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THE
 EPICS OF THE TON;
 OR,
 THE GLORIES
 OF
THE GREAT WORLD:

A POEM,
 IN TWO BOOKS,
 WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

— Omnes illacrymabiles
 Urgentur ignotique longâ
 Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.—HOR.

O say shall those who just so bright have shone,
 Escape remembrance when they quit the Ton?
 Their laurels wither'd, and their name forgot,
 As dog on dunghill has been said to rot!

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HISEE

D.M.

17 N'oo.

TO THE GENTLE READER.

IT is pleasing to know the name of an Author, and doubly gratifying to learn his private history. If he is no niggard of due commendations, one may thus discover, whether he is a person that one should like to invite to one's table; and, if he is a satyrist, it would be convenient to ascertain, if one might safely spit in his face. But in this world, there is no such thing as obtaining all one's wishes; for truly said the Roman poet long ago:

———— Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

You may however rest assured, Gentle Reader, that no pains have been spared, on the present occasion, to gratify your reasonable curiosity. The Publisher has, at an expence too extravagant to be believed, procured the celebrated Mr. ———, who can distinguish the styles of all men that have written, or that may write, to inspect the manuscript, and discover the author. This learned and ingenious gentleman, has at length, with indefatigable industry, succeeded in fixing the performance,

by indubitable marks, on no less than thirteen very witty authors now alive; but which of these is the real author, (for one of them it evidently must be) is humbly left to the unerring judgment of the public. All that is further necessary to be added, is a flat contradiction of the ridiculous and injurious report, so industriously propagated, that it is a posthumous production of Mr. Tobin, whose Muse first smooth'd the fashionable world with the *Honey-moon*, and then prepared to roughen it with the *Pharo Table*. That it cannot be the work of this (late) man is unquestionable; first, because it is impossible that the same author, who descended to a comedy, could rise to an Epic Poem; secondly, because his dramas are written in blank verse, whereas the following piece is composed in rhyme; thirdly, because, according to the old and undoubted adage, dead men tell no tales, whereas, in the succeeding pages, some tales are told. And lastly, because the dirge of the said Tobin is sung in the following pages, and no man was ever heard to sing his own dirge.

The notes, it is needless to add, are by a different hand; but of necessity extremely well executed, since they were paid for at the very highest rate of sheet-work.

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THE
EPICS OF THE TON,
BOOK THE FIRST;
BEING
THE FEMALE BOOK.

B



THE
EPICS OF THE TON :

THE FEMALE BOOK.

WHILE dull historians only sing of wars,
Of hood-wink'd treaties hatching keen-ey'd jars ;
Of wily statesmen splitting hairs asunder,
Of hills and orators who belch and thunder ;
Of grinding taxes, and of tott'ring thrones, 5
Of him who eats up states, and picks the bones :
Say shall the brightest glories of our age,
Who best adorn the cut, and grace the page,

Line 4.] The eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. Dr. Lawrence, &c.

Line 6.] This mode of expression, when we consider the dimensions and isophagical capacity of the little great man, seems rather more appropriate than the celebrated figure *swallowing us up quick*.

Who on the top of fashion's Ida dwell,
 And gold in showers produce to either Bell; 10
 O say shall these, who just so bright have shone,
 Escape remembrance when they quit the Ton?
 Their laurels wither'd, and their name forgot,
 As dog on dunghill has been said to rot?

Line 10.] It is needless to inform my fashionable readers that *La Belle Assemblée*, that ornament of every lady's toilet, is published by Bell the father; while *Le Beau Monde*, that inseparable companion of every man of fashion, is given to the world by Bell the son. But it is necessary to state that a promise on the part of these gentlemen is the cause why this volume is not adorned with plates. As they have advertised their intention of giving the subjects of my song to the public in a series of engravings, of which the first will appear in an early number of their valuable repositories, I thought it unnecessary to increase the price of my publication by embellishing it with plates. The fashionable world may depend upon it that the elegance of the execution will correspond with their highest expectations; and I would recommend to all lovers of this volume to secure good impressions, by early ordering *La Belle Assemblée* and *Le Beau Monde* for the next two or three years. Had it not been for this undertaking of Messrs Bell, each of the following epics would have been

Forbid it honour! and forbid it shame! 15

The love of glory, and the love of game!
Forbid it, Muse, who oft with glowing strains
Have rais'd sensations in high ladies' veins;
You who, with Ethredge, roved in royal stores,
When beauties, like hobnails, were told by scores; 20

adorned with a cut, exhibiting a striking likeness of the hero or heroine. *Note by the Author.*

Line 19.] Every one knows the author of the "Fop in Fashion." His morals were a lesson to the bagnios; his conduct an improvement on his precepts. At the licentious court of Charles the Second his voluptuous plays gave a zest to the languid intervals of debauchery; and his Dorimant taught the youth of both sexes to mingle wit with wine, and address with profligacy. Half a century afterwards, the elegant pen of Addison could scarcely banish his lewd ribaldry from the toilet. His end corresponded with his life. After having wasted his fortune and his nose in the service of Bacchus and of Venus, he tumbled down stairs, as he rose from one of his debauches, and broke his neck in the very article of drunkenness.

Line 20.] It is needless to tell the knowing reader of those rows of female figures, with stiff necks and wry heads, which are usually seen suspended in old

Or with poor Smollett, fain for gold to tickle,
 Wrought up with liquorish gust, the feats of Pickle ;
 Or, sinning deeper, like repentant Punk,
 Call'd gloating females to abhor the Monk ;

galleries, and which are known by the name of *King Charles's Beauties*.

Line 21.] Poor Smollett ! It is lamentable to recollect that the author of Roderick Random and of Humphrey Clinker should have prostituted his pen to delineate the debaucheries of Peregrine Pickle. Does the latter display genius ? so much the worse. The prostitute, who haunts the way side in rags, only disgusts the loathing eye : it is she, whose voluptuous limbs shine through the transparent muslin, that lures us to our ruin. Peregrine Pickle adorns many a toilet, where Aristotle's Master-piece would be thought to carry indelible pollution. It is said that my Lord ———, on entering her ladyship's apartment one morning, perceived the third volume of Peregrine Pickle under her pillow. As she was asleep, he gently withdrew it, and substituted in its room a Common Prayer Book. One may imagine her ladyship's surprise, when on awaking, and resorting to her dear morning treat, she found the amours of Mrs. B. converted by magic art, into the Litany.

Line 24.] It was a good moral thought, to create a

Or with young Teius sung of am'rous blisses, 25
With one eternal round of hugs and kisses :

general abhorrence of Vice, by producing her stark-naked before the world. But unfortunately, so tempting, so *piquant* did the fiend appear, that the daughters as well as the sons of Jerusalem began to long after strange flesh. In short, the developement produced, if it was not intended to produce, the same effect as when Alcibiades bared the bosom of the Athenian courtesan before the judges. The dread of the pillory, however, on this, as on other occasions, proved an admirable corrector of the press ; and the second edition of the *Monk* proved a very harmless and a very insipid performance. The jest was gone ; and it has left its author only a *name*.

Line 26.] Such are his never-ending themes ; as the everlasting joys of love and wine were sung by the elder Teian. Yet it must be owned, that if he seldom expresses more than hugs and kisses, he often comes very near something more substantial. Witness the *Wedding Ring*.—" And now,—O Heaven" I am not apt to dread much from bad books, but I must own I was startled when I discovered these salacious lays on a lady's dressing table. Thanks to my happy stars ! neither she, nor Mrs. T. is my wife. There is a considerable adaptation to the subject in the following stan-

From next year's Lethe, and oblivion drear,
Come save the deeds which you have help'd to rear.

zas, which appeared in the Morning Herald of the 25th
of last October :

“ *On certain Licentious Poems lately published :*”

“ O listen to the voice of love,

“ Wild boars of Westphaly !

“ Your pretty hearts let music move,

“ 'Tis Mauro's harmony.

“ Your ear incline, ye gentle swine,

“ While he extols your loves ;

“ For though from you he learnt to whine,

“ Yet he the song improves.

“ Listen each bristly beau and belle,

“ And leave the genial tray ;

“ You'll find the poet's song excel

“ Fresh acorns and sweet whey.

“ O listen to the voice of love,

“ Ram cats on moonlight tiles,

“ The minstrel of the lemon grove

“ Records your Cyprian wiles.

“ Ye goats that ply your nimble shanks

“ On ancient Penmanmaur,

“ Bleat him your thanks, who sings your pranks,

“ While satyrs cry *encore*,

Should'st thou, my lay, shine splendid as thy theme,
 Like rushlights to thy sun, all bards should seem : 30
 Then still might Southey sing his crazy Joan,
 Or feign a Welshman o'er th' Atlantic flown,
 Or tell of Thalaba the wondrous matter,
 Or with clown Wordsworth chatter, chatter, chatter ;

“ And all ye Incubi that ride
 “ The night-mare through the gloom,
 “ The chorus swell.—Your poet's shell
 “ Is strung from Circe's loom.”

Line 31.] This man, the Blackmore of the age, if we look at the number of his Epics, might become its Dryden, if his fancy were chastened by judgment, and his taste cleansed from the maggots of the new school. But, mistaking facility of composition for inspiration, and imagining that to restrain the overwhelming flood of his versification would be to dam up the pure current of genius, his swoln torrent is likely to overflow for a while, and then subside into a very pitiful streamlet. But it is in vain to admonish.—*Volvitur et volvetur*—alas ! that we cannot add—*in omne volubilis avum !*

Line 34.] Every one knows how meritoriously Wordsworth has laboured to bring back our poetry to the simplicity of nature. In his unsophisticated pages we discover no gaudy trappings, no blazing metaphors, no affected attempts at poetical diction. Every thing is

Still Rogers bland his imitations twine, 35
 And strain his Memory for another line;

pure from the hand of untutored nature ; nor do we discover a single thought or phrase that might not have been uttered by a promising child of six years old. What an improvement is this on the laboured conceits of Pope ! on the learned lumber of Milton ! Yet I will aver, that there may be found in Wordsworth beauties which these poets never reached, nor even dreamt of. Produce me from all their writings any thing to match the simply affecting tale of Goody Blake and Harry Gill ; or a line in which the sound so well corresponds with the sense, as in the following description of Harry's doom—

“ ——— His teeth went chatter, chatter,

“ Chatter, chatter, chatter, still.”

What renders the beautiful superiority of this mode of expression still more striking, is the facility with which it may be employed, with equal effect, on a thousand different occasions. For example, it might be said of Goody Blake, who now wanted the teeth :

Her gums went mumble, mumble,

Mumble, mumble, mumble, still.

Or of ladies on pattens—

Their feet went clatter, clatter,

Clatter, clatter, clatter, still.

Or of the persevering efforts of a dog at a furze bush—

Here Lightfoot he made water, water,

Water, water, water, still.

Good-natured Scott rehearse in well-paid Lays
The marv'lous chiefs and elves of other days ;
Or lazy Campbell spin his golden strains,
And have the Hope he nurtures, for his pains— 40

Line 35.] There is much in the *title* of a book ; and if there is nothing else for which an author deserves praise, still his ingenuity ought to be applauded if he has devised a happy appellation for his work. Every one feels the *pleasures of memory* : the very words excite a thousand agreeable associations ; and miserable must the minstrel be, who cannot chime in a few notes that will please, when the soul is so fully prepared to enjoy them. On such an occasion, the unoffending strains of Rogers,—soft, delicate, polished, sympathetic youth ! could not fail to be interesting ; but he may thank the blessed powers of verse that Goldsmith lived, and that the Traveller and the Deserted Village were written.

Line 37.] In former days poets we are told could not make a bare livelihood of the fruit of their brains. They might sing like Syrens, and beg like gipsies, and yet after all they could scarcely make a shift to dine on one dish, and drink small beer. Times, it would appear, are altered. Scott, by producing before us the lays of our ancient minstrels, and by himself bringing up the rear, enjoys large prices of copy-rights, and a couple of good offices. To his honour be it said, few men deserve better to thrive in the world.

Thou shouldst triumphant mount to distant times,
 And bear aloft thy heroes on thy rhymes ;
 Well known to all that soar, and all that crawl,
 On every dressing-table, every stall,
 Thy circulation should thy worth bespeak, 45
 And thousands still be sold through many a week ;

Line 39.] The first poetical genius of our age ; but, unfortunately, more a wit than discreet. With such lagging steps were his first efforts, his Pleasures o Hope, followed up, that we began to look upon it as one of the bright rays which the sun of genius sometimes darts forth at his rising, and afterwards plunges his head in impenetrable clouds, which never leave him till he sets. But the Battle of Hohenlinden proved that the genius of Campbell was still to shine, and to exceed in his noon the promise of his morn. Alas ! how men neglect the talents by which they are destined to excel ! how they waste their efforts in what they can never achieve ! Campbell must needs be a politician, and write a history.—He that could soar to the empyreal regions, must needs lay aside his wings, and attempt, at the imminent danger of his neck, to dance on the slack rope !

Line 40.] It is now said he has got a pension. This may relieve his wants, but not retrieve his reputation. It is miserable to see the man, whose talents might procure him opulence with fame, hold out his suppliant

While tomes thrice learn'd, that piled in warehouse
groan,

Would but to snuff-shops have their merits known.

Then, Muse of Ton, begin ; and while thy song
In no unmeaning eddies strays along ; 50

With blank most eloquent, and hint that flames,

Unfolds redoubted chiefs, and high-bred dames ;

Bids a whole epic upon each attend,

With quaint beginning, middle, and smart end ;

hand, and fawn on a courtier for a morsel of bread.

Line 50.] Surely it would be far more gratifying to see the streams of poetry distributed in all the fantastic shapes known two centuries ago ; spouted from the mouths of Tritons or Naiads, dashed over cataracts ten feet high, and tossed by jetties over the surface of a yard-wide pool :—than to behold them, after the present fashion, meandering through a smooth shaven lawn, in a channel cut out of the sod, and just so many inches broad in every quarter, without a single solitary pebble to give a little play to the ever-glassy surface.

Line 54.] This admirable and ancient definition of an epic poem (to which the following epics correspond as completely as any that have ever been written) appears, as is usual with the beauties of antiquity, to have a reference to certain striking analogies in nature ; such,

I in my buggie, thine advent'rous Knight, 55
 Through Rotten Row will tend upon thy flight;
 Whate'er thy Sybil voice shall utter, save,
 And now and then myself indite a stave.
 Ye female glories! Be it first your turn,
 Who shine the brightest as ye fiercest burn. 60

M^{rs} ——— F^{itz} ^{n.}

Whom shalt thou, 'midst this full blown garden,
 choose,
 To form thy first bright wreath, discerning muse?
 Say, are not her's the most exalted charms,
 Who lures an H^{er} A—— to her arms?
 And hopes to shine the first of r^oy—l ^{est}, 65
 Nell Gwyns unnoticed then, and Pompadours?

for instance, as that of all quadrupeds and many bipeds, each of which has a beginning, a middle, and an end, or in other words, a head, a belly, and a tail.

Line 55.] Thus Pope:—

“ I in my little bark attendant sail,” &c.

Line 66.] Madame Pompadour; one of the most

What though drear wrinkles on her brow be seen,
 And *fat* alone remains where *fair* has been ?
 What though a duskier hue, and flaccid frame,
 All out of season speak the rancid game ? 70

insolent, unprincipled, profligate, and revengeful, of those harlots who, in France, trampled all virtue and decency under foot ; and, by shewing how much morals and religion were despised in the palace of the sovereign, loosened the hold of these ties over the minds of the people, and precipitated the throne of France to its ruin. How blind are princes, how criminal, when they endanger their own destruction, and the good order, virtue, and happiness of their people, for such sensual gratifications as would appear despicable in the lowest debauchee ! Will no warning voice be heard ? no repetition of examples strike ? The profligacy of Louis the Fifteenth, was followed by the death of his successor on a scaffold. Happy Britain ! thy virtuous King has set a far different example ; and, amidst all the temptations of a court, has never once deviated from the wife of his youth.

Line 68.] The reader will readily recollect the celebrated toast, *fat, fair, and forty.*

Line 70.] It is needless to descant to my readers of *taste* on the rich relish of game when *in season.*

Though all that's gross must now be born to please,
 And love be lured by its excessive ease ?
 Though toilsome arts and ever-varied charms
 Must back entice her lover to her arms ?
 (Some swains will stray in closure, or in common, 75
 Where'er their scent detects a fat old woman,
 As late hoar J—— felt her power to fix,
 And wiser H——— scorn'd at fifty-six :—)
 What though around her sneer her seeming slaves ?
 And loud and fierce the man of Diamond raves ? 80
 What though deep groans foreboding parents breathe,
 And turn their eyes indignant to Blackheath ? *

Line 80.] When an honest unsuspecting man has been deceived by warm professions of friendship, entrapped by specious promises, and at length deserted by those who have caused his ruin, I detest his betrayers, I pity his misfortunes, I would stand forth to proclaim his wrongs to the world, and assert his right to redress. But when a very sycophant, after having licked the footsteps of a patron and his ———, whose character he well knew, is at length cast off, and begins in a half-whining, half-angry tone, to remonstrate thus before the world:—" Was I not the most assiduous of your slaves ? Did I not do all your dirty jobs without a

In her barouche while r——l —— will roll,
 Or love between her mountain breasts to loll ;
 While round the course, or through the shining
 Steine, 8:
 Train'd to her side a p——y prize is seen
 To catch, with smiles, her glances as they fly,
 And search for lustre in her hollow'd eye—
 Still crouds will gaze, still Brighthelmstone will shout,
 Still titled ladies throng her envied rout : 90
 By sires who kneel before the rising sun,
 By mothers who no shame for courts would shun,
 Still blooming daughters to her levees led,
 Shall learn betimes to stain the marriage bed.
 O Britain's Queen ! accept the tribute due 95
 To Virtue, Honour, Modesty, and You :

murmur ? Would I not still have done so, had you not kicked me, spit upon me, left me sprawling in the dirt ?” When I listen to a scene of this sort, I only moralize to myself, that spaniels who snarl deserve to have their ears pulled.

Line 84.] “ Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes.”

VIRGIL.

Though this loose age, by French example wise,
 The sacred rites of wedded love despise ;
 Though matrons shine, when lost their honest name,
 And with th' adult'rer proudly flaunts the dame ; 100
 Yet *her* I honour to whose single court,
 Chaste maids may still without a blush resort ;
 Even if the lewd should come, they come unknown,
 And Vice itself must here its name disown !

M^{ang}----- of A^{nsp}-----.

But quit, my Muse, oh quit these humble
 scenes, 105

Nor stoop to queens, from feats surpassing queens.
 A would-be princess thee provokes to scan
 Her flight from King to Emp'ror, Czar, Sultan ;
 To bound with her where Rhone and Danube glide,
 Or pant for glory by the Neva's side ; 110
 By Dnieper's stream, or rude Crimean height,
 To prune thy wing, and emulate her flight ;

Line 95.] Here the author himself speaks ; for the
 Muse of the Ton is plainly silent.

Then at the Haram's door her watch to keep,
 Blest haunt! where virgins ne'er were known to peep.
 Or see her thence return'd, with bolder fame, 115
 That spurns the vulgar tongue, and treads on shame,
 Try kings in vain, and after all miscarriage,
 Entrap a pur-blind M~~ar~~g~~a~~e into marriage.
 An easier task now, Hymen, thou hast got,
 A prince may fix her, though a peer could not; 120
 A royal Lord may rein her peccant part,
 Who, from his foot, picks up her bleeding heart:

Line 114.] We are assured that no lady is ever allowed to enter the Seraglio, without sharing in the honours of the place. This is no more to be dispensed with than the oaths at Highgate.

Line 121.] *Peccant part* means her *head*.

Line 122.] About nineteen the beautiful dame was led to the altar, and became the mother of several children; by whom, it is not to be questioned, since her husband was within the narrow seas. Unfortunately, however, she in time discovered that there existed between herself and her spouse that great cause of mental divorce, *incompatibility of temper*. He was not the being with whom her soul had panted to shine through life, and her eager fancy began to long after brighter

Sooth she'll not part, nor he to snarl begin,
 Good Germans care not for small slips a pin.

Hail love of glory ! passion great and blest ! 125

But triply noble in a female breast !

Rapt bards have sung thy feats, in days of yore,
 With Spartan matrons, and with hundreds more ;
 How thou could'st make gay damsels fire the trenches,
 And generalissimos of ostler wenches : 130

visions. In this frame of mind, as she one night lay by the side of her sleeping lord, she fell into a sort of rapturous slumber, and dreamed that lo ! her heart lay bleeding at *her feet* ! All night long she ruminated on this remarkable vision, and towards day concluded its interpretation must be that " he who should at length pick up her bleeding heart would be a personage so great, that it must needs roll in the dust before him." Is it to be wondered at that this bright prospect should tempt her to quit a foolish husband, and a bevy of clamorous children, after having drawled through this fatiguing scene (not wholly barren of other pleasures) for fourteen years ?

Line 124.] See the play of the *Stranger*, and various fashionable German novels, which teach husbands to bear, with perfect good humour, certain accidents hitherto accounted grievous mishaps.

Line 130.] Such was the invigorating occupation of

Yet sure thy power exceeds what poets feign,
 If e'er thy ruling force these aims should gain,
 To Jove's imperial bird convert the raven,
 And Lady Mary make of Lady ———.

Nor these bright trophies sate the kindling
 dame, 135

She grasps the lyre, and pants for deathless fame ;
 Erects a stage, where her own scenes appear,
 The poet she, and she the actor here ;

the Maid of Arc, whom Southey has transformed into a moon-struck shepherdess.

Line 134.] Such was the secret spring of all the wonderful movements which we have mentioned. To be another Lady M—ry W—rt—y M—nt—g—ue ! To shine in the eyes of the present generation, and be equally admired by the next ! Hence the banks of the Hellespont were attained by the circuitous route of Weimar, Paris, Venice, Vienna, Warsaw, Petersburgh, Moscow, Crim Tartary, and the Bosphorus !!! Hence Paris, and Constantinople, and Athens, were be-written in letters, and be-printed in narratives. Luckily, at the very moment of return, the forsaken peer kindly quitted this nether world, and left the heroine free and unconfined to mount aloft to her high destiny.

Line 137.] In the name of old Father Thames, I

Here far above all vulgar flight she soars,
 Spouts what she dreams, inditing what she roars ;
 Of all inglorious rivals makes a riddance, 141
 And shines at once a Centlivre and Siddons.

Hail rap'trous moments ! hail ingenious dame !
 Her pleasures doubled, as her doubled fame !
 She hugs in fancy, as the scene she plies ; 145
 And acting it, she hugs in solid guise.

Peace to such venial faults ! But were it told
 A woman lived still profligate though old ;
 One who, from youth, at each unhallow'd fire,
 Had glow'd and batten'd to her heart's desire ; 150
 As dead to shame, to every generous thought,
 As Mother Win, who long has sold and bought ;

thank her h——s for erecting this antique Gothic Thes-
 pian barn on his banks, to the great delight and edifica-
 tion of his holiday votaries. Some persons have said
 (what will not envy say ?) that it is a curious contradic-
 tion in taste to imprint false marks of antiquity so zea-
 lously upon this pile, while she effaces the real ones with
 no less industry from her own person.

A hacknied gamester who has driven the trade
 To snare each unfledg'd youth and artless maid ;
 In passion nurtur'd, to indulgence bred, 155
 And blest in any but her husband's bed ;
 While Virtue shudder'd, and Repentance wept,
 A wife, a mother, keeping oft and kept ;
 Known to " the general camp, pioneers and all,"
 My lord above-stairs, Thomas in the hall ; 160
 No sin abridged as life's dark close draws near,
 And quite a wanton in her sixtieth year——
 Is English air defil'd by such a hag ?
 Haste, shut her up with cat, snake, ape, in bag !

Line 159.] " What though the general camp, pio-
 neers and all,
 " Had tasted her sweet body."

SHAKSPEARE.

Line 164.) By a law among the Romans, persons guilty of certain atrocious crimes were shut up in a bag with a cat, an ape, and a serpent, and so thrown into the Tiber. It is difficult to say what reformation an example or two of this kind might work in the present day.

Nay, lady, frown not at these random hits— 165
 But let *her* take it whom the bonnet fits.

D———— of G————.

Bawl not so loud ! nor shake the muse's nerves ;
 She hastes to sing thee as thy worth deserves.
 O destin'd by the fates, in happiest hour,
 To shew the triumphs of the love of power ; 170
 And teach the world against what fearful odds,
 A girl of Scotland may approach the Gods !

Line 166.] Our author, to make the real vices of the age appear trivial, seems to have drawn, from his imagination, a fictitious character of a peculiarly deformed aspect. This is an innocent artifice to transmit to posterity as favourable an impression of his own times as possible. Whether he had in his eye any noted character of ancient days, I am unable to determine, since he has not even afforded room for conjecture, by prefixing any mysterious capitals to the delineation. But certain it is, that no personage of this description can have existed since the days of Messalina, unless perhaps that fair Borgia, whose knight-errant Roscoe has so gallantly declared himself.

Line 172.] Not those of Olympus, or the Upper Gallery.

Few nymphs, new fledg'd, with eagle eye could
trace

The sudden frailties of his am'rous Grace ;
Or move a griping draper with the pledge, 175
In one short night to set the peer on edge.
Few, in a ten-foot parlour taught to shine,
Where captains sometimes flirt, and parsons dine,
Could set the winter circles in a blaze,
While dowagers with double vision gaze : 180
First at the rout, the ring, the masque, the ball,
Where dice-box rattles, or Signoras squall ;
At Faro's orgies fam'd, with bolder flight,
To win or lose a fortune in a night :

Line 175.] Such, according to report, was the manner in which the finery was procured for the ball at which this gallant feat was achieved. His grace danced with the enchanting Miss M——, and from that lucky moment conceived an irresistible propensity to conduct her to the altar.

Line 180.] I wonder that none of our ingenious caricaturists have caught this idea :—a dowager shifting around her chair from the card-table, adjusting her spectacles, and then intently employing her *double vision* to criticise the young thing just produced in public.

D

A politician who, with equal ease, 185
Can twine a courtier, or a parson please ;
Shine to the one, the gay, the gallant duchess,
Whose passions fly, whose virtue limps on crutches ;
While t'other, edified by looks so holy,
Thanks Heaven that greatness now's divorced from
folly ! 190

With mind too noble for her rustic dear,
She takes his tame four thousand pounds a year ;
In fashion's circles keeps alive his name,
And makes him shine (his all) with borrow'd fame ;
Destin'd the glory of his house to prove, 195
And but withhold that trifling thing—her love.

Thus Hanover's bold sons, in mighty power,
Wear our red jerkins, and our beef devour ;
Shake the parade, or make th' exchequer light,
And any thing for Britain do—but fight. 200

And yet a loftier note the muse might swell,
Of peers led captive by her magic spell ;

Line 190.] It is a current opinion among the worthy parsons in a northern province, that there is not such another theologian in petticoats.

Drawn to the altar with a wond'ring heart,
 While passion blows upon the stem of art.
 See mushroom princes pluck'd at, as they shoot, 205
 Yet for her vigour prove too firm at root ;—
 ('Twas not a Roman matron's high-born pride,
 No Roman virgin would be thus allied ;)
 See her the puppet's humbling scorn repair,
 And find a nobler match in R—l's heir. 210
 Thus o'er the realm her soaring kindred spreads,
 And her fair offspring mount the loftiest beds ;
 Ambition bends him from his air-built shrine,
 His vot'ry cheers, and hails her half divine !

L— M— P ; D— of R— ; M— C— ;

D— of M— ; D— of B—.

Say not my epic quill o'erflows with gall, 215
 Or spirits around a venom'd juice on all ;

Line 208.] In the days of Republican Rome the daughter of a Patrician family would have scorned to match with the highest foreign king, and still more with a *prince* of Corsica ! Rome had fallen to the dust

Eager to praise, where praise can be allow'd,
I haste to snatch black cygnets from the crowd.

From vale, from garden, where the lily grows,
O bring its sweets, my muse, and join the rose ; 220
The loveliest wreath around their temples bind,
And hold them forth a pattern to their kind.
Through in the giddy rounds of fashion bred,
Through all its follies by example led ;
With every beauty which the bosom warms, 225
With every talent which the fancy charms ;
Though from the cradle to the altar blest,
Admir'd and follow'd, flatter'd and carest ;
Yet them no reigning folly e'er has claim'd,
No rampant vice amidst her vot'ries named ; 230
No tongue, in this licentious age, has shed
Its pois'ning slander round their marriage bed :
But meekly shrinking from the public gaze,
They court alone the modest matron's praise ;

before even *ancient royalty* could tempt her high-born daughters into the arms of a barbarian.

Line 218.] Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno.

JUVENAL.

And placed in scenes of glare, of noise, and strife, 235

Seek for no fame that misbecomes a wife.

In vain the very mother's sought in these,

One half retrench'd, and t'other purged of lees :

So have I seen a mountain torrent pour

With troubled waters, and with angry roar ; 240

Through noisy cat'racts tumble down amain,

And rush with threat'ning billows on the plain ;

But there arrived, its blust'ring waves divide,

And o'er the mead, in gentlest riv'lets glide,

Upon whose verdant banks sweet violets grow, 245

And on their surface water-lilies blow ;

Soothed by their gentle murmurs, shepherds dream,

Or love to sip from their pellucid stream.

Line 248.] The reader will observe that the author, with infinite good nature, and an anxious wish to give unmingled praise, has here said nothing of the scandalous reports of *Claw*—d Row, the prodigious sum lost in one night, the wrath of his *G*—e, the intended sale of plate, equipage, &c. &c. ; with several other little matters among the gossips. But let it be remembered, that as deserved praise is the choicest meed of virtue, so unqualified applause, where censure is due, becomes the most bitter satire.

Lady Louisa Manners

From thy fair stem, what tempting fruits have
grown,

Like thee, to every gazing trav'ler known ! 250

In fashion's hot-bed mellow'd into prime,

One lovely peach has dropt before its time ;

Yet still its sister fruits, from golden stalks,

Their fragrance scatter o'er the courtly walks ;

While with sweet smiles that might inflame a stone,

The d—h—ss kindly warms her apple-John. 256

O happy mother ! once a blessed wife !

O cheery widow in the vale of life !

Some card for fashion, and some dice for fame,

But wiser he who mingled wit with game ; 260

E'en kept the table, pander'd to the fun,

And turn'd the penny, whoso lost or won.

Hence his full coffers pond'rous guineas strain ;

Hence his bright honours flourish'd with his gain ;

Hence stands his name inscrib'd mid courtly gods,

For teaching English nobles Capuan modes ; 266

Line 266.] A description of the Neapolitan nobles,

Hence shine his daughters in the foremost place,
For who outvies my Lady, or her Grace ?

which will no doubt be very edifying to our imitating higher ranks, I shall extract from the celebrated Kotzebue, who, two years ago, visited them : “ The higher classes of Naples are the savages of Europe. They eat, drink, sleep, and game. They neither have nor want any occupation but this last. The states of Europe are overthrown ; they game not the less. Pompeii comes forth from his grave ; still they game. The earth shakes ; Vesuvius vomits forth flames ; yet the gaming-table is not forsaken. The splendid ruins of Pæstum, a few miles distant, so glorious a spectacle, are discovered only by strangers ; for the Neapolitans are gaming. The greatest dukes and princes are keepers of gaming-tables. A Prince Rufando, one of the most considerable noblemen of the country, keeps the first gaming-house in Naples ; and besides his, there are twenty others of the same description. Thither all the great world are seen driving at the approach of evening. Strangers must be presented by some acquaintance ; yet this is only a form. The stranger makes a slight inclination to the host, who as slightly returns it : but it is a rule that not a word is uttered. In other respects it is like being at a coffee-house, or worse than a coffee-house, for there one can have what he chuses for money ; but here are no refreshments, except perhaps a glass of water, after

Hence his gay widow in her chariot wheels,
And counts six tall stout footmen at her heels ; 270

having ordered it ten times of the servant. A large but ill furnished drawing room is the rendezvous of *rouge et noir* and *faro*. A pile of chairs heaped up in a corner of the room proves that a numerous company is expected. Scarcely have the gaudy throng rushed in, when they seat themselves, with greedy eyes fixed on the heaps of gold which glitter on the table. These meetings are called *conversazioni*, but no one here must attempt to converse. We hardly dare whisper a single word : if any thing more is attempted, an universal hiss commands deep silence and attention to the mysteries of the game. Old women, particularly, sit either gathering up money with their long bony fingers ; or with their green out-stretched eyes fixed on the *rouge et noir* table, lamenting the capricious decrees of fortune. Even handsome young women here degrade the dignity of their sex, setting beauty and the graces at defiance. The princess N., for example, is a professed gamester. Many others come to make new conquests, or to secure the old ; in both which businesses they lay no restraint upon themselves. A stranger is at the first look apprized of each lady's favourite. The husbands are either absent, or concern themselves not the least about the women ; for of the execrated Italian jealousy here is not a single vestige. Even divines and children game :

Glad to behold her offspring like herself,
 As gay, as painted, and as full of pelf;
 Still hovering round her former fields of fame,
 The ball, the masque, the concert, and the game:—
 So ghosts their former scenes of pleasure haunt, 275
 With eye deep-hollow'd, and with aspect gaunt;
 Intrude on human sight at close of day,
 And fright the younglings at their moonlight play.

Go finish out thy course as it began,
 Nor break at sixty thy consistent plan: 260
 For thy keen brows the muse shall holly bring,
 To suit the verdure of thy latter spring.

D—— of S—A——.

