The Rolliad, in Two Parts

Richard Tickell et al.



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THE ROLLIAD, IN TWO PARTS; PROBATIONARY ODES FOR THE *LAUREATSHIP*; AND POLITICAL ECLOGUES: WITH CRITICISMS AND ILLUSTRATIONS. REVISED, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED BY THE ORIGINAL AUTHORS.

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THE TWENTY-FIRST EDITION.

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1799

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ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

Three very large impressions of the following work being already sold, and the demand for it daily increasing, it is now a fourth time submitted to the Public, revised and corrected from the many literal errors, which, with every precaution, will too often deform a first edition; especially when circumstances render an early publication necessary.

* * * * *

In the present edition some few alterations have been made, but none of any considerable magnitude; except that the Appendix of Miscellaneous Pieces is here suppressed. This has been done, in some degree, for the conveniency of binding this first part of the CRITICISMS ON THE ROLLIAD with the second; but more, indeed, in consequence of a design, which we at present entertain, of printing most of those pieces with other productions of the same Authors in one octavo volume, under the title of POLITICAL MISCELLANIES.

* * * * *

As the bulk and matter of the book are thus diminished, the price also is proportionally reduced. Where the CRITICISMS seem to require any elucidation from the contents of the former Appendix, extracts are now given at the bottom of the page instead of the references in our former Editions.

* * * * *

This slight change we flatter ourselves will not be disapproved by the Public; and we hope, that they will not receive with a less degree of favour the intimation here given of the Miscellaneous Volume, which will probably be published in the course of the ensuing winter.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The CRITICISMS ON THE ROLLIAD, in their original form, excited such a general curiosity, that three spurious editions have already been sold, independently of their publication in various of the Daily Papers, and Monthly Magazines. Such a marked testimony in their favour, cannot but be peculiarly flattering to us. We therefore thought it incumbent on us in return, to exert our utmost endeavours in rendering them, as far as our judgment will direct us, yet more worthy of that attention with which they have been honoured, imperfect as they fell from us, through a channel, that did not seem necessarily to demand any very great degree of precision.

In the present edition some few passages have been expunged; others softened; many enlarged; more corrected; and two whole numbers, with the greater part of a third, are altogether new. A poeticoprosaical Dedication to SIR LLOYD KENYON, now Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, has also been added; and an Appendix is now given, consisting of Miscellaneous Pieces, to which the Criticisms incidentally refer.

* * * * *

It may perhaps give offence to some very chastized judgments, that in this our authentic edition, we have subjoined notes on a professed commentary. Some short explanations, however, appeared occasionally necessary, more especially as the subjects of Political Wit in their very nature are fugitive and evanescent. We only fear that our illustrations have not been sufficiently frequent, as we have privately been asked to what "Mr. Hardinge's Arithmetic" in the Dedication alluded; so little impression

was made on the public by the learned Gentleman's elaborate calculation of the Orations spoken, and the time expended in the discussion of the Westminster Scrutiny! Indeed, we have known persons even ignorant that Sir Lloyd Kenyon voted for his stables.

This Edition has further been ornamented with a Tree of the Genealogy, and the Arms, Motto, and Crest of the ROLLOS, now ROLLES; for an explanation of which we beg leave to refer the reader to page xiii. The Genealogy is likewise given at full length from the Morning Herald, where it was originally published, and was probably the foundation of the ROLLIAD. It is therefore inserted in its proper place, before the first extract from the Dedication to the Poem, which immediately preceded the first Numbers of the CRITICISMS.

EXPLANATION OF THE FRONTISPIECE AND TITLE-PAGE.

The FRONTISPIECE represents Duke ROLLO, with his Sword and Ducal Coronet lying by his side. It is supposed to be a striking likeness, and was copied from a painting in the Window of a Church at Rouen in Normandy. From this illustrious Warrior springs a Tree of the Genealogy of the ROLLOS, now ROLLES. The most eminent of this great Family alone are noticed. The particulars of their history may be found in page xxix and xxx.
[Transcriber's note: Refers to
'Short Account of the Family of the Rollos']

* * * * *

The TITLE-PAGE exhibits the Arms, Motto, and Crest of the Family. The Arms are, Three French Rolls, Or, between two Rolls of Parchment, Proper, placed in form of a Cheveron on a Field Argent—The Motto is *Jouez bien votre Róle*, or, as we have sometimes seen it spelt—*Rolle*. The Crest, which has been lately changed by the present Mr. ROLLE, is a half-length of the Master of the Rolls, like a Lion demi-rampant with a Roll of Parchment instead of a Pheon's Head between his Paws.

DEDICATION.
To Sir Lloyd Kenyan, Bart.
MASTER OF THE ROLLS, &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

It was originally my intention to have dedicated the CRITICISMS on the ROLLIAD, as the ROLLIAD itself is dedicated, to the illustrious character, from whose hereditary name the Poem derives its title; and[1], as I some time since apprized the public, I had actually obtained his permission to lay this little work at his feet. No sooner, however, was he made acquainted with my after-thought of inscribing my book to your honour, but, with the liberality, which ever marks a great mind, he wrote to me of his own accord, declaring his compleat acquiescence in the propriety of the alteration. For if I may take the liberty of transcribing his own ingenuous and modest expression, "I am myself," said he, "but *a simple Rolle*; SIR LLOYD KENYON *is a Master of Rolls*."

Great ROLLO's heir, whose cough, whose laugh, whose groan,
The' Antæus EDMUND has so oft o'erthrown:
Whose cry of "question" silenc'd CHARLES's sense;
That cry, more powerful than PITT's eloquence;
Ev'n he, thus high in glory, as in birth,
Yields willing way to thy superior worth.

Indeed, if I had not been so happy as to receive this express sanction of Mr. ROLLE's concurrence, I should nevertheless have thought myself justified in presuming it, from the very distinguished testimony which he has lately borne to your merits, by taking a demi-rampant of YOUR HONOUR for his crest; a circumstance, in my opinion, so highly complimentary to your honour, that I was studious to have it as extensively known as possible. I have therefore given directions to my Publisher, to exhibit your portrait, with the ROLLE ARMS, and Motto, by way of Vignette in the Title Page; that displayed, as I trust it will be, at the Window of every Bookseller in Great-Britain, it may thus attract the admiration of the most incurious, as they pass along the streets. This solicitude, to diffuse the knowledge of your person, as widely as your fame, may possibly occasion some little distress to your modesty; yet permit me to hope, SIR LLOYD, that the motive will plead my pardon; and, perhaps,

even win the approbation of your smile; if you can be supposed to smile without offence to the gravity of that nature, which seems from your very birth to have marked you for a Judge.

Behold the' Engraver's mimic labours trace
The sober image of that sapient face:
See him, in each peculiar charm exact,
Below dilate it, and above contract;
For Nature thus, inverting her design,
From vulgar ovals hath distinguish'd thine:
See him each nicer character supply,
The pert no-meaning puckering round the eye,
The mouth in plaits precise demurely clos'd,
Each order'd feature, and each line compos'd,
Where Wisdom sits a-squat, in starch disguise,
Like Dulness couch'd, to catch us by surprise.
And now he spreads around thy pomp of wig,
In owl-like pride of legal honour's big;
That wig, which once of curl on curl profuse,
In well-kept buckle stiff, and smugly spruce,
Deck'd the plain Pleader; then in nobler taste,
With well-frizz'd bush the' Attorney-General grac'd;
And widely waving now with ampler flow,
Still with thy titles and thy fame shall grow,
Behold, SIR LLOYD, and while with fond delight
The dear resemblance feasts thy partial sight,
Smile, if thou canst; and, smiling on this book,
Cast the glad omen of one favouring look.

But it is on public grounds, that I principally wish to vindicate my choice of YOUR HONOUR for my Patron. The ROLLIAD, I have reason to believe, owed its existence to the [2] memorable speech of the Member of Devonshire on the first Discussion of the Westminster Scrutiny, when he so emphatically proved himself the genuine descendant of DUKE ROLLO; and in the noble contempt which he avowed, for the boasted rights of Electors, seemed to breathe the very soul of his great progenitor, who came to extirpate the liberties of Englishmen with the sword. It must be

remembered, however, that Your Honour ministered the occasion to his glory. You, SIR LLOYD, have ever been reputed the immediate Author of the Scrutiny. Your opinion is said to have been privately consulted on the framing of the Return; and your public defence of the High-Bailiff's proceeding, notoriously furnished MR. ROLLO, and the other friends of the Minister, with all the little argument, which they advanced against the objected exigency of the Writ. You taught them to reverence that holy thing, the Conscience of a Returning Officer, above all Law, Precedent, Analogy, Public Expediency, and the popular Right of Representation, to which our Forefathers erroneously paid religious respect, as to the most sacred franchise of our Constitution. You prevailed on them to manifest an impartiality singularly honourable; and to prefer the sanctity of this single Conscience, to a round dozen of the most immaculate consciences, chosen in the purest possible manner from their own *pure House of Commons*.

Thine is the glorious measure; thine alone:
Thee father of the Scrutiny, we own.
Ah! without thee what treasures had we lost,
More worth than twenty Scrutinies would cost!
To' instruct the Vestry, and convince the House,
What Law from MURPHY! what plain sense from ROUS!
What wit from MULGRAVE! from DUNDAS, what truth!
What perfect virtue from the VIRTUOUS YOUTH!
What deep research from ARDEN the profound!
What argument from BEARCROFT ever sound!
By MUNCASTER, what generous offers made;
By HARDINGE, what arithmetic display'd!
And, oh! what rhetoric, from MAHON that broke
In printed speeches, which he never spoke!
Ah! without thee, what worth neglected long,
Had wanted still its dearest meed of song!
In vain high-blooded ROLLE, unknown to fame,
Had boasted still the honours of his name:
In vain had exercis'd his noble spleen
On BURKE and FOX—the ROLLIAD had not been.

But, alas! SIR LLOYD, at the very moment, while I am writing, intelligence has reached me, that the Scrutiny is at an end. Your favourite measure is no more. The child of your affection has met a sudden and a violent fate. I trust, however, that "the Ghost of the departed Scrutiny" (in the bold but beautiful language of MR. DUNDAS) will yet haunt the spot, where it was brought forth, where it was fostered, and where it fell. Like the Ghost of Hamlet it shall be a perturbed spirit, though it may not come in a questionable shape. It shall fleet before the eyes of those to whom it was dear, to admonish them, how they rush into future dangers; to make known the secret of its private hoards; or to confess to them the sins of its former days, and to implore their piety, that they would give peace to its shade, by making just reparation. Perhaps too, it may sometimes visit the murderer, like the ghost of Banquo, to dash his joys. It cannot indeed rise up in its proper form to push him from his seat, yet it may assume some other formidable appearance to be his eternal tormentor. These, however, are but visionary consolations, while every loyal bosom must feel substantial affliction from the late iniquitous vote, tyrannically compelling the High-Bailiff to make a return after an enquiry of nine months only; especially when you had so lately armed him with all power necessary to make his enquiry effectual.

[3] Ah! how shall I the' unrighteous vote bewail?
Again corrupt Majorities prevail.
Poor CORBETT's Conscience, tho' a little loth,
Must blindly gape, and gulp the' untasted oath;
If he, whose conscience never felt a qualm,
If GROGAN fail the good man's doubts to calm.
No more shall MORGAN, for his six months' hire,
Contend, that FOX should share the' expence of fire;
Whole Sessions shall he *croak*, nor bear away
The price, that paid the silence of a day:
No more, till COLLICK some new story hatch,
Long-winded ROUS for hours shall praise Dispatch;
COLLICK to Whigs and Warrants back shall slink,
And ROUS, a Pamphleteer, re-plunge in ink:
MURPHY again French Comedies shall steal,
Call them his own, and garble, to conceal;

Or, pilfering still, and patching without grace
His thread-bare shreds of Virgil out of place,
With Dress and Scenery, Attitude and Trick,
Swords, Daggers, Shouts, and Trumpets in the nick,
With Ahs! and Ohs! Starts, Pauses, Rant, and Rage,
Give a new GRECIAN DAUGHTER to the stage:
But, Oh, SIR CECIL!—Fled to shades again
From the proud roofs, which here he raised in vain,
He seeks, unhappy! with the Muse to cheer
His rising griefs, or drown them in small-beer!
Alas! the Muse capricious flies the hour
When most we need her, and the beer is sour:
Mean time Fox thunders faction uncontroul'd,
Crown'd with fresh laurels, from new triumphs bold.

These general evils arising from the termination of the Scrutiny, YOUR HONOUR, I doubt not, will sincerely lament in common with all true lovers of their King and Country. But in addition to these, you, SIR LLOYD, have particular cause to regret, that [4] "the last hair in this tail of procrastination" is plucked. I well know, what eager anxiety you felt to establish the suffrage, which you gave, as the delegate of your Coach-horses: and I unaffectedly condole with you, that you have lost this great opportunity of displaying your unfathomable knowledge and irresistible logic to the confusion of your enemies. How learnedly would you have quoted the memorable instance of Darius, who was elected King of Persia by the casting vote of his Horse! Though indeed the merits of that election have been since impeached, not from any alledged illegality of the vote itself, if it had been fairly given; but because some jockeyship has been suspected, and the voter, it has been said, was bribed the night before the election! How ably too would you have applied the case of Caligula's horse, who was chosen Consul of Rome! For if he was capable of being elected (you would have said) *à fortiori*, there could have been no natural impediment to his being an elector; since *omne majus continet in se minus*, and the trust is certainly greater to fill the first offices of the state, than to have one share among many in appointing to them. Neither can I suppose that you would have omitted so grave and weighty an authority as Captain Gulliver, who, in the course of his voyages, discovered a country,

where Horses discharged every Duty of Political Society. You might then have passed to the early history of our own island, and have expatiated on the known veneration in which horses were held by our Saxon Ancestors; who, by the way, are supposed also to have been the founders of Parliaments. You might have touched on their famous standard; digressed to the antiquities of the White Horse, in Berkshire, and other similar monuments in different counties; and from thence have urged the improbability, that when they instituted elections, they should have neglected the rights of an animal, thus highly esteemed and almost sanctified among them. I am afraid indeed, that with all your Religion and Loyalty, you could not have made much use of the White Horse of Death, or the White Horse of Hanover. But, for a *bonne bouche*, how beautifully might you have introduced your favourite maxim of *ubi ratio, ibi jus!* and to prove the reason of the thing, how convincingly might you have descanted, in an elegant panegyric on the virtues and abilities of horses, from Xanthus the Grecian Conjuring Horse, whose prophecies are celebrated by Homer, down to the Learned Little Horse over Westminster Bridge! with whom you might have concluded, lamenting that, as he is not an Elector, the Vestry could not have the assistance of one, capable of doing so much more justice to the question than yourself!—Pardon me, SIR LLOYD, that I have thus attempted to follow the supposed course of your oratory. I feel it to be truly inimitable. Yet such was the impression made on my mind by some of YOUR HONOUR's late reasonings respecting the Scrutiny, that I could not withstand the involuntary impulse of endeavouring, for my own improvement, to attain some faint likeness of that wonderful pertinency and cogency, which I so much admired in the great original.

How shall the neighing kind thy deeds requite,
Great YAHOO Champion of the HOUYHNHNM's right?
In grateful memory may thy dock-tail pair,
Unarm'd convey thee with sure-footed care.
Oh! may they, gently pacing o'er the stones,
With no rude shock annoy thy batter'd bones,
Crush thy judicial cauliflow'r, and down
Shower the mix'd lard and powder o'er thy gown;
Or in unseemly wrinkles crease that band,

Fair work of fairer LADY KENYON's hand.
No!—May the pious brutes, with measur'd swing,
Assist the friendly motion of the spring,
While golden dreams of perquisites and fees
Employ thee, slumbering o'er thine own decrees.
But when a Statesman in St. Stephen's walls
Thy Country claims thee, and the Treasury calls,
To pour thy splendid bile in bitter tide
On hardened sinners who with Fox divide,
Then may they, rattling on in jumbling trot,
With rage and jolting make thee doubly hot,
Fire thy Welch blood, enflamed with zeal and leeks,
And kindle the red terrors of thy cheeks,
Till all thy gather'd wrath in furious fit
On RIGBY bursts—unless he votes with PITT.

I might here, SIR LLOYD, launch into a new panegyric on the subject of this concluding couplet. But in this I shall imitate your moderation, who, for reasons best known to yourself, have long abandoned to MR ROLLE[5] "those loud and repeated calls on notorious defaulters, which will never be forgiven by certain patriots." Besides, I consider your public-spirited behaviour in the late Election and Scrutiny for Westminster, as the great monument of your fame to all posterity. I have, therefore, dwelt on this—more especially as it was immediately connected with the origin of the ROLLIAD—till my dedication has run to such a length, that I cannot think of detaining your valuable time any longer; unless merely to request your HONOUR's zealous protection of a work which may be in some sort attributed to you, as its ultimate cause, which is embellished with your portrait, and which now records in this address, the most brilliant exploit of your political glory.

Choak'd by *a Roll*, 'tis said, that OTWAY died;
OTWAY the Tragic Muse's tender pride.
Oh! may my ROLLE to me, thus favour'd, give
A better fate;—that I may eat, and live!

I am, YOUR HONOUR's
Most obedient,
Most respectful,
Most devoted, humble servant,
THE EDITOR.

[1] In a postscript originally subjoined to the eighth Number.

[2] Mr. Rolle said, "he could not be kept all the summer debating about the rights of the Westminster electors. His private concerns were of more importance to him; than his right as a Westminster Elector."

[3] I shall give the Reader in one continued note, what information I think necessary for understanding these verses. During the six months that the Scrutiny continued in St. Martin's, the most distinguished exhibition of Mr. Morgan's talents was the maintenance of an argument, that Mr. Fox ought to pay half the expence of fire in the room where the Witnesses attended. The learned Gentleman is familiarly called *Frog*, to which I presume the Author alludes in the word *croak*. Mr. Rous spoke two hours to recommend Expedition. At the time the late Parliament was dissolved, he wrote two Pamphlets in favour of the Ministry. I have forgot the titles of these pamphlets, as probably the reader has too, if he ever knew them. However, I can assure him of the fact.—Mr. Collick, the Witness-General of Sir Cecil Wray, is a Hair-Merchant and Justice of Peace. Sir Cecil's taste both for Poetry and Small-beer are well known, as is the present unfinished state of his newly-fronted house in Pall-Mall.

[4] "This appears to be the last hair in the tail of procrastination" The Master of the Rolls, who first used this phrase, is a most eloquent speaker. See Lord Mulg. Essays on Eloquence, Vol. II.

[5] Mr. Ridgway tells me, he thinks there is something like these words in one of the Reviews, where the ROLLIAD is criticised.

SHORT ACCOUNT
OF THE FAMILY OF THE
ROLLOS, *now* ROLLES,
FAITHFULLY EXTRACTED FROM THE
RECORDS OF THE HERALD'S OFFICE.

JOHN ROLLE, Esq. is descended from the ancient Duke ROLLO, of Normandy; ROLLO passed over into Britain, anno 983, where he soon begat another ROLLO, upon the wife of a Saxon drummer. Our young ROLLO was distinguished by his gigantic stature, and, as we learn from ODERICUS VITALIS, was slain by Hildebrand, the Danish Champion, in a fit of jealousy. We find in Camden, that the race of the ROLLOS fell into adversity in the reign of Stephen, and in the succeeding reign, GASPAR DE ROLLO was an Ostler in Denbighshire.—But during the unhappy contests of York and Lancaster, William de Wyrcester, and the continuator of the annals of Croyland, have it, that the ROLLOS became Scheriffes of Devon. "*Scheriffi Devonienses* ROLLI *fuerunt*"—and in another passage, "*arrestaverunt Debitores plurime* ROLLORUM"—hence a doubt in Fabian, whether this ROLLO was not Bailiff, *ipse potius quam Scheriffus*. From this period, however, they gradually advanced in circumstances; ROLLO, in Henry the VIIIth, being amerced in 800 marks for pilfering two manchetts of beef from the King's buttery, the which, saith Selden, *facillime payavit*.

In 7th and 8th of Phil. and Mar. three ROLLOS indeed were gibetted for piracy, and from that date the family changed the final O of the name into an E. In the latter annals of the ROLLOS now ROLLES, but little of consequence is handed down to us. We have it that TIMOTHY ROLLE of Plympton, in the 8th of Queen Anne, endowed three alms-houses in said town. JEREMIAH his second son was counted the fattest man of his day, and DOROTHEA ROLLE his third cousin died of a terrible dysentery. From this period the ROLLES have burst upon public notice, with such a blaze of splendour, as renders all further accounts of this illustrious race entirely unnecessary.

EXTRACT FROM THE DEDICATION OF THE ROLLIAD. AN *EPIC POEM*, IN TWELVE BOOKS.

When Norman ROLLO sought fair Albion's coast,
(Long may his offspring prove their country's boast!)
Thy genius, Britain, sure inspir'd his soul
To bless this Island with the race of ROLLE!
Illustrious ROLLE! O may thy honour'd name
Roll down distinguish'd on the *Rolls* of fame!
Still first be found on Devon's county polls!
Still future Senates boast their future ROLLES!
Since of all *Rolls* which in this world we see,
The world has ne'er produc'd a *Roll* like thee.
Hot *Rolls* and butter break the Briton's fast,
Thy speeches yield a more sublime repast.
Compar'd to thine, how small their boasted heat!
Nor, mix'd with treacle, are they half so sweet.
O'er *Rolls* of parchment Antiquarians pore,
Thy mind, O ROLLE, affords a richer store.
Let those on law or history who write,
To Rolls of Parliament resort for light,
Whilst o'er our Senate, from our living ROLLE,
Beam the bright rays of an enlightened soul;
In wonder lost, we slight their useless stuff,
And feel one ROLLE of Parliament enough.
The skill'd musician to direct his band,
Waves high a Roll of paper in his hand;

When PITT would drown the eloquence of BURKE,
You seem the ROLLE best suited to his work;
His well-train'd band, obedient know their cue,
And cough and groan in unison with you.
Thy god-like ancestor, in valour tried,
Still bravely fought by conqu'ring WILLIAM's side:
In British blood he drench'd his purple sword,
Proud to partake the triumphs of his lord:
So you, with zeal, support through each debate,
The conqu'ring WILLIAM of a latter date:
Whene'er he speaks, attentive still to chear
The lofty nothing with a friendly "hear,"
And proud your leader's glory to promote,
Partake his triumph in a faithful vote.
Ah! sure while Coronets like hailstones fly,
When Peers are made, the Gods alone know why,
Thy hero's gratitude, O ROLLE, to thee,
A ducal diadem might well decree;
Great ROLLO's title to thy house restore,
Let E usurp the place of O no more, }
Then ROLLE himself should be what ROLLO was before. }

CRITICISMS ON THE ROLLIAD.

* * * * *

NUMBER I.

"Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Græci."

Nothing can be more consonant to the advice of Horace and Aristotle, than the conduct of our author throughout this Poem. The action is one, entire and great event, being the procreation of a child on the wife of a Saxon Drummer. The Poem opens with a most laboured and masterly description of a storm. ROLLO's state of mind in this arduous situation is finely painted:

Now ROLLO storms more loudly than the wind,
Now doubts and black despair perplex his mind;
Hopeless to see his vessel safely harbour'd,
He hardly knows his starboard for his larboard!

That a hero in distress should not know his right hand from his left, is most natural and affecting; in other hands, indeed, it would not have appeared sufficiently poetical, but the technical expressions of our author convey the idea in all the blaze of metaphor. The storm at length subsides, and ROLLO is safely landed on the coast of Sussex. His first exploit, like that of Æneas, is deer-stealing. He then sets out in the disguise of a Sussex Smuggler, to obtain intelligence of the country and its inhabitants:

Wrapt in a close great-coat, he plods along;
A seeming Smuggler, to deceive the throng.

This expedient of the Smuggler's Great-coat, we must acknowledge, is not quite so Epic, as the veil of clouds, with which Minerva in the Odyssey, and Venus, in the Æneid, surround their respective heroes. It is, however, infinitely more natural, and gains in propriety, what it loses in sublimity. Thus disguised, our adventurer arrives at the Country-house of Dame SHIPTON, a lady of exquisite beauty, and first Concubine to the Usurper HAROLD. Her likeness (as we all know) is still preserved at the wax-work in Fleet-Street. To this lady ROLLO discovers himself, and is received by her in the most hospitable manner. At supper, he relates to her, with great modesty, his former actions, and his design of conquering England; in which (charmed with the grace with which he eats and tells stories) she promises to assist him, and they set off together for London. In the third book Dame SHIPTON, or, as the author styles her, SHIPTONIA, proposes a party to the puppet-show; on the walk they are surprised by a shower, and retire under Temple-bar, where Shiptonia forgets her fidelity to Harold. We are sorry to observe, that this incident is not sufficiently poetical; nor does Shiptonia part with her chastity in so solemn a manner as Dido in the Æneid. In the opening of the fourth book, likewise, we think our author inferior to Virgil, whom he exactly copies, and in some places translates; he begins in this manner:

> But now (for thus it was decreed above)
> SHIPTONIA falls excessively in love;
> In every vein, great ROLLO's eyes and fame
> Light up, and then add fuel to the flame!
> His words, his beauty, stick within her breast,
> Nor do her cares afford her any rest.

Here we think that Virgil's "hærent infixi pectore vultus verbaque," is ill translated by the prosaic word *stick*. We must confess, however, that from the despair and death of Shiptonia, to the battle of Hastings, in which ROLLO kills with his own hand the Saxon Drummer, and carries off his wife, the Poem abounds with beautiful details, cold-blooded matter of facts. Critics may perhaps object that it appears from the Genealogy of the Rollos, Duke ROLLO came to England more than 60 years before the battle of Hastings: though the Poet represents him as the principal hero in that memorable engagement. But such deviations from history are among

the common licences of poetry. Thus Virgil, for the sake of a beautiful episode, makes Dido live in the time of Æneas, whereas she lived in reality 200 years before the Trojan war; and if authority more in point be desired, Mr. Cumberland wrote a Tragedy, called the Battle of Hastings, in which there was not a single event, except the death of Harold, that had the slightest foundation in historical facts, or even probability.

But the sixth book, in which ROLLO, almost despairing of success, descends into a Night Cellar to consult the illustrious MERLIN on his future destiny, is a master-piece of elegance. In this book, as the Philosopher's magic lantern exhibits the characters of all ROLLO's descendants, and even all those who are to act on the same stage with the Marcellus of the piece, the present illustrious Mr. ROLLE, we mean to select in our next number some of the most striking passages of this inexhaustible Magazine of Poetry!

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NUMBER II.

Our author, after giving an account of the immediate descendants of ROLLO, finds himself considerably embarrassed by the three unfortunate ROLLOS[1], whom history relates to have been hanged. From this difficulty, however, he relieves himself, by a contrivance equally new and arduous, viz. by versifying the bill of indictment, and inserting in it a flaw, by which they are saved from condemnation. But in the transactions of those early times, however dignified the phraseology, and enlivened by fancy, there is little to amaze and less to interest; let us hasten, therefore, to those characters about whom not to be solicitous, is to want curiosity, and whom not to admire, is to want gratitude—to those characters, in short, whose splendour illuminates the present House of Commons.

Of these, our author's principal favourite appears to be that amiable[2] young Nobleman, whose Diary we have all perused with so much pleasure. Of him he says,—

———Superior to abuse,
He nobly glories in the name of GOOSE;
Such Geese at Rome from the perfidious Gaul
Preserv'd the Treas'ry-Bench and Capitol, &c. &c.

In the description of Lord MAHON, our author departs a little from his wonted gravity,—

———This Quixote of the Nation,
Beats his own Windmills in gesticulation,
To *Strike*, not *please*, his utmost force he bends,
And all his sense is at his fingers ends, &c. &c.

But the most beautiful effort of our author's genius (if we except only the character of Mr. ROLLE himself) is contained in the description of Mr. PITT.

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
Young with more art than SHELBURNE glean'd from age,
loo proud from pilfer'd greatness to descend,
Too humble not to call DUNDAS his friend,
In solemn dignity and sullen state,
This new Octavius rises to debate!
Mild and more mild he sees each placid row
Of Country Gentlemen with rapture glow;
He sees, convuls'd with sympathetic throbs,
Apprentice Peers, and deputy Nabobs!
Nor Rum Contractors think his speech too long,
While words, like treacle, trickle from his Tongue!
O Soul congenial to the Souls of ROLLES!
Whether you tax the luxury of Coals,
Or vote some necessary millions more,
To feed an Indian friend's exhausted store,
Fain would I praise (if I like thee could praise)
Thy matchless virtues in congenial lays.
But, Ah! too weak, &c. &c.

This apology, however, is like the *nolo episcopari* of Bishops; for our author continues his panegyric during about one hundred and fifty lines more, after which he proceeds to a task (as he says) more congenial to his abilities, and paints

> ———in smooth confectionary style, The simpering sadness of his MULGRAVE's smile.

From the character of this nobleman we shall only select a part of one couplet, which tends to elucidate our author's astonishing powers in imitative harmony,

> ———"within his lab'ring throat The shrill shriek struggles with the harsh hoarse note."

As we mean to excite, and not to satisfy at once the curiosity of our readers, we shall here put a period to our extracts for the present. We cannot, however, conclude this essay, without observing, that there are very few lines in the whole work which are at all inferior to those we have selected for the entertainment of our readers.

[1] See the Genealogy, p. xxvii, xxviii.

[2] Lord Graham.

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NUMBER III.

In proof of the assurance with which we concluded our last number, we shall now proceed to give the character of SIR RICHARD HILL.

Our Readers, probably, are well acquainted with the worthy Baronet's promiscuous quotations from the Bible and Rochester; and they may possibly remember (if they were awake, when they read them) some elegant verses, which he repeated in the House of Commons, and afterwards inserted in the public papers, as the production of a sleepless Night. We know not, however, if they may so easily recal to mind his remarkable declaration, both of his Loyalty and Religion, in the prettily-

turned phrase, "that indeed he loved King GEORGE very well, but he loved King JESUS better." But as our Poet has alluded to it, we thought necessary to mention it; and for the same reason to add, that like Lord MAHON, Major SCOTT, Mr. ATKINSON, Mr. WILKES, and Captain J. LUTTRELL, he writes his own speeches for the public Reporters. We should also have been happy to have enlivened our commentary with some extracts from the controversy, at which our Author glances; we mean the answer of Sir Richard to Mr. Madan, on the doctrine of Polygamy; a subject, which the tenour of our Baronet's reading in his two favourite books, peculiarly qualified him to handle with equally pleasantry and orthodoxy. But all our industry to procure his pamphlet unfortunately proved ineffectual. We never saw more of it than the title-page, which we formerly purchased in the lining of a trunk, at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard.

We are conscious, that these introductory explanations must seem doubly dull, to Readers impatient for such exquisite poetry as the ROLLIAD. They appeared, however, indispensible to the due understanding of the verses, which we shall now give without further preface.

Brother of ROWLAND, or, if yet more dear
Sounds thy new title, Cousin of a Peer;
Scholar of various learning, good or evil,
Alike what God inspir'd, or what the Devil;
Speaker well skill'd, what no man hears, to write;
Sleep-giving Poet, of a sleepless night;
Polemic, Politician, Saint, and Wit,
Now lashing MADAN, now defending PITT;
Thy praise shall live till time itself be o'er,
Friend of King GEORGE, tho' of King JESUS more!

The solemnity of this opening is well suited to the dignity of the occasion. The heroes of Homer generally address each other by an appellative, marking their affinity to some illustrious personage. The Grecian poet, it must be confessed, in such cases, uses a patronymic, expressive of the genealogy; as *Pelides*, *Æacides*, *Laertiades*; but it is not absolutely necessary to observe this rule.—For, [1]M'Pherson, a poet with whom our author is most likely to be intimately acquainted, makes his hero, Fingal,

address Ossian by the title of "Father of Oscar." It should seem therefore to be sufficient, if in addressing a great man, you particularise any celebrated character of the family who may be supposed to reflect honour on his connections; and the Reverend ROWLAND HILL was certainly the most celebrated of our worthy Baronet's relations, before the late creation of Lord BERWICK, on which the next line happily touches.

Our author seems very fond of Mr. DUNDAS,

> Whose exalted soul
> No bonds of vulgar prejudice controul.
> Of shame unconscious in his bold career,
> He spurns that honour, which the weak revere;
> For, true to public Virtue's patriot plan,
> He loves *the Minister*, and not *the Man*;
> Alike the advocate of NORTH and Wit,
> The friend of SHELBURNE, and the guide of PITT,
> His ready tongue with sophistries at will,
> Can say, unsay, and be consistent still;
> This day can censure, and the next retract,
> In speech extol, and stigmatize in act;
> Turn and re-turn; whole hours at HASTINGS bawl,
> Defend, praise, thank, affront him, and recal.
> By opposition, he his King shall court;
> And damn the People's cause by his support.
> He, like some Angel sent to scourge mankind,
> Shall deal forth plagues,—in charity design'd.
> The West he would have starv'd; yet, ever good,
> But meant to save the effusion of her blood:
> And if, from fears of his Controul releast
> He looses Rapine now, to spoil the East;
> 'Tis but to fire another SYKES to plan
> Some new starvation-scheme for Hindostan;
> Secure, to make her flourish, as before,
> More populous, by losing myriads more.

Our author here seems to understand the famous starvation-scheme of Mr. DUNDAS, as literally designed to produce an actual famine in America, though undoubtedly from the most benevolent motives imaginable. But this is contradicted by a [2]late writer, who appears to be perfectly conversant with the language and purposes of our present men in power. "Starvation (says he) is not synonymous with famine; for Mr. Dundas most certainly could not intend to produce a famine in America, which is the granary of the West-Indies, and of a great part of Europe. The word Starvation (continues he) was intended by Mr. Dundas to express a scheme of his own, by which he meant to prevent the Americans from eating when they were hungry, and had food within their reach; thereby insuring their reduction without blood-shed." However, both authors agree that Mr. Dundas proposed to starve the Americans (whatever was to be the mode of doing it) in mere compassion, to save them from the horrors of throat-cutting. How finely too does the Poet trace the same charitable disposition in the late measures of Mr. Dundas and his Colleagues at the Board of Controul! Factious men have said, that the Indian politics of the new Commissioners have a direct tendency, beyond any former system, to encourage every kind of peculation and extortion. But what kind Mr. Dundas would peculiarly wish to encourage, can admit of no doubt, from his known partiality to starving—any body, but himself. And how, indeed, can the prosperity of the East be better consulted, than by some new starvation-scheme; such as was contrived and executed by certain humane individuals in the year 1770, with the most salutary event! For, notwithstanding one-third of the inhabitants of Bengal were then swept away by the famine, the province, in consequence, is now become more populous than ever. This may a little disturb all vulgar notions of cause and effect; but the writer above-mentioned proves the fact, by the testimony of Major Scott.

There are many more lines relating to Mr. Dundas. But as this gentleman's character is so perfectly understood by the public, we shall rather select a short catalogue of some among the inferior Ministerial Heroes, who have hitherto been less frequently described.

DRAKE, whose cold rhetorick freezes in its course,
BANKS the precise, and fluent WILBERFORCE,
With either PHIPPS, a scribbling, prattling pair;
And VILLERS, comely, with the flaxen hair;
The gentle GRENVILLE's ever-grinning Son,
And the dark brow of solemn HAMILTON.

These miniatures, as we may call them, present us with very striking likenesses of the living originals; most of whom are seen to as much advantage in this small size, as they could possibly have been, had they been taken at full length. How happy is the allusion to Mr. DRAKE's[3] well-known speech; which, in the metaphor of our poet, we may style a beautiful icicle of the most transparent eloquence! How just too, and yet how concise, is the description of the literary and parliamentary talents, so equally possessed by Brother CHARLES and Brother HARRY, as Lord Mulgrave affectionately calls them. We must, however, observe, that in the Manuscript of the ROLLIAD, obligingly communicated to us by the Author, the line appears to have been first written,

Resplendent PHIPPS who shines our lesser Bear;

the noble head of this illustrious family having been called the Great Bear. But this was corrected probably in consequence of the Poet having discovered, like Mr. Herschel, that the splendor which he long attributed to a single constellation, or (if we may depart a little from critical nicety in our figure) to a single star, in reality flowed from the united rays of two. We have nothing further to add on this passage, only that the character of VILLERS seems to be drawn after the Nireus of Homer; who, as the Commentators remark, is celebrated in the catalogue of warriors, for the handsomest man in the Grecian army, and is never mentioned again through the whole twenty-four books of the Iliad.

[1] Mr. M'Pherson is said to be one of the principal writers on the side of the present administration.

[2] Key to Parliamentary Debates, published by Debrett.

[3] "Behold, Sir, another feature of the procrastinating system. Not so the Athenian Patriots—Sir, the Romans—Sir, I have lost the clue of my argument—Sir, I will sit down."

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NUMBER IV.

A new edition (being the nineteenth) of this universally admired poem having been recently published, the ingenious author has taken that opportunity to introduce some new lines on an occasion perfectly congenial to his muse, and in the highest degree interesting to the public, namely, the late Fast and Thanksgiving; together with the famous discourse preached in celebration of that day by that illustrious orator and divine, the Reverend Mr. SECRETARY PRETTYMAN.—This episode, which is emphatically termed by himself in his prefatory address to this last edition, his Episode Parsonic, seems to have been written perfectly *con amore*, and is considered by critics as one of the happiest effusions of the distinguished genius from whose high-rapped fancy it originated. It consists of nine-and-forty lines, of which, without farther exordium, we shall submit the following extracts to the inspection, or, more properly speaking, the admiration of our readers. He sets out with a most spirited compliment to Dr. PRETTYMAN. The two first lines are considered by critics, as the most successful example of the alliterative ornament upon record.

Prim Preacher, Prince of Priests, and [1]Prince's Priest;
Pembroke's pale pride—in PITT's *præcordia* plac'd.
—Thy merits all shall future ages scan,
And PRINCE be lost in PARSON PRETTYMAN.

The beauty of the historical allusion to Prince Prettyman, need not be pointed out to our readers; and the presage that the fame of this Royal personage shall be lost and absorbed in the rising reputation of the ingenious divine, is peculiarly happy and well turned. The celebrated passage of Virgil,

"Tu Marcellus eris:"

is supposed to have been in the poet's recollection at the moment of his conceiving this passage—not that the

"Oh miserande puer!"

in the preceding line, is imagined to have excited any idea of Mr. Pitt.

Our author now pursues his hero to the pulpit, and there, in imitation of Homer, who always takes the opportunity for giving a minute description of his *personæ*, when they are on the very verge of entering upon an engagement, he gives a laboured but animated detail of the Doctor's personal manners and deportment. Speaking of the penetrating countenance for which the Doctor is distinguished, he says,

> ARGUS could boast an hundred eyes, 'tis true, }
> The DOCTOR looks an hundreds ways with two: }
> Gimlets they are, and bore you through and through. }

This is a very elegant and classic compliment, and shows clearly what a decided advantage our Reverend Hero possesses over the celebrated {Ophthalmodoulos} of antiquity. Addison is justly famous in the literary world, for the judgment with which he selects and applies familiar words to great occasions, as in the instances:

> ———"The great, the important day, "*Big* with the fate of Cato and of Rome."—

"The sun grows *dim* with age, &c. &c."

This is a very great beauty, for it fares with ideas, as with individuals; we are the more interested in their fate, the better we are acquainted with them. But how inferior is Addison in this respect to our author?

Gimlets they are, &c.

There is not such a word in all Cato! How well-known and domestic the image! How specific and forcible the application!—Our author proceeds: Having described very accurately the style of the Doctor's hairdressing, and devoted ten beautiful lines to an eulogy upon the brilliant on the little finger of his right hand, of which he emphatically says:

No veal putrescent, no dead whiting's eye,
In the true water with this ring could vie;

he breaks out into the following most inspirited and vigorous apostrophe—

Oh! had you seen his lily, lily hand,
Stroke his spare cheek, and coax his snow-white band:
That adding force to all his powers of speech,
This the protector of his sacred breech;
That point the way to Heav'n's coelestial grace,
This keep his small-clothes in their proper place—
Oh! how the comley preacher you had prais'd,
As now the right, and now the left he rais'd!!!

Who does not perceive, in this description, as if before their eyes, the thin figure of emaciated divinity, divided between religion and decorum; anxious to produce some truths, and conceal others; at once concerned for *fundamental* points of various kinds; ever at the *bottom* of things—Who does not see this, and seeing, who does not admire? The notes that accompany this excellent episode, contain admirable instances of our author's profound knowledge in all the literature of our established religion; and we are sorry that our plan will not suffer us to produce them, as a full and decisive proof that his learning is perfectly on a level with his genius, and his divinity quite equal to his poetry.

[1] The Doctor is Chaplain to his Majesty.—He was bred at Pembroke-hall in Cambridge.

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NUMBER V.

On Monday last, the twentieth edition of this incomparable poem made its appearance: and we may safely venture to predict, that, should it be followed by an hundred more, while the fertile and inexhaustible genius of the author continues to enrich every new edition with new beauties, they will not fail to run through, with the same rapidity that the former have

done; so universal is the enthusiasm prevailing among the genuine lovers of poetry, and all persons of acknowledged taste, with respect to this wonderful and unparalleled production.

What chiefly distinguishes this edition, and renders it peculiarly interesting at the present moment, is the admirable description contained in it of the newly-appointed India Board; in which the characters of the members composing it are most happily, though perhaps somewhat severely, contrasted with those to whom the same high office had been allotted by a former administration.

That the feelings of the public are in unison with those of our author upon this occasion, is sufficiently apparent from the frequent Panegyrics with which the public papers have of late been filled, upon the characters of these distinguished personages. In truth, the superiority of our present excellent administration over their opponents, can in no instance be more clearly demonstrated, than by a candid examination of the comparative merits of the persons appointed by each of them to preside in this arduous and important department.

Our author opens this comparison by the following elegant compliment to the accomplished Nobleman whose situation, as Secretary of State, entitles him to a priority of notice, as the eminence of his abilities will ever ensure him a due superiority of weight in the deliberations of the board.

> SYDNEY, whom all the pow'rs of rhetoric grace.
> Consistent SYDNEY fills FITZWILLIAM's place;
> O, had by nature but proportion'd been
> His strength of genius to his length of chin,
> His mighty mind in some prodigious plan
> At once with ease had reach'd to Indostan!

The idea conveyed in these lines, of the possibility of a feature in the human face extending to so prodigious a distance as the East-Indies, has been objected to as some-what hyperbolical. But those who are well acquainted with the person as well as the character of the noble lord alluded to, and who are unquestionably the best judges of the *extent* of the compliment, will certainly be of a different opinion. Neither indeed is the

objection founded in truth, but must have arisen merely from the passage not having been properly understood. It by no means supposes his Lordship to have literally a chin of such preposterous dimensions, as must be imagined for the purpose of reaching to the East-Indies; but figuratively speaking, only purports, that, if his Lordship's mental, faculties are co-extensive with that distinguished feature of his face, they may readily embrace, and be competent to the consideration of the most distant objects. The meaning of the author is so obvious, that this cavil probably originated in wilful misapprehension, with a view of detracting from the merit of one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem.

What reader can refuse his admiration to the following lines, in which the leading features of the characters are so justly, strongly, and at the same time so concisely delineated?

> Acute observers, who with skilful ken
> Descry the characters of public men,
> Rejoice that pow'r and patronage should pass
> From *jobbing* MONTAGUE to *pure* DUNDAS;
> Exchange with pleasure, ELLIOT, LEW'SHAM, NORTH,
> For MULGRAVE's tried integrity and worth;
> And all must own, that worth completely tried,
> By turns experienc'd upon every side.

How happy is the selection of epithets in these lines! How forcibly descriptive of the character to which they are applied! In the same strain he proceeds:—

> Whate'er experience GREGORY might boast,
> Say, is not WALSINGHAM himself a host?
> His grateful countrymen, with joyful eyes,
> From SACKVILLE's ashes see this Phoenix rise:
> Perhaps with all his master's talents blest,
> To save the East as he subdu'd the West.

The historical allusion is here judiciously introduced; and the pleasing prospect hinted at of the same happy issue attending our affairs in the Eastern, that has already crowned them in the Western world, must afford

peculiar satisfaction to the feelings of every British reader.

The next character is most ingeniously described, but like a former one, containing some *personal* allusions, requires, in order to be fully understood, a more intimate acquaintance with the exterior qualifications of the gentleman in question, than can have fallen to the lot of every reader. All who have had the pleasure of seeing him, however, will immediately acknowledge the resemblance of the portrait.

See next advance, in knowing FLETCHER's stead,
A youth, who boasts no common share of head;
What plenteous stores of knowledge may contain
The spacious tenement of GRENVILLE's brain!
Nature, in all her dispensations wise,
Who form'd his head-piece of so vast a size,
Hath not, 'tis true, neglected to bestow
Its due proportion to the part below;
And hence we reason, that, to serve the state,
His top and bottom may have equal weight.

Every reader will naturally conceive, that in the description of the principal person of the board, the author has exerted the whole force of his genius, and he will not find his expectations disappointed; he has reserved him for the last, and has judiciously evaded disgracing him by a comparison with any other, upon the principle, no doubt, quoted from Mr. Theobald, by that excellent critic, Martinus Scriblerus:

"None but himself can be his parallel."
DOUBLE FALSEHOOD.

As he has drawn this character at considerable length, we shall content ourselves with selecting some few of the most striking passages, whatever may be the difficulty of selecting where almost the whole is equally beautiful. The grandeur of the opening prepares the mind for the sublime sensations suitable to the dignity of a subject so exalted:

Above the rest, majestically great,
Behold the infant Atlas of the state,
The matchless miracle of modern days,
In whom Britannia to the world displays
A sight to make surrounding nations stare;
A kingdom trusted to a school-boy's care.

It is to be observed to the credit of our author, that, although his political principles are unquestionably favourable to the present happy government, he does not scruple, with that boldness which ever characterises real genius, to animadvert with freedom on persons of the most elevated rank and station; and he has accordingly interspersed his commendations of our favourite young Minister with much excellent and reasonable counsel, fore-warning him of the dangers to which he is by his situation exposed. After having mentioned his introduction into public life, and concurred in that admirable panegyric of his immaculate virtues, made in the House of Commons by a noble Lord already celebrated in the poem, upon which he has the following observation:

———As MULGRAVE, who so fit
To chaunt the praises of ingenious PITT?
The nymph unhackney'd and unknown abroad,
Is thus commended by the hackney'd bawd.
The dupe enraptur'd, views her fancied charms,
And clasps the maiden mischief to his arms,
Till dire disease reveals the truth too late:
O grant my country, Heav'n, a milder fate!

he attends him to the high and distinguished station he now so ably fills, and, in a nervous strain of manly eloquence, describes the defects of character and conduct to which his situation, and the means by which he came to it, render him peculiarly liable. The spirit of the following lines is remarkable:

Oft in one bosom may be found allied,
Excess of meanness, and excess of pride:
Oft may the Statesman, in St. Stephen's brave,
Sink in St. James's to an abject slave;

Erect and proud at Westminster, may fall
Prostrate and pitiful at Leadenhall;
In word a giant, though a dwarf in deed,
Be led by others while he seems to lead.

He afterwards with great force describes the lamentable state of humiliation into which he may fall from his present pinnacle of greatness, by too great a subserviency to those from whom he has derived it, and appeals to his pride in the following beautiful exclamation:

Shall CHATHAM's offspring basely beg support,
Now from the India, now St. James's court;
With pow'r admiring Senates to bewitch,
Now kiss a Monarch's—now a Merchant's breech;
And prove a pupil of St. Omer's school,
Of either KINSON, AT. or JEN. the tool?

Though cold and cautious criticism may perhaps stare at the boldness of the concluding line, we will venture to pronounce it the most masterly stroke of the sublime to be met with in this, or any other poem. It may be justly said, as Mr. Pope has so happily expressed it—

"To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

As we despair of offering any thing equal to this lofty flight of genius to the reader of true taste, we shall conclude with recommending to him the immediate perusal of the whole poem, and, in the name of an admiring public, returning our heart-felt thanks to the wonderful author of this invaluable work.

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NUMBER VI.

In our two last numbers we were happy to give our readers the earliest relish of those additional beauties, with which the nineteenth and twentieth impressions of the ROLLIAD are enriched. And these interpolations we doubt not have been sufficiently admired for their

intrinsic merit, even in their detached state, as we gave them. But what superior satisfaction must they have afforded to those who have read them in their proper places! They are parts of a whole, and as such wonderfully improve the effect of the general design, by an agreeable interruption of prosaic regularity.

This may appear to some but a paradoxical kind of improvement, which is subversive of order. It must be remembered, however, that the descent of ROLLO to the night-cellar was undoubtedly suggested by the descent of Æneas to hell in the Sixth Book of Virgil; and every classical Critic knows what a noble contempt of order the Roman Poet studiously displays in the review of his countrymen. From Romulus he jumps at once to Augustus; gets back how he can to Numa; goes straight forward to Brutus; takes a short run to Camillus; makes a long stride to Julius Cæsar and Pompey; from Cato retreats again to the Gracchi and the Scipios; and at last arrives in a beautiful zig-zag at Marcellus, with whom he concludes. And this must be right, because it is in Virgil.

A similar confusion, therefore, has now been judiciously introduced by our Author in the Sixth Book of the ROLLIAD. He first singles out some of the great statesmen of the present age; then carries us to church, to hear Dr. Prettyman preach before the Speaker and the pews; and next shows us all that Mr. DUNDAS means to let the public know of the new India Board;—that is to say, the Members of whom it is composed. He now proceeds, where a dull genius would probably have begun, with an accurate description of the House of Commons, preparatory to the exhibition of Mr. ROLLE, and some other of our political heroes, on that theatre of their glory. Maps of the country round Troy have been drawn from the Iliad; and we doubt not, that a plan of St. Stephen's might now be delineated with the utmost accuracy from the ROLLIAD.

Merlin first ushers Duke ROLLO into the LOBBY: marks the situation of the two entrances; one in the front, the other communicating laterally with the Court of Requests; and points out the topography of the fire-place and the box,

——— ——— ———in which
Sits PEARSON, like a pagod in his niche;
The Gomgom PEARSON, whose sonorous lungs
With "Silence! Room there!" drown an hundred tongues.

This passage is in the very spirit of prophecy, which delights to represent things in the most lively manner. We not only see, but hear Pearson in the execution of his office. The language, too, is truly prophetic; unintelligible, perhaps, to those to whom it is addressed, but perfectly clear, full, and forcible to those who live in the time of the accomplishment. Duke ROLLO might reasonably be supposed to stare at the barbarous words "*Pagod*" and "*Gomgom*;" but we, who know one to signify an Indian Idol, and the other an Indian Instrument of music, perceive at once the peculiar propriety with which such images are applied to an officer of a House of Commons so completely Indian as the present. A writer of less judgment would have contented himself with comparing Pearson simply to a

Statue in his niche—

and with calling him a Stentor, perhaps in the next line: but such unappropriated similies and metaphors could not satisfy the nice taste of our author.

The description of the Lobby also furnishes an opportunity of interspersing a passage of the tender kind, in praise of the Pomona who attends there with oranges. Our poet calls her HUCSTERIA, and, by a dexterous stroke of art, compares her to Shiptonia, whose amours with ROLLO form the third and fourth books of the ROLLIAD.

Behold the lovely wanton, kind and fair,
As bright SHIPTONIA, late thy amorous care!
Mark how her winning smiles, and 'witching eyes,
On yonder unfledg'd orator she tries!
Mark, with what grace she offers to his hand
The tempting orange, pride of China's land!

This gives rise to a panegyric on the medical virtues of oranges, and an oblique censure on the indecent practice of our young Senators, who come down drunk from the eating-room, to sleep in the gallery.

O! take, wise youth, the' Hesperian fruit, of use
Thy lungs to cherish with balsamic juice.
With this thy parch'd roof moisten; nor consume
Thy hours and guineas in the eating-room,
Till, full of claret, down with wild uproar
You reel, and, stretch'd along the gallery, snore.

From this the poet naturally slides into a general caution against the vice of drunkenness, which he more particularly enforces, by the instance of Mr. PITT's late peril, from the farmer at Wandsworth.

Ah! think, what danger on debauch attends:
Let Pitt, once drunk, preach temp'rance to his friends;
How, as he wander'd darkling o'er the plain,
His reason drown'd in JENKINSON's champaigne,
A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,
Had shed a Premier's for a robber's blood.

We have been thus minute in tracing the transitions in this inimitable passage, as they display, in a superior degree, the wonderful skill of our poet, who could thus bring together an orange-girl, and the present pure and immaculate Minister; a connection, which, it is more than probable, few of our readers would in any wise have suspected.

————————Ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.

From the Lobby we are next led into the several committee-rooms and other offices adjoining; and among the rest, MERLIN, like a noble Lord, whose diary was some time since printed, "takes occasion to inspect the water-closets,"

Where offerings, worthy of those altars, lie,
Speech, letter, narrative, remark, reply;
With dead-born taxes, innocent of ill,

With cancell'd clauses of the India bill:
There pious NORTHCOTE's meek rebukes, and here
The labour'd nothings of the SCRUTINEER;
And reams on reams of tracts, that, without pain,
Incessant spring from SCOTT's prolific brain.
Yet wherefore to this age should names be known,
But heard, and then forgotten in their own?
Turn then, my son, &c. &c.

This passage will probably surprise many of our readers, who must have discovered our author to be, as every good and wise man must be, firmly attached to the present system. It was natural for Dante to send his enemies to hell; but it seems strange that our poet should place the writings of his own friends and fellow-labourers in a water-closet. It has indeed been hinted to us, that it might arise from envy, to find some of them better rewarded for their exertions in the cause, than himself. But though great minds have sometimes been subject to this passion, we cannot suppose it to have influenced the author of the ROLLIAD in the present instance. For in that case we doubt not he would have shown more tenderness to his fellow-sufferer, the unfortunate Mr. NORTHCOTE, who, after sacrificing his time, degrading his profession, and hazarding his ears twice or thrice every week, for these two or three years past, has at length confessed his patriotism weary of employing his talents for the good of his country, without receiving the reward of his labours. To confess the truth, we ourselves think the apparent singularity of the poet's conduct on this occasion, may be readily ascribed to that independence of superior genius, which we noticed in our last number. We there remarked, with what becoming freedom he spoke to the Minister himself; and in the passage now before us, we may find traces of the same spirit, in the allusions to the coal-tax, gauze-tax, and ribbon-tax, as well as the unexampled alterations and corrections of the celebrated India-bill. Why then should it appear extraordinary, that he should take the same liberty with two or three brother-authors, which he had before taken with their master; and without scruple intimate, what he and every one else must think of their productions, notwithstanding he may possess all possible charity for the good intention of their endeavours?

We cannot dismiss these criticisms, without observing on the concluding lines; how happily our author, here again, as before, by the mention of Shiptonia, contrives to recal our attention to the personages more immediately before us, MERLIN and DUKE ROLLO!

* * * * *

NUMBER VII.

We come now to the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the Holy of Holies, where the glory of political integrity shines visibly, since the shrine has been purified from Lord J. CAVENDISH, Mr. FOLJAMBE, Sir C. BUNBURY, Mr. COKE, Mr. BAKER, Major HARTLEY, and the rest of its pollutions. To drop our metaphor, after making a minute survey of the Lobby, peeping into the Eating-room, and inspecting the Water-closets, we are at length admitted into the House itself. The transition here is peculiarly grand and solemn. MERLIN, having corrected himself for wasting so much time on insignificant objects,

(Yet wherefore to this age should names be known,
But heard, and then forgotten in their own?)

immediately directs the attention of Rollo to the doors of the house, which are represented in the vision, as opening at that moment to gratify the hero's curiosity; then the prophet suddenly cries out, in the language of ancient Religion,

———Procul, ô procul este profani!

Turn then, my son, where to thy hallow'd eye
Yon doors unfold—Let none profane he nigh!

It seems as if the poet, in the preceding descriptions, had purposely stooped to amuse himself with the Gomgom Pearson, Hucsteria, Major Scott, Mr. Northcote, and the Reverend author of the Scrutineer, that he might rise again with the more striking dignity on this great occasion.

MERLIN now leads ROLLO to the centre of the House,

Conventus trahit in medios, turbamque sonantem.

He points out to him the gallery for strangers to sit in, and members to sleep in; the bar below, and the clock above. Of the clock he observes,

When this shalt point, the hour of question come,
Mutes shall find voice, and Orators be dumb.
This, if in lengthen'd parle the night they pass,
Shall furnish still his opening to DUNDAS;
To PITT, when "hear-hims" flag, shall oft supply
The chear-trap trick of stale apology;
And, strange to tell! in Nature's spite, provoke
Hot ARDEN once to blunder at a joke.

The beauty of these lines will be instantly perceived by all who have witnessed the debates; as they cannot but have remarked, how perpetually "*the late hour of night*" occupies the exordiums of Mr. DUNDAS, after eleven o'clock; and how frequently it is introduced by Mr. PITT as a hint, for what is called *chearing*, whenever his arguments and invectives are received by his young friends with the unparliamentary compliment of sacred silence. The miracle of a jest from Mr. ARDEN, happened on the occasion of some Resolutions having passed between the hours of *six* and *seven* in the morning; for which reason the Attorney-General facetiously contended, that they were entitled to no respect, "as the house was then at *sixes* and *sevens*." Any approximation to wit in debate, being perfectly unusual with this gentleman, however entertaining his friends may think him in private, our author very properly distinguishes this memorable attempt by the same kind of admiration, with which poets commonly mention some great prodigy—as for instance, of a cow's speaking:

——pecudesque locutæ
Infandum!

We hope none of our readers will attribute to us the most distant intention of any invidious comparison.

The table, mace, &c. are next described, but these we shall pass over in silence, that we may get—where most who enter the House of Commons wish to get—to the TREASURY-BENCH,

Where sit the gowned clerks, by ancient rule,
This on a chair, and that upon a stool;
Where stands the well-pil'd table, cloth'd in green;
There on the left the TREASURY-BENCH is seen.
No sattin covering decks the' unsightly boards;
No velvet cushion holds the youthful lords:
And claim illustrious Tails such small regard?
Ah! Tails too tender for a seat so hard.

This passage touches on a subject of much offence to the young friends of the minister; we mean the barbarous and Gothic appearance of the benches in the House of Commons. The Treasury-bench itself looks no better than a first form in one of our public schools:

No sattin covering decks the' unsightly boards,
No velvet cushion holds the youthful Lords.

The above couplet states with much elegance the matter of complaint, and glances with equal dexterity at the proper remedy. The composition is then judiciously varied. The whole art of the poet is employed to interest our passions in favour of the necessary reform, by expostulatory interrogations and interjections the most affectingly pathetic. And who can read the former, without feeling his sense of national honour most deeply injured by the supposed indignity; or who can read the latter, without melting into the most unfeigned commiseration for the actual sufferings to which the youthful lords are at present exposed? It must, doubtless, be a seasonable relief to the minds of our readers, to be informed, that Mr. PITT (as it has been said in some of the daily papers) means to propose, for one article of his Parliamentary Reform, to cover the seats in general with crimson sattin, and to decorate the Treasury-bench, in particular, with cushions of crimson velvet; one of [1] extraordinary dimensions being to be appropriated to Mr. W. GRENVILLE.

The epithet "*tender*" in the last line we were at first disposed to consider as merely synonymous with "*youthful*." But a friend, to whom we repeated the passage, suspected that the word might bear some more emphatical sense; and this conjecture indeed seems to be established beyond doubt, by the original reading in the manuscript, which, as we before said, has been communicated to us,

"Alas! that flesh, so late by pedants scarr'd,
Sore from the rod, should suffer seats so hard,"

We give these verses, not as admitting any comparison with the text, as it now stands, but merely by way of commentary, to illustrate the poet's meaning.

From the Treasury-bench, we ascend one step to the INDIA-BENCH.

"There too, in place advanc'd, as in command,
Above the beardless rulers of the land,
On a bare bench, alas! exalted sit,
The pillars of Prerogative and PITT;
Delights of Asia, ornaments of men,
Thy Sovereign's Sovereigns, happy Hindostan."

The movement of these lines is, as the subject required, more elevated than that of the preceding: yet the prevailing sentiment excited by the description of the Treasury-bench, is artfully touched by our author, as he passes, in the Hemistich,

On a bare bench, alas!———

which is a beautiful imitation of Virgil's

———Ah! filice in nudâ———

The pompous titles so liberally bestowed on the BENGAL SQUAD, as the *pennyless hirelings* of opposition affect to call them, are truly in the Oriental taste; and we doubt not, but every friend to the present happy government, will readily agree in the justice of stiling them "pillars of prerogative and Pitt, delights of Asia, and ornaments of man." Neither, we

are assured, can any man of any party object to the last of their high dignities, "Sovereigns of the Sovereign of India;" since the Company's well-known sale of Shah Allum to his own Visier, is an indisputable proof of their supremacy over the Great Mogul.

As our author has been formerly accused of plagiarism, we must here in candour confess, that he seems, in his description of the India-bench, to have had an eye to Milton's account of the devil's throne; which, however, we are told, much exceeded the possible splendour of any India-bench, or even the magnificence of Mr. Hastings himself.

> High on a throne of royal slate, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Orams, or of Ind;
> Or where the gorgeous East, with lavish hand,
> Show'rs on her King, barbaric pearl and gold;
> Satan *exalted sate*.———

This concluding phrase, our readers will observe, is exactly and literally copied by our author. It is also worthy of remark, that as he calls the Bengal squad,

The *Pillars* of Prerogative and Pitt,

So Milton calls Beelzebub,

A *Pillar* of State:———

Though, it is certain, that the expression here quoted may equally have been suggested by one of the Persian titles[2], said to be engraved on a seal of Mr. Hastings, where we find the Governor General styled, "*Pillar* of the Empire." But we shall leave it to our readers to determine, as they may think proper, on the most probable source of the metaphor, whether it were in reality derived from Beelzebub or Mr. Hastings.

[1] For a description of this young gentleman's person, from *top to bottom*, see No. V.

[2] The following is copied from the Morning Chronicle of October 5, 1784.

Mr. HASTINGS'S PERSIAN TITLES, *as engraved upon a Seal.*
A True Translation.
Nabob Governor-General Hastings, *Saub*,
Pillar of the Empire,
The fortunate in War, Hero,
The most princely offspring of the Loins,
Of the King of the Universe,
The Defender of the Mahomedan Faith,
And Asylum of the World, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Translation of a Persian Inscription engraven on a large fine Ruby, being the titles either given to or assumed by Mrs. HASTINGS.
"Royal and Imperial Governess,
The elegance of the age,
The most exalted Bilkiss,
The Zobaide of the Palaces,
The most heroic Princess,
Ruby Marian Hastings, Sauby, &c. &c.

N.B. With the Mussulmans, *Bilkiss* signifies the person, called in the Bible History the Queen of Sheba; and *Zobaide* was a favourite wife of Mahomed; and when they wish to pay the highest compliments to a lady, they compare her to Bilkiss and Zobaide, who possessed the most exalted beauty, and perfection of every kind.

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NUMBER VIII.

From the above general compliment to the India-bench, the poet, in the person of Merlin, breaks out into the following animated apostrophe to some of the principal among our Leadenhall-street Governors:

All hail! ye virtuous patriots without blot, Rollo
The minor KINSON and the major SCOTT:
And thou of name uncouth to British ear,
From Norman smugglers sprung, LE MESURIER;
Hail SMITHS; and WRAXALL, unabash'd to talk,

Tho' none will listen; hail too, CALL and PALK;
Thou, BARWEL, just and good, whose honour'd name,
Wide, as the Ganges rolls, shall live in fame,
Second to HASTINGS: and, VANSITTART, thou,
A second HASTINGS, if the Fates allow.

The bold, but truly poetical apocope, by which the Messrs. At-kinson and Jen-kinson, are called the two kinsons, is already familiar to the public. The minor Kinson, or Kinson the less, is obviously Mr. Atkinson; Mr. Jenkinson being confessedly greater than Mr. Atkinson, or any other man, except One, in the kingdom.—The antithesis of the Major Scott to the minor Kinson, seems to ascertain the sense of the word Major, as signifying in this place the greater; it might mean also the elder; or it might equally refer to the military rank of the gentleman intended. This is a beautiful example of the figure so much admired by the ancients under the name of the Paronomasia, or Pun. They who recollect the light in which our author before represented Major Scott, as a pamphleteer, fit only to furnish a water-closet, may possibly wonder to find him here mentioned as THE GREATER SCOTT; but whatever may be his literary talents, he must be acknowledged to be truly great, and worthy of the conspicuous place here assigned him, if we consider him in his capacity of agent to Mr. Hastings, and of consequence chief manager of the Bengal Squad; and it must be remembered, that this is the character in which he is here introduced. The circumstance of Mr. Le Mesurier's origin from Norman Smugglers, has been erroneously supposed by some critics to be designed for a reproach; but they could not possibly have fallen into this mistaste, if they had for a moment reflected that it is addressed by MERLIN to ROLLO, who was himself no more than a Norman pirate. Smuggling and piracy in heroic times were not only esteemed not infamous, but absolutely honourable. The Smiths, Call and Palk of our poet, resemble the

Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque,

of Homer and Virgil; who introduce those gallant warriors for the sake of a smooth verse, and dispatch them at a stroke without the distinction of a single epithet. Our poet too has more professedly imitated Virgil in the lines respecting Mr. Vansittart, now a candidate to succeed Mr. Hastings.

———And, VANSITTART, thou
A second HASTINGS, if the fates allow.
———Si quâ fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!

