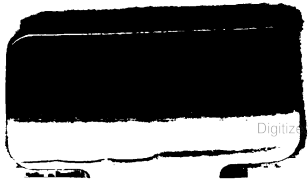


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John Thomas Hope.



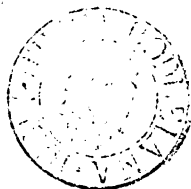
THE
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF THE LATE
HENRY MAN.

THE
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS,

IN VERSE AND PROSE,

OF THE LATE

HENRY MAN.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

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THE

THE
E L D E R S.

A
FARCE.

Vol. II.

B

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR VALENTINE SEDGMORE } *Brothers, and Guardians*
HUMPHREY SEDGMORE } *to Louisa.*

CHARLES MANLEY *An Officer contracted to Louisa.*

MR. CARLTON { *Uncle to Manley, and a friend*
 { *of Sir Valentine's.*

RALPH - *Servant to Sir Valentine.*

BUTLER and other Servants, and Catch Singers.

WOMEN.

MISS LOUISA BALMER *In love with Charles Manley.*

KITTY - - *Her Maid.*

THE
E L D E R S.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

[*A Room in Sir VALENTINE'S House.*]

HUMPHREY SEDGMORE, *solus.*

NOTWITHSTANDING it is fashionable for small wits to rail against matrimony, I begin to be convinced that a batchelor's life is an undesirable one in youth, and an unaccommodated one in age; and though it is rather late in the day, I now begin to think seriously of marriage. With this view, I have opened my mind to Louisa Balmer, who is my ward, and the most amiable woman in this country. "The disproportion of years, and the want of personal accomplishments, might have been objections to my

“ my addresses in the last age ; but in times like
 “ the present, when dissipation is become a profes-
 “ sion, elopement a trade, and hair-dressing a
 “ science, he who can make the best settlements is
 “ the soonest preferred, and the soonest becomes a
 “ cuckold. Louisa, however, is a good girl, and
 “ I think I may venture with her on marriage ;”
 but as my brother’s consent will be necessary, I am
 come to consult his approbation, and will then settle
 the business with the lady. O, here he is !

Enter SIR VALENTINE.

H. S. A subject of some consequence to my hap-
 piness, Sir Valentine, and to which I am persuaded
 you will have no objection, has brought me to con-
 sult your opinion.

Sir Val. Well, well, well, brother Humphrey,
 we will talk of that matter bye and bye : in the mean-
 time you must know, that I too have an affair of
 some consequence in which *your* opinion will be
 necessary. You know Louisa Balmer, who was left
 by her father in our care, and who cannot marry
 without our consents, is arrived at years of discre-
 tion.

H. S. She is so.

Sir V. And is consequently marriageable.

H. S. Granted.

Sir V. And is a most monstrous fine girl.

H. S. I think so.

Sir V. And will make a most excellent wife.

H. S.

H. S. I have not the least doubt of it.

Sir V. Why then brother I have a match to propose for her—that's all.

H. S. A suitable one I presume.

Sir V. O yes, very suitable; suitable in all points, I can assure you, for the gentleman is of a proper age, has a pretty pleasing kind of person, a most elegant address, an engaging manner, and a most bewitching conversation.

H. S. Upon my word, whoever sat for this picture, you have paid great attention to the outline, and bestowed some pains on the colouring; pleasing, elegant, engaging, bewitching; from the great brilliancy of his character, I suspect that I have not the honour to know him.

Sir V. Not know him, brother Humphrey!

H. S. I fancy not, Sir.

Sir V. And you seriously don't know any gentleman who will exactly answer this description?

H. S. No, I do not upon my honour.

Sir V. And I warrant you never saw, never conversed with any body, who might lay claim to these epithets without presumption.

*[Strutting backwards and forwards,
with his hands behind him.]*

H. S. Never, to my knowledge.

Sir V. Ha! ha! ha!—that is comical enough, faith—that is very good upon my soul! (*laughing*); that is excellent; my dear undistinguishing brother

Humphrey! why, what think you of myself, brother,—am not I elegant?—am not I engaging, brother?

H. S. Yourself, brother!

Sir V. Yes, myself, brother.

H. S. You in love, Sir Valentine, in love with Louisa Balmer! at your years, at your time of life, in love! and in love too with a young girl, who is scarcely out of her teens! why, man, it is impossible—it can't be. Come come, Sir Valentine, to leave trifling, who is this clever fellow you are proposing for a husband for Louisa?

Sir V. Who is he!

H. S. Yes, who is he?

Sir V. Why, have not I told you who he is?

H. S. Then I am not to consider it as a joke, but as a matter in which your heart is positively engaged, and the result of mature deliberation.

Sir V. Why really, brother Humphrey, you have a strange preposterous, unaccountable, uncomfortable method of delivering yourself on some occasions. At my years! at my time of life! and it must be a joke! and it's impossible! and it can't be! Now, the devil take me, brother, if I like such joking. I tell you, there is the most tender pathetic correspondence imaginable subsisting between me and the lovely Louisa; and I only want your concurrence to bring matters to a happy conclusion.

H. S. Then I am to conclude that your whole soul is wrapt up in this tender infatuation?

Sir V.

Sir V. Yes, my dear brother, yes! I love her as Hector loved Andromache; as Cleopatra loved Mark Anthony; and as Alexander loved Sisymbria.

H. S. And she has given you proofs of her passion in return?

Sir V. Proofs, man! proofs positive, proofs innumerable: did not she praise the cut of my coat? was not she charmed with the air of my wig? did not she notice the cock of my hat? and did she not tell me, in her dear ironical familiar way, that I carried as much powder on my head as a roasting-pig, and was as facetious in my manner as a dancing-bear.

H. S. Ha! ha! ha!—Why these are proofs positive with a vengeance.

Sir V. O, yes!—so I think—so I think.

H. S. And from this indisputable sort of encouragement, you have fanned a spark into a flame, and that flame into a furnace?

Sir V. From nothing more, upon my honour!

H. S. If that is the case, it will be in vain to expostulate, for it will be impossible for you to live without her—

Sir V. Without her! without her!—I'm as distressed as a lawyer without parchment—a barber without soap-suds—a minister without a majority—or a sausage-woman without sharcoal!

H. S. Ha! ha! ha!—truly, a very excellent description of your feelings and situation with the lady; but with respect to my concurrence, it is a point that I shall consider in future—

Sir V. Well—well! we'll talk of that hereafter; but now to the affair you mentioned when you first came in—

H. S. Affair—brother!

Sir V. Aye—aye—the business that was of such consequence.

H. S. Business—brother! .

Sir V. Yes, brother—I mean the business which you were sure I should have no objection to, that was of such importance to your happiness you know.

H. S. Objection to, brother!

Sir V. Objection to!—why confound your repetitions! you grow as pithy as a quaker, and as communicative as a Dutch fisherman. Did not you tell me when you first came in, with a long, grave, formal, sanctified face, that you wished to consult me on something of importance to your felicity?

H. S. I wish I may die, Sir Valentine, if—

Sir V. You don't remember one syllable of the matter, I suppose?—

H. S. Why really I must confess—I say—I do confess—I say—I don't deny—that embarrassments are d—d disagreeable things, and I believe no man wishes to have less of them than I do; but really this business, whatever it was, has so—so disconcerted—so confounded—so—you understand me, I dare say, Sir?

Sir V. O, perfectly, perfectly! yes, yes!—I understand the whole affair just as well, as if you had done

done me the favour to deliver yourself in Welch, or in one of the dead languages. To be sure, brother Humphrey, you may have a particular method of introducing your meanings, and of explaining them when nothing was meant; but I believe it is not very customary for a man to have a great many ideas of the first consequence upon his mind, and yet know nothing of the matter.

Enter SERVANT.

Sero. Mr. Carlton, a gentleman from London, Sir, will be glad to speak with you in the drawing-room.

Sir V. What, my old friend! tell him I'll wait on him directly. Well brother, when you have recovered from your embarrassments, your confusions, your hesitations, and all that; I hope we shall come to a proper explanation—till when—adieu.

H. SEDGMORE, *solus.*

Why what a fool of a figure do I cut in my own eyes, and the eyes of that supernatural coxcomb, my brother.—O woman!—woman!—never let men dispute the sovereignty of your sway, for it is as absolute as the Emperor of Morocco's; if a green girl of one-and-twenty can so fascinate a family, as to make one brother an ass, and the other a monkey; what is not the sex capable of, in the fullness of their influence and power! I have, however, acquired this degree of knowledge, that a woman,
who

who can listen to Sir Valentine's pretensions, is totally unfit for mine.—I will, therefore, see her once more, acquaint her with what has passed, and either oblige her to relinquish her hold upon my heart, or break my chain, and get free from her.

SCENE II. *A Dressing Room.*

A Guitar and Music Book on a Table.

LOUISA [*solus.*] *A Book in her hand.*

Louisa. This lovely egotist, Miss Byron, *deserves* our best wishes; but poor Clementina *demand*s them. [*Lays down the book.*] Ah, Charles! Charles!—A soldier's friend, who reflects on the dangers of his profession, may well be concerned for his safety; but a friend in love is more subject to anxiety than all others. Books may relieve the heart from the severity of its sensations, but music gratifies and indulges it. [*Turns to the music-book—takes up the guitar—and sings*]—

How blest is the maiden, how free from all care,
Who each day can behold her fond swain;
He may stray to the wake, to the statute, or fair,
But is sure to return back again.

No seas to endanger, no wars to alarm,
Her breast is secur'd from all pain;
If he wanders, tis only from cottage to farm,
And he's sure to return back again.

The

Tho' pleasure or profit should tempt him to roam
 With his flocks over mountain or plain;
 Tho' he's lost in the woods, yet he'll find his way home;
 Ah! he's sure to return back again.

Not so the dear youth, who by honour is led
 To a far—very far distant shore;
 On the earth, or the sea, he may rest his cold head,
 And may never return any more.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. O gemini, ma'am—I have such a story to tell you! You must know, ma'am, as I was walking just now in the shrubbery by moonlight—of all the people in the world—who should come up—but Mr. Thomas the gardener! Dear Mr. Thomas, says I, (for I protest he frightened me,) who should expect to see you here, said I? And so, says he, what do you think, Mrs. Kitty, says he?—think! says I, (looking very gravely I assure you ma'am)—think! says I—why I think you are very familiar with your betters, says I! for he kept squeezing my hand in such a manner, ma'am—and so, says he, as I was standing at the garden gate, Mrs. Kitty, who should come up, but as clever a gentleman as ever stood upon two legs.

Louisa. Well, well! what is all this nonsense to me?

Kitty. So I said, ma'am! What is all this nonsense to me, said I, Mr. Thomas? Why then, said he, he ask'd me about the house, and then
 about

about the garden, and then about my old master, and then about Miss Louisa? said he—

Louisa. About me!

Kitty. Yes! you, you, ma'am!—and, then said Mr. Thomas, he talk'd about *botamy* and *floristers*; and then he ask'd me what o'clock it was, and how long I had lived here? and then, said Mr. Thomas, he asked me one of the oddest questions in the world?

Louisa. For Heaven's sake! make an end of your story,

Kitty. Pray, Mr. Thomas, said he, (for he had told him his name, ma'am) pray, said he, Mr. Thomas, were you ever in love?—because, if you were ever in love, says he, you must know how to keep a secret—Did he so, said I?

Louisa. This tautology is insufferable—I'm impatient till you have done!—

Kitty. So was I, ma'am!—A very pretty thing truly, said I, Mr. Thomas, that you must undertake to keep other people's secrets (says I), who have so many to keep of your own. I assure you I don't understand such behaviour. With that, ma'am, he said, if I would suffer him to take a civil salute, he would tell me the whole affair; and, before I had time to refuse him, though the words were at the tip of my tongue, he took me round the neck, ma'am, and kiss'd me with such violence, that you might have heard him from one end of the shrubbery to the other.

Louisa.

Louisa. Then you are determined to torture me with suspense, I see—

Kitty. With that I learned from Mr. Thomas, that the gentleman was a proper, genteel, handsome, young man, an officer in the army, just returned from abroad, that he was dying for love of you, ma'am, and that his name would be known by the letter.

Louisa. Charles returned! Ten thousand thanks to you, Kitty, for the intelligence; but the letter, the letter, give me the letter directly!

Kitty. Ha! ha! ha!—the very words that I said to Mr. Thomas—give me the letter, said I, Mr. Thomas—give me the letter directly, said I! With that, ma'am, he took to his heels, and we had such a race, that, if he had not run into the temple of Hymen (as my old master calls it), I never should have been able to overtake him: and there, ma'am—when I was quite out of breath—he took it out in his long *d-r-a-wling* awkward way, and put it into my hands, ma'am!

Louisa. [*Snatches the letter, and going out, says.*] Should Sir Valentine enquire for me, I am not to be spoken with; if I want you I'll ring for you—

[*Exit.*]

Kitty. Well! this love is a mighty entertaining thing in a gentleman's family; and when the master shews a proper example in the parlour, it sets the servants in the kitchen to billing and cooing like so many turtle doves. O, tis charming! and now
this

this young officer has put up in opposition to my old master, I shall have as much bustle and business as an innkeeper at a contested election. The chamber-maid in these cases is always the returning officer; and consequently he who has a majority upon the poll—[imitates counting of guineas in her hand]—is sure of my vote and interest into the bargain.

SONG.

Since Cupid thus, to make a fuss,
 Has very wisely plann'd it,
 Twixt you and I, if gold should fly,
 Poor Kitty can't withstand it.
 Both young and old will bribe with gold,
 Its charms are so endearing;
 I must confess, I can't do less
 Than love electioneering.

Since not on oath, I'll flatter both,
 That method is surest;
 With, Sir, your cause attention draws,
 And, Sir, your cause is surest.
 What tho' I be, Miss Double-fee,
 It's charming interfering;
 And greater folks, approve such jokes,
 When they're electioneering.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III. *With a View of the House at a small Distance.*

Enter SIR VALENTINE and MR. CARLTON.

Sir V. This is kind of you, Mr. Carlton, this is very kind indeed—to call and see an old friend after so long an absence: upon my soul, it is monstrous civil of you without joking.—[Tho' I suppose if my brother was here, he would think I was joking notwithstanding.] (*Aside.*)

Mr. Carl. Some engagements calling me to Bath, Sir Valentine, I proposed paying you a visit on my return; but the post-chaise breaking down in the high road, at the end of the lane, has brought me here sooner than I expected.

Sir V. Ah! this riding post is the devil; and, I am sure, if I held the Pythagorean opinion, I should dread being cooped up in the carcasses of three particular animals, beyond all others in the creation.

Mr. Carl. And which are they?

Sir V. Sir, they are a post-horse, a lobster, and a country apothecary!

Mr. Carl. And why so?

Sir V. Why so!—why the first is flogg'd to death; the second is boil'd to death; and I am sure, if I were subject to be called up at all hours in the night, I should fret myself to death, and die by inches,

inches, which would perhaps be the worst death of the three. Well, but what think you of the alterations I have made? what think you of my improvements?

Mr. Carl. With respect to alterations you have certainly made them with a vengeance; but as to improvements, Sir Valentine, I confess myself to be so old-fashioned a fellow, and to have so few ideas of modern taste, that I am not qualified to give an opinion.—You have cut down the grove, I see.

Sir V. O, yes! all smack, smooth, stick and stump, root and branch; lawns, lawns, Carlton! are the modern taste! groves and rookeries are as unfashionable at this time of day, as character and distinction in dress, or œconomy and hospitality at your table!

Mr. Carl. And yet I own myself to be so far a Druid in my passion for groves, that I had rather plant six new ones, than destroy one of long standing.

Sir V. Then perhaps you don't altogether approve of the agreeable desolation that I have made among my elms, though I was absolutely oblig'd to demolish them in my own defence; for the rooks kept such a diabolical cawing as soon as it was light, that they always gave me an idea of a convocation of old-cloathsmen at Dukes-place, or the Jew brokers at the India-house!

Mr. Carl. So then I find you cut down your groves, as Cromwell destroy'd the monasteries, to send the rooks a grazing.

Sir V.

Sir V. Ha! ha! ha! A comical conceit, a very comical conceit upon, my dignity!

Mr. Carl. But what has become of the mill and the farm-house, Sir Valentine?

Sir Val. Sir, they are all metamorphosed, by the all-powerful hand of taste, into the most agreeable objects in creation. The mill is converted into a Chinese temple; the cottage into a hermitage; the cow-house to a grotto; the barn to a most beautiful ruin; and, the horse-pond to a cascade.

Mr. Carl. Very capital improvements truly.

Sir V. Very pleasing. [*gravely.*]

Mr. Carl. Very proper.

Sir V. Very refined. [*gravely.*]

Mr. Carl. Very useful.

Sir V. Very elegant. [*gravely.*]

Mr. Carl. Very profitable.

Sir V. Have a charming effect upon the eye.

Mr. Carl. And are wonderfully serviceable to the country.

Sir V. So they are!—so they are indeed!

Mr. Carl. 'O! there is no doubt but the annihilation of small farms tends to the plentiful supply of markets; the discouraging of marriage among poor farmers promotes the legal propagation of our species; spending of rack rents in London increases the riches of the tenant; while bringing down refinements, luxuries, and dissipations, improves their morals and their manners.

Sir V. What a d——d dry, moralizing, sentimental, old fool this is. [*Aside.*]

Mr. Carl. But a-propos, Sir Valentine, among the rest of your improvements, how is your ward Louisa?

Sir V. A prodigy of perfection, Sir! so charming—so bewitching—so captivating—so transporting—so———But what the deuce brought Louisa into your head? I thought you were amusing yourself with a philosophical discourse on small farms?

Mr. Carl. I'll tell you. My nephew, Charles, who shall one day be heir to my estate, I am desirous of seeing happily married.

Sir V. Oh, you are—

Mr. Carl. I am, Sir. And as I have known Louisa from her infancy, and am convinced she will make him an exceeding good wife, I should be glad to promote the alliance.

Sir V. You really would?

Mr. Carl. Most certainly. And as Charles is daily expected from America, where he has served with great military reputation, I trust his intrinsic accomplishments will recommend him to Louisa's affection, and that my fortune will justify his pretensions.

Sir V. You do, do you? Why then my good friend, you were never more mistaken in your life, I can assure you.

Mr. Carl. Mistaken!

Sir

Sir V. Yes, mistaken! for Louisa has been engaged these six months.

Mr. Carl. Engaged!

Sir V. Yes, Sir: her affections are fixed, I tell you—and fixed too with great judgment, great discernment, great discretion, fixed upon a man who is always sure of my consent, and whose happiness will ever give me pleasure; in short, Carlton! Louisa is a dear distinguishing girl, and is perhaps too—too sensible of my perfections.

[*Takes out his handkerchief.*]

Mr. Carl. Your perfections, Sir Valentine!

Sir V. Yes! my—my—my—perfections. You will excuse my sensibility, Mr. Carlton; but I can't help it—upon my soul I can't help it [*still crying*] for whenever I think of Louisa's goodness, I melt—melt—melt—like a stick of Dutch sealing-wax in a farthing candle——

Mr. Carl. Then I may impute your great display of taste to your desire of obliging your mistress?

Sir V. Witness, ye Heavens! for her I cut down my trees; for her I erected my temples; for her I ornamented my rooms with gingerbread fripperies like the Bank; and stuccoed the front of my house, till it looked as white as a Judge's wig, or a pear-tree in full-blossom.

Mr. Carl. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir V. Ha, ha, ha! Well, but after all I can't help laughing for the soul of me—and yet, really,

c 2

Carlton,

Carlton, to a man in love, there is a great pleasure in melancholy, and I generally weep twice a day to moderate the excess of my transports.

Mr. Carl. Don't let me intrude longer on your time; to a man in your situation it is precious. I beg I may no longer keep you from the lady; I can amuse myself with books till your return.

Sir V. Will you so? Why then I'll just offer an evening sacrifice to my goddess; call upon the chaste moon to witness to the purity of my attachment; compare her eyes to stars, her lips to coral, her teeth to ivory, and her bosom to snow, (which are no customary comparisons), and return to you in a few moments at farthest.

Ye frozen seas, that ne'er were taught to flow;
 Ye Alpine hills, whose tops are crown'd with snow;
 Were ye in love, ye would with fervour glow,
 And melting, deluge all the plains below.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Garden.*

CHARLES MANLEY and LOUISA.

Charles. My dear, dear, Louisa! after so long an absence, this meeting is doubly transporting.

Louisa. I need not tell you, Charles, how rejoiced I am to see you, your own feelings I trust will best interpret mine; but, pray, how did you contrive to procure this interview, for though I received
 your

your letter acquainting me with your arrival, I apprehended we should have some difficulty in meeting?

Charles. Money, money, my dear angel! which softens the heart of a great man's porter, or a great man's mistress; which gives eloquence to ignorance, honesty to knaves, beauty to old maids, and sanctity to sinners; gave me admittance into this garden: to be plain, upon applying a few pieces to the gardener, who received them with the grace and gravity of a physician, the locks and bolts shrunk back like so many sensitive plants, and brought me to the object of my devotion.

Louisa. A pretty description truly! Well, Charles, I congratulate you on your safe arrival in England, and rejoice to find you have escaped that captivity of your countrymen which engages so much public conversation.

Charles. A soldier's profession is more particularly exposed to misfortunes. Xenophon and Hannibal were not free from them. A brave man's zeal, Louisa, may sometimes betray his judgment, but never can impeach his honor; and his conduct will ever receive a liberal construction from the feelings of a generous, and the candour of a judging people; but to talk of softer subjects—my dear Louisa's heart I hope?

Louisa. And do you really think, Charles, that I have kept my heart disengaged all this time?

Charles. Most certainly.

C 3

Louisa

Louisa. Then most certainly you are a very unreasonable man ; but, to convince you that you have either over-rated your own power, or my constancy, I must tell you that there are at this time no less than two passionate, pleading, persuasive swains, who are ready to throw their fortunes at my feet, and to sacrifice me at the altar into the bargain.

Charles. Swains ! Louisa ?

Louisa. Yes ! Swains, simpletons, lovers, silly things who deal in poetry and falsehoods, rhapsodies and ejaculations, long sighs and short sentences ; who show their learning on trees, and their wit upon windows ; who are more fawning than spaniels, more crafty than foxes, more inconstant than the wind, and more to be dreaded than the small-pox or the wrinkles of old age.

Charles. For Heaven's sake ! Louisa, ease me from this suspence ; what lovers are those you allude to ?

Louisa. Lovers, Charles ! Never was a poor damsel so tormented with lovers since the days of Penelope and Susannah ;—however, for your comfort and information, you must know, there are two pretenders.

Charles. Well.—

Louisa. Who are both old.—

Charles. Well.—

Louisa. Both rich.

Charles. Well—

Louisa.

Louisa. Both amorous.

Charles. Well, well—

Louisa. And both in love with Louisa Balmer ; indeed, the lady has some claim to their regard, as her father left them the care of his estate, and the disposal of his daughter's person.

Charles. Your guardians !

Louisa. The same—Mr. Humphrey Sedgmore is too rational to divert my melancholy ; but, Sir Valentine is all riot and rapture : yet, so respectful, so delicate, so distant, so piously disposed, poor soul ! to make himself ridiculous, and so successful in his laudable endeavours, that I believe I must discard my lap-dog, my squirrel, and my parrot, lest they rival the old baronet in my affections.

Charles. And the ridiculous old coxcomb is really in love, Louisa?—

Louisa. Sir, I breakfast on love, dine upon love, drink tea upon love, and sup upon love—am serenaded with love both morning and evening, and hear of nothing else the whole day long. Then I have love-odes, sonnets, pastorals, elegies, epigrams, and acrostics in abundance, in which I am compared to the Graces on mount Ida—to his great aunt who was maid of honor to queen Mary—to Anna Bullen—the Venus de Medicis—Nell Gwynn, and the goddess Diana.

Charles. Ha, ha, ha ! Why what an amorous old turtle-dove it is, Louisa!—

Louisa. Ah Charles!—were you young men as constant in matrimony as old ones are in love, poor wives would have less temptations to sacrifice their characters abroad, to retaliate neglects at home.

Charles. But how do you intend to dispose of your lovers at last?

Louisa. As children dispose of an old play-thing, lay it aside in favour of a new one—and since I have so far neglected my understanding as to stand contracted for a husband—I must e'en take the bauble for life, and play with it when I have no better employment—but Sir Valentine will wonder at my absence; therefore, I must now leave you—meet me, however, in this spot in less than an hour—as I shall have something of importance to reveal to you—

Charles. This—this, my dear Louisa, fills up the measure of your goodness; and since there is no prospect of obtaining the consent of your guardians, I shall esteem myself enriched by the blessing of your hand, though I obtain it by the forfeiture of your fortune.

Louisa. Lunatics and lovers, Charles, are inseparable. [Sings.

To behold in bright dreams—
 Fairy groves, silver streams,
 Is the favour they ask from above;
 And all their request
 When they wish to be blest—
 Is to live in a cottage on love.

Pour souls! Is to live, &c.

Flocks

Flocks and herds, nymphs and swains,
Rustic cots, verdant plains,

The woodlark and sweet turtle-dove,
So enchanting appear,
Give so wild an idea—

That they'd live in a cottage on love—

Poor souls! That they'd live, &c.

End of the First Act.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I.

[*Sir Valentine's House.*]

SIR VALENTINE.

WHAT a great comfort and consolation it is to a gentleman in the bloom of life, as I am, to be in love! and to have his passion returned in the supernatural, unaccountable kind of agreeable way that mine is!— Love is certainly more salutary to my constitution than a quack medicine, for it rectifies my spirits, clarifies my brain, braces my nerves, stimulates my circulation, and invigorates my whole animal economy. I'm all softness and sweetness, I'm as gentle as a sucking-pig, and as serene as a sleeping alderman. And so I'll marry, and take snuff, and cultivate my genius; and when I grow old, which by the course of nature may possibly happen fifty or sixty years hence, I shall have nothing to do but to get children, and sing psalms; but, I believe it is time to wait upon Louisa. Oh, transporting thought! I shall see her sparkling eyes—I shall see her lovely cheeks—I shall see her pouting lips—I shall see her
ivory

ivory teeth—I shall see her snow-white bosom—I shall see her——O, here comes Ralph!

Ralph. Miss Balmer, Sir, if you are not engaged, will be glad to speak with you.

Sir V. Odso!—odso!—get me my hat, get me my hat. I'll wait on her directly—but Ralph—

Ralph. Sir.

Sir V. Did you tear the leaf out of the book as I directed?

Ralph. Yes, Sir!—

Sir V. And did you paste it in the crown of my hat!

Ralph. Yes, Sir.

Sir V. That's right, that's right—come, come, bring me my hat, bring me my hat. I'll wait on her directly.

[*Sir Valentine alone.*]

Why should a man be at the trouble of making a set speech, and run the risk of false concords and the Lord knows what, when our novels and romances are full of them, and when too, by sticking a printed one in his hat, he may address a lady with as much ease as he can harangue a corporation? When I stood for the county about thirty years ago, I bargained for a large quantity of this kind of eloquence. I remember there was a long speech against an additional land-tax, and a short one for the good of my country; there was, “I pledge myself, Sir, on the one hand;” and, “conscious of my own integrity, on the other:” to be sure, they were all made a hundred years ago, but I was told they would

would be new a hundred years' hence with very little alteration ; it was only putting in a few fashionable words which come up fresh every winter ; and so I agreed with a great genius, at so much a season, to make the necessary embellishments, and keep my speeches in constant repair ; but unfortunately losing my election—-[*Enter Ralph.*]—Well Ralph ?

O, that's clever!—well, well, I'll just con my lesson, and wait on her in an instant.

Dearest madam—I may venture so far without looking at the hat—for on these occasions one always begins with—dear madam, or divine creature, or angelic soul. [*Puts on his spectacles, and reads.*] Let me see—let me see—O here, here I have it—here I have it—let me see. [*Reads.*] “ Take six ounces of the best mutton suet, chopped very fine,”—hey-day, what's all this!—[*Reads.*]—“ Then put it into a quart of milk, and let it simmer over a slow fire.”—Why, what can this mean!—I'm all amazement!—[*Reads fast.*]—“ Then put in a couple of eggs, a little cinnamon, a little mace, a little allspice, a little ginger, beat them up well together—and then sweeten it to your palate.” Sweeten it to your palate! [*Raising his voice.*] Why, what in the Devil's name have we got here ! Here Ralph ! Ralph !—cinnamon, suet, slow fire, and nutmeg !—Why, Ralph ! Ralph ! I say—[*Still raising his voice.*]

Enter

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. Here, here, Sir!—here, Sir!

