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PR4878 L59R44 1814 McLennan  
Lawler, C F  
The regent and the king, or,  
A trip fro Hartwell to Dover  
[REDACTED] 71853098

# *THE REGENT*

AND

## THE KING.



1

**S**TATE Coaches, White Cockades, I sing,  
In honour of a gouty King,  
Who, with our REGENT, *hob-a-nob*,  
Rode thro' the streets to please the mob.

2

From Hartwell all the way to Dover,  
They sped to meet the R—l lover—  
(That pretty youth, whose flattering tongue  
Strove to cajole Miss T—— L——;

3

And, failing there, but still resolv'd  
In wedlock's noose to get involv'd;  
Who courts a R—l Northern dame,  
Of lineage long, and longer name.)

B

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## 6

### 4

Years twenty-three this king had found  
And munch'd his meals on English ground.  
Content with safety and with peace,  
Tho' dieted on bread and cheese.

### 5

And oft, with pious rage, no doubt,  
He d—d NAPOLEON and the gout ;  
Forc'd by the first the world to roam,  
And by the last laid up at home.

### 6

For gout in human limbs will revel,  
Playing with rest the very devil,  
And goading with its scorpion stings  
Even the sacred joints of kings.

### 7

Years twenty-three this king had sigh'd  
With all the pangs of wounded pride ;  
Hurl'd from the height of greatness down,  
To live unnotic'd and unknown.

### 8

But now, in fate's fantastic hour,  
Recall'd to dignity and power,  
All fashion's gnats, a motley crew,  
With rapid motion round him flew.



7

The King, tho' most unseemly fat,  
Most gracefully receiv'd each gnat,  
Tho' now and then an oath would flow,  
As the rude gout assail'd his toe.

10

“ Dear Monsieur Comte, I am so glad—  
“ Oh! d——n dis gout, it drive me mad!—  
“ Sweet Monsieur Perigord, I beg,—  
“ D——n me, take care, you hurt my leg!—

11

“ A crown! mon Dieu, who could believe it,  
“ God give me manners to receive it!  
“ A crown!—oh! curse you! mind my foot;  
“ I'll have you guillotin'd, you brute.

12

“ This torment makes me quite forgetful,  
“ Testy, low-spirited, and fretful,—  
“ Bear with my weakness, friends, and know—  
“ D——nation! now it racks my toe!”

13

Now down to Hartwell, sweating, blowing,  
Spent with fatigue, with honour glowing;  
A grim dragoon, with look of thunder,  
Struck all the villagers with wonder.

## 8

### 14

For never, while an exile poor,  
Did soldier come to BOURBON'S door;  
Nor page, to bid him take his mutton,  
And drink with England's matchless g——.

### 15

Our court, forsooth, is too refin'd  
To smile where fortune looks unkind;  
And far too politic to frown  
On him who wears or finds a crown.

### 16

So 'twas with LOUIS, when forsaken,  
Just left to cook his eggs and bacon;  
No mobs came dangling at his heels,  
No royal page disturb'd his meals.

### 17

No centinel, with martial stride,  
Measur'd his house from side to side;  
No guard escorted him about—  
His firmest comrade was the gout!

### 18

The tide was turn'd, a fierce hussar,  
Bedeck'd in all the pride of war,  
Now came, his bit his courser munching,  
As he would eat it for his luncheon.

## 9

### 19

Next came a squadron, arm'd throughout,  
Pigs, oxen, geese, and sheep, to rout ;  
Their brows were crown'd ; for, far and nigh,  
Pigs, geese, and sheep, and oxen, fly.

### 20

State coaches next, a splendid line,  
Fitted for royal limbs divine ;  
When those said limbs would, now and then,  
Expose themselves to vulgar men.

### 21

Now they were sent, the seats new brush'd—  
(Or else the velvet deeply blush'd,  
That he so lately left to beg,  
Should there enthrone his gouty leg.)

### 22

Now they were sent, new brush'd the seats,  
To drag great Louis thro' the streets ;  
Yes, truth, a chaise and one—no more,  
In humble style, the monarch bore.

### 23

His Christian Majesty's backside  
On crimson now was rais'd to ride ;  
Tho' yesterday, that sacred part  
Had scarce done honour to a cart.

# 10

## 24

Behind these carriages so gay,  
Marching along in grim array,  
Appear'd a second martial troop,  
A gloomy-solemn visag'd group.

## 25

The poor King star'd, and well he might,  
Half stunn'd with wonder, joy, and fright;  
For strange and unaccustom'd he  
To all this pomp of royalty.

## 26

Strong spasms ran thro' every joint,  
His body too, grown *en bon point*,  
Made it a work of toil and time,  
For majesty the steps to climb.

## 27

And many a hearty execration  
Burst out against his inclination;  
Altho' he strove with all his might  
To smother them, and be polite.

## 28

At length the downy seat he greeted,  
And being comfortably seated,  
Cried, in his intervals of pain—  
“ Now Louis is himself again !”

# 11

## 29

Who right and left beside him sat—  
Who held this foot, and who held that—  
The daily editors, dull fellows,  
Forgot, or did not choose to tell us.

## 30

Also, how many painful workings,  
Occurr'd from sudden jolts and jirkings ;  
How many times the monarch swore,  
In his slow progress to Stanmore.

## 31

That these things happen'd, none can doubt,  
Who ever travell'd with the gout ;  
And those who always rode without it,  
Need not be sceptical about it.

## 32

At Stanmore, Britain's golden c——,  
Too kind, too affable by half,  
Waited with pious condescension,  
To pay the monarch due attention.

## 33

Well might the giddy thoughtless throngs,  
That flock'd around, God bless their tongues !  
Break forth in undistinguish'd shout,  
Stunning the welkin with wild rout.

## 12

### 34

The shoutings ran to Hyde Park gate,  
Where double crowds, impatient, wait,  
Anxious enough, no doubt, to see  
The impulse of their extacy.

### 35

Gig, coach, landau, mule, donkey, filly,  
Block'd all the road thro' Piccadilly ;  
Blest, but to gain a transient stare  
At France's hope, and Britain's heir:

### 36

And France's hope, and Britain's heir,  
Were, truth, a most congenial pair ;  
Two round, tunbellied, thriving rakes,  
Like oxen fed on linseed cakes.

### 37

From side to side they look'd and bow'd,  
And smil'd facetious on the crow'd ;—  
The crowd, enchanted with their style,  
Return'd a shout for every smile.

### 38

Long by the milliners, I wot,  
Will this fair day be unforgot,  
Window and roof, lamp-post and steeple,  
Were crested with cockaded people.

# 13

## 39

The money then in ribbons spent,  
And cost of festive merriment,  
To celebrate the fall of NAPPY,  
Had made ten thousand paupers happy.

## 40

At GRILLION's the procession stay'd,  
And now commenc'd a new parade—  
“ Sir,” cried the P— “ upon my word,  
“ I fain would speak, could I be heard !

## 41

“ I fain, sir, would the subject broach,  
“ Which introduc'd you to my coach ;  
“ Would take you by the hand, and say,  
“ By G—d, sir, 'tis a happy day !

## 42

“ Your Majesty I gratulate  
“ Upon this happy turn of fate ;  
“ Now go, and take from me a lesson—  
“ That France may reckon you a blessing.”

## 43

The king replied—“ Your English money  
“ Has done for that usurper, BONEY ;  
“ You are von Prince of heaven's creation ;”  
“ Your people von dam generous nation !

# 14

## 44

“ You, sir, of royalty a sample,  
“ Shall teach me, by your bright example,  
“ How man’s affections to subdue—  
“ Yes, mighty Prince, I’ll copy you.”

## 45

What pity that this king, so wise,  
Had not look’d thro’ the nation’s eyes,  
Then had the monarch pry’d again  
Into poor virtue’s specimen.

## 46

Then had appall’d the eye of reason  
A sight, which to express were treason ;  
A sheet of royal paper blotted,  
A solar orb most foully spotted.

## 47

Pity the monarch had not there  
Truth’s patent spectacles to wear,  
Then from the object had he started,  
Which made him now so tender hearted—

## 48

But to proceed.—The P — replied,  
And with affected feeling, cried,  
“ Give me your hand, you hearty sinner,  
“ We’ll talk it over after dinner !”



# 15

## 49

Meanwhile the mob, resolv'd to cheer  
All that they could, or could not hear,  
While the twin-stars perform'd their spouting,  
Kept up a most invet'rate shouting.

## 50

Such cursing, swearing, shrieking, pressing,  
So gay and laughably distressing,  
Such mounting upon backs to see  
The countenance of majesty—

## 51

That they were happy, trebly blest,  
Who, by mere manual labor, prest  
So near, in spite of shoves and blows,  
As to discern the Royal nose.

## 52

And happiest he of all his race  
Who saw the measure of his face ;  
And mark'd, at once, his cheeks so florid,  
Chin, mouth, and nose, and eyes, and forehead.

## 53

Yet all that witness'd him, so loyal,  
Swore that his nose was truly Royal,  
'Twas great, magnificent, and Roman,  
And equall'd by the nose of no man.

# 16

## 54

His mouth, illustriously wide,  
Govern'd his face from side to side,  
A sort of intercepting main,  
Which cleft the nose and chin in twain.

## 55

Further to say, I had been poz'd,  
But one who saw the mouth unclos'd,  
Declar'd, 'twas Desolation's scene—  
The grinders few, and far between.

## 56

But these appear'd to vulgar eyes,  
To be of most illustrious size,  
Like aged trunks, whose batter'd form  
Had borne the brunt of many a storm.

## 57

His eyes were very Royal too,  
Of size immense, and colour blue ;  
His forehead lofty ; but his chin,  
Oh ! dire disgrace, was monstrous thin.

## 58

Such was describ'd the hearty sinner,  
Who went to C——n H——e to dinner ;  
With high distinction greatly blest,  
And treated as a Royal guest.

# 17

## 59

That he enjoy'd the splendid feast,  
And drank full bottles five at least,  
And felt his greatness multiplied,  
May very fairly be implied.

## 60

And rumour, with malicious sneer,  
Has whisper'd in the poet's ear,  
Strange tales of follies then committed,  
When wine poor Reason had outwitted.

## 61

These I pass over, since the bard  
In mercy finds his best reward ;  
And seeketh not, with harsh lampoons,  
To bastinado courtly loons.

## 62

If satire in his verse be found,  
'Tis truth alone inflicts the wound,  
He woos the tenderest of the Nine,  
And blends no poison in his line.

## 63

Where'er he hurts, let those who feel  
Blame not his motives, but his zeal,  
Which ever prompts him to be chiming,  
Whene'er he finds good food for rhyming.

# 18

## 64

Constrain'd by mercy, I forbear,  
To tell the gambols practis'd there,  
The Bacchanalian frolics play'd,  
When dignity aside was laid,

## 65

When, waxing warm with wit and wine,  
Anxious, like ancient Jove to shine,  
Their fierce rebellious passions broke  
Thro' weak constraint's enfeebled yoke.

## 66

No, if they frolic'd, let the tale  
Be never whisper'd to the gale ;  
The bard will never rudely sing  
The wanton wanderings of a King.

## 67

Now beam'd the morn, when road and street  
Should taste another splendid treat,  
Since, levee sports and feasting over,  
The Monarch started off for Dover.

## 68

Fearful the Monarch was, perchance,  
Lest his new *protégées* of France  
Might fancy he had quite forgot em,  
And was, in fact, no friend at bottom.

# 19

## 69

And, their allegiance being tender,  
Slippery, perhaps, might be, and slender ;  
Therefore all fears to drive away,  
He swore to start without delay.

## 70

A R——l Admiral, whose heart  
Appears his second weakest part,  
Exceeded only by his head,  
Quite worn away with weight of lead—

## 71

Was order'd to bring round to Dover  
A fleet, to guard the monarch over ;  
Lest some poor Yankee privateer  
Should intercept his great career.

## 72

Poor C———e, whose soul, all men know,  
Was never daunted yet by foe,  
For ne'er by foe, nor danger, yet,  
Was that same courage e'er beset ;

## 73

But from his bold and fierce campaigns,  
When love and wine besieg'd his brains,  
His spirit would not stand aloof,  
But always bear the test of proof

## 20

### 74

Tho' never yet in battle wounded,  
Nor ever yet by fear confounded ;  
T'were sland'rous inference to draw,  
That in his courage was a flaw.

### 75

Set him before a girl or glass,  
And neither this nor that should pass ;—  
Who then, with sland'rous tongue, unmeet,  
Shall sting the Admiral of the Fleet.

### 76

What tho', while foes were on the seas,  
He chose to stay at home at ease ;  
T'was only diffidence, 'tis known,  
That kept his Royal courage down.

### 77

He ofttimes would have sallied forth,  
And scour'd the main from south to north—  
Have driv'n each hostile fleet to port,  
Rode tempests thro', and call'd it sport ;—

### 78

Had he pursu'd the course he lov'd,  
He had a second NELSON prov'd,  
But modesty, that foe to merit,  
Always rein'd in his lofty spirit.

## 21

### 79

Some twice or thrice that first of forms  
Had he expos'd to ocean's storms,  
Some twice or thrice had deign'd to brave  
The perils of the wind and wave.

### 80

And, perhaps, a little fear might rise,  
When black'ning storms obscur'd the skies,  
Lest the portentous gloomy evil  
Should hurl his highness to the devil.

### 81

But mightiest heroes, now and then,  
Might feel a spasm, like common men ;  
Yet, spite of such brief perturbation,  
Their courage bear no imputation.

### 82

Now flutt'ring broad, 'twixt earth and sky,  
The r——l admiral's flag wav'd high,  
Cast its bright shadow o'er the seas,  
And hail'd, with virgin kiss, the breeze.

### 83

Had dazzling O———h been there,  
To mark her lover's alter'd air,  
How had she listen'd to his lay,  
Won by his streamer, blythe and gay!

## 22

### 84

JACK chew'd his quid, and roll'd his eyes,  
Bursting with anger and surprise ;  
And mutter'd, tho' he dared not vent  
To public ears his discontent:

### 85

“ Zounds! what new kickshaw governs now,  
“ A gilt ball on an oaken bough,  
“ A fluttering, flaunting, May-day piece,  
“ A lump of gaudiness and grease.

### 86

“ What could the lubber do, if Boreas  
“ Chose to kick up his tricks uproarious ;  
“ And how the de'il would he behave,  
“ While o'er the deck wave drove on wave.

### 87

“ Why d——n me, I suppose to bed,  
“ He'd run to hide his coward head,  
“ Or sneak behind a cask of prog ;  
“ Or drown his terrors in the grog.”

### 88

Scarce to himself had JACK thus spoken,  
Before his reverie was broken.  
All hands on deck the boatswain call'd,  
And thus to ev'ry sailor bawl'd ;—



## 23

### 89

“ The Admiral orders ev’ry man  
“ A guinea, and a double can.”—  
“ D——n me,” says Jack, and wipes his brow,  
“ I did not know his worth till now.”

### 90

While yet the flaming can went round,  
Loud peal’d the cannon’s thund’ring sound:  
From clift to clift the echo flew,  
And loud huzza’d the happy crew.

### 91

From right to left the crowded beach,  
Far as the keenest eye could reach,  
Was throng’d with splendid equipages,  
Kings, nobles, troops, footmen, and pages. —

### 92

The R——t, with resistless charm,  
Offer’d the king his graceful arm,  
To aid, lest accident or prank  
Should overturn the tilting plank.

### 93

Grateful for such high condescension,  
The king conceal’d his apprehension,  
Yet sigh’d in secret as he stood,  
And gaz’d upon th’ expanding flood.

## 24

### 94

At length, with ceaseless toil and pain,  
The king was 'launch'd upon the main;  
A favoring gale, propitious to him,  
Came on its windy wings to woo him:

### 95

The monarch's toe, from change of living,  
Signs of amendment had been giving;  
But the keen breeze brought back the pain,  
And d—d him with the gout again.

### 96

As from his window, half-seas over,  
The king survey'd the cliffs of Dover,  
A lingering tear stood in his eye,  
His bosom heav'd a long-drawn sigh—

### 97

“ Seat of my exile, fare thee well !  
“ Adieu, the forest and the dell,  
“ Where I have oft my woes beguil'd,  
“ When memory long'd to wanton wild !

### 98

“ Dear, sacred scenes, adieu ! adieu !  
“ Dim distance shuts you from my view !  
“ But while my brain its pow'rs shall wear,  
“ Memory shall paint your landscapes there !”

## 25

### 99

Still on the shore, the R—T stood,  
And brooded or appear'd to brood;  
None ventur'd near, not even MAC,  
To ask if he would travel back.

### 100

At last a saucy billow sprung,  
Close to his feet, and loos'd his tongue;  
He wip'd his sleeve, and curs'd the spray,  
Then to his carriage bounc'd away.

### 101

“ Well, MAC,” his R—l H—ss rav'd,  
“ Come tell me, how have I behav'd?”  
“ O Sir,” said MAC, and scratch'd his pole,  
“ Illustriously, upon my soul.”

### 102

“ —And who look'd best, the King or me?  
“ Who seem'd to shew most majesty?”  
“ Lord, Sir,” said ready MAC again,  
“ I would not wish to make you vain:

### 103

“ But did you ever, at the Louvre,  
“ See Michael Angelo's *chef d'œuvre*,  
“ So great that kings have linger'd there,  
“ To study picture, grace, and air?—

## 26

### 104

“ You have as much that piece outdone,  
“ As planet is eclips'd by sun.”—  
“ —Your praises, MAC, my worth exceed,—  
“ You make me blush, you do, indeed !”

### 105

MAC shook his head, as if to say,  
'Tis true, indeed, believe me, pray ;  
And then proceeded,—“ No such grace  
“ I saw in L——s' form and face ;

### 106

“ The look and figure of a clod,  
“ A common sight, Sir, yes, by G—d ;  
“ He shew'd some decency, 'tis true,  
“ But could not be compar'd with you.”

### 107

“ —Fie, MAC, oh ! fie ! 'twas no such thing ;  
“ Speak reverently about the King ;  
“ Too far, oh, much too far you go,  
“ Kings should be sacred, MAC, you know.”

### 108

“ Yes, Sir,” said MAC, “ a British King,  
“ Is, faith, a very sacred thing ;  
“ But foreign kings, beyond dispute,  
“ Have fallen greatly in repute.

## 27

### 109

“ But you, how great the satisfaction,  
“ Lov’d by your people to distraction !  
“ Add daily honour to your throne,  
“ Admir’d the more, the more you’re known.”

### 110

—“ Yes, MAC, indeed,” the P——e replied,  
“ I think I am the people’s pride ;  
“ Why, lord, their shoutings seem’d to shake  
“ The ground, and make the welkin quake. •

### 111

“ Why when abroad I us’d to wander,  
“ Each knave set at me like a gander ;  
“ With daily hisses us’d to greet,  
“ And harass me from street to street.

### 112

“ Now cheerfulness and joy prevail ;  
“ The giddy mob my presence hail ;  
“ With loud unanimous huzzas,  
“ And surfeit me with their applause.”—

### 113

“ Lord, sir,” says MAC—“ John Bull you  
    know,  
“ You’ll always manage by a shew :  
“ Strike out a scheme to make him smile,  
“ And you may tax his purse the while.

## 114

“ Fret not, my P—e, but let him shout,  
 “ ’Tis but a momentary rout ;  
 “ Let the mad fury have its reign,  
 “ And, bye and bye, he’ll hiss again.

## 115

“ But if to you it causes bliss,  
 “ To hear the senseless gander hiss,  
 “ I think I could hit out a plan  
 “ To make a goose of every man.”—

## 116

“ How !” cried the P—E, while from his eyes  
 “ Shot mingled anger and surprise—  
 “ Dear sir,” said MAC, “ should my plan  
     please ye,  
 “ Nothing on earth can be more easy.

## 117

“ Your daughter, sir ; send her away  
 “ To Amsterdam without delay ;  
 “ Believe me, you need do no more,  
 “ To cause a general uproar—

## 118

“ For when your royal maid is sent,  
 “ They’ll hiss you to your heart’s content.”  
 —“ Humph !” said the P—E, and MAC, dis-  
     may’d,  
 Sigh’d, and repented what he said.

## 29

### 119

A mode, peculiarly their own,  
Have the possessors of a throne,  
Of shewing, without speech or sign,  
Which way their mighty minds incline.

### 120

This mode of giving form to thought,  
The R—T into action brought ;  
And MAC, in his own fears, half undone,  
No doubt, then wish'd himself at London.

### 121

He strove with many a labour'd sally,  
His master's complaisance to rally ;  
But were his humour ne'er so dry,  
"Humph!" was the P—E's sole reply.

### 122

The puzzled Sec then scratch'd his sconce  
To gain some different response ;  
He tried remark, but all in vain,  
'Twas but a nod, and "humph!" again.

### 123

A buxom dame they overtook,  
Stepping across a purling brook ;  
Her clothes rais'd up, her naked knee  
Met the keen eye of royalty.

# 30

## 124

“Zounds, MAC!” cried he, no longer dumb,  
MAC quizz’d the joke, and bit his thumb,  
The P—E turn’d round, and sily winking—  
“She’s fat, and fifty to my thinking!”

## 125

“Plump as a partridge,” cried the Sec—  
The saucy breeze uncloth’d her neck.  
“A ride,” said he, “would much delight her!”  
—“Then,” cried the P—E, “pray, MAC, in-  
vite her!”

## 126

MAC well his master’s meaning knew,  
And rightly understood his cue,  
The carriage stopp’d, out bundled MAC,  
And quickly brought the damsel back.

## 127

With hat in hand, he help’d her in,  
Who little dreamt of snare or sin;  
Then, in his service orthodox,  
Most humbly jump’d upon the box.

## 128

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*



# 31

## 129

But with what pass'd, as none was there,  
Except the R——T and the fair,  
Will meddle not the wary poet ;  
Fancy may sketch, but will not show it.

## 130

We well may guess the fact, indeed,  
There is no doubt they well agreed ;  
For after travelling some eight miles,  
The happy pair were clad in smiles.

## 131

Yes, some eight miles MAC's tender form  
Was perch'd aloft, to bear the storm,  
Till, at the outskirts of a town,  
The buxom damsel was set down.

## 132

And as the damsel stepp'd out, well pleas'd,  
MAC's proffer'd hand she kindly squeez'd ;  
As if to say—" Oh! sir, most sweet,  
" I humbly thank you for the treat."

## 133

And turning to His R——l H———ss,  
She dropp'd a curtesy, without shyness,  
And, simpering, said, with leering look—  
" Sir, don't forget the Kentish brook!"

## 32

### 134

MAC softly bless'd the bonny stranger,  
That snatch'd him from impending danger ;  
For now his master's alter'd eye  
Beam'd with unusual extacy.

### 135

The cloudy frown, to MAC so horrid,  
Which lately dimm'd the royal forehead,  
Was follow'd by a mild serene,  
Which threw a splendor o'er his mien.

### 136

MAC ventur'd modestly to say  
Something about a pleasant day.  
“ Yes, MAC,” said he—“ fine, very fine—  
“ The country landscape looks divine.

### 137

• Faith, MAC, a handsome female that,  
“ Just the right age and nicely fat ;  
“ Not half her charms can I express—  
• She quite cuts out the M———ss.”

### 138

—“ Oh, sir ! cried MAC—“ I'm overjoy'd  
“ To find you were so well employ'd ;  
“ Thus may dull hours be always kill'd,  
• And ever thus your hopes fulfill'd.”—

## 33

### 139

—“ Well, MAC, you are a lad of spirit ;  
“ I’m not insensible to merit ;  
“ Thou hast a heart by friendship led—  
“ A little hollow in the head.”—

### 140

MAC humbly bow’d, and to his eyes  
His gratitude began to rise ;  
As folly was a venial evil—  
Disloyalty the very devil.

### 141

Some might have thought this prov’d alone,  
MAC was to Wisdom little known ;  
But, valuing Folly far above,  
Was always with her hand and glove.

### 142

MAC view’d the case with courtier eyes,  
And thought himself, no doubt, full wise,  
Since by his prudence of behaviour,  
He had retain’d his master’s favor.

### 143

And many a peer he knew full well,  
For this had d—d his soul to h—ll ;  
With heav’n disdaining all alliance,  
And setting virtue at defiance.—

## 34

### 144

So great the pleasure is, I ween,  
In princely mansions to be seen ;  
At royal carnivals to sit,  
T' explain and echo royal wit.

### 145

For royal wit sometimes indeed,  
Doth some interpretation need,  
Since, like it author's, 'tis high bred---  
Mere Greek to men in courts unread !

### 146

Happy the Secretary then,  
By far the happiest of men,  
Who pass'd his master's *équivoques*,  
And made the world enjoy his jokes !

### 147

As MAC was satisfied to bear  
Of folly's load so large a share,  
Some men, perhaps, might argue thence,  
He had no cranny left for sense.

### 148

But give to nine-tenths of the nation  
The offer of his situation,  
They'd bend their pride to courtly rules,  
And enter in the ship of fools.

## 35

### 149

Onward, in merry mood, they roll'd,  
And MAC, progressively, grew bold ;  
Crack'd all his jokes with double zest,  
And grew superlatively blest.

### 150

With much complacency of tongue,  
They chatted as they sped along,  
Of BONEY's fate, England's advance,  
And the apostacy of France.

### 151

The sketch which mutual fancy drew,  
Gave pleasure to the royal view ;  
The P—E, enraptur'd, saw his name  
Eterniz'd in the rolls of fame.

### 152

While MAC, forgetful of his pain,  
Grew, like his master, madly vain,  
And fancied—the conceit was odd,  
Himself purse-bearer to a god.

### 153

And now long live the noble three,  
And may they never disagree,  
For sure King, Prince, and Sec. so clever,  
Are fit to live and reign for ever !



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The P—e with sore vexation sigh'd,  
" Oh, d—n the fog !" his H—ss cried,  
" Must all my pleasures be defeated,  
" And I be like a subject treated.  
" Open the door, and let e out,  
" And d—n me, turn the coach about ;  
" Old E—n, that surly dog,  
" And G—w, shall indict the fog."

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---

**MORE KINGS !**

---

***PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.***





# MORE KINGS!

*A POEM:*

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

## AN EPISTLE

TO THE

## MONTHLY REVIEWERS.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

Second Edition.

Lord! that the owners of a Crown  
Should, robber-like, steal into town,  
Avoid day-light and public highways,  
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1814.



***EPISTLE***  
TO THE  
**MONTHLY REVIEWERS.**



**M**OST mighty Gents ! Junta most awful !  
If to kill bards in you be lawful,  
Next time the fit comes on you, pray  
Miss me, or aim another way !

You use your pens, most sage Reviewers !  
As cooks and poulterers do their skewers ;  
And truss up scribblers, weak or able,  
To decorate the public table.

You call me impudent—God wot !\*  
Some share has fallen to my lot,  
And some to your's ; and, by my muse,  
Most men have more than they can use.

---

\* See Monthly Review, June 1814.

## 6

Good Messieurs Critics, why the devil  
At me your harmless arrows level?  
Why try to pick holes in my strain?  
Why call me wicked and profane?

You are too gross, Sirs, I assure ye,  
Too much attached to fire and fury :  
Lie by a month ; lock up your quills,  
And diet upon DIXON'S pills. †

We both use pruning knives, d'ye see,  
And seldom brother chips agree ;  
Yet, barring egotism, 'tis true,  
PETER must live as well as you.

Yes, if so strange the public taste is,  
That it feeds you on venison pasties,  
Why, in God's name, would you, so cruel,  
Begrudge the bard his water-gruel?

Sirs, it won't do: by G—d, I'll write  
Long as the gudgeon world will bite ;  
And when no flats are left, why, then,  
I'll cut my muse and burn my pen.

---

† A nostrum said to be famous for its efficacy in destroying bile.

# MORE KINGS!

---

1

**W**HO ever said the Royal folks  
Intended Englishmen to hoax?  
To march back home again content,  
With seeing the dull continent?

2

Who said they were incurious fellows,  
And that imagination's bellows  
Had not within 'em rais'd, d'ye see,  
A flame of curiosity?

3

What blockhead ever thought it?—Gods!  
I'd lay my life to any odds,  
'Twas when his brain was more than merry,  
The wild conceit struck Mister PERRY.\*

---

\* Mister PERRY, the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

## 8

### 4

Not come ! when Britain's mighty Baal  
Had plann'd a splendid carnival ;  
And, to display his high regard,  
Had made the park a timber yard !

### 5

Not come ! when, spite of JOHNNY BOWLES,  
He made his workmen, simple souls !  
Put their poor consciences in pawn,  
Rather than spoil his royal lawn !

### 6

Not come ! when Mister Bull's vast groupe  
Rush'd out to meet them, cock-a-hoop ;  
Lin'd all the roads from day to day,  
And fretted half their souls away !

### 7

Not come ! when ladies, clad in white,  
Throng'd the house-tops, morn, noon, and  
    night ;  
And every lamp-post in the street  
Would fetch at least a pound a seat !

### 8

The bard laugh'd loudly when he read it,  
And cry'd—"None but a fool has said it !  
" Their Majesties have too much taste  
" To let our hopes thus run to waste !"

9

9

'Tis true, a common chaise and four  
Each of these mighty monarchs bore,  
And those poor half-starv'd spavin'd hacks,  
Without a whole hide to their backs.

10

True, there was naught, as Heav'n well knows,  
Magnanimous about their clothes ;  
Nothing in air, or look, or phiz,  
For curiosity to quiz.

11

Their heads were nothing to behold,  
Just cast in Nature's common mould ;  
Not handsomer than mine, but older,  
And perhaps less firm upon the shoulder.

12

Nose, mouth, eyes, ears, and nose, and chin,  
To vulgar organs close a kin,  
Though some, whose optics were more loyal,  
Saw in each feature something royal.

13

Some magnanimity descried  
On ALEXANDER'S nose astride ;  
Some saw the virtues in his eyes,  
And swore that ev'ry glance was wise.

## 10

### 14

Heav'n knows the Bard—he would not rob  
One grace from the Imperial nob ;  
It better suits his disposition  
To swell their bulk by repetition.

### 15

Though heav'n hath oft times bless'd his eye  
With the grand pageant passing by,  
He hath applied to some reporter  
To know an emp'ror from a courtier.

### 16

And when he fain would touch his hat  
To shew his breeding, and all that,  
His pride hath check'd his zeal so fervent,  
Lest he should touch it to a servant.

### 17

Which plainly sheweth royal features  
Are just like those of common creatures,  
That, barring robes, and stars, and name,  
Kings and their lacqueys are the same.

### 18

Down, like a patient beast, sat Bull,  
With curiosity brimful—  
Lin'd ev'ry hedge and ev'ry tree,  
To see outlandish royalty.



# 11

## 19

And open-mouth'd, and eyes wide staring,  
Dust, heat, and crowd, most firmly bearing,  
He calmly stood the whole day long,  
With hosts of huzzas on his tongue.

## 20

From post, balcony, coach, and cart,  
He frequently rehears'd his part ;  
And lest he might, perchance, be cheated,  
Each chaise that pass'd was loudly greeted.

## 21

Poor CLOVE the grocer and his neighbour  
Forsook for once their daily labour,  
And gave their well-dress'd wives a treat,  
And paid *Two Guineas* for a seat !

## 22

While all the 'prentices, good Lord !  
Shut up their shops with one accord,  
Sported their spurs, their hacks bestrode,  
And canter'd through the dirty road.

## 23

Noon pass'd away ; the clock struck four—  
Swell'd the huge concourse more and more.  
Redoubled crowds spread far and wide,  
A moving mass on ev'ry side.

## 12

### 24

Bull's patience now began to wear,  
His expectations grew threadbare ;  
Yet Mr. Mob could scarce believe  
Their Majesties meant to deceive.

### 25

“ No, no,” says he, his hopes still coaxing,  
“ Lord COCHRANE is in quod for hoaxing ;  
“ T'will be most strange, should this be reck-  
on'd  
“ By future ages *hoax the second!*”

### 26

The hours roll'd on—Bull, on the rack,  
Slowly began to travel back ;  
Bursting with many a smother'd yell,  
And wishing all the K—gs at h—.

### 27

'Twas only natural, without joking,  
That he should think it d—'d provoking,  
After his day of toil and trouble,  
To find he had but chas'd a bubble.

### 28

It sheweth, too, that vulgar folks,  
Tho' they may like to crack their jokes,  
Are better taught, in many things,  
Than half your Emperors and Kings.

# 13

## 29

That, though begirt with guards and banners,  
Their Majesties in truth want manners ;  
And for this cheat, whose 'twas no matter,) )  
Deserve a little decent satire.

## 30

The bard would only gently brandish  
His scourge above their forms outlandish,  
To prove that PETER, now and then,  
Tickles the mightiest of men.

## 31

Lord! that the owners of a crown  
Should, robber-like, sneak into town ;  
Avoid day-light and public highways,  
And pick out all the lanes and bye-ways !

## 32

That kings, owl-like, should wing their flight  
Beneath the dusky brow of night ;  
Shelter themselves behind a fog ;  
Or slip from place to place, *incog.* !

## 33

But to proceed.—Before the kings -  
Slander had stretched her subtle wings,  
Her varied talents to display,  
And pioneer the royal way.

# 14

## 34

“ Oh !” said she, to a maid of honour,  
As, like a sprite, she perch'd upon her,  
“ Fair maid, beware ! of fame be thrifty ;  
“ You may have chastity, tho' fifty.

## 35

“ For, by the Lord, that Russian Czar  
“ With maiden virtue loves to war ;  
“ And, when he gets a little mellow,  
“ Ecod he is a desp'rate fellow !

## 36

“ Vain would be pray'rs, and vain resistance,  
“ Vain interference or assistance ;  
“ Then, prithee, shun the mighty lover,  
“ Or all your maiden days are over !”

