester quart.

## CHORUS.

*For WICKHAM'S brave boys, &c.*

Let the Soldier, who prates about storming the trenches  
 Of fortified towns, and of fair-visag'd wenches,  
     My numbers give heed to,  
     And, drinking as we do,  
 Shut up in its scabbard his martial toledo :  
 For we too shed blood, yet all danger escape,  
 Since the blood that we shed is the blood of the  
     grape.

## CHORUS.

*Let WICKHAM'S brave boys, &c.*

H

Let Lawyers, 'accustom'd to quarrel and brawl,  
 Play the devil as usual in Westminster Hall,  
     Reputations bespatter,  
     Yet thrive and grow fatter,  
 While they dash wrong and right up as cookmaids do  
     batter :  
 Here good fellowship reigns and, what's stranger by far,  
 No mischief ensues from a call to the Bar.

## CHORUS.

*Let WICKHAM's brave boys, &c.*

The Empiric profound, who in heathenish Latin  
 Such potions prescribes as might poison old Satan,  
     With blister and bolus  
     And draught would cajole us,  
 'Till snug under ground he has clapt in a hole us :  
 But the wise sons of WICKHAM his regimen slight,  
 They swallow no draughts but of red wine and  
     white.

## CHORUS.

*Let WICKHAM's brave boys, &c.*



Let Whig Rhetoricians our rulers defame,  
 And hungry Seditious republican flame  
     Foment, and throw chips on,  
     Independance their lips on,  
 While they incense a mob, and exist by Subscription:  
 Here of Liberty's Tree if for scyons they search,  
 They'll instead catch a tartar,—Wiccarnical Birch.

## CHORUS.

*Let WICKHAM's brave boys, &c.*

Ye Poetical tribe, on Parnassus who forage,  
 Who prate of Jove's nectar and Helicon-porridge,  
     Yet, for beef-stakes and brandy,  
     Set each Jack-a-dandy  
 On a level with Frederick, or Prince Ferdinandy:  
 What's the sword of King Arthur, or Admiral Hosier,  
 To WILLIAM of WICKHAM and his jolly old Crosier!

## CHORUS.

*Let WICKHAM's brave boys, at the Crown and the Anchor,  
 The flask never quit 'till clean out they have drank her;  
 And united maintain, whether sober or mellow,  
 That old BILLY WICKHAM was a very fine fellow.*

THE HERMITAGE.  

---

BENEATH thy shelter, LOWLY CELL!  
How blest is he who bids farewell  
The world, and vain delights foregoes  
For calm content, and bland repose!

Can the dome of costly mould,  
Fretted arch emboss'd with gold,  
Lavish sculpture's proud design,  
Sooth the soul with charms like thine?

I love thy solitary gloom,  
I love the roses wild that bloom  
Around thy porch—I love to trace  
Thy precincts, where each simple grace  
Surpasses all that art hath plann'd;  
Thy roof of spar, and floor of sand,

Thy thick-wove thatch with moss o'ergrown,  
Thy whispering rill, whose current lone  
The ozier flings its wreaths aslant,  
And sapphire-plumed halcyons haunt :  
And, stretch'd thy rushy couch along,  
To listen to the blackbird's song,  
Hear him his amorous pains relate  
Melodious to his jetty mate.  
While faintly born upon the breeze  
The dove's responsive murmurs please ;  
And from the sheep-cote in the dell  
Soft tinkling chimes the weather's bell,  
Accordant to the chearful strain  
Of milk-maid blithe, and whistling swain.

And, ere the western waves absorb  
The beams of Day's refulgent orb,  
I love to traverse, unespied,  
Thy beach-clad hillock's verdant side,  
O'er each dun brake and shadowy dell,  
While Fancy breathes her magic spell,  
Assembling all her sylvan clan,  
Her dryads, fauns, and laughing Pan ;

Or calls the Muses from the spheres  
With heavenly strains to soothe mine ears,  
Or conjures up ærial forms  
To marshal all the fairy swarms  
That quaff their acorn cups, and sing,  
And frisk, and dance in sportive ring,  
Tinging, where'er their tracks are seen,  
The circled sward with richer green.

Or wend with Meditation thro'  
The deep, umbrageous avenue  
Emerging oft, the groves between,  
On flowery lawn, or pasture green,  
Or upland, whence, to feast my sight  
A thousand beauteous scenes unite ;  
The venerable oaks that wear  
The rich robe of the waning year,  
Studded with sails the river's tide,  
Diffusing wealth and verdure wide ;  
Tall cliffs illumin'd with the gleam  
Of downward Titan's glowing beam,  
The fleecy tribes that seek their fold,  
Empurpled clouds with skirts of gold,

Redundant sheaves of ripen'd grain,  
And shadows lengthening on the plain :  
Till, summon'd by the curfew's sound,  
While falling dews embathe the ground,  
Again I seek the friendly shade  
From whence my devious steps have stray'd,  
Repass the lawn, and hawthorn dell,  
Regain thy shelter, **LOWLY CELL !**  
There spread my board with simplest fare ;  
Supremely blest if **CYNTHIA** share  
The mellow treasures Autumn gives,  
The beverage nectar-yielding hives  
To crown my rural cheer impart,  
And yield me in return her heart.

## THE BARBER'S NUPTIALS.

---

Qui facere assuerat—  
Candida de Nigris.

*Ovid Met.*

Who bleach'd with lather jowls unshorn,  
Though blacker than the devil's horn.

---

IN Liquorpond-street, as is well known to many,  
An ARTIST resided who shav'd for a penny,  
Cut hair for three-halfpence, for three-pence he bled,  
And would draw, for a groat, every tooth in your head.

What annoy'd other folks never spoil'd his repose,  
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose,  
For blast and for mildew he car'd not a pin ;  
His crops never fail'd, for they grew on the chin.

Unvex'd by the cares that ambition and state has,  
Contented he dined on his daily potatoes ;  
And the pence that he earn'd by excision of bristle  
Were nightly devoted to whetting his whistle.

When copper ran low he made light of the matter,  
Drank his purl upon tick at the Old Pewter Platter,  
Read the news, and as deep in the secret appear'd  
As if he had lather'd the Minister's beard.

But Cupid, who trims men of every station,  
And 'twixt barbers and beaux makes no discrimination ;  
Would not let this superlative shaver alone,  
'Till he tried if his heart was as hard as his hone.

The Fair One, whose charms did the Barber enthral,  
At the end of Fleet Market of fish kept a stall :  
As red as her cheek no boil'd lobster was seen,  
Not an eel that she sold was as soft as her skin.

By love strange effects have been wrought, we are told,  
In all countries and climates, hot, temperate, and cold ;  
Thus the heart of our Barber love scorch'd to a coal,  
Tho' 'tis very well known he liv'd under the Pole.

