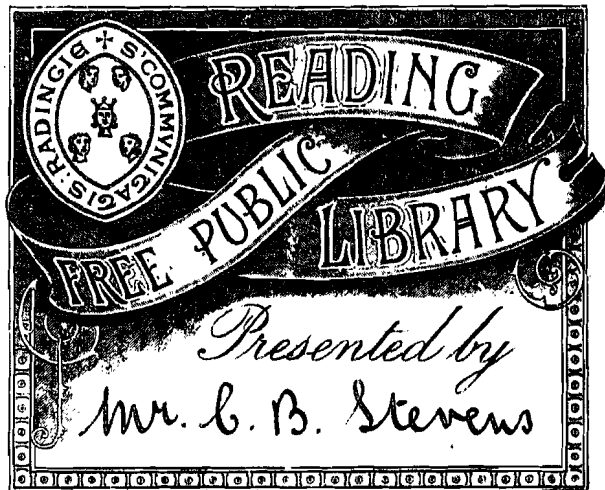


Please mind it



Date from 1785

MAN

Reading
anecdotes

Vol 2

RPL	Local Collection
Class	RUA/MAN
Acc. No.	H145
Acc. Date	3/52

This Book is not to be
Told - it being a Family
Relique. W. M.

A Parving Song.

Tune; - "Mephistos hear a brother Sida";
When the Earth, was first divided,
Reading was a favourite Sport,
'Twas there, decency resided,
Build the rich, and bless'd the cot.
Industry, curst all the Traders,
Far and near their fame resound,
Smiling wealth bless'd all their labours,
All with Independence crown'd.
2
Oft' extravagance was sorely
Vex'd, to be neglected there,
Hatch, says she, Jack Deane before me,
Hes a charming Lad. I swear,
As his fortune is expended
In a pleasing giddy round;
'Tis but right that he's befriended,
Some Support must now be found.

He shall make the People mad, to
 Pave and light, and waste the Town.
 Another thought come in my head too,
Matt shall help to force it down:
 Then what feasting, fun, and pleasure,
 While they flee the gaping croud;
 'Tis Solicitor and Treasurer,
 No distinction is allow'd.

Fate who watch'd their secret motion
 To his cousin Harry flew,
 He, she knew, had other notions,
 To the tradesman's Interest, true.
 To oppose this noted spendthrift
 How his honest bosom glow'd;
 He oppos'd their schemes in earnest
 Like Plato, obstinately good. —

Vandal scribbles spit their anger
 To disturb him of his rest,
 Fortuna seeing him in danger,
 With her shield defend his breast,
 Conscience he is doing right too,
 Looks with indignation down,

On this scheming artful wight, who
 Longs to tax the unwary town. J.M.

THE PAVING MISCELLANY.

Unbiased Monday Jan: 17. 1785 [Price to all parts]

<p>This Evening And every evening from this will be acted A new Comedy, call'd All in Confusion, or, the Twisting of Brassford King by Mr. <u>H. W. G.</u> Mr. King <u>Mich. Deacons</u> Parson <u>Mr. Patey</u> Messrs <u>Deacons</u>, <u>Mr. Bromley</u> <u>Rusby</u>, <u>Mr. Waller</u> Part of the said with a loud on of no side. <u>Mr. King</u> Dutch <u>Mr. G. Lewis</u> and <u>Mr. Hooper</u> with many other curious characters, not worth mentioning — will be open at Six o'Clock at <u>St. Pauls</u> near <u>St. Pauls</u> It will be a <u>Work</u> of <u>St. Pauls</u></p>	<p>Advertisements Whereas several igno- rant People have tak- en upon them to write stupid & scurrilous squibs, reflecting on some of the best Char- itacters in Reading: This is to give notice to the aforesaid scrib- blers, if they do not im- mediately give over such a base and un- worthy trade, their names will be published in the next Paper for the Entertain'ment of all good wishes for the peace & prosperity of the said Borough.</p>	<p>Some, in the said under an act for paving and lighting the said Borough, and they are desired to take care and survey of every street, Lane &c. to set down the length of each, where beginning and where ending. The term of time they intend to be in use of, with the expense of taking up and relaying the old Stones, others wanting, and every other charge attending it.</p>
<p>Those Persons who wish well to the happiness of that ancient and honor- able Borough are desired to meet at their convention at the Town hall, to con- sider to procure all parties to buy aside their present head; — to receive sides the business, — and out with more moderation in future</p>	<p>ADVERTISEMENT that ought to have been omitted. Mr. <u>W. G.</u>, <u>Parson</u>, &c. who are inclin'd to undertake the pro- posed Paving, of the Borough of <u>Reading</u> are desired to give in their estimate of the said</p>	<p>Those Persons who wish well to the happiness of that ancient and honor- able Borough are desired to meet at their convention at the Town hall, to con- sider to procure all parties to buy aside their present head; — to receive sides the business, — and out with more moderation in future</p>

For the Paving
Miscellany
To Sir George Os-
borne

you being a Gentry
man in a late of War.
diary business, I take
the liberty to address you
in the cool, but firmness
of Reason, I am sure
no man has gaged
respect for you than I
do, and therefore
can have no right to
speak to you on these
points. You know, Sir,
was your own proposal
to take the sense of the
people on your act, the
offer was exceeding fair,
but why did you not
accept it? You then saw how
averse the people were to
the measure, but please
it was not a full offering
an argument as fit
to your consent. The in-
dignation was general, and
therefore, to all intents, it
is done, whether there
is a fair field to act on
the merits of the proposal
there or not; however
was one more indulgent
towards the Gentlemen
and the Gentlemen
did themselves to take
the names of the people
and you was one more
indulgent, sure this

might have taught you
how very unpolitic the
scheme was, the trans-
actions of these days
must have convinced you
that the majority of
the people could not
endure the tax. I had
must the feeling of
to see their friends
get that, whom they thought
the fatherly protector of
the poor, thus wanting
to sustainly persist in
loading them with a
burthen, which, neither
they nor their fathers,
were able to bear. And
to what can means who
are struggling with a
poor trade of large fam-
ilies, inspite their im-
pending ruin but to your
obstinacy of pride? Sir,
if you would be popular,
you have better means
of being so, than dis-
ting the indignity of
Mr. Heath's Black List is

The distinction of the
Poor claim is more
oblate with the nation from
Gentlemen, whose
abilities, we all know
are equal to the subject,
and the fixing of the
office of

heard down, your name
with honor to posterity.
I beg pardon for taking
up so much of your
and beg leave to sub-
scribe myself, yours &c.
Cato.

HOME NEWS

We are sorry to say
that we are in the present
disgraceful state, owing
to the opposition of
of men, who can offer
nothing, but what the
scheme propose.

It can be seen that
public, that Mr. Heath
not the author of a
scurrilous song, big
reflecting on Mr. Heath
a Gentleman greatly
esteemed for his deli-
cated & upright con-
duct in every station
of life.

The coalition con-
ground daily; the
ple are now considered
our worthy magistra-
meant nothing by his
intended improvement
but what was con-
to the advantage of
individual, who

a business opportunity
certainly reap the
profit of an increas-
ing trade in every
department.

The late severe wa-
ther had had a great
effect on the party
writing of this day, and
out has been as much
frozen as the ground
they trod on.

The friends to the
paving bill, never
tired with using every
panderous means to gain
majority of hands
to their insidious
not, however when the
opportunity of blast-
ing the characters of
some of the testimen-
tial men, who have
stood forth in
opposition to arbit-
rary and despotical
measures.

We hear it is in-
tention to build a
new Town Hall, which
with the new hang-
ing ship's coffee house
will make the Town
Reading equal
beauty to Hol-
bourn.

As the new pavement
is said to be projected
to allure strangers to
settle among us, it is
hoped the Committee
will bring forward an
act for a Playhouse
which will certainly
be successful so
deed laid a scheme
Many imagine
the paving business
was only introduced to
promote the interest &
influence of a few in-
dividuals, and to bring
forward men of no con-
sequence.

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is said to be projected
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dividuals, and to bring
forward men of no con-
sequence.

Mr. Mayor has already
given the public an im-
pression of his profound know-
ledge in figures, by pro-
ving 2 to be more than
3, but his next demon-
stration will sur-
prise them more, for
at the next meeting he
intends the votes shall
be weighed, having
already secured to his
own side Lord North
Mrs Barlow & others of
the characters.

Mr. Heath's Black List is
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Poor claim is more
oblate with the nation from
Gentlemen, whose
abilities, we all know
are equal to the subject,
and the fixing of the
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coming, than ourselves
I assure you, we are hand-
ily tired of the business,
our taxes, for the new
improvements, already
amount to near 3 in the
pound: and nothing
gives us more pleasure,
under our distress, than
to hear your taxes will
soon be equal to ours,
and consequently you
will not be likely to
do well as we do.

POET'S CORNER

EPIGRAMS.

Spoken by Tom Stone
Mr. Mayor
to visit the Stone the Mayor
thought good,
to employ a man who dotes
in word:
Thus, his wisdom when they
waddent,
Buy us no dough, in lieu
of meat B.

Mr. Heath's Black List is
The distinction of the
Poor claim is more
oblate with the nation from
Gentlemen, whose
abilities, we all know
are equal to the subject,
and the fixing of the
office of

To Mr. A. L. Lewis
New York in haste and to
the hall,
And found out a hundred
Resolvd to stay, No ad salutem
Ad videtur in Parlamento
N.

cannot hold thinking, do you oppose it
You are actuated as because you do not
then by opposition than the party it origin
any other motives, per
haps you wanted an
opportunity to intru
duce this business you
self, and are angry
to see a nother get the
lad vantage of your
hered laminitie, what
over is your reason
believe me, Sir, you
are wrong; it does
not become any man
to express a measure
merely because he
not the projector; but
Sir, the plain cause
a gentleman, who is
your friend & relation
and therefore the
became you to oppose
it with such victor
your exhaust from the
Henley act was un
fair & unparalell, an
you should not have
published it, because
by so doing, you de
ceived many who
had not an opportu
nity to consult the
act itself. Do you se
riously think the
town is in such a
of perfection as not to
admit of impro

world & you pardon,
and with the strict
sincerity, I assure you
I am with the greatest
respect,
Sir,
your most obedt
Duties.

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sincerity, I assure you
I am with the greatest
respect,
Sir,
your most obedt
Duties.

our not hils; and
when he is drunk
man seeth his way;
& therefore, receiv
King; if those will
mend our ways, then
shall they send sit on
the throne for ever
I. And the thing
ed the King, and he
called an assembly
of the People;
10. And the King
shook his head
people, but every
eyes were opened, so
they sided not with
King;
11. Then the King was
ed wrath, and he said,
as my soul liveth, ye
are all fools.
12. And every man
went unto his own
with sorrow, for the
of the King;
13. And the King went
up unto the upper
chamber, and lay on
the bed all day, for
he was sicky.
14. Now it came to
in those days, that
there was a great
in the Land, whose
name was Blouinada;
and he was a great
Shoaker.

15. And when he
heard that the King
was sorely vexed with
in him, he went in
unto the King;
16. And he bow
down his face unto
the Ground, and said,
O King, live for ever;
17. Send now unto
the wise men, and
say thus, and they
shall ye do,
18. And the thing
ceased well thinking
and he sent for the
wisemen and said,
19. Up now, choose
ye out two men
from among your
and I also will choose
two men;
20. And let them go
to the Great Hall, and
lay before them a book,
and all the people
shall write therein
and what soever the
people sayeth, that
will I do.
21. And the wisemen
answered, and said,
this and more also
will we do to please
the King;
22. So they went to
the great hall, and
opened the book, & the
people wrote there

On Mr. Hooker
The Sight of Good looking
Should people have their
No man with us must
No of a mat take my kills.
O.

to see a nother get the
lad vantage of your
hered laminitie, what
over is your reason
believe me, Sir, you
are wrong; it does
not become any man
to express a measure
merely because he
not the projector; but
Sir, the plain cause
a gentleman, who is
your friend & relation
and therefore the
became you to oppose
it with such victor
your exhaust from the
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riously think the
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condemn your con
victors. Your chara
cter, has long been
red by every friend
his Country, and
am sorry, that yo
should thus sav
fice it to party
malice. Look back
to the last twen
of your life, take
view from an obse
writer, be no longer
guided by passion
do, shall we give
hearts of the
and restore to the
than confidence.
they ever had in
was in this wise:
Pardon me, Sir,
that I stand you
freely; if I have
anything unbeco
a man of no part
that reflects too
ly on your con
I sincerely ask

The 36. Chapter of
Chronicles
1. And it came to pass
in those days, that
King Jehoiakim sat on the
throne of his father;
2. And there was
in the Land, and
which darkness reigned
in the great city;
3. And they young
men were gathered
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to the King;
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On the Cousins.
Who saw the Ch
dash Deans with her
Parsons were to agree,
So not us of our
Not such me of the
They not care a
When me of to
Whether do, as
A

to see a nother get the
lad vantage of your
hered laminitie, what
over is your reason
believe me, Sir, you
are wrong; it does
not become any man
to express a measure
merely because he
not the projector; but
Sir, the plain cause
a gentleman, who is
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Another
John's Dream, may
If Harry bears thus
But all is cheat, I
Shod Johnny win the
C.

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For the Court his
to Henry Deane
Sir
I was ever, like
lives, a great admirer
of your conduct; but
the present instance,

to see a nother get the
lad vantage of your
hered laminitie, what
over is your reason
believe me, Sir, you
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and they who could
not write, made
marks.

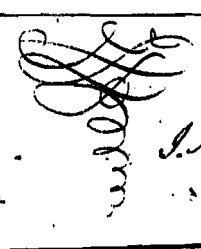
23. But some men
would not write at all;
and the people would
not write at all;
and the people would
not write at all.

24. So when they had
numbered all the
people, the way
was just as he was be-
fore, even on the
wrong sides.

25. But he said, he
would prevail over
them, for he would
lay it before the
eyes of the nation;
the people grumbled
at it.

26. And there was
much confusion in
the land, for every man
had, was against his
neighbour, father
against son, and first
cousins could not agree.

Lord! how pol'icians stare,
To see the dainties set off
by / 1792 & 1793, don't please them
not like the writings of the Great
I dare not tho' it is my fate
I will some where they can


J. M.

7.
A List of the worthy members of this Corpora-
tion, who nobly supported the Right of
the Town by electing a Native from
the F.R.E. School to go to M. Johns
College on M. P. H. White's Foundation.

Reading June 4, 1792.

- THO: DEANE Esq^r Mayor
M^r W^m Knapp
Martin Annesley
Robert Micklem
Cha: Poulton
Thomas Gleed
Richard Maul
Tho: West

Aldermen.

An honest Man is the noblest work of God
Pope.

"I was a stranger and ye took me in,
"I was a stranger and ye took me in,
"I was a stranger and ye took me in,"

Rev: Dr. Halden

of that town of the Rev: Dr. Halden
in that of the Rev: Dr. Halden, we will add that the
that of the Rev: Dr. Halden may know also who were concerned
of that town of the Rev: Dr. Halden

John Bullen, Member
Thomas Hanson
Henry Hanson

Dr. Halden

to seek a stranger.
"I was a stranger in his merciful attempt
of the town by supporting a
for whom who badly betrayed the
of list of those Members of this town

A new Song to an old Tune.

From Frogs Soup maigre, Monsieur fled to Reading
Whar, by help of a Priest, he soon patch'd up a wing
He has open'd a School, and he lives in full glee,
For his Frogs, Calaphath, for his Soup, Calafes.

2.

Dorry down &c

Parbleu, says the Frenchman, what good living I find,
I never could have thought, lack of bread half so kind,
With a shirt to my back, which I never had before
I have ruffles to boot, and of Guineas a score.

3

Dorry down &c

If I had but some Frenchmen, to see how I live,
What delight to my heart, & my soul it would give,
Mortieu, they would cry, Brother, I'm lives in clover,
Let them return to geth more of our countrymen over.

4.

Dorry Down &c

The convention, now took a strange whim in their head,
That to go to the Devil, they need not be led,
So they sent all their Priests, half England to grace,
And set all the World, in a wonderful blaze.

Dorry Down &c

Monsieur Dominique de P. Quintin
Rev: Dr. Walsh . . . the French Question

The Priests all arrived, Monsieur took in his head,
To give them a Dinner, to show how he fed;
Where the Roast, & the Birds, so overloaded the Table,
That Madam's Gift, seem'd, no longer a Table.

6. Derry Down &c

His half-famish'd guests, soon sat down to this Dinner,
Proceed by the art of this prodigal Sinner,
With fish, flesh & fowl, they most charmingly dine,
And wash down their Cars, with 12 dozen of Wine.

7. Derry down &c

The Game of this feast, brought in the Bull to his sense,
Who quaff'd, tho' too late, who must pay the expence,
Being told, on presenting his bill at the school,
Tobacco, Sack Roast beef, you must be our good fool.

8. Derry down &c

A word of Advice — British Seademen take warning,
Hark that haul from your shops, who comes evening & morning,
For his words are like wind, and his promises air,
If he goes to the devil, you need never care.

Derry Down &c
J. B.

The Humble Petition of the Gleitors of Reading Sheweth

That your Petitioners, have for
ages past been in, ^{possessing} the glorious Privilege
of making Beasts of themselves on this day
in common with the rest of your Worships
of which privilege it is with unspeakable
grief, they are obliged to observe to your wor-
ships they find themselves unjustly depriv-
ed; and at a time, when it is well known
and the Jockey Club can witness the truth
of the assertion, they are as much inclin'd
to good living as any of their forefathers.
Besides which, your worships must acknowledge
their readiness at all times to attend your
summons, when ever call'd upon to partake
of the good things of your worships table,
even such as you are now with such rare
hires, going to set down to. — That to shew
their readiness to follow your worships good

example, many of them have eat till they could not speak, and other drank till they could not see; Cowards have been cowe courageous, and inblistel for soldiers while the proud and the peaceable have tumbled their brethren under the table, the proud have gone home in chains, and the humble in wheelbarrows, — Those who could not see, have been led by the watch, and those who could not stand have slept in the kennel. Such are the joys, and such the comforts we have lost, and which nothing but your Worships Pity and compassion can restore to us. — We are sensible your worships have been at a great expence in building a bridge, but it had been better for your Petitioners if it had never been done, and that all your worships had been down in the Kennett, before you had struck so fatal a blow, at their future peace as

deprive them of the only thing worth living for — the luxuries of your Table. Therefore, they humbly beseech your Worships, to reinstate them, in their former privilege, and as they do not wish to rob your worships of the far fetched turtle, so they hope you will admit them to partake of the more humble dishes of Beef Pudding, and your petitioners will ever pray, that your roast meat may be done with the gravy in it, your Ducks & Geese well seasoned, that partridges and Pheasants may flock to your board, and your puddings & pasties be made of the best ingredients. —

Wm. Tom Secretary
J. M.

(14)

To be sold by Auction

on Tuesday, the 6th Day of Oct: 1795

At the Town-hall, at Gotham,

By John Bull

Phlebotomist, Purgalist, and Obstetricist,

All the Genoise, neat

Useless Culinary Utensils

Belonging to the

Corporation of Gotham.