The passage however is, as might be hoped from the genius of our author, obviously improved in the imitation; as it involves a climax, most happily expressed. Mr. Barwell has been panegyrized in the lines immediately foregoing, as *second to Hastings*; but of Mr. Vansittart it is prophesied, that he will be a *second Hastings*; second indeed in time, but equal perhaps in the distinguishing merits of that great and good man, in obedience to the Court of Directors, attention to the interests of the Company in preference to his own, abstinence from rapacity and extortion, justice and policy towards the princes, and humanity to all the natives, of Hindostan. The ingenious turn on the words *second to Hastings*, and a *second Hastings*, would have furnished matter for whole pages to the Dionysius's, Longinus's, and Quintilians of antiquity, though the affected delicacy of modern taste may condemn it as quibble and jingle.

The poet then hints at a most ingenious proposal for the embellishment of the India-bench, according to the new plan of Parliamentary Reform; not by fitting it up like the Treasury-bench, with velvet cushions, but by erecting for the accommodation of the Leadenhall worthies, the ivory bed, which was lately presented to her Majesty by Mrs. Hastings.

O that for you, in Oriental state,
At ease reclin'd to watch the long debate,
Beneath the gallery's pillar'd height were spread
(With the QUEEN's leave) your WARREN's ivory bed!

The pannels of the gallery too, over the canopy of the bed, are to be ornamented with suitable paintings,

Above, In colours warm with mimic life,
The German husband of your WARREN's wife
His rival deeds should blazon; and display.
In his blest rule, the glories of your sway.

What singular propriety, what striking beauty must the reader of taste immediately perceive in this choice of a painter to execute the author's design! It cannot be doubted but Mrs. Hastings would exert all her own private and all Major Scott's public influence with *every* branch of the Legislature, to obtain so illustrious a job for the man to whose affection, or to whose want of affection, she owes her present fortunes. The name of this artist is Imhoff; but though he was once honoured with Royal Patronages he is now best remembered from the circumstance by which our author has distinguished him, of his former relation to Mrs. Hastings.

Then follow the subjects of the paintings, which are selected with the usual judgment of our poet.

> Here might the tribes of ROHILCUND expire,
> And quench with blood their towns, that sink in fire;
> The Begums there, of pow'r, of wealth forlorn,
> With female cries their hapless fortune mourn.
> Here, hardly rescu'd from his guard, CHEYT SING
> Aghast should fly; there NUNDCOMAR should swing;
> Happy for him! if he had borne to see
> His country beggar'd of the last rupee;
> Nor call'd those laws, O HASTINGS, on thy head,
> Which, mock'd by thee, thy slaves alone should dread.

These stories, we presume, are too public to require any explanation. But if our readers should wish to be more particularly acquainted with them, they will find them in the [1]Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, commonly called the Reports of the Select and Secret Committees, with Appendixes of Letters, Minutes, and Narratives written by Mr. Hastings himself. Or they may consult the History of Alexander the Great, contained, in Major John Scott's narrative of the administration of Mr. Hastings. Though we would rather refer them to the latter work, as in our opinion it is one of the most satisfactory defences ever published; and proves to demonstration, that Mr. Hastings never committed a single act of injustice or cruelty, but he constantly obtained forty or fifty lacks for the Company or himself— That an enquiry into past abuses is an impolitic order; because "much valuable time must be lost, and much odium incurred by the attempt;" and therefore Mr. Hastings of course ought not to have been censured at all,

unless he had been censured *before* he had done any thing to deserve it—That it was right for Mr. Hastings to keep up the good old custom of receiving presents, in defiance of a positive law; because his predecessors had received as large sums when they were authorized by custom, and not prohibited by any law—That Mr. Hastings was justified in disobeying the orders of the Directors, because he could no otherwise have convinced the Country Powers of his superiority over his Masters, which was, and is, absolutely necessary—that, though it may be questioned if Nundcomar was legally condemned, it was proper to execute him, in order to show the justice and impartiality of the Judges in hanging the natives, whom they were sent especially to protect—That a Treaty of Peace between two nations is of no force, if you can get one of the individuals who officially signed it, to consent to the infraction of it—together with many other positions, equally just and novel, both in Ethics and Politics.

But to return to our Poet. MERLIN now drops his apostrophe, and eulogizes the India-bench in the third person for the blessings of Tea and the Commutation Tax. The following passage will show our author to be, probably, a much better Grocer than Mr. Pitt; and perhaps little inferior to the Tea-Purchaser's Guide.

What tongue can tell the various kind of Tea?
Of Blacks and Greens, of Hyson and Bohea;
With Singlo, Congou, Pekoe, and Souchong:
Couslip the fragrant, Gun-powder the strong;
And more, all heathenish alike in name,
Of humbler some, and some of nobler fame.

The prophet then compares the breakfasts of his own times with those of ours: attributes to the former the intractable spirit of that age; and from the latter fervently prays, like a loyal subject, for the perfect accomplishment of their natural effects; that they may relax the nerves of Englishmen into a proper state of submission to the superior powers. We shall insert the lines at length.

On mighty beef, bedew'd with potent ale,
Our Saxons, rous'd at early dawn, regale;
And hence a sturdy, bold, rebellious race,

Strength in the frame, and spirit in the face,
All sacred right of Sovereign Power defy,
For Freedom conquer, or for Freedom die.
Not so their sons, of manners more polite;
How would they sicken at the very sight!
O'er Chocolate's rich froth, o'er Coffee's fume,
Or Tea's hot tide their noons shall they consume.
But chief, all sexes, every rank and age,
Scandal and Tea, more grateful, shall engage;
In gilded roofs, beside some hedge in none,
On polish'd tables, or the casual stone.
Be *Bloom* reduc'd; and PITT no more a foe,
Ev'n PITT, the favourite of the fair shall grow:
Be but *Mundungus* cheap; on light and air
New burthens gladly shall our peasants bear,
And boil their peaceful kettles, gentle souls!
Contented,—if no tax be laid on coals.
Aid then, kind Providence, yon' generous bench,
With copious draughts the thirsty realm to drench;
And oh! thy equal aid let PRESTON find,
With [2]*musty-sweet* and *mouldy-fresh* combin'd,
To palsy half our isles: 'till wan, and weak,
Each nerve unstrung, and bloodless every cheek,
Head answering head, and noddling thro' the street.
The destin'd change of Britons is complete;
Things without will, like India's feeble brood,
Or China's shaking Mandarins of wood.
So may the Crown in native lustre shine,
And British Kings re-sume their right divine.

We have been thus prolix in giving the whole of this quotation, as we think it glances very finely at the true policy, why it is expedient to encourage the universal consumption of an article, which some factious people have called a pernicious luxury. And our readers, we are persuaded, will agree with us, when we decidedly pronounce this as good a defence of the Commutation Tax, as we have yet seen.

We must observe however that our author is probably indebted to the extensive information of Lord Sydney, for the hint of the following couplet:

In gilded roofs, beside some hedge in none,
On polish'd tables, or the casual stone.

The Secretary of State in the discussion of the abovementioned tax, very ably calculated the great quantity of tea consumed under hedges by vagrants, who have no houses; from which he most ingeniously argued to the justice and equity of laying the impost on persons who have houses, whether they consume it or not.

We shall conclude this number, as the Poet concludes the subject, with some animated verses on Mr. FOX and Mr. PITT.

Crown the froth'd Porter, slay the fatted Ox,
And give the British meal to British Fox.
But for an Indian minister more fit,
Ten cups of purest Padrae pour for PITT,
Pure as himself; add sugar too and cream,
Sweet as his temper, bland as flows the stream
Of his smooth eloquence; then crisply nice
The muffin toast, or bread and butter slice,
Thin as his arguments, that mock the mind,
Gone, ere you taste,—no relish left behind.
Where beauteous Brighton overlooks the sea,
These be his joys: and STEELE shall make the Tea.

How neat! how delicate! and how unexpected is the allusion in the last couplet! These two lines alone include the substance of whole columns, in the ministerial papers of last summer, on the sober, the chaste, the virtuous, the edifying manner in which the Immaculate Young Man passed the recess from public business; not in riot and debauchery, not in gaming, not in attendance on ladies, either modest or immodest, but in drinking Tea with Mr. Steele, at the Castle in Brighthelmstone. Let future ages read and admire!

[1] We have the highest law authority for this title; as well as for calling Mr. Hastings Alexander the Great.

[2] The Tea-dealers assure us, that Mr. PRESTON's *sweet* and *fresh* Teas contain a great part of the *musty* and *mouldy* chests, which the Trade rejected.

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NUMBER IX.

In every new edition of this incomparable poem, it has been the invariable practice of the author, to take an opportunity of adverting to such recent circumstances, as have occurred since the original publication of it relative to any of the illustrious characters he has celebrated. The public has lately been assured that, the Marquis of Graham is elected Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and has presented that learned body with a complete set of the engravings of Piranesi, an eminent Italian artist; of which we are happy to acquaint the Dilettanti, a few remaining sets are to be purchased at Mr. Alderman Boydell's printshop, in Cheapside, price twelve pounds twelve shillings each. An anecdote reflecting so much honour upon one of the favourite characters of our author, could not pass unnoticed in the ROLLIAD; and accordingly, in his last edition, we find the following complimentary lines upon the subject:

If right the Bard, whose numbers sweetly flow,
That all our knowledge is ourselves to know;
A sage like GRAHAM, can the world produce,
Who in full senate call'd himself a goose?
The admiring Commons, from the high-born youth,
With wonder heard this undisputed truth;
Exulting Glasgow claim'd him for her own,
And plac'd the prodigy on Learning's throne.

He then alludes to the magnificent present abovementioned, and concludes in that happy vein of alliterative excellence, for which he is so justly admired—

With gorgeous gifts from gen'rous GRAHAM grac'd,
Great Glasgow grows the granary of taste.

Our readers will doubtless recollect, that this is not the first tribute of applause paid to the distinguished merit of the public-spirited young Nobleman in question. In the first edition of the poem, his character was drawn at length, the many services he has rendered his country were enumerated, and we have lately been assured by our worthy friend and correspondent, Mr. Malcolm M'Gregor, the ingenious author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, and other valuable poems, that the following spirited verses, recording the ever-memorable circumstance of his Lordship's having procured for the inhabitants of the Northern extremity of our Island, the inestimable privilege of exempting their posteriors from those ignominious symbols of slavery, vulgarly denominated breeches, are actually universally repeated with enthusiasm, throughout every part of the highlands of Scotland—

Thee, GRAHAM! thee, the frozen Chieftains bless,
Who feel thy bounties through their fav'rite dress;
By thee they view their rescued country clad
In the bleak honours of their long-lost plaid;
Thy patriot zeal has bar'd their parts behind
To the keen whistlings of the wintry wind;
While Lairds the dirk, while lasses bag-pipes prize,
And oat-meal cake the want of bread supplies;
The scurvy skin, while scaly scabs enrich,
While contact gives, and brimstone cures the itch,
Each breeze that blows upon those brawny parts,
Shall wake thy lov'd remembrance in their hearts;
And while they freshen from the Northern blast,
So long thy honour, name, and praise shall last.

We need not call to the recollection of the classical reader,

Dum juga montis aper, sluvios dum piscis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.

And the reader of taste will not hesitate to pronounce, that the copy has much improved upon, and very far surpassed the original. In these lines we also find the most striking instances of the beauties of alliteration; and however some fastidious critics have affected to undervalue this excellence, it is no small triumph to those of a contrary sentiment to find, that next to our own incomparable author, the most exalted genius of the present age, has not disdained to borrow the assistance of this ornament, in many passages of the beautiful dramatic treasure with which he has recently enriched the stage. Is it necessary for us to add, that it is the new tragedy of the Carmelite to which we allude?—A tragedy the beauties of which, we will venture confidently to assert, will be admired and felt, when those of Shakespeare, Dryden, Otway, Southerne, and Rowe, shall be no longer held in estimation. As examples of alliterative beauty, we shall select the following:—

The hand of heav'n hangs o'er me and my house,
To their untimely graves seven sons swept off.

Again—

So much for tears—tho' twenty years they flow,
They wear no channels in a widow's cheek.

The alternate alliteration of the second line, in this instance, seems an improvement upon the art, to the whole merit of which Mr. Cumberland is himself unquestionably entitled.

Afterwards we read,

———Treasures hoarded up,
With carking care, and a long life of thrift.

In addition to the alliterative merit, we cannot here fail to admire the judiciously selected epithet of "*carking*;" and the two lines immediately following, although no example of that merit, should not be omitted:

Now, without interest, or redemption swallow'd,
By the devouring bankrupt waves for ever.

How striking is the comparison of the ocean, to a bankrupt swallowing without interest or redemption, the property of his unfortunate creditors! Where shall we find a simile of equal beauty, unless some may possibly judge the following to be so, which is to be found in another part of the same sublime work, of two persons weeping—

———We will sit
Like fountain statues, face to face oppos'd,
And each to other tell our griefs in tears,
Yet neither utter word———

Our readers, we trust, will pardon our having been diverted from the task we have undertaken, by the satisfaction of dwelling on a few of the many beauties of this justly popular and universally admired tragedy, which, in our humble opinion, infinitely surpasses every other theatrical composition, being in truth an assemblage of every possible dramatic excellence: nor do we believe, that any production, whether of antient or modern date, can exhibit a more uncommon and peculiar selection of language, a greater variety of surprising incidents, a more rapid succession of extraordinary discoveries, a more curious collection of descriptions, similies, metaphors, images, storms, shipwrecks, challenges, and visions, or a more miscellaneous and striking picture of the contending passions of love; hatred, piety, madness, rage, jealousy, remorse, and hunger, than this unparalleled performance presents to the admiration of the enraptured spectator. Mr. Cumberland has been represented, perhaps unjustly, as particularly jealous of the fame of his cotemporaries, but we are persuaded he will not be offended when, in the ranks of modern writers, we place him second only to the inimitable author of the ROLLIAD.

To return from the digression into which a subject so seducing has involuntarily betrayed us. The reader will recollect, that in our last we left MERLIN gratifying the curiosity of ROLLO, with a view of that Assembly of which his Descendant is one day destined to become so conspicuous an ornament. After having given the due preference to the India-Bench, he proceeds to point out to him others of the most distinguished supporters of the present virtuous administration. Having already mentioned the most confidential friends of the minister, he now introduces us to the

acquaintance of an active young Member, who has upon all occasions been pointedly severe upon the noble Lord in the blue ribbon, and who is remarkable for never having delivered his sentiments upon any subject, whether relating to the East-Indies, the Reform of Parliament, or the Westminster Election, without a copious dissertation upon the principles, causes, and conduct of the American war.

Lo! BEAYFOY rises, friend to soft repose;
Whose gentle accents prompt the house to dose:
His cadence just, a general sleep provokes,
Almost as quickly as SIR RICHARD's jokes.
Thy slumbers, NORTH, he strives in vain to break,
When all are sleeping, thou would'st scarce awake;
Though from his lips severe invectives fell,
Sharp as the acid he delights to sell.

In explanation of the last line, it may be, perhaps, necessary to apprise our readers, that this accomplished orator, although the elegance of his diction, and smoothness of his manner, partake rather of the properties of oil, is in his commercial capacity, a dealer in vinegar. The speaker alluded to, under the name of Sir Richard, is probably the same whom our author, upon the former occasion, stiled—

Sleep-giving poet of a sleepless night.

The limits of our plan will not allow us to enlarge upon the various beauties with which this part of the work abounds; we cannot, however, omit the pathetic description of the SPEAKER's situation, nor the admirable comparison of Lord MAHON preying on his patience, to the vulture devouring the liver of Prometheus. The necessity of the Speaker's continuing in the chair while the House sits, naturally reminds our author of his favourite Virgil:

———sedet æternumque sedebit
Infelix Theseus.

There CORNEWELL sits, and, oh unhappy fate!
Must sit for ever through the long debate;
Save, when compell'd by Nature's sovereign will,
Sometimes to empty, and sometimes to fill.
Painful pre-eminence! he hears, 'tis true,
FOX, NORTH, and BURKE, but hears SIR JOSEPH too.

Then follows the simile—

Like sad PROMETHEUS, fasten'd to his rock,
In vain he looks for pity to the clock;
In vain the' effects of strengthening porter tries,
And nods to BELLAMY for fresh supplies;
While vulture-like, the dire MAHON appears,
And, far more savage, rends his suff'ring ears.

* * * * *

NUMBER X.

Amongst the various pretensions to critical approbation, which are to be found in the excellent and never-sufficiently to be admired production, which is the object of these comments, there is one that will strike the classical observer as peculiarly prominent and praise-worthy:—namely, the uncommon ability shown by the author, in the selection of his heroes. The *personæ* that are introduced in the course of this poem, are characters that speak for themselves. The very mention of their names is a summons to approbation; and the relation of their history, if given in detail, would prove nothing more than a lengthened panegyric. Who that has heard of the names of a Jenkinson, a Robinson, or a Dundas, has not in the same breath heard also what they are? This is the secret of our author's science and excellence. It is this that enables him to omit the dull detail of introductory explanation, and to fasten upon his business, if one may use the expression, slap-dash and at once.

Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas auditorum rapit. HOR.

Homer himself yields, in this respect, to our author; for who would not perceive the evident injustice done to the modern bard, if we were to place the wisdom of an Ulysses on any competition with the experience of a Pitt; to mention the bully Ajax, as half so genuine a bully, as the bully Thurlow; if we were to look upon Nestor as having a quarter of the interesting circumlocution of the ambiguous Nugent; to consider Achilles as possessed of half the anger of a ROLLE; or to suppose for a moment, that the famous {podas-okus} of antiquity, could run nearly so fast in a rage, as the member for Devon in a fright; to conceive the yellow-haired Paris to have had half the beauty of the ten times more yellow-haired Villiers; to look upon Agamemnon as in any degree so dictatorial to his chiefs as the high-minded Richmond; to consider the friendship of Patroclus, as possessed of a millionth portion of the disinterested attachment of a Dundas; to have any conception that the chosen band of Thessalian Myrmidons, were to be any way compared, in point of implicit submission, to the still more dextrously chosen band of the Minister in the British House of Commons. Or—but there is no end to so invidious a comparison; and we will not expose poor Homer, to the farther mortification of pursuing it.

MERLIN proceeds in his relation, and fixes upon an object that will not, we believe, prove any disgrace to our author's general judgment of selection; namely, that worthy Baronet and universally admired wit, Sir RICHARD HILL, of whom it may be truly said,

———Pariter pietate jocisque,
Egregius.

He looks upon him as an individual meriting every distinction, and has thought proper therefore, in the last edition of the ROLLIAD, though the Baronet had been [1]slightly touched upon before, to enlarge what was then said, into a more particular description. Speaking of Sir Richard's style of elocution, our author observes—

With quaint formality of sacred smut,
His rev'rend jokes see pious RICHARD cut.
Let meaner talents from the Bible draw
Their faith, their morals These, and Those their law!

His lively genius finds in holy writ
A richer mine of unsuspected wit.
What never Jew, what never Christian taught,
What never fir'd one sectary's heated thought,
What not e'en [2]ROWLAND dream'd, he saw alone,
And to the wondering senate first made known;
How bright o'er mortal jokes the Scriptures shine
Resplendent Jest-book of bon-mots divine.

This description will be readily felt, and we trust, not less cordially admired, by all those who may have enjoyed the pleasure of auricular evidence to Sir Richard's oratory. The thought of converting the Bible into a *jest book*, is, we believe, quite new; and not more original in itself, than characteristically just in its application to the speaker. We all know that Saul affected insanity for the sake of religion, in the early periods of our holy faith; and why so great an example should not be imitated in later times, we leave it to the prophane to shew.

We know not whether it is worth observing, that the eloquence of this illustrious family is not confined to Sir Richard alone; but that his brother inherits the same gift, and, if possible, in a greater degree. It is said, there is an intention of divesting this latter gentleman of his clerical robe, and bringing him into the senate, as the avowed competitor of our modern Cromwell. If this happy event should luckily take place, we shall literally see the observation then realized, that the Ministry will give to their wicked enemies, on the other side of the House, what they have so long wanted and deserved.

"———A *Rowland* for their *Oliver*."

This, however, by the way. Our author resumes his subject with the following spirited apostrophe:—

Methinks I see him from the Bench arise,
His words all keenness, but all meek his eyes;
Define the good religion might produce,

Practise its highest excellence-abuse;
And with his tongue, that two-edg'd weapon, show,
At once the double worth of JOB and JOE.

Job, as some of our more learned readers may know, is a book in the Old Testament, and is used here *per synechdochen*, as a part for the whole. Nothing can be more natural, than the preference given to this book, on this occasion, as Sir Richard is well known in his speeches to be so admirable an auxiliary to its precepts. The person of the name of *Joe*, who has received so laconic a mention in the last line of the above extract, will be recognized by the critical and the intelligent, as the same individual who distinguished himself so eminently in the sixteenth century, as a writer and a wit, namely, Mr. Joseph Miller; a great genius, and an author, avowedly in the highest estimation with our learned Baronet.

The business of the composition goes on.—It is evident, however, the poet was extremely averse to quit a subject upon which his congenial talents reposed so kindly. He does not leave Sir Richard, therefore, without the following finished and most high-wrought compliment:

With wit so various, piety so odd,
Quoting by turns from Miller and from God;
Shall no distinction wait thy honour'd name?
No lofty epithet transmit thy fame?
Forbid it wit, from mirth refin'd away!
Forbid it Scripture, which thou mak'st so gay!
SCIPIO, we know, was AFRICANUS call'd,
RICHARD styl'd LONG-SHANKS—CHARLES surnam'd the BALD;
Shall these for petty merits be renown'd,
And no proud phrase, with panegyric sound,
Swell thy short name, great HILL?—Here take thy due,
And hence be call'd the' SCRIPTURAL KILLIGREW.

The administration of baptism to adults, is quite consonant to Sir Richard's creed; and we are perfectly satisfied, there is not a Member in the House of Commons that will not stand sponsor for him on this

honourable occasion. Should any one ask him in future,—Who gave you that name? Sir Richard may fairly and truly reply, My Godfathers, &c. and quote the whole of the lower assembly, as coming under that description.

MERLIN, led, as may easily be supposed, by sympathy of rank, talents, and character, now pointed his wand to another worthy baronet, hardly less worthy of distinction than the last personage himself, namely, Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY. Of him the author sets out with saying,

Let this, ye wise, be ever understood,
SIR JOSEPH is as witty as he's good.—

Here, for the first time, the annotators upon this immortal poem, find themselves compelled, in critical justice to own, that the author has not kept entire pace with the original which he has affected to imitate. The distich, of which the above is a parody, was composed by the worthy hero of this part of the ROLLIAD, the amiable Sir Joseph himself, and runs thus:

Ye ladies, of your hearts beware:
SIR JOSEPH's false as he is fair.

How kind, and how discreet a caution! This couplet, independent of its other merits, possesses a recommendation not frequently found in poetry, the transcendant ornament of Truth. How far, indeed, the falshood of this respectable individual has been displayed in his gallantries, it is not the province of sober criticism to enquire. We take up the assertion with a large comprehension, and with a stricter eye to general character—

SIR JOSEPH's false as he is fair.———

Is it necessary to challenge, what no one will be absurd enough to give—a contradiction to so acknowledged a truth? Or is it necessary to state to the fashionable reader, that whatever may be the degree of Sir Joseph's boasted falshood, it cannot surpass the fairness of his complexion? The position, therefore, is what logicians call convertible: nothing can equal his falshood but his fairness; nothing his fairness but his falshood.—Incomparable!

Proceeding to a description of his eloquence, he says,

A sty of pigs, though all at once it squeaks,
Means not so much as MAWBEY when he speaks;
And his'try says, he never yet had bred
A pig with such a voice or such a head!
Except, indeed, when he essays to joke;
And then his wit is truly pig-in-poke.

Describing Sir Joseph's acquisitions as a scholar, the author adds,

His various knowledge I will still maintain,
He is indeed a knowing man in grain.

Some commentators have invidiously suggested, that the last line of this couplet should be printed thus,

He is indeed a knowing man-in grain:

assigning as their reason, that the phrase in grain evidently alludes to bran, with which Sir Joseph's little grunting commonwealth is supported; and for the discreet and prudent purchase of which our worthy baronet is famous.

Our author concludes his description of this great senator with the following distich:

Such adaptation ne'er was seen before,
His trade a hog is, and his wit—a boar.

It has been proposed to us to amend the spelling: of the last word, thus, *bore*; this improvement, however, as it was called, we reject as a calumny.

Where the beauty of a passage is pre-eminently striking as above, we waste not criticism in useless efforts at emendation.

The writer goes on. He tells you he cannot quit this history of wits, without saying something of another individual; whom, however, he describes as every way inferior to the two last-mentioned, but who, nevertheless,

possesses some pretensions to a place in the ROLLIAD. The individual alluded to, is Mr. GEORGE SELWYN. The author describes him as a man possessed of

A plenteous magazine of retail wit
Vamp'd up at leisure for some future hit;
Cut for suppos'd occasions, like the trade,
Where old new things for every shape are made!
To this assortment, well prepar'd at home,
No human chance unfitted e'er can come;
No accident, however strange or queer,
But meets its ready well-kept comment here.
—The wary beavers thus their stores increase,
And spend their winter on their summer's grease.

The whole of the above description will doubtless remind the classic reader of the following beautiful passage in the Tusculan Questions of Cicero: *Nescio quomodo inhæret in mentibus quasi sæculorum* quoddam augurium futurorum—*idque in* maximis ingeniis altissimisque animis *existit maxime et apparet facillime*. This will easily account for the system of previous fabrication so well known as the character of Mr. Selwyn's jokes. Speaking of an accident that befel this gentleman in the *wars*, our author proceeds thus:

Of old, when men from fevers made escape,
They sacrific'd a cock to ÆSCULAPE:
Thus, Love's hot fever now for ever o'er,
The prey of amorous malady no more,
SELWYN remembers what his tutor taught,
That old examples ever should be sought!
And, gaily grateful, to his surgeon cries,
"I've given to you the Ancient Sacrifice."

The delicacy with which this historical incident is pourtrayed, would of itself have been sufficient to transmit our author's merit to posterity: and with the above extract we shall finish the present number of our commentaries.

[1] See No. III.

[2] The Reverend Rowland Hill, brother of Sir Richard.

* * * * *

NUMBER XI.

The next person among the adherents of the Minister, whom MERLIN now points out to the notice of ROLLO, is SIR SAMUEL HANNAY, Baronet, a name recollected with great gratitude in the House: for there are few Members in it to whom he has not been serviceable. This worthy character indeed has done more to disprove Martial's famous assertion,

Non cuicunque datum est habere *nasum*,

than any individual upon record.

The author proceeds—

> But why, my HANNAY, does the ling'ring Muse
> The tribute of a line to thee refuse?
> Say, what distinction most delights thine ear,
> Or *Philo-Pill*, or *Philo-Minister?*
> Oh! may'st thou none of all thy titles lack,
> Or Scot, or Statesman, Baronet or Quack;
> For what is due to him, whose constant view is
> *Preventing* private, or a public *lues?*

Who, that read the above description, do not, during the first impression of it, suppose that they see the worthy Baronet once more the pride of front advertisements—once more dispensing disregard and oblivion amongst all his competitors; and making your Leakes, your Lockyers, and your Velnos,

—Hide their diminish'd heads.—

In the passages which immediately follow, the poet goes on to felicitate the community upon the probable advantages to be derived to them from the junction of this illustrious personage with our immaculate Minister. He divides his congratulations into two parts. He first considers the consequence of the union, as they may affect the body personal; and secondly, as they may concern the body politic. Upon the former subject, he says,

This famous pair, in happy league combin'd,
No risques shall man from wand'ring beauty find;
For, should not chaste example save from ill,
There's still a refuge in the other's pill.

With a sketch equally brief and masterly as the above, he describes his hopes on the other branch of his division.

The body politic no more shall grieve
The motley stains that dire corruptions leave;
No dang'rous humours shall infest the state,
Nor *rotten Members* hasten Britain's fate.

Our author who, notwithstanding his usual and characteristic gravity, has yet not un-frequently an obvious tendency to the sportive, condescends now to take notice of a rumour, which in these times had been universally circulated, that Sir Samuel bad parted with his specific, and disposed of it to a gentleman often mentioned, and always with infinite and due respect, in the ROLLIAD, namely, Mr. Dundas.—Upon this he addresses Sir Samuel with equal truth and good-humour in the following couplet:

Then shall thy med'cine boast its native bent,
Then spread its genuine blessing—*to prevent*.

Our readers cannot but know, it was by the means of a nostrum, emphatically called a *Specific*, that Mr. Dundas so long contrived to prevent the constitutional lues of a *Parliamentary Reform*. The author, however, does not profess, to give implicit credit to the fact of Sir Samuel's having ungratefully disposed of his favourite recipe, the happy source of his livelihood and fame; the more so, as it appears that Mr. Dundas had

found the very word *specific* sufficient for protracting a dreadful political evil on the three several instances of its application. Under this impression of the thing, the poet strongly recommends Sir Samuel to go on in the prosecution of his original profession, and thus expresses his wish upon the occasion, with the correct transcript of which we shall close the history of this great man:

In those snug corners be thy skill display'd,
Where Nature's tribute modestly is paid:
Or near fam'd Temple-bar may some good dame, }
Herself past sport, but yet a friend to game, }
Disperse thy bills, and eternize thy fame. }

MERLIN now calls the attention of our hero to a man whom there is little doubt this country will long remember, and still less, that they will have abundant reason for so doing, namely, Mr. SECRETARY ORDE. It may seem odd by what latent association our author was led to appeal next to the Right Honourable Secretary, immediately after the description of a Quack Doctor; but let it be recollected in the first place, to the honour of Sir Samuel Hannay, that he is, perhaps, the only man of his order that ever had a place in the British House of Commons; and in the second, that there are some leading circumstances in the character of Mr. Orde, which will intitle him to rank under the very same description as the worthy Baronet himself. We all know that the most famous of all physicians, *Le Medecin malgré lui*, is represented by Moliere, as a mart who changes the seat of the heart, and reverses the intire position of the vital parts of the human body. Now let it be asked, has not Mr. Orde done this most completely and effectually with respect to the general body of the state? Has he not transferred the heart of the empire? Has he not changed its circulation, and altered the situation of the vital part of the whole, from the left to the right, from the one side to the other, from Great Britain to Ireland?—Surely no one will deny this; and therefore none will be now ignorant of the natural gradation of thought, by which our author was led, from the contemplation of Sir Samuel Hannay, to the character of Mr. Orde.

We know not whether it be worth remarking, that the term *Le Medecin malgré lui*, has been translated into English with the usual incivility of that people to every thing foreign, by the uncourtly phrase of *Mock Doctor*. We trust, however, that no one will think it applicable in this interpretation to Mr. Orde, as it is pretty evident he has displayed no mockery in his State Practices, but has performed the character of Moliere's *Medecin*, even beyond the notion of the original; by having effected in sad and sober truth, to the full as complete a change in the position of the *Coeur de l'Empire*, as the lively fancy of the dramatist had imputed to his physician, with respect to the human body, in mere speculative joke.

With a great many apologies for so long a note, we proceed now to the much more pleasant part of our duty—that of transcribing from this excellent composition; and proceed to the description of Mr. Orde's person, which the poet commences thus:

Tall and erect, unmeaning, mute, and pale,
O'er his blank face no gleams of thought prevail;
Wan as the man in classic story fam'd,
Who told old PRIAM that his Ilion flam'd;
Yet soon the time will come when speak he hall,
And at his voice another Ilion fall!

The excellence of this description consists as that of a portrait always must, in a most scrupulous and inveterate attention to likeness.—Those who know the original, will not question the accuracy of resemblance on this occasion. The idea conveyed in the last line,

And at his voice another Ilion fall,

is a spirited imitation of the *fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium*, of Virgil, and a most statesmanlike anticipation of the future fate of England.

The author now takes an opportunity of shewing the profundity of his learning in British history. He goes on to say,

CÆSAR, we know, with anxious effort try'd
To swell, with Britain's name, his triumph's pride:
Oft he essay'd, but still essay'd in vain;

Great in herself, she mock'd the menac'd chain.
But fruitless all—for what was CÆSAR's sword
To thy all-conquering speeches, mighty ORDE!!!

Our author cannot so far resist his classical propensity in this place, as to refrain from the following allusion; which, however, must be confessed at least, to be applied with justice.

AMPHION's lyre, they say, could raise a town;
ORDE's elocution pulls a Nation down.

He proceeds with equal spirit and erudition to another circumstance in the earlier periods of English history,

The lab'ring bosom of the teeming North
Long pour'd, in vain, her valiant offspring forth;
For GOTH or VANDAL, once on British shore,
Relax'd his nerve, and conquer'd states no more.
Not so the VANDAL of the modern time,
This latter offspring of the Northern clime;
He, with a breath, gives Britain's wealth away,
And smiles, triumphant, o'er her setting ray.

It will be necessary to observe here, that after much enquiry and very laborious search, as to the birth-place of the Right Honourable Secretary (for the honour of which, however difficult now to discover, Hibernia's cities will, doubtless, hereafter contend) we found that he was born in NORTHUMBERLAND; which, added to other circumstances, clearly establishes the applicability of the description of the word *Goth*, &c. and particularly in the lines where he calls him the

———VANDAL of the modern time,
The latter offspring of the Northern clime.

Having investigated, with an acumen and minuteness seldom incident to genius, and very rarely met with in the sublimer poetry, all the circumstances attending an event which he emphatically describes as the *Revolution* of seventeen hundred and eighty-five, he makes the following address to the English:

No more, ye English, high in classic pride,
The phrase uncouth of Ireland's sons deride;
For say, ye wise, which most performs the fool,
Or he who *speaks*, or he who *acts*—a BULL.

The Poet catches fire as he runs:

—Poetica surgit
Tempestas.

He approximates now to the magnificent, or perhaps more properly to the *mania* of Poetry, and like another Cassandra, begins to try his skill at prophecy; like her he predicts truly, and like her, for the present at least, is not, perhaps, very implicitly credited.—He proceeds thus;

Rapt into future times, the Muse surveys
The rip'ning; wonders of succeeding days:
Sees Albion prostrate, all her splendour gone!
In useless tears her pristine state bemoan;
Sees the fair sources of her pow'r and pride
In purer channels roll their golden tide;
Sees her at once of wealth and honour shorn,
No more the nations' envy, but their scorn;
A sad example of capricious fate,
Portentous warning to the proud and great:
Sees Commerce quit her desolated isle,
And seek in other climes a kinder soil;
Sees fair Ierne rise from England's flame,
And build on British ruin, Irish fame.

The Poet in the above passage, is supposed to have had an eye to Juno's address to Æolus in the first book of the Æneid:

Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat æquor
Ilium in *Italiam* portans, *Victos* que *Penates*.

* * * * *

NUMBER XII.

Though we have at length nearly exhausted the beauties of that part of our author's work, in which the characters of the leading Members of the House of Commons are so poetically and forcibly delineated; we shall find, however, that the genius of the poet seems to receive fresh vigour, as he approaches the period of his exertions, in the illustrious Mr. ROLLE. What can be more sublime or picturesque than the following description!

Erect in person, see yon Knight advance,
With trusty 'Squire, who bears his shield and lance;
The Quixote HOWARD! Royal Windsor's pride,
And Sancho Panca POWNEY by his side;
A monarch's champion, with indignant frown,
And haughty mein, he casts his gauntlet down;
Majestic sits, and hears, devoid of dread,
The dire Phillippicks whizzing round his head.
Your venom'd shafts, ye sons of Faction spare;
However keen, they cannot enter there.

And how well do these lines, immediately succeeding, describe the manner of speaking, which characterizes an orator of such considerable weight and authority:

He speaks, he speaks! Sedition's chiefs around,
With unfeign'd terror hear the solemn sound;
While little POWNEY chears with livelier note,
And shares his triumph in a silent vote.

Some have ignorantly objected to this as an instance of that figure for which a neighbouring kingdom is so generally celebrated, vulgarly distinguished by the appellation of a *Bull*; erroneously conceiving a silent vote to be incompatible with the vociferation here alluded to: those, however, who have attended parliamentary debates, will inform them, that numbers who most loudly exert themselves, in what is called *chearing* speakers, are not upon that account entitled to be themselves considered as such.—Our author has indeed done injustice to the worthy member in question, by classing him among the number of mutes, he having

uniformly taken a very active part in all debates relating to the militia; of which truly constitutional body, he is a most respectable Pillar, and one of the most conspicuous ornaments.

It is unquestionably the highest praise we can bestow upon a member of the British House of Commons, to say, that he is a faithful representative of the people, and upon all occasions speaks the real sentiments of his constituents; nor can an honest ambition to attain the first dignities of the state, by honourable means, be ever imputed to him as a crime. The following encomium, therefore, must be acknowledged to have been justly merited by a noble Lord, whose independent and disinterested conduct has drawn upon him the censures of disappointed faction.

The Noble CONVERT, Berwick's honour'd choice,
That faithful echo of the people's voice,
One day, to gain an Irish title glad,
For Fox he voted—so the people bad;
'Mongst English Lords ambitious grown to sit,
Next day the people bade him vote for PITT:
To join the stream our Patriot, nothing loth,
By turns discreetly gave his voice to both.

The title of Noble convert, which was bestowed upon his Lordship by a Speaker of the degraded Whig faction, is here most judiciously adopted by our Author, implying thereby that this denomination, intended, no doubt, to convey a severe reproach, ought rather to be considered as a subject of panegyric: this is turning the artillery of the enemy against themselves—

"Neque lex est justior ulla, &c."

In the next character introduced, some persons may perhaps object to the seeming impropriety of alluding to a bodily defect; especially one which has been the consequence of a most cruel accident; but when it is considered, that the mention of the personal imperfection is made the vehicle of an elegant compliment to the superior qualifications of the mind, this objection, though founded in liberality, will naturally fall to the ground.

The circumstance of one of the Representatives of the first city in the world having lost his leg, while bathing in the sea, by the bite of a shark, is well known; nor can the dexterity with which he avails himself of the use of an artificial one, have escaped the observation of those who have seen him in the House of Commons, any more than the remarkable humility with which he is accustomed to introduce his very pointed and important observations upon the matters in deliberation before that august assembly.

"One moment's time might I presume to beg?"
Cries modest WATSON, on his wooden leg;
That leg, in which such wond'rous art is shown,
It almost seems to serve him like his own;
Oh! had the monster, who for breakfast eat
That luckless limb, his nobler noddle met,
The best of workmen, nor the best of wood,
Had scarce supply'd him with a head so good.

To have asserted that neither the utmost extent of human skill, nor the greatest perfection in the materials, could have been equal to an undertaking so arduous, would have been a species of adulation so fulsome, as to have shocked the known modesty of the worthy magistrate; but the forcible manner in which the difficulty of supplying so capital a loss is expressed, conveys, with the utmost delicacy, a handsome, and, it must be confessed, a most justly merited compliment to the Alderman's abilities.

The imitation of celebrated writers is recommended by Longinus, and has, as our readers must have frequently observed, been practised with great success, by our author; yet we cannot help thinking that he has pushed the precept of this great critic somewhat too far, in having condescended to copy, may we venture to say with so much servility, a genius so much inferior to himself as Mr. Pope. We allude to the following lines:

Can I, NEWHAVEN, FERGUSON forget,
While Roman spirit charms, or Scottish wit?
MACDONALD, shining a refulgent star,

To light alike the senate and the bar;
And HARLEY, constant to support the throne,
Great follower of its interests and his own.

The substitution of *Scottish* for *Attic*, in the second line, is unquestionably an improvement, since however Attic wit may have been proverbial in ancient times, the natives of Scotland are so confessedly distinguished among modern nations for this quality, that the alteration certainly adds considerable force to the compliment. But however happily and justly the characters are here described, we cannot think this merit sufficient to counterbalance the objection we have presumed to suggest, and which is principally founded upon the extreme veneration and high respect we entertain for the genius of our author.

Mr. Addison has observed, that Virgil falls infinitely short of Homer in the characters of his Epic Poem, both as to their variety and novelty, but he could not with justice have said the same of the author of the ROLLIAD; and we will venture to assert, that the single book of this Poem, now under our consideration, is, in this respect, superior to the whole, both of the Iliad and the Æneid together. The characters succeed each other with a rapidity that scarcely allows the reader time to admire and feel their several beauties.

GALWAY and GIDEON, in themselves a host,
Of York and Coventry the splendid boast:
WHITBREAD and ONGLEY, pride of Bedford's vale,
This fam'd for selling, that for saving ale;
And NANCY POULETT, as the morning fair,
Bright as the sun, but common as the air;
Inconstant nymph! who still with open arms,
To ev'ry Minister devotes her charms.

But when the Poet comes to describe the character of the hero of his work, the present Member for the county of Devon, whom MERLIN points out to his illustrious ancestor, as uniting in himself all the Various merits of the worthies whose excellencies he has recorded, he seems to rise even above himself.—It is impossible to do justice to his character, without transcribing the whole, which would exceed the limits of our work; we

shall therefore only give to our readers the concluding lines, because they contain characteristic observations upon other distinguished Members, most of whom have hitherto passed unnoticed:

In thee, my son, shall ev'ry virtue meet,
To form both senator and man complete:
A mind like WRAY's, with stores of fancy fraught,
The wise Sir WATKIN's vast extent of thought;
Old NUGENT's style, sublime, yet ne'er obscure,
With BAMBER's Grammar, as his conscience pure;
BRETT's brilliant sallies, MARTIN's sterling sense,
And GILBERT's wit, that never gave offence:
Like WILKES, a zealot in his Sovereign's cause,
Learn'd as MACDONALD in his country's laws;
Acute as AUDREY, as Sir LLOYD polite,
As EASTWICKE lively, and as AMBLER bright.

The justice of [1] the compliment to SIR CECIL WRAY, will not be disputed by those who have been fortunate enough to have met with the beautiful specimens of juvenile poetry, with which some of his friends have lately indulged the public.

Johannes Scriblerus, a lineal descendant of the learned and celebrated Martinus, reads "Starling Martin's sense," alluding to that powerful opponent of the detestable Coalition having recommended that a bird of that species should be placed on the right of the Speaker's chair, after having been taught to repeat the word Coalition, in order to remind the House of that disgraceful event, which had nearly established an efficient and strong government in this country: to which severe and admirable stroke of satire, the object of it clumsily and uncivilly answered, that whilst that gentleman sat in the House, he believed the Starling might be allowed to perform his office by deputy. We have, however, ventured to differ from this great authority, and shall continue to read, "Martin's Sterling sense," as well because we are of opinion that these words are peculiarly applicable to the gentleman alluded to, as that it does not appear probable our author should have been willing to make his poem the vehicle of an indecent sarcasm, upon a person of such eminent abilities.

The compliment to Mr. B.G. in the comparison of the purity of his language to the integrity of his conduct, is happily conceived; but that to the ingenious Mr. Gilbert, the worthy Chairman of the Committee of Supply, is above all praise, and will, we are persuaded, notwithstanding the violence of party, by all sides be admitted to be strictly just.

[1] The characteristic of *Fancy*, which our Poet has attributed to Sir Cecil, must not be misunderstood. It is a Fancy of the chastized kind; distinguished for that elegant simplicity, which the French call *naïveté*, and the Greeks {apheleia}. We shall insert here two or three of the shorter specimens.

To CÆLIA *(now Lady* Wray) *on seeing her the 8th of August, 1776, powdering her hair*

EXTEMPORE.

Thy locks, I trow, fair maid,
Don't never want this aid:
Wherefore thy powder spare,
And only *comb* thy hair.

To SIR JOSEPH MAWBEY, *proposing, in consequence of a previous Engagement, a Party to go a-fishing for White-Bait.*

Worthy SIR JOE, we all are wishing
You'll come with us a-White-Bait-fishing.

A Thought on NEW MILK *some Time toward the Spring of the Year 1773.*

Oh! how charming is New Milk!
Sweet as sugar!—smooth as silk!

An IDEA *on a* PECK *of* COALS.

I buy my Coals by peck, that we
May have 'em *fresh* and *fresh*, d'ye see.

* * * * *

NUMBER XIII.

After concluding the review of the Ministerialists with the young Marcellus of the Poem, the illustrious Mr. ROLLE; our author directs the attention of DUKE ROLLO to the Opposition-bench. He notices the cautious silence of MERLIN relative to that side of the House, and rather inquisitively asks the reason; on which the Philosopher (a little unphilosophically, we must confess) throws himself into a violent passion, and for a long time is wholly incapable of articulating a syllable. This is a common situation in poets both ancient and modern, as in Virgil and Milton;

Ter conata loqui, &c.
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice in spight of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth, &c.

but we will venture to assert, that it was never painted in a manner half so lively, as by the author of the ROLLIAD.

Thrice he essay'd, but thrice in vain essay'd;
His tongue, throat, teeth, and lips, refus'd their aid:
Till now the stifled breath a passage broke;
He gasp'd, he gap'd—but not a word he spoke.

How accurately, and learnedly, has the poet enumerated all the organs of speech, which separately and jointly refuse to execute their respective offices! How superior is this to the simply cleaving of the tongue to the palate, the *Vox faucibus hæsit* of Virgil. For as Quintilian observes, a detail of particulars is infinitely better than any general expression, however strong. Then the poor Prophet obtains a little remission of his paroxysm; he begins to breathe convulsively—*he gasped*; he opens his mouth to its utmost extent—*he gaped*; our expectations are raised, and, alas! he still continues unable to utter—*not a word he spoke*. Surely nothing can be more natural in point of truth, than all the circumstances of this inimitable description: nothing more artful in point of effect, than the suspence and attention which it begets in the mind of the reader!

At length, however, MERLIN recovers his voice; and breaks out into a strain of most animated invective, infinitely superior to every thing of the kind in Homer; though the old Grecian must be acknowledged not to want spirit in the altercations, or scolding matches, of his heroes and Gods. The Prophet begins, as a man in any great emotion always must, at the middle of a verse;

——— ——— ———Tatterdemalions,
Scald miserables, Rascals and Rascalions,
Buffoons, Dependants, Parasites, Toad-eaters,
Knaves, Sharpers, Black-legs, Palmers, Coggers, Cheaters,
Scrubs, Vagrants, Beggars, Mumpers, Ragamuffins,
Rogues, Villains, Bravos, Desperados, Ruffians,
Thieves, Robbers, Cut-throats, &c. &c. &c.

And in this manner he proceeds, with single appellatives of reproach, for ten or twelve lines further; when, his virtuous indignation a little subsiding, or his Dictionary failing, he becomes more circumlocutory; as for instance,

Burglarious Scoundrels, that again would steal
The PREMIER's Plate, and CHANCELLOR's Great Seal;
Of public Murderers, Patrons and Allies,
Hirelings of France, their country's enemies, &c.

which style he continues for more than twenty lines.

We are truly sorry, that the boundaries of our plan would not allow us to present our readers with the whole of this finished passage in detail; as it furnishes an indisputable proof, that, however the Greek language may have been celebrated for its copiousness, it must yield in that respect to the English. For if we were to collect all the terms of infamy bandied about[1], from Æschines to Demosthenes, and from Demosthenes back again to Æschines; and if to these we should add in Latin the whole torrent of calumny poured by Cicero on Antony and Piso; though the ancient orators were tolerably fluent in this kind of eloquence, they would, all together, be found to fall very short of our poet, shackled as he is with rhyme, in the force no less than the variety of his objurgatory epithets. At the same time

it must not be concealed, that he possessed one very considerable advantage in the rich repositories of our ministerial newspapers. He has culled the flowers, skimmed the cream, and extracted the very quintessence of those elegant productions with equal industry and success. Indeed, such of our readers as are conversant with the Morning Post and Public Advertiser, the White-Hall, the St. James's, and, in short, the greater part of the evening prints, will immediately discover the passage now before us to be little more than a cento. It is however such a cento as indicates the man of genius, whom puny scribblers may in vain endeavour to imitate in the NEW ROLLIADS.

It is possible, MERLIN might even have gone on much longer: but he is interrupted by one of those disturbances which frequently prevail in the House of Commons. The confusion is finely described in the following broken couplet:

Spoke! Spoke!—Sir—Mr. Speaker—Order there!
I rise—spoke! Question! Question!—Chair! Chair! Chair!

This incident is highly natural, and introduced with the greatest judgment, as it gives another opportunity of exhibiting Mr. ROLLE, and in a situation, where he always appears with conspicuous pre-eminence.

Great ROLLO look'd, amaz'd; nor without fears,
His hands applied by instinct to his ears:
He look'd, and lo! amid the wild acclaim
Discern'd the future glory of his name;
O'er this new Babel of the noisy croud,
More fierce than all, more turbulent, more loud.
Him yet he heard, with thund'ring voice contend,
"Him first, him last, him midst, him without end."

This concluding line our author has condescended to borrow from Milton; but how apposite and forcible is the application! How emphatically does it express the noble perseverance with which the Member for Devonshire has been known to persist on these occasions, in opposition to the Speaker himself.

ROLLO, however, is at length wearied, as the greatest admirers of Mr. ROLLE have sometimes been, with the triumphs of his illustrious descendant.

But ROLLO, as he clos'd his ears before,
Now tired, averts his eyes to see no more.
Observant MERLIN, while he turn'd his head,
The lantern shifted, and the vision fled.

To understand this last line, our reader must recollect, that though the characters introduced in this vision are preternaturally endowed with seeming powers of speech, yet the forms or shadows of them are shewn by means of a magic lantern.

Having now concluded our observations upon this part of the Poem—we shall close them with remarking, that as our author evidently borrowed the idea of this vision, in which the character of future times are described, from Virgil, he has far surpassed his original; and as his description of the present House of Commons, may not improbably have called to his mind the Pandæmonium of Milton, we do not scruple to assert, that in the execution of his design, that great master of the sublime has fallen infinitely short of him.

[1] More particularly in their two famous orations, which, are entitled "*On the Crown*."

* * * * *

NUMBER XIV.

Our readers may possibly think, that verses enough have been already devoted to the celebration of Mr. ROLLE; the Poet, however, is not of the same opinion. To crown the whole, he now proceeds to commemorate the column which is shortly to be erected on the spot, where the Member for Devonshire formerly went to School, application having been made to Parliament for leave to remove the school from its present situation; and a motion being intended to follow, for appropriating a sum of money to

mark the scene and record the fact of Mr. ROLLE's education, for the satisfaction of posterity, who might otherwise have been left in a state of uncertainty, whether this great man had any education at all.

MERLIN first shews ROLLO the school. The transition to this object from the present House of Commons is easy and obvious. Indeed, the striking similarity between the two visions is observed by ROLLO in the following passage:

The Hero sees, thick-swarming round the place,
In bloom of early youth, a busy race;
Propria quæ maribus, with barbarous sound,
Syntax and *prosody* his ear confound,
"And say (he cries), Interpreter of fate,
Oh! say, is this some jargon of debate?
What means the din, and what the scene? proclaim;
Is this another vision, or the same?
For trust me, Prophet, to my ears, my eyes,
A second House of Commons seems to rise."

MERLIN however rectifies the mistake of the good Duke: and points out to him his great descendant, in the shape of a lubberly boy, as remarkably mute on this occasion, as we lately found him in the House,

More fierce than all, more turbulent, more loud.

The flaggellation of Mr. ROLLE succeeds, which, as MERLIN informs ROLLO, is his daily discipline. The sight of the rod, which the Pædagogue flourishes with a degree of savage triumph over the exposed, and bleeding youth, awakens all the feelings of the ancestor:

Stay, monster, stay! he cries in hasty mood,
Throw that dire weapon down—behold my blood!

We quote this couplet the rather, because it proves our author to be as good a Critic as a Poet. For the last line is undoubtedly a new reading of Virgil's,

Projice tela manu,—Sanguis meus!

And how much more spirited is this interpretation,

——— ——— ———Behold my blood!

than the commonly received construction of the Latin words, by which they are made to signify simply, "O my son!" and that too with the assistance of a poetical licence. There is not a better emendation in all the Virgilius Restauratus of the learned Martinus Scriblerus.

On the exclamation of ROLLO, which we have just quoted, the Prophet, perceiving that he has moved his illustrious visitor a little too far, administers every consolation,

"Thy care dismiss (the Seer replied, and smil'd)
Tho' rods awhile may weal the sacred child,
In vain ten thousand [1]BUSBIES should employ
Their pedant arts his genius to destroy;
In vain at either end thy ROLLE assail,
To learning proof alike at head and tail."

Accordingly this assurance has its proper effect in calming the mind of the Duke.

But the great topic of comfort, or we should rather say of exultation, to him, is the prophecy of the column, with which MERLIN concludes his speech:

Where now he suffers, on this hallow'd land,
A Column, public Monument, shall stand:
And many a bard around the sculptur'd base,
In many a language his renown shall trace;
In French, Italian, Latin, and in Greek;
That all, whose curious search this spot shall seek,
May read, and reading tell at home, return'd,
How much great ROLLE was flogg'd, how little learn'd.

What a noble, and what a just character of the great ROLLE is contained in the last line! A mind tinctured with modern prejudices may be at a loss to discover the compliment. But our author is a man of erudition and draws

his ideas from ancient learning, even where he employs that learning, like [2]Erasmus and the admirable Creichton, in praise of ignorance. Our classical readers, therefore, will see in this portrait of Mr. ROLLE, the living resemblance of the ancient Spartans; a people the pride of Greece, and admiration of the world, who are peculiarly distinguished in history for their systematic contempt of the fine arts, and the patience with which they taught their children to bear floggings.

The School now vanishes, and the Column rises, properly adorned with the inscriptions, which the philosopher explains. But as we have been favoured with correct copies of the inscriptions themselves, which were selected from a much greater number composed by our universities, we shall here desert our Poet, and present the public with the originals.

The two first are in Greek; and agreeably to the usual style of Greek inscriptions, relate the plain fact in short and simple, but elegant and forcible, phraseology.

{Ode to Rhetorikes deinon stoma thauma te Bules,
Prota DEBONIZEIN apemanthane pais pote ROLLOS.}

The word {Debonizein} is not to be found in our Lexicons; but we presume, that it means, "to speak the dialect of Devonshire;" from {Debonia}, which is Greek for Devonshire. Accordingly, we have so rendered it in a translation, which we have attempted for the benefit of the country gentlemen and the ladies.

The senate's wonder, ROLLE [3]of mighty tongue,
Here first his Devonshire unlearn'd when young.

How simple, yet how full, is the expression of this distich! How perfectly does it agree with the notion, which our poet has inculcated, of Mr. ROLLE! He was employed at school not to learn but to unlearn; his whole progress, was, like a crab's, backward.

There is a beauty in the Greek which it is impossible to preserve in English; the word which we have translated "*unlearned*," is in the imperfect tense: and, in the nicety of that accurate language implies, that

the action was begun, but not completed; that Mr. ROLLE made some proficiency in unlearning his Devonshire; but had not effectually accomplished it during his stay at the school.

The other Greek inscription has something more ingenious, from a seeming paradox in the turn of it:

{Outus o mepote pou ti mathon pros metinos, ode
Pais pote ROLLIADES, ossaper oid, emathen.}

He, who to learning nothing owes,
Here ROLLE, a boy, learn'd all he knows.

By which concluding word "*knows*," we must certainly understand acquired knowledge only; since Mr. ROLLE has been celebrated by our Poet in the most unequivocal manner, as may be seen in the twelfth number of our Criticisms, for his great natural faculties. The sense of this last Epigram will then be merely, that the Member for Devonshire had no particle of acquired knowledge; but is an {autodidaktos}, a self-taught scholar, a character so much admired in ancient times. The Latin inscription is as follows:

Hic ferulæ, dextram, hîc, virgis cædenda magistri,
Nuda dedit patiens tergora ROLLIADES.
At non ROLLIADEN domuerunt verbera; non, quæ
Nescio quid gravius præmonuere, minæ,
Ah! quoties illum æqualis mirata corona est
Nec lacrymam in pænis rumpere, nec gemitum!
Ah! quoties, cum supplicio jam incumberet, ipsi
[4]Orbillo cecidit victa labore manus!
I, puer; I, forti tolerando pectore plagas,
Æmula ROLLIADÆ nomina disce sequi.

Here to the ferule ROLLE his hand resign'd,
Here to the rod he bar'd the parts behind;
But him no stripes subdu'd, and him no fear
Of menac'd wrath in future more severe.
How oft the youthful circle wond'ring saw

That pain from him nor tear, nor groan could draw!
How oft, when still unmoved, he long'd to jerk,
The master's wearied hand forsook the work!
Go, boy; and scorning rods, or ferules, aim
By equal worth to rival ROLLE in fame.

The beauty of these lines, we presume, is too obvious to require any comment. We will confidently affirm, that they record as glorious an example of patience as any to be found in all the History of the Flagellants, though the ingenious M. De Lolme has extended the subject into a handsome Quarto.

The Italian inscription is a kind of short dialogue, in which the traveller is introduced, demanding the name of the person to whom the pillar is erected.

A chi si sta questa colonna? Al ROLLE;
Che di parlar apprese in questo loco
Greco e Latino nò, ma Inglese—un poco.
Basta così. Chi non sa il resto, è folle.

This abrupt conclusion we think very fine. It has however been censured as equivocal. Some critics have urged, that the same turn has, in fact, been applied equally to men greatly famous and greatly infamous; to Johannes Mirandula, and Colonel Chartres: and in the present case, say these cavillers, it may be construed to signify either that the rest is too well known to require repetition, or that there is nothing more to be known. But the great character of Mr. ROLLE will at once remove all ambiguity.

The French inscription was furnished by Mr. ROLLE himself on the day of his election. The idea was first expressed by him in English, and then done into French verse by the [5] Dutch dancing master at Exeter, to whom Mr. ROLLE is indebted for his extraordinary proficiency in that science.

Ne pouvoir point parler à mon chien je reproche;
Moi, j'acquis en ces lieux le don de la parole:
Je vais donc, & bien vite, à Londres par le coche,
Faire entendre au Senat, que je suis un vrai ROLLE.

The *par le coche* seems to be an addition of the Dancing-master, who was certainly no very great Poet, as appears by his use of feminine rhymes only, without any mixture of masculine: an irregularity perfectly inadmissible, as all our polite readers must know, in the nicety of French prosody. We shall subjoin for the entertainment of our readers an inscription in the parish school at Rouen, which was written about a century since on the original Rollo.

Ici ROLLON fessé soir & matin,
Beaucoup souffrit, point n'apprit se Latin.
Aux fiers combats bien mieux joua son rôle:
Tuer des gens lui parut chose drôle.
Femme epousa, plus douce que satin,
Et, par bonheur, déjà veuve & catin;
D'elle reçut un fils & la v———le.
Ainsi, Lecteur, naquit le premier ROLLE!

But to return to our author. After the vision of the column, MERLIN proceeds in a short speech to intimate to ROLLO, that higher honours may yet await his descendant in the House of Lords,

Where ROLLE may be, what ROLLO was before.

This, as may be naturally supposed, excites the curiosity of the Duke; but MERLIN declares, that it is not permitted him to reveal the glories of the Upper house. The hero must first fulfil his fates, by mortally wounding the Saxon drummer, whom Providence shall inspire in his last moments for this particular purpose.

Ere yet thou know, what higher honours wait
Thy future race, accomplish them thy fate.
When now the bravest of our Saxon train
Beneath thy conquering arms shall press the plain;
What yet remains, his voice divine in death
Shall tell, and Heav'n for this shall lengthen out his breath.

Which last line is most happily lengthened out into an Alexandrine, to make the sound an echo to the sense. The pause too after the words "shall tell," finely marks the sudden catches and spasmodic efforts of a dying man. Some extracts from the Drummer's prophecies have already been given to the public; and from these specimens of his loquacity with a thurst in quarte through his lungs, our readers will probably see the propriety with which the immediate hand of Heaven is here introduced. The most rigid critic will not deny that here is truly the

Dignus vindice nodus,

which Horace requires to justify the interposition of a Divinity.

We are now come to the concluding lines of the sixth book. Our readers are probably acquainted with the commonly-received superstition relative to the exit of Magicians, that they are carried away by Devils. The poet has made exquisite use of this popular belief, though he could not help returning in the last line to his favourite Virgil. Classical observers will immediately perceive the allusion to

———Revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras
Hic labor, hoc opus est;

in the description of ROLLO's re-ascent from the night-cellar into the open air.

The Prophet foreseeing his instant end,

"At once, farewel," he said. But, as he said,
Like mortal bailiffs to the sight array'd,
Two fiends advancing seiz'd, and bore away
To their dark dens the much-resisting prey:
While ROLLO nimbly clamber'd in a fright,
Tho' steep and difficult the way, to light.

And thus ends the sixth book of the ROLLIAD; which we have chosen for the subject of the FIRST PART of our CRITICISMS. In the second part, which is now going on in the Morning-Herald, where the first draughts of the present numbers were originally published, we shall pursue our

Commentary through the House of Peers; and in a third part, for which we are now preparing and arranging materials, it is our intention to present our readers with a series of anecdotes from the political history of our ministry, which our author has artfully contrived to interweave in his inimitable poem.

And here, while we are closing this first Part, we cannot but congratulate ourselves, that we have been the humble instruments of first calling the attention of the learned to this wonderful effort of modern genius, the fame of, which has already exceeded the limits of this island, and perhaps may not be circumscribed by the present age; which, we have the best reason to believe, will very shortly diffuse the glory of our present Rulers in many and distant quarters of the globe; and which may not improbably descend to exhibit them in their true colours to remote posterity. That we indeed imagine our Criticisms to have contributed very much to this great popularity of the ROLLIAD, we will not attempt to conceal. And this persuasion shall animate us to continue our endeavours with redoubled application, that we may complete, as early as possible, the design, which we have some time since formed to ourselves, and which we have now submitted to the Public; happy, if that which is yet to come, be received with the same degree of favour as this, which is now finished, so peculiarly experienced even in its most imperfect condition.

[1] Dr. Busby, formerly master of Westminster school, was famous for his consumption of birch. MERLIN uses his name here by the spirit of prophecy.

[2] Erasmus wrote an *Encomium of Folly*, with abundant wit and learning. For Creichton, see the Adventurer.

[3] The literal English is "*vehement mouth of oratory*."

[4] A great flogger of antiquity, ———Memini quæ *plagosum* mihi parvo *Orbilium* dictare. HOR.

[5] Mynheer Hoppingen Van Caperagen, who soon after the publication of our first authentic Edition, sent the following letter to Mr. Ridgway:

D'Exeter, ce 18 Avril, 1785.

"Je suis fort etonné. Monsieur, que vous ayez eu la hardiesse d'admettre dans "*La Critique de la Rolliade*," une accusation contre moi qui n'est nullement fondée, et qui tend à me nuire dans l'esprit de tous les amateurs des beaux arts. Sachez, Monsieur, que je me suis donné la peine de traduire *mot à mot* la célébré inscription, de mon digne élève et protecteur, *Mr*. *Rolle*; que je n'y ai rien ajouté, et que dans le vers où il est question *du coche*, votre Critique n'auroit dû voir qu'une preuve de l'économie de mon susdit *Mécene*. Quant aux rimes féminines que l'auteur me reproche avec tant d'aigreur, je vous dirai qu'il n'y a rien de *mâle* dans l'esprit de Mr. *Rolle*, et que j'aurois blessé sa delicatesse en m'y prenant autrement; d'ailleurs je me moque des usages, et je ne veux pas que mes vers sautent à clochepied, comme ceux des poëtes François, qui n'entendent rien à la danse. Je ne doute pas que vous approuviez mon sentiment là-dessus, et que vous me fassiez rendre justice sur l'objet de ma plainte: en attendant, je vous prie de croire que je suis, avec le plus vif attachment, Monsieur, votre très obeissant serviteur, HOPPINGEN VAN CAPERAGEN."

END OF PART THE FIRST.

CRITICISMS ON THE ROLLIAD.

PART THE SECOND

* * * * *

NUMBER I.

We have now followed our admirable author through the *Sixth Book* of his poem; very much to our own edification, and, we flatter ourselves, no less to the satisfaction of our readers. We have shewn the art with which he has introduced a description of the leading characters of our present House of Commons, by a contrivance something similar indeed to that employed by Virgil, but at the same time sufficiently unlike to substantiate his own claim to originality. And surely every candid critic will admit, that had he satisfied himself with the same device, in order to panegyrize his favourites in the other House, he would have been perfectly blameless. But to the writer of the ROLLIAD, it was not sufficient to escape censure; he must extort our praise, and excite our admiration.

Our classical readers will recollect, that all Epic Heroes possess in common with the poets who celebrate their actions, the gift of *prophecy*; with this difference however, that poets prophecy while they are in sound health, whereas the hero never begins to talk about futurity, until he has received such a mortal wound in his lungs as would prevent any man but a hero from talking at all: and it is probably in allusion to this circumstance, that the power of divination is distinguished in North Britain by the name of SECOND SIGHT, as commencing when common vision ends. This faculty has been attributed to dying warriors, both by *Homer* and *Virgil*; but neither of these poets have made so good use of it as our author, who has

introduced into the last dying speech of the Saxon Drummer, the whole birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, of all those benefactors of their country, who at present adorn the House of Peers, thereby conforming himself to modern usage, and at the same time distinguishing the victorious Rollo's prowess in subduing an adversary, who dies infinitely harder than either Turnus or Hector.

Without farther comment, we shall now proceed to favour our readers with a few extracts. The first Peer mentioned by the *Dying Drummer*, is the present *Marquis of Buckingham*: his appearance is ushered in by an elegant panegyric on his father, Mr. *George Grenville*, of which we shall only give the concluding lines:

> *George*, in whose subtle brain, if Fame say true, Full-fraught with wars, the fatal stamp-act grew; Great financier! stupenduous calculator!— *But, George* the son is *twenty-one times* greater!