## 37

“ Ho !” shriek'd the honourable maid,  
“ I vow you make me quite afraid ;  
“ Lord L——R calls me dear, divine,  
“ And I've scarce enter'd forty-nine !

## 38

“ Lord ! is the Czar inclin'd that way ?  
“ Then, 'pon my virtue, I'll not stay ;  
“ I never yet to man submitted,  
“ And sure I won't be now outwitted !”

# 15

## 39

“ Then, lady, don't at trifles stick,  
“ You must be resolute and quick ;  
“ Or for your fame, his vigour such is,  
“ I would not give a morning's purchase !”

## 40

“ Lord !” cried the fair, “ you ugly sprite,  
“ What, would you turn me out to-night?  
“ No, if he kills me with his love,  
“ I will not till to-morrow move.

## 41

“ All that I can perform I will ;  
“ I wish to be a maiden still :  
“ But, if compell'd by royalty,  
“ Heav'n can attach no blame to me.”

## 42

Thus this chaste maid, in honour season'd,  
Within herself most sagely reason'd ;  
And valourously resolv'd to stay,  
Let come what would, another day.

## 43

And Heav'n, to virtue ever true,  
Popp'd in an obstacle or two,  
To make the Sov'reigns sit them down,  
A morning's journey out of town.

# 16

## 44

And this was very kind of Heav'n,  
To save poor virtue's trembling leav'n ;  
Who, on their danger forc'd to think,  
Through the long night scarce slept a wink.

## 45

And if, perchance, fatigue's fell frown,  
Despotic, squeez'd their eyelids down,  
Their doze was scar'd with frightful things,  
Lewd Emperors and am'rous Kings.

## 46

But, truth to tell, no danger came,  
They got away, and sav'd their fame ;  
And may, perchance, be maidens still,  
Though, doubtless, much against their will.

## 47

At length the monarchs came, and Bull  
Huzza'd and star'd his belly full ;  
While they, to gratify the crowd,  
Magnanimously look'd and bow'd.

## 48

Now all the wonders of the town  
In due succession must be shown,  
That Majesty, with prying eye,  
Might ev'ry thing in turn descry.

# 17

## 49

First to the docks the sov'reigns hied,  
To look at England's greatest pride :  
" Lord, what a sight !" cry'd ALEXANDER ;  
" Zounds ! I'm as ignorant as a gander !"

## 50

" And pray what's this ?"—" Oh, that, dread  
Sir,  
" Is nothing but a plank of fir."  
" Of this you make your ships then, eh ?  
" How put you them together, pray ?"

## 51

" No, Sire," the guide then humbly spoke,  
" We make our English ships of oak ;  
" Fir, Sire, is weaker and more limber,  
" So oak is much the prop'rest timber."

## 52

" Aye," says the CZAR, " I see it now :  
" And pray what's this ?"—" That, sire, is tow,  
" 'Tis meant to stop holes in the keels."—  
" Aye, when the ship is out at heels."

## 53

" Well, that's all right—here, take this ducat,  
" T'will serve you now and then to look at ;  
" Don't spend it mind : but pray explain  
" What's this d—d thing ?"—" That, sire—a  
crane."

# 18

## 54

“ Crane ! crane!—what’s that?” the sov’ reign  
cries,

And strain’d outrageously his eyes ;

“ ’Tis a machine, Sire, of great pow’r,

“ To raise up packages, or low’r.

## 55

“ I’ll show your majesty the way.”

“ Do, my good fellow, show me, pray !”

The crane soon grasp’d a puncheon round,

And swung it ten feet from the ground.

## 56

“ There, there, see that !” exclaim’d the CZAR,

“ This beats all Petersburgh, by far !”

Then ran his majesty all round,

And at each step more wonder found.

## 57

Then curious pry’d the mighty king,

And ask’d the name of ev’ry thing ;

And in a book, encas’d in gold,

His memoranda he enroll’d.

## 58

And greatly star’d the man, no doubt,

Who pointed all the wonders out ;

For much unus’d was he to see

The glorious face o f majesty.



# 19

## 59

Not thus their time our princes waste ;  
No, they are men of different taste ;  
For docks they have no predilection ;  
And mortally they hate reflection.

## 60

The royal blood, England's first blessing,  
Spend all their morning hours in dressing ;  
Tow'rds two, they take their tea and eggs ;  
At four, begin to use their legs ;

## 61

Read letters and talk politics,  
Or play at chess from five to six ;  
For dinner dress till half-past seven ;  
And sit at table till eleven :

## 62

Wine forms their elegant delight,  
'Till time proclaims the noon of night ;  
Then to some highly favour'd fair,  
To crown their pleasures, they repair ;

## 63

Thus Britain's heirs their hours divide,  
Pleas'd if themselves are satisfied ;  
And let the world wag as it will,  
Their only care is Time to kill.

## 20

### 64

Well might the dock-director then  
Feel queer, to see the first of men  
Hurt his illustrious tongue by talking  
Of fir and tow, and cranes and caulking.

### 65

Next went the monarch to the tow'r,  
Determin'd not waste an hour:  
From room to room, delighted, flew,  
Look'd beasts and gems and arm'ry thro'.

### 66

“What's this? what's that? Pray, sir, explain!”—  
—“This, sir, a thumb-screw, made in Spain;  
“And that, your Majesty, 'tis said,  
“The axe which lopp'd ANNE BULLEN'S  
head.”

### 67

“Poor ANNA!” sigh'd the CZAR; “sad fall!  
“What arms are those against the wall?”  
“—Those, sire, the great Armada bore,  
“To devastate our English shore!”

### 68

“Aye,” said the Monarch, “silly elves!  
“Could'nt at last protect themselves!  
“Go on, good sir, the day grows late,  
“'Tis forty minutes after eight!”—

## 21

### 69

—“**QUEEN BESS** behind this curtain seen!”—  
“**Don't,**” cried the **CZAR**, “nickname the  
“**Queen** ;  
“**For Queens** are very sacred things,  
“**And next to Emperors and Kings !**”

### 70

The blushing guide, with modest look,  
Bow'd to the mighty man's rebuke ;  
And vow'd, when he recover'd breath,  
Henceforth to say—**ELIZABETH**.

### 71

This conversation serves to show  
Crown'd heads their own importance know :  
That if you wound one of the breed,  
The rest from sympathy will bleed.

### 72

Next to the Bank the Monarch drove,  
Where wealth transfix'd the Russian Jove :  
Then **MISTER MANNING**, full of fire,  
Felt himself grow some five feet higher.

### 73

And ever and anon, profound,  
His courtly noddle touched the ground,  
To give his foreign Majesty  
A taste of his humility.

## 22

### 74

For tho' to vulgar folks, in troth,  
His services come somewhat loth,  
He hath a most obliging sweetness,  
When he can do a turn for greatness.

### 75

Next to the Opera they resort,  
To fix an hour their moving court,  
To show their splendors to the many,  
And hear the tones of TRAMMEZANI.

### 76

There Britain's Baal, his guests between,  
Enjoy'd the magic of the scene,  
'Till sudden came a Royal dame,  
And clapp'd a night-cap on his fame.

### 77

“ Zounds, JENKY !” the poz'd R——T cried,  
Stretching his royal nostrils wide,  
Just like a common man provok'd,  
With passion and amazement chok'd ;—

### 78

“ Zounds, JENKY !—didn't you hear me say,  
“ That fiend should never cross my way,  
“ Did I not pledge my princely honor,  
“ Never again to stumble on her ?”

## 23

### 79

“ Oh d——d rencontre! sight abhorr'd!  
“ Remove it presently, my lord!”—  
“ Sire,” said the peer, “ be not dismay'd;  
“ Your sacred will shall be obey'd.”

### 80

Obedience was the courtier's hobby,  
So out he turn'd into the lobby,  
Went to the keepers one by one,  
To counsel what might best be done.

### 81

“ Lord,” said the keepers, “ while she's quiet,  
“ We can't remove her for a riot.”—  
“ Riot! then find some other way,  
“ For, d——nme, here she shall not stay!”

### 82

“ Not stay! And who may you be, pray,  
“ Who dares to swear she shall not stay?  
“ She pays for sitting here, you clod!  
“ And sit and see she shall, by G——d!”

### 83

Now came red-whisker'd Y———n, ranting,  
Like a crack-winded filly panting;  
In fashion's rainbow-garb array'd,  
An ape in Folly's masquerade.

## 24

### 84

—“Come, *fib* my whiskers! *douse* my *peepers*!  
“Don’t talk, my lord, with these *dem n’d*  
“keepers!  
“Stand off a while, leave ’em to me,  
“I’ll put their heads in *chancery*!”

### 85

“Chancery!” the startl’d keepers roar’d—  
“We know enough of that, my lord!”  
For, ignorant of slang acceptation,  
They fear’d some seven year’s litigation.

### 86

Emperor and King and Prince, meanwhile,  
Drest each his visage in a smile,  
And, spite of all the sable route,  
Magnanimously sat it out.

### 87

Next day, the guests, anointed leaven,  
Devoted half an hour to heaven;  
To give of piety a sample,  
And save the nation by example.

### 88

But some strange apprehensions feeling,  
Lest heav’n should laugh at monarchs kneel-  
ing,  
They threw a cloak their greatness over,  
That God might not their rank discover.

## 25

### 89

Our P—, with no religion tainted,  
Felt no ambition to be sainted ;  
Or thought it better to postpone  
His prayers, or offer them alone.

### 90

Perils by land at length got through,  
Adown the silver Thames they flew ;  
The porpoises, in wild amaze,  
Flock'd round, on majesty to gaze,

### 91

High on their tails they sat erect,  
To shew their rev'ence and respect ;  
And tumbled over, now and then,  
To gratify the first of men.

### 92

“ Lord !” cry'd the CZAR, “ why, to my mind,  
“ You leave all Europe far behind ;  
“ My welcome is in truth most royal,—  
“ The very porpoises are loyal.”

### 93

This was a glorious observation,  
And show'd the monarch's penetration ;  
And proves that majesty is wise,  
And seeth not with vulgar eyes.

## 26

### 94

The River-Genius, too, afloat,  
Clapp'd his broad shoulders to the boat ;  
And begg'd, to please his royal master,  
The tide would move a little faster.

### 95

The constant crowd, from house and tree,  
Strain'd their poor necks the kings to see ;  
And some with telescopes, most rude,  
Each royal feature coolly view'd.

### 96

But this was vastly unpolite,—  
On royalty a sort of slight ;  
Since kings, like painted daubs, I ween,  
Won't bear to be too closely seen.

### 97

Their pretty gilded forms won't bear  
The vulgar, coarse, unmeaning stare ;  
So Heaven has fenc'd them round with rays,  
To guard them from the public gaze.

### 98

Now Woolwich all her wond'rous things  
Pour'd forth before the prying kings ;  
Her founderies, arsenals, and docks,  
Her yards, and vessels on the stocks.



## 99

And MELVILLE's lord was pitch'd upon  
 T' explain the subjects, one by one ;  
 Their Majesties to introduce,  
 To ev'ry process and its use.

## 100

“ Upon my soul !” this monarch cries,  
 “ I scarcely can believe my eyes.”  
 “ Nor I, upon my life !” says t'other ;  
 “ I'm lost in admiration, brother !”

## 101

Then ask'd they, with sagacious brow,  
 “ With what are rockets made, and how ?”  
 “ Made !” quoth the stagger'd Peer,—“ made,  
     made !”  
 And then look'd round him quite dismay'd.

## 102

Just at that moment—lucky wight !  
 Sir WILLIAM met his Lordship's sight,—  
 “ Sad things, Sirs ; foes are much afraid of—  
 “ Sir WILLIAM, what are rockets made of ?”

## 103

Then brighten'd up his Lordship's mein,  
 T' think how lucky he had been ;  
 To escape by such a happy chance  
 The character of ignorance.

## 28

### 104

Sir WILLIAM then strove to impart  
Some of the secrets of his art ;  
Uncommon pains and labour taking  
To teach the monarchs rocket making.

### 105

All the way home he strove in vain  
To make the useful science plain ;  
Though now and then the CZAR and Cc  
Nodded, as if to say—" Just so !"

### 106

" I see it clear," Prussia began,  
" You are a most ingenious man."  
" Good," Russia added, "very good !"  
Though devil a word they understood.

### 107

Russia and Prussia next repair  
To give the Oxford folks a stare ;  
The musty colleges to see,  
And get themselves dubb'd L.L.D.

### 108

A name originally meant  
Talent alone to compliment ;  
Yet often given, without dispute,  
Where genius never set a foot.

## 29

### 109

Not but what Emperors, truth to tell,  
And Kings, deserve their honour well ;  
Merit dwells in a diadem,  
And, *ergo*, merit dwells with them.

### 110

Soon ran their Majesties all round  
The list of colleges profound ;  
Their learning prais'd, their cookery tasted,  
Then back to London pleasures hasted.

### 111

Back posted Majesty to town,  
Resolv'd to run Enjoyment down ;  
And not, like Britain's tender calves,  
To swallow extacy by halves.

### 112

While the pale REGENT, luckless loon !  
No more could nap the long forenoon ;  
But his strain'd lids, nights without number,  
Were scarce allow'd an hour of slumber.

### 113

This was a very serious evil,  
And to our CÆSAR 'twas the devil ;  
Since he had daily slept before  
Sixteen hours in twenty-four.

## 30

### 114

Now he could never get a peep  
At his old croney, Madam Sleep ;  
Who, the first fête, had stol'n away,  
To take a fortnight's holiday.

### 115

Then grew great CÆSAR monstrous thin,  
Yes, loosely hung the royal skin ;  
And scarce of flesh was left one stone,  
To at least twenty-five of bone.

### 116

Which shows that raking, like a worm,  
Doth feed upon the human form ;  
Steals from the frame its portly sleek,  
And sucks the blossom from the cheek.

### 117

But to proceed.—The Kings repair  
To take a snap with my LORD MAYOR ;  
Since London's paunch-puff'd corporation  
Had sent a formal invitation.

### 118

The Cits, to swell the city state,  
Contributed their private plate ;  
Salvers, chalices, mugs, and flaggons,  
Came pouring in in carts and waggons.

# 31

## 119

MAGOG and GOG, whose ugly faces  
For cent'ries had maintain'd their places,  
Lest Majesty should feel afraid,  
Were put in courtly masquerade.

## 120

“Zounds!” cried the Emperor, with a stare,  
“Your splendour dazzles, Mister Mayor;  
“Lord! what a mass of plate! what store!  
“I never saw such wealth before!”

## 121

This added to his Lordship's pride,  
Who, with humility, replied,  
“Dread Sire, you compliment;—'tis gay,  
“But London beats this ev'ry day.”

## 122

“What! this?” return'd the great Apollo;  
“Oh, yes, beats this, dread Sire, dog hollow!”  
Then both his hands the monarch rais'd,  
As though confoundedly amaz'd.

## 123

And now and then he look'd askew,  
As if to say,—“GEORGE, is this true?”  
To which the Prince, of course, would nod,  
Meaning—“Great CZAR, it is, by G—d!”

## 32

### 124

Then on the lights his eye was bent,  
With much of wild astonishment ;  
As tho' it said,—“ This dazzling whole  
“ Beats all the world, upon my soul !”

### 125

Then round the hall mov'd majesty,  
Each separate article to see ;  
And, as he view'd the bright expanse,  
Some new attraction met his glance.

### 126

Then peep'd the Monarch's prying eye  
Into a golden mug so sly ;  
To satisfy himself, no doubt,  
Whether the thing was gold throughout.

### 127

“ My Lord,” says he, “ you know, we're told,  
“ That all which glitters is not gold.”—  
“ True,” said my Lord, “ most true, great  
Prince,  
“ I pray you, Sire, yourself convince.”

### 128

Then took the May'r the mug of gold,  
And shew'd the royal stamp so bold.  
“ Enough! enough!” the CZAR replied,  
“ My Lord, I'm fully satisfy'd !”

## 33

### 129

Then peep'd the Monarch at the flaggons,  
The salvers and the gold cheese-waggon ;  
“ Blest,” cried the CZAR, “ the land where  
“ trade is !”

Then rais'd his optics to the Ladies.

### 130

Good, doubtless, was the CZAR's intent ;  
The trade in gold he simply meant ;  
Therefore 'twere wrong to draw from hence  
Any indecent inference ;

### 131

Tho', truth to tell, this ALEXANDER,  
Unless bely'd by Mistress Slander,  
Doth now and then, from toils of state,  
With female beauties recreate.

### 132

Tho', I'd be sworn, were the truth known,  
Impudence dwells not near his throne ;  
That he performs Love's sacred rights  
Only and modestly at nights ;

### 133

Tho' few the moments that the CZAR  
Hath spar'd of late to Cyprian war ;  
Rattling all day thro' crowded streets,  
And wasting all his nights at fêtes.

## 34

### 134

What pity that a man of pleasure  
Should thus neglect Heaven's choicest treasure !

Why not content all day to roam,  
And give the night to joys at home ?

### 135

Finish'd the city feast, the Kings  
Flew off to other banquetings ;  
Which each the one before surpass'd,  
And the most splendid was the last.

### 136

JOHN BULL, to please this mighty CZAR,  
Hath, doubtless, strain'd his purse so far,  
That hence he must restrain his cravings,  
And live upon the royal leavings.

### 137

Yes, faith, he now is so bereft,  
There's scarce a haunch of venison left ;  
And as to claret, luckless elf,  
There's not a glass left for himself.

### 138

He has no fatted bucks to slaughter ;  
Nothing to slake his thirst but water ;  
Yet tho' himself he hath so slighted,  
The CZAR will go away delighted.



# 35

## 139

Yes, by his Emperorship, I wot,  
Our grandeur won't be soon forgot,  
And of our court and civic glories  
He'll carry home some wond'rous stories

## 140

On Russian records we shall stand,  
Doubtless, a very fairy land,  
Where all the streets are lin'd with gems,  
And all the folks wear diadems.

## 141

Then let us be content and sing,  
God save the REGENT and the KING ;  
The sire, of majesty a sample,  
The son, that copies his example.

=====  
*FINIS.*  
=====

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AND HER

PRETTY CHICKENS.

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“Whose was the hard, unfeeling, heart,  
That forc'd the Hen and Chick to part?  
Who counsell'd the malicious deed,  
To break a feeble, bending, reed?”

Was it that hollow, faithless, Bird,  
The eldest chick of ——— the ———?  
Or that old scratching Hen of strife,  
That hatch'd this Chicken into life?”



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## A POEM, &c.

1

A HEN, a farmer's pride and care,  
Who lives at W—— or elsewhere,  
Once cackl'd in a foreign clime,  
And roosted there a length of time.

2

In G—— she first drew breath,  
Oh! had she tarried there till death!  
Some people scruple not to say,  
Curs'd be the hour she came away.

3

But this is foreign to the tale :  
Facts are my theme, let them prevail ;  
The Hen was tender, young, and brown,  
Her feathers soft as cygnet's down.

A

4

4

Her shape was good, her stature slight,  
Not tall, nor yet a Bantam quite ;  
Her eyes were of a greyish hue,  
And, like most Hens, she had but two.

5

Our Farmer saw the stately bird,  
I mean Old Farmer ——— the ——— :  
He knew the Hen was thorough game,  
And thought her tractable and tame.

6

Steady and solid as old Time,  
And just arriving at her prime,  
Not flighty nor inclin'd to roam,  
As Hens too often do, from home.

7

Pleas'd with her looks, the Farmer swore  
He'd add the Pullet to his store ;  
No other bird possess'd his mind,  
For Love, the poets say, is blind.

8

Pheasants, and partridges, and larks,  
That sport in fields, in woods, and parks ;  
Sweet nightingales, the pride of spring,  
That love in plaintive strains to sing ;



Blackbirds, and thrushes, with the notes  
 That issue from their tuneful throats,  
 Were slighted for a foreign Hen,  
 A custom 'mongst great farming men.

The Pullet now became his own,  
 And sometimes perch'd upon the th——,  
 At midnight roosted by his side,  
 And shar'd his happiness and pride.

A few short months had pass'd away,  
 When, grateful, she began to lay ;  
 Egg after egg enrich'd her nest,  
 All which old Farmer G—— possess ;

In time the eggs to Chickens grew,  
 As eggs, when set on, mostly do ;  
 The brood became the parents' care,  
 And very PRETTY CHICKS they were.

John Bull, to generous views alive,  
 Was pleas'd to see the Chickens thrive ;  
 With liberal hand their wants supplied,  
 And fed them with a parent's pride.

Time mov'd along its stealthy pace,  
 And star'd the Chickens in the face ;  
 Who now were grown up Cocks and Hens,  
 And had their families by tens :

In fact, they multiplied so fast,  
 John was dissatisfied at last ;  
 It matter'd not who wanted bread,  
 The Hen and Chickens must be fed ;—

A Hen, whose avarice was found  
 To stretch beyond all decent bound ;  
 Whose constant practice and delight  
 Was scratching, morning, noon, and night.

And Chicks, that ne'er were taught to know  
 The blessings which from prudence flow ;  
 But fond of riot, waste, and pride,  
 With scarce a virtue for their guide ;—

Chicks, that no labour, time, nor art,  
 Could prompt to act a useful part ;  
 With heads too bulky to contain  
 A knowledge of the worth of grain.

That grain their parents scratch'd in heaps,  
 For which the starving labourer weeps :  
 In secret pines, opprest with care,  
 And dies, the victim of despair.

That grain, which venal courts misuse,  
 To aid their own ambitious views,  
 Wring from the public by degrees,  
 And spend in any way they please;

Waste it amongst a servile race,  
 The country's ruin and disgrace ;  
 Slaves, who, in infamy grown old,  
 Would barter heav'n away for gold.

'Twas labour wasted to complain,  
 Or urge th' enormous rise of grain ;  
 Their crops were always well supplied,  
 And r—— crops are deep and wide.

Ye Nine! your pow'rful aid impart ;  
 Divine possessors of my heart !  
 Ye, who mid loftiness and smoke  
 Ten thousand ragged bards invoke ;

Nymphs of the sacred fount ! attend,  
 And prove yourselves the Poet's friend ;  
 'Tis r—— game appears in view :  
 Assist me, ladies, to pursue.

The foremost of the r—— brood,  
 Who broke his shell, and cried for food,  
 Turn'd out a Cock of manners rare,  
 A fav'rite with the feather'd fair.

For them, he crow'd at early morn,  
 And cull'd the choicest grains of corn ;  
 For them, he trimm'd his glossy beak,  
 And kept his feathers smooth and sleek.

They figur'd in his nightly dream,  
 Their beauties were his daily theme ;  
 He strutted o'er the farm with pride,  
 And numbers cackl'd by his side.

But, though his love was sought by all,  
 Game, dunghill, bantam, squab, and tall,  
 Among the whole, not one in ten  
 Could please him like a tough old Hen.

For this, he left a youthful mate,  
 And doom'd her to a widow'd state ;  
 Although he flapp'd his wings, and swore;  
 To love till life should be no more ;

Although he pledg'd himself to be  
 A pattern of fidelity ;  
 Vow'd on her footsteps to attend,  
 Her mate, her guardian, and her friend ;—

All, all, his promises were vain ;  
 He only wedded her for grain ;  
 Then serv'd her, when he got his ends,  
 As lately he has serv'd his friends

Poor easy souls ! they little thought  
 A Chicken which themselves had taught,  
 One they had toil'd for night and day,  
 Could, Judas-like, his friends betray ;—

Friends, who had follow'd in his train,  
 In Summer's heat and Winter's rain ;  
 Worn all their feathers to the stumps,  
 And bar'd their unprotected rumps ;—

Friends, who for years at his desiré  
 Had grubb'd in every sort of mire;  
 Scratch'd all the filthiest kennels through,  
 And did what none beside would do;—

Friends, who were feeble, GREY, and thin,  
 With scarce a feather on their skin,  
 Were turn'd unfeelingly adrift,  
 And left in nakedness to shift.

But who can pity the disgrace  
 Brought on by love of pow'r and place?  
 Who heeds their artful cropsick call,  
 Or feels compassion at their fall?

Who moves with pity, when they droop,  
 Rack'd by that sad disease, the roop?  
 Or who would move a railing tongue,  
 If all their feeble necks were wrung?—

The next, that op'd his childish beak,  
 Prov'd empty-headed, vain, and weak;  
 He thought himself a BIRD OF SKILL,  
 And not unlikely thinks so still.

39

This Cock, so much conceit had he,  
 Forsooth, a fighting Cock must be ;  
 And quitted Britain's peaceful Isle,  
 To combat on a foreign soil.

40

But there he prov'd the want of skill,  
 And soon of battle had his fill :  
 There, too, he learn'd the way to swim,  
 In which no Cock can equal him ;

41

For once, pursu'd by num'rous foes,  
 French Cocks, (for so the story goes,)  
 A river stopp'd him in his flight ;  
 At such a time, an ugly sight :—

42

No bridge, no boat to ferry o'er  
 And land him on a friendly shore ;  
 His warlike enemies at hand,  
 A dang'rous enterprising band.

43

'Twas Hobson's choice ;—or stay and fight,  
 And gain immortal glory bright,  
 Or plunge beneath the rapid tide,  
 And strive to gain the other side.

B

44

Our prudent Cock declin'd the fray,  
 And wisely chose to swim away ;  
 He knew, that, if in battle slain,  
 He'd never rise to fight again.'

45

And home had num'rous charms for him ;  
 There he might teach the art to swim,  
 Or shew admiring Cocks the way  
 To marshal armies in array :

46

At Wimbledon undaunted stand,  
 And crow the signals of command ;  
 Display his variegated wings  
 Before the best of Q——s and K——s ;

47

Or throw his blood-stain'd spurs aside,  
 Those martial implements of pride ;  
 In love-engagements take the field,  
 With goose-quills such as poets wield.

48

His fond epistles to the fair  
 Make Cocks of literature stare ;  
 With love and tenderness they shine,  
 And angels occupy each line.



49

How sweet are such enchanting words,  
 When penn'd by r——l love-sick birds !  
 Words, full of purity and truth,  
 The glow of age, the fire of youth ;

50

Words, whose importance plainly tell  
 With them no foul deceit can dwell ;  
 But, always springing from the heart,  
 Love's sweetest, softest, joys impart.

51

The third, the vainest of the whole,  
 Whose comb was cut by W—l—y P—le,  
 Fix'd on an Essex Bird his eyes ;—  
 A dainty, handsome, well-fledg'd, prize.

52

Her plumage fill'd him with desire,  
 And set his crop-sick breast on fire ;  
 Her stores inspir'd him with delight,  
 Her roosting places charm'd his sight.

53

For her, he quitted B——y Park,  
 More blithesome than the morning lark ;  
 Spread forth his pinions, gay and bright,  
 And off to Wanstead took his flight.

For her, with raptures overflowing,  
 He fell triumphantly to crowing ;  
 Deserted home, and Hen and Chicks,  
 Although a Cock of forty-six.

'Tis said, he made cock-sure to find  
 The Pullet yielding to his mind ;  
 For he had more conceited pride  
 Than all the other Cocks beside.

Alas ! 'twas folly touch'd his mind,  
 And made the r——l Chicken blind ;  
 Made all his facultiès decay,  
 And tore e'en common sense away.

His feathers, which in beauty vied  
 With all the peacock's glitt'ring pride,  
 Were trimm'd with artfulness and care,  
 T' attract the notice of the fair.

But she was wise enough, to know  
 Fine feathers are but outside shew.  
 He promis'd honors, but she thought .  
 Such honors would be dearly bought.

He urg'd his titles, r——l breed,  
 And hop'd his blood might intercede ;  
 Swore, 'twould be raptures to confer  
 Rank, power, and happiness, on her.

' Ah! rank,' she cried; ' an empty lure!  
 Rank cannot happiness procure ;  
 Witness your elder Brother's mate.  
 Are such the pleasures of the great!

' Deserted in a foreign clime,  
 Her innocence her only crime ;  
 A prey to ignom'ny and grief,  
 Without the prospect of relief;

' Depriv'd of ev'ry parent's right,  
 An only Chick debarr'd her sight ;  
 She, who alone could soothe her woes,  
 And give her breast its lost repose.

' Whose was the hard, unfeeling, heart  
 That forc'd the Hen and Chick to part?  
 Who counsell'd the malicious deed,  
 To break a feeble, bending, reed?

‘ Who urg’d oppressing the opprest,  
 And rung more keen the tortur’d breast ?  
 Added, to injuries and scorn,  
 Fresh insults, scarcely to be borne ?

‘ Was it that hollow, faithless, Bird,  
 The eldest Chick of —— the —— ?  
 Or that old scratching Hen of strife,  
 That hatch’d this Chicken into life ?

‘ She, that should take an active part  
 In soothing a distracted heart ;  
 Shew to the world a parent’s care,  
 And save the victim from despair ?—

‘ Or he, who brought her from her friends,  
 And, having gain’d his selfish ends,  
 Now leaves her, hopeless and forlorn,  
 Expos’d to ev’ry villain’s scorn ?

‘ Go ! I despise your rank and state ;  
 The pomp and trappings of the great,  
 Your name, and all the blood you boast,  
 Are empty, idle, sounds at most.

69.

'I'd rather fly from pole to pole,  
 And seek a Cock of gen'rous soul,  
 Than match with one so vain and weak,  
 As all your words and acts bespeak.

70.

Alas ! how vain are r——l Cocks,  
 Tho' dull and ignorant as blocks,  
 Without capacities to know  
 How much to Providence they owe.

71.

And yet they rank amid' the state,  
 Above the noble and the great ;  
 Abound in luxuries and ease,  
 And taste of ev'ry thing they please.

72.

They make in palaces their nest,  
 And roost on feathers of the best ;  
 Their calls, of nature or of pride,  
 When known, are instantly supplied.

73.

Ungrateful Birds ! they never think  
 Who finds their barley, who their drink ;  
 Nor heed the fast approaching day,  
 When those who give may take away.

74

One Chick, in wantonness of mind,  
 Left all competitors behind ;  
 To punish for caprice and whim,  
 Seem'd pastime full of fun to him.

75

And many a Cock of dung-hill brood,  
 Who scratch'd in hopeless servitude,  
 Have bitterly bewail'd the day,  
 By tempting baits allur'd away,

76

They quitted country, barn, and field,  
 To taste the barley cities yield ;  
 That day they left their native farms,  
 And bade adieu to Freedom's charms.

77

Off', on some pitiful pretence,  
 Some trifling fault or slight offence,  
 He pluck'd away, in bleeding lumps,  
 The feathers from their hapless rumps.

78

Of this ferocious Cock is told,  
 A tale that might appal the bold ;  
 By death and mystery conceal'd,  
 But fated yet to be reveal'd.

The bats, that flit at dead of night,  
 Were witness to the dreadful sight;  
 They saw the frantic victim bleed,  
 And shudder'd at the horrid deed.

Blest be the Chick, that brings to light  
 The dangers of that dismal night;  
 He, who can all the story tell,  
 And let us know how —— fell.

Muse! stop this melancholy strain,  
 From dull, distressing, truths refrain.  
 Let us another Chick pursue;  
 The wisest, if report be true.

His mind was different from the rest,  
 Of more enlarg'd ideas possest;  
 He studied for the public good,  
 As ev'ry r——l Chicken should.

Whene'er he stretch'd his neck in court,  
 Where all the well-fledg'd tribes resort;  
 Where rooks and carrion crows abound,  
 And hawks and birds of prey are found:

Where owls, in quantities, look big,  
 Like Justice — in gown and wig;  
 Where chatt'ring magpies, thievish daws,  
 Find food to occupy their claws;

Where Cocks dispose of pretty pickings,  
 And scratch up grain for Hen and Chickens,  
 Frame laws to gain their private ends,  
 And serve their families and friends:

'Twas such a novelty, to hear  
 A r——l Cock crow sweet and clear,  
 That all th' admiring birds around  
 Stood mute to listen to the sound.

True courage shone upon his breast,  
 And added lustre to his crest;  
 He saw, with feelings of regret,  
 That Britain's rising sun had set.

The other Cocks appear to be  
 Such copies of the foremost three,  
 'Twere waste of paper, ink, and time.  
 To farther notice them in rhyme.



Ye Hens! belonging to the train  
 That swallow up the country's grain,  
 I view your faults with partial eye,  
 And pass them uncommented by.

I hate the harsh unfeeling law,  
 With nature, virtue, sense, at war,  
 That binds you to a single state,  
 Or couples with a foreign mate.

'Twas pride that fram'd the stern decree,  
 Without one grain of equity;  
 Miscall'd, by those the world term great,  
 Supporting 'dignity and state.

What is this dignity they seek,  
 This phantom to appal the weak?  
 This bubble that supports a th——,  
 To P——s oftentimes unknown?

Tell us, ye sons of wealth and pride!  
 Where does true dignity reside?  
 Is it in riches, noble birth,  
 Lewd courses, gluttony, and mirth?

Is it appendag'd to the crown,  
 Display'd when monarchs smile or frown?  
 Is it in strength, in nerve and bone,  
 Or in the trappings of a throne?

Sits it upon the warrior's arms,  
 Who leaves his all for honor's charms?  
 Braves danger, death itself defies,  
 And in the contest nobly dies?

Does it our female beauties deck?  
 The sparkling eyes, the snowy neck,  
 The damask cheek where dimples dwell,  
 The lips that rose-bud sweets excel?

Or will it only stay with those  
 Who dress in rich, expensive, clothes;  
 At balls, and courts, and birth-days, seen  
 In company with King and Queen?

Did it, at any period, grace  
 Sir V—— G——'s parchment face?  
 Or was it ever known to shed  
 A ray on El—b——'s head?

Loves it with canting priests to dwell,  
 Who stories of damnation tell ;  
 For charity and virtue pray,  
 But seldom give a mite away ?