The said Furniture is very little the
worse for wear, having been seldom used

of late years, except for the Benefit of the
present Proprietors, and are well worth the

consideration of any Gentlemen, who,
on a future day, may wish to be a Can-
didate for the said Borough, and may
not think it beneath his Dignity to
entertain the Electors with a good Din-
ner, at a small expence, and for which
he will be put in a way to repay him-
self with Interest at a future time & place.

(15)

The Wines will not be disposed of at this
sale, being too good for the Swinish butts.

NB It is hoped no one will object to see-
ring the lucrative Offices of Jurors & Con-
stables, during the present Mayoralty,
the only motive for disposing of the
above being to prevent that Nausea, so
common after great eating & drinking.
Catalogues to be had at the place
of sale, and at the Auctioneers, in
the Market Place, any day previous
to the sale, except Monday; during
which day, he will be earnestly employ-
ed for the Public Good. J. B.

It being intended to make a select Party on
Monday next, it is desired, that no one will attend
under the dignity of a Burgess, except Clericals,
Medical Gentlemen, who being generally found
to Good living, and not serving any of the troublesome
some Offices in the Borough, are justly thought
the only fit people to be entertained at the public
Expence Thursday Oct: 1795 John Bull.
NB Mr Jm Bulley was at that time Mayor.

The Mayor of Readings East.
A new Song

No longer well own, we belong to the Town,
When so often we suffer vexation,
When the Mayor gives a head, we have nothing to eat,
Through the niggardly system, starvation.
2.

Yet Owners and Doctors, Lawyers & Preceptors,
Those fellows, who poison the nation,
When the Mayor gives a head, are invited to eat,
& exempt from the system, starvation.
3.

And we at their will, all the offices fill,
That abound in this great Corporation,
When the Mayor gives a head, as for biddons to eat,
So partial's their system, starvation.
4.

Not so times of yore, with our fathers before;
Whose rights never suffered invasion,
When the Mayor made a head, they were certain to eat,
Unknown was the system, starvation.
5.

Like them will be free, with one voice will agree;
To shew them supreme detestation,
Since none but slaves eat, when the Mayor makes a head,
A fig for the system starvation. J.M.

The
Reading Volunteers.

A
Poem.

By — — —
Gentleman & Soldier

I sing the men, read it who list;
All Trojans here, as ever ye —
Virgil translated.

When Gallie Boils, a Lammid the Royal ran
 And every Maxim, dreaded left of place;
 When public justice lopsid a Monarch's head,
 And King & Emperors trembled in their Bed,
 Britannia then, forgetful of her state
 Sent her chainbands, to avenge a ^{Despots} Monarch's fate,
 Affrighted liberty forsook her native lands,
 To view the warlike deeds of Gallie Bands:
 The Goddess gone, of perfusion took her place
 Of monstrous birth, and of a German Race
 With limbs gigantic, head of hoind size,
 With gnashing teeth, & ever watching eyes,
 Revengeful; bloody, cruel, and accurst
 On what she laid her hands, she stouly crush'd
 Inmate with Hell, she fill'd the Lario with stink,
 And every day produc'd a thousand lies;—
 First, that Frenchmen, strik'n by the Moon,
 Would visit London on the fourth of June;
 Then, that Dumouriez had oft'n said,
 He'd put a red cap on King George's Head. 20
 The Towr repaired, her Topics next declares,
 They'd seizes six Coaches, carry in their Fare.

"The French are coming!" was the daily cry;
 The London Tavern propagals the Lye;
 The pension'd Tribe, employ each vile device,
 To keep their places, and the people cheats
 "Subscribe—subscribe," they cry, you silly elves—
 But not a single sou, they give themselves.

And now the British Youth, learn aspires,
 Their bosoms burn with Emulation's fire; 30
 That blood, which once supported Judg'm's
 Is basely shed for Tyrant's bloody Laws;
 Yet every village wou'd it martial band,
 And Guise's hempets overspread the land.
 Hervey sent forth her wide mouth'd sonnets, 35
 And Reading rais'd her courage abo' trials;
 Gold, of young, of youth, God be prais'd!
 Two hundred drunken sores that day she rais'd,
 O' Muse, assist me with a glowing verse,
 For well I would our martial deeds rehearse; 40
 Each heroic act relate; for, well I ween,
 Such harmless soldiers never before wou' seen.

A politician deep, lean, lank, polite
 A soldier now, tho' once a shallow thought,
 & P. Ch. M. with

Who oft engaged in arms with females, frail, 40
 Has sometimes vanquish'd - sometimes turn'd tail -
 In pious mood, he sometimes goes to church,
 And leaves th' impatient damsels in the lurch.
 The saints all own the man, for well they know
 That carneal sins are venial here below. 50
 His honest heart, tho' bred in Asia's climes,
 Is still undaunted with his insidious crimes
 One single vice, so mix'd with good, appears,
 He asks forgiveness, while he claims our tears.
 His Knight had heard the wondrous story told,
 How these women now got drunk, to make them bold
 Think with the hint, he form'd his original plan
 Kidnap'd JOHN BULL, th' old simple kind of the
 First stuff'd his guts with bread & beef & wine;
 And, having made him drunk, he made him sign
 Bold as a lion, JOHN stagger'd home to bed -
 Next morning wak'd, with aching heart & head,
 Forc'd to forsake his Wife - his shop - his trade
 By aristocratic arts, a soldier made.
 Without the town, an ancient Cattle stands,
 Built to reform the vices of the land;

A threefold Wall, surrounds th' enormous pile,
 Where many a Briton dwells in durant vile;
 Both, bars, and shackles, are their horrid fate,
 And a grim Giant, guards the outer Gate 70.
 Within these Walls, secure from War's alarms,
 We heroes chose to exercise our arms; -
 Fearless of foes, here made our first essay -
 And march'd by counter march'd in open day.
 Adjoin'd the Wall, by some whiffling near the top, 75
 A curious stage is fix'd, call'd the new drop;
 This wonder working stage oblivion brings,
 On every son of man, that on it swings:
 Perch'd on this place, our Master in a day
 Popping his gracious head above the wall 80
 The glorious sight so struck him with surprise,
 That, thus he spake, with uprais'd hands & eyes
 "Ha! ha! what sight is this my eyes behold?
 "The slays of Reading, with his young god.
 "They look so very fierce & void of fear - 85
 "Pray God they may not bite off each other's ears,
 "With high cock'd hats, & noses red & blue,
 "They look as fierce as chickens cut in eyes.

"Now let these Trombones come, — their bloody rage,
 "Who can no more for things, than I for hogs. 90
 "What! what, what, the wars calottes come here,
 "My leading boys shall pepper well their rear.
 "Now up; now down, I see them scour the field,
 "And though a surging reigns, they will not yield
 "Should purple streams flow from each well placed
 "And something, for less sanctuary, fill their hose.
 "For these, and all their wants, I will prepare,
 "And shew a sovereign's ^{parents} care.
 "But that vile scent, which so affails the nose,
 "First stains a washer woman, for their cloaths. 100
 "A gossip good, as in the leading came,
 "And Mother Shipston be that gossip's name.
 "A gossip good, compound of noise & clutter,
 "Shall wash him well with violet soap & water.
 "Their bloody noses next invoke my aid —
 "The pink I send them of this quackish trade
 "It polles self had never had the skill, 105
 "To point the clyster, Bolus, Surgeon Pill;
 "The God of phizic neer with them could vie,
 "For those they do not cure are sure to die.

All things are Prohibited

"And Brother Phets tumbles on his knees;
 "To hear how soon the murderous work is done!
 "Armed with the Pen, let Whitford now advance,
 "And Lamb take up his scissars knife. 110
 "I warn 'em with these, or as I know the field
 "Than all the Corps besides do what they will;
 "Thus spake our self — a Gage, who all must own
 "Is fifty times more wise than Solomon.

Now void of fear, as death wounds by hours,
 "We play at soldiers, braving bloodless wounds;
 "Our martial music in full band appears,
 "And marrow bones & cleavers charm our ears. 120
 "Then come the Ensigns, proud of their array,
 "Shutting like game cocks on a summer day.
 "Two Gold Lieutenant's guide the straggling
 "Prancing the lot 'tis one a good a thief,
 "And honest Lawyer one — you can not doubt;
 "They all are honest, till they are found out;
 "Besides the Speaker, conscious of his want,
 "Gave him a place himself could not inherit,
 "Seated behind whom chair, he sure must pain,
 "One of those hidden virtues of his train.
 "Long may this Volunteer with praise profess
 "The blushing honors of his martial dress —

Henry Bond, 1793. J. W. Hunt, & W. W. Hunt, 1793.

May fragments now give way to Guns & Swords,
 As less destructive far than laws records.
 Some think his Comrade is a man of merit,
 And all must own he does not want for Spirit;
 His thoughts no longer dwell on hops & Mums
 His only music is the sound of drum;
 His shooting jacks, turned to blue lead —
 His loving wife, neglected, lies in bed;
 Guns, drums, & trumpets, fill his vacant mind,
 And while he would be loyal grows unkind.
 Let some proclaim his truth, on trembling wings
 A son of Calvin is a friend to Kings.

A nobler subject now demands my lays —
 Our worthy Captains, & their well earned praise,
 Fearless, they lead the way where honor calls
 To storm the cistern, or bombard the walls.
Heane on the left, maintains the glorious fight,
 And Annesley noble led leads on the right,
 Annesley with whom the loves & Graces dwell,
 For arms, forsakes the maid he loves so well —
 Let's hope this cruelty is all a sham —
 To meek a heart, could never hurt a L.A.M.P.

So chaste — so gentle — and so free from harm,
 That ancient virgins lead him by the arm;
 And waggon loads, at once, go to the farm.
 Alas! how soon these simple joys are flown —
 The simple Squire is now a Soldier grown;
 His once long coat, now shortens to his work,
 And his chaste breeches lengthen'd to his trunk;
 Now bashful virgins rub your eyes and stare,
 To find a rake in him, they thought the rare;
 Fell in the front, these heroes brave advance,
 Cursing the fate of England & of France;
 That fate, which brought their courage into light,
 And left a wife and dopy in a fright.
 Lord! how they prayed, that wise men might be sold,
 And, like themselves, be ministerial tool.
 Their prayer is heard, for, lo! the peel's up heard,
 Marching in equal ranks, from front to rear —
 When danger's near, true providence always says
 "Send forth your Pioneers, to clear the way."
 The pioneers are Comrade Duke, and I.
 As drunk as any sour, in David's style,
 If bid to march on — then we backwards reel;
 If stand upright — then quasily down we kneel;

To the right about - to the left we go,
 And if to club our army, we lay them low.
 I could say more, but ~~Modesty~~ forbids, 180
 To publish to the world, my own good deeds:
 Suffice to say we look so very grim,
 That old Wives run, at sight of me or him.

A Prussian Monarch once was to be seen,
 Made his tall Grenadiers his greatest glory; 180
 The giant Jesse cast the royal fool,
 Four hundred Pounds to bring him to his rule.
 But we, more wise, know courage does not fail,
 A love in People, who are six foot six -
 A better standard marks our Grenadiers, 190
 As some for length of Nose, & some of Bars.
 For proof of what I say, see Solomon's Moore,
 Whom, if you measure, you'll find four feet four,
 And next him Wilson, you may plainly see,
 Is very little more, than four feet three. 195
 Yet tho' not tall, they hope it's no crime,
 To say, they'll fight like Stags in rutting time.
 The pig my Moore on whom my heart does dwell,
 With the bushy arm'd, shall flag each duns-ail'd

Wilson, whose bookin's never knows fault, 200
 A democratic louse, in head or tail,
 Shall, if those villains in to England come,
 Crush their vile souls, with finger nail or thumb.
 The mighty deed atchiev'd - to Church he go,
 To thank the Lord, he's rid him of a foe. 205
 That chimney-sweeping church, where sinners ^{fool} most
 Are crush'd away by their BR Orth Q's cowl;
 That Church, where Saints all go, like lads new lites,
 Praising the Lord, they are so very wicked.
 Thirst of the knave, Daniel leads the way, 210
 To cheat the Devil, he will sing & pray.
 If righteousness & faith do not accord,
 Short measur'd coals will serve to cheat the Lord.
 And if, nor wholly good, nor bad, he seems,
 He tries to cheat 'em both, by unfair beams. 215
 As Apes agile - swift as fatted Cows,
 Comes the light Infantry with sweaty brow;
 Whether they walk, or waddle o'er the ground,
 Their heavy feet, like copy mill's resound;
 When either right or left, they bustling take, 220
 Show Dany chance to fall, the earth doth quake.
 The Lordant Bushmills, this Gentleman is not a Volunteer,
 but all must allow he deserves to be crabbed.

The noble Neutary has outstripp'd the rest
 A loyal heart, within his honest breast;
 At four score years, again he sees the boy—
 A second Vesta at the siege of Troy; 225.
 With martial hat & wig, he looks so bold,
 Like him, his wife forgets that he is old.
 What means this cloud of dust, I see arise,
 Covering the face of earth, like Pharaoh's flies?
 It must be him—a lawyer! not the worth— 230
 Whether he is, there's sure to be a dust;
 Panting for breath, he comes in search of fans
 Bringing a brazen face; that mien knew shame
 I must recount—fortune, I call'd ^{one} ~~you~~ blind—
 Neglected Impudence ^{she} ~~you~~ left behind; 235
 But now I find this assertion was not true—
 She prov'd it first in Lizzards, now in you.
 'Twas impudence, exalted him in life;
 Who fears no man, nor woman, but his wife.
 Go on 'blast pair, be impudence your friend,
 Nancey let modesty your steps attend;
 So may preferment come, tho' late deferr'd,
 And only blush to see yourselves prefer'd.

A greater number yet remains untong'd,
 But prudent archers, kept their bows untong'd;
 The muse would tire, should she attempt the task
 Of every volunteer, in these our days;
 Tossing of Garrard's pride, or Sowdon's wit,
 Would take a summer's day to copy it:
 The Penny Postman too, might claim a place; 250
 And modest Mansfield, wish to show his face;
 But none of these shall stain my paper now,
 My song is ended, and I make my bow. J.M.

Among various attacks on the author, in the
 Reading Mercury, one Gentleman sent
 a copy of verses, wherein after abusing the work
 he criticized lines 115 & 116 as incorrect in rhyme,
 to which the Author sent the following epigram
 in answer, but for some reason the Editor did
 not chuse to insert it.

To the author of some verses, on the Read Volunteers.
 Epigram.
 I've heard the prince of poets sing;
 "Small learning is a dangerous thing";
 You've prov'd it true; I own,
 + Mr. Laurence's Antitick at the Postoffice

For if you had, as Critics ought,
 With learned languages been fraught;
 You'd heard of Sadopeur.

When next you take the grey goose quill,

Abuse the Poet, if you will,
 And imitate your betters,

But let alone the Critick's art;
 In that, we're sure you have no part,

'Twas made for men of letters.

Articriticicus.

Epigram

On the author of the Poem, entitled, the
Reading Volunteers.

They poison spread; in darkness still,
 To infamy tho' callous;

Thou know, not e'en thy dullness will,

Protect thee from the galants.

another

Shall such a Poet; be uncrowned?[?]

And none, as thoue his y uarrel?[?]

Give him, all loyal tongues rescound,

A halter, for a laurel.

Drag from the door knave, whose he lusts,
 The Jacobine wretch; -
 To Cloacina give his works,
 His gullet to Jack-ketch.

To the Printer of the Reading Mercury,
 Sir

Having been charged by many
 persons with being the author of a poem,
 entitled the Reading Volunteers, from
 the initials of my name being affixed
 to the title page, and my having the
 honor of belonging to that respecta-
 ble Corps, I do declare that I was no
 way concerned in that scurrilous pub-
 lication.

The author of the poem is ^{fool;} a thick head
 I'm an aking bad use of a Latin school.

Charles Choules }
 Gentleman Associate

Epigram on Ch. C. Chouless Vindication

This proof is two of old friend - no more on stage,
That thou art innocent, no man disputes,
Thine honest words acquits thee of the charge,
And thy lines prove that ~~thou~~ ~~hang~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~

Another
on the unequal measure of his lines.

Just like the candles, on his shelves,
His two dull lines, the Grocer mixes,
The first outdoes the longest twelve.
The latter ranks twixt thimble & sixes.
(Allan & Waddingford)

On the Poem of the Reading Volunteers.

A democratic Poet writ,
In humorous strains display'd his wit,
Men laugh'd with careless looks,
A zealous loyalist is found,
Bid hang the poet, worse confounds;
And helps to sell his book
Must loyal tongues, a halter sound?
Must loyal hearts be treacherous found?

This looks like Robespierre;

Such callous thoughts, my mind confuse;
I shrink! I know not which to chuse;
I start with anxious fear.
Philanthrop

To the Author of the Reading Volunteers

When satire aims to rectify the man,
To teach him wisdom, or reform his plan;
Of conduct deeper strikes than venom'd dart;
Whose sting is hid, by elegance of art:
Touched by unskill'd hands, the ungrateful tool
Recoils, and wounds the self-sufficiency's soul.

No classic beauty darts, no wit sublime;
Your doggerel, dirty, democratic rhyme;
Thad every page, in modern tinsel dress,
The dark, insidious rebel stains confess:
Else why withhold the tribute of applause,
From zeal, the guardian of its Country's laws?
Why on the scaffold, place our King's minion?
Unless the wirk were father to the Rhymon

Son of Apollo! when poetic fire,
 Shall next your soul to nobler strains inspire,
 When in full verse, the swelling tide shall flow,
 Touch not the sacred chord of private woe:
 The generous muse would rather display
 Domestic annals, to the eye of day —
 Let Wit; let elegance be all your own,
 Shew yourself equal to King Solomon.
 NB. The poetical rhyme of the two last
 lines, amongst many others, is Associate
 own, therefore cannot be claimed by
 W.R.B. & N.S.T. & S. viol. lin. 1844/18.

THE RALEIGHAD

When Britain's Isle, for freedom long renowned,
 Had fill'd with jealousy, the nations round;
 When Gallia's youth, in towns Atlantic fell,
 Had seen the blessed fruit that freedom yields;
 Myrtle Fayette, led a hardy band, 5
 And set the fruitful plant in Gallia's land;
 Then some fell Desmon, from his vial poured,
 The wrathful drug, that Britain's temper would.
 The baneful cup, infused a deadly woe,
 While lost in sloth, we ne'er discern'd the foe; 10
 Till by the Dragon's tail, one third of the world,
 Of British steers, were into darkness hurld.
 Those spirits fallen, eternal warfare hold,
 Waxing in magisterial armour bold;
 And conversation clubs, in London held. 15
 St. James's list, in an instant quell'd.
 The grand achievement thro' the nation rings,
 For live boobies, are all pretty things.

Has spread the mischief: Reading, Chief advise
 All social meetings, must be sacrificed; 20
 Lest virtue waking, feel her shackled hands,
 And like another Sampson, break her bands.
 The vulgar herd require but meat & drink,
 By other minds impell'd, they neer should thin.
 This maxim thro' the land let fame convey;
 The nearest sunk to brutes, men best obey.