Haste, clear the pavement, call the crowd to stare!
 Herswan-leg'd footmen, and bright lacquer'd chair,
 And hoop to nose, proclaim S—A—— there! 285

for example, the daughter of the Marquis Berio, who is not more than eight years old. The Marquis is one of the most *enlightened* noblemen. Some maintain that this degrading traffic brings the Prince Rufando five thousand ducats a year. Others say that he receives not more than twelve ducats a day for converting his palace into a gaming-house!"

Say who shall more adorn the courtly scene ?
 Or turn aside more gazers from the queen ?
 More through the rooms the general buz create,
 Or more confound the gapers at the gate ?
 More catch the town, or in the Post next day 290
 Engross more lines, more wond'rous things display ?
 Nor be her glories to the world unknown,
 These brilliant charms are fairly all her own :
 She has poor nature veil'd with skilful art,
 Thrown rich amendments o'er each faulty part ; 295
 And colours not vouchsafed the human face
 Cull'd from the shrub, the mine, and strow'd with
 grace.

So nicely touch'd her frame from top to bottom,
 And all her charms so alter'd since she got 'em,

Line 284.] Every one must be convinced of the propriety of this metaphorical allusion to the legs of swans, unless indeed that these bipeds have not yellow clocks to their black silk hose.

Line 291.] The attractions of a newspaper containing the court dresses, both to those who have been, and those who have not been to this scene, are indescribable. A beau might win his mistress by being the first, next

That with the knowing, tis an even bet, 300
 If she or nature's most in other's debt.

D^{uch} of D^{evon}.

Such moons may shine, when thy bright sun is
 down,

O born to grace the vale, and gild the town !
 On Chiswick's banks, a flower that woos the sight,
 In London's throngs, a dazzling blaze of light. 305

No servile rhymester now begins the lay,
 And sings, like Tom, for favour, or for pay ;
 No rich rewards come glitt'ring from the tomb,
 No gaping flatt'ers seek to pierce its gloom.

morning, to bring her this epitome of every thing
 charming.

Line 309.] It is rather mortifying to the love of
 posthumous fame, to observe how much more a person
 of great celebrity in the fashionable world is greeted
 with complimentary poems while alive than by elegies
 after death. A Nelson, whose praises every one is for
 a season ready to hear ; or a Pitt, who has left behind
 him a party that may yet be in power, is indeed more
 fortunate, and bespattered with nauseous applauses in
 many thousand hobbling couplets. But the unhappy

Hadst thou still bask'd the wing in fashion's beam,
 The muse had flapp'd thee in thy golden dream ; 311
 Or sung a second to some yelping cur,
 And raked for gold, perhaps, the dirt of S—r ;

fashionables, when laid in the dust, are seldom capable of producing more than a single Della Crusca sonnet in a newspaper. For the benefit and warning of my readers of this class, it may not be unseasonable to mention an anecdote of the Earl of Shrewsbury, a famous courtier in the days of Queen Elizabeth. He had, in his life-time, erected his own tomb, and caused a long inscription, containing a summary of all his transactions, to be engraved upon it ; omitting only the date of his death, which it was impossible for him to divine. So well did this courtier understand mankind, that he foretold his heirs would neglect to make even this small addition to the inscription : and so it happened ; for the space which should contain the date of his death remains a blank to this day !

Line 313.] A report was industriously circulated that this mawkish piece of would-be scandal had actually killed the illustrious personage it attempted to expose. Surely her thread of life must have been reduced to a single hair, if the flap of this moth's wing could snap it asunder ! But the report had the desired effect ; and several editions of this apology for a novel, were sold off on the strength of an imaginary lady-slaughter !

Or wept that virtues, form'd to bless mankind,
 Should lose the kernel, and retain the rind ; 315
 That a heart, warm with charity and love,
 A prey to sycophants and knaves should prove ;
 That nature's softest feelings should be lost,
 Amidst the waves of whirling folly tost ;
 Keen though they were to sorrow or delight, 320
 And sweetly warbled from the Alpine height :
 That talents dear to genius, mark'd for fame,
 Should still be wasted at the midnight game ;
 Or rack'd, next day, to find some new supply,
 And bilk a tradesman with a shew to buy : 325

Line 321.] Re-echoed from the harp of Delille, those strains have rendered the genius of their author not less known and admired on the Continent than at home.

Line 325.] How indispensable are laws ! what a poor security would mankind derive either from generosity, or from shame, if the authority of the magistrate did not come in aid of these uncertain restraints ! How strongly is this evinced by the example of those orders who, in various countries, are privileged to cheat their creditors, without being subject either to have their estates seized or their persons imprisoned ! One should imagine that the proud feelings of birth, the dread of

That she, of softness, past her sex possest,
Felt the mad passions of the gamester's breast ;

staining a title derived from illustrious ancestors, the consciousness of being so prominently placed in the eye of mankind, would prevent a noble from acting the part of a mean, paltry, sordid, knave. Yet what is more common than to see a titled swindler pledge his faith and his honour for the payment of debts, which it has never entered his thoughts to discharge. The industrious tradesman is robbed of his property and ruined ; while his plunderer, secure in the privileges of a peer, laughs at the misfortune, continues his course of swindling, revels in the most expensive debauchery, and transmits his estate unimpaired to his posterity. For the sake of justice, for the sake of their own honour, the worthier part of the peerage ought loudly to demand the abolition of this privilege. To the honourable it is useless ; it is worse than useless, for it enables knaves to bring on their order unmerited disgrace.

While I thus address the peers, it may not be amiss just to hint to the peeresses, that it is inconsistent with common honesty to give in exchange, for valuable goods, their note of hand, which they know to be not worth a farthing. It is quite as bad as passing a bit of waste paper for a bank-note. Still more disgraceful and worthy of Botany Bay it is, to purchase goods of an honest tradesman, and carry them, unpaid for, to the auc-

Or urged by faction midst the rabble tribe,
 Should kiss a greasy butcher with a bribe ;
 Unskill'd, discretion with her warmth to blend, 330
 Nor lose herself through zeal to serve a friend.

But, censure, hush ! a sacred silence keep ;
 Let Loves alone and Graces come to weep ;
 Let tears sincere her human frailties mourn,
 Nor flatt'ring lies hold up her tomb to scorn ; 335
 When envy long is dead, and passion calm,
 Her own soft lines shall best her name embalm.

archion
 M—— of S——.

Muse can'st thou ride, can'st gallop o'er the plain,
 And leap a five-barr'd gate, and head the train ?

tioner, to procure a sum for the discharge of a gambling debt !

Line 329.] It was certainly an ingenious device to heighten the value of a guinea, to place it between the ruby lips of a lady of high fashion, and thus let it drop, in the act of kissing, into the liquorish mouth of the chuckling voter. The gentlemen of Newport-market like it hugely ; and would not have been without such a kiss for twenty guineas.

Scour as, on broomstick-hunters, ancient witches, 340
 And save thy modesty by buckskin breeches ?
 Or name the pack, and shout the learn'd halloo,
 And do all else, that jolly huntsmen do ?
 Then mayst thou come in guise of vig'rous spark,
 And kiss thy gallant sister in the dark. 345
 Or thou may'st turn, these brilliant feats to crown,
 From hunting hares, to hunt religion down ;
 Still hold thy concerts on the sacred eve,
 And Porteus spurn, and Rowland cause to grieve ;

Line 349.] It would be injustice to the excellent Bishop of London not to take every opportunity of holding up to praise and imitation his zealous efforts to prevent the day appropriated for public worship from being turned into an interval of licentious revels. It is no disrespect to couple with his name that of a man who may differ from him in some speculative questions, but who deserves to rank even with the bench of bishops for deeds of charity and indefatigable benevolence. The abuse here alluded to, the profanation of the sabbath, is a favourable pastime among our higher orders. I can forgive a laborious mechanic, or a sickly shop-keeper, who has all the week long been imprisoned in a confined alley, and compelled to breathe unwholesome air—I can forgive him for making an excursion to the country

While hundred chariots, rattling round the square,
 Alarm the choir, and drown the evening prayer; 351
 And big Squallante's notes to soar begin,
 While drabs without list demireps within.

C———— of B————.

Yet quit the chace, my muse, however hot ;
 Poor Laura's fate ! it must not be forgot ! 355

on Sunday, or enjoying with his friends the recreation of a tea-garden. But when I see persons whose every day is a day of leisure, who seem born only to enjoy the blessings of their Creator, refuse to devote to his public service the day which the laws have appointed for it ; and even ambitiously endeavour to bring contempt on the institution, by rendering it the particular season of their revels—I feel indignant that such wanton irreligion should be suffered to pollute the morals of a nation. When I see such practices prevalent among the higher orders of society, I cannot help recollecting with a sigh, that the unfortunate Antoinette of France began, by a studied profanation of the day of worship, that career which she ended on a scaffold. Long may that conspicuous reverence for religious institutions, which their majesties have ever manifested, avert such calamities from our land !

Unhappy Laura! Why that heart-broke sigh?
 And why that piteous roving of thine eye?
 Why bear'st thou still that care-worn look of woes
 Which ever seek, but never find repose?
 Hast thou not wealth to tempt the gazing crowd? 360
 Hast thou not titles to allure the proud?
 A feeling heart for others' woes to grieve,
 An open hand their miseries to relieve?—
 Yet dost thou seem as if the world were glad,
 And thou of all thy human kindred, sad. 365
 Crowds, noise, and pomp, but barb the mental ail,
 She seeks relief in the sequester'd vale:
 Where Scotland's giant mountains threat the skies,
 And half impending o'er the trav'ler rise;
 Where gullies deep are fill'd with torrents black, 370
 Still thund'ring down the endless cataract;
 Where sombre firs, amid the summer green,
 A gloomy aspect shed o'er all the scene;
 Where rocks, asunder rent by Nature's throes,
 Their horrid shelves in frequent gaps disclose; 375
 Where to the jutting herb, on crag too high,
 The haggart goat uplifts the rueful eye;

There where the plover's ever dreary lay,
Still breaks the cheerless silence of the day,
Poor Laura sat beneath the stunted tree, 380
Unwilling to be seen, and sad to see ;
The scene was dismal, and o'ercast the day,
Yet was her heart more doleful still than they.

O fortune, where is now thy envied bliss ?
O flaunting titles, are your joys like this? 385
Sorrows there are which riches cannot sooth,
Nor rank allay, nor tender friendship smooth ;
Which wring the heart through every secret hour,
And 'midst the busy haunt its peace devour ;
Which only fly when life and joy are flown, 390
Which only rest beneath the silent stone ;
There shall her sorrows cease, her cares be o'er,
Who adds to misery's list one Laura more.

C——— of M———.

I love to find a woman that can spend
An evening chearful with a single friend ; 395
E'en by herself, not quite her soul devour,
And half a day work pleased on half a flower ;

Nor from her books have every hour to spare,
 Nor, mad for knowledge, to *Count's Lounge* repair;
 That haunt where ladies catch new themes for tattle,
 And learned grow by S—dn—y's pretty prattle, 401
 Or, with the rage of science deeply bit,
 Hear D—vy oxydate poor S^y—dn—y's wit ;

Line 399.] So called from the title of its founder, and from the uses to which it is applied.

Line 401.] This gentleman had the unrivalled merit of reducing Moral Philosophy to the level of a fashionable audience, and of converting metaphysics into *capital fun*. For some time nothing was talked of at the west end of the town but his witty sayings ; and had not a rich living, the just reward of his merits, stopt his mouth, he might in time have borne away the palm from Joe Miller. It is certainly a very happy faculty to have the power of being facetious on all occasions ; and of witticizing, with equal felicity, while lecturing on the doctrines of Reid, or *reviewing* a volume of sermons.

Line 403.] The boldness of the attempt was not equalled by its success. Chemistry, it would appear, is not so promising a subject for humour as metaphysics ; and it is not every one that is born a *wit*. It is not every day that Astley can pick up a Grimaldi, or Harris a Munden, or B——rn——d a S— S——.

The flaws of science with a fiddle botch,
 And haste from chemistry to Dr. Cr~~o~~tch; 405
 Or self-applauding puffs both hear and see,
 Where dun-skin'd oils from water-colours flee;
 And still to aid the lecture tame and vague,
 Th' example comes, and shouts " 'twas done by
 C—g!"
 O give him setters fee'd for half a crown, 410
 To catch him rich admirers o'er the town!

Line 405.] An *experimental* lecture on music certainly forms a very delicate *accompaniment* for *experimental* lectures on metaphysics and chemistry. Dibdin, at his Sans Souci, in Leicester Square, first introduced the fashion of spouting, playing, reciting, strutting, demonstrating, diverting—all in a breath; and it would have been strange indeed if the proprietors of the Royal *Institute* had not adopted so successful an expedient for collecting an auditory.

Line 411.] This is a hint not to be omitted by artists. A friend stationed in a coffee-house may appear to be there for pleasure as well as for business: the conversation may naturally enough turn on the subject of portrait-painting; and without exciting suspicion, L—, or M—, or N—, or O—, may be mentioned in the highest terms of applause, as the first ar-

On this bright shrine of science deck'd so gay,
 Muse, turn to place thy tributary lay ;
 This shrine, where ladies' wits on flame are taken,
 And offer'd up red hissing hot to Bacon. 415
 In times now quite from modern mem'ry flown,
 In days before our grannam's beards were grown,
 The fair—who boasted any thing to know,
 But just to toss a fan, or sport a beau,
 Select a bonnet, or a ribbon match, 420
 Compose a simper, or adjust a patch—
 These wiser fair, with knowledge drawn from book,
 Could shame the butler, or astound the cook ;
 'Twixt spice and gravy trace each choice alliance,
 The Kitchen Guide their sum of nat'ral science. 425

tist of this sort in the universe. A visit to the repositories of the said initials, and a subsequent order for a very fine (but not very laborious) picture may be the consequence. In such a case, it can be but a trifling diminution of the profits, to put a guinea into the hands of so useful a friend.

Line 415.] It may be questioned how far *such* human sacrifices are acceptable to this grey-bearded deity.

Still at their needle were the hussefs seen,
Still at those works which now but grace a queen;
The flowret rose beneath their fost'ring hands,
And lovers were secured in netted bands.
If nobler themes caught some sublimer soul, 430
She learnt those truths which passion's heats controul;

Line 425.] A treatise on cookery, well known about half a century ago.

Line 427.] While ladies of fashion, in the present day, are almost as much unacquainted with the use of their needle, as with baking of bread, cooking dinner, and weaving broad cloth, which, as we learn from Homer and Virgil, were the common employments of princesses and ladies of quality, in the time of the Trojan war—it is not a little to the credit of the queen of Great Britain, that she is not less dexterous at needle-work than any of her royal ancestors. I have seen ladies, who had scarcely wherewithal to buy their finery, extremely proud of having never hemmed a frill, or embroidered a handkerchief for themselves. It appeared to them an indisputable mark of gentility that they had never been taught to employ an hour, cheerfully and usefully, in those works which become a woman. If they were capable of feeling it, 'tis a bitter satire on such pretenders to fashion, when their foolish vanity is reproved by an example from the throne.

Imbided the duties of the wedded life,
To guide, the mother, and to bless, the wife ;
How in the highest paths unenvied shine,
See wealth and splendour pass, and not repine ; 435
How suit her actions to a frail abode,
And meet, at length, with hope and love her God.

Line 437.] It is curious to observe the difference which existed in the education and pursuits of learned ladies of fashion in the barbarous days of King Henry the Eighth, and in the present times. The Lady Jane Grey, before she was twelve years old, was mistress of eight languages. She wrote and spoke English with elegance and accuracy. French, Italian, Latin, and even Greek, she possessed to remarkable perfection ; and she had made some progress in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Arabic. Yet in the pursuit of these extraordinary acquisitions, she did not fall into any neglect of those useful and ornamental arts, which are peculiarly desirable in the female sex. The delicacy of her taste was displayed in a variety of needle-works, and even in the beauty and regularity of her hand-writing. She played admirably on several musical instruments, and accompanied them with a voice peculiarly sweet. Though of noble and royal descent, she did not think herself excused from the performance of any of her duties, and her cultivated mind enabled her to think, speak, and reason, with

But modern fair ones, with a nobler pride,
These paltry means, and silly ends deride ;
Dash with advent'rous aim through Physic laws, 440
And find for each effect a nat'ral cause.

astonishing propriety, on the most important subjects. With these qualities, her good humour, mildness, and humility were such, that she appeared to derive no pride from all her acquisitions. One day when her father and mother, the Marquis and Marchioness of Dorset, with all their attendants, were hunting in the park, a learned gentleman, who came on a visit to the family, was astonished to find the Lady Jane at home, reading Plato in the original. On his enquiry why she omitted sharing in the pastime which the others were enjoying in the park ; " Alas," said she, " these good folks never felt what pleasure is. Their sports do not deserve the name, when compared with the enjoyment furnished by Plato." At sixteen, this beautiful young girl performed the duties of a wife with the same excellence as she had previously done those of a daughter. At seventeen, condemned to die by the sanguinary Mary, she laid her head on the block with composure, and died like a Christian. It is needful to apologize for introducing this awkward old story ; but it is done merely to shew how well our modern ladies of fashion have succeeded in rubbing off the *rust* of former times.

Hear them descant on Carbon's varied use,
 And o'er the pudding talk of gastric juice ;
 Shew boils and gout to be, with all their pains,
 Caloric's vacillation in the veins ; 445
 Hysterics but some hydrogenic frolic,
 And chyle coquetting bile the cause of cholick.
 When Sancho scents the room, no prancing Sir
 Starts up in haste to oust the whimp'ring cur ;
 The blest occasion seize the anxious fair 450
 To snuff the properties of phosphate air.

Line 445.] According to the new and prevailing theory of the day, gout and other similar inflammations are produced by an accumulation of *caloric*, or fire, in the part affected ; and hence the very natural remedy has been adopted, of pouring cold water on the part, to *extinguish* the distemper. Query, whether boiling water would not do as well ? It certainly extinguishes a common fire quite as rapidly.

Line 447.] It is also a late theory that pains in the bowels result from the chyle refusing to mix properly with the bile—a very rational theory, and very fit to be understood by the ladies.

Line 451.] The author has here taken some liberties with chemical language, probably from discovering its un-

From Davy's dapper feats, so quick to view,
 Converting red to green, and green to blue,
 Now burning gases, and now quaffing air,
 Till tipsy quite he sinks beside his chair— 455
 When Flora's pores distend with vernal pith,
 Now haste the fair to catch the laws of S—h;
 To know if charming Darwin they may trust,
 Who sung the feats of vegetable lust;
 And learn if true it is that nature droll 460
 Should perk thus in our face the queer corol.

tractability in poetry; but all his learned and fair readers will readily perceive what he means. But if they find fault with his poetical licence, candour will oblige them to applaud his delicacy, since he has only talked of snuffing up, without alluding to the more favourite experiment of producing a beautiful fire-work by holding a lighted candle to— when—

Line 452.] This gentleman is the well known inventor of the celebrated invisible liquor termed the oxygenated oxyd of azote. Only a few ladies of the first rank have been admitted to the honour of getting muddy with this liquor; and for the sake of appearances, even those have been introduced only one by one, at convenient time and place.

Say, noble count, why not enlarge thy plan,
 And to the sex unfold superior man?
 On table spread, with weapon anatomic,
 Ript up from head to foot, from back to stomach,
 How many a secret would the scene disclose! 466
 How many a cause whence vast effects arose!

Of moral science are the sex devoid?
 No—here their thoughts are grand, their knowledge
 wide;

They know th' attractive, the repulsive force, 470
 Which through all nature hold their sov'reign course;
 Which wed the acid with the alkali,
 And make the magnet now embrace, now fly;
 Which spring the mushroom, and which grow the
 man,

The appearance varied with the varied plan. 475

Line 467.] It is to me inexplicable why the proprietors of the ~~Ray~~ ~~Inst~~-n, have omitted to introduce a course of *anatomical* lectures for the fair sex. It would certainly be productive of far more *entertainment* than either moral philosophy or botany, and would attract much larger audiences.

Moved by these powers men long to eat and drink,
 And learn at length that strange odd thing to think ;
 The air in eddies, words yclep'd, propel,
 And now good subjects make, and now rebel.
 Do these strong powers the bosom kindly move? 480
 All reason thaws, all melts the heart to love.
 Act they in concert? Virtue joys our eyes :
 But do they quarrel? The result is vice.
 While these inform our organized pipe-clay,
 And in our bosoms hold their genial play, 485
 Then are we said to live: but should they fly,
 And quit their vibrating disport, we die.
 For life and death, vice, virtue, conscience, reason,
 These forces make, and end them all in season.
 The dreams which fools indite of Heaven and Hell,
 The curse of crimes and bliss of doing well ; 491
 Of Gods and Devils, fables of old women,
 Are made to suit such bedlamites as Boehmen.
 Repelled, attracted, still we live : and when
 This motion ceases, we are clods again. 495

Line 495.] My learned readers are not unacquainted with the fashionable modern theory that all the phenõ-

Go on ye fair ! your learned course pursue,
 And do as nature's impulse bids ye do ;
 May fate your labours crown, make famed your life :
 Nay, make you any thing—if not my wife.

M arch of *A* lex com

What joys of wine make th' art'ry throb so high,
 As rapture trembling in the female eye? 501
 What ills so deep the manly bosom move,
 As woman's anguish mix'd with tears of love ?
 On the bleak beach before the gazing crowd,
 To hear these piercing plaints, these shrieks so loud ;

mena of being, all the actions and motions both of body and soul, result entirely from various modifications of chemical attractions and repulsions, acting on inert matter. This is a charming theory ; for besides that it fully accounts for every thing, it fairly gets rid of all those foolish notions of future responsibility, heaven, hell, and so forth, which have so long annoyed the imaginations of men, and converted many a delicious attraction and repulsion into horrible sins.

Line 504.] This tender scene took place some years ago, on the pier at Ramsgate, during the embarkation of our troops for the continent.

To see that bosom, white as bolted snow, 506
 Heave, as 'twould burst, by swelling pangs below,
 O'er that fine brow the dews of death to trace,
 While all his lurid hues o'erspread that face;
 To see those polished limbs convulsive start 510
 Till fainting nature fails to do her part ;
 To know that all these agonizing woes
 Are barb'd by feeling, and from love arose;—
 Who would not weep her tears, and sigh her moan,
 And wish her tender sorrows half his own? 515

Yet stay—These tears no mother's love bespeak,
 And for no husband seems that heart to break ;
 No early friends' mishap, or parents' ill,
 These limbs convulse, that face with anguish fill :
 Her babes, her husband, could that tender dame
 Unmoved abandon for a wanton flame ; 521
 Could pant with rapture in th' adulterer's arms,
 And feed the guilty riot with her charms.

Line 506.]

“ The fanned snow
 “ That's bolted by the northern blast
 thrice o'er.”

SHAKSPEARE.

Now her gay paramour is call'd to wield
 Another armour in another field; 525
 For amorous stratagems in Venus' wars,
 To meet Bellona's wrath and bloody scars ;
 Exchange, for dank morass, the wanton's bed,
 While hostile glances seek his tempting red : 529
 Hence heaves her breast, and hence her colour dies—
 For now, what lips shall drink her glowing sighs ?
 What panting breast shall on her bosom pant,
 Raise each desire, and satiate every want ?
 Make all her widow'd nights with transport burn,
 And shame and guilt to rapt fruition turn ? 535

For thee, fond fair, let kindred fair ones feel,
 Their sorrows mingle, and their joys reveal ;
 Gloat o'er their pleasures for some passing years,
 Then waste their harrowing age in penitential tears !

M^{arc} — of A^{laron}.

The child that sees another soundly whipt 540
 Is near as frightened as if *he* were stript ;
 And shuns, lest he a like mischance should feel,
 To rob the orchard, or the cheese-cake steal.

But our grown children see their fellows stray,
 And sad correction meet them on their way; 545
 From wealth to penury, fame to scorn descend,
 Mock'd while they live, unpitied in their end :—
 Yet unregarded is the warning given,
 And all unheard the voice, the acts, of Heaven ;
 New vot'ries still the fatal joys entice, 550
 Still gay and thoughtless, folly sports with vice.

She, that once held her name, the theme of scorn,
 Does the thought move the sprightly ——— ?
 The Abbey, sees it now a calmer day,
 Its guests less numerous, or its sports less gay ? 555
There is high luxury less profusely quaff'd ?
 Are those who drink less madden'd with the draught ?
 Or the fair hostess less be-paragraph'd ?

Line 558.] It is to be apprehended that Cobbet, the political executioner of our age, will put this practice of *be-paragraphing* in the newspapers out of countenance, or at least that he will render the encomiastic effusions insufferably tame and spiritless. His comments on two famous dinners, the one given in honour of an *actress*, the other given by a company of actors in honour of their *manager*, have done much to shake the nerves of more than one candidate for fashionable fame.

No !—Scenes more costly now enchant the hall,
 At midnight concert, or at morning ball ; 560
 A Thespian temple here, bedizen'd o'er,
 Now oft receives a whole dramatic corps ;
 Where mushroom warriors learn to strut their hour,
 And Buonaparte, snug at home, devour ;

Line 564.] There is nothing in which the officers of our guards have so remarkably evinced their superiority over the troops of the line, as by their great excellence in enacting of plays. It is astonishing how genteely some of these gentlemen can *play* the hero ; with what a terrible swagger they shake their *foils* ; and how manfully they drive the enemy—*behind the scenes*. Although they should not be able to prevent Buonaparte's march to London, yet assuredly if he can be prevailed on to go to a private theatre, and see these mighty warriors frown, bellow, stamp, and shake the boards, it cannot fail to frighten him back over the channel. Admirable school for valour ! Excellent plan for raising the dignity of the army !—But private theatres are not a less admirable seminary for female chastity than for male heroism ; and therefore we cannot sufficiently applaud those parents who permit their daughters to exhibit their pretty limbs betimes in tempting attitudes, in these public-private resorts of the loving and languishing.

Where high-bred dames, more given to deal in fact,
Con o'er betimes what they eftsoons enact; 566

Where grace and gambol mix a thousand ways,
And Kemble spouts in state on holidays;
Where verdant laurels deck the lustrous scene,
And quite eclipse the greybeard M——g——e. 570

Go on, fair dame, enjoy thy summer hour,
Nor think of snows that chill, or skies that lower;
Nor to your lord his manlier pleasures grudge,
Who now a hunter blows, and now a judge;
While monkeys wear a tail, or stags a horn, 575
Thou shalt be talk'd of with thy ——.

Lady Hamilton

When lovely E—— quitted first her cot,
In honest way to seek her future lot;
By frequent curtsey humbly won renown;
And nicely plaiting of her lady's gown; 580
Even then her rival beaux were seen to vie,
The coachman bluster, and the valet sigh.

When next, promoted, (near that lofty fane
Where stamp the mimic gods of Drury Lane,)

She by a fuming altar stood so dight 585
 In gown with sleeves abridged, and apron white ;
 The fragrant slice dissever'd from the loin,
 The trencher warm'd, or pour'd the barley-wine ;
 In wedgewood bason dealt the smoking soup,
 And, tripping, cast a leer upon the groupe ; 590
 With knowing smile return'd the leer or jest,
 Nor veil'd her ankle fine, or swelling breast——
 How many a swain in love and lux'ry wallow'd,
 Gazed as he chew'd, and gloated as he swallow'd !
 Or while his eyes and tongue would play the fool,
 Forgot his joint, and left his steak to cool ; 596
 Would drink in rapture with his nut-brown ale,
 And count the cost that surely might prevail !
 Now, in this temple, once where bucks ne'er fared,
 And but hard-finger'd tradesmen once repair'd, 600
 Lured by the priestess, rhyming templars whine,
 And players spout, and chuckling brokers dine.

Nor wonder man, frail man, was here undone,
 Where woman's charms were all combined in one ;

*Line 585.] In common discourse, the dresser of a
 cook's-shop,*

Here tempting lips with tempting bosom strove, 605
 Here polish'd limbs with eyes that wanton rove ;
 Her body suited to her beauteous face,
 Each smile was love, each motion was a grace ;
 Here might the eye an endless banquet steal
 From what the kindly folds but half conceal ; 610
 And with well-suiting soul that scorn'd the prude,
 (Here prudery was too much for flesh and blood)
 When sighing, panting, Strephon warmly prest,
 Her gentle nature made her Strephon blest.

Some scenes there are which all unveil'd should lie,
 Some joys too sacred for the vulgar eye ; 616
 These no unhallow'd artist e'er must shew,
 But those who taste them, those alone must know :
 The vagrant muse, eves-dropping late at night,
 Shall ne'er reveal them to the garish light ; 620
 With wary hand she draws the curtains close,
 And lovers safely on her faith repose.

But say what eye discerning found the gem
 That well might sparkle in a diadem ?

Line 624.] “ Thy liberal hand, thy judging eye,
 “ The flower unheeded shall descry ;

Brush'd it from rubbish, polish'd and new-set,
 Whence yet a brighter destiny it met, 626
 Lodged in old Virtuoso's cabinet ?

Now E——'s polish'd limbs, and motions fine,
 Her mien majestic, and her step divine,
 Placed in their proper sphere, at court display'd, 630
 Make longing nobles haunt the glowing maid ;
 While the more favour'd sons of blest virtù,
 Her charms, like mother Eve's embellish'd, view.

“ Shall raise from earth the latent gem,
 “ To glitter in the diadem !”

GRAY.

Line 627.] Whether this jewel of the first water was sold for a great sum, or given as a present, is not agreed among historians. The latter, however, seems most probable, as it was only among *friends*.

Line 629.] There is no one to whom these poor unhappy hacknies have been so often applied :

“ Grace was in all her steps ; heaven in her eye,
 “ In every gesture dignity and love.”

Line 630.] Mistake not, gentle reader, it was not the antiquated court of Great Britain.

Line 633.] “ And is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.”

Here hacknied sculptors strange emotions own,
 And on this study gaze themselves to stone ; 635
 Here sunk-eyed painters check the mounting blood,
 And catch, with trembling hand, an attitude ;

The embellishments here alluded to are such as the fair Eve wore before she saw the necessity of the fig-leaf ; or such as decked the beauteous queen of the foolish Phrygian prince, when he exhibited her to the entranced eyes of Gyges. It is said that the great superiority of the Grecian sculptors and painters in the delineation of the female form, proceeded from their studying the living subject in this most elegant attire ; and the virtuoso alluded to was too great a lover of the fine arts, not to employ his mistress or his wife thus innocently for their promotion.

Line 635.] It is curious to observe the effects of habit in blunting the edge of our most unruly propensities. An *accoucheur* daily approaches the finest women with as much indifference as a grocer's apprentice looks into a hogshead of sugar. It is the same with those meagre-faced sons of the fine arts, who are daily gazing on, and nightly dreaming of the beauties of nature. They study a fine woman, with the same emotion, whether she be formed of flesh or marble ; and it is perhaps an exaggeration to suppose any beauties so luxuriant as to excite in them the emotions of ordinary men.

Now in some tempting posture view her near,
 As once she lay to blinking M—sq—r—r ;
 Now as a sleeping Venus all confest, 640
 While wanton Cupid sports around her breast.

Lo ! high in state, and near the sceptre seen,
 (Fear'd by a court, embosom'd by a q——,)
 E—— shews talents far beyond her kind,
 And, great in fortune, shines more great in mind ;
 State-secrets now she wins by state intrigues, 646
 And enmities conceal'd, and treach'rous leagues ;
 Knows how to bribe the most unbending wight,
 And, if she fails by day, succeeds by night ;
 Can sift a counsellor, unlock a king, 650
 And lead a captive court in magic string ;
 Can act the patriot, warn her native state
 Of lucky seasons, or of threaten'd fate ;
 By well plann'd hits a double purpose gain,
 Enact a heroine, and a hero chain. 655

Minds, to bear away, must suit the state they
 hold,
 Grave in the church, and in the navy bold ;
 Keen at Change-alley, vent'rous still at Lloyd's,
 And most discreet where G—nv—e all bestrides.

Thus a soft creature, touch'd by courtly air, 660
 Could wield the scourge, and laugh at mute despair ;
 Let loose hell-furies on a people's head,
 Nor shrink when fathers, mothers, husbands, bled ;
 Make the pale hero aid the murd'rous scene,
 And e'en outdo a scepter'd heroine ; 665
 Her private vengeance sate mid public strife,
 And think it kind to spare her victim's life !

Ah ! what avails, with soul like this, to find
 Such charms of person with such powers of mind ?
 Could heaven-born love approach these bloody stains,
 Could feeling melt where vengeance fires the veins ?
 Scandal may still reproach the hero's name, 672
 Who left his wedded love for thee and shame ;
 Or modern virtue may deride the charge,
 And hold a heart, when profligate, is large ; 675
 In vain they palliate, needlessly they blame,
 Such deeds, bright fair, must fix a deathless fame.

Her name all gone, departed all her dears,
 Poor E—— sinks into the vale of years ;
 Sometimes, by starts, produced to public view, 680
 With crazy G——, or obscene old Q ;

Or, match'd with big Squallanté, strains her throat,
 While sister-sympathies attune the note.
 Sometimes new-gifted by the public tongue,
 With titled lover, or with husband *young*; 685
 Yet soon these rumours, like her beauties, fade,
 And scorn conducts her to the wintry shade !

V ——— C ———.

What picture should we say were drawn to life,
 A promis'd peeress, and a statesman's wife ?
 A portly figure, not quite six foot high, 690
 Nor 'twixt the shoulders three, yet very nigh ;
 With full bare bosom that defies the wind,
 Well-suiting breast-work to the tower behind ;
 With open count'nance, that disdains to hide,
 Eye proudly rolling, and majestic stride ; 695
 Limbs such as huntress Dian once did own,
 With fair round flesh upon no spindle bone :
 Who scorns to shrink from our inclement air,
 Arms, ancles, bosom, neck, and shoulders, bare ;
 Whose voice her inward greatness not belies, 700
 Not speaks but thunders, lightens, and defies ;

Who in all scenes supports an equal name,
 High struts at court, high ventures in the game;—
 Such is the picture, truly drawn to life,
 A promis'd peeress, and a statesman's wife; 705
 E'en such is she who stoutly holds the rein
 O'er him whose double strings had burst in twain.