Sir Val. Here you blundering blockhead, you've ruined me beyond redemption. I have not made a regular speech these three days, and now I shall not have a word to say.—Do you know what you have done, Sir? do you know what you have brought me here?

Ralph. Lord, your honour!

Sir Val. Are you stupid—are you drunk—are you mad—are you bewitched—does the Devil possess you? [*Raising his voice.*]

Ralph. Lord, your honour!

Sir Val. Is this what I sent you for? Is this a speech fit for a man of my fashion and dignity to make to a lady, about allspice, and cinnamon, and suet, and the Lord knows what?—Why, its a receipt to make a pudding, you dog—a receipt to make a pudding! [*Raising his voice.*]

Ralph. Good Lord! Your honour——

Sir Val. But is not this always the case? is not there mistake on mistake, and blunder on blunder continually? Did not you one time paste in a leaf from Culpepper on Midwifery? and a last dying-speech at Tyburn, on another?

Ralph. Good Lord!—Good Lord!—Your honour.

Sir Val. But I'll teach you to be witty I warrant me. I'll learn you to crack jokes on your betters!

Sirrah.

Sirrah. [*Beats him*] Scoundrel, dolt, ideot, rogue, rascal, renegado!—I'll teach you to——

Enter LOUISA.

[*Sir Valentine sinks into a dead calm, and looks confounded.*]

Louisa. In a rage, Sir Valentine! I thought a man of your philosophy was superior to vulgar passions.

Poor Ralph is in disgrace, I see. What have you done, Ralph, to exasperate so mild a man as your master?

Ralph. Why, ma'am, my mas—

[*Sir Val. stopping his mouth:*

Sir Val. O, confound your—— [*Aside:*

Ralph. My master, madam—told me, madam—

Sir Val. [*To Ralph*]—For Heaven's sake!

[*Still stopping his mouth:*

Ralph. Sp—spe—speech in his ha—ha—hat, madam.

[*Sir Val. still stopping his mouth:*

Sir Val. [*To Ralph*] Ralph, my dear Ralph, honest Ralph, for the Lord's sake, Ralph! get out of the room, you dog, get out of the room directly.

Ralph. [*Still speaking, Sir Val. stopping his mouth and pushing him out of the room.*] A receipt, madam, to make a pe—pe—pu—pud—pudding, madam.

[*Sir Val. pushes him out.*

Sir Val. Now was I set in the stocks, or up to my chin in a horse-pond, what an enviable happy creature I should be!

Louisa.

Louisa. I am sorry, Sir, to have intruded upon you so unseasonably. Servants are apt to aggravate misconduct by misbehaviour. I could have wished to have had the benefit of your judgment, as I came to you for counsel; but perhaps when you are more composed, Sir.

Sir Val. Composed!—ha, ha, ha!—never was more composed in my life, madam—never upon my honour—O, no never—a musical pulse; quite a musical pulse, madam, and an heart harmonized with a delicacy of sensation, which love only can inspire!

Louisa. Love, Sir Valentine, is the business that brings me hither; an offer that has been made me.

Sir Val. An offer! madam.

Louisa. I say, Sir, an overture that has been made me by a gentleman, who seems seriously determined to marry.

Sir Val. Overtures, and gentleman, and marry, madam!

Louisa. And who offers such terms in point of settlement and fortune, as would be thought irresistible by many!

Sir Val. Settlements and irresistible! madam!

Louisa. And who has some right to demand my attention, as he has some power over my—

Sir Val. Attention! madam! Why this confounds me more than Ralph's d—d mistake about the pudding. [*Aside.*]

Louisa. I say, Sir, as matrimony is an engagement for life, and deserves particular consideration;

I do

I do not choose to give the gentleman a positive answer till I have first consulted your approbation.

Sir Val. A pretty reasonable request upon my soul! [*Aside.*]

Louisa. The gentleman, Sir, is a younger brother of an ancient family, a man of estate, of good sense, and has seen the world.

Sir V. O, he has!—

Louisa. To his character and morals I have no objection, and his name—

Sir Val. For Heaven's sake! his name, madam, if you love me.

Louisa. And his name, Sir, is Humphrey Sedgmore.—

Sir Val. What, Humphrey! my brother Humphrey—ha! ha! ha! What, Humphrey in love, madam!—ha! ha! ha! never heard a better joke in all my born days; and the old simpleton has really made you proposals!—ha, ha, ha!

Louisa. He has, Sir, I assure you; and if you will grant me one favour—

Sir Val. A thousand, madam! a thousand!—

Louisa. I will this evening give you an opportunity of hearing him plead his passion. You must know—he has requested an interview to have my final answer; and as it is moonlight, I have appointed to meet him in a mask, about half an hour hence, in the summer-house at the bottom of the garden. Now, I have been thinking that if you were dressed in some of my cloaths—

Sir V.

Sir V. A most excellent contrivance—

[*rubbing his hands.*]

Louisa. You might personate me with great success, and receive considerable entertainment from the deception.

Sir Val. A charming contrivance—I'll do it—I'll do it.—A most delightful contrivance truly!

Louisa. Your judgment and great penetration, Sir, will enable you to comprehend the meaning of this proposal.

Sir Val. O, yes! perfectly, perfectly—a most incomparable contrivance!

Louisa. And your wit and ingenuity to carry it into execution.

Sir Val. They will so!

Louisa. I will direct my servant to give you the necessary assistance, and the rest I will leave to your discretion. [*Exit.*]

Sir Val. Ah, there is nothing like a woman for invention—why what an amazing clever scheme this is! and what a prodigious genius she must have to think of such a thing—to be sure, some people will look confoundedly foolish when they discover their mistake; but as it is a mark of her affection for me, and as it is her dear request, that one of the family should make himself a fool, I don't know any body I would sooner recommend than brother Humphrey. [*Dances and sings—to the tune of Ally Croaker.*]

Poor brother Humphrey thinks to go and come free;
How mistaken you will be—poor brother Humphrey!

[*Exit.*]

VOL. II.

D

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Servants' Hall.*

Men Servants in Livery—Musical Instruments—A Pitcher of Ale and Glasses on the Table.

BUTLER [*drunk.*] *Comes forward.*

Butler. Never was a poor gentleman placed at the head of so refractory a band, since fiddling came first in fashion. I had rather travel the country with a hand-organ on my back, and sweat and groan under the weight of its harmony; than have to manage such a discontented set of mortals as I have. They're as miserable as men of a thousand a year. One would be first, and t'other would be first, and all would be first. There's the old cook, who can scarce play a solo on the salt-box, muttering, and grumbling, and scolding, from morning to night, because she's not allowed to exercise her fat fists on the organ; and Snow-drop, the black footman, is soliciting for an appointment to the harpsichord, though he can't thrum a country-dance on the Jewsharp without blundering in a dozen places—I'm sick on't; I'm sick on't; for when people, whose business it is to keep a family in tune, are the first to put it in disorder—it is time for a wise-man to retire. Here, Ralph.

Ralph. Here, Mr. William.

Butler. Did you get the cat-gut I sent you for?

Ralph.

Ralph. Yes, Mr. William.

Butler. And the rosin—and the bridge for the fiddle—and the reed for the hautboy?

Ralph. Yes, Mr. William.

Butler. And did you call on the parish-clerk and the dancing-master for the last new tunes?

Ralph. I did, Mr. William.

Butler. Very well—and are all your instruments in order?

Omnes. All! all! all!—

Butler. And are you all in order yourselves?

Omnes. All! all! all!

Butler. Then you are not disposed to play a Psalm tune for 'John come kiss me'—nor the Black Joke for 'Handel's Water-piece'?

Omnes. No—no—no:

Butler. Ha! ha! ha! What a wonder-working nostrum is a pitcher of old October! These fellows, I have found, love bribing as well as their betters; and a bribe of this sort, when applied to all, will make as much melody as a concert of Nightingales in a Summer's evening; but the mischief of it is, that if one is neglected who may chance to over-rate his abilities, all is discord and confusion. Well, gentlemen, there is plenty of ale you see; so while the glass goes round, we will sing an old song in praise of it, and then prepare the evening srenade for Miss Louisa.—

[*They fill their glasses, and the Butler sings.*]

What tho' I eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good :
 Yet still I think, that I can drink,
 With him who wears a hood.

Chorus—Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
 For I am never cold ;
 I stuff my skin, so full within,
 With jolly good ale and old.

I love no roast, but a nut-brown toast,
 Well done before the fire,
 A little bread shall do me stead,
 For much I don't require—

Chorus—Tho' I go bare, &c.

And Joan, my wife, is cur'd of strife
 With ale ten times a week—
 For drink will she, till you may see
 The tears run down her cheek.

Chorus—Then gaily pass the sparkling glass,
 While thus the jug we hold,
 With chearful hearts, let's play our parts
 With jolly good ale and old,—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Garden—by Moonlight.**Mr. CARLTON and CHARLES MANLEY.*

Mr. Carlton. This accidental meeting of ours, Charles, in a friend's garden by moonlight, has something in it truly romantic; but love is fond of romance; and love, it seems, brought you hither?

Charles. I confess it did, Sir.

Mr. Carl. Well! you may be assured, that your attachment to Louisa is every way agreeable to my wishes, as Fame, which rather magnifies our faults than our virtues, speaks largely of her perfections; and I am glad to find you have preserved an honourable fidelity to your mistress, amidst that zeal for your country, and loyalty to your King, for which your character and conduct stand distinguished.

Charles. If a soldier, Sir, has superior obligations—he has the greater satisfaction in performing them.

Mr. Carl. O Charles! I honour that glorious emulation which has so nobly animated our military and our marine, to oppose the infamous confederacy of the House of Bourbon—which promotes divisions in the empire to facilitate its destruction—which treacherously offers freedom to foreign states, while it enslaves its own, and, not contented with tyrannizing over the natural and civil rights of mankind,

must also insult their understandings.—But I fear I keep you from Louisa?

Charles. By no means, Sir, on the contrary:—I shall be oblig'd to you for your company at the interview—as I conceive your approbation is all that is necessary to make me happy in an early day.

Mr. Carl. Ah, you young rogues have such romantic ideas, that nothing but matrimony can bring you to reason: indeed, it is an infallible kind of remedy, and seldom fails to produce a wonderful degree of temperance and moderation;—but what do you intend to do with Sir Valentine?

Charles. Coax him—sooth him—flatter him—humour him—any thing but reason with him; for reason is as unintelligible to a man in love, as charity to an old maid, who is dissecting a young one's reputation.

Mr. Carl. Well! we must try what may be done by fair means to obtain his consent and his brother's—they are both men of principle, and tho' this levelling little deity, called Love, may have made himself merry at the old gentlemen's expence, I have no doubt, but when they perceive their mistake, they will act as becomes their honor.

Charles. I fancy, by the time we have taken one turn more down this walk, Louisa will fulfil her appointment.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Enter* SIR VALENTINE *in woman's cloaths, a calash on, and a mask in his hand.*

Sir Val. Here am I as tight-braced as a collar of brawn—trussed up like a Norfolk turkey—I feel myself as easy and as comfortable as if I was wedged into a straight waistcoat, or dressed in a full suit of Edward the Black Prince's armour; and in this delectable metamorphosis am I to personate a young lady of one-and-twenty, and receive the tender addresses of brother Humphrey; to be sure, if he should oblige me to speak, this musical voice of mine will naturally increase his affections; and if I say nothing, brother Humphrey may construe my silence into consent, and perhaps send for the parson without further ceremony, or offer to elope with me to Scotland!—but here he comes—here he comes. Now for my mask—here he comes.

Enter HUMPHREY SEDGMORE.

[*Sir Valentine courtesies awkwardly.*]

H. S. I am greatly obliged to you, Miss Balmer, for the honor of this indulgence. You know my sentiments, madam, my pretensions, and my proposals. I wish not to interfere if there are other engagements.—I have only presumed on your freedom.

dom.—My brother, Sir Valentine, who is a well-meaning man (and whose good-nature may atone for the great deficiency of his understanding), informs me that you have encouraged his addresses—[*Sir Val. appears confused*]*]*—and distinguished him with a degree of attention, which fopperies and coxcomical singularities—[*Sir Val. confused*]*]*—in old men seldom obtain from your sex, in the meridian of youth and beauty—especially when it happens (as it does in the present case), that the person is awkward, the face plain, the dress fantastical, the address superficial, the mind barren, the manners affected, the ——— but I see we are likely to be interrupted, madam—— [*Sir Val. appearing confused,*

Enter MR. CARLTON and CHARLES.

[*Mr. Sedgmore walks on one side the stage, but still keeps near. Mr. Carlton quits Charles, and addresses himself to Sir Valentine, mistaking him for Louisa.*]

Carl. Though it is long since I have had the pleasure to see you, madam, I am no stranger to your accomplishments, and am happy to find there is so near a prospect of your alliance with my family; but my friend, Sir Valentine, poor man! who appears to be in his dotage—seems so confident of your affections, madam, that he assured me, to use his

OWN

own words, he regularly blubbered twice a-day, to comfort him in the excess of his transports.

[*Here Charles runs up to Sir Val. and dropping on one knee.*]

Charles. O! my dear—dear Louisa! now—now—my angel, consent to make me happy!

Low at your feet a faithful swain,
I bend a suppliant knee;—
Give me the heart you've stole again,
Or take both heart and me.

Enter LOUISA.

[*They all start—Louisa looking at Charles—the rest looking at Sir Valentine and Louisa—alternately.*]

After a short pause—

H. Sedgmore. Who have I been talking to!

Mr. Carl. Who have *I* been talking to!

Charles. And who have *I* been talking to!

Sir Val. Why, who the Devil do you think you have been talking to? [*Takes off his mask.*]

All. Sir Valentine!

Sir Val. Ha! ha! ha!—yes!—that very identical, coxcomical, old fool, gentlemen, who is in his dotage you know—ha! ha! ha!—who is plain, awkward, and fantastical you know—ha! ha! ha!—but brother Humphrey, you're in love, brother! in love with Miss Louisa Balmer, brother!

All. Ha! ha! ha!—

Sir

Sir Val. At your age, brother! at your time of life! it can't be! it's impossible I tell you! why it can't be, brother!

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Val. To be sure, brother! Sir Valentine is rather deficient in understanding, poor man! as you prettily express it; but while he is happy in a lady's affections, who——

Louisa. Sir Valentine's politeness and attention give him every claim to my esteem.

Sir Val. There! I told you so—I told you so—did not I tell you so, brother Humphrey?

Louisa. And I shall be always happy to acknowledge the very singular distinction he has paid me.

Sir Val. Charmingly expressed! O, delightfully expressed!—I say, friend Carlton, I wish you, and your nephew Charles, have not made a bit of a mistake here.

Louisa. It is true—there are obligations of a superior nature—[*Charles takes her hand*]*—*which this gentleman seems to think must be obeyed.

Sir Val. That's very obliging in him upon my honor.

Louisa. And, not content with the possession of this poor, foolish, fluttering heart of mine, insists upon my hand into the bargain.

Sir Val. The devil he does!

Mr. Carl. Why, Sir Valentine, her heart is fixed I tell you—O, yes; her heart has been fixed these six months.

All,

All. Ha! ha! ha!—[*Carlton gravely*].—And fixed too with great judgment, great discernment, and great discretion.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Carlton. But Louisa is a dear distinguishing girl! and is but too—too sensible of some people's perfections— [Imitating a broken voice,

H. S. Did not she praise the cut of my coat?—Was not she charmed with the air of my wig?—Did not she notice the cock of my hat?

[Imitating *Sir Val.*

Sir Val. Now if any body would take upon them the trouble and fatigue, just to inform me that I was a fool, I should be inclined to thank them for the intelligence; to be sure, good folks, here have been a few mistakes; but with respect to Louisa's affections, I do assure you, I had much rather discover them before marriage than after; because, tho' cuckoldom is a mighty genteel, fashionable, agreeable kind of thing, I think I could be happy without it.

H. S. And now, brother, since we both meant to make Miss Balmer happy; tho' we were a little mistaken in the method of doing it, our consents will convince her of the sincerity of our intentions.

Sir Val. And since to forget and forgive is my favourite maxim—Carlton and you shall give me your hands—and as by this gentleman's [to Charles] very obliging assistance I have recovered my heart, we will welcome home the wanderer with Claret.

That

That the married are happy must sure be confess'd ;
But the worst of it is, they're *compell'd* to be bless'd ;
Now, at my time of life, such compulsion's not clever,
Tho' I'm brisk as a Bee, and as active as ever.

Then the married of this age pursue such strange courses,
Think so little of love, and so much of divorces ;
Are so madly determin'd to make their chains jingle,
That I'll think myself happy, tho' forc'd to live single.



P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



THE PETITION

OF

OLD MOTHER CHURCH*.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO THE
HOUSE OF LORDS.

*“ Most reverend, grave, and potent Signiors,
“ My very worthy, and approv'd good Masters.”*

OTHELLO.

THE humble Petition of old Mother Church
Showeth, she bids fair to be left in the lurch,
And, therefore, petitions the House, in its goodness,
to protect her
From the evil intentions of every Bank Director.

* * * * *

* St. Christopher Le Stock's Church, which was taken down
to enlarge the Bank.

She

She is sure, if she were the parson, she 'd make a
 deuce of a piece of work about it,
 But they'll keep him quiet enough, she don't in
 the least doubt it.

Then follows :

**** — sly — presbyterian **** trick —
 pay — **** parson **** don't care — bishop
 **** don't care **** parish — don't care —
 pay — money — **** pull down — satisfy
 — quiet —

* * * * *

Yes, all shall sink, unless to ages hence
 Some little remnant 's left to save expence ;
 Some useful pillar — some convenient wall
 May still survive, when roofs and turrets fall ;
 These well-built pews may turn in future years
 To desks for clerks, and counters for cashiers ;
 The pulpit too, where sleepy sermons sooth,
 May make a chair of state for Mr. B—th ;
 The velvet cushion for a seat remain,
 Stripp'd of its fringe—he likes it better plain.
 Where priests read prayer-books, brokers con the
 news,
 And hassocks, turn'd to mats, wipe dirty shoes.
 Aaron and Moses quit their antient place,
 And, neatly fram'd, shake hands with Daniel Race*.
 The silver plates, which many years before
 Receiv'd the rattling halfpence at the door,

* Their late Accomptant's picture in the Compting-room.

May

May smoke with venison, when Directors dine,
 And altar-cups foam high with graceless wine.
 These painted cherubs—curtains fring'd with gold,
 May hang where bills are drawn, or bags are told ;
 My organ too, where sacred music dwells,
 May grace the Dog and Duck, or Bagnigge-wells,
 Play the Black Joke, or some lascivious strain,
 From bunters' ballads penn'd in Drury-lane.
 The parish-surplice, sunk in Fortune's shades,
 May clean the desks, as dish-clouts for the maids.
 The Prayer-Book too; which not a dog's-ear knows,
 May serve to swear young clerks, when they are
 chose ;

The clerk from Psalms, and dull responses freed,
 In this same spot may grow a clerk indeed ;
 By chanting Sternhold, seek no more renown,
 But carry bills for payment o'er the town.
 Here, where grave themes are urg'd in tones pro-
 found,

Fours and Consols—discordantly may sound ;
 Brokers may bawl, or centinels may snore,
 Where dead and living eits have slept before.
 Ah ! then farewell ! a long farewell to all !
 My tombs shall sink, my monuments shall fall ;
 Where mould'ring bones, and crumbling coffins lay,
 Strong iron chests may shun the face of day ;
 Departed misers here can never die,
 The space their bodies leave, their souls supply.

When

When this shall happen, all shall be forgot,
That passes now within this sacred spot—
The ringers present, and the sexton's fee,
The Easter-offering all be lost with me.
No more the clock shall strike, the bells shall chime,
No more the mason carve the clumsy line ;
Green boughs at Christmas shall no more be spread,
Nor wardens take their naps when over-fed.
Think of the joys, the sons of music feel,
When Love directs the Hymeneal peal ;
When bobs and treble bobs concordant ring,
For battles gain'd—or birth-days of a King ;
When May'rs and Shrives, and Sons of Clergy, dine ;
Think what good bells can do—and pity mine.
Ah ! save my walls, my pinnacles defend,
Support my hopes—befriend my cause, befriend—
Think, if this prayer be treated as a song,
Clerks, curates, sextons, all will suffer wrong ;
The living plead for monumental stones,
And Death's dark tenants vindicate their bones.

A FA-

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE
 FROM
 MISS SUKEY SUGAR-PLUMB
 TO
 MISS JENNY LAPPET ;

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF HER CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS,
 AND THE PLEASURE SHE RECEIVED AT THE
 PANTHEON BALL.

YOU know, my dear Jenny, your friend's one of
 those,
 Who scribble in verse, as genteeler than prose ;
 So I sit myself down, Miss, to answer your last,
 And inform you how time in the holidays past.—
 Upon Christmas day, 'tis the custom to dine
 With my old uncle Square-toes, on turkey and chine ;
 Roast beef and plumb-pudding, mince pies, and
 much more,
 Hob and nob, and toast healths like our fathers of
 yore ;
 To the King, and the Queen, and the Princes so royal,
 In bumpers of port, or we should not be loyal.
 After dinner, the company sang one and all,
 How " a Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall ;"
 VOL. II. E " When

“ When famous roast beef was the Englishman’s
“ food ;”

And “ the feats that were done by the bold Robin-
“ hood ;”

“ Last Valentine’s day, when bright Phœbus shone
“ clear ;”

But I sang “ Tally O ;” and they said I’d an ear ;
The evening was spent as *genteel* as you’d wish ,

We sat down to quadrille, at a penny a fish ;
Billy Goosequill was present, who plays a good
pool ,

Sat next me, — and whisper’d — “ Mamma is a fool ,
“ For sending so lovely a creature to school :”

Then prais’d my complexion, my hair, and my
eyes,

Made a tragedy speech, kiss’d my hand by surprise ;
Said, such beauty as mine all the world must adore,
For he ne’er in his life saw perfection before ;

But my heart, my dear Jenny, ’s as sound as a roach,
Tho’ he gave me a squeeze as I got in the coach ;
You may laugh if you like, but, my dear, I don’t
care,

I’ll have none but a man that is *tout militaire*.

You must know, my dear girl, that I’ve been to a
ball,

At a placè that’s as grand, and as fine as Guildhall ;
Where there’s music, and negus, and noble glass
piers,

And wax lights, and fiddles, and fine chandeliers ;

And

And dancing, and cakes, and rich silks, and fine laces;
Powder'd heads, bags and swords, scarlet coats, and
plump faces,

Where there's—Lord! my dear Jenny! I'm charm'd
when I think on't;

When you've read thro' my letter you won't sleep
a wink on't.

You must know, girl, my brother, and many friends
more,

Belong to what's call'd the Artillery Corps;

Who once in a year, as the custom and trade is,

Give an elegant ball, to oblige all the Ladies.

My brother was smart, for he borrow'd (no matter)

A bag from his barber, a sword from his hatter;

His ruffles were point—and his buckles *Artois*,

And he gave three half crowns for a *chapeau de bras*.

As for me, my mamma said, I should be full dress'd,

So I wore my new gown, which I thought would be
best;

And Betty, whose judgment I always approve,

Said I look'd like an angel, just dropp'd from above.

We sat off at eight, and we got there at ten,

When my heart was quite charm'd with the sight of
fine men,

And of elegant ladies, who danc'd with such grace,

As I ne'er saw before, till I came to this place.

Little —— was there, who from Fish-street had
come,

To dance in a jacket, that shew'd his round bum:

All his dress was compact from the head to the tail,
 And he look'd as tight brac'd as a barrel of ale.
 Then the Goddess of Beauty commission'd her
 power

To the beautiful B——, who lives near the Tower ;
 Tho' I think, my dear girl, I may safely aver,
 There were *some folks* as handsome, or more so,
 than *her* ;

.But the men, whose blind fancies are subject to rove,
 Say her lips are like Hebe's, who tends upon Jove.
 Then the graceful Miss W——, I frankly declare,
 Was by much the best dancer of all who were there ;
 Her head so erect, such a fall in her shoulders ;
 Such a step, as attracted and charm'd the beholders ;
 So engaging each movement, no sound could you
 hear,

All was mute, as when Garrick feign'd grief in King
 Lear.

There was Gregory too, our intimate neighbour,
 Who grumbled all night at the pipe and the tabor ;
 He talk'd about taste, like a man of condition,
 And as such had a right to direct the musician.
 I think, my dear Jenny, there 's something be-
 witching

In Alderman Plomer and Alderman Kitchen ;
 And tho' not so gay as a Captain or Colonel,
 I was mightily pleas'd with good Alderman Burnell.
 Mr. Sawbridge may have, or not have, a sound head,
 I confess that I like him, because he 's no round
 head ;

No

No republican rebel, no foe to his king,
 Is not warm like a Summer, but mild as the Spring.
 Both he and his Lady, they tell me, were there ;
 And moreover the latter was heard to declare,
 " There was plenty of PEOPLE to dance at the ball ;
 " But COMPANY truly, scarce any at all."
 This is all that I heard, Miss, and all that I saw,
 So I finish my sheet, and beg leave to withdraw.
 Yours,

TO THE
 TREASURY BENCH

AT

BIGNEL'S COFFEE-HOUSE,

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE, WRITTEN IN 1781.

INDEED, my friends, you're much to blame,
 I speak without a figure,
 To keep the nations in a flame,
 Which your resolves might quickly tame,
 If you'd but act with vigour,

E 3

Let

Let Johnny B——e
 Begin the work,
 Of *concord*, he can blow the bellows ;
 For I'll be shot
 If England's got
 A man whose heart is half so zealous. ———
 For France, and Spain, the Dutch, and so on,
 (The Devil take the grounds they go on !)
 Seem all resolv'd to clip our pinions ;
 But, Heaven be prais'd, there still remains
 Some comfort ; for your Club contains
 The best men in the King's dominions. ———
 For treason, Sirs, for treason, Sirs,
 How every honest bosom stirs !
 What ! hate our Country and our King !
 O ! 'tis a curs'd confounded thing,
 You'll never bear the men that do it.
 Your loyal hearts will feel a shock ;
 You'd bring each traitor to the block,
 And mince him small as mutton suet.
 I know you would, sweet pious souls,
 Upon my word I do,
 For public good—good men controuls,
 And why not bias you ?
 You, who it seems have long since had
 Such names as Sandwich, North, and Stormont ;
 Upon my soul it makes me mad,
 To think your parts should thus lie dormant.
 There's L——e you know,
 And S——t also,

And

And Jacob W——n, and others ;
 For Catiline (the thought comes home),
 Who took such pains to ruin Rome,
 Had many brothers,
 Sworn brothers in iniquity,
 Rebellious to the last degree,
 Describ'd in Cicero's Orations ;
 Who met to sound a rebel's praise,
 Would drink a health, with three huzzas,
 To Washingtons of Roman days ;
 And with confusion to the nations.
 Well, 'tis a charming thing to think
 We 've no such doings now ——
 Such toasts I 'm sure you 'll never drink,
 As Keppel, Washington, and Howe.

You 'll not allow,
 That it 's proper and fitting to vindicate those,
 Who wish ill to our friends, and are true to our foes ;
 Who wish France, and America, Holland, and Spain,
 May destroy all our fleets, and be lords of the main.
 You don't approve of those who hope
 Increase of empire to the Pope ——
 I know you reprobate the plans
 Of subtle, sly Republicans.
 You wish no good to the Pretender ;
 Britain's your Isle, and you 'll defend her.
 But in Scripture we read, and the moral is clear,
 That it 's good to make friends of our foes :
 And should Pope, or Pretender, or Congress come here,
 They will never disturb your repose.

For a Club that can flourish, in times such as these,
 When the nations are warring together,
 O'er the wreck of this country may triumph with
 ease,
 And exult in its treasons for ever.

COUNTRY LIFE.

A FRAGMENT,

FROM THE ITALIAN OF
 MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI.

“How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
 “The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm.”

GOLDSMITH.

'TIS a pleasure of very great value to see,
 On high rocks the intrepid she-goats,
 There they feed on sweet herbs, while their goat-
 herd with glee
 Gives vent to his heart in rude notes.
 Near the cave he makes rhimes, such as lovers will
 feel,
 Which re-echo each word that is spoke ;
 But his charmer, whose heart 's as obdurate as steel,
 Regardless stands under an oak.