First, he courted his charmer in sorrowful fashion,  
And lied like a lawyer to move her compassion :  
He should perish, he swore, did his suit not succeed,  
And a barber to slay was a barbarous deed.

Then he alter'd his tone, and was heard to declare,  
If valour deserv'd the regard of the fair,  
That his courage was tried, tho' he scorn'd to disclose  
How many brave fellows he 'd took by the nose.

He was known for a patriot staunch, and his shop  
The resort of each true constitutional Crop :  
The Whig Club, of worth patriotic the nursery,  
He *gratis* had shav'd on their grand anniversary.

Thus this Knight of the Bason confounded together  
Courage, politics, love, desperation, and lather :  
But his hard-hearted Mistress, she set him at nought ;  
No gudgeon was she, nor so easily caught.

Indignant She answer'd : “ No chin-scraping sot  
“ Shall be fasten'd to me by the conjugal knot :  
“ No !—to Tyburn repair, if a noose you must tie,  
“ Other fish I have got, Mr. Tonsor, to fry.



" Holborn-bridge and Black-friars my triumphs can tell,  
 " From Billingsgate beauties I've long born the bell:  
 " Nay, tripemen and fishmongers vie for my favour—  
 " Then d'ye think I'll take up with a Twopenny Shaver?

" Let dory, or turbot, the sov'reign of fish,  
 " Cheek by jowl with red herring be serv'd in one dish;  
 " Let sturgeon and sprats in one pickle unite,  
 " When I angle for husbands and barbers shall bite."

But the Barber persisted (Ah, could I relate 'em!)  
 To ply her with compliments soft as pomatum;  
 And took ev'ry occasion to flatter and praise her,  
 Till she fancied his wit was as keen as his razor.

With fair speeches cajol'd, as you 'd tickle a trout,  
 'Gainst the Barber the Fishwife no more could hold  
 out,  
 He applied the right bait, 'twas with flattery he caught  
 her;  
 Without flattery a female 's a fish out of water.

The state of her heart when the Barber once guess'd  
 Love's siege with redoubled exertion he press'd;

With profuse panegyric his charmer preferring  
To maids, widows, and wives, fish, flesh, and red herring.

The flame to allay that their bosoms did sō burn,  
They set off for the church of St. Andrew in Holborn,  
Where tonsors and trulls, country dicks and their cousins,  
In the halter of wedlock are tied up by dozens.

The nuptials to grace came, from every quarter,  
The worthies at Rag Fair old caxons who barter ;  
Who the coverings of judges and counsellors' nob  
Cut down into majors, queus, scratches, and bobs :

Musclemongers and oystermen, crimps, and coalhēavers,  
And butchers with marrowbones smiting their cleavers ;  
Blind fiddlers and bag-pipers, taylors and tylers,  
Bawds, boot-catchers, bailiffs, and blackpudding-boilers.

From their voices united such melody flow'd  
As the Abbey ne'er witness'd, nor Tott'nham Court Road :  
While Saint Andrew's brave bells did so loud and so clear  
ring,  
You'd have given ten pounds to 've been out of their  
hearing.

For his fee—when the parson this couple had join'd,  
As no Cash was forth-coming, he took it *in kind* :  
So the Bridegroom dismantled his rev'rence's chin,  
And the Bride entertain'd him with pilchards and gin.

A MORSEL FOR A MUSSULMAN:

OR,

A REVELATION OF THE FUTURE STATE OF  
DECEASED FEMALES,

IN REFUTATION OF THE SUPPOSED MAHOMETAN  
DOCTRINE, ASSERTING THAT WOMEN HAVE NO  
SOULS, AND ARE EXCLUDED FROM PARADISE.

---

Non Me impia namque  
Tartara habent tristesque umbræ: sed amœna—  
Concilia Elysiumque colo. *Virg. Æn. i. 5.*

---

FROM the blest realms where Paradise displays  
Her empyræan splendour's ceaseless blaze,  
And bids her groves of vegetable gold  
To genial gales immortal blooms unfold;  
From nectar'd streams where Houris, heavenly-fair,  
Bathe the bright tresses of their odorous hair;  
To Zeineb, loveliest of the passive train,  
That 'midst the Haram's hated glooms complain,  
Alzira's happy shade appearing, steals  
A pause from bliss, and thus her state reveals:

“ Say to the tyrant man, whose pride denies  
“ Thy sex a Soul, and bars them from the skies,  
“ That when the date of female worth expires,  
“ And sickening Nature yields her latest fires,  
“ When beams no more the lustre of the eye,  
“ And Death o’er Beauty hails his victory,  
“ To life by Fate recall’d, the Sex assume  
“ Celestial charms, and never-fading bloom ;  
“ In roseate bowers recline, or blissful rove  
“ Thro’ scenes of boundless joy and rapturous love ;  
“ That there, so Heaven ordains, a blooming band  
“ Of youths, obsequious to each Fair’s command,  
“ Attentive waits, and, as her fancy wills,  
“ Each task of duty or of love fulfills.—

“ Then to the peremptory tyrant say :  
“ Who hopes this lot in Heav’n must here obey,  
“ Bow to superior worth, to sense refin’d,  
“ Bless the benignant sway of womankind,  
“ Hail the fair fabric of an hand divine,  
“ And own the soul that animates the shrine.—  
“ Or, driv’n for ever from the realms above,  
“ His soul in vain shall pant for heavenly love.”

## S O N N E T.

## TO THE RED-BREAST.

---

WHEN that the fields put on their gay attire  
Silent Thou sitst near brake or river's brim,  
Whilst the glad Thrush sings loud from covert dim :  
But when pale Winter lights the social fire,  
And meads with slime are sprent, and ways with mire,  
Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn hymn  
From battlement, or barn, or hay-stack trim :  
And now not seldom tun'st, as if for hire,  
Thy thrilling pipe to Me, waiting to catch  
The pittance due to thy well-warbled song.  
Sweet Bird, sing on ! for oft near lonely hatch,  
Like Thee, myself have pleas'd the rustic throng ;  
And oft, for entrance 'neath the peaceful thatch,  
Full many a tale have told, and ditty long.

## S O N N E T,

WRITTEN AT A FARM.

---

AROUND my porch and lowly casement spread  
The myrtle never sear, and gadding vine,  
With fragrant sweetbriar loves to interwine ;  
And in my garden 's box-encircled bed  
The pansie pied, the musk-rose, white and red,  
The pink and tulip, and honied woodbine,  
Fling odours round ; the flaunting eglantine  
Decks my trim fence, 'neath which, by Silence led,  
The Wren hath wisely fram'd her mossy cell ;  
And, far from noise in courtly land so rife,  
Nestles her young to rest and warbles well :  
Here in this safe retreat and peaceful glen  
I pass my sober moments, far from men,  
Nor wishing death too soon, nor asking life.