It would require a volume, not only to point out all the merits of the last line, but even to do justice to that Pindaric spirit, that abrupt beauty, that graceful aberration from rigid grammatical contexts, which appears in the single word *but*. We had however a further intention in quoting this passage, viz. to assert our author's claim to the invention of that species of MORAL ARITHMETIC, which, by the means of proper additions, subtractions, multiplications and divisions, ascertains the relative merits of two characters more correctly than any other mode of investigation hitherto invented. Lord Thurlow, when he informed the House of Peers, that, "*one* Hastings is worth *twenty* Macartneys," had certainly the merit of ascertaining the comparative value of the two men in *whole numbers*, and *without a fraction*. He likewise enabled his auditors, by means of *the rule of three*, to find out the numerical excellence of any other individual; but to compare Lord Thurlow with our author, would be to compare the scholar with the inventor; to compare a common house-steward with *Euclid* or *Archimedes*. We now return to the poem.

After the lines already quoted, our dying drummer breaks out into the following wonderful apostrophe:

Approach, ye sophs, who, in your northern den,
Wield, with both hands, your huge *didactic* pen;
Who, step by step, o'er *Pindus*' up-hill road,
Drag slowly on your learning's pond'rous load:
Though many a shock your perilous march encumbers,
Ere the stiff prose can struggle into numbers;
And you, at *comets' tails*, who fondly stare,
And find a mistress in the *lesser bear*;
And you, who, full with metaphysics fraught,
Detect sensation starting into thought,
And trace each sketch by Memory's hand design'd
On that strange magic lantern call'd the MIND;
And you, who watch each loit'ring empire's fate;
Who heap up fact on fact, and date on date;
Who count the threads that fill the mystic loom,
Where patient vengeance wove the fate of Rome;
Who tell that wealth unnerv'd her soldier's hand, }
That Folly urg'd the fate by traitor's plann'd; }
Or, that she fell—because she could not stand: }
Approach, and view, in this capacious mind,
Your scatter'd science in one mass combin'd:
Whate'er tradition tells, or poets sing,
Of giant-killing John, or John the King;
Whate'er———

But we are apprehensive that our zeal has already hurried us too far, and that we have exceeded the just bounds of this paper. We shall therefore take some future opportunity of reverting to the character of this prodigious nobleman, who possesses, and deserves to possess, so distinguished a share in his master's confidence. Suffice it to say, that our author does full justice to every part of his character. He considers him as a walking warehouse of facts of all kinds, whether relating to history, astronomy, metaphysics, heraldry, fortifications, naval tactics, or midwifery; at the same time representing him as a kind of haberdasher of small talents, which he retails to the female part of his family, instructing

them in the mystery of precedence, the whole art of scented pomatums, the doctrine of salves for broken heads, of putty for *broken windows*, &c. &c. &c.

* * * * *

NUMBER II.

We now return to the dying drummer, whom we left in the middle of his eulogy on the Marquis of Buckingham.

It being admitted, that the powers of the human mind depend on the number and association of our ideas, it is easy to shew that the illustrious Marquis is entitled to the highest rank in the scale of human intelligence. His mind possesses an unlimited power of inglutition, and his ideas adhere to each other with such tenacity, that whenever his memory is stimulated by any powerful interrogatory, it not only discharges a full answer to that individual question, but likewise such a prodigious flood of collateral knowledge, derived from copious and repeated infusions, as no common skull would be capable of containing. For these reasons, his Lordship's fitness for the department of the Admiralty, a department connected with the whole cyclopoedia of science, and requiring the greatest variety of talents and exertions, seems to be pointed out by the hand of Heaven;—it is likewise pointed out by the dying drummer, who describes in the following lines, the immediate cause of his nomination:—

On the great day, when Buckingham, by pairs
Ascended, Heaven impell'd, the K———'s back-stairs;
And panting breathless, strain'd his lungs to show
From Fox's bill what mighty ills would flow:
That soon, *its source corrupt, Opinion's thread,*
On India's deleterious streams wou'd shed;
That Hastings, Munny Begum, Scott, must fall,
And Pitt, and Jenkinson, and Leadenhall;
Still, as with stammering tongue, he told his tale,
Unusual terrors Brunswick's heart assail;
Wide starts his white wig from his royal ear,
And each particular hair stands stiff with fear,

We flatter ourselves that few of our readers are so void of taste, as not to feel the transcendant beauties of this description. First, we see the noble Marquis mount the fatal steps "by pairs," *i.e.* by two at a time; and with a degree of effort and fatigue: and then he is out of breath, which is perfectly natural. The obscurity of the third couplet, an *obscurity* which has been imitated by all the ministerial writers on the India bill, arises from a confusion of metaphor, so inexpressibly beautiful, that Mr. Hastings has thought fit to copy it almost verbatum, in his celebrated letter from Lucknow. The effects of terror on the royal wig, are happily imagined, and are infinitely more sublime than the "*steteruntque comæ*" of the Roman poet; as the attachment of a wig to its wearer, is obviously more generous and disinterested than that of the person's own hair, which naturally participates in the good or ill fortune of the head on which it grows. But to proceed.—Men in a fright are usually generous;—on that great day, therefore, the Marquis obtained the promise of the Admiralty. The dying drummer then proceeds to describe the Marquis's well-known vision, which he prefaces by a compliment on his Lordship's extraordinary proficiency in the art of lace-making. We have all admired the parliamentary exertions of this great man, on every subject that related to an art in which the county of Buckingham is so deeply interested; an art, by means of which Britannia (as our author happily expresses it)

Puckers round naked breasts, a decent trimming,
Spreads the thread trade, and propagates old women!

How naturally do we feel disposed to join with the dying drummer, in the pathetic apostrophe which he addresses to his hero, when he foresees that this attention will necessarily be diverted to other objects:—

Alas! no longer round thy favorite STOWE,
Shalt thou the nicer arts to artists show,
No more on thumb-worn cushions deign to trace,
With critic touch, the texture of bone-lace;
And from severer toils, some moments robbing!
Reclaim the vagrant thread, or truant bobbin!
Far, other scenes of future glory rise,
To glad thy sleeping, and thy waking eyes;
As busy fancy paints the gaudy dream,

Ideal docks, with shadowy navies teem:
Whate'er on sea, on lake, or river floats,
Ships, barges, rafts, skiffs, tubs, flat-bottom'd boats,
Smiths, sailors, carpenters, in busy crowds,
Mast, cable, yard, sail, bow-sprit, anchor, shrowds,
Knives, gigs, harpoons, swords, handspikes, cutlass blades,
Guns, pistols, swivels, cannons, carronades:
All rise to view!—All blend in gorgeous show!
Tritons and tridents, turpentine, tar—tow!

We will take upon ourselves to attest, that neither Homer nor Virgil ever produced any thing like this. How amiable, how interesting, is the condescension of the illustrious Marquis, while he assists the old women in his neighbourhood in making bone-lace! How artfully is the modest appearance of the aforesaid old women's cushions (which we are also told were dirty cushions) contrasted with the splendor and magnificence of the subsequent vision! How masterly is the structure of the last verse, and how nobly does the climax rise from tritons and tridents—from objects which are rather picturesque than necessary—to that most important article *tow*! an article "without which," in the opinion of Lord Mulgrave, "it would be impossible to fit out a single ship."

The drummer is next led to investigate the different modes of meliorating our navy; in the course of which he introduces the Marquis's private thoughts on *flax* and *forest-trees*; the natural history of *nettles*, with proofs of their excellence in making cables; a project to produce *aurum fulminans* from Pinchbeck's metal, instead of gold, occasioned by admiral Barrington's complaint of bad powder; a discussion of Lord Ferrers's mathematical mode of ship-building; and a lamentation on the pertinacity with which his Lordship's vessels have hitherto refused to sail. The grief of the Marquis on this occasion, awaking all our sympathy—

Sighing, he struck his breast, and cried, "Alas!
Shall a three decker's huge unwieldy mass,
'Mid croud of foes, stand stupidly at bay,
And by rude force, like Ajax, gain the day?
No!—let Invention!———"

And at the moment his Lordship becomes pregnant, and is delivered of a project that solves every difficulty.

The reader will recollect Commodore Johnstone's discovery, that "the aliquot parts being equal to the whole, two frigates are indisputably tantamount to a line of battle-ship; nay, that they are superior to it, as being more manageable." Now, a sloop being more docile than a frigate, and a cutter more versatile than a sloop, &c. &c. is it not obvious that the *force* of any vessel must be in an inverse ratio to its *strength*? Hence, Lord Buckingham most properly observes,

Our light arm'd fleet will spread a general panic,
For speed is power, says Pinchbeck, the mechanic.

The only objection to this system, is the trite professional idea, that ships having been for some years past in the habit of sailing directly forwards, must necessarily form and fight *in a straight line*; but according to Lord Buckingham's plan, the line of battle in future is to be like the line of beauty, *waving* and *tortuous*; so that if the French, who confessedly are the most imitative people on the earth, should wish to copy our manoeuvres, their larger ships will necessarily be thrown into confusion, and consequently be beaten.

But as Sir Gregory Page Turner finely says, "infallibility is not given to human nature." Our prodigious Marquis, therefore, diffident of his talents, and not yet satisfied with his plan, rakes into that vast heap of knowledge, which he has collected from reading, and forms into one *compost*, all the naval inventions of every age and country, in order to meliorate and fertilize the colder genius of Great Britain. "In future," says the drummer,

All ages, and all countries, shall combine,
To form our navy's variegated line.
Like some vast whale, or all-devouring shark,
High in the midst shall rise old Noah's *ark*:
Or, if that ark be lost, of equal bulk,
Our novel Noah rigs—the *Justice Hulk*:
An Argo next, the peerless Catherine sends,
The gorgeous gift of her *Mingrelian* friends:

Here we cannot repress our admiration at the drummer's skill in geography and politics. He not only tells us that *Mingrelia* is the ancient *Colchis*, the country visited by the Argonauts, the country which was then so famous for its fleeces, and which even now sends so many virgins to the Grand Seignior's seraglio, but he foresees the advantages that will be derived to the navy of this kingdom, by the submission of his Mingrelian majesty to the Empress of Russia. But to proceed:

> And next, at our Canadian brethren's pray'r,
> Ten stout *triremes* the good pope shall spare!

We apprehend, with all due submission to the drummer, that here is a small mistake. Our Canadian brethren may indeed possess great influence with the Pope, on account of their perseverance in the Catholic religion; but as all the triremes in his holiness's possession are unfortunately in bass-relief and marble, we have some doubt of their utility at sea.

> Light-arm'd *evaas*, canoes that seem to fly,
> Our faithful *Oberea* shall supply:
> *Gallies* shall Venice yield. Algiers, *xebecs*—
> But thou, Nanquin, gay *yachts* with towering decks;
> While fierce Kamtschatka———

But it is unnecessary to transcribe all the names of places mentioned by our drummer in sailing eastward towards Cape Horn, and westward to the Cape of Good Hope. We flatter ourselves that we have sufficiently proved the stupendous and almost unnatural excellence of the new Lord Buckingham; and that we have shewn the necessity of innovation in the navy as well as in the constitution; we therefore shall conclude this number, by expressing our hope and assurance, that the salutary amputations which are meditated by the two state surgeons, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Wyvill, will speedily be followed by equally skilful operations in our marine; and that the prophecy of the dying drummer will be fulfilled in the completion of that delightful event—the nomination of the noble Marquis to the department of the admiralty!

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NUMBER III.

Having concluded his description of the Marquis of Buckingham, our expiring prophet proceeds to the contemplation of other glories, hardly less resplendent than those of the noble Marquis himself. He goes on to the DUKE of RICHMOND.

In travelling round this wide world of virtue, for as such may the mind of the noble Duke be described, it must be obvious to every one, that the principal difficulty consists—in determining from what quarter to set out; whether to commence in the *frigid zone* of his benevolence, or in the *torrid hemisphere* of his loyalty; from the *equinox* of his oeconomy, or from the *terra australis* of his patriotism. Our author feels himself reduced to the dilemma of the famous *Archimedes* in this case, though for a very different reason, and exclaims violently for the {Dos pou sto}, not because he has no ground to stand upon, but because he has too much—because puzzled by the variety, he feels an incapacity to make a selection. He represents himself as being exactly in the situation of *Paris* between the different and contending charms of the three *Heathen Goddesses*, and is equally at a loss on which to bestow his *detur pulcherimæ*. There is indeed more beauty in this latter similitude than may at first view appear to a careless and vulgar observer: the three goddesses in question being, in all the leading points of their description, most correctly typical of the noble Duke himself. As for example—*Minerva*, we know, was produced out of the head of *Jove*, complete and perfect at once. Thus the Duke of Richmond starts into the perfection of a full-grown *engineer*, without the ceremony of gradual organization, or the painful tediousness of progressive maturity.—*Juno* was particularly famed for an unceasing spirit of active persecution against the bravest and most honourable men of antiquity. Col. *Debbeige*, and some other individuals of modern time, might be selected, to shew that the noble Duke is not in this respect without some pretensions to sympathy with the queen of the skies.—*Venus* too, we all know, originated from *froth*. For resemblance in this point, *vide* the noble Duke's admirable theories on the subject of *parliamentary melioration*.

Having stated these circumstances of embarrassment in a few introductory lines to this part of the poem, our author goes on to observe, that not knowing, after much and anxious thought, how to adjust the important difficulty in question, he resolves at last to trust himself entirely to the guidance of his muse, who, under the influence of her usual inspiration, proceeds as follows:

Hail thou, for either talent justly known,
To spend the nation's cash—or keep thy own;
Expert alike to save, or be profuse,
As money goes for thine, or England's use;
In whose esteem, of equal worth are thought,
A public million, and a private groat.
Hail, and—&c.

Longinus, as the learned well know, reckons the figure *Amplification* amongst the principal sources of the sublime, as does *Quintilian* amongst the leading requisites of rhetoric. That it constitutes the very soul of eloquence, is demonstrable from the example of that sublimest of all orators, and profoundest of all statesman, Mr. *William Pitt*. If no expedient had been devised, by the help of which the *same* idea could be invested in a thousand different and glittering habiliments, by which *one* small spark of meaning could be inflated into a blaze of elocution, how many delectable speeches would have been lost to the Senate of Great Britain? How severe an injury would have been sustained to the literary estimation of the age? The above admirable specimen of the figure, however, adds to the other natural graces of it, the excellent recommendation of strict and literal truth. The author proceeds to describe the noble Duke's uncommon popularity, and to represent, that whatever be his employment, whether the gay business of the state, or the serious occupation of amusement, his Grace is alike sure of the approbation of his countrymen.

Whether thy present vast ambition be
To check the rudeness of the' intruding sea;
Or else, immerging in a *civil* storm,
With equal wisdom to project—reform;
Whether thou go'st while summer suns prevail,

To enjoy the freshness of thy kitchen's gale,
Where, unpolluted by luxurious heat,
Its large expanse affords a cool retreat;
Or should'st thou now, no more the theme of mirth,
Hail the great day that gave thy sov'reign birth,
With kind anticipating zeal prepare,
And make the *fourth* of *June* thy anxious care;
O! wheresoe'er thy hallow'd steps shall stray
Still, still, for thee, the grateful poor shall pray,
Since all the bounty which thy heart denies,
Drain'd by thy schemes, the *treasury* supplies.

The reference to the noble Duke's kitchen, is a most exquisite compliment to his Grace's well-known and determined aversion to the specious, popular, and prevailing vices of *eating* and *drinking*; and the four lines which follow, contain a no less admirable allusion to the memorable witticism of his Grace (memorable for the subject of it, as well as for the circumstance of its being the only known instance of his Grace's attempting to degrade himself into the vulgarity of joke).

When a minister was found in this country daring and wicked enough to propose the suspension of a turnpike bill for one whole day, simply for the reason, that he considered some little ceremony due to the natal anniversary of the *highest*, and beyond all comparison, the *best* individual in the country; what was the noble Duke's reply to this frivolous pretence for the protraction of the national business? "What care I," said this great personage, with a noble warmth of patriotic insolence, never yet attained by any of the present timid-minded sons of faction, "What care I for the King's birthday!—What is such nonsense to me!" &c. &c. &c. It is true, indeed, times have been a little changed since—but what of that! there is a solid truth in the observation of Horace, which its tritism does not, nor cannot destroy, and which the noble Duke, if he could read the original, might with great truth, apply to himself and his sovereign:

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

A great critic affirms, that the highest excellence of writing, and particularly of poetical writing, consists in this one power—to *surprise*. Surely this sensation was never more successfully excited, than by the line in the above passage, when considered as addressed to the Duke of Richmond—

Still, still, for thee, the *grateful poor* shall pray!

Our author, however, whose correct judgment suggested to him, that even the sublimity of surprise was not to be obtained at the expence of truth and probability, hastens to reconcile all contradictions, by informing the reader, that the *treasury* is to supply the sources of the charity, on account of which the noble Duke is to be prayed for.

The poet, with his usual philanthropy, proceeds to give a piece of good advice to a person, with whom he does not appear at first sight to have any natural connexion. He contrives, however, even to make his seeming digression contribute to his purpose. He addresses *Colonel Debbeige* in the following goodnatured, sublime and parental apostrophe—

Learn, thoughtless *Debbeige*, now no more a youth,
The woes unnumber'd that encompass truth.
Nor of experience, nor of knowledge vain,
Mock the chimæras of a sea-sick brain:
Oh, learn on happier terms with him to live,
Who ne'er knew *twice*, the weakness to forgive!
Then should his grace some vast expedient find,
To govern tempests, and controul the wind;
Should he, like great *Canute*, forbid the wave,
T'approach his presence, or his foot to lave;
Construct some bastion, or contrive some mound,
The world's wide limits to encompass round;
Rear a redoubt, that to the stars should rise,
And lift himself, like Typhon, to the skies;
Or should the mightier scheme engage his soul,
To raise a platform on the *northern pole*,
With foss, with rampart, stick, and stone, and clay,
To build a breast-work on the *milky-way*,

Or to protect his sovereign's blest abode,
Bid numerous batteries guard the *turnpike road*;
Lest foul Invasion in disguise approach,
Or Treason lurk within the *Dover* coach.
Oh, let the wiser duty then be thine,
Thy skill, thy science, judgment to resign!
With patient ear, the high-wrapt tale attend,
Nor snarl at fancies which no skill can mend.
So shall thy comforts with thy days increase,
And all thy last, unlike thy first, be peace;
No rude *courts martial* shall thy fame decry,
But half-pay plenty all thy wants supply.

It is difficult to determine which part of the above passage possesses the superior claim to our admiration, whether its science, its resemblance, its benevolence, or its sublimity.—Each has its turn, and each is distinguished by some of our author's happiest touches. The climax from the pole oft the heavens to the pole of a coach, and from the milky-way to a turnpike road, is conceived and exprest with admirable fancy and ability. The absurd story of the wooden horse in Virgil, is indeed remotely parodied in the line,

Or Treason lurk within the Dover coach,

but with what accession of beauty, nature, and probability, we leave judicious critics to determine. Indeed there is no other defence for the passage alluded to in *Virgil*, but to suppose that the past commentators upon it have been egregiously mistaken, and that this famous *equus ligneus*, of which he speaks, was neither more nor less than the *stage coach* of antiquity. What, under any other supposition, can be the meaning of the passage

Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur *Achivi?*

Besides this, the term *machina* we know is almost constantly used by *Virgil* himself as a synonyme for this horse, as in the line

Scandit fatalis machina *muros*, &c.

And do we not see that those authentic records of modern literature, the newspapers, are continually and daily announcing to us—"This day sets off from the Blue-boar Inn, precisely at half past five, the Bath and Bristol *machine*!" meaning thereby merely the *stage coaches* to Bath and to Bristol. Again, immediately after the line last quoted (to wit, *scandit fatalis machina muros)* come these words,

Fæta armis, i.e. filled with *arms*.

Now what can they possibly allude to, in the eye of sober judgment and rational criticism, but the *guard*, or armed *watchman*, who, in those days, went in the inside, or perhaps had a place in the *boot*, and was employed, as in our modern conveyances, to protect the passenger in his approximation to the metropolis. We trust the above authorities will be deemed conclusive upon the subject; and indeed, to say the truth, this idea does not occur to us now for the first time, as in some hints for a few critical lucubrations intended as farther *addenda* to the *Virgilius Restauratus* of the great Scriblerus, we find this remark precisely:—"In our judgment, this horse (meaning *Virgil*'s) may be very properly denominated—the DARDANIAN DILLY, or the POST COACH to PERGAMUS."

We know not whether it be worth adding as a matter of mere fact, that the great object of the noble Duke's erections at Chatham, which have not yet cost the nation a *million*, is simply and exclusively this—to *enfilade* the turnpike road, in case of a foreign invasion.

The poet goes on—he forms a scientific and interesting presage of the noble Duke's future greatness.

With gorges, scaffolds, breaches, ditches, mines,
With culverins, whole and demi, and gabines;
With trench, with counterscarp, with esplanade,
With curtain, moat, and rhombo, and chamade;
With polygon, epaulement, hedge and bank,
With angle salient, and with angle flank:
Oh! thou shall prove, should all thy schemes prevail,

An UNCLE TOBY on a larger scale.
While dapper, daisy, prating, puffing JIM,
May haply personate good *Corporal Trim*.

Every reader will anticipate us in the recollection, that the person here honoured with our author's distinction, by the abbreviated appellative of *Jim*, can be no other than the Hon. James Luttrel himself, surveyor-general to the ordnance, the famous friends, defender, and *commis* of the Duke of Richmond. The words *dapper* and *daisy*, in the last line of the above passage, approximate perhaps more nearly to the familiarity of common life, than is usual with our author; but it is to be observed in the defence of them, that our language supplies no terms in any degree so peculiarly characteristic of the object to whom they are addressed. As for the remaining part of the line, to wit, "*prating, puffing Jim*," it will require no vindication or illustration with those who have heard this honourable gentleman's speeches in parliament, and who have read the subsequent representations of them in the diurnal prints.

Our immortal author, whose province it is to give poetical construction, and *local habitation* to the inspired effusions of the *dying drummer* (exactly as *Virgil* did to the predictions of *Anchises*), proceeds to finish the portrait exhibited in the above passage by the following lines—

As like your *prototypes* as pea to pea,
Save in the weakness of—*humanity*;
Congenial quite in every other part,
The same in *head*, but differing in the heart.

* * * * *

NUMBER IV.

We resume with great pleasure our critical lucubrations on that most interesting part of this divine poem, which pourtrays the character, and transmits to immortality the name of the *Duke of* RICHMOND.—Our author, who sometimes condescends to a casual imitation of ancient writers, employs more than usual pains in the elaborate delineation of this illustrious personage. Thus, in Virgil, we find whole pages devoted to the

description of *Æneas*, while *Glacus* and *Thersilochus*, like the *Luttrels*, the *Palkes*, or the *Macnamaras* of modern times, are honoured only with the transient distinction of a simple mention. He proceeds to ridicule the superstition which exists in this country, and, as he informs us, had also prevailed in one of the most famous states of antiquity, that a navy could be any source of security to a great empire, or that shipping could in any way be considered as the *natural* defence of an *island*.

Th' Athenian sages, once of old, 'tis said,
Urg'd by their country's love—by wisdom led,
Besought the *Delphic* oracle to show
What best should save them from the neighb'ring foe
—With holy fervor first the *priestess* burn'd,
Then fraught with presage, this reply return'd:
"*Your city, men of Athens, ne'er will fall,*
If wisely guarded by a WOODEN WALL."
—Thus have our fathers indiscreetly thought,
By ancient practice—ancient safety taught,
That this, Great Britain, still should prove to thee
Thy first, thy best, thy last security;
That what in thee we find or great or good,
Had ow'd its being to this WALL of WOOD.—
Above such weakness see great *Lenox* soar,
This fence prescriptive guards us now no more
Of such gross ignorance asham'd and sick,
Richmond protects us with a *wall—of brick*;
Contemns the prejudice of former time,
And saves his countrymen by *lath* and *lime*.

It is our intention to embarrass this part of the *Rolliad* as little as possible with any commentaries of our own. We cannot, however, resist the temptation which the occasion suggests, of pronouncing a particular panegyric upon the delicacy as well as dexterity of our author, who, in speaking upon the subject of the Duke of *Richmond*, that is, upon a man who knows no more of the history, writings, or languages of antiquity than the *Marquis of Lansdown* himself, or great *Rollo*'s groom, has yet contrived to collect a great portion of his illustrations from the sources of

ancient literature. By this admirable expedient, the immediate ignorance of the hero is inveloped and concealed in the vast erudition of the author, and the unhappy truth that his Grace never proceeded farther in his *Latinity*, than through the neat and simple pages of *Corderius*, is so far thrown into the back ground as to be hardly observable, and to constitute no essential blemish to the general brilliancy of the *picture*.

The poet proceeds to speak of a tribunal which was instituted in the *æra* he is describing, for an investigation into the professional merits of the noble Duke, and of which he himself was very properly the head. The author mentions the individuals who composed this inquisition, as men of *opulent, independent, disinterested* characters, three only excepted, whom he regrets as apostates to the general character of the arbitrators. He speaks, however—such is the omnipotence of truth—even of them, with a sort of reluctant tendency to panegyric. He says,

Keen without show, with modest learning, sly,
The subtle comment speaking in his eye;
Of manners polish'd, yet of stubborn soul,
Which Hope allures not—nor which fears control;
See *Burgoyne* rapt in all a soldier's pride,
Damn with a shrug, and with a look deride;
While coarse *Macbride* a busier task assumes,
And tears with graceless rage our hero's plumes;
Blunts his rude science in the *chieftain*'s face,
Nor deems—forgive him, *Pitt!*—a truth, disgrace:
And *Percy* too, of lineage justly vain,
Surveys the system with a mild disdain.

He consoles the reader, however, for the pain given him by the contemplation of such weakness and injustice, by hastening to inform him of the better and wiser dispositions of the other members of the tribunal;

—But ah! not so the rest—unlike to these,
They try each anxious blandishment to please;
No skill uncivil e'er from them escapes,
Their modest wisdom courts no dang'rous scrapes;
But pure regard comes glowing from the heart,

To take a friend's—to take a master's part;
Nor let Suspicion with her sneers convey,
That paltry Int'rest could with such bear sway.
Can *Richmond*'s brother be attach'd to gold?
Can *Luttrell*'s friendship, like a vote, be sold?
O can such petty, such ignoble crimes,
Stain the fair *æra* of these golden times,
When *Pitt* to all perfection points the way,
And pure *Dundas* exemplifies his lay?
When *Wilkes* to loyalty makes bold pretence,
Arden to law, the *Cabinet* to sense;
When *Prettyman* affects for truth a zeal,
And *Macnamaras* guard the common-weal;
When *lawyers* argue from the holy writ,
And *Hill* would vie with *Sheridan* in wit;
When *Camden*, first of Whigs, in struggles past,
Teiz'd and *tormented* quits the cause at last;
When *Thurlow* strives commercial skill to show,
And even *Sydney* something seems to know;
When honest *Jack* declines in men to trade,
And court majorities by truth are sway'd;
When *Baker, Conway, Cavendish, or Byng*,
No more an obloquy o'er senates fling;
When———

But where could a period be put to the enumeration of the *uncommon* appearances of the epoch in question?—The application of the term *honest*, prefixed to the name of the person described in the last line of the above passage but three, sufficiently circumscribes the number of those particular *Jacks* who were at this moment in the contemplation of our author, and lets us with facility into the secret that he could mean no other than the worthy Mr. *John Robinson* himself.—The peculiar species of traffic that the poet represents Mr. Robinson to have dealt in, is supposed to allude to a famous occurrence of these times, when Mr. R. and another contractor agreed, in a ministerial emergency, to furnish government with *five hundred and fifty-eight* ready, willing, obedient, well-trained men, at so much per head per man, whom they engaged to be *perfectly fit for any*

work the minister could put them to. Tradition says, they failed in their contract by somewhat about *two hundred*.—We have not heard of what particular complexion the first order were of, but suppose them to have been *blacks*.

We collect from history, that the noble Duke had been exposed to much empty ridicule on account of his having been, as they termed it, a judge in his own cause, by being the President of that Court, whose exclusive jurisdiction it was to enquire into supposed official errors imputed to himself. The author scouts the venom of those impotent gibers, and with great triumph exclaims,

If it be virtue but yourself to *know*,
Yourself to *judge*, is sure a virtue too.

Nothing can be more obvious—all judgment depends upon knowledge; and how can any other person be supposed to know a man so well as he does himself? We hope soon to see this evidently equitable principle of criminal jurisprudence fully established at the *Old Baily*; and we are very much inclined to think, that if every *house-breaker, &c.* was in like manner permitted to judge himself, the susceptible heart would not be altogether so often shocked with spectacles of human massacre before the gates of Newgate, as, to the great disgrace of our penal system, it now is.

Our author now proceeds to speak of a transaction which he seems to touch upon with reluctance. It respects a young nobleman of these times, of the name of *Rawdon*. It is very remarkable, that the last couplet of this passage is printed with a scratch through the lines, as if it had been the author's intention to have erazed them. Whether he thought the event alluded to in this distich was too disgraceful for justification—or that the justification suggested was incomplete—that the image contained in them was too familiar and puerile for the general sublimity of his great poem, or whatever he thought, we know not, but such is the fact. The passage is as follows:—after relating the circumstance, he says

Association forms the mind's great chain,
By plastic union many a thought we gain,
[Struck-through:

(Thus *Raw* suggested *Raw head*, and the *Don*,
Haply reminded him of *Bloody bone)*.]

To the justice of the disgrace thrown upon the above couplet, we by no means concede.—What it wants in poetical construction, it amply makes up in the deep knowledge which it contains of the more latent feelings of the human heart, and its philosophic detection of some of the true sources of human action. We all know how long, and how tenaciously, original prejudices stick by us. No man lives long enough to get rid of his nursery. That the noble duke therefore might not be free from the common influence of a very common sensation, no one can reasonably wonder at, and the best proof that he was not so is, that we defy any person to show us, upon what possible principle, if not upon this, the conduct of the noble Duke, in the transaction alluded to, is to be explained or defended. The Duke of Richmond—a gentleman by a thousand pretensions—a soldier—a legislator—a peer—in two countries a duke—in a third a prince—a man whose honour is not a mere point of speculative courtesy, but is his *oath*—impeaches the reputation of another individual of pure and unblemished character; and with the same publicity that he had applied the original imputation, this peer, prince, legislator, and soldier, *eats* every syllable he had said, and retracts every *item* of his charge. Is this to be credited without a resort to some principle of a very paramount nature in the heart of man indeed? Is the original depravity, in the first instance, of publicly attempting to sully the fair honour of that interesting and sacred character, a youthful soldier, or the meanness in the second, of an equally public and unprecedentedly pusillanimous retraction of the whole of the calumny, to be believed in so high a personage as the Duke of *Richmond*, without a reference to a cause of a very peculiar kind, to an impulse of more than ordinary potency? Evidently not.—And what is there, as we have before observed, that adheres so closely, or controuls so absolutely, as the legends of our boyish days, of the superstitions of a nursery? For these reasons, therefore, we give our most decided suffrage for the full re-establishment of the couplet to the fair legitimate honours that are due to it.

The poet concludes his portrait of this illustrious person, with the following lines—

The triple honours that adorn his head,
A three-fold influence o'er his virtue shed;
As *Gallia*'s prince, behold him proud and vain;
Thrifty and close as *Caledonia*'s thane;
In *Richmond*'s duke, we trace our own JOHN BULL,
Of schemes enamour'd—and of schemes—the GULL.

* * * * *

NUMBER V.

The author of the Rolliad has, in his last edition, introduced so considerable an alteration, that we should hold ourselves inexcusable, after the very favourable reception our commentaries have been honoured with, in omitting to seize the earliest opportunity of pointing it out to the public.

Finding the variety and importance of the characters he is called upon to describe, likely to demand a greater portion both of time and words than an expiring man can be reasonably supposed to afford, instead of leaving the whole description of that illustrious assembly, of which the dying drummer has already delineated some of the principal ornaments, to the same character, he has made an addition to the vision in which the House of Commons is represented, at the conclusion of the Sixth Book, by contriving that the lantern of Merlin should be shifted in such a manner, as to display at once to the eager eye of Rollo, the whole interior of the Upper House; to gain a seat in which the hero immediately expresses a laudable impatience, as well as a just indignation, on beholding persons, far less worthy than himself, among those whom the late very numerous creations prevent our calling—

——*pauci—quos æquus amavit Jupiter—*

With still less propriety, perhaps we should add—

—*Aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus*. VIRG.

The hero's displeasure is thus forcibly described:

Zounds! quoth great *Rollo*, with indignant frown,
'Mid British nobles shall a base-born clown,
With air imperious ape a monarch's nod,
Less fit to sit there than my groom, by G-d[1]?

Longinus, in his chapter on interrogations, proves them to be a source of the sublime. They are, indeed, says Dr. Young, the proper style of majesty incensed. Where, therefore, can they be with more propriety introduced, than from the mouth of our offended hero? Merlin, after sympathizing with him in the justice of these feelings, proceeds to a description of the august assembly they are viewing. The author's reverence for the religion of his country naturally disposes him first to take notice of the spiritual lords of Parliament—

Yon rev'rend prelates, rob'd in sleeves of lawn,
Too meek to murmur, and too proud to fawn,
Who still submissive to their Maker's nod,
Adore their sov'reign, and respect their God;
And wait, good men! all worldly things forgot,
In humble hope of Enoch's happy lot.

We apprehend that the fourth line, by an error in the press, the words "adore and respect," must have been misplaced; but our veneration for our author will not permit us to hazard even the slightest alteration of the text. The happy ambiguity of the word "Maker," is truly beautiful.

We are sorry, however, to observe, that modern times afford some instances of exceptions to the above description, as well as one very distinguished one, indeed, to that which follows of the sixteen Peers of Scotland:—

Alike in loyalty, alike in worth,
Behold the sixteen nobles of the north;
Fast friends to monarchy, yet sprung from those
Who basely sold their monarch to his foes;
Since which, atoning for their father's crime,
The sons, as basely, sell themselves to him:
With ev'ry change prepar'd to change their note,

With ev'ry government prepar'd to vote,
Save when, perhaps, on some important bill,
They know, by second sight, the royal will;
With royal *Denbigh* hearing birds that sing,
"Oppose the minister to please the king."

These last lines allude to a well authenticated anecdote, which deserves to be recorded as an instance of the interference of divine Providence in favour of this country, when her immediate destruction was threatened by the memorable India bill, so happily rejected by the House of Lords in the year 1783.

The Earl of *Denbigh*, a Lord of his Majesty's Bed-chamber, being newly married, and solacing himself at his country-seat in the sweats of matrimonial bliss, to his great astonishment heard, on a winter's evening, in the cold month of December, a nightingale singing in the woods. Having listened with great attention to so extraordinary a phoenomenon, it appeared to his Lordship that the bird distinctly repeated the following significant words, in the same manner that the bells of London admonished the celebrated Whittington,

"Throw out the India bill;
Such is your master's will."

His Lordship immediately communicated this singular circumstance to the fair partner of his connubial joys, who, for the good of her country, patriotically, though reluctantly, consented to forego the newly tasted delights of wedlock, and permitted her beloved bridegroom to set out for London, where his Lordship fortunately arrived in time, to co-operate with the rest of his noble and honourable brethren, the lords of the king's bed-chamber, in defeating that detestable measure; a measure calculated to effect the immediate ruin of this country, by overthrowing the happy system of government which has so long prevailed in our East-India territories.—After having described the above-mentioned classes of nobility, he proceeds to take notice of the admirable person who so worthily presides in this august assembly:—

The rugged *Thurlow*, who with sullen scowl,
In surly mood, at friend and foe will growl;
Of proud prerogative, the stern support,
Defends the entrance of great *George*'s court
'Gainst factious Whigs, lest they who stole the seal,
The sacred diadem itself should steal:
So have I seen near village butcher's stall
(If things so great may be compar'd with small)
A mastiff guarding, on a market day,
With snarling vigilance, his master's tray.

The fact of a desperate and degraded faction having actually broken into the dwelling-house of the Lord High Chancellor, and carried off the great seal of England, is of equal notoriety and authenticity with that of their having treacherously attempted, when in power, to transfer the crown of Great-Britain from the head of our most gracious sovereign to that of their ambitious leader, so justly denominated the Cromwell of modern times.

While our author is dwelling on events which every Englishman must recollect with heart-felt satisfaction, he is naturally reminded of that excellent nobleman, whose character he has, in the mouth of the dying drummer, given more at large, and who bore so meritorious a share in that happy revolution which restored to the sovereign of these kingdoms the right of nominating his own servants; a right exercised by every private gentleman in the choice of his butler, cook, coachman, footman, &c. but which a powerful and wicked aristocratic combination endeavoured to circumscribe in the monarch, with respect to the appointment of ministers of state. Upon this occasion he compares the noble Marquis to the pious hero of the Æneid, and recollects the description of his conduct during the conflagration of Troy; an alarming moment, not unaptly likened to that of the Duke of Portland's administration, when his Majesty, like king Priam, had the misfortune of seeing

——*Medium in penctralibus hostem*. VIRG.

The learned reader will bear in mind the description of Æneas:—

Limen ærat, cæcoque fores, &c. VIRG.

When *Troy* was burning, and the' insulting foe
Had well-nigh laid her lofty bulwarks low,
The good *Æneas*, to avert her fate,
Sought *Priam*'s palace through a *postern* gate:
Thus when the Whigs, a bold and factious band,
Had snatch'd the sceptre from their sovereign's hand,
Up the *back-stairs* the virtuous *Grenville* sneaks,
To rid the closet of those worse than *Greeks*,
Whose impious tongues audaciously maintain,
That for their subjects, kings were born to reign.

The abominable doctrines of the republican party are here held forth in their genuine colours, to the detestation of all true lovers of our happy constitution. The magician then thinks fit to endeavour to pacify the hero's indignation, which we before took notice of, on seeing persons less worthy than himself preferred to the dignity of peerage, by the mention of two of those newly created, whose promotion equally reflects the highest honour upon government.

Lonsdale and *Camelford* thrice honour'd names!
Whose god-like bosoms glow with patriot flames:
To serve his country, at her utmost need,
By this, behold a ship of war decreed;
While that, impell'd by all a convert's zeal,
Devotes his borough to the public weal.
But still the wise their second thoughts prefer,
Thus both our patriots on these gifts demur;
Ere yet she's launch'd the vessel runs aground,
And *Sarum* sells for twice three thousand pound.

The generous offers of those public-spirited noblemen, the one during the administration of the Marquis of Landsdown, proposing to build a seventy-four-gun ship, for the public service; the other on Mr. Pitt's motion for a parliamentary reform, against which he had before not only voted, but written a pamphlet, declaring his readiness to make a present of his burgage tenure borough of Old Sarum to the bank of England, are too fresh in the recollection of their grateful countrymen to need being here

recorded. With respect, however, to the subsequent sale of the borough for the "twice three thousand pounds," our author does not himself seem perfectly clear, since we afterwards meet with these lines:

Say, what gave *Camelford* his wish'd-for rank?
Did he devote *Old Sarum* to the Bank?
Or did he not, that envied rank to gain,
Transfer the victim to the Treas'ry's fame?

His character of the Earl of Lonsdale is too long to be here inserted, but is perhaps one of the most finished parts of the whole poem: we cannot, however, refrain from transcribing the four following lines, on account of the peculiar happiness of their expression. The reader will not forget the declaration of this great man, that he was in possession of the land, the fire, and the water, of the town of Whitehaven.

E'en by the elements his pow'r confess'd,
Of mines and boroughs *Lonsdale* stands possess'd;
And one sad servitude alike denotes
The slave that labours, and the slave that votes.

Our paper now reminds us that it is time to close our observations for the present, which we shall do with four lines added by our author to the former part of the sixth book, in compliment to his favourite, the Marquis of Graham, on his late happy marriage.

With joy *Britannia* sees her fav'rite goose
Fast bound and *pinion'd* in the nuptial noose;
Presaging fondly from so fair a mate,
A brood of goslings, cackling in debate.

[1] See Mr. Rolle's speech in the parliamentary debates.

* * * * *

NUMBER VI.

Our *dying drummer*, in consequence of his extraordinary exertions in delineating those exalted personages, the MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM and DUKE OF RICHMOND; exertions which we think we may venture to pronounce unparalleled by any one, drummer, or other, similarly circumstanced; unfortunately found himself so debilitated, that we were very fearful, like Balaam's ass, LORD VALLETORT, or any other equally strange animal, occasionally endowed with speech, his task being executed, that his mouth would for ever after remain incapable of utterance.

But though his powers might be suspended, fortunately the

——in æternam clauduntur lumina noctem,

has, in consequence of the timely relaxation afforded to the wounded gentleman during the whole of our last number, been for the present avoided; and, like Mr. PITT's question of parliamentary reform, adjourned to a more *expedient moment*.

To our drummer we might say, as well as to our matchless premier,

Larga quidem DRANCE, semper tibi copia fandi,

which, though, some malevolent critics might profligately translate

"There is no end to thy prosing,"

those who have read our drummer's last dying words, or heard our minister's new made speeches, will admit to be in both instances equally inapplicable.

The natural powers of our author here again burst forth with such renovated energy, that, like the swan, his music seems to increase as his veins become drained.

Alluding to an event too recent to require elucidation, after describing the virtues of the most amiable personage in the kingdom, and more particularly applauding her charity, which he says is so unbounded, that it

———Surmounts dull Nature's ties,
Nor even to WINCHELSEA a smile denies.

He proceeds

And thou too, LENOX! worthy of thy name!
Thou heir to RICHMOND, and to RICHMOND's fame!
On equal terms, when BRUNSWICK deign'd to grace
The spurious offspring of the STUART race;
When thy rash arm design'd her favorite dead,
The christian triumph'd, and the mother fled:
No rage indignant shook her pious frame,
No partial doating swayed the saint-like dame;
But spurn'd and scorn'd where Honor's sons resort,
Her friendship sooth'd thee, in thy monarch's court.

How much does this meek resignation, in respect to COLONEL LENOX, appear superior to the pagan rage of MEZENTIUS towards ÆNEAS, on somewhat of a similar occasion, when, instead of desiring him to dance a minuet at the Etrurian court, he savagely, and of malice prepense, hurls his spear at the foe of his son, madly exclaiming

—Jam venio moriturus et hæc tibi porto
Dona prius.

But our author excels Virgil, as much as the amiable qualities of the great personage described, exceed those of MEZENTIUS: that august character instead of dying, did not so much as faint; and so far from hurling a spear at Mr. LENOX, she did not cast at him even an angry glance.

The christian triumph'd, &c.

We are happy in noticing this line, and indeed the whole of the passage, on another account, as it establishes the orthodoxy of the drummer upon so firm a basis, that DR. HORSLEY himself could scarcely object to his obtaining a seat in parliament.

There is something so extremely ingenious in the following lines, and they account too on such rational grounds for a partiality that has puzzled so many able heads, that we cannot forbear transcribing them.

Apostrophizing the exalted personage before alluded to, he says,

Early you read, nor did the advice deride,
Suspicion ne'er should taint a CÆSAR's bride;
And who in spotless purity so fit
To guard an honest wife's good fame, as PITT.

The beautiful compliment here introduced to the chastity of our immaculate premier, from the pen of such an author, must give him the most supreme satisfaction. And

O decus Italiæ virgo!!!

Long mayst thou continue to deserve it!!!

From treating of the minister's virgin innocence, our author, by a very unaccountable transition, proceeds to a family man, namely, the modern MÆCENAS, the CENSOR MORUM, the ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM of Great Britain; in a word, to the most illustrious JAMES CECIL EARL OF SALISBURY, and lord chamberlain to his majesty, whom, in a kind of episode he thus addresses,

Oh! had the gods but kindly will'd it so
That thou had'st lived two hundred years ago:
Had'st thou then rul'd the stage, from sportive scorn
Thy prudent care had guarded peers unborn.
No simple chamberlains had libell'd been,
No OSTRICKS fool'd in SHAKESPEARE's saucy scene.

But then wisely recollecting this not to be altogether the most friendly of wishes, in as much, that, if his lordship had been chamberlain to QUEEN ELIZABETH, he could not, in the common course of events, have been, as his honour SIR RICHARD PEPPER ARDEN most sweetly sings in his PROBATIONARY ODE,

"The tallest, fittest man to go before the king,"

In the days of GEORGE THE THIRD; by which we should most probably not only have been deprived of the attic entertainments of SIGNORS DELPINI and CARNEVALE, but perhaps too have lost some of our best dramatic writers; such as GREATHEAD, HAYLEY, DR. STRATFORD, and TOMMY VAUGHAN: our author, with a sudden kind of repentance, says,

> But hence fond thoughts, nor be by passion hurried!
> Had he then lived, he now were dead and buried.
> Not now should theatres his orders own;
> Not now in alehouse signs his face be shewn.

If we might be so presumptuous as to impute a fault to our author, we should say that he is rather too fond of what the French style *equivoque*.— This partiality of his breaks forth in a variety of places; such as SIR JOSEPH MAWBEY being

> ———a knowing man in *grain*,
> ———MARTIN's *sterling* sense, &c. &c.

In the present instance too, where, supposing the noble Marquis to have lived two hundred years ago, he says,

"Not now should theatres his *orders* own."

He leaves us completely in the dark, whether by the word *orders*, we are to understand his lordship's commands as *theatrical anatomist*, or the *recommendations*, which he is pleased to make to the managers of our public amusements, to admit his dependants and servants gratuitously; and which recommendations in the vulgar tongue of the theatres are technically styled *orders*. If we might hazard an opinion, from the known condescension of his lordship, and his attention to the accommodation of his inferiors, we should be inclined to construe it in the latter sense; an attention, indeed, which, in the case in question, is said to be so unbounded, that he might exclaim with ÆNEAS

Nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit.

Should any caviler here object, that for every five shillings thus generously bestowed on the dependant, a proportionate *vacuum* is made in the pocket of the manager, let him recollect, that it is a first and immutable principle of civil policy, that *the convenience of the few must yield to the accommodation of the many*; and, that the noble Marquis, as a peer and legislator of Great Britain, is too closely attached to our excellent constitution to swerve from so old and established a maxim.

With respect to the last line of the couplet,

"Not now in alehouse signs his face be shewn,"

we must confess that our author's imagination has here been rather too prurient.—His lordship's head does not, as far as we can learn, upon the most minute enquiry, *at present*, grace any alehouse whatever—It was indeed for some little time displayed at HATFIELD in HERTS; but the words "*Good entertainment within*," being written under it, they were deemed by travellers so extremely unapposite, that to avoid further expence, LORD SALISBURY's head was taken down, and "*The old bald face Stag*" resumed its pristine station.

Yet, enraptured with his first idea, our author soon forgets his late reflection, and proceeds on the supposition of the noble lord having exercised his pruning knife upon SHAKESPEARE and JOHNSON, and the advantages which would have been derived from it, some of which he thus beautifully describes:

To plays should RICHMOND then undaunted come,
Secured from listening to PAROLLES's drum:
Nor shouldst thou, CAMELFORD, the fool reprove,
Who lost a world to gain a wanton's love.
"Give me a horse," CATHCART should ne'er annoy:
Nor thou, oh! PITT, behold the angry boy.

The last line but one of these,

Give me a horse, &c.

seems to allude to a circumstance that occurred in America, where his lordship being on foot, and having to march nearly five miles over a sandy plain in the heat of summer, fortunately discovered, tied to the door of a house, a horse belonging to an officer of cavalry. His lordship thinking that riding was pleasanter than walking, and probably also imagining that the owner might be better engaged, judged it expedient to avail himself of this steed, which thus so fortunately presented itself, and accordingly borrowed it. The subsequent apology, however, which he made when the proprietor, rather out of humour at his unlooked-for pedestrian expedition, came up to reclaim his lost goods, was so extremely ample, that the most rigid asserter of the old fusty doctrines of *meum* and *tuum* cannot deny that the dismounted cavalier had full compensation for any inconvenience that he might have experienced. And we must add, that every delicacy of the noble lord on this subject ought now to terminate.

We shall conclude with an extract from some complimentary verses by a noble secretary, who is himself both an AMATEUR and ARTISTE.—Were any thing wanting to our author's fame, this elegant testimony in his favour must be decisive with every reader of taste.

Oh! mighty ROLLE, may long thy fame be known!
And long thy virtues in his verse be shewn!
When THURLOW's christian meekness, SYDNEY's sense,
When RICHMOND's valour, HOPETOWN's eloquence,
When HAWKESB'RY's patriotism neglected lie
Intomb'd with CHESTERFIELD's humanity,
When PRETTYMEN, sage guardian of PITT's youth,
Shall lose each claim to honesty and truth,
When each pure blush DUNDAS's cheek can boast,
With ARDEN's law and nose alike are lost,
When grateful ROBINSON shall be forgot,
And not a line be read of MAJOR SCOTT,
When PHIPPS no more shall listening crouds engage,
And HAMLET's jests be rased from memory's page,
When PITT each patriot's joy no more shall prove,
Nor from fond beauty catch the sigh of love,
When even thy sufferings, virtuous chief! shall fade,

And BASSET's horsewhip but appear a shade,
Thy sacred spirit shall effulgence shed
And raise to kindred fame the mighty dead:
Long ages shall admire thy matchless soul,
And children's children lisp the praise of ROLLE.

* * * * *

NUMBER VII.

It now only remains for us to perform the last melancholy office to the dying drummer, and to do what little justice we can to the very ingenious and striking manner in which our author closes at once his prophecy and his life.

It is a trite observation, that the curious seldom hear any good of themselves; and all epic poets, who have sent their heroes to conjurors, have, with excellent morality, taught us, that they who pry into futurity, too often anticipate affliction.—VIRGIL plainly intimates this lesson in the caution which he puts into the mouth of ANCHISES, when ÆNEAS enquires into the future destiny of the younger MARCELLUS, whose premature death forms the pathetic subject of the concluding vision in the sixth book of the ÆNEID:

"O nate, ingentum lectum ne quære tuorum."

"Seek not to know (the ghost replied with tears)
The sorrows of thy sons in future years."
DRYDEN.

Then, instead of declining any further answer, he very unnecessarily proceeds to make his son as miserable as he can, by detailing all the circumstances best calculated to create the most tender interest.—The revelation of disagreeable events to come, is by our poet more naturally put into the mouth of an enemy.—After running over many more noble names than the records of the herald's office afford us any assistance in tracing, the second sighted Saxon, in the midst of his dying convulsions, suddenly bursts into a violent explosion of laughter.—This, of course,

excites the curiosity of ROLLO, as it probably will that of our readers; upon which the drummer insults his conqueror with rather a long but very lively recital of all the numerous disappointments and mortifications with which he foresees that the destinies will affect the virtues of ROLLO's great descendant, the present illustrious member for Devonshire. He mentions Mr. ROLLE's many unsuccessful attempts to obtain the honour of the peerage; alludes to some of the little splenetive escapes into which even his elevated magnanimity is well known to have been for a moment betrayed on those trying occasions. We now see all the drift and artifice of the poet, and why he thought the occasion worthy of making the drummer so preternaturally long winded, in displaying at full all the glories of the house of peers; it was to heighten by contrast the chagrin of ROLLO at finding the doors of this august assembly for ever barred against his posterity.

To understand the introductory lines of the following passage, it is necessary to inform our readers, if they are not already acquainted with the fact, that somewhere in the back settlements of America, there is now actually existing an illegitimate batch of little ROLLE's.

Though wide should spread thy spurious race around,
In other worlds, which must not yet be found,
While they with savages in forests roam
Deserted, far from their paternal home;
A mightier savage in thy wilds EX-MOOR,
Their well-born brother shall his fate deplore,
By friends neglected, as by foes abhorr'd,
No duke, no marquis, not a simple lord.
Tho' thick as MARGARET's knights with each address,
New peers, on peers, in crouds each other press,
He only finds, of all the friends of PITT,
His luckless head no coronet will fit.

But what our author seems more particularly to have laboured, is a passage which he has lately inserted: it relates to the cruel slight which was shewn to Mr. ROLLE during the late royal progress through the west.—Who is there that remembers the awful period when the regency was in suspence, but must at the same time remember the patriotic, decent, and

consistent conduct of Mr. ROLLE? How laudably, in his parliamentary speeches, did he co-operate to the best of his power, with the popular pamphlets of the worthy Dr. WITHERS! How nobly did he display his steady loyalty to the father, while he endeavoured to shake the future right of the son to the throne of his ancestors! How brightly did he manifest his attachment to the person of his MAJESTY, by voting to seclude him in the hour of sickness from the too distressing presence of his royal brothers and his children; and, after all, when he could no longer resist the title of the heir apparent, with what unembarrassed grace did he agree to the address of his constituents, complimenting the prince on his accession to that high charge, *to which his* SITUATION and VIRTUES *so eminently* ENTITLED *him:* yet, even then, with how peculiar a dexterity did Mr. ROLLE mingle what some would have thought an affront, with his praises, directly informing his ROYAL HIGHNESS that he had no confidence whatever in any virtues but those of the minister. But, alas, how uncertain is the reward of all sublunary merit! Those good judges who inquired into the literary labours of the pious and charitable Dr. WITHERS, did not exalt him to that conspicuous post, which he so justly deserved, and would so well have graced; neither did one ray of royal favour cheer the loyalty of Mr. ROLLE during his majesty's visit to DEVONSHIRE; though with an unexampled liberality, the worthy member had contracted for the fragments of Lord MOUNT EDGECUMBE's desert, and the ruins of his triumphal arches; had brought down several of the minister's young friends to personate virgins in white, sing, and strew flowers along the way; and had actually dispatched a chaise and four to Exeter, for his old friend and instructor, *mynheer* HOPPINGEN VAN CAPERHAGEN, dancing-master and poet; who had promised to prepare both the *balets* and *ballads* for this glorious festivity. And for whom was Mr. ROLLE neglected? For his colleague, Mr. BASTARD; a gentleman who, in his political oscillations, has of late vibrated much more frequently to the opposition than to the treasury bench. This most unaccountable preference we are certain must be matter of deep regret to all our readers of sensibility;—to the drummer it is matter of exultation.

In vain with such bold spirit shall he speak,
That furious WITHERS shall to him seem meek;
In vain for party urge his country's fate;

To save the church, in vain distract the state;
In loyal duty to the father shewn,
Doubt the son's title to his future throne;
And from the suffering monarch's couch remove
All care fraternal, and all filial love:
Then when mankind in choral praise unite,
Though blind before, see virtues beaming bright;
Yet feigning to confide, distrust evince,
And while he flatters, dare insult his PRINCE.
Vain claims!—when now, the people's sins transferred
On their own heads, mad riot is the word;
When through the west in gracious progress goes
The monarch, happy victor of his woes;
While Royal smiles gild every cottage wall,
Hope never comes to ROLLE, *that comes to all*;
And more with envy to disturb his breast,
BASTARD's glad roof receives the Royal guest.

Here the drummer, exhausted with this last wonderful exertion, begins to find his pangs increase fast upon him; and what follows, for two and thirty lines, is all interrupted with different interjections of laughter and pain, till the last line, which consists entirely of such interjections.—Our readers may probably recollect the well-known line of THOMPSON.

"OH, SOPHONISBA, SOPHONISBA, OH!"

Which, by the way, is but a poor plagiarism from SHAKESPEARE:

"OH, DESDEMONA, DESDEMONA, OH!"

There is certainly in this line a very pretty change rung in the different ways of arranging the name and the interjection; but perhaps there may be greater merit, though of another kind, in the sudden change of passions which OTWAY has expressed in the dying interjection of PIERRE:

"We have deceiv'd the senate—ha! ha! oh!"

These modern instances, however, fall very short of the admirable use made of interjections by the ancients, especially the GREEKS, who did not scruple to put together whole lines of them.—Thus in the PHILOCTETES of SOPHOCLES, besides a great number of hemistics, we find a verse and a half:

{"————Papai.
Papa, papa, papa, papa, papa papai."}

The harsh and intractable genius of our language will not permit us to give any adequate idea of the soft, sweet, and innocent sound of the original.—It may, however, be faithfully, though coarsely, translated

"———Alas!
Alack! alack! alack! alack! alack! alas!"

At the same time, we have -our doubts whether some chastised tastes may not prefer the simplicity of ARISTOPHANES; though it must not be concealed, that there are critics who think he meant a wicked stroke of ridicule at the PHILOCTETES of SOPHOCLES, when, in his own PLUTUS, he makes his sycophant, at the smell of roast meat, exclaim—

{"Yy, yy, yy, yy, yy, yy!"}

Which we shall render by an excellent interjection, first coined from the rich mint of MAJOR JOHN SCOTT, in his incomparable Ode—

"Sniff, sniff, sniff, sniff, sniff, sniff, sniff, sniff, sniff,
sniff,
sniff, sniff."

But whatever may be the comparative merits of these passages, ancient and modern, we are confident no future critic will dispute but that they are all excelled by the following exquisite couplet of our author:

Ha! ha!—this soothes me in severest woe;
Ho! ho!—ah! ah!—oh! oh!—ha! ah!—ho!—oh!!!

We have now seen the drummer quietly inurn'd, and sung our requiem over his grave: we hope, however, that

——He, dead corse, may yet, in complete calf,
Revisit oft the glimpses of the candle,
Making night chearful.

We had flattered ourselves with the hope of concluding the criticisms on the ROLLIAD with an ode of Mr. ROLLE himself, written in the original EX-MOOR dialect; but we have hitherto, owing to the eagerness with which that gentleman's literary labours are sought after, unfortunately been unable to procure a copy. The learned Mr. DAINES BARRINGTON having, however, kindly hinted to us, that he thought he had once heard Sir JOHN HAWKINS say, that he believed there was something applicable to a drum in the possession of Mr. STEVENS, the erudite annotator on SHAKESPEARE, Sir JOSEPH BANKS kindly wrote to that gentleman; who, upon searching into his manuscripts at Hampstead, found the following epitaph, which is clearly designed for our drummer. Mr. STEVENS was so good as to accompany his kind and invaluable communication with a dissertation to prove that this FRANCIS of GLASTONBURY, from similarity of style and orthography, must have been the author of the epitaph which declares that celebrated outlaw, ROBIN HOOD, to have been a British peer. Mr. PEGGE too informs us, that the HARLEIAN MISCELLANY will be found to confirm this idea; and at the same time suggests, whether, as that dignified character, Mr. WARREN HASTINGS, has declared himself to be descended from an Earl of HUNTINGDON, and the late Earl and his family have, through some unaccountable fantasy, as constantly declined the honour of the affinity, this apparent difference of opinion may not be accounted for by supposing him to be descended from *that* Earl?—But, if we are to imagine any descendants of that exalted character to be still in existence, with great deference to Mr. PEGGE's better judgment, might not Sir ALEXANDER HOOD, and his noble brother, from similarity of name, appear more likely to be descendants of this celebrated archer? and from him also inherit that skill which the gallant admiral, on a never to be forgotten occasion, so eminently displayed in drawing a *long bow?* We can only now lament, that we have not room for any minute enquiry into these various hypotheses, and that we are under the necessity of proceeding to the drummer's epitaph, and the conclusion of our criticisms.

[Blackletter:

"A stalwart Saxon here doth lie,
Japeth nat, men of Normandie;
Rollo nought scoft his dyand wordes
Of poynt mo perrand than a swordis.
And leal folk of Englelonde
Shall haven hem yvir mo in honde.
Bot syn that in his life I trowe,
Of shepes skynnes he had ynowe,
For yvir he drommed thereupon:
Now he, pardie, is dede and gone,
May no man chese a shepis skynne
To wrappe his dyand wordes inne."

Od. Frauncis of Glastonbury.]

POLITICAL ECLOGUES.

ROSE; OR, *THE COMPLAINT*.

ARGUMENT.

In this Eclogue our Author has imitated the Second of his favourite Virgil, with more than his usual Precision. The Subject of Mr. ROSE's COMPLAINT is, that he is left to do the whole Business of the Treasury during the broiling Heats of Summer, while his Colleague, Mr. STEELE, enjoys the cool Breezes from the Sea, with Mr. PITT, at Brighthelmstone. In this the Scholar has improved on the Original of his great Master, as the Cause of the Distress which he relates is much more natural. This Eclogue, from some internal Evidence, we believe to have been written in the Summer of 1785, though there may be one or two Allusions that have been inserted at a later Period.

None more than ROSE, amid the courtly ring,
Lov'd BILLY, joy of JENKY and the KING.
But vain his hope to shine in BILLY's eyes;
Vain all his votes, his speeches, and his lies.
STEELE's happier claims the boy's regard engage;
Alike their studies, nor unlike their age:
With STEELE, companion of his vacant hours,
Oft would he seek Brighthelmstone's sea-girt tow'rs;
For STEELE, relinquish Beauty's trifling talk,
With STEELE each morning ride, each evening walk;
Or in full tea-cups drowning cares of state,
On gentler topics urge the mock debate;
On coffee now the previous question move;

Now rise a surplusage of cream to prove;
Pass muffins in Committees of Supply,
And "butter'd toast" amend by adding "dry:"
Then gravely sage, as in St. Stephen's scenes,
With grief more true, propose the Ways and Means;
Or wanting these, unanimous of will,
They negative the leave to bring a bill.
  In one sad joy all ROSE's comfort lay;
Pensive he sought the treasury day by day;
There, in his inmost chamber lock'd alone,
To boxes red and green he pour'd his moan
In rhymes uncouth; for Rose, to business bred
A purser's clerk, in rhyme was little read;
Nor, since his learning with his fortunes grew,
Had such vain arts engaged his sober view;
For STOCKDALE's shelves contented to compose
The humbler poetry of lying prose.
  O barb'rous BILLY! (thus would he begin)
ROSE and his lies you value not a pin;
Yet to compassion callous as a Turk,
You kill me, cruel, with eternal work.
Now, after six long months of nothing done,
Each to his home, our youthful statesmen run;
The mongrel 'squires, whose votes our Treasury pays,
Now, with their hunters, till the winter graze;
Now e'en the reptiles of the Blue and Buff,
In rural leisure, scrawl their factious stuff;
Already pious HILL, with timely cares,
New songs, new hymns, for harvest-home prepares:
But with the love-lorne beauties, whom I mark
Thin and more thin, parading in the park,
I yet remain; and ply my busy feet
From *Duke-street* hither, hence to *Downing-street*,
In vain!—while far from this deserted scene,
With happier STEELE you saunter on the Steine.
  And for a paltry salary, stript of fees,
Thus shall I toil, while others live at ease?

Better, another summer long, obey
Self-weening LANSDOWNE's transitory sway:
Tho' GRAFTON call'd him proud, I found him kind;
With me he puzzled, and with him I din'd.
Better with FOX in opposition share,
Black tho' he be, and tho' my BILLY fair.
Think, BILLY, think JOHN BULL a tasteless brute,
By black, or fair, decides not the dispute:
Ah! think, how politics resemble chess;
Tho' now the white exult in short success,
One erring move a sad reverse may bring,
The black may triumph, and check-mate our king.
  You slight me, BILLY; and but little heed,
What talents I possess, what merits plead;
How in white lies abounds my fertile brain;
And with what forgeries I those lies sustain.
A thousand fictions wander in my mind;
With me all seasons ready forgeries find.
I know the charm by ROBINSON employed,
How to the Treas'ry JACK his rats decoy'd.
Not wit, but malice, PRETTYMAN reveals,
When to my head he argues from my heels.
My skull is not so thick; but last recess
I finish'd a whole pamphlet for the press;
And if by some seditious scribbler maul'd,
The pen of CHALMERS to my aid I call'd,
With PRETTY would I write, tho' judg'd by you;
If all that authors think themselves be true.
  O! to the smoky town would BILLY come;
With me draw estimates, or cast a sum;
Pore on the papers which these trunks contain,
Then with red tape in bundles tie again;
Chaste tho' he be, if BILLY cannot sing,
Yet should he play to captivate the KING.
  Beneath two Monarchs of the Brunswick line,
In wealth to flourish, and in arms to shine,
Was Britain's boast; 'till GEORGE THE THIRD arose,

In arts to gain his triumphs o'er our foes.
From RAMSAY's pallet, and from WHITEHEAD's lyre,
He sought renown that ages may admire:
And RAMSAY gone, the honours of a name
To REYNOLDS gives, but trusts to WEST for fame:
For he alone, with subtler judgment blest,
Shall teach the world how REYNOLDS yields to WEST.
He too, by merit measuring the meed,
Bids WARTON now to WHITEHEAD's bays succeed;
But, to reward FAUQUIER's illustrious toils,
Reserves the richer half of WHITEHEAD's spoils.
For well the monarch saw with prescient eye,
That WARTON's wants kind OXFORD would supply,
Who, justly liberal to the task uncouth,
Learns from St. JAMES's hard historic truth.
  Blest OXFORD! in whose bowers the Laureat sings!
O faithful to the worst, and best of Kings,
Firm to the Right Divine of regal sway,
Though Heav'n and Thou long differ'd where it lay!
Still of preferment be thy Sister Queen!
Thy nobler zeal disdains a thought so mean;
Still in thy German Cousin's martial school,
Be each young hope of BRITAIN train'd to rule;
But thine are honours of distinguishd grace,
Thou once a year shall view thy sovereign's face,
While round him croud thy loyal sons, amaz'd,
To see him stare at tow'rs, by WYATT rais'd.
Yet fear not, OXFORD, lest a monarch's smiles
Lure fickle WYATT from the unfinish'd piles;
To thee shall WYATT still be left in peace,
'Till ENGLISH ATHENS rival ancient Greece.
For him see CHAMBERS, greatly pretty, draw
Far other plans than ever Grecian saw;
Where two trim dove-cotes rise on either hand,
O'er the proud roofs, whose front adorns the Strand;
While thro' three gateways, like three key-holes spied,
A bowl inverted crowns the distant side.