Lady Charlotte Campbell

From Scotia's mountains, heralded by fame,
 Young, noble, beautiful, Belinda came;
 Than her's no brighter lineage graced our isle, 710
 Her sire the great, the good, the loved ~~Arg~~—e;—
 (A patriot race, who mid all perils stood,
 And seal'd their country's freedom with their blood;
 Pluck'd from a recreant prince the diadem,
 And saved for Brunswick's much-loved race the gem;)
 Her sire still oped his hospitable door 716
 To glad the stranger, and relieve the poor;
 Fair rose his palace, nobly spread his lawn,
 Yet seem'd as much all others' as his own;

Line 707.] One of them, indeed, is knotted again
 for the present; but most people are of opinion that
 'tis a running knot, which will slip at the first pull.

In grove or grotto play'd the village train, 720
 And every stranger trod the cultured plain ;
 His happy tenants bore th' unwrinkled brow,
 And "live for ever !" was the gen'ral vow.

Thus nobly sprung, Belinda's charms unfold
 More than is given to birth, or bought with gold ;
 The rose and lily blending in her face, 726
 And all expression beaming through all grace ;
 Her peerless figure such as poets feign,
 When Venus first ascended from the main ;
 See how her motions vibrate to the heart, 730
 See every limb a master-piece of art !

Not Venus self knew more alluring wiles,
 Or more bewitching, more eternal smiles.
 No damp, no cloud, o'erhung her opening day,
 Still witty, wanton, frolicsome, and gay ; 735
 The ground she tript seem'd livelier from her tread,
 The hearts she pierced thro' d sprightlier as they
 bled.

No prudish mopish arts she deign'd to try,
 Nor grudg'd her beauties to the kindling eye ;
 Still seen where fashion held her trophied court ;
 Still known the foremost in the throng'd resort ; 741

No vot'ry sought a smile, and sought in vain ;
None praised unheard, unnoticed told his pain ;
Averse her bounteous soul to hide a charm
Which nature gave so many hearts to warm, 745
Her ling'ring foot, the chariot mounting slow,
Displayed the ankle to the circling beau ;
The welcom'd eye perused her melting shape,
And half forgot the intervening crape.

That season past, when, on the natal day, 750
Poor Pye still labours through his annual lay ;

Line 749.] It was rather too liberal to exhibit with such a pellucid fig-leaf in the drawing room; and however mortifying it must have been for the surrounding youths to be deprived of the spectacle, yet certainly a great personage acted consistently with decorum, in desiring the naked to be cloathed before appearing in public.

Line 751.] We read of a wretched poet who was employed by Alexander the Great to sing his praises, on the condition that for every good line he was to receive a hundred pieces of gold, and for every bad one a hundred lashes. Tradition says that the poor poet did not long survive the bargain, which proved as bad for him as the sentence of a modern court-martial. Had the same

When hoops and farthingales in great distress
 High bolt upright are seen amidst the press ;
 Now all, but splay-foot cits from London, strain,
 To brace their nerves against the next campaign ;
 The gay Belinda seeks her native shades, 756
 And shines the fairest of the Grampian maids.

Here joyous summer spreads so bright a hue,
 The meads so green, the distant hills so blue ;
 So glassy clear expands the inland lake, 760
 So rich in varied charms the forests shake ;
 So chearful Nature gambols o'er the plain,
 In youth's first bloom, just freed from winter's
 chain ;—

That southern climes may boast their double spring,
 And fruitage cull'd through every season bring ; 763

bargain been struck with our Poets Laureat, the country
 would have saved many an annual hundred pounds.

Line 752.] It is inexpressible how much the dignity
 of the court is supported by retaining these pieces of
 ancient deformity in dress. Will the nature of real
 grandeur never be understood ?

Tame, listless, dull, their changeless scenes appear,
Nor know the varied joys of summer here.

Here too Belinda, sick of London toys,
Found fresh delights, and brightër-blooming joys :
An honest steward, from her sire's domains, 770
With thrifty hand had cull'd no trivial gains ;
His thousand pence had swoln to thousand pounds,
And rich and ample rose his purchased bounds ;
Bright wheel'd his chariot, fair his mansion stood ;
None but a Celt had guess'd his want of blood. 775

A son he had, and thereby hangs a tale,
A manlier youth ne'er trod a highland vale ;
With stately figure and with shoulders broad,
That well might ease old Atlas of his load ;
His well-made limbs, health, strength, and vigour,
braced, 780

His open count'nance bloom and courage graced ;
By youths like these fair ladies hearts are won,
Though dapper elves may squire them through the
Ton.

Belinda saw him——Need the rest be said ?
Belinda sigh'd that she was still a maid ; 785

And when the youth, who fear'd to look so high,
 Perceiv'd, yet durst not read her speaking eye,
 She felt 'twas folly thus unblest to prove,
 Grow green and yellow, and not tell her love ;
 The Gordian knot she cut ; and then with pride 790
 The wond'ring youth embraced his high-born bride.
 With him she'd bear the knapsack, scorn the crown,
 And pleased forsakes the follies of the town.

D——— of R———.

As youthful monarchs grace an ancient realm,
 As sapling vines adorn the ripened elm ; 795
 As yearling shoots, in aged trunks new set,
 Sap from their pith, strength from their vigour get ;
 As slender woodbine, join'd to moss-grown walls,
 New beauty gives, and fattens as it crawls ;

Line 789.] “ She never told her love,
 “ But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
 “ Feed on her damask cheek : She pined in thought,
 “ And with a green and yellow melancholy,
 “ She sat, like Patience on a monument,
 “ Smiling at grief.”

SHAKSPEARE.

So ancient widows match'd to youthful spouses, 800
 And bringing with them store of lands and houses,
 New deck the beaux, themselves new deck'd appear,
 The youth full pockets gets, the dame fresh cheer.

No wedded ills their wiser hymens know,
 To teaze the gamesome belle, the frolic beau—805

She ne'er shall mourn for splendid fêtes declined,
 Six months deformed, and six weeks more confined ;

Line 807.] To a lady of taste and fashion this is a matrimonial grievance altogether insupportable. What can there be in a silly bantling ; a source of vexation while young, and perhaps a rival when it grows older, to recompence such a vacuity in life, such a separation from every thing delightful, such deformity, such longings !

Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses !

Fortunately that same round of enjoyments, which renders the evil insupportable, also tends powerfully to its prevention. A high-born, high-bred, high-fed lady is rarely troubled with too numerous a brood. Were she to litter like the wife of a peasant, good heavens ! the thing would be past endurance ; and the advertizing quack near Temple Bar would have to strike out another private entrance.

H

The mother's dire dilemmas ne'er shall know,
Twixt saving shapes, and humouring Rousseau.

Line 809.] Most of my readers are not ignorant of the violent perturbation which this officious and wild enthusiast excited, about twenty years ago, among the higher female circles of Paris and London. He was popular, he was universally read : his opinions were the guides of the times, the *rage* of the fashionable world. He seized this opportunity to expose the shameful apathy of mothers, the cruel dereliction of babes. With his glowing pencil he depicted the miseries to which the unhappy infant is abandoned, when delivered over to the care of a hireling nurse. He shewed the absurdity of supposing that a mother, who has strength to bring a child into the world, is not also provided with means and power to afford its natural nourishment. If mothers were deaf to the calls of humanity, and unmoved by the softest appeals of nature, he called upon their self-love not wantonly to throw away that filial tenderness, that delicate plant which they ought to nourish from their breasts, and which would prove the shade, the solace, and the pride of their declining years. To the unnatural dereliction of infants, he traced that total disregard of parental authority, which diffused licentiousness almost from the cradle, and rendered the ties of parent and child the chain of lasting wretchedness.

To these sentiments the name of Rousseau forced attention. His reasoning was sound, his eloquence pa-

She, sweetly lapt in John's encircling arms, 810
Shall ne'er be waked by bantlings' night alarms ;

thetic, his satire poignant and irresistible. Mothers now began to perform, from shame, the duties which they had refused to the voice of nature ; and the Parisian circles of fashion soon saw the miraculous spectacle of young women, lovely, gay, and noble, suckling their own children. Britain in time imitated an example, which her boasted morality ought to have set. The Duchess of Devonshire, who, with many human failings, possessed a warmth of heart, and a vigour of mind rarely found in her sex, and still more rarely in her rank, led the way in this honourable reformation ; and shewed that the duties of a mother could be performed without disgrace, and that the life and happiness of a child were to be purchased even with a temporary derangement of the bosom.

Unfortunate Rousseau ! Let not this verdant wreath be scattered from thy tomb. Thy failings were many, thy errors not a few : yet thy frailties may be palliated by thy education and thy distresses ; and even over thy vices a veil may be thrown by the most cruel malady incident to human nature. Thy virtues ought not to perish, nor thy services to mankind be forgotten. Let those moralists who would hoot thee from society, lay their hands on their hearts, and say what social benefit they have conferred equal to that now related. It was

Nor daily forced *maternity* to feign,
 And all her feelings 'fore each guest to strain.
 She ne'er, sequester'd from the courtly throng,
 Shall meditate her schemes the woods among, 815
 With what old trunk her blooming grafts to join,
 With manor vast, and much be-quarter'd line ;

a vice which seemed incurable : a vice the mother of a thousand vices—

Hac fonte derivata clades

In patriam populumque fluxit.

Line 812.] This is another terrible piece of constraint under which the effects of Rousseau's doctrines have laid fashionable mothers. It is not enough that they suckle their infants : they must also have them near them, caress them, amuse them, shew an interest in their welfare. To render this drudgery more supportable, ingenious mothers have thought of employing the occasion as no bad opportunity to make a display of feeling. The children are accordingly produced before all guests ; the fond mother is seen hanging round their necks, dropping tears into their little bosoms, casting her eyes to Heaven, giving thanks for these dear pledges, and for a heart that can feel the blessing ! This new fashion has a new name : it is called *maternity* ; and is at present accounted one of the prettiest modes in which a lady of the Ton can display her sensibility.

Oft ponder o'er the wily, vent'rous plan,
To hide her purpose, and entrap the man ;
How from seclusion her ripe fruits to draw, 820
And burst upon the town with most éclât ;

Line 821.] The following description includes the most improved plan of procedure for a woman of fashion who has a daughter. The plague of having her continually in the way, from the time she quits the nurse's arms, till she can be produced in form to the world, is beyond all patience, if one is placed in the region of life, and new pleasures every moment press to be enjoyed. Besides, the creature, if at home, must often be seen by visitors in this interval: her face becomes familiar to every one, and she is quite stale before she is introduced, or *published*, as it is termed. Her *débüt* attracts no attention: it is but as an old play revived. 'Tis a miracle if the thing takes; and if she does not hang on one's hands for five or ten years to come. Quite as bad is it to send her to a boarding-school: the awkward ignorant baby returns at sixteen, Mrs. Chaponne in her head, and her feet à la d'Egville; the oddest compound ever huddled together; and no more fit for a drawing-room than a donkey for Rotten-row. Before such an animal knows how to manage her eyes and fingers, her freshness is quite gone, and all the world after a new phenomenon. In this dilemma, it was a gallant thought of the Marchioness to let her town-house

How, quaintly turn'd, the paragraph to frame,
Just hint the talk, and half produce the name ;

for a term of years, immure herself resolutely in the old castle ; undertake, with the aid of a Parisian governess, to mould her growing daughter into something human ; give her a glance of every accomplishment ; and teach her to play them off to the best advantage : then, the necessary period of her durance expired, cause her house to be repaired, and new furnished, have her preparations for return blazoned abroad, and then re-appear in the world like a comet from the outskirts of its orbit. The scheme succeeded to her wish ; the beautiful Maria captivated all men, and was carried off in three weeks by one of the first peers of the realm. Nor did the Marchioness lose by her long captivity : her face had all the charms of novelty as well as her daughter's ; and the old Marquis having died during her recess, she soon tasted the sweets of a new honey-moon. Her example has since been the guide among women of spirit, as may be yearly seen in the columns of our fashionable newspapers.

Line 822.] This is a circumstance which ought to be carefully attended to ; as few things are of so much importance as the announcing paragraphs. They should be inserted in the Post or Herald at some of those fortunate intervals of public attention, when there is nothing so singular as to be talked of by every one.

Ward off, with pious care, and eye so wary,
The lacquey, captain, gard'ner, 'pothecary; 825

The following form of a paragraph for announcing the *re-appearance* has met with approbation :

“ It is with infinite satisfaction that the fashionable world have learnt the arrival of Lady D—— with her lovely daughter. No one had forgot the shining figure which her ladyship made, when she yielded to the feelings of maternal tenderness, and sacrificed all the joys of splendour and admiration, to devote herself to the education of the beautiful Louisa. That delicious blossom is now matured ; and the fruit is as rich as it is delicate. Nor are the merits of Lady D—— without reward. Besides the inexpressible pleasure of seeing her daughter all-accomplished, the fresh air and tranquil pleasures of the country have given a tint to her complexion, and a lustre to her eyes, as captivating as they are uncommon. We do not wonder that such a crowd of expecting youths attended at the door to see the lovely pair alight.”

The following paragraph, announcing an *intended* union, appeared lately in the papers, and is certainly a model :

“ Whatever our contemporaries may have said, we can, from the best authority, contradict the reported union of the Earl of —— and Lady D——’s beautiful daughter. Such indeed is the enchantment of that be-

Till, to a spouse consign'd her troublous charge,
At length the weary guardian's set at large.—

witching creature, that we do not wonder his lordship should have adventured, among so many others, for the golden fruit. She, however still ' smiles to all, favours to none extends'—yet we could name a noble and gallant marquis who has caught some glances which so many would have died to gain. Should his success be as marked at the bonny duchess's grand party of fashionables, where the *charming pair* will this evening meet, he will cause many a noble swain to wear the willow."

Line 825.] Instances have lately occurred in which persons of all these descriptions have carried off Right Honourable fair ones in triumph.— Nor ought this to excite our surprise. That education which teaches the young mind to regard external shew and splendour as the supreme good, and the arts of catching a man of rank and wealth as the only useful acquirements, imparts no real dignity to the character. The female becomes degraded in her own estimation, and is conscious of no meanness where appearances can be saved. But the heart will have its longings as well as the eye; and where a fine coat, and a fine fellow, are fairly balanced against each other, it is ten to one if opportunity does not turn the scale. An education which should inspire religious and moral principles, and impart real dignity to

To *him*, the pressing claims of custom's duns,
A snug provision for the younger sons,
A tempting dower to gain the daughters love, 830
Shall ne'er the stud displace, or game reprove.
He ne'er with body curv'd, and cap in hand,
Before the Premier's strutting form shall stand ;
Recount his members, and his votes recall,
And represent his boys are now grown tall ; 835
Beg him his fortune's gaping wounds to heal,
And fix his leeches on the common weal.

the mind, would be a surer guardian of female virtue, than the watchful dragon of the Hesperian gardens.

Line 837.] I have often wondered at the absurdity of those persons who call out for an abolition of sinecure places and pensions, and represent them as useless incumbrances. Useless ! In the name of common sense, if these were abolished, how is it possible that the younger branches of our noble families should be decently provided for ? It is impossible for the most wealthy nobleman to provide for a number of sons and daughters, without impoverishing the family fortunes, without wounding the aristocracy to the quick, without endangering a lamentable decay of the most flourishing branch of our glorious constitution. But by means of

On one long level road of bliss unbroke,
 This joyous team shall draw the silken yoke ;
 The same delights which bound them first together,
 Shall still remain untouch'd by time or weather ; 841
 While bloom her fields, her dividends are paid,
 Her yearly board with large rack-rents are spread,
 While to his purse a full supply is brought
He gets whate'er he seeks, whate'er he sought ; 845
 And while in equal plenty shines her gold,
 What is't to him although she grows more old ?
 Nor are *her* joys with liberty eloped ;
 She shines one winter more than once she hoped ;

a large supply of pensions, and of places befitting the habits of a nobleman, these evils are averted. The peer is enabled to expend his whole income in maintaining his splendour ; he transmits his estates unimpaired to the heir of his honours ; and the nobility are preserved in their ancient predominancy over the rest of the community. To procure such transcendant advantages, is it not proper that a large portion of our taxes should go to maintain the younger branches of noble houses ? Is it not expedient that, to use the energetic language of Mr. Fox, " the lower classes of the society should be driven from the parlour to the garret, and from the garret to the cellar ?"

The fashion leads ; from scandal's shafts exempt,
 Still bears the honour of the power to tempt ; 851
 And sure till all her wishing days are past,
 Her Strephon's charms, and vig'rous port shall last.

L———— P————

In ancient Troy, a town well known to fame,
 A hero liv'd, Sir Pandarus his name, 855
 'Twas his, when warriors loosed the chariot team,
 Or courtly dames threw by their wool to dream,—

Line 855.] So called by Shakspeare.

Line 856.] In the times of the Trojan war, as Homer informs us, all the great warriors went to battle in chariots, and generally acted both as postillions and grooms to themselves. It is probably in imitation of this ancient and renowned custom, that our modern heroes are so frequently found mounted on the coach-box in the appropriate dress, and intermingled with their undistinguishable lacquies in the stable.

Line 857.] The ladies of the same age were employed chiefly in preparing woollen stuffs for the men ; and, strange to tell ! the fair ones of Priam's court were uncommonly notable wool-combers, spinsters, weavers,

To read the wishful look, the longing eye,
 And whisper soft of blest occasions nigh,
 Of mutual flames, of interviews conceal'd, 860
 And dear delights to Nox alone reveal'd.
 'Twas his through lanes untrod, and alleys dark,
 At noon of night to lead th' advent'rous spark,
 Where in disguised attire, unseen convey'd,
 All-tuned to rapture glowed the panting maid. 865

and tailors. It appears, however, that Cupid was no-wise deterred by a distaff: but as there were, in that age, no routs, balls, gaming-tables, operas, masquerades, at which one could meet another, the good offices of such kind-hearted gentlemen as Sir Pandarus must have been of uncommon utility.

Line 861.] It is pleasing to see traces of the rites of ancient times still preserved. The goddess Nox was, in days of old, peculiarly favourable to all the votaries of pleasure and freedom, and was hence the particular object of their admiration. In our days, such is the gratitude of the whole world of fashion, as well as of sharpers, that they scarcely perform any of their mysteries unless under her influence.

Line 863.]

“ The moon

“ Riding near her highest noon.”

MILTON.

If deathless laurel round his temples shines,
Such wreathes as Cyprus rears, and Shakspeare
twines ;

While warriors vast like nameless donkies rot,
And Troy itself is sought where Troy was not :—
Though midst a colder race, and colder clime, 870
Where frost-bit pleasure scarce e'er gained its prime,
O ! ne'er the genial dome forgotten be,
Where love unbinds the zone, and revels free ;
Where, from hot suppers, titled dames repair,
Nor all-work hacknies seek, or curtain'd chair ; 875

Line 867.] See the play of Troilus and Cressida, in which the feats of Pandarus are held forth to the admiration and imitation of all posterity.

Line 869.] *Vide* the researches of Mr. Gell, &c. &c.

Line 875.] It may here be necessary to remark that ladies, once admitted into the circles of fashion, and who afterwards so far save appearances as to live on certain terms with their husbands, and to avoid a prosecution in a court of law, may be, and are, visited freely, and without any danger of scandal. This consideration ought to be most seriously weighed by all females of distinction. They have ample latitude allowed them by

All loose to joy in nature's charms confest,
 Unheard embracing, and unseen embraced ;
 Nor dreading ought that not with love accords,
 The lash of sland'ring tongues, or jealous lords.

Here, under cover, billet doux convey'd 880.

Nor fear the careless page, or prying maid ;
 Through hands well-skill'd the assignations speed,
 Fresh blooming heirs to barren beds succeed,
 And gentle maids from leading apes are freed.

Sage sophs of old have labour'd to attain 885

The happiest point of mingling joy with gain :
 A vain pursuit for dolts like them to think of,
 Whoscarce felt pleasure oft'ner than the chin-cough :

our generous customs; and surely it cannot require much skill, in the present state of things, to avoid being *found out*. In former times, unsuspected hackney-coaches, and close chairs were resorted to as the means of concealment: Now the affair is much more securely managed under the protection of a *privileged* name.

Line 886] " Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile
 dulci."

HORACE.

A wiser Pandara of modern time,
 As scandal tells, made bliss with profit chime ; 890
 Here set the dice, enkindled there the flame,
 And still, from mantling pleasure, cull'd the game.
 Does fortune smile, and does she win the bet ?
 The happy lover hastes to pay the debt :
 Does fortune frown ? No avarice Cupid knows—
 His claim the joyful paramour foregoes. 896
 Thus, never losing, still the hostess wins,
 And plenteous guineas spring from teeming sins.

C—— of D——.

Though sweet its odours, and though bright its
 hues,

By kindly suns matured, and summer dews, 900
 How many a flower puts forth the bloom, and dies,
 Unknown to fost'ring hands, or wond'ring eyes !

How many a virgin, like the desert flower
 Condemned to distant vale, and silent hour,
 All unregarded, wastes her blooming prime, 905
 All unregarded, yields her charms to time !

Though never cheek disclosed a softer die,
 Though never beam'd a more alluring eye,
 Though never bosom with more am'rous swell,
 Inflamed the gay, or made the saint rebel ; 910
 These all in vain benignant nature rears,
 An Ex'ter comes not in a hundred years.
 No eye to read, no scene to shew her charms,
 Some clown receives her in his callous arms ;
 Her humble office, 'mid neglected shades, 915
 To tend her younglings, ply domestic trades,
 To keep the keys, and scold the loit'ring maids.
 But happy she, by brighter stars design'd,
 To shine in public and attract mankind ;

Line 912.] This nobleman, as report says, determining to procure a woman, whose heart dissipation had not debauched, and who should love him entirely for his own personal merits, disguised himself like a peasant, and in this attire betook himself to the labours of husbandry in a distant part of the country. Here, by happy chance, he met with the object which he sought ; and in his blooming bride found innocence without affectation, love without avarice or ambition, and beauty fresh from the hands of nature.

And all her charms to all advantage seen, 920
 Now smile the goddess, and now step the queen !

Ne'er from her lips, the accents, faltring, slow,
 Like miss from boarding school's ungraceful flow ;
 Full, free, matured, the notes sonorous rise,
 And plaudits loud are mix'd with silent sighs. 925

Cast in the shade, by other objects crost,
 No motion fine, or witching leer is lost ;
 Caught by a thousand eyes, borne on bright feather,
 Talk'd with the news, and ponder'd with the weather.

To scantling nature, here does licensed art 930
 A richer hue, and mellower shape, impart ;
 By neighb'ring rouge, the brighter eyes convey
 More brilliant glances to their panting prey ;

Line 928.] " Borne on bright wing."

MILTON.

Line 933.] This is the modern justification for wearing rouge, as black patches were formerly worn to set off the whiteness of the skin. I confess it would be unjustifiable to deny this ornament to the ladies of the stage, whose glances have to shoot "athwart the gloom profound" of Drury Lane theatre: only, as a friend, I would advise them not to daub it on so abominably

While floating robes, from fashion's newest mould,
Just what she wills, and as she wills, unfold. 935

Hence little Nell o'er Charles bore sovereign sway,
While crowds of rival beauties pass'd away ;

that each cheek reminds the people of the galleries of hung beef painted on a sign-board. As to other ladies, I have nothing at present to say to them. Let those, who are curs'd with wall eyes, e'en rouge to give them something like lustre. But it shall ever be my opinion, that countenances, which have any thing to express, will always express it ; and that the eyes will always sparkle when the heart expands with gaiety and good-humour.

Line 935.] Vide Parisot, &c. &c.

Line 936.] Nell Gwyn, the celebrated mistress of Charles the Second, maintained a considerable sway over him, in spite of that licentious monarch's unbounded passion for variety. She was a person of infinite good-humour, and bore the rubs incident to her situation with perfect composure. It is told of her coachman, that, being one day insulted by a brother-whip with the jeer that " he served a w——," he stript and asserted his honour in a sound bruising match. Nell was attracted by the noise of the scuffle ; and on learning the affair from her coachman, " Pugh !" said she, " why do you get yourself bruised for what every one knows !"

Hence Polly Peachum, with her smirking face
Shone first a Duke's sweet friend, and then her
Grace.

"Z——ds, ma'am," replied the coachman, "every one may know that you are a w——, but every one is not to say that I serve a w——!" To the honour of this frail sister be it told, she was almost the only patroness of the unfortunate Otway. We find, by his lamentable dedications to her, that the hereditary nobles, those chosen guardians of merit, saw this fine genius sinking into the grave from the pressure of poverty, while he turned his fainting eyes to the bounty of an actress and a prostitute! The times, it may be said, are changed—Alas! within our own memory, such was the fate of unhappy Savage. Deserted by the nobility to whom he was allied, abandoned to profligacy and hunger, the remnant of his miserable life was protracted by a pension from Mrs. Abingdon.

Line 939.] The celebrated Polly was first mistress to the late Duke of Bolton, and, after the death of his wife, became his duchess. Nor must we here omit an anecdote of the late famous critic and divine, Dr. Joseph Wharton, as it reflects so much honour on the liberality of the Church, in countenancing the poor frailties of the age. The Duke's first wife had long been sinking under a lingering illness, and every day was fondly expected by the lovers to be her last. During this sickening in-

Hence stale G——i, saw her very floor 940
With Tyrian purple quite bedizened o'er ;

terval of hope deferred, his Grace and Polly resolved to travel ; but as he was anxious to raise his fair companion to the honour of his legal bed-fellow, as soon as the course of nature should free him from his present burden, he thought it proper to be accompanied by a chaplain, who should perform the ceremony without delay as soon as the departure of the old duchess should be announced. For this honourable purpose Dr. Joseph Wharton was selected, and made no scruple to quit a small living and his pastoral duties, for an agreeable tour and the hopes of future preferment. Some occurrences, however, made him sensible that there were some little inconveniencies incident to a clergyman following promotion in the train of a *chere amie* ; and therefore, after dancing attendance for some time, and despairing that the wished for event would ever arrive, he took his leave, and returned to England. But scarcely had he set his foot on his parsonage, when the unlucky Doctor learnt that the Duchess was dead ! He instantly wrote to the Duke, humbly requesting that he might be permitted again to wait on him, and tie the happy knot. But the impatient lovers had already borrowed the aid of the chaplain to the English embassy at Paris, and poor Wharton had nothing for his pains but the recollection of his tour and his honours.

Saw to her arms a pr——ly lover given,
Whom M——y could not bind, nor vows of heaven.

Hence hoyden J——n rears her triple brood,
And decks the last with gouts of r——l blood; 945
Hence to her fêtes a princely host repair,
And Cobbet sounds abroad the bill of fare,
While saints look blue, and sinners cry, O rare !

Line 941.] Tyrian purple is, in plain English, *scarlet*. As it formed the celebrated dress of a certain noted lady of Babylon, it is with uncommon propriety applied to ornament all females of a similar description.

Line 944.] The epithet *hoyden* is applied here in honour of the personage in question, since it is from the representation of this character that her brightest laurels have sprung. I have applauded her in the Romp, and admired her in the cobbler's wife, but how she acts the princess I cannot say, for I have never seen her in that character.

Line 947.] I cannot conceive why Porcupine should have been so very indignant at a great personage handing the "fair maid with many children" to her seat of honour. Does he not think that she is perfectly good company for ——, or ——, or ——? Or, in truth, can he allege that she is not every way quite dignified enough for the station which she holds?

Hence still some peer S— L—r's livery wears,
 Who o'er the pit her large bare bosom rears; 950
 Throws wide to every eye the gates of bliss,
 Till e'en the chimney sweeps begin to hiss.

Hence stately B——n boasts her warlike lord,
 Ev'n one who struts in red, and wears a sword;
 While hinting paragraphs, with varying carriage,
 Now sink to settlements, now rise to marriage. 956

Hence lively M——n brisk and gay by trade,
 Makes fickle fortune serve a waiting-maid;
 Strange luck indeed! so many turns to nick it,
 And win a thousand with *each* lottery ticket! 960

Line 952.] There is a degree of indecency from which even the vulgar revolt, and which the most profligate cannot tolerate. It is indeed not less foolish than shameful in a woman, if she imagines that, by such immodest exposures as are here alluded to, she does not rather disgust than allure. It is some consolation to modesty, that offences against her are resented even in the playhouse. I could hear the upper gallery hiss, and the very rakes in the side-boxes cry out " 'Tis too bad!"

Line 960.] It was rather a strange coincidence of lucky hits, that this sprightly damsel should get ten or twenty thousand pounds by eighths and quarters of

Hence F——n, tall by nature, train'd by art
 To swim the motions of a tonish part,
 Now acts in truth the part she feign'd a while,
 And shines the best bred c—nt—s of our isle.

O boast of fashion, arts half deified, 965
 Claim'd by the great their birthright and their pride!
 How quickly learnt! How little chang'd you shew,
 Caught by the mean, and mimick'd by the low!
 A well-made sharper, in a well-made dress,
 Shines quite as fine a gallant as his Grace; 970
 New phrases sports, new attitudes devises,
 Strikes with a bow, or with a frock surprises.

A player's girl, not much by nature gifted,
 By some strange chance to court from green-room
 shifted, 974

Shines in the groupe, who shone erewhile so high,
 That her's and their's seem'd quite a different sky;
 Her mien more graceful, and her dress more choice,
 And, harder still! more known to public voice.

lottery tickets; and that the simple humble thing should have kept the secret to herself for two years afterwards. Such a thing is rarely heard of between Mile-End and *Grosvenor* Place.

Thus on the gay parterre, by art-wove bower,
 Each gazer's eyes attracts the favour'd flower ; 980
 A thousand sweets its site conspicuous yields,
 Unknown to lovelier wreathes that deck the fields.
 But from the dunghill see the gard'ner chuse
 A plant of statelier stem, and brighter hues ;
 Fast by the bower the vig'rous scyon stands, 985
 And fresh in leaf, and full in bloom expands :
 No more the passing gazer turns aside
 To those which shone before in matchless pride ;
 Unmark'd their puny stalks, and colours lie,
 The dunghill plant alone attracts the eye ; 990
 'Twas but the place which made their hues so fine,
Its beauties wanted but a place to shine.

L—— C——.

Come, knowing Muse, some moving themes im-
 part,
 Some strains more grateful to the female heart ;
 Say how the polish'd belle, the finished dame 995
 May farthest spread, and most sublime her fame ;
 How o'er the crowd the gay gallant may rise,
 And pairs, that pant for glory, touch the skies !

Young, blooming, gay, to fashion formed by rule,
And quite accomplish'd from a London school, 1000

Line 1000.] When the education of a London boarding school is brought forward in a public court of justice, by a learned counsel, as a sufficient cause for suspecting a young lady's moral principles, it is surely time for parents to look to it. I do not mean to insinuate that the persons who keep such houses are themselves vicious, far less that they have any intention to corrupt the morals of their fair pupils. The late discoveries of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, concerning the delectations presented to one sense, have, indeed, raised a hue and cry, and made my neighbours in the country look upon these seminaries as little better than preparatory schools for the bagnio. But the idea is incorrect; especially if it intimates that the governesses have any intentions to lead their pupils astray. They are willing enough to keep all things to rights for their own reputation. They only know not how it is to be effected.

Ignorance is, in some circumstances, as bad in its consequences as a vicious intention. This is more especially the case in regard to the education of the young. How often do we see children, from the mistaken views of the fondest parents, ruined in their nonage, and rendered incapable either of knowledge or virtue? The mistresses of boarding schools are certainly anxious that their female pupils should make as fine a figure as possi-

With fine effect Dorinda play'd her charms,
The glance that catches, and the smile that warms,

ble : but as to moral education, mental improvement, &c. why if you talked of such a thing the good ladies would simper, and ask if you thought the geography-master could teach it ?

To compound drugs requires a long course of instruction ; and to make pins a seven years' apprenticeship ; but to keep a boarding school is not an occupation that is supposed to require any preparation. It is the usual shift of every decayed gentlewoman, every ill-provided widow, who can scrape together money enough for the speculation. No matter for her disqualifications, she is well enough for the mistress of a boarding school. That the pupils should be improved is desirable enough, for it brings reputation.—But assuredly the mistress of the school can attend but very little to this business. She must look to the main object, the making of a little money. She must put in practice the numerous arts for catching pupils ; she must receive and cajole their relations ; she must keep a watchful eye after her perquisites.

But indeed, however well qualified the governess might be, she would neglect her own interest sadly, if she did not pay all her attention to the showy accomplishments. For what is a young lady sent to school, but to learn a manner, and to make a figure at the piano, or in the dance ? And is not the applause be-

The sprightly motion, or the languid rôle,
With all those nameless things that touch the soul.
Nor play'd in vain——A youth of noble race 1005
Beheld with kindling soul her early grace,
To willing ears his rapt'rous passion sigh'd,
And with a title crown'd his happy bride.
While youth, around, her gayest pleasures shed,
Wealth bless'd their lot, and mutual love their bed;
Given to their vows the wish'd for offspring came,
And heap'd new incense on the nuptial flame. 1012

stowed on the governess exactly in proportion to the progress of the pupil in these attainments? No matter what morals she has learnt, or what pictures she has seen, if she be only an elegant woman. On passing a very elegant mansion, not far from Portland Place, a lady who accompanied me observed that it was the most fashionable boarding school in town, and that nothing could exceed the elegance of the education. I was anxious to know the particulars——“ Ah! Sir,” said she, “ they have not only masters for the usual branches of education. They have even masters to hand them in a fashionable style from the drawing-room to the dining-table, and teach them to step into a carriage with grace!”

