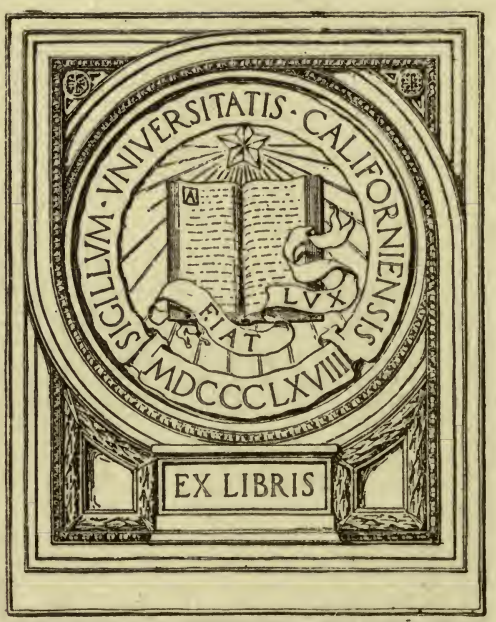
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VOLUME 8

POLITICAL BALLADS

Illustrating the Administration of

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

Edited by *MILTON PERCIVAL* Ph.D.

OXFORD

At the *Clarendon Press*

1916

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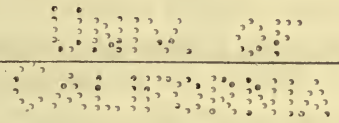

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PREFACE

No important collection of contemporary political ballads was made during the Walpole Administration. As a consequence, the majority of them are beyond recovery. Broadsides—with the exception of a few in the British Museum, the Madden Collection at the University of Cambridge, and one or two private collections—have almost wholly disappeared. Folio pamphlets stood a better chance of preservation; but these have hitherto been scattered among various libraries, where, owing to their anonymity and comparative insignificance, they have been practically hidden. The collection here presented—including the titles listed in the Appendix—has been garnered in from the Harvard Library, the British Museum, the Public Record Office, the Bodleian, the Madden Collection at the University of Cambridge, the John Rylands Library and the Chetham Collection at Manchester, and the private library of Professor Firth. It was not possible—hardly even desirable—to publish the entire collection; but I have deposited it in the Harvard Library, where it may be consulted.

An explanation may be needed for beginning this collection with the year 1725. It is true that Walpole was called to the position which he held so long several years earlier, and that ballads issued in that interval can still be found. But it was not until 1725 that satirists and others concerned themselves especially with Walpole. The earliest ballad I have seen in which he has any prominence is that with which the collection opens. In that production (*Robin's Glory; or, The Procession of the Knights of the Bath*) Walpole is called 'King Robin'. The revival of the Order of the

Bath marked his accession, and is an event with which a collection of Walpole ballads may appropriately commence.

In order to make the references as brief as possible, certain specifications in regard to three works frequently quoted have been omitted and should here be stated. The edition of Coxe's *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole* cited is that of 1798 in three volumes, volume one containing the Memoirs, volumes two and three the Original Correspondence. The edition of Hervey's *Memoirs of the Reign of George II* cited is that of 1848 in two volumes. *The Political State of Great Britain* was conducted by Abel Boyer until his death in 1729, and is usually catalogued under his name.

The titles of the ballads have sometimes been rearranged by the printers, and in two or three cases abbreviated; the long *s* has not been reproduced; the statement of the tune has been made in a uniform way; stanza numbers (if any) have been omitted; and the punctuation, in a very few instances, where the sense demanded it, has been silently altered. In other respects the texts have been followed faithfully, except where notice of change is given.

The dates of the original issues of *The Craftsman* are not always the same as those of the collected edition. I have, of course, used the former.

This work was begun and largely carried out under the direction of Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard University, to whose teaching whatever is good in the workmanship is chiefly due. I am indebted for some assistance to Professor C. N. Greenough, of Harvard University, and for friendly counsel to Mr. H. W. V. Temperley, of Cambridge University. My deepest obligation, however, is to Professor C. H. Firth, who has given me valuable aid and advice, and who placed his collection of ballads at my disposal.

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INTRODUCTION

THE ballads here collected may be regarded from the point of view of history, of literature, and (together with their tunes) of music. I shall take up these points of view in turn; considering in some detail the place of ballads of this kind in the political and social life of the Walpole era, treating in more cursory fashion their literary qualities and the problem of their authorship, and concluding with some brief remarks upon their tunes.

I

The general situation out of which each ballad arose is sketched in the separate introductions; but there remains a collective interest, which lies in the fact that they represent manners and customs and a method of political controversy which were already yielding to a new order in the Walpole period. Ballads were still, though they were not to be much longer, a political instrument of minor but distinct importance. They were one of the lighter weapons in the political armoury of the time. The part they played, however, cannot be justly described and estimated without a consideration, however slight, of the traditions they were carrying on, of the newer agent —the newspaper—which was already beginning to render them superfluous and antiquated, and of their competitors and allies in the general field of political controversy. What, then, were the means by which in the Walpole period politics and politicians could be publicly discussed and satirized and popular opinion aroused concerning them?

First in importance were the pamphlet and the newspaper. The political importance of the pamphlet in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is well known. Its influence and multiplicity at the beginning of the eighteenth century were the subject of comment by both native and foreign observers. At the very beginning of the century a Tory writer remarked that pamphlets were 'of late much made use of for propagating what is thought most material to instil into the mob'.[1]

[1] Quoted from a pamphlet of 1702 by Wilson, *Life of Defoe*, vol. ii, p. 29.

About the same time, Leibniz wrote, 'Les feuilles volantes ont plus d'efficace en Angleterre qu'en tout autre pays'.[1] Misson likewise observed [2] that 'England is a country abounding in printed papers which they call pamphlets'; and he was shocked (being a Frenchman) at their audacity towards the Government. Their circulation in the reign of Anne rose to a remarkable height in proportion to the population. Some forty thousand copies of the famous sermon of Sacheverell were sold in a few days.[3] 'They sold a thousand in two days,' writes Swift of his *Conduct of the Allies*, and eleven thousand were sold within the month.[4] Special shops devoted to their sale were a characteristic sight which caught Ned Ward's observant eye.

> In Hopes to ease my Melancholy,
> I strol'd among the *Bibliopolae*,
> Where Pamphlets lay in Shops and Stalls,
> Pil'd up as thick as Stones in *Paul*'s.[5]

Still more characteristic was the hawking of them in the streets.

> Hawkers like *Wild-geese* flew along
> In *Trains*, and cackl'd to the Throng;
> Stretch'd wide their *Throats*, and strain'd their *Vitals*,
> To tempt both *Parties* with their *Titles*.[6]

The Walpole period was regarded by Lord Hervey as the Augustan age of pamphleteering.[7] Modern opinion would perhaps award this praise to the age of Anne; yet if pamphlets in the later generation lost something in quality (and it is not certain that they did), they underwent little, if any, diminution either in circulation or influence. Of the *Enquiry into the Reasons for the Conduct of Great Britain*—the first notable apology for the Ministry—*The British Journal* says [8] that above twenty thousand copies were disposed of in less than three weeks. The *Defense of the Enquiry* and other later pamphlets must have sold in even larger numbers. Walpole used his influence with the officials of the Post Office to procure wide and sometimes free circulation for Ministerial newspapers and pamphlets. Never before, the Opposition said, had the Post Office been prostituted in such a manner. In the

[1] Quoted by Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (Cabinet edition), vol. i, p. 76, note.
[2] *Memoirs and Observations*, p. 203.
[3] Lecky, ut supra, vol. i, p. 76.
[4] *Journal to Stella* (ed. Ryland), p. 288.
[5] *Hudibras Redivivus*, part i, canto ii (1705).
[6] *Vulgus Britannicus*, part iv, canto xi (1710).
[7] *Memoirs*, vol. i, p. 305.
[8] January 28, 1727.

Review of the Excise Scheme, written probably by Pulteney, it is stated that upon the failure of that project Ministerial apologies were sent out in such numbers that 'the poor hackney beasts of the Post Office have couched under their burthen. Circular letters have been sent, in the name of Mr. Jos. Bell, to all of the postmasters in the kingdom, with orders to make these papers as public as they can; to send up the names of all persons within their delivery who keep coffee-houses, where gentlemen resort to read the news, that they likewise may be furnished with them gratis; and even most private families have them crowded in upon them by the same hands.'[1] Into pamphlets, thus distributed in the provinces, and sold in shops and hawked about the streets of London, went the most important writing in favour of the Ministry. Much of it was mediocre; but now and again the services of some member of the clergy (Bishop Hoadly, for example), or of Lord Hervey, Horace Walpole, and Sir William Yonge, were secured; and on a few occasions Walpole 'took the paper field' himself.

The Opposition, on the other hand, put their best efforts into newspapers, and especially into *The Craftsman*. Newspapers, by reason of their number and the frequency of their appearance, may be compared to the ancient yeomen, light of foot, hurling showers of arrows, and destined in the end to become the mainstay of the army. The cavalry, heavier and more powerful, would be symbolized by pamphlets. Walpole, both by nature and necessity, adhered to the older methods. He had, indeed, what his opponents so often called an 'army' of mercenaries in the public press; he paid them well and he kept them busy. But in the hour of need, when a powerful attack was necessary, he called upon reserve forces for a pamphlet. With the Opposition the case was different. On their side the ablest writers were willing to make frequent and pretty regular contributions to the weekly *Craftsman*; and although a searching pamphlet appeared from time to time, and occasionally a 'Craftsman Extraordinary', which was virtually a pamphlet, yet it was in the regular issues of that journal —at least until 1735—that the main attack was made.

The appearance of *The Craftsman* at the end of 1726 marked the beginning of a new era in the history of journalism. At that time the newspaper press was playing a very minor rôle in politics. Such efforts as had recently been made to worry the Government were then spent or checked. The letters signed Cato, written by John Trenchard and Thomas Gordon, and published in *The London Journal* and *The British*

[1] *The Craftsman*, vol. xi, p. 224.

Journal, had stopped in 1723. In the following year the Duke of Wharton's secret attempt to conduct an opposition paper had been put to an early death.[1] Erasmus Philips's *Country Gentleman* died at the end of 1726, after less than a year of life. Philips had expected his pieces 'to be entirely political, and relative only to the conduct of one person, then at the helm of our affairs'; but he found himself obliged to seek other subjects, since 'neither his [the Minister's] vices nor his blunders could furnish materials to fill up two essays a week'.[2] *Mist's Weekly Journal*, though zealous, was too dull, and savoured too much of Popery and Jacobitism, to exercise a strong influence on the great body of the nation. Other journals were conducted nominally in the interest of one party or the other; but the modern reader will peruse them a long time before discovering their political complexion. Their political articles were only occasional, and almost always feeble. Such influence as the newspapers of the day exerted must have been rather in the alteration and suppression of news than in trenchant comment. From such publications the Government had little to fear; and it was as yet too powerful and united to stand in need of defence.

The establishment of *The Craftsman* put an end to journalistic lethargy and Ministerial complacence. The projectors of the new journal took, both literally and metaphorically, a leaf from *The Country Gentleman*; but they were not troubled with their predecessor's difficulty in finding the vices and blunders of the Minister inadequate to their needs. The nominal editor was Nicholas Amhurst, a literary adventurer who would as willingly have served Walpole, had his advances been encouraged;[3] but the strength of the paper —in its early years when it *was* strong—lay in the contributions of its 'patrons', Pulteney and Bolingbroke. Under their direction *The Craftsman* became a 'weekly philippic' of such wit, persuasiveness, and power that it could not be ignored. Its successive issues were closely scanned for pretexts for arrest and possible suppression; and journal after journal was arrayed against it. *The London Journal* and *The British Journal* (both weekly), which had been avoiding political articles in favour of less contentious subjects, immediately entered the lists. *The Flying Post* (tri-weekly) for March 25–8, 1727, announced

[1] For an account of this journal (*The True Briton*) see Lewis Melville, *The Life and Writings of Philip Duke of Wharton*, chap. ix.

[2] Preface to the collected edition (1751).

[3] *An Historical View of the Principles, Characters, Persons, of the Political Writers in Great Britain*, p. 27.

that it was ' now in the hands of those who never had any concern in it before ', and began to attack *The Craftsman* with an equal degree of virulence and vulgarity. *The Senator* (semi-weekly) devoted thirty-two numbers in the early part of 1728 to the defence of the Administration, and then expired. At the end of 1729 *The Free Briton* (weekly) appeared, and took rank as one of the most important of the Ministerial advocates. About the same time *The Daily Courant* began to open its columns to political letters from persons of importance, such as Horace Walpole, Dr. Hare, and Dr. Bland,[1] so that it became perhaps the most influential paper in favour of the Government. In December 1730 Orator Henley commenced his idiotic sheet entitled *The Hyp-Doctor* (weekly). Three years later came *The Corn-Cutter's Journal* (weekly), which circulated chiefly in the country, where it was probably sent gratis. *The Whitehall Evening Post* and *The St. James's Evening Post* (both tri-weekly) seldom published political articles, but they were known to be ' pension papers ', and the former was occasionally called into service on matters of the gravest importance. *The Daily Journal*, when required, was at the service of the Government. Of all this activity *The Craftsman* was the sole cause, though it had *Mist's* (or *Fog's*) *Weekly Journal* as an ally—perhaps an encumbrance rather than an advantage—and another coadjutor, but as yet a very feeble one, in *The Daily Post*.

Thus to outnumber the enemy in the journalistic field was comparatively easy; to come off victorious was another matter. The strength of *The Craftsman* lay in the fact that its ' patrons ' were not only men of considerable literary ability, but practical statesmen as well. No such servants were at Walpole's command. Giants had to be opposed by pygmies. His band of ' scribblers ' were frequent butts of Opposition satire; a few were even caught up into *The Dunciad*. The best known then, as now, was William Arnall, alias Richard Arnold,[2] who, under the pseudonym of Francis Walsingham, conducted *The Free Briton*. He began his career as solicitor to Sir William Yonge, in which position he probably did some occasional writing for the Ministry. Through Yonge's influence he was entrusted with *The*

[1] Budgell's *Bee*, vol. i, p. 11.

[2] I do not know why he went under both names in private life. In reporting his death, which occurred on May 31, 1736, *Read's Weekly Journal* (June 5) called him ' Mr. Arnall '; while *The Daily Gazetteer* (June 2), with which he was connected, said ' Mr. Arnold '. There are other instances of the same variation. At the time of his death he was ' aged about thirty-six ' (*Read's Weekly Journal*, ut supra).

Free Briton, and he soon gained a considerable degree of confidence from Walpole, so that he frequently wrote with more than his own authority. He had admittance to the gallery of both Houses, and was thus enabled to give 'an hash of every remarkable debate, tossed up with sharp political reflections on the conduct of those who presumed to speak or vote contrary to his own excellent opinion'.[1] Pulteney was 'so very unfortunate' in this particular that 'he could hardly open his mouth in the House, without incurring the displeasure of Mr. Walsingham'.[2] Walpole's speeches, on the other hand, he freely utilized for political arguments in *The Free Briton*. It was consequently said of Arnall, under the name of Scurra:

> Thus when *Scurra*'s prating,
> You'd swear his very Patron was debating.[3]

In Ministerial opinion Arnall 'possessed a genteel style of language and a very copious expression';[4] but his enemies said, more truly, that his writing was scurrilous and bombastic. The lines devoted to him in *The Dunciad* have special reference to these qualities:

> Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull,
> Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
> Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
> With all the might of gravitation blest.
> No crab more active in the dirty dance,
> Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
> He brings up half the bottom on his head,
> And loudly claims the Journals and the lead.[5]

In spite of his comparative youth and his more than comparative incompetence, he put on intolerable airs, developed into 'a plump, round, sleek young fellow',[6] and, to crown all, set up his coach. He died in 1736, and was succeeded as premier of the Ministerial journalists by Ralph Freeman of *The Daily Gazetteer*.

There was also Matthew Concanen, poet and attorney, who 'came over from Ireland, friendless, penniless, unknowing and unknown, . . . to live upon his wits'.[7]

> Therefore a while to the Poetic throng
> Ungifted, uninspir'd *Mamurra* clung;
> Flatter'd poor Witlings for his daily Bread,
> And on the Gleanings of the Muses fed.[8]

[1] *The Craftsman*, vol. xi, p. 52. [2] Ibid., p. 53.
[3] *Verres and His Scribblers*, p. 25.
[4] *An Historical View of the Principles, Characters, Persons, &c.*, p. 16.
[5] *The Dunciad*, ii. 315–22. [6] *Verres and His Scribblers*, p. 63.
[7] Ibid., p. 64. [8] Ibid., p. 28.

But he too was soon enrolled by Sir William Yonge among the 'scribblers' for the Ministry, and contributed to *The London Journal* and other papers, frequently signing the name of Carus. Of him Pope wrote:

> True to the bottom see Concanen creep,
> A cold, long-winded native of the deep;
> If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
> Not everlasting Blackmore this denies;
> No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
> Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.[1]

And there was James Pitt, 'the eldest and gravest of these writers',[2] whose pseudonym was Francis Osborne. He had been 'an usher to a school at Grantham', but had been dismissed from that position 'for publishing some heterodox opinions in divinity'.[3] Certain voluntary contributions which he made to *The London Journal* resulted in his being entrusted with its editorship. Of a moralistic and pedagogical disposition, and a disciple of Shaftesbury, he was fond of expatiating on general principles of moral and political conduct, and drawing conclusions which hardly followed. His style was heavy and often querulous. *The Craftsman*,[4] finding, or pretending to find, in his writing 'the strongest characteristics of feminine dotage', dubbed him 'Mother' Osborne; and so Pope wrote:

> Fast by, like Niobe, (her children gone)
> Sits Mother Osborne, stupefy'd to stone![5]

And Joseph Mitchell—Sir Robert's 'humble bard'—gave him but divided praise:

> How solemn Osborn, with the *Birch* in hand,
> Against the foe, unwearied, makes a stand;
> In *reasoning* a great Goliah deem'd,
> In *wit* and *humour* but a *dwarf* esteem'd.[6]

Such were the men pitted against Pulteney and Bolingbroke! Their task was one which would have tried the resources of men of genius; in vain did these 'dunces' make their daily pother, and deny, minimize, ratiocinate, and reassure. In the course of time the Government lost even its numerical superiority. In 1735 *The Daily Courant*, *The Free Briton*, and *The London Journal* combined their staffs for a new journal known as *The Daily Gazetteer*, which for the rest of the

[1] *The Dunciad*, ii. 299–304.
[2] Ibid., ii. 312, note.
[3] *Verres and His Scribblers*, p. 63.
[4] Vol. x, p. 150.
[5] *The Dunciad*, ii. 311–12.
[6] *The Muse's Commission to Sir R. Walpole*, reprinted in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. ii, p. 1076.

period was the authoritative, and almost the only, organ of the Government, its sole supporters being *The London Journal* (for an uncertain length of time) and *The Daily Advertiser*. On the other hand, the vastly increasing opposition brought with it an increase of Opposition papers. *The Craftsman* continued its weekly attack, though it sank in quality by the withdrawal of Bolingbroke and the neglect of Pulteney. But it had several allies—in *Common Sense*, which, during its brief career, outshone its rival; in *The Champion* (tri-weekly), a redoubtable journal conducted in part by Henry Fielding; in *The Daily Post*, with its contributions (signed Camillus) by Charles Forman; and in *The London Evening Post* (tri-weekly), which, with *The Daily Post*, obtained the honour, in 1740, of prosecution.

The journalistic activity of the Walpole period—of which this is the merest outline—affected the history of both the newspaper and the ballad. Week after week, for more than fifteen years, *The Craftsman* pursued the Minister with essays which demanded and received the attention of all persons of intelligence, whether of the 'Court' or 'Country' party; and Walpole's band of editors, though they produced nothing of intrinsic value, spread the scope and function of the newspaper as a medium of political discussion. The coffee-houses, in spite of their complaints at the cost of providing so many journals, were none the less obliged to take them in, and so continued to be centres for newspaper reading and discussion. 'There's scarce an alley in city and suburbs', said *The Daily Gazetteer*,[1] 'but has a coffee-house in it, which may be called the school of public spirit, where every man over daily and weekly journals, a mug, or a dram, perhaps —notwithstanding the Gin Act—learns the most hearty contempt of his own personal, sordid interest, . . . and devotes himself to that glorious one, his country.' While the circle of readers was thus enlarging, the character of the newspapers became more varied. From time to time they published series of essays in imitation of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. Authentic reports of speeches in Parliament were occasionally inserted. Most significant of all, perhaps, was the way in which the Opposition press, though unpensioned and outnumbered at the start, was supported, advanced, and multiplied by the tide of opposition which, from the time of the Excise project, fast rose against the Court. Journals which had formerly been silent upon political topics openly joined the Opposition; and though they may not have risen to intelligent discussion of the issues of the day,

[1] July 4, 1737.

yet their partiality and bitter sputterings made them politically influential. The great body of the people hated placemen and pensions, and the whole system of pensions and places; and they longed ardently for war. For these sentiments the Opposition press was spokesman. Its tone was coarse and loud, but it gave vent to the nation's deepest feeling. Without such preparation the press could not so easily have broken its shackles when the next wave of popular resentment rose, in the Wilkes agitation of the 'sixties. The growing freedom, variety, and political influence of the press soon killed the ballad. As the newspaper grew and strengthened, the ballad withered and decayed. It lingered long, but with an ever-waning influence; for the newspaper came to have such advantages in reporting political news and discussing political principles, that it soon absorbed not only the ballad but the pamphlet.

The two leaders in the political warfare—the pamphlet and the newspaper—had three allies, of a more strictly satirical cast—the drama, caricature, and the ballad.

In the decade following 1730 no small portion of the stage was set aside for a political arena. *The Beggar's Opera* (1728) did more than institute a new dramatic fashion; it revived the dramatic method of political satire, and endowed it with unbounded popularity. Though it is probable that *The Craftsman* read more political significance into the opera than Gay intended, the innuendoes were a source of keen enjoyment. Crowned with success in opera, political satire proceeded to invade both comedy and tragedy. *The Fate of Villainy*, produced at Goodman's Fields in February 1730, was not a close 'parallel', being a commonplace story of love intrigue at court; but the 'villain' was Ramirez, a chief Minister, who engrossed and betrayed the King's favour. The prologue drew pointed attention to him:

> Behold a foreign statesman, vilely great,
> Tho' long successful, sacrificed to fate.

Few auditors, hearing these lines, could help thinking of a 'certain great man' at home. Such ministers, the prologue says, often become so powerful that they scorn justice and the law. But—

> The Patriot Muses bring them fair before 'em,
> And, in effigie, hang them in terrorem.

The next year (1731) was, both on and off the stage, one of hitherto unparalleled audacity. In *The Fall of Essex*, produced at Goodman's Fields, advantage was taken of historical events to enact before the

audience the consummation so earnestly desired for Walpole; for at the end of the play the scaffold was exhibited, and the dead body of Essex was brought upon the stage in a coffin.[1] But the prime and unforgivable offence lay in the revival and alteration of *The Fall of Mortimer*. In this play the Opposition found a piece that was wonderfully pat to the political situation. Not only was there a parallel between Mortimer and Walpole, but also in the influence of the two favourites with their respective queens.

Sir Tho. Delamore. Where now is Right? to whom shall we appeal?
The Queen has plac'd her Power on *Mortimer*,
Whilst the Law's Edge is ground but on one side,
Nor that employ'd, unless to lop your Friends.
The Man who dare reflect upon his Proceedings,
Or pity but the Circumstance of *Edward*,
Is straight beset, and sworn into some Plot.[2]

In the following passage, in addition to these main parallels, chance furnished a covert reference to Sir Robert's brother, Horace Walpole, and even made the 'full three years' exact:

Lord Mountacute. 'Tis full three years since *Mortimer* began
To Lord it o'er us by the Queen's vile Favour;
He stalks as on a Mountain by himself,
Whilst we creep humbly in the Vale below,
And eye and curse what we're afraid to reach at.
Sir Rob. Holland. In this short Space, he and his Brother-Devil
Have made, undone, new fram'd, shuffled and tost
The antient Customs of our native Soil
So very often, that the Kingdom staggers
Under the heavy Burthen of the Charge.
Lord Mountacute. What are our Princes? What the Nobles now?
Are they not Vassals to this Upstart's State?[3]

Every person in the audience could readily interpret passages like these. Ballads and lampoons, *Fog's Weekly Journal*, and *The Craftsman* teemed with 'parallels'. The 'alterations' were seditious to a degree. Scenes from low life were introduced, in which the populace gave free expression to their grievances. In one scene the mob are gathered in a tavern, and, after many utterances of discontent have passed, Oldstile addresses his neighbours, fills a glass, and sings—

If *Mortimer* this Peace has made
For Sake of *England* and of Trade,
May his Enemies be few,
May his Friends be great and true.

[1] Genest, *English Stage*, vol. iii, p. 318. [2] Act II, sc. 1. [3] Act I, sc. 1.

To which Felt replies—

> But if mending up the State,
> He has wrought with Tinker's Tools,
> May a Gibbet be his Fate,
> Nor we no longer be his Fools.

This song wins favour, and is repeated by the company together. They finally resolve to rebel, and the scene closes with the following chorus :

> For why should we stoop to King *Bob*,
> Or be led by *Mortimer*'s Crew ;
> A Halter would finish the Job,
> And make all our Enemies rue.[1]

An Opposition scribbler says of this play that 'though it laboured under the disadvantages of not being improved from the old edition, played at an obscure theatre [the new theatre in the Haymarket], and by indifferent, obscure actors', it was nevertheless 'received with universal applause'.[2] The universality of the applause, however, failed to include the Ministry, who took measures to have it suppressed. On the night of July 21 officers went to the playhouse with warrants for the arrest of the performers. They made their escape, but *The Fall of Mortimer* was produced no more.[3]

New plays, however, carried on the work of satire as new events called them forth. The Excise commotion witnessed a curious incident which illustrates the lengths to which the players went in satirizing the Ministry, and the resentment aroused in at least one member of the Walpole family. 'On Thursday night last,' says *The Weekly Register* for March 31, 1733, 'at the performance of the pantomime entertainment called *Love Runs all Dangers*, at the new theatre in the Haymarket, one of the comedians took the liberty to throw out some reflections upon the Prime Minister and the Excise, which were not designed by the author; Lord Walpole[4] being in the house, went behind the scenes and demanded of the prompter whether such words were in the play, and he answering they were not, his Lordship immediately corrected the comedian with his own hands, very severely.' More insidious, because far more clever than preceding efforts, and because they were patronized by 'some of the greatest wits and finest

[1] Act I, sc. 2.

[2] *The Norfolk Sting*, p. 19, note.

[3] It was again revived, however, in 1763 to satirize the Earl of Bute. The edition of that year is prefaced by an ironical dedication to the Earl by John Wilkes.

[4] Sir Robert's eldest son, Robert, Lord Walpole.

gentlemen of the age,[1] were the political plays of Fielding. These also were produced at the new theatre in the Haymarket, and gave it the reputation of ' Mr. F[ie]ld[i]ng's scandal shop '.[2] *Pasquin* (1736) was not especially troublesome ; but *The Historical Register for 1736*, followed by *Eurydice Hiss'd* (1737), caused the Ministry considerable uneasiness. *The London Evening Post* for April 16–9, 1737, says that these plays ' continue acting every night at the Haymarket Theatre to the most splendid audiences, where the universal applause is sufficient evidence that the old brave English spirit is not so entirely lost as some persons may hope or suggest '. In *The Historical Register* Walpole—as Quidam—is seen standing aloof for a time, and laughing at the Patriots ; but he presently comes forward, and bribes them out of their opinions. The play has also numerous ' points ', which were received with the greatest favour. The dramatic situation was rapidly becoming dangerous. Walpole was finding that satire on the stage ' not only wounded his feelings as a man, but very materially injured him as a Minister in the estimation of the people '.[3] He therefore in this year secured the enactment of the Playhouse Bill, which restricted the number of theatres, made the presentation of plays subject to licence, and required that players, whether they had a legal settlement or not, have either Royal authority or a licence from the Lord Chamberlain.

The restrictions on players and playhouses, as well as on plays, were doubtless designed to suppress the representation of rude but malicious drolls and interludes by irregular and strolling companies. That productions of this kind were frequent cannot be doubted, though the evidence is elusive. *The Daily Gazetteer*,[4] in defending the Licensing Act, mentions the ' entertainments ' given at ' Sadler's Wells, and the booths in Moorfields and Islington ', and says that ' these are the things Squire D'Anvers and Mr. Common Sense have so much at heart '. The Bartholomew, Southwark, and Tottenham Court fairs were favourite places for performances of this kind. Their character is revealed in a description of one of them, as given at the Southwark fair of 1730, in *Fog's Weekly Journal* for October 3 of that

[1] *The Daily Gazetteer*, May 7, 1737. [2] Ibid., July 6, 1737.

[3] *Anecdote of Sir Robert Walpole the Minister, Gifford the Manager, and Garrick the Player*, quoted in the *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum*, Satires, vol. iii, part i, p. 224. The anecdote itself is open to doubt, but this statement is unquestionable.

[4] June 24, 1737.

year. Noodle will readily be recognized as Sir Robert Walpole; Doodle, as his brother Horace; the Spaniard, as the King of Spain; and the Cardinal, as Cardinal Fleury.

Some people indeed will make us believe that all the farces in dumb shew are so many political satires; as if the disaffected had a notion that what they dare not speak they may venture to *dance*.

As for my part, I will freely acknowledge my own ignorance, and confess myself so little skilled in the art of decyphering that I should never have found out a plot in any of them, (I beg pardon of the authors; I don't mean a dramatic plot), I say, any design against the Government, if I had not been otherwise informed by wiser heads.

It was my chance to sit by one of these deep men the other night at *Southwark* fair, where, passing by accident, my curiosity drew me into a booth, to see the droll called, *The Generous Free-Masons*.[1] I soon perceived that my neighbour, whom I understood to be a person in a good employment in the —— Office, came there with some prejudice; for he told me he believed there was some roguery in this farce, and his reason was that he understood it was written by the author of *The Rum Duke and the Queer Duke*, which, he said, was a most impudent abuse upon the —— and the ——.

It is an old observation, that when men are resolved to quarrel, there is nothing so easy as to make a pretence, which I found to be very true in respect to my neighbour; for he began to take fire the very first scene, for he started when these words were spoke: *We have gold to bribe, if bribery we need*; and, jogging me, asked me if those fellows did not deserve to be committed. I begged of him to compose himself and see it all out, otherwise there was no judging at the design of the piece; which he consented to do, because he would have an opportunity of hampering the rascals.

There were at this time upon the stage two very grotesque figures, whom the author distinguished by the names of Noodle and Doodle, and it happened that another character, being in conversation with them, calls them a couple of *Norfolk Dumplins*;—here my neighbour had like to have lost all patience; for he would have it, that this was designed as a ridicule upon two particular persons, who, he said, were his best friends.

As for my part, I could discover no more in it than that the author designed to shew two foolish fellows, of a low country education, pretending to everything, and understanding nothing, thrusting themselves into all affairs, and outwitted by every one they have to deal with. *Noodle* is supposed to be the eldest brother of the two; he seems to have a kind of superiority over *Doodle*, treats him as his servant,

[1] A 'tragi-comi-farcical ballad opera', by Chetwood, entitled, *The Generous Free-Mason . . . with the Humours of Squire Noodle and his Man Doodle*, was played at the Haymarket January 1, 1731, for the third time (see Genest, *English Stage*, vol. iii, pp. 321–2): but it is not the same as this 'droll'.

and sends him of his errands ; but yet, you see that next to himself, he thinks *Doodle* the prettiest fellow in the whole world.

I can't help thinking that the author has drawn the character of *Doodle* with a great deal of skill ; he seems to me to be a perfect master of the foibles of human nature, and has sounded the depth of folly. He has represented *Doodle* as fool enough by nature, but he is always endeavouring to make himself appear greater ; he even affects absurdities ; but, tho' he has no wit himself, it must be owned he is a proper subject to be witty upon, and he that never makes a jest may be the jest of the place, wherever he goes. . . .

I say again, I could see no more than that the author designed to make people laugh, at the expence of two ridiculous characters ; but my neighbour (whose head I take to be a little turned) took offence almost at every expression.

Noodle, in one place, is introduced talking of hunting, and pretends to be a very great sportsman, and in another place he acts the part of a bully, that is, in words ; but is discovered at the bottom to be a rank coward ; at both which incidents my neighbour bit his lips, and grew red with anger ; I asked him what was the matter, but he gave me no other answer than that he understood well enough what the rascal author meant.

I confess that our two brothers are but ill treated by the other characters through the whole droll ; sometimes they throw dust in their eyes, so that the poor fellows don't know what they are doing ; in another place they promise to make *Noodle* a Free-Mason, and tell him he shall be let into the secret ;—now the term of letting a man into the secret, signifies the same thing as making him a fool ; and indeed they only put his head into a bag, and then turn him loose, to BLUNDER his way in the dark as well as he can ; nay, they even make him believe that he is with child ; upon which *Doodle*, in his sputtering way, says,—That may be, truly, for Brother *Noodle* once miscarried of a p[lot].

There is a character in the play in a *Spanish* habit, and another which has very much the air of a *French-man* ; these two are very merry upon our two brothers ; they make their own game of them (as the vulgar phrase is) and play them into one another's hands by turns ; —now they cajole them ; now look a little stern, and frighten them out of their wits (if a man may use that term of two such boobies) ; the *Spaniard* makes *Noodle* believe he shall have his daughter in marriage ; so he amuses him through the whole play ; at last, gives her to the *French-man*, with whom he has a secret understanding all the while, and then laughs in the face of poor *Noodle*. While these things were going on, a *Turk* comes upon the stage, takes our two brothers by the nose, and in that posture leads them round the stage, and round the stage. My sagacious neighbour asked what the devil did that *Cardinal* come there for ? *Cardinal !* says I, it is a Turk.—D—— me, says he, it is a Cardinal.—All who were within hearing desired him to take notice of the turbant, the whiskers, and the habit, and he might

see it was a *Turk*, for that *Cardinals* wore neither turbants nor whiskers; he answered, he did not care for that; for a *Turk* and a *Cardinal* were the same thing in the *Greek*.

I began to expostulate with him upon the oddness of those whimsies he had taken into his head, and how improbable it was that an author should bring the characters of two private men upon the stage, whom perhaps not one person amongst the audience was acquainted with, except himself. While we were in the middle of this conversation, the play was going on, and *Doodle* says to the *Turk*, What do you take us for? Not for Politicians, by ——, answers the *Turk*, swearing a great oath. Upon which, my neighbour, in some heat, turned to me and said, Now *I hope you are convinced.*

Often these performances were still more rude, being, in fact, no more than puppet-shows. A correspondent of *The Craftsman*,[1] soon after the Licensing Act was passed, sent in the following report: 'I find it begins already to be a matter of dispute amongst the law critics how far the act extends; but in my opinion it takes in all players of interludes, both animate and inanimate, or else it will not answer the design; for a puppet may be made to propagate as much scandal and sedition as another actor. It is well known that Punch was always a little, dirty, meddling fellow, as Mr. Addison long ago observed,—" importunus adest, atque omnia turbat "—and he may be dressed up in such a manner as to represent some real personage of great note [innuendo: Horace Walpole]. For this reason, I presume that he will not be tolerated, either upon the stage or even in a raree-show box.' That puppets did propagate scandal and sedition is proved by another letter in *The Craftsman* of somewhat later date.[2] A correspondent had visited the Tottenham Court fair, and pretends to be alarmed over the fact that some 'vagabonds had the impudence to affront the Government and Administration'. 'Whilst I was stopped in the crowd,' he writes, 'there were two Jack-puddings entertaining the populace from a gallery on the outside of one of the booths, one of whom represented an Englishman, and the other a Spaniard. The English Jack-pudding bullied the Spaniard for some time, and threatened to treat him as he deserved; but Jack Spaniard defied him, bid him take care of his ears, and at last knocked him down.' Rough and coarse as these puppet-shows, drolls, and 'entertainments' were, they were spreading discontent; and they, as well as the more finished dramatic efforts, were the object of the Regulating Act.

[1] June 25, 1737. [2] August 25, 1739.

But there was one thing which this Act was impotent to regulate—the extreme pleasure which audiences took in political satire on the stage, and the resentment which they felt at its suppression. It is doubtless true, as the Ministerial writers said, that persons were often hired to clap the stinging passages; yet it is no less true that the audience stood in little need of artificial encouragement. Satire of the Court was an easy and certain device to rouse a laugh. Whichever party had the political wisdom in these years, the Opposition certainly had the wit. The Craftsmen and their allies had won the laughers to their side. People went to the theatre keen for political parallels and allusions, eager to applaud and magnify them. A passage from Fielding's *Historical Register for 1736* discloses their mood:

2 *Player*. Ay; pry'thee, what subject wouldst thou write on?
1 *Player*. Why no subject at all, sir; but I would have a humming deal of satire, and I would repeat in every page, that courtiers are cheats and don't pay their debts; that lawyers are rogues; physicians blockheads; soldiers cowards; and ministers ——
2 *Player*. What, what, sir?
1 *Player*. Nay, I'll only name 'em, that 's enough to set the audience a hooting.[1]

A vivid picture of the delight with which political satire was received, and the length to which it ventured, even after the licensing requirement, is to be found in a pamphlet entitled, *Observations on the Present Taste for Poetry* (1739). The writer's point of view is somewhat prejudiced, but there is no reason to distrust his facts. He says: 'And in this consideration, I shall venture to give my opinion in opposition to that of the crowd, concerning the two new tragedies which have appeared this season; from examining the different motives of the writers. *Mustapha*[2] was written to please, not improve an audience. And even to please, by falling in with their prejudices; which the following circumstances will prove is no strained assertion. First, there is a King drawn vainglorious, and easily swayed! a mistress, in a Queen, governs him by her beauty, when he is beyond the vigorous stage of life. There is a Prince, the idol of the people, in disgrace with his father, and wronged through jealousy even to death. There is a minister, shown a dark-designing, monstrous villain! and a churchman of eminence basely busy in plots of state! sacrificing his con-

[1] Act I, sc. 1.

[2] By Mallet. Produced for the first time at Drury Lane, February 13, 1739. See Genest, *English Stage*, vol. iii, p. 574 et seq.

science to worldly interests. For application of these characters, the writings of a popular party need only be examined. And the design was so very apparent, that at the first appearance of the play, there was not a single stroke of severity lost, even to the dullest auditors in the galleries. I was myself in the house the first night, and observed the extacies people were in, not at any poetical excellencies, but because they had got a play that stung the great folks ! and they chuckled and clapt, and all their wonder was, how it got through the licenser's hands. This play had a surprising long run.' [1]

The theatre, put to such uses, has peculiar advantages in the formation of public sentiment. There is something infectious about the enthusiasm of an audience. The indifferent, the doubtful, even the opposed, are won over. What, except a pension or a place, could prevent the spectator from joining in the ' ecstacy ' ? Moreover, the reality of dramatic representation carries with it a wonderful persuasiveness. A written argument on the corruption of the Court or the subservience of the clergy would leave many a man indifferent who would nevertheless be moved by the representation of it upon the stage. And the playhouse reached a portion of the public which might otherwise have been untouched. Every one was there—from my lord and lady in the box, to their footman in the gallery ; and the political import of the play was obvious to all. It is a striking test of public sentiment in 1739, to find an audience clapping and chuckling at what was ostensibly a tragedy, merely because it ' stung the great folks '. Certainly the rising tide of opposition had one tributary in the drama.

Another, but smaller, contribution was made by caricature. This art underwent transition in the Walpole period. In the reign of William, the influence of Dutch caricature, which had acquired celebrity through the work of Romeyn de Hooghe, established itself in England. It was revived again (no English school having yet arisen) in 1720. The satirical prints on the South Sea Bubble were mostly copied or adapted from Dutch models ; in a few cases they were actual importations. But as the period progressed, specifically English topics were brought forward ; while pictorial reflection of them became, at the same time, increasingly common and influential. The result was a corresponding increase in independence and originality. Throughout the period, however, political caricature laboured under one inheritance which handicapped it heavily. It continued to be characterized by an elaborate and sometimes bewildering complexity. Some of the

[1] Op. cit., p. 21.

caricatures of this period are like great puzzle-pictures, which can only be deciphered with patience and application. The frontispieces to the first seven volumes of *The Craftsman*, which were circulated together under the title of *Robin's Reign, or Seven's the Main*, are relatively simple; yet they required in their own day a descriptive key. In other cases large labels were provided, or a body of verse, which sometimes took the form of a ballad on the same subject as the drawing. Caricature had still to learn that it, more than any other art, must cultivate elimination. Fortunately, the lesson was being taught, in the domain of social satire, by a master hand. Of Hogarth's power to make a picture tell a story and point a moral, nothing need be said. In his great canvases, terseness, pungency, humour, narrative and dramatic power—indeed, whatever qualities caricature may demand —were all exemplified. The path was open to a Gillray or a Sayer.

We must not be led, however, by the application of high standards, to underestimate the influence of political caricature in this period. *The Craftsman* frontispieces, for example, do not seem especially disquieting, yet the printer of them was prosecuted with uncommon vigour. Though Walpole was not so passive under satirical attack as he has been represented, he was not a man to bring an indictment without cause. In one case, at least, a satirical print exercised considerable power. The woodcut which accompanied *Britannia Excisa*, though rudely executed, was artfully conceived. Here 'that monster the Excise! that plan of arbitrary power!' was bodied forth as a many-headed dragon harnessed to the chariot of Sir Robert Walpole, his various mouths gulping down various excisable articles, and one of them pouring back a stream of gold into Walpole's lap. No other device could have rivalled this in engendering fear of the project and hatred of the projector. The conception was borrowed from Marvell:

> Excise, a monster worse than e'er before,
> Frighted the midwife, and the mother tore.
> A thousand hands she has, a thousand eyes,
> Breaks into shops, and into cellars pries;
> With hundred rows of teeth the shark exceeds,
> And on all trades, like casawar, she feeds;
> Chops off the piece where'er she close the jaw,
> Else swallows all down her indented maw.
> She stalks all day in streets, concealed from sight,
> And flies like bats with leathern wings by night;
> She wastes the country, and on cities preys.[1]

[1] *Last Instructions to a Painter*, ll. 131–41.

From these lines was developed a symbol of oppression which was adopted not only into caricature, but also into ballads and pamphlets, newspapers and public speeches. It was at once simple and suggestive. It imprinted upon the mind a picture of the Excise scheme which reasoning did not easily eradicate. It aroused apprehension and alarm. The public united for the slaying of this imaginary monster as for a real one.[1] When the scheme was lost, the Excise dragon was publicly burnt in the principal towns and cities of the kingdom. It was an excited, rather than a reasoned, opposition that overthrew the project; the excitement grew and fed upon the idea of an Excise dragon; and this idea was most graphically conveyed by the print in question.

The quality and function of political ballads are illustrated, for the Walpole period, in the present collection. Songs of this sort have commonly been depreciated, both in respect of their function and their quality. The modern student, reading these ballads as mere verse severed from its tune, neglectful of the variation in quality between one ballad and another, and making an inadequate allowance for differences of condition and taste, concludes that 'they were meant for street corners, and appeal solely to the vulgar'.[2] They were indeed popular in these quarters. Hawkers urged them, with other pamphlets, upon passers-by; and now and again a ballad-singer might be seen, entertaining a 'large crowd' with the newest ditty. *The Craftsman*[3] preserves a sketch of a singer vending *Britannia Excisa*, chanting it in a rough bass to his audience, 'who seemed to be exceedingly delighted,' and displaying the caricature which accompanied the ballad. 'The chaunter and his audience seemed extremely pleased with each other, and did not part till he had disposed of all his goods.' Another member of the fraternity drew his own picture in some verses published in *The Weekly Register*.[4] He applies at the printing house for his songs, and—

> Thence I receive them, and then sally
> Strait to some market place or alley,

[1] 'We have seen the people run into frenzies, meeting together in great bodies, and swearing to oppose, with their lives and fortunes, a *huge monster*, to be brought into the nation by King, Lords, and Commons, on purpose to devour us and our children; and we have seen the people sending *petitions* from all parts of the kingdom, beseeching their representatives not to suffer this monster to invade us.'—*The London Journal*, February 10, 1733.

[2] Previté-Orton, *Political Satire in English Poetry*, p. 67.

[3] Vol. x, p. 138.

[4] January 9, 1731.

And sitting down judiciously
Begin to sing. The people soon
Gather about, to hear the tune.
One stretches out his hand, and cries
Come, let me have it, what 's the price ?
But one poor halfpenny, says I,
And sure you cannot that deny.
Here, take it then says he, and throws
The money. Then away he goes,
Humming it as he walks along,
Endeavouring to learn the song.

But all ballad-singers were not of this simple and wholesome type. Successors to the incomparable Nightingale[1] still lived, haunting fairs, streets, and market-places, entertaining idle crowds, and accompanied by an Edgeworth to steal the purses of unwary listeners. Such a one is briefly chronicled in the press : ' The same day an Irish ballad-singer, who used to entertain the good people of England with a song, while his companions were picking their pockets, was taken up and committed to Bridewell.' [2] Another reporter accused this singer of raising ' mobs and riots in the streets ' ; and such occurrences must not have been infrequent when the ballad was libellous and the political situation tense. Thus in the summer of 1740, while a ballad-singer in St. Clement's Churchyard was singing a ballad which reflected on the Duke of Argyle, ' a Scottish gentleman coming by, and not liking the music, began to cane the offender very handsomely ; who, pulling out a long, sharp-pointed knife, and being assisted by two more (imagined to be the authors of the song) attacked the gentleman in his turn, who drew his hanger, planted himself against the church wall, and, with the assistance of the mob (who were equally disobliged at the impudence of the ballad) made so good a defence, that he put the enemy to flight, and remained master of the field of battle.' [3]

Not only in the streets, but in other places of public resort, such as taverns and coffee-houses, at bonfires and electioneering meetings, were ballads and ballad-singing popular. With the accession of George I the mug-house rushed into popular favour, and there the mob gathered nightly to sing loyal songs over a mug of beer. These institutions had passed their hey-day by the Walpole era, but we can-

[1] Cf. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Act III, sc. i.
[2] *Fog's Weekly Journal*, July 22, 1732.
[3] *The Champion*, June 21, 1740.

not doubt that ballads were often sung and occasionally composed in the more boisterous taverns and coffee-houses. In those of the better sort, ballads were bought and read with the same interest as other publications. The 'light-footed Phillis', a hawker of uncommon charm and address, made her daily rounds of the coffee-houses in the vicinity of Temple Bar, doing a turn or two as she entered, and offering her wares with such witty comments upon them, and with such ingenious appeals to the particular character of her customers, that she effected a sale where others had been unsuccessful.[1] In times of stress, even the more reputable houses must have resounded to political ballads. Can any one doubt that during the Westminster election of 1741 political ballads were sung in scores of taverns in London and Westminster? The ballads themselves demand such settings. For example:

My *Westminster* Friends,
Now we've gained our Ends,
Here 's a Health, and I'm sure 'twont repent ye;
With Gratitude think,
To the Health let us drink
Of the Glorious *Two Hundred and Twenty*.[2]

Or this:

You that wish your Country's Peace,
and your taxes abated would see,
That would gladly have trading increase,
and money more plentiful be;
Come, fill up your Glasses, around
let the sparkling brimmers play
And thus let each Bumper be crown'd—
For Vernon and Wager, Huz—za.[3]

Other ballads bear unmistakable traces of convivial origin or application. *The True-Blue* (No. XLI), for example, is obviously a club song:

I hope there 's no Soul
Met over this Bowl,
But means honest Ends to pursue;
With the Voice go the Heart,
And let 's never depart
From the Faith of an honest *True-Blue*.

We must not judge the quality of these tavern performances too meanly. The singing in the mug-house clubs is well spoken of by

[1] *Grub Street Journal*, August 26, 1731.
[2] *The Independent Westminster Electors Toast*, No. LXXIII.
[3] *The Westminster Election*, No. LXX.

Macky, in his *Journey through London* (1723). 'They had a president,' he says, 'who sat in an armed chair some steps higher than the rest of the company, to keep the room in order. A harp played all the time at the lower end of the room; and every now and then one or other of the company rose and entertained the rest with a song, and (by the by) some were good masters.'[1] A similar picture is presented in a ballad entitled, *The Club Room*:[2]

In my club-room so great,
When I'm seated in state,
At the head of the table I shine;
With hammer in hand,
Zounds how I command,
As I push round the bumpers of wine;
Then after we've toasted the health of the king,
Mr. Briscket the butcher is call'd on to sing.

It is not to be doubted that the Half-Moon Club, assembled at its tavern, sang *Hosier's Ghost* (No. LVII); or that the ballads on the Bishopsgate election of 1739 (of which *A New Ballad*, No. L, is a specimen) were similarly sung; and so with a multitude of others. Singing in chorus was still in vogue; ballads were at hand to sing; and it was a most clubbable time.

Ballad singing formed a part of the ceremonies held around political bonfires and at electioneering meetings. The direction accompanying *The True English-Boys Song* (Append. No. 97), 'To be sung round the bonfires of London and Westminster', must have been put into practice with regard to many ballads produced during the Excise agitation and the Spanish war. *The Compleat History of Bob of Lyn* (No. LXVII) is recommended on the title-page as 'proper to be sung at elections'; and we shall not go far wrong if we imagine that a campaign orator, having harangued his hearers on the subject of liberty, property, and no excise, frequently concluded his argument with a ballad, singing the verses himself, and exhorting his audience to join in the chorus. Was there not really some connexion between the songs of the nation and its laws?

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the popularity of political ballads was confined within these limits. A passage in Pepys's *Diary* (which is removed in time, but not in ballad temperament, from the Walpole era) introduces us to people of a better sort, and shows them loving a ballad even too well. They were attending the funeral of Sir

[1] Op. cit., p. 256. [2] Madden Collection, London Printers, vol. i, no. 47.

Thomas Teddiman. 'But Lord!' says Pepys, 'to see among [the company] the young commanders, and Thomas Killigrew and others that come, how unlike a burial this was, O'Brian taking out some ballads out of his pocket, which I read, and the rest come about me to hear! and there very merry we were all, they being new ballets.'[1] We are not told of what sort these ballads were, but it is not unlikely that they were political. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu brings us into still better society, which she represents as singing political songs. 'A propos of ballads,' she writes, about 1723, 'a most delightful one is said or sung in most houses about our dear beloved plot, which has been laid first to Pope, and secondly to me, when God knows we have neither of us wit enough to make it.'[2] This was an unidentified ballad on the Atterbury plot, and the houses in question were on Quality Street. A ballad was sometimes published with the assurance that it was the same as was 'privately handed about, in manuscript, among persons of quality'. But we can go still higher. A political ballad often served to divert the Court itself. Lord Hervey tells us that soon after the succession of George II, 'lampoons, libels, pamphlets, satires, and ballads were handed about, both publicly and privately, some in print and some in manuscript', ridiculing their Majesties for retaining the old Ministry, and abusing the King, Queen, and Ministers alike. Many of these circulated, and some of them were made, at Court; and one of them, which happened to fall into the King's hands, 'had like to have been fatal to Lord Scarborough'.[3] Miss Vane, one of the Maids of Honour, was noted for being a storehouse 'of the subjects, cause, and occasion of all the late Court ballads', and a key to them as well.[4] A charming picture of ballad-singing at the Court is furnished by a passage in the *Wentworth Papers*: 'There's a new French song come out, said to be writ by Madam Veller, answer'd by Lord Harvey mighty well, and I have heard them both often as we ride out airing agreeably sung, but have not memory enough to remember the words. It begins with Sir Robert's telling Cardinal Fleury a short history of his life. The first time I heard the Queen and Lord Harvey sing she called up Lady Malpas to her and told she should hear a song was made upon her and her father; and last Saturday hunting she sung it to Sir Robert himself, with an

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, ed. Wheatley, vol. viii, p. 16.
[2] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *Works*, ed. W. Moy Thomas, vol. ii, p. 178.
[3] Hervey's *Memoirs*, vol. i, p. 94.
[4] *Suffolk Correspondence*, vol. ii, p. 10.

additional stanzar "Voye Poultney le Triumph de cette jour, Sir Robert en liste, chacun auray son tour". The joke is that Sir Robert had the cord the Ranger wears, and 'tis supposed, one day Mr. P—— may have another sort of cord. I am endeavouring to get a copy of them to send you, which I am sure wou'd please you, but more if you cou'd hear how agreeably and good humer'dly the Queen sings them.'[1]

All classes, therefore, appear to have been interested in the ballad. It remains to explain the grounds and nature of so widespread an appeal.

The political ballad in the age of Walpole was approaching the close of a tradition which had endured for a century and a half. The broadside ballad, an early offspring of the invention of printing,[2] came to lusty adolescence in the Elizabethan era. Rude in form, and low of parentage and habitation, it was despised and abused by the poets and critics who maintained the nobler styles of poesy. But the contempt of the learned availed nothing against the popularity of the ballad among the lower classes. To them it was a welcome visitor, bringing a pleasant song, sentimental or satirical; a bit of history or romance; a merry story, old or new; something in the elegiac strain for the lovesick or the melancholy; a devotional song for the godly; a homily or an admonition for the wicked; and above all, news—especially what was wonderful and strange. In this last respect, the ballad supplied the want of newspapers. Did a battle need description and glorification? Had fire devastated a town in Suffolk? Thomas Deloney was ready with his *Winning of Cales*,[3] or with *A proper newe sonet declaring the lamentation of* Beckles (*a market towne in* Suffolke), *which was in the great winde upon S.* Andrewes *eve last past most pittifully burned with fire, to the losse by estimation of twentie thousande pound and upwarde, and to the number of foure score dwelling houses.*[4] Were the eyes of all sportsmen turned towards an archery contest at York? The special reporter, in the person of William Elderton, was there, to turn it into ballad verse.

> The Earle of Cumberlands Archers won
> Two Matches cleare, ere all was done,
> And I made hast apace to ronne
> to carie these newes to London;

[1] Op. cit., p. 473.

[2] 'The earliest printed ballad extant is said to be of the year 1513.'—*Shirburn Ballads*, Introduction, p. 3.

[3] Deloney's *Works*, ed. F. O. Mann, p. 367.

[4] Ibid., p. 457.

And Wamsley did the upshot win,
With both his shafts so neere the pin
You could scant have put three fingers in,
as if it had beene at London.

Farewell good Cittie of Yorke to thee,
Tell Alderman Maltbie this from mee,
In print shall this good shooting bee
as soone as I come at London.
And many a Song will I bestowe
On all the Musitions that I knowe,
To sing the praises, where they goe,
of the Cittie of Yorke, in London.[1]

In this fashion was the news versified by the ballad journalists, and carried abroad by Autolycus and his brethren. Marvellous reports were received with special favour. The counterparts of Autolycus's pack may still be read. There is, for instance, *A most miraculous, strange, and trewe Ballad, of a younge man of the age of 19 yeares, who was wrongfully hangd at a towne called* Bon *in the* lowe Countreyes *since christmas last past 1612 ; and how god preserved him alive, and brought his false accuser to deserved destruction.*[2] The following title anticipated modern journalistic ingenuity : *Of a maide nowe dwelling at the towne of* meurs *in* dutchland, *that hath not taken any foode this 16 yeares, and is not yet neither hungry nor thirsty ; the which maide hath lately beene presented to the lady* elizabeth, *the king's daughter of* england. *This song was made by the maide her selfe, and now translated into* english.[3] But home news, even of a prosaic sort, was not neglected. So common, indeed, did journalistic ballads become, that a contemporary writer made complaint that ' scarce a cat can look out of a gutter, but out starts a halfpenny chronicler, and presently A propper new ballet of a strange sight is endited '.[4]

This journalistic function of the early broadside ballad persisted even in the Walpole period. Newspapers had now arrived, but they were still unaware of their potential variety and power. They were restrained by law from reporting the proceedings of either House of Parliament, and by their own feebleness from making the best of their restricted circle. Such reports as they were at liberty to make

[1] *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. i, part i, p. 1 et seq.
[2] *Shirburn Ballads*, No. XXXVIII.
[3] Ibid., No. X.
[4] Quoted from *Martin Mar-sixtus*, in Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i, p. 106.

were set down baldly in a sentence or two without regard to their intrinsic interest or importance. A sense of news values and the art of presenting minor incidents in an entertaining way were still to come. Dr. Johnson said, à propos of the celebrated Mrs. Rudd, 'Fifteen years ago I should have gone to see her.' SPOTTISWOODE. 'Because she was fifteen years younger?' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir; but now they have a trick of putting everything into the newspapers.'[1] In the second quarter of the century the trick had not been learned. It was a time when people took uncommon interest in gossip and scandal, and uncommon pleasure in clever writing; but these wants were satisfied, not in newspapers, but in odes, epistles, epigrams, tales in heroic couplets, songs, and ballads. Into ballads went especially the news which the papers did not venture to print, or which they were unable to present in attractive form. Not infrequently it was a bit of political news which thus passed current; and specimens of such reporting occur in this collection. Could a more delicious bit of gossip be imagined than the furious intrusion of Lord Lechmere upon the King? Some courtier, in all probability, composed the ballad;[2] and it may have passed about in manuscript before it reached the pamphlet shops and hawkers. Once made public, it was so popular that a rival Grub Street version soon appeared.[3] The newspapers, however, remained silent. Of a similar sort, but on a lower plane, was the scandal of Leheup's embassy to Sweden. The newspapers merely announced his recall. Even *The Craftsman* contented itself with satirical allusions to the event. Yet this bit of scandal was the talk of the town for several weeks. The facts were doubtless current in the gossip of the coffee-house; but they were printed only in the ballad.[4] In it the humblest Londoner could read the story at some length; or, passing along the street, and hearing a ballad-vendor singing with shrill voice—

Ho[*ra*]*ce* in France did Treaties make,
Which ne'er can be repeated,
And you shall hear how *Is*[*aa*]*c* too,
Our *Heir Apparent* treated,

he could join the band of listeners; and he should in this case have rendered up his penny willingly. The Lechmere ballad, we may sup-

[1] Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, sub anno 1778.
[2] *Robin Hood and the Duke of Lancaster*, No. II.
[3] *Little-John's Answer to Robin-Hood and the Duke of Lancaster*, Append. No. 1.
[4] *Le H*[*eu*]*p at Hanover*, No. VII.

pose, was sung in the best houses, like that on ' our dear beloved plot ' ; the ballad on Leheup, we may be sure, was rudely chanted in the streets. Both ballads circulated news which the newspapers suppressed. Even when the publication of a given event was quite permissible, a fuller and more entertaining account, related with some degree of narrative art, and adorned with occasional strokes of humour or satire, was frequently provided in a ballad. The procession of the Knights of the Bath, for instance, was not half so solemn as the descriptions of it in the daily and weekly journals. To-day, the formal account would be supplemented by a humorous cartoon ; in 1725 a ballad was the counterpart.[1] Still more remarkable is the difference between the two versions of the banquet at St. James's, on the presentation of a loyal address in 1727. Of this event, an unusually complete account (quoted in the introduction to the ballad, p. 10) was published in *The British Journal* and other Ministerial organs, which desired to make as much of it as possible. In this case, for once, and rather by accident than design, the newspaper account may be called sufficient. It could not decorously have substantiated its sweeping statement that ' the greatest cheerfulness appeared throughout the whole company that was ever seen upon any occasion '. But the ballad was privileged, by long tradition, to set aside decorum ; to make light of what was humorous ; to ridicule what was ridiculous. Consequently, no one could have been surprised at the appearance of the ballad version,[2] which is at once the work of reporter and cartoonist. We therefore find the ballad not only corresponding to our ' yellow ' journal, by circulating news which was suppressed in other publications ; but also, to a small extent, supplying the place of the political cartoon.

In the great majority of cases, however, the ballad, like the modern editorial, took a knowledge of the news for granted, and made it the subject of satiric comment. In this rôle also the ballad of the Walpole era sustained a long tradition. A literary medium so easy of production and so wide of distribution as the Elizabethan broadside could not long escape application to politics and satire. The unity of national feeling in the reign of Elizabeth prevented any extensive development of the satirical ballad directed against the Government ; though Strype, in his edition of Stow's *Survey*, notes that ' abusive

[1] *Robin's Glory*, &c., No. I.