## THE PARADOX:

OR,

NED FRIGHTENED OUT OF HIS WITS.

---

— cave ne titubes.      *Hor. Ep. l. i. ep. 13.*

---

**E**MPTY the flask, discharg'd the score,  
**N**ED stagger'd from the tavern door,  
 And falling, in his drunken fits,  
 Crippled his nose and lost his wits ;  
 But, from the kennel soon emerging,  
 His nose repairs by help of surgeon :  
 That done, the leech peeps in his brain  
 To find his Wits,—but peeps in vain.  
 “ 'Tis hard,” the patient cries, “ to lose  
 “ Wits not a whit the worse for use ;  
 “ Wits which I always laid aside  
 “ For great occasions, cut and dried ;”  
 (“Tho' here the case was falsely put :  
 His wits were dried, himself was cut.)



“ Wits like the Continental Aloe,  
 “ That for a century lies fallow ;  
 “ Wits never prodigally wasted ;  
 “ Like choice conserves, but rarely tasted :  
 “ Wits husbanded, not spent at random ;  
 “ Cork’d up like cordials for my grandam :  
 “ Wits, which, if all your wealth could buy—sir,  
 “ You would not be a jot the wiser.”

Tho’ plain appear’d in ev’ry face  
 A fellow-feeling of his case,  
 Yet still, to shew *their* wits were sound,  
 His boon companions throng around,  
 And sagely, one and all, accost him ;  
 “ Zounds, NED ! I wonder how you lost ’em !”

Ah ! let them drink their port in peace,  
 For miracles will never cease !  
 And, if NED’s loss of wits astound ’em,  
 Zounds !—how they’ll wonder when he ’s found ’em !

ADDRESS  
OF AN INDIAN GIRL TO AN ADDER.  
WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1740,  
BY A SCHOLAR OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

---

STAY, stay, thou lovely fearful Snake!  
Nor hide thee in yon darksome brake;  
But let me oft thy form review,  
Thy sparkling eyes, and golden hue:  
From thence a chaplet shall be wove  
To grace the youth I dearest love.

Then, ages hence, when Thou no more  
Shalt glide along the sunny shore,  
Thy copied beauties shall be seen;  
Thy vermeil red and living green  
In mimic folds thou shalt display:  
Stay, lovely, fearful ADDER, stay!

## EPITAPHIUM SUSANNÆ SERLE,

IN ECCLESIA DE TESTWOOD, IN COMITATU HANT.

---

CONJUX chara Vale!—Tibi, Maritus,  
Hoc pono memori manu sepulchrum :  
At quales lacrymas Tibi rependam,  
Dum tristi recolo, Susanna, corde  
Quâm constans, animo neque impotente,  
Tardi sustuleras acuta lethi,  
Me spectans placidis supremum ocellis!—  
Quòd si pro meritis vel Ipse flerem,  
Quo fletu tua Te relicta Proles,  
Proles parvula, ritè prosequetur,  
Custodem, sociam, ducem, parentem !  
At quorsùm lachrymæ?—Valeto, raræ  
Exemplum pietatis, O Susanna !

## TO A GRASSHOPPER.

IMITATION FROM THE GREEK.

Μαχαρίζοιέν σε τέτιξ. *Anthol.*

**H**APPIEST of the insect throng,  
 Who, the verdant bowers among  
 Where the rose of richest hue,  
 Crimson pink, and violet blue,  
 By soft breath of Zephyr fann'd,  
 Fling around their odours bland,  
 Lov'st thy small melodious lip  
 In the new-fall'n dew to dip :  
 The amaranth, and eglantine,  
 And all the fields produce is thine ;  
 All her treasures, all her stores,  
 Nature for thy use explores :  
 Thee the nymphs and swains revere,  
 Golden Summer's harbinger !  
 Thee, the favourite of the Nine,  
 Phœbus grac'd with song divine :  
 Fit to dwell the Gods among,  
 Happiest of the Insect throng !

## IMITATION FROM THE GREEK.

Μὴν Ἀσκληπιαδῆς ὁ Φιλαργυρός, κ. τ. λ.

*Anthol.*

OLD ELWES once espied a Mouse  
 In the *Dry Corner* of his house : \*  
 And, though he had no cause to fear,  
 “Curse you !” quoth he, “what do you here ?”  
 The Mouse indignant rais’d his head,  
 And thus, but without passion, said :

\* While his relation, the late Colonel Tims, was visiting Mr. Elwes at his house at Marcham, in Berkshire, a heavy shower falling in the night, he found the rain dropping through the cieling upon his bed, on which he immediately rose and moved the bed from its place ; he had, however, scarcely got into it again ere he found the same inconvenience recur and oblige him to have recourse a second time to the same experiment, which still proved ineffectual. At length, after having pushed his bed quite round the room, he gained a corner where the cieling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. When he encountered his host at breakfast, he told him what had happened.—“Aye, aye !” said the old gentlemen, seriously, “I don’t mind it myself ; but to those who do, that is “a *nice Corner*, in the rain.”—See the *Life of John Elwes, Esq.* page 13.

“ No mouse alive would hither come  
“ That had on earth another home.  
“ ’Tis not the risk we run, not that ;  
“ You ha’n’t the heart to keep a cat.  
“ Then traps we know, are never set,  
“ And why ? because you grudge the bait.  
“ We ’re in security, I grant,  
“ But, safe from danger, die for want :  
“ Tho’ I should lodge here, why fear you ?  
“ When do you roast, or bake, or brew ?  
“ The Mouse that trusted to your shelf  
“ Would soon grow leaner than Yourself :  
“ For never a morsel did I see  
“ To put to the test my honesty.  
“ But I disdain, Sir, to intrude  
“ After your speech so gross and rude ;  
“ And think not that I make pretence,  
“ Upon my honour I’ll go hence :  
“ For in the rest of all your house  
“ There’s no fit lodging for a MOUSE.”

## L I N E S

## ON THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1778.

---

U P O N a trestle P I G was laid,  
And a sad squealing sure it made ;  
K I L L - P I G stood by with knife and steel :  
“ Lie quiet, can't you !—Why d'ye squeal ?  
“ Have I not fed you with my pease,  
“ And now, for trifles such as these  
“ Will you rebel ?—Brimful of victual,  
“ Won't you be kill'd and cur'd a little ?”  
To whom thus P I G G Y in reply :  
“ Think'st thou that I shall quiet lie,  
“ And that for pease my life I'll barter ?”—  
“ Then P I G G Y, you must shew your charter ;  
“ Shew you 're exempted more than others,  
“ Else go to pot like all your brothers.—

*[Pig struggles.]*

“ Help, neighbours ! help !—this Pig ’s so strong,

“ I think I cannot hold him long.