Full of his bliss, the gen'rous lord confess'd
The golden treasure which his love possess'd ;
Wealth, splendor, pleasure, scatter'd at her feet, 1015
And strove each wish, ere scarce conceiv'd, to meet.
More stately rose his palace, spread his halls,
The artists' pride adorn'd his spacious walls ;
His park's fair paths more gaily taught to rove,
The myrtle arbour, and the scented grove ; 1020
To bless her hours bright social joys are stored,
And frequent guests shine brilliant round her board.

Blest in a wife, the crown of joys to lend,
His bounteous fortune bless'd him with a friend ;
A man who knew the world, with wit at will, 1025
Who either sex could charm with varying skill :
The days of youth together had they pass'd,
The hours of frolic, hours too sweet to last !
Together shared their serious thoughts, or toys,
Their nameless pains, and dreams of future joys.
The friend, more gay than rich, was oft beset 1031
With aking forecast, and the fiends of debt ;
These frequent ills the generous lord repair'd,
And nobly free the gifts of fortune shared ;

With liberal bosom threw his coffers wide, 1035

Improv'd his pleasures, and his wants supplied ;

Well pleas'd th' unequal lot of wealth to mend,

And by his favours fix a faithful friend.

Thus long endear'd, long aided, and carest,

His roof at length receiv'd the welcome guest ; 1040

Glad he display'd the sweets that bless'd his life,

His blooming children, and his beauteous wife ;

Told his fair partner of his friend's desert,

And bade her love the man that shared his heart.

With kindling bosom, and with scheme half

plan'd,

1045

Dorinda's charms Lothario deeply scan'd ;

How great the bliss to win so bright a prize !

How vast the glory in the public eyes !

How proud the triumph over vulgar ties !

Poor were the victory o'er some careless dame, 1050

Whose bosom scarce e'er warm'd the nuptial flame ;

Who ne'er a husband's generous kindness felt,

Nor at the mother's name was taught to melt.

But here, through bands so strongly form'd to break,

While love's first blushes yet inform'd the cheek ;

To burst the ties a husband fondly wove, 1056

By deeds of kindness, and by words of love ;

While prattling infants round the mother twined,

And cast their golden fetters o'er her mind ;

More brilliant still, the ear of Fame to rend, 1060

The conqu'ror's self the husband's inmost friend,

With trust still honour'd, still with favors crown'd,

Won by his love, and by his bounty bound :—

How would th' exploit adorn Lothario's name,

Above the common hope, the vulgar aim ! 1065

Sweet were his tones, his features ever mild,

Still with her cares he sigh'd, her joys he smiled ;

Still met his eye her eye, his thought her thought,

Still words congenial looks congenial caught.

Dorinda well had learn'd to move with grace, 1070

Display her figure, and adjust her face ;

To guide her snow-white fingers o'er the wire,

Outvie the rival, and the gallant fire,

And force the brightest circle to admire.

Thus taught to shine, and leave despis'd behind 1075

Those arts which chasten and exalt the mind ;

Which arm the heart against the treach'rous elf,

And teach fair woman to respect herself ;

The touch, the look, to meet with proud disdain,
Which point to ends that Honour counts a stain ;
With secret joy the glowing dame survey'd 1081
The rapid conquest which her beauties made ;
First heard his sighs, then listen'd as he vow'd,
His looks return'd, and his embrace allow'd,
Forgot her honour, yielded up her charms, 1085
And blest Lothario revel'd in her arms.

What though a husband, from his dream awoke,
Pierced to the heart, and madden'd with the stroke,
Bemoan'd with anguish'd looks, and accents wild,
His bed dishonour'd, and his race defiled, 1090
His friend a traitor, and his love undone,
And hope no more his lot beneath the sun !

What though the infant, climbing by his knees,
With piteous look its father's anguish sees,
Strives with its arts his sorrows to compose, 1095
And calls its mother to relieve his woes !

What though the fair, her short-lived vision fled,
Sees endless horrors crowd around her head,
A generous husband sinking in despair,
An offspring left without a mother's care, 1100

With grief in age her tender parents torn,
Compell'd to curse the day their child was born !
Unpitied she, the scoff of public fame,
Doom'd through long years to weep her lasting
shame,

Her very children shudd'ring at her name !——1105
Such trivial ills must wait on feats so bright,
No mighty vict'ry e'er proved harmless quite ;
If petty miseries high-soul'd heroes weigh'd,
No field were fought, no conquest e'er were made.

Now o'er the crowd sublime, Lothario's name 1110
Ranks with the foremost in the lists of fame ;
Where'er he goes, the greybeard mothers shake,
And e'en his name makes wedded brows to ake.
And shall not glory soothe *her* idle moan ?
Without such feats the fair had died unknown, 1115
Nor at the assize, nor in the epic shone.

Line 1113.] I should imagine that the hero here alluded to has nearly attained that climax of fame in the annals of gallantry, which the younger Lord Lytton seems to have reached, when he informs a friend, that his successes among the sex had rendered him so formidable that no modest woman would now be seen in his company.

H——— M———.

OUR morning ride, my muse, begins to close,
 And nature calls us to a short repose,
 Ere, still more daring, our bold verse aspire
 To raise a song of flame to men of fire. 1120
 Yet ere we check the flight, or pull the rein,
 Together let us tune a prouder strain ;
 No longer sportive, but sincerely pay
 To nobler themes a tributary lay.

Shall Fashion's fleeting offspring claim the song,
 And generous notes their little date prolong, 1126
 Yet, from the Muse, to her no tribute rise,
 Whose influence gilds our fields, and cheers our
 skies ?

Blest is the bard, whom Truth shall not disown,
 While swell his notes to celebrate a throne ; 1130
 Who sings, with honest pride, and heart elate,
 The first in virtue as the first in state ;
 His subject chosen by a people's choice,
 His lays the echo of the public voice :

Who never dreads lest his suspicious style 1135

With loud applauses should provoke a smile ;

With pure approval secret sneers should raise,

A bitter satire under seeming praise.

 Say, shall the censor read th' historic page,

And search the secret annals of our age ? 1140

No whisp'ring plots, or fraudulent arts he'll find

By thee to mar a people's peace design'd ;

No private ends pursued by black intrigues,

Won by pernicious war, or perjur'd leagues ;

With bold deceits that misbecome thy sex, 1145

Thou ne'er wer't known the statesman to perplex ;

To shake the court, to sheath or draw the sword,

Confound the council, and disgrace thy lord.

Line 1148.] Such practices have, fortunately for this country, been more common in the council of France than the cabinet of Great Britain. Yet even in this country, they have occasionally been felt, and perhaps no reign, that of King William scarcely excepted, has been freer from them than the present. The Stuarts were not the only princes who sacrificed the honour of their country, and their own safety, to the intrigues of their wives and mistresses. How honourable is it for a

Once in thy life——and then, how blest the zeal
 That led thee to assume the public weal!— 1150
 When yearning factions bore allegiance down,
 And near bereft thy husband of a crown ;
 Thou, with a spirit high, and dauntless mien,
 That spoke the wife, and well announc'd the queen,
 Didst justice, honour, public virtue, bring, 1155
 To save the state, and help an injur'd king ;
 To scare those wolves, that, prowling for their prey,
 Long'd for the dark, and strove to drown the day.

Or let the censor to thy court repair,
 He'll find no rampant vices foster'd there; 1160
 No lewd debauch the nightly vigil keep,
 No Sunday revels make the pious weep.
 No husband's feelings there th' adult'ress shocks,
 And bravely gay his shame and anguish mocks ;
 No knavish courtier falls a willing prey, 1165
 And courting fortune throws his all away,
 To catch the royal favour loses still,

queen to forego that influence which she might have attained, and to sacrifice vanity and passion to the good of her country!

In hopes far richer draughts of wealth to swill,
And from the bleeding nation quaff his fill.

Or turn thee, censor, view her private life, 1170
Attend the mother, and observe the wife :
Here duty, honour, temp'rate virtues shed
Their verdant wreathes around a fruitful bed ;
A happy husband feels her cares bestow
Domestic joys which monarchs rarely know ; 1175
Maternal cares a blooming offspring own,
And cottage pleasures spring around the throne.
Rare virtues even in vale remote from town,
Mark'd in the low, and honour'd by the clown—
But oh ! how rarely found to grace a crown ! 1180

Line 1169.] This was, in former times, an usual expedient by which courtiers brought themselves into favour, and the kings and queens procured a supply for their extravagance. Those who made their way to offices in this manner could not be supposed to possess any yearnings of a disinterested patriotism, and the pillaged nation repaid, in ample measure, the losses of the gaming table. How degrading were such practices to royalty ! How deplorable for this country should they ever be renewed !

Nor fortune here incurs her wonted blame,
And leaves to merit but an empty name ;
Thy virtues meet their well-bestow'd reward,
Heaven sends its blessings, sends its power to guard.
Free from those ills which oft attend the great, 1185
And make them envy ev'n the humblest state,
Thy happy years in peace have pass'd away,
And beams still bright adorn thy verging day.

By brilliant prospects from thy home convey'd
To shores where Honour dwells in Freedom's shade,
To meet thy kindred, meet a husband there, 1191
Thou for a welcome didst not find a snare ;
Nor all unknowing, all unknown, behold
A train deceitful, and a husband cold ;
Thy bridal transports, and thy virgin charms, 1195
Next morn deserted for a wanton's arms ;
No friend to guide, no guardian to protect,
By fears opprest, and wounded by neglect ;
To a lone mansion, to thy grief consign'd
With solitude to feed thine aching mind ; 1200
To dream of former hopes, of courtly scenes,
The joys of state, and equipage of queens ;

L

To waste thy days unconscious of delight,
 And bathe in tears thy solitary night ;
 When led by nature's counsel to impart 1205
 Thy secret sorrows to a parent's heart,
 To find this wretched solace ev'n denied,
 The seal of honour broke, its laws defied ;—
 While he who vow'd thy weakness to defend,
 In joy thy partner, and in grief thy friend, 1210
 To other cares, to other pleasures fled,
 Deserting thine to share another's bed,
 Mock'd at thy woes, and scoffing at thy pain,
 Had joy'd to hear thy heart had burst in twain :—
 From ills like these kind Heav'n has set thee free,
 How sad the doom if such a princess be! 1216

Unheeded, save by those who deeply feel
 For private sorrows and the public weal,
 Thou didst not in a lone, obscure retreat,
 Peruse the vaunting records of the fête, 1220
 Where rank with graces, wealth with beauty strove,
 To fix the gazer, and provoke to love ;
 Where brilliant gems profusely shone in pride,
 Where eyes more brilliant all the gems outvied ;

Where branching lustres pour'd around the hall
Meridian brightness to illumine the ball ; 1226
Where youthful lords and dames, their country's
 boast,

Paid homage to the hostess and the host ;
Where, famed for manners, much by nature graced,
Thy royal husband far outshone the rest, 1230
Himself the host, himself the banquet's pride——
But in *thy* place *another* did preside !——
Such pangs from thee did heaven benign avert,
Nor with such insult poignarded thy heart.

 Left by the father, thou didst not behold, 1235
In tears, yet pleas'd, thy infant's charms unfold ;
And, sighing, in the little smiler's face,
With mournful pride the sire's own features trace ;
In wonder that this image could not move
His melting soul to soft returns of love, 1240
Or joys more grateful to a parent shed,
Than bolster'd beauties and a barren bed.
Thou didst not with maternal anguish mourn
Thine only babe from thine embraces torn ;

Fear lest affection's filial germ should die, 1245
 Snatch'd from thy fost'ring hand, and watchful eye;
 And sadly weep lest thy hard fate should prove
 A daughter's duty like a husband's love.—
 Far other scenes in wedlock didst thou find,
 An offspring numerous, and a husband kind. 1250
 Led for a respite to thy frequent tears,
 To cheer thy widow'd, more than widow'd years;
 By some poor pastimes that might call to mind
 Thine early scenes while fortune yet was kind;
 By deeds of bounty to the wretch distrest, 1255
 Deeds rarely practised by the great, or blest;
 By friendship's soothing converse to beguile
 The tedious hours, and teach thy grief to smile;—
 Thou didst not find a lurking adder dart
 Its secret venom to thy trusting heart; 1260
 The sycophant that now, with fawning look,
 Thy bounty courted, and thy state partook,
 Lured by some selfish end, some damning bribe,
 Become the basest of the lying tribe,
 Pervert thy motives, and thy deeds defame, 1265
 And strive to fix dishonour on thy name;

Search in thy pleasures, scanty, humble, rare,
For deeds to blacken, and for words to snare ;
Ev'n in the orphan whom thy cares did save
From pining want, and an untimely grave, 1270
By dev'lish art, the wish'd occasion feign
To blast thine honour and thy truth to stain !—
O malice hard to bear, and keenly felt,
Where black ingratitude is join'd to guilt !
Where many a former pang the bosom knew, 1275
And piercing slander tears the wound anew !—
Such venom'd ill's far banish from thy fate,
A generous husband, and a guardian state.
Forlorn, deserted, sicken'd, and distress'd,
By slander harrow'd, by neglect oppress'd, 1280
Thy fancy led by present ill's to roam,
Where honour'd parents bless'd thine early home—
Thou didst not sink to hear the tale of woe,
A father slaughter'd by a barb'rous foe ;
While bravely struggling with o'erwhelming fate,
And nobly falling to support a state ;— 1286
Yet ere the final stroke of death was given,
Yet ere his soul had wing'd her flight to Heaven,

Left for a while to learn his country's fall,
 His people spoil'd, his children reft of all ; 1290
 To think of *her*, once seeming blest and great,
 The promis'd sovereign of the noblest state,
 Now in a foreign land forsaken quite,
 With no protector to assert her right—
 Then finding nought on earth to sooth his woes,
 A hero's struggles like a martyr's close ! 1296
 His very bones denied their native soil,
 His very ashes sentenced to exile !

Thou didst not hear how deep this killing dart
 Had torn thine anguish'd mother's bleeding heart,
 While all distracted o'er the bier she wept, 1301
 And guardian reason scarce his station kept ;
 Thy hapless kindred scatter'd far from home,
 A stranger's land with grief-worn steps to roam.

Thou didst not o'er such sorrows weep alone 1305
 Sigh to the winds, and to the midnight moan ;
 Amidst a people famed for generous deeds,
 For softer natures, and for purer creeds,
 Not see one comforter thy gates attend,
 One noble own himself in grief thy friend, 1310

One prouder soul the frowns of vice despise,
And o'er unfeeling meanness greatly rise !

Far from such ills——and ever be they far !

A fate how different rules thy happy star !

From friends perfidious, and the foes alarms, 1315

Thy Britons shield thee with their guardian arms ;

With ready vengeance marshal round thy throne,

And hold thy safety dearer than their own.

Should any grief upon thy peace intrude,

For griefs will find the prosp'rous, vex the good,

Thy rising care shall early solace cheer, 1321

A people join, a husband wipe thy tear !

THE
EPICS OF THE TON,

BOOK THE SECOND.

BEING

THE MALE BOOK.

THE
EPICS OF THE TON:
THE MALE BOOK.

COME, listen to my strain, for I am he
Who sung erewhile of female A and B ;
Come, for you know me not, though I have strung
My lyre to themes in prose or verse unsung ;
To woman's glory blown the trump of fame, 5
Tales yet untold, and deeds without a name ;
Now louder blasts aloft triumphant rise,
And waft the mighty male ones to the skies,
Who still at White's, or at St. Stephen's late,
Now shake the dice-box, now hold fast the state ;

Line 6.] " A deed without a name."
SHAKESPEARE.

Line 8.] " Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos."
HORACE.

Swear at Newmarket, swagger at reviews, 11
 And now recruit the forces, now the stews ;
 In side-box glitter, gild a birth-day train,
 Eat, drink, and die——Come, listen to my strain !

D—— of P——.

Who's in ? who's out ? a question hard as vain,
 Before we speak, the outs are in again : 16

Line 14.] Were it not that great geniuses, of a similar mould, are apt to hit upon the same thoughts and expressions, we should suspect that this commencement were little else than an imitation of the inimitable exordium of Madoc, which so strikingly displays the feelings of conscious genius :

“ Come, listen to a tale of times of old !
 “ Come, for ye know me ! I am he who sung
 “ Of Thalaba the wild and wond'rous song.
 “ Come, listen to my lay, and ye shall hear
 “ How Madoc from the shores of Britain spread
 “ The adventurous sail, explored the ocean ways,
 “ And quell'd barbarian power, and overthrew
 “ The bloody altars of idolatry,
 “ And planted in its fanes triumphantly
 “ The cross of Christ. Come, listen to my lay !”

We see our error;—while we turn about
 To mend the phrase,—good lack! the ins are out:
 Thus all by turns enjoy the sweets and sorrow,
 They're here to day, and they are gone to morrow.²⁰

Blest be my bounteous fortune that in grace
 No statesman made me, gave me not a place:
 In Downing-street, sad wailings heard by night
 May sound the dirges of the parting sprite;
 The badge, sweet fleeting relic! may the eye ²⁵
 Oft view 'mid saltiest tears, and groan-like sigh;
 With humble will the placeman may resign,
 Mild as the felon in the fatal twine;—
 Snug in my Cot, the Courier I peruse,
 My coffee quaff, and chuckle o'er the news; ³⁰
 Or, quaintly moral o'er the doleful fun,
 Observe that nought is fix'd beneath the sun.

The wise and good shall ever, in my eyes,
 Or *out* or *in*, be held the good and wise;
 And perch'd in office, or a patriot brave, ³⁵
 A fool's a fool, and every knave's a knave.
 Does selfish Helluo boast his wealthy charge,
 And rest secure on bottom broad and large?

Or does dame Fortune slyly kick the stool,
 Upset the breech, and Helluo, proved a fool, 40
 Bawl for those rights on which he just had trod,
 While mole-cy'd rabbles shout their molten God?—
 Full o'er his back my honest lash shall swing,
 Full in his ears my epic notes shall ring. 44

Descends the state-coach from hard rock to bog?
 Is Premier Hydra changed for Premier Log?
 Well pleas'd but careless I'll behold the pother,
 Elude the one, and leap upon the other.

Line 38.] A broad-bottom'd administration seems, from repeated experience, to denote exactly the same as an administration *without any bottom at all*; in the same manner as a *wide conscience*, and *no consciencee* is just the same thing. In short, the stool of state appears to be a very narrow, tottering seat, and the *broad-bottom*, protruding beyond its verge on every side, if not well-balanced, is in terrible danger of upsetting. It is rather an awkward circumstance for an administration to be characterized as the broad-bottomed. It seems to indicate that their chief virtue consists in taking a very solid position in their places; if not that their talents bear some fundamental analogy to the appellation. When shall we have the *long-headed* administration?

Line 48.] All my little readers, and some of my great ones, will remember the fable in Esop.

Does G—— rear his officed head on high,
 And seem to shake the spheres, and touch the sky ?
 With equal compass shall I mete the wight, 51
 And clip some twenty cubits from his height.

Does drowsy P—— o'er the treasure dream,
 And deeply ponder, or to ponder seem ?
 Of the state-wain appear the reins to guide, 55
 While ten smart lacquies lash on either side ?—
 I'll leave the head-piece to his sweet repose,
 And ply my Epics, while he plies his doze.
 Though H——y smooth me, R——e with ledgers
 cram,

Though C^{an}g scratch me with an epigram ; 60
 Still on my muse I'll call with courtly ease,
 And tune my lyre to figures such as these——

With votive tablets thus, in times of yore,
 The branchless trunk was seen bedizen'd o'er ;
 (The gifts were hung by seamen's grateful hand, 65
 Who, least expecting, touch'd the wish'd for land ;)

Line 65.] It was the custom among the ancients,
 when caught in a storm at sea, to deprecate the wrath
 of Neptune, and intreat his assistance to reach the shore

The goodly sight the trav'ler stopt to see,
 And all, 'twas said, to view the votive tree ;
 But while each tablet caught the wond'ring eye,
 With golden lines, and arms emblazon'd high, 70
 Who e'er regarded the suspending stock,
 An useful support, but a shapeless block ?

Thus Britain's colours on the standard float,
 Thus may-day wreathes around the pole are wrought ;
 There glory shines, here mirth in gayest mood, 75
 While all they hold by is a piece of wood.

Where hair-skill'd swains their oily fingers twirl,
 The scissars flourish, and invade the curl,

in safety. If the prayer was granted, they shewed their gratitude by hanging, upon the branches of some consecrated tree near the shore, a piece of armour, or some more splendid trophy, with a tablet containing a suitable inscription. Those who are caught in a political storm, (i. e. the minority,) pay abundance of vows "to every watery god some speedy aid to lend:" but having once touched the wished-for harbour, who ever hears of their grateful remembrances? One is conveyed ashore in the life-boat of the people, another on the rafts of the church; and they recal these obligations just when they are caught in another storm, and have fresh occasion for assistance.

Thus powder'd peruques, placed in rows so dight,
 Attract the gazer, and the poll invite, 80
 And hide the block that holds them to the light.

Thus though the staff of state where towers the head,
 Be made of timber and congenial lead,
 Wreathes, colours, tablets, wigs, around it hung, 84
 Themselves though naught, while round a work-
 shop flung,
 Fixt on a prop, aloft in air may shew,
 Amaze the great ones, and astound the low ;

Line 82.] In this country, we have had several premiers of this description, who have been found to serve the purpose exceedingly well. Who was at one time more popular than the Duke of Newcastle? The people who stood at a distance, and were unable to distinguish the lofty colour-staff from the jack and pendant that floated around it, thought the thing truly magnificent. It was a good joke to the *efficients*, who under the mighty shade securely stuffed themselves with the loaves and fishes. The Marquis of Rockingham was almost too good for a mere colour-staff, as his successor is almost too —. The proportion between the qualities of the head and the limbs is, however, pretty well preserved. F—— was to R—— pretty nearly as C——, or P——, or H——, or M——, is to P——.

Seem something brilliant, swell with conscious pride,
And on the car of state triumphant ride.

L— H—— P——.

When mighty foes, now mightier than before, 90
Turn all their wrath on our deserted shore ;
When many a king dethroned, and plunder'd state
Would seem to warn us of approaching fate ;
Whom should we seek to snatch the wav'ring helm,
And through the shoals conduct the plunging realm ?
The man who oft, mid tempests loud and dark, 96
Has seen the breakers dash around the bark ;
Who proudly resolute, and sternly brave,
Seems to require no second hand to save ;
Plans for himself, and what he plans performs, 100
As deaf to prayers as to the raging storms ;
Who stout in words, nor less in count'nance bold,
Confirms the timid, animates the cold ;
And seems prepared, when all at length is lost,
Still to stand up, and perish on his post : 105
Such is the man for this dark season fit,
Such once we had, for such a man was PITT.

Peace to his shade ! Be all his faults forgot !
Complete perfection is no human lot.
He was a statesman from his cradle bred, 110
And high and lofty tower'd his youthful head ;
His idol glory, matchless power his pride,
All meaner ends were thrown with scorn aside ;
While wealth and honours on his nod await,
He lived a commoner, and died in debt ;— 115
A debt his grateful country pays in tears,
And counts it little of her vast arrears.

Line 117.] The poet has spoken the language of panegyric : Be it the task of the critic to speak impartial truth. The historian, who gives his name to the public, labours under insuperable disadvantages in delineating the character of cotemporary statesmen. If connected with their partizans, he must maintain his consistency by resolutely praising them throughout : If associated with their opponents, he must find nothing but defects, even in their greatest virtues. In short, the biographer, thus circumstanced, must always look through one end of a telescope ; and see the virtues or vices of his subject either swoln to a mountain, or dwindled to a mole-hill. I am under no such restraint. I can shew both the good and the bad in their proper dimensions, without any risk of losing my place or pen-

When Europe sunk, and Britain stood aghast,
And Freedom trembled at the sweeping blast ;

sion. In sooth, I long to hear my friend A—— on the one side, and my friend B—— on the other, rail at the impertinent scribbler who has written to indulge his own humour ; while they know not that the man stands before them. Receive, therefore, the true Mr. Pitt at my hands ; and let me indulge the fond hope that posterity, disgusted with the sturdy declamations of Belsham, the ill-assorted newspapers of Bisset, the lick-dust encomiums of Adolphus, or Gifford, and Mc Arthur's promised waggon-load of gazettes soaked in train-oil—may seek for fair truth in the annotations of an Epic !

Mr. Pitt derived every advantage from his birth and education. He was son to the most celebrated statesman of the times. He was the darling of his father ; and designed to support, not the name and honours, but the fame and power of his family. Tutored by the penetrating observations of the once-great Commoner, he was an adept in politics, even in his nonage, and an accomplished statesman before the laws regarded him as a man.

He came into political life with every advantage. The people adored the representative of the great patriot who had breathed his last in the cause of freedom : and they fondly invested him with all the talents and virtues which they had long associated with the name of Pitt.

'Thou ne'er wert known, with dangling, petty grace,
At Lady Bab's to shew thy simp'ring face ; 121

Even the court beheld him with comparative favour, and were willing to escape from the dreaded yoke of the aristocracy, by the efforts of the people and the son of Chatham. The coalition of the aristocracy with the ousted tools of the court, whom they had hitherto branded as the basest of reptiles, overwhelmed all his adversaries with infamy : and when the dissolution of parliament had manifested the national sentiments, he set forward in his political career, with the brilliant assurance that the court and the people were equally his friends.

An unpopular war was just concluded. Men returned with eagerness to the pursuits of peace. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, began to flourish anew, and to shoot forth blossoms more gay and fruitful than they had hitherto borne. The taxes became more productive, yet were less felt : and while the necessities of the government were relieved, the people were visibly enriched. When men compared this happy state of things with the grievances and discontents from which they had just escaped, they naturally referred their new blessings to the presiding spirit who now stood at the helm of government. And while they estimated his talents by their own prosperity, and compared his years with his abilities, they concluded that so much wisdom

At routs to flutter, or at hops to trip,
A bow to study, criticize a dip,

and conduct could be found in one so young, only by a miracle, and that Providence in mercy had now vouchsafed them a *heaven-born minister*.

As his career proceeded, his good fortune kept pace with it. The flourishing state of the finances, arising from the rapid increase of national prosperity, enabled him, under better auspices, to resume the plans of Walpole; and to hold forth to the nation a prospect of relief from that accumulation of debt, which was regarded with the most fearful apprehensions. The plan of the sinking fund was neither new nor complicated; but it had a splendid and most gracious appearance; and he had the virtue to excel his predecessors in abstaining from the fund thus appropriated, even under his greatest difficulties.

The war of the French Revolution presented him with a new scene, but with circumstances not less fortunate. On the one hand, by persevering in the course which he had hitherto pursued, he had before him the reputation of preferring the real felicity of a nation to the glittering temptations of ambition; of guiding the vessel of the state with skill, through shoals and quicksands, in which others were perishing; of rendering his country rich, powerful, and happy, while neighbouring kingdoms were ravaged by intestine convulsions, and

Consult with Hoby on the newest boot,
And hear Floriche upon a birth-day suit; 125

ruined by external wars. On the other hand, the career of ambition was thrown wide before him: the glory of subduing enemies, of ruling allies, of calling forth the valour of his countrymen, and shining, in the eyes of posterity, with the accompanying lustre of conquests and victories. He chose the latter, and the feelings of the nation went along with him.

The atrocities of the French Revolution, and the excesses of some infatuated persons in our own country, who were fitter subjects for Bedlam than for Newgate, threw the people into a general panic. The great trembled for their honours; the wealthy for their riches; the numerous dependents of the court for their places and pensions. Every one seemed to feel the dagger of an assassin in his back, and the hand of a robber in his pocket. Every one felt himself called upon, with his life and fortune, to assist the minister who had the courage to encounter these terrible calamities. He might equip the most expensive armaments; he might undertake the most fruitless expeditions; he might chastise, with a rod sharper than the law, the insolent murmurs of discontent; he might accumulate tax upon tax, and loan upon loan. He was met with full support, and encouraged by acclamations. When a due lapse of time had dispelled the panic, and men, venturing to look

Thy trappings more than taxes to debate,
And more thy motions study than the state ;

around, found no dagger at their back but the dagger of new penal statutes, no hand in their pockets but the hand of the tax-gatherer, they were amazed at their own security. They thanked heaven for their miraculous escape ; and prostrated themselves before the saviour of his country !

Such were the favourable gales which swelled the sails of Pitt, throughout his long course. But we must not undervalue the talents which could take advantage of them. He knew the people of England : he could apply suitable arguments to their heads, and proper stimulants to their prejudices and passions. He could make them regard a disaster as a fortunate escape ; and a galling tax as a blessed expedient. No statesman ever took a firmer hold on the minds of the people ; and at the moment this is written two thirds of the nation still revere him as the greatest minister England ever possessed.

His oratory was the grand pillar of his reputation. His deep-toned voice ; his warm and forcible utterance ; his slow, distinct, measured enunciation ; his elevated and ornamented style ; his long, involved, and seemingly premeditated sentences—impressed the hearers with an opinion of his profoundness and dignity. Every period was delivered with pomp ; every sentiment breathed an air of importance. His declamation was

Or still at H—ll—d House to smirk and dine,
And charm my lady by your looks so fine ;

always suited to the feelings of his audience ; and was always received with bursts of applause. Their attention was still more forcibly attracted by the pointed sarcasms in which he delighted. His irony was keen, direct, and cruelly persevering. He never left his victim, however contemptible, till he had broken every limb on the wheel*.

The impression produced by the striking qualities of his oratory, made its defects pass unperceived. The tritest idea acquired importance from the pomp with which it was enounced : and the distance of the commencement of the period from the conclusion, caused their want of correspondence to escape unobserved. Amidst the miserable and abortive attempts at haranguing, which usually disgrace the House of Commons ; half-sentences, stammerings, sir-ings, provincialisms, tasteless repetitions, muttering whispers, occasionally interspersed

* This disposition was remarkably exemplified in the terrible blows which he inflicted on poor Sir John Sinclair, a most inoffensive agriculturist, who is no more capable of injuring a great minister than is one of his sheep. The baronet, in evil hour, would needs be a politician and an opposition orator ; an ambition which he dearly atoned by the loss of his great glory, the presidentship of the board of agriculture, and by such chastisement in the House of Commons as exceeded the utmost wrath of an infuriated pedagogue.

Accept her box to snuff the country air, 130
 And waste your many hours of leisure there ;

with ear-rending ebullitions ;—the oratory of Pitt shone like a comet, amidst the twinkling stars.

As a minister of finance, his dexterity was unrivalled. He had a peculiar penetration in discovering where taxes might be imposed, and a still greater skill in rendering the most obnoxious acceptable. His reputation in this department was greatly increased by his dexterity in arithmetical calculations, and the rapidity with which he caught up and appropriated the ideas of those with whom he conversed. The practised accountant was amazed to see himself surpassed in those operations which had formed the business of his life : and the merchant, the manufacturer, and the mechanic, who conversed with him, reported with admiration that he understood their respective callings better than themselves. By these arts he led the monied world.

In his principles with regard to commerce he was the avowed follower of Adam Smith : but he durst not, amidst the difficulties in which war involved him, enter into an open contest with the prejudices of the commercial system ; and he could only venture to weaken a few links in the chain of the navigation laws. There are also instances in which his ideas fell short of his master.

As a war minister, his lustre shone far less bright. The naval achievements, indeed, were such as we might

Politely pliant or to dine or dance,
And but in council give a thought to France :

expect from the superior maritime commerce and skill of Great Britain. But all the enterprizes by land were ill-conceived, and, with one exception, worse executed. The commanders were ill-selected ; the troops ill-appointed ; the points of attack chosen without judgment ; and secrecy never preserved even when most essential. He meditated great enterprizes ; but his means were never equal to his ends. Defeat and disgrace were the portion of his armies ; and his expeditions became the ridicule of Europe. The gigantic successes of Buonaparte produced the most uneasy sensations in his mind ; and his most intimate friends assure us, that he actually felt those apprehensions of invasion which he attempted to infuse into his countrymen.

There was a sternness and obstinacy in his character, which often subdued opposition, but always excited enemies. It exasperated while it overawed the court ; and it converted his political contests into private animosities. To those at a distance, it bore the appearance of firmness ; but several transactions dictated by this spirit drew on his character the reproach of boyish obstinacy and pitiful revenge.* While his firmness bound to him

* Such were his conduct to the unfortunate hawkers ; and his expulsion of his old antagonist Horne Tooke, under the unjustifiable and ridiculous pretext that a man

Or, in the senate, quite as brilliant grown,
And quite as pliant, swell, in gentle tone, 135

his partizans, his harshness often disgusted them ; and it was observed that no man had more political or fewer private friends.

Yet he could become submissive and pliant, when the interests of his ambition, his ruling passion, were at stake. He could be gracious and affable when he had any particular end in view. His original principles dropt from him as he entered the threshold of the court ; and all men smiled at his attempt to preserve an appearance of consistency, by leaving to his dependents the task of overthrowing some popular questions, while he himself remained in the minority. He carried through his favourite measure, the Union with Ireland, by promising emancipation to the Catholics ; and when the court refused to make good his word, he could not but resign. But the want of power was intolerable ; and he quickly gave up his pledge to recover his station.

This last step caused his sun, long so brilliant, to set amidst impenetrable gloom. Untaught by his father's sorrows, he quarrelled with his most respectable friends, and threw himself defenceless into the arms of the court. Bereft of his independence, forsaken by the

once in orders can never become a member of the House of Commons. Why do the still more sacred bishops sit in the other House of Parliament ?