With pure intents, a little band I sing,
 Of loyal hearts, devote to Church & King;
 Whose deeds, whose faith, & politics unknown,
 Alarm our fears, and interest all the town 30
 Wickedly assembling, at the George they meet,
 Summare long call'd, the place is now King St.
 In this Lyceum, ev'ry Tuesday night,
 Irishlander take Virginian weed they light,
 Their unpledgd thoughts, in smoky vapours toss,
 As words in freezing climes, awhile are lost;
 Each Gossip lends afoster parents care,
 To give them form, & breath in open air,
 As chickens thus maternal by foreign heat,
 They roam abroad & make a subtle treat to

The learned Celsus^{*} with portentous nod,
 Doubts if the Raleigh Club believe in God.
 Around the town, with hasty step he flew,
 The sixth commandment never in his view,
 Loyal his heart, and terror in his look, 45
 A Youth[†] he met, and thus the Doctor spoke
 "Sir, pray be wise, no more the George attend,
 Where Jacobines, their secret treasures vend:
 "With cautious head, they hunt each strong man,
 "All; Tom, the waiter, knows what they expect,
 And every sage, whom years has render'd wise 50
 "Less horrid felts conceal'd in them disguise.
 "Mystery masonic spreads a dire alarm,
 "For where no good is seen, there must be harm
 "A patron Saint[‡], enough to damn their cause,
 "Attended by forfeit life, offended laws:
 "His pickard head the chin-mustices boast,
 "His proud mimicry, makes the standing loat,
 "While loyal healths, if nam'd, are nam'd in vain,
 "And conscience hardly can her plea maintain 60
 "Remember, Sir, the honors of that place,
 "Fill'd by your sapient sire[§] with solemn grace,
 "

* Dr. Taylor M. D.

† Mr. W. B. Landry Attorney

‡ Mr. Walter Raleigh

§ Mr. W. B. Landry's father of the book.

36
"Hence cooperate fears, arranged in solemn row,
"Hear the wise Prophethings, that join him now,
"As wrapt in Fur with furs wide opening, sit, 65
"His finger pointing Lull'd, his language Pitt.
"Of honors such as these, Sir, you'd receive;
"The Raleigh club you must for ever leave."
Here Celsus wroct, when the Youth replied:—
"Sir, fame has much; the pious Club believe, 70
"Could you, Sir, cou'd mystify, & cou'd the Maist,
"Hear all the wondrous conversation there,
"Language so chaste & politics so pure;
"Would these your soles of jealous anger cure,
"There, Sir, is recaly'd the triple Plea, | 75
"Held of Physic, Law, Divinity:
"Yet without strife, or striving but to please,
"The learn'd professor, lecture without fear.
"Discord ne'er interrupts, the flow of Soul,
"But pure good-nature animates the whole.
"Here college rest, the enemies of science,
"In the fraternal club has no alliances
"Each one deriving, from his native mine,
"Sufficient metal, of a current coin,

37
"That freely circulates from hand to hand, 85
"And honest Quaffers, pray the Priests demand.
"No foul detraction heard, no anger seen:
"Can Innocents like these themselves the blame?
"Oh, yes" replies a younger son of Galen;
"Too well. I know the sins, to which they're fallen; 90
"No' e'er, by redeeming Grace was reach'd,
"Or, at St. Giles' heard the gospel preach'd,
"My soul a stranger, to the nothing nightfull
"Was Jolly's slave, and of her wiles un heedfull.
"From kindred praters, at the Feather's Club, 95
"I've often met the keen, sarcastic reb.
"The hated censors, leave the Feather's room,
"Fear'd or swept out by Magisterial broom.
"This Club, begot by Impudens Jolly,
"Is chang'd in name & place, & call'd the Raleigh;
"This vulgar thing, the Proles Populi, 100
"By solemn ballot, propagates her fry,
"Where want of wisdom, or of prudent rule,
"Admits a knowe, or sanctifies a shool.
"Their Prototype such corporations are, 105
"As having choir themselves, than chuse a trust,
+ Mr Thomas Ring Apothecary.

"But silence here, I fear my partner's frown,
(A. Taylor)

"Unless like Absolu, he'd resign his gown.)

"Unhappily, tongues now call this change, new birth,

"The Club remains, the vilest thing on Earth. 110

"For proof of which, through wisdom's court enquire,

"From youngest Bunglers, to the yearling squire,

"The yes, responsive, running thro' the whole,

"Shows body aggregate, in mind is sole" — 114

"Gounds" then replies the Leg al. Man of Strife,

"You bring a dreadful catalogue of sins!

"From what, the Duce, has all this clamourish?"

"I can't devise, of Treason or Misprision;

"Why, Gents, upon my soul, 'tis Devilish or evil,

"To men who never speak, or think, or do ill; 116

"Some hellish Demon, that once ev'ry idling
Presides in Reading, sure, of plagues you all;

"I had prophes'd, a quick destruction found,

"And giving one loud squeak, they all were drown'd

"I pray to God, such sale may not your own,

"Who thus from honor's mountain top, run down:

"Be cautious, Sirs, the Club is not uncivil.

"Can low born Pride, give birth to so much evil?"

Mr J. Bulley, Partner with Mr King & me in the Court.
Mr J. Bulley, 1724

As David's harp, once charm'd his royal host;

And drove the sultry Devil from his nest; 130

So may my song, your restless tempers calm,

And prove to wounded spirits, healing balm.

Terror, avaunt, ev'ry humble muse will stop;

To impotence, and sing the harmless group —

Descended from an Anglo-Norman race; 135.

Doctor Divino* holds the foremost place:

Secundum Artem, thro' green Optics brought

Reflected rays, illumine infant thought;

That shivering in a Magazine of Love,

Of mental food produces ample store. 140

As blessed viand, never known to fail,

And gather'd fresh and fresh, 'tis never staid:

Each guest is pleas'd, instructed, entertain'd;

The source profound is never to be drain'd.

Next will we name, his Reverend brother Noll, 145

I should stator, her ample volumes spread,

He names the page, the text, the commentor;

Shows Phillip Spain, or Phillip of Aragon,

Who fir'd with love of Britain's Glory would he

And should threaten, with cruel Mary Tudor.
* Rev. Mr. Vally, Master of the Free Grammar School
† Rev. Edw. Vally.

This match be got, of Spanish blood, a luscious
Nation, which doth ever since abuse us; 152
 Cruel in war, in treaties faith's left found;
 Manilla ransom'd now, now Nooka sound;
 Musquito enemies, or Logwood friends, 153
 As crooked politics, subvert their ends.
 Then of the Grand Inquisitor, enquire,
 Does Popish faith then quench heretic fire?
 Or, are they not of Christian manners?—20,
 The answer seek in Peru, Mexico,
 Where Millions murder'd, dire atonement claim,
 And damn to end life time, the Spanish name.
 Come Walter⁺ forward, with an honest face,
 And upright soul possessing manly Grace!
 No affectation in this man is seen, 165
 Open his manners, and polite his mien:
 Has nature many or few talents lent,
 His industry has gain'd him Cent for Cent.
 Then Robt Harris (far above my praise)
 The just acumen, modesty displays; 170
 In dealing censure, or approving merit,
 Shows unity of judgment, & of spirit.

Words fitly chosen, to conviction swell,
 And whatsoever he speaks, is spoken well.
 For pure good nature, be his brother-knower 175
 To find his equal, you may search the town:
 Lo, here we have him, in the Beering Brewer,
 Than whom no man, is honest or truer.
 Then Williams, by the strictest rules to scan,
 You'll find an upright, downright, honest man,
 Call'd in Committees, to the public good, 181
 He's always ready in the ebb or flood,
 Banal to cut, or mend the Navigation,
 And make Thames' rampant waters keep their ^{station},
 In happy moment, now comes Osborne forth,
 With quick conception, but a lingering birth, 186
 As Jupiters, his head, with Thracos, adorn'd,
 When Pallas arm'd came from the pregnant womb,
 But danger's acme past, thow ends all fear,
 For now a birth as great, salutes our ear: 190
 Three Heroes next, in militaire advance,
 Great in themselves, all enemies to France,
 All of the famous Volanting Corps,
 The two desert and muster now no more,
⁺ Mr. John Stirling
 & Major John M^r O'Blandy & John Deane

44 For cause unknown forsaking, kindred souls 193
One Honor leaves, returns, and sells his Coals,
Not so his Brother quits his country's cause;
Sheathing his sword, with tongue depends her fate
As honor calls, perchance, or Interest draws. —
The Club's defence this Champion never refuses,
When Doctor, Pastor, Alderman abuses. 201.
But Ensign Deane in mind & body tight,
Maintains his post, equipt in Blue and white.
Those names renowned, the Chamber & Council,
G'd fill'd the Civic chair, and always well 205.
But Deane's great soul, of corporate honor wiser,
The seat declines, tis said of mere caprice.
All cavil & humming, public or unknown,
The mystic club adopts them as her own.
No Interest here the Lawyer's mind can warp, 210
And patriot Deane is never known to carp:
While Will is harmless found as any sheep
One sober Glast he takes, then goes to sleep.
Too long deferred comes St. Beechey's name
Rising or swimming on the tide of fame 215
With mind capacious, of a bounteous soul,
Beyond the reach of fortune to controul,

45.
Unhurt of British or of servile Concor,
Still to each youthful voyager a mentor;
For pulpit eloquence few men had equals
Then many a world's preformant crown the signal
Then from the Bear or Ducor's head comes a club.
Breaks off his favorite artist & leaves the rubber:
Green from the Club solicits social joy,
Where pleasures always new can never cloy, 220
My faithful muse, now sings thy praises,
And Cowstede hears a deathless fame shall ring
With living types he sets the ductile press;
And gives his authors in a sudden's dress:
A face simile the artist takes, 230.
Of others minds, his own he never states,
By precedences avoid, he plays a sower game,
And contests & shunning never shames the shames
Lest tho' not least advanced, Wightman Finck,
From rigid justice never known to flinch, 235
While learned Sopts, instead of living tongue,
Maintain disputes and argument forlong;
Still with a native vigor come,
Unlearn'd himself, and makes the learned dumb.
+ 10 Not known

Fifteen elected from the social band,
 Some honorary members, yet are found,
 Who as licentiate, with the fellows sit,
 And strangers introduced the club admit.

Here then, in primis every eye can see,
 And FORTYTH claims a niche in the Pantheon.
 A mind with science fraught, & flowing speech,
 With every subject lying in his reach;
 In nature deeply, as in Physics reach,
 The body this to mend, & that to mend;
 Justly his fame the healing powers extend, 250
 And fees & prayers, the convalescent send.
 Temples soft. Newtonian's Rays must wear,
 While modest truth would whisper in his ear.
 Zeal forming systems, in a moral cause,
 As in Religion, counteracts her laws, 255
 And learning's lustre, shining to extremes,
 Is hid in mist or shorn of half its beams;
 To much sublim'd, dissolving into a thin,
 As lost in clouds or floats upon a Zephyr,
 The school of concourse, every mind approves, 260
 Where each one finds the very thing he loves,

Nature's great plan is here epitomiz'd,
 Heterogeneous souls are fraterniz'd;
 And life's best cordial, from its drugs refin'd,
 Fresh vigour gives, and renovates the mind 265

While virtue's sun pursues his even course,
 While humour nature feels his genial force;
 So long this moon will give a borrow'd ray,
 Tho' each town-crow shall raise his tongue & cry,

S.M.

FINIS.

48.

49.

THE
RALEIGHAD.

To the Charmists

Gentlemen,

As the following Letters appear
to have been written, by one of your patronies;
I thought it would be doing an injury to them,
than injustice to you; were I first to send them
into the world, without first dedicating them,
to your profound wisdom for support & protection.

If latter myself they may afford you, not
only amusement, but instruction. In them,
you will see how the artful Small-funguses of
the last Century, worked on the passions of
weak people to serve their own purposes; and
you will likewise observe, how necessary it is,
to enquire diligently into man's Characters,
before you blast them with the fiery breath of
Blasphemy.

I have only to add; that the Letters
are printed in the same state in which I found
them, except in one or two instances where I have
taken the liberty to insert a note, which to prevent
mistakes, is signed, the

D. D. C. & J. P. O. N. O.

The Raleighiad.

In a series of letters

addressed from

Dolly the book, in the City,

to

Her sweetheart in the Country.

55.
Letter 1st.

We have got at our house, a strange club my own side,
Whose servants agree on all points of old Nick,
From the waiter you know, who can read without shaking,
Lays the case as plain as the back that we dwell in;
For the Devil all own, has got horns on his head,
So has each of the Club, who's a wife in his bed,
But what makes the matter too plain for a joke,
The Devil makes fire, and the Club makes a smoke,
The case is too plain, cries the Chambermaid's Sister,
I'd give half the world, to be out of this City;
Should they blow up the house, what would come of us all,
Our Mistress' fat burn might be stuck on that ball,
Which so nobly held, our St Giles' high Steeple,
O Lord! what a sight for the Gotham fair people,
Some screaming, some laughing, some joking, some jesting,
At a sight, that badgeron himself might be blushing,
Booth swears, the dogs howl, & the millers' Lads,
Lays, as soon as they enter the chandler's burn blues

50
So you see my dear Dick, we have all got the notion,
That each limb of the club, should be laid with reason,
That Ocean so red, where I've heard people talk,
All those Tinks are sent, who in wankle walk;
I'm sure it is time, wld. get rid of such wormin,
Whom my mistress loves, seems to think there's no am in,
So she pockets the cash, she cares not a half brewing,
Tho' I fear from my soul, they'll be our undoing;
For the Club now consists, both of young & old men,
Some Doctors, some parsons, and some very bold men;
As the man you have heard, ex-convict of Albion,⁺
And Walter & Hirsch, whose glit tongues have no goals:
They call it the Rawley, some can't term, I've been thinking,
Which must signify, eating & smoking, and drinking;
No sooner they meet, than they think of their bellies,
And Gluttons like, eat all our larks, and our jellies;
Then the Chairman loud calls, here Tom, bring the Tupper,
Each a bottle of wine, with tobacco & pipes;
But first I should tell you, they've a thing call'd ^{Scotism},
Hung over the chimney in their Pandemoniums;
'Tis their God I suppose with a chin rough & hairy,
A sight fit to make, even virgins and carry;

+ Wm. Williams.

37
On this picture so ugly, I've heard it be said,
The following hymn, by a member was made;
By the help of a friend I've bro'ud a rough copy,
Which for sleep, giving writers may vie with a Poppy;
If the gift be not great, take the will for the deed;
Should you guess at the sense, you may guess at the need.

The Hymn.

'Twas thou, this slander to be invented,

Source of ev'ry earthly pleasure;

Mute, oh! mute, thy death's lamented,

By all who're blest with such a treasure;

W'ldst' us with the smoky tongues can say,

Blest be Keleigh's natal day.

2

See to Heaven how it rises,

See the circling clouds around

W'ldst' us with this weed dispised,

Within this room shall ne'er be found.

Whilst we with the smoky tongues can say

Blest be Keleigh's natal day.

3.

Receive from us oh! godlike man,

All our wishes here can give;

Grant success to this our plea;
 And in our hearts for ever live:
 Whist we with smoky tongues can say,
 Blest be Raleigh's natal day.

The British Salomon of old;
 Who took thy sacred life away,
 Is curst by every Briton bold,
 Who smokes Virginia's fragrant hay.
 It hildt we with smoky Tongues can say,
 Blest be Raleigh's natal day.

This hymn thus recited, with a noise that surpass'd
 All the cawing of Cocks, and the braying of Hoes;

* James 1st so called by the High Church Clergy, among
 many other wise Actions, ordered Walter
 Raleigh to be executed (upon a sentence
 pass'd 12 Years before) immediately after his
 return from an expedition to the South seas,
 whither he had gone, with the King's Com-
 mission, but was betrayed him to the Spaniards.

EDJTB.

A smoke then ensues, that envelops their senses,
 With a scent not so sweet as the scent of new roses;
 Thence the vapour ascends, like the smoke of Vespuring
 And the wine, as at the punch, flows in streams like a flouring;
 Soon their spirits alert, to clash-burns they begin,
 Call Cadogan a fool, and a Pistlet thibbling;
 I swear the Assessors are trick'd, & the Lords are obsequious;
 And the good bunch of Bishops, too vile to be mention'd;
 Says Till rules the nation by help of his Suavite,
Commiseration a farfure, gillotant & despite.*

But what most of all sets my bowels a grumbling,
 Our Clerks and our parsons, they over us humbling,
 Deem the Priesthood a craft, and religion a fable,
 And the doctrines they teach, the confusion of Babel,
 That holy Baptism, should cleanse us out of sinners,
 Can never be believ'd, if we value our senses;

* We hope our readers will not be surpris'd, that a book
 Maid should write such elegant Latin, when they
 consider, there are no left than four Schoolmasters in
 Gotham, who teach the Latin & French Languages correct,
 without knowing a syllable of either. May not Dolly
 have received a little of their Inspiration?
 EDJTB.

Letter 2^d.

54
Confirmation, Oh Lord! how I am shock'd to relate it,
Is a priestly contrivance and all but fools hate it;
A rag of that Popery, which so long did oppress us,
And an important farce, for a Bishop to bless us;
Besides what is more, my dear Dick, you'll scarce think it,
Call the unbless of marriage, a pitiful trick;
Not fit to be us'd in a rite so divine,
Yet I will not say, no, when presented with mine,
That this soon may happen, Lord! how I shall pray,
In spite of those fellows, and all they can say;
But the Lord soon will have 'em, on this my faith's rest;
Men who think for themselves, should be always delect;
In my next, I will send some account of their lives,
And perhaps, I may send a few words on their wives,
I'll lay it on thick, for I'm told they deserve it,
While the muse lends her bow, I will use unreviv'd;
But enough for the present, I've writ on their folly,
Pray when you write, next let it be to your

D. L. L. A.

Yorkham March 14. 1664.

I'm glad my dear Dick, and it comes from my heart,
To hear that you took what I sent in good part;
You bid me go on, write the lives of these fellows,
Who make such a dust, for an old Nose, turn the Bellows,
With pleasure it is, I fulfill your request,
In a case where I'll own, for most luckily best;
For would you believe it, some Fortune the blind;
Has sent Dr. Smallfungus, the best of his kind;
With a head like a pin, and some something in it;
And a whig that would hold, an old Bushell within it;
He's up to the Gossip, he says; and can tell,
That the whole of the Club, w.e. fast going to —,
Then added, sweet Doll, mark the maxims I'm telling,
These are the only cheap things I am guilty of selling;
Tho' cheap, they are wholesome, & good for the mind;
The receipts I shall send, have a contrary kind;

We cannot think the precise, the formal, the delicate
Dr. Smallfungus would use so low an expression, but
in the hurry of writing, the author might sometimes
set down her own Ideas for the Doctor's
D. L. L. A.

56
"Shuffled with Powders, and Obletters, & notions dangerous,
"Or a dangerous to stop a vile Fleet that is urgent;
"The maxims 'give, you'll find honest and true,
"And will last all your life, & bespoken & span new;
"Now listen attentives, & mark what I'm saying,
"And my rules follow close without any delaying;
"I have heard that of late, you provide for this meeting,
"The best of ragouts for their gluttonous eating;
"But let me persuade you, avoid the vile winners,
"And let their own Books, dress the traitors, their dinners
"If you see would or wise, let all thinking alone,
"We know more than one by their reason undone:
"Do you think, he, often, should pocket the purse,
"If the sick had got reason, or their friends had got sense,
"I've heard your mamma, is a worthy old Dame,
"I follow her footsteps, do you do the same;
"She's pious self, in an Aldermans Gown,
"And you know, has long been at the head of the Town
"I'd have you pursue the same road she has taken,
"As the very best means, for the saving your bacon,
"If the King calls for money, you must own his due,
"+ The Author is again sporting her own ideas
for the Doctors D. J. P. R.