“ Help, neighbours ! I can’t keep him under !

“ Where are ye all ?—See, by your blunder,

“ He’s burst his cords !—A brute uncivil,

“ He’s gone !—I’ll after.”—

*[Exit Pig, and Kill-pig after him with the knife, &c.]*

CHORUS OF NEIGHBOURS.

To the devil ! &c.

---

## EX TEMPORE

ON A SNARLING AGENT OF LORD A\*\*\*\*\*’S AT  
WHITEHAM, NEAR OXFORD.

I AM his Lordship’s DOG at Whiteham,  
And whom he bids me bite, I bite ’em.



## THE SYSTEM SHATTERED.

---

Strenua Nos exercet Inertia.      *Hor.*

---

SEE clamorous CH\*\*\*\*s—who tooth and nail  
Administration fought—turn tail,  
And sullen from the House secede  
Where none his *trite* invective heed!  
“ Inaction I’ll indulge,” he cries ;  
“ The mob have too much sense to rise :  
“ And, in this dearth of knaves and fools,  
“ I cannot work without my *tools* :  
“ Nay what ’though of our club the chair I  
“ Adorn, as grand Whig-Luminary,  
“ Dispensing patriotic sunshine,  
“ While we exhaust the brandy puncheon ;  
“ Yet, says the history divine,  
“ ‘ The Sun stood still ; ’—Then so shall mine :  
“ And—till its warmth Sedition’s egg  
“ Has hatch’d—I will not stir a peg :

“ But, while I drink “ Success to Faction,”

“ Maintain my system of inaction,

“ And to all effort give remission,

“ Torpedo of the Opposition.”

He ended——When his *chère amie*

Bet A\*\*\*\*\*—sitting on his knee—

Anxious the rash resolve to check,

Threw her white arms about his neck :

“ Alas, this system of inaction

“ Dear Ch\*\*\*\*s, has in thy skull a crack shewn !”——

“ Zounds,” cried the patriot——while she kiss’d him——

“ You baggage——you’ve destroy’d my system !”

EPIGRAMMATA.  

---

## IN SOMNIS VIDERAT HERMOGENEM.

REGES occidunt verbis, basiliscus ocello,  
Aëre desævit pestis, et ore leo :  
Esse tamen Medicis propria negotia Fati  
Creditur, Umbra eadem est Mortis et Hermogenis.

---

## LONGA DIES IGITUR QUID CONTULIT?

LONGA Dies igitur quid contulit, Optime quæris ?  
Noctem, ni fallor, contulit illa brevem.

---

## IN TONSOREM VERSIFICANTEM.

QUID Tibi cum Phæbo ?—non est Barbatus Apollo.

EPITAPHIUM JUVENIS QUI PROPTER AMOREM  
 “MOLLY STONE” MORTEM SIBI CONSCIVIT.

MOLLY fuit Saxum ; si Saxum Molle fuisset  
 Non foret Hic subtùs, sed superesset Eam.

---

IN ILLUSTRISSIMAM DOMINAM——  
 IN AGRO BLENH——<sup>ἑπερῆσαν.</sup>

SALVE ! Regia Virgo, quæ recenti  
 Largè nostra rigas vireta rivo !—  
 O, quæ tam benè mingis et benignè,  
 Vero nomine dicta PRINCIPISSA !

EPIGRAMS,  

---

ON A FAVOURITE DOG, WHO REGULARLY ACCOMPANIED HIS MISTRESS TO CHURCH.

'TIS held by folks of deep research,  
He 's a good DOG who goes to church :  
As good I hold him every whit  
Who stays at home and turns the spit.  
For 'though good DOGS to church may go,  
Yet going there don't make them so.

---

WHILE DICK to combs hostility proclaims,  
A neighbouring taper sets his hair in flames.—  
The blaze extinct, permit us to inquire :  
“ Were there no lives lost, RICHARD, in this Fire?”

IGNOTUM OMNE PRO MAGNIFICO.

AVERSE to pamper'd and high-mettled steeds,  
His own upon chopt straw AVARO feeds :  
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,  
What vast ideas they must have of Corn !

---

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE ;

SUBMITTED TO A LATE DIGNITARY OF THE CHURCH  
ON  
HIS NARCOTIC EXPOSITION OF THE FOLLOWING TEXT:

*“ Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.”*

By our PASTOR perplexed,  
How shall we determine ?—  
“ Watch and pray,” says the TEXT,  
“ Go to sleep,” says the SERMON.

---

SOME of the BREAD with which the French fed their prisoners of war, having been brought to this Country, was analyzed by the direction of LORD GRENVILLE; and found to have been made of horse-beans, together with some ingredients of a coarser quality, mixed with a certain proportion of common Sand.

## EPIGRAM.

SAY why with SAND, instead of Wheat,  
France kneads her captive's crust?—  
'Tis but to execute her threat:  
" My foes shall bite the dust."

## IMPROMPTU,

IN ADMIRATION OF THE DOWNY LUXURIANCE  
FAINTLY SHADOWING THE LOWER HEMISPHERE  
OF AN HEAVENLY COUNTENANCE.

---

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS\* all angels supposes  
With beards are provided as well as with noses :  
Yet no text has been found to confirm what he saith,  
And make it an item of orthodox faith.—  
Sure to help a lame Saint o'er a stile is no sin !  
“ You 'll find *chapter* and *verse*, Tom, on Caroline's  
chin.”

\* A celebrated teacher of school-divinity in the universities of Italy, about the middle of the thirteenth century, commonly called the Angelical Doctor.



MONODY  
ON THE DEATH OF  
DICK,  
AN ACADEMICAL CAT.

---

—MI-CAT inter omnes.—*Hor. Carm. lib. i. ode 12.*

---

YE Rats, in triumph elevate your ears!  
Exult, ye Mice!—for Fate's abhorred shears  
Of DICK's nine lives have slit the catguts nine  
Henceforth he mews 'midst choirs of Cats divine!  
Though nine successive lives protract their date,  
E'en Cats themselves obey the call of Fate;  
Whose formidable fiat sets afloat  
Mortals, and mortal Cats, in Charon's boat:  
Fate, who Cats, Dogs, and Doctors makes his prize  
That grace Great Britain's Universities.

Where were ye, nymphs,—when to the silent coast  
Of gloomy Acheron DICK travell'd post?

Where were ye, Muses, in that deathful hour?—  
 Say, did ye haunt the literary bower  
 Where Science sends her sons in stockings blue  
 To barter praise for soup with Montague?  
 Or point prepare for Boswel's anecdote,  
 Or songs inspire, and fit 'em to his throat?—  
 For not on Isis' classic shores ye stray'd,  
 Nor brew'd with Cherwell's wave your lemonade;  
 Nor assinations kept with grizzled elves,  
 Where learning sleeps on Bodley's groaning shelves;  
 Nor, where no poet glows with kindred fire,  
 Wept o'er your favourite WARTON'S silent lyre.