How

How delightful to see, on some pastoral hill,
An abode made of earth and of straw ;
Where one carves the dish, which their dinners will
fill,
T' other teaches the fire to draw ;
This fattens the hog—while that saddles the ass—
Each dispos'd for some pastime or fun ;
While the old man rejoices at all he sees pass,
As he sits near the door in the sun.

From without may be seen all that passes within,
Sweet peace their employments must crown ;
To plow hills and vales, with the morn they begin,
Nor return till the sun has gone down.
They've no wealth to secure, therefore never dread
foes,
Each cot is left open all day ;
After work they will chearfully seek their repose,
Crack acorns, and sleep upon hay.

Pale Envy can never find room in this spot,
Pride, at distance, exerts all her powers ;
Perhaps they may wish that a meadow they'd got,
Where the grass is embellished with flowers.
Save a small spot of land, they no treasure implore,
They think honour confin'd to the plow ;
Their baskets, like pantries, can hold all their store,
Wooden bowls they for drinking allow.

O,

O, ye sordid pursuits ! ye low minds, who misuse
 The good things which kind Nature bestows ;
 Be it empire or gold, which Ambition pursues,
 From Pride ev'ry enterprize flows.
 Taught by mischievous passions, your envy's a crime,
 Each neighbour you hurt as you can ;
 Ah ! how seldom you think on the shortness of time,
 And how little it's wanted by man !

Take examples from those, who, in old times content,
 Liv'd on acorns and water alone ;
 On their pleasures and feasting, how little they
 spent—

Be their conduct restraints on your own.
 Pray attend to my words—know, the man who is
 great
 Asks for peace, but solicits in vain ;
 While the husbandman greets her, with smiles at his
 gate,
 As he views all his pastoral train.

Wealth, with all her gay trappings, is clouded with
 Care,
 With Fear she must constantly strive ;
 The streams of Misfortune o'erwhelm with Despair,
 And she trembles before they arrive.
 While Poverty, smiling, new treasure acquires,
 Unconcern'd at events of to-morrow ;
 In her humble array she to woodlands retires,
 And tastes every freedom from sorrow.

The

The customs of Commerce, the secrets of Gain,
All the fashions so distant and rare ;
E'en Science herself, has no charms for the swain,
Water, herbs, and sweet milk, are his fare.
With his fingers he casts up his little accounts,
They serve him for paper and pen ;
He perceives not how usurers swell their amounts,
Nor suspects that there's fraud among men.

No cares nor desires diminish his peace,
All the prayer that escapes from his tongue
Amounts to this wish : That his cattle increase,
That his flocks may be fruitful in young.
No sceptical notions e'er puzzle his mind,
Corrupting his morals in youth ;
In simple religion, content he can find,
And he worships his Maker in truth.

THE

THE WALKING-STICK.

OCCASIONED BY THE AUTHOR HAVING LEFT A
FAVOURITE BLACK STICK IN A BOAT, WHICH
WAS RESTORED TO HIM BY A YOUNG LADY
SOME DAYS AFTER.

ADDRESSED TO MISS T*****.

THE prudent sons of Care will say,
That man was born to keep his gains ;
That though the sun may smile to-day,
To-morrow storms may vex the plains :

And sure these prudent sons of Care
Will blame the Poet's heedless mind ;
Who lately sail'd to take the air,
And left his walking-stick behind—

This staff for beauty ne'er was priz'd,
No golden head this staff adorn'd ;
Let modest worth be ne'er despis'd ;
Ah ! wherefore should the meek be scorn'd ?

Its dress was, like its master's, plain,
A dingy black, or rusty grey ;
Its head fantastical, and vain,
“ Just like its master's, too,” you 'll say.

'Twas

'Twas cut and carv'd, in spite of form,
 A strange unmeaning face it wore ;
 It long had brav'd the wint'ry storm,
 And all its graceful days were o'er.

But never shall the Bard forget,
 The faithful service it has done,
 In frost and snow, and heat and wet,
 From rising till the setting sun.

When showers descend so wond'rous thick,
 And souse poor mortals to the skin ;
 When kennels swell, this honest stick
 Has kept the Bard from falling in.

And oft when Care in wine was drown'd,
 When Time had pass'd with Mirth and Song ;
 This staff hath still been faithful found,
 To guide my staggering steps along.

Good natur'd soul ! it scorn'd those wits,
 In midnight brawls, who seek renown,
 Who fright old women into fits,
 Or knock some drunken watchman down ;

By cracking lamps at good men's gates,
 It never sought for doubtful praise ;
 Took no delight in breaking pates,
 So wise and virtuous were its ways.

With

With shame I tell. — A friend so true,
So just, to each important charge,
(What will not careless mortals do!)
Was left neglected in a barge.

Old Neptune's son, whose savage sense
Can real merit ne'er discern,
Might e'en have sold my stick for pence,
And left me weeping o'er its urn.

But Fate ordain'd a better lot:
Yet not to Fate my thanks are due;
By Delia's means, my stick I've got;
Eternal thanks, dear maid, to you!

By little acts the wise opine,
Immortal minds are brought to view;
Immortal hearts in trifles shine,
Eternal thanks, sweet maid, to you!

THE

THE TOUR.

A country jaunt of many days,
Wrote with a pencil in a chaise.

I HAD, about a month ago,
A strange complaint, and did not know
A better way to find a cure,
Than taking a long Summer's tour.
So said,—so done,—I hate delays,
And therefore sent to 'speak a chaise :
Pack'd up my trunks, and rose at four,
The carriage waited at the door ;
My breakfast done, I start at five,
Tom smack'd his whip, and on we drive,——
A pleasing calm came o'er my mind,
At leaving London's smoke behind ;
And so I thought, to pass my time,
My journal should be penn'd in rhyme.
Through Highgate first I bent my way,
Reach'd Barnet next without delay ;
Towards St. Alban's then incline,
The Inn was good, so there I dine ;
And while the Cook laid dinner down,
I walk'd about to see the town ;
The Abbey Church, an ancient pile,
Employ'd my wonder for a while ;

I look'd

I look'd at what the tomb-stones said,
In prose and verse, of folks long dead,
But this, you know, is nothing new,
Thus London travellers always do,
Who, if they cannot go to Rome,
Make much of what they see at home.
Lord SPENCER has a mansion here,
A spacious Park and many Deer,
Which having seen, I seek my host,
For fear the fowl should over-roast ;
Then drink my wine, and call to pay,
Dispatch my bill, and bowl away ;—
Much could I say, if I had room,
Of nature, in her Summer bloom,
Of all her prospects, all her charms,
Of woods and vallies, groves and farms ;
Of birds that on the hedges sing,
Of flowers that in the gardens spring,
Of blossoms on the fragrant bough ;
Much could I write, would time allow.
Thro' many a pleasant scene I past,
And came to Dunstable at last,
Which, ere I reach'd, I fain would tell,
Of what I saw of Market Cell.
Adorn'd with every rural grace,
I ne'er beheld a sweeter place ;
The house, though now an English squire's
Was built for Benedictine Friars,
Who chaunted there in times long gone,
Vespers and matins, night and morn ;

There,

There superstition told her beads,
 Address'd her pray'rs, and own'd her creeds ;
 Put up to heaven, the gloomy vow——
 But Mr. Coppin owns it now :
 Soon Stoney Stratford came in sight,
 Where I resolv'd to pass the night ;
 Bespoke my supper, saw my bed,
 Took care to see the horses fed
 With half a peck of corn or more,
 Then rambled as I'd done before.
 I must confess, I think the host
 Took decent care to charge the most ;
 But though I hold him much to blame,
 I'll neither mention sign, nor name,
 Barely suggesting as a friend,
 The need there is that he should mend :
 I slept, and rose next morn by times,
 At six o'clock I heard the chimes.
 The chaise was summon'd to the gate,
 I got to Towcester by eight,
 There chang'd my nags, got tea and toast,
 And read the news——the Morning Post.
 From Towcester I start with glee,
 And soon arrive at Daventry——
 To Dunchurch next, my course I steer,
 A decent town in Warwickshire.
 From Stoney Stratford all the way,
 Of rural charms a bright display
 Delights the eye at every view,
 Fine groves, and sweet inclosures too——

VOL. II.

F

Where

Where all the woods, in all the vales,
Were fill'd with warbling nightingales.
As on we jog a decent trot,
At length to Coventry we got ;
I look'd to see what Inns were there,
And pitch'd upon the Ragged Bear ;
Then straight alight, they show a room—
Can have some dinner, I presume ?—
The bill of fare ? aye, that will do—
Any thing else ? your time, Sir ? two ;
I rung the bell,—the maid appear'd ——
A tonsor get, to shave my beard.
He came—my honest friend, begin,
Lather my cheeks, my lip, my chin ;
He tucks the napkin,—takes his stand—
Then strokes the razor o'er his hand,
And as he shaves me, up and down,
At ev'ry pause describes the town,
A decent place ? not much for show ?—
A little dirty, Sir, or so—
Much people ? yes Sir, pretty well—
How high the church ? he could not tell—
Some houses modern built ? a few,
But many more antique than new.
My dinner o'er—my glass I fill——
Here, bid your master send the bill——
Pray bring me change—accounts are clear,
There's sixpence for yourself, my dear.
Boy, drive to Coleshill—off we go,
But not so fast there—gently—so—

Walk

Walk up the hills, and trot them down—
 What place is this?—'tis Coleshill town.
 Admir'd the view, it look'd so neat,—
 Sir, yonder is Lord Digby's seat ;
 I'll view it nearer—turn about—
 Drive to the Angel—let me out—
 My hostess civil treatment show'd,
 'Twas much the best inn on the road,
 From Coleshill late, I bent my way
 And got to Litchfield, where I lay ;
 The moon was up, the sky was clear,
 The curfew tinkled in my ear ;
 Romantic thoughts possess'd the bard,
 When Tom drove up the King's Head yard ;
 Here—hostler—waiter—ring the bell—
 Call Richard—Jerry—Sue, and Nell—
 These sounds, which might awake the dead,
 Broke forth, and all my dreams were fled.
 I supp'd, and had my bed prepar'd—
 Charg'd them to have the sheets well air'd—
 Then smoke my pipe, and drink my wine,
 And all to-morrow's plans design,—
 As when I'd rise, and when I'd start,
 What time from such a place depart ;
 What towns I'd pass, what houses see,
 Where eat my chop, where drink my tea,
 What schemes of pleasure I'd pursue,
 Which having fix'd, to bed withdrew.
 I know some hards would scribble down,
 Descriptions of each country town,

And write of every place and view,
 Much more minutely than I do :
 At present I 've not much to say
 Of Litchfield, where I clos'd the day ;
 For let the town be large or long,
 I hate such burthens to a song,
 As, here 's a spacious street—and there,
 A market-place—a house of pray'r,
 The signs are large—the inns are good—
 Houses, some brick, and others wood.
 To paint such things I seldom chuse,
 As thinking they degrade the Muse ;
 Let it suffice, that here I tell,
 I lik'd the inn at Litchfield well ;
 And ere I leave it, will not fail
 'To celebrate their Litchfield ale ;
 Like Burton, 'tis as soft as silk,
 As amber fine—as sweet as milk ;
 I drank a glass, and call'd to pay,
 And then to Rugeley drove away.
 Perhaps it 's right to mention here
 That Rugeley is in Staffordshire.
 As near to Wolseley-bridge I drew,
 A lovely mansion caught my view,
 Which by the boy I understood
 Was once the widow's of the wood ;
 Little he could relate of her ;—
 Who lives here now ? 'Squire Anson, 'Sir :
 And yonder house, you partly see,
 'Tis o'er the hedge—behind the tree ?

Stop,

Stop, not so fast—aye, now I do.—
 And, straight, Lord Chetwynd's came in view,
 From Wolseley-bridge, away we went,
 And shortly cross'd the river Trent ;
 Then smartly drove by hedge and ditch,
 Thro' Colwich, Haywood, Shirleywitch,
 Thro' Sandon—Stoke—pursued our line,
 Then stopp'd at Stone, and there I dine.
 The inn, so, so,—the town, but small—
 I did not like the place at all.
 My mutton-chop, and currant-tart,
 I soon dispatch, and then depart,
 For Wore, in Shropshire, trotted thro',
 Nor stopp'd 'till Namptwich came in view ;
 A large old town, where at some inns
 Trav'lers do penance for their sins ;
 Where, if the treatment's not so nice,
 You're always sure to pay a price ;
 But then, perhaps the reason's plain,
 They mayn't expect you'll call again.
 Come, all ye Muses, sing with me
 Of sandy roads to Torperley—
 Of barren heaths, and desarts wild,
 Where nut-brown Ceres never smil'd—
 Where not a sheaf was ever bound
 In any field for miles around ;
 Come sing with me—come sing with me,
 Of sandy roads to Torperley.—
 To quit this town, I did not grieve,
 And got to Chester in the eve ;

The Talbot Inn first caught my sight,
 I stopp'd the chaise, and there alight—
 The landlord bow'd—a room I'm show'd,—
 Good beds?—as any on the road.
 These matters fix'd, and supper chose,
 I drink my pint and then repose.
 When last I wrote I did agree,
 Not to describe *minutiae* ;
 But here so many things occur,
 I'll speak of Chester, ere I stir ;
 Suppose me at the Talbot Inn,
 Where this day's journal I begin :
 Not like a pupil of Apollo,
 Inspired rhymesters beat me hollow ;
 But like a bard, who time bestows,
 To trifle in poetic prose.
 Here all mechanics ply their trades
 Behind convenient colonades.
 Indeed they 're not so grand by far,
 As those of Covent-Garden are ;
 But still possess protecting powers,
 From summer suns, and winter showers ;
 On market-days, the Welsh appear,
 In crowds, to sell their bargains here ;
 To prove the city is not small,
 I took a ramble round the wall ;
 And found, as I pursu'd my rout,
 The length two miles, or thereabout,
 There Beeston Castle struck my view,
 With Cheshire-hills, and Flintshire too ;

The

The colour of the soil I found
 Was red, for many miles around ;
 From off the Castle, I beheld
 A scene, which very few excell'd
 In all my tour—the day was clear,
 And show'd sweet views in Denbighshire,
 Romantic heights, and pleasing dales,
 Embow'ring woods, and fruitful vales,
 The rock, the hill, the grove, the plain
 And all that charms a poet's brain ;
 Which having seen, I back retreat,
 Ask'd what the house had got to eat ;
 Then, wing'd a fowl, and drank a gill,
 Bade them put to, and paid my bill.
 The chaise arriv'd, I start again
 For Harding, alias Hardwarden ;
 Fain would the Muse describe the place,
 To which we drove a creeping pace ;
 The hills so high, on which it stands,
 Commanding distant seas, and lands.
 Boy, stop ; and let your horses rest.
 What inn d'ye take to be the best ?
 The Stag's head, Sir, the house is small,
 But still 'tis much the best of all.
 I'll mention here, it's fit I should,
 The treatment was exceeding good ;
 Which having said, I'll now proceed,
 The church-yard view is fine indeed.
 Beyond Park-gate you plainly see
 A little isle call'd Hilbury.

To Harding as you enter in,
 The seat of late Sir Stephen Glym
 Stands on the right,—the left displays
 A castle sinking by decays.
 The town-folks here do all aver,
 There William liv'd, the Conqueror;
 Why so he might, for aught I know,
 But 'tis so many years ago,
 That, be these Welshmen right or wrong,
 I'll not insist on 't in my song;
 Suffice it here, the bard maintains,
 He never saw antique remains
 More worth the antiquarian's view,
 More striking and romantic too.
 Of Harding I've no more to tell:
 So starting next for Holywell,
 Except the well, there's nothing in it,
 A ton of water in a minute
 Arises, as the people say:
 I'll not contend, perhaps there may.
 In August, with a pious care,
 Good catholics do penance there.
 Across the country next I steer,
 To Wrexham-town, in Denbighshire;
 And in my fancy wander still
 O'er all the charms of Marford hill;
 Of seats which have for ages stood,
 The lofty grove, umbrageous wood,
 With all the more romantic charms,
 Of shelter'd cots, and scatter'd farms.

I'll

I'll not omit ('twould be a sin)
 Squire Trevor's seat of Trevallin ;
 Descended, as the people reckon'd,
 From him*, who serv'd king Charles the Second.
 Lord Grosvenor has a mansion near,
 I think not more than four miles clear—
 We pass the hill a gentle trot,
 And soon to Gresford village got ;
 The church, as rustic story tells,
 Is famous for a peal of bells :
 The vale beneath conveys the sound,
 In mellow tones for miles around.
 I'd sing, but here my Muse must fail,
 I'd sing the charms of Gresford vale :
 Dear Gresford vale, in thee we trace,
 Each rural, each romantic grace.
 The pendant woods, that sloping grow,
 The silver stream that winds below,
 Each object that's beneath the hill,
 The village and the water-mill,
 The rustic bridge—the house they call,
 The cottage—pleas'd me best of all.
 The ladies, t' whom all these belong,
 Should be immortaliz'd in song.
 Did Goldsmith's grace, and Dryden's fire,
 The language of my quill inspire :
 Politeness mix'd with so much ease,
 A manner so intent to please,
 Embellish and distinguish these.

* Sir John Trevor, Secretary to Charles II.

}
From

From Gresford vale I next proceed
To Wrexham, while the horses feed ;
Through streets and lanes I stroll about,
To find some curious relics out ;
Some ancient pile that time had wore,
Some vestige of the days of yore ;
But none I saw that need be sung,
Except the seat of Mr. Young :
An antique house of some renown,
About a mile beyond the town,
Southward of Wrexham, more remote
Stands —————

Its owner's name, if you desire
To know, is Philip Yorke, Esquire :
The rooms are good, and well design'd,
While taste, with elegance combin'd,
Attract the curious trav'ler's view,
About the house and garden too ;
Where all the winding walks express
Fair Nature in a fancy dress.
How oft I paus'd ! how long I stood,
To trace the beauties of the wood !
The fairy path, that winds between
The river, that compleats the scene !

THE

THE
 OLD LADY'S ADVICE.

A POETIC EPISTLE,

INSCRIBED TO HER VERY GOOD FRIEND, MR. L——,
 OF C——.

DEAR SIR,

'TIS as easy for me to write an epistle,
 As for magpies to talk, or for blackbirds to whistle,
 And my reason for making this public oration
 Is to tell how I'm charm'd with your sweet conver-
 sation ;
 You must know, my good man, being plagu'd with
 a wheezing,
 To get out of town, has been teasing and teasing ;
 So to C——ll Green, he thought fit to repair,
 As a sociable place, that has very good air ;
 We've a chamber, a garret, and all the first floor,
 And the coach can take up, and set down, at the
 door ;
 I am charm'd with the place, 'tis so rural and clever,
 And I hope that my husband will stay there for ever.
 There

There are trees and a pond, and the houses about
it,

And a ball-room—(the town would be nothing with-
out it),

Where they dance, and they prance, with cotillons
and capers,

Or else play at cards, as a cure for the vapours.

My spouse has a vast many countrified notions,

And rural ideas, as you'll judge from his motions ;

First, he digs in the garden—then drives a wheel-
barrow,

Catches eels in the horse-pond, or pops at a sparrow ;

Will preserve a rank weed, while he pulls up a
flow'r,

And smokes a cool pipe, in the jessamine bow'r ;

If the winter were come, he declares what he wou'd
do,

In hunting and shooting, as gentlemen shou'd do ;

How he'd range o'er the fields, with his gun and his
spaniel,

With the leave of the Lord—who is one 'Squire
Daniel ;

An amazing great man, who shot up in a hurry,

Has one house in town, and another in Surry,

But suspecting the world would be loath to believe it,

Built the last on a hill, that his friends might per-
ceive it.

Thus much, my good Sir,—for my husband and me,

I have written at random, but love to be free ;

And

And in point of digression, I thought while about it,
 You ne'er in your life, told a story without it ;
 So conclude, when you've wisely consider'd this
 letter,

And found out its beauties, you'll like it the better.—

Well, but now to my purpose—I oft have admir'd
 Your talkative talent, which never is tir'd,
 And have oft been delighted with proofs of your
 knowledge,

Which shew you're not cramp'd by the rules of a
 college.

You're so soft, and so sweet, so polite, and so
 tender,

So fit to converse with the *feminine gender*,
 So replete with fine words, which all wise men adore,
Subterraneous, perpitious, and ten thousand more.
 With such phrases, as good Sir, and sweet Sir,
 and Madam—

O, what would I give, if my husband but had 'em !
 The C——ll coach is exact to the minute,
 But I'm never so happy as when you are in it ;
 For, as soon as we're cleverly fix'd in our places,
 You take out your snuff-box, and show us your
 graces ;

Converse on all subjects, the world, or the weather,
 Can tell which wear longest, stuff-shoes, or black-
 leather ;

What face is genteel, and what trimming looks
 pretty,

What's the fashion at Court, and the ton in the City ;
 Who

Who plays best at cards, and who wins the most
fishes,
And in cooking what sauce recommends our made
dishes.

There's a moral in most things, in this it is plain,
Tho' an old woman gives it, attend to her strain;
To what friendship advises, with candour attend,
Curtail your long words, your mistaken ones mend;
A coxcomb might snarl, and instruction refuse,
But a good-natur'd man loves a good-humour'd muse.

THE OLD WOMAN OF CORNHILL.



AVARICE.

WHEN Satan, sov'reign of the curs'd,
Drew off the Heaven-illumin'd dust
From Virtue's sweet controul;
To seal the conquest Hell achiev'd,
His sin luxuriant thoughts conceiv'd
This fever of the soul.

His sullen senate check'd debate
With man's apostacy elate,

And

And hail'd the horrid birth,
 Grim passion's host in homage bow'd
 With universal yell allow'd
 Pale Avarice queen on earth.

To whom the fiend—my daughter, go,
 In Adam's sons profusely sow
 'The seeds of vulture care ;
 So shalt thou baffle promis'd grace,
 Secure corruption's darling race,
 And soon my sceptre share.

The hideous aspect wing'd her flight,
 Far from the dreary house of night,
 Where discord clinks her chain ;
 Th' infernal embassy obey'd,
 On human hearts incessant prey'd,
 And crown'd her father's reign.

Amaz'd, each soft sensation flies,
 Her pow'r dissolves the tender ties
 Of friendship, duty, love ;
 The beggar'd breast but harbours woe,
 The mind still gravitates below,
 Nor dreams of joys above.

'Tis thus the hoary-headed slave,
 When time-stretch'd nature asks her grave,
 And sick'ning organs fail,
 By midnight lamp delights to pore,
 Counting his scorpion curses o'er,
 Which load affliction's scale.

In

In hidden heaps his riches rust
 The plenteous draughts, increase his thirst,
 Monopolizing pain ;
 [*Cætera desunt.*]



THE PATRIOT.

PATRIOTISM, 1765.

Now, who is left to hapless Albion,
 That, as a pillar, might uphold our state,
 That might strike terror to our daring foes ?

SHAKSPERE'S LOCRINE.

OH! could the Muse accustom'd bid to sing
 In savage numbers, harmonize the string,
 To strains immortal lift the lofty lyre,
 Or catch one spark of inspiration's fire,
 On polish'd pinions soar to seek a beam
 Sublimely bright to dignify the theme ;—
 Did bold ideas grace th' illustrious lay,
 Some speaking portrait should thy charms display :
 Instruct ambition whence thy laurels rise,
 Blossom on earth and autumn in the skies.

But

But infant ardours, circumscribe my plan—
 Eclipse vast virtues, 'mortalize the man.
 With sacred zeal to plead Britannia's cause;
 Religion, Commerce, Liberty, and Laws;
 Nor vainly wise, nor negatively great,
 He joins the toilsome steerage of the state,
 Lab'ring to keep, thro' life's unsettled sea,
 His conscience, country, king, and kindred free.
 Unaw'd, unbiass'd, uneduc'd he stands,
Like Abdiel faithful 'midst corrupted bands;
Measures, not men, opposes or defends;
 Pursues no party, and betrays no friends;
 From slavish minions, fears no blind reproof;
 His rhetoric, reason; all his diction, truth;
 Builds no immortal merit on a phrase,
 For duty dictates what his tongue obeys.
 Studious to raise, not dissipate supplies,
 When grim Bellona's bloody storms arise,
 No trade-tax'd treasure dares to misapply,
 To *foreign* friend, or *impotent* ally;
 For medals, statues, courts no giddy throng,
 Nor sells an honest system for a song.
 When dove-like Peace, her pleasing palm extends,
 Nations unite, and hosts with hosts are friends;
 When fainting Commerce asks her genial ray,
 And sickly Science seeks the realms of day,
 This guardian Saint, superior to a throne,
 Adopts the dear deserted for his own;
 From acts oppressive sets his country clear,
 Repeals the bad, and softens the severe:

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On

On venal boroughs wastes no golden show'r,
 To purchase traitors, pelicans of pow'r ;
 No funds are fleec'd, dark treaties to conceal,
 Nor needy nobles clog the common weal.
 Sustain'd by virtue, wisdom's chosen base,
 His breast defies, nay, dignifies disgrace.
 Inform'd with fire like that Prometheus stole,
 His ev'ry act displays a god-like soul.

CANDID COURTSHIP.

When love is liberty, and nature law.

POPE.

Flo. IS Daphne, the pride of the plain,
 Content to be Florimel's spouse?
 Can she listen with love to his strain?
 Is she charm'd with the villager's vows?
 The kidlings which browse on the rock,
 And the fleeces which bathe in the rill,
 Nay, the whole of my pastoral stock,
 Believe me, is her's if she will.

Daph.

Daph. Good Shepherd, be artless and wise ;
 Can ambition with meekness agree ?
 Contentment 's the charter I prize ;
 No wealth has a virtue for me.
 'Tis enough to be Florimel's wife,
 And duties domestic fulfil :
 I am sure I can love you for life,
 So I thank you, I *think* that I *will*.

Flo. The Miser his plumb may possess,
 The Statesman his title and star,
 Our cares and our crimes will be less,
 And sha'n't we be happier far ?
 Of fortune we 'll brave each rebuff,
 Your smiles can adversity kill ;
 Your heart will be treasure enough,
 And I'll keep it, dear Daphne, I will.

Daph. My candour coquets may despise,
 And prudes may my passion display :
 But innocence scorns a disguise,
 And I hope, I'm as modest as they ;
 And, I think, if there's faith in the brook,
 I'm as fair as the maid of the mill ;
 So Florimel give me your crook,
 For in sooth I'm determin'd I will.

PHILOSOPHY.

Give me the Man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core.

HAMLET.

FAR from the crowded courts of kings,
The soil whence black ambition springs ;
Where humble worth neglected sighs,
And friendship's but a foe's disguise ;
Where Mammon's God forestalls the knee,
And power only dares be free ;
Where foul debauch has fix'd her cell,
And envy reigns the heir of hell ;
Far from the 'Change, that sink of trade,
Where man's proud heart by wealth is sway'd,
And care's conflicting surges rise,
To snatch attention from the skies ;
Far from this jostling sea of strife,
I'd pass the painted vapour life,
Bless'd with a fund of brilliant health,
A faithful friend, with little wealth,
Well pleas'd I'd clasp my happy fate,
While poor insolvent souls of state
Embrace in vain the couch of down,
To smooth conviction's piercing frown.

No

No wealthy schemes should jar my breast,
 Nor *tumbling stocks* deny me rest ;
 Content would sweeten humble fare,
 And sheath the scorpion sting of care ;
 While needy merit shar'd my crust,
 I'd raise affliction from the dust ;
 My heart, my purse, I'd ne'er deny,
 But kiss the tear from Sorrow's eye.

Thus when old Time had age matur'd,
 And Reason's sceptre was secur'd,
 To polish life's bewilder'd way,
 That leads through death to endless day,
 Some fair (if such there be) I'd find,
 And wed her *Mexico* of mind :
 No slave to *glow-worm* beauty's charms,
 From fortune's lap I'd ask no alms ;
 One heart, one mind, one soul, we'd share,
 And find a balm for ev'ry care.

