THE

Foundling Hospital.

FOR

W I T.

INTENDED

For the Reception and Preservation of such Brats of Wit and Humour, whose Parents chuse to Drop them.

CONTAINING

All the Satires, Odes, Ballads, Epigrams, &c. that have been wrote since the Change of the Ministry, many of which have never before been Printed.

Number I. To be continued Occasionally.

Poetica surgit
Tempestatas. — Juvenal.

LONDON:
Printed for G. Lion near Ludgate. 1743.
THE ROYAL CHARTER OF
Apollo and the Muses,
FOR
Establishing an HOSPITAL for the Reception and Preservation of such Brats of Wit and Humour whose Parents chuse to drop them.

Apollo, God of Wit, Father of Light, King of Parnassus, and all the Territories thereunto belonging; to all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting.

HEREAS our Trusty and Well-beloved Subject Samuel Silence Gentleman, in Behalf of great Numbers of Mental Infants daily exposed to Destruction, has by his Petition, humbly represented unto us, that many Persons of Wit and Humour of both Sexes, being sensible of the frequent Murders committed on these beautiful Infants by the inhuman Custom of exposing them to perish and starve in the common News Papers, or to be bury’d and suffocated.
suffocated in Dunghills of Traffic in the Monthly Magazines, have, by Instruments in Writing, declared their Intentions to contribute liberally towards the erecting and supporting an Hospital for the Reception and Preservation of such exposed and deserted Productions, as soon as We should be graciously pleased to grant our Letters Patent for that good Purpose.

We, taking the Premisses into our Royal Consideration, and being desirous to promote so good and laudable an Establishment, are graciously pleased to gratify the Petitioner in his Request.

Know ye therefore, that We, of our especial Grace, certain Knowledge, and mere Motion, have willed, ordained, constituted, and appointed; and by these Presents do will, ordain, constitute, and appoint our aforesaid trusty and well-beloved Subject Samuel Silence Esq; his Heirs, Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, to be the sole Director, Proprietor, and Governor of this our Hospital, intituled and known by the Name of THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL FOR WIT.

And our Will and Pleasure is, that the said Samuel Silence shall on or before the 25th Day of March, in the Year 1743, publish the first Number of this our Pamphlet, intituled, the Foundling Hospital for Wit, and so shall continue from Time to Time, once in 3 or 4 Months, or oftener, as new Materials shall come in, and he shall see Occasion, to publish a Number of the said Pamphlet at the Price of One Shilling.
An act for the Encouragement of all such well-disposed Persons as are willing to become Contributors to this laudable Design, by purchasing this our Pamphlet, be it further enacted, that it shall be printed with a neat Letter, on a handsome Paper, and in the Size of this our first Pamphlet.

We will moreover, that our said trusty and well-beloved Samuel Silence Esq; shall have full and sole Power to refuse whatever Brats he shall think proper, particularly such as shall be judged infected with any dangerous Distemper, as also all mishapen, weak, or sickly Productions, neither such as are untoward, wicked, and licentious: forasmuch as the Admission of such might tend to the Disgrace of our Hospital, and change what was intended as a Nursery for spritely and beautiful Infants, into an Infirmary for Invalids.

Provided always, and be it further enacted, by the Authority aforesaid, that the said Samuel Silence shall preserve an inviolable Secrecy, as his Name betokeneth, not only with regard to the Names and Places of Abode of the Parents of such Offspring as he chooseth to admit, but also of those whom he refuseth: Nay, it shall not be lawful for him on any Pretence whatsoever, so much as to enquire after them.

We will moreover, for the Sake of such modest Parents as would dispose of their Issue privately, that Letters directed for Samuel Silence Esq; to be left at Brown's Coffee-House in Spring-Gardens, shall be carefully delivered, and all proper Care taken of their Contents Gratis. And if it requires immediate
Publication, it shall be done with the utmost Expedition.

And as this noble Foundation is intended for the general Benefit of all our loving Subjects, Our Will and Pleasure is, that the Offspring of all Parties shall be received and cherish'd let who will be its Father, and no Cause shall be deem'd sufficient to exclude it, except, as aforesaid, that of Sickness or Deformity.

And finally we will, for the universal Encouragement of all our loving Subjects, in the delightful Occupation of begetting Children, that whether their Offspring shall speak in the musical and sublime Language of Rhime, or in the plain and natural Cadence of Prose; whether they shall appear in the finer Dress of Epistles, Satires, Odes, Songs, and Epigrams; or in the plain and modest Garb of Letters, and Essays, they shall be equally fitted with an Apartment in this our Hospital, and as carefully attended and provided for, as if they were under the Eye of their own dear Parents.
Bawd! a Bawd! where is this scoundrel Poet?
Fine Work indeed! By G-d the Town shall know it.

F—ld—g who heard, and saw her Passion rise,
Thus answer'd calmly : Prithee C—ve be wife,
The Part will suit your Humour, Taste, and Size.
Ye lye! ye lye! ungrateful as thou art,
My matchless Talents claim the Lady's Part;
And all who judge, by Jesus G—d, agree,
None ever play'd the gay Coquet like me.

Thus said and swore the celebrated Nell;
Now judge her Genius: is she Bawd, or Eelle?
An Epitaph upon the Political Memory of W— P— E— of B—, who died to Fame on July 15, 1742.

P—y, no Friend to Truth! in Fraud sincere,
In Act unfaithful, and from Honour clear;
Who broke his Promise, serv'd his private Ends;
Who gain'd a Title, and who lost all Friends:
Dishonour'd by himself, by none approv'd;
Curs'd, scorn'd, and hated ev'n by those he lov'd.

On hearing the Death of Cardinal Fleury confirm'd,
an Old and Great Friend of his thus cry'd in Raptures:

Pardon, Old Friend, if at thy Death
A sudden Joy prevails;
'Tis not that you've resign'd your Breath,
But that you can't tell Tales.

A S O N G

The Man so silly
To think he's able,
To back a Filly
When old and feeble;
Sighing
Toying,
Grunting
Mounting,
Scarce after all to his Saddle can rise.
And when upon her
At last he's got,
Headstrong, she's gone, or Frisky and hot;
Sudden she plunges,
Capers and lunges,
Off he is flung, and away Filly flies.

But
But the cleaver
Jolly brisk Rider,
While you live ever,
Mount her, he'll guide her;
Freaking,
Squeaking,
Neighing,
Playing,
Sweetly she moves to his Pleasure and Ease:
Walk, Trot, or Gallop,
Yet quite in Hand,
And with her Tail up,
At your Command;
Freely she'll set up,
Tit up, a tit up, as long as you please.

To Mr. Thomson, Author of the Poem on the Four
Seasons, on Occasion of the Part, which that Gent-
tleman took in the Concert, and for promoting Mr.
Dennis's Benefit Night, given him by the Players,
when he was very Old, very Poor, and Short-liv'd.

WHILST I reflect thee o'er, methinks I find
Thy various Seasons in the Author's Mind!
Spring, in thy flow'ry Fancy, spreads her Hues;
And, like thy soft Compassion, sheds her Dews.
Summer's hot Strength, in thy Expression glows;
And o'er thy Page a beamy Ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich Fruits th'instructed Reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning Purpose of thy Strains.
Winter—but that—no Semblance takes from thee,
That hoary Season's Type was drawn from me.
Shatter'd by Time's bleak Storms I withering lay,
Leafless, and whitening in a cold Decay.
Yet shall my proplefs Ivy—pale—and bent,
Bless the short Sun-shine, which thy Pity lent.

Dennis.

Proper
An EPIGRAM.

DEEP, deep in S——'s blund'ring Head,
    The new Gin Project sunk:
O happy Project! sage, he cry'd,
    Let all the Realm be drunk.

'Gainst universal Hate and Scorn,
    This Scheme my sole Defence is,
For when I've beggar'd half the Realm,
    'Tis time to drown their Senses.

An Account of the Hampshire Wonder, or
Groaning Tree, from a Gentleman of that
County to a Courtier in London.

WHILE publick Robbers faster breed,
    Than Hatchet, or than Hemp can rid;
While P——rs and P——ts, with such Fellows,
Combine to rob the Block and Gallows;
And injur'd Tyburn sadly grieves,
It can't come at these mighty Thieves;
The Gallows' Wrongs an Elm bemoans,
And vents its Grief in louder Groans.
Spreading his Limbs, as if the Tree
Desir'd they all might Gibbets be,
Whereon to tye up Knaves at Helm
From ever staining Boards of Elm:
For Boards of C——nc——l, Boards of Trade;
May of light Elm be often made.

We now expect that British Oak,
Will soon complain; 'tis made a Joke:
Saw'd, hack'd, and hew'd, and sent to Sea,
To bully Britain's Enemy:
When all the while, 'tis made their Sport;
For are not Britain's Foes at C—rt?
In short, if thou your Friends go on,
'Tis well if any Stock, or Stone,
Their Stations keep, or only groan.

A CASE, supposed to be true.

TWO Heroes went, we thought to fight:
One, tho' he knew it not, did right:
And, warm with Zeal for Britain's Glory,
Must live recorded Fair in Story.
The other knew his whole Command,
Yet to our Conquests put a Stand,
And sacrific'd to Spain's Ambition,
Because he acted by Commission.

Did V—n, or did W—th well?
The First, if Englishmen may tell.
By Courtiers be the Judgment past,
They to a Man will say, the Last.

But what will People say abroad,
If Worth, to Honour's not the Road?
If at St. ʃ—'s Folks inherit,
For Crimes Applause, Neglect for Merit?

An EPIGRAM.

SIR Thomas of Wentworth, inflexibly good,
Had long Ministerial Power withstood:
At length thro' Ambition, an Earl he was made;
So first lost his Friends, and then lost his Head.
O P——! consider, like his thy Condition,
How great and how glorious thy long Opposition:
Thou art now made an Earl, have a Care of thy Head,
Our Pyms and our Hampdens are not all of 'em dead.
The Old Coachman: A New Ballad.

Wise Caleb and C—r—t, two Birds of a Feather,
Went down to a Feast at N—s together:
No matter what Wines, or what choice of good Cheer,
'Tis enough that the Coachman has his Dose of Beer.

Derry down, down, big b derry down.

Coming Home, as the Liquor work'd up in his Pate,
This Coachman drove on at a damnable Rate:
Poor C—r—t, in Terror, and scar'd all the while,
Cry'd, "Stop! Let me out! Is the Dog an Argyle?"

Derry down, &c.

But he soon was convinc'd of his Error; for, lo,
John stop'd short in the Dirt, and no farther would go.
When C—r—t saw this, he observ'd with a Laugh;
"This Coachman, I find, is your own, my Lord B—b."

Derry down, &c.

Now the Peers quit their Coach, in a pitiful Plight;
Deep in Mire, and in Rain, and without any Light;
Not a Path to pursue, nor to guide them a Friend;
What Course shall they take then, and how will this end?

Derry down, &c.

Lo! Chance, the great Mistress of human Affairs,
Who governs in Councils, and conquers in Wars;
Strait with Grief at their Case (for the Goddess well knew,
That these were her Creatures, and Votaries true:)

Derry down, &c.