The smooth round speech, whose lubricating phrase
Aims at some pretty thought a thousand ways ;—

confidence of the nation, unsupported by the miserable dependents with whom he had surrounded himself, and unfortunate in all his dearest enterprises, the agitations of his proud spirit overpowered the feebleness of an exhausted body ; and he fell, at an early age, amidst the pangs of disappointed ambition.

His figure was tall, his bones large, his habit spare. His features were prominent and coarse ; and his mouth, which was always open as he walked, expressed to those who met without knowing him, any thing rather than the qualities of a great minister or a wise man. His gestures were ungraceful. Even when he harangued, he chiefly moved his head and his right arm, which he brandished with great violence, but in the same uniform directions.

His private life was little remarkable, yet had considerable effect on his political reputation. Of a cool temperament, he felt little inclination towards the female sex, and was considered wholly free from the vice of incontinence : a circumstance which procured him a high character for unspotted morality, and rendered him the idol of grave and religious persons throughout the nation. In his latter years this impression was somewhat diminished by the discovery that he was intemperately addicted to the pleasures of the bottle. But

(Soft its meander, save where Vandal force
Of crabbed figures cross its limpid course ;

men were willing to transfer the blame of this defect to the bad example of an intimate political friend. He intrusted the whole management of his private fortune to his servants ; and their careless profusion always left him entangled in necessities. After his resignation, he expressed to some of his confidential friends his resolution of returning to his original profession, the bar, and of endeavouring to retrieve his ruined fortune. Had he executed this intention, instead of again accepting his political station on degrading terms, he would have been recorded to posterity as an unrivalled model of magnanimity, and would have re-ascended his former elevation with redoubled splendour.

At college he excelled in mathematics ; and delighted, through life, to employ his leisure intervals in the perusal of the Latin Classics, but his early and incessant application to business prevented him from acquiring a profound knowledge of any branch of learning. His public declamations in favour of religion were ardent ; but his private convictions were never sound, and his expiring moments were not those of confidence.

The talents of Pitt were great ; and his station among statesmen eminent ; but the comparison of his abilities with those of his successors has erected the loftiest monument to his fame.

Those imps which make the senses reel, and, zounds !
Mistake a cypher for a thousand pounds ; 141

Line 131.] Last year this pretty little villa served for recreation amidst the terrible fatigues of office. This year it may do for the enjoyment of philosophic ease, after this hopeful sprig of science and politics has *re-signed* his unwelcome cares.

Line 141.] The troublesome things, figures, are greatly below the notice of a fine gentleman or a philosopher ; but to attain some knowledge of them is rather a necessary evil to a Chancellor of the Exchequer. It somewhat hurts one's feelings to see a minister stand up in his place, and after a very pretty exordium to the budget, take up a bundle of papers from the table, gaze at the incomprehensible calculations before him, stammer out a few confused numbers, and then, with a rueful face, look over his shoulder to V—ns—rt for assistance. How often have I grieved to see unhappy A—d+g—n in this lamentable predicament ! How did my heart yearn for explanation, while a young and noble statesman in vain tortured his brains to decypher the mighty plan of finance which he had so very *very* prettily announced ! But it has been said that this knowledge of figures is a vulgar acquirement ; a thing within the reach of every clerk. Be it so—it is the more disgraceful for our oratorical politicians to be devoid of it. Nothing is more disgusting than to hear a man stammering through a

While pitying friends excuse thy stammering jaw,
 By humbly pleading thou wer't but cat's-paw :—)
 Or shrinking hear the loud denouncer's call,
 Another Felix 'fore another *Paul* ; 145
 Quit thy crude measure without shame or sorrow,
 To day propose it, and retract to-morrow ;
 Content, though crowds should sneer, and Cobbett
 teaze,

To hold thy station, and be quite at ease.

Such wer't not thou. By great ambition led, 150
 To rule in Britain, and on France to tread ;
 No silly joys, the fluttering crowd that fire,
 Possess'd thy heart, or waken'd thy desire ;
 One play seem'd quite enough in fourteen years,
 And women's smiles were pass'd like actor's tears.

long detail of numbers, which he cannot even read, far less connect, or make intelligible to any human understanding. There was nothing which brought Mr. Pitt more credit, or in which he more decidedly excelled all his cotemporaries, than the perspicuity and fluency with which he detailed the most complicated calculations. There are few men, indeed, in parliament who can now be heard with patience on any financial topic.

Line 154.] When Mr. Pitt went to the political play

Still, full of Britain's fame and Europe's fate, 156
 Days spent in business, nights in strong debate,
 By thee no sports were sought, no tasteful hours,
 Till nature mourn'd o'er thine exhausted powers ;
 Saw thy griev'd spirit part with many a groan, 160
 More pierced by Europe's ills than by thine own.

In days of yore, when statesmen slowly grew,
 And circling seasons brought them forth to view ;
 They studied men, the nation's temper felt,
 And deeply search'd where public interest dwelt.
 Now politicians spring like hot-bed fruits, 166
 We place the dunghill and the mushroom shoots ;
 Soak'd for a while in Cam, or Isis' stream,
 Where sport the fishes while the draughtsmen dream :
 Or warm'd with keener rays of northern light, 170
 Where youths, like pretty dancers, flash and fight ;
 Where wrangling wits dispute of Nature's laws,
 And find, ye gods! effects without a cause :

of Pizarro, it was stated to have been the first time, for fourteen years, that he had visited the theatre.

Line 170.] This is the usual denomination and appearance of the rays of the Aurora Borealis.

Prop'd by young friends who take the hint for shouts,
 Admire his talk, and cheer him when he spouts ;
 Gaze on his dress and eulogize his toes, 176
 And snatch the crumbs which, pleased, around he
 throws ;

See the young statesman o'er the treasure tower,
 And, like his fellow-insects, shine his hour.

S — P — .

But cease, my muse, forbear another blow, 180
 O spare the vanquish'd, nor th'o'erthrown o'erthrow!

Line 173.] Most of my readers are acquainted with the famous controversy about *effect* and *cause*, which lately set the clergy and the philosophers of Scotland by the ears. Had the new scheme of finance been the invention of its propounder in the House of Commons, we might have supposed it to have been a germ of this northern school ; for there we found a very great *effect*—no less than the payment of the national debt and the abolition of taxes—about to be accomplished without any discernible *cause*.

Line 179.] Butterflies and others, which have splendid wings and short lives.

Let Cobbett still employ Pancratic law,
And thrash the ashes of the man of straw ;
Like Falstaff give the slain another wound,
And dash full pails upon the mouse that's drown'd :
As Spartan famed, I stoutly keep the field, 186
But scorn, beyond, to chace the rout that yield ;
Or, lion-like, bestride them in disgrace,
And pour my full compassion in their face.

Line 182.] The *Pancratia* was a method of fighting much in use among the ancients, and, indeed, is still practised among all nations, the English only excepted. The generous method of deciding quarrels by boxing, where no one is attacked at a disadvantage, and where the vanquished are always spared, is peculiar to our countrymen, and affords one of the most distinguished proofs of their superior civilization. In the *pancratia*, the antagonists did not fight with fists at a distance, but engaged at once with hands, feet, teeth, and nails—*manibus et pedibus, unguibus et rostro*. When the vanquish'd was thrown down, he was still allowed no quarter: the conqueror knelt upon him, pelted him, tore him till he was quite disabled from renewing the contest. Do not our declaiming politicians seem to deal rather in the *pancratia* than boxing?—Cobbett only lays on more sturdily and effectually than the rest.

When unfledg'd statesmen drop in middle height, 190
 And souse, confounded, from their vent'rous flight,
 Kindly I'll lift from earth the callow brood,
 And give them worms and flies their proper food.

But say, what forms in Banquo's seat arise ?
 What new-hatch'd spectre strikes my wincing eyes ?
 No light of heaven, or flame of hell it bears, 196
 All dark as Chaos past the solar spheres.

Such have I seen, where tedious robesmen drawl
 Their ill-toned wranglings to the echoing hall ;
 Where wits are strain'd to implicate the cause, 200
 And old traditions patch the rents of laws.

Such have I seen, from Hall to House translated,
 Prompt, as to brief, whate'er the point debated ;
 Long, forward, pert, strive hard for mere thread-
 ends,

Distract his foes, and weary out his friends. 205

The full-bred cobbler many a year has pass'd
 Apprentice, journeyman, and master last ;
 Long o'er his warp and woof the weaver pored,
 Long has the tailor squatted on his board,
 Ere by keen hussefs, or gallants of note, 210
 They're sought to weave the web, or shape the coat.

But, blest the star that watches o'er the great,
No craft's required for ministers of state !
The man who brings ten votes well train'd and tame,
Who dare not take in vain their maker's name; 215
Or he whose admiration bursts all bounds,
And still the virtues of the court resounds ;
Or he who taught at spouting club, or bar,
To marshal breath, and wage the wordy war,
Speaks against time, 'gainst reason, law, and sense,
And looks above for well-earn'd recompence ;—
Proudly may rise, for any station fit, 222
Which Fox aspired to, or was held by Pitt.

Line 223.] It seems rather singular that the business of a statesman, the most difficult and complicated of any, should alone be thought to require no reparation whatever. We have long apprenticeships for the meanest mechanical trades, and we have colleges for instruction in the more liberal professions. The divine, the physician, the lawyer, are appointed to go through a certain course of education, and to undergo some trials before they are accounted qualified for the exercise of their callings ; but every one, whatever may have been his previous studies and pursuits, is held competent for the office of a minister, if he can attain it. Such is the

Domestic interests, all the abyss of trade,
He knows profoundly, when their umpire made :

cause of those miserable counsels which prevail in a nation otherwise enlightened. We see vast discoveries and improvements made in other arts and sciences ; but if a statesman does not absolutely precipitate the nation into some terrible calamity, and if he at times throws a sop to the mob by some trifling change, we admire him as a person of great excellence, and exceedingly qualified for the government of nations. Nay, according to our institutions, a man is born a statesman, and fed a statesman ; and the *caput mortuum* is thought abundantly well prepared for the assigned occupation, though no vivifying ray of knowledge has ever pierced it. While we see an illiterate noble, an addle-headed squire, a loquacious lawyer, an obsequious dependant of the court, daily occupying stations, and transacting affairs, to which vigour regulated by prudence, and knowledge improved by experience, are alone equal, we are astonished to see *fatality*, as we call it, confound our counsels, when every thing goes on in its old way. As for the true cause of the evil, we never dream of it ; but justly look upon it as a judgment of Heaven upon our sins and follies. Were that ancient maxim of wisdom—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*—carefully kept in view, I may fairly compute that not ten of our ministers, during the last century, would have crossed the threshold of the cabinet.

Our best allies, their views, their strength, and
love, 226

The way to fix them, or to action move ;
To meet the Italian's wiles with equal art,
And in the council conquer Buonaparte ;—
All these he knows, at once in all complete, 230

Soon as he treads the dust of Downing Street.
Give him the War—He'll plan vast expeditions,
And bravely buy tremendous coalitions :
Grant him the Treasury—though he ne'er before
Devis'd a tax, or counted past a score, 235
To Pitt or Walpole he might now prescribe,
And e'en his merits need another bribe.

Line 236.] Nothing can more completely demonstrate that the capacity of a minister for his office is wholly overlooked in his appointment, than the manner in which the offices are distributed among the members of the party that gets in. Every different department in the government relates to very different objects, and requires very different talents : the Home department, the Foreign, the War, the Colonial, the Treasury, the Admiralty, each presents a routine, and demands a management wholly distinct. But when a party rushes in, these considerations are wholly out of the question.

Blest be the choosing system which supports
The rights of patronage, and pride of courts !

Every one sets forward in the scramble ; and the best thing he can lay his hands fast upon becomes his own. Hence we have at the head of our Admiralty successively, a Noble Lord, a true Sea Captain, a Lawyer become a thorough bred courtier, a Sea Lord of eighty, and two Squire orators. In the Treasury we have seen a Financier, a Speaker of the House of Commons, a Noble Lord and a lord by courtesy, and finally an Attorney General ! The Foreign department, upon which all our relations with Europe depend, has undergone not less queer revolutions ; and after having been occupied by Fox, has at length been consigned to a maker of epigrams. As to the War department, to which the Colonial, an odd enough appendage, is added, it might seem to have remained in one hand, from that consistent succession of blunders, which has rendered our expeditions the butt of Europe : but it has in fact passed through as great a variety of occupants as any of the rest, (all however, it would appear, equally qualified,) and after soaring to the upper regions, in the form of a Pegasus, under the daring jockeyship of Mr. W——, has at length become a very tame mule, bestrid by Lord C——. I do not mean to say that all the personages alluded to are not very able men, very admirable geniuses : but I must doubt whether they are fitted for a

Were skill and worth the only road to place, 240
How oft might greatness mourn the want of grace ?

single occupation which they have never learned. Some of them have nearly run the gauntlet of all the higher offices in the state ; and I may surely affirm that if, in this career, they sometimes occupied their proper place, they were as often not better suited than if a blacksmith were set with a pair of scissars to cut out fashionable frocks. Perhaps it may be judged a very easy matter to carry on the business of government, and that almost any man is competent to it ; and, in truth, as the affair is managed, it cannot be attended with much difficulty. But to have a full and distinct idea of the business of the department, and to execute it skilfully for the benefit of the nation, is not a matter of such ease. I also have looked into our public offices, and can affirm that not only to surmount their unavoidable difficulties, but even to unravel that maze of confusion and perplexity in which ignorance has entangled them, would require the deep attention of years. I can safely assert that there are not two ministers at present in office who thoroughly understand the objects, powers, detail, or requisite skill of their respective departments. How is it possible they should ? Amidst the passion, and bustle of party and intrigue, which perpetually divert their attention, and distract their thoughts, how is it possible that men, during a precarious elevation of a few years, or rather

The deep-read scholar, in his closet then
 Prepared to read the world and study men,
 Might purblind practice by keen science aid,
 And tread the paths by Benevento made; 245

a few months, should become deeply conversant with an intricate business, which they never studied before, and have now no time to study? In short, what Horace says of poetry in his days may be applied to politics in ours:

“ Navim agere ignarus navis timet : abrotonum ægro

“ Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare : quod medicorum est,

“ Promittunt medici : tractant fabrilia fabri :

“ *Ducimus* indocti doctique *politica* passim.”

Line 237.] This is not the least curious circumstance of a late transaction. All the *independencies* were at once snatch'd by the most forward, and held with such a death-like gripe, that it was impossible to unloose the hold, without cutting off the fingers. It was a mortifying thing to become jack-boot to his Grace; and yet there was nothing else to be had. The honied sauce of a sinecure was applied to make the dry morsel go down sweetly; and if a villainous hue-and-cry had not been raised, it would have sweetened his mouth for life.

Line 245.] Charles Maurice Talleyrand, created by his master Prince of Benevento, has contributed to the

And with new maxims, from no vulgar school,
Yet teach Old Britain o'er the world to rule.

greatness and success of Bonaparte, not less than his most formidable armies. He studied the *science* of politics in his closet; and he came on the theatre of public affairs, fully prepared to apply his solid conclusions to practice. The most strange concurrence of circumstances presented nothing perplexing to him; for they originated in principles which he understood, and led to consequences which he knew how to regulate. Bonaparte was in war what his minister was in politics. Both proceeded upon ascertained principles, and not upon those crude conjectures so absurdly called *experience*. Hence their plans appeared always consistent, yet were wholly incomprehensible to their enemies; and the nations of Europe found themselves conquered almost before they had prepared to meet an attack. It is in vain that their stupified antagonists have attributed these unrivalled successes to some mysterious and miraculous intervention of Providence, to hidden treachery and to inexplicable enthusiasm. The only magic of Bonaparte and Talleyrand was a thorough knowledge of human nature, which could not but easily triumph over the profound ignorance of their enemies. The political writings of Talleyrand readily distinguish him from the common herd of statesmen. Here we find none of that technical and mysterious jargon of office, which is em-

But then alas ! great titles would be vain,
 And those who nothing know would nothing gain :
 The man with many votes, or much of tongue, 250
 Who with his patron's eyes sees right or wrong ;
 Fit for all places, save the poor and small,
 And fit alike for any one, or all ;
 Then left to crawl unknown with brother worms,
 Would curse the change, and rail at mad reforms.

Kind Heaven ! for moon-struck Britain's sake,
 inspire 256

This bust of statesman with a statesman's fire ;
 For inspiration can alone impart
 What still to him remains a hidden art.

ployed to confound the understandings of men, and give to trifles an air of profundity. He reasons like a philosopher, and deduces undeniable conclusions from indubitable facts.—And why should not British statesmen, for the glory and salvation of their country, imitate this example ? It is not necessary to imitate the profligacy and perfidy of Talleyrand, in order to attain his other qualities. Virtuous intentions, and pure affections, when united with equal skill and knowledge, always triumph over vice.

Let briefs to budgets turn ; nor in his brain 260
 Supreme o'er truth let legal fictions reign ;
 Nor *pro* and *con* alike his judgment please,
 Nor laws and taxes bear the mark of fees.

L—— G——.

When great ones shake the head, and roll the eye,
 Like frowning meteors in the troubled sky ; 265
 Like Gog and Magog swell in civic hall,
 As fierce, as callous, motionless and tall ;
 How shrink the souls of little men with dread,
 How quakes the bosom, and how droops the head !

But oh ! when human feelings melt the great,
 When human kindness shines in lofty state, 271
 When winning smiles the revered features wear,
 When soothing sounds the words of greatness bear ;
 Like genial beams that gild the April morn,
 That crown the mountain, and the vale adorn, 275
 The rays of favor from the noble shoot,
 With hopes of summer, and of golden fruit.
 Still as their sun ascends, their brightness sheds
 More grateful blessings round the humbler heads ;

Their kindly influence gives contentment birth, 280
And mortals own these imaged gods on earth.

And such thy nature, Fox! whatever cloud
O'ercast thy honours, and thy glory shroud :

Line 282.] The poet, with an impartial hand, displays the most noted *virtues* of the rival statesmen : the commentator shall tell the whole truth, with equal impartiality.

Charles James Fox derived from nature a vigorous capacity, which was early improved by a liberal education. His conceptions were rapid, his fancy brilliant: the indulgence of his father gave him an open and fearless address; and a continual intercourse with the circles of gaiety and fashion, rendered his expression fluent, unconstrained, and elegant. He seemed born an orator, and destined by nature to shine in the political sphere. His temper, frank, candid, and generous, was calculated to gain him many friends, and to disarm the animosity of every enemy. There was nothing in it to inspire awe, or to excite mistrust; no one was thrown to an uncomfortable distance. He seemed born to live with ease and good humour, and to communicate these agreeable feelings to all around him.

His more advanced education tended to blast the fruitful plants which shot up in so rich a soil, and to give room and luxuriance to every weed. His youth

Thou ne'er wert known, with words of awful sound,
To shoot amazement through the states around ;

was a continued course of dissipation. Those hours of vigour and ardour, which ought to have been spent in the labours of the closet, were devoted to the gaming table, the amour, the midnight debauch. The habits thus contracted gradually became irresistible. He could only by starts confine himself to serious studies : he needed dissipation to refresh his mind : he became incapable of that steady attention to business, without which it is impossible to conduct the affairs of a great and active nation.

His introduction into political life was not peculiarly fortunate. His father, indeed, enjoyed the reputation of abilities, yet he had sunk under the talents, and still more under the integrity of Chatham. But if Fox derived some stain from his parentage, his own conduct seemed not likely to remove the blot ; and while men admired the brilliancy of his parts, they wondered and lamented that so much genius should be united to so little prudence or virtue.

The unfavourable occurrences, which crossed his political career, might spring from accident ; but they derived new force, from the warmth, or the facility of his own temper. During the American war, he had derived much popularity from his resolute and violent opposition to Lord North : but when this nobleman and his friends

Haste resolution with a thund'ring blow, 286
And raise from wavering friends the rankling foe ;

passed over to the party of Fox, and were by him received with his usual facility and frankness, the people looked upon their patriot as guilty of the most unprincipled dishonesty in thus cordially coalescing with the men whom he had just pursued with the most opprobrious invective. The odium of the coalition continued ever afterwards to hang, like a noxious vapour, upon his brightest beams.

When Great Britain interfered to put a stop to the conquering arms of Russia, the friends of monarchy were alarmed and incensed, when they saw Fox not only oppose administration at home, but even carry his zeal so far as to send abroad an accredited agent to thwart the views of government. During the lamented illness of the sovereign, his activity drew down upon him a new load of indignation. Men could not look upon the warmest friend-ship for the son, as a sufficient excuse for deserting his duty to the father.

The French Revolution followed close. Fox, in conformity with his principles, applauded the first movements of freedom, and the nation united in his sentiments. The excesses which ensued altered the general feelings : the best principles became abhorred, when found in the mouths of atrocious villains : and in the ideas of the multitude, Fox became associated with

Stride o'er the weak ally with sword in hand,
And bid them ruin seek at thy command ;

those who spoke the same language, however different their intentions and actions. The consternation afterwards diffused throughout the kingdom, and the vast popularity of his great political antagonist, gave a still deeper hold to these impressions ; and no one seemed worthy of public trust, who did not revile Fox as an enemy to his country. His own imprudence was, indeed, scarcely less fatal to his interests, than were the arts of his adversaries. He gave too free access to men of profligate characters and dark designs : He uttered expressions too violent at any time, but foolish in the extreme amidst the ferment which then prevailed : He even degraded himself to a level with the lowest demagogues, by haranguing motley mobs in the fields around London. His patriotism became more suspected, when he declared his country to be in extreme danger, and then took the unmanly resolution of abandoning her councils, and consigning himself to ease and retirement. These acts are indeed attributed to a facility which led him to yield to men whose opinions he should have despised : But this is only to defend his heart at the expence of his head.

The same lamentable facility suddenly eclipsed the rays which began to break forth at his decline. After twenty years of opposition, he came into power with-

The torch of war o'er shudd'ring nations raise, 290
And shout delighted at the spreading blaze :

out sacrificing his honour ; but his first act, in the House of Commons, as a minister, was the introduction of a bill to enable a colleague to possess at once two important, rich, and *incompatible* offices. He seemed to feel his own degradation : He seemed conscious that he was setting at defiance all his former professions, and trampling to dust all the glory of his life. His countenance reddened, and his voice became choaked, with shame and anger, when his adversaries reminded him of what he wished to forget, and reproached him as the tool of iniquity and avarice. With this initiation, his former principles seemed to have vanished. The worst measure of his predecessors, the property tax, which he had lately reprobated as the most impolitic, unjust, and oppressive, of all exactions, he now supported as an ingenious device, and defended an increase of its injustice and oppression.

Morality is too often neglected by the ambitious, as useless to their advancement : but experience shews that the want of a good moral character cannot be compensated to a statesman by any fame of talents. The general opinion of Fox's licentiousness was perhaps the greatest obstacle to his fortunes, and the glue which made calumnies so readily adhere to him. He was even believed to be the principal instrument in polluting that

Chastise the dastard fools who, dead to shame,
Would damp and smother out the glorious flame ;

spring, from which the nation expected its future happiness to flow : nor was this surmise confined to the *vulgar*. So confirmed was the general opinion of his licentiousness, that his adherents, especially in certain distant quarters of the Island, seemed to have assumed it as the distinguishing badge of their party ; and youths who professed contempt for religion, and practised an unbounded libertinism, were there almost the only acknowledged Foxites. The moral act, by which he closed his gayer career, excited scarcely less reprehension : However reclaimed and meritorious might be the object of his choice ; yet it seemed too shocking to decorum that the wife of a great statesman should be an improper companion for any honest matron.

The mind of Fox was naturally open and liberal ; and his principles bore the stamp of his disposition. He seemed from conviction the assertor of popular rights, and a decided enemy to arbitrary government. Yet his principles could not at all times resist either his facility or his warmth ; and some portion at least of his consistency may be attributed to his permanent situation as leader of opposition. He was accused of rank democracy ; but with much injustice. He entered political life among the aristocracy, and with them closed his career. It was by their prevailing influence against the

Keep peace-struck crowds by traitors' pains in awe,
And loudly call for vigour past the law, 295

crown that he twice became a minister ; and by them he was supported throughout. He was a friend to extensive suffrage ; but he knew that the votes of the lower orders must ever be at the command of the higher. In power, he had always the interest of the aristocracy in view. He endeavoured to throw the whole patronage of India into the hands of the parliament : He supported the property tax on the principle that men ought, as far as possible, to be retained in the station which they have once occupied ; and that it is quite as reasonable the lower orders should be starved, as that the higher should be deprived of their usual enjoyments.

The knowledge of Fox was chiefly of that description which may be drawn from conversation, or from books of easy perusal. In a country whose prosperity hinges on the arrangement of its industry, whose government depends on the skilful support of public credit, he acknowledged himself ignorant of political economy and finance. He was not deeply versed in official business ; nor had pursued any subject with the accuracy of scientific investigation. But in the political history of his country, in the laws relative to its constitution, in the dispositions and views of foreign powers, in the arts which conciliate and lead mankind, his knowledge was perhaps unrivalled by any modern politician.

Thou, like a fire-tail'd comet in the heaven,
Above our trembling heads wert never driven,

His eloquence was the grand foundation of his fame. He had to struggle with the disadvantages of appearance. His figure was unpromising, his motions ungraceful, his voice shrill, and his enunciation, at the commencement of his speech, indistinct and hesitating. Every thing announced that all was unpremeditated, and that the hearer had nothing to expect but the effusions of the moment. But as he proceeded, this circumstance became a source of admiration. As he grew warm, his words began to flow; his enunciation became clear and forcible; his countenance glowed with ardour, and every motion spoke the force of his feelings. He hastened directly to his subject: It seemed to occupy his whole soul, to call forth every power of imagination and judgment: He was irresistibly hurried on by his emotions, and his hearers were hurried along with him. In whatever he said there was an air of candour and earnestness, which carried in it scarcely less persuasion than his words. By the rapidity and strength of his conceptions, he was enabled to place his subject in the clearest light; and he had an unusual facility in calling to his assistance the resources with which books or conversation had supplied him. His wit was very successful, and his sarcasms peculiarly poignant: they were not de-

Thy foes and worshippers dismayed alike,
And all thy glory to confound and strike !

livered with bitterness, and they seemed always to fall justly on the head of their object.

Yet his eloquence was not free from the vices to which it was naturally subjected by his habits. His orations were never regular, never skilfully arranged. The hearer, borne along by his warmth, did not discover his desultory transitions : but on recollection, he found it difficult to retrace the maze which he had traversed. As he always trusted to the moment, his exhibitions depended much on the state of his spirits ; and it was not uncommon to see him labour through a hesitating, devious discourse, which scarcely retained the attention of his hearers.

Even those, who disliked his politics most, admired his disposition. His friends felt towards him a personal attachment ; and the open frankness of his manner often disarmed political animosity. He was regarded as the very model of a *true Englishman*.

His early dissipation and the narrowness of his private fortune involved him in perpetual difficulties, which embarrassed his mind, and often engaged him in a disagreeable dependence. The expedient of a general contribution of his friends, by which he was at length extricated, gave an irrecoverable blow to his respectability,

Nor less the statesman's praise, who seems to feel
A heart-touch'd interest in the public weal; 301

Those especially at a distance felt a strange revolution of sentiment, when the idol of their admiration became a suppliant for their alms. Some of his enemies had the cruelty to mortify him by their ostentatious subscriptions.

His inviolable attachment to peace was the noblest feature in his public character. Even his most determined enemies lamented his death, when they saw the negotiations which had owed their birth entirely to him, expire as our only Minister of Peace expired.

Line 289.] It is said that, at the commencement of the last war, our ambassador at the court of T—sc—y demanded an audience of the G—d Duke, and, laying his watch on the table, informed his Highness, that unless he consented, within a quarter of an hour, to declare war against France, he should be considered as at war with England. Such was the policy to which the kings of Sardinia and Naples, and the unhappy republic of Holland, owed their destruction. It is cruel policy to force into war feeble allies whom we cannot protect. Surrounded by the ocean, and defended by a triumphant navy, we ought to view with human feelings the miseries of weak and defenceless states. To make them, through terror, draw forth their poor contingents, may be glorious sport to us, but it is death to them. It has been said—a poor excuse for injustice! that the French

Who loves to see a nation's coffers groan
 With shining hoards, and but neglects his own.
 Thou, Fox, didst never quaff the public springs,
 And richly batten on the goodly things; 305
 From loaves and fishes seek thy fortune's cure,
 And rather fleece the people than be poor.
 Thou ne'er, with strong prudential grasp, didst
 strain

To prop thy glories with substantial gain;
 Bid law and honour wink the while aside, 310
 While two tall *posts* thy full-stretch'd legs bestride.

Thou, by example, ne'er didst teach the crowd
 Of public leeches to resound aloud,
 " Blest is the state whose servants are well fed,
 " Plump, sleek, and jolly, rich and warmly clad ;

do the same by their dependent allies. But we ought to recollect that the French, having their strength by land, are able to protect their allies on the continent. Such measures might be justifiable if our allies were islanders. Where it is otherwise, we can only witness their miserable subjugation, and hear their indignant imprecations on the original authors of their calamities.

" They not disgrace their lords with faces lank, 316
 " With lantern jaw-bone, and with spindle shank ;
 " The nation's glory, forth to view they stand,
 " And proudly show the fulness of the land."

A count'nance frank, a tongue with candour
 fraught, 320

Untouch'd by guile, by no self interest caught,
 Pour'd round thy very failings such a gleam,
 That motes they seem'd amidst the noonday beam ;
 While friendship warm thy darkest days attends,
 Thy public foes were still thy private friends ; 325
 As social converse round the table ran,
 They lost the statesman, and retain'd the man.
 Thy soul, which o'er dark deeds of state arose,
 And spurn'd th' assassin as the worst of foes,

Line 329.] The conduct of Fox towards the proposed assassin of Buonaparte gave a glorious refutation to the calumnies which had been propagated in France against the statesmen of England. They had been accused of hiring assassins, of contriving infernal machines, of countenancing the most flagitious designs for the destruction of their enemies. But no sooner did an assassin present himself to Fox, than he caused the

Half made the ruthless tyrant's hatred cease, 330
 And half had lull'd the fever'd world to peace.

Neglected Peace, who now uprear'd the head,
 Hung with mute anguish o'er thy dying bed ;
 As closed thine eyes, beheld the closing gloom,
 And stopt on earth to tend thee to thy tomb ; 335
 The with'ring olive placed upon thy grave,
 And left the realm she now despair'd to save !

G—— C——.

As late by Jones' unfinished pile I pass'd,
 A sullen cloud the noon day skies o'ercast ;

wretch to be secured, and sent immediate information to the bitterest foe of Great Britain. I should not, perhaps, have adverted particularly to this circumstance, had I not heard some persons, a-kin to the assassin, allege with a sneer, that Fox might have made a less boast of magnanimity ; that he might have simply dismissed the fellow, without becoming guardian to the mortal enemy of his country.

Line 338.] Inigo Jones drew a magnificent plan for rebuilding the palace at Whitehall. But Charles had more pressing calls upon his treasury than the encou-

Large drops began with patt'ring noise to fall, 340

And jetting rills annoy'd me from the wall :

I sought for shelter underneath that dome,

Where many a half-drown'd wight has found a home,

And, snugly pamper'd at the public board,

Has strutted forth at length a spruce new lord. 345

Men, maids, and matrons, to the archway ran,

Clerks, courtiers, coblers, all the dusty clan ;

Much ill was found within, but more without,

A mob seem'd better than a water-spout.

Two swains, the one beseem'd a scriv'ner hight,

The other from abroad a wandering knight, 351

Together stood. At length the stranger broke

The formal silence, and inquiring spoke.

agement of the fine arts, and the decoration of his capital. The small portion of the design which was executed, remains to teach young architectural geniuses what noble monuments they may be enabled to erect to their fame at the public expence.

Line 342.] The Treasury—one of the most *desirable* buildings in the nation.

- “ Seven years have pass’d since James’s park I’ve
 seen,
 “ And Wapping but receiv’d me yester-e’en ; 355
 “ O’er many a wave, to many a distant realm,
 “ I’ve stretch’d the canvas, and I’ve watch’d the
 helm ;
 “ Great changes, well I ween, have chanced the
 while,
 “ Amidst the mighty pilots of our isle ;
 “ This morn they brought me a newspaper in, 360
 “ With many a paragraph to raise a grin ;
 “ The members too, as usual, pitch’d their strength ;
 “ Some spoke in proverbs, some harangued at length ;

Line 363.] Here I must observe, that what the traveller says of the members speaking in proverbs, or very short sentences, arises from his ignorance. It is by no means the custom of our senatorial orators to degrade their eloquence by delivering themselves with this laconic abruptness. It is well known that no man (unless his notes or his memory fail him) sits down *willingly*, until after he has spent an hour upon his legs. Nay, so anxious are some members to do their duty to their constituents, that they can never be driven off their post till a full battery of the whole house opens upon them.

- “ There Chanc’lors, Secretaries, told at large
 “ Their own great merits, and their mighty charge ;
 “ But whence their merits sprung, or what their
 name, 366
 “ I knew no more than Tchi-tung’s men of fame.
 “ When last I left this land, our ruling great
 “ Were known to every child in every state ;
 “ And round the skirt of Canton’s crazy wall 370
 “ Were famed as much as in St. Stephen’s hall.—
-

Every one is aware that the members themselves, in estimating their respective merits in any debate, uniformly have recourse to the palpable and infallible standard of their duration in the perpendicular posture. What orators are in greater request than those who can speak against time ? The mutilated figure, which many an invaluable three-hour-orator makes in a newspaper, is entirely owing to the necessary limitations of the reporter. When the final sentence, *no more can be inserted*, is announced, then the orator may think himself well off and favoured who has even his name squeezed into half a line. We may add, somewhat in the strain of the Italian when speaking of the beauties of his mistress,—were all the speeches of all our orators to be reported, paper could not be found to hold them, printers to print them, and certainly not readers to read them.