Does it those goodly cheeks adorn,  
 Who preach in flowing sleeves of lawn ?  
 Attend them when they lift their eyes,  
 With grave deception, to the skies ?

On their impressive looks await,  
 When bending o'er a well-fill'd plate ?  
 Where dainties smoke upon the board,  
 And Epicurean joys afford ?

Perhaps it sweetens the repose  
 Of that old Scotchman, Treasurer R—— ;  
 Who, spite of envy and disgrace,  
 Has kept full twenty years in place.

Perhaps it hovers o'er the bed  
 Where lies the mighty Chat—'s head ;  
 A head so overstock'd with brains,  
 Heav'n only knows what it contains.

Or does it grace that warlike Peer,  
 Whose voice is music to the ear?  
 Whose graceful figure charms the eye,  
 Whose great achievements reach the sky?

He, who, with anger piping hot,  
 At speechifying Can—g shot?  
 Perhaps, for oddity and whim,  
 This dignity resides with him.

Or does it fly the friends of Pitt,  
 To seek that graceless child of wit,  
 Leave palaces and sumptuous clothes,  
 To perch on Richard Brinsl-y's nose?

A nose, that witless bards assail,  
 And liken to a comet's tail;  
 A fire-brand, fill'd with light and heat;  
 A lantern station'd in the Fleet;

A beacon, near the mouth of port,  
 Where rocks with heedless vessels sport;  
 Of more than ordinary size,  
 To catch the wary pilot's eyes.

Perhaps, 'tis no where to be found;  
 At least, no where on British ground;  
 From this deluded country fled,  
 And over other countries spread.

Perhaps, it fortify'd the heart  
 Of the world's wonder, Bonaparte;  
 Made light and easy his repose,  
 When bivouac'ing in Russian snows.

Kept up his spirits through the frost,  
 Though his men's gaiety was lost;  
 Attended on him day and night,  
 And plann'd his ignominious flight.

Ah! who Time's spectacles can buy,  
 And into future ages pry?  
 Ah! who can say if, soon or late,  
 This foe to peace shall meet his fate?

He, that has spread abroad his fame,  
 And gain'd a never-dying name.  
 Yes, whilst mankind have breasts to feel,  
 Not curs'd, like him, with hearts of steel,

114

Whilst murders, cruelty, and lust,  
 Are execrated by the just,  
 His name shall dwell upon the tongue,  
 Detested by the old and young.

115

The widows' and the orphans' tears  
 Shall fill his mind with boding fears,  
 Torment him, 'mid the pomp of shew,  
 With all the pangs the damned know.

116

Muse! let us quit despotic thrones :  
 Hark! 'tis expiring freedom groans.  
 Sure, dignity can ne'er await  
 On petty tyrants or on great.

117

True dignity, the muse replies,  
 Adorns the virtuous and the wise ;  
 As often in a peasant seen,  
 As with a monarch or a queen.

118

Reader! let charity prevail ;  
 Excuse digression from the tale.  
 Once more, I turn towards the Brood,—  
 Fit subjects for satiric food.

'Tis said the eldest Chick intends,  
 Assisted by his present friends,  
 When next the Birds in council meet,  
 To lay a statement at their feet ;

Disclose the causes which induc'd  
 The partner of his stately roost  
 To live secluded in a nest,  
 Apart from his indulgent breast.

Then, through the medium of the Owls,  
 The carrion Crows, and barn-door Fowls,  
 A Magpie, for the purpose taught,  
 Will openly address the court ;

Stand up, with gravity of course,  
 And move the r—— Chick's divorce ;  
 Move him full liberty to choose  
 A mate congenial to his views.

'Tis thought the Birds will then agree,  
 And pass a solemn, sage, decree,  
 To set the former match aside,  
 And some less faulty Hen provide:

One, that may suit the r—→ taste;  
 Like Dame Fitz——t, old and chaste  
 How fat, no matter, or how tough;  
 If virtuous, 'twill be quite enough.

What, then, will all the feather'd race,  
 (I mean the well-fledg'd tribe in place,)  
 Will they permit an injur'd Bird  
 To be condemn'd unseen.. unheard?

Will they with wounded feelings sport,  
 And cast a stigma on the court?  
 Will they, to please a faithless mate,  
 Forget their duty to the state?

Are there no Eagles 'mid the throng?  
 Birds, free and pow'rful, bold and strong?  
 Birds, who can teach the other fowls  
 The diff'rence 'twixt themselves and Owls?

Teach them, if possible, to know  
 How much the Birds at large they owe?  
 Warn them, before they pass an act,  
 To ascertain the real fact?



**To them the cause must be referr'd,  
For there alone it can be heard ;  
Then, when the subject's fairly tried,  
Make them impartially decide.**

**THE END.**



Second Edition.

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# *The Eldest Chick*

OF THE

## **R—L BROOD;**

THE

### **Trial of the Dove**

BEFORE

### **JUDGE BEAR;**

AND HER APPEAL TO THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

*Including the Accusations of*

## **THE TOAD AND THE VIPER;**

WITH THE SECRET EXAMINATIONS BY

*Lord Jackall & Justice Hawk.*

---

**A Grand r—l Fable,**

*Of the Nineteenth Century,*

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

---

' The Chick, of whom I sing or speak,  
Was high-fed, gallant, plump, and sleek;  
His plumage of the gaudiest hue  
That Art could form and Nature, too.

I pass, that Birds of bad report  
Fill'd up the r— Chicken's court;  
I speak not of the horned Beasts  
That fill'd his house and shar'd his feasts;

I pass by that old stinking Goat,  
Whom he had rais'd to highest note;—  
I cite alone, (our case to prove,)  
The r— PERSECUTED DOVE!

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(facing the Old Bailey.)

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## ADVERTISEMENT.



THE Reader is informed, that, according to A DECREE, which had passed the ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS, every subject, from the *Plebeian* to the *Noble*, was compelled to wear a certain badge, or mark, of *one or more letters*. Whether they bore any *numerical* sense, or not, we cannot pretend to say; but, from most authentic sources, we have procured a knowledge of *those* which distinguished the various characters introduced in this Fable, and give them as follow:

The Toad .....	S. J. D.
The Viper .....	L. D.
Lord Jackall .....	E. M.
Justice Hawk .....	N. C.
1st Jack-daw .....	W. C.
2d ditto .....	R. B.
Judge Bear .....	L. E.
Doctor Owl .....	T. E.
The stinking Goat .....	M. H.
The Owl, President of the Assembly	C. A.
The Brewhouse Cock .....	S. W.
The fighting Cock .....	C. J.
The scribbling Bee .....	H. W.
The Vulture .....	S. V. G.
The Eagles of the Assembly .....	{ H. B. S. F. B.



## A FABLE, &c.

### I.

IN verse you've lately understood  
The story of the r—— Brood ;  
And such a brood, I dare be sworn,  
No country ever saw before.

### II.

In ampler scope of ambling metre  
To paint each trait, each glorious feature,  
Each gallant act, each r—— trick,  
That dignifies the ELDEST CHICK,

### III.

Is PETER's task ; whose honest pen  
The *elder Cock* and *elder Hen*  
Hath blazon'd forth in many a lay,  
And rais'd the wonder of their day.

A

## IV.

That *Birds* and *Beasts* were always able  
 To *talk* and *act*, 'at least *in fable*,'  
 To prove, I need not waste a rhyme—  
 The truth's as old as *ÆSOP*'s time.

## V.

That various *Birds*, of various feather,  
 Have parley held and join'd together ;  
 That *Beasts*, of different size and station,  
 Have compact form'd on great occasion ;

## VI.

Is so well known, I need not stop  
 A short apology to drop ;  
 For mingling here, in concourse thick,  
 The *DOVE*, the *TOAD*. the r—— *CHICK* ;

## VII.

The *VIPER*, too, whose deadly sting  
 Might *kill a Princess or a King* ;—  
 The *Bear*, the *Jackall*, and the *Hawk*,  
 Who each on various bus'ness talk.

## VIII.

The *CHICK*, of whom I sing or speak,  
 Was high-fed, gallant, plump, and sleek :  
 His plumage of the gaudiest hue  
 That art could form and nature too.



## IX.

Upon a *dunghill*, proud and high,  
 He'd strut before the public eye ;  
 While envious partlets view'd the Bird,  
 And inly long'd to be prefer'd.

## X.

His happy *Favorite* to be,  
 How sigh'd each longing, gazing, she!  
 And mark'd his graceful toss of head,  
 Enamour'd of his noble *tread!*

## XI.

It, from necessity or fate,  
 So chanc'd, this CHICK must have a mate ;  
 Strange whims on r—— Birds will seize,  
 And novelty those whims must please.

## XII.

To choose a Bride, he would not deign,  
 Among his own congenial train,  
 But sought a mate, his roost to grace,  
 Among the harmless cooing race:

## XIII.

A gentle DOVE, and fair to view,  
 Of graceful form, of loveliest hue ;  
 With her, in wedlock's fetters join'd,  
 He hop'd pure nuptial bliss to find.

## XIV.

But different tempers, different natures,  
 Of bliss, are sadly-boding features,  
 And seldom breed, in married life,  
 Aught but unhappiness and strife.

## XV.

Could but the *Dame* a *Hen* become,  
 She had been fitted for her doom :  
 No jealous pains had rack'd her breast,  
 No anguish could her soul molest.

## XVI.

She had beheld, without a sigh,  
 Her Husband's gay inconstancy ;  
 Though he his favors might divide  
 Among *an hundred Hens* beside.

## XVII.

Or could her *Cock* become a *Turtle*,  
 Such as, in am'rous groves of myrtle,  
 Coo their soft loves in tenderest notes,  
 While strains of fondness swell their throats ;

## XVIII.

O happy, happy, had they been !  
 Bright constancy had blest the scene,  
 And life flow'd on in one glad stream,  
 Reflecting joy's enchanting beam !

## XIX.

But, dire reverse! no vow could change  
 The Cock's *instinctive am'rous range* ;  
 No earthly tie prevent the Dove  
 To feel the pang of *slighted love*.

## XX.

A little while, (I own it true,)  
 The bliss that Hymen gives, she knew ;  
 A little while, with honied pow'r,  
 Sweet love and rapture rul'd the hour.

## XXI.

But soon her love began to cloy,  
 And Spousy sigh'd for varied joy ;  
 Yes, to his former nature true,  
 He other game would fain pursue.

## XXII.

Was there an *antiquated Hen*,  
 In fashion's wide extensive ken,  
 Though old or tainted with the roop,  
 This graceless Cock would seek her coop ;

## XXIII.

And, if she chose to give a rout,  
 He'd flap his wings and strut about,  
 While other Hens, in glittering rows,  
 Sigh'd, ' how delighfull they crows !'

## XXIV.

Meanwhile, deserted and alone,  
 The Dove was left ; with plaintive moan,  
 In solitude's neglected vale,  
 To coo her sorrows to the gale.

## XXV.

*One tender Dovel*ing blest her fate,  
 And sooth'd her for her absent mate ;  
 Within her solitary nest  
 She clasp'd the darling to her breast ;

## XXVI.

Its infant charms, its innocence,  
 Could casual gleams of joy dispense,  
 And bid a sense of bliss pervade  
 E'en sorrow's cold and cheerless shade.

## XXVII.

Long time ago, historians say,  
 THE EAGLE o'er the Birds held sway ;  
 But those good days are past and gone,  
 As long experience hath shewn.

## XXVIII.

A *Sparrow*, or a chattering *Jay*,  
 By turns have held imperial sway ;  
 A gaudy *Peacock*, or a *Swan*,  
 The throne of Birds has sat upon.

## XXIX.

Sometimes a *fell voracious Kite*  
 Hath rul'd them with ferocious might ;  
 Sometimes a *Parrot*, prone to talk,  
 A *Buzzard* now, and now a *Hawk*.

## XXX.

Sometimes a *meek and harmless Wren*,  
 Whose neck was twisted soon ; and then  
 A *courtier Wolf* has seiz'd the helm  
 And threaten'd to devour the realm !

## XXXI.

' A Wolf?' some, with surprize, will say ;  
 ' A *Beast* o'er *Birds* maintain the sway ?'  
 But let such know, who'er they be,  
 Those discords happen frequently.

## XXXII.

The laws of nature to confound,  
 With study and research profound,  
 The statesman wastes the midnight oil  
 And triumphs in the senate's broil.

## XXXIII.

Once, by an all-wise ordination,  
 All creatures kept their proper station :  
 But politics have chang'd the case,  
 And reason must to pow'r give place.

## XXXIV.

*Reason!* a pretty term, indeed,  
 To war 'gainst *int'rest's* potent creed!  
 Nor truth nor reason e'er can mix  
 With schemes of courtly politics.

## XXXV.

But say, *a Beast is not a Bird;*  
 Say, to maintain it is absurd;  
 'Twill be of small avail, you know,  
 If *Lawyers* choose to prove it so.

## XXXVI.

The juncture, whence my story springs,  
 Was such a motley state of things;—  
 Beasts, Reptiles, Birds of ev'ry feather,  
 In strange confusion mix'd together.

## XXXVII.

It chanc'd, a foul and ugly *Toad*,  
 Born in some *Scottish* dank abode,  
 To wedlock being much inclin'd,  
 Link'd with a *Viper*, to his mind;—

## XXXVIII.

In search of fortune off they set,  
 Preferment doubting not to get:  
 Unto the **CHICK** they made their way,  
 And bask'd beneath his fost'ring ray.

## XXXIX.

The Viper crawl'd his knees around,  
 A kind reception quickly found;—  
 In deadly coil, around his heart,  
 She plied her foul, envenom'd, art.

## XL.

His r—— ear at length she gain'd ;  
 That wish'd-for object once obtain'd,  
 Her horn, of deadly venom full,  
 She'd suck'd from slander's noxious pool,

## XLI.

Into his ear, she soon instill'd,  
 His mind with hideous monsters fill'd:—  
 Forms shapeless, out of nature quite,  
*Unfit to meet the public sight.*

## XLII.

She said, it chanc'd upon a time,  
 She fix'd her vile abode of slime,  
 Upon a *Heath* and near the spot  
 Where C—— bewail'd her lot.

## XLIII.

But then a picture false she drew!  
 And plac'd his spotless spouse to view,  
 The very wanton of the grove,  
 With ev'ry bird who shar'd her love!

## XLIV.

Nay, even *Sea-gulls*, she express'd,  
 Had stain'd his faithless Partner's nest;  
 And so her artful tale she grac'd,  
 He thought e'en *Turtles were unchaste*.

## XLV.

These dismal tidings, it appears,  
 So pain'd his modest r—— ears,  
 That, scarcely breathing with the shock,  
 He hasten'd to the PARENT COCK.

## XLVI.

Thus to the M——h he complain'd:  
 'Papa! papa! my honor's stain'd!  
 The wicked wanton jade, my wife,  
 Has lost *that jewel of my life*.

## XLVII.

'O think, dear pappy! what it is  
 To meet disasters such as this!  
 A frail wife's loose inconstancy!—  
 To *horn* a husband, too, *like me!*'

## XLVIII.

'Hey? what, what, what? wife gone astray?'  
 The sire replied; 'what, what? hey, hey?'  
 'Yes,' said the Chick, 'tis brought to light:  
 I have it here in black and white.'



## XLIX.

He said, and shew'd th' envenom'd scroll,  
 That prov'd the black Inventor's soul;—  
 The old Cock read, and star'd like mad,  
 Then cried, ' What, what? too bad! too bad!'

## L.

' What could she wish for?' cried the Son;  
 ' What can excuse the thing she's done?  
 Had I not all her wants supplied?  
 A dozen waiting birds beside?

## LI.

' A nest as neat, snug, and retir'd,  
 As any Dove could have desir'd?  
 A wicked, vile, unnat'ral, jade!  
 Of her example must be made!'

## LII.

' Stop, stop, stop! don't go too far;  
 You are too hot,' said —, ' you are;  
 To prove so grievous an offence,  
 We've not sufficient evidence.'

## LIII.

' Sufficient evidence!' replied  
 The Chick, ' that want shall be supplied;  
 I'll ferret corners, holes, and nooks,  
 But evidence I'll get, gadzooks!'

## LIV.

So saying, hopp'd off in a trice,  
 To get assistance and advice.  
 Enough he'd find of that, no doubt;  
 So thus the job he set about.

## LV.

A *Jackall* was his bosom friend,  
 A *Lion* fitted to attend;  
 But of so weak a bending nature,  
 He'd serve the *very meanest creature*,

## LVI.

If *seated in the Lion's place*.  
 To him he told his piteous case,  
 And begg'd he'd use each kind endeavour  
 From him this Partner to dissever.

## LVII.

The Jackall said, what could be done  
 He'd do, but could not act alone;  
 He wanted one, of shrewder sense,  
 To fish out hidden evidence.

## LVIII.

The Chick said, ' There you'll find no loss ;  
 I've one that's ready at a toss ;  
 A prying *Hawk*, the keenest bird  
 You ever knew, believe my word.

## LIX.

‘ Each day he fills the justice-seat,  
 And *Sparrows, thieving in the street,*  
 Are brought to him to meet their due;  
 He *quods* the vile plebeian crew.

## LX.

‘ ’Tis fit we crush *that* pilfering race,  
 They bring *our* mystery in disgrace;  
 So, waste not farther time in talk,  
*Lord Jackall, send for Justice Hawk.*’

## LXI.

He did so; — off the Justice flew,  
 And ’twas determin’d what to do.  
 The Jackall fix’d upon his part ;  
 The Hawk resolv’d to shew his art.

## LXII.

One night, — one cruel night, severe!  
 Alas! Compassion’s softest tear  
 Laments the hour, bedews the thought  
 To cruel recollection brought! —

## LXIII.

That lonely night, when all was calm ;  
 While fond Affection shed a balm  
 To give affliction kind relief,  
 And heal a lovely mourner’s grief;

## LXIV.

When gentle, kind, attendant, **Doves**,  
 Who long had prov'd their faithful loves,  
 The passing hour would fain beguile,  
 And light of joy the transient smile;

## LXV.

That night, *a sparrow-catching Hawk*  
 Around the nest was seen to stalk;  
 That Hawk, long bred to meaner quest,  
 To *bringing Thieves to light*, at best;

## LXVI.

That *Jail-bird!* that low bully hector,  
 Of *ruscal finches* the detector!  
 Has dar'd his viler force to move  
 Against the nest of r—— **DOVE!**

## LXVII.

Her faithful, fair, attendant train,  
 Who long had sooth'd their mistress' pain,  
 Her trusty watch-dogs, too, and all,  
 Were hurried off and kept in thrall;

## LXVIII.

And *two Jack-daws* among the band,  
 Who had been plac'd (so deep 'twas plann'd)  
 To hear and see whate'er they could,  
 And mischief 'gainst their mistress brood.

## LXIX.

Yes ; two Jack-daws, as black as *Cole*,  
 To watch were set with sly control ;  
 So eager in their task, forsooth,  
 At last they *Bid good* bye to truth.

## LXX.

Off, helter skelter, in a drove,  
 Great facts (they knew not what) to prove,  
 They went, by *Justice Hawk* escorted,  
 Who straight to C—— H—— resorted.

## LXXI.

Meanwhile, with dire alarm oppress'd,  
 The DOVE sat trembling in her nest.  
 Such violence! and what the cause?  
 She knew not what, or where she was!

## LXXII.

By Jackalls and by Hawks affronted!  
 By unseen persecution hunted!  
 Depriv'd of ev'ry kind attendant!  
 Some secret ruin seem'd impendent.

## LXXIII.

Is there a heart, that is not stone,  
 Can hear this tale without a groan?  
 What eye can read the Sufferer's woe,  
 And tears of sympathy not flow?

## LXXIV.

It chanc'd, there was a LEARNED BEAR,  
 To whom was giv'n the task, to hear  
 The charges by the *Viper* brought,  
 And all the facts the *Daws* had caught;

## LXXV.

For so the PARENT COCK decreed,  
 That he should weigh with special heed  
 And ev'ry charge maturely con,  
 Then make Report to him thereon.

## LXXVI.

Full wide the *Hawk* and *Jackall* went,  
 To gain fresh charges their intent,  
 Or strengthen those which they had got;—  
 Their mission, though, succeeded not!

## LXXVII.

'Twas said, and *firmly sworn* unto,  
 She'd had an *Egg of spurious hue*,  
 In that nest, where the Chick alone  
 In justice should have planted one.

## LXXVIII.

To prove this fact, they did apply  
 Unto a SKILFUL OWL close by;  
 Of reputation high and clear,  
 He practis'd *physic* far and near.

## LXXIX.

'Twas sworn, the fact that caus'd the blur,  
 About the Egg, *he* did aver;  
 But, when he heard them both unfold  
 The tale that had been sworn and told,

## LXXX.

It was a falsehood all, he said:—  
 The noble Jackall *shook his head*,  
 And in such sort, it would imply  
 He doubted his veracity.

## LXXXI.

The *Owl* exclaim'd, in louder strain,  
 ' Sir, you may shake your head again!  
 My word's as good, sir, understand,  
 As any Jackall's in the land!

## LXXXII.

' And I declare, in Truth's fair name,  
 And to my death will swear the same,  
 What has been sworn is falsehood quite,—  
 Falsehood rank and black as night!

## LXXXIII.

Quite chop-fall'n at so great a balk,  
 Off Jackall set and Justice Hawk:—  
 They search'd about the Dove's domain,  
 Among the *meaner servile train*;

## LXXXIV.

But found each story quite the same,  
 And e'en went back just as they came.—  
 O, noble Jackall! thus to tamper  
 With menials, will your Lordship hamper.

## LXXXV.

For such as Justice Hawk 't might do;  
 But you, my Lord! I blush for you.—  
 In spite of titles, rank, and place,  
 When known, 'twill breed thee sore disgrace!

## LXXXVI.

At length the bus'ness was begun,  
 And (all preliminaries done)  
*Judge Bear* was seated in his pride:  
*Three other Quadrupeds*, beside,

## LXXXVII.

Of high importance in the state  
 Of Birds, around his Judgeship sate.  
 The Viper came and told her tale,  
 Which in black venom could not fail;

## LXXXVIII.

A tale, which prov'd the *guilt innate*  
 That could such *monstrous things create*;  
 A tale so gross, so beastly base,  
 Was never heard in any case;



## LXXXIX.

A tale, all decent feeling mocking,  
*E'en for a Viper far too shocking.*—  
 Her consort *Toad* put in his oar,  
 And said that *what the Viper swore,*

## XC.

From what he saw, from what *he knew,*  
 Was all *as any gospel true.*—  
 Next, the *Jack-daws* were call'd to swear,  
 And all the facts they knew declare:

## XCI.

They did their office mighty well,  
 And *trifles* they contriv'd to swell  
 To *matters of importance great,*  
 That foul suspicions might create.

## XCII.

Not quite so bold in perjury,  
 As was the *Toad* and *Viper* she,  
 They did not swear *such facts were true,*  
 They did not swear *such things they knew.*

## XCIII.

Confin'd to *base surmise,* no more,  
 All that they durst, the hirelings swore;  
 Yet all they swore *they had perceived*  
 Was most completely *negatived,*

## XCIV

By *those who best the truth could know,*  
 Whose testimony gave the blow  
 Of death, to all the *suborn'd Crew,*  
*Daws, Toad,* and *perjur'd Viper,* too.

## XCV

The bus'ness done, the BEAR and others  
 Consulted, like *grave learned Brothers;*  
 And, summing up the whole account,  
 This was their judgement's full amount:

## XCVI.

They told the Cock, their r—— Sire,  
 The *Viper was a wicked liar;*  
 The *Toad,* too, who to work had set her,  
 They all agreed *was little better.*

## XCVII.

As for the DOVE, they did protest  
*No spurious Egg had stain'd her nest;*  
 But yet they *something* did infer;—  
 Some levity of character,

## XCVIII.

Some trifling stain, some lighter blot,  
 Some other thing, *they knew not what,*  
 (Thus with their sweets still mingling bitter,)  
 Of *which* they could not quite *acquit her.*

## XCIX.

And this, because they did believe  
 What the Jack-daws *did not perceive*;  
 They must believe *their* oaths, because  
 They were respectable Jack-daws!

## C.

The ELDEST CHICK, quite dash'd to find  
 His willing tools thus all behind,  
 Ran to the PARENT COCK with speed,  
 And begg'd no farther he'd proceed,

## CI.

Nor deem the r—— DOVE quite free  
 From charge of infidelity;  
 But grant a little kind delay,  
 To hear what *more* he had to say.

## CII.

Delay was giv'n, —'twas but a trick  
 Of this same wild ungen'rous Chick;  
 Nought more he could alledge or prove  
 Against his persecuted Dove.

## CIII.

The PARENT COCK, with honor due,  
 Brought forth the Fair to public view;  
 She mingled with the noblest train,  
 On ev'ry hand deem'd free from stain.

## CIV.

The Father of the r—— Chick,  
 As fate decreed, at length fell sick;  
 Not so, his *old* but *tougher* Mate,  
 She still maintain'd her ease and state.

## CV.

This Hen, (unlike the Cock of old,  
 Of whom the Fabulist hath told,  
 Who, scratching on a dunghill, found  
 A di'mond bright, that would have crown'd

## CVI.

The bliss of some more senseless Bird,  
 Who shew to solid had preferr'd;  
 He spurn'd the glittering toy in scorn,  
 And wished it were a barley-corn);—

## CVII.

Not so, the Hen of whom I speak,  
 For di'monds she would pine and peak:  
 Unnat'ral taste, unnat'ral care!  
 Di'monds cannot with corn compare.

## CVIII.

For corn will hungry bellies fill,  
 And Famine's raging torments still;  
 Di'monds but serve for empty shew,  
 To mock the haggard front of woe.

## CIX.

The Chick now holds a r—— court,  
 Where Birds of gayest plume resort;  
 But like the Daw, in fable known,  
 Deck'd out *in feathers, not their own.*

## CX.

Now then a glitt'ring scene began,  
 And pomp and shew compos'd the plan:  
 Determin'd to be *quite the cut,*  
 Our CHICK assum'd the martial strut;

## CXI.

Call'd forth his troops upon a heath,  
 And gallop'd till quite out of breath,  
 From one end of the line to t'other,  
 And kicking up a glorious smother!

## CXII.

His gay admirers, too, he fed  
 With toys of gilded gingerbread,  
 And though unto his r—— court,  
 Birds, Beasts, and Vipers, did resort,

## CXIII.

He, with this medley not content,  
 Must try another element,  
 And FISHES came in shoals to greet  
 The splendor of his gala's treat.

## CXIV.

Determin'd *Nature to surpass*,  
 And gain approval from his glass,  
 To *skilful artists* he applied,  
 And bade them speedily provide

## CXV.

An *artificial comb*, that should  
 Eclipse those of the common brood;—  
 'Twas done, and he, elate and proud,  
 The PRINCE OF COXCOMBS was allow'd!

## CXVI.

True, now and then, an ugly flaw  
 Would cast a shade o'er this eclat,  
 And seem quite on the head to knock  
 His prowess, as a *fighting Cock*.

## CXVII.

For once, when dancing at a *fête*,  
 Where rank and fashion join'd the treat,  
 He met a very awkward SPRAIN,  
 And kept his bed for weeks with pain!

## CXVIII.

Yet some assert no sprain it was,  
 And to his ill assign a cause,  
 Unworthy of the r—— Chick ;—  
 They do affirm it was A KICK!

## CXIX.

But e'en from YARMOUTH unto WALES,  
 All mouths are busy with such tales ;  
 So even let the matter rest  
 With those who know the truth on't best.

## CXX.

P——s may have fooleries  
 That will provoke a merry phiz  
 To laugh ; but laughing does no harm,  
 And gives a state but small alarm.

## CXXI.

Not so when they on right turn tail ;  
 When they in higher duties fail ;  
 When wayward *will* supplants the *law*,  
 And *Vice* would *Virtue's* self o'er awe.

## CXXII.

I pass, that *Birds of bad report*  
 Now swell'd the r—— Chicken's court ;  
 I speak not of the *horned Beasts*,  
 That fill'd his house and shar'd his feasts.

## CXXIII.

I pass by that *old stinking Goat*,  
 Whom he had rais'd to highest note ;—  
 I cite alone, (our case to prove,)  
 The r—— PERSECUTED DOVE!

*CXXIV.*

Depriv'd of her illustrious friend,  
 She found protection at an end;  
 And Insult rose, with sternest brow,  
 To frown upon her victim now.

*CXXV.*

Protector it is true she had;  
 One, who a sacred vow had made,  
 Through all the checquer'd scenes of life,  
 Its dangers, calumny, and strife,

*CXXVI.*

To guard her free from every ill,  
 And be her kind supporter still—  
 But did he act this faithful part?  
 'Tis answer'd by an aching heart,

*CXXVII.*

A shrug of sorrow, shake of head,  
 Where much is meant though nothing said!  
 But to the point; the time was come,  
 Big with the DOVE'S unfolding doom.

*CXXVIII.*

This simple fable hath detail'd,  
 How each attack of malice fail'd,  
 While the OLD COCK his sway maintain'd,  
 Within whose bosom CONSCIENCE reign'd.



## CXXIX.

But now was aim'd the final blow,  
 Her happiness to overthrow !  
 Now came the bitter poison'd dart,  
 To wound and rankle in her heart !

## CXXX.

The r—— Dovel<sup>ing</sup> she had rear'd,  
 Whose innocence her woes had cheer'd,  
 With pointed, keen, heart-galling slight,  
 That Dovel<sup>ing</sup> was denied her sight.

## CXXXI.

Some say the ELDER HEN, past doubt,  
 Contriv'd to bring this plot about ;  
 If so it were, if such the fact,  
 Confound the vile unnat'ral act !

## CXXXII,

Who would believe that any she  
 Would counsel such an injury  
 Accurs'd, at fond Affection's shrine?  
 Unfeeling, harsh, unfeminine !

## CXXXIII.

Sometimes the very meekest creature  
 Will turn to one of fiercer nature,  
 When rous'd, by cruel hand infernal,  
 To sense of injury maternal.

*CXXXIV.*

The Cow, new-risen from the lair,  
 Whose breath perfumes the morning air,  
 Behold with gentle patience stand,  
 And yield her to the milk-maid's hand!

*CXXXV.*

Freely she gives the fragrant store,  
 To those who, when she can no more,  
 Will whet the knife, will shed her blood,  
 And seize upon her flesh for food.

*CXXXVI.*

But let them seize her darling young,  
 To anger, to revenge, she's strung;  
 And, of maternal feeling full,  
 She's fiercer than the foaming bull.

*CXXXVII.*

So with our Dove; long time had slept  
 The secret, most profoundly kept,  
 (With many a lock and many a seal)  
 That time was destin'd to reveal.

*CXXXVIII.*

With innate modesty and pride,  
 (Her honor duly satisfied,)  
 She sought not to proclaim her wrong,  
 Nor give her injuries a tongue.

*CXXXIX.*

But now by secret foes enthrall'd,  
 By every tie of duty call'd  
 T'assert a mother's just pretence  
 And vindicate her innocence,

*CXL.*

Which this last stroke, so cool, so sly,  
 Would injure most insidiously;  
 She had been culpable and weak,  
 Did she not now most loudly speak.

*CXLI.*

A letter first, with due respect,  
 She sent to him, who should protect  
 And not expose her thus to scorn,  
 After what she had firmly borne.

*CXLII.*

For answer (what could it betoken?)  
 Her letter came with seal unbroken  
 Again she sent it, and once more  
 It came back to her as before!

*CXLIII.*

She tried again, she tried in vain,  
 Nor satisfaction could obtain;—  
 At length the Chicken did confess,  
 Her wrongs he meant not to redress.

## CXLIV.

It happen'd, at this moment pat,  
 The Birds in full assembly sat;  
 Deputed by each tribe and cast  
 To keep the laws together fast.

## CXLV.

'Tis true, some Beasts had there intruded,  
 Who should by right have been excluded;  
 But inconsistency oft' springs  
 From this said motley state of things.

## CXLVI.

A grave and well-beseeming Owl  
 This wise assembly did control;  
 To him a letter she indited,  
 Forthwith claiming to be righted!

## CXLVII.

This letter by the Owl was read,  
 And soon abroad like light'ning spread;  
 It claim'd (what sure was but her due,)  
 To let her crime be brought to view;

## CXLVIII.

Or, if no crime could be impleaded,  
 Let her as innocent be treated.—  
 A game Cock, British bred and sound,  
 Within th' assembly walls was found, .

## CXLIX.

Long tried for courage and for worth,  
 He from a Brewhouse claim'd his birth;  
 And rose and said, within that house  
 The Dove's true cause he would espouse.

## CL.

Another of the fighting race,  
 Too, made a motion on the case;  
 But, what was strange, our brewhouse Cock,  
 Staunch to his purpose as a rock;

## CLI.

Made out a charge against the Bear,  
 To shew his conduct not quite fair;  
 Not having render'd evidence  
 According to its strictest sense.

## CLII.

This Bear, of late, you'll understand,  
 Had much of business on his hand,  
 And of no very pleasant nature,  
 That kept him ever in hot water.

## CLIII.

A saucy, pert, and scribbling, Bee,  
 Had stung the Bear so much, that he  
 Swore to demolish every hive,  
 And let no scribbling Bee survive.

## CLIV

On vengeance bent and full of ire,  
 He set out with a Vulture dire,  
 A Bird repulsive, fierce, and strong,  
 With dreadful talons sharp and long.

## CLV.

Hives they upset, one after t'other,  
 And seiz'd on many a stinging brother;  
 But soon it gave a wide alarm,  
 And rais'd about their ears a swarm,

## CLVI.

That all the *Bears* within the land  
 Would be unable to withstand.—  
 The *Vulture*, flying soon away,  
 Left Bruin to abide the fray.