"Then make him a courtesy, & be sure thank him too;
"When the Minister boasts of the wealth of the nation,
"Or the Parish Priest prates, of his partial salvation,
"Be sure you believe what they each of them say,
"Tho' you think it a lye, and as plain as noon day;
"These maxims conceded, you'll find a great treat is,
"A liogue in tempore ^{alteram} partem accipietis."
The Doctor thus ended, so quaint and precise,
Tho' some think a J - C, you'll perhaps think him wise;
I told him our plan, and so much it did please him,
That he provided some sketches, which he said would;
Then he gave me some hints, which laid up in my mind,
I shall give in their lives, as occasion I find;
But so copious the subject, how shall I begin?
Are you there, St. Darry? then I pray you'll walk in,
So gentle in address, so polite in your air,
So beloved by the men, so ador'd by the fair;

If I had not known from the date of these
Letters, that they were written more than a Century
ago, I should have thought our Jaws either, had
attended to the late addresses of both of House of
Parliament thanking his Majesty, for graciously con-
ceding to pay the Public Debt. E. W. P. R.

If you long thought you wise, tho' it looks somewhat queer,
You should make such a stir, on the vile volentiers,
Could you think that a man, who had chains in his soul,
Should one minute suppose, you could be half dead?
That verse without measure, and words without sense,
Could be wrote by a man of such great excellence?
Compare his rude lines, with your periods, so polished,
And the thought so degrading, will soon be abolish'd,
You gave the alarm, Sir, which under the rose,
Drew in simple Charles, his own self to expose,
Who convinc'd all the world, that they much were mistaken,
And beg'd as a proof that two lines might be taken,
So rude, so unpolish'd, and so free from all rules,
The public convinc'd, with one voice, call'd him Fool.
That it might not stop here, but keep up the division,
A limb of the law, made a claim in reversion,
To be heard as he said into the bar of strict justice,
And no doubt, be acquitted, in that all his trust is.
Now it seems very strange, that a brat without spirit,
Should be laid to his charge, of such heterogeneous
For the lawyers we know, never write but for gain,
And a Fool you'll allow can no subject maintain.

+ Mr. Paddy Attorney at Law.

So that these stand acquitted, is free from all doubt,
Whoe'er was the author, so disfranchis'd about;
But for you, Sir, alas! no excuse can remain,
Except what you write, is produced from the Brain,
And the verses, in question, are too crude all allow,
To be wrote by the man, to whom Gibbons might bow.
But why in such haste, to drag forth a vile sinner,
Whose writings perhaps, were the price of a Dinner?
If your plan had succeeded, you'd made many good,
Then you only intended to shade your green laurel.
Those laurels so fresh, and so shining to view,
Which become none so well, as in what they do you;
Adieu! my good Doctor, take advice from a maid,
Leave the man to himself, he must live by his trade.

The Doctor departed, & I think my dear Dick,
You'll find as I said, I have laid it on thick,
He will write again soon, and continue my ditties,
Tho' I fear I am dull, where I most would deem witty,
I aim at the Days, should you crown one with Holly,
No more shall you hear from your true loving
April 16. 1644.

D. L. Y.

Letter 3rd

I have got a strange subject, pray what shall I name ^{him}
Half French & half English is the dress that he wears in;
A Doctor besides, and of great Eruclition,
With wonderful knack, he has got at Twitlers;
He talks on all subjects, is both candid & free,
That he joins such a club, is a wonder to me;
If you hear him dispute, tis the voice of Conviction
So strong in his logic, and so good in his diction,
Of Greek and of Latin, he has got such a store,
He could furnish one college, if not many more;
But the sermons he preaches are allowed by good judges
To differ so much from our clerical drugges:
Short stops and short pauses, with theatrical starts,
Are the arms, that he uses, to gain devout hearts;
Yet a subject so solemn, as our future salvation,
Should be uttered with force, but without affectation.
This blemish extracted, he as pure will remain,
As the Persian Marble, which admits of no stain;
Now I've done with the Dⁿ, and shall handle him rarely,
Come bring up another, I'll treat him as fairly,
+ Rev^d Rich^d Walpy.

Oh! Oh! 16th Feb, have you been with these dainties?
Two Parsons! too much; in one club of free thinkers;
Be you my good Sir, need not give me a greeting,
Your heart is too honest for such a base meeting;
With abilities great, as your brother Divine-o,
And with language perhaps, some will think fullad ^{lines},
Your accents not pedantic, your behaviour most kind,
And the lines of your face, show the stile of your mind,
You are learned besides, and not so given to reading,
That you think on your books, while they're thinking of being;
So strong is your memory, recollection so good,
You can tell all that has happened, posterior the flood;
A word on your preaching, and you know you mistake,
That Orators bad, that do not keep us awake;
To our bro's your brother, too lifeless are you,
A good medicinn is best, my friends entire views.
If then you preach from the pulpit; if your auditors nod,
Your words will drop lifeless, tho' dictated by God;
And yet too much action, too pathetic a stile,
Would be pearls cast to swine, if the cauditory smile.
Be your arguments strong, and all taken for scripture,
Your objection venorous, and you need fear no strikers;

I know from your wisdom, you take in good part,
The hints I have given; and which come from the heart;
With a nod of assent; the youth then departed;
He who does not love God, nor sure is hard hearted.

This tie of parsons, disonfild with fair dealing,
I'll prove if I can, all the Levite's feeling;
But where to begin, with these men of renown,
If I give one the preference the others will frown;
* So their chance shall decide, and I, free from venation,
Will give to each sinner, his alphabetical station.

Of honest Will Blawley, no great harm can be said,
He misnds his church well, but much better his trade;
In times of a frost, when sea coals were most dear,
He kept the price down, full three months in the year;
Untaught in the schools, with no error's tainted,
Belov'd by all people, by whom he's recognised;
When topics religious, circulate round the tables,
He blesses his God, to dispute he's not able;
If politics rage, and debates inur'd to treason,
Ohi! how happy is he? that he never us'd his reason.

* E per miglior partito al fin gli occorre,

C'ho gn'una a sorte il campo s'habbia in terra.
Volante Ferriso.

Takes things as he finds them, goes to church on ^{Sunday,}
For his Grandmamma said, he'd be paid for it on day,
Contented and happy, no cares can offend him,
A friend to mankind, the Almighty will bless him.

Next his Brother I'd sing, but I fear he'll be angry,
For lawyers, all know, are a not one temperary;
So that what I would say shall be told in a whisper;
He was never known to wrong, father, brother, or sister.

He's upright in his practice, most strict to his word,
You may join with him at a tavern, but you will not find ^{it there,}
He's often subsheriff, and with well deserved praise,
Has attended those culprits, who have shorten'd their ^{days}.

Yet his heart is so tender, his feelings so nice,
That he pitied the man tho' he's punish'd the vice;
That his heart is quite loyal, needs no proof for it did ^{his}
In the midst of his labours, he is studying law.

With a heart for the King, and a head for the nation,
He saves us at once from bad debts and Invasion;
Should all lawyers from him, take a sample, I woe,
That Justice once fled is return'd to this town.

Then next on my list, is a volunteer soldier,
Than whom, none can shoot, either better or colder.

+ Mr. H. Plowdale, Printer

He's Politician of Poet; Politician and Printer;
Sound sense from his pen, flows in summer & winter,
Once a week for our use, like a pavement mosaic,
He sends us a cream by mixed poetic-prosai:
He knocks down Chat'box, and oft routs opposition,
Then tells us strange tales, of some horrid apparition.
Should the Minister tax Earth, Air, Water & Light,
'Tis he gravely asserts, for our good and delight,
For darkness, says he, it's a truth what I tell you,
Is a sovereign cure for all qualms in the belly;
If earth, air, or water, all but wigs will allow,
The dearer those elements, the freer they grow.
Should a waf'g, from his paper, send a longer oration,
It becomes a Torch, for the good of the nation;
If the Queen plays at cards, the next Sunday we hear it,
Or Invasion is threaten'd, he bids us not fear it,
If the Duke at a host, dreads his life by hard running,
He tells all the world, 'twas a proof of his cunning;
And wit, all allow, is in herent in Princess,
As sugar or honey, abound in all Princess:
Thus the people decide, think their rulers most wise,
And the Editor boasts the success of his lies.

The last for the present, shall be my friend Deane,
He's youthfull, he's lusty, he's neat & he's clean;
But I'll make a confession, which I hope is new,
That I never could write on the point of a pin.
My mistress exclaims, "all the pudding and poiling,
'And the Kettles and saucepans, with heat rubbing;
So I'm forc'd to conclude, but I hope you'll be jolly,
Till you hear once again, from your faithful
April 29. 1661s.

DOLLY.

Letter 15th

I've had a hard task, but to show I don't flinch,
I'll begin my last letter, with saying my neighbour Finch
Self informed by self taught; he's a match for all those,
Sent from Oxford or Cambridge, would send to of force;
Their religion mysterious, which the consales can't define
Gives way to his reasons, as Ice to Sun's shine;
Alma mater herself, who so boasts of each College,
Would find herself worsted, if oppos'd to his know ledge
It's a match for a Bishop, the Dean, or the Doctor,
And can't not a fig, for Judge, Counsel, or Proctor.
You've heard I suppose, of a debating society,
The source of Pretensions, to Law, Physic or Poetry;
Till the truths that were spoke, so alarm'd the high,
That the Room was shut up, and the club out of doors,
For they said 'twas a shame, that the people should know
What became of the Loans, that were rais'd in each year,
If Placement of Pensioners, abound in each house,
Who don't share in the spoils, should be still as a man
No more mowing, no gambling, lest he make a confusion
But in silence adore our most wise constitutions,

Then I heard him debate, and I own with great ^{pleasure}
His arguments good, and his Logic a treasure;
The audience list'n'd, with most eager attention;
Not a little amaz'd at his force of invention
The Religion he owns, when a liard to good sense,
Is an honor to man, without Barclay's defence;
But when Bigots & fools, nest their hope in ^{power} ^{quarrel},
It would make a man laugh, in the midst of great sorrow.
In all moral virtues, he's the best of his sect,
And would not be a fool, to become an elect:
He's a Lawyer, Physician, Politician, Divine,
And what adds to all these, he's a friend to the mine.

The next on my list, is good nature herself,
With only one fault, too much love of self:
He is constant at Church, but more constant at Mass,
Thus the sins of the night, are unblot out in on days;
If the stocks rise or fall, he soon finds out their value,
And makes a sure gain, by the clubs in the Alley;
On Public affairs, he ne'er spends his labour,
A friend to the King, and belov'd by his Neighbours;
Thus with healthful contentment he's pass'd whole years,
And whoever he dies, will embalm him with tears:

From the picture, I've drawn, it will plainly be seen,
The man so beloved, can be only Bob Green.

My next, Neighbour Harris, and also his brother,
Par nobile Tratum, without any other,
I envy Bob's reading, his learning, his knowledge,
Like Finch, you would think, had been bred at a College:
Tho' his learning's so great, yet his pride is so small,
That nobody thinks, he has any at all,
He's civil, good nature'd, good humour'd, kind hearted,
May he and felicity never be parted.

Brother John is the man, who affords us most sport,
He's the pleasantest subject in Momus's Court,
Like Falstaff of old, has a fund of good humour,
He laughs at our fears, when alarm'd by false rumour,
He laughs at our follies, he laughs at our pelf,
And not to be out, he will laugh at himself,
So jocund, and so pleasant the times glide away,
That a week spent with him, is no more than a day,
Such Quakers as these were as hard to be found,
As a Minister-honest, or a Patriot sound;
I've examin'd John well, and not ^{in him} found
May the girl I wish well be so lucky to win him.

^{with witches,}
Should you ever have the Gripes, or be troubled,
Or experience the pain, by the vulgar call'd stitches,
By the aid of Plbotomy, Powders & Pills,
Dr. Deborne the man who will cure all our ills:
If Phythisis, if Tapsis, Diabetes, Iscuria,
Nicra, Papsis, Hydrophobic & Angeria,
Or other diseases bred by Physical vanities,
As Cholera morbus, Phytrops, Trontrantia;
I've tried him myself, & have found him sagacious,
His theories good, and his knowledge astigious;
Not like the one that I know, to show himself clever,
Pronounc'd a boy mad, who had only a fever
Then evidence brought in full proof of his fall;
The boy had been seen off to bed at the cradle,
So the Doctor precarious, in a case which was so sad,
Bade the cradle be burnt, which he said might burn ^{him}
For should it break loose, whilst the mania rag'd,
It might bite half the town thro' with Warwick engag'd,
We should raise a high pillar in support of his fame,
For a genius like him, might inflame father Shame
Now Walker come forward, it can be no disgrace,
To present to the world a downright honest face,
& Mr. The Town Surgeon


Your profession I own, is not one of the best,
Yet so upright your practice, by the poor you are blest.
Not just in your talking, if for us this or mine,
When you've made a good bargain, you never repine,
You have read and digested, full as much as your letters
Or those by the world, falsely shall, Men of Letters;
Tho' your stile is not pure, your arguments strong,
If you are not always right, you are seldom far wrong,
When the club at the Feathers, were allow'd to debate,
You shone forth a speaker among the first rate;
Your periods were full, & your cadences strong,
For monotonous sounds, Sir, to you don't belong;
So say you're no fault, from my soul I cannot,
Too often you use the Interrogative, — what?
And the side that you take, tho' it's only a Fiction,
You depend much to earnest, to be free to conviction;
His bluish extract, I shall not be ashamed,
In the list of good Speakers, to see Walker nam'd.
The last in my list, tho' the first in my mind,
Is a friend to the poor, well belov'd by mankind,
A terror to tyrants, who would rule with oppression,
His Phillipics well aim'd always make an impression.

When the poor were cast to sell, & their tongues for bread,
He set forth a subscription, & thousands were fed;
His Address so successful, has been follow'd countless,
And is prais'd by the people, the Priest, & the Printer.
To the duties of friendship, his heart's all alive,
And the more he protects, are most certain to thrive,
His religion is founded on true love to his neighbour,
Not like Bigots, whose faith is the end of their labour,
That shield which th' Apostles so strongly once painted,
And by which all the hypocrites, hope to be saved;
If they murder, or rob, or commit fornication,
Faith rears out the score, & th' are none of salvation,
But this man whom I sing has a never reliance,
For the works that he does, set his faith at defiance,
To sing all his virtues would be a volume request,
But those who know Williams will add all the rest.
Thus I now come to the end of my task, my dear Dick,
And I think I have prov'd every man to the quick;
Sure, tho' a fault be the error, whose small faults & quicks
As the work of all sinners, in a breast is committed:
So few are their vices, th'ir faults so great,
There's no harm for such miscreants come to the state;

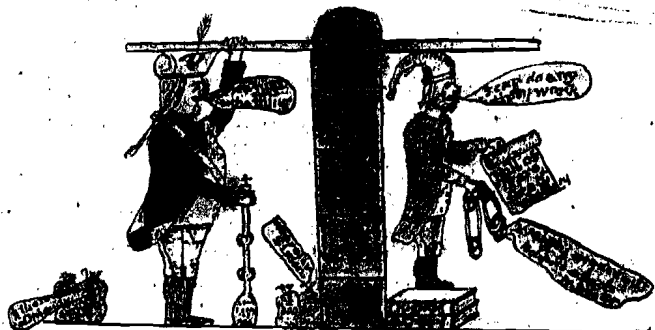
It takes harm to myself, for the stories I've told,
To burn all my letters, or else I shall scold;
For this lesson I've learn'd, tis it be with repentance,
Adopt altera partem, before you give sustenance;
Adieu, for the present drive away melancholy,
I hope soon for life, you'll be bless'd with your
DOLLY.

May 15 1664.

J. M.

Finis. 

THE STANDARD.



The Mayor's Metamorphoses.

Says Apollo to me, as I lay in my bed;
With his steazy's Metamorphoses all in my head,
"These changes are great, but much greater you'll see,
"A magistrate made from the stump of a tree,
"If you search the old stem, you will easily find,
"A spring that is crooked, and sappy in kind,
"A bed next for pear, that is shallow but rich,
"There stick in your spring, like a weed in a ditch,
"With the leaves of the Popper, manure it all round,
"And the waters of Lothe, must thereonisten the ground,
"These precepts observ'd, with surpris you'll soon see,
"A sumiferous Bungoff, produc'd from a tree."
I woke from my dream, I determin'd to try,
If Apollo spoke truth, or my dream was a lye;

Went to work with my knife, cut the spring from the stalk,
 Which plann'd to water'd, and giv'g tickle'd them look;
 Then blossoms put forth, and in time produc'd fruit;
 And a burgess I got, who was despised & scorn'd;
 Man of consequence now, behold how he strutts!
 If he has any brains, they must be in his guts;
 For nature, indignant, to loose all her pains,
 Thought the Calves head was useless, so left out the brains
 Since the Cardinal's virtues, in him would be lost,
 For spirit gave meanings, for heat she gave pride;
 Gave him dullness by hardships, but sense by the gown
 And pride by the Parliament, to make the poor vain:
 Grown pliant in office, the Tool of the crown,
 He seeks his disgrace in an Alderman's gown;
 A magistral now, lo! he seeks Pitt's attention,
 And sells half the Town, for a place or a pension;
 Address'd up to decide a good King,
 And soldiers enroll'd, to clasp liberty's wing;
 Oppression soon falls, on those men who'd be free,
 Tho' a Reswell, a Hempden, a Sidney he be;
 Call'd on Jacobins, Traitors by Friends to the French,
 And receives his reward to preside on the bench,
Nathan had a mayor, like a tyrant he rules,
 For led up to the mark on the standard of fools.

Punishment



without Trial!

J. M.

The humble and modest Petition of Dr. Barry;

Which he hopes will be answer'd soon, for he cannot tarry;

Sheweth

That he is become a convert to the equivocal merits of Billy Pitt,
 And is ready to receive a pension in honour he thinks fit;
 If it's only five hundred pounds to begin with, and sell a don him,
 Or a pair of pitiful tifle, Mr. Annesley had before him;
 Which without doubt will be snug & handsome, and paid by the year,
 And he will say with that honest member, — 'fore God! my hands are clear;
 But should Mr. Exchequer be empty, no more base ravelers a part,
 Whom always heling, the Chancellor, with vile political dirt,
 Or the evil bit out at elbow, and the tradesmen left unpaid,
 A pension may be a sin intity, and that will ruin the trade;
 Therefore to make sure of something; and to show he's not very nice,
 Tho' he assume the name of a Gift, he can still preach against vice,
 And as it has pleas'd the Lord, (who performs all things very wisely)
 To take the favour of Newbury! the living suits him precisely.