This Chance brought a Passenger quick to their Aid.
Honest Friend, can you drive?—What should ail me? he said.
For many a bad Season, through many a bad Way,
Old Or—f—d I've driven, without stop or stay.

Derry down, &c.

He
He was once overturn'd, I confess, but not hurt:
Quoth the Peers, it was we help'd him out of the Dirt.
This Boon for thy Master, then prithee require,
Take us up, or else here we must wander all Night.

Derry down, &c.

He took them both up, and thro' thick and thro' thin
Drove away for St. James's, and brought them safe in.
Learn hence, honest Britons, in spite of your Pains,
That Or-f-d, old Coachman, still governs the Reins.

Derry down, down, high derry down.

The Country Girl; an O D E.

The Country Girl that's well inclin'd
To love, when the young Squire grows kind,
Doubts between Joy and Ruin;
Now will, and now will not comply,
To Raptures now her Pulse beats high,
And now she fears undoing.

But when the Lover with his Pray'rs,
His Oaths, his Sighs, his Vows and Tears,
Holds out the profer'd Treasure;
She quite forgets her Fear and Shame,
And quits her Virtue, and Good-Name,
For Profit mixt with Pleasure.

So virtuous P——, who had long
By Speech, by Pamphlet, and by Song,
Held Patriotism's Steerage,
Yields to Ambition mixt with Gain,
A Treasury gets for H——y V——e,
And for himself a Peerage.

Tho' with joint Lives and Debts before,
H——y's Estate was covered o'er,
This Irish Place repairs it;
Unless that Story should be true,
That he receives but Half his Due,
And the new C——fs shares it.
'Tis said, besides, that t'other H—y
Pays Half the Fees of Secretary
   To B—'s ennobled Doxy;
If so —— good Use of Pow'r she makes,
The Treasury of each Kingdom takes,
   And holds them both by Proxy.

Whilst her dear L—d obeys his Summons,
And leaves the noisy H—e of C——s,
   Amongst the L—s to nod;
Where, if he's better than of old,
His Hands perhaps a Stick may hold,
   But never more a Rod.

Unheard of, let him slumber there,
As innocent as any P——r,
   As prompt for any Job?
For now he's popular no more,
Has lost the Power he had before,
   And his best Friends, the Mob.

Their Fav'rites shou'dn't soar so high,
They fail him when too near the Sky,
   Like Icarus's Wings;
And Popularity is such,
As still is ruined by the Touch
   Of gracious giving Kings.

Here then, O B——b! thy Empire ends:
A——le shall with his Tory Friends
   Soon better Days restore;
For Enoch's Fate and thine are one,
Like him translated, thou art gone
   Ne'er to be heard of more.
A New ODE.
To a great Number of Great Men, newly made.

Jam nova Progenies.

By the Author of The Country Maid.

SEE, a new Progeny descends
From Heav'n, of Britain's truest Friends.

Oh Muse attend my Call!
To one of these direct thy Flight,
Or, to be sure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

O Clio! these are Golden Times;
I shall get Money for my Rhymes,
And thou no more go tatter'd:
Make haste then, lead the Way, begin,
For here are People just come in
Who never yet were flatter'd.

But first to C----fain you'd sing;
Indeed he's nearest to the K----,
Yet careless how you use him:
Give him, I beg, no labour'd Lays;
He will but promise, if you praise,
And laugh if you abuse him.

Then (but there's a vast Space betwixt)
The new made E. of B---b comes next,
Stiff in his popular Pride:
His Step, his Gait, describe the Man;
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from Side to Side.

Each Hour a different Face he wears,
Now in a Fury, now in Tears,
Now Laughing, now in Sorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for Liberty To-day,
And roars for Pow'r To-morrow.
At Noon the Tories had him tight,
With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at Night,
Each Party try'd to've won him;
But he himself did so divide,
Shuffled and cut from Side to Side,
That now both Parties shun him.

See yon old, dull, important Lord,
Who at the long'd-for Money-Board
Sits first, but does not lead:
His younger Brethren all Things make;
So that the T——–y's like a Snake,
And the Tail moves the Head.

Why did you cross God's good Intent?
He made you for a Pr——nt;
Back to that Station go:
Nor longer act this Farce of Power,
We know you mis'd the Thing before,
And have not got it now.

See Valiant C———m, valorous S——r,
Britain's two Thunderbolts of War,
Now strike my ravish'd Eye:
But, oh! their Strength and Spirits flown,
They, like their conquering Swords, are grown
Rusty with lying by.

Dear Bat, I'm glad you've got a Place,
And since Things thus have chang'd their Face,
You'll give Opposing o'er:
'Tis comfortable to be in,
And think what a damn'd while you've been,
Like Peter, at the Door.

See who comes next—I kiss thy Hands,
But not in Flattery, S——l S——s;
For since you are in Power,
That gives you Knowledge, Judgment, Parts,
The Courtier's Wiles, the Statesman's Arts,
Of which you'd none before.
When great impending Dangers shook
Its State, old Rome Dictators took
Judiciously from Plough:
So they (but at a Pinch thou knowest)
To make the Highest of the Lowest,
Th' Exchequer gave to you.

When in your Hands the Seals you found,
Did it not make your Brains go round?
Did it not turn your Head?
I fancy (but you hate a Joke)
You felt as Nell did when she 'woke
In Lady Loverule's Bed.

See H — y V — e in Pomp appear,
And since he's made V — e T — r,
Grown taller by some Inches:
See T w — — follow C — — — s Call;
See Hanoverian G — — r, and all
The black Funeral F — — s.

And see with that important Face
Beranger's Clerk to take his Place,
Into the T — — y come;
With Pride and Meanness act thy Part,
Thou look'st the very Thing thou art,
Thou Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

Oh my poor Country! is this all
You've gain'd by the long-labour'd Fall
Of Wa——le and his Tools?
He was a Knave indeed—what then?
He'd Parts—but this new Set of Men
A'n't only Knaves, but Fools.

More Changes, better Times this Isle
Demands; oh! Chesterfield, Argyle,
To bleeding Britain bring 'em:
Unite all Hearts, appease each Storm,
'Tis yours such Actions to perform,
My Pride shall be to sing 'em.
The CAPUCIN. A new Ballad.
To the Tune of Ye Commons and Peers.
Ecce iterum Crispinus, & eft mihi fæpe vocandus.

W H O at Paris has been,
Has a Mendicant seen,
Who for Charity follows to dun you;
Offer him what you will,
He refuses it still,
For he's sworn that he'll never take Money.

But near him there stands,
With two open Hands,
A Creature that follows for Hire;
Any Gifts that you make,
He'll readily take;
And at Night he accounts with the Fryar.

So the great E—— of B——
Has sworn in his Wrath,
That he'll never accept of a Place;
Neither Chancellor he,
Nor Treasurer will be,
And refuses the Seals and the Mace.

But near him * a Crowd
Stand bellowing aloud,
For all that two Courts can afford;
And 'tis very well known,
That for them what is done,
Is the same as if done for my Lord.

† A Crowd. Here every intelligent Reader will immediately have
in his Thoughts eight or ten of the ablest Men and greatest Genius's
in this Kingdom; such as H. V——, H. F——fe, L——d L——l,
Mr. Hoo——r, Mr. S——l S——s, Mr. B——tle, Mr. G——,
Sir J. R——t, &c. &c. &c. &c.
But I'm told, noble Peer,
Left these Things should take Air,
And with Dirt all Mankind should upbraid ye,
That you try a new Way,
(Tis as safe I dare say)
And make them account with my Lady.

But indeed this won't do,
And the World will see through,
And your Virtue (I fear) will bespatter:
Then mind what I send,
For I'm so far your Friend,
That I'm sure you can't say that I flatter.

There's my good Lord of G——r
I'n't a quarter come o'er,
And I fancy you'll find he wants Zeal;
If he don't come plum in,
And vote through Thick and Thin,
Turn him out, and be made P—y S—l.

Don't slight this Advice,
Nor affect to be nice,
Laugh at Oaths that obstruct your great End:
For an Oath's but a Joke,
To one that has broke
Through all Honour and Tyes with his Friends.

Go to C——t and P——l — m,
You'll still go on, tell them,
All honest Men's Hopes to defeat;
To crown your Disgrace,
They'd give you this Place,
And your Character will be compleat.
An ODE, Humbly inscribed to the Right Honourable W— E— of B—

Neque enim lex justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.

Parcius junctas quattuor fenestras
Istibus crebris juvenes protervi:
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua limen.
&c. &c. &c. Hor. Lib. 1, Od. xxv.

Great E— of B—, your Reign is o'er;
The Tories trust your Word no more,
The Whigs no longer fear ye;
Your Gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
No Crowds of Coaches fill your Yard,
And scarce a Soul comes near ye.

Few now aspire at your good Graces,
Scarce any sue to you for Places,
Or come with their Petition,
To tell how well they have serv'd,
How long, how steadily they starv'd,
For you in Opposition.

Expect to see that Tribe no more,
Since all Mankind perceive that Pow'r
Is lodg'd in other Hands:
Sooner to C— t— t now they'll go,
Or ev'n (though that's excessive low)
To W— l m— n and S— s.

With your obedient Wife retire,
And sitting silent by the Fire,
A full ten tete à tete,
Think over all you've done or said,
And curse the Hour that you were made
Unprofitably great.

With
With Vapours there, and Spleen o'ercast,
Reflect on all your Actions past,
With Sorrow and Contrition;
And there enjoy the Thoughts that rise
From disappointed Avarice,
From frustrated Ambition.

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain,
Of your deserting Friends complain,
That visit you no more;
But in this Country 'tis a Truth,
As known as that Love follows Youth,
That Friendship follows Pow'r.

Such is the Calm of your Retreat!
You through the Dregs of Life must sweat
Beneath this heavy Load;
And I'll attend you, as I've done,
Only to help Reflection on,
With now and then an Ode.

The STATESMAN.

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra, vel acra
Tibia fumes celebrem, Clio?

WHAT Statesman, what Hero, what King,
Whose Name thro' the Island is spread.
Will you choose, O my Clio, to sing,
Of all the great Living or Dead?

Go, my Muse, from this Place to Japan
In search of a Topic for Rhyme:
The great E— of B—b is the Man,
Who deserves to employ your whole Time.

But, however, as the Subject is nice,
And perhaps you're unfurnished with Matter;
May it please you to take my Advice,
That you mayn't be suspected to flatter.
When you touch on his L—p's high Birth,
    Speak Latin, as if you were tipsy:
Say, we all are the Sons of the Earth,
    *Et genus non fecimus ipsi.*

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew;
    Yet attempt not to reckon his Bounties.
You may say, he is married; that's true;
    Yet speak not a Word of his C——s.

Leave a Blank here and there in each Page,
    To enroll the fair Deeds of his Youth!
When you mention the Acts of his Age,
    Leave a Blank for his Honour and Truth!

Say, he made a great M——h change Hands:
    He spake—and the Minifter fell.
Say, he made a great Statesman of S——ds;
    (Oh that he had taught him to spell!)

Then enlarge on his Cunning and Wit:
    Say, how he harangu'd at the Fountain:
Say, how the old Patriots were 'bit,
    And a Mouse was produc'd by a Mountain.

Then say, how he mark'd the new Year,
    By encreasing our Taxes, and Stocks:
Then say, how he chang'd to a P——r,
    Fit Companions for E——be and F——x.