Far from the trav'ler's beaten road,
 I'd choose some neat recluse abode,
 'Midst naked nature's rustic charms
 Of villas, commons, woods, and farms ;
 Where no tumultuous scenes intrude,
 To sap the throne of solitude :
 Soon as the infant solar ray
 Lifts up the lid of drowsy day,
 I'd rise to sip salubrious air,
 And court the fancy-nursing fair ;

Religion, daughter of the skies,
 Who ne'er an ardent suit denies,
 Should with celestial manna feed
 The soul, which caus'd its Lord to bleed.
 With Pope and such poetic pow'rs,
 I'd pass the mid-day coursing hours ;
 Or (pleasing toil !) direct the spade,
 My garden's bosom to invade ;
 Instruct the tender plant to shoot,
 Or nurse the health-restoring root ;
 Arrange the ranks of blooming pease,
 Or lop the rambling branch from trees ;
 A verdant vest should grace each part,
 And nature smile a slave to art.
 Thus, when the day's prolific Sire,
 Had bid his flaming steeds retire,
 When dew-clad ev'ning's misty train
 Invests the laughing hill and plain,
 With joy I'd wake the moral song,
 And join the chaunting, plummy throng ;
 To fervid praise resign my breath,
 And solemn converse hold with death ;
 Each object view with mental eyes,
 And learn the lesson of the skies.

Let others plead Britannia's cause,
 And earn the bubble, man's applause ;
 To title, sacrifice a name,
 Or swell the blast of fluid fame ;

Let

Let pallid Av'rice grasp her store,
 Let pride to honour's summit soar ;
 But let *intrinsic* worth be mine,
 And feed my soul with bliss divine.

A THUNDER STORM.

The tempest caught them on the tender walk.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

SAD sick'ning scene ! creation's light
 Behind yon sable shroud retires,
 Gives heav'n the wrinkled brow of night,
 Ere day with hoary age expires.

From east to west, in dread array,
 The clouds, commission'd from on high,
 Great nature's *hallow'd soul* obey,
 And gloom the concave of the sky.

Forewarn'd by instinct's tender care,
 Her plummy pupils check their strains,
 To shelt'ring thickets strait repair,
 Depopulating distant plains.

The mutt'ring thunder strikes alarm ;
 The clouds big tears of sorrow weep ;
 To reach the neighb'ring friendly farm,
 The fear-struck shepherd quits his sheep,

Behold the tawny sons of toil
 Suspend the labours of the fields,
 Where Ceres crowns the teeming soil
 With ev'ry blessing plenty yields.

Alike in doubtful darkness lie
 The fir-crown'd hill, and glossy green ;
 All nature drooping seems to sigh,
 Prophetic of the solemn scene.

To wake the sinner's sleepy soul,
 The vivid flashes ghastly glare ;
 Long peals of rattling thunder roll,
 And shake the tempest-troubl'd air.

Now rushing cataracts descend,
 To calm the elemental fray ;
 The golden sheaves of harvest bend,
 And fruits in rich confusion lay,

The pool expands its narrow space,
 With circling surface swiftly swells,
 O'erflows its native pebbly vase,
 And through the mead with rage impells.

Grim

Grim Desolation, wasting wide,
Now stretches forth her iron hand ;
Exulting views th' impetuous tide,
And drives her plough-share o'er the land,

See, see ! yon ivy-mantled oak
Like some gigantic hero fall ;
Nor waits the woodman's wearied stroke,
But shiv'ring sheaths the flying ball.

And hark ! that voice arrests my ears,
Which first proclaim'd th' Almighty will ;
From chaos call'd the sparkling spheres,
The Oracle of Sinai's hill.

To me it speaks a breathing dust,
Invites my heart, entomb'd in sin,
To seek the portion of the just,
And wreaths of deathless laurels win.

And shall I not the call obey ?
Shall mornless night my soul confound ?
O God ! strike terror deep to-day,
While Heaven and mercy may be found !

So, when the death-dethroning peal
Shall summon nature to her tomb,
May thou affix salvation's seal,
And snatch me from the sinner's doom !

The

The storm subsides ; the sun appears ;
 The vocal woods their charms display ;
 Like beauty, shines more bright in tears,
 And rustling wait the close of day.

THE CHINA PLATE,

MY Dear Doctor Hughes,
 Pray can you refuse
 To attend to the rhimes of a sinner ;
 Who confesses of late,
 She demolish'd a plate,
 When you ask'd her politely to dinner ?

For those who confess,
 (And she cannot do less),
 The Church, Sir, has pardons in plenty,
 And she trusts a Divine
 With the Church will combine,
 If instead of one plate, she 'd broke twenty.

She

She has read in a book,
That Dean Swift curs'd the cook,
When her errors, she could not repair ;
But this crack'd china-dish
Is réstor'd to your wish ;
So, Doctor, condemn if you dare.

It is mended so well,
That it rings like a bell,
And will hold either pudding or custard ;
'Tis indeed her belief,
That it's fit to hold beef,
And the edges will serve for the mustard.

She moreover believes,
That a pair of lawn sleeves
Might flourish a knife on 't with rapture ;
That a Judge on 't might dine
With a slice of surloin,
That might charm, Sir, the Dean and the
Chapter.

Common-council men too,
Who, to give them their due,
So heavily lean on their platters,
May press their whole weight
On the side of this plate,
While debating political matters.

I'm

I'm convinc'd, the good 'squire
 Would never desire
 To feast on a plate that's compacter;
 Miss Howard will praise,
 In a thousand sweet ways,
 The mortal who mended the fracture.

All the favors I ask
 Is permission to bask
 In that sweetest of sunshine, your graces;
 So, do, pray, condescend
 Once to see your old friend,
 And you 'll meet many more smiling faces.

Our moments shall pass
 Amidst china and glass,
 You 'll be charm'd at the bold undertaking;
 In return for what 's done,
 We'll have plenty of fun,
 And break 'till we're tir'd of breaking.

Then, Doctor, forgive,
 And as long as I live,
 Or as long as I'm right in my senses,
 I'm content to be kiss'd,
 Or be conquer'd at whist,
 If I ever repeat my offences.

THE

THE BEGGAR BOY.

THE clouds are gather'd over head,
And wint'ry storms assail,
The peasant shrinks within his shed,
While furious blasts prevail.

Ah! thus while frost and drifting snow
The trav'lers' path anoy,
Compassion will an alms bestow
On me, poor begging boy.

My dad, who fought his country's cause,
Perform'd a soldier's part ;
Died for religion, and the laws,
My mammy broke her heart.

No brother, sister, friend, have I,
Grief all my hours employ ;
For bread, a little bread, I cry,
Bread for a begging boy.

On you may bounteous fortune shed
Each comfort you require ;
Snug is your house above your head,
And warm your sea-coal fire.

The

The sparkling glass, that circles gay,
Fills ev'ry heart with joy ;
Then yield a little pittance, pray,
To me, poor begging boy.

Behold, I here unshelter'd stand,
This shoeless foot behold ;
Extend a kind protecting hand,
O, save me from the cold.

Some garment o'er my shoulders throw,
Which moths will soon destroy ;
Howe'er so old, 'twill warmth bestow,
On me, poor begging boy.

When cold in death, your feeling hearts
No piteous tale can tell ;
When slow each weeping eye departs,
Warn'd by the passing bell.

That Power, from whom there's nothing hid,
Whose bliss can never cloy,
Shall give that bliss to those who did
Relieve the begging boy.

ON

ON AN UNCIVIL FURRIER.

FOR a *fox*, you're too stupid; too blind for a
lynx;

You yourself, are a *bear*; and your woman a
mynx;

A *tiger* in manners, night, morning, and noon,
And in cheating, you're sharp as a *cat*, or *raccoon*.

You snarl like a *wolf*, like a *jackal* you howl;

Like a *badger* you bite, like a *bull-dog* you growl.

You're as brisk as a *squirrel*, when orders come in,
But when nought's to be got, like a *leopard* you
grin.

If an *ermine* be shewn you, you're sure to abuse it,
And cry, out of my shop, get you out, for I choose it.
Oh, Germany, Germany! how could you leave her!
There, you cring'd like a *dog*, and were smooth as a
beaver.

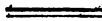
With the fawn of a *spaniel*, to ladies you'd run,
With delight black their shoes, and would lick them
when done.

You can creep like a *sloth*, like a *monkey* can hop,
Or sputter G—d dam'me, get out of my shop.
Like a *rabbit*, you're hot; like a *weasel*, you're shy;
Like an *ass*, you're sedate; like a *mole* you are sly.

Such

Such a *beast* in all parts of the world may be found;
 But another there 's not in the *Fur-trade* all round.

All your trade shall have this,
 Just to shew them their sins;
 And that men become beasts,
 By the sale of beasts' skins.



THE FRIAR.

MESS John, a friar, wanting grace,
 As ancient records tell;
 First ran a vile ungodly race,
 Then died, and went to hell.

But went to hell at such a rate,
 As made the devils stare;
 And one, the porter at the gate,
 Cried hip, halloo, who's there?

A guilty priest, the friar cries,
 A soul beset with sin;
 Oh! is it so? the devil replies,
 Then I'll not let you in.

With

With that, he gave Mess John a shove,
 And said, you back shall go ;
 For if you *ate your God above,*
 You'll *eat the devil below.*



A POETICAL ADDRESS,

FROM MR. S———S, TO MISS KITTŶ P———A.

MY charming Miss Kitty, I'm told you're surpris'd

To see in the papers my name advertis'd,
 With a number of others, both great folks and small,
 Mr. B——r invited to dance at his ball.

You must know, he's a man of the very first fashion,
 And for concertŝ and balls has a wonderful passion.

So he thought it civil to call in his neighbours,
 To foot it away, to his pipes and his tabors.

First he sent me a card, which was prettily penn'd;
 " Mrs. B——r sends compliments to her very good
 " friend,

" Gives a ball such a night, to some ladies so fair,

" And hopes to see dear Mr. S———s there ;

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" Will

“ Will be highly oblig’d, and conceive it an honor.”—

So I sent in return I would sure wait upon her.
 Then I made myself smart, as my wardrobe empower’d,
 Got my wig put in buckle, my greasy coat scour’d ;
 That rusty grey caxon, which strikes the beholders,
 Had transferr’d all its fat, from my head to my shoulders ;
 That confounded old coat, which the brush had forsaken,
 And which fries in the Sun, like a rasher of bacon ;
 You know, my dear girl, that I ’m nice in my linen,
 And wear such clean shirts, as a tinker might sin in ;
 But my ruffles were wash’d, and starch’d out to a charm,
 And I dyed my old hat, to put under my arm.
 Thus equipp’d for the ball, all the ladies admir’d
 A swain so genteel, and so smartly attir’d ;
 And declar’d Mr. S———s look’d like Adonis,
 (Which name at Duke’s-place I believe little known is)
 Whether Dutchmen, or Frenchmen, or yet Portuguese,
 I’ll be curs’d if I care, for it don’t concern me.
 Yes, the ladies (sweet creatures !) were charm’d with my mien,
 For my chin was close shav’d, and quite fit to be seen ;

Then

Then my eyes talk'd a language, so playful and merry,
 And the snuff on my lip look'd as brown as a berry.
 When I danc'd, ma 'am, the room was so free from
 all pother,
 You might hear a mouse crawl from one corner to
 t'other ;
 All the ladies were silent, as saints at devotions,
 Quite enraptur'd (sweet souls!) with the ease of my
 motions.

The minuets over, you know I am fond,
 Of a lively smart tune, and can dance allemande ;
 So jugg'd it away, by the light of wax-candles,
 To some sweet pretty music as charming as Handel's ;
 Cast off, and led up, turn'd about, and the rest on 't,
 For on all these occasions I do make the best on 't.
 This done, I partook of a lovely collation,
 Enough to employ half the cooks in creation,
 Such profusion of dainties, both foreign and rare,
 As the citizens give when they treat my Lord
 Mayor ;
 A cart-load of fowls, and such plenty of geese,
 All the company there might have had one a-piece.
 Fine hams at the top, (I can't think where they got
 'em),
 And a bushel of oysters were plac'd at the bottom.
 Then a conduit kept running all night with cham-
 pagne,
 And such delicate wines, I shall ne'er taste again.

A RECIPE

FOR ONE LADY TO KILL ANOTHER'S REPUTATION.

“ Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer.”

POPE.

“ Twenty more, kill 'em.”

JOHNSON.

ATTEND, dear Chloe, I beseech you,
 To what I'm now about to teach you ;
 An art, not common in creation,
 The art to kill a reputation.
 Observe one thing, whate'er you do,
 Let it be fair and female too ;
 To censure vice, not worthy pains,
 'Tis virgin whiteness soonest stains ;
 If, in a crowd a friend should cry,
 “ D'ye know that lady passing by ?”
 You hem, and pish, “ dear ma'am, not I.”
 Then toss significant, and say,
 You may have seen her at the play,
 The park, or other public places,
 But don't know people by their faces.

Next

Next look as if you wish'd it cou'd be,
 That all were virtuous, as they shou'd be.
 This will, you know, appear mysterious,
 Suspitions rise, when folks look serious.
 This done, suppose you send a letter,
 Brimful of lies, the more the better ;
 And if you wisely screen your name,
 How can she tell from whence it came ?
 Begin it thus, " concern'd to find,
 " (But always love to tell your mind)
 " Some folks were seen to court disgrace,
 " With such a man, in such a place.
 " Amaz'd to think, surpris'd to hear—
 " Hope not so bad, inclin'd to fear ;"
 Give distant hints to make her guess
 The slander, which you don 't express ;
 This will amaze, alarm, confound,
 For scandal gives the deepest wound.
 When names are *secretly* belied—
 What can't be trac'd can't be denied ;
 And 'tis by all the world confess'd,
 When modest fears invade the breast,
 The honest cheek will most reveal it,
 And show more guilt than those who feel it.
 I recommend you, thus abuse,
Create the charge, and then accuse,
 Publish to all the friends you know,
 " Have you not heard, ma'am, so and so ?
 " Well, that's surprising, 'pon my honor ;
 " Why, ma'am, the fact was prov'd upon her ;

“ And I was told, by those who shou’d
“ Know pretty well how matters stood,
“ That some folks said, that others heard,
“ The charge is true, aye, word for word.”
Then lest they guess at what you mean,
Affect concern, to hide your spleen,
“ A lively girl, a thousand pities !
“ But such the sad effect of wit is.”
Thus, having charg’d her once with boldness
Will justify your future coldness ;
And distant shyness, well apply’d,
Will do more good than all beside.
In short, first *injure* out of measure,
And then *insult* her at your pleasure ;
This without further applications,
Will d—n ten thousand reputations.

THE

THE
GENIUS OF POLITENESS.

“ Intent to reason, and polite to please.”

POPE.

AS Gothic ages pass'd away,
Fair Science shed resplendent day :
Her various beams of light combin'd,
To soften and adorn the mind ;
Then all the rugged passions felt,
The mighty change, and learn'd to melt ;
The heart obey'd the magic call,
And fair Politeness polish'd all.
Awhile the pleasing genius reign'd,
'Till sly Deceit her manners feign'd ;
The art increas'd to such degree,
They call'd her *Insincerity* ;
Forc'd her to fly her old resorts,
In princely domes, and splendid courts,
And wander all the world about,
To find an habitation out.
O'er all the world the Goddess ran,
From northern climes to Indostan.

In trade, she own'd men strove to please,
 But then their manners wanted ease.
 In palaces she seem'd to fear,
 That less was meant than met the ear.
 To Learning's sons she oft applied,
 But often found her suits denied ;
 Their terms were so precise and stiff,
 So full of *but*, and *so*, and *if*,
 And twenty formal things beside,
 Which true Politeness can't abide.
 Confess'd she saw (but blush'd to tell)
 Much female falshood—" *hope you're well ?*
 " *Am glad to see—rejoice to hear—*
 " *That cap becomes you much, my dear ;*
 " *Indeed I'm so concern'd to find—*
 " *Well ! I protest, that's mighty kind.*
 " *Ma'am could not sleep a wink in bed,*
 " *Poor lady Betty's lap-dog's dead."*
 With such remarks, as plainly prov'd
 Sincerity was far remov'd.
 Despairing thus a place to find,
 Adapted to her gentle mind ;
 She wander'd towns and cities o'er,
 And stopp'd at BROADHEAD's friendly door ;
 Then smiling said, I see at last
 My toilsome pilgrimage is past ;
 Here all my graces stand display'd,
 My power directs the masquerade,
 O'er all this social scene prevails,
 In not one point my *spirit fails* ;

Here

Here then she cried, I'll cease to roam,
And henceforth make this house my home.

THE MISTAKE.

“ Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye.”

MILTON.

RECLIN'D in a celestial bower,
The Goddess of the pleasing power
Beheld a bright enchanting form,
In all the glow of beauty warm :
Amaz'd ! such heavenly charms to find,
She question'd thus her curious mind.

“ It is not Hebe sure who thus
“ Appears inclin'd to rival us ?
“ Presumptuous fair ! it cannot be,
“ And yet I 'm sure the lips agree ;
“ Had she the cup, I might aver
“ With safety, that it must be her ;
“ But now, I see her striking mien
• “ Resembles Wisdom's lovely queen ;
“ 'Tis surely Pallas, as I guess'd,
“ But then the Goddess wants a crest ;

“ Beside,

“ Beside, her modest features seem
“ Like Dian’s in the silver stream ;
“ Though were it Dian, she would shew
“ Her crescent and her hunting bow.
“ ’Tis surely strange, that one as fair
“ As ever breath’d celestial air,
“ Who must reside in realms above,
“ Should thus perplex the queen of love.
She paus’d ; and Cupid smiling said,
“ The wonder is a mortal maid.
“ ’Tis beauteous SMITH*, whom fates ordain
“ To dignify the nuptial chain ;
“ In her th’ immortals join’d their power,
“ And gave their graces for her dower,
“ Diana’s cheek, Minerva’s brow,
“ And Hebe’s smiles, d ’ye know her now ?”——

* The lady of L—c Smith, Esq.

THE

THE

WANDERING GRACES.

“ **W**HERE, where do all my Graces get?”

Said Venus in a mighty pet.

“ What, all departed ! all away !

“ Ah ! whither do my Graces stray ?

“ What ! leave my court, and realms above,

“ The seat of harmony and love,

“ To please, perhaps, some shepherd maid,

“ Some Goddess of the sylvan shade ?

“ I mourn their loss, and well I may,

“ Ah ! whither do my Graces stray ?

“ Their ancient haunts, with daily care,

“ I’ve search’d, but cannot find ’em there ;

“ None can these wand’ers’ steps beguile,

“ But some fair form of Britain’s Isle.

“ To Albion straight I’ll haste away,

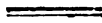
“ For there must all my Graces stray,

“ Ah ! come, she cried, relieve my pain,

“ Return, return ;” but all in vain.

Cupid,

Cupid, who heard his mother's moan,
 And knew where ev'ry Grace had flown,
 Said, laughing, "Fruitless is your call,
 " *The beauteous RUTLAND has them all.*"



THE
 COUNCIL OF THE GRACES.

VENUS, resolv'd to shew her art,
 And each celestial Grace impart
 To some fair mortal here below,
 Her Graces call'd, and told them so,
 "Exert, she said, your magic skill,
 "As when, on lofty Ida's hill,
 "You taught my beauty to decoy
 "The apple from the Trojan boy.
 "Create a fair complacent mien,
 "Where all perfection may be seen :
 "An eye to speak good sense within,
 "To awe the heart, as well as win ;
 "Give Hebe's lips—to her assign
 "A sweet complexion such as mine ;
 "With smiles adorn each dimpl'd cheek,
 "Such as angelic tempers speak ;

" And

“ And mind that all her features be,
 “ Form’d in exactest symmetry—
 “ Let Juno’s majesty combine
 “ With all the charms of all the Nine ;
 “ And Pallas too shall lend her aid,
 “ To make my picture never fade,
 “ Then come, she cried, sweet form appear,”
 And call’d the wonder, DEVONSHIRE,



THE TRANSFORMATION.

ADDRESS’D TO THE LOVELY MRS. ROBINSON.

THE Gods and Goddesses above
 Assembl’d in the court of Jove,
 To worship in a civil way,
 Like courtiers on a levee day.
 But ceremonies past and done,
 Each Deity, intent on fun,
 Propos’d to leave celestial trades,
 And dress in earthly masquerades.
 Old Jove, who is a waggish spark,
 At kissing wenches in the dark,

Became

Became a Turk, because you know
 All Turks have a seraglio.
 Bacchus declar'd he'd keep his can,
 And so became an Alderman ;
 And saw the bottle push'd about,
 (For what's an Alderman without ?)
 Then Neptune too grew wond'rous merry,
 And swore he'd row a Greenwich wherry,
 And be a while as free from care,
 As English seamen always are.
 So said, so done,—next Vulcan chose
 A chimney-sweeper's suit of cloaths,
 With brush and shovel straight came down
 To see the humours of the town.
 Juno, as former bards have sung,
 Could never stop her scolding tongue,
 Resolving still to storm and prate,
 Sold stinking fish at Billingsgate.
 While Pallas said, indeed she thought,
 She should not act as wisdom ought ;
 And might perhaps offend the wise,
 By stooping to a mean disguise ;
 So sent her owl to grace the chair,
 Of some sagacious City Mayor.
 Then Momus said, he'd change his rank
 For that of some arch mountebank ;
 And help a quack to sell his wares,
 And cheat the crowd at country fairs.
 Diana blush'd, and said she'd be
 A vestal nymph of quality,

But

But soon some better thoughts occur,
Which chang'd her to a cottager.
The Graces all at play were seen,
As children on a country green ;
While all the loves in crowds repair,
To dignify the British fair.
At length to Venus' turn it came,
When thus bespoke the Cyprian dame :
“ Believe me, all ye states divine,
“ Your wishes are approv'd by mine,
“ For much I long to share the mirth,
“ Which cheerful mortals taste on earth :
“ For this I'll quit my native place ;
“ But mind me, I'll not lose a grace,
“ My native charms must still enflame,
“ I'll alter nothing but the name ;
“ And all the world, when that is done,
“ Shall henceforth call me ROBINSON.”

THE

PATRIOT'S PETITION.

" Sir, she can turn, and turn, and turn again, and still go on."

OTHELLO.

GOOD people in power, ye see me inclin'd
 To oppose you in all that I can;
 But I know you have power to alter my mind,
 And I wish you 'd consider my plan.

Come buy me, come buy me, a pension or place
 Is all I at present require ;
 Make it worth a man's while to change sides with a
 grace,
 And in future I'll hope to rise higher.

Preferment from party can take out a sting,
 Who says he don't look for it, lies,
 A Commissioner's post is a mighty good thing,
 In the Customs as well as Excise.

Make

Make my brother a bishop, my father a judge,
 Make my gouty old uncles all peers,
 Raise my son in the army, and I'll never grudge,
 To serve you the whole seven years.

There's the session begun, I've been quiet as yet,
 Undetermin'd what course to pursue,
 And unless very soon *some appointment* I get,
 I shall act as some other folks do.

Debate in long speeches, oppose and divide;
 Insult ye, without why or whether;
 In defiance of shame, take the popular side,
 And confound all your projects together.

A DREAM. (1778.)

“ To lie in dark oblivion and to rot.”

SHAKESPEARE.

AS soon as sleep had clos'd my eyes,
 I saw a new creation rise,
 A magic silence seem'd to reign
 O'er man and beast, and hill and plain;

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I

The

The streams without a murmur flow,
 Without a sound the breezes blow.
 Mute were the birds on ev'ry spray,
 No woodland songsters cheer'd the day ;
 And not a voice, and not a breath,
 Was heard, for all was still as death.
 Of men, I saw a numerous host,
 Which struck my admiration most ;
 Who seem'd releas'd from public care,
 And slept in holes and corners there.
 There Keppel slept as one quite dead,
 A wreath of poppies round his head ;
 Dark nightshade cover'd all the ground,
 A *tarnish'd flag* close wrapt him round.
 While near him, scatter'd all about,
 Lay wicks of candles long burnt out ;
 Of squibs and crackers some remains,
 And drunken shouts, and scatter'd panes.
 There ghosts of marrow-puddings lay,
 Consum'd on that disgraceful day,
 All must condemn but *la Foret* *.
 I saw large piles of stupid praise,
 And shadows of deceas'd huzzas ;
 The semblance of a box of oak,
 The manly speech he never spoke.
 I saw, beside, his fame decay,
 And perish in the face of day.

* The master of the London Tavern.

Next,

Next, in a cave which yews o'ershade
 The Mischianza Hero * laid :
 I saw the sleeping soldier lie,
 His trembling heart and down-cast eye ;
 There, stern contempt and sullen mood,
 And scorn, with pointed finger stood ;
 And cold disgrace to satire turn'd,
 And shame, with all her blushes, burn'd.
 Dark clouds his tortur'd breast o'erspread ;
 I saw him die, I saw him dead.
 There Wilkes's slumb'ring atoms lay :
 There Fox forsook the realms of day ;
 In vain, he strove the charm to break,
 In vain, he strove to keep awake ;
 In vain, bold Freedom, warm'd his brain,
 He yawn'd, and dropp'd to sleep again.

A place there was, of solemn view,
 Where groves of weeping willows grew ;
 Where patriots lasting sabbaths kept,
 Where haughty Shelburne's honours slept ;
 And Richmond's scornful ghost was seen,
 As mute as though he 'd never been.
 There lay the Duke's confus'd ideas,
 Affected doubts, superfluous fears ;
 With definitions undefin'd,
 And all the lumber of his mind.
 Sawbridge's zeal, and Mawbey's sense
 And Bull's amazing eloquence.

* Sir William Howe.

And Dunning's wit, and Hartley's fire,
 Consum'd on one funereal pyre ;
 From which arose so great a smoke,
 I rubb'd my eyes, and starting 'woke.

SUMMER.

“ From opening fields of æther fair disclos'd,
 “ Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes.”

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

FAREWELL, tumultuous city scenes,
 Awhile Apollo's daughter means,
 To bid ye all adieu ;
 Content in less aspiring flights,
 To celebrate the rural rites,
 Which sun-burnt swains-renew.

Let brilliant bards, who thirst for bays,
 In sonnets swell Letitia's praise,
 Or court some patron Peer ;
 My honest Muse disdains a mask,
 Prefers—(harmonious happy task)
 To lisp the laughing year.

Delightful

Delightful theme ! to sing or say,
 How first the dawn, in dapple grey,
 Night's starry mantle dies ;
 'Till fring'd with purple, azure, gold,
 Aurora hastens to unfold
 The curtain of the skies.

The tenant of the turf prepares
 To chaunt aloud her pious pray'rs,
 And hail the God of day ;
 Creation rings beneath—above,
 With hymns of harmony and love,
 Sweet tenets of the spray.

Responsive, lowing through the land,
 The silly pasture-people stand,
 And lash their dewy sides ;
 Impatient 'till the tribute 's paid,
 To ruddy Kate, the farmer's maid,
 Who drains their milky tides.

An honest cag of home-brew'd beer,
 And scrip well stor'd, with savoury cheer,
 The mower's scythe sustains ;
 Who now to trim the matted mead,
 His leather doublet doffs with speed,
 Companion of his pains.

The verdure withering in the blaze,
 (Which now a cordial visit pays),
 Assumes a tawny mien,
 'Till blithesome hours with merry feet
 The daughters of the hamlet meet,
 To close the busy scene.

With joke and song, from side to side,
 The busy fork and rake are plied,
 To make the harvest sure ;
 The jealous bailiff saunt'ring by,
 To keep with circumspective eye
 His master's tythe secure.

Close penn'd beside the pebbly pool,
 (A tender class in nature's school)
 The fleecy clan appears ;
 Rudely compell'd by turns to lave
 Their woolly cloaks beneath the wave,
 To suit the yeoman's shears.

Panting beneath the noon-tide ray,
 The linnet lifts a languid lay,
 In furzy brake conceal'd ;
 The beasts, to shun the raging beam,
 Affect the shade or cooling stream,
 And desolate the field.

The

The provident mechanic bee,
 With every sweet of shrub or tree,
 Now loads his little thigh ;
 While sluggish drones in idle play,
 Buzzing the breath of life away,
 In giddy mazes fly.

The truant school-boy naked stands,
 Poising with close uplifted hands,
 'Then dashes down the deep ;
 While o'er his head in chearful chase,
 To skim the mirror's wrinkled vase,
 The twittering swallows sweep.

Now evening opes the village ball
 Around, 'tis peaceful pleasure all,
 Where love and laughter reign ;
 With pot and pipe, and tedious tale,
 The fathers of the flock regale,
 'Till night returns again.