## CLVII.

Poor wretch! his case was very sad,  
 Their stings soon drove him roaring mad;  
 And, while yet smarting from the shock,  
 To be attack'd by our game Cock!

## CLVIII.

No sooner had it reach'd his ear,  
 Than he began to foam and swear;  
 He stamp'd and rav'd as few could tell,  
 Swore, '*'twas a lie as false as hell!*'

## CLIX.

Yet did our game Cock nothing flinch,  
 Nor would he bate a single inch ;  
 But made his case out strong and fair,  
 Spite of the growling of the Bear.

## CLX.

Th' assembly, though a motley train,  
 Did Birds of various class contain ;  
 There *King-fishers*, in crowds you'll see,  
*Goldfinches* of the T——y !

## CLXI.

And *Ostriches* of rare digestion,  
 Whose *swallow* none can call in question ;  
 The *horned Owl* there gained a seat,  
 And saintly *Rook*, so smooth and neat ;

## CLXII.

The *humming Bird* and the *Macaw*,  
 And chattering *Magpies of the law* ;  
 Yet *Eagles* too there might be found,  
 Who scorn'd each earthly bar or mound,

## CLXIII.

That would restrain their daring flight,  
 Beyond the ken of earthly sight ;  
 And heavenward steer their ardent course,  
 Drink truth from its celestial source,

## CLXIV.

Expound the principles of law,  
 And dark Corruption's fiend o'er awe;  
 Such bosoms could not fail to move  
 The meek remonstrance of the Dove.

## CLXV.

Appeal was made; accord was one;  
 Who rose t'aspire our victim?—NONE!  
 Without a single non-content,  
 She was pronounced INNOCENT!

## CLXVI.

The VIPER once more stigmatis'd,  
 For all the guilt she had devis'd;  
 A PERJUR'D WRETCH! 'fit garbage' she,  
 To glut 'the hell-hound, Infamy.'

## CLXVII.

The bus'ness so determined,  
 A gen'ral satisfaction spread;  
 It flew like wild-fire through the land,  
 And ev'ry heart and ev'ry hand

## CLXVIII.

Was animated in defence  
 Of injur'd r—— Innocence!  
 While tides of proud congratulation  
 Flow'd in from all parts of the nation.



## CLXIX.

The CITY-BIRDS first led the way,  
 In splendid pomp and grand array ;  
 Their neighbours urg'd the bus'ness gaily,  
 And *carrier Pigeons* came in daily

## CLXX.

From country parts and country meetings,  
 With loyal sentiments and greetings ;  
 One feeling only did control  
 Each honest, worthy, B——h soul.

## CLXXI.

For *Vipers*, they throughout the nation  
 The objects were of execration ;  
 Each honest Beast and Bird foreswore 'em,  
 And even hung them *in terrorem* !

## CLXXII.

Thus ended the conspiracy !  
 Thus ever perish Infamy !  
 Thus Virtue ever find defence !  
**THUS EVER TRIUMPH INNOCENCE !**

THE END.

*Now Publishing in Sixpenny Numbers,  
printed in Octavo, on Superfine Paper.*

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# MEMOIRS

OF

*Her Royal Highness*

CAROLINE AMELIA ELIZABETH

*Princess of Wales,*

INCLUDING IMPORTANT PARTICULARS CONCERNING

**The Foul Conspiracy**

AGAINST

*Her Honour and her Life;*

With Observations on the false Charges brought against her by Sir John and Lady Douglas, and others; and a variety of Letters and Documents, connected with this interesting Subject. None of which are contained in "The Book;" also the Addresses of Congratulation, from all Parts of the Country, on the establishment of her Innocence, notwithstanding the Machinations of suborned Traducers, &c. &c.

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THE  
R——L RUNAWAY;

OR,

C——tte and Coachee!!

~~~~~  
A Poem.

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Author of the R——t's Fleet, &c. &c.

~~~~~  
" O! save me, coachman!" did she say,  
" Defend me from pursuers, pray!"  
" Defend you? that I will," cried Jarvis,  
" My very life is at your *service*.

" God bless the King! his pride was you,  
" And I'm his loyal subject true;  
" So, noble lady, don't alarm ye,  
" For nobody, I swear, shall harm ye.

" Let who attempts it well beware,  
" For if, to take you from my care,  
" The D—— of Y—— himself should come,  
" I'd beat his head just like a drum."

~~~~~  
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~~~~~  
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THE  
**R——L RUNAWAY!**

§c. §c.

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1.

WHAT strange propensities we find  
Inhabit oft a R——l mind ;—  
Great P——s have such whims, I swear,  
As make us common mortals stare.

2.

'Tis fit they should have recreation  
Becoming their exalted station ;  
But, surely, without any treason,  
We may assert they should have reason ;—

3.

Scorn upon her laws to trample,  
Nor delight in bad example ;  
Deeming the delight inhuman,  
Of *hunting down a harmless woman.*

4

4.

Give them wine and horses plenty ;  
Give them ev'ry costly dainty ;  
Pomp enough and gorgeous state,  
The loftiest appetite to sate.

5.

If even apt sometimes to rove  
And revel in illicit love,  
Too loudly I would not condemn,  
What may be *venial* in them—

6.

With such temptations in their way,  
To tread the path of pleasure gay ;  
And crop, if they have will and power,  
Where'er they can a fav'rite flower ;

7.

But surely we may well complain,  
To find a P——e who would restrain,  
A wife deserted and forlorn,  
From rank to which she's fairly born ;

8.

Or hold in tightest subjugation,  
A youthful female's inclination ;  
When he himself from youth was prone,  
So freely to indulge *his own*.

5

9.

Can it be crime, (I trust it is not)  
Duty, filial, when we miss not?  
Or that 'tis lawful (who'll disprove)  
To cherish a fond parent's love?

10.

Or if the father haply choose  
A spouse that daughter should refuse,  
There are no reasonable men sure,  
Who would her act severely censure ;

11.

For every party's inclination,  
(Before they're join'd in wedded station,)  
It surely wisest to consult is ;  
Or sad, too often, the result is,

12.

But you may say a P——'s brain  
Is not like that of other men ;  
And, that the heir of proud dominion  
Should laugh at general opinion.

13.

If such the case be I don't know ;  
Yet well I wot (suppose it so)  
That much of inconsistency,  
The certain consequence will be :

## 6

## 14.

For instance, we might find a P——ss,  
 Who at inquiry never winces ;  
 Though oft accus'd of charges vile,  
 (Though ev'ry effort to defile,

## 15.

A character that's good and fair,  
 The force of power and art prepare,  
 To fix the odious accusation ;)  
*Acquitted* by a virtuous nation ;

## 16.

Yet treated as though *guilty* still,  
 Because an individual will,  
 For *reasons*, has ordain'd it so,  
 Which *no one but himself* must know.

## 17.

You'll find and mark it with a groan,  
 The lovely heiress of a T——e,  
 By dire necessity, prefers  
 The *vehicle* which milliners,

## 18.

Which ladies of an humble station,  
 Or ladies of no reputation,  
 On rainy days are forced to call,  
 Or have no vehicle at all.



## 7

## 19.

You'll find her urg'd by wounded feeling,  
 Out of doors, like culprit, stealing—  
 Yes, she for whom in 'battled field,  
 A million heroes' swords may wield ;

## 20.

Whom judges and archbishops too,  
 May shew profound allegiance due ;  
 And peers obedience humbly tender,—  
 A *Jarvey* choose for her defender !

## 21.

A P——ss in a hackney coach !  
 'Tis to the land a foul reproach,  
 That pays for carriages in plenty,  
 More fitting far a form so dainty.

## 22.

Besides it doth appear a shame,  
 A P——ss should protection claim  
 From coachmen, (sure our senses wander !)  
 Against our ar—y's great commander.

## 23.

And that the *darling* hero who  
 Has prov'd in love and war so true,  
 A private house should e'er invade,  
 To capture a poor trembling maid !

## 24.

For such a man so high a grace,  
 Appeareth greatly out of place,  
 Would not our Chan——r L— E——n,  
 As hackney coachman have as well done,

## 25.

To guard the INTERESTING FAIR,  
 Ordain'd Great B——n's C——n to wear,  
 And hold the reins of government?  
 But she perhaps thought *different*.

## 26.

Why not for L— Chief J——e send,  
 Her sacred person to defend?  
 Was he not wiser, fitter, better,  
 When dreaded danger had beset her,

## 27.

To fill her champion coachee's place?  
 Did truth not stare them in the face;  
 The world would say (such tale to tell,)  
 'Twas all a lie—as *false as hell* ?

## 28.

Such inconsistency of course,  
 Must have some very curious source;  
 How *we* feel to repeat were vain,  
 But how *she* felt is pretty plain.

## 29.

Such e'er will be the consequence,  
 When folks will spurn at common sense,  
 And are determin'd to pursue,  
 Some course fantastical and new,

## 30.

Despising good old fashion'd notions,  
 As quite beneath their high promotions,  
 When nat'ral feeling don't prevail;—  
 But, now let me begin my tale.

## 31.

Aurora usher'd in the day,  
 Of great events, which, sooth to say,  
 Ne'er was and ne'er may equall'd be,  
 In the records of royalty.

## 32.

A day that RUMOUR (fond of prating)  
 Was more than commonly elate in—  
 She rose betimes, for well she knew  
 That day she had much work to do.

## 33.

Now ruddy sol, all beaming bright,  
 Had gain'd his full *meridian* height,  
 And the broad rays he downward shed,  
 Had found great CÆSAR still *in bed*.

## 34.

Uneasy, though half sunk in down,—  
 Sleep on her vot'ry seem'd to frown,  
 And MORPHEUS in truth did seem  
 To fright him with some ugly DREAM.

## 35.

The *pow'r of wine* had ceas'd to reign,  
 And spread its vapour o'er his brain ;  
 While visions of the fearful kind  
 Appear'd to fill his harass'd mind.

## 36.

Now dreams of morn they do aver  
 Are of a *truer* character  
 Than mark the night's distorted train,  
 When bold illusion holds her reign.

## 37.

Restless, and tossing to and fro,  
 He seem'd oppress'd with secret woe ;  
 And now and then a heavy groan  
 His bosom's anguish loud would own.

## 38.

Transported to some eastern clime  
 A MAGIC PALACE rose sublime,  
 Where *he* (as pictured in the dream)  
 Appear'd to reign the Lord supreme.

## 39.

Upon a crimson throne he sate,  
 And all around was gorgeous state,  
 Rich tapestry and cloth of gold,  
 Most gay and goodly to behold ;

## 40.

And flow'ring shrubs of every hue,  
 By art transplanted, thither grew,  
 Which did on every side dispense  
 A flattering odour to the sense ;

## 41.

The costliest banquets too were there :  
 Large tables spread with viands rare,  
 Each dainty, choice, that could invite  
 The most *luxurious appetite* !

## 42.

In golden vases richest wine,  
 With sparkling lustre there did shine,  
 And fruit in massive golden dishes,  
 And streams of *gold and silver fishes* ;

## 43.

HUGE GENII there did scowling low'r,  
 And own his *monstrous* princely pow'r ;  
 Grave was their look, their stature big—  
 They were array'd in *gown and wig*.

44.

Most unrelenting they of face,  
 And arm'd with many a pond'rous *mace*,  
 Prepar'd to knock the culprit down  
 Who might incur his princely frown.

45.

THREE GRACES round his throne were seen,  
 But of a most *ungraceful* mien ;  
 Not such as the celestial *Houri*  
 Have been depicted unto our eye ;

46

For they were squab, and fat, and old,  
 And most untempting to behold ;  
 But, as it seem'd, each *antient grace*  
 By turns enjoy'd his fond embrace.

47.

On his right hand a wrinkled *Q——n*  
 On golden throne did pomp maintain,  
 Her nose was curl'd in scornful pride  
 And much with *snuff* it was bedied.

48.

Her robe with *diamonds* was bedight,  
 That overcame the dazzled sight,  
 And cast around her such a gleam,  
 The *Q——n of Diamonds* she did seem.

49.

Alas! how different was the scene,  
That opposite the diamond q—,  
This stately palace could afford,  
Upon the *left* of its gay lord!

50.

A captive Princess on a tomb  
Reclin'd, opprest with pensive gloom,  
And, bound by an unfeeling chain,  
She often look'd and sigh'd in vain,

51.

Towards a num'rous brilliant throng,  
In gay parade that mov'd along,  
To where the Q— of Diamonds sat  
In solemn majesty and state!—

52.

She looked imploring to her lord,  
Who answer'd not a single word;  
But with averted glances he  
Still hugg'd by turns his *graces* three;

53.

'Till mov'd by this disdain she broke  
Her silence and thus firmly spoke:—  
“ My lord, why am I treated so?  
“ Why am I captive made, I'd know?

## 54.

“ Within this tomb on which I weep,  
 “ The embers of *affection* sleep ;  
 “ I’st not enough that treasure’s gone,  
 “ Must farther cruelty be shone ?

## 55

“ How this *restraint* have I deserv’d?  
 “ Have I from my allegiance swerv’d?  
 “ If any make such accusation,  
 “ I court most keen investigation.

## 56.

“ If guilty found (when that’s completed),  
 “ Let me as guilty then be treated ;  
 “ But, if it proves me innocent,  
 “ Must I endure guilt’s punishment ?

## 57.

“ Why not thou Q—— of Riches there,  
 “ Surrounded with thy di’monds glare,  
 “ Let me too mix in yonder train,  
 “ And share the joys of Pleasure’s reign ?

## 58.

“ Say, why am I of all the rest  
 “ Excluded, a forbidden guest ?  
 “ Their rank inferior is to mine—  
 “ A Princess of the R—— Line !”



## 59.

At this the Q——n of Wealth arose,  
 First well with powder plied her nose,  
 And in a haughty squeaking strain,  
 Said, “ Princess vainly you complain:

## 60.

“ Yon gracious Lord, whom all revere,  
 “ Has order’d that you come not here—  
 “ In *private* or at *public* meeting,  
 “ He ne’er will give you friendly greeting,”—

## 61.

“ But why”———“ Nay, do not ask the reason,  
 “ This insolence is down-right treason ;—  
 “ He *wills it so* and that’s enough—”  
 Then took another *pinch* of *snuff* :—

## 62.

“ Ye guardian genii of the land,  
 “ Upholders of our pow’r, who stand,  
 “ Is this not law which I have said ?”  
 Assenting, each one bow’d his head.

## 63.

The Princess found remonstrance vain—  
 She sighing view’d her captive chain,  
 And, like the lily in the storm,  
 Despairing, droop’d her spotless form.

## 64.

A peal of thunder shook the ground !  
 The genii start and stand astound !  
 And (panic-stricken every face,)  
 Each trembling drops his leaden mace.

## 65.

When, lo ! appears a radiant sprite,  
 Robed in ætherial lustre bright ;  
 And, with an aspect of command,  
 She wav'd aloft her silver wand.

## 66.

The potent wand, by magic stroke,  
 The Princess' chain of bondage broke ;  
 Who now uprising from the tomb,  
 No more oppress'd with Sorrow's gloom ;

## 67.

While smiles and splendour deck her brow,  
 The brilliant throng before her bow :  
 Yes, those who erst, with heedless eye,  
 Neglectingly had pass'd her by,

## 68.

Now pay her rank allegiance due—  
 Her character of fairest hue,  
 In adulating terms to praise,  
 They one and all their voices raise.

69.

Again, another peal of thunder  
 “ Breaks the bands of sleep asunder !”  
 Great CÆsar started and awoke,  
 Jump’d out of bed and, stumbling, broke

70.

*A chamber vessel* I’ll not name,  
 Of *useful* though of humble fame !  
 Headlong he fell, and, falling, swore,  
 While briny streams bedew’d the floor !

71.

Rous’d by the noise, the menial pack,  
 With CÆsar’s gallant fav’rite MAC,  
 Rush in half-dress’d,—a motley band !  
 One with his breeches in his hand ;—

72.

This with a shoe, and that a stocking,  
 All apprehending something shocking !  
 MAC, struck with horror when he found  
 Great CÆsar sprawling on the ground,

73.

Said, “ Prithee speak most noble master,  
 “ I trust you’ve met no fresh disaster ?”  
 And, as he mark’d his bleeding foot,  
 The broken urinal had cut,

## 74.

Cried, "Heav'ns! my Lord, what may this mean?  
 "That foot! oh let me *lick it clean*,—  
 "Much damage say has it sustain'd?  
 "Your H—gh—s is *your ancle sprain'd?*"

## 75.

CÆSAR replied, "I've had a fall,  
 "But that is nothing, MAC, at all:  
 "The *wound* you see but slight you'll find,  
 "The *wound* I *feel* is in the mind."

## 76.

Then to the affrighted servants said,  
 Whose hair erect stood on each head,  
 "Begone, my breakfast quick prepare,—  
 "Why, zounds! 'tis *four o'clock* I swear.

## 77.

"A vision MAC I've had to night,  
 "That fills my bosom with affright;  
 "I see with what fate threatens me,  
 "But I will conquer destiny!"

## 78.

"That disobedient girl!—Well, MAC,  
 "We'll not lose time in idle clack,  
 "Go tell my valet to repair  
 "To me, and bring my *head of hair*,

## 79.

“ And *whiskers* too—my *stays* to lace ;—  
 “ Dress, rouge me, and *make up my face* ;—  
 “ I’ve done strange things,—this, stranger still  
 “ Will shew none dare oppose my will.

## 80.

“ I’ll make the little baggage quake !  
 “ Some brandy ! Bless me how I shake !”—  
 ’Tis done !—equipp’d from top to toe,  
 Once more behold the R——l beau !

## 81.

What graceful curls adorn his brow !  
 How fine his shape,—genteel his bow ;  
 Gay, handsome, free, and *débonair* !  
 An object form’d to please the fair !

## 82.

But, now, he went on no love mission,  
 It was a serious expedition ;  
 A subject not to make him merry—  
 The prelate grave of S——y,

## 83.

(Right reverend and good was he,  
 A man of holy piety.)  
 He with him took ; for one so pure  
 Success was likely to ensure :

84.

With such a champion to espouse  
 His cause, he went to W——k H——e ;  
 And thus (while anger fir'd his breast)  
 Its fair inhabitant address'd :

85.

“ So, miss! 'tis true what I have heard!  
 “ A pretty story, on my word ;  
 “ Though *I* deny her all protection,  
 “ *You* love your mother with affection.

86

“ Such disobedience ne'er was known ;  
 “ But penance shall the fault atone!  
 “ You love her (little forward elf)  
 “ As much, aye, as you love myself.

87.

“ In this house you no longer tarry ;  
 “ Dismiss your servants ! you I'll carry  
 “ Off to W——r ; there to dwell,  
 “ Remote from those you love so well.

88.

“ No cards they at your door shall leave ;  
 “ No visits you from them receive ;  
 “ Nor pen, nor ink, nor paper, may  
 “ Your sentiments to them convey.

89.

“ And *four duennas* in your train,  
 “ Your lofty spirit shall restrain ;  
 “ But should you dare act *Little Pickle*,  
 “ Faith ! miss, your toby they shall tickle.”

90.

What heart that is not form'd of steel ;  
 What manly bosom but must feel,  
 This lovely female's hapless case—  
 In prime of youth and beauty's grace,

91.

In nature's soft and vernal hour,  
 At sweet eighteen, when ev'ry power,  
 With energy resistless fraught,  
 Expands the mind to bloom of thought ;

92.

When female feeling spurns controul,  
 And claims the independent soul,  
 Debarr'd from that, which well she might  
 Consider as her perfect right.

93.

Forbade in Eng—d to be free ;  
 The boasted land of liberty—  
 She, freedom's own adopted child,—  
 It was enough to drive her wild.

## 94.

Forgive, immortal pow'rs of truth,  
 If, thus alarm'd, defenceless, youth,  
 E'en slightly should offend a rule,  
 Prescribed in thy celestial school!

## 95.

Short absence, did the maid require,  
 For her departure to attire ;—  
 'Twas granted her, and she withdrew.  
 She came not back—suspicion grew—

## 96.

To which delay gave surer ground ;  
 At last she was not to be found ;—  
 They search'd the mansion round about  
 In vain, they could not find her out.

## 97.

Then CÆSAR said, “ No means I'll spare,  
 “ To bring forth this reluctant fair ;  
 “ Up stairs or down,—no spot shall save her,  
 “ If on these premises, I'll have her.

## 98.

“ A sudden thought comes in my head—  
 “ What, if she's to the coal-vault fled ?  
 “ I'll try each nook to which she can turn :  
 “ Here B——p, go and fetch a lantern !”



99.

Tho' grave I fain would be the while,  
 In very truth I needs must smile!  
 A R——t in a *coal-hole* seen,  
 Exceeds all power of face I ween;

100.

But reverend B——p down below,  
 The lantern holding, light to shew,  
 In cellar-vault, just like Guy Vaux,  
 By Jove it all description mocks!

101.

The search was vain, and well it might,  
 The R——l Maid had taken flight;—  
 Her sinking spirits having rallied,  
 At a postern door she sallied.

102.

In the wide streets, a fugitive,  
 Went she, who destin'd was to give  
 The nation law and proudly reign  
 The Q—— of B——n's wide domain!

103.

A hackney coach was near at hand—  
 She instant hasten'd to the stand—  
 Threw wide the door, the step pull'd down—  
 And she who was to wear a crown

## 104.

Right glad to find a refuge there,  
 The vehicle directed where  
 The maid might sooth her wild alarms,  
 Within a tender mother's arms.

## 105.

Soon, as with fear, she turn'd about,  
 She saw behind a vulgar lout,  
 Ascend (as such are wont to do,)  
 But she not of the custom knew,

## 106.

And apprehended 'twas a spy,  
 To trace out whither she should fly—  
 “ O ! save me, coachman ! ” did she say,  
 “ Defend me from pursuers pray !

## 107.

“ I'm P—— C——tte,” added she,  
 “ Who haply B——n's Q—— may be ! ”  
 “ Defend you,” that I will cried Jarvis,  
 “ My very life is at your *service* !

## 108.

“ God bless the K——g ! his pride was you,  
 “ And I'm his loyal subject true ;  
 “ So, noble lady, don't alarm ye,  
 “ For nobody, I swear, shall harm ye.

## 109.

“ Let who attempts it well beware ;  
 “ For, if, to take you from my care,  
 “ The D—— of Y—— himself should come,  
 “ I’d beat his head, just like a drum !”

## 110.

Now sorrow saddens Peter’s strain,  
 No more he sings in merry vein ;—  
 It little boots him now to tell  
 What all the nation know so well :

## 111.

How, when she reach’d the friendly dome,  
 She found her parent lov’d from home ;  
 And how to her she sent express,—  
 Or paint the mother’s sore distress ;

## 112.

How agitated, off she flew,  
 To seek each manly champion true,  
 Who often had, in peril’s hour,  
 Defended her from craft and power ;

## 113.

What was her bosom’s secret pain,  
 When by mischance her search was vain ;  
 And, how returning home, she prest  
 Her child with anguish to her breast—

## 114.

Bedew'd her cheek with holy tears,  
 And sooth'd her grief and calm'd her fears,  
 While love in either bosom burn'd,  
 And throb for throb each heart return'd ;

## 115.

How, Dun——k's hero, sooth to say,  
 The lovely trembler bore away ;  
 What anguish mark'd the parting hour,  
 I'd paint it ; but —— I want the power.

## 116.

“ How?” says some wag, “ What means this Peter  
 “ Why sinks thy muse in doleful metre ?  
 “ What, man! thou'rt surely going to snivel!”—  
 I answer to such wag uncivil,

## 117.

Curs'd be the wretch, where'er he be,  
 Who feels not Nature's sympathy ;  
 Whose stoic bosom can remain,  
 Unmov'd at lovely woman's pain ;

## 118.

Who feels no pang of kindred woe,  
 When tears of grief parental flow ;  
 Nor weeps a daughter's fond alarms,  
 Torn from an anxious mother's arms

119.

In W——r's deep embow'ring shade,  
 By Twick'nam's bard immortal made,  
 The R——l fair now dwells recluse—  
 O Pope! would that thy loftier muse

120.

Were living now, then would thy lay  
 A soft elegiac tribute pay,  
 To W——r's forest, whose domain,  
 The loveliest treasure doth contain ;—

121.

A nation's hope! a nation's pride!  
 A rose, to thorny grief allied,  
 That should in sunny scenes expand,  
 And spread its fragrance through the land!

THE END.

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*Just published, price 1s. 6d.*

THE  
**R——T'S FLEET,**  
OR  
*JOHN BULL*  
AT THE  
**SERPENTINE.**

~~~~~  
**A Poem,**  
BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.  
~~~~~

Published by J. FAIRBURN, 2, Broadway, Ludgate-Hill.

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THE  
P——E's JUBILEE;

OR

*R——l Revels!!*

~~~~~  
A Poem,

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

*Author of the R——t's Fleet, R——l Runaway, R——t's Fair, &c. &c.*

~~~~~

“ I sing of that grand Jubilee,  
“ Where JOHNNY BULL and family  
“ Saw gay *balloons*, in air that ride,  
“ And many an *air-built* scheme beside.  
“ I sing of miracles and wonders,  
“ Of Accidents, *Sea-Fights*, and Blunders :  
“ A P——e, beside, you all admire,  
“ Who set the *Serpentine on Fire!!*  
“ That day *St. Giles's* seat of fame,  
“ Where hardy *Pats*, those souls of flame,  
“ On Sundays who the 'battled field  
“ Dare 'tempt, and stout *shillelahs* wield,  
“ From garret high and cellar deep,  
“ Sent forth each Hodman, Dustman, Sweep,  
“ To celebrate the Jubilee,  
“ And join in R——l Revelry !! ”

~~~~~  
London :

Published by JOHN FAIRBURN, 2, Broadway,  
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*Price Eighteen-pence.*





THE

**P——E's JUBILEE!!**

&c. &c.



1.

I sing of that grand Jubilee,  
Where JOHNNY BULL and family  
Saw gay *balloons*, in air that ride,  
And many an *air-built* scheme beside.

2.

I sing of miracles and wonders,  
Of accidents, *sea-fights*, and blunders;  
A P——e, beside, you all admire,  
Who *set the Serpentine on fire*.

3.

And, more surprizing to be nam'd,  
A Q——n, (for *giving* though not fam'd,)  
Who *gave* that day, as I'm a sinner,  
To full *three hundred* guests—A DINNER!

4

4.

Awake, O! muse, and strike the lyre!  
A strain of more than usual *fire*  
Those scenes of revelry demand,  
Where *fireworks* shone on every hand!

5.

Assist me with some loftier lay  
To celebrate that matchless day,  
When all, through proud AUGUSTA,\* went,  
From each deserted tenement,

6.

The curious crowd in length'ning rows,  
To see our mighty R——t's shows ;  
When from *Mile-end's* remoter bound,  
Unto *St. James's* courtly ground ;

7.

From *Hampstead*, deckt in bowery pride,  
Down *Highgate's* perforated side,  
In many a stream, both wide and long,  
Came Population's ample throng ;

8.

When all the fashion *Hoxton* yields,  
And *Shore's* fam'd *Ditch* and *Spital-Fields* ;  
And beauty did in torrents pour  
From *Limehouse* and from *Wapping's* shore :

\* London.

5

9.

That day *St. Giles's* seat of fame,  
Where hardy *Pats*, those souls of flame,  
On Sundays who the 'battled field  
Dare 'tempt, and stout *shilelahs* wield,

10.

From garret high, and cellar deep,  
Sent forth each hodman, dustman, sweep,  
To celebrate the Jubilee,  
And join in R——l revelry ;

11.

With good tobacco, gin, and beer,  
To spend the day in jovial cheer,  
And (votaries of PEACE I VOW !)  
To end it with a friendly *row* !

12.

That day our mighty R——t's will  
Bade Pleasure reign and Work stand still ;  
That day, when (bus'ness at a stop,)  
Each master mourn'd his vacant shop ;

13.

While journeymen, with spirits high,  
Made every hard-earned shilling fly ;  
Nor thought of children or of spouse,  
Sore pinch'd by this their gay carouse :

## 6

### 14.

Till *Saturday*, with heavy gloom,  
Sent each reluctant to his home,  
To bear the weight of many a curse,  
On idle sport and empty purse,

### 15.

As if, from great example, he  
Thought it became the JUBILEE,  
To celebrate the *end of wars*,  
With quarrels and *domestic jars* ;

### 16.

That day, intended all so glad  
JOHN BULL for joy should run stark mad ;  
Nor like his betters, scarcely sober,  
Be found from August till October ;

### 17.

That day, when R——l Parks in use  
Erewhile for field-days and reviews,  
Where oft our good K—g G——e the Third,  
His milk-white charger proudly spurr'd,

### 18.

And prancing o'er the verdant plain,  
Beheld elate the martial train  
Manœuvre, exercise, march, wheel,  
And charge, with military zeal ;

## 19.

Where erst on George's natal day,  
 Drawn forth in soldier's proud array,  
 From shop and shop-board, sons of fame,  
 With loyal ardour panting came,

## 20.

To see their sov'reign, and to prove  
 That not to those of rank above  
 Are bright accomplishments confin'd,—  
 That men who *counters serve behind*

## 21.

Could *serve their country*, too, with pride;  
 That haply *grocer's aprons* hide,  
 As manly parts and courage good,  
 As Prince can boast of R——l Blood;

## 22.

And that a *draper*, though he stand  
 In shop all day, with yard in hand,  
 May be as brave at soldier's work  
 E'en as our gallant D—— of Y—k;

## 23.

Yes, this proud field was open'd free,  
 For low Plebeian revelry,  
 For all the noisy, motley crew  
 Of *Smithfield's Saint-BARTHOLOMEW*;

## 24.

To sausage-sellers, sleight of hand-men,  
 Drovers, donkey, dray, and sand men ;  
 To reeling cobblers, vulgar mimes,  
 And *beasts*, too, from *remoter climes* ;

## 25.

To ups-and-downs——ingenious things,  
 Call'd, most prophetically,—*swings* ;  
 To dancing, drinking, swearing, ~~rambling~~,  
 Picking-pockets—E. O, gambling.

## 26.

That morn young misses from their bed,  
 Sprang lightly—popp'd out each fair head ;  
 And view'd with many a tearful eye,  
 The falling show'r—the low'ring sky ;

## 27.

“ O, la, *papa* ! pray, only view !  
 “ It rains ! oh dear, what shall we do !”  
 “ Rains ?” cries old Treacle “ had I thought  
 “ Of that before I tickets bought,

## 28.

“ A bargain with the man I'd made  
 “ About the weather 'fore I paid ;  
 “ But, zounds ! his raree-show I see  
 “ Is like his *office*—*lottery* !

## 29.

“ Confound it! why are men such ninnies,  
 “ To throw away so their half guineas;  
 “ But, this is owing to your mother,  
 “ Still mad for some new whim or other;—

## 30.

“ No *mod'rate pleasure* can content her,  
 “ Think you on the damp grass I'll venture?  
 “ What, *pay* to be laid up in pain  
 “ With my rheumatic gout again?”

## 31.

“ But tents there are, the bills explain,  
 “ To keep you dry, if it should rain.”—  
 “ Yes, *tents* there are, I know they tell us,  
 “ I've seen them,—they're but *umbrellas*.”—

## 32.

“ But the PAGODA, Pa, you know,  
 “ And BRIDGE, will be a pretty show;  
 “ Then a REGATTA there will be”—  
 “ Confound their foreign names,” cries he,

## 33.

“ To fleece us that another knack is,  
 “ With their *Rig-gatto's* and *Naumackeys*,—  
 “ A *rowing-match*, where is the he  
 “ Would in a *horse-trough* go to see:

## 34.

“ If *ships* please your great lords and dames,  
 “ Are there not plenty in the *Thames* ?  
 “ As for that *tall outlandish toy*,  
 “ Though it may please a *girl* or *boy*,

## 35.

“ What *man* to see it ought to *pay*,  
 “ When he for *nothing* every day  
 “ May see what more should *men* content,  
 “ On *Fish-Street-Hill*—the MONUMENT !

## 36.

“ They talk of that huge Roundabout”—  
 “ Oh, dear Papa ! The Sun’s come out !  
 “ The finest day I ever saw !  
 “ Come, won’t you go and dress, Papa ?

## 37.

“ Mamma’ll excuse on no pretence,  
 “ She says what matters the expense?—  
 “ We sha’nt be push’d about, you know,  
 “ Among the vulgar and the low.

## 38.

In comes mamma—denial’s vain,  
 “ The like may ne’er be seen again.  
 The thing is settled, they agree,  
 And set off for the JUBILEE.



39

The day's begun—the crowd look gay,  
 Warm expectation doth display  
 Each smiling look,—they saunter, chat,  
 And pause, to gaze on this or that ;

40.

But though I've heard of hapless spark,  
 Forced to perambulate the park  
 (From sore misfortune, ill at ease,)  
 And for a dinner count the trees ;

41.

Yet hundreds, who had come to see  
 This memorable Jubilee,  
 Were forced to own—what truth to tell is,  
 That sights will not fill hungry bellies.

42.

Their appetites now finds relief,  
 In sausage, ham, or fowl, or beef ;  
 And ladies are—though ungentelly,  
 Found swigging *bottled porter* freely.

43.

But ev'ry eye's directed soon  
 To that proud object—the *balloon*,  
 And, as its swelling sides they view,  
 Inquiry runs through all the crew ;

## 44.

To know with what sublime intention,  
 To day is fix'd this grand ascension?  
 To please John Bull, as some agree,  
 Or but to please her M——y?

## 45.

To shew how easy 'tis to rise  
 Above the low, and tempt the skies;  
 By mere inflated airy puffing,  
 Devoid of more substantial stuffing.