[2] The fact that this ballad is now to be found only in the newspaper is a mere accident.

ballads and libels were too common in the City in Queen Elizabeth's time, therein reflecting too boldly and seditiously upon the Government, particularly in case of dearth'.[1] These ballads have disappeared; but one survives from about 1620, which glances at the Court of James:

There be many Upstarts,
That spring from the Cart,
Who, gotten to th' Court,
Play the Gentleman's part:
Their fathers were plaine men;
they scorne to be so;
They thinke themselves brave,
but I know [*what I know*].

There be many Officers,
men of great place,
To whom, if one sue
for their favour and grace,
He must bribe their servants,
while they make as though
They know no such thing,
but I know &c.[2]

As national sentiment divided, and the parties were alined, Roundhead and Cavalier, one against the other, the ballad was rapidly adopted as an organ of party feeling. The century witnessed the production of a famous and influential ballad on each side. First, in point of time, came Martin Parker's *When the King shall enjoy His Own Again*. This song was said by Ritson to be 'the most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country. Invented to support the declining interest of the royal martyr, it served afterward, with more success, to keep up the spirit of the cavaliers, and promote the restoration of his son; an event which it was employed to celebrate all over the kingdom.'[3] The air lived on well into the eighteenth century, and served as a setting for many a loyal song. No less famous in its day, but of briefer life, was the Marquess of Wharton's *Lilliburlero*. In this case, even more than in the other, the ballad must have owed its vogue to the tune. Bishop Percy, who reprinted it,[4] quotes Burnet to the effect that 'the whole army, and at last the

[1] Quoted in Deloney's *Works*, ed. F. O. Mann, Introduction, p. ix.
[2] *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. i, part i, p. 116 et seq.
[3] Ritson, *Ancient Songs and Ballads* (1829), vol. ii, p. 257.
[4] *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii, book iii.

people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect.' In the reign of Anne, the controversies over foreign wars and a subsequent peace, together with the contentions and uncertainties incident to a new succession, provided topics for ballads in profusion. They were deemed of sufficient importance to be commanded in high places, and undertaken by skilled hands. The *Journal to Stella* shows Swift writing one at the desire of Harley. 'The Whig lords are doing their utmost', Swift writes, 'for a majority against Friday, and design, if they can, to address the Queen against the peace. Lord Nottingham, a famous Tory and speech-maker, is gone over to the Whig side: they toast him daily, and Lord Wharton says, It is Dismal (so they call him from his looks) will save England at last. Lord-Treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one against to-morrow.' The next morning Swift made the ballad, 'two degrees above Grub Street', and when it was read to some friends at dinner, it 'made them laugh very heartily a dozen times'.[1] This example illustrates the progress which political ballads had made in their century of existence. They had begun with reflections upon the Government or the Court, but without direct personal application; they had been adopted as instruments of party sentiment; and they had finally been extended into a medium for comment upon passing political events, and for bitter satire of individuals. Various functions are therefore inherited by the ballads of the Walpole period. Some of them comment satirically upon events of the day, in the spirit of the lighter editorial; some, in more serious mood, satirize the policies of the opposing party; while others attack the leaders of the Government or the Opposition.

As a medium for satirical reflection upon comparatively trivial and commonplace events, verse still held its own against the newer and freer prose paragraph in the newspaper. It persisted, not only by reason of its long tradition, but also on account of certain inherent qualities which recommended it. At its clumsiest and feeblest, ballad satire was still more pointed and vigorous than the poorer quality of journalistic prose; at its best, it often surpassed even the best efforts of its rival. The question here concerns, not the more extended discussion of matters of importance, but reflections upon events of the day—Sir Robert Walpole's fall from his horse while hunting, the suppression of Gay's *Polly*, the election of Parsons as Lord Mayor.

[1] Op. cit., ed. Ryland, p. 294.

Let these examples represent the class. Of Walpole's hunting accident, *Fog's Weekly Journal*[1] wrote in the following manner: 'At a hunting lately in Richmond Park, a certain great man was thrown from his horse. Perhaps some disaffected and malignant persons may sneer because he was saved from hurt by falling in the dirt. And what of all that? A man rides safest in the mire because it is the softest ground. Let the disaffected make what jests they will, all good men must rejoice at this happy escape, for if anything had happened to him, what a wonderful politician would the world have lost!' And so on; but by no means to such good purpose as the ballad (*The Statesman's Fall*, No. XXII), as the reader may see for himself if he cares to turn to it. The suppression of *Polly*, a sequel to *The Beggar's Opera*, was a topic which *The Craftsman* could not ignore. The ballad in which its comment is expressed (*A Bob for the C[our]t*, No. IX) was as keen as a prose editorial in *The Craftsman*'s best manner; and it had an additional advantage, for it could be sung. Set as it was, and very appropriately, to a popular tune in *The Beggar's Opera*, it must have been sung, as well as said, in many houses. And on the day of triumph, such as that on which Alderman Parsons was elected, the aid of verse and song put the ballad beyond competition. Upon an occasion of this sort, did the citizen of London refer to his favourite newspaper for an adequate expression of his sentiments? No; he bought a ballad, which he could sing, if he chose, to the tune of *Glorious Charles of Sweden*:

> Great Alderman Parsons now is chose
> twice *Lord Mayor* of the City;
> All base Schemes he does oppose,
> and acts the thing that's pritty;
> No Courtier's Bribes he'll ever take,
> to let the City be undone,
> For *Parsons* now we see again,
> twice Lord Mayor of London.[2]

As yet the newspapers had little to offer in competition with ballads of this class. The brief editorial, terse, neat, and pungent, had not yet been evolved. Meanwhile, the ballad, achieving these qualities in greater or less degree, and supplemented by the artful aid of versification and a tune, supplied its place.

In the discussion of larger questions, ballads were obviously less adequate; yet they possessed virtues which gave them a distinctive

[1] August 21, 1731.

[2] *Whittington reviv'd*, &c., Append. No. 88.

place. They often seized upon the heart of a situation, and presented it in language the more attractive for being versified, the more popular and memorable for being adapted to some tune. Retaining, in a given case, the essential arguments, they added thereto, when the versification was good and the tune popular, an emotional appeal which was peculiarly their own. Nearly all the larger issues of Walpole's administration were reflected in ballad verse which preserves to this day the attitude of mind and heart of the greater portion of the nation. The dominant question in the earlier years of Walpole's ministry was the Anglo-French alliance. This policy was ridiculed in many ballads, but most notably, perhaps, in *The Saylors Song: or D[u]nk[ir]k Restor'd* (No. XIII), issued early in 1730, when the agitation over the reparations at Dunkirk threatened to overturn the Ministry. Though the ballad must almost certainly have been written by some member of the clique which staged the scenes in Parliament, it purports to be a sailor's song, and represents the feelings of great numbers of people who looked with suspicion upon this alliance with an ancient enemy. A more serious crisis came in 1733, with the Excise project. The ballads on this subject are varied and vigorous. Taken together, they will restore the situation. All that the people thought, or were led to think, about that project or its projectors, is there set down; and not only that, but the proportion of thought to an excited imagination is perfectly represented. Both the mind and pulse of the body politic may be there examined. In the years that followed, the question of peace or war with Spain outranked all others; and this, too, is preserved in ballads, in a large variety of aspects. *The Negotiators* (No. XLII) and *The Younger Brother's Garland* (No. LXIII) are among the best. Walpole's fall was not fittingly recorded in ballad verse. Those who had been in opposition were too busy scrambling into place to occupy themselves with ballads; and a new era, both in politics and satire, was soon ushered in.

But the opposition to Walpole did not rest primarily on differences of party policy, nor even (so far, at least, as the leaders were concerned) on hatred of corruption; its real motive was largely personal, its end and aim to pull down the chief Minister. Every effort was therefore made to render him odious in the sight of the people. In ballads, as in other publications, he was constantly attacked, with an animus ranging from honest opposition to malignant misrepresentation. To such attacks were added the efforts of those who broke the lance of their feeble wit upon a figure which it was the fashion to

lampoon, and the productions of professional ballad-makers, who naturally adapted their compositions to the public taste. Thus the ballads provide material showing Walpole, not altogether as he was, but at least as he appeared to his contemporaries, and especially to his opponents. Here he is seen, huge and unwieldy of body, brown of complexion,

> (In Body gross, of Saffron Hue,
> Deck'd forth in Green, with Ribband Blue),[1]

and vain, not only of his blue ribbon, but of his eloquence, which he thought to commemorate with a medal and a motto.[2] His coarse, profane, and even bawdy speech is only too often reproduced—it could not be exaggerated. His frank cynicism is once aspersed :

> Besides, in his Hand he kept often a *Flush*,
> But not of the Colour resembling a Blush,
> For he was to *Blushing* a Stranger, 'tis known,
> Which, when he was ask'd, he wou'd never disown ;
> He usually said,
> A Face that grew *red*
> On a Sudden, did manifest plainly a Dread
> Of Punishment due, an Action that's vile,
> And then would break off with a Sneer, or a Smile.[3]

But his great faults are avarice and ambition :

> How wretched's the ambitious Wight,
> Whom Lust of Power sways !
> But yet more woeful is his Plight,
> On him if Av'rice preys :
> Had not these Passions sway'd my Breast,
> My Mind might now have been at rest.[4]

The repentant mood, however, is unusual ; he is commonly portrayed as haughty in demeanour, and contemptuous of ' sturdy beggars ' :

> What tho' Excise did not succeed,
> Another Day shall shew
> That I will bring this *sturdy Breed*
> Upon their Knees full low :
> For I whom Winds and Seas obey,
> To you can never fall a Prey.[5]

[1] *The Statesman's Fall*, No. XXII. [2] See *The Medalist*, Append. No. 96.
[3] *The N[o]r[fol]k Game of Cribbidge*, No. XXXIII.
[4] *The Projector's Looking-Glass*, No. XXVIII.
[5] *A Plain and Honest Declaration*, No. LXI.

Yet, in spite of his supposed policy of corruption and oppression at home, he is meek to a fault in foreign affairs:

> A great Family we have, you know,
> That belongs unto a great House,
> And a great Warrior's at Home,
> Abroad would not hurt a Mouse.[1]

The trouble is, that he is possessed with a passion for settling difficulties by negotiation, rather than by blows:

> You may talk of your *Burleigh*, your *Raleigh*, and *Drake*,
> And all those mad Fellows that made *Spain* to quake;
> But forgive me to say, while I do myself Right,
> That I am the first have the Heart, *Not to Fight*.[2]

Amid these faults and foibles, it is pleasant to find that so hostile a critic as the author of *The Norfolk Game of Cribbidge* acknowledges Walpole's even temper. Testimony is not wanting on this point, but evidence as sincere and unbiased as that which follows is a welcome addition:

> Their Language opprobrious he calmly did take,
> Remembring the Proverb, *That Losers will speak;*
> His Temper was even, unruffled his Mind,
> To Passion their Taunts could not make him inclin'd:
> But tho' they were rude,
> His Game he pursued,
> And thence great Advantages to him accrued.[3]

At times, however, Walpole failed to maintain this standard. When *The Craftsman* first began its libellous career, he not infrequently lost his temper; and towards the end of his ministry, when age and political difficulties increased upon him, he again yielded to this weakness. A ballad on the taking of Porto Bello represents him in a rage. He is expostulating with Admiral Vernon:

> 'Twas mere Malice to me
> Made you venture to Sea,
> To confound all my Measures out-right;
> 'Twas to prove me a Lyar
> That you made your damn'd Fire,
> And you storm'd *Porto Bell* out of Spite.[4]

[1] *A New Copy of Verses*, Append. No. 67.
[2] *Sir **'s Speech upon the Peace with Sp[ai]n*, No. XLIV.
[3] *The N[o]r[fol]k Game of Cribbidge*, No. XXXIII.
[4] *Sir Blue String's Expostulation*, &c., No. LV.

But the outstanding feature of Walpole's life—that which aroused most wonder and resentment—was his long lease of power:

> How is it that he,
> As plainly we see,
> Said they, so successful at *Cribbidge* cou'd be?[1]

(Cribbage, of course, represents the game of politics.) Some called him the 'minion of Fortune'; and a ballad biography states that even in his school days at Eton,

> At Taw, or at Chuck, He was certain to Win;
> And a *tricking young Rogue* was *Bob of Lyn*.[2]

Yet no one could deny that if Heaven helped him, he also helped himself:

> *Bob of Lyn*, Sirs, was not one of those
> Who pass all their Sessions in *Ay*'s and in *No*'s;
> He scribled without, and He speech'd it within;
> And a *bustling M[e]mb[e]r* was *Bob of Lyn*.[3]

The secret of his power was commonly explained as corruption, and a Parliament full of pensioners and place-men. So Walpole is made to reflect—

> If *Honesty* once *gets the Day*,
> *I*, and *my Tribe*, must *run away*.[4]

An amusing picture of the popular conception of Walpole, the Parliamentary Dictator, is to be found in *A South-Saxon Ode*:[5]

> O'er Money-Bills, Treaties, Conventions, Excise,
> Civil List, Votes of Credit, or farther Supplies,
> Open mouth'd stand his Myrmedons ready to bray,
> Till Sir *B[lue]* give the Word, with a Yea! my Lads! Yea!
>
> But shou'd some true Patriot attempt to promote
> The good of the Nation, he'll soon change their Note;
> Bring Place Bills, Enquiries, Impeachments in Play,
> Adz[oun]ds! cries their Pay-master, nay! ye Dogs! nay!

Influence of this kind was an immense advantage in playing the game, but it was not all. Walpole played a good game against skilled opponents. It is admitted—

> At *Shufling* and *Cutting* as dex'trous was he,
> As any old Gamester or Sharper, cou'd be;

[1] *The N[o]r[fol]k Game of Cribbidge*, No. XXXIII.
[2] *The Compleat History of Bob of Lyn*, No. LXVII.
[3] Ibid.
[4] *The Projector's Looking-Glass*, No. XXVIII.
[5] Append. No. 100.

They'd oft *set* the Cards, but his Eyes were so quick,
The Cheat he discover'd, and laugh'd at the Trick:
. . . . . .
His Game he wou'd back,
And had such a Knack,
He knew how to manage each Card in the Pack.[1]

Another trait which tended to make the Minister unpopular was his unwillingness to share his power. Lord Lechmere, in complaining of Walpole to George I, is made to say—

He riseth, e'er Day-break, to kill your fat Deer,
And never calls me to partake of the Cheer;[2]

and he was not the only one who chafed at being out of place. From points of view like these, the ballads show us Walpole the politician; and they give us just a glimpse of the mighty hunter, and of the generous host—at the expense of the public. The impression they produce needs qualification. As compared with Walpole's real character, the ballads omit much, exaggerate much. They do, however, show him through contemporary eyes; and they furnish a fund of apt illustration for well-established characteristics.

No other statesmen are characterized with any fullness. The place of second importance belongs to Sir Robert's brother Horace, whose peculiarities brought him into undue prominence. The statement of the younger Horace, that his uncle 'was a dead weight on his brother's ministry',[3] has been ascribed to ill will; but the reader of these ballads will find grounds for such an opinion. But of him, and of the others, the few really good satiric strokes need not be anticipated here.

So it appears that political ballads fulfilled a variety of uses: occasionally conveying political news with a minimum of satiric bias; oftener passing comment on political events of current interest, or satirizing the men and measures of the opposing party. In these ways they aroused, especially among the multitude, opinions and prejudices; and thus contributed, in some small degree, to the progress of democratic government.

II

The attempt to regard these ballads from a literary point of view is likely to be encountered at the very outset by the incredulous query

[1] *The N[o]r[fol]k Game of Cribbidge*, No. XXXIII.
[2] *Robin Hood and the Duke of Lancaster*, No. II.
[3] Walpole, *Memoirs of the Reign of George II*, vol. i, p. 140.

of whether they are literature. It is true that they are not lyrics from Aristophanes, nor yet Horatian satires; but neither are they, without exception, doggerel, as they are commonly called. At their lowest, doggerel they may be; but they rise from that to verse of dignity and power. To appraise them justly we must distinguish them into classes. They also present a problem of authorship. For though most of them come to us, like the popular ballads of tradition, unsigned, and without marks of individuality, the problem of their authorship is by no means so difficult. These two questions—of authorship and quality—may be conveniently carried on together. The division which I shall follow is simple and perhaps a little loose, but it is, I think, a true one. It is to divide the ballads into three classes, according to their merit, and to inquire into the special qualities and the authorship of each.

First come those ballads which are the best in quality, and which, if they could be properly ascribed, would probably bear distinguished names. That distinguished persons occasionally wrote a ballad in the Walpole period cannot be doubted. It had become a matter of tradition. In the reign of Anne (to go no further back) we know that Swift, Arbuthnot,[1] Lord Dorset,[2] Prior,[3] 'the famous Mr. Manwaring,'[4] Harley,[5] and Bolingbroke [6] wrote political ballads. Men of the same type continued to write them in the time of George I and II. Pulteney must have acknowledged his authorship of *The Honest Jury* (No. XI), Lord Chesterfield of *The Cambro Briton Robb'd of his Bauble* (No. III), and Lord Hervey of *The Patriots are Come* (cf. p. lii). Is it possible to cull out the better ballads in this collection, and ascribe the majority of them, with some degree of probability, to particular persons? I will make the attempt, and let the reader judge of the result.

It is my opinion that there were two ballad-writers of uncommon ability—Pulteney for the Opposition, and Lord Hervey for the Ministry. That Pulteney dallied with various kinds of verse, including ballads, is stated by Lord Chesterfield, together with some characteristics of his work. 'He had lively and shining parts,' says Chesterfield, 'a surprising quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the most amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes,

[1] Swift, *Journal to Stella*, ed. Ryland, p. 311.
[2] Spence's *Anecdotes* (1858), p. 119.
[3] Prior, *Dialogues of the Dead*, &c., Cambridge, 1907, *passim*.
[4] Spence, loc. cit.
[5] Swift, loc. cit.
[6] *The Political State*, vol. xxxiii, p. 148.

&c., in all which he had an uncommon facility. His compositions in that way were sometimes satirical, often licentious, but always full of wit.'[1] Further evidence for the identification of Pulteney's work may be drawn from the characteristics of his oratory. For it is very likely that a man who was primarily an orator and politician, and only incidentally a poet, should carry over some of the qualities of his oratory into his political verse. Though Pulteney's speeches have not been preserved except in very imperfect reports, the distinguishing qualities of his oratory are well known. Some of them are noted by Lord Chesterfield: 'He was a most complete orator and debater in the House of Commons; eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required; for he had arguments, wit, and tears at his command.'[2] Another character of him, written for *The Gentleman's Magazine*,[3] noted his 'vivacity' and his 'impetuosity of temper', and described his manner of speech as 'a rapid and overpowering, perhaps tempestuous eloquence'. 'When, upon occasions of less importance,' this account continues, 'he speaks without his usual warmth, he never fails to delight his audience by a flow of satirical gaiety, and an agreeable mixture of argument and humour.' Speaker Onslow also took notice of his 'mingling wit and pleasantry' with graver matters, and of his ability to 'overset the best argumentation in the world' by his powers of wit and ridicule.[4] The traits, therefore, which we shall expect to find in Pulteney's ballads are a facile and flowing style, an abundance of wit, satire, and ridicule, and the mingling of grave and gay—the shift, perhaps quick and unexpected, from one mood to another.

Now it happens that there are certain ballads which are distinguished by just these characteristics, and which I would ascribe to Pulteney. These are (in addition to *The Honest Jury*, which is known to be his) *A New Norfolk Ballad by Sir Francis Walsingham's Ghost*, *Britannia Excisa Part I*, *Britannia Excisa Part II*, *The Congress of Excise-Asses*, and *The Negotiators*. These ballads I shall examine briefly. I shall quote but a few of the many good things they contain —just enough to show that they are characterized by the known traits of Pulteney's oratory, and by the qualities of his verse, as described by Lord Chesterfield. The reader may then, if he desires, turn to the ballads themselves, and pass his own judgement on the question.

[1] Chesterfield's *Characters*, *Works*, ed. Maty, vol. iv, append., p. 38 et seq.
[2] Ibid. [3] Vol. x, p. 228.
[4] Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, vol. ii, p. 560.

A New Norfolk Ballad (No. XV), like *The Honest Jury*, is written to the tune of *Packington's Pound*. This is the most elaborate of the ballad measures, and one seldom used in this collection outside the group just mentioned. For a man whose expression was cramped and stunted, this measure would be difficult; such an author would prefer the simple jogging metre which fits the tune of *King John and the Abbot* and *Which Nobody can Deny*. But for the practised orator, whose speech was 'rapid', 'overpowering', 'tempestuous', this measure would provide a natural, an almost imperative, amplitude. The ballad as a whole is oratorical in tone, rambling on from one stanza to another, without preconceived plan, with the ease of the public speaker who, like Pulteney, could deliver an elaborate and impassioned speech extempore. But the ballad is not only oratorical; it also bears some of the traits of Pulteney's oratory. There is good wit in the stanza which pokes fun at Walpole's influence in the customs. Walpole, we may be sure, could import his wines free of duty; the customs officials would be as deferential to him as they were to his son returning from foreign travel.[1] So the ballad says:

> But whether the Wine and the Brandy paid Duty,
> Or was, as the Sons of stern *Mars* call it, Booty,
> That Pest of Society, named an Excise-Man,
> The Question ne'er asked, for which he was a Wise Man.
> Oh! had he so done,
> As sure as a Gun,
> He soon for himself a fine Thread would have spun.
> But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,
> Let no body *bubble* you out of your *Wits*.

Another stanza shows the variety of mood which distinguished Pulteney's oratory. It begins with an innuendo which Pulteney made again and again, within Parliament and without:

> Two hundred good Pounds were laid out every Day;
> See, *while the Sun shines* what it is *to make Hay*.

It then leaves this sober and denunciatory mood for a stroke of sarcasm which is irresistibly funny, but which nevertheless carries a sting:

> Had *Ch*[*a*]*r*[*ter*]*s*, that chaste modest C[o]l[one]l, been there,
> With Justice he might have put in for a Share.[2]

[1] Walpole's *Letters* (Toynbee), vol. i, p. 101.

[2] Pulteney coupled the names and characters of Walpole and Charters in a pamphlet written very soon after the ballad. Cf. the note ad. loc.

It then returns to seriousness :

Now let us not boast
'Tis not at our Cost,
We very well know who has paid for the Roast.

A surprising and delightful example of this shift of mood is found in *Britannia Excisa, Part I* (No. XXIV). A certain stanza begins seriously, with a complaint of burdensome Excise taxes, but comes to a most absurd conclusion :

We pay for our Light
Both by Day and by Night,
Malt, Salt, Shoes, News, and our Soap :
Oh ! spare us, good B[O]B !
And drop this new Job,
Or at last we can't pay for a Rope.

It is not to be supposed that Walpole so desired to swing at Tyburn that he was affected by that argument. This ballad is also provided with a vigorous, swinging chorus—fairly ' tempestuous ' :

Horse, Foot, and Drago[o]ns,
Battalions, Platoons,
Excise, Wooden Shoes, and no Jury ;
Then Taxes increasing,
While Traffick is ceasing,
Would put all the Land in a Fury.

The Congress of Excise-Asses (No. XXVI) is especially notable for the ' vivacity ' attributed to Pulteney :

Quoth Sir JOHN MUNDUNGUS,
'Tis true, they have *stung Us,*
Wherefore let us humble the Vermin ;
What matters 't if they
For Victuals can't pay,
So we flaunt it in *Velvet* and *Ermin.*

Says NUMPY FITZ DRUG,
And gives him a *Hug,*
The Varlets are *high-fed* and *pamper'd ;*
But we'll make 'em buckle,
And to Us soon truckle,
When with an EXCISE they are hamper'd.

Britannia Excisa, Part II (No. XXV), is in a different manner, being a sustained piece of irony. It is, however, marked by the wit which

we should expect from Pulteney's pen, and also, in places, by the licentiousness at which Lord Chesterfield warns us not to be surprised :

When we're *absent*, they'll visit and look to our Houses,
Will tutor our Daughters, and comfort our Spouses ;
Condescend, at our Cost, to eat and to drink,
That our Ale mayn't turn soure, and our Victuals mayn't stink :
To such a Commerce
None can be averse,
Since ev'ry one knows it is better than worse ;
Then let us caress them, and shew we are wise,
By holding our Tongues, and shutting our Eyes.

An *Excise* that is *general* will set us quite free
From the Thraldom of Tryals by Judge and Ju—ry,
And put us into a right *summary* Way
Of paying but what the Commissioners say :
And what need we fear
Their being severe,
Who for fining us have but a Thousand a Year ?
'Tis better on such chosen Men to rely
Than on Reason, or Law, or an honest Ju—ry.

Through nine stanzas the ballad pursues its ironic course, moving easily and wittily along, and concluding with a surprise in the final line, but not shifting this time from grave to gay, but conversely :

Then ye Knaves and ye Fools, ye Maids, Widows and Wives,
Come cast away Care, and rejoice all your Lives ;
For since *England* was *England*, I dare boldly say,
There ne'er was such Cause for a Thanksgiving Day :
For if we're but wise,
And vote for the *Excise*,
Sir *B*[*l*]*ue S*[*tr*]*ing* declares (and you know he ne'er lies !)
The Merchants and Tradesmen, if his Project but take,
Shall have their free Choice, to hang, drown, or break.

The Negotiators (No. XLII) is the best of all. It is possibly not so witty as some of the others, but it has even better qualities. The beginning and concluding ironical stanzas enclose a perfect bit of narrative. I do not think it is using language loosely to say that the presentation of the characters and the development of the story are the product of genuine satiric imagination. What an ideal negotiator is the noble Don—proud, resolute, peremptory, the incarnation of all that was desired of the English ministers, the shame of those meek and dilatory diplomats !

Sir Knight, quoth the *Don*, 'tis in vain to discourse,
For Words are with me of no manner of Force ;

If you mean to convince me, Sir *Blue-string*, you must
Without farther prating, *come down with your Dust.*
Then, for one Year or twain,
They shall quiet remain,
After which I'll fall on with fresh Fury again;
If you like my Proposal, strait count out the Guineas,
Or else pray be gone like a Couple of Ninnies.

And what a splendid plan the Don at first proposes !

And let us like Brothers together agree,
You *Excise* them on *Land*, I'll *Excise* them at *Sea.*

How different is all this from the conduct of that *par nobile fratrum*, who are content to call another day, and who beg indulgence from the Don, but finding him relentless, are constrained to purchase an interval of peace.

Then strutting away,
To each other they say,
Our Politicks have put off this Evil Day:
Let us now to our Master, and swear that the Nation
Had been lost, were it not for our *Negotiation.*

So they go to the King and deceive him with falsehood, and are crowned with an ironical encomium from the author of the ballad.

That such pieces are beyond the abilities of the common run of ballad authors seems to me beyond dispute. They are as far removed from the average ballad style as they are from the poetic and satiric mastery of Pope. And the evidence for their authorship seems to point unmistakably to Pulteney. He, we know, wrote ballads which we should expect to be characterized by just the qualities revealed in these. And what other candidate could be put forward with the least degree of probability ? [1]

On the Ministerial side there is Lord Hervey, who is also known to have written ballads. *The State Weather Cocks*, for instance, in which he is satirized as ' Dapper ', credits him with such activity :

Dapper, a Youth smooth-chin'd, and baby-faced,
With Honours and with Titles has been grac'd;
He Libels, Epigrams, and Songs does write,
And in his planetary Hour, can fight.

[1] Some might say, Nic. Amhurst. In his day Amhurst had a reputation as a wit. I shall not inquire into the grounds or justice of that reputation; but I will say that it certainly did not rest upon his verse. I regard the verse that Amhurst signed as itself proof that he could not have written these ballads. It may also be remarked that no ballad in the group appeared in *The Craftsman*, although a political ballad was occasionally published in that journal.

He was the author, among other ballads, of *The Patriots are Come*. Horace Walpole transcribed it for Horace Mann, and said of it : ' For want of news, I live upon ballads to you ; here is one that has made a vast noise, and by Lord Hervey's taking great pains to disperse it, has been thought his own,—if it is, he has taken true care to disguise the niceness of his style.'[1] In a foot-note he adds, ' It was certainly written by Lord Hervey '. Are there any ballads in this collection which betray the ' niceness of his style ', together with any other evidence of his authorship ? It seems to me that two, at least, may be reasonably ascribed to him—*Journalists Displayed* and *The Barber Turn'd Packer*.

Journalists Displayed (No. XIX) is the ' nicest ' ballad in the collection ; it is neat, keen, polished. One stanza must be quoted :

> To frighten the Mob, all Inventions they try,
> *Ribbledum, Scribbledum, Fribbledum, Flash,*
> But Money's their Aim, tho' their Country's the Cry,
> *Satyrum, Traytorum, Treasondum, Trash ;*
> Popery, Slavery, Bribery, Knavery,
> Irruptions, Corruptions, and Some-body's Fall,
> Pensions and Places, Removes and Disgraces,
> And something and nothing, the Devil and all.

The refrain is not so nonsensical as it looks at first sight ; and the concluding quatrain, repeated in each stanza, harps on *The Craftsman*'s strings, and with the very persistence of that periodical. No one could suppose that verse of this quality originated in the street ; otherwise one might point to the line, ' To frighten the mob all inventions they try '. It is a courtly piece of verse, and quite in the character of Lord Hervey. Moreover, Hervey was at this time embroiled in a bitter personal quarrel with the ' patrons ' of *The Craftsman*, so that indignation might have stirred him to make verses.

The other ballad which I would ascribe to Lord Hervey is *The Barber Turn'd Packer* (No. XII). This was written in rebuttal of the *Honest Jury* (No. XI), and evidently attempted to outdo the wit and puns of Pulteney's ballad. It may be said to have succeeded. Who but Lord Hervey could have done it ? Wits were not plentiful on the side of the Ministry. Another bit of evidence for Lord Hervey's authorship is furnished by a striking similarity between one stanza of the ballad and a passage in a pamphlet entitled *Observations on the Writings of the Craftsman*, which Hervey wrote[2] not long after the

[1] Walpole's *Letters* (Toynbee), vol. i, p. 295.

[2] Walpole, *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* (1759), vol. ii, p. 144.

appearance of the ballad. The stanza in question is supposed to be spoken by John Barber, a Jacobite, to 'Caleb D'Anvers', i.e. *The Craftsman* personified. It runs as follows:

When you flatter'd King GEORGE, yet abus'd his best Friends,
You saw by Experience you ne'er got your Ends.
Now you so out-do us, Affairs must go swimming,
Small Gain 's to be gotten, dear *Caleb*, by *trimming*.
No Barber's renown
Is to shave Beard of Downe,
But he shaves the best, who *cuts close* to the *Crown*;
And *Jemmy* shall own, without any Bravado,
No *Jacobite* serves him like one Renegado.

Now the imputation of Jacobitism to the Opposition was extremely common in Walpole's time, but this is something more: it is an account of *The Craftsman*'s conduct at a certain juncture, and it is strikingly similar to the charge brought against *The Craftsman* in the pamphlet. In the latter publication Lord Hervey says: 'However, I must observe here, that during their chase after this Minister, they had from time to time made great professions to the Prince he served, of their loyalty to his government, and affection to his person; tho' they were at the same moment exclaiming against every step of his measures, and every action of his reign. . . . Under this affected title, and with such shallow artifices, they laboured to convince the King of the attachment they had to his person, whilst they were railing at his government: and of the zeal they had for him, whilst they were obstructing all his measures. . . . At length, finding these absurdities and contradictions too gross to pass, and all their ingratiating schemes abortive, they grew weary of the constraint of speaking a language so foreign to their hearts; and resolved at once to throw both the mask and scabbard aside, and temporize no longer, but openly to attack even that sacred person, which hitherto they had only dared obliquely to touch, and collaterally to glance at.'[1] It is certainly easier to believe that these two passages were written by the same hand than that they were not, and there is thus added a particular probability to the general likelihood of Lord Hervey's authorship of the ballad.

In addition to the ballads which I have ventured to ascribe to Pulteney and Lord Hervey, *Hosier's Ghost* (No. LVII) and three or four others (which the reader may select for himself) complete the list of those belonging to the first class. The weird, romantic setting of

[1] Op. cit., p. 14.

Hosier's Ghost appeals to the imagination ; its patriotic fervour to the heart ; and these qualities, together with its ease and strength of versification, bring it well within the confines of true poetry.

Beneath this small and superior group—the aristocrats among a very plebeian crowd—lies a large body of ballads of diverse quality and authorship. It is not often that particular names can be attached to particular ballads. We happen to know that one Floyd was the author of *Prosperity to Houghton* (Append. No. 20), and that Sir William Yonge wrote *The Norfolk Garland* (Append. No. 19). Yonge dabbled in verse, and since he was a politician, it would be strange if he never set his hand to a political ballad. Matthew Concanen, who contributed satirical and argumentative articles to more than one of the various Ministerial journals, wrote sentimental ballads ; that he also wrote political ballads we do not know, but the supposition is possible, at least. Eustace Budgell, an inveterate enemy of Walpole, may have turned a ballad from time to time ; and so may Sir Robert's 'humble bard'—Joseph Mitchell. These names (except Yonge's) at least represent a class—the Grub Street brotherhood—from which political ballads must have come. Grub Street was at this time full of distressed poets who could, and surely sometimes did, turn out a political song ; now putting their trust in the popularity of ridicule upon the Minister, and again choosing rather to

> Honour Horace, praise Leheup,
> In hopes to hear from Mr. Scroop.

The cream (if one may use the word) of these Grubean productions is represented by *The Quack Triumphant* (No. XXXI); the thinner and lighter body by *Le H[eu]p at Hanover* (No. VII) and *On Colonel Francisco* (No. XIV); and the lees (to change the figure) by *Little-John's Answer to Robin-Hood and the Duke of Lancaster* (Append. No. 1). But we must not think that the whole of this group, even though it may seem Grubean in quality, really issued from that cave of poverty and poetry. Certain pieces in this class are probably due to the coffee-house politician, a distinct 'character' in his day, and one who was often also a witling and a poetaster. Others, like *The True-Blue* (No. XLI), were doubtless written primarily for a political club, or the evening session at the tavern or the mug-house, as previously described. Still others, though not distinguished verse, are likely to have been written by persons of distinction. *Labour in Vain*, which is no better than half a dozen ballads in this group, was ascribed by Horace Walpole to

Lord Edgcumbe,[1] whether rightly or not is of no special consequence, for the ascription at least indicates the kind of man who might have written, for example, *Robin Hood and the Duke of Lancaster* (No. II) and *L[or]d B[olingbro]ke's Speech upon the Convention* (No. XLV). *The Grand Defeat of the S[an]d[ys]donian Party* (No. LXVI) and *The Place Bill* (No. LII), would seem to have been by Members of the House of Commons. It is not unlikely that some of the Patriot ballads were composed by George, afterwards Lord, Lyttelton. *The Daily Gazetteer*[2] attributed such activity to him in a *Familiar Epistle* inscribed to 'the no less politic than witty G[eorg]e L[yt]t[e]l[to]n, Esq.', which begins as follows:

> While you, Sir, sustain all the wonderful Cares
> Of Foreign Transactions, Domestic Affairs,
> When with Patriot Schemes *Britain's* State to amend,
> With *Ballads* adorn, and with *Journals* defend;
> 'Gainst the good of [the] Nation a Crime 'twould appear,
> To desire you'd attend to a long *Gazetteer;*
> Yet to read this Epistle familiarly deign,
> Then return to your *Journals* and *Ballads* again.

It is tempting to look upon *The Secret Committee* (No. LXXV) as his work. It thus appears that the authorship of this group of ballads is extremely various. They cannot be ascribed *en bloc* to any one class of people. But particular ballads may sometimes be so ascribed with comparative certainty; and while their circulation was by no means limited to the class from which they sprang, still the probable origin of each ballad is a subject which should be considered by both the man of letters and the historian.

The quality of this group is as varied as its authorship. Some of the ballads belonging here have hardly learned to crawl upon poetic feet; others stride rapidly and vigorously along. Varied as they are, they may be said to have two aims in common: they endeavour to be songs and satires. The statement that they endeavour to be songs is perhaps a little incorrect; it should be that they endeavour to be singable. They needed no music of their own; the tune to which they were sung provided that. Now that those tunes are forgotten, the ballads are at a decided disadvantage; they seem more pedestrian than they really are. Many songs which are highly esteemed would sink in estimation if their tunes were equally unknown. The test of these ballads, from this point of view, is actually to sing them. A few

[1] *Letters* (Toynbee), vol. i, p. 268.

[2] October 28, 1737.

will be found intractable; but it is surprising to find how many can be sung, how many will, once the tune is known, chant themselves in the reader's mind as he peruses them. As satires they fall short of the higher rank by a want of wit and humour, fluent versification, and satiric force. In the place of lively ridicule, they are likely to have only scurrility and defamation; instead of biting, they usually snarl and bark; gaiety and humour they have almost none. Yet now and again they strike out some clever phrase, or condense an argument into a telling couplet or stanza. The doctrine of innuendoes is wittily ridiculed in *A Bob for the C[our]t* (No. IX):

> *Corruption, Ambition, Pomp, Vanity, Pride,*
> Are Terms, that by Guess-work are often apply'd;
> To quote HORACE is thought meer Derision and Sport;
> *Application* cries out, *That's* a Bob *for the Court.*

The policy of unvarying and unreasoning opposition to the Government receives amusing illustration in the pretended action of Bolingbroke in *L[or]d B[olingbro]ke's Speech upon the Convention* (No. XLV). Orderly Sandys' was about to have the Convention read to the assembly, but to Bolingbroke this preliminary was needless:

> And what would you read it for BOL[INGBRO]KE crys,
> Would the Gentleman trust to his Senses or Eyes,
> My Maxim (no bad one) Sir, always has been
> To blame Things unheard, and condemn them unseen.

And there is a vast amount of discontent with the supposed subservience to Spain summed up in the lines:

> For had *Haddock* beat 'em as *Bing* did before,
> 'Twou'd have cost us the Price of their Navy once more.[1]

Passages like these occasionally relieve the literary mediocrity of this group.

Lowest of all—at the very bottom—lie those humble efforts of the ballad muse, written for the pleasure and instruction of 'the good Christian people that lived round Paul's steeple' (or some similar group) by one of their own number. *A Political Touch of the Times* (No. XLVI), *Bob Booty's Lost Deal* (No. LXXIV), *The City in Glory* (No. LIX), *The Whimsical Age* (No. LXV)—these represent the type. It is a pity they are not more numerous, for they are veracious signs of the times. They were written, I suppose,

[1] *Sir* *'s *Speech upon the Peace with Sp[ai]n*, No. XLIV.

by ballad-vendors[1]—men whose experience in singing and selling songs would render them sensitive to the political temper of their public. Beyond this, these authors would have no political bias ; they could not even hope ' to hear from Mr. Scroop '. These songs therefore preserve, in a singularly unmodified form, the mood and temper of the masses. As verse, it is easy to despise them, if one's literary point of view is lofty and invariable ; but it is pleasanter, and perhaps wiser, to take them, so far as one can, in the spirit of the people for whom they were composed, and to whom they brought pleasure and instruction. If they are bad of their kind, as *The Hunter Hunted* (Append. No. 15) is, the apology is at hand:

> Though *rude* my Language and *uncouth*,
> Though *sapless* be my Style ;
> Yet I may rudely tell the truth,
> And haply make you Smile.

Most of them, however, carry on the best traditions of the popular broadside style, being pieces that the man in the street would delight to hear, and would often be tempted to buy, so that he might take a copy home and

> conn it well over when [he was] at Leisure,
> And say [he had] got an unspeakable Treasure.[2]

For instance :

> He is a Loyal Church-man
> and for our Rights will stand,
> He fears no Presbyterians
> that worketh underhand ;
> No Courtier e'er can bribe him,
> he always will be just.
> He'll take no Bribe nor Pension
> for to betray his Trust,
> But is in e'ery Action
> a Loyal worthy Soul ;
> [T]hen to our Mayor brave Parsons,
> toss off a flowing Bowl.[3]

If one likes this style, these specimens of it will be welcome ; if one does not—why then he likes it not, and there is no more to be said.

[1] Here is an instance of such authorship : 'Tuesday one Donovan was taken into custody for being the author of, and vending, several songs and libels against the Government.'—*Read's Weekly Journal*, October 2, 1736.

[2] *A New Norfolk Ballad*, No. XV.

[3] *A Hymn to Alderman Parsons*, No. LX.

III

The tunes call for few remarks beyond the fact that they were a vital part of the ballads. They should be sought out in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. It should be remembered that these tunes did not come one month and depart the next, as tunes do nowadays ; they had endured, in many cases, for several generations. *Packington's Pound* and *Which Nobody Can Deny* are from the sixteenth century ; many more are from the seventeenth. All were familiar to people of every class. To sing or play them well was a part of every young lady's education. The lower classes knew them by tradition. They were as familiar and pervasive as national airs are now, or as college songs among college men. Already at the beginning of the eighteenth century a decline seems to have set in, but Gay arrested it for a time ; and in *The Beggar's Opera* and its host of imitators, the old tunes enjoyed a period of renewed popularity before their final decay. Their decline in the second half of the century was one reason for the decline of the ballads. Charles Hanbury Williams marks the turning-point. He wrote, oftener than not, with an ode of Horace, rather than a ballad tune, echoing in his head. He wrote ' odes ' ; he endeavoured to be literary. In the poetry of *The Anti-Jacobin* at the end of the century the divorce between political verse and popular song is complete. The contributors to that successor to *The Craftsman* imitated in their political poetry Greek and Roman models almost exclusively. They produced verse of distinction ; but it was classical and aristocratic, not a native tradition and a national possession, as were these ballads.

No. I

ROBIN'S GLORY

OR

THE PROCESSION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE BATH

On May 18, 1725, the King issued letters patent declaring his royal intention to re-establish the Order of the Bath, and to erect the same into a regular military order for ever. The Order had lapsed since the coronation of Charles II; and its resumption at this time was doubtless at the instigation of Walpole, who knew the persuasive value of a ribbon as well as of a handful of silver. As early as April 26 a correspondent of Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, wrote that 'the new institution of the knights of the Bath fills the town with an expectation of red ribbons' (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Portland, vol. vi, p. 1). The number of knights was placed at thirty-eight, among whom were Prince William, Sir Robert Walpole, and his son Robert, Lord Walpole. On Thursday, May 27, the King invested the new members with the dignity of the Order; on the following Thursday (June 3) he set out for Hanover; and on the second Thursday thereafter (June 17) the installation ceremonies—the subject of this ballad—were performed 'with the utmost pomp, solemnity, and magnificence' (*Political State*, vol. xxix, p. 524). The procession was viewed by a vast concourse of people, including 'noblemen, ladies, and persons of rank, all beautifully dressed' (Saussure, *A Foreign View of England*, p. 106), who occupied adjacent windows and stands erected for the occasion.

This ballad is found in *Robin's Panegyrick; or, The Norfolk Miscellany*, Part I (B. M., 8132. a. 92. 2).

On May 26, 1726, Sir Robert resigned the red ribbon to assume the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter. This was an honour very rarely accorded to any but noblemen or their sons, and Walpole's assumption of it caused him to be familiarly known as Sir Blue-String for the rest of his life. Squibs like the following, wishing him further preferment to a hempen string at Tyburn, were freely circulated:

'Sir Robert, his Interest and Merit to shew,
Laid down the Red Ribbon and put on the Blue;
To Two Strings already this Knight is preferr'd,
Odd Numbers are lucky, we wait for a Third.'

My Masters give Ear,
And a Story you'll hear
Of a fine Raree-Show and a Garter,
Ne'er was seen such a Sight,
Since *Tom Thumb* was a Knight,
In the Days of our noble King *Arthur*.

When King *George* was abroad,
'Twas a Season thought good,
To shew us King *Robin* in Glory,
With his Squires in a Row,
And his Knights two by two,
All as gallant as Sir *John Dory*.[1]

E'en Baronets here
Humble Squires did appear,
And Members were proud of the Station;
And who would not be still
For the Civil List Bill,
To have a Place in a Sham Coronation?[2]

They all walk'd, but their Prince
Did with Riding dispense,
And with Bathing a troublesome Rite-a;
For he knew 'twas in vain,
They cou'd ne'er be wash'd clean,
Any more than a Black-a-moor white-a.[3]

In the Abby that Day,
Men did all things but pray;
There was Ale, Wine, and Gin for the Rabble,
Such Doings unclean
In a Church ne'er was seen,
Since the Days that Old *Paul's* was a Stable.

In the Isles, if you please,
You your Bodies might ease,
By the Suff'ring at least of your Betters,
O *Stanhope!*[4] had'st thou
Been alive but till now,
To have seen a Jakes made of St. *Peter's*.

An odd Way they all took
Thro' a blind crooked Nook
In the Church, for their Robes to be seen-a;
But then Scaffolds had they,
To direct them the Way,
Where they seldom or never had been-a.[5]

[1] 'The Esquires of the Knights Companions in the like surcoats going three and three, all of them in red stockings. . . . Then the Knights Companions, all habited in their mantles and surcoats, and each carrying in his hand the white hat adorned with the plume of white feathers, . . . going by pairs' (Pine, *Procession and Ceremonies*, pp. 5–6). For John Dory, see Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, No. 284.

[2] Pulteney's first open opposition to Walpole occurred in the debate over the Civil List Bill in April 1725.

[3] In earlier times, investment was preceded by bathing and vigils.

[4] A reference, apparently, to James, Earl Stanhope, who died in 1721.

[5] 'On the day before the ceremony a wooden bridge was constructed, with railings

After this, they all took
An odd Oath with the Book,
In the Days of old Popery known-a,
To be true all their Lives
To all Women but Wives,
To all Ladies excepting their own-a.[1]

Which Oath, if they broke,
Then their Sovereign's Cook
Was to hack off the Spurs of each Don-a,
But 'twas much if he cou'd,
For his Eyes must be good,
To discern that they had any on-a.[2]

Then this being done,
To their Dinner they run
With Stomachs so sharp and so keen-a,
Without Grace they fall to,
As they used to do,
Never minding their Chaplain the Dean-a.[3]

To the closing of all,
They at night had a Ball,
Where their Damsels were drest to receive 'em:
What farther was done,
Will be better unknown,
For 'tis decent that here we should leave 'em.[4]

on each side. The height of the bridge was about three feet. It commenced at the big door by which the King enters Parliament, crossed Old Palace Yard, all along St. Margaret's Churchyard, and ended before the western porch of Westminster Abbey.'—Saussure, op. cit., p. 99.

[1] The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop Rochester, Dean of Westminster and Dean of the Order, administered the oath, 'which was of the tenour following: "You shall honour God above all things; you shall be steadfast in the faith of Christ; you shall love the King your sovereign lord, and him and his right defend to your power; you shall defend maidens, widows, and orphans in their rights, and shall suffer no extortion, as far as you may prevent it; and of as great honour be this Order unto you, as ever it was to any of your progenitors, or others." '—Pine, op. cit., p. 12.

[2] 'At the outside of the west door of the Abbey, the Sovereign's master-cook, having a linen apron and a chopping knife in his hand, severally said to each Companion, "Sir, you know what a great oath you have taken, which if you keep, it will be great honour to you; but if you break it, I shall be compelled by my office, to hack off your spurs from your heels." '—Pine, op. cit., p. 15.

[3] According to Pine, grace was said. The dinner was held in the Court of Requests.

[4] The ball was held in Heidegger's 'palace' (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Portland, vol. vi, p. 9). Many of the balls and masquerades there were very scandalous indeed.

No. II

ROBIN HOOD AND THE DUKE OF LANCASTER

To the Tune of *The Abbot of Canterbury.*

In the early months of 1727 reports were current that Walpole's power was tottering. Lord Hervey says that Bolingbroke 'very sanguinely insinuated' to his friends that Walpole was presently to be removed; and this 'was buzzed about in whispers even at Court' (*Memoirs*, vol. i, p. 20). The story of the memorial drawn up by Bolingbroke and delivered to the King by the Duchess of Kendal, together with the subsequent audience secured for Bolingbroke with the King, is well known. The unexpected sequel of that interview is the subject of the present ballad. Coxe records the incident in a version which differs in some details from that of the ballad. 'While Walpole was attending in an adjoining apartment,' says Coxe, 'Lord Lechmere came, and demanded admission for the signature of papers, which he had brought as Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall [? slip for Lancaster]. He was informed that Bolingbroke was with the King, and that Walpole was also waiting. In the midst of his surprise, Bolingbroke coming out, Lechmere instantly rushed into the closet, and without making any apology, or entering upon his own business, burst out into the most violent invectives against Walpole, whom he reviled as not contented with doing mischief himself, but had introduced one who was, if possible, worse than himself, to be his assistant. The King, delighted with this mistake, calmly asked him if he would undertake the office of Prime Minister. Lechmere made no reply, but continued pouring forth his invectives, and finally departed without having offered any of the papers to sign. Walpole found the King so highly diverted and occupied with this incident that it was some time before he had an opportunity of inquiring the subject of Bolingbroke's conversation. The King slightly answered, "Bagatelles, bagatelles"' (*Memoirs of Sir R. W.*, vol. i, p. 264).

Lord Lechmere figures, together with Sir John Guise, in an earlier ballad, entitled, *Duke upon Duke* (Swift's *Works*, ed. Sir Walter Scott, vol. xiii, p. 297). In that ballad, as in this, Lechmere is called Duke of Lancaster, from the fact of his being Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He was described by his nephew, Sir Nicholas Lechmere, as 'an excellent lawyer, but violent and overbearing' (*D. N. B.*, art. Lechmere). In view of this and other testimony, the characterization of him in the present ballad may be regarded—some allowance being made for satirical exaggeration—as very faithful.

This ballad was advertised (for the first time) in *The Whitehall Evening Post* for January 19–21, 1727. It is here reprinted from a folio pamphlet (dated 1727) in the Bodleian (G. Pamph. 1665. 8).

Come listen, my Friends, to a Story so new,
In the Days of King *John*, in twelve hundred and two,
How the bold little Duke, of the fair *Lancashire*,
Came to speak to the King like a brave Cavalier.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

In a trice he was got to the good King's Abode,
The Horse in a Froth, on which the Duke rode;
Tho' the Steed had gallop'd full three Miles from Home,
Not so much at the Mouth as the Rider did foam.
Derry down, &c.

The Gate it did shake when he knock'd at the Door,
As his Hands they did tremble with Anger full sore,
And a Message of Haste his Words did bespeak,
Till the Paint, red before, waxed blue on his Cheek.
Derry down, &c.

Quoth the Porter, who is it that dares be so bold,
As to stun the fair Gate of our Liege's Freehold?
Quoth the Duke, *I am come some Truth to report.*
O ho! quoth the Porter - - - - *You're just come to Court.*
Derry down, &c.

He toss'd up his Chin, and a Roll did advance
Of Parchment, I ween, instead of an Lance:
Lo here is the Statute we made such a Strife for.
Said the Porter, Lord Sir, - - - - *It seemeth all Cypher.*
Derry down, &c.

Then up the high Steps the short Duke he did stride;
His Stride so gigantick, his Stature bely'd.[1]
Quoth he, *as a Peer, I will free my good Liege*
From the Vermin and Earwigs his Grace that besiege.
Derry down, &c.

The Yeoman cry'd Stand - - - - Quoth the Duke *I'm a Peer,*
And I bring a good Statute of Parliament here;
Be the King where he can, I may visit him still.
This was pass'd in the last of the Conqueror Will.
Derry down, &c.

He found his good Grace just a trimming his Beard,
By the Hands of a Dwarf whom he lately had rear'd:
The Duke was beginning his Speech in great Wrath;
Says the King to the Dwarf, *This is nothing but Froth.*
Derry down, &c.

[1] Compare *Duke upon Duke,*

Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by God;
And when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

My good Liege, quoth the Duke, *You are grossly abused*
By Knaves far and near, by your Grace kindly used;
There 's your Keeper so crafty, call'd Bold Robin Hood,
Keeps us all but himself, my good Liege, in a Wood.
Derry down, &c.

He riseth, e'er Day-break, to kill your fat Deer,
And never calls me to partake of the Cheer.[1]
For Shoulders and Umbles, and other good Fees,
He says, for your Use, he locks up with his Keys.
Derry down, &c.

As I'm learnt in the Law, **This is Robbing direct,**
As appears by the 1st of King Will. VII Sect.
Besides what is yours, Sir, is ours—and then
He 's a Felon, *d'ye see, by the* 2d *of* Hen.
Derry down, &c.

What is worse, he will make Harry Gambol[2] *a Keeper,*
And the Plot ev'ry Day is laid deeper and deeper,
Shou'd he bring him once in, your Court wou'd grow thinner,
For instead of a St.—he wou'd bring in a Sinner.
Derry down, &c.

I intreat you, dear Liege, have a Care what you do;
To Man, Woman, nor Child he was never yet true;
Shou'd you trust him, he'd serve you as ill, on my Life,
As he did his first Friends, as he did his first Wife.[3]
Derry down, &c.

Quoth our Liege, Wou'd you have *Robin* out—Is that all?
I wou'd have, quoth the Duke, Sir, *No Robbing at all.*
Why Man! quoth the King, on my troth, you'll bereave
All my Court of its People, except 'tis my Sheriff.
Derry down, &c.

[1] Lechmere had gone over to the Opposition, and had several times signed the Lords' Protests on Ministerial measures.

[2] i. e., Bolingbroke.

[3] Lechmere violently opposed the restoration of Bolingbroke. The manner and purport of his speech in the Lords, May 20, 1725, were described in a letter to the Earl of Oxford (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Portland, vol. vi, pp. 5–6). 'Lord Lechmere flamed with great vehemence, called him [Bolingbroke] that traitor to his Queen, to his King, and to those to whom he fled for refuge. "Did I not see him do homage upon his knee? Did he not here take the Oaths whilst treachery was in his heart? Has he repented? how, and in what manner? Was it by flying from justice to the protection of the Pretender? and by deserting him when his hopes were defeated with the rebellion? Could any ties, any oaths, hold a mortal that had acted such a part? Could any obligations, any gratitude, bind such a complicated traitor? Could any fidelity be expected from so frequent a betrayer?" Lord Townshend, roused with the warmth of Lord Lechmere, said that he was in a fury; upon this Lord Lechmere flamed farther, and the heat increased between them till Montrose called them to order.'—It is illustrative of the discordancy of the Opposition elements to note that Lord Lechmere, after his death (which occurred in June 1727), was made the subject of an extended eulogy in *The Craftsman* (No 54).

Besides, who'll succeed him, because without Doubt,
You'd have some one put in sure, as well as put out?
Then a Smile so obliging the Duke did display,
And made a low 'beysance, as if—Who shou'd say.
Derry down, &c.

Said our Liege, I respect your great Depth, on my Word;
But to cast up vile Sums is beneath such a Lord.
As to that, quoth the Duke, *I learnt it at School*,
And can tell more than twenty—You know I'm no Fool.
Derry down, &c.

Quoth our Liege with a Snear, tho' with Face right serene,
I believe, I by this time guess all that you mean.
Wou'd you have me hang *Robin*, and count my own Pelf?
Oh no, quoth the Duke,—*I'd be* Robbing *my self.*
Derry down, &c.

No. III

THE CAMBRO BRITON

ROBB'D OF HIS BAUBLE

[BY LORD CHESTERFIELD]

This ballad has long been regarded, by the biographers of Lord Chesterfield, as the more or less probable cause of his removal from his position as Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Maty (1777) noticed the close connexion in time between the ballad and the removal, but only suggested that the one might be the cause of the other. 'Whether this humourous piece of pleasantry', he writes, 'followed or preceded his Lordship's disgrace, is uncertain. But when the King set out this year for Hanover, among the changes that were made at Court, Lord Stanhope shared the fate of Mr. Pulteney, and was dismissed from his place' (Chesterfield's *Works*, 1777, vol. i, p. 31). The later biographers have been less cautious. Mr. Ernst (*Life of Lord Chesterfield*, pp. 32–3) regards the ballad as the 'probable' cause of the dismissal; Mr. Craig (*Life of Lord Chesterfield*, p. 78) and Sir Sidney Lee (*D. N. B.*, art. Philip Dormer Stanhope) make the statement without qualification. A comparison of exact dates would have rendered this hypothesis very doubtful; for the badges of the Order were not given out until May 27, and Chesterfield's removal is announced in *The Political State* as of June 1. That the loss in question should have occurred, become known, and been made the subject of a ballad; and that the ballad should have come to Walpole's notice, and been made the pretext for the author's removal—all within the space of four days, would be practically impossible. But the matter is set at rest by the following

item in *The Weekly Journal or British Gazetteer* for December 3, 1726: 'Last week Sir William Morgan of Tredegar had his badge of the Order of the Bath and some other things of value stolen from him at Reading.' The ballad is thus shown not to have preceded, but to have followed, his Lordship's removal, and by a considerable time.

A broadside (undated) in the British Museum contains this ballad, together with *Bob and Harry, A New Song*—also, probably, by Lord Chesterfield—and *The Address* (1872. a. 1. 166*). Another publication, containing only *The Cambro Briton* and *The Address*, was advertised (for the first time) in *The St. James's Evening Post* for March 21–3, 1727. But *The Cambro Briton* must have circulated in manuscript considerably earlier than that.

Sir William Morgan, Bart., was Knight of the Shire for the County of Monmouth.

While Chesterfield's dismissal can no longer be attributed to the publication of the ballad, there can be no doubt that it was caused by hard feelings due to the revival of the Order of the Bath. Walpole offered Chesterfield a ribbon, which, however, he refused, perhaps none too gratefully. Besides, satirical squibs on the new Order did emanate from Chesterfield's pen, and these were regarded in his own day as having cost him his place (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Portland, vol. vii, p. 399). One of them can be identified with a high degree of probability. A correspondent of the Earl of Oxford says: 'There is an advertisement in *The Whitehall Evening Post* of the 24th of April about the new knights, which they say comes from Lord Stanhope' (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Portland, vol. vi, p. 2). The advertisement in question, which is a parody of a genuine transportation notice, is as follows:

'FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESS'D.

In a few Days (if God permit) will set out for the Bath a large commodious Waggon, which will conveniently hold 36 Persons; and there being but six Places yet taken, such weak Persons as are willing to take the Advantage of this Conveyance, are desired speedily to send in their Names to Robert Knight, Waggoner at the Three Crowns in Arlington-street. The said Waggon Inns at the King's Head near the King's Bath at Bath.

N.B. This Invention is of the same nature of Mr. Green's Carriage to Scotland, but much improv'd, as containing three times the Number of Passengers.'

Chesterfield may also have been the author of certain squibs in verse, which still survive, directed against the new Order. At any rate, it was the advertisement, and perhaps other jests of the sort, which brought about the dismissal, and not the ballad on Sir William Morgan.

HEAR, all ye Friends to Knighthood,
A Tale will make you wonder,
How a Catiff vile,
By basest Wile,
A hardy Knight did plunder.

How from this British Worthy
This Knave (a Pox light on her)
He did purloyn
The only Sign
And Badge, her had of honour.

O had you seen our hero,
No Knight could e'er look bigger,
Unless her Size
My Song belies,
Than M[orga]n of T[redega]r.

A Rippan graced her shoulder,
A Star shone on her breast, Sir,
With smart Tupee,
Fort Bien Poudre,
And Cockade on his Crest, Sir.

This Rippan held a Bauble,
Which her kind Stars decreed her,
With which her'd play
Both Night and Day,
'Twould do you good to 'e see'd her.[1]

Tho' I a Bauble call it,
It must not be so slighted,
'Twas one of the Toys
Bob gave his Boys,
When first the Chits were K[nighte]d.

Her was the Flower of Welshmen,
You ne'er saw such a gay thing;
But English Rogue,
Confound the Dog,
Was Rob her of her Play-thing.

Rouse up ye true Knights-Errant,
Ne'er give this Catiff Quarter;
Ye Knights of the Toast,
Or Knights of the Post,[2]
Or T[histle], B[ath], or G[arte]r.

Learn hence, ye courtly Lordlings,
Who hear this fatal Story,
On how slight Strings
Depend those Things
On which you place your Glory.

[1] The badge or ensign of the Order was three imperial crowns *or*, within the ancient motto *tria juncta in uno*, pendant to a red ribbon placed obliquely over the right shoulder to the left side.

[2] 'Knights of the Post' was a term applied to wretches who, for half a crown or so, would testify on the witness stand to anything desired of them. The punishment for this offence was imprisonment in the pillory.