Fain would the Muse, in friendly part,
 Impress this precept on thy heart,
 O youth ! attend her lay ;
 That time records what's done, or meant,
 And life, though long, and smoothly spent,
 Is but a Summer's day.

THE
 DESPONDING BARD.

“ How widow'd every thought of every joy !”
 YOUNG'S Night Thoughts,

SOFT enchanting peaceful pleasures,
 Dear delusions, whither fled ?
 Vain are all your magic measures,
 Music cannot soothe the dead.
 Why I weep, and why I pray,
 Let my lov'd Lucella say.

Nought can lull my deep distresses,
 Nought but death dissolve my chain ;
 Vain are friendship's kind caresses,
 Yes, her winning virtues vain.
 Why has friendship ceas'd to bless,
 Can 't my sweet Lucella guess ?

Such the anguish love infuses,
 Not the viol, nor the lute,
 Nor the more melodious Muses,
 Can it's simple sorrows suit.
 Why I waste the gushing tear,
 Wo'n't Lucella deign to hear ?

Once

Once I seiz'd the blest occasion,
Passion breath'd the gentle tale ;
Still she scorn'd my poor persuasion,
Still she lets the world prevail.
Why my bosom's doom'd to bleed,
Can Lucella laughing read ?

Pity, pardon, frantic sallies,
Oh ! forgive my sorrow'd song,
Shield me, shield me, woods and vallies,
Dreams of peace to thee belong.
Groans and graves shall grace my theme :
Patience ! can the tortur'd dream ?

Near some willow-kissing waters,
Let me seek the cypress shade ;
Far from beauty's cruel daughters,
Far from each inconstant maid.
Wake to woe, my languid reed,
Press a turf and die indeed.

THE
HERMIT AND RUINED ABBEY,

A FRAGMENT.

“ The cloud-cap'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 “ The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 “ Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve ;
 “ And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 “ Leave not a wreck behind !”

SHAKSPEARE'S TEMPEST,

DEEP in a desert's dull sequester'd gloom,
 In infant time a reverend Dervise trod,
 To count his sands, deliberate his doom,
 His path was nature, and his pillow God.

In youth, he learn'd the world was wond'rous vain,
 That coy contentment seldom sojourn'd there ;
 He fled the world from passion and from pain,
 In silence sought himself and found the fair.

Hq

He learnt that pleasure was a specious theme,
 He learnt that wealth did not to gold belong,
 He learnt that love was all a flatt'ring dream,
 Friendship a farce, sincerity a song.

He felt the abject poverty of pride,
 He found philanthropy a fable fair ;
 That fraud to honesty was near allied,
 Treachery a trade, and piety a pray'r.

The court, the camp, the senate-house he sought,
 Solv'd ev'ry science, each refinement woo'd ;
 Still peace denied a patronage to thought,
 Who tunes her heavenly harp in solitude.

Till taught that life was darkness and distress,
 A doubt, a breath, a paradox, a span,
 An antique Abbey form'd his lone recess,
 From vice, from woe, from vanity, and man.

Round where this rude religious relic stood,
 Grim desolation dull dominion kept ;
 In mournful murmurs ooz'd a sleepy flood,
 Which oziens sighing sooth'd, while willows wept.

Near proud pilasters, nodding to their fall,
 Stupendous stones in shatter'd fragments lay ;
 Stooping to dust the venerable wall
 In wintr'y vest was vanishing away.

In

In vain the ivy clasp'd with fond embrace
 The turret tott'ring on the time-struck tow'r;
 The frowning fabric, bowing to its base,
 Obedient own'd the persecuting pow'r.

Brave fretted roofs that lately scal'd the sky,
 The aged architrave, and sculptur'd freeze;
 Each hoary honour trembl'd from on high,
 Each moss-clad moulding quiv'ring with the breeze.

No pealing anthems shook the palsied pile,
 A sacred silence sway'd supreme around;
 Save when some ruin 'woke the echoing aile,
 Each dreary vault rehears'd the sullen sound;

Save when the owl, of melancholy mien,
 In midnight mop'd the horrid hours along,
 Disturb'd by fits, the sadly solemn scene,
 Hooting her savage solitary song.

Oft when the moon, pale polishing the night,
 Through ev'ry chink a languid lustre shed,
 Calm contemplation would the Sage invite,
 To learn the living lectures of the dead.

Death's clay-cold college one poor class supply'd,
 In speculation each degree he took;
 His muse was virtue, wisdom was his guide,
 Each tomb a tutor, and each bone a book.

Huge

Huge fractur'd arches, crazy-cavern deep,
Where mutt'ring winds, in growling accents talk,
Where dewy damps, and pois'nous vapours weep,
Imperfect spells and uncouth whisperings walk.

Where once the chisel breath'd the bold design,
The sculptor's pride, and adoration too,
Vile toad-stools sprout, and noxious adders twine,
And skulls and coffins glare confess'd to view.

There wrapp'd in thought, by flames seraphic fir'd,
His kindling heart would thus in dust adore ;
“ Oh thou, whose hallow'd breath my soul inspir'd ;
“ A prostrate worm ———

[*Cætera desunt.*]

AN

ELEGIAC PASTORAL.

“ Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 “ Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.”

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

WELL may'st thou mourn (afflicted Peggy said)
 A brother, Patty, gone, for ever gone ;
 The goodliest youth, that ever woo'd a maid,
 That ever led his lambs along the lawn..

Indeed, my love, this wond'rous woe appears,
 No partial fondness in my friend and me,
 For ev'ry eye brimful of talking tears,
 Each good man shepherd weeps as well as we.

But now, I saw the dear remains convey'd,
 'Neath yonder yew where all his kindred slept,
 The sexton sigh'd as stooping o'er his spade,
 And staid the burial while the vicar wept.

Ah !

Ah! luckless lad, methinks I see him still,
In blithesome sort, as at the happy hour,
When first he met poor Peggy at the mill,
And left his sack, to carry home her flour.

PATTY.

Nay, all can witness, Robin was endued
With ev'ry grace a sister could desire,
The kindest soul! if Patty bak'd or brew'd,
He 'd fetch the furze and bavins for her fire.

How oft when milking has he left his team,
To watch the oven lest my bread should burn;
Oft from my pans has nicely skim'd the cream,
And taught me ev'ry spell to charm the churn.

But this day-week, 'tis present to my view,
Alas! to think how soon the best may die,
He shell'd my beans, and cut the gammon too,
And pick'd my gooseberries to make the pie.

PEGGY.

Ah! why did Robin fairly win my heart,
With civil speeches, t'other market day?
Why kindly kiss my lips in friendly part,
And bear my eggs and butter all the way?

PATTY.

PATTY.

This camblet bodice, fit for Sunday wear,
 He gave, without or wages or reward,
 And brought the scarlet breast-knot from the fair,
 To please his Patty, of his own accord.

PEGGY.

There sleep his bones in yonder tufted grave,
 Who once excell'd in wrestling and the race ;
 Who once at church could sweetly chaunt a stave ;
 And sung the *Early Horn*, and *Chevy Chase*.

PATTY.

Alas ! his tongue must rest for ever still,
 Whose merry joke did all our pastime make ;
 His cudgel now has lost its master's skill,
 So wont to win the triumph at the wake.

But now we'll part, I fear the day grows late,
 And meet to-morrow in the shady lane ;
 And weep to think of Robin's wretched fate,
 Sum all his virtues up, and weep again.

AN

AN

ADDRESS TO A SCULL.

A MIDNIGHT REFLECTION.

You provide the noblest materials for building, when a pickaxe and a spade are only necessary; and build houses of five hundred by one hundred feet, forgetting that of six by two.

HORACE.

HUSH'D is the passing deep-ton'd funereal knell,
 Twelve times the clapper strikes the preaching bell,
 'Tis so.—Yes, bark! I hear the simple chime,
 That shakes the steeple every stage of time.
 The rooks and daws, dark tenants of the tow'r,
 Catch the alarm, and croak the midnight hour.
 Complacent sleep, kind nature's loveliest law,
 Arrests the peasant, stretch'd along the straw;
 Nor is oblivion's balmy boon denied
 To charm the dog, fast snoring by his side;
 Black clouds of double darkness dress the pole,
 And not one star is twinkling through the whole.
 All; all, is deep indissoluble gloom,
 Silent as death, and awful as the tomb;

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K

Yet

Yet night, how fair, in all this pomp confess'd
 To deeds black brooding in the guilty breast !
 Now shapeless forms and hideous spectres dance
 Athwart imagination's vivid glance ;
 Now fertile fears suggest the phantom foul,
 I hear the death-watch tick, the mastiff howl ;
 The felon now attacks the miser's door,
 And now pale murder prints her steps with gore ;
 Dull fancy now her dreary path pursues,
 'Midst groves of cypress and unhallow'd yews ;
 Poetic visions vanish from my brain,
 And my pulse throbs as feebly as my strain.
 How sad this scene ! how mortal and how dull !
 A *Drelincourt*, a taper, and a scull !
 How fit to feed the intellectual eye !
 Memento's moral of mortality.
 What means this sudden strange instinctive start ?
 This solemn something creeping to my heart ?
 Why fear to read a gracious God's decree ?
 Why fear to look on what I soon must be ?
 Would'st thou, my soul, subvert great nature's ends ?
 If not, be these thy moralizing friends :
 The truths they teach will reconcile thy doom,
 The charge they bring is life beyond the tomb.
 Can man be proud ? vain atom ! is he proud
 Of charms that claim the coffin and the shroud ?
 Come let him read this wretched relic o'er,
 Here fix his thoughts, and then be vain no more.
 How glare these sockets, which did once supply
 The visual nerve, the spirit-speaking eye !

How

How bare this bone where crimson currents turn'd,
 Health mantled high, and comely blushes burn'd !
 Beneath this roof, perhaps, there dwelt a tongue,
 Where proud persuasion's honied accents hung ;
 In courts and senates could command applause,
 Right nobly plead for liberties and laws ;
 Entrance attention, into rapture wrought,
 With diction dress th' energetic thought ;
 Of love, so smoothly talk the time along,
 In cadence sweet, emphatically strong.
 Did all this mighty eloquence of man
 Pursue some specious speculative plan,
 Did dissertation circumscribe his aim,
 How poor the pompous candidate for fame !
 Did all his learning, all his genius reach,
 But just to play with language, polish speech ;
 Did all his powers no sacred truths define,
 Support no tenets, orthodox divine,
 Publish no precept, no religion raise,
 No worship dictate, or perform no praise ;
 Far humbler heads might all those pow'rs despise,
 Wisdom's true sons are *virtuously* wise ;
 Death, Death, has seal'd that tongue, to charm no
 more,
 Grim Death, that silenc'd Cicero's before.
 Who knows, perhaps this scull might once contain
 Some rich materials for the lofty strain ;
 Inform'd, enrapt with more than mortal fire,
 Soar'd in strong sense, and lectur'd in the lyre ;

With manly wit the finish'd treatise wrought,
 Each period pointed, harmoniz'd each thought;
 Pleas'd in persuasive; taught in sacred rhyme,
 In satire scourg'd, but triumph'd in sublime.
 Perhaps this scull (for supposition's free)
 Was some great master in philosophy,
 Some pedant proud, who kept the schools in awe,
 Somè deep logician trav'ling with a straw,
 Lost in the dull dark labyrinths of law. }
 Perhaps this scull might once convert an age,
 And left posterity the pious page ;
 In years of yore the wholesome statute frame ;
 Midst chains and darkness, kindle freedom's flame
 With patriot fire a nation's night repeal ;
 Plant some police, or prop some common-weal.
 Perhaps, again, some captive race restor'd,
 Or doom'd its free-born brethren to the sword ;
 Whole kingdoms' curses may to this belong,
 That sold a people's birth-right for a song.
 Perhaps some head, by mad'ning fancy fir'd,
 Some gospel lamp, by Holy Heaven inspir'd,
 Some hellish engine, that did oft confer
 With foul debate, and midnight massacre ;
 That lost a laurel, or a kingdom won,
 Center'd in earth, or soar'd beyond the sun.
 Be what it might, all casuists now must own,
 'Tis mortal, mortal, yea, the bone's a bone.
 Let vain ambition learn this lesson hence,
 Howe'er distinguish'd, dignified for sense,
 Whate'er

Whate'er the honour'd ensigns of renown,
 The cap, the hood, the mitre, or the crown,
 Death levels all, nor parts nor pow'rs can save ;
 Great Milton's self was mortal in the grave,
 Who sung and prov'd, with inspiration strong,
 The soul immortal in immortal song.
 Hark ! thus it speaks, ingenious sons of men,
 Why boast the chissel, pencil, or the pen ?
 What though the world ascribe to Milton's name
 A mortal immortality of fame ;
 Will Fame, who oft denies her children bread,
 Deceive the living, discompose the dead ?
 No ; Fame's a breath, can little life supply,
 And breath must fail, forsake us, when we die ;
 In Death's dark realm all opposites ally,
 Cæsar and Cato, Solomon and I.
 But Death shall die, and judgment shall declare,
 Distinction's weigh'd by piety and pray'r.
 Come, grace divine, almighty aid impart,
 Come, grace divine, and cultivate my heart.
 To him I bend the penitential knee,
 Who groan'd and bled, and died, and rose, for me !
 Who knows how soon my latter days shall dawn,
 Who knows these eyes shall greet the morrow's morn ;
 But morn and night, till death my doom decide,
 Be thou, O scull ! my monitor and guide ;
 Preach, preach aloud, on princely Philip's plan,
 Tell me I'm dust, oh ! warn me I'm a MAN.

A POETIC EPISTLE TO ———.

DEAR SIR,

FOR your friendly epistle, I say in return,
 You write such good verses, with envy I burn ;
 And that all the good souls of your gay congrega-
 tion

Are entitled to thanks for the kind invitation.

Pray thank 'em, and thank 'em, and thank 'em sin-
 cerely,

Let the ladies be told, that I love them all dearly ;
 Tell the gentlemen too, they have all my best
 wishes,

But I cannot partake of your loaves and your fishes.
 I've the palsy, the cholick, the gravel, the gout,
 And my wife's brought-to-bed—so I cannot stir out ;
 And my horse is so lame, and the stage is so crowded,
 And the roads are so vile, and the day is so clouded,
 That in case this man *went, for to come, for to go,*
 He might flounce in a ditch, or be lost in the snow.
 Beside, I've been thinking the coach can't arrive
 At Hampton, 'till dusk, I'll suppose about five,
 But supposing it six ; Lord ! I tremble to think on't,
 (I protest I've not slept without dreaming a wink
 on't.)

In

In the dark, Sir, the dark, to cross over the ferry,
It would damp all my mirth, were I ever so merry.
I should quake like a custard, I should, by the Lord,
Sir!

And sweat like a thief with his neck in a cord, Sir;
For I'm taught by the genius which nature first
gave me,
Should the boat overset, my poor wits would not
save me.

But supposing I got safely over this trouble,
When I came to the Hurst, my afflictions would
double,

While the fog is so thick, I should sure lose my way,
And ramble all night 'till the dawn of the day.

Break my nose against trees, and my shins against
stiles,

Ere I get to your house, which from thence is two
miles.

So I beg you'll convince them, no want of respect
Has prompted the bard to this seeming neglect.

He's as proud as a prince of the honor that's done
him,

And is forc'd to confess, that your verses have won
him.

I wish you both joy of your state hymeneal;

May your pleasures be perfect! your pains all ideal!

Tell the heads of your house, I respectfully thank
'em,

For asking me down, and will certainly rank 'em

Among my best friends, if they'll only excuse me,
 And tell little T——, she must not abuse me.
 May ye sing and rejoice, and crack jokes, and cut
 capers,
 From morning till midnight, by day light and tapers!
 And when next I behold ye, dear masters and misses,
 I'll make an excuse, ten times better than this is.—



VERSES

PRESENTED TO

A LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN Laureats sing their New-year's Ode,
 What turgid thoughts appear ;
 Of labour'd nonsense, what a load,
 Deforms the rising year !

When flattery prompts the venal verse,
 On GEORGE's natal day ;
 The poem fills the Laureat's purse,
 Who writes for sack and pay.

No

No Muse inspires his free-born mind,
 No Muse directs his pen ;
 Fancy denies her joys refin'd,
 To sordid sons of men.

Not so, when love awakes the theme,
 Love, faithful and refin'd ;
 The Muse delights to prompt the dream,
 Which dignifies the mind.

Apollo warms the lover's breast,
 His dictates to fulfil ;
 And sends fair truth, by nature drest,
 To guide the poet's quill ;

To hail the day, when Mary's birth
 Did every grace supply ;
 To give the world a saint on earth,
 Pure as the saint on high.

From truth these lines sincerely flow,
 To truth I bend the knee ;
 Think with what joy my heart must glow,
 Inspir'd by *love* and thee.

Faithful to love's enchanting ties,
 My ardent verse shall run ;
 To hail this day when those sweet eyes,
 First open'd to the sun.

THE

THE

ORIGIN OF THE FIDDLE,

WRITTEN IN A TEMPLE, DEDICATED TO CLOACINA.

WHEN Orpheus first felt a sweet passion for
song,
Which at length drew fat oxen and elm trees along ;
In pursuit of the science he puzzled his brains,
For some instrument fit to give life to his strains :
First he play'd on the salt-box, but lik'd not the
tone,
Then the cleaver tried next, with a fine marrow-bone ;
Then he clatter'd his plate with both ends of the
spoon ;
But all these were too flat, too confin'd for a tune.
Next to brutes he apply'd, but all would not avail,
Though he pinch'd the cat's ear, and cut off the pig's
tail ;
For the notes were too sharp, were an octave too
high,
And too much like his wife's, to charm those who
stood by.
'Tis allow'd he could play tunes, as well as compose,
Having found out the organ by blowing his nose ;
And

And by whistling odd notes, as he water'd his steed,
'Tis conjectur'd by some he discover'd the reed ;
But the fiddle, whose sounds are so pregnant with
 bliss,
Fate ordain'd should be found in some temple like
 this ;
For it chanc'd as some wind once escap'd from the
 rear,
After taking some —— his bowels to clear,
That a note struck his fancy—this looks like a riddle,
But the place that it came from, he call'd a *bum-*
 fiddle.
So from that time to this—those who deal in sweet
 strains,
Have left out the *bum*—but the *fiddle* remains.

IMPROMPTU,

IMPROMPTU,

ON A CHILD.

LOVELY little Harry Man,
You must end where you began ;
Laugh and sing, and dance and play ;
For life 's at best a winter's day.

Merry creature, happy be,
Frolic while 'tis infancy ;
Joy too soon will fly away,
And prove that life 's a winter's day.

The morn of Spring will vanish soon,
Presume not much on Summer's noon ;
Pale Autumn brings the ringlets grey,
And death shuts up thy Winter's day.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

FOR THE PRESENT OF A HAUNCH OF VENISON.

ACCEPT, my dear Sir, for your very fine haunch,
 The thanks of a man, who's in gratitude staunch;
 With apologies too (for he certainly meant
 To have answer'd your note, on the day it was sent);
 But the clamour of *consols*, *scrip*, *omnium* and *fours*,
 The growls of the *bears*, and the *bulls* horrid roars,
 So confounded his mind, it may fairly be said,
 What was due to politeness slipp'd out of his head.
 Ah! memory, how could you serve a bard so,
 And neglect to come back, 'till an hour ago?
 Why wander so far? why forget one of those,
 Whom he'd honour in verse, in return for his prose;
 And invoke all the Muses, to sing like a lark,
 Of the present he met with from Osterly Park?
 O, Sir! had you seen it, laid flat on the dresser,
 By Betty, my cook, who is foolish, (God bless her!)
 Had you seen my maid Sarah, struck dumb with
 surprize,
 And exclaim to her mistress, Lord, ma'am! what
 a size!
 You'd have laugh'd 'till you could not see out of
 your eyes.

Little

Little Chloe was frisking, and made such a rout on't,
That she long'd for a taste, I have not the least
doubt on 't ;

While the cat stuck her tail bolt upright in the air,
And she mew'd, just to say, we've a right to a
share.

In short, my dear Sir, the intent of this letter
Is to say with great truth, that we ne'er saw a better.
A better was never produc'd from a fawn,
A better ne'er rang'd over forest or lawn ;
A better was never distinguish'd by feed
On the wild-thyme that shoots with the turf in the
mead ;

A better was never by gamekeeper 'hit,
A better was never impal'd by a spit ;
A better, I'm certain, was never yet basted,
A better on table was never yet tasted.

Nay, Quin, were he living, and reading this letter,
Would say, Man, you're right, for by G— there's
no better !

My good little wife, and the young fry around her,
Hob and nob at the feast, to the health of the foun-
der.

With my heart here's your health, (I need not put
my soul in),

And the health of my worthy good friend, Mr. Colin.
He's a man whom I love, who knows one I admire,
Children lisp him at Finchley, I sound a note higher.

ON

ON A

FAVOURITE MANSION.

SWEET Auburn ! ah ! how sweet that strain,
Which sings thy desolate domain !
Sweet Auburn ! exquisite appeal
To minds that muse, and hearts that feel !
There 's not a cot, there 's not a rill,
A steepled church or busy mill ;
There 's not a flock, there 's not a glade,
But on my mind impressions made ;
But yet one theme more pleases me,
The tasteful house of Highbury.

Say, who can Cotton's Muse divide ?
Who sings his favourite fire-side ?
O'er woods and vales, for bliss we roam,
But always find that bliss at home.
Bliss ! solid bliss, we ne'er shall find,
Unless 'tis seated in the mind ;
The chearful laugh, the social blaze,
The kind regard that friendship pays,
Do here delight ye, come and see
The tasteful house of Highbury.

Of

Of Windsor's shades, where Pope has sung,
I felt the charms when I was young ;
And o'er the wrinkles of my brow,
Those shades can cast a pleasure now.
The velvet lawns, the green retreats,
" The Monarch's and the Muse's seats,"
So sweetly warbled on his lyre,
Can all my thrilling soul inspire ;
But there's a theme, more sweet to me,
The tasteful house of Highbury.

Fancy delights to wander still
With Denham, on his Cooper's Hill ;
To taste, O Thames, thy glittering stream,
As silver'd by the solar beam,
The woods, thy wand'ring waves embrace,
The charms reflected on thy face :
On these I dwell, on these I find
A soft enchantment on the mind ;
But still one theme remains to me,
The tasteful house of Highbury.

ON

ON A

FAVOURITE LITTLE GIRL.

THEY who with gems delight their eyes,
 Or hoard the true antique with care,
 Can ne'er conceive how much I prize
 The auburn locks of Hannah's hair.

The brightest plume of varied dye,
 That gaily flutters through the air,
 Has not a single tint can vie
 With auburn locks of Hannah's hair.

The bloom of summer tempts the bee,
 The blushing rose, the lily fair ;
 Their hues have not a charm for me,
 Like auburn locks of Hannah's hair.

But, foe to beauty, foe to grace,
 O Time ! I know thou wilt not spare
 The lovely form of Hannah's face,
 The auburn locks of Hannah's hair.

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L

THE

THE
POLITICAL DANCE.

I HAD knock'd my last pipe out, and stepp'd into
bed,
It was twelve, or at least pretty near;
When the strangest conceits, found their way to my
head,
And thus fancy began her career.

My mind all the day had been thinking on France,
Her fleets, and her armies on shore;
So I dreamt that all nations stood up for a dance,
Such a dance as was ne'er seen before.

Sardinia, Germany, Prussia, and Spain,
Were the foremost who jugg'd it away;
Then England stood up—bid 'em play a bold strain,
And with Holland they all danc'd the hey.

Thus join'd hand-in-hand, they all danc'd in a ring,
FRANCE caper'd, and kick'd in the middle;
But so quick were their tunes, that they snapp'd
ev'ry string,
And broke down the bridge of the fiddle.

Though

Though the figure was chang'd, they still flourish'd
their toes,

I ne'er saw such work at a ball ;
FRANCE took out her snuff-box, and turn'd up her
nose,
Saying, " here 's face to face with you all."

Then she jump'd, and she footed, and frisk'd it to
Lisle,

She there danc'd the best, I must own ;
All the company said " she *advanc'd* in good style ;"
But again, she *fell back at Toulon.*

Such dancing must harrass poor mortals to death,
I remark'd how each strove for renown ;
But HOLLAND declar'd she was quite out of breath,
And, without asking leave, *she sat down.*

Poor Prussia, fatigu'd, was the next to begin,
A proposal to finish the rout ;
But SPAIN, starting back, said—" If Prussia *gives in,*
" I am sure it is time to *give out.*"

I dreamt there must now be an end to the fun,
And that no other feats would be shewn ;
For at length other dancers fell off, *one by one,*
And left ENGLAND and FRANCE all alone.

But again they went at it, each cried, " play away,"
Come, fiders, strike up to some tune ;
As to ENGLAND, her step was so vig'rous and gay,
That I thought she 'd leap over the *moon.*

Then they danc'd to the *Nile*—but in *Egypt*, good
lack !

My dream was put into a flurry ;
FRANCE made a *false step*, and fell flat on her back ;
And I thought she 'd not rise in a hurry.

Then I laugh'd in my sleeve, as she sprawl'd on the
floor,

When I saw her kick up both her heels ;
For RUSSIA and TURKEY bounc'd in at the door,
And with ENGLAND were dancing Scotch reels.

Well ! I thought I had got all their steps to a charm ;
Nay, while sleeping, I cried out—" I've got
'em !"

When I gave my poor wife such a thump on her
arm,

That she wak'd me by slapping my bottom.

BUONA

BUONAPARTE

TO THE

D I R E C T O R Y ,

GREETING.

ACCCEPT, O Citizens, a letter,
 Wrote from a tavern in Rosetta ;
 Where I am dining at my ease,
 On turtle-soup, and lamb, and pease,
 A pigeon-pic, a calve's-head hash'd,
 A plate of fine potatoes mash'd ;
 A Poland goose, and Chinese pheasant ;
 The rest I can't describe at present.
 We drink madeira, hock, and sherry,
 So officers and men are merry.
 At night we quaff from flowing bowls,
 You never saw such merry souls.
 But now to business—here we landed,
 And not a single soul was stranded.
 Fortune her favours showers down us,
 Fire can't burn, nor water drown us ;
 All is propitious to our wishes,
 We fly like birds, and swim like fishes.

L 3

And

And as we march'd along we're taughtall,
That every Frenchman is immortal ;
That there's no need of darns or stitches,
To mend a Frenchman's ragged breeches ;
That Frenchmen's coats can ne'er decay,
However other mortals may—
That Frenchmen need no common fare,
But fatten finely on the air—
And now, O citizens ! to matters,
May call your minds off from your platters ;
Rejoice ye ! at the news I tell,
A few are dead—but all are well ;
By day, so very apt to fry,
That not a single man is dry.
And if at night the welkin freezes,
There's not a single man that sneezes
Among the whole of the rascallions,
Which I have form'd into batallions.
And though the melons may be urging,
We have not had a single purging ;
And are in such compleat condition,
That home we do not fix a wish on ;
Our neighbours are a race of bucks,
I think they call them *Mameluks*,
A set of jolly dogs—but hang 'em,
You'd split your sides to see us bang 'em,
To see us seize their firelocks,
With golden pans, and silver cocks,
Their jackets all so fine and tawdry,
Bedizen'd out with such embroidery,

And

And then the dingy sons of w——s
 Have pockets cramm'd with Louis-d'ors †
 We've ragged elbows, and must piece 'em,
 In truth you'd laugh to see us fleece 'em.
 We kill'd all those who chose to stay,
 As for the rest they ran away.—
 Now, citizens, you may prepare o
 To hear of Buonaparte's fare o,
 At that same town, they call Grand Cairo. }
 The first night's supper, I'd by choice
 A fine fresh cod, and oyster sauce ;
 The army, all their mothers sons,
 Supp'd and slept sound on butter'd buns,
 And 'wak'd next morning to regale,
 On Banbury cakes, and Yorkshire ale.
 As tall and broad as oaks, the trees
 Are laden with wood strawberries.
 See but their woods, and you'll allow,
 They've toasted muffins on each bough.
 In short, we've all that we can wish
 Of flesh and fowl, and fruit and fish,
 All that can constitute a TREAT ;
 One thing we miss, and that's the FLEET.
 But to proceed, my dear Directors,
 The first and foremost of projectors,
 I fear we've rather got too far ;
 But so it is, and here we are.
 Last week I made my public entry,
 The first that has been seen this cent'ry :

'Twas made upon a brilliant day,
 'Twas very fine and very gay ;
 Not one Egyptian shew'd his bum,
 But all cried out we're glad you're come.
 One fellow, dingey as a Jew,
 Said, Sir, " Comment vous portez vous ?"
 The girls compar'd me to a beau,
 And all declar'd " he's *comme il faut* ;"
 For here you cannot find a wench,
 That is not fluent in her French :
 French tunes they play—French songs they sing,
 And talk it ! just like any thing.
 I kept the children all at play,
 By chucking pippins in their way ;
 Oh ! how you would enjoy the scrambles,
 I made among the butchers' shambles !
 B t to the purpose—first, my dears,
 We all beat up for volunteers—
 I told you I was sure they'd come,
 Soon as they heard the beat of drum.
 And so they did—for I enlisted
 All I could find were double-fisted,
 Not grenadiers that touch the sky,
 But punchy fellows four feet high ;
 Some of them fat, and some were frowsy,
 But every mother's son was lousy ;
 I'll make 'em fight—or I'll be curst,
 But I shall wash and comb 'em first ;
 To lice I've never favor shewn,
 We have so many of our own.