Let the L-d C — know, he's a tool for any occasions,
And like the Vicar of Bray, can turn coat for a presentation:
So be sure the time was, he abused Mr Pitt with all his might,
Swing to Dalry, Williams, and Finch who made him drunk every night;
For they cramm'd him with flattery, and said he was a good writer,
Since which they've discover'd, he is only a poor sheep-biter.
When your bills were oppos'd by the town, like a miserable sinner,
He said you did not care what became of them, so you were winner;
But now, following your example, he has swallow'd down his words,
Revin'd by Amesley's phrenomy, which on his stomach turns to curd;
Thus being regenerated, he took it in his head to write a book,
Which he baited to catch Gudgeons, but alas! the bait never took;
Sent it forth to the world with a marvellous pretty dedication,
To an Independent member, who sells himself, to save the nation;
In this book (which perhaps you've never read, for what wise man will?)
He propos'd a tax on dogs, and hop'd you'd bring in the bill;

And tho' he well knew the tax, had been propos'd time out of mind,
Swore he was the first who ever mention'd any thing of the kind:
And as you had no more grace, than to put this act in execution;
He thinks you ought in justice to make him retribution;
Such being his small petition, and very modest in the main,
If granted, — he has terr'd for some thing, — if not, — he can turn again;
And your petitioner as in duty bound, will eternally pray,
That the great Popee in the Kingdom, maybe hang'd without delay.

J. H.

* Francis Amesley Esq. MP for the Borough of Reading.

Tommy Types' Trip
to the

Warren House

A simple story, founded on facts.

By C. C. S.
Gentleman & Associator.

Doubtless the Pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lockers on feel most delight,
Who least perceive a juggler's slight,
And still the less they understand,
The more they admire his slight of hand.
Nudibras, Part 2. Canto 3. l. 1.

Reading.

Printed and sold by Smare & Co.
1796.

Canto, 1.

The Hero of my story's known;
The Facts recorded are his own;
With jovial mirth he did relate it,
Such in the manner, that I stole it:
The muse is surely not to blame,
It's Cashed him who never knew shame,
Who thinks by cunning to gain glory,
Should thus be handed down in story.

A match was made for Twenty Pounds,
Which shot most prodigious off the ground,
Belixt a Farmer & a Thatcher,
And caused around a wondrous clatter,
Some flocked from Windsor, some from London,
And some from Reading to be undone.
London sent Pickpockets, and Bullies,
Windsor sent drunken Fools & Gallies,
But what did Reading send? I crave,
The sequel shews, it was — a Horse.

The day arriv'd, the morning cold,
Away they gallop, young and old;
Types saw with joy the long parade,
And wish'd to join the cavalcade,

+ Mr. John Greenwood, Plater, Reading.

+ Mr. Tho: Sander, Printer, Reading.

The distance weight, he view'd his legs,
For such with pride he call'd his legs,
Unfit for walking, useless, barren,
With them he ne'er could reach the Warren,
And what ten thousand times was worse,
He had no friend, who'd lend a horse.
To hire a chair, Tom had no heart,
To purchase wisdom, ride in cart.

Unlucky, Tom's oft' foretold,
What fate awaits our passing bell,
A cart preferred to horse and chaise,
Threatens how Tom, may end his days.

To get a cart without expense,
He acted as a man of sense;
A way he goes like Spanish fish king,
To his good friends, Tom Fish, "Griskin":
"Your servant friends; what news to day?"
"The cowir, says, thine's been a pray:
"You've seen the account I make no doubt;
"If not, here 'tis — I'll read it out."
"Not now," quoth Fish, "for we are going
"To Mrs. our house, to see what's doing;
"We've hired a cart, and straight shall go,
"If you'll make one, say yes, or no."

Tho' this request was what Tom wanted,
A gift is spoiled if too soon granted,
This truth he knew, and therefore said,
"I fear I cannot have my trade;
"The supplemental men are floating,
"And at my door continual knocking:
"Besides the press must then stand still,
"How hard to act against one's will!
"To leave such friends, I'm quite distast'd."
"Thengo quoth Fish, at my request;
"Griskin shall drive you safe and steady,
"I appoint your time for we are ready."
"I see, quoth Fish, you'll gain your ends,
"Who can refuse such generous friends?
"But first I've many things to do,
"I always keep my gain in view:
"The press, I must provide with work,
"Or the Devil, will call me I've ban work.
"I've bills to print and some to write,
"To put the country in a fright:
"The blow must come however unwilling;
"To pledge with me their desperate killing;
"When this is done, to make amends,
"With pleasure will attend my friends;
"But not till now, as I'm a sinner."
The reason was — he'd save a dinner.

+ Mr. Tho. Coaks, the hmonger.
* Mr. Wm. Champion, grower.

Barato, 2nd

The lime arriv'd, they mount the coast,
Our Hero acts the cunning part:

"My friends, quoth he, tho' I'm but small,

"I fear the cart won't hold us all;

"Plac'd in the midst, I'll backward set,

"Like sparrows in a Fowler's net,

"On right and left a friend embrace,

"To keep the east wind, from — my face."

Now on they jogg'd, forgetting strife,

Tom wish'd he had insert'd his life,

For had the horse's tail had eyes,

He'd kick'd three brutes unto the skies:

For when they say's, a fickle jade,

For once she did forget her trade,

Sheer prompt'd the horse to look around,

But safely brought them to the ground.

The gamblers met, the table spread

With Tomson, mutton, fowls, and bread;

Types made his bow, the guest all stare,

Yet beg'd he would partake their fare;

All idle compliments lay by,

This was so kind, he must comply.

So down he sat, his tongue was still,

Plate after plate his bowels fill;

Then up he got, and beg'd his neighbour;
To tell the price of that sweet labour:

Nothing, at all, good Sir; says he,

You're welcome here to what you see,

Besides, no doubt you mean to dine;

And then may pay for meat and wine.

"Doubtless, says Types, I'm no such thing,

"To fetch a meal, to save a Guinea."

Had I been there, I should have said,

"Pray landlord, what is to be paid?"

Perhaps five shillings had been told;

And for my folly chang'd my gold.

But Tom, more wisely gain'd his end,

And sav'd his pocket, by his friend.

Now round the room he prowls about;

To find the biggest Gilly out;

But first enquir'd, with eager eyes,

Who was the most like, to win the Prize:

The game, found already won,

The Hatter's, was the better gun;

The Farmer had three birds to kill,

And only twice, to prime and fill:

This know Edg. got, Types took his stand,

Just on the right the scow's hand;

When Co! a drunken son of Windsor,

Cries; "D—n my Eyes, the Farmer'll win, Sir,

"A Crown I'll lay, nay, Twenty Pound,
That Reading's beaten off the Ground."

When Puff, observes a mouse, at play,
She shyly turns her head away,
Yet still she looks, and still she watches,
And at one spring, her victima catches.

So Tom at first, scorn'd mighty shill,
Yet kept the bet, full in his eye;
At length grown bolder, "Sir, you'll see,
A simpleton, I sure must be,
To venture bets, with such as you,
"The wisest of the shooting crew;
"Besides, how goes the match? I vow,
"Nothing of the matter know;
"Yet, as you take your townsman's part,
"I here I'll defend with all my heart;
"And since you challenge me to lay,
"My crown to yours we win the day."

These words, scarce spoke, off went the gun,
Tipp'd smil'd, and said, "the crown I've won."
"Grounds cries the better; than I've cheated,
"You knew who's win before you bet wot."
"That's your look out," Tappes said smil'd,
"Wiser than you I've oft beguill'd;
"No wonder then, you're taken in,
"When Fools lay bets, 'tis wise men win."

Now, remember game, Tappes had in view,
Saw, what the bird, or gun could do;
If gun was true and sure of killing,
Against the Bird, he laid his shilling;
But if the bird, escap'd by flight,
Some culley lost a shilling bet;
Of these he pocketed a store,
Enough to last a week or more.
Success attend on every Place;
To crown the day, he picks his man.
Fish, is his friend, tis true; what then?
If he not trusts him, like other men?
"The Jews were foul, the night grow dark,
"Bird after bird, escap'd the snare;
"All this observ'd, thus bid his place,
"Friend Fish, you are an honest man,
"To bet with you, I'm not afraid,
"I like, were ignorant of the trade;
"The next four shots, a shilling each,
"The bird escapes the gunners reach;
"Or if the bird you'd rather take,
"The gun be mine for pleasure sake."
"Ludith Fish, "I'm not over cunning,
"And little know of birds or gunning,
"Yet since to bet you seem so willing,
"On bird or gun, I'll trust my shilling."
"A match says Tom, the bird be mine,
"Take you the gun, no doubt you'll shine."

"You're sure to win; but what of that?"

"I value not the loss, a great;

"Amusement here, we came to take?"

A gun went off, just as he spoke;
The bird escap'd the gunner's flash,
Types grind'd and pocketed the last.
Another up, away it flew,
All four escap'd the shooting crew.
Tish hung his head — Tom forc'd a frown,
"That you're unlucky, Tish, I own,
"But never mind: such we life drops,
"Your friend, how pocketed the crop."

Caro. 3rd

Tom smelt the Dinner coming in,
Which well he knew, his Tab would thin;
How to get off, he did not know,
Good manners bid him not to go;
And yet to stay, he thought was hard,
And foolish spend his whole reward.
A while he cast his wits about,
Now this, now that excuse found out,
At length he fix'd upon his plan,
And thus address'd a leading man^t

x Mr Webb, Brewer at Oakingham.

"I'm sorry Sir, upon my word,
I can't partake, this well dress'd board;

"The night is coming on you know,

"Our horse is blind & must go slow,

"And we have many miles to go:

"To have such friends, I must confess,

"My mind and spirits quite oppress;

"I'm hurt, I'm sore, and feel it here,

"To part from company and cheer,

"But what, alas! can mortal do,

"Against necessity? that I know:

"She calls, unwilling I obey,

"Be this excuse received I pray.

When thus the Gentleman replied,

"Our loss is great, is not denied,

"To dine with us, I know you wish,

"With Driskin, and your bosom Tish,

"But, since you say your horse is blind,

"To keep you here, would be unkind,

"Adieu, good Sir, make speed to Reading?"

Types did not wait a second bidding,

But made his bow and shank away,

With Driskin and Tom Tish his Day.

Five cart brought out, without delay
The Lodon reach, by close of day;
A savory scent, his nose assails,
And in he drew delicious gales:

Regard'd the meat, was piping hot,
As soon he'd sup, upon the spot;
The horse no longer, seem'd blind,
The journey trifling in his mind,
The night, tho' dark was nothing new,
A cheaper meal he had in view.

Canto 4th D

The house put up, each takes his place,
And Chaplain Tom says pious grace,
"O Lord, the world pray fill with fools,
"And grant them all to be my tools,
"May friendship never be sincere;
"When no self-interests interfere;
"Let virtue never set a leg in,
"And never honesty go begging."
A W.C.D., scold, fish & fell to work,
Gristkin well handled knife and fork:
Tom's tongue was silent half an hour,
Which never happen'd once before,
Each play'd his part, and seem'd to say,
"The more I eat, the less I'll pay."

Tobacco brought and pipes and beer,
They jok'd as if they lik'd their cheer.
The reckoning call'd, Tom made a pother,
And swore the landlady cheat his brother.

Then dock'd him, more than half his dues,
And after made him thank them too.

Once more in cart they haste to town,
And soon arriv'd in sight the crown:
Tom pleaded business at the shop,
So begg'd the house and cart might stop;
Whom landlady of the parsonet, eyed;
"I thank you Gristkin for my ride;
"Gristkin is wits to pay the fare,
"Else willing I would be my share,
"But God forbid, I should contend,
"With such a kind, a generous friend.
"From what you've seen you'll both agree,
"A second Daniel I must be."

This small advice, and I have done,
This motto be — Take care of one.
"Thus hop'd this pleasurable day,"
Said Tommy as he went away.
"I've swindled the landlord of his dinner,
"Cheated the Windsor drunken dinner,
"Besides so well, I've play'd my part,
"I've shifted off the house and cart;
"To crown the whole and make an end,
"I'vey known, — I've chous'd my friend."
A.M.

x. Mr. Daniel Buttrick, chessmanga Reading.

FINIS.

The following Advertisement appeared
in the Reading Mercury of Monday
Sep. 12. th 1796.

Providence Chapel, in the Parish
of Peppard, Oxon, newly built, and de-
signed for Divine Worship, will be open-
ed on Friday next.

Two Sermons will be preached on
the occasion: one in the morning, by the
Rev^d James Cooke of Maidenhead; the
other in the afternoon, by the Rev^d A.
Douglass of Reading.

The Services to begin exactly at 11, and 4.

For a translation of the above see
the next Page.

The Play bill on the opposite side being written in
appearance by a Methodist, gave rise to some
lines being sent to him on his Hypocrisy, which
may be found on the next page.

New Theatre, Peppard

For the benefit of the Poor in Spirit,

And by desire of several ladies & Gentlemen
On Friday next September 16. 1796
will be performed an entire new Comedy, call'd

The Rammers;

or, All alive at Peppard.

Priest Precious by Mr Cook
Barbones Mr. Litherland
Kill Sin Mr. Legg
Rochester's Prate Mr. Swallow
More Grace Mr. Dodd

Master of a Calash by Mr. Willatts

Pater. Pounce Mr. French

And Thoroughgood Mr. Marsh
Grace greedy Mr. Swallow

And Sophia Strangeways Mr. King

to which will be added a Farce call'd

The Adventurers;

or, The Pharisees at Home.

Archibald McZealous Mr. Douglas

Jemmy Bluster Mr. Swallow

Dismal Mr. Willatts

Fire Arms Mr. Legg

Sandwell Mr. Litherland

And Oliver Rump Mr. Dodd

Primrose Pretty face Miss Richard

Lydia Looksharp Miss Dodel

And All flesh Miss Howard

Longs, Chouses &c. by the rest of the company. Ladies & Gent^l who
wish to attend at the Theatre are requested to apply for tickets at
Mr. Cook's Maidenhead, or at Mr. Douglas' Reading, as the house is
expected to be very full.

N.B. No admission behind the Scenes

To the Author of the Repeal Play bill.

Believe me dear Billy, 'till clearly found out,
Who burlasge'd Religion, and stuck bill about,
Dispos'd its supporters, and serv'd his base ends,
And to treat with derision, his very best friends:—
'Tis you, sanctify'd self, who has act'd this part,
By which you've discover'd, your hypocrite heart,
And yourself most expos'd, by what you have writ;
For your lines are all dirty, without any wit;
Your books on the Gospel are all thrown away,
And you void in their stead wry palky Plays;
Till you've got so conceited in Shespi's school,
That your actions proclaim you a stupid Stage Fool.
Good Lord! what a "Censor of souls," you will make,
To preach to the People "for Jesus's sake";
When your works, so libel'd, what you calmly judge,
They'd swear the poor Parson the Devil has begot;
Take advice from a friend, & the rest of your days,
Learn how to atone for these infamous ways.

S. L.
Swift.

Tommy Tapes

twor'd Sports man

A Sale.

By C. — C.

Gentleman Associator

Ah me! what perils do environ,
The man, who meddles with cold iron!
What plagues, mischiefs, and mishaps,
Do dog him still with after claps!
For tho' Dame fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while;
I shall after shew him in the nick,
Of all his glories, a dog's trick.

Hudibras.

Reading, printed and sold
by Isaac Ho.
1796.

'Twas in the merry month of June,
When all things else, were quite in tune,
But Jacob Walter's Fiddle sticks,
And Johnny Frewin's politics,
When Bacon & pease were coming in,
And peasants wip'd a greasy chin.
Friend Collins[†] boasted of a field,
Promis'd a mighty crop to yield;
The largest, whitest of all pease,
Which grew and flourished at their ease:
Alas! how uncertain's usufruct;
Some Ring doves threaten'd dire destruction;
Coll fum'd and fretted like one mad,
Held knock'em on the head, by God.
So chaste and unprofane his ear,
You wonder how he came to swear—
He thought th' Almighty was not near.

Now dogs and men are sent to scout,
And Cathines, bid to look about;
Says Coll, "we'll have a Pigeon puff,
Which you shall season well with snuff."
He meant to say a Ring-dove eye;
The Ring-doves gave the man the eye.
The threatening storm, they view'd with care;
On wing, they mounted up in air.

† Mr William Collins, Boat-builder in Reading
& A very old woman serv'd to Mr Collins.

What could a mortal sinner do,
With Pidgeons that so rapid flew?
His pease grew left, — his anger more,
He scorn'd and naid about the floor,
Robbd. of his dear delight, — the pige,
He knew not which, to laugh or cry.

When man's distress'd, how great's the pain
Of him, who does his spirits raise.
Types[†] saw his friend, quite off the hinges,
And thought it time to lay his springes.
He lov'd to help a friend in need,
When he could help himself in deed:
Says he, "Friend Coll, you are unblees'd,
"No finer Hoves are in Kentucky;
"You wish'd to have them in a pize;
"Lend me your gun, and I will try
"It hat can become, to save your pease,
"And give your Buts and bowels ease,
"They can't escape so sure a gunner;
"It hat win a maid, must never shun her."

Says Coll, "Friend Tom, I know you boast,
"As I shall find unto my cost;
"You think perhaps, that I'm a fool,
"Because I order was writ at school,
"But my proff wit, against your funning,
"That you gain nothing, by your cunning.

[†] Mr Thomas Lander, Printer Reading.

"That I can trick I've proved most clearly,
"It iser that you have felt it dearly;
"Dangle I build, and work them too, —
"What can't so great a genius do?"

"Buy Coals for those who are distress'd,
"That is, — for those who pay me best;
"What farm produces more than mine?
"I've eggs and Bacon when I dine;
"And when dispos'd to give a treat,
"Small Beer, best washes down the meat;
"Where timber's to be bought, I know,
"And many a weary step I go;
"Know where to knotch it, for my profit
"The contents know by looking at it;
"Can tell where best to girt or joggle,
"And for an inch an hour to byggle;
"It hat's more friend Tom, can smell a rat,
"And know what sly boots would be at."

"How can you think, friend Coll, that I,
"Can'er attempt a hart that's sly?
"You know me better, Coll; I hope,
"A greater saint was never Pope;
"Observe my looks, how meek, demure,
"An index of the mind, no^{re} truer:
"Whenever I speak, tis justice's cause,
"And sure I can't infringe her laws.

^{††} This Gentleman lately gave an elegant dinner of Beef & cabbage to a select party, after which many loyal and constitutional toast were drunk, in Honour of

"How can you then, refuse your friend,
"So honest too, a Gun to lend?
"Your good I seek, more than my own,
"To save your peace, ere they are flown;
"Besides, of all the game I kill,
"I'll bring you half to Honest Will."

This compliment thrown in so sweet;
Types guess'd alone would do the feat;
But still to make success more sure,
The game he added, as a lure.

Coll grinn'd, & scratch'd his woolly pate,
The quip'd and swallow'd down the bait:
Nutt pull'd his breeches up, spoke;
"I thought at first, you'd been in joke,
"Else many words had not been wanted,
"So small a favor to be granted;
"Here, take the gun, the birds all kill,
"And mind you bring the half to Will."

Types stunk'd home with gun on shoulder
Like any volunteering soldier:
So fierce he look'd, the birds affrighted,
All left their nests, and were benighted.
The gun to pieces then he took,
The barrel rusty, lock was broke:
The last he mended with a peg,
Made from a skewer, he did beg.

The barrel scow'd, within and out,
Like one who knew, what he's about;
And in it ramm'd a wad of tow,
To make it clean, or keep it so.
Then went to bed intent on slaughter;
For once, forgot the butcher's daughter.
Dream'd: in one shot he kill'd a score
And carried ballins only four;
Pleas'd with the trick Tom fell a laughing,
And almost chok'd himself with coughing.
This rous'd him from his rittl'g Sleep,
And out of bed, he took a leap:
He saw the morn, already up,
Aurora take her parting cup.
Then dash'd himself with all the speed
Such Death-doing business did need:
Next sally'd forth to seek the field
Which to his sport, was like to yield.