A New O DE.

*Quis multa gracilis te Puer in rosa*
*Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus*
*Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro? Hor. Od. 5. Lib. i.*

What (good L——d B——) prim Patriot now,
    With courtly Graces woes thee?
And from St. Stephen's C——l to
    The H—— of L——ds pursues thee?

How
How gay and debonnair you're grown!
How pleas'd with what is past!
Your Title has your Judgment shewn,
And choice of Friends your Taste.

With sparkling Wits to entertain
Yourself and your good C----ls,
You've hit on sweet-lip'd H----y V---
And high-bred H---y F----fe.

But to direct the Affairs of State,
What Geniuses you've taken!
Their Talents, like their Virtues, great!
Or all the World's mistaken.

The Task was something hard, 'tis true,
Which you had on your Hands,
So, to please P------ and People too,
You wisely pitch'd on S----s.

O Britain! never any thing
Could so exactly hit you:
His Mien and Manners charm'd the K---,
His Parts amaz'd the City.

But to make all Things of a Piece,
And end as you begun;
To find a Genius such as his,
What was there to be done?

O where—where were they to be found?
Such Stars but rare appear!
Dart not their Rays on every Ground,
Gild ev'ry Hemisphere.

But you with astronomick Eyes,
Not Tycho Brahe's more true,
From far spy'd some bright Orbs arise,
And brought them to our View.

D
Sir J—n's clear Head, and Sense profound,
Blaz'd out in P—t;
G—n, for Eloquence renown'd,
To grace the C—t you sent.

To these congenial Souls you join'd
Some more, as choice and proper,
Bright B—le! Darling of Mankind!
Good L—k and sage H—r.

Such Virtue and such Wisdom shone,
In ev'ry chosen Spirit!
All Men at least this Truth must own,
Your nice Regard to Merit!

What Pray'rs and Praise to you belong,
For this blest Reformation!
Thou Joy of ev'ry Heart and Tongue!
Thou Saviour of the Nation!

O W—le, W—le, blush for Shame,
With all your Tools around you!
Does not each glorious Patriot-Name,
Quite dazzle and confound you?

Had you sought out this Patriot Race,
Triumphant still you'd been;
By only putting them in Place,
You had yourself kept in.

LABOUR in VAIN.

A SONG an Hundred Years Old.

To the Tune of MOLLY MOGG.

Ye Patriots, who twenty long Years
Have struggled our Rights to maintain:
View the End of your Labours and Fears,
And see them all ended in Vain!

Behold!
Behold! in the Front stands your Hero,

Behind him his Patriot Train:

Hear him rail at a Tyrant and Nero;

Yet his railing all ended in Vain.

Then see him attack a Convention,

And calling for Vengeance on Spain:

What Pity such noble Contention

And Spirit should end all in Vain!

That the Place-Bill he got for the Nation,

Was only a Shadow, is plain:

For now 'tis a clear Demonstration,

The Substance is ended in Vain.

His bloody and horrible Vow,

Which once gave the Courtiers such Pain,

No longer arias them now,

For his Threats are all ended in Vain.

What though the Committee have found,

That Or——'s a Traitor in Grain;

Yet wiser than they may compound,

And Justice be ended in Vain.

How certain would be our Undoing,

Should the People their Wishes obtain?

Then to save us from danger of Ruin,

He has ended our Wishes in Vain.

Then let us give Thanks and be glad,

That he knew how our Passion to rein,

And wisely prevented the Bad,

By ending the Good all in Vain.

About Brutus let Rome disagree,

We won't from our Praises refrain;

Our Brutus has more Cause than he

To declare even Virtue in Vain.
Three Thousand five Hundred a Year,
He valu'd it not of a Grain;
His Scorn of such Filth is most clear,
Since that too he ended in Vain.

Corruption he hates like a Toad,
   And calls it the National Bane,
Yet damn'd T—s, his Virtue to load,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

He rejects all employments and Places,
   And thinks ev'ry Pension a Stain:
Yet T—s, with their damn'd fly Faces,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

In spite of his Caution and Care,
   To avoid the Appearance of Gain,
Say those Tories, his Wife has a Share,
   And all is not ended in Vain.

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The Patriots are Come: or, a Doctor for a Crazy
Constitution. A new BALLAD.

To the Tune of, Derry down.

O H! E—g—d attend, while thy Fate I deplore,
Rehearsing the Schemes and the Conduct of Pow'r;
And since only of those who have Power, I sing;
I'm sure none can think that I hint at the——

Derry down.

From the time his S—n made him Old Robin depose,
All the Power of a—he was well known to lose;
But of all, but the Name and the Badges bereft,
Like Old Women his Paraphernalia are left.

Derry down.

To tell how he shook in St. J—s for Fear,
When first the new M—rs bully'd him there,

Makes
Makes my Blood boil with Rage to reflect what a
 Thing
 They made of a Man we obey as a——
 Derry down.

Whom they pleas'd they put in, whom they pleas'd
 they put out,
 And just like a Top they all lash'd him about;
 Whilst he like a Top with a murmuring Noise,
 Seem'd to grumble, but turn'd to these rude lashing
 Boys.
 Derry down.

At last C—— arriving, thus spoke to his Grief,
 If you'll make me your Doctor, I'll bring you Relief;
 You see to your Closet familiar I come,
 And seem like my Wife in the Circle at Home.
 Derry down.

Quoth the ——, my good L—d, perhaps you've
 been told,
 That I us'd to abuse you a little of old;
 But now bring whom you will, and eke turn away,
 Let me and my Mony and W——d—n stay.
 Derry down.

For you and W——d—n, I freely consent,
 But as for your Mony, I must have it spent:
 I have promis'd your S—n (nay no Frowns) shall have
 some,
 Nor think 'tis for nothing we Patriots are come.
 Derry down.

But howe'er little———since I find you 're so good,
 Thus stooping below your high Courage and Blood:
 Put yourself in my Hands, and I'll do what I can,
 To make you look yet like a—— and a Man——
 Derry down.

At the A—l—y and your T—y Board,
 To save one single Man, you shan't say a Word;
 For
For by G—d all your Rubbish from both you shall shoot,
W—p—'s Cyphers entire, and G—ry's to boot.

Derry down.

And to guard P—es Ears, as all St—l—n take Care,
So long as yours are, not one Man shall come near:
For of all your old Crew, we'll leave only those
Whom we know never dare to say boh! to a Goose.

Derry down.

So your Friend booby G—I'll e'en let you keep,
Awake he can't hurt, and is still half asleep;
Nor ever was dangerous, but to Womankind,
And his Body's as Impotent now as his Mind.

Derry down.

There's another C—t Booby, at once hot and dull,
Your pious Pimp s—z, a mean H—r Fool,
For your Card-play at Night he too shall remain,
With virtuous and sober, and wife D—nè.

Derry down.

And for your C—t Nob—s who can't write or read,
As of such Titl'd Cyphers all C—ts stand in need,
Who like P—t Swires vote and fight for their Pay:
They're as good as a new Set, to cry yea and nay.

Derry down.

Tho' N—'s as false as he's silly, I know,
By betraying old Robin to me long ago,
As well as all those who employ'd him before,
Yet I'll leave him in Place, but I'll leave him no Pow'r.

Derry down.

For granting his Heart is as black as his Hat,
With no more Truth in this, than there's Sense beneath that;
Yet as he's a C—d, he'll shake when Irown
You call'd him once R—l, I'll treat him like one.

Derry down.
And since his Estate at E——'s he'll spend,  
And beggar himself without making a Friend:  
So whilst the extravagant F—— I has a Souse,  
As his Brains I can't fear, his Fortune I'll use.  

*

Derry down.

And as Miser H——— with all C——— rs will draw,  
He too may remain, but shall stick to his Law;  
For of F——— gn Affairs, when he talks like a Fool  
I'll laugh in his Face, and cry go to School.  

Derry down.

The Countess of W———, like your old Nurse,  
I'll trust at the T——— y, not with its Purse,  
For nothing by her I'm resolv'd shall be done,  
She shall sit at that Board, as you sit on the T—— e.  

Derry down.

Perhaps now you expect that I shou'd begin  
To tell you the Men I design to bring in;  
But we've not yet determin'd on all their Demands,  
And you'll know soon enough when they come to  

kiss H——ds. Derry down.

All that Weather cock P——— y shall ask we must  
grant,  
For to make him a N—— e for nothing, I want;  
And to cheat such a Man demands all my Arts,  
For tho' he's a Fool, he's Fool with great Parts.  

Derry down.

And as popular Clodius, the P——— y of Rome,  
From a Noble, for Pow'r, did Plebeian become:  
So this Clodius to be a Patrician shall chuse,  
Till what one got by changing, the other shall lose.  

Derry down.

Thus flatter'd, and courted, and gaz'd at by all,  
Like Phaeton rais'd for a Day, he shall fall,  
Put the World in a Flame, and shew he did strive  
To get Reins in his Hand, tho' 'tis plain he can't  

drive.  

Derry down.
For your F—gn Affairs, howe’er they turn out,
At least I’ll take care you shall make a great Rout;
Then cock your great Hat, strut, bounce, and look bluff,
For tho’ kick’d and cuff’d here, you shall there kick—
and cuff. Derry down.

That W——p——e did nothing they all used to say,
So I’ll do enough, but I’ll make the Dogs pay:
Great Fl——ts I’ll provide, great A——mies engage,
Whate’er Debts we make, or whate’er Wars we wage.

With Cordials like these, the M——’s new Guest
Reviv’d his sunk Spirits, and gladden’d his Breast,
Till in Raptures he cry’d, my dear L——d you shall do
Whatever you will, give me T——ps to r——w.

But, oh, my dear Country! since this is thy State,
Who is there that loves thee, but weeps at thy Fate?
Since, in changing thy Masters, thou’rt just like old Rome,
With Faction, Opp——sn and Sl——v——y thy Doom

For tho’ you have made that Rogue W——e retire,
You’re out of the Frying-pan into the Fire;
But since to the Protestant Line I’m a Friend,
I tremble to think where these Ch—ges may end.

A BALLAD.

In Imitation of William and Margaret.

Addres’d to the ———

’Twas at the Hour, when guiltless Care
Is lull’d in soft Repose;
When nothing wakes, save fell Despair,
Beset with cureless Woes.
Inviting Sleep, lo! William lay,
The Down he vainly prest:
Honour, alas! had soar'd away,
And Shame had poison'd Rest!

B- -t—ia, with that stern Regard
That conscious Worth puts on,
Before his frantic Eye appear'd,
And pierc'd him with a Groan:

Her Cheek had lost its rosy Bloom,
And languid roll'd her Eye!
This once cou'd brighten midnight Gloom!
That shame the Tyrian Dye!

The Laurel-Wreath, by Glory's Hand,
Twin'd round her awful Brow,
As what her Grief and Rage disdain'd,
She rent in Fury now.

Away she hurl'd her boasted Shield,
Away her useless Spear:
What Joys to Slaves can Trophies yield?
What Pride the Pomp of War?

Behold the dire Effects (she cry'd)
Of William's perjur'd Troth!
Behold the Orphan, who rely'd
On a false Guardian's Oath!