## 46.

“ No, you are wrong,” says one, “ I swear,  
 “ Why, don't you see Vans—t—t there,  
 “ Is gazing on, intent to find,  
 “ Some novel scheme to *raise the wind*.”

## 47.

“ That's not it,” says a wag hard bye,  
 “ To day young Sadler mounts the sky,  
 “ Upon a different expedition;  
 “ For, lest the firework Exhibition,

## 48.

“ Our R——t means to give to night,  
 “ Should lose effect from *too much light*;  
 “ He goes to put, from his balloon,  
 “ A large *wet blanket o'er the moon*.

## 49.

The car is fix'd—behold it rise!  
 With gaping mouths and wond'ring eyes  
 The cockneys cry out, as they stare,  
 “ How funny he must feel up there!”

## 50.

“ What, gone alone! Did they not say  
 “ A lady was to mount to day?”  
 “ 'Twas an impracticable thing;  
 “ This time she cannot *take her swing*.”

## 51.

“ Pray, what's the reason, do you know,  
 “ That Mrs. J—— does not go?”  
 “ Why, Sadler's *net* is, I am told,  
 “ Not strong enough *loose fish* to hold.”

## 52.

Through fields of æther see him rove:  
 The *House of Buckingham* above,  
 Which very *little* now is seen,  
 Although the Pal—e of a Queen.

## 53.

And *Carlton-Mansion*, I declare,  
 Looks strangely dwindled from the air:  
 This seat of pomp and Pr——y love,  
 A *pig-stye* seems to him above.

54.

Behold the House of Commons too,  
 But as a *mouse-trap* to the view!  
 He sees, though from his lofty bearings,  
 The *candle-ends* and the *cheese-parings*.

55.

The brilliant car the sun-beams deck,  
 At length 'tis dwindled to a speck;  
 And now the whole is seen no more;  
 One wonder of the day is o'er!

56.

Hark! pealing cannon rend the air!  
 What crowds unto Hyde-Park repair;  
 Lament your fate, like cocks and hens,  
 Confined in your *half-guinea* pens.

57.

Ye wealthier souls forbid to go  
 And view the noblest of the show,  
 (Expos'd to vulgar souls more free)  
 The glorious battle on the sea!

58.

Another peal now rends the sky!  
 "Confound the tickets!" is the cry,  
 "Zounds!" says a Cit, "and did I pay  
 "To keep me from the sights away,

## 59.

“ While those without a stiver run,  
 “ Indulging freely in the fun?  
 “ Just like a sheep in fold to cram me,  
 “ ’Tis too bad! if I bear it, d—me!”

## 60.

Another broadside shakes the ground,  
 And swift succeeding cannon sound!  
 “ Zounds! ’tis enough to drive one mad,  
 “ Confine us here! it is too bad!”

## 61.

“ Pray, sir, be calm!”—“ Calm! don’t tell me,  
 “ I tell you the French fleet’s at sea;  
 “ I’ll not stay here, my country calls—  
 “ Old England and her Wooden Walls.”

## 62.

O, what a goodly sight to see,  
 Well worthy Britain’s Jubilee!  
 In dread array each hostile fleet,  
 Now, ship to ship, together meet,

## 63.

Well worthy ’twere the pen of fame,  
 Each adverse vessel here to name,  
 Who, side by side, in bloody fray,  
 Fought for the glory of the day.

## 64.

The *Regent* and the *Caroline*,  
 The headmost ships of either line ;  
 The *Orange* next, a Dutchman who  
 Dared to attack a vessel true

## 65.

Of British mould, and dear to fame,  
 The *Royal Charlotte* is her name ;  
 The *Eldon* and the *Sussex* both,  
 For warm engagement nothing loth ;—

## 66.

The *Castlereagh* and *Bedford* bold,  
 (By Captain *Whitbread* this controll'd,)  
 Had met together side by side,  
 And each, his rival fierce defied.

## 67.

The *Burdett* and the *Vansittart*,  
 Prepared to join in action smart ;  
 And, also, 'midst the battled range,  
 The *Westminster* and *Stock-Exchange* ;

## 68.

The *Cochrane* gave, in brave reliance,  
 The *Ellenborough* bold defiance,  
 Whose cannon's deep and awful knell  
 Was heard to thunder loud as *h—ll*.

## 69.

The *signal* first the ELDON gave—  
 Th'attack commenced—th'affrighted wave  
 Roll'd back upon the verdant shore,  
 That echoed with the cannon's roar.

## 70.

The REGENT now with fierce design,  
*Bore down* upon the CAROLINE,  
 Who to resist the foe unable,  
 The ROYAL CHARLOTTE *slipp'd her cable*.

## 71.

But first her prowess to display,  
 She sunk the ORANGE on that day,  
 In action fierce, how brave, how well,  
 I leave some loftier Muse to tell.

## 72.

“ Come, yield thee !” cried the *Orange-man*,  
 “ Resist my fire you never can,  
 “ My *grappling irons* out I'll throw,  
 “ And into port a prize I'll tow !

## 73.

“ Cease, boaster cease !” the CHARLOTTE cried,  
 “ Thy vaunting menace I deride ;  
 “ My crew are Britons bold and free,  
 “ I scorn thy *grappling irons* and thee !

## 74.

“ My *metal's* proof, it will be found,  
 “ From stem to stern my *timbers* sound ;  
 “ And howsoe'er you wish to lord it,  
 “ I by no *Dutchman* will be boarded.”

## 75.

The Dutchman sunk, with all his crew,  
 To aid the CAROLINE she flew,  
 The CASTLEREAGH though *bearing down*,  
 To cut her off seem'd fully prone ;

## 76.

But this by CAPTAIN WHITBREAD seen,  
 He placed his vessel quick between  
 Both ships, in such a gallant way,  
 The *broadside* of the CASTLEREAGH

## 77.

Himself received, nor only that,  
 He silenced Captain *Hang-up-Pat* ;  
 The SUSSEX too, with manly notion,  
 Manœuvred now, and *made a motion*,

## 78.

The ROYAL CHARLOTTE to relieve,  
 But 'ere he could this act achieve,  
 A broadside from the LIVERPOOL,  
 Soon made the SUSSEX' ardour cool.

\* The Commander of the Castlereagh.



## 79.

The ROYAL CHARLOTTE bravely storm'd  
 Her foes, and wonders she perform'd ;  
 'Till, having honour gain'd enough,  
 The BEDFORD *tow'd* her safely off.

## 80.

Though somewhat *crippled*,—would you seek  
 Her now, she lies in *Cranbourn* Creek,  
 At anchor till the wind is fair  
 To sail to *Weymouth* for repair.

## 81.

The VANSITTART was sore beset  
 By that stout vessel the BURDETT ;  
 The match unequal, yet, I ween,  
 The VANSITTART, so sprightly seen,

## 82.

Was quite astonishing to view,  
 By those who not the secret knew ;  
 With *Congreve rockets* they had stor'd her,  
*Without an Admiralty* order,

## 83.

Which, *taking fire* by accident,  
 Did what the Captain never meant.  
 The QUEEN, an ancient *seventy-four*,  
 No part in the engagement bore ;

84.

For she *miss'd stays*, besides, had got  
 Much crippled by some random shot.  
 The CLARENCE, having sprung a leak,  
 Was thought for action all too weak.

85.

The REGENT, in the dire affray,  
 From *grape-shot* suffer'd much, they say,  
 And e'en (his former power forsaking)  
 Could no position take for *raking*.

86.

The STOCK-EXCHANGE, with dreadful stir,  
 Poured broadsides on the WESTMINSTER ;  
 And plied her shot so thick and fast,  
 The WESTMINSTER soon lost a mast.

87.

This brought the BURDETT to her aid,  
 Whose thunder soon the foe dismay'd ;  
 That flying quick in sore disgrace,  
 The HOAX resolv'd to give her chace.

88.

The ELLENBOROUGH boldly tried  
 To sink the COCHRANE, who defied  
 The fierce attack, though run aground,  
 And swore *her timbers were unsound*.

89.

As darkness now had cloath'd the scene,  
 Two *fire-ships*, sent their line between,  
 Destroy the foe with deadly ire,—  
 The very sea appears on fire.

90.

Spectators, from the crowded strand,  
 Proclaim around on every hand,  
 With shouts of joy and loud huzza's,  
 That conquest crowns the *British cause*.

91.

Another show ! another fight !  
 A *fortress* is attack'd by Night ;  
 The deep-mouth'd cannon now appals  
 That's storming, bless us ! *canvass walls* !

92.

The fury of the battering train,  
 Appears expended all in vain,—  
 The *cloth* defies its fierce control,  
 It does not make a *single hole*.

93.

But, lo ! unfolding to the view,  
 An object of resplendent hue :—  
 A TEMPLE built in gorgeous state  
 That's unto CONCORD dedicate !

## 94.

Hail glorious fabric ! scene of light !  
 That fling'st thy lustre on the night,  
 The dreary prospect to illumine,  
 Long wrapt in WAR's cimmerician gloom !

## 95.

*Transparencies* adorn each side,  
 Where noblest emblems are descried ;  
 Where, deckt with each attractive grace,  
 We the *domestic virtues* trace.

## 96.

Yon scene's no doubt, with kind intent,  
 T' *illuminate the people* meant,  
 But sure t'would brighter power envince,  
 Could it *illuminate a P*—.

## 97.

*Strife banish'd Heav'n* to Earth descends,  
 And its infernal reign extends  
 In hearts of tyrants, who destroy  
 The fairest fruit of human joy :—

## 98.

An angel in IMPERIAL form,  
 With patriot zeal and bosom warm,  
 Comes with swift bolts of justice hurl'd,  
 To drive the dæmon from the world,

99.

And send him to the shades below,  
 To dwell with fiends! But, is this so?  
 And is he to Tartarus gone?  
 Does he on earth possess no *throne*?

100.

No HAG with incantations dire,  
 To keep alive fell Discord's fire?  
 No mortal fiends, with malice fell,  
 To cherish still this imp of hell?

101.

What more remains to glad the sight  
 Upon this gay and joyous night?  
 The *bridge* adorn'd with many a name,  
 Enroll'd in Britain's page of fame.

102.

Behold a splendid tower near,  
 Its proud majestic summit rear:—  
 Of all the matchless novelty,  
 Prepared John Bull to gratify,

103.

Or Fleet or Temple, I insist,  
 This one stands *highest* on the list,  
 A prodigy by all allow'd;—  
 But why that bustle in the crowd?

## 104.

Why turn they towards St. J——s's P—k?  
 Say, what new wonder claims remark?  
 All stare—"Is't fireworks to admire?"  
 "Zounds! the Pagoda, sir, 's on fire!"

## 105.

O! cruel fate! thus to destroy  
 At once a R——t's fav'rite toy:  
 It took, at least, three months in making,  
 By arduous toil and Sabbath breaking!

## 106.

So perfect form'd in every part,  
 A very monument of art,  
 In one short hour, its pride to level—  
 O! this will play the very devil!

## 107.

The news has reach'd the P——e's ear,  
 O, most disastrous! most severe!  
 With disappointment and surprise,  
 "What, my Pagoda burnt!" he cries;

## 108.

"My Fête is spoil'd! I am undone!  
 "Go call the engines out! quick! run!"  
 "Your H—h—ss, they are now in play,  
 "But all in vain,"—"Oh heavy day!"

## 109.

“ Lop-ear’d fanatics with their cant,  
 “ At my extravagance may rant,  
 “ And this event so melancholy,  
 “ Pronounce a judgment on my folly.

## 110.

“ Ye Gods must one of Pr——ly state,  
 “ Yield to the common mortal’s fate,  
 “ And find the elements combine,  
 “ To crush a favorite fond design ?

## 111.

“ His bliss just like some gaudy flower,  
 “ The flaunting pageant of an hour!  
 “ *A toy* I had, my chief delight,  
 “ My thought by day, my dream by night ;

## 112.

“ *A toy* well form’d to please the fair,  
 “ Who ever were my joy and care ;  
 “ Most gracefully erect it stood,  
 “ Its texture, solid, firm, and good.

## 113.

“ That toy destroyed, by cruel fire,  
 “ The ladies will no more admire !  
 “ ’Tis *burnt* ! O worst of all my pains,  
 “ A stump of it alone remains.

114.

“ This evil’s more than I can bear,  
 “ Ho ! bring another bottle, there !  
 “ A copious bumper let me swill,  
 “ Go, MAC,—proclaim thy R——t’s will;

115.

“ Go forth to lawn, to park, and fair,  
 “ Amid the group assembled there ;  
 “ Go enter every booth and show,  
 “ And publish unto high and low,

116.

“ That, on this night of jollity,  
 “ This Centenary Jubilee,  
 “ It is—proclaim to peer and punk,  
 “ Our R——l pleasure to get drunk.”

THE END.



THE  
**R——T's FAIR,**

OR

*Grand Galante-Show !!*

~~~~~  
**A Poem,**

**BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.**

*Author of the R——t's Fleet, R——l Runaway, &c. &c.*

~~~~~  
" Come, shew 'em in here ! shew 'em in !  
" We're just a going to begin ;—  
" There's fun my lads, both in and out,  
" Behold the R——l Round-about !

" This is the R——t's Booth ! come on !  
" We Scowton beat and Richardson,  
" Our actors are a clever band,  
" Expert are some at sleight of hand :