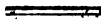
And

And, in addition to all these,
 Millions of pretty bugs and fleas,
 We 're all day cracking on our knees.
 If you were here, I 'm sure 'twould charm ye
 Just to behold our ragged army :
 Breeches run very short with many,
 The first batallions have not any.
 Half of our coats have lost their skirts ;
 We 've but one flap to forty shirts ;
 As to our shoes, no flints can tear 'em,
 Because, by Jove ! we never wear 'em ;
 But when the dogs begin to jaw,
 I make 'em all sing *Ca-ira* !
 Matins and vespers, shall be said,
 The *Ca-ira* ! till I am dead ;
 Matins and vespers shall be sung,
 The *Ca-ira* ! while I 've a tongue ;
 While I 've a tongue to give the law,
 The rogues shall all sing *Ca-ira*.
 I sometimes fight, and sometimes preach,
 And sometimes like to make a speech ;
 Messieurs, said I, we thus address'd 'em,
 While all the plagues of Egypt press'd 'em :
 Messieurs, said I, don 't frown and pout on 't,
 We 're in for 't, and we must get out on 't.
 You know I cannot do without ye,
 Cock up your chins, and look about ye.
 Is there among you one that prays
 For brighter scenes, and better days ?

Is there among you one of those
 Who whimpers while he blows his nose ?
 Is there—who dream when in their beds
 Of peepers clos'd and broken heads ?
 Is there, who would their honor stain,
 And tip the long trot home again ?
 Thrice cursed dastards, I'll be free,
 Such men are not the men for me ;
 That man I love, and ever shall,
 Who plumps his head against a wall ;
 Who shews a military soul,
 And goes slap-dash into a hole.
 I love the ranting tearing loon,
 Who plucks bright honor from the moon ;
 Or, seiz'd by some ambitious notion,
 Dives to the bottom of the ocean :
 Though common prudence may forbid it,
 Yet all the folks will say, "*he did it*"—
 " HE DID IT, conquers every fear—
 " HE DID IT, messmates, brought me here ;
 " And if you perish, fate forbid it !
 " By Jove, you all may say, HE DID IT."
 As cats assume a calmer cast,
 When caterwaulings all are past ;
 As rooks no more in clamours burst,
 When pluck'd and cramm'd beneath a crust ;
 As at the bank each *bull* and *bear*
 Are silent when no soul is there ;

Thus,

Thus, at the closing of my speech,
 Each man in silence scratch'd his breech ;
 Then cried, if heads must have a plaster,
 Why, mind your own, my jolly master.



CARMELIA'S BIRTH-DAY.

I NEVER lov'd the bard who sings
 In pompous verse of little kings ;
 Who dares debase the Muses sphere,
 To praise a prince, or soothe a peer ;
 Who stoops (mean man !) with servile rhymes,
 To mask some scoundrel nabob's crimes,
 And prove it just to steal rupees,
 That cutting throats is giving ease ;
 That sending souls to Pluto's shade
 Is getting wealth by honest trade ;
 That bribing votes may be forgiven,
 That perjury's the way to Heaven :
 Eternal Truth, to thee I pray,
 Keep such base rascals far away !
 Eternal dulness, seize the pen,
 That vindicates such wretched men !

Thus

Thus much for truth—well, now I'll write,
 Although I get no credit by 't,
 Such truths as are with safety read,
 How Chloe's lap-dog's brought to-bed;
 How one is black, and one is fair,
 And one is mark'd with spotted hair,
 As like mamma as it can stare.
 My truths shall charm both young and old,
 Sir! fire is hot, and ice is cold;
 The sun can shine, the winds can blow,
 The moon can change, the waters flow;
 A snail must creep, a kite may fly,
 Judge, madam—does the poet lie?
 Then, by that truth your servant loves,
 By Venus and her milk-white doves,
 By great Apollo's golden lyre,
 By all the sweet Parnassian choir,
 The Muse shall prompt a faithful lay,
 To hail Carmelia's nuptial day!

Soon as Aurora banish'd night,
 And usher'd in the morning light,
 Soon as the amorous sun had kiss'd
 From every hill the rising mist—
 Soon as the birds began to sing,
 Their matins to th' eternal King—
 The god of music left his bed,
 First rubb'd his eyes, then scratch'd his head;
 Then from his *chest of drawers* he chose
 A flaming suit of Sunday cloaths,

And

And play'd a most delightful jig,
 While Tom the barber dress'd his wig.
 With swinging tail, and high toupee,
 As fine as coxcomb need to be,
 He sung and play'd, and play'd and sung,
 'Till with his voice Elysium rung ;
 'Till all the Muses flock'd around,
 Transported with th' enchanting sound.
 " Fair ladies !—thus the God address'd,
 " Bless'd be this day, for ever bless'd,
 " Prepare your harps, dear girls, prepare
 " Your harps for some celestial air.
 " Sing like *Carmault*, this happy hour,
 " Sing like *Carmault*, if you have pow'r—
 " Let, let her praise inspire each pen"—
 The loves and graces cried, amen !
 " This happy day let mirth engage
 " The tranquil heart of saint and sage ;
 " Let all to pleasure bow the knee,
 " As late at Stratford's jubilee.
 " For know this day an earthly fair,
 " Who's long employ'd Apollo's care,
 " Whose voice Apollo taught to please,
 " Uniting elegance with ease,
 " Prepares to yield her heart and hands
 " To happy Hymen's silken bands.
 " I'm sure you know the nymph I mean,
 " You've heard her *Kate of Aberdeen*,
 " And many more celestial airs,
 " Which well reward Apollo's cares.

" You.

" You know how Orpheus charm'd the rocks,
 " Made capering cows, and dancing flocks :
 " So great his skill, so soft his tune,
 " Old elm trees danc'd a rigadon ;
 " While cats and kittens frisk'd along,
 " Attentive to his magic song.
 " But savage brutes and stupid trees,
 " Alas ! my Muses, what are these ?
 " This lovely nymph, who claims our praise,
 " Can captivate ten thousand ways ;
 " Can charm the sons of sense, and cause
 " Philosophy to hate her laws,
 " Those stupid forms and idle rules,
 " Which drowsy pedants teach in schools.
 " For her, divines forget their prayers,
 " Her song can soften *bulls* and *bears*."
 He ceas'd, and straight Parnassus rung,
 Carmelia's praise the Muses sung.
 Again, celestial voices raise
 A concert to Carmelia's praise.
 " Joy, joy, they sung, eternal joy,
 " Shall all Carmelia's days employ.
 " May love and music never cloy,
 " Joy, joy, they sung, eternal joy !"

The concert ceas'd as quick as thought,
 And every grace some present brought ;
 Not such as serve no moral ends,
 Not such as Stanhope recommends ;

They

They gave good sense, to charm the mind,
 A soul sincere, and temper kind,
 Engaging manners, social pow'rs,
 Good natur'd wit, and tranquil hours ;
 Beside one gift they ne'er can mend,
 They gave Miss T——n for her friend.
 Fair Plenty from her fruitful horn,
 Gave bags of wealth, and sheaves of corn ;
 Minerva too, with judgment nice,
 Gave what's as good, gave sound advice ;
 And every goddess, in her turn,
 Bade Hymen's torch with pleasure burn.



A PARODY OF

THE THREE WARNINGS.

ADDRESS'D TO MISS ——.

THE fair of riper years are found
 Inclined to wed while men abound ;
 'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
 That love of Hymen grew with years,
 So much that in our wiser stages,
 When wisdom charms, and wit engages,
 The greatest love for bliss appears.

This

This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, as all perceive ;
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
In neighbour Johnson's social way,
Old Bell, who fix'd the day of doom,
Call'd her into another room ;
And looking grave, " you must," said he,
" Quit this sweet land, and sail with me."
" With you, and trust to wind and tide !
" With you !" the hapless fair one cried.
" Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard,
" Beside, in truth, I'm not prepar'd.
" My thoughts on other matters go,
" I'm *young*, and you are *old*, you know."

What more she urg'd, I have not heard,
Her reasons could not well be stronger ;
So Bell the love-sick maiden spar'd,
And left to reign a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His grey head quaking as he spoke,
" Johnson," he said, " farewell—no more
" Shall Bell disturb your mirthful hour,
" And, further to avoid all blame
" Of cruelty upon my name,
" To give you time for preparation,
" And fit you for the married station,

" Three

“ Three several warnings you shall have,
 “ Ere you become my wedded slave ;
 “ Willing for once, I’ll quit my prey,
 “ And grant a kind reprieve ;
 “ In hopes you will no more delay,
 “ But, when I call again this way,
 “ Well pleas’d this land will leave.”

To these conditions *both consented,*
 And *parted perfectly contented.*

What next the heroine of my tale befell,
 How long she reign’d, how wise, how well,
 How oddly she pursu’d her course,
 And pray’d to Heaven till she was hoarse,
 The willing Muse shall tell.

She prattled then, she bought, she sold,
Nor car’d a fig for young or old ;
 Nor thought of Bell as near :
 Her friends not false, her maid no shrew,
 She gain’d at whist, and lost at loo,
 And pass’d her hours in peace :
 But while she view’d her joys increase,
 While thus along life’s dusty road,
 The beaten track content she trod,
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
 Uncall’d, unheeded, unawares,
 Brought on Bell’s sixtieth year ;

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M

And

And now one night in musing mood,
 As all alone she sat,
 Th' unwelcome messenger of fate,
 Old Bell, before her stood.

Half kill'd with terror and surprise,
 " So soon return'd !" Miss Johnson cries,
 " So soon ! d 'ye call it ?"—Bell replies,
 " Surely, my love, you 're but in jest ;
 " Since I was here before,
 " Some coxcomb has usurp'd your breast.
 " You think of Bell no more."

So much the worse, the fair rejoin'd,
 To leave me free, Sir, would be kind.

" However, see your acts be legal,
 " And your pretension, is it regal ?
 " Else you are come on a fool's errand,
 " With but a *Secretary's warrant*.
 " Beside, you promis'd me three warnings,
 " Which I have look'd for nights and mornings ;
 " But for this loss of time and ease,
 " I 'll one day plague you as I please."

" I know, cries Bell, that at the best
 " I cannot be a welcome guest ;
 " But don 't be captious, ma'am, at least.
 " I little thought you 'd still be able
 " To keep *three* blockheads round your table,

" Your

“ Your reign has run to a great length,
 “ I wish you joy, though, of your strength.

“ Hold,” says fair Johnson, “ not so fast,
 “ Harris is dead this twelvemonth past.”

“ And no great wonder,” Bell replies,
 “ But *two* remain to tell you lies,
 “ And sure to see such valued friends,
 “ For Harris lost, may make amends.”
 “ Perhaps,” says Miss, “ and so it might,
 “ But latterly I’ve lost *Tom Wright*.”

“ This is a shocking story, faith ;
 “ But pray don’t fret yourself to death,
 “ *Man* strives your sadness to amuse—
 “ A clumsy wit in dirty shoes.”

“ He’s none,” cried Miss, “ and if he were,
 “ I’d shew the coxcomb down the stair.”

“ Nay,” then old squaretoes stern rejoin’d,
 “ These are unjustifiable scornings ;
 “ *If not a soul is left behind :*
 “ You’ve had your *three* sufficient warnings.
 “ So come along, no more we’ll part.”
 Then Hymen fix’d the lady’s heart,
 And now Miss Johnson turning pale,
 Yields to her fate ; so ends my tale.

TO A

GENTLEMAN,

WHO HAD SENT OUR AUTHOR A PIG.

“ Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endoed,
“ Cried, Send, ye Gods, a whole hog barbecued.”

DEAR SIR,

THE woman certainly was mad,
Lord! what an appetite she had,
A nasty toad upon my soul!
What, want a hog, to eat the whole.
At Egypt's famous *fête champêtre*,
Where boars were dress'd for Cleopatra;
I don't believe that any dish,
Gave rise to half so vile a wish.
“ Oh! curse her guts!” my cook would say,
You know, my friend, their vulgar way,
And therefore will I'm sure excuse
A line that must disgrace the Muse.
As for myself, I'm free to tell,
I really like a pig as well,
Nay better, if you come to that,
I can't eat pork because it's fat;

But

But as to pigs—the pigs of Whites,
By Jove ! they charm our appetites.
At what is good, I love to drive,
As well as any priest alive.
And trust you need not, Sir, be told,
Young things I still prefer to old.
Thus lamb to mutton, veal to beef,
May be preferr'd, 'tis my belief.
For tough old ducks, and ancient pease,
Let me have young ones if you please.
And so with girls, brisk, modest, bold ones,
Young maids I kiss before the old ones.
Thus, though you see I write in haste,
I give a hint respecting taste,
And beg your mode you will not alter,
Send me no hog, Sir, in a halter,
But stick to pigs, go on, be free,
And, *please the pigs*, they shall please me.

LLANTHONY ABBEY.

RETIR'D from folly, noise, and strife,
From town, and all its busy calls ;
Here let me muse awhile on life,
Beneath Llanthony's Abbey walls.

How many hearts have here grown cold,
That sleep these mould'ring tombs among !
How many beads have here been told !
How many matins here been sung !

Though arches sink, and tow'rs lie low,
Though fretted roofs are now no more ;
Yet still enough remains to shew
The builder's pride in days of yore.

Ah, solemn scene ! from views like this
A pensive contemplation springs ;
To think how insecure the bliss,
That rests on sublunary things !

Here, when the morning breezes play'd,
On flocks loose scatter'd o'er the hill,
The hoary fathers oft survey'd
The circling mazes of the mill.

Or,

Or, thoughtful, pass'd the noon-tide hour
 In shades remote from cloister'd cells ;
 Or left the charm of fancy's pow'r,
 While list'ning to the midnight bells.

Here, on some calm contented head,
 To these sequester'd woods resign'd,
 In moon-light walks might Fancy shed
 Her sweetest magic o'er the mind.

While Fancy roams the furze-clad heath,
 There's not a hut, there's not a tree,
 There's not a sloping copse beneath,
 But points a pleasing charm to me.

On this rude stone, by time long broke,
 I think I see some pilgrim kneel ;
 I think I see the censer smoke ;
 I think I hear the solemn peal.

But here no more soft music floats,
 No holy anthems chaunted now ;
 All's hush'd, except the ring-dove's notes,
 Low murm'ring from yon beachen bough.

Come Pomp, come Pride, bring all your state,
 Come view with me this mould'ring pile ;
 Come, learn how grandeur yields to fate,
 And boast no more of fortune's smile.

Come, learn—but now the ev'ning lowers—
 See the pale moon her course pursue ;
 Adieu, Llanthony's sylvan bowers !
 Llanthony's ruins all, adieu.

THE DISLOCATION,

WRITTEN WHILE CONFINED BY A BROKEN LEG.

THE man who dislocates a leg,
 From ease, has some cessation ;
 But all the world as warmly beg,
 To avoid a dislocation.

The minister who makes a rout,
 And swears he'll serve the nation,
 First serves himself—but turn him out,
 He feels a dislocation.

The lawyer, when he's doom'd to swing,
 For robbing in his station,
 Calls justice a confounded thing ;
 And dreads a dislocation.

The

The fair, long used to walk the town,
If chance bring elevation,
From splendor once again let down,
Laments her dislocation.

The wife who weds some worthless sot,
And finds a separation,
With transport triumphs in her lot,
And boasts her dislocation.

The coward dreads the battle's roar,
And yields to trepidation ;
Wisely sells out the day before,
And laughs at dislocation.

The miser who has robb'd his ward,
If law gives reparation,
Jumps on a stool, and grasps a cord,
And courts a dislocation.

Courtiers to kings are buzzing flies,
Hang flattery's inundation !
The garter'd pimp fawns, cringes, lies,
To avoid a dislocation.

When some gay widow thinks upon
A spouse in humble station ;
She pats his cheek, and cries " Dear John,
" Don't fear a dislocation,"

Ah !

Ah! greasy chins! Ah, chins of grease!
 Ah, Guildhall devastation!
 Where legs of turkies, ducks, and geese,
 Are doom'd to dislocation.



THE FOLLOWING SPEECH IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN
 SPOKEN IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN THE
 NINTH CENTURY*.

MY LORDS,

THE bill now before you appears so mysterious,
 So nonsensical, comical, laughable, serious—
It stalks so in buskin, and skips so in sock,
 That I'm puzzled, my Lords, therefore talk like a
 block.

The bill has two heads—first it hinders from walking,
 In the second, my Lords, it prohibits all talking.
 As to walking, my Lords, working folks have but
 one day,
 For gadding about, which you know is on Sunday;
 When shopmen from counters, and maids from the
 garret,
 Dress'd in best bibs and tuckers, as smart as a carrot;

* See Lord Abingdon's Speech, June 1781.

Not

Not to ramble about in broad day-light at noon,
 Nor to study the stars by the light of the moon ;
 No, my Lords, lest their charms be expos'd to the
 air,

They wisely resort to the house in the square ;
 Where, my Lords, I have seen, or at least have been
 told,

That ice cools the hot, and green-tea warms the
 cold :

There 's no other refreshment for people that come,
 Except walking the *omne quod exit in um*.

This, my Lords, without taking too much of your
 time,

Is the whole of the charge, and the whole of the
 crime.

Now if walking 's a vice, my Lords, begging your
 pardons,

It is so in the park, and in Kensington gardens,
 Where refreshments are had, but it 's not my in-
 tention,

To speak a thing out, that 's indecent to mention,
 Where, my Lords, each gay lad shews his love to
 his lass,

And green is the gown which she gets on the grass.
 And beside this, my Lords, there 's another objec-
 tion,

The bill should have struck at the Pall-mall erection,
 Where the Doctor's impurities * seem to be such,
 Justice took away some, but the rest she won't
 touch ;

* Graham.

And

And the reason is plain, as this paper * declares,
 'Tis a school where us Nobles are taught to get heirs.
 On the Bishops, my Lords, too, the Doctor is witty,
 Who exorcis'd the beds, for their carroty Kitty,
 Who with old Mrs. Windsor, and Matthews, and
 Adams,

Are appointed commanders to manage the madams.
 As to talking, my Lords, why, it must be confest,
 They talk to get rid of what will not digest ;
 For on Sunday they swallow so much about faith,
 That they talk to explain what the minister saith ;
 Paying sixpence a-piece, their poor pockets to ease,
 And enlighten their minds over porter and cheese ;
 But, my Lords, if you mean our own manners to
 mend,

Why should not some clauses to Brooks's extend ?
 Where, shame to the members ! discourse is so
 tawdry,

That, my Lords, I'm inform'd they will sometimes
 talk b——y :

Yes, b——y, my Lords, aye, or politics either,
 Not blasphemy, no, not so bad as that neither.
 But it is not this house, 'tis the parsons, odd rot 'em !
 'Tis Oxford and Cambridge, who are at the bottom
 Of all this affair, which we talk of to-day ;
 And what learning directs, we, like fools, must obey.
 But, my Lords, I'm no fool, learned clerks sha'n't
 compel me

To believe half the things, they think proper to tell
 me ;

* The Doctor's hand-bill.

I'm

I'm none of your blockheads who kneel on a hassoc,
 To look for a cloven-foot under a cassoc.
 Truth lies in a well, and, however I praise it,
 Priests are but the buckets, appointed to raise it.
 I have read Mr. Locke, and that great man doth say,
 Those who do not believe can't be bound to obey.
 Thus, my Lords, to your lordships, my mind I dis-
 close it,
 I object to this bill, and shall therefore oppose it.

A VALENTINE.

How d'ye do, said I, Mrs. Williams * how d'ye
 do?
 Pretty well, I thank you, said Mrs. Williams, how
 do you?
 Now you must know, Mrs. Williams tells fortunes
 and such sort of things,
 By the help of coffee grounds and magical rings.
 And as I am a widower, and very much want to be
 married,
 I ask'd Mrs. Williams how my future was like to be
 carried.

* A famous fortune-teller.

Sir,

Sir, said she, you'll have a widow, that is not in the
least haughty,

Is very fair, and very fat, and something about forty.

She is remarkably lively, and sings a charming song,

And dances sarabands and rigadoons all the day long.

Pray, Mrs. Williams, said I, as her size is so
spankin,

Will you tell me her name? and she said it was
Rankin.

Then she look'd in her books, and she shew'd me a
sign,

By which I discover'd you are to be my Valentine.

She says, if you knew me, she's sure you'd be ready,

To marry me to-morrow morning, I am so remark-
ably steady,

And make so lovely a figure in traces,

And go so uncommonly well in all my paces,

I'm rather short in cash, so there the shoe pinches,

But as for height, I am five feet and four inches.

Now, I have given you my dimensions,

You'll be the better able to judge of my pretensions;

And if you'll marry me, my temper is so supple,

Your life will be a jubilee, and we shall be call'd the
constant couple.

Goody, in fine—the stars divine,

That you must be my Valentine;

So rise, my love, at dawn of day,

The calls of Cupid all obey;

If you will shake your sides you may,

And pardon nonsense wrote in play.

TO

TO A LADY,

WITH A HARE.

ACCEPT, dear Friend, this gift I send,
A gift most choice and rare ;
To send a bird, I thought absurd,
And therefore send a hare.
By all I love ! the Gods above
Should my devotion share ;
Might I catch thee, as easily
As I can catch a hare.

When cold winds blow, and frost and snow,
Create elastic air ;
We course our steeds o'er frozen meads,
And hunt the rapid hare.
No toil we mind, if sport we find,
And I no toil would spare ;
Might I catch thee, as easily
As I can catch a hare.

The game in view, we still pursue,
O'er heaths and mountains bare ;
I've sometimes thought, the *dog has caught*,
But still have miss'd the hare.

If

If tricks like these your fancy please,
 You 'll make me stamp and stare ;
 I can't lose thee so easily
 As I can *lose* a hare.

But here is one has ceas'd to run,
 It's sent to town with care ;
 Though oft he 's play'd, in sun and shade,
 We've now confin'd the hare.
 My cousin's mind, when once *confin'd*,
 Will make me blest I swear ;
 Might I *keep* thee, as easily,
 As I have kept this hare.

TO THE SAME.

HE brought, fair Lady (shameful freedom !)
 The Sermons, fearing you would need 'em ;
 But now suspects, you will not heed 'em,
 Since you 're engaged, and cannot read 'em.

THE

THE
 LEG AND FOOT
 OF

FENCHURCH-STREET.

THREE goddesses, as poets say,
 Assembled on a certain day,
 Intent their graces to display,
 When Paris gave the prize away.
 Ah, Paris! there you did not meet
 The Leg and Foot of Fenchurch-street.

Juno distinguish'd in the skies,
 For bright, majestic, awful eyes,
 Replete with confidence relies
 That Paris gives to her the prize.
 One charm had made her claim complete,
 The Leg and Foot of Fenchurch-street.

Pallas with her commanding mien,
 More striking than the Cyprian Queen,

Most surely had successful been,
 Had she possess'd, and Paris seen,
 A limb so nicely form'd and neat,
 The Leg and Foot of Fenchurch-street,

It seems, some contemplation past,
 Before the shepherd's die was cast ;
 And Venus got the prize at last,
 And held the golden-pippin fast ;
 One charm all Venus boasts can beat,
 The Leg and Foot of Fenchurch-street.



MOLSEY-HURST ;

A DITTY.

TO MISS ——— T——N.

I COULD laugh, I could cry, I could scold, I
 could pray :

For what cause ? I have not seen Miss T——n to-
 day.

I have drawn on my boots, I have saddled my poney,
 I have cock'd my old hat, like a turf macaroni.

I have

I have trotted to Molesey, and spurr'd o'er the plain,
 To behold the dull Duke, and return back again.
 I am lost, I am crost, I am ruin'd, and undone,
 Not the Duke, nor the Devil, seduc'd me from London;
 Not the Duke, nor the Devil, could tempt me to travel
 Through lanes full of dust, and through roads full of gravel.
 I am griev'd to the soul, I am tortur'd, by heavens!
 And my spirits are left quite at sixes and sevens.
 Of courage and comfort, no grain can I muster,
 For the day has no light, and the sun has no lustre.
 Molesey-hurst has no charms, Molesey-hurst has no pleasure,
 Molesey-hurst has no treat, Molesey-hurst has no treasure.

The fairies inform'd me they thought they had seen
 The goddess of beauty trip o'er the green;
 But could not be certain, confessing some doubt,
 As the goddess of wisdom was seen therabout,
 That goddess of wisdom, who strove for the apple,
 Who lives in a street, that is near to Whitechapel;
 Who abandon'd her friends, and set off in an hurry,
 To enjoy tranquil scenes, in the county of Surry.
 Queen Mab, whose vagaries are light as a feather,
 Assur'd me she met *wit* and *beauty together*,
 As she *slept* in a coach, in obedience to fashions,
 And laugh'd at dull rogues, who indulg'd the soft passions.

You will find her, said Mab, if you choose to enquire
For the house near the grove, that belongs to the
squire ;

She repos'd there last night, we may call it repos-
ing,

As my musical dreams kept her spirits just dozing ;
For I danced on her pillow, and tript round her cur-
tain,

I think her name 's T——n, but cannot be certain.

Well, this was rare news, so my heart became
lighter,

The fields look'd more green, and the hedges grew
brighter ;

The birds sung much sweeter, my horse gallop'd
faster,

For my beast took a part in the joy of his master.

I at length check'd my rein, and debated maturely,
Shall I call at the Squire's? said Courage, most surely ;
You will see her, says *Hope*; but, said Fear, there is
danger,

Will you knock at strange gates, when you know
you 're a stranger ?

Mr. H——x will stare, Mrs. H——x will wonder,
Miss C——t will laugh out, and her brother will
blunder.

Ere you venture such visits, grow smarter and
prouder,

For your dress has no taste, and your wig has no
powder.

Better

Better ride to the Hurst, and by Fortune's assistance
You may get a sly glanee, though you keep a good
distance.

Then I spurr'd Rosinante, and rode to the Hurst:
How I watch'd, how I pray'd, how I rav'd, how I
curst!

She engag'd to be here, yet I cannot behold her,
She engag'd to be here: by my soul! I could scold
her;

When she said she'd be here, all her wits were
about her,

Yet I see Miss C——t has come hither without her.
I examin'd each coach, every chaisé, and each
sulky,

Ev'ry tumble-down horse, and each nag that was
bulky;

But in vain I examin'd, in vain was my care,
In vain were my hopes, no Miss T——n was there;
In vain I went forward, in vain I stood still;

In vain I rode round like a horse in a mill.

In vain to the gods I preferr'd a petition,
That they'd send the sweet maid, and relieve my
condition,

For the gods were engag'd, and refus'd to attend me,
My good genius was absent, and could not befriend
me.

My spirits were sunk, all my prospects were faded,
My stomach was empty, my horse was quite jaded,
The rain fell apace, hills and vallies were smoking,
My jacket was sous'd, and my trowsers were soak
ing.

So I rode to the Bell, as distress'd as a sinner,
 Got a pint of curst port, and a boil'd fowl for dinner:
 Call'd the cook an old b——h, damn'd the fool of a
 waiter,
 Swore my host was a scoundrel, his father a traitor.
 But I cannot insist that these people did fear me,
 As I swore to myself, that no creature might hear
 me ;
 Then I got pen and ink, and gave vent to my sor-
 row,
 And will send what I write to torment you to-mor-
 row.

MUSIC.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

TO hear my Emma play sad tune,
 I'm sure would make a *Jew* sick ;
 For all her mornings, nights, and noons,
 Are spent in *spoiling music*.