How cou'dst thou with a Lover's Zeal,
My widow'd Cause espouse,
Yet quit that Cause thou serv'dst so well,
In scorn of all thy Vows?

How cou'dst thou swear, Wealth, Titles, Pow'r
Thy Candour wo'd disclaim?
Yet barter, in an evil Hour,
That Candour for a Name?

E

How
How cou'dst thou win my easy Heart
A Patriot to believe?
How cou'd I know, but by the Smart,
A Patriot wou'd deceive?

Bethink thee of thy broken Trust!
Thy Vows to me unpaid!
Thy Honour humble'd in the Dust!
Thy Country's Weal betray'd!

For this may all my Vengeance fall
On thy devoted Head!
Living, be thou the Scorn of all!
The Curse of all when dead!

This said, while Thunder round her broke,
She vanish'd into Air;
And William's Horror, while she spoke,
Was follow'd by Despair.

The WIFE and the NURSE, A New Ballad.

VICE once with Virtue did engage,
To win Jove's conqu'ring Son;
So, for th'Æides of our Age,
As strange a Fray begun.

His Wife and ancient Nurse between
Arose this wond'rous Strife:
The froward Hag his Heart to win,
Contended with his Wife.

His Wife, an Island Nymph most fair,
Bore Plenty in her Hand;
A Crown adorns her Regal Hair,
Her Graces Love command.

With modest Dignity she stood;
Fast down her lovely Face
A Stream of swelling Sorrow flow'd,
A righteous Cause to grace.
The tatter'd Nurse, of Aspect grum,
Look'd prouder still than poor,
With lofty Airs inspir'd by Mum,
The Queen of Beggars sure:
Mud was her Dwelling, lean her Plight,
Her Life on Heaths she led;
With Wreaths of Turnip-tops bedight;
Her Eyes were dull as Lead.
Yet thus the Caitiff, proud and poor,
Our Hero Judge address'd.
"Thy Fondness all to me assure,
To me who loves thee best.
I am thy aged Nurse, so kind,
Who ne'er did crost thy Will;
Thy Wife to all thy Charms is blind,
Perverse and thwarting still.
Give me her Cloaths, (continued she)
With thy Assistance soon
Her costly Robe may shine on me
On her my Rags be thrown.
Seize on her Store of boasted Gold,
Which she with jealous Fear
From thee still grudging wou'd with-hold,
And trust it to my Care."
This caught the Judge's partial Ear.
The Lady of the Isle
Spake next. "Thyself at least revere,
And spurn this Caitiff vile.
With thine my Interest is the same,
For thee my Sailors toil;
They for thy Safety, Pow'r, and Fame,
Enrich my spacious Isle.
Think
"Think too upon thy solemn Vow,
When thou didst plight thy Love;
Thou can't to save me, wilt thou now
Thyself my Ruin prove?
How was I courted, how ador'd!
More happy as thy Bride;
For thee my Safeguard, Love and Lord,
I slighted all beside.
Do thou still act a Guardian's Part,
Nor be thy Love estrang'd;
Treat me but kindly, and my Heart
Shall e'er remain unchang'd.
By thee abandon'd, must I bend
Beneath thy Nurse's Scorn?
No; live with me thyself, and send
To her thy youngest born.
Let not her Mud-built Walls thy Stay
Before my Tow'r's invite;
Do not beyond my Verdure gay,
In her brown Heaths delight.
Do not her dingy Streams prefer
To all my Rivers clear?
Good Heavens! looks Poverty in her
Than Wealth in me most fair?
The Judge here lets his Fury out,
Unable to contain;
He frowns, and rolls his Eyes about;
And to his Wife began:
"If she be poor, I'll make her rich;
Thy Treasure she shall hold:
Thou art a low, mechanick B—h,
Besides a cursed Scold.
"My
"My Nurse is of imperial Race,  
"By Trade was never stain'd.  
"What thou dost boast of, is Disgrace:  
"Nurse, thou thy Cause hast gain'd."

Polite and candid, thus the Judge:  
His Creatures watch his Call,  
To raise (alas!) this dirty Drudge  
On his fair Confort's Fall.

Who first obeys th' unjust Decree,  
Regardless of his Fame,  
To spoil and rob with cruel Glee  
That lovely Island Dame?

Hard by a ready Wight behold  
Aspiring, rash, and wild;  
Of Parts too keen to be controll'd  
By Wisdom's Dictates mild.

Still from the Midnight-Goblet hot,  
He fires his turgid Brain,  
With jarring Schemes, from Wine begot,  
To ravage Land and Main.

With these wild Embryo's, shapeless all,  
Without Head, Tail, or Limb,  
He lures his Master to his Call,  
While both in Fancy swim.

He now receives th' absurd Command  
This beauteous Queen to spoil:  
Ah! Deed unseemly for his Hand,  
A Native of her Isle.

He runs and strips her gracious Brows  
Of her Imperial Crown,  
To dress the Hag, who quickly throws  
Her Turnip-Garland down:

Yet
Yet smiling greets the Queen, and swears
He only means her Good,
That Exigencies of Affairs
May want her Heart's best Blood.

Thus spoil'd, she sinks with Sorrow faint
Before th'insulting Hag,
And, left she publish her Complaint,
Is menac'd with a Gag.

There lying, of her Cloaths she's stript;
Her Money too, we're told,
Into the Judge's Hand was slip'd,
Ah! shameful Thirst of Gold.

Against Apollo Midas old
Gave Judgment; did he worse,
Than one who to his Wife for Gold,
Cou'd thus prefer his Nurse?

Ah! yet recall her cruel Fate,
Mistaken Judge, thy Friend
Here warns thee; Dangers soon or late
On Avarice attend.

In thy Wife's Ruin yet behold
Thou dost thyself destroy;
Then cease to barter Love for Gold,
Which thou canst ne'er enjoy.

S——S and J——L. A new Ballad.

Obstipuit faterumque; come——Vivo.

TWAS at the silent solemn Hour,
When Night and Morning meet,
In glided J——J's grimly Ghost,
And stood at S——S's Feet.
His Face was like a Winter’s Day,
Clad in November's Frown;
And Clay-cold was his shrivel'd Hand,
That held his tuck’d-up Gown.

S———s quak’d with Fear, th’ Effect of Guilt,
Whom thus the Shade bespoke;
And with a mournful, hollow Voice,
The dreadful Silence broke.

The Night-Owl shrieks, the Raven croaks,
The Mid-night, Bell now tolls;
Behold thy late departed Friend
The M———r of the R——ls.

And tho’ by Death’s prevailing Hand
My Form may alter’d be;
Death cannot make so great a Change,
As Times have wrought in thee.

Think of the Part you’re acting, S——ds,
And think where it will end;
Think you have made a thousand Foes,
And have not gain’d one Friend.

Oft haft thou said, our Cause was good,
Yet you that Cause forsook;
Oft against Places haft thou rail’d,
And yet a Place you took.

‘Gainst those how often haft thou spoke,
With whom you now assent!
The Court how oft haft thou abus’d,
And yet to Court you went!

How could you vote for War with Spain,
Yet make that War to cease?
How could you weep for England’s Debts,
Yet make those Debts increase?
How could you swear your Country's Good
   Was all your Wish, or Fear?
And how could I, old doating Fool,
   Believe you was sincere?

Thou art the Cause why I appear,
   (From blissful Regions drawn)
Why teeming Graves cast up their Dead;
   And why the Church-yards yawn,
Is owing all to thee, thou Wretch!
   The Bill thou hast brought in
Opens this Mouth, tho' clos'd by Death,
   To thunder against Gin.

If of Good-nature any Spark
   Within thee thou canst find;
Regard the Message that I bring,
   Have Mercy on Mankind!

But oh! from thy relentless Heart
   The horrid Day I see,
When thy mean Hand shall overturn
   The Good design'd by me.

Riot and Slaughter once again
   Shall their Career begin,
And every Parish suckling Babe
   Again be nurs'd with Gin.

The Soldiers from each Cellar drunk
   Shall scatter Ruin far,
Gin shall intoxicate them, and
   Let slip those Dogs of War.

This proves thee, S———S, thy Country's Foe,
   And Desolation's Friend.
What can thy Project be in this?
   And what can be thy End?
Is it, that conscious of thy Worth,
Thy Sense, thy Parts, thy Weight;
Thou know'st this Nation must be drunk
E'er it can think thee Great?

Too high, poor Wren! has thou been borne
On P——y's Eagle Wings.
Thou wert not form'd for great Affairs,
Nor made to talk with Kings.

But where's thy Hate to Court and Pow'r,
Thy Patriotism, S——?
Think'st thou that Gown adorns thy Shape,
That Purse becomes thy Hands?

As when the Fox upon the Ground,
A Tragick Mask esp'y'd,
Oh! what a specious Front is here!
But where's the Brain? he cry'd,

So thou a L——d of T——
And C——r art made,
Sir R——t's Place, and Robe, and Seal,
Thou haft; but where's his Head?

Thou'rt plac'd by far too high; in vain
To keep your Post you strive;
In vain, like Phaeton, attempt
A Chariot you can't drive.

Each Act you do betrays your Parts,
And tends to your Undoing;
Each Speech you make your Dulness shews,
And certifies your Ruin.

Think not like Oaks to stand on high,
And brave the Storms that blow;
But like the Reed bend to the Earth,
And, to be safe, be low.

F  

Poor
Poor in thyself, each Party's Joke,
Each trifling Songster's Sport,
P——m supports thee in the House,
The E——l of B——b at Court.

These are the Men, that push thee on
In thy own Nature's Spite;
So, like the Moon, if thou could'st shine,
'Twould be by borrow'd Light.

But soft, I scent the Morning Air,
The Glow-worm pales his Light,
Farewell, remember me, it cry'd,
And vanish'd out of Sight.

S——s trembling rose, frightened to Death,
Of Knowledge quite bereft,
And has, since that unhappy Night,
Nor Sense nor Mem'ry left.

BRITANNIA's Lamentation: Or,
The Banks of the THAMES.
To the Tune of Tweed's Side.

WHY, Britannia, thus senseless of Praise,
On the Banks of thy Thames dost thou weep,
Whilst its Bosom thy Navy conveys
To confound all thy Foes on the Deep?
Does not Matthews thy Glory advance,
Where but late thou wast cover'd with Shame?
Does not Spain, with Sicilia, and France,
Fly for Shelter, and shrink at thy Name?

Turn to valiant Sardinia thy Sight;
None but C—— could rouse him to War,
He it was taught the Croats to fight,
The Slavonian he brought from afar.
He it was shook the Emperor's Throne;
By his Counsels the Danube was past,
All the Wreaths won at Lintz are his own,
And by him all Bavaria lies waste.

At his Nod, lo! each Enemy yields,
Spain, and France their lost Armies shall mourn;
For from Prague, and fair Italy's Fields
He has sworn not a Man shall return.

Then thy Praise while the Moldaw proclaims,
And Hungaria is freed from her Foe,
Why, alas! should the Banks of the Thames
Be the Seat of Repining and Woe?

Not at Austria's Success I repine,
May she triumph (Britannia reply'd)
Tho' with Anguish my Head I decline,
And lament on the Thames fruitful Side!