No. IV

A NEW BALLAD

The King's speech on the opening of Parliament having revealed a situation which made Addresses natural and desirable, the honour of being first in the profession of loyalty was obtained by London. On January 28 the Court of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council assembled in Guildhall, and resolved on an Address. This action, though in all likelihood prompted by Walpole's partisans in the Common Council, was none the less gratifying, inasmuch as the example of London in this respect was sure to be influential in the provinces, and London had of late been restive under the uncertain conditions of trade. Unusual pains were therefore taken at Court for the reception of the City's representatives. New kitchens were prepared, and word was passed about that the feast would be the most magnificent that had been seen at Court since the reign of Charles II (*Daily Journal*, January 31, 1727). On Tuesday, January 31, the Address was presented. The ceremonies on that occasion—the subject of the present ballad—were thus described in *The British Journal* for February 4:

'On Tuesday last the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council of this city waited on his Majesty with a most loyal and dutiful Address. Their great zeal on this occasion discovered itself by the largeness of the appearance, there being above a hundred gentlemen's coaches in the cavalcade. His Majesty was pleased to receive them very graciously; they all had the honour to kiss his hand, and he conferred the honour of knighthood on William Billers, Edward Bellamy, and John Thompson, Esquires and Aldermen, and William Ogborne, Esq., one of the present sheriffs. They were afterwards all of them most sumptuously entertained at dinner in his Majesty's palace with near a thousand dishes of meat, the most exquisite and most in season, besides a very fine dessert of sweetmeats and fruit. Everything was done in the handsomest manner without the least disorder, to the satisfaction of every person there. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen were honoured with all the Prime Ministers of State at their table, and each other table had at the head of it a great officer of the household. There was a vast plenty of all sorts of the finest wines, and the greatest cheerfulness appeared throughout the whole company that was ever seen upon any occasion.'

I have found this ballad only in *The British Journal* for March 18, 1727; but I have no doubt that it was issued separately. The lateness of its publication in the newspaper—almost seven weeks after the banquet—may perhaps best be explained on the supposition that it circulated privately in manuscript for a time.

For an early ballad satirizing the City, and one of which this is to some extent an imitation, see D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), vol. iv, p. 40.

A chap-book in the British Museum (1850. c. 10) contains this ballad clipped from the newspaper. The annotations written into that copy have aided me in making the identifications.

My Lord M[ayo]r and his A[lderme]n and C[ommo]n C[ounci]l too,
To compliment their gracious K[in]g would to St. *J[ame]s*'s go;
Their Horses spruce, their Coaches wash'd, their Cloaths were fresh and gay,
You scarce shall see a prettier Sight upon a Summer's Day.
O London is a fine Town, and a gallant City, &c.

Some went to kiss their Liege's Hands, and shew themselves so fine,
While others Fancies more were set on Jaw-work and on Wine;
Some went for fear the Courtiers free shou'd think their Honour slighted,
And others some they staid away, for fear they should be knighted.
O London is, &c.

A solemn Vow they to the King of Lives and Fortunes make,
That they wou'd Pudding leave, and Beef and Custard for his Sake,
Their Hearts brim-full of Love to Crowns and Loyalty so new,
A stranger Story ne'er was heard, I wish it may be true.
O London is, &c.

The Courtiers they did leap and skip, such joyful News to hear,
And strait resolved to make amends with store of Royal Cheer:
Of curious Dishes many a Course with foreign Names they get,
That ne'er a[t] Feast of May'r or Sheriff were seen or heard of yet.
O London is, &c.

The K[in]g with Sword in Friendship drawn, his Guests to welcome make,
That they who thither came with none, might go with Honour back;
He staid till Dinner it was done, and then with Conduct great,
Before the Field was desperate quite, he made a safe Retreat.
O London is, &c.

Now Royal Healths in rank and file full thick and threefold come,
No flinching from the Charge, the Word was *Supernaculum*;
Tho' scarcely they till five began, so dreadful was the Shock,
That many a sturdy *Briton* bold was slain by six a Clock.
O London is, &c.

For Pipes by gross, and Wine by Ton, they call'd with might and main,
They smoak'd and drank, and drank and spew'd, and spew'd and drank again;
If ever there was Truth at Court, 'twas then without all Doubt,
For would you know a Courtier's Heart? why, turn him inside out.
O London is, &c.

The Lord[1] who shou'd have Order kept, no Order could maintain,
Nor hold his Post, because he found a Swimming in his Brain;
Nor cou'd the S[ecretar]y,[2] since in Wine his Sense was drown'd,
Speak one wise Word would you have lain his G[rac]e a Thousand Pound.
O London is, &c.

[1] The Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain.
[2] The Duke of Newcastle.

When Wine was in and Wit was out, to Frolicks they advance,
The Cits and Nobles chang'd their Cloaths, the *Quaker*[1] he did dance;
Some Heroes on the Table got, and Victory did crow,
While down among the dead Men more were forced to lie below.
O London is, &c.

Now Wine like Death a Leveller of great and small we see,
The Duke of high Renown lay strow'd with 'Squire of low Degree;
The Common Council-men were rowl'd with Peers of Council-board;
The Lords were drunk like any King, the Cits like any Lord.
O London is, &c.

My Lord[2] he took a Glass in hand, that held a Pint or more,
To give a proof of his strong Brain he ne'er had given before;
He drank it off to the King's Health, altho' it was so deep,
Then bid them draw the Curtains close, for he wou'd go to sleep.
O London is, &c.

Your Politicks and Healths of State at length were out of Doors,
From King and Kingdom they came down to Sweethearts and to Whores;
Whatever Health was nam'd went round, the Pledgers did it reason,
For they had left their Wives at home, and Bawdy was no Treason.
O London is, &c.

The Sword bearer by Office would before his Lordship go,
But that his Sword he cou'd not find, his Way he did not know;
He stumbled, nay he fell, whereby this Moral is convey'd,
That now and then a false Step is by City Justice made.
O London is, &c.

Those who had Coaches back were drove to *London* where they dwell,
But that till the next Day at Noon, not one of them cou'd tell;
And 'twas a Mercy great that Night they could in Coaches ride,
For not a Man cou'd sit a Horse unless he had been ty'd.
O London is, &c.

Sir F[rancis][3] tumbled off the Seat, and at the bottom lay,
The Coachman stared and thought some Rogue had stoln the Knight away;
To some the Watchmen came with Lights, their Faces for to show,
To try who knew the poor dumb things, or where they were to go.
O London is, &c.

[1] Mr. Freame, of Aldersgate Street.
[2] Sir John Eyles, Bart., Lord Mayor.
[3] Sir Francis Forbes, Alderman.

No Business cou'd be done next Day, they all such Ailment had,
Sir J[ohn] himself confest with grief the sitting Members bad;
Nor Host nor Guests, 'tis thought, can e're with sober Sense proceed,
Unless the Court it takes a Purge, the City it doth bleed.
O London is, &c.

No more, ye *Londoners,* go on your Betters to abuse,
Or say, the Court debauches all, its Manners are so loose;
For never to St. *James*'s yet was seen such pretty Sport,
Till Citizens from *London* Town went to debauch the Court.
O London is, &c.

No. V

THE FRIGHTEN'D FACTION

Everybody expected a change of Administration at the accession of George II. The enmity existing between the late King and the Prince of Wales would have been sufficient reason for the cashiering of the old Administration; but there was a further reason in the contempt which the new King had publicly expressed for its leading members. Of Sir Robert Walpole he used to speak, Lord Hervey tells us, as 'a great rogue'; of Horace Walpole as 'a dirty buffoon'; of the Duke of Newcastle as 'an impertinent fool'; of Lord Townshend as 'a choleric blockhead' (*Memoirs,* vol. i, p. 39). Towards the Earl of Macclesfield he bore enmity on a number of counts. The plights of these gentlemen are the subject of the present ballad. It is found in *Robin's Panegyrick; or, The Norfolk Miscellany,* Part I (B. M., 8132. a. 92. 2).

Come ye *Jacks* and ye *Whiggs,* and ye *Tories,* draw near,
A Story so strange you may never more hear,
How the one Side did hope, and the other did fear,
Which no body can deny.

The Knaves they look'd blank, and the Fools they were bit,
Some thought the King's Wrongs on his Stomach would sit,
And some were undone, if he did not forget.

Pit-a-pat went the Heart of good Earl *Macclesfield,*
Who, excluding His Highness, the Regency seal'd,
For fear *Habeas Corpus* should now be repeal'd.[1]

[1] When the King visited Hanover in 1719, he appointed a regency, of which the Earl of Macclesfield (then Lord Chancellor) was a member, and from which the Prince of Wales was excluded. He pursued the same policy on succeeding visits.

His wise Grace who of old at the Christ'ning so stirr'd,
To absent from St. *James*'s expected the Word,
Since what 's Sauce for a Prince may be Sauce for a Lord.[1]

T[*ownshen*]*d* stopp'd, who, if suffer'd his Way to pursue,
Might have made a third Treaty as good as his two,
Of *G*[*ertruydenber*]*gh* old, or of *H*[*anove*]*r* new.[2]

The Seas in all Haste our Ambassador[3] crost,
Having gallop'd from *Paris*, as if all were lost.
As he look'd like a Peasant, he rode like a Post.

Poor *Harry* with *Bob* must give over the Strife,
Having lost the Great Duchess, the Friend of his Wife,
So he 's infamous, hopeless, and marry'd for Life.[4]

Ev'n *Bob* is grown courteous, if Story says true,
What before for Prince *William* he never would do,
Now, instead of a red String, he'll give him a blue.[5]

The grave Judges their Skill in the Law now display;
If the Father will keep his own Children, he may,
Now, *Nemine contradicente*, they say.[6]

If the K[in]g will his Wit, not his Memory shew,
And discard his own Friends, and his Father's avow,
They will let him be one of the R[egen]cy now.
Which no body can deny.

[1] At the christening of his son in November 1717, the Prince insulted the Duke of Newcastle, who had stood godfather at the King's command, though much against the Prince's will. As a result, the Prince was banished from St. James's.

[2] In October 1709, Townshend negotiated at Gertruydenberg a treaty with the States General, which Marlborough, his colleague, declined to sign, and for which Townshend, three years later, when the Tories were in power, was censured by a formal vote of the House of Commons.

[3] Horace Walpole.

[4] With the death of George I went the power of the Duchess of Kendal. Bolingbroke had bribed her (through his wife) to secure his pardon, and expected to obtain many other favours from her.

[5] Prince William had been nominated first knight at the revival of the Order of the Bath in 1725. He was made Knight of the Garter in May 1730.

[6] George I, with the aid of the Earl of Macclesfield, had secured from the judges a decision to the effect that the King had jurisdiction over the education, as well as the marriages, of his grandchildren. The Prince was greatly humiliated; but there was now no one to challenge his parental authority.

No. VI

ROBIN WILL BE OUT AT LAST

This ballad is printed by Wilkins (*Political Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 280), and assigned to the year 1742; but it was included in the collection of miscellanies entitled *Robin's Panegyrick*, Part I (1729), and its true date, I think, is the latter part of 1727. In August and subsequent months of that year, elections were held for the ensuing Parliament; and they were carried on with great disorder, animosity, and what was called at the time unparallelled and incredible corruption (*Political State*, vol. xxxiv, p. 152). Political ballads were sung in the London streets; and *The Craftsman* (August 12, 1727) reports that on the night of August 10, 'some persons were seized and carried before the Lord Townshend for uttering scandalous and seditious ballads, one of which is said to be entitled, *The Honest Voters, or Robin's Downfall*'. The present ballad may very well be one of these election songs. The reference to the King and Queen, in the last stanza, would have been especially appropriate soon after their accession; and the topics of the ballad had all been brought forward in political controversies, and in the Addresses which were presented in great numbers to George II.

This ballad is particularly interesting because it is an almost complete catalogue of the charges brought against Walpole at the time of its issue. In addition to the text in *Robin's Panegyrick*, Part I, which is here reprinted, there is a manuscript copy in the Chetham Collection at Manchester, in the form of a letter (undated) to William Archer, Esq., at his house in Soho Square. This copy gives the tune as *Commons and Peers*.

Good People draw near
And a Tale you shall hear,
A Story concerning one *Robin*,
Who, from not worth a Groat,
A vast Fortune has got,
By Politicks, Bubbles, and Jobbing.
Fa, la.

But a few Years ago,
As we very well know,
He scarce had a Guinea his Fob in;
But by bribing of Friends,
To serve his dark Ends,
Now worth a full Million is *Robin*.

That his Bags he might fill,
He brought in a Bill,
Intitled, *An Act against Mobbing*;[1]
But 'twas only a Law
To keep us in Awe,
From rising in Arms against *Robin*.

[1] The reference is to the Riot Act, passed in 1714. The Opposition were urging its repeal.

Each Post he hath fill'd
With Wretches unskill'd,
In all other Arts except Fobbing;
For no Man of Sense
Would ever commence
Such prostitute Creatures of *Robin.*

By the same worthy Means
We have B[ishop]s and D[ean]s
As dull as blind *Bayard* or *Dobbing,*
That both Church and State
Draw near to their Date
By the excellent Measures of *Robin.*

What a Stir hath he made
About Commerce and Trade,
About *China*-ware, Lace and Bobbing,[1]
But it 's very well known,
That all this was done,
To skreen other Projects of *Robin.*

How oft hath he swore,
That he'd save *Gibraltore,*
With a Face full as grave as Judge *Probyn,*
Yet still, like the Church,
It is left in the Lurch
By the Treaties and Juggles of *Robin.*

As oft hath he said,
That our Debts should be paid,
And the Nation be eas'd of her Throbbing;
Yet on tick we still run,
For the true Sinking Fund
Is the bottomless Pocket of *Robin.*

Then at length would you be
From such foul Usage free,
From Armies, hard Taxes and Jobbing,
You must join Heart and Hand,
And by each other stand,
To pull down the Plunderer *Robin.*

Come then let a full Glass
Round to King and Queen pass,
Who will ease our disconsolate Sobbing,
For if rightly I ween,
Such a good King and Queen,
Will give no Protection to *Robin.*

[1] Perhaps an allusion to the supposition or suspicion that Walpole was in corrupt relation with the South Sea Company.

No. VII

LE H[EU]P AT *HANOVER*

A New Song

Isaac Leheup is a man whom the world has been content to forget; yet he was a character of some importance in his day. By marrying a daughter of Peter Lombard, Esq.—sister to the Mary Lombard whom Horace Walpole married—he obtained an income of £5,000 a year and an alliance with the Walpole family. Now Sir Robert being a man who, as the ballad says, always took delight in finding places for his kindred, made Leheup first a Member of Parliament for Bodmin in Cornwall, and further honoured him, in 1726, by sending him as Envoy to the Diet at Ratisbon. In the following year he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Sweden. This embassy was ill-starred from the beginning. He was first appointed about June 1, 1727; but before he embarked the news of the death of George I arrived, and he postponed departure. He was reappointed, however, and set out, July 8, for Sweden by way of Hanover. Hanover was as far as he ever got; for at that Court he was 'guilty of an action not altogether prudent or discreet' (*Craftsman*, vol. vii, p. 45), for which he was recalled early in September (*Mist's Weekly Journal*, September 16, 1727). Though he did not return to London until November 4, the delay was of no avail; he was greeted with satirical songs and ballads, and was made 'a constant subject for jest and ridicule for the whole town' (*Craftsman*, vol. ii, p. 250). Walpole was doubtless chagrined; it was an inauspicious episode for the beginning of his administration under the new King.

From a broadside (undated) in the British Museum (1872. a. 1. 168*), with some errors of the press corrected from the version in *Robin's Panegyrick*, &c., Part I.

When *Robin* rul'd the British Land,
With Gold and Silver bright,
To put his Kindred all in place,
He ever took Delight.

Forth from the *Venal Band* he call'd,
Ho[ra]ce and *Is[aa]c* came.
He bid 'em go to foreign Courts,
And raise immortal Fame.

Two Taylors Daughters rich and fair,
Exactly match each Brother,
Ho[ra]ce made Suit, and gain'd the one,
And *Is[aa]c Stitch'd* the other.

Alike they were in Shape and Size,
Alike in Parts and Breeding,
One to the Court of France was sent,
One to the Court of *Sweden*.

Ho[ra]ce in France did Treaties make,
Which ne'er can be repeated,
And you shall hear how *Is[aa]c* too,
Our *Heir Apparent* treated.

At *Herenhausen* he arriv'd,
And knocked at the Ring,
And told them that in Haste he'd brought
A Message from the King.

They took him for a Post-Boy first,
And so they let him wait,
It being an Hour at least before
They open'd him the Gate.

Incens'd at this, he rav'd and storm'd,
And made a mighty Pother,
And swore by *G—d* he'd teach them all
To know Sir *R[ober]t*'s Brother.

Our P[rin]ce came out, and heard him swear,
Mistook him first for *S[ut]ton*,[1]
But after ask'd him civilly
To eat a Piece of Mutton.

But then at Supper as they sat
Drinking and gaily sporting,
Le H[eu]p with many a smutty Joke
His Neighbour fell a courting.

And down her Stays his Hand he squeez'd,
Then talked wond'rous Pais,
Quoth he, Mon Prince Apparement,
* * * * * * * *

The Prince was shock'd, yet smiling said,
These Jokes are of the oddest,
Good Squire *Le H[eu]p*; for you must know
Our Ladies are All Modest.

Modest! reply'd *Le H[eu]p*, and sneer'd,
Before I go to Stockholm,
As Modest as they are, Good Sir,
In faith I mean to k—ck 'em.

The Men got up, and laugh'd aloud,
The Damsels did retire;
Then to return their low Contempt,
Thus spoke the angry Squire:

[1] Brigadier-General Richard Sutton.

Come kiss mine A—se, your P[rin]ce and all,
D—n ye, d'ye think I care:
Has e'er a German Prince like me,
Five Thousand Pounds a Year?

Provoked at this Language foul,
They call'd him *Hundsfoot, Skellham,*
And threaten'd they would use him worse
Than e'er the King did *P[el]ham.*[1]

The P[rin]ce[2] (God bless him) now stept in,
Who kept his Temper still;
And said, This Man my Father sent,
And shall we use him ill?

No! I to England with this News
A Letter will indite:
The King and Queen shall know it all,
And they will do me right.

My Father will revenge th' Affront,
And turn out all his Kin,
From him that does for *Y[armou]th* serve,[3]
To him that serves for *L[y]n.*[3]

Now God bless both our K[in]g and Q[uee]n,
And may they quickly do it,
Or shortly else (full well I ween)
They will have Cause to rue it.

No. VIII

THE L[OR]DS ADDRESS TO K. G. II

This ballad is a parody of the Lords' Address of Thanks to his Majesty, on the opening of Parliament in January, 1728. At that juncture the state of affairs had for some time been—as the King himself admitted—'uneasy and disagreeable', a statement which the Lords were pleased to qualify by saying that the situation had been 'occasioned by mere necessity, which no human prudence could have prevented'. Peace and war were in the balance. The King had expressed hopes of seeing an end to 'the troubles and disorders of Europe', but not without misgiving. The Lords were equally uncertain. On the one hand they returned thanks to his Majesty for his 'great hopes . . . of seeing the public peace and tranquility very soon restored'. 'It is a disposition of mind,' they declared, 'truly great in your Majesty, a Prince so early initiated in the art of war,

[1] Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, was grossly insulted by the Prince of Wales (the new King) at the christening of his son, in November 1717.
[2] Frederick, Prince of Wales, was still in Hanover.
[3] Horace and Sir Robert Walpole respectively.

and formed by nature for the greatest military achievements, to choose rather to procure peace for your subjects than to lead them to victories' On the other hand, they asserted that 'if, contrary to expectation, the day should come when the safety of your people shall require stronger remedies than negotiations, we shall most cheerfully in that case, under God, depend upon your Majesty's valour and conduct' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. viii, pp. 634–7).

A broadside in the Public Record Office, State Papers, Domestic, George II, Bundle 5, contains this and *A New Ballad* (Append. No. 10).

THANK ye, most Great and Martial Sir,
For your good News of Peace;
And tho' you doubt, say it is sure,
We'll set our Hearts at Ease.

Nor shall we in the least repine,
Or shew we're discontent
With the bad State of our Affairs,
Which *no Care cou'd prevent.*

Nay, shou'd you need Remedes more strong
Than *wise Negotiation,*
And the Time come, when we must *fight,*
Not *bully,* for the Nation;

Against Allies, or Old or New,
The Supposition's odd,
Your Conduct wise and Courage keen
Will save All, under G—d.

THE K[ING]'S ANSWER

Thank ye, my L[or]ds, this must be good
At Home, and eke Abroad.

No. IX

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD

CALLED

A BOB FOR THE C[OUR]T

TO THE TUNE OF *In the Days of my Youth.—*
In the first Part of the Beggar's Opera.

This ballad, which appeared in *The Craftsman* for December 28, 1728, was written to satirize the recent suppression, 'for reasons of state', of Gay's *Polly*, a sequel to *The Beggar's Opera*. Though suppressed on the stage, the play was published, and exploited by the Opposition with all the ardour of party enthusiasm. The ballad, I have no doubt, was written by one of the circle of Gay's special friends; at a guess, I should say by Dr. Arbuthnot.

YE Poets, take Heed how you trust to the Muse, *fa, la.*
What Words to make choice of, and what to refuse, *fa, la.*
If she hint at a Vice of *political* Sort, *fa, la.*
Application cries out, *That's* a Bob *for the C[our]t, fa, la.*

Corruption, Ambition, Pomp, Vanity, Pride, fa, la.
Are Terms, that by Guess-work are often apply'd; *fa, la.*
To quote HORACE is thought meer Derision and Sport; *fa, la.*
Application cries out, *That's* a Bob *for the C[our]t, fa, la.*

If *Congress* is nam'd, you must mean it a Slap; *fa, la.*
The City of *Soissons* blot out of your Map; *fa, la.*
Ostend is a Word of such doubtful Import, *fa, la.*
Application cries out, *That's* a Bob *for the C[our]t, fa, la.*

If *Truce*, or *Galleon* in your Writing appears, *fa, la.*
The Word *Cardinal* mars our foreign Affairs; *fa, la.*
Gibraltar avoid; if you mention that Port, *fa, la.*
Application cries out, *That's* a Bob *for the C[our]t, fa, la.*

Secret Service you never should venture to write, *fa, la.*
'Twill be said you would bring some *dark Matters* to light; *fa, la.*
If you speak of our *Trade*, or ask what we *Export, fa, la.*
Application cries out, *That's* a Bob *for the C[our]t, fa, la.*

If *Macheath* you should name, in the midst of his *Gang, fa, la.*
They'll say 'tis an Hint you would *Somebody* hang; *fa, la.*
For *Macheath* is a Word of such evil Report, *fa, la.*
Application cries out, *That's* a Bob *for the C[our]t, fa, la.*

The Word *Pension* you never should dare to repeat; *fa, la.*
Shall bold, paltry Scribblers reflect on the *Great? fa, la.*
As *Pensions* and *Bribes* swell the *Levee's* Resort, *fa, la.*
Application cries out, *That's* a Bob *for the C[our]t, fa, la.*

If *Armies*, or *Debts* should escape from your Pen, *fa, la.*
You may chance to offend several thousands of Men; *fa, la.*
For as *Taxes* are needful *standing Troops* to support, *fa, la.*
Application will cry, *That's* a Bob *for the C[our]t, fa, la.*

Now God bless King George; all his *Enemies* rout, *fa, la.*
All Those that are IN, and all Those that are OUT; *fa, la.*
May true, honest Hearts be his Bulwark and Fort, *fa, la.*
And so there 's an End *of a* Bob *for the C[our]t, fa, la.*

No. X

GREAT BRITAIN'S GLORY

OR

THE STAY-AT-HOME FLEET

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

A heavy war-cloud hung over Europe in the early months of 1729. The King, on opening Parliament, January 21, regretted that the Congress of Soissons still left the fate of Europe in suspense; admitted that some might think war 'preferable to such a doubtful and imperfect peace'; and added, in effect, that a satisfactory adjustment must soon be had, if not by peaceful, then by warlike means (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. viii, p. 669). A month later Townshend wrote, 'It is evident to us all here that this nation will not long bear the present uncertain state of things' (Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir R. W.*, vol. ii, p. 640); and in the following month (March) excitement over Gibraltar and the depredations of the Spaniards on English merchant-ships rose to fever heat. In April an English fleet was put into commission, and on May 10 Sir Charles Wager took command of a squadron of twenty-three ships drawn up at Spithead 'in a half moon or line of battle' (*Political State*, vol. xxxvii, p. 519). Early in June he was joined by Vice-Admiral Somelsdyke with eleven Dutch men-of-war, a bomb-ketch, and a store ship. War seemed imminent. But Walpole and Cardinal Fleury persisted in their efforts towards peace, and in the end they were successful. After further negotiations at Soissons, William Stanhope, one of the English Ambassadors there, was, on August 22, appointed special Ambassador to the Court of Spain; and there, with the aid of Fleury, he succeeded in having signed, on November 9, the Peace of Seville, between England, France, and Spain. In this treaty Gibraltar was tacitly resigned to England, and trading relations were placed on what promised to be a satisfactory basis. By October the political sky had cleared sufficiently for the withdrawal of the fleet. Early in the month the Dutch squadron sailed homeward, and on the 16th the English fleet dispersed.

To those who, whether for honest or merely factious reasons, desired a more militant procedure, this great fleet, awaiting, month after month, the outcome of wearisome and not very promising negotiations, was an object of high derision. This view was powerfully put by Bolingbroke in his *Occasional Writer, No.* 4 (1738). 'And now,' he writes, 'fresh dispute arising, it was resolved that military and naval preparations should be renewed; accordingly, soon after, there appeared at Spithead a powerful united fleet of English and Dutch ships of war; some extraordinary enterprise was supposed by everybody to be on the tapis, but every one was disappointed. They remained the whole summer in that station in the most pacific disposition imaginable, they saluted and treated in the most gallant manner all their visitors, who were numerous; they had carousals for the good fellows and balls for the ladies; and thus having lived in the most jovial manner and fired away great quantities of rejoicing and complimental gunpowder, the Hollander sailed home with flying colours, and we unrigged and went quietly to bed' (op. cit., pp. 9–10).

Great Britain's Glory is reprinted from a folio pamphlet, dated 1729,

in the Harvard Library, with the correction of a curious misprint in stanza 10 (*emise* for *may cruise*) from a slightly different version entitled *England's Glory* (n.p., n.d.) in the library of Cambridge University (Hib. 3. 730. 1. fol. 9). The ballad probably appeared soon after August 17, when Admiral Wager arrived in town. (See p. 24, note 3.)

COME, ye Lovers of Peace, who are said to have sold
Your Votes, that the War of Queen ANNE it might cease;
Come, ye Lovers of War, who 'tis certain, of old,
Wou'd have hang'd, if ye cou'd, all the Lovers of Peace:
Come you *Whig* and you *Tory*,
Attend to my Story,
For you ne'er heard the like, nor your Fathers before ye;
How *Britain, Great Britain!* is Queen of the Main,
And her Navies in Port are the Terror of *Spain*.

Come you Country so gentle, who pay all the Charge,
And ye Statesmen so simple, that squander for nought:
Come and see for Diversion a Squadron so large,
'Twou'd the *Spaniards* have beat, if it durst but have fought:
How the Streamers so high
Are insulting the Sky,
Ay, and buffet the Birds who dare to come nigh:
For *Britain, Great Britain*, &c.

With Bombs and with Fireships, with Powder and Ball,
These stout Men of War were furnish'd, 'tis said,
And had Plenty of Guns, tho' they use none at all,
And full gallant they sail'd, till they came to *Spithead*:
But then *Fl*[*eur*]*y* cry'd Boh!
So no farther they go,
Tho' the Tide it did serve, and the Wind it did blow;
For *Britain*, &c.

What a stately Appearance they make when they're join'd
In fierce Line of Battle with trusty *Mynheer*?
What a wond'rous Incitement of Valour to find
They're as safe in the Front as they are in the Rear?
They who counted 'em o'er,
Reckon'd Forty and more,
Which is all out as good as if made up Fourscore.
For *Britain*, &c.

Their Commander, *Sir Charles*, wou'd believe his own Eyes,
Nor Commission would take like Pig in a Poke,
To be sent on Fools Errands he wisely denies,
Or to lose both his Fleet and his Life for a Joke:[1]

[1] 'We hear that Sir Charles Wager hath received a new commission, constituting him Commander in Chief of the united fleet of Great Britain and Holland that is going into the Mediterranean; and that the said Admiral hath a discretionary and full power given him, to act as the necessity of affairs shall require.'—News item in *The Craftsman*, June 14, 1729.

And if Admiral HO-
SIER had but done so,
Neither he nor his Thousands had perish'd, I trow.
For *Britain*, &c.

Tho' the *Frenchman*, a Friend, need not strike to our Flag,
And the Man who wou'd force him, discarded has been,[1]
Let not Enemies hence take Occasion to brag,
We will humble the Pride of the Catholick Queen:
If that Vixen on Throne
Will not yield us our own,
Then this Navy shall teach her to let it alone:
For *Britain*, &c.

Our Ships have been order'd, unwisely, some thought,
In the *Indies* to fry, or the *Baltick* to freeze;[2]
But our Governours now have kept clear of that Fault,
And have station'd them surer by many Degrees,
Whither safely may go
The *Belle* and the *Beau*,
Both Ladies and Lords to this new *Raree-shew*.
For *Britain*, &c.

The Admiral prudently comes up to the Town,
Because in the Fleet there is nothing to do:[3]
And the Holiday Gentry in Shoals they go down,
While the Sailors their 'Haviour full mannerly shew:
Tho' they may not advance,
Upon Deck they may dance,
Without any Offence to our Brother of *France*.
For *Britain*, &c.

The Courtiers now say we no longer must rail
At the Taxes, because they so wisely are spent;
For our Vessels are tight, tho' they're not fit for Sail,
And of *Landmen* and *Women* have full Complement.
Ev'n *Hampden*, they vow,
Were he living till now,
Would not *Grudge* them Ship-Money for such a fine Show;
For *Britain*, &c.

[1] *The Craftsman* of June 21, 1729, had a paper, the design of which was stated (ironically) to be 'to evince the folly and absurdity of a current story about town, that the lieutenant of an English man-of-war hath been lately discharged for obliging a French ship to strike to him, pursuant to his instructions, even in the mouth of our own harbours'.

[2] Early in April 1726, Admiral Hosier sailed on his ill-starred expedition to the West Indies; and in the middle of the same month, Admiral Wager led a squadron to the Baltic.

[3] 'On Saturday the 16th of August Sir Charles Wager, accompanied by Vice-Admiral Somelsdyke, set out from Portsmouth, and the next day arrived at his house at Parson's Green, near Fulham; and a few days after returned to their respective commands at Spithead.'—*Political State*, August 1729.

Rather give up *Gibraltar*, than let your Shot flye,
Quoth *Monsieur*;[1] 'tis vain for Engagement to wish;
Quoth our other good Friend, *Hogen Mogen* so sly,
You *may cruise* on your Coasts, but you must take no Fish:
But no Anger will rise
In our gracious Allies,
Tho' we Man out a Fleet ev'ry Year to catch Flies.
For *Britain*, &c.

Our merry Men feasted, 'twas all that they did,
While Time staid for no Man, and Summer did waste;
But soon as the Letter comes Post from *Madrid*,
And the great *Brazen Head* blunders out, Time is past,
Then our Squadron so stout,
Without Triumph or Rout,
Sails in to good Purpose as e'er it sail'd out:
For *Britain*, &c.

BALLADS ON 'THE CRAFTSMAN' TRIAL

The two ballads which follow are concerned with a suit brought against Richard Francklin, printer of *The Craftsman*, for publishing a libel. The alleged libel, not being a portion of the weekly essay, but an item in the department of Foreign Affairs, is not included in the collected edition of *The Craftsman*. It ran as follows:

'Private letters from *Seville* inform us that the *Alcayde* made a most florid speech to their *Catholick Majesties* as they entered that city; and, among other compliments, says, "That it was owing to his Majesty's consummate wisdom and prudent choice of his *Ministers*, that *Spain* made at present so glorious a figure. That the most potent Monarchs, who formerly despised their alliance, now humbly sued to them for *peace*, and with the greatest submission begged the intercession of almost all the Courts in *Europe*, to prevail with his Majesty to grant them what they despair of ever attaining by their *own power* or *address*. That His Majesty's well concerted measures had kept all *Europe* in *suspence* and in a *dependance* on his resolutions for these *three years past*, and by the same policy he might keep them HANGING ON for several years to come, and that in the mean time their nation was *enriched* by the spoils of the most formidable of the *maritime powers*." He concludes with these remarkable words. "Let them continue to boast of their *invincible squadrons*, and the bravery of their sailors, while your Majesty, by your sage conduct, can destroy both, and attain your ends *without striking a blow*, or exposing the life of the meanest of your subjects."—This *last part*, methinks, might have been spared; for, in my opinion, it is rather a demonstration of the *rashness* and *folly* of the adversaries he speaks of, than of his *Master's* wisdom' (*Craftsman*, March 8, 1729).

[1] *Monsieur* is France. *Hogen Mogen* signifies the Dutch. The States General were formally addressed as 'Hooge ende Mogende heeren', i.e. 'High and Mighty Lords', and the phrase gave rise to the nickname employed in English ballads and pamphlets, as above.

The trial, on account of a postponement, did not take place until December 3. It lasted about four hours, and the jury, after deliberating about half an hour, brought in their verdict, 'Not Guilty'. The chief counsel for the King was the Attorney-General, Sir Philip Yorke. No report of the trial has been preserved.

No. XI

THE HONEST JURY

OR

CALEB TRIUMPHANT

[By William Pulteney]

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

The Honest Jury is one of the best-known political ballads of the century. Lord Mansfield characterized it, many years after its publication, as 'famous, witty, and ingenious' (*State Trials* (Howell), vol. xxi, p. 1037). But its best quality is vigour—born of high spirits over the successful outcome of a real crisis. For three years *The Craftsman* had been pursuing Walpole, tirelessly renewing the attack upon his foreign policy, or ringing the changes on the cry of corruption. One of its great mainstays had been innuendo, a method very meet to *The Craftsman*'s purpose, for it avoids the responsibility of explicit statement or corroborating evidence, and it will yield as many forms as the imagination can body forth. And now this method had been brought to trial; the endeavour had been made to prove it criminal, but without success. *The Craftsman* and its allies were free to pursue the Minister in their accustomed manner. No wonder that the victory was celebrated in so vigorous and high-spirited a ballad.

This ballad is printed in Wilkins's *Political Ballads* (vol. ii, p. 232 et seq.), where it is misdated 1732. Wilkins apparently accepted the incorrect statements of Harris (*Life of Hardwicke*, vol. i, p. 221) and Lord Campbell (*Lives of the Chancellors* (1849), vol. v, p. 25) in their Lives of Lord Hardwicke, that this ballad concerns a trial 'subsequent' to the better known trial of 1731. The exact date of the ballad's appearance is December 12, 1729, nine days after the trial (*Monthly Chronicle*).

The ballad is printed by Wilkins, and partially by Lord Campbell and others, with an erroneous reading in the recurrent line: 'And were Judges of Fact, tho' not Judges of Laws.' Their reading is, 'Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws', which quite confounds the meaning. The line referred to a moot point at law. It was urged by Sir Philip Yorke, and maintained by the judges generally, that the jury were to pass only upon questions of fact—that is, upon evidence of publication and interpretation. It would accordingly be their office to determine whether the defendant was guilty of publishing the alleged libel and whether it bore the interpretation laid upon it by the prosecution. But whether or not the passage in question constituted a libel (even if found by the jury to bear the alleged interpretation) was held to be a question of law and not of fact, and therefore the proper office of the court and not of the jury. The counsel for *The Craftsman*, believing that the jury would be more

favourable to them than the judges would be, endeavoured to confound matters of fact and matters of law, and to make the jury judges of both; but their attempt was overruled. In this case the defendant was found not guilty of the *facts*, so that the law was not involved.

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1730) in the Harvard Library. There is a broadside copy in the British Museum (Rox. Ballads, vol. iii, no. 637).

REJOICE, ye good Writers; your Pens are set free;
Your Thoughts and the *Press* are at full Liberty;
For your *King* and your *Country* you safely may write;
You may say *Black* is *Black*, and prove *White* is *White*;
Let no Pamphleteers
Be concern'd for their Ears;
For every Man now shall be try'd by his *Peers*.
Twelve good honest Men shall decide in each Cause,
And be Judges of *Fact*, tho' not Judges of *Laws*.

'Tis said Master *Caleb*[1] a Paper did print,
Which sometimes at *some Folks* look'd slily asquint;
He weekly held forth of *no Peace* and *no War*;
So was forced from his *Trade* to appear at the *Bar*.
Thus for talking too free,
Master *Attor—ney*
Strain'd his Lungs for to set him in the *Pillory*.
But *Pillories* now shall be raised for the Shame
Of *some Rogues*, whom yet 'tis not proper to name.

You may call the Man *Fool*, who in Treaties does blunder
And stile him a *Knave*, who his Country doth plunder.
If the *Peace* be not good, it can ne'er be a Crime
To wish it were *better*, in Prose, or in Rhyme;
For Sir *Philip* well knows
That *Innuen—does*
Will serve him no longer in Verse, or in Prose;
Since *twelve honest Men* have decided the Cause,
And were Judges of *Fact*, tho' not Judges of *Laws*.

Twelve Judges there are, and *twice twelve Aldermen*,
Many *Lords*, many *Members*, and *Bishops*—What then?
Although you should travel all *England* around,
Amongst them *twelve honester* cannot be found
Than this same *Ju—ry*,
Which set *Caleb* free,
And brought in their Verdict, *He was not Guil—ty*.
Then let these *honest Men*, who do pay Scot and Lot,
While Ballads are Ballads, be never forgot.

This *Jury*, so trusty and Proof against Rhino,
I am apt to believe to be *Jure Divino*;

[1] i.e. Caleb D'Anvers, Esq., under which pseudonym *The Craftsman* was conducted.

But 'tis true in this Nation (oh! why is it so?)
Men the *honester* are, as the *lower* you go.[1]
So a Fish, when 'tis dead,
I have often heard said,
May be sweet at the *Tail*, though it stinks at the *Head*.
Oh! may Honesty rise and confound the base Tribe,
Who will be corrupted by *Pension*, or *Bribe*!

A *Jury* there was, when the Pope was in Power,
That brought out *seven Bishops* alive from the Tower;
They saved our Religion from *Jacobite* Fury;[2]
Both That and King *George* then we owe to a *Jury*;
So Those, that brought out
The *Bishops*, no doubt,
Brought in our King *George*, who 's so gallant and stout;
Then sure 'tis the Interest of *Country* and *King*,
That *Juries* should never be led in a String.

Thus far honest *Duncan* hath prophesied right,[3]
And prov'd himself bless'd with the true *Second-Sight*,
Who though deaf and dumb, in Astrology famous
As *Partridge*, *poor Robin*, or old *Nostradamus*,
Did lately divine
That *Caleb* should shine,
And prevail o'er his Foes in the Year *Twenty-nine*;
For *twelve honest Men* have determin'd his Cause,
And rescu'd from Quibbles our old *English Laws*.

But one Thing remains, his Predictions to crown,
And That is to see the *Leviathan* down;
Nor let us despair; for the Year is not out,
And a Month or two more may bring it about;[4]
Then in Chorus let 's sing,
And say God bless the King,
And grant that all Those, who deserve it may swing!
If *twelve honest men* were to judge in this Cause,
One good Verdict more might secure all our Laws.

[1] Certain Ministerial writers had brought the charge that the jury was composed of 'low' people. Pulteney maintains that this very fact would make them the more proof against 'rhino'.

[2] The reference is, of course, to the trial of the seven bishops, who, having presented to King James a petition against reading the Declaration of Indulgence, were tried for publishing a seditious libel, and acquitted.

[3] Duncan Campbell's prophecy was printed in *The Craftsman* for November 23, 1728. It consisted only of repeated assertions, in reply to various questions, that *Caleb* would be victorious in the year 1729. The life of this 'famous dumb oracle of Great Britain' was written by Defoe.

[4] Pulteney may have been thinking of the parliamentary inquiry about the situation at Dunkirk, which was now in active and secret preparation, and less than two months off. The 'Leviathan' is Walpole.

No. XII

THE BARBER TURN'D PACKER

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

The preceding ballad eulogized the jury; *The New Dozen at Westminster* (Append. No. 22) assailed it; *The Barber Turn'd Packer* is levelled at the sheriff who had direction of the panel. This was John Barber, a man who, though of low birth, had acquired wealth in South Sea speculations (Swift's *Works*, ed. Sir W. Scott, vol. xviii, p. 534), was now sheriff of London, and was soon to be Lord Mayor. He was a noted Jacobite, and had been intimate with Bolingbroke and his clique as long ago as the late years of Queen Anne. These facts lent colour, if not truth, to the losers' allegations.

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1730) in the Harvard Library. *The Monthly Chronicle* assigns it to January 8 of that year.

No Writer of Scandal doth *Caleb* excell,
Nor his Printer in *packing* that Scandal up well,
Tho' hard of two *Packers* to say which is best,
Yet one's a clean *Shaver* it must be confest;
He truly can crack
He scorns to *pack*
A Jury, to lay *Caleb* flat on his Back;
His Jury, like him, are so loyal and sound,
They'll go to no Tune but of *Pack*-ington's Pound.

When the Tryal came on, this *Shaver* addrest
Brother Printer, whose Ears would allow him no Rest,
Quoth he, Tho' 'twere Treason, you're safe I assure ye,
King GEORGE makes the Judges, but who makes the Jury?
Away with your Dumps,
I, and honest Friend *Numps*,[1]
Will stand by the *Jacobite* cause to the Stumps.
Nor for being its Friend, think yourself an Offender;
For I am not hang'd, who kiss'd Hand of *Pretender*.[2]

When you flatter'd King GEORGE, yet abus'd his best Friends,
You saw by Experience you ne'er got your Ends.
Now you so out-do us, Affairs must go swimming,
Small Gain's to be gotten, dear *Caleb*, by *trimming*.

[1] Humphrey Parsons (familiarly called 'Numps') was brewer, alderman, M.P., and (after this date) twice Lord Mayor. He was a Jacobite.

[2] Barber had recently returned from Italy, where he had had an interview with the Pretender. An anonymous *Life of Alderman Barber* states that 'immediately on his arrival he was taken into custody by a king's messenger, but was released without punishment'.

No Barber's Renown
Is to shave Beard of Downe,
But he shaves the best, who *cuts close* to the *Crown*;
And *Jemmy* shall own, without any Bravado,
No *Jacobite* serves him like one Renegado.[1]

If *Lilly-Burlero* help'd turn out the Sire,[2]
Who knows but a Ballad may help in the 'Squire;
And all he has lost (by *Whigg*-Judges undone)
By Twelve of *Our Peers*[3] again may be won.
Then a loyal new Catch
Brother Printer shall fetch,
Alive with both Ears, from the Hands of *Jack Ketch*,
Nor shall these Twelve Peers be byass'd by Pelf,
They're *Jemmy*'s without it, as much as myself.

Now *Caleb*'s good Friends, a politick Crew,
Are all thorough Statesmen and Patriots true;
As plain all may read in the fine Things he writes,
When the 'Squire or the Doctor so learned indites.
Who then without Fees
His Brain he doth squeeze,
To prove that the Moon it is made of green Cheese.
Those wholesome Prescriptions he writes not for Rhino,
But waits his Reward from *Jure Divino*.[4]

Then *D'Anvers* shall rhime, and the Doctor shall pun,
And *W*[*alpol*]*e* shall tumble, as sure as a Gun.
Our *Pedlars* in Wit, with new Pannicks shall seize him,
And *Hawkers* of Ballads, by Millions, shall teaze him;
Our Punns he shall meet
In every Street.
The Knight he shall truckle, and *Caleb* be great;
Then *Numps* shall give Strong Beer, and I will give Wine-O,
To christen this Jury a Jury *de Vino*.

Thus spoke Master *Packer*, and speak thus he may;
But God bless King GEORGE for ever, I say.
Tho' *Duncan* so dumb says *D'Anvers* shall shine,
And conquer his Foes in the Year twenty-nine;
'Tis nought but a Joke
By Brasen-head spoke,
To keep up the Heart of disconsolate Folk;
For *Caleb* may wait Years twice twenty-nine-O,
Before he comes in with his *Jure Divino*.

[1] Bolingbroke. [2] Cf. the *Introduction*, p. xxxviii et seq.
[3] The point is that 'our peers', the jurymen, were very 'low' people.
[4] It seems likely that the Squire is Pulteney, and that the Doctor is Dr. Arbuthnot, who sent an occasional 'prescription' to *The Craftsman*. He was a Jacobite in sympathies. I suspect that Dr. Arbuthnot was the author of *The History of the Norfolk Steward*, which is full of puns.

No. XIII

THE SAYLORS SONG

OR

D[U]NK[IR]K RESTORED

To the Tune of *To all you Ladies now at Land, &c.*

In spite of the retention of Walpole by George II, the Opposition had high hopes of soon forcing his withdrawal. To this end they endeavoured to discredit and embarrass him in his foreign relations. The situation at Dunkirk furnished an excellent opportunity for attacking the French alliance. By the Treaty of Utrecht France had agreed to raze the fortifications at Dunkirk and fill up the harbour; but these obligations had been evaded, and their non-fulfilment was the subject of frequent bickerings between the two nations. In 1727, after a period of quiet, reports concerning the reparation of the harbour again began to circulate. In August 1728, two engineers, Col. Armstrong and Mr. Cronstroom, were sent to Dunkirk; and their report, made in September, admitted that reparations had been made. Complaint was lodged with the French Court, but without practical result. In May 1729, the Pensionary sent a report of further activities; and while the Ministry were negotiating, the discontented Whigs and the Tories formed a coalition, under the direction of Bolingbroke, and made an organized effort to fan the nation into a flame of patriotic resentment against France and the French alliance. They tried to show not only that extensive reparations had been made, but that they had been carried out with the knowledge and connivance of the English Ministry. Walpole was thus placed in the apparent dilemma of either acknowledging this obligation and bowing to popular resentment, or of forcing the French to raze the harbour, at the price of the good understanding between France and England, which was now the cardinal point of his foreign policy.

The plan for the parliamentary attack was artfully conceived. With the utmost secrecy, elaborate reports on the state of the harbour at Dunkirk were secured. Bolingbroke spent four thousand pounds in obtaining information, and Pulteney and Wyndham much smaller sums (Spence's *Anecdotes* (1858), p. 240 and note). A motion was then made and carried that the Commons go into a Committee of the Whole House on February 11, to consider the state of the nation. When the day came the Ministry were still ignorant of the nature of the attack (Hervey's *Memoirs*, vol. i, p. 138). They were wrong in such guesses as they had made, and were completely taken aback when it was moved, 'That some persons, attending at the door, should be called in, to give an account of the condition of the port and harbour of Dunkirk' (*A Letter to a Member of Parliament, with The Case of Dunkirk*, p. 12). Proof was then brought forward that the harbour had been repaired and opened to ships of considerable burthen. 'The whole house was in a flame,' says Lord Hervey, 'and the Ministry stronger pushed than they had ever been on any occasion before' (*Memoirs*, loc. cit.). The Opposition, desirous of having official documents on which to base a note of censure, moved, 'That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, that he will be graciously pleased to give directions that the

orders, instructions, reports, and all proceedings had in regard to the port and harbour of Dunkirk, since the demolition thereof, be laid before this House' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. viii, p. 798).

The Ministry asked for time in which to prepare the report, and the request was granted. This gave them their only chance of salvation, for it provided an opportunity of securing from France a strict order for the demolition of the port. In this effort they were successful. Through their special Ambassador, Mr. Poyntz, they succeeded in wresting from the French Court an express promise to destroy the fortifications (reprinted in *A Letter to a Member of Parliament*, &c., p. 16). This document was triumphantly read to the Commons, February 26; and with it the Ministry expected the matter to rest. But the Opposition had been at too much pains to withdraw without giving battle. Besides, they did not despair of success. They thought they could assume to themselves the credit of obtaining this 'piece of paper' from France, and still discredit the Ministry by inquiring 'how it had come to pass that the harbour of Dunkirk had been for so long a time repairing, without any effectual opposition' (*A Letter to a Member of Parliament*, &c., p. 17).

The next day (February 27) the debate occurred. Papers were read; witnesses were examined (one of them 'shewed the model of the engine in wood of that, that they made use of at Dunkirk towards clearing the harbour') (*Hist. MSS. Comm.* Rept. XV, Carlisle, Append. Part VI, p. 68); and then Sir William Wyndham moved that what had been done relating to the harbour 'was a manifest violation of the treaties between the two Crowns' (Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir R. W.*, vol. ii, p. 669). But before the motion was seconded, the Ministry carried a counter resolution for an Address.

Not a word of the debate has been preserved, though it was, in Col. Howard's opinion, 'the best worth hearing of any since I came into Parliament' (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, ut supra, p. 69). We know from Horace Walpole's letter to Lord Harrington that the Opposition were confident, to the very day of the debate, of overturning the Administration (Coxe, op. cit., vol. ii, p. 670). But the order from King Louis blasted their hopes; for it was urged that it would be unwise, at such a critical juncture in European affairs, to break off the friendly relations with France, especially now that the French King had promised to conform to his treaty obligations. The debate was vigorous, and lasted from five o'clock in the afternoon till past two in the morning. But at last the tide turned and bore the Ministry to triumph. Walpole aroused Whig enthusiasm by falling 'very artfully and vigorously . . . on the late Lord B[olingbroke]' (Coxe, op. cit., vol. ii, p. 669), and on division the Whigs were 270 against 149. The Address which the Ministry had proposed was therefore carried; and it was couched in terms of praise for his Majesty's 'early care and attention for the interest of this nation', and of satisfaction in the 'firm union and mutual fidelity' between England and France (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. viii, p. 799). 'In my opinion,' writes Horace Walpole, 'it was the greatest day with respect to the thing itself, and the consequences of it both at home and abroad, for his Majesty and the present Ministry that I ever knew; and must, I think, prove a thunderbolt to the adversaries here, as well as to their friends on your side the water' (Coxe, op. cit., vol. ii, p. 669).

From a quarto pamphlet (dated 1730) in the British Museum (11621. h. 1. 90). The ballad is assigned by *The Monthly Chronicle* to February 19. It therefore appeared after the first, and before the final, debate.

To all ye *Merchants* now at Land,
We Men at Sea indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
It mayn't be safe the Truth to say,
If silent, *Br[i]t[ai]n* we betray.
With a *fa la, &c.*

Famd *D[unkir]k*, raz'd by our good Queen,
Our Commerce to maintain,
Is now restor'd, for we have seen
Her *Ships* float on the main;
Your *Trade* requires your *timely care;*
Heav'n knows! you have not much to Spare.

The Slaves, that cringe to *Gallia*'s court,
Say still there is no landing,
As tho' the *Water* in that *Port,*
Was like their Understanding.
But *Br[i]t[ai]n*, to her cost hath found
F[ran]ce is a-float and she a-ground.

The Brethren too will pawn their ears,
That Ships from out that Station,
Will scour the *Flemish Privateers,*
In friendship to our Nation;
The *Priest,* on whom they pin their hopes,
Demands more faith than fifty Popes.[1]

But let him not again deceive,
By new *Memoire* or *Letter;*
Far less *his* evidence receive,
Who should have raz'd it better;
For he who 's coming now from *F[ran]ce,*
Will tell us all was done by chance.[2]

Yet how this Harbour was repair'd,
Is still a wondrous Riddle,
The Piles withdrew, the Stones uprear'd,
Like *Thebes,* by Harp and Fiddle.

[1] The priest is Cardinal Fleury. His good faith was being denied by the Opposition. Horace and Sir Robert Walpole earnestly maintained it in the debate on Dunkirk day.—Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir R. W.*, vol. ii, p. 670.

[2] 'On Monday night last [February 23] Col. Armstrong, Surveyor General of the Ordnance, arrived at his house in the Tower from France.'—*Read's Weekly Journal,* Feb. 28, 1730.

What made these Piles and Sands retire?
The *Orphean* or *Horacian* Lyre?[1]

Be't as it will, the Land complains;
Then, *Br*[*i*]*t*[*o*]*ns* speak your mind;
The dear bought fruits of *ten Campaigns*
Must never be resign'd;
Speak on, true *Br*[*i*]*t*[*o*]*ns*, down it goes;
For *D*[*unkirk*]'s friends are *Br*[*i*]*t*[*ai*]*n*'s foes.
With a *fa la &c.*

No. XIV

ON COLONEL FRANCISCO

RAPE-MASTER GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN

Col. Francis Charteris, the subject of this ballad, found a place on the higher levels of literature in some passages of Pope and an epitaph by Dr. Arbuthnot. He had now, after many years spent 'in the practice of every human vice excepting prodigality and hypocrisy', been brought into court and capitally convicted of committing rape on Ann Bond, his servant-maid. Had the law taken its course, he would have swung at Tyburn, as the ballad-writer wished; but he had hopes of thwarting the due course of law now, as he had done before. Several potent influences were at his command. He had wealth; he had powerful friends; and he could urge upon the King his loyal services at Preston in the rising of 1715. Duncan Forbes came down from Scotland to plead in his behalf. The sum of these influences was that a recommendation for Charteris's pardon passed the King's privy council without a dissenting voice, and was sanctioned by the King. The Colonel, who had been languishing for some six weeks in Newgate, had been reported by his physicians as dangerously ill; but the pardon restored him to instant health, so that he was able to leave prison without delay.

The ballad evidently appeared at some time between February 26, the day of the trial, and April 10, the day of the pardon.

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1730) in the Harvard Library.

Good People, come heark, and a Story I'll tell,
And unless you be Knaves, it will please ye full well,
How an Accident strange a rich Rascal befell,
Which no body can deny.

[1] There is an allusion in this stanza to the report, countenanced by Horace Walpole, that the port at Dunkirk was opened in one night 'by the force of an extraordinary tide', which the inhabitants of Dunkirk 'looked upon as a kind of miracle'.—*A Letter to a Member of Parliament, with The Case of Dunkirk*, p. 22.

Who would ravish, forswear, and pick Pockets, and cheat,
And by Men was oft beaten, and Women did beat:
A Favourite worthy of BOBBY the Great!
Which no body can deny.

His Fellow on Earth to be sure there is not,
But as little to lessen your Wonder, I wot
By Name he is CHARTERS, by Nation a *Scot*,
Which no body can deny.

For a Rape he once fled from his own native Clime,
And with Pistols but lately attempted the Crime;
Sure he ought to be hang'd that is caught a third time,[1]
Which no body can deny.

At the Age of Threescore he no wiser did grow,
But must needs try again for a Frolick, or so,
Like himself being willing to finish his Show,
Which no body can deny.

So a Maid he attack'd, but we here shall stop short;
If you'd have any more, you must go to the Court,
Where he once in his Lifetime has paid for the Sport,
Which no body can deny.

BOB told him before-hand, to give him his due,
Dear Col'nel, a Jury may make you look blue,
If of *Englishmen* all, that are good Men and true,
Which no body can deny.

But no Jury could frighten our Col'nel so bold,
Being sure *Tyburn*-Tree (tho' some Hundred Years old)
Never yet bore a Man that had half so much Gold,
Which no body can deny.

But when Verdict was past, he was down in the Dumps,
And for Shifts and Excuses Sir *William*[2] he pumps;
Ay, and BOBBY the *Screen* too was put to his Trumps,
Which no body can deny.

The same that for *Huggins* was once in a Fright,
For whom *Acton* and *Bambridge* will swear by this Light,
To a Rogue in Distress he is stil'd a *True Knight*,[3]
Which no body can deny.

[1] Charteris fled from Edinburgh in 1721, to escape trial for rape. A death sentence was passed upon him in his absence, but he obtained a pardon from George I. The more recent episode received the following notice in *Fog's Weekly Journal* for Dec. 6, 1729: 'It is reported about the town that a certain noble Colonel lately attempted to rob a young woman, a servant maid, of her honour, and that to frighten her into compliance with his filthy desires, he drew a pistol upon her.'

[2] ? Sir William Yonge.

[3] The well-known investigation into prison conditions was carried on chiefly by men in sympathy with the Opposition. The trials of Huggins, Acton, and Bambridge all resulted in acquittals.

Quoth the Col'nel, in Hands disaffected my Store is,
The two Sheriffs of *London* are violent *Tories:*
The High-bailiff a-kin to a Bishop, that more is,[1]
Which no body can deny.

So he blusters and swears in a terrible Coil-a:
Thieves! South-Country Rogues! how my Treasure they spoil-a![2]
Come and help, good Lord Duke, come and help, Doctor *Isla!*[3]
Which no body can deny.

Now Petitioners plenty our Liege do incumber,
You may think Sir of *Norfolk* is one of the Number;
Ah B O B! thou shouldst go further North than *North-Humber,*
Which no body can deny.

The National Folks they full wisely agreed,
'Twere a Shame that a Loon of the North-Country Breed
Should be justify'd ever on this Side the *Tweed,*
Which no body can deny.

Tooth and Nail, one and all, for their Brother they stand,
From your Garters to Pedlars that travel the Land;
All but those that have Hair in the Palm of their Hand,
Which no body can deny.

But Pardon some *Scots* for the rest may attone,
Who for Honour and Virtue would Justice have shewn
On the Plague of our Realm, and the Shame of their own,
Which no body can deny.

If His Majesty's Grace will let Villainy swing,
O then all honest Hearts they will chearfully sing,
Boys, hang up the Col'nel, and God bless the King,
Which no body can deny.

[1] The two sheriffs were Alderman Barber and Sir John Williams. The high-bailiff (of Westminster) was William Morrice, whose wife was daughter to Bishop Atterbury.

[2] The officers mentioned above laid heavy hands on the contents of the Colonel's house in Great George Street, Hanover Square. *The Monthly Chronicle* reports for February 27: 'On this day the officers entered, and seized vast quantities of rich plate and household furniture, which were carrying away all the day in carts to an empty house of Mr. Morrice's in Old Bond-street. The Colonel's berlin, which he won at the Spaw, together with twenty horses and his chariot, were also seized.' Charteris afterwards recovered his goods by paying to Morrice, the high-bailiff, £5,000, and to Barber and Williams, the sheriffs, £1,650 each.

[3] Archibald Campbell, Earl of Islay, managed Scotch affairs in Walpole's interest.

No. XV

A NEW NORFOLK BALLAD

By Sir *Francis Walsingham's* Ghost

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

Like *The Norfolk Congress* and *The Hunter Hunted* (Append. Nos. 14 and 15) this ballad was occasioned by Walpole's annual hunting congress in November; but it is on a much higher plane of satire and versification. It has two main themes; one being the profusion and corruption of the Prime Minister; the other, the precarious state of domestic and foreign affairs. For the first theme the extravagances of the hunting congress furnished choice and ample material; for the other, the perplexed and obscure political situation was equally fruitful. The treaty of Seville, in which England, France, and Spain were drawn up in defensive alliance against Austria, so angered the Emperor that it looked as if peace in one quarter was to incur the penalty of war in another. A European outbreak was apprehended. But Walpole once more undertook to preserve peace, and was at this time secretly negotiating with the Emperor. Ultimately his efforts were successful, but as yet they were dark and dubious. People surmised one thing and another; but surmises, the ballad says, are idle; the one certainty is that there is 'a snake in the grass'. The danger, which the ballad-writer is pleased to affect, of some plot issuing out of the obscurity, probably suggested the ascription of the ballad to the ghost of Sir Francis Walsingham.

Corruption and prodigality at home, dangerous complication in foreign affairs—these are the themes between which the ballad wanders rather aimlessly back and forth. Yet this very lack of method serves the purpose of the ballad, which is, not to bring definite charges, but to create a general atmosphere of corruption and an attitude of suspicion towards it. The recurrent refrain that the people are being bubbled is particularly effective. Will the reader not exclaim with Overdo, in *Bartholomew Fair*, 'It doth discover enormity, I'll mark it more: I have not liked a paltry piece of poetry so well a good while'?

From a broadside (dated 1730) in the British Museum (839. m. 23. 183). It was published November 17 of that year (*Daily Journal*).