But music most great GEORGE's cares relieves,
Sage arbiter of minims, and of breves!
Yet not by him is living genius fed,
With taste more frugal he protects the dead;
Not all alike; for, though a Briton born,
He laughs all natal prejudice to scorn;
His nicer ear our barbarous masters pain,
Though PURCELL, our own Orpheus, swell the strain;
And mighty HANDEL, a gigantic name,
Owes to his country half his tuneful fame.
Nor of our souls neglectful, GEORGE provides,
To lead his flocks, his own Right Reverend guides;
Himself makes bishops, and himself promotes,
Nor seeks to influence, tho' he gives, their votes.
Then for a Prince so pious, so refin'd,
An air of HANDEL, or a psalm to grind,
Disdain not, BILLY: for his sovereign's sake
What pains did PAGET with his gamut take!
And to an Earl what rais'd the simple Peer?
What but that gamut, to his Sovereign dear?
O come, my BILLY, I have bought for you
The barrel-organ of a strolling Jew;
Dying, he sold it me at second-hand:
Sev'n stops it boasts, with barrels at command.
How at my prize did envious UXBRIDGE fume,
Just what he wish'd for his new music-room.
Come, BILLY, come. Two wantons late I dodg'd,
And mark'd the dangerous alley where they lodg'd.
Fair as pearl-powder are their opening charms,
In tender beauty; fit for BILLY's arms;
And from the toilet blooming as they seem,
Two cows would scarce supply them with cold cream.
The house, the name to BILLY will I show,
Long has DUNDAS the secret wish'd to know,
And he shall know: since services like these
Have little pow'r our virtuous youth to please.
Come, BILLY, come. For you each rising day

My maids, tho' tax'd, shall twine a huge bouquet:
That you, next winter, at the birth-night ball
In loyal splendor may out-dazzle all;
Dear Mrs. ROSE her needle shall employ,
To 'broider a fine waistcoat for my boy;
In gay design shall blend with skilful toil,
Gold, silver, spangles, crystals, beads, and foil,
'Till the rich work in bright confusion show
Flow'rs of all hues—and many more than blow.
I too, for something to present—some book
Which BILLY wants, and I can spare—will look:
EDEN's five letters, with an half-bound set
Of pamphlet schemes to pay the public debt;
And pasted there, too thin to bind alone,
My SHELBURNE's speech so gracious from the throne.
COCKER's arithmetic my gift shall swell;
By JOHNSON how esteem'd, let BOSWELL tell.
Take too these Treaties by DEBRETT; and here
Take to explain them, SALMON's Gazetteer.
And you, Committee labours of DUNDAS,
And you, his late dispatches to Madras,
Bound up with BILLY's fav'rite act I'll send;
Together bound—for sweetly thus you blend.
ROSE, you're a blockhead! Let no factious scribe
Hear such a thought, that BILLY heeds a bribe:
Or grant th' Immaculate, not proof to pelf,
Has STEELE a soul less liberal than yourself?
—Zounds! what a blunder! worse than when I made
A FRENCH arrêt, the guard of BRITISH trade.
Ah! foolish boy, whom fly you?—Once a week
The KING from Windsor deigns these scenes to seek.
Young GALLOWAY too is here, in waiting still.
Our coasts let RICHMOND visit, if he will;
There let him build, and garrison his forts,
If such his whim:—Be our delight in courts.
What various tastes divide the fickle town!
One likes the fair, and one admires the brown;

The stately, QUEENSB'RY; HINCHINBROOK, the small;
THURLOW loves servant-maids; DUNDAS loves all.
O'er MORNINGTON French prattle holds command;
HASTINGS buys German phlegm at second-hand;
The dancer's agile limbs win DORSET's choice;
Whilst BRUDENELL dies enamour'd of a voice:
'Tis PEMBROKE's dearest pleasure to elope,
And BILLY, best of all things, loves—a trope;
My BILLY I: to each his taste allow:
Well said the dame, I ween, who kiss'd her cow.
  Lo! in the West the sun's broad orb disp lay'd
O'er the Queen's palace, lengthens every shade:
See the last loiterers now the Mall resign;
E'en Poets go, that they may seem to dine:
Yet, fasting, here I linger to complain.
Ah! ROSE, GEORGE ROSE! what phrenzy fires your brain!
With pointless paragraphs the POST runs wild;
And FOX, a whole week long, is unrevil'd:
Our vouchers lie half-vamp'd, and without end
Tax-bills on tax-bills rise to mend and mend.
These, or what more we need, some new deceit
Prepare to gull the Commons, when they meet.
Tho' scorn'd by BILLY, you ere long may find
Some other Minister, like LANSDOWNE kind.
  He ceas'd, went home, ate, drank his fill, and then
Snor'd in his chair, 'till supper came at ten.

IMITATONS.

VIRGIL. ECLOGUE II.

Formosum pastor Corydon, ardebat Alexin,
Delicias domini; nec, quid speraret habebat,
Tantum inter dènsas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos
Assiduè veniebat; ibi hæc incondita solus
Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani.

O crudelis Alexi! nihil mea carmina curas;
Nil nostri miserere: mori me denique coges.
Nunc etiam pecudes umbras et frigora captant;
Nunc virides etiam occultant spineta lacertos;
Thestylis et rapido fessis messoribus æstu
Allia serpyllumque herbas contundit olentis.

At mecum raucis, tua dum vestigia lustro,
Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis.
Nonnè fuit melius tristes Amyrillidis iras
Atque superba pata fastidia? Nonnè Menalcan
Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses,
O formose puer, nimiùm ne crede colori.
Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.
Sum tibi despectus; nec qui sim quæris, Alexi:
Quam dives pecoris nivei, quam lactis abundans.
Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ:

Lac mihi non æstate novum, non frigore desit.
Canto, quæ solitus, si quando armenta vocabat,
Amphion Dircæus in Actoeo Aracyntho.
Nec sum adeò informis: nuper me in littore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis staret mare: non ego Daphnim,
Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago.

O tantum libeat mecum tibi sordida rura
Atque humilis habitare casas, et figere cervos,
Hædorumque gregem viridi compellere hibisco.
Mecum unà in Sylois imitabere Pana canendo.

Pan primus calamos cerâ conjungere plures
instituit;————————
———Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros.
Neu te poeniteat calamo trivisse labellum.
Hæc eadem ut sciret, quid non faciebat Amyntas?

Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
Fistula, Damætas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens: "te nunc habet ista secundum."
Dixit Damætas: invidit stultus Amyntas.

Prætereà duo-nec tutâ mihi valle reperti
Capreoli, sparsis etiam nunc pellibus albo,
Bina die siccant ovis ubera; quos tibi servo.
Jampridem a me illos abducere Thestylis orat,
Et faciet; quoniam sordent tibi munera nostra!

Huc ades, O formose puer. Tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis: tibi candida Naïs
Pallentis violas, et summa papavera carpens
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.
Tum casiâ, atque aliis intexens suavibus herbis
Mollia luteolâ pingit vaccinia calthâ.

Ipse ego cana legam tenerà lanugine mala,
Castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat:
Addam ceroa pruna; honos erit huic quoque pomo
Et vos, O lauri carpam, et te, proxima myrtus
Sic positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis odores.

Rusticus es, Corydon! nec munera curat Alexis
Nec, si muneribus certes, concedat Iolas.
Eheu! quid volui misero mihi? Floribus Austrum
Perditus et liquidis immissi fontibus apros.
Quem fugis, ah! demens? habitârunt Di quoque sylvas,
Dardaniusque Paris. Pallas, quas condidit, arces
Ipsa colat: Nobis placeant ante omnia sylvæ.

Torva leæna lupum sequitur lupus ipse capellam,
Florentem cytasum sequitur lasciva capella;
Te Corydon, O Alexi: trahit sua quemque voluptas.
Me tamen urit amor: quis enim modis adsit amori.
Aspice! aratra jugo referunt suspensa juvenci,
Et sol crescentis discedens duplicat umbras:

Ah! Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit?
Semiputata tibi frondosâ vitis in ulmo est.
Quin tu aliquid saltem, potius quorum indiget usus,
Viminibus, mollique paras detexere junco?
Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexin.

NOTES.

Ver. 29 and 32 allude to a pamphlet on the Irish Propositions, commonly called the Treasury Pamphlet, and universally attributed to Mr. Rose. This work of the Honourable Secretary's was eminently distinguished by a gentleman-like contempt for the pedantry of grammar, and a poetical abhorrence of dull fact.

Ver. 42. For a long account of Sir Richard Hill's harvest-home, and of the godly hymns and ungodly ballads, sung on the occasion, see the newspapers in Autumn, 1784.

Ver. 49. Justice to the minister obliges us to observe, that he is by no means chargeable with the scandalous illiberality above intimated, of reducing the income of the Secretaries of the Treasury to the miserable pittance of 3000l. a year. This was one of the many infamous acts which to deservedly drew down the hatred of all true friends to their king and country, on those pretended patriots, the Whigs.

Ver. 66. We know not of what forgeries Mr. Rose here boasts. Perhaps he may mean the paper relative to his interview with Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Reynolds, so opportunely found in an obscure drawer of Mr. Pitt's bureau. See the Parliamentary debates of 1785.

Ver. 71. Alludes to a couplet in the LYARS, which was written before the present Eclogue.

Ver. 78. The *Reply to the Treasury Pamphlet* was answered, not by Mr. Rote himself, but by Mr. George Chalmers.

Ver. 88. The following digression on his Majesty's love of the fine arts, though it be somewhat long, will carry its apology with it in the truth and beauty of the panegyric. The judicious reader will observe that the style is more elevated, like the subject, and for this the poet may plead both the example and precept of his favourite Virgil.

————sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.

Ver. 91 and 92. Since the death of Ramsay, Sir Joshua Reynolds is *nominally* painter to the king, though his Majesty sits only to Mr. West.

Ver. 93. This line affords a striking instance of our Poet's dexterity in the use of his classical learning. He here translates a single phrase from Horace.

Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud.

When he could not possibly apply what concludes,

Boetum in crasso jurares æere natum.

Ver. 95. Our most gracious Sovereign's comparative estimate of Messrs. Whitehead and Warton, is here happily elucidated, from a circumstance highly honourable to his Majesty's taste; that, whereas he thought the former worthy of two places, he has given the latter only the worst of the two. Mr. Fauquier is made Secretary and Register to the order of the Bath, in the room of the deceased Laureat.

Ver. 107. We suspect the whole of this passage in praise of his Majesty, has been retouched by Mr. Warton, as this line, or something very like it, occurs in his "Triumphs of Isis," a spirited poem, which is omitted, we know not why, in his publication of his works.

Ver. 149. Our readers, we trust, have already admired the several additions which our poet has made to the ideas of his great original. He has here given an equal proof of his judgment in a slight omission. When he converted Amyntas into Lord Uxbridge, with what striking propriety did he sink upon us the epithet of *stultus*, or *foolish*; for surely we cannot suppose that to be conveyed above in the term of *simple* peer.

Ver. 156. In the manuscript we find two lines which were struck out; possibly because our poet supposed they touched on a topic of praise, not likely ta be very prevalent with Mr. PITT, notwithstanding what we have lately heard of his "Atlantean shoulders." They are as follows:

Yet strong beyond the promise of their years,
Each in one night would drain two grenadiers.

Ver. 181. The orders of the Board of Controul, relative to the debts of the Nabob of Arcot, certainly *appear* diametrically opposite to Mr. Dundas's Reports, and to an express clause of Mr. Pitt's bill. Our author, however, like Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas, roundly asserts the consistency of the whole.

Ver. 189. This unfortunate slip of the Honourable Secretary's constitutional logic happened in a debate on the Irish Propositions. Among the many wild chimeras of faction on that memorable occasion, one objection was, that the produce of the French West-Indian Islands might be legally smuggled through Ireland into this country. To which Mr. Rose replied, "That we might repeal all our acts in perfect security, because the French King had lately issued an arrêt which would prevent this smuggling."

Ver. 216. We flattered ourselves that this line might have enabled us to ascertain the precise time when this eclogue was written. We were, however, disappointed, as on examining the file of Morning Posts for 1784, we could not find a single week in which Mr. FOX is absolutely without some attack or other. We suppose therefore our author here speaks with the allowed latitude of poetry.

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THE LYARS.

ARGUMENT.

This Eclogue is principally an Imitation of the third Bucolic of Virgil, which, as is observed by Dr. Joseph Warton, the Brother of our incomparable Laureat, is of that Species called Amoeboea, where the

Characters introduced contend in alternate Verse; the second always endeavouring to surpass the first Speaker in an equal number of Lines, As this was in point of Time the first of our Author's Pastoral Attempts, he has taken rather more Latitude than he afterwards allowed himself in the rest, and has interspersed one or two occasional Imitations from other Eclogues of the Roman Poet.

In Downing-street, the breakfast duly set,
As BANKS and PRETTYMAN one morn were met,
A strife arising who could best supply,
In urgent cases, a convenient lie;
His skill superior each essay'd to prove
In verse alternate—which the Muses love!
While BILLY, listening to their tuneful plea,
In silence sipp'd his *Commutation* Tea,
And heard them boast, how loudly both had ly'd:
The Priest began, the Layman thus reply'd!

PRETTYMAN.
Why wilt thou, BANKS, with me dispute the prize?
Who is not cheated when a Parson lies?
Since pious Christians, ev'ry Sabbath-day,
Must needs believe whate'er the Clergy say!
In spite of all you Laity can do,
One lie from us is more than ten from you!

BANKS.
O witless lout! in lies that touch the state,
We, Country Gentlemen, have far more weight;
Fiction from us the public still must gull:
They think we're honest, as they know we're dull!

PRETTYMAN.
In yon Cathedral I a Prebend boast,
The maiden bounty of our gracious host!
Its yearly profits I to thee resign,
If PITT pronounce not that the palm is mine!

BANKS.

A Borough mine, a pledge far dearer sure,
Which in St Stephen's gives a seat secure!
If PITT to PRETTYMAN the prize decree,
Henceforth CORFE-CASTLE shall belong to thee!

PITT.

Begin the strain—while in our easy chairs
We loll, forgetful of all public cares!
Begin the strain—nor shall I deem my time
Mispent, in hearing a debate in ryhme!

PRETTYMAN.

Father of lies! By whom in EDEN's shade
Mankind's first parents were to sin betray'd;
Lo! on this altar, which to thee I raise,
Twelve BIBLES, bound in red Morocco, blaze.

BANKS.

Blest powers of falsehood, at whose shrine I bend,
Still may success your votary's lies attend!
What prouder victims can your altars boast,
Than honours stain'd, and fame for ever lost?

PRETTYMAN.

How smooth, persuasive, plausible, and glib,
From holy lips is dropp'd the specious fib!
Which whisper'd slily, in its dark career
Assails with art the unsuspecting ear.

BANKS.

How clear, convincing, eloquent, and bold,
The bare-fac'd lie, with manly courage told!
Which, spoke in public, falls with greater force,
And heard by hundreds, is believ'd of course.

PRETTYMAN.

Search through each office for the basest tool
Rear'd in JACK ROBINSONS's abandon'd school;
ROSE, beyond all the sons of dulness, dull,
Whose legs are scarcely thicker than his scull;
Not ROSE, from all restraints of conscience free,
In double-dealing is a match for me.

BANKS.

Step from St. Stephen's up to Leadenhall,
Where Europe's crimes appear no crimes at all;
Not Major SCOTT, with bright pagodas paid,
That wholesale dealer in the lying trade;
Not he, howe'er important his design,
Can lie with impudence surpassing mine.

PRETTYMAN.

Sooner the ass in fields of air shall graze,
Or WARTON's Odes with justice claims the bays;
Sooner shall mackrel on the plains disport,
Or MULGRAVE's hearers think his speech too short;
Sooner shall sense escape the prattling lips
Of Captain CHARLES, or COL'NEL HENRY PHIPPS;
Sooner shall CAMPBELL mend his phrase uncouth,
Than Doctor PRETTYMAN shall speak the truth!

BANKS.

When FOX and SHERIDAN for fools shall pass,
And JEMMY LUTTRELL not be thought an ass;
When all their audience shall enraptur'd sit
With MAWBEY's eloquence, and MARTIN's wit;
When fiery KENYON shall with temper speak,
When modest blushes die DUNDAS's cheek;
Then, only then, in PITT's behalf will I
Refuse to pledge my honour to a lie.

PRETTYMAN.

While in suspence our Irish project hung,
A well-framed fiction from this fruitful tongue
Bade the vain terrors of the City cease,
And lull'd the Manufacturers to peace:
The tale was told with so demure an air,
Not weary Commerce could escape the snare.

BANKS.

When Secret Influence expiring lay,
And Whigs triumphant hail'd th' auspicious day,
I bore that faithless message to the House,
By PITT contriv'd the gaping 'squires to chouse;
That deed, I ween, demands superior thanks:
The British Commons were the dupes of BANKS.

PRETTYMAN.

Say, in what regions are those fathers found,
For deep-dissembling policy renown'd;
Whose subtle precepts for perverting truth,
To quick perfection train'd our patron's youth,
And taught him all the mystery of lies?
Resolve me this, and I resign the prize.

BANKS.

Say, what that mineral, brought from distant climes,
Which screens delinquents, and absolves their crimes;
Whose dazzling rays confound the space between
A tainted strumpet and a spotless Queen;
Which Asia's Princes give, which Europe's take;
Tell this, dear Doctor, and I yield the stake.

PITT.

Enough, my friends—break off your tuneful sport,
'Tis levee day, and I must dress for Court;
Which hath more boldly or expertly lied,
Not mine th' important contest to decide.
Take thou this MITRE, Doctor, which before

A greater hypocrite sure never wore;
And if to services rewards be due,
Dear BANKS, this CORONET belongs to you:
Each from that Government deserves a prize,
Which thrives by shuffling, and subsists by lies. 110

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 6. Amant alterna Camenæ.
Ver. 10. Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis.
Ver. 29. Dicite—quandoquidem in molli consedimus herbâ
Ver. 61. Ante leves ergo pas entur in æthere cervi
Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces—
Ver. 89. Die quibus in terris, &c.
Ver. 104. Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.
Ver. 105. Et vitulà tu dignus et hic.

NOTES. Ver. 17. Our poet here seems to deviate from his general rule, by the introduction of a phrase which appears rather adapted to the lower and less elevated strain of pastoral, than to the dialogue of persons of such distinguished rank. It is, however, to be considered, that it is far from exceeding the bounds of possibility to suppose, that, in certain instances, the epithet of "Witless," and the coarse designation of "Lout," may be as applicable to a dignitary of the church, as to the most ignorant and illiterate rustic.

Ver. 62. The truth of this line must be felt by all who have read the lyrical effusions of Mr. Warton's competitors, whose odes were some time since published, by Sir John Hawkins, Knight. The present passage must be understood in reference to these, and not to the Laureat's general talents.

Ver. 85. The ingenious and sagacious gentleman, who, at the period of the glorious revolution of 1784, held frequent meetings at the Saint Alban's Tavern, for the purpose of bringing about an union that might have prevented the dissolution of parliament; which meetings afforded time to one of the members of the proposed union to concert means throughout every part of the kingdom, for ensuring the success of that salutary and

constitutional measure, which, through his friend Mr. B—ks, he had solemnly pledged himself not to adopt. How truly does this conduct mark "the statesman born!" ———— Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirit?

Ver. 98. It must be acknowledged that there is some obscurity in this passage, as well as in the following line,

"Which Asia's princes give, which Europe's take:"

and of this, certain seditious, malevolent, disaffected critics have taken advantage, and have endeavoured, by a forced construction, to discover in them an unwarrantable insinuation against the highest and most sacred characters; from which infamous imputation, however, we trust, the well-known and acknowledged loyalty of our author's principles will sufficiently protect him.

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MARGARET NICHOLSON.

ARGUMENT.

Mr. WILKES and Lord HAWKESBURY alternately congratulate each other on his Majesty's late happy Escape, The one describes the Joy which pervades the Country: the other sings the Dangers from which our Constitution has been preserved. Though in the following Eclogue our Author has not selected any single one of *Virgil* for a close and exact Parody, he seems to have had his Eye principally upon the Vth, or the *Daphnis*, which contains the Elegy and *APOTHEOSIS* of *Julius Cæsar*.

The Session up: the INDIA-BENCH appeas'd,
The LANSDOWNES satisfied, the LOWTHERS pleas'd,
Each job dispatch'd:—the Treasury boys depart,
As various fancy prompts each youthful heart;
PITT, in chaste kisses seeking virtuous joy,
Begs Lady CHATHAM's blessing on her boy;
While MORNINGTON, as vicious as he can,
To fair R—L—N in vain affects the man:

With Lordly BUCKINGHAM retir'd at STOWE,
GRENVILLE, whose plodding brains no respite know,
To prove next year, how our finances thrive,
Schemes new reports, that two and two make five.
To plans of Eastern justice hies DUNDAS;
And comley VILLARS to his votive glass;
To embryo tax bills ROSE; to dalliance STEELE;
And hungry hirelings to their hard-earn'd meal.
A faithful pair, in mutual friendship tied,
Once keen in hate, as now in love allied
(This, o'er admiring mobs in triumph rode,
Libell'd his monarch and blasphem'd his God;
That, the mean drudge of tyranny and BUTE,
At once his practis'd pimp and prostitute),
Adscomb's proud roof receives, whose dark recess
And empty vaults, its owner's mind express,
While block'd-up windows to the world display
How much he loves a tax, how much invites the day.
Here the dire chance that god-like GEORGE befel,
How sick in spirit, yet in health how well;
What Mayors by dozens, at the tale affrighted,
Got drunk, address'd, got laugh'd at, and got knighted;
They read, with mingled horror and surprise,
In London's pure Gazette, that never lies.
Ye Tory bands, who, taught by conscious fears,
Have wisely check'd your tongues, and sav'd your ears,—
Hear, ere hard fate forbids—what heavenly strains
Flow'd from the lips of these melodious swains.
Alternate was the song; but first began,
With hands uplifted, the regenerate man.

WILKES.

Bless'd be the beef-fed guard, whose vigorous twist
Wrench'd the rais'd weapon from the murderer's fist,
Him Lords in waiting shall with awe behold
In red tremendous, and hirsute in gold.
On him, great monarch, let thy bounty shine,

What meed can match a life so dear as thine?
Well was that bounty measured, all must own,
That gave him *half* of what he saved—*a crown*.
Bless'd the dull edge, for treason's views unfit,
Harmless as SYDNEY's rage, or BEARCROFT's wit.
Blush, clumsy patriots, for degenerate zeal,
WILKES had not guided thus the faithless steel!
Round your sad mistress flock, ye maids elect,
Whose charms severe your chastity protect;
Scar'd by whose glance, despairing love descries,
That virtue steals no triumph from your eyes.
Round your bold master flock, ye mitred hive,
With anathems on Whigs his soul revive!
Saints! whom the sight of human blood appals,
Save when to please the Royal will it falls.
He breathes! he lives! the vestal choir advance,
Each takes a bishop, and leads up the dance,
Nor dreads to break her long respected vow,
For chaste—ah strange to tell!—are bishops now:
Saturnian times return!—the age of truth,
And—long foretold—is come the virgin youth.
Now sage professors, for their learning's curse,
Die of their duty in remorseless verse:
Now sentimental Aldermen expire
In prose half flaming with the Muse's fire;
Their's—while rich dainties swim on every plate—
Their's the glad toil to feast for Britain's fate;
Nor mean the gift the Royal grace affords,
All shall be knights—but those that shall be lords.
Fountain of Honour, that art never dry,
Touch'd with whose drops of grace no thief can die,
Still with new titles soak the delug'd land,
Still may we all be safe from KETCH's menac'd hand!

JENKINSON.

Oh wond'rous man, with a more wond'rous Muse!
O'er my lank limbs thy strains a sleep diffuse,

Sweet as when PITT with words, disdaining end,
Toils to explain, yet scorns to comprehend.
Ah! whither had we fled, had that foul day
Torn him untimely from our arms away?
What ills had mark'd the age, had that dire thrust
Pierc' his soft heart, and bow'd his bob to dust?
Gods! to my labouring sight what phantoms rise!
Here Juries triumph, and there droops Excise!
Fierce from defeat, and with collected might,
The low-born Commons claim the people's right:
And mad for freedom, vainly deem their own,
Their eye presumptuous dares to scan the throne.
See—in the general wreck that smothers all,
Just ripe for justice—see my HASTINGS fall.
Lo, the dear Major meets a rude repulse,
Though blazing in each hand he bears a BULSE?
Nor Ministers attend, nor Kings relent,
Though rich Nabobs so splendidly repent.
See EDEN's faith expos'd to sale again,
Who takes his plate, and learns his French in vain.
See countless eggs for us obscure the sky,
Each blanket trembles, and each pump is dry.
Far from good things DUNDAS is sent to roam,
Ah!—worse than banish'd—doom'd to live at home.
Hence dire illusions! dismal scenes away—
Again he cries, "What, what!" and all is gay.
  Come, BRUNSWICK, come, great king of loaves and fishes,
Be bounteous still to grant us all our wishes!
Twice every year with BEAUFOY as we dine,
Pour'd to the brim—eternal George—be thine
Two foaming cups of his nectareous juice,
Which—new to gods—no mortal vines produce.
To us shall BRUDENELL sing his choicest airs,
And capering MULGRAVE ape the grace of bears;
A grand thanksgiving pious YORK compose,
In all the proud parade of pulpit prose;
For sure Omniscience will delight to hear,

Thou 'scapest a danger, that was never near.
While ductile PITT thy whisper'd wish obeys,
While dupes believe whate'er the Doctor says,
While panting to be tax'd, the famish'd poor
Grow to their chains, and only beg for more;
While fortunate in ill, thy servants find
No snares too slight to catch the vulgar mind:
Fix'd as the doom, thy power shall still remain,
And thou, wise King, as uncontroul'd shall reign.

WILKES.

Thanks, *Jenky*, thanks, for ever could'st thou sing,
For ever could I sit and hear thee praise the King.
Then take this book, which with a Patriot's pride,
Once to his sacred warrant I deny'd,
Fond though he was of reading all I wrote:
No gift can better suit thy tuneful throat.

JENKINSON.

And thou this Scottish pipe, which JAMIE's breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death,
From lips unhallow'd I've prcserv'd it long:
Take the just tribute of thy loyal song.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 59. Ergo alacris sylvas et cetera rura voluptas.
Panaque pastoresque tenet, Dryadasque puellas.
Ver. 61. Nec lupus insidias pecori, &c.
Ver. 63. Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.
Ver. 78. Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine Poeta,
Quale sopor sessis in gramine.
Ver. 106. Sis bonus; O! felixque tuis—
Ver. 107. Pocula bina novo spumantia lacte quot—annis
Craterasque duo statuam tibi.
Ver. 109. Vina *novum* fundum calathis Arvisia nectar.
Ver. 114. Cantabunt mihi Damætas et Lictius Ægon.
Saltantes Satyros imitabitur Alphæsibæus.

Ver. 121. Dum juga montis aper, &c.
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.
Ver. 130. At tu sume pedurn, quod cum me sæpe rogaret
Non tulit Antigenes, et erat turn dignus amari.
Ver. 134. Est mihi—
Fistula, Damætas dono mini quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, "Te nunc, habet ista secundum."

ECL. II.

NOTES.
Ver. 46. *half—a crown!*—Literally so.

Ver. 63, 64. It is rearkable that these are the only lines which our Poet has imitated from the IVth Eclogue (or the Pollio) of Virgil. Perhaps the direct and obvious application of that whole Eclogue appeared to our author to be an undertaking too easy for the exercise of his superior talents; or perhaps he felt himself too well anticipated by a similar imitation of Pope's Messiah, which was inserted some time since in one of the public papers. If the author will favour us with a corrected copy, adapted rather to the Pollio than the Messiah, we shall be happy to give it a place in our subsequent editions, of which we doubt not the good taste of the town will demand as many as of the rest of our celebrated bard's immortal compositions.

Ver. 119. The public alarm expressed upon the event which is the subject of this Pastoral, was certainly a very proper token of affection to a Monarch, every action of whose reign denotes him to be the father of his people. Whether it has sufficiently subsided to admit of a calm enquiry into facts, is a matter of some doubt, as the addresses were not finished in some late Gazettes. If ever that time should arrive, the world will be very well pleased to hear that the miserable woman whom the Privy Council have judiciously confined in Bedlam for her life, never even aimed a blow at his August Person.

Ver. 127. *This Book*, &c. Essay on Woman.

Ver. 130. *No gift can better suit thy——throat*. The ungrateful people of England, we have too much reason to fear, may be of a different opinion.

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CHARLES JENKINSON.

ARGUMENT.

The following is a very close Translation of *VIRGIL's SILENUS*; so close indeed that many Readers may be surprised at such a Deviation from our Authur's usual Mode of imitating the Ancients. But we are to consider that *VIRGIL* is revered by his Countrymen, not only as a Poet, but likewise as a Prophet and Magician; and our incomparable Translator, who was not ignorant of this Circumstance, was convinced, that *VIRGIL* in his *SILENUS* had really and *bonâ fide* meant to allude to the Wonders of the present Reign, and consequently that it became his Duty to adhere most strictly to his Original, and to convey the true Meaning of this hitherto inexplicable Eclogue.

Mine was the Muse, that from a Norman scroll
First rais'd to Fame the barbarous worth of ROLLE,
And dar'd on DEVON's hero to dispense
The gifts of Language, Poetry, and Sense.
In proud Pindarics next my skill I try'd,
But SALISB'RY wav'd his wand and check'd my pride:
"Write English, friend (he cry'd), be plain and flatter,
Nor thus confound your compliment and satire.
Even I, a critic by the King's command,
Find these here odes damn'd hard to understand."
Now then, O deathless theme of WARTON's Muse,
Oh great in War! oh glorious at Reviews!
While many a rival anxious for the bays;
Pursues thy virtues with relentless praise;
While at thy levee smiling crowds appear,
Blest that thy birth-day happens once a year:
Like good SIR CECIL, I to woods retire,
And write plain eclogues o'er my parlour fire.
Yet still for thee my loyal verse shall flow,
Still, shou'd it please, to thee its charms shall owe;

And well I ween, to each succeeding age,
Thy name shall guard and consecrate my page.
Begin, my Muse!—As WILBERFORCE and BANKS
Late in the Lobby play'd their usual pranks,
Within a water-closet's niche immur'd
(Oh that the treacherous door was unsecur'd),
His wig awry, his papers on the ground,
Drunk, and asleep, CHARLES JENKINSON they found.
Transported at the sight (for oft of late
At PITT's assembled on affairs of state,
They both had press'd him, but could ne'er prevail,
To sing a merry song or tell a tale)
In rush'd th' advent'rous youths:—they seize, they bind,
Make fast his legs, and tie his hands behind,
Then scream for help; and instant to their aid
POMONA flies, POMONA, lovely maid;
Or maid, or goddess, sent us from above,
To bless young Senators with fruit and love.
Then thus the sage—"Why these unseemly bands?
"Untie my legs, dear boys, and loose my hands;
The promis'd tale be yours: a tale to you;
To fair POMONA different gifts are due."
  Now all things haste to hear the master talk:
Here Fawns and Satyrs from the Bird-cage-walk,
Here Centaur KENYON, and the Sylvan sage,
Whom BOWOOD guards to rule a purer age,
Here T———W, B———T, H———N appear,
With many a minor savage in their rear,
Panting for treasons, riots, gibbets, blocks,
To strangle NORTH, to scalp and eat CHARLES FOX.
There H———'s sober band in silence wait,
Inur'd to sleep, and patient of debate;
Firm in their ranks, each rooted to his chair
They sit, and wave their wooden heads in air.
Less mute the rocks while tuneful Phoebus sung,
Less sage the critic brutes round Orpheus hung;
For true and pleasant were the tales he told,

His theme great GEORGE's age, the age of gold.
Ere GEORGE appear'd a Briton bora and bred,
One general Chaos all the land o'erspread
There lurking seeds of adverse factions lay,
Which warm'd and nurtur'd by his dawning ray,
Sprang into life. Then first began to thrive
The tender shoots of young Prerogative;
Then spread luxuriant, when unclouded shone
The full meridian splendour of the throne.
Yet was the Court a solitary waste;
Twelve lords alone the Royal chamber grac'd!
When BUTE, the good DEUCALION of the reign,
To gracious BRUNSWICK pray'd, nor pray'd in vain.
For straight (oh goodness of the royal mind!)
Eight blocks, to dust and rubbish long confin'd,
Now wak'd by mandate from their trance of years,
Grew living creatures—just like other Peers.
Nor here his kindness ends—From wild debate
And factious rage he guards his infant state.
Resolv'd alone his empire's toils to bear,
"Be all men dull!" he cry'd, and dull they were.
Then sense was treason:—then with bloody claw
Exulting soar'd the vultures of the law:
Then ruffians robb'd by ministerial writ,
And GRENVILLE plunder'd reams of useless wit,
While mobs got drunk 'till learning should revive,
And loudly bawl'd for WILKES and forty-five.
  Next to WILL PITT he past, so sage, so young,
So cas'd with wisdom, and so arm'd with tongue
His breast with every royal virtue full,
Yet, strange to tell, the minion of JOHN BULL.
Prepost'rous passion! say, what fiend possest,
Misguided youth, what phrenzy fir'd thy breast?
'Tis true, in senates, many a hopeful lad
Has rav'd in metaphor, and run stark mad;
His friend, the heir-apparent of MONTROSE,
Feels for his beak, and starts to find a nose;

Yet at these times preserve the little share
Of sense and thought intrusted to their care;
While thou with ceaseless folly, endless labour,
Now coaxing JOHN, now flirting with his neighbour,
Hast seen thy lover from his bonds set free,
Damning the shop-tax, and himself, and thee.
  Now good MACPHERSON, whose prolific muse
Begets false tongues, false heroes, and false news,
Now frame new lies, now scrutinize thy brain,
And bring th' inconstant to these arms again!
  Next of the Yankeys' fraud the master told,
And GRENVILLE's fondness for Hesperian gold;
And GRENVILLE's friends, conspicuous from afar,
In mossy down incas'd, and bitter tar.
  SIR CECIL next adorn'd the pompous song,
Led by his CÆLIA through th' admiring throng,
All CÆLIA's sisters hail'd the prince of bards,
Reforming sailors bow'd, and patriot guards:
While thus SIR JOSEPH (his stupendious head
Crown'd with green-groc'ry, and with flow'rs o'erspread)
From the high hustings spoke—"This pipe be thine,
This pipe, the fav'rite present of the Nine,
On which WILL WHITEHEAD play'd those powerful airs,
Which to ST. JAMES's drew reluctant May'rs,
And forc'd stiff-jointed Aldermen to bend;
Sing thou on this thy SAL'SBURY, sing thy friend;
Long may he live in thy protecting strains,
And HATFIELD vie with TEMPE's fabled plains!"
Why should I tell th' election's horrid tale,
That scene of libels, riots, blood, and ale?
There of SAM HOUSE the horrid form appeared;
Round his white apron howling monsters reared
Their angry clubs; mid broken heads they polled;
And HOOD's best sailors in the kennel rolled;
Ah! why MAHON's disastrous fate record?
Alas! how fear can change the fiercest lord!
See the sad sequel of the grocers' treat—

Behold him darting up St. James's-street,
Pelted, and scar'd by BROOKE's hellish sprites,
And vainly fluttering round the door of WHITE's!
All this, and more he told, and every word
With silent awe th' attentive striplings heard,
When, bursting on their ear, stern PEARSON's note
Proclaim'd the question put, and called them forth to vote.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. Prima Syracosio dignita est ludere versu,
Nostra nee erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.
Cum canerem regis et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit, &c. &c.

Ver. 11. Nunc ego (namque super tibi, erunt, qui dicere laudes
Vare, tuus cupiant, et tristia condere bella)
Sylvestrem tenui meditabor arundine musam.

Ver. 18. ————-Si quis tamen hæc quoque, siquis
Captus amore leget, te nostræ, Vare, myricæ
Te nemus omne canet, &c.

Ver. 23. ————-Chromis et Mnasylus in autro
Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem.

Ver. 29. Aggressi, nam sæpe senex spe carminis ambo
Luserat, injiciunt ex ipsis vincula sertis.

Ver. 35. Addit se sociam timidisque supervenit Ægle,
Ægle Naiadum pulcherrima.

Ver. 39. ————Quid vincula nectitis? inquit,
Solvite me pueri——
Carmina quæ vultis cognoscite, carmina vobis;
Huic aliud mercedis erit.

Ver. 43. Tum vero in numerurn faunosque ferasque videres,
Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.

Ver. 55. Nec tantum Phoebo gaudet Parnassia rupes,
Nec tantum Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orphea.

Ver. 57. Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta,
Semina terrarumque animæque marisque fuissent,
Et liquidi simul ignis: Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.

Ver. 62. Incipiant sylvæ cum primum surgere———
Jamque novum ut terræ stupeant lucescere solem.
Ver. 68. ——————————————Cumque
Rara per ignotos errant animalia montes.
Ver. 69. Hinc lapides Pyrrhæ jactos——————
Ver. 78. ——————Saturnia regna.
Ver. 81. Caucaseasque refert volucres:
Ver. 82. ——————Furtumque Promethei.
Ver. 84 ——————Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum,
Clamassent ut littus Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.
Ver. 88. Pasaphaen nivei solatur amore juvenci.
Ver. 89. Ah virgo infelix quæ te dementia cepit?
Ver. 93. Prætides implerunt falsis mugitibus agros.
Ver. 96. Et sæpe in lævi quæsissent cornua fronte,
At non, &c.
Ver. 99. Ille latus niveum, &c.
Ver. 101. ———Claudite nymphæ
Dictææ nymphæ, nemorum jam claudite saltus,
Si quâ forte ferant oculis sese obvia nostris,
Errabunda bovis vestigia.
Ver. 106. Tum canit Hesperidurn miratam mala puellant.
Ver. 108. Tum Phaetontiadas musco circumdat amaræ
Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit.
Ver. 109. Tum canit errantem———Gallum,
Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum,
Utque viro Phoebi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor
Floribus, atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit; hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, musæ,
Ascræo quos ante seni, quibus ille solebat
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos, &c. &c. &c.
Ver. 127. Quid loquar—Scyllum quam fama secuta est
Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstris
——————————————gurgite in alto
Ah timidos nautas canibus lacerasse marinis.
Ver. 132. Aut ut mutatos Terei norraverit artus:

Quas illi Philomela dapes; quæ dona paravit,
Quo corsû deserta petiverit, & quibus ante
Infelix sua tecta supervolitæ erit alis.

NOTES. Ver. 42. *To fair Pomana*, &c.] We are sorry to inform our readers, that the promise which Mr. Jenkinson here intimates in favour of the lady was, we fear, but the promise of a courtier. Truth obliges us to declare, that having taken some pains to enquire into the facts, we were assured by the lady herself, that she never received any other gift, present, or compliment what-ever from Mr. Jenkinson.

Ver. 68. Our Poet, for so careful a student of the Court Calendar, as he must certainly be, is a little inaccurate here. The Lords of the Bed-chamber were in truth thirteen, and seven only were added. The numbers in the text were probably preserved as more euphonius.

Ver. 101. *Good Macpherson*, &c.] This Ingenious gentleman, who first signalized himself by a bombast translation of poems which never existed, is now said occasionally to indulge his native genius for fiction in paragraphs of poetical prose for some of our daily papers.

Ver. 106. *Hesperian gold*.] The American revenue, which the late Mr. Grenville was to have raised by his celebrated Stamp Act. Mr. Jankinson, who was himself the author of that act, here delicately touches an the true origin of the American war; a measure in which, however unseccussful, we doubt not, he will ever be ready to glory.

Ver. 110. SIR. CECIL's poems to Cælia are well known; and we are persuaded will live to preserve the fame of his talents, when his admirable letter to the Scottish reformers, and his pamphlet on the Westminster Election, shall be forgotten.

* * * * *

JEKYLL.

——————————————miserabile Carmen
Integrat, & mæstis latè loca questibus implet.—VIRGIL.

Jekyll, the wag of law, the scribblers pride,
Calne to the senate sent—when TOWNSHEND died.
So LANSDOWNE will'd:—the old hoarse rook at rest,
A jackdaw phoenix chatters from his nest.
Statesman and lawyer now, with clashing cares,
Th' important youth roams thro' the Temple squares;
Yet stays his step, where, with congenial play,
The well-known fountain babbles day by day:
The little fountain:—whose restricted course,
In low faint Essays owns its shallow sourse.
There, to the tinkling jet he tun'd his tongue,
While LANSDOWNE's fame, and LANSDOWNE's fall, he sung.
"Where were our friends, when the remorseless crew
Of felon whigs—great LANSDOWNE's pow'r o'erthrew?
For neither then, within St. Stephen's wall
Obedient WESTCOTE hail'd the Treasury-call;
Nor treachery then had branded EDEN's fame,
Or taught mankind the miscreant MINCHIN's name,
Joyful no more (tho' TOMMY spoke so long)
Was high-born HOWARD's cry, or POWNEY's prattling tongue.
Vain was thy roar, MAHON!—tho' loud and deep;
Not our own GILBERT could be rous'd from sleep.
No bargain yet the tribe of PHIPPS had made:
LANSDOWNE! you sought in vain ev'n MULGRAVE's aid;
MULGRAVE—at whose harsh scream in wild surprise,
The *speechless* Speaker lifts his drowsy eyes.
Ah! hapless day! still as thy hours return,
Let Jesuits, Jews, and sad Dissenters mourn!
Each quack and sympathizing juggler groan,
While bankrupt brokers echo moan for moan.
Oh! much-lov'd peer!—my patron!—model!—friend!
How does thy alter'd state my bosom rend.
Alas! the ways of courts are strange and dark!
PITT scarce would make thee now-a Treasury-clerk!"
Stung with the maddening thought, his griefs, his fears
Dissolve the plaintiff councellor in tears.
"How oft," he cries, "has wretched LANSDOWNE said;

Curs'd be the toilsome hours by statesmen led!
Oh! had kind heaven ordain'd my humbler fate
A country gentleman's—of small estate—
With Price *and* Priestly *in some distant grove,*
Blest I had led the lowly life I love.
Thou, Price, *had deign'd to calculate my flocks!*
Thou, Priestley! *sav'd them from the lightning shocks!*
Unknown the storms and tempests of the state——
Unfelt the mean ambition to be great;
In Bowood's *shade had passed my peaceful days,*
Far from the town and its delusive ways;
The crystal brook my beverage—and my food
Hips, carnels, haws, and berries of the wood."
"Blest peer! eternal wreaths adorn thy brow!
Thou CINCINNATU's of the British plough!
But rouse again thy talents and thy zeal!
Thy Sovereign, sure, must wish thee *Privy-seal*.
Or, what if from the seals thou art debarr'd?
CHANDOS, at least, he might for thee discard.
Come, LANSDOWNE! come—thy life no more thy own,
Oh! brave again the smoke and noise of town:
For Britain's sake, the weight of greatness bear,
And suffer honours thou art doom'd to wear."
To *thee* her Princes, lo! where India sends!
All BENFIELD's here—and there all HASTINGS' friends;
MACPHERSON—WRAXALL—SULLIVAN—behold!
CALL—BARWELL—MIDDLETON—with heaps of gold!
Rajahs—Nabobs—from Oude—Tanjore—Arcot—
And see!—(nor oh! disdain him!)—MAJOR SCOTT.
Ah! give the Major but one gracious nod:
Ev'n PITT himself once deign'd to court the squad.
"Oh! be it *theirs*, with more than patriot heat,
To snatch their virtues from their lov'd retreat:
Drag thee reluctant to the haunts of men,
And make the minister—Oh! God!—but when!"
Thus mourn'd the youth—'till, sunk in pensive grief,
He woo'd his handkerchief for soft relief.

In either pocket either hand he threw;
When, lo!—from each, a precious tablet flew.
This—his sage patron's wond'rous speech on trade:
This—his own book of sarcasms ready made.
Tremendous book!—thou motley magazine
Of stale severities, and pilfer'd spleen!
O! rich in ill!—within thy leaves entwin'd,
What glittering adders lurk to sting the mind.
Satire's *Museum*!—with SIR ASHTON's lore,
The naturalist of malice eyes thy store:
Ranging, with fell Virtû, his poisonous tribes
Of embryo sneers, and anamalcule gibes.
Here insect puns their feeble wings expand
To speed, in little flights, their lord's command:
There, in their paper chrysalis, he sees
Specks of bon mots, and eggs of repartees.
In modern spirits ancient wit he steeps;
If not its gloss, the reptile's venom keeps:
Thy quaintness' DUNNING! but without thy sense:
And just enough of B———t, for offence.
On these lov'd leaves a transient glance he threw:
But weighter themes his anxious thoughts pursue.
Deep senatorial pomp intent to reach,
With ardent eyes he hangs o'er LANSDOWNE's speech.
Then, loud the youth proclaims the enchanting words
That charm'd the "noble natures" of the lords,
"*Lost and obscured in* Bowood*'s humble bow'r,*
No party tool—no candidate for pow'r—
I come, my lords! an hermit from my cell,
A few blunt truths in my plain style to tell.
Highly I praise your late commercial plan;
Kingdoms should all unite—like man and man.
The French *love peace—ambition they detest;*
But Cherburg*'s frightful works deny me rest.*
With joy I see new wealth for Britain shipp'd,
Lisbon's a froward child and should be whipp'd.
Yet Portugal'_s our old and best ally,

And *Gallic* faith is but a slender tie,
My lords! the_ manufacturer's *a fool;*
The clothier, *too, knows nothing about wool;*
Their interests still demand syr constant care;
Their *griefs are* mine—their *fears are* my *despair*.
My lords! my soul is big with dire alarms;
Turks, Germans, Russians, Prussians, *all in arms!*
A noble Pole *(I'm proud to call him friend!)*
Tells me of things I cannot comprehend.
Your lordship's hairs would stand on end to hear
My last dispatches from the Grand Vizier.
The fears of Dantzick-merchants *can't be told;*
Accounts from Cracow *make my blood run cold.*
The state of Portsmouth_, and of_ Plymouth Docks,
Your Trade—your Taxes—Army—Navy—Stocks—
All haunt me in my dreams; and, when I rise,
The bank of England scares my open eyes.
I see—I know some dreadful storm is brewing;
Arm all your coasts—your navy is your ruin.
I say it still; but (let me be believed)
In this *your lordships have been much deceiv'd.*
A noble Duke *affirms, I like his plan:*
I never did, my lords!—I never can—
Shame on the slanderous breath! which dares instill
That I, who now condemn, advis'd the ill.
Plain words, *thank Heav'n! are always understood:*
I could *approve, I said—but not I* wou'd.
Anxious to make the noble Duke *content, }*
My view was just to seem to give consent, }
While all the world might see that nothing less was meant." }
While JEKYLL thus, the rich exhaustless store
Of LANSDOWNE's rhetoric ponders o'er and o'er;
And, wrapt in happier dreams of future days,
His patron's triumphs in his own surveys;
Admiring barristers in crouds resort
From Figtree—Brick—Hare—Pump—and Garden court.
Anxious they gaze—and watch with silent awe

The motley son of politics and law.
Meanwhile, with softest smiles and courteous bows,
He, graceful bending, greets their ardent vows.
"Thanks, generous friends," he cries, "kind Templers, thanks!
Tho' now, with LANSDOWNE's band your JEKYLL ranks,
Think not, he wholly quits *black-letter* cares;
Still—still the *lawyer* with the *statesman* shares."
But, see! the shades of night o'erspread the skies!
Thick fogs and vapours from the Thames arise.
Far different hopes our separate toils inspire:
To *parchment* you, and *precedent* retire.
With deeper bronze your darkest looks imbrown,
Adjust your brows for the *demurring* frown:
Brood o'er the fierce *rebutters* of the bar,
And brave the *issue* of the gowned war.
Me, all unpractis'd in the bashful mood,
Strange, novice thoughts, and alien cares delude.
Yes, *modest* Eloquence! ev'n *I* must court
For once, with mimic vows, thy coy support;
Oh! would'st thou lend the semblance of my charms!
Feign'd agitations, and assum'd alarms!
'Twere all I'd ask:—but for one day alone
To ape thy downcast look—my suppliant tone:
To pause—and bow with hesitating grace—
Here try to faulter—there a word misplace:
Long-banish'd blushes this pale cheek to teach,
And act the miseries of a *maiden speech*.

PROBATIONARY ODES FOR *THE LAUREATSHIP:* WITH A PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE, BY SIR JOHN HAWKINS, KNT.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE, BY THE EDITOR.

Having, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six, put forth A HISTORY OF MUSIC, in five volumes quarto (which buy), notwithstanding my then avocations as Justice of the Peace for the county of Middlesex and city and liberty of Westminster; I, Sir John Hawkins, of Queen-square, Westminster, Knight, do now, being still of sound health and understanding, esteem it my bounden duty to step forward as Editor and Revisor of THE PROBATIONARY ODES. My grand reason for undertaking so arduous a task is this: I do from my soul believe that Lyric Poetry is the own, if not twin sister of Music; wherefore, as I had before gathered together every thing that any way relates to the one, with what consistency could I forbear to collate the best effusions of the other?—I should premise, that in volume the first of my quarto history, chap. i. page 7, I lay it down as a principle never to be departed from, that, "*The Lyre is the prototype of the fidicinal species*." And accordingly I have therein discussed at large, both the origin, and various improvements of the Lyre, from the Tortoise-shell scooped and strung by Mercury on the banks of the Nile, to the Testudo, exquisitely polished by Terpander, and exhibited to the Ægyptian Priests. I have added also many choice engravings of the various antique Lyres, viz. the Lyre of Goats-horns, the Lyre of Bullshorns, the Lyre of Shells, and the Lyre of both Shells and Horns compounded; from all which, I flatter myself, I have indubitably proved the Lyre to be very far superior to the shank bone of a crane, or any other Pike, Fistula, or Calamus, either of Orpheus's or Linus's invention; ay, or even the best of those pulsatile instruments, commonly known by the denomination of the drum.

Forasmuch, therefore, as all this was finally proved and established by my History of Music, I say, I hold it now no alien task to somewhat turn my thoughts to the late divines specimens of Lyric Minstrelsy. For although I may be deemed the legal guardian of MUSIC alone, and consequently not in strictness bound to any farther duty than that of her immediate Wardship (see Burn's Justice, article Guardian), yet surely, in equity and liberal feeling, I cannot but think myself very forcibly incited to extend this tutelage to her next of kin; in which degree I hold every individual follower of THE LYRIC MUSE, but more especially all such part of them, as have devoted, or do devote their strains to the celebration of those best of themes, the reigning King and the current year; or in other words, of all Citharistæ Regis, Versificators Coronæ, Court Poets, or as we now term them, Poets Laureats.—Pausanias tells us, that it pleased the God of Poets himself, by an express oracle, to order the inhabitants of Delphi to set apart for Pindar one half of the first fruit offerings brought by the religious to his shrine, and to allow him a place in his temple, where, in an iron chair, he was used to sit and sing his hymns in honour of that God. Would to heaven that the Bench of Bishops would, in some degree, adopt this excellent idea!—or at least that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and the other Managers of the Abbey Music Meetings, would in future allot the occasional vacancies of Madame Mara's seat in the Cathedral Orchestra, for the reception of the reigning Laureat, during the performance of that favourite constitutional ballad, "May the King live for ever!" It must be owned, however, that the Laureatship is already a very kingly settlement; one hundred a year, together with a tierce of Canary, or a butt of sack, are surely most princely endowments, for the honour of literature and the advancement of poetical genius. And hence (thank God and the King for it!) there scarcely ever has been wanting some great and good man both willing and able to supply so important a charge.—At one time we find that great immortal genius, Mr. Thomas Shadwell (better known by the names of Og and Mac Flecknoe), chanting the prerogative praises of that blessed æra.—At a nearer period, we observe the whole force of Colley Cibber's genius devoted to the labours of the same reputable employment.—And finally, in the example of a Whitehead's Muse, expatiating on the virtues of our gracious Sovereign, have we not beheld the best of Poets, in the best of Verses, doing ample justice to the best of Kings!—The fire of Lyric Poesy, the rapid lightening of modern Pindarics, were equally required to record

the Virtues of the Stuarts, or to immortalize the Talents of a Brunswick.—On either theme there was ample subject for the boldest flights of inventive genius, the full scope for the most daring powers of poetical creation; from the free, unfettered strain of liberty in honour of Charles the First, to the kindred Genius and congenial Talents that immortalize the Wisdom and the Worth of George the Third.—But on no occasion has the ardour for prerogative panegyrics so conspicuously flamed forth, as on the late election for succeeding to Mr. Whitehead's honours. To account for this unparalleled struggle, let us recollect, that the ridiculous reforms of the late Parliament having cut off many gentlemanly offices, it was a necessary consequence that the few which were spared, became objects of rather more emulation than usual. Besides, there is a decency and regularity in producing at fixed and certain periods of the year, the same settled quantity of metre on the same unalterable subjects, which cannot fail to give a particular attraction to the Office of the Laureatship, at a crisis like the present.—It is admitted, that we are now in possession of much sounder judgment, and more regulated taste, than our ancestors had any idea of; and hence, does it not immediately follow, that the occupancy of a poetical office, which, from its uniformity of subject and limitation of duty, precludes all hasty extravagance of style, as well as any plurality of efforts, is sure to be a more pleasing object than ever to gentlemen of regular habits and a becoming degree of literary indolence? Is it not evident too, that in compositions of this kind, all fermentation of thought is certain in a very short time to subside and settle into mild and gentle composition—till at length the possessors of this grave and orderly office prepare their stipulated return of metre, by as proportionate and gradual exertions, as many other classes of industrious tenants provide for the due payment of their particular rents? Surely it is not too much to say, that the business of Laureat to his Majesty is, under such provision, to the full as ingenious, reputable, and regular a trade, as that of Almanack Maker to the Stationer's Company. The contest therefore for so excellent an office, having been warmer in the late instance than at any preceding period, is perfectly to be accounted for; especially too at a time, when, from nobler causes, the Soul of Genius may reasonably be supposed to kindle into uncommon enthusiasm, at a train of new and unexampled prodigies. In an age of Reform; beneath the mild sway of a British Augustus; under the Ministry of a pure immaculate youth; the Temple of Janus shut; the Trade

of Otaheite open; not an angry American to be heard of, except the Lottery Loyalists; the fine Arts in full Glory; Sir William Chambers the Royal Architect; Lord Sydney a Cabinet Minister!—What a golden æra!—From this auspicious moment, Peers, Bishops, Baronets, Methodists, Members of Parliament, Chaplains, all genuine Beaux Esprits, all legitimate heirs of Parnassus, rush forward, with unfeigned ardour, to delight the world by the united efforts of liberal genius and constitutional loyalty.—The illustrious candidates assemble—the wisest of Earls sits as Judge—the archest of Buffos becomes his assessor—the Odes are read—the election is determined—how justly is not for us to decide. To the great Tribunal of the public the whole of this important contest is now submitted.—Every document that can illustrate, every testimony that tends to support the respective merits of the Probationers, is impartially communicated to the world of letters.—Even the Editor of such a collection may hope for some reversionary fame from the humble, but not inglorious task, of collecting the scattered rays of Genius.—At the eve of a long laborious life, devoted to a sister Muse (vide my History, printed for T. Payne and Son, at the Mews-Gate), possibly it may not wholly appear an irregular vanity, if I sometimes have entertained a hope, that my tomb may not want the sympathetic record of Poetry—I avow my motive.—

It is with this expectation I appear as an Editor on the present occasion.—The Authors whose compositions I collect for public notice are twenty-three. The odds of survivorship, according to Doctor Price are, that thirteen of these will outlive me, myself being in class III. of his ingenious tables.—Surely, therefore, it is no mark of that sanguine disposition which my enemies have been pleased to ascribe to me, if I deem it possible that some one of the same thirteen will requite my protection of their harmonious effusions with a strain of elegiac gratitude, saying, possibly (pardon me, ye Survivors that may be, for presuming to hint the thought to minds so richly fraught as yours are) saying, I say,

Here lies Sir John Hawkins,
Without his shoes or stockings![1]

[1] Said Survivors are not bound to said Rhime, if not agreeable.

[The Following excellent observations on the LYRIC STYLE, have been kindly communicated to the EDITOR by the REV. THOMAS WARTON.—They appear to have been taken almost verbatim from several of the former works of that ingenious author; but chiefly from his late edition of *Milten's Minora*. We sincerely hope, therefore, that they may serve the double purpose of enriching the present collection, and of attracting the public attention to that very critical work from which they are principally extracted.]

THOUGHTS ON ODE WRITING.

{ODE Molpe} Carmen, Cantus, Cantilena, Chanson, Canzone, all signify what, Anglicè, we denominate ODE—Among the Greeks, Pindar; among the Latins, Horace; with the Italians, Petrarch; with the French, Boileau; are the principes hujusce scientiæ—Tom Killegrew took the lead in English Lyrics; and, indeed, till our own Mason, was nearly unrivalled—Josephus Miller too hath penned something of the Odaic, *inter* his *Opera Minora*. My grandfather had a M.S. Ode on a Gilliflower, the which, as our family had it, was an *esquisse* of Gammer Gurton's; and I myself have seen various Cantilenes of Stephen Duck's of a pure relish—Of Shadwell, time hath little impaired the fame—Colley's Bays rust cankereth not—Dr. Casaubon measures the Strophe by Anapæsts—In the Polyglott, the epitrotus primus is the metrimensura.—I venture to recommend "Waly, waly, up the Bank," as no bad model of the pure Trochaic—There is also a little simple strain, commencing "Saw ye my father, saw ye my mother;" which to my fancy, gives an excellent ratio of hendecasyllables.—Dr. Warton indeed prefers the Adonic, as incomparably the neatest, ay, and the newest {molpes metrhon}——A notion too has prevailed, that the Black Joke, or {Melamphyllai Daphnai} is not the "Cosa deta in prosa mai, ne in rima;" whereas the *Deva Cestrensis*, or Chevy Chase, according to Dr. Joseph Warton, is the exemplar of

> Trip and go,
> Heave and hoe,
> Up and down,
> To and fro.

Vide Nashe's Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600.

I observe that Ravishment is a favourite word with Milton, Paradise Lost, B. V. 46. Again, B. IX. 541. Again, Com. V. 245.—Spenser has it also in Astrophel. st. 7.—Whereof I earnestly recommend early rising to all minor Poets, as far better than sleeping to concoct surfeits. Vid. Apology for Smectymnuus.—For the listening to Throstles or Thrushes, awaking the *lustless* Sun, is an unreproved or innocent pastime: As also are *cranks*, by which I understood cross purposes. Vid. my Milton, 41.—"*Filling a wife with a daughter fair*," is not an unclassical notion (vid. my Milton, 39), if, according to Sir Richard Brathwaite, "She had a dimpled chin, made for love to lodge within" (vid. my Milton, 41). "While the *cock*," vid. the same, 44.—Indeed, "My mother said I could be no *lad*, till I was twentye," is a passage I notice in my Milton with a view to this; which see; and therein also of a shepherdess, "*taking the tale*."—'Twere well likewise if Bards learned the Rebeck, or Rebible, being a species of Fiddle; for it solaceth the fatigued spirit much; though to say the truth, we have it; 'tis present death for Fiddlers to tune their Rebecks, or Rebibles, before the great Turk's grace. However, *Middteton's Game of Chess* is good for a Poet to peruse, having quaint phrases fitting *to be married to immortal verse*. JOSHUA POOLE, of Clare-hall, I also recommend as an apt guide for an alumnus of the Muse.—Joshua edited a choice Parnassus, 1657, in the which I find many "delicious, mellow hangings" of poesy.—He is undoubtedly a "sonorous dactylist"—and to him I add Mr. Jenner, Proctor of the Commons, and Commissary of St. Paul's, who is a gentleman of indefatigable politeness in opening the Archives of a Chapter-house for the delectation of a sound critic. *Tottell's Songs and Sonnets of uncertain Auctoures* is likewise a *butful*, or plenteous work. I conclude with assuring the Public, that my brother remembers to have heard my father tell his (i.e. my brother's) first wife's second cousin, that he, once, at Magdalen College, Oxford, had it explained to him, that the famous passage "His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff," has no sort of reference to verbal criticism and stale quotations.

RECOMMENDATORY TESTIMONIES.

[According to the old and laudable usage of Editors, we shall now present our Readers with the judgments of the learned concerning our Poets.—These Testimonies, if they proceed from critical pens, cannot fail to have due influence on all impartial observers. They *pass* an author from one end of the kingdom to the other, as rapidly as the pauper Certificates of Magistracy.—Indeed, it were much to be wished, that as we have no State Licenser of Poetry, it might at least be made penal, to put forth rhymes without previously producing a certain number of sureties for their goodness and utility; which precaution, if assisted with a few other regulations, such as requiring all Practitioners in Verse to take out a License, in the manner of many other Dealers in Spirits, &c. could not fail to introduce good order among this class of authors, and also to bring in a handsome sum towards the aid of the public revenue.—Happy indeed will be those Bards, who are supplied with as reputable vouchers as those which are here subjoined.]

Testimonies of Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY's *good Parts for Poetry*.

MISS HANNAH MORE.

"Sir JOSEPH, with the gentlest sympathy, begged me to contrive that he should meet *Lactilla*, in her morning walk, towards the Hot-Wells. I took the proper measures for this *tête-à-tête* between my two *naturals*, as I call this uneducated couple.—It succeeded beyond my utmost hopes.—For the first ten minutes they exchanged a world of simple observations on the different species of the brute creation, to which each had most obligations.

—Lactilla praised her Cows—Sir Joseph his Hogs.—An artless eclogue, my dear madam, but warm from the heart.—At last the Muse took her turn on the *tapis* of simple dialogue.—In an instant both kindled into all the fervors—the delightful fervors, that are better imagined than described.—Suffice it to relate the sequel—*Lactilla* pocketed a generous half-crown, and Sir Joseph was inchanted! Heavens! what would this amiable Baronet have been, with the education of a curate?"

Miss Hannah More's Letter to the Duchess of Chandos.

* * * * *

OF THE SAME.

By JONAS HANWAY, *Esq.*

"In short, these poor children who are employed in sweeping our chimnies, are not treated half so well as so many black Pigs—nor, indeed, a hundredth part so well, where the latter have the good fortune to belong to a benevolent master, such as Sir Joseph MAWBEY—a man who, notwithstanding he is a bright Magistrate, a diligent Voter in Parliament, and a chaste husband, is nevertheless author of not a few fancies in the poetical way."

Thoughts on our savage Treatment of Chimney-sweepers.

* * * * *

Testimonies in Favour of Sir CECIL WRAY, *Bart.*

DR. STRATFORD[1].

ALCANDER, thou'rt a God, more than a God!
Thou'rt pride of all the Gods—thou mount'st by woes—
Hell squeaks, Eurus and Auster shake the skies—
Yet shall thy barge dance through the hissing wave,
And on the foaming billows float to heaven!

Epistle to Sir Cecil Wray, under the Character of Alcander.

[1] Author of 58 Tragedies, only one of which, to the disgrace of our Theatres, has yet appeared.

* * * * *

OF THE SAME.

By MRS. GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.

"I was sitting one evening (as indeed I was wont to do when out of cash) astride the ballustrade of Westminster-bridge, with my favourite little dog under my arm. I had that day parted with my diamond windmill.—Life was never very dear to me—but a thousand thoughts then rushed into my heart, to jump this world, and spring into eternity.—I determined that my faithful Pompey should bear me company.—I pressed him close, and actually stretched out, fully resolved to plunge into the stream; when, luckily (ought I to call it so?) that charming fellow (for such he then was), Sir Cecil WRAY, catching hold of Pompey's tail, pulled him back, and with him pulled back me.—In a moment I found myself in a clean hackney-coach, drawn by grey horses, with a remarkable civil coachman, fainting in my Cecil's arms; and though I then lost a little diamond pin, yet (contrary to what I hear has been asserted) I NEVER prosecuted that gallant Baronet; who, in less than a fortnight after, with his usual wit and genius, dispatched me the following extempore poem:

While you prepar'd, dear Anne, on Styx to sail—
Lo! one dog sav'd you by another's tail.

To which, in little more than a month, I penned, and sent the following reply:

You pinch'd my dog, 'tis true, and check'd my sail—
But then my pin—ah, there you squeezed *my* tail.

Ninth volume of Mrs. George Anne Bellamy's Apology, now preparing for the press.

* * * * *

Testimony of the great Parts of CONSTANTINE, LORD MULGRAVE, *and his Brethren.*

MR. BOSWELL.

"Among those who will vote for continuing the old established number of our Session Justices, may I not count on the tribe of Phipps.—they love good places; and I know Mulgrave is a bit of a poet as well as myself; for I dined in company once, where he dined that very day twelvemonth. My excellent wife, who is a true Montgomery, and whom I like now as well as I did twenty years ago, adores the man who felt for the maternal pangs of a whelpless bear. For my own part, however, there is no action I more constantly ridicule, than his Lordship's preposterous pity for those very sufferings which he himself occasioned, by ordering his sailors to shoot the young bears.——But though *I* laugh at *him*, how handsome will it be if *he* votes against Dundas to oblige *me*. My disliking him and his family is no reason for his disliking me—on the contrary, if he opposes us, is it not probable that that great young man, whom I sincerely adore, may say, in his own lofty language, "Mulgrave, Mulgrave, don't vex the Scotch!—don't provoke 'em! God damn your ugly head!—if we don't crouch to Bute, we shall all be turned out; God eternally damn you for a stupid boar! I know we shall! Pardon me, great Sir, for presuming to forge the omnipotent bolts of your Incomparable thunder."