May the Moldaw and Danube's wide Flood
With the Shouts of her Victories sound,
And their Currents run Crimson with Blood,
While the French are mow'd down to the Ground.

Thou, Hungaria, mayst bless thy kind Stars,
And thy Captains experience'd and brave;
Thou mayst thank thy undaunted Hussars,
And thy valiant Train'd Bands of the Saave:
Yet had all thy Success and thy Fame
Flow'd from C——'s Courage and Art,
Would the Honour, exalting his Name,
Heal the Canker which preys on my Heart?

For if Freedom and Virtue must smile
Never more, where the Silver Thames flows,
What, alas! will avail this lost Isle,
That Hungaria is freed from her Foes?
Has her Safety restor'd my dead Laws?
Yet secur'd is my Birthright to me?
Tho' the Gaul from Bobemia withdraws,
From Corruption have I been set free?
See! my Patriots around me desert,
    The Arch-Criminal screen'd, without Shame;
Such Apostates have taught my sad Heart,
    That e'en Virtue is now but a Name:
Yet amongst that fall'n Train there is one,
    There is one, I shall ever deplore——
What a Labour of Years is undone!
    What a Fall, ah! to rise never more!

He was once all my Glory and Pride,
    He alone, my lost Rights could retrieve——
But his Name now in Silence to hide,
    Is to him all the Boon I can give.
Then my Praise tho' Bobemia proclaims,
    And with Joy through the Moldaw may flow;
Still I weep, and the Banks of my Thames
    Are the Seat of Repining and Woe.

A Great Man's Speech in Downing-street,
against the ENQUIRY.
To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

Ye old Whigs, met here my new Honours to grace,
Who each for his Country would take any Place,
And keep it when got, (as we all must, you know)
By now crying Ay, where we always cry'd No.
    Be this our great Plan!
To swear to a Man,
Things ne'er went so well since the World first began.
    So farewell Enquiry; for Orford is flown
Quite to Arlington-street, and the Seals are my own.
Lord B— cou'd not leave me, in quitting the Field,
His Tongue for a Sword; but thank God I've a
    Not Shield;
Not a Shield of Professions, Vows, Tears, Double-dealing:
But a Front that won't blush, and a Heart above feeling.
All England shall see,
I am arm'd Cap-a-pee,
Rage and Envy may pour their whole Quivers on me.
So farewel Enquiry, &c.

Romantic young Patriots may rant and declaim,
That, in Place or out, Honour still is the same;
But shew me what Honour, (in my high Condition)
Wou'd be for Enquiry, the second Edition:
Be rather accurst
Of Vain Glory the Thirst!
For we hardly knew how to get rid of the first.
So farewel Enquiry, &c.

What Time that Committee too forc'd me to waste?
The Minutes I often transcrib'd——tho' in haste,
Nay the Board, for a Moment, sometimes I forsook,
But then you may think; I cou'd give but a Look:
Yet when I had Leisure,
What Friend to that Measure,
Took Notes more than I, or in Notes took more Pleasure.
So farewel Enquiry, &c.

In the House when this Question you come to debate,
You must fancy yourselves in a Council of State,
For Councils of State follow what is expedient,
And Justice is there, but a second Ingredient;
Then Justice postpone,
Home Affairs let alone,
Till Austria once more fill the Emperor's Throne.
So farewel Enquiry, &c.

To Foreign Affairs I don't vastly pretend,
But I hear from Lord B——, my great Master and Friend,
Lord C—— swears France is in such a Quandary,
For Peace she shall kneel to the Queen of Hungary,
Or Broglio he'll nab;
(He's at War such a Dab)
By seizing, this Winter, Franconia and Suabe.
So farewell Enquiry, &c.

Indeed he was all, for a March, last October,
Each Night 'twas his Theme, and each Morning,
quite sober,
Not MAILLEBOIS to follow, (for blest was the Day, When quiet he march'd from WESTPHALIA away!)
But Dunkirk to storm,
And when he was warm,
To push to Versailles, and beat up the Gens d'armes.
So farewell Enquiry, &c.

The —— too he counsel'd in Person to go,
In Beauty's fair Cause his high Prowess to show:
Beef-eaters, gay Lords, gallant Squires commanded,
The Train, which at Calais our eighth Henry landed;
Harry too, Debonnaire,
Wou'd have dy'd for the Fair,
As his Arms, (cry the Wags,) in the Tower declare.
So farewell Enquiry, &c.

Some hinted, that may be, 'twas rather too much,
To conquer all France without help from the Dutch:
But my Lord, in high Schemes not so easily bam'd,
Swore the Dutch shou'd come in,—or the Dutch might be damn'd:
That Paris with Ease,
We may sack when we please;
Then fill'd up a Bumper to George and Terefe.
So farewell Enquiry, &c.

But mark his cool Prudence, how far from Romance! Shou'd the French, he bethought him, be scar'd out of France

(A3
(As who, but from C——'s bold Thunder must fly!) They might meet in Bavaria, and help their Ally: Which hap'ly might end, In distressing our Friend, For whom our last Shilling we'll joyfully spend. So farewell Enquiry, &c.

Yet of all the round Millions I vow'd to propose, For seven hundred thousand to Hanover goes, And tho', I'm aware, Disaffection may say Hanoverians are meant Civil Lift Debts to pay; 'Tis a Jacobite Lye: They are meant to supply The want of Dutch, Prussians, and every Ally. So farewell Enquiry, &c.

Then to these Hanoverians what Praises are due? While Maillebois was flying, they scorn'd to pursue; Now to Mentz they will march, (so in War they delight) Where the Laws of their Country forbid them to fight; And where is the Man, When he thinks of the Ban, But had rather go fight against great Kouli Kan? So farewell, Enquiry, &c.

To old standing Corps who can grudge Levy-Money? Or Douceurs to sweeten, far sweeter than Honey; Contingent Expenses, that can't be computed, Things ne'er to be known, to be never refuted? Not to pay all, were hard: What has Hanover spar'd, Field Pieces, Staffs, Hangmen, Prevots or Life Guard? So farewell Enquiry, &c.

Shou'd you keep them ten Years—till the Dutch are come in, You never shall pay Levy-Money again, And.
And when we to saving, hereafter, shall come,
Since we find them so cheap, make them Guards here
at Home,

For they love us so well,
They'd quit Bremen and Zell
To help us, our turbulent Spirits to quell.
So farewell Enquiry, &c.

Then be patient, my Friends, and expect the blest
Hour,

When you may have Places, and I, perhaps, Pow'r;
And ah! without Levies don't doom me to live!
Tho' your Levy-Money, as yet, I can't give:
But think, who shall stand
Before my Lord B——d,

If e'er Secret Service shou'd flow through my Hand.
So farewell Enquiry; for Orford is flown,
Quite to Arlington-street, and the Seals are my own.

---

A New BALLAD.

ATTEND, my honest Brethren,
Who late came into Place;
I'll tell you a new Project,
To win our Master's Grace.

As a Drinking we do go, &c.

An A——y from H——r
We'll take into our Pay:
And Britons to support them
Shall drink their Lives away,

As a Drinking they do go, &c.

From Statesmen to Excisemen,
All Placemen may drink Wine:
But tatter'd 'Squires and Merchants
Shall swill up Gin like Swine,

When a Drinking they do go, &c.
And should old England perish,
Why e'en let it be so;
For ev'ry Man she loses,
We Turncoats lose a Foe.
Then a Drinking they may go, &c.

'Tis true, when Walpole ruled,
We bellow'd loud at Gin;
But now it is no Evil,
For we are now come in.
And a Drinking all shall go, &c.

No more shall sober Britons
Pronounce us Fools and Knaves;
Their Note shall quickly alter,
We'll make them drunken Slaves.
And a Drinking they shall go, &c.

Behold what Shoals of Beggars
Now crowd up ev'ry Door!
'Twill greatly ease the Poor's Rates,
We'll poison all the Poor.
While a Drinking they do go, &c.

The People all complain,
That by Trade they nothing get;
Then let them sit and drink,
They will drink us out of Debt.
As a Drinking they do go, &c.

And should the War continue,
What Cause have we to fear?
To licence Theft and Murder,
Will raise a Fund next Year.
So a Drinking we will go, &c.

Then welcome all my F———s,
With black Funereal Face!

G

A
Ah Bat! you had been welcome,
If pledged by his Grace,
    As a Drinking we do go, &c.

And you cool Foreign Statesman,
    Who drink both Night and Day,
Shall humble haughty France,
    Just as we our Debts shall pay,
    As a Drinking you do go, &c.

As for my honour'd Patron,
    The mighty Earl of B—h,
Since no Man courts his Favour,
    And no Man fears his Wrath,
    New a Drinking he may go, &c.

Sir Robert was a V——n,
    But here comes P——m; Mum!
Your Servant Master P——m,
    Pray when will Orford come?
    That a Drinking we may go, &c.

Then fill a rosy Bumper,
    I'll send the Glass about;
Here's Health to all those in,
    Here's Death to all those out,
    As a Drinking they do go, &c.

---A newer O D E than the Last.---

Ad Hominem——
Iterum, iterumq; movebo.

Great E—— of B——h,
    Be not in Wrath
At what the People say;
    Bob was abus'd,
    And roughly us'd,
Each Dog must have his Day.
'Tis true, you are
A Man of War,
Of Courage stout, and try'd;
It was, we know,
But Word and Blow,
When Honour seem'd your Guide.

Lord Fanny once
Did play the Dunce,
And challeng'd you to fight;
But he so stood
To lose no Blood,
But had a dreadful Fright.

Poor Member Ned,
Said something bad,
And wrote it down to T—k;
Your Sword you drew,
And at him flew,
And fought like any Turk.

No Man so dread,
That wore a Head,
Durst either speak, or write,
Things to dispraise
Your virtuous Ways,
But draw he must, and fight.

Tho' once so brave,
I'll call you K——,
And show your Courage bound.
For if you dare
With me to war,
You must the Nation round.

Britannia's
Britannia's Ghost to the E--- of B---

WHILE P—y, seeking lost Repose,
    His downy Pillow press'd,
  Fresh Horrors in his Soul arose,
    And farther banish'd Rest.

For lo! Britannia by his Side,
    All ghastly, pale, and wan!
Thus in deep doleful Accent cry'd,
  "O base perfidious Man!
  "How can'st thou hope that balmy Sleep
    Should close thy guilty Eyes!
  "Whilst all Britannia's Sons must weep
    Her fall'n—thy Sacrifice!
  "Long had she trusted to thine Aid
    Against her Bosom-foe;
  "Depending on the Vows you made,
    To ward the fatal Blow.
  "Hence she each Traitor had supprest,
    Or boldly had defy'd;
  "Till, leaning on her Guardian's Breast,
    His treacherous Arms she spy'd.
  "And art thou, P---y? said she:—Fie!
  "Thou! of the Traitor-Crew?
  "Nay then, brave Caesar-like, I'll die,
    Since Brutus lives in you.
  "But oh! why must Britannia bleed,
    To fate Ambition's Flame?
  "Ah! Titles thence you'll gain indeed;
    But gain with endless Shame.
  "How can you e'er Atonement make
    For all your broken Vows?
  "Why—cancel your late grand Mistake;
    —Her Interest re-espouse.
"So shall her Genius yet revive;  
"— You barter Guilt for Fame;  
"She shall revere you when alive;  
"When dead, adore your Name."