Good People of *England* give ear to my Song,
'Tis for your Instruction, and shall not be long;
Then conn it well over when you are at Leisure,
And say you have got an unspeakable Treasure;
You see it in Print,
Just come from the Mint,
But let me advise you to mark well this Hint;
O *Englishmen, Englishmen,* look to your *Hits,*
Let no body *bubble* you out of your *Wits.*

In the Days of bluff *Harry,* when he ruled the Nation,
Good old *Hospitality* then was in Fashion;

Our Ancestors' Tables were spread Night and Day,
Their Doors at a Festival time open lay;
On this I'll refine,
Quoth *Blue Mazarine*,
'Twill answer my Purpose, and crown my Design;
But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,
Let no body *bubble* you out of your *Wits*.

The State Politician his Project began,
The News was soon spread, and like Wild-fire ran;
To keep open House, for the Space of Twelve Days,
Six Weeks before *Christmas* our Wonder should raise.
G—d send we shall not
Hear of a New Plot,
Tho' by such a Thing has good Money been got.
But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,
Let no Body *bubble* you out of your *Wits*.

The *Carnival*, if I may give it that Name,
Was early proclaim'd by a *Man* of *some* Fame,
Ten *Knights and †ten Barons, but none of them *garter'd*,
The very first Morning for Breakfast were quarter'd.
In Plenty was there
Good Wine and good Beer,
And *Coniac* Brandy did bring up the Rear.
But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,
Let no body *bubble* you out of your *Wits*.

But whether the Wine and the Brandy paid Duty,
Or was, as the Sons of stern *Mars* call it, Booty,
That Pest of Society, named an *Excise-Man*,
The Question ne'er asked, for which he was a Wise Man.
Oh! had he so done,
As sure as a Gun,
He soon for himself a fine Thread would have spun.
But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,
Let no body *bubble* you out of your *Wits*.

Fat Turkeys, fat Capons, and all Things in Season,
That Hearts could desire, or wish for in Reason;
Some *Woodcocks* were there too, and *Brawn* and *Mince-Pies*,
And *Custards* compleated the whole Sacrifice.
We hope it was meant
With pious Intent,
The dangerous Ills, that we dread, to prevent:
But *Englishmen, Englishmen*, look to your *Hits*,
Let no Body *bubble* you out of your *Wits*.

* *Two Pieces of Beef, the one dubb'd Sir-Loin,* †*the other call'd Baron, by King James I.*

Two hundred good Pounds were laid out every Day;
See, *while the Sun shines* what it is *to make Hay.*
Had *Ch[a]r[ter]s*,[1] that chaste modest C[o]l[one]l, been there,
With Justice he might have put in for a Share;
Now let us not boast
'Tis not at our Cost,
We very well know who has paid for the Roast.
But *Englishmen, Englishmen,* look to your *Hits,*
Let no body *bubble* you out of your *Wits.*

When prompted by Malice, or Envy, or Spite,
Some People are ready in Dungeons to Write;
To guess, tho' they never consulted the Stars,
At Foreign Commotions, or else Civil Wars:
But when Comets appear,
Or such Things as are rare,
They surely presage some great Change does draw near;
Then *Englishmen, Englishmen,* look to your *Hits,*
Let no body *bubble* you out of your *Wits.*

But should they portend, as some Folks may infer,
The sudden Downfall of a *Great Mi[nist]er,*
Another, as able, his Place would supply,
And we should rejoyce it were honest *P[u]l[tene]y.*
Should this come about,
You need not to doubt,
But ev'ry good Subject would joyfully shout.
Then *Englishmen* need not look to their *Hits,*
For *no Man* would *bubble* them out of their *Wits.*

Suppose it should hap, that he still keeps his Place,
And stems the strong Current of stronger Disgrace,
We hope that our *Liberties, Properties, Laws,*
Our good Mother *Church,* and the *Protestant Cause,*
Will not suffer a Jot,
For a Blot is a Blot,
Untill it be hit; and 'tis then soon forgot.
But *Englishmen, Englishmen,* look to your *Hits,*
Let no body *bubble* you out of your *Wits.*

[1] For Charters, see the introductory note to *On Colonel Francisco,* p. 34. Within a few weeks after the appearance of this ballad Pulteney wrote: 'I know but one other estate in England which hath been scraped together by such means; and I make it a question whether all mankind will not allow the proprietor of it to be the honester man. Him I mean whom you [Walpole] lately saved from the gallows; and it is the only thing you ever did in your life for nothing when you had an opportunity of making a penny; but perhaps you might think the similitude of your characters and circumstances made it impolitic to let him suffer the punishment which he deserved.'—*An Answer to One Part of a late Infamous Libel,* p. 43.

But what is the *Ultimate End* and *Design*
Of the States-Man so great, you nor I can divine;
Some say it is one thing, and some say another,
Surmises are fruitless, and vain is a Pother.
So let all that pass;
He sure is an Ass,
Who can, and will not see a Snake in the Grass.
Then *Englishmen, Englishmen,* be not perplex'd,
But raise up your Spirits, and stand to the Text.

What signify three or four Thousand good Pounds,
To a Man, who in *Plumes,* without Number, abounds?
The Sum is a Trifle, provided his Name
Can be thereby enroll'd in the Annals of Fame.
But hard is their Fate,
Who have no Estate,
We little Ones pay for the Faults of the ¶Great.
Yet *Englishmen, Englishmen,* be not perplex'd,
But raise up your Spirits, and stand to the Text.

Divines do affirm, the Wealth that is given
To Mortals, should purchase a Treasure in Heaven;
I wish they would follow the Doctrine they Preach,
And strictly observe the same Rules they do Teach.
But it is not so,
We very well know,
For we see to the Wall that the weakest must go.
Then *Englishmen, Englishmen,* be not perplex'd,
But raise up your Spirits, and stand to the Text.

I may boldly declare, there is no Man alive
But would willingly see Hospitality thrive;
Yet Men, when it seldom does happen, will say,
'Tis to Hoodwink our Minds, and to lead us astray;
They talk without Book,
And in it don't look,
For who that has Sense, with such Baits wou'd be took?
However, let *Englishmen* mind well their *Hits,*
And no one can bubble 'em out of their Wits.

We talk, and we guess at the Worst and the Best,
The Secret the Great Man does keep in his Breast;
I Prophesy e're a few Months are blown over,
That we shall the deep hidden Secret discover.
Tho' as yet 'tis not seen,
Sure it never can mean
The slow Demolishing of *D[unkir]k* to screen.
However, let *Englishmen* mind well their Hits,
And no one can bubble 'em out of their Wits.

¶ *Quicquid delirant* [for *deleruni*] *reges, p[l]ectuntur Achivi.*

Now when all 's said and done, Heav'n bless our good King,
And send Peculators in Halters to swing;
Projectors of Taxes and needless Devices
To cram their own Pockets and Bags at a Crisis,
Are certainly worse,
And merit a Curse
More than they who are hang'd for cutting a Purse.
Then *Englishmen, Englishmen,* be not perplex'd,
But raise up your Spirits, and stand to your Text.

No. XVI

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD

HUMBLY INSCRIB'D TO THE DUUMVIRI

It was noticed in Walpole's own day that the two epithets most frequently brought against him were ' blundering ' and ' corrupt '. The one had reference chiefly to his foreign, the other to his domestic, policy. The ballad entitled *Robin Will be Out at Last* (No. VI) might be called a Song of Corruption, the present one a Ballad of Blunders. The charge made in this ballad was made over and over again, most picturesquely, perhaps, by Sir William Wyndham, who one day in Parliament ' took notice of the unsteadiness of our counsels, and observed, that of late years our measures had been in a perpetual fluctuation; that Penelope-like, we were continually weaving and unravelling the same web; at one time raising up the Emperor to depress France, and now we were for depressing the Emperor, which could not be done without aggrandizing France, which, in the end, may make the latter too powerful ' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. viii, p. 530). The answer to this charge was well put in a passage in *A Letter to the Occasional Writer*. The answer is there said to be a very plain and short one: ' 'Tis not the Emperor, nor France, nor Spain, nor this nor the other potentate, to whom we must keep up a perpetual opposition, or grant a constant assistance. Power will always be fluctuating among the princes of Europe; and wherever the present flow of it appears (especially in open and direct violations of our just rights), there is our enemy, there the proper object of our fears.'

The date of this ballad is determined from the topical reference in the last stanza. The accident to their Majesties occurred November 21, 1730. The ballad probably appeared not long thereafter.

From *Robin's Panegyrick; or, The Norfolk Miscellany*, Part II (B.M., 8132. a. 92. 2).

FULL Forty long Years has *Old England* complain'd
Of Taxes of all Sorts and Sizes:
Much Blood has been spilt, much Wealth has been drein'd,
Yet still she good Counsel despises.

If Crowns she confers, and Kingdoms divides,
With which she has nothing to do;
Yet no one can blame her for oft changing Sides,
To her *own Kings* just so she is *true*.

To pull down the *French*, to raise up the *Dutch*,
The *Spaniard* and *German* to save;
For herself to do nothing, for others too much,
If not *Wise*, at least, it was *Brave*.[1]

At length comes a Peace, and *France* is caress'd,
For *France* is a *faithful Ally*!
Then *Germans* are rais'd, the *Spaniard* oppress'd,
And all this without knowing why.[2]

Our Admiral nobly the *Spaniard* surpriz'd,
Burnt his Ships ere a War did begin;[3]
And just as the Powers more potent advis'd,
Poor SAVOY'S *turn'd out*, and *turn'd in*.[4]

Then *Germans* and *Spaniards* united she dares,
And enters undaunted the Lists;[5]
Secur'd by the *Hessians*, *Old England* ne'er fears,
And *Great Wolfenbuttle*'s caress'd![6]

Our Trade will be lost, all *England* wear Chains,
Don CARLOS to *Italy*'s sent;
New Taxes, more Troops, employ all our Pains,
This fatal design to prevent.[7]

Cry-a-Mercy! it seems this is a Mistake,
For Int'rest the *Don* we must aid;
Our *Ancient Ally* we now must forsake,
Of the *Emperor only* afraid.[8]

Such Conduct must lead us, *Jove* only knows whither;
Yet Order may spring from Confusion:
'Tis Peace, it is War, 'tis both, it is neither,
Effects of a *Blest Rev[oluti]on*![9]

[1] The policy which preceded, and culminated in, the Peace of Utrecht (1713).

[2] The reference here is to the Triple Alliance of 1717 between England, France, and the Dutch States. This alliance favoured Austria as against Spain.

[3] Sir George Byng destroyed the Spanish fleet off Cape Passaro, in August, 1718. England and Spain were not then at war. The English fleet was acting in the service of the Emperor.

[4] By the terms of the Quadruple Alliance (1718), Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, was 'turned out' of the possession of Sicily, and 'turned into' the possession of Sardinia.

[5] By the treaty of Hanover (1725).

[6] Hessian troops were kept in English pay. A convention with the Duke of Wolfenbüttel was drawn up in 1727.

[7] It had been maintained by Ministerial writers, and in Parliament by Walpole himself, that the succession of Don Carlos to Parma, Tuscany, and Placentia would be very detrimental to English commerce; but this note was changed (as the next stanza says) when it was learned that the treaty of Seville (November 1729) provided for that succession. See *The Craftsman*, Nos. 162, 163.

[8] By the treaty of Seville (1729), Spain joined England and France in defensive alliance against the Emperor, 'our ancient ally'.

[9] *The Craftsman*, No. 164, commented on the 'revolutions in politics' with which England had recently been 'blessed'.

O ROBIN! O HORACE! ye Brethren *so wise*!
Who Matters of State so well handle,
At least take away, we humbly advise,
The Taxes on *Soap* and on *Candle*.[1]

To your Honours it is sufficient Pretence
To order Repeal to those Laws,
That our Ladies no more (to save the Expence
Of Washing) be forc'd to wear Gause.[2]

Their Majesties then, whene'er they desire,
With Safety may ramble at Night;
Nor *tumble in Ditches*, nor *wallow in Mire*,
For want of a Halfpenny Light.[3]

No. XVII

THE SQUIRE AND THE CARDINAL

To the Tune of *King John and the Abbot.*

In October 1730 a news item appeared in *The Daily Courant* to the effect that army officers from France were raising recruits in Ireland, and that their operations were not to be carried on in a clandestine manner, as formerly, but openly. *The Craftsman* of November 7 reprinted the item in question, and condemned the project as putting at the French King's command a body of Roman Catholic troops who might easily be enlisted in the service of the Pretender. The scheme was further treated as a phase of the Ministry's excessive complaisance for France. On November 11 *The Daily Courant* published a letter discrediting the news, though in a shambling and non-committal manner, and insinuating that it had been forged by *The Craftsman*. This weak disclaimer *The Craftsman* ridiculed in an 'extraordinary' number (November 18); and in its issue

[1] The duties on soap and candles were especially unpopular. In February 1729 the Opposition endeavoured to have them removed, but without success.

[2] 'We are advised also, that the ladies of that quarter [St. James's] have lately taken a whim of dressing in *gause heads*, the colour of which being grey, it has this excellence, that it appears *dirty* when it is new, and gives the whole *coiffure* an air *altogether foreign*.'—*Fog's Weekly Journal*, December 13, 1729.

[3] 'On Saturday their Majesties, accompanied with several persons of distinction, took the air at Richmond, and dined there; but on their return in the evening, it being very dark, and blowing so hard that they could not keep their flambeaux lighted, the King's coach was unhappily overturned near Peterborough House by a great hill of gravel that lay for mending the road. The coachman, finding he was going, stopt his horses; by which means the coach fell easily, and their Majesties, and two ladies of the bed-chamber that were in the coach, received no manner of hurt.'—*Read's Weekly Journal*, Saturday, Nov. 28, 1730.

of December 12 announcement was made that the project had fallen through. The failure of the plan was credited by *The Craftsman*, as by the ballad, to the wisdom of the King.

Irish troops were already in the service of both France and Spain, the French contingent consisting, according to *The Craftsman*, vol. vii, p. 140, of one regiment of horse and five regiments of foot. The only innovation in the new project, therefore, was (in addition to the increase of numbers) that the men should be recruited with his Majesty's permission.

There can be no doubt that a plan was really on foot for recruiting French forces in Ireland. It is referred to in a letter of Horace Walpole's (Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir R. W.*, vol. ii, p. 548), and is expressly mentioned in *The Free Briton* of November 26, 1730. 'Equally fallacious', said that journal, 'is the worn out and threadbare invective, that the councils of Britain are governed by the French; for if this was the case, surely Count Broglio, his Christian Majesty's Ambassador, could hardly have solicited 750 Irish recruits for the space of two years together.'

Several 'editions' of this ballad still survive. One of them (B. M. 1876, f. 1. 104) is furnished with a woodcut showing two figures (? Walpole and Fleury). From the mouth of each there issues a label. The one (? Walpole's) says, *Peace, Peace, Peace.* The other (? Fleury's) says, *No Peace for the Wicked.*

The purpose of this ballad was to cast discredit on Walpole's policy of alliance with France. Yet Pulteney, some ten years later, in recalling this incident in his speech on the motion for Walpole's removal, credited himself and his faction with disinterested motives. 'This, Sir,' said he, 'is a farther proof of our Minister's complaisance for France; and in order to add another to this, I must observe, that both France and Spain have Irish regiments in their service; but though those regiments are said to be in the service of France or Spain, and receive their pay from his most Christian or his most Catholic Majesty, yet they are properly in the service of the Pretender, and acknowledge him for their King and chief master. Therefore, if it is not treason, it is something very like treason, to assist or connive at the recruiting of those regiments in any of his Majesty's British dominions. Yet such was our Minister's complaisance for France, that, at their desire, he had like to have incurred being guilty of this crime. Nay, he would certainly have incurred it, and those regiments would have been recruited openly in these kingdoms, and with the consent of our Administration, if some of those whom he had long looked on as his enemies, had not warned him of his danger; which shews that their opposition to his measures did not proceed from malice and resentment, as he has always insinuated, but from a sincere regard to the good of their country; for surely a malicious enemy would have been glad to have seen him commit such a criminal error, and would, therefore, have taken care not to prevent his being guilty of it, by fore-warning him of his danger' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. xi, p. 1279).

Horace Walpole—the 'Squire' of the ballad—was Ambassador to France.

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1730) in the Harvard Library. It was published in December of that year (*Monthly Chronicle*).

I'll tell you a Story, a Story so merry,
Of a wise *Norfolk* Squire and Cardinal *Fleury*:
I mean not to sing of this Cardinal's Might,
How he led in a String both the Squire and the Knight.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

But how he and the *Pope* a Project did forge,
To get tall *Irishmen* to fight with King GEORGE;
An Army to make for the *Popish Pretender,*
Against the good King, of our Faith the Defender.
Derry down.

To this Cardinal high, with his Bonnet so red,
Quoth *H[ora]ce,* the Squire, polite and well bred,
Adieu, my Good Lord, is there aught I can do,
At *England*'s fair Court, for your King or for you?
Derry down.

Dear Friend, said the Priest, procure us, with Ease,
Some tall *Irishmen* for *Dunkirk*'s Jettees:
If you will but allow us a Man for each Stone,
How rarely we'll settle your King on his Throne!
Derry down.

When *H[ora]ce* came Home, ere he pull'd off his Boots,
He ask'd our good King for these *Irish* Recruits;
To this Cardinal (Liege) if we are not civil,
Both my Brother and I must go to the D[ev]il.
Derry down.

Oh! *H[ora]ce,* of late thou art turn'd a meer Fool,
The *French* shall not run my Men nor my Wool;
If this silly Request I should grant unto thee,
Thy Head would be taken from thy Body.
Derry down.

The Recruits which the *French* for *Dunkirk* demand,
For all that they yet have pull'd down on that Strand,
Ere many Years pass may attempt to come over,
As they try'd once before from *Dunkirk* to *Dover.*
Derry down.

Ten Thousand like them, in Battle Array,
Tho' I fear not myself, my good People may;
Then the King, who no more of this Matter would hear,
Sent *H[ora]ce* away with a Flea in his Ear.
Derry down.

No. XVIII

THE DUEL: A BALLAD

To the Tune of *King John and the Abbot.*

This duel, famous in its day, was fought, January 25, 1731, between Lord Hervey and Mr. Pulteney as the result of a pamphleteering controversy. Early in January a pamphlet appeared, entitled *Sedition and Defamation Displayed,* to which was prefixed a *Dedication to the Patrons of the Craftsman.* This drew from Pulteney *A Proper Reply to a late scurrilous Libel, intitled, Sedition and Defamation Displayed, in a Letter to the Author.* In this pamphlet Hervey was treated with the same brutality, though not with the same finesse, which Pope afterwards employed in the Sporus passage. Not even Hervey could overlook such an insult, and a duel ensued.

Two contemporary letters, the one by Thomas Pelham (Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir R. W.*, vol. iii, p. 88), the other by Lady A. Irwin (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Rept. XV, Append. Part VI, p. 80), give information about the duel. According to Pelham, Lord Hervey sent a message to Mr. Pulteney, asking whether he was the author of *A Proper Reply to Sedition and Defamation Displayed,* to which Pulteney made answer that he must first know whether Lord Hervey was the author of the *Dedication* prefixed to *Sedition and Defamation Displayed.* Hervey's answer having been received, Pulteney virtually admitted that he had written the pamphlet of which Hervey inquired, 'and accordingly, on Monday last, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, they met in the Upper St. James's Park, behind Arlington-street, with their two seconds, who were Mr. Fox and Sir J. Rushout'. The report came to Lady Irwin that 'when Lord Hervey sent the challenge, he desired to meet him next morning, but Mr. Polteney with great unconcern sent him word he had business for the next day, but would meet him in an hour; which accordingly they did, and, in the most snowy day we have had, stripped to their shirts, and went to it in the Park'.

The duel was not such a one-sided and pusillanimous affair as the ballad pretends. Both combatants were slightly wounded; and at one time, says Pelham, 'Mr. Pulteney had so much the advantage of Lord Hervey, that he would have infallibly run my lord through the body, if his foot had not slipt, and then the seconds took an occasion to part them. Upon which Mr. Pulteney embraced Lord Hervey, and expressed a great deal of concern at the accident of their quarrel, promising at the same time that he would never personally attack him again either with his mouth or his pen; Lord Hervey made him a bow, without giving him any sort of answer, and (to use the common expression) thus they parted.'

Lady Irwin fancies that upon the whole the duel 'will turn to Lord Hervey's service, he knowing well how to make a merit of this at Court; and besides, most people had the same opinion of Lord Hervey before Mr. Polteney drew his character with so much wit; but nobody before this adventure thought he had the courage to send a challenge'.

This ballad is reprinted from *Robin's Panegyrick; or, The Norfolk Miscellany,* Part II (B. M., 8132. a. 92. 2).

I MEAN not sad Treason or Scandal to sing,
Of the Queen, or the Duke,[1] or the Prince, or the King:
Nor yet any Riff-raff from me shall you hear—O,
To the Tune, and that all, of old *Lilly burlero.*
Derry down, &c.

But I sing of a Combat so fierce and so stout,
'Twixt a Youth that is *In,* and a Man that is *Out*;
'Twixt a 'Squire that can use both a Pen and a Sword,
And a *Lordling* who is, but may be a *Lord.*

It matters not how this Quarrel did rise,
With *Miss* and — with *Master,* and *Master* and *Miss*;[2]
Or whether a Coward he should not be stil'd,
Sets his Sword to a *Woman,* and Wit to a *Child.*

It was whisper'd full soft in the Favourite's Ear,
There was nothing but Blood that his Honour could clear;
And 'twas hop'd the bold 'Squire the bad Fortune might meet,
To be murther'd, if beaten, and hang'd if he beat.[3]

After long Consultation, a Challenge there went,
To the Champion's Renown, and to Knighthood's Content;
But the 'Squire cry'd out some Folks are wiser than some,
So I shan't budge an Inch; if he comes let him come.

So the *Courtier* he waits on the *Foe to the Court,*
And their Wrath it was great, tho' their Swords were but short,
As if little Harm they intended to do,
For the Blades, had they enter'd, cou'd scarce have reach'd thro'.

When their Weapons were measur'd, to Battle they rush,
And with Wit and with Anger, they parry and push;
Nay, they shorten'd their Swords, and afresh they begun,
And some Mischief, for certain, there might have been done.

But the Seconds forbad it, who rightly suppos'd,
'Twas high time they were parted, when once they were clos'd;
So some Sweat there was lost, and some Blood there was spill'd,
But they both were so spiteful, that neither was kill'd.

[1] The King's youngest son, William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland.

[2] 'But though it would be barbarous to handle such a delicate Hermaphrodite, such a pretty little Master-Miss, in too rough a manner, yet you must give me leave, my dear, to give you a little gentle correction for your own good' (Pulteney's *Proper Reply,* &c., p. 6). The reader will recall Pope's

His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this,*
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis.—*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,* 323–5.

[3] Pulteney's party maintained that the duel was a scheme of Walpole's, the purpose of which was the removal of Pulteney. There are two prints of the duel in the British Museum, which show Walpole looking secretly and smilingly on.—*Catalogue of Prints and Drawings,* Satires, vol. ii, nos. 1867, 1868.

Now there needed no Surgeon at all to be found,
The *Lordling* to dress, or take Care of his Wound;
For *Sir Blue* did the Bus'ness, as Members do tell,
For he stroak'd it, and kiss'd it, and so made it well.

Then he safely got off. Sure he means not to fight
With all that are Foes to the *Blue Ribband* Knight;
For his Work wou'd be large, he might meet Hand to Hand
Ev'ry Man without *Pension* and *Place* in the Land.

Dear 'Squire, you were wrong to let Bullies alarm ye,
You may tilt at this rate, with the whole Royal Army:
Any Scrub, with a Sword, may require t'other Bout,
And may get a Commission, by fighting *without.*

'Twill be mere Woman's Work, never done, as they say;
Have you reckon'd the Thousands abroad in our Pay?
Since if *Great Britain*'s Troops thro' the Guts cannot run ye,
Wolfenbuttle and *Hesse* may be drawn out upon ye.

They have Odds then at Sharps, let your Pen make them smart,
For that very Stab pierces home to the Heart:
Let your Sword rest in Quiet, your Combat has shown,
Tho' their Weapons are blunt, you may bleed by your own.

At least, 'tis beneath you with Vassals to fight,
Go and enter the Lists, and *Sa Sa* with the Knight;
Tho' your Conquest will small Satisfaction afford,
For 'twould vex Friend and Foe, should he die by the Sword.

No. XIX

JOURNALISTS DISPLAYED

A New Ballad

To the *Old* Tune of *Lilleburlero.*

Every reader of *The Craftsman* will appreciate the keenness, even if he would not grant the truth, of this satire on the narrow circle of interest and the mere factiousness of opposition displayed in that journal. This ballad was published in *Read's Weekly Journal* and in *The London Journal* for February 6, 1731. It is here reprinted, however, from a broadside (undated) in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. ii, no. 908), except that the refrain is italicized, as in the newspaper version.

Dear Friend, have you heard the fantastical Chimes,
Ribbledum, Scribbledum, Fribbledum, Flash,
As sung by the *Journalists,* all of our Times?
Satyrum, Traytorum, Treasondom, Trash.

Popery, Slavery, Bribery, Knavery,
Irruptions, Corruptions, and Some-body's Fall,
Pensions and Places, Removes and Disgraces,
And something and nothing, the Devil and all.

These Sparks they eternally harp on a String,
Ribbledum, Scribbledum, Fribbledum, Flash,
And this is the Song they on *Saturdays* sing,
Satyrum, Traytorum, Treasondum, Trash;
Popery, Slavery, Bribery, Knavery,
Irruptions, Corruptions, and Some-body's Fall,
Pensions and Places, Removes and Disgraces,
And something and nothing, the Devil and all.

In poreing you need not your Spirits to pall,
Ribbledum, Scribbledum, Fribbledum, Flash,
For when you've read One of them, then you've read All,
Satyrum, Traytorum, Treasondum, Trash;
Popery, Slavery, Bribery, Knavery,
Irruptions, Corruptions, and Some-body's Fall,
Pensions and Places, Removes and Disgraces,
And something and nothing, the Devil and all.

To frighten the Mob, all Inventions they try,
Ribbledum, Scribbledum, Fribbledum, Flash,
But Money 's their Aim, tho' their Country 's the Cry,
Satyrum, Traytorum, Treasondum, Trash;
Popery, Slavery, Bribery, Knavery,
Irruptions, Corruptions, and Some-body's Fall,
Pensions and Places, Removes and Disgraces,
And something and nothing, the Devil and all.

That the Joke is a stale one, we very well know,
Ribbledum, Scribbledum, Fribbledum, Flash,
'Twas just the same, Ages and Ages ago,
Satyrum, Traytorum, Treasondum, Trash;
Popery, Slavery, Bribery, Knavery,
Irruptions, Corruptions, and Some-body's Fall,
Pensions and Places, Removes and Disgraces,
And something and nothing, the Devil and all.

I'll tell you the Way, these Complainants to quell,
Ribbledum, Scribbledum, Fribbledum, Flash,
Give all of them Places, and all will be well,
Satyrum, Traytorum, Treasondum, Trash;
'Twill be no more Slavery, Bribery, Knavery,
Irruptions, Corruptions, and Some-body's Fall,
But stand up for Royalty! punish Disloyalty!
Stock it and Pocket the Devil and all.

No. XX

THE CHELSEA MONARCH

OR

MONEY RULES ALL

A New Court Ballad

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

This ballad had the honour of being presented to the Grand Jury, with some other offensive pieces, 'in the usual terms of false, infamous, scandalous, seditious, and treasonable libels'. We need not be surprised that the ballad was selected for official condemnation, for it ranges over various departments of activity and various classes of society, and pronounces all bad. Unlike most of the satires in this collection, it is impartial in its condemnation. Opposition as well as Ministerial writers, citizens as well as courtiers, are tainted with the lust of gold. It is the cry of the cynic. Cynicism was certainly a natural sentiment at that time, and justifiable then if ever. The present expression of it, though rude, is not unimpressive, especially in the last stanza; and it is interesting throughout from the point of view of politics and society.

It is needless to say that the monarch is Walpole, who had a house in Chelsea. The ballad was published in May (*Monthly Chronicle*), and was presented in July (*Grub Street Journal*, July 15, 1731).

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1731) in the Bodleian (G. Pamph. 1665. 12).

Tho' Money thus Reigns—as by Title Divine,
Yet Conspirers there were—'tis a Matter of Fact,
Who had form'd in their Hearts a trait'rous Design,
And the Bill against Pensions was an Overt-Act.
Yet on the Debate,
We baffled our Fate,
And Corruption was voted a Pillar of State.
Thus for eight Months to come, we are out of our Pain,
Till *S[a]ndys* with his Motion, shall vex us again.[1]

Should a Fervor of Blood, a Fit of Desire,
Or the Folly of Youth incline ye to Vice,
For Money Dame *Bond*, will do all ye require,
And the Damsel seduce to your Arms in a trice:

[1] The Place Bill (or Pension Bill), introduced by Samuel Sandys, required Members to take public oath in the House that they did not, directly or indirectly, hold any pension or place of limited term or dependent upon the pleasure of the Crown; and further provided that in case they accepted such place or pension during their membership, they should declare the same to the House within fourteen days. Since the majority of Walpole's adherents held places or pensions, the effect of this Bill is obvious. It passed the Commons, but was thrown out in the Lords (February, 1731).

If to Honour inclin'd,
You a Title would find,
The M[o]n[a]rch at *Chelsea*, will this Way prove kind:
Your GUINEAS success in each Suit will procure,
And gain with like ease, either Patient or Whore.

'Tis MONEY my Lads does all's to be done,
'Tis Gold that makes War, 'tis Gold makes it cease;
The Way to apply it, had some People known,
'Tis odds that 'ere this, they had bought us a *Peace*.
Yet it can't be deny'd,
They their utmost have try'd,
And given large Earnest on every Side.
Which tho' all proves in vain, yet 'tis certainly Thought,
We shall have a *Peace*,—when we're not worth a Groat.

By Wealth in the uppermost Seats we are set,
However 'tis gotten 'tis sure of Respect;
Since Riches then rules, 'tis our Bus'ness to get,
Nor ever for Form, occasion Neglect.
If the Gain but abounds,
Ne'er mind how it sounds,
Pence, Half-pence and Farthings soon Rise unto Pounds.
Do not C[o]mm[o]ns and L[o]rds, thus pick up their Store?
By the *Pawn-brokers* Trade, and the Spoils of the *Poor*.

The City that still is for making the most,
Dislike this New Trade, and resolved it should down,
The Scheme out of Spight, not from Justice they cross'd,
For what those took a Shilling, these oft took a Crown.
When it came to be try'd,
Too strict the Act ty'd,
Unto Honesty bound, our Citizens cry'd,
We'll e'en drop the Project, where first we began,
Face about as we were, and Cheat as Cheat can.[1]

In each Party this Itch after Money is seen,
In the Scribblers of State, and the Railers at Bar,
While *N[ic] A[mhurst]* for Gold is venting his Spleen,[2]
For Gold *P[i]t* and *A[rno]ld* talk stiff by the Hour:

[1] The reference in this stanza and at the end of the preceding one is to the Charitable Corporation. On March 15 a petition from the City of London was presented to the Commons, complaining that this corporation exacted illegal rates of interest and sold unredeemed goods at prices prejudicial to fair traders. Upon examination it was found that excessive charges had been made, and a Bill was consequently introduced in the Commons, April 13, for restraining and regulating the practices of the corporation. It passed without opposition; but its introduction was late, and Parliament was prorogued before it could be approved by the Lords.—*Political State*, vol. xli, pp. 184–93, 310; vol. xlii, pp. 476, 488, 623–38.

[2] Pit conducted *The London Journal* under the pseudonym of F. Osborne. Arnold conducted *The Free Briton*. Both papers were under Walpole's patronage. Amhurst was editor of *The Craftsman*.

For the Sake of the Pence,
Against Reason and Sense,
For every bad Measure find some weak Pretence.
On Chance and on Fortune they can lay each Disaster,
And prove themselves Fools as great as their Master.

Let each Noodle no longer stand scratching his Head,
But if at Preferment the Fool would arrive,
Let him hear but my *Ballad*, if sung or if said,
And I'll warrant ye Lads it shall teach ye to thrive.
Be sure you get Wealth,
Tho' by Fraud or by Stelth,
Nor stick at a Crime, so it bring but the Pelf.
For Gold in this Age is the Thing that 's held dear,
And is Mistress at once both to *Porter* and *Peer*.

Now well fare the *Pensioners*, who firmly have stood,
For the Freedom of Bribery as if for the Gown,
May a See Out of *Wales* be on *S[herloc]k* bestow'd,
For his Speech so well tim'd tho' the Jest of the *Town*.
I perceive it quoth he,
Independant they'd be,
Ah! then my good L[o]rds, what a Sight should we see:
Five Hundred unbrib'd!—If they once should come there,
They'd make us turn *Honest*, or *Useless*, I fear![1]

Whate'er were at Home—Foreign Nations decide,
By the Samples we send in our Agents of State,
Yet where Merit and Parts our Chorus should guide,
'Tis Money and Interest, that ends the Debate.
As lately there were
Of Brother's a Pair,
Since *England* was *England*, their Match was seen ne'er;[2]
Whence we pass all Abroad, by the help of these Rules,
For a Nation of Dupes, and an Island of Fools.

For tho' Int'rest sways here—yet often abroad,
Both Honour and Country, takes place of their Gain,
Of this we too often, Examples have had,
And one very late, from the Friendship of *Sp[ain.]*

[1] Walpole allowed the Place Bill to pass the Commons with little resistance, in order that the odium of its rejection might rest upon the Lords. In the debate there, February 20, Sherlock, Bishop of Bangor, argued that Commons, Lords, and Crown should be mutually dependent upon one another, but that this Bill endangered this balance of power by giving to the Commons rights and privileges which would render them 'independent'. 'It is incredible', says Tindal, 'what use his speech was put to. . . . The speech, torn into scraps, was hackneyed round the kingdom; and none of the common writers for the Ministry had either understanding or knowledge of the constitution sufficient to vindicate the speaker.'—Rapin's *History of England*, continued by Tindal, vol. xx, p. 86.

[2] The reference must be to Horace Walpole and his brother-in-law, Isaac Leheup.

Where not very long since,
At their own Expence,
They have built on our Harbour, a Fort of Defence;[1]
Should our Enemies come, they that coming might rue,
And if e'er Things shou'd change—we may e'en rue it too.

Tho' Money we covet—we scorn the mean Thought
Of earning it fairly, as other Fools do;
At home first 'tis wrought, then abroad it is brought,
Our Stocks gain Estates, and that at one throw;
Nay, mark what I sing,
To our Doors we it bring,
And a Lottery supplies all the Trade o'th' Spring;
Where the Lucky by chance, grow rich at their ease,
Nor ventures their Goods, or themselves on the Seas.[2]

D'ye Lustre affect, d'ye wish to be Great,
Have ye fix'd your Desire, on a Post or a Wife;
Would ye shine in the Church, would ye rise in the State,
Make Money the End, and the Aim of your Life.
Be it all your Design,
To grasp at the Coin,
For the want then of Nothing, you need to repine;
As I told you at first, it is Gold that 's held dear,
And whate'er Rules elsewhere—it is Gold that Rules HERE.

No. XXI

FIRST OARS TO L[A]M[BE]TH

OR

WHO STRIVES FOR PREFERMENT

Again we have a ballad on which the Government laid heavy hands. *The Craftsman* of May 29, 1731, says: 'On Wednesday two hawkers were seized by the two Willis's, informers, for crying about a paper called, *First Oars to Lambeth*, &c., and were sent to Tothill Fields, Bridewell.' The Government's displeasure was incurred, we may assume, not by the bad

[1] The rumour was current that the Spaniards had erected fortifications at Gibraltar.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. i, pp. 270 and 431.

[2] The commissioners and managers of the State lottery of 1731 were appointed May 18 (*Political State*, vol. xli, pp. 525–6). Drawing did not begin until October. There were 80,000 tickets at 10 pounds each, but the gaming spirit ran so high that the price rose to 16 guineas. The practice of lotteries was naturally attacked and deplored.

verses, but by their scandalous content. The matter in question is a little obscure, and is not much cleared up by another piece entitled, *The Mitre, A Tale in Hudibrastick Verse, Describing 3 Bishops in Lawn Sleeves rowing for a See*, which, in all its hundred and fifty lines, has not even the merit of telling the story. However, we know that Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, was ill (*Daily Courant*, May 6, 1731); and the report may have gone abroad that his condition was very serious. Whereupon three Bishops—Hoadly of Salisbury, Gibson of London, and Blackburne of York—conducted themselves in such a way as to make it apparent that they coveted the place. That Hoadly and Blackburne came up to London to be on the ground with Gibson cannot be doubted; but their crossing the Thames to Lambeth may be only a metaphorical presentment of their ambition. *The Mitre* says:

> Three Mariners from diff'rent Sees,
> Who understood both Waves and Breeze,
> . . . . . .
> In London met and held dispute
> In which they all were resolute.

But the time was not ripe. As *The Mitre* puts it:

> 'Twas news ill-timed, and false alarms,
> Presented them ambitious charms.
> The man whose place each thought to take,
> Is yet alive, and still a WAKE.

Joseph Mitchell alluded to the incident in the following year, remarking—

> How England's *Metropolitan*, tho' ill,
> To certain *Prelates'* sorrow, holds it still.
> (*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. ii, p. 1076.)

It was again referred to in *The State Weather-cocks*, of 1734.

> These are the Men who late to L[ambe]th row'd,
> Each hop'd the Pa[la]ce wou'd be his Abode;
> To reach the Landing-place they labour'd hard,
> Well wou'd the golden Prize their Pains reward.
> Their expectation cross'd too soon they found,
> They miss'd the Channel, and then run a ground.

When Wake finally died, in 1736, none of these contestants was successful, the place being conferred on Bishop Potter of Oxford.

This ballad has heretofore been wrongly dated. The *Dictionary of National Biography* (art. Blackburn) dates it 1736, the year of Archbishop Wake's *actual* death. The *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum* (Satires, vol. iii, part i, no. 2867) dates it 1747, the year of Archbishop Potter's death. There can be no doubt of the date here given—May, 1731.

The ballad was issued in the form of a broadside with three columns of verse surmounted by an amusing woodcut representing three bishops in lawn sleeves rowing across the Thames to Lambeth.

From a broadside (undated) in the British Museum (C. 20. f. 2. 291).

> At *L[a]m[be]th* dwells as fame Reports,
> A P[r]i[e]st of spotless Fame,
> Some Annual Thousands swell his Worth,
> And spread abroad his Name.

From sacred Crops his Coffers rise,
Yet who can Fate withstand?
His rival Tribe with envious Eyes
Behold the promis'd Land;

Whilst Meagre Death at Distance waits,
Th' expecting Crowd attends,
Each strives to Grasp the gilded Bait,
And each his Vows thus sends:

Vouchsafe, great Jove! when Breath forsakes
This Mass of Sattin'd L[a]w—n,
Let me possess the self same Place,
The self same T[em]p—le C[r]o[w]n.

Three M[i]t[r]'d Brethren, big with hope,
More eager than the rest,
Would fain be stil'd an *English P[o]p—e*,
And so commence high Priest.

Their various Consults all prepare,
Each Summons each his Friend,
Some fly to Int'rest, some to Pray'r,
T' attain their wish'd for End.

In this at length they all agree;
To Oars, my Friends, to Oars;
Ambition calls, let 's cross the *Thames*,
And steer for *Lambeth* Shore.

Who knows how soon kind Heav'n will please
Its Favours to dispose?
When Life 's upon the Wing, 'tis time,
To know our Friends from Foes.

Their Measures fix'd, the silent Night
Befriends the close Design,
The Sacerdotal Robe 's prepared,
The L[a]w—n and Sattin shine.

Three Boats attend; each Enters in,
Unweildly in his Seat;
The Scyphs move gently on, but shake
Beneath the holy Weight.

With awkward Strokes the Clumsy P—r[ie]sts
Divide the liquid Wave,
Now Stare before, now look behind,
And haste the Prize to save.

H[oa]d[l]y with headstrong Zeal inspir'd,
Vows he'll compleat the Work,
Whilst *G[i]b[so]n* Tugs and Toils in vain
T' o'ertake the furious *Y[o]r—k.*

Thus at *New-Market* have I seen
Three founder'd Jades set out,
With Clumsy Riders on their Backs,
To scour the Plain about.

The royal Plate adorns the Goal,
And Tempts the rider's Eyes,
But Horse and Man are so alike,
That neither gains the Prize.

No. XXII

THE STATESMAN'S FALL

OR

SIR BOB IN THE DUST

A New Hunting Song from Windsor

To the Tune of *To all ye Ladies now at Land.*

In August 1731, Walpole met with an accident which had too striking a symbolical significance to be overlooked. On Saturday, the 14th, he hunted, as usual on Saturdays, in New Park at Richmond, accompanied by the King, the Prince of Wales, and a number of other distinguished persons. During the chase his horse fell under him. He escaped unhurt; but the Queen ordered him to be bled, by way of precaution (*London Journal*, August 21, 1731). An irresistible subject for a political song!

Wilkins, thinking this ballad had to do with Walpole's political fall in 1742, assigned it to that date (*Political Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 284).

From *Robin's Panegyrick; or The Norfolk Miscellany*, Part III (B. M., 8132. a. 92. 2).

Ye *Hunters* all at *Hampton-Court*,
And eke at *Windsor* too,
Who chase the Stag with manly Sport,
My Song is meant for you:
And fraught with Cautions worth your Care,
Tho' set to no *Italian* Air.

With a fa, la la la, &c.

A Truth my Ditty shall declare,
  Fit Warning for ye All,
How Arrogance in full Career,
  Hath often met a Fall.
Then ride not, *Courtiers*, quite so fast,
Lest, like Sir B O B,—you trip at last.
With a fa, la la la, &c.

The Tale I tell is of a K[nigh]t,
  Whom all of ye must know,
Who, tho' a clumsey, toothless Wight,
  Is yet a Jocky Beau.
In Body gross, of Saffron Hue,
Deck'd forth in Green, with Ribband Blue.
With a fa, la la la, &c.

His Person, Parts, and Wit proclaim
  Him of *La Mancha*'s Breed,
With all of *Sancho* in his Frame,
  And *Quixot* in his Head.
From native Bronze, and starch'd Grimace,
Surnam'd the *Knight of Rueful Face.*
With a fa, la la la, &c.

When on his Steed so stately set,
  And his Attendants by,
His Vanity out-run his Wit,
  To see himself so high:
He thought he ne'er could go too far,
So, *Jehu*-like, rode Whip and Spur.
With a fa, la la la, &c.

His Mare, of *English* Mettle bold,
  Uneasy at his Weight,
Found, as he on her Main laid hold,
  How awkwardly he sat:
Unus'd at such a Rate to go,
She kick'd—and laid her Rider low.
With a fa, la la la, &c.

In piteous Plight Sir Knight was found,
  Whom Fear and Hurt did stun;
While *Sorrel* frisk'd and caper'd round,
  As proud of what she'd done;
Some thought (for I the Truth must speak)
He'd broke his Bones—most wish'd his Neck.
With a fa, la la la, &c.

But tho' their pious Hopes were vain!
  Yet so much hurt was he,
That all the *Esculapian* Train
  In Judgment did agree,
His Case, when rightly understood,
Demanded *proper loss of Blood.*
With a fa, la la la, &c.

Now to my Song you've lent an Ear,
  Pray give it Credit due;
Since on my Honour I aver,
  That all I've said is true:
Tho' some who're prone to *Allegory,*
Would archly thus unfold my Story.
With a fa, la la la, &c.

They'd say, that by the Knight is meant,
  One at the H[e]lm, who steers,
Who eke the Mare of G[o]ver[n]m[en]t
  Has switch'd these many Years:
Yet thick in Skull, in Judgment addle,
  He scarce knows how to sit his Saddle.
With a fa, la la la, &c.

With Thought profound they say likewise,
  That they the Secret spy,
How, in a Hunting quaint Disguise,
  A P[arliame]t doth lie:
Another Riddle this unlocks,
That by the Stag—is meant a *Fox.*[1]
With a fa, la la la, &c.

As to the Fall, with equal Skill,
  They've found a new Pretence;
They own the Word is proper still,
  But in another Sense:
For *Bleeding*—that, they say, is clear,
It means the *Axe* and *Jugular.*
With a fa, la la la, &c.

[1] Spain.

No. XXIII

THE CONFESSION, IMPENITENCE, AND DESPAIR

OF

HAL. GAMBOL

To the Tune of *The Dame of Honour.*

The unsteady and immoral character of Bolingbroke, and above all, his intrigues with the Pretender at the end of Queen Anne's reign, were a severe check upon his services to the Opposition. He was as persistently attacked and defamed by the Ministerial newspapers as Walpole was by *The Craftsman.* Makers of ballads took up the cue, as this specimen will testify.

From *A Collection of New State Songs in Old Popular Tunes* (dated 1732) by Jeremiah Van Jews-Trump, Esq. (B. M., 1076. m. 25).

Tho' Times are turn'd, I'm still the same,
No *Changling* as you see, Sir;
For which I'm counted much to blame,
But what 's all that to me, Sir:
Two *Reigns* ago I held a *Place,*
Tho' young, a raw Beginner,
And wanton'd in my *Sov'reign*'s Grace,
When I was a *graceless* Sinner.

When good Queen Anne dismiss'd her Friends,
And plac'd her *Foes* about her;
The Moment we had gain'd our Ends,
We meant to do without her:
There was a reptile vagrant *Thing,*
That stroll'd in Quest of Dinner,
We purpos'd to have made our K[in]g,
When I was a *graceless* Sinner.

Therefore with *France* we *Peace* did make,
And gave back what was *won,* Sir;
Gave Lewis Pow'r, for Perkin's[1] sake,
To mount him on the *Throne,* Sir:
The *Army* broke, our *Gen'ral*[2] too,
In *War* a Constant *Winner;*
To Perkin I was always true,
When I was a *graceless* Sinner.

[1] The Pretender. [2] Marlborough.

Our *Royal Mistress* lov'd the *Church,*
And so we all pretended;
But soon had left it in the Lurch,
With *her* that it *defended:*
Had J[ame]y come at my Request,
Whilst *Physick* kept Life in her,
I'd sent her then to Place of *Rest,*
When I was a *graceless* Sinner.

But *Whigs* came in, and we turn'd *out,*
The Moment she was dead, Sir;
Each scamper'd, total was the *Rout,*
And to *Heels* ow'd his *Head,* Sir:
Post-haste, by several Ways, we drive,
Thro' *thick* as well as *thinner,*
To join our monkish *Fugitive,*
When I was a *graceless* Sinner.

There each defy'd his *Country's Laws,*
And did with PERKIN range, Sir;
Till finding 'twas a *starving* Cause,
Some sicken'd at the Change, Sir:
We *Vags* that *stroll* from Place to Place,
To *Gypsies* next a-kin are;
I su'd at *Home* for Act of *Grace,*
When I was a *graceless* Sinner.

Which when obtain'd, I dreamt *they* would
Again try my Behaviour;
But find th' *Attainder* of my Blood
Revers'd, no Step to *Favour.*
Else by my youthful *Rakery,*
It cooler runs, [and] thinner
Yet barr'd by foul *Apostacy,*
I'm left now a *graceless* Sinner.

What then? a *Patriot* now I stand,
For I must still be doing;
And if I may not ride the *Land,*
Resolve its Peace to ruin.
A *Patriot* is a stubborn Thing
That stoops not for a Dinner;
Will *lose the Horse, or Saddle win,*
Altho' but a *graceless* Sinner.

To PERKIN thus I'm turn'd about,
Like Needle to the *North,* Sir,
And write to raise a *rabble Rout,*
And call *Confusion* forth, Sir:

I teach the *Church* can ne'er be safe,
But in a popish *Pr[in]ce,* Sir;
At which, I'm told, some People laugh,
That counted are Men of Sense, Sir.

I preach, that *Peace* will ruin *Trade,*
A *War* enrich the *Nation*;
That *Harmony*'s a Tune ill play'd,
And *Order* is *Desolation*:
That *Laws* will eat up *Liberty,*
And *Freedom* quite *enslave* us;
And that a popish *Tyranny,*
The only Thing is can *save* us.

These *Doctrines* tho' oft prov'd as true,
As two and two make five, Sir,
Have little Use, convince so few,
Scarce *Faction* keeps alive, Sir:
Of *Coblers* one, of *Botchers* two,
Nine *Knitters* and one *Spinner*;
No Mortal else believes them true,
So *graceless* now is a Sinner.

So common too is grown good Sense,
That I and *Cater-Cousin,*
With our joint Skill cou'd ne'er convince,
Above this *Baker*'s *Dozen:*
Right will be *right* in spite of *Wrong,*
And *Truth* be *Truth* Dev'l's in her;
Whence black *Despair* concludes the Song
Of a *hopeless, graceless* Sinner.

EXCISE BALLADS

In the spring of 1733 Walpole brought forward his famous Excise scheme. The project was to transfer tobacco and wine (the Wine Bill, however, was never brought in) from custom duties to what were called excise duties. The difference, as defined by Walpole, was that 'customs are duties paid by the merchant, upon *importation*; excises, duties payable by the retail trader upon consumption'. The new plan exempted tobacco and wine from duty at the custom-house on importation, provided for the storage of these articles in bonded warehouses, and for the payment of the duty upon them when drawn out for the retail trade. The abolition of import duties would have removed the chief incentive to smuggling, by which practice the Government was annually defrauded of large sums; and it would have checked frauds in the custom-house, which seemed unavoidable under the existing complicated system of duties and drawbacks, and which, like smuggling, entailed heavy losses upon the revenue. The sums thus saved would have permitted the reduction of the land tax by one shilling. This measure would have done much to conciliate the country gentry, who were by tradition disaffected towards the

Hanoverian dynasty, and who were complaining bitterly at their heavy burden of taxation. To offset all these advantages of the Bill the Opposition maintained that it would dangerously increase the power of the Crown (and of the Ministry) by giving it the appointment of large numbers of excise officers; that these officers would subject the houses and shops of merchants to constant search; that in case of dispute and the seizure of goods, the trial would be before commissioners with summary powers, instead of a jury; and that this Bill was but a step towards a general excise. In theory these objections were clearly and convincingly answered by Walpole in his speech on the first reading of the Bill; and in practice they were later disproved by Pitt, who in 1786 transferred the duties on wine from custom to excise with little difficulty and with beneficial results. But Walpole's opponents were not disposed to listen to reason nor to risk practice. Agitation was their cue; and it was carried on with every art that an artful opposition could devise. Cities and corporations throughout the kingdom were induced to draw up resolutions against any extension of the excise; ballads and pamphlets and caricatures were spread broadcast; wooden shoes were even imported from France in order that the entry of these symbols of oppression might be duly attested (*Daily Courant*, March 7, 1733). By methods such as these the whole country was thrown into a panic. Merchants and traders were persuaded that the new scheme meant the ruin of trade; the people in general apprehended that somehow it meant slavery. This is really not so inexplicable as it seems at first sight. It could be urged with some show of reason that the present Bill was only a step towards a general excise; the multiplication of excisemen into an 'army' could be effected on the basis of 600 salt-officers (*Craftsman*, vol. xi, p. 275); the subjection of shops and houses to frequent and arbitrary search was an assumption that rested on traditional dislike of excise officers; the denial of trial by jury in case of confiscation of goods could easily be pictured as oppression. And the warning of the great London merchants (many of whom owed large profits to smuggling and irregularities in the custom-house) that the Bill imperilled trade naturally carried authority among the smaller traders of the kingdom. On the part of the leaders, the opposition was in my opinion largely selfish and insincere; but among the people it was patriotic resentment against what they believed to be an attack upon their liberties and fortunes.

The three following pieces are those with which *The London Journal* (February 17, 1733) complained that the Opposition had 'ballad-sung the mob out of their senses'. The first two constitute *Britannia Excisa*, Parts I and II; the third might well have been called Part III. All three were printed on a single large sheet 'fit to be framed', together with the woodcuts with which each had been originally accompanied.

There is no need to point out how well these ballads were calculated to arouse the excitement, apprehension, and resentment of the mob. The first is accompanied by a woodcut representing a many-headed dragon (Excise), drawing a coach in which Walpole is seated. With his various throats the monster is gulping down various articles of food and drink, and is casting back a stream of gold into Walpole's lap. The ballad itself is a description of the monster and its ravages. The chorus is particularly seditious. The second ballad, passing from fancy to fact, enumerates, ironically, the blessings of excise, and culminates with a shrewd stroke in the last line. The third is designed to stir up resentment against the projectors of the scheme. The three ballads thus close in on different sides, each with a powerful, well-directed attack.

No. XXIV

BRITANNIA EXCISA:

BRITAIN EXCIS'D

A Ballad to be Sung in Time, and to some Tune

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1733) in the Harvard Library.

Folks talk of Supplies
To be rais'd by *Excise,*
Old CALEB[1] is bloodily nettl'd;
Sure BOB has more Sense,
Than to levy new Pence,
Or Troops, when his Peace is quite settl'd.
Horse, Foot, and Drago[o]ns,
Battalions, Platoons,
Excise, Wooden Shoes, and no Jury;
Then Taxes increasing,
While Traffick is ceasing,
Would put all the Land in a Fury.

From whence I conclude,
This is wrong understood,
From his Cradle BOB hated Oppression,
And our King Good and Great
Would have us All eat,
Then dread not, good People, next Session.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

See this Dragon,[2] EXCISE,
Has Ten Thousand Eyes,
And Five Thousand Mouths to devour us,
A Sting and sharp Claws,
With wide-gaping Jaws,
And a Belly as big as a Store-house.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

This Monster, Plague rot him!
The Pope first begot him,
From *Rome* to King *Lewis* he went;

[1] i.e. *The Craftsman,* which was conducted under the pseudonym of Caleb D'Anvers.
[2] Referring to the woodcut which accompanied the ballad.

From a *Papist* so true,
What Good can ensue?
No Wonder he'll make you keep *Lent.*
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

From *France* he flew over,
And landed at *Dover,*
To swill down your Ale and your Beer;
Now he swears he can't dine,
Without Sugar and Wine;
Thus he'll plunder you Year after Year.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

Grant these, and the Glutton
Will roar out for Mutton,
Your Beef, Bread and Bacon to boot;
Your Goose, Pig, and Pullet,
He'll thrust down his Gullet,
Whilst the Labourer munches a Root.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

Besides, 'tis decreed,
The Monster must feed,
Before you sit down to your Dinner:
A Stomach so large
Defray'd at your Charge,
Will make you look thinner and thinner.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

At first he'll begin ye
With a Pipe of *Virginie,*
Then search ev'ry Shop in his Rambles;
If you force him to flee
From the Custom-house Key,
The Monster will lodge in your Shambles.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

Your Cellars he'll range,
Your Pantry and Grange,
No Bars can the Monster restrain;
Wherever he comes,
Swords, Trumpets and Drums,
And Slavery march in his Train.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

Then sometimes he stoops
To take up the Hoops
Of your Daughters as well as your Barrels:
Tho' an Army can awe
A *Tyler* or *Straw*,
Heav'n keep us from any such Quarrels.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

Where the Highway-man drops ye,
The Officer stops ye,
Poor *Tom* sees his Waggon unlading:
Good Folks, stuff your Pockets
With *Permits* and with *Cockets*,
So you soon will be weary of Trading.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

Excise is the Scar
Of our late Civil War,
That cut off the Church's Defender;
To *James* it gave Hope,
To set up the Pope,
And at last may bring in the *Pretender*.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

Look Abroad, and behold
Want, Hunger, and Cold;
Nor the Soil nor the Sun are to blame,
Where the Wretches that Till,
Scarce of Bread have their Fill,
And the Vine-dresser drinks of the Stream.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

What Sums have we pay'd
For Freedom and Trade!
Religion pay'd well for PROTECTORS!
But this Stock is so spent,
Fall'n Ninety *per Cent*,
It will scarce pay the Charge of *Directors*.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

We pay for our Light
Both by Day and by Night,
Malt, Salt, Shoes, News, and our Soap;

Oh! spare us, good B[O]B!
And drop this new Job,
Or at last we can't pay for a Rope.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

Twelve Neighbours, I trow,
'Twixt your Monarch and you
Were wont to determine the Cause;
But no Justice of Peace
Your Goods will release,
When this Monster has laid on his Claws.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

Ye Landlords so willing
To save the One Shilling,
Ah! how can the Monster deceive ye?
'Tis as clear as the Day,
That threefold you'll pay,
And take what his *Myrmidons* leave you.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

'Tis Trade must support
Town, Country, and Court,
Then ease the poor Weaver and Spinner:
Oh! think, Men of Land,
The Shuttle must stand,
When the Workman pays dear for his Dinner.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

Behold here the Creature,
Contemplate each Feature,
And if you are charm'd with his Beauty,
Elect his false Tribe,
But hoard up your Bribe,
It will scarce pay the *Tenth* of your Duty.
Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons, &c.

Our GEORGE, for his Fame sake,
Will behave like his Name-sake,
He came over this Dragon to quell;
Set firm on his Steed
Of *true* English *Breed,*
He'll drive all such Monsters to Hell.

Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,
Battalions, Platoons,
Excise, Wooden Shoes, and no Jury;
Then Taxes increasing,
While Traffick is ceasing,
Would put all the Land in a Fury.

No. XXV

BRITANNIA EXCISA

PART II

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

From a folio pamphlet in the Print Room of the British Museum (Satirical Prints, No. 1936).

Ye Knaves and ye Fools, ye Maids, Widows and Wives,
Come cast away Care, and rejoice all your Lives;
For since *England* was *England,* I dare boldly say,
There ne'er was such Cause for a Thanksgiving Day;
For if we're but wise
And vote for the *Excise,*
Sir *Blue-S*[*tr*]*ing* declares (and you know he ne'er lies!)
He'll dismiss the whole *Custom-House* rascally Crew,
And fix in each Town an *Excise-man* or two.

Excise-men are oft the *Bye-blows* of the *Great,*
And therefore 'tis meet that they live by the State;
Besides, we all know, they are mighty well bred,
For ev'ry one of them can both write and read:
Thus ennobled by Blood,
And taught for our Good,
This Right to rule o'er us can ne'er be withstood;
For sure 'tis unjust, as well as unfit,
We should sell our own Goods without their *Permit.*

Who would think it a Hardship, that Men so polite
Should enter their Houses by *Day* or by *Night,*
To poke in each Hole, and examine their Stock,
From the Cask of right *Nantz* to their Wives *Holland Smock*?
He 's as cross as the Devil
Who censures as evil
A Visit so courteous, so kind, and so civil;
For to sleep in our Beds, without their *Permit,*
Were, in a free Country, a Thing most unfit.

When we're *absent*, they'll visit and look to our Houses,
Will tutor our Daughters, and comfort our Spouses;
Condescend, at our Cost, to eat and to drink,
That our Ale mayn't turn soure, or our Victuals mayn't stink:
To such a Commerce
None can be averse,
Since ev'ry one knows it is better than worse;
Then let us caress them, and shew we are wise,
By holding our Tongues, and shutting our Eyes.

An *Excise* that is *general* will set us quite free
From the Thraldom of Tryals by Judge and Ju—ry,
And put us into a right *summary* Way
Of paying but what the Commissioners say:
And what need we fear
Their being severe,
Who for fining us have but a Thousand a Year?
'Tis better on such chosen Men to rely
Than on Reason, or Law, or an honest Ju—ry.

Since the *Hessians* have left us, and scorn our poor Pay,
Gibraltar and *Dunkirk* are in a bad Way;
'Tis therefore high Time to augment our Land Force,
And double our Files, both of Foot and of Horse:
The prolifick *Excise*
Will beget these Supplies,
And *Great-Britain* bless with two *Standing Armies*,[1]
Our Freedom and Properties safe to defend,
And our Fears of the Pope and Pretender to end.

An *Excise* for all Knaves yields Places most fit,
And will furnish our Fools with Store of bought Wit;
'Twill enable each Justice t' oppress or protect
All who vote, or vote not, as he shall direct:
'Twill increase the Supplies
And the Number of Spies,
And strengthen Sir *B*[*l*]*ue*'s Hands to b[ri]be our Allies;
What to all Sorts such Blessings does freely dispense
Must surely be sigh'd for by all Men of Sense.

Moreover, this Project, if right understood,
Will produce to the Nation abundance of Good;
In Coffee and Tea how our Trade is increas'd,
If not the fair Dealer's, the Smuggler's at least!
Civil List 'twill amend,
By fining false Friend,
And the Nation's true *Sinking-Fund* prove in the End;
Then *South-Sea*, and *India*, and *Bank*, never fear,
Your Security's certain for more than one Year.