Appendix to Mr. Baswell's Pamphlet on the Scotch Judges.

* * * * *

Testimony of NATHANIEL WILLIAM WRAXALL, *Esq. his great Merit.*

LORD MONBODDO.

"Since I put forth my last volume, I have read the excellent Ode of Mr. Wraxall, and was pleased to find that bold apostrophe in his delicious lyric,

"Hail, Ouran Outangs! Hail, Anthropophagi!"

"My principles are now pretty universally known; but on this occasion I will repeat them succinctly. I believe, from the bottom of my soul, that all mankind are absolute Ouran Outangs. That the feudal tenures are the great cause of our not retaining the perfect appearance of Ourans—That human beings originally moved on all fours—That we had better move in the same way again—That there has been giants ninety feet high—That such giants ought to have moved on all fours—That we all continue to be Ouran Outangs still—some more so, some less—but that Nathaniel William WRAXALL, Esq. is the truest Ouran Outang in Great Britain, and therefore ought immediately to take to all fours, and especially to make all his motions in Parliament in that way."

Postscript to Lard Monboddo's Ancient Metaphysics.

* * * * *

Testimony of the Great Powers for Poesy, innate in MICHAEL ANGELO TAYLOR, *Esq.*

DR. BURNEY.

I shall myself compose Mr. Taylor's Ode——His merit I admire——his origin I have traced.—He is descended from Mr. John Taylor, the famous Water Poet, who with good natural talents, never proceeded farther in education than his accidence.—John Taylor was born in Gloucestershire.—I find that he was bound apprentice to a Waterman—but in process of time kept a public house in Phoenix-alley, Long-acre[1]. Read John's modest recital of his humble culture—

"I must confess I do want eloquence,
And never scarce did learn my Accidence;
For having got from Possum to Posset,
I there was gravell'd, nor could farther get."

John wrote fourscore books, but died in 1654. Here you have John's Epitaph—

"Here lies the Water Poet, honest John,
Who rowed on the streams of Helicon;
Where, having many rocks and dangers past,
He at the haven of heav'n arrived at last."

There is a print of John, holding an oar in one hand, and an empty purse in the other.—Motto—*Et habeo*, meaning the oar—*Et careo*, meaning the cash.—It is too bold a venture to predict a close analogy 'twixt *John* and *Michael*—Sure am I,

If Michael goeth on, as Michael hath begun,
Michael will equal be to famous Taylor John.

I shall publish both the Taylor's works, with the score of Michael's Ode, some short time hence, in as thin a quarto as my Handel's Commemoration, price one guinea in boards, with a view of John's house in Phoenix-alley, and Sir Robert's carriage, as Sheriff of London and Middlesex.

[1] This anecdote was majestically inserted in my manuscript copy of Handel's Commemoration, by that Great Personage to whose judgment I submitted it. (I take every occasion of shewing the insertion as a good puff.—I wish, however, the same hand had subscribed for the book..) I did not publish any of the said alterations in that work, reserving some of them for my edition of *The Tayloria*.

* * * * *

Testimony for PEPPER ARDEN, *Esq.—In Answer to a Case for the Opinion of* GEORGE HARDINGE, *Esq. Attorney General to her Majesty*.

I have perused this Ode, and find it containeth *eight hundred* and *forty-seven* WORDS—*two thousand one hundred* and *four* SYLLABLES—*four thousand three hundred* and *forty-four* LETTERS[1].—It is, therefore, my opinion, that said Ode is a good and complete title to all those fees, honours, perquisites, emoluments, and gratuities, usually annexed, adjunct to, and dependant on, the office of Poet Laureat, late in the occupation of William Whitehead, Esq. defunct.

G. HARDINGE.

[1] See the learned Gentleman's arithmetical Speech on the Westminster Scrutiny.

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Testimony in Favour of Sir RICHARD HILL, *Bart.*

LORD GEORGE GORDON.

To the EDITOR *of the* PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

MR. PRINTER, I call upon all the Privy Council, Charles Jenkinson, Mr. Bond, and the Lord Mayor of London, to protect my person from the Popish Spies set over me by the Cabinet of William Pitt.—On Thursday ult. having read the Ode of my friend, Sir Richard, in a print amicable to my Protestant Brethren, and approving it, I accordingly visited that pious Baronet, who, if called on, will verify the same.—I then told Sir Richard what I now repeat, that George the Third ought to send away all Papist Ambassadors.——I joined Sir Richard, Lady Hill, and her cousin, in an excellent hymn, turned from the 1st of Matthew, by Sir Richard.—I hereby recommend it to the eighty Societies of Protestants in Glasgow, knowing it to be sound orthodox truth; for that purpose, Mr. Woodfall, I now entrust it to your special care, conjuring you to print it, as you hope to be saved.

Salmon begat Booz—
Booz begat Obed—
Obed begat Jesse, so as
Jesse begat David.

AMEN.

And I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
GEO. GORDON.

* * * * *

Testimony in Favour of MAJOR JOHN SCOTT'*s Poetical Talents.*

WARREN HASTINGS, *Esq.*

In an Extract from a private Letter to a Great Personage.

"I trust, therefore, that the rough diamonds will meet with your favourable construction. They will be delivered by my excellent friend, Major John Scott, who, in obedience to my orders, has taken a seat in Parliament, and published sundry tracts on my integrity. I can venture to recommend him as an impenetrable arguer, no man's propositions flowing in a more deleterious stream; no man's expressions so little hanging on the thread of opinion.—He has it in command to compose the best and most magnificent Ode on your Majesty's birthday.

"What can I say more?"

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE REV. THOMAS WARTON'S ASCENSION FROM CHRIST-CHURCH MEADOW, OXFORD,

(In the Balloon of James Sadler, Pastry-Cook to the said University) on Friday the 20th of May, 1785, for the purpose of composing a sublime ODE in honour of his Majesty's Birth-day; attested before JOHN WEYLAND, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Oxford.[1]

It was in obedience to the advice of my brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, that I came to a determination, on the fifth of May ult. to compose my first Birth-day Ode, at the elevation of one mile above the earth, in the Balloon of my ingenious friend, Mr. James Sadler, of this city. Accordingly, having agreed for the same, at a very moderate rate per hour (I paying all charges of inflating, and standing to repairs), at nine in the morning, on Friday, the 28th of said month, I repaired to Christ-church meadow, with my ballast, provisions, cat, speaking trumpet, and other necessaries.—It was my first design to have invited Dr. Joseph to have ascended with me; but apprehending the malicious construction that might follow on this, as if, forsooth, my intended ode was to be a joint production, I e'en made up my mind to mount alone.—My provisions principally consisted of a small pot of stewed prunes, and half of a plain diet-bread cake, both prepared, and kindly presented to me, by the same ingenious hand which had fabricated the Balloon. I had also a small subsidiary stock, viz. a loaf of Sandwiches, three bottles of old ale, a pint of brandy, a sallad ready mixed, a roll of collared eel, a cold goose, six damson tartlets, a few china oranges, and a roasted pig of the Chinese breed; together with a small light barometer,

and a proper store of writing utensils; but no note, memorandum, nor loose hint of any kind, so help me God!——My ascension was majestic, to an uncommon degree of tardiness. I was soon constrained, therefore, to lighten my Balloon, by throwing out some part of my ballast, which consisted of my own History of Poetry, my late edition of Milton's Minora, my Miscellaneous Verses, Odes, Sonnets, Elegies, Inscriptions, Monodies, and Complaints; my Observations on Spencer, the King's last Speech, and Lord Montmorres's pamphlet on the Irish Resolutions. On throwing out his Lordship's Essay, the Balloon sprang up surprisingly; but the weight of my provisions still retarding the elevation, I was fain to part with both volumes of my Spencer, and all of my last edition of Poems, except those that are marked with an asterisk, as never before printed: which very quickly accelerated my ascension. I now found the barometer had fallen four inches and six lines, in eight minutes.—In less than eleven minutes after I had ascended very considerably indeed, the barometer having then fallen near seventeen inches; and presently after I entered a thick black cloud, which I have since found rendered me wholly obscured to all observation. In this situation. I lost no time to begin my Ode; and, accordingly, in the course of twenty-five minutes, I produced the very lines which now commence it. The judicious critic will notice, that absence of the plain and trite style which mark the passage I refer to; nor am I so uncandid to deny the powerful efficacy of mist, darkness, and obscurity, on the sublime and mysterious topics I there touch on—It cannot fail also to strike the intelligent observer, that the expression so much commented on, of "*No echoing car*," was obviously suggested by that very car in which I myself was then seated—Finding, however, that, together with the increased density of the overshadowing cloud, the coldness also was proportionally increased, so as at one time to freeze my ink completely over for near twenty minutes, I thought it prudent, by means of opening the valve at the vortex of my Balloon, to emit part of the ascending power. This occasioned a proportioned descent very speedily: but I must not overlook a phænomenon which had previously occurred.——It was this: on a sudden the nibs of all my pens (and I took up forty-eight, in compliment to the number of my Sovereign's years) as if attracted by the polar power, pointed upwards, each pen erecting itself perpendicular, and resting on the point of its feather: I found also, to my no small surprize, that during

the whole of this period, every one of my letters was actually cut topsy-turvy-wise; which I the rather mention, to account for any appearance of a correspondent inversion in the course of my ideas at that period.

On getting nearer the earth, the appearances I have described altogether ceased, and I instantly penned the second division of my Ode; I mean that which states his most excellent Majesty to be the patron of the fine arts. But here (for which I am totally at a loss to account) I found myself descending so very rapidly, that even after I had thrown out not only two volumes of my History of Poetry, but also a considerable portion of my pig, I struck, nevertheless, with such violence on the weather-cock of a church, that unless I had immediately parted with the remainder of my ballast, excepting only his Majesty's Speech, one pen, the paper of my Ode, and a small ink-bottle, I must infallibly have been a-ground. Fortunately, by so rapid a discharge, I procured a quick re-ascension; when immediately, though much pinched with the cold, the mercury having suddenly fallen twenty-two inches, I set about my concluding stanza, viz. that which treats of his Majesty's most excellent chastity. And here I lay my claim to the indulgence of the critics to that part of my ode; for what with the shock I had received in striking on the weather-cock, and the effect of the prunes which I had now nearly exhausted, on a sudden I found myself very much disordered indeed. Candour required my just touching on this circumstance; but delicacy must veil the particulars in eternal oblivion. At length, having completed the great object of my ascent, I now re-opened the valve, and descended with great rapidity. They only who have travelled in Balloons, can imagine the sincere joy of my heart, at perceiving Dr. Joseph cantering up a turnip-field, near Kidlington Common, where I landed exactly at a quarter after two o'clock; having, from my first elevation, completed the period of five hours and fifteen minutes; four of which, with the fraction of ten seconds, were entirely devoted to my Ode.—Dr. Joseph quite hugged me in his arms, and kindly lent me a second wig (my own being thrown over at the time of my striking), which, with his usual precaution, he had brought in his pocket, in case of accidents. I take this occasion also to pay my thanks to Thomas Gore, Esq. for some excellent milk-punch, which he directed his butler to furnish me with most opportunely; and which I then thought the most solacing beverage I ever had regaled withal. Dr Joseph and myself reached Oxford in the Dilly by

five in the evening, the populace most handsomely taking off the horses for something more than the last half mile, in honour of the first Literary Areonaut of these kingdoms—

As witness my hand this 22d of May, 1785, THOMAS WARTON.

CERTIFICATE.

County of Oxford to wit, 22nd of May, 1785.
This is to certify, to all whom it may concern, That the aforesaid Thomas and Joseph Warton came before me, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said county, and did solemnly make oath to the truth of the above case.

Sworn before me, JOHN His + WEYLAND. Mark.

[1] It cannot fail to attract the Reader's particular attention to this very curious piece, to inform him, that Signor Delpini's decision, in favour of Mr. Warton, was chiefly grounded on the new and extraordinary style of writing herein attested.

LAUREAT ELECTION.

On the demise of the late excellent Bard, William Whitehead, Esq. Poet Laureat to his Majesty, it was decidedly the opinion of his Majesty's great superintendant Minister, that the said office should be forthwith declared elective, and in future continue so; in order as well to provide the ablest successor on the present melancholy occasion, as also to secure a due preference to superior talents, upon all future vacancies: it was in consequence of this determination, that the following Public Notice issued from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and became the immediate cause of the celebrated contest that is recorded in these pages.

* * * * *

ADVERTISEMENT. *Lord Chamberlain's Office, April 26.*

In order to administer strict and impartial justice to the numerous candidates for the vacant POET LAUREATSHIP, many of whom are of illustrious birth, and high character,

Notice is hereby given, That the same form will be attended to in receiving the names of the said Candidates, which is invariably observed in registering the Court Dancers. The list to be finally closed on Friday evening next.

Each Candidate is expected to deliver in a PROBATIONARY BIRTH-DAY ODE, with his name, and also personally to appear on a future day, to recite the same before such literary judges as the Lord Chamberlain, in his wisdom, may appoint.

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LAUREAT ELECTION.

[The following Account, though modestly stiled a *Hasty Sketch*, according to the known delicacy of the Editorial Style, is in fact *A Report*, evidently penned by the hand of a Master.]

HASTY SKETCH *of Wednesday's Business at the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.

In consequence of the late general notice, given by public advertisement, of an *open election* for the vacant office of *Poet Laureat* to their Majesties, on the terms of Probationary Compositions, a considerable number of the most eminent characters in the fashionable world assembled at the *Lord Chamberlain's Office*, Stable-yard, St. James's, on Wednesday last, between the hours of twelve and two, when Mr. *Ramus* was immediately dispatched to Lord Salisbury's, acquainting his Lordship therewith, and soliciting his attendance to receive the several candidates, and admit their respective tenders. His Lordship arriving in a short time after, the following Noblemen and Gentlemen were immediately presented to his Lordship by *John Calvert, Jun. Esq.* in quality of Secretary to the office. *James Eley, Esq.* and Mr. *Samuel Betty*, attended also as first and second Clerk, the following list of candidates was made out forthwith, and duly entered on the roll, as a preliminary record to the subsequent proceedings.

The Right Rev. Dr. William Markham, Lord Archbishop of York.
The Right Hon. Edward, Lord Thurlow, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.
The Most Noble James, Marquis of Graham.
The Right Hon. Harvey Redmond, Visc. Montmorres, of the kingdom of Ireland.
The Right Hon. Constantine, Lord Mulgrave, ditto.
The Right Hon. Henry Dundas.
Sir George Howard, K.B.
Sir Cecil Wray, Baronet.
Sir Joseph Mawbey, ditto.
Sir Richard Hill, ditto.

Sir Gregory Page Turner, ditto.
The Rev. William Mason, B.D.
The Rev. Thomas Warton, B.D.
The Rev. George Prettyman, D.D.
The Rev, Joseph Warton, D.D.
Pepper Arden, Esq. Attorney-General to his Majesty.
Michael Angelo Taylor, Esq. M.P.
James M'Pherson, Esq. ditto.
Major John Scott, ditto.
Nath. William Wraxhall, Esq. ditto.
Mons. Le Mesurier, Membre du Parlement d'Angleterre.

The several candidates having taken their places at a table provided for the occasion, the Lord Chamberlain, in the politest manner, signified his wish that each candidate would forthwith recite some sample of his poetry as he came provided with for the occasion; at the same time most modestly confessing his own inexperience in all such matters, and intreating their acquiescence therefore in his appointment of his friend *Mr. Delpini*, of the Hay-Market Theatre, as an active and able assessor on so important an occasion. Accordingly, *Mr. Delpini* being immediately introduced, the several candidates proceeded to recite their compositions, according to their rank and precedence in the above list—both his Lordship and his assessor attended throughout the whole of the readings with the profoundest respect, and taking no refreshment whatsoever, except some China oranges and biscuit, which were also handed about to the company by *Mr. John Secker*, Clerk of the Houshold, and *Mr. William Wise*, Groom of the Buttery.

At half after five, the readings being completed, his Lordship and *Mr. Delpini* retired to an adjoining chamber; *Mrs. Elizabeth Dyer*, Keeper of the Butter and Egg Office, and *Mr. John Hook*, Deliverer of Greens, being admitted to the candidates with several other refreshments suitable to the fatigue of the day. Two Yeomen of the Mouth and a Turn-broacher attended likewise; and indeed every exertion was made to conduct the little occasional repast that followed with the utmost decency and convenience; the whole being at the expence of the Crown, notwithstanding every effort to the contrary on the part of *Mr. Gilbert*.

At length the awful moment arrived, when the *detur digniori* was finally to be pronounced on the busy labours of the day—never did Lord Salisbury appear to greater advantage—never did his assessor more amusingly console the discomfitures of the failing candidates—every thing that was affable, every thing that was mollifying, was ably expressed by both the judges; but poetical ambition is not easily allayed. When the fatal *fiat* was announced in favour of the Rev. Thomas Warton, a general gloom overspread the whole society—a still and awful silence long prevailed. At length Sir Cecil Wray started up, and emphatically pronounced *a scrutiny! a scrutiny!*—A shout of applause succeeded—in vain did the incomparable Buffo introduce his most comic gestures—in vain was his admirable leg pointed horizontally at every head in the room—a scrutiny was demanded —and a scrutiny was granted. In a word, the Lord Chamberlain declared his readiness to submit the productions of the day to the inspection of the public, reserving nevertheless to himself and his assessor, the full power of annulling or establishing the sentence already pronounced. It is in consequence of the above direction, that we shall now give the public the said PROBATIONARY VERSES, commencing with those, however, which are the production of such of the candidates as most vehemently insisted on the right of appeal, conceiving such priority to be injustice granted to the persons whose public spirit has given so lucky a turn to this poetical election. According to the above order, the first composition that we lay before the public is the following:—

NUMBER I.

IRREGULAR ODE.

The WORDS by SIR CECIL WRAY, BART.

The SPELLING by Mr. GROJAN, *Attorney at Law*.

HARK! hark!—hip! hip!—hoh! hoh!
What a mort of bards are a-singing!
Athwart—across—below——
I'm sure there's a dozen a dinging!
I hear sweet Shells, loud Harps, large Lyres—
Some, I trow, are tun'd by Squires—
Some by Priests, and some by Lords!—while Joe and I
Our *bloody hands*, hoist up, like meteors, on high!
Yes, *Joe* and I
Are em'lous—Why?
It is because, great CÆSAR, you are clever—
Therefore we'd sing of you for ever!
Sing—sing—sing—sing
God save the King!
Smile then, CÆSAR, smile on *Wray*!
Crown at last his *poll* with bay!——
Come, oh! bay, and with thee bring
Salary, illustrious thing!——
Laurels vain of Covent-garden,
I don't value you a farding!——
Let sack my soul cheer
For 'tis sick of small beer!

CÆSAR! CÆSAR! give it—do!
Great CÆSAR giv't all, for my Muse 'doreth you!—
Oh fairest of the Heavenly Nine,
Enchanting *Syntax*, Muse divine!
Whether on *Phoebus*' hoary head,
By blue-ey'd *Rhadamanthus* led,
Or with young *Helicon* you stray,
Where mad *Parnassus* points the way;—
Goddess of *Elizium*'s hill,
Descend upon my *Pæan*'s quill.——
The light Nymph hears—no more
By *Pegasus*' meand'ring shore,
Ambrosia playful boy,
Plumbs her *jene scai quoi!*——
I mount!—I mount!—
I'm half a *Lark*—I'm half an *Eagle*!
Twelve stars I count——
I see their dam— she is a *Beagle*!
Ye Royal little ones,
I love your flesh and bones—
You are an arch, rear'd with immortal stones!
Hibernia strikes his harp!
Shuttle, fly!—woof! wed! warp!
Far, far, from me and you,
In latitude North 52.—
Rebellion's hush'd,
The merchant's flush'd;—
Hail, awful *Brunswick, Saxe-Gotha*, hail!
Not *George*, but *Louis*, now shall turn his tail!
Thus, I a-far from mad debate,
Like an old wren,
With my good hen,
Or a young gander,
Am a by-stander,
To all the peacock pride, and vain regards of state!—
Yet if the laurel *prize*,
Dearer than my eyes,

Curs'd *Warton* tries
For to surprize,
By the eternal God I'll SCRUTINIZE!

NUMBER II.

ODE ON THE NEW YEAR,

By LORD MULGRAVE.

STROPHE.

O for a Muse of Fire,
With blazing thumbs to touch my torpid lyre!
Now in the darksome regions round the Pole,
Tigers fierce, and Lions bold,
With wild affright would see the snow-hills roll,
Their sharp teeth chattering with the cold—
But that Lions dwell not there——
Nor beast, nor Christian—none but the *White Bear!*
The White Bear howls amid the tempest's roar,
And list'ning Whales swim headlong from the shore!

ANTISTROPHE. (By *Brother* HARRY.)

Farewel awhile, ye summer breezes!
What is the life of man?
A span!
Sometimes it thaws, sometimes it freezes,
Just as it pleases!
If Heaven decrees, fierce whirlwinds rend the air,
And then again (behold!) 'tis fair!
Thus peace and war on earth alternate reign:

Auspicious GEORGE, thy powerful word
Gives peace to France and Spain,
And sheaths the martial sword!

STROPHE II. (By *Brother* CHARLES.)

And now gay Hope, her anchor dropping,
And blue-ey'd Peace, and black-ey'd Pleasures,
And Plenty in light cadence hopping,
Fain would dance to WHITEHEAD's measures.
But WHITEHEAD now in death reposes,
Crown'd with laurel! crown'd with roses!
Yet we, with laurel crown'd, his dirge will sing,
And thus deserve fresh laurels from the KING.

NUMBER III.

ODE,

By SIR JOSEPH MAWBEY, BART.

STROPHE.

HARK!—to yon heavenly skies,
Nature's congenial perfumes upwards rise!
From each throng'd stye
That saw my gladsome eye,
Incense, quite smoking hot, arose,
And caught my *seven sweet senses*—by the *nose*!

AIR—*accompanied by the* LEARNED PIG.

Tell me, dear Muse, oh! tell me, pray,
Why JOEY's fancy frisks so gay;
Is it!—you slut it is—some *holy—holiday!*
[*Here Muse Whispers I,—Sir Joseph.*]
Indeed!—Repeat the fragrant sound!
Push love, and loyalty around,
Through *Irish*, *Scotch*, as well as *British* ground!

CHORUS.

For this BIG MORN
GREAT GEORGE was born!
The tidings all the Poles shall ring!
Due homage will I pay,
On this, thy native day,
GEORGE, *by the grace of God, my rightful* KING!

AIR—*with Lutes.*

Well might my dear lady say,
As lamb-like by her side I lay,
This very, very morn;
Hark! JOEY, hark!
I hear the lark,
Or else it is—the sweet *Sowgelder*'s horn!

ANTISTROPHE.

Forth, from their styes, the bristly victims lead;
A score of HOGS, flat on their backs, shall bleed.
Mind they be such on which good Gods might feast!
And that
In lily fat
They cut six inches on the ribs, at least!

DUET—*with Marrow-bones and Cleavers.*

Butcher and *Cook* begin!
We'll have a royal greasy chin!
Tit bits so nice and rare—
Prepare! prepare!
Let none abstain,
Refrain!
I'll give 'em pork in plenty—cut, and come again!

RECITATIVE.

Hog! Porker! Roaster! Boar-stag! Barbicue!
Cheeks! Chines! Crow! Chitterlings! and Harselet new!
Springs! Spare-ribs! Sausages! Sous'd-lugs! and Face!
With piping-hot Pease-pudding—plenteous place!
Hands! Hocks! Hams! Haggis, with high seas'ning fill'd!
Gammons! Green Griskins! on gridirons grill'd!
Liver and Lights! from Plucks that moment drawn
Pigs' Puddings! Black and White! with Canterbury Brawn!—

TRIO.

Fall too,
Ye Royal crew!
Eat! Eat your bellies full! pray do!
At treats I never winces:—
The Queen shall say,
Once in a way,
Her maids have been well cramm'd—her young ones din'd like Princes!

FULL CHORUS—*accompanied by the whole* HOGGERY.

For this BIG MORN
GREAT GEORGE was born!
The tidings all the Poles shall ring!
Due homage will I pay,
On this, thy native day,
GEORGE! *by the grace of God, my rightful* KING!!!!

NUMBER IV.

ODE,

By SIR RICHARD HILL, BART.

Hail, pious Muse of saintly love,
Unmix'd, unstain'd with earthly dross!
Hail Muse of *Methodism*, above
The Royal Mews at Charing-cross!
Behold both hands I raise;
Behold both knees I bend;
Behold both eye-balls gaze!
Quick, Muse, descend, descend!
Meek Muse of *Madan*, thee my soul invokes—
Oh point my pious puns! oh sanctify my jokes!

II.

Descend, and, oh! in mem'ry keep—
There's a time to wake—a time to sleep—
A time to laugh-a time to cry!
The *Bible* says so—so do I!—
Then broad awake, oh, come to me!
And thou my *Eastern star* shalt be!

III.

MILLER, bard of deathless name,
MOSES, wag of merry fame;
Holy, holy, holy pair,
Harken to your vot'ry's pray'r!
Grant, that like Solomon's of old,
My faith be still in *Proverbs* told;
Like his, let my religion be
Conundrums of divinity.
And oh! to mine, let each strong charm belong,
That breathes salacious in the *wise man*'s song;
And thou, sweet bard, for ever dear
To each impassioned love-fraught ear,
Soft, luxuriant ROCHESTER;
Descend, and ev'ry tint bestow,
That gives to phrase its ardent glow;
From thee, thy willing *Hill* shall learn
Thoughts that melt, and words that burn:
Then smile, oh, gracious, smile on this petition!
So *Solomon*, gay *Wilmot* join'd with thee,
Shall shew the world that such a thing can be
As, strange to tell!—*a virtuous Coalition!*

IV.

Thou too, thou dread and awful shade
Of dear departed WILL WHITEHEAD,
Look through the blue ætherial skies,
And view me with propitious eyes!
Whether thou most delight'st to loll
On *Sion*'s top, or near the *Pole*!
Bend from thy *mountains*, and remember still
The wants and wishes of a lesser *Hill*!
Then, like *Elijah*, fled to realms above,
To me, thy friend, bequeath my hallow'd cloak,
And by its virtue Richard may improve,

And in *thy habit* preach, and pun, and joke!
The Lord doth give—The Lord doth take away.—
Then good *Lord Sal'sbury* attend to me—
Banish these sons of *Belial* in dismay;
And give the praise to a true *Pharisee*:
For sure of all the *scribes* that Israel curst,
These *scribes* poetic are by far the worst.
To thee, my *Samson*, unto thee I call——
Exert thy *jaw*—and straight disperse them all—
So, as in former times, the *Philistines* shall fall!
Then as 'twas th' beginning,
So to th' end 't shall be;
My Muse will ne'er leave singing
The LORD of SAL'SBURY!!!

NUMBER V.

DUAN, IN THE TRUE OSSIAN SUBLIMITY,

By MR. MACPHERSON.

Does the wind touch thee, O HARP?
Or is it some passing Ghost?
Is is thy hand,
Spirit of the departed *Scrutiny*?
Bring me the harp, pride of CHATHAM!
Snow is on thy bosom,
Maid of the modest eye!
A song shall rise!
Every soul shall depart at the sound!!!
The wither'd thistle shall crown my head!!!
I behold thee, O King!
I behold thee sitting on mist!!!
Thy form is like a watery cloud,
Singing in the deep like an oyster!!!!
Thy face is like the beams of the setting moon!
Thy eyes are of two decaying flames!
Thy nose is like the spear of ROLLO!!!
Thy ears are like three bossy shields!!!
Strangers shall rejoice at thy chin!
The ghosts of dead Tories shall hear me
In their airy hall!
The wither'd thistle shall crown my head!

Bring me the Harp,
Son of CHATHAM!
But thou, O King! give me the Laurel!

NUMBER VI.

[Though the following *Ossianade* does not immediately come under the description of a *Probationary Ode*, yet as it appertains to the nomination of the *Laureat*, we class it under the same head. We must at the same time compliment Mr. *Macpherson* for his spirited address to Lord Salisbury on the subject. The following is a copy of his letter:]

MY LORD,

I take the liberty to address myself immediately to your Lordship, in vindication of my poetical character, which, I am informed, is most illiberally attacked by the Foreign Gentleman, whom your Lordship has thought proper to select as an assessor on the present scrutiny for the office of Poet Laureat to his Majesty. Signor Delpini is certainly below my notice—but I understand his objections to my *Probationary Ode* are two; —first, its conciseness; and next, its being in *prose*. For the present, I shall wave all discussion of these frivolous remarks; begging leave, however, to solicit your Lordship's protection to the following *Supplemental Ode*, which, I hope, both from its *quantity* and its *style*, will most effectually do away the paltry, insidious attack of an uninformed reviler, who is equally ignorant of British Poetry and of British Language.

I have the honour to be,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient,
and faithful servant,
J. MACPHERSON.

THE SONG OF SCRUTINA,

By MR. MACPHERSON.

Hark! 'Tis the dismal sound that echoes on thy roofs, O *Cornwall*; Hail! double-face sage! Thou worthy son of the chair-borne *Fletcher*! The Great Council is met to fix the seats of the chosen Chief; their voices resound in the gloomy hall of Rufus, like the roaring winds of the cavern—Loud were the cries for *Rays*, but thy voice, O *Foxan*, rendered the walls like the torrent that gusheth from the Mountain-side. *Cornwall* leaped from his throne and screamed—the friends of *Gwelfo* hung their heads—How were the mighty fallen! Lift up thy face, *Dundasso*, like the brazen shield of thy chieftain! Thou art bold to confront disgrace, and shame is unknown to thy brow—but tender is the youth of thy leader; who droopeth his head like a faded lily—leave not *Pitto* in the day of defeat, when the Chiefs of the Counties fly from him like the herd from the galled Deer.—The friends of *Pitto* are fled. He is alone—he layeth himself down in despair, and sleep knitteth up his brow.—Soft were his dreams on the green bench—Lo! the spirit of *Jenky* arose, pale as the mist of the morn—twisted was his long lank form—his eyes winked as he whispered to the child in the cradle. Rise, he sayeth—arise bright babe of the dark closet! the shadow of the Throne shall cover thee, like wings of a hen, sweet chicken of the Back-stair brood! Heed not the Thanes of the Counties; they have fled from thee, like Cackling Geese from the hard-bitten Fox: but will they not rally and return to the charge? Let the host of the King be numbered; they are as the sands of the barren shore.—There Is *Powno*, who followeth his mighty leader, and chaceth the stall-fed stag all day on the dusty road.—There is *Howard*,

great in arms, with the beaming star on his spreading breast.—Red is the scarf that waves over his ample shoulders—Gigantic are his strides on the terrace, in pursuit of the Royal footsteps of lofty *Georgio*.

No more will I number the flitting shades of Jenky; for behold the potent spirit of the black-browed *Jacko*.—'Tis the *Ratten Robinso*, who worketh the works of darkness! Hither I come, said *Ratten*—Like the mole of the earth, deep caverns have been my resting place; the ground *Rats* are my food.—Secret minion of the Crown, raise thy soul! Droop not at the spirit of *Foxan*. Great are thy foes in the sight of the many-tongued war.—Shake not they knees, like the leaves of the Aspen on the misty hill—the doors of the stairs in the postern are locked; the voice of thy foes is as the wind, which whistleth through the vale; it passeth away like the swift cloud of the night.

The breath of *Gwelfo* stilleth the stormy seas.——Whilst thou breathest the breath of his nostrils, thou shalt live for ever. Firm standeth thy heel in the Hall of thy Lord. Mighty art thou in the sight of *Gwelfo*, illustrious leader of the friends of *Gwelfo*! great art thou, O lovely imp of the interior closet! O lovely Guardian of the Royal Junto!

NUMBER VII.

MR. MASON having laid aside the more noble subject for a Probationary Ode, viz. the Parliamentary Reform, upon finding that the Rev. Mr. *Wyvil* had already made a considerable progress in it, has adopted the following. —The argument is simple and interesting, adapted either to the harp of *Pindar*, or the reed of Theocritus_,_ and as proper for the 4th of June, as any day of the year.

It is almost needless to inform the public, that the University of Oxford has earnestly longed for a visit from their Sovereign, and, in order to obtain this honour without the fatigue of forms and ceremonies, they have privately desired the Master of the Staghounds, upon turning the stag out of the cart, to set his head in as straight a line as possible, by the map, towards Oxford:—which probably, on some auspicious day, will bring the Royal Hunt to the walls of that city. This expedient, conceived in so much wisdom, as well as loyalty, makes the subject of the following,

IRREGULAR ODE,

By MR. MASON.

I.

O! green-rob'd Goddess of the hallow'd shade,
Daughter of Jove, to whom of yore
Thee, lovely maid, *Latona* bore,
Chaste virgin, Empress of the silent glade!
Where shall I woo thee?—Ere the dawn,
While still the dewy tissue of the lawn

Quivering spangles to the eye,
And fills the soul with Nature's harmony!
Or 'mid that murky grove's monastic night,
The tangling net-work of the woodbine's gloom,
Each zephyr pregnant with perfume——
Or near that delving dale, or mossy mountain's height,
When *Neptune* struck the scientific ground.

II.

From *Attica*'s deep-heaving side,
Why did the prancing horse rebound,
Snorting, neighing all around,
With thund'ring feet and flashing eyes—
Unless to shew how near allied
Bright science is to exercise!

III.

If then the *horse* to wisdom is a friend,
Why not the *hound*? why not the *horn*?
While low beneath the furrow sleeps the corn,
Nor yet in tawny vests delight to bend!
For Jove himself decreed,
That DIAN, with her sandal'd feet,
White ankled Goddess pure and fleet,
Should with every Dryad lead,
By jovial cry o'er distant plain,
To *England*'s Athens, *Brunswick*'s sylvan train!

IV.

Diana, Goddess all discerning!
Hunting is a friend to learning!
If the stag, with hairy nose,
In Autumn ne'er had thought of love!
No buck with swollen throat the does
With dappled sides had tryed to move——
Ne'er had *England*'s King, I ween,
The Muse's seat, fair *Oxford*, seen.

V.

Hunting, thus, is learning's friend!
No longer, Virgin Goddess, bend
O'er *Endymion*'s roseate breast;——
No longer, vine-like, chastly twine
Round his milk-white limbs divine!——
Your brother's car rolls down the east—
The laughing hours bespeak the day!
With flowery wreaths they strew the way!
Kings of sleep! ye mortal race!
For *George* with *Dian* 'gins the Royal chace!

VI.

Visions of bliss, you tear my aching sight,
Spare, O spare your poet's eyes!
See every gate-way trembles with delight,
Streams of glory streak the skies:
How each College sounds,
With the cry of the hounds!
How *Peckwater* merrily rings;
Founders, Prelates, Queens, and Kings—
All have had your hunting-day!—
From the dark tomb then break away!
Ah! see they rush to *Friar Bacon*'s tower,
Great *George* to greet, and hail his natal hour!

VII.

Radcliffe and *Wolsey*, hand in hand,
Sweet gentle shades, there take their stand
With *Pomfret*'s learned dame;
And *Bodely* join'd by Clarendon,
With loyal zeal together run,
Just arbiters of fame!

VIII.

That fringed cloud sure this way bends—
From it a form divine descends—
Minerva's self;—and in her rear

A thousand saddled steads appear!
On each she mounts a learned son,
Professor, Chancellor, or Dean;
All by hunting madness won,
All in *Dian*'s livery seen.
How they despise the tim'rous *Hare*!
Give us, they cry, the furious *Bear*!
To chase the Lion, how they long,
Th' *Rhinoceros* tall, and *Tyger* strong.
Hunting thus is learning's prop,
Then may hunting never drop;
And thus an hundred *Birth-Days* more,
Shall Heav'n to *George* afford from its capacious shore.

NUMBER VIII.

ODE,

By THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

I.

Indite, my Muse!—*indite! subpoena'd* is thy lyre!
The praises to *record*, which *rules of Court* require!
'Tis thou, O *Clio*! Muse divine,
And best of all the *Council* Nine,
Must *plead* my *cause*!—Great HATFIELD'S CECIL bids me sing———
The tallest, fittest man, to walk before the King!

II.

Of *Sal'sbury's Earls* the First (so tells th' historic page)
'Twas Nature's will to make most wonderfully sage;
But then, as if too liberal to his mind,
She made him crook'd before, and crook'd behind[1].
'Tis not, thank Heav'n! my *Cecil*, so with thee;
Thou last of Cecils, but unlike the first;—
Thy body bears no mark'd deformity;——
The Gods *decreed*, and *judgment was revers'd!*
For veins of Science are like veins of gold!
Pure, for a time, they run;
They end as they begun—
Alas! in nothing but a heap of mould!

III.

Shall I by eloquence controul,
Or *challenge* send to mighty ROLLE,
Whene'er on Peers he vents his gall?
Uplift my hands to pull his nose,
And twist and pinch it till it grows,
Like mine, aside, and small?
Say, by what *process* may I once obtain
A *verdict*, Lord, not let me *sue* in vain!
In Commons, and in *Courts* below,
My *actions* have been try'd;—
There *Clients* who pay most, *you know*,
Retain the strongest side!
True to these *terms*, I preach'd in politics for *Pitt*,
And *Kenyon's law* maintain'd against his Sovereign's *writ*.
What though my father be a porpus,
He may be mov'd by *Habeas Corpus*—
Or by a *call*, whene'er the State
Or *Pitt* requires his vote and weight—
I tender *bail* for Bottle's *warm* support,
Of all the plans of Ministers and Court!

IV.

And Oh! should *Mrs. Arden* bless me with a child,
A lovely boy, as beauteous as myself and mild;
The little *Pepper* would some caudle lack:
Then think of *Arden*'s wife,
My pretty *Plaintiff*'s life,
The best of caudle's made of best of sack!
Let thy *decree*
But favour me,
My *bills* and *briefs*, *rebutters* and *detainers*,
To *Archy* I'll resign
Without a *fee* or *fine*,
Attachments, *replications*, and *retainers*!
To *Juries, Bench, Exchequer, Seals*,

To *Chanc'ry Court*, and *Lords*, I'll bid adieu;
No more *demurrers* nor *appeals*;——
My *writs of error* shall be *judg'd* by you.

V.

And if perchance great *Doctor Arnold* should retire,
Fatigu'd with all the troubles of St. James's Choir;
My Odes two merits shall unite;
[2]BEARCROFT, my friend,
His aid will lend,
And set to music all I write;
Let me then, Chamberlain without a *flaw*,
For June the fourth prepare,
The praises of the King
In *legal lays* to sing,
Until they rend the air,
And *prove* my equal fame in *poesy* and law!

[1] Rapin observes, that Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury, was of a great genius; and though crooked before and behind, Nature supplied that defect with noble endowments of mind.

[2] This Gentleman is a great performer upon the Piano Forte, as well as the Speaking Trumpet and Jews' Harp.

NUMBER IX.

ODE,

By NATHANIEL WILLIAM WRAXHALL, ESQ. M.P.

I.

MURRAIN seize the House of Commons!
Hoarse catarrh their windpipes shake!
Who, deaf to travell'd Learning's summons,
Rudely cough'd whene'er I spake!
North, nor *Fox*'s thund'ring course,
Nor e'en the Speaker, tyrant, shall have force
To save thy walls from nightly breaches,
From *Wraxhall*'s votes, from *Wraxhall*'s speeches,
Geography, terraqueous maid,
Descend from globes to statesmen's aid!
Again to heedless crouds unfold
Truths unheard, tho' not untold:
Come, and once more unlock this vasty world—
Nations attend! the *map* of *Earth*'s unfurl'd!

II.

Begin the song, from where the Rhine,
The Elbe, the Danube, Weser rolls——
Joseph, nine circles, forty seas are thine——
Thine, twenty millions souls——
Upon a marish flat and dank
States, Six and One,
Dam the dykes, the seas embank,

Maugre the Don!
A gridiron's form the proud Escurial rears,
While South of Vincent's Cape anchovies glide:
But, ah! o'er Tagus, once auriferous tide,
A priest-rid Queen, Braganza's sceptre bears——
Hard fate! that Lisbon's Diet-drink is known
To cure each crazy *constitution* but her own!

III.

I burn! I burn! I glow! I glow!
With antique and with modern lore!
I rush from Bosphorus to Po—
To Nilus from the Nore.
Why were thy Pyramids, O Egypt! rais'd,
But to be measur'd, and be prais'd?
Avaunt, ye Crocodiles! your threats are vain!
On Norway's seas, my soul, unshaken,
Brav'd the Sea-Snake and the Craken!
And shall I heed the River's scaly train?
Afric, I scorn thy Alligator band!
Quadrant in hand
I take my stand,
And eye thy moss-clad needle, Cleopatra grand!
O, that great Pompey's pillar were my own!
Eighty-eight feet the shaft, and all one stone!
But hail, ye lost Athenians!
Hail also, ye Armenians!
Hail once, ye Greeks, ye Romans, Carthagenians!
Twice hail, ye Turks, and thrice, ye Abyssinians!
Hail too, O Lapland, with thy squirrels airy!
Hail, Commerce-catching Tipperary!
Hail, wonder-working Magi!
Hail, Ouran-Outangs! Hail, Anthropophagi!
Hail, all ye cabinets of every state,
From poor Marino's Hill, to Catherine's Empire great!
All have their chiefs, who-speak, who write, who seem to think,
Caermarthens, Sydneys, Rutlands, paper, pens, and ink;

IV.

Thus, through all climes, to earth's remotest goal,
From burning Indus to the freezing Pole,
In chaises and on floats,
In dillies, and in boats;
Now on a camel's native stool;
Now on an ass, now on a mule.
Nabobs and Rajahs have I seen;
Old Bramins mild, young Arabs keen:
Tall Polygars,
Dwarf Zemindars,
Mahommed's tomb, Killarney's lake, the fane of Ammon,
With all thy Kings and Queens, ingenious Mrs. Salmon[1]:
Yet vain the majesties of wax!
Vain the cut velvet on their backs——
GEORGE, mighty GEORGE, is flesh and blood——
No head he wants of wax or wood!
His heart is good!
(As a King's should)
And every thing he says is understood!

[1] Exhibits the Wax-work, in Fleet-Street.

NUMBER X.

ODE FOR NEW-YEAR'S-DAY,

By SIR GREGORY PAGE TURNER, BART. M.P.

Lord Warden of Blackheath, and Ranger of Greenwich Hill, during the Christmas and Easter Holidays.

STROPHE.

O day of high career!
First of a month—nay more—first of a year!
A *monarch-day*, that hath indeed no peer!
Let huge *Buzaglos* glow
In ev'ry corner of the isle,
To melt away the snow:
And like to *May*,
Be this month gay;
And with her at hop—step—jump—play,
Dance, grin, and smile:
Ye too, ye *Maids of Honour*, young and old,
Shall each be seen,
With a neat *warming* patentiz'd *machine*!
Because, 'tis said, that *chastity* is *cold*!

ANTISTROPHE.

But ah! no roses meet the sight;
No *yellow* buds of *saffron* hue,
Nor *azure* blossoms of *pale blue*,
Nor tulips, pinks, &c. delight.
Yet on fine *tiffany* will I
My genius try,
The spoils of *Flora* to supply,
Or say my name's not GREGO—RY!
An *artificial* Garland will I bring,
That *Clement Cottrell* shall declare,
With courtly air,
Fit for a Prince—fit for a KING!

Epode.

Ye *millinery* fair,
To me, ye Muses are;
Ye are to me *Parnassus* MOUNT!
In you, I find an *Aganippe* FOUNT!
I venerate your *muffs*,
I bow and kiss your *ruffs*.
Inspire me, O ye *Sisters* of the *frill*,
And teach your votarist how to *quill*!
For oh!—'tis true indeed,
That he can scarcely read!
Teach him to *flounce*, and disregard all quippery,
As crapes and blonds, and such like frippery;
Teach him to *trim* and *whip* from side to side,
And *puff* as long as puffing can be try'd.
In *crimping* metaphor he'll dash on,
For *point*, you know, is out of fashion.
O crown with bay his tête,
Delpini, arbiter of fate!
Nor at the trite conceit let witlings sport.
A PAGE should be a *Dangler* at the court.

NUMBER XI.

ODE,

By MICHAEL ANGELO TAYLOR, ESQ. M. P.

Only Son of SIR ROBERT TAYLOR, Knt. and late Sheriff—also Sub-Deputy,
Vice-Chairman to the Irish Committee, King's Counsel, and Welsh Judge Elect, &c, &c.

I.

Hail, all hail, thou natal day!
Hail the very half hour, I say,
On which great GEORGE was born!
Tho' scarcely fledg'd, I'll try my wing—
And tho', alas! I cannot sing,
I'll *crow* on this illustrious morn!
Sweet bird, that chirp'st the note of folly,
So pleasantry, so drolly!—
Thee, oft the stable yards among,
I woo, and emulate thy song!
Thee, for my emblem still I choose!
Oh! with thy voice inspire a *Chicken of the Muse!*

II.

And thou, great Earl, ordain'd to sit
High arbiter of verse and wit,
Oh crown my wit with fame!
Such as it is, I prithee take it;

Or if thou can'st not find it, make it:
To me 'tis just the same.
Once a white wand, like thine, my father bore:
But now, alas! that white wand is no more!
Yet though his pow'r be fled,
Nor Bailiff wait his nod nor Gaoler;
Bright honour still adorns the head
Of my Papa, Sir *Robert Tayler!*
Ah, might that honour on his son alight!
On this auspicious day
How my little heart would glow,
If, as I bend me low,
My gracious King wou'd say,
Arise, SIR MICHAEL ANGELO!
O happiest day, that brings the happiest Knight!

III.

Thee, too, my *fluttering* Muse invokes,
Thy guardian aid I beg.
Thou great ASSESSOR, fam'd for jokes,
For jokes of face and leg!
So may I oft thy stage-box grace,
(The first in beauty as in place)
And smile responsive to thy changeful face!
For say, renowned mimic, say,
Did e'er a merrier crowd obey
Thy laugh-provoking summons,
Than with fond glee, enraptur'd sit,
Whene'er with *undesigning wit*,
I entertain the Commons?
Lo! how I shine St. Stephen's boast!
There, first of *Chicks*, I rule the *roast*!
There I appear,
Pitt's *Chanticleer*.
The *Bantam Cock* in opposition!

Or like a *hen*
With watchful ken,
Sit close and hatch—the Irish propositions!

IV.

Behold for this great day of pomp and pleasure,
The House adjourns, and I'm at leisure!
If *thou* art so, come muse of sport,
With a few rhymes,
Delight the times,
And coax the Chamberlain, and charm the Court!
By Heaven she comes!—more swift than prose,
At her command, my metre flows;
Hence, ye weak warblers of the rival lays!
Avaunt, ye Wrens, ye Goslings, and ye Pies!
The *Chick of Law* shall *win* the prize!
The *Chick of Law* shall *peck* the bays!
So, when again the State deminds our care,
Fierce in my laurel'd pride, I'll take the chair!—
GILBERT, I catch thy bright invention,
With somewhat more of *sound retention[1]!*
But never, never on thy *prose* I'll border—
Verse, lofty-sounding *Verse*, shall "*Call to Order!*"
Come, sacred Nine, come one and all,
Attend your fav'rite Chairman's call!
Oh! if I well have chirp'd your brood among,
Point my keen eye, and tune my brazen tongue!
And hark! with Elegiac graces,
"I beg that gentlemen may take their places!"
Didactic Muse, be thine to state,
The rules that harmonize debate!
Thine, mighty CLIO, to resound from far,
"The door! the door!—the bar! the bar!"
Stout *Pearson* damns around at her dread word;—
"Sit down!" cries *Clementson*, and grasps his silver sword.

V.

But lo! where Pitt appears to move
Some new resolve of hard digestion!
Wake then, my Muse, thy gentler notes of love,
And in persuasive numbers, "*put the Question*."
The question's gain'd!—the Treasury-Bench rejoice!
"All hail, thou *least* of men" (they cry), with mighty voice!
—Blest sounds! my ravish'd eye surveys
Ideal Ermine, fancied Bays!
Wrapt in St. Stephens future scenes
I sit perpetual chairman of the *Ways and Means!*
Cease, cease, ye Bricklayer crew, my sire to praise,
His mightier offspring claims immortal lays!
The father climb'd the ladder, with a hod;
The son, like *General Jackoo*, jumps alone, by God!

[1] No reflection on the organization of Mr. Gilbert's brain is intended here; but rather a pathetic reflection an the continual Diabetes of so great a Member!

NUMBER XII.

ODE,

By MAJOR JOHN SCOTT, M.P. &C. &C.

I.

Why does the loitering sun retard his wain,
When this glad hour demands a fiercer ray?
Not so he pours his fire on Delhi's plain,
To hail the Lord of Asia's natal day.
There in mute pomp and cross-legg'd state,
The *Raja Pouts* MAHOMMED SHAH await.
There *Malabar*,
There *Bisnagar*,
There *Oude* and proud *Bahar*, in joy confederate.

II.

Curs'd be the clime, and curs'd the laws, that lay
Insulting bonds on George's sovereign sway!
Arise, my soul, on wings of fire,
To God's anointed, tune the lyre;
Hail! George, thou all-accomplish'd King!
Just type of him who rules on high!
Hail inexhausted, boundless spring
Of sacred truth and Holy Majesty!
Grand is thy form—'bout five feet ten,
Thou well-built, worthiest, best of men!
Thy chest is stout, thy back is broad—
Thy Pages view thee, and are aw'd!

Lo! how thy white eyes roll!
Thy whiter eye-brows stare!
Honest soul!
Thou'rt witty, as thou'rt fair!

III.

North of the Drawing-room a closet stands:
The sacred nook, St James's Park commands!
Here, in sequester'd state, Great GEORGE receives
Memorials, treaties, and long lists of thieves!
Here all the force of sov'reign thought is bent,
To fix Reviews, or change a Government!
Heav'ns! how each word with joy *Caermarthen* takes!
Gods! how the lengthen'd chin of *Sydney* shakes!
Blessing and bless'd the sage associate see,
The proud triumphant league of incapacity.
With subtile smiles,
With innate wiles,
How do thy tricks of state, GREAT GEORGE, abound!
So in thy Hampton's mazy ground,
The path that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Winding runs the eternal round.
Perplex'd, involv'd, each thought bewilder'd moves;
In short, quick turns the gay confusion roves;
Contending themes the ernbarrass'd listener baulk,
Lost in the labyrinths of the devious talk!

IV.

Now shall the levee's ease thy soul unbend,
Fatigu'd with Royalty's severer care!
Oh! happy few! whom brighter stars befriend,
Who catch the chat—the witty whisper share!
Methinks I hear
In accents clear,

Great Brunswick's voice still vibrate on my ear—
"What?—what?—what?
Scott!—Scott!—Scott!
Hot!—hot!—hot!
What?—what!—what?"
Oh! fancy quick! oh! judgment true!
Oh! sacred oracle of regal taste!
So hasty, and so generous too!
Not one of all thy questions will an answer wait!
Vain, vain, oh Muse, thy feeble art,
To paint the beauties of that head and heart!
That heart where all the virtues join!
That head that hangs on many a sign!

V.

Monarch of mighty *Albion*, check thy talk!
Behold the *Squad* approach, led on by *Palk*!
Smith, Barwelly, Cattt Vansittart, form the band—
Lord of Brirannia!—let them kiss thy hand!—
For *sniff*[1]!—rich odours scent the sphere!
'Tis Mrs. *Hastings*' self brings up the rear!
Gods! how her diamonds flock
On each unpowdere'd lock!
On every membrane see a topaz clings!
Behold her joints are fewer than her rings!
Illustrious dame! on either ear,
The *Munny Begums*' spoils appear!
Oh! Pitt, with awe behold that precious throat,
Whose necklace teems with many a future vote!
Pregnant with *Burgage* gems each hand she rears;
And lo! depending *questions* gleam upon her ears!
Take her, great George, and shake her by the hand;
'Twill loose her jewels, and enrich thy land.
But oh! reserve one ring for an old stager;
The *ring* of future marriage for her *Major*!

[1] Sniff is a new interjection for the sense of smelling.

NUMBER XIII.

IRREGULAR ODE,

By the RT. HON. HARRY DUNDAS, ESQ. Treasurer of the Navy, &c. &c. &c.

I.

Hoot! hoot awaw!
Hoot! hoot awaw!
Ye lawland Bards! who' are ye aw!
What are your sangs? What aw your lair too boot?
Vain are your thowghts the prize to win,
Sae dight your gobs, and stint your senseless din;
Hoot! hoot awaw! hoot! hoot!——
Put oot aw your Attic feires,
Burn your lutes, and brek your leyres;
A looder, and a looder note I'll strieke:——
Na watter drawghts fra' Helicon I heed,
Na will I moont your winged steed—
I'll moont the Hanoverian horse, and ride him whare I leike!—

II.

Ye lairdly fowk, wha form the courtly ring,
Coom, lend your lugs, and listen wheil I sing!
Ye canny maidens tee; wha aw the wheile,
Sa sweetly luik, sa sweetly smeile,
Coom hither aw, and round me thrang,
Wheil I tug oot my peips, and gi' ye aw a canty sang.
Weel faur his bonny bleithsome hairt!

Wha, gifted by the gods abuin,
Wi' meikle taste, and meikle airt,
Fairst garr'd his canny peipe to lilt a tune!
To the sweet whussel join'd the pleesan drane,
And made the poo'rs of music aw his ain.
On thee, on thee I caw—thou deathless spreight!
Doon frae thy thrane, abuin the lift sa breight;
Ah! smeile on me, instruct me hoo to chairm:
And, fou as is the baug beneath my arm,
Inspeire my saul, and geuide my tunesome tongue.
I feel, I feel thy poo'r divine!
Laurels! kest ye to the groond,
Aroond my heed, my country's pride I tweine—
Sa sud a Scottish baird be croon'd—
Sa sud gret GEOURGE be sung!

III.

Fra hills, wi' heathers clad, that smeilan bluim
Speite o' the northern blaist;
Ye breether bairds, descend, and hither coom!
Let ilka ilka ane his baugpipe bring,
That soonds sa sweetly, and sa weel;
Sweet soonds! that please the lugs o' sic a king;
Lugs that in music's soonds ha' mickle taste.
Then, hither haste, and bring them aw,
Baith your muckle peipes and smaw;
Now, laddies! lood blaw up your chanters;
For, luik! whare, cled in claies sa leel.
Canny *Montrose*'s son leads on the ranters.
Thoo *Laird o' Graham!* by manie a cheil ador'd,
Who boasts his native fillabeg restor'd;
I croon thee—maister o' the spowrt!
Bid thy breechless loons advaunce,
Weind the reel, and wave the daunce;
Noo they rant, and noo they loup,
And noo they shew their brawny doup,
And weel, I wat, they please the lasses o' the court,

Sa in the guid buik are we tauld,
Befoor the halie ark,
The guid King David, in the days of auld,
Daunc'd, like a wuid thing, in his sark,
Wheil Sion's dowghters ('tis wi' sham I speak't)
Aw heedless as he strack the sacred strain,
Keck'd, and lawgh'd,
And lawgh'd, and keck'd,
And lawgh'd, and keck'd again.
Scarce could they keep their watter at the seight,
Sa micke did the King their glowran eyne delight.

IV.

Anewgh! anewgh! noo haud your haund!
And stint your spowrts awce:
Ken ye, whare clad in eastlan spoils sa brave,
O'ersheenan aw the lave;
He comes, he comes!
Aw hail! thoo Laird of pagodas and lacks!
Weel could I tell of aw thy mighty awks;
Fain wad my peipe, its loudest note,
My tongue, its wunsome poo'rs, devote,
To gratitude and thee;
To thee, the sweetest o' thy ain parfooms,
Orixa's preide sud blaze
On thee, thy gems of purest rays;
Back fra' this saund, their genuine feires sud shed,
And *Rumbold*'s Crawdle vie wuth *Hasting*'s Bed.
But heev'n betook us weil! and keep us weise!
Leike thunder, burstan at thy dreed command!
"Keep, keep thy tongue," a warlock cries,
And waves his gowden wand.

V.

Noo, laddies! gi' your baugpipes breeth again;
Blaw the loo'd, but solemn, strain:
Thus wheil I hail with heart-felt pleasure,

In mejesty sedate,
In pride elate,
The smuith cheeks Laird of aw the treasure;
Onward he stalks in froonan state;
Na fuilish smiles his broos unbend,
Na wull he bleithsome luik on aw the lasses lend.
Hail to ye, lesser Lairds! of mickle wit;
Hail to ye aw, wha in weise council sit,
Fra' *Tommy Toonsend* up to *Wully Pitt!*
Weel faur your heeds! but noo na mair
To ye maun I the sang confeine:
To nobler fleights the muse expands her wing.
'Tis he, whose eyne and wit sa breightly sheine,
'Tis GEOURGE demands her care;
Breetons! boo down your heed, and hail your King!
See! where with Atlantean shoulder,
Amazing each beholder,
Beneath a tott'ring empire's weight.
Full six feet high he stands, and therefore—great!

VI.

Come then, aw ye POO'rs of vairse!
Gi' me great GEOURGE's glories to rehearse;
And as I chaunt his kingly awks,
The list'nan warld fra me sall lairn
Hoo swuft he rides, hoo slow he walks,
And weel he gets his Queen wi' bairn.
Give me, with all a Laureat's art to jumble,
Thoughts that soothe, and words that rumble!
Wisdom and Empire, Brunswick's Royal line;
Fame, Honour, Glory, Majesty divine!
Thus, crooned by his lib'ral hand.
Give me to lead the choral band;
Then, in high-sounding words, and grand,
Aft sail peipe swell with his princely name,
And this eternal truth proclaim:
'Tis GEOURGE, Imperial GEOURGE, who rules BRITANNIA's land!

NUMBER XIV.

ODE,

By DR. JOSEPH WARTON, In humble Imitation of BROTHER THOMAS.

O! For the breathings of the *Doric ote!*
O! for the *warblings* of the Lesbian *lyre!*
O! for the Alcean trump's terrific note!
O! for the Theban eagle's wing of fire!
O! for each stop and string that swells th' Aonian quire!
Then should this hallow'd day in *worthy strains be sung*,
And with *due laurel wreaths* thy cradle, Brunswick, *hung!*
But tho' uncouth my numbers flow
—From a rude reed,—
That drank the dew of Isis' lowly mead,
And *wild pipe*, fashion'd from the *embatted sedge*
Which on the *twilight edge*
Of my own Cherwell loves to grow:
The god-like theme alone
Should bear me on its *tow'ring wing*;
Bear me undaunted to the throne,
To view with fix'd and stedfast eye
—The delegated majesty
Of heav'ns dread lord, and what I see to sing.
Like heaven's dread lord, great George his voice can raise,
From babes and suckling's mouths to hymn his *perfect praise*,
In poesy's trim rhymes and high *resounding phrase*.
Hence, avaunt! ye savage train,

That drench the earth and dye the main
With the tides of hostle gore:
Who joy in *war's terrific charms*,
To see the steely gleam of arms,
And hear the cannon's roar;
Unknown the god-like virtue how to yield,
To Cressy's or to Blenheim's *deathful* field;
Begone, and sate your Pagan thirst of blood;
Edward, fell homicide, awaits you there,
And Anna's hero, both unskill'd to spare
Whene'er the foe their slaught'ring sword withstood.
The pious George to *white-staled peace* alone
His olive sceptre yields, and *palm-encircled throne*.
Or if his high degree
On the *perturbed sea*
The bloody flag unfurls;
Or o'er the embattl'd plain
Ranges the martial train;
On other heads his bolts he hurls.
Haughty subjects, *wail and weep*,
Your angry master *ploughs the deep*.
Haughty subjects, swol'n with pride,
Tremble at his *vengeful* stride.
While the regal command
Desp'rate ye withstand,
He bares his red right hand.
As when Eloim's pow'r,
In Judah's rebel hour,
Let fall the fiery show'r
That o'er her parch'd hills desolation spread,
And heap'd her vales with mountains of the dead.
O'er Schuylkill's *cliffs the tempest roars*;
O'er Rappahanock's recreant shores;
Up the *rough rocks of Kipps's-bay*;
The huge Anspachar *wins his way*;
Or scares the falcon from the *fir-cap'd side*
Of each high hill that hangs o'er Hudson's haughty tide.

Matchless victor, mighty lord!
Sheath the devouring sword!
Strong to punish, *mild to save*,
Close *the portals of the grave*,
Exert thy first prerogative,
Ah! spare thy subject's blood, and let them *live*;
Our *tributary breath*,
Hangs on thine for life or death.
Sweet is the balmy breath of orient morn,
Sweet are the horned treasures of the bee;
Sweet is the fragrance of the scented thorn,
But sweeter yet the voice of royal clemency.
He hears, and from his *wisdom's perfect day*
He sends a bright effulgent ray,
The nations *to illumine far and wide*,
And feud and discord, war and *strife, subside.*
His moral sages, *all unknown* t'untie
The wily rage of human policy,
Their equal compasses expand,
And mete the globe with philosophic hand.
No partial love of country binds
In selfish chains the lib'ral minds,
O gentle Lansdown! ting'd with thy philanthropy,
Let other monarchs vainly boast
A lengthen'd line of conquer'd coast,
Or boundless sea of tributary flood,
Bought by as wide a sea of blood——
Brunswick, in more *saint-like guise*
Claims for his spoils a purer prize,
Content at every price to buy
A conquest o'er himself, and o'er his progeny.
His be *domestic glory's radient calm——*
His be *the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm——*
His be *the throne with peaceful emblems hung*,
And mine die laurel'd lyre, *to those mild conquests strung!*

NUMBER XV.

PINDARIC,

By the RIGHT HON. HERVEY REDMOND, LORD VISCOUNT MOUNTMORRES, Of Castle Morres, of the Kingdom of Ireland, &c. &c.

I.

Awake, Hibernian lyre, awake,
To harmony thy strings attune,
O *tache* their trembling tongue to *spake*
The glories of the fourth of June.
Auspicious morn!
When George was born
To grace (by deputy) our Irish throne,
North, south, *aiste*, west,
Of Kings the best,
Sure now he's _a_quall'd by himself alone;
Throughout the astonish'd globe so loud his fame shall ring,
The d_i_f themselves shall *hare* the strains the dumb shall sing.

II.

Sons of Fadruig[1], strain your throats,
In your native Irish lays,
Swe_a_ter than the scre_a_ch owl's notes,
Howl aloud your sov'reign's praise,
Quick to his hallow'd fane be led
A milk-white BULL, on soft potatoes fed:
His curling horns and ample neck
Let wreaths of verdant shamrock deck,

And perfum'd flames, to *rache* the sky,
Let fuel from our bogs supply,
Whilst we to George's health, *a*'en till the bowl runs o'er
Rich *strames* of usquebaugh and sparkling whiskey pour.

III.

Of d_i_thless fame immortal heirs,
A brave and patriotic band,
Mark where Ierne's Volunt_a_res,
Array'd in bright disorder stand.
The Lawyer's corps, red fac'd with black,
Here drive the martial merchants back;
Here Sligo's bold brigade advance,
There Lim'rick legions sound their drum;
Here Gallway's gallant squadrons prance,
And Cork Invincibles are overcome!
The Union firm of Coleraine,
Are scatter'd o'er the warlike plain,
While Tipperary infantry pursues
The Clognikelty horse, and Ballyshannon blues.
Full fifty thousand men we shew
All in our Irish manufactures clad,
Wh_a_ling, manoeuv'ring to and fro,
And marching up and down like mad.
In fr_a_dom's holy cause they bellow, rant, and rave,
And scorn thems_i_lves to know what they thems_i_lves would have!
Ah! should renowned Brunswick chuse,
(The warlike monarch loves reviews)
To see th_a_se h_a_roes in our Ph_a_nix fight,
Once more, amidst a wond'ring crowd,
The enraptur'd prince might cry aloud,
"Oh! Amherst, what a h_i_venly sight[2]!"
The loyal crowd with shouts should r_i_nd the skies,
To *hare* their sov'reign make a sp_aa_ch so wise!

IV.

Th_a_se were the bands, 'mid tempests foul,
Who taught their master, somewhat loth,
To grant (Lord love his lib'ral soul!)
Commerce and constitution both.
Now p_a_ce restor'd,
This gracious lord
Would *tache* them, as the scriptures say,
At *laiste*, that if
The Lord doth give,
The Lord doth likewise take away.
Fr_a_dom like this who _i_ver saw?
We will, henceforth, for _i_ver more,
Be after making _i_v'ry law,
Great Britain shall have made before[3].

V.

Hence, loath'd Monopoly,
Of Av'rice foul, and Navigation bred,
In the drear gloom
Of British Custom-house Long-room,
'Mongst cockets, clearances, and bonds unholy,
Hide thy detested head.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
Hibernian reciprocity!
(Which *manes*, if right I take the plan,
Or _i_lse the tr_a_ity d_i_vil burn!
To get from England all we can;
And give her nothing in return!)
Thee, JENKY, skill'd in courtly lore,
To the *swate* lipp'd William bore,
He Chatham's son (in George's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain),
Of garish day-light's eye afraid,
Through the postern-gate convey'd;
In close and midnight cabinet,
Oft the secret lovers met.

Haste thee, nymph, and quick bring o'er
Commerce, from Britannia's shore;
Manufactures, arts, and skill,
Such as may our pockets fill.
And, with thy left hand, gain by stealth,
Half our sister's envied wealth,
Till our island shall become
Trade's compl_a_te imporium[4].
Th_a_se joys, if reciprocity can give,
Goddess with thee h_i_nceforth let Paddy live!