While venal Cats (leagued with degenerate curs,  
 Of faded prudes the four-legg'd pensioners)  
 On the soft sofa rang'd in order due,  
 For eleemosynary muffin mew,  
 Regardless of the meed that Fame bestows,  
 Their tail a feather for each wind that blows;  
 Thee, generous DICK, the Cat-controlling powers  
 Ordain'd to mouse in academic bower's:  
 Bade thee the sacred stream of sapience sip,  
 And in Piërean cream thy whiskers dip!

Enshrin'd celestial cateries among,  
 The sable matron, from whose loins he sprung,  
 Who traced her high descent through ages dark  
 From Cats that caterwaul'd in Noah's Ark,  
 Stern, brindled nurse, with unremitting care,  
 To high achievements train'd her tabby heir ;  
 On patriot Cats his young attention fix'd,  
 And many a cuff with grave instruction mix'd ;  
 Taught the great truth, to half his race unknown :  
 " Cats are not kitten'd for themselves alone ;  
 " But hold from Heav'n their delegated claws,  
 " Guardians of larders, liberties, and laws."

" Let Cats and Catlings of ignoble line  
 " Slumber in bee-hive chairs, in dairies dine ;  
 " Shun thou the shades of Cat-enfeebling ease !  
 " Watch o'er the weal of Rhedycinian cheese ;  
 " The melting marble of collegiate brawn  
 " For heads of houses guard, and lords in lawn ;  
 " And keep each recreant rat and mouse in awe  
 " That dares to shew his nose in Golgotha.\*

\* Golgotha, " the place of a skull," a name ludicrously appropriated to the place in which the Heads of Colleges assemble.

“ So may the brightest honours of the gown  
 “ Thy riper years and active virtue crown !—  
 “ Say, shall not cats, fraught with ethereal fire,\*  
 “ To seats of lettered eminence aspire ?—  
 “ Caligula a consul made his steed ;  
 “ What though the beast could neither write nor read,  
 “ Yet could he talents negative display,  
 “ And silence Opposition with his neigh.  
 “ If Charles of Sweden swore he would depute,  
 “ The senate to control, his old jack boot ;  
 “ If modern taste a LEARNED PIG reveres,  
 “ And pigs unlearn’d keep company with peers ;†  
 “ If erst Rome’s papal crown a gossip wore,  
 “ Then, DICK, thou may’st become Vice-chancellor.

“ Might I but live, though crazy, old, and sick,  
 “ To see thee stalk behind thy beadles, DICK !  
 “ Behold, my brindled boy, with conscious pride  
 “ O’er convocated grizzle-wigs preside !  
 “ Hear thee, e’er I explore my latest home,  
 “ Confer degrees in Sheldon’s spacious dome !

\* Electrical sparks may be elicited by friction from a cat’s back.

† The social porker here alluded to, is well known to have been the assiduous companion of Lord M—t Edg—’s excursions.

“ See thee in scarlet robe encase thy fur,  
 “ And at Saint Mary’s venerably purr !—  
 “ Then let me be translated to the skies,  
 “ And close in welcome death these gooseb’ry eyes !

“ Yet think not, darling DICK, that fame allows  
 “ Her glorious palm, unearn’d, to grace thy brows :  
 “ By toil Herculean, and profound research,  
 “ Expect to thrive in politics or church !  
 “ The herd who worship at preferment’s shrine  
 “ No servile task, no sacrifice, decline ;  
 “ Courtiers for coronets their conscience pawn,  
 “ Clerks in prunello crawl, then soar in lawn.  
 “ See, with the riband grac’d and radiant star,  
 “ The chief that waged the Continental war !  
 “ Such palms diminish’d realms can yet afford  
 “ To patriotic H\*\*e’s *protracting* sword !  
 “ See Wilkes, entrusted with the City Key  
 “ Till he made fools of all the Livery !  
 “ See grov’ling S\*\*\*\* the wealth of India share :  
 “ He taught the Hindù race to feed on air !

“ Mark the career of Rhedycina’s bard ;—  
 “ Not such his toil, not such his vast reward.

“ Glean’d from antiquity’s exhaustless mine,  
 “ He bade the gems of science brighter shine;  
 “ His care retriev’d each venerable name  
 “ Reft by Oblivion from the rolls of Fame,  
 “ And with new glory crown’d the strains sublime  
 “ That echoed from the harps of elder time.  
 “ ’Twas his ’midst mouldering palms of chivalry,  
 “ To braid the deathless blooms of poesy;  
 “ On learning’s gloom the rays of taste to pour,  
 “ And gild with genuine wit the social hour;  
 “ Affection and applause alike he shar’d;  
 “ All lov’d the man, all venerate the bard:  
 “ Ev’n Prejudice his fate afflicted hears,  
 “ And letter’d Envy sheds reluctant tears.—

“ Of genius, taste, philanthropy, and sense,  
 “ Candour and wit—behold the Recompence!  
 “ No sinecure, no venerable stall,  
 “ He fills, o’ercanopied with crimson pall;  
 “ No choir obsequious waits his dread commands,  
 “ Where supple vergers pace with silver wands;  
 “ Where soft reclines in velvet pomp supreme,  
 “ Divinity entranc’d in mitrous dream:

" No coin his meed—for classic fobs unfit—  
 " For, ah! what fellowship has wealth with wit!  
 " Such worth the Laurel could alone repay,  
 " Profan'd by Cibber, and contemn'd by Gray;\*  
 " Yet hence its wreath shall new distinction claim,  
 " And, though it gave not, take from WARTON fame."

While glory's steep ascent Grimalkin shews,  
 DICK's breast with emulative ardour glows;  
 His emerald eyes with richer radiance roll,  
 And all the Cat awakens in his soul.  
 Within the tender velvet of his paw,  
 Though yet unbloodied, lurks each virgin claw,  
 Anticipated palms his hope descries,  
 And conquests gain'd o'er visionary mice:  
 Though much for milk, more for renown he mews,  
 And nobler objects than his tail pursues.

O, could I call the Muses from their spheres  
 To sing the triumphs of his riper years!

\* On the death of Cibber, the place of Poet Laureate was offered by Lord John Cavendish, at the desire of the late Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Chamberlain, to Mr. Gray, who refused to accept it.