For

For Emma sleeping o'er her notes
Must make both me and *you sick* ;
This is the tale that Peter quotes,
Respecting Emma's music.

The flats and sharps are like Jews-harps,
They'll make a dozen or *two sick* :
Good Lord ! how ev'ry critic carps,
At my poor Emma's music.

When first she play'd, her music made
Each partial friend she *knew sick* ;
So that Papa has often said,
Confound my Emma's *music* !

Who would give figs, for airs or jigs,
That make both Sal and *Sue sick* ;
E'en grave divines would burn their wigs,
At hearing Emma's *music*.

*If Emma does not mend her hand,
'Twill make her master *too sick* ;
But Emma now I understand.
Is mending in her *music*.

Brilliant and bold, her fingers freed,
She now makes very *few sick* ;
She copies Creed, excels indeed,
And charms us with her *music*.

TO

MISS EMMA MAN.

WHAT! three pretty maidens at Miss Draper's
school,

And not one poor shilling between 'em!
To keep them so bare is a very sad rule;
Thus the folks all declare who have seen 'em.

But to poverty now make no longer pretence,
For to send you a crown is my fancy;
Two and sixpence for Emma, for Sall twenty-pence,
And the other odd ten-pence for Nancy.

So with music, and drawing, and fine work, and
books,

Let your head be stuff'd full as a taffy;
But your broth will be spoil'd if you've too many
cooks;

So at present postpone geography.

Plumbs, peaches, and apricots, all are come in,
Grapes and filberts will presently follow;
At the sight of the cash, Sally shortens her chin,
Emma widens her mouth with a hollow.

While

While Nancy, dear me ! what a blunder I 've made,
 In my head I too many things carry—
 Lord help us ! I hope it will never be said,
 That old Hal has forgot little Harry.

What, Harry boy ! no—he must needs have his
 share,
 So to gain his forgiveness, I 'll fee him ;
 You shall do what is handsome, and gen'rous, and
 fair,
 That I may'nt be asham'd when I see him.

H. M.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

KING.

COME bring the cake, the trophies bring,
 Stand back, make room, I've drawn a king :
 Let all confess my high degree,
 The king of cake's the king for me.

OLD BACHELOR.

I've a girl in my eye, and she's now in the room,
 Distinguish'd for manners, and beauty in bloom ;
 Though

Though I'm drawn an old bachelor, soon she shall
 see
 That I'll shortly have her, if she'll deign to have
 me.

OLD MAID IN BREECHES.

Dear me! I dread to touch the card,
 Old maid in breeches! well, that's hard!
 Because I've heard the people say,
 Sir, you're old maidish in your way.

A DORMOUSE.

I always sleep when Chloe sings,
 Laughter a fit of dozing brings:
 Will you have me, Miss Smith? said I;
 And slept before she could reply.

QUEEN.

Behold me a queen, with my airs and my graces,
 I've the first choice of cake, and the first of all
 places:
 As to you, Mr. King, in my fetters you'll swing;
 So now, Sir, you know how the case is.

KITTEN.

In romping I'm so full of glee,
 The men are half afraid of me;
 I frisk and dance, with beau and belle,
 Laugh and squeak, but never tell.

OWL.

OWL.

Before I'm drest, ma'am, I look like a fright,
For I sleep all the day, and I wake all the night ;
At midnight I dine, in the morning I sup,
And am never in bed 'till my husband is up.

WIDOW.

There's a little fairy spright
Bids me keep my spirits light,
While I eat my cake to-night,
For I shall get a husband by 't.

MAGPYE.

Never hold your breath in silence,
Let them hear us talk a mile hence ;
Never for an answer wait,
Prate like me, for ever prate.

PRUDE.

Dear Mr. Simonds, you're vastly rude,
Don't kiss my lips, I beg, for I'm a prude ;
I well know who's propos'd by brother Ben ;
But tell the captain, that I hate the men.

TURTLE-

TURTLE-DOVE.

My love, my dove, was far away,
 When first my heart was smitten ;
 I sang like linnets on the spray,
 And frolick'd like a kitten—
 This with us all is just the way,
 When we're by Cupid bitten.

SWALLOW.

I'm a bird of passage, airy, brisk and free ;
 You, Miss, like the church, but Gretna-green for
 me.

MISS PRIM.

Very sly, indeed am I,
 You all will find it by-and-by.

CUCKOO.

How d'ye do, ma'am? Heaven preserve us!
 Very low, and very nervous ;
 Doctor Bolus told me so,
 Very nervous, very low.

GYPSEY.

I pronounce that two weddings take place from this
 night,
 Examine all eyes, and you'll find that I'm right.

NON-

NONPAREIL.

Never touch a card, never deal in scandal ;
 Prais'd my niece for playing—Water-piece in Handel.
 A lap-dog in distress, I gladly paid his ransom ;
 Gave a man a crown, for saying I was handsome.

 HACKNEY BENEDICTION.

ON you, my dear Draper, good wishes attend,
 Though no warmth as a lover, there's zeal as a
 friend.

As to you, Mrs. Hubbard, who always lov'd fun,
 May you live to crack jokes at a hundred and one !
 Let the mind of my Emma be always in tune,
 And inclin'd to think well of the *man in the moon*.
 The mad-man, the sad-man, the what-man, she will,
 Who always esteem'd her, and will do so still,
 May the gallant Chapvie * gain applause by his
 jokes,
 And the ladies be charm'd by friend Butler's † fine
 strokes ;

* Dancing-master. † Writing-master.

May

May Ralph * in his music all masters excel,
 In the crochet, the quaver, the shake and the swell!
 May Davies † keep pronouns, and no nouns from
 strife,
 And the touches of Simpson ‡ start forth into life!
 When a coach and six horses attend at the door,
 May Watson be married, but never before!
 Round Madame Dehors § all the graces shall throng,
 'Till they dance at the wedding of lovely Miss Long.
 May-sweethearts be constant to Sallies and Maries!
 Thus the bard gives his blessing, so end his vagaries.

* Music-master.

† English-master.

‡ Drawing-master.

§ Teachers.

LIFE

L I F E ;

AN

ANACREONTIC ODE,

“ Reason thus with life ;
 “ If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 “ That none but fools would keep.”

Measure for Measure.

LADY Muse shall chaunt anon,
 Like old Bard Anacreon ;
 Not thy spirit, but thy plan,
 Laughing grey-beard, happy man !
 Nimble tript thy chime away,
 Merry Greek of ancient day.
 What is life, its term, and tale ?
 Passing shadows in a vale.
 Mortal minutes, short and few,
 Scatter'd like the morning dew :
 'Tis a garden wild, where grows,
 Here a thorn, and there a rose.
 'Tis a cloister, 'tis a tomb,
 'Tis a change of light and gloom ;
 'Tis a spirit brisk and warm,
 'Tis a pilgrim in a storm ;

'Tis

'Tis a story brief to tell,
 'Tis a taper in a cell ;
 Little spark of feeble light,
 Struck from Chaos elder night ;
 Cherish'd still in human urns,
 Now it blazes, now it burns ;
 Now it flows in rapid tides,
 Now it droops, and now subsides ;
 Now it lights the poet's pen :
 Such is *life*. And what are *men* ?
 Atoms in the solar beam,
 Dancing bubbles in a stream ;
 Vapours fashion'd by a breeze,
 Aspin leaves on brittle trees ;
 Glimmering lights that rise in rain,
 Set in evening tears again ;
 Strange œconomists that keep
 Hearts to ache, and eyes to weep ;
 Sighs that pass, and tears that flow,
 Mighty magazines of woe ;
 Withering as the gather'd grass,
 Pension'd on the smiling glass ;
 Fed by folly, rear'd by rules,
 Nurs'd in art, and taught in schools ;
 Taught from dusty death to fly,
 Taught to brave his lance and die ;
 Taught to pick from sordid briars
 All the aids that life requires ;
 Taught to plow the deep for gain,
 Taught to reap the bearded plain ;

Taught

Taught in polish'd paths to run ;
 Taught to launch beyond the sun.
 Still from art to art they turn,
 Much they teaze, and little learn :
 How the annual seasons roll ;
 Where the south and northern pole,
 Which the friendly star that guides
 Sailors charts through winds and tides,
 When the planets interfere ;
 When the dark eclipse is near :
 Glorious scientific suns
 Kindle as the journey runs ;
 Still they soar, and still they shine,
 And catch a spark of ray divine :
 Though they see with sight profound,
 Girt the mighty globe around,
 Still they to themselves are blind,
 Still contract the heart and mind.
 What were Newton, Locke, and Boyle ?
 Men that wasted midnight oil.
 What the glorious themes they taught ?
Dawning of immortal thought.
 What the learned lights we trust ?
 Darkness visible in dust.
 Books of knowledge load our shelves ;
 Men know all things but themselves.
 Inconsistent things are we,
 Dive to soar, and wink to see ;
 Toil to rest, and laugh to cry ;
 Wake to sleep, and live to die.

On the self same brow and seam
Scornful frowns, and looks serene;
And the self same forehead bears
Auburn locks and silver hairs.
Now the blooming cheeks engage,
Now they're furrow'd o'er with age.
Now the busy heart contains
Hopes and fears, and joys and pains.
We love and hate, caress, betray,
Abound and want, and serve, and sway.
Now we dance with sprightlier air,
Now we grasp the crutch with care.
Rear to-day the splendid dome,
To-morrow make the grave our home.
Welcome threescore years and ten,
If such is life, and such are men.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO CALLED WHEN THE LADY WAS NOT AT HOME.

POOR Jesse laments, and is sadly afflicted,
(Though in verse she confesses she's strangely re-
stricted)

To find that her friends. (ah! why does she roam?)
Are apt to look in when she's not at home.

'Tis the way of the world: but, alas! Sir, why is it?
That a card left behind is consider'd a visit.

But to answer such visits, good Sir, I suppose,
I may still write in verse, though you pay them in
prose?

So to prove I'm inspir'd with wit from Apollo,
I'll tell you at once consolations that follow:
For my maid, to relieve me from torture and pain,
Bids her mistress not weep, since you may come
again.

That you *may*! If I'm wrong 'tis the fault of my
quill;

But you *may*, and you *must*, so I trust that you will.

GUILDHALL DINNER.

WHO dress'd the dinners, boys,
 Serv'd up so piping hot ?
 The undersign'd as sinners, boys,
 Declare that they did not.
 'Twas *none of I*, friend A——l said, who sells your
 tarts and buns ;
 And B——h too, said 'twas *none of I*, and so said
 all their sons.

Who dress'd the dinners, boys ?
 I mean both hot and cold ;
 Old cooks, or young beginners, boys ?
 Why that need not be told.
 'Twas *none of I*, said master B——h, who deals in
 puffs and puns ;
 And so said master A——l too, and so said both his
 sons.

Who dress'd the dinner, boys ?
 A better none could see ;
 Some cook must be the winner, boys ;
 Said A——l, 'twas not *me*,

It

It was not *me*, said little B——h, and so said
 B——hes three,
 And, by the Lord! each A——l said, I'm sure it was
 not *me*.

Who made the dishes, boys?
 What skilful cook profound?
 Who procur'd the fishes, boys?
 The flat as well as round.
 Here B——h declar'd, it was enough to make an
 angel curse;
 Then A——l swore he'd advertise, it could be none
 of us.

Who made the jellies, boys,
 So very clear and fine,
 For those who love their bellies, boys?
 That feat was none of mine.
 Said B——h and A——l, hark, my friends, this
 truth we'd have you know,
 'Twas none of US, 'twas none of US, nor eke our
 sons also.

Who made the soup, my boys,
 So very rich and stout?
 Which makes us *cock-a-hoop*, my boys:
 They all cried *ax-about*.
 Go *ax-about*, the A——l said, nay all the sons said
 search,
 The little B——hes caught the strain, and so sang
 master B——h.

Who cook'd the pullets, boys,
 So very fine and plump?
 Not hard as musket bullets, boys,
 But fat upon the rump.
 Said B——h and sons, who did the job, we're very
 sure will rue it,
 The little A——l's cried, Papa, we're glad we did
 not do it.

Who truss'd the turkeys, boys?
 Who spit the pheasants?
 Who said to hares, we'll work ye, boys,
 To baste ye will be pleasant.
 Come here's our names, the A——l's say, we'll sign
 them two times three,
 To shew the world 'twas none of us, and could be
 none of *we*.

Who advertizes, boys?
 Who shine on paper?
 Who the world surprizes, boys?
 Who bounce and vapour?
 For learning I've a mighty itch, and find by deep
 researches,
 That B——h may flog an A——l's breech, and
 A——l may kiss B——h's.

A FRIENDLY

A FRIENDLY POETICAL EPISTLE,

TO G. R——s, ESQ.

GEORGE R——s! George R——s!
 Not three skips of a louse
 Avails your *political right*;
 If once men are *equal*,
 Then look to the sequel,
 Instead of being *happy*—they 'll *fight*.

Suppose now, BIG BEN,
 Who's much stronger, I ken,
 Than you, though a man of the law;
 Do you think, if 'twas *might*,
 Establish'd what's *right*,
 He'd value *old Justice* a straw?

Just so in religion,
 Without some division,
 You'd find some fanatical hound,
 With forward intrusion,
 Would *smuffle confusion*,
 And level all truth to the ground.

Dear George, then be wise,
 And let friendship advise,
 Give up this political clutter ;
 In the mazes of law
 You may fight for a flaw—
 But don't with your own bread-and-butter.

SENEX.



THE
 BARD'S BENEDICTION
 ON
 HARPSDEN COURT.

FROM London, dear Sir, pray accept an epistle,
 Which is wrote in such strains as a magpye might
 whistle,
 For the Musé, Sir, to whom in distress I apply,
 Is lame with one leg, and blind with one eye ;
 Is as bitter a brim as e'er plagu'd a poor sinner,
 And compels him to court, though he hopes not to
 win her.

There

There was once a strange time; but, thank Heaven,
 'tis over,
 When my rhymes would have reach'd, Sir, from
 Deptford to Dover;
 But to humble the bard, don't you think it provok-
 ing,
 Now they serve to light pipes for my friends who
 love smoaking?
 Those rhymes which Apollo once deign'd to inspire,
 Now serve to light pipes, or singe fowls at the fire.
 You may laugh, if you like, at this mode of address-
 ing,
 But 'tis only the preface, and now for my blessing.
 In return, my dear friend, for your loaves and your
 fishes,
 Both you and your lady have all my best wishes:
 I've said it in prose, but I think it more clever
 To write it in verse, Be ye happy for ever!
 May the *spring*, when it comes, treat your garden
 politely!
 May your cabbage-stalks sprout, and your sallads
 look sprightly!
 May your pear-trees all blossom as white as fine
 gauzes,
 Or the wig of a judge when he sits to try causes!
 May your currants be sacred, secure from the spar-
 rows,
 And your gooseberries thrive, to fill fifty wheel-bar-
 rows!

May

May your hedges in *summer* look green as a parrot!
 May your beds of fine flowers look smart as a carrot!
 May your apples in *autumn*, so juicy and thriving,
 Hang like bees on a bough when they're ready for
 hiving!

And when *winter* o'ertakes us, with dirt and dark
 weather,

May we crack jokes again and be merry together!
 Sir, I dearly love Harpsden, and all things about it,
 Your hills, and your woods; you're to blame if you
 doubt it.

Your air is so pure, and your country so pleasant,
 'Tis as calm as a cat, and as fine as a pheasant:
 When I say that I like it, I speak without fiction,
 But 'tis time to proceed with the bard's benediction.
 In return for your punch, and your port, and your
 mountain,

May each cask in your cellar be turn'd to a fountain!
 May they run night and day, at spicket and bung-
 hole,

And yet still be increasing like straws in a dung-hole!
 May your beer barrels too ne'er be seen on the
 stoop, Sir,

But increase like my spouse, who is round as a hoop,
 Sir!

With respect to the ladies who join'd in our party,
 May your friend Mrs. Davis be happy and hearty!
 May good-natur'd Miss Ball, with whose temper I'm
 smitten,

Be as gay as a lark, and as brisk as a kitten!

May

May your sons make advances in fortune and stature!
And good Mrs. Allnutt increase and grow fatter!

Sir, I go through the house from the *top* to the *bot-
tom*;

So I mention the maids, lest they think I've forgot
'em.

Tell the damsels I wish it may ne'er be their case,
To be kiss'd by the men—that is—kiss'd on the stair-
case.

May *Placence* toss pancakes a foot high, or higher!
May *Placence* still keep all her fat on the fire!

May *Placence* dress dishes in excellent order!

And may *Placence's* sweetheart take care to reward
her!

May *Betty* make beds in such charming perfection,
That a *nabob* may sleep, though o'erwhelm'd with
reflection!

That she'll sweep with new brooms, I devoutly im-
plore her,

And the spiders shall quake like a custard before her.
May my dear Mrs. Benwell, who is round as a
cherry,

Still laugh and keep fat, may she always be merry!

With respect to her size, 'tis, I grant you, a thum-
per,

But may she keep plump, if she does not grow
plumper!

May *William* excel in the care of his cattle!

If he keeps them with oats, 'tis two-thirds of the
battle.

And

And may *John* grind his knives as a poet may sing
on 't,

And turn his wheel well, that the whole house may
ring on 't!

May those rascally rats, which prefer the hand-gal-
lop,

Be poison'd with arsenick, or physick'd with jallap !
For they wak'd me three nights with their cutting
vile capers,

Which distress'd all my nerves, and occasion'd the
vapours.

But your cat is a good one, so pr'ythee employ her,
That can bite like a bull-dog, and seize like a law-
yer.

May your sows all produce a score pigs at their far-
rows!

May the fowls in your yard be as plenty as sparrows !
May the fish in your ponds still increase in their
station,

Till they equal in number the rogues in creation !

Which would come to some millions of fishes, or
men, Sir,

As I *modestly* reckon there are nine out of ten, Sir.

May your farms still improve, and be always improv-
ing !

May your woods never move, till you set them a
moving !

May the rogues who steal timber be forc'd to cry
cave !

May the rogues who steal hares eat them raw with-
out gravy !

May

May this rogue of a bard long confess he's your
debtor!

And may we meet soon, and laugh over this letter!

Mrs. Man bids me tell you, 'twixt waking and sleep-
ing,

That you kept me a week, when I was not worth
keeping.

But I tell *her*, keen air makes me brighter and
stronger,

And I think I could keep, although kept a week
longer.

When you come up to town, call and see how you
like us;

Till when, Sir, I rest your obliged *Henricus*.

THE

THE COMPARISON.

*In Answer to a Lieutenant, who had sent a Present
of Biscuits from Cowes.*

THERE is a nymph in Lombard-street,
Who says she can discover
That biscuits, whether hard or sweet,
May represent a lover.

A pretty little song she sings,
Of biscuits sent from Cowes ;
Biscuits, it says, are brittle things,
And so are lover's vows.

The song I've read in every part,
Biscuits are hard, it's said ;
So, sometimes is the lover's heart,
And sometimes is his head.

Biscuits are on the elbows smack'd,
The sailor owns this true ;
Biscuits are therefore often crack'd,
And so are lovers too.

The

The song which has ~~not~~ much to boast,
 To lovers, gives this roasting ;
 Lovers are fond of giving toasts,
 Biscuits are fit for *toasting*.

Biscuits and ~~cakes~~ are often found,
 When ladies give a rout ;
 Biscuits, you know, are somewhat round,
 And lovers *round about*.

One thing I thought was very pat,
 And very smart and true ;
 Biscuits, it's said, ~~are~~ *very flat*,
 And so are *lovers too*.

Biscuits are black, and brown, and fair,
 As bakers can contrive ;
 But lovers and sea-biscuits are
 The coarsest things alive.

Biscuit's a kind of pollard paste,
 Each jolly tar ~~must~~ know it ;
 Biscuits at best have *little taste*,
 And lovers *seldom shew it*.

Biscuits are often out of shapas,
 Unpleasant to our feeling ;
 Lovers, a kind of human apes,
 Are *crooked* in their dealing.

Biscuits

Biscuits will into fragments shake,
 Look in the bag you'll find 'em ;
 Lovers are also apt to break
 The vows they leave behind 'em.

But Chloe saw the stage depart,
 With half a dozen men in 't ;
 And laughing, said, with all my heart,
 A fig for the lieutenant.

DELICACY.

SWEET tranquil grots, and pine-tree bow'rs,
 That form my lone recess,
 Bear witness to my simple hours
 Of delicate distress.

The upland walks I love to trace,
 Whene'er my shepherd 's by ;
 Yet seek this rude, sequester'd place,
 From love and him to fly.

He

He press'd my lips, my lips grew pale,
A blush o'erspread my cheeks ;
I 'm charm'd to hear his tender tale,
Yet tremble when he speaks.

I left him piping near the brook,
Yet wish'd to hear him play ;
And sigh'd to meet his languid look,
But turn'd my face away.

When ardent love has not been press'd,
I always wish it had ;
Yet smile whene'er the youth's distress'd,
And weep to see him glad.

My passion does so plain appear,
To all but him it's known ;
To all but him I lend an ear,
Yet love the youth alone.

Here then, sweet shades, I'll shelter seek,
To soothe my pensive mind ;
Since love is vain, as well as weak,
And dumb, as well as blind.

S O N G S.

GOSPORT;

A BALLAD.

To the tune of—"A Cobler there was," &c.

I SING not of Naples, of Venice, of Rome,
Of the pillar of Trajan, or Peter's fine dome;
Neither praise I old Brentford, that place of renown,
But will sing of a sea-port, and Gosport's the
town.

Davey down.

If the streets were more clean, you 'd walk more at
 your ease,
 But, believe me, the mud is quite up to your
 knees ;
 Which, though not quite so pleasant as meadows and
 lawns,
 Is convenient enough, since it 's soft to the corns.
Derry down.

Then all those who 're oblig'd to walk out in the
 night,
 Can 't complain of the lamps, that they give a bad
 light,
 That the oil is too bad, or the wicks are too small,
 I 'll be curst if they can, for there 's no light at all.
Derry down.

And the inns are so noble, so neat, and so clean,
 If you talk of a mop, they scarce know what you
 mean,
 All infections, however, they keep from their doors,
 With tobacco-juice sprinkl'd, to sweeten the floors.
Derry down.

The want of fine buildings and grand colonades
 Is made up by fine women, dear, good-humour'd
 jades ;
 Though the lasses of pleasure, take black, fair, and
 brown,
 Scarce amount to ten thousand in all Gosport town.
Derry down.

Then

Then the tars who get drunk such civility shew,
 That by day light you *sometimes* in safety may
 go;
 And though, after dark, you are often knock'd
 down,
 There are plasters in plenty in Gosport's good
 town.

Derry down.

So polite, and so social, the people are here,
 They'll converse with their friends once or twice
 in a year;
 By friends, I mean those, of an equal degree,
 For why should great folks with inferiors be free?

Derry down.

At balls and assemblies, such wisdom is shewn,
 All distinctions and stations are easily known;
 For each officer's state, as good breeding contrives,
 Is copied with care, and kept up by their wives.

Derry down.

The police is so perfect, such order is kept,
Law and Gospel, long time, have so silently slept,
 That e'en Justice herself, *does not care to appear*,
 Having long since been drown'd in a butt of strong
 beer.

Derry down.

But adieu to his worship, to Gosport adieu,
 Though a theme more delightful no muse can
 pursue ;
 For the coach is prepar'd, to set off from the Crown,
 So I'll finish the praises of Gosport's sweet town.
Derry down.



THE

INCONSTANT.

Tune of " Moll the Brunette."

IF Johnny's inconstant, why Johnny's to blame,
 And my mother oft tells me, all men are the same ;
 If this be the case, I can only say, then
 The ladies most justly complain of the men.

How they flatter when they chat, of this and of that,
 But their meaning they say we can never come at ;
 So of Johnny I'll tell you a piece of his art,
 He tells ev'ry girl, she's the girl of his heart.

He

He was sweet upon Peggy, on Mary, and Sue,
Was polite to Matilda, attentive to Prue ;
For Nancy and Emma he vow'd he 'd a flame,
For John was a lover, wherever he came.

So full of his wiles, when he simpers and smiles,
With professions of love all the time he beguiles ;
And so artfully plays he the hypocrite's part,
That he tells ev'ry girl, she's the girl of his heart.

Last Sunday I'm sure that his visit was plann'd,
He drew his chair close, and at once squeez'd my
hand ;

I laugh'd in my sleeve, while he told his fond tale,
For his tongue and his tattle, you know, never fail.

I'm in love, Miss, with you, he declar'd it was true,
A face more enchanting he vow'd he ne'er knew ;
When I said to him coolly, which made the rogue
start,

Why you tell ev'ry girl, she's the girl of your heart.

ON THE
ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
AUTHOR'S WEDDING-DAY.

Tune—" Jolly young waterman."

AND did you not hear of a comical fellow,
Who search'd the world over to find a good wife,
How he found her at last, and delighted to tell her,
That she was the joy and the pride of his life.
This damsel was courted by short men, and tall
men,
By white men, and brown men, and large men, and
small men ;
But this comical rogue was so droll in his way,
That the maid has been married a year and a day.

How well I remember the day we were married,
I waited two hours and more for the bride ;
But laugh'd in my sleeve, when my point I had car-
ried,
And kiss'd her sweet lips, and Miss H——d's
beside.

Then

Then we all got to Richmond, in three hours after,
 So I din'd at the Star, and I supp'd at the Garter.
 I could tell you such things, but it won't be fair
 play,
 For we've only been married a year and a day.

'Twas an honest Welsh parson, who tack'd us to-
 gether,

At St. Aldermary, his name, Sir, was Foukes;
 For church-men, and lay-men, are birds of one fea-
 ther,

And both alike fond of connubial jokes;
 When he talk'd of increasing, as Scripture enjoind
 us,

The ladies were laughing, and leering behind us;
 For they thought it so queer, as a body may say,
 To be married and kiss'd, for a year and a day.

Friend V***n rode before, on a rascally poney,
 On weddings and beddings employing his thought;
 Brother J*** lagg'd behind, on a steed that was
 boney,

And rode a dog-trot, as a married man ought.
 He knew what was meant, Sir, by throwing the
 stocking,
 But he thought, notwithstanding, the married state
 shocking;

That I might not repent it, oh! how he did pray!
 But, alas! I've been married a year and a day.

You

You all know the dragon on famous Bow-steeple,
That's shifting, and changing, with each breath
of wind ;
Which bears great resemblance, to us married people,
Now kissing, now scolding, now cross, and now
kind ;
Now dancing with rapture, now drooping with sorrow,
We are merry to-night, and we're sulky to-morrow ;
For no mortal is happy, for ever and aye—
Notwithstanding he's married a year and a day.

Ye swains who are single, attend to my ditty,
Pray laugh if you like, but believe me 'tis true,
If you treat the sweet girls, with attention and pity,
They'll seem shy at first, but will shortly come
too.
First talk to 'em boldly, then kiss them with rapture,
And you'll shortly arrive at the end of the chapter ;
Then you take 'em to church, without longer delay,
And are happy, like me, for a year and a day.

A HUNT-

A HUNTING SONG.

*Sung at the Annual Christmas Dinner, at Harpsden,
near Henley, the Seat of Thomas Hall, Esq.*

THE clock struck five, the huntsman rose,
While on the east the morning grey
Dissolv'd the bands of soft repose,
And summon'd all the horse away.
With chearful hearts, then all repair,
To chace the fox or rouse the hare ;
Hark ! hark ! those shouts their haunts declare ;
And to horse, my boys, away.

O'er hill and dale, see Reynard fly,
And brush the glittering dews of morn ;
The hounds all make a chearful cry,
The huntsman winds his sweet-ton'd horn.
And now he 's lost, and now he 's found,
There, there ! he goes, with shouts resound,
And Echo joins the chearful sound,
While the huntsman winds his horn.

The morning chace, O Muse proclaim,
Through Windsor-forest first he flew ;
To Maidenhead thicket next he came,
But still we kept the game in view ;

On

On generous steeds, all stout and strong,
 With whip and spur, the jovial throng,
 O'er hedge and ditch, are urg'd along,
 While we kept the game in view.

Across the Thames, to Marlow next,
 Old Reynard led the clamorous train
 The dogs were here awhile perplex'd,
 But soon renew'd the chace again.
 Along the turf we bowl'd away,
 Huzza, we cried, again huzza,
 Pursue, my boys, he shews us play ;
 And renew'd the chace again.