[1] i.e. the regular army and an army of tax-gatherers.

Then ye Knaves and ye Fools, ye Maids, Widows and Wives,
Come cast away Care, and rejoice all your Lives;
For since *England* was *England*, I dare boldly say,
There ne'er was such Cause for a Thanksgiving Day:
For if we're but wise,
And vote for the *Excise*,
Sir *B[l]ue S[tr]ing* declares (and you know he ne'er lies!)
The Merchants and Tradesmen, if his Project but take,
Shall have their free Choice, to hang, drown, or break.

No. XXVI

THE CONGRESS OF EXCISE-ASSES

To the Tune of *I'll tell thee, Estcourt, a pleasant Tale.*

Three members of the congress can be certainly identified. The Knight (or Sir Blue String) is Sir Robert Walpole; Will Addle, who intrudes at the end, is Sir William Yonge; Sir John Mundungus is (Sir) John Randolph of Virginia. Numpy Fitz Drug remains obscure. I have some reason for identifying him with Humphrey Thayer, a Commissioner of the Excise, but the evidence is not conclusive.

John Randolph of Virginia was probably responsible for many of the details of the Excise scheme. Walpole admitted in the House that he had taken counsel over it. 'As to the scheme now talked of,' he said, 'I have not only examined it by myself as thoroughly as I could, but I have taken from others all the assistance and advice I could get; and in all my inquiries in relation thereto, I have chose to consult with those who, I knew, had a perfect knowledge of such affairs, and had no particular interest in view' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. viii, p. 1233). Randolph was just such a man. Not only was he a distinguished lawyer, but he was 'very well acquainted with the tobacco trade' (ibid., vol. ix, p. 158). In June 1732, he was appointed agent for the colony of Virginia, to represent the hardships and oppressions of the tobacco trade to the British Government, and to secure relief therefrom; and he was paid the sum of two thousand two hundred pounds 'to defray his expenses, and for a reward for his trouble, and the taking so long a voyage' (McIlwaine, *Journals of the House of Burgesses*, vol. i, p. 160). He was probably concerned in the drawing up of the *Case of the Planters of Tobacco in Virginia, as represented by themselves, signed by the President of the Council, and Speaker of the House of Burgesses*; and he was undoubtedly the author of the *Vindication of the said Representation*, which was appended to it. The *Vindication* bore hard upon the character of the merchants, so that Randolph became the object of much abuse. He was knighted in November, 1732 (*St. James's Evening Post*, Nov. 4, 1732), before the Excise agitation had begun, and after its conclusion he gave evidence before the committee appointed to examine into the Custom House frauds. He afterwards became Speaker of the Virginia House of Burgesses. *The London Evening Post* of April 28–30, 1737, reporting his death, remarked, 'This person was the supposed projector of the damned Excise scheme'.

Randolph also figures as Sir John Mundungus in a pamphlet entitled

The Whole Proceedings upon the Tryal of Robert Marall, &c., in which a libellous sketch of his activities places the identification beyond doubt. From a folio pamphlet (dated 1733) in the Harvard Library.

ALL good *Christian* People,
That live round *Paul*'s Steeple,
Attend and give Ear to my Ditty;
New EXCISES I sing,
To be rais'd this *Next Spring*,
Tho' *All's easy in Country and City.*
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt,
Beer, Candles, Brandy, and Cyder,
All pay this EXCISE,
Yet Sir B[l]ue *for more cries,*
But I hope we shall fling such a Rider.

The Great *Trojan* Steed,
Of *Outlandish Breed*,
An Army contain'd *in his Belly;*
So does this EXCISE,
Or else *CALEB* lies,
And as *fatal* 'twill prove, let me tell ye.
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

We've a good *Constitution*,
Thank the *Revolution*,
But if we don't keep out this DRAGON,
What with the EXCISE,
And STANDING ARMIES,
We sha'n't have much left us to brag on.
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

The Countries all round
'Gainst EXCISES resound,
And Petitions send up to *oppose 'em;*
But Sir B[l]ue S[tri]ng he swears,
In spite of their Prayers,
He'll have the Bill pass for to *nose 'em.*
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

TOBACCO and WINE,
Says the Kn[igh]t, do combine,
To make People *Honest* and *Brave;*
They must be EXCIS'D,
And made too *high-priz'd,*
Or a BRITON will ne'er be a SLAVE.
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

Quoth Sir JOHN MUNDUNGUS,
'Tis true, they have *stung Us*,
Wherefore let us humble the Vermin;
What matters 't if they
For Victuals can't pay,
So we flaunt it in *Velvet* and *Ermin*.
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

Says NUMPY FITZ DRUG,
And gives him a *Hug*,
The Varlets are *high-fed* and *pamper'd*;
But we'll make 'em buckle,
And to Us soon truckle,
When with an EXCISE they are hamper'd.
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

That 's true, quoth the Kn[igh]t,
They all might go sh—te,
But that P[ULTENE]Y keeps me in Awe;
For, faith, *Little* WILL,
Wou'd use me but ill,
If on me he once gets a Claw.
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

What put to your Trumps,
Sir B[l]ue S[tri]ng, says NUMPS,
By such a *poor Mortal* as he?
Remember how oft
You at him have scoft,
And again he *Out-voted* shall be.
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mump and our Malt, &c.

Right, quoth Sir MUNDUNGUS,
What tho' he has *stung Us*
Without Doors, we'll beat him within?
Whilst PENSIONS and PLACES,
Preserve still their *Graces*,
We value him not of a *Pin*.
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

Well spoke, says the Kn[igh]t,
I'm cur'd of my *Fright*,
The *Potion* I'll make them to *swallow*;

When they're *Poor* they'll be *Humble,*
And not dare to *Grumble,*
Although I in *Riches* do *wallow.*
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

With COURANTS and FREE-BRITON,
Papers fit for to sh—t on,
And a hundred such idle Pretences,
I will them persuade,
'Tis good for their TRADE,
And *Banter them out of their Senses.*
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

Hold, Sir B[l]ue, quoth FITZ-DRUG,
And gave Shoulders a *Shrug,*
I fear you'll be baulk'd in that Matter;
CALEB *opens their Eyes,*
And confutes all their Lies,
When e'er they begin for to chatter.
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

Tush, tush, says the other,
Don't make such a Pother,
Tho' CALEB *without Doors* does rattle;
As long as the PENCE
Hold their INFLUENCE,
We shall still have the *Best* of the *Battle.*
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

Adzooks, quoth Sir B[l]ue,
I know that is true,
For oft have I tried it *pro certo;*
It has always prevail'd,
And never yet fail'd,
Experto crede R[OBER]TO.
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

Thus having concluded,
WILL ADDLE intruded,
And prevented farther Debate;
So the CONGRESS broke up,
After *taking a Cup,*
Fully bent on EXCISING the S[tat]e.
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

Saint GEORGE, as they say,
The DRAGON did slay,
But our *Kn[igh]t*, both *older* and *wiser*,
To keep us all *Quiet*,
Prescribes a LOW DIET,
And lets loose the *fell Dragon*, EXCISE, Sir.
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt, &c.

But, BRITONS, take Care,
Of EXCISES beware,
For if you once let in this DRAGON,
With his *Teeth* and his *Talons*,
And Crew of *Rabscallions*,
He'll not leave your *A—s a Rag on.*
Our Soap and our Salt,
Our Mum and our Malt,
Beer, Candles, Brandy, and Cyder,
All pay this EXCISE,
Yet Sir B[l]ue *for more cries,*
But I hope we shall fling such a Rider.

No. XXVII

AN EXCISE ELEGY

OR

THE DRAGON DEMOLISH'D

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

From a folio pamphlet in the Bodleian (Pamph. 400).

Good People of *England*, I pray ye draw near,
Proscribe all your Sorrow, and banish your Fear;
To all honest Subjects good Tidings I bring,
The Dragon, that scar'd ye, has now lost his Sting.
Be merry and free
As any can be,
For this is a Day of a grand *Jubilee;*
Then cheer up your Souls, and with Hearts full of Joy,
In Chorus let 's join, and sing *Vive le Roy.*

Your Liberties, Properties, now are secur'd,
Which late were in Danger of being immur'd;
The *Merchants* and *Vintners* their T r a d e may pursue,
And not dread the Plague of a Raskally Crew.
For no new EXCISE,
With five hundred Eyes,
Shall henceforth your Wives or your Daughters surprize;
For if they had Licence to gage all your *Stocks*,
May also pretend to gage under their Smocks.

This Dragon, 'tis said, had a *Sting* in his Tail,
As long as a—what? why, as long as a Flail;
With a monstrous Head, and a very *long* Tongue,
Which out of its Mouth oft much *Venom* had flung;
But nought did avail,
The Sting in his Tail
Was quickly *short cut*, which he much did bewail:
Moreover, the *Venom* so weak did appear,
Men laugh'd at, but never the Poison did fear.

Oh! have you not heard of the *Wantley* great Dragon,
Which poor helpless Children did not leave a Rag on?
Or great *Trojan* Horse, which contain'd in his Belly,
Twice thirty-five *Greeks*, at the least, let me tell y';
This Monster *Excise*,
For so say the Wise,
More fierce would have been, and occasion'd more Cries;
By Nature so cruel, ill-natur'd, and wild,
He resolv'd to devour Man, Woman, and Child.

But first he intended to make us all *Slaves*,
And with our own Nails for to dig our own Graves,
Provided that we could escape his long Claws,
Before he could cram us into his wide Jaws;
For he had thought fit
That not Sup or Bit,
Shou'd enter our Bellies without his *Permit:*
To make us as poor as Church-Mice was his Drift,
And put ev'ry one of us to his last Shift.

The Product this *Dragon* was, as it is said,
Of a corpulent Muck-Worm with a huge Head;
But whether in N O R F O L K, in *Essex*, or *Kent*,
This *Dragon*, so fell, for a while had been pent,
I cannot declare,
But when it took Air,
Of Wings on each Shoulder it had a large Pair;
And put all the People into such a Fright,
They cou'd not sleep for it by Day or by Night.

But what do you think was this Dragon's Design?
To eat your *Tobacco,* and drink up your *Wine;*
To live at Free-Cost, and devour ye All,
Not having Regard for the *Great* or the *Small:*
Thro' Pantry and Grange,
Resolv'd, he wou'd range,
Your *Money* he'd take, but wou'd give ye no *Change.*
He next wou'd lay hold on your Pullets and Mutton,
In *England* sure never was seen such a *Glutton.*

As soon as this Monster had open'd his Eyes,
Which fill'd People with so much Dread and Surprize,
Astrologers soon did their Judgment impart,
Declaring it soon from the World must depart;
For *Crab,* retrograde,
Ill Omen, they said,
The Lord of th' *Ascendant* at that Time was made:
Their Judgment, they vow'd, was infallibly true,
And Thanks to the Gods, we have found it so too.

Our Trade shall revive, and again it shall flourish,
It helps ev'ry *Art* and each *Science* to nourish;
No more shall the dead-sounding Knel bring us News,
That we must prepare to put on *Wooden Shoes:*
We now all agree
That happy are we,
Who from the wide Mouth of this *Dragon* are free;
Securely each Subject may then take his Rest,
And drink, when he pleases, *a Health to the* Best.

Give Thanks to the Champions, so brave and so bold,
Who on this *new Dragon* at first did lay Hold;
With Vigour a-while he sustain'd their Attack,
But very soon after was laid on his Back:
And there let him lie,
In Anguish to die,
And curs'd be the Man that does shew a wet Eye:
Save him, who this Monster drew forth from the Earth,
Pandora's Box never produced such a Birth.

For *P*[*u*]*l*[*tene*]*y,* for *W*[*yn*]*d*[*ha*]*m,* for *El*[*to*]*n,* and *S*[*a*]*n*[*dy*]*s,*
For *S*[*hi*]*p*[*pe*]*n,* and *B*[*a*]*r*[*na*]*rd,* now hold up your Hands;
And many more *Patriots,* who stood to our Cause,
And *warmly* oppos'd any new *Excise*-Laws;
Then be not in a Fury,
For I do assure ye,
Ye still shall be try'd by a Judge and a Jury;
And Twelve honest Men, without Fee or Reward,
Will, according to Conscience, give in their Award.

Tho' twelve honest Men for a-while may debate,
When agreed, let the Foremost pronounce the just Fate
Of him, who our *Rights* shall contrive to invade,
Endeav'ring that *Englishmen* Slaves shou'd be made.
O! then let him be
Led to *Tyburn*-Tree
Notoriously mark'd with the worst Infamy;
Too late he shall find that he 's baulk'd of his Hope,
And then let him die like a Dog in a Rope.

Such honest brave Subjects now fill up your Glass,
And see that around it does merrily pass;
Take a Pipe of *Tobacco*, and smoke with your Friend,
To your Cares and your Sorrow there now is an End.
Then let us all be
Both jocund and free,
For this is a Day of a Grand *Jubilee;*
And since this *new Dragon*'s depriv'd of his *Sting*,
Let 's drink to the *Champions*—remembring the KING.

No. XXVIII

THE PROJECTOR'S LOOKING-GLASS

BEING THE LAST DYING WORDS AND CONFESSION OF SIR *ROBERT MARRAL*, &c., &c.

In an Epistle to his Associates

(Wherein he makes a Confession of some *Notorious Crimes* whereof he has long been suspected)

Upon his being scurvily used at certain Bonfires at Temple-bar, Guild-Hall, Bristol, Coventry, *and divers of the greatest Trading Towns throughout the Kingdom.*

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1733) in the possession of Professor Firth.

With heavy Heart and trembling Hand,
I, poor Sir B[l]ue S[tri]ng, Knight,
Write this, to let you understand
My sad and woeful Plight;
The falling Tears my Paper stain,
And endless Cares distract my Brain,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Which way soe'er I turn my Thought,
Small Comfort can I find:
For *those* whom oft before I've *bought*,
'Gainst me are *now* combin'd;
Ev'n *Bribery* will *not avail*,
My *Pensioners* themselves *turn Tail*,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

What *cursed Planet* rules of late,
To cause this Alteration?
I cou'd presage no better Fate,
From *modern Reformation;*
If *Honesty* once *gets the Day*,
I, and *my Tribe*, must *run away*.
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

. . . . . .

At Night when I lie down to rest,
My Senses to compose,
A thousand Fears perplex my Breast,
And banish soft Repose:
Nay ev'n in Dreams I'm plagu'd each Hour,
With A[xe]s, Sc[a]ff[o]lds, and the T[owe]r,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Ah! woe is me, my wretched Fate!
That cou'd not rest when well;
I see my Folly now too late,
My Anguish none can tell;
Abroad, at Home, be where I will,
A guilty Conscience haunts me still,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

No more shall I in S[e]n[a]ts shine,
And carry all before me;
Nor, when the Staff 's no longer mine,
Will *fawning Crowds* adore me;
Like a *fierce Monster* shall I fall,
Unpitied, and abhorr'd by All?
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Just as a Meteor, rais'd from Earth,
Up to the Heav'ns does soar,
So I, from an ignoble Birth,
Have ris'n to envied Pow'r;
Did I rise to that envied State,
Only to make my Fall more great?
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Whilst E—l[to]n, B[a]rn[a]rd, P[ultene]y, S[a]nds,
Within Doors hunt me down,
The Populace, in num'rous Bands,
To a strange Height are grown;
Into the Flames my Effigies fling,
So wou'd they me, but for the K[in]g,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Ev'n those few Friends who still adhere
To me, and take my Part,
From them do daily Insults fear,
Which grieves me to the Heart;
For me, so much their Rage I dread,
I scarcely dare peep out my Head,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Like *Job* I wander to and fro,
Seek Ease, but none can find;
Even my *Rib* scoffs at my Woe,
And 'gainst me is combin'd;
Skyrissa[1] too, that lovely Fair,
Abandons me now to Despair,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

How wretched 's the ambitious Wight,
Whom Lust of Power sways!
But yet more woeful is his Plight,
On him if Av'rice preys:
Had not these Passions sway'd my Breast,
My Mind might now have been at rest,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

These Passions dire to satisfy,
I spar'd for no *Oppression;*
With Taxes drain'd the People dry,
And multiply'd Transgression:
No *Rank,* nor no *Condition* spar'd,
For why, nor *God* nor *Man* I *fear'd,*
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

That I might still go on secure,
In plundering the Nation;
A *Standing Force* I did procure,
When there was no Occasion;
But now, alas! I find too late,
I did but hasten my own Fate,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

[1] Walpole's mistress, Maria Skerrett, whom he married in 1738.

Be warn'd by me, you *Statesmen* all,
Be with your Dues contented;
Lest you shou'd like Sir *Marral* * fall,
Unpitied, unlamented;
For tho' the *Britons* long will bear,
You'll find they *Wooden Shoes* won't wear,
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

* Sir *Marral* and Sir B[l]ue S[tri]ng is the same Person.

No. XXIX

THE STURDY BEGGARS GARLAND

To the Tune of *Who would be a King when a Beggar lives so well.*

If the fifth stanza alludes to the Act enabling the King to settle an annuity on the Princess Royal, on the occasion of her marriage with the Prince of Orange, this ballad was one of those written for the celebration of the first anniversary of the defeat of the Excise Bill, April 11, 1734. But in the absence of decisive evidence it is perhaps better to place it here, with the other Excise ballads.

While discussing the Excise Bill on March 14, Walpole let slip a phrase which he was never permitted to forget. Referring to the 'multitudes' of petitioners outside the doors, he said: 'Gentlemen may give them what name they think fit; it may be said they came hither as humble supplicants, but I know whom the law calls *sturdy beggars*' (Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir R. W.*, vol. i, p. 401). This phrase was taken up by the Opposition with defiance, and remained a kind of party watchword during the rest of Walpole's administration.

From a broadside in the British Museum (1871. e. 9. 196), except that the statement of the tune is from a manuscript copy (Egerton, 2560, fol. 92).

Of all the Trades in *London,*
The Beggar's Trade 's the best,
Since B O B allows us that Trade,
Who ruines all the rest.
And a Begging we must go.

From Kings, Queens, and Courtiers
It takes away the Bell,
For who would be a King,
When a Beggar lives so well,
And a Begging, &c.

A King may strut and bluster
Amongst his Nobles All,
But a Beggar looks as big
When in Council at *Guildhall,*
And a Begging, &c.

A King may march to Parliament
All in his Coach of State,
But the Beggars Cavalcade
May appear almost as Great,[1]
And a Begging, &c.

A King must beg the Pence,
Or his Girls will ne'er go down,
When a Beggar's Girl brings Forty,
Or Fifty Thousand Pound,
And a Begging, &c.

A King may grasp at Mountains
Of other Peoples Gold,
But a Gang of *Sturdy Beggars*
May make him quit his Hold.
And a Begging, &c.

A King, tho' he's no Conjurer,
May think himself full wise,
But the Beggar still outwits him,
That pays him no *Excise*,
And a Begging, &c.

Then since the *Sturdy Beggars*
Have open'd all our Eyes,
May we never want a King
Who such Beggars won't despise,
And a Begging, &c.

A F—t for all the Commons
But the Two Hundred and Four,[2]
And may the Beggars Blessing
Attend them evermore,
And a Begging, &c.

No. XXX

ON READING A CERTAIN SPEECH

On proroguing Parliament, June 11, 1733, the King remarked upon 'the wicked endeavours that have lately been made use of to inflame the minds of the people, and by the most unjust misrepresentations, to raise tumults and disorders that almost threatened the peace of the kingdom'. (He referred, of course, to the agitations occasioned by the Excise Bill.) Having continued briefly in this strain, he concluded by saying, 'Let it be your care to undeceive the deluded, and to make them sensible of their present happiness, and the hazard they run of being unwarily drawn, by

[1] On April 10 the sheriffs of London carried the City's petition against the Excise Bill to Westminster, and were followed by merchants in a long procession of coaches, estimated at nearly two hundred.

[2] Those who opposed the Excise.

specious pretences, into their own destruction' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. ix, p. 181). This was the speech that evoked the ballad. It was drawn up by Walpole, and substituted for one couched in more conciliatory language, submitted by Lord Hervey (*Memoirs*, vol. i, pp. 241–3).

From a broadside (undated) in the British Museum (1871. e. 9. 197).

Go on, little Captain,[1] stick close to Sir *Bob*,
Nor suffer this pitiful Nation,
Tho' they bully'd him out of his fav'rite Job,
To reflect on his *Administration.*

From your Mouth he assures us, your darling *Excise*
Was only design'd for our Good;
Next Sessions, perhaps, the Great Man may advise,
To *Let all* True Englishmen *Blood.*

For you *soberly* tell us, the Nation's *run mad*,
And Sir *Bob* had provided us Nurses,
That every Family one might have had,
To look to our Persons and Purses.

But don't take it ill, if we know when we're well,
Nor need an *High-German* Physician,
Than which a worse Plague, on this Side of Hell,
The Devil himself cannot wish one.

So, Captain, go on—bid the World kiss your Breech,
Stick close to your politick Friend;
And all *your wise Schemes*, like *your very wise Speech*,
Are sure in DESTRUCTION to end.

No. XXXI

THE QUACK TRIUMPHANT

OR

THE N[O]R[WI]CH CAVALCADE

To the Tune of *All ye Ladies now at Land.*

At the close of the session in which the Excise Bill had to be withdrawn, the Members who had opposed the Bill were received by their constituents with extravagant demonstrations of honour and affection. But the loyal citizens of Yarmouth and Norwich determined that Walpole, too, should not be without honour in his own county; and he and his brother Horatio were officially and ceremoniously received in both places. A letter written from Norwich, and published in *The London Journal* for July 21, 1733,

[1] The King.

gave an account of their reception in that city; and expressed, rather abusively, the satisfaction taken in it by Walpole's adherents.

'Dear Sir,

'You may now, upon good authority, tell *The Craftsman* and his confederates that they are a pack of lying ——, when they represent Sir Robert as a person universally hated; for though they have wrought some well meaning people, by calumny and misrepresentation, to act in a very unaccountable manner, . . . yet the contagion is not so universally spread but there are thousands to be found who retain their senses, and seem resolved not to be wheedled or bullied out of their understandings. . . .

'You will want no other argument to convince you of the truth of what I have advanced, than a bare relation of the manner in which Sir Robert was received by your old fellow citizens last Tuesday [July 10].

'About three miles off he was met by near 1000 horse, and about 30 coaches; at eight in the evening they entered the city midst the loud acclamations of all sorts of people, the higher and the lower gentry. The crowds were so great, that within the memory of man there were never so many people seen in the Market Place together, on any occasion whatever. Sir Robert lodged at the Bishop's, and next morning came to Mr. Britiff's, where he was waited upon by two of our Court . . . and two of the Common Council, to conduct him to the Town Hall, where he had his freedom presented to him in a gold box, by the mayor himself; upon which, in a fine speech, he acknowledged the honour (as he was pleased to term it) the Corporation had done him; and in the afternoon went to the King's Head, attended by Lord Hobart, Lord Lovell, Sir Charles Turner, Col. Harbord, and a great number of gentlemen of distinction; where it was agreed that Mr. Cook and Capt. Morden should stand candidates for the county at the next election.

'Sir Robert went out of town on Thursday morning.'

Upon reading this letter, a writer for *Fog's Weekly Journal* of July 28, begrudging Walpole even this modicum of public consolation for his defeat, wrote a burlesque account of the event. It was written in the same spirit and with the same imagery as the ballad. A certain quack, it said, Sir Sidrophel by name, attended by a zany, whom he called his man Whaccum, had visited a province where he thought he had some friends. 'His pockets were full of money, and he was resolved to have fame, though he paid for it.' The entry into the town is briefly described; and then follows an account of the proceedings in the Town Hall. 'They proceeded either to a tavern, a college, or a hall, where their friends who had been retained for this purpose waited to receive them. Sir Sidrophel was no sooner entered, but one of the company, who was promised at least to be made a parish beadle for this service, advances towards him, and in an harangue full of wind and bombast salutes him, and at the same time presents him with the diploma of Doctor, either in a gold, a silver, or a brass box, I don't care which. Sir Sidrophel answered this harangue with another altogether in praise of himself, except a little digression in favour of Whaccum. Whaccum next makes a speech in praise of himself and Sir Sidrophel.' In this spirit the account proceeds, concluding thus: 'Next day they departed in the same state, Sir Sidrophel appearing as full of glory as Sancho when he was made a governor, and Whaccum as proud as Sancho's ass dressed up in new trappings to accompany his master to his government, every body laughing at the farce; for there was not a woman or a child in the town but knew that Sir Sidrophel paid for his diploma.' 'Poor Ned Ward is dead,' exclaimed the writer, 'other-

wise it would have been a subject worthy of his muse.' Ned Ward was dead, but his successor lived, albeit we cannot name him. He took the hint, and produced this ballad.

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1733) in the Harvard Library.

ATTEND, ye *Britons*, and give Ear,
Unto my pleasant Ditty;
'Twill make you laugh, the Farce to hear,
Was play'd in *N[o]r[wi]ch* City;
When *Sidrophel*, and *Whaccum*,[1] made
Their late *Triumphant Cavalcade.*
With a *Fa la*, &c.

Good Lord, it was a gallant Show,
To see both Knight and 'Squire,
Through Lanes of Cuckolds all a Row
Ride, deck'd in gay Attire;
Tag, Rag, and Bob-tail, flock'd to see
A Person so *Extr'ord'nary.*
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Excise-Men first in Shoals appear,
T' attend on their *Protector;*
Next B[isho]p,[2] D[ea]n, and Chapter queer
Wait on this *Grand Projector;*
O! such a glorious Train to view,
The *Sturdy Beggars* all look'd blue.
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Pert *Whaccum* then, with *dirty Shirt,*
Display'd, out of his Cod-piece,
Advanc'd to make the Rabble Sport,
And, faith, he was an odd Piece.
Three times he *hums*, three times he *haws,*
Then thus essays to gain Applause.
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

"Behold the Great Sir *Sidrophel!*
Quoth *Whaccum* to the Crowd;
"Who does such Cures no Man can tell,
"As is by All allow'd;
"All Sickness flies at his Approach,
"*Here, take his Pills—You'll keep your Coach.*
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

[1] Sir Robert and Horace Walpole respectively.

[2] Robert Butts had been made Bishop of Norwich in February of this year. His zealous party services had ensured him rapid promotion. Cole declares that his merit went little 'beyond hallooing at elections, and a most violent party spirit' (*Cole MS.* quoted in *D. N. B.*).

" I see you stare, such News to hear,
" And think it wond'rous brave ;
" For sure such Pills cannot be dear,
" From Poverty that save ;
" *Come, here, who takes this little Box ?*
" *They'll cure both Poverty and Pox.*[1]
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Some fools were by these Speeches caught,
And took him for their Friend ;
The Knaves, who saw the Cheat, were bought,
So on him did attend ;
Guarded by these on ev'ry Side,
All *Sturdy Beggars* he defy'd.
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Straitway he to the B[isho]p's goes,
And from his Coach descends ;
For why, that Residence he chose,
As being his surest Friends ;
Let who will, said he, turn their Coat,
That Tribe will ne'er against me V[ot]e.
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

By them what Wonders have I done,
Since I have rul'd the Roast ?
What Triumphs o'er my Country won !
They feel it to their Cost ;
These are my *chosen vet'ran Band,*
Who always *help me at a Stand.*
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Next Morning *four grave Goose-caps* came,
To take him to the Town-Hall ;
Where waited Numbers of the same,
With formal Phiz and Gown All ;
Then One, in a set, study'd Speech,
Said, *Sir, we kiss Your Honour's Br[ee]ch.*
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

" Nay, our Respect to make appear,
" Unto your *Honour's Merit,*
" And that we are not *influenc'd here*
" By a *Malignant Spirit,*
" In this *Gold Box* we've made You *free,*
" Of the *grave Goose-Caps Company.*
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

[1] ' He has been heard to say in his speech to the people, and with a grave face too,—*If there be any amongst you who is apprehensive of being poor, let him take these pills.*'—*Fog's Weekly Journal,* July 28, 1733.

Sir *Sidrophel* then bow'd full low,
And thank'd them for this Favour,
Promising his Regard to show
In his future Behaviour;
Were but some more dispos'd like You,
I'd make all Sturdy Beggars *rue.*[1]
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

"Soon shou'd they bow beneath my Yoke.
"Nor should they dare to grumble;
"'Tis time their *Spirits* all were *broke,*
"When *poor,* they will be *humble;*
"I'd ease them of their *Wealth* and *Trade.*
"Then of none need I be afraid.
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

This said, they to the Tavern went,
Where *He* a Feast provided,
And treated each Fool to Content,
On him who thus confided;
Nor need he value what he spent,
He knew it was but *Money lent.*
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

The Glass they freely push'd about,
And th' Old Saying true,
That[2] when Wine 's in, the Wit is out,
For, in an Hour or two,
Sir *Sidrophel* being half seas o'er,
Toasted Success to *R[ogue]s* in Pow'r.
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Next clumsy *Whaccum,* for a *Tool*
Design'd by Providence,
Toasts, "*May* BUFFOONS *and* Quacks *bear Rule,*
"*And keep out Men of Sense.*
Thus did these *silly, brainless Elves,*
Over their Cups, *betray Themselves.*
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

Next Day they both set out again,
By the same Train attended;
Which made both *Quack* and *Whaccum* vain,
And think themselves befriended;
But had they gone to *T[ybu]rn* Tree,
They'd had ten times more Company.
With a *Fa, la,* &c.

[1] 'He [Walpole] made a very elegant speech, and promised to promote their trade in general, and particularly the woollen manufacture.'—*Gentleman's Magazine,* vol. iii, p. 378.

[2] *For* For.

No. XXXII

A NEW BALLAD

To the Tune of *A begging we will go*, &c.

This piece is clearly the production of some member of the Court, where it doubtless passed about in manuscript, and was perhaps even carried to Miss Vane—who was a key to all Court ballads—for interpretation of the 'saucy scribbler'. Certainly I am unable to make a plausible suggestion. The date of composition cannot be later than November 1733, when a paralytic stroke obliged Sir Peter King, the Lord Chancellor, to resign; nor can it be much earlier, for it was only then that the Prince's financial and matrimonial embarrassments were becoming acute. His jealousy was aroused by the marriage of the Princess Royal to the Prince of Orange. The marriage did not take place until March 1734, but the contract was signed by the King in October of the preceding year.

A manuscript copy in the British Museum (Egerton MSS. 2560, fol. 94) is here reprinted. There is also a broadside copy, presenting a corrupt text, in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. ii, no. 1300).

I am a Saucy Scribler,
am lately come from France;
For Laurel or a Pillory
I write and take my chance.
And a scribling I will go, &c.

In hopes of some Preferment
away to Court I flew,
And laugh'd to hear the Q[uee]n talk
of what She never knew.
And a tattling She does go, &c.

There's the Prince and the Princesses,
the Duke[1] that merry Blade,
Who wishes all his Sisters Wed
And all their Portions paid.
And He cares not where they go, &c.

Next unto the Qu[ee]n stood
the grave Sir Peter King,
As Sable as the Black joke
the Maids of Honour Sing,
When a Raking they do go, &c.

[1] Not Duke William, as commonly, but the Prince, who was Duke of Edinburgh. The Madden broadside has,

The Prince, all does allow,
is a Right noble blade.

I should have named the King first,
but there 's a Reason plain,
Since Women wear the Breeches
in England and in Spain.[1]
And to Council they do go, &c.

Sir Robert 's gone to Norfolk
with many Nobles more,
And all the Nation now must mourn
whilst He keeps open Door.
And a begging We must go, &c.

No. XXXIII

THE N[O]R[FOL]K GAME OF CRIBBIDGE

OR, THE

ART OF WINNING ALL WAYS

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

'Walpole's Political Rule-Book'—thus one might render the more figurative title of *The Norfolk Game of Cribbidge.* For cribbage, it need hardly be said, stands for the game of politics, in which Walpole's success was such as to evoke many inquiries into the manner of his play. But the ballad does not content itself with mere rules, but shows the game in action, and introduces some interesting sketches of the champion player.

A folio pamphlet entitled *The Norfolk Gamester : Or, The Art of Managing the Whole Pack, even King, Queen and Jack* (B. M. 840. m. 1. 22) contains this ballad and two others (Append. Nos. 55 and 56). The pamphlet is dated 1734, and is listed among the January publications by *The London Magazine.*

Ye good Christian People, I pray you draw near,
A Tale to a pleasant old Tune ye shall hear ;
In *N*[*orfolk*] the Scene, 'tis reported, was laid,
And *Cribbidge* the Name of the Game that was play'd ;
The Place I'd unfold,
If I dare be bold,
But Truth is not always, you know, to be told ;
Some call it a Palace, some call it a House,
The Owner, 'tis said, was once poor as Church-Mouse.

[1] The reading of the Madden broadside. The text has, 'In England, France and Spain.'

Attention each Gamester averrs must be paid,
To each sort of Game that has ever been play'd;
And a Judgment profound, with a Mind that 's not fired,
Or ruffled with Passion, are also required:
Moreover if Art
Performs not her Part,
What by Playing is got, will be scarce worth a F—;
And if to Attention you do not add Thought,
You may game on 'till Doom's-Day, 'twill signify nought.

The Mansion's Grand Master these Rules did observe,
From such wholesome Maxims he never did swerve,
But studied by Day and by Night to remove,
What might to his Profit an Obstacle prove;
He opulent grew,
As Bacon-face *Jew*,
For these were the Methods he close did pursue;
Else Sums so immense he cou'd ne'er have amass'd,
And now for the wealthiest Subject he pass'd.

At *Shufling* and *Cutting* as dext'rous was he,
As any old Gamester, or Sharper, cou'd be;
They'd oft *set* the Cards, but his Eyes were so quick,
The Cheat he discover'd, and laugh'd at the Trick:
He soon got a Name,
Abroad flew his Fame,
And took special Care not to forfeit the Same;
But whether he play'd (as some doubt) on the square,
Not a Man in the Kingdom with him could compare.

Be that as it will, he did oft' *play the* KNAVE,
By which many Games at a Pinch he did save,
And many times many more also he won,
By him many Families have been undone;
His Game he wou'd back,
And had such a Knack,
He knew how to manage each Card in the Pack:
He *paired*, or *pair-royal'd*, one after another,
Their Passion no longer the Losers cou'd smother.

Besides, in his Hand he kept often a *Flush*,
But not of the Colour resembling a Blush,
For he was to *Blushing* a Stranger, 'tis known,
Which, when he was ask'd, he wou'd never disown;
He usually said,
A Face that grew *red*
On a Sudden, did manifest plainly a Dread
Of Punishment due, an Action that 's vile,
And then would break off with a Sneer, or a Smile.

His *Flushes*, with *Sequences*, oft' did abound,
And *Pairs*, and *Fifteens*, too among them were found;
He had such great Luck, that some People uncivil
Declar'd, that he needs must have dealt with the Devil.
How is it that he,
As plainly we see,
Said they, so successful at *Cribbidge* cou'd be?
Who never did lose but one Game in his Life,
He laugh'd in his Sleeve to see them in a Strife.

Their Language opprobrious he calmly did take,
Remembring the Proverb, *That Losers will speak;*
His Temper was even, unruffled his Mind,
To Passion their Taunts could not make him inclin'd:
But tho' they were rude,
His Game he pursued,
And thence great Advantages to him accrued;
He *bilk'd* all their *Cribs*, but his own he secur'd,
Such Fortune, they said, could be never endured.

To Single-hand *Cribbidge* he'd sit Night and Day,
But wou'd not a Partner admit into Play;
To tell ye the Truth, Sirs, he never cou'd bare
To have any with him the Profits to share.
But yet be it spoke,
When Gamesters were broke,
He'd again *set 'em up*, as it were with a Joke,
Provided he knew 'em to be of his *Party*,
And then no Man living cou'd do it more hearty.

Twice or thrice in a Year he did keep *Open-house*,
But his House-keeping did not stand him in a Souse;
Tho' lib'ral he was, and unloaded his Purse,
He knew he with Ease cou'd himself re-imburse.
This Master so *grand*
Did purchase much Land,
And had Treasure immense always at his Command;
And now, to conclude, I may venture to say,
No *Gamester* so long did continue in Play.

No. XXXIV

THE KNIGHT AND THE PRELATE

To the Tune of *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*

This ballad represents Sir Robert Walpole and Gibson, Bishop of London, as seekers and givers of mutual aid.

In the spring of 1733, after the virtual defeat of the Excise Bill in the House of Commons, the Lords who were in opposition, disappointed at not being able to display their strength against that project, 'began to look out', in Lord Hervey's language, 'for some other point to squabble upon' (*Memoirs*, vol. i, p. 222). They chose the state of the South Sea Company. The affairs of this company they knew to be confused in many respects; but they selected a single field of investigation which promised to reveal not only confusion, but corruption. This was the question whether the money arising from the estates of the South Sea directors, which had been forfeited in 1720, had been disposed of according to law. Should a mass of fraud be uncovered, Walpole, who was, in a sense, the patron of the company, would share in the obloquy; should the inquiry be prevented, additional ground would be offered for representing him as 'the universal encourager of corruption and the sanctuary of the corrupt' (ibid. p. 225). But the matter was more critical than that; a reversal in the House of Lords on the heels of the defeat of the Excise Bill in the House of Commons would have severely shaken Walpole's credit as a Minister. Consequently, 'many Lords were *closeted, schooled,* and *tampered with* by the Ministers, some by the King, and more by the Queen' (ibid. p. 229). In spite of these endeavours, the Ministry very nearly suffered defeat. On the first division (on a question relatively unimportant) the Opposition carried their point by a vote of 35 to 31. On the next division (May 24) the numbers were equal, and the rules of the House gave the victory to the Opposition. This was 'the first question . . . lost by the Court in the House of Lords during the two last reigns, and in a very full House, and upon a known debate, and great pains taken' (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Rept. XV, Append. Part VI, p. 117). But on June 1 Lord Winchelsea's motion that the conduct of the directors was contrary to law was rejected by a vote of 75 to 70 (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. ix, p. 144; *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, ut supra, p. 119), and Lord Bathurst's motion, on the following day, for a Committee of Investigation, was defeated without division (Hervey's *Memoirs*, vol. i, p. 239; *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, ut supra, p. 120). The bench of bishops were the deciding factor. On the first division, only seven bishops voted; the Bishop of Lincoln with the Opposition, the Bishop of London and five others with the Court. On the second division *twenty-five* bishops voted (in person or by proxy), twenty-four of whom voted with the Court. At the final vote the bishops remained 'steady'. It is not unlikely that the Bishop of London brought his brethren into line; but the insinuation which the ballad makes, that his motive was the promise of the see of Canterbury, may be mere slander. The fact that the bishops carried the question for the Court provoked much censure of their subserviency. Lists of the division were circulated, showing that 'there was a majority of twenty-two lay Lords for the enquiry' (e. g. in *Fog's Weekly Journal* for July 4, 1733, and on broadsides).

A year had passed since the Ministry had thus been rescued by the

Church, and now the Church was in danger. It is difficult to say with certainty just what it was that 'the laymen were brewing', but it seems most likely that the Bishop is referring to the Bill for the better Regulating the Proceedings of Ecclesiastical Courts. Such a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons, April 9, 1733, by Sir Nathaniel Curzon (see *The Political State*, vol. xlvi, pp. 521–7). It was the signal for bringing the Ecclesiastical Courts under general fire. Orator Henley delivered a number of vehement talks upon the subject, and pamphlets were published alleging abuse and corruption in these courts. One such pamphlet (entitled *A Brief View of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction*, and dedicated to Sir Nathaniel Curzon and his committee) computed that from eight to ten hundred thousand pounds per annum were 'extorted and squeezed out of the people's purses, merely to support ecclesiastical power and jurisdiction' (op. cit., p. 13). I have not been able to find any trace of the re-introduction of this Bill in the Parliament of 1734; but *The Political State* thought the matter would be taken up again, and the Bishop may have learned that such plans were forward. Now Gibson was as much opposed to an inquiry into the Ecclesiastical Courts as Walpole was to a scrutiny of the affairs of the South Sea Company. The Bishop is therefore represented as demanding from Walpole a return of the favour which the Church had rendered him in the previous year. The conversation wanders from the subject in hand, but it continues to illustrate the character—as conceived by the ballad writer—of the participants.

This ballad, reprinted from a folio pamphlet (dated 1734) in the Harvard Library, appeared in March of that year (*Gentleman's Magazine*).

In the Island of *Britain* I sing of a K[nigh]t,
Much fam'd for dispensing his Favours *aright;*
No Merit could he but what's *palpable* see,
And he judg'd of Men's Worth by the Weight of their Fee.
Derry down, &c.

Of a P[relat]e I sing too, who liv'd in great Hope,
(Tho' he rail'd at the Name) to be great as a Pope;[1]
All from him who to differ should prove so uncivil,
Out of Zeal for their Souls, he consign'd to the Devil.
Derry down, &c.

To his Pride many truckled, yet others rebell'd,
And would know by what Title his Power he held.
Cries the P[relat]e alarm'd, 'This our utmost demands,
Now the Ch[ur]ch is at Stake, or, what's worse, our Ch[ur]ch Lands.
Derry down, &c.

To the K[nigh]t then he ran, and cry'd, 'Save us from Ruin,
'And mark what the Laymen against us are brewing;
'They say they can without Ch[ur]ch Spectacles see,
'And can spy full as far in a Mill-stone as we.
Derry down, &c.

[1] 'His [Walpole's] esteem for the Bishop of London had been so great, that when he was reproached with giving him the authority of a Pope, he replied, "And a very good Pope he is."'—Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir R. W.*, vol. i, p. 479.

'That our Right to Dominion nor my Brethren nor I know,
'That our Coaches and Six are not *Jure divino:*
'If Errors so impious are suffer'd to root,
'As in primitive Times, we must tramp it on foot.
Derry down, &c.

My very good Friend, says the K[nigh]t, 'calm your Passion,
'I smoke what you drive at, but—no C[o]nv[o]c[a]t[io]n;
'Should your Ch[ur]ch Bellows blow up the Zeal of the Rabble,
'You'd breed more Confusion than e'er was at *Babel.*
Derry down, &c.

Cries the B[isho]p enrag'd, 'Is that your Pretence?
'Consider, the Ch[ur]ch is your *Rock of Defence:*
'Your *S[outh] Sea* Escape in your Memory cherish,
'When sinking you cry'd, help L[or]ds, or I perish.
Derry down, &c.

Heyday! quoth the K[nigh]t, 'why you're grown very bold;
'You forget sure his G[ra]ce of *L[a]mb[e]th* is old:
'Tho' the Job might seem dirty, the Br[i]be you thought good,
'And are deep in the Mire, as I in the Mud.
Derry down, &c.

Quoth the B[isho]p, 'the Truth of this Proverb I note,
'*Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll cut your Throat,*
'If to free you when fast, we wade thro' the Mire,
'You must own that the *Labourer's worthy his Hire.*
Derry down, &c.

'A Th[ie]f! cries the K[nigh]t, shake Hands then dear Brother,
'Since Receiver and Thief tally pat to each other;
'When to pry into Frauds you thought was not right,
'The World says you fear'd lest your own should see Light.
Derry down, &c.

'That your Sp[iri]t[ua]l C[ou]rts, all loudly complain,
'Instead of Reforming, mind nought but their Gain;
'That it is not the *Sin,* but the *Purse* that they war on,
'And thrive on Men's Vices, like Maggots on Carrion.
Derry down, &c.

'That was *Judas* alive he might lay by all Fears,
'And demand to be try'd by his Sp[iri]t[ua]l P[ee]rs;
'For his Purse (could he but the Expedient hit on)
'Would absolve him at *Rome,* and screen him in *Br[i]t[ai]n.*
Derry down, &c.

Quoth the B[isho]p, 'Alas, how unjust is their Bawling!
'Why, Sinners to *save* is the *End* of our Calling;
'With *Charity* always our Order begins,
'And Charity *covers* a *Number* of Sins.
Derry down, &c.

'None but Infidels surely can make such a Bustle,
'Since 'tis plain we've outdone each Saint and Apostle;
'For they to procure such Offenders Salvation,
'Did but hazard their Lives, while we venture D[a]mn[a]t[io]n.
Derry down, &c.

'In our Courts on this *Maxim* Delinquents we fleece;
'*Take away but the Cause, the Effect soon must cease:*
'Then since *Money*, all grant, sends the most to the Devil,
'We devoutly take from them *that Root* of all Evil.
Derry down, &c.

If your Doctrine be true, the K[nigh]t strait replies,
'I'll warrant 'em Heav'n, if they'll pass my Exc[i]se;
'But the Nation my Schemes with their Murmurs controuls,
'Or their Purses I'd squeeze for the Good of their Souls.
Derry down, &c.

Quoth the B[isho]p, 'their Murmurs to still, preach up Patience;
'Describe holy *Job* amidst his Vexations;
'Bid 'em imitate him; but remember, be sure,
'*To be patient as* Job, *they must first be as poor.*
Derry down, &c.

'If Pelf, says the K[nigh]t, sends so many to Hell,
'I wonder your L[or]d[shi]p should love it so well;
'Tho' it is not yourself alone I need speak on;
'For most of you doat on 't, from B[isho]p to D[ea]c[o]n.
Derry down, &c.

Cries the B[isho]p, 'From Scripture I speak for myself,
'Which bids us make Friends of unrighteous Pelf;
'When here for you on *Duty*, that for us can preach,
'And from Town to a Cure *in Commendam* can reach.
Derry down, &c.

'I submit, says the K[nigh]t, for I know 't to be true,
'That, howe'er you serve Heav'n, you give Mammon his Due;
'But can you at once two Masters obey,
'Who require to be serv'd a quite contrary Way?
Derry down, &c.

'Quoth the P[relat]e, this Stuff to us B[isho]ps is Nonsense;
'Sure you think like Dissenters, we're troubled with Conscience:
'At St. *P[au]l's* 'tis our *outward* Man bows to the Heavens,
''Tis our *inward* that Mammon adores at **St. Stephens.*
Derry down, &c.

'Courage then, cries the K[nigh]t, I may yet be forgiven,
'Or at worst, buy the B[isho]p's Reversions in Heaven.
'My frequent Escapes in this World shew how true 'tis
'That Gold is the only *Elixir Salutis.*
Derry down, &c.

* The P[arliamen]t H[ou]se.

'All you then who into the Finances creep,
'Ne'er piddle, but by Thousands the Tr[ea]s[u]ry sweep.
'Your Safety depends on the *Weight* of the *Sum*,
'For no Rope yet was made that could tie up a †Plum.
Derry down, &c.

† A Man worth 100,000 l.

No. XXXV

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD

ADDRESS'D TO THE CITY OF *LONDON*

To the Tune of *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury*.

The election of Members to represent London in the ensuing Parliament occupied the City during the most of April and a part of May 1734. Of the four Members who were to be returned, two—Humphrey Parsons and Sir John Barnard—were certain, and a third—Micajah Perry—was practically certain, of re-election; but the choice of a fourth, though no candidate was put forward by the Government, was the subject of fierce dissensions in the Patriot camp. The nomination was coveted by John Barber, Robert Godschall, George Champion, Joseph Chitty, George Heathcote, and Robert Willimot; but the contest soon narrowed to Barber and Godschall. Godschall had the support of Barnard, his kinsman by marriage; while Barber tried to win over some of Perry's followers by insinuating that his own conduct in opposing the Excise Bill had been more disinterested than that of Perry, who was a large tobacco merchant. When the liverymen met, on April 30, after more than a fortnight of electioneering, Parsons, Barnard, Barber, and Godschall were declared by the sheriffs to have a majority of hands. The defeat of Perry was certainly surprising; and a poll being demanded by his friends, and those of Willimot, the contest began afresh. The polling soon showed that Parsons, Barnard, and Perry were certain of re-election; while the conflict between Barber and Godschall for fourth place enabled Willimot to overtake them. Advertisements in the interest of the three candidates urged the liverymen to meet at certain taverns and proceed to the poll together. At the eleventh hour Godschall withdrew, but not in time to prevent the election of Willimot. Thus the two candidates of popular and demagogic cast were by their mutual hostility both defeated.

Barber's claim to have 'put down the Excise' rested upon his activities as Lord Mayor. The Ministry desired to withhold the details of the Bill from public knowledge, and overruled a motion to have it printed and distributed among the Members. Nevertheless, Barber obtained a copy, and called a meeting of the Common Council (April 9), at which the Bill was read. The decision to petition against it was unanimous. Accordingly, on the following day the sheriffs presented the petition at the Bar of the House, with prayer to be heard by counsel; and this request, though contrary to the rules and regulations of the House with regard to a Money Bill, was rejected by only 17 votes. The narrowness of the majority showed that the Bill was virtually defeated. A little later, when the

question of popular disturbances over the Excise Bill came before the Grand Jury, the City Recorder urged strict observance of the law; whereupon the Lord Mayor 'took occasion to make the proper distinction between criminal riotings and innocent rejoicings', for which he was thanked by the foreman of the Grand Jury (*Political State*, vol. xlv, p. 547).

This ballad was included in *A New Miscellany for* 1734 (B. M. 116. l. 44), and was published in *Fog's Weekly Journal* for April 27 of that year. There can be no doubt that it also circulated in broadside form. *The Free Briton* for May 16 said that 'Mr. Alderman B[arber], with much learning, penned divers advertisements, bills and ballads'. Perhaps this is a specimen of his ingenuity.

WHILST Politick Mortals with different Views,
Admit a Debate what Members to chuse;
O City of London, *be grateful and wise,*
And put up the Man *who put down the* Excise.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Should this noble City forget her late Mayor,
Of Guardians hereafter she well may despair:
O City of London, *be grateful and wise,*
And put up the Man *who put down the* Excise.
Derry down, down, &c.

Ye Lovers of *England*, ye Lovers of Trade,
Remember how GLORIOUS a Stand he has made!
O City of London, *be grateful and wise,*
And put up the Man *who put down the* Excise.
Derry down, down, &c.

Think how the good Magistrate guarded your Quiet,
And wisely distinguish'd *Rejoicing* from *Riot*:
O City of London, *be grateful and wise,*
And put up the Man *who put down the* Excise.
Derry down, down, &c.

Remember who kept your great City in Order,
Who quash'd the *Excise*, and who quell'd the *R[ecorde]r*;
O City of London, *be grateful and wise,*
And put up the Man *who put down the* Excise.
Derry down, down, &c.

Should others attempt to ask for your Voice,
Assure 'em you're steadily fix'd in your Choice;
That Freemen of *London* are grateful and wise,
And honour the MAN who put down the *Excise*.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

No. XXXVI

THE SPEECH ENGLISHED

Upon the death, February 1, 1733, of Augustus II, King of Poland, a dispute arose over the succession. Louis XV demanded the restoration of King Stanislaus, his father-in-law, who had been elected King of Poland some twenty-eight years before, but had been deposed a few years later. The Emperor, however, and the Czarina supported Augustus, Elector of Saxony, and son of the late King. These rival claims brought on the War of the Polish Succession, in which France, with Spain and Sardinia as allies, was alined against the Emperor. He, in turn, applied to England for support. The King was eager to enter the war, but Walpole, as usual, was for avoiding entanglements. Prolonged negotiations, in which England was represented by Horace Walpole, were carried on at the Hague in the second half of 1734, but at the end of the year they had still proved fruitless. With the opening of the new year and of the new Parliament, the Ministry began to make aggressive preparations for war, but Walpole at the same time renewed negotiations for peace in an equally vigorous manner. These were in the end successful; and at the end of the year (1735), preliminaries for a general pacification were signed.

This ballad is only a metrical rendition, with a leaven of satire, of the King's speech on opening Parliament in January 1735. At that juncture no one could say whether the balance would incline to peace or war; and the King's speech, drawn up, in all likelihood, by Walpole, was so cautious and non-committal that the ballad hardly exaggerates in charging it with saying nothing. I have appended some extracts from it to show the close adherence between it and the ballad.

A broadside (undated) in the Harvard Library is here reprinted, except that the title, which in that copy is missing, is supplied from a similar, but not identical, copy in the British Museum (1876. f. 1. 116).

Ye Commons and Peers, who are bound by your Pay,
To support honest B O B with a *Yea* and a *Nay*,
I am come here to tell you I've nothing to say,
Which nobody can deny.

For, as well as myself, I am sure you all know,
That a War broke out somewhere two Summers ago;
And perhaps, by the bye, Things will be but *so so*,[1]
Which, &c.

If therefore you would I shou'd say something more,
Remember, I pray, what I told you before,
That we are far off, but the *Dutch* are next Door,[2]
Which, &c.

[1] 'The present posture of affairs in Europe is so well known to you all, and the good or bad consequences that may arise, and affect us, from the war being extinguished, or being carried on, are so obvious, . . .'

[2] 'I opened the last session of the late Parliament by acquainting them, that . . . it was necessary . . . not to determine too hastily upon so critical and important a conjuncture . . . and particularly to concert with the States General of the United Provinces . . . such measures as should be thought most advisable for our common safety, and for restoring the peace of Europe.'

Yet I think, ere we come to a Determination,
We should try of such Things to obtain Acceptation
Which may end, as we wish, in an Accommodation,[1]
Which, &c.

And I judge this Grand Work is no longer in Doubt,
Since *France* and her Friends, who at first were so stout,
Are now well dispos'd to hear *Horace* quite out,[2]
Which, &c.

And believe me, that shortly I'll shew you a Plan,
From the best Lights 'tis form'd, and to fit ev'ry Man;
Which the wisest among you may mend, if he can,[3]
Which, &c.

But, howe'er, on this Plan we must lay no great Stress,
For as Matters now stand, there is no one can guess,
Tho' my Work should *succeed,* if I shall have *Success,*[4]
Which, &c.

But, in Case of a Rupture, that none may defeat ye,
With my Brother of *Denmark* I've made a new Treaty,
And hereafter Old *Nick* won't be able to beat ye,[5]
Which, &c.

Shall this King and that King just act as they will,
And turn the World round like a Wheel in a Mill?
And d'ye think such a Monarch as I can sit still?[6]
Which, &c.

[1] '. . . I concurred in a resolution taken by the States General, to employ . . . our joint and earnest instances to bring matters to a speedy and happy accommodation, before we should come to a determination upon the succours demanded by the Emperor.'

[2] 'These instances did not at first produce such explicit answers from the contending parties, as to enable us to put immediately in execution our impartial and sincere desires for that purpose; . . . however . . . we renewed the offer of our good offices in so effectual a manner, as to obtain an acceptation of them.'

[3] '. . . I hope in a short time a plan will be offered to the consideration of all the parties engaged in the present war, as a basis for a general negotiation of peace. . . .'

[4] 'I do not take upon me to answer for the success of a negotiation, where so many different interests are to be considered and reconciled; but when a proceeding is founded upon reason, and formed from such lights as can be had, it had been inexcusable not to have attempted a work which may produce infinite benefits and advantages, and can be of no prejudice, if we do not suffer ourselves to be so far amused by hopes that may possibly be afterwards disappointed, as to leave ourselves exposed to real dangers.'

[5] '. . . I have concluded a treaty with the Crown of Denmark, of great importance in the present conjuncture.'

[6] 'It is impossible, when all the Courts of Europe are busy and in motion to secure to themselves such supports as time and occasion may require, for me to sit still, and neglect opportunities which, if once lost, may not only be irretrievable, but turned as greatly to our prejudice, as they will prove to our advantage, by being seasonably secured; and which, if neglected, would have been thought a just cause of complaint.'

If I lose an Occasion, I may be suspected,
And what I *neglect* will be surely *neglected;*
And unless I *protect* you, you'll ne'er be *protected.*
Which, &c.

Then grant the Supplies tho' the *Tories* look grum,
And provide for what 's past, and what is to come;
This Treaty with *Denmark* has cost a good Sum![1]
Which, &c.

Tho' the Danger 's remote, as before I have said,
Yet, to strike all the Nations of *Europe* with Dread,
Let us fit out once more a Grand Fleet for *Spithead,*
Which, &c.

And, to show your Affection, and eke your good Sense,
You must place in my Wisdom your whole Confidence,
And give all you have, to prevent an Expence,
Which, &c.

Give me All, and to ask nothing more I intend;
And as *Bob* well computes, your Expences will end,
When I've nothing to ask, and you nothing to spend,[2]
Which, &c.

No. XXXVII

A NEW BALLAD

To the Tune of *The Abbot of Canterbury.*

This ballad is another bit of political reporting. It carried to the multitude a partisan account of the fate of the petition concerning the Scotch peers, a subject which had raised in the hearts of the Opposition leaders high hopes of political retaliation and advancement, but which, in the

[1] 'I make no doubt but I shall find in this House of Commons the same zeal, duty, and affection, as I have experienced through the whole course of my reign; and that you will raise the necessary supplies with cheerfulness, unanimity, and dispatch.'

'And as the treaty with the Crown of Denmark is attended with an expence, I have ordered the same to be laid before you.' In accordance with this treaty, the sum of 56,250*l.* was granted to the King of Denmark for the service of the year 1735.

[2] 'It is our happiness to have continued hitherto in a state of peace; but whilst many of the principal powers of Europe are engaged in war, the consequences must more or less affect us; and as the best concerted measures are liable to uncertainty, we ought to be in a readiness, and prepared against all events; and if our expences are in some degree increased, to prevent greater, and such as if once entered into, it would be difficult to see the end of, I hope my good subjects will not repine at the necessary means of procuring the blessings of peace, and of universal tranquillity, or of putting ourselves in a condition to act that part, which may be necessary and incumbent upon us to take.'

event, proved a signal failure. The story, told in prose, and in somewhat greater detail, is as follows:

In the middle of 1734, after the election by the Scotch House of Peers of sixteen of their own number for the House of Lords, the cry was raised of an illegal election. Protests maintaining this illegality were drawn up and signed by numerous Scotch peers; and these protests were widely dispersed in pamphlets (Hervey's *Memoirs*, vol. i, p. 511) and in the columns of *The Craftsman*. Redress would be sought, it was stated, at the proper time and place. The allusion was, of course, to the House of Lords, and the coming session was awaited with great curiosity and expectation. The Earl of Marchmont and the Duke of Montrose, whom Walpole prevented from being returned at this election, together with Lord Chesterfield, 'the Commander-in-chief of this Scotch brigade' (ibid., p. 461), took a leading part in the preparations. Their first fond hope had been to have another set of peers returned, or at least to have their places declared vacant; but it was soon found that these ends were impracticable. Faith remained, however, in the possibility of impeaching Lord Islay, who managed Scottish affairs in the interest of Walpole (*Marchmont Papers*, vol. ii, p. 41 et seq.). Prominent Opposition lawyers, when the evidence was laid before them, confirmed this hope (ibid., p. 59). If the case went well, evidence might be produced which would incriminate Walpole also. If it went ill—even if it failed—some 'good effect' would issue from the public exposure of 'the whole scene of iniquity and corruption'. On February 13 the petition was presented to the Lords (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. ix, pp. 720–1). It was drawn in very general terms. It complained of 'undue methods and illegal practices' in the election of the sixteen Scotch peers, and prayed that 'instances and proofs' might be laid before the House, as a basis of such action as might seem most proper. The vagueness of the phrasing was intentional. The Opposition did not really have sufficient evidence in hand to impeach either Islay or Walpole; but they hoped that in the course of an official investigation, in which their own witnesses could speak freely without laying themselves open to suits for libel, and reluctant witnesses could be summoned and compelled to testify, such evidence would appear. On the other hand, this vagueness provided a good quibble for the courtiers. What did the petitioners intend? Did they mean, for instance, to controvert the election of any or all of the newly elected peers? After considerable debate, the petitioners were ordered to make a written declaration in answer to this question. This they did on February 21, denying any such intentions. The courtiers then maintained that the obscurity of the petition had only been increased. What did the petition mean? It looked as if incriminating evidence was to be brought against some unnamed person; yet it was a legal maxim not to receive such evidence without giving the accused, at the same time, an opportunity to vindicate his character; and not to examine a witness without providing the privilege of cross-examination. But this petition named no particular person, alleged no particular facts. It was *ex parte* procedure. The reply to these arguments was that the proposed taking of evidence was only preliminary to the establishment of particular charges against particular persons; should any such charges result, the trial would be conducted with all the safeguards urged by the courtiers. The Ministerial party carried its point, however, and the petitioners were ordered to lay before the House, in writing, 'instances of those undue methods and illegal practices, . . . and the names of the persons they suspected to be guilty' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. ix, p. 738).