" Our Columbine's a lively sprite,  
" And very nimble at a fight ;  
" But none, I will be bold to swear,  
" Can match our FOOL in all the fair."

~~~~~  
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Ingram-Court, Fenchurch-Street.**

THE  
***R—T's FAIR!***

&c. &c.



1.

WE play-things find for every age,  
Of those who trifle on life's stage ;  
Great children, like the lesser ones,  
Will cry for toys, in peevish tones :

2.

Miss wants a doll to dress and dandle,  
Just as dames their babies handle ;  
A drum is master Jackey's hobby—  
A rocking horse best pleases Bobby :

3.

From which some wise heads would infer,  
Sure traits of future character ;—  
Say, Jack was form'd, by destiny  
A son of warlike Mars to be :

B

4

4.

While fated 'twas, (by this same rule,)  
A stable should be Bobby's school,  
To study slang and jockey graces,  
For *Epsom* or *Newmarket* races.

5.

But, how diversified and wild  
The pastimes of the full-grown child !  
Some choose the closet, some the field,  
The pen or truncheon prone to wield ;

6.

Some love in gown and wig to chatter,  
And common sense to pieces batter ;  
Some men are most inclin'd to *milling*,  
Others to various modes of killing ;

7.

For, some with swords kill, some with phials,  
Others with O—d Ba——y trials ;  
The last, though slow, yet full as sure,  
When Judge and Ketch make fate secure.

8.

Some thump the lapstone, some the cushion,  
As each for bread or fame is pushing ;  
Some matches make, and some make speeches,  
Some mend our souls, and some mend breeches.

5

9.

**Yet think not life a jest I deem—  
There are exceptions from my theme ;  
Men whose important occupation  
Flies all childish recreation :**

10.

**Such is the man of patriot soul,  
Whose frown corruption can control,  
Whose heart erect and bosom pure  
No bribe can tempt, no place can lure :**

11.

**Such is the man of learned toil,  
Who frequent wastes the midnight oil  
In lucubration deep and sage,  
To moralise and mend the age ;**

12.

**Such is — But there's no need to tell  
The reader what he knows full well,  
That such exceptions must be all  
Whose conduct's truly rational :**

13.

**Of such I sing not — Titled babies,  
Unrefined or polish'd gabies,  
All the trifling shallow train  
Demand alone my Muses strain ;**

## 14.

Children fond of shew and clatter,  
 Of what age it does not matter,  
 Whether five or fifty-three,  
 Children still they are to me.

## 15.

I even meddle not with . . . . .  
 Who don't delight in foolish things,  
 Who rise betimes, — lead sober lives,  
 Set good example,—love their wives ;

## 16.

Accustom'd to a soldier's fare,  
 A soldier's hardships who can bear ;  
 Who hate on downy beds to lie,  
 Or stretch in silken luxury ;

## 17.

Who, if to foreign climes they go,  
 Have little relish for a show ;  
 But, with inspection keen inclin'd,  
 Seek food and profit for the mind ;

## 18.

Yet, if I see proud fortune's minion  
 Fluttering on folly's pinion,  
 Faith, I deem him lawful game,  
 And freely will I take my aim.

## 19.

Dame Nature as we may behold  
 Is of a democratic mould,  
 Pays no regard to rank and birth,  
 In framing children of the earth ;

## 20.

Impartially doth she bestow  
 Her gifts upon the high and low,  
 And not a straw she seems to care  
 What *coats* or *coats of arms* they wear.

## 21.

A dairy-maid we often see  
 As straight as any poplar tree,  
 While we may find a marchioness  
 As crooked as the letter S ;

## 22.

Sometimes her greatest pains she'll take,  
 A footman when about to make ;  
 But work so careless and unhandy  
 Upon a Peer he's turn'd out bandy :

## 23.

Nor is this all,—so little she  
 Respect doth bear nobility,  
 His whole proportion—she'll attack  
 And place a hump upon his back :

## 24.

I much suspect she owes some spite,  
 To peers, and findeth her delight,  
 By freaks like these to bring disgrace  
 Upon our proud patrician race ;

## 25.

Could it be else that if we meet  
 Or snob, or tinker, in the street,  
 If with a lump his back is stor'd,  
 The animal is called *my Lord* ?

## 26.

Thus the endowments of the mind,  
 At random she bestows we find :—  
 To *college* sends the titled *fool*,  
 And *genius* to a *parish-school* ;

## 27.

Confining not to humble state,  
 What *vulgar* we denominate,  
 And making various ranks we see,  
 But in externals disagree.

## 28.

One walks about in worsted hose,  
 While spurr'd and booted 'tother goes ;  
 This coat is *frieze*, that *superfine*,  
 One drinks *strong beer*, the other *wine*.



9

29.

'Tis thus if Cribb or Belcher throw  
The gauntlet to a fistic foe,  
And dare him to hard knocks and rubs  
At Wimbledon or *Wormwood-Scrubs*,

30.

We may behold upon the day  
Appointed to decide the fray,  
In thick procession move along,  
The motley, mixed, and anxious, throng,

31.

By every road and pass that leads  
Unto the scene of bloody deeds :—  
Together jumbled there we can see,  
Peers, pickpockets, and all the *fancy* ;

32.

My lord in *curricle* may go,  
And on his *donkey* sandman Joe ;  
Unlike in equipage and name,  
But still in mind and *taste* the same :

33.

That taste which both alike disposes  
To feast their sight with bloody noses,  
Which finds such nameless charms and graces,  
In swollen eyes and batter'd faces :

# 10

## 34.

Alike does either bosom thrill,  
With pleasure at the glorious *mill*,  
And, when exhausted with hard beating,  
The champions, from the ring retreating,

## 35.

Have been restored and render'd stronger,  
To bruise each other somewhat longer,  
It equal rapture doth impart  
To each humane and tender heart :

## 36.

The men the same, by rank though sunder'd,  
This bets his *bob* and that his *hundred* ;  
This home retires to *Berkley-Square*,  
That does to *Tothill-Fields* repair :

## 37.

By each the day's high sport is vaunted,  
(How well too every hit was planted!)  
They both extol the victor's fame,  
And both, with oaths, pronounce him *game*.

## 38.

Thus, having prov'd how minds agree,  
Whate'er their owners rank may be ;  
And since of those of finer stuff,  
God knows the number's small enough,

39.

Why ought the *vulgar* low to sate,  
 On what's denied the *vulgar great* ?  
 Why not great men, just like the many,  
 Have privilege to play the zany ?

40.

You know, though neither mad nor tipsey,  
 A chancellor could act a gypsey,  
 And prove how lawyers can excel in  
 The noble art of fortune-telling.

41.

BARTHOLOMEW his annual court  
 Still holds, to yield the rabble sport ;  
 There knowing blades, from *Saffron-Hill*,  
 Of gin and beer may have their fill ;

42.

With *Field-Lane* beauties, deckt so fine,  
 On sausages delicious dine ;  
 Or oysters, then a welcome cheer,  
 While *salt-box* strains enchant the ear ;

43.

Enraptur'd standing to admire,  
 The fellow who *devours fire* ;  
 And, all the evenings joys to top,  
 May end it with a *shilling kop*

44.

Then, since in country and in town,  
 The city looby and the clown,  
 Indulge themselves at wake and fair,  
 Why not the great such pleasures share?

45.

If lords grin through a horse's collar,  
 Those amusements free to all are ;  
 Or Countesses for smocks should race,  
 Who'd not enjoy the noble chase?

46.

A Marquis running in a sack,  
 Who would in angry mood attack ?  
 Or who, like an ungracious lout,  
 Deny a P—— his ROUNDABOUT?

47.

A truce then with ill-manner'd railing,  
 Fun and pleasure who would fail in ?  
 To the R——t's Fair we'll run,  
 There the game is just begun :

48.

Pomp and grandeur there display'd is,  
 Lords and Dukes, and titled Ladies ;  
 Who is he, with soul disloyal,  
 Would neglect diversion r——l ?

49.

What a scene of carnival !  
 The park is proud of its *canaille* ;  
 A throng of tents display'd around,  
 Like *mushrooms* do bestrew the ground ;

50.

What charming tenements they'll be,  
 For our mushroom nobility !  
 There paper lanterns are to light,  
 And put the little birds to flight !

51.

“ Oh, la !” Miss Sally cries, “ Oh dear !  
 “ Papa, do tell me what's that there ?”  
 “ What, child ?” “ That thing just like a steeple,  
 “ Standing up above the people ?”

52.

“ Dear me ! now, how you tease a body,  
 “ With questions, child—that's a *pagody* ;  
 “ And there's a bridge that's stout and good,  
 “ Its texture firm, though built with *wood* :

53.

“ That this bridge might be strongly made,  
 “ Some *wise heads* were together laid.”  
 O, bless me ! what a goodly sight  
 Appears, now turning to the right !

## 54.

Princesses, Dukes, and Earls, in rows,  
 Assembled here to see the shows!  
 What various sounds assail the ear,  
 That form a medley, strange and queer!

## 55.

“ There,—that’s the R——t!”—“ Is it so?”—  
 “ My cocks up, a ha’p’ny a throw!”—  
 “ The Marchioness of H——d’s nigh”—  
 “ Here nice *game nuts*, my boys, who’ll buy?”

## 56.

“ Who’s that?” “ The L—d C—f J—e,” “ He!  
 “ Why, d——n it, where’s his dignity?  
 “ His head is like a jowl of salmon”—  
 “ Come, *fair play!* I will stand no gammon!”

## 57.

“ What man is that beneath the shed?”  
 “ What, him there with the nose so red?”  
 “ Sir W——m C——s, is it not?”—  
 “ A penny a slice plum-pudding hot!”

## 58.

“ Pray why, Sir, is yon booth erected,  
 “ *Overhead* so well protected?”  
 “ Lest rocket sticks, in coming down,  
 “ Perchance should crack some r——l crown:

## 59.

“ But ev’ry low plebeian mazzard,  
 “ Must be content to run the hazard ;  
 “ Some hundred nappers broke would be,  
 “ A *trifle* at a JUBILEE !”

## 60.

“ There BIRCH, the ALDERMAN, I spy !” —  
 “ Who’ll toss up for a *mutton pie* ?”  
 “ And SHERIDAN I see’s come in !” —  
 “ Come, who’s here for a *glass of gin*.”

## 61.

“ That is the man that made the rockets !” —  
 “ Come, keep your hands out of my pockets.” —  
 “ Which is the Queen, Jack ?” — “ Hold your mag !” —  
 “ Come, who’ll dip in my lucky bag.”

## 62.

“ Those’ are the KNIGHTS, who collars wear.” —  
 “ Who’ll *garters* buy, sixpence a pair ?” —  
 “ But, let us run and see the shows  
 “ In yonder park, that stand in rows.”

## 63.

“ Come, shew ’em in here ! shew ’em in !” —  
 “ We’re just a going to begin ;  
 “ There’s fun, my lads, both in and out,  
 “ Behold the R——L ROUNDABOUT !”

## 64.

“ This is the R——T’s BOOTH :—Come on,  
 “ We *Scowton* beat and *Richardson* ;  
 “ Our actors are a clever band,  
 “ Expert are some at *sleight of hand* :

## 65.

“ Our *Columbine*’s a lively sprite,  
 “ And very nimble at *a flight* ;  
 “ But none, I will be bold to swear,  
 “ Can match our FOOL in all the fair.

## 66.

“ Come, shew ’em in ! The bill behold,  
 “ Where our performances are told ;—  
 “ To-night we act the ‘ *Mourning Bride*,’  
 “ The ‘ *Royal Fugitive* ’ beside ;

## 67.

“ Between the acts a song is sung,  
 “ Called ‘ O the days when I was young ;’  
 “ And farther still, to entertain,  
 “ We have a dance that’s called ‘ the *Sprain*.’ ”

## 68.

“ The ROYAL Y——K does next display  
 “ Its play-bill of ‘ *The Runaway* ;’  
 “ The ‘ *Wife and Mistress*,’ too, remark,  
 “ Besides the ‘ *Bishop and the Clark* :’



## 69.

“ The CL——CE booth invites the throng ;  
 “ This way ! we will not keep you *Long* :  
 “ With a spectacle you’ll be treated,  
 “ Which shews how JORDAN was defeated ;

## 70.

“ Besides a serious interlude,  
 “ The title on’t ‘ *Ingratitude* ’—  
 “ An after-piece, too, very droll,  
 “ ‘ The Sailor beaten by a *Pole*. ’ ”

## 71.

The CUMBERLAND *Phantasmagoria*,  
 A wondrous scene doth set before you :—  
 Grim spectres from the world below,  
*Foul deeds* of other days to shew.

## 72.

“ The ELL—B—H booth is this—  
 “ Come, witness our performances !  
 “ Such sights I’m sure you never saw,  
 “ They’ll make you stare and cry, *O, Law !*

## 73.

“ We’ve here performers on the *rope*,  
 “ That will surpass your warmest hope ;—  
 “ A *lawyer* and a *seaman* brave,  
 “ A match of single stick will have ;

## 74.

“ A *Pantomime* there was to be,  
 “ Here acted, call’d the ‘ *Pillory* ;’  
 “ But all our efforts have been foil’d,  
 “ And the *machinery* is spoil’d :

## 75.

“ Walk in ! walk in ! ” “ No,” says a clown,  
 “ I fear your show will tumble down ;  
 “ It *leans on one side*, so I’m wrong,  
 “ If such a building can stand long.”

## 76.

“ Come, tumble in ! This way ! This way !  
 “ At our gay booth, the CA—TLE—H,  
 “ The ‘ *Africans* ’ is represented,  
 “ A *negro-dance* too, just invented ;

## 77.

“ The farce of ‘ *Two Strings to your Bow*,’  
 “ And, what is best of all the show,  
 “ Your pow’rs of laughter will be jogg’d,  
 “ With an old piece, called *Paddy flogg’d*.

## 78.

The HERTFORD booth does next evince  
 Its talent in ‘ *Is he a Prince ?*’  
 ‘ *Love à la Mode*,’ too, in a sly sense,  
 By the L—D CH—MB—L—N’s own licence.

## 79.

A smart baboon from *Yarmouth* here,  
 Will play some antics odd and queer ;  
 The *whisker'd* animal don't wince  
 At anything,—he'll beat a P——

## 80.

And here's an *antient goat* beside,  
 Who once play'd with a parson's bride,  
 So foul a trick—whate'er is said for't—  
 He well deserv'd to lose his *head for't*

## 81.

Fresh exhibitions, without end,  
 Around on every side extend :—  
 Fire-eaters, tumblers, and rope-dancers,  
 Conjurors and necromancers.

## 82.

And here wild beast—collections too,  
 From all parts of the globe you view ;  
 With many a monster, dwarf, and fairy,  
 By turns to please, disgust, or scare, ye

## 83.

Here a phenomenon you'll see,  
 ▲ creature called a *V\*ck\*ry*—  
 A monstrous kind of savage bird,  
 (You of his likeness never heard)

84.

Bred in the regions of *reform*,  
 A climate, genial, mild, and warm ;  
 But caught, and in *corruption's* cage  
 Confined, he learnt to fret and rage,

85.

To sharpen his ferocious beak,  
 And peck at all who dared *to speak* ;  
 Best pleas'd, amid his various capers,  
 To fix his talons on *newspapers* :

86.

Just like *the worm* that, prone to change,  
 Doth through new shapes of being range,  
 This through an *eagle's* form hath past,  
 A *vulture* next—an *owl* at last.

87.

Here's to be view'd, a *German hen*,  
 Such as you ne'er may see again ;  
 When brought to *England* we have learn'd  
 Her *feathers* into *diamonds* turn'd :

88.

Though old and harmless to the sight,  
 The animal is full of spite ;  
 For though, of chickens, she has hatch'd,  
 A *brood* that never yet was match'd :—

89.

Game cocks and dunghill—every sort,  
 Quite ripe for mischief or for sport,  
 Though never in her life was she,  
 Denied her num'rous *brood* to see ;

90.

Yet so much malice doth she bear,  
*One widow'd hen*, opprest with care,  
 (With many foes who can control her,)  
 And but *one chicken* to console her

91.

She pecks and *drives her off* whene'er  
 This only chick her dam comes near,  
 Till, quite provok'd at this old hen,  
 The chick resolv'd to *peck again*.

92.

“ THE ROYAL WAXWORK ! Come and see !  
 “ Delighted you will surely be !  
 “ Of *crown'd heads* here's a goodly show,  
 “ Together standing in a row !

93.

“ There's ALEXANDER—it is said,  
 “ Crown never graced a better head ;  
 “ For he made *war* to give us *peace*,  
 “ And *fought* but to bid *fighting cease*.

## 94.

“ A SPAN—H MANIAC you see,  
 “ From bondage recently set free,  
 “ Is killing those who loos’d his chain—  
 “ Pray let him be confin’d again !

## 95.

“ Don’t touch *this one*—’tis *newly made*,  
 “ And *very soft* I am afraid ;—  
 “ A *Yankee chief* you there behold,  
 “ Who fain his country would have sold :

## 96.

“ What grief and melancholy now,  
 “ Are seated on the Yankee’s brow ;  
 “ For opposite—his hopes to mock,  
 “ Sits *Boney* chain’d to *Elba’s rock* !

## 97.

“ You’ll *Admirals* and *Bishops* find,  
 “ Here of a very curious kind ;  
 “ Such titles fitting either clap,  
 “ Like **BLUCHER** with a *trencher-cap*.

## 98.

“ This way ! our shew you will confess  
 “ Beats all the rest—**THE SORCERESS** ;  
 “ Who once you all know went to **YORK**,  
 “ The strangest prodigies to work.

## 99.

“ She with a *potent talisman*,  
 “ Upon a most mysterious plan,  
 “ To *officers* could *footmen* raise,  
 “ And work promotions various ways,

## 100.

“ Both in the ar—y and the ch—ch,  
 “ Quite leaving merit in the lurch :—  
 “ The devil, though, we often find,  
 “ To those who serve him is unkind ;

## 101.

“ Our far-famed sorceress, in sooth,  
 “ Has liv'd to know this bitter truth ;  
 “ For her *familiar* now is flown,  
 “ And all her magic power gone,

## 102.

“ While she, deserted and forlorn,  
 “ By calumny to pieces torn,  
 “ Upon *a bench* is now made fast,  
 “ To ponder days of splendor past.

## 103.

“ What animal's there to be seen ?  
 “ 'Tis of no *ordinary* mien,  
 “ *Twin Bulls* both join'd together who,  
 “ Have but *one head* between the two !

## 104.

“ How ? what unfeeling knaves are those,  
 “ Who give *one carcass* such hard blows,  
 “ And goad his sides to make him kick—  
 “ Confound the base and savage trick !

## 105.

“ And now they tie his legs— egad !  
 “ These fellows must be surely mad ;  
 “ Ask why upon such work they set are,  
 “ They say, ‘ to make him walk the better.’ ”

## 106.

A thousand pens ’twould need I swear,  
 To paint the objects every where,  
 Behind, before, both left and right,  
 That crowd upon the wand’ring sight :—

## 107.

There, *Barber’s lanterns* feast the eyes,  
 With many a *Barber-ous* device :  
 There, stalls of cakes and gingerbread,  
 Here, ribbands to adorn the head

## 108.

Of many a damsel who may bear  
 A long remembrance of this Fair—  
 There drinking, dancing, fun and noise,  
 Here *Oranges*, and there *Dutch toys* !



109.

But, lo ! to celebrate the day,  
 Another wonder they display :—  
 The R——T in his GRAND BALLOON,  
 A journey's taking to the moon !

110.

With gas inflated, plump, and round,  
 From *filthy vessels*, yet 'tis found,  
 That, notwithstanding these supplies,  
 It *clings to earth*—it will not rise !

111.

Although the *Herald* and the *Post*  
 With *pond'rous bellows* are engross'd,  
 'Tis all in vain ; for not a breeze  
 Can lift him from *such things as these*.

112.

What wonder that it will not move  
 A single inch the ground above,  
 When in the car you may remark  
 The *family of Noah's ark* ?

113.

There *noxious beasts* of every kind,  
 And *reptiles venomous*, you'll find ;  
 There fawning spaniels, foxes sly,  
 And rav'ning wolves together lie

## 114.

Toads, vipers, snakes, and scratching cats ;  
 Old *goats* and day-light-shunning *bats* :—  
 Be wise—the hateful brood turn out  
 Or you will ne'er *ascend*, I doubt.

## 115.

The gas of your balloon's inflation  
 Must be *public approbation* ;  
 Then wilt thou rise on pinions light,  
 A graceful object to the sight,

## 116.

While honour points the manly aim,  
 And, wafted, by the breeze of fame,  
 Each destin'd point you'll reach secure,  
 And taste of pleasures that endure.

THE END.

# *Lilliputian Navy!!*

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## THE R———T'S FLEET;

OR,

*JOHN BULL*

AT

THE SERPENTINE:

---

**A Poem,**

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

---

Come, Johnny, do not stay to dine,  
Let's hasten to the S———e ;  
Let thy attention there engage,  
The Wonder of this Wondrous Age!

The Fleet! The Fleet! behold it there!—  
Why, Johnny, pray what makes you stare?  
“ The Fleet Sir ?” Yes, Man, don't you spy it?  
It is a Fleet, who dare deny it?

A Fleet, built on the newest Plan,  
By many a skilful Artizan.  
Fit for—(nay, John, thy mouth pray shut,)  
Fit for the KING OF LILLIPUT!!

---

FIFTH EDITION.

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*Price Eighteen-pence.*



THE  
R-----T's FLEET,

&c. &c.

---

1.

COME rouse thee! rouse thee! JOHNNY BULL!  
Nor wait until the Park is full;  
Come, haste and join the eager throng,  
Fast moving through the streets along!

2.

Nay, do not scruple the expense,  
'Tis pleasure, John, that calls thee hence,  
Nor coldly calculate the use,  
That sums so lavish'd would produce,

3.

If given to cheer the *vet'ran maim'd*,  
In bold exploits of valour fam'd;  
Or given to each aching breast,  
The *vet'ran fall'n* has left distress:

4

4.

What are glad hearts to staring eyes?  
The soul's calm pleasure to surprise?  
What's charity, in various ways,  
To public pomp and holidays?

5.

What, seamen who have faced grim slaughter,  
To little ships upon fresh water?  
What, filling poor men's empty pockets,  
To shows, balloons, and *Congreve's rockets*?

6.

Would'st thou presume (unskill'd in letters)  
To judge the actions of thy betters?  
Would'st thou (the matter not to mince)  
Think thou art wiser than a P——?

7.

Oh! no; well knows his sapience r——l,  
Thou never couldst be so disloyal;  
He knows thy mouth (still gaping wide,)  
With novelty must be supplied;

8.

He knows thy ear still on the stretch,  
Each breath of rumour strange to catch;  
'Thy hands he knows great sights applaud  
And eke he knows *thy back is broad.*

## 5

## 9.

Expenses, heap'd with daily care,  
 He knows it strong enough to bear ;  
 For e'en to mountains swell the pack,  
 Thy lusty sinews ne'er would crack.

## 10.

What though, when lords and ladies come,  
 In splendour to a D ———g-R—m ;  
 Thy sons assembled in large masses,  
 Will *growl displeasure* as he passes ;

## 11.

Let them but have—O cheap concession !  
 A sight of banquet or procession,  
 A gala or illumination,  
 Their anger's sooth'd to approbation.

## 12.

Come, Johnny, do not stay to dine,  
 Let's hasten to the S————e!  
 Let thy attention there engage,  
 The wonder of this wond'rous age!

## 13.

THE FLEET! THE FLEET! behold it there! —  
 Why, Johnny, pray what makes you stare?  
 "The Fleet, sir?" Yes, man, don't you spy it,  
 It is a Fleet, who dare deny it?

## 6

## 14.

A Fleet built on the newest plan,  
 By many a skilful artizan,  
 Fit for—(nay, John, thy mouth pray shut,)  
 Fit for the KING OF LILLIPUT !

## 15.

Let NELSON'S name no more be sounded,  
 By deathless laurels though surrounded ;  
 Let HOWE and DUNCAN (sons of thunder)  
 Never more excite our wonder !

## 16.

ST. VINCENT hide thy fallen head,  
 And mourn, alas ! thy glories fled ;  
 But shout his fame, this fleet who plann'd,  
 The first best *toyman* in the land !

## 17.

Lament, lament, great ALEXANDER,  
 Prone in other climes to wander !  
 PRUSSIA'S MONARCH mourn thy fate,  
 Denied a sight that came *too late* !

## 18.

Thou BONAPARTE ! luckless wight !  
 Fast bound in ELBA'S Isle so tight,  
 Had'st thou been blest to see this day,  
 Encircled with imperial sway,



## 19.

Thou'dst envy not our *commerce* vast,  
 In human annals ne'er surpass'd,  
 Deem *colonies* no more than chips :—  
 Thou'dst only envy us our *ships*.

## 20.

Rejoice, for now thy name shall shine,  
 Soft NAIAD of the S————ne,  
 While meaner streams neglected lie,  
 And weeping Thames his urn shall dry.

## 21.

No more, upon thy verdant banks,  
 Shall wanton urchins' early pranks  
 Offend thee, e'er Sol's ruddy beam  
 Has shone upon thy silent stream ;

## 22.

No more shall they with bottoms bare,  
 Unto thy chaste cold arms repair ;  
 Nor smirch'd mechanic uare to lave  
 His carcase in thy limpid wave.—

## 23.

No ; guarded by thy *bum-proof* fleet,  
 The bold invaders thou can'st meet,  
 And pour on each intrusive tail  
 A broadside volley, thick as hail.

## 24.

Yes ; thou superior now shalt shine,  
 While Ocean weeps in tears of brine ;  
 And crowds shall throng each grassy side  
 To view the honours of thy tide!

## 25.

There lords and ladies ev'ry Sunday  
 And coblers eke upon Saint Monday,  
 Shall gazing own, with crests elate,  
 Our country's naval triumph great.

## 26.

No foot unhallow'd, **Kens**——n  
 Thy gardens shall intrude upon ;  
 Nor to thy stately palace near,  
 Come sounds unfit for r——l ear.

## 27.

No more, when leaves Autumnal fall,  
 Shall schoolboys dare ascend thy wall,  
 To strip thy trees with busy toil,  
 And bear away the *chestnut-spoil*.

## 28.

Then Johnny sigh'd and shook his head ;  
 And, in his gravest manner, said,  
 “ Is all this naval preparation  
 “ For little Boys' intimidation ?

## 9

## 29.

“ Must *cannon* in our ears be pealing  
 “ Lest urchins come a *chestnut stealing* ?  
 “ And *Navies* skim the narrow tide  
 “ Lest there some blacksmith wash his hide ?

## 30.

“ O! useless gew-gaw! empty bubble!  
 “ Waste of hands and waste of trouble!  
 “ O, waste of time! (cried John still louder)  
 “ Waste of timber! waste of powder!

## 31.

“ I swear :”—Be still good John and listen,  
 I see thine eyes with anger glisten ;  
 I find thee still a headstrong elf,  
 Resolv'd on thinking for thyself.

## 32.

Thy cudgel—(reason) ever wielding—  
 Wilt never learn more courtly yielding?  
 Nor thus oppose thy solid schemes  
 To r——l fancies, P——ly dreams ?

## 33.

Would thy investigating eye,  
 Into a pal—e secrets pry  
 And know what *private* reasons lurk,  
 For this *stupendous* public work ?

## 34.

Still with thy plain, blunt YES or NO,  
 In one dull path thou'dst plodding go ;  
 No double purpose fills thy head,  
 By thee no more is *meant* than *said*.

## 35.

Faith John, thou yet hast much to learn,  
 To understand each mazy turn,  
 Within the politicians' brain ;—  
 But, come, this matter I'll explain.

## 36.

You know we have within our city,  
 Councils (true, not over witty,)  
 Grave assemblies of debate,  
 Who meddle with affairs of state.

## 37.

Each great political event,  
 Will this officious parliament,  
 Canvass, nay, censure too, (od rot'em,)  
 And sift state matters to the bottom.

## 38.

They speeches make and their crude notions  
 Hammer into shape of motions,  
 And take addresses (saucy things)  
 Unto the very ears of K——gs.

## 39.

They minister's attack at pleasure,  
 Find fault with many a public measure,  
 Call Com——n H——lls and make a stir there;  
 But that's not all, they go still further:—

## 40.

Suppose some Pers——ge of State  
 Should with a P——ss link his fate,  
 Who gives him (nine months past and gone)  
 A Lovely Heiress to his T——e.

## 41.

Forbid, dear John, that you or I,  
 With hand prophane, should ever try  
 To draw aside the *veil* that lies  
 'Twixt us and *Hymen's mysteries*.

## 42.

No farther will we seek to go  
 Than outward circumstances shew—  
 Enough for us that they were mated,  
 And shortly after separated.

## 43.

How folks should act when so divided,  
 I have not clearly heard decided;  
 But on such topics oft we see  
 Opinions widely disagree.

44.

Some think a nunnery's seclusion,  
 Secure from any male intrusion,  
 Is fitting most the female's lot,  
 Who *singly* wears the *married knot*,

45.

While unrestrain'd the lordly spouse  
 In ev'ry pleasure shall carouse,  
 And choose for absent wife a *Proxy*,  
 Where'er he finds a fav'rite doxy ;

46

While others think (and, 'tis most true,  
 I am inclin'd to think so too,)  
 The lovely bride of blood m—j—c,  
 Shut from society domestic,

47.

May shine at balls, at routs, and plays,  
 May share the pomp of public days,  
 And, without criminal inducement,  
 Indulge in every gay amusement.

48.

But slander, Johnny's never slow,  
 At any dirty work we know,  
 And none than female unprotected  
 A readier victim is selected.

## 49.

Yes ; imps of malice still we find  
 In high life, as in low inclin'd,  
 With tales of scandal fain to juggle us,  
 Like Sir J—— and L—y D——s.

## 50.

But people of discreeter morals  
 Should meddle not with wedded quarrels ;  
 This, prudence says to all, and *certes*,  
 So once said Sir W——m C——s ;

## 51.

Who, in such squabble interposing,  
 Lucklessly would thrust his *Nose* in,  
 Which got so tweak'd that life's duration  
 Will not allay its *inflammation*.

## 52.

But these same pert and prating sinners,  
 So fond of speeches and of dinners,  
 Would to this rule objection take,  
 And certain nice *distinctions* make.

## 53.

They said a P——ss, tho' deserted,  
 By calumny should not be dirtied ;  
 Nay, deem'd her character to be  
 A kind of public property.

## 54.

And if beset with venal spies,  
 With minions 'gend'ring basest lies,  
 Exposed to dark examinations,  
 Fixing unknown imputations,

## 55.

Her sole legitimate PROTECTOR,  
 At such a crisis should neglect her,  
 They ev'ry energy would rouse,  
 And hand and heart her cause espouse.

## 56.

This purpose fully bent upon,  
 They took a trip to Kens——n  
 And more to give their errand grace.  
 They took the M——r, with sword and mace,

## 57.

But he who led the grand array,  
 Along *St. Giles's* chose the way,  
 And made their choler very high burn,  
 To find themselves *turn'd off at Tyburn.*

## 58.

Yet through the park in proud procession,  
 With many a dutiful profession,  
 They went to clear from imputation,  
 The victim of foul accusation.



59.

Yes, this they did, (a saucy train!)  
 But will they dare *do so again*,  
 When such a *potent armament*,  
 Commands the way which erst they went?

60.

No, no, ye Waith——ns and ye W——ds,  
 You must restrain your peevish moods—  
 Learn female wrongs to treat like stoics  
 Nor deal so largely in heroics!

61.

The Houses with addresses cram,  
 Of Car——n, or of Bu——m,—  
 To those you shall pass unmolested:—  
 Nay, e'en with *knighthood* be invested;

62.

But come not here with plaintive ditty,  
 Of tender feeling, or of pity,  
 To solace a neglected bride,  
 Or your presumption we will chide!

63.

If here again, you make approaches,  
 We'll batter, faith! your gilded coaches!  
 But come within our cannons level,  
 We'll blow you to the very d——!

16

64.

But who shall speak thy wondrous praise,  
Thou miracle of these our days !  
Thou finish'd leader of the ton,  
Whom every eye is fix'd upon !

65.

Thou patron of politer arts—  
The every soul that life imparts,  
To *stay makers* and *wig* contrivers,  
*Tailors* and professions divers !

66.

Thou jolly *full grown* god of love,  
Who, vulgar prejudice above,  
Deem'st marriage bands but links of feather,  
Binding only fools together,

67.

And quite impotent to confine,  
P—ly souls when they incline  
To leave their own wives, or repair  
To kiss some other wedded fair.

68.

Thou star of elegance and fashion !  
Thou pink of all that's gay and dashing !  
Graceful *em-bon-point* Adonis !  
P—e of modern macaronies !

## 69.

Long thou'st been the admiration,  
 Of a wise and thinking nation!  
 Oft thou hast surprised us truly,  
 Time past gone as well as newly;

## 70.

But this *last* grand thought astounds us—  
 Yes its brilliancy confounds us—  
 All thy former prodigies,  
 The world must own *were fools to this.*

## 71.

What though to our satisfaction,  
 Prov'd thou hast, there's more attraction  
 In old wrinkled age and pimples,  
 Than in youthful smiles and dimples?

## 72.

What though on recent glad occasions,  
 Grand were thy illuminations—  
 Cannon fir'd too from thy wall—  
 Yet thy FLEET surpasses all!

## 73.

What were *gold and silver fishes,*  
 Swimming 'mong the plates and dishes;  
 (Menaced oft with streams of gravy)  
 To this MATCHLESS LITTLE NAVY?

74.

Raise your grateful voices loud!  
 Britons sure may well be proud,  
 When the Ru—r of the nation  
 Shews such *skill in navigation!*

75.

Though no laurell'd Alexander,  
 He, a *nautical* commander,  
 In historic page shall shine,  
 Adm'ral of the S——!!!

76.

May he till the age of Noah,  
 Float in streams of *Curaçoa!*  
 May his vigour ne'er grow rusty!  
 May no Venus old and fusty,

77.

(Driving him to desperation,)  
 Frown upon his ardent passion!  
 May his dancing ne'er again  
 Be interrupted by A SPRAIN!

78.

Advancing now, with low'ring mien,  
 A cloud in the horizon seen,  
 Spreads o'er bright sol it's dusky power,  
 Descending quickly in a shower!

## 79.

A mist of darkness most profound,  
 Involves the standers-by around,  
 Who, drench'd with rain, their fate are cursing,  
 When speedily the cloud dispersing,

## 80

Phœbus, with a gladdening ray,  
 Pours again the flood of day,  
 And, lo! beneath his aspect bright,  
 OLD NEPTUNE'S self appears in sight!

## 81.

Not as some artists, dull and stupid,  
 Who of him know no more than Cupid,  
 Have painted him with *triple prong*,  
 And by *sea-horses* drawn along :—

## 82.

A *naval uniform* he wore,  
 And seem'd an ancient commodore ;  
 Thin locks of grey, an added grace  
 Gave to his weather-beaten face.

## 83.

No CAR proclaim'd the ocean's God—  
 Upon a *cask of rum* he rode,  
 And, in his hand, a *yard of clay*,\*  
 Was all that mark'd his sceptred sway.

\* A tobacco-pipe.

84.

Of *tritons*, with their shells, not one,  
 His godship did attend upon ;  
 But all their places, well supplied  
 A rough old boatswain, at his side ;—

85.

Obedient to his master's will,  
 His grog he'd make, his pipe he'd fill ;  
 Right blunt and honest were his tones,—  
 They whisper'd he was *Davy Jones*.

86.

Quite fill'd with wonder and surprise,  
 The crowd shrunk back with staring eyes —  
 “ Avast !” the god said, “ don't you know me ?  
 “ Do you forget how much you owe me ?

87.

“ What makes you stare so ? I am Neptune,  
 “ All last war so well who kept tune,  
 “ In engagements hot and many,  
 “ To your song of *Rule Brittany*.

88.

“ Mayhap that now the war is o'er,  
 “ Of Neptune you may think no more ;  
 “ Of him, who always stood your friend ;  
 “ Of him, who did your isle defend,

## 89.

“ When Boney with great preparation,  
 “ Talk’d so much about invasion ;—  
 “ He wanted islands—now he’s *got one*,—  
 “ This he would have found a hot one.

## 90.

“ Twas I,— but where’s the man will doubt it?  
 “ Zounds! I scorn to prate about it —  
 “ What are you met here to see?  
 “ I’m sure you never *thought of me*.

## 91.

“ Yon fleet of *cock-boats*?—I perceive it  
 “ Englishmen?—I can’t believe it—  
 “ Go get you home, and cry for shame,  
 “ That *here* in search of ships you came.

## 92.

“ Of NELSON did you never hear?  
 “ Confound it, now my eyes feel queer!”  
 A tear roll’d down his cheek so rough,  
 Across his face he drew his cuff!

## 93.

“ What ships were, *he* knew,—heaven bless him!  
 “ Sad day! when grim death came to press him;  
 “ Yet I’m glad ’twas so, in one sense ;  
 “ For had he liv’d to see this nonsense,

## 94.

“ He would have been asham’d of fighting  
 “ For people who could take delight in,  
 “ Such a *Navy* as that there ;—  
 “ D—n me! but it makes me swear!

## 95.

“ ‘ *England expects,*’—but what’s expected,  
 “ With a fleet like this erected?  
 “ If *ev’ry man* his *duty* did,  
 “ He would (aye without being bid,)

## 96.

“ A rope’s-end lay on, without sparing,  
 “ Ev’ry one who had a share in  
 “ Building this same piece of folly—  
 “ The sight on’t makes me melancholy.

## 97.

“ But as for him that order’d it,  
 “ I’ll mince the matter not a bit :—  
 “ I don’t care *whatsomde’er* you call him,  
 “ If I had him, I’d *keel-haul* him.

## 98.

“ You’ll say he never was at sea,  
 “ But that don’t *argufy* with me—  
 “ Whate’er the foolish or the wise say,  
 “ Sink the *stupid lubber* I say !



99.

“ What, John Bull! Yo ho, my hearty!  
 “ Send these here ships to *Bonyparty*,  
 “ To play with in the isle of *Elby*—  
 “ Generous you may as well be.

100.

“ Mark what I say, John, and obey me—  
 “ If such tricks again they play me,  
 “ By the ocean they shall rue it!—  
 “ England’s mine—I’ve long stuck to it

101.

“ Though foes endeavour’d to alarm ye  
 “ Old Nick himself could never harm ye;  
 “ But vex me, and (howe’er you think it)  
 “ I rais’d this land and I can sink it.”

102.

Thus said, and, in a cloud envelop’d,  
 Quick from their sight old Neptune gallop’d,—  
 No sooner gone, than all the crowd  
 ’Gan mutter their displeasure loud.

103.

And, as their discontent grew higher,  
 They swore to set the fleet on fire,  
 When lo!—for day had clos’d in night,  
 Another object caught their sight!

104.

A flight of Rockets mount the sky—  
 'Tis follow'd by each straining eye!  
 In flocks they hasten to the spot  
 And SHIPS and NEPTUNE are forgot

105.

O! what a goodly show is there!  
 What cyphers and devices rare!  
 I never thought that fire-work-blaze  
 Could be transposed such various ways.

106.

Lo! now the motto, PEACE, they shew,—  
 That should in brightest colours glow;—  
 But something of a dingy hue,  
 Obscures it partly from the view;—

107

Now 'tis entirely gone away;—  
 What word succeeds it? AFRICA!  
 A *star* shines there,—I wish 'twere brighter,  
 Succeeded by a *bishop's mitre*.

108.

I wonder what the next will be?  
 D.Y.—what follows? M.A.C.  
 A *plume of feathers*—sight most rare,  
 Chang'd to *three bottles* I declare!

## 109.

What's that? a *marquis' coronet*—  
 A prettier thing I never met;  
 'Tis gone away,—O! sad disgrace!  
 A *pair of horns* supplies its place.

## 110.

How quick they come and disappear!  
 I sha'nt remember half, I fear:—  
 A *Princess* bright,—good lack-a-day!  
 A *queen of diamonds* drives away!

## 111.

And there's a *knave*, and there's **L. D.**  
 An *anchor*, now a *pillory*,  
 A *bear* too in a j—ge's dress,  
 And **P. R.** chang'd to **A. S. S.**

## 112.

When terminated thus the show,  
 The busy crowd prepar'd to go,  
 And sup and chat at home about  
 The wondersthey had seen without;

## 113.

But soon a murn'ring noise began,  
 Which quick through all th' assembly ran;  
 For, lo! while gaping at the *rockets*,  
 A set of knaves had *pick'd their pockets*.

114.

“ Had we been wise to stay at home,  
 “ Nor gaping after fire-works come,  
 “ We, by such conduct, had been winners,  
 “ And sav’d the price of many dinners.

115.

“ D—n the squibs and crackers!” cried  
 Loud voices heard on every side ;  
 “ This *mountain’s labour* in a mouse ends,  
 “ To feast our eyes we have lost thousands.”

116.

“ So,” cried John Bull with secret pain,  
 “ You won’t catch me this way again—  
 “ ’Tis thus they ease me of my pelf,  
 “ But I can only blame myself.

117.

“ If men like me who’re past their prime,  
 “ Will children turn a second time,  
 “ ’Tis fit they should as such be treated—  
 “ By *greater* children robb’d and cheated.”

118.

A voice then whisper’d in his ear,  
 “ John Bull, you’ve purchas’d knowledge dear,  
 “ At length then in experience’ school,  
 “ Learn never more to play the fool.

## 119.

- “ Don't run stark mad, to gape and stare,  
“ At ev'ry thing that's new or rare,  
“ Learn curiosity to season,  
“ And weigh things in the scale of reason.

## 120.

- “ Learn what is rational to prize,  
“ And what is trifling to despise ;  
“ Let folly have no pow'r to please you,  
“ Then none will e'er attempt to fleece you.

## 121.

- “ Your pockets will not lighter grow,  
“ By looking at a silly show,  
“ Nor like to day's expensive joke,  
“ Your promis'd pleasures *end in smoke.*”

THE END.



# ROYALTY FOG - BOUND ;

OR, THE