By Henley town, with speed we past.
 To Bowney next, he led the way ;
 To Harding copse he came at last,
 Resolv'd, we still pursued the prey.
 Then cross'd the ground of Squire Hall,
 And down his pit saw Reynard fall,
 Who quickly jump'd his garden wall,
 Where we soon secur'd the prey.

Then charge each glass, a bumper high,
 Come charge, come charge, friends, one and all
 I'm sure my toast you'll not deny,
 Long life and health to Squire Hall !
 May social mirth long flourish here,
 May joy abound from year to year !
 Then come, let's give the huntsman's cheer,
 With a health to Squire Hall.

AN

AN

ITALIAN SONG ;

TRANSLATED FROM LORENZO DI MEDICI.

HOW blooming is youth, would old Time but
stand still .

From age but few transports we borrow ;
Then, let him be quite happy, and joyous who will,
For he ne'er can be sure of to-morrow.

There is Bacchus the gay, Ariadne the fair,
Quite enamour'd without why or whether ;
As for moments, they know how deceitful they are,
So they always live happy together.

• The nymphs and the swains, who would pleasantly
kill

Father Time, and live free from all sorrow,
This doctrine commend, be joyous who will,
For none can be sure of to-morrow,

The

The satyrs so sly, as through woodlands they rove,
 So indulgent to love and desire,
 Lay snares without number, through grotto and
 grove,
 For the nymph they may chance to admire.

To the god of the grape, while their bumpers they
 fill,
 And dance to get rid of all sorrow,
 They merrily cry, be he joyous who will,
 For he cannot be sure of to-morrow.

The nymphs too are glad, and rejoice to be kiss'd,
 Though they know there 's deceit in their teasing;
 For none against love ever strive to resist,
 But those who are rude and displeasing.

Thus assembl'd together, defying all ill,
 From mirth, what enjoyments they borrow;
 While they constantly cry, be ye happy who will,
 For none can be sure of to-morrow.

Behind all the rest, as he reels on his ass,
 Comes Silenus, though drunk he 's still gay;
 Though old age is arriv'd, and the stormy clouds pass,
 He laughs the dull season away.

If he cannot stand up, yet he strives to sit still;
 And enjoys ev'ry freedom from sorrow;
 While this is his motto, be joyous who will,
 For we cannot depend on to-morrow.

Then

Then Midas comes next, who with wisdom profound,
To gold can convert ev'ry store ;
But what avails wealth, if contentment's not found,
When the bags of the miser run o'er ?

The man who is thirsty, yet ne'er drinks his fill,
From drinking small pleasure can borrow ;
Then this moment be happy, be joyous who will,
For we never can trust 'till to-morrow.

Then let all who are willing, attend to my song,
On the future let no one depend ;
The follies, or faults, which to us now belong,
To-morrow we seldom commend.

Come, adieu to sad thoughts, which oppress, if not
kill,
The mind that 's averse to all sorrow ;
And let him be enraptur'd, and joyous who will,
For we ne'er can be sure of to-morrow.

WINTER.

WINTER.

How bleak, and how barren, o'er hill and o'er
dale,

The woodlands and meadows appear !
How the skies are o'ercast, and rude tempests pre-
vail,

To deform the fair face of the year !

The fields are all frozen, the streams are fast bound,
And forget with soft murmurs to flow ;
Not a note from the hedges is heard all around,
And the cattle are lost in the snow.

How leafless the forest, which bows to each blast,
That has swept all its verdure away ;
While the fir-tree and laurel are green to the last,
And like virtue will never decay.

ADMI-

ADMIRATION.

THE roses and lilies in Emma's sweet face
 Are beauties, I still must adore ;
 The Goddess of Love cannot boast of such grace
 But there's something I value still more.

How perfect her features, how soft are her lips,
 Where of kisses I've ravish'd a score !
 I'm charm'd with her air, when the meadow she
 trips,
 But there's something I value still more.

So enchanting her manner, so sprightly her wit,
 Her sense so discreetly can soar ;
 At the sound of her voice, how enamour'd I sit !
 Yet there's something I value still more.

I'm sure 'tis not wealth, for too often we find
 Little blessing attends on great store ;
 'Tis not title, nor state ; for the maid to my mind
 Must possess what I value still more.

That softness, that sweetness, that goodness of heart,
 Which will last when frail beauty is o'er ;
 Such graces as these true delight can impart,
 And there's nothing my mind values more.

THE
CONTRASTS.

SONG I.

JACK lov'd a fair maiden, and Poll was her name,
 And he told her his mind d'ye see ;
 With blushes she smil'd, and approv'd of his flame,
 No one was more happy than she :
 But women like will-o'the-wisps oft' beguile,
 And lead us poor seamen astray,
 And lead us poor seamen astray ;
 For most they deceive, when apparent they smile,
 And our anchor of peace steal away.

A twelve-month they rolled in joys of delight,
 Caress'd by all folks far and near ;
 When his Majesty pleas'd to call Jack to fight,
 Oh ! how sad 'twas to part from his dear !
 The thoughts of her constantly ran in his mind,
 As he valued no one like his wife,
 As he valued no one like his wife ;
 And she though false-hearted, as shortly you 'll find,
 Pray'd Heaven might spare him his life.

He

He brav'd ev'ry hardship, the billows and wind,
 To the topmast like light'ning he 'd fly ;
 When broadsides were pour'd from the enemy's line,
 No fear to his bosom came nigh ;
 For he thought on his Poll, and that cherub above,
 That ever protects a poor tar,
 That ever protects a poor tar ;
 For he, that is true to his king and his love,
 Is safe if he 's bound e'er so far.

At length peace was made, and Jack safe return'd
 From his messmates he eagerly flew,
 To give to his Poll the treasures he 'd earn'd,
 But guess, what appear'd to his view !
 The friend he 'd entrusted he found in her arms,
 Yet think not he pin'd at his fate,
 Yet think not he pin'd at his fate ;
 For, seeing as how she was false with her charms,
 He join'd with a more constant mate.

Now, Jack has retir'd from the cares of this life
 With the girl who has gained his heart,
 In comfort to live, free from dangers and strife,
 And vows from her he never will part ;
 For only in virtue is happiness found,
 And beauty that 's unsullied too,
 And beauty that 's unsullied too ;
 For now he 's at ease, free from slavery bound,
 And for ever to sea bade adieu.

SONG II.

POLL lov'd a young seaman, and Jack was his
name,

And she told him her mind d' ye see ;
He with happiness smil'd, and approv'd of her flame,
No one more contented than she :
But men from their frailties will never be free,
Until order doth come down below,
Until order doth come down below ;
For she says without him she ne'er happy can be,
And may Cupid his heart take in tow !

For twelvemonths they roll'd on, in joys and delight,
Belov'd by all folks far and near,
'Till a war breaking out, they induc'd Jack to fight,
How unwilling to part from her dear !
The thoughts of no one but him ran in her mind,
As her love was sincere—but in vain,
As her love was sincere—but in vain ;
And he, though false-hearted, as shortly you 'll find,
Pray'd to God he might see her again.

In the absence of Jack, she with sighs pass'd the day,
Oft long'd his return might be soon ;
Suspicious of jealousy, oft she would pray,
But at last she fell into a swoon ;

For

For news was brought to her—her love was in vain,
 Which she never would give credit to,
 Which she never would give credit to;
 That Jack had return'd, with great wealth from the
 main,
 And to all thoughts of her bid adieu.

At length peace was made, Jack once more return'd,
 To another like light'ning he flew;
 In the mean time poor Poll's heart had burn'd,
 For fear he had bid her adieu:
 No more she saw of him 'till poverty struck
 Him, for slighting his best friend indeed,
 — for slighting his best friend indeed;
 Though Neptune had paid him the tribute of luck,
 His inconstancy now stood in need.

Now Justice laid hold of Jack fast by the main,
 For treachery to a fair maid;
 His repentance and vows she told him were vain,
 And likewise unto him she said—
 My love, though unsullied, you outwardly heard,
 And vow'd you'd live only for me,
 And vow'd you'd live only for me;
 In the field you may feed, like the rest of the herd,
 Or again you may hie to the sea.

A FISHING SONG.

YE lovers of fishing, I've found a retreat,
Well adapted for sport—and I'd wish you to see't:
If you're fond of good treatment to Chertsey repair,
Brother Yalden's the man, and you'll meet with it
there.

On the banks of the Thames, how delightful to ride,
And contemplate the shoals that enrich the soft tide!
Oh! if angling can charm, your best tackle prepare,
And to Yalden's resort, you will find enough there.

Near the foot of the bridge, the left side of the way,
At the sign of the Cricketers, station'd at play,
You'll observe a small house with so pleasing an air,
If you chance to stop once, you will always stop
there.

An Inn so inviting but seldom is seen,
The host is so civil, the hostess so clean;
Their manners so courteous, so kind is their care,
You'll be pleas'd to the life, if you will but stop
there.

There's

There 's a snug little parlour, will hold half a score,
Then the boards are so neat, you may dine on the
floor ;

Beside, you 've good port to enliven your fare,
So, by Jove ! you 're bewitch'd if you do not stop
there.

As to beds, when at evening your sport is all over,
If you wish to sleep well, you will there lie in clover ;
To sheets white as snow, you 'll with rapture repair,
And exult in sweet dreams, that you found your way
there.

With respect to your steeds, there 's good hay and
good oats,
Then, for angling, two fishermen wait with their
boats ;
As to sizeable trout, Chertsey boasts a 'good share,
So to Yalder's away, for he 'll shew you sport there.

In justice to merit, the house I commend,
'Tis the praise of a stranger, no puff of a friend ;
When we meet with desert, to applaud is but fair,
And I 'll venture to say, all will meet with it there.

ON EMMA.

Tune in "Rosina."

THE sun is sunk beneath the hill,
 The flocks repose around ;
 And nought but yonder busy mill,
 Disturbs the calm profound.
 Then come, my Muse, the moment seize,
 On Emma's praises dwell ;
 Come, whisper to the passing breeze,
 There's none I love so well.

Sweet Moon I hail thy silver'd face,
 The pensive hour is thine ;
 In thee the arts of courts we trace,
 Where borrow'd lustres shine ;
 But Emma, still to nature true,
 Surpasses ev'ry belle ;
 More artless charms I never knew,
 Nor e'er lov'd one so well.

Dance round your garlands gay,
 Ye nymphs, in mirthful hours,
 When Flora, led by smiling May,
 Paints ev'ry bush with flow'rs:

And

And say no bloom that 's ever blown
 My Emma's can excel ;
 Ah ! there my heart is fix'd alone,
 No maid I love so well.

To all my Emma's worth I'll teach,
 O hear it, distant lands !
 I'll carve her name on ev'ry beech,
 And print it on the sands.
 On every note my pipe shall sound,
 Sweet echo long shall dwell ;
 O swains ! ye never, never found,
 A nymph that 's lov'd so well.



A SONG.

Tune—" Life let us cherish."

I LOVE sweet Healthy Hall,
 O the charming Sunning-hill !
 There the Muses, one and all,
 Pope ! inspired thy quill.

How

How Windsor's forest lives in rhyme,
 For ever blooming in its prime;
 Each smiling grace
 Of nature's face
 Thy tasteful verse retains.

I love sweet, &c.

Hide me in thy rural shades,
 All ye stately groves around ;
 Here I'll dance with village maids,
 Pipes and tabor sound.
 The merry day, the approving night,
 Will give the mind its best delight,
 Let happy hours
 Enchant these bowers,
 Where Flora's beauties reign.

Hide me in thy rural, &c.

Larks shall carol in the morn,
 Cuckoo's notes responsive be,
 Huntsmen blow the bugle horn,
 Charm my love and me.
 The blackbird's mellow pipe be heard,
 But Philomela's more prefer'd ;
 A note so sweet,
 Where can I meet,
 In valley, wood, or dale ?

Larks shall carol, &c.

Here

Here let every joy abound,
 Rosy health obey each call,
Fortune, shed thy smiles around
 Dear Healthy Hall.
May ev'ry spring improve the scene,
Give brighter lustre to the green,
 On every tree
 Let plenty be,
And sweetness on each flower !

Here let every joy abound,
 Rosy health obey each call,
Fortune, shed thy smiles around
 Dear Healthy Hall.

A SONG

A SONG

ON

TWELFTH-DAY.

Tune—"A Shepherd once had lost his love."

YE nymphs and swains who now appear,
Fal, lal, la, &c.

Be sure ye all are welcome here,
Fal, lal, la, &c.

So let 's be merry, let 's be gay,
 Let 's sing and dance the time away,
 We 'll all be happy on twelfth-day.
Fal, lal, la, &c.

On ev'ry face let smiles be shewn,
 On ev'ry heart no care be known,
 In joyful mood let 's frisk and play,
 To mirth alone we tribute pay,
 With mirth we celebrate twelfth-day.

As

As Christmas comes but once a year,
'Tis then all those who taste good cheer,
Are blithe in heart, as well they may,
And blest in social friendship gay ;
The day I love most is twelfth-day.

For then we in our pride are seen,
When one is king, and t'other queen ;
Now blest the subjects who obey,
Such chearful potentates are they,
Who reign no longer than twelfth-day.

The lots we draw so full of chance
The pleasures of the night enhance,
With hopes and fears our passions play,
While gaily plac'd in fortune's way,
And shew that life's a mere twelfth-day.

For when in Fortune's wheel we're put,
This draws a housewife, that a slut,
A dingey drab, a countess gay,
Thus runs the tenor of our play :
May both be drawn upon twelfth-day!

Then let's resolve before we part
To keep this maxim at the heart,
If fortune should her cake display,
In proper form we'll not say nay,
Nor wait our chance 'till next twelfth-day.

A NEW

A NEW SONG.

SAYS the Frenchman who writes upon dresses, I
know,

Ever since mother Eve had a fall,
Our grandmothers always left something to shew,
But the ladies of Paris shew all.

In beauty there 's something to hide and reveal,
There 's a thing that we decency call ;
The ladies of London may shew a great deal,
But the ladies of Paris shew all.

The taste of the men we all know to be such,
That exposing will appetites pall ;
Low tuckers I think is displaying too much,
But the ladies of Paris shew all.

Dear girls, while your faces enrapture each heart,
Complain not your power 's too small ;
In contemplating graces, we 're charm'd with a part,
But the ladies of Paris shew all.

My Chloe was worshipp'd wherever she came,
Her shape was so tastefully small ;
Her ancle has set all my blood in a flame,
But the ladies of Paris shew all.

The

The tip of the elbow, below the white cuff,
 Has made my heart dance at a ball ;
 To shew us a few things is pleasant enough,
 But the ladies of Paris shew all.

If you wish to enchant us, this lesson should strike
 All the black, brown, or fair, short or tall ;
 Be contented with shewing us all that we like,
 But, for God's sake, my dears, don't shew all.

A SONG.

Tune—"To the Maiden," &c.

I LOVE a man who can bow with a grace,
 Whose manners are modest and taking ;
 So he has a good heart, I don't care for his face,
 But he must not be given to raking.

Chorus.

How blest is the life,
 When each man and wife
 Resolve to be happy and never know strife!

Let

Let him be handsome, or let him be plain,
 For tallness or shortness no matter ;
 For I'm sure, I don't wish my good man to obtain
 Such a form as the ladies may flatter.

How blest is the life, &c.

A SONG

ON SHORT WAISTS.

I'LL never wear my waist so short,
 As many girls I see ;
 By foolish fashion I'm not caught,
 A decent shape for me.
 For nine in ten of all the men,
 Who female forms adore ;
 'Mongst woman kind now cannot find
 The shapes they had before.

A Grecian face, a Grecian form,
 Are beauties I'll allow ;
 The coldest breast which love might warm,
 But where's that beauty now?

The

The sash is tied two inches wide,
 Where tuckers stood before ;
 The slope, the fall, the neck, the all,
 Are beauties seen no more.

Oh ! how I grieve to see the sleeve,
 Like paper lanthorn strike ;
 When girls profess the bishop's dress,
 Such girls I ne'er can like.

The plaits behind, so high inclin'd,
 Like curtains spreading o'er
 The back, the b—m, which should have some,
 Are graces now no more.

A SONG TO

EMMA AT MARGATE.

TO the gay Belles of Margate, though ever so
 fair,
 So distinguish'd by nature or art ;
 I will frankly, and plainly, and freely declare,
 That Emma's the girl of my heart.

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R

The

The Muse loves my Emma, she dwells on her name,
 From her image she's loth to depart ;
 The Emma of Margate, I'm sure its the same,
 My Emma the girl of my heart.

The chair that she sat on, the carpet she trod,
 Her songs which could pleasure impart ;
 "Sandy's Ghost," "Retsey Bobbin," "the grave and
 the odd,"
 Tell me Emma's the girl of my heart.

In conversing with Emma, I'm certain to find,
 Her remarks are both modest and smart ;
 I could mention a great many girls to my mind,
 But Emma's the girl of my heart.



A SONG.

Tune—"Jolly Dick the Lamplighter."

I'M Billy P—t the minister,
 Lord C—m was my dad ;
 Though both our views were sinister,
 Yet mine were the more sad ;

Fatner

Father and I took great delight,
 When both came into play,
 The difference is, I came in by night,
 And father came in by day.
And father, &c.

But father does not rank so high,
 For seeing life and fun ;
 The old boy was confounded sly,
 But still more sly the son ;
 The back stairs has a private door,
 Which dad could never find,
 And when I came in, G—ge shov'd before,
 While J—k—son push'd behind.

At first I rather wanted brass,
 To face the House, d'ye see,
 So I tipt the wink, and cried—" D——s!"
 Says Harry, " Wha waunts me?
 " Gude maister P—t, for au I'm fit
 " To be borrow'd, or bought, or sold,
 " If you try me, you'll find I've a sweet pretty
 " wit,
 " In converting my brass into gold."

At the treasury fire, our fortunes we cook,
 By the Lord ! we dont live by the steam
 Like a bowl of rich milk, we seize the Red Book,
 And then kindly skim off the cream.

We command the first slice, be it pension or place,
 There's a concert in all that we do ;
 And when we get drunk, which is often the case,
 Why, we stagger in concert too.

The p-pp-ts of p——t follow our rout,
 Between us we manage the cords ;
 With the Commons we foot it, change sides, turn
 about ;
 And then, right and left, with the Lords.
 Three yards of silk ribbon, of red, blue, or green,
 Make a part of our spells, and our charms,
 And as for our hands, though you fancy them clean,
 There's a d——d deal of dirt in the palms.

At the profits of office, whate'er their amount,
 I hold it a sin to repine ;
 The pension and pcerage were dad's good account,
 And the Cinque Ports do nicely for mine.
 So father and I, d'ye take me right,
 Were both upon one lay ;
 We got into place just to get something by 't,
 And when out, both took something away.

A SONG.

A SONG.

COME let us dance and sing,
 Let us daily, frolic gaily,
 Time is ever on the wing ;
 Let's be happy while we may,
 Reading, talking, riding, walking,
 Spirits tuneful, always gay.
Come let us, &c.

I'll ever be content—
 Always smiling, care beguiling,
 Life in harmless pleasure spent,
 Keeps the heart and mind at play,
 Nought alarming, friendship charming,
 Social converse cheers the day.
I'll ever be, &c.

I'll not envy any fair,
 Though she's handsome, beyond ransom,
 I'll praise beauties as they are ;
 And give every Belle her due :
 Eyes that sparkle, black as charcoal.
 Charming hazle, lovely blue.
I'll not envy, &c.

Should my sister marry first,
 Bells may ring it, Bards may sing it,
 I with spleen will never burst ;
 But be merry-hearted still,
 So will all be, great and small be,
 You, Miss, you, I'm sure you will.
Should my sister, &c.

If an old maid I shall be ;
 Quite neglected, quite rejected,
 I shall say the men can't see,
 I shall say that Cupid's blind ;
 If none mentions my pretensions,
 I'll still keep a cheerful mind.
If an old, &c.



A SONG.

TO Apollo in Heaven, with hearts full of glee,
 The sons of the Union preferr'd a petition,
 Declaring how bless'd, how transported they'd be,
 Should the God of the Muses regard their condi-
 tion;

Beyond

Beyond all dispute, said Apollo, I'll do't,
 Are ye anxious for mirth, I'll attend to your suit,
 To song, love, and laughter, you still shall incline,
 For the Sons of the Union shall ever be mine.

The news through the South Sea House presently flew,
 When each man who can sing his best organ
 prepares,

The clerks of annuities, old, Sirs, and new,
 Either carol below, or else chaunt above stairs;
 Enraptur'd they cry, good Apollo, supply
 Such joys as with those of Cecilia may vie,
 Ah! then with what raptures our souls we'll resign
 To the goddess of beauty, and god of the vine!

The goddess of discord, who lives in the shade,
 Where the Lord send she always may live, Sirs,
 for me;

Was distress'd with the picture her fancy pourtray'd,
 And declar'd that her heart a mere desert must be,
 While music no fear on't, shall shew us her errand,
 And crush vile intruders of all sorts I'll warrant,
 And trim such base passions as dare to repine
 At the raptures of love, and the transports of wine.

The chairman rose up too good humour'd to quarrel,
 Crying down, goddess, down to the regions below,
 We'll have nothing shewn here, but that sprig of
 the laurel,

Which wine, wit, and friendship, to harmony owe;

Then with pleasure he said, to distinguish each head
Of us Sons of the Union, this laurel shall spread,
While our hearts in strict friendship we cheerfully
join,
For friendship's a feast, that's improv'd by good
wine.

Then ye Sons of the Union, let's join hand-in-hand,
'Tis a sight for Anacreon with joy to behold,
While thus in a circle we jovially stand,
Like the knights of king Arthur's round table of
old,
Since Time's on the wing—let's drink, let us sing,
'Till our notes to a full diapason we bring,
While thus to good-humour we Unions incline,
May we drown all our cares in a bumper of wine!



EPIGRAMS, &c.

AN EPIGRAM.

DICK Glutton, a man of a miserly cast,
Once invited some neighbours to dine,
Six or seven at least, and when dinner was past
He produc'd them *one* bottle of wine.

Each toss'd off his glass, to the King and the Queen,
In bumpers that nearly ran o'er ;
But, alas ! in each face, what dejection was seen,
When they found that Dick call'd for no more !

For want of that mirth which good wine can create,
Conversation grew charmingly wise ;
About old mother Church, and the good of the state,
'Till at length they discours'd about eyes.

Says

Says Dick, I caught cold, which fell into my sight,
 'Till a quack, I was tempted to try,
 Examin'd my optics, and soon set 'em right.
 "Were you blind?" says a guest, "so am I."

"You blind!" replied Dick, "who from jokes was
 as free,
 As that solemn old blade Aristotle;
 "You blind!"—"I protest," said his friend, "I
 "can see,
 "I can see, Sir, *no more than this bottle.*"



IMPROMPTU,

ON THE DISTINCTION OF WHIG AND TORY.

O WHAT is a whig, Sir,—O what is a whig?
 O, what is a whig and a tory?
 In search of preferment they'll dance the same jig—
 And both tell the very same story.

For

For a tory's a whig, Sir, a tory's a whig ;
 And a whig makes a very good tory :
 Out of place, they look little—when in, they look
 big—
 And both tell the very same story.



IMPROMPTU.

TO BEAUMARCHAIS, ON HIS IMPRISONMENT.

A LACK a day! poor Beaumarchais,
 You're fast—thus goes the rumour ;
 Suppose you be, your mind is free,
 They can't confine your humour.

ANO.

ANOTHER.

CERVANTES wrote in prison walls
 Books, which immortaliz'd his name ;
 He there obey'd the Muses calls,
 And Beaumarchais may do the same.



EXTEMPORE.

THEY say the Dutch are *heavy*, dull,
 Have no ideas in their scull,
 'Tis said they *warmth* require ;
 When Joseph puts them in a fright,
 To make them run will make them *light*,
 Beside he'll find them *fire*.

On

*On Mrs. Montague's telling Charles Fox she did not
value his Opinion three Skips of a Louse.*

IMPROMPTU.

I'M told by the lady who lives in this house,
She don't mind my opinion three skips of a louse ;
But I shan't much regard what the dear creature
said,
For the sex always talk of what *runs in the head.*

AN EPIGRAM.

TWO Lords whose names if I should quote,
Some folks might call me sinner ;
The one invented *half a coat* *,
The other *half a dinner* †.

Such lords as these are useful men,
Heaven sends them to console one ;
Because there's now not one in ten,
That can procure a *whole one.*

* Spencer.

† Sandwich.

EX-

EXTEMPORE,

ON THE PROSPECT OF WAR.

WHEN Satan late a council held,
 He said, how calm the world reposes!
 What shall we do? Why, clear the Scheldt—
 And that will furnish bloody noses.



ON A CONSEQUENTIAL YOUTH AT MARGATE.

MY boy, a chit, not yet fifteen,
 (Miss Sayer, 'twas very hard, Miss)
 Said to Miss Sayer of the Machine,
 I'll thank you *for a card*, Miss.

A card! my little man, said she,
 No countenance was stricter,
 Here's one will suit you to a T
 Here's one *has got a picture*.

ON

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

MISS IDLE.

SAYS Maria to Mary, pray what could induce
 Such a sweet girl as you to get into the noose?
 Mary made this reply : why, Maria, I own
 It may appear odd, I could not live alone ;
 But *industrious* motives made me seek a bridle,
 As I could not endure to remain longer *idle*.



AN EPITAPH

ON A BIRD.

THE blooming thorn, where Dick was born,
 No more invites him to his spray ;
 Death clos'd his eyes, so here he lies,
 No more to see the jocund day.

Each smiling morn, when sun-beams play,
 Ye linnets chant, and pensive pray,
 That if *all rise*, as preachers say,
 Dick may *get up*, and fly away.

Died Jan. 6, 1797.

ON

ON A DORMOUSE.

ARE you not, reader, sorry for
 The loss we feel in little dor ?
 A merrier mouse you never saw,
 But cold in death lies little dor.

To find his age was our intent,
 And so we search'd the woods in Kent ;
 But all the dormice still aver,
 They have no parish register.

 RIDDLES.

1.

I MAKE snuff, and take snuff,
 But still I have no nose ;
 Without my aid, 'tis sometimes said,
 You can't tell friend from foes.

2.

I'm black, and brown, and very fair,
 I'm neither round, nor long, nor square,

Unless

Unless you pay when me you get,
You're over *head and ears* in debt.

3.

I have, to one lock, an abundance of keys,
But not one of them opens it, think as you please.

4.

Of me it may, with truth, be said,
I'm very black, and very red ;
I'm made of earth, and made of wood,
And do the world a deal of good ;
Yet do the world a deal of evil,
And teach bad folks to fear the Devil.

5.

My top is round as round can be,
I've one good leg, and feet just three.

6.

In hunting for learning I never took pains,
But you'll say, when you see me, I'm brimful of
 brains ;
I'm fond of the dead, and by some means contrive,
That the dead I prefer should be all kept alive.
Consult me with care, and you'll presently know,
What our grandfathers thought of a cent'ry ago ;

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S

Whilst

Whilst I am neglected, they're dead and they're
dumb ;
But court me, you'll have them all under your
thumb.

7.

I've many teeth, but never bite,
And oft bring hidden things to light !

8.

We never are absent at play or at rout,
We are sometimes turn'd in, but most frequently out,
But in capering, and dancing, this truth you may
trust,
That we always move most, and most commonly
first.

9.

I have six legs, which look like pegs,
For so, it seems, they call 'em ;
Now guess I pray, why twice a day
The maids are seen to warm 'em.

10.

Two treasures I have, close contain'd in my breast,
This comes from the east, and that comes from the
west,
While I keep 'em distinct, they are not worth a
feather,
But are good when two elements bring them to-
gether.

I'm

11.

I'm pure as innocence can be,
 And all the world make free with me
 Through all the world I'm seen and heard,
 Yet never speak a single word.

12.

The poor man respects me, the rich treads upon me,
 And all sorts of burthens are daily laid on me,
 In one place I'm small, in the other am bigger,
 And if colour'd with taste I can make a good figure.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------------|
| 1 A candle. | 7 A comb. |
| 2 A wig. | 8 The feet. |
| 3 Harpsichord. | 9 A wooden cat. |
| 4 Fire. | 10 A tea-chest. |
| 5 A table. | 11 A sheet of paper, |
| 6 A book-case. | 12 A carpet. |

F I N I S.