The petitioners were disarmed. Their answer, laid before the House on February 28, was evasive and petulant. It reiterated, in general terms,

charges of corruption by means of money, pensions, and offices ; it declared that long previous to the election a list of the sixteen peers had been drawn up by the Court party and circulated as the King's list, from which there was to be no variation ; and asserted that on the day of the election a battalion was drawn up in the Abbey court, at Edinburgh, and kept under arms all day, with no other purpose, so far as could be seen, than the overawing the election. With a brief so weak as this to combat, the Ministerial party had little difficulty in passing a resolution declaring that the petitioners had not complied with the order of the House, and another, immediately afterwards, that the petition be dismissed (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. ix, pp. 760–93).

The ballad, which is here reprinted from a broadside in the British Museum (11602. i. 6. 11), probably appeared early in March. The name Rob Roy designates Walpole. Archie, his man, is Archibald Campbell, Lord Islay.

I'LL tell you a Story that happen'd of late,
And troubled some Wizards, and Heads of the State ;
And had not these Heads been of Metal good Proof,
There might have been Danger and Mischief enough.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

A Set of great LORDS, with a wicked Intent
To disturb the Repose of our good Parliament,
Preferr'd a PETITION, in which was held forth
Some scurvy Proceedings, and Tricks in the North.
Derry down, &c.

They said, and, what 's worse, would have made it appear,
That the Sixteen for *Scotland* had cost very dear ;
And to get them elected, and made trusty Rogers,
Was owing to Money, and disciplin'd Sogers.
Derry down, &c.

They alledg'd that Rob Roy, and Archie, his Man,
Had bought up the Votes to secure their own Plan ;
And least they should fail, a Battallion of Foot
Was ready at Hand to keep the Lords to 't.
Derry down, &c.

The STURDY PETITIONERS beg'd to be heard
At the Bar of the House ; and as Truth appear'd,
Their LORDSHIPS would then, for the Good of the Nation,
Prevent the like Tricks in the Administration.
Derry down, &c.

Some Lords in the House stuck by the PETITION,
And prest of the Facts they would make Inquisition.
Their Honour, they said, was concern'd in the Thing ;
For Lords were above being brib'd by a King.
Derry down, &c.

But others, especially those of the **Gown**,
Who were, out of **Conscience**, attach'd to the Crown,
Declared the PETITION should not be receiv'd,
The **Election** was just, the PETITIONERS rav'd.
Derry down, &c.

Should a Vote against **Bribes** and **Corruption** go down,
It might cramp all Preferment, and cripple the Crown:
For who in his Senses would vote for the Court,
Without having **weighty**, and good Reasons for 't.
Derry down, &c.

'Tis therefore expedient these LORDS should go Home,
And learn to take Money howe'er it may come.
Who bogles at that, be he COMMON or PEER,
If he 's honest at Home he has nought to do here.
Derry down, &c.

Thus put to the Vote, the PETITION rejected;
And the **Bribing**, tho' plain, must not be detected.
Corruption stands good by a Vote of the **Lord**',
And the **Lords**, to be sure, are all Men of their Words.
Derry down, &c.

Thus **Robin** and **Archie** got out of the Scrape,
By the Voice, not the Reason, of the **Lords of the Crape**;
And the wicked PROTESTERS may grumble and curse;
But a good Cause is nothing against a **long Purse**.
Derry down, &c.

No. XXXVIII

[A NEW BALLAD]

TO THE TUNE OF *To all ye Ladies now at Land.*

The course of the War of the Polish Succession (the origin of which is explained in the introduction to *The Speech Englished*, p. 96) was watched with the keenest interest. In the summer of 1735 people were, as the ballad says, 'brimful of expectation' concerning the 'grand event'. It was believed that Prince Eugene, having received Russian reinforcements, would pass the Rhine and give battle to the French forces under Marshal Coigny. Wagers were laid in London that this would happen, and rumours of an engagement were afloat. The news of an armistice therefore came as a surprise. It was announced in *The Craftsman* for November 8 as follows: 'Monday, we hear, arrived the important advice that the Emperor and the Powers in alliance against him having, at the

instance of the King of Great Britain, agreed to hold a congress at Aix la Chappelle . . . a suspension of arms was declared at Versailles on Thursday se'nnight last, his Britannic Majesty's birthday; but couriers had been dispatched with it to Marshal Coigny at Treves . . . several days before. . . .

'On the 5th instant Marshal Coigny received his dispatches, and the next moment sent to communicate them to Count Seckendorf, who then acknowledged the orders he had received; and immediately the General Officers of the two armies paid visits to each other, and the French camp was the greatest scene of joy ever seen.'

From *A Collection of Diverting Songs* (p. 305), in the possession of Professor Firth. No title is given. The ballad was also printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1737, but that can hardly be taken to represent the date of composition.

I SING of feats that now are past,
  Of horrid wars and rumours;
Which made all Europe stand aghast,
  While monarchs had their humours;
For kings, like children, I averr,
Unless they're humour'd, keep a stir.
  With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The Frenchman swore that Stanislaus
  The Polish king should be;
The German thought Augustus was
  A fitter man than he.
And rather than it shou'd be so,
He stood resolv'd to try a blow.
  With a fa, &c.

The monarch of the British land,
  Who hates both war and riot,
Got up, and taking sword in hand,
  Advis'd 'em to be quiet;
And if they wou'd not yield thereto,
He'd let 'em know what he wou'd do.[1]
  With a fa, &c.

But when the Gallic bloods were warm,
  And eke their stomachs keen-a,
They chose they[2] to pursue th' alarm,
  And make their valour seen-a;
So fifty thousand valiant men
Went out—but ne'er came in again.
  With a fa, &c.

[1] The number of soldiers and seamen was substantially augmented in the spring of 1735. The Ministry argued that this step would maintain the balance of power, and said that by this means 'we shall be able to restore the peace of Europe, and establish the future security of this nation, without exposing ourselves to the inconveniences, the misfortunes, and the doubtful events of war'.—*Parl. Hist.*, vol. ix, p. 802.

[2] *For* chuse ye.

Both parties for the grand event
  Made mighty preparation,
And people were, where'ere you went,
  Brim-full of expectation;
And politicians then no doubt
Of all men had a glorious bout.
  With a fa, &c.

Some said the Emperor would nip
  The Frenchman's growing pride,
And some—the king of France would whip
  The Emperor's backside.
But sure this mail the battle brings—
Alas! the French know better things.
  With a fa, &c.

For as the German troops drew nigher,
  The French ones lagg'd behind;
Their hearts, they said, were full of ire,
  Their bellies full of wind.
For war no stomach had those sinners,
They had such great ones to their dinners.[1]
  With a fa, &c.

Quoth marshal Coigny, I admire,
  Why you the fight pursue;
If we will give what ye require,
  What need so much ado?
Ah! do not fire a gun, we pray—
But if you do, we'll run away.
  With a fa, &c.

The rival gen'ral does not wait,
  When this he understands,
But runs unto the marshal strait,
  And peaceably shakes hands.
Such scenes, I wot, are sweeter far,
Than all your wrath and smoke of war.
  With a fa, la, &c.

[1] See the Foreign Advices published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1735. The account concludes: 'Thus the French, who all along boasted, they wanted no better sport than to come to an engagement with the Imperialists, have constantly fled, as they advanced, and have now taken shelter under the cannon of Treves.'

BALLADS ON THE THREE PER CENT. SCHEME

The three following ballads are concerned with Sir John Barnard's Three per cent. scheme, which he brought forward in March 1737. The purpose of the scheme was to reduce the interest on the public debt from four to three per cent. by authorizing the Government to borrow sums at a rate not exceeding three per cent. (which it could easily do), and to pay off the redeemable South Sea annuities, old and new (which were bearing four per cent.), unless the annuitants preferred to re-subscribe their holdings at the rate of three per cent., or accept annuities for varying terms of years at graduated rates. The Sinking Fund would thus be materially increased, and was to be applied to the payment of the public debt and the removal of certain burdensome taxes. The project had a great deal to recommend it from the point of view of the public good; but it was naturally opposed by those who held annuities, and by the moneyed classes generally. Merchants and traders were easily persuaded that their welfare also was involved. If the income of their creditors suffered a reduction of twenty-five per cent., did it not follow that the channels of trade must undergo a similar reduction? Gloomy pictures were drawn of general distress. Younger brothers, who had hitherto enjoyed a competency, would be compelled to take up farming, and their intrusion into this occupation would drive out the existing set of farmers, who would be obliged to turn cottagers. Younger daughters, on the other hand, would have to content themselves with marrying a cook or coachman, or else go into service. The low rate of interest would induce numerous adventurers to borrow capital and engage in trade, so that merchants and traders, impoverished by competition, would in many cases have to retire to the Continent, where the cost of living was not so high. A similar motive would send many of the smaller annuitants then living in London, and contributing to the livelihood of many others there, into the country districts. The result of this exodus would be great rows of empty houses bringing their landlords no return. The piteous plight of widows and orphans was inexpressible. As if to substantiate these prophecies, the price of stocks fell, and there was a run on the Bank (*Hist. MSS. Comm.* Rept. XV, Carlisle, Append. Part VI, p. 182). As the culmination of all, it was predicted by a speaker in the House, that this scheme would 'bring such a deluge of distress upon all ranks of people, that the consequences might be fatal to our present happy establishment' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. x, p. 107).

Fears like these, which have been transferred without exaggeration from the newspapers and parliamentary debates, aroused 'prodigious' clamour and excitement among the multitude. This fact alone might have been sufficient to set Walpole in opposition to the Bill; but there were still better reasons. Of these perhaps the strongest was that it would have prevented the Sinking Fund from being applied to the current service of the year, and would therefore have made necessary the imposition of new taxes. As many of the Whigs were in favour of the Bill, Walpole was obliged to secure its defeat by craft. The method which he pursued is set forth at some length in Coxe's *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, chap. xlvii.

No. XXXIX

THE CITY RAMBLE

OR

THE WOLF TURN'D SHEPHERD

To the Tune of *As down in a Meadow*, &c.

As lately through *London* I rambl'd along,
I met with a sad and disconsolate Throng,
Crying, Who will relieve us! or where shall we run!
Our Fortunes are sunk, and we are all undone!
The Widow and Orphan henceforth must retrench,
And the tender-bred Lady become Servant-Wench!
The Widow and Orphan, &c.

A surly thin *Jesuit*,[1] in a *Fur* Gown,
Accosted 'em thus, with an insolent Frown,
E'en learn to make Use of your Hands and your Feet,
Who refuses to labour deserves not to eat:
The Girl that is handsome may live by her Face,
And she that is homely may go into Place.
The Girl that is handsome, &c.

Why, how now, Sir *Brute?* (a young Lady reply'd)
How basely you shew your ill Nature and Pride;
By Stock and *Assurance* you've feather'd your Nest,
And make the Distresses of others your Jest:
But had you the Reward you so justly deserve,
You ought sure to swing for the Thousands you'd starve.
But had you the Reward, &c.

Though you without Labour or Toil can subsist,
Who have nothing to do but to open your Fist,
By *Assurance* receiving the Gold that is brought,
And if fair Weather happens you have it for nought;
Content you subscribe to a Risque e'ry Day,
And the worst that can happen leave Heaven to pay.
Content you subscribe, &c.

The Land-Man you gull, with the Hopes of a Gain,
But he'll find, when too late, that his Hopes were all vain;
For how can the Farmer hope Four e'er to see,
When all the World knows that his Chap has but Three;
And then the poor Landlord, as sure as alive,
Instead of his Hundred must take Sev'nty-five.
And then the poor Landlord, &c.

[1] The 'Jesuit' and the 'man of assurance' are Sir John Barnard.

Ev'n thus the sly Wolf, when he tempted the Lamb
To leave the Protection and Care of his Dam,
With Milk that was sweeter threw out his Decoy
To draw him aside, with Intent to destroy;
But they, like the Lamb, will beware of such Elves,
Or else you'll reduce 'em to Plowmen themselves.
But they, like the Lamb, &c.

The Wolf that turn'd Shepherd, while Silence he kept,
The Country was quiet, and all of them slept;
But soon as his Howl had discover'd the Cheat,
They all were alarm'd, and he soundly was beat:
So you, like the Wolf, may be caught in your Game,
Though you should touch Thousands without Fear or Shame.
So you, like the Wolf, &c.

Oh, Fatal Projection! Oh, Dread Three *per Cent!*
If e'er it prevails, we must keep a long Lent.
Your *Honour* you've lost, and your Conscience you've sold,
But Death may o'ertake you, altho' you're so bold;
Then Gentle and Simple will sing o'er your Grave,
There 's an End of a mischievous, *crafty*, sly *Knave.*
Then Gentle and Simple, &c.

No. XL

THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS TRIUMPH

OR THE PROJECTOR DEFEATED

TUNE OF *The Glorious 29th of May.*

The defeat of the Three per cent. scheme occasioned 'mighty rejoicings' in the City. Horace Walpole wrote to the Princess of Orange that 'a general illumination took place . . . and the mob were with difficulty prevented from pulling down or setting fire to Sir John Barnard's house' (Coxe, *Memoirs of Horatio, Lord Walpole,* vol. i, p. 371).

Barnard was born of Quaker parents, but he had in his youth conformed to the English Church.

From a broadside (undated) in the possession of Professor Firth, containing also *The True-Blue* which follows.

JOHN the Quaker, did invent
A wicked Calculation,
To sink the Funds to Three *per Cent,*
And beggar all the Nation.

No Remorse it breeds in Him
If Thousands sink, so He but swim.
Fill a Bumper to the Brim,
And drink His Recantation.

Let Him Argue, Rail and Roar,
Or Cant, with sly Evasion;
Two and One can ne'er make Four,
For all His sweet Persuasion.
Fill a Bumper to Success
Of Those who sav'd Us from Distress;
God above for ever bless
All Lovers of this Nation.

No. XLI

THE TRUE-BLUE

A NEW SONG

This ballad, though printed on the same sheet with *The Widows and Orphans Triumph*, has nothing to do with the Three per cent. scheme, and was probably also issued independently. It needs no explanation, being simply a rallying cry against corruption. As such it is appropriately spirited and vigorous. It was apparently composed for some convivial occasion, if not for such an aristocratic company as the Liberty Club, at least for an association of similar purpose,—perhaps the Half Moon Club.

I HOPE there 's no Soul
Met over this Bowl,
But means honest Ends to pursue;
With the Voice go the Heart,
And let 's never depart
From the Faith of an honest *True-Blue*,
From the Faith of an honest *True-Blue*.

On politick Knaves,
Who strives to enslave,
Whose Schemes the whole Nation may rue;
On Pension and Place,
Our Curse and Disgrace,
Turn your Backs, and be staunch be *True-Blue*.

For our Country and Friends
We'll damn private Ends,
And keep Old *British* Virtue in View;
Stand clear of the Tribe
Who address with a Bribe;
And be honest, and ever *True-Blue*.

As with Hounds and with Horn,
We rise in the Morn,
With Vigour the Fox to pursue;
Corruption our Cries
Shall chase, 'till it dies:
'Tis worthy a *British True-Blue.*

Here 's a Health to all Those
Who Slav'ry oppose,
And our Trade both defend and renew:
To each honest Voice
That concurs in the Choice
And Support of an honest *True-Blue.*

No. XLII

THE NEGOTIATORS

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

This ballad came out in May 1738. In the two preceding months Parliament had been chiefly concerned with the Spanish depredations on English trading vessels. Numerous petitions had been received from merchants who had suffered injury from the Spanish guardacostas; while captains and seamen had appeared in person at the Bar of the House with tales of English sailors plundered and taken prisoners by the Spaniards, and set to work in Spanish dockyards, or even chained and cast into loathsome dungeons. Among these witnesses was probably the notorious Captain Jenkins, with his ear in a bottle. To one and all the House lent ready credence. Thus fomented, the cry for war grew in volume and intensity. On March 30, when the documents in the negotiations with Spain had been laid before the House, Pulteney remarked: 'Indeed I must say, if negotiations, if letters, memorials, and representations, had been methods proper or sufficient for obtaining redress, it appears from the piles of papers that have been laid before us, that our Ministers have not been remiss in endeavouring to obtain satisfaction and reparation for the injuries and insults we have met with; but, in my opinion, they have very much mistaken the methods proper to be made use of upon such occasions' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. x, p. 658). This is the view maintained in the ballad, which also, I suspect, is Pulteney's. It aims to discredit negotiations and negotiators as represented by the Walpoles.

Nevertheless, negotiations were going forward both in England and Spain. The Spanish envoy in London was Sir Thomas Fitz Gerald, commonly called Don Geraldino, and alluded to in the ballad as the Irish Don Diego. He was of Irish birth. He hindered the success of negotiations by betraying diplomatic secrets to the leaders of the Opposition (Rapin's *History* continued by Tindal, vol. xx, p. 368).

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1738) in the Harvard Library.

Our Merchants and Tarrs a strange Pother have made,
With Losses sustain'd in their Ships and their Trade:
But now they may laugh, and quite banish their Fears,
Nor mourn for lost Liberty, Riches, or *Ears:*
Since *Blue-string* the Great,
To better their Fate,
Once more has determin'd he will *Negotiate;*
And swears the proud *Don,* whom he dares not to fight,
Shall submit to his Logick, and do 'em all Right.

No sooner the Knight had declar'd his Intent,
But straight to the *Irish Don Diego he* went;
And lest, if alone, of Success he might fail,
Took with him his Brother to *Balance* the Scale:
For long he had known,
What all Men must own,
That Two Heads were ever deem'd better than One:
And sure in *Great Britain* no two Heads there are
That can with the *Knight*'s and his *Brother*'s compare.

These Worthies arriving at *Don Diego*'s Gate,
A long while in the Street were obliged to wait:
They, at length, were let into a Room without Fire,
And to speak with *Don Diego* most humbly desire;
They tarry'd full long,
Yawn'd, whistled and sung,
With Impatience at length they began to be stung;
When a Servant demanded their Message in Writing,
For the *Don* had been purged that Day, and was Sh—g.

On this they arose, and prepar'd to be gone,
Presenting their humble Respects to the *Don,*
They said they'd attend him next Day, if he pleas'd;
In order to which his Man's Fist was well greas'd:
So without further Speeches,
H[*orace*] tuck'd up his Breeches,[1]
(Pray note what great Patience *Negotiating* teaches)
And both Knight and Squire for that time went away,
Resolving to wait on *Don Diego* next Day.

When the Morrow was come, to the *Don* they repair,
Who bid them the Cause of their Visit declare.
Quoth the Knight, Noble *Don,* I am come to implore,
That you would their Ships to our Merchants restore:

[1] This particular action is so often mentioned in the satires of the day that it must be taken as indicating an actual habit.

For, sure as a Gun,
I shall else be undone,
And whither for Refuge, alas! shall I run?
You very well know my sad Case, that I dare
Neither *ask you for Peace*, nor yet *offer you War.*

Quoth *H[orace]*, I beg, gentle *Don*, I may join
In the humble request of this Brother of mine;
And surely I hope he may merit your Pity,
Since for you he has labour'd in every Treaty.
Were each *Secret Evil*
In the Treaty of *S[evi]lle*,
Fully known, he would quickly be sent to the Devil:
And since he so often has ventur'd a Halter,
Who knows but at last he may give up *G[ibralta]r?*

Consider how often himself he expos'd,
And 'twixt You and *Great Britain's* just Rage interpos'd:
When her Fleets were equipp'd, you must certainly know,
By him they were hinder'd from striking a Blow.
Thus *Hosier* the brave
Was sent to his Grave,
On an Errand which better had fitted a Slave;
Being order'd to take (if he could) your Galleons,
By the Force of *Persuasion*, not that of his *Guns.*

Quoth the *Don*, what you say, my good Friends, may be true,
But I wonder that you for such Varlets will sue.
Merchants! ha! they were once *Sturdy Beggars*, I think,
And were I in your Place, I would let them all sink.
They oppos'd your *Excise;*
Thus, if you are wise,
Reject their Petitions, be deaf to their Cries;
And let us like Brothers together agree,
You *Excise* them on *Land*, I'll *Excise* them at *Sea.*

Noble *Don*, quoth the Knight, I should heartily close
(For hugely I like it) with what you propose:
Our Merchants are grown very saucy and rich,
And 'tis Time to prepare a good Rod for their Breech:
Were I *once* to *speak true*,
Give the Devil his due,
I love them as little, nay, far less than you;
And would willingly crush them, but that I'm afraid
Of this a bad Use by my Foes might be made.

Sir Knight, quoth the *Don*, 'tis in vain to discourse,
For Words are with me of no manner of Force;
If you mean to convince me, Sir *Blue-string*, you must
Without farther Prating, *come down with your Dust.*
Then, for one Year or twain,
They shall quiet remain,
After which I'll fall on with fresh Fury again:
If you like my proposal, strait count out the Guineas,
Or else pray be gone like a Couple of Ninnies.

When the *Don* had done speaking, the Knight and his Brother
For a Time, like stuck Pigs, stood and star'd at each other;
But finding at last that he scorn'd for to stoop,
They immediately gave him a Warrant on *S[croo]p*:[1]
Then strutting away,
To each other they say,
Our Politicks have put off this Evil Day:
Let us now to our Master, and swear that the Nation
Had been lost, were it not for our *Negotiation.*

To *S[aint] J[ames]*'s they went, and accosted the K[ing],
And said, My D[ear] L[ie]ge, happy Tidings we bring.
Don Diego at first was as stiff as the Devil,
But we soon found a Method to make him more civil:
We shew'd him the Amount
Of the Merchants Account,
And told him your M[ajesty]'s Sword was not blunt;
At which he began for to tremble and quake,
And promises *full Satisfaction* to make.

How happy is *Britain* such Heroes to breed,
To stand by the Nation in Cases of Need!
What a Great Man is he! who his Enemies beats,
Without the Assistance of Armies or Fleets?
He can quell ev'ry Foe,
Without striking a Blow,
And conquer *as far as the Money will go:*
And when he at last has exhausted your Store,
On his Personal Credit he'll borrow you more.[2]

[1] The Secretary of the Treasury.
[2] i. e. by an unlimited vote of credit.

No. XLIII

THE CONVENTION

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD

This is the one form in which the Convention gained public approval. The ballad keeps pretty close to the official text, and is therefore the more insidious in reducing it to the absurd. The complete text is printed in the *Parliamentary History*, vol. x, pp. 1023–8. The passages which especially illustrate the ballad are appended.

Despite the intractability of its source, the ballad moves smoothly. It was sung, I have no doubt, in the streets, in taverns, and in houses, but hardly, in this case, at Court.

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1739) in the possession of Professor Firth.

KEN ye, Sirs, for as much as some *small Differences*
Have aris'n between Us and *Spain* of late Years;
Because *Don Philippo*, on various Pretences,
Hath plunder'd our Merchants, and *cut off some Ears*.[1]
Hath plunder'd, &c.

And whereas, if a *Treaty* be not brought about,
Things cannot much longer appear so mysterious;
But a Rupture quite open will surely break out,
For such *Differences* are things that are serious.[2]
For such, &c.

That therefore *both Kings* may be made full Amends,
They refer all their Grievances felt, heard and seen
(For they have it at Heart to continue good Friends)
To the *Dons de la Quadra* and *Benjamin Keen*.[3]
To the Dons, &c.

Who after producing, *in Form*, their *full Powers*,
And maturely consid'ring each Monarch's Intention,

[1] 'Whereas differences have arisen, of late years, between the two Crowns of Great Britain and Spain, on account of the visiting, searching, and taking of vessels, the seizing of effects, the regulating of limits, and other grievances alleged on each side, as well in the West Indies as elsewhere;

[2] 'which differences are so serious, and of such a nature, that, if care be not taken to put an entire stop to them for the present, and to prevent them for the future, they might occasion an open rupture between the said Crowns:

[3] 'For this reason his Majesty the King of Great Britain, and his Majesty the King of Spain, having nothing so much at heart as to preserve and corroborate the good correspondence which has so happily subsisted, have thought proper to grant their full powers . . . to Benjamin Keene, Esq., . . . and to Don Sebastian de la Quadra; . . .

And debating all Points for three or four Hours,
Have agreed on a *Thing* that is call'd a *Convention*.[1]
Have agreed, &c.

Art. 1. 'Tis allow'd, that a Friendship cannot long remain
Between two Great Nations that *Quarrel* and *Fight*,
Unless they be happily made *Friends* again,
And the Matters which caus'd their Complaints be set right.[2]
And the Matters, &c.

To attain this *good End*, with profound Application,
To *labour* immediately it is agreed:
And therefore, soon after the *Ratification*,
PLENIPO's on each Side shall be nam'd, and—well Feed.[3]
PLENIPO's, &c.

At *Madrid* they shall meet, and *Confer* and *Confer*;
With them let the Rights of our Crown be entrusted:
Navigation and *Trade*—and *alia in-ter*
Let our Bounds in the *Indies* be duly adjusted.[4]
Let our Bounds, &c.

Art. 2. By a happy Conceit, this *CONVENTION* now varies
From all *former Treaties*, since ev'ry one knows,
All Disputes were once left unto meet *Commissaries*;
But referr'd they shall now be to *Great Plenipo's*.[5]
But referr'd, &c.

[1] 'who, after previously producing their full powers, having conferred together have agreed upon the following Articles.

[2] 'Whereas the ancient friendship, so desirable and so necessary for the reciprocal interest of both nations, and particularly with regard to their commerce, cannot be established upon a lasting foundation, unless care be taken, not only to adjust and regulate the pretensions for reciprocal reparation of the damages already sustained, but, above all, to find out means to prevent the like causes of complaint for the future, and to remove absolutely and for ever every thing which might give occasion thereto;

[3] 'it is agreed to labour immediately, with all imaginable application and diligence, to attain so desirable an end; and for that purpose there shall be named on the part of their Britannic and Catholic Majesties respectively, immediately after the signing of the present Convention, two ministers-plenipotentiaries,

[4] 'who shall meet at Madrid within the space of six weeks, to be reckoned from the day of the exchange of the ratifications, there to confer, and finally regulate the respective pretensions of the two Crowns, as well with regard to the trade and navigation in America and Europe, and to the limits of Florida and Carolina, as concerning other points, which remain likewise to be adjusted; ...

[5] 'The regulation of the limits of Florida and of Carolina, which, according to what has been lately agreed, was to be decided by commissaries on each side, shall likewise be committed to the said plenipotentiaries, to procure a more solid and effectual agreement;

But, Sirs, mark you well, that howe'er you're distress'd,
Ye *Georgians* no more are to build, plant, or sow.
For 'tis well understood, tho' it be not express'd,
That *Spain* will yield nothing without *Statu quo*.[1]
That Spain, &c.

Art. 3. Yet the Merchants of *Britain* no more shall complain
Of *Searches* and *Losses*, and Limits and Bounds:
Since we now shall be paid by *Yo El Rey* of *Spain*,
For Damages—*Ninety Five Thousand Good Pounds*.[2]
For Damages, &c.

This always provided (but this must be *Mum*)
And you then may rely on his Catholick Word,
Th' *Assiento* shall furnish *Two Thirds* of the Sum,
Art. 4. And the rest be deducted for *Vessels restor'd*.[3]
And the rest, &c.

Art. 5. To conclude, we agree, that *this* King and *that*
Shall *Ratify* all, if they know what we mean,
By affixing two *Seals, each as broad as a Hat;
As Witness *La Quadra*, and Trusty *Ben Keen*.[4]
As Witness, &c.

* The Broad Seal of *Spain* is affixed to this Convention, and inclosed in a Box of *Logwood*.

[1] and during the time that the disicussion of that affair shall last, things shall remain in the aforesaid territories of Florida and of Carolina, in the situation they are in at present, without increasing the fortifications there, or taking any new posts; . . .

[2] 'After having duly considered the demands and pretensions of the two Crowns, and of their respective subjects, for reparation of the damages sustained on each side, . . . it is agreed, that his Catholic Majesty shall cause to be paid to his Britannic Majesty the sum of £95,000 sterling, . . . to the end that the above-mentioned sum . . . may be employed by his Britannic Majesty for the satisfaction, discharge, and payment of the demands of his subjects upon the Crown of Spain;

[3] 'it being understood nevertheless, that it shall not be pretended, that this reciprocal discharge extends or relates to the accounts and differences, which subsist, or are to be settled between the Crown of Spain and the Company of the Assiento of negroes, . . . The value of the ship called the *Woolball*, . . . the *Loyal Charles*, the *Dispatch*, the *George*, and the *Prince William*, . . . and the *St. James*, . . . having been included in the valuation that has been made of the demands of the subjects of Great Britain, . . . if it happens that, in consequence of the orders that have been dispatched by the Court of Spain for the restitution of them, part, or the whole of them have been restored, the sums so received shall be deducted from the £95,000.

[4] 'The present Convention shall be approved and ratified by his Britannic Majesty and his Catholic Majesty; . . . in witness whereof, we the under-written ministers-plenipotentiaries . . . caused the seal of our arms to be affixed thereto.'

No. XLIV

SIR *'S SPEECH UPON THE PEACE WITH SP[AI]N

To the Tune of *The Abbot of Canterbury.*

In this ballad Walpole appears as an early advocate of what in our day has been called 'dollar diplomacy'. While the Opposition were requiring 'reparation for the insults and dishonour the British flag has met with' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. x, p. 905), and demanding that renunciation of the right of search should be the initial step in any treaty, Walpole postponed these matters, and submitted a preliminary agreement of a purely monetary character. It was a method of procedure typical of Walpole,—calm, reasonable, business-like. But it was out of harmony with the temper of the people.

We may suppose that the ballad is a parody of the speech actually delivered by Walpole in the House of Commons on February 1, and that his ''Squires so true' are the placemen. The Convention was not formally submitted to the Commons until March 8, but on February 1, on the motion for an Address, the Opposition insisted on discussing the new treaty, and condemning it unheard. Walpole came to its defence, extolling it with what Coxe calls 'a wantonness of praise unusual with him', and yet, I believe, sincerely. 'I did not make the least difficulty,' he said, 'in agreeing to the Convention. I will venture to say that when it was concluded, I thought it my happiness that this nation would look upon the influence I have in the government as one of the principal means that brought it about. Nay, I should not be sorry if it was looked upon as a measure entirely my own' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. x, p. 956). This last sentiment is carried over into the ballad.

Walpole, therefore, *did* extol the Convention, and it *was* of a purely monetary character. These were known facts sufficient to make an artful perversion of them, such as the ballad presents, completely misleading. That the ballad is artful cannot be denied; it is perfectly designed to arouse deep prejudice against the treaty in the minds of all who heard or read it. It should be remembered that the public had no means of obtaining prompt and accurate reports of parliamentary debates.

This ballad is here reprinted from a folio pamphlet (dated 1739) in the Harvard Library. It was advertised in *The Daily Post* for February 6, 1739.

I'll tell you a Story, how lately Sir *Blue*
Bespoke in great Glee all his 'Squires so true,
Here, brave Boys, is a Peace, so first give Approbation,
And take it anon into Consideration.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Of all the fine Treaties that ever were made,
Of all I remember, and all I have read,
A Treaty so glorious there never was known,
For this (I declare it) is quite all my own.
Derry down, &c.

You shall find nothing here of a musty old Right,
Of a free Navigation, and Shiddle come Shite;
As well might a School-Boy cry, Doctor, no Birch,
As *England* but name to proud *Spaniards No Search.*
Derry down, &c.

The Cits they may rave about Slaves at *Caracca*,
As if 'twere th' Excise upon Wine and Tobacco;
But here for your Honour, your Ears, and your Wounds,
Here 's my famous old Plaister, some Thousand good Pounds.
Derry down, &c.

In such Reparation there 's solid good Sense:
Who wou'd stand on Punctilio's, and let go the Pence?
It 's true, they have ventured to piss on our Flag,
But why shou'd Friends quarrel about an old Rag?
Derry down, &c.

You may talk of your *Burleigh*, your *Raleigh*, and *Drake*,
And all those mad Fellows that made *Spain* to quake;
But forgive me to say, while I do myself Right,
That I am the first have the Heart, *Not to Fight.*
Derry down, &c.

I have stood Kicks and Cuffs with a brave Moderation,
By which I have saved a great Sum to the Nation;
For had *Haddock* beat 'em as *Bing* did before,
'Twou'd have cost us the Price of their Navy once more.[1]
Derry down, &c.

What tho' for some time we have lost all our Trade,
While Treaties were making, which never were made;
Yet here, my brave Boys, is an End of your Woes,
For now Commissaries are turn'd Plenipo's.[2]
Derry down, &c.

[1] Sir George Byng had destroyed the Spanish fleet off Cape Passaro in 1718. War had not been declared, and Spain demanded restitution, which England promised but had never made. In the Convention, the sum of £60,000 was allowed for this claim. Haddock had been cruising in the Mediterranean in the latter half of the year 1738, but he had not put his country to any expense by the destruction of a Spanish fleet.

[2] 'Plenipotentiaries are now appointed, because commissaries would have sounded ill' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. x, p. 876, note). Commissaries had been employed to conclude the details of the Treaty of Seville.

And to prove that our Rights can't be question'd again,
I have got, I can tell you, the Great Seal of *Spain;*
It will make you amends for your Half Million Tax,
When you see it so fair, and so fine upon Wax!
Derry down, &c.

So I'll tell you once more, that no Human Invention
Cou'd ever have hit on so rare a Convention;
Tho' the Merchants complain, and the Patriots bawl,
Believe, and stand by me, so G— b[le]ss you all.[1]
Derry down, &c.

No. XLV

L[OR]D B[OLINGBRO]KE'S SPEECH UPON THE CONVENTION

I have no doubt that the 'famous assembly' mentioned in the ballad was a real one, though I have not seen any other reference to it. Mr. Sichel's *Life of Bolingbroke* gives the impression that the Viscount was not in England at this time, but his presence there is shown by references to him in the newspapers as well as in this ballad. It is also said that he obtained a copy of the Convention 'before it was signed in form' (*Gentleman's Magazine,* vol. ix, p. 71).

This ballad is here reprinted from a folio pamphlet (dated 1739) in the Bodleian (G. Pamph. 1668. 20). It is listed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* among the publications for March of that year.

A FAMOUS *Assembly* was summon'd of late,
On the present important Affairs to debate,
In the midst of them all the *Convention* was laid,
Which orderly S[andys] desir'd might be read.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

And what would you read it for BOL[INGBRO]KE crys,
Would the Gentleman trust to his Senses or Eyes,
My Maxim (no bad one) Sir, always has been
To blame Things unheard, and condemn them unseen.
Derry down, &c.

[1] This departure from the text is authorized by the writer of the ballad in a pamphlet entitled *Explanatory Notes, Critical Remarks, &c. upon Sir *****'s Speech.*

This Consideration alone must be had,
Whatever our Enemies do *must* be bad;
Let your Judgments for ever be rul'd by your *Hate*,
Sir ROBERT 's a Fool, *Harry Fox* can't debate.
Derry down, &c.

Allow not a Foe to have any Pretence
To Honour or Honesty, Courage or Sense;
To our Friends be *these Virtues* and Qualities granted,
'Tis but just to bestow 'em where most they are wanted.
Derry down, &c.

By this Rule we hope to inflame the whole Nation,
'Tis from this Things are brought to this fine Situation:
The Crisis is come, and to all People known,
When either our Party, or *England* 's undone.
Derry down, &c.

For *once* I'll speak Truth, since all here are Friends,
This cursed Convention won't answer our Ends:
But 'tis easy its Meaning to construe away,
And I'LL make it speak what it ne'er meant to say.
Derry down, &c.

Declare in your Letters to every Port,
That *Spain*'s Right of *Searching* is *own'd* by our Court;
That the Merchants will never receive *Reparation*,
And see what Effects this will have on the Nation.
Derry down, &c.

Let *Petitions* be drawn—Let L[ON]D[O]N begin,
Each *Port* in the Nation will follow, but *Lynne*.
What the *City* shall say *I myself* will prepare,
And It will be approv'd,—for I'm sure of the M[ayo]r.
Derry down, &c.

He'll summon the wise C[ommo]n C[ounci]l together,
From the *Maker of Scales* to the *Seller of Leather*:[1]
We'll call 'em all *Merchants*, and sure they'll agree
To what 's offer'd by B[A]RB[E]R, and written by ME.
Derry down, &c.

And I hope every Man that is Liberty's Friend,
Will joyn in the *Train* that the *Sheriffs* attend;
And do you thro' those Numbers remember to tell
How *dy'd the De Witts*, and how *Buckingham fell*.
Derry down, &c.

[1] Cf. *A Touch of the Times*, note 1, p. 135.

The Love of my *Country* my Silence has broke,
And the *Genius of England* has breath'd what I've spoke,
Sir Robert must fall—Hear what I advise,
Let that Blow be *struck home* which fail'd at *Th' Excise.*
Derry down, &c.

He finish'd—the Company shouted Applause,
And to Bol[ingbro]ke's Management trusted their Cause:
And this desperate Step was agreed to by all,
Let England be *ruin'd* but Walpole *must fall.*
Derry down, &c.

No. XLVI

A POLITICAL TOUCH OF THE TIMES

In the two previous ballads Walpole and Bolingbroke, as seen through satiric and perhaps malicious eyes, delivered their sentiments upon the Convention; in this, we hear the sincere and unaffected voice of the people.
From a broadside (undated) in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. iii, no. 1556).

How happy a state did *Britain* once enjoy,
When no threats from foreign nations our peace could annoy;
Then *Spain* dar'd not invade
Our *English* merchants trade;
For we by law kept them in awe;
But now we are afraid
To speak for ourselves;
The times are grown so bad,
'Tis my belief that no relief
From peace is to be had;
Consider this my Friends,
If Spain *shou'd gain their Ends,*
What will become of us at home,
Since all on Bob *depends.*

Give but a statesman his bottle and a whore,
He 's happy in his station and thinks of nothing more;
He scorns to be asham'd;
His country may be damn'd,

He takes no care how others fare
When his own guts are cram'd;
Pride and Oppression has taken root so far,
That there 's no ways to see good days,
But by an open War.
Consider this, &c.

Though *Haddock* and his fleet has cros'd the main,
They might have stay'd at home, their labour is in vain;
They are all forbid to fight,
And do their country right;
For strong commands have ty'd their hands,
We are in a woful plight;[1]
Thus any man might see, if he would but reflect,
We must be Slaves till in our graves,
What else can we expect?
Consider this, &c.

But now to please the fools they cry they'll compound,
And pay for our Losses ninety five thousand pound;
By the new convention made,
I doubt we are all betray'd;
For by my soul I doubt the cole
Will never all be paid.
Oh was old *Noll* but here,
Jack Spaniard must stand clear;
He'd recompence their insolence,
And make them quake for fear.
Consider this my friends,
If Spain *should gain her ends,*
What will become of us at home,
Since all on Bob *depends.*

[1] It was popularly believed, or feared, that the fleets recently sent out carried instructions not to fight. There was no basis for such a belief except memories of Admiral Hosier's 'persuasive' fleet of 1726, and the 'pacific' fleet of 1729. Yet the notion was accredited in high places,—by Lord Chesterfield, for example, in the House of Lords.—See *Parl. Hist.*, vol. x, pp. 1172–3.

No. XLVII

A NEW SONG

The eagerness and light-heartedness with which the nation entered into the Spanish War are well illustrated in this ballad. The reference to Haddock, rather than to Vernon (who sailed for the West Indies at the end of July), makes it probable that the ballad was occasioned by the Royal proclamation authorizing letters of marque and reprisal, issued July 10, 1739. This authority might be expected to 'unpadlock the Sword of brave Haddock', who was blockading the Spanish coast.

From a broadside (undated) in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. ii, no. 1309).

Two Kings of great honour, *Georgius and Phillip*
Were[1] striving their dignity each to maintain;
Whilst one grew imperious, the other grew serious,
Resolv'd to correct the vile usage of Spain;
And now for to Mawl 'em they press 'em & hawl 'em,
To get some bold fellows to Man our brave fleets,
Now they'll[2] unpadlock the Sword of brave *Haddock*
He'll thump all the Spaniards that ever he meets.

But shou'd he want power the *Spaniards to scower*;
With those Men of War he has now got at Sea,
We've more to stand [by] him, more *Ships* to supply him,
To keep all our Subjects from Injury free;
So basely they flout us, let's e'en Look about us,
Least their depredations our Sorrows increase,
Once draw but your Rapier, tho' now they do vapor,
You'll find 'em soon humble and cringing for peace.

That brave *English* spirit we once did inherit,
Has seem'd to degenerate many long Years;
We're surely outwitted, Or ne're had submitted
To'th plund'ring our ships with the loss of our Ears;
With cunning and Knavery, they'd bring us to slav'ry,
And make all our Merchants dejected and Poor,
Our Mariners pining, our trade too declining,
Such Usage for Britons is hard to endure.

'Tis something uncommon, to find that a *Woman,
To govern and Rule the whole World should aspire,
Her froward Condition, her Pride and ambition,
Like Phæton has set the whole World on a Fire.
The wife thus intending, the spouse condescending,
Perhaps on themselves they some mischief may bring;
Then *Phill* may repent it, that e'er he consented,
And wish that he had ne'er been a Petticoat King.

* The ambitious Queen of Spain.
[1] *For* Where. [2] *For* they've.

But joyn'd in alliance let 's bid 'em Defiance,
And fight for our King and our Countrys cause,
The Path now before ye is honour and Glory,
Then never let Spain to old England give Laws ;
With Powder and Ball Sir let 's beat down their Walls [sir]
And with our Broadsides in their Ships let us pour,
Let 's make 'em comply sir, or force them to fly *sir*,
They'll dread for to face us or fight any more.

No. XLVIII

WHO 'S AFRAID NOW

OR

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN

A New Ballad (p. 86) observes that

women wear the breeches
In England and in Spain.

Philip V, owing to constitutional melancholy which at times took the form of positive derangement, was far more under the domination of Elizabeth than George was of Caroline. The ballad-writer draws an amusing picture —or caricature—of a royal conversation at the Spanish Court, at the same time encouraging his fellow-countrymen to fight, and interspersing a few maxims towards a peaceful domestic life.

From a broadside (undated) in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. iii, no. 1927).

He. Come hither, my Queen, and if we must agree,
I beg you, for once, would be Councill'd by me,
For no[w] to be plain, and to speak in a trice,
I am sorry that ever I took your Advice ;
The English, resolv'd now their Wrongs to exchange,
Have rouz'd up their Spirits, and threaten Revenge,
I think it is best then, as I am a Man,
To Humble ourselves, and make Peace if we can.

She. Alas, my good Philip, what, are you afraid ?
That you are a Coward ne'er let it be said ;
We've carried Matters quite up to the height,
Then never be fearful, let 's venture to Fight :
Were I but a Man, now my prowess to shew,
I'd not be afraid then of striking a Blow,
No matter from whence this Quarrel arose,
But if you don't Fight 'em, I'll pull off your Nose.

He. Pray be not so hasty and rash with your Tongue,
For Women are often you know in the wrong,
That Husband who tamely submits to his Wife,
Is but a meer Tool all the days of his Life;
The Women believe they've abundance of Wit,
But this I must say, it is nought but Conceit.
The Husband I'm certain does ought to bear sway,
And Women in Justice are bound to Obey.

She. So good Mr. cunning ones how you do Prate,
And rail against Women at such a bad rate,
Were I but to prove it, as surely I can,
A Woman has full as much Wit as a Man;
Besides you know more, and must surely believe
That Adam himself was out-witted by Eve,
So pray now adone with your Banter and Jeers,
And Fight 'em once more, or I'll lug both your Ears.

He. Remember, dear Kate, we have often been cross'd;
Whenever we Fought 'em, the Battle we lost;
Consider we once did that Nation Invade,
And was for our Insolence handsomely paid;[1]
Defeated at Vigo too,[2] 'twas a sad Thing,
And afterwards beaten by Admiral Byng,[3]
And now their provok'd, in their Rage they cry Zoons,
They'll burn all our Shipping, and take our Galloons.

She. Tell me not of Vigo, nor such thin[g]s as these,
For if you an't willing to do as I please,
You ne'er shall live peaceable all the Day long,
I'll teaze you to Death with my clamorous Tongue;
If Husbands intend for to lead happy Lives,
They ought now and then to be rull'd by their Wives,
Let me have my Humour in this now I pray.
He. E'vn take it dear Kate, I have no more to say.

[1] By the destruction of the Spanish Armada (1588).
[2] By Admiral Sir George Rooke and the Duke of Ormond (1702).
[3] Off Cape Passaro (1718).

No. XLIX

A NEW BALLAD

To the Tune of *King John*, &c.

From *A New Miscellany for the Year* 1739 (B. M. 116. l. 44).

Of *something* I'll sing, and of *something* 'tis too,
That 's *something* to me, and *something* to you,
And *something* to all the Good Folks of this Land,
But most, it is *something* to those in Command.
Derry down, &c.

The *Spaniards* for *something* our Merchant-men seize,
And treat the poor *Englishmen* just as they please;
And if rous'd by these Robbers, our Masters complain,
With *something* they soon are made quiet again.
Derry down, &c.

But *something*, 'tis talked, to *somewhere* is gone,[1]
And scarce will come back until *something* is done;
But what that same *something* is, no-body knows,
Tho' wise Men conjecture 'tis *nothing* of Blows.
Derry down, &c.

For should the sly *Spaniard* but promise us fair,
And whisper but *something* in *somebody*'s Ear,
I fear my dear Country may feed upon Hopes,
'Till *nothing* is left her, no, not to buy Ropes.
Derry down, &c.

But if, like brave *Britons*, we'd boldly lay Claim,
And talk with our Cannon, to second the same,
The *Spaniard* would quickly be brought to comply,
And give up their Plunder, their Lives to enjoy.
Derry down, &c.

And now all good People, my *something* you've heard,
Of *something* that 's hop'd, and *something* that 's fear'd,
Of *something* that 's doing, and *something* that 's past,
And *something* or *nothing* expected at last.
Derry down, &c.

[1] The uncertainty of the exact date of this ballad makes this allusion uncertain, but it is probably to the sailing of Admiral Vernon and his squadron from Portsmouth to the West Indies, July 24, 1739.—Clowes, *Royal Navy*, vol. iii, p. 53.

No. L

A NEW BALLAD

To the Tune of *Lillibullero.*

When the election of Common Council men for the ward of Bishopsgate came on, at the end of 1739, Walpole made a determined effort to defeat a set of men who had taken an active part, a few months before, in preventing the election of Sir George Champion, the Ministerial candidate for Lord Mayor (cf. the Introduction to *The City in Glory*, p. 149). A 'New List' of candidates was put up against the 'Old List' of Sir Robert Godschall (who was Alderman for the ward); and Sir Joseph Eyles, well provided with Exchequer funds, was delegated to win votes. Some of his activities are described in the ballad. But the 'Bishopsgate boys' opposed the 'New List' with a firmness and enthusiasm indicative of the popular sentiment against the Walpole administration. They took seriously what a ballad emanating from the opposite side meant ironically:

> To see if staunch Patriots you mean to regard,
> The Eyes of all *Britain* are fix'd on your Ward;
> All Freedom is lost, and all Commerce is gone,
> If your upright Old List shou'd only lose one.
> *A New Ballad* (Appendix, No. 76).

The contest was vigorously fought, but the entire 'Old List' was elected. 'So great a victory,' said the writer of a letter published in *The Daily Post* of December 24, 1739, 'obtained against the strongest efforts of placemen, and the baneful efforts of usurers, extortioners, &c., can be attributed to nothing but the virtue and honour of the electors, and the indefatigable pains and resolution of the fourteen gentlemen in the Old List. May this be a pattern to all other wards where the like influence may be used hereafter.'

This ballad is among those reprinted in a miscellany entitled, *A Compleat Collection of all the Letters, Papers, Songs, &c. relating to the Bishopsgate Ward Election* (Bod., Gough Lond. 158). I have altered an offensive line in the last stanza.

Ye *Bishopsgate* Boys, so hearty and tight,
So fam'd for supporting your Country's Cause,
Who always had Spirit to do yourselves Right,
And ever stood up in Defence of the Laws;
Let not base Men, Scrubs and Place-Men
Ever cajole you with Meat, Drink and Lyes
Or idle Pretences, to give up your Senses,
But stand to your Tackle like *Bishopsgate* Boys.

When Schemes have been form'd to ruin our Trade,
By Excises, and by the Convention with *Spain*,
The *Bishopsgate* Boys were never afraid
Of uniting their Forces to render them vain;

Thus their Glory shines in Story
For ever opposing with Heart and with Voice,
The Plots of Conventioners, Place-Men and Pensioners,
Like gallant True-hearted *Bishopsgate* Boys.

When *R[o]b[i]n* perceiv'd his Convention was damn'd,
His Anger was kindled to such a degree,
He swore by his Maker, no more he'd be flam'd
By the *Bishopsgate* Boys, but revenged he'd be;
He called a Devil,[1] plump and civil,
Whom on his Errands he often employs,
And giving him Money, he said, my dear Honey,
Employ it to bribe the *Bishopsgate* Boys.

Away went the Devil, full proud of his Task,
Resolv'd his good Patron's Commands to obey;
He fancied 'twas wisest to act in a Mask,
And that under Disguise, best his Game he might play;
For Liberty he loudly did cry,
And *Britons* strike home was every Strain,
Tho' by the Convention, 'tis plain his Intention
Was *Britons* to bind in the Fetters of *Spain.*

This Devil can Dance, can Sing and can Dress,
And at Pleasure a hundred odd Forms he can take,
With Tinkers get drunk, and their Doxies caress,
With the Zealot he'll cant, and blaspheme with the Rake.
He treats them with Biskets, with Tarts and with Cheese-cakes,
With Puddings and Pyes and other such Toys,
And with Wine by the Dozen endeavours to cozen
And bring to his Lure the *Bishopsgate* Boys.

But sure if I judge of this Matter aright,
This Devil will meet with a proper Disgrace;
The *Bishopsgate* Boys will put him to Flight,
And send him with *Champy*[2] his Brother to graze;
His Fawning and Lyes they all will despise,
His Canting and Ranting, his Drums and his Noise;
They'll stamp on Conventioners, tramp upon Pensioners,
And show they are still true *Bishopsgate* Boys.

[1] Sir Joseph Eyles. [2] Sir George Champion.

No. LI

SIR R[OBERT] TRIUMPHANT

To the Tune of *To all you Ladies now at Land.*

This ballad was sent forth, in derision, as Sir Robert Godschall's song of triumph over the election of his entire 'list' of Common Council men for the ward of Bishopsgate. If Godschall is made to appear as a silly, conceited creature, the ballad has only accomplished its intent. He is called a great coxcomb by Horace Walpole (the younger), who gives instances to show that his stupidity was a standing jest. 'Yesterday,' writes Walpole, 'we had another hearing of the petition of the merchants, when Sir Robert Godschall shone brighter than even his usual. There was a copy of a letter produced, the original being lost: he asked whether the copy had been taken before the original was lost, or after!' (*Letters*, Toynbee, vol. i, p. 184). Again he says, 'They have got a new story of him; that hearing of a gentleman who had had the small-pox twice and died of it, he asked, if he died the first time or the second—if this is made for him, it is at least quite in his style' (ibid., p. 187). These indications of his character will point out the application of the satire in the ballad.

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1739) in the Harvard Library.

This SONG of TRIUMPH now I send
And with it Thanks sincere,
To all who did Assistance lend
To FRIENDS of mine most dear,
To *W[ar]d* of *B[ishopsga]te* belongs
The Tribute of my Verse in Songs,
with a fa, la, &c.

Ye worthy People of this W[ar]d,
Who Charms in Freedom see,
And to its Patrons paid regard,
Approv'd as such by me,
Acknowledgements I ought to shew,
Which, 'tis allow'd, I owe to you,
with a fa, la, &c.

With Reason great may I rejoice,
And to applaud you aim,
Since such Men only are your Choice,
As I myself wou'd name,
Who will on all Occasions vote,
And, as I bid 'em, Schemes promote,
with a fa, la, &c.

Who always will with me concur,
Whenever I arraign,
Or strive the M[inistr]y to slur,
Concerning War with *Spain*,
And who confess they've much Delight
From ev'ry Thing I speak or write,
with a fa, la, &c.

Who think that none Rewards shou'd share,
Who sit in P[arliamen]t,
But that they're due to such as are
To C[ommo]n C[ounci]l sent,
Since Gentlemen Corruption taints,
While Masons, Carpenters, are Saints,[1]
with a fa, la, &c.

St. *St*[*ephe*]*n*'s *Ch*[*ape*]*l* heretofore
Had Reason to be proud
Of Sages many,—but no more
There many Sages crowd,
G[*rea*]*t B*[*ritai*]*n* tott'ring soon wou'd fall
But for the Statesmen at *G*[*uil*]*d H*[*a*]*ll*,
with a fa, la, &c.

Where all th' Impartial must admire
J[*oh*]*n B*[*arbe*]*r* void of Art,
G[*eor*]*ge H*[*eathco*]*te* calm and free from Fire,
And *B*[*arnar*]*d*'s *Patriot* Heart.
These all deserve their Busts at *S*[*to*]*w*,[2]
For these shou'd Strains of *G*[*love*]*r* flow,
with a fa, la, &c.

To *W*[*estley*], *L*[*ambert*], worthy Pair,[3]
None can Respect deny,
They in the *Ch*[*ampio*]*n*'s Affair
Shew'd vast Integrity,
Preserving Characters most clear
As all may from *W*[*ill*] *S*[*hippe*]*n* hear,
with a fa, la, &c.

Our C[ommo]n C[ounci]l too must please,
Grac'd with egregious Men,
In *D*[*ansi*]*e*'s seen *Demosthenes*,
And *Tully* in Squire *B*[*enn*],

[1] Cf. notes 1 and 2, p. 130.
[2] The bust of Sir John Barnard found a place in Lord Cobham's famous Temple of Worthies at Stow.
[3] Two Aldermen who voted against Sir George Champion (cf. p. 148).

We've silky C[otto]n, and deep *P*[*oo*]*l*,
And *W*[*il*]*y*'s Name speaks him no Fool,
with a fa, la, &c.

To me delightful 'tis to pun,
And with all Words to play,
Here we now *For*[*t*]*y* have in one,
And, in *December*, *M*[*ay*],
And all must own we're well ally'd,
Since *Holl*[*an*]*d* 's firmly on our Side,
with a fa, la, &c.

We have a *W*[*eb*]*b*—we have one *L*[*on*]*g*,
And search the City through,
We're weav'd in Int'rest thus, so strong,
We equall'd are by few;
And our Opposers—as all see,
Cou'd not come off, but by the L[ee,]
with a fa, la, &c.

Tho' *Da*[*vie*]*s*, *Ro*[*ber*]*ts*, *Fa*[*wdre*]*y* too
Have Names too rough for Verse,
That they all staunch are, and true blue,
I'll venture to rehearse,
And Lustre which to Lines these give
Will make 'em in my Lines to live.
with a fa, la, &c.

Recorded thus the whole Fourteen,[1]
Tho' wrong'd by Tales most vile,
At Efforts of envenom'd Spleen,
Quite unconcern'd may smile.
While to my Self 'twill Honours raise
That I have justly sung their Praise.
with a fa, la, &c.

And since at last I've won the Day,
And brought in all my Friends,
Whate'er my Adversaries say,
I shall obtain my Ends:
On me should any Courtiers frown,
They ne'er can lessen my Renown,
with a fa, la, &c.

[1] They are the fourteen Common Council men for Bishopsgate, who constituted Godschall's 'Old List'.

In vain some blam'd the Mansion Scheme,
And Fraud of any Kind;
Tho' these Ill-nature makes its Theme,
Such Trifles none shou'd mind.
My Friends Perfections all display,
The People's Fav'rites therefore they,
with a fa, la, &c.

A *C[ordwel]l*[1] and an *H[orsenai]l*[2] bright
Have bravely stood the Test,
Whose full Desert I'll not recite,
By Numbers 'tis confest;
The Half-Moon Club by such as these
Subdues all Heroes of the Fleece,
with a fa, la, &c.

Tho' like the *Argonauts* of old,
With *Jason* at their Head,
These *Last* to Conflict went, we're told,
Unlike the *First*,—they fled;
And forc'd their Champion was to yield
To me the Trophies of the Field,
with a fa, la, &c.

Those glitt'ring Trophies which to gain
I sent a chosen Band,
Yet, as if I did them disdain,
Disown'd such my Command,
As oft will Ministers of State,
The Acts of those who on 'em wait,
with a fa, la, &c.

[1] Early in 1739 the new Mansion House was begun. John Cordwell, to whom the contract for piling and planking the foundation had been given, was found guilty of forming a combination to raise the price. He was a member of the Common Council. That body thereupon adopted a resolution to the effect that he had 'grossly abused the office and trust reposed in him as a Common Council man' (April 1739). Subsequently a Bill was brought in to prevent members of the Common Council from receiving contracts for public work, but it was rejected by a large majority. The Court party compared this Bill to the Place Bill in the House of Commons, and ridiculed the Common Council for refusing to adopt in their own chamber the kind of Bill they so zealously advocated for the national house.—*Political State*, vol. lvii, pp. 334–5; vol. lviii, pp. 103–6; vol. lix, p. 125.

[2] The Court party assailed the Common Council for letting the contract for the mason work on the new Mansion House to Messrs. Horsenail & Co., though Messrs. Dun and Deval had submitted a slightly lower bid. Horsenail was a member of the Common Council.—See *City Corruption and Mal Administration Displayed*, p. 39, and *passim*.

More of my Self to write were vain,
And 'tis not to my Gust,
But others wou'd, shou'd I refrain,
And *this* may make it just;
I chuse Companions merry Folk,
And with such dearly love to joke,
with a fa, la, &c.

Oft chearful o'er a Glass or Cup,
I laugh, I jest, I sing,
And when the Bumpers are fill'd up,
I toast,—come—here 's the KING;
I need no further ope the Scene,
All who know me—know whom I mean,[1]
with a fa, la, &c.

Sometimes with Loyal *M[iddleto]n*,[2]
That wond'rous *meek* Divine,
I take a Bottle, and ere done,
In Politics we join.
Each Courtly Plan we then o'erset,
And ridicule the Cab[ine]t,
with a fa, la, &c.

Not *P[ultene]y*'s Truth and Eloquence,
Not sprightly turns of *P[itt]*,
Not *W[yndha]m*'s nervous Manly Sense,
Nor *L[yttelto]n*'s keen Wit,
E'er yet so much hurt the Primier
As I could with Sarcastic Jeer,
with a fa, la, &c.

Not *B[arnar]d* making some fine Speech,
Not *C[otto]n* warm with Zeal,
Not *S[andy]s* on Public Good to preach
Much prone, and Ills reveal,
Like me cou'd bring their Ends about,
And put all Courtiers to the rout,
with a fa, la, &c.

Not *downright Sh[ippen]*, tho' possess'd
Of Qualities most fine,
And with such Stores of Knowledge blest
That me he may outshine,
Can, what we *want most*, wish for more,
Or sooner wou'd *that Want restore*,[3]
with a fa, la, &c.

[1] He means, of course, the Pretender.
[2] John Middleton, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's in Cornhill.
[3] They would restore the Pretender. Shippen was an avowed Jacobite; but the imputation of Jacobitism to Godschall is, I believe, untrue.

I could from ever-fertile Brain
The fittest Means disclose
At once, to crush aspiring *Spain*,
And humble all our Foes,
And, howe'er great him some may deem,
Cause *Fl[eur]y*'s Self an Ass to seem,
with a fa, la, &c.

Triumphant in the Ch[ai]r, next Year,
I'll tell what should be Law,
Of me shall PLACEMEN stand in Fear,
The WHIGS I'll keep in Awe;
Whene'er in *Ballads* I proclaim
How good my own—how bad their Fame,
with a fa, la, &c.

While Dev'ls are made, which must I like,
Of those who me withstand,
And I with poignant Satire strike,
Pen brandish'd in my Hand,
St. PETER's Pr[ie]st[1] is sure such Wit
Will force my Foes all to submit,
with a fa, la, &c.

Sir JO, Sir NED, Sir JOHN,[2] and most
Who did with them unite,
My Talents prov'd,—but at their Cost,
And still are in a Fright.
They ne'er again will me oppose,
Whose *Wit* will baffle all such Foes,
with a fa, la, &c.