*See Mason's Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Gray.*

What strife the larder's conscious shelves beheld !  
What congregated rats his valour quell'd !  
What mice descended, at each direful blow,  
To nibble brimstone in the realms below !—  
The victor, who his foes in furious mood  
Hurl'd from the Granic to the Stygian flood ;  
Churchill, whose bounty fainting Frenchmen gave  
Soup-meagre gratis in the Danube's wave ;  
Heathfield, whose red-hot vengeance Spain defied,  
Blist'ring, like Spanish flies, old Neptune's hide ;  
Who plung'd his enemies, a whisker'd group,  
In green waves twice as hot as green pease' soup,  
While Fate on Calpe's summit sat and smil'd  
To see the dingy Dons like lobsters boil'd,  
Or by the lightning of the exploded shell  
Dispatch'd to seek a cooler birth in hell—  
All heroes, bloody, brave, or politic,  
All, all should yield pre-eminence to DICK :  
And everlasting laurels, thick as hops,  
Wreath their bright foliage round his brindled chops.

Mysterious powers who rule the destinies  
Of conquerors and kings, of cats and mice,



Why did your will the Pylian chief decree  
Three centuries, unspectacled, to see,  
Yet summon'd from his patriot toils away  
Illustrious DICK, before his beard was grey?  
Of valour, sense, or skill, how vain the boast!—  
DICK seeks the shades, an undistinguish'd ghost,  
And turns his tail on this terrestrial ball,  
Dismiss'd without Mandamus Medical;  
Sent, without purge or catapotium,  
In prime of cat-hood to the catacomb;  
No doctor fee'd, no regimen advis'd,  
Unpill'd, unpoultic'd, unphlebotomiz'd!

Ye sage divines, if so concise our span,  
Who for preferment would turn Cat in pan?  
Since Clergymen and Cats one fate betides,  
And worms shall eat their sermons and their hides!

Polecats, who DICK's disastrous end survive,  
Shall bless their stars that they still stink alive;  
Muscats shall feel a melancholy qualm,  
And with their sweets departed DICK embalm;  
Cats in each clime and latitude that dwell,  
Brown, sable, sandy, grey, and tortoiseshell,

Of titles obsolete, or yet in use,  
 Tom, Tybert, Roger, Rutterkin,\* or Puss ;  
 Cats who with wayward hags the moon control,  
 Unchain the winds, and bid the thunders roll ;  
 Brave in enchanted sieves the boist'rous main,  
 And royal barks with adverse blasts detain ; †  
 Nay, Two-legg'd Cats, as well as Cats with four,  
 Shall DICK'S irreparable loss deplore.

\* Rutterkin.—A cat of this name was cater-cousin to the great great great great great great great grandmother of Grimalkin ; and first cat in the caterie of an old woman, who was tried for bewitching a daughter of the Countess of Rutland in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

† “ Moreover she confessed, that she took a cat and christened it, &c. &c. and that in the night following, the said cat was conveyed in the midst of the sea by all these witches sayling in their riddles, or cives, and so left the said cat right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This doone, there did arise such a tempest at sea, as a greater hath not been seen, &c.”

“ Againe it is confessed, that the said christened Cat was the cause of the Kinges Majestie's shippe, at his comming forthe of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of the shippes then beeing in his companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the Kinges Majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a fair and goode winde, then was the winde contrarie and altogether against his Majestie, &c.”

Old Pamphlet entitled, “ Newes from Scotland, &c. &c. &c.”  
 Printed in the year 1591, by William Wright.

Cats who frail nymphs in gay assemblies guard,  
As buckram stiff, and bearded like the pard ;  
Calumnious Cats who circulate faux pas,  
And reputation maul with murd'rous claws ;  
Shrill Cats whom fierce domestic brawls delight,  
Cross Cats who nothing want but teeth to bite,  
Starch Cats of puritanic aspect sad,  
And learned Cats who talk their husbands mad ;  
Confounded Cats who cough, and croak, and cry,  
And maudlin Cats who drink eternally ;  
Prim Cats of countenance and mien precise,  
Yet oft'ner hankering for men than mice ;  
Curst Cats whom nought but castigation checks,  
Penurious Cats who buy their coals by pecks,  
Fastidious Cats who pine for costly cates,  
And jealous Cats who catechise their mates ;  
Cat-prudes who, when they're ask'd the question, squall,  
And ne'er give answer categorical ;  
Uncleanly Cats who never pare their nails,  
Cat-gossips full of Canterbury tales,  
Cat-grandams vex'd with asthmas and catarrhs,  
And superstitious Cats who curse their stars ;  
Cats who their favours barter for a bribe,  
And canting Cats, the worst of all the tribe !

And faded virgin Cats, and tabbies old,  
 Who at quadrille remorseless mouse for gold ;  
 Cats of each class, craft, calling, and degree  
 Mourn DICK's calamitous catastrophe.

Yet, while I chant the cause of Richard's end,  
 Ye sympathizing Cats, your tears suspend !  
 Then shed enough to float a dozen whales,  
 And use, for pocket-handkerchiefs, your tails !—

Fame says (but Fame a sland'rer stands confess'd,)  
 DICK his own sprats, like Bamber Gascoigne, dress'd :  
 But to the advocates of truth 'tis known,  
 He neither staid for grace nor gridiron.  
 Raw sprats he swore were worth all fish beside,  
 Fresh, stale, stew'd, spitchcock'd, fricasseed, or  
     fried :  
 Then swallow'd down a score without remorse,  
 And three fat mice slew for his second course :  
 But, while the third his grinders dyed with gore,  
 Sudden those grinders clos'd—to grind no more !  
 And (dire to tell !) commission'd by old Nick,  
 A catalepsy made an end of DICK.

Thus from the pasty's furious escalade,  
 Where blood, to gravy turn'd, embrown'd his blade,  
 (That all-encountering blade which scorn'd to fear  
 Broil'd gizzards charg'd with Kian-gunpowder)  
 From rais'd crust levell'd never more to rise,  
 From ducks dispatch'd, and massacred minc'd pies,  
 From turkey-poults transfix'd, and sirloins slash'd,  
 From marrow-puddings maul'd, and custards quash'd,  
 Crimpt cod, and mutilated mackarel,  
 And desolation of the turtle's shell  
 Some Alderman of giant appetite  
 A surfeit sweeps to everlasting night :  
 Imbibing claret with his latest breath,  
 And brandishing his knife and fork in death,  
 Downward a gormandizing ghost he goes,  
 And bears to hell fresh fuel on his nose ;  
 For Calipash explores the infernal scene,\*  
 And wishes Phlegethon one vast Terrene.

O Paragon of Cats, whose loss distracts  
 My soul, and turns my tears to cataracts,

\* ——— Petit Ille dapes, ———  
 Oraque vana movet, dentemque in dente fatigat,  
 Exercetque cibo delusum gutter inani,  
 Proque epulis tenues nequicquàm devorat auras.