Arriv'd he found the Ring doves there,
Quoth Tom, "I'd have you all take care;
"You soon shall know that I am here."
With speed he prim'd, & chang'd the metal;
Then hid himself, behind a nettle.
"Have at you all, Quoth Tom, I see,
"Who's to be caught at you or me".
Types made no doubt to cut a figure
So aim'd, and pull'd the murderous trigger:
His Throat, & Leading Corks

Up flew the doves, no one was hurt,
The primer alone had made a squirt;
In other words, it flash'd in pan;
Such luck might fall, to any man.
Tom prim'd again, a vis laid perdue,
The doves undaunted came in view;
A gain the trigger pull'd; — what then?
Nought but a flash ensid' a gen.
Types thought the touch-hole might be stop'd,
So in, his little finger, prop'd:
Again, he prim'd and ey'd the mark;
Only a flash, produc'd the spark: —
This most of all did Tom surprise;
He lifted up his hands and eyes:
"Old Nick must sure be in the gun,
"And of poor me, is making fun;
"If that's the case, I'll fetch him out
"By hands or feet or by the snout."
With rammer then began to screw,
And out the shot and powder drew;
The rammer in again he put,
And thought he'd got him by the foot:
When, Lo! to his surprize he found
The waddled tow, the screw surround;
That tow, with so much care (I mean)
He had put in to keep it clean,
But when the doves at feed he saw,
In haste to load, forgot to draw.

"Oh, Oh, says Tommy now I'm right,
"The Pidgeons shall get nothing by't:
"Once more I'll charge the gun, and try
"Which has the best ont, they or I."

This said, with care he chang'd the barrel,
Hoping at once to end the quarrel;
Not fearing ^{harm}, the doves drew near him,
As if the villains meant to jeer him;
Loth Tom, my dears, you're come in time;
Down went the cock, — there was no prime!
"What disappointments do attend us;
"Whence's same fortune won't befriend us.
Types curs'd and swore, as well he might,
To find his hopes all put to flight:
However to shew he'd not despair,
He this time prim'd, with all his care;
Then squatted down, within the hedge,
Like goose or partridge, in a sedge.
The doves so oft' disturb'd in feeding,
Now took French leave to shew their breeding,
With great impatience Tom long waited,
To try his skill so much devalued;
Till sleep, which in the night forsook him,
Here, in a ditch, now overtook him:
Titan was mounted up the skies,
When wretched Tom did open his eyes;
And looking round with pain he saw,
The time draw on, he must withdraw.

With shame, he from the field retired,
Who, four times shot, but never fired.

Now, as Types must, and tugged home,
Wishing he there had never come,
Saw something moving in a bush,
Perhaps a Sockaft, or a Thrush;
To him all animals were game,
If once ^{within} his reach they came.
Daring at last, to play sure cards,
He gently crept within ten yards,
Then letting fly with all his might,
Out of the hedge, it tumbled right;
And rolled and wriggled so about.
He thought at first 't had been a trout;
Yet wondered, how thaduce, it came,
So far from Kennett, or the Thame:
When on all fours, the monster got,
Quoth he, "the Barrow's Goat I've shot;"
But when on two it stood upright,
Tom guessed that something was not right,
For now a Grocer's boy⁺ appears,
Stuck full of shot from heel to ears;
The affrighted sportsman then drew near,
In hopes to make the matter clear.
Says he; "Ally lud upon my soul,
"I really took you for an owl;
"A great mistake, I've made, no doubt;
"But let me try to pull them out."
+ Porter to Mr. Wm. Watlington, Reading.

I wish the Dev'l, the gun had got;
"No doubt your b— on is burning hot:
"I certain ought to make unwords,
"I'd keep this mischief from your friends,
"Say nothing of it to your master,
"This penny take 'will buy a plaster."

This said, to Coll, he bent his way,
But meditated what to say;
A fit excuse, in line, to turn up, ^{up},
"How Bergeman Coll, should set his rump up,
"He'd often heard, who first begins,
"His lan to one, the cause he wins;
"This thought improv'd he thus begun—
"Here, take this worthless, rusty gun,
"With such a thing in vain I try,
"To bring you home the Pidgeon pye;
"Besides the jarricating crew,
"Have surely learnt their tricks of you;
"So slay they acted and so cox,
"I've only shot a grocer's boy;
"And since, I promised you the half,
"The game be yours, go fetch the calf."

Thus joking, sings the sportive mouse,
Not to defame, but to amuse;
Pleasure I seek to gain my end,
Perhaps I've sacrific'd, a friend:

If so, I'm sorry for the deed,
That e'er I should dispositions breed;
Who knows me best, must know I never
could satiriz^e a man so clever:
A man so stock'd with learned lore,
That few have equal'd him before;
Has not read more than he's digested,
And is of bigotry divested;
Can oft' foretell what Pitt is doing,
What measures threaten us with ruin;
Knows why the French excell in fight,
And why they're always in the right.
Alas! how chang'd is Tommy grown,
A friend no longer, will one own,
No more will strive to save the nation,
But vows he'll write *Retaliation*.
I. ells.

A *Threnodia* on the much lamented
death of a worthy and respectable Gentle-
man, between three simple Swains.

They Cant
Charles.¹

Ah! woe is me, Ah! woe betide the day,
The fatal day which Saviour for ev' must know,
When envious fate, made Shepherson pass the town,
From whence no traveller yet has found the way;
Ah! woe is me, ah! woe betide the morn,
A better Shepherd, neer before was born.

Daniel ?

And is it true? can Shepherson then be dead?
And wretched Daniel still breath vital air?
Whose sins outnumber'd, drive him to despair,
And call down vengeance on his sinful head.
Ah! woe is me, Ah! woe betide the morn,
A better Shepherd, neer before was born.

Hugh³.

Shepherson the just, the virtuous and the weak,
Alas! his dead, and we lament in vain,
His lively voice, shall neer resound again,
Nor gaping multitudes, shall hear him speak.

Rev^d Wm Bromby Cadogan, Vicar of St Giles'
! Sir Charles Marsh Knt: Mr Dan^l Bush
n^o, Bacon's cellar Reading. — 3 Mr Hugh
Hewlings, Chimney Sweeper & Corn Porters

Ah! woe is mine, Ah! woe betide the morn,
A better shepherd, neer before was born.

They confess.

Charles.

Sometimes I fell, bewitch'd by female grace,
To sin and Satan oft became a slave,
But when at church, the godly took their place,
I found a salve, did my conscience save.
But Stephon's dead and none will now remain
To clear old scores, that I may sin again.

Daniel

Sometimes mistakes I made, in weight or measure,
Which almost made my callous face to blush,
But when at church, I always found a treasure,
That bade the callous conscience, be hush.
But Stephon's dead, and none will now remain,
To clear old scores, that I may sin again.

Hugh

Sometimes I've stover, the price of corn to raise,
And so dishonour'd the friends of God, — the poor;
But when at church, I sung the maker's praise,
All qualms of conscience, fled without a door.
But Stephon's dead, and none will now remain,
To clear old scores, that I may sin again.

Charles.

Thro' summer's suns and winter's snow,
To church I never fail'd to go;
Except an assignation made,

Who can refuse a lady's call?

My honor's challeng'd if delay'd,
Which to a knight is worst of all.

But Stephon's dead, no more I'll go,
To Gospel shop, thro' frost and snow.

Daniel

Thro' winter's snow, and summer's rain,
To church I waddl'd full of pain,
Except when Interest came between:

Who can refuse dear profit's cry?

My honor's challeng'd, wit, I mean
If hogs a bargain I don't buy.

But Stephon's dead, no more I'll go,
To Gospel shop, thro' frost and snow.

Hugh.

Thro' wind & frost, and snow and rain,
To church I ran, pursuing gain,

Except when call'd to earn a shilling.

Who can refuse a charm like that?

My honor's challeng'd; — very willing,
If I neglect what comes so fast.

But Stephon's dead, no more I'll go,
To Gospel shop, thro' wind and snow.

They condole

Charles.

Why looks Tommy Ring so affrighted?

And Sophia, so much in the dumps?
With an hair, he may still be delighted.

And she may be strutting in jumps.
Tho' Stephen is smitten by death's cruel dart,
A hypocrite still, may make use of his art.

Daniel

Why looks my friend Baylis so sad?
Why does sorrow still hang on his brow?
There are legacies, still to be had;

Who do women to wheedle know how,
Tho' Stephen is smitten by death's cruel dart,
A hypocrite still, may make use of his art.

Hugh

Why looks Billy Warwick so grave?
Is Presbyter conscience grown sick?

The scavenger's place, still he'll have,
Who slyly can cozen and trick,
Tho' Stephen is smitten by death's cruel dart,
A hypocrite still, may make use of his art.

The Apothecary.

Charles.

Behold he mounts the lofty skies,
Angels waft him thro' the air;
To his maker's throne he flies,
Much I doubt, if I get there.

Daniel

Now, seated near the throne of grace,
Departed, saints all shew their care,
Blessed in that Heavenly place,
Much I doubt if I get there.

Hugh

See, see, his robes in garments white,
Fit symbols, for a saint so rare;
Enjoys in paradise delight,
Much I doubt, if I get there.

All

If virtue alone, will be rewarded,
We neer shall pass, ethereal air;
The truly good in heaven regarded
No longer doubt, if we get there. I. 16.

To the Editor of the Reading Mercury
Sir,

A few days ago I was invited to a public dinner, in consequence of a petition being that day discribed to the Legislature, for the abolition of the slave trade. The dinner consisted of every luxury that this, and other countries produce; but not to trouble you with a bill of fare, which would be too long for a common newspaper, I shall only observe, that the lives of more than fifty harmless, inoffensive creatures had been sacrificed to the gluttony of these friends to humanity. You may be sure that the business of the day, soon became the topic of discourse, and introduced by the chairman; — a sympathetic butcher, who said — that he found himself happy, in the share he had had, in promoting the emancipation of so many of his fellow creatures, whose only crime was their colour, and putting an end to a series of barbarities, disgraceful to this country: but come Gentlemen, you don't eat; who shall I help to a slice of this scaloin? I can assure you, I never suck a fowr beast in my life; see, how tender it cuts, and then so full of gravy: I know the cause requires something good, and therefore, had it previously bailed, oh!

had you seen how my Sowler, pinced him to the ground by the nose, and how he be-lowed, you would have been charmed, — Here the fishmonger taking advantage in a stop of his oratory, occasioned by his endeavouring to swallow, too large a mouthful of the delicious viande, said; For my part Gentlemen, I am of Mr Chairman's opinion, for I can't see any reason, as how one half of the creation should tyrannise over the other; for my part, I am determined that no sugar shall be used in my family, in spite of the obstinacy of my Wife and daughters, who are no better than carnibals, and as I say, is not every sugar cane water'd with a drop of blood from our fellow creatures in what do ye call it place? yet you will use it; — no, I'll be damn'd first; abstain or turn out, say I; for I hate all tyranny; come Doctor, shall I help you to some of this eel, 'tis fresh as the day, I saw it cap-ing alive in the frying Pan, within this half hour, or perhaps you had rather have some of these lobsters, just taken out of the boiling water, where you might have heard their cries, had you been lucky; soon enough to have come five minutes soon

— Thank you Mr. what do you call it, says the Doctor, I am sure you are a very civil, human man; pray have you seen the book? it is every word true I can assure you, and so full of pretty stories of cruelty, and all that, that it is well with your reading, howsoever. I am sorry I could not attend the meeting, but I was busy all the morning, in dissecting live frogs; you must know that our president discovered, that frogs would live longer than any other animals, when the heart was taken out; a fact, I now find to be true, by more than twenty trials I made. — Right Doctor, says the Parson, and there is another curious experiment, I have tried, petrels a thousand times, which is, that if you cut off the heads of snails, with a pair of scissors, they will not only see their way about, but their heads will grow again: — Give me leave to help you to a plate of this pig, tis a tythe I took this morning, from a poor widow with five children, I knew it was well fed, else I would not have taken it, for it is a sad thing, to oppress the poor; besides I can assure you, it was properly killed, for my cook was two hours whipping it to death. — Sir, says a great fat, full fed farmer, that sat next to him, you are right, to

press the poor, is a sad thing, and I wonder askow the parliament don't put a stop to it, for as soon as the man is press'd all his family comes upon the parish. — Not so bad neither, says the Squire, interrupting him, if they would only press these rascals, the poachers, who won't suffer a man to preserve his own game; if you will believe me, I have hardly shot forty brace of Partridges, and about as many Pheasants, this season; as for hares, we think our selves well off, if we knock down one a week; now suppose we were to send them to cultivate the sugar, and fetch the blacks home, you know they may do our business very well, and as our own poor only work fourteen hours in the day, it will be a bless'd change for them. — May I be chok'd with this custard, says an Alderman (putting it to his mouth), if the Squire has not hit it, — why man, I have a black footman, in my own house, the most straight, clearest fellow, you ever see; my dairy and all the maids are quite fond of him, he is a favourite with us all; and, would you believe it, my wife could never take her eyes off from him while she was the last time breeding, and

my youngest son is the very picture of
him, only — not quite so black. — sending
for the Negroes to settle in England, may,
for ought I know, send a little dapper auc-
tioneer, mend our bread, which are wind-
ling away to Pygmies, and be a very good
scheme; but it does not strike me, for I
am sure we are overburthened with poor
already, not a week passes, but I am em-
ployed to sell the goods of some poor labour-
er, which have been seized by their landlords,
it is an affecting sight to see a whole fam-
ily turned naked out of their houses, and
I am sure, I do all I can for them, always
sell the things for the most I can make, to-
be, — to — pray myself, for you know a man
must live, — Live! said a lawyer, and
who lives better than you Auctioneers? while
we rack our brains to make a debt of for-
ty shillings amount to ten Pounds, before
we can lay a man by the heels; you bask
in the spoils; it's devilish cruel, and ever-
y body knows I hate cruelty, as I do a
poor delivery, and therefore I think we
had better send them home to Africa,
it's true, as they will have no means
of getting their bread they must either
murder or be murdered, but we Gentlemen

shall have the happy consolation of having
done our duty, tho' I think it would not
be amiss, to have them first made Chris-
tians of, like ourselves. — That's an ex-
cellent remark rejoins the parson; & I have
the pleasure of acquainting the company,
that our worthy Diocesan informed us at
the last visitation, that as soon as the
missionaries have done converting the
Presbyterians and Quakers in America,
some shall be sent — if proper prefer-
ment can be found for them. Here a
long pause ensued, as the charitable
subject seemed exhausted, when a
Pawnbroker who always loved to be the
last speaker in the company, laying
down his knife & fork, and wiping his
chin, observed, that the first slaves we
read of in history were the Scabblers who
were made saws of wood, and drawers of
water, from whence he took a long sweep
thro' Asia Africa and America, told of
all the robberies and murders that had
been committed by slaves, and which
he justified by the laws of retaliation;
and concluded a long winded speech,
by observing that he was sorry to leave
such worthy company, but was obliged

to attend the trial of a criminal upon
account of some stolen goods being found
in his possession, and you know said he,
we are oblig'd, as christians to do all the
good we can. — besides he is a useful man.
Here the company broke up, and retired
to my closet, to give the public this account
of so public spirited a set of defenders of
the rights of man, and to add my mite
to so humane a cause, by this single ob-
servation, that all reformations should
begin at home. N^o. —

Hermitage, March 8. 1792

The Deserters;

or, the second part of the

Reading Volunteers

By Thos. Sandes

Gentleman & Schoolmaster

A crew they are of coward ruffians,
Loud, drunken, wanton raggamuffins,
Who look for all the world like men
Newcaten, and shaved up again.

— Virgil Travesty.

London
Printed and sold by the Booksellers
in town and County. 1796

The Seditious.

For love of power, and the thirst of Gold,
Have sold their ministers their country sold;
The flames of discord, o'er a shudd'ring world,
With dire distraction, have those millions hurled,
And savage war promote, with dash of joint,
To plunder, murder, and delude mankind.
(Tho' once the pleaders of the public cause
And active friends to all our ancient laws,
Of justice now, in every part they speak
And vice, and folly by corruption bid;
For what before, thine selves had clearly nam'd,
Now persecute with vengefull iron hand;
While tumults, plots, and treasons they devise,
To hide their crimes, & rob the people's sight;
For you, that Britons, from the Gallic soil
Should reason learn, and all their manly fire
They raise a cry of danger; — deep design!
And call each thinking man; — a Jacobin.)
Among the foremost to formant Alarm,
Did Reading's sons, as gallant soldiers arm
Some erov'd by testart; Tools of others some,
And some were raised by warlike sounds of drum
Like able sergeants, caterers for war,
With martial knowledge, but without a scar;

A crimping knight, & hair brain'd Justice Dear
Did (at a feast) a numerous crowd convene;
To celebrate a naval victory got,
And to fulfill a deep concerted plot;
For dinner ended, and the liquor press'd,
Up rose St. Charles, & thus, the crowd address'd:
"Gentlemen, the Frenchmen, Jacobins, I'll call,
"Swear they'll come here, and sprinckle us all.
"But will you know, wise of an mad'um run,
"When they have dard' to meet, an English gun;
"And will again, if any French are found,
"Hardy enough, to land on British ground:
"You all are loyal, I can plainly see,
"And will, as readily, with me agree,
"That, to this meeting, clearly it appears,
"We all shall own, as loyal, Volwollers;
"To crush those rascals, if they hither come,
"And keep in awe, the Jacobins at home;
"I'll have 'em got, and in a glass of wine
"I'll drink the King; and then proceed to sign."

The Knight, thus finish'd with an oblique
Black Harry rose with very serious face,
To second what the knight did then advance,
And threat'nd vengeance to the sons of France;
Then parson Hodge, said, since he understood
It was a solemn, form'd for the public good,
That he, for one, would all his aid bestow,
And fight or pray, to make the redoubtless glow.

The little Col'nel, ^{5.} swears again he'd fight,
And pompous Shro, p. cries, "right, right, right!"
The paper now, was handed down each bench,
To sign; before their martial fire should quench,
Thus, this jam'd story was raised, a motto,
Of yours, hold, the traitor man, Purson, scribes;
And all, whose arts, heroic fire possess'd,
Or, wish'd to see themselves, like soldiers dress'd:
Here artists gay, with subtil lawyers join,
And barbers, Taylors form the downy line;
Tho' some were tall, some short, some thick, some light
They all were eager, to begin the fight.
And if the French, should ever dare come here,
All way thus guarded, will have brought to fear
The plains of Jemappe, none such can boast,
Or Blenheim's field, produce so brave a host:
Schiller self, who strew the hope of Tray,
Would stand aghast, and feel his courage cloy;
His boasted charon, must to such prowess yield,
Where every man's a doctor in the field;
The spell reverse'd; his vulnerable back
None could save him, from the slaughtering steel.
Combined hands, with each a different view,
The just great object, seldom see pursue;
On each, their separate interests prevail,
And thus their joint pursuits, are sure to fail.
At Pilnitz, see the band of royal leaves,
Combined, to make all Europe wide slaves:

To plunder Poland, Germany reform,
To conquer France, and haughty Paris storm.
Behold them now, — their kilt-born schemes reviv'd,
Their cities taken, and their arms dispers'd;
Instead of Gothic liberty pull'd down: —
The Emperor's self, now to honor on his throne;
For want of Union, now does Europe see,
These despots all, are forc'd to bow their knee.