Ah! no; he said: Too false I've prov'd,  
Too fickle, vile a Thing,  
Ever to be sincerely lov'd,  
By Country, C—I, or K—g.

Hereat the Spectre disappear'd;  
But Conscience, in its stead,  
Dire-cursing Legions quickly rear'd:  
Round his devoted Head.

Then to his Wife—he raving cry'd,  
Thou Daughter of Perdition!  
Britannia's ruin'd by thy Pride;  
I'm damn'd for thy Ambition.

---

A Lamentable CASE.

Submitted to the Bath Physicians.

Ye fam'd Physicians of this Place,  
Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's tale,  
Nor think that I am joking;  
When she would, he can not comply,  
When he would drink, she's not a dry;  
And is not this provoking?

At Night, when Strephon comes to rest,  
Chloe receives him on her Breast,  
With fondly-folding Arms:  
Down, down he hangs his drooping Head;  
Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,  
Neglecting all her Charms.
Reviving when the Morn returns,  
With rising Flames young Strephon burns,  
And fain, wou'd fain be doing :  
But Chloe now, asleep or sick,  
Has no great Relish for the Trick,  
And sadly bauls his Wooing.  

O cruel and disaft'rous Cafe,  
When in the critical Embrace  
That only one is burning!  
Dear Docters, set this Matter right,  
Give Strephon Spirits over Night,  
Or Chloe in the Morning.  

BROGLIO's Breeches.  

WHEN erst the gallant Koningsegg  
(As in the News we've read from th'Hague)  
Had storm'd poor Broglio's Quarters ;  
A fierce Hussar seiz'd on the Chief,  
As he was saving, with his Life,  
His Breeches and his Garters.  
Disturbing a Marshal of France in the Night,  
Is not à la mode à Paris, or polite.  
Who're you ? quoth th' Hussar: Monsieur shook,  
Said, I'm his Excellency's Cook ;  
No Follower of the Drum.  
Houndsfoot! replies the German quick,  
Begone with that ; so with a Kick  
Salutes the Marshal's Bum.  

Disgraceful! of War how capricious the Chance!  
A German Hussar kicks a Marshal of France.  
But Broglio, say, wou'dst not be glad,  
In spite of all thy Gasconade,  

Sans
Saus Breeches or a Rag.
To be as fairly now dismiss'd,
By such another kicking Jefte,
From young Lorrain and Prague?
Since thus one is drove to so piteous a Taking,
Who the Dei'l would again go an Emperor-making?

A Receipt to make a P——R, occasioned by the Report of a Pr——m——t——n.

TAKE a Man who by Nature's a true Son of
Earth,
By Rapine enrich'd, tho' a Beggar by Birth;
Of Genius the lowest, ill bred and obscene,
Of Morals most wicked, most nasty in Mien;
By none ever trusted, yet ever employ'd,
In Blunders most fertile, of Merit quite void;
A Scold in the Senate, abroad a Buffoon;
The Soorn and the Jefi of all C——ts but his own;
A Slave to that Wealth which ne'er made him a Friend,
And proud of that Cunning which ne'er gain'd an
End;
A Dupe in each Tr——ty, a Swiff in each Vote,
In Manners and Form a compleat Hottentot:
Such a one could you find, of all Men I'd commend him,
But before let the Curse of each Br——t——n attend him.
Thus fitly prepar'd, add the Grace of a Th——ne,
The Folly of M——n——chs, and Screen of a Cr——n.
Take a Pr——ce for this purpose without Ears or Eyes,
And a long Parchment P——t——t stuff brimful of Lies;
These mingled together, a Fiat shall pass,
And a Thing strut a P——t, that before was an Afs.

Probatum est.
A Right Honourable DIALOGUE.

C. To the Earl saysthe Countess, What makes you so dull?
E. Because for your Ladyship I've play'd the Fool.
C. For Me, do you say, Sir? Your Lordship you mean.
E. Ay,—Curse the damn'd Title, 'tis That gives me Spleen.
C. You've no Sense of Honour, no Notions of Glory.
E. Yours are—Polly W——e should not Rank before ye.
   But more Honour We'd had, and been Happier still,
   Had You been plain Madam, and I been plain Will.

SCOTCH Taste on VISTA's.

OLD I——y, to shew a most elegant Taste
In improving his Gardens, purloin'd from the Waste;
And order'd his Gard'ner to open his Views,
By cutting a couple of grand Avenues.
With secret Delight, 'he saw the first View end
In his favorite Prospect, a Church —that was ruin'd:
But what should the next to his Lordship exhibit?
'Twas the terrible Sight of a Rogue on a Gibbet.
A View so ungrateful then taught him to muse on,
Full many a C——mp——ll had dy'd with his Shoes on,
All amaz'd and aghast, at the ominous Scene,
He order'd it strait to be shut up again
With a Clump of Scots Firs by Way of a Screen.

On Cibber's Declaration that he will have the last Word. with Mr. Pope.

QUOTH Cibber to Pope, tho' in Verse you fore-close,
I'll have the last Word, for by G——d I'll write Prose.
Poor Colly, thy Reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts longest.
Cibber's Answer.

DEAR Pope, tho' you have, I have not the Temperity,
To think of surviving to talk to Posterity;
I said what I meant, and it is not absurd,
That with you, Mr. Pope, I will have the last Word.

The Buffoon, An Epigram.

DON'T boast, prithee Cibber, so much of thy State,
That like Pope you are blest with the Smiles of the Great;
With both they converse, but for different Ends,
And'tis easy to know their Buffoons from their Friends.

An Epigram, dropt in a Glass at a certain Ballot.

THY Horse, like thee, does things by Halves;
Thou, through Irresolution,
Hurtst Friends and Foes, thyself and me,
The King and Constitution.

On Admiral Vernon's being presented with the Freedom of the City of London.

ERE old Rome's City could corrupted be,
Her Consuls Honest, and her Tribunes Free,
The greatest Name the Greatest could assume
Was, to be still'd Free Citizens of Rome.
Free as old Rome, as Uncorrupt, as Great,
London knows how a Vernon's Worth to rate;
Among her worthy Sons she bids him be,
And, like the Sons of London, dare be Free.
Let Ducal Coronets mark others Shame,
These Civic Honours give a Real Fame.
Ms pi — y's March. A PUFF.
OF late, a dreadful Storm of Wind
Within our sleeping Sophi reign'd:
Dire Colic-Pangs his Entrails tore;
He tumbled, grunted, kick'd, and swore;
In broken Phrase was heard to growl,
March! — Houndsfoot! — Donder! D—n your Soul!
Hence Fame, with Trump posterior sounded
A March on windy Orders founded;
But as from Gripes it took its Rife;
Behold how in a F—t it dies!

A BOB upon THREE BOBS.
THREE Reigns three Bobs produc'd of equal Fame,
In Politics, and Morals all the fame.
In Anna's Days Earl R—rt's Peace betray'd
The Empire, Holland, and the British Trade.
In Reign the next, the fatal South Sea Scheme
Cheated the Nation with a Golden Dream.
In modern Times, a worse pacifick Trance
Half Europe sunk, and rais'd the Pride of France:
Excise, Convention, useles Troops and Fleet;
Roberto's glorious Ministry compleat.
When Britain recollects those wond'rous Jobs,
How much she owes to three notorious BOBS!

The Fox and Hounds. A F A B L E.
A Wily Fox, who long had been
The Plund'rer of the neigh'ring Plain,
When chac'd so hard, he could not fix
On any Stratagems or Tricks;
Could
Could no more double as he fled,
Trusted, instead of Heels, his Head;
With desperate Courage he turn'd round,
And thus address'd each gaping Hound.

"Stop, stop, ye noisy simple Pack;
"Hear me a Word : — — What do you lack?
"By killing Me what will ye win ?
"A stinking Hide and tatter'd Skin:
"Some noisy Fools balloo you on,
"Not for your Profit, but their Fun.
"Now, Sirs, consider what I offer ;
"It is no mean nor foolish Proffer.
"Here you have run and stand a-gape
"For nothing : — — Now let me escape,
"And to your Kennel I will bring
"Presents as great as from a King.
"I am not Game : — — Let me succeed,
"And I will give you Game indeed."

The Hounds all listen : Then their Leader,
Thus answer'd the old crafty Pleader.

"Sir Reynard, what you've said is true ;
You shall escape, but we'll pursue.
The Art's to make our Masters think
You have 'scap'd fair, though on Death's Brink ;
Hark! hark the Horn! — — They're coming on,
Down, down to yonder Thicket run :
Half dead, and panting, we'll pursue,
But there we'll lose both Scent and View :
Leap the Park-Wall, we can't get over;
And burrow safe in Royal Cover.'
Away runs Reynard, leaps the Wall,
And the Chace ends in — Nought at all.

**M O R A L.**

If Men may be with Hounds compar'd ;
If any Knave like Reynard far'd ;

If
If any Masters have been cheated,
And know the Pack their Game defeated;
What should a true-bred Huntsman do?
Why, what? but——Hang up all the Crew.


'Tis said, two E—s will soon be made two D—es,
One of North—d, and one of B—ks:
How vast their Merit! that they thus receive
Titles and Honours great as Kings can give!
What Merit shall their high Preambles tell?
How long they serv'd their Country, and how well?
No, Herald—Study—something else compose,
For how they serv'd it, the whole Nation knows.

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty Two.

With W—le's Politicks the Year began;
But soon th' indignant Patriots chang'd the Man:
With Statesmen New the Nation hop'd New Schemes,
Saw Glorious Visions, and dreamt Golden Dreams.
When from a Trance of six Months they awoke,
They found Truth chang'd their fancy'd Joy, to Joke.
Still the same Fate on B—t—n's Life attends,
And wisely, as the Year began, it ends.

Occasioned by a Late Motion.

High Taxes ran! the Britains loud complain'd:
'Twas mov'd that Luxury should be restrain'd.
To lace our Breeches was a mortal Sin,
And wear all Gold without, and none within.
Th's meant the M—n—stry, would they confess,
"The more we have Ourselves, the * has left."
The M—mb—rs wonder'd, tho' the Motion past;
For who could fear that Luxury would last?

Excises,
Excises, Taxes, Sinking-Fund are spent;
And sure Seven Millions are a high Rack Rent!
"The Lace you may allow us (quoth Sir John*)
"We soon shall have no Coats to put it on."
The Knight's Remark, most questionless, was shrewd,
He that can pay no Whore, must not be lewd.
A Britain once said to a Gaul alert,
"You found the Ruffles,—but we found the Shirt."
Without the last, few would the first promote;
And who will buy a Lace that has no Coat?

Sir John H—— C——

**PHYSICK and CARDS.**

**PHYSICK** each Morn is 't's Care,
Each Night she plays a Pool;
One helps her to an easy Chair,
The other to a Stool.

**The PIN. An Epigram.**

As Nature H——y's Clay was blending,
Uncertain what her Work would end in,
Whether in Female or in Male,
A Pin dropt in and turn'd the Scale.

On Admiral Vernon's taking his Seat in the House of Commons.