*Ovid. Met. lib. viii.*

Nor craft nor courage could thy doom prorogue !  
DICK, premier Cat upon the catalogue  
Of Cats that grace a caterwauling age,  
Scar'd by Fate's cat-call quits this earthly stage ;  
Dire fled the arrow that laid Richard flat,  
And sickening Glory saw Death shoot a Cat.

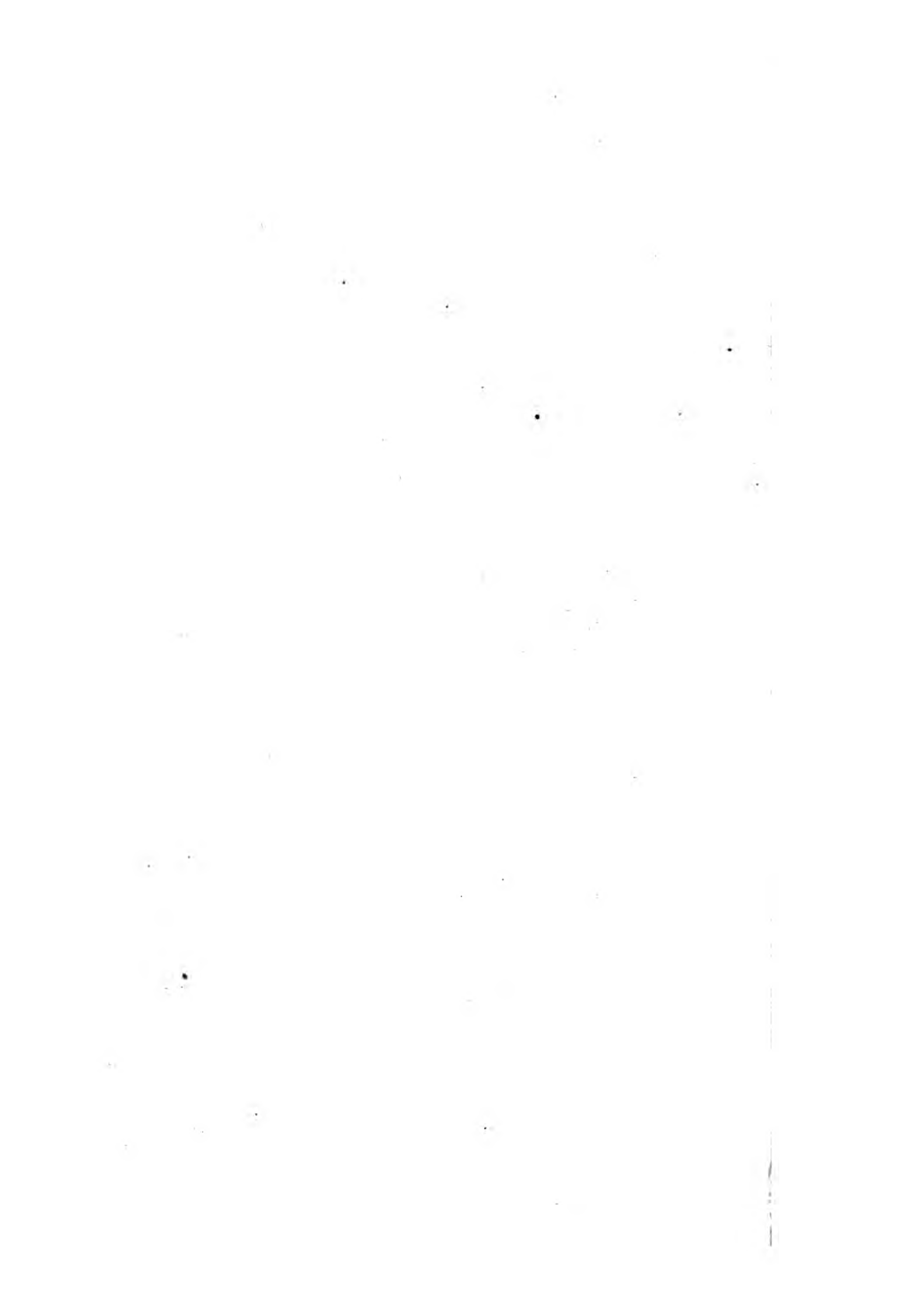
Ah ! though thy bust adorn no sculptur'd shrine,  
No vase thy relics rare to fame consign,  
No rev'rend characters thy rank express,  
Nor hail thee, DICK ! D. D. nor F. R. S.  
Though no funereal cypress shade thy tomb,  
For thee the wreaths of Paradise shall bloom.  
There, while Grimalkin's mew her Richard greets,  
A thousand Cats shall purr on purple seats :  
E'en now I see, descending from his throne,  
Thy venerable Cat, O Whittington !  
The kindred excellence of Richard hail,  
And wave with joy his gratulating tail !  
There shall the worthies of the whisker'd race  
Elysian Mice o'er floors of sapphire chase,  
Midst beds of aromatic marum stray,  
Or raptur'd rove beside the Milky Way.

Kittens, than Eastern Houris fairer seen,  
Whose bright eyes glisten with immortal green,  
Shall smooth for tabby swains their yielding fur,  
And to their amorous mews assenting purr.  
There, like Alcmena's, shall GRIMALKIN'S SON  
In bliss repose,—his mousing labours done,  
Fate, envy, curs, time, tide, and traps defy,  
And caterwaul to all eternity !

END OF VOL. I.