VI.

Next to great George be peerless Billy sung:—
Hark! he *spakes!* his mouth his opes!
Phrases, periods, figures, tropes,
Strame from his mellifluous tongue—
Oh! had he crown'd his humble suppliant's hopes?
And given him near his much-lov'd Pitt,
Beyond the limits of the bar to sit,
How with his praises had St. Stephen's rung!
Though Pompey boast not all his patron's pow'rs,
Yet oft have kind Hibernia's Peers
To r_a_de his sp_aa_ches lent their ears:
So in the Senate, had his tongue, for hours.
Foremost, amid the youthful yelping pack,
That crow and cackle at the Premier's back,
A flow of Irish rhetoric let loose,
Beneath the *Chicken* scarce, and far above the *Goose*.

[1] Ancient Irish name given to St. Patrick.

[2] The celebrated speech of a Great Personage, on reviewing the camp at Cox-heath, in the year 1779, when a French invasion was apprehended; the report of which animating apostrophe is supposed to have struck such terror into the breasts of our enemies, as to have been the true occasion of their relinquishing the design.

[3] Vide the Fourth Proposition.

[4] Vide Mr. Orde's speech.

NUMBER XVI.

IRREGULAR ODE,

By EDWARD LORD THURLOW, Lord High Chancellor of Great-Britain.

I.

Damnation seize ye all,
Who puff, who thrum, who bawl and squall!
Fir'd with ambitious hopes in vain,
The wreath, that blooms for other brows to gain;
Is THURLOW yet so little known?—
By G—d I swore, while GEORGE shall reign,
The seals, in spite of changes, to retain,
Nor quit the Woolsack till he quits the Throne!
And now, the Bays for life to wear,
Once more, with mightier oaths, by G—d I swear!
Bend my black brows that keep the Peers in awe,
Shake my full-bottom wig, and give the nod of law.

II.

What [1] tho' more sluggish than a toad,
Squat in the bottom of a well,
I too, my gracious Sov'reign's worth to tell,
Will rouse my torpid genius to an Ode!
The toad a jewel in his head contains—
Prove we the rich production of my brains!
Nor will I court, with humble plea,
Th' *Aonian* Maids to inspire my wit:
One mortal girl is worth the *Nine* to me;—

The prudes of *Pindus* I resign to *Pitt*.
His be the classic art, which I despise:—
THURLOW on Nature, and himself relies.

III.

'Tis mine *to keep the conscience of the King*;
To me, each secret of his heart is shown:
Who then, like me, shall hope to sing
Virtues, to all but me, unknown?
Say who, like me, shall win belief
To tales of his paternal grief,
When civil rage with slaughter dy'd
The plains beyond th' Atlantic tide?
Who can, like me, his joy attest,
Though little joy his looks confest,
When Peace, at *Conway*'s call restor'd,
Bade kindred nations sheathe the sword?
How pleas'd he gave his people's wishes way,
And turn'd out *North*, when *North* refus'd to stay!
How in their sorrows sharing too, unseen,
For *Rockingham* he mourn'd, at *Windsor* with the Queen!

IV.

His bounty, too, be mine to praise,
Myself th' example of my lays,
A *Teller* in reversion I;
And unimpair'd I vindicate my place,
The chosen subject of peculiar grace,
Hallow'd from hands of *Burke*'s economy:
For [2] so his royal word my Sovereign gave;
And sacred here I found that *word* alone,
When not his Grandsire's *Patent*, and his own,
To *Cardiff*, and to *Sondes*, their posts could save.
Nor should this chastity be here unsung,
That chastity, above his glory dear;
[3]But *Hervey* frowning, pulls my ear,
Such praise, she swears, were satire from my tongue.

V.

Fir'd at her voice, I grow prophane,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
To THURLOW's lyre more daring notes belong.
Now tremble every rebel soul!
While on the foes of George I roll
The deep-ton'd execrations of my song.
In vain my brother's piety, more meek,
Would preach my kindling fury to repose;
Like *Balaam*'s ass, were he inspir'd to speak,
'Twere vain! resolved I go to curse my Prince's foes.

VI.

"Begin! Begin!" fierce *Hervey* cries,
See! the *Whigs*, how they rise!
What petitions present!
How *teize* and *torment*!
D—mn their bloods, s—mn their hearts, d—mn their eyes.
Behold yon sober band
Each his notes in his hand;
The witnesses they, whom I brow-beat in vain;
Unconfus'd they remain.
Oh! d—mn their bloods again;
Give the curses due
To the factious crew!
Lo! *Wedgewood* too waves his [4]*Pitt-pots* on high!
Lo! he points, where the bottom's yet dry,
The *visage immaculate* bear;
Be *Wedgewood* d—mn'd, and double d—mn'd his ware.
D—mn *Fox*, and d—mn *North*;
D—mn *Portland*'s mild worth;
D—mn *Devon* the good,
Double d—mn all his name;
D—mn *Fitzwilliam*'s blood,
Heir of *Rockingham*'s fame;
D—mn *Sheridan*'s wit,
The terror of *Pitt*;

D—mn *Loughb'rough*, my plague—wou'd his *bagpipe* were split!
D—mn *Derby*'s long scroll,
Fill'd with names to the brims:
D—mn his limbs, d—mn his soul,
D—mn his soul, d—mn his limbs!
With *Stormont*'s curs'd din,
Hark! *Carlisle* chimes in;
D—mn *them*; d—mn all their partners of their sin;
D—mn them, beyond what mortal tongue can tell;
Confound, sink, plunge them all to deepest, blackest Hell!

[1] This simile of myself I made the other day, coming out of Westminster Abbey. Lord *Uxbridge* heard it. I think, however, that I have improved it here, by the turn which follows.

[2] I cannot here with-hold my particular acknowledgments to my virtuous young friend, Mr. Pitt, for the noble manner in which he contended, on the subject of my reversion, that the most religious observance must be paid to the *Royal promise*. As I am personally the more obliged to him, as in the case of the *Auditors of the Imprest* the other day, he did not think it necessary to shew any regard whatever to a *Royal Patent*.

[3] I originally wrote this line,
But *Hervey* frowning, as she hears, &c.
It was altered as it now standsj by my d—mn'd Bishop of a brother, for the sake of an allusion to *Virgil*.
———Cynthius *aurem*
Velit, et admonuit.

[4] I am told, that a scoundrel of a Potter, one Mr. *Wedgewood*, is making 10,000 vile utensils, with a figure of Mr. Pitt in the bottom; round the head is to be a motto, We will spit, On Mr. *Pitt*, And *other such* d—mn'd ryhmes, suited to the uses of the different vessels.

NUMBER XVII.

IRREGULAR ODE FOR MUSIC,

BY THE REV. DR. PRETTYMAN.

The Notes (except those wherein Latin is concerned) by JOHN ROBINSON, *Esq.*

RECITATIVE, *by Double Voices.*

[1]Hail to the LYAR! whose all-persuasive strain,
Wak'd by the master-touch of art,
And prompted by th' inventive brain,
[2]Winds its sly way into the easy heart.

SOLO.

[3]Hark! do I hear the golden tone?—
Responsive now! and now alone!
Or does my fancy rove?
Reason-born Conviction, hence!
[4]And phrenzy-rapt be ev'ry sense,
With the *Untruth* I love.
Propitious Fiction aid the song;
Poet and Priest to thee belong.

SEMI-CHORUS.

[5]By thee inspir'd, ere yet the tongue was glib,
The cradled infant lisp'd the nurs'ry fib;
Thy vot'ry in maturer youth,

Pleas'd, he renounc'd the name of truth;
And often dar'd the specious to defy,
Proud of th' expansive, bold, uncover'd lie.

AIR.

Propitious FICTION, hear!
And smile, as erst thy father smil'd
Upon his first-born child,
Thy sister dear;
When the nether shades among,
[6]Sin from his forehead sprung.

FULL CHORUS.

Grand deluder! arch impostor!
Countervailing *Orde* and *Foster*!
Renoun'd Divine!
The palm is thine:
Be thy name or sung or *hist*,
Alone it stands—CONSPICUOUS FABULIST!

RECITATIVE *for the celebrated Female Singer from Manchester. Symphony of Flutes—pianissimo.*

Now in cotton robe array'd,
Poor Manufacture, tax-lamenting maid,
Thy story heard by her devoted wheel,
Each busy-sounding spindle hush'd—

FUGUE.

Now, dreading Irish rape,
Quick shifting voice and shape—

DEEP BASS, *from Birmingham.*

With visage hard, and furnace flush'd,
And black-hair'd chest, and nerve of steel,
The sex-chang'd listner stood
In surly pensive mood.

AIR, *accompanied with double Bassoons, &c.*

While the promise-maker spoke
The anvil miss'd the wonted stroke;
In air suspended hammers hung,
While *Pitt*'s own frauds came mended from that tongue.

PART OF CHORUS REPEATED. Renown'd Divine, &c.

AIR.

Sooth'd with the sound the Priest grew vain,
And all his tales told o'er again,
And added hundreds more;
By turns to this, or that, or both,
He gave the sanction of an oath,
And then the whole forswore.
"Truth," he sung, "was toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble"—
Glo'ster's aged—*London* dying—
Poor, too poor, is simple lying!
If the lawn be worth thy wearing,
Win, oh! win it, by thy swearing!

FULL CHORUS REPEATED.

Grand deluder! arch-impostor, &c.[7]

PART II.

RECITATIVE *accompanied*.

Enough the parents praise—see of Deceit
The fairer progeny ascends!
Evasion, nymph of agile feet,
With half-veil'd face;
Profession, whispering accents sweet
And many a kindred *Fraud* attends;
Mutely dealing courtly wiles,
Fav'ring nods, and hope-fraught smiles,
A fond, amusive, tutelary race,

That guard the home-pledg'd faith of Kings—
Or flitting, light, on paper wings;
Speed Eastern guile across this earthly ball,
And waft it back from *Windsor* to *Bengal*.
But chiefly thee I woo, of changeful eye,
In courts y'clept *Duplicity!*
Thy fond looks on mine imprinting,
Vulgar mortals call it squinting—
Baby, of Art and Int'rest bred, }
Whom, stealing to the back-stairs head }
in fondling arms—with cautious tread, }
[8]Wrinkle-twinkle *Jenky* bore,
To the baize-lin'd closet door.

AIR.

Sweet nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within that lov'd recess—
Save when the Closet Councils press,
And junto's speak the thing they mean;
Tell me, ever-busy power,
Where shall I trace thee in that vacant hour?
Art thou content, in the sequester'd grove,
To play with hearts and vows of love!
Or emulous of prouder sway,
Dost thou to list'ning Senates take thy way?
Thy presence let me still enjoy,
With *Rose*, and the lie-loving boy.

AIR.

[9]No rogue that goes
Is like that *Rose*,
Or scatters such deceit:
Come to my breast—
There ever rest
Associate counterfeit!

PART III.

LOUD SYMPHONY.

But lo! what throngs of rival bards!
More lofty themes! more bright rewards!
See Sal'sbury, a new Apollo sit!
Pattern and arbiter of wit!
The laureate wreathe hangs graceful from his wand;
Begin! he cries, and waves his whiter hand.
'Tis *George*'s natal day—
Parnassian Pegassus away—
Grant me the more glorious steed
Of royal *Brunswick* breed[10]——
I kneel, I kneel;
And at his snowy heel,
Pindarick homage vow;—
He neighs; he bounds; I mount, I fly—
The air-drawn crosier in my eye,
The visionary mitre on my brow—
Spirit of hierarchy exalt thy rhyme,
And dedicate to George the lie sublime.

AIR *for a Bishop*.

[11]Hither, brethren, incense bring,
To the mitre-giving king;
Praise him for his first donations; }
Praise him for his blest translations, }
Benefices, dispensations. }
By the powers of a crown;
By the many made for one;
By a monarch's awful distance,
Rights divine, and non-resistance,
Honour, triumph, glory give—
Praise him in his might!
Praise him in his height!
The mighty, mighty height of his prerogative!

RECITATIVE *by an Archbishop*.

Orchestras, of thousands strong,
With Zadoc's zeal each note prolong—
Prepare!
Prepare!
Bates gives the animating nod—
Sudden they strike—unnumber'd strings
Vibrate to the best of Kings—
Eunuchs, Stentors, double basses,
Lab'ring lungs, inflated faces,
Bellows working,
Elbows jerking,
Scraping, beating,
Roaring, Sweating.
Thro' the old Gothic roofs be the chorus rebounded,
'Till Echo is deafen'd, and thunder dumb-founded:
And now another pause—and now another nod
—All proclaim a present God!
[12]*Bishops and Lords of the Bedchamber*,
George submissive Britain sways;
Heavy Hanover obeys.
Proud Ierne's volunteers,
Abject Commons, prostrate Peers—
All proclaim a present God—
(On the necks of all he trod)
A present God!
A present God!
Hallelujah!

[1] Hail to the LYAR!] It was suggested to me, that my friend the Doctor had here followed the example of Voltaire, in deviating from common orthography.—*Lyar*, instead of *Lyre*, he conceives to be a reading of peculiar elegance in the present instance, as it puts the reader in suspence between an inanimate and a living instrument. However, for my own part, I am rather of opinion, that this seeming mis-spelling arose from the Doctor's following the same well-known circumspection which he

exercised in the case of Mr. Wedgewood, and declining to give his Ode *under his hand*; preferring to repeat it to Mr. Delpini's Amanuensis, who very probably may have committed that, and similar errors in orthography.

[2] Winds its sly way, &c.] A line taken in great part from Milton. The whole passage (which it may not be unpleasing to recall to the recollection of the reader) has been closely imitated by my friend Prettyman, in a former work.

"I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares." COMUS.

[3] Golden tone, &c.] The epithet may seem at first more proper for the instrument, but it applies here with great propriety to the sound. In the strictest-sense, what is golden sound but the sound of gold? and what could arise more naturally in the writer's mind upon the present occasion?

[4] Phrenzy-rapt, &c.] Auditis? An me ludit amabilis Insania?——

[5] By thee inspir'd, &c.] In the first manuscript:

"While yet a cradled child, he conquer'd shame,
And lisp'd in fables, for the fables came." See POPE.

[6] Sin from his forehead sprung.]

"A goddess armed
Out of thy head I sprung."
See MILTON's Birth of Sin.

[7] The quick transition of persons must have struck the reader in the first part of this Ode, and it will be observable throughout: Now Poet, now Muse, now Chorus; then Spinner, Blacksmith, &c. &c. The Doctor, skips from point to point over Parnassus, with a nimbleness that no modern imitator of Pindar ever equalled.—Catch him, even under a momentary shape, who can. I was always an admirer of tergiversation (and as my

flatterers might say), no bad practitioner; but it remained for my friend to shew the sublimity to which the figure lam alluding to (I do not know the learned name of it) might be carried.

[8] Wrinkle-twinkle, &c.] It must have been already observed by the sagacious reader, that our author can coin an epithet as well as a fable. Wrinkles are as frequently produced by the motion of the part as by the advance of age. The head of the distinguished personage here described, though in the prime of his faculties, he had more exercise in every sense than any head in the world. Whether he means any illusion to the worship of the rising sun, and imitates the Persian priests, whose grand act of devotion is to turn round; or whether he merely thinks that the working of the head in circles will give analogous effect to the species of argument in which he excels, we must remain in the dark; but certain it is, that whenever he reasons in public, the *capital* and wonderful part of the frame I am alluding to, is continually revolving upon its axis: and his eyes, as if dazzled with rays that dart on him exclusively, twinkle in their orbs at the rate of sixty twinks to one revolution. I trust I have given a rational account, and not far-fetched, both of the wrinkle and twinkle in this ingenious compound.

[9] No rogue that goes, &c.] The candid reader will put no improper interpretation on the word rogue. Pretty rogue, dear rogue, &c. are terms of endearment to one sex; pleasant rogue, witty rogue, apply as familiar compliments to the other: Indeed *facetious rogue* is the common table appellation of this gentleman in Downing-street.

[10] It will be observed by the attentive reader, that the thought of mounting the Hanoverian Horse, as a Pegasus, has been employed by Mr. Dundas, in his Ode preserved in this collection. It is true, the Doctor has taken the reins out of his hands, as it was time somebody should do. But I hereby forewarn the vulgar Critic, from the poor joke of making the Doctor a horse-stealer.

[11] Hither, brethren, &c.] When this Ode is performed in Westminster Abbey (as doubtless it will be) this Air is designed for the Reverend, or rather the Right Reverend Author. The numerous bench (for there will

hardly be more than three absentees) who will begin to chaunt the subsequent chorus from their box at the right hand of his most sacred Majesty, will have fine effect both on the ear and eye.

[12] Lords of the bed-chamber, &c.] Candour obliges us to confess, that this designation of the performers, and in truth the following stanza, did not stand in the original copy, delivered into the Lord Chamberlain's Office. Indeed, Signor Delpini had his doubts as to the legality of admitting it, notwithstanding Mr. Rose's testimony, that it was actually and *bona fide* composed with the rest of the Ode, and had only accidentally fallen into the same drawer of Mr. Pitt's bureau in which he had lately mislaid Mr. Gibbins's note. Mr. Banks's testimony was also solicited to the same effect; but he had left off vouching for the present session. Mr. Pepper Arden, indeed, with the most intrepid liberality, engaged to find authority for it in the statutes at large; on which Signor Delpini, with his usual terseness of repartee, instantly exclaimed, Ha! ha! ha! However, the difficulty was at length obviated by an observation of the noble Lord who presided, that in the case of the King versus Arkinson, the House of Lords had established the right: of judges to amend a record, as Mr. Quarme had informed his Lordship immediately after his having voted for that decision. *Here end Mr. Robinson's notes.* "A present God, Heavy Hanover, Abject Commons," &c. The imitation will be obvious to the classical reader, ———Præsens divus habebitur Augustus, _ab_jectis Britannis, Imperio, *gravibusque* Persis. HOR. All the editors of Horace have hitherto read _ad_jectis Britannis. Our author, as sound a critic as a divine, *suo periculo*, makes the alteration of a single letter, and thereby gives a new and peculiar force to the application of the passage.——N.B. *Abject*, in the author's understanding of the word, means that precise degree of submission due from a free people to monarchy. It is further worthy remark, that Horace wrote the Ode alluded to; before Britain was subjected to absolute sway; and consequently the passage was meant as a prophetic compliment to Augustus. Those who do not think that Britain is yet sufficiently *abject*, will regard the imitation in the same light. We shall close this subject by observing, how much better GRAVIBUS applies in the imitation than in the original; and how well the untruth of Ierne's volunteers joining in the deification, exemplifies the dedicatory address of the lie SUBLIME!

NUMBER XVIII.

IRREGULAR ODE,

By the MARQUIS OF GRAHAM.

I.

Help! help! I say, Apollo!
To you I call, to you I hollo;
My Muse would fain bring forth;
God of Midwives come along
Bring into light my little song,
See how its parent labours with the birth;
My brain! my brain!
What horrid pain;
Come, now prithee come, I say: }
Nay, if you won't, then stay away— }
Without thy help, I've sung full many a lay. }

II.

To lighter themes let other bards resort;
My verse shall tell the glories of the Court.
Behold the Pensioners, a martial band;
Dreadful, with rusty battle-axe in hand—
Quarterly and daily waiters,
A lustier troop, ye brave Beefeaters,
Sweepers, Marshals, Wardrobe brushers,
Patrician, and Plebeian ushers;
Ye too, who watch in inner rooms;
Ye Lords, ye Gentlemen, and Grooms;

Oh! careful guard your royal Master's slumber,
Lest factious flies his sacred face incumber.
But ah! how weak my song!
Crouds still on crouds impetuous rush along,
I see, I see, the motly group appear,
Thurlow in front, and Chandos in the rear;
Each takes the path his various genius guides—
O'er Cabinets *this*, and *that* o'er Cooks presides!

III.

Hail! too, ye beds, where, when his labour closes,
With ponderous limbs great CINCINNATUS doses!
Oh! say what fate the Arcadian King betides
When playful Mab his wandering fancy guides,
Perhaps he views his HOWARD's wit
Make SHERIDAN submissive sit;
Perhaps o'er foes he conquest reaps:
Perhaps some ditch he dauntless leaps;
Now shears his people, now his mutton;
Now makes a Peer, and now a button.
Now mightier themes demand his care;
HASTINGS for assistance flies;
Bulses glittering skim the air;
Hands unstretch'd would grasp the prize,
But no diamond they find there;
For awak'd, by amorous pat,
Good lack! his gentle CHARLOTTE cries,
What would your Majesty be at?
The endearing question kindles fierce desire,
And all the monarch owns the lover's fire;
The pious King fulfils the heav'nly plan,
And little annual BRUNSWICKS speak the mighty man!

IV.

At Pimlico an ancient structure stands,
Where Sheffield erst, but Brunswick now commands;
Crown'd with a weathercock that points at will,

To every part but Constitution-hill—
Hence Brunswick, peeping at the windows,
Each star-light night,
Looks with delight,
And sees unseen,
And tells the Queen,
What each who passes out or in, does,
Hence too, when eas'd of Faction's dread,
With joys surveys,
The cattle graze,
At half a crown a head—
Views the canal's transparent flood,
Now fill'd with water, now with mud;
Where various seasons, various charms create,
Dogs in the summer swim, and boys in winter skait.

V.

Oh! for the pencil of a Claud Lorrain,
Apelles, Austin, Sayer, or Luke the saint—
What glowing scenes;—but ah! the grant were vain,
I know not how to paint——
Hail! Royal Park! what various charms are thine—
Thy patent lamps pale Cynthia's rays outshine—
Thy limes and elms with grace majestic grow,
All in a row;
Thy Mall's smooth walk, and sacred road beside,
Where Treasury Lords by Royal Mandate ride.
Hark! the merry fife and drum:
Hark! of beaus the busy hum;
While in the gloom of evening shade,
Gay wood-nymphs ply their wanton trade;
Ah! nymphs too kind, each vain pursuit give o'er—
If Death should call—you then can walk no more!
See the children rang'd on benches;
See the pretty nursery wenches;
The cows, secur'd by halters, stand,

Courting the ruddy milk-maid's hand.
Ill-fated cows, when all your milk they've ta'en,
At Smithfield sold, you'll fatten'd be and slain.—

VI.

Muse, raise thine eyes and quick behold,
The Treasury-office fill'd with gold;
Where Elliot, Pitt, and I, each day }
The tedious moments pass away, }
In business now, and now in play—— }
The gay Horse-guards, whose clock of mighty fame,
Directs the dinner of each careful dame,
Where soldiers with red coats equipp'd,
Are sometimes march'd, and sometimes whipp'd.
Let them not doubt——
'Twas heav'n's eternal plan
That perfect bliss should ne'er be known to man.
Thus Ministers, are in—are out,
Turn and turn about——
Even Pitt himself may lose his place, }
Or thou, Delpini, sovereign of grimace, }
Thou, too, by some false step, may'st meet disgrace. }

VII.

Ye feather'd choristers, your voices tune,
'Tis now, or near the fourth of June;
All nature smiles—the day of Brunswick's birth
Destroy'd the iron-age, and made an heav'n on earth.
Men and beasts his name repeating,
Courtiers talking, calves a-bleating;
Horses neighing,
Asses braying,
Sheep, hogs, and geese, with tuneful voices sing,
All praise their King,
George the Third, the Great, the Good.
France and Spain his anger rue;
Americans, he conquer'd you,

Or would have done it if he cou'd.
And 'midst the general loyal note,
Shall not his *gosling* tune his throat;
Then let me join the jocund hand,
Crown'd with laurel let me stand;
My grateful voice shall their's as far exceed,
As the two-legg'd excels the base four-footed breed.

NUMBER XIX.

LETTER FROM THE RT. HON. LORD VISCOUNT MOUNTMORRES, TO THE EARL OF SALISBURY.

MY LORD, Being informed from undoubted authority, that the learned *Pierot*, whom your Lordship has thought proper to nominate to the dignity of your Assessor, knows no language but his own, it seemed to me probable he might not understand *Irish*.—Now as I recollect my last Ode to have proceeded on the orthography of that kingdom, I thought his entire ignorance of the tongue might perhaps be some hindrance to his judgment, upon its merit. On account of this unhappy ignorance, therefore, on the part of the worthy *Buffo*, of any language but *Italian*, I have taken the liberty to present your Lordship and him with a second Ode, written in *English*; which I hope he will find no difficulty in understanding, and which certainly has the better chance of being perfectly correct in the true English idiom, as it has been very carefully revised and altered by my worthy friend, Mr. *Henry Dundas*. I have the honour to be, My Lord, Your Lordship's devoted servant, MOUNTMORRES.

* * * * *

ODE,

By the RT. HON. HARVEY REDMOND MORRES, LORD VISCOUNT MOUNTMORRES, OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND, &c.

I.

Ye gentle Nymphs, who rule the Song,
Who stray *Thessalian* groves among,
With forms so bright and airy;
Whether you pierce *Pierian* shades, }
Or, less refin'd, adorn the glades, }
And wanton with the lusty blades }
Of fruitful *Tipperary*;
Whether you sip Aonias' wave,
Or in thy stream, fair *Liffy*, lave;
Whether you taste ambrosial food;
Or think *potatoes* quite as good,
Oh, listen to an *Irish* Peer,
Who has woo'd your sex for many a year.

II.

Gold!—thou bright benignant pow'r!
Parent of the jocund hour,
Say, how my breast has heav'd with many a storm,
When thee I worship'd in a *female* form!
Thou, whose high and potent skill,
Turns things and persons at thy will!
Thou, whose omnipotent decree,
Mighty as Fate's eternal rule,
Can make a wise man of a fool,
And grace e'en loath'd deformity:
Can straitness give to her that's crook'd,
And *Grecian* grace to nose that's hook'd;
Can smooth the mount on *Laura*'s back,
And wit supply to those that lack:
Say, and take pity on my woes,
Record my throbs, recount my throes;
How oft I sigh'd,
How oft I dy'd:
How oft dismiss'd,
How seldom kiss'd;
How oft, fair *Phyllida*, when thee I woo'd

With cautious foresight all thy charms I view'd.
O'er many a sod,
How oft I trod,
To count thy acres o'er;
Or spent my time,
For marle or lime,
With anxious zeal to bore[1]!
How *Cupid* then all great and powerful sate,
Perch'd on the vantage of a rich estate;
When, for his darts, he us'd fair spreading trees,
Ah! *who* cou'd fail that shot with shafts like these!

III.

Oh, sad example of capricious Fate!
Sue *Irishmen* in vain!
Does *Pompey*'s self, the proud, the great,
Fail e'en a maid to gain?
What boots my form so tall and slim,
My legs so stout—my beard so grim?
Why have I *Alexander*'s bend?
Emblem of conquest never gain'd!
A nose so long—a back so strait—
A chairman's mien—a chairman's gait?
Why wasted ink to make orations?
Design'd to teach unlist'ning nations!
Why have I view'd th' ideal clock[2],
Or mourn'd the visionary hour?
Griev'd to behold with well-bred shock,
The fancy'd pointer verge *to four?*
Then with a bow, proceed to beg,
A general pardon on my leg—
"Lament that to an hour so late,"
"'Twas mine to urge the grave debate!"
"Or mourn the rest, untimely broken!"
All this to say—all this to do,
In form so native, neat, and new,

In speech *intended* to be spoken!—
But fruitless all, for neither here or there,
My *leg* has yet obtain'd me *place*, or *fair!*

IV.

Pompeys there are of every shape and size:
Some are the Great, y-clep'd, and some the Little,
Some with their deeds that fill the wond'ring skies,
And some on ladies' laps that eat their vittle!
'Tis *Morres*' boast—'tis *Morres*' pride,
To be to both ally'd!
That of all various *Pompeys*, he
Forms one complete *epitome*!
Prepar'd alike fierce Faction's host to fight,
Or, thankful, stoop *official crumbs* to bite—
No equal to himself on earth to own;
Or watch, with anxious eye, on *Treasury-bone!*
As Rome's fam'd chief, imperious, stiff, and proud;
Fawning as curs, when supplicating food!
In him their several virtues all reside,
The peerless Puppy, and of Peers the pride!

V.

Say, Critic *Buffo*, will not powers like these,
E'en thy refin'd fastidious judgment please?
A common *butt* to all mankind,
'Tis my hard lot to be;
O let me then some justice find,
And give the BUTT to me!
Then dearest DE'L,
Thy praise I'll tell,
And with *unprostituted* pen.
In *Warton*'s pure and modest strain,
Unwarp'd by Hope—unmov'd by Gain,
I'll call the "best of husbands," and "most chaste of men!"
Then from my pristine labours I'll relax:
Then will I lay the Tree unto the [3]Axe!

Of all my former grief—
Resign the bus'ness of the anxious chace,
And for past failures, and for past disgrace,
Here find a snug relief!
The vain pursuit of female game give o'er,
And, hound of *Fortune*, scour the town no more!

[1] When Lord Mountmorres went down into the country, some years ago; to pay his addresses to a lady of large fortune, whose name we forbear to mention, his Lordship took up his abode for several days in a small public-house in the neighbourhood of her residence, and employed his time in making all proper enquiries, and prudent observation upon the nature, extent, and value of her property:—he was seen measuring the trees with his eye, and was at last found in the act of boring for marle; when being roughly interrogated by one of the ladie's servants, to avoid chastisement he confessed his name, and delivered his amorous credentials. The amour terminated as ten thousand others of the noble Lord's have done!

[2] An allusion is here made to a speech published by the noble Lord, which, as the title-page imports, was *intended* to have been spoken; in which his Lordship, towards the conclusion, gravely remarks:—"Having, Sir, so long encroached upon the patience of the House, and observing by the clock that the hour has become so excessively late, nothing remains for me but to return my sincere thanks to you, Sir, and the other gentlemen of this House, for the particular civility; and extreme attention, with which I have been heard:—the interesting nature of the occasion has betrayed me into a much greater length than I had any idea originally of running into; and if the casual warmth *of the moment* has led me into the least personal indelicacy towards any man alive, I am very ready to beg pardon of him and this House, Sir, for having so done."

[3] This line is literally transcribed from a speech of Lord *Mountmorre*'s, when Candidate some years ago for the Representation of the City of Westminster.

NUMBER XX.

IRREGULAR ODE,
FOR THE
KING'S BIRTH-DAY,
By SIR GEORGE HOWARD, K. B.

CHORUS.
Re mi fa sol,
Tol de rol lol.

I.
My Muse, for George prepare the splendid song,
Oh may it float on Schwellenburgen's voice!
Let Maids of Honour sing it all day long,
That Hoggaden's fair ears may hear it, and rejoice.

II.
What subject first shall claim thy courtly strains?
Wilt thou begin from Windsor's sacred brow,
Where erst, with pride and pow'r elate,
The Tudors sate in sullen state,
While Rebel Freedom, forc'd at length to bow,
Retir'd reluctant from her fav'rite plains?
Ah! while in each insulting tower you trace
The features of that tyrant race,
How wilt thou joy to view the alter'd scene!
The Giant Castle quits his threat'ning mien;
The levell'd ditch no more its jaws discloses, }

But o'er its mouth, to feast our eyes and noses, }
Brunswick hath planted pinks and roses; }
Hath spread smooth gravel walks, and a small bowling green!

III.

Mighty Sov'reign! Mighty Master!
George is content with lath and plaister!
At his own palace-gate,
In a poor porter's lodge, by Chambers plann'd,
See him with Jenky, hand in hand,
In serious mood,
Talking! talking! talking! talking!
Talking of affairs of state,
All for his country's good!
Oh! Europe's pride! Britannia's hope!
To view his turnips and potatoes,
Down his fair Kitchen-garden's slope
The victor monarch walks like Cincinnatus.
See, heavenly Muse! I vow to God
'Twas thus the laurel'd hero trod—
Sweet rural joys! delights without compare!
Pleasure shines in his eyes, }
While George with surprize, }
Sees his cabbages rise, }
And his 'sparagus wave in the air!

IV.

But hark! I hear the sound of coaches,
The Levee's hour approaches—
Haste, ye Postillions! o'er the turnpike road;
Back to St. James's bear your royal load!
'Tis done—his smoaking wheels scarce touch'd the ground—
By the Old Magpye and the New, }
By Colnbrook, Hounslow, Brentford, Kew, }
Half choak'd with dust the monarch flew, }
And now, behold, he's landed safe and sound.—
Hail to the blest who tread this hallow'd ground!

Ye firm, invincible beefeaters, }
Warriors, who love their fellow-creatures, }
I hail your military features! }
Ye gentle, maids of honour, in stiff hoops,
Buried alive up to your necks,
Who chaste as Phoenixes in coops,
Know not the danger that await your sex!
Ye Lords, empower'd by fortune or desert,
Each in his turn to change your sovereign's shirt!
Ye Country Gentlemen, ye City May'rs,
Ye Pages of the King's back-stairs,
Who in these precincts joy to wait—
Ye courtly wands, so white and small,
And you, great pillars of the State,
Who at Stephen's slumber, or debate,
Hail to you all!!!

CHORUS.
Hail to you all!!!

V.
Now, heavenly Muse, thy choicest song prepare:
Let loftier strains the glorious subject suit:
Lo! hand in hand, advance th' enamour'd pair,
This Chatham's son, and that the drudge of Bute;
Proud of their mutual love,
Like Nisus and Euryalus they move,
To Glory's steepest heights together tend,
Each careless for himself, each anxious for his friend!
Hail! associate Politicians!
Hail! sublime Arithmeticians!
Hail! vast exhaustless source of Irish Propositions!
Sooner our gracious King
From heel to heel shall cease to swing;
Sooner that brilliant eye shall leave its socket;

Sooner that hand desert the breeches pocket,
Than constant George consent his friends to quit,
And break his plighted faith to Jenkinson and Pitt!

CHORUS.

Hail! most prudent Politicians!
Hail! correct Arithmeticians!
Hail! vast exhaustless source of Irish propositions!

VI.

Oh! deep unfathomable Pitt!
To thee Ierne owes her happiest days!
Wait a bit,
And all her sons shall loudly sing thy praise!
Ierne, happy, happy Maid!
Mistress of the Poplin trade!
Old Europa's fav'rite daughter,
Whom first emerging from the water,
In days of yore,
Europa bore,
To the celestial Bull!
Behold thy vows are heard, behold thy joys are full!
Thy fav'rite Resolutions greet,
They're not much changed, there's no deceit!
Pray be convinc'd, they're still the true ones,
Though sprung from thy prolific head,
Each resolution hath begotten new ones,
And like their sires, all Irish born and bred!
Then haste, Ierne, haste to sing,
God save great George! God save the King!
May thy sons' sons to him their voices tune,
And each revolving year bring back the fourth of June!

NUMBER XXI.

ADDRESS.

Agreeably to the request of the Right Reverend Author, the following Ode is admitted into this collection; and I think it but justice to declare, that I have diligently scanned it on my fingers; and, after repeated trials, to the best of my knowledge, believe the Metre to be of the Iambic kind, containing three, four, five, and six feet in one line, with the occasional addition of the hypercatalectic syllable at stated periods. I am, therefore, of opinion, that the composition is certainly verse; though I would not wish to pronounce too confidently. For further information I shall print his Grace's letter.

TO SIR JOHN HAWKINS, BART.

SIR JOHN, As I understand you are publishing an authentic Edition of the Probationary Odes. I call upon you to do me the justice of inserting the enclosed. It was rejected on the Scrutiny by Signor Delpini, for reasons which must have been suggested by the malevolence of some rival. The reasons were, 1st, That the Ode was nothing but prose, written in an odd manner; and, 2dly, That the Metre, if there be any, as well as many of the thoughts, are stolen from a little Poem, in a Collection called the UNION. To a man, blest with an ear so delicate as your's, Sir John, I think it unnecessary to say any thing on the first charge; and as to the second, (would you believe it?) the Poem from which I am accused of stealing is my own! Surely an Author has a right to make free with his own ideas, especially when, if they were ever known, they have long since been forgotten by his readers. You are not to learn, Sir John, that *de non*

apparentibus & non existentibus eadem est ratio: and nothing but the active spirit of literary jealousy, could have dragged forth my former Ode from the obscurity, in which it has long slept, to the disgrace of all good taste in the present age. However, that you and the public may see, how little I have really taken, and how much I have opened the thoughts, and improved the language of that little, I send you *my imitations of myself*, as well as some few explanatory notes, necessary to elucidate my classical and historical allusions.

I am, SIR JOHN,
With every wish for your success,
Your most obedient humble servant,
WILLIAM YORK.

* * * * *

PINDARIC ODE,

By DR. W. MARKHAM,
Lord Archbishop of York, Primate of England, and Lord High Almoner to his Majesty, formerly Preceptor to the Princes, Head Master of Westminster School, &c. &c. &c.

STROPHE I.
The priestly mind what virtue so approves,
And testifies the pure prelatic spirit,
As loyal gratitude?
More to my King, than to my God, I owe;
God and my father made me man,
Yet not without my mother's added aid;
But George, without, or God, or man,
With grace endow', and hallow'd me Archbishop.

ANTISTROPHE I.
In Trojan PRIAM's court a laurel grew;
So VIRGIL sings. But I will sing the laurel,
Which at St. JAMES's blooms.
O may I bend my brows from that blest tree,

Not flourishing in native green,
Refreshed with dews from AGANIPPE's spring:
But, [1]like the precious plant of DIS,
Glitt'ring with gold, with royal sack irriguous.

EPODE I.

So shall my aukward gratitude,
With fond presumption to the Laureat's duty
Attune my rugged numbers blank.
Little I reck the meed of such a song;
Yet will I stretch aloof,
And tell of Tory principles,
The right Divine of Kings;
And Power Supreme that brooks not bold contention:
Till all the zeal monarchial
That fired the Preacher, in the Bard shall blaze,
And what my Sermons were, my Odes once more shall be.

STROPHE II.

[2]Good PRICE, to Kings and me a foe no more,
By LANSDOWN won, shall pay with friendly censure
His past hostility.
Nor shall not He assist, my pupil once,
Of stature small, but doughty tongue,
Bold ABINGDON, whose rhetoric unrestrain'd,
Rashes, more lyrically wild,
[3]Than GREENE's mad lays, when he out-pindar'd PINDAR.

ANTISTROPHE II.

With him too, EFFINGHAM his aid shall join,
[4] Who, erst by GORDON led, with bonfires usher'd
His Sov'reign's natal month.
Secure in such allies, to princely themes,
To HENRY's and to EDWARD's young.
Dear names, I'll meditate the faithful song;
How oft beneath my birch severe,
Like EFFINGHAM and ABINGDON, they tingled:

EPODE II.

Or to the YOUTH IMMACULATE
Ascending thence, I'll sing the strain celestial,
By PITT, to bless our isle restor'd.
Trim plenty, *not luxuriant* as of old,
Peace, laurel-crown'd no more;
[5] Justice, that smites by scores, unmov'd;
And her of verdant locks,
Commerce, like Harlequin, in motley vesture,
[6]Whose magic sword with sudden sleight,
Wav'd o'er the HIBERNIAN treaty, turns to bonds,
The dreams of airy wealth, that play'd round PATRICK's[7] eyes.

STROPHE III.

But lo! yon bark, that rich with India spoils,
O'er the wide-swilling ocean rides triumphant,
Oh! to BRITANNIA's shore
In safety waft, ye winds, the precious freight!
'Tis HASTINGS; of the prostrate EAST
Despotic arbiter; whose [8] bounty gave
My MARKHAM's delegated rule
To riot in the plunder of BENARES.

ANTISTROPHE III.

How yet affrighted GANGES, oft distain'd
With GENTOO carnage, quakes thro' all his branches!
Soon may I greet the morn,
When, HASTINGS screen'd, DUNDAS and GEORGE's name.
Thro' BISHOPTHORP's[9] glad roofs shall sound,
Familiar in domestic merriment;
Or in thy chosen PLACE, ST. JAMES,
Be carol'd loud amid th' applauding IMHOFFS!

EPODE III.

When wealthy Innocence, pursued
By Factious Envy, courts a Monarch's succour,
Mean gifts of vulgar cost, alike
Dishonour him, who gives, and him, who takes.

Not thus shall HASTINGS sav'd,
Thee, BRUNSWICK, and himself disgrace.
[10]O may thy blooming Heir,
In virtues equal, be like thee prolific!
Till a new race of little GUELPS,
Beneath the rod of future MARKHAMS train'd,
Lisp on their Grandsire's knee his mitred Laureat's lays.

[1] See Virgil's Æneid, b. vi.

[2] During the Administration of Lord SHELBURNE, I was told by a friend of mine, that Dr. PRICE took occasion, in his presence, to declare the most lively abhorrence of the damnable heresies, which he had formerly advanced against the *Jure divino* doctrines, contained in some of my Sermons.

[3] See a translation of PINDAR, by EDWARD BURNABY GKEENE.

[4] This alludes wholly to a private anecdote, and in no degree to certain malicious reports of the noble Earl's conduct during the riots of June, 1780.

[5] The present Ministry have twice gratified the public, with the awfully sublime spectacle of twenty hanged at one time.

[6] These three lines, I must confess, have been interpolated since the introduction of the fourth Proposition in the new *Irish* Resolutions. They arose, however, quite naturally out of my preceding personification of commerce.

[7] I have taken the liberty of employing *Patrick* in the same sense as *Paddy*, to personify the people of *Ireland*. The latter name was too colloquial for the dignity of my blank verse.

[8] One of the many frivolous charges brought against Mr. Hastings by factious men, is the removal of a Mr. FOWKE, contrary to the orders of the Directors, that he might make room for his own appointment of my so to

the Residentship of BENARES. I have ever thought it my duty to support the late Governor-General, both at Leadenhall and in the House of Peers, against all such vexatious accusations.

[9] As many of my Competitors have complained of Signer Delpini's ignorance, I cannot help remarking here, that he did not know BISHOPTHORP to be the name of my palace, in Yorkshire; he did not know Mr. Hastings's house to be in St. James's-place; he did not know Mrs. Hastings to have two sons by Mynheer *Imhoff*, her former husband, still living. And what is more shameful than all in a Critical Assessor, he had never heard of the poetical figure, by which I elegantly say, *thy place, St. James's,* instead of *St. James's-place*.

[10] Signor Delpini wanted to strike out all that follows, because truly it had no connection with the rest. The transition, like some others in this and my former Ode to Arthur Onslow, Esq. may be too fine for vulgar apprehensions, but it is therefore the more Pindaric.

IMITATIONS OF MYSELF.

Strophe I.

This goodly frame what virtue so approves,
And testifies the pure ætherial spirit,
As mild benevolence?
My Ode to Arthur Onslow, Esq.

Epode I.

How shall my aukward gratitude,
And the presumption of untutor'd duty
Attune thy numbers all too rude?
Little he recks the meed of such a song;
Yet will I stretch aloof, &c.
Ibid.

Antistrophe II.

To HENRYS and to EDWARDS old,
Dread names, I'll meditate the faithful song, &c.
Ibid.

Epode II. Justice with steady brow, *Trim* plenty, *Laureat* peace, and *green-hair'd* commerce, In flowing robe of *thousand hues*, &c. On this imitation of myself, I cannot help remarking, how happily I have now applied some of these epithets, which, it must be confessed, had not half the propriety before.

Strophe III.

Or trace her navy, where in towering pride
O'er the wide-swelling waste it rolls avengeful.
Ibid.

Antistrophe III.

How headlong Rhone and Ebro, erst distain'd
With Moorish carnage, quakes thro' all her branches!
Soon shall I greet the morn,
When, Europe saved, BRITAIN and GEORGE's name
Shall soon o'er FLANDRIA's level field,
Familiar in domestic merriment;
Or by the jolly mariner
Be carol'd loud adown the echoing Danube.
Ibid.

Epode III.

O may your rising hope,
Well-principled in every virtue, bloom,
'Till a fresh-springing flock implore,
With infant hands, a Grandsire's powerful prayer,
Or round your honour'd couch their pratling sports pursue.

NUMBER XXII.

ODE,

By the REV. THOMAS WARTON, B.D.

Fellow of the Trinity College, in Oxford, late Professor of Poetry in that University, and now Poet Laureat to his Majesty.

I.

Amid the thunder of the war,
True glory guides no echoing car;
Nor bids the sword her bays bequeath;
Nor stains with blood her brightest wreath:
No plumed host her tranquil triumphs own:
Nor spoils of murder'd multitudes she brings,
To swell the state of her distinguish'd, kings,
And deck her chosen throne.
On that fair throne, to Britain dear,
With the flowering olive twin'd,
High she hangs the hero's spear;
And there, with all the palms of peace combin'd,
Her unpolluted hands the milder trophy rear.
To kings like these, her genuine theme,
The Muse a blameless homage pays;
To GEORGE, of kings like these supreme,
She wishes honour'd length of days,
Nor prostitutes the tribute of her lays.

II.

'Tis his to bid neglected genius glow,
And teach the regal bounty how to flow;
His tutelary sceptre's sway
The vindicated Arts obey,
And hail their patron King:
'Tis his to judgment's steady line
Their flights fantastic to confine,
And yet expand their wing:
The fleeting forms of Fashion to restrain,
And bind capricious Taste in Truth's eternal chain.
Sculpture, licentious now no more,
From Greece her great example takes,
With Nature's warmth the marble wakes,
And spurns the toys of modern lore:
In native beauty, simply plann'd,
Corinth, thy tufted shafts ascend;
The Graces guide the painter's hand,
His magic mimicry to blend.

III.

While such the gifts his reign bestows,
Amid the proud display,
Those gems around the throne he throws
That shed a softer ray:
While from the summits of sublime Renown
He wafts his favour's universal gale,
With those sweet flowers he binds a crown
That bloom in Virtue's humble vale.
With rich munificence, the nuptial tye,
Unbroken he combines:——
Conspicuous in a nation's eye,
The sacred pattern shines!
Fair Science to reform, reward, and raise,
To spread the lustre of domestic praise;
To foster Emulation's holy flame,
To build Society's majestic frame:

Mankind to polish and to teach,
Be this the monarch's aim;
Above Ambition's giant-reach
The monarch's meed to claim.

The illustrious *Arbiters*, of whom we may with great truth describe the noble Earl as the very *alter-ipse* of *Mæcenas*, and the worthy *Pierot*, as the most correct counterpart of *Petronius*, had carefully revised the whole of the preceding productions, and had indulged the defeated ambition of restless and aspiring Poetry, with a most impartial and elaborate *Scrutiny* (the whole account of which, faithfully translated from the Italian of *Signor Delpini*, and the English of the *Earl of Salisbury*, will, in due time, be submitted to the inspection of the curious), were preparing to make a legal return, when an event happened that put a final period to their proceedings.—The following is a correct account of this interesting occurrence:

On Sunday the 17th of the present month, to wit, July, Anno Domini, 1785, just as his Majesty was ascending the stairs of his gallery, to attend divine worship at WINDSOR, he was surprized by the appearance of a little, thick, squat, red-faced man, who, in a very odd dress, and kneeling upon one knee, presented a piece of paper for the Royal acceptation. His Majesty, amazed at the sight of such a figure in such a place, had already given orders to one of the attendant beef-eaters to dismiss him from his presence, when, by a certain hasty spasmodic mumbling, together with two or three prompt quotations from Virgil, the person was discovered to be no other than the Rev. Mr. *Thomas Warton* himself, dressed in the official vesture of his professorship, and the paper which he held in his hand being nothing else but a fair-written petition, designed for the inspection of his Majesty, our gracious Sovereign, made up for the seeming rudeness of the first reception, by a hearty embrace on recognition; and the contents of the petition being forthwith examined, were found to be pretty nearly as follows.——We omit the common-place compliments generally introduced in the exordia of these applications, as "relying upon your Majesty's well-known clemency;" "convinced of your Royal regard for the real interest of your subjects;" "penetrated with the fullest conviction of your wisdom and justice," &c. &c. which, though undoubtedly very true,

when considered as addressed to George the Third, *might*, perhaps, as matters of mere form, be applied to a Sovereign, who neither had proved wisdom nor regard for his subjects in one act of his reign, and proceed to the substance and matter of the complaint itself. It sets forth, "That the Petitioner, Mr. *Thomas*, had been many years a maker of Poetry, as his friend Mr. *Sadler*, the pastry-cook, of Oxford, and some other creditable witnesses, could well evince: that many of his works of fancy, and more particularly that one, which is known by the name of his *Criticisms upon Milton*, had been well received by the learned; that thus encouraged, he had entered the list, together with many other great and respectable candidates, for the honour of a succession to the vacant *Laureatship*; that a decided return had been made in his favour by the officers best calculated to judge, namely, the Right Hon. the Earl of Salisbury, and the learned *Signor Delpini*, his Lordship's worthy coadjutor; that the Signor's delicacy, unhappily for the Petitioner, like that of Mr. *Corbett*, in the instance of the Westminster election, had inclined him to the grant of a SCRUTINY; that in consequence of the vexatious and pertinacious perseverance on the part of several gentlemen in this illegal and oppressive measure, the Petitioner had been severely injured in his spirits, his comforts, and his interest: that he had been for many years engaged in a most laborious and expensive undertaking, in which he had been honoured with the most liberal communications from all the universities in Europe, to wit, a splendid and most correct edition of the *Poemata Minora*, of the immortal Mr. *Stephen Duck*; that he was also under positive articles of literary partnership with his brother, the learned and well-known Dr. *Joseph*, to supply two pages per day in his new work, now in the press, entitled his Essay *on the Life and Writings* of Mr. THOMAS HICKATHRIFT; in both of which great undertakings, the progress had been most essentially interrupted by the great anxiety and distress of mind, under which the Petitioner has for some time laboured, on account of this inequitable scrutiny; that the Petitioner is bound by his honour and his engagement to prepare a new Ode for the birth-day of her most gracious Majesty, which he is very desirous of executing with as much poetry, perspicuity, and originality, as are universally allowed to have characterised his last effusion, in honour of the Natal Anniversary of his Royal Master's sacred self; that there are but six months to come for such a preparation, and that the Petitioner has got no farther yet than 'Hail

Muse!' in the first stanza, which very much inclines him to fear he shall not be able to finish the whole in the short period above-mentioned, unless his Majesty should be graciously pleased to order some of his Lords of the Bed-chamber to assist him, or should command a termination to the vexatious enquiry now pending. In humble hopes that these several considerations would have their due influence with his Majesty, the Petitioner concludes with the usual prayer, and signed himself as underneath, &c. &c. &c. THO. WARTON, B.D. &c. &c."

Such was the influence of the above admirable appeal on the sympathetic feelings of Majesty, that the sermon, which we understand was founded upon the text, "*Let him keep his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no untruth*," and which was *not* preached by Dr. *Prettyman*, was entirely neglected, and a message instantly written, honoured by the Sign Manual, and directed to the office of the Right Hon. Lord *Sydney*, Secretary for the Home Department, enjoining an immediate redress for Mr. *Thomas*, and a total suspension of any further proceedings in a measure which (as the energy of Royal eloquence expressed it) was of such unexampled injustice, illegality, and oppression, as that of a *scrutiny after a fair poll, and a decided superiority of admitted suffrages*. This message, conveyed, as its solemnity well required, by no other Person than the Honourable young *Tommy* himself, Secretary to his amazing father, had its due influence with the Court; the Noble Lord broke his wand; Mr. *Delpini* executed a *chacone*, and tried at a *somerset*; he grinned a grim obedience to the mandate, and calling for pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following letter to the Printer of that favourite diurnal vehicle through whose medium these effusions had been heretofore submitted to the public:

"*Monsieur*, On vous requis, you are hereby commandie not to pooblish any more of de *Ode Probationare—mon cher ami, Monsieur George le Roi*, says it be ver bad to vex Monsieur le petit homme avec le grand paunch—*Monsieur Wharton*, any more vid scrutinée; je vous commande derefore to finis—Que le Roi soit loué!—God save de King! mind vat I say—ou le grand George and le bon Dieu damn votre ame & bodie, vos jambes, & vos pies, for ever and ever—pour jamais. (Signed) DELPINI."

Nothing now remained, but for the Judges to make their return, which having done in favour of Mr. *Thomas Warton*, the original object of their preference, whom they now pronounced duly elected, the following Imperial notice was published in the succeeding Saturday's *Gazette*, confirming the Nomination, and giving legal Sanction to the Appointment.

PROCLAMATION.

To all CHRISTIAN PEOPLE to whom these presents shall come, greeting,

Know Ye, That by and with the advice, consent, concurrence, and approbation of our right trusty and well-beloved cousins, James Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, and Antonio Franciso Ignicio Delpini, Esq. Aur. and Pierot to the Theatre-royal, Hay-market, WE, for divers good causes and considerations, us thereunto especially moving, have made, ordained, nominated, constituted, and appointed, and by these presents do make, ordain, nominate, constitute, and appoint, the Rev. Thomas Warton, B.D. to be our true and only legal Laureat, Poet, and Poetaster; that is to say, to pen, write, compose, transpose, select, dictate, compile, indite, edite, invent, design, steal, put together, transcribe, frame, fabricate, manufacture, make, join, build, scrape, grub, collect, vamp, find, discover, catch, smuggle, pick-up, beg, borrow, or buy, in the same manner and with the same privileges as have been usually practised, and heretofore enjoyed by every other Laureat, whether by our Sacred Self appointed, or by our Royal predecessors, who now dwell with their fathers: and for this purpose, to produce, deliver, chaunt, or sing, as in our wisdom aforesaid we shall judge proper, at the least three good and substantial Odes, in the best English or German verse, in every year, that is to say, one due and proper Ode on the Nativity of our blessed Self; one due and proper Ode on the Nativity of our dearest and best beloved Royal Consort, for the time being; and also one due and proper Ode on the day of the Nativity of every future Year, of which God grant We may see many. And we do hereby most strictly command and enjoin, that no Scholar, Critic, Wit, Orthographer, or Scribbler, shall, by gibes, sneers, jests, judgments, quibbles, or criticisms, molest, interrupt, incommode, disturb, or confound the said

Thomas Warton, or break the peace of his orderly, quiet, pains-taking, and inoffensive Muse, in the said exercise of his said duty. And we do hereby will and direct, that if any of the person or persons aforesaid, notwithstanding our absolute and positive command, shall be found offending against this our Royal Proclamation, that he, she, or they being duly convicted, shall, for every such crime and misdemeanor, be punished in the manner and form following; to wit—For the first offence he shall be drawn on a sledge to the most conspicuous and notorious part of our ever faithful city of London, and shall then and there, with an audible voice, pronounce, read, and deliver three several printed speeches of our right, trusty, and approved MAJOR JOHN SCOTT.—For the second offence, that he be required to translate into good and lawful English one whole unspoken speech of our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and councellor, Lord Viscount MOUNTMORRES, of the kingdom of *Ireland*;—and for the third offence, that he be condemned to read one whole page of the Poems, Essays, or Criticisms of our said Laureat, Mr. Thomas Warton. ——And whereas the said office of Laureat is a place of the last importance, inasmuch as the person holding it has confided to him the care of making the Royal virtues known to the world; and we being minded and desirous that the said T. Warton should execute and perform the duties of his said office with the utmost dignity and decorum, NOW KNOW YE, That we have thought it meet to draw up a due and proper Table of Instructions, hereunto annexed, for the use of the said Thomas Warton, in his said poetical exercise and employment, which we do hereby most strictly will and enjoin the said Thomas Warton to abide by and follow, under pain of incurring our most high displeasure.

Given at our Court at St. James's, this
30th day of May, one thousand seven
hundred and eighty-five.
Vivant Rex & Regina.

TABLE OF INSTRUCTIONS

FOR THE REV. THOMAS WARTON, B.D. AND P.L. &c. &c.
Chamberlain's Office, May 30th, 1785.

1st, That in fabricating the catalogue of Regal Virtues (in which task the Poet may much assist his invention by perusing the Odes of his several predecessors) you be particularly careful not to omit his Chastity, his skill in Mechanics, and his Royal Talent of Child-getting.—

2dly, It is expected that you should be very liberally endowed with the gift of Prophecy; but be very careful not to predict any event but what may be perfectly acceptable to your Sovereign, such as the subjugation of America, the destruction of the Whigs, long-life, &c. &c.

3dly, That you be always provided with a due assortment of true, good-looking, and legitimate words; and that you do take all necessary care not to apply them but on their proper occasions; as for example, not to talk of dove-eyed peace, nor the gentle olive, in time of war; nor of trumpets, drums, fifes, nor [1]ECHOING CARS, in times of peace—as, for the sake of poetical conveniency, several of your predecessors have been known to do.

4thly, That as the Sovereign for the time being must always be the best, the greatest, and the wisest, that ever existed; so the year also, for the time being, must be the happiest, the mildest, the fairest, and the most prolific that ever occurred.—What reflections upon the year past you think proper.

5thly, That Music being a much higher and diviner science than Poetry, your Ode must always be adapted to the Music, and not the Music to your Ode.—The omission of a line or two cannot be supposed to make any

material difference either in the poetry or in sense.

6thly, That as these sort of invitations have of late years been considered by the Muses as mere cards of compliment, and of course have been but rarely accepted, you must not waste more than twenty lines in invoking the Nine, nor repeat the word "Hail!" more than fifteen times at farthest.

7thly, And finally, That it may not be amiss to be a little intelligible[2].

[1] It is evident from this expression, that these instructions had not been delivered to Mr. Warton at the time of his writing his last famous Ode on the Birth-day of his Majesty: a circumstance which makes that amazing composition still more extraordinary.

[2] This is an additional proof that Mr. Warton had not received, the Instructions at the time he composed his said Ode.

POLITICAL MISCELLANIES;

BY THE AUTHORS OF *THE ROLLIAD* AND PROBATIONARY ODES.

* * * * *

— LONGÆVO DICTA PARENTI HAUD DUBITANDA REFER. VIRGIL.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The very favourable reception given to the ROLLIAD, and PROBATIONARY ODES, has induced the Editor to conceive, that a collection of political *Jeus d'Esprits*, by the authors of those celebrated performances, would prove equally acceptable. Various publications upon a similar plan have already been attempted; but their good things have been so scantily interspersed, that they have appeared like GRATIANO's reasons, "*as two grains of* WHEAT *in a bushel of* CHAFF." In the present Edition are contained not only a number of pieces which have at different times been given to the Public, but also a variety of Original Articles, which but for the flattering confidence of private friendship, would have still remained in the closets of their authors. MISCELLANIES, indeed, in any state, from the variety which they afford, must ever be attractive; but, when added to this inherent advantage, they also possess the benefit of a proper selection, their attraction must of necessity become materially enhanced. The fame of the Authors of the following sheets is too well established in the mind of every person of taste and literature, to derive any aid from our feeble panegyric. It is only to be lamented that, from the peculiar circumstances under which these their poetical offspring make their appearance, the Parents' names cannot be announced to the world with all that parade which accompanies a more legal intercourse with the Muses. Perhaps, however, the vigour and native energy of the Parents, appear much more prominent in these ardent inspirations of nature, than in the cold, nerveless, unimpassioned efforts of a legitimate production. It may here be objected by some fastidious critics, that if writings, evidently so reputable to the fame of the authors, are of such a construction as to be unfit to be acknowledged, that they are equally unfit for publication: but let these gentlemen recollect, that it has ever been held perfectly justifiable

to utter those sarcasms under a masque, which the strict rules of decorum would render inadmissible in any other situation. The shafts of ridicule have universally been found more efficacious in correcting folly and impertinence, than the most serious reproof; and while we pursue the example of POPE, SWIFT, ARBUTHNOT, ADDISON, and others of the wittiest, the wisest, and the best men of the age in which they lived, we shall little fear the cavils of ill-nature. If it should be urged that the subjects of these political productions are merely temporary, and will be forgotten with the hour which gave them birth; let it at the same time be recollected, that though the heroes of the DUNCIAD have sunk into their native obscurity, the reputation of the poem which celebrated their worth, still retains its original splendour. And, in truth, as a matter of equity, if blockheads and dunces are worthy to be recorded in the Poet's page, why may not Privy Councillors and Lords of the Bedchamber demand a similar exaltation?

POLITICAL MISCELLANIES.

* * * * *

PROBATIONARY ODE EXTRAORDINARY, *By the Rev*. W. MASON, M.A.

[The following second attempt of Mr. MASON, at the ROYAL SACK, was not inserted in the celebrated collection of Odes formed by Sir JOHN HAWKINS.—What might be the motive of the learned Knight for this omission can at present only be known to himself.—Whether he treasured it up for the next edition of his Life of Dr. JOHNSON, or whether he condemned it for its too close resemblance to a former elegant lyric effusion of the Rev. Author, must remain for time, or Mr, FRANCIS BARBER, to develope.—Having, however, been fortunate enough to procure a copy, we have printed both the Odes in opposite leaves, that in case the latter supposition should turn out to be well founded, the public may decide how far the worthy magistrate was justified in this exclusion.]

ODE ODE

To the Honourable WILLIAM PITT. *To the Right Hon*. WILLIAM PITT.

By W. MASON, *M.A*. *By* W. MASON, *M.A*.

Me nyn, oti phthonerhai "Give not the Mitre now!
Thnaton phrenas amphikremantai Lest base-tongued ENVY squinting at my
elpides, brow,
Met arena poet siyato patroan, Cry, 'lo! the price for CAVENDISH
betray'd!'

Mede tousd hymnous. But in good time nor that, oh! PITT!
PINDAR, Isthm. Ode 2. forget,
Nor my more early service yet unpaid,
My puffs on CHATHAM in his offspring's aid,
Not what this loyal Ode shall add to swell the debt."
MY OWN TRANSLATION.

I. I.

'Tis May's meridian reign; yet Eurus 'Tis now the TENTH of APRIL; yet the cold wind
Forbids each shrinking thorn its leaves unfold, In frigid fetters doth each blossom bind,
Or hang with silver buds her rural throne No silver buds her rural throne throne: emboss:
No primrose shower from her green lap No violets *blue* from her *green* lap she throws[1], she throws[2];
No daisy, violet, or cowslip blows, Oh! lack-a-daisy! not a daisy blows,
And Flora weeps her fragrant offspring gone. And (ere she has them) FLORA weeps their loss.
Hoar frost arrests the genial dew; Hoar frost, with bailiff's grizly hue,
To wake, to warble, and to woo At Winter's suit, arrests the dew;
No linnet calls his drooping love: No Cuckow wakes her drowsy mate:
Shall then the poet strike the lyre, strum, His harp then shall a Parson
When mute are all the feather'd quire, When other Blackbirds all are dumb,
And Nature fails to warm the syrens of the grove? When neither Starlings, Daws, or Magpies prate?

II. II.

He shall: for what the sullen Spring He shall: for what the sulky Spring denies denies,

The orient beam of virtuous youth An annual butt of sugar'd SACK supplies: supplies;

That moral dawn be his inspiring That beverage sweet be his inspiring flame. flame,

Beyond the dancing radiance of the Cloath'd in the radiant influence of east the East,

Thy glory, son of CHATHAM! fires his Thy glory, son of CHATHAM, fires his breast, breast;

And proud to celebrate thy vernal And swift to adulate thy vernal fame. fame,

Hark, from this lyre the strain Hark! from his lyre a strain is ascends, heard,

Which but to Freedom's fav'rite In hopes, ere long, to be friends preferred,

That lyre disdains to sound. To sit in state 'midst mitred peers.

Hark and approve, as did thy Hark and approve! as did thy sire, sire[3]

The lays which once with kindred The lays which, nodding by the fire fire,

His muse in attic mood made Mona's To gentle slumbers sooth'd his oaks rebound. listening ears.

III. III.

Long silent since, save when, in Long silent since, save when on KEPPEL's name, t'other side,

Detraction, murd'ring BRITAIN's naval In KEPPEL's praise to little purpose fame, tried,

Rous'd into sounds of scorn th' I rous'd to well-feign'd scorn the indignant string[4]. indignant string;

But now, replenish'd with a richer But now replete with a more hopeful theme, theme,

The vase of harmony shall pour its stream, its stream,	The o'erflowing ink-bottle shall pour
Fann'd by free Fancy's rainbow-tinctur'd wing.	Through quills by Dullness pluck'd from gosling's downy wing.
Thy country too shall hail the song, song,	St. JAMES's too shall hail the
Her echoing heart the notes prolong; prolong,	Her echoing walls the notes
While they alone with [5]envy sigh, sigh.	Whilst they alone with sorrow
Whose rancour to thy parent dead Aim'd, ere his funeral rites were paid,	Whose reverence for thy parent dead, Now bids them hang their drooping head,
With vain vindictive rage to starve his progeny.	And weep, to mark the conduct of his progeny.

IV.

From earth and these the muse averts her view,	From these the courtly muse averts her eye.
To meet in yonder sea of ether blue A beam to which the blaze of noon is pale:	To meet with genuine unaffected joy A scene that passes in the Closet's gloom;
In purpling circles now the glory spreads, spreads,	In whitening circles the dim glory
A host of angels now unveil their Bedchamber Lords unveil their powder'd heads, heads,	
While heav'n's own music triumphs on the gale.	And Tory triumphs sound throughout the room:
Ah see, two white-rob'd seraphs lead Thy father's venerable shade;	Ah! see two Jannisaries lead Illustrious BUTE's thrice-honour'd shade;
He bends from yonder cloud of	Behind yon curtain did he stand,

gold,
While they, the ministers of Whilst they (which Whigs with
light, horror mark)
Bear from his breast a mantle Bear from his cloak a lantern
bright, dark,
And with the heav'n-wove robe thy And trust the hallow'd engine to thy
youthful limbs enfold. youthful hand.