What S—— would have been thought, what P——y seem'd,
(For Honour lov'd, for Patriotism esteem'd)
Be Thou in Truth inflexibly the same;
Retrieve the Honour of the Patriot's Name;
Above Ambition's Lure, or Envy's Sting,
Daring to serve your Country, serve your King:
So shalt thou thus thy Country's Hopes fulfil,
And shew in Vernon there's a Briton still.

Proper
Proper Rules and Instructions, without which no Person can be an Exciseman.

Quicunque Vult.

Whoever would be an Exciseman, before all Things, it is necessary that he learns the Art of Arithmetick.

Which Art unless he wholly understand, he without doubt can be no Exciseman.

Now the Art of Arithmetick is this, to know how to multiply and how to divide. *Deunt paucia.*

The 1 is a Figure, the 2 a Figure, and the 3 a Figure.

The 1 is a Number, the 2 a Number, and the 3 a Number; and yet there are *Deunt plurima.*

For like as we are compelled by the Rules of Arithmetick, to acknowledge every Figure by itself to have Signification and Form:

So we are forbidden by the Rules of right Reason, to say, that each of them have three Significations or three Powers.

The 2 is of the 1’s alone, not abstracted, nor depending, but produced.

The 3 is of the 1 and 2, not abstracted, nor depending, nor produced, but derived. So there is one Figure of 1. *Deunt nonnulla.*

He therefore that will be an Exciseman, must thus understand his Figures.

Furthermore, it is necessary to the preservation of his Place, that he also believe rightly the Authority of his Supervisor.

For his Interest is, that he believes and confesses that his Supervisor, the Servant of the Commissioners, is Master and Man: Master of the Exciseman, having Power from the Commissioners to inspect his Books; and Man to the Commissioners, being obliged to return his Accounts.
Perfect Master and perfect Man, of an unconscionable Soul and frail Flesh subsisting: equal to the Commissioners, as touching that Respect which is shew him by the Exciseman, and inferior to the Commissioners, as touching their Profit and Salary.

Who altho' he be Master and Man, is not two, but one Supervisor.

One not by Confusion of Place, but by Virtue of his Authority: for his Seal and Sign Manual perfect his Commission, his Gauging the Vessels, and inspecting the Excisemen's Books, is what makes him Supervisor.

Who travels thro' thick and thin, and suffers most from Heat, or Cold, to save us from the Addition of Taxes, or the Deficiency in the Funds, by Corruption or Inadvertency.

Who thrice in seven Days goes his Rounds, and once in six Weeks meets the Collectors, who shall come to judge between the Exciseman and Victualler.

At whose coming all Excisemen shall bring in their Accounts, and the Victuallers their Money.

And they that have done well by prompt Payment, shall be well-treated.

And those that have done ill, by being tardy in their Payments, shall be cast into Jail; and the Excisemen whose Books are blotted, or Accounts unjustifiable, shall be turn'd out of their Places.

These are the Rules, which except a Man follows, he cannot be an Exciseman.

Honour to the Commissioners, Fatigue to the Supervisor, and Bribery to the Exciseman.

As it was from the beginning, when Taxes were first laid upon Malt, is now, and ever will be till the Debts of the Nation are paid.

A M E N.
THE LESSONS for the DAY.

Being the First and Second Chapters of the Book of PREFERMENT.

The First Lesson.

NOW it came to pass in the 15th Year of the Reign of George the King, in the 2d Month, on the 10th Day of the Month at Even, that a deep Sleep came upon me, the Visions of the Night possessed my Spirits: I dreamed, and behold Robert the Minister came in unto the King, and besought him, saying:

2. O King, live for ever! Let thy Throne be established from Generation to Generation! But behold now the Power which thou gavest unto thy Servant is at an End, the Chippenham Election is lost, and the Enemies of thy Servant triumph over him.

3. Wherefore now I pray thee, if I have found Favour in thy sight, suffer thy Servant to depart in Peace, that my Soul may bless thee.

4. And when he had spoken these Words, he resigned unto the King his Place of First Lord of the Treasury, his Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and all his other Preferments.

5. And great Fear came upon Robert, and his Heart smote him, and he fled from the Assembly of the People, and went up into the Sanctuary, and was safe.
6. And the Enemies of Robert communed among themselves, saying, What shall we do unto this Man? And they appointed a Committee to Enquire concerning him.

7. Howbeit the Man from whom they sought Information was possessed with a dumb Spirit, and he opened not his Mouth, neither spake he unto them good or bad.

8. Then the Committee were in great Wrath, and they reported this Matter unto the House; but their Report was even as a Fart, which stinketh in the Nostrils for a Moment, and is forgotten.

9. And I saw in my Sleep, and behold all they who sought for Places, rushed into the Palace in great Numbers; insomuch that the Courts of the King's House were full.

10. And they all cried out with one Voice, saying, Give us Places! and the Sound of their Voice reached to the uttermost Parts of the Land.

11. And when the People understood that these Patriots only sought themselves Places, they murmured greatly, and they said among themselves, Verily, verily, all is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

12. Why therefore have we striven in vain? and why have we disquieted ourselves in vain? For behold all Men have corrupted their Ways before the Lord, there are none that doeth good, no not One.

13. Corruption, as a Moth, hath eaten up their Principles, Poverty and Shame is their Portion, and they and their Sons shall be dependent for ever.

14. Nevertheless the Cry of the Patriots continued with great Violence, and it wounded the Ears of the King, insomuch that he was compelled to stop their Mouths by giving them Places.
15. As the Cry of the Hounds ceaseth when the Entrails of the Beast are divided amongst them, so ceased the Clamours of Patriots at the Distribution of Places.

Thus endeth the first Lesson.

The Second LESSON.

Here beginneth the Second Chapter of the Book of PREFERMENT.

1. NOW these are the Generations of those that sought Preferment.

2. Twenty Years they sought Preferment, and found it not; yea, twenty Years they wander'd in the Wilderness.

3. Twenty Years they sought them Places, but they found no Resting-place for the Soal of the Foot.

4. And lo! it came to pass in the Days of George the King, that they said amongst themselves, Go to, let us get ourselves Places, that it may be well with us, our Wives, and our Little Ones.

5. And these are the Names of the Men that have gotten themselves Places in this their Day.

6. Now the first that pushed himself forward in this Affair was the Motion-maker, who being swoln with Pride and Ambition, and thirsting in his Heart after the Mammon of Unrighteousness, he determined with himself that he would ask for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer: but his Party wist not what he designed.

7. Wherefore he went privily unto the King's Palace, and he got himself placed at the Head of the Exchequer, where he sitteth unto this Day.

8. Who
8. Who now shall bring in the Place-Bill? Who now shall make a Motion for Removal? Verily, verily, it is much to be feared, that he who expecteth these Things from S—ds will be greatly disappointed.

9. And C—t—t the Scribe took the Place of Secretary of State, and H—gt—n presideth at the Council-Board, and W—lm—gt—n the President is made First Lord of the T—f—y.

10. In these Days Lord H—r—y held the King's Signet, and to him succeeded Lord G—r.

11. And the King had a Guard called Gentlemen Pensioners, and over them he set Lord B—fs.

12. Lord L—mr—k got the Reversion after Lord P—lm—n for himself and for his Son after him; and he shall be called the King's Remembrancer from Generation to Generation.

13. Lord Ed—me was and is not; he was the King's Treasurer in the Land of Ireland, but he found no Favour in their Eyes, and to him succeeded Harry V—ne.

14. Henry L—g was Scribe to the Treasury, but the Name of L—g was unseemly, so he is called Henry F—n—fe unto this Day.

15. Moreover it came to pass, that for his great Skill in Maritime Affairs, Lord W—n—sea was set at the Head of the Admiralty.

16. To Lord C—bb—m was given the First Troop of tall Men, called Horse-Grenadiers, and he was made a Field-Marshal.

17. So also was Lord St—r; moreover he was sent Ambassador unto the Dutch, and our Credit encreaseth amongst them.

18. To Lord S—d—y B—cl—k succeeded William F—cb, as Vice-Chamberlain to the King: I a his
his Brother Edward also was made Groom of the Bed-Chamber.

19. And that his Majesty might not want good and able Councillors learned in the Law, lo! M——r—r—y the Orator, and N——t——l G——nd——y were appointed K——g’s Council.

20. But what shall be done unto P——y? What shall be done to the Man whom the King delighteth to honour? For lo! the Word is gone out of his Mouth, he hath said in his Wrath that he will have no Place.

21. Behold an Expedient! He shall no longer be called W——m P——lt——y, but the E——l of B——tb; And what is it to W——m P——lt——y what the E—— of B——tb shall do? What is the Privilege of P——r——ge, but to do what they please uncensured?

22. These are the Men after their Generations, and many more shall come in unto the Land to possess it.

23. Of the Tribe of Jacob twelve Thousand, of the Tribe of Andrew twelve Thousand, of the Tribe of Patrick twelve Thousand.

24. And all these Things came to pass, that the Saying of the Prophet Jonathan might be fulfilled, Those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out as those that are in: But the Lord of B——tb is over all, and blessed be the Name of the Lord of B——tb.

Here endeth the Second Lesson.
THE
Evening LESSONS.
Being the First and Second Chapters of the Book of ENTERTAINMENTS.

The First LESSON.

1. AND the Cry of Poverty was fore in the Land.
2. And it came to pass in those Days, that the Rich People combined together among themselves, saying,
3. "Wherefore should the Poor have any Money, seeing they spend it in a Vulgar Way?"
4. "Do not they spend it in Meat, and in Drink, and in Raiment, for themselves, their Wives, and their Little Ones? Neither regard they the sweet Singers which we have brought over."
5. And the Saying pleased the Rulers of the Land, so that there was not found amongst all the Rulers, whom the Saying did not please.
6. So they oppress'd and harrassed the Poor, till they thought they had extorted the utmost Farthing.
7. When the Poor saw this, and that they were oppress'd and harrassed, and that they were evil-en-treated of their Rulers:
8. They were alarm'd, and moved with Indignation, and they said one to another, "Know not we also the Use of Money?"
9. Thus they communed among themselves, every Man with his Neighbour, and their Murmurings were great among them.
10. And
10. And they said, "Come now, and let us seek out Places of Pleasure, and let our Hearts know Joy and Gladness, seeing what we do not spend shall be taken from us.

11. As it happeneth to the Prodigal, even so happeneth it to the Industry; there is one Event happeneth to all: Let us Eat and Drink, for to-morrow we shall be Taxed.

12. Now there was present a Man of Skill, and great Cunning, and when he had heard the Saying of the Multitude, he departed, and went unto his own Home.

13. Nevertheless he did not forget the Saying of the Multitude, and the Resolution which they had resolved: And as he thought thereon, he contrived a Place of Recreation, and it is called Vaux-hall even to this Day.

14. And the Number of the People that resorted thither, was even as the Number of the Sands that is upon the Sea-shore.

15. When Inigo the Builder saw this, and that the Number of those that resorted unto Vaux-hall, was as the Number of the Sands that is upon the Sea-shore:

16. It came to pass, that he also contrived a Place, which he called Ranelagh.

17. And the Building was goodly to the Eye, and fair to look upon, so that a fairer was not found, not excepting the K——'s Palace.