Now Randin's sons, (like those great quakers of the
With school encumbers, differences create;
Each one his interest sought; the general good
Was what these sycophants, never understood;
But selfish ends now serv'd, and courage void,
Or greedy clashes, the pretty fools had choic'd.
Now base deserters thro' the line had spread,
And discontent had rais'd, its thyron head,
Till these Bobolines, with more heroic cast,
(The laugh of school boys, & the standing jest)
One by one dispers'd, and leave the field,
For what the counter or the shepherd yield:
Their names struck off the list, thus disappear'd
This etc etc etc, by price and folly serv'd.

The six best things will always find a cause
To shield his crimes, and oft' evade the laws;
So do these heroes if you ask them why
They now desert? their former words belie.
But one more knowing thus his story tells
And with a braver front, the taunt repels:

"Believe me, Sister, we were justly oppos'd,
And all the corps deceiv'd, in our necessities;
The plan laid down, was stop'd in drunken ^{light}
By many a fit, who never had such a right;
Was form'd on principles, direct reverse.
From what our wiser governments dispose
For this, in clearest language, did disclose,
That Officers, by lot, should all be chosen,
Which like her Tom kimon, in their leveling
Declared; — Equality, the right of all men.
But not like them, who threat with the sword
To maintain their conquest, and so fulfil their word.
No, Randin's chiefs, their honest selves do wrong
And from their sacred oaths, as easy, sever'd.
It was all they wanted (boldly he avers)
To get the rank and pay of Officers;
The plan of ballot, all is thrown aside,
And themselves, they choose, to stand in final field;
And these lack logs, but as a word in fact;
Bedeck'd in person, with a coward heart."

Thus having spoke, this imitated soul,
Gave one broad grin, & justly damn'd the whole.

Now tho' the rank & file, had most declined,
The gallant officers, were left behind;
Whose hearts for battle, still felt no alloy,
Now powder proof, in many a Tam de joye
And who, if common fame, report it true
Would pass the muster, at a sham review.

Besides, the coach, & the liberal gave,
To crush the patriot, who disdain'd the slave,
Was to be spent; — for 'tis by general need,
That riches got in; Knaves, are spent by food.
Of course these Babedils, with special care
To make a show, and keep themselves a show
Soon form'd a new this Volunteering Corps,
And offer'd pay to either rich or poor:
The bait was took, and Interest prevail'd,
When honor, honesty and Justice fail'd.
And now springing up, without much morado,
Another Band, like Teufdruffe's needy crew:
Who as their bellies guide, in either way,
Would sell themselves, for larger share of Pay.
Whose thoughts are mostly, (if they ever think)
On what process them, id to refused drink.
These fifteen years, with aged sixty join,
And five feet high in height; so three feet nine,
Combine to form the guard of READING town,
To bulwark Britain, and to shield the crown.
Their martial prowess sunk; this a mild for fight,
Seven parentice boys, come to, at the whole to flight.
But still this renowned Corps, this unconquered band
May do some good, if e'er the French should land;
For tho' unskilful in buttle's bloody fray,
Their looks at least would fight the foe away.
My muse must hush, and give at noth'g game
For killing sparrows, mer procures us fame;

'Tis folly's self, and pride's more baneful root,
Should be the mark for soldiers bow to shoot.
Bold Reading's fame did every village ^{reach}
And her great soldiers, were the laugh of each;
But for their chiefs, and their shrew warriors,
Their names, their worth, and each hero's deed,
You here shall find, with strictest justice told,
The grand exploits of all her young and old.
While forc'd by truth, th'ingrateful task, I sing,
Those who oblied their country & their King.

A son of Galen, first my list shall grace,
And Tommy King, being forth his gospel face,
Tho' skill'd in Sulphur, Solusset and Pills,
And good receipts, for all the human ills,
His own great art with his wise partner's joint
Hath long been baffl'd, by his instructed mind;
And Bath's gay springs, where heathful waters flow,
His poor crack'd brain, sent home, in statuque.
'Tis said, he's bitten by the marriage Freewin
Who deals out scandal, & th' in chamon's ruin;
And what he's said! prepar'd the bells to ring,
Tho' Paris taken, by the Prussian King.
The Doctor, now, a rigid saint has turn'd,
And bard companions, dice and all are spurn'd
For sweet St Giles's, where the faith's believed,
And mad incurables, are well received;
May he there learn, in that grave, sacred Place,
A little mercy, to the Gallie race:

His wife well knows, if only one's distress'd,
That he's unable to make up the void.

With down cast brow, I next proceed with thee
And with reluctance, mention Justice's name
The town all own him, from indicture, law,
Oppression's pleas, and honest freedom's laws
Unskilled himself, he hires the venal fear,
To dignify the names, of honest men:
When late a meeting at the Hall was held,
This man appear'd, with pride & ignorance swell'd
To crush our rights, and shackl'd all our wills,
In base support of Pitt and Greenville bills;
But here, a band of Patriots oppos'd
These shameful acts, their baneful ills disclos'd,
Till placemen, Pensioners, and Parsons all,
With stern retreat, from the County Hall.
The Postman's face, by some (not very civil)
Hath been compar'd, to Milton's vengeful Devil,
When thus, he saw, his favorite Bills knock'd
And their supporters, hid'd, throughout the town,
This Sycophant, to justice, our will stick,
While Ministerial bones, he has to pick.
And if to exercise, he sometimes goes,
'Tis only, at like foolish birth-day shows.
Is danger near; or foes invade the coast,
This man resigns, and casely leaves his post;
But safe at home, in other's business press,
His Office gives him, Opportunities.

A greater loss, the corps had nearly met,
Than all disasters, which had happin'd yet;
A deadly gloom, pos'd of it each mortal mind,
When Captain Calvin, in a post resign'd;
When he (to use the masses' hearts to win)
Return'd to trade, and sold his Flaps & gin;
But Johnny's heart, to noble actions swell'd,
Than what, plebean, low liv'd trades afford;
His sword again unsheath'd, his dear forks,
His post once more in front, he coldly took.
And if the French on British ground should head
A awful havock, that their winks h'd spread,
Or if griev'd speckles, should support the Foe,
As quick as lightning, he will lay them low.
All Andover, his mighty deeds excite,
How he engag'd, a gristly ghost in fight,
And this unarm'd (except forth amber want)
He drove the Goblin, from his midnight haunt.
To meaner subjects, now my verse h'd bring
Of mock Contractors, condemn'd to sing,
Who furnish'd out the backs of all this Swale,
Or arrid, with pat hard Hats, their brains stull'd,
Come, Greenwood thru, with no small lack of sense,
And large share, of forward impudence;
Whose callous stout, his country swail disdains
And her deserts, to serve his selfish gains.

Another worthy too, I here will show,
And junior Richards, bring to public view;

His Cloth he sells, his Interest secure.

His purpose answer'd, and he joins no more.

The proverb's here made out, the perjur'd rate,
And wicked dinner, better saint doth make,
A Balliyah of late, was Dickey found,
In cases of Venus, hid felt many a wound,
Till on the Death, one day, at Reading race,
The Devil staid him, in his sinful face;
The scene soon chas'd;— nois on of the clew
Cadoyan dubb'd him, of his honest sects.

Two hundred Brothers, & both loyal men,
Now claim my notice, and employ my pen;
A lawyer one, in legal knowledge wise
At parish meetings, or at County Sise,
Where with some judgment, he can make a thing,
And well cry, and a curse, for hard some fees
With him the Soldier's life, or den pretence,
Would never do, without some recompence:
The same idea, does leafy Well, possess,
And tho' so smart throws off the martial dress,
His profit finds, and sets the state up hold,
In keeping Shop, and dealing out his coals:
But he ere Winter, with a frozen heart,
Engrofs the whole, and made the Poor to smart,
The price of fuel rais'd, and thus combin'd,
With gelid weather, to disturb mankind,
His hope his virtues will this art reclaim,
Which stamps disgrace, upon the Blandy name.

That name, his Honoid Sir, so well supports
Upon the Bench, in Corporation Courts;
Where that wise Body, attract, were his sense,
His poind'd Wit, and rarely eloquence;
But cease my muse, lest I provoke a frown,
And call the vengeance, of these sages down:
Whose wisdom's such, that they scell in case,
Tamid Cicero, or Sen. Demosthenus;
And none there were, who have such penetration,
As Alldine's loyal, sapient Corporation.

Some have by time, quite natur'd ^{chang'd} systems,
And all the actions, of their life derang'd;
By second Childhood led, we late have seen,
The plodding head, once, buried this long year,
Which many age, by blinded zeal overcome,
Threats bloody vengeance, to— he knows not where,
But could at length, let a Sawbery appear,
To see his folly, in declining years;
And now resign, well taught by Wisdom's school,
To play the Soldier, is to play the fool.

This, part, we too, have found without a sham,
Perform'd in character, by Doctor Lumb;
Whose blushing dust, for generosity show will make,
Promotes the Crutch, where he attends parade,
A fierce cock'd hat, his empty cranium shields,
And a huge sword, hangs dangling at his ^{head},
Which as he shuts or hops from wall to wall,
Threatens it's wearer, with a speedy fall.

This mighty master, of the healing art,
Sets by the soldier, cuts a different part;
Learns in Exotic, as in nature wise,
New plants he calls, their virtues quick descries
No hamlet's bird, escapes his searching power
Tho' hid in rocks, or perched on sacred tower,
Nor distance wide, nor, eke, resolving noise,
Nor great fatigue, nor greater still effence
Prevents his seeking, with a cautious eye,
An eagle's beak, or a non-descript fly,
And if his bus, what common fame both tell
A curious joke, the Doctor late befell:
Some way at his that, or more distant place,
Hearing his knowledge in the feather'd race,
A letter sends, how he so lucky had been,
To find a nest, such like extraction was seen;
The bird he too describes, as quite unknown,
Tears all the ark to find the middle zone;
And with much glee, no human leg,
Before had climb'd to reach such curious egg

A prize, or a prize, the Doctor loudly cries,
And with the blessed news, to Joovy hies;
Bisk Joovy, who was searching, many some dust,
For mouldy relics, or things, bones, and dust,
Could hardly bear his brother's congratulation
But (leapt, and) jump'd & down climb'd to the floor,
Till plates and China broke, & table spoilt;
Good Mr Joovy thought her husband wild;

He then declared aloud, he would not rest,
Till he had got the dear belov'd nest:
A chair was call'd, this happy pair got in,
(With heads afloat) to dash thro' thick thorn.
Upon the road, the people stand & said,
They were all mad, or else from Justice fled;
And some men wise, declared that they went not
To give the alarm, of Breachmen on the coast.

But safe arrived; — they search with eager eyes,
To find their guide, and gain the precious prize;
Such eager hope these anxious fools possess'd
To climb the rock and safe secure the nest.
The feather'd owner, soon these killers spies,
And forth he goes, for safety quickly flies.

With bloody noses, scratched in hands & face,
And with much toil, they reach the wish'd for place;
Here words are weak, and language too confin'd,
To paint the rapture, that engraves their mind;
When they, two eggs, the long desired prey,
With cautious steps, exulting bore away.
In thanks & compliments, they each contain'd
Which shall give most, to this their valued find
And well reward him with a liberal fee,
To shew their long known generosity.

These folly hunters now, with minds so said,
Set out for home, and not a little pleas'd;
Great care was taken, as they slowly went,
To guard their prize, from fatal accident;

But soon, Alas! oh, curse the unlucky day,
A lumbering cart threw down its load of hay,
Their chairs overturned, the eggs—oh horror! smask
Their faces cut, against the glassy dashkit,
The driver hurt, the horses run away,
Themselves on foot, now curse the load of hay.

Not more chagrind, was Caesar, when he found,
That Marcus Brutus aimed the deadly wound;
Not more appall'd was Lewis or his Divon,
When they beheld the fatal Guillotine,
Than were these heroes, at this dreadful blow,
Which damn'd their hopes, & chang'd their joy to woe.

In their way home, thro' villages & towns,
The children cried, raw heads & bloody bones;
The women ran, sen dogs & cats were scarce,
To see such figures as they ne'er appear'd:
At length got home, from this unlucky rout
With different minds, from what they first set out,
No more they wou'd, they'd run such foolish raves,
Or lead another penit'nt wild goose chase;
No more leave home, in chair or on their legs,
In search of moths, or butterflies, or eggs.

The names of Blacklin & Matthias Deane,
Are too well known, by creditors I ween,
To need my pen, their actions more to expose,
Their honesty, the town & country knows.

Amidst vice & folly which enslaveth man,
Some traits of virtue, we do often find;
But not a grain does Sordani's heart imbue
For thro' his life, the hypocrite we trace;
To prove this fact, have dealings with the man,
Then get your money, (mind me) if you can,
Among his tricks, I'll owe the reader show,
Tho' not the worst, it will prove the appearance.

By juggling deep, an auction sale he made
Of some large bottles, too honest for the trade;
"Loth," says he these bottles could a good
"Their uncouth size of grieves me to the head,
"Unfit you'll own, for one who aims to cozen,
"These please me best, are six to a the dozen,"
"Among the rest, insert my bottles too."
This done, he sold them at the price of new,
But in the buyer, took his bottles home,
He found them crack'd, for use unfit became,
And well he might, for Sordani's equivocal
"Laid: for sward bottles, slyly chang'd the whole,
Kind folks beware his villainy & spite;
His good man Jerome, swears he's always right.

Here's one exception to the general rule;
One honest heart, came into play the fool,
Tho' Interest guides him, in the search of self,
His freedom's friend, altho' enslav'd himself.

The muse with sorrow, sees him hard with those,
Whom neither honor, sense or justice knows.

But should I all their vile exploits, when
I could tire my reader, and pollute my verse;
So here I'll end;— but this advice first take,
Till prudence calls, your counters rise for sale.
The state is serv'd if commerce you pursue,
And keep your shops, your shops will thank you.
If trade you leave, the soldier to appear,
E'er long, you'll curse the name of Volunteer.

1761— 1764

The Book of Politics

Chapter 1st

1. Now it came to pass in the reign of the good King Quelpho, that there was great discontent in the Land.
2. For altho' peradventure, the King was beloved by all the people, yet the iniquities of the chief-Baker¹, and the chief-Butler², grieved them sorely.
3. Now on a day that the King was going in great state to the Council of the Elders; it came to pass, that certain evill Sons of Belial, laid wait for the King, and purged sorely upon him.
4. But the Lord raised him up a defence, over the Life-Guards, and he escaped the ambush that was laid for

1. The Rt Honble Wm Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer &c.

2. The Rt Honble Lord Granville

for him.

5. Now when the people of the land heard of the offence offered to the King; they rose up as one man

6. And every City, and every town, and every Society, gave so wide certification of the Land in those days called; wrote a letter to the King; saying,

7. When we heard of the danger of our Lord the King, our hearts smote within us, and our souls abhorred the evil deed, - May the enemies of the King perish, and may He live for ever.

8. And the Chief Justice, and the Chief Justice, conspired together, against the people, and send one to another:

9. Now is the time to bring them into subjection, for the good they have done, they shall be rewarded with evil, and for the love they have shown, we will triumph them under our feet.

10. For, lo! are not the people a good

but simple people, and easily led, do not they love the King, even as a mother loveth her only child, that cleaveth unto her breast.

11. Therefore, let us make a law, that whosoever conspireth against the King and Government, shall be put to death.

12. And the law that they made was in this wise:

13. Forasmuch as the people are a rebellious and seditious people, be it enacted, by the laws of the Kings of Persians, which be altho' not, that no man conspire against the King, or open his mouth against the government, for the space of three years.

14. And he that openeth his mouth, without the consent of the Rulers of the Land, let him be put to death.

15. Now the law was promulgation in the hearing of all the people, they were

sheds with amazement, and every man's heart sunk within him.

16 So they murmured against the deers and saints, then shall we be all Slaves.

17 But the Chief Baker, and the Chief Butler, cared not for the people; for they had obtained a majority in the Council.

18 Moreover, the land was overrun with armed men, who ground their swords in the streets, even at noon day.

19 And spies overspread the land, so as no man could confer with another for fear of the spies that stalked among them.

20 Howbeit the chief Baker and the Chief Butler, trusted not to these alone, for in every town, they had their own gines, whom, who having sold their own liberties, went about as roaring lions, seeking whom they could devour.

21 Now these discontentments, prevailed, made by in the City of Bowker, in the land of Ward, even in that fertile land where men sleep.

22 Howbeit they were awaked from their sleep, by their men, -- men of renown, and of great integrity.

23 Now the names of these men were these; -- Grammatistis the Levite; a man of parts, and great learning, such as was uncommon in those days.

24 Moreover, he cared ^{not} for his own interest, when it came in competition with the good of his country.

25 But the rest of the Levites marvelled thereat, and said, -- is not this man mad? -- For in those days the Levites loved preferment above all men.

26 The name of the second was Bediah, the Seer, a man of wisdom, and great speech, and also who foretold 27
3. Lawd, Master of the Grammar School
4. Henry Finch, Master of the Reading. --

man.

27. These men, took unto themselves Public
charges, he also was a good man, a
friend to the oppressed, and one that
abhorred slavery.

28. So these three men, took into consid-
eration the wickedness of the law, and
said in their fit that was, petition the
Governor, to call the people together, to
consult about it.

29. Wherefore they wrote a letter to the go-
vernor of the place, to call the meeting
together.

30. And the governor answered and
said:— Can not I a simple man,
and a little exercised in the laws? But
Co! I will consult my brethren, and
whatsoever they say, that will I do.

31. Now these were the men he consulted:
to:— Dani of the family of the Danites,

5. Mr Wm Williams, Gent. Reading.

6. Mr John Bulley Apothecary, then Mayor of Reading.

7. Henry Deane Esq. Alderman.

a good man, but was so no longer as
he had been, the father of the people.

32. Also Hodge Podge, the Levite, who had
a soft place in his skull. For the
people of those days used to say of
a weak man, Co! has he not a soft
place in his skull?

33. And these men said unto the go-
vernor of the place, listen not in any
wise unto them, for they are a stiff
necked generation, and behold
they are Jacobins.

34. Then the Governor stood with
his mouth wide open, as one that
is in amazement, and said, As
my soul liveth, O Hodge Podge, tell
me, what a Jacobin meaneth?

35. Now Hodge Podge knew as little of
the matter as the governor, for truly
he was very ignorant, and Dani also
was silent.

8. His Henry Hodgekinson, Curate of St Laurence's
Reading, 1766.

36. Then the Governor answered and said,
surely ye are Blockheads. But in the multitude
of Counsellors, there is great wisdom, therefore
will I consult my brethren.

37 So he made enquiry of all; from Dan
even unto Bea, but he found no wisdom
among them to interpret the meaning of
the word.

38 Whereupon, enquiry was made of Nemio
the Town Clerk, who answered and said. Now,
O Governor, that I have no little knowledge as
any of you, for behold, we are all ignorant
Men.