Q

“ Say, if thou canst, what new-sprung men are
these,

“ That hold earth’s scales, and rule the lords of seas ? ”

“ Unhappy thou ! ” replied the man of pen,

“ Who hast as yet to learn these mighty men : 375

“ Since Britain first rose from the ebbing wave,

“ No mightier hands were stretch’d her realm to
save ;

“ No mightier hands her rivals to o’erthrow,

“ And fix the fetters on the gnashing foe.

“ Of great Canino sure thine ears have heard, 380

“ Fit for a statesman ere he wore a beard ;

“ Safe ’neath his wing, their all scared Britons hold,

“ Nor care though lions prowl around the fold.

“ Blest Britain ! now thy hour of triumph’s nigh,

“ O’er sea and land thy conquering flag shall fly ! 385

“ But who th’ illustrious sire, and princely dame,

“ That brought to light the child decreed to Fame ? ”

“ His ancient pedigree, by records good,

“ Reach’d past King Arthur, nay, beyond the flood ;

Line 383.] Lions are said to be terribly afraid of the crowing of a cock.

- “ In Rome or Athens had he found his birth, 390
 “ His line had soar’d beyond the sons of earth ;
 “ Some god of prowess vast, and amorous fame,
 “ Some goddess bright, had proved his sire and dame.
 “ With mother-wit to profit e’en by play,
 “ Through devious paths he well could find his way ;
 “ With wits could toy, and by their aid attain 396
 “ Ends they ne’er dreamt of, friends whose smiles
 were gain.
 “ Thus following close, where brilliant fortune led,
 “ The great Canino lifts on high the head !
 “ But say what treasures bear aloft his state, 400
 “ What goodly rent-rolls in his train await ?
 “ What independence buoys him o’er the tribe
 “ That sell their honour for a lentile bribe ?

Line 389.] The assertion of the author here, though very wonderful, is urged with a confidence and evident sincerity which cannot be questioned. A few gaps in so very long a line cannot be reputed any blemish.

Line 393.] A number of illustrious personages, in the earlier ages of Greece and Rome, were accounted the offspring of certain gods and goddesses. This honour they usually received, when their terrestrial origin, like that of the Nile, was hid in obscurity.

“ With eye clear-sighted, and with temper’d fire,
 “ While prudence fed the glow of young desire, 405
 “ He sought a bride from Scotland’s distant hills,
 “ Where pure spring-water leaps in virgin rills,
 “ Where shepherdesses boast their lily fold,
 “ And sometimes, not less pleas’d, their saffron gold.
 “ Hence came the fair that bless’d Canino’s arms,
 “ With cash and beauty, paradisaal charms ! 411
 “ Pure, spotless, was the wealth from that pure clime
 “ Where children shine not by a parent’s crime ;
 “ Unlike the treasures bought with barter’d fame,
 “ Torn from the wretch amidst the midnight game—
 “ Who, then awaking, starts with curdling blood ;
 “ To think his infants soon shall gasp for food, 417
 “ A dungeon drear his years forlorn attend—
 “ Then flies from fancy to a direful end !
 “ While the cool murd’rer now, around his bed, 420
 “ Sees ruin’d phantoms at dark midnight tread ;
 “ And, bolts and bars unfit his soul to screen,
 “ He madly hastes to join the grisly scene ;

Line 403.] Our readers will recollect Esau, who sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage. His descendants are as yet by no means extinct.

“ That wealth, for which he sold his peace, resign’d,
“ Left to his heirs, and scatter’d on the wind. 425

Line 423.] It is dreadful to think that such scenes should happen ; and yet they are occurrences too often known in this capital. Their frequency does not lessen their iniquity, but for a deeper stain on the national character. England, indeed, is not so addicted to gaming as other nations : but England does not, like other nations, groan under a tyranny which renders life of no value, and any agitation of the mind a relief from its habitual terrors. The dreadful tragedies produced by the sudden reverses of the gaming table are shocking to humanity. Such catastrophes as those alluded to by the poet take place more frequently than may be imagined. One instance was some years ago much the subject of discourse in one part of our island. An officer of rank, who had improved a small patrimony into a very large estate by the arts of the gaming table, succeeded one night in stripping a young gentleman, who had just come to his fortune, of every farthing which he possessed in the world. The young man, when left to his own reflections, recollected that he was now reduced from affluence to beggary ; that he must relinquish all his former pleasures, shrink from his acquaintance, and renounce for ever the object of his wishes, whom, in a few weeks, he was to have led to the altar. The torment of this idea was insupportable. He wrote a letter to the author of his ruin, explaining the causes of his

“ Far different gains Canino’s state uphold,

“ No spot is seen to dim the virtuous gold.

“ Thus crown’d with wealth, what powers our
hopes await,

“ What mighty talents to support the state ?

“ Ask you his powers whose fame has fill’d the
world, 430

“ And in the cabinet its flags unfurl’d ?

despair, and imprecating the vengeance of Heaven upon his head ; and then with a pistol terminated his mortal existence. The officer had been hardened, by long practice, to the scenes of misery which his arts produced ; yet he could not shake off the impression which this letter made on his mind. He had deliberately inveigled the youth into play, and had taken every advantage of an ignorance which laid itself completely open to his skill. He imagined that he saw the youth continually before him demanding vengeance ; nor was the gaming table, or any other scene of amusement, able to dispel this terrible idea from his fancy. One morning the report of a pistol was heard in his bed-room ; and when the servants rushed in, they found him no longer within the reach of human assistance.

Line 431.] “ Under each tropic is our language spoke,
“ And part of Flanders hath received our
yoke.” WALLER.

“ Who never fails his cheering friends to charm,
“ So loud, so long, so very firm, so warm ? ”
“ But far o’er all his talents soars his wit,
“ Wit never given to Fox, nor caught by Pitt ! 435
“ By this our realm o’er foreign foes shall rise,
“ And tread on him who heaven and earth defies.
“ Napoleon fierce can face an Austrian gun,
“ Nor from a hairy Cossack flinching run ;
“ Can trot at leisure midst the whizzing balls, 440
“ And almost rub against the hostile walls ;—
“ But this great hero, pierced by pointed words,
“ Grows soft as lath, and pale as Suffolk curds ;

Line 433.] The great requisites of an orator in the House. If he foams a little, it will have a vastly fine effect ; and a violent toss of the head is peculiarly emphatic. He should often seem to choak with the strength of his emotions ; and should never fail to squeeze his white handkerchief between his hands, as if he were wringing it out of the wash-tub. He ought to thump the desk without mercy, if he has one before him ; and, if he has not, he ought to make up by an audible stamping with his feet. He should never forget to talk of his feelings in every sentence ; and should often introduce the name of the Almighty, to diffuse a peculiar solemnity and prevent laughter.

- " A pun confounds him, and a smart conceit,
 " Or epigram severe, yet wond'rous neat, 445
 " Will lay the braggart prostrate at our feet !
 " Such are the powers by which Canino's hand
 " Shall chace the proud usurper from his land.
 " If F——re can tag a rhyme, and G——rd still
 " Can turn a period with a placeman's quill, 450
 " Canino's stores shall then come forth with grace,
 " At every point a magazine he'll place,
 " Where'er Napoleon turns his ruffian face.
 " Lo ! 'gainst his front the laden Cossack brings
 " The English subsidy, *fierce verbal stings* ; 455

Line 448.] " I'll speak daggers, but use none."

SHAKSPEARE.

Line 449.] The first of these wits has become a celebrated diplomatist, as the world has heard. The second is a wit of a superior stamp ; and much did the A——n owe to its editor. It is very easy to write pretty epigrams when they pass through the hands of such a corrector. He now enjoys the rewards of his labours in a tolerable streamlet from the river of public sweets. He will now again be probably called into action.

“ While west, south, north, well marshall'd in his
rear,

“ With *accents* dire the *tirailleurs* appear !

“ With keen barb'd darts. stuck round, shall fume
the beast,

“ Like baited bull at far-famed Spanish feast ;

“ Till, quite o'ercome, he'll lay him down and die—

“ Then be it mine to spread abroad the joy ; 461

“ For, Sir,——Canino's S——t——y I!”

“ O happy times !” replied the trav'ling wight,

“ We'll take our pleasure, while our *Wits* shall fight :

“ The nation trusting to such glorious hits, 465

“ Will soon be brought to live upon its *wits* !”

G——— R——.

What churl shall blame the thrifty statesman's
pains,

Who mingles public good with private gains ;

Who for the general profit does his best,

Nor idly leaves unfeather'd his own nest ; 470

And never sallying from the law's strong fort,

Looks down contemptuous on a Tenth Report.

I'll praise the man, (let hot-brain'd patriots
blame,)

Who ne'er pursued the gossamer of fame ;
Ambition-led firm footing to forsake, 475
And break his rivals down, or break his neck :

Line 472.] Nothing is more easy than to escape these terrible bug-bears ; and he understands his business ill indeed who cannot find means to do every thing he wishes to do, and yet keep clear of a *tenth report*. The gentlemen, who brought the famous transactions there mentioned to light, certainly ought to have the tribute *they deserve* for their public spirit : Yet I must own I should not have liked their labours less, had they been at least indifferent to the friends and foes of the accused, and had their expressions been less severe than their facts. When there is much charged and little proved against a public delinquent, it throws irreparable discredit on the very necessary enquiry into abuses, and the dishonest are more secure than ever. Who would at present be inflamed with the same passions, which men felt two years ago, by the production of another Tenth Report ? Owing to this very cause, I am convinced, our Commissioners for Military Enquiry, who have far greater abuses to produce, will excite a much less ferment by their discoveries. The only persons, whose reputation will suffer much from their labours, are such as may be invidiously *exempted* from their cognizance.

Who, void of patronage, and void of pence,
But gifted with Heaven's manna, common sense,
The lowest station with contentment held,
Took what he could, nor once in thought rebell'd ;
With patience waited till the angel came, 481
Then forward stept, and felt a mended frame ;
Who still grew rich where others had grown poor,
Who saw much change yet felt himself secure ;
Who adding daily farthings to his store, 485
By little thrived, yet saw it still grow more ;
Who, step by step, unmark'd by friends or foes,
Still held the course, and towards the summit rose ;
Till snugly seated near the highest aim,
Men look'd at length, and wonder'd whence he
 came. 490

 Blest is the premier who such friends can find,
For all occasions fitted to his mind :

Line 482.] It is of infinite importance to be in proper preparation for stepping in when the angel comes to trouble the pool of Shiloam. Many a worthy servant of the public, like the infirm man in the gospel, is condemned to starve in grey hairs, from the want of some friendly hand to help him to the waters at the fortunate moment.

Hé ne'er shall dread, lest, thirsting for renown,
 They trip his heels, and thrust him headlong down ;
 Or, in the fever of an idle brain, 495
 His schemes perplex with projects wild and vain,

Line 496.] There is a set of men (happily for the security of administrations the number is small) who have some favourite popular projects, from which they expect much reputation, and which they consequently long to carry into execution. These are very dangerous persons, and infinitely troublesome to a minister. Mr. Pitt seems to have held the reins of such unruly spirits much more firmly than perhaps any other minister in our annals, and his stability remained undisturbed in proportion. Both Mr. Fox's administrations were remarkable for a contrary conduct, and their duration was accordingly. During his former administration, that man of schemes, Mr. Burke, had almost daily something new to propose. He scrutinized the public offices; lopped off many sinecures and so forth; and at last he, with all his colleagues, ran mad after a reformation of Indian affairs, and was about to clip courtly patronage at a terrible rate. The issue was such as they might have expected; they were scarcely warm in their places, when they were turned out stark naked into the streets. The last administration, broad-bottomed as it was, upset from similar causes. We had a slave-trade bill for the West Indies, a law-court bill for Scotland, and a conscience-bill for Ireland, and—a consequent dismissal

Or, with quaint scruples, starting from their course,
Of honour talk like officer of horse ;
Or, bashful, like young Miss of downcast eye,
Blush to assert, and then, next hour, deny ; 500
Or nice and dainty, their associates chuse,
To part with this, or act with that refuse ;

for ministers. There were not a few other foolish schemes agitated by several members of the party. Among the rest it is impossible to pass by, without reprehension, the wild attempt of Sir Samuel Romilly to render the estates in land assets for debt. He, good easy man ! certainly imagined that the proprietors of freehold estates, who form the majority in both houses of parliament, would actually surrender a real privilege from a fanciful principle of honour : that they would be willing to give up a right to be dishonest, to pay justly what they had engaged to pay : that they would rather leave their posterity an unblemished good name, than an estate preserved by infamy : and that they would henceforth endeavour to provide for their children by prudence and economy, rather than by fraudulent depredations on the industrious part of the community. May Sir Samuel Romilly for the future learn to study men rather than abstract principles ; and may the remembrance of this transaction remain everlastingly attached to his name !

R

Or, discontented with the state they hold,
 Call for new honours, and make nought of gold ;
 Too vain their proper station e'er to see, 505
 And, form'd for drudges, would task-masters be.

Train'd to the desk, and dext'rous at the pen,
 This is the age that honours *useful men* :
 Some courtly lord, or orator of fame,
 The loftier stations, as his right, may claim ; 510
 At home, abroad, employ the public tongue,
 And seem the arbiter of right and wrong :
 The useful man who knows the old jog-trot,
 And what was done before, and what was not ;
 Skill'd in the power of every wheel and pin, 515
 To keep in motion the complex machine ;
 And, though the charioteer wind to and fro,
 Through smooth and rugged still can make it go ;
 At dangerous plunges haste the drag to drop,
 Nor fright the public by an actual stop ; 520
 Leave the high-horsemen to their wayward flights,
 And wisely labour to keep all to rights:—
 Such is the man, who still his course can find,
 With every current, and with every wind ;

And quite as useful whosoe'er presides, 525
 Along the stream of party gently glides.

Such are the statesmen honour'd in our times,
 Such are the patriots of our prudent climes ;
 Unlike those airy dreamers fancy-taught,
 Those rapt enthusiasts by warm visions caught, 530
 All sordid views, all selfish ends, above,
 Who loved their country with a lover's love ;
 Who thought the blood, which for their nation flow'd,
 A little part of what their duty owed ;
 Who lavish'd fortune, and grew fond of toil, 535
 To gain new blessings for their native soil ;
 And, blest to see the wealth of others grown,
 Gave thanks to heaven, and quite forgot their own.

W—— W——.

Nor teems our age alone with men of use,
 Bright men of genius too the times produce ; 540
 Whose fancy ne'er in sober counsel sits,
 Whose judgments scarce o'ertake their eagle wits ;
 Who bound from north to south, from east to west,
 Alone consistent in their hate to rest.

From these selected, we may chance to find 545
 Some soaring genius of a vaster mind ;
 Who greatly brilliant o'er the rest appears,
 Like comets sweeping through the lesser spheres.
 Ask you his party ? Some have judg'd it known,
 But beat the bush, and proved the bird was flown ;
 Have found the Whig a Tory in his heart, 551
 And the keen patriot act the placeman's part ;
 Now shout of rights, impeachments, and reforms,
 Now shuddering warn the state of coming storms ;
 Now call the people to assert their own, 555
 Now bid them crouch, and skulk behind the throne ;
 Now talk of freedom as an angel bright,
 Now as a fiend that lurks for prey by night ;
 Or driven by fear, or led by deeper wit,
 The friend of Fox become the friend of Pitt ; 560
 Or, wheeling round, when not allow'd to reign,
 Desert from Pitt, and turn to Fox again.

Line 562.] Something may be said to extenuate all this. A professed imitator, who neither sees with his own eyes, nor hears with his own ears, must often fall into errors the more grotesque as they are not origi-

The man of genius in the council see,
 His colleagues tell they could not once agree ;
 Still full prepared, and never at a loss, 565
 To raise objections, and all schemes to cross ;
 Maintain his counter-plans were wise and good,
 And only fail to make them understood.

The eye of genius things so strangely strike,
 They seem at diff'rent periods quite unlike ; 570

nal. Burke was himself a singular character, and, in most parts of his life, an object rather of our wonder than applause. But Burke at second hand can scarcely fail to excite the former without the latter emotion. *O imitatores servum pecus!* To this principle of imitation I could trace many of the most glaring faults of a man naturally capable of better things.

The terrors of the French Revolution turned many a brain previously sound and vigorous. I am inclined to think that the panic of the party who deserted their former associates was in a great measure real, and that they actually expressed much of what they felt. Yet I should have been as well satisfied of their patriotism, had they been to lose loaves and fishes, by the change, instead of gaining them. Burke unwarily acknowledged that he had in view *to make a family*. Another statesman seemed by his silence to have his mouth too full to speak.

Now clearly seen by opposition's beam,
 Strange, monstrous, huge, the fees of office seem ;
 Now somewhat by the clouds of place obscured,
 These ills prodigious are with ease endured—
 Things to which none but mean-soul'd thrift attends,
 Cheese-parings mere, and useless candle-ends. 576

E'en rank abuses, which could once inspire
 The man of genius with consuming fire,
 Who almost burnt Whitehall with words of flame,
 While recreant placemen trembled at his name—580
 Now shoot luxuriant underneath his nose,
 While, like his brethren, he enjoys his doze ;
 And L——n stuffs his thousands in his purse,
 And finds a blessing where he fear'd a curse.

Line 584.] It is amusing to hear an opposition orator thundering against the permission of abuses ; and, afterwards, when in office, giving full swing to the worst of them. The pickings in a particular office were cheese-parings and candle-ends with a vengeance. One clerk pocketed yearly, by his dexterity, as much as would have almost paid all the regular salaries of the Cabinet. It is not the legal emoluments of the *efficient offices* that are enormous : they are in many instances too small.

From projects numerous as the motes of sun, 585
 To strike th' astonish'd world he seiz'd on one ;
 Here fix'd his rest, and hence defiance hurl'd
 At all projectors who misled a world.
 Then Britain dreamt of honours near at hand,
 Of feats at sea surpass'd by deeds on land ; 590
 Of willing myriads to her camp that throng,
 And all by pure affection drawn along ;——
 Men little moved by bounty, less by pay,
 And quite content with penny more a day ;——
 Of mighty armies form'd from bands like these, 595
 Who soon would Europe of her chains release ;
 And, patriot ardour join'd to sudden art,
 The magic spells dissolve of Bonaparte :——
 Thus Britain dream'd ; but when she oped her eyes
 To look around her for realities, 600
 A midwife speech came posting to the House,
 And from the lab'ring hills produced a mouse.

The leeches that suck under cover exhaust the blood of
 the nation. Alas ! how many years will pass before our
 Commissioners of Inquiry shall have laid open these
 evils, and pointed out a sufficient remedy ?

Say who shall catch bright genius as it flies,
 Or reconcile its contrarieties ?
 To soft humanity in gentle ways, 605
 A gallant tribute now Ventoso pays ;
 Tells of those courteous knights, who, all for fame,
 Relieved the oppress'd, and freed the captive dame ;
 In whose pure breast no wayward passion rose,
 Who scorn'd to triumph but o'er equal foes ; 610

Line 602.] I should be far from blaming a minister for bringing forward new plans. God knows we have need of many new devices, where the old have proved so miserably defective. Some changes in our military establishment seemed in a particular manner desirable, since the nation was evidently at a vast expence to little purpose. The fate of our military projects has, however, been the oddest of all our political *fatalities*. One minister brought forward what he termed a *gigantic* measure : but, like other giants, it was only fit for a shew, and was both unwieldy and short lived. A greater minister produced some strange appearance which a witty orator compared to a graminivorous animal with two stomachs : which this wit, in his turn, converted into an animal without any stomach at all. We shall now see still more strange monsters generated, or I am much mistaken, by our present admirable military politician.

And stout as generous, merciful as brave,
Were proud to conquer, and more proud to save :—
Now hear him, in an English bull-dog mood,
Call, with a patriot voice, for scenes of blood ;
Hold that a gory bull by dogs all torn, 615
And dogs embowell'd on its mangling horn,
Where mingled groans and yells the crowd invite,
And bones bereft of flesh amuse the sight,
Will make bold Britons thirst for Gallic gore,
And add new trophies to their bays of yore ; 620
Brave and relentless, piecemeal tear the foe,
And, still insatiate, for new triumphs glow.

Line 622.] The idea of rendering a people courageous by accustoming them to bloody sights has unhappily not been followed up as it deserved. It is a great stain on the activity of the illustrious statesman who so energetically supported the opinion, that he did not, when he was in power, cause institutions to be set on foot, in all the great towns of the kingdom, for promoting bull-baitings, and superintending the public worrying of dogs and cats. It has, indeed, been suspected that, as the *levy en masse* was evidently good for nothing else, it was intended for some purpose of this sort. By seeing this awkward squad hewed down by the enemy, it is incredi-

And such was he who deem'd it nought to move
The willing ardour of a people's love ;
Who judged the men that, freely and unpaid, 625
Perform'd the task which others held a trade,
That, prompt to save, and zealous to defend,
Their life, their labour, to the state would lend—
A butt for humour, and a mark for game,
And well repaid with jeers, and galling shame : 630
While some fierce pamphleteer, who, rich in spleen,
With loud, loose scandals, vapour'd round the
 scene,
Who all men's honour, all men's skill debased,
Defamed all others, but Ventoso praised—
Should with the worthies have his name enroll'd,
And to his fame a statue rear'd of gold ! 636

ble what intrepidity our regular forces would acquire. It may, however, be questioned whether it would not be quite as effectual, as well as more safe, to have a guillotine erected in each parish, and chop off the heads of a certain number of the squad every training day, in the presence of a regular regiment.

Line 636.] A statue of gold ! a Colossus of brass ! I suspect the latter would now be the tribute proposed by

Still to be singular, his constant view,
And, what no other would, to say and do ;
Still wrapt in mazy clouds of paradox,
And still most pleas'd when most our sense he mocks,
No tame consistency to curb his plan, 641
Let others reconcile it if they can ;
Now would he bring no soldiers to the field,
But all the best which all the land could yield ;
Pure gold quite sever'd from the drossy nation, 645
And quite new men by martial education ;—
Now Sunday mobs, with Constable at head,
To church-yard camps by general Sexton led,
With pike accouter'd, or old rusty gun,
With swearing corporal, drummer, fife, and fun,
With beer-pot ready, and attendant wench, 651
Are quite the thing to overthrow the French !

One day he'll talk of learning and what not,
Another praise the wiser Hottentot ;
Maintain his breast with purer feelings glows, 655
And guts and garbage are the best of clothes.

Ventoso himself ; for of late he has had his trimming as well as others.

Now hear him tell how little's due to birth,
 How education makes the man of worth :
 Now hear him hold that men, just as they're born,
 Are good and bad, as spring the tares, or corn ; 660
 Nor teacher more can change them by his care,
 Than give or take high cheek-bones, and red hair.
 But hear the genius orator declaim,
 And strive to gain the palm of wordy fame :

Line 662.] Such was the argument lately made use of by a great orator against Mr. Whitbread's Bill for the education of the poor. "To appeal to the example of the Scots," said he, "is ridiculous. To attribute the good morals and industry of the lower orders of Scotland to their education, is as absurd as to attribute their high cheek-bones and red hair to education. The lower orders of the Scots are superior to the English because they are a better breed. If you would mend the morals of the nation you must mend the breed." These expressions have given rise to a report, that the next plan of that sagacious orator will be a proposal to mend the English breed by the importation of a certain proportion of Scottish males and females for each parish. It is added that Sir J. *Sinclair*, who understands the crossing of breeds above all men, is to take a principal part in the organization of the measure.

There Fancy throws poor Reason in the shade, 665
 There Exclamation lends her brilliant aid ;
 There figures strange, by some enchantment caught,
 Are neck and heels, into the service brought ;
 There three leg'd metaphors o'er hedge and stile
 Bound with high limp, and fall into the toil ; 670
 There words new-coin'd, and phrases from rag-fair,
 With thoughts refined, and turns poetic, pair ;
 There, Metaphysic spreads her robe of snow,
 And, at her elbow, starts to hear "dust-ho !"
 Strange is the motley groupe produced to view, 675
 Where somethings' always odd, and something new ;
 Amused, fatigued, and never well content,
 The hearer loses but the argument ;
 Profuse the garnish covers every spot,
 And but the foolish dishes are forgot. 680

To guide the state, O ! set this genius vast,
 Laputa's glories soon shall be surpass'd ;

Line 682.] The ingenious and important inventions, or projected inventions, of the Laputans are known to every reader. The only great advantage over us, which these illustrious islanders derive from nature, consists in

The same dessert shall oft conclude the feast,
 And one plum-pudding serve a week at least ;
 Bright beams from cucumbers chace winter keen,
 And ladies fair through cobweb-ropes be seen. 686

R—— B—— *Shevi.*

At times Dame Nature, in a bounteous mood,
 A soil prepares for any produce good ;
 There yellow harvests may luxuriant shoot,
 There on the vine may swell the clustering fruit ;
 There, if neglected, every weed design'd 691
 The sloth to chasten of the lingering hind,
 The nettle, briar, thistle, dock may grow,
 And far and wide the yellow ragwort blow.

the moveable construction of their island. Were ours capable of being navigated in this manner, how easily might we escape Bonaparte by simply making a voyage to the Pacific ! His flotillas could never pretend to follow us. From the measures of defence, which have of late years been adopted, one is led to suppose that our ministers are not without expectations that means may be discovered of setting our island afloat in this manner.

In any calling might Tigellius shine, 695
 The moving orator, the bard divine ;
 Rule as the statesman, as the wit enchant,
 Such powers did Nature to her favourite grant.
 Tigellius felt the boon ; and, all by turns,
 The wit, the bard, the orator, he burns ; 700
 Scarce for a day his loved pursuit the same,
 And still deserting ere he wins the game.

To rival Shakspeare see his genius rise,
 His taste excels, his wit with Shakspeare vies :
 Yet see the pigmy monument he rears !— 705
 Two plays are all the work of thirty years ;
 Save one burlesque to mock the Bavian throng,
 One maudlin farce, mere vehicle for song.

Line 707.] Such burlesques are not without their utility ; and, if tolerably executed, are always amusing. The genius which they require is not however of the first rate, for several have been successful. The chief praise is given to the inventor of this mode of writing ; and the author of the Rehearsal will therefore always be more noted than the author of the Critic.

Line 708.] I believe few have seen the Duenná, when well acted, without pleasure ; and I believe as few have

With royal ravings make the scene absurd,
And turn Ataliba to George the Third ;

sentiment and style, to the usual strain of these addresses, the knowing reader is left to determine.

Line 713.] There is nothing which more certainly and readily disgusts us with the dainties of which we are most fond, than to be obliged to swallow them in large quantities on every occasion. No one will distrust the powers which I, or any other Englishman possess, of digesting loyal effusions in the theatre. In this way we have all most invincible stomachs. Yet it must be acknowledged that of late we have had the dainty administered in such unreasonable proportions, that to *relish* it at least is more than can be expected from us. I could mention some score of plays, and twice as many farces, which have come forward with the sole merit of an abundant provision of loyal clap-traps. This is taking advantage of loyalty with a vengeance. It must, like charity, cover a multitude of iniquities—the want of wit, interest, and common sense. The play of Pizarro has the merit of being among the first dramas in which loyal sentimentality was turned to such excessive good account. But if its glowing speeches raised the patriotism of the nation, they certainly have as much debased its taste ; and after its great popularity, we have little reason to look for nature and simplicity in any serious dramatic performance. Did ever the savages of Peru

Pizarro set to Bonaparte's d——d work, 715
 While Rolla represents his Grace of York !
 O loyal bard ! O labours not in vain !
 As tells the treasurer's box of Drury Lane ;
 Whate'er Whig bumpers cool thy loyal heat,
 A patriot thou to Drury and the Fleet ! 720
 Once more bursts forth bright genius ere it close,
 And, join'd with Johnstone, can a shew compose ;

speak in such a manner ? But indeed the sentiments are the property of no nation, nor of any race, under Heaven.

[*Line 719.*] It cannot be forgotten that at the Whig Club (a society which have the honour of perpetuating a party distinction, a century after the ground of its existence is removed) it became fashionable, some years ago, to omit that antiquated toast *The King*. The substitute was the *Sovereignty of the People*. But in Drury Lane, it was found convenient to hold different sentiments, and to drink his Majesty's health with every bumper.

[*Line 720.*] Our readers will recollect a famous patriotic exhibition which took place during the mutiny at the Nore, which will be presently alluded to in its proper place.

The walks of Shakspeare and of Farquhar leaves,
And in a cavern hides with *Forty Thieves*.

Now see the orator triumphant blaze, 725
While crowds the accents catch with eager gaze ;
Hear him the great oppressor strike with dread,
And call for vengeance on his guilty head ;

Line 722.] Johnstone the machinist of Drury Lane theatre, a most ingenious man, and one of the best *play-wrights* of the age. Without his assistance, what would become of our heroes of the north, our wood demons, and other respectable personages of the same class ? In the composition of a Pantomimic Operatic Trajedy, the favourite drama of the day, the labour of the poet is one of the least things to be considered.

“ Dixit ad huc aliquid ? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo ?

“ Lana Tarentino violas imitata colore.”

Line 728.] Whatever might be the justice or injustice of the prosecution of a certain well-known governor of a distant part of our Empire, it afforded an unusual field for the display of eloquence. Mr. S—— availed himself of it with infinite success. Two speeches which he delivered on this occasion were the ground-work of his oratorical fame. It may indeed be doubted whether these very fine and very long speeches did not more signalize the orators than promote the cause. So many

The wrongs of injured innocence deplore,
 The crimes of Britons on a distant shore ; 730
 Or starting forward with a patriot's fire,
 Bid fierce sedition panic-struck expire ;
 Or twine a well-earn'd wreath to crown the brave,
 The men unpaid who would their country save ;

five-hour speeches could not be all substantial—nay, some of the judges have assured me that they found it very difficult, among so many fine things, to discover any thing substantial at all.

Line 732.] There were few occasions on which a popular orator could have made a temporary excursion from his party with so much grace, as during the mutiny at the Nore. The character of Mr. S. seemed suddenly to start out from behind a cloud, and to shine in the eyes of all the nation with redoubled lustre. It was attributed to vanity, to the mere desire of shining : but it might as well be called the master-stroke of a politician.

Line 734.] This was also another occasion on which Mr. S. very gracefully differed from his party. His eulogium on the Volunteers, and his motion of a vote of thanks to them, procured him a very general popularity throughout the nation : nor have all the jeers of some of his plan-making friends effaced the impression, as

Or see him with the lash of ridicule, 735
 Whip through the town the oafs that strut and rule—
 Whate'er emotion he would raise appears,
 A burst of laughter, or a flood of tears ;
 The dazzling flash of patriotic fire,
 Or all the transports of indignant ire. 740

Mr. W—— abundantly witnessed at a late civic feast, where he was greeted with *The Volunteers and three times three*.

Line 736.] Nothing can be more poignant and more adroitly introduced than Mr. S.'s strokes of oratorical humour. Witness the celebrated speech in which he, for ever, attached, to the Addingtonian administration, the idea of posteriors torn by force from their upper parts. His witticisms are by no means of that half-formed, ill-digested, and ill-directed nature, which the irregular effusions of the moment always are. They are all evidently formed and matured with care ; and stored up, to be produced on a proper occasion, like well-arranged daggers in an armoury.

Line 740.] It is an opinion which I do not hesitate to avow, that Mr. S. had from nature qualifications for becoming an orator, superior to almost any other man of his age. In imagination, in suavity of utterance, in penetration into the sentiments of men, and in the power

But, gifted thus, why never at the height,
Where words are power, and eloquence is might?
Why do mere talkers to the summit rise,
While, at the mountain's base, supine he lies?

of working upon them, he was equal to either Fox or Pitt. Had he improved his great natural parts by the species of knowledge possessed by either, and had he reached the industry and perseverance even of Fox in the pursuit of his objects, neither of them would have thrown him into the rank of a star of the second magnitude. But fancy without knowledge, and eloquence without any steady pursuit, will never raise any orator to eminence. These shining qualities will only procure their owner the mortifying commendation—"what an orator he might have been!"

Line 742.] Great Britain, from its political constitution, is the only nation of modern Europe where this holds good. However wealth and family influence may bear the sway, the first orator in the House of Commons may always aspire to be the first minister of the nation. If the case be otherwise, it is owing more to the misconduct of the orator himself, than to his want of power. If, indeed, there be two great and rival orators, nearly matched, both cannot be at the pinnacle of government—but the one will be at the head of the opposition, the next station in this country to that of Prime Minister.

Alas ! like marsh-born fires that gleam by night,
He gives no useful heat, no useful light : 746

While jolly fellows push the claret round,
And catch and glee, with thrice-three-toasts resound ;

While ladies chat, or dice the vigils keep,
And one night's watching calls for one day's sleep ;

No party trust to find him at his post, 751

Or count to have him when they need him most ;

Dry business o'er, 'tis then they rest on him

The soul of ease, good fellowship, and whim.

A famed light-horseman, when the foes appear,

To drive the out-posts, or alarm the rear ; 756

Or, when in mood, with reeking faulchion keen,

Amidst the first in thickest battle seen ;

All soothe his wrath, and for his love contend,

They dread the foe who little prize the friend. 760

The worst of drudges, yet unfit to lead,

Nor to the House more punctual than his bed ;

Line 746.] These meteoric lights emit no heat, and their light only serves occasionally to delude travellers by night into marshes, from which they may find it difficult to escape.

Forth like the aloe, in a sudden blow,
 Bright as unlook'd for, still a public show,
 His flowers of oratory burst amain, 765
 But close——again to blossom God knows when !