V. V.
"Receive this mystic gift, my son!" he "Receive this mystic gift, brave
boy,"
cries, he cries,
"And, for so wills the Sovereign of "And if so please the Sovereign of the
the skies, skies,
With this receive, at ALBION's With this receive at GEORGE's
anxious hour, anxious hour,
A double portion of my patriot zeal, A double portion of my Tory zeal,
Active to spread the fire it dar'd to Active to spread the fire it dared to
feel feel,
Thro' raptur'd senates, and with Through venal senates, and with
awful power boundless pow'r,
From the full fountain of the tongue From the full fountain of the
tongue,
To call the rapid tide along To roll a tide of words along,
Till a whole nation caught the Till a whole nation is deceived.
flame.
So on thy sire shall heav'n bestow, So shall thy early labours gain
A blessing TULLY fail'd to know, A blessing BUTE could ne'er attain;
And redolent in thee diffuse thy In fact, a Courtier be, yet Patriot be
father's fame. believed.

VI. VI.
"Nor thou, ingenuous boy! that Fame "Nor thou, presumptuous imp, that
fame
despise disown,
Which lives and spreads abroad in Which draws its splendor from a
Heav'n's pure eyes, monarch's throne,

The last best energy of noble Sole energy of many a lordly mind,
mind[6];
Revere thy father's shade; like him Revere the shade of BUTE,
subservient
disdain still
The tame, the timid, temporizing To the high dictates of the Royal
train, will;
Awake to self, to social interest Awake to self, to social interest
blind: blind.
Young as thou art, occasion calls, Young as thou art, occasion calls,
Thy country's scale or mounts or Prerogative or mounts or falls
falls
As thou and thy compatriots As thou and thy compatriots[7]
strive; strive,
Scarce is the fatal moment past Scarce in the fatal moment past
That trembling ALBION deem'd her Which Secret Influence deem'd
her
last, last,
O knit the union firm, and bid an Oh! save the expiring fiend, and bid
empire live. her empire live!

VII. VII.
"Proceed, and vindicate fair Freedom's "Proceed!—Uphold Prerogative's
high
claim, claim,
Give life, give strength, give Give life, give strength, give
substance to her name; substance to her name!
The native rights of man with Fraud The rights divine of Kings with
contest. Whigs contest;
Yes, snatch them from Corruption's Save them from Freedom's bold
baleful power, incroaching hand,
Who dares, in Day's broad eye, those Who dares, in Day's broad eye,
those
rights devour, rights withstand,
While prelates bow, and bless the And be by Bishops thy endeavours
harpy feast. bless'd!"
If foil'd at first, resume thy If foil'd at first, resume thy

course, course,
Rise strengthen'd with ANTÆAN Whilst I, though writing worse and
force, worse,
So shall thy toil in conquest Thy glorious efforts will
end. record;
Let others court the tinsel things Let others seek by other ways,
That hang upon the smile of kings, The public's unavailing praise,
Be thine the muse's wreath; be thou Be mine the BUTT OF SACK—be thou the
the people's friend." TREASURY'S LORD!

[1] This expression is taken from Milton's song on May Morning, to which this stanza in general alludes, and the 4th verse in the next.

[2] Improved from Milton.

[3] The poem of Curactacus was read in Ms. by the late Earl of Chatham, who honoured it with an approbation which the author is here proud to record.

[4] See Ode to the Naval Officers of Great Britain, written 1779.

[5] See the motto from Pindar.

[6] in allusion to a fine and well-known passage in MILTON's Lycidas.

[7] Messrs. JENKINSON, ROBINSON, DUNDAS, &c. &c.

THE STATESMEN:

AN ECLOGUE.

LANSDOWNE.

While on the Treasury-Bench you, PITT, recline,
And make men wonder at each vast design;
I, hapless man, my harsher fate deplore,
Ordain'd to view the regal face no more;
That face which erst on me with rapture glow'd,
And smiles responsive to my smiles bestow'd:
But now the Court I leave, my native home,
"A banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to roam;"
While you to senates, BRUNSWICK's mandates give,
And teach white-wands to chaunt his high prerogative.

PITT.

Oh! LANSDOWNE, 'twas a more than mortal pow'r
My fate controul'd, in that auspicious hour,
When TEMPLE deign'd the dread decree to bring,
And stammer'd out the *Firmaun* of the King:
That power I'll worship as my houshold god,
Shrink at his frown, and bow beneath his nod;
At every feast his presence I'll invoke,
For him my kitchen fires shall ever smoke;
Not mighty HASTINGS, whose illustrious breath
Can bid a RAJAH live, or give him death,
Though back'd by SCOTT, by BARWELL, PALK, and all
The sable squadron scowling from BENGAL;

Not the bold Chieftain of the tribe of PHIPPS,
Whose head is scarce less handsome than his ship's;
Not bare-breech'd GRAHAM, nor bare-witted ROSE,
Nor the GREAT LAWYER with the LITTLE NOSE;
Not even VILLIERS' self shall welcome be,
To dine so oft, or dine so well as he.

LANSDOWNE.
Think not these sighs denote one thought unkind,
Wonder, not Envy, occupies my mind;
For well I wot on that unhappy day,
When BRITAIN mourn'd an empire giv'n away;
When rude impeachments menaced from afar,
And what gave peace to FRANCE—to us was war;
For awful vengeance Heav'n appeared to call,
And agonizing Nature mark'd our fall.
Dire change! DUNDAS's cheek with blushes glow'd,
GRENVILLE was dumb, MAHON no phrenzy show'd;
Though DRAKE harrangu'd, no slumber GILBERT fear'd,
And MULGRAVE's mouth like other mouths appear'd;
In vain had BELLAMY prepar'd the meat;
In vain the porter; BAMBER could not eat;
When BURKE arose no yell the curs began,
And ROLLE, for once, half seem'd a gentleman:
Then name this god, for to St. JAMES's Court,
Nor gods nor angels often make resort.

PITT.
In early youth misled by Honour's rules,
That fancied Deity of dreaming fools;
I simply thought, forgive the rash mistake,
That Kings should govern tor their People's sake:
But Reverend JENKY soon these thoughts suppress,
And drove the glittering phantom from my breast;
JENKY! that sage, whom mighty George declares,
Next SCHWELLENBURGEN, great on the back stairs:
'Twas JENKINSON—ye Deacons, catch the sound!

Ye Treasury scribes, the sacred name rebound!
Ye pages, sing it—echo it, ye Peers!
And ye who best repeat, Right Reverend Seers!
Whose pious tongues no wavering fancies sway,
But like the needle ever point one way.

LANSDOWNE.
Thrice happy youth! secure from every change,
Thy beasts unnumber'd, 'mid the Commons range;
Whilst thou, by JOVE's ætherial spirit fired,
Or by sweet BRUNSWICK's sweeter breath inspired,
Another ORPHEUS every bosom chear,
And sticks, and stocks, and stones, roar *hear! hear! hear!*
Raised by thy pipe the savage tribes advance,
And Bulls and Bears in mystic mazes dance:
For me no cattle now my steps attend,
Ev'n PRICE and PRIESTLY, wearied, scorn their friend;
And these twin sharers of my festive board,
Hope of my flock, now seek some richer Lord.

PITT.
Sooner shall EFFINGHAM clean linen wear,
Or MORNINGTON without his star appear;
Sooner each prisoner BULLER's law escape;
Sooner shall QUEENSBURY commit a rape;
Sooner shall POWNEY, HOWARD's noddle reach;
Sooner shall THURLOW hear his brother preach;
Sooner with VESTRIS, Bootle shall contend;
Sooner shall EDEN not betray his friend;
Sooner DUNDAS an Indian bribe decline;
Sooner shall I my chastity resign;
Sooner shall Rose than PRETTYMAN lie faster,
Than PITT forget that JENKINSON's his maker.

LANSDOWNE.
Yet oft in times of yore I've seen thee stand
Like a tall May-pole 'mid the patriot band;
While with reforms you tried each baneful art,

To wring fresh sorrows from your Sovereign's heart;
That heart, where every virtuous thought is known,
But modestly locks up and keeps them all his own.

PITT.

'Twas then that PITT, for youth such warmth allows,
To wanton Freedom paid his amorous vows;
Lull'd by her smiles, each offer I withstood,
And thought the greatest bliss my country's good.
'Twas pride, not passion, madden'd in my brain,
I wish'd to rival FOX, but wish'd in vain;
Fox, the dear object of bright Freedom's care,
Fox still the favourite of the BRITISH fair;
But while with wanton arts the syren strove
To fix my heart, and wile me to her love;
Too soon I found my hasty choice to blame,
—Freedom and Poverty are still the same—
While piles of massy gold his coffers fill,
Who votes subservient to his Sovereign's will.

LANSDOWNE.

Enough, break off—on RICHMOND I must wait;
And DEBBIEG too will think I stay too late;
Yet ere I go some friendly aid I'd prove,
The last sad tribute of a master's love.
In that famed College where true wisdom's found,
For MACHIAVELIAN policy renown'd,
The pious pastors first fill'd LANSDOWNE's mind,
With all the lore for Ministers design'd:
Then mark my words, and soon those Seers shall see
Their famed IGNATIUS far outdone in thee;—
In every action of your life be shown,
You think the world was made for you alone;
With cautious eye each character survey,
Woo to deceive, and promise to betray;
Let no rash passion Caution's bounds destroy,
And ah! no more appear "THE ANGRY BOY!"

PITT.

Yet stay—Behold the Heav'ns begin to lour,
And HOLLAND threatens with a thunder show'r;
With me partake the feast, on this green box,
Full fraught with many a feast for factious Fox;
Each sapient hint that pious PRETTY gleans,
And the huge bulk of ROSE's Ways and Means;
See too the smoaky citizens approach,
Piled with petitions view their Lord Mayor's coach;
Ev'n now their lengthen'd shadows reach this floor,
Oh! that d—n'd SHOP-TAX—AUBREY, shut the door!

THE STATESMEN.] It will be unnecessary to inform the classical reader, that this Eclogue evidently commences as an imitation of the 1st. of Vergil—the Author, however, with a boldness perfectly characteristic of the personages he was to represent, has in the progress of his work carefully avoided every thing like a too close adherence to his original design.

Line 8.—*A banish'd man*, &c.] Vide the noble Marquis's celebrated speech, on the no less celebrated IRISH PROPOSITIONS.

Line 14.—*And stammer'd out the* FIRMAUN, &c.] When a language happens to be deficient in a word to express a particular idea, it has been ever customary to borrow one from some good-natured neighbour, who may happen to be more liberally furnished. Our Author, unfortunately, could find no nation nearer than TURKEY, that was able to supply him with an expression perfectly apposite to the sentiment intended to be here conveyed.

Line 25.—*Not bare-breeche'd* GRAHAM.] His Lordship some time since brought in a bill to relieve his countrymen from those habilliments which in ENGLAND are deemed a necessary appendage to decorum, but among our more northern brethren are considered as a degrading shackle upon natural liberty. Perhaps, as the noble Lord was then on the point of marriage, he might intend this offering of his *opima spolia*, as an elegant compliment to HYMEN.

Line 51.—*But Reverend* JENKY.] Our Author here, in some measure deviating from his usual perspicuity, has left us in doubt whether the term *Reverend* is applied to the years or to the profession of the gentleman intended to be complimented. His long experience in the secrets of the CRITICAL REVIEW, and BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, would well justify the former supposition; yet his early admission into DEACON'S ORDERS will equally support the latter: our readers therefore must decide, while we can only sincerely exult in his Majesty's enjoyment of a man whose whole pious life has been spent in sustaining that beautiful and pathetic injunction of scripture, "SERVE GOD, AND HONOUR THE KING."

Line 68.—*And Bulls and Bears in mystic mazes dance.*] The beautiful allusion here made to that glorious state of doubt and obscurity in which our youthful Minister's measures have been invariably involved, with its consequent operation on the stockholders, is here most fortunately introduced.—What a striking contrast does Mr. PITT's conduct, in this particular, form to that of the Duke of PORTLAND, Mr. Fox, and your other *plain matter of fact men!*

Line 83.—*Sooner shall* ROSE *than* PRETTYMAN *lie faster.*] This beautiful compliment to the happy art of embellishment, so wonderfully possessed by this *par nobile fratrum*, merits our warmest applause; and the skill of our author no where appears more conspicious than in this line, where, in refusing to give to either the pre-eminence, he bestows the *ne plus ultra* of excellence on both.

RONDEAU.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To the RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EDEN, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY *and* MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY *of Commercial Affairs at the Court of* VERSAILLES.

Of EDEN lost, in ancient days,
If we believe what MOSES says,
  A paltry pippin was the price,
  One crab was bribe enough to entice
Frail human kind from Virtue's ways.

But now, when PITT, the all-perfect, sways,
No such vain lures the tempter lays,
  Too poor to be the purchase twice,
                Of EDEN lost.

The Dev'l grown wiser, to the gaze
Six thousand pounds a year displays,
  And finds success from the device;
  Finds this fair fruit too well suffice
To pay the peace, and honest praise,
                Of EDEN lost.

ANOTHER.

"A mere affair of trade to embrace,
Wines, brandies, gloves, fans, cambricks, lace;
For this on me my Sovereign laid
His high commands, and I obeyed;
Nor think, my lord, this conduct base.

"Party were guilt in such a case,
When thus my country, for a space,
Calls my poor skill to DORSET's aid
A mere affair of trade!"

Thus EDEN, with unblushing face,
To NORTH would palliate his disgrace;
When NORTH, with smiles, this answer made:
"You might have spared what you have said;
I thought the business of your place
A mere affair of trade!"

ANOTHER.

Around the tree, so fair, so green,
Erewhile, when summer shone serene,
Lo! where the leaves in many a ring,
Before the wint'ry tempest wing,
Fly scattered o'er the dreary scene:

Such, NORTH, thy friends. Now cold and keen
Thy Winter blows; no shelt'ring skreen
They stretch, no graceful shade they fling
Around the tree.

Yet grant, just Fate, each wretch so mean,
Like EDEN, pining in his spleen
For posts, for stars, for strings, may swing

On two stout posts in hempen string!
Few eyes would drop a tear, I ween,
Around the tree.

ANOTHER.

"The JORDAN have you been to see?"
Cried FOX, when late with shuffling plea,
Poor EDEN stammer'd at excuse,
But why the JORDAN introduce?
What JORDAN too will here agree?

That JORDAN which from spot could free
One man unclean here vain would be:
If yet those powers of wond'rous use
The JORDAN have!

One fitter JORDAN of the three
Would I for EDEN's meed decree;
With me then open every sluice,
And foaming high with streams profuse,
For EDENS head may all with me
The JORDAN have!

ANOTHER.

For EDEN's place, where circling round
EUPHRATES wash'd the hallow'd mound,
The learned long in vain have sought;
'Twas GREECE, 'twas POLAND, some have taught;
Some hold it in the deluge drown'd:
PITT thinks his search at PARIS crown'd;
See the Gazette his proofs expound!
Yet who of looking there had thought
For EDEN's place!

No;—view yon frame with dirt embrown'd,
Some six feet rais'd above the ground,
  Where rogues, exalted as they ought,
  To peep through three round holes are brought,
There will the genuine spot be found
                For EDEN's place!

EPIGRAMS

On the IMMACULATE BOY

That Master PITT seems
To be fond of extremes,
No longer is thought any riddle;
For sure we may say,
'Tis as plain as the day,
That he always kept clear of the middle.

ANOTHER.

'Tis true, indeed, we oft abuse him,
Because he bends to no man;
But Slander's self dares not accuse him
Of stiffness to a woman.

ANOTHER.

"No! no! for my virginity,
When I lose that," quoth PITT, "I'll die;"
Cries WILBERFORCE, "If not till then,
By G—d you must outlive all men[1]."

ANOTHER[2].

On *fair and equal* terms to place
An union is thy care;
But trust me, POWIS, in this case
The *equal* should not please his Grace,
And PITT dislikes the *fair*.

ANOTHER.

The virulent fair,
Protest and declare,
This Ministry's not to their hearts;
For say what they will,
To them Master BILL
Has never discover'd his parts.

ANOTHER.

——*Ex nihilo nil fit*.

When PITT exclaim'd, "By measures I'll be tried,"
That false appeal all woman-kind denied.

ANOTHER.

Incautious Fox will oft repose
In fair one's bosom thoughts of worth;
But PITT his secrets keeps so close,
No female arts can draw them forth.

ANOTHER.

Had PITT to his advice inclined,
SIR CECIL had undone us;
But he, a friend to womankind,

Would nothing lay upon us.
ANCILLA.

ANOTHER.

On Mr. PITT's *Prudence*.

Though PITT have to women told some things, no doubt;
Yet his private affairs they have never found out.

ANOTHER.

Who dares assert that virtuous PITT
Partakes in female pleasures;
For know there ne'er was woman yet
Could e'er endure half measures.

ANOTHER.

Puer loquitur.

Though big with mathematic pride,
By me this axiom is denied;
I can't conceive, upon my soul,
My parts are equal to the *whole*.

[1] "No! no! for my virginity,
When I lose that," quoth PITT, "I'll die;
Behind the elms last night," quoth DICK,
"Rose, were you not extremely sick?" PRIOR.

[2] A coalition between the DUKE OF PORTLAND and Mr. PITT, was attempted to be formed by Mr. POWIS, and the other Country Gentlemen. —This endeavour, however, was defeated in consequence of Mr. PITT's construction of the terms *fair and equal*.

THE DELAVALIAD.

Why, says an indignant poet, should Mr. ROLLE alone, of all the geniuses that distinguish the present period, be thought the only person of worth or talents enough to give birth and name to an immortal effusion of divine poesy? He questions not that great man's pretensions; far from it; he reveres his ancestors, adores his talents, and feels something hardly short of idolatry towards his manners and accomplishments.—But still, why such profusion of distinction towards one, to the exclusion of many other high characters? Our Poet professes to feel this injustice extremely, and has made the following attempt to rescue one deserving man from so unmerited an obloquy. The reader will perceive the measure to be an imitation of that which has been so deservedly admired in our immortal bard, in his play of "*As You Like It*."

From the East to the Western Inde
No Jewel is like Rosalind;
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Thro' all the world bears Rosalind, &c. &c.

This kind of verse is adopted by the poet to avoid any appearance of too servile an imitation of the ROLLIAD. He begins,

Ye patriots all, both great and small,
Resign the palm to DELAVAL;
The virtues would'st thou practise all,
So in a month did DELAVAL.
A *patriot* first both stout and tall,
Firm for the day was DELAVAL.
The friend to court, where frowns appal,

The next became good DELAVAL.—
Wilt thou against oppression bawl?
Just so did valiant DELAVAL!
Yet in a month, thyself enthral,
So did the yielding DELAVAL:
Yet give to both, a dangerous fall,
So did reflecting DELAVAL.
If resignation's good in all,
Why so it is in DELAVAL:
For if you p—- against a wall,
Just so you may 'gainst DELAVAL:
And if with foot you kick a ball,
E'en so you may—a DELAVAL.
'Gainst *influence* would'st thou vent thy gall,
Thus did the patriot DELAVAL:
Yet servile stoop to Royal call,
So did the loyal DELAVAL.
What friend to Freedom's fair-built Hall,
Was louder heard than DELAVAL?
Yet who the *Commons* rights to maul,
More stout was found than DELAVAL?
—'Gainst Lords and Lordlings would'st thou brawl,
Just so did he—SIR DELAVAL:
Yet on thy knees, to honours crawl,
Oh! so did he—LORD DELAVAL.
An evil sprite possessed SAUL,
And so it once did DELAVAL.
Music did soon the sense recal,
Of ISRAEL's King, and DELAVAL,
SAUL rose at DAVID's vile cat-call.
—Not so the wiser DELAVAL:
'Twas money's sweetest *sol, la fal*,
That chear'd the sense of DELAVAL—
When royal power shall instal,
With honours new LORD DELAVAL;
Who won't say—the *miraculous* hawl
Is caught by faithful DELAVAL?

'Gainst rapine would'st thou preach like Paul,
Thus did religious DELAVAL:
Yet screen the scourges of Bengal,
Thus did benignant DELAVAL.
To future times recorded shall
Be all the worths of DELAVAL:
E'en OSSIAN, or the great FINGAL,
Shall yield the wreath to DELAVAL.
From Prince's court to cobler's stall,
Shall sound the name of DELAVAL:
For neither sceptre nor the awl,
Are strong and keen as DELAVAL.—
Some better praise, than this poor scrawl,
Shall sing the fame of DELAVAL:
For sure no song can ever pall,
That celebrates great DELAVAL:
Borne on all fours, the fame shall sprawl.
To latest time—of DELAVAL:
Then come, ye Nine, in one great squall,
Proclaim the worths of DELAVAL.

[*The annotations of the learned are expected.*]

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT GEORGE[1] BUILT.

Lord NUGENT.—This is the RAT, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that George built.

Mr. FOX.—This is the CAT, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that George built.

PEPPER ARDEN.—This is the DOG, that barked at the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that George built.

Lord THURLOW.—This is the BULL with the crumpled horn, that roared with the Dog, that barked at the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that George built.

Mr. PITT.—This is the MAIDEN[2] all forlorn, that coaxed the Bull with the crumpled horn, that roared with the Dog, that barked at the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that George built.

Mr. DUNDAS.—This is the SCOT by all forsworn, that wedded[3] the Maiden all forlorn, that coaxed the Bull with the crumpled horn, that roared with the Dog, that barked at the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that George built.

Mr. WILKES.—This is the PATRIOT covered with scorn, that flattered the Scot by all forsworn, that wedded the Maiden all forlorn, that coaxed the Bull with the crumpled horn, that roared with the Dog, that barked at the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that George built.

CONSCIENCE.—This is the COCK that crowed in the morn, that waked the Patriot covered with scorn, that flattered the Scot by all forsworn, that wedded the Maiden all forlorn, that coaxed the Bull with the crumpled horn, that roared with the Dog, that barked at the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that George built.

[1] George Nugent Grenville, Marquis of Buckingham.

[2] The immaculate continence of the BRITISH SCIPIO, so strongly insisted on by his friends, as constituting one of the most shining ingredients of his own uncommon character, is only alluded to here as a received fact, and not by any means as a reproach.

[3] *Wedded*. This Gentleman's own term for a Coalition.

EPIGRAMS,

By SIR CECIL WRAY.

First published in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the signatures of DAMON, PHILOMELA, NOLENS VOLENS, and CRITANDER.

To CELIA (*now Lady* WRAY), *on Powdering her Hair*.

EXTEMPORE.

Thy locks, I trow, fair maid,
Don't never want this aid:
Wherefore thy powder spare,
And only *comb* thy hair.

To Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY, *proposing a Party to go a-fishing for White Bait*.

Worthy SIR JOE, we all are wishing,
You'd come with us a-White-Bait-fishing.

On seeing a Ladybird fly off CELIA*'s Neck, after having perched on it for many minutes*.

I thought (God bless my soul!)
Yon ladybird her mole—
I thought—but devil take the thing,
It proved my error—took to wing—

A Thought on NEW MILK.

Oh! how charming is New Milk!
Sweet as sugar—soft as silk!

Familiar Verses, addressed to two Young Gentlemen at the Hounslow Academy.

Take notice, roguelings, I prohibit
Your walking underneath yon gibbet:
Have you not heard, my little ones,
Of *Raw Head and Bloody Bones?*
How do you know, but that there fellow,
May step down quick, and you up swallow?

EXTEMPORE.

To DELIA, *on seeing* TWO CATS *playing together*.

See, DELY, DELY, charming fair,
How Pusseys play upon that chair;
Then, DELY, change thy name to WRAY,
And thou and I will likewise play.

On a BLADE-BONE.

Says I, one day, unto my wife,
I never saw in all my life
Such a blade-bone. Why so, my dear?
Says she. The matter's very clear,
Says I; for on it there's no meat,
For any body for to eat.
Indeed, my dear, says she, 'tis true, }
But wonder not, for, you know, you }
Can't eat your cake and have it too. }

An IDEA *on a* PECK *of* COALS.

I buy my coals by pecks, that we
May have them fresh and fresh, d'ye see.

To my very learned and facetious friend, S. ESTWICK, ESQ. M.P. *and* LL.D. *on his saying to me*, "What the D—-l noise was that?"

Good Dr. ESTWICK, you do seek
To know what makes my shoe-soles creak?
They make a noise when they are dry;
And so do you, and so do I.
C. W.

LORD GRAHAM'S DIARY,

DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

May 20. Went down to the House—sworn in—odd faces—asked PEARSON who the new people were—he seemed cross at my asking him, and did not know—I took occasion to inspect the water-closets.

N.B. To tell ROSE, that I found three cocks out of repair—didn't know what to do—left my name at the DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY's—dined at WHITE's—the pease tough—Lord APSLEY thought they ought to be boiled in steam—VILLIERS very *warm* in favour of *hot water*—PITT for the new mode—and much talk of *taking the sense* of the *club*—but happily I prevented matters going to extremity.

May 21. Bought a tooth-pick-case, and attended at the Treasury-Board—nothing at the House but swearing—rode to WILBERFORCE's at WIMBLEDON—PITT, THURLOW, and DUNDAS, *water-sucky*—we all wondered why perch have such large mouths, and WILBERFORCE said they were like MULGRAVE's—red champagne rather ropy—away at eight—THURLOW's horse started at a windmill—he off.

N.B. To bring in an Act to encourage water-mills—THURLOW home in a *dilly*—we after his horse—children crying, *Fox for ever!*—DUNDAS stretching to whip them—he off too.

May 22. Sick all day—lay a bed—VILLIERS *bored* me.

23. Hyde-park—PITT—HAMILTON, &c. Most of us agreed it was right to bow to Lord DELAVAL—PITT won't to any one, except the *new Peers*—dined at PITT's—PITT's soup never salt enough—Why must PRETTYMAN

dine with us?—PITT says to-day he will *not* support Sir CECIL WRAY—THURLOW wanted to give the *old toast*—PITT grave—probably this is the reason for letting PRETTYMAN stay.

24. House—Westminster Election—we settled to always make a noise when BURKE gets up—we ballotted among ourselves for a *sleeping Committee* in the Gallery——STEELE always to call us when PITT speaks—Lord DELAVAL our *dear* friend!—*Private* message from ST. JAMES's to PITT—He at last agrees to support SIR CECIL.

May 25. BANKES won't vote with us against GRENVILLE's Bill—English obstinacy—the Duke of RICHMOND teazes us—nonsense about consistency—what right has *he* to talk of *it?*—but must not say so.—DUNDAS thinks worse of the Westminster business than—but too hearty to indulge absurd scruples.

26. Court—King in high spirits, and attentive rather to the Duke of GRAFTON—QUEEN more so to Lord CAMDEN—puzzles us all!—So it is possible the Duke of RICHMOND will consent to leave the *Cabinet*?—Dinner at DUNDAS's—too many things aukwardly served—Joke about ROSE's thick legs, like ROBINSON's, in flannel.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF LORD MULGRAVE'S ESSAYS ON ELOQUENCE, LATELY PUBLISHED.

"We now come to speak of *Tropes*. Trope comes from the Greek word *Trepo*, to turn. I believe that tropes can only exist in a vocal language, for I do not recollect to have met with any among the savages near the Pole, who converse only by signs; or if they used any, I did not understand them. Aristotle is of opinion that horses have not the use of tropes.—Dean Swift seems to be of a contrary opinion; but be this as it may, tropes are of very great importance in Parliament, and I cannot enough recommend them to my young readers.

"*Tropes* are of two kinds: 1st, such as tend to illustrate our meaning; and 2dly, such as tend to render it obscure. The first are of great use in the *sermo pedestris*; the second in the sublime. They give the *os magna sonans*; or, as the same poet says in another place, the *ore rotundo*; an expression, which shows, by the bye, that it is as necessary to round your mouth, as to round your periods.—But of this more hereafter, when I come to treat of *mouthing*, or, as the Latins call it, *elocutio*.

"In the course of my reflections on tropes, I have frequently lamented the want of these embellishments in our modern *log-books*. Strabo says they were frequently employed by the ancient sailors; nor can we wonder at this difference, since our young seamen are such bad scholars: not so in other countries; for I have seen children at the island of *Zanti*, who knew more of Greek than any First Lieutenant. Now to return to Tropes, and of their use in Parliament. I will give you some examples of the most perfect kind in each species, and then quit the subject; only observing, that the worst

kind of tropes are *puns*; and that tropes, when used in controversy, ought to be very obscure; for many people do not know how to answer what they do not understand.

"Suppose I was desirous of pressing forward any measure, and that I apprehended that the opposite party wished to delay it, I should personify procrastination by one of the following manners:

1. "*This measure appears to be filtered through the drip-stone of procrastination.*" This beautiful phrase was invented by a near relation of mine, whose talents bid fair to make a most distinguished figure in the senate.

2. "*This is another dish cooked up by the procrastinating spirit.*" The boldness of this figure, which was invented by Mr. Drake, cannot be too much admired.

3. "*This appears to be the last hair in the tail of procrastination.*"

"The *Master of the Rolls*, who first used this phrase, is a most eloquent speaker; but I think the two former instances much more beautiful, inasmuch as the latter personification is drawn from a dumb creature, which is not so fine a source of metaphor as a Christian.

"Having thus exhausted the subject of metaphors, I shall say a few words concerning *similes*, the second of tropical figures, in point of importance."

ANECDOTES OF MR. PITT.

As nothing which relates to this great man can be indifferent to the public, we are happy in laying before our readers the following particulars, the truth of which may be depended on:—

MR. PITT rises about *Nine*, when the weather is clear; but if it should rain, Dr. PRETTYMAN advises him to lay about an hour longer. The first thing he *does* is to eat *no* breakfast, that he may have a better appetite for his dinner. About *ten* he generally blows his nose and cuts his toe-nails; and while he takes the exercise of his *bidet*, Dr. PRETTYMAN reads to him the different petitions and memorials that have been presented to him. About *eleven* his valet brings in Mr. ATKINSON and a WARM SHIRT, and they talk over the *New Scrip*, and other matters of finance. Mr. ATKINSON has said to *his* confidential friends round 'Change, that Mr. PITT always speaks to him with great affability. At *twelve* Mr. PITT retires to a water-closet, adjoining to which is a small cabinet, from whence Mr. JENKINSON confers with him on the secret instructions from BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE. After this, Mr. PITT takes a long lesson of dancing; and Mr. GALLINI says, that if he did not turn in his toes, and hold down his head, he would be a very good dancer. At *two* Mr. WILBERFORCE comes in, and they both play with Mr. PITT's black dog, whom they are very fond of, because he is like Lord MULGRAVE in the face, and barks out of time to the organs that pass in the street. After this Mr. PITT rides. We are credibly informed, that he often pats his horse; and, indeed, he is remarkably fond of all *dumb creatures* both in and out of Parliament. At *four* he sleeps.—Mr. PITT eats very heartily, drinks one

bottle of port, and two when he *speaks*; so that we may hope that Great Britain will long be blessed with the superintendance of this virtuous and able young Minister!!!

LETTER FROM A NEW MEMBER TO HIS FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

MY DEAR SIR,

As you are so anxious and inquisitive to know the principal circumstances that have occurred to my observation, since my introduction to the House of Commons, I think it my duty to give you what satisfaction I am able. As you know, my dear friend, how little I dreamt of being called out of my humble sphere of life, to the rank of a senator (and still less at a time when so many considerable gentlemen of education, worth, and property had been driven from their seats in Parliament), you will not wonder that it required some time before I could rid myself of the awe and embarrassment that I felt on first entering the walls of that august assembly. Figure to yourself, my good Sir, how very aukward and distressing it was to me to reflect, that I was now become a member of the British Senate; picked and culled out, as our inimitable Premier assured us, by the free, unbiassed voice of the people, for our singular abilities and love of our country, to represent the wisdom of the nation at the present critical juncture. Would to God I possessed a pen that might enable me to celebrate, in a style equal to his merits, the praises of this prodigy of a Minister, whom I can never speak or think of without enthusiasm! Oh! had you but heard his speech on the day of our meeting, when he addressed himself to the young members in a strain of eloquence that could not fail to make a lasting impression on our minds! Not one of us, I assure you, who did not feel the warmest emotions of respect and gratitude, and begin to entertain a confidence in his own talents for business, and a consciousness of his zeal for the public service, that would probably have

never entered into the head of a simple individual, if this excellent young man had not condescended to point out to us those qualities in such strong and flattering colours.

Such extraordinary marks of condescension surprized me not a little, from a person whom I had been used to hear so generally (but no doubt most falsely) censured, for upstart pretension and overbearing arrogance; and I could not sufficiently admire the candour he shewed, in giving such perfect credit to the talents and virtues of so many strangers, the greatest part of whose faces were even unknown to him. Besides, the compliment appeared to me the more generous, as I had but that very morning received a promise from Government to refund me the heavy charges and trouble they had led me into at my late election, which you very well know, notwithstanding the help of Mr. ROBINSON, had very near ruined my affairs, and proved the destruction of myself and family.

As you desire to have my impartial sentiments respecting the eloquence of Mr. PITT and Mr. FOX, I must fairly own, that I cannot hear, without indignation, any comparison made between 'em;—and, I assure you, Mr. PITT has a very decided preference in the opinion of most of the new members, especially among us COUNTRY GENTLEMEN, who, though we never heard any thing like public speaking before in our lives, have too much sense and spirit to agree in this particular with the generality of the public.—We could all see Mr. PITT was an orator in a moment. The dignity of his deportment, when he first rises from the Treasury Bench, with his head and eyes erect, and arms extended, the regular poize of the same action throughout the whole of his speech, the equal pitch of his voice, which is full as sonorous and emphatic in expressions of the least weight; above all, his words, which are his principal excellence, and are really finer and longer than can be conceived, and clearly prove him, in my judgment, to be far superior to every other orator. Mr. FOX, it seems, in perfect despair of imitating the expression and manner of his rival, never attempts to soar above a language that is perfectly plain, obvious, and intelligible, to the meanest understanding; whereas, I give you my word, I have more than once met with several who have frankly owned to me, that Mr. PITT's eloquence was often above their capacity to comprehend. In addition to this, it is observable, that Mr. PITT has the happy art of expressing

himself, even upon the most trifling occasion, in at least three times as many words as any other person uses in an argument of the utmost importance, which is so evident an advantage over all his adversaries, that I wonder they persist to engage in so unequal a combat.

I shall take an early opportunity of communicating to you some further observations on this subject: in the mean time believe me,

Dear Sir,
With the truest regard,
Your's, &c. &c. &c.

Cocoa Tree, May 29, 1784.

THE POLITICAL RECEIPT BOOK, FOR THE YEAR 1784.

HOW TO MAKE A PREMIER.

Take a man with a great quantity of that sort of words which produce the greatest effect upon the *many*, and the least upon the *few*: mix them with a large portion of affected candour and ingenuousness, introduced in a haughty and contemptuous manner. Let there be a great abundance of falsehood, concealed under an apparent disinterestedness and integrity; and the two last to be the most professed when the former is most practised. Let his engagements and declarations, however solemnly made, be broken and disregarded, if he thinks he can procure afterwards a popular indemnity for illegality and deceit. He must subscribe to the doctrine of PASSIVE OBEDIENCE, and to the exercise of patronage independent of his approbation; and be careless of creating the most formidable enemies, if he can gratify the personal revenge and hatred of those who employ him, even at the expence of public ruin and general confusion.

HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY OF STATE.

Take a man in a violent passion, or a man that never has been in one; but the first is the best. Let him be concerned in making an ignominious peace, the articles of which he could not comprehend, and cannot explain. Let him speak loud, and yet never be heard; and to be the kind of man for a SECRETARY OF STATE when nobody else will accept it.

HOW TO MAKE A PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

Take a man who all his life loved office, merely for its emolument; and when measures which he had approved were eventually unfortunate, let him be notorious for relinquishing his share of the responsibility of them; and be stigmatized, for political courage in the period of prosperity, and for cowardice when there exists but the appearance of danger.

HOW TO MAKE A CHANCELLOR.

Take a man of great abilities, with a heart as black as his countenance. Let him possess a rough inflexibility, without the least tincture of generosity or affection, and be as manly as oaths and ill manners can make him. He should be a man who will act politically with all parties, hating and deriding every one of the individuals which compose them.

HOW TO MAKE A MASTER OF THE ORDNANCE.

Take a man of a busy, meddling, turn of mind, with just as much parts as will make him troublesome, but never respectable. Let him be so perfectly callous to a sense of personal honour, and to the distinction of public fame, as to be marked for the valour of insulting where it cannot be revenged[1]; and, if a case should arise, where he attempts to injure reputation, because it is dignified and absent, he should possess *discretion* enough to apologise and to recant, if it is afterwards dictated to him to do so, notwithstanding any previously-declared resolutions to the contrary. Such a man will be found to be the most fit for servitude in times of disgrace and degradation.

HOW TO MAKE A TREASURER OF THE NAVY.

Take a man, composed of most of the ingredients necessary to enable him to attack and defend the very same principles in politics, or any party or parties concerned in them, at all times, and upon all occasions. Mix with these ingredients a very large quantity of the root of interest, so that the juice of it may be always sweet and uppermost. Let him be one who avows a pride in being so necessary an instrument for every political measure, as

to be able to extort those honours and emoluments from the weakness of a government, which he had been deliberately refused, at a time when it would have been honourable to have obtained them.

HOW TO MAKE A LORD OF THE TREASURY.

Take the most stupid man you can find, but who can make his signature; and from ignorance in *every thing* will never contradict you in *any thing*. He should not have a brother in the church, for if he has, he will most probably abandon or betray you. Or, take a man of fashion, with any sort of celebrity: if he has accustomed himself to arguments, though the dullness can only be measured by the length of them, he will serve to speak *against time*, with a certainty in that case of never being answered.

HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Take a pleading *Country Attorney*, without passion, and without parts. Let him be one who will seize the first opportunity of renouncing his connection with the first man who draws him out of obscurity and serves him. If he has no affections or friendships, so much the better; he will be more ready to contribute to his own advantage. He should be of a temper so pliable, and a perseverance so ineffectual, as to lead his master into troubles, difficulties, and ruin, when he thinks he is labouring to overcome them. Let him be a man, who has cunning enough, at the same time, to prey upon and deceive frankness and confidence; and who, when he can no longer avail himself of both, will sacrifice even his character in the cause of treachery, and prefer the interests resulting from it, to the virtuous distinctions of honour and gratitude.

HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY-AT-WAR.

Take a man that will take any thing. Let him possess all the negative virtues of being able to do no harm, but at the same time can do no good; for they are qualifications of a courtly nature, and may in time recommend him to a situation something worse, or something better.

HOW TO MAKE AN ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Take a little ugly man, with an *eye* to his preferment. It is not requisite that he should be much of a lawyer, provided that he be a tolerable politician; but in order to qualify himself for an *English Judge*, he should first be a *Welch* one. He must have docility sufficient to do any thing; and, if a period should arrive, when power has popularity enough to make rules and laws for the evident purpose of gratifying malignity, he should be one who should be ready to advise or consent to the creation of new cases, and be able to defend new remedies for them, though they militate against every principle of reason, equity, and justice.

N.B. The greatest part of this Receipt would make a MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

HOW TO MAKE A WARDROBE-KEEPER, OR PRIVY-PURSE.

Take the most supercilious fool in the nation, and let him be in confidence in proportion to his ignorance.

HOW TO MAKE A SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE.

Take a Captain in the *Navy*, as being best acquainted with the *Army*; he should have been a few years *at sea*, in order to qualify him for the direction of works *on shore*; and let him be one who will sacrifice his connections with as much ease as he would renounce his profession.

HOW TO MAKE A PEER.

Take a man, with or without parts, of an ancient or a new family, with one or with two Boroughs at his command, previous to a dissolution. Let him renounce all former professions and obligations, and engage to bring in your friends, and to support you himself. Or, take the Country Gentleman who the least expects it; and particularly let the honour be conferred when he has done nothing to deserve it.

HOW TO MAKE SECRET INFLUENCE.

Take a tall, ill-looking man, with more vanity, and less reason for it, than any person in Europe. He should be one who does not possess a single consolatory private virtue, under a general public detestation. His pride and avarice should increase with his prosperity, while they lead him to neglect and despise the natural claims of indigence in his own family. If such a man can be found, he will easily be made the instigator, as well as the instrument, of a cabal, which has the courage to do mischief, and the cowardice of not being responsible for it; convinced that he can never obtain any other importance, than that to be derived from the execution of purposes evidently pursued for the establishment of tyranny upon the wreck of public ruin.

[1] "What care I for the King's Birth-day!"

HINTS FROM DR. PRETTYMAN, THE COMMIS, TO THE PREMIER'S PORTER.

To admit Mr. WILBERFORCE, although Mr. PITT should be even engaged with the SOUTHWARK agents, fabricating means to defeat Sir RICHARD HOTHAM.—WILBE must have *two* bows.—ATKINSON to be shewn into the anti-chamber—he will find amusement in reading LAZARRELLO DE TORMEZ, or the *complete Rogue*.—If Lord APSLEY and Mr. PERCIVAL come from the Admiralty, they may be ushered into the room where the large *looking-glasses* are fixed—in that case they will not regret waiting—Don't let LORD MAHON be detained an instant at the door, the pregnant young lady opposite having been sufficiently frightened already!!!—JACK ROBINSON to be shewn into the study, as the private papers were all removed this morning—Let Lord LONSDALE have *my Lord*, and *your Lordship*, repeated to his ear as often as possible—the apartment hung with *garter-blue* is proper for his reception!—The other new Peers to be greeted only plain *Sir!* that they may remember their late *ignobility*, and feel new gratitude to the *benefactor of honours!*—You may, as if upon recollection, address some of the last list, *My Lord!*—and ask their names—it will be pleasing to them to sound out their own titles.—Lord ELIOT is to be an exception, as he will tediously go through every degree of his dignity in giving an answer.—All letters from BERKELEY-SQUARE to be brought in without mentioning Lord SHELBURNE's name, or even Mr. ROSE's.—The Treasury Messenger to carry the *red box*, as usual, to CHARLES JENKINSON before it is sent to Buckingham-House.—Don't blunder a second time, and question Lord MOUNTMORRES as to the life

of a *hackney chairman* - it is wrong to judge by appearances!—Lord GRAHAM may be admitted to the library - he can't read, and therefore won't derange the books.

A TALE.

At BROOKES's once, it so fell out,
The box was push'd with glee about;
With mirth reciprocal inflam'd,
'Twas said they rather play'd than gam'd;
A general impulse through them ran,
And seem'd t' actuate every man:
But as all human pleasures tend
At some sad moment to an end,
The hour at last approach'd, when lo!
'Twas time tor every one to go.
Now for the first time it was seen,
A certain sum unown'd had been;
To no man's spot directly fixt,
But plac'd—ambiguously betwixt:
So doubtfully indeed it lay,
That none with confidence could say
This cash is mine—I'm certain on't—
But most declined with—"Sir, I won't"—
"I can't in conscience urge a right,
To what I am not certain quite."
—NORTHUMBRIA'S DUKE, who wish'd to put
An end to this polite dispute,
Whose generous nature yearn'd to see
The smallest seeds of enmity,
Arose and said—"this cash is mine— }
For being ask'd to-day to dine, }
You see I'm furbelow'd and fine, }

With full-made sleeves and pendant lace;
Rely on't, this was just the case,
That when by chance my arm I mov'd,
The money from me then I shov'd;
This clearly shews how it was shifted,"
Thus said, the rhino then he lifted;—
"Hold, hold, my Lord," says thoughtless HARE,
Who never made his purse his care;
A man who thought that money's use
Was real comfort to produce,
And all the pleasures scorn'd to know
Which from its *snug* enjoyments flow;
Such as still charm their gladden'd eyes,
Who feel the bliss of avarice.
"Hold, hold, my Lord, how is it known
This cash is certainly your own?
We each might urge as good a plea,
Or WYNDHAM, CRAUFURD, SMITH, or me;
But we, though less it were to blame,
Disdain'd so pitiful a claim;
Then here let me be arbitrator—
I vote the money to the waiter,"
Thus oft will generous folly think:
But prudence parts not so with chink.
On this occasion so it was,
For gravely thus my Lord Duke says:
"Consider, Sir, how large the sum,
To full eight guineas it will come:
Shall I, for your quaint verbal play,
Consign a whole estate away?
Unjust, ridiculous, absurd,
I will not do it, on my word;
Yet rather than let fools deride,
I give my *fiat* to divide;
So 'twixt the waiter and myself,
Place equal portions of the pelf;
Thus eighty shillings give to RALPH,

To ALNWICK's DUKE the other half."
HARE and the rest (unthinking croud!)
At this decision laugh'd aloud:
"Sneer if you like," exclaim'd the Duke,
Then to himself his portion took;
And spite of all the witless rakes,
The Peer and Porter part the stakes.

MORALS.

I. This maxim, then, ye spendthrifts know,
'Tis money makes the mare to go.

II. By no wise man be this forgot;
A penny sav'd's a penny got.

III. This rule keep ever in your head;
A half-loaf's better than no bread.

IV. Though some may rail, and others laugh,
In your own hand still keep the staff.

V. Forget not, Sirs, since Fortune's fickle,
Many a little makes a mickle.

VI. By gay men's counsels be not thwarted.
Fools and their money soon are parted.

VII. Save, save, ye prudent—who can know
How soon the high may be quite low?

VIII. Of Christian virtues hear the sum,
True charity begins at home.

IX. Neglect not farthings, careless elves;
Shillings and pounds will guard themselves.

X. Get cash with honour if you can,
But still to get it be your plan.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CERTAIN PERSONAGE AND HIS MINISTER.

IMITATED FROM THE NINTH ODE OF HORACE, BOOK III.

Donec gratus eram tibi.

K——- When heedless of your birth and name,
For pow'r yon barter'd future fame,
On that auspicious day,
Of K—gs I reign'd supremely blest:
Not HASTINGS rul'd the plunder'd East
With more despotic sway.

P—TT. When only on my favoured head
Your smiles their royal influence shed,
Then was the son of CH—TH—M
The nation's pride, the public care,
P—TT and Prerogative their pray'r,
While we, Sir, both laugh'd at 'em.

K——- JENKY, I own, divides my heart,
Skill'd in each deep and secret art
To keep my C—MM—NS down:
His views, his principles are mine;
For these I'd willingly resign
My Kingdom and my Crown.

P—TT. As much as for the public weal,
My anxious bosom burns with zeal
For pious Parson WYV—LL
For him I'll fret, and fume, and spout,
Go ev'ry length—except go out,
For that's to me the Devil!

K——- What if, our sinking cause to save,
We both our jealous strife should wave,
And act our former farce on:
If I to JENKY were more stern,
Would you, then, generously turn
Your back upon the Parson?

P—TT. Tho' to support his patriot plan
I'm pledg'd as *Minister* and *Man*,
This storm I hope to weather;
And since your Royal will is so,
Reforms and the *Reformers* too,
May all be damn'd together!

Prettymaniana.

EPIGRAMS ON THE REV. DR. PR—TT—MAN'S DUPLICITY.

I.

That PRETTYMAN's so pale, so spare,
No cause for wonder now affords;
He lives, alas! on empty fare,
Who lives by *eating his own 'words!*

II.

In BAYES's burlesque, though so strange it appear'd,
That PRINCE PRETTYMAN's self should PRINCE PRETTYMAN *kill*;
Our Prettyman FURTHER to go has not fear'd,
But in DAMNING himself, he extended his skill!

III.

Undaunted PITT, against the State to plot,
Should int'rest spur, or passion urge ye;
Dread not the hapless exit of LA MOTTE,
Secure in *Benefit of Clergy!*

IV.

That against my fair fame
You devise so much blame,
Cries the Priest, with a damn me, what care I?
Since the gravest Divine,
Tells a lie worse than mine,
When he cries, "*Nolo Episcopari!*"

V.

How wisely PITT, for different ends,
Can marshal his obedient friends!
When only *time* he wants, not sense,
MULGRAVE vents *copious impotence*.
If demi-falsehood must be tried,
By ROSE the quibbling task's supply'd—
But for the more accomplish'd lie,
Who with meek PR—TT—MAN shall vie?

VI.
(PR—TT—MAN *loquitur*.)

Although, indeed, 'tis truly said,
The various principles of *Trade*
We are not very glib in;

Yet surely none will this deny,
Few know so well as PITT, or I,
To manufacture *fibbing*.

VII.

A horrible fib that a Priest should have told,
Seems to some people's thinking excessively odd,
Yet sure there's no maxim more certain or old,
Than "*The nearer the Church still the farther from God*."

VIII.

Why should such malice at the Parson fly?
For though he *spoke*, he scorn'd to write, a lye.

IX.

While the Wits and the Fools Parson PRETTY belabour,
With—"Thou shalt not false witness; set up 'gainst thy neighbour,"
The text and the fact (cries the Priest) disagree.
For in Downing-street *I*, in Great George-street lives *He*.

X.

What shall reward bold PRETTY's well-tim'd sense, }
For turning new an IRISH *Evidence*? }
An IRISH *Bishoprick*'s the recompence! }

XI.

What varied fates the same offence assail!
PRETTY, install'd—and ATKINSON, in jail.
Both scorn alike the laws that truth maintains;
Yet one, a Prebend, one, a Prison gains.
This mounts a *stall*, the *pillory* that ascends;
For public, one, and one for private ends.

The first gets ample scope *our* ears to pain;
The other scarcely can *his own* retain:
Just Heav'n, reverse the doom!—To punish each,
To ATKINSON alone, let PRETTY preach!

XII.

How happy, alas! had it been for poor PITT,
If WYVILL, like PRETTYMAN, never had writ!

XIII.

———Scelera ipsa nefasque
Hâc mercede placent————

Cries PRETTYMAN, "Consider, Sir,
My sacred cloth, and character."
The indignant Minister replied,
"This ne'er had been, had ORDE ne'er lyed."
The patient Priest at last relented;
And *all his Master wish'd*, invented;
Then added, with a saint-like whine,
"But the next Mitre *must* be mine!"

XIV.

For *tongue* or for *eye*,
Who with PRETTY can vie?
Sure such organs must save him much trouble;
For of labour not loth,
Tis the way with them both,
Their functions to execute——*double!*

XV.

The days of miracle, 'twas thought, were past;
(Strange from what cause so wild an error sprung)
But now convinc'd, the world allows at last,

PRETTY's still favour'd with a—*cloven tongue!*

XVI.

Faith in the Church, all grave Divines contend,
Is the chief hold whence future hopes depend.
How hard then BRITAIN's lot!—for who hath *faith*
To credit *half* what Doctor PRETTY saith?

XVII.

(By SIR CECIL WRAY.)

Oh! if I had thought that PRETTY could lye,
I'd a hired him, I would, for my Scrutiny!
My poor Scrutiny!—My *dear* Scrutiny!
My heart it down sinks—I wish I could die!

XVIII.

(By SIR JOSEPH MAWBEY.)

Lord BACON hang'd poor HOGG,
For murd'ring, without pity, man;
And so should PITT, by Gog,
That kill-truth, Doctor PRETTYMAN—
For say I will, spite of hip wig,
He's far below the *learned Pig!*

XIX.

(By THE SAME.)

Says WRAY to me, which is most witty,
The learned Pig, or Parson PRETTY?
Says I, I thinks, the latter is more wiser;
PIGGY tells truth alone;—but PRETTY lyes, Sir.

XX.

(NOT by THE SAME.)

Three Parsons for three different patrons writ,
For ROCKINGHAM, for PORTLAND, and for PITT
The first, in *speaking* truth alone surpass'd;
The next could *write* it too—not so the last.—
The pride of Churchmen to be beat was loth—
So PRETTYMAN's the opposite to both!

XXI.

How much must IRELAND, PITT and PRETTY prize!
Who swear, at all events, to *equal—lyes*.

XXII.

———*In vino Veritas*———

PRETTY, the other night, was tripping caught—
Forgive him, PITT; he'll not repeat the fault—
The best may err—misled by wine and youth—
His Rev'rence drank too hard; and told—*the truth!*
Ev'n thou, should generous wine o'ercome thy sense,
May'st rashly stumble on the same offence.

XXIII.

There are who think all State affairs
The worst of wicked worldly cares,
To mingle with the priestly leaven;
Yet sure the argument's uncouth——
PRETTY shall *doubly* spread the truth,
A Minister of Earth and Heaven.

XXIV.

While modern Statesmen glean, from priestly tribes,
Rev'rend *Commis*, and sanctimonious scribes;
'Tis love of *truth*—yet vain the hope, alas!
To make this *Holy Writ* for *Gospel* pass.

XXV.

Above the pride of worldly fame or show,
A virtuous Priest should upwards turn his eyes——
Thus PRETT contemns all *character* below,
And thinks of nothing but the way to *rise*.

XXVI.

'Gainst PRETTY's unholiness vain 'tis to rail;
With a courtly Divine that's of little avail;
What Parson polite, would not virtue offend,
And maintain a *great* falsehood, to save a *great* friend?

XXVII.

If St. PETER was made,
Of Religion the head,
For boldly his master denying;
Sure, PRETTY may hope
At least to be Pope,
For his greater atchievements in lying.

XXVIII.

Says PRETTYMAN, "I'll fib, d'ye see,
If you'll reward me freely."
"Lye on (cries PITT) and claim of me
The Bishoprick of E—LYE."

XXIX.

'Tis said the *end* may sanctify the *means*,
And pious frauds denote a special grace;
Thus PRETTY's lye his master nobly screens—
Himself, good man! but seeks a *better place*.

XXX.

"Sons of PATRICK! (cries ORDE) set up shop in your bog,
And you'll ruin the trade of JOHN BULL and NICK FROG."
"That's a lye (replies PITT) we shall gain by their riches;
If we wear IRISH *shirts*, they must wear ENGLISH *breeches*"
"You both lye (exclaims PRETTY) but I will lye too;
And, compar'd with my lye, what you say will seem true!"

XXXI.

For pert malignity observ'd alone,
In all things else unnotic'd, and unknown;
Obscurely odious, PRETTY pass'd his days,
Till more inventive talents won our lays.
"Now write, he cries, an Epigram's my pride:
Who wou'd have known me, if I ne'er had ly'd?"

XXXII.

With pious whine, and hypocritic snivel,
Our fathers said, "*Tell truth*, and *shame the Devil!*"
A nobler way bold PR——TT——N is trying,
He seeks to *shame* the Devil—by outlying,

XXXIII.
(In answer to a former.)

No *cloven tongue* the Doctor boasts from heav'n,
Such gifts but little wou'd the Doctor boot;
For preaching *Truth* the *cloven tongues* were giv'n,
His lyes demonstrate more the *cloven foot*.

XXXIV.

Maxims, says PRETT, and adages of old,
Were circumscrib'd, though clever;
Thus Truth they taught, *not always* should be told;
But I maintain, *not ever*.

XXXV.

In the drama of CONGREVE, how charm'd do we read
Of *Spintext* the *Parson*, and *Maskwell* the *Cheat*,
But in life would you study them closer, indeed,
For equal originals—see *Downing-street*.

XXXVI.

PITT and PRETTY came from College
To serve themselves, and serve the state;
And the world must all acknowledge
Half is done—so half may wait:
For PRETTY says, 'tis rather new,
When even *half* they say—is *true*.

XXXVII.

The Devil's a dealer in lyes, and we see
That two of a trade never yet could agree;
Then DOCTOR proceed, and d—m———n despise,
What Devil would take such a rival in lyes.

XXXVIII.

GRAND TREATY OF LYING.

The Devil and PRETTY a treaty have made,
On a permanent footing to settle their trade;
'Tis the Commerce of Lying,—and this is the law;

The Devil *imports* him all lyes that are raw_;_
Which, check'd by no *docket*, unclogg'd with a fee,
The *Priest* manufactures, and vends *duty free*;
Except where the lye gives his conscience such trouble,
The *internal* expence should have recompence double.
Thus to navigate falsehood no bar they'll devise;
But Hell must become the EMPORIUM of Lyes.
Nay, the Bishops themselves, when in pulpit they bark it,
Must supply their consumption, from Satan's *own market*,
While *reciprocal tribute* is paid for the whole
In a surplusage *d—mn—g* of P—TTY—'s soul.

FOREIGN EPIGRAMS.

I. *By the* Chevalier de BOUFFLERS.

"PRETTIMAN est menteur, il s'est moqué de nous"
"(Se crient en courroux tous les sots d'Angleterre)"
Calmez vous donc, Messieurs—eh! comment savez vous
Si c'est bien un mensonge, ou si c'est un mystère?

II. *By* Professor HEYNE, *of the* UNIVERSITY *of* GOTTINGEN.

In Dominum PITTUM *Doctoremque* PRETTYMANNUM,
Figulus loquitur—Scena, Vicus, vulgo dictus *Downing*.
Vivitur hic, cives, pacto quo denique? Rhetor
Ecce loqui refugit; scribere scriba negat.

III. BY THE SAME.

Falsiloquusne Puer magis, an fallacior ille
Scriba? Puer fallax, scribaque falsiloquus.

IV. *By* COMTE CASIMIR, *a descendant of the famous* CASIMIR, *the great Latin Poet of* POLAND.

BELLUS HOMO atque *pius* vis idem dicier—At tu
Mendax, unde Pius? Bellus es unde, Strabo?

V. *By* FATHER MOONY, *Parish Priest of* KILGOBBIN.

A Mick na braaga Streepy poga ma Thone
Na vuishama da Ghob, Oghone! Oghone!

VI. [1]*By* EUGENIUS, *Archbishop of* SLAVENSK *and* KHERSON, *in Russia, and Author of a Translation of* VIRGIL'S GEORGICS *into* Greek Hexameters.

{Pseudon ouch iereus aischynetai. Eithe s alethos,
O pseudon iereu, kai pseudierea legoimi.}

Falsa-dicens Sacerdos non erubescit. Utinam te verè
O falsa-dicens Sacerdos, et falsò-te-sacerdotem-dicentem appellarem.

VII. BY THE SAME.

{Pseudon outos alos ou paucetai. En de genomai
Teioud autod egon mot episkopos, ou men easo,
O pseudon d iereus kai pseudiereus tach an eie.}

Falsa dicere ille omnino non desinet. Si vero fierem
Talis vlri ipse ego quandoque Episcopus, non equidem sinerem
Falsa-dicens autem sacerdos et qui-se-falso-sacerdotem diceret cito foret.

VIII. *By* Mons. VILLOISON, *the celebrated Grecian and French Editor of* LONGINUS, &c. &c.

Ad amicum quendam qui DOCTOREM PRETTIMANNUM *sacerdotem* appellaret.

{a. Pseudein ouch IERON. ti de ton pseudonth IEREA
Chre ste kaelin; b. IEREUS k ouch IEROS legetai.}

a. Mentiri non *sacrum*. Quid verò mentientem *sacerdotem*
Oportet te vocare? b. *Sacerdos* & non *sacer* dicitur.

IX.
MADRIGALE—*By* SIGNOR CAPONINI *of* ROME.

In quel bel dì, ch'il DIO del VERO nacque,
Per tutto il mondo tacque
Ogni Oracol mendace in ogni fano.
Cosi va detto, ma si e detto in vano.
Ecco, in quest' isola remota, anch'ora
L'Oracola s'adora
D'un giovinetto Febo, che a le genti
Per un suo sacerdote manda fnora
Quel, ch'ei risponde a lusingar lor menti;
In guisa, che puo far chiamar verace
L'Oracolo de' Grechi più mendace.

X. *By* Dr. CORTICELLI *of* BOLOGNA.

Io non ho mai veduto un sì bel PRETTIMANNO,
Con un sì gran Perrucho, e d' occhi sì *squintanno*.

XI. *In the language of* OTAHEITE.—*By M. de* BOUGAINVILLE. (*With an interlined Translation, according to Capt.* COOK's GLOSSARY.)

[2]Prettyman *to call liar interjection*
Peetimai, tooo too, ooo, taata, Allaheueeai!

Insincere man to cuff liar nasty Prettyman
Hamaneeno, eparoo, taata, erepo, *Peetimai*.

XII. *In the language of* TERRA INCOCNITA (*viz.* AUSTRALIS), *by the noted Mr.* BRUCE.

[A translation is requested by the earliest discoverer, the original being left at the publisher's for his inspection by the author, who has most kindly communicated the following representation of the genuine words, adapted to the ENGLISH type.—May we not presume to suggest the infinite service Mr. M'PHERSON would render to his country, were he generously to

embark in the first outward-bound ship for TERRA AUSTRALIS—No man in EUROPE being so well qualified for the useful station of universal linguist and decypherer to the savages—"*I decus, I nostrum.*"]

HOT. TOT. HUM. SCUM. KIKEN- ASS. HOT. TOT. ROW. ROW. KIKEN. ASS. QUIP. LUNK. NUN. SKUMP. KISSEN. ASS. TARRAH. DUD. LICEN. TOCK. KIKEN. ASS. TOT.

We must apologize to several of our more erudite correspondents, for suspending some short time the publication of their most curious epigrams on the Doctor. We have not the least objection to the extra expence necessarily incurred on the present occasion, by the purchase of a variety of antique types. Nay, we have actually contracted with the celebrated CASLON, for the casting of a proper quantity of the COPTIC and RUNIC characters, in order to the due representation of the PRETTYMANIANA, communicated by Professor WHITE, and Mons. MAILLET. As it might be some time, however, before Mr. CASLON, even with the assistance of Mess. FRY and Son's foundery, can furnish us with the PERSIC, SYRIAC, and CHACHTAW types, we cannot promise the Doctor the insertion of the GENTOO REBUS, or the NEW ZEALAND ACROSTIC in the present edition.

[1] We cannot withhold from the good Bishop our particular thanks for his excellent Haxameters, which breathe indeed the spirit both of piety and poetry. We have taken the liberty of subjoining a literal translation, in Latin Prose, to the Epigrams of EUGENIUS, as well as to the distich of Mons. VILLOISON, for the accommodation of the young Students at our Universities.

[2] PEETIMAI is wonderfully near the original PRETTYMAN, considering that, after every effort, the inhabitants of OTAHEITE could not approximate to the name of BANKS nearer than OPANO—nor of COOK, than TOOTE.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Missing from the genealogies of the new Peers—three FATHERS—five MOTHERS—nine GRANDFATHERS—fourteen GRANDMOTHERS—twenty
GREAT-GRANDFATHERS—and nearly twice the number of GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS—also
some COMPLETE GENERATIONS OF ANCESTORS.

If any person can give notice at the HERALD's OFFICE of any Fathers, Mothers, Grandfathers, Grandmothers, Great-grandfathers, and Great-grandmothers, worth owning, of the names of C———, D———, H———, L———, P———, E———, &c. &c. &c. so as that the said Fathers, Mothers, Grandfathers, Grandmothers, Great-grandfathers, and Great-grandmothers, may be taken and restored to the advertisers, the person so informing, for every such notice, shall receive ONE GUINEA reward, and no questions shall be asked.

And if any person will undertake to find ANCESTORS BY THE GENERATION, for every regular descent of not less than *three*, and not more than *five*, he shall receive TWO GUINEAS each ancestor; and for every regular descent of not less than *six*, and not more than *ten*, he shall receive FIVE GUINEAS each ancestor, and so in proportion for any greater number.

A HANDSOME COMPLIMENT will also be given, in addition to the rewards above proposed, for ANCESTORS who distinguished themselves under JAMES II. CHARLES II. and CHARLES I. in the cause of PREROGATIVE. Likewise an extraordinary price will be paid for the discovery of any ANCESTOR of REMOTE ANTIQUITY and HIGH

FAMILY; such as the immortal DUKE ROLLO, companion of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, and founder of the present illustrious family of ROLLE.

N.B. No greater reward will be offered, as THE HERALDS have received directions for making NEW.

VIVE LE SCRUTINY.

CROSS GOSPEL THE FIRST.

——But what says my good LORD BISHOP OF LONDON to this same WESTMINSTER SCRUTINY—this daily combination of rites, *sacred* and *profane*—ceremonies *religious* and *political* under his hallowed roof of ST. ANN'S CHURCH, SOHO? Should his Lordship be unacquainted with this curious process, let him know it is briefly this:—At *ten* o'clock the HIGH BAILIFF opens his inquisition in the VESTRY, for the PERDITION OF VOTES, where he never fails to be honoured with a crowded audience.—At *eleven* o'clock the HIGH PRIEST mounts the rostrum in the CHURCH for the SALVATION OF SOULS, without a single *body* to attend him; even his corpulent worship, the clerk, after the first introductory AMEN, filing off to the Vestry, to lend a hand towards reaping a quicker harvest!—The alternate vociferations from Church to Vestry, during the different SERVICES, were found to cross each other sometimes in responses so apposite, that a gentleman who writes shorthand was induced to take down part of the Church-medley-dialogue of one day, which he here transcribes for general information, on a subject of such singular importance, *viz.*

HIGH BAILIFF.—I cannot see that *this here fellow* is a just vote.

CURATE.—"*In thy sight shall no man living be justified.*"

Mr. FOX.—I despise the pitiful machinations of my opponents, knowing the just cause of my electors must in the end prevail.

CURATE.—"*And with thy favourable kindness shalt thou defend him as with a shield.*"

WITNESS.—He swore d—n him if he did not give Fox a plumper!

CLERK—"*Good Lord! deliver us.*"

Mr. MORGAN.—I stand here as Counsel for Sir CECIL WRAY.

CURATE.—"*A general pestilence visited the land, serpents and* FROGS *defiled the holy temple.*"

Mr. PHILLIPS.—Mr. HIGH BAILIFF, the audacity of that fellow opposite to me would almost justify my chastising him in this sacred place; but I will content myself with rolling his heavy head in the neighbouring kennel.