39 Nevertheless, I have a man and servantth
within, who is come from the County of the
Gallites; let her I pray be called, for she is
more knowing than all of us.

40 And the thing pleased the Governor, where-
fore they fetched her to him, and she
bowed down three times.

41 Then she opened her mouth and said,

9 Mrs Blandy Serv. - Justice of the Corporation.

10 Mrs Wm Pitt Rivers at 4 at dawn.

11 Miss Mary Jones, Serv. Teacher

know, O Governor, that the country from
whence I came, was a land, flowing
with milk and honey.

42 And whatever man possessed, was
the king's, even to the wife of his bosom.
Moreover he might say to his man, get
you to my dwelling, and he went.

43 And to another; the land that thou
possessed is good, and is pleasing in
my sight, therefore give it unto me, and
he gave it.

44 Howbeit, the Levites always came
in four share, for the king and they
plucked one way; and this in the law
precept of the country, was called the at
Law between Church and State.

45 Now it came to pass, that while these
things were in this unhappy state, certain
men arose, sons of Belial, who called them-
selves Democrates, which is, by interpree-
tion, friends, to a popular Government.

46 So then they rose up as one man, and beat
the king round about, and put him in hold;
47 Then these Levites fled before the People,
and basely forsook the king whom they had
betrayed, and caused to err from the laws
of the Lord.

48 Now also that these Levites were of various
Denominations, as Traneiscans and Jacobins
from the names of their founders, even
Francis and Jacobus or James.

49 And everyone of these tribes had large
houses in the land, and spacious halls
to eat in. For in those days the priests
did little else.

50 Whereupon the most violent of these De-
vourers took possession of the Halls of the
Jacobins; and they formed a Club, and
called themselves Jacobins, even from the
Halls of the Jacobins, in which they assembled.

51 Now when the maiden had done speaking

the Governor marvelled greatly, at her
understanding and wisdom.

52. Then said Hodge, prodge unto Dan,
in his elegant language: Be it un-
derstood, O Dan, that I have one more
wrinkle in my backside than heretofore.

53. Now this, also, was a proverbial
speech; for the wise men of those days
were much given to Proverbs, and
Hodge, prodge was wise indeed.

Chapter 2nd -

1. So the Governor and his ministers, Dan and Hodge, hodge departed from the Town Clerk's house, not a little edified by the words of the maiden.

2 And they pondered as they went, each one saying in himself -- surely this seed of wisdom are sown within me. -- howbeit they sprouted not.

3 And it came to pass on the next day, that the Governor called a meeting of his brethren, and he opened his mouth and spake unto them, concerning the request of these men.

4 Now there arose a contention among them, what they should do, for they wist not what to answer.

5 Then rose up Dan, and putting him in a posture (even as one that speaketh to the Voluntary on a day of Joy) he cried

out and said.

6 Listen unto me, O ye foolish counsellors, and ye shall be edified, foral am wiser than ye all.

7. Now ye, that if we deny the request of these men the people will meet without us, so shall we work evil and not good.

8. Therefore. let my Lords, the governor consent unto them, and we who are the slaves of the chief Barker will make a great party and overrule them.

9 And this advice seemed good unto the Governor, wherefore he called the people together: but not as the men who made the request meant, for they said unto him,

10. It is the request of the chief Barker, and those who have sold themselves unto him, to learn the will of the People herein.

11 Now he approved it, on this wise, because the bosom friend of the chief Barker, even

Dunlop¹² had said - If the people approve not the law, I will oppose it.

12. Moreover, the mouthpiece¹³ of the great Council, even him that speaketh, had written to the Governor to the same purpose, howbeit he diffled the letter.

13 For he knew that the people would not bear slavery, neither would they give their consent to the law.

* But they all with one voice called out, let the Governor take the chief seat, howbeit he knew, he was not worthy thereof, so he accepted it not.

* 14. Now on the day, that the people were assembled together, it came to pass that they were more numerous than heretofore.

16 Wherefore they put a man thereon,

12 The R. Hon. Henry Dunlop - since made Lord Dalmeil
13 R. Hon. W. Reading the Speaker of the house of Commons. - now Lord Viscount Sidmouth.

(I wrote before, page 9)
A new Song to an Old Tune.

From frogs and soup-maigre Monsieur fled to Reading,
Where by the help of a priest he soon patch'd up a wedding,
Then he open'd a school, and he lived in full glee,
For his frogs calapash, for his soup calapash.

1 Parbleu, cries the Frenchman, what good living I find;
I ne'er could have thought Jack Roast Beef half so kind,
With a shirt to my back which I ne'er had before,
I have ruffles to boot, and of guineas a score.

2 If I had but some Frenchmen to see how I live,
What delight to my heart and my soul it would give,
How blue they would cry, Brother Quin lives in clover;
Let's return to fetch more of our Countrymen over.

3 The Convention now took a strange whim in their heads,
That, to go to the Devil, they need not be led;
So they sent all their Priests to Old England to graze,
And set all the world in a wonderful blaze.

4 The Priests all arriv'd, Monsieur took in his head,
To give them a dinner, to show how he fed;
He had the roast and the bird, so overloaded the table,
That Midas's gift seem'd no longer a fable.

5 This half furnish'd guests set down to the dinner,
Procur'd by the arts of this prodigal sinner,
With fish, flesh and fowl, they mock charmingly dine,
And wash down their cares with twelve dozen of wine.

6 The fame of this feast brought John Bull to his senses,
Who guess'd, he too late, who must pay the expenses,
Being told, on presenting his bill at the school,
Beggar, Jack Roast Beef, you must be one great fool!

W. S. Quantin. Rev. D. Volpy.

A word of advice - British Tradesmen, take warning,
Nick that gaul from your shops who comes cringing & pawning
For his words are like wind, and his promises air,
If he goes to the Devil, you need never care.
Darry down

New Year's Day.

Should frost and snow my walks appear
The greatest ill I fear,
I'll stay at home, no longer roam,
But hail the coming year.

Though I'm not great, I'll set in state,
And have my full career;
My pipe I'll smoke, and crack a joke,
To hail the coming year.

My children all, and wife so small,
Aunt Fan without a peer;
We'll ope our eyes to Christmas pies,
And hail the coming year.

My Wife I guess the fowls will drop,
If spoilt they will be dear,
If to my mind, no fault I'll find,
But hail the coming year.

Maria's tarts will please all hearts,
As soon it will appear,
'Tis such as her the wise prefer,
Who'd hail the coming year.

Harry, the lad, who's seldom said,
Shall furnish us with beer,
Or peg a tub of orange shrub,
To hail the coming year.

What shall we do, dear Will with you,
Your serious thoughts to cheer,
You drunk shall be, till you can't see,
To hail the coming year.

Come Horace last, thou neer shall fast,
While mirth attends us here,
Your merry soul shall quaff a bowl,
To hail the coming year.

Mamma so kind in me shall find
Above that is sincere
I'll drink her health while I have wealth,
To hail the coming year.

May Fenchurch Street, enjoy a treat,
Hail's Poetry and cheer;

If stocks go well, we all can tell;
Hell hail the coming year.

To Wallworth next, I turn my toast
May Famen neer shed a tear;
His cash he'll spend to treat his friend,
And hail the coming year.

There is one Man, whose name is ^{Ann,} ~~Fam~~
She comes in the rear;
On her I'll think whenever I drink
Or hail the coming year.

Oh! what a Lot, I have forgot,
Aunt Fanny is most clear;
But if shell come, we'll broach the rum,
To hail the coming year.

Come fill a glass to a good lass,
Who thinks my notions queer;
His Fam I drink, who neer will shrink
To hail the coming year.

When next we meet at such a treat,
May death not interfere,
But pass a bound, and healths go round,
To hail the coming year. Dec^r 27. 1797.

The Counting House.

When early Phabus mounts his car,
Willwakes, and spies him out from far;
With haste springs up, his breeches buttons,
And leaves the coach to drones and gluttons.

To Blandy's wharf with haste repairs,
That wharf which swallows all his cares;
Surveys the barge with care about,

To find if ought is stolen out;
Since all is safe, from care is freed,
And goes to Maynard's wharf with speed;
With eager steps he bustles on,
To enquire what work each man's upon;
And thus salutes them each in turn;

'Here, Stevens, cleave this wood to burn;
'Then see these sacks all stow'd with care,
'And lay the sailcloth out to air,
'See, this is something neat and clean,
'A better store-house neer was seen;
'But, let there be a nail or peg,
'To hang this gridiron by the leg;

'Who stole the ace, continual cries,
'Beware the thief, if you are wise;
'This kettle is worn out, tis true,
'But still may serve to make a stew;
'The Committee will no doubt agree
'This door was well contrived by me;
'Within this place, store pots and kettles,
'Tan pins, hiltts, and other metals;
'Here's room enough for all the tackle,
'Be careful where you stow this shackle;
'The marking-iron make red hot,
'To mark the powdering tub and pot;
'But first, go light the counting fire,
'Why Punch you are a cursed liar;
'Within my veins my blood all curdles,
'I thought you said, you'd piled the bundles;
'Is this the way, you stupid ass,
'What cart or waggon here can pass?
'Remove this heap to yonder spot,
'The dripping eaves may make them rot;
'And, - Why, how now, Flop,
'Is this a time to come to shop?

'Haste, mend your nimble steps, I pray,
'We all were here by break of day;
'This old tar-paulin's almost ended,
'With care, I'll have it patch'd and mended,
'This sail I see's almost a rag,
'But still't may serve to make a bag;
'Is Clements gone? - Duce take the noodle!
'To take the barge without the loode;
'If Mrs Plumridge comes, acquaint her,
'We've all her tackle, but the painter;
'Springall, this beech is rather dear,
'We shall get nothing by it, it's clear,
'However, split it out for hiltts,
'The rest may serve to warm the hiltts;
'I'm glad to see you better, Dicks,
'Eating so hearty off the hick;
'I thought, poor fellow, you were going,
'Hilloah, Charles, what are you doing?
'That cask must not go till tis weigh'd,
'Not then, unless the money's paid;
'The man to me's quite a stranger,
'However, send these plumbs to Granger;

'The aqua-fortis goes to West,
'And Champion claims the yellow chest;
'Observe to minute all things right,
'Who careless is, gets nothing by't.

This sage advice, with freedom giv'n,
To counting-house he goes - his Fleav'n;
Where James by this had made the fire,
And sweep't all clean to please the Squire,
Down in his elbow chair he squats,
And thus resolves his busy thoughts;

'I cannot but this place admire,
So neat the curtains - snug the fire;
'This shews what industry can do -
'The bridge from hence a charming view;
'Twas kind in Blarney to pull down
The bulk that hid us from the town;
'I like to see John Lewis loading,
'To free a spirit needs no goading;
'Another waggon, as I'm alive,
The deuce is int if we don't thrive;
'Poor Mills and Biggs, 'tis your own doing,
'None but yourselves, have work'd your ruin,

'At any time, to serve the town,
My life, I ready would lay down;
'Tis true, I did contrive the plan,
'But what of that! - Oh! here comes Man,
Vill. Are ye sure, friend John, you're quite awake?

'I fear, in bed, you've made mistakes,
'Upon my word, you're up too soon,
'It almost wants two hours to noon;

John. 'Why, let the stricken dear go weep,
'On a good conscience I can sleep;
'A wounded spirit, who can bear?

'This makes you rise at four, with care;
- 'Be sanctified like one, and then
'I make no doubt you'll sleep till ten;

Thus sports their little wits in play,
And, joking pass their time away;
Debate on politics, and Pitt,

'Till business calls, then down they sit;
Their cash accounts t'adjust with speed,
And carefully the invoice read;

Vill. Enter, received a dozen poles;

John. 'For whom must Skimmer bring up coals?

Will: First, set down ten for honest Phelps,
I love deserving men to help;
'I'll send to Clements quick a letter,
Pax take the pen, give me a letter;
'Stom to Dracat ten of coke,
'Tis long since first they were bespoke;
'Vines must have five, May's promised ten,
'Who load both ways are our best men;
Let Blackall have a five of each,
And Bushnell, for his five, go preach,
'You stupid dog, what makes you slumber,
Quick, cast the whole, let's know the number;
John: 'You are so hasty Will, I doubt,
'If I know well what I'm about;
'They're fifty, if I'm not mistaken,
Will: Then put another five for Bacon;
'And five for Simonds - make that plainer;
'Then close the list with five for Tanner;
Next weighty business dispatching,
Will goes his rounds a money catching,
And leaves the clerk with woeful looks,
To post and rectify the books.
The morning past, the clock strikes one
The books are closed - the work is done;

Then homeward goes each busy sinner,
With appetite to eat his dinner;
Ten minutes end their frugal meal,
Whether of mutton, beef, or veal;
So short the time they have to tarry,
They scarce can speak to Tom or Harry;
When pleasure calls they never miss it,
Again the counting-house they visit;
Two chairs set out the best they're able,
A four legged stool serves for a table;
On this they place in pretty order
Some broken pipes and pot of portor;
One summer of a moderate price
Serves all the guests not over nice,
James Simonds takes the elbow chair,
A common one serves Will with care;
Willis and Man each mount a stool,
And Walter walks about to cool;
This conversation they commence,
Which shews they are all men of sense,
Walter: 'The king they say will not bear reason,
'I fear he'll drive the city to treason;
Will: 'No doubt he treated them unseverely,
Man: 'The stocks are going to the devil

Willis. 'I wonder what's the price of wheat,'
Will. 'I've bought the finest lot of meat,'
Simonds. 'You mention meat, but what a price,
'I'd nearly lost a fatted ox;
'He must to market while alive,
'A sickly beast can never thrive);
Willis. 'To lose an ox no doubt is cross,
'But I had almost lost my horse;
'For going to Thame to buy some oats,
'I meant to sail by Reading boats;
'Quoth Stroud, 'We shan't arrive to Doie;
'Unless I shew a shorter waie,'
'So saying—down a lane he trotted,
'My coat well dash'd, & splash'd, & spotted;
'Till in a most unlucky minute,
'I met a slough, and tumbled in it;
'Gouse went my horse up to the saddle,
'While I remain'd his back astraddle;
'When bounding, kicking, spurring, whipping,
'I got him out and saved a dipping;
'However, my dapple's rump is sore,
'And mine is fleed a foot or more:
'When next I go to Thame for oats,
'I'll give you leave to cut your throats;

Walter. 'This was no doubt a sad disaster,
'Yet patience is a sovereign plaister;
'When next you ride—look well before,
'Nor horse nor rider will be sore!
Mam. 'John knows that industry brings wealth,
Willis. 'This brimmer James, to your good health,
Simonds. 'My pipe's extinct—what must I do?
Williams. 'Again replenish—I'll fill too;
'But first examine—what's the store?
'My cargo's out—we'll send for more.
Mam. 'You're welcome to my box of tin,
Will. 'Without one single err within!
'Hoy Mother, (good woman, I should say)
'To Lower Ship, you know the way:
'Beer and Tobacco, bid them send,
'For M. Williams and his friend:
'How great the pleasure that I feel,
'If I mistake not—here comes Neale.
'In all his actions—truth you'll find,
'A liberal heart, an honest mind:
'But, hush!' he comes, I must forbear,
Neale. 'Your servant, gentle: how well you fare.'

'By this, I guess the scheme goes right,
Man. Come stick yourself behind a pipe:
Neal. Not now, I thank you, What's the news?
Will. This glass of beer you can't refuse,
Tho' it's been brewed six weeks or more,
'Most strange to tell, 'tis not yet sour;
Ah! John Harris too, are you come here;
'Come, take a glass of Stephens' beer.
Harris. I would comply without a joke,
'But cannot see the glass for smoke,
'Heavens! What thing is that I see,
Pearshid like a shuffler in a tree;
'Or rather, like a candle snuff,
When just extinguish'd by a puff?
'So meagre, sorrowful, and lean,
Willis. It certain must be, Man you mean.

At John's expense the laugh goes round;
Who'd answer, but his wit's aground;
Thus laughing, drinking, smoking, froating,
The day is spent without debating;
'Till time, that enemy to glee,
Proclaims the hour of drinking tea;
When all retire but John and Will.
Who stay, their duty to fulfil:
Will sees the warehouses all sure,
And Man the counting house secure,

Then seek their families and friends,
And so the daily routine ends.

The Cottage.

Now, farewell Reading, with thy train
Of Puritanic tricks for gain,
Thy praise let others sing,
A nobler scene demands my lays,
Where nature all her charms displays
In everlasting spring.

This little cottage⁽¹⁾ all admire
Its straw-clad roof and rustic fire;
Its arched ovens and stoves,
Its pleasant garden with its fruit,
Which none but genial climates suit,
Without the gardener's care.

3.

Enraptur'd! Here I'll take my stand,
And view the sweet surrounding land,
Where spires on spires arise,
The leafy wood, or dusky hill,
Th'astonish'd sight with wonder fill,
And bound the distant skies.

⁽¹⁾ Belonging to Mr Williams, Caversham Hill.

14
First, Caversham with all its charms,
Of rural cottages and farms,
Appears below the hill,
Its church where Barry's powers prevail,
Its pleasant meads and lovely vales,
Its villas and its mill.

5.
Old Thames next strikes the ravish'd eye,
Thro' all the woods meand'ring by,
In solemn pace profound,
And Reading stands full in my view,
Where mannan cherishes a few,
But leaves the rest aground.

6.
Above the town see Kennet creep,
As tho' his waters were asleep,
Till torrents down the strand,
When, rushing furious o'er his sides,
He spreads around his wat'ry tides,
And seas overwhelm the land.

As far as distant sight can ken,
Fair Cottingham surmounts the fen,
Where scatter'd hamlets lie,
Till hills on hills are seen to rise,
Majestic, mounting to the skies,
And intercept the eye.

(6) The seat of - Cottingham, esq. near King's clare.

I see beside the left hand road,
The noble Blandford's sweet abode.
His park with lofty trees,
The gentle stream that flows thro' all,
Affords a pleasing water-fall,
And wavers with the breeze

9.
How faint are human powers, to trace,
The glowing magic of thy face,
O Woodluff's beautiful spot!
No wonder Nature owns his sway,
Whom jarring Senators obey,
Since here a home she's got.

10
Surmounting all, I see the Holt,^(c)
The skipping lamb, the sheep, the colt,
Fill all the healthy space,
Bill-hill appears romantic! rude!
Surrounded by the neighboring wood,
Within the royal choice.

(c) White Knights near Reading.
(d) The seat of the Rt Hon. H. Addington,
Speaker to the House of Commons.
(e) The seat of Wm Humphrey esq. near
Wokingham.

Churchmen you think are sacred, — be they so!
Witchcraft was sacred some few years ago.
I grant the church as sacred as you please,
Sacred her rubrics, sacred her decrees;
Her articles all sacred — all divine:

I touch not one of all the thirty-nine!
But should some fools, and fools are often brave,
With solemn cant, affect my soul to save;
With cheeks as fat as brawn, as soft as down;

~~And eyes as pale as paper, and long covered~~
And heads that never ach'd, except with beer;
Whose slender knowledge tells us to obey:
Dull idle souls, who only preach and pray!
Should I perchance, as I have often seen,
Meet some such boobies, it would raise my spleen,
Yes! I would claim, as I have claim'd before,
As fair a right to laugh, as you to snore.

Peace on their reverend heads, however dull!
Go, honest man, enjoy thy empty skull!