But if in *Print* they e'er should try
To make a sharp Return,
The [hangman]'s Place I can supply,
And all their Satires burn;
Courants on the *Excise* some know,
I us'd thus, not sev'n Years ago.[3]
with a fa, la, &c.

[1] Cf. note 2, p. 131.

[2] Sir Joseph Eyles, Sir Edward Bellamy, and Sir John Locke respectively.

[3] 'Last night about nine o'clock *The Daily Courant* was publicly burnt by the hands of John Hooper, the common hangman, at Temple Bar, for containing false and scandalous reflections on the merchants and traders of this city, for their opposition to the Excise' (*London Evening Post*, March 27, 1733). Probably Godschall had something to do with this.

While these Truths are, and many more,
Concerning me allow'd,
The *Liverymen* a Sen[ato]r,
To chuse me must be proud;
Then LONDON's Glory will rise high,
And none with its Sir R[obert] vie,
with a fa, la, &c.

No. LII

THE PLACE-BILL

To the Tune of *Which no body can deny.*

The Place Bill, which was periodically introduced by Sandys, became increasingly difficult to defeat. It was the trump-card of the Opposition, and was backed not only by factious and selfish party spirit, but also by a great and growing body of the people, who regarded placemen as puppets of a corrupt Minister, and Parliament as irresponsive to public opinion. On January 29, 1740, a motion was made to introduce the Bill, and was rejected by only a small majority. Horace Walpole (the elder) wrote of the debate: 'We were mistaken in our computation of Members on occasion of the Place Bill, which was strongly debated till 11 o'clock at night, with a great deal of obloquious declamation, especially by the youngsters of the P[rince]'s family, in behalf of it, and with as much strength of argument as ever I heard against it by the gentlemen for rejecting the motion; the negatives carried it by 222 against 206, so that our majority, calculated at about 40, was no more than 16' (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Report XIV, Append. Part IX, p. 38). The ballad adds some lively descriptive touches, which satirize especially the City's representatives. The Common Council had instructed them to use their utmost endeavours to secure the passage of the Bill.

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1740) in the Harvard Library.

Since so very impatient to hear of the Doom
Of this *Patriot Place-Bill,*—this terrible Bomb,
I tell thee, dear *Dick,*[1] thou mayst weep o'er its Tomb;
Which no body can deny, deny,
Which no body can deny.

San[dy]s and *Watk[i]ns*[2] began, that the Scheme might prevail,
So to please ev'ry Taste in a Cup of good Ale,
There 's a dash of the *Mild,* and a dash of the *Stale,*
Which no body can deny, &c.

[1] Richard Glover. It was at Glover's motion that the Instructions were sent to the City's representatives. These instructions are therefore called 'licence poetic' in stanza 5.

[2] Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.

So two Poachers contrive the whole Covey to share,
That goes with a Gun, this a Net does prepare,
And the *Lead* secures those which escape the Hemp's Snare,
Which no body can deny, &c.

Now the *Cato*-like *Ga*[*ge*][1] rung the Minister's Knell,
Hot as his *Town's Mustard most vehemently fell,
On the Nature of *touching*,—he knew it full well,
Which no body can deny, &c.

Two Aldermen Squabble most whimsical had,
†That's Eyes roll'd,—**This his Chains shook,—O Spectacle sad,
About **_License poetic_ they both talk'd like mad,
Which no body can deny, &c.

Barn[*ar*]*d* spoke for the Motion, but sure he forgot
What the *sage Common Council* last Year on it thought,
Who *their Place-Bill* threw out the same Day in 'twas brought,
Which no body can deny, &c.

The well-judging *Wind*[*ha*]*m* the next shew'd away,
His Practice on *Place-Bills* from what he did say,
Was against them *when in*, for them *when out of play*,
Which no body can deny, &c.

With a Blow on his Breast and a Patriot-like Face,
Loud he roar'd for the Bill, - - - since he had lost his Place
Wou'd all others perswade—to be in his Case,
Which no body can deny, &c.

Thus in this same Light *Aesop*'s old Fox appears,
Who his own Tail had lost,—and as no Tail he wears
Advises his Brethren, that they cut off theirs,
Which no body can deny, &c.

Sir *Bob* said he saw where this Motion did lead,
And that he wou'd resign, when they once had agreed
Who was as *Premier* most fit to succeed,
Which no body can deny, &c.

In your Sleeves since *Mock Patriots* you have not a Bisk,
Why accept not the Offer? why the last Chance not risk?
To see who shall be in, cast Knaves as at Whisk,
Which no body can deny, &c.

* *Tukesbury.*
** *Heath*[*co*]*te.*
† *Perry.*
** *Gl*[*ove*]*rs Instructions.*

[1] Lord Gage had been concerned in some corrupt transactions. Horace Walpole says of him: 'No man would trust him in a wager, unless he stakes, and yet he is trusted by a whole borough with their privileges and liberties' (*Letters*, Toynbee, vol. i, p. 151).

No. LIII

A TOUCH OF THE TIMES

To the Tune of *Oh! London is a fine Town.*

Rowlands and Olivers were at this time frequently passing back and forth between Court and City. This one issued from the Court party, and ridicules the officiousness (as it seemed to the writer) with which the Common Council had sent Petitions and Instructions to Parliament in regard to the Convention and the Place Bill. It also impugns the good faith of certain Patriots.

This ballad is not listed in the magazines, but it probably appeared early in February, soon after the rejection of the Place Bill.

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1740) in the Harvard Library.

Good People all, I pray attend
To what I now shall say,
And hear how Citizens wou'd mend,
How Courtiers would betray:
And, Faith, the Task must easy be
To manage Things of Weight,
When Smiths and Cheesemongers agree
To mend and rule the State.[1]
Oh! London is a fine Town, &c.

An hundred thousand Statesmen live
Within the City Wall,
Who Rules of Politicks can give
To Statesmen at *Whitehall.*
Arch in their Clubs, on Hustings sage,
The Publick they bewail,
And there they joke, and here they rage,
Brim-full of Drink, and Zeal.
Oh! London, &c.

[1] The Common Council, having presented to Parliament a petition in which they emphasized the importance of uninterrupted trade and free navigation, were ridiculed by a printed list of the Common Councillors, which was handed out at the doors of both Houses on March 6, 1739. This list stated the occupation of each councillor after his name. It appeared that in the entire body of 230, there was only one West India merchant! On the other hand, 'smiths and cheesemongers', apothecaries, haberdashers, soap-makers, &c., abounded; there was even a scale-maker and a button-maker (*Political State,* vol. lvii, p. 222 et seq.; *Gentleman's Magazine,* vol. ix, pp. 104–5). The implication was that these were the kind of people who had been so zealous about trade to the West Indies. But the citizens took the matter as a personal affront. It was what, in the opinion of *The Champion* (February 18, 1742), 'ought never to be forgiven or forgot'.

Whate'er is done they blame: Ah why?
Because that it is done:
And were it not, they then wou'd cry,
Why was it let alone?
'Gainst Grievances, they loudly cry,
One Grievance most of all,
The King and Parliament deny,
The Umpire of *Guild Hall.*
Oh! London, &c.

What Eloquence has modern *Pym!*[1]
His Strains who can rehearse?
Sure none e'er yet cou'd rival him,
But *Gl[ove]r* in Blank Verse.
Yet might the *Spartan* Bard have known,
('Twill be by all allow'd)
Debate wise *Sparta* suffer'd none,
Amongst the giddy Crowd.
Oh! London, &c.

What fires our Spokesmen's Tongue and Pen,
Declare the Cause, my Song:
Gl[ove]r may be an Alderman,
George Member e'er 'tis long:[2]
In Time each Orator may gain
A creditable Place;
All Places must be damn'd till then,
As Marks of vile Disgrace.
Oh! London, &c.

Ev'n *L[y]tt[elto]n* of haughty Heart,
A Patriot stern and slim,
Orator Poet, Author smart,
Took Place, when Place took him.[3]
Five hundred Princely Marks a Year
He thinks it right to glean,
And yet his Conscience still is clear,
And still his Flanks are lean.
Oh! London, &c.

See there behind that Counter stands,
A Patriot just, and wise,
Who, whilst he boasts his honest Hands,
Will cheat before your Eyes.

[1] The next stanza demands that 'Pym' be interpreted as George Heathcote.
[2] George (Heathcote) did soon become a Member. I have not found that Glover became an Alderman.
[3] George (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton took the place of Secretary to the Prince in August 1737.

Sir *John*[1] a Place-Bill needs must have,
To keep Us from Disgrace;
This surely will the Nation save,
Tho' *Jacky* keep his Place.
Oh! London, &c.

Now mark, ye *Britons*, and regard
The Difference I describe,
A Patriot's Place is a Reward,
A Courtier's is a Bribe:
Else this wou'd seem full marvelous,
And make good Subjects stare,
What 's wicked at *St. James's House*,
Is Virtue in the *Square*.[2]
Oh! London, &c.

The Mayor and all his Aldermen,
In this great Point agree;
Kings may be libell'd now and then,
But Citizens are free;
And Printers who would live at Ease,
In this wise Scheme persist:
They publish Scandal when they please,
But print no City List.[3]
Oh! London, &c.

Ye Powers averse to Fraud and Stealth,
Make wicked Men less bad;
Ye Powers, who guard the Commonwealth,
Prevent our running mad.
For once, united, let 's advance,
Let 's shew a just Disdain;
And with those Swords which conquer'd FRANCE,
Revenge our Wrongs on SPAIN.
Oh! London, &c.

[1] Sir John Barnard.
[2] The Prince's house in St. James's Square was the social centre of the Opposition.
[3] It may be assumed that no City printer had ventured to print the list of Common Councillors mentioned in note 1, p. 135.

BALLADS ON THE TAKING OF PORTO BELLO

The news of the capture of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon, which reached England in March 1740, was received with unbounded rejoicing. Special zest was added to the victory because Vernon, as a member of Parliament and an adherent of the Opposition, had demanded the destruction of that port, and had declared that he could take it with six ships. He had now made good his boast with just that number. Hosier, on the other hand, in submission to the pacific orders of the Ministry, had lain idle before the same port with almost twenty. Vernon's achievement was therefore applauded not only as a national victory, but as a vindication of an aggressive attitude toward Spain, as urged by the Opposition.

Porto Bello was the port from which set forth the Spanish treasure ships which the English dreamed of taking, and also the guardacostas. A description of the port and of Vernon's attack upon it is really essential to an understanding of the ballads. I shall borrow the following passage from the article on Vernon in the *Dictionary of National Biography*:

'The fortifications were nasty enough to look at. The entrance of the harbour was narrow and was commanded on the left hand by the Iron Castle (San Felipe de todo Hierro); on the right, but nearer the town, by the Gloria Castle (Santiago de la Gloria); and was raked by San Geronymo, still higher up. By position, structure, and size, these were formidable; but they had been neglected during the long peace, and though for several months war had appeared imminent, they were quite unprepared for it. Of their two hundred guns, the greater number, especially in the Iron Castle, were dismounted; there were no carriages for them; there was a very small quantity of ammunition; and the garrison was far below even its peace complement. Everything had been left for the morrow; gun-carriages were going to be made; the forts were going to be put in order; for four years the President of Panama had been urging that it should be done, but it was still undone when the English squadron appeared before the fort. . . .

'Vernon's order was for his ships to pass into the harbour within two hundred yards of the Iron Castle, giving it as they passed a warm fire, but not staying to silence it. But as the ships drew in with the land, the breeze failed; off the Iron Castle they were becalmed, and the attack thus became more serious than had been intended. The first three ships poured in a close and sustained fire. The *Burford*, carrying Vernon's flag, was the fourth, and keeping somewhat closer in, her fire and the musketry from her tops drove the Spaniards from their few effective guns. The signal was made for the boats to land, which they did under the very walls of the castle, in front of the lower battery. There was no breach, but the sailors climbed in through the embrasures, and pulled up the marines; and without any further opposition such of the Spaniards as had not already escaped surrendered at discretion. The next day the other forts and the town capitulated; all the ships in the harbour, including three guarda-costas, were taken possession of; the brass guns were carried off, the iron guns were destroyed, and the forts were blown up.

'This was the celebrated capture of Porto Bello, the news of which caused the people of England to go mad with excitement and joy. As an achievement of war, it was a very small thing, for the Spaniards had done what they could to make it easy; but the feeling against the Government was running very high, and Vernon's success was counted as a great party

victory. Both Houses of Parliament voted their thanks; London voted him the freedom of the city; and London and all the principal cities and towns sent congratulatory messages to the King. Innumerable medals were struck for the use of the people; base in metal, abominable in workmanship, patriotic in sentiment, and all showing Vernon's head with the legend "He took Porto Bello with six ships".'

This is probably the ballad listed in *The Political State* for April 1740, as *A New Song on the taking of Porto Bello*. It is here reprinted from a folio pamphlet (dated 1740) in the British Museum (11633. i. 8).

No. LIV

A NEW BALLAD

ON THE TAKING OF PORTO-BELLO BY ADMIRAL VERNON

Come attend *British* Boys,
I'll make you rejoice,
I will tell you, how *Vernon* did scare
Porto-Bello the Strong,
Lay'd its Castles along,
And all this, with *but six Men of War.*

When he first came in Sight
Cries the Governour—"Shite!
"From this Fellow what have we to fear?
"Did not *Hosier* the Brave,
"Hither sail to his Grave,
"Tho' with more than *Thrice six Men of War.*

"Thirteen Captains outright,
"Subalterns, a damn'd Sight,
"And of Sailors each one a stout Fellow,
"Full three Thousand and odd
"Perish'd, Rotten by G—d,
"Without firing against Porto-Bello.

"Hence our Queen did declare
"The blue string'd Cavalier
"Her good Friend, since he serv'd her so well;
"And did kindly incline
"His Convention to sign,
"For his Care to preserve Porto-Bell.

"Then my Lads, have no dread
"Of this Hectoring Blade,
"For I'm certain, tho' sent from so far,
"He Instructions has none,
"To let Fly one poor Gun,
"Neither he, nor his *six Men of War.*"

But soon *Vernon*'s hot Fire
Prov'd the Spaniard a Liar,
To Capitulate, soon is his Story;
And to save his Retreat,
Sees his Castles lay'd flat,
Both his Castles of *Iron* and *Glory*.

Whence these Fortresses came
Such high Titles to claim
I forbear to recite in this Place,
Tho' our swaggering Foes,
One might fairly suppose,
Did assume them on *Hosier*'s Disgrace.

Now their Castle of Glory
You have levell'd before you,
To its Title yourself may pretend;
It is made your own Prize,
And where e're your Sail flies,
Shall on you, noble *Vernon*, attend.

Of this Victory rare
You secur'd the best Share,
For the *Spanish* King's Dollars and Pelf,
You most gallantly gave
To your Mariners Brave
And with Glory rewarded yourself.[1]

Now, old *England*, tho' long
Thou hast been but a Song
Of Reproach to the meanest of Nations,
Tho' thy Flag has been sham'd,
And thy Strength has been maim'd
By our Debts and our Negociations;

Be no more in the Dumps,
Thou may'st still stir thy Stumps,
And recover, for in this Contention,
I may venture to swear,
Thou hast nothing to fear,
By St. *George*, but another Convention.

[1] 'Ten thousand dollars that were arrived and designed for paying the King of Spain's troops at Porto Bello, falling in the Admiral's hands, he distributed them among his Majesty's forces for their encouragement.'—*London Gazette*, March 11–15, 1739–40.

No. LV

AN EXCELLENT COURT BALLAD

ENTITLED

SIR BLUE STRING'S EXPOSTULATION WITH ADMIRAL VERNON, UPON THE TAKING OF PORTO BELLO

This ballad was printed in *The Englishman's Evening Post and Universal Advertiser* for May 17, 1740.

WHAT a Racket is here
About six Men of War!
About Honour and Nonsense retriev'd!
About Glory and Guns
Brought away from the Dons,
And our Factors from Prison reliev'd![1]

To attack *Porto Bell*,
Be so good as to tell,
Pray did I your mad Valour importune?
To desert your poor Wife,
Risque your Limbs and your Life,
Zoons! was this for a Man of your Fortune!

Then the Town left unplunder'd,
And the Dollars all squander'd,[2]
What romantic ridiculous Farce!
You're a Puppy, a Spartan,
Whom a wise Man wou'd fart on;
But 'twas Virtue, you say,—kiss my A—e!

You seek nought but the Good
Of your Country—Ods Blood!
How I laugh at these Rhodomontades!
There 's not one, but whose Price
I could name in a Trice,
Among all these fine *Patriot* Blades.[3]

[1] 'During the Admiral's stay at Porto Bello, he sent a letter to the President of Panama, demanding the releasement of the factors and servants of the South Sea Company, who were confined in that place; in consequence of which, the President of Panama sent an officer with Mr. Humphreys and Dr. Wright, factors, and also with the servants of the South Sea Company, who were delivered to the Admiral at Porto Bello.'—*London Gazette*, March 11–15, 1739–40.

[2] One of the articles of capitulation was, 'That the inhabitants may either remove, or remain under a promise of security for themselves and their effects' (*London Gazette*, ut supra). For the squandered dollars cf. note 1, p. 140.

[3] This is further confirmation of the fact that Walpole did not say, 'All men have their price', but, 'All *those* men have their price',—alluding to the 'Patriots'.

Then again we are told
That *Trelawny*[1] the bold
Wou'd equip you, if Soldiers he had,
To attempt *Cartagene*—
Why, e'en conquer all *Spain:*
By the L—d! you are both raving mad!

'Twas mere Malice to me
Made you venture to Sea,
To confound all my Measures out-right;
'Twas to prove me a Lyar
That you made your damn'd Fire,
And you storm'd *Porto Bell* out of Spite.

How did *Spain's* gracious Queen
Doat on me and Don K[eene]![2]
I was priz'd by the Cardinal too:
At *Versailles* and th' *Escurial,*
They are now in a Fury all—
And for this, I'm beholden to you!

You have now gain'd your Point,
My whole Scheme 's out of Joint,
No Convention Reprieve can obtain:
And my wise Brother H[orace],
Now will pass for a poor Ass,
Over *England, France, Holland* and *Spain.*

No. LVI

THE TRUE BRITON'S THOUGHT

The defection of the Duke of Argyle,

the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field,

was a severe blow to the Ministry. The Lord Chancellor (Hardwicke) admitted in the House of Lords that it was 'a very great misfortune to those concerned in the Administration, to have the noble Duke's opinion against their conduct in the war, because his Grace's experience in military affairs, and his character in the world, must of course contribute a great deal towards giving people a prejudice against the measures of our Administration' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. xi, p. 813). His allegiance had been wavering for several years, but his speech on the State of the Nation, delivered April 15, 1740, brought him squarely into opposition, and caused him to be deprived of his employments. He was received by the Opposition with

[1] The Governor of Jamaica.

[2] The English Ambassador at Madrid.

acclaim. 'The people', says Tindal, '. . . regarded him as their protector and future deliverer'; and on his return to Scotland, 'addresses from public bodies were presented to him as if he had been a crowned head' (Rapin's *History* continued by Tindal, vol. xx, p. 471). His speech was widely circulated in pamphlets and broadsides, and is here summarized in ballad form.

From a broadside (undated) in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. iii, no. 1845).

In full Flowing Bowls while the Liquor does smile
Let 's Drink a good Health to the *D[uk]e* of *A[rgy]le*,
A Patriot so good Deserves great Applause
For standing so stiff in his Country's cause;
He speaks without Intrest or Dissimulation
And opens our Eyes on the State of the Nation,
The Ballance of *Europe* he plainly does show
Might have been in our power some Seasons ago.

Had our fine Treaty-Makers but acted more wise
The cunning of *Fleury*[1] we all might dispise,
Who now seems to stand in old *Englands* Defiance
And hinders the aid of our Foreign Alliance;
He often has sooth'd us and led us a Dance
To give up the Ballance of *Europe* to *France*,
Thus Spain did buffoon us with subtill Invension
Till all was found out by the breach of Convention.

Then *Haddock* and *Vernon* with Squadrons was sent
The Spaniards to thump and their Captures prevent,
Who gave to our Merchants great cause to complain
Of taking our Ships on the Watrey Main;
While *Haddock* lies Idle scarce firing a Gun
Behold what a Victory bold *Vernon* has won,
Porto Bello he took with six Ships and no more,
The like glorious Action was ne'er done before.

Had *Vernon* Land Forces his Courage to back
The Spanish *West Indies* he'd plunder and sack,
'Tis there we may touch the most sensible part
And give to the Spaniard his due and Desert;
For that noble Admiral more Glory had won
Then blowing up Castles and taking a Town;
The Gold and the S[i]lver from *Mex* and *Peru*
Had *all* been our own and the *Havanna* too.

[1] For *Fluery*.

No. LVII

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST

BY RICHARD GLOVER

Nothing need be said in praise of this ballad; in explanation of it a passage from the article on Hosier in the *Dictionary of National Biography* may be quoted:

'On 16 Feb. 1722–3 he was advanced to be vice-admiral of the blue; and on 9 March 1725–6 was appointed to command a squadron sent out to the West Indies, to prevent the Spaniards sending home treasure. The treasure ships were at Porto Bello, and when Hosier signified the object of his coming, they were dismantled and the treasure sent back to Panama. Hosier, however, judged it necessary to keep up a close blockade of Porto Bello, in the course of which, while lying at the Bastimentos, a virulent fever broke out among the crews of the squadron. By December the state of all the ships was alarming. With great difficulty they were taken to Jamaica, where they were cleared out, and new men entered to replace the dead. The contagion, however, remained, and during the spring and summer, while the squadron was blockading Havana or Vera Cruz, the same mortality continued. Hosier himself at last fell a victim, and after ten days' sickness died at Jamaica on 25 Aug. 1727. The fever carried off in all four thousand men, some fifty lieutenants, and eight or ten captains and flag officers. . . .

'The circumstances of Hosier's sad fate were grossly misrepresented by later political prejudice, which ascribed his death chiefly to personal feelings of resentment at the inactivity forced upon him by the orders of the government, or to "chagrin at the wanton and wicked destruction of so many brave men, whose fate he could only lament and not avert"; an erroneous view which Glover's ballad has stamped on the popular memory.'

Hosier's Ghost, like *Leonidas*, was a party production. A correspondent of Horace Walpole's wrote: 'The Patriots cry it up, and the courtiers cry it down, and the hawkers cry it up and down' (Walpole's *Letters*, Toynbee, vol. i, p. 76).

I have reprinted the version in Percy's *Reliques* (ed. Wheatley, vol. ii, p. 367 et seq.). The ballad came out May 21, 1740 (see *The Champion* for May 22, 1740). It was sung to the tune of *Come and Listen to my Ditty*.

As near Porto-Bello lying
  On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
  Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sate all-glorious
  From the Spaniards' late defeat:
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
  Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
  Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
  A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,

All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster
Rising from their watry grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford * rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You, who now have purchas'd glory,
At this place where I was lost!
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold:
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.
Then the bastimentos[1] never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

* Admiral Vernon's ship.

[1] The name of certain islands off Porto-Bello, near which Hosier's fleet lay during the blockade.—See Clowes, *Royal Navy*, vol. iii, pp. 43–6.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom,
To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the bastimentos viewing,
We recal our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me.

No. LVIII

A NEW CAMP SONG

To the Tune of *The King and the Miller.*

Troops to accompany the expedition to the West Indies were encamped all summer long in Hyde Park and on Hounslow Heath, awaiting the departure which contrary winds and a languid Government continually deferred. Although these camps aroused deep impatience and derision among those who desired a more vigorous prosecution of the war, they were the goal of thousands of idle pleasure-seekers, especially of a Sunday afternoon. *The London Evening Post* of July 5–8 stated that 'On Sunday there were, 'tis thought, above 20,000 people to visit the camp at Hounslow, insomuch that it was a very difficult task for the soldiers that stood sentinels to keep the mob from breaking in upon the lines; and such crowds flocked down by water that at one view might be seen 200 boats in the river, making for Isleworth Stairs'. The attractions are entertainingly described in the ballad, which was probably hawked about among the visitors. It is reprinted from a broadside (undated) in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. ii, no. 1204). It may be assigned to the midsummer of 1740.

All hail to old England so wise and so Great,
So prudent in managing Matters of State,
So happy at home and so dreaded abroad,
Rever'd by her Friends, by her Foes still Unaw'd.
Fine Soldiers are Men, Why should they be slain?
To save such fine Fellows is truly Humane;
Encamp'd here at home we've a glorious fine Sight,
They never shall help you proud Vernon to Fight.

An army so Gay, so sleek, and so Large,
What monarch e'er boasted before our great G[eorg]e?
It glads all our Souls does this Raree-shew Sight,
'Tis better than helping you[1] Vernon to fight?
Tho' Argyle has Left us, at our conduct is wext,
This time we don't want him, he 's too old for the next,
To please that stern Patriot who'd lose such a Sight,
Or send such sweet fellows with Vernon to Fight?

Here 's Dressing and Feasting and Dancing all Day,
No danger of Fighting and constant good pay;
Then come Sturdy beggars behold this fine sight,
You'll ne'er Vote to send 'em 'gainst Spaniards *to Fight;*
Here 's open House-Keeping for Officers all,
Here 's grand Entertainments, Assembly and Ball,
And Ladies of Pleasure Gameing all Night,
Let Vernon *go hazard, 'gainst* Spaniards *to fight.*

[1] *For* yon.

Here 's Glorious Artillery, fix'd up for a Show,
Their Use not material for Soldiers to know,
Here all things contribute to yield us delight,
Let Vernon *alone gainst* Spaniards *go Fight;*
That Soldiers are useful, we often may see,
They help honest Bailiffs, and seize smuggl'd Tea;
For home Insurrections, they quell 'em on sight,
We'll ne'er vote to send 'em gainst Spaniards *to Fight.*

BALLADS ON THE ELECTION OF LORD MAYOR, 1740

The strained political situation of 1739 brought on a struggle between Court and City which resulted in disturbances in two successive elections for Lord Mayor. The trouble began with the election of 1739. According to the customary principle of rotation, Sir George Champion would have been chosen to that office; but he had incurred unpopularity by voting, in his capacity as Member of Parliament for Aylesbury, to approve the Convention. As election day approached, Sir George's candidacy was vigorously opposed. Pamphlets and newspapers exhorted the liverymen not to put in nomination a citizen so completely at variance with the majority of his fellows on a question of first importance. The opposition to him was intensified by the fact that he had hitherto been an opponent of the Court; and his change of side was ascribed to interest. On the appointed day the liverymen turned out *en masse*. The usual method of election was for the Common Hall (in which was comprised the entire body of members, or liverymen, of the seventy-six guilds) to nominate the two senior aldermen who had served as sheriffs and had not previously been elected Lord Mayor, and for the Court of Aldermen to elect the one nearest the chair. On this occasion, however, the Common Hall set aside Sir George Champion, the senior candidate, and nominated the next two candidates in order of seniority. These were Sir John Salter and Sir Robert Godschall; and Salter, having the prior claim, was duly elected.

In the following year (1740), the candidate nearest the chair was Sir Robert Godschall, and it was this time Walpole's turn to thwart the natural order of election. Godschall's defeat was desired by Walpole not only because he had been influential in the setting aside of Sir George Champion the year before, but also—if the partial testimony of *The Daily Gazetteer* may be accepted—because he had 'notoriously been the chief promoter and fomenter of all the disturbances and divisions that have happened in the city' (op. cit., October 3, 1740). The Common Hall was too large and popular a body to be controlled or greatly influenced by Walpole; but in the Court of Aldermen he had considerable power, which he used on this occasion quietly but effectively. The citizens were taken entirely off their guard. So certain was Godschall of election, that, according to *The Daily Gazetteer*, he 'had taken a new house, bespoke a new coach and horses, bought his wife new clothes, and made all manner of preparations for entering into his new dignity' (op. cit., October 3, 1740). On Michaelmas Day the liverymen met in Vintners Hall; and since they suspected no ruse, and since 'no objection could be possibly made to the abilities and character of the [two senior aldermen]', they returned to ancient custom and nominated Sir Robert Godschall and Sir George Heathcote. To their surprise and chagrin, the Court of Aldermen

broke with tradition, as the Common Hall had done the year before, and, setting aside Sir Robert Godschall, elected Heathcote, the junior candidate.

But the citizens were not to be overcome so easily, nor was Heathcote the man to be tricked into serving the ends of Walpole. He immediately begged to be excused from serving, and the Common Hall granted his request, with a special vote of thanks for thus 'supporting the liberties of his fellow citizens'. After some debate as to the method of procedure, a second election was called for October 14. The citizens rallied to the support of Godschall, and exerted every effort to elect him. At the appointed time, 'the most numerous appearance of liverymen ever known to have assembled on the like occasion' came together and nominated—since two names were required—Sir Robert Godschall and Humphrey Parsons. Parsons was irregularly put into nomination, for he had already served as Lord Mayor; but he was a thorough foe to the Court, an idol of the populace, and he had signified his willingness to undergo the trouble and expense of a second term, if that were necessary to preserve the rights and liberties of his fellow citizens. Whichever name was chosen, therefore, the citizens had their man; but they did not on that account slacken their endeavours to secure the election of Sir Robert Godschall. But the Court of Aldermen, receiving these two names, set Godschall aside once more, and elected Parsons by a vote of twelve to eleven. Thus the liverymen 'had the mortification of being defeated in their just expectations of having Sir Robert Godschall Mayor' (*Daily Post*, October 15, 1740). A good deal of resentment was aroused by this 'iniquitous action of a ministerial cabal'; but Parsons's character and popularity were such as to soften the sting of disappointment, and he was received with acclaim, as the ballads show. The next year (1741) Sir Robert Godschall was elected, and died during his term of office.

We may assume that the ballads came out soon after the day of the election, October 14, 1740.

No. LIX

THE CITY IN GLORY

OR

DOWNING-STREET IN THE DUMPS

This is a pretty example of the journalistic ballad addressed to the masses. It is from a broadside (undated) in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. i, no. 318).

Good People give attention now,
to what I shall indite,
It is of a fine Gentleman,
Some stiles him as a Knight.[1]

Chorus

O London *is a brave Town,*
A true and a free Citty,
It sets aside his Honours *Man*
for one that is more Witty.

[1] Walpole.

He rules the Land from head to Foot,
alas ! the more 's the pitty,
But let him strech his fruitful Brain,
he ne'er shall rule the City.
O London, &c.

A strange and hardy bustle has,
of late in *London* been,
Lord Mayor Elected has declin'd,
the like is seldom seen,
O London, &c.

Heathcoat, and *Godschall,* both return'd,
as Men of good Intention,
And Men that 's known for Probity,
ne'er voated for *Convention,*
O London, &c.

But *Heathcoat,* through his Modesty,
this Honour did decline,
Says he, it is *Godschall's* turn i'm sure,
this year, it is not mine,
O London, &c.

Then straight this noble Knight did send,
and told them as we hear,
That Sir *John Salter* should be chose,
to stand another year,[1]
O London, &c.

Not so the *Cityzens* reply'd,
You ne'er shall have your will,
For we've another Man in store,
that beats you all for skill,
O London, &c.

Brave *Parsons* is the Man i mean ;
who for our right will stand,
To let you know, Sir *Blue-String* this,
a Bribe can't touch his Hand.
O London, &c.

Though *Godschal* you have thrown sir knight
we mind it not a pin,
For every year we'll let you know
the Man that we'll have in,
O London, &c.

[1] I have not come across any confirmation of this statement.

He ever graced the City chair,
when he sat in it before,
So therefore now to let you know,
we'll chuse him in once more.
O London, &c.

Now to conclude and make an End,
I hope we ne'er shall rue,
Full bumpers we'll drink to his health,
As fast as he Can brew.
O London, &c.

No. LX

A HYMN TO ALDERMAN PARSONS,

OUR LORD MAYOR

From a broadside (undated) in the British Museum (1872, a. 177).

Come Loyal *Churchmen,*
that loves the *Church* & *King,*
Let 's drink, boys, and be merry,
since joyfull News I bring,
That brave *Alderman Parsons*
Is chose our *City Mayor,*
And as for all his *Whiggish Foes*
He never need to care:
Then in a brimfull Bumper,
his Health about we'll pass,
And he that does refuse it
is but a *Whiggish Ass.*

In *France* he is respected,
The *French* King does agree,
That he should bring his *Beer*
over there *Duty free:*
Which is a great advantage,
and plainly does appear.
It need must save his *Lordship*
some hundreds in a year;
Which made some enveyous *Canters*
against him for to rail,
But all their Canting stories
n[o] thing did avail.

Now he is chosen *Mayor*
a Glorious sight 'twill be,
To see his Lordship *Rideing*
on Horseback splendedly:
Which thing is so uncommon
that thousands now will go,
His Lordship *for to hollow*
and see the Gallant Show;
Each Church-man will be pleased
to see him pass along,
Long live our Mayor brave Parsons
will be the Peoples Song.

His *Barge* is the finest
and finely Gilt with Gold,
Such Carve-work and fine Painting
few ever did behold;
With Streamers and new Colours,
most gallant nice and gay,
To make a fine appearence
upon my Lord-mayors Day;
Likewise as many *Draymen*
of Courage stout and bold,
To march in their White Aprons,
as now he is years old.

He is a Loyal Church-man
and for our Rights will stand,
He fears no Presbyterians
that worketh underhand;
No Courtier e'er can bribe him,
he always will be just.
He'll take no Bribe nor Pension
for to betray his Trust,
But is in e'ery Action
a Loyal worthy Soul;
[T]hen to our Mayor brave Parsons,
toss off a flowing Bowl.

His Father's noble Actions
he strives to imitate,
Altho' he's but a *Brewer*
he is both good and great.
He fears no treacherous Enemies,
nor loves no fawning Friends;
Nor will he stain his Honour,
for any Private ends.

Long may he live and brew good Beer,
to cheer each honest heart,
And to his Health let each true Soul
toss off a brimfull Quart.

No. LXI

A PLAIN AND HONEST DECLARATION

SET FORTH UNTO THE B[RITI]SH NATION

To the Tune of *To you fair Ladies now at Land.*

This ballad also seems to have been occasioned by the setting aside of Sir Robert Godschall and the election of Humphrey Parsons as Lord Mayor. This result was, as has been shown, a divided victory; and Walpole is here portrayed as rejoicing over the defeat of the earnest and united efforts of the citizens to elect Godschall, and insulting over his enemies. The portrayal reflects the popular antagonism to Walpole, and was well calculated to increase it.

From *Vernon's Glory*, Part II (1740), in the possession of Professor Firth.

Full Twenty Years I now can boast
That I have rul'd this Land,
And tho' I've often stood the Roast,
I still will you Command:
In spight of Town and Country too,
And all that your best Chiefs can do.
With a fa, la.

What tho' my Ch[ampio]n has been foil'd,
For being true to me;
The Bribe with which he was beguil'd
Was Pounds but Hundreds Three;[1]
Then why shou'd you make such a stir,
When you're alike all K[na]v[e]s in Furr?
With a fa, la.

Let *G[o]d[scha]ll* roar, and *H[eathco]te* prate,
They ne'er shall have their Will;
So long as I do rule the State,
The Chair they ne'er shall fill:
For as I've got a *Dozen sure*,[2]
They'll quickly kick you out of Door.
With a fa, la.

[1] The insinuation is that Sir George Champion was paid three hundred pounds to vote for the Convention. (Cf. p. 148.)

[2] Godschall was set aside by a vote of twelve to eleven. (Cf. p. 149.)

What tho' Excise did not succeed,
Another Day shall shew
That I will bring this *sturdy Breed*
Upon their Knees full low:
For I whom Winds and Seas obey,[1]
To you can never fall a Prey.
With a fa, la.

In Council and in Senate too,
You know I do preside;
And with my Camps and Raree-shew,
Will Humble *B[ritai]n's* Pride:
In spight of *V[erno]n* and *A[rgy]le,*
The *F[renc]h* at last shall have this Isle.
With a fa, la.

Then, to immortalize my Name,
A *Rullus* I will be,
Who play'd the very self same Game
As you now charge on me:[2]
Who then, I pray, will be to blame,
When you have brought yourselves to Shame?
With a fa, la.

When first I undertook the Load
And burthen of this State,
I turn'd my Back upon my G—d,
Resolving to be Great:
And tho' I know I must be d—n'd,
I'd rather be so than be slamm'd.
With a fa, la.

But if, at last, it shou'd be so,
I e'en can bilk you there;
To Brother *F[leu]ry* I'll then go,
And turn *F[renc]h* Cavalier:
For as I've been his Faithful Friend,
He'll save me from a shameful End!
With a fa, la, la.

[1] Sir John Norris and his fleet lay wind-bound for two months at Torbay. This circumstance, exasperating to the nation, was supposed to be gratifying to Walpole. It really seemed as if the winds did obey him.

[2] Rullus projected an agrarian law professedly in the interest of the 'sturdy beggars' of Rome; but Cicero exposed it, and it had, like the Excise Bill, to be withdrawn.

No. LXII

A TAR'S SONG. FROM SPITHEAD

The war was languidly conducted, to the great discontent of the nation. Accident and contrary winds held Sir John Norris and his fleet in the Channel until long after the Spanish fleet which it was expected to intercept had sailed from Ferrol; and the same winds prevented Admiral Anson and Sir Chaloner Ogle from sailing with reinforcements for Admiral Vernon. Meanwhile, France was inclining to Spain, as the Ministry had feared. This defection of England's former ally gave Walpole's enemies an opportunity to heap additional odium on the French alliance, which they had always decried. The opposing winds were depicted in satirical prints as 'cardinal winds' from Fleury (see e.g. the *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum*, Satires, vol. iii, part i, p. 287 et seq.), and he and Walpole were represented as leagued together for the betrayal of England. This song represents the impatience of the sailors. It was printed in *The Daily Post* for October 23, 1740. It is probably what it purports to be—a tar's song, from Spithead. One cannot say whether it was published separately or not.

To you, fine Folk, at London Town,
We Spithead Tarrs do write,
And wonder you don't send us down
Orders to sail and fight;
For we are weak'ning ev'ry Day,
By Sickness and by Run-away.
With a Fa, la, &c.

The French and Spaniards both are sail'd,
Don Blass to reinforce,[1]
Thinking we have brave VERNON fail'd,
To him let's bend our Course;
Give him but half the Fleet that's here,
He'll beat them both, you need not fear.
With a Fa, la, &c.

Or if we should them chance to meet,
Upon the azure Main,
Stout *Ogle* and *Cathcart*[2] wou'd beat
Them back again to Spain;
Or in the Deep would lay them low,
They ne'er should strike another Blow.
With a Fa, la, &c.

[1] A French squadron had sailed from Brest, and a Spanish squadron from Ferrol about the middle of August (*London Magazine*, vol. ix, pp. 455, 459). Don Blass was commander of the Spanish forces in the West Indies.

[2] Lord Cathcart was in command of the forces on board Sir Chaloner Ogle's fleet.

But if you keep us pent up thus,
Like Game Cocks in a Bag,
We shall not get a single Sous,
Nor Honour to your Flag;
Make haste, or the Galleons are gone,
And all true Hearts will be undone.
With a Fa, la, &c.

No. LXIII

THE YOUNGER BROTHER'S GARLAND

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

In this ballad the oft reiterated complaint of the decay of trade is given a very happy ironical turn. There is a broadside copy in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. iii, no. 1998), but a version published in *The Craftsman* for October 25, 1740, presents a better text, and is here reprinted.

No more our proud Neighbours shall tell Us, with Scorn,
We're not *Gentlemen bred,* though we're *Gentlemen born,*
That *Merchants* give up all Pretensions to *Blood,*
Which belong to the *Lazy,* the *Poor* and the *Proud;*
We shall rival, anon,
The poorest *proud Don,*
That ever did Nothing but starve in the Sun;
For all of Us now shall be Gentlemen bred,
Since Robin's *wise Conduct has freed Us from* Trade.

Let *Us younger Brothers of Birth* then be glad,
We shall all be *Court-Soldiers,* and wear a *Cockade;*
Our Fathers, by Arms, often humbled the Foe;
But now We shall keep Them inglorious and low,
And reduce *France* and *Spain*
To toil on the Main,
And dishonour their high Blood with *Commerce* and *Gain;*
While We shall rejoice, who are Gentlemen bred,
That Robin's *wise Conduct has freed Us from* Trade.

Consider, *O Merchant!* Thou'rt always in Fear,
One plunders thy Vessel, one whips off thy Ear;
Beside all the Dangers Thou bring'st on the State,
To puzzle our *Burleigh*'s and *Horace*'s Pate;
But now Time draws near,
To rid Us of Care;
When we've nothing to lose, We have Nothing to fear;
For all of Us now shall be Gentlemen bred,
Since Robin's *wise Conduct has freed Us from* Trade.

Besides, while You're *rich,* You're all *Faction* and *Heat;*
You forget your *Good breeding,* and fall on the *Great;*
Now They mean *this Sh[a]m War* should ruin You quite,
To teach You *Good-Manners,* and make You *polite.*
Then second this View
And, without more ado,
When your Money's all gone, You'll be *Gentlemen* too;
Tho' You were not, like all of Us, Gentlemen bred,
Till Robin's *wise Conduct had freed Us from* Trade.

Now in *S[ena]te* and *City,* all Clamour shall cease
Against *ruinous War,* and *more ruinous Peace;*
We'll present our Petitions in more humble Sort,
And, from *sturdy Beggars,* turn *Beggars at Court;*
Nor think it is base,
For Pension or Place,
To sell Friends and Country to Shame and Disgrace;
For we now must behave like true Gentlemen bred,
Since Robin's *wise Conduct has freed Us from* Trade.

No. LXIV

AN ELECTION BALLAD

To the Tune of *To you fair Ladies now at Land.*

This ballad was issued for the approaching parliamentary election, and illustrates the spirit of opposition to Walpole's corrupt administration. It is here reprinted from *Vernon's Glory,* Part II, in the possession of Professor Firth. It was also published in *The Champion* for October 30, 1740.

All powerful Gold the World controuls,
And changes WRONG TO RIGHT;
Converts to Vassals *high-born* Souls,
And dubs the Knave a Knight:
But *Britain* never shall be sold
For filthy Bribes of *Robin*'s Gold.
Fa la la.

By cunning Chymists we are told
There is a Magic-Stone,
That can transmute vile Brass to Gold,
By means to us unknown:
But Gold superior Magic has;
It turns the human Face to Brass.

That shining Ore too often bought
The *Briton*'s venal Vote,
For Men that have been justly thought
Much fitter for a Rope.
But, *Placemen* now no more our Choice,
For VERNONS we will give our Voice.

Placemen as ductile are as Gold,
Changing like it their Shape,
Thus holy Bigots we behold
Turn'd *Utensils* of State:
But such transplant to *Spain* or *Rome*,
And leave the honest Men at Home!

While Gold enchants the giddy Mob,
To set their Votes to Sale,
It must return again to BOB,
By the *Excise on Ale:*
'Tis thus the Knight may bribe you on
With your own Gold, till you're undone.

Britons Beware! at last grow wise!
For Liberty combine!
Let none that voted for Excise,
E'er bribe you with his Wine!
Drink only of the Patriot's Bowl,
And vote for him with all your Soul!

No. LXV

THE WHIMSICAL AGE

OR THE POLITICAL JUGLERS

The street philosopher entertains us with a ballad. The sixth stanza (compare the note thereto) points to November 1740 as the date, with which time the vaguer references would harmonize.

From a broadside (undated) in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. iii, no. 1921).

I pray now come listen to me,
And if you can think with sobriety
You'll certainly with me agree,
That life it is full of Variety.

Sure none in this whimsical Age,
Can tell what the fates will allot 'em sir,
While some that look sober and sage,
Do often prove knaves at the bottom sir.

Some body has something in View,
And seems to have laid a large stake of it,
They've lately made something to do,
But no body knows what to make of it.

There is some body[1] has a long Head,
Tho' people say he is no cunjurer,
For since he no better has sped,
They count him no more than a blunderer.

Twixt some folks a quarrel arose,
The lord knows who must set 'em right,
Some people would feign go to blows,
But some-body will not let 'em fight.

Our English Heroes cry'd out,
Once more to the wars my lads come again,
But the wind blews contrary about,
And so has drove most of them home again.[2]

Jack spaniard grew sorely affraid,
At thought of this powerfull Armament,
And call'd upon France for their Aid,
For certain some very great harm was meant.

So ready they were to comply,
Who knows what they intend to us,
But let us on them have an Eye,
For France never yet was a friend to us.[3]

Say what we e'er got by the French,
Unless it was brandy to fox us all,
To give to the sober a Drench,
And stinking young whores to pox us all.

Mynheer[4] would have little to do,
But cunningly crys out forbariance sir,
He's nought but the gelt in his view,
While England and spain are at variance sir.

[1] Walpole.

[2] This, in all probability, is a reference to a mishap to Sir Chaloner Ogle's squadron. It had set sail for the West Indies October 26th, but on the 31st it encountered a gale in which three ships were so badly damaged that one had to be sent back to Spithead, and the others had to proceed to Lisbon under convoy (Clowes, *Royal Navy*, vol. iii, p. 63).

[3] After the capture of Porto Bello, France declared that she could not permit England to make conquest of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies, and during the summer sent three squadrons to that region.

[4] The Dutch. England hoped to gain the Dutch States to her side, but they remained neutral and reaped great commercial advantage.

This maxim by them is well known,
And now they design for to play with it,
While two curs are disputeing a bone,
A third comes and he runs away with it.

Let 's not be affraid of our foes,
Who threaten us all to devour sir,
But follow 'em close with your blows,
'Twill put it quite out of their power sir.

So now let pray us for the King,
In Conscience and heart full of verity,
Let every Englishman sing,
And wish to this nation prosperity.

No. LXVI

THE GRAND DEFEAT

OF THE

S[AN]D[YS]DONIAN PARTY

To the Tune of *Chevy-Chace*, &c.

On February 13, 1741, it was moved in the Commons by Samuel Sandys, and by Lord Carteret in the Lords, 'That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, that he would be graciously pleased to remove the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole from his Majesty's presence and counsels for ever'. Notice of the motion had been previously given, and had aroused the greatest curiosity and expectation both within and without doors. Some members of the lower House secured their seats before seven in the morning; and afternoon saw the gallery crowded and the House in almost complete attendance. Sandys supported his motion with an able speech which reviewed the Minister's foreign and domestic policy, and his conduct of the war; but the other speakers for the Opposition were disappointing. 'I learn from some of both sides, no motion was ever worse supported,' writes one correspondent (Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir R. W.*, vol. iii, p. 564); and another finds it generally agreed 'that Mr. Pulteney spoke indifferently' (*Parl. Hist.*, vol. xi, p. 1228, note). On the other hand, Walpole defended himself with great ability and spirit. He had good reason to be animated; for he had seen Shippen and thirty-four of his Jacobite friends withdraw from the House; he had found that the Tories were not acting in concert with the discontented Whigs; and he must have learned, before making his speech, that the same motion had failed in the House of Lords. On division, Sandys's motion was rejected by a vote of 290 against 106. The secession of the Jacobites and the schism between the Whigs and the Tories made Sir Robert's victory seem more decisive than it really was. Lord Mahon observes that its first effect 'seemed to be the securing of Walpole in power. His levee the next morning

was the fullest ever known; congratulations poured in from all sides; while his opponents, baffled and confounded, were imputing to each other the blame of their failure. But in its ulterior consequences the motion of Sandys served in the ensuing General Election to point and concentrate every attack upon the Minister, as the one great grievance of the State; and on the other hand, it is asserted that his success on this occasion threw him off his guard, and by increasing his confidence slackened his exertions' (*History of England from the Peace of Utrecht*, vol. iii, p. 76).

From a folio pamphlet (dated 1741) in the Harvard Library.

MARK well our sad and dismal Tale,
You Knights and Freemen all;
Our Party's broke, we have miss'd Our Aim,
Within *St. Stephen's Wall.*

To hunt Sir R[o]b[er]t down we try'd;
The Yelpings all prov'd vain;
Our stanchest *Hounds* within the *Pack*
Can ne'er Rise up again.

The *Motion*'s mine, cries snarling *S[an]ds,*
Sir R[o]b[er]t I'll disgrace;
And vent my Rage through *thick and thin,*
Before I quit this Place.

Full fraught with Spleen, and ranc'rous Spite,
His Venom swiftly flew;
That all *St. Stephen*'s Folk might know,
The Mischief he would do.

Inflam'd with Malice, he Clack'd on,
With Looks most wonderous sad;
'Till those who heard his Clamourous Noise,
Declar'd him almost mad.

Then down he sat in muddy Mood,
And blink'd his *Eyes about;
And cruelly did fret, and foam,
When all the *Yea*'s march'd out.

In furious Fume then up starts *H[u]me,*[1]
A well known *Factious Blade;*
Who, right or wrong, went headlong on,
For the *Motion S[an]ds* had made.

* Mr. *S[an]ds*, remarkably odd in the Motion of his Eyes.

[1] Mr. Alexander Hume Campbell, Member for Berwick. He was a son of the Earl of Marchmont.

And being ask'd his Reasons, *Why*
He joyn'd in *Party* Brawl?
"Because Our †*Motion-neers* can't *Rise*,
"But by Sir R[o]b[er]t's *Fall.*

On *that* alone Our Hopes were fix'd:
But now, Ye Gods! we rue
The fatal Day, we vainly strove,
Sir R[o]b[er]t to Undoe.

The Numbers *Yea*, (sad Sight to see,)
One even *Hundred* were;
With just *Six only*, more to tell;
Which made us storm and stare.

Look sharp about, cry'd one and all,
Before they shut the Door: *
If so many *No*'s remain within,
We'll ne'er *return* ‡no more.

For as we've play'd Our Cards so bad,
(Roars each in doleful Dumps)
The *Nine* of *Diamonds* now 's *Our Curse*,
W[a]lp[o]le has all the Trumps.

Thus stands, alas! Our *Patriot* Case,
Tho' much what we deserve;
For pushing hard a *Great Man*'s Fall,
Ourselves alone to *Serve.*

Our *Country*'s Cause, and *Publick* Good,
Was all along our Cant.
But now, alas! we have plainly shown,
What in our *Hearts* we meant.

Great *W[a]lp[o]le*'s Downfall was our Drift,
That we might gain our *Ends;*
But by this last malicious Step,
We have made his *Foes* his *Friends.*

Learn then from hence, *True Britons* all;
And keep it well in Store;
Never be Gull'd, or give your *Votes*
For such FALSE PATRIOTS more.

† For the *Motion* 106. Against it 290. So that there was a Majority of 184 in Favour of Sir R. W[alpo]le.

* Upon Divisions the Doors of the House are shut, 'till the *Yea's* or *Nay's* are Counted in again.

‡ *Return* no more.—Alludes to the *Secession.*

No. LXVII

THE COMPLEAT HISTORY OF BOB OF LYN

A NEW BALLAD

To the Tune of *Bonny Dundee.*

Proper to be Sung at Elections.

'How like you the picture of Bob of Lyn?' inquires the ballad. Surely the reader will like it well, however far he may regard it from being a faithful portrait. The ballad-writer seems to have aimed at drawing up a complete indictment, and he certainly succeeded; yet one or two virtues stole in unawares.

If the last stanza is a reference to the motion for Walpole's removal, the date of the ballad cannot be earlier than the latter part of February, 1741.

There are three other ballad biographies of Walpole: *The Norfolk Favourite, The Statesman,* and *Appius Unmasqu'd* (Append. Nos. 26, 33, and 56).

From a folio pamphlet (undated) in the British Museum (11626. h. 12. 3).

Good People of *England!* give Ear to my Song!
It may prove of some Use, and can do you no Wrong;
Without Fear or Favour, then, here I begin;
'Tis the Birth and Adventures of *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn was in Dumpling-Shire born;
Dire Omens of Halters were seen on the Morn;
Begot, as some say, by a Lawyer in Sin;
And a *promising Boy* was *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn up to *Eaton* was sent;
He was apt at his Book, gave the Provost Content;
At Taw, or at Chuck, He was certain to Win;
And a *tricking young Rogue* was *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn was design'd for the Gown;
But leaving the College, He came up to Town;
He took up his Lodgings in *Lincoln's-Inn*;
And a very *great Quibler* was *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn was as lusty as tall;
His Head it was large, and his Belly not small;
With huge goggle Eyes, and a soft fawning Grin:
How like you the *Picture* of *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn, tho' but small his Estate,
By his Parts, very soon, found Access to the Great:
He stood for a Borough, to the House he got in;
And thence comes the *Name* of *Bob of Lyn.*[1]

[1] Walpole was member for the borough of King's Lynn.

Bob of Lyn, Sirs, was not one of those,
Who pass all their Sessions in *Ay*'s and in *No*'s:
He scribled without, and He speech'd it within;
And a *bustling M[e]mb[e]r* was *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn was soon rais'd to high Post,
Of which being greedy in making the most,
He was clap'd into Durance for Brib'ry's Sin;
And a *Foraging Wight* was *Bob of Lyn.*[1]

Bob of Lyn, now Affairs changing Face,
Triumphant once more was restor'd into Place;
But for certain sly Whispers was turn'd out again;
And a *horrid Ingrate* was *Bob of Lyn.*[2]

Bob of Lyn, from this faithless Event,
Became what your Courtiers do term Male-Content:
He plotted, caball'd, and He thought it no Sin;
And a *furious Opposer* was *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn, by some Deaths and a Job,
Or Contract, that put near a Plumb in his Fob;
By these fortunate Hits, into Play came agen;
And rais'd to the *Helm* was *Bob of Lyn.*[3]

Bob of Lyn, during Twenty long Years,
Directed, perplex'd and mismanag'd Affairs:
A *Whig* out of Place, and a *Tory* when in;
And a very great *Trimmer* was *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn built and purchas'd away;
And Palaces rais'd out of Houses of Clay:
He thought of nought else, when once He was in;
But hey! for the *Kindred* of *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn, when the Devil did move,
Had of Concubines Store for the Banquet of Love:
Wives, Widows and Virgins, with *Peg* of the *Glyn,*
All *lavishly purchas'd* by *Bob of Lyn.*

[1] Having been found guilty of corruption with regard to two foraging contracts for Scotland, Walpole was expelled from the House and committed to the Tower (1712). This was decidedly a party proceeding, however, not merely a judicial action.

[2] Walpole followed Townshend out of office in 1717, and entered into violent opposition.

[3] After the collapse of the South Sea Company (1720) Walpole was 'raised to the helm', and put through his Bank Contract, by which he was supposed to have pocketed 'near a plumb', i. e., almost £100,000.

Bob of Lyn so Puissant became,
He only fell short of a Monarch in Name:
He by K[ing], L[ords] and C[ommons] was held by the Chin;
And the *Minion of Fortune* was *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn had all Law at his Will;
By magical Numbers He carry'd each Bill;
At his Nod the lawn'd Tribe wou'd go thro' Thick and Thin;
And *Gold* was the *Wisdom* of *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn was of treating so fond,
He wou'd beg an Affront, then entreat to compound;
Still Treaties from Treaties delighted to spin;
And a very great *Blund'rer* was *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn most profoundly still chose
Your Clowns and Buffoons for his sage Plenipos;
For which he became, of all *Europe*, the Grin;
And a very great *Bubble* was *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn, tho' a Man of great Might,
Was born with a mortal Aversion to fight:
He preach'd up the sleeping in a whole Skin;
And a very *meek Christian* was *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn, in the Course of his Reign,
Did Rare[e]-shew Armies and Navies maintain;
Corruption, Debts, Taxes, Excises and Gin;
These, these were the *Trophies of Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn, all the Wars that he made,
Were Mimickry all, and great Burthens on Trade,
He, the Honour of *England*, not valu'd a Pin;
The Merchants be *damn'd* cry'd *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn was long cross'd in his Schemes,
Whose bungling Defence wasted Millions of Rheams:
He vow'd, in Revenge, He wou'd poor *England* skin;
And her *bitterest Foe* was *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn now began for to fear,
In Spite of his seeming, his Reck'ning was near:
No sham Expeditions was now all the Din;
And *loud* were the *Murmurs* 'gainst *Bob of Lyn.*

Bob of Lyn, 'gainst the Wishes of all,
By the Votes of the Tories eluded his Fall:
Lend your Aid, O Electors! to drive up the Pin,
And rescue poor *Br*[*itai*]*n* from *Bob of Lyn.*

BALLADS ON THE ATTACK UPON CARTAGENA

On May 19, 1741, *The London Gazette* published advices from Admiral Vernon and Brigadier-General Wentworth, relating to the attack upon Cartagena. It was learned from this report that operations had begun on March 9, when the small fort of Chamba had been silenced, and the forts of St. Jago and St. Philip (outworks to the important castle of Boca Chica) had been taken and occupied. Infantry and artillery had then been landed, and a combined attack by land and water had been begun on the castle of Boca Chica (which commanded the very narrow entrance to the lake, or outer harbour) and had been successfully carried out. A portion of the fleet had then passed the straits in spite of their narrowness, which was accentuated by the enemy sinking two of their ships in the best of the channel, and setting fire to another on the lee shore. At one side of the lake there was another narrow passage, leading into the inner harbour, and protected by Castillo Grande. This fort was taken without resistance on March 30, but the enemy had attempted to choke the passage by sinking a number of ships across it. This was the state of affairs when the report was sent, April 1. 'We hope soon', it said, 'to get in all our bomb-ketches to play upon the town; and we shall now be able to land our forces within a league of the town, which could not have been done nearer than three leagues, without our being masters of Castillo Grande.' The public leaped to the conclusion that the operations had been successfully concluded; and ballads were issued, detailing the whole affair. But Wentworth's handling of the land forces had already been characterized by an ominous vacillation, which developed into serious mismanagement, and was accompanied by continual altercations between Wentworth and Vernon. These difficulties, to which was soon added the prevalence of disease, required the attack to be given up; and fleet and forces were withdrawn.

No. LXVIII

ENGLISH COURAGE DISPLAY'D: ON ADMIRAL VERNON'S TAKING OF CARTHAGENA

To the Tune of *Glorious Charles of Sweden.*

From a broadside (undated) in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. i, no. 531).

Brave loyal *Britons* all rejoice,
With joyful acclamation,
And join with me in heart and voice,
Upon this just occasion:

To *Admiral Vernon* drink a health,
Likewise to each brave man-a,
Who with that noble *Admiral* was
At the taking of *Carthagena.*

From *Jamaica* he did sail,
With *General Ogle*[1] to attend him,
Against *Carthagena* to prevail,
For which we must commend him:
At *Carthagena* he arriv'd
With all his gallant men-a,
Who took the forts, and sunk their ships
In the port of *Carthagena.*

Their *Men of War* they sunk themselves,
And others strait they burned,
Resign'd their forts, and coward like,
Away they quickly runned:
Then the town he did summon strait
To surrender, every man-a,
But they refusing, he did bombard
The town of *Carthagena.*

Our gallant sailors fir'd with revenge,
To fight like men begun,
Their forts they took, and quickly made
The cowardly *Spaniard* run:
Where *Beauclerk, Douglass, Watson, Moor,*
And many a valiant man-a,
Most gallantly did lose their lives,
At the taking of *Carthagena.*

The *Castles* all he soon destroy'd,
And all their treasure seized;
The *Spaniards* then he sore annoy'd,
And did just what he pleased:
The *English* Prisoners he releas'd,
Where many a gallant man-a
Rejoic'd to see brave VERNON take
The town of *Carthagena.*

With *six ships only* he did storm
The *Spaniards* forts and castles,
Their town bombarded out of hand,
And likewise sunk their vessels:
But twelve of their best *Men of War*
Were gone to the *Havanna,*[2]
Whom he will quickly serve the same,
As those at *Carthagena.*

[1] Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle. [2] A squadron under Don Rodrigo de Torres.

Let trumpets now most loudly sound,
And colours be displaying,
Each sailor's pouch well cram'd with gold,
And *Britons* be huzzaing:
But when to *England* they return,
O may his valiant men-a,
Be well rewarded for their pains,
For the taking of *Carthagena*.

To *Admiral Vernon* drink a health,
Likewise to gallant Ogle,
And may each *Briton* wish the same,
And at it never boggle:
May heaven protect the *Admiral*,
Also the gallant men-a,
Who with that noble *Admiral* was
At the taking of *Carthagena*.

No. LXIX

VERNON'S GLORY

OR

THE KING OF SPAIN IN A CONSUMPTION

From a broadside (undated) in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. iii, no. 1881).