CURATE.—"*Give peace in our time, O Lord!*"

Sir CECIL WRAY.—I rise only to say thus much, that is, concerning myself —though as for the matter of myself, I don't care, Mr. HIGH BAILIFF, much about it—

Mr. FOX.—Hear! hear! hear!

CURATE.—"*If thou shalt see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burthen, thou shalt surely help him.*"

Sir CECIL WRAY.—I trust—I dare say—at least I hope I may venture to think—that my Right Hon. friend—I should say enemy—fully comprehends what I have to offer in my own defence.

CURATE.—"*As for me I am a worm, and no man; a very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people!—fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread overwhelmed me!!!*"

HIGH BAILIFF.—As that *fellow there* says he did not vote for Fox, who did he poll for?

CURATE.—"BARRABAS!—*now Barrabas was a robber.*"

VIVE LE SCRUTINY.

CROSS GOSPEL THE SECOND.

HIGH BAILIFF.—This here case is, as I may say, rather *more* muddier than I could wish.

DEPUTY GROJAN.—*Ce n'est pas clair*—I *tink*, Sir, with you.

CURATE.—"*Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord!*"

Mr. FOX.—Having thus recapitulated all the points of so contradictory an evidence, I leave you, Mr. High Bailiff, to decide upon its merits.

CURATE.—"*He leadeth Counsellors away spoiled, and maketh Judges fools.*"

HIGH BAILIFF.—I don't care three brass pins points about that there—though the poor *feller* did live in a shed; yet as he says he once boiled a sheep's head under his own roof, which I calls his *casthillum—argyle*, I declares him a good *wote*!

CLERK.—"*Oh Lord! incline our hearts to keep this law.*"

BAR-KEEPER.—Make way for the parish-officers, and the other *gemmen* of the *Westry*.

CURATE.—"*I said my house should be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!*"

Mr. ELCOCK.—*Mr. High Bailey!* Sir, them there *Foxites* people are *sniggering* and *tittering* on the other side of the table; and from what I can guess I am sure it can be at nobody but you or me.

CURATE.—"*Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man!*"

Sir CECIL WRAY.—I am sure this same SCRUTINY proves sufficiently burthensome to me.

CURATE.—"*Saddle me an ass, and they saddled him.*"

HIGH BAILIFF.—Mr. HARGRAVE here, my counsel, says—it is my opinion that this *wote* is legally substantiated according to law.

CURATE.—"*So* MORDECAI *did, according to all that* JEHOSAPHAT *commanded him!*"

Mr. PHILLIPS.—And now, friend MORGAN, having gone through my list of thirty votes, and struck off twenty-six bad, from that number, I will leave you to make your own comment thereon.

CURATE.—"*And lo! when they arose in the morning, they were all dead corpses!*"

HIGH BAILIFF.—But for God's sake, good Sir, in that case, what will the people justly say of *me?*

CURATE.—"*Let a gallows be erected fifty cubits high, and to-morrow speak unto the King, that* MORDECAI *may be hanged thereon!*"

PARAGRAPH-OFFICE, IVY-LANE.

Whereas by public orders from this office, all GENTLEMEN RUNNERS and SCRIBBLERS, PUNNERS and QUIBBLERS, PUFFERS, PLAISTERERS, DAUBERS and SPATTERERS, in our pay, and under our direction, were required, for reasons therein specified, to be particularly diligent in defending and enforcing the projected DUTY ON COALS.

AND WHEREAS the virtuous and illustrious CHANCELLOR OR THE EXCHEQUER, patriotically resolving to prefer the private interests of his friends to the public distress of his enemies; and prudently preferring the friendship of Lord LONSDALE to the satisfaction of ruining the manufactures of IRELAND, has accordingly signified in the HOUSE OF COMMONS, that he intends to propose some other tax as a substitute for the said duty.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE to all Gentlemen Runners, and Scribblers, as aforesaid, that they hold themselves ready to furnish, agreeably to our future orders, a sufficient number of panegyrical paragraphs, properly ornamented with *Italics* and CAPITALS, notes of interrogation, and notes of admiration, apostrophe's and exclamations, in support of any tax whatever, which the young Minister in his wisdom may think proper to substitute. AND in the mean time that they fail not to urge the public spirit and zeal for the national welfare, humanity to the poor, and regard for the prosperity of our manufacturers, which considerations ALONE induced the Minister to abandon his original purpose of taxing coals: AND that they expatiate on the wise exemptions and regulations which the Minister would certainly have introduced into his bill for enacting the said tax, but that (as he declared in the House of Commons) unfortunately for the finances of this country, he had not time in the present Session of

Parliament to devise such exemptions and regulations: AND FINALLY, that they boldly assert the said tax to have been GOOD, POLITIC, JUST, and EQUITABLE; but that the new tax, which is to be substituted in place of it, will necessarily be BETTER, MORE POLITIC, MORE JUST, and MORE EQUITABLE.

MAC-
OSSIAN,
Superintenden
general
of
the
Press.

PITT AND PINETTI. A PARALLEL.

SIGNOR PINETTI the Conjuror, and Mr. PITT the Premier, have a wonderful similitude in the principal transactions and events by which they are distinguished.

PINETTI, in defiance of Mr. COLMAN, took possession of his property in the HAYMARKET THEATRE, and by the help of a little agency behind the scenes, played several tricks, and became popular!

Mr. PITT in like manner seized upon another THEATRE-ROYAL, in the absence of the rightful possessor, the Duke of PORTLAND. He had not, it is true, the permission of a LORD CHAMBERLAIN as PINETTI had; but the countenance of a LORD OF THE BEDCHAMBER was deemed equivalent. Here he exhibited several surprising tricks and deceptions: we will say nothing of the agency, but all present appeared delighted. PINETTI also exhibited in the presence of Royalty, and with equal success, as the sign manual he boasts of will testify.

PINETTI cuts a lemon in two, and shews a KNAVE OF DIAMONDS—Mr. PITT in like manner can divide the HOUSE OF COMMONS, which for its acidity may be called the political lemon. He cannot at present shew a KNAVE OF DIAMONDS; but what may he not do when Mr. HASTINGS arrives?[1]

PINETTI takes a number of rings, he fastens them together, and produces a CHAIN.—Does any person dispute Mr. PITT's ability to construct a CHAIN?

PINETTI has a SYMPATHETIC LIGHT, which he extinguishes at command—Mr.
PITT's method of leaving us in the dark is by BLOCKING UP our WINDOWS!

PINETTI takes money out of one's pocket in defiance of all the caution that can be used—Mr. PITT does the same, without returning it.—In this the Minister differs from the Conjuror!

PINETTI attempted to strip off an Englishman's shirt; if he had succeeded, he would have retained his popularity.—Mr. PITT attempted this trick, and has carried his point.

PINETTI has a bird which sings exactly any tune put before it.—Mr.
PITT has upwards of TWO HUNDRED birds of this description.—N.B.
PEARSON says they are a pack of CHATTERING MAGPIES.

[1] The Editor feels it necessary to declare, in justice to Mr. HASTINGS's character, that the charges since preferred by the HOUSE OF COMMONS, and MAJOR SCOTT's *honour as a Gentleman*, have amply disproved all parts of this comparison.

NEW ABSTRACT OF THE BUDGET, FOR 1784.

COMMUTATION TAX.—An Act for rendering houses more chearful, healthy, comfortable, and commodious.

PAPER DITTO.—An Act for the encouragement of authors, the promotion of learning, and extending the liberty of the press.

POSTAGE DITTO.—An Act for expediting business, increasing social intercourse, and facilitating the epistolary correspondence of friends.

DISTILLERY DITTO.—An Act for making the landlords responsible to government for the obedience of their own and their neighbours tenantry.

CANDLE DITTO.—An Act for the benevolent purpose of putting the blind on a level with their fellow-creatures.

EXCISE GOODS DITTO.—An Act for lessening the burthen of the subject by an increase of the collection.

SOAP DITTO.—An Act for suppressing the effeminacy of Englishmen, by disappointing them of clean linen.

SMUGGLING DITTO.—An Act for demonstrating the arbitrary spirit of this free government, in whatever clashes with the interests of the Treasury.

GAME DITTO.—An Act for making the many responsible, for a monopoly of every thing nice and delicate, to the palates of the few.

HORSE DITTO.—An Act for reducing the farmers to the wholesome exercise of walking, while their servants enfeeble themselves with riding.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

At the last grand FETE given by Mr. JENKINSON to his friends in Administration, it was proposed, that as WILBERFORCE had sprained his leg at the last game at LEAPFROG, and PRATT had grown too fat for their old favourite sport of HIDE-AND-SEEK, some new diversion should be instituted.—Various *succedanea* were suggested, such as CHUCK-FARTHING, MARBLES, &c. but at last the general voice determined in favour of the DRAMA.—After some little altercation as to what particular dramatic production to select, the comic opera of TOM JONES was performed, and the arrangement of characters was disposed of as follows:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. BLIFIL, - - MR PITT. BLACK GEORGE, - MR. ROBINSON. KING OF THE GYPSIES, - LORD THURLOW. THWACKAM, - MR. JENKINSON. SQUARE, - - DR. PRETTYMAN. SQUIRE WESTERN, - MR. ROLLE. PARTRIDGE, - - MR. MACPHERSON.

The parts of ALLWORTHY, TOM JONES, and SOPHIA, were subjects of long and difficult discussion; but at length Mr. DUNDAS put an end to the altercation, by assuring the company that he was willing and able to act ANY part, and would be glad, though at so short a notice, to attempt that of ALLWORTHY. The same offer was handsomely made by Lord DENBIGH for that of TOM JONES, and the character of SOPHIA was at last allotted to VILLIERS.

THE WESTMINSTER GUIDE.

PART I.

ADDRESSED TO MR. ANSTY.

Poet to town, my friend ANSTY, or if you refuse
A visit in person, yet spare us your muse:
Give her wing, ere too late for this city's election,
Where much waits her comment, and more her correction.
What novels to laugh at! what follies to chide!
Oh! how we all long for a WESTMINSTER Guide!
First, in judgment decisive, as OTTOMAN Califf,
Aloft on the hustings, behold the HIGH BAILIFF!
But we miss from the seat, where law rests on a word,
The old symbols of justice—the scales and the sword—
As a symbol too martial the sword he discards,
So 'tis lodg'd where it suits—in the hands of the guards;
And doubting the poise of weak hands like his own,
He suspended the scales at the foot of the throne.——

Turn next to the candidates—at such a crisis—
We've a right to observe on their virtues or vices.
Hood founds (and with justice to most apprehensions)
In years of fair services, manly pretensions;
But his party to change, and his friend to betray,
By some are held better pretensions in WRAY.

For the third, if at Court we his character scan,
A dæmon incarnate is poor CARLO KHAN;
Catch his name when afloat on convivial bumpers,
Or sent up to the skies by processions of plumpers;
He is Freedom's defender, the champion of Right,
The Man of the People, the nation's delight.
To party or passion we scorn to appeal,
Nor want we the help of intemperate zeal;
Let Time from Detraction have rescued his cause,
And our verse shall but echo a nation's applause.

But hark! proclamation and silence intreated;
The inspectors arranged—the polling clerks seated—
With Bibles in hand, to purge willing and loth,
With the Catholic Test, and the Bribery Oath.
In clamour and tumult mobs thicken around,
And for one voice to vote there are ten to confound:
St. GILES's with WAPPING unites Garretteers,
HOOD and WRAY and PREROGATIVE, PITT and three cheers!
'Tis the day for the Court—the grand Treasury push!
And the pack of that kennel well trained to the *brush*,
Dash noisy and fearless through thick and through thin,
The huntsman unseen, but his friends whippers-in.

Now follow fresh tribes, scarce a man worth a louse,
Till put into plight at NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE;
Ten poll for one mansion, each proving he keeps it,
And one for each chimney—he'll prove that he sweeps it—
With these mix the great, on rights equally fables,
Great Peers from poor lodgings, great Lawyers from stables;
Ev'n the Soldier, whose household's a centinel box.
Claims a questionless franchise 'gainst Freedom and FOX;
All dubbed and maintained upon influence regal
Of the new H——E of C———S constituents legal.

What troops too of females 'mong'st CHARLES's opposers?
Old tabbies and gossips, scolds, gigglers, and sprosers!
And Lady LACKPENSION, and Dowager THRIFTY,

And many a maiden the wrong side of fifty;
And FUBZY, with flesh and with flabbiness laden
(And in all things indeed the reverse of a maiden),
And hags after hags join the barbarous din,
More hateful than serpents, more ugly than SIN.

Thus [1] the Bacchanal tribes when they ORPHEUS assailed,
Drowned his notes with their yells ere their vengeance prevailed,
Well knowing the sound of his voice or his lyre,
Had charms to allay diabolical ire.
Our Bacchanals find a more difficult foe;
For what strains can inchant, though from ORPHEUS they flow,
Like the orator's spell o'er the patriot mind,
When pleading to reason the cause of mankind?

Now for councils more secret that govern the plan—
A Calif is nothing without a DIVAN.
With invisible step let us steal on the quorum,
Where MAINWARING sits in the Chair of Decorum.
And WILMOT harangues to the brethren elect,
[2]On his master's commands—"Carry law to effect."
"The true reading, my friends, in the *jus bacculinum*,
When the FOXITES are drubbed, then imprison or fine 'em;
And let him who would construe th' effective still further,
Knock out a friend's brains to accuse them of murder.
I have ready some hundreds of resolute knaves,
With bludgeons well shaped into Constables' staves,
In WESTMINSTER strangers—true creatures of power,
Like the lions—ferociously nursed at the Tower[3].
Do we want more support?—Mark! that band of red coats! }
Whose first service over, of giving their votes, }
Why not try for a second—the cutting of throats! }
From the SAVOY they march—their mercy all lie at,
When the Bench gives the call, and St. J———s's the *fiat*."
Thus the law of effect the wise justice expounds,

This is WILMOT's abridgment compris'd in twelve rounds;
The new MIDDLESEX CODE—which treats subjects like partridge,
While the Statutes at large are cut up into cartridge.

Enough of these horrors—a milder design,
Though not a more lawful one, CORBET, is thine!
The polling to close, but decision adjourn,
And in scrutiny endless to sink the return.
Thy employers who ranged on the Treasury Bench,
For prerogative fight, or behind it intrench,
Shall boldly stand forth in support of the act,
Which they mean to restrain by law after the fact.
With quibble and puzzle that reason disgrace.
Or with impudent paradox put in its place,
They shall hold, *that an indigent party's defence,*
When at war with the Treasury, lies in expence;
[4] That the part of the vexed is to cherish vexation,
And strain it through DRIPSTONES *of procrastination—*
These positions you'll say are indeed hypothetic—
At Court they'll be Gospel—the muse is prophetic.

End of the First Part.

[1] Note.] *Thus the Bacchanal tribes, &c.*

Cunctaque tela forent cantu mollita: sed ingens
Clamor, et inflatâ Berecynthia tibia cornu,
Tympanaque, Plaususque, et Bacchei ululatus
Obstrepuere sono Citheræ. Tum denique Saxa
Non exauditi rubuerunt Sanguine Vatis.
OVID.

[2] See the letter of the Lord Lieutenant of M———x, May 8th.

[3] These strange Constables were avowedly brought from the Tower Hamlets.

[4] See the speech of a young orator in a late debate.

END OF THE FIRST PART

PART II.

ADDRESSED TO MR. HAYLEY.

To thy candour now, HAYLEY, I offer the line,
Which after thy model I fain would refine.
Thy skill, in each trial of melody sweeter,
Can to elegant themes adapt frolicksome metre;
And at will, with a comic or tender controul,
Now speak to the humour, and now to the soul.
We'll turn from the objects of satire and spleen,
That late, uncontrasted; disfigured the scene;
To WRAY leave the rage the defeated attends,
And the conqueror hail in the arms of his friends;
Count with emulous zeal the selected and true,
Enroll in the list, and the triumph pursue.
These are friendships that bloomed in the morning of life,
Those were grafted on thorns midst political strife;
Alike they matured from the stem, or the flower,
Unblighted by int'rest, unshaken by power.
Bright band! to whose feelings in constancy tried,
Disfavour is glory, oppression is pride;
Attached to his fortunes, and fond of his fame,
Vicissitudes pass but to shew you the same.

But whence this fidelity, new to the age?
Can parts, though sublime, such attachments engage?
No: the dazzle of parts may the passions allure,
'Tis the heart of the friend makes affections endure.

The heart that intent on all worth but its own,
Assists every talent, and arrogates none;
The feeble protects, as it honours the brave,
Expands to the just, and hates only the knave.

These are honours, my FOX, that are due to thy deeds;
But lo! yet a brighter alliance succeeds;
The alliance of beauty in lustre of youth,
That shines on thy cause with the radiance of truth.
The conviction they feel the fair zealots impart,
And the eloquent eye sends it home to the heart.
Each glance has the touch of Ithuriel's spear,
That no art can withstand, no delusion can bear,
And the effort of malice and lie of the day,
Detected and scorn'd, break like vapour away.

Avaunt, ye profane! the fair pageantry moves:
An entry of VENUS, led on by the loves!
Behold how the urchins round DEVONSHIRE press!
For order, submissive, her eyes they address:
She assumes her command with a diffident smile,
And leads, thus attended, the pride of the Isle.

Oh! now for the pencil of GUIDO! to trace,
Of KEPPEL the features, of WALDEGRAVES the grace;
Of FITZROY the bloom the May morning to vie,
Of SEFTON the air, of DUNCANNON the eye;
Of LOFTUS the smiles (though with preference proud,
She gives ten to her husband, for one to the croud),
Of PORTLAND the manner, that steals on the breast,
But is too much her own to be caught or express'd;
The charms that with sentiment BOUVERIE blends,
The fairest of forms and the truest of friends;
The look that in WARBURTON, humble and chaste,
Speaks candour and truth, and discretion and taste;
Or with equal expression in HORTON combined,
Vivacity's dimples with reason refined.

REYNOLDS, haste to my aid, for a figure divine,
Where the pencil of GUIDO has yielded to thine;
Bear witness the canvas where SHERIDAN lives,
And with angels, the lovely competitor, strives——
While Earth claims her beauty and Heaven her strain,
Be it mine to adore ev'ry link of the chain!

But new claimants appear ere the lyre is unstrung,
Can PAYNE be passed by? Shall not MILNER be sung?
See DELME and HOWARD, a favourite pair,
For grace of both classes, the zealous and fair——
A verse for MORANT, like her wit may it please,
Another for BRADDYLL of elegant ease,
For BAMFYLDE a simile worthy her frame——
Quick, quick—I have yet half a hundred to name——
Not PARNASSUS in concert could answer the call,
Nor multiplied muses do justice to all.

Then follow the throng where with festal delight,
More pleasing than HEBE, CREWE opens the night.
Not the goblet nectareous of welcome and joy,
That DIDO prepared for the hero of TROY;
Not Fiction, describing the banquets above,
Where goddesses mix at the table of JOVE;
Could afford to the soul more ambrosial cheer
Than attends on the fairer associates here.
But CREWE, with a mortal's distinction content,
Bounds her claim to the rites of this happy event;
For the hero to twine civic garlands of fame,
With the laurel and rose interweaving his name,
And while Iö Pæans his merits avow,
As the Queen of the feast, place the wreath on his brow.

INSCRIPTION

For the DUKE OF RICHMOND'*s Bust to the Memory of the late* MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM.

Hail, marble! happy in a double end!
Raised to departed principles and friend:
The friend once gone, no principles would stay:
For very grief, they wept themselves away!
Let no harsh censure such conjunction blame,
Since join'd in life, their fates should be the same.
Therefore from death they feel a common sting,
And HEAV'N receives the one, and one the K—G.

EPIGRAM.

Reason for Mr. FOX'*s avowed contempt of one* PIGOT'*s Address to him.*

Who shall expect the country's friend,
The darling of the House,
Should for a moment condescend
To crack a [1]PRISON LOUSE.

ANOTHER.

On one PIGOT'*s being called a* LOUSE.

PIGOT is a *Louse*, they say,
But if you kick him, you will *see*,
'Tis by much the truest way,
To represent him as a FLEA.

ANOTHER,

For servile meanness to the great,
Let none hold PIGOT Cheap;
Who can resist his destined fate?
A LOUSE must always CREEP.

ANOTHER.

PIGOT is sure a most courageous man,
"A word and blow" for ever is his plan;
And thus his friends explain the curious matter,

He gives the first, and then receives the latter.

[1] The substantive in the marked part of this line has been long an established SYNONYME for Mr. PIGOT, and the PREDICATE, we are assured, is not at this time less just.

A NEW BALLAD, ENTITLED AND CALLED BILLY EDEN, OR, THE RENEGADO SCOUT.

To the Tune of ALLY CROAKER.

I.
There lived a man at BECKHAM, in KENT, Sir,
Who wanted a place to make him content, Sir;
Long had he sigh'd for BILLY PITT's protection,
When thus he gently courted his affection:
Will you give a place, my dearest BILLY PITT *O!*
If I can't have a whole one, oh! give a little bit *O!*

II.
He pimp'd with GEORGE ROSE, he lied with the DOCTOR,
He flatter'd Mrs. HASTINGS 'till almost he had shock'd her;
He got the ARCHBISHOP to write in his favour,
And when BILLY gets a beard, he swears he'll be his shaver.
Then give him a place, oh! dearest BILLY PITT *O!*
If he can't have a whole one, oh! give a little bit *O!*

III.
To all you young men, who are famous for changing,
From party to party continually ranging,
I tell you the place of all places to breed in,
For maggots of corruption's the heart of BILLY EDEN.
Then give him a place, oh! dearest BILLY PITT *O!*
If he can't have a whole one, oh! give a little bit *O!*

EPIGRAMS.

On Sir ELIJAH IMPEY *refusing to resign his Gown as* CHIEF JUSTICE OF BENGAL.

Of yore, ELIJAH, it is stated,
By angels when to Heav'n translated,
Before the saint aloft would ride,
His prophet's robe he cast aside;
Thinking the load might sorely gravel
His porters on so long a travel;
But our ELIJAH somewhat doubting,
To him SAINT PETER may prove flouting,
And wisely of his mantle thinking,
That its furr'd weight may aid his sinking,
Scornful defies his namesake's joke,
And swears by G—d he'll keep his cloak.

ANOTHER.

By Mr. WILBERFORCE.

On reading Mr. ROSE'*s Pamphlet on the* IRISH PROPOSITIONS.

Uncramp'd yourself by grammar's rules,
You hate the jargon of the schools,
And think it most extremely silly;
But reading your unfetter'd prose,
I wish the too-licentious ROSE
Was temper'd by the chaster LILLY[1].

[1] A famous grammarian, well known for his excellent rules, and still more for the happy classical quotations he has furnished to Sir GEORGE HOWARD, and others of the more learned Ministerial speakers.

PROCLAMATION.

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

Whereas it hath been made known to us, from divers good and respectable quarters, in several parts of the empire, that a practice of great and salutary consequences to the health, wealth, and good order of our subjects; to wit, that of TEA-DRINKING, has of late years been very much discontinued: AND WHEREAS it is a true and admitted principle in all free governments, that the efficient Minister is the best and only judge of what suits the constitution, pleases the appetite, or is adapted to the wants of the subject. NOW IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, and strictly ordained, by and with the advice of the PRIVY COUNCIL, that all his Majesty's liege subjects, of all ranks, descriptions, or denominations whatever, be henceforward, and from the date hereof, required and enjoined, under the penalty of a *premunire*, to drink, swill, and make away with a certain quantity of the said nostrum and salutary decoction in the course of each natural day, in the order and proportion as directed and ascertained in the list or schedule herein after following, *viz*.

I. To every DUKE, MARQUIS, EARL, VISCOUNT, and BARON, within his Majesty's kingdom of GREAT BRITAIN, one pound per day.—If GREEN be too strong for their nerves, they may use SOUCHONG.—The method of making it, that is to say, strong, weak, and so on, is left to the noble personages themselves.

II. To every IRISH ditto, two pound per ditto.—This will be no inconvenience, as smuggled claret will not be in future to be had.

III. DUCHESSES, DUCHESS DOWAGERS, COUNTESSES, and BARONESSES, one pound per ditto.—As this regulation is not intended to hurt his Majesty's Customs, a mixture of LIQUEURS will be permitted as usual.

IV. MAIDS OF HONOUR, CHAPLAINS, the MEMBERS of the CLUB AT WHITE's, and other young gentlemen of that RANK and DESCRIPTION (being pretty nearly the usual quantity), two pound per ditto.

V. To COUNTRY 'SQUIRES, FOX-HUNTERS, &c. as a most agreeable substitute for STINGO and OCTOBER, three pound per ditto.

VI. To DRAYMEN, CHAIRMEN, and BARGEMEN, instead of PORTER, two pound per ditto.

VII. To the Commonalty of this Realm, to drink with their victuals and otherwise, at one pound for each person per ditto.

And IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that no excuse or plea whatever shall be deemed valid, for the non-compliance with the above regulations; AND that whoever shall pretend, that the said wholesome and benign decoction, either does not agree with him, or is more expensive than his finances or state of life will permit, shall be only considered as aggravating the offence of disobedience, by a contumacious doubt of the better knowledge of his superiors, and a ridiculous endeavour to seem to be better acquainted with his own constitution and circumstances, than the efficient Minister of the country.

GIVEN *at our Palace in* DOWNING-STREET, *this 24th Day of June, 1784.*

ORIGINAL LETTER.

Many doubts having arisen, principally among the gentlemen who belong to the same profession with the Master of the Rolls, whether that distinguished character has *really* sent a draft to the HIGH BAILIFF of WESTMINSTER, for the expences of a late trial and verdict in the Common Pleas; and although the fact is not exactly as it has been represented, yet the following authentic letter will sufficiently evince the generous intentions of Sir LL——D, as soon as he becomes rich enough for him to answer so heavy a demand. At present, all who know the very circumscribed state of his income, compared with the liberality of his expenditure—who consider the extent of those different establishments, which he feels it necessary to keep up by way of preserving the dignity of his high office—his wardrobe and table for instance—will acknowledge the plea of poverty to be justly urged.

To THOMAS CORBETT, *Esq. Chancery-Lane.*

My dear and faithful friend, Tho. Corbett,

"I anticipate your application to me, for the expences of defending yourself against the action brought by that fellow, FOX. If eternally damning the jury would pay the verdict, I would not scruple to assist you to the utmost of my abilities.—Though THURLOW is against us upon this point, and to swear with him, you know, would be just as vain a thing as to swear with the Devil; but, my friend, the long and the short of this matter is, that I am *wretched poor*—wretchedly so, I do assure you, in every sense and signification of the word. I have long borne the profitless incumbrance of nominal and ideal wealth. My income has been cruelly estimated at seven,

or, as some will have it, eight thousand pounds per annum. The profession of which I am a Member, my dear THOMAS, has taught me to value facts infinitely more than either words or reasons. I shall save myself, therefore, the mortification of denying that I am rich, and refer you to the constant habits, and whole tenor of my life. The proof to my friends is easy—Of the economy which I am obliged to observe in one very necessary article, my taylor's bill for these last fifteen years, is a record of the most indisputable authority. There are malicious souls, who may object to this, as by no means the best evidence of the state of my wardrobe; they will direct you, perhaps, to Lord STORMONT's Valet de Chambre, and accompany the hint with an anecdote, that on the day when I kissed hands for my appointment to the office of Attorney-General, I appeared in a laced waistcoat that once belonged to his master. The topic is invidious, and I disdain to enter into it.—I *bought* the waistcoat, but despise the insinuation—nor is this the only instance in which I am obliged to diminish my wants, and apportion them to my very limited means. Lady K. will be my witness, that until my last appointment, I was an utter stranger to the luxury of a pocket handkerchief.

"If you wish to know how I live, come and satisfy yourself—I shall dine at home this day three months, and if you are not engaged, and breakfast late, shall be heartily glad of your company; but in truth, my butler's place is become an absolute sinecure—early habits of sobriety, and self-denial, my friend, have made me what I am—have deceived the approach of age, and enabled me to support the laborious duties, and hard vicissitudes of my station.

"Besides, my dear BAILIFF, there are many persons to whom your application would be made with infinitely more propriety than to me. The nature of PEPPER ARDEN is mild, gentle, accommodating to the extreme, and I will venture to engage that he would by no means refuse a reasonable contribution. MACDONALD is, among those who know him, a very proverb for generosity; and will certainly stand by you, together with DUNDAS and the LORD ADVOCATE, if there be fidelity in Scotchmen. BEARCROFT too will open his purse to you with the same blind and improvident magnanimity with which he risqued his opinion in your favour: besides, you are sure of PITT.—A real zeal for your welfare, a most

disinterested friendship, and some consciousness that I have materially helped to involve you; and, believe me, not the sordid motive of shifting either the blame, or the expence upon the shoulders of others, have made me thus eagerly endeavour to put you in the way of consulting your best friends in this very critical emergency.

"As to myself, you are possessed already of the circumstances which render any immediate assistance on my part wholly out of the question. Except half a dozen pair of black plush breeches, which I have but this instant received, I can offer you nothing. My superfluities extend no further. But better times may soon arrive, and I will not fail you then. The present Chief Justice of the King's Bench cannot long retain his situation; and as you are one whom I have selected from among many to be the friend of my bosom, I will now reveal to you a great secret in the last arrangement of judicial offices. Know then, that Sir ELIJAH IMPEY is the man fixed upon to preside in the chief seat of criminal and civil jurisprudence of this country. I am to succeed him in BENGAL; and then, my dear THOMAS, we may set the malice of juries at defiance. If they had given FOX as many diamonds by their verdict as they have pounds, rest assured that I am not a person likely to fail you, after I shall have been there a little while, either through want of faith, or want of means. Set your mind, therefore, at ease; as to the money—why, if PITT is determined to have nothing to do with it, and if nobody else will pay it, I think the most adviseable thing, in your circumstances, will be to pay it yourself. Not that you are to be ultimately at the expence of a single shilling. The contents of this letter will fully prove that I mean to reimburse you what I am able. For the present, nobody knows better than yourself, not even Lady K——, how ill matters stand with me, and that I find it utterly impossible to obey the dictates of my feelings.

"I am, my dear HIGH BAILIFF,
Your very affectionate friend,
And humble servant,
L.K."
"*Lincoln's-inn-fields*,
June 20, 1786."

A CONGRATULATORY ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JENKINSON, on his being created LORD HAWKESBURY.

Quem vimm aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia sumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem Deum? Cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen imago? HOR.

JENKY, for you I'll wake the lyre,
Tho' not with Laureat WARTONS fire,
Your hard-won meed to grace:
Gay was your air, your visage blythe,
Unless when FOX has made you writhe,
With tortur'd MARSYAS' face.

No more you'll dread such pointed sneer,
But safely skulk amidst your Peers,
And slavish doctrines spread;
As some ill-omen'd baneful yew
That sheds around a poisonous dew,
And shakes its rueful head.

Your frozen heart ne'er learn'd to glow
At other's good, nor melt at woe;
Your very roof is chilling:
There Bounty never spreads her ray;
You e'en shut out the light of day[1],
To save a paltry shilling,

A Prince, by servile knaves addrest,
Ne'er takes a DEMPSTER to his breast,
  JACK ROB'SON serves his ends;
Unrivall'd stood the treach'rous name,
Till envious EDEN urg'd his claim,
  While both betray their friends.

On whom devolves your back-stairs cloak,
When, prophet-like, "you mount as smoke[2]?"
  Must little POWNEY catch it?
But as 'tis rather worse for wear,
Let mighty BUCKS take special care
  To brush it well and patch it.

While o'er his loyal breast so true,
Great G—— expands the riband blue,
  There—Honour's star will shine:
As RAWDON was bold RICHMOND's Squire,
To install a Knight so full of fire
  —Let ASTON, BUCKS, be thine.

JENKY, pursue Ambition's task,
The King will give whate'er you ask,
  Nor heed the frowns of PITT;
Tho' proud, he'll truckle to disgrace,
By feudal meanness keep his place[3],
  And turn the royal spit.

With saintly HILL divide your glory[4],
No true King's friend, on such a Tory
  The peerage door will shut;
Canting, he'll serve both Church and Throne,
And make the Reverend Bench your own,
  By piety and smut.

BANKS at his side, demure and sly,
Will aptly tell a specious lye,
  Then speed the royal summons:

He's no raw novice in the trade,
His honour's now a batter'd jade—
  PITT flung it to the Commons.

While THURLOW damns these cold delays,
Mysterious diamonds vainly blaze,
  The impending vote to check;
K.B. and Peer, let HASTINGS shine,
IMPEY, with pride, will closely twine
  The collar round his neck.

Ennobling thus the mean and base,
Our gracious S————'s art we trace,
  Assail'd by factions bold;
So prest, great FREDERICK rose in fame,
On *pots de chambre* stamp'd his name[5],
  And pewter pass'd for gold.

Should restive SYDNEY keep the seal,
JENKY, still shew *official* zeal,
  Your friend, your master, charm;
Revive an ANGLO-SAXON place[6],
Let GEORGE's feet your bosom grace,
Your love will keep them warm.

[1] Mr. JENKINSON exhibited a laudable example of political oeconomy, by shutting up several of his windows at his seat near Croydon, on the passing of the Commutation Act. His Majesty's *bon mot* on this occasion should not be forgot. "What! what! (said the Royal Jester) do my subjects complain of?—JENKY tells me he does not pay as much to the Window Tax as he did before. Why then don't my people do like JENKY?"

[2] A beautiful oriental allusion, borrowed from Mr. HASTINGS's Ode,

> "And care, *like smoke*, in turbid wreathes,
> Round the gay ceiling flies."

[3] FINCHFIELD.—Co. ESSEX.——JOHN CAMPES held this manor of King EDWARD III. by the service of *turning the spit* at his coronation. *Camden's Britannia—article Essex.*

[4] The King magnanimously refused to create either Sir RICHARD HILL, or Mr. BANKS, Peers, that the singular honour bestowed *solely* by his Majesty might be more conspicuous, and that Mr. PITT's humiliation might no longer be problematic. Sir RICHARD had composed a beautiful sacred cantata on the occasion, dedicated to his brother, the Rev. ROWLAND HILL. The first stanza alludes, by an apt quotation from the 68th Psalm, to the elevation and dignities of the family: "Why hop so high, ye little H_I_LLS?" With joy, the Lord's anointed f_i_lls; Let's pray with one accord! In sleepless visions of the night, NORTH's cheek I smote with all my might, For which I'm made a Lord, &c. &c.

[5] The King of PRUSSIA replenished his exhausted treasury in the war of 1756, by a coinage of pewter ducats.

[6] "Besides the twenty-four officer above described, there were eleven others of considerable value in the courts of the ancient Princes, the most remarkable of which was, that of the King's feet-bearer; this was a young gentleman, whose duty it was to sit on the floor, with his back towards the fire, and hold the King's feet in his bosom all the time he sat at table, to keep them warm and comfortable." *Leges Wallicæ, p.58.—Henry's History of Great Britain, v.2,p.275*

ODE *to* SIR ELIJAH IMPEY.

Æli, vetusto nobilis a Lamo,
Quando et priores hinc Lamia ferunt
Denominatos, &c.

ELI-JAH noblest of the race
Of [1]IMPS, from whom the IMPEYS trace,
If common fame says true,

Their origin; and that they found
Their claim on just and solid ground,
  Refer for *proof* to you—

You, who could post nine hundred miles,
To fathom an old woman's wiles,
  Possess'd of *dangerous* treasure;
Could hurry with a pedlar's pack
Of affidavits at your back,
  In quest of health and pleasure.

And all because the jealous JOVE[2]
Of Eastern climes thought fit to prove
  The *venom* of his reign;
On which, to minds of light esteem,
Some few severities might seem
  To leave a transient stain.

Soon [3] on your head from yon dark sky,
Or WOODFALL's *Hasty Sketches* lye,
  The gather'd storm will break!
Deep will the vengeful thunder be,
And from the sleep he owes to thee,
  Shall NUNDCOMAR awake!

Then arm against the rude attack,
Recall thy roving memory back,
  And all thy proofs collect!—
Remember that you cannot gain
A second hearing to *explain*,
  And [4] *therefore* be correct.

[1] MILTON makes honourable mention of the founder of the family:
  "Fit vessel, fittest *Imp* of Fraud."
Paradise Lost, b. IX.

It may be observed, in proof of the descent, as well as to the credit of the present Representative, that he has not degenerated from the characteristic "obliquity" of his Ancestor.

[2] Late Tyrannus.

[3] Demissa tempestas ab Euro Sternet—Nisi fallit Augur Anosa Cornix.

[4] See Declaration of Sir E—— I——, offered to the House by Mt. DEMPSTER.

SONG.

To the Tune of "LET THE SULTAN SALADIN," *in* RICHARD COEUR DE LION.

I.
Let great GEORGE his porkers bilk,
And give his maids the sour skim-milk;
With her stores let CERES crown him,
'Till the gracious sweat run down him,
  Making butter night and day:
    Well! well!
  Every King must have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
  True joy is drinking.

II.
BILLY PITT delights to prose,
'Till admiring Grocers dose;
Ancient Virgins all adore him,
Not a woman falls before him;
  Never kissing night nor day:
    Well! well!
  Every child must have its way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
  True joy is drinking.

III.
You too, HASTINGS, know your trade!
No vile fears your heart invade,

When you rove for EASTERN plunder,
Making Monarchs truckle under,
  Slitting windpipes night and day:
    Well! well!
  Governors will have their way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
  True joy is drinking.

A NEW SONG, ENTITLED MASTER BILLY'S BUDGET; OR, A TOUCH ON THE TIMES.

To the Turn of "A COBLER THERE WAS," &c.

Ye boobies of Britain, who lately thought fit
The care of the state to a child to commit,
Pray how do you like your young Minister's budget?
Should he take your last farthing, you never can grudge it.
Deny down, &c

A tax on your heads! there'd be justice in that;
But he only proposes a tax on your hat;
So let every ENGLISHMAN throw up his beaver,
And hollo. Prerogative BILLY for ever!
Deny down, &c

Not being much favour'd with female applauses,
He takes his revenge on their ribands and gauzes;
Then should not each female, Wife, Widow, or Miss,
To Coventry send master BILLY for this?
Deny down, &c

How oft has he told us his views were upright!
That his actions would all bear the test of the light!
Yet he sure in the dark must have something to do,
Who shuts out both day-light and candle-light too.
Deny down, &c

JOHN BULL's house is tax'd, so he plays him a trick,
By cunningly laying a duty on brick;
Thus JOHN for his dwelling is fore'd to pay twice,
But BILLY hopes JOHN will not smoke the device.
Deny down, &c

What little we may have by industry made,
We must pay for a licence to set up a trade;
So that ev'ry poor devil must now be tax'd more
For dealing in goods that paid taxes before.
Deny down, &c

The Callico-printers may beg if they please;
As dry as a sponge he their cotton will squeeze;
With their tears let them print their own linens, cries he,
But they never shall make an impression on me,
Deny down, &c

The crazy old hackney-coach, almost broke down,
Must now pay ten shillings instead of a crown;
And to break him down quite, if the first will not do't,
Ten shillings a-piece on his horses to boot.
Deny down, &c

The tax upon horses may not be severe,
But his scheme for collecting it seems very queer;
Did a school-boy e'er dream of a project so idle?
A tax on a horse by a stamp on a bridle!
Deny down, &c

The tax upon sportsmen I hold to be right;
And only lament that the tax is so light;
But, alas! it is light for this palpable cause,
That sportsmen themselves are the makers of laws!
Deny down, &c

He fain would have meddled with coals, but I wot
For his fingers the Gentleman found them too hot;
The rich did not like it, and so to be sure,
In its place he must find out a tax on the poor.
Deny down, &c

Then last, that our murmurs may teaze him the less,
By a tax upon paper he'd silence the press;
So our sorrow by singing can ne'er be relax'd,
Since a song upon taxes itself must be tax'd.
Deny down, &c

But now it is time I should finish my song,
And I wish from my soul that it was not so long,
Since at length it evinces in trusting to PITT,
Good neighbours, we all have been cursedly bit.
Deny down, &c

EPIGRAM.

While BURKE, in strains pathetic, paints
The sufferings dire of GENTOO saints,
From HOLY CITY[1] driven;
Cries HASTINGS, I admit their worth,
I thought them far too good for earth,
So pack'd them off to Heaven.

ANOTHER.

MAJOR SCOTT'*s Defence of the* ROHILLA MASSACRE.

So poor ROHILLAS overthrown,
That HASTINGS has no mercy shown
In vain, cries SCOTT, to prove you strive;
By G—d he never murder'd one,
For half are still alive.

[1] BENARES, the MECCA of HINDOSTAN.

MINISTERIAL UNDOUBTED FACTS.

"*And whoever believeth not all this shall be damned.*"
ST. ATHANASIUS.

The Members of Opposition are all equally poor—YET *the poor ones are wholly maintained by the rich.*

Notwithstanding the above is their only support—YET *their only means of living arises at the gaming table.*

Though these poor dogs win so much money at BROOKES's—YET *the Members of* BROOKES's *are all equally indigent.*

OPPOSITION cannot raise a shilling—YET *they maintain an army of scribblers, merely to injure an immaculate Minister, whom it is not in their power to hurt.*

They are too contemptible and infamous to obtain a moment's attention from any gentleman or man of sense, and the people at large hold them in general detestation—YET *the gentlemen and men of sense, who conduct the Ministerial papers, are daily employed to attack these infamous wretches, and in endeavouring to convince people who are already all of one mind.*

Their characters are so notorious that no person can be found to give them credit for a shilling—YET *they are constantly running in debt with their tradesmen.*

They are obliged to sponge for a dinner, or else must go without—YET *they indulge themselves in every species of debauchery and dissipation.*

Their prose is as devoid of argument as their verse is of wit—YET *whole troops of ministerial writers are daily employed in answering the one and criticising the other*.

Their speeches are laughed at and despised by the whole nation—YET *these laughable and despicable speeches were so artfully framed, as alone to raise a clamour that destroyed the wisest of all possible plans*, THE IRISH PROPOSITIONS.

They have traiterously raised a flame in IRELAND—YET *the* IRISH *are too enlightened to attend to the barkings of a degraded faction*.

Their ROLLIADS and ODES are stark nonsense—YET *the sale has been so extensive as to have new clothed the whole* BLUE AND BUFF GANG.

They are possessed of palaces purchased out of the public plunder—YET *they have not a hole to hide their heads in*.

The infernal arts of this accursed faction, and not his measures, have rendered Mr. PITT unpopular—YET *is Mr*. PITT *much more popular than ever*.

In short, OPPOSITION are the most unpopular, *popular*; poor, *rich*; artless, *artful*; incapable, *capable*; senseless, *sensible*; neglectful, *industrious*; witless, *witty*; starving, *pampered*; lazy, *indefatigable*; extravagant, *penurious*; bold, *timid*; hypocritical, *unguarded*; set of designing, *blundering*; low-minded, *high-minded*; dishonest, *honest*; knaves, as were ever honoured with the notice of the MINISTERIAL NEWSPAPERS.

JOURNAL OF THE RIGHT HON. HENRY DUNDAS.

October, 1787.

Told the Chairman the Company had long been in want of four regiments of King's forces—said it was the first he had heard of it—told him he must require them as absolutely necessary for the safety of India—the man appeared staggered; reminded me of my usual caution; grumbled out something about recruits being cheaper; muttered that I expected too much from him, and talked of preserving appearances.—Called him a fool, and ordered him to do as he was bid.

October, November, December, January.—Employed in disputes with those damned fellows the Directors—would not have my regiments—told them they must—swore they would not—believe the Chairman manages very badly—threatened to provide transports, to carry out the troops at the Company's expence—found afterwards I had no right—ordered PITT to bring in a Declaratory Bill!

February 25th.——Bill brought in—badly drawn—turn away RUSSEL, and get another Attorney-General—could not make MULGRAVE speak—don't see what use he's of.

March 3d.—Bill read a second time—Sheridan very troublesome—much talk about the constitution—wish Pitt would not let people wander so from the question.

March 5th.—Bill in a Committee—Members begin to smell mischief—don't like it—PITT took fright and shammed sick—was obliged to speak myself—resolved to do it once for all—spoke four hours—so have done my duty, and let PITT now get out of the scrape as well as he can.

March 7th.—PITT moved to recommit the bill—talked about checks and the constitution—believe he's mad. Got into a damned scrape about cotton—second time I've been detected—won't speak any more.—N.B. Not to let BARING come into the Direction again.—FOX spoke—PITT could not answer him, and told the House he was too hoarse—forgot at the time to disguise his voice.

March 9th.—Got THURLOW to dine with us at *Wimbledon*—gave him my best Burgundy and Blasphemy, to put him into good humour.—After a brace of bottles, ventured to drop a hint of business—THURLOW damned me, and asked PITT for a sentiment—PITT looked foolish—GRENVILLE wise—MULGRAVE stared—SYDNEY's chin lengthened—tried the effects of another bottle.—PITT began a long speech about the subject of our meeting—SYDNEY fell asleep by the fire—MULGRAVE and GRENVILLE retired to the old game of the board, and played push-pin for ensigncies in the new corps—Grenville won three.—Mem.—To punish their presumption, will not let either of them have one.

THURLOW very queer.—He swore the bill is absurd, and my correspondence with those cursed Directors damned stupid.—However, will vote and speak with us—PITT quite sick of him—says he growls at every thing, proposes nothing, and supports any thing.

N.B. Must look about for a new Chancellor—Scott might do, but cants too much about his independence and his conscience—what the devil has he to do with independence and conscience—besides he has a snivelling trick of retracting when he is caught in a lie—hate such puling fellows—GEORGE HARDINGE not much better—must try him tho'—will order him to speak on Wednesday.

Took PITT to town in my chariot—drove to Berkeley-street—got PITT to the door, but he would not come in—lounged an hour with CHARLOTTE—promised her a company in one of the new regiments for a disbanded

private of the Horse Guards.—Why not order the whole House to be qualified at DRUMMOND's, and charge it to the Company's secret service?

March 10th.—Sent for TWINING—when he came, had by me a large bason of his SOUCHONG—drank it without a wry face—the most nauseous black draught I ever swallowed—swore it was excellent—quoted a sentence from CICERO, which I got from PRETTYMAN for the occasion—promised to put TWINING on my House-list next year, give him one of the Chairs, and put the Tea-Trade under the Secret Committee—TWINING to procure a requisition for a General Court—gave him hints for a speech—to abuse Baring damnably.

Called at WHITEHALL—took away the last letters from CORNWALLIS, that PITT may not see them before they are *properly copied* out by my private Secretary.—Left orders for PITT and SYDNEY to follow me to my house, where they would find my dispatches for India ready for signing.

March 11th.—Dined with the Directors—almost too late; *London Tavern* not near enough.—Mem. to order the Directors in future always to dine in my neighbourhood, and allow them to charge the additional coach-hire to the Company—Why not buy a *long stage* to carry them about wherever I may want them?

PITT frightened when we got into the City, lest the mob should hiss—talked about *Grocers' Hall* and better times; asked me if I was not glad they were going to pull down *Temple bar*, and hoped there would be no further occasion for it.

Tried to prevent his being melancholy—threw a shilling among the blackguards—would not do—no huzzaing. N.B. Not to forget to make the Chairman repay me, the money being disbursed in the Company's service.

Got to the LONDON TAVERN at six. Drew up my Commissioners in the passage, and gave them their orders—told PITT to follow next to me, and bid MULGRAVE speak in his upper voice, and be affable.—Tried to laugh as we entered the room—MULGRAVE put us out by one of his growling sighs—damn the fellow! must get rid of him.—Told DEVAYNES to laugh for us all—did it well—make him Chairman next year.

Dinner good—don't see why we should not dine with them always.—N.B. Ordered twelve dozen of their claret to be carried to *Wimbledon*—LUSHINGTON grumbled, and asked by what authority I did it.—A very troublesome fellow that—remove him.

PITT peevish and out of spirits; ordered MOTTEUX to sing a song—began "*Ah si vous pouviez comprendre*." PITT turned red, and thought the Chairman alluded to some dark passages in the India Bill—endeavoured to pacify him, and told the *Secret Committee* to give us a soft air; they sung in a low voice "*the cause I must not, dare not tell*"—MANSHIP groaned, and drank Colonel CATHCART. By G—, if I thought he meant to betray me, I'd indict him for perjury!—Somebody struck up "*if you trust before you try*."—PITT asked if the Directors wished to affront, him, and began a long harangue about his regard and friendship for the Company;—*nine* Directors offered to swear for it—told them they need not—bowed, and thanked me.

LE MESURIER begged our attention to a little French Air, "*Sous le nom de l'amitié en finesse on abonde*"—cursed *mal-à-propos*.

PITT swore he was insulted, and got up to go away. The Alderman, much terrified at what he had done, protested solemnly he meant no offence, and called God to witness, it was a very harmless song he learnt some time ago in *Guernsey*—Could not appease PITT—so went away with him, after ordering MULGRAVE not to let SYDNEY drink any more wine, for fear he should begin talking.

PITT desired the servants to put out the flambeaux, as we went through the city—(a sad coward!) asked me if I did not think FOX's a very able speech—sighed, and said he had promised to answer it to-morrow—wished however to do nothing in a hurry—expressed much diffidence in his own abilities, and paid me many compliments—thought I had a fine opportunity to shew my talents—assured me he should think nothing of waving *his* right to reply; and that he had not the least objection to letting *me* answer FOX—begged to decline the offer. N.B. He seemed very uneasy and much frightened—never knew him *diffident* before—wish to-morrow was well over.

Came home—opened a bottle of champaigne which I brought in the carriage with me from the Directors' dinner—looked over my list of *levee* men—found nine field officers yet unprovided for. Wrote to ROSS, enclosing the copy of a letter to be sent to me from Lord C——LL—S requiring more King's troops—finished my bottle and went to bed.

March 12.—Went to the levee—He looked surly—would hardly speak to me—don't like him—must have heard that I can govern INDIA without consulting him.—Nothing ever escapes that *damned* fellow SHERIDAN!

Between four and five went to the House—worse than the levee—PITT would not speak, pretended it was better to wait for FOX—put him in mind of the excuse he made at the end of the last debate, and his *promise* to answer *calumnies*—don't mind promises—a damned good quality that—but ought to consider his friends—GEO. HARDINGE spoke in consequence of my orders—forgot I was sitting below him—attacked Lord NORTH's administration—got into a cursed scrape with POWIS—won't do for CHANCELLOR—why not try BURGESS?—SCOTT defended what he had said in the last debate—made it worse than ever—quoted from DEBRETT's debates—talked about an *adder*—thought he was alluding to PITT—our lawyers somehow don't answer—ADAM and ANSTRUTHER worth them all—can't they be bought?—*Scotchmen!*—damned strange if they can't—Mem. to tell ROSE to sound them.

ADAM severe on me and the rest that have betrayed Lord NORTH—a general confusion all round PITT—no one to defend us—VILLIERS grinned—GRAHAM simpered—MULGRAVE growled—by G—d I believe PITT enjoyed it—always pleased when his friends get into a scrape.—Mem. to give him a lecture upon that—MULGRAVE spoke at last—wish he'd held his tongue—SHERIDAN answered him—improves every day—wish we had him——very odd so clever a fellow shouldn't be able to see his own interest—wouldn't venture on a reply myself, for fear of another lick from that clumsy boor Sir EDWARD ASTLEY—said my long speech was dull and tiresome—what's the matter with the fellow?—used to vote with us—believe LANSDOWN's got him.—Mem. to tell STEELE to look out for another Member for the county of Norfolk.

Jogged PITT—told him SHERIDAN's speech *must* be answered—said, *I* might do it then, for he *couldn't*—PULTENEY relieved us a little, pretending to be gull'd by the *checks*—too great nonsense to have any effect on the House.—BASTARD forgot his last abuse of PITT, and talked again about confidence; but was against the Bill—what's confidence without a vote?—came to a division at last—better than the former—had whipped in well from SCOTLAND—the House seems tired—hope we shan't have much more of this.

Mem. to give orders to MANNERS to make a noise, and let nobody speak on third reading—a very useful fellow that MANNERS—does more good sometimes than ten speakers.

March 14th. God's infinite mercy be praised, AMEN! This is the last day that infernal DECLARATORY BILL stays in the House of Commons—as for the *Lords*—but that's no business of mine; only poor SYDNEY!—Well—God bless us all—AMEN!

Got up and wrote the above, after a very restless night—went to bed again—but could not sleep—troubled with the *blue devils*—thought I saw POWIS—recovered myself a little, and fell into a slumber—Dreamt I heard SHERIDAN speaking to me through the curtains—woke in a fright, and jumped out of bed.

Went down stairs—found some of the DIRECTORS waiting in the hall—*damned their bloods*, and told them this was all their doing—informed me a General Court was called by the enemy—bid them make such a noise, that nobody might be heard—DEVAYNES undertook it—ordered the SECRET COMMITTEE to stay, and sent the rest about their business.

After breakfast wrote to HAWK——Y, and begged his acceptance of a *Lieut. Colonelcy, 2 Majorities, a Collectorship, 3 Shawls* and a piece of *India Muslin* for the young ladies—sent back one of the *Shawls*, and said he'd rather have another *Collector's place*—Damnation! but it must be so, or SYDNEY will be left to himself.—N.B. Not to forget THURLOW's *Arrack* and *Gunpowder Tea*, with the *India Crackers* for his children.

MULGRAVE called to know if I wanted him to speak to-day—told him not—had enough of him last time.

Went down to the House—ANSTRUTHER played the devil with all our *checks* and *guards*—serves us right for introducing such nonsense—GEORGE NORTH asked when I meant to open my budget—said, when the RAVENSWORTH arrives—pray God she be lost! Mem. When I do open my budget, to state all the accounts in *Tales, Pagodas*, and *Mohurs*—has a fine effect on the country gentlemen, and prevents many impertinent observations.

Waited very patiently for PITT's *promised answer* to FOX's *calumnies* till eight o'clock—fresh inquiries about it every minute—began to be very uneasy—saw OPPOSITION sneering—SHERIDAN asked PITT if he was *hoarse* yet—looked exceedingly foolish—pitied him, and, by way of relieving his aukward situation, spoke myself—made some of my boldest assertions—said a good thing about "*A Mare's Nest*"—coined a few clauses, which I assured the House were in Fox's Bill, and sat down with much applause—was afterwards unfortunately detected in every thing I had said, and universally scouted by all sides.—Mem. I should not have got into that scrape, if I had not tried to help a friend in distress.—N.B. Never to do it again—there's nothing to be gained by it.

As soon as I recovered myself, asked PITT whether he really meant to answer FOX, or not—Owned at last, with tears in his eyes, he could not muster courage enough to attempt it—sad work this!—N.B. Observed GRENVILLE made a note, that a man need not be an orator, to be *Chancellor of the Exchequer*—he seemed pleased with the precedent.

Nothing left for it but to cry *question!*—divided—only 54 majority—here's a job!

SHERIDAN read a cursed malicious paper, in which he proved PITT an impostor: and that what FOX had openly demanded, the *Board of Controul* had secretly stolen.—Brother Commissioners all turned pale—was obliged to rub their noses with *Thieves Vinegar*, and then slunk out of

the House as fast as I could.——N.B. Believe OLD PEARSON's a sneering son of a bitch—tried to whistle as I went through the lobby—asked me if I was unwell—damn his impudence.

Came home in a very melancholy mood—returned thanks in a short prayer for our narrow escape—drank a glass of brandy—confessed my sins—determined to reform, and sent to WILBERFORCE for a good book—a very worthy and religious young man that—like him much—always votes with us.

Was beginning to grow very dejected, when ROSE called to inform me of an excellent scheme about BANK STOCK—a snug thing, and not more than twenty in the secret—raised my spirits again—told the servant I would not trouble Mr. WILBERFORCE—ordered a bottle of best burgundy—set to it with ROSE, hand to fist—congratulated one another on having got the DECLARATORY BILL out of our House—and drank good luck to SYDNEY, and a speedy progress through the Lords.

INCANTATION,

FOR RAISING A PHANTOM, IMITATED FROM MACBETH, AND LATELY PERFORMED BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS IN WESTMINSTER.

Thunder. A Cauldron boiling. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the Doctors have been heard,
Second Witch. Thrice the Houses have conferred.
Third Witch. Thrice hath SYDNEY cock'd his chin,
JENKY cries—begin, begin.
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go.
In the fell ingredients throw.
Still-born Foetus, born and bred,
In a Lawyer's puzzled head,
Hatch'd by Metaphysic Scot,
Boil thou in the' enchanted pot.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
Second Witch. Skull that holds the small remains
Of old CAMDEN's addle brains;
Liver of the lily's hue,
Which in RICHMOND's carcase grew;
Tears which stealing down the cheek
Of the rugged THURLOW, speak
All the poignant grief he feels
For his Sovereign—or the Seals;
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Clippings of Corinthian brass
From the visage of DUNDAS;
Forg'd Address, devis'd by Rose,
Half of PEPPER ARDEN's nose;
Smuggled vote of City Thanks,
Promise of insidious BANKS;
Add a grain of ROLLO's courage,
To enflame the hellish porridge.
First Witch. Cool it, with LLOYD KENTON's blood.
Now the charm is firm and good.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

Enter HECATE, *Queen of the Witches*.

Hecate. Oh! well done! I commend your pains, And ev'ry one shall share i'th' gains,

Cauldron sinks. Witches fly away upon broomsticks; thunder, &c.

TRANSLATIONS

OF LORD BELGRAVE'S MEMORABLE QUOTATIONS, AS INTRODUCED IN A SPEECH DELIVERED BY HIS LORDSHIP IN A LATE DEBATE.

[*It is with singular satisfaction we communicate the following most excellent versions of* Lord BELGRAVE's *never-to-be-forgotten quotation; trusting, as we sincerely do, that so mark'd an attention to his Lordship's scholarship may considerably console him under his melancholy failure as an orator.*]

Lord BELGRAVE's Quotation.

{Ton dapameibomenos prosephe podas okus Achilleus.}

Translation by Lord *Grosvenor*.

His dam was Thetis, *Æ*acus his Sire,
And for his paces he was nam'd Highflyer.

Another by Sir *Joseph Mawbey*.

Achilles, who was quite a man of whim,
And also had a swift foot, answer'd him——

Another by Sir *Cecil Wray*.

There was a man, Achilles he was call'd, }
He had two feet, they were so swift, he ball'd, }
Or otherwise, he mought, I say, have fall'd. }

Another by Lord *Mornington*, and Lord *Graham*.

With lightest heels oppos'd to heaviest head,
To Lord Atrides, Lord Achilles said——

Another by the *Chancellor*.

To him Achilles, with a furious nod,
Replied, a very pretty speech, by G—d!

Another by Mr. *Grenville*.

The Grecian speaker rose with look so big,
It spoke his bottom and nigh burst his wig——

Another by *Brook Watson*.

Up stood Achilles on his nimble pegs,
And said, "May I *pree-seume* to shew my legs?"

Another by Mr. *Wilberforce*.

Achilles came forward to snivel and rant;
His spirit was spleen and his piety cant.

Another by Mr. *Pitt*.

Frantic with rage, uprose the fierce Achilles:
"How comfortably calm!" said Nestor Willis——

Translation by Sir *John Scott*.

With metaphysic art his speech he plann'd,
And said what nobody could understand.

Another by Mr. *Bastard*.

The Trojan I oppose, he said, 'tis true,
But I abuse and hate Atrides too.

Another by Lord *Fawconberg*.

Enrag'd Achilles never would agree,
A "petty vote," a "menial slave," was he.

Another by Mons. Alderman *Le Mesurier*.

By gar, Achille he say, I make a you
Parler anoder launguage, *ventre bleu!*

Another by Lord *Westcote*.

Pliant and prompt in crane-neck curves to wheel,
Achilles rose, and *turn'd* upon his heel.

Another by Mr. *Wilbraham Beetle*.

In oily terms he urg'd the chiefs to peace,
For none was more a friend than he to Grease.

Another by Lord *Bayham*.

His conscious hat well lin'd with borrow'd prose,
The lubber chief in sulky mien arose;
Elate with pride his long pent silence broke,
And could he but have *read*, he might have spoke.

Another by Mr. *Dundas*.

Up the bra' chield arose, and weel I wis }
To beath sides booing, begg'd 'em to dismiss }
Their wordy warfare in "a general *peece*."[1] }

Another by Mr. *York*.

This windy war, he swore, he could not hear;
So eas'd his troubles by "a stream of *air!*[2]"

Another by Lord *Fawconberg*.

Achilles swore he felt by no means hurt,
At putting on great Agamemnon's shirt;
He priz'd the honour, never grudg'd the trouble,

And only wish'd the profit had been double.

Another by Lord *Winchelsea*.

With formal mien, and visage most forlorn,
The courtly hero *spoke* his *silent* scorn.

Another by Lord *Sydney*.

The chief, unknowing how he shou'd begin, }
First darts around, the' opposing ranks to thin, }
The lightnings of his eye, and terrors of his chin. }

Another by Mr. *Brandling*.

Achilles rose, and said, without the least offence,
The dog has neither courage, worth, nor sense.

Another by Lord *Belgrave*.

Huic, ceu Pititius ipse, cito respondit Achilles,
Namque (ut ego) Græceque seirens erat, & pede velox.

Another by the *Twelve Lords of the Bedchamber*, in a passion.

Frantic with desperate rage, Achilles roar'd—
I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear Lord.

Another by *Eighteen Bishops*, quite cool.

Now't came to pass the Lord Achilles saith,
Hecate and Furies, Tartarus and Death.

Another by Lord *Howe*.

Hawling his wind abaft Atrides' wake,
The copper-bottom'd son of Peleus spake.

Another by Sir *Joseph Mawbey*.

Had great Achilles stood but half as quiet,
He had been by Xanthus drench'd as I by Wyatt.

[1] It is impossible for the reader to comprehend the full force of this expression, unless he recollect the wonderful effects it produced in the House of Commons from Mr. Dundas's peculiar dialect, upon that memorable occasion, when that great *diuretic* orator, expatiating on Oriental tranquillity, assured the House, that "at that moment all India was *peece*—Bengal was at *peece*—Tippo sultan was at *peece*—The Mahrattas were at *peece*—Every creature in Indostan, he knew it for a *fawct, was comfortably at peece!!!*"

[2] However sympathetic in politics, it is evident that the two last of these translators are at variance in philosophy—the former relying on the *hydraulic* system—-the latter on the *pneumatic*.

FINIS.

Transcriber's notes:

§ Footnotes and imitations, which were originally placed at the bottoms of the pages on which they were referenced, have been gathered at the end of each chapter.

§ The original footnote pointers (asterisks, obelisks, etc.) have been replaced by Arabic numerals.

§ All ligatures present in the original text have been resolved except æ.

§ Opening quotes in long quotations have been removed, except on the first line.

§ Transliterations from the Greek are enclosed in curly brackets, like so: {podas-okus}

§ Archaic spelling has been retained. If in doubt, no correction has been made. For example, the following have not been corrected:

page : original : correction
———————————————————————————— 308 : babes and suckling's mouths : babes and sucklings' mouths 327 : And junto's speak : And juntos speak 422 : independant : independent

§ Spellings, of which it is assumed that they were not intended by the authors, have been put right. These corrections were only made after consulting earlier and/or later editions of the Rolliad.

page : original : correction
———————————————————————————— iv : Delavalid : Delavaliad 36 : feeedom : freedom 84 : AHPION's lyre : AMPHION's lyre 84 : postion : position 126 : chip : ship 135 : witticism of of his Grace : witticism of his Grace 144 : The' Athenian sages : Th' Athenian sages 168 : depe n d ants : dependants 171 : sigh of love : sight of love 172 : vi on : vision 179 : chatised : chastised 191 : neu te paeniteat calamo : nec te paeniteat calamo 192 : Ex dixit moriens : Et dixit moriens 192 : sparsis etiamnunc pellibus : sparsis etiam nunc pellibus 200 : St. Sephen : St. Stephen 213 : Ægie : Ægle 229 : pecimens : specimens 229 : Versificators Crononæ : Versificators Coronæ 304 : insruct me : instruct me 308 : in worthy strain sbe sung : in worthy strains be sung 316 : his mouth his opes : his mouth he opes 351 : antistrope : antistrophe 358 : sacred patern : sacred pattern 440 : PRETEYMAN : PRETTYMAN 507 : what the devil has he do : what the devil has he to do

§ In the content of the original, subsequent odes were listed as 'Ditto', and at the start of a new page as 'Ode'. This was considered unnecessary in an e-text. On page iv of the contents, 'Ode' has therefore been replaced by 'Ditto'.

§ In the eclogue on Jekyll every fifth line is numbered. However, lines 20, 25 and 35 were too long to accommodate these numbers in the original. Instead, lines 21, 26 and 36 received a number. In this e-text, the numbering has been put on 20, 25, and 35.

§ Similarly, in the eclogue on Nicholson the line number 105 did not fit on the line. For that reason, line 106 bears the line number.

§ In the eclogue on Jenkinson, line number 25 is placed on line 26. This has been corrected in this e-text.

§ The last word on page 349 and the first word on page 350 are both 'that'. One has been eliminated.

§ The following typographical errors relating to punctuation have been corrected:

page : original : correction
——————————————————————————————— 224 : " " : " 240 : Sir Joseph : "Sir Joseph 442 : will seem true! : will seem true!" 443 : by outlying, : by outlying.

§ One poem, set in a blackletter script, has been marked like so:

[Blackletter: ... ...]

§ One couplet was struck through and has been marked like so:

[Struck-through: ... ...]

§ The original uses curly brackets that span over several lines to indicate repetition. In the e-text each of the repeated lines ends

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