*Perils of a Night,*

AND THE

**FROLICS OF A FORTNIGHT.**

---

A POEM.

---

*BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.*

---

Sixth Edition.

---

“ If we must perish, we thy will obey,  
“ But let us perish in the face of day.”

POPE'S HOMER.

The P\*\*\*\* with sore vexation sigh'd ;  
“ Oh, d——n the fog !” his H——ss cried ;  
“ Must all my pleasures be defeated,  
“ And I be like a subject treated ?

“ Open the door, and let me out,  
“ And, d——n me, turn the coach about ;  
“ Old E——h, that surly dog,  
“ And G——w, shall indict the fog.”

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# ROYALTY

## F O G - B O U N D.

---

1

I SING the mischiefs which arise  
From muddy streets and foggy skies,  
When thicker mists the world o'er spread,  
Than that which Jove round Ajax shed.

2

I sing the perils of the street,  
When mortals jostle as they meet ;  
And silly elves, to blindness prone,  
Tremble to step across a bone.

3

I sing the fearful ills—Good God !  
Which hover round the turnpike-road,  
When all around is veil'd from sight,  
And all before is thickest night,

B

## 6

### 4

And, last of all, with creaking note,  
As tho' vile quinseys stopp'd my throat,  
And as the tones began to play,  
Repell'd, or stifled them half way—

### 5

I strike the lyre to notes of pain,  
And as I sweep the aguish strain,  
Relate how Britain's kingly bud,  
Befoul'd his royal knees with mud :

### 6

Then with a livelier grace I'll sing,  
And tell a fortnight's frolicking,  
When Jove the fiftieth kindly bent  
To mix in mortal merriment.

### 7

Apollo, if to thee belong  
The sceptre and the crown of song ;  
If, like the monarchs of the day,  
Thy empire has not passed away—

### 8

Depute some muse to aid the line,  
Or send, great lyrist, all the nine ;  
For lays of mighty sort require  
The heav'nly groupe's united fire.

## 7

The eve was damp and cloth'd in fog,  
 The moon rov'd thro' the skies *incog*.  
 When thro' the streets, with rumbling roars,  
 Rattled the R——s coach and four.

## 10

In vain had MAC, with modest tongue,  
 Suggested that his P—— was wrong;  
 The shiv'ring footmen curs'd in vain  
 The whimsies of their master's brain.

## 11

Page and postillion, sadly loth,  
 Receiv'd the summons with an oath,  
 And swore that Beelzebub had ne'er  
 Travell'd in night so dark and queer.

## 12

But like the king, whose tow'ring pride  
 Aspir'd to rule the rebel tide,  
 The modern CANUTE greatly soar'd  
 To govern, Nature's tyrant lord.

## 13

A train of flambeaux led the way,  
 Beaming an artificial day,  
 Yet scarce the struggling gleams could make  
 Their passage thro' the dull opaque.

## 8

### 14

Twice round its plate, in march sublime,  
Had mov'd the herald hand of Time;  
Twice had the bell with sonorous power  
Toll'd the departure of the hour;

### 15

Twice had the R——'s gold repeater  
Chaunted in shrill and measur'd metre,  
Ere to the road, with cautious fear,  
The post-boys led their slow career.

### 16

The dæmon of the fog bestrode,  
With despot stride, the darken'd road;  
The torches shed a ghastly light,  
And lent new horror to the night.

### 17

The snorting steeds, half-starv'd, Got wot!  
Now mov'd along in shuffling trot,  
Cheer'd by the driver's echoing smack,  
Each flambeaux-bearer spurr'd his hack.

### 18

But fortune, in a wanton hour,  
Destroy'd the glory of the tour,  
Gave the poor outside's jade a twitch,  
And flung the horseman in a ditch.

## 9

### 19

Then from the bag of winds she chose  
The keenest blast that Boreas blows ;  
True to her will, it wing'd its flight,  
And buried ev'ry torch in night.

### 20

Hard lot ! that he who rul'd the state  
Should thus become the sport of fate !  
And, spite of all his regal sway,  
Be hamper'd on his own highway !

### 21

The coachman stopp'd—"Dread Sir, indeed,"  
Said Mac—" 'tis folly to proceed ;  
" The Devil himself can't find the way,  
" So pray return, and wait for day."

### 22

The P—— with sore vexation sigh'd—  
" Oh, d——n the fog !" his H——ss cried,  
" Must all my pleasures be defeated,  
" And I be like a subject treated ?

### 23

" Open the door and let me out,  
" And, d——me, turn the coach about.  
" Old E——, that surly dog,  
" And G——w, shall indict the fog."

# 10

## 24

Indict the fog ! thrice happy thought,  
With more than mortal wisdom fraught,  
That stemm'd at once stern passion's tide,  
And smooth'd the brow of haughty pride.

## 25

Well might the royal mind be flurried,  
To see its lovely empire buried,  
Hill, wood, and valley, copse and glade,  
Envelop'd in unnatural shade.

## 26

But vainly did his anger break,  
Vain was the hue that flush'd his cheek,  
In vain poor horses, coach, and weather,  
Were promptly wish'd at hell together.

## 27

Out stepp'd the P——, —the fog stood still,  
Regardless of the royal will ;  
But rather, royalty to spite,  
Thicker and thicker grew the night.

## 28

Incroaching on the dark footway,  
Unseen, a miry mountain lay ;  
What pity that the tongue were mute,  
Which should have warn'd the P——'s foot.

# 11

## 29

Heedless of ill the R — — stood,  
First, on the margin of the mud ;  
What pity that no angel strove  
To save the man whom all men love!

## 30

But oh ! no guardian sprite was near,  
To whisper caution in his ear :  
Deep in the mire, at step the third,  
Flounder'd the fav'rite of the Lord.

## 31

Not greater panic strikes the wretch,  
Who leaves the bar to meet Jack Ketch,  
When the stern foreman's ruthless jaws  
Utter the thunders of the laws.

## 32

Not more could pious Draper stare,  
When curses broke his ev'ning pray'r,  
And lewdness gave his ears a dressing,  
And check'd his tongue's unfinish'd blessing.

## 33

Not more was Lucifer astounded,  
As from the skies he fell confounded,  
When angry angels kick'd him out,  
For filling heav'n with hellish rout.

## 12

### 34

Deep bedded on the miry rug,  
He lay most comfortably snug,  
'Till, with no common share of pain,  
His footmen pick'd him up again.

### 35

A train of curses loud and long,  
First stammer'd from the royal tongue:  
Poor Mac was damn'd to ease his ire,  
While he as warmly damn'd the mire.

### 36

This was an admirable plan,  
And shew'd the breeding of the man,  
To bow before the rod, not spurn it,  
And pass the oath, but not return it.

### 37

Men of mean parts and shallow sense  
Had answer'd with impertinence ;  
And as the R—— swore, not loth,  
Had quick return'd the royal oath.

### 38

But not so, Mac: with eyes of fire,  
He simply damn'd the fog and mire ;  
Aware 'twould second madness prove,  
To execrate the son of Jove.



# 13

## 39

Aside his shiv'ring prince he stood,  
Encircled both his knees with mud,  
Regardless of the near approach  
Of flambeaux, postboys, page, and coach.

## 40

Engross'd in thought, while Mac survey'd  
The havoc which the fall had made,  
The carriage pole, unheeded foe,  
Laid the poor Secretary low.

## 41

The faithful courtier humbly press'd  
The very spot his Prince had bless'd,  
And there, with many a strange grimace,  
Hid his right honourable face.

## 42

Half dead, half smother'd, swearing, bawling,  
Loudly on all around him calling,  
The luckless wight lay grimly grinning,  
And stammer'd oaths with double meaning.

## 43

The man's mishap enjoy'd the master,  
And soon forgot his own disaster ;  
Laugh'd loud, and relish'd much the joke,  
Then thus in merry accent spoke.

# 14

## 44

“ Good, very good, poor Mac, poor Mac!  
“ Come, get thee up, and let’s go back,  
“ Now both alike may d——n the weather,  
“ And sympathize, my boy, together.

## 45

“ Well, thanks to God, and to the dirt,  
“ My poor sprain’d ankle is unhurt ;  
“ So d——n all satirists and sorrow,  
“ We’ll drink to night and drive to-morrow.”

## 46

’Twas wisely plann’d ; the mud-mark’d pair  
Stepp’d in the coach so *debonnair* ;  
Back to the palace grop’d their way,  
And drown’d the memory of the day.

## 47

Next morn the sun had reach’d his noon,  
Gliding unseen thro’ Heaven’s saloon,  
When Jove again left his abode,  
To tempt the perils of the road.

## 48

Again along the streets he rattled ;  
Again the dusky vapour battled ;  
Pass’d the mud heap, devoid of fear,  
And laugh’d to see his image there.

# 15

## 49

From MAC to P——, from P—— to MAC,  
The sarcasm flew, and travell'd back,  
Footman to footman pass'd the jeer,  
And postboys join'd in harmless sneer.

## 50

From town to village unimpeded,  
The noble travellers now proceeded;  
The townsmen left their shops to view  
The royal star *in transitu*.

## 51

Hodge left his team without a guide,  
And, gaping, thro' the hedge-gap pry'd;  
Her mop, half-trundled, Betty stay'd,  
To gaze upon the gay parade.

## 52

Each country mayor cast off his shyness,  
And hobbled out to meet his H——,  
In worn out wig and rusty gown,  
To pay due rev'ence to the crown.

## 53

In humblest guise their worships strove  
To paint their loyalty and love,  
Bow'd to the ground their foreheads bare,  
To give a finish to their pray'r.

# 16

## 54

And when the carriage stopp'd a minute,  
Good Lord, to see the wonders in it,  
How rush'd the mob, brimful of glee,  
To get a stare at royalty.

## 55

But royalty, shame-fac'd, I ween,  
Chose very little to be seen,  
Or fear'd lest some (perhaps with reason)  
Might feel a hankering after treason.

## 56

Not that his H——, as Heaven knows,  
Has added to the people's woes,  
But, like a good and tender father,  
Has labour'd to abridge them, rather.

## 57

But to proceed—when mobs and mayors  
Had paid their rev'ence and their pray'rs,  
And all the prying race of Bull  
Had staid and yawn'd their bellies full,

## 58

His H——, tir'd of bows and cheers,  
Anxious to rest his eyes and ears,  
Stopp'd at a mansion on his way,  
And made a kind ephemeral stay.

# 17

## 59

Then breaking out, with gentle force  
To Belvoir Castle steer'd his course,  
Anxious to broach the Rutland wine,  
And gratify the castle swine.

## 60

With thundering tones which shook the coach,  
The cannon bellow'd his approach.  
Warn'd by the hoarse artillery's tongue,  
On massy hinge the portals swung.

## 61

The drawbridge stretch'd its length'ning chain;  
The tenant tribe and R——d's train  
With mean obsequious homage prest,  
To welcome in the royal guest.

## 62

The R—— trembled to survey  
The gloomy awe which mark'd the way,  
While mem'ry render'd him less bold  
By calling up some tale of old.

## 63

“D——n'd dark!” says Mac. A deep drawn  
sigh  
Was all his H—— could reply :  
“D——'d dull!” says Mac, a second time—  
“Fitted for every sort of crime,”

# 18

## 64

Long strove the puny stuttering note  
Before it left the royal throat,  
And whisper'd in its listner's ear,  
“ Strange things, they say, have happen'd  
here !”

## 65

“ Yes, sir,” said MAC; “ the London Taverns,  
“ I should prefer to yon d——d caverns,  
“ For there they say, on murder'd sinners  
“ The worms have made some hearty dinners.”

## 66

The palsied P——, with terror mute,  
Shook like a leaf from head to foot ;  
And some have said, amidst his fear,  
He d——d the castle and its heir.

## 67

And some have said, his H——ss swore  
He'd venture near such caves no more,  
But if kind heaven would spare his life,  
Would take again his slander'd wife.

## 68

Vows of reform, 'tis very true,  
Rise swift when danger is in view,  
And, spite of all the gorgeous train,  
Terror had seiz'd the royal brain.

# 19

## 96

But seated at the festive board,  
With every delicacy stor'd,  
His H——s soon his fears forgot,  
Or drown'd them in the wine, I wot.

## 70

Such homage all around him flow'd,  
He might have dreamt himself a god,  
And thought the first of man's employments  
It was to further his enjoyments.

## 71

“ And please your H——s,” said his Grace,  
Who was the master of the place,  
“ As you stand sponsor to my son,  
“ I give the week to feast and fun.

## 72

“ Such stingo will I tap to morrow,  
“ That one half pint shall cure all sorrow ;  
“ And the next age shall hear the tale  
“ Of this glad day, and Belvoir ale.

## 73

“ And then, great sir, to shew my care  
“ To give your household better fare,  
“ The castle cistern, so immense,  
“ I've fill'd with punch, and d——n expence.

## 20

### 74

“ Yes, sir, so please your H——ss, now,  
“ To hear and sanction this my vow,  
“ I swear that not one sober wight  
“ Shall leave these gates tomorrow night.

### 75

“ I swear the country ten miles round  
“ In ale and spirits shall be drown'd ;  
“ Thus my dear infant well we'll leav'n,  
“ And make the brat a heir of heav'n.”

### 76

Applauses loud, applauses long,  
Spontaneous burst from ev'ry tongue,  
Such rhetoric gain'd on ev'ry ear,  
And won the universal cheer.

### 77

Up rose his Grace again, and cried,  
“ Charge, gentlemen, on ev'ry side !”  
The sparkling goblets, arm'd with wine,  
Inspir'd an energy divine.

### 78

His Grace resum'd—“ This be the toast,  
“ The P——e, Great Britain's proudest boast !  
“ Long may he live, long may he guide  
“ Power's helm, and honour's glitt'ring tide !”



## 21

### 79

Scarce were the ravag'd goblets dry,  
'Ere peals of thunder shook the sky,  
The echoing vaults with terror shiver'd,  
The castle to its basis quiver'd.

### 80

Well pleas'd, the P—— jump'd from his chair,  
And thank'd his landlord for his care ;  
For flattery to his ear was sweet,  
As to the glutton store of meat.

### 81

“ I pledge your Grace !” his H——ss cried ;  
Quick pass'd the word from side to side ;  
Next came the Duchess, then the son,  
And midnight found the toasts half done.

### 82

The morning star's congenial ray  
Had half unclos'd the gates of day,  
'Ere muddled Jupiter, half shed,  
Could stammer out, “ Take me to bed !”

### 83

While yet the P—— his pillow prest,  
And woo'd in vain the smile of rest,  
Each menial boy and rustic loon  
Made ready for the festive noon.

## 22

### 84

At length the P——e cut short his doze,  
Rang for his valet and arose,  
Seiz'd his unrelish'd meal, and went  
T' unlock the stores of merriment.

### 85

And first his grace's boasted ale  
The tapster's strenuous arts assail ;  
'The barrel broach'd, the well-bred man  
To royal lips first gave the can.

### 86

Prompt to oblige, the royal guest  
Kindly the potent beverage blest ;  
His goodness fill'd each breast with glee,  
And each eye beam'd hilarity.

### 87

The startled flocks forsook the lawn,  
And wondering gaz'd th' affrighted fawn,  
As scatter'd music urg'd the throng  
To mix in merry dance and song.

### 88

When ev'ning shadows veil'd the scene,  
The happy rustics left the green ;  
Homeward the dames and damsels went,  
To sport in social merriment.

## 23

### 89

The peasants thro' the castle-gate  
Stagger'd in rude unpolish'd state,  
Where torches lent a dazzling ray,  
Which sham'd the meagre blaze of day.

### 90

The caverns now, disrob'd of gloom,  
A face of gaiety assume ;  
The walls, which oft gave horror birth,  
Now echo'd to the voice of mirth.

### 91

Meanwhile, the P—, at table seated,  
With nobler luxuries was greeted ;  
The realms of fish, and fowl, and beast,  
Were ravaged for the royal feast.

### 92

The richest and the rarest wines  
That spring from Europe's choicest vines,  
For years in bins and bottles stor'd,  
Were called to ornament the board;

### 93

And none, lukewarm at Bacchus' shrine,  
Refus'd due homage to the wine ;  
None, by poor puling temperance pinch'd,  
A moment from the bottle flinch'd.

## 24

### 94

The prelate, warm in Heaven's dread cause,  
Who snatch'd the babe from Satan's claws,  
Forgot the scripture exhortations,  
And now indulg'd in large libations.

### 95

The R——, with a solemn phiz,  
The mellow primate strove to quiz,  
And swore 'twas nothing more than right,  
His Grace should preach the christ'ning night.

### 96

In vain the pos'd A———p look'd  
Half angry, and his P—— rebuk'd ;  
The more he begg'd, so much the more  
He would be pleas'd, his H—— swore.

### 97

“ 'Tis a great sin !” th' A———p cried,  
And then with pious fervor sigh'd—  
“ Poh,” says the R——r, —“ sin, your grace,  
“ Attaches not to men in place :—

### 98

“ I want a sermon, and, by G—d,  
“ I'll have one, or you go to quod ;  
“ I'll have a new A———p, d—me,  
“ And ask not ministers nor mammy.”

## 25

### 99

The argument was orthodox,  
And shut the B—— in a box;  
Thrice he attempted an excuse,  
But found his efforts void of use.

### 100

The holy man so venerable,  
Was quickly hoisted on the table,  
To spout most gravely things divine,  
And treat with pearls the circling swine.

### 101

“Brethren,” said he, and then a hiccup;  
“Now what the devil means this kick-up?”  
“Why not devote to sin this one day,  
“And leave religion off till Sunday.

### 102

“But if I must preach, then I will!”  
And here the prelate stood stock still;  
And to compel his thoughts to flow,  
Swallow’d three bumpers of noyeau.

### 103

The potent liquor pierc’d the brain,  
And set his tongue to work again;  
“What shall I preach? I’ll preach,” says he,  
“A lecture on morality.”

## 26

### 104

“ ’Tis d——d immoral, ’pon my soul,”  
And here his eyes began to roll—  
“ Morality I do adore,”  
And down his Grace dropp’d on the floor.

### 105

Loud cheers which burst from one and all,  
Announc’d the luckless prelate’s fall,  
While titter’d all the guests to see  
His Grace’s apt humility.

### 106

Was it the wine, or accident,  
By Heav’n to stop the sermon sent,  
That caus’d the prelate’s slip that day,  
The bard doth not presume to say.

### 107

But was it so, or was it not,  
The glass no check sustain’d, I wot;  
Brisk and more brisk it travell’d round,  
’Till all its vot’ries bit the ground.

### 108

And vaults and passages along  
Were scatter’d with the drunken throng;  
And not a page remain’d, ’tis said,  
To put the helpless P—— to bed.

## 27

### 109

Still, when the busy day peep'd out,  
And pull'd old Morpheus by the snout,  
Thro' ev'ry vault the slumb'ers lay,  
And chok'd each subterraneous way.

### 110

The morta. fragments, scatter'd round,  
Encompass'd every inch of ground,  
While Jove, half staggering, reel'd to see  
The relics of humanity.

### 111

Three days the P—— at Belvoir tarried,  
And every night to bed was carried;  
On the fourth moon the sun departed,  
And left his friends half broken-hearted.

### 112

But first to Belvoir's Lord he cried,  
While stood the carriage by his side—  
“ Yon turret mark, and from this hour,  
“ Let it be call'd the R——T's tow'r.

### 113

“ My thanks, good R———d, let me tell,  
“ In truth, you entertain'd us well.  
“ I love the man ; I love the cheer :  
“ This epoch of my life is dear.”

## 114

R——D return'd the royal squeeze,  
 And motion'd as to bend his knees ;  
 But Jove prevented him, and said,  
 No, R——D, make a bow instead !”

## 115

His Grace, with mighty care and toil,  
 Bow'd till his forehead touch'd the soil ;  
 The P——, with equal skill and pain,  
 Return'd his Grace's bow again.

## 116

Then in his carriage seat jump'd Jove ;  
 Away the royal drivers drove ;  
 No fog obscur'd the face of day,  
 No hateful mire block'd up the way.

## 117

But what new friend, and what new scene  
 His H—— visited, I ween,  
 Must form the subject of a lay  
 To occupy a future day.

## 118

Swift thro' the turnpike-roads he flew,  
 And visited the De'el knows who,  
 Then, wearied, swore no more to roam,  
 And turn'd his horses' heads tow' rds home.



## 29

### 119

But much his H———ss was provok'd  
To find the town in vapour choak'd,  
And much he trembled lest, perhaps,  
For him might lurk some new mishaps.

### 120

And oft when clods of earth and stones  
Rudely annoy'd the royal bones,  
The P—— would loudly scream, or croak—  
“ Zounds, d——n me, MAC, our necks are  
broke !”

### 121

But fortune had more kindly manag'd,  
That royalty should not be damag'd,  
She therefore brought him safe to town,  
And at his own door set him down.

### 122

No grateful mobs, with homage sweet,  
Trotted his carriage through the street ;  
No crowds with kindness to distress him,  
Cried, as he rode along—“ God bless him !”

### 123

No beauty watch'd for his approach,  
To strew its garlands on his coach,  
But dark and silent was his track,  
Nor light, nor welcome hail'd him back.

## 30

### 124

Save the forc'd splendors of the dome,  
The royal traveller's ample home;  
Except the smiles that always shone  
About the neighbourhood of a throne.

### 125

For always pomp and power retain  
The vassal world to swell their train,  
And wealth attends the great man's door,  
To gild his blackest vices o'er.

### 126

And who will say that kingly pow'r  
Shall want the suffrage of the hour—  
Of scanty homage shall complain,  
Or ask the worldling's smile in vain?

### 127

Who are with honest boldness blest,  
Shall plume the monarch's towering crest,  
A thousand parasites, forsooth,  
Shall lick the wholesome wounds of truth.

### 128

Expos'd to fog and filth no more,  
The P— and MAC review'd their tour;  
And 'ere they sat them down to gamble  
Again rov'd thro' their fortnight's ramble.

# 31

## 129

“ Here’s—may all ills as quickly pass !”  
Cry’d MAC, and brimm’d the thirsty glass—  
“ Good,” said the P——, “ give me a sample !”  
Then follow’d MAC’s divine example.

## 130

“ But,” said his H——, “ d—n me, MAC,  
“ Those caverns look’d most devilish black :  
“ And I, tho’ tolerably brave,  
“ Prefer a parlor to a cave.

## 131

“ For me, I hate such Gothic places,  
“ Your iron gates and Gorgon faces  
“ I much prefer your modern buildings,  
“ Where guilt is hidden by the gildings.

## 132

“ Those caves too plainly tell the eye  
“ Their tales of blood and perfidy,  
“ I love to act with little stir,  
“ And keep a shew of character !”

## 133

“ Humph !” answer’d MAC, but quick sup-  
press’d  
The unfinish’d sentence in his breast,  
Or else the SEC. imprudently,  
Perhaps had given his P—— the lie.

## 32

### 134

For MAc recall'd to mind, full well,  
His tedious journeys thro' Pall Mall,  
And how one foot outran the other,  
To bribe to silence, or to smother :

### 135

How oft he pac'd the dirty 'Change,  
How oft to C——'s he used to range ;  
How many hundreds had been granted,  
To give the scribblers what they wanted.

### 136

And how the lies, check'd with such pain,  
Rose like a polypus again,  
And, blazon'd forth in other dress,  
Fill'd all the palace with distress.

### 137

These thoughts came rushing in his brain,  
And caus'd infinity of pain,  
Caus'd the poor Sec. to look quite glum,  
And burst into a sudden " humph !"

### 138

A pause ensued ; the wine had hit  
The very seat and source of wit ;  
And, rev'ling in the royal skull,  
Render'd his best conceptions dull.

## 33

### 139

MAC might have hemm'd thro' half the night,  
Nor yet disturb'd the princely wight,  
Who, wearied with the toil and wine,  
Had sunk in lethargy divine.

### 140

But soon a tender voice awoke him,  
Which thus in tones of love bespoke him:  
“ Wake, wake, my love, my royal dear,  
“ Your faithful M————ss is here.

### 141

“ Come, let us play off Cupid's tricks,  
“ And talk of love and politics.  
“ There, take that kiss! come, R——, burn it,  
“ Don't be too sleepy to return it.

### 142

“ Such joy attends your true Marchesa ;  
“ Such presents from the French LOUISA !  
“ Silks worth a diadem each dress,  
“ Beyond the pow'r of tongue t' express.

### 143

“ What, R——, shall I send her back ?  
“ What will be best, tell me, dear MAC ?  
“ For pleasing womankind your trade is,  
“ You're the Adonis of the ladies.”

## 34

### 144

- “ What says my lady to some playthings— ;
- “ The King of Rome has done with swathings
- “ And a few toys, in my opinion,
- “ Would far outweigh his whole dominion !

### 145

- “ A chess board, and a few such things,
- “ Would please this paragon of kings
- “ Much more than sceptres or than crowns,
- “ The whole *et cetera* of thrones.

### 146

- “ Send him a baby’s hoop to trundle ;
- “ Inclose some peg-tops in the bundle ;
- “ A paper harlequin, whose capers
- “ Might dissipate the royal vapours.

### 147

- “ Send him tin troops, whose rank and file
- “ Might stretch some quarter of a mile ;
- “ To light within him glory’s flame,
- “ And dim his father’s waning fame.

### 148

- “ Send him a pocket atlas too,
- “ For him to con at Fontainbleau ;
- “ And bid him make papa point out
- “ The windings of his Russian route.

## 35

### 149

“ DUNNETT’s best rocking horse, I wot,  
“ Would suit his kingship to a groat,  
“ And, would you win the boy for life,  
“ Send him withal a waxen wife !”

### 150

The M———ss with wonder listen’d,  
The R——’s eyes with pleasure glisten’d ;  
At length his R——L H——— cried,  
“ Well though tof, MAC,— send him a bride !

### 151

“ The father is my rooted foe,  
“ And so will be the son, I trow ;  
“ Then scatter mis’ry in his track,  
“ And tie a wife upon his back.”

### 152

Then vow’d her ladyship, much heated,  
Ingratitude should be defeated ;  
For if the King of Rome must wed,  
She’d send a wife of gingerbread.

### 153

At first the P—— and MAC were nettled,  
But soon the knotty point was settled.  
The wine soon overpower’d his head,  
And sent the trio drunk to bed.

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---

Again he doz'd,—a saucy bug,  
Ambush'd beneath the downy rug,  
With desp'rate purpose ventur'd out,  
And rudely prick'd the r——l snout.

“ Cease fiend,” the tortur'd Cæsar stammer'd  
“ Must thus my r——l hide be hammer'd,  
“ Must I, thy hellish spite to please,  
“ Bear scoffs and buffetings like these ?”



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---

“Is not our *R—t* as a warrior great,  
A ruler fitted for a warlike state;  
One who can teach his subjects how to fight  
And hit straight forward blows with left and right.  
And, though he sometimes gets a little mellow,  
Is still an honest, worthy, merry, fellow;  
Loves honor dearer than he loves his life,  
And fat *Dame H—t* better than his wife.”

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## A POEM, &c.

1

'Twas in the blooming season of the spring,  
When birds began to ply the busy wing ;  
The shrill ton'd lark up rose and loudly sung,  
As, scarcely visible, he fluttering hung.—

2

The ploughman now began his daily toil,  
And travell'd slowly o'er the rugged soil :  
Forth, fondly musing on her sweetheart's vows,  
The rosy milk-maid seeks her lazy cows ;

3

And carrols out the song he loves to hear  
When work is past, and evening skies appear,  
When at her parents' humble cottage door  
He tells the tale he oft has told before.

'Twas at that time in fashionable town— [down;  
 Where balls, and masquerades, and routes, go  
 When the gay coxcomb leaves the gaudy scene,  
 Fatigued with exercise or fill'd with spleen.

Their carriage lamps salute the morning skies,  
 Not so the lordly owner's drowsy eyes;  
 Secure they dose within, and roll away,  
 Like ghosts that vanish at the break of day.

'Twas at that time, so strange for *D—kes* to rise,  
 Our dread commander *Y—ke* unclōs'd his eyes;  
 Sleep from his pillow, tho' of down, had fled,  
 And carēs disturb'd and craz'd his *R—l* head.

Which proves that *R—l* heads are, like our own,  
 Compos'd of flesh and blood, and skin and bone;  
 The only point, on which a doubt remains,  
 Is, whether *R—y* is born with brains.

Methinks I hear a courtier cry, "Thou wretch!  
 Fit only for that hangman's hands, *Jack Ketch*:  
 To hint a doubt is *Treason* to the state,  
 And proves the malice of thy empty pate.

## 5

“ Wise are our *P—es*, with much learning blest,  
 By men of probity and sense caress’d.  
 Their country’s ornament! the people’s pride!  
 Born at the head of *Empires* to preside.

## 10

“ Is not our *R——t*, as a warrior great ;  
 A ruler fitted for a warlike state ;  
 One who can teach his subjects, how to fight,  
 And hit straight forward blows, with left and right,

## 11

“ And tho’ he sometimes gets a little mellow,  
 Is still an honest, worthy merry fellow ;  
 Loves honor, dearer than he loves his life,  
 And fat *dame H——t*, better than his wife.

## 12

“ Look at the mighty *Y—ke!* that wond’rous man,  
 And match his letter-writing, if you can ;  
 No author ’ere produc’d in prose or rhyme,  
 Such bright ideas, or language so sublime.

## 13

“ Or where amongst our nobles will you meet  
 A man so faithful, modest, and discreet,  
 As love-sick *Cl——ce*, amorous and gay,  
 Who steals the *Ladies* tender hearts away ;

“Offers his hand to LONG, short, fair, and brown,  
 And gains amongst the females great renown :  
 The rest are like their brothers men of parts,  
 Possessing sensible and feeling hearts.

“ Witness, O *C—b—l—d*, the pains you take,  
 To *do away* the horrors of the *stake* ;  
 Then say not, that a single doubt remains,  
 That men like these are born devoid of brains.”

So much for this delicious courtly strain,  
 And now for letter writing *Y—ke* again :  
 Forth from his bed the mighty warrior rose,  
 And, like us common folks, put on his clothes,

Plain as a Tradesman was his *H—ess* drest,  
 Not e'en the glitt'ring star upon his breast,  
 The regimental clothes, his greatest pride,  
 Had from *necessity* been laid aside.

Necessity which cost the warrior dear,  
 And chang'd his drink from claret to small beer,  
 Reduc'd his equipage from twelve to six,  
 And play'd up, sundry other curious tricks.

Which much disturb'd the pleasures of his *G—e*,  
 And forc'd the *Hero* to resign his place.  
 This prey'd upon his mind, and made him rise,  
 And thus unheard, in plaintive tone, he cries :

“ Ye happy times, which oft I've mourn'd in  
     tears,  
 For you my love increases, with my years ;  
 Ye hours, which pass'd in innocent delights,  
 Ye spotless days, and pure unsullied nights ;

“ Return again, to bless me with your charms,  
 And bring back past enjoyments to my arms ;  
 Cheer my fond heart with hope's enliv'ning ray,  
 And chase my present gloomy thoughts away.

“ The chief command, with patronage, and power,  
 Which brought of riches, the delicious shower,  
 Imported luxuries, delightful sweets,  
 And furnish'd out the most expensive treats.

“ Brought smiling joy to gratify my wishes,  
 And made my table groan with *Loaves and Fishes!*  
 Supplied my cellars with the choicest wine,  
 And purchas'd food, on which the gods might dine.

“ Return again, each day an age appears,  
 And minutes turn to hours, and hours to years;  
 Once more within thy sunshine let me bask,  
 'Tis all, O Happiness, from thee I ask.

“ But ah! my brother *G*— will take the reins,  
 What hope for hapless *F*—*k* then remains,  
 Will he consent to bring me into place,  
 So lately mark'd with odium and disgrace?

“ For mad ambition led me to oppose,  
 When the bold threat of French invasion rose,  
 My brother *G*—'s wish, in arms to shine,  
 Fearing his valor might have equal'd mine.

“ Can he, though e'er so liberal and brave,  
 Forgive the insult which my rashness gave?  
 I fear it much, yet still my heart will strive  
 To keep its longing, ling'ring, hopes alive.



“ Where shall I fly, or where obtain relief,  
 Who will assist to raise a *Fallen Chief*?  
*Sp—n—r*'s the only man, to him I'll go,  
 He will decide my future bliss or woe.”

Away to town, the mighty Hero drives,  
 And soon his coach in *D—ing-street* arrives.  
 The knocker thunders loudly at the door,  
 An act it oft was made to do before.

“ The *D—* of *Y—ke!*” the *Prem—r*'s servants  
 bawl,  
 The *D—* alights, and passes thro' the hall ;  
*S—r* receives him, in his morning gown,  
 And kindly asks his *H—ess* to sit down.

Scarce had he fixed on *Pe—al* his eyes,  
 When, with inquiring accents, thus he cries :  
 “ Well, *Sp—r*, what's the news, my hero, say,  
 Must we make *G—* the *R—t* must we, ha ?

“ Is there no hope of turning things about?  
 If he comes in, you certainly turn out ;  
 You who have serv'd your king and country more  
 Than any mortal ever did before.—

“ You who have rais’d this nation to a height,  
That men are giddy to behold the sight,  
Fearing the mighty fabric chance to fall,  
And in one common ruin bury all.

“ Have you no specious, well-digested, plan?  
Ha! my great, little, noble, god-like man,  
To keep the *P—* and all the *Talents* down;  
And sway without the assistance of the *C—n*.

“ Speak instantly, and ease my boding fears,  
Tell me, if but a ray of hope appears;  
I’ll hail thee as the greatest man on earth,  
And bless the hour that gave thy virtues birth.”

The *Prem—r* heard him with a bitter sigh,  
And this the substance of his grave reply:  
“ O *F—d—k*, much I fear that all is lost,  
And our fair hopes with disappointment cross’d;

“ *R—t* the *P—* must be. there’s not a doubt,  
And then our party certainly turns out;  
E’en I, thy bosom friend, must quit my nest,  
And slink from power and office with the rest.

“ Those *rogues* the *Talents*, seizing on our places,  
 Will laugh to scorn our disappointed faces,  
 Place their broad bottoms on the treasury seat,  
 And make their triumph and our fall complete.

“ These are my fears; now listen to the plan.  
 Which, in imagination, I've began;  
 This night I offer to the *H—se* a *Bill*  
 Which makes the *P—* a *R—t*, if he will

“ But such restrictions shall be there laid down,  
 Expressly for the safety of the *C—n*;  
 Such as will give the shew and vain parade;  
 But leave his power the shadow of a shade.

“ You, with dissembl'd earnestness, engage:  
 The measure to oppose, in every stage;  
 This to the *P—*'s pride will grateful prove,  
 And reconcile your long divided love.

“ Need I say more, to rouse your martial fire,  
 Or hopes of future pickings to inspire;  
 He will restore you to the old snug place,  
 And wipe away a part of your disgrace.

“ This done, you must endeavour to convince  
Your *R—l* brother, our most gracious *P—*,  
That *Pe—al and Co.* are all his friends,  
Ready to offer and to make amends.

“ Say, if he suffers us to keep our places,  
And baulk the *Talents*, with their hungry faces,  
With hearts of gratitude, and feelings warm,  
All he requires we'll readily perform.

“ Pay off his debts, were they ten times as great,  
Tho' *Jacobins* should stare, and *Foxites* prate—  
In short, what dirty work there is to do—  
Our *party* will, with cheerfulness, go thro'.”

“ Thou man of wonder,” *R—l Y—ke* replies,  
“ Such counsel proves you worthy to advise ;  
Your talents I admire, your worth respect,  
And act implicitly as you direct.”

Now to the state machine the *Prem—r* goes,  
To baulk the malice of his envious foes—  
He mounts the box, and takes his usual seat,  
Fearless of opposition, or defeat.

They view his eminence with baneful eyes,  
 And strive to overset him by surprise—  
 Use all their petty arts to obtain his place—  
 And spare no pains to brand him with disgrace.

The motion now is made, the *Bill* brought in,  
 With clamorous noisy throats the *Outs* begin—  
 Hoping to stop the measure in its way,  
 And gain from popularity a ray.

“What!” cry their leaders, foaming with disdain,  
 “Bind down the *R—t*, all his power restrain;  
 A man so full of honor and of truth,  
 Belov’d by age, and reverenc’d by youth.

“A second *Harry*! who has purg’d away  
 All trace of follies done in early day—  
 So thoroughly reform’d, from evil ways!  
 That envy’s self must give his actions praise?”

Their efforts fail,—the measure passes thro’,  
 As ministerial measures mostly do;  
 In both the *H—s*, farce the same is play’d,  
 At length ’tis o’er, the *P—* a *R—t* made.

Hungry as famish'd hounds, for *Loaves and Fishes*,  
 Eager to clap their muzzles in the dishes;  
 The *Talents* forward press, with open jaws,  
 And wet their teeth, and sharp their pointed claws.

Their half-starved relatives a host appear,  
 Wedg'd in close column, marching in the rear;  
 To *C—l—n H—e*, they bend their nimble feet,  
 And trample over every thing they meet.

Thus have I seen, on field-day, Volunteers,  
 When on the ground the foaming cann appears,  
 Rush all at once to seize the welcome guest,  
 Like wasps disturb'd by schoolboys in their nest.

Forth from the hole, they dash with buzzing wings,  
 And bury in the first they meet their stings.  
 Thus have I seen, before a play-house door,  
 Standing, close wedg'd, an hundred folks or more;

It opens,—in they rush to gain their ends,  
 And get snug places for themselves and friends;  
 Whilst others groaning stand, with spirits gay,  
 They sit in comfort, and enjoy the play.

Now in the *R—t's H—se* with smiles they enter'd,  
 And thus to address his *R—l H—ness* ventur'd,  
 " Dread Sir, the happy time at length appears  
 Which we have fondly look'd for many years.

" You can, at pleasure, now reward your friends,  
 Who long have been reduc'd to their wit's ends,  
 Bereft is every one of cash and clothes,  
 As you, O *P—*, will readily suppose.

" Out at the elbows are our patriot suits,  
 And much in want we are, of shoes and boots;  
 Worn are our breeches too, to rags and tatters,  
 That now they scarcely hide our private matters.

" Much do we wish our stock of shirts to encrease,  
 Having amongst us scarcely one a piece?  
 We therefore beg your *H—ess* will arrange  
 That we, your servants, may receive a change.

" Our coats, from turning, have become so bare,  
 Not one of us have any fit to wear;  
 Another job of turning now begin,  
 And bring your constant friends the *Talents* in."

Muse, paint the horrors which their souls possess'd,  
 When thus the gaping throng the *P*— address'd:  
 “Ye worthy gentlemen and long tried friends,  
 Ne'er can I make your services amends.

“Pleas'd should I be to bring you into power,  
 And on your heads the sweets of office shower:  
 Make a fresh batch of *L—ds* and *K—ts* and *Sq—s*,  
 And gratify the whole of your desires.

“But ah! it cannot be, my hands are tied,  
 My powers restricted, and your voice defied;  
 And tho' it grieves my bosom thus to part  
 With men so faithful and so near my heart;

“Yet part we must, and to our fates submit,  
 But never will your *P*— his friends forget.”  
 Thus said, his *H—ess*, bowing, left the place,  
 Fierce rage and disappointment fill'd each face.

Ah, luckless *Sh—d—n*! how did thy nose,  
 Which always like the sparkling ruby glows,  
 Increase its colour from thy inward ire,  
 Till it appeared a ball of flaming fire.



What were the pangs, oh *G—y*, which fill'd thy  
 breast,  
 Too keen, too bitter, e'er to be express'd,  
 Your patriotic soul o'erwhelm'd with grief,  
 Look'd up in vain to *G—v—le* for relief.

*G—v—le* was planet-struck, his oily tongue,  
 On which the senate oft' with rapture hung,  
 Close to his mouth it stuck as loth to part,  
 And groans disclos'd the anguish of his heart.

*T—r—y* was fill'd with wonder and surprise,  
 And tears stream'd down in torrents from his  
 eyes ;  
 All his fond wishes in an instant crost,  
 On the rough sea of disappointment lost.