Careless of place, unapt to win or hold,
 And more solicitous of ease than gold ;
 When his starved friends, who twice ten years had
 found

No hope, the Treasury's walls beleag'ring round,
 At length the stubborn citadel surprise, 771

And enter, sword in hand, and fire in eyes ;
 One grasps a shining post, and one makes sure
 Of something snug, a patent sinecure ;——

Tigellius gets what others fail to claim, 775

Or what they leave him, even through very shame.

Shut from the cabinet which others reach,
 Without his years, his powers of thought or speech ;

Line 763.] The American aloe is frequently shown in the gardens about London. It blossoms only at distant periods ; and the sight of one in full blossom is sufficiently rare to attract crowds. The figure appears abundantly happy.

Some post unenvied e'en must serve his turn,
 Some place obscure, which C—g now would
 spurn. 780

How oft to age the galling crosses sent,
 Chastise the errors of a youth mispent ;

Line 780.] The public seemed sensible of the cutting contumely with which the party ventured to treat the most brilliant genius among them, and second in talents to Fox alone. Yet he could not complain. He had fitted himself for nothing beyond a sinecure ; he was unacquainted with the details of business, and utterly incapable of supporting the labour of it. He therefore found it most adviseable to slink into a secondary post, where there was scarcely any thing to do, and where he should find means of giving one other splendid fête, before the final dropping of the curtain. His T—rship of the N—y was distinguished by two occurrences. The one was that brilliant fête of his installation, which lasted three days and nights, and which was supposed to have consumed at least a moiety of the annual salary. The other was the firing of some great guns, which made all the town crowd to Whitehall, in hopes of hearing the particulars of some important victory : when in fact it proved to be only a salute, fired by order of the T— of the N—, in honour of some ladies who had accompanied him on a water-party.

T

And harshly end, the folly to repair,
 Untimely ease, with more untimely care !
 With little prudence, and but little toil'd, 785
 O'er plenteous gains Tigellius might have smiled,
 While life as yet was young, and fortune seem'd
 To grant success which others only dream'd :
 But to his grasp no sooner came the hoard,
 Than all was flown to seek another lord ; 790
 Still more required to spend than he could get,
 And no store left him but a store of debt.
 Hence Drury tells of thousands snatch'd away,
 And hapless mimics reft of weekly pay ;
 Of Aaron's rod, a serpent in their eyes, 795
 And of more cause to feed them than chastize ;
 How Equity's great chief maintain'd their cause,
 And from the woolsack gave the drama laws.

Line 795.] This Aaron, although not the brother of Moses, is a personage not less formidable to the *Egyptians*. His rod is in their eyes a very serpent. It was a practical, though rather a biting illustration of that law, which includes players among rogues and vagabonds, when a police magistrate was made the active manager of Drury-Lane.

While some to compass gold all comfort cross,
Tigellius knows to live without the dross ; 800
Blest science sure to all whose fund's in doubt,
Thrice blest to those whose credit's fairly out !
Yet things there are which fill the stout with dread,
And raise a megrim in the soundest head ;
Even gallant soldiers scarce can use their feet, 805
While duns and tipstaffs eye them in the street :
But Britain's statutes, kind to men of spirit,
Some refuge yet provide for drooping merit ;
A shrine there is, from duns a safe retreat,
Nor shut from wit or gold, yclep'd a *seat* ; 810
This shrine who touches may his cares forego,
And, owing thousands, nothing seem to owe ;
Then tradèsmen vile, who dare to claim their own,
Shall, sad, for breach of privilege atone.

Line 813.] It is necessary to invest all public functions with certain privileges, in order to render them an object of desire. The affairs of the nation would otherwise find no one to carry them on, unless a few idle persons, who might undertake them for God's sake. That privilege, which exempts the members of the House of Commons from paying their debts, (for the lords derive

The friend of genius, patron of young worth, 815
 Tigellius might have call'd new Shakspeares forth;
 With wreathes himself had foster'd, crown'd the
 stage,
 A famed Mecænas in an iron age.

the same exemption from *nature*) is peculiarly well adapted for giving estimation to a seat in that assembly. It is unquestionable that he who has to chuse between the King's Bench and St. Stephen's Chapel will conceive a violent predilection for the latter. Persons also, who fly to the Legislature as a sanctuary, must ever be considered as best adapted to the public service, having no private concerns to manage, and being entirely disengaged from those cares of wealth which so miserably embarrass the public mind. They are in short the men to do any thing, to be pleased with any thing; for any thing is better than nothing. Their perseverance is not likely to be overcome, nor their courage to be subdued by popular clamours:—

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
 * * * * *

Nec sumit aut ponit secures,
 Arbitrio popularis auræ.

It is fair that the legislators, who make the laws, should, in some instances, exempt themselves from the power of these creatures of their own hands.

Alas ! though his to judge, though his to give,
To public fame, the scenes that ought to live, 820
To him what genius owns his honours due ?
Whom has his fost'ring bounty brought to view ?
The title read, away the paper tost,
Again unlook'd for, and at length quite lost,
The fruits of toil, the hopes of youth are thrown,
While the poor author vents the fruitless moan. 826

Line 826.] This melancholy truth has been attested to me by many instances; and I may safely assert that it is to such conduct the present poverty of dramatic genius is almost entirely owing. The negligence with which every production of this sort was treated, by the manager alluded to, has become proverbial. "O if it has got into Mr. S's hands, it will never get out of them," every player will tell you with a smile. There is something more than a blamable indolence, there is cruelty and injustice, in this conduct. Many a young dramatic author, whose genius would have given pleasure to the public, and brought profit to the theatre, has by this means been crushed, and too much dispirited ever to resume his labours. A man who, through the mere love of ease and dissipation, can act in this manner, may be a man of taste and genius, but he certainly wants some *better qualities*.

'Twas thus, unhappy Tobin, sunk thy heart,
 With genius gifted, and the poet's art ;
 Thy golden scenes neglected like thyself,
 Were left to moulder on the umpire's shelf ; 830
 No praise bestow'd of all so justly due,
 No path vouchsafed to lead thee forth to view ;
 Till Nature, faint, with wounded Genius fell,
 And waked a patron by the funeral knell ;
 Then came rewards, to thee no longer came, 835
 And fruitless honours shower'd around thy name.

Line 836.] The fate of poor Tobin, although his case was by no means singular, will be a lasting stain on the present management of our theatres, particularly that theatre to which his plays were offered. He could not even succeed in getting his pieces once read by the only person, belonging to the theatre, who was capable of perceiving their merits. He died at an early age, under all the depression of poverty and disappointment. The discovery which some persons made, that his pieces might be profitable to the theatre, at length procured the representation of two of them ; but a third, the most interesting of all, was kept back from a paltry apprehension that it might not be acceptable to a female friend of the m——r ! What scandalous trifling with genius, both alive and dead ! A jovial dinner with the players will never prove this man a friend of the drama.

Tigellius is not cruel, harsh, unkind,
 To blast young genius never once design'd ;
 In mere good wishes will he yield to none,
 And only fails—*when something's to be done.* 840
 Nay, sometimes roused, he has been known to aid,
 With active zeal, a brilliant masquerade ;
 To puff a Christmas shew into renown,
 Or play a Roscius off upon the town :
 But great occasions only call him forth, 845
 Not common things, like young unfriended worth.

But night draws on, and darkness hastes to hide
 Unfruitful talents, genius misapplied ;

Line 844.] No one in the secret expected that the hoax would take to the degree it did. But the scheme was laid with too deep knowledge of a London audience to fail. All the newspapers were engaged ; expectation was on the tiptoe ; Fox and Pitt were both to see the phenomenon in one night ! The contrivance was admirable, and the success was accordingly. But the most remarkable circumstance was to see the knowing ones next winter taken in. Could it be expected that the hoax should not have been found out in a whole twelve-month ? What calculations are made on the stupidity of mankind ! O cæci homines !

Fame without reverence ; age without respect,
 Doom'd to regret, and sinking to neglect. 850
 Doom'd, after years mispent, to make a show,
 And catch the multitude however low,
 To feel the want of power e'en mobs to move,
 And, at the Hustings, purgatory prove ;
 Enraged, indignant, fill'd with grief and spleen,
 He closes, wretched close ! the heartless scene. 856

L—— M——.

While we, my Muse, together ply our art,
 Thou must be honest, or we haste to part ;
 From truth, though bold and rude, thou ne'er must
 swerve,
 Nor sing their praises, who no praise deserve. 860

Line 854.] Nothing can be a more cruel disappointment than for a man, who has devoted his life (I mean as far as the love of ease and pleasure would allow him), to court popularity, at length to come forward, in full confidence, to harangue a great popular assembly, and instead of applauses, find himself received with hisses and hootings. The poet here calls them *purgatory*—he might have given them a worse name.

Not for a pension, not a post to win,
 Where most secure my pilfering hands might sin,
 Would I to placemen prostitute my pen,
 Who, rogues in heart, would seem like honest men;
 Perhaps to some old knave, who power to gain, 865
 Thought vice no shame, and infamy no stain;
 Who, to his patron, courteous left his bed,
 And, by great interest, thought a wife well paid:
 With conscience suited to the varying time,
 Who held no art, that served his ends, a crime :870
 Who stoop'd to flatter those whom least he prized,
 And fawning courted whom he most despised:
 Who on his belly crept, till once in power,
 And then could frown, could threaten, and devour;
 Who promised much, but little meant to keep, 875
 And opiates knew to lull all fools asleep:
 Who smoothed all parties, every friend caress'd,
 And, those who served his purpose, loved the best:

Line 868.] " Sed jussa coram non sine concio
 " Surgit marito, seu vocat institor,
 " Dedecorum pretiosus emptor."

HORACE.

Who look'd on freedom as a tool for knaves,
And for the people cared as useful slaves : 880
Who well, by treasury light, in darkness groped,
And gave, with bounty large, where much he hoped ;
While fools were after public interest floun,
One leading interest still pursued—his own :
Who, cool and fearless, plunged through thick and
thin, 885
Nor ever startled, while he could keep in ;
And bravely spurn'd the spirit of the laws,
Yet still could plead the letter, or the flaws :—

Line 880.] Liberty has, of late years, been made so common a stalking horse for all sorts of villainy, that the name has become as odious to many good men, as the substance formerly was to such patriots as are here described. Nothing could be a more desired consummation for the latter. They have no longer any reason to be startled at that ancient bug-bear *the rights of the people*: for who will venture to own himself the advocate of what is known by so hateful an appellation?

Line 888.] These loop-holes are admirable provisions for saving our men of spirit and prudence from the merciless claws of justice. It might be suspected, that our legislators, tempering justice with mercy, had this re-

Who valuing virtue just at what 'twould bring,
Thought private honour a superfluous thing ; 890
Defied all sacred ties, through very lust,
The parent's shame, and friendship's sacred trust ;

lief in view, by the manner in which our statutes are drawn up. It is a question whether two men in the House, besides the mover, are actually aware of all the clauses which the bill contains ; and as the wording of it is committed to some secondary persons, it is ten to one if the mover himself recognises distinctly the work of his own hands, when it appears in print. Hence acts are sometimes produced whose import no sagacity can explain, whose incongruities no ingenuity can reconcile. Hence the patron of an act, who introduced and conducted it through all its stages, is sometimes astonished to discover in it, clauses which have crept in, God knows how, and which are very different from his intentions. Thus Mr. Windham was obliged, at the Norfolk hustings, to acknowledge that his military bill, which he had spent so much time in preparing, actually contained a very important provision, which he did not know that it contained. But if this extraordinary instance of public neglect tends to introduce insurmountable perplexity and obscurity into our laws, we may, however, comfort ourselves that it exalts the mercy of the nation, by the inexhaustible loop-holes it provides for malefactors.

Made the lost matron every sting to feel,
 And scoff'd at heaven, and unavenging *steel*;
 With nameless offspring fill'd the red parades, 895
 And match'd king Solomon in waiting-maids :
 His veins replenish'd with the grape's rich juice,
 Till twice two bottles came a thing of use :
 Who, fond of shew and cost, his treasures pour'd,
 And had at least the virtue not to hoard ; 900
 Till age came griping, and his blood grew cold,
 And Avarice whisper'd of the charms of gold ;
 Then, on the nation's vitals grasping fast,
 He proved a sordid miser at the last.

Line 894.] "Avenging steel." Dram. passim. There is something in this word of a magical and mystical nature, as was, a century ago, observed by the author of a "Key to the Lock." There is occasionally a word, a mere monosyllable, which, though harmless and innocent in itself, becomes, from certain associations, a very spectre to the imagination, and cruelly adheres to it, in spite of every effort to shake it off. Even this little puny word *steel* might, by some such association, become insufferable; and a man might be so deeply touched with it, that one might say, *Steel broke his heart*. But let the thought pass. There is a just day of reckoning, when every thing hid shall be revealed !

Far other deeds, my muse, shall swell thy lays,
To M—l—e's worth, a well-earn'd epic raise; 906
Who, famed for merit, honour'd for his years,
Yet young and fresh in Britain's love appears.
Still true to conscience, still religion's friend,
These blest allies uphold him to the end; 910
To crown his age, more brilliant laurels bring,
The great defender of the church and king!

Line 904.] The concluding trait of the fictitious character, which the poet has here drawn, may appear inconsistent with those which precede. But such changes of disposition do occur in human nature; and the confirmed libertine and prodigal have been known, at sixty, nay at seventy, to begin to gather up the remains of their constitution and their fortune.

Line 910.] Nothing can be a stronger testimony that temporal retribution often does take place, and that success is no small proof of virtue, than the honours which seem, in old age, to await the man, who has through life been distinguished for his piety and disinterested loyalty. He is now to be considered as the bulwark of the church and crown; and we shall, no doubt, speedily see him raised to the exaltation he deserves, and greeted with numerous addresses from all well-disposed persons in the kingdom.

U

Hail spotless honour ! patriot without fault !
 Belied, how basely, by a son of malt !
 Thou, with th' experienced statesman's fearless front,
 Didst scorn for pence and farthings to account ; 916
 Didst, by thy well-known faith and truth, abide,
 And spurn'd the clamorous herd with proper pride.
 Thy noble peers, men honour'd by their king,
 Men never led by minister in string, 920
 Men never awed by fear, by favour moved,
 Declared thee guiltless of a tale unproved.
 With fame all pure, white-washed by titled hands,
 Arise again, and shine in high commands :
 See Patronage to thee her arms extends, 925
 And on thy footsteps hang a thousand friends.

Line 916.] Pence and farthings appear to be here substituted for ten thousand pounds ; but the difference between them is scarcely perceptible in the present great scale of our national disbursements. The demand for an account of this paltry sum was mean and impertinent : the answer was dignified and worthy of the speaker—that he would give no account of it.

Line 919.] “ What shall be done unto the man whom the king honours ? ” ESTHER.

Behold thy native Scotia hastes to meet,
 And strew her trophies at thy honour'd feet ;
 That generous land, where self is quite forgot,
 And none, for interest, every framed a plot ; 930
 Whose sons, to serve thee, felt the purest glow,
 Nor recollected what thou couldst bestow ;
 Nor, for their voices, touch'd official whets,
 Nor thought of India, writers, and cadets :

Line 930.] The character of *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant* is evidently a base caricature, intended to traduce a people famed for liberality and disinterestedness. Who could have been the prototype of *Sir Pertinax* ?

Line 933.] Official whets seem to indicate a mere tasting of the good things, which only serves to sharpen the appetite, and to increase the desire of the dainties.

Line 934.] Snug little things for the son of a freeholder of some influence. It is certain that these sort of things are unknown or despised in Scotland, as you may learn on entering the first street in Calcutta, where it is ten to one but the first Hindostanee you hear is broad Scotch. The young expectants of that nation swarm on the shores of the Ganges like so many jackalls :—

“ *Millia quot magnis numquam venere Mycenis.*”

That pious land, where saints affect their kind, 935
 And find thy saintly virtues to their mind !
 Her willing votes shall now adorn thy train,
 The lowly pages of thy latter reign ;
 The sixteen peers, changed S——k at their head,
 By thee in triumph to St. Stephen's led ; 940

Line 936.] The Scottish nation are so eminently attached to the moral and religious virtues, that no man, of whatever station, is honoured among them, whose piety and morality are not irreproachable. From this circumstance alone, we might consider it as indisputable that these virtues reside in the highest degree, in the statesman who is honoured with their favour. Whoremongers, adulterers, drunkards, liars, are perpetually declaimed against from their pulpits, and spoken of with abhorrence in their private societies. The statesman, therefore, whom they receive with unbounded acclamations, and who passes through their country in triumph, admired and caressed by all ranks and ages, must, of course, be entirely free from even a suspicion of the vices which they seem most to detest. We may therefore pronounce him to be, on the testimony of the Scottish nation, in all respects,

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.

Line 939.] A book, to which this young peer's name was prefixed, gave promise of considerable talents :—

And, forty commoners, thy nod awaiting,
Thou leav'st the five to L—d—d—e and S—t—n.

No impious acts thy loyal sway should stain,
The fiend-like negro should resume his chain :

the accomplishment has yet to come. It was, however, a well-timed revenge which he took on his party for their neglect, to fall a kicking just as their backs were turned. It is to be hoped that his new friends will be more politic than to overlook his merits ; for they also, in the course of things, may present a kicking opportunity.

Line 944.] The author has here allowed his imagination to outrun the reality. The negro has not his chain to *resume*, for it is not yet *shaken off*. The importation only has been prohibited ; and fortunately this destructive measure has as yet produced no harm. It cannot be doubted that speedy measures will be taken to prevent its baneful tendency. Should there not, the dreadful effects will soon appear : the West India colonies will be left desolate ; the negroes, who might have been saved by purchase, will be slaughtered in thousands on their own shores ; a terrible judgment will overtake those who impiously annihilate the eternal distinction, which the Almighty has established between white men and negroes ; and the curse of Ham will be extended over the whole human race ! !

No mad reformer then for dreams should fight, 945
 But learn to own whatever is is right ;
 Nor fierce Inquiry, with its senseless pother,
 One corner search, and slily pass another :

Line 946.] I believe the question of Parliamentary Reform, which kept the mob in a roar for half a century, is now pretty well laid to rest. That the object is unattainable has been as clearly demonstrated, as that those who seemed most to pursue it wished for nothing so little as to be successful. While out of power, indeed, all parties, with Pitt and Fox at their head, were equally eager in pressing this measure : but which of them, when *in*, ever stirred a foot in the affair. Pitt, it is true, did avow that his sentiments continued the same : but the unhappy Premier was left in a *minority*, and the measure was afterwards found to be totally inconsistent with *existing circumstances*. What should the members of the House of Commons have to do in altering the present state of the elective franchise ? Would not the man be accounted crazy, who should break down his inclosures, and throw open his fields and orchards to every man and beast who travelled the way ?

Line 948.] The public are sadly mistaken if they ever expect any good from these same Commissions of Inquiry. Who will ever read the voluminous reports of the Naval Commissioners ? Or, if he does read them,

All other commerce Britain's fleets should blast,
 And rear the broom conspicuous at the mast ; 950
 On solitary seas, her flags unfurl'd,
 Should awe, chastise, and prey upon the world.

who will ever profit by them? The hubbub excited about the transactions in the Tenth Report, is sufficient to show the views, the wisdom, and the probable success of the whole affair. Ask either the *old* Navy Board, or the *present* Admiralty, what dependence is to be placed on these reports ; and you will learn to what purpose some thousands of the national money have been yearly expended in salaries to Naval Commissioners. What set of Commissioners ever brought to light the abuses of their own party ?

Line 952.] The relaxation of the Navigation Act is a crime so enormous against the prosperity of our country, that it will be disgraceful lenity if the advisers of such a measure escape condign punishment. What can be more evident than that Great Britain must grow poor, if her neighbours grow rich ? than that she must be idle, if the others be industrious ? Is it not plain that if a farmer suffers his neighbour's fences to grow, and does not take timely measures to destroy them, they may soon overtop and eclipse his own ? Is it not equally plain, that if Great Britain allow her neighbours to get commerce and shipping, they may soon have as rich

New coalitions then should send afar,
Their well-paid shouts, and give the hopes of war ;
The conquer'd states feel restive in the chain, 955
And Bonaparte require a new campaign.

and numerous fleets on the ocean as herself? Deceitful counsels! Ruinous moderation! When the other maritime nations shall become industrious and rich, possessed of an active commerce and numerous ships, then, Britain, thy glory has reached its close! But let us trample on such bloodless, such timid, and unpatriotic suggestions. Let us guard, with tenfold care, those Navigation laws by which we have flourished: Let us burn, sink, and destroy the vessels of every power which presumes to encroach upon our exclusive rights: Let us prevent the accumulation of capital, the excitement of enterprise, the increase of shipping, in the maritime towns of all other nations: While we persevere in this system, what power shall cope with us? What enemy shall contest the empire of the seas? Every shore shall be within the dominion of Britain, and ages unborn shall hail her as the sovereign of the ocean.

Line 956.] The incalculable advantages, which this country has derived from continental coalitions, prove the criminal blindness of those who have disgusted our allies by refusing them subsidies corresponding with their demands. From some hints which have been

But, far o'er all things prized, sublime and pure,
 The royal conscience then should reign secure :
 The hopeless papist through a length of years,
 Should still atone his Church's crimes with tears ;
 Should taxes pay, by insult reimbursed, 961
 Should fight unhonour'd, and should fall accurs'd :
 While, fenced around, like Britain's sea-girt shore,
 That church divine which *all* the good adore, 964
 That church where, only, men for heaven are bred,
 Should bless its son, and raise its tow'ring head.

Go on, great chief! thy destinies pursue,
 Still, to the last, thy life's great ends in view ;
 Thy public virtues with thy private pair,
 Our rights and morals still thine equal care. 970
 Around thy name th' unfading wreath shall blow,
 And deathless fame the wond'ring muse bestow ;

thrown out, it is abundantly plain that this absurd policy will undergo a speedy amelioration. New and vast coalitions will be formed and precipitated against the common foe of mankind. Bonaparte may look to himself: it will cost him *another campaign*.

Line 966.] Its son? What church can the poet mean?

Thy hope fulfill'd, to live in history's page,
 And give a lesson to a future age ;
 Thy deeds more coolly weigh'd, more clearly known,
 By patriot sires shall to their sons be shown ; 976
 Then shalt thou gain, when no false hues pervert,
 The reputation due to thy desert.

L—— E———.

When Rome, for virtue once renown'd, became
 Renown'd for crimes, for deeds of lasting shame ;
 When Freedom spread her golden lures in vain, 981
 And left a recreant race to hug the chain ;
 When vice, at noon-day, rear'd the head on high,
 And mock'd the tardy vengeance of the sky ;
 Pure and unstain'd, amidst a guilty land, 985
 The law's great chiefs were seen sublime to stand ;

Line 973.] It is said that this venerable statesman has always entertained a fond expectation of making a conspicuous figure in the page of history. His hopes will not be disappointed. When the annals of Britain for the last twenty years are recorded, *he* certainly will not be forgotten.

Line 986.] This fact, so honourable to the profession

O'er prostrate virtue spread their awful shield,
And 'gainst corruption still maintain'd the field.

Thus while the victor every land subdued,
Proud, o'er his power, indignant Cato stood ; 990
Saw Cæsar's arms an abject world controul,
And fix'd the throne of freedom in his soul.

Thus, while around the base of Andes, rage
The torrents vast, and warring winds engage ;
While fell tornadoes hold their tyrant reign, 995
And sudden ruin desolates the plain ;
Still, all unmoved, the tranquil summits show
Their spotless garments of eternal snow ;
Like nature's vast foundations fix'd they seem,
Nor feel the wint'ry wind, or summer's beam. 1000

of the law, has attracted the peculiar observations of the historian. After the monarchs of Rome were degenerated into monsters of cruelty and profligacy ; after the nobles were sunk into the grossest debauchery ; after the priesthood were distinguished only by a remains of superstition ; after the people were the most abject and profligate of slaves ; still the tribunals were occupied by men who might have graced a better age. Even in the days of Justinian and Theodora, the lawyers of Constantinople might have honoured the republic of Rome.

And thus, while here Corruption casts a gloom,
 The fate of Britain like the fate of Rome ;
 While titled Vice triumphant rears the head,
 And Avarice thrives, and lust defiles the bed ;
 Our law's great guardians still their fame maintain,
 Without suspicion as without a stain. 1006
 No paltry bribes, Dishonour's sordid spoil,
 Pervert their judgments, and their hands defile ;
 For rights invaded, when redress is sought,
 The injur'd finds not that the judge is bought ; 1010
 For crimes no base impunities are sold,
 No villain feels protected by his gold :
 And while our annals every vice describe,
 This age shall own no judge who took a bribe.

Line 1014.] The corruption of judges, by bribes from the parties who come before them, is a thing, so unknown in our age, that the suspicion of it never enters into the head of the most suspicious. Yet two hundred years have not passed, since eminent men were degraded from the highest stations in the law for this mean and infamous vice. Here is certainly an amelioration, of which it would be an agreeable task to develop the causes : But the length of a note does not permit a full

Blest is the land, whose judges thus preside, 1015
Pure as Golconda's gems, or gold thrice-tried ;
Whom solid learning from false views protects,
Whom justice guides, and wisdom still directs :
For worth selected and for knowledge famed,
Nor moved by passion, nor by party claim'd ; 1020
Who scorn all arts which Virtue holds unmeet,
Nor rise by faction to the judgment seat ;
To every party equal favour own,
And view alike the subject and the throne ;
Nor rank or power permit to blind their sight, 1025
Nor heed a star unless the star of right ;
No bias to the court or people feel,
But, just to all, an equal measure deal.

Thrice honour'd is the judge, whose mind serene
Looks calm and solemn on the passing scene ; 1030
Who, all for justice, spurns at meaner things,
The shouts of mobs, or flatt'ring smiles of kings ;
Who, cool and firm, the law's behest conveys,
Nor, on the bench, one passion e'er betrays ;

inquiry into a subject, which it would be improper to
deface by a mutilated discussion.

Untouch'd by hope, and never moved by fear, 1035
 Eschew'd by faction, to the nation dear,
 The bad respect him, and the good revere.

While Britain's upright judges swell the lays,
 Let Britain's king participate the praise ;
 Who, from his crown, a brilliant greatly tore, 1040
 And gave his people what his fathers wore ;
 Bade the undaunted judge his tenor hold,
 And justice pass her sentence uncontroul'd.

Line 1043.] It was an instance of patriotism in a king, never to be forgotten, when his present majesty, at his accession, renounced for himself and his successors for ever, the power of displacing the judges at the commencement of a new reign. Such a voluntary sacrifice of a prerogative, however unprofitable to the possessor, has rarely been made by the most virtuous sovereigns. While the judges of the common law are, by this last concession, rendered wholly independent of the fluctuation of political parties, it must be a matter of wonder and regret, that the supreme judge in equity, who in many instances controuls all the others, should hold his office entirely by the precarious tenure of party. If the independence of judges be a benefit, this is an evil of the first magnitude. If it be allowed that the variegated duties of the Lord Chancellor are more than any

Hence, by his people's love, of mightier sway,
 He gains in power by what he gave away: 1045
 So, the glad hind, when past his furrowing toil,
 Bestows his golden treasures on the soil;
 So the rich harvest, which around him pours,
 Repays, an hundred fold, his lavish'd stores.

While thus to independence proudly raised, 1050
 O may no wayward end, no wish debased,
 E'er tempt our laws' great guardians to forego
 The noblest boon which freedom can bestow.
 O may they ne'er, by false ambition led,
 Cabals enkindle, or a faction wed; 1055

one man can fulfil, why then delay to remedy at once so many evils, by simply separating his functions? Let the patronage and the political station be attached to the speaker of the House of Lords, and let his office be an ample boon for the active partizans of each successful faction. But let the supreme judge of our courts of equity be fixed in his station for life. Let him enjoy that full independence which is given to every other judge: let no avocation, but the complicated business of that function, occupy his mind: Let neither hope nor fear distract his attention, or hold out even the slightest temptation to swerve from the plain line of his duty.

From thirst of power, their station's boast forsake,
 And with a party's hopes and terrors shake ;
 To little plots, and court-intrigues descend,
 And, with th' obsequious council, humbly bend ;
 Sell reputation for a crumb of power, 1060
 And years of honour for a courtly hour ;
 Be sworn the special servants of the throne,
 Nor more th' impartial umpire's title own ;
 Should king and people for some right contend,
 The people's foe be held, the monarch's friend ; 1065
 From strong debates, in every passion's heat,
 Confused and troubled mount the judgment seat ;
 While anxious suitors view the scene with awe,
 And wish mad politics disjoin'd from law.
 Most in the judge, true dignity requires 1070
 Consistent views, and well-controul'd desires ;

Line 1069.] It is to be lamented that they have not always been disjoined, and that any precedent to the contrary should be found in our history. That the judge should be entirely independent both of the crown and the people, that he should be agitated, in the exercise of his office, by no motives of hope or fear, is allowed to be essential to the pure administration of jus-

Each devious course that might suspicion breed,
And even the semblance shun'd, of erring deed.

tice. Our laws, as they have been ameliorated in his present Majesty's reign, have made complete provision for securing this inestimable benefit to the nation, in regard to the judges of the common law. It is to be lamented that private views should ever so far interfere with the public good, as to render this provision nugatory. It is to be lamented that any judge should ever enlist himself under the banners of party, or contract a dependence on the crown and its ministers. It is not merely in the causes in which the king and the subject are directly engaged, that such a connection as this may produce a dangerous bias in his judgment: his party, the members of the administration with whom he acts, may have their private quarrels with the subject; they may have been galled by animadversions, and may prosecute for libel. On such an occasion, who would not tremble to come before a tribunal where a partizan presided? Perhaps, indeed, his conscience, his honour, might overpower every improper suggestion even in such trying contingencies: but no purity could free him from suspicion: and it is necessary that a judge, like a virgin, should avoid even to be suspected. But why leave a circumstance of such vast importance at the mercy of individual ambition? Why not provide, by positive statute, that no judge shall hold any ostensible relation to the crown;

Sedate, impartial, still-collected, cool,
 Ambitious only o'er himself to rule ; 1075
 Join'd to no faction ; midst the loyal found ;
 Yet nothing more to king than people bound ;
 Averse alike to lord it, or to drudge,
 The judge's noblest office is to judge.

L—— R——.

On nose of pig, how odd the diamond ring, 1080
 How odd on Harlequin, the crest of king ;
 Strange smart bandeau on wrinkled front appears,
 Strange flush sixteen conjoin'd to sixty years ;

It may be said that this would restrict the sovereign in the choice of his servants—True—but then it would only prevent him from employing those whom he ought not to employ, those whom his own welfare and the welfare of his people require to be strictly debarred from any peculiar connection with his service. The office of a judge in our courts of law is no sinecure. His duties, if properly discharged, are sufficient to occupy the whole attention of any one man. If he is also to be involved in the complicated discussion of the important topics which continually press upon the attention of our ministers, some duty must necessarily be left undischarged.

Yet not more strange, more odd than this accord,
My Lady she, and he—sweet heavens! my Lord.

Were titles used to set the stamp on worth, 1086
Not given to knaves, to fools, to gold, or birth;
Then might the peer our willing homage claim,
And stars be held certificates of fame.
Still as the chariot pass'd the streets along, 1090
Caught by its coronet, the crowds would throng;
Assured to find one mark'd for public care,
A Wolfe, a Chatham, or a Nelson there.

But when the star, a hundred times to one,
Seems on its wond'rous wearer placed through fun;
A thing, by dext'rous valet, made a beau, 1096
Within a vacuum, and without a show :—
Or rake, in body worn, in mind a drivell,
By leading silly women to the devil :—

Line 1096.] When some one reproached Buchanan that he had made nothing of his royal pupil, King James, but a mere pedant, the preceptor phlegmatically replied, "it was a wonder he had made so much of him." The same reply might be justly uttered by many a valet who has trimmed out his titled master into an inordinate fop.

Or jockey, both in outside, and in heart, 1100
 Who, in the stable, acts his proper part :—
 Or bully gamester, careless of his heirs,
 Who all, 'twixt pharo and the brothel, shares :—

Line 1099.] It is a curious remark that Fielding, wherever he introduces a lord into his novels, always makes him noted for this particular species of dissipation. Fielding is allowed to have understood human nature. When men have attained all the objects of ambition, without any exertion on their part, it is natural enough for them to set about gratifying, in the fullest manner, those uneasy appetites which still refuse to let them rest.

Line 1101.] It has now become a matter of fashion to render the peer as indistinguishable from the coachman as possible. They wear the same dress, swear the same oaths, are often seen in the stable and on the coach-box together; and, in short, are, to all appearance, exactly of the same fraternity. Nay, the coachman is frequently seen to occupy the place of my lord in the curriole, by the side of my lady; and, in truth, is at times not the least proper man of the two. It was observed, by a celebrated Scottish Philosopher, that, in a few centuries, the progeny of the man in the chariot, and of the man on the coach-box, change places. The present customs will probably render the rotation frequently much more speedy.

Or cit ambitious, who, by Madam fired,
From Lombard-street to western spheres retired: 1105
Gave sumptuous dinners, and the best of wine,
And lords and ladies got in crowds to dine ;
Threw ancient great ones quite into the shade,
And fill'd the papers with a masquerade ;
Turn'd glum vice-hunters to a public jest, 1110
And had the honour of a royal guest ;

Line 1108.] This is a terrible and daily increasing hardship. The monied aristocracy is continually gaining ground upon the aristocracy of birth: the sons of sugar barrels and rum puncheons, on the sons of steel caps and lacquer'd doublets. The case of the sufferers by this intolerable grievance is truly distressing, for their adversaries have acquired such a footing in the parliament itself, that they have little reason to expect an act for their relief.