Brave Britton's hear my Story,
here 's honour lies before ye!
O! now you Rise to GLORY,
whilst the Spaniards Weep Boys;
Brave Ver - - - - - non the Renowned,
The Span - - - - - iard's has confounded,
O! some he has Kill'd and Wounded,
And others he has drownded,
Within the Deep O;
Their forc'd in Holes and Corners,
to sculk and Creep, O;
Poor *Phill* now grows so thin O,
Proud *Kate* she has got the spleen O
For th' loss of *Carthagen* - - - - - *a*
that famous *Town* Boys.

Brave Vernon the Spaniards Routs O,
He Vows he'll see 'em out O
It puts Kate into the Pouts O,
how she does Grumble;
Poor Phi - - - - - ll *'s in a Consumption,*
And's Grie - - - - - ves at his Presumption,
And want's France in Conjunction;
He's in hearty Compunction,
We make him Tremble;
He fears his Crown by Peace Meals
from's Head will tumble;
For's Arms he want's Suspention,
But 'tis Brittons Intention,
For Phill's breach of Conventi - - - - - on,
proud Spain to humble.

We take their Gold in heaps O,
Likewise their Towns and Ships O,
Our Sailors licks their Lips O,
With Spanish Wine Boys;
Our Jol - - - - - ly Sons of thunder,
Makes Span - - - - - iards to knock under,
Their fill'd with dread and Wonder,
To see our Sailors plunder
their Spanish Coin Boys;
To reward our depredations
'tis our desire Boys;
Brave Vernon Brittons *Hero*
Does Phill *and* Kate *so scare O,*
They'll Squeak for Peace ne'er fear - - - - - O,
In little time boys.

No. LXX

THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION

To the Tune of *Diogenes Surly and Proud.*

The borough of Westminster was so dominated by Court interest that it was commonly called the King's Borough, and the election had for twenty years gone uncontested (*A Genealogical History of the House of Yvery*, vol. ii, p. 460). But in the spring of 1741 the popularity of Admiral Vernon was so great, and the spirit of the Opposition so bold, that it was decided to 'make a trial of Independent strength' (ibid., p. 460). The Court candidates were the late members, Sir Charles Wager and Lord Sundon. Wager was held in high esteem, despite his position in the Ministry; but Sundon, an Irishman, and a Lord of the Treasury, was

disliked both personally and as a type of the docile placeman. The Opposition's first proposal was to set aside Sundon and join the two Admirals, Vernon and Wager. A meeting, duly advertised (*Daily Post*, April 28, 1741) for the consideration of this proposal, was held at the Greyhound Tavern in the Strand, on April 29, but the assembly was dismissed by an unnamed person, 'for reasons best known to himself' (advertisement in *The Daily Post* for April 30, 1741); and the continuance of advertisements signed conjointly by Wager and Sundon made it plain that the Court party would not accept this compromise. Another meeting was therefore held, on April 30, at the Castle Tavern in the Strand, where Vernon was put in nomination; 'and Mr. Edwin, a gentleman of Wales, appearing accidentally at the meeting, . . . was joined with him' (*History of the House of Yvery*, vol. ii, p. 460).

This ballad was written either in the interval when the union of Vernon and Wager seemed possible, or by a person who preferred Wager over Edwin. Lady A. Irwin thought Mr. Edwin's part 'ridiculous enough'. 'Those who really wish the Prince well', she wrote, 'are vexed there should be an opposition made with so little prospect of success, and by a man of so little eminence. My Lord Carteret is very angry, and Mr. Polteney, I hear, will give no assistance' (*Hist. MSS. Comm.* Rept. XV, Append. Part VI, p. 197). The course of the election, however, brought Edwin into popularity, as will be seen from the later ballads.

From a broadside (undated) in the Madden Collection (Slip Songs, vol. iii, no. 1916).

You that wish your Country's Peace,
And your taxes abated would see,
That would gladly have trading increase,
And money more plentiful be;
Come, fill up your Glasses, around
Let the sparkling brimmers play
And thus let each Bumper be crown'd—
For Vernon and Wager, Huz—za.

And since your hand to the Plow
Is set, never Draw back again;
But sing a Down With all Pen[sione]rs now,
Which are of the Nation a bane;
Of the Fat of the Land they do eat,
For which we are forced to pay;
But we'll find 'em some more proper meat—
For Vernon and Wager, Huz—za.

O may we no longer complain
Of an Army that nothing will do;
Which yet we're oblig'd to maintain
By the Sweat of the Labourers brow;
Let us Vote for the Man that will see
That our armies will fight for their pay,
Or that they Disbanded shall be—
For Vernon and Wager, Huz—za.

We pay for our *Soap* and our *salt*,
For Cyder, for Brandy, for Beer;
We pay for our Mum and our malt,
And excise makes our Leather so Dear;
We are Forced to pay for the Light
That our windows affords us by Day;
And we pay for our Candles by Night—
For Vernon and Wager, Huz—za.

But may that Dutch Devil excise
For the Future ne'er enter our Doors,
Nor with his Mischievous Eyes
Ply into our christmas stores;
Send him home into hell, whence he came,
And there let him Rot till Dooms-day;
Let him never hereafter be nam'd—
For Vernon and Wager, Huz—za.

Beware, O Ye Britons, beware,
How ye Vote for the Pen[sione]rs Crew;
Remember who laid the last snare,
And who the vile project o'erthrew;
Success to the Church, to the King,
And to all brave Patriots pray;
To conclude let us merrily sing—
For Vernon and Wager, Huz—za.

No. LXXI

A NEW SONG

The opposition to the Court candidates for Westminster (as described in the introduction to *The Westminster Election*, p. 169) arose at the eleventh hour, and at first caused Walpole no apprehension; but it was conducted with so much energy that it straightway became alarming. Broadsides and advertisements in the newspapers advanced the claims of Vernon and Edwin, and urged the friends of these candidates to meet at certain taverns in order to proceed to the poll together. On May 8, the outcome beginning to be doubtful, and there having been some disturbances (which each side attributed to the other), Lord Sundon prevailed upon the High Bailiff to close the books, which he did 'in an arbitrary manner', and against the protest of Mr. Edwin. At the same time, from fear of a riot, the vicinity of the poll was occupied by a body of armed soldiers, under whose protection the High Bailiff declared Sundon and Wager duly elected. In spite of the soldiers, a riot almost occurred. 'My Lord Sundon,' says a pamphleteer, 'who was present at all these proceedings, for Sir Charles Wager was then attending upon his Majesty abroad, was

saved entirely by the dexterity of his charioteer, who drove *à la Jehu* through the raging crowd that pursued his master in his flight, with stones and execrations, and bore him safe home without any other damage than the demolition of his chariot glasses; his lordship having discreetly sat asquat in the bottom of his machine during the heat of the action' (*A Critical History of the Last Important Sessions of Parliament*, p. 8). With this demonstration of violence the matter ended, until the contested elections were taken up by the new Parliament.

A New Song was written both in anticipation of the parliamentary inquiry into the Westminster election, and in celebration of Admiral Vernon's birthday. Some efforts were made in Ministerial quarters to create confusion as to the date of Vernon's birth, but the correct day (November 12) was observed with the greatest enthusiasm. 'The bells were rung in most of the churches in the morning,' says *The Craftsman* for November 14, 1741, 'and the ships in the river displayed their colours and fired their guns. In the cities of London and Westminster prodigious numbers of persons of all conditions met at different taverns, &c., to celebrate the day; . . . at night there were illuminations and bonfires throughout the whole town.' Another ballad, entitled *The True English Boys' Song* (Append. No. 97), very similar to this, was recommended 'to be sung round the bonfires of London and Westminster', to the tune of *Come let us prepare*. We may suppose that this ballad also was so sung, and to the same tune.

From a broadside (undated) in the British Museum (8133. i).

COME ye Westminster Boys,
All sing and rejoice,
Your Friends in the House will not fail ye,
We'll the Soldiers indite,
And set all matters right,
In spite of that R[ogu]e the High-Bai[le]y.

Let us raise our Bonfires,
As high as the Spires,
And ring every Bell in the Steeple;
All the Arts we defy,
Of the whole M[inist]ry,
To run V[erno]n down with the People.

Stand round and appear,
All ye hearts of Oak here,
And set the proud Don at Defiance,
To V[erno]n let 's drink,
Who made France and Spain stink,
And B[o]b, whose with both in Alliance.

Let no true lad flinch,
Now we're at this pinch,
But our Admiral safely rely on,
For this honest Fellow,
Who took Porto bello,
Shall find B[o]b a Gibbet to Dye on.

Stop not V[erno]n's Carreer,
Thro' Folly, or Fear,
Least the French, or the Spaniards should beat ye,
Nor let Don Geraldino,
Bussy, Horace, and Keen—o,[1]
Bamboozle you with a new Treaty.

'Tis time, then be bold,
Be not thus bought and sold,
Nor let Mounsiers old Tricks still seduce ye;
Like your Forefathers try,
To conquer or dye,
E'er France to a Province reduce ye.

Hessian Troops are all sham,
The Neutrality[2] damn,
The Convention and every Vagary,
All the Money they've got,
Is now gone to Pot,
And so is the Queen of Hungary.

Let us send Ships and Food,
To V[erno]n that's good,
For unless Heaven feed him with Manna,
His Designs they'll defeat,
For without Men or Meat,
How can he e'er take the Havanna.

And besides we should send,
A true militant Friend,
Nor longer be Bob's or Spain's Dupe—a,
They then would agree,
Both by Land and by Sea,
And soon would be Masters of Cuba.

[1] Don Geraldino was the Spanish, and M. Bussy the French, Ambassador to England. Keene was the English Ambassador to Spain. Horace is Horace Walpole.

[2] The reference is to the neutrality of Hanover, as regarded the hostilities between the Queen of Hungary and the King of Prussia. The measure was very unpopular (see Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir R. W.*, chapters lvii and lviii). Parliament voted a subsidy of £300,000 to the Queen of Hungary, but she was not supported by English arms.

No. LXXII

THE INDEPENDENT WESTMINSTER CHOICE

OR

PERCEVAL AND EDWIN

To the Tune of *The Free Masons.*

This ballad probably appeared in the earlier part of December, before the Parliamentary inquiry into the Westminster Election had begun, or while it was proceeding.
From a broadside (undated) in the British Museum (8133. i).

Ye *Westminster* Boys,
With one common Voice,
Sound Praises to *Edwin* and *Vernon*;
Whose fortunate Stand
Has protected this Land,
And taught you, brave Boys, for to fear none.

Ye *Westminster* Boys,
Unite and rejoice,
Be steady, and make no Defection;
For if you stand true,
You are not too few
To carry your glorious Election.

Come honestly on;
Give your Votes, as you've done
When you voted for *Edwin* and *Vernon*:
Like *Britons* be bold,
Laugh at Power and Gold,
Else Slavery comes, and will spare none.

As *Edwin* for you
Did all he could do,
Which at the last Poll you remember,
Now all of you shou'd
To him be as good,
And chuse him once more for your Member.

But *Vernon* no more
You can serve as before,
He is chosen for several Places;[1]
Then chuse in his Room
A brave Man who will come,
And nose the Court Fools to their Faces.

A noble young Peer[2]
Will shortly declare
Who can deal both with *Sundon* and *Wager*,
And shall cause the whole Tribe,
Who take Pension and Bribe,
And *Robert* himself for to stagger.

A Nobleman true,
Match'd by none, or by few,
For Spirit and artful Persuasion,
Whose Courage and Sense,
And bold Eloquence,
Shall expose all Court Trick and Evasion.

Thus, while *Vernon* shall ride
On *America*'s Tide,
And by Arms bring the *Spanish* Dons under;
His Friend shall stand here,
This noble young Peer,
And rattle old *Bob* with his Thunder.

You may now firmly hope,
Your Ruin to stop,
When *Vernon* abroad guards the Nation:
And this Nobleman true,
Match'd by none, or by few,
Shall expose all Court Trick and Evasion.

Thus shall PERCEVAL brave
Your Liberties save,
And with EDWIN in Senate defend you:
These Men they were giv'n
A Present from Heav'n,
Reject not what Heaven does send you.

The Parliament soon
Will grant you your Boon,
And give you another Election:
Then your Liberty use,
These gallant Men chuse,
And seek for no other Protection.

[1] Vernon had been returned for Rochester in Kent, Ipswich in Suffolk, and Penryn in Cornwall. He elected to sit for Penryn.

[2] The connexion of Lord Perceval with this election may be read at length in *A Genealogical History of the House of Yvery*, vol. ii, p. 460 et seq.

But if any more
Bob should do as before,
And by Fraud or by Violence cheat you,
In Numbers then go
And demolish your Foe;
You are Fools if again he defeat you.

No. LXXIII

THE INDEPENDENT WESTMINSTER ELECTORS TOAST

IN MEMORY OF THE GLORIOUS TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY

To the Tune of *Come let us prepare*, &c.

The case of the Westminster election was fought by both sides with every resource of learning, eloquence, and persuasion; for it was the first critical test of the strength of the two parties in the new Parliament. It was finally lost by the Ministry, on December 26, by a very narrow margin. The 'glorious two hundred and twenty' were the Members who voted to declare the election void; 216 votes being mustered by the Ministry for Lord Sundon, and 215 for Sir Charles Wager. A new writ was issued, and Mr. Edwin was again nominated; but Vernon having chosen to sit for Ipswich, Lord Perceval was set up in his place. Walpole was unable to find candidates, though he is said to have used every endeavour to do so, and to have offered unlimited expense in their support. The Opposition, however, fearing some bold stroke at the last moment, supported their candidates with the utmost energy.

From a broadside (undated) in the British Museum (8133. i).

My *Westminster* Friends,
Now we've gained our Ends,
Here 's a Health, and I'm sure 'twont repent ye:
With Gratitude think,
To the Health let us drink
Of the Glorious *Two Hundred and Twenty*.

Come honestly on;
Give your Votes as you've done,
When you voted for EDWIN and VERNON;
Like *Britons* be bold,
Laugh at Power and Gold,
Else Slavery comes, and will spare none.

The Army so grand,
For the Good of the Land,
That is annually chose our Protectors,
A new Trade have got,
And without Scott or Lot,
Are now all become our Electors.

The Justices too,
Will soon have their due,
As well as that R[ogu]e the *High Bailey*;
Tho' ye strut and look big,
With your Sword and Tye-wig,
The Parliament soon will to jail wi' ye.[1]

Brave *Edwin* for you
Did all he could do,
As at the last Poll ye remember,
Now all of ye shou'd
To him be as good,
And choose him once more for your Member.

An *honest good* Lord,
To find out, how hard,
At this Time, let any Man think, Sir!
Yet all do agree,
Lord *Perceval*'s He,
Then *Edwin* and *Perceval* drink, Sir.

Besides his brave Spirit,
My Lord has this Merit
With us; that *Guts*[2] hates him to death, Sir.
He has swore *Z*—ds and Blood
That my Lord never shou'd
Be a Member, so long as he'd Breath, Sir.

Then under his Nose
These brave Men we will choose,
To show we don't fear, but despise him.
We'll laugh and we'll flout
At the Rabble at Court,
Who, for what they can't get, idolize him.

The P[arliamen]t just,
And firm to their Trust,
Have giv'n you another Election,
Then your Liberty use,
These honest Men choose,
And rely on their steady Protection.

[1] The justices were brought to the Bar of the House and reprimanded by the Speaker upon their knees. The high bailiff was taken into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms.

[2] Walpole.

VERNON'S self will rejoice,
When he hears of our Choice
And is told how we've routed the Old-ones.
Then join Hand in Hand,
To each other firm stand,
For Success always follows the Bold-ones.

But if any more
B[o]b shou'd do as before,
Or by Fraud or by Violence cheat you,
In Numbers then go
And demolish your Foe,
Ye're Fools if again he defeat you.
But if any more &c. [*Chorus.*

No. LXXIV

BOB BOOTY'S LOST DEAL

OR

THE CARDS SHUFFLED FAIR AT LAST

Walpole's fall and resignation are here reported under the metaphor of a game at cards. It is needless to interpret the 'Knave of Clubs'; the black cards are, of course, the placemen.

This is an imitation and adaptation of an earlier ballad entitled *A Knave at the Bottom, The Dealer's sure of a Trump* (B. M., 112. f. 44. 50). It is here reprinted from a broadside (undated) in the British Museum (1876, f. 1. 126).

You honest hearts, that wish'd fair play,
at Cards, see who has won the day,
All you who once did sadly sing,
The Knave of Clubs deceiv'd the King—
But now more happy times we have,
The Commons overcame the Knave.

Near *Twenty Years* a Game's been Play'd
Against our Nation and our Trade;
Old England had no cause to boast,
For *Spaniards* won what Merchants lost;
And what was worst of all beside,
Our hands from Fighting long was ty'd.

Bob Booty was the Knave of Clubs,
And gave our Merchants horrid rubs;
He found three other Knaves beside,
For to support him in his Pride;
And thus they play'd with half a Pack,
Throwing out all Cards but Black.

Spain and *France* the Game did set,
Which put the Loyal in a fret;
This made the Foreign Nations wonder
To see what gallants we (liv'd) under
A People once so free and Brave,
To deal so long with such a Knave.

At length *Argile* and *Poultney* brave,
By Playing fair did beat the Knave;
Said they, here is some Cards we Lack,
We will not Play with half a Pack;
With that the standers by did say
They never yet saw fairer Play.

After some time this Game was past,
And for a Second Knaves was cast;
all new Cards not stain'd with spots,
Nor daub'd with foul and filthy blots;
Here Good Gamsters play'd their Parts,
and turned up the King of hearts.

This fair play put the Knave at stand;
He did resign to them his Hand:
Since he no longer could conceal,
He farely own'd he had lost deal;
Since honest *Hearts* was turn'd up trumps,
It put him sadley in the dumps.

After this Game was done i think,
The standers by had cause to drink;
and loyal subjects for to sing
Farewell knave and Welcome King;
For till we saw the Game was turn'd,
We wish'd the Cards had all been burn'd.

No. LXXV

THE SECRET COMMITTEE

A NEW BALLAD

The rejoicing which greeted the fall of Walpole was accompanied by a demand for vengeance. Representations and instructions from every part of England poured into the House of Commons, recommending a strict inquiry into past measures, and punishment of the guilty. Impeachment was freely and confidently talked of, and articles were actually drawn up. In the streets Walpole's effigy was for several days in succession marched about and carried to the Tower. Another indication of the temper of the people is afforded by the present ballad. The evils which had been heaped on Walpole's head, and of the truth of which the public was persuaded, need not be enumerated here—the ballads are themselves a record. All that had hitherto been wanting was proof and evidence; and for this people looked to the Secret Committee. One fear only marred their expectation, and that was lest the famous 'screen' should be set up again. 'No screen' was the popular cry. Yet public clamours availed naught against the private management of Walpole and the fidelity of certain of his friends. Scrope, Secretary of the Treasury, Paxton, Solicitor of the Treasury, and others refused to testify, lest they incriminate themselves. Richard Edgcumbe, who had managed the Cornish boroughs, was made a peer in order to prevent his examination (Walpole's *Letters* (Toynbee), vol. i, p. 213 and note). And Horace Walpole (the elder) went down to Wolterton and burned large numbers of papers which he feared might be seized by the Committee (Coxe, *Memoirs of Horatio Lord Walpole*, vol. ii, p. 46). A Bill to indemnify all persons who should give evidence against the minister was thrown out in the Lords. The Committee were completely baffled. Their report was trivial in comparison with public expectation, and was so far from furnishing grounds for an impeachment that it has been used by apologists of Walpole in his defence. But the Committee's efforts were too well thwarted to be of much consequence to either side.

This ballad is printed from a newspaper clipping in a British Museum chapbook (1850. c. 10). The date, 13 April, 1742, is written in.

Ye Commons and Peers
Come prick up your Ears,
And mark the Contents of my Ditty;
Some Truths told in Rhime
May pass away Time,
Till we hear from the *Secret Committee*.

That long, very long,
Things all have gone *wrong*,
We knew, and we said, 'twas a Pity;
But now we shall know
How and *why* they went so,
When we read what they do in *Committee*.

That *Commerce* was sunk,
And *Credit* got drunk,
We heard ev'ry Day in the City;
Why *This* was neglected,
And *That* not protected,
Perhaps they may find in *Committee.*

A *King*[1] in Alliance
When held at Defiance,
But ask'd, and a *Fleet* we cou'd fit ye;
If *paid* for abroad,
Who knows now but God?
Yet soon will they know in *Committee.*

Big Words before Spring
Have gone out in *no-thing,*
While *Armaments* end in a *Treaty;*
War dropt, like a *Rocket,*
In Somebody's *Pocket;*
In whose—ask the *Secret Committee.*

Tho' *Britain* now *swaggers*
To please *sturdy Beggars,*
The Devil one Blow has She hit ye;
Who *tied up* her Hands,
Who *paid for* the Bands,
Must out in the *Secret Committee.*

Tho' *Fleets* were equip'd,
And *Land-men* were ship'd,
What *Good* cou'd they hitherto get ye?
When One Man[2] wou'd fight,
They said, 'twas not *right;*
Why so? may be ask'd in *Committee.*

Fresh Taxes were laid,
Old Debts still unpaid,
And *Lotteries* many have bit ye
Sir R*****'s old *Maxim,*
"To *tame* People—*tax* 'em",
May now be explain'd in *Committee.*

[1] Perhaps the King of Portugal, to whose assistance a squadron was sent in 1735. See Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir R. W.*, vol. i, pp. 458–60 (ch. xlv).

[2] The King. 'It was now believed our Administration would shew that their former remissness did not proceed from fear or negligence; but that they curbed their spirit till the point of time when they might be sure to exert it with decisive advantages. This their friends gave out, and candid men were willing to think; especially as it was said, that *one Great Person* had declared, he thought it for the interest of a minister to have war rather than peace. But in the height and warmth of these expectations, while all Europe was intent on the motions and operations of our fleets, we heard of a Convention being signed. . . .'—*Considerations upon the present State of Affairs, &c.*, 1739, by George, Lord Lyttelton.

Excises, Conventions,
And more *good Intentions,*
Might yield me whereon to be witty;
Great Posts held by *Patent,*
With *Perquisites latent;*
But these I refer to *Committee.*

From *Twenty-one* Such,
Can we hope for *too much?*
(Tho' God knows how long they may sit ye)
In great *Expectation,*
Thus *prays* the whole *Nation*—
No Screen in the SECRET COMMITTEE.

APPENDIX

CONTAINING A LIST OF POLITICAL BALLADS ISSUED DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, BUT NOT PRINTED IN THE COLLECTION.

This list contains all the ballads I have seen, of a political nature, issued as broadsides or pamphlets. Ballads from newspapers and miscellanies have been admitted at discretion.

Bod. = Bodleian; B. M. = British Museum; H. U. L. = Harvard University Library. The Madden Collection is at Cambridge University. Roman numerals refer to the ballads printed in the body of the work; Arabic numerals to those listed in the Appendix.

1

1727. Little-John's Answer to Robin-Hood and the Duke of Lancaster. A Ballad. To the Tune of *The Abbot of Canterbury*. Folio pamphlet. London, n.d. (H. U. L.)

Here 's a story reviv'd from twelve hundred and two,
Of bold Robin Hood, but I know not how true;

A Grub Street version of No. II.

2

1727. The Address. A New Ballad. Tune of *Ye Commons and Peers*, &c. Folio pamphlet, containing also *The Cambro Briton* (No. III) and *Bob and Harry* (No. 3). London, n.d. (B. M., 1872. a. i. 166*.) As a separate publication in H. U. L.

Believe us, dread Sir
We come Whip and Spur,

A satirical versification of the Totness Address, as presented to the King in February 1727. The ballad was advertised (for the first time) in *Mist's Weekly Journal* for March 25, 1727.

3

1727. Bob and Harry. A New Occasional Song. Folio pamphlet, containing also *The Cambro Briton* (No. III) and *The Address* (No. 2). London, n.d. (B. M., 1872. a. 1. 166*.)

At Scriblers poor, who write to eat,
Ye Wags, give over Jeering,

This ballad was occasioned by a pamphlet duel between Bolingbroke and an antagonist who was generally believed to be Walpole himself. Bolingbroke's publication was *The Occasional Writer, inscribed to the Person* [Walpole] *to whom alone it can belong*. The reply was entitled *A Letter to the Occasional Writer*, and was published in *The London Journal* for February 11, 1727, and in other papers. A manuscript copy of *Bob and Harry* in the British Museum (Stowe MSS. 970. fol. 69) says, 'By Lord Chesterfield'.

4

1727. A Ballad : Occasion'd by some Ladies wearing Ruffs at Court on the Anniversary of his M[ajest]y's Birth-Day, the 29th of May, 1727. Folio pamphlet. London, 1727. (Bod., Godw. Pamph. 1666. 13.)

Ye Lords and Ladies of this Isle,
Who grace the Banks of gentle *Thames*,

5

1727. In Answer to the Le H[eu]p's Ballad, in a Dialogue Which passed between Sr. R[ober]t, Mr. H[a]re, and Mr. Le H[eu]p's, at Sir R[ober]t's House. Broadside. London, n.d. (In the possession of Professor Firth.)

In good Faith Mr. H[eu]p
You may now go and Hallow ;

A dialogue, rather than a ballad. For the subject-matter, cf. No. VII.

6

1727–8. Lord upon Knight ; and Knight upon Squire. Broadside. London, n.d. (B. M., 1872. a. 1. 169.)

A Lord, and no Lord, once did Dwell
Near to a famous Court ;

Hardly a ballad, but it helps to explain certain other ballads (cf. No. 9 and note). It must have been published in December 1727, or January 1728. The Lord and no Lord is Bolingbroke ; the Squire, Pulteney ; and the Knight, Walpole.

7

1728. The Lord and no Lord, and Squire Squat. An Excellent new Ballad to an Old Tune. Broadside. London, n.d. (B. M., 1872. a. 1. 167.)

I sing an old Proverb that 's very well known,
By all in the Country, as well as in Town,

Also published in *The British Journal* for January 6, 1728. The Lord and no Lord is Bolingbroke ; Squire Squat is Pulteney. Cf. No. 9 and note.

8

1728. A New Song. To an old Tune. Reprinted in *Robin's Panegyrick ; or, The Norfolk Miscellany*, Part I (1729). (B. M., 8132. a. 92. 2.)

Dear Mirror of Knighthood, the Song is to you,
Tho' the Tune it is old, yet the Words shall be true ;

Can be assigned to January 1728 by internal evidence.

9

1728. The Ladies Skreen. A New Ballad. Tune of *To you Fair Ladies now at Land*. Broadside. London, n.d. (B. M., 1872. a. 1. 160.)

Let P[ultene]y speak, or *Caleb* write,
invincible *Platoon* ;

Nos. 6, 7, and 9 concern a very scandalous episode involving Bolingbroke and Pulteney's wife, before she was married. Cf. the *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum*, Satires, vol. ii, no. 1588.

10

1728. A New Ballad. A broadside in the Public Record Office (State Papers, Domestic, George II, Bundle 5) contains this ballad and No. VIII. The broadside is undated, but is endorsed March 10, 1727–8. This ballad was also reprinted in *Robin's Panegyrick; or, The Norfolk Miscellany*, Part I (1729).

Hither from farthest East and West,
Ye *Israelites* repair;

Concerns an Act of Parliament relating to the Jews, which must have been projected, but which was not passed, nor even introduced, so far as I have been able to learn.

11

1728. Polly Peachum: A New Ballad. To the Tune of *Of all the Girls that are so smart*. Published in *The Craftsman* for April 13, 1728, and in the appendix to the fifth volume of the collected edition.

Of all the Belles that tread the Stage,
There's none like pretty *Polly*,

12

1728. The Norfolk Lanthorn. To the Tune of *Which nobody can deny*. Published in *The Craftsman* for July 20, 1728.

In the County of *Norfolk*, that Paradise Land,
Whose Riches and Power doth all *Europe* command,

This great lantern, which Sir Robert bought at an auction at the cost of one hundred and seventy pounds (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Portland, vol. vi, p. 161), was for a time the talk of the town. Horace Walpole (the younger) remembered that 'in one pamphlet the noise on the lantern was so exaggerated, that the author said, on a journey to Houghton, he was carried first into a glass-room, which he supposed was the porter's lodge, but proved to be the lantern' (*Letters* (Toynbee), vol. iii, p. 1). On the other hand, Lord Harley (the second Earl of Oxford), who visited Houghton in 1732, remarked upon the lantern that 'in the first place it is very ugly, and in the next it is not really big enough for the room it hangs in' (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, loc. cit.); and this criticism was repeated by Horace Walpole (loc. cit.).

13

1728. Hit or miss, Luck's all: A Comical Ballad. To the well known Air of *Joan stoop'd down to buckle her Shoe*, &c. Manuscript copy. n.d. (B. M., Add. MSS. 35,335. fol. 40.)

Old Stories tell how att Troy Town,
Your Hero's fell out hab nab Sir,

14

1728. The Norfolk Congress Versified. To the Tune of *King John and the Abbot: or, The Cobler's End*. Folio pamphlet. London, n.d. (B. M., 11641. h. 10. 11.)

Old Stories do tell, and the Scripture does shew,
That Feasting and Hunting were us'd long ago;

A versification of a prose pamphlet entitled *The Norfolk Congress; or,*

A Full and True Account of their Hunting, Feasting, and Merry-making; being singularly delightful and likewise very instructive to the Publick. This piece was published November 19, 1728 (*Monthly Chronicle*). The ballad may be supposed to have appeared not long thereafter.

15

1728. The Hunter Hunted; or, Entertainment upon Entertainment. A New Ballad. To an Old Tune—*God prosper long*, &c. Folio pamphlet. London, 1728. There is a copy in the Burney Collection of newspapers in the British Museum (vol. iii for 1728). The date Dec. 16, 1728, is written in.

Come all you *Sportsmen* far and near,
And all that follow *feasting*;

Another version of *The Norfolk Congress*, &c.

16

1729. A Song. Occasion'd by the Maids of Honour having 4 dozen Shifts Stolen from their Laundress. To the Tune of *Under the Green-wood tree*. 1729. Manuscript copy. (B. M., Add. MSS. 32,463. fol. 115.) Also included (with the omission of one stanza) in *A New Miscellany*, Printed for A. Moore, London, 1730. (B. M., 164. l. 35.)

Come listen to me, and I'll tell you some News,
Just piping hot from Court;

17

1729. The Pacifick Fleet. A New Ballad. Folio pamphlet. London, 1729. (Bod., Godw. Pamph. 1667. 19.) Reprinted in Firth's *Naval Songs and Ballads*, p. 170.

Good People, give ear, I'll tell you a story,
Will tickle your ears, if you wish Britain's glory;

On the same subject as No. X. Assigned to August 2, 1729, by *The Monthly Chronicle*.

18

1729. A Medley on the Times. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., 1876. f. 1. 118.)

Attend ye good People, give Ear to my Ditty,
the young and the old may improve if they please

Can be assigned by internal evidence to the latter part of 1729.

19

? 1729. The Norfolk Garland: or, The Death of Reynard the Fox. To the Tune of *A Begging we will go*, &c. [By Sir William Yonge.] Published in *A New Miscellany*, Printed for A. Moore, London, 1730. (B. M., 164. l. 35.) There is also a broadside copy, n.p., n.d. (B. M., 1876. f. 1. 113.)

Come all ye *Sussex Fox Hunters*,
And Vail your Bonnets low,

It is stated in Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual* (ed. 1864, vol. vi, p. 241) that *Prosperity to Houghton* (No. 20) and *Houghton Hare-Hunting* (No. 21)

are from the Strawberry Hill press. If this is true, the broadside copy of *The Norfolk Garland* should be added, since it exhibits the same quality of paper and press-work. For the authorship, cf. *Houghton Hare-Hunting*, stanza 2.

20

? 1729. Prosperity to Houghton. To the Tune of *An Ape, a Lion, a Fox, and an Ass*, &c. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., 1876. f. 1. 111.) [By — Floyd.]

Some Bards of old Times much delighted with Sack,
Have wrote in its Praise, and extoll'd the sweet Smack;

On the 'Hogen of Houghton'. A large bottle of this brew was said to have been buried under the foundation stone (*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. v, p. 216). For the authorship, see *Houghton Hare-Hunting* (No. 21), stanza 3. Cf. also the note to No. 19.

21

? 1729. Houghton Hare-Hunting. Tune, *And a Begging we will go*. Broadside. n. p., n.d. (B. M. 1876. f. 1. 112.)

Come all ye gallant Knights and Squires,
Tell why poor Puss's Fall

Cf. the note to No. 19.

22

1729. The New Dozen at Westminster; or, Caleb's Good Men, and True. To the Tune of *Which Nobody can deny*. Folio pamphlet. London, n.d. (H. U. L.)

A Trial was lately in Westminster-Hall,
Where Witnesses swear, and where Lawyers do bawl,

Assails the jury which acquitted *The Craftsman* (cf. p. 25, and Nos. XI and XII). Assigned to December 24, 1729, by *The Monthly Chronicle*.

23

1729. The Uxbridge Duplicate; or, The J[u]dge Justify'd. Folio pamphlet, containing also *On Colonel Francisco* (No. XIV). London, 1730. (H. U. L.)

Come ye Ministers all so courtly,
And ev'ry Impeachment Hater.

This ballad also apparently concerns the trial of *The Craftsman*. The 'duplicate' would seem to be Bolingbroke, who had a house at Dawley, near Uxbridge, and who, though doubtless the author of the incriminating article, allowed R. Francklin, the printer, to be tried.

24

? 1730. A Hymn to the Birth-Day. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., 1872. a. 1. 168.)

Come all you Loyal Welchmen
For ever faim'd in Story.

A birthday song in honour of Queen Caroline. There is no evidence for the exact date.

25

1730. The London Address; or, Magistrates against the Muses. A Poetical Paraphrase. Folio pamphlet. London, 1730. (H. U. L.)

Most gracious king, the nation's father,
We, m[ayo]r and a[lderme]n of L[ondo]n,

A satirical paraphrase of a petition against the new theatre in Goodman's Fields, presented to His Majesty by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, in April 1730.

26

1730. The Norfolk Favourite; or, The Rise and Fall of Gaveston. A ballad appended to a pamphlet entitled *The High German Physician*, London, 1730. (Bod., G. Pamph. 1244. 14.)

An antient Tale I mean to write,
Scorning new Deeds to bring to light;

A ballad biography of Walpole. Listed among the publications for September 1730 in *The Monthly Chronicle*.

27

1730. A New Song made on the Right Honourable Humphrey Parsons, Esq.; now our great and good Lord Mayer. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B.M., 1872. a. 1. 170.)

You Citizens of *London*,
Now the Day it is come

On Parsons's election as Lord Mayor in October 1730.

28

1730. The Lincoln's Inn 'Squire; or, The Protestant Turn'd Papist. A New Ballad. To the Tune of *The King and the Abbot of Canterbury*. Folio pamphlet. n.p., n.d. (University of Cambridge, Hib. 3. 730. 1. fol. 40.)

I'll tell you a Story, a Story anon,
It is not of the King, but of one 'Squire John.

The squire in question was John Shorter, one of the commissioners of the stamp duties, and a brother of Sir Robert Walpole's wife. Late in the year 1730 he 'turned papist'. This action was ascribed by his friends to a disordered mind. The excuse would seem to be substantiated by an item in *The Craftsman* for December 26, 1730, stating that 'On Tuesday last a gentleman who lately turned papist, brother to a certain great man, made a great disturbance at Court, insomuch that the guards were ordered to carry him home to his lodgings'. He was put under the care of physicians, who, by September 1731, restored his mind; so that he declared himself to be a member of the Church of England, and received the holy sacrament from the hands of the Bishop of London (*Grub Street Journal*, September 23, 1731). The ballad is listed among the publications for December 1730 in *The Monthly Chronicle*.

29

1731. An Ode for the New Year. Written by Colley Cibber, Esq., Poet Laureat. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., C. 40. M. 10. 176.)

God prosper long our gracious K[in]g,
Now sitting on the Throne,

A burlesque of Cibber's New Year's odes. Wilkins printed it (*Political Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 228 et seq.), and thought he discerned 'both the hand and kindly nature of Gay' in the stanzas referring to Queen Caroline—a theory which could easily be disproved. A better clue towards its authorship is furnished by a manuscript copy in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 28,095, fol. 69) which is endorsed, 'Westley's Ode for Cibber, 1731'.

30

1731. [A New] Ballad. By Caleb D'Anvers, Esq. To the Tune of *Ye Commons and Peers*. Broadside. London, n.d. (B. M., 1876. f. 1. 114.)

Ye Roundheaded *Tories*, and Longheaded *Jacks*,
Draw near I will sing you a Ditty,

The ascription of the ballad to Caleb D'Anvers is by way of irony only. It pretends to represent his political confession, and defames the Opposition leaders and their motives. The date is fixed by the publication of the ballad in *The Daily Courant* for February 10, 1731.

31

1731. Parsons's Triumph. Broadside. London, 1731. (B. M., C. 20. f. 2. 243.)

Why Whigs can't you be Easy,
Nor stain a Reputation,

On Humphrey Parsons.

32

1731. A New Norfolk Ballad. Tune of *A Trifling Song you shall hear*, &c. Folio pamphlet. London, 1731. (H. U. L.)

The Town being full of Confusion,
And filling our Ears with Alarms

A dialogue between Noodle and Doodle, who represent Sir Robert and Horace Walpole respectively. It concerns chiefly the second Vienna treaty (signed in March 1731), and the upshot of the argument is that Walpole has a majority in Parliament which will approve any treaty, no matter what its provisions.

33

1731. The Statesman. A New Court Ballad. Tune of *A Begging we will go*, &c. Folio pamphlet. London, n.d. (B. M., C. 40. m. 10. 177.) Reprinted in Wilkins's *Political Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 213 et seq.

Some Years ago from *Norfolck*,
There came a gallant Wight,

A ballad biography of Walpole. It was issued in June 1731 (*Gentleman's Magazine*).

34

1731. A New Court Ballad. To the Tune of *There was a bonny Blade.* Published in *The Craftsman* for October 16, 1731.

The Country and the Town
Are all impatient grown,

35

? 1731. To the Praise and Glory of R. W. Reprinted in *Robin's Panegyrick; or, The Norfolk Miscellany*, Part III. (B. M., 8132. a. 1. 92.)

All Laud and Praise to *W[alpo]le* be,
Both now and evermore;

Internal evidence points to the second half of 1731 as the date.

36

1731. A World of Quacks; or, All Men Turn'd Physicians. A New Ballad. Sung on Doctor Sublimate's Stage by Will Addle. To the Tune of *Of Noble Race was Shinkin.* Published in *Fog's Weekly Journal* for November 13, 1731, and appended to a pamphlet entitled *The Emperick.*

No longer Quacks disparage,
Since an Emperick the Basis

Doctor Sublimate indicates Walpole; Will Addle, Sir William Yonge.

37

1731. A Strange, True, and Lamentable Ballad of the barbarous and inhuman Usage that Captain Jenkins met with in the West-Indies from the Spaniards. Published in *Fog's Weekly Journal* for December 25, 1731.

Ye Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your Ears,

The ballad was prefaced by the following note: 'To the Author of *Fog's Journal*, Sir,—I send you a piece of poetry made by a poor sailor who never read Aristotle or Horace. He was one of Captain Jenkins's men, and was with him when he was taken by the Spaniards. It was the sense of the Captain's injuries that inspired him, so that he may say, with Juvenal, *facit indignatio versum.* In spite of the critics, it may serve his brother sailors to sing over a can of flip, wherefore you are desired to insert it in your paper.'

38

1732. A Song. Tune of *The Country Farmer. Hark, hark the Cock crows, 'tis Day all abroad,* &c.

As Perkin was hence excluded long since,
And *Jacobites* all were discarded,

39

1732. The Political Pair; or, The State Gossips. A Song. Tune of *Gossip Joan.*

Good Morrow, Gossip Will,
To Fr[a]nkl[i]n's wilt thou wander?

40

1732. The Mock Patriots. A Song. Tune of *To you fair Ladies now at Land.*

To all ye *Patriots* now at *Home,*
And those *Abroad,* I write;

41

1732. A Knave at the Bottom; or, The Dealer sure of a Trump. Tune of *Hey Boys, up go we.*

Quoth HAL to WILL the other Day,
As they *caball'd* together;

42

1732. A Song. Tune of *What tho' they call me Country Lass.*

What tho' they call me *Turncoat* Ass,
From C[ounci]l B[oo]k my Name erase;

43

1732. The Mistake. A Song. Tune of *A Cobler there was,* &c.

A *Statesman* there was,
Who, still bent on Extremes,

44

1732. A Song. Tune of *Down among the dead Men,* &c.

Tho' Wisdom and Justice steer the *Helm,*
And Commerce and Peace enrich the *Realm;*

*** Nos. 38 to 44, and No. XXIII, were published together in a volume entitled *A Collection of New State Songs, in Old Popular Tunes; devoted to the Use of good Singers, the Solace of good Subjects; and the Joyous Festivals of Sheep-Sheerings, Harvest-Homes, Whitson-Ales, and Country-Wakes.* By Jeremiah Van Jews-Trump, Esq. London, 1732. (B. M., 1076. m. 25.) The volume appeared in May 1732 (*London Magazine*).

45

1732. The Merry Campaign; or, The Westminster and Green-Park Scuffle. A New Court Ballad. To the Tune of *Chevy-Chace.* Folio pamphlet. London, n.d. (Bod., G. Pamph. 1668. 27.)

God prosper long our noble Peers,
And eke our Commons all;

Concerns a duel between Lord Viscount Mickelthwaite and Mr. Crowle, a gentleman of the Temple. See *The Daily Post* for May 18, 19, and 20, 1732. Listed among the publications for May 1732 in *The London Magazine.*

46

1732. The Court Garland. A sorrowful new Ballad. To the tune of *The Lady's Fall.* Manuscript copy. n.d. (B. M., Stowe MSS. 180. fol. 197.)

The year that CHARTRES went to hell
Full sore against his will;

A scandalous ballad concerning Lord Hervey's relations with Miss Vane. Can be assigned by internal evidence to 1732.

47

1733. A Sequel to Britannia Excisa. A New Political Ballad. To the Tune of *Ye Commons and Peers*. Folio pamphlet. London, 1733. (B. M., 162. n. 71.)

Good People draw near,
To my Ballad give Ear,

48

1733. The Countryman's Answer to the Ballad call'd Britannia Excisa. Broadside. 1733. (B. M., 162. m. 70. 10.) Reprinted in Wilkins's *Political Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 242 et seq.

Folks are mad with the Cries
Of No *Gen'ral Excise*,

49

1733. Good Goose don't bite; or, The City in a Hubbub. A New Ballad. To the Tune of *Joan stoop'd down to buckle her Shooe*, &c. Folio pamphlet. London, 1733. (John Rylands Library, Manchester.)

All to the *SWAN* beside the *Change*,
The Cit's did troop one Day Sir;

A vulgar ballad on the Excise.

50

1733. The Citizen's Procession; or, The Smugler's Success and the Patriots Disappointment. Being An excellent New Ballad on the Excise-Bill. To the Tune of the *Abbot of Canterbury*. Folio pamphlet. London, 1733. (B. M., 162. n. 69.)

You Puts that have Land, and you Cits that have none,
You fair Traders who pay, and you Smuglers who shun

51

1733. The City Triumphant; or, The Burning of the Excise-Monster. A New Ballad. To the Tune of *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury*. Folio pamphlet. London, 1733. (B. M., 840. m. 1. 23.)

Historians relate that in *Afric* are bred
The largest of Monsters that ever wore Head;

Pages 7 and 8 contain an interesting account of the burning of Walpole in effigy.

52

1733. London Merchants Triumphant; or, Sturdy Beggars are Brave Fellows. To the Tune of the *Jovial Beggars*. Reprinted in Budgell's *Bee*, vol. ii, p. 890 et seq.

I am a sturdy Beggar,
And in that Title glory,

Budgell prefixed a note to the ballad, which concludes: 'We shall here insert the following ballad, which, though it was printed on a coarse blue

paper, like a common Grub Street production, and sold about the streets to the people for an halfpenny, is very far from wanting wit.' Possibly the editor was praising and preserving a ballad of his own composition. It is listed among the publications for June 1733 in *The London Magazine*.

53

1733. Robin and Will. Or, The Millers of Arlington. A New Ballad. Folio pamphlet. London, 1733. (Bod., G. Pamph. 1664. 20.)

Come listen a while, and a Tale I will tell,
That lately between two brisk Millers befel;

Listed among the publications for September 1733 in *The London Magazine*.

54

? **1733**. On the Hermitage at Richmond. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., 1871. e. 9. 196.)

A Place there is, 'twas purchas'd cheap,
Thanks, *Ormond*, thy Undoing!

55

1734. B[o]b, take Care, least your Crib be Bilk'd. Tune, *To you fair Ladies now at Land*. In a folio pamphlet entitled *The Norfolk Gamester; or, The Art of Managing the Whole Pack, Even King, Queen, and Jack*. London, 1734. (B. M., 840. m. 1. 22.)

Tho' Gaming be a gen'ral Vice,
Yet it is much in Vogue;

The Norfolk Gamester is listed among the publications for January 1734 in *The London Magazine*.

56

1734. Appius Unmasqu'd. Tune, *I am a Sturdy Beggar*, &c. In a folio pamphlet entitled *The Norfolk Gamester*, &c., ut supra.

In *Briton's* Isle there lives a Wight,
Tho' once a Country 'Squire,

A brief ballad biography of Walpole. For the date, cf. the note to No. 55.

57

1734. The Excise Cavalcade. Tune of *King John and the Abbot*. In *A New Miscellany for 1734*. (B. M., 116. l. 44. 1–4.)

On *April* th' Eleventh, a Day so renown'd
When fatal *Excise-Scheme* receiv'd its Death's wound,

Occasioned by the riots which accompanied the celebration of the first anniversary of the defeat of the Excise Bill.

58

1734. The Mayor and the Mob. Tune *Of a noble Race was Shinkin*. In *A New Miscellany for 1734*. (B. M., 116. l. 44. 1–4).

'Twas in the Town of *London*,
near to the Church of *Bow*, Sir,

Occasioned, like the preceding ballad, by the riotous celebration of the first anniversary of the defeat of the Excise Bill.

59

1734. Dawley, D'Anvers, and Fog's Triumph; or, The Downfall of Belzabub, Bell, and the Dragon. A New Ballad. Folio pamphlet. London, 1734. (Bod., G. Pamph. 1667. 21.)

Dear wise-headed Friends, of the *Jacobite* Clan,
Let us play our Parts gallantly now to a Man;

Purports to be a harangue of Bolingbroke's. Ridicules the methods by which the Excise project was overthrown, and warns the public against further application of them.

60

1734. The Modern Patriots. A proper new Ballad. Humbly inscribed to the Electors of Members for the ensuing Parliament of Great Britain. To the Tune of, *The Cobler of Canterbury*. Broadside. 1734. (The Chetham Library, Manchester: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Catalogue*, No. 3007.) Reprinted in Wilkins's *Political Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 246 et seq.

The muse of good Patriots now virtuously sings,
Who are lovers of freedom, and haters of kings;

61

1735. A Character of Evil Ministers. Appended to a pamphlet entitled *C[ourt] and Country*. London, 1735. (H. U. L.)

Give Ear to my Ditty, 'tis merry and new,
The Oracle never spoke what is more true;

Cf. the *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum*, Satires, vol. iii, pt. i, no. 2140.

62

1736. Gin. A New Ballad. By Timothy Scrubb, of Rag-Fair, Esq. To the Tune of *Molly Mog*. Appended to a pamphlet entitled *Desolation: or, The Fall of Gin*. London, 1736. (B. M., 11630. c. 13. 6.)

What mean these sad looks and this sighing,
Why look you so hagged and thin?

Very long and very dull; a semi-literary effort. The more sincere and artless ballads which the Gin Act doubtless called forth have not survived.

63

1737. The Last Speech of the Statue at Stock's-Market, on it's being taken down the 17th of March, 1737. To the Tune of *Ye Lads and ye Lasses*, &c. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (Madden Collection, Slip Songs, vol. ii, no. 975.)

Ye whimsical People of fair *London* Town,
Who this Day set up what ye next Day pull down,

64

1738. The Constant Lovers ; or, The Pleasures of Matrimony. A New Ballad. Dedicated to Sir Robert Walpole and his new-married Lady. Broadside. London, n.d. (B. M., 1876. f. 1. 110.)

Lucinda the lovely,
The Joy of her Swain,

In the pastoral style.

65

1738. Great News from St. James's ; or, A Dialogue that passed between M[ari]a W[alpo]le and Madam Y[armout]h concerning the white Horse, who broke loose, and run away with another Man's Dun Mare. Broadside. London, n.d. (B. M., 1876. f. 1. 119.)

O Good Neighbours have you not hear'd the news
Of a Stallion that has stray'd from the [Mew]s,

66

1738–9. The French Comedy. A Ballad. By T. T—shend, Fellow of the Roasting Society. Tune, *When she was brought before my Lord Mayor, With a chow chow, cherry chow*, &c. In *A New Miscellany for 1739*. (B. M., 116. l. 44. 1–4.)

False *Britons*, who favour the Measures of *France*,
Fal lal da dee, &c.

For the subject see *The Daily Post* for October 11, 1738, and other journals of similar date.

67

1739. A New Copy of Verses, Or a True Touch of the Times. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (Madden Collection, Slip Songs, vol. ii, no. 1210.)

The Farmers of England say
they cannot pay their Rent

Internal evidence points to 1739, before the outbreak of the Spanish War.

68

1739. The English Sailors Resolution to Fight the Spaniards. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (Madden Collection, Slip Songs, vol. i, no. 535.) Reprinted in Firth's *Naval Songs and Ballads*, p. 172.

Come all you jolly Sailors bold,
Who always scorn to be Controul'd ;

69

1739. England's Glory in the Declaration of War. Compos'd by George Barker. Broadside. (In the possession of Professor Firth.) Reprinted in Firth's *Naval Songs and Ballads*, p. 174.

Let every loyal soul rejoyce,
And joyn with me in heart and voice,

70

1739. A New Song. To the Tune of *A Cobler there was*, &c.

A Third Letter appears to be wrote by Drawcansir,
Declar'd his Declarative and Final Answer ;

71

1739. A Ward Ballad. To the Tune of *A Cobler there was*, &c.

Ye *Bishopsgate* Boys who your Liberties prize,
And hate the Convention as well as Excise ;

72

1739. A New Ballad. In Answer to a late Scurrilous Grub-street Ward Ballad.

Ye true Loyal Souls of *Bishopsgate* Ward,
Who your Rights and your Properties strictly regard ;

73

1739. A Ward Ballad. To the Tune of *Packin[g]ton's Pound.*

Have you heard of the Song of the oppos[ite] Party,
To the Tune of *The Cobler who liv'd in a Stall* ?

74

1739. A New Ballad. Tune, *To you fair Ladies*, &c.

Ye Men of *Bishopsgate,* attend
And hear my pleasant Ditty ;

75

1739. Corruption's Farewell to Bishopsgate Ward. To the Tune of *A Cobler there was*, &c.

Good People attend to a Story that 's new,
Tho' strange it appears, yet alas it is true ;

76

1739. A New Ballad. Inscrib'd to the Voters of Bishopsgate Ward. To the Tune of *A Cobler there was*, &c.

Ye Freemen and Voters whoever you be,
In Streets, Lanes, or Allies, of ev'ry Degree ;

77

1739. A New Ballad. To the Tune of *My Pretty Punchinello.*

O Sir *Edward,* Sir *John* and Sir *Jo——o,*
Pray why do ye serve us so——o ?

*** Nos. 70 to 77 and No. L are to be found in *A Compleat Collection of all the Letters, Papers, Songs, &c. relating to the Bishopsgate Ward Election* (Bod., Gough. Lond. 158).

78

1740. The Soliloquy of a Great Man. A New Ballad. To the Tune of *Down, down, down, derry down.* Folio pamphlet. London, n.d. (In the possession of Professor Firth.)

As R[OBERT] one Morning, in cogit'ive Mood,
Sate musing, I trow, on his Country's Good,

Sir Robert soliloquizes. He takes satisfaction in the rejection of the Place Bill, the backwardness of the war, and his control of the public funds. This ballad is listed in *The Political State* among the publications for February 1740.

79

1740. The Raree-Show-Man. Or, His Box and Magick Lanthorn Expos'd to Publick View. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (Madden Collection, Slip Songs, vol. iii, no. 1608.)

Who'll see my Gallantee Show ?
Here 's rich figures *Toute Nouveau.*

80

1740. English Courage Display'd, or Brave News from Admiral Vernon. Being a copy of Verses giving an account of the taking Porto Bello, the 22d of Nov. last, *written* by a Seaman on board the Burford the Admiral['s] ship, and sent here from Jamaica. Tune of *Glorious Charles of Sweden.* Broadside. n.p., n.d. (Madden Collection, Slip Songs, vol. i, no. 531. Reprinted in Firth's *Naval Songs and Ballads,* p. 177.

Come Loyal Britains all Rejoyce with joyful acclamations,
And join with one united Voice upon this just occasion ;

81

1740. The Englishman's Answer to the Magick Lanthorn. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (Madden Collection, Slip Songs, vol. i, no. 537.)

Where now be dose brag Boasters,
Dat swore dey'd rule de Roast-a ;

82

1740. A New Medley. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (Madden Collection, vol. ii, no. 1248.)

Cheer up your hearts you brave loyal Brittons,
and listen a while to what i shall relate

83

1740. Vernon's Answer to Hosier's Ghost. By a Land-Waiter in the Port of Poole. Reprinted in *The London Magazine* for July 1740.

Hosier ! with indignant sorrow,
I have heard thy mournful tale ;

84

1740 A New Song. Tune, *To you fair Ladies*, &c. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (Madden Collection, vol. ii, no. 1414.)

To you fine Folks at *Marlboro' House*,
from *Enfield-Chace* I write,

Can be assigned to the midsummer or early autumn of 1740 by internal evidence.

85

1740. A Simple Ballad Made by five Witts only. Manuscript copy. (B.M., Stowe MSS. 180. fol. 203.)

Poor Merry Man of Enfield Chace
How Could you be so Mad

Of the same date as the preceding ballad, with which it has some lines in common.

86

1740. The Tinker Turn'd Politician ; or, Caleb's Metamorphosis. (Wilkins's *Political Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 252 et seq.)

In the island of Britain, an isle of great fame,
There once liv'd a Tinker, and Caleb his name ;

I have not seen an original copy of this ballad, but fourteen stanzas of it were published in *The Daily Gazetteer* for March 5, 1741. It was stated in an introductory note that the ballad was written the preceding summer. The circumstances of its composition were as follows : *The Daily Gazetteer* asserted in its issue of February 18, 1740, that the English constitution would be better off ' without all the tinkering it had undergone for fifty years past ', as represented by the Periodical Parliament Bill, the Qualification Bill, the Re-election Bill, the Bribery Bill, and—what was most hateful and dangerous to the Administration—the recurrent Place Bill. *The Craftsman* replied, on the 23rd, that such ' tinkering ' could be harmful only to the ' *constitution of a particular Ministry* '. *The Daily Gazetteer*, in succeeding issues, had more to say about tinkers and tinkering, and finally, on June 6, advertised a print entitled *The Itinerant Handicraftsman ; or, Caleb Turn'd Tinker*. (See the *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum*, Satires, vol. iii, pt. i, p. 334 et seq.) This print was what inspired the ballad-writer's muse.

87

1740. Sung by a Parcel of Frenchmen. Published in *The Daily Post* for October 28, 1740.

Come, my Boys, in brimming glasses,
W[alpole]'s Health ; he all surpasses ;

88

1740. Whittington reviv'd, or the City in Triumph: On Alderman Parsons's being Chose twice Lord-Mayor of the City of London. Tune of *Glorious Charles of Sweeden*. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., 1876. f. 1. 120.)

Great Alderman Parsons now is Chose
twice *Lord-Mayor* of the City,

Cf. No. LIX.

89

? 1740. The Fox in Mourning for the Loss of his Tail. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (Madden Collection, Slip Songs, vol. i, no. 640.)

A Sly & crafty Fox B[o]b tail'd,
Who thought himself full witty,

An election ballad, perhaps on the same subject as the preceding.

90

1740. Mum. An Excellent New Ballad. To its own proper Tune. Folio pamphlet. London, 1740. (Bod., G. Pamph. 1669. 28.)

Brave Bacchus by all is adored,
And Roast-Beef is praised by some,

Listed among the publications for November 1740 in *The London Magazine*.

91

? 1741. Admiral Vernon's Resolution. Tune, *Pretty Polly, say*. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., Rox. Ballads, vol. iii, no. 629.)

Prithy Robin say, make no more delay
Why you seek this N[ation's] decay,

92

? 1741. Argyle's Advice to Sir R[ober]t W[al]p[ol]e. Tune, *The King and the Miller*, Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., Rox. Ballads, vol. iii, no. 629.) A slightly different version is printed in Wilkins's *Political Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 269 et seq.

In Days of Yore, when Statesmen wore
Clean Hands and honest Faces,

93

1741. A New Ballard. Manuscript copy. (B. M., Add. MSS. 28,095. fol. 73.)

As Anstis was trotting away from the Chapter
Extreamly in drink and extreamly in rapture

On the installation of new Knights of the Garter in March 1741.

94

1741. Vernon's Glory; Or, The Spaniard's Defeat: Being an Account of the taking of Carthagena by Vice Admiral Vernon, Rear Admiral Ogle, and Commodore Lestock, on the first of April last. Written by a Sailor on board the Shrewsbury, and brought over by the Spence Sloop. Tune of *Brave Vernon's Tryumph*. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., 1876. f. 1. 122.)

Once more brave Boys, let us proclaim
brave, noble Admiral *Vernon's* Fame;

95

1741. A Song on the Late Gallant Exploits of a Famous Balancing Captain. To the Tune of *The King and the Miller*. Folio pamphlet. London, 1741. (B. M., 840. m. 1. 47.) Reprinted in Wilkins's *Political Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 264 et seq., and in Walpole's *Letters* (Toynbee), vol. i, p. 121.

I'll tell you a Story as strange as 'tis new,
Which all, who're concern'd, will allow to be true.

Listed among the publications for November 1741 in *The London Magazine*.

96

1741. The Medalist. A New Ballad. To the Tune of *Packington's Pound*. Folio pamphlet. London, 1741. (B. M., 11630. h. 33.)

You Merchants of *Britain* who've nothing to do,
Give Ear to my Ditty, whose Subject is new.

For the medal, see *Medallic Illustrations of British History*, issued by the British Museum, ed. 1885, vol. ii, p. 562. The ballad was advertised (for the first time) in *The Daily Post* for December 1, 1741.

97

1741. The True English-Boys Song, to Vernon's Glory. Occasioned by the Birth Day of that Brave Admiral. To be sung round the Bonfires of London and Westminster. To the Tune of *Come let us prepare*, &c. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., 8133. i. 33.)

Ye *Westminster* Boys
All sing and rejoice,

98

1741. A New Song. To the Tune of *Come let us Prepare*, &c. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., 8133. i. 33.)

Ye Westminster Boys,
By your Freedom of Choice,

99

1741. The Down-fall of S[undo]n and W[age]r; or, The Independant Westminster Electors Triumph. To the Tune of *Come let us prepare*, &c. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., 8133. i. 33.)

Ye Westminster Boys,
By your Freedom of choice,

*** Nos. 97 to 99 belong to the same group as Nos. LXXI to LXXIII.

100

1741. A South-Saxon Ode. Broadside. n.p., n.d. (B. M., 1890. c. 1. 4.)

Upon a Time, not long ago,
As LUCIFER, *incognito*,

A companion-piece entitled *An Address to the Freeholders of the County of Sussex* (B. M., 1890. c. 1. 23) bears the date December 1741.

Note: For ballads used in the York election of 1734, see Lashley's *York Miscellany* (B. M., 809. e. 40), and the *Wentworth Papers*, pp. 494–498.

INDEX OF NAMES AND MATTERS

Roman numerals refer to the ballads printed in the body of the work; Arabic numerals to those listed in the Appendix. The abbreviation 'pref.' refers to the prefatory note to the ballad in question.

INDEX OF TITLES

Roman numerals refer to the ballads printed in the body of the work; Arabic numerals to those listed in the Appendix.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

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