Where then was *P—n—by*, the parties' chief?  
 Could he bring neither comfort or relief?  
 Down on the ground he fell with deep despair,  
 And wrung his hands and tore with rage his hair.

*P—ty*, the nimble, frolicksome, and gay,  
 Renown'd for figuring at balls away,  
 Whether 'twas leading down a country dance,  
 Or bringing in a bill upon finance,

It matter'd not, with equal grace he stands  
 To address the chairman, or to cross the hands;  
 He swoon'd away, his feelings were so strong,  
 And like a slaughter'd calf lay all along.

At length the bitter storm of rage is past,  
 Tho' still each face with gloom is overcast;  
 Chop-fall'n and sad they singly skulk away,  
 And curse their stars, like mariners astray.

Now to his favorite post, the armies' head,  
 By brotherly regard and kindness led;  
*G—e* reinstates the grateful *D—e* once more,  
 Hoping he'll be more cautious than before.

Happy as birds, that with each other pair,  
 And warble out their songs, devoid of care;  
 So did these *P—s*, frolicksome and gay,  
 Pass, free from spleen, the jovial hours away:

At routs they shone, or blaz'd at grand reviews,  
 Held levees, talk'd of politics, and news,  
 But chiefly with the ladies shew'd their parts  
 And made sad havock 'mongst the female hearts.

Ah, what avails, the Muse sublimely sings,  
 The power of emperors, the wealth of kings,  
 The joy of *P—es*, sportive, gay, and young,  
 Wise and renown'd as those already sung!

Fortune! that jilt who crowns to-day their joys,  
 To-morrow all their happiness destroys,  
 Frowns on the very object which she blest,  
 And ruins most, those which she most carest.

Ah, little did our am'rous *R—t* think  
 That *Y—h* would have beat him black as ink;  
 But Fortune, that deceitful faithless jade,  
 A slippery trick his *R—l H—ss* play'd.

Muse, tell the story, without dread or fear,  
 Speak boldly out, that *R—ty* may hear;  
 Let *P—s* from thy tale instruction learn,  
 And back to virtue's happier paths return.

Some time ago, by special invitation,  
 The *R—t* of a wise and thinking nation  
 Set off to *O—ds* with some friends to dine,  
 Drest out in princely garments rich and fine.

In his gay carriage deck'd with eastern pride,  
 Sat feather-bed *M'M—n* by his side ;  
 Flush'd was each face, they seem'd two damask  
                   roses,  
 For wine gives colour both to cheeks and noses.

The horses youthful, vigorous, and strong,  
 Dash with the swiftness of the wind along,  
 For great men drive and whirl their chariot wheels,  
 As if Old Nick himself was at their heels ;

And as they gaily roll'd along together,  
 Sweetly they talk'd of women and the weather ;  
 Or, sagely wisdom perching in their looks,  
 Discours'd on all the newly-publish'd books.

And much ability did *M'* discover  
 In stabbing that new piece, the *R—l L—r*.  
 A work, quoth he, no more like Pindar's writing,  
 Than volunteer reviews resemble fighting.

With scarce a single line of real merit.  
 And not one spark of true Pindaric spirit :  
 Most true, rejoin'd the *P—*. but does it sell.  
 Ah, damn it, cries the other, much too well.

Had I my will, I'd stop all publications—  
That dar'd to touch upon the heads of nations ;  
Hang Authors, Printers, Publishers together,  
And let 'em swing, till rotted by the weather.

Some of these rogues have lately dar'd to men-  
tion—

Their disapproval of the Wid—'s pension—  
Which you, O *P—*, so liberally gave,  
To one that's proud to call himself your slave.

Nay mind it not, *M'M—n*, cried the *P—*,  
Let not such trifles make a hero wince ; [away,  
Dismiss them from your thoughts, drive them  
Let's have no dull intruders here to-day.

But tell me, is it true, that *C—ce* cried,  
When fair *Miss T—ey L—g* his suit denied ?—  
Did he so simple and so weak behave,  
So much to passion, and to love, a slave ?

Blame not the *D—ke*, the gallant *C—l* cries,  
Nor think 'twas love for *T—y* fill'd his eyes,  
That maid rejected, and disdain'd his offers,  
His grief was not for *L—g*, but for her coffers.

Had I been thus discarded for a Pole,  
 Grief would have prey'd so much upon my soul,  
 I should seek out some lonely willow tree,  
 Where no intruding eye my rage could see ;

There with despairing anguish overcast,  
 Make to some lofty bough my garters fast—  
 Round my devoted neck secure the knot,  
 And sacrifice my life upon the spot.

Thus in discourse to *Y—ke's*, they onward drive,  
 And at the *B—h—p's* palace soon arrive—  
 The *D—ess* with a smile, all smiles excelling,  
 Welcomes 'the *R—t* to her husband's dwelling.

The pious *D—ke*, much in his usual style,  
 With charming vacant face, assumes a smile—  
 The *P—*, the very essence of politeness—  
 Displays his teeth, excelling snow in whiteness.

*M—M—* grinn'd ; old ladies and young misses,  
 Whose lips might tempt e'en age to long for  
 kisses—  
 Pucker'd their mouths into a thousand dimples ;  
 Baits, which the ladies often lay for simples.

The *P*— salutes them all, for I've been told,  
 He kisses ladies, whether young or old—  
 And some there are, who say among the rest,  
 That aged women suit his *H—ess* best.

But now the dinner smokes upon the table,  
 With all the luxury of eastern fable ;—  
 How long it lasted, what there was to eat,  
 At this magnificent and princely treat ;

How much of fish, and flesh, the *R—t* swallow'd,  
 Or what rich dainties on each other follow'd ;  
 Whether the capons and the veal were young,  
 Or fine the flavour of the ham and tongue ;

Whether the beef was fat, the mutton small,  
 The geese in season, or no geese at all ;  
 Whether the fish were chiefly fried or boil'd,  
 Or whether any by the cooks were spoil'd ;

Whether the pastry was from *Mfster B—h*,  
 That lion-like defender of the church ;  
 With all the stock of ices, creams, and jellies,  
 That found their way into the *R—l* bellies ;

Whether the wit was sparkling as the ale,  
 Or like small-beer long standing, flat and stale ;  
 What the discourse was, whether upon fighting,  
 Or on the art of love, and letter-writing ;

Whether the drink was claret, or champagne,  
 My readers must in ignorance remain :  
 Let it suffice, plenty was there at least—  
 And all the guests did honor to the feast.

Among the ladies who at *O—t—ds* din'd,  
 Was one whose person far excell'd her mind ;  
 Fair as a lily was she to the view,  
 And like a rose-bud, tip'd with morning dew.

Upon this female, thoughtless, gay, and young,  
 The *P——*'s eyes with studied fondness hung ;  
 The lady, though a married one, too plain  
 Return'd the *R——t's* amorous looks again.

Love sat enthron'd upon her smiling face—  
 Her eyes, which sparkl'd with bewitching grace,  
 Inflam'd his touchwood bosom with desire,  
 And fill'd the *R——l* veins with lawless fire.



His *H—ess* saw, whilst making his advances,  
 By the soft intercourse, of wishful glances—  
 'Twould not be difficult to gain his ends,  
 If he could blind the husband and his friends.

At length an opportunity is found—  
 Whilst mirth amongst the company goes round;  
 By stealth the lady and the *P—* withdrew.  
 A step, which both have special cause to rue.

Unnotic'd *Y—h*, every motion eyes,  
 Whilst, in his breast the furious passions rise;  
 At distance follows, to a private place,  
 Which proves the public scene of sad disgrace.

Scarce had the *P—*, our virtuous *R—t*, prest  
 The trembling female to his *R—l* breast—  
 When, with a sudden crash, the fast'nings flew,  
 The door burst open, *Y—h* stands in view.

Revengeful fury sparkles in his eyes—  
 And thus with rage unspeakable he cries :  
 “ \*\* , thy damn'd schemes are brought to light!  
 Stand forth, or else, I'll murder you outright!”

## 113

No more he speaks, reason away is fled,  
 But aims his vengeance at the *R-l* head ;  
 Blacks, in a second, both his *P-ly* eyes—  
 Whilst from his nose the blood in torrents flies.

## 114

Deaf to the lady's prayers, her tears, and groans,  
 He almost breaks with blows the *P-* bones ;  
 Life from his beaten frame was nearly fled,  
 When *Y-ke* and *Cl-ce* carried him to bed.

## 115

All night he lay, fill'd with despair and pain,  
 And gnash'd his teeth, and curs'd his stars in  
 gain ;  
 'The *C-n-l*, beef and vinegar applied—  
 And watch'd in mournful silence by his side.

## 116

Wish'd morning comes, restless he leaves his bed,  
 Before the glass, surveys his *R-l* head ;  
 Views with a piteous look, the blacken'd eyes,  
 And with despairing accent, thus he cries.

## 117

“ Receiv'd a mulling rage, my soul consume !  
 A doubler too, and fib'd all round the room !  
 Call'd *C-d* ! *V-n* ! busy devil, quit,  
 Oh for a long sound sleep, and all forget.

“ *C—n—l*, call *Y—ke* and *Cl——ce* to my aid.”  
 The ready *C—n—l* instantly obey’d ;  
 His *Br—th—s* enter, *G—* entreats with tears,  
 The matter may be kept from public ears.

*Cl——ce* proposes sending up to town  
 To bring the active, loyal, *Sp—s—r* down,  
 In the mean time, to save the *R—l* fame,  
 Let it be publish’d that the *R—t’s* lame.

The plan’s approv’d, and usher’d to the papers,  
 That *G—’s* proceeds from cutting capers ;  
 And now the *R—t* and his *love-sick brother*,  
 With kindness strive to comfort one another.

*G——* listens to his *brother’s* mournful tale,  
 And feels his pity and his love prevail:  
*Cl——ce* weeps over *G—’s* late defeat,  
 And *G—* makes *C——ce Ad—l of the F—t.*

THE END.

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AND

**A R. . . . . T ASLEEP.**

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“What! he's an early riser, ha!  
Abroad before the break of day;  
One of your sober, virtuous, souls,  
That takes no joy in flowing bowls.

“One, who perhaps, throughout his life,  
Was ne'er inconstant to his wife!  
Knows nothing of the joys that wait  
On drinking hard and rising late!”

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# **J O H N B U L L ' s**

## *TRIUMPH, &c.*



1

**OH!** ye, who twenty years have fed  
On blood, in fields of battle shed,  
Whose gains from others' pangs arose,  
The sluices of your eyes unclose ;

2

**At length** the sun of mercy beams  
And dissipates your sordid schemes ;  
Plunder and pillaging are past,  
And Peace, to spite you, comes at last :

3

**Not as a visitor of state,**  
Unknown, except among the great,  
Merely a season to remain,  
And leave the harass'd world again ;

4

But, as a steady settl'd guest,  
She takes abode in ev'ry breast ;  
Comes like a friend, with willing mind,  
To bless and benefit mankind.

5

Hail, Peace! thrice-welcome stranger, hail !  
Thy presence gladdens hill and dale ;  
The world surveys thy long-lost charms,  
And nations quit the use of arms.

6

No more shall dreadful battles rage,  
Or foes with deadly hate engage ;  
No more shall streams of human blood  
With dye of crimson tinge the flood.

7

No more shall warlike banners wave,  
Or field of gore entomb the brave ;  
The martial trump is heard no more,  
And drums and cannons cease to roar.

8

Mankind no longer meet as foes ;  
E'en the poor steed shall feel repose,  
From military trappings freed,  
Amidst his native pastures feed.



Fate had decreed the tyrant's fall ;  
 That Fate, which hovers o'er us all,  
 From step to step our course pursues,  
 And aids or counteracts our views.

Felt at the early part of life,  
 When man first ventures on a wife ;  
 Impell'd by youthful love and pride,  
 Selects a female for his bride.

Too fondly dreams of blissful hours,  
 Elysian fields, Arcadian bow'rs ;  
 Anticipates a happy lot,  
 And rashly ties the fatal knot :

A knot, though fasten'd with delight,  
 Alas, how frequent found too tight !  
 A knot, which all the works of art,  
 Combin'd, can never force apart,

Unless the bridegroom or the bride  
 Step from the common course aside ;  
 And, bent on cutting it in two,  
 Try what a razor-blade will do.

Or, urg'd by griefs, no matter what,  
 Make fast a still more fatal knot ;  
 One, if strict justice had its due,  
 Would tie up many rogues to view.

For, ah ! what wedded Pair can tell,  
 E'en those who love each other well,  
 If the dear Partners of their lot  
 Will keep their promises or not !

To love, to honour, and obey,  
 Are words the Ladies always say ;  
 One out of which is never us'd,  
 But with intent to be abus'd.

Which, like the oaths our Merchants take,  
 Are modes of form and made to break ;  
 At least, so say the British fair,  
 And let those contradict who dare !

Come hither, Hope ! Misfortune's friend !  
 The Poet's humble steps attend ;  
 Teach him, whate'er his lot may be,  
 To look with confidence to thee.

So that, when **Fate** shall bid him wed  
 Some lovely maid to share his bed,  
 (Though she should prove an errant shrew ;  
 As women very seldom do !

Though she possess more tongue and pride  
 Than any of her sex beside ;  
 Though jealousy should fire her soul,  
 And reason fail of its controul ;)

He may anticipate her end,  
 And find in thee a faithful friend ;  
 Keep, through thy aid, his cares at bay,  
 And drive the fiend **Despair** away.

Muse! we have oft' of **Princes** sung,  
 The old, the am'rous, and the young ;  
 Now let us tune our lyre to those  
 Who fatten on the people's woes.

Such as are loyalty itself,  
 Whilst loyalty produces pelf ;  
 Cheese-parings, coals, and candle-ends,  
 Make them the steadiest of friends.

Ye army-clothiers! men of taste,  
 Who never cut an inch to waste;  
 Guardians, from penetrating moth,  
 Great Britain's military cloth!

Who, when political disputes  
 Turn'd human beings into brutes;  
 When bloody battles thinn'd your race,  
 And Death star'd full in ev'ry face;

When murders, massacres, prevail'd,  
 And Mercy's peaceful counsels fail'd;  
 Us'd every art the strife t' increase,  
 And barr'd the avenues to peace;

You, who were more agog for news  
 Than jobbing, money-loving, Jews;  
 Who, on illuminating nights,  
 Cramm'd all your windows thick with lights;

Display'd, by firework, smoke, and noise,  
 Full proof of patriotic joys;  
 And big with loyalty, no doubt,  
 D——d the poor Jacobins about;

You, who were eager to defame  
 And blackguard Buonaparte's name ;  
 And yet were real friends, at heart,  
 Of that same blackguard Buonaparte ;

Ye cutters of regimental coats,  
 How alter'd are your sprightly notes,  
 How chang'd your looks from gay to grave !  
 Do, Gentlemen, for heav'n's sake, shave !

So grim your visages appear,  
 So woe-begone, so pale with fear,  
 The common people, wond'ring, stare,  
 And ask, what Bedlamites ye are ?

What, though your cabbagings are stopp'd,  
 And all your working men unshop'd ;  
 What, tho' the hissing geese no more  
 Shall set the table in a roar ;

What, though your highly-useful sheers  
 May one day crop your lordly ears,  
 And measures, of employment slack,  
 Take measure of each Taylor's back ;

What, though your overbearing pride  
 May now, nay must, be laid aside ;  
 And your dear wives and daughters too  
 Walk, as the lower orders do ;

Out from their carriages descend.  
 And learn the useful art to mend ;  
 Quit dear St. James's and the Court,  
 Where none but loyal folks resort ;

Where wealth and dignity combine  
 To make the charming place divine ;  
 No more with Lords and Ladies mix,  
 Or dine, like quality, at six ;

No more be present at the scenes,  
 Where smiling Regents talk with Queens ;  
 Those scenes where envy, guilt, and fear,  
 Forbid fair Virtue to appear.

Alas ! though all these joys are o'er,  
 Delights which you will taste no more,  
 Do not, in bitterness of grief,  
 Fly to self-murder for relief.

39

Leave it to more experienc'd hands ;  
 Jack Ketch the business understands :  
 He is an artisan of skill,  
 And never makes a heavy bill !

40

Ye grave Contractors ! tell us true,  
 Has Peace a welcome sound to you ;  
 You, that supplied the beef and bread  
 On which our gallant armies fed ;

41

Who, whilst it pass'd your loyal hands,  
 Found means to purchase freehold lands ;  
 Built Houses to indulge your pride,  
 And did a thousand things beside.

42

Your object, Gentlemen, 'tis thought,  
 In every article you bought,  
 Was not so much the love of gain  
 As that of liberating Spain !

43

An hatred of despotic laws  
 Increas'd your ardor for the cause ;  
 And what was always next your heart ?  
 The pulling down of Buonaparte !

Well, Sirs, the object is achiev'd ;  
 Your minds' anxiety reliev'd ;  
 The reign of tyranny is o'er,  
 And despots vex the world no more!

Why is your countenance o'ercast,  
 As if some friend had breath'd his last?—  
 The man, you all profess'd to hate,  
 Has met and merited his fate.

The warlike Devil is destroy'd  
 Who kept so many rogues employ'd ;  
 The bugbear of the times is down,  
 Stripp'd of his consequence and crown.

Bereft of all those pow'rful charms  
 Which kept thè harass'd world in arms,  
 He falls, with scarce a single friend  
 To witness or lament his end.

Whilst other folks with joy run mad,  
 How is it you are dull and sad?—  
 Whilst millions glory at his fall,  
 You seem to feel no joy at all!



**13**

49

Why, aye, your contracts will be few,  
And you must learn to bake and brew ;  
That is, in other words to say,  
Obtain your bread some honest way!—

50

Ah! but you cannot stoop so low!  
What! labour for support, oh no!  
Work all your fingers to the bone!  
There's madness in the thought alone!

51

You, that were constantly supplied  
With large recruits of useful pride ;  
Pride, which obeys the beck and call  
Of every rascal, great and small ;

52

You, that had always at command  
The choicest dainties of the land ;  
Liv'd, like our noblemen, in state,  
And kept an equipage as great ;

53

You, who did ne'er sit down to dine  
Without the most expensive wine ;  
And had at all times, for your use,  
What art or nature could produce :

You quit your mansions, sumptuous boards,  
 To taste what common life affords !  
 Dismiss your servants, luckless elves !  
 And learn to wait upon yourselves !—

“ Ah, no ! impossible,” you cry ;  
 “ ’Twere better we should learn to die !  
 Cut off from hope of future gains,  
 What place for us on earth remains ?

“ No, let us fall like early flowers,  
 That blossom a few transient hours ;  
 Bloom in some cold unfriendly clime,  
 And wither e’er they reach their prime !”

Ye hirelings of a venal race !  
 Or whether in or out of place ;  
 Who, since the earliest stage of youth,  
 Have seldom spoke a word of truth ;

Whose time has been engag’d, for years,  
 In setting nations by the ears ;  
 Acting a hypocritic part,  
 And libelling of Bonaparte ;

At length these occupations cease,  
 And rogues and robberies decrease ;  
 Truth shews its long-neglected face,  
 And covers falsehood with disgrace.

No propagating French defeats  
 To vend your papers thro' the streets ;  
 No trumpeting of nauseous lies,  
 To cheat the weak, disgust the wise ;

No killing Bonaparte anew,  
 As you so often us'd to do ;—  
 Those profitable times are o'er,  
 And *third editions* sell no more.

Ye lordly owners of estates,  
 Who keep a porter at your gates ;  
 Whose elevated mansions stand  
 On some choice eminence of land :

Where, with true loftiness of soul,  
 Your eyes can overlook the whole ;  
 See your domains extended wide,  
 And swell at every look with pride ;

64

What is the public weal to you ?  
 Let poverty its toils pursue,  
 Let mean mechanics pine for bread,  
 And starving children go unfed ;

65

Let commerce languish, arts decay,  
 And strangers steal our trade away :  
 Let public misery increase,  
 E'en in the very lap of peace ;—

66

*You* are the pillars of the state,  
 On whom the smiles of fortune wait ;  
 And, let what will the poor betide,  
 Your luxuries must be supplied !

67

Dread sirs ! for once receive advice,  
 And let a word or two suffice ;  
 As well for our sakes as your own,  
 Leave corn-importing bills alone.

68

Let grain its proper level find,  
 'Tis barely justice to mankind ;  
 The poor, that labour for their bread,  
 Will go much better cloth'd and fed.—

“ Ah! but consider,” some will say,  
 “ The enormous rent our farmers pay ;  
 Tythes, taxes, what a serious thing  
 Between the parson and the king !—

“ Bad seasons, scanty crops of grain,  
 Damage from mildew, blight, or rain ;  
 If corn is suffer'd to be low,  
 'Tis plain they can't afford to grow.

“ Take what makes labour sweet away,  
 And farms must rapidly decay ;  
 The object of the public fail,  
 And real scarcity prevail.

“ John Bull has made complaints, we know,  
 And did a century ago ;  
 That grumbling fellow's never still,  
 Be times or seasons what they will.

“ Forsooth, because 'tis time of peace,  
 Our trifling incomes must decrease ;  
 Our happiness, so long enjoy'd,  
 To please his caprice be destroy'd.

18

74

“ And those estates which now produce  
But just sufficient for our use,  
Merely to stop his discontent,  
Must let for half the present rent!

75

“ Were we to give up half our lands  
And place them freely in his hands,  
His envious discontented soul  
Would very shortly crave the whole!

76

“ What does the idiot know of grain?  
His views are troublesome, 'tis plain!  
There's nothing which the brute enjoys,  
So much as breeding strife and noise!

77

“ Would it please heav'n to stop his tongue,  
Or could we see the rascal hung,  
Then might we, perfectly at ease,  
Enact what sort of laws we please!”—

78

What! shall the blessings just in view  
Be blasted by a sordid few?  
Shall baneful avarice and pride  
Turn the Almighty's gifts aside?

Shall we be treated worse than brutes ?  
 Have Peace, and not enjoy its fruits ?  
 See others revel in the sweets,  
 And beggary pervade the streets ?—

No ! be we resolutely bent,  
 To share the blessings heav'n has sent ;  
 Our foes already shrink with fear  
 And corn is spar'd another year.

Britain ! were you at once possess'd  
 Of P——s dignified and just ;  
 Statesmen, unlike the present tribe,  
 Who scorn'd to give or take a bribe ;

Who, careful of the public weal,  
 Allow'd no pilferers to steal,  
 Up from the meanest wretch that crawls,  
 To such as grace St. Steph—'s walls ;

Then would your happy land be free,  
 Your sons enjoy true liberty ;  
 The poor man meet his daily toil,  
 And welcome labour with a smile.

War, the destroyer of mankind,  
 Had scarce its influence resign'd,  
 Ere the young Hero of the North  
 To visit Britain's P—— set forth.

Through crouds he travell'd in disguise,  
 Unknown amidst a million eyes ;  
 And, scorning empty shew of state,  
 Unguarded reach'd the palace gate.

P—— G——, who loves the modish way  
 Of changing darkness into day ;  
 Who is too polish'd, too polite,  
 To sleep, like vulgar souls, at night ;

Not dreaming, the imperial guest  
 Was likely to disturb his rest,  
 Lay in a most engaging snore,  
 When Alexander reach'd the door.

'Twas noon ; the time near one o'clock ;  
 Mac —— n heard the thund'ring knock ;  
 And, starting up with lengthen'd jaws,  
 Rush'd down to ascertain the cause.



Close by the entrance of his room,  
Lay careless Betty's carpet broom ;  
She, artless but unthinking maid,  
Down from her morning's work had stray'd ;

And, struck with love of John the groom,  
Had quite forgôt the unlucky broom ;  
That broom which shook a warrior's head,  
And fill'd a R——'s soul with dread.

Alas ! poor Mac, no help was near,  
To stop him in his swift career ;  
His toes entangle in the hairs,  
He flies like lightning down the stairs.

In vain the hero's arms are spread,  
To save his highly gifted head ;  
On every hollow stair it knocks,  
And rattles like an empty box.

The P——, from balmy sleep awakes,  
His mighty soul with terror shakes ;  
He springs from out his downy bed,  
A night-cap decorates his head.

In haste to reach the chamber door,  
 He falls at length upon the floor ;  
 Mugs, china, the concussion feels,  
 And fragments fly about his heels.

He rings with violence his bell,  
 The servants hurry in, pell-mell ;  
 " Slaves ! " cried his H——s, out of breath,  
 " You all deserve to suffer death.

" Begone ! and bring me instant word  
 Who caus'd the tumult I have heard ;  
 If it from your neglect arose,  
 Villains ! I'll strip you of your clothes ;

Have ev'ry careless scoundrel beat,  
 And turn you naked in the street ;  
 I'll treat you, spite of musty books,  
 Worse than my father serv'd his cooks.

" He merely shav'd away their locks  
 And clapp'd a wig upon their blocks ;  
 But, should I find you caus'd the brawl,  
 Damme ! I'll shave off heads and all ! " —

But, lo! the warlike Mac arrives,  
 To save the frightened servants' lives ;  
 He brings intelligence that clears  
 Their conduct and dispels their fears.

“ Dread Sir !” the mighty C——l cries,  
 With vast importance in his eyes,  
 “ I wait to let your H—— know  
 The Russian Monarch is below.”—

The R—— with amazement hears,  
 Unwilling to believe his ears.  
 “ Arriv'd so early in the day!  
 Are you aware of what you say ?

“ Dear Mac, excuse me, if I think  
 You've made a little free with drink !”——  
 “ Most noble P——, I drink, 'tis true,  
 And so I always mean to do ;

“ But let me turn a sober Monk,  
 And never from this hour get Drunk,  
 If the intelligence I bring  
 Comes not directly from the King !

“ I’ve seen and spoke to him alone.  
 He’s an odd subject for a throne ;  
 When we, my P——, retire to rest,  
 He, like the sky-lark, leaves his nest.” —

“ What ! he’s an early riser, ha !  
 Abroad before the break of day ;  
 One of your sober, virtuous, souls,  
 That take no joy in flowing bowls.

“ One, who perhaps, throughout his life,  
 Was ne’er inconstant to his wife ;  
 Knows nothing of the charms that wait  
 On drinking hard and rising late.

“ Mac, it would give me true delight  
 To make him thorough drunk to-night ;  
 Fill brim with wine his sober head,  
 And send him reeling home to bed.

“ For, how can we endure the thought  
 Of monarchs visiting at court,  
 Who, over scrupulous and nice,  
 Consider drunkenness a vice !

109:

“ We, that delight in drinking deep,  
 Whilst sober fools are fast asleep,  
 We, that are not unoften led  
 And sometimes carried up to bed ;

110

“ No, Mac ; this night shall prove our guest,  
 And put his mettle to the test ;  
 If he go soberly away,  
 I'll turn devout and learn to pray.

111

At dinner be upon your guard,  
 We must of consequence drink hard ;  
 When you observe me give the wink,  
 Be sure you hand the strongest drink.

112

“ If we can fix him to his seat,  
 Then will our triumph be complete ;  
 To morrow's sun shall see his head  
 Lock'd in the arms of sleep, in bed.

113

“ If we accomplish it, dear Mac,  
 And keep him to his daily whack,  
 Stop those disgusting early hours,  
 So widely differing from ours ;

D

114

“ If we do this, my worthy mate,  
 I'll make thee affluent and great ;  
 Repay you for our present whims,  
 And have you titl'd Duke of Limbs.

115

“ You, C——l, shall about it straight :  
 But, soft, we make the emperor wait.  
 Return, and tell our royal guest, :  
 I'll wait upon him when I'm drest.”

116

Reader, the drunken frolic fail'd,  
 Good sense o'er sottishness prevail'd ;  
 The monarch, with unblemish'd fame,  
 Return'd,—as sober as he came.

THE END.

THE  
R—L LOVER;  
OR,  
A D—KE DEFEATED:  
CONTAINING  
PARTICULARS OF A JOURNEY  
TO  
W—D HOUSE;  
WITH A  
LOVE - SPEECH AND SOLILOQUY:  
A Poem.

BY  
PETER PINDAR, JUN.

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The Second Edition:

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“ Not *Kilworth's Lord*, nor *W—by Pole*,  
“ Love half so well, upon my soul;—  
“ With either or with both I'll fight,  
“ And send 'em challenges to night.”

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## A P O E M, &c.

### I.

GREAT Sir, inform an humble man,  
For well I know your *H—ness* can,  
If the account I read is true  
Which *newspapers* report of you?

### II.

'Tis there describ'd exceeding plain,  
Your *G—ce* has play'd the faithless swain ;  
That you've deserted love and truth,  
For riches and the charms of youth.

### III.

What! leave a woman to her tears?  
Your faithful friend for twenty years ;  
One who gave up her youthful charms,  
The fond companion of your arms!

IV.

Brought you ten smiling girls and boys,  
Sweet pledges of connubial joys ;  
As much your wife, in honor's eye,  
As if fast bound in wedlock's tie.

V.

Sure, t'was some dæmon which possess'd  
And fill'd with vanity your breast ;  
Where truth and virtue ought to shine,  
Instill'd the faithless base design.

VI.

Your *G—cé*, no doubt, has often read,  
When love gets in an old man's head,  
So sharp he feels the madd'ning pain,  
It makes him quite a child again.

VII.

Such was, I hear, the hapless case  
That recently befel your *G—ce* ;  
The passion thro' your blood ran strong,  
Inspir'd by Wealth and *T—y L—g*.

VIII.

But first, perhaps, when drinking deep,  
You saw the maiden in your sleep ;  
Her glittering wealth, the darling prize,  
Dazzled your aged, love-sick eyes.

IX.

The fumes ascend your *R—l* brain,  
Your *G—ce* becomes a blooming swain;  
Bright as the evening star you shine,  
And rosy as the generous wine.

X.

Your ready fawning flatterers near,  
Distil sweet poison in your ear;  
What woman can refuse her charms,  
They cry, to bless your *G—ce's* arms?

XI.

Have you not given the strongest proof  
Of honor, honesty, and truth?  
Who dare your constancy deride?  
Has it not twenty years been try'd?

XII.

What tho' you sacrifice a friend,  
Her feelings and her love offend;  
You have no cause, renowned Sir,  
To waste your time on thoughts of her.

XIII.

And since no female can withstand  
The tempting offer of your hand,  
On fair *Miss T—y L—g* bestow  
Title, and equipage and shew,

XIV.

Make her a *D—chess*, *R—l Sir*,  
And rank and happiness confer;  
Raise the fair maiden to your breast,  
And render her completely blest.

XV.

A fond return your *G—ce* shall meet,  
And your soul's triumph be complete;  
Grateful for all your favours shewn—  
Beauty and riches are your own.

XVI.

All flattery pleases *R—l ears*,  
Conceit disperses doubts and fears,  
Like a young lover full of fire,  
Impell'd by passionate desire,

XVII.

Resolves, impatient of delay,  
To see the maid that very day;  
State the disorder of his soul,  
And cut out *Mister W—ly Pole*.

XVIII.

Now the *D—ke's* pages fly about,  
Like rats put suddenly to rout;  
The shaving articles are sought,  
And to the *R—l* presence brought;

XIX.

His favorite *valet* waiting stands,  
The sharpened razor in his hands,  
Made fit to shave imperial chops  
By one of *Packwood's* noted strops.

XX.

O'er the *D—ke's* muzzle now it flies,  
Like lightning darting through the skies,  
Quick from his face the stubble clears,  
And smooth as glass his chin appears.

XXI.

Now curling irons pinch the hair  
And turn each lock with nicest care;  
The *R—l* lover shuts his eyes,  
In clouds the whit'ning powder flies.

XXII.

And now the choicest clothes are brought  
Fit for the am'rous purpose bought,  
By some great Bond-Street tailor made,  
First of all thimbles in the trade.

XXIII.

At length the mighty business o'er,  
The carriage waiting at the door;  
Like some fair going country lass,  
His *H—ness* stands before the glass;

XXIV.

Surveys his person and his face,  
His noble mien—majestic grace;  
Adjusts with judgment, art, and skill  
His snow'y handkerchief and frill.

XXV.

Hope with her smiles his bosom cheers,  
Pleas'd with his figure he appears:  
And now with every thing complete  
He vaults into his chariot seat.

XXVI.

From London off they drive away,  
His servants' liv'ries new and gay,  
The rolling wheels fly swiftly round,  
And horses scarcely touch the ground.

XXVII.

The spur and whip, their mettle goad,  
They smoke along the dusty road,  
And soon the mansion meets his eyes  
Which holds the fair, the wealthy prize.

XXVIII.

Now from the coach his *H—ness* bounced,  
His name is formally announced;  
Miss and Mamma receive his *G—ce*,  
And compliments of course take place:

XXIX.

Having well fill'd his *R—l g—ts*,  
Crack'd all his jokes, and all his nuts;  
He ask'd to be allow'd the bliss  
To speak a private word to *Miss*

XXX.

Who could refuse with any face  
So small a favor to his *G—ce*.  
The mother grants what he requires,  
And curtsying from the room retires:

XXXI.

The happy moment now arrived  
By ingenuity contrived;  
He calls up flattery to his aid,  
And thus address'd the list'ning maid:

XXXII.

Sweet girl, a *R—l* suitor kneels!  
His bosom Love's emotion feels,  
To tell how he admires your worth,  
Tho' unadorn'd by noble birth:

XXXIII.

Without thy love, my darling fair!  
Life is a burthen, hope despair;  
These eyes no more delight shall see,  
Unless they share the bliss with thee.

XXXIV.

Not *Kilworth's Lord* nor *W——ly Pole*  
Love half so well, upon my soul;  
With either, or with both I'll fight,  
And send 'em challenges to night.

XXXV.

For thy dear sake I'd risk my all,  
And if I perish nobly fall.  
Let me but call you mine alone,  
And joy and pleasure are my own.

XXXVI.

The proudest nobles in the land  
Shall envy me this lovely hand;  
The riches and the charms you bring  
Render you worthy of a KING.

XXXVII.

Then tell me, dearest girl, I pray,  
Can you to *R——lty* say Nay,  
Will you deny my fond request,  
And plunge a dagger in my breast?

XXXVIII.

The maiden heard him with a sigh,  
And this her modest just reply;—  
Sir, if your passion is sincere,  
I feel for one that is not here;



XXXIX.

One who has been for years your pride,  
And is or ought to be your bride ;  
Shar'd with you all your cares and joys,  
The mother of your girls and boys.

XL.

'Tis cruelty the most refin'd,  
And shews a mean ungenerous mind,  
To take advantage of your power,  
And leave her like a blighted flower

XLI.

For shame, your *G—ce*, a man like you  
Should scorn so base an act to do ;  
And in a person of your years  
The action ten times worse appears.

XLII.

And, to deal plainly with your *G—ce*,  
As this appears to be the case,  
And, as your age is double mine,  
Your tempting offer I decline ;

XLIII.

But might I counsel as a friend,  
And not your *R—l* ears offend ;  
I would advise you whilst you can  
To prove yourself an honest man ;

XLIV.

Return to *Mistress J.*——'s arms,  
Soothe her, and quiet her alarms ;  
Your present differences o'er,  
Be wise, and play the fool no more.

XLV.

Oh *Moore* ! thou planetary sprite,  
All that you publish must be right ;  
Expunge from thy enlighten'd page  
The table of his *G—ce*'s age,

XLVI.

For every lady in the land  
That has thy almanac at hand,  
May from that curious book discover  
The birth-day of this *R—l* lover.

XLVII.

Now from the room the maid withdraws,  
His *H—ness* stares with lengthen'd jaws,  
His eyes with furious wildness roll,  
And horror seizes on his soul :

XLVIII.

Not more surpris'd did *Romeo Coates*  
Hear the loud laugh from noisy throats :  
When to amuse *John Bull*, he play'd  
*Lothario*, that gay faithless blade.

XLIX.

Not with more horror, *Plomer's Knight*  
Receiv'd the news of *Walsh's* flight;  
Not more did *Walsh* with terror stare,  
When *Adkins* caught him in the snare.

L.

Not more aghast the *Baron* saw  
The whisker dropping from his jaw,  
Which fell, ah! luckless to relate,  
Plump into fair *Sophia's* plate.

LI.

Not more dismay'd did *Vicary* look,  
When the grave head of *Justice* shook,  
That head which wrought a work of fame  
And ting'd a *Lawyer's* cheek with shame!

LII.

Is it a dream! he loudly cried,  
His bosom stung with wounded pride,  
Or is it really the case,  
Scorn'd and rejected to my face?

LIII.

Ah! what avails my hopes and fears,  
My sighs, my pleadings, and my tears,  
Treats to the ball, the park, and play,  
All time and money thrown away.

LIV.

Ah! what avails at this sad hour,  
My *R—l* blood, or *p—ely* power,  
Not this can save a *M——ck*'s son  
From being ruin'd and undone.

LV.

Ye widely spreading rich domains,  
Deluding source of joys and pains,  
Ye flow'ry fields and purling streams,  
That fill'd my mind with pleasing dreams;

LVI.

Ye mansions, cottages, and trees,  
That oft my wandering eyes have pleas'd,  
Ye woods, where fancy lov'd to dwell,  
Must I then bid your charms farewell?

LVII.

And thou, O Wealth, whose power can bind,  
Enslave, and captivate the mind;  
Thou who impell'd me with desire,  
*Miss T—y*'s fortune to admire:

LVIII.

You who give *Princes* power to game,  
And add fresh laurels to their fame;  
Attend a bull-bait or a fight,  
And mix with blackguards morn and night.

LIX.

You who have brought me here to-day,  
And taught my tongue what words to say,  
Thee, whom I love so much, so well,  
Must I then bid your charms farewell?

LX.

But ah! 'tis daggers to my heart,  
To think that you and I must part:  
It acts like madness on my mind,  
And leaves a scorpion sting behind.

LXI.

And tho' I never have possess'd  
Enough of thee to make me blest,  
Yet can I never condescend,  
This haughty stubborn maid to bend.

LXII.

Therefore, O Wealth I bid adieu,  
To joys I fondly hop'd from you;  
I love thee more than tongue can tell,  
But now eternally farewell.

LXIII.

With disappointment in his face,  
Like sportsmen baulk'd upon the chase,  
Who see a hare run over grounds  
They dare not follow with their hounds.

LXIV.

While they stand, the game in view,  
But prudence bids them not pursue;  
They hear her voice collect the pack,  
And discontented travel back.

LXV.

So the great Hero of our tale  
Finding his am'rous purpose fail,  
Resolves to quit the hateful place,  
Sad witness of his late disgrace.

LXVI.

Oh, stain to *R—lty* he cries,  
Tears streaming from his aged eyes,  
Flow on ye tears and wash away  
All memory of this cursed day.

LXVII.

Ah! had I fram'd a billet doux,  
As ancient lovers us'd to do,  
Or got my brother *Y—k* to write  
Something of *darling* and *delight*,

LXVIII.

Such language might have charm'd her mind,  
And made the stubborn fair one kind.  
The damsel then with all her charms,  
Had blest these now *forsaken arms*:

LXIX.

But since 'tis useless to complain,  
Tho' smarting with the maid's disdain,  
From this detested spot I go,  
But never more delight can know.

LXX.

Oh! *Peggy*, once my care and pride,  
Alas! too rashly thrown aside;  
Now you may smile with scornful face,  
And triumph in a *D—ke's* disgrace!

LXXI.

He rings; the bowing servants stand  
Ready to fly at his command,  
The coach is ordered to the door,  
*His H—ness* enters it once more,

LXXII.

And cursing inwardly the day  
That led him foolishly astray;  
Groans in an agony of pain,  
And travels back to town again. —

*Finis.*

*The Loby*













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