Line 1110.] My readers will recollect an attempt at a great fashionable party, to turn those narrow-minded zealots, those enemies of every thing gay and gallant, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, into open ridicule. At the same time it was in contemplation to travesty the coronation of Bonaparte. This was taking the appropriate revenge on two objects of terror. It is usual for persons of a certain character to take every op-

With endless banquets, mighty interest caught,
 And thus, full-arm'd, the Premier's favour sought ;
 The languid Premier, sick and much perplex'd,
 Some mirth required to ease a spirit vex'd, 1115
 Resolv'd, with one loud laugh, his ills to chear,
 Refresh'd his lungs, and made the cit a Peer!—

portunity, when they *safely* can, of attempting to conceal their fears by ridiculing those objects which most excite them. With what satisfaction does an atheist disburthen himself among a stubborn club of free-thinkers?

Line 1117.] Pitt was a Commoner, the son of the Great Commoner: I never could find reason to think that he had any desire to exalt the peerage. He came into power in direct opposition to the great aristocracy, nor did they ever rank among his adherents. The houses, most distinguished for their antiquity and grandeur—those of Howard, Percy, Cavendish, and Russell, stood forth among his firm and constant antagonists. It does not seem improbable that he was sufficiently willing to mortify those whom he could not reconcile; and to show his superiority to titles, by the lavish hand with which he strewed them among persons who had little claim to them but his favour. The extension of exclusive privileges, by his numerous creations, was well calculated to

Say, shall we kneel to titles thus bestow'd,
 And, like th' Egyptians, hail the calf a god?
 With toads, asps, onions, ornament the shrine, 1120
 And reptiles own, and pot-herbs, things divine?

Yet, though we join the laugh, or fume with
 spleen;

When once two hundred years have roll'd between,
 When filtering ages shall the blood refine,
 And time enrich the juices, like old wine; 1125
 Even such a baron's sons shall boast aloud,
 What ancient honours raise them o'er the crowd;

make the distinctions of little account, and to bring peers and commoners to a level. Nor does he appear to have ever repented of this policy, if we may judge from the peers, whom he left, at his departure, in embryo.

Line 1121.] The Egyptians carried their whimsical superstitions farther than any other nation. Their principal god, Apis, was adored in the likeness of a calf; and even certain reptiles and vegetables ranked among their objects of worship. The poet seems to have great objections to the rites of the Egyptians, and would therefore probably have no inclination to join the colony which we are about to send to that country.

Their clustering lineage on a tree display,
 And look contempt on creatures of a day ;
 Shall hire skill'd heralds to adorn their line, 1130
 And, for their mighty founder, virtues coin ;
 Perhaps the merchant to the camp translate,
 Or make him shine the leader of the state ;
 To prove his worth, a jest-won title bring,
 And dub him hence the favourite of his king ; 1135
 Since he and Nelson bore an equal name,
 Hold he and Nelson were alike in fame !

Line 1131.] A most usual practice. *Vide* any Peerage or family pedigree.

Line 1137.] The conclusion is not unnatural, and by no means seems to justify the indignation with which the poet treats it. If men receive equal rewards, it agrees with our natural sense of justice to suppose that their merits were nearly upon a level. When two persons receive the title of Baron, a distinction much valued, can there be any thing extravagant in imagining that their deserts, if not of the same nature, were at least nearly of the same magnitude ? Here, I maintain, there is nothing absurd in theory : but, indeed, if the poet should press me to particular instances, and urge me to observe the comparative merits of Baron Nelson

O had my name indeed superior shone,
 With titles graced by merit fairly won,
 How should my soul revolt from such allies ! 1140
 How such compeers my swelling heart despise !
 How should I rave, the period to foresee,
 When rank'd with such my name and worth
 should be ;

And all the persons titled in one year,
 Of equal merit, equal deeds appear ! 1145
 No—to my grave my title should descend,
 And all my honours, with the winner, end ;
 No scoundrel son should hold them up to scorn,
 And make his country blush to see them worn :
 No lying herald of a distant age, 1150
 Some fellow lordling to my side engage,
 Some rake, some booby, something most despised,
 And hold our deeds and titles equalized !

But, mighty baron, cease thine anxious fears,
 'Tis but a poet plucks thee by the ears : 1155

of the Nile, and I—— P—— T——, I must even
 allow him to vent himself in his own way.

Y

Thou, at court galas, still a peer shalt trip,
 And still thy lady be her ladyship;
 Still o'er thy house, the coronet be shown,
 And still thy chariot for a lord's be known;
 Poor vulgar satire by the great be scorn'd, 1160
 And men like thee, by titles still adorn'd :
 Then pluck up spirit, base plebeians d—n,
 And show thyself the Baron R———m.

E—— of H——.

How sweet is mercy in the mighty's breast !
 How human kindness decks the warrior's crest ! 1165
 How noble they who might in fields have shone,
 And conquer'd many, yet have conquer'd none !
 Then be those chiefs renown'd, unknown to roam,
 Who gild the gay parade, and shine at home :
 Who martial etiquette supremely know, 1170
 And fit their soldiers for a gallant show.
 No scenes they meditate, at which the heart
 Of soft humanity would shudd'ring start ;
 Stout youths alive embowel'd by a bullet,
 Or stuck on bayonet like spitted pullet ; 1175

Fresh limbs dissever'd from the bleeding stumps,
 Heads from the shoulders, bodies from the rumps ;
 Bones mash'd to jelly, fields with corpses spread,
 And dying groans among the heaps of dead ;
 The conflict fierce, where death and fury glow, 1180
 Or the drear banquet of the carrion crow :—
 Such scenes, to scare the heart, and stun the head,
 Ne'er tempt the gentle chiefs of gay parade.

Them, sights more human, guiltless deeds invite,
 When wheeling through Hyde Park their squadrons
 bright ; 1185

The long straight front, extending far and wide,
 Where no false curves the serjeant's pains deride ;
 The cap smart-cock'd, the well-chalk'd belt so
 clean,
 The arms where spot of rust was never seen ;
 The tight-drawn stock, the hair in tasty tie, 1190
 Heads dress'd, and breasts advanced to meet the eye ;
 The smart clear wheel, where all, like spokes, go
 round,
 Nor one behind, behind the rest, is found ;

The clever shoulder, and the firm advance,
 And arms presented, with a clap, at once ; 1195
 At *fire!* one full round roar to charm the ear,
 With no pop, pops, harsh sputtering in the rear :

Line 1195.] This is a movement on which more time is spent by the drill-serjeant than on nearly all the movements of priming and loading. I need scarcely add that it is entirely useless, unless to place the soldiers in a showy attitude, when the general makes his appearance at a Review. I will refer it to any candid military man, whether one half of the time of exercise is not usually devoted to this, and a few other motions, all equally useless in the day of action? But I forget the spirit of my author—he is praising the discipline of those soldiers who are fitted for the parade *only*; and, in this point of view, such motions are of course the most important of all.

Line 1197.] This article, of discharging all the muskets of a platoon at exactly the same instant, so as that the whole shall form one full incorporated sound, is another circumstance on which infinite pains and time are bestowed. It certainly produces a very delectable impression on the bye-standers at a review; and more powder is annually spent in bringing men to perfection in it, than might contribute in no small degree to furnish the magazines for a campaign. But I never heard that

The columns, like glued figures soak'd in starch,
 On wire-work strangely moved at sound of *march* !
 The furious charge, where thousand foes might fall,
 And the brave rally at the great park wall : 1201
 A cloudless atmosphere and summer's day,
 To sport the warriors and attract the gay ;
 While crowding fair ones, in a brilliant row,
 With tender tremors view the martial show, 1205
 And cling more closely to th' intrepid beau.
 In fields like these, none wounded and none slain,
 How pure is war, how pleasant a campaign !

Nor think these bands to bear no hardship made,
 To bear great hardships is the soldier's trade. 1210
 Look at their chins, and say if 'tis no ill
 To hold their necks so straight, so stiff, so still ?
 Look at their legs, which knee-high gaiters pinch,
 Their tight-screw'd thighs, and say wouldst thou
 not flinch ?

Now their smart crops the scissars close assail, 1215
 Now their heads labour with a load of tail ;

this nicety is deemed of the least importance in actual
 battle.

Now, not one hair the close-shaved visage wears,
 Now vile mustachoes turn the men to bears :
 Small may those hardships seem to men of blood,
 Who daily wade the marsh, or stem the flood ;
 Who, all night long, and supperless, must lie 1221
 Beneath the shroud of a December sky ;
 And find at morn their hair to earth congeal'd,
 When loud alarums wake them for the field :
 But oft the ills, which men most trivial deem, 1225
 More keenly wound than such as mightier seem ;
 Nor is a bruise, or cancer, worse to bear,
 Than pease in shoes, or pin upright in chair.

Thus the tame Sepoy, whose obedient hand
 Our banners floated o'er his native land ; 1230
 Who, in our cause, Death's fellest forms could view,
 And brave the scorching sun, and blasting dew ;
 When forced by some great chief, of skill revered,
 In cut unknown to shape his cap and beard,
 His darling fashions with cold steel defended, 1235
 Till trembling wisecap his decrees amended.

Line 1236.] It is to be seen whether those valiant
 enquirers into abuses, who have held out such magni-

Nor think our youngling chiefs, by smarter swords
And ep'lets, known for military lords,

ficent promises to their constituents at the present elections, will endeavour to bring to light the authors of the late military commotions, which threaten to shake our empire in India to the foundation. We have there large bodies of native troops, who, under European officers, have fought battles with a bravery scarcely inferior to the natives of Great Britain. They have been uniformly obedient and loyal; and the only peculiar favour, which they have claimed, is to be indulged in a few harmless customs, which they regard with veneration; their dress, their food, the fashion of their hair and beards. One is astonished that persons of common understanding should wantonly interfere with things so indifferent in themselves, so highly valued by the native troops. But the thirst of tyrannizing, for the mere purpose of displaying one's power, got the better of every consideration of wisdom, policy, and humanity. The Sepoys were doomed to have their dress formed in a particular fashion, and to wear their beards according to *orders*! A mutiny was the consequence—the inevitable, the *proper* consequence of this ridiculous tyranny. It is said to have been subdued, that tranquillity is completely restored—by abandoning the measure. It may be so: but a distrust and animosity have been excited in the breasts of the native troops, which will not so soon be eradi-

Are inexperienced in the feats of war,
Though never cradled in Bellona's car.

1240

cated. What is still worse, the Sepoys have learnt that our generals may be intimidated, and that a resolute mutiny is the way to attain their objects. I am mistaken if this is not the most fatal blow which our Indian empire has ever received. Nor is it to be imagined that this is the first and only act of the same wanton oppression, which has been exercised towards the Sepoys : this was only one which appeared so detestable as to call for the last resistance, and which attracted peculiar attention, from the number of troops collected together at Vellore. Many similar orders, so rash and absurd as almost to exceed belief, have been issued ; but generally revoked in time to prevent very notorious consequences. Who could believe that a general officer actually gave orders that all the native regiments, in a particular government, should go to church ! Yet such orders were issued ; and revoked only at the earnest remonstrances of an inferior officer, who represented that the attempt to enforce them would produce immediate rebellion. Such dreadful blunders proceed, in a great measure, from the practice of sending out, to high commands in India, officers who are totally unacquainted with the customs and feelings of the natives, and who are unable to form any estimate of their prejudices and habits. No officer, except those bred according to the rules of the

At midnight, oft behold a chosen band
 Enact great wonders with a mighty hand ;
 Appear, in proper garments, fierce Macbeth,
 And hear of crowns from witches on the heath ;
 A valiant Julius scorn his wife's mean tears, 1245
 A Barbarossa blast the foe with fears ;
 A very Rolla shield his honour'd king,
 And bear off Cora's child with wond'rous swing.
 Yet though of martial lore these schools, confined,
 Train but the spirits of a nobler kind ; 1250
 Think not the rest untutor'd for the field,
 While their brave lessons oft courts-martial yield.
 Here, train'd to frown, to threaten, and command,
 And deal his orders with a sovereign hand,

Company's Service, and who have been stationed many years in India, are fit to be entrusted with the command of the native troops.

Line 1248.] These military theatrical academies have already called forth some animadversions. They seem calculated to produce graceful parade officers ; and what more is accounted necessary for the perfection of the military character ?

The bantling chieftain, with ascending eye, 1255
 Confounds the tall grown man of six feet high ;
 Commands the halberts in a direful tone,
 And bids the drummer bare him to the bone ;
 Sees, in the welling gore, the lash embrued,
 And grows courageous from the sight of blood.

O warriors worthy of a Briton's name! 1261

O born to fill the world with deeds of fame !

E—— of C——.

Did Nature second monarchs' grand designs,
 And shower her gifts on some peculiar lines ;
 Shed wit and worth where honours first were shed,
 And save great wisdom for the titled head ; 1266

Line 1260.] Sir Robert Wilson, and other military writers, have so amply disclosed the frequency and consequences of these courage-making exhibitions, that any further encomium would be unnecessary. Our militia regiments are said to carry this, as well as other parts of discipline, to the greatest perfection. In the event of a peace, the disbanded subalterns will find great encouragement as overseers of West India plantations, being already thoroughly versed in the whole business of *ne-gro-driving*.

Then might the chiefs be found, without debate,
 Who best could lead our armies, guide the state ;
 Then might the Knight to some small post pretend,
 The lordly Baron to command ascend ; 1270
 The mightier Viscount to the Earl should bow,
 The Earl himself the Marquis' claims allow ;
 The Duke almost be fittest for all things,
 And Princes only less adroit than Kings.

Then should we mourn no military lord, 1275
 With all the soldier center'd in his sword ;
 No peer in council, like a horse in pond,
 Who just can stand and stare, nor pass beyond ;
 Nor noble poet who, in tragic lays,
 Laments our want of taste, his want of praise ;
 Who, when no actor will attempt his play, 1281
 Not even on benefits, not even for pay,

Line 1282.] It perhaps may not be generally known to noble authors, that when a right honourable play is in distress, from the plebeian taste of the managers, a reserve is still open in the yearly Benefits of the actors. For a trifling sum, fifty pounds, or the expences of the house, an actor may generally be prevailed upon to give it out on his or her benefit. In the theatrical accounts

On hot-press'd royal bids the drama glow,
 While margins vast their glossy splendour throw ;
 Then to the chosen few the present sends, 1285
 The most distinguish'd of his titled friends ;
 Who, while the head grows numb, and conscience
 akes,
 Must praise—and read it to prevent mistakes.

Were Nature not plebeian at the heart,
 No titled head should want the thinking part ; 1290
 Wit, wisdom, courage, with the peerage pass,
 And titles prove specifics for an ass ;
 The royal touch cure dulness, worst of evils,
 And talents pour into the fool that drivels ;

of the newspapers, dramatic *debuts* of this kind may annually be seen ; and I could mention a great beau, of Bond Street notoriety, who has brought all his comic productions to light by this mode. If, indeed, the thing be so wretched that no actor can undertake it, without the certainty of being hissed on his benefit night,—a disgrace which he will not for his own sake incur—I then can point out no other resource than that mentioned in the text.

Line 1293.] Every one is acquainted with the power of a monarch's touch, in formerly curing that distem-

Make barren polls in every produce rich, 1295
 While men catch genius, as they catch the itch.

Duke of *Qu*_____.

In days of yore, while Rome's old grandeur stood,
 And boars still roam'd the Calydonian wood,
 Celestial groupes in grove and grotto play'd,
 And Fawns and Satyrs danced in every shade ; 1300
 The huntress Dryads graced the moon's pale beam,
 And Naiads laved their beauties in the stream ;
 The hearth much honour'd, and the fruitful plain,
 Each grove, each fountain, had its guardian train.
 Then, by the echoing rock, beneath the tree, 1305
 Where forms divine the swain was wont to see,

per which is hence denominated the *king's evil*. One would imagine, from the nature of the subjects and the extent of the effects, that certain other operations of monarchs, on select persons, were introduced to cure similar distempers of the mind.

Line 1303.] The classical reader knows how sacred the hearth was accounted in ancient times, and how inviolable the stranger found himself under the protection of the *Penates*.

The poet, stretch'd the mossy banks along,
 Lull'd in the visions of his rising song,
 In wonder waked, from rock and streams to hear
 Sounds more than human steal upon his ear ; 1310
 And knew the guardian genii of the place
 Had form'd a choir, the muse's son to grace.

From our dull days, these chearing sprites are fled,
 And scarce a fairy tends the shepherd's tread ;
 By stream, by grot, by fountain, or in grove, 1315
 No satyrs amble, and no dryads rove ;
 Mute are the rocks, and uninspired the trees,
 No sound the poet hears, no vision sees.

But me the Muse, with Latian fancy, leads
 To sing the genii of her ancient creeds ; 1320
 Hence cull machinery for my epic song,
 And choose a patron from the mystic throng ;

Line 1312.] Auditis ? an me ludit amabilis
 Insania ? Audire, et videor pios
 Errare per lucos, amœnæ
 Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

Line 1321.] It is but of late years that an Epic,
 without machinery, could be expected to be tolerated :

Some god, by men and matrons held divine,
 And thus, with offerings, consecrate his shrine :
 Though now the orchard-wall the school-boy
 shuns, 1325
 Deterr'd alone by man-traps and spring-guns ;
 Though from the seed-beds, ancient garments scare,
 On mimic poles, the tenants of the air ;
 Though, on the king's highway, the matron spy
 No imaged god to make her cry " O fy !" 1330
 To thee, Priapus, shall my vows be paid,
 And votive couplets on thine altar laid ;

and even at present, many a learned critic will tell you, that a poem, without this ingredient, may be called what else you please, but certainly not an Epic ; for Aristotle expressly defines, &c. It was, therefore, truly fortunate for our poet, that, before the conclusion of his work, he remembered to introduce machinery : His work might, otherwise, by great scholars, have been denied its name of Epic ; although it has as legitimate a title to this denomination, as either the Iliad or Eneid, being, no less than they, entirely composed of *επεια*, whence the derivative *επεικος*.

Line 1331.] The peculiar province of this God was to guard orchards, highways, &c. He was always re-

In this great town, most honour'd of the gods,
And duly worship'd in the great abodes.

Whether, in mortal shape reveal'd to view, 1335
(The shape, as some relate, of ancient ——);
A noted jockey, at all race-grounds known,
And quite familiar with poor mortals grown,
You take alike the fair and black legs in,
The purse of one, the others' favours win, 1340
And please your godship with tit-bits of sin.

Or to dark passage silently convey'd,
You seem John Footman to the chamber-maid;
In whispers low your fond desires reveal,
And, all unknown, her sweet-heart's portion steal;
Then with a quaint sly thrift, to make amends, 1346
Purloin her savings of the candle-ends.

Or, at the brink of dawn, you lie in wait
Where lamps, in shining piles, adorn the gate;
With *promised* ribbons, and close squeeze, assail
The buxom virgins of the flowing pail; 1351

presented *in puris naturalibus*, without even a veiling fig-leaf; and hence was usually looked upon as the deity of pruriency.

Who, scorning favours shower'd alike on all,
 Repulse your fervent hug, with angry squall ;
 Pluck from the street, by Dian's aid, fell stones,
 And swear to crack your skull, and break your
 bones. 1355

Or, placed at dusk, to watch in devious ways,
 When star nor lamp your silent step betrays ;
 Till, by your skilful eye, a petticoat
 Amidst th' uncertain gloom is seen to float :
 Then seize the fair, and haste, in accents meet, 1360
 To lay your soul and body at her feet ;
 Careless if face or person's fine or common,
 And quite content to find your prize a woman ;
 Think to your arms, if cheap, a goddess given,
 Pleased if seventeen she prove, or sixty-seven. 1365

Line 1352.] It is to be questioned whether the poet has not here, for the sake of the verse, employed *favours* simply for *promised favours*; for I could never learn that the god Priapus ever actually gave ribbons to the milk-girls at Hyde Park Corner.

Line 1354.] Diana, the goddess of chastity, who would not fail to render effectual assistance to her votaries in such a dangerous emergency.

Or led, like Polyphemus, by one eye,
 To opera glass your single light apply ;
 With looks intent, the luscious scene survey,
 Where plump Signoras their white spheres display ;
 And, not forgetful of the circling beau, 1370
 Their polish'd limbs the bounding damsels show,
 And all the charms are seen of Parisot.
 Blest fair ! whose power the gripe of avarice mocks,
 And on her benefit procures the box.

Or when the balmy hours of circling spring, 1375
 Fair holidays, and Greenwich gambols bring ;
 You love, with smirk on face, and glass in hand,
 At base of hill, with eyes upsent, to stand ;
 Whence striving maidens, rolling down amain,
 Pant for the prize, and tumbling seek the plain ;
 Arms, ancles, bosoms, toss'd by turns on high, 1380
 The kerchiefs loose, and floating robes defy.

Or with a friend of *gout* in vis-a-vis,
 The streets you haunt, a belle of fame to see ;
 Now catch a glimpse, at door of crusty law, 1385
 Of some one beauteous by a grand faux-pas ;

Line 1386.] It is curious to observe the charms with.

Now, to the green-room door, impatient press,
To view the ballet-corps in morning dress.

Or, in balcony, oft at noontide seen,
With hat of straw, and parasol to screen ; 1390
You eye the romping misses at their walk,
And sily list to hear the giglets talk ;
Feel, for the opening buds, your bosom glow,
As for their grannams sixty years ago.

While thus, in mortal shape, you glad our eyes,
O great Priapus ! long not for the skies : 1396
With cordial drops, his ready aid to lend,
May Esculapius still your steps attend ;
Warm be the milk in which your limbs you lave,
And juicy viands may your stomach crave ; 1400
Like Plutus rich, your bags of gold o'erflow,
And no one dun you even for what you owe ;

which a frail fair one is immediately invested, as soon as she comes before a public court. She is always found to be interesting, beautiful, captivating. Mrs. L— seems to be peculiarly aware of this circumstance, and therefore endeavours to keep up the affair by Vindications. There is certainly no way in which so much eclât is to be gained.

May thin-clad damsels, night and morn, await,
 Their soft appointments, just before your gate ;
 There, as their Bond-street, misses daily meet, 1405
 Short be their petticoats, and wet the street !

E—— of M——.

The dawn is broke : already far on high,
 The lark's plebeian notes alarm the sky :
 Now creeping watchmen, scarce, by morn alive,
 Still cheat ; and six resound, when just past five :
 Now, from gay orgies, rattling chariots bear 1411
 The haggart remnants of the tonish fair ;
 Who bent, next morn, to dash at something new,
 An early breakfast order, just at two :
 Now, from the masquerades, demure and slow, 1415
 With saffron visage, slinks the jaded beau :
 And forth from Brookes's prowl the pharo groupe,
 While quizzing draymen quaff the brown saloop :

Line 1418.] Saloop is a liquor formed from an infusion of saxifrage, and exposed on numerous stalls in the streets of London, at an early hour in the morning. It is drunk like coffee ; and, with a toasted muffin,

Fair ladies, reeling, not a wish provoke,
 And, London atmosphere is free from smoke. 1420
 'Tis time for us, my muse, to quit our flight,
 And, ere the son grows hot, to bid good night ;
 E'en fashionables need some hours for sleep,
 And day for rest, as night for pleasure, keep.

We've trod the scenes, where wealth and power
 abound, 1425

And yet no patron sought, no patron found ;
 No great Mecænas has surprised our sight,
 No Bufo has our flattery dragg'd to light.
 Unhired, the Glories of the Age we've sung,
 With hand unbribed, and with unbridled tongue ;
 Careless of praise, and little moved by blame, 1431
 No patron's frowns our dread, or smiles our aim.

Yet had we lick'd the foot which shoe-string touches,
 Like poor F—x C—p—r with the youthful duchess :

forms a very seasonable repast to the various workmen
 on their way to their daily labours.

Line 1434.] A writer of *Lyrics*, (need there more
 be said) who lately endeavoured to be known by a very
 fulsome dedication to the youthful spouse of a noble
 and wealthy duke.

Or like Olivia, in a limping speech, 1435
 Prais'd the chaste rarities of Lady H. :
 Or warm'd, like *Maur*—ce, by Museum fire,
 From Ganges drag'd a hurdy-gurdy lyre ;

Line 1435.] A lady who can write rhymes, though not grammar ; and who endeavoured to prove herself a beautiful poetess, by prefixing a portrait of herself to her pieces. Her praises are bestowed on those towards whom she is attracted by congenial feelings. *Similis simili gaudet.*

Line 1437.] This man has treated the public taste with many ponderous volumes of Indian History and Antiquities, on the merits of which, few, we believe, are capable of passing a just decision, if indeed a person must have read through a work before he is qualified to judge of it. To the astonishment of his friends and the public, this laborious collector of old women's fables suddenly became a poet : the Fall of the Mogul was sounded in lofty tragic strains : and a very pretty specimen of poetical typography announced that a vast deal more of the same commodity was in embryo, and would in due time be brought forth. The subject of one beautiful piece (royal paper, and printed by Bulmer) was Dr. Lettsom's country-seat near Camberwell ; a gentleman who, in spite of his pretty grounds at Grove-hill, and good dinners, and love of fame, is likely to prove

The muses loved ; and loved no less, to dine ;
 And Lettsom's seat beprais'd, and Lettsom's wine :
 Like G—ff—d, soak'd our wit in loyal zeal, 1441
 And squeezed the lemon upon C——g's veal :
 The public taste, with Nelson's praises hit,
 And scrawl'd a monody on Fox or Pitt :
 Like Tommy M——e had scratch'd the itching
 throng, 1445
 And tickled matrons with a spicy song :
 Of M——a's bounty, M——a's manners told,
 Profuse in compliments, but scarce of gold :—

little more fortunate in his bard than Alexander the Great.

Line 1441.] Mr. Gifford's labours in the Anti-jacobin newspaper have been already noticed. A man does tolerably well if he can sell a few epigrams and corrections for a good place for life.

Line 1444.] With these nauseous performances, the public has of late been so terribly surfeited, that he must have a stout stomach who does not actually sicken at the name of *monody*. Yet what will not party swallow ? These writers of insipid rhymes grow fat on praises and public dinners.

Then might her Grace, upon our leaves, display
 Her milk-white hand, and much admire the lay ;
 And, though she deem'd the lie no mighty matter,
 Might blushing lisp—" Indeed, indeed, you flatter :"
 Then might her ladyship, in maiden tone,
 Refuse the tribute of a thing unknown :
 And L—t—m, bounteous to a young beginner, 1455
 Invite to simple joint, and Sunday dinner :
 Then friends in power might on our merits think,
 And some snug post provide for meat and drink :
 At least our subject claim the town's regard,
 And public dinners be our great reward : 1460
 Or, sought by all, engaged to fifty fêtes,
 Our songs and presence held the first of treats ;
 Our liquorish lays had dropt in titled ears,
 And our good fortunes gall'd our blank compeers :

Line 1464.] This seems a gallicism, a literal translation of *bonnes fortunes*. Nothing could be more gratifying than the triumphant reception which this spicy poet experienced on his return to his native country. Happy was the titled host who could secure him at a day six weeks distant. It is amazing that his Excellency the L. L. did not make a knight of him.

While sure *his* smiles to gain, on all who smiles,
A lord's acquaintance had repaid our toils. 1466

What! no Mæcenas! when the things abound?

A patron e'en for Dermody was found;
That scape-grace, born to show our wondering
times,

With how much vice a man may tag smooth
rhymes: 1470

Line 1468.] This youth had acquired an easy knack of writing smooth verses at a very early age. But if he was distinguished for this proof of genius, he was still more remarkable for an ungovernable propensity to every species of vice, which he seemed to have acquired in his very nonage. He applied himself, however, to the great; and the discerning great showered upon him a more liberal patronage than almost any man of *genius* has lately received at their hands. Yet all was in vain. Dermody's debauchery became disgraceful and shocking to the last degree; and no resources were sufficient to save him from want. He closed his career at length in a garret; and, what may seem most wonderful, one Raymond has given to the public the memoirs of this *interesting* character in two octavo volumes; and, if I am not mistaken, has promised to enlarge still further on the theme!

Peers, o'er this hopeful genius, strove to watch,
 And titled dames supplied his gross debauch.

Sure still some charm attends a patron's name,
 When T—l—r's lumber N—f—k's aid may claim ;

Line 1474.] The observations, which the poet has here made on this unfortunate translator, seem intended as a sacrifice to the *manes* of Plato. Mr. Taylor is a very good sort of man ; and the report must be untrue that he has so far *grecianized* himself as actually to believe in all the deities of Athens. With regard to the translation of Plato, I believe he did his best. Not being very well versed in Greek, he had the prudence to make use of the Latin version of the learned Ficinus ; and the misfortune to copy even his errors. As to the philosophy of Plato, he seems to have drawn his notions of it from the Man of the Moon, or some equally authentic source ; but certainly not from the writings of Plato. The Socratic mode of reasoning, in his hands, consists in saying such unintelligible things in such unaccountable terms, that it is impossible for any antagonist to frame or imagine a reply. In short the *Deus ille noster Plato* of Cicero seems the most grotesque divinity of the whole Pantheon. It is said that his Grace of N——, out of a liberal desire to encourage literature, bore the expences of this publication. It is to be hoped that he looks upon virtue as its own reward.

T—l—r, whose five huge tomes our nerves affright,
 While godlike Plato rants Tom Bedlam quite; 1476
 And words so strange the grave burlesque express,
 It seems a Bishop robed in Motley's dress.

Discerning patrons ! what does genius owe
 To streams which spread so wide, so bounteous flow!
 Which drench the barren sand, and rock so hard,
 Nor ever hope, or, hoping, meet reward ! 1482

How, from such aid, my soul indignant turns,
 And proudly seeks obscurity and Burns ;
 The boast of Scotland, left by patron peer 1485
 To earn his scanty bread by gauging beer !
 With downcast visage, and with falt'ring speech,
 No lord shall hear my recreant tongue beseech ;
 Show, in his booby face, the mantling smile,
 While all my ills I tell, and all my toil ; 1490

Line 1485.] An Englishman is tempted to say, "Had Burns lived in England, he would have experienced a different fate." The patronage which Bloomfield has received would seem to justify this sentiment : but I must repress my proud patriotic feelings, when I recollect the fate of Otway and Chatterton.

With heart unmoved, observe my wants complain,
And say ' he'll think on't'—but ne'er think again—
Till raised, like Johnson, quite beyond his aid,
I throw the paltry pageant in the shade ;
Who then, with card and condescending smile, 1495
Would love to share the honours of my toil.

Line 1496.] There is no instance in which the mind is more completely gratified by the triumph of humble merit over hereditary power and wealth, than in the transactions between Lord Chesterfield and Dr. Johnson. When the undiscerning peer, after abandoning the poor unknown author to his wretchedness, endeavoured afterwards (when Johnson had, by his unaided efforts, drawn upon himself the eyes of the world) to seize the station of patron, and share the applause which the author had earned, the indignant letter which Johnson wrote him excites corresponding sentiments in every breast. Yet Chesterfield was no common lord : he could make merry with titles and privileges : He could term the House of Peers, the *Hospital of Incurables* : He could wonder that Chatham would voluntarily enter into such a society : And he could talk of genius and learning as infinitely more dignified than whatever monarchs can bestow. If, therefore, even Chesterfield acted this part with Johnson, what is to be expected from others ?

But me, nor patron's aid, nor vulgar praise,
 Invites to woo the muse, and weave the lays :
 My name unknown, and doom'd my verse to see
 Assign'd to all that rhyme, but ne'er to me; 1500
 The teeming worthies of a favour'd age
 Alone my fancy wake, my song engage.
 Pleased, them to raise on high to public view,
 Like tall Pagoda in the park of Kew,
 Like traitor's head on Temple Bar of yore, 1505
 Or like lord Cr—n—y drawn by brethren four,—
 Where line ne'er sounded will I sink my name,
 Nor envy them—bear witness, Heaven! their fame!

Line 1506.] This certainly must be a mistake of our author, as we have never seen this hero of the whip drawn by asses.

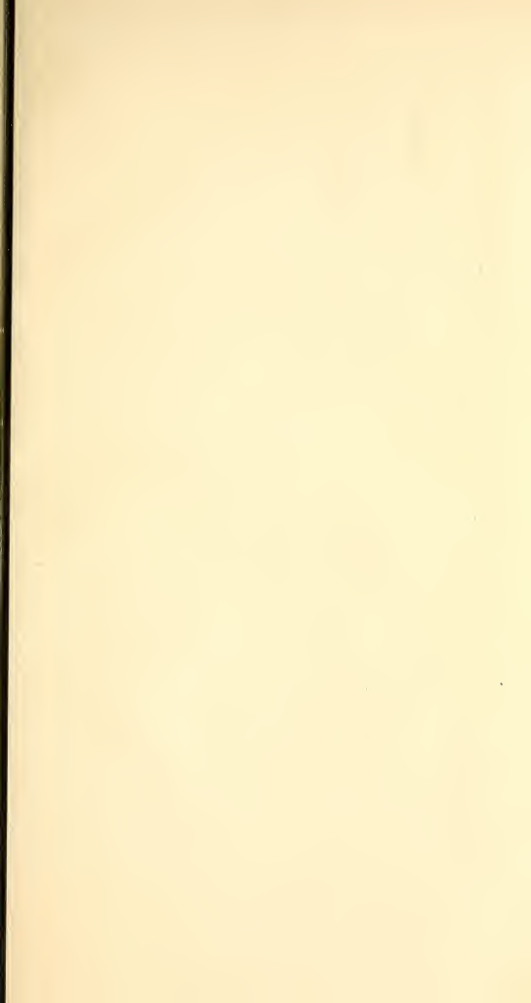
Line 1507.] — — — — —

" To work mine end upon their senses, that
 " This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 " Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 " And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 " I'll drown my book." *Tempest.*

THE END.

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