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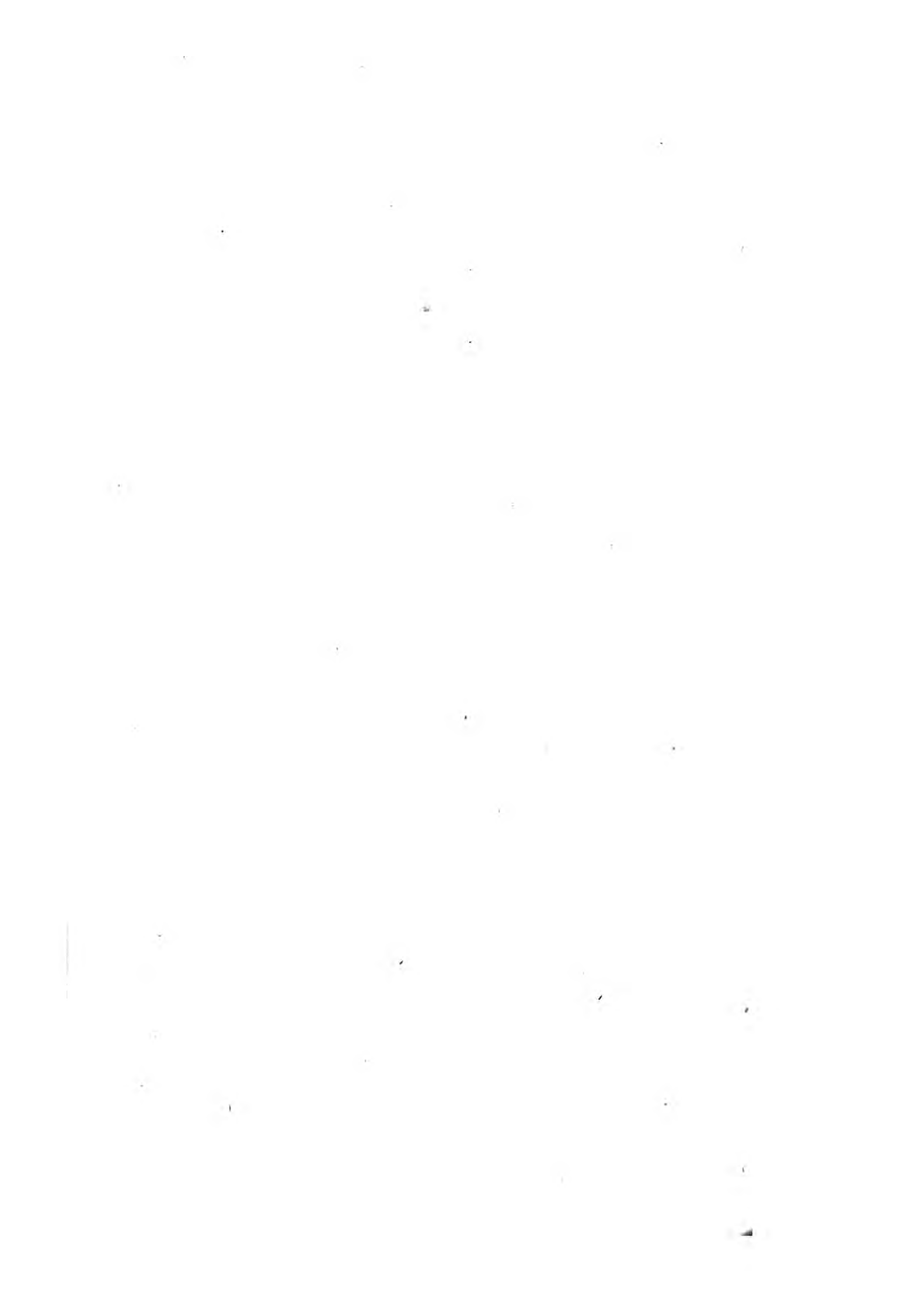


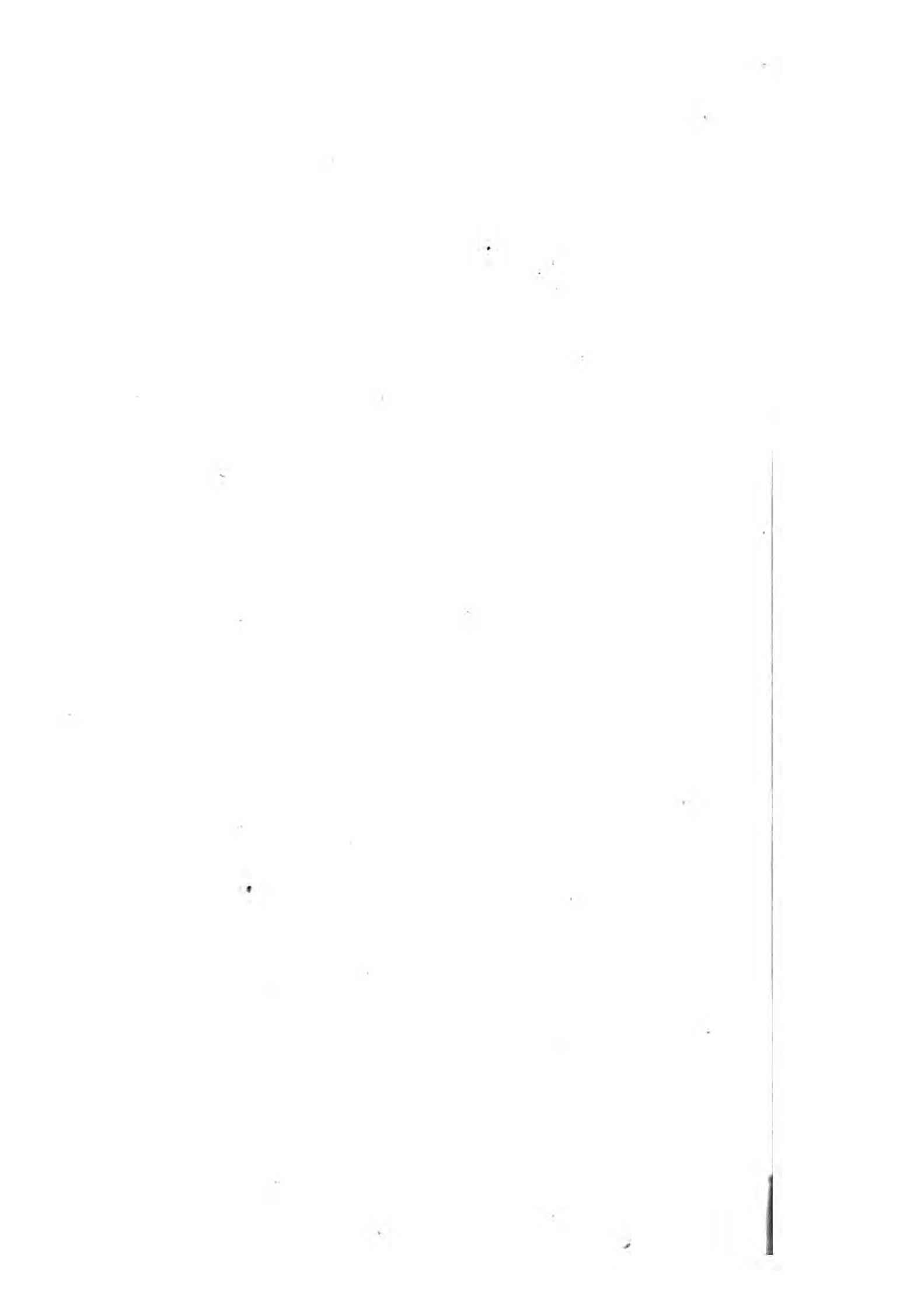
## ERRATA.

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- Page 11 line 22. *for* Selestial,     *read* Celestial.  
— 37 — 7. — Euridice,     — Eurydice.  
— 64 — 13. — He pull'd out, — He straight unsheath'd.







Upe



2 Vols. c. ps. 1854 10/12  
Lithography 391 - Rf -

24. cf.