18. Moreover the K—— went and survey'd the Building, and, as he survey'd the Building, he said, "Lo! thus shall it be spoken of me amongst the Nations, the Ruler of Israel excelleth others in a Cake-house.

And the Diameter of the Building was 122 Cubits, and the Height 80 and one Cubit, and 336 Cubits was the Circumference thereof.
20. And the Ev'ning was warm, and the River smooth, and the Melody of Instruments was heard upon the Waters, and I said, Lo! now I will go to Vaux-ball.

21. So I took a Companion, and the Voyage pleased me. And it came to pass as I sailed by La—b the P——ce of the High-priest,

22. I asked of the Man that was with me, saying, Is this P——te alive, or dead? And he answered and said, Our Friend sleepeth.

23. So I came unto Vaux-ball, and produced a Plate of Silver, and the Doors flew open before me, and I enter'd thereat into the Garden.

24. And as I enter'd, my Mind was soften'd unto Pleasure; the irregular Disposition of the Trees delighted me, but the regular Disposition of the Lamps displeas'd me.

25. Moreover at the Sound of the Organ my Soul danced for Joy; and the Man's Finger, that played upon the Organ, was a cunning Finger.

26. And there was great Harmony betwixt the Sound of the Organ, and the Sound of the other Instruments; and it happened, that whatever the Organ on one Side spake, the Fiddles on the other Side cry'd, "So say we." This also pleas'd me.

27. Albeit there was not heard the Voice of Singing-men, or of Singing-women, and the Music lacked Interpretation.

28. And I said, How wot I now what is piped or harped? Verily this is as it were sounding Bras, or a tinkling Cymbal.

29. Then walked I round the Place: I praised the Colonnades, the Paintings, and the Pavilions.

30. And I said unto mine Eye, Go to now and examine every Part.

31. Then
31. Then I looked up, and lo! a fine Alcove was built for the Reception of one of the Princes of the People.

32. Albeit the Prince chose a Pavilion, for said He, I will be accessible, and upon a Footing with my People.

33. I praised also the Statue of the chief Musician: it had gone thro' the Hands of a Cunning Workman.

34. And there was an Arch before the Statue, and thro' the Arch sawest thou the Statue.

35. Then I beheld a Drawer, and he looked wistfully upon me, and his Countenance said, Sit down.

36. So I sate down, and I said, Go now, fetch me savoury Meats, such as my Soul loveth; and he straitway went to fetch them.

37. And I said unto him, asked I not for Beef? wherefore then didst thou bring me Parsley?

38. Run now quickly and bring me Wine, that I may drink, and my Heart may chearme; for as to what Beef thou broughtest me, I wot not what is become of it.

39. Now the Wine was an Abomination unto me; nevertheless I drank, for I said, "Left peradventure I should faint by the Way."

40. And I said, Tell me now what is to pay: and he said, Thou shalt know what is to pay.

41. Then pulled I out three Pieces of Silver, and I gave them unto him, albeit he looked displeased at me, as who should say, Pay me that thou owest me.

42. Have I not been thy Slave and thine Asa these five Minutes? Have I not served thee faithfully? According to the thing thou gavest me to do, even so did I.

43. Moreover have I any Wages save what thou gavest me? Wherefore then dost thou with-hold from me that which is my Due, and gavest me not Six-pence? So I gave him Six-pence.
44. But after this he neither bowed, nor made any Obeisance unto me, and I repented of what I had done:

45. And I said, How many Souls would this Money have comforted! Verily it would have done away Sorrow from their Hearts, and made the Eye of the Mourner to weep with Joy.

46. So I departed and came unto the River:

47. And as I drew near, I called "Oars;" but there was not found that answer'd, "Here am I."

48. And it rained!

Here endeth the First Lesson.

The SECOND LESSON.

1. NOW there was moreover an Evening when the Sky was cloudy, and the East-Wind blew, and Men's Hearts do sink with Trouble, and I waxed exceeding sorrowful.

2. And my Companions said unto me, "Why go we not now to Ranelagh-Gardens, that we may banish Sorrow from our Hearts?

3. So we went: and it came to pass, that the Preparations by the Way-side filled our Minds with mighty Expectations.

4. And we said one to another, What Building can this Man build, that shall answer the Expectations he gives us by the Way?

5. And we drew near unto the Theatre; and as we entered the Theatre it so fell out that our Expectations were exceeded.

6. Our Hearts leaped for Joy, and I said unto myself, See now what mighty Pleasures may be purchased for a Shilling!

Here endeth the Second Lesson.
7. Where now is the Sorrow wherewith I sorrowed, or the Grief whereof I grieved? Surely Pain, and Anguish are banished from this Circle: Trouble also and Sorrow have no Shilling to introduce them.

8. And the Lamps were not disposed as thou seekest them in the Street, a-row; but like unto the Stars that are in the Firmament.

9. And the Organ played, and the Singers sung, and the Lamps blaz'd, and the Gilding glitter'd, and the Ladies looked, and I was fill'd with Joy; and I said, Is there now among the Sons of Men one that is happier than I?

10. Moreover the Words which the Singers sung enticed me to be free and gay.

11. So my Heart was enlarged, and I wished well even to mine Enemies, saving those that were my Nation's Enemies: to such wished I not well.

12. And my Soul was opened, and I talked unto the Stranger that was next me, even as thou wouldest talk unto thine Acquaintance, or thy Brother; and I said in my Heart, Are we not all one Family?

13. And the Physician that was with me said, Verily this is meet for an English Climate.

14. Nevertheless the Gardens are not yet to be compared to the Gardens on the other side Jordan, neither perhaps will they.

15. And there was a Time when the Man that ruleth at Ranelagh met the Man that ruleth at Vaux-hall, and as he drew near unto him, he cry'd with a loud Voice, "What dost Thou?"

16. And the Man of Ranelagh bespoke him fairly, saying, Wilt thou not I shou'd do what I will with mine own? Yea, verily, and with other People's also, seeing they have put it into my Hands.

17. If thou wilt pray for a warm Evening, shou'd not I pray also for a cool one, that it may be well with
with me? Wherefore let there be no Difference betwixt Thee and Me, for we are Brethren.

18. When the Man of Vaux-hall heard this, he was smitten at Heart, and he said unto himself, What shall I do now to disgrace this Man of Ranelagh?

19. And he said, Lo! this will I do; I will go hence unto a Seer, and I will cause him to lie down, and it shall be that when he waketh, he shall say, I have dreamed a Dream.

20. In Condemnation of Ranelagh shall he dream, and in Praise of Vaux-hall shall he dream, and I will print his Dreamings in the Champion.

21. So he did even as he had said, and the Dreamer dreamed, and the Champion printed, and the Readers at the Coffee-house interpreted the Dream.

22. Moreover the Man of Ranelagh cast his Eye upon a Field, and he said, I will purchase that Field, for so shall I make an Addition to my Garden.

23. And he said unto the Owner of the Field, Lo now what shall I give thee for the Field which joineth unto my Garden? And he said, An hundred Pieces of Gold.

24. And he said, I will not give thee an Hundred Pieces, albeit Ninety and nine Pieces will I give thee.

25. And it came to pass, that while he was yet speaking, the Man of Vaux-hall entered the Threshold, and paid down the Hundred Pieces; and when he had paid down the Hundred Pieces, he said, The Field is mine—

26. Now as touching a Comparison betwixt these Places, I will not say that I greatly desire it.

27. For they have both their Beauties; albeit sundry and divers are the Beauties of these Places.

28. For as there is a Time to eat, and a Time to drink, and a Time for neither: and a Time to walk,
walk, and a Time to sit still, and a Time for neither: Even so there is a Time for Ranelagh, and a Time for Vaux-hall: Is there not also a Time for neither? G—d forbid!

29. Moreover I did eat and drink at Ranelagh, as I had before eaten and drunk at Vaux-hall; but the Wine and the Drawers were an Abomination in both Places.

30. Now when I had walked the Circle of Ranelagh many Times, and had beheld the same Faces many Times, and the same Laces many Times;

31. A sudden Weariness came upon me, and I began to moralize, and I said, Such also is the Circle of Life!

32. And as I came forth a Coach-man said unto me, Would your Honour have a Coach?

33. And I looked, and behold it was as it were Noon-day, and the Road was lighten'd, and the Weather was grown warm, and the Feet of Travellers was heard upon the Road, and I said, Nay, I will walk hence, for it is salutary, safe, and pleasant.

34. So I came unto my own Home.

35. Moreover it happened that in those Days lived an exceeding poor Widow, and she said unto herself, wherewithal shall I get Money?

36. And she said, when there appeareth a Comet in the Sky, do not the People go forth at Midnight? do they not gape and stare, and are not they greatly alarmed?

37. And do not the old Men go forth, and the Prophets prophesy? Yea, doth not Whif—n the Prophet prophesy exceedingly, albeit it cometh not to pass?

38. Thus are they alarmed, both small and great! Come now therefore, let us make unto ourselves Comets of Gun-powder, and Comets of Salt-petre; and
it shall be, that while they gape and stare, I will pick their Pockets.

39. And she did even as she had said: according to every Word that she had spoken, even so did she. She made unto herself Comets of Gun-powder, and Comets of Salt-petre; and while the People gaped and stared, she did pick their Pockets.

40. Moreover she contrived a Sound like unto the Sound of an Organ, and a Sound like unto the Sound of a Fiddle; and it pleased the People, and they, wot not that their Children wanted Bread.

41. And thus it was that the Rulers of the Land ran away with one half of the Substance of the Poor; and that Mother C—p—r, &c. challenged the other half. And nothing flourished in those Days, saving the C—t and the Cake-house.

42. And when her Fire was waxed low, she had Recourse unto Puffs; albeit her Puffs were as the Puffings of an Old Woman that hath an Asthma.

43. And her Devices grew stale, and her Fireworks failed, insomuch that when her Rockets rose, they were even as the Stars which cause no Admiration.

44. And when she departeth hence, shall it not be said of her, That her Days were even as the Days of a Salamander? She made her Nest in the midst of the Flames: even amidst the Fire of Whores and Combustibles! But the Fire is out, and her Name is extinguished; yea, even as a Rocket is she vanished, which blazes for a while, then sinks, and is forgotten.

Thus endeth the second Lesson.
The Epistle for the Day.

Being Part of the Second Chapter of the Acts of the Patriots.

1. Then said the Man William, Are these Things so?

2. And when the Day of Meeting was fully come, they were all with one Accord in one Place.

3. And suddenly there came a Sound from C—t, and it filled all the House where they were sitting.

4. And many were filled with Covetousness, and began to speak with other Tongues, as the Spirit of Lucre gave them Utterance.

5. And People were amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Pat—ts?

6. And how hear we these Patriots speak the Language of the C—t?

7. And the People were amazed and in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this?

8. Others mocking, said, These Men are Courtiers.

9. But the Man William standing up, lift up his Voice and said unto them, Hearken to my Words:

10. For these are not Courtiers, as ye suppose, seeing they have not as yet accepted Places.

11. Now when they heard this they were pricked in their Hearts, and said unto William, and the rest of the Pat—ts, What shall we do?

12. Then William said unto them, Recant, and be persuaded, and every one of you shall receive Gifts.

13. For the Promise is unto you and to your Children, even as many as our Lord the K—g shall call